

ZEPHYRETTES

Episode One

"PILOT"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. RED'S DINER - EVENING

Leather booths, chicken fried steaks, locals and truckers.

The place hasn't changed since it opened in '31, right down to the silverware and coffee cups.

A CUSTOMER (60s) pokes around at his plate.

SUPER: 'Hastings, Nebraska, 1957'

Behind the counter, a work-tired woman in her 40s, JINNY-LEE, empties the coffee pot for two refills and glances at the CLOCK above the entrance door. Six minutes past five.

BANG! The same door is shouldered open and here is SALLY SWANSON (24), drenched and battling with a torn umbrella.

OLDER CUSTOMER
Rough out tonight, Sally?

SALLY
What's your excuse, Bill?

Customers laugh at Bill's expense. They know and like Sally.

She heads behind the counter, retrieves a carefully protected ENVELOPE from her coat pocket and slips it to Jinny-Lee. She's on-edge and nervy.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I can't.

She hurries out back to --

INT. STOREROOM. DINER - CONTINUOUS

-- and hangs her sopping coat on a peg, adjusts her hair in a cracked, lopsided MIRROR, takes a second and re-enters --

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jinny-Lee is still holding the envelope.

CUSTOMER
Get us a fresh cup, Hon?

Sally slides, practiced, past Jinny-Lee to the LARGE CHROME COFFEE URN.

JINNY-LEE'S POV. She sees the letter, addressed to 'Sally Swanson', is postmarked 'Chicago'.

She points at it as if to say 'are you sure?'

Sally nods sharply, trying to concentrate on the coffee.

Jinny-Lee carefully opens the ENVELOPE, takes out and unfolds the page inside, then studies the message.

Her concentration turns to a thin, proud smile. She's just lost her work-daughter.

Fingers twitching on the urn, Sally dares to look over.

Jinny-Lee's eyes and tiny nod give her the news. AFFIRMATIVE.

CLOSE ON: SALLY. She simply STARES DIRECTLY AT US, while the STEAM from the coffee urn fills the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLATFORM. UNION STATION. CHICAGO - DAY

The STEAM, down in the catacombs of Union Station, is from the rear of a silver TRAIN at Track 14. Hydraulics HISS.

SUPER: 'Chicago'

In bright red neon on the tail of the rear car, glowing through the mist are the words "CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR".

Through the steam steps DELORES MAYBERRY (30s), fair, kind and pristine in a two-piece TEAL UNIFORM and HAT.

DELORES (V.O.)

My name is Delores Mayberry, and I
am a Zephyrette.

She folds her hands in front of her and smiles to welcome a FAMILY who pass with one excited young CHILD.

DELORES (V.O.)

A hostess on board the California
Zephyr... *"The most talked about
train in America!"*

PASSENGERS continue to file past. Delores' eyes twinkle.

DELORES (V.O.)

We like to think -- that is, me and
my girls like to think -- that
maybe we've got a little something
to do with that.

Delores watches two young women in IDENTICAL ZEPHYRETTE UNIFORMS approach, their arms interlinked. They are NANCY ZAVARELLA (25) and LA FAUN SHIRLEY (23).

DELORES (V.O.)
And these are my leading ladies.

NANCY / LA FAUN
Good morning, Mama!

DELORES
Good morning. Okay -- we have a bachelor party, fifteen of them. You want reinforcements?

NANCY
We got it.

DELORES (V.O.)
Working on the Zephyr is like being hostess to a house party for three hundred strangers.

The three scan the passengers. A COUPLE walk arm in arm.

DELORES (V.O.)
The trick of it is, to pick out The Honeymooners...

SUPER: "THE HONEYMOONERS". Delores squints and manages to spot their TICKETS and CAR ALLOCATION.

DELORES (V.O.)
The wolves, the sharks...

A group of men (all 30s) approach. **SUPER: "LOUNGE LIZARD".**
SUPER: "WOLF". SUPER: "CARD SHARK... (Gin Rummy)".

DELORES (V.O.)
And this is what we do. If I may say, we're experts.

Delores whispers to the other two.

DELORES
See him?

NANCY
Cream jacket, blue tie?

DELORES
Watch him. Alright. Honeymooners, just the one pair -- *Silver Lariat*, seats 15 and 16.
(MORE)

DELORES (CONT'D)
Get them a bottle of something,
would you? On the house.

La Faun swings into action, intercepting them with
congratulations and ushering the couple away.

Delores turns her attention back to the platform and an
approaching pair who smile politely as PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS'
BULBS BLAST. Nancy takes command, nodding instruction at a
large STATION WORKER who moves in and blocks the paparazzi,
allowing --

SUPER: "Joe DiMaggio. G: 1,736 HR: 361 BA: .325"

SUPER: "Marian McKnight. Miss America, 1957".

NANCY
Mr. DiMaggio, Ms. McKnight, good
afternoon. You might be more
comfortable in here for now?

DiMaggio agrees and ushers Marian aboard the end carriage.

DELORES (V.O.)
The reason they travel with us...
The celebrities, the families,
the sharks, honeymooners... They
appreciate us because the
California Zephyr is not just a
train.

The station worker blows a long, piercing WHISTLE. Delores
steps up to a door, holding the side rail, and turns to us.

DELORES
(to camera)
It is a train they call '*The
Silver Lady*'.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS. UNION STATION - DAY

The California Zephyr, gleaming and majestic, HORN blazing,
rolls over our heads as it pulls out of the station.

END OF TEASER

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BOARDROOM. CB&Q. CHICAGO - DAY

The oak-paneled headquarters of one of America's most esteemed railroad companies -- the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. The grand old CB&Q.

The mood is somber, except for two JUNIOR EXECUTIVES who are snickering at some photo in a tabloid NEWSPAPER.

As the door opens they all look up. A company LAWYER (40s) arrives. He sits to the left of the empty chair at the head of the table without casting a glance at any of the other attendees. ALL take their seat immediately.

They wait.

EUGENE LANGLEY (50) enters. Everyone then STANDS, as is company tradition. Eugene is CEO. The top dog at the CB&Q.

He strides past them all and takes his seat.

EUGENE

Sit down.

They do. Eugene looks them over.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Good morning. I have a simple question. Who, individually I mean, allowed this trash to get out?

He throws today's tabloids across the table. Three headlines: **"THE TRAIN OF SHAME!"** Another: **"THE EXPRESS OF EXCESS!"** The third: **"SCANDAL ON AMERICA'S FAMILY TRAIN!"**

A SENIOR EXECUTIVE, seated beside Eugene, takes responsibility and stands. He is HARRY YARBROUGH (50s).

HARRY

Eugene, there was a leak. A feature writer for our own Tribune by the name of Laura Greene. As you can see, it was syndicated nationwide.

EUGENE

Yes.

HARRY

Well her husband, Hank Greene, he gets tight one night and tells his pals about the great night he's had on our train with one of our employees. A Zephyrette. Katharine McKay.

EUGENE

Who -- and I'm just speculating here -- is...

HARRY

No longer with us as of this morning, sir.

EUGENE

(considering)

And so our feature writer?

HARRY

A week later she's booked on the Zephyr through to San Francisco looking for the -- to quote --
(pointing at one tabloid)
'Hussy who had her husband.'

HARRY (CONT'D)

And that, as much as we know, was the background to the, uh, 'scoop'.

EUGENE

Thank you, Harry. Sit down.

Eugene looks around the table.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

So! Opinions and options, all?

Who has the nerve to speak first? One EXECUTIVE chances it.

EXECUTIVE

Get rid of them, sir. The girls.

Eugene surveys the group and then the room. The walls are adorned with framed California Zephyr promotional posters.

Almost all feature smiling Zephyrettes.

EUGENE

We'd need to redecorate...

His attention turns to a man seated farther down the table.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, we have a new face among
us. This is Milton Morrissey.

Everyone looks toward MILTON MORRISSEY (43).

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Milton here had eleven good years
on the Denver. But given the
circumstances we now face... He has
been reassigned to the California.
Now, Mr. Morrissey. We shall
insist, of course, that both your
and our own expected standards
onboard shall be restored with
immediate effect?

Milton nods assuredly.

MILTON
With immediate effect, sir.

EXT. THE FULL TRAIN. GREAT PLAINS - DAY

The California Zephyr glides through sunny farmland.

INT. OBSERVATION CAR. TRAIN - DAY

A couple of hours into the journey, the MEN (all 20s) who
make up the BACHELOR PARTY are enjoying themselves.

Among them are VERNON HENDRICK (28), a large and handsome
man, and CLIFFORD ALBRECHT (24), the groom. A far meeker
young gent with a pale complexion and neatly oiled hair.

They both stand in the aisle while the others gather close.
Vernon has one of his powerful arms around Clifford's
shoulder. All their accents drip with privilege.

VERNON
So! Twenty-five hundred miles to
San Francisco... And the ol' ball
and chain.

The others cheer and raise their drinks.

CLIFFORD
Well, that's some way to talk
about your sister, Vern!

The others suggest a laugh, but wait on Vernon -- the alpha
-- for approval.

VERNON

Well let me tell you, brother-in-law, that if it was anyone else but Dorothy I'd say you were a damn fool. But as she is my sister, I'll just say... Treat her well, Cliffy-Boy.

(beat)

Or I'll break your bones.

The others cheer again. Vernon ruffles Clifford's hair, which his victim is powerless to reject.

BACHELORS

Speech!! Speech!! Speech!!

CLIFFORD

(embarrassed)

Well I will just say... Thank you to Vern, and you guys, for organizing this trip. We've had our ups and downs over the years--

BACHELOR

You've sure not, Clifford!

All laugh mockingly. A bachelor simulates a thrusting motion to the delight of the others.

CLIFFORD

Maybe not, but after all, that's what Vern's sister is for...

The others guffaw, but Vernon glowers. In normal circumstances that would mean a punch to the jaw.

Zephyrettes La Faun and Nancy make their way down the car.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

But allow me to be sincere, please. Many thanks again to you all for making this journey. You all mean a great deal to me and I hope you all enjoy yourselves. My father has kindly agreed to see to any charges we run up aboard.

The group clap and CHEER. They've now spotted La Faun and Nancy. Several WOLF-WHISTLE at them.

BACHELOR 2

I hope he can afford these two!

La Faun and Nancy continue to approach and pass.

Vernon shapes to make way for them in the aisle, allows Nancy through, but steps in front of La Faun.

VERNON

So what I read in the papers...
Is that all true, Honey?

The bachelors all "ooooohhh!" and wait...

LA FAUN

(sniffing the air)
That girls don't like too much
cologne? That's true. Excuse me.

Vernon eyes her and makes way. She moves past, rejoining Nancy, and we follow them along the car.

LA FAUN (CONT'D)

Dear God, deliver us from evil.

NANCY

I thought frat boys were your type?

LA FAUN

What's this meeting, anyway?
Where's Norman?

INT. DINING CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Milton Morrissey, immaculate in pressed uniform, stands with his arms folded. Everyone is waiting. Delores checks her watch.

TRAIN STAFF are present: crew, waiters, porters...

Standing separately, chest out and equally spotless, is ROOSEVELT JONES (52), African American and the Pullman dining car conductor and manager.

La Faun and Nancy enter the car casually.

DELORES

Here they are, Mr. Morrissey.
(to La Faun and Nancy)
I said five-thirty, *sharp*, girls.

LA FAUN

Sorry, Mama. What's up?

Milton coughs to get their attention.

MILTON

Now that we're all here. I would
like to take this opportunity to
introduce myself.

(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D)
My name is Milton Morrissey, and
I have been newly appointed
conductor of this train.
Replacing Norman Tyler.

Nancy and La Faun look at each other. Surely not?

MILTON (CONT'D)
First of all, I should like to meet
Mr. Jones?

ROOSEVELT
Sir.

He is pristine and stands with military posture.

MILTON
Mr. Jones, good afternoon. It is my
understanding you are in charge of
our Pullman service?

ROOSEVELT
Yes, sir.

Milton looks him over.

MILTON
Then I trust the service will be as
presentable as yourself?

ROOSEVELT
(proudly)
We insist on that.

MILTON
I presume you served, Mr. Jones?

ROOSEVELT
Yes, sir. 24th Infantry.

MILTON
Japan?

ROOSEVELT
And Korea. Sir.

Milton approves.

LA FAUN
(butting in)
Where is Norman? Is he sick?

DELORES
Girls. Listen to Mr. Morrissey.

MILTON

I noted at Union that most of you
were present and on duty long
before departure as I expect.

(to La Faun)

But others arrived only minutes
before leaving. Is this usual?

Nancy and La Faun are confused. Yes, it's usual. Delores
knows this is her responsibility -- she's been too lax
about that. She avoids Milton's eye.

MILTON (CONT'D)

From now on you'll report to the
office one hour before departure,
east or west, is that clear?

NANCY

Why is this?

DELORES

Nancy!

MILTON

Is that clear? Miss...

NANCY

Zavarella.

Nancy steps forward and holds out her hand.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Nancy Zavarella.

Milton looks her over cautiously and then shakes it.

MILTON

Miss Zavarella. Perhaps you can
tell me about the bachelor party?
Any foreseeable problems?

NANCY

No problems, Milton. But you
leave the customers to us,
perhaps?

DELORES

Miss Zavarella! I'm sorry, Mr.
Morrissey.

Milton looks around them all, then gives himself some time.
He lets the silence settle. Somberly --

MILTON

Folks...

(raising his eyes)

The company's embarrassed.

Delores looks ashamed.

MILTON (CONT'D)

It's obvious why I'm here. Please respect that.

(beat)

Okay, so --

Delores raises a hand.

DELORES

Mr. Morrissey, if I may?

MILTON

Please, Ms. Mayberry. Go ahead.

DELORES

Now. As you may know, we have a new Zephyrette joining us tomorrow morning at Hastings. Her name's Sally Swanson. So please see she gets on just fine. I'm sure we all remember our first day?

Oh yes, they all do.

MILTON

Thank you, Delores. I look forward to meeting Sally in due course. Shall you brief her or should I?

DELORES

Please, allow me.

MILTON

That's fine. Alright, then. Thank you.

The group start to disband.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Oh!

Everyone turns back to look at him.

MILTON (CONT'D)

And as Miss Zavarella here has already somehow established... you can call me Milton.

(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D)
(beat, friendly)
Until you're in trouble.

Most smile, but Nancy and La Faun seem uncertain.

INT. RED'S DINER. HASTINGS, NEBRASKA - NIGHT

At a BOOTH sit RANDY CRAVEN (23) and his girlfriend, Sally Swanson. It's a quiet evening and close to closing time.

RANDY
What I don't get is -- why a train?

Sally goes to answer but Jinny-Lee arrives with the last two meals from the kitchen. A chicken fried steak for her, hot roast beef sandwich and a Kool-Aid for him.

SALLY
Aw. Thanks, Jinny. Sweet of you.

RANDY
Thank you, Jinny-Lee.

She also puts down a small parcel wrapped in a napkin.

JINNY-LEE
And I bottled you some of Red's hot sauce. A little taste of home.

SALLY
(laughing)
I'm gone four days!

Jinny-Lee's intuition knows that's not going to be the case.

JINNY-LEE
Just make sure you eat, you hear?

She touches Sally's shoulder and they share a smile before Jinny-Lee leaves the pair in peace. Randy seems troubled.

SALLY
What?

RANDY
I was just saying... Why a train?

SALLY
I've told you! It's just like working right here. But I get to be a Zephyrette!

Randy sits back in his chair. Sally deflates.

SALLY (CONT'D)
What? Whenever I say that you go
all weird.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - NIGHT

MUSIC! There's a RAUCOUS, PARTY ATMOSPHERE in here tonight! A PIANO ORGAN is being played by Vernon as others clap along.

He's hammering out a version of Louis Prima's '*Jump, Jive, an' Wail*'.

The BACHELORS have been joined by the off-duty Nancy and La Faun (still in uniform, minus their hats) along with other curious and excited PASSENGERS.

Behind the bar, JIMMY (20s, Hispanic and suave) and HUEY (20s, hair like James Dean) shake and pour the cocktails as fast as they can.

VERNON
(singing)
*Baby, baby it looks like it's gonna
hail. Baby, baby, it look like it's
gonna hail...*

He can sing, too. La Faun's impressed. Everyone dances, some spilling drinks. Vernon catches La Faun's eye.

VERNON (CONT'D)
(singing)
*You better come inside. Let me
teach you how to jive an' wail.*

She moves over to the organ to join him.

CUT BACK:

INT. RED'S DINER - NIGHT

The atmosphere is poles apart. Randy is uncomfortable with any sort of heavy conversation but he has no choice.

RANDY
You only made it 'cos you lied.

Sally glances around the near-empty room nervously.

SALLY
Randy!

RANDY

You checked 'nurse' on the form.
And you've never been no --

SALLY

I helped out at the surgery since I
was ten years old! I can 'nurse' as
well as any nurse.

RANDY

Just 'cos I pump gas doesn't make
me an oil man.

Randy looks to the ceiling. Something bigger's on his mind.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Bill said...
(beat)
Shoot. Nothing, forget it.

SALLY

Hey. What? Come on.

Randy looks directly at her.

RANDY

That those train girls...
(whispering)
They're loose.

Sally is shocked, mouth agape. How dare he?

CUT TO:

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - NIGHT

Banging away at the keys to the excited crowd, Vernon beckons
a fellow BACHELOR to come and take over the playing.

Together, they briefly have twenty fingers on the keyboard
before Vernon stands and the bachelor slides into his seat.

Vernon grabs La Faun and twirls her out and back expertly.
She's onboard with all of this. So is everyone else.

Yet at the side, against the wall, groom Clifford Albrecht
claps along awkwardly and out of time. It's chorus time:

BACHELOR / PASSENGERS

(singing)

*You gotta jump 'an jive an' then ya
wail!! You gotta jump an jive an'
then you wail!!*

INT. CORRIDOR. SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Milton Morrissey is making his way toward the rear car to see what all the commotion is about. Close behind him follows Delores, who knows from experience exactly what he'll find.

An excited COUPLE (30s) are keen to get past.

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Vernon and La Faun have the center of the dance floor. They dance brilliantly together.

Milton and Delores arrive. The conductor is dumbfounded but she hides her amusement. It's JOYOUS CHAOS.

Vernon picks up La Faun and performs an elaborate AERIAL SHOULDER ROLL, twisting her over him and turning as the passengers cheer!

Okay, Delores didn't expect that. She touches Milton's arm.

DELORES
It's alright. Look.

She draws his attention to Jimmy and Huey behind the bar who, while mixing drinks, Milton notices are also surveying the scene and assessing every development as professionals.

Jimmy clocks Delores and nods 'all good'. Delores acknowledges him and puts a gentle hand on Milton's back.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Come on, we're --

A passenger knocks a table and sends a glass flying but Delores catches it behind her back and sets it down.

DELORES (CONT'D)
-- far too old, anyhow. Let's get a coffee?

Milton, dazzled, agrees to be led away.

CUT BACK:

INT. RED'S DINER - NIGHT

Sally's had enough and stands to leave. Randy's made her dream sound like dirty work.

He reaches over and softly grabs her arm. She pauses but doesn't sit back down.

RANDY

Sally, the men on that train...

She tugs her arm free, and heads tearfully to the exit.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(calling)

Hey!

Sally doesn't stop.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What would your Daddy have said?

We see Sally's face crumple as she pushes through the door.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS. OPEN COUNTRY - NIGHT

The California Zephyr streams past us, the windows AGLOW in the darkness.

INT. CABIN. SLEEPER CAR. TRAIN - NIGHT

Moonlight seeps through the window. La Faun, on a single cot, faces us with naked shoulders.

A hand appears slowly from the covers and strokes her cheek. Vernon Hendrick's smug face appears from behind her.

VERNON

Service with a smile, huh?

LA FAUN

I'll be the one smiling.

La Faun shifts onto her back and he gets on top. They kiss.

VERNON

Suppose it should really be the groom getting himself laid. Fat chance of that, the egghead.

LA FAUN

Some friend.

VERNON

He's my brother-in-law to be. Never said anything about him being a friend.

LA FAUN

Then why isn't one of his *friends* the best man?

VERNON

'Doesn't have any. Clifford's a goof-ball.

LA FAUN

And all those guys he's with?

VERNON

Class of '55. Just seeing they all get a piece of the pie.

LA FAUN

Clifford's family is powerful?

Vernon can't believe it and chuckles with delight.

VERNON

Clifford Albrecht? Who's Governor of California, genius? Henry Albrecht ring any bells? So my sister marries that wiener, and life is sweet.

(beat)

And so are you.

Vernon wants more action. Now, insulted, she's not into it.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Fine. How many of you Zephyr girls on this train, anyway?

La Faun hurriedly gets out of bed as Vernon chuckles, pulls the covers around him, and lights a cigarette.

EXT. STATION. HASTINGS, NEBRASKA - DAWN

A cold morning, and only the half light of dawn illuminates the platform and small station building.

Sally, wrapped in a coat, stands alone. The distant BLAST of a TRAIN HORN causes her to look down the tracks.

In the distance, against the pale pink sky, a huge ENGINE LIGHT appears on the horizon.

She plays with the lapel of her coat, and then glances down at the teal skirt of a newly shipped ZEPHYRETTE UNIFORM.

A figure joins her. Hands dug deep in his jacket pockets.

RANDY

So -- you all set?

SALLY
(shocked)
Oh! Yes, I guess. What are you
doing here?

RANDY
I don't know... Didn't seem right
not saying goodbye.

SALLY
It's not 'goodbye', silly! Oh, and
you look frozen.

A closer blast of the HORN.

RANDY
She's on time, I'll give her that.

They both turn to face the train as it slides into the
station, three orange diesel engines GRUMBLING ahead of a
string of silver cars.

The Zephyr HISSES as it comes to a halt. Sally looks up and
down the line of cars.

SALLY
They said 'Silver Birch'...

Randy examines the train, and then points to a nearby car.

RANDY
Silver Birch. Look, there.

A few DOORS open. Sally turns back to Randy.

SALLY
Okay. Well... I'll see you
Saturday! Wish me luck!

They give each other a quick, light hug.

Sally turns to see Delores standing in the doorway, smiling
to them both. She hurriedly straightens herself out in a
professional fashion and goes to make her way toward her.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Ms. Mayberry? Sally Swanson.

DELORES
(sternly)
Just one moment, Miss Swanson.

SALLY
Yes?

DELORES

Aren't you going to kiss him
goodbye?

Sally smiles, heads back to Randy, and kisses his cheek.

She returns and carefully boards. Delores gives a friendly,
assuring wink to Randy before she closes the door.

RANDY

Just a train, Randy.

His attentions are drawn to a rear car, where four drunk
members of the bachelor party have disembarked to stretch
their legs. He doesn't like the look of them.

Then he GAWKS when he notices a man walking toward him. The
figure nods as he passes.

DIMAGGIO

Morning, Son.

Randy stares as his hero strolls over to the station
MAILBOX, drops in a couple of letters, then heads back to
the train, whistling.

RANDY

Just a train, just an ordinary
ol' train...

The train horn BLASTS. Doors SLAM.

INT. SLEEPER CAR. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Sally feels the train move and looks out the WINDOW.

Randy gazes straight back. She offers a small, token wave.

EXT. STATION. HASTINGS, NEBRASKA - CONTINUOUS

He watches the train pull away and gather momentum.

There goes his girlfriend. It feels every bit as big for him
as it does for her.

We CRANE UP to see the silver train catch the low morning sun
and the small town of Hastings that it's leaving behind.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SLEEPER CABIN - DAY

An anxious Sally composes herself but Delores is calming.

DELORES
Okay! First things first. Let's
take that lovely coat of yours.

Sally takes it off and Delores folds it. Delores picks up Sally's suitcase despite her offering to do it herself.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Let me. This will be your cabin.
Number five.

Delores turns back to face Sally, now in her uniform. She inspects her and goes to straighten her badge, but sees that it's perfect.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Sally, I'm impressed. A model for
the other girls.

Sally smiles bashfully. Delores checks the corridor.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Talking of whom--

La Faun is making her way down, brushing knots out of her hair, looking disheveled and yawning. Delores frowns.

LA FAUN
Morning, Mama.

DELORES
Well good morning, La Faun. This
is Sally.

La Faun stops and smiles, apologetically.

LA FAUN
Oh! Hey, Sweetie.

She kisses her on the cheek, leaving a lipstick mark.

DELORES
La Faun! Now look!

Delores takes her handkerchief and wipes Sally's cheek.

SALLY
(to La Faun - politely)
How do you do?

LA FAUN

Give me ten minutes with a mirror
and I'll be doing just fine.

Milton Morrissey walks toward them and La Faun brushes past him. He notices her appearance and her breath, glancing disapprovingly at Delores.

DELORES

Mr. Morrissey, I'd like you to
meet Sally. Our latest and
potentially greatest.

MILTON

Sally, it's a pleasure. I'm
Milton, the conductor.

DELORES

The big, bad boss!

MILTON

That is simply not true, Sally, I
assure you. Happy to see you
looking so presentable. You're in
great hands. If you'll excuse me,
we'll have a proper introduction
later?

SALLY

Of course.

Milton has his own duties to attend to and walks away.

DELORES

Okay! Let's get you started,
Zephyrette!

EXT. TRAIN. COLORADO PLAINS - DAY

The Zephyr powers through the grassy landscape.

INT. SEATING CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Delores walks through the train quickly with passengers
EARL SPAULDING (37) and his wife EILEEN (34).

EARL

Are you telling me that you will
not stop this train?

DELORES

I'm saying, Mr. Spaulding, that
your daughter is almost certainly
aboard.

EARL
 'Almost?' So you acknowledge
 there's a chance she's not?

Delores consults her notebook as she walks with them.

DELORES
 Kimberly Spaulding. Five years
 old. Green dress. Carrying a bear
 called Tub-Tub. And you last saw
 her where? McCook?
 (checking her watch)
 One and a half hours ago.

EILEEN
 We let her have the run of the
 place because we assumed she was
 being looked after.

A trainman, PALMER CLEMENTS (20s) exits a restroom.

DELORES
 Ah! Palmer! Mr. and Mrs.
 Spaulding here can't seem to find
 their daughter, Kimberly. Five
 years old, green dress. Check the
 front three cars fully, please.
 Under seats, cupboards and
 lockers, everything. I'll assign
 the others.

PALMER
 Of course.

Palmer hurries away.

DELORES
 Follow me, Mr. and Mrs.
 Spaulding, would you?

Delores moves off again, this time spotting Sally who is
 noting down a dining car reservation for two PASSENGERS.

DELORES (CONT'D)
 Zephyrette! Here, please.

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - DAY

La Faun enters. Jimmy's manning the bar.

The car is occupied by the still uproarious bachelor party.
 Day two and they're still going strong. She spots Vernon,
 but concentrates back on Jimmy.

LA FAUN
How have they been?

JIMMY
They've got stamina, I'll say that.

BACHELOR (O.S.)
Hey, Vern? Is that the piece you
had last night?

Jimmy looks at La Faun, who dismisses this. But he knows.

VERNON (O.S.)
She sure looks tired enough!

The group laugh. Jimmy doesn't like it.

JIMMY
Alright, that will do.

BACHELOR
Excuse me?

LA FAUN
It's fine, Jimmy.

She moves over to the group, including Clifford Albrecht.

LA FAUN (CONT'D)
Can I remind you gentlemen that
there are other guests who might
wish to use this car? Please
lower your voices.
(to Vernon)
Especially you.

VERNON
Hey, Baby, don't look so put out.
(smirking)
Oh, right, sorry, I forgot. That's
your specialty.

The group WHOOP and applaud. All except Clifford.

CLIFFORD
My friends are just having a joke,
Miss. Please, excuse them.

BACHELOR
Man, you're wet, Clifford.

Jimmy appears alongside La Faun.

BACHELOR (CONT'D)
Hey, anyone got any maracas?

CLIFFORD
C'mon, guys...

JIMMY
What was that?

LA FAUN
Jimmy. I need a round of Atomics
for the Silver Lariat. Six.

Jimmy spins the shaker in his hand like a gunslinger and
moves back to the bar.

LA FAUN (CONT'D)
Mr. Albrecht. Can I have a word
with you alone?

BACHELOR 2
Hey, Cliffy! Looks like you might
get lucky at last, huh?

La Faun leads Clifford away from the leering group. Vernon
eyes them suspiciously. They move into the CORRIDOR.

CLIFFORD
Please, let me say again, I'm so
sorry for the--

LA FAUN
Be quiet.

Clifford, son of a Governor, is bemused.

LA FAUN (CONT'D)
You were about to say "for the
way my friends are behaving".

He agrees, sheepishly.

LA FAUN (CONT'D)
They're not your friends,
Clifford.

CLIFFORD
Are you crazy? The guys?

LA FAUN
There are plenty of people on
this train who'd be your friend.
Those men are not among them.

She touches his arm, smiles and heads back to work.

Clifford watches her walk away.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Delores confers with Milton in his office. She gestures to Earl and Eileen Spaulding who look forlorn.

DELORES

They want us to stop the train.

MILTON

Why? Not like we can turn back.

DELORES

Maybe if we just stopped for five minutes -- as a gesture?

MILTON

I don't see your thinking.

DELORES

It's not my thinking.

(hushed)

It's *theirs*.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB. TRAIN - DAY

Driving the train is engineer DWIGHT IRVIN (56), rugged with a leathery face under his greased cap. His eyes focus on the stretch of rail in front. He picks up the ringing TELEPHONE without redirecting his gaze.

DWIGHT

Yeah?

(he listens)

Who is this?

(beat)

Morrissey, huh?

(double beat)

Not a chance, Pal. We're on a three-percent grade and heavy.

Wet rail. Stop and she might well not get moving. Kid's onboard, they always are.

He puts down the receiver and gives the HORN a blast.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Milton puts back the telephone and steps out of his small onboard office. He's immediately set upon by Earl.

EARL

You spoke to McCook?

MILTON

We'll be in Denver in under an hour. We halt there for thirty minutes. The whole train can be searched and we'll get McCook on the line.

EILEEN

But what until then?

Sally and Nancy approach.

MILTON

We keep calm and keep searching. Isn't that right, Ms. Mayberry?

DELORES

My team are all looking, I can assure you.

EARL

Sure! All I've seen those girls do is look at themselves.

Sally pretends she doesn't hear that and passes them.

INT. CHAIR CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Sally and Nancy are talking with passengers. Sally's still finding her footing, but her smile comes naturally.

NANCY

Have you seen a little girl, about five? She's wearing a green dress. I think she's playing hide and seek from her parents?

A LADY (40s) smiles apologetically. Nancy nods and moves with Sally through the train past empty seats.

NANCY (CONT'D)

So. You from Nebraska, right?

SALLY

That's right.

They step into a VESTIBULE between two cars.

NANCY

A heartland girl, huh? Good. We need some kind hearts on this train. See, city girls like me --
(dramatically)
Ruined! Tragic! Damaged goods!

Sally laughs. Nancy looks her up and down.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You've not met Jimmy the Fizz
yet, have you? Barman. Rear
lounge car. Take two bottles of
champagne from the diner to him?

SALLY
Sure.

Nancy watches her go and smiles to herself.

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Jimmy cleans glasses, pointedly ignoring the bachelors when
Sally arrives with the two bottles of champagne.

SALLY
Excuse me. Jimmy?

JIMMY
Oh, hey! Sally, right?

He goes to shake hands but hers are full and they laugh.

SALLY
Nancy asked me to bring you these.

Jimmy takes the bottles. He clocks what Nancy's done.

JIMMY
Okay. We'll speak later. Run
along -- quick.

Not quick enough.

BACHELOR
Well, look here! A fresh one!

JIMMY
That will do, guys...

The group descends on Jimmy with drink orders. Vernon
approaches Sally.

VERNON
(politely)
Zephyrette. Excuse me, but may I
speak to you about something?

SALLY
(uneasy)
Of course.

Vernon leads Sally away from the group. Jimmy doesn't like this. They disappear into the --

INT. CORRIDOR. SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

He stops, turns and towers over Sally, her back to the wall.

VERNON

I hear talk you're looking for a
little girl?

SALLY

Yes. We are. Have you seen her?

Vernon grabs Sally by the waist. She struggles but he holds her firmly.

VERNON

Maybe I just found one of my own.

He kisses her neck. Her SCREAM is muffled by his hand as he gropes her, but she fights back with a sharp elbow to the ribs and a kick to the shin before dashing from the scene.

INT. VARIOUS CARRIAGES. TRAIN - DAY

A SERIES OF SMASH CUTS -- dreamlike, detached. Sally walks toward us, car after car, putting as much distance between herself and Vernon as she can.

LA FAUN

Sally?

SALLY

Motion sick.

Sally keeps moving, no destination in mind, until she reaches a CLOSED DOOR which she hits and then opens into --

INT. BAGGAGE CAR. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Piles of suitcases. Sally wrings her hands and leans against a pile of them, breathing heavily. On her wrist we spot a SMALL, YEARS-OLD SCAR.

When she notices her Zephyrette badge has been torn off, she begins to sob and falls to her knees.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

Why are you crying?

Sally looks, startled, and then around. She stands and peers behind a pile of canvas MAIL BAGS. A LITTLE GIRL is lying there, curled up in a ball, her face barely lit by the light from a small, dirty window.

SALLY

I... I hurt my hand. It's okay now though.

KIMBERLY

Tub-Tub hurt his hand too once. Look.

The girl takes a scruffy toy bear from under a bag.

SALLY

Oh, yes, I see. But he looks very handsome now. And much better.

The little girl smiles shyly.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Kimberly?

KIMBERLY

How did you know my name?

SALLY

Because only the nicest people are called Kimberly.

KIMBERLY

So is your name Kimberly?

SALLY

No. My name's Sally.

KIMBERLY

Am I in trouble?

SALLY

Of course not! Can I tell you a special secret?

KIMBERLY

Yes...

SALLY

Today's my first day.

KIMBERLY

First day?

SALLY

Like the first day of school. Lots of new people. Teachers. Bullies. But nice new friends, like you.

KIMBERLY

My Mommy said when I went to school that bullies wouldn't hurt you if you weren't afraid.

SALLY

Well, your Mommy's right.

KIMBERLY

Have you talked to her?

SALLY

No. Is she nice like you?

KIMBERLY

I guess. But she'll be mad at me.

SALLY

She won't be mad, just a little worried. It's like if Tub-Tub went for a walk but didn't tell you, you'd be worried too.

KIMBERLY

I'm hungry. And Tub-Tub's hungry, too.

SALLY

Well. I've got an idea. I think your Mommy and Daddy were going to have their meal in just a little while. Shall we all go and join them?

KIMBERLY

Will you come eat with us?

SALLY

Sure. Why not? I'm hungry too.

Kimberly's hand comes out from her hiding place. It contains a child's BROOCH -- some tiny plastic flowers.

KIMBERLY

This is for you.

SALLY

For me? Why is it for me?

KIMBERLY

It's for luck.

Sally takes it and nearly cries again. She pins it over the tear on the lapel where her Zephyrette badge once was.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Sally and Kimberly walk down the train, hand in hand.
Eileen is first to spot them.

EILEEN
Oh! My baby girl!

She rushes toward them and picks Kimberly up in her arms.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Where have you been? I've been
out of my mind!

SALLY
She was looking for the restroom
then got lost and locked in.
She's been very brave. She waited
for someone to pass and knocked.

EILEEN
Oh, you poor little darling!

The child looks at Sally, thankful for the cover story.

SALLY
It's good she kept her composure.
She's obviously very clever.

EARL
(grinning)
That's my girl. Daddy's proud of
you, Munchkin. Let's go get some
pancakes, huh?

KIMBERLY
Sally's coming too, Dad. She's my
friend.

EARL
Sally? Oh, of course! Yes,
Sally's coming too.

The family set off happily, with Sally in tow. She passes
Delores, who smiles at her proudly and mouths "Perfect!"

Milton also pats her on the back, relieved.

EXT. THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS - AFTERNOON

The train has passed Denver and climbs into spectacular,
majestic scenery.

INT. PULLMAN DINING CAR - EVENING

The inebriated bachelors are finishing dinner. The only absentee is Clifford, the groom.

Passing their table is waiter ORPHEUS THOMAS (African American, 20s). Vernon clicks his fingers.

VERNON
Hey, George. We'll take another
bottle of the red, here.

'George' is a racial slur. It makes Orpheus take a moment.

ORPHEUS
Sir. My name is Orpheus.

He points to his name badge to clarify this.

VERNON
Alright, George. Just hurry it up.

Orpheus, a powerfully built and proud man, stares Vernon down. Vernon wipes his mouth with a napkin and then stands.

VERNON (CONT'D)
Oh, you giving me the eye now?
There a problem?

Serving another table, RUBY WILLIAMS (20s, African American) has clocked this developing standoff and looks along the carriage for her boss, Roosevelt. They make eye contact and she cocks her head toward the bachelor party.

Back at the table, a drunk Vernon prods Orpheus' name badge.

VERNON (CONT'D)
See? Says it right here. 'G', 'E',
'O', 'R'...

Orpheus grabs Vernon's hand firmly. Roosevelt is there IMMEDIATELY.

ROOSEVELT
Is there anything I can help with,
gentlemen?

ORPHEUS
Seems Mr. Hendrick here has a
little trouble reading, sir.

Orpheus releases Vernon's hand.

VERNON

Seems George here has a little trouble serving. I asked for another bottle of your wonderful wine, that's all.

ROOSEVELT

Then I shall be pleased to help.

He looks to Orpheus, who breathes and then walks away.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

Please, Mr. Hendrick. Take a seat, sir.

Vernon, grinning and pleased with himself, reseats himself.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

Another bottle, or perhaps two? On the house. I'm sorry for any misunderstanding.

VERNON

Then two.

ROOSEVELT

They shall be delivered to your compartments in five minutes.

VERNON

Oh, we'll take them right here.

Roosevelt is a soldier. It's all in the eyes.

ROOSEVELT

They shall have to be delivered to your quarters. I'm afraid this table is required. A family with three children. I'm sure you understand.

Vernon reads Roosevelt and backs down with a smirk.

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

Thank you, and I hope you enjoyed your meal.

INT. DOME OBSERVATION CAR. TRAIN - EVENING

Clifford Albrecht sits by himself up in the glass dome that tops the car. He stares out of the window at the scenery, looking contemplative.

Before long, Sally and Delores walk up the stairs and along the aisle. As they near him, he looks up.

Sally is guarded, knowing Clifford is the groom who, although blameless, is associated with the bachelor party. But Delores smiles.

DELORES

Good evening, Mr. Albrecht. Can I get you anything?

Clifford looks up, bashfully.

CLIFFORD

No, thank you. You've been very kind, all of you.

Sally studies him, sensing something is off.

SALLY

Is everything alright?

CLIFFORD

Oh! I just thought it would be nice to sit up here. The others are dining, I think. They've been a terrible nuisance, I know.

DELORES

They've a wedding to celebrate.

CLIFFORD

Yes.

He smiles at them both individually.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Must be tremendous having your job. Getting to watch these mountains all the time.

SALLY

Well, that's the Colorado River.
(embarrassed)
But you knew that, of course.

CLIFFORD

(intrigued)
Actually, no. I didn't. The Colorado River...

DELORES

Now we're coming up to Glenwood Springs. Small town. But these spectacular hot springs nestled in the mountains. And right now the blue columbines will be in season. They're *everywhere*.

Clifford looks ahead, fascinated.

SALLY

I guess aside from the pools and
the mountains it sounds a little
like my town. Hastings.

Milton appears at the end of the carriage.

MILTON

Ms. Mayberry?

She acknowledges Milton, then notes Sally smiling at Clifford
and trusts she's comfortable with him.

DELORES

Of course, Mr. Morrissey.

She leaves the two alone. Clifford is so self-conscious.

CLIFFORD

My name is Clifford.

SALLY

Mine is Sally.

CLIFFORD

And you're not too busy?

SALLY

Not at all.

He offers the seat opposite him. Sally sits.

CLIFFORD

So? Hastings? What's that like?

SALLY

It's just a small town. Nothing
much happens... But we did invent
Kool-Aid!

CLIFFORD

No kidding!

SALLY

It's Hastings' claim to fame!

CLIFFORD

And is there country?

SALLY

Oh! Miles! But not like this.
It's mostly pasture and farmland.
Where do you live, Clifford?

CLIFFORD

I just finished school. My mother and father live in Sacramento. But shamefully I see very little of them. They want me to follow the family line, so to say. Not really my thing.

SALLY

And your fiancée? What does she like?

CLIFFORD

(considering)

I'm afraid I really don't know...

Clifford looks out of the window as the train slows into the mountain valley town of Glenwood Springs.

Young CHILDREN wave at the train. Clifford instinctively raises his fingers in return.

SALLY

My father always said, 'Sometimes, you don't know where you're going 'til you get there.'

He looks at Sally and then watches as two people depart the train and are hugged by their families. Then he stands.

CLIFFORD

Sally? Please do me a last favor?

Sally nods, dutifully.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Please don't say anything. To the others?

He looks at her with pleading eyes, then leaves the car.

EXT. GLENWOOD SPRINGS STATION. COLORADO - DUSK

Clifford steps off the train, looking left and right. He starts along the platform when SARAH JANE PATRICK (23) approaches with a tray of flowers.

SARAH JANE

Welcome to Glenwood, sir. May I?

He accepts. With a smile she attaches a BLUE FLOWER to the lapel of his jacket. Clifford is charmed at this kindness.

CLIFFORD

A blue columbine?

Sarah Jane is surprised -- and impressed.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
I heard that they're in season.

Clifford takes her in. She blushes as he awkwardly bows his thanks and makes his way out of the station toward the road.

CRANE UP: Over the white FENCE and the BOOKING OFFICE, from where we see the silver panorama of the Zephyr.

Beyond it, a picturesque town in the setting sun with Clifford Albrecht, dressed inappropriately in an evening suit with no baggage, headed into it for the very first time.

EXT. TRACKSIDE. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The train, headlight gleaming, appears from a tunnel.

INT. CORRIDOR. SLEEPER CAR. TRAIN - EVENING

Vernon Hendrick stalks the corridor, desperately trying compartment doors and banging on others.

VERNON
Albrecht! Hey, you bastard! Where
are you? Albrecht!

One cracks open, on a chain.

DIMAGGIO
Mind keeping it down, Son?

VERNON
Clifford Albrecht.

DIMAGGIO
Yeah, I heard you from down there.

VERNON
He in there with you?

DIMAGGIO
What you say?

Unapologetically, Vernon moves on.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR. TRAIN - NIGHT

Milton and Delores are again under siege.

VERNON
No, he's not in his compartment!
And he's not in the diner. And
he's not in the lounge.

MILTON

Would you like to report Mr.
Albrecht officially missing?

VERNON

He's not a child. And let me tell
you, if he isn't on this train by
the time we get to California,
your company will face the full--

DELORES

(interrupting)
Sally!

Sally walks up briskly.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Mr. Hendrick here seems to have
misplaced the groom.

VERNON

I did not 'misplace'--

DELORES

Have you happened to see him?

SALLY

No, ma'am.

Vernon turns to Sally and looks her up and down. She
doesn't look back at him.

VERNON

Are you sure, Sally? Sure you've
not hidden him away in your
quarters? Seems to be rather a
speciality of you Zephyr-girls.

MILTON

That's enough from you, Mr.
Hendrick.

VERNON

I'm sure Sally doesn't mind. Do
you, Sally?

Delores notes that Sally seems shaken seeing Vernon.

DELORES

Do you know her personally? Because
otherwise it's Miss Swanson.

EXT. THE FULL TRAIN - EVENING

The California Zephyr speeds into its second night.

INT. DINING CAR KITCHEN - EVENING

La Faun sits smoking with Nancy.

LA FAUN
So. What about the new girl?

NANCY
A little goody-two-shoes?

She takes a slug of gin from a flask and hands it to La Faun.

LA FAUN
(sipping)
We can't all be trouble like you.

NANCY
She can't replace Kat.

LA FAUN
Nobody's replacing Kat.

Delores appears at the door and taps for their attention.

They make a token effort to look professional and waft smoke.

DELORES
I thought everyone was looking for
Mr. Albrecht?

LA FAUN
Should we be? He's better off
without them.

Delores considers this. Not for the first time, her personal opinion clashes awkwardly with her responsibilities.

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - NIGHT

Vernon Hendrick and his cronies have been ushered into the rear car, to keep them away from other sleeping passengers. There is intense UNREST. Milton is trying to calm it.

MILTON
If you wish to remain up any
longer, out of consideration for
the other guests I insist you stay
in here.

Jimmy stands behind the bar, studying the situation.
Delores enters alone.

DELORES
Jimmy. I think these gentlemen
need a drink.

JIMMY
I'm cutting them off, Delores.

Milton agrees so looks at Delores with surprise.

DELORES
I think they need a drink from
the *special* bottle.

Jimmy computes, then smiles. Milton is confused. Delores gives her boss an assuring nod.

INT. SLEEPER CABIN - NIGHT

Sally sits alone on her cot, dressed in her nightgown.

She tucks her feet up onto the bed and lays her head on the pillow. Clasped in her hand, just caught in the moonlight, is a photograph of Randy.

She stares at him, a tear running down her cheek, the sound of the wheels failing to lull her to sleep.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIERRA NEVADA - DAWN

A new day.

The California Zephyr cruises into the third day and final morning of the trip through snow-capped mountains, headed downhill to California.

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - DAWN

The chairs and floor are littered with sleeping bachelors. It is as if they fell where they stood. Some still have their glasses in their hands.

Huey comes in whistling and surveys the scene happily. He walks behind the bar and tidies away some bottles. One is marked 'MEDICINAL'.

Two of the bachelors, then Vernon, begin to wake. They look bilious.

HUEY

Good morning, fellas! Can I get
any of you a drink?

Even the words make them want to vomit.

INT. CORRIDOR. SLEEPER CAR. TRAIN - DAWN

La Faun, Nancy and Delores huddle around a flustered, emotional Sally.

SALLY

I didn't have time to think. Of
course I knew it was wrong--

DELORES

Alright, alright. Look -- we can
have the police meet us in
Oakland. Why didn't you say,
Sally?

SALLY

(wiping her eye)
No police. Think of the press.

The others exchange worried looks. Sally's right. As unfair as it is, another scandal would be the end of them all.

NANCY

We take care of him. You see.

LA FAUN
I have an idea.

Delores eyes La Faun nervously.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR. TRAIN - DAY

La Faun is on the telephone to Dwight, the engineer.

LA FAUN
Dwight, we need you to bring us to
a stop. Rich Bar.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Dwight holds the receiver, looking down the line.

DWIGHT
I know where it is, Sweetie. On
whose say-so?

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR. TRAIN - SAME TIME

La Faun puts on her exaggerated 'bedroom voice'.

LA FAUN
Well, on mine, Papa Bear...

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB. TRAIN - SAME TIME

Dwight grins. He slams the telephone back in its cradle.

INT. DINING CAR. TRAIN - MORNING

Joe DiMaggio and Marian McKnight are finishing their
breakfast. Delores enters the car and approaches them.

DELORES
Good morning, Mr. DiMaggio. Good
morning, Ms. McKnight.

MARIAN MCKNIGHT
Good morning!

DELORES
I don't mean to bother you, but I
hear you were woken last night by
one of the bachelors? I'm sorry.

DIMAGGIO
Those Ivy boys. No respect.

DELORES
Exactly. You see... they didn't
respect one of our girls, either.

DiMaggio puts down his fork and stares up at Delores.

DIMAGGIO
What you mean by that?

DELORES
And we have our ways of dealing
with this sort of thing, only --
(whispering)
We could do with your help.

The ballplayer folds his napkin and sits back to listen.

Delores leans in and begins to tell the tale, but
inaudibly. We just see DiMaggio's FACE DARKEN.

INT. CORRIDOR. SLEEPER CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Sally, La Faun and Nancy are in close consultation.

LA FAUN
Come on, it's easy. You just walk
in there and catch his eye.

SALLY
I don't know...

NANCY
You want him to get away with this?

Sally looks down at the tear in her lapel and plastic flowers
covering it.

SALLY
No. I do not.
(determined)
And he followed me once. The
bastard will follow me again.

La Faun and Nancy are proud of her and smile reassuringly.

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - DAY

The bachelors have perked up. They have been gathered
together for some entertainment.

DiMaggio stands at the curved rear of the train, the open
window behind him showing the disappearing track. He holds
a ROLLING PIN from the dining car as a baseball bat.

DIMAGGIO
Okay, fellas! Any of you manage
to get anything through that
window... drinks on me.

The bachelors love it! Their own game against DiMaggio!

Huey and Jimmy stand behind the bar. Huey picks a LIME from the citrus bowl and throws it to a bachelor.

DIMAGGIO (CONT'D)
Limes it is. Who's up? C'mon!

The bachelor steadies himself, and flings the fruit at the open window. DiMaggio swings, sending it back twice as hard at the pitcher, hitting him on the FOREHEAD. The others laugh hysterically.

HUEY
(mimicking TV announcer)
"How about that!"

DIMAGGIO
(smiling back at Huey)
C'mon, who's up?

INT. DOME OBSERVATION CAR - DAY

Milton is passing pleasantries with PASSENGERS when he feels the train begin to slowly BRAKE. That can't be right...?

He checks his watch.

Delores clocks this. She purposefully crosses into his path with a tray of drinks and -- BUMP! The drinks spill, some of them down herself.

MILTON
I'm sorry! I -- here...

He hurriedly takes his handkerchief from a pocket.

DELORES
I'm fine! It's nothing...

She bends over to collect the tray but her hat falls off. He again offers to help.

EXT. RICH BAR. SIERRA NEVADA - DAY

The Zephyr comes to a hissing halt by a deserted, disused station. There are a couple of rickety old SHACKS but nothing more. A long-abandoned gold rush settlement.

INT. REAR LOUNGE CAR. TRAIN - DAY

The baseball game is still in progress. Limes are fired hard off DiMaggio's 'bat', into walls or the cowering pitchers.

Sally enters and stands by the door. Nervous, but composed.

But DiMaggio hasn't noticed her and his next shot is innocently misfired TOWARD SALLY'S FACE.

Her hand shoots up -- CATCHES IT two inches from her nose.

Not a flinch.

SALLY

Line out.

ALL turn and stare at her. Vernon's impressed and she smiles back, invitingly.

Sally beckons him over, places the lime back into the fruit bowl on the bar, and leaves.

Although in on the plan, DiMaggio is still wary about this.

Vernon grins and follows her into the CORRIDOR. She opens the door at the end of the car and steps down onto the --

EXT. RICH BAR - CONTINUOUS

-- dusty ground. Vernon follows. She leads him over to a DELAPIDATED SHACK, tries the rusty LATCH and opens the door.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Milton is frustrated, picking up the telephone.

MILTON

Mr. Irwin? What's the situation?

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB - CONTINUOUS

Receiver tucked under his chin, Dwight is making up excuses.

DWIGHT

Oil was high. I needed to let her cool off. Gimme a second.

He mumbles his goodbyes and puts down the receiver, looking anxiously out of the side window. Dwight likes to keep time just as much as Milton.

Yet he can't see anyone from the cab. He only agreed to stop, and they stopped so... He applies fresh power and the engines GROWL back up.

EXT. SHACK. RICH BAR - CONTINUOUS

Vernon steps inside first to investigate his makeshift love nest.

As he does so, La Faun and Nancy dart around the corner, SLAM the door shut and La Faun WEDGES the latch with one HIGH HEEL. It's securely JAMMED TIGHT.

LA FAUN
Service with a smile, Honey.

The three women look to the slowly moving train and dash toward it. La Faun hops along with only one shoe.

The door to the shack is tested from within -- then there is BANGING from inside.

VERNON (O.S.)
Hey! ...HEY!

The Zephyr is slowly pulling away as Delores leans from an open door and the three Zephyrettes climb back on board.

Seconds later, Vernon SHOULDER-BARGES the hut apart and dashes for the train but it's moving too fast.

He races alongside the tracks but trips and falls painfully into the DIRT watching hopelessly as it powers away.

INT. CORRIDOR. SLEEPER CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Sally, La Faun and Nancy SCREAM with glee! La Faun throws her one remaining shoe through the window. They laugh and hug.

Delores coughs, and they settle down. She holds out a CLOSED FIST to Sally and then opens it. It's her lost NAME BADGE.

DELORES
Sally, did you happen to drop something?

Delores carefully removes Kimberly's plastic flowers and hands them to Sally. Then she pins the NAME BADGE back where it belongs and straightens it.

DELORES (CONT'D)
Welcome to the family.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. PULGA BRIDGE. FEATHER RIVER CANYON, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The train rolls over the bridge with mountains as a backdrop.

INT. PASSENGER CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Sally moves confidently through the car, attending to passengers. She looks every inch a Zephyrette now.

INT. OFFICE. CB&Q. CHICAGO - DAY

Eugene Langley sits at his desk. The TELEPHONE rings.

EUGENE

Langley...

(beat)

Mr. Hendrick -- yes, of course.

(beat)

I'm sorry, we have a faint line.

You mind repeating that, sir?

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS. CALIFORNIA PLAINS - DAY

A woman wanders down the tracks wearing a WHITE BALL GOWN. It seems as if she's dazed -- in a stupor.

KATHARINE MCKAY walks nonchalantly down the line. Makeup smeared -- seemingly not a care in the world.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB. TRAIN - DAY

A FLY is bothering Dwight and he waves it away. It lands on the inside of the WINDSHIELD. Dwight looks around for his Chicago Tribune -- the very same that contains the Zephyrette headline -- rolls it up, and SWATS the insect -- then looks STRAIGHT AHEAD. There's a PERSON on the tracks!

Eyes widening in PANIC, he hits FULL EMERGENCY BRAKES which WAIL and SCREECH in red-hot agony.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB. TRAIN - DAY

DWIGHT'S POV. The track races toward us. Katharine's stationary figure grows rapidly larger. The brakes HOWL.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

Katharine gets closer, *closer*, until she FILLS THE SCREEN.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE