

Man On A Train
by
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FADE IN:

INT. 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. How's the wife?

ACCARDO

Same as usual.

SAL

My sympathies. We doing good?

ACCARDO

Baseball money. Who's this person stapled to our table?

SAL

Aherne. Detective. A genius picking games, by his own admission. Got a system.

ACCARDO

Tell me about this system of yours.

AHERNE

(trouble breathing)

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

SAL

Aherne has been betting with me,
using this system. He's two grand
in the hole. He was gonna climb out
of the dungeon, this big bet -

AHERNE

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

SAL

I go to collect, and Aherne is
invisible.

Marie is making a tsk tsk noise.

SAL (CONT'D)

So he's been doing business with
our people, 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 day at 11 working
his bets - go hammer him good!

ACCARDO

And did he?

SAL

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 cash for me. Time to talk juice.

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. 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, til you pay the principal.

AHERNE
That's three hundred a month!

ACCARDO

In return you get to keep breathing. Sal may even 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. 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)
 I got it! 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?

He shows it to Accardo.

SAL (CONT'D)
 Kosher ham. Why do you still do this nickel and dime stuff? You're running the whole show now.

ACCARDO
 You lose track of what's happening on the street, you lose the street, you lose everything. 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
 Send them in one at a time.

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, things going great out there -

ACCARDO
 Sammy. Keep telling you, stay calm.

He glances to where his gun is.

ACCARDO (CONT'D)

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

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

SAM

Yes sir.

ACCARDO

Don't beat anybody up for a while.

Sam leaves. Accardo addresses the returning thug Sal.

ACCARDO (CONT'D)

You make sure that maniac hasn't got an ice pick, a knife, nothing, when he comes in.

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

New York says they're okay with me
staying here. They're okay with you
running things while Paulie Ricca
is in stir.

ACCARDO

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

GALLUCCIO

I'll get the boys back to work.

ACCARDO

So what's the word on the street?

GALLUCCIO

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.

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

Some dirty work?

ACCARDO

What's the word on the street?

Sokolov shrugs.

ACCARDO (CONT'D)

You're not holding out on me?

SOKOLOV

Guys know what I do for the outfit. Tends to keep conversation short.

ACCARDO

When Paulie Ricca gets out, there's gonna be hell to pay. People gonna disappear. You'll be a busy man.

SOKOLOV

Promise?

Sokolov leaves, smiling. Accardo sighs with relief.

BAUER

You told three different lies to those guys.

ACCARDO

DA got one of our guys to talk. A secret witness who can kill us all.

BAUER

One of those guys?

ACCARDO

The only people who can stick a knife in you are people you trust. Tell your captain you got the flu. Find out who the witness is, or we're all dead.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

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? 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.

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

Stay on the right side of the
fairies. You 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. APARTMENT - DAY

The crummy 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. Takes off his watch.

PAWNBROKER

Okay, a buck apiece for the shoes,
the chair, the watch. Why would I
want a picture of your family?

AHERNE

I got thrown off the force. I'm a
detective, I need the money.

PAWNBROKER

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

AHERNE

Well, it's bill collection that's
got me licked.

PAWNBROKER

That's why I'm cash only.

AHERNE

What time is it?

INT. 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. 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. He's getting old. A bookie who doesn't have the muscle to collect is a charity. Back in the day he would have beat the shit out of you.

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. TAVERN - 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?
Collect 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're right. Collecting for the
Outfit doesn't work unless you're
ready to beat people out. 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. 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

Gave me a song and dance. She offered to pay me off in the rack.

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 sits in a plush office with massive furniture, designed to intimidate.

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

COURTNEY

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 and Accardo! They own half the cops in town. All the rackets in Chicago -

STEWART

We can get Ricca again --

COURTNEY

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

STEWART

I got one 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

That one witness really can crack the whole case, I didn't want testimony in court. There were threats.

COURTNEY

You're not going to tell me who? ...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 hit the street any day, and they'll be hunting the witness.

Aherne enters and Courtney hands him an envelope.

AHERNE

Sure you want me? I got fired.

COURTNEY

I need you sober. Meet Stu and the witness, make sure the witness gets on the train safe.

AHERNE

Bring the gun?

COURTNEY

(hesitates)

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

AHERNEL

Take the back alley into the station -- got a few associates who might get brassed off if they see me anywhere near a train station.

INT. TAVERN - 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. 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. 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 getting 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 cops. So many of em got caught, 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

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 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. He takes his time.

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 look. That's crazy Sammy D. Capone planted more people in the ground than Graceland Cemetery, even Capone was afraid of Sammy D. ...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

I'll do the Barolo...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, papers. Got barbers,
secretaries, manicurists. ...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 game, we got the two scariest gangsters in Chicago 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

Whole town is looking for that witness. I say it's one of those two. Although Mister Murder 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

Looking for a witness in a mob trial. Only guy who knows who the witness is, is the guy got shot. 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 tonight. Anybody tries to hide in their room, have drinks sent in, I'd know.

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

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, lot of people go to jail. Somebody gonna get shot.

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.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

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 gees, chained him to a radiator, 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, caught 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 takes a long stare. She's boiling with rage.

SAM

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

RORY

My husband was killed. It was an ice pick.

(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)

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 talking 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. 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.)

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 the New York bosses together, for you two. Frank, you missed his jugular by half an inch.

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 told people he got the scars in the war. But he remembered Frank.

SAM

He try to kill him?

LUCY

No, he hired him. Because Frank has balls. Two people in the world who scared Capone, they're both on the train tonight. That man there.

SAM

And the other?

LUCY

And here's your drink. I heard Capone kept a big 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.

Sam walks off with his drunk. Prendergast approaches.

PRENDERGAST

What time do we hit New York?

LUCY

Eight in the morning. Don't forget to set your watch ahead.

PRENDERGAST

Fourteen hours left to find the witness.

He moves off. Aherne approaches.

AHERNE

I gotta find this guy quick. When do we roll into the big city?

LUCY

Eight in the morning. Don't forget to set your watch ahead.

He shows his naked wrist.

AHERNE

Not a problem.

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

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 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

Hold it down!...He heard the Ricca gang was going free, he took his family, ran off. Okay, Irish first.

LAWYER

What the hell - why them?

GUARD

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

I talked to Accardo. 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. 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. Stan and Bauer hate each other: they give each other a long look.

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?

(MORE)

SKRZYPCZAK (CONT'D)

Still won't let you scoop up more money on the street?

BAUER

I learn all sorts of things in Records. Cops fight cops, nobody wins. We tried to show you, 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. 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 guys away. If the other team
finds it, people gonna die. Time to
search the impound lots. Damn!

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

CINDY
Can we play outside?

SKRZYPCZAK
Absolutely not. New cars on the
street. I bring the car round the
backyard.

EXT. STAN'S CAR - DAY

Wisconsin. Stan and the kids rocket down a country 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?
It's close to midnight.

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 plays. Anybody
marks 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

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 slaughters,
everyone will know it was you. You
just got out of stir, you 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. Even as a
kid, gets tossed out of school for
punching a girl in the face. He
kept bombing bars that wouldn't buy
his liquor.

SAM
So what's your point?

GALLUCCIO
He was scaring too many people, he
had to go. Ricca runs the store
like a business, enough with the
killing. You think it's an accident
that Ricca stuck you out in the
sticks? You still don't get it.

People are listening. Sam is furious.

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)
Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe all this
crazy stuff is an act. 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? I see you watching that girl. You 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 city works, police. In the real world, there are rules, I'm the police. Your husband, he knew. Someday I'll be running the 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 - 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, wants to get even with Ricca. Second place, Frankie, never liked Ricca, may want to settle old scores.

AHERNE

And the winner?

LUCY

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

Eight hours. This is impossible.

Aherne proceeds to Prendergast's corner. The two detectives try to read each other.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

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

Manganos run the waterfront, they got Profaci and Bonnano. You guys gets within a mile of the river, you get pounded. Costello doesn't have the balls to take the docks.

GENOVESE PUNK

Costello has Luciano and Genovese backing him.

MANGANO PUNK

Mangano has Anastasia and those Murder boys.

GENOVESE PUNK

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)

If I die, I need ten Jews for the kaddish. All you Italians need is six pallbearers. Guy with a mouth like yours should make a list.

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

SOKOLOV (CONT'D)

Hey! The docks? I promise, when the grownups hash that out, you people will not be in the room. 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)

Smith and Wesson with the dirty barrel? You must have shot at a lot of tin cans. Clean that out before you take it 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. Every mob
guy in town bluffs his shorts off.
So, Chicago.

(to Sokolov)

I know what you been up to.

(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, 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)

If the witness was you, you'd never give it away, Poker Face.

(to Sam)

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. He pulls his gun and shouts.

SAM
So who the hell is it? Who is this witness?

He waves the gun. Everyone cringes. He aims at the New York boys.

Hey, Luciano. I want to know!

SAM (CONT'D)
Nobody gets off this train until I find out! One of you goombahs think you're gonna put ME in jail?

Sokolov steps in front of Sam.

SOKOLOV
Sammie. Look at me. Look in my eyes. Put down the heat.

SAM

One of you people knows who it is.
I want to know.

He stows his gun and lights a cigarette.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

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,
why would anybody go to Green Bay,
not even football season.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

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

BAUER

He went to Green Bay....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

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. You find out what 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 collect, you don't put any more of my money on the street. I'm cutting you off. You go find that guy.

EXT. STAN'S CAR - DAY

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

CINDY

Are we staying here?

SKRZYPCZAK

Up here everybody knows everybody. Bunch of strangers show up, we're the headline in the local paper.

CINDY

So we're hiding on 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 feed the chickens. John, was it? Tomorrow you milk the cows.

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. The kids seem like a good sort. 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

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. 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. 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 here. These guys talk it up, they never leave the city. Too much action.

SHERIFF

You city boys.

SKRZYPCZAK

Town like Chicago. There's always a game on the radio, you can get a bet down, buy a girl a drink. These farmers, 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. TAVERN - 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, I'm not here to fight. We're all gonna be good friends, like before. 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)

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. Irish don't shake us down so much, they're not trying to steal the whole city. 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, I'm taking them back too. You too, kid -
- see you soon. ...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 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. He's going to tell ME what happened. We're looking for a witness who doesn't want to be a witness. Off you go, mind your mother.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

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

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
Groceries. Blankets in the 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 beginning to light 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, crackers and candy. Beats feeding chickens.

EXT. A TINY CANADIAN LAKE PORT - DAY

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 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. A TINY CANADIAN LAKE PORT - 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

The police auction off stuff they pick up in their cases, stolen cars, stuff that 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 - DAY

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

Sun's coming up. Couple hours left.

RORY

What?

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. 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. He gives her a good look.

AHERNE (CONT'D)

Everyone is trying to figure it out. Except you. The drunk says you're the widow of the guy got killed, you deny it.

(MORE)

AHERNE (CONT'D)

Woman in the camel hair 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 - DAY

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. Whole
bunch of receipts, city of Chicago,
state of Illinois.

SECOND MOBSTER
Somebody was working for the cops.
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 - DAY

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

INT. CLUB CAR - DAY

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 that whisky.

In a corner, Galluccio and a simmering Sam.

SAM

I go to the office, I see you guys, Ricca, Accardo, you know what I see? It's like the stockyards, bunch of steers going by, no balls.

GALLUCCIO

Is that so?

SAM

Chicago is waiting for a guy like me. I'm already wired into the judges, city hall. The place needs a guy like me. A guy with balls.

GALLUCCIO

Sam, I promise you. You take over the Chicago outfit, I will take this train right back to Chicago, put a bullet in your head. As a public service.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB CAR - DAY

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

PRENDERGAST

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

AHERNE

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

PRENDERGAST

A guy goes to one passenger after another, who does Sam hang around with, where does Galluccio go...doesn't buy a drink all night.

AHERNE

It's a mystery.

PRENDERGAST

My money's on the Ricca detective who's trying to kill the witness. Not the DA guy.

(MORE)

PRENDERGAST (CONT'D)

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. 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, take the money and run. Live longer.

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 - DAY

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.

She gives him a lethal look.

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 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. The
funeral, the guns 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
go to the studio chief's estate. I
was in the bedroom while the chief
and Ricca talk business. 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. 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 clues like bread crumbs all over the train and I missed em all. I really am burned out.

RORY

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, don't want to be there when he wakes up. I can sleep in the club car.

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 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 -- DAY

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 after 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. 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. Get
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 STATION - 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. The witness, she was
right in front of me. 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. STREET - DAY

New York. Rory emerges from the train station, sees a cop and
hides around a corner. She waits for a terrifying minute as a
crowd goes by. 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 - DAY

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

RORY

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

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 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. They wait and listen.

FBI AGENT

This is stupid. There's probably a cop on the door, mob guys on 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.

RORY

Things went so fast on the train.
They said your name is Aherne?

AHERNE

Nice to meet you. And you are...

RORY

I'm Rory.

AHERNE

How did they hang a man's name on a
girl like you?

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. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Chicago. 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. 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?

JOHN

You're crying.

RORY

You shoosh.

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

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

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

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

The whole town was looking for a witness, big ugly Italian stool pigeon with a busted nose. You are quite the other thing. 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. Stan Skipjack, army kicked him loose because he's supporting his mother. Aherne, Navy tossed him because his brother went down, Pearl Harbor.

AHERNE

An honest cop. Boy are you in the wrong town.

(MORE)

AHERNE (CONT'D)

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 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 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. TAVERN - 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!

She watches him, terrified.

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 didn't get indicted yet, how did you manage that?

GALLUCCIO

Matter of time. I think I'll go watch the trial either way, see how you perform. Tell me about your husband. First one.

RORY

He's dead. A man like any other. He was good to me.

(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)

But he was reckless and unlucky.
Then your friend came along, that
man Sam, the ice pick.

GALLUCCIO

And like lightning, you got married
again, what will the priests say?

RORY

That Aherne, he walks through a
city filled with gutless men, 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. Maybe you can help
me, and I can help you.

(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. 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 Ahorne?

SKRZYPCZAK

(absolutely delighted)
Ahorne? Yes, Mister Ahorne 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 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. 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. Throughout the scene, the BAILIFF and others look curiously at the wine. 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)

Prosecutor told me to hide my children from you. I brought them 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 me cheating on my husband, see? I said it out loud! We'll talk about the men who shot Stewart. We'll talk about the detective who tried to kill me on the Limited, can you hear me 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.

The bailiff snaps his fingers and points at the wine. Galluccio smiles, drinks off the last of his wine, and stows away his glass.

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, still need a man to kill the spiders, one or two other things. Want one? 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 breaks the
fourth wall.

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

FADE OUT.

THE END.