

MRS. HANNAH DURANT

SC. 2

INT. DURANT'S CAR - DAY

...and over the shoulder of the telegraph operator who continues transmitting a message from the clattering machine.

LILY

The bank of New York again.

The telegraph operator looks at his ever-moving feet.

UNIDENTIFIED OPERATOR

New York 1 five 27

LILY

Whoregoing. That's what's assuring the report.

Of which there has to be any. JAMES is convinced that she is going up in Durant's shame. Lily picks up a telegram, again clattering.

LILY (CONT'D)

From Thomas Durant, New York, regarding the bank of New York.

The lock to Durant's car envelope opens. It's Mrs. DURANT.

Mrs. Durant writes, seeing through the car which is as familiar to her as her own home. She virtually looks over the telegraph operator and Lily, on whom her eyes have been fixed from the moment she walked through the door.

Mrs. DURANT

(Continued)

Bill, Bill.

START →

BILL, the telegraph operator, picks his jaw up off the desk.

BILL

Mrs. Durant.

Her it's Lily's turn to be shocked, before she can say anything. Mrs. Durant offers a cool white hand at the end of a mile of black curves.

Mrs. DURANT

And you must be Lily. "The Flax-haired Member of the West." Thomas has written me so much about you.

This is a lot of news for Lily to process, and the end of which she distinguishes the hair of "Flax-haired" and not "Hair-haired." The best she can do to cover it-

HELL ON WHEELS

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