

Vicky

Written by

Alessandra Clark

GRANDVIEW
Faisal Kanaan
Cooper McCary

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"I shall try to tell what seems true to me, to revive the personality of Victoria Woodhull, a woman who dared to do anything she wanted to do.

Those who lack her strength or her ruthlessness; those whose training or circumstances, or deepest desires, prevent them from obeying piratical impulses, may release them vicariously in her adventures without doing any harm to anyone.

*And those who haven't any piratical impulses will find **Americana**."*

- Emanie Sachs, biographer, 1928.

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY. 1872. HALF A CENTURY BEFORE WOMEN COULD VOTE....

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - BAR - DAY

OPEN ON: A MAN (JOE GREENE, 20s, white, eager!) SMASHING through the saloon doors of a downtown BAR. He plows into the bustling sidewalk and SNATCHES an APPLE off a passing CART.

VENDOR

HEY!

He WHIPS his head to the vendor, flashing a charming smile as he takes a BIG JUICY BITE, then turns back around, just as he ALMOST COLLIDES with an oncoming HORSE.

DRIVER

HEY!!

JOE catches his footing, looks up to see a series of BUILDINGS marked: THE NEW YORK TIMES, THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE. THE INDEPENDENT. He smoothes his hair, tosses the apple--

PEDESTRIAN

HEY!!! WHAT THE--!

Glides through revolving doors under a sign for: THE NEW YORK HERALD.

INT. NEW YORK HERALD - DAY

REPORTERS (all of them men) SHOUT at their SECRETARIES (some of them women), who furiously scribble down every word:
"GRANT ENDORSED BY MICHIGAN REPUBLICANS!" "BOY IN NEW JERSEY MEETS TERRIBLE END!" "JEWS PERSECUTED, AGAIN!"

JOE walks briskly up the center aisle. Wiping sweat from his brow. Taking a NOTEBOOK out of his pocket. Beelining for--

WALTER BYRNES (50s, white, conservative), who gently carries a fresh mug of coffee out of the kitchen. He spots Joe coming at him, quickens his pace, hampered by the coffee, desperate to get to the safety of his office before:

JOE

I HAVE IT! I HAVE THE STORY, MR BYRNES!

WALTER

Save it for the pitch meeting, Mr. Greene.

Joe hops across the corner of a desk. Slides in next to Walter. They walk and talk towards Walter's office.

JOE

This is FRONT PAGE, Mr. Byrnes! It needs to be in the paper tomorrow!

WALTER

Tomorrow?! What are you, nuts?!

JOE

It's got everything--Scandal!
Politics! Intrigue! SEX!--

WALTER

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, MR. GREENE!
There are *women* in this office!

Walter shoots apologetic eyes at a NEARBY WOMAN.

JOE

Sorry, BUT PICTURE THIS!

Joe walks backwards, gesticulating wildly.

JOE (CONT'D)

A sordid tale full of twists and turns and BAD BEHAVIOR! And it all takes place in the WORLD of the SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT!

WALTER

SUFFRAGE?! Nobody cares about SUFFRAGE!

(to his Secretary, at a desk outside his office)

No offense.

Secretary gives a nod, then an eye roll as the men continue:

JOE

Iknowiknowiknow!! But it's not really about suffrage, Mr. Byrnes. It's really about *this woman*!

WALTER

What woman?

JOE

Her name is Victoria Woodhull.

WALTER

Who?!

JOE
Exactly!! Hardly anyone knows who
she is!

WALTER
I'm not putting some unknown
suffragist on the front page of the
paper! Now if you'll excuse me!

Walter pushes past Joe, who slams him with:

JOE
What if I told you she's currently
running for President of the United
States?

Walter turns around slowly.

WALTER
A *woman*.....?

JOE
Yes.

Walter thinks a moment. Doesn't want to be offensive, but...

WALTER
That's not allowed, is it?

JOE
I don't know! But she's doing it!
And not just that!

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

VICTORIA WOODHULL (early 30s, white, beautiful, tempestuous,
a woman who will demand your attention, by any means
necessary!) poses for a photograph in a ridiculous hat.

JOE (V.O.)
She was the first woman on Wall
Street.

FLASH! Victoria lowers her chin, like a *banker*.

JOE (V.O.)
She was the first woman to address
the United States Congress.

FLASH! Lifts her chin...like a *politician*!

JOE (V.O.)
And before all that, she and her
sister--

WALTER (V.O.)
There's a sister?

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.C.)
How about a few with your sister?

TENNESSEE CLAFLIN (late 20s, white, fresh-faced, buoyant, a
mop of curly hair, uninhibited and *fiercely loyal*) steps up.
She's wearing a dress completely overwhelmed by RUFFLES.

JOE (V.O.)
Tennessee Claflin. Five years her
junior. Just as beautiful, though
slightly less intelligent.

Victoria takes a small step in front of Tennessee. They
settle in, smile with their eyes.

JOE (V.O.)
They showed up in New York only a
few years ago, seemingly out of
nowhere, and *somehow* became the
personal *psychics* to MR. CORNELIUS
VANDERBILT.

INT. NEW YORK HERALD - DAY

On Walter, skeptical, almost concerned:

WALTER
The richest man in America? THAT
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT???

JOE
And it's not just him. She's since
become a *darling* of the suffrage
movement, backed by *Susan B.*
Anthony and *Elizabeth Cady Stanton*,
despite the fact that she's
divorced, remarried, calls herself
a "free lover." And has some
association with...

Joe stops himself...*can he say this?*

WALTER
Oh just spit it out!

JOE
Prostitutes, sir.

A beat. Walter takes this in. Then,

WALTER
So, you're telling me...

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO (DIFFERENT ONE) - DAY

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (50s, white, butch lesbian with a lazy eye who should have been in the military) poses for a photo, pretending to read. FLASH!

WALTER (V.O.)
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, that grim-faced woman--

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)
Great! Now, how about a smile?

Susan tries a smile. It doesn't look right. FLASH!

WALTER
And ELIZABETH CADY STANTON--

Sitting below Susan is ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (55, white, hair like George Washington, a jolly gossip queen who HATES to be disrespected) looks saucily up from some *important work!* FLASH!

WALTER (V.O.)
Two of the most IMPORTANT WOMEN in the country!?

INT. NEW YORK HERALD - DAY

Walter, a patriot, deeply dismayed by the state of America!

WALTER
Have endorsed a... **DIVORCED**
PROSTITUTE for PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES?!

JOE
That's right.

WALTER
GO.

JOE turns on his heels, races to his desk. Walter shouts after him, spewing saliva all over his secretary!

WALTER (CONT'D)
 I WANT IT READY FOR TOMORROW! AND
 REMEMBER! WOMEN ARE A TOUGH SELL.
 SO MAKE. IT. FUNNY!

ACROSS THE OFFICE: Joe DIVES into his chair, SLAMS his notebook onto his desk, begins to write. OUR NARRATOR (a woman) chimes in:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 This is the story of Victoria Woodhull.

INSERT ON: Joe's notebook, as he sharply underlines: "THE PROSTITUTE WHO RAN FOR PRESIDENT."

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 A story that must start...at the beginning.

CHAPTER ONE: "THE BEGINNING."

EXT. RURAL OHIO - CHURCH - DAY

A small, wooden church on a flat and dusty landscape. Two boys kick around a ball outside. CHURCH ORGANS BLARE!

SUPER: RURAL OHIO. 1838.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Pews PACKED with DEEPLY RELIGIOUS PEOPLE. Singing a hymn and speaking in TONGUES. Arms stretching towards the almighty, tears streaming, bodies writhing with the spirit of CHRIST.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Victoria was conceived in the back of a church-

We land on an OLDER LADY in the back, SHOUTING GIBBERISH, until she's KNOCKED out of her trance by the bench behind her. She looks over the pew and--

OLDER LADY
 OH MY GOD.

--finds two people ravenously fucking.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 -while her mother was having a religious experience.

ROXY CLAFLIN (30s, white, Victoria's mom) flashes a mouth full of rotten teeth as she releases an other-worldly GROAN.

BUCK CLAFLIN (40s, white, eye-patch, no good) comes despite the growing number of concerned churchgoers: "SIR--STOP IT! YOU CAN'T! OH GOD, GET THE CHILDREN! *THE CHILDREN!*"

People usher children to safety. One man, unsure how to be most helpful, puts his hand over the eyes of the VIRGIN MARY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This led her mother to believe the baby was sent by something divine.

INT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - DAY

A shack-like house. Full of women and girls, celebrating the birth of a new child. We pass a CLIPPING nailed to the wall of the young QUEEN VICTORIA (18) at her crowning.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She named the child Victoria after the Queen of England. And said:

Roxy cradles her baby, cooing in her ear:

ROXY

One day, you'll occupy a seat of power higher than the royal throne.

Roxy lifts the BABY VICTORIA above her head.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Even Vicky thought that might be a stretch.

Close on BABY VICTORIA as she breaks into a smile.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But nevertheless,...she'd intend to be *famous* for something.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A YOUNG GIRL POUNDS HER FIST ON HER DESK THREE TIMES.

YOUNG GIRL

One, two, three, GO!

We pan through a classroom ROOM FULL OF GIRLS! It's loud and frenetic! Everyone talking at once!

SUPER: 1850

In the center, two girls compete in a LONG DIVISION CONTEST. One is VICTORIA, age 12. She flashes those ice cold eyes as she looks up to assess her opponent's progress. Then goes back to FURIOUSLY DIVIDING!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Victoria was a bright, but
unpopular child. Good with numbers.
Better with words. Debate her and
she'd eviscerate you.

Behind Victoria is a PACK OF WILD, DIRT-STAINED GIRLS, also known as Victoria's sisters (MEG, 15, POLLY, 14, UTICA, 13, and TENNESSEE, 7). They are her only cheerleaders.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
She was the smartest of her
sisters. And they too believed
she'd be important one day.
Unfortunately...

A man clears his throat. The class looks up to see...BUCK CLAFLIN in the doorway. He's been tarred and feathered.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
None of them got much of an
education.

BUCK
We gotta go.

The class stares at him silently. Then, Victoria states:

VICTORIA
I'm not leaving.

BUCK
Vicky, don't make me say it again.

VICTORIA
You can go, but I'M. NOT. LEAVING.

Buck lunges at her. Victoria leaps out of her chair. He chases her around the room--

BUCK
GET OVER HERE-- YOU LITTLE SHIT!

VICTORIA
WHAT'D YOU DO THIS TIME, HUH?!

Buck gets Victoria backed into a corner. He shoots a prideful look at the TEACHER, who is *horrified*. Buck snaps at the other Claflin girls:

BUCK
Go meet your mother outside--NOW!

Tennessee jumps, looks to Victoria, unsure whose orders to follow. Buck leans in, whispers forcefully:

BUCK (CONT'D)
We're leaving here with or without
you, you understand me???

Victoria glares, watches Tennessee reluctantly packing her things. Victoria clenches her teeth, walks sullenly back to her desk... THEN-- SHE BOLTS! SHE STEALS A BUNCH OF BOOKS OFF OTHER KIDS' DESKS! RUNS THROUGH THE DOOR! FOLLOWED BY HER FAMILY! LEAVING CHOAS IN THEIR WAKE:

GIRLS	TEACHER
HEY! THAT'S MINE! SHE CAN'T	SIR--SIR!
DO THAT! TEACHER!	

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE / MAIN STREET - DAY

Roxy waits outside with a pile of suitcases and two YOUNG BOYS. VICTORIA SMASHES through the door! Her family not far behind her. Roxy shepherds the boys.

ROXY
Time to go! C'mon!

Each Claflin grabs a suitcase as two ADMINISTRATORS hobble through the door. The family RUNS from the schoolhouse, down a MAIN STREET, attracting an audience as they skip town. We focus on Roxy, sprinting full force, slightly *exhilarated*.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Their mother, Roxy Claflin was so severely traumatized that she had become...pretty nuts, unfortunately.

A group of judgmental women have gathered outside the market. Roxy CACKLES AT THEM!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
She had 10 kids total. Though three of the girls died young. And the boys--

We move down to the boys, running by her legs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Honestly, the boys don't really
factor into the story that much.

The boys disappear.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For our purposes, there were five
Claflin girls:

On each girl as the Narrator names them:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Meg. Polly. Utica.

Tennessee falls behind, struggling to carry her bag. Victoria runs to help her. A two-shot of our DYNAMIC DUO:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Victoria and Tennessee.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY

BUCK SUCKS HIS TEETH, SMILES, FACE GLEAMING IN THE SUNSHINE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Their father, Buck Claflin, was a
thief and a conman, who sold snake
oil at the county fairs.

INSERT: A SIX-PACK OF SNAKE OIL AS IT LANDS HEAVILY ON A WOODEN TABLE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Like,...actual snake oil.

Buck hands a bottle to a GROSS MAN (50s, white), who smiles at POLLY. She stands next to her father, who roughly squeezes her shoulder, forcing her to smile back.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Buck liked to say...

We move behind the table, to a row of parked wagons, where Victoria stealthily slides her body against the PAINTED CANVAS of the family car. There's a big SNAKE and BOLD LETTERS that read: BUCK'S MAGIC ELIXIR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
...when the deck's stacked against
you...there ain't no use in playing
by the rules.

TENNESSEE POPS around the front of the wagon. SLAMS her little body into Victoria.

TENNESSEE
YOU'RE IT! HA HA!

Victoria's face explodes into a competitive smile. She SPRINTS after Tennessee.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee WEAVE through the summer fair. Passing farm stands, food vendors, petting zoos and folk bands. Most of the families in attendance are white. (Ohio is a free state, but still.)

Victoria RUNS HARD. Grabs Tennessee by the shoulders, and pulls them both to the ground in a heap of laughter.

Tennessee rolls over Victoria, heaving to catch her breath. In the distance, Victoria spots a TENT with a long line snaking out the entrance. A sign reads: **PSYCHIC SISTERS! \$2!**

EXT. PSYCHIC TENT - BACKSIDE - DAY

The sisters crawl under the canvas like little soldiers.

INT. PSYCHIC TENT - DAY

LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE FILL THE SPACE. Victoria and Tennessee find a seat in the back.

Up front, there are two girls (MAGGIE AND KATE FOX, 16 and 14, white) in long white dresses. Ghostly makeup caked into their teenage pimples. Maggie sways with her eyes closed, hovering over a NERVOUS VOLUNTEER (a plain girl, about 14), who sits on a chair between the performers.

MAGGIE
In your future....I see a man.

Maggie opens her eyes, smiles suggestively. Audience laughs.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I see ARMS. ARMS wrapped tightly
around you!

KATE
AND BABIES. Lots of them! Healthy
as can be!

A MAN whistles. The Volunteer buries her face in her hands.

MAGGIE

I see this man as clear as day--And
I see him....IN THIS ROOM TONIGHT!

The crowd erupts! Stirs in their seats, looking for the man.

MAGGIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

But we can't ruin all the fun!
You'll just have to find him
yourself!

Maggie pushes the Volunteer into a group of teenage boys. The whole room CACKLES and JEERS.

Victoria spots A YOUNG BOY (4, white, dirty) walking around with a CAN for TIPS. He approaches Victoria and stares down at her. She stares back.

EXT. PSYCHIC TENT - BACKSIDE - DUSK

Victoria and Tennessee crawl out the way they came in, smacking their skirts to lift the dust. Just before they begin to walk back, Victoria stops.

From her POV, we see Polly across the field, walking with their father, towards the GROSS MAN. Buck shakes his hand, then gives Polly over.

Off Victoria, watching her future play out before her eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Born into life as she was, Victoria
had three options for her future.

INT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

The Claflin sisters get undressed for bed. Victoria watches Polly lie down on one of the stained mattresses lining the floor. Polly turns to face the wall.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She could become a maid, a
prostitute, or a wife.

SMASH! Something crashes in the kitchen.

INT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roxy HURLS A PLATE at BUCK, who falls to the ground. BUCK grabs a knife and goes after her. She screams.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Married to a drunk like her father.
Without a penny to her name. Or any
real way to leave.

INT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

Victoria sits on her mattress, contemplating her next move. Tennessee, in her underwear, snuggles in beside her. Victoria grabs Tennessee's hand. Pulls them out of the room.

EXT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Victoria and Tennessee climb out the window, bums first. They hop quietly onto the grass. Find a spot under a tree. Victoria begins coaching Tennessee to close her eyes and sway like the Fox sisters.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
That wasn't going to work for
Victoria.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - DAY

A woman (INQUIRING WOMAN, 40s, white) approaches BUCK.

INQUIRING WOMAN
Excuse me, sir, where can I find
the psychic children?

Buck points to a TENT, painted in BLUE AND PINK stripes.

INT. PAINTED TENT - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee wear PSYCHIC COSTUMES, badly handmade from bedsheets and tablecloths. Victoria has an arm outstretched in front of the INQUIRING WOMAN.

VICTORIA
I see the letter M. It could be for
mother...or missus...or
(not registering, tries:)
...MAN?

The woman's eyes light up! BINGO!

INQUIRING WOMAN
I just met a man!

Behind her back, Tennessee TUGS on a string. Across the room, a GLASS FALLS TO THE GROUND, SHATTERING. The woman JUMPS, laughs, spooked! But that's what she's come for!

VICTORIA
I see this man in your future...

Tennessee clears her throat. Looks at a watch.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
But unfortunately, we're running
out of time.

INQUIRING WOMAN
Oh.

VICTORIA
We could extend your session...

INQUIRING WOMAN
OK!

VICTORIA
For an additional \$2.50...

Tennessee holds out a TIP JAR, the woman nods, goes into her coin purse, stuffs the jar with cash. Victoria smiles.

MONTAGE:

INT. PAINTED TENT - DAY

A HAND PULLS OUT OF THE JAR. It's attached to a POLICE OFFICER. Who sits with his partner at the front of the tent. Victoria concentrates. Says definitively:

VICTORIA
It was the boyfriend...with the
ax...in the back of the house.

The officers look at one another, shaking their heads.

POLICE OFFICER
It's always the goddamn boyfriend.

INT. PAINTED TENT - DAY

A LOVESICK GIRL BALLS HER EYES OUT.

LOVESICK GIRL
He said HE LOVED ME -- And THEN,
OUT OF NOWHERE -- HE'S MARRYING MY
SISTER SARA!

TENNESSEE
Sara's pregnant.

Victoria swallows a laugh.

LOVESICK GIRL
(shocked by the tea)
NO!

The girl wipes her eyes. Suddenly fine.

LOVESICK GIRL (CONT'D)
Wait, what else do you know?!

The girl STUFFS THE JAR WITH CASH!

EXT. PAINTED TENT - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee STUFF THEIR UNDERWEAR WITH CASH.
They're in a hidden spot, behind the tent. Victoria stops.
Across the way, she sees-- Buck handing UTICA over to some
man. Off Victoria, thinking...

INT. REVIVALIST TENT - AFTERNOON

UTICA walks through a packed tent with the JAR. She winks at
a group of teenage boys, who give her a fistful of pennies.

ROXY stomps her feet on the ground, praying wildly. Having
her own little party with God (always).

BUCK watches from the sidelines. A couple approaches him to
compliment his beautiful family and talented children.

VICTORIA stands in the front of the tent, reading palms.

And on the other side of the tent, TENNESSEE...GOES HAM.
SUCKS THE DEMENTIA OUT OF AN OLD WOMAN'S BRAIN as the woman
SHOUTS IN TONGUES. Tennessee shouts along with her.

Victoria tries so hard not to laugh. Tennessee sees this,
decides to fuck with her.

Tennessee SIEZES on the ground! Shouting gibberish! Dancing
like she's possessed! While everyone around her cheers for
the MIRACLE THAT IS TENNESSEE!!! Victoria is turning bright
red. Has to turn around so no one sees her breaking.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. REVIALIST TENT - DUSK

The sun sets over the tent in the distance behind them. Victoria and Tennessee roll around in a field of grass, laughing so hard, it's silent. Victoria clutches her stomach.

VICTORIA
Stop! It hurts, it hurts!!!

Victoria runs off to the side, quickly empties her underwear of cash, just before she starts to piss. Which makes Tennessee laugh even harder. They are completely hysterical.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Tennessee only ever felt safe by Victoria's side. She believed without her sister...she'd only barely survive.

INT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - DAY

ROXY SCREAMS!

ROXY
SHE'S GOING TO DIE!!!!!!

Buck enters, with a DOCTOR (30s, white, m). Roxy throws herself at them as they walk to the GIRL'S ROOM.

ROXY (CONT'D)
I CAN'T LOSE ANOTHER ONE! PLEASE! I WON'T SURVIVE IT!! I WON'T!!!!!!

INT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

Victoria PUKES into a bucket. Tennessee holds her hair back. As the doctor enters, Tennessee moves away from the bed, joining Utica and their traumatized mother against the wall.

The doctor puts his bag on the floor. Sits on the edge of the mattress. Victoria coughs violently into her pillow.

DOCTOR (O.C.)
All right, let's see what we have here...Victoria, isn't it?

She rolls over, nods yes. And suddenly, her eyes come into focus. Her jaw almost drops. Because HELLO, the doctor is HOT. He smiles down at her. Extends his hand to her face.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
May I?

Victoria nods yes. Quickly wipes some dried vomit off her cheek, as he places his big hand across her clammy forehead.

As the doctor goes into his bag, Victoria bulges her eyes at Tennessee, who is...not amused. Feels *instantly* threatened.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
This is Canning Woodhull.

EXT. FOURTH OF JULY BBQ - DAY

A SMALL TOWN MAYOR SMILES WIDE, READS FROM THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal..."

On the edge of the party, a BLACK ACTIVIST reads FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S FAMOUS SPEECH: "What, to the American Slave, is your Fourth of July!?"

The Mayor, annoyed, shouts louder: "that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights!"

The Activist shouts even louder: "Your celebration is a sham! Mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy—a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages!!"

A group of Police Officers begin to cart the activist off.

We pick up Canning, completely oblivious, walking through the picnic tables in a crisp, white linen suit and slicked-back hair. He waves to the CLAFLIN FAMILY who stand to greet him. Meg has a family of her own now. Polly is pregnant. They welcome Canning to sit down.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Canning Woodhull was a doctor from another town, who claimed his uncle was--

EXT. FOURTH OF JULY BBQ - CLAFLIN TABLE - LATER

ON CANNING, feigning humility:

CANNING
The mayor of New York City.

ROXY
NO!!!! NOT THE MAYOR!!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He was not related to the mayor.

Victoria sits across from Canning. Healthy again. In a clean, white dress and tidy hair. She's completely taken with Canning and blushes as she says:

VICTORIA
So you've been to New York City?

CANNING
Many times!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He'd never been there.

VICTORIA
What's it like?

CANNING
Oh...it's the center of everything!

VICTORIA
I'd like to go to New York City.

CANNING
Well, maybe one day you shall.

Roxy senses a possible love connection. Asks excitedly:

ROXY
Would you ever follow in your uncle's footsteps? Run for office?

CANNING
You never know ;)

Roxy giggles excitedly, wraps her arms around VICTORIA.

ROXY
We're eating with a future
POLITICIAN!!

Victoria's eyes are glued to Canning, a bullseye on a target.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Victoria saw her future in Canning Woodhull.

EXT. FOURTH OF JULY BBQ - NIGHT

FIREWORKS EXPLODE IN THE SKY.

Townspeople sit on picnic blankets, staring up at the heavens. Victoria walks through the maze of families.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Money. A big house. A private carriage. He was her ticket...and she wasn't shy.

Victoria plops down next to Canning, alone, drinking a beer.

VICTORIA
Would you like to know your future?

He considers her. Takes one more swig, then gives her his hands. She traces the lines on his palm, stares into his face, his eyes closed. She says confidently:

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
In your future,...I see a wife.
Someone who will make you very happy.

Across the way, Victoria's sisters huddle together to watch.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
She has brown hair....and blue eyes....

He's not getting it. Victoria looks down at herself.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
She's wearing red shoes.

He gets it. Opens his eyes. Laughs. She goes in for the kill:

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
And she's in a white dress.
Already.

INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY

WEDDING BELLS RING. Canning dips down to kiss his new bride. His 30 years stark against her 15.

In the pews, her family CHEERS! Except Tennessee, whose face is burning red and straining not to cry. She storms out.

EXT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY

Tennessee starts to hyperventilate. She might be sick. She hears her family exiting the church and scampers off.

EXT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - DAY

A carriage waits outside to take Victoria and Canning away. Victoria is saying her goodbyes to her family, when she looks over her shoulder and sees Tennessee, tear-stained and sweaty, walking up the driveway. Victoria goes to her.

The girls are quiet, until Tennessee says, small and begging:

TENNESSEE
Please don't go.

VICTORIA
You'll be ok, Tennessee.

TENNESSEE
No, I won't. I won't!

Tennessee starts to cry, breaking Victoria's heart.

VICTORIA
One day, you'll get married too--

TENNESSEE
(angry)
I don't want to get married!!
(breaking completely)
I want to go with you!!

Victoria wraps her in a deep hug, whispers in her ear:

VICTORIA
I'll come back for you. I promise.

Victoria releases her sister. Starts walking towards the carriage, before she starts crying herself. She gets in, followed by Canning.

Tennessee watches the carriage pull away. Victoria's small hand appears in the back window, pressing against the glass.

EXT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: 1868

The same house, 15 years later. The weeds are overgrown. The wooden slats further frayed. We can hear Buck and Roxy fighting inside. The door swings open, and TENNESSEE APPEARS. Now in her early 20s.

She sits on the porch, opens a book, desperate to escape the violence inside.

Suddenly, her tooth THROBS. She reaches into her mouth. And to her HORROR, her tooth wiggles a little. She wraps her fingers around it. TUGS HARD. And a BLOODY MOLAR pops out.

She fingers the rotten thing in her hand. Walks to the edge of the porch and CHUCKS it as far as she can. Then, she squints. Holds her hand to her brow to block the sun...

On the horizon, a cloud of dust rolls towards her, like an incoming tornado. As it approaches, she makes out a WAGON.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It had been 15 years....

INT. WAGON - DAY

VICTORIA, now in her late 20s, jostles around, hurling towards her sister.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
...but Victoria kept her promise.

She's flanked by two children. ZULA MAUDE (5) and BYRON (8). Byron is non-verbal, autistic.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Now with two kids...and a different husband. A man who called himself:

The DRIVER (30s, white, handsome, star of his own movie) turns to the passenger seat, breaks the forth wall:

COLONEL BLOOD
COLONEL BLOOD!

EXT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - DAY

Tennessee hops off the porch, moves to the wagon. Then, walks faster and faster until she breaks into a RUN, gathering her skirts in her arms, SPRINTING LIKE A LINEBACKER towards---

VICTORIA, who hangs off the side of the car, riding the wagon like a BULL IN THE RODEO.

INT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - DAY

Buck pauses mid-fight when he spots Tennessee through the window, running away from the house. He charges out the door.

Roxy goes to the window. Her face lighting up at the sight of Victoria.

EXT. CLAFLIN HOUSE - DAY

Before the wagon comes to a stop, Victoria jumps off, landing with a THUD. Like a cat, she's on her feet in an instant, barreling towards her sister.

The two women throw themselves into each other's arms. Holding tight and breathing the other one in.

Victoria pulls away to get a look at Tennessee, all grown up. Behind her sister, Victoria spots Buck and Roxy coming towards them. Her eyes narrow. She makes a quick decision. Grabs TENNESSEE'S HAND, PULLS her in the other direction.

Roxy's smile falls when she sees Victoria and Tennessee running towards the wagon...then getting in. She trips over her feet, stumbling towards her daughters.

ROXY
Wait...stop....NO...STOP!!

Victoria and Tennessee watch her from the back of the wagon, their faces flush as Colonel Blood whips the horses into a gallop. They pull away, finally escaping their childhood.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It didn't really happen like that.

INT. WAGON - NIGHT

Zula sleeps on Tennessee's lap. Bryon's head falls onto her shoulder. Victoria is the only one awake. She leans out the window. Gazing into the distance. A FAT TEAR rolls down her cheek. (It's taken more than we know to get her here.)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But Victoria did get Tennessee...

From her POV, we see a GLIMMERING CITY SKYLINE. Shorter and dimmer than it is today, but nevertheless....magnificent.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
...on her way to New York City.

CHAPTER TWO: "THE CITY"

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

THE WAGON HOPS ACROSS THE COBBLESTONES OF LOWER MANHATTAN.

It's a bright, summer day in the city of hustlers. People peddling products. Ragged kids running up and down the block.

Victoria and Tennessee hang their heads out either side of the wagon, taking it all in.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

Victoria, Tennessee, the kids and Colonel Blood open the door to a small, decrepit one-bedroom. Victoria throws her bags down, kisses the floor like she's landed in Jerusalem.

As Blood goes to investigate the rest of the apartment, Tennessee lies down next to Victoria. First moment alone.

TENNESSEE

Vicky.

Victoria turns to face her sister. Victoria's face is wet with tears. But she smiles. Tennessee finally asks:

TENNESSEE (CONT'D)

What happened to your husband? The other one...

Victoria swallows. *How to sum it all up....*

VICTORIA

I killed him.

Tennessee's eyes bulge. Victoria breaks into a dark smile.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

We're divorced.

TENNESSEE

Divorced?? *How??*

VICTORIA

Sheer force of will.

TENNESSEE

I'll fucking kill him. What'd he do?

VICTORIA

He's no different than any other man. Believes his wife is his property. Does what he wants with her.

Colonel Blood appears in the kitchen.

TENNESSEE

And what about him?

VICTORIA

Relatively harmless, I think. And I needed him to get us here. A means to an end.

TENNESSEE

Does he have a job?

VICTORIA

No.

TENNESSEE

Is he going to get one?!

VICTORIA

(nods no)

He says he's an "intellectual."

TENNESSEE

And is he?

Victoria considers Blood, tinkering around in the kitchen.

VICTORIA

Not as far as I can tell.

The sisters laugh.

COLONEL BLOOD

What are you two girls giggling about?!

VICTORIA

Oh just something stupid!

Tennessee kicks Victoria playfully. Blood feels left out, but tries to laugh along.

COLONEL BLOOD

Love you!

Victoria puckers her lips and kisses the air, a sickly sweet show of affection, which she drops immediately as he heads back to the bedroom. Tennessee, actually worried about the future, gets back to:

TENNESSEE

But if he doesn't work, who's going to support us?

VICTORIA

I will.

Victoria cups Tennessee's face in her hands.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
And you...are going to help me.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

FLASH! Victoria and Tennessee get their photographs taken.
(This is the shoot we saw in the opening of the film.)

INT. PRINTING PRESS - DAY

A stamp lands on the bottom of a BUSINESS CARD, with a photo of the sisters. It reads: "MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANTS."

EXT. GREENE STREET - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee hand out their cards. A WOMAN (JOSIE MANSFIELD, 30s, white, voluptuous, hot) takes one.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Josie leads Victoria and Tennessee into the parlor floor of a brownstone. It's full of women and girls. Ages 16-40. All ethnicities. The place is a gaudy hodgepodge of jewel-tone furniture, heavy velvet curtains, well-trodden rugs. Victoria and Tennessee set up shop. Start telling fortunes.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

A VERY HOT DAY TO HAVE NO AC. Tennessee stands at the sink in her underwear, fanning between her legs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Not long after they arrived...

VICTORIA (O.C.)
TENNESSEE!!! TEN! I HAVE IT!!!

Tennessee looks out the window. Victoria stands on the sidewalk. Waving a newspaper above her head. ALL SMILES!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Victoria found their first
opportunity.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

INSERT ON: The newspaper. The headline reads: THE RICHEST MAN IN AMERICA CONSULTS THE SPIRIT WORLD.

The sisters stand in the kitchen. Tennessee holds the paper in her hands, scanning the article. Victoria stands over her.

VICTORIA
Cornelius fucking *VANDERBILT*
believes in ghosts!

TENNESSEE
Isn't he supposed to be, like,
smart?

Victoria's already off to the bedroom to pick out an outfit.

VICTORIA
Apparently he's obsessed with
conjuring the spirit of his dead
mother! HA! WHAT A MORON!

Tennessee chases after her--

TENNESSEE
Yeah, but VICKY -- how the hell are
we supposed to meet a man like
Cornelius Vanderbilt?!

INT. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MANSION - DAY

THE INSIDE OF A DOOR. A FEW KNOCKS. A maid opens to reveal-- Victoria and Tennessee. In grown-up, still-handmade psychic costumes. A little more *revealing* now.

VICTORIA
We're here to see Mr. Vanderbilt,
please.

MAID
And what's your business with the
Commodore?!

VICTORIA
(deadpan)
His mother sent us.

EXT. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MANSION - DAY

A CASTLE ON A CITY BLOCK. We watch from afar as Victoria and Tennessee enter...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And that's how Victoria and
Tennessee became Cornelius
Vanderbilt's personal psychics.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. Victoria and Tennessee shriek! Tennessee has a BAG OF ORANGES. VICTORIA has a WHOLE DEAD CHICKEN (not yet de-feathered) and STACK OF MONEY.

VICTORIA
TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS!!!!!!

The kids rush up to greet them! Colonel Blood takes the groceries. Byron wants to hold an orange. Zula wants to hold the CASH! Tennessee chases her niece around the apartment, both of them screaming.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Vanderbilt was particularly taken
with Tennessee.

INT. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

TENNESSEE'S BREASTS DANGLE in front of the camera. She smiles seductively and croons:

TENNESSEE
*My old boy. Look at what you've
built. Mama's so proud of you.*

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT (74, white, m, brash sailor, horn dog) luxuriates as Tennessee strokes his cheek. As he closes his eyes, Tennessee rolls hers at Victoria, standing behind them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But what he really wanted to know
from a psychic was:

Cornelius turns around, bellows to Victoria:

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
And what's going on with the stock
market??

NARRATOR (V.O.)
To source information like that
there was only one place to go.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee enter. Victoria beelines for Josie, holding court in the center of the room.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Victoria hands Josie some cash, which she tucks into her breasts. Josie lights up a cigarette.

JOSIE

That Erie railroad man kept me up all night. All upset about some crash in California. They think it'll halt construction for a few months at least...Giving Central time to finish.

VICTORIA

Which would make Central the only working railroad in the west...

JOSIE

Exactly.

VICTORIA

Does the press know?

JOSIE

Not yet. They're doing everything they can to keep it quiet.

VICTORIA

But it will get out eventually.

JOSIE

Honey, everything gets out eventually. Which is why I bought stock in Central this morning.

Victoria breaks into a laugh, kisses Josie on the cheek.

INT. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

Victoria says definitively:

VICTORIA

I'd double your investment in Central Rail as soon as the market opens tomorrow.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

That would make me very over exposed.

VICTORIA

This "spirit" has come to me with a lot of clarity.

Vanderbilt considers her. Looks up at Tennessee, who is bringing him a drink. Cornelius pulls Tennessee to his lap.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
Do you believe her?

Tennessee looks at Victoria:

TENNESSEE
My sister was born with a gift.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
And what gift is that exactly?

TENNESSEE
She knows how to makes things happen.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE buzzes with commotion. Brokers running in and out of the building. We hear: "*ERIE'S CRASHED! CENTRAL'S GOING THROUGH THE ROOF! BUY, BUY, BUY IT ALL!*"

Victoria and Tennessee watch from across the street. A smile plays on Victoria's lips.

EXT. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MANSION - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Cornelius' face peels into a smile. He raises a glass:

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
To the spirits!!

He's sitting at the head of a table, joined by Victoria, Tennessee, THREE MEN (MR. TAYLOR, 55, GEORGE, 50, and LOUIS, 40) and LOUIS'S DATE, who is about 14.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT (CONT'D)
And to Mrs. Woodhull, who made me
very rich today. And made my broker
very jealous!

The men laugh at Mr. Taylor, Vanderbilt's broker. Taylor tips his glass to Victoria, though his hostility is apparent.

MR. TAYLOR
What's the expression -- "even a blind squirrel finds a nut every once and a while?"

The men laugh. Tennessee watches Victoria tense up and steps in quickly with a joking, but protective retort:

TENNESSEE
Be careful, Mr. Taylor, that blind squirrel might take your job.

Cornelius, delighted, squeezes Tennessee's ass.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
They're coming for you, Mr. Taylor!
THEY'RE COMING!!!

MR. TAYLOR
Well, I guess if the *suffragists* have it their way, we'll all be working for women.

LOUIS
And what's your take, Mrs. Woodhull, on the whole *women's movement*?

VICTORIA
I'm not very political.

GEORGE
Well, my wife *hates those women!* She thinks it's demeaning to suggest she's not *equal* already.

VICTORIA
All I want is enough *equality* to be able to achieve what Mr. Vanderbilt has.

George spits out his drink.

GEORGE
That's *quite a lot of equality!*

They are all laughing at her. She doesn't give a shit.

VICTORIA
If that makes me *radical*, so be it.

LOUIS
It certainly makes you *ambitious!*

VICTORIA
I am.

MR. TAYLOR
It seems to me you're doing pretty
well for yourself already.

For a prostitute...

VICTORIA
(fuck you)
Is that right?

MR. TAYLOR
You're sitting at this table,
aren't you?

VICTORIA
Yes, I am.

Victoria looks to Cornelius at the head of the table.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
But it's his table. Not mine.

Cornelius tips a glass of champagne to her.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
Maybe one day you'll have one just
like it.

VICTORIA
I have every intention of that.

LOUIS
Speaking of doing well, did you see
how much those suffragists are
making?! There was a article in the
Herald the other day. Susan B.
Anthony is making thousands of
dollars a year--

MR. TAYLOR
Doing what???

GEORGE
Speaking, I guess?? I mean, I could
certainly get on stage and rile up
a bunch of women!

They laugh. Louis' date speaks. Her voice sounds so young.

LOUIS' DATE
They're having another convention
next week. My mother is going...

GEORGE

I'm SURE THEY ARE. All those women
do is talk talk talk talk talk
talk. And *really*, what do they have
to show for it?

Victoria takes a sip of champagne. Says dryly:

VICTORIA

Money.

A beat. Then CORNELIUS laughs.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK / STEINWAY HALL - DAY

INSERT ON: A NEWSPAPER. Headline reads: AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN MANHATTAN NEXT WEEK. Victoria and Tennessee walk with the newspaper in hand. Looking for---

STEINWAY HALL. A mass of people wait outside the entrance. Victoria walks up to a WOMAN (CONVENTION WOMAN, 40s, white.)

VICTORIA

Why is everyone waiting out here?

CONVENTION WOMAN

You have to be a member to get into
this one. But, if you wait long
enough, you can see 'em coming in
and going!

(swooning)

Have you ever seen FREDERICK
DOUGLASS??

Victoria shakes her head, no.

CONVENTION WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I'd stand out here all day just
to get a glimpse of him!

The Convention Woman bounces up and down, blowing hot air
into her hands. Victoria looks at Tennessee with an idea.

EXT. STEINWAY HALL - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee hide behind the corner. From their POV, we see the back entrance propped open, while a JANITOR removes bags of trash. As the Janitor goes inside, Victoria and Tennessee scurry through the door just before it CLOSES.

INT. STEINWAY HALL - CORRIDORS/MAIN THEATER- DAY

Victoria and Tennessee tip-toe through the backstage corridors, creak open the door to the main theater. They sneak in, find a seat.

A group of REFORMERS (who we will meet in a second) gather at the front of the room. One of them is dressed like a REVERAND. He is HENRY WARD BEECHER (50s, m, white), who is *not-so-subtly* checking out Tennessee. She responds by shooting back a crazed expression which delivers a clear message: *back off*. Unsettled by her, he goes to take a seat.

JUMP CUT TO:

There's a cacophony of groans, claps and angry shouting. Over the din, we hear the commanding voice of--

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
I will not ask women to wait their turn!

Half of the room cheers for SUSAN B. ANTHONY and ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, who are under a sign for: THE NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The rest support LUCY STONE (54, white, f) and HENRY WARD BEECHER, under a sign for THE AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION (they weren't the most creative when it came to naming associations.)

LUCY STONE
So, you would rather derail the amendment completely?!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
I would rather CUT OFF MY RIGHT ARM than demand the vote for the Negro and NOT DEMAND IT FOR WOMEN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER
No one is suggesting we stop fighting for the women's amendment, but this is the Negro's hour.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON lifts herself out of her chair and stands next to Susan. HATES being told what HOUR it is, especially by a MAN!!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Maybe YOU, MR. BEECHER, can wait for this WOMEN'S HOUR! But I happen to be quite anxious for it! And when would you say it's coming...
(MORE)

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (CONT'D)
 is it TOMORROW? Is it NEXT WEEK? Is
 it IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR
 GRANDDAUGHTER'S GENERATION?? And
 what do you suggest we tell *her*
 until then?!

Henry doesn't know...Frustrated, Lucy steps in:

LUCY STONE
 I would tell her it is a MORAL
 WRONG to squander this opportunity
 to secure the Black vote. I would
 be happy to see ANYONE get out of
 this terrible pit!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
 A MORAL WRONG?? I'll tell you
 what's a MORAL WRONG. Letting
 IGNORANT NEGROS --AND--IMMIGRANTS! -
 WRITE THE LAWS THAT *I* MUST OBEY!

The Lucy Stone side ERUPTS in anger. Elizabeth remains
 steadfast and increasingly racist.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (CONT'D)
 Over my DEAD BODY will I stand
 aside and let SAMBO walk into the
 kingdom first!!

She's gone too far. Even Susan thinks so...A man stands in
 the crowd. He is FREDERICK DOUGLASS (50s, Black, an imposing
 presence.) The room falls quiet around him.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS
 There is no greater name than that
 of Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the
 matter of equal rights and women's
 rights. And when there were few
 houses in which a Black man could
 rest his head, this wooly head of
 mine found refuge in her home. That
 is why it is so *disappointing* to
 hear her employ certain terms like
 SAMBO...and the bootblack! The
 right of women to vote is as sacred
 as that of a man, but there is not
 the same urgency as there is in
 giving the vote to the Negro. When
 women, because they are women, are
 hunted down, when they are dragged
 from their houses and hung upon
 lamp posts, when their children are
 torn from their arms, and their
 brains dashed upon the pavement;
 (MORE)

FREDERICK DOUGLASS (CONT'D)
 when they are objects of insult and
 outrage at every turn, when they
 are in danger of having their
 houses burnt down over their heads,
 THEN they will have an urgency to
 obtain the ballot equal to our own!

The room shouts in applause. Elizabeth grits her teeth. She's lost her gusto, but tries one last time to win the argument:

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
 And is that not all true for the
 Black woman? Should we not also be
 fighting for her?

HARRIET PURVIS (f, Black, 59) scoffs. Then stands next to Douglass. Says with **sharply**:

HARRIET PURVIS
 YES, it is true of the Black woman!
 Not because she is a woman, but
 because she is Black! I want the
 vote just as much as you do. But
 that's not the opportunity in front
 of us. Your fathers and your sons
 get to participate in this country.
 It is high time to extend that
 privilege to our men. And after
 that, we will fight to secure the
 vote for women. And not just *some*
 women. All of us.

Applause! The argument has been won. Susan and Elizabeth sit back, dejected. Off Victoria, taking it all in.

EXT. STEINWAY HALL - DAY

Members of the convention filter out the entrance. Frederick Douglass, Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton are hounded by reporters and fans.

JOE GREENE, our reporter from the opening, can't get close enough to any of them to ask a question. He looks for another target, sees Victoria, jogs to her:

JOE
 MA'AM! Excuse me, ma'am!- May I ask
 you a few questions? For the
 Herald!
 (off her nod)
 What is your take on the 15th
 amendment?! Do you think Blacks
 should get the vote before women?

VICTORIA

(feigning importance)

Mr. Douglass made a very compelling argument today in support of the amendment. But of course, if I had it my way, women would get the vote as well.

JOE

So you're a member of the women's movement, then?

VICTORIA

I am.

JOE

And what do you say to the majority of women who oppose suffrage? Who say they have enough on their plates raising children and taking care of the home?

VICTORIA

I'd say,...good thing women can do two things at once. I, for one, am perfectly capable of both raising my daughter and fighting for her freedom, all in the same afternoon.

The reporter laughs. Scribbles that down.

JOE

That's great-- really great.

Tennessee squeezes Victoria's arm. Uses her eyes to point out the CONVENTION WOMAN, who staring at them....

VICTORIA

Victoria Woodhull.

TENNESSEE

And Tennessee Claflin!

JOE

Excuse me?

VICTORIA

Our names. For your paper.

Victoria and Tennessee walk off. Quickly.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - EARLY MORNING

Tennessee runs down the block, her face flush. She lands at a newsstand, just as it opens up.

TENNESSEE
The Herald! Give me all of 'em!

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

The kitchen table is COVERED in newspapers. Victoria and Tennessee frantically search for their names. Colonel Blood pours some coffee.

TENNESSEE
WAIT I FOUND IT! I FOUND IT!!

Tennessee reads aloud, performing.

TENNESSEE (CONT'D)
*Women's Right's Activist VICTORIA
WOODHULL attended the convention,
with Mrs. Tennessee Clavin--wait--*

VICTORIA
LET ME SEE!!

Victoria snatches the paper. Reads, dramatically:

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
*"In response to those who oppose
the vote, Mrs. Woodhull said: "Good
thing women can do two things at
once! I, for one, am perfectly
capable of both raising my daughter
and fighting for her freedom. All
in the same afternoon." AHHHH!!!!*

Victoria's whole face is involved in her smile, THRILLED to see her name in print.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

It's quiet now. Victoria wedges a knife in the wooden floor, until the planks pops up. Victoria reaches in and grabs A TIN BOX. Inside the box is some cash, a letter or two, some newspaper clippings. She delicately folds down the sides of Herald article where she's circled her NAME. She places it into the box for safe-keeping.

From inside the floorboards, we look up at Victoria as she restores the box to it's hiding place. And the screen goes BLACK as she closes the floor back up.

INT. GRAND OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

A MAN IN A BLINDFOLD SPINS AROUND AND AROUND. He laughs and drools, as men on either side push his shoulders in circles. They stop. The man reaches his hands out, searching. He stumbles. Laughs. Reaches out again.

He's playing PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY where the "donkey" is a TOPLESS PROSTITUTE with her hands tied behind her back.

We're on stage in a GRAND OPERA HOUSE. A gilded and beautiful space, being utterly desecrated by a handful of WALL STREET BROS and a smattering of PROSTITUTES.

The camera moves around the room, landing on: A MAN playfully chasing a screaming woman across the stage. Another man fucking TWO WOMEN in PRIME ORCHESTRA SEATS. In the PIT, A WASTEA WOMAN falls into the pit. On the stage, two MEN push a woman into the pit and LAUGH.

And in an ornate VIEWING BOX, JOSIE watches through a pair of binoculars. She's sitting on the lap of JIM FISK (30s, white). He gropes her breast while he SNICKERS at the fallen woman. Then returns to his conversation with the man sitting next to him (JAY GOULD, 30s, white). Josie listens closely.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON JOSIE, as she tokes a cigarette. Says with a laugh:

JOSIE
These cocksuckers really think I'm deaf.

She's sitting in the PARLOR, surrounded by women. Victoria and Tennessee enter, take a seat. Josie starts:

JOSIE (CONT'D)
There are two men.

INT. GRAND OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jim and Jay talk behind Josie's back.

JOSIE (V.O.)
Jim Fisk and Jay Gould. Owners of
the Erie Railroad.
(MORE)

JOSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Over the past few weeks, they've
been involved in a scheme to corner
the gold market.

Pan out to the brokers at the party.

JOSIE (V.O.)
They have this army of brokers,
buying up all the gold they can get
their hands on.

One broker GRABS a woman by her bare-naked BREASTS.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Back to Josie, as if she's giving a lecture on economics.

JOSIE
Which is driving the price of gold
through the roof. Their risk is
that the government could step in
at any time, flood the market by
selling off federal gold, and drive
the price back down. So--

INT. GRAND OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Blindfolded man RIPS his blindfold off. LAUGHS BIG.

JOSIE (V.O.)
They've paid off the President's
brother-in-law to convince Grant to
let the market sort itself out. And
if that doesn't work--

The KID getting the lap dance pukes his brains out.

JOSIE (V.O.)
They've got a kid in the treasury
department who will warn them if
the administration plans to sell.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Back on Josie:

JOSIE
All they have to do is get out
before the market crashes. And
they'll walk away with a fortune.

On Victoria, eyes intense. Slightly *desperate*.

VICTORIA

And you can tell me everything you
hear, the minute you hear it?

JOSIE

(with a laugh)

Depends. How much you gonna pay me?

INT. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S HOUSE - DAY

Cornelius sits behind his desk, as Tennessee massages his shoulders. Victoria sits opposite them.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

I can't get involved in something
like that.

VICTORIA

Why not?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

The papers are all over gold. If I
start buying, they'll assume I'm
behind the corner. I don't need
that kind of attention.--- *Ooh!*
right there right there.

Victoria is *not letting go*. She needs this.

VICTORIA

What if you don't buy it?...What if
someone else buys it for you?

Tennessee eyes Victoria, *what is she up to....*

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

Like who?

VICTORIA

Like me.

Cornelius laughs. Tennessee's eyes widen, *what???*

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

Don't be ridiculous.

VICTORIA

Why is that ridiculous?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
You're a woman! You wouldn't know
the first thing!

VICTORIA
It can't be that hard. And this way
I can act quickly--as soon as I
have another vision.

Vanderbilt eyes her skeptically.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
Just out of curiosity, how much
would you charge for something like
this?

VICTORIA
(by the seat of her pants)
50%.

Vanderbilt laughs BIG, knocks Tennessee off his shoulders.
Much more interested in Victoria.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
Brokers charge 20, max!

VICTORIA
Are other brokers coming to you
with this kind of information?

Cornelius grabs Tennessee by the waist, pulls her to his lap.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
No, they certainly are not!

VICTORIA
So 20 for my broker's fee. 20 for
my insights. And 10...for
Tennessee.

Off Vanderbilt, considering. Intrigued. All a game to him.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

MEN IN SUITS! And then VICTORIA, walking briskly with a heavy
briefcase in hand. She enters--

INT. BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY

A row of teenage boys (RUNNERS, 16/17, Black, Italian,
Jewish) watch Victoria walk enter, all of them drooling.

MR. TAYLOR recognizes her. Victoria nods to him as she walks up to the front desk, drops her heavy BRIEFCASE on the desk, and opens it to reveal STACKS OF CASH.

VICTORIA
\$100,000 worth of gold, please.

The FRONT DESK BROKER has no idea what to make of her....

FRONT DESK BROKER
Your name?

VICTORIA
Victoria Woodhull.

INT. BROKERAGE FIRM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Front Desk Broker approaches Mr. Taylor. From their POV, we see Victoria exiting.

FRONT DESK BROKER
Who is she?

MR. TAYLOR
A prostitute.

FRONT DESK BROKER
(joking, or is he...)
Maybe I should be a prostitute.

The Front Desk Broker snaps at one of the RUNNERS (VICTORIA'S RUNNER). He jogs over.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Victoria turns the corner onto Broad Street, spots Tennessee in front of a parked carriage. Tennessee WAVES Victoria over, using a hand that's also holding a PISTOL.

VICTORIA
(grabbing the gun)
Jesus Christ, Tennessee.

TENNESSEE
Sorry...

Victoria gets into the carriage, followed by her sister. We wrap around the carriage as the sisters pop their heads out the window, staring across the street at --

THE GOLD ROOM (next to the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE). On the facade is THE GOLD PRICE INDICATOR (looks like a scoreboard). It shows the price of gold at \$133 1/4.

INT. GOLD ROOM - DAY

VICTORIA'S RUNNER enters a gilded rotunda full of SCREAMING MEN. We recognize a few from the Grand Opera House party.
 "SELL! 400,000 at 133 and a half!" "BUY! 400,000 at 133 and a half!" "SELL! 300, 000 at 134!"

The Runner finds the person who will be VICTORIA'S TRADER (30s, white, m). Hands him the ticket. The trader reads, then shoots up his hand.

VICTORIA'S TRADER
 Buy! 100,000 at 134!

We pan over the room as MEN's hands SLICE through the air. In the center of the room is a BRONZE FOUNTAIN OF A BABY CUPID.

INT. JIM FISK'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

ANGELS AND CHERUBS DANCE ACROSS A FRESCOED CEILING. They move rhythmically back and forth. Back and forth. We hear:

JIM FISK (O.S.)
 Today's the day, baby. Today's the
 FUCK-ING DAY!

Jim Fisk fucks Josie as she stares up at the ceiling. He's in his own world, fantasizing about cold hard CASH.

JIM FISK (CONT'D)
 I'm going to make so much goddamn
 MONEY! I'm going to be--SO
 FUCKKKING RIICHHHH -FUuuCKKKKKkkk.

He trembles, falls into her chest. She pats him on the back.

EXT. WALL STREET - EARLY MORNING

The streets are quiet. Lined with men in suits sleeping on the sidewalk. We pick up a kid (JOSIE'S RUNNER, 17) jogging down the street. He approaches a row of parked carriages, looks into one after another.

From his POV, we see Victoria and Tennessee sleeping in their carriage. Victoria holds the pistol across her chest. The Runner hesitates, looks around, then knocks on the window.

Victoria startles awake! Appears through the glass. Hair a mess. Drool on her face. Holding the gun in her hand.

JOSIE'S RUNNER
Mrs. Woodhull?
(off her nod)
Got a message from Mrs. Mansfield.

She takes the note. Kid jogs off. Note reads: **TODAY**.

Victoria opens the door, gets out. Walks to the back of the carriage, slides between her car and the one behind it. Looks to see if anyone is watching, then hikes up her skirts and crouches down.

With THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE visible behind her, the gun dangling in her hand, Victoria takes a PISS on the street.

SUPER: SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1869. BLACK FRIDAY.

INT. GOLD ROOM - DAY

WATER STREAMS out of the puckered mouth of the Bronze Cupid fountain. We spin out into the rest of the room, which is total chaos. Brokers shouting at the top of their lungs, voices hoarse from the week of trading. Gold is at \$155 1/4.

VICTORIA'S RUNNER enters, finds her BROKER. Hands him a note.

VICTORIA'S BROKER
You sure? Everyone's buying!
(off the kid's nod)
SELL!

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

The price ticks up to \$157. There's a crowd of people watching with bated breath. One of them is EXUBERANT, puts his hand on his brother's shoulder, rocking him around.

EXUBERANT MAN
It's gonna go to 200, c'mon 200!!

Behind them, Victoria and Tennessee stand outside their carriage. Tennessee nervously RIPS off her hangnails. Victoria is still, an ocean of adrenaline roaring inside her.

THEN, from the corner of her eye, she sees a RUNNER dashing across the street, into one of the firms. Then another BOY. THEN ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER! UNTIL THERE'S A SWARM OF BOYS! Many of them now running directly into the gold room.

Suddenly, the price indicator ticks down...\$156 1/2. \$155. \$150. Then stops moving. Horror creeps across the Exuberant Man's face...

EXUBERANT MAN (CONT'D)
Why isn't it moving?! What happened-

NARRATOR (V.O.)
This would become one of the worst financial crashes in American history.

The EXUBERANT MAN TAKES OFF INTO THE GOLD ROOM.

INT. GOLD ROOM - RAFTERS - DAY

A YOUNG I.T. GUY (20s, white) works frantically on a smaller version of the price indicator. His hands shake. Sweat pours from his brow. It's not working!!!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The young man operating the price indicator was named:

An administrator pops his head up the stairs.

ADMINISTATOR
EDISON, WHAT'S GOING ON!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Thomas Edison, I kid you not.

THOMAS EDISON
I'M WORKING ON IT!! HOLD ON!

ON THE MAIN FLOOR:

EXUBERANT MAN enters, finds a BROKER, PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE.

EXUBERANT MAN
YOU MOTHERFUCKER--YOU PROMISED ME
THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN!!!!

He goes after the broker, who tries to scurry away! Other men from the street storm in. Go after their own brokers. Broker themselves, who have been screaming at each other for a week, start beating the shit out of each other.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The price fell from 160 to 133 in a matter of minutes.

IN THE RAFTERS:

Thomas Edison has stopped even trying to fix the thing.
Stands at edge of the rafter with the Administrator, both of
them staring at the horror below.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Men who made a fortune that week,
were ruined by the end of the day.

The EXUBERANT MAN falls to the ground in a mess of hot tears.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
At least one man committed suicide.

EXT. WALL STREET - EVENING

The streets are a wreck. But quiet now. Lined with bottles
and broken glass. A few men stumble around, crying.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Foreign trade ground to a halt.
Crop prices dropped 50% overnight.
Brokerage firms went out of
business. Banks closed. The stock
market fell over 20 percent and
wouldn't fully recover for years.
But Victoria....

Victoria emerges from the rubble, the week showing itself on
her sticky skin and messy hair. But her eyes sparkle. She
holds the pistol in one hand and the BRIEFCASE in the other.
She charges towards the carriage. Where Tennessee is waiting.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Victoria throws the briefcase down, along with the gun. She's
out of breath. She can't believe it. She paces, grabs her
face. Tennessee hounds her:

TENNESSEE
HOW MUCH?

VICTORIA
A lot.

TENNESSEE
HOW MUCH VICTORIA?!

VICTORIA
SEVEN.

TENNESSEE VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 SHUT UP. HUNDRED.

TENNESSEE (CONT'D) VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 NO. THOUSAND.

TENNESSEE (CONT'D)
DOLLARS?!??!?!?!!?!!?!

VICTORIA TENNESSEE (CONT'D)
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

TENNESSEE (CONT'D)
SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS?!

NARRATOR
 That's how much they said they made
 but it was probably less.

VICTORIA
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS?!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Whatever it was it was a lot.

TENNESSEE
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS?! Hahahahahh!!!

VICTORIA / TENNESSEE
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!HAHHHAHAHHAHAH!!!

They throw their bodies around, shrieking, like wild Furies.

EXT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DAY

We follow a PLUSH VELVET LOUNGER as it's carried into
 Victoria and Tennessee's NEW DIGS.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The place is massive. An explosion of color. Velvet curtains. Gilded mirrors. Marble pillars. Gold and crystal chandeliers. Frescoed walls and ceilings. Workmen hang a PORTRAIT OF VICTORIA AND TENNESSEE over a cavernous fireplace. Colonel Blood watches the portrait go up, turns to a worker and says:

COLONEL BLOOD
 Shouldn't that be of my wife
 and...me? Not my wife and her
 sister...?

The worker doesn't know how to respond...We pick up BYRON moves up the stairs--

UPSTAIRS:

And down a long hallway, peering into room after room after room after room. He passes...

TENNESSEE'S ROOM:

Tennessee sits on the floor with ZULA near her GIGANTIC BED, stacking GOLD BRICKS into a safe. Tennessee teaches her niece a crucial lesson:

TENNESSEE

Gold is cash. To have plenty of it
is to be independent of everyBODY
and everyTHING!

VICTORIA'S BEDROOM:

Victoria wanders around her ENORMOUS BEDROOM. Running her hand across the smooth fabrics. She walks into her en suite bathroom. Turns on and off the RUNNING WATER!!!! Flushes the toilet! And finally gets into the tub (full dressed), stares out the window and smiles BIG and TEARFULLY. She's made it.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

SUPER: 1870

Zula draws stars on the foggy window. Victoria pulls her onto her lap. She's sitting next to Tennessee. They're in matching dresses and coats with silk bow-ties and little hats. Victoria wipes the fog. Looks through the window.

EXT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - DAY

It's winter now. Snow covers the ground. PEOPLE wait outside the entrance of the sisters' BROKERAGE FIRM on its opening day. Women have brought their daughters. Reporters take note of everything. Young Wall Street bankers wait to see...Victoria and Tennessee, emerging from their carriage. Walking into their brand new office.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Victoria and Tennessee became the first women in the history of the country to open a brokerage firm on Wall Street.

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - DAY

The office is decked out with the finest mahogany furniture. Chocolate brown leather chairs. And scarlet rugs. Josie and the other prostitutes mill about. Victoria takes a seat at her desk in the center of the room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Something that wouldn't happen
again for nearly 100 years.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ANOTHER DAY

SUSAN B. ANTHONY stands at a street corner waiting to cross. It's a sunny day. The snow has melted. She looks both ways with stern caution before stepping out into traffic.

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - DAY

The commotion has died down since opening day. Susan enters. Across the room, Victoria watches the famous suffragist approach her RECEPTIONIST.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
I'm here to see the woman who owns
this establishment.

RECEPTIONIST
May I ask your name?

Susan locks eyes with Victoria.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Susan B. Anthony. With *The
Revolution*.

CHAPTER THREE: "THE WOMEN"

INT. WOODHULL CLAFLIN & CO - LOUNGE - DAY

Susan sits on a velvet chaise. A waiter pours her a cup of tea. She brings it to her thin lips, blows off hot steam.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
I suppose you know who I am.

Victoria nods yes as the waiter approaches. She waves him off, quickly.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 And I suppose you know I run a
 newspaper called *The Revolution*,
 with my friend and business
 partner, Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Victoria nods again.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 We've made it our mission to meet
 the pioneering women of our day. So
 here I am. Meeting you.

Susan puts her teacup on the table. Takes out her notebook.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 I'd like to ask you a few questions
 for the paper, if I may.

VICTORIA
 Please do.

Susan readies her pen. Comes hot out the gate:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
 What first suggested to you the
 idea of coming into the *rough and*
tumble of Wall Street?

Victoria swallows. Pretends to be completely *unintimidated*.

VICTORIA
 I needed to make a living. And I
 find myself *unwilling* to do what
 most women must do to earn their
 keep.

Susan nods, understanding Victoria implication: *prostitution*.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
 And how did you learn the business?

VICTORIA
 From...my father.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
 I couldn't find much on your
 origins in my research. Was he a
 business man?

VICTORIA
 He was more of a...*jack of all*
trades.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

But he understood that the world
runs on money. Taught my sister and
I most of what we know.

Susan softens a bit, the grief for her own father palpable.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

My father was the same. Believed
girls should get a decent
education. He was a good man.

VICTORIA

The good ones are few and far
between, aren't they?

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Indeed. Speaking of,...how have the
men on the Street welcomed you and
your sister?

Victoria considers the best way to answer....

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - DAY

A Man masturbates outside the window by Tennessee's desk.

TENNESSEE

OH MY GOD- SIR!! EW! STOP!!!!

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - LOUNGE - DAY

Victoria says sarcastically:

VICTORIA

Gentlemen. Every single one.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Just despicable, aren't they? *Men.*

VICTORIA

(ah whatever)

As long as they stay behind the
glass....we try not to let them
bother us.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Good! I like a woman with some
grit.

VICTORIA

As do I.

A moment of fondness between them. Susan lowers her notebook.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
I've been glad to see the press
hasn't had anything all that
dreadful to say about you.

VICTORIA
You must not be reading everything
I am. They seem to be quite
suspicious of me.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
It can worse than that, trust me. A
major newspaper recently referred
to me as an "ungainly hermaphrodite
with a shrill voice and an ugly
face."

A beat. Victoria unsure how to respond. Susan brushes it off,
though the cruelty taken it's toll.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
But then again, *no woman has ever
challenged the status quo and had
an easy time of it.*

VICTORIA
I know that's true. But the
hostility never made much sense to
me. We say we want our freedom. And
they assume we mean the freedom to
be as *despicable* as they are. When
all I want is to do my job and get
something fair for it at the end of
the day.

This is truly what Victoria wants, and somehow isn't able to
get. Susan, older and wiser, understands the world in a way
Victoria doesn't:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Ah, but that's the threat to them,
isn't it? Men have everything. And
most women have nothing but what
men give them. So when a woman
wants anything, be it a kind word
or a piece of bread, she must pay
the price that men exact for it.
And nearly always, the price is a
pound of flesh.

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - DAY

Tennessee, Josie and the PROSTITUTES lean against the door, trying to hear, just as it OPENS! The women jump back, quickly appearing busy. One of them awkwardly curtsies. Susan smiles, used to the attention. Victoria walks Susan out.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

You must come to our next convention. You and your sister, of course.

VICTORIA

We'd be delighted.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

They like to call us the *delirium of unreason known as the woman's cause*. And that *delirium* could certainly use two women like you.

With that, Susan take her hat and coat from the Receptionist. Braces for the elements and leaves. Victoria immediately drops her cool. BULGES her eyes at Tennessee, like *EEEEEE!!!*

EXT. APOLLO HALL - NIGHT

A BANNER FALLS OPEN WITH A BOUNCE. It reads: NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION. 1870. THE WOMEN'S HOUR IS NOW!!!!

Victoria and Tennessee RUN up the block, their heeled boots catching on the cobblestone. They're in black dresses, top hats and bow ties. They cap the line of WOMEN, young and old and mostly white, excitedly waiting to enter the convention.

INT. APOLLO HALL - MAIN THEATER - NIGHT

A band plays an upbeat song as women fill the space.

A WOMAN walks around with a BASKET FOR DONATIONS. She approaches Victoria, who nods, *no thank you*. (*Reminiscent of the kid in the psychic tent when Victoria was a child...it's all the same money-making scheme to her.*)

Victoria and Tennessee find their seats. Victoria notices empty chairs scattered about. There's room for improvement.

The gas lights dim. The crowd begins to cheer. Stage lights blare. Susan walks out, greets the crowd. She's very articulate, but somewhat staid. Not a natural performer.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

HELLO! WELCOME! Thank you for being here! Please take your seats! We have an incredible list of speakers to get to!....BUT before we do, I just want to say a few words about the work we've been doing as the NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

A banner for the NWSA drops behind her. People cheer.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)

We're organizing women across the country, gaining new supporters every day. We're pressuring Congress to hold a vote on the 16th amendment--and PASS IT. It is high time we extend the promise of this country to everyone IN THIS COUNTRY, and THAT INCLUDES THE WOMEN!

(cheers)

This work is not for the faint of heart. And you know as well as I do that we have experienced defeat. Congress has passed the 15th Amendment. And while the right to vote has been extended to all men, *as it should be*, it has NOT been extended to US.

(beat)

People ask me all the time, how do you continue, when it seems like there are setbacks behind every corner? And I tell them, I am sustained by women like you. Every day, I meet a woman who has defied expectations. Who has dared to do what she wasn't *supposed* to do. And sometimes, those strides seem small. A woman speaks up for herself in a conversation. A woman lies about where she's going and comes to a rally like this! -- And sometimes, those actions shock the world and make us ALL question: what can't a woman do?! -- Just recently, I sat down with a woman who dared to join the bulls and the bears on Wall Street! A female stockbroker, if you can believe it!

On Victoria, as the crowd cheers. She looks around her, realizing that while they're cheering for her, no one knows who she is. And that's not quite...satisfying enough.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
We may not have the vote today, but
we will have it tomorrow! There is
NOTHING a woman can't do if she
sets her mind to it! Remember that!
REMEMBER THAT!

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - DAY

Victoria peers through the window of the brokerage firm. Pedestrians are passing by, no longer looking in.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It wasn't long before the spectacle
of the women on Wall Street died
down. Victoria was left to simply
run a business, one that was doing--

COLONEL BLOOD
Quite badly, I'm afraid.

Colonel Blood and Tennessee sit around Victoria's desk. The office is empty, after work hours. Blood has papers in front of him. Tennessee rolls her eyes.

TENNESSEE
It can't be that dire.

COLONEL BLOOD
It's simple arithmetic, Tennessee.
What's coming in is far less than
what's going out.

TENNESSEE
Ok, but we made...a lot of money.

COLONEL BLOOD
And we're spending A LOT of money.
The house alone--

VICTORIA
I'm not getting rid of the house.

COLONEL BLOOD
Maybe Vanderbilt can lend a hand...

Victoria turns to the window. Tennessee fills Blood in.

TENNESSEE

He remarried. We haven't heard from him since.

COLONEL BLOOD

Alright well, we need to make some kind of change. Otherwise, we'll be bankrupt by the end of next year.

Completely out of left field:

VICTORIA

I think I should join the suffrage movement.

COLONEL BLOOD

That's lovely, my dear, but pretty irrelevant.

Victoria rolls her eyes like she's married to a moron.

VICTORIA

Tickets were \$5 each to the convention the other night. There had to have been at least 300 hundred people there. That's 1500 in one night alone, not including the additional donations.

COLONEL BLOOD

You want to give lectures?

VICTORIA

Why not?

TENNESSEE

Well for one...everyone was there to see Susan B. Anthony...

VICTORIA

And?

TENNESSEE

(delicate, but...)
You're not Susan B. Anthony.

VICTORIA

I'm the first woman on Wall Street!

TENNESSEE

Which isn't a great selling point is our business goes under!

VICTORIA

Fine, I'll talk about politics, the vote, whatever--!

TENNESSEE

Vicky, you're not involved in politics. You don't have any credibility!

VICTORIA

THEN, how do you get involved in politics??

COLONEL BLOOD

You knock on doors, you organize...

VICTORIA

How do you do it *quickly*?!

TENNESSEE

It doesn't really work like that.

VICTORIA

Bullshit. Men go from banking to politics all the time. It seems like overnight some mediocre businessman is President of the United States!

TENNESSEE

Yeah, sure, if you were a MAN, it would be easy! You could just run for office.

COLONEL BLOOD

Well, actually, Elizabeth Cady Stanton did run for Congress.

VICTORIA

She did?

COLONEL BLOOD

To prove that the constitution doesn't expressly prohibit it. You can't vote but...

VICTORIA

We can run?

COLONEL BLOOD

Technically, yes.

TENNESSEE

But in REALITY - no!

VICTORIA
But what if I did.....

TENNESSEE
What if you *ran* for Congress? Are
you, *INSANE*?!

VICTORIA
(has an amazing idea)
No. Not that. Something bigger,
something people would really *pay*
to see!

TENNESSEE
WHAT'S BIGGER THAN RUNNING FOR
CONGRESS?

VICTORIA
...Running for President.

Victoria laughs. This is fucking brilliant.

TENNESSEE
Vicky.

VICTORIA
What?????

TENNESSEE
You can't *run* for President.

VICTORIA
Why not?!

TENNESSEE
Because no one will take you
seriously!

VICTORIA
People take Elizabeth Cady Stanton
seriously!

TENNESSEE
Yeah, but she's actually spent her
whole life, like, *fighting for women*.
You'd just be--[what?]- putting on
a show!?

VICTORIA
Would you *pay* to see that show? The
first woman to run for President??

TENNESSEE
...Yes, probably.

VICTORIA
WELL?!

TENNESSEE
There HAS to be an easier way to
make money!

VICTORIA
There is! OF COURSE THERE IS! But
it was my understanding you didn't
want to be a prostitute!

TENNESSEE
(c'mon)
You really can't think of anything
other than *being a prostitute or*
running for President of the United
States??

COLONEL BLOOD (O.C.)
What's the difference?

Colonel Blood smirks, expecting Victoria and Tennessee to
applaud how clever he is! When they don't, he explains:

COLONEL BLOOD (CONT'D)
'Cuz like, we're all just *whoring*
ourselves out to the man, amiright?

His "joke" lands like a brick. Victoria looks as if she could
rip his head off.

VICTORIA
I am not speaking METAPHORICALLY!
We. Are. Out. Of. Money. So, either
you and I, Tennessee, can go down
to the street corner and hike up
our skirts--

COLONEL BLOOD
(small)
Well, surely not you. You are
married...

VICTORIA
OR, I can make some real MONEY like
SUSAN B. ANTHONY. BUT FIRST I need
to become famous and the best way I
seen in doing that is to RUN FOR
PRESIDENT. SO, are we all in
agreement?!

(to Blood)
Better to get into politics than
bring home gonorrhea?!

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 (he nods)
 GREAT. GET A PEN!

Blood reaches over for a pen and paper.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 A letter. Address it to the Herald!

Victoria paces, mouthing some opening lines to herself before she begins. She is a little rocky at first...

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
As I happen to be the most prominent representative of my sex,...I request the favor of being permitted to address the nation through the medium of the Herald.

TENNESSEE
 I don't know about *most* prominent.

Victoria thinks then....

VICTORIA
...While others of my sex argued the equality of woman with man, I proved it by successfully engaging in business. How's that?

TENNESSEE
 Not bad, actually.

Now Victoria's having some fun.

VICTORIA
While others prayed for a good time coming, I worked for it!

TENNESSEE
 (laughing a little)
 You really need to address the absurdity of this...

VICTORIA
 (performed for Tennessee)
What may appear absurd today will assume a serious aspect tomorrow! Let those who ridiculed the Black man's claim to exercise his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and lived to watch him VOTE and WIN federal election, now ridicule the aspirations of the women of this country.....

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 (clears her throat)
 It needs something poetic...Like,
*they cannot roll back the rising
 tide of reform...*

TENNESSEE
The world moves.

Victoria claps in utter DELIGHT! Kisses Tennessee's face.

VICTORIA
 YES! THE WORLD FUCKING MOVES!

Colonel Blood races to catch up.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
*I therefore claim the right to
 speak for the unenfranchised--*

COLONEL BLOOD
 That's not a word.

VICTORIA
 SHUT UP! *I claim the right to speak
 for the unenfranchised women of this
 country! And believing as I do that
 the prejudices against women will
 soon disappear...*
 (impressed with herself)
 I'm actually really good at this.

Tennessee laughs at her sister. Victoria continues, with a BIG SMILE, stepping right into a MOMENT in HISTORY!

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
*I now announce myself...As a
 candidate for the Presidency.*

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

AN AMERICAN FLAG WHIPS AROUND IN THE WIND. A carriage pulls up the driveway of the White House. A PRESIDENTIAL AIDE (40s, white, m) rushes out. His shoes slipping on the pavement.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT ULYSSES S. GRANT (48, white, m, mediocre) sits at his desk, eating a stack of blueberry pancakes, as another AIDE (m, Black, 30s) tucks a napkin into his shirt.

There's a knock at the door. The first aide enters. Bows awkwardly. He carries a telegram in his hand.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

Good morning, Mr. President, sir.
There's been some *peculiar* news...A
challenger has entered the
Presidential race.

ULYSESS S. GRANT

Who?

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

The name is Victoria Woodhull, sir.

ULYSESS S. GRANT

Victor?

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

Victoria.

ULYSESS S. GRANT

A *woman*?

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

Yes, sir.

A smile creeps across Grant's face...

ULYSESS S. GRANT

Is this a joke?

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

No.

ULYSESS S. GRANT

You're *not* trying to make me laugh?

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

I would not, sir.

ULYSESS S. GRANT

A LADY???

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

Yes.

Grant BURSTS into laughter. HAHAHAHAHHH. The aide smiles.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE (CONT'D)

It is quite funny, sir. One must
admit.

ULYSESS S. GRANT

(crying)

BAHAHAH!! A WOMAN?!?!?

Grant wipes tears from his eyes, then stops laughing.

ULYSESS S. GRANT (CONT'D)
(serious, insecure)
But she's not a threat or anything?

The Aide quickly stops laughing as well.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE
No, sir. She can't win.

ULYSESS S. GRANT
Surely, women aren't allowed.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE
That's up for debate. But *this woman*...isn't old enough.

ULYSESS S. GRANT
What?

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE
On inauguration day, she'll only
be...34.

A beat. Then.

ULYSESS S. GRANT
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

INT. SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S STONE-COLD FACE.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Stop laughing.

She's sitting at her kitchen table across from-- EMILY (20s, white, Susan's "roommate.") Both in their night clothes. Emily's got her foot on the chair, coffee in one hand, and the paper in the other. Smiling.

EMILY
It's kinda funny.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
It's INSANE! I mean, why could she possibly be doing this??

EMILY
(a joke)
Maybe she has some good ideas...!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
As if they don't laugh at us enough
already!

Emily reads from a letter.

EMILY
She's asking you to endorse her.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Well, that's ridiculous.

EMILY
Do you want to respond?

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
NO. And what is she thinking -- she
asks for our help, and insults us
in the same breath!?

Susan reads from the paper.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
*"While others prayed for a good
time coming"-- I worked for it."*
SHE worked for it. Unbelievable.

EMILY
I thought you liked her.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
I did! Now I have no idea what to
make of her...

Susan brings her coffee mug to the sink. Says under her breath.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Pray for a good time coming. SHE
better pray for a good time coming,
I'll tell you that MUCH!

INT. REVIVALIST CHURCH - DAY

ROXY CLAFLIN SPINS LIKE A MADWOMAN DOWN THE AISLE OF A CHURCH! When she gets to the altar, she falls to her knees and starts SHOUTING in tongues.

In the back of the room, a man shows BUCK the newspaper. Buck reads....then, CHARGES towards ROXY, grabs her by the arm. Pulls her towards the door.

In the pews, Meg, Polly, and Utica watch their parents exit. They shepherd their own families and follow them out.

INT. NEW YORK HERALD - DAY

Joe Greene reads Victoria's announcement. He recognizes the name.....but from where? He dives into his files. Pulls out his article about the AERA convention. Finds Victoria's name. Circles it.

CHAPTER FOUR: "THE WAGON"

EXT. MURRAY HILL - DAY

BUCK CLAFLIN'S PAINTED WAGON descends on MURRAY HILL, hobbling across the cobblestone. A NEIGHBOR and his WIFE (50s, epitome of the coastal elite) watch the wagon try to parallel park in front of Victoria's mansion.

EXT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DAY

Buck, Roxy, Meg, Polly, Utica, Polly's husband, and a WHOLE BUNCH OF CHILDREN stand on the landing of the brownstone.

Buck knocks. Waits. They hear someone coming to the door. Victoria opens. Her face falls when she sees them. Tennessee comes down the stairs behind her. Buck smiles.

BUCK
My girls.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DAY

The Claflin Family has completely taken over the house. KIDS are running around like little maniacs -- including Zula, who is *stoked* to have so many new friends. Polly marvels:

POLLY
JESUS, VICKY, HOW MUCH MONEY DID
YOU MAKE?!

Utica's halfway up the stairs.

UTICA
SHOULD I JUST TAKE ANY ROOM - OR?

Meg follows her up the stairs.

MEG
AND THE KIDS, WHERE SHOULD THEY GO?

Roxy holds Tennessee's face in her hands.

ROXY

My baby, my beautiful girl, you
have a pimple on your cheek.

TENNESSEE

I know, don't touch it.

ROXY

Your father has something for that.

TENNESSEE

Mom.

Victoria grabs Tennessee's arm. Roxy's still super salty
about how Victoria left her.

ROXY

Victoria. You're not going to say
hello to your mother?!

She reluctantly kisses her mother on the cheek.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Your father was very excited to
read about you in the paper.

VICTORIA

OH, I'm sure he was. -- Tennessee!!

Victoria pulls Tennessee into a hallway.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Victoria and Tennessee whisper in the hallway, their
rambunctious family still visible around them.

VICTORIA

I refuse to let them stay here!

TENNESSEE

I'm not sure we have a choice.

VICTORIA

OF COURSE WE DO!

TENNESSEE

We can't just kick them out.

VICTORIA

WHY THE HELL NOT?!

TENNESSEE

Because GOD KNOWS what they'll do.
They could say anything to anyone.

VICTORIA

LIKE WHAT?

TENNESSEE

Well for starters, our father
wasn't the *believer in girls*
education you described to Susan B.
Anthony.

They look into the living room, where Buck is picking up items on the mantel, about to pocket--

VICTORIA

(To Buck, putting it back)
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!!
(to Tennessee)
So what, I never get to rid myself
of this horrible family?!

TENNESSEE

Not today you don't.

VICTORIA

LEECHES! I'm surrounded by LEECHES!

TENNESSEE

(had enough of the drama)
Just keep them fat and happy. They
won't do anything to jeopardize
that.

VICTORIA

Yeah right.

POLLY (O.C.)

SO, how did you two meet?!

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Colonel Blood smiles bashfully as Polly and her other sisters gather around. Victoria and Tennessee enter as Blood starts:

COLONEL BLOOD

It's a funny story, actually! I had
just come back from the war--

VICTORIA

Let's not--

POLLY'S HUSBAND
Union or Confederate.

COLONEL BLOOD
Union.

Polly's husband nods to him, *good man.*

COLONEL BLOOD (CONT'D)
SO, I'm walking through town one
day, and I see this psychic shop. I
go in, thinking it might be nice to
know what's next for me. And who do
I see?..Your beautiful sister.

Victoria squirms out of his embrace. Unsure how to stop this.

COLONEL BLOOD (CONT'D)
So, of course, I go back every day.
Until one afternoon, Victoria's
reading my palm and says..."in your
future I see a wife..."

Polly's eyes BULGE.

COLONEL BLOOD (CONT'D)
With brown--

POLLY / UTICA
HAIR AND BLUE EYES!?

COLONEL BLOOD
Yes, wait--how did you know--[that]

The sisters BURST OUT LAUGHING!!! Even Tennessee.

VICTORIA
All right, enough---

POLLY
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?! HAHAHHHA!!

UTICA
IS THAT YOUR ONLY MOVE???

COLONEL BLOOD
Only move... what does that mean?

Victoria, embarrassed, storms off.

COLONEL BLOOD (CONT'D)
No really, did she tell you that
story before, or--

Meg puts a hand on his shoulder, cringes with pity.

MEG

Oh, you poor thing.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Claflin family crowds the kitchen. The women are cooking. The men are talking, drinking wine, not helping at all.

There's food everywhere. Victoria breaks down a chicken. Utica chops vegetables as she sips some wine. Roxy and Tennessee make a sauce at the stove. Meg opens another bottle. And Polly comforts a screaming child.

They are all talking over one another. Laughing, reminiscing. Despite the dysfunction, they are a family.

There's a knock at the door. Victoria wipes her hands on a towel, goes to open it.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Another knock. Victoria quickens her pace, pulls open the heavy door open, to reveal--CANNING. Older and scruffier than before. Looking a little...jaundice? But still somewhat irresistible. He flashes a crooked smile. Victoria begins to shut the door on his face:

VICTORIA

Absolutely not.

CANNING

(pushing the door open)

Vicky, I'm sorry, please let me in.

(performative *cough*)

I'm dying.

Victoria LAUGHS. Wicked and BIG. Goes to shut the door again.

VICTORIA

Go to hell.

ZULA (O.C.)

Daddy?

Zula stands behind them. Then sprints to her father. He bends down, and wraps her in a deep hug. Breathes her in.

CANNING

Oh, my little girl.

ZULA
(pulling out of the hug)
Guess what?!

CANNING
What?

ZULA
I have, like, A MILLION cousins.

CANNING laughs at Zula, stares back up at Victoria, as Zula grabs his hand and leads him inside.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Zula brings Canning into the kitchen. Byron jumps up and down. Throws his arms around his father.

Colonel Blood approaches Victoria, like *what the fuck*-- but before he can stay anything, she stops him--

VICTORIA
Not now.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Claflin clan loudly eats their dinner. Pulling meat off bones with their yellowed teeth. Ripping large chunks of bread and using it to sop up the juices. Pouring glasses and glasses of wine.

Canning feeds Byron and laughs as Zula, desperate for his attention, tells him some outrageous and meandering story.

Victoria sits at head of the table. Quiet. Watching. We slowly push in on her face as the sound cuts out.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

VICTORIA'S FACE IN AGONY. It's silent. Her hair is matted to her forehead. She looks somehow pale and bright red at the same time. We hold on the silence for a beat and then....she GASPS. Tears roll down her face.

VICTORIA
I'm going to die--!

Victoria lies on the bed. The sheets covered in blood and shit. Canning is the only other person there.

CANNING
(frustrated)
You're not gonna die.

VICTORIA
It's taking too long!! Please
Canning get a doctor--

CANNING
What do you think I am?!

VICTORIA
I need a REAL DOCTOR!! PLEASE!!

Canning gets up, roughly gathers some rags, and storms out.

BYRON (6) stands in the doorway, starts to cry. He walks to Victoria, paws at her. She stares at the ceiling and cries. Certain she'll be dead before morning.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME TIME (FLASHBACK)

In their run-down apartment, far from where they are now, Canning throws bloody, shit-covered rags in a bucket and scrubs his hands clean.

Victoria and Byron's cries pierce his ears. He reaches into the trash, takes out a bottle, desperate for one more sip. Victoria cries out again. He exhales sharply. Had enough. Looks at his coat near the door, then decides...to leave.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME (FLASHBACK)

Victoria's eyes widen as she hears the door SLAM SHUT.

She pushes Byron off of her. He bursts into mind-numbing screams. Victoria moves to the edge of the bed to peer through the window. She watches Canning jog down the block.

VICTORIA
NO! NO!

She panics. Pounds on the window!! Tries to get up but she can't. She moves to the other side of the bed. Reaches below the bed and grabs the BEDPAN. Empties it on to the floor and starts hammering it on the wall.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
HELP! PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP ME!

Another contraction comes on. She drops the bedpan and reaches down to her vagina. She PUSHES AND CRIES AND SCREAMS.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Roxy HOWLS with laughter!! Sloshing wine around her glass. Canning grins proudly, having just told a HILARIOUS joke.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Victoria SCREAMS as she pushes the baby out.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CANNING GNAWS HIS TEETH INTO A RIB BONE.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Victoria hesitates, can't believe she has to do this, then DRIVES HER TEETH INTO THE BABY'S UMBILICAL CORD.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Victoria's eyes float open, hearing commotion outside. The baby is alive and asleep on her chest. Both covered in blood.

In immense pain, she gently moves to the window. From her POV, we see Canning on a neighbors porch, apologizing. He has mistaken their house for his, and a woman in nightdress waves him off with a frying pan over her head. He stumbles off their porch, towards his house.

Victoria lets the curtain fall closed. Sits up. Grabs a glass of water off the bedside table. Drinks it down.

A few beats, then...the door to the apartment opens. His heavy footsteps pound towards the room. As he appears in the doorway, she HURLS THE GLASS, SMASHING HIM IN THE FACE--

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DINING ROOM / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dinner. Canning laughs. Then, looks over to Victoria, who smiles back. At the other end of the table, Victoria sees Tennessee watching her.

Victoria gets up from the table. Grabs the wine bottles. We follow her into the kitchen, and to the back door, where she pours the wine out.

Then, goes over to Canning's coat hanging on the wall, searches his pockets, finds his coin purse, and takes it.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - ZULA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Through the window, Tennessee watches Canning walk up the steps of the mansion, digging in his pockets, confused. She closes the bedroom door, and starts playing tea party with Zula and Byron.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - ENTRYWAY / KITCHEN - DAY

Hungover, Canning's hands shake as he looks for his coin purse where his coat was hanging. Then, he goes to the cabinets, searching for a drink. Victoria wraps around the corner. Sipping a martini.

VICTORIA
Looking for something?

As he turns around, she SMASHES the glass on the wall. Charges at him, using the stem of the glass as a shank. He's caught off guard. She tackles him to the ground.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Can you smell the alcohol on my
breath? Is that what you want?

CANNING
Stop it--! Get off---

He struggles as she presses the glass against his throat.

VICTORIA
Listen to me, you son of bitch, I
want you to stay here.

Colonel Blood walks into the kitchen. Sees his wife straddling her ex-husband. Shoving her fingers in his eyes!

COLONEL BLOOD
Vicky...

VICTORIA
(wild animal)
THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU!

Colonel Blood stands back, does NOT appreciate being spoken to like that. Canning struggles to get free.

CANNING
You're hurting me!

Victoria pushes the shard of glass even harder into his neck, drawing blood. She gets close, whispers.

VICTORIA

And if you are *fucking* dying, I want you to spend every waking hour you have left walking around the house I BUILT. And when you pass some expensive chandelier, or a piece of furniture you could never afford...I want you to remember that I am SOMEONE in this world, and you will always be NOTHING.

She spits in his face. Throws the glass off to the side. Gets up. Canning rolls over, coughs, looks at Colonel Blood like, *help me up?* Blood scoffs! Charges after Victoria--

UP THE STAIRS:

Blood chases Victoria up the steps.

COLONEL BLOOD
He's NOT staying here!!

VICTORIA
Yes, he is.

COLONEL BLOOD
And I have NO say in the matter?

VICTORIA
Why should you get a say?

Blood violently grabs Victoria by the forearm, desperate to assert him dominance:

COLONEL BLOOD
BECAUSE I AM YOUR HUSBAND!! I'm not just some GUY you think you can WALK ALL OVER!

She glares at his finger digging into her skin.

VICTORIA
You want to know what you are to me?...You were a way out of a terrible marriage. And a wagon to get to New York.

COLONEL BLOOD
A wagon?!

VICTORIA
And now you're just another person I need to support.

Blood sucks his teeth. Can't believe her. She doubles down.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
That upsets you? There's the door.

COLONEL BLOOD
And where do you suggest I go?? You
spent all my money getting here.
And now you keep our money locked
up!

VICTORIA
OUR MONEY?! You didn't make a DIME.

COLONEL BLOOD
You fucking bitch.

VICTORIA
That's right. Now get your hands
off of me. And don't you dare tell
me what to do. Not in the HOUSE
that I pay for.

Colonel Blood stares, powerless, emasculated. He releases Victoria, and she walks up the stairs, where Tennessee has been watching.

Humiliated, Blood turns away from Tennessee's stare. She looks at him, with a moment of pity. Then follows Victoria into the office.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

Tennessee opens the door to the office. It looks empty---before she sees Victoria with her back to us in the corner of the room. Looking small. Wiping her eyes.

Tennessee's not used to seeing her sister like this. Victoria hates being vulnerable, even in front of Tennessee.

VICTORIA
I'm fine.

Victoria stays in the corner. Hiding her face as she cries.

TENNESSEE
We can ask them all to leave.

Victoria sucks back snot. Goes back to her desk.

VICTORIA
No, you were right, it's safer to
keep them here.

TENNESSEE
And Blood?

Blood passes by the door just in time to hear:

VICTORIA
He's not smart enough, or man
enough, to hurt me.

Victoria looks over her papers on her desk. Back to work.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Have we heard back from the
suffragists yet?

Tennessee sits across from Victoria. Shakes her head, *no*.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
And they got the announcement?

TENNESSEE
We sent it twice.

VICTORIA
(short fuse today)
Are they traveling or something??

TENNESSEE
They're having a convention in
Washington in the beginning of
January. But nothing until then, I
think.

VICTORIA
So, they're ignoring me!

TENNESSEE
Maybe you don't need them.

VICTORIA
Of course, I need them, TENNESSEE!
Without them, no one knows what to
make of this! All of it means
NOTHING!

Victoria THROWS papers like a child having a tantrum.

TENNESSEE
(delicate)
Maybe it's time to think of
something else.

VICTORIA
Like WHAT?

TENNESSEE

I don't know! But we're not making any money. You haven't given any speeches...

VICTORIA

I'm not walking away from this!

TENNESSEE

Why?

VICTORIA

Because there is NO REASON those women belong on that stage and I don't!

TENNESSEE

Ok.

VICTORIA

All I need is *someone, with some importance*, to come out for me. Make me legitimate. It doesn't even need to be those goddamn women! It can be anyone! A politician! A priest!

TENNESSEE

Well, just *somebody* important shouldn't be too hard to find....

Victoria looks at her....*what??*

TENNESSEE (CONT'D)

We just have to go where all the important people are.

EXT. WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's HALLOWEEN and the whores are having a PARTY! Men and women in ELABORATE Victorian-era costumes walk in and out of the brownstone. Thomas Jefferson! A clown! Medusa!

A carriage pulls up. Victoria and Tennessee get out. Victoria is dressed like THE STATUE OF LIBERTY. And Tennessee, with a bow and arrow, is ATHENA, the GOD OF WAR.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

JOSIE (VIRGIN MARY) speaks to a MAN dressed like the POPE.

THE POPE
Do you know how beautiful you are??

JOSIE
Yes.

THE POPE
You do???

JOSIE
Men love to think we *just don't know how beautiful we are*. But if you're half-way decent they literally scream it at you on the street. Also, I own a mirror.

THE POPE
GOD, I love a woman with some SPUNK.

Josie sees Victoria and Tennessee enter the room.

JOSIE
Wait 'till you meet Vicky...

Josie waves the sisters over.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Victoria Woodhull, meet Benjamin Butler. The Congressman from Massachusetts.

CONGRESSMEN BENJAMIN BUTLER (53, white, a plump bullfrog of a man, historically unattractive) smiles up at Victoria.

BUTLER
So you're the little lady who thinks she can be President!

VICTORIA
And weren't you supposed to be on the ticket with Lincoln.

BUTLER
(sore spot)
I was -- come sit.

Victoria sits next to Butler. Tennessee slips Josie some CASH for the intro. Butler doesn't notice, too busy hearing himself talk:

BUTLER (CONT'D)

They all but made me the offer. But in the end, they said I was "too fond of seeing my name in print." But of course, that's the ONLY reason anyone's a politician in this country!-- But, I suspect you know a little something about that.

VICTORIA

(facetious)

I'm fighting for the equality of women.

Butler laughs, *no you're not*. Like recognizes like.

BUTLER

So you're part of one of the women's groups, then?

VICTORIA

I operate on my own.

BUTLER

Smart! Those women have it all wrong.

VICTORIA

How so?

BUTLER

They've focused everything on that goddamn amendment. But it's never going to pass, not in their lifetimes, anyway.

VICTORIA

What would you do differently?

BUTLER

Well, first of all. I'd abandon the amendment and push for a federal law.

TENNESSEE

How would that work?

BUTLER

What do you know about the 15th amendment?

VICTORIA

Not much.

BUTLER

Well it says, all *citizens* have the right to vote. And that right will not be denied,
(stumbling)
for things such as--

JOSIE

On account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

A beat. Surprise.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

What? I read.

BUTLER

(melting)

I'm going to marry you one day, I swear to GOD--

JOSIE

(uninterested)

No, thank you.

Victoria clears her throat. Back to her.

VICTORIA

And what exactly, does that have to do with the women's amendment?

BUTLER

Well, if you'll notice, the 15th says all *citizens* have the right to vote. It does not specify that those citizens must be...

Butler stops, waiting for Victoria to finish the line. She does not...and in fact finds it quite condescending to be quizzed this way. He continues.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Male...Which means, Congress may have given women the vote already.
By accident.

TENNESSEE

Could that actually work?

BUTLER

No, probably not. But I hear crazier arguments on the floor of the House every single day!

(MORE)

BUTLER (CONT'D)
THAT'S exactly what *those women*
don't understand. We're are in a
popularity contest here! You might
have the *best argument*. But it
doesn't *matter*! If
no.one.wants.to.hear.you.SPEAK!

Victoria concocts an idea...this is her super power. She
might not be a legal scholar, but she knows *publicity*.

VICTORIA
And has a woman ever spoken to
Congress before?

BUTLER
I don't think so, no.

VICTORIA
And do you have the power to invite
one?....

BUTLER
(catching on)
I do....

VICTORIA
(flirty)
Do you have the power to invite *me*?

Butler laughs. But it's not going to be that easy.

BUTLER
I can't just invite every pretty
girl I meet in a whorehouse to
speak to The United States
Congress...

VICTORIA
Yes, but if you invite *me*, Mr.
Butler, the *first woman to run for*
President -- I can assure you, your
name will be in the paper for
weeks.

Butler considers her. Sips his drink.

BUTLER
They should make you the President.
Certainly bigger balls on you than
half the men in Washington.

Victoria looks to Tennessee.

VICTORIA

When did you say that convention
was? The one in D.C.

TENNESSEE

Beginning of January.

VICTORIA

How's your beginning of January,
Mr. Butler?

He smiles, shakes his head, no way...

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

SUPER: WASHINGTON D.C. 1871. BEGINNING OF JANUARY.

A YOUNG WOMAN (teens, white) RUNS LIKE THE WIND through D.C.
Her long skirts BRUSHING against the pavement.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Victoria Woodhull became the first
woman in the history of the
country...

She runs up the steps of LINCOLN HALL. Silk banners read:
NWSA WASHINGTON CHAPTER! And: NOW IT'S REALLY THE WOMEN'S
TIME!!

INT. LINCOLN HALL - VARIOUS - DAY

Volunteers set up rope lines, tack up posters. The young
woman weaves through the space-- Runs across the stage --
Through the wings-- And into an office where she finds--

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To address the United States
Congress.

INT. LINCOLN HALL - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

--Susan standing at the mirror, inspecting her face. And
Elizabeth Cady Stanton sitting nearby, scribbling away at a
speech. The young woman shouts-- totally out of breath--

YOUNG WOMAN

A WOMAN IS MAKING HISTORY---!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

Excuse me?

YOUNG WOMAN
ADDRESSING CONGRESS--NEVER BEEN
DONE!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Addressing Congress on what?

YOUNG WOMAN
(doubled over)
THE VOTE!!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
(dropping her clipboard)
AND NOBODY TOLD US?!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
WE HAVE TO GO. CANCEL EVERYTHING!

Susan and Elizabeth RUSH out the door.

YOUNG WOMAN
HOW?!

EXT. CONGRESS - DAY

A MASS of reporters and spectators wait on the steps of Congress. A CARRIGAGE pulls up. The doors open. The reporters jump in to action.

REPORTERS
VICTORIA WOODHULL! MRS. WOODULL!
WHAT IS YOUR PLACE IN HISTORY?!

Victoria and Tennessee smile as they push their way through. Another carriage pulls up. Susan and Elizabeth stumble out.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
EXCUSE ME! YOU'RE IN MY WAY.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
MOVE!

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

The room is packed. The Judiciary Committee (most of them white, a few of them Black, all men of course) take seats on one side of a large rectangular table.

Susan and Elizabeth stumble over people's legs as they squeeze into a row and find seats in the center.

The room settles. Everyone is quiet. Waiting.

THEN. The doors swing open. VICTORIA enters. Flanked by Tennessee and Benjamin Butler, who flashes his good side at the reporters with cameras.

As they walk down the aisle, Victoria clutches Tennessee's arm. When they reach the table, Tennessee places the speech in front of Victoria. The paper shakes in her hands.

INT. REVIVALIST TENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Victoria facing a crowd, waiting for her to begin.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

Victoria turns it on. Flashes that charismatic smile.

VICTORIA

Good morning, Congressmen. My name
is Victoria Woodhull.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESS - LOBBY - DAY

Post-show. Everyone mingles. We hear things like: *Fascinating argument! Do you think it could work! Absolutely not! But who the hell is she?! And would you look at that waist! It's incredibly small!*

Victoria and her little waist stand with Tennessee, surrounded by people congratulating her. Susan and Elizabeth approach. We're unsure how this will go:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Mrs. Woodhull, we meet again. This
is my partner, Elizabeth Cady
Stanton.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

Quite the argument, my dear! They
had no idea what to make of you!

Elizabeth is taken with Victoria. Susan is more suspicious.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

So, you believe women have the
right to vote already?

VICTORIA

I do.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
We can start going to the polls?

VICTORIA
As soon as the next election.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
And when they arrest us?

VICTORIA
Women can argue in courts across
the country that those arrests are
unconstitutional.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Brilliant! Just brilliant!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
How did you come up with this?

VICTORIA
I read the constitution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Of course you did! Come, come! What
are you doing this afternoon?

Elizabeth literally pulls Victoria under her wing.

INT. LINCOLN HALL - MAIN THEATER - DAY

A ROOM OF SUFFRAGISTS JUMP TO THEIR FEET, APPLAUDING--

VICTORIA, as she enters with Elizabeth, Susan and Tennessee
(trailing behind.)

The women are ecstatic. Pouring bottles of champagne, noshing
on crudité, lounging informally since the convention was
cancelled -- and replaced with Victoria's debut.

We land on the YOUNG WOMAN, who informed Susan and Elizabeth
about Victoria's Congressional address. She's noticeably let
her hair down. Grabs a flute of champagne, and walks over to--

HARRIET PURVIS, the Black Suffragist we saw at the convention
with Frederick Douglass. She's sitting with a group of other
women, all women of color -- in a sea of white ladies hooting
and hollering and having a blast.

The YOUNG WOMAN makes room for herself, sliding in next to
Harriet, completely oblivious to the fact that they were in
the middle of a conversation.

YOUNG WOMAN
 EXCITING, isn't it?! The first
 woman to address Congress! Such a
 BIG DAY. For all of us!

She slams her flute into another woman's drink -- a little
 too aggressive. Harriet's having none of it.

HARRIET
 Can you vote?

YOUNG WOMAN
 Well, no--

HARRIET
 Because I know, I can't vote.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Not yet.

HARRIET
 I also know that I took a train
seven hours to be here today only
 to find that our convention had
 been cancelled.

The Young Woman finally catches onto Harriet's sharp tone.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 Hijacked by a white woman with a
 pretty face who is also *running for*
President... And you think it's a
big day for all of us! Well, I can
 assure you young lady, this isn't a
 big day for anyone, except for
 maybe--*her*.

Harriet points to VICTORIA across the room, squealing as she
 pops a bottle of CHAMPAGNE.

Harriet scoots herself into a more comfortable position,
 pushing the YOUNG WOMAN off the seat.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
 Now, if'll you'll excuse us. We
 were in the middle of something.

The young woman scoffs, offended. Walks off.

OVER SHOTS OF THE RAUCOUS PARTY:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Victoria's proposal would fail,
 with only two votes in favor.
 (MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They would need an amendment and it
wouldn't pass until most of these
ladies were dead.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton cheers so hard she breaks her glass!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
This was a completely insignificant moment in the history of women, but for Victoria, it was...pretty huge.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - ENTRYWAY - DAY

A MAILMAN POURS a crate of letters onto the floor. Victoria and Tennessee stand in front of it as the pile gets higher and higher. Diving into it, like a pile of money.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Invitations came pouring in.

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - DAY

The office is bustling. Josie and the Prostitutes have become EDITORS looking over the newest publication of: WOODHULL & CLAFIN'S WEEKLY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Victoria and Tennessee started a newspaper because...everyone had a newspaper.

On the other side of the office, Victoria looks over a PROOF-SHEET as she is being fitted into a new dress. Tennessee pulls the corset strings TIGHT as Victoria barks revisions at one of the young prostitutes (now an intern).

At the entrance, BUCK AND ROXY walk through the front door, toting LARGE BAG.

Victoria shoots a panicked look at Tennessee, who runs to their parents to mitigate whatever hell they could let loose--

ROXY
Your father wanted to ask- No.

TENNESSEE

BUCK
Just a little space in the paper to
advertise the Elixir.

Buck starts pulling SNAKE OIL out of his bag, just as....

SUSAN B. ANTHONY walks through the door, with a couple of other REFORMERS (a few woman, and a MAN).

Victoria, half-dressed rushes over just as Buck begins introducing himself to Susan. Roxy shakes the hand of the REFORMER MAN. (This little moment comes back later...)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Susan B. Anthony tucked away her skepticism and invited Victoria to join their lecture circuit--

Victoria escorts the REFORMERS to the back of the office, as Tennessee pushes their frustrated parents out the door.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Because as it turned out...

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE STAND OUTSIDE THE CONVENTION HALL. Waiting anxiously, like they're about to see the Rolling Stones. The crowd EXPLODES INTO CHEERS as a carriage passes. Victoria waves from inside.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Victoria was a star.

INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT

ON Victoria, watching the crowd cheer for her as they pull around the corner, to the back entrance.

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Victoria's carriage pulls up. The door opens, she gets out with a POSSE of suffragists. Tennessee holds Victoria's skirts off the ground. They enter through the back entrance--

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

--and charge through the blackened corridors. We can hear Susan shouting on stage:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (O.S.)

People ask me, why are you backing her? And I say: if it takes her BEAUTY, her YOUTH, AND HER MONEY TO CAPTURE CONGRESS, then she is the woman I'm after!

As they approach the wings, Tennessee hands Victoria her speech. She steadies herself, watches Susan.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 In this age of rapid thought and
 action, of telegraphs and railways--
 the old stagecoach just won't do!
 She has advanced our cause by many
 years at least! SO, without further
 adieu, the woman you've all been
 waiting for, MRS. VICTORIA
 WOODHULL!

Victoria steps out onto the stage. The room is packed to the rafters, hundreds screaming her name. Victoria exhales, almost in disbelief, her body flooded with exhilaration. She smiles so wide it threatens to rip open her face. A tear forms along her lower lash.

VICTORIA
 THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!

CHAPTER FIVE: "THE HYPOCRITE"

INT. AWSA OFFICE - DAY

Lucy Stone (we met her the AERA convention) looks up from her desk as someone knocks at the door.

Above her is a sign: THE AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION. On her desk is a placard with her name. The collar of Lucy's dress reaches just below her ears. A fat mole sits above her upper lip. She's a serious woman with a LOT to do today!

LUCY STONE
 What.

An AWSA AIDE (20s, white, f) stands by the door.

AWSA AIDE
 A woman in New York is running for
 President.

LUCY STONE
 I know that already.

She's sitting with the AWSA President, Henry Ward Beecher. We also met him at the AERA convention.

HENRY WARD BEECHER
 A woman? Is that allowed?

Lucy shakes her head, ignoring him.

AWSA AIDE
She's received support from the
NWSA-

LUCY STONE
Are you joking?

AWSA AIDE
No.

LUCY STONE
So, half the country believes we're
SLUTS for simply daring to speak in
public, and they think, HEY, let's
put an ACTUAL PROSTITUTE on stage.

AWSA AIDE
Seems so, yes.

LUCY STONE
Do you have any idea WHY?

AWSA AIDE
Her crowd sizes are quite large...

HENRY WARD BEECHER
How large....

AWSA AIDE
In the thousands.

LUCY STONE
You're kidding.

AWSA AIDE
People seem to be responding to
her....*unconventional platform.*

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT.

Victoria at the podium:

VICTORIA
NO MORE DEATH PENALTY! AND AN 8-
HOUR WORK WEEK. WELFARE FOR THE
POOR! NATIONAL EDUCATION FOR
CHILDREN!

CHEERS!!!

MAN IN THE CROWD (O.C.)
And are you a FREE LOVER!?

VICTORIA
Yes, I'm a free lover!! And I'm
free to love a different man every
day of the week if I want to!!!

In the wings, BLOOD THROWS UP HIS HANDS. *That fucking cunt.*

INT. AWSA OFFICE - DAY

Lucy throws up her hands.

LUCY STONE
So, she's an *actual* slut?

HENRY WARD BEECHER
I'm quite interested in this idea
of...*free* love.

LUCY STONE
(eye roll)
I'm *sure* you are.

HENRY WARD BEECHER
Is she proposing *intimacy outside*
the marriage bed--or *no marriage*
all together?

Lucy rolls her eyes BIG. The Aide answers, politely.

AIDE
I think it's just more, like, women
can get divorced if they want to.

HENRY WARD BEECHER
(less interested)
Oh.

LUCY STONE
How about, every once and a while,
you try to remember you're a *man of*
GOD.

AIDE
Speaking of God...

INT. CONVENTION - NIGHT

Victoria shouts, increasingly animated by her own opinions!

VICTORIA

Religion, marital sanctity and
social purity are a heap of
rotteness which I aim to destroy!!
ALSO -- Jesus was a socialist!

INT. AWSA OFFICE - DAY

Back on Lucy, horrified. Drops her head in her hands.

LUCY STONE

Oh my God. It couldn't be worse!!

AIDE

No, it gets worse.

INT. CONVENTION - NIGHT

A man in the crowd:

MAN IN THE CROWD # 2
What about EUGENICS?!

VICTORIA

I've heard some very compelling
evidence--

NARRATOR (V.O.)

NOPE, NOPE. GONNA STOP YOU RIGHT
THERE!

Everything comes to a screeching halt, the narrator bursting
into the scene to set the record straight:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Victoria was very misguided about
this! As were a bunch of other
white women at the time. And we're
gonna move on because it's not that
relevant, but just know she was
wrong about this, and wrong about a
lot of things --

MAN IN THE CROWD # 3
What about ABORTION!?

VICTORIA

ABORTION IS MURDER! Unless she
really needs it...then maybe it's
ok. I DON'T REALLY KNOW.

Victoria slams down a GAVEL like she's making the rules!

INT. LUCY STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy shoves a stack of papers off her desk.

LUCY STONE
Well we're NEVER GONNA VOTE NOW!

HENRY WARD BEECHER
Let's not get ahead of ourselves--

LUCY STONE
NO ONE will ever take us seriously
now! Not with this HARLOT spewing
her *views all over the place!!*
Doesn't she know we're NOT ALLOWED
TO DO THAT?!

HENRY WARD BEECHER
It would appear she *does not* know
that...

LUCY STONE
GET A PEN!

The Aide positions her pen over her notebook. READY.

LUCY STONE (CONT'D)
Write to those IMBECILES and please
ask them to *reconsider* this
alignment. And if they refuse to
get that woman off their stage,
tell them I will do everything in
my power to GET RID OF HER!!!
EVERYTHING!!

EXT. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A GLASS OF LEMONADE SHAKES PRECARIOUSLY ON A TRAY. A
HOUSEMAID (MARGARET, 60s, Black, f) leans over Elizabeth's
shoulder to place a glass in front of her. Elizabeth holds A
LETTER from Lucy in her hands. She's ecstatic.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Lucy Stone is such a goddamn
hypocrite! - Thank you, Margaret.

Margaret smiles through gritted teeth. Elizabeth calling
other people hypocrites, not lost on her.

VICTORIA
How so?

Elizabeth throws Lucy's letter on the table. She's feeling pretty loose-lipped this afternoon.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
She's holds women to this
impossible standard. But when it
comes to the men in her life, she
doesn't seem to care **WHAT THEY DO!**

VICTORIA
Like who--

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
-LIKE the REVEREND Henry Ward
Beecher, for instance! The co-
President of her organization.

VICTORIA
Never heard of him.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Well, he's probably the most
important religious leader in the
country! Thousands flock to
Brooklyn every Sunday to hear him
preach, while 20 of his mistresses
sit in the pews. I mean talk about
HYPOCRITE!

Victoria is enjoying this. Actually both of them are.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (CONT'D)
Meanwhile, his poor wife is going
BLIND, half of her teeth falling
out of her mouth!

INSERT: EUNICE BEECHER in church, another tooth falling out.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (CONT'D)
And he's GALAVANTING around with
half the women of NEW YORK CITY!

VICTORIA
(kinda laughing)
How do you know that?

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Oh, my dear! EVERYBODY knows that!

VICTORIA
But how?

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Well...

VICTORIA

What?!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

No, I can't.

VICTORIA

Tell me!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

Susan would actually slit my
throat.

VICTORIA

SUSAN!?!?! And the REVEREND!???

INSERT: shot of Susan with a strap-on mounting the Reverend.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

NO!!!!!! No, no no no, NO! *The
Reverend is *not* Susan's type.*

VICTORIA

Then, what is it??

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

You have to promise not to tell.

VICTORIA

I promise!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

...Susan's "roommate" is a
parishioner of his.

INT. PLYMOUTH CHURCH - DAY

POST SERVICE, Beecher is greeting EMILY (SUSAN'S "ROOMATE")
and her family. He's going down the line of parishioners.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (V.O.)

Apparently, after service on
Sunday, he's been known to slip a
key to a special follower.

He slips a key to a HOT YOUNG MOM.

INT. PLYMOUTH CHURCH - OUTSIDE HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

HOT MOM slips the key into the door, turns it to open.

INT. PLYMOUTH CHURCH - HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

HOT MOM undresses quickly. Decides how best to sit. Lands on SPREAD EAGLE on top of his desk. She shakes her hair back, as the door begins to open--anticipating the REVEREND-- WHEN- ANOTHER WOMAN opens the door--

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (V.O.)
And he often forgets who he's given
the key to...

Both women SCREAM!!!! The MOM scrambles for her clothes.

EXT. PLYMOUTH CHURCH - DAY

The women RUN out of the church, and around the back-- where they find ---BEECHER making out with a THIRD WOMAN. The first two slap him across the face. Pull his hair!!

HENRY WARD BEECHER
OW!

One of them spits in his face! The third woman stays, kinda stoked to be the one he chose to be with that morning.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (V.O.)
And rumor has it...he's gotten more
than one of them pregnant.

EXT. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Elizabeth is a little gossip QUEEN.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
A few of them have "lost" the baby.

VICTORIA
They got rid of it?!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
You didn't hear it from me...

VICTORIA
Why haven't the papers covered it??

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
He knows everyone in publishing. He
knows everyone PERIOD. Which is why
Lucy works with him, of course!

Margaret leads Susan to the table. From her POV, we see Elizabeth and Victoria deep in the throes of some major tea.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
What's gotten you two all hot and
bothered?

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
HYPOCRISY!

Susan kisses Elizabeth on the cheek. Sits down.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Ah, Elizabeth's favorite subject.
But of course, not the reason we
brought Mrs. Woodhull here today...

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
No, it is not.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
We have two orders of business. The
first of which I'm very excited to
discuss...
(salivating)
The election.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
We were very taken with your
address to Congress. But what are
you proposing exactly?

VICTORIA
I think...we vote.

Susan's whole face lights up. Elizabeth is a little less
enthused.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Listen, I want to vote. Of course.
But I'm a little less keen on jail.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Which is why we go in the hundreds!
They can't arrest us all!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
You're underestimating just how
much this country does not want us
to vote--

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
(desperate)
Well, we are going to vote! That's
the point of this whole thing,
isn't it?
(to Victoria)
(MORE)

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 Your *Presidential campaign*. At
 first I really didn't know what to
 make of it. But now I think, I
 understand. It's a protest--

VICTORIA
 (is it?)
 Sure.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
 That culminates in women trekking
 to the polls on election day,
 forcing the question: *why not me?*
 And if we go to jail, we go to
 jail!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
 I'm not going to to jail.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
 Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
 What! You would fare far better
 than I in a prison environment and
 we both know it!

Susan sits back, frustrated. Sips her lemonade to cool down.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (CONT'D)
 But before we get to the election,
 we have a more pressing
 matter...Mrs. Woodhull, as you
 know, we have our annual convention
 coming up. And we would like to
 formally invite you to give the
 keynote address.

Victoria smiles. Everything she's ever wanted.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (CONT'D)
 You've infused this movement with a
 much need life-blood. And for that
 we are very grateful.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
 However--
 (always the buzzkill)
 We will be expected to make our
 endorsement for President. And
 unfortunately, that can't be you.
 It's a matter of credibility...

Victoria bristles.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
And one more thing--

Elizabeth rolls her eyes at her friend *what?!*

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I see you also got a letter from
Lucy Stone.....I think we need to
tone down the rhetoric.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Excuse me?!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
It's not that I don't agree with
many of your positions...

VICTORIA
So what's the problem?

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
We must be pragmatic. We have
enough of a battle ahead of us to
get the vote. We need to focus
everything on that and leave the
rest aside.

Susan looks to Elizabeth like, *you know I'm right.*

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
I hate to admit it, but she's
right.

VICTORIA
So you want to put a muzzle on me?

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
No...but at any event we're
hosting, we want you to stick to
the vote.

Elizabeth steps in to smooth things over.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
BUT, this is our largest event in
the election cycle. Thousands of
women will be joining us. And we
want you *front and center*. So, Mrs.
Woodhull, what do you say?

Victoria smiles. *Front and center.*

VICTORIA
I would be honored.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - VICTORIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee sit on either side of the desk, beginning to prepare the NWSA speech.

VICTORIA

Remind me to get that new dress hemmed to the ankle.

TENNESSEE

So, the press can burn you at the stake for wearing a "mini-skirt?"

VICTORIA

Well, I'd like to see them have to walk around all day in a floor-length gown, the bottom getting utterly CAKED in horse-shit--

Suddenly, the door SLAMS, which startles the sisters.

COLONEL BLOOD (O.C.)

ARE YOU INTENT ON HUMILIATING ME?!

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee enter to see Blood shouting at Roxy. Buck by her side.

COLONEL BLOOD

You people are SICK--SICK!

BUCK

Don't you speak to her like that--

VICTORIA

What's going on?!

COLONEL BLOOD

One of the *reformers* you've been working with -- came by the office-

ROXY

I don't know what he's talking about!

COLONEL BLOOD (CONT'D)

--to let me know that he doesn't have a relationship with you.

COLONEL BLOOD (CONT'D)

Because apparently YOUR MOTHER--

ROXY

STOP IT! STOP IT!

COLONEL BLOOD
Extorted him out of \$500 by saying
you did!

VICTORIA
You did what?

ROXY
He's LYING! HE'S A LIAR!

Victoria falls silent. *Remembers the Reformer Man who came by the office, that her mother introduced herself to...* Victoria turns to go upstairs.

BUCK
Vicky, now wait a second--

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - HALLWAY / BUCK & ROXY'S ROOM - DAY

Victoria barrels down the hall and into her parent's bedroom. She searches every crevice. Buck enters behind her.

BUCK
Victoria, stop. These are our
personal things. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT-

He tries to grab onto her, she dodges him. Rolls over the mattress to put the bed between them. Then, thinks--the bed. She reaches underneath. She pulls out a wad of cash.

BUCK (CONT'D)
That's mine.

He reaches for the money in her hand. She pulls it back.

VICTORIA
And where'd you get it?

Victoria maneuvers around him and exits the room. He follows.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roxy cries to Tennessee.

ROXY
I don't know why he's saying this!!

Victoria runs in, waving the money above her head.

VICTORIA
How many?

ROXY
Stop it, Victoria! VICTORIA (CONT'D)
HOW MANY?! HOW MANY PEOPLE?!

ROXY (CONT'D)
Only a few!

TENNESSEE
Oh, mom...

Roxy immediately drops the tears, turns vicious.

ROXY
Don't you turn on me, Tennessee!

BUCK
We had to look out for ourselves,
Victoria--all of this was never
going to last!

VICTORIA
NOW IT CERTAINLY WON'T, WILL IT?!

BUCK
We didn't do anything you wouldn't
have done yourself!

VICTORIA
What did I do??!!--WHAT DID I DO TO
DESERVE THIS FAMILY?!

ROXY
OH YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE
BETTER THAN US.

VICTORIA
I AM BETTER THAN YOU! I'M BETTER
THAN ALL OF YOU!

Polly and Meg enter with some kids.

POLLY
What is with the yelling?!

VICTORIA
GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

She begins pushing them all out the door. Roxy is hysterical.

BUCK
I'm not leaving without my money!!

VICTORIA
YES YOU ARE!

POLLY
Vicky, stop! What's wrong--??

VICTORIA
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!!

She pushes them towards the door. It's total chaos. Everyone talking at once!

BUCK
Victoria, let's talk about this!

MEG
WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

ROXY
Where are we supposed to go!!!

POLLY
YOU'RE SUCH A BITCH, STOP PUSHING ME!

Victoria storms up stairs!

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Victoria SHOVES the money into her breasts. Goes into various bedrooms. Starts throwing her family's clothes and belongings out on the street. She goes into--

CANNING'S BEDROOM:

Where she finds CANNING "tutoring" one of Victoria's young nieces. Victoria sees red!

VICTORIA
GET OUT!

She throws his clothes and money out the window.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT!!!!

INT. NEIGHBOR'S MANSION - DAY

The coastal elite NEIGHBOR stands with a friend. They watch through the window as Victoria screams at her family, who frantically pick their belongings up off the street.

FRIEND
Isn't that woman running for President?

NEIGHBOR
Yes, yes she is.

FRIEND
Does anyone know *why*?

NEIGHBOR
I think it's obvious...

They watch Victoria through the window, in all her rage:

VICTORIA
FUCK YOU AND FUCK YOU AND FUCKKKKKK
YOUUUUUUUUU!

NEIGHBOR
She's experiencing *psychosis*.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Victoria pulls away from the window. Looks down the stairs, where Colonel Blood looks up at her, seething.

VICTORIA
I don't have a relationship--

COLONEL BLOOD
Yeah, right. You probably read his fortune, too.

Colonel Blood storms through the front door.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - PUB - DAY

Blood marches down the street. *Fuming*. Enters the bar (the same bar we saw in the opening shot of the film.)

INT. PUB - DAY

JOE GREENE sits at a table, sipping a beer. Going over his notes for the day. He doesn't notice Colonel Blood enter behind him and grab a seat at the bar. We stay with Greene as Blood haughtily orders himself a drink, starts talking to the bartender:

COLONEL BLOOD
My goddamn WIFE, man.

BARTENDER
The old lady giving you a hard time?

COLONEL BLOOD
 A hard time?! She's a fucking
 LUNATIC.

The men around him mumble: *feel you, man. Been there...*

COLONEL BLOOD (CONT'D)
 She thinks she's so much smarter
 than me, better than me! Hanging
 around with these all *suffragists!*

Greene perks up a little.

BARTENDER (O.C.)
 (the worst)
 Oh man, you got *one of those.*

COLONEL BLOOD
 Yeah, well mine's not just a
 suffragist, this bitch thinks she
 can *run for President!*

Greene whips his head around. Now Blood's got his attention!
 He grabs his stuff, goes to the bar.

BARTENDER
 Oh, so she's *actually nuts.*

MAN IN BAR
 What she got, like, syphilis or
 something?

COLONEL BLOOD
 Probably! Her friends are all
 WHORES!

Joe approaches Blood.

JOE GREENE
 You said her name was...

COLONEL BLOOD
 (eunuchating clearly)
 Vic-tor-ia Woodhull! Her first
 husband's name, of course!

JOE GREENE
 So, she's divorced???

COLONEL BLOOD
 And he's *living with us!*
 (men groan)
 HIM and the rest of her criminal
family!!

Joe snaps at the bartender:

JOE GREENE
Two more, please!

COLONEL BLOOD
Ah, man you don't have to do that--

JOE GREENE
Sounds like you got a story to
tell.

Joe takes a seat. Blood sees the REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK. Laughs.

COLONEL BLOOD
What do you wanna know?

JOE GREENE
You mentioned...*prostitutes*--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - PUB - DAY

Back to our opening shot. Joe SMASHES THROUGH THE DOOR! Into the street, dodging the wagon! Snatching the apple! Running towards his office at the NEW YORK HERALD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Colonel Blood started at the
beginning and spilled it all...

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

Joe speaks to Victoria's family. Roxy, Buck, the sisters.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Victoria's fraudulent fortune
telling...

EXT. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MANSION - DAY

Joe speaks to the MAID at the front door.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
How she conned Cornelius
Vanderbilt...

EXT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Josie and the prostitutes speak to Joe on the brownstone steps.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And where she got her information.

INT. NEW YORK HERALD - DAY

The Secretary reads the article in the paper. Joe leans over her desk. The headline reads: THE PROSTITUTE WHO RAN FOR PRESIDENT.

SECRETARY
But was she, herself, a prostitute?

JOE GREENE
Not totally sure.

SECRETARY
Seems a little unfair to define her
that way...

Joe gives a little shrug as WALTER, the editor, laughs his head off in his office, reading through the article.

WALTER
Get in here, Greene! My man!!!!!

Joe enters Walter's office, where they both start celebrating. The Secretary crosses out PROSTITUTE. Writes WOMAN instead.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The story became tabloid gossip
from New York City to San
Francisco.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - STUDY - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee sit quietly together, as Victoria reads the article. She swallows tears. Knows what this means for her. She gets up, stoic. Exits the room with the article in hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Victoria was laughing stock of New
York City.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - CLOSET - DAY

Now alone, Victoria allows her tears to fall. Still holding herself together enough to remove the TIN BOX from the floor. As she opens it, we see there are more articles, less cash. She puts this latest article in. Closes up. Grabs the knife.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And her reputation would never
fully recover.

INT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Colonel Blood, with a duffle bag over his shoulder, says good bye to Zula and Byron. Victoria appears on the stairs. BRANDISHING THE KNIFE. She goes after Blood. AHHHHHH!!!!!! He stumbles back, dodging her whacks!

EXT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DAY

Colonel Blood leaves the house, the door slamming heavily behind him. He slings his duffle bag over his shoulder, walks down the brownstone steps, talks to some reporters waiting on the sidewalk.

CHAPTER SIX: "THE END."

EXT. MURRAY HILL MANSION - DAY

SUPER: 1872

Victoria, Tennessee and the kids open the door. Carrying suitcases. Victoria has a large statue. Tennessee carries the portrait of her and her sister. They're moving out.

Victoria spots a MAN coming down the block -- he sees them leaving and start shouting and running after them. He's their landlord, and they own him money. Victoria and Tennessee hurry the kids. They start to run with the suitcases (like they did when they were kids.)

EXT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - EVENING

Victoria, Tennessee, the kids are on the sidewalk with their belongings. Zula stands on Byron's shoulders, her body through the transom. Trying to reach the lock...

A woman walks by, shoots a judgmental look. Victoria snaps.

VICTORIA
WHAT.

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - BROKERAGE FIRM - NIGHT

The kids and Tennessee are sleeping on cots in the corner of the room. Victoria sits at her desk...thinking.

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY

As the kids play in the corner, Tennessee drinks her morning coffee, sitting at Victoria's desk. Victoria paces.

VICTORIA
We need money.

TENNESSEE
Obviously.

VICTORIA
What about the newspaper?

TENNESSEE
What newspaper?

VICTORIA
OUR newspaper.

TENNESSEE
Oh yeah.

VICTORIA
How many people read our paper?

TENNESSEE
I think...no one.

VICTORIA
Well, we just have to print things
people want to read!

TENNESSEE
(sarcastic)
Famously easy to do...

VICTORIA
Remember the story Elizabeth told
me about that philandering
preacher?

TENNESSEE
Yeah.

VICTORIA
Let's print that.

TENNESSEE
Why? Who cares about him?

VICTORIA
They seem to. And it'll get their
attention.

TENNESSEE
Who? The church???

VICTORIA
NO, Tennessee. Susan and Elizabeth.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A stack of NEWSPAPERS lands heavily on the ground. Headline reads: AN AMERICAN HYPOCRISY. THE HENRY WARD BEECHER AFFAIR. The tie holding the stack together is cut open. Hand reaches for the top of the stack.

A MAN reads the paper, looks to a friend like, *have you seen this??* Another man approaches, buys the paper too.

INT. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Susan and Elizabeth sit together. Susan is finishing the article. She lowers it. Looks frustrated.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
You need to stop *gossiping!*

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
I didn't think she'd publish
anything!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
What else did you tell her?

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
...I don't know.

Susan shakes her head. Disappointed in her friend.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Well. Bring her in.

INT. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Victoria and Tennessee follow Elizabeth's maid down a cavernous hallway. Victoria holds her head high. Almost smiling. As they approach the door, Tennessee hangs back as Victoria enters the study alone.

INT. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Susan and Elizabeth sit in large club chairs with stern expressions on their faces. The BEECHER ARTICLE rests on the coffee table. Victoria enters. Takes a seat opposite them Elizabeth opens the conversation with a cold congeniality.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Thank you for coming, Mrs.
Woodhull.

VICTORIA
It's been a while...

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
We hope you understand why we
needed to distance ourselves.

VICTORIA
The news coverage has been quite
unfortunate. But it will die down.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
We hope for your sake it does. But
for now, we need to discuss--this.

Elizabeth pushes a copy of the paper towards Victoria.

VICTORIA
If I'm going to be crucified in the
press, why not write about him?

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
This was shared with you in
confidence.

VICTORIA
Did you forget I'm a publisher?

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Yes! Since you haven't seemed to
publish anything until now!

VICTORIA

So, you'll rail against his
hypocrisy in private, but as soon
as it's made public--

Susan, the pragmatist:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Any negative coverage of them,
reflects badly on all of us. We
have enough of an uphill battle as
it is. This will make it even
harder.

VICTORIA

Well, I had no choice. You
distanced yourselves. Speaking
engagements dried up. And I needed
to make a living somehow.

Elizabeth scoffs, believes she understands Victoria's motive.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

If you're going to ask us for
money, Mrs. Woodhull, you better
get on with it.

VICTORIA

(indignant)

I'm not asking you for *money*.
(but she does need to...)
But I am asking you...to honor your
commitment to me--

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

What *commitment*!?

VICTORIA

To speak at the convention.

Elizabeth LAUGHS.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

You *can't* be serious.

VICTORIA

If I appear at an event like that,
it will re-legitimize me. I can set
up my own lecture circuit. And we
can be done with each other.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
You won't be attending the
convention, Mrs. Woodhull. Let
alone speaking at it.

VICTORIA
You've already advertised my
speech. I don't see why--

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
How many different ways do we need
to say it?! You are no longer
associated with US!

A beat as Victoria takes this in. Decides how to respond.

VICTORIA
I know I've done things that seem
unbecoming to you. But I wasn't
born into a family like yours.
Everything I've done, I've done to
survive.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
You lied to us, Mrs. Woodhull.

VICTORIA
And if I had been honest with you
about where I come from, would you
have welcomed me?

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
(don't fucking come at me)
We would welcome all of the
infamous women of New York to fight
for their freedom. That does not
mean it is *smart* for us to keep you
as the face of our movement.

VICTORIA
So Lucy Stone's a hypocrite, but
you're just being smart.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
Excuse me?!

VICTORIA
You'll turn your back on a woman
just because she was born into the
wrong kind of family!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
NO, Mrs. Woodhull. It is because
you are a FRAUD!

VICTORIA

What have I done that is so
HORRENDOUS??? Have I killed
 somebody?! Or have I simply made a
 life for myself--
 (grabbing the paper)
 And had the balls to say what's
 true!

Elizabeth SLAMS her hand on a nearby table.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

You've EMBROILED us in scandal! Not
 just with your own *criminal*
escapades but now, by writing *this*!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Do you have any idea how far this
 has set us back?!

VICTORIA

So what am I supposed to do?! Just
 back away. Just roll over and
 quietly DIE?!

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO!! What do
 you think this is????? The Victoria
 Woodhull show?! We have many more
 women than just YOU to think about.
 And if you cared as much about them
 as you do about *yourself*, you might
 understand that!!

Susan steps in, calm but stern, with an important warning:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

And might I remind you, Mrs.
 Woodhull. The world does not look
kindly on a woman with a loud
mouth. I urge you to choose your
 words and actions more carefully.
 But we are no longer giving you a
 platform.

Victoria purses her lips and nods her head. Gets up to exit.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yeahhhhhh, that wasn't gonna work
 for Vicky.

INT. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENT LATER

Victoria exits the study. Starts charging down the hall. Anger bubbling beneath her cold expression. Tennessee hops up to follow her sister. When they get towards the door, Victoria HOCKS A LOOGIE. SPITS ON THE PRISTINE MARBLE FLOOR.

EXT. STEINWAY HALL - DAY

SILK BANNER DROPS DOWN THE STONE FACADE. IT READS: NWSA CONVENTION. 1872. NO, REALLY, THIS YEAR, IT'S TIME FOR WOMEN!

INT. STEINWAY HALL - BASEMENT - DAY

A JANITOR walks down a darkened passage. And enters a BOILER ROOM. He goes to a dial that controls the GAS. Turns it on.

INT. STEINWAY HALL - THEATER - DAY

The GAS-LIGHTS BLARE, bringing the main theater to life. A band walks out on stage, sets up their instruments. Some janitors sweep the aisles, while others use long metal wands to close the windows to block the noise, making the gas-lights the only source of illumination.

EXT. STEINWAY HALL - DAY

A LONG LINE OF WOMEN, young and old and mostly white, waits to get inside. Young radicals in their Sunday best. Old militant ladies holding signs: "HOW LONG MUST WOMEN WAIT?!"

INT. STEINWAY HALL - DAY

A BAND LEADER counts his musicians off. Drop into a TUNE.

EXT. STEINWAY HALL - DAY

The crowd cheers as BOUNCERS open the doors to let them in.

INT. STEINWAY HALL - MAIN THEATER - DAY

The band plays as women finds seats. The room is packed.

INT. STEINWAY HALL - WINGS - DAY

Susan watches the audience enter from the sides of the stage. She's in a long, modest dress. She's swiped some lipstick across her thin lips. It's definitely not her color. Susan sees Elizabeth approaching.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
How is it looking?

There's lipstick all over Susan's teeth.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
The turn-out is very strong.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
They're expecting her.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
You'll give them a good show
anyway.
(re: the lipstick)
You have a little--

Embarrassed she's applied lipstick at all, Susan wipes quickly. Susan flashes her teeth for a last minute check. Elizabeth nods, *all good, go get 'em tiger.*

EXT. STEINWAY HALL / INT. BLACK TAXI - DAY

Through the window of the TAXI, we see the final attendees walk through the doors. The bouncers check down the block to see if they've missed any stragglers. Everyone's in. They close the doors.

REVEAL Victoria and Tennessee in their matching dresses, sitting in the back seat, waiting.

EXT. STEINWAY HALL - DAY

The Taxi doors pop open. Victoria and Tennessee slither out. Heading towards the back entrance of the building.

INT. STEINWAY HALL - DAY

We follow them into the darkened hallways. The crowd erupts in applause. Susan has just walked out on stage. We can hear her shouting:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (O.C.)
HELLO! WELCOME! THANK YOU FOR BEING
HERE TODAY!!

The sisters hide behind a corner, as suffragists pass.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Today is a special day for the
NWSA. A time to acknowledge how far
we've come TOGETHER--

The sisters walk down the hallway, like they own the place. A young female Volunteer nods to them. They duck into the backstage corridors and walk all the way to the WINGS from where they can see Susan bellowing:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
We will be outlining our goals for
the rest of the year---

Tennessee SPOTS Elizabeth, in the opposite wing staring right at her! Tennessee whispers:

TENNESSEE
NOW--YOU HAVE TO GO NOW--

Victoria waits....she needs the right cue.....

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
AND of course, the moment you've
all been waiting for...we will make
our official endorsement for
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES--

And there it is!! Victoria BARRELS through the wings--

INT. STEINWAY HALL - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

--and out onto the stage! Smiling wide and waving to the crowd, which SCREAMS as Victoria makes her entrance!!

VICTORIA
HELLO! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

Susan's eyes POP OUT OF HER HEAD:

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
What the HELL are you're doing?!

Victoria wraps her arm around SUSAN and shouts to the crowd!

VICTORIA

I AM HONORED TO BE HERE TODAY TO
ACCEPT YOUR NOMINATION FOR
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

WILD APPLAUSE!!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME!

Susan doesn't know what to do, or where to go!! She looks to Elizabeth, who shakes her head like *I don't know!!!* She turns to see Tennessee and rushes towards her--

INT. APOLLO HALL - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Susan gets up into Tennessee's face.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
GET HER OFF THAT STAGE--NOW!

TENNESSEE
What do you want me to do??

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
DRAG HER BY HER FEET FOR ALL I
CARE!!

Tennessee stifles a laugh, throws up her hands--

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (CONT'D)
YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY -- THIS IS
ANYTHING BUT FUNNY!

Susan thinks, then STORMS OFF--Tennessee goes after her--

INT. APOLLO HALL - LOBBY

Tennessee enters the lobby, frantically looking for Susan, but she's no where to be found.....

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You might think Tennessee would eventually tire of Victoria's narcissism. Go off and live her own life....But that's simply not what happened.

She turns the corner, spots Susan running. Her shoes clacking against the marble floor.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 She was ride or die for Vicky.

TENNESSEE CHASES SUSAN B. ANTHONY DOWN AND TACKLES HER TO THE GROUND! The women squirm under a mountain of skirts.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
 AH! What is the matter with you?!
 Why are you doing this?!

Tennessee holds tight, a wildness in her eyes!

TENNESSEE
 Because - she's - my - SISTER!

INT. STEINWAY HALL - STAGE - DAY

Victoria gazes out into the sea of people, as they settle down to hear her speak. Her eyes sparkle under the stage lights, but there's an anger in her expression. Her words are charged with everything we've seen her face. She begins:

VICTORIA
 It is a crime in this country for a person to steal a single dollar.
 But a corporation may steal a million dollars and be canonized as saints!

A COMMUNIST GIRL in the crowd holds a sign: KARL IS DADDY.

COMMUNIST GIRL
 Oh hell yeah.

VICTORIA
 A Vanderbilt may sit in his office and manipulate stocks by which he makes FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS! But if a poor, half-starved child were to take a loaf of bread from his cupboard to prevent starvation, she would be sent to the tombs and then to the insane asylum!

(cheers!)
 We live in a country that prides itself on being the land of the free. The land of OPPORTUNITY. SO I ASK -- WHERE IS. MY. FREEDOM?! WHERE. IS. MY. EQUALITY?!

INT. STEINWAY HALL - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Susan desperately struggles under Tennessee. Spots a JANITOR.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
I do not speak for those who are
blessed by the best of wealth,
comfort and ease.

Susan looks at Tennessee and KICKS HER! Tennessee falls back.
Susan gets to her feet.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (O.S.)
You there! Stop!

Tennessee sits up, blood pouring out of her nose.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
I speak for the *toiling female*
millions, who bear burdens THEY
would buckle beneath.

INT. STEINWAY HALL - STAGE - SAME TIME

Victoria seethes:

VICTORIA
I have been in their world, and I
have been in yours. And I am here
to tell you...that I have met FINER
WOMEN in the WHOREHOUSES OF GREENE
STREET-

Josie and the prostitutes CHEER!

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
-THAN IN ALL THE MANSIONS OF FIFTH
AVENUE-- and let me tell you
something, THEIR HUSBANDS AGREE!

The crowd ROARS and LAUGHS like a pack of WILD ANIMALS!

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
They might look down on me. They
might look down on you. But is it
NOT my tax dollars and yours that
bankroll a country in which we have
no voice!? And what is that if not
tyranny?? SO alongside you, I say
to THEM: BE WARNED. WE MEAN
TREASON!! WE MEAN SECESSION. And on
a scale a thousand times greater
than that of the SOUTH.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 We are plotting REVOLUTION! And
 will OVERTHROW this bogus Republic
 and PLANT A GOVERNMENT OF
 RIGHTEOUSNESS IN ITS STEAD! I AM
 VICTORIA WOODHULL, AND I AM RUNNING
 FOR PRESIDENT!!!!

AHHHHHHHH!!!!!! HUNDREDS of women wave WHITE HANDKERCHIEFS
 in the air above their heads, creating a fluttering sea.

SOMEONE IN THE CROWD
 AND WHO IS YOUR RUNNING MATE!?

THE WOMAN FROM THE FIRST CONVENTION (DOUGLASS FAN) SHOUTS:

CONVENTION WOMAN
 IT SHOULD BE FREDERICK DOUGLASS!!!!

The crowd cheers for Douglass!! The Band Leader looks to the wings, where Elizabeth throws her hands in an X shape above her head, motioning for them not to play. But he thinks she's saying just the opposite. He cues the band, and they drop into a VICTORIOUS TUNE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 And *that* is how Victoria Woodhull and Frederick Douglass became the first interracial ticket for President of the United States.

INT. STEINWAY HALL - BOILER ROOM - SAME TIME

The crowd cheers as Susan and the Janitor DASH into the boiler room. Susan smashes against the door frame as the janitor points to the GAS DIAL. She goes to it.

INT. STEINWAY HALL - STAGE - SAME TIME

On Victoria, breathing heavy, pulsating with the energy of the crowd, which shouts her name: VIC-TOR-IA, VIC-TOR-IA.

THEN, THE GAS LIGHTS GO OUT. ONE BY ONE. Until all the sudden the room is PITCH BLACK. The musicians stumble over themselves, then come to a stop. The room is totally quiet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Most of this is true, btw.

THEN. Panic sets in!! People SHOUT! CLAW their way out! The theater becomes a pit of MADNESS.

EXT. STEINWAY HALL - DAY

It's quite before--the doors barge open suddenly, the streets are FULL OF FRANTIC, PANTING LADIES!

We pick up Victoria, just as she finds Tennessee. The two of them with major smiles! Despite Tennessee's bloody face and pulsating black eye.

Across the way, Elizabeth and Susan see Victoria and Tennessee. They start to charge after them. Victoria grabs Tennessee's hand and they make a run for it!

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY

The energy stays high as we land inside the brokerage firm. It's bustling with women. Josie and the prostitutes. Victoria, Tennessee, the kids. Everyone working to publish a new issue of the paper, now exposing EVERYONE.

JOSIE

I've got stories for days.

VICTORIA

GOOD! We're printing ALL OF IT!

JOSIE

We're talking Senators, members of the President's family, Supreme Court Justices, the men who run the banks...

VICTORIA

YUP! BURN IT DOWN!!!

EXT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY

A POLICE WAGON pulls up in front of the office. A group of OFFICERS exit, approach the door.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Turns out Susan was right: *the world does not look kindly on a woman with a loud mouth.*

INT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - BROKERAGE FIRM - CONTINUOUS

The officers enter. At first, Victoria doesn't notice.

OFFICER
(thick Queens accent)
Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee
Claflin?

TENNESSEE
Yes...

OFFICER
You're under arrest.

VICTORIA
Excuse me?!

OFFICER
Charged with the publication and
proliferation of obscene materials--

VICTORIA
We haven't written anything obscene-

The officer looks at the arrest warrant.

OFFICER
Says here...An American Hypocrite.
The Henry Ward Beecher Affair--

They go to apprehend them, both sisters try to resist.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Henry Ward Beecher was friends with
the district attorney.

VICTORIA
If what HE DID is obscene, then why
don't you go arrest him!?

OFFICE
Legally, there ain't nothing wrong
with a guy two-timing his wife.

The officer cuffs Victoria--

OFFICER
But if you write about it, it's
basically considered pornography.

VICTORIA
That's ABSURD!

OFFICE
Just the way that it is! C'mon,
let's go!

The officer cuffing Tennessee slaps her ass (she was actually assaulted while being arrested...)

TENNESSEE
GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF OF ME!!!

As the sisters are carted off, kicking and screaming, Josie takes the articles they were writing and drops them in the TRASH. *So much for that.* She turns to the women --

JOSIE
Back to the whorehouse, ladies. And grab the kids, I guess.

One of the prostitutes kindly shepherds Zula and Byron towards the door.

EXT. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO - BROKERAGE FIRM - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of onlookers (similar to the amount of people there to watch the sisters open the firm) have gathered to watch them leave in a PADDY WAGON.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He arranged for them to be arrested three days before the Presidential election of 1872.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

SUPER: ELECTION DAY, 1872.

People gather at the polls. We travel down a line of voters, stopping at a very tall person in a hooded cloak, who happens to be Susan B. Anthony.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And despite all that happened between them, Susan went ahead with Victoria's plan to vote.

She's waved into the polling station.

INT. POLLS - DAY

Susan takes off her hood. Overcome with emotion. VOTES.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
She was arrested a few weeks later.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE OF MANHATTAN - JAIL - NIGHT

People party in the street, celebrating Grant's victory.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Grant won in a landslide. And Victoria wasn't considered a serious enough candidate to make the ballot in most states.

We pan up to one of the barred windows of the jail.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Victoria looks out the window to the street below. Her hair a rat's nest. Her skin sticky and covered in dirt.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Nevertheless, she delivered a concession speech from jail.

Victoria looks to Tennessee, sitting on the ground. Holding a pen over a piece of paper, waiting for direction.

VICTORIA

A letter. Address it to The Herald.

INT. GRANT VICTORY PARTY - NIGHT

JOE GREENE enters. BALLOONS fall from the ceiling. People cheer with the electricity of WINNING. A sign reads: VICTORY IS OURS!

VICTORIA (V.O.)

In conclusion, I would say...

Greene spots CORNELIUS VANDERBILT with his TEENAGE WIFE.

JOE GREENE

Mr. Vanderbilt, sir! Would you care to comment on Victoria Woodhull?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILLT

Never met her.

JOE GREENE

Sir, you were seen in public with her many times...

CORNELIUS VANDERBILLT

I said I don't know her!! Now MOVE!

Cornelius walks off in a huff! His child-bride follows.

THEN, FREDERICK DOUGLASS walks by with HARRIET PURVIS.

JOE GREENE

Mr. Douglass, sir! Anything to say
about your running mate--

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

She never asked me to be her
running mate, nor did I accept--

JOE GREENE

So you're supporting Grant this
evening?

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

President Grant has promised to
solve the issue of racial
inequality in his second term.

JOE GREENE

And what about you, Mrs. Purvis?
Did anything come of Mrs.
Woodhull's address to Congress?

HARRIET PURVIS

It was...completely insignificant.

They walk off. Lucy Stone walks by.

JOE GREENE

And what about you, Mrs. Stone.
What's your take on Mrs. Woodhull?

LUCY STONE

She was a narcissist. And a slut.

JOE GREENE

And what about the Reverend?

Camera pans to Henry Ward Beecher across the room, talking up
some young woman. Back to Lucy, who is dismayed.

LUCY STONE

Unfortunately...he was a slut, too.

Joe spots SUSAN AND ELIZABETH. He rushes over to them.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

They may succeed in crushing me
out.

JOE

Ms. Anthony, I reckon you didn't
vote for Mrs. Woodhull today?

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

I voted for Grant, who promised to
solve the issue of gender
inequality in his second term.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

Even to the loss of my life.

JOE

And I hear you both writing a
history of the women's movement.
Will it include Victoria?

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

We'll give her a footnote.

JOE

A footnote in history...

They walk off, leaving Joe to scribble in his notebook.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

But let me warn them, and you--

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Close on Victoria:

VICTORIA

From the ashes of my body, a
thousand Victorias will rise.

In other cells, women begin to SHOUT their support.

VICTORIA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

To avenge my death, by seizing the
work laid down by me...

Tennessee listens to the women pounding on the bars. Looks to
Victoria, who smiles. Performs her final words for them.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

...and carrying it forward to
victory.

THE END.