

GANGLAND

Written by

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On January 16, 1920, the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, known as "Prohibition," went into effect in the United States. This notorious law made illegal the manufacture, sale and possession of alcoholic beverages throughout the land.

The framers of this law believed the banning of liquor, wine and beer would rid America of poverty, crime and disease, thus creating a Nation that was peaceful, prosperous and sober.

It didn't work.

The outlawing of alcohol only made Americans crave it more. Underground taverns, known as "speakeasies," sprang up across the Nation. Illegal liquor was smuggled into the country by every means conceivable. And by 1927, nowhere else was this illicit liquor traffic more rampant than in a large midwestern city on the shores of Lake Michigan...

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A CITY ROAD - NIGHT

1

Prominently in the foreground, a large wooden sign:

"WELCOME TO CHICAGO.

"Big Bill" Thompson, Mayor."

Beyond it, pools of light from street lamps illuminate the deserted road as it curves off toward a neighborhood business district. It's midnight. Quiet. Peaceful.

Suddenly, the stillness is ripped by the thunder of MACHINE GUN FIRE: a hail of bullets riddle the welcome sign!

A canvas-covered TRUCK ROARS into frame, hotly pursued by a powerful 1927 CADILLAC PHAETON. A pair of Thompson wielding GANGSTERS ride the auto's running boards, blasting at the truck. Huge tongues of flame spew from their automatic weapons. They wear dark pin stripe suits and matching fedoras which are the trademark of their profession.

The Cadillac chases the truck into the city limits, its occupants totally oblivious to the property damage left in their wake.

2 ON ANOTHER STREET

2

A LONE WOMAN pushes a rickety SQUEAKING BABY CARRIAGE along an empty sidewalk. She is buxom, stocky, and the tattered bonnet tied under her thick chin hides her features. She pauses abruptly, reacting to the sound of machine gun fire.

Suddenly, the truck and pursuing sedan SCREECH around the corner and speed toward the woman!

She runs frantically down the sidewalk, pushing her buggy ahead of her. She glances back: the vehicles are racing toward her, and the Caddy is gaining on the truck.

Now bullets explode the truck's rear tire. Its spokes splinter, and the entire wheel rim disintegrates. Out of control, the truck swerves sideways, then flips over, throwing its cargo of 200 beer barrels all over the street! Simultaneously, the truck's gas tank EXPLODES, engulfing the vehicle in a blinding fireball.

2

CONTINUED

2

The force of the explosion knocks the woman off her feet...but her baby carriage keeps on rolling down the sidewalk, toward the street!

The phaeton careens around the flaming wreckage, skidding through pools of beer and broken barrels.

The runaway baby buggy bounces over the curb, right into the path of the speeding Cadillac!

The car can't swerve out of the way—it rams the carriage, flipping it into the air! The carriage slams into the pavement with a horrible CRASH.

But inside is no baby...only the shattered remains of TWO CASES OF CANADIAN WHISKEY: broken bottles and splattered booze!

3

THE WOMAN

3

immediately rips off her bonnet and wig, revealing that "she" is a middle-aged BALD MAN...and he's totally irate! He screams in outrage at the departing gangster car.

BALD MAN

You son-of-a-bitch! That was 2 cases of Canadian whiskey---uncut!

He pulls a pistol out of his coat and starts FIRING wildly at the escaping auto as it ROARS around the corner.

Out of bullets, the bald man runs over to the destroyed remains of his contraband to see if any of it is salvageable.

As the bald man rummages vainly through the wreckage, he doesn't notice the Cadillac reappear behind him, headlights now off. The auto slowly approaches.

Then the bald man hears it. He looks behind him: he's horrified! He runs for it, toward camera, the gangster car accelerating behind him.

Suddenly, the bald man's eyes bulge, his mouth falls open, he freezes, then falls face down in the street. An IVORY HANDLED STILETTO KNIFE is stuck in his back. In the handle is the inlaid emerald letter "M."

The malevolent phaeton speeds off into the night.

3

CONTINUED

3

Lights in the windows of the surrounding buildings are quickly extinguished; shutters are drawn, blinds are shut.

The bald man is left there, dead on the pavement, another victim of GANGLAND!

ROLL MAIN TITLE

CUT TO:

4

EXT. CLOSE ON A RADIO - DAY

4

The latest model 1927 radio is sitting on a patio table, broadcasting the Chicago White Sox baseball game. Next to it, the Tribune sports page shows a picture of Sox pitcher JOHNNY DAYLIGHT, with the Headline "Johnny Daylight Debuts For Sox Against Yankees Today." Daylight is mid-to-late 20's, handsome, with boyish looks...in short, the All-American baseball star.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Top of the 9th, 2 away, Yankees have a man on first, and pitcher Johnny Daylight is just one strike away from a one-to-nothing shutout victory over New York...

But nobody ever said it was going to be easy: the batter is number 3, Babe Ruth. So far this game, the Sultan of Swat has gotten a piece of everything Johnny Daylight has thrown at him--he's flied out to left, and flied out to right. I'd say the Babe is due for a home run today.

We are pulling back to reveal a fabulously landscaped swimming pool on a splendorous estate, where a handsome, charismatic MAN of 40 suns himself in a chaise lounge, listening attentively to the game. His swimming suit is perfectly tailored, and is monogrammed "JT;" his perfect tan has earned him the name "SUNTAN" JOE TORELLI.

Nearby are a number of BODYGUARDS dressed in traditional underworld style, as well as several LOVELY WOMEN who are variously soaking up sun, or swimming. There are also the obligatory servants; one tends a portable bar, another holds a silver ashtray for the cigar Torelli is smoking.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, Babe Ruth has just pointed out toward the left field wall. He's telling Johnny Daylight where the next ball is going. Folks, I certainly wouldn't want to be under the pressure that Johnny Daylight must be feeling right now... Daylight hesitates...here's the wind up...and the pitch...

Torelli sits up intently. We hear the tremendous CRACK of Babe Ruth's bat as it connects with the ball...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

A hard hit fly ball, deep toward the left field wall---it might be a home run---going, going...foul!

Torelli is relieved.

Now LOUIE COLUMBUS approaches Torelli. He's a hard-faced fellow of 30 odd years, with a pencil thin moustache. He's dressed in pin stripes with a white carnation, and he has a sense of urgency.

COLUMBUS

Excuse me, Mr. Torelli---

TORELLI

Columbus, how many times do I have to tell you: never interrupt me when I'm listening to a Sox game. Business can wait. A man's got to have his priorities.

Columbus nods and backs off. His shadow falls across Torelli.

TORELLI

Stand on my other side, Columbus. You're blocking the sun.

Columbus quickly complies.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Babe Ruth is now pointing toward the center field wall, the longest distance in Comiskey Park! He's challenging Daylight, daring him to put one over the plate again.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O., cont'd)
Daylight doesn't flinch. The young
pitcher adjusts his hat, signals
Harrigan the catcher...Ruth steps back
up to the plate...here we go...

Daylight winds up, here's the pitch---
fast ball---STRIKE THREE! Johnny Daylight
strikes out Babe Ruth to win the game,
one to nothing!

The announcer is drowned out by the CHEERS of the
hometown fans.

Torelli is ecstatic. He stands up and turns off the
radio.

TORELLI

Best fast ball in baseball today:
Johnny Daylight. Kid's got the greatest
arm since Ed Walsh. I've had my eye on
him ever since St. Louis brought him up
from the farm team---been telling Comiskey
about him for the past 3 years. I'm glad he's
playing for us now.

Which reminds me---Columbus, did he get my
invitation for the garden party next week? I
want to meet that young man.

COLUMBUS

He sent his regrets, Mr. Torelli, and
he hopes you'll understand.

TORELLI

Doesn't want to be seen with a bootlegger, eh?
I respect that. I admire that. I wish
more ball players would keep their noses clean.

As Torelli talks, he walks along a row of cabanas. A
servant is posted at each one, each with an article of
clothing. As Torelli passes, they dress him.

Along with Columbus, Torelli is accompanied by other
members of his business operation. FREDDY hands Torelli
a drink in a cocktail glass. Torelli takes a sip, then
spits it out.

TORELLI

Jesus, what is this swill?

FREDDY

It's the new bourbon we're running in
from Mexico.

TORELLI

Mexican Bourbon? What do they distill it from, chili peppers?

FREDDY

Costs a third less than that Canadian hootch we've been running in.

TORELLI

I don't care how cheap it is. I'm Suntan Joe Torelli. I don't deal in rotgut. My customers expect quality. The name "Joe Torelli" means quality! Understand?

FREDDY

Yes sir. But we're stuck with 47 freight cars of this stuff. Do you want we should just dump it?

Torelli thinks a moment, then takes another sip of the rotgut.

TORELLI

Sell it off as paint thinner.

Freddy nods and exits.

Torelli is almost completely dressed now---in an expensive, beautifully tailored beige gabardine suit. A servant places a matching fedora on his head as he continues past the cabanas.

TORELLI

(to Columbus)

Now, what was so important that it couldn't wait for the Sox game?

COLUMBUS

We found out who hit the Moran mob last night...

TORELLI

Who?

Columbus hands him an object wrapped in a handkerchief. Torelli unwraps it: it's the ivory handled STILETTO KNIFE from the bald man's back. Torelli's expression turns grim upon seeing the emerald letter "M."

TORELLI

Meegan.

COLUMBUS

(nods)

We found it stuck in the back of a delivery boy named Ned Clancey. Looks like Meegan's about to seize complete control of Moran's territory.

TORELLI

Greedy little punk. What's he gotta go stirring up trouble for? He already controls nearly all the liquor traffic on the north side. You'd think a man would be satisfied making over a hundred million dollars a year. I know I am.

COLUMBUS

What should we do, Mr. Torelli?

TORELLI

Nothing we can do. I signed a truce with Meegan...signed it in the Mayor's office. The Police Commissioner witnessed it.

But have our people step up security on all our operations. Tell 'em to keep their eyes open for anything suspicious.

Torelli is almost to the end of his row of cabanas. Servants are putting rings on his fingers.

COLUMBUS

(shaking his head)

It just don't figure, Mr. Torelli. This guy Clancey was just a delivery boy---a family man. He wasn't in the muscle end of the Moran mob. What profit could there be in killing him?

TORELLI

Patrick Meegan doesn't kill for profit, Columbus. He kills for pleasure.

At the last cabana, a beautiful GIRL steps out. Torelli takes her arm and walks off.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

5

CLOSE ON PATRICK MEEGAN,

stepping out of his fancy BLACK CADILLAC, parked on an urban street.

At 28, he is the personification of evil. His smile menacing, his eyes cold and passionless, he is a man without a soul. He is immaculately groomed in a black pin-striped suit, black shirt, white tie, and virgin white spats. A black hat tips just slightly over his forehead.

Accompanying Meegan is his entourage: NUMBERS LEIBOWITZ, Meegan's underweight, twitchy, bifocaled bookkeeper; RED, a burly, mean triggerman with hair the color of hellfire; SWEET, a big-boned enforcer who is perpetually popping chocolates into his mouth; and JOEY CUPIDOPOLOUS, known as "CUPID," Meegan's young acne-faced driver who has a gold front tooth. Cupid wears a camel's hair overcoat, his prize possession.

Meegan and his men cross the sidewalk and descend a short stairway to a heavy wooden door. Red and Sweet carry violin cases.

NUMBERS

Mr. Meegan, as your accountant, I feel it's my duty to advise that we're going to an awful lot of trouble and expense to collect from a man who's only ten dollars behind.

MEEGAN

It's not just for ten dollars, Numbers.
Red: open the door.

Red opens his violin case, pulls out a Thompson Submachine gun and BLASTS the door. Red kicks it open; Meegan and his men pass through the gun smoke and enter that great American institution...

6 INT. A SPEAKEASY - DAY

6

It's a small, neighborhood, working class place, owned and operated by TONY, 40, a short Italian with a big black handlebar moustache.

The half dozen or so PATRONS here react fearfully upon seeing Meegan. They immediately grab their hats, and hurry out.

Meegan's men approach Tony and back him up against the bar. Tony smiles weakly. He's nervous as hell.

TONY

Mr. Meegan, I wasn't expecting you.

Meegan takes a small ATOMIZER out of his pocket and sprays his throat, staring coldly at Tony while his boys do the talking.

RED

You owe Mr. Meegan some money, Tony.
Numbers: how much does he owe?

NUMBERS

Ten dollars.

TONY

I didn't have it, Mr. Meegan...because of my kid. I had to take him to a doctor...buy him medicine. He got sick walking home from school in the rain.

SWEET

What's the matter, Tony? Your kid don't have a rain coat?

TONY

He's got one but it's old, it doesn't fit him too well, it's got holes in it...

Meegan steps forward, stares at Tony a moment, then points at him.

MEEGAN

If you can't afford to dress your kids, Tony, you shouldn't send 'em to school.

TONY

You're right, Mr. Meegan. I just wasn't thinking.

RED

It's too bad you weren't thinking, Tony.. Because when you don't pay for protection, you got nobody to protect you.

SWEET

Yeah. Anybody could come in here and do this...

Sweet has pulled his Thompson out of his violin case. He machine guns a shelf full of liquor bottles.

RED

Of this...

Red machine guns a shelf full of glassware and china.

TONY

(horrified)

Oh, please, Mr. Meegan, make them stop! I'm sorry!

MEEGAN

You're sorry, are you, Tony? Well, I can forgive the ten dollars. But I can't forgive what you said to Mace Verdova at Joey's Chop House last night.

Tony turns white, quaking with fear. He doesn't know what to say.

MEEGAN

(continuing)

Yeah, I heard Tony. Did you think something like that wasn't gonna get back to me?

TONY

I didn't mean it, Mr. Meegan.
Th-that--that was a---a joke!
I didn't even know your mother!

MEEGAN

A joke? Maybe you call it a joke, Tony.
I call it an insult. And nobody insults Patrick Meegan.

In the background, Sweet is opening the lid of a 42-gallon beer barrel.

TONY

(tears in his eyes)

I'm sorry, Mr. Meegan. It'll never happen again.

MEEGAN

I know.

Meegan nods to Red and Sweet.

The two enforcers grab the helpless Italian and carry him over to the open beer barrel. They turn him upside down and shove him in. Sweet picks up the lid and forces it back down. He and Red pound it tightly into place.

Meegan pays little attention to the barrel rocking back and forth as Tony tries to break it apart. Instead, the Irishman spots a discarded newspaper open to the sports page.

7 INSERT - NEWSPAPER

7

The same paper we saw at Torelli's, with the picture of Johnny Daylight and the headline, "Daylight Debuts For Sox Against Yankees Today."

8 MEEGAN

8

smiles with recognition. He shows it to Numbers.

MEEGAN

This is really good news. Johnny and I grew up in the same neighborhood... used to play sandlot together back in St. Louis. And now he's pitching for Chicago. I'm gonna have to look him up.

The barrel is shaking very violently now---Tony can't have much time left.

Red cautiously approaches his boss and indicates the barrel.

RED

Excuse me, Mr. Meegan, but...do you want him to drown in there?

MEEGAN

No, Red. Drain it.

Red raises his Thompson and fires four slugs into the middle of the barrel.

The barrel stops shaking as amber liquid pours out onto the floor...and then turns red.

Meegan and his men head for the door.

MEEGAN

Cupid: cigar box.

Cupid steps over with a cigar box and opens it. Inside is a row of IVORY HANDLED STILETTO KNIVES. Meegan picks one, turns, and throws it into a table.

9 INSERT - TABLE

9

The point of the stiletto sticks right through the picture of Johnny Daylight in the newspaper.

CUT TO:

10 CLOSE ON A BASEBALL,

10

gripped tightly by a hand. The hand brings the ball up to the face of JOHNNY DAYLIGHT.

Daylight looks as All-American as his photo---clean cut, handsome, charming. His face is at the moment a picture of concentration.

11 INT. WHITE SOX SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

11

Daylight stands at one end of the basement speakeasy, wearing a baseball cap and his street clothes.

50 feet away from him stands BERNICE, a slightly overweight barmaid, with a wooden match clenched between her teeth, sulphur end out.

Behind Bernice is HARRY HARRIGAN, the Sox CATCHER, wearing his catcher's mitt and mask. The set-up is a variation of William Tell: Daylight is going to attempt to light the match in Bernice's mouth with the baseball.

PATRONS are laying their bets on the bar, under the watchful eye of the BARTENDER.

The speakeasy itself is adorned with sports memorabilia, most especially a huge WHITE SOX PENNANT. This is where the team comes to celebrate. There is sawdust on the floor to soak up the booze in case of a raid.

A hush descends on the place as the attention of everyone, team members (all in street clothes), sports fans, flappers, is turned toward Johnny Daylight.

BARTENDER

Any more bets? Speak now, or forever hold it.

The final bets are placed, and then the Bartender gives Daylight the nod.

Daylight smiles mischievously, and winds up coolly.

Bernice is nervous as hell.

Daylight throws...

The speeding fastball whizzes past the match and cracks into Harry's mitt. Then the match sparks and sizzles into flame.

11 CONTINUED

11

Daylight makes an understated thumbs-up jab at the air---
his personal victory salute.

DAYLIGHT

Gotcha!

The crowd CHEERS.

The Bartender hands Harry the cash. Harry gives a few bills
to Bernice, a few to the Bartender, and pockets the rest.

Harry grabs a stein of beer and jumps up on a table.

HARRY

What did I tell you? Didn't I tell
you he was the best? I'd like to
propose a toast to the newest member
of the Sox, my friend, the greatest
arm in baseball...Johnny Daylight!

There are CHEERS as everyone drinks up, and cries of "Speech,
speech!"

Finally Daylight modestly stands to speak. A PHOTOGRAPHER
shoots a flash picture of him.

DAYLIGHT

Folks, I don't know what to say except
being able to pitch for a team like
the Sox is for me like a dream come
true. It's a great team and a great
city...I don't know if I'll be able
to pitch shutouts every game, but I
do know this: I'll never do anything
to disgrace or dishonor the greatest
baseball club in the world---the
Chicago White Sox!

There are rousing cheers as the Sox players chug their
beers straight down.

Harry belches and grins.

HARRY

Prohibition? Never heard of it!

CUT TO:

12 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - DAYLIGHT, HARRY

12

Daylight and Harry stand peeing at the trough, backs to the
camera. Harry is squinting, reading something on the wall
in front of him.

12 CONTINUED

12

HARRY

Hey, Johnny, read this one. It's
unbelievable. What kind of a mind
could think of something like that?

Daylight moves over to read it.

HARRY

Hey! Watch where you're pointin' that
thing!

We hear the sounds of GARBAGE CANS being KNOCKED OVER.

Daylight and Harry exchange a look, then zip up and open
the casement window.

13 THEIR P.O.V. OUT THE WINDOW

13

In the alley outside, TWO THUGS are working over a
BARTENDER, dressed in white apron and arm garters, in the
rear doorway of his establishment.

A 3rd THUG comes out of the doorway with a beer barrel.
He lifts it over his head and hurls it down---it breaks
apart, splattering beer all over.

3RD THUG

Next time, you buy beer from us...
or there won't be a next time.

He punches the bartender in the gut.

14 HARRY AND DAYLIGHT

14

watch a moment more, horrified, then exchange another look.

DAYLIGHT

Close the window, Harry.

Harry closes it.

CUT TO:

15 INT. SOX SPEAKEASY - AT A TABLE

15

We're close on Daylight's right hand against a piece of paper
as his left hand traces its outline with a pencil. We pull
back as Daylight autographs it and hands it to DORIS, an
attractive but somewhat sleazy flapper. She is transfixed by
Daylight. She snuggles up to him.

15 CONTINUED

15

DORIS

Does that right hand of yours do
anything besides throw baseballs?

DAYLIGHT

(flexes it for her)

This hand can do things you
can't possibly imagine. Would you
like a demonstration?

Daylight reaches under the table, but before he can
demonstrate, a VOICE calls to him from behind.

VOICE (O.S.)

You still using that same old line,
Johnny?

Daylight turns around.

The voice belongs to PATRICK MEEGAN.

MEEGAN

I remember the first time you used
it---on Billy McCloskey's sister.
It didn't work then, either.

Daylight doesn't seem too thrilled about seeing Meegan.

DAYLIGHT

Hello, Pat.

MEEGAN

Hello, Pat? Is that any way to greet
an old friend? Come here, you son of
a bitch---let me look at you!

Meegan puts his arm around Daylight and playfully punches him.

MEEGAN (cont'd)

So you're a big shot baseball star
now, huh? Well, I say you're still a
punk. Still a punk! A "Riverfront
Rat!"

Meegan spots the PHOTOGRAPHER who has been taking pictures of the Sox.

MEEGAN

Hey, get a picture of us together---
the two old pals! Two old riverfront
rats!

15 CONTINUED

15

The Photographer approaches, but Daylight waves him away.

DAYLIGHT

No---no more pictures. I've had
enough pictures tonight.

MEEGAN

Well, come on over. I want to buy
you a drink.

DAYLIGHT

Well, actually, I'm here with some
other people...

MEEGAN

Let 'em wait. Come on, I want you
to meet the boys.

HARRY

Go ahead, Johnny. We'll wait.

Daylight reluctantly lets Meegan walk him over to his table
where Red, Sweet, Numbers and Cupid are seated. As
Meegan approaches, they all stand.

In the background, we see the doorman open a slot in the
door, then lift a latch to admit two more patrons.

MEEGAN

Really, Johnny, I think it's great
you've been traded to Chicago.
I've been reading all about you in
the papers.

DAYLIGHT

I've been reading all about you, too.

MEEGAN

Boys: here he is. My old friend,
Johnny.
Sit down, Johnny, sit down.

Daylight sits down. Meegan sits down. And then his boys sit
down. Daylight is very uncomfortable.

A big funnel is mounted in the center of the table, with a
small sign next to it: "For Use in the Event of a Police
Raid Only. No Spitting, Please."

15 CONTINUED

15

MEEGAN

Red: champagne. If they've got any.
(to Daylight)

Hey, remember how we used to sneak on
the roller coaster at The Highlands?
Ride all night without a ticket?

Or that time we broke into that
tobacco warehouse? You pitched a rock
through that window--couldn't have
been more than 4 inches wide. That
guard never knew what hit him.

DAYLIGHT

That was a long time ago, Pat.

MEEGAN

Yeah. Who woulda thought then that
things would turn out like this. You,
a big shot baseball player...Me, a
respectable businessman.

DAYLIGHT

Respectable?

MEEGAN

You'd better believe I'm respectable.
Respectable...and powerful.

Judges, Aldermen, Senators, Police
Captains...they all take my advice.

DAYLIGHT

I guess you're still carrying around
the Bible, eh?

MEEGAN

The Bible? Me?

DAYLIGHT

You remember---that little red book
of yours. The pay-off book. You
called it "The Bible" because it
put the fear of God into everybody.

MEEGAN

(laughs, remembering)

That's right, I did call it "the Bible."

Yeah, I'm still carryin' it, only
it's not red anymore. It's black.
And it's not so little. I've got
more than just pay-offs in it, too...
names, dates, places...and secrets.
I'm telling you, Johnny, there ain't
nobody too good to be in my book.

15 CONTINUED

15

Meegan wants Daylight to be impressed, but Daylight isn't.

The waiter brings some drinks over.

MEEGAN

Johnny, there's a benefit tomorrow night for Alderman Dugan. A lot of important people are going to be there. I'm going to be there. And I'd like you to be there with me. Sit at my table. I want everybody to know that Johnny Daylight is my good friend.

DAYLIGHT

I appreciate the offer, Pat, but I've got other plans.

MEEGAN

Well, hell, cancel 'em. This is a black tie affair at the Palmer House. A lot of big shots are gonna be there.

DAYLIGHT

I'm sorry, Pat. Maybe some other time.

MEEGAN

Yeah. Maybe some other time.

There is a long, long moment of silence as Meegan stares at Daylight coldly.

MEEGAN

Remember the time we took that blood oath together? How we swore that if either of us ever needed the other, we'd be there?

DAYLIGHT

Yeah, we sure used to do a lot of crazy things.

MEEGAN

Well, I want you to know that the oath still stands for me. If you ever need me, I'll be there.

DAYLIGHT

Well, it still stands for me, too.

A sly smile crosses Meegan's face.

15 CONTINUED

15

MEEGAN

I'm glad to hear that, Johnny, because
I need you to do something for me.

Daylight looks at Meegan curiously. He had no idea
Meegan could have been serious.

MEEGAN

Chicago's the odds on favorite to beat
Detroit next week. On the day you
pitch, I'm putting a little bet on
Detroit.

DAYLIGHT

I don't throw games, Pat.

MEEGAN

Johnny, baseball's not a game. It's
a business.

DAYLIGHT

I'm no businessman.

MEEGAN

There's ten thousand dollars in it
for you.

DAYLIGHT

I said, I'm not interested.

MEEGAN

Five thousand.

DAYLIGHT

What is this, some kinda sick game
you're playing?

MEEGAN

(slowly, deliberately)

You think that you're too good for me now,
don't you, Johnny? Now that you're a big
shot baseball star? You don't want to be
seen in public with me, or have your picture
taken with me. That's it, isn't it, Johnny?
You think you're better than me.

DAYLIGHT

I've changed, Pat. I'm not the same kid
you grew up with. Not anymore.

Meegan pulls out his wallet and pulls a crisp new thousand dollar
bill out of it. He lets Daylight see it, then he crumples it up
and tosses it on the table in front of him.

15 CONTINUED

15

MEEGAN

My final offer.

Daylight looks at it a moment, then looks at Meegan.

DAYLIGHT

You really want me in that book of yours, don't you?

MEEGAN

Everybody else is.

DAYLIGHT

I just want to mind my own business. Why can't we just go our own separate ways?

MEEGAN

In this city, you're either my friend or my enemy.

Daylight glares at him, then stands.

DAYLIGHT

Goodbye, Pat.

He walks away, leaving Meegan sitting there, quietly seething.

RED

He may be a good pitcher, but he sure don't know how to play ball.

MEEGAN

I want "The Pipe" to take care of that punk.

Numbers consults his ledger book.

NUMBERS

The Pipe? That's gonna cost us. It's Saturday night. We'll have to pay him time and a half.

MEEGAN

I don't care what it costs. I want "The Pipe."

(a beat)

Nobody sits at my table and tells me he's better than me.

Meegan takes out his atomizer and sprays his mouth.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. AN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

16

It's late; the residential street is quiet. JOHNNY DAYLIGHT is helping DORIS up the front steps of his 3-story brick apartment building. She's really bombed, and has a champagne bottle in her hand. She can barely make it up the stairs.

DORIS

You know, I think I drank too much...

DAYLIGHT

You do, huh?

DORIS

Yeah. I don't think we're gonna make it.

DAYLIGHT

Oh, we're gonna make it, all right.
Trust me.

She loses her balance, but Daylight grabs her by the ass just in time to keep her from falling over. She gives him a big drunken grin as she sees where his hand is.

DORIS

My! Is that how you grip the curve ball?

DAYLIGHT

No. The screw ball.

We hear the sound of DISTANT MACHINE GUN FIRE.

DORIS

(listens curiously)
Choppers...! Maybe we should call the police.

DAYLIGHT

(uneasily)
It's none of our business.

He opens the building's front door. We hear another burst.

DORIS

It's sure gotten noisy since Prohibition.

They enter.

17 INT. DAYLIGHT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

The light is switched on as Daylight enters his living room with Doris. The place is clean, and furnished decently, but not fancily. There's a radio, a stack of sports magazines on the coffee table, and an autographed baseball on a pedestal.

DAYLIGHT

This is the living room...

DORIS

Where's the bedroom?

DAYLIGHT

Doris, you're a girl after my own heart.
Right this way...

Daylight escorts her through a doorway, into the

18 INT. BEDROOM

18

Doris smiles upon seeing the bed. She plunges headlong into it...and promptly passes out!

Daylight can't believe his luck.

Doris snores.

Daylight pulls the bottle out of her hand and looks at it, shaking his head.

DAYLIGHT

There oughta be a law against this stuff...

He tucks her in.

19 INT. LIVING ROOM

19

Daylight re-enters the living room, only to be greeted by an UNNERVING VOICE.

VOICE

What's wrong, lover boy? Did you strike out?

Daylight sees a skinny, vicious looking fellow sitting comfortably in his easy chair, facing him. He puffs on a Sherlock Holmes style calabash pipe, the bowl of which is hand-carved into a SKULL AND CROSSBONES. This is "THE PIPE."

19 CONTINUED

19

Daylight is grabbed from behind by CUPID clad in his camel's hair coat. Daylight struggles, but Cupid immediately shoves a revolver in his face.

CUPID

Uh, uh, uh...!

Daylight stops struggling. Cupid pushes him closer to the Pipe.

DAYLIGHT

What the hell is this? Who are you?

The Pipe inhales and blows pipe smoke in Daylight's face.

THE PIPE

They call me "The Pipe."

DAYLIGHT

No kidding.

THE PIPE

Mr. Meegan tells me you don't like the color of his money.

DAYLIGHT

It's not the color I mind. It's the smell.

THE PIPE

Well, let me ask you something, smart guy. You know why they call me "The Pipe?"

He blows more smoke in Daylight's face.

DAYLIGHT

I give up.

The Pipe jerks his right arm, and an 18-inch length of lead pipe drops out of his sleeve, into his hand. In one quick motion, The Pipe whacks Daylight hard in the gut with it. Daylight doubles over in pain onto the floor.

THE PIPE

That's why.

I understand you're quite a pitcher...that you throw a real fast ball. Let's play a little game and see how fast you really are...

The Pipe takes the autographed baseball off its pedestal and rolls it on the floor near Daylight.

19 CONTINUED

19

THE PIPE

Let's see if you can grab that ball
before I break your hand with this pipe.

Daylight gives him a look from the floor.

DAYLIGHT

Now why would I want to play a game
like that?

THE PIPE

Because if you don't, Cupid here is
gonna blow your brains out. And
like every other piece of gutless
human garbage, you'll do anything
to prolong your worthless life even
if it's only for a few more seconds.

Now, I'm gonna count to five.
One...

The Pipe readies his weapon.

THE PIPE

Two.

Daylight considers the geography of the situation. The
baseball is a foot away from his right hand...

THE PIPE

Three.

Cupid stands nearby, his pistol pointing at Daylight...

THE PIPE

Four.

Daylight rivets his eyes to the torpedo's lead pipe...
He lets his hand inch slowly toward the baseball...

THE PIPE

Fi---

Daylight grabs for the ball---

The Pipe swings his pipe downward---

But Daylight is faster: he snatches the ball away just as
the lead pipe smashes through the hardwood floor, cracking
and splintering it!

19 CONTINUED

19

There is a stunned moment of disbelief: neither The Pipe nor Cupid have ever seen anything like the lightning reflexes of Johnny Daylight!

Cupid levels his revolver at Daylight.

Daylight hurls the baseball at the gun with deadly accuracy: the pistol DISCHARGES as it's knocked out of Cupid's hand, ELASTING A BULLET right through The Pipe's skull!

The Pipe drops to the floor, dead.

The gun is on the floor, several feet away. Daylight lunges for it.

Cupid dives on top of him to prevent him from reaching it, but Daylight is stronger: he pushes the gold-toothed punk off him and reaches for the pistol.

Cupid grabs the lead pipe.

Just as Daylight reaches the gun, Cupid smashes the pipe into Daylight's right hand. Cartilage crunches. Daylight howls in pain.

Cupid raises the pipe again---Daylight kicks him hard in the chest, sending him sprawling backward.

Daylight picks up the revolver with his left hand and FIRES at the punk---his shots go wild, shattering the walls and furniture.

Cupid throws the pipe at Daylight---Daylight ducks, then again FIRES at Cupid. Cupid dives out the window!

20 EXT. DAYLIGHT'S APARTMENT BUILDING

20

Cupid jumps from the 3rd story window into a tree. He drops to the ground and runs off into the night.

21 INT. DAYLIGHT'S LIVING ROOM

21

Daylight sees that Cupid has escaped. He looks at the gun in his hand, then looks at The Pipe lying dead on the floor in a pool of blood.

DAYLIGHT

Jesus.

He throws the gun down, then turns his attention to his injured hand: he can't bend it. He's in a lot of pain.

22 INT. DAYLIGHT'S BEDROOM

22

Daylight enters, picks up the phone with his left hand and dials "0" with his left index finger.

DAYLIGHT

Operator---I need an ambulance.
Emergency.

Doris continues snoring on the bed. She's in the exact same position she was before, dead to the world.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. CITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Establishing.

24 INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - DAYLIGHT, HARRY, DORIS - NIGHT

24

Daylight is on a gurney in the recovery room, his hand and lower arm in a cast, and in traction. Despite the lateness of the hour, Harry and Doris are visiting, as well as a few other TEAM MEMBERS. A NURSE is also on duty.

DAYLIGHT

The doctor says I'll pitch again, but it'll take anywhere from 6 weeks to 6 months.

HARRY

Christ, Johnny, what's the world coming to? 2 guys break into your house and bust your hand, just because you refuse to take a bribe.

DAYLIGHT

I was lucky, Harry. They were gonna kill me.

HARRY

Jesus, Johnny. Jesus Christ.

DAYLIGHT

The police are on it. I told them everything.

HARRY

The police? Was Meegan there tonight? In your apartment?

DAYLIGHT

No.

HARRY

Then the police can't touch him.
Listen, I've read about this guy,
Meegan. He's one tough customer.
What you've gotta do is get word to
him...tell him this was all a mistake,
that you're sorry.

DAYLIGHT

No way, Harry. There's no way in hell
I'll ever do that.

HARRY

Yeah, well, when a guy like Meegan's
got the knife out for you, it doesn't
leave you a whole lot of choices.

DAYLIGHT

The police are arranging a safe place
for me to hide out for awhile.

HARRY

And then what? What are you gonna
do: hide out for the rest of your life?

DAYLIGHT

What do you want me to do? Sell out?
Let Meegan own me?

Harry doesn't have an answer.

DAYLIGHT

Well, the answer is no. I worked all
my life to pull myself out of the gutter,
and I'll be goddamned if that punk's
gonna drag me back down.

Now TWO UNIFORMED COPS, SERGEANT MAHONEY and PATROLMAN
DONOVAN, enter.

SERGEANT

Mr. Daylight, I'm Sergeant Mahoney,
this is Patrolman Donovan. We have
orders to move you to a secure
location for your protection.

Daylight sits up and pulls his cast encased right arm out of
traction.

DORIS

(quite hung over)
Listen, Johnny, I'd like to see you
again, but my fiance'll be coming
in from DeKalb tomorrow, and I---

24 CONTINUED

24

DAYLIGHT

It's all right, Doris. I understand.

DORIS

Well, maybe we can get together again...
after the honeymoon and I'm all settled
in and everything.

DAYLIGHT

Sure, Doris, right. See you around.

Doris gives him a kiss, then exits.

HARRY

Oh, Johnny—I almost forgot...

He pulls a baseball out of his pocket and offers it to Daylight.

HARRY (cont'd)

It's the ball you struck out the
Babe with this afternoon.

Daylight is about to take it with his left hand; instead
he tries to grasp it with his cast encased right hand.
Try as he might, he can't grip it.

DAYLIGHT

You keep it for me, Harry.

Harry nods.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

25

A POLICE CAR cruises over a viaduct, under which a long
freight train is passing.

26 INT. MOVING POLICE CAR - SERGEANT, COP, DAYLIGHT

26

Daylight, now in his street clothes, is in the back seat.
The Sergeant is in the passenger seat, watching out the
window as the vehicle cruises slowly down the dark, deserted
business street.

DAYLIGHT

How far is this place?

SERGEANT

Not far.

26 CONTINUED

26

Suddenly, Patrolman Donovan hits the brakes and points out the window.

PATROLMAN

Hey, Sarge, looks like the door to Jock's is open.

The Sergeant aims a flashlight in that direction.

SERGEANT

Yeah. We'd better take a look.

27 EXT. STREET

27

The police car parks in front of "Jock's Hock Shop," a Pawn Shop, which like all the businesses on the street is dark and closed.

28 INT. POLICE CAR

28

The cops look at the Pawn Shop for a moment, then the Sergeant takes out a pair of handcuffs, loops them through the metal bar on the front seat, then cuffs Daylight's wrist and cast.

DAYLIGHT

What are these for?

SERGEANT

Routine precaution. We won't be long.

DAYLIGHT

You don't have to do this. I'm not going anywhere.

SERGEANT

It's procedure. Whenever a patrol car is left unattended, the occupant must be secured. Give us a break and let us do our job.

DAYLIGHT

All right, but don't take too long.

They exit the car. All is quiet, save for the sound of the passing freight in the background. Daylight looks over at the Pawn Shop.

29 HIS P.O.V. OF THE PAWNSHOP

29

The cops check the front door: sure enough, it's open. They enter and disappear into the darkness. In a moment, the electric sign in front blinks on briefly, then blinks off again.

30 DAYLIGHT

30

reacts with mild curiosity. Then he hears the sound of a POWERFUL CAR ENGINE revving up. He turns around and looks out the rear window.

31 DAYLIGHT'S P.O.V. OF

31

a BLACK SEDAN, half a block away, accelerating toward him. with no headlights.

32 DAYLIGHT

32

glances back at the Pawn Shop: he catches a glimpse of one of the cops diving behind a counter.

He looks back at the sedan: a MACHINE GUN is shoved out the window!

Daylight realizes it's a hit. He tries to escape, but he's handcuffed securely to the metal bar on the front seat. He's unable to even duck for cover!

33 THE BLACK SEDAN

33

continues accelerating!

34 DAYLIGHT

34

tries to wrench the metal bar off the front seat—he can't. He looks behind him and sees that it's only a matter of seconds before the black sedan reaches him.

Still struggling, he notices his cast. He smashes it hard against the metal bar: nothing happens. He smashes it again--- this time the cast cracks. He grimaces. One more time and it shatters! He painfully forces his right wrist out of the handcuff: he's free!

He dives out of the car and hits the pavement as MACHINE GUN BULLETS spray the Police Car!

35 EXT. THE STREET

35

Daylight gets up. The black sedan makes a SCREECHING U-turn!

Daylight runs like hell in the opposite direction!

The sedan guns forward in pursuit.

Daylight is heading for the viaduct. Behind him, the sedan is gaining. The gun barrel is thrust out the window.

Daylight pours it on. Bullets rip into the curb behind him. There's no way out! Daylight looks over the viaduct wall.

36 HIS P.O.V. OF

36

GRAIN-FILLED HOPPERS of the Freight Train passing below.

37 DAYLIGHT

37

vaults over the viaduct wall! He plummets into a load of passing grain!

38 ON THE STREET ABOVE

38

The Gangster car screeches to a halt, and CUPID jumps out of the passenger's side with a machine gun. He looks over the edge of the viaduct for Daylight and fires a few blind bursts at the train—it doesn't even slow down. Frustrated, he gets back in the car. It drives off.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. RIVERVIEW AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

39

The Amusement Park is dark...closed for the night.

A BLACK SEDAN cruises slowly down the midway, past the spectacular Roller Coaster, and parks near the MAIN THEME TOWER, 6 stories tall. A light burns in a 4th floor window. TWO UNDERWORLD GUARDS are posted at the tower entrance, above which is a sign: "Meegan Amusements and Leisure Enterprises."

NUMBERS gets out of the sedan and approaches the guards. One of them is wearing Cupid's camel hair coat.

NUMBERS
(gesturing toward the
light in the tower)
Mr. Meegan up in his office?

GUARD
Yeah, and he's pretty steamed up
about Daylight gettin' away again.

Numbers notices that the man is wearing Cupid's coat.

NUMBERS
Cupid's getting fitted for a new
overcoat, eh?

GUARD
Yep.

CUT TO:

40 CUPID

40

laid out in a wooden form, handcuffed, helpless, and terrified.

CUPID
I'm sorry, Red! I'm sorry! Please
don't do this to me! It'll never
happen again!

WIDEN TO REVEAL

RED standing over Cupid, adjusting the chute on a rotating cement mixer over the form.

RED
I know.

Red hits a lever, and wet cement pour all over Cupid, filling up the form: the classic gangland "Cement Overcoat."

40 CONTINUED

40

The action is occurring on a wooden pier on a small lake; the amusement park's speedboat concession is nearby, and in the background we can see the theme tower.

CUT TO:

41 INT. MEEGAN'S OFFICE - MEEGAN, NUMBERS, SWEET

41

Meegan's office looks like what we might expect for the president of Meegan Amusements and Leisure Enterprises. Meegan paces around, caressing The Pipe's lead pipe as he eulogizes the dead torpedo. Sweet and Numbers watch silently.

MEEGAN

Me and The Pipe went back a long way. He had a great gift, The Pipe. Always knew how to get his point across. No matter how stubborn a guy was, he could always manage to knock some sense into his thick skull. He was a great... communicator.

Meegan hands the lead pipe to Sweet.

MEEGAN

Sweet, I want this mounted on my wall, in a place of honor.
(turns to Numbers)
What about Daylight?

NUMBERS

We've got the cops framing him for The Pipe's murder. His mug'll be plastered on the front page of every paper in the state. That means every honest citizen in town'll be looking for him, along with all of our people, and the police. Plus, we've put the word out on the street that you'll pay a \$10,000 bounty to whoever brings him in.

There won't be a safe place in town for Daylight to take a crap.

MEEGAN

Good.

NUMBERS

I must point out, Mr. Meegan, that all of this is costing an awful lot of money.

41 CONTINUED

41

MEEGAN

So?

NUMBERS

Is it worth it?

MEEGAN

Every penny.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK LAKE - NIGHT

42

RED pushes the now hardened cement block containing Cupid off the pier. It drops into the water, vanishing from sight.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

43

A dirty, unshaven Johnny Daylight walks along the railroad tracks, over to an embankment, and into a Greasy Spoon Cafe.

44 INT. GREASY SPOON CAFE

44

As Daylight enters, he pulls his sleeve down to hide the handcuffs still dangling from his good wrist. He sits down at the counter.

DAYLIGHT

(to waitress)

Coffee, black.

He glances over at the man sitting next to him, who's reading a newspaper. The headline reads "SOX PITCHER MURDERS LOCAL PLUMBER." Below it is a photo of Johnny Daylight.

Daylight is stunned.

45 THE WAITRESS

45

pours a cup of coffee and comes back around to serve Daylight---but he's already gone.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. A PHONE BOOTH ON A CITY STREET - DAY

46

JOHNNY DAYLIGHT talks on the phone, keeping his face obscured from pedestrians.

DAYLIGHT

For chrissakes, Harry, I'm wanted for murder. The police have my place staked out. That's why I can't go home.

As he talks, he ties the loose, dangling handcuff to his left forearm with a shoelace, then covers it with his sleeve, thus obscuring it.

INTERCUT WITH

47 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - HARRY - DAY

47

Harry the Catcher is on the phone in his plainly furnished bachelor apartment.

HARRY

All right, then, come over here and we'll figure something out.

DAYLIGHT

Harry, can you see the street in front of your house?

HARRY

Yeah...

DAYLIGHT

Look out your window and tell me what you see.

Harry looks. A police car is parked there with two cops in it.

HARRY

Jesus, Johnny, you're in a shitload of trouble! Maybe you'd better get out of town!

DAYLIGHT

That's what I've been trying to tell you for the past 10 minutes. Now, would you listen to me? I'll need some money, a disguise of some sort, maybe a bandage for my hand...and a train ticket to California.

HARRY

A train ticket to California? That's expensive. I haven't got that kinda money.

DAYLIGHT

How far can you get me?

HARRY

Maybe Des Moines.

DAYLIGHT

Christ, Des Moines.

All right. Get all that stuff, put it in a bag, and leave it somewhere safe where I can pick it up.

HARRY

Okay, Johnny. Listen, can you lay low until after it gets dark? It'll make it easier for me to give those coppers the slip.

DAYLIGHT

Yeah, all right.

HARRY

Good. I'm on it.

He's about to hang up.

DAYLIGHT

Harry...?

HARRY

Yeah?

DAYLIGHT

Don't you think you should tell me where you're gonna stash it?

HARRY

Oh, yeah. I'll leave it in St. Anthony's Church, down on 115th and Kensington. It'll be in the 3rd pew from the back.

46/47 CONTINUED

46/47

DAYLIGHT

St. Anthony's Church? Are you sure
it's safe?

HARRY

It's safe. I know the place like the
back of my hand. I go there twice a
week.

DAYLIGHT

Since when did you become such a
Holy Roller?

HARRY

Since Prohibition.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - NIGHT

48

An imposing gothic church on a quiet street. A few cars are
parked around, and a TAXI idles near the front of the
church.

Now HARRY comes out of the church. He's just completed the
drop, and he tries to act cool and unsuspecting. He gets
into the waiting cab and departs.

A moment of quiet...then DAYLIGHT appears from behind a
parked car across the street. He's seen the whole thing.
He looks both ways to make sure nobody sees him, then
enters the church.

Another moment...then a BLACK SEDAN backs into frame and
parks near the front of the church. A LONE THUG steps
out: He's just seen Daylight go in. He smiles knowingly
and takes a position near the church door.

49 INT. CHURCH - DAYLIGHT

49

It's an eerie, gothic atmosphere. Banks of flickering candles cast dim, ghostly shadows across the pews and Baroque columns. A few ELDERLY PEOPLE kneel toward the front, muttering rosaries to themselves.

Daylight makes his way to the 3rd pew from the rear. An ELDERLY MAN is sitting alone in the pew. Daylight sits down at the other end, casting furtive glances around while trying to look religious.

A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN gets up from a pew on the other side of the church and moves toward Daylight.

Daylight fidgets nervously, but the gentleman is merely going to the confessional booth nearby.

Now Daylight spots a PAPER BAG in the prayer book stall in the middle of the pew. He can't get to it without drawing the elderly man's attention to him.

Daylight waits. Then the elderly man stands and goes into the very same confessional booth the gentleman entered.

Daylight is confused: he never saw the first man leave the confessional! Daylight shrugs it off, then scoots over and takes the bag. He pockets the money and train ticket, quickly wraps the bandage around his right hand, then finds a false moustache and glasses. As he dons the glasses and moustache, TWO BOISTEROUS YOUNG COUPLES in evening clothes enter the church, laughing and whispering irreverently. Daylight shields his face from them and watches as they all enter the same confessional booth and squeeze themselves in.

Daylight can't figure it out. He shakes his head, then heads for the exit.

50 EXT. CHURCH

50

As Daylight steps out of the church, he spots the THUG coming toward him. There is eye contact---Daylight knows he's been made. The thug reaches into his pocket for a gun. Daylight dashes back into the church.

51 INT. CHURCH

51

Daylight looks around for a hiding place---then spots the mysterious confessional booth. He goes in: it's empty. Daylight opens the door a crack and watches for his adversary.

52 DAYLIGHT'S P.O.V. OF THE CHURCH 52

Sure enough, the thug enters the sanctuary and looks around between the pews.

53 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - DAYLIGHT 53

The small wood panel slides open, revealing a dark silhouetted figure on the other side of the wood mesh screen...the Priest?

VOICE

Yeah, my son?

Daylight doesn't know what to do or say.

VOICE

Who sent ya?

DAYLIGHT

(now understanding)

Uh, Harry. Harry Harrigan.

The panel slams shut and once again Daylight is in the dark. Suddenly, light fills the confessional as the rear wall swings open, revealing a closet-sized HOLDING ROOM. Daylight cautiously enters, and the confessional wall shuts behind him.

54 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAYLIGHT 54

Daylight stands here a moment, staring at the naked bulb hanging from the ceiling. Then a pair of sliding doors open in the opposite wall, revealing

55 INT. A WILD, SWINGING SPEAKEASY 55

Daylight is amazed at the elaborate, decadent set-up. It's a totally outfitted underground nightclub, complete with a gilded circular bar, bubbling water fountains, mirrored ceiling, and gaudy pink cocktail tables surrounding a heart-shaped dance floor. A 15 piece BLACK JAZZ BAND plays a red-hot Charleston as dozens of spiffy gents and flappers, all dressed to the teeth, shimmy to the syncopated sound.

Daylight pauses at a mirror to adjust his false moustache, then moves toward the bar.

56 AT THE HAT CHECK COUNTER

56

a strikingly beautiful YOUNG WOMAN is waiting to pick up her coat. She's unescorted. Her lovely face is framed by soft, golden curls, and her body is shapely and firm. She radiates sensuality, charm, intelligence and sophistication. Her name is KELLY DEVLIN.

As the hat-check GIRL hands Kelly her fox stole, she spots Daylight and does a double take. She stares at him a moment longer, then hands her fur back to the girl.

KELLY

I've changed my mind. I'll be staying
a little longer.

She glides into the crowd toward Daylight.

57 DAYLIGHT

57

steps up to the bar and addresses the bartender.

DAYLIGHT

Excuse me, but is there a back
way out of here?

BARTENDER

Nope. Just the way you came in.

DAYLIGHT

Damn.

Daylight backs away and takes a seat at the far corner of the bar, trying to hide himself behind a group of people. At the same time he has a good vantage point of the door.

Kelly watches him watching the door.

Now the THUG FROM THE CHURCH enters.

Daylight spots him and pulls his hat down.

Kelly watches all of this with great interest.

The Thug looks around the place and at last spots Daylight. He smiles cruelly and approaches.

Daylight sees him coming. . . .

The thug again reaches into his pocket for his gun.

Daylight is in the corner and there's nowhere for him to go.

57 CONTINUED

57

The thug keeps approaching.

Suddenly Kelly steps in front of the thug and indignantly SLAPS him across the face.

KELLY
(very loudly)
How dare you!

The bewildered thug grabs her. Everyone turns around and looks, including Daylight.

THUG
Hey, sister, what's your problem?

KELLY
Get your hands off me! Who do you think you are?

THUG
Who do you think you are?

A HUGE BOUNCER hurries over.

BOUNCER
What's the problem here?

KELLY
This drunken lout tried to take advantage of me! He grabbed me!

THUG
I did not, you cheap stinking whore!

The Bouncer decks the thug, then drags the unconscious man toward the door.

BOUNCER
(to Kelly)
He won't bother you again, Miss.

KELLY
Thanks, Tiny.

"Tiny" throws the bum out.

Kelly smiles, then moves toward Daylight.

He looks at her, impressed, interested...and uncertain.

She winks at him, then sits next to him.

DAYLIGHT
(hesitant)
Do I know you?
KELLY

DAYLIGHT

Well, I appreciate what you just did.

KELLY

What did I do? The bum was trying to
cop a feel.

Daylight looks at her. Her eyes sparkle, her smile invites.
She puts a cigarette in her mouth.

KELLY

Got a light?

DAYLIGHT

I don't smoke.

She smiles slyly and tosses him a cigarette lighter. Daylight
studies her a moment, then smiles and lights her cigarette.

KELLY

Can I buy you a drink?

DAYLIGHT

Maybe some other time.

KELLY

My, my. You don't smoke, you don't
drink...

(pauses dramatically)

What are you, a ball player or
something?

The comment takes Daylight completely by surprise. His face goes
white.

DAYLIGHT

What makes you say that?

KELLY

(shrugs)

You look like one.

DAYLIGHT

Well, looks can be deceiving.

(adjusts his fake moustache)

See you around.

Daylight heads for the door, but as he approaches, a UNIFORMED COP
enters. Daylight gulps, turns quickly and sits down at a table.
He signals a WAITER.

DAYLIGHT

(to the waiter)

Cup of coffee, please.

The waiter nods and walks off.

Daylight looks back at the cop. He's standing by the door as if waiting for something.

Kelly remains at the bar, watching Daylight.

The band plays a fanfare and a drum roll, and the centerpiece of the evening is wheeled out: a gilded bathtub, on rollers, containing a painted SHOWGIRL bathing in champagne!

The band goes into a hot, sultry number, heavy on the saxophone. The girl begins her act: a combination strip-tease and champagne bath.

The patrons go wild--especially the men. The showgirl has an ample supply of glasses which she fills with the champagne she's bathing in. She passes them out to eager males as the band provides suitable accompaniment. As the atmosphere gets rowdier, she lets champagne drip down her arm into a glass, or drip down an upraised leg into a glass...and the men drink it up like crazy!

At the bar, Kelly continues watching Daylight watch the cop.

Also watching Daylight is an OVERWEIGHT MAN next to Kelly. He has a suspicious look in his eye. The Bartender approaches him.

BARTENDER

Can I get you another one, Detective?

Daylight continues throwing glances at the uniformed Cop by the door.

The waiter brings a cup of coffee over to Daylight. He takes a sip and immediately spits it out.

DAYLIGHT

Waiter, this is bourbon! I asked for a cup of coffee.

WAITER

That's the only kind of coffee we serve here.

DAYLIGHT

What do I get if I order a glass of ice water?

58

CONTINUED

58

WAITER

Vodka on the rocks.

DAYLIGHT

Then just bring me a glass of ice,
I'll let it melt.

59

AT THE BAR

59

the overweight man next to Kelly continues staring at Daylight. He pulls a newspaper out of his coat and turns to Daylight's picture on the front page, then glances back at the disguised Daylight. The man pulls out a fountain pen and draws a moustache and glasses on it. Now it looks just like him.

Kelly notices this. She downs her drink and goes over to Daylight.

60

DAYLIGHT

60

is still watching the uniformed cop, now talking to someone who looks like the proprietor. Kelly sits down next to Daylight.

KELLY

Blue Boy there isn't your only
problem. See that fat guy at the
bar? The one with the sweat on his
face?

Daylight looks.

KELLY

His name's Muldoon.

DAYLIGHT

So?

KELLY

His first name's "Detective."

With that, she gets up and leaves.

Daylight doesn't know how to react. He looks back at the Detective who now makes eye contact with Daylight.

Daylight realizes he's been made.

Detective Muldoon starts across the floor toward him.

Daylight looks around. With the cop still near the door, there's no place to run.

60

CONTINUED

60

Muldoon passes in front of the floor show. Suddenly, the showgirl takes his arm and makes him part of the act! She feeds him champagne, and puts her arms around him. Muldoon turns red, and the crowd goes wild with laughter.

The cop at the door is now greeted by a PAINTED LADY. She takes his arm and escorts him off behind a curtain, to the "rooms."

Daylight has his chance. He starts across the dance floor for the door.

But Detective Muldoon breaks away from the showgirl and charges after him, pulling a revolver.

Thinking quickly, Daylight grabs the bathtub and gives it a mighty shove. It rolls hard and fast at the Detective, slamming into his shins, and knocking him into the bathtub, on top of the showgirl!

The crowd loves it!

Daylight bolts!

61

INT. CHURCH

61

Daylight crashes out of the confessional and runs toward the main doors.

But before he can get there, the Detective, sopping with champagne, jumps out of the confessional FIRING his pistol at Daylight. The shot SHATTERS a statue of the Virgin Mary.

Daylight dives behind a pew, and using the benches as cover, dodges the Detective's bullets and makes it to the exit.

62

EXT. CHURCH

62

It's pouring rain.

Daylight rushes out and looks around. There's absolutely no cover on the wide apron of stairs.

He turns to see the Detective charging after him.

Daylight bolts down the stairs and into the street, nearly slipping on the wet pavement. Suddenly, a CAR SCREECHES to a stop next to him.

Kelly calls out to him from behind the wheel.

62 CONTINUED

62

KELLY

Hop on!

Daylight doesn't have to be told twice. He leaps onto the running board as the overweight cop rushes out of the church blasting.

The car speeds off maniacally, with Daylight holding on for dear life! In moments, they're out of range, and Daylight climbs into the moving auto.

63 INT. KELLY'S MOVING CAR - KELLY, DAYLIGHT

63

DAYLIGHT

Thanks, uh...

KELLY

Name's Kelly. Kelly Devlin.

DAYLIGHT

Thanks, Kelly Devlin. My name's---

KELLY

I know your Name: Johnny Daylight.

DAYLIGHT

(with some trepidation)
So where are we going?

KELLY

My place.

64 EXT. STREET

64

Kelly's car ROARS off into the night.

CUT TO:

65 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT

65

It's a nicely furnished apartment, feminine and warm, full of personal touches.

The front door opens and KELLY enters with DAYLIGHT. His clothes are wet from the rain.

KELLY

Why don't you get your wet things off, put them by the radiator. I'll get the coffee started.

Kelly disappears into the kitchen.

Daylight looks around the place, checking behind doors and furniture for any possible unseen occupants. He removes his moustache and glasses, but makes no effort to take off his wet clothes.

DAYLIGHT

You live alone?

KELLY (O.S.)

Yep.

DAYLIGHT

So I take it you're not married.

KELLY (O.S.)

Not yet.

DAYLIGHT

Engaged?

KELLY (O.S.)

Not at the moment.

DAYLIGHT

Working girl?

INT. KITCHEN - KELLY

Kelly pours boiling water into the coffee pot.

KELLY

College girl.

Now Daylight enters, a knowing expression on his face.

DAYLIGHT

Then that explains it.

KELLY

Explains what?

DAYLIGHT

What you were doing in that speakeasy.

KELLY

Actually, I was doing my homework.

She takes two cups out of a cabinet.

DAYLIGHT

Your homework?

KELLY

My sociology theses, "Prohibition's
Effect On Human Mating Rituals."

DAYLIGHT

Drawn any conclusions?

KELLY

(flirtatiously)

Not yet.

She purs each of them a cup of coffee. Then notices the handcuffs
dangling from his left wrist.

KELLY

You know, I might be able to get
those off...

She pulls a bobby pin from her hair, moves close to him, and begins
picking the lock on the handcuffs.

Daylight watches her curiously. She looks like she knows what she's
doing.

KELLY

(explaining)

I used to go out with a locksmith.

DAYLIGHT

And this is what you did on dates?

KELLY

That's why I'm not seeing him any
more.

Kelly focuses her complete attention on the job.

Daylight focuses his complete attention on her. He's very interested.
After studying her for several moments, he speaks very seriously.

DAYLIGHT

Kelly... Why are you doing this?

KELLY

Thy're not gonna fall off by
themselves.

DAYLIGHT

No, I mean helping me. Sticking
your neck out.

KELLY

Because I believe you're innocent.
It's as simple as that. I have to
trust my instincts about people---it's
the only way I can go through life.
Besides...I'm a Sox fan.

DAYLIGHT

I'm glad the team inspires so much
loyalty.

KELLY

My father started taking me to Sox
games before I could even walk...I
guess it was sort of a family tradition.
My father thought a lot of you. He
saw you pitch in St. Louis one time
and said you had the greatest arm since
Ed Walsh.

DAYLIGHT

Did he see me strike out Babe Ruth
yesterday?

KELLY

No. He died a year ago.

DAYLIGHT

I'm sorry.

At last she picks open the handcuffs. Daylight is free. He looks
at her. It's an awkward moment.

DAYLIGHT

Thank you.

She pulls a book off a shelf and unscrews a cap hidden in the top
of it: the "book" is actually a flask! She pours some scotch into
her coffee.

DAYLIGHT

One of your textbooks?

KELLY

No, this one's on the bestseller list.

She throws the handcuffs into the trash can and raises her cup.

KELLY

To freedom.

Daylight examines the "book" and takes a swig with her.

DAYLIGHT

I like the author.

There is a moment between them. Then Daylight stands.

DAYLIGHT

Kelly, I really appreciate everything
you've done for me...but I think I'd
better go.

KELLY

Go where?

DAYLIGHT

That depends on what train I can
catch.

KELLY

You're not going anywhere until I
look at that hand.

She takes his right arm and begins carefully removing his ace
bandage.

KELLY

That looks pretty bad. You really
should soak it.

(stands)

I'll draw you a hot bath. Then
I'll clean it up and put a fresh
bandage on it.

DAYLIGHT

Kelly, you don't have to---

KELLY

I want to.

CUT TO:

Kelly is filling up the bathtub. Daylight is taking off his shirt.

KELLY

Nothing feels better than a nice
hot bath.

DAYLIGHT

I know. Care to join me?

66 CONTINUED

66

She smiles, then brings over the robe hanging on the bathroom door.

KELLY

You can put this on when you're finished.

Daylight smiles back at her. She exits; he takes off his pants and gets into the tub.

67 INT. KITCHEN

67

Kelly is dialing the phone. Her manner seems to have changed: she is more serious, more purposeful.

KELLY

(into phone)

This is Kelly. I've got Johnny Daylight here.

(listens a moment)

Over at my place.

(listens a moment more)

Tomorrow? Can't you pick him up right now?

(listens)

All right. I'll have him at Fred Harvey's at Union Station, 9 a.m. sharp.

68 INT. BATHROOM - DAYLIGHT

68

Daylight is sponging himself, and examining his bad hand.

The door opens, and Kelly enters in a suggestive robe.

Daylight immediately covers his groin with the sponge.

KELLY

I thought I'd take you up on your invitation...if it still stands.

Daylight moves the sponge and looks at himself. He smiles at her.

DAYLIGHT

It stands.

She smiles back, drops her robe, and climbs into the tub.

CUT TO:

69 INT. FRED HARVEY'S RESTAURANT, UNION STATION - DAY

69

Through the restaurant windows, we can see the busy train station full of activity: passengers and porters moving to and fro. We hear DEPARTURE ANNOUNCEMENTS over the P.A.

A WALL CLOCK reads "8:57."

70 DAYLIGHT AND KELLY

70

are seated at a back booth, having breakfast. Daylight is wolfing down his food; Kelly has barely touched hers. Daylight has a clean ace bandage on his right hand and is again wearing his moustache and glasses.

Kelly glances at the clock.

DAYLIGHT

Why do you keep looking at the clock?
My train doesn't leave for half an hour.

KELLY

Uh, I can't help it. It's something I do every time I'm in a train station.

He looks at her for a long moment.

DAYLIGHT

Listen, Kelly, I'm really grateful for everything you've done for me. I know we've only known each other for a short time, but I really like you. And when I come back, I really want to see you again.

Kelly doesn't know what to say. Again she looks at the clock. It's not quite 9:00.

KELLY

I...have to go to the powder room.

Daylight nods.

She gets up and disappears into the Ladies Room.

Daylight sits there a moment, trying to act inconspicuous. He stares at her plate of food...at the 4 strips of bacon next to the eggs. He looks around, then grabs one and shoves it in his mouth.

The wall clock clicks to 9:00 on the dot.

Now a PAIR OF HOODS enter the cafe, dressed in the obligatory pin stripes and slouch hats. They spot Daylight and go over to him.

HOOD #1
You Johnny Daylight?

Daylight looks at the two, then tries to break for it, only to have the 2nd hood shove a pistol against his gut.

HOOD #2
Don't try it, unless you wanna
come down with a serious case of
lead poisoning.

HOOD #1
We've got a car out front, and
you're gonna get in it. Understand?

DAYLIGHT
Yeah.

HOOD #1
Let's go.

The two hoods escort Daylight toward the front door. Again Daylight tries to break for it, but the first hood quickly cracks him in the back of the head with a blackjack. The hoods drag him to the door.

The cashier stares at the sight with astonishment.

CASHIER

What happened to him?

HOOD #1

(holds up his blackjack threateningly)
I hit him over the head with this
blackjack.

CASHIER

Whew. For a minute there, I
thought it was the food.

They open the door and drag the unconscious Daylight out through the station.

CUT TO:

as Kelly steps out. She cautiously checks to see that Daylight is gone, then returns to the booth, somber and saddened. She sits down and has a sip of coffee.

In a moment, TWO MEN in dark blue suits step over to Kelly. One of them, ADAMS, is tall and lean; the other, stocky with a bulldog face and receding hair, is MR. HOOVER, 32.

Kelly is astonished to see them.

HOOVER

Where is he?

KELLY

Didn't you pick him up?

HOOVER

We just got here.

Kelly looks at the clock: it's 9:05.

KELLY

You're 5 minutes late!

HOOVER

We got pulled over.

KELLY

How can that happen? You're federal agents!

HOOVER

Undercover federal agents...a fact which you seem to be taking rather lightly.

Kelly goes over to the cashier.

KELLY

Did you see my friend leave? He had a moustache and glasses.

CASHIER

Yeah. Two guys came in here, beat him over the head with a blackjack and dragged him out.

KELLY

A blackjack? My God! Mr. Hoover, Meegan must have picked him up!

Adams steps over and flashes his badge and I.D.

ADAMS

Federal agents. What did these guys look like?

CASHIER

Hey, I didn't see nothin'!

Kelly runs out the door, into the station.

Kelly runs back and forth, looking around. It's hopeless. Dejected, she sits down on a bench, trying to hold back her tears.

Hoover steps out of the restaurant and goes over to her.

HOOVER

Let's go, Kelly. We did everything we could do. It just didn't work out, that's all.

KELLY

There's gotta be something we can do. We're the United States Department of Justice for God's sake.

72 CONTINUED

HOOVER

I'm sorry, Kelly. Overt involvement by the Bureau can only jeopardize our operation and blow your cover. This is a big one for us, Kelly. If it wasn't, I wouldn't have come down here from Washington to supervise it. We've spent a lot of time setting up this operation. You don't want to throw it all away, do you?

KELLY

(sighs)

No.

HOOVER

You took an awful risk getting involved in this Johnny Daylight situation in the first place. It was uncalled for.

KELLY

What was I supposed to do? Let the cops grab an innocent man and turn him over to Meegan?

HOOVER

You should have let him skip town.

KELLY

He wouldn't have made it. Meegan's got a bounty on him. The only safe place for him is in our custody.

HOOVER

Well, there's nothing we can do about it now.

KELLY

I don't know how you can be so callous, Mr. Hoover, turning your back on an innocent man.

HOOVER

It's a dirty business, Kelly. Sometimes we have to turn our backs on things for the sake of the greater good. Remember that.

CUT TO:

73

HAZY LIGHT

73

coming in and out of focus as

74

JOHNNY DAYLIGHT

74

squints and comes around. He opens his eyes and sees

75

SUNTAN JOE TORELLI

75

in a chaise lounge, wearing a monogrammed swim suit and surrounded by the 1920's version of sunlamps. He's sitting by his luxurious INDOOR SWIMMING POOL while the rainstorm continues outside. Torelli is flanked by his usual entourage, including Louie Columbus; several apparently NUDE WOMEN cavort in the water.

Torelli is talking on the phone. He has a drink in his hand.

TORELLI

Well, you're quite welcome, Congressman.
I'm always happy to contribute to the
supporters of prohibition. If these
repeal candidates get into Congress and
make booze legal again, the nation's
morality goes right down the drain...
am I right, sir?

(listens a moment)

Oh, and speaking of morality,
Congressman, there's another godless
vice which should be outlawed for the
good of the country: cigarettes.

(pause, listens)

Exactly my thinking, sir. One leads
to the other. You always see people
with a drink in one hand and a cigarette
in the other. It's shameful.

Torelli puts a cigarette in his mouth which Columbus lights for him.

TORELLI (cont'd, into phone)

Well, discuss it with some of your
colleagues and see what you can
come up with. And you might mention
this to 'em: I'm ready to donate 100
grand to kick off any anti-cigarette
campaign.

(pause)

Okay, nice talking to you, Congressman.
And give my love to Mrs. Volstead.

Torelli hangs up and turns to his men.

TORELLI

Could you imagine how much we could
make if they banned cigarettes?
God, I love democracy!

Torelli sees that Daylight is now conscious.

TORELLI

Hello, Johnny. I'm Joe Torelli.
I've been a fan of yours for quite
some time. It's an honor to have
you here at my swimming pool.

DAYLIGHT

Torelli? Suntan Joe Torelli,
the bootlegger?

TORELLI

Some people call me that. I prefer
to consider myself a public servant.

DAYLIGHT

(angry)
Don't you public servants have anything
better to do than to make my life
miserable?

Daylight rubs his head where the hood clubbed him. He winces--it still
hurts.

TORELLI

Johnny, I'm sorry if my boys roughed
you up a little, but I had to get
you here fast...for your own safety.

DAYLIGHT

I was doing just fine on my own. I
had it all worked out. I'd have been
miles from here by now.

TORELLI

Travelling by train, eh?

DAYLIGHT

Maybe.

TORELLI

Take a look at this.

Torelli hands him the latest edition of the Trib. The headline:
CHICAGO -DES MOINES TRAIN DERAILED. 4 Dead, 57 injured. Sabotage
Suspected."

-10-

~~10~~

DAYLIGHT

Jesus Christ.

Daylight's anger and arrogance quickly vanishes.

TORELLI

You must have really pissed Meegan off, Johnny. I haven't seen him this fired up since '24 when the Tribune neglected to give him credit for knocking off Frankie Cusimano. He's got a whole army out looking for you, along with every police officer in the state. And, he's got a \$10,000 bounty on your head.

There's not a safe place in town for you to take a crap.

What did you say to him to put such a wild hair up his ass?

DAYLIGHT

I said "no."

TORELLI

Yeah, well, that would do it.

Daylight again picks up the newspaper and stares at the headline with stunned amazement.

DAYLIGHT

How did he know about the train? How could he possibly know what train I was gonna take?

VOICE (O.S.)

I told him.

Daylight turns: it's HARRY. His face is bruised and bandaged, and his hands are wrapped in huge bandages.

DAYLIGHT

(shocked)

Harry!

HARRY

I couldn't help it, Johnny. 3 of Meegan's goons fried my hands with a blow torch. I cracked. I'm sorry. I couldn't stand the pain.

Harry sits down near Daylight.

DAYLIGHT

My God.

75 CONTINUED

75

DAYLIGHT

With all due respect, Mr. Torelli,
why should I trust you?

TORELLI

(smiles)

Because I'm a Sox fan...and I may be
the only friend you've got.

CUT TO:

76 INT. LARGE GARAGE - DAY

76

Daylight, now in fresh clothes, is leaning against a
shiny white Cadillac in the large garage which houses
Torelli's fleet of luxury cars. A driver, LUPO, 40, puts
a suitcase in the trunk.

Now TORELLI enters, dressed in top hat and tails. He has
a gorgeous moll on each arm, and is accompanied by 2
bodyguards and another driver. Torelli spots Daylight.

TORELLI

Ah---there you are, Johnny.

(to his driver)

Rico, we'll take the Packard today.

Girls, hop in. I'll be right there.

Torelli heads toward Daylight while the rest of his group
get into a new Packard.

TORELLI

You've got everything you need?

DAYLIGHT

I think so. How long before I'll
be able to come back?

TORELLI

A month. Maybe two.

DAYLIGHT

Two months?

TORELLI

These things take time. I'll get
word to you when it's safe.

DAYLIGHT

So where am I---

Torelli raises his hand to silence him.

HARRY

Looks like we're both out for the season.

Daylight turns to Torelli, his face a picture of anger and wrath.

DAYLIGHT

Where is he? Where do I find that son of a bitch?

TORELLI

What are you going to do, Johnny? Go after Meegan yourself? You're a baseball player with a bad hand. You'd have as much chance against Meegan as I'd have at pitching a shutout against Philadelphia.

DAYLIGHT

(still angry)

What do you suggest I do?

TORELLI

I suggest you do exactly what you were going to do yourself: get out of town and lay low for awhile. With my help, of course.

DAYLIGHT

What about Harry?

TORELLI

Meegan's after you, not Harry. Harry's in good hands here. He's receiving the finest medical care, administered by expert nurses.

Torelli gestures toward the nurses---the nude women in the pool.

DAYLIGHT

And Meegan?

TORELLI

You leave Meegan to me. You just concentrate on getting that hand back in shape.

HARRY

Listen to him, Johnny. He makes a whole lot of sense.

76 CONTINUED

76

TORELLI

Get in the car, Johnny.

Daylight gets in, and Torelli gets in, too. Lupo closes the door, then gets in the driver's seat and adjusts the rear view mirror.

77 INT. CADILLAC - TORELLI, DAYLIGHT

77

TORELLI

Roll up your window. It's not that I don't trust my own people, but in this business you can't be too careful.

Daylight rolls up his window.

TORELLI

I'm sending you out to Al's place. He's an old friend of mine, retired now. We did a lot of work together.

I think you'll like it there. Lots of trees, birds, real pretty scenery---

DAYLIGHT

Excuse me, Mr. Torelli, but what about...?

He indicates Lupo.

TORELLI

Don't worry about Lupo---he's deaf and dumb...can't hear a word we're saying. He's gonna drop you off on Route 12 in McHenry County, 3 miles past Randolph Junction. You walk east, through the woods, about a mile. Take the path to the lake...you'll find a rowboat there. Row out to the big island in the middle...

78 LUPO

78

is staring intently into the rear view mirror.

79 HIS P.O.V. THRU THE MIRROR OF

79

TORELLI'S LIPS as he continues to talk.

TORELLI (cont'd)

...that's Half-Moon Island, on Fox
Lake. That's where you'll find Al.

80 LUPO

80

smiles knowingly, his beady eyes full of dark
satisfaction. He's reading Torelli's lips. He
surrptitiously jots the words "Half-Moon Island, Fox
Lake" on a scrap of paper beside him on the seat.

81 INT. GARAGE, CADILLAC

81

Torelli opens his car door, climbs out, and turns to
Daylight once more.

TORELLI

Good luck, Johnny. And take care of
that hand.

DAYLIGHT

Thanks, Mr. Torelli. Thanks for
everything.

Torelli slams the door and motions for Lupo to go.

Lupo revs up the engine and the Cadillac drives off.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. FOX LAKE - DUSK

82

Fox Lake is an idyllic, picture postcard lake in the forests of northern Illinois. A gorgeous midwestern sunset is reflected in the shimmering, clear water. In silhouette, Johnny Daylight rows a boat toward the large island in the middle of the lake.

83 EXT. ON THE ISLAND - DUSK

83

Daylight makes his way along a path and comes upon a two room cabin. It's freshly painted, well kept and in good repair. A number of bird feeders hang down from the porch, and birds nibble at the crumbs set out for them. To the side of the cabin is a vegetable garden.

Daylight steps up to the screen door and knocks.

DAYLIGHT
Hello? Al? Anybody home?

No answer. He enters.

84 INT. CABIN

84

Daylight looks around.

There are CLOCKS everywhere, of every variety: wall clocks, a grandfather clock, cuckoo clocks, antique clocks, modern clocks...all of them mechanical, all of them ticking away...and every one of them showing a different time.

A workbench is covered with clock mechanisms and tools.

In the center of the room is a large, ornate BIRD CAGE on a stand. Its empty, but inside is every bird luxury imagineable---a swing, a bird bath, a bird feeder, the works.

There is a wood stove, a table and chairs; the place is simple and well kept.

A COT against a wall is made up with clean sheets.

There's also a bedroom, well kept, also full of clocks.

Out the window, Daylight spots movement in the woods---perhaps a man, perhaps only an animal.

DAYLIGHT
Hello? Anybody there?

If there is anyone, he doesn't answer.

85 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

85

Extreme wide angle of the cabin, seen from the forest. The sounds of the night: crickets, owls...and what sounds like the faint strains of a distant JAZZ PIANO.

Daylight sits on the porch. He's been there a long time. He yawns, then checks his watch. He stands, stretches, then goes back inside. We hold a moment. The cabin lights go out.

86 INT. CABIN

86

Daylight is asleep, tucked in the cot. A shaft of moonlight illuminates the room from the partially open door.

Now a SHADOW falls upon Daylight's sleeping form: a man is standing in the doorway. Daylight doesn't stir. The shadow moves in.

In a moment, a man's hand comes down on Daylight's chest---Daylight awakens with a start, and is greeted by a BUTCHER KNIFE at his throat.

MAN

Give me one good reason why I
shouldn't slit your throat from
ear to ear.

Daylight is terrified. He looks up at the MAN: he's maybe 40, with a FULL BEARD; steel-eyed, laconic, in control.

DAYLIGHT

Uh--I--I'm Johnny Daylight---uh---
Torelli sent me---

The man keeps the knife blade against Daylight's throat.

MAN

Answer the question. Give me one
good reason why I shouldn't cut
your throat.

DAYLIGHT

Uh--uh--well, you'd have one helluva
time cleaning the blood off of these
sheets...

The man smiles slightly.

MAN

That's a good enough reason for me.

He pulls the knife away from Daylight's throat. The man, of course, is Al. He wears bib overalls, a flannel shirt and a felt cap. With his full beard, he looks like a farmer.

AL

We'll talk in the morning. Get some sleep.

Al steps away, then raises the knife and throws it at the wall behind Daylight: it sticks in perfectly, an inch from Daylight's head--- clearly, an expert throw. Daylight is terrified. Al smiles and enters the bedroom, leaving Daylight frozen in wide-eyed terror on the cot. Daylight is too scared to move a muscle.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Morning sunlight pours through the window, accompanied by the cheerful sounds of jays and robins.

Everything in the room looks the same as it did last night, including Daylight who is still wide-eyed and motionless on the cot: he hasn't moved an inch all night!

Al kicks the door open. He has a blue PARAKEET on his shoulder, and big catfish on a fishing line.

Daylight quickly pulls the knife out of the wall to defend himself.

AL

Morning. How about some breakfast?

DAYLIGHT

How about some answers? What'd you pull this knife on me for?

Al calmly takes his knife from Daylight.

87

CONTINUED

87

AL

That was just a little test. Most of the punks Torelli sends up here try to offer me money when I introduce myself. You didn't. You're all right, kid. You passed. I like you.

Oh, I'm Al.

(indicates parakeet)

This is Junior. Come on, let's have some catfish.

CUT TO:

88

AT THE TABLE - LATER

88

Daylight and Al are at the table, eating catfish. Junior is also at the table, eating at a pile of birdseed. Al watches Junior with interest.

AL

(to Junior)

Pretty good stuff, eh, Junior?

Tastes real good, doesn't it?

Daylight watches this, not sure what to think.

Then a CUCKOO CLOCK goes off, indicating 12:00. Daylight consults his pocket watch, which says 7:15. Daylight checks his watch against all of the other clocks in the room: not one of them is accurate; all show different time.

Al notices Daylight's watch.

AL

Let me see your watch.

Daylight hands it to him. Al examines it...then he smashes it with his fist.

DAYLIGHT

Hey! What the hell's the matter with you? Are you crazy? That's my watch!

AL

Don't worry, I'll fix it. It's my hobby. I fixed all of these.

He indicates the myriad clocks on the walls.

DAYLIGHT

Some job. None of 'em keep time.

88 CONTINUED

88

AL

Every one of those clocks keeps perfect time. I just set 'em that way.

DAYLIGHT

Why?

AL

Because I don't give a good goddamn what time it is.

DAYLIGHT

Then what's the point of having all these clocks?

AL

I love clocks. I just hate time.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. ON THE BANK - DUSK

89

Al sits on the bank, fishing, while Daylight attempts to close his right hand around a baseball-sized rock. Another glorious sunset takes place behind them. Al has his parakeet on his shoulder. Daylight swats at the pesky mosquitoes.

DAYLIGHT

Damn mosquitoes. So tell me, Al, what do you do around here for a good time?

AL

I'm doing it.

Daylight looks at him a moment, then shakes his head.

DAYLIGHT

Been living here a long time, eh?

AL

I told you, I don't keep track of time.

Daylight studies Al curiously.

DAYLIGHT

There's something familiar about you, Al. I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before.

AL

No, I just have one of those faces.

Daylight looks at Al again. The explanation does not satisfy him.

89 CONTINUED

89

In the distance, we can hear the strains of jazz piano, just like last night. Daylight listens to it.

DAYLIGHT

That music...I heard it last night, too.

AL

That's the Shamrock. A roadhouse over on Crescent Landing. One of Meegan's joints. It's wide open, and wild. Drinking, gambling, whoring.

DAYLIGHT

Jesus, Meegan sure has a long reach.

AL

Yep.

90 EXT. ON THE PORCH - NIGHT

90

Al and Daylight sit on the porch. Al is peeling potatoes. Daylight is flexing his right hand, trying to grip a potato. He still can't hold it.

DAYLIGHT

I thought I had everything knocked, Al. Thought I knew everything. I always figured that if you didn't go out looking for trouble, you'd never find it.

AL

The world's changed, kid.
(watches Daylight flex his hand)
You want to try that with a baseball?

DAYLIGHT

You've got one?

AL

Check the far closet, on the floor.

Daylight goes inside. After a few moments, he calls out.

DAYLIGHT (O.S.)

I don't see anything.

AL

Check behind the violin cases.

91 INT. AT THE CLOSET - DAYLIGHT

91

A half-dozen violin cases are stacked on the closet floor. Daylight moves them out of the way and finds an old baseball. He looks curiously at the violin cases and opens one. It's empty, but on it he finds the initials "A.C."

DAYLIGHT

A.C....?

92 EXT. ON THE PORCH - AL

92

Al calmly continues peeling potatoes.

Then Daylight runs out, very excited, and looks at Al with sudden recognition.

DAYLIGHT

Now I know who you are! You're Al Chesser! "Chopper" Al Chesser! I used to read about you in the papers all the time—you were the first guy to ever stash a Tommy in a violin case. They called you "The Maestro." You used to run with the old Rapke mob. You killed 65 men in your day.

AL

66. But they weren't men. They were rats.

DAYLIGHT

And then you just disappeared. The papers figured you were sittin' at the bottom of a lake somewhere.

AL

They were close. I'm sittin' on the top of a lake somewhere.

DAYLIGHT

What happened? Why'd you drop out? Get tired of the killing?

AL

Nope. Got tired of the money.

DAYLIGHT

The money?

92 CONTINUED

92

AL

Yep. With Prohibition, everybody started making too much money. You make a lot of money, you've gotta protect the money. To protect it, you've gotta have an organization. To run an organization, you gotta have rules.

What's the point of being an outlaw if you gotta follow rules?

In the distance, the jazz piano from the Shamrock continues.

CUT TO:

93 INT. A CHICAGO RESTAURANT - DAY

93

The restaurant is closed...for a very good reason: MEEGAN is eating linguini here, at a table by a window which looks out on the quiet street. Meegan is flanked by Numbers, Red. and Sweet..but only Meegan is eating. Sweet, however, has his finger in the sugar bowl.

Meegan picks up a piece of paper off the table and studies it.

94 INSERT - PIECE OF PAPER

94

It says "Half Moon Island, Fox Lake." It's the note Lupo wrote in the car.

95 MEEGAN

95

looks up at LUPO who stands nearby. The gangster is pleased.

MEEGAN

So, Johnny Daylight's on Half Moon Island, thanks to "Suntan" Joe Torelli. Nice work, uh---what's your name again?

NUMBERS

He's deaf, Mr. Meegan. He can't hear a damn thing you're saying.

MEEGAN

Well, that's all right. I don't really care what his name is, anyway. Numbers, show the man his money. Red, get the strongbox. Sweet, pass the clam sauce.

95

CONTINUED

95

Numbers counts out ten thousand-dollar bills from a fat bankroll and shows them to Lupo. Lupo smiles greedily.

Red brings a strongbox over to the table. Numbers opens it and puts the money inside, making broad gestures as he tries to explain his actions to Lupo.

NUMBERS

I'm putting the money in the strongbox for you. It'll be safer there. It's fireproof.

Numbers hands the strongbox to Lupo.

NUMBERS

It's a pleasure doing business with you.

Lupo nods and shakes hands with Numbers. He exits.

Meegan looks at Lupo's note again.

MEEGAN

I want to put Nitro Eddie and Deke on this. Sweet, go with 'em, make sure they don't screw it up.

Sweet nods.

MEEGAN

You want some linguini, Red?

RED

No thanks, Boss. I can't handle wop food. Garlic makes me sick.

Meegan looks out the window and sees Lupo getting into the Cadillac.

MEEGAN

They're not gonna find the body, are they, Red?

Suddenly, Lupo's car bursts into flames...then EXPLODES!

MEEGAN

No, I guess not.
Sweet: get the strongbox.

Meegan sprays his mouth with his atomizer.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. ISLAND, ON THE BANK - DAY

96

Al and Daylight are half-heartedly fishing. Daylight's pole is stuck in the ground while he again attempts to grip the baseball with his right hand. He can't quite close his fingers on it, and the ball falls to the ground. He picks it up and tries again--again, he can't hold onto it.

DAYLIGHT

Dammit!

He kicks the ball in frustration.

AL

Take it easy, kid. These things take time.

DAYLIGHT

Yeah? How much time?

AL

You oughta know better than to ask me a question like that.

(pulling in his line)

The fish aren't biting today. I'm heading back to the house and opening up some beans. You comin'?

DAYLIGHT

Nope.

Daylight recasts his fishing line.

AL

You're becoming a regular angler.

DAYLIGHT

Anything's better than your goddamned beans.

Al grins and walks off. Daylight pulls in his line and casts again.

97 EXT. THE CABIN

97

Al walks across the porch toward the door to the cabin. He's about to open the door, but he stops short, as if sensing danger. He listens.

Suddenly, a SHOTGUN BARREL is shoved into his back, accompanied by the voice of SWEET.

SWEET (O.S.)

Don't try it, Pops.

Al doesn't move---then suddenly he whirls around. Sweet smashes him across the face with the butt of the gun. Al goes down.

Then NITRO EDDIE, a wild-eyed maniac, and DEKE, the nervous member of the group, step out of the cabin. They both smile upon seeing the prostate form of Al.

EXT. ON THE BANK

Daylight continues fishing, totally oblivious to the danger. He gets a nibble.

INT. CABIN

The 3 thugs have tied Al to a chair and are working him over. Sweet hits Al in the mouth. Al's lip is bleeding.

AL

(in obvious pain)

I told ya, I never heard of
Johnny Daylight.

Sweet hits him again. Deke stares at Al.

DEKE

This guy looks familiar to me, Sweet.
I'm sure I've seen him somewhere.

SWEET

You'd better talk, Pops, or we're
really gonna make it rough on you.

AL

Go to hell.

Sweet slugs him again.

Now Nitro Eddie steps forward.

NITRO EDDIE

Let me talk to him.

Nitro Eddie strolls over to the parakeet cage, opens it, and brings "Junior" out on his finger. He strokes the bird's head gently.

NITRO EDDIE

Nice parakeet you got here, Mack.
What's his name?

Al just stares at Nitro Eddie and his bird without answering.

NITRO EDDIE

Well, it don't matter. I don't know
about you, Mack, but I'm hungry, see?
I didn't have any lunch. You know,
in some parts of the world, they
serve up parakeets as a real delicacy...
a special gourmet treat. I'll bet this
little fella would taste real good...

Nitro Eddie grabs the bird tightly around its middle and brings it toward his mouth.

NITRO EDDIE (continuing)
...nice and tender and juicy...

He puts the head of the bird in his open mouth.

Al can't believe what he's seeing.

Then Nitro Eddie withdraws it.

NITRO EDDIE
Of course, if you were to tell me
where Johnny Daylight was, I'll bet
my appetite would just disappear, see?

But Al says nothing.

NITRO EDDIE
Still not talking, eh?

Nitro Eddie shoves the bird's head in his mouth—Al turns away as we hear the off-screen crunching of bird bones.

Nitro Eddie spits out some feathers and wipes the blood off his mouth.

DEKE
This ain't getting us nowhere! I
say we kill the son of a bitch!

Deke shoves his pistol against Al's forehead.

Sweet steps over and slaps Deke.

SWEET
What the hell's the matter with you?
You fire that gun, you'll tip off
Daylight we're here. And then we'll
never find him.

DEKE
Maybe Daylight knows we're here
already. Maybe he spotted us in
the boat. Then what?

SWEET
We wait.

Sweet shoves a gag in Al's mouth.

DEKE

We wait? Bullshit! We could be waiting here for 3 weeks! I've got a hot little number waiting for me back at the Shamrock. I told you we shoulda come at night.

SWEET

I said, we wait.

DEKE

And what if he's hidin' out, just waitin' for us to leave? Then what?

NITRO EDDIE

It's simple. We'll leave, see?
But we'll leave this behind...

He reaches into his coat and pulls out a glass vial full of clear liquid.

Sweet and Deke react with fear.

SWEET

Jesus! Why do you carry that shit around with you all the time?

NITRO EDDIE

It's all right...as long as you don't break it. You can shake it up...

He shakes it in front of Sweet's face---Sweet recoils.

NITRO EDDIE (cont'd)

You can even throw it up in the air...
(he does so)
...as long as you catch it, see?

He catches it. Sweet and Deke are nervous as hell. Nitro Eddie waves the vial in Al's face.

NITRO EDDIE

You know what this is, Mack? It's Nitro! This little bottle has as much blasting power as 10 sticks of dynamite!

Al gulps. Nitro Eddie turns to his cohorts.

NITRO EDDIE

All right, you guys: gimme some room.

Sweet and Deke gladly oblige: they get the hell out of there!

98

CONTINUED

98

Nitro Eddie adjusts the door so that it's open just a crack and balances the vial of nitro on top of the door.

NITRO EDDIE

(to Al)

Now, I'm just gonna set this right here, see? So when your pal opens the door...

Nitro Eddie demonstrates: he opens the door, and the vial is dislodged and falls. Nitro Eddie catches it just before it hits the floor.

NITRO EDDIE

...Only I won't be here to catch it, see? And that means you, and Daylight, and this whole place all go...kaboom. See?

He cackles sadistically, then climbs out the window.

NITRO EDDIE

See ya!

Al struggles to free himself: he can't.

99

EXT. ON THE BANK - DAYLIGHT

99

Daylight, still fishing, has a bite on his line. He reels it in--- it's a big one, and Daylight is almost yanked into the water! At last he lands it: a huge catfish.

DAYLIGHT

It's about time!

Daylight unhooks the fish and starts back toward the cabin with his catch.

DAYLIGHT

Hey, Al! You can forget the beans!

In the background, a MOTORBOAT with 3 FIGURES in it speeds off into the channel

100 INT. THE CABIN

100

Al is still fruitlessly struggling against his bonds. He looks around the room for some way out.

Daylight's cot is not far away behind him, and there's a PILLOW on it.

Al looks at the pillow, then looks at the vial of nitro on the door, and where it's going to fall. He knows what he has to do: he jerks himself on the chair to turn himself around. Slowly he manages to turn himself around and move himself toward the cot.

Al's ankles are tied together, but by straightening his knees he can almost hook the cot's far leg with his feet. He jerks himself on the chair, and moves himself closer.

Finally, Al hooks the cot leg with his feet and yanks it, pulling the cot and pillow closer to him. He knocks the cot over. The pillow falls on the floor. Al jerks himself over on the chair to reach it.

Al glances out the window and sees Daylight coming up the path, 100 yards away. Al tries to call out, but he's gagged too tightly. He frantically jerks himself harder to reach the pillow....at last he gets his feet on it. He starts to jerk the chair back around so he can kick it at the door.

101 OUTSIDE

101

Daylight is within 50 yards of the cabin.

102 INSIDE,

102

As Al moves the chair around, a rear leg gets stuck in a knot hole in the floor. Al tries to jerk the chair free, but it's completely stuck---not going anywhere. Al looks over his shoulder at the nitro on the door behind him---he's sweating profusely.

103 OUTSIDE

103

Daylight is only 25 yards away.

104 INSIDE

104

Al makes a tremendous effort to free the chair---instead, the two rear legs crack and break: Al and the chair fall to the floor at a 45 degree angle.

105	OUTSIDE	105
	Daylight steps onto the porch.	
	DAYLIGHT	
	Al?	
106	INSIDE	106
	Al can't move himself at all. Again he looks behind him at the vial of nitro on the door.	
107	OUTSIDE,	107
	Daylight's hand reaches the door handle and pushes it open.	
108	THE VIAL OF NITRO	108
	topples from the edge of the door frame!	
109	AL	109
	Clutching the pillow between his feet, throws himself over backward, and kicks the pillow backward over his head, toward the door! The chair back CRACKS as it hits the floor.	
110	THE PILLOW	110
	hits the floor at the foot of the door, and the vial of nitro falls onto it, harmlessly!	
111	AL	111
	sighs relief through his gag.	
112	WIDER ANGLE	112
	as Daylight looks over the scene with open-mouthed astonishment.	
	Al strains, then breaks apart the weakened chair, thus freeing himself. He quickly unties himself. He picks up the vial of nitro from the pillow and pushes Daylight away from the door.	

112 CONTINUED

DAYLIGHT

What is that?

Al hurls the vial into the woods---and a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION erupts with a huge FIREBALL, rocking the cabin, and blowing sections of trees into the air.

Al turns to Daylight.

AL

Nitro glycerine.

Daylight turns white.

DAYLIGHT

Meegan?

Al nods.

DAYLIGHT

Jesus. Jesus Christ.

He slowly steps outside, shaken and scared.

113 OUT ON THE LAKE

113

Sweet, Deke and Nitro Eddie have heard the explosion, and they can see black smoke billowing from the island. They're all grinning.

DEKE

Well, that's that.

SWEET

Good work, Eddie. Much better than plugging him.

NITRO EDDIE

Yeah. The boss'll love it!

CUT TO:

114 INT. THE CABIN - A LITTLE LATER

114

Al stands in front of a mirror, rinsing the blood from his mouth and cleaning his face with water from a wash basin.

Daylight steps up behind him, his face full of resolve.

DAYLIGHT

I want you to help me get Meegan.

Al stares at himself a moment, then begins lathering up shaving cream. As the scene progresses, he applies it to his beard.

114 CONTINUED

114

AL

Revenge is a waste, kid. It never pays off.

DAYLIGHT

Al, first Meegan breaks my hand; then he roughs up Harry, and now he almost kills you. When's it gonna end?

AL

It's over now, kid. Meegan thinks you just got blown to bits. For all he knows, you're dead.

DAYLIGHT

I don't want to be dead. I don't want to be stuck on a goddamned island in the middle of nowhere. I want to live my life. And that's never gonna happen while Meegan's still alive.

AL

I thought Torelli was gonna take care of Meegan.

DAYLIGHT

Maybe, maybe not. But this is my fight. And I can't depend on Torelli to do my fighting.

Al stares stoically at Junior's empty cage. He sadly closes the little door.

AL

Ever kill a man before, kid?

DAYLIGHT

No.

AL

You ever even handle a gun before?

DAYLIGHT

I used to hunt squirrels in Missouri.

AL

Killing squirrels is a helluva lot easier than killing rats.

Al picks up his straight razor. He's about to start shaving.

114 CONTINUED

114

DAYLIGHT

Look, are you gonna help me, or not?

Al turns and points at Daylight with the razor.

AL

I just want you to understand something, kid. Once you start these things, you've gotta finish 'em. There's no turning back. Just like baseball: once you wind up, you throw the pitch. You don't drop the ball halfway through.

If you screw up, if you back down, if you hesitate one time...we're through. You're on your own. You got that?

Al starts to shave.

DAYLIGHT

You're gonna do it. You're coming with me, aren't you?

Al pushes against the wall and slides the whole section open, revealing a secret closet. Inside, neatly arranged, are 4 THOMPSON MACHINE GUNS, several PISTOLS, crates of ammo, 2 boxes of GRENADES, some dynamite, and several pin-striped suits, with hats. When Al hung up his guns, he hung them here.

Daylight is agog.

Al selects one of the suits and hands it to Daylight.

AL

That son of a bitch ate my parakeet.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. THE SHAMROCK ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

115

A traditional 2 story roadhouse: not very glamorous, and far enough away from urban life that it can operate fairly openly.

Only a few cars are in the parking lot, and again, we hear the jazz piano.

JOHNNY DAYLIGHT and AL step into frame, dressed in pin-stripes, slouch hats, and overcoats. Whoever said "clothes make the man" must have seen these two, because their clothes have transformed them into two of the toughest, coolest, most formidable characters to ever walk through gangland. Daylight carries a violin case; Al carries two. He is now clean shaven.

115 CONTINUED

115

They give the Shamrock a once over from the outside.

AL

You ready?

DAYLIGHT

I wish I'd had a little more target practice.

AL

If you do everything according to plan, there shouldn't be any shooting.

DAYLIGHT

You sure?

AL

These guys are pushovers.

CUT TO:

116 INT. SHAMROCK ROADHOUSE

116

The simply decorated establishment contains dining tables and gaming tables: poker, roulette, craps; a pool table, and a row of slot machines...and of course, a bar.

A PIANO PLAYER tickles the ivories of the upright spinet.

SWEET is playing poker with another guest and eating candy; DEKE is at the roulette table, which is located directly under a skylight; and NITRO EDDIE is shooting pool. There are maybe a dozen other patrons.

117 EXT. THE SHAMROCK - AT THE FRENCH DOORS

117

Johnny Daylight and Al are casing the joint from the FRENCH WINDOWS around the side. Al points out their adversaries as he buttons up Daylight's overcoat. Daylight's hands are in his pockets: he's concealing something underneath.

AL

...and the last rat's at the pool table---the skinny, wild-eyed bastard. You just go in there, look tough, act tough...and they'll cave. And don't worry: I'll be right behind you.

Daylight nods.

117 CONTINUED

117

DAYLIGHT

How do I look? Do I look all right?

Al adjusts Daylight's hat so that it tilts over his face in perfect underworld style.

AL

Good. You look good. Now, remember,
I'll be right behind you.

Daylight takes a deep breath, turns...and trips over the garden hose running near the french doors.

AL

Kid ---one more thing: watch where
you're going.

Daylight smiles sheepishly, regains his poise, and heads for the Shamrock entrance.

118 INT. SHAMROCK ROADHOUSE

118

Daylight enters the roadhouse and casino area. No one pays much attention to him as he looks around.

At the poker table, Sweet cleans out his opponent and laughs.

SWEET

Any more suckers here wanna try
their luck?

Sweet shuffles the cards. Daylight saunters over and sits down across from him.

SWEET

You look like a live one. Name your
game, mister.

DAYLIGHT

My game? Baseball.

SWEET

What are you, a wise guy?

DAYLIGHT

No. I'm Johnny Daylight.

SWEET

(instant panic)
Oh, shit!

118 CONTINUED

118

He's about to reach for a gun, but Daylight makes a thrusting motion under the table.

DAYLIGHT

Uh, uh, uh...

119 UNDER THE TABLE

119

Daylight has the barrel of his Thompson shoved against Sweet's groin.

120 ON DAYLIGHT AND SWEET

120

DAYLIGHT

(continuing)

You try it and they'll be scraping your nuts off of that wall behind you.

Sweet glances down and gulps. He starts to raise his hands.

DAYLIGHT

Keep shuffling those cards. And while you're shuffling, you can tell me where I can find Meegan.

SWEET

I'm no stool pigeon. I don't sing for nobody.

DAYLIGHT

Oh, you're gonna sing, all right...
(jabs the gun harder into Sweet's scrotum)

Soprano.

You've got to the count of five.
One.

SWEET

You won't pull that trigger.

DAYLIGHT

Two.

SWEET

You haven't got the guts.

DAYLIGHT

Three.

SWEET

You're bluffing, and I'm gonna call your bluff.

120 CONTINUED

120

DAYLIGHT

Four.

SWEET

Even if you did shoot me, you'd never
get out of here alive.

DAYLIGHT

That's time.

SWEET

(suddenly panic stricken)
Don't shoot, I'll tell you!
I'll tell you everything!

121 AT THE ROULETTE TABLE

121

Deke rakes in his winnings---a huge pile of chips. He
drops some of them, and bends down to pick them up.

122 ON DAYLIGHT AND SWEET

SWEET

Meegan's got a suite at the Hotel
LaSalle. He's staying there tonight.
That's all I know. The Hotel LaSalle.

123 DEKE

123

on the floor, picking up his chips, glances over and does
a double-take upon seeing

124 UNDER THE POKER TABLE

124

and Daylight's Thompson shoved between Sweet's legs.

125 DEKE

125

rises and stares at Daylight for a moment. Then,
recognition lights his face.

DEKE

(muttering to himself)
Johnny Daylight...!

He reaches into his coat for an Automatic.

126 INT. SHAMROCK

126

Daylight is completely unaware of Deke...and there's no sign of Al anywhere.

DAYLIGHT

(to Sweet)

Now I'm gonna back out of here, real
slow, so you keep shuffling those cards
so I can see those hands...

Deke draws his .45 and aims at Daylight.

Suddenly, we hear the SHATTERING OF GLASS as AL drops through the skylight above and lands squarely in the center of the roulette table, a chopper in each hand!

Deke turns around. His mouth falls open in disbelief.

DEKE

Jesus Christ! Now I know who you are:
You're Chopper Al Chesser!

AL

You're right: dead right.

Al shoves a chopper into Deke's gut and pulls the trigger: Deke is literally blown away, clear across the room and straight to hell!

Everyone in the place freezes in utter, awe-struck silence: the image of the legendary Chopper Al Chesser astride the roulette table, twin Thompsons in hands...the image of this avenging angel of the underworld, would be enough to stop time itself dead in its tracks.

Then, the roadhouse again comes to life...and death. Those folks with any brains at all---the patrons---run for cover in panic stricken pandemonium. 4 SHAMROCK EMPLOYEES however, have paychecks that cloud their better judgement, and this is what happens to them in the next few seconds:

The BARTENDER, number one, comes up from behind the bar with a PUMP SHOTGUN. All bartenders have shotguns, a fact which Al is well aware of: he spots him immediately and chops the bartender in half before the man can even squeeze the trigger.

Number two is the CROUPIER at the crap table at the back of the room. He pulls a huge revolver out of a compartment in the crap table. He actually manages to fire one shot before Al whirls around and cuts him to cole slaw.

WIFE

Give him your money, Harold!

Harold empties his pockets. Daylight looks at him, then at the rest of the terrified patrons who are still hiding behind slot machines and gaming tables.

DAYLIGHT

Look: you all just stay inside and
nobody'll get hurt.

The patrons seem eager to comply: nobody moves an inch.

126 CONTINUED

126

Number three is the PIANO PLAYER: he pulls a Thompson out from inside of the piano and opens up on Al with a barrage that destroys the roulette wheel. Al jumps back and responds in kind, slicing apart the piano and piano player as well.

Finally, number four...a BOUNCER who rushes in through the door to the back. He smashes the red opaque glass cover on a mounted wooden case near the door labeled "For Emergency Only," and pulls a Thompson out. Al spots him through the mirror over the bar, spins around and blasts him with both of his choppers simultaneously!

Johnny Daylight is momentarily startled by the action. Sweet seizes the opportunity and throws the cards he's shuffling in Daylight's face, then upsets the table and breaks for the bar.

Daylight raises his Thompson and FIRES at Sweet---but the recoil of the gun knocks him backward, flat on his ass!

DAYLIGHT

Jesus. This thing kicks.

Sweet grabs the late Bouncer's Thompson and dives over the bar.

Al jumps down from the roulette table and whirls around at Nitro Eddie. But Eddie is one step ahead of him---he throws over the pool table and hides behind it. Al's slugs ricochet harmlessly off of the thick slate table top.

A gun port opens in the lower half of the bar; Sweet shoves the Thompson through and opens up on Daylight.

Daylight takes cover between two rows of slot machines. Sweet's bullets cut them apart, showering Daylight with nickles, dimes and quarters. Daylight raises his Thompson to return the fire---but the ammo drum falls off!

DAYLIGHT

Goddammit!

Patrons continue to dodge bullets and look for cover. Miraculously, none of them are hit.

Al sees Sweet's muzzle flash erupting from the gun port in the bar. He sprays the bar---the bullets rip through the upholstery, revealing steel underneath: bullet proof!

126 CONTINUED

126

Al spots a large antlered deer head mounted on the wall over the bar, directly above the gun port. Al strafes it: the head falls from the wall, antlers first, behind the bar. We hear Sweet SCREAM. A beat, then he staggers out from around the bar, the antlers imbedded in his back. He falls to the floor, dead.

Nitro Eddie, behind the pool table, pulls a nitro vial out of his coat. He peers over the edge of the table and spots Daylight across the casino. Eddie grins, then hurls the nitro at him!

Al spots the flying vial---there's nothing he can do about it. He yells at Daylight.

AL

Kid! Catch it---it's nitro!

Daylight sees it and dives for it. With the chopper still in his left hand, Daylight tries to catch it with his injured right hand---he fumbles it, then quickly drops the chopper and just manages to catch it with his left hand.

He and Al exchange a "that was a close call" look. Al puts his choppers down and quickly takes the vial of nitro from Daylight. Al faces Eddie.

AL

Still hungry, Eddie?
Swallow this!

Al raises the nitro, ready to throw it at Eddie.

Nitro Eddie runs for it. He smashes through the french doors, crashing right through the glass, and keeps right on running!

Al moves quickly to the shattered french doors, steps just outside, and throws a "long bomb" at Eddie.

127 EXT. SIDE OF SHAMROCK

127

Nitro Eddie turns to see the vial of nitro coming right at him. He moves erratically to catch it---sticks his hand out---and grabs it!

AL

Dammit!

127 CONTINUED

127

Eddie cackles victoriously, genuinely surprised to have made the catch. He takes a few steps backwards, his foot stepping into a loop in the garden hose.

Al quickly picks up the hose at his end and gives it a yank.

Eddie's foot is pulled out from under him! He hits the ground.

128 WIDER ANGLE

128

as Eddie is destroyed in a tremendous fireball explosion!

129 AT THE SHATTERED FRENCH DOORS

129

DAYLIGHT joins AL, and they view the aftermath.

AL

(shrugs)

He tripped.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. THE HOTEL LASALLE - NIGHT

130

One of Chicago's finest hotels, standing 15 classy stories tall in the midst of downtown. It's late, way past midnight, and the city is finally slowing down.

131 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

131

MEEGAN, dressed in silk pajamas and monogrammed robe, puffs on a cigar in his plush, deco hotel bedroom while he talks on the phone.

MEEGAN

(into phone)

I realize that assault with a deadly weapon is a serious charge, Your Honor, but I know this Frankie O'Rourke. He's a good boy, and I know he didn't mean it. Under those circumstances, I don't understand why you insist on keeping him locked up.

(listens a moment)

Of course I have respect for the law, Your Honor. I'm just asking you to do me a small favor.

(listens)

Well, I seem to recall I did you a favor once...

Meegan reaches inside of his robe: he wears a money belt like a shoulder holster. He opens a pouch and withdraws his little black book. He thumbs through it quickly, finding the information he needs.

MEEGAN

(continuing)

It was on October 23, 1925...that unfortunate little indisgression down at the House of the Moulin Rouge, and that girl...what was her name.... Lulu? I believe I still have the photographs...

(listens again, then smiles)

Frankie'll be out by 9 a.m. tomorrow then. Thank you, Your Honor.

He hangs up.

MEEGAN

Pervert.

Meegan walks over through the double doors onto the balcony, his book in hand.

132 EXT. BALCONY

132

Meegan chucks his cigar over, 13 stories down. He goes back in the room.

We stay outside as JOHNNY DAYLIGHT and AL descend the fire escape above. Al notices a rip in his black leather gloves.

AL

Damn. I ripped my glove on that skylight. I have to get a new pair.

DAYLIGHT

You could have come through the door, you know.

AL

Style, kid. You've gotta do these things with style.

Daylight looks over the edge of the fire escape: it's a long way down, and he's uneasy.

DAYLIGHT

Yeah...

AL

(gestures toward Meegan's balcony)
All right, kid, the rest is up to you.

Al pulls a HAND GRENADE out of his coat and hands it to Daylight.

AL

Once you pull that pin, you've got exactly 10 seconds.

DAYLIGHT

I thought you didn't keep track of time.

AL

For hand grenades, I made an exception.

Al climbs back up the fire escape and onto the roof.

Daylight takes a deep breath, then drops down to the balcony and peeks into the room.

133 DAYLIGHT'S P.O.V. OF THE ROOM 133

Meegan puts his black book back in his shoulder belt and plops onto the bed.

134 DAYLIGHT 134

pulls the pin on the grenade, releases the lever, and starts counting down to himself.

DAYLIGHT
10-one thousand, 9-one thousand,
8-one thousand...

The grenade starts smoking and sizzling.

134 CONTINUED

134

DAYLIGHT

7-one thousand, 6-one thousand...

135 HIS P.O.V. OF THE ROOM

135

Suddenly, the bathroom door opens and KELLY DEVLIN steps out. She's wearing a sexy black silk negligee. Meegan is delighted by what he sees.

MEEGAN

Now that's more like it! Come over here, baby, and plant one right on the kisser.

She steps over to him and kisses him passionately.

136 DAYLIGHT

136

is shocked. He's staring transfixed...

DAYLIGHT

3-one thousand, 2-one thou---shit!

He remembers the grenade! He throws it down---and just in time: it EXPLODES on its way down!

Daylight scrambles up to the fire escape landing, pressing himself against the wall of the building to stay out of sight.

Meegan rushes out to the balcony with a Thompson and looks down.

Al looks down from the roof to see what has happened: he can't get a shot at Meegan.

Kelly runs out on the balcony.

KELLY

What was that?

MEEGAN

A grenade.

Now RED and NUMBERS rush out to the balcony.

RED

Mr. Meegan, we've gotta get you outta here. It's not safe. That pineapple coulda been meant for you.

MEEGAN

(nods)

Let's go.

Meegan, Red and Numbers go back inside, leaving Kelly on the balcony.

Daylight watches her from his hiding place. He's heartsick.

Finally she goes back inside.

Daylight looks up at Al on the roof. Al just shakes his head.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. FLOP HOUSE - DAY

137

Establishing. The "A-1 HOTEL" is a seedy, run-down flop house in the depths of skid row. The sign in front proclaims, "Rooms - 50 Cents."

138 INT. FLOP HOUSE ROOM - DAY

138

The room is about what we'd expect for 4 bits: ratty, with peeling wallpaper, and no doubt with a few cockroaches thrown in for no extra charge. The two unmade beds have yellowed sheets dotted with cigarette burns. The open window faces a large BILLBOARD for Morton Salt, reminding us that "when it rains, it pours."

AL sits on one of the beds, clad in an undershirt, cleaning a Thompson. He's packing. As usual, he's cool and collected.

DAYLIGHT paces around nervously, like a caged animal. He's upset, confused, angry.

AL

Do we have to keep going over this again and again? It's exactly what I told you before: if you drop the ball, I'm through. You dropped the ball, so I'm through.

DAYLIGHT

What did you want me to do? Kill her too?

AL

What do you care? She's shacking up with the son of a bitch.

DAYLIGHT

I can't believe that. There's gotta be a reason for it.

AL

Give it up, kid.

DAYLIGHT

Meegan has got to be stopped---him, and everything he stands for.

AL

If you want to kill a guy like Meegan, you've gotta be like Meegan. And you're not, kid. Your problem is you've got too much humanity.

DAYLIGHT

You know what your problem is, Al? You don't have any.

AL

That's why I'm still alive. And I'm planning on staying that way. So, this is where we part company. I like you, kid. But you're just too dangerous to be around.

Al puts the Thompson back in the violin case and closes it up.

AL

I'm catching a train at midnight for Florida. From there I'm going to Cuba. Why don't you come with me?

DAYLIGHT

I can't.

AL

He's not worth getting yourself killed over. And neither is she.

Daylight grabs his coat and pockets the room key (which naturally carries the proud name of the "A-1 Hotel").

DAYLIGHT

Thanks for everything, Al. Maybe I'll see you again sometime.

AL

Yeah...in hell, probably.

Daylight exits. Al sighs and shakes his head.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. KELLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

139

Night. KELLY is coming back from somewhere---who can say where? She wears her fox stole and carries only her purse. She walks up the stairs into her building.

140 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

140

The door opens, Kelly enters and switches on a light. She throws her purse on the couch, hangs her stole up in the closet, turns, and finds herself facing JOHNNY DAYLIGHT. She's startled.

KELLY

Johnny!

DAYLIGHT

How's school?

Her surprise turns to genuine relief and happiness.

KELLY

I've been so worried about you!

She embraces him---but he remains cold and aloof.

DAYLIGHT

You didn't seem so worried in Anatomy Class.

KELLY

Anatomy Class?

DAYLIGHT

Yeah. The one Mr. Meegan teaches at the Hotel LaSalle.

She turns white, then steps away from him.

KELLY

That was YOU last night!

Daylight nods.

KELLY

You'd better go.

DAYLIGHT

Not until I get some answers.

KELLY

John, just leave. Forget about me, forget about us, just go. It'll be better that way.

DAYLIGHT

That's it? That's all there is?

(shakes his head)

That lover boy of yours must really be something. I guess Al was right about you after all.

KELLY

Al?

DAYLIGHT

He's a friend. A real friend.

Daylight starts for the door. Kelly is very obviously torn up inside.

KELLY

Wait, Johnny. I'll level with you.

He stops and faces her again.

KELLY (continuing)

I'm a Federal Agent, working for the Department of Justice.

Daylight never expected this.

DAYLIGHT

A Fed!

She nods.

KELLY

Meegan has a book...a graft book. It's full of a lot of embarrassing information about a lot of people. It's like a Bible of corruption.

DAYLIGHT

I know all about it.

KELLY

Then you know that it's the source of his power.

My job is to get close to him and get my hands on that book for the government. Then we can lock up all of those corrupt officials, smash Meegan's empire, and put Meegan away for good.

DAYLIGHT

There's only one way to put Meegan away for good: with this.

Daylight pulls his pistol.

KELLY

Johnny, you can't take the law into your own hands. That makes you no different than they are.

DAYLIGHT

And bedding down with that scum... letting him slap you around... what does that make you?

Kelly is clearly ashamed of what her job requires.

KELLY

It's for the greater good.

DAYLIGHT

You believe that?

Kelly sighs. She sits down and lights a cigarette.

KELLY

My father used to own a little neighborhood tavern. After Prohibition, he went underground, like everyone else. Last year, Meegan tried to muscle him...wanted Dad to buy only his beer at double the price. Naturally, he refused. The next morning, my mother woke up and found him...

(chokes up)

...with a knife in his heart...right there in their own bed...

(sighs)

That's why I joined the Department of Justice. To get Meegan.

DAYLIGHT

If you really want to get him, Kelly, help me do it. We'll put an end to him permanently. Tell me where he is.

KELLY

If you have to be like Meegan to stop him, you're not putting an end to anything. That's why we have the law.

DAYLIGHT

The law? You'll excuse me if I don't have any respect for the law. It was a law that created Prohibition, making it possible for a punk like Meegan to become so powerful. It was the law that forced your father to go underground and do business with scum like him. And now, the law's using you. They don't care about you or about me or about anybody. They'll do anything to get Meegan, because the only greater good they're concerned about is their own.

KELLY

You're wrong, Johnny.

Daylight looks at her for a long moment, then pockets his gun.

DAYLIGHT

I wish I was.

He starts for the door.

She pulls a .38 out of her purse and points it at him.

KELLY

I can't let you do it, Johnny.

He turns around. He's mildly surprised to see the weapon.

DAYLIGHT

Don't tell me: I'm under arrest.

KELLY

That's right. Intent to commit murder.

DAYLIGHT

What are you gonna do, Kelly? Kill me if I walk out that door?

KELLY

No. But I'll put a bullet in your arm or your leg if I have to.

DAYLIGHT

You, too? You're gonna put an end to my baseball career, too? In the name of the law?

140 CONTINUED

KELLY

If it'll stop you from becoming a killer.

(picks up phone, dials "0")
Operator, get me the Department of Justice.

Suddenly there is a KNOCK at the door.

Kelly and Daylight are both surprised.

KELLY

(hesitant)
Who is it?

MEEGAN enters with RED and NUMBERS and TWO OTHER THUGS. Meegan has flowers, and is spiffily dressed.

MEEGAN

It's me, baby. We were in the neighborhood so---
(sees Daylight)
Well, well, well.

Red immediately pulls his silenced pistol on Daylight, and throws him against the wall. Red frisks him, taking his gun, and discarding his A-1 Hotel Key, watch, and coins on the floor.

MEEGAN

(to Daylight)
So the rumors from the Shamrock were true.
(to Kelly)
Who were you calling, Kelly?

Kelly looks at Meegan, then at Daylight. She's on the spot. If she lies, will Daylight blow her cover?

Daylight looks at her, then at Meegan.

DAYLIGHT

(to Meegan)
She was calling you, Pat.
I followed her here from the LaSalle Hotel. I thought she could lead me to you.

Meegan takes Kelly's pistol from her.

140 CONTINUED

140

MEEGAN

Good work, Kelly. You get an A-plus for this.

(gives her a kiss; then to Daylight)
You were coming after me? You thought you could take me, Johnny? Well, excuse me, but I think that's funny. I think that's hilarious.

DAYLIGHT

Just finish it, Pat. Go on and finish it.

MEEGAN

Oh, I intend to Johnny. All in good time.

RED

Let's take him to the Amusement Park.

CUT TO:

141 EXT. KELLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

141

Meegan's black Cadillac is parked in front, and Red and another thug are shoving Daylight into the back seat.

MEEGAN

What's the matter with you, Red?
I don't want a piece of shit like
him sitting on my leather seats. Throw
him in the trunk.

Red yanks Daylight out, opens the trunk, and shoves him in.

Numbers is staring back at Kelly's apartment with concern.

MEEGAN

What's eatin' you, Numbers?

NUMBERS

The dame. I'd feel a lot better
if we had somebody watching her.

Meegan looks up at her window.

CUT TO:

142 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

142

Kelly is on the phone, full of urgency.

KELLY

Mr. Hoover, it's Kelly.

INTERCUT WITH

143 INT. HOOVER'S BEDROOM

143

MR. HOOVER sits on the edge of his bed, wearing pajamas and a shoulder holster.

What little we can see of his bedroom is spartan, with pictures of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and President Coolidge on the wall.

HOOVER

Where are you calling from, Kelly?

KELLY

My apartment.

HOOVER

I told you never to call me from there.
Your phone may not be safe.

KELLY

But this is an emergency. Meegan's got Johnny Daylight! He's taking him to Riverview Amusement Park. We've gotta do something.

HOOVER

We can't get involved with Johnny Daylight.

KELLY

But Meegan's gonna kill him!

HOOVER

Kelly, if we send agents to Riverview, we'll be risking their lives and jeopardizing this entire operation.

KELLY

But an innocent man's about to die!

HOOVER

Look, Kelly, Johnny Daylight will just have to be another casualty in the war against crime...a war which we can win, Kelly, as long as you remember your duty and the oath you took when you joined the Justice Department.

War is hell, Kelly. Remember that. And remember something else, too: remember your father. That's what this whole thing's about, right?

KELLY

(without much enthusiasm)

Right.

HOOVER

Good girl. You're a good agent, Kelly. A credit to the Bureau...and I'm proud of you.

Now go to bed, sleep this thing off, and we'll continue the operation. All right?

KELLY

Yeah. Right.

HOOVER

Remember, Kelly: this is all for the greater good.

144 ON HOOVER

144

as he hangs up, exasperated.

HOOVER

Women!

Hoover climbs back into bed...and we reveal that Adams is in the bed with him.

ADAMS

What's wrong, Hoovie? Girl trouble?

HOOVER

You can say that again, Clyde. That's the last time I ever hire a female agent.

145 ON KELLY

145

She stares at the phone receiver, very upset. Finally, she hangs up. She sighs. Then she notices Daylight's A-1 Hotel key laying on the floor. She picks it up and looks at it for a long moment... room number 211. Then she goes to the phone again and dials.

KELLY

(into phone)

Hello? Is this the A-1 Hotel?

We hear COUGHING and WHEEZING on the other end, then finally the VOICE of the CLERK.

CLERK (V.O. phone)

Yeah. A-1 Hotel.

KELLY

Do you have somebody registered in room 211 named Al?

CLERK (V.O. phone)

He checked out two hours ago.

KELLY

Did he say where he was going, or leave a forwarding address?

CLERK (V.O. phone)

Forwarding address? What do you think this is, lady, the Conrad Hilton?

We hear a CLICK as the Clerk hangs up.

145 CONTINUED

145

Kelly sits deep in thought for a long moment. Her face fills with resolve. She pulls a book from her bookshelf, and opens it: it's hollowed out, and contains a .38 revolver. She checks the cylinder, then grabs her coat and exits.

146 EXT. KELLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

146

Kelly comes out and heads for her car parked on the street nearby. Just as she reaches it, a maroon GLOVED HAND grabs her from behind around the mouth, and another gloved hand sticks an AUTOMATIC in her face. Her eyes go wide with terror.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. RIVERVIEW AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

147

The amusement park is dark, closed for the night. A gentle breeze blows old ticket stubs and cotton candy cones along the midway.

Suddenly, the ROLLER COASTER lights up: the platform, and the hundreds of bulbs which run along the tracks.

148 ANGLE - ROLLER COASTER

148

MEEGAN and his men are assembled near the bottom of the first hill; Meegan's Cadillac and several GANGSTER CARS are parked nearby. In addition to NUMBERS and RED, there are 8 other THUGS...and DAYLIGHT.

Meegan turns to Red.

MEEGAN

Tie his wrists to the tracks.

Daylight's wrists are tied together with heavy rope; Red holds the other end like a leash. He yanks Daylight toward the tracks.

While two thugs grab Daylight and hold his bound wrists against one rail, Red runs the other end of the rope around Daylight's rail, then ties it to the opposite rail so the rope is taut across the tracks.

Meegan and the others cross the tracks so they are facing Daylight.

MEEGAN

Red, warm up the motors.

RED

(calls loudly toward the loading platform)
Casey! Start the motors!

149 AT THE LOADING PLATFORM

149

CASEY, another Meegan punk, throws a switch.

150 SERIES OF SHOTS

150

The huge main motor roars to life. A flywheel turns a belt.

The belt turns a shaft.

The shaft connects to a gear which runs the heavy CHAIN up along the steep first hill.

151 AT THE TRACKS

151

Daylight glares at Meegan.

DAYLIGHT

Why don't you just get it over with,
Pat? Spare the theatrics.

MEEGAN

You'd like that, wouldn't you, Johnny?
You'd like for me to just gun you down.
Then you could be a martyr. They'd
have a big funeral for you and everybody'd
talk about how honest and incorruptable
you were.

Well, I'm not gonna give you that
satisfaction...not after what you've put me
through. No, Johnny, I'm not gonna
make a martyr out of you. I'm gonna
make you a cripple.

DAYLIGHT

I've already got my satisfaction, Pat.
Because I never knuckled under. I
never took your graft.

MEEGAN

How'd you like to take it now, Johnny?
(pulls a thousand dollar bill out
of his wallet)
I'm a forgiving man. I'm willing to
let bygones be bygones. Accept this as
a token of our lasting friendship...

Meegan sets the bill on the rail opposite Daylight.

MEEGAN

(continuing)
...and you can go.

Meegan pulls a stiletto and gestures as if ready to cut the rope.

MEEGAN

(continuing)
Just pick up the money.

Obviously, Daylight's hands are tied so that he can't move them.

DAYLIGHT

How?

MEEGAN

With your tongue.

151 CONTINUED

151

Meegan takes the cigarette out of Numbers' mouth and dumps the ash on the middle of the bill.

MEEGAN

(continuing)

You're gonna eat it, Johnny. You're gonna eat that graft.

DAYLIGHT

Like Hell.

MEEGAN

Really, Johnny? Well, let's see what you're made of.

Red: send the train down.

RED

(calling toward the platform)

Casey! Send the train down!

A beat...nothing happens.

RED

Casey! Start the train!

Still no response. Some of the gangsters trade looks.

MEEGAN

Red, see what the hell the problem is.

RED

Hey, Casey!

Just as Red starts toward the platform, we see the train rumble forward.

RED

(to Meegan)

Here it comes.

The empty train catches the moving chain and starts up the gigantic first hill with a deafening CLACKETY-CLACK...

DAYLIGHT looks...

So do Numbers...

RED...

and MEEGAN

DAYLIGHT tries to move his wrists, but they're bound too tightly.

151 CONTINUED

151

The rope that holds him is stretched taut across the tracks.

DAYLIGHT gulps with worry and starts to sweat.

MEEGAN smiles cruelly at Daylight's fear.

THE TRAIN is almost halfway up the hill. It's shiny metal wheels move up the track, their sharp edges leaving no doubt that they can slice off Daylight's hands.

DAYLIGHT looks at the money across the track from him, then at Meegan.

MEEGAN holds the stiletto that could be Daylight's salvation... but Meegan's leering countenance is a picture of the cost of that salvation.

MEEGAN

Take the money, Johnny. Take it.

THE TRAIN is almost to the the top of the hill.

MEEGAN

Last chance, Johnny.

Daylight looks Meegan right in the eye.

DAYLIGHT

You wouldn't have cut me loose anyway.

MEEGAN

(laughs)

You're right.

Meegan folds the knife and puts it away. He steps back.

THE TRAIN reaches the crest of the hill...now its center of gravity crosses the point of no return...

THE TRAIN ROARS DOWNWARD!

Daylight stares up at it with wide-eyed terror.

Every other eye is glued to the front of that train.

Suddenly, we catch a glimpse of a familiar maroon GLOVE at the front edge of the train---then AL POPS UP in the front car, a BLAZING THOMPSON IN EACH HAND!

Al's first burst severs the rope across the track!

Daylight falls backward, his wrists free of the track, just as the train roars past!

Al's second Thompson, leveled at the group of thugs on the other side of the tracks, sends 3 gangsters to an early grave!

151 CONTINUED

151

The speeding train whisks Al away from his adversaries, leaving Meegan and his men momentarily stunned.

Then, Meegan and the group draw guns---but before they can decide where to fire, MACHINE GUN BULLETS strafe them from another direction:

KELLY is blasting a Thompson at them from a position opposite them, behind Daylight!

Meegan and his men scatter for cover. Meegan and Numbers take off together; Red and some of his people move off in a different direction, toward the cars.

152 ON MEEGAN AND NUMBERS

152

as they run under a section of roller coaster trestle.

NUMBERS

I told you the dame was no good, Mr. Meegan.

MEEGAN

Shut up!

Now we hear the ROAR of the roller coaster train.

Meegan turns: the train is heading for the section of track he and Nubers just passed under.

Al rises in the front car, Thompsons blasting!

Meegan grabs Numbers and uses him as a human shield, then pulls an Automatic and returns Al's fire!

Al's bullets rip into Numbers; Meegan's shots ricochet harmlessly off the train!

The train whizzes by---Meegan continues firing until he's out of bullets, then throws his gun down in disgust. He releases Numbers---the accountant's corpse falls to the ground.

Meegan looks around, then runs off into the darkness.

153 ON DAYLIGHT AND KELLY

153

at another part of the midway.

Kelly is untying Daylight's bound wrists.

153 CONTINUED

153

KELLY

Thank God you're all right. We'd have been here sooner, but your friend Al kept ranting about "doing this with style."

DAYLIGHT

Yeah, Al's got a thing about style.

Now, Daylight catches a glimpse of Meegan in the distance, darting behind a refreshment stand. Kelly has seen him, too.

Daylight's face fills with resolve. He takes Kelly's machine gun from her.

DAYLIGHT

Stay here.

KELLY

Johnny, don't. It's over.

DAYLIGHT

Not yet.

He hurries off in the direction he saw Meegan.

154 AT ANOTHER PART OF THE ROLLER COASTER

154

The train plummets downward, toward a low point, not too steep, and AL leaps out of the train, landing on his feet, somehow making it all look very easy.

155 AL

155

moves along the midway, looking around for some sign of Red and the other thugs.

Suddenly,

TWO CARS CRASH THROUGH A WOODEN FENCE and barrel down the midway toward Al! Each car has a machine gunner on a running board, and one of them is Red!

Red's car is in front. Al blasts at it---his bullets rip into the engine and slice the front tires, sending the car swerving out of control! Red dives clear as the auto careens into the Fun House entrance ramp, then flips up and over, directly into a huge sculptured CLOWN MOUTH which forms the Fun House entrance!

155 CONTINUED

155

The car's ruptured gas tank catches fire, and a stream of flowing gas becomes a moving river of flame.

The THREE THUGS in the car scamper out and dash for cover.

Now the 2nd car bears down on Al, the thug on the running board blasting away!

Al dives for cover behind a picnic table as bullets from the passing car splinter the wood around him.

Al rises to see the car a few hundred feet away, making a U-turn to come back for another try.

Al puts down a chopper, then pulls a grenade out of his coat. He pulls the pin, then runs back into the path of the approaching car. Al hurls the grenade at the front windshield---the grenade shatters it, then EXPLODES, destroying the entire vehicle in a brilliant FIREBALL!

Al turns around and dashes off in pursuit of Red and the other 3 thugs from the first car.

155A DAYLIGHT

155A

creeps quietly past the carousel looking for Meegan.

155B EXT. ON TOP OF THE THEME TOWER

155B

The thug who inherited Cupid's camel hair coat is perched atop the theme tower roof with a machine gun.

156 HIS P.O.V. OF

156

AL, coming down the midway, toward the theme tower.

157 THE CAMEL'S HAIR THUG

157

opens up on Al.

158 ON THE MIDWAY BELOW

158

The bullets strafe the ground near Al's feet. Al quickly whirls around and returns the fire.

The thug takes it in the gut and topples off the roof, plummeting 6 stories to his death.

Before Al can catch his breath, the 3 THUGS from the car pop up from inside a refreshment stand with choppers and blast at Al!

158 CONTINUED

158

Al dives behind the Wild West Show ticket booth for cover...he's next to a life sized Wooden Indian. He checks his pockets and finally finds a last grenade. Al kisses it, then pulls the pin, counts to himself...and lobs it at the refreshment stand...

The stand is BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS, along with the 3 thugs inside of it!

Al smiles laconically...then the edge of the ticket booth is ripped by machine gun fire.

159 RED

159

is behind the barker's counter of the Freak Show, across the way from Al.

RED

That was your last grenade, wasn't it,
Chesser?

Red fires at Al again.

Al ducks behind the booth, but Red can see his shadow. Red has an excellent vantage: there's no way Al can get out from behind the booth without Red being able to shoot him.

RED

I see you, Chesser! You're trapped!
You can't go anywhere! And I can
stay here all night---I've got 5 drums of
ammo!

160 AL

160

is well aware of his tough spot. He has only one drum of ammo, and he reloads his weapon.

CUT TO:

161 EXT. NEAR THE FUN HOUSE

161

MEEGAN, still unarmed, hurries past the Fun House and the burning car wreck, toward the turnstile area marked "EXIT."

Then we hear the cocking of a machine gun...

DAYLIGHT (O.S.)

Hold it right there, Pat.

Meegan freezes...then slowly turns: DAYLIGHT is standing a few yards away from him, his Thompson leveled at Meegan.

MEEGAN

Hello, Johnny.

Daylight stands there, staring at Meegan coldly.

MEEGAN

You gonna kill me?

DAYLIGHT

You've been asking for it.

MEEGAN

(smiles)

So, I was right after all. You're no better than I am. You're a killer, just like me.

Daylight hesitates slightly.

MEEGAN

(continuing)

After all your high and mighty bullshit, all you can do is kill me in cold blood with a gun.

Go ahead. Do it. Prove I'm right.

Daylight is perspiring. His gun hand wavers. Meegan's words are having an effect on him.

MEEGAN

Pull the trigger and get back into the gutter where you belong...with me.

Meegan can see that Daylight is beginning to crack.

MEEGAN

Come on, Johnny. I'll make it real easy for you. Put one right through my heart.

161 CONTINUED

Meegan rips open his shirt and exposes his bare chest. In so doing, his LITTLE BLACK BOOK falls out of his shoulder belt, to the platform floor.

Daylight sees it and smiles.

DAYLIGHT

You're wrong, Pat. I am better than you. I can destroy you without a gun. Back up.

Meegan can see that Daylight wants the book. Meegan also spots the BURNING CAR WRECK, not far away.

DAYLIGHT

I said, back up.

Meegan looks like he's about to back up---then he kicks the book at the fire!

As Daylight turns to see where the book went, Meegan dives in the opposite direction---over the EXIT TURNSTILE. He disappears behind it.

Daylight is about to go after Meegan, but then sees that

162 THE BOOK

162

is laying close to the fire. A burning river of gasoline is flowing directly toward the book. In seconds, the book will catch fire!

163 DAYLIGHT

163

looks back at the turnstile. Somewhere beyond it is Meegan... but where?

He looks back and forth between his two choices. It's one or the other.

The burning gasoline is centimeters away from the fire.

Daylight makes his decision: he goes for the book. He snatches it up just as the gasoline reaches it!

Now KELLY joins Daylight

DAYLIGHT

Meegan got away.

163 CONTINUED

163

KELLY

He won't get far, now that we've
got this...

She takes the book from him.

KELLY

Come on.

They head off in the opposite direction from the exit,
back toward the roller coaster.

164 BEHIND THE TURNSTILE

164

MEEGAN peeks out and sees Daylight and Kelly walking off. He
smiles, then pulls a key from his pocket and unlocks a padlock
on a storage compartment in the exit facade. Inside are
several MACHINE GUNS, drums of ammo, and a case of DYNAMITE!

Meegan arms himself.

165 AT THE FREAK SHOW COUNTER

165

Red continues FIRING at Al. The situation is the same: Al
is trapped in a game of cat and mouse. He sticks his head
out to fire at Red, and Red immediately fires back at him.

Again Al shows himself, and Red blasts---but this time Al
goes down!

Red cranes his neck around for a better look. The ticket
booth obscures his view, but Al's shadow can be seen, prone
on the ground, completely motionless. Red watches it for a
moment, just to be sure...but there is no movement whatsoever.

Red grins, and approaches the ticket booth.

Red crosses around the booth and reacts with shock:

the figure lying on the midway isn't Al, but the wooden Indian,
with Al's hat on it!

RED

He's still alive!

AL (O.S.)

You're right: dead right.

165 CONTINUED

165

Red turns.

Al is standing inside the ticket booth! He blasts Red right through the cashier's window!

CUT TO:

166 ON THE MIDWAY

166

DAYLIGHT and KELLY react to the sound of the gunfire.

DAYLIGHT

That must be Al.

They turn around, only to see

167 MEEGAN

167

standing there with a chopper.

MEEGAN

End of the line, kids.

Daylight raises his Thompson, but Meegan fires first---and shoots Daylight's weapon out of his hands! Meegan laughs.

DAYLIGHT

(to Kelly)

Run!

They run like hell---the closest cover is a "Pitch 'Em" Baseball Concession just across the midway. They leap over the counter into it.

MEEGAN

(yells)

You still think you're better than me, Johnny? Well, think again!

Meegan fires another burst, then moves around to get himself in a better position---right near the roller coaster track where Daylight had been tied. He machine guns the booth: wood splinters and part of the roof collapses, knocking over a bushel of baseballs which spill across the midway. Daylight and Kelly are unhurt, but it doesn't look good: the only way out is through the front, where Meegan has them covered.

MEEGAN

Nothin' I like better than a shooting gallery!

167 CONTINUED

167

But as Meegan is about to fire again, bullets strafe the ground at his feet:

AL is standing down the midway on a picnic table under a pagoda style shelter.

Meegan whirls around and fires back.

His bullets rip apart the shelter supports, and the Pagoda roof comes crashing down, knocking the gun out of Al's hands, and pinning Al to the ground, helplessly. Al can't crawl out.

MEEGAN

(yells at Al)

I'll take care of you in a minute,
punk!

In the background, the roller coaster train rolls into the station... then keeps on going, back into the chain guide that will send it back up the first hill on another circuit.

MEEGAN

(to Daylight)

Hey, Johnny: I'll give you a
sporting chance. Here's a
weapon for you...

Meegan pulls a stick of dynamite out of his coat. He touches the fuse against the smoking muzzle of his Thompson---it sizzles to life. Meegan tosses the dynamite at the concession---it rolls across the midway and stops at the foot of the Pitch 'Em Booth.

MEEGAN

All you gotta do is get it!

Daylight spots the sizzling dynamite, but as soon as he shows himself, Meegan fires at him!

KELLY

Maybe we could break out the back
wall.

DAYLIGHT

No time. There can't be more than
ten or twelve seconds on that fuse.

167 CONTINUED

167

Daylight looks around for some way out of the predicament. He notices the roller coaster train slowly making its way up the chain hill again...and notices that Meegan is standing very near the track at the bottom of the first hill.

And finally he notices the one single baseball that bounced in the booth when Meegan shot up the milk can.

The dynamite fuse keeps burning.

Daylight picks up the baseball with his left hand and forces it into his injured right hand. With superhuman effort, he attempts to grasp it.

The train nears the top of the hill.

Daylight grimaces, ignoring the pain as his fingers close around the cowhide.

The train is just about to pass the point of no return...

Daylight winds up and hurls a tremendous fast ball at Meegan!

The ball smashes Meegan right between the eyes and knocks him backwards, onto the roller coaster track!

The train plummets down the hill at 90 miles an hour!

Kelly averts her eyes.

Daylight stares, eyes riveted to the scene, and we hear Meegan's bloodcurdling OFFSCREEN SCREAM as he's dispatched to the real underworld: hell!

Daylight gives his thumbs-up victory salute.

DAYLIGHT

Gotcha, you son of a bitch!

He leaps over the concession, grabs the stick of dynamite, and yanks the fuse out, just in time. He lets out a tremendous sigh of relief.

Kelly climbs out and they embrace. Just as they're about to kiss...

AL (O.S.)

Hey, give me a hand over here.

168 ANGLE ON WRECKED PAGODA

168

Al is still pinned exactly as he was before. Daylight and Kelly hurry over, and together manage to lift the roof up enough for Al to climb out.

AL

That was a nice pitch, kid. Shows you got style.

DAYLIGHT

That wasn't exactly the reason I threw it.

The three start down the midway. Al picks up the baseball Daylight just threw...but abruptly, we hear the sound of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS COCKING, accompanied by the image of a dozen or more GANGSTERS moving in on our trio in a semi-circle.

Daylight, Kelly and Al react with fear. They raise their hands, helpless and hopelessly outnumbered---until Al suddenly catches on, lowers his hands and shakes his head.

AL

You're late, Torelli.

TORELLI steps forward. The gangsters are his men.

TORELLI

Since when do you keep track of time, Al?

AL

I just started.

Daylight and Kelly lower their arms, too.

TORELLI

Am I safe to assume that Mr. Meegan has opted for early retirement?

Al looks at Daylight.

DAYLIGHT

That's one way of putting it.

TORELLI

Hello, Johnny. How's the hand?

DAYLIGHT

It's getting there. How's Harry?

168 CONTINUED

168

TORELLI

He's gonna be fine. Oh---he asked
me to give you this...

Torelli pulls a baseball out of his tailored overcoat.

TORELLI

(continuing)

It's the ball you struck out Babe
Ruth with.

Torelli tosses it to Daylight...he catches it with his right
hand, and smiles.

AL

(to Torelli)

You'll clean up the mess here?

TORELLI

There won't be a trace.

(to Daylight)

See you at the ball park, Johnny.

Torelli leaves with a couple of Bodyguards.

Now Al turns to Daylight and offers him another baseball.

AL

Here, kid: it's the ball you struck
Meegan out with.

Daylight looks at this baseball for a moment, looks at
Kelly, then back at Al.

DAYLIGHT

You keep it for me, Al.

Al smiles, and we CRANE UP as the three of them walk off together.

ROLL END TITLES.