

Man On A Train
by
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FADE IN:

INT. A BUTCHER SHOP -- DAY

Chicago, 1944.

The shop is rather like a deli, clean and roomy. Italian delicacies abound. It's not a restaurant, but there are tables where customers can wait for orders and drink coffee.

Tony "Big Tuna" ACCARDO, acting boss of the Chicago Mafia, sits at a small table in the back, drinking wine. He's in his suit but isn't bothering with a tie today. Accardo is NOT a Central-Casting mafioso: he is smart and careful with his underlings. Not a blusterer but he's clearly in command. Yes, they really called him the Big Tuna.

MARIE is an intelligent schoolgirl of sixteen. She listens to the goings-on in a back room while she does her homework, a glass of milk at hand.

SAL, a aging hit man/bookie, and AHERNE, a tall, skinny brown-haired Irishman with a black eye and a bloody nose, enter the shop. Sal punches Aherne, grabs Aherne's tie and staples the end of it to the table. Accardo sits at the table, as does Sal. We can see that the hemming from one of Aherne's pant legs has come unmoored and his shirt is missing a button.

SAL
Hey, good to see you.

ACCARDO
Hey.

SAL
How's the wife?

ACCARDO
Same as usual.

SAL
My sympathies. We doing good?

ACCARDO
Baseball money. The joint is jumping. Who's this person stapled to our table?

SAL
Aherne. Private detective. A genius picking games, by his own admission. Got a system.

ACCARDO

Tell me about this system of yours.

AHERNE

(a bit of trouble
breathing)

I'm still working out a few kinks.
Any day, now, I'll have it -

SAL

Aherne has been betting with me,
using this system of his. Start
with tens, now it's fifties. He's
two grand in the hole. He thought
he was gonna climb out of the
dungeon in June, this big bet -

AHERNE

One of these days the goddamn Cubs
are gonna take Saint Louis.

SAL

I go to collect, and suddenly
Aherne is invisible. I track him
down, and we have a frank and
lively exchange of views. This is
right in the middle of the lunch
rush at the chop house, so there's
not a lot I can do.

Marie is making a tsk tsk noise.

SAL (CONT'D)

So Aherne, he's been doing business
with our people a while, he thinks
he knows how the game is played. He
goes to our friend visiting from
New York --

ACCARDO

No names. Especially not that name.

SAL

He tells our guy, he's offering a
hundred to beat a guy up. Says the
guy is here every morning at 11
working his bets - go hammer him
good! And our guy cross-town calls
me in, says he has a muscle job.
So, eleven o'clock, here I am. As
usual. Waiting for me to show up.

Marie smiles, closes her eyes and shakes her head.

ACCARDO

Okay, I'm tired this morning.
Explain this. Are you saying this
guy hired you to beat yourself up?

SAL

I gotta say, I've never heard of
this happening.

ACCARDO

Well, you took the contract, you
know the rules --

SAL

Pretty sure I'm not going through
with this one. And I'm keeping the
money.

Marie is laughing, choking on her milk.

SAL (CONT'D)

So you had cash to hire muscle, but
no money for me. It's time to talk
juice.

AHERNE

Juice? The vig?

SAL

I'm not carrying you anymore,
Aherne. I'm selling you off.

ACCARDO

I'm going to get you clear with
Sal. I'm loaning you the two grand.
Hey, any discounts this time?

He cuts Aherne's tie with a knife.

SAL

I might have, if he hadn't tried to
muscle me. Now I want my whole
slice. Me and Accardo, we book
bets. But Accardo also loans out
cash.

ACCARDO

Okay then, I give Sal the two
grand, and you pay me back the
whole amount, plus the interest.

AHERNE

Interest?

Marie lazily holds up a hand, four fingers extended.

ACCARDO

Four percent -

AHERNE

That's not so bad.

ACCARDO

Four percent per week. Eighty every Friday, until you pay off the principal.

AHERNE

That's three hundred a month!

ACCARDO

And in return, you get to keep breathing. If you're extra nice to Sal he may agree to leave all your bones in their original condition. You hired a very experienced muscle guy.

SAL

I don't know how I survived that beating.

AHERNE

This is unbelievable!

ACCARDO

Listen. You knew what the rules were. You knew who we were. We're not altar boys. You came to us, so you could play, share your genius with us.

AHERNE

What happens if I miss a payment?

ACCARDO

I'm gonna send somebody after you. You know who it's gonna be? Him.

AHERNE

Jesus...Can a get some action on the games tomorrow? Maybe I can claw my way out of this...

Marie rolls her eyes. Sal explodes.

SAL

You want to keep betting with me?
You know you came that close to
getting your ticket punched today?

ACCARDO

Friday. Right here. Don't make me
go looking for you.

Aherne leaves and Marie comes, milk in hand, to pat Sal on
the shoulder sweetly.

SAL

Were you listening again?

MARIE

Oh no no no.

She laughs as she goes to the back to get a book.

COOK

(enters with package)
Mister Sal, I got it!

SAL

Got what?

COOK

The kosher ham!

ACCARDO

I beg your pardon?

COOK

Sal sent me to get kosher ham. Went
to three suppliers. Finally found a
guy who set me up.

SAL

Kid, I was screwing with you. Who
the hell sold you kosher ham? What
the hell is this town coming to?
(shows it to Accardo)
Kosher ham. Why do you still do
this nickel and dime stuff? You're
running the whole show now.

ACCARDO

The minute you lose track of what's
happening on the street, you lose
the street, then you lose
everything else. Kosher ham.

INT. BEAUTIFUL HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Accardo, in the living room portion of the suite, drinks wine, leaning on a desk next to a cigar box, and gives orders to Sal. Now he has his tie on. He places a gun carefully on a high shelf. Waiting in a corner is a 30-year-old cop named BAUER, in uniform.

ACCARDO

Okay, I'll tell you again. Send them in one at a time.

SAL

Sorry.

ACCARDO

Keep these guys off balance. Things get sloppy with Paulie Ricca in the joint. Give me Sammy first, he gives me the willies.

Sal leaves. A scary 35-year-old guy with a flashy suit and black-rimmed glasses enters. This is SAMMIE D. He gives Bauer a brief hostile glare. Once he sees Accardo, he shifts instantly from tough guy to bootlicker. ACCARDO gives Sammie what he wants, paternal warmth, but watches him carefully.

SAM

Mister Accardo, it's an honor, it's been so long, things going great out there -

ACCARDO

Sammy. Keep telling you, stay calm.

He glances to where his gun is.

SAM

Yes sir. How's Mister Ricca?

ACCARDO

Got a guy downtown, says we might be able to get our boys out of stir, the big case.

SAM

Fantastic!

ACCARDO

Lawyers found a witness who can put our boys a hundred miles away from scene. You may need to get out of town. Don't tell anybody.

SAM

You can count on me.

ACCARDO

Bad news, got a spy in city hall,
tells me the prosecutor has another
witness hidden away, could take us
all down. Don't tell anybody.

SAM

Absolutely not.

ACCARDO

So what's the word on the street?

SAM

Well, that's the thing, when
everyone knows you're muscle for
the big boss, things get awful
quiet.

ACCARDO

Everybody knows. Holding out on me?

SAM

Mister Accardo, there's no way in
the world..

ACCARDO

Make sure you see those kids, man's
got to watch out for his family.

SAM

Yes sir.

ACCARDO

On your way. And don't beat anybody
up for a while.

SAM

Yes, thank you sir.

Sam leaves. Accardo addresses the returning thug Sal.

ACCARDO

Did you give him a quick toss like
I told you? You make sure that
maniac hasn't got an ice pick, a
knife, nothing, when he comes in.
And now, Act Two.

FRANK GALLUCCIO, an urbane, well-dressed Italian of 55,
enters. Accardo gives Frank what he wants: a lot more trust
than he gives Sammie D.

ACCARDO (CONT'D)

Frank. Cumpare.

GALLUCCIO

That guy's named Sammie, right?
I've heard stories.

ACCARDO

Don't worry about it.

GALLUCCIO

Not my business. New York says
they're okay with me staying here.
They're okay with you running
things while Paulie is in stir.

ACCARDO

We might get our boys out of stir,
the big case. Prosecutor broke the
rules, chain of evidence. You may
need to leave town. Don't tell
anybody.

GALLUCCIO

So we could have a little jail
break soon if we're lucky. I'll get
the boys back to work quick.

ACCARDO

So what's the word on the street?

GALLUCCIO

All those guys in the can, the
young punks getting a little pushy,
biting off more than they can chew.
The usual babysitting.

ACCARDO

You're not holding out on me? You
know you're just on loan here.

He glances at his gun. Galluccio figures out what he's up to
and retrieves the gun. Hands it to Accardo who replaces it.

GALLUCCIO

It's okay, I get it, I'm the out of
town guy. Answering your question.
People are nervous, a little too
quiet. I'll keep an eye out.

ACCARDO

Graz'. Kids okay?

GALLUCCIO

Got the smart one, and the one
needs to study more.

ACCARDO

See if Sokolov is out there for me.

GALLUCCIO

Sokolov. Trouble?

ACCARDO

I'll let you know.

Frank leaves. Enter a guy who is quiet but just a bit scarier than Sammie D, dressed with impeccable, almost priest-like conservatism. This is JAKOB SOKOLOV, a Jewish gangster who feels badly outnumbered by the Italians. He wants to feel safe and respected, so Accardo serves it up. But first Sokolov looks at the gun shelf and then at Accardo; he smiles and Accardo smiles back.

ACCARDO (CONT'D)

We might be able to get our boys
out of stir, the big case. Word has
it, the cops lied about that
warrant. Don't tell anybody.

Sokolov nods.

SOKOLOV

Some dirty work?

ACCARDO

We'll see. So what's the word on
the street?

Sokolov shrugs.

ACCARDO (CONT'D)

You're not holding out on me?

SOKOLOV

I'm new here. But they all know
what I do for the outfit. Tends to
keep conversation short.

ACCARDO

You know when the boss gets out,
Paulie Ricca? There's gonna be hell
to pay. Bunch of people gonna
disappear. You'll be a busy man.

SOKOLOV

Promise?

Sokolov leaves, smiling. Accardo sighs with relief.

ACCARDO

We gotta find that witness. It may be somebody close to home.

BAUER

One of those guys?

ACCARDO

The only people who can stick a knife in your back are the people you trust.

BAUER

Need a new place to hide the gun.

ACCARDO

Tell your captain you got the flu. I need you out on the street, figure out who the witness is.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Chicago. A blue-collar wake, tense because the deceased was murdered. A dark blonde woman of 30 or so, named RORY, chats with her MUM. Both have faint Irish accents, but they're not right off the boat.

MUM

So is there any point in wringing this out again?

RORY

Not in the least.

MUM

So you're dead set.

RORY

Ever since the police came, yes.

MUM

It's not as though I don't understand how you feel.

RORY

You don't.

MUM

The terrible things come down on all of us, like to run away myself.

RORY

The whole place frightens me. Every room reminds me of him. I need to make a start.

MUM

Times changing.

RORY

Part of me wants to take the lot of you with me. Part of me thinks that one day it'll be too much, and I'll say something I can't unsay.

MUM

Well, one thing Irish families know right well, is saying goodbye.

RORY

Don't know if I can face them all. I may just light out.

MUM

Not very brave.

RORY

Sick to death of being brave. Sorry, love.

MUM

Godspeed, then. Stay on the right side of the fairies. You really won't say a prayer at the...

Rory walks up to the casket and kneels. The crowd sees her and a hush descends.

RORY

In the name of....what a joke. We got married and you promised me. No monkeyshines. When the Irish and the Riccas have at it, you stay out of the way and sell porter. But you were always too smart. I'm not gonna cry over you. I'm too angry. This didn't have to happen.

She's crying.

RORY (CONT'D)

I'm not crying. I'm just angry.

She crosses herself, rises, wipes her eyes, and turns. And finds herself staring into Sammie D's chest.

RORY (CONT'D)

And what the hell do you think
you're -- you people. This is the
Lord's place! Be off with you!

Enraged, Rory storms out. Some of the men rise to see who the intruder is, but when they see who it is they sit right back down again. One crosses himself. Undeterred, Sammie kneels in front of the casket.

INT. A CRUMMY FLAT -- DAY

The flat is almost empty except for a bed, a chair, a picture and a lamp. Aherne takes off a nice pair of shoes. He picks up a crummy pair of shoes with holes in the soles, slips newspaper into them, and puts them on. He picks up every object in the room except the bed, and leaves.

INT. PAWNSHOP -- DAY

A shop filled with dead dreams, musical instruments, jewelry, silverware, fancy furniture. A pawnbroker. Aherne enters with shoes, a picture, a chair, a lamp.

PAWNBROKER

Okay, a buck for the good shoes.
The picture - this is your family,
why would anybody want it? Buck for
the chair, buck for the lamp. You
don't even have a chair?

AHERNE

I got thrown off the force. I'm a
detective now.

PAWNBROKER

And you're not so hot at the
detective business.

AHERNE

Well, it's bill collection that's
got me licked. I need a pack of
money and I need it now.

PAWNBROKER

That's why I'm cash only.

INT. A SHABBY HOUSE -- DAY

Aherne enters and finds a lower middle-class Irish woman and an immaculate Irish home accented with a few bits of lace.

WOMAN

Aherne, you said you'd help me find em.

AHERNE

I know, it's on me.

WOMAN

With Patrick on the run, we got no money coming in. You couldn't spare a buck, could you?

He gives her the cash he got from the pawnbroker.

INT. PROSPEROUS HOUSE -- DAY

Aherne enters and meets a prosperous homeowner; a very masculine, heavy living room.

HOMEOWNER

We had an agreement. We typed it right on that typewriter you had.

AHERNE

Yeah, I had to hock it.

HOMEOWNER

Cash up front, and a bonus if you found my wife. So where is she?

AHERNE

The case just went sour on me.

HOMEOWNER

You blew it. You got my up-front fee and I get nothing out of it.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Aherne rounds a corner and finds Sal waiting for him with a newspaper. Sal blocks his way. A TRAIN is heard.

AHERNE

Sal.

SAL

Aherne. Got the newspaper right here. Thursday.

AHERNE

I'm working on it.

SAL
 You weren't planning on leaving
 town, were you? That would be
 really unwise.

Aherne moves on; he hears footsteps behind him. It's Marie.

MARIE
 Hey flatfoot. Short of cash?

AHERNE
 What's it to you?

MARIE
 Do Sal's collections for him. The
 bookie joint. He's getting too old,
 he doesn't have the muscle he used
 to. A bookie who can't collect is a
 charity. Back in the old days he
 would have beat the shit out of you
 for what you did.

AHERNE
 So you want me to beat people up?

MARIE
 Do you want to get beat up? Don't
 be a moron. Take the money.

INT. A BAR -- NIGHT

Aherne approaches a small group of unfriendly Irishmen.

AHERNE
 Okay, I'm trying to be a nice guy,
 I need the money.

IRISHMAN
 Aherne, what are you gonna do, huh?
 Collecting for the Italians, we
 ought to keel haul you here and
 now.

AHERNE
 It's been three months...

Two of the lads stand up.

IRISHMAN
 And what are you gonna do if I
 don't? ...Yeah, thought so.

AHERNE

It's not my money.

IRISHMAN

You are absolutely right.
Collecting for the Outfit doesn't
work unless you're ready to beat
people out, scare the hell out of
em. So is that what you came here
for? Irish altar boy? ...So yeah, the
money, I'm gonna get after that.

He turns away from Aherne and brandishes as newspaper.

IRISHMAN (CONT'D)

Even up on the White Sox.

He pulls out a wallet, showing Aherne that he does in fact
have money.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Sal catches up to Aherne.

SAL

So did you get any money at all?

Aherne hands over a sad little pile of bills.

SAL (CONT'D)

You finally catch up with that call
girl on the Avenue?

AHERNE

Yeah, she gave me a song and dance.
She offered to pay me off in the
rack again.

SAL

That's nice, but you're supposed to
give me fifty percent. Don't take
this the wrong way, I like you as a
friend, I don't want you to give me
fifty percent of a blow job.

AHERNE

I really am trying --

SAL

No kidding, don't make me beat the
shit out of you.

INT. LAW OFFICE -- DAY

Chicago. Tom COURTNEY, Cook County States Attorney, invites Aherne in. The office is plush with massive furniture, designed to intimidate.

AHERNE

Never been in this building before.
You're sure you want me? I got
fired.

COURTNEY

Aherne, I need you sober. Pay
attention. Real simple job, just
bring your gun. You meet Stu and
the witness, make sure the witness
gets on the train safe.

AHERNE

And the gun?

COURTNEY

Lots of guns around.

AHERNE

Trouble?

COURTNEY

(hesitates)

Nah, I'm sure it'll be a quick in
and out, no trouble.

AHERNE

They still got that back alley
running into the station?

COURTNEY

Yeah, why?

AHERNE

Got a few associates who might get
brassed off if they see me anywhere
near a train station. Can I have a
little pocket money up front?

Courtney hands over a few bills.

COURTNEY

Associates. You drink it, your ass
is mine when you get back. I assume
you're coming back.

Aherne leaves and one of Courtney's attorneys, Ed STEWART, enters. Courtney is quietly furious at him. Stewart, expecting to be fired, carries a fat briefcase.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I am astounded. I've had cops and prosecutors plant evidence, illegal searches, beat people up. You were my straight arrow.

STEWART

Sorry.

COURTNEY

We made headlines, 14 mobsters sent to prison in one day. Ricca, the rackets, loansharking, gambling. Then we made headlines again, your shenanigans in the evidence room.

STEWART

I'm sorry.

COURTNEY

Those two cops are going to jail, for you, they were ready to retire.

STEWART

I don't know how they got caught.

COURTNEY

Yeah you do. Paul Ricca! Owns half the cops in town. He runs all the rackets in Chicago -

STEWART

It's Accardo now. Capone give it to Ricca, Ricca give it to Accardo.

COURTNEY

Ricca calls the shots, even in jail. Ricca owns cops, judges, he was shaking down the Hollywood studios. We had him. You knew this had to be airtight.

STEWART

We can get Ricca again --

COURTNEY

Ricca is off the table! Thanks to you. Papers tell the whole city we're the crooks - that's my jury pool right there.

STEWART

The other guys got a chance of getting out of jail, but I got that one old charge to stick on Ricca, at least he's still in the joint.

COURTNEY

So explain this. I don't see you staying with this office, maybe I can save your license to practice.

STEWART

I have a witness, crack the whole case, but I didn't want testimony in court. There were threats. I always protect my witnesses.

COURTNEY

I know. And you're still not going to tell me who he is? Your witness?

STEWART

No. I promised.

COURTNEY

Take your witness to the station, ship em off to New York. Can you manage that, you and that magic briefcase of yours?

STEWART

Put em on the Limited.

COURTNEY

Take the detective. Those 14 crooks could be hitting the street any day, and they'll all be hunting down witnesses against them.

STEWART

Already talked to that guy Aherne?

COURTNEY

I thought he drank himself to death. Disappeared.

STEWART

Exactly. He's a joke, the Ricca boys probably never heard of him.

COURTNEY

Can he even do the job?

STEWART

Don't have a lot of options here.
We can't tell him the whole story -
he'd run for the hills.

COURTNEY

They could be gunning for you too.

STEWART

Who wants to kill a lawyer when
he's about to get fired?

COURTNEY

So you're not afraid?

STEWART

Little bit.

INT. BAR - DAY

Chicago. AHERNE sits in a booth, half asleep, a pint of
porter in front of him. He hears a TRAIN whistle nearby.

BARTENDER

The Limited, three o'clock already.
Ready to pull out.

AHERNE

Three ten.

BARTENDER

Pulls out of Lasalle at three. Then
Englewood at three ten.

AHERNE

It's pulling out now? Shit!

BARTENDER

Ready to settle up?

AHERNE

I'm late! Dammit!

BARTENDER

Hey -

AHERNE

There's a guy who's in a serious
jam, two of em -

He runs. He's badly out of shape.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Aherne bursts out of the bar, gasping, runs up a side street, toward the train station, shoving past people as he goes.

AHERNE
Please, please, please --

INT. CHICAGO TRAIN STATION - DAY

Lasalle Station had vaulted ceilings above, and stairways leading down to the tracks.

Aherne runs into the station just in time to hear a SHOT.

Aherne shoves through the crowd and sees Stewart on the ground, shot dead, right next to the stairs. SIRENS are heard in the distance.

AHERNE
Where's the guy who was with him?

COP
Shut up and get out of my way -

AHERNE
There was a guy with him. And there was a briefcase.

COP
No briefcase here.

They hear shots in the distance.

AHERNE
And the other guy?

COP
I came from right over there, your pal couldn't have got past me. He must be on the train.

AHERNE
Who shot the lawyer?

COP
Lawyer?...They had a car waiting through there, already got half the precinct after em.

AHERNE
The other guy who was with him -

COP

Must be on the train. Now go on
with you.

Aherne runs to a ticket window, forks over cash.

AHERNE

Cheapest ticket on the Limited.
This is all I got.

TICKET SELLER

That covers it, barely.

Aherne runs off; Sal appears, sees Aherne, and is furious. In a minute another man named PRENDERGAST buys his own last-minute ticket. He's in his 30s, clever and observant.

PRENDERGAST

One for the Limited....Who was that
fella just here? You get his name?

TICKET SELLER

Not your business.

A FLASHY PASSENGER strolls up to the ticket counter, followed by three scary guys in hats, including Sokolov.

FLASHY PASSENGER

Already got mine, train on time?

He notices Sokolov.

FLASHY PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Hey, long time no see! New York,
right?

SOKOLOV

Who are you?

FLASHY PASSENGER

Used to run with Bugsy Siegel?

SOKOLOV

You're making a big mistake.

FLASHY PASSENGER

I know all the big boys back in --

Prendergast yanks the passenger by the shoulder.

FLASHY PASSENGER (CONT'D)

What the --

SOKOLOV
Who are you guys?

PRENDERGAST
A mistake, like you said.

SOKOLOV
I'm minding my own business here. I highly recommend it.

PRENDERGAST
Good advice.

The scary guy buys a ticket and heads for the stairs.

FLASHY PASSENGER
Leave off of me --

PRENDERGAST
Don't move a muscle. Let them get on the train.

FLASHY PASSENGER
Thought I knew who he was. He said it was just a mistake.

PRENDERGAST
No, he said you were making a big mistake, and you are. He did run with Bugsy Siegel.

FLASHY PASSENGER
Yeah, I know all those guys. Bugsy went to Hollywood, he's a player in the movies now.

PRENDERGAST
He is. But before that, he worked for a little outfit called Murder Incorporated. Mob killings.

FLASHY PASSENGER
Jesus.

PRENDERGAST
One of their members ratted em out to the government. So many of em got caught that they sent em to the electric chair three at a time. The smart guys all ran here to Chicago.

FLASHY PASSENGER
So those three guys...

PRENDERGAST

Murderers. Soon as you said Bugsy Siegel -- you get on that train, you watch your mouth.

FLASHY PASSENGER

So three of em running back to New York all at once?

PRENDERGAST

Government's got another witness, knows everything. So now all the goombahs here run back to New York. See those rough-looking guys?

They see two batches of young toughs approaching the stairs, eyeing each other as they do so. A tad over-dressed.

PRENDERGAST (CONT'D)

That first bunch of guys, they're from the alliance -- Profacis, Bonannos, Manganos.

FLASHY PASSENGER

Who's the second bunch?

PRENDERGAST

The Lucianos and Luccheses -- they hate the alliance.

FLASHY PASSENGER

They gonna start a fight on the train?

PRENDERGAST

Could be. They're all looking for the witness. But I'm gonna find him first.

INT. CLUB CAR - DAY

The club car is a stage for a drama. Unlike normal railway club cars with their massive car-length bars, or normal dining cars with big four-top tables, our car is roomy. It has a small bar at one extreme end of the car, and small two-top tables along the sides, leaving plenty of room for mingling and whatever else might happen during the night.

Stylistically we're in Art Deco and/or Streamline Moderne; the dominant colors for the train are blue and gray. The lights, which by 1944 are fluorescent, are turned up because people will be playing cards through the night.

The passengers are mostly well-to-do and they have dressed for the trip: it's a social event. Guys like Aherne stand out because of their ratty clothes, and the mob boys stand out because of their manners.

An African-American woman named LUCY tends bar expertly. She makes the railway uniform work for her through sheer attitude.

Cops and chaos heard outside. Several passengers, shaken up from the shooting, are filing in for a drink.

Rory steps out of an alcove, sliding out of a coat to reveal a black dress. The color betokens mourning, but the silhouette has some pop to it just the same.

RORY

Please, God, give me - what's that one, is it good?

DRUNK PASSENGER

Get me up some bourbon, come on.

RICH PASSENGER

What is the world coming to? Man shot in broad daylight, right on the platform. This is the Limited, the whole point is to keep people like that at arm's length.

RORY

People like me, you mean?

DRUNK PASSENGER

Come on, yella gal, where's my damn drink?

LUCY

Where you from, Georgia?

DRUNK PASSENGER

None of your damn business.

LUCY

This ain't Georgia and I ain't no yella gal. You have a seat and wait your turn. Ma'am, same old Manhattan?

She begins mixing a drink but puts it down.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh Good Lord. Mister Sam.

Sammie D has boarded.

WOMAN

Where's my Manhattan?

LUCY

Mister Sam, the special whisky?

SAM

Thank you Lucy. Good memory.

Lucy mixes his drink very, very carefully, and watches nervously as he tastes it.

SAM (CONT'D)

(winning smile)

Nicely done. Look, an ice pick.

He grabs an ice pick from behind the bar, and crosses the car.

RORY

Who is that?

LUCY

Don't even look. That's crazy Sammy D. Al Capone planted more people in the ground than Graceland Cemetery, even Capone was afraid to have Sammy D in his hotel. ...Alright sorry, Manhattan - Lord, not again.

Next on the train is Frank, nicely dressed. Lucy panics again.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Mister Frank, I've got the Barolo and the Amarone, but not the Brunello. Still hard to find.

GALLUCCIO

Don't I know it. Tell your man to keep looking. I'll do the Barolo...Isn't that something. All this liquor everywhere, I can still smell rose oil. Very fine rose oil.

RORY

That's me, sorry. Whenever I get a bit of Mummy Money, I go straight for it. I love roses, get em every year on my birthday.

GALLUCCIO
You're babbling.

RORY
I'm nervous. New York City.

Sam returns to the bar, sees Frank.

SAM
Did I meet you one time, back at
the office?

GALLUCCIO
Afternoon.

Sam stalks around the car, territorial. Frank sits in a
corner where he can watch the whole car.

RORY
(wincing at the whisky)
Only the cream of the cream on this
train? Be surprised what these
folks have under their fingernails.

DRUNK PASSENGER
And how would you know?

RORY
I know this town. Bet you anything
it was the Ricca gang shot that
fella. They run the whole city.

RICH PASSENGER
How on earth did you get on this
train?

RORY
Oh, I manage. Folks can be right
friendly sometimes. Right, Lucy?

LUCY
Doubled up, there you go.

Lucy slides the drink over. Rory looks out the window at the
crime scene, and back at Lucy, who is watching her, curious.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Folks, see me if you want perfume,
carnations, newspapers. We got
secretaries, manicurists,
barbers. ...Get a good table.

RORY
There's plenty of room.

LUCY

Place will be packed tonight.

RORY

Why, there's three club cars. Don't most people just stay in their rooms?

LUCY

Tonight they'll all be in here. Everybody.

RORY

Why?

LUCY

They like my Martinis, they like the big gin rummy game at midnight, and we got the two scariest gangsters in Chicago right here in the lounge. Half of New York too.

RORY

I already know one. Who's the other?

LUCY

Old gent in the corner. Don't look.

RORY

Why are they here?

LUCY

I heard the whole town is looking for that witness. I think it's one of those two. Although Mister Murder in the corner is the dark horse, don't look.

Rory sees Sokolov, in his own corner, looking at a newspaper. Rory crosses to a chair, where Stewart's briefcase sits, throws her coat over it. Rory, throughout the trip, returns often to the bar: Lucy is the one person she's pretty sure isn't trying to kill her.

Aherne crosses to the bar. Rory moves off a bit but listens.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Sir, we require a necktie in the lounge.

AHERNE

I had a tie. Some mook sliced it up with a knife.

LUCY

Not my fault. Here, we keep an extra for when people end up here by mistake.

She hands him a ratty wrinkled tie and he puts it on inexpertly.

AHERNE

So what's good?

LUCY

I incline to drinks with one ingredient. I ain't no scientist.

AHERNE

How about rye and a little water? That's two. You got food?

LUCY

Cook here is fantastic.

AHERNE

Can't afford anything fancy. Train fare left me a couple of dollars.

LUCY

So how do you get home, then? Why are you here?

AHERNE

Detective. Looking for a witness in a mob trial. The only guy who knows who the witness is, is the guy just got shot. The guys who shot him, gonna have another detective on the train looking for the witness too.

LUCY

Who's who?

AHERNE

I don't know who the other detective is, I don't know who the witness is.

LUCY

You must be the worst detective in the world.

AHERNE

Thanks.

LUCY

See both of em tonight. All these folks be here in the lounge car tonight, believe me. Anybody tries to hide in their room, have drinks sent in, I'd know in a minute.

AHERNE

I'd appreciate some help.

LUCY

I help you, I could end up like that guy out on the platform.

A passenger takes Aherne's place.

LUCY (CONT'D)

There's a murder witness on the train. DA put a detective on the train to help him, Ricca's crew put a detective on to kill him.

RICH PASSENGER

Kill him right on the train?

LUCY

Kill the other detective, too.

RICH PASSENGER

So who are they?

LUCY

Nobody knows. We stay up all night, keep the gin flowing, and see who shoots who.

RICH PASSENGER

Shoot him?

LUCY

If they don't kill the witness on this train, whole lot of people go to jail. Somebody gonna get shot. Promise you.

Passengers play a dozen games of gin rummy.

SAM

Lucy! Over here! Let's talk!

She's afraid - he didn't order a drink. She approaches. He pulls out her ice pick and begins cleaning under his nails with it, talking casually to his horrified gin rummy partner.

SAM (CONT'D)

Got a little blood under here,
that's all. It's okay, stay right
here. ...See, I'm a great fixer.
Downtown I can get anybody out of
jail, no matter what. But then I
own em. And when they crap out - I
take em to my cellar. It's sound
proof. There was this hit man, said
he was a snitch, we hung him from a
meat hook, hit him with baseball
bats, blow torch, cattle prod,
lasted three days. Amazing what you
can do with an ice pick. And the
funny part? We got the wrong guy!

He gin partner reacts with nervous laughter. But the effect
on Rory is electric.

RORY

Did you say ice pick?

SAM

One of my collectors ran off with
twenty-five gees, I chained him to
a radiator for days, burned the
hell out of him.

RORY

Paul Ricca let you rot in prison
for years, didn't lift a finger.
Sounds like you could get mad for a
lot less.

Sam can't believe his ears.

SAM

I was a kid, went up on a rape
charge. Pretty girl, like you. When
my wife pissed me off, I forced her
to fire a gun at her own head. It
was empty. The look on her face.
That's the woman who bore my
children. Ask yourself how much you
want to be part of our
conversation. Lucy, your ice pick.

RORY

So who you work for then?

He turns to her. She's boiling with rage.

SAM

You got a hearing problem. You now have my undivided attention. Girl with a mouth like yours, really ought to have a husband around, watch out for you.

RORY

My husband was killed. It was an ice pick. But first somebody beat the shit out of him. For fun. Lucky me, I got to identify what was left of him. So tonight I'm fairly sure I'm gonna say what I damn well please. Alright?

She leaves. He gets up.

LUCY

Jesus, careful, Mister - nothing.

SAM

Is there a problem?

LUCY

Nothing.

SAM

I'm making conversation with this white lady over here - let's go to the bar, have a talk, make me my drink.

Sam comes behind the bar with Lucy.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ice pick. It's a nice one. So talk to me. Who's the girl with the mouth?

LUCY

Nobody, far as I know.

SAM

I'll take a Manhattan. The old guy. I think I've seen him at the office.

LUCY

That guy with the racing form? That's Galluccio.

SAM

So tell me about this old-timer.

INT. A SWANKY CLUB - NIGHT

Coney Island, New York, 1917. The club is packed; a tough, brawny AL CAPONE waits tables, buses dishes. A YOUNG FRANK Galluccio walks in with his sister LENA, a stunning brunette, and some friends.

LUCY (V.O.)

Back in the first war, Capone was a bouncer. Tough guy, even strangers took one look and walked away. That guy there walks into the bar with a date and his sister Lena.

Capone can't take his eyes off Lena.

CAPONE

Hey. My name's Al. How are you? I'm just wondering, maybe you want to take a walk on the beach sometime?

Lena just stares at him. Galluccio, fetching drinks from the bar, gives Capone an icy look.

LUCY (V.O.)

He keeps coming to their table.

LENA

Frank, here comes that guy again.

YOUNG FRANK

You girls head on out.

The girls walk out and Capone follows.

CAPONE

Honey, you got a nice ass and I mean that as a compliment, believe me.

Capone turns and finds Frank in front of him.

YOUNG FRANK

(softly)

You think I'm gonna take this shit from some busboy? You turn around and apologize.

CAPONE

Come on buddy, I'm only joking.

YOUNG FRANK

This is no joke.

Capone, full of muscles, charges Frank, who slashes Capone's left cheek and neck three times with a knife.

INT. BASEMENT OF A HOTEL -- NIGHT

Frank and a bandaged Capone are called in to a sitdown with a MOB BOSS.

MOB BOSS

Okay, boys, got all the New York bosses together, just for you two. Frank, you missed his jugular vein by half an inch. Murder rap.

YOUNG FRANK

I was clumsy. I don't usually miss.

MOB BOSS

Al, this guy's sister, with that mouth of yours? And you were too stupid to apologize?

CAPONE

I apologize.

INT. CLUB CAR - NIGHT

Back to Lucy and Sam on the train.

LUCY

Capone had those scars the rest of his life. He told everybody he got em in the world war. But later he remembered Frank.

SAM

He try to kill him?

LUCY

No, he hired him. Because Frank has balls. Only two people in the world who scared Al Capone, and they're both on the train tonight. There's one right there.

SAM

And the other?

LUCY

And here's your Manhattan. I heard Capone always kept a big wooden desk between him and you, that big office of his.

She drinks nervously.

SAM

It's okay, babe.

LUCY

If Capone's afraid of you, so am I.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Illinois. A WARDEN enters a cell with a guard. A ratty looking MOBSTER with a black eye rises to his feet.

WARDEN

Toss him for a shiv.

The guard searches the prisoner and the cell.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Quite a shiner. I do sympathize. You Ricca boys owned the joint. You were paying my guards more than I was. Then you lost control everything. You like lunch today?

MOBSTER

Shit on a shingle.

WARDEN

Some of you survived, and some, not so much. The only thing that will ever get you out, is me. I won't set you free until you tell me who was the witness in that Ricca case.

MOBSTER

Who you working for, the law? Ricca? The Irish? You trying to save the witness or kill him?

WARDEN

Why do you care? We all die. Want to die in that bed?

MOBSTER

Word is, I might be on the street sooner than you think.

EXT. OUTSIDE A PRISON - DAY

Illinois. A large group of police and prison GUARDS assembles outside the prison; LAWYERS stand by, and Bauer too. Inside the fence, two angry groups of prisoners are separated by guards, but keep trying to get at each other.

LAWYER

You read the court order, you need to release em all now.

GUARD

We release em all together, the Irish and the Ricca boys kill each other right in front of us.

LAWYER

Fine with me. Where's the warden?

GUARD

Hey, hold it down!...He ran. As soon as he heard the Ricca gang was going free, he took his family, ran off. Okay, Irish first.

LAWYER

What the hell - why them?

GUARD

Because I say. Want to get killed right in front of the prison? Get em out of here, then the Italians come out.

A band of Irish prisoners comes through the gate and cheers. A few pals scoop them up and they drive off. One Irishman gives the Italians a nod. The Italian spits on the ground.

IRISHMAN

Let's play ball.

MOBSTER

Let's play ball.

The last Irishman leaves. The Italians are set free and cross to Bauer.

BAUER

Okay, I just talked to Mister Accardo. Back to business. We settle up with those Micks. But first we go find that witness.

MOBSTER
Aren't you a cop?

BAUER
Best of both worlds.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Courtney's SECRETARY fiddles with paperwork. A policeman of about 30, Stan SKRZYPCZAK, waits. Bauer enters and sits on the edge of the secretary's desk.

BAUER
Well, Big Stan.

SKRZYPCZAK
Bauer.

BAUER
Still on the force? Come to the boss for another piece of cheese?

SKRZYPCZAK
No, not hunting crooked cops anymore. Hung up my cleats when I bagged you.

BAUER
Noticed they stuck you in the Black Belt. Reward for heroism.

SKRZYPCZAK
At least I'm on the street. You like being back in Records? Still won't let you scoop up more money on the street?

BAUER
I learn all sorts of interesting things in Records. Cops fighting cops, nobody wins. We tried to show you, but you're too dumb to listen.

SECRETARY
Mister Courtney is on a call with Washington.

BAUER
I'll wait with my old pal Stan here.

SECRETARY
Alright, how do you spell that?

SKRZYPCZAK
Again? S-K-R-Z-Y-P-C-Z-A-K.

SECRETARY
S-K-A-R-Z -

SKRZYPCZAK
There's no A - never mind -

SECRETARY
Scarsipak?

SKRZYPCZAK
That's close enough.

BAUER
Sounds like you're discarding in
Scrabble.

SECRETARY
You make sure you save your
receipts. You make sure those two
kids are safe.

Stan looks with alarm at Bauer. Bauer is now intrigued.

BAUER
Got yourself a baby-sitting job to
make ends meet? That's sweet. Poor
old Skip-Jack.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF MODEST HOME - DAY

Chicago. Lace curtains with a rose pattern (a clue for Act 3). Stan looks out the window for strange cars, and then sits down with a determined girl and a frightened, withdrawn boy. CINDY and JOHN, both with dark hair and dark eyes, in school clothes (ages 10-12 or so). Courtney listens from a corner.

SKRZYPCZAK
Hi kids, my name is Stan. I'm a
policeman. Today we're going on an
adventure, a long, long way.

CINDY
What about school?

SKRZYPCZAK
Well, good news, you're finishing
the school year early.

CINDY
What about my friends?

SKRZYPCZAK
Well, we can't see them today.

CINDY
When can we?

SKRZYPCZAK
Well, we'll see.

CINDY
I want my mommy and daddy.

SKRZYPCZAK
Well, I'm gonna do what I can.

CINDY
So no more school?

SKRZYPCZAK
Not for this year.

CINDY
Can you get the school to give me a
B in spelling?

SKRZYPCZAK
I'm not sure, they're pretty
strict. Next thing we do, we pick
new names for you.

CINDY
New names?

SKRZYPCZAK
Yes. Anything you want.

JOHN
I want to be John Dillinger.

SKRZYPCZAK
Figures. How about John?

JOHN
Okay.

SKRZYPCZAK
How about you?

CINDY
I want to be Cinderella.

SKRZYPCZAK
How about Cindy?

CINDY
Okay.

SKRZYPCZAK
So you're -

JOHN
John.

SKRZYPCZAK
And you're -

CINDY
Cinderella.

SKRZYPCZAK
Yeah. Fine.

The kids give each other a look.

COURTNEY
While you do that, I'll look for
the car. The one that everyone's
looking for.

CINDY
The secret car? Heck, I know where
it is. The policeman took it. He
said it was for an action.

COURTNEY
Action? An auction?

CINDY
Yeah, that's it! Daddy said it
could put a hundred people in jail.
Or worse.

COURTNEY
If the car goes to court, we can
put some guys away. If the other
team finds it....Might be hazardous
to some guy's health. Time to
search all the impound lots. Damn!

The kids, bored, look longingly at other kids playing in the
street.

CINDY
Can we play outside?

SKRZYPCZAK

Absolutely not. Couple of new cars on the street. I'll bring the car round the backyard, we'll take the next street over.

EXT. CAR ON A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Wisconsin. Stan and the kids rocket down the road. A car follows in the distance. Cindy in front, John in back.

CINDY

Mister, you're scaring me a little.

SKRZYPCZAK

Sorry, kid. I made a mistake.

CINDY

I don't understand!

SKRZYPCZAK

The one time I break the rules! Quick stop in Milwaukee to get a bet down, and I win!

CINDY

But that's good!

SKRZYPCZAK

And there's the button man to pay off. The Ricca guy. And he spotted me.

CINDY

Does this man want to hurt you?

SKRZYPCZAK

Not me.

He looks at her.

JOHN

That car is still out there. I want to sit up front, ride the radio!

CINDY

Mister?

SKRZYPCZAK

Yes, sweetie. What's your name, you remember?

CINDY
Cindy. Gotta tinkle.

SKRZYPCZAK
Can you make do with the bushes?

CINDY
(disgusted)
Fine.

She trots off.

JOHN
Hey, mister. Way off in the
distance. Two cars coming.

SKRZYPCZAK
Come on, kid, make it snappy.

Cindy returns and Stan gets the car moving; he turns at the
first cross-road.

INT. CLUB CAR - NIGHT

The club car is filling, and will keep filling all night.

RICH PASSENGER
How long til I can get a table?

LUCY
You lucky there's room for you to
stand. In this lounge we play one
game, gin rummy.

DRUNK PASSENGER
Screw that, we're playing poker.

LUCY
We had em playing poker. Too many
fights. So now we play rummy.

DRUNK PASSENGER
Rummy?

LUCY
Gin game, everybody play everybody.
You really got to know how to play.
Anybody tries to mark his cards, I
throw you off the train in Toledo.
Ever been to Toledo?

DRUNK PASSENGER

So somebody in here is the witness,
the murder?

THIRD PASSENGER

And a detective is here to kill
him. Another detective is here to
protect him.

DRUNK PASSENGER

So who's who?

THIRD PASSENGER

Nobody knows.

DRUNK PASSENGER

You been asking a lot of questions.
How do we know you're not here to
nail the witness?

THIRD PASSENGER

How do we know you're not accusing
me, so no one looks at you?

DRUNK PASSENGER

Hey, I know you, you used to run
one of the Ricca joints.

FOURTH PASSENGER

He could be the witness. He could
be helping the witness.

FIFTH PASSENGER

Or a detective.

SIXTH PASSENGER

Those Ricca boys scare me to death,
ain't going near em.

DRUNK PASSENGER

Me, personally, I hope they catch
witness.

FOURTH PASSENGER

I hope he runs to the end of the
earth.

DRUNK PASSENGER

Couldn't be this guy. He was in the
joint when all this happened - he
took a shot at me.

SIXTH PASSENGER

Sorry.

They both shrug.

DRUNK PASSENGER

Business.

FOURTH PASSENGER

Hey, you guys doing a little business on the side over there? You look like you work for Ricca.

DRUNK PASSENGER

Here's a clue. How many people in here have guns? How many people here DON'T have guns?

FOURTH PASSENGER

That girl. Don't see anyplace she could be hiding a gun.

Sam and Frank drink side by side at the bar. A third passenger drinks next to them. Rory is watching Sam obsessively from a distance.

SAM

I wear these thick glasses, people think I'm blind. It's window glass. All the time, I'm watching.

FLASHY PASSENGER

I know the big boys, the Ricca people. Tell you what I think. The witness who betrayed the gang must have been IN the gang, you know?

Sam and Frank turn and look at him.

SAM

And this conversation is your business how?

Deathly pause.

SAM (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

GALLUCCIO

You try one of your famous slaughters, everyone will know it was you. I know you just got out of stir, you kids need to settle down.

SAM

You old timers. God that girl's got a nice ass.

Frank smacks him in the face.

GALLUCCIO

This is a nice lounge. You keep a civil tongue in your head.

Sam is furious for a moment, but controls himself.

SAM

Absolutely.

GALLUCCIO

Like your pal Capone. One fight after another. Even as a kid, gets tossed out of school for punching a girl in the face. He kept bombing all the bars that wouldn't buy his liquor, killed a hundred people.

SAM

So what's your point?

GALLUCCIO

He was scaring too many people, so he took his lumps, went to prison. Ricca runs the store like a business, enough with the shootings and the bombs. You think it's an accident that Ricca stuck you out in the sticks? Because you still don't get it.

People are listening. Sam is furious.

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'm wrong. Maybe all this crazy stuff you do is an act, set people on fire. Maybe you miss the bad old days, Ricca's too dull for you. So you out-fox him, go to the law, sell him out. Prosecutor gets shot, and here you are on a train.

SAM

Riding on me is a big mistake.

(to Aherne)

Where did you get that tie? Your kid make it at school? I see you watching that girl. Maybe you should steer clear. I think she's looking for the real thing.

(crossing to Rory)

Buy you a drink?

Rory is at a table further down the car, playing cards with a mobbed-up looking stranger.

RORY
Are you serious?

SAM
I'm not what you think. You have this idea of how the world works, the city, the police protect you. In the real world, there are rules. Your husband, he knew. Real world, there is no police. I'm the police. Someday I'll be running the whole city. I'm a man you want to know.

Appalled, she points to his ring.

RORY
You're married.

SAM
Didn't turn out well.

She throws down her cards, sloppily.

RORY
I fold. Forfeit. Whatever.

AHERNE
(approaching)
You alright, kid?

She goes to the bar with Aherne. Sam notices. They lean against the bar.

AHERNE (CONT'D)
Deep breath, kid. You're swimming in deep water here.

RORY
Who are you? Lifeguard?

AHERNE
Steer clear of that guy. And that one, and that one, and - it's like a convention in here. Anybody in expensive clothes and a beat-up face.

RORY
No need to worry about you then. Nice tie.

Aherne approaches a passenger.

AHERNE

Hey, got a minute? You know the Ricca boys from --

PASSENGER

Been watching you all night. Asking a lot of questions.

AHERNE

It's just -

PASSENGER

Just piss off. I don't know who you're working for, I don't want to know.

Lucy delivers a drink.

LUCY

From the guy in the corner. It's free, you might as well take it.

AHERNE

So if this is a horse race, who's winning? Who's the witness?

LUCY

Third place we got Sammie, hates his job, wants to get even with Ricca. Second place, Frankie, never liked Capone or Ricca, may want to settle old scores.

AHERNE

And the winner?

LUCY

First place, Murder Inc. The murder boys, it's a race to the DA's office. Get there first, get a deal, get there last, get the chair. He ain't got no plans to sit on Old Sparky.

Aherne proceeds to Prendergast's corner.

AHERNE

Seems like, whoever's the detective trying to kill off the witness, can't seem to find him.

PRENDERGAST

A lot of guys on this train trying to help him.

AHERNE

Doesn't seem to be working. The other guy, the guy trying to help the witness, he's still here.

PRENDERGAST

Unless he gets bumped off too. Dangerous business.

AHERNE

Witness could be anybody. Could be you.

PRENDERGAST

Not very subtle. Who are you working for?

AHERNE

Just an interested bystander. Sorry you wasted a drink.

PRENDERGAST

You look like you're on your last nickel.

Back at Lucy's bar.

PASSENGER

Aren't you the widow of that guy that got killed last month? Poor guy.

RORY

You got the wrong girl.

PASSENGER

That witness they're looking for, I heard he was a little guy.

RORY

Funny, I heard he was a great big bloke.

At the back of the car, punks representing the New York families get into a fracas.

MANGANO PUNK

The Manganos run the waterfront, they got Profaci and Bonnano.

(MORE)

MANGANO PUNK (CONT'D)

Any of you guys gets within a mile of the river is gonna get pounded. Nobody takes the docks, Costello doesn't have the balls.

GENOVESE PUNK

Costello has Luciano and Genovese backing him. Genoves makes people disappear without leaving his cell.

MANGANO PUNK

Mangano has Anastasia and those Murder boys.

GENOVESE PUNK

Anastasia's working both sides. The minute I get off this train, I head to the waterfront. Maybe you put your money where your big mouth is.

Galluccio catches Sokolov's eye. Sokolov nods, hands his gun to Rory.

SOKOLOV

Hang on to this.

Rory holds it by the tip of the barrel, as though it will explode any second. Rory looks at Sam. A cigarette dangling from his lips, Sam smiles and mockingly opens his coat, inviting her to fire.

The young goombahs scuffle and shove. Punches, bloody noses, overturned chairs. Guns come out.

Sokolov crosses to the punks. Sokolov never raises his voice. He points at the Mangano kid.

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)

You with the gun, hand it over.

Nothing.

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)

I'm gonna count to one.

The Mangano punk hands it over.

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)

You two. Cough em up. Like a high school. Any of you people old enough to remember Lepke Buchalter?

MANGANO PUNK

Who is that?

GENOVESE PUNK
Dummy up. ...I heard the name.

SOKOLOV
What you hear? Hmm?

GENOVESE PUNK
Nothing.

SOKOLOV
You reeled off the names of five of our bosses. You don't say those names in public. Ever.

MANGANO PUNK
Lepke. Murder Incorporated.

GENOVESE PUNK
Geez, tell the whole train.

Sam moseys up.

SOKOLOV
And how is this your business? Go get a drink.

Furious, Sam retreats. Sokolov turns to the Mangano punk.

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)
You Italians are lucky. If I die, I need ten Jews for the kaddish. All you need is six pallbearers. Guy with a mouth like yours should start making a list.

MANGANO PUNK
I'm sorry --

SOKOLOV
There are old crooks, and stupid crooks, I never saw an old, stupid crook. Because things happen to em. Usually what happens to em is me. With luck you won't see me again.

More shoving among the punks. Another bloody nose is born.

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)
Hey! Turf war on the docks? I promise, when the grownups hash that out, you people will not be in the room. At least I know none of you is the witness - guys like you, you'd be dead already.

Examining his new collection of guns.

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)

Okay, who's the Smith and Wesson with the dirty barrel? You must have shot at a lot of tin cans, kid. Clean that out before you take it out on the street again.

He hands back the guns. The punks glare at each other, then glance at Sokolov. Sokolov retrieves his gun from Rory.

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)

Go get a drink before you faint.

Rory sees Sam watching and flees to the bar.

GALLUCCIO

(to Sam and Sokolov)

Alright, we all work for a living, we got the same boss, get your butts over here.

SAM

So you're in charge now?

GALLUCCIO

Sit your ass down and do what I tell you. Lucy, need chips here.

LUCY

We don't do poker here - sorry.

SAM

We need chips!

LUCY

I just don't have em. Play what you want.

DRUNK PASSENGER

You fellas getting a real card game going?

Sokolov's glare. The drunk leaves. The three mob boys play at a table. Fives and tens appear in massive rolls of bills and begin to fill the pot. Aherne and Prendergast, from opposite sides of the poker game, watch the players, and then each other.

SAM

Three.

SOKOLOV

Two.

GALLUCCIO

Dealer dances with the girls that
brung him.

SOKOLOV

And five.

SAM

And raise.

GALLUCCIO

Raising ten? Yeah, call. And thank
you. Every mob guy in town bluffs
his shorts off. So, Chicago then.

(to Sokolov)

I think I know what you been up to,
don't want to know anymore.

(to Sam)

And you, you leave this messy trail
wherever you go.

SAM

What the hell is your problem? What
about you?

GALLUCCIO

We keep each piece in its own
drawer, we don't discuss. So,
Accardo, the Big Tuna, how's he
looking these days? Bearing down
hard on you?

SAM

Nah, me and the Big Tuna are like
this.

GALLUCCIO

You think so?

SAM

Sure.

GALLUCCIO

Really... And you?

Sokolov shakes his head.

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

So who's the witness we're looking
for? Who do you think?

SOKOLOV

I didn't want to know, not my business.

GALLUCCIO

Well, now Tony wants to know, so it is.

SOKOLOV

Is that so?

SAM

Well, not to drop the big name, but Tony tells me the witness was gonna give up the Hollywood shakedown.

GALLUCCIO

What shakedown - never mind. Tony told me it was a Treasury beef.

SOKOLOV

Not that I know a thing, but what makes sense is another war with the Irish. And this is Accardo saying all this?

GALLUCCIO

So who's the witness?

SOKOLOV

You looking at me?

GALLUCCIO

(to Sokolov)

I think if the witness was you, you'd never give it away, Poker Face.

(to Sam)

And if it was you, I'd know in a minute. Unless I'm reading you wrong.

SAM

And if it was you?

GALLUCCIO

You watch your mouth, there, Ice Pick.

SAM

And who put you in charge again?

GALLUCCIO

Here's a question. Your kids. Are they safe?

SAM

Yeah. And you?

GALLUCCIO

Snug as a bug in a rug.

SAM

Where they go?

Aherne and Prendergast catch each others' eye again. Prendergast looks quizzically at Aherne, who shrugs.

GALLUCCIO

And you two got a count of ten to get a drink at the bar, or you're gonna be eating soup. Amateurs.

The two detectives hesitate, then get up.

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

Alright, we'll start all over again. The witness.

SOKOLOV

First things first. Let's have the ice pick.

Sam looks sharply at him.

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)

On the table. This is not a request.

Furious, Sam complies, and stomps off, pulling his cigarettes from a pocket. Rory, who has been watching, scurries off. Sam grabs Aherne, throws him over a table, and leaves the car.

INT. OUTER OFFICE -- DAY

Chicago. Bauer stalking the secretary.

BAUER

So if I'm not your type of guy, who is?

SECRETARY

Not saying you're not. I think I'll know it when I see it.

BAUER
It's not Courtney, is it?

SECRETARY
Boy are you pushy.

BAUER
Or that guy with no vowels in his name? Stan? Stupid mutt got me pulled off the street.

SECRETARY
Stan doesn't know I'm alive. Living the life of Riley, sleep in hotels up Milwaukee -- why would anybody want to go to Green Bay, not even football season.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Chicago. Bauer in a big phone booth with a door.

BAUER
He went to Green Bay, going north like an old bootlegger run....Those were the old rules, never bother the family. We find those kids, put em in a box, somebody'll come running.

Accardo, Sal enter. Bauer approaches.

BAUER (CONT'D)
Mister Accardo.

ACCARDO
I told you to talk to me. Only me. Who's that?

BAUER
Capaldi.

ACCARDO
Street hood with a big mouth. I wanted this thing kept quiet. The point of all this is to protect ME. Not every legbreaker on the street.

BAUER
Sorry.

ACCARDO

Now half my boys are running up to Wisconsin with a hunting license, scaring the locals, the rest of em running for their lives. You find out what the hell is going on, you come to my office. No more phones.

(to Sal)

You get my money back from that Aherne guy?

SAL

No sign of him.

ACCARDO

If you're getting too old to handle collections, you don't put any more of my money on the street. I'm cutting you off. You go find that guy.

EXT. THE CAR - DAY

Wisconsin. Stan and the kids turn onto a bumpy country road.

CINDY

Are we staying here?

SKRZYPCZAK

No. Up here everybody knows everybody. Bunch of strangers show up, we're practically the headline in the local paper.

CINDY

So we're going to a farm.

SKRZYPCZAK

Friend of a friend.

They arrive at a small, neat farmhouse and get out. an outhouse is nearby. The kids see chickens and are fascinated. The owner is MRS. GALVIN, fifty-ish, attractive, with eyes that miss nothing.

MRS. GALVIN

You're that Polish kid. I remember.

SKRZYPCZAK

Borrow your barn?

She gets a good look at the kids.

MRS. GALVIN
Those your kids?

SKRZYPCZAK
They are now.

MRS. GALVIN
This looks like trouble.

SKRZYPCZAK
Not gonna lie to you.

MRS. GALVIN
Been in the car since Chicago?

SKRZYPCZAK
Milwaukee.

MRS. GALVIN
Come here, sweetie, you first.
What's your name?

CINDY
Um. Aha! Cindy!

MRS. GALVIN
But you had to think about it
first?

CINDY
Umm..

MRS. GALVIN
This here is the outhouse.

CINDY
What?

MRS. GALVIN
The toilet?

CINDY
Can't I use the one in the house
like everybody else?

MRS. GALVIN
There isn't one.

CINDY
I don't need to go right this
minute.

MRS. GALVIN
You want to wait, try to find this
thing in the dark?

CINDY
Maybe I'll give it a try.

MRS. GALVIN
Figure I get you in there first,
before the boy goes and squirts all
over the place.

CINDY
Well, that's my brother.

MRS. GALVIN
What's his name?

CINDY
Dang....John!

The woman approaches Stan.

MRS. GALVIN
John and Cindy didn't seem too sure
of their names.

SKRZYPCZAK
Yeah.

MRS. GALVIN
Sheriff's gonna come calling, I
ain't gonna lie to him.

SKRZYPCZAK
The kids are in a jam. I'm still a
cop.

MRS. GALVIN
You need a better answer for the
sheriff. He's no fool.

SKRZYPCZAK
The sheriff here, is he honest?

MRS. GALVIN
What?

SKRZYPCZAK
Can he be bought?

MRS. GALVIN
This isn't Chicago, son. Well, that
does sound like trouble.

Cindy returns, and John rushes off to pee.

CINDY

The outhouse is a little smelly.

MRS. GALVIN

I love summers up here, but yeah, the thunder box, it starts to smell. They got work clothes?

CINDY

Work clothes?

MRS. GALVIN

It's a farm, everybody works. Girl, you can feed the chickens. John, was it? Tomorrow you meet the cows, milking time.

JOHN

You mean touch their bobbies?

INT. FARM KITCHEN -- DAY

The SHERIFF has arrived. He and Stan sit at a table, surrounded by a very old but functional stove, ice box and other kitchen gear. Stan talks briefly on the phone.

SKRZYPCZAK

Yeah, we'll stay here for now, I may have to move em again. I'll keep you posted.

Hangs up.

SHERIFF

I didn't get a lot out of that attorney of yours. The kids seem like a good sort. The attorney says you're stupid but honest, so you'll fit right in around here.

SKRZYPCZAK

Got trouble.

SHERIFF

You sound like you're a wanted man.

SKRZYPCZAK

I really am a cop.

SHERIFF

So she said. How old is that girl?

SKRZYPCZAK

I honestly don't know. Think of a good whopper to tell all the folks downtown?

SHERIFF

Yeah, the kids are Russian royalty, hiding from Stalin. In Wisconsin. Deputies say a couple of strangers just pulled onto Main Street.

SKRZYPCZAK

Christ that was fast. I don't think I'll be your problem very long.

SHERIFF

Glad to hear it.

INT. INSIDE THE BARN - NIGHT

John is crying in the straw. Stan, beside him, wakes up.

SKRZYPCZAK

Hey, kid.

JOHN

I miss Sissy.

SKRZYPCZAK

You want to go into the house? I'll take you over, sleep on their couch.

The sheriff arrives. Leans against a wall.

SKRZYPCZAK (CONT'D)

You're still here.

SHERIFF

A lot of new faces driving around town. And then you.

SKRZYPCZAK

I really am a cop.

SHERIFF

And who do those kids belong to?

SKRZYPCZAK

Those kids. ...You know, the tough guys downtown, Sammie D, Galluccio? Nasty guys.

(MORE)

SKRZYPCZAK (CONT'D)

Soon as you see em with their kids,
they're different people.

SHERIFF

These guys are crooks. They kill
people. I don't want em around
here.

SKRZYPCZAK

Still, you'd be surprised.
Galluccio talked about coming to a
place like this, bring his kids up
here. But these guys, they may talk
it up, but they never leave the
city. Too much action.

SHERIFF

You city boys.

SKRZYPCZAK

Town like Chicago, any town.
There's always a game on the radio,
you can always get a bet down, buy
a girl a drink. These farmers out
here, God love em, I don't know how
they keep from losing their minds.

INT. TIDY LITTLE HOUSE - DAY

Illinois. Warden runs frantically from room to room, locking
windows. He hears the door open. Bauer enters with two other
mobsters, and finds the Warden's wife and two kids.

WARDEN

Take the kids upstairs.

BAUER

Oh no no no, got presents for them.
So you figured out who I really
work for?

WARDEN

Yeah.

BAUER

And I can count on you to keep
quiet? You came up here because you
wanted to keep out of trouble.

He hands presents to the two children. They open them.

BAUER (CONT'D)

So you been talking to all the prisoners, looking for that witness. And you learned...what?

WARDEN

That car everybody's looking for? You find the car, you find the witness. And you people leave me and mine alone.

INT. A BAR - NIGHT

Chicago. Mobsters enter. BARTENDER terrified, as is his daughter, a waitress. The customers look down at their drinks. Bauer follows close behind.

BAUER

Relax, Paddy, I'm not here to fight the old battles all over again. We're all gonna be good friends, like before. Time to celebrate, let's see a row of the good stuff.

The daughter scurries behind the bar, glad of the protection, and drinks appear.

BAUER (CONT'D)

Six of us right here, most of em just got out of stir, haven't seen a woman in all that time. Come here, sweetie, sit by me.

The girls looks at him and freezes.

BARTENDER

Things are different now. The Irish don't shake us down so much, they're not trying to steal the whole damn city. Please, we just want to be left alone.

BAUER

Big talk for a guy with a wife and kids. We're gonna have a talk with the Irish. We're taking it all back. My wife and my girl went off the reservation, I'm taking them back too. You too, kid -- see you soon, sweetie. ...By the way, we're looking for a guy. He might know something about that big case with the Outfit. You know what I mean?

BARTENDER

Yes. I mean, no.

Two mobsters confer near the door. Bauer approaches.

SECOND MOBSTER

How about Doolin?

BAUER

We lean on him.

SECOND MOBSTER

How? He doesn't have any family.
How you gonna scare him?

BAUER

We may need to do something
drastic.

SECOND MOBSTER

Word has it the witness is on the
Limited. The train. So are Sammy D
and Galluccio.

BAUER

Sammy? He's insane! He might kill
everybody on the train, let Jesus
separate the lambs from the wolves.
Whose dumbass idea was that?

SECOND MOBSTER

You sound scared. That's new.

BAUER

You never met Sammy D. Pray you
don't meet him now.

SECOND MOBSTER

Be even worse if Sammie is the
witness.

BAUER

Don't even joke like that.

EXT. OUTSIDE A TINY HOME - DAY

Chicago. A frantic MOTHER talks to neighbors.

MOTHER

I looked through the whole
neighborhood. Nobody's seen Pat
since this afternoon.

Car pulls up. Bauer gets out, holding a little boy's hand.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Pat, where on earth -

Bauer has a firm grip on the boy, who is eating candy.

BAUER

Really should take care of your kids. Run around playing stickball. Heard the police were going to call your man, ask about that killing.

MOTHER

How did you -

BAUER

(holds up a finger to
silence her)

Your man isn't going to say a thing to the bulls. Tomorrow night he's going to tell ME what happened that night. We're looking for a witness who doesn't want to be a witness. And then the five of you are taking an early vacation til the trial's over. Off you go, mind your mother.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

Wisconsin. Stan is roused from sleep by Mrs Galvin and the Sheriff.

MRS. GALVIN

On your feet, boy.

SKRZYPCZAK

What happened? Where are the kids?

MRS. GALVIN

In the kitchen.

SKRZYPCZAK

Awake? Now?

SHERIFF

Got more out-of-towners here in town, running up and down the highway, every sheriff is out of bed.

MRS. GALVIN

You say those kids are in trouble?

SKRZYPCZAK

Yeah.

MRS. GALVIN

You still remember how to sail?

SKRZYPCZAK

Sail? Sure --

MRS. GALVIN

Sheriff, like we said. Quick now.

SHERIFF

Help me get those kids in the car.

MRS. GALVIN

Stay off the main road!

EXT. DOCK ON A CREEK -- NIGHT

The sheriff's car arrives. The Sheriff, Stan and the kids, in blankets, get out. They find a boat.

SHERIFF

Here's groceries, money to fuel up. Blankets in the paint locker. Don't go too far tonight. Follow the creek to the where the river widens, so you don't run aground.

SKRZYPCZAK

Sounds like you got a plan. I sure don't.

SHERIFF

Yeah. Take those kids to Canada.

SKRZYPCZAK

Kids? You want to just curl up on the deck and sleep?

CINDY

I'm not missing this.

JOHN

Me neither.

Cindy gives the Sheriff a hug. Stan and the kids board and crawl out into the creek. In the distance, they hear a man shout, and another.

EXT. ABOARD THE BOAT -- DAY

With the sun illuminating the waterway, Stan opens up the engine to make better time. The noise rouses the kids slumbering on the deck.

JOHN

My mommy says if you get on a boat,
you gurgle.

SKRZYPCZAK

Gurgle?

CINDY

He means throw up.

SKRZYPCZAK

Rule number one. If you gurgle,
gurgle over the side, not in the
boat.

CINDY

Don't be such a baby. Gurgling.

And shortly thereafter, Cindy is over the rail in a massive gurgle, John trying not to look smug.

SKRZYPCZAK

Here's the trick. Eat a couple of
crackers, a little water. John,
want to steer?

JOHN

Sure!

SKRZYPCZAK

Think backwards. You want to go
left, push the rudder right. Want
to go right, push left.

John takes the rudder and experiments a bit.

JOHN

That's crazy.

Continuation. It's summer and it's cool. Cindy's stomach is better and they are in good spirits. The kids, noses sunburned, bicker. They've been in the same school clothes since the beginning and they are very rumpled. Hair a mess as well. Same of course for Stan.

CINDY

Well, I'm a pirate too.

JOHN
Whoever heard of a girl pirate?

CINDY
Cinderella, princess of the
pirates!

JOHN
You're crazy.

CINDY
Mister Stan?

SKRZYPCZAK
Hey, kid.

CINDY
I'm just a little bit afraid.

SKRZYPCZAK
Well, I'm not surprised, our pirate
fleet is about to invade another
country.

CINDY
I want to know what's happening.
Not like when the dog went to the
magic farm. The real thing.

SKRZYPCZAK
Well, there are some people who
might want to hurt you. You'll be
safe in Canada.

CINDY
Is this about the whisky and Ricca
and the Outfit?

SKRZYPCZAK
Wow, sounds like I can skip ahead
in the story. Yeah. The Outfit.

CINDY
So there's trouble, as long as the
Outfit is still around? That's like
forever.

SKRZYPCZAK
Well, it won't be forever. We're
gonna figure something out.

CINDY
Why are you helping us?

SKRZYPCZAK

I'm not sure I am helping. I am sorry, kid. I wish I'd planned all this a little better.

CINDY

Oh, I don't know. We got a nice day, a boat, crackers and candy. Best day we've had in a while. Beats feeding chickens.

EXT. A TINY CANADIAN LAKE PORT -- NIGHT

The kids waking, Stan steers the boat to a dock and ties up. Two MOUNTIES, afoot, stand at the edge of the dock, holding pistols. When they see Stan lift the kids onto the dock, they holster their weapons. All the Mounties in this town are older since the young lads are off fighting Hitler.

MOUNTIE

Americans?

SKRZYPCZAK

Right the first time.

MOUNTIE

At first we thought you were the last of the bootleggers. Taking children on a tour of the lakes at night?

SKRZYPCZAK

We're in a bit of trouble.

MOUNTIE

Well, we'll see how much trouble you're in. Not much of a boat.

SKRZYPCZAK

Not mine.

MOUNTIE

Last of the pirates, then.

CINDY

See! That redcoat called us pirates!

SKRZYPCZAK

Boat belongs to a friend of a friend.

MOUNTIE

Got a name?

SKRZYPCZAK

I'll be damned. He's a sheriff of this little town, can't remember the -- dang...

MOUNTIE

Well, clearly if you were a criminal you'd have a much better lie ready.

SKRZYPCZAK

Life would be so much simpler if I were a criminal. I'm a patrolman, Chicago Police Department.

MOUNTIE

And you didn't think to start with that bit?

SKRZYPCZAK

I'm just a bit out of my jurisdiction.

MOUNTIE

Kids are alright?

CINDY

We're swell!

MOUNTIE

Alright, let's go to the office, get them some food, figure out what this is all about.

CINDY

Yes, let's figure out what this is all about.

SKRZYPCZAK

Cindy!

CINDY

That's not my real name. It's my pirate name. I'm being hunted by the Chicago syndicate.

MOUNTIE

Good to have a bit of imagination.

SKRZYPCZAK

Actually they are being hunted by
the syndicate.

MOUNTIE

You're joking.

SKRZYPCZAK

Ever heard of a guy named
Galluccio? Runs rackets for Capone,
Ricca, all of em?

MOUNTIE

I think I'll dial up my commander.
Sounds like things could get
lively. Just like the old days.

EXT. THE DOCK -- DAY

Stan and some Mounties stand at the end of the dock. Behind them, many Mounties have arrived by car and on horseback. A bootlegger boat comes up the river, with armed mob boys on deck. They're not natural sailors. More Mounties come to the dock, armed.

MOUNTIE

I told those children to stay
hidden. Are they the kind who do
what they're told?

SKRZYPCZAK

Yes and no.

MOUNTIE

This may be backfiring on us. Got
half the Mounties in the province
in this one little town, those gin
boys must know the kids are here.

SKRZYPCZAK

Long as they're safe for today.
Then I can think of somewhere else
to take em.

MOUNTIE

Keep going north, all you got is
tribes and polar bears.

SKRZYPCZAK

Kids would love that.

He turns and sees the kids marching down the dock. They have just tidied themselves in a bucket of water and their hair is slick and wet. They've managed to wash their clothes. No shoes.

SKRZYPCZAK (CONT'D)
Dammit, get back inside!

The kids go all the way to the end of the dock.

CINDY
Ready to give em the stink?

The kids look at the boat and flip the two-finger bird at the mobsters, like backward Vs, British style. The boat slowly turns and heads away.

JOHN
Don't tell the Sisters we did that.

INT. POLICE GARAGE -- DAY

Chicago. A police auction. A few cars, a truck, a piano and a few other large auction pieces. An AUCTIONEER, bargain hunters, and, oddly, Courtney, and a bunch of mobsters. Bauer is in a corner, hiding; the mobsters regularly wander over to him.

BAUER
What the hell are we doing here?

SECOND MOBSTER
This is a police auction. They sell off stuff they pick up in their cases, stolen cars, stuff that dead witnesses leave behind.

BAUER
Why do we care?

SECOND MOBSTER
Big Tuna told me to get that car, no matter what.

BAUER
Why?

SECOND MOBSTER
He didn't say.

BAUER
Okay, here it comes, put down 500, that should do it.

AUCTIONEER
Looking for 200 -

SECOND MOBSTER
500 here.

AUCTIONEER
Excellent, 500 bid in the back.

BAUER
You could have had it for two or
three -

COURTNEY
600.

BAUER
Who the hell is that? Oh shit.

SECOND MOBSTER
I know him, he's from the DA's
office. 700!

AUCTIONEER
I have seven, looking for eight -

BAUER
The DA? Why doesn't he just go to
the cops and take the car?

COURTNEY
800.

SECOND MOBSTER
Maybe he doesn't want anyone to
know who it is. 900!

BAUER
Jeez, you could buy a new car for
that.

SECOND MOBSTER
You want to tell that to the Big
Tuna?

AUCTIONEER
And I have nine. Looking for an
even thousand -

COURTNEY
A thousand.

SECOND MOBSTER
Eleven.

Courtney and the mobsters stare at each other, all nervous, but all intending to win.

COURTNEY

Twelve.

SECOND MOBSTER

Thirteen.

Courtney walks to the auctioneer and argues with him, but we can't hear.

AUCTIONEER

Quick reminder, all of our transactions are cash only.

COURTNEY

Shit!

Courtney runs out.

AUCTIONEER

Anyone else? We're off to a great start. Sold for thirteen hundred.

INT. CLUB CAR -- NIGHT

Just outside the car in a hallway, Prendergast has cornered Rory. He leans on the wall with his arm, blocking her.

PRENDERGAST

Didn't get a chance to say hello last night. We never got our turn playing gin.

RORY

I'm not really a player.

PRENDERGAST

We could still get to know each other today. Woman gets on an overnight train by herself, can't be but one thing she's looking for.

He puts his arm around her.

PRENDERGAST (CONT'D)

It could be that you're just what I'm looking for. You Irish girls. What an act. You smell so good.

RORY

My rose oil, want to see?

She reaches into her bag.

RORY (CONT'D)
They call it essence, pure as they
come. Got to be careful though.

She splashes rose oil into his eyes.

RORY (CONT'D)
That stuff can burn your eyes right
through.

She punches him in the head and he goes down.

RORY (CONT'D)
My brother taught me that punch.
Lay a finger on me and I'll tell
everyone in the car some Irish
grabbed my ass. Fifty Italian boys
will pump you full of lead.

She reenters the car. Aherne approaches; it's their turn to
play cards. Sam watches from across the car.

AHERNE
Let's play some cards. Don't take
nothing from this, but you smell
real nice.

RORY
Roses. I love them. Every February
my man got me roses, every birthday
he gets me my soaps with the rose
oil in them. Or he did, before.

AHERNE
Roses?

RORY
Someday I'll have a real house only
you'll never see it cause it will
be covered in roses, the climbers.
Smell my house from a mile off.
...Listen to me...

AHERNE
Well, you smell nice anyhow. So who
do you think the witness is?

She shrugs.

AHERNE (CONT'D)
Everyone is trying to figure it
out. Except you.
(MORE)

AHERNE (CONT'D)

The drunk says you're the widow of the guy got killed, you deny it. The woman in the camel hair thinks she saw the witness, little guy, but she isn't sure. Why are you going to New York?

She's shattered, wordlessly pleading with him to stop.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

You know anybody in New York?

RORY

Please, not so loud. I've got family to protect.

AHERNE

Holy shit.

He points a finger at her, and she covers his hand with hers. He lays down his cards.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

Gin.

She looks at his cards, and he isn't even close to ginning out. She's confused and terrified.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

Meet me at the bar so I can celebrate my victory.

They go to the bar.

Lucy goes to check his gin score, sees that he didn't really win, and follows them to the bar.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

Two of these.

Lucy, intrigued, makes two drinks, which they ignore. Aherne turns Rory around so she faces him, back to the rest of the crowd.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

And now you're gonna romance me and take me to your room so I can bang your brains out. Make it convincing so these goombahs buy it.

She smiles and kisses him.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

Wow, you almost convinced ME.

RORY

Please don't. I just buried my
husband.

Rory flees. Aherne smiles at Sam.

INT. GARAGE -- NIGHT

Chicago. The mobsters have the car but aren't sure what all
the fuss is about. Bauer smokes and watches.

SECOND MOBSTER

Okay, pop this thing open.

The first mobster opens the door and the second mobster peers
in.

BAUER

Why the hell does Accardo want this
car so bad?

SECOND MOBSTER

And why did that DA guy want it?

BAUER

Wow, look at these envelopes on the
floor. Whole bunch of receipts,
three from the city of Chicago, and
two from the state of Illinois.

SECOND MOBSTER

Somebody was working for the cops,
didn't want anyone to know. A
stoolie.

A third mobster arrives while a mobster pops open the trunk
and the second mobster looks at the glove box.

THIRD MOBSTER

Hey, I went to the courthouse. This
car was lot 14, belonged to Witness
42 and her husband.

SECOND MOBSTER

And her husband?

BAUER

Who the hell is Witness 42?

SECOND MOBSTER

Well, it's a girl. The witness is a
girl. The witness everybody's been
looking for.

BAUER

Hey, check out the trunk.

He pulls out a suitcase. Inside, a very slim, slinky woman's dress.

SECOND MOBSTER

Holy cow.

BAUER

No wonder the DA was trying to get the car without us noticing.

SECOND MOBSTER

The witness we're looking for. It's not a guy, it's a girl.

He holds up the dress.

SECOND MOBSTER (CONT'D)

A real looker, I bet. We need to get to Western Union, we got a guy hunting this girl down.

Bauer stands up, tosses out his smoke, and looks at the dress in disbelief. He runs off.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Upstate New York. Prendergast is seen running into the telegraph office, and then emerging with a fistful of telegrams.

INT. CLUB CAR -- NIGHT

Lucy, Aherne and others watch Prendergast at work.

LUCY

Who needs to get a bunch of telegrams, right in the middle of one train trip?

AHERNE

Somebody who's on a manhunt.

LUCY

Somebody who has a lot of friends back in Chicago.

AHERNE

The Riccas.

LUCY
That's the guy they sent to kill
the witness.

AHERNE
So you were wrong.

LUCY
You were even more wrong.

Prendergast looks up and sees half a dozen people watching
from the windows.

Inside the lounge car, all the passengers look at each other.

AHERNE
What's your name, Lucy?

LUCY
You need a drink? You ain't got no
money.

AHERNE
Can I see that bottle right there?

LUCY
The whole bottle?

She hands it over and he looks at the bottle intently.

AHERNE
Good Scotch. But no, this isn't it.
Let me see that one.

Again he's looking at the bottle.

AHERNE (CONT'D)
Pour out this one, and just leave
about that much whisky at the
bottom.

LUCY
Take out the liquor?

AHERNE
And leave the bottle.

LUCY
You owe me for the whisky.

INT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB CAR -- NIGHT

Aherne, with his bottle, finds Prendergast finishing a smoke. And rubbing his eyes. They stand at the join between the cars and watch the trees pass.

PRENDERGAST

You know, I think this is all too easy. You got two guys in there who had the balls to take on the boss, those two mob guys.

AHERNE

Sometimes the easy answer is the right answer. So, Crazy Sam, or Frank Galluccio? Which one is the witness, ratting out the Ricca boys? Or that spooky New York guy?

PRENDERGAST

What does it mean when a guy goes to one passenger after another, who does Sam hang around with, where does Galluccio go...and he doesn't buy a drink all night.

AHERNE

It's a mystery.

PRENDERGAST

I gotta say, my money's on the Ricca detective who's trying to kill the witness. Not the DA guy. The Ricca guy doesn't even need to find the witness, just watch the DA's guy and see where he goes.

AHERNE

Unless the DA's guy stinks as a detective.

PRENDERGAST

Maybe the Ricca guy found the witness already. The DA guy has to play by the rules, the Ricca guy doesn't, so who do you think wins?

AHERNE

So you think the DA's guy is riding for a fall?

PRENDERGAST

If the Ricca boys could shoot a prosecutor -

AHERNE

A crooked prosecutor.

PRENDERGAST

They can shoot a washed-up
detective who's not sharp enough
for the job. This guy could get
smart, just take the money and run.
Live longer that way.

AHERNE

You put a lot of thought into this?

He takes a slug from his bottle.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

Ricca guy needs to find the witness
by morning, before New York.

Aherne pours out the last of the whisky; Prendergast is
puzzled.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

The DA guy doesn't even need to
find the witness.

Aherne turns the bottle around so as to hold it like a
weapon.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

I just need to stop you until
morning.

And he smashes Prendergast's head with the whisky bottle,
repeatedly.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

But I'm probably not sharp enough
for the job.

He begins dragging the unconscious body.

INT. RORY'S COMPARTMENT-- NIGHT

Aherne enters and finds Rory. He wipes his hands with a
handkerchief.

The room has a folding bed above, a table and two chairs. On
the table, a vase with flowers. On one of the chairs is her
coat, a small travel bag and the briefcase underneath.

RORY

So are you the bloke who wants to kill me? Or are you the idiot who got that lawyer killed?

He takes out his gun and puts in on the table.

RORY (CONT'D)

The other guy would have blasted me in the head and thrown my body on the siding. You were supposed to help Stewart. The lawyer.

She begins to cry.

RORY (CONT'D)

I could still taste the beer on your lips. Porter. So you were getting pissed in a pub? Instead of protecting me and the lawyer?

AHERNE

I'm sorry.

RORY

That'll be a great consolation to his family.

AHERNE

I'll do something for - something to -

RORY

What are you going to do for them? Keep that plan in your back pocket so you can do it for my family when you get me killed. You got that lawyer killed, he risked his career to keep me off the stand.

AHERNE

He risked his life for you.

RORY

He's dead. My husband's dead. Then the funeral, and then the guns out on the platform. Then I had to go into that club car, pretend I'm having the time of my life.

AHERNE

You got a family, a father?

RORY

What, I'm supposed to count on you to keep them safe?...Grab my hair.

AHERNE

What?

RORY

Grab my hair!

He does; she vomits into a vase. He hands her a handkerchief.

RORY (CONT'D)

More whisky than I ever saw in my life. I only drink at Mass.

AHERNE

This is ten times bigger than I thought. You were with the boss, Ricca, I saw the papers.

RORY

Paul Ricca took me and his boys to Hollywood. I was an idiot, I asked Paulie to get me a screen test. We ended up at the studio chief's estate. I was in the bedroom while the chief and Ricca talk business. Then the studio man came up for my test, I told him I'm married...He fell asleep on top of me.

AHERNE

Rough night for an Irish girl.

RORY

Right down the stairs was the whole Ricca gang planning out their whole empire. They forgot about me, and I heard everything.

AHERNE

Heard what?

RORY

Ricca's boys planned their war on the Irish, it's starting any day, now those boys are on the street.

AHERNE

A street war?

RORY

Across all of Chicago. But there's more.

AHERNE

More?

RORY

I can help the Treasury get Paul Ricca for taxes, just like Capone. But there's more.

AHERNE

I'm not sure I want to know.

RORY

Hollywood. Ricca was shaking down the studios, MGM, Fox, Paramount, RKO. The pressure was so bad that Frank Nitti shot himself.

AHERNE

I always wondered about Nitti. Wow.

RORY

By the time Ricca's done, he'll own as much of Hollywood as he wants, studios, actresses. I go to court, Ricca loses his appeal, his parole, Hollywood. His underbosses start a war, all of Chicago comes apart.

AHERNE

But it's hearsay.

RORY

It's declaration against interest. Hearsay is allowed if it gets me in a jam as well. I have to admit cheating on my husband. That's why Stewart tried to protect me.

She fetches the briefcase.

RORY (CONT'D)

A pack of evidence in here. Lawyer wanted me to hide it all in New York.

AHERNE

Kid, if they knew you were the witness, they would have blown up the whole train to get you.

RORY

You know who else is involved?
Those mommers out there. Galluccio
and Scary Sam. They go down too.

AHERNE

They know you were in the house
that night. What happens when they
figure out you're the witness?

RORY

Sam is the star actor in all my
nightmares, even before I found out
about...the ice pick.

AHERNE

I am going to protect you. I wasn't
always a burned-out shell. And
you're worth a dozen of me.

RORY

You against Sam?? They'll kill me.
I'm never going to be safe.
Anywhere.

AHERNE

You were dropping the clues all
over that club car like bread
crumbs and I missed em all. I
really am burned out.

RORY

Well, I'll say this. You still came
in ahead of the other fella. The
one who wants to kill me.

AHERNE

I'm gonna get you out of this. They
won't come after you if they're
coming after me.

RORY

You're not going to do that --

AHERNE

There's a body in my room right
now, don't want to be there when he
wakes up. I can sleep in the club
car, probably.

RORY

No, you're romancing me, remember?
I'll have the bed, you take the
chair. Give me a minute to change?

AHERNE
No, serious now -

RORY
I need you here tonight.

AHERNE
To protect you.

RORY
That too. Erm, your shoe, you got
the Katzenjammer Kids down there?

He takes off his shoes and stands.

AHERNE
I'm just taking off my shoes here,
I don't mean nothing by it.

His shoes have newspapers in them, to hold them together.

RORY
You're dead broke.

AHERNE
Good times are just around the
corner.

RORY
Jesus. You make one phone call,
hand me over to the boys, you're
rich. Buy a lot of shoes with that
kind of money.

AHERNE
I told him I'd take care of you.

She's overwhelmed. She takes his hand.

RORY
What the hell is a Boy Scout like
you doing in Chicago? Good job
you're on this train, you'll never
survive back home, you don't have
the brains for it.

AHERNE
I hear that a lot.

She puts her arms around him.

RORY
 Where do they grow lads like you?
 Maybe I should be protecting you.
 Boy are you dumb.

INT. RORY'S COMPARTMENT -- MORNING

Rory reaches for a small bottle.

RORY
 Ah, Rose oil. Cover up the smell of
 the vomit. And the fear. You need
 to change?

AHERNE
 Got no clothes.

RORY
 You're not after breakfast?

AHERNE
 Got no money.

RORY
 You even got the fare to get back
 to Chicago?

AHERNE
 I was hoping the DA would pay, but
 seeing what happened at the
 station, I'm pretty sure I'm
 unemployed.

RORY
 Poor daft man.

She touches his cheek.

CONDUCTOR O.S.
 Your attention please. The train is
 making an unscheduled stop in
 Syracuse.

The train slows to a stop. They see men on the platform.

RORY
 Why are there so many men on the
 platform this early?

AHERNE
 Get away from the goddamn window.
 They're Ricca's boys. Looking for
 you.

RORY
Can I jump off here?

AHERNE
They're waiting for you to do that.
Look.

RORY
Oh God.

AHERNE
Just stay here and be quiet.

RORY
Like I have a choice.

AHERNE
You want anything from the
conductor?

RORY
You're going out? Please, no -

AHERNE
I'm not going to sell you out. Got
enough change left for a sandwich.
Promise. When the time comes, I'm
leading the charge, not you.

EXT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

New York City. A CONDUCTOR knocks on the compartment door and Rory and Aherne tumble out. She moans. COPS are there. Sam comes steaming down the aisle, ready to pound the hell out of somebody; he is overjoyed to see Aherne, a tempting target, but is furious to see cops behind him.

AHERNE
Hung over?

RORY
Still drunk.

CONDUCTOR
Miss, you said you wanted a New
York cop?

AHERNE
Are you crazy? Ricca can buy and
sell New York cops like Kewpie
dolls, he's not here to save you.

RORY

Not me, you. ...Officer, this man here brought me here for immoral purposes. Took advantage of me right on this train.

COP

Sure about this? ...You're under arrest for violation of the Mann Act.

Before the cop can cuff him, Rory pulls him aside.

COP (CONT'D)

Hey, what gives --

AHERNE

I never laid a finger on you.

RORY

I know. Thanks for being a gentleman. You're not gonna go be a dumb, dead hero. I fight my own battles.

COP

We'll be back for your statement.

AHERNE

I left something in the compartment. Evidence.

He retrieves the briefcase.

COP

Enough, let's go.

RORY

No wait, that's my briefcase!

COP

Well, either way we'll sort it out at the station.

RORY

Please, don't do this!

AHERNE

My work is done, you hit the road.

RORY

Please, no!

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM -- DAY

This is the massive Grand Central in New York.

The cops escort Aherne onto the platform. Several New York mobsters move smoothly through the crowd toward them. Rory appears in a doorway.

MOBSTER

There's the briefcase. See it?

RORY

Please, no!

AHERNE

Fellas, hit the deck.

COP

What the -

Aherne shoves one cop down, and the other out of the way. He turns his side toward the approaching mobsters and raises his arms. Two mobsters shoot Aherne and Rory screams. Two mobsters look her way and Lucy, thinking quickly, yanks Rory back into the train. Sam charges out onto the platform as well.

The cops recover and manage to shoot one mobster before the others scatter. Chaos as mobsters and passengers flee up the stairs while policemen and others are coming down.

MOBSTER

Call Chicago. We got the witness.

SECOND MOBSTER

Wait. That's Aherne. Washed up cop in Chicago. He doesn't have anything to do with this.

Prendergast arrives, head bandaged.

PRENDERGAST

Congratulations, you got the wrong guy.

DRUNK PASSENGER

He was shackled up with that girl Rory last night.

PRENDERGAST

The girl. I'm an idiot. The witness, she was right in front of me all night. Call Chicago, we need to find that girl.

SAM

That bitch! Did she get off the train? Who we know in New York?

He takes off like a rocket up the stairs.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Rory emerges from the train station, sees a cop and hides around a corner. She hails a CABBIE and gets in.

RORY

The FBI office.

CABBIE

The FBI?

RORY

Yes.

CABBIE

I have no clue, kid.

RORY

I need to find them.

CABBIE

Sorry, kid - hey, here's an idea. Hey, officer!

RORY

Lord, no -

She slides down in her seat and hides her face as a YOUNG COP approaches.

YOUNG COP

Is there a problem?

CABBIE

You know where the FBI office is?

YOUNG COP

Yeah, sure, Foley Square, down near Chinatown.

CABBIE

Thanks, kid.

Rory shoots out of the cab and runs toward the building on a square. She sees local cops, stops dead, and then resolves to simply march past them. In a moment, Sam comes round the corner.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

New York. Rory finds the FBI office manned by an Irish-looking SECRETARY.

RORY

Hello. I know this is going to sound crazy, but I need to talk to someone about...something in Chicago. It's hard to -

FBI SECRETARY

Patrick, get out here quick, she's here!

FBI AGENT O.S.

Who?

FBI SECRETARY

That girl! Kid, if you only knew --

An well-dressed Irish-looking AGENT runs out into the lobby.

FBI AGENT

You've got her standing in the lobby where everyone can see her. What if a cop came by?...Anybody see you come here?

RORY

Cabbie, a street cop.

FBI AGENT

Damn. Come on inside.

RORY

I can trust you guys?

FBI AGENT

Bureau's been working the Ricca bunch for years. We heard you got killed.

RORY

Dead as a doornail.

FBI AGENT

You know not to trust the New York cops.

RORY

No kidding.

FBI AGENT

Okay, things are moving fast, I need you to -

RORY

Stop. Stop there. Before we do anything, I'm calling the District Attorney in Chicago.

She dials and listens.

RORY (CONT'D)

What do you mean, you don't know where they are? -- Oh, Jaysus.

She is peering into the front office and has seen Sam on the prowl.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

New York. Rory and the FBI man arrive at a hospital through a back door. It's dark.

FBI AGENT

My boss said expressly that this was a stupid idea. There's probably a cop right outside his door, looking for you. And mob guys in the street, waiting for you.

The FBI man approaches a cop guarding a room, and flashes his badge.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

You can go get a sandwich.

He pulls out a twenty.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

A really nice sandwich.

COP

Okay.

FBI AGENT

Come on, quick. We got maybe ten minutes. Still don't know what we're doing here.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Rory enters and sees Aherne, deeply drugged, an arm missing, and cries out.

FBI AGENT

Jesus, kid! Hold it down!

She sits in a chair by the bed and begins to cry.

RORY

Stupid gumshoe. Where's your
blasted arm?

Aherne uses his remaining hand to pluck a hankie out of a drawer and gives it to her. She clings to his hand.

AHERNE

Poor Scarlett, never has a
handkerchief. Tell you a secret -
most guys with a gun, can't shoot
for shit. I held up my arm and it
stopped the bullets, like Superman.
Next week I get a Frankenstein arm.

RORY

Jaysus.

AHERNE

Why are you still in New York with
a thousand mob guys looking for
you? You said you want to get out
of the country, you go do that. You
don't belong in places like this.

RORY

I'm staying in the States, and I'm
testifying.

AHERNE

And when the hell did you decide
that?

RORY

The minute I saw where your arm
used to be.

AHERNE

So you weren't going to testify
after your husband got killed, but
you're going to court now, because
of...

RORY

What?

AHERNE

I just don't get women.

FBI AGENT

Time's up.

AHERNE

Don't you worry. I'm gonna clean up that town single-handed. Come on, it's a joke, trying to cheer you up.

She touches Aherne's face, and runs. Outside she sees a mob guy checking rooms and marches toward him, angry. The FBI guy follows her and turns her around.

FBI AGENT

Play it cool and he goes away.

INT. CHICAGO TRAIN STATION -- DAY

We're on the upper level, not the platform level. This station is, as usual, total chaos. From a street entrance, Courtney arrives, scanning the crowd. Also in the crowd are some suspicious goombahs who notice the prosecutor they hate. Sam is along with them, scanning the crowd.

MOBSTER

What the hell is the DA doing here?

COURTNEY

Alright, so which train got here first?

From a platform we see Stan herding John and Cindy who are fighting over a Mountie hat.

SKRZYPCZAK

A deal's a deal. Cindy's turn with the hat.

COURTNEY

Come on, let's make this quick.

One of the goombah-looking boys blows a whistle.

COP

There she is. North, south, east and west.

(MORE)

COP (CONT'D)

Anybody sees that Sammie D, don't wait, blow the whistle and bag him.

From the corners of the station, a dozen uniformed policemen appear and form a ring in the middle of the station. Stan and the kids find themselves inside the ring. The kids are alarmed but Stan is not. He nods to Courtney.

CINDY

That's funny. I think I smell rose oil.

RORY

Kathleen, why you have that wagon wheel on your head?

CINDY

Mommy!

Cindy hugs her mother and John runs over as well.

JOHN

Mom, we were pirates, we got captured in Canada, they were gonna string us up!

CINDY

He's such a liar. You know you're going to hell for touching that cow's teat!

JOHN

Mom!

RORY

So you milked a cow then?

JOHN

It was gigantic. She says I'm gonna go to --

RORY

You're not going to hell for touching a cow's teat, she's winding you up. What you been eating?

Aherne arrives with a prosthetic arm. Rory gives him a kiss.

RORY (CONT'D)

Kids, got two surprises. This bloke here, I had an adventure, he saved my neck --

JOHN
An adventure?

RORY
Bunch of tough guys from the
syndicate were after me, this bloke
stopped em, they shot him to
pieces, now he's got --

Aherne shows them the arm.

JOHN
You're just like Frankenstein! Wait
til I tell the kids at school!

RORY
Kids. This is Mister Aherne. We
just went to a place called
Niagara. There's more to the story,
went soft in the head. Want to be
Kathleen Aherne? Good Irish name.

CINDY
Starts with an A, I get to go first
on milk break. Welcome to our
pirate crew!

AHERNE
So your name is really Kathleen?

CINDY
Yeah. Except when we're out
pirating.

AHERNE
And you are...

JOHN
John.

SKRZYPCZAK
So your real name is John, and the
criminal alias you chose is...John?

JOHN
Not gonna let those bootlegger bums
make me change my name.

SKRZYPCZAK
So the whole town was looking for a
witness, some big ugly Italian
stool pigeon with a busted nose.
You are quite the other thing.
(MORE)

SKRZYPCZAK (CONT'D)

Your kids were perfect angels, even helped me steer.

RORY

And an angel yourself.

She hugs him.

RORY (CONT'D)

Already got a sister of mine lined up for you, she's the sensible one.

She sees Sam D and gives him a look of pure fury. He reciprocates.

COURTNEY

Let's move, Sammie is on the loose. Figured you two would hook up, you got here the same way. Too honest for your own good. This is Stan Skipjack, army kicked him loose because he's supporting his mother. Aherne here, Navy tossed him because his brother went down, Pearl Harbor.

AHERNE

An honest cop. Boy are you in the wrong town. I'm a private detective now. Might need a partner. City is throwing some work my way.

SKRZYPCZAK

Funny you should mention that. So these kids are gonna be yours now?

AHERNE

Hope so.

SKRZYPCZAK

Great kids, the pair of em. That being the case, got a little project you might be interested in.

EXT. OUTSIDE A BAR -- NIGHT

Chicago. Bauer emerges, slightly drunk, to find Stan waiting for him.

SKRZYPCZAK

My man Bauer. Those two kids are safe, no thanks to you.

BAUER

Their mother should have been more careful. Specially since the boys did their father in. Rough times, not having a dad.

SKRZYPCZAK

Actually, they have a father.

Bauer turns to see Aherne, gun in hand. Aherne pounds him over the head with his gun.

SKRZYPCZAK (CONT'D)

Where's that girl of yours?

AHERNE

In the bar having a jar.

INT. SALOON -- NIGHT

Nice civilized bar, the kind a woman would feel safe in. Rory having a half pint and in comes Galluccio.

RORY

Oh my Lord!

GALLUCCIO

Relax, kid. Finally we're off that train, we can get a real drink.

RORY

What's wrong with a nice porter?

GALLUCCIO

Oh good Lord. The Irish. I have just the wine for you.

RORY

For me?

GALLUCCIO

Manny, the Barolo, the one in the back. Here, I've got it.

He opens it expertly and pours.

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

The three queens of the world of wine, Amarone, Brunello, and this pretty little witch, the Barolo.

RORY

I can almost see through it. Its color, like rust.

GALLUCCIO

And it smells like...

RORY

Roses.

GALLUCCIO

Roses.

RORY

I can't believe you remembered that. You don't need to shine me up you know, you didn't get indicted yet, how did you manage that?

GALLUCCIO

It's only a matter of time. I think I'll go watch the trial either way, see how you perform under the big top. Tell me about your husband. First one.

RORY

He's dead. A man like any other. He was good to me. But he was reckless and unlucky. Then your friend came along, that man Sam, the ice pick.

GALLUCCIO

He isn't what I would call a friend. Sam - you met him, so you know. And like lightning, you got married again, what will the priests say?

RORY

That Aherne, he walks through a city filled with cowards, with that hook of his. All in one night I learned he's kind, he's honest, he never laid a finger on me. I was bleeding inside and he healed me over. You know how many men there are like him in Chicago?

GALLUCCIO

Yeah, they could probably all fit at that table. It is possible that you can help me, and I can help you.

(MORE)

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

(holds up the bottle)

When a great man dies, me and the boys will break out one of these. And you. Whenever you drink a Barolo, remember me. Remember.

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

Chicago. Outer office of a detective agency, a very cheap desk and a filing cabinet. The outer door opens inward, to reveal that letters have been painted on the door: AHERNE AND SKARZYPCZAK. Aherne is on the phone with the offending painter. Stan, not bothered, reads the paper.

AHERNE

You spelled his name wrong. Yes, I'm sure. It's S-K-R-Z, there's no A in there.

SKRZYPCZAK

Aherne, seriously, it's alright.

AHERNE

No, I'm not joking. His name was in every paper in the country.

SKRZYPCZAK

Yeah, and the papers got it wrong too. Slapjack, Crackerjack.

AHERNE

Yeah, the guys who wiped out the Ricca Outfit.

SKRZYPCZAK

Really, it's fine.

AHERNE

We want to look professional, we spell our damn names right.

A NEW SECRETARY walks in with a slip of paper. She's cute enough to make Rory suspicious when she arrives.

NEW SECRETARY

Hello, I'm looking for a Mister Aherne?

SKRZYPCZAK

(absolutely delighted)

Aherne? Yes, Mister Aherne is right over there.

AHERNE

It's Aherne!

SKRZYPCZAK

Ahorne! And there is justice in heaven.

NEW SECRETARY

Heard you need a secretary?

AHERNE

Got a mob of people outside.

NEW SECRETARY

Business must be booming. So it's Aherne, and...

SKRZYPCZAK

Stan. Just plain Stan is fine.

NEW SECRETARY

Nice to meet ya, Stan.

Rory enters in a hurry.

RORY

Aherne!

AHERNE

Rory!

RORY

The police have left the house.

AHERNE

What?

RORY

They had to go to town, hunt down the missing defendants for the trial. We're all alone there.

AHERNE

Where are the kids?

RORY

With my Mum. That Sammie D is still on the loose, he could be on my doorstep anytime!

AHERNE

Stan, you're on your own.

SKRZYPCZAK

Aherne, if the cops drop the ball,
you and me go days and nights at
the house.

RORY

Thanks. ...I told you, hire an ugly
secretary. No monkeyshines for you
boys!

EXT. OUTSIDE A TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

Chicago. Rory answers the doorbell and is shocked to see
Sokolov. He says nothing, and goes back down the steps.
Behind him is a young mobster, a RUNNER for Galluccio.

GALLUCCIO'S RUNNER

Your name Rory?

RORY

Who are you?

GALLUCCIO'S RUNNER

You look like the one. Couldn't be
two like you round here.

He holds out a bag; she watches nervously. He pulls out a
newspaper.

RORY

My Lord. Sam D is dead? Crazy Sam?

GALLUCCIO'S RUNNER

Yeah.

RORY

The ice pick fella?

GALLUCCIO'S RUNNER

Yeah. Oh, and the boss sent you
this too.

He pulls out a bottle of wine. It's a Barolo.

RORY

Barolo. I knew a bloke liked this
stuff. Thank your boss for me.

(reads)

Got killed with an ice pick. Your
boss has a flair for the drama.

GALLUCCIO'S RUNNER

He said he'll see you in court.

RORY

What?

She looks at Sokolov standing by the car. He holds a finger to his lips, tips his hat, and leaves.

INT. CHICAGO COURTROOM - DAY

An old but not particularly distinguished courtroom, with a gallery above.

Up in the gallery, Galluccio pulls a bottle of wine and a wineglass from a bag, opens the wine, pours, and sets his glass on the railing. Cops and mobsters, including Accardo and Sal, get ready for the big show below. Below, a LAWYER and Rory. Court is not yet in session.

RORY

(loud)

These are my children. That old prosecutor told me to hide them away from you. I brought them here special for today, so they could see me put you all in prison.

LAWYER

So we're discussing the first shooting.

RORY

Well, not quite.

LAWYER

Sorry? I'm still stacking up my questions.

The crowd is now listening intently.

RORY

We'll talk about the shooting. We'll talk about me cheating on my husband, see? I said it out loud! We'll talk about the men who shot Stewart, one of them is here in court. And we'll talk about the detective who tried to kill me on the Limited, can you hear me up there in the gallery? I'm coming for all of you!

Galluccio, wineglass in hand, catches her eye.

RORY (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 Almost all of you.

Aherne enters. Two boys in the audience are dazzled by his arm: he holds it up for them to touch. Then he looks up and glares at the Ricca boys. Bauer glares back at him.

Later, we see commotion in the court, and a REPORTER reads copy into a phone.

REPORTER
 DA was hoping for a clean sweep, he came up short. Paul Ricca was found guilty, and so were all of his boys, except Frank Galluccio. The witness who dazzled the courtroom audience for days came up empty when it came time to take down the man who gave Scarface his scars. Frankie G walks free today.

Accardo, being led out in cuffs along with Sal, sees Aherne.

ACCARDO
 When I get out, two grand. And a big stack of interest. Be looking for me.

Galluccio looks at Rory and then walks out. Aherne approaches.

AHERNE
 All these boys will be getting out of the joint one day.

RORY
 You still owe em all that money?

AHERNE
 You're the one they want to kill. Me and Stan talked it over, not sure what to do.

RORY
 Aherne, I've seen what happens when you make the big plans. You're the bloke who hired that murderer to beat himself up. You better leave all that truck to me and Stan.

INT. URBAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chicago. Working class but tidy in the kitchen. Rory's dandling a baby on her lap.

RORY

And then they lined em up in the garage, and rat-a-tat-a-tat! Blood and guts everywhere!

Aherne sits with pickles.

RORY (CONT'D)

There's my hero, not afraid of the Chicago mob or the police. Only thing he's afraid of is a jar of pickles.

She opens the pickles.

RORY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I still need a man around to kill the spiders, and one or two other things. Want one? Cause I'm gonna eat the whole jar, you know how I get.

She kisses him, the real thing.

AHERNE

Careful, that's how we ended up in the pickles in the first place.

RORY

I'm already pregnant, you can't knock me up again.

AHERNE

I can try.

Rory puts her hands over the baby's ears, and perhaps breaks the fourth wall.

RORY

I'm constantly amazed at what a man can do with one arm.

FADE OUT.

THE END.