

WARNER

Half the studio cops are with him. The other half'll call in sick! This whole town has been infiltrated! Our industry, our livelihood. Your union. I need you to make a statement. You're one of them.

REAGAN

They think I'm your boy.

WARNER

Is that how you see it?

Reagan stares at the pistol. Eyes narrow.

REAGAN

All right, Jack. I'll make a statement.

62 INT. SAG HEADQUARTERS LOBBY - THE NEXT MORNING 62

Crowded with Day-Players. Anxious and frightened. All conversation ceases when Reagan steps in.

SANDY

(whispers to him)

The strike is on. Warner Brothers.

REAGAN

Good morning everyone. We've got a 7:00 call. Let's go to work.

63 EXT. WARNER BROTHERS MAIN GATE - MORNING 63

Battle Lines drawn. Herb Sorrell and his CSU Men block the sidewalks. They look a lot more like East Coast gangsters than studio crafts-people.

FYI

ACROSS THE STREET - real IATSE crafts-people gather, weighing their options... Cross or don't cross?

In between, LA County Sheriffs and Burbank police. Doesn't look like enough, though...

64 EXT. CORNER OF RIVERSIDE AND CAHUENGA - THAT MOMENT 64

FYI

The bus turns right, out of sight of the main gate. It comes to a stop near a giant drainage tunnel, leading under the walls of the studio.

65 INT. BUS - SAME

65

Reagan stands at the front, looking at THIRTY VERY NERVOUS ACTORS. Holden sits behind the Driver.

REAGAN

Well, it's not the optimum way to arrive at work, but you'll be safe. Follow the Guards, they'll escort you through.

ACTOR

What about you, Ron?

REAGAN

I'm going through the front door.

ACTOR

What if I want to go through the front door, too?

An argument breaks out instantly. Reagan whistles for quiet.

REAGAN

There's no shame in going in this way. Truth is, it's probably smarter than what we're about to do. Everybody else off.

No-one moves. Which is a loud and clear answer. Reagan turns to FRANK, the Driver.

Start

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Frank. I know some of these guys are your friends. I can't ask you to do this.

FRANK

The guys that do this aren't my friends. I'm with you, Reagan.

Frank slaps the bus into gear.

End

66 EXT. WARNER BROTHERS MAIN GATE -

66

The lid is about to blow off this kettle. The crowd has grown, just in these few minutes. The shouts back and forth get uglier-- "SCAB!", COMMIE BASTARD!" Studio cops appear on the rooftops, Sheriffs unclip their Night Sticks, shotguns start appearing.

And the bus full of actors turns the corner, coming right for them.

CSU PICKETER

THEY'RE CRASHING THE GATE!