

THE GANGSTER SQUAD

By  
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Based on *Tales of the Gangster Squad*  
By Paul Lieberman

8-6-10

Classic Black & White **WARNER BROS** LOGO:

*Xavier Cugat's 'Mondongo' over Black & White CREDITS:*

INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

LEATHER GLOVES POUND FLESH. Bantam-weight **MICKEY COHEN** (19), pummels 'BABY' ARIZMENDI into the ropes without mercy. Cigar-smoke. Howls from a packed house. **Arizmendi TKO'd on his feet**, and nearing the dark land for good.

1933

In the crowd, the genteel, diminutive **MEYER LANSKY** (31) watches Cohen, appraising, *and we see Cohen knows it.*

The REF squirms between Cohen and Arizmendi to stop the fight. **Cohen SPINS, cold-cocking the ref!** The outraged CROWD mobs the ring, closing on Cohen like a collapsing star, **Cohen FIGHTING them all, showing off for Lansky.**

EXT. CALIFORNIA COAST - YEARS LATER

The **EL CAPITAN**, an all-coach streamliner, speeds past.

LANSKY (V.O.)  
We've never had a meaningful  
presence in Los Angeles. So this  
is all virgin territory.

INT. EL CAPITAN TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

**LANSKY, COHEN, and BENJAMIN 'BUGSY' SIEGEL** share a toast.

LANSKY  
(to Cohen)  
Mickey, you'll be working for  
Benny here. You two gentlemen will  
be my Lewis and Clark. *L'chaim.*

COHEN  
*L'chaim.*

SIEGEL  
*L'chaim.*

Cohen raises his glass, watching Siegel with a usurper's hunger; already looking for a place to stick the knife.

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - MONTHS LATER

Cohen DRINKS, watching a smoke-shrouded FLOATING CRAPS GAME. Booze. BROADS. GAMBLERS *pitching dice across...*

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

I/E. LOS ANGELES - AS YEARS FLY BY

*Vice spreading like a fast cancer across LA.* Multiplying Craps tables. CROUPIERS. Roulette. BOOKMAKERS take bets.

**\*And we SEE DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE OF WORLD WAR II.** WARFARE. BOMBINGS. OMAHA BEACH. MIDWAY. HIROSHIMA. V-E & V-J DAY.

Limousines navigate the neon puddles of SUNSET BOULEVARD past **CIRO'S**, the **MOCAMBO**. Temples of pleasure. Furs. Slit-skirt dresses. Lipstick. Muzzles poke out the windows of a black car and MEN CRUMPLE under machine-gun fire. BYSTANDERS scatter from **FLASHING 'Chicago Lightning.'**

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

**FLASH!** Siegel squires starlets to CLUBS, pulling ONE beauty **FLASH!** - after another - **FLASH!** - from limousines. Cohen jealously watches SIEGEL kissing VIRGINIA HILL.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Cohen leads Siegel through the empty building that will soon become Cohen's crown jewel: Guarantee Finance. Cohen sees the possibilities here. He's like a man possessed.

COHEN

People don't need to go to Vegas.  
We can bring the action to them,  
right here, in the most beautiful  
city in the god damned world.

SIEGEL

Word of advice. Me to you. Don't  
get ahead of yourself, Mickey.

And Siegel turns his back on Cohen. A fatal mistake.

INT. VIRGINIA HILL'S HOME - NIGHT

Siegel lounges, reading the *Herald*. **VIRGINIA HILL** shakily hands Siegel his scotch-rocks, and moves to the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes wet as she OPENS the SHADES. And we SEE COHEN waiting there outside the window, *raising his PISTOL-*

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL (POOLSIDE) - DAY

Cohen and Lansky drinking under an umbrella by the pool. BATHING BEAUTIES abound. Lansky studies Cohen, cautious.

LANSKY

Shame about Benny. Poor bastard might as well have taken our money, buried it in the desert.

*-Cohen FIRES, his BULLET crunches through glass. And we watch the slow bullet piercing Siegel's newspaper-*

COHEN (V.O.)

*He was the past. We're livin' in the atomic age now. We got a bomb can cook a city in less time than it takes me to tell you about it.*

*-the burning hole Bonanza-map spreads across the newspaper, to REVEAL Siegel slumped in his chair...*

INTER-CUT WITH:

COHEN

Hell, you know they're buildin' jet fighters right out in El Segundo that'll run faster than the speed of sound?

Time-lapse CONSTRUCTION spreading across postwar LOS ANGELES. NEW HOMES going up overnight. All-American FAMILIES moving into this boomtown. GIRLS twirling batons in driveways. BOYS running through sprinklers...

I/E. SCHWAB'S PHARMACY ON SUNSET - NIGHT

Neighborhood hang for the Hollywood crowd. Would-be STARLETS hoping to be discovered. SWEETHEARTS at the counter, eating an ice cream sundae after a night out.

INT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - NIGHT

JIMMY WREVOCK drives. Cohen lifts his THOMPSON GUN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COHEN

I wanted to kill Krauts so bad I could taste it. But those creeps on the draft board had me 4-F. Sons a bitches said I was 'mentally unstable.'

Cohen *LAUGHS* at his own joke, hanging out the window with his THOMPSON, and pulls the trigger, his muzzle *FLASHING*.

I/E. SCHWAB'S PHARMACY ON SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

We hear the GUNFIRE outside and the WINDOWS of Schwab's suddenly IMplode as a bullet-riddled CADILLAC barrels right through the front of the pharmacy. The car SMASHES into the counter. Two DEAD THUGS inside. \**GUNFIRE over...*

INT. LOS ANGELES HERALD - NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

NEWSPAPERMEN in visors, setting HEADLINES like **LA'S NEW MENACE, MOB SHOOTOUT ON MELROSE, and GANGLAND GUNPLAY. MICKEY COHEN'S FACE ON FRONT PAGE AFTER FRONT PAGE...**

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL (POOLSIDE) - DAY

The *Los Angeles Times* on the table between them. Lansky regards Cohen's face on the front page with distaste.

LANSKY

You've been busy.

Cohen watches the luscious JEAN FARADAY swimming.

COHEN

Shark stops swimmin' he drowns.

LANSKY

Yes, well, I've been asked to talk to you about your appetite.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - SUMMER EVENING

New cars parked in the driveways of new 'ranch' homes lining newly-paved streets. PARENTS on porches, or watering lawns. CHILDREN on roller skates and bikes, chasing the last light of day. *Engines ROAR in the distance, closing in.* Children scatter from two BIG CARS tearing through the neighborhood.

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CONTINUED:

Cohen's GOONS in a CHEVY pursue MEN in a CADDY, firing at them, windows shatter. Screams. A TRICYCLE overturned in the street, wheel spinning.

COHEN (V.O.)

*Meyer, listen. Once Guarantee  
Finance is up and runnin' I can  
give them Los Angeles on a plate.*

The chase continues down the block, the street giving way to graded lots, surveyors stakes, and the subdivision's hedge-lined wooden BILLBOARD along the highway displaying an All-American nuclear family. **OWN A PIECE OF PARADISE!**

COHEN

*Tell 'em inside a year, we'll have  
the entire West Coast sewn up.*

Cohen's goons FIRE into the Caddy, the driver slumps, the Caddy swerving up over a berm, SMASHING into the billboard, *BURSTING INTO FLAMES*. Panicked people running out into the street, watching the fire climb the billboard, *consuming the painted family... **END CREDITS***

INT. PASSENGER COMPARTMENT SUPER CHIEF TRAIN - DAY

A milk-skinned **BLONDE** (18) watching the UNION STATION PLATFORM flow to a stop outside her window. She's a harvest festival princess from Nowhere, USA, a cautionary tale, stepping out of *black & white* and into...

EXT. UNION STATION PLATFORM - DAY

...**COLOR**; **LOS ANGELES** in her prime. \*Dorothy into Oz.

**LOS ANGELES 1949**

INT. UNION STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The vulpine **MITCH RACINE** (28) watches WOMEN passing through Union Station the way a croc watches toddlers wade the Ganges. Racine sidles to our blonde, **smiles**.

O'MARA (O.S.)

*The better to eat you with.*

From across the station, two plainclothes **LAPD DETECTIVES** slyly scope Racine handing our blonde his BUSINESS CARD.

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CONTINUED:

**SGT. JOHN O'MARA (30s):** A haunted Odysseus in a fedora & overcoat. Lives in a bicameral world where there is good and there is evil. Killed his share of Krauts. Didn't enjoy it. Or lose sleep over it. Doesn't give his word lightly, doesn't break it. Fights like a Viking bezerker.

O'Mara's partner, **DETECTIVE SGT. WILL HENDRICKS(30s)** is softer, sadder. He was 4-F, stayed behind while his buddies went off to save the world. He's nobody's hero.

HENDRICKS

You figure his card says MITCH  
RACINE: PIMP AND BLACK DAHLIA  
SUSPECT?

Our blonde looks the card over, excited, hopeful, like she can't believe her luck. Maybe this is her moment.

O'MARA

Looks more like MITCH RACINE:  
TALENT AGENT to me.

EXT. THE CROESUS BUILDING - DAY

Racine pulls her suitcase out of a CAB, and squires our blonde into the 10-story beaux-arts **CROESUS BUILDING**.

INT. O'MARA'S PLAIN DETECTIVE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The moment they pull up to the Croesus, Hendricks turns white, like they've crossed into a minefield. Hendricks watches in horror as O'Mara keys the mic on the radio.

O'MARA (INTO RADIO)

*William 60. We're Code 6 at the  
Croesus Building. Olympic and  
Main. Requesting additional.*

HENDRICKS

O'Mara? The hell are you doing?

O'MARA

What does it look like? He's gonna  
give her a bad time in there.

ADAM 21 (OVER RADIO)

*Adam 21. You're coming in  
broken, repeat. We've got a  
BO radio.*

ADAM 18 (OVER RADIO)

*Adam 18. We're going to  
have a delayed response due  
to a dead dog obstructing  
eastbound roadway on  
Wilshire.*

**\*ADDITIONAL BULLSHIT EXCUSES COME OVER THE CAR RADIO ...**

HENDRICKS

Everybody knows about this place.  
It's like an Indian burial ground.  
Nobody's comin' anywhere near it.

O'MARA

So what? We're just supposed to  
let 'em dry-gulch the poor kid?

HENDRICKS

I don't like it any more than you  
do, but those are the rules.

O'Mara pulls his **.38 REVOLVER**, wrist-flicks the cylinder.

O'MARA

They're not my rules.

HENDRICKS

John, you go in there waving a  
badge around you won't come out.

But O'Mara ignores him, stepping out of the car.

INT. CROESUS LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

O'Mara walks in alone. 2 THUGS by the elevator look him  
over as **the IRON DIAL above the elevator cage STOPS at 9.**

INT. 9TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Racine and our blonde step from the elevator to head down  
the hallway. Mounting dread. **All the doors PADLOCKED.**

RACINE

We hold all our screen tests up  
here, kiddo. *Away from the crowds.*

INT. CROESUS LOBBY - DAY

The BRUISER behind the BELL DESK seems to sniff O'Mara,  
his hand caressing a **.45**, unseen behind his desk.

BRUISER

Help you with somethin', friend?

O'MARA

I'm here to meet someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUISER

Yeah? What's her name?

O'Mara smiles playfully, just looking for a good time.

O'MARA

I don't know yet. I was hoping maybe you could help me with that.

THUG 1

We got a someone or two upstairs. Come on. I'll introduce you.

INT. 9TH FLOOR ROOM - DAY

Racine knocks on the door. It opens on THREE THUGS around a table. Whiskey and cards. Eyeing her like a rare steak.

BLONDE

Thanks, Mister. Really. But I changed my *mind*-

-wincing *Oww!* as Racine vice-clamps her tricep.

INT. CAGE ELEVATOR (ASCENDING) - DAY

O'Mara riding up with Thugs 1 & 2.

O'MARA

I mention I'm partial to blondes?

He smiles awkwardly at Thug 1, and WINCES as Thug 2 **JABS** the business end of a **PISTOL** into O'Mara's kidney.

THUG 1

Alright, big guy.  
(snapping fingers)  
*Pistola*. Butt-first. Or my buddy burns one through your back porch.

O'Mara reaches **INSIDE HIS COAT**. *O'Mara's unseen hand closing around the .38 in his shoulder holster.*

THUG 2

Nice and easy there, Dutch.

Thug 1 glimpses the **BADGE** on his belt.

THUG 1

You're a cop? Christ, buddy, you soft in the head or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'Mara **HEAD-BUTTS** Thug 1, and simultaneously **FIRES BACK** under his left arm. **BLAM!** The bullet **PUNCHES** out through the back of his coat to *hit* THUG 2 below his collar bone. Thug 2 drops his pistol. O'Mara kicks it away, the gat clanking as it tumbles down the elevator shaft.

INT. 9TH FLOOR ROOM - DAY

*Racine bear-hugs her. She STOMPS on his shoe, writhes away, but Thug 3 catches her, tearing her blouse. Racine SLAPS her! They hold her. MURPHY BED draw-bridging down-*

INT. CAGE ELEVATOR STILL ASCENDING - DAY

O'Mara brings his **.38** out of his coat, but Thug 1 SEIZES his wrist. They grapple for his gun, the gun firing wildly through the floor. O'Mara grabs Thug 1's gun arm, **FORCING** his arm OUT the bars of the cage. **The 9th FLOOR comes DOWN past the rising elevator like a guillotine-**

THUG 1

*No! NO!*

**-BREAKING** the thug's arm! *GYAAAH!* O'Mara's gun clanging away down the shaft. Thug 1 clutches his arm. O'Mara stumbles from the elevator, heedlessly following **SCREAMS**.

INT. 9TH FLOOR ROOM - DAY

She **SCREAMS**, struggling on the bed while Thugs 3 & 4 hold her down. **Knock! Knock!** Racine opens a gleaming **STRAIGHT RAZOR**. Her terrified eyes reflected in the blade face.

RACINE

*Make another sound and you're dead.*

She nods, frozen, as they **FOLD** the Murphy back up into the wall with her captured inside it. **Knock! Knock!**

Racine opens the door and meets O'Mara's **FIST**. Racine **CRASHING** back into a table. O'Mara follows him in, **hand jammed in his coat pocket**, hoping it LOOKS LIKE A GUN.

O'MARA

Mitts in the air. All of you.

Racine narrows his eyes at O'Mara, smelling bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACINE (CONT'D)

*I don't think so ...* Ten bucks  
says this guy ain't even heeled.

THUG 3

You got a bet.

THUG 4

Yeah, I'll take some of  
that.

A tense moment. O'Mara's bluff holding by a thread.

O'MARA

Come on over and find out.

Racine makes his move, stepping toward O'Mara, grinning now. Holding his **straight razor** behind his leg. O'Mara pulls his **finger** out of his coat, points it at Racine.

O'MARA (CONT'D)

Bang.

INT. MURPHY BED - CONTINUOUS

*In the **darkness** BEHIND the Murphy bed, our Blonde hears FURNITURE BREAKING. FISTS POUNDING. GROWLS of BRUTALITY.*

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Murphy bed **OPENS**. Shattered furniture. Thugs moaning. **Sgt. John O'Mara is the last man standing**, barely. He shows the girl his **BADGE** to let her know she's safe.

O'MARA

(panting; bloody)  
**Welcome to Los Angeles.**

FLYOVER TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DAY

Establishing the legendary Roosevelt amid the bright sun and ballyhoo of Hollywood Boulevard. TOURISTS everywhere.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL - LIBRARY BAR - DAY

SGT. SANDS (40) leads four LAPD COPS heading straight for **JACK WHALEN**(30s): king-sized country boy. Jethro Bodine meets the Incredible Hulk. Whalen enjoying a whiskey.

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CONTINUED:

SGT. SANDS (CONT'D)

Jack Whalen, I got an arrest warrant here with your name on it.

WHALEN

What's the charge?

SGT. SANDS

Usury.

WHALEN

The hell is *usury*?

SGT. SANDS

Loan sharking, dumbass. Now, you going to come along peaceably?

Sands signals two of the UNIFORMED COPS. They approach Whalen, handcuffs out. **Whalen clobbers both COPS with a John-Wayne haymaker that connects with both their jaws!**

WHALEN

Friend, I never done anything peaceably in my life. And I surely don't aim to start now.

The other cops stare in shock as Whalen turns back to the bar, slams his shot of whiskey, and hails the BARTENDER.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

Another'n. And keep 'em comin'.

More cops rush him, swinging truncheons. Whalen knocks them on their asses as the bartender places *another* SHOT on the bar. Whalen DOWNS it and PALMS Sands' face, shoving him over a table. Smiles.

SGT. SANDS

Call for backup for Christ's sake!

**SGT. JERRY WOOTERS (30s) waltzes in like Fred Astaire. He doesn't look like a cop, doesn't move like one, or think like one. Hair pomade-slick, a month long. He's a *bon vivant*, serious about bachelorhood and little else.**

Wooters wearing a movie-star smile as he faces Whalen.

WOOTERS

Party's over, pal. Lace your fingers behind your head.

WHALEN

Or what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOOTERS

Or, before God and these witnesses, I will kick your cracker ass all over this bar.

Whalen can see he means business. **Sgt. Sands and his men watch in awe as Wooters handcuffs Whalen and leads him out of the bar.** Whalen shouting back to the bartender...

WHALEN

(re: clobbered cops)  
Buy 'em boys a round on me, hear?  
Hell, they earned it.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WOOTERS' UNMARKED CAR - MINUTES LATER

**Wooters and Whalen LAUGHING their asses off together.**

WHALEN

You get a load a the look on their faces? Cousin, you oughta get laid for a month on that story. *Usury.*

WOOTERS

Yeah, I'll see about squashing that warrant. So you got another daring raid lined up for me, Jack?

WHALEN

I don't know. Everybody's spooked right now, Jerry. Jungle drums say there's a war comin'.

WOOTERS

I just need one more.

WHALEN

What've I told you? You don't ever bet when you need to win, Jerry. You pick up your chips, walk away.

WOOTERS

I'm feelin' lucky. The lieutenant's test is coming up. One more raid practically guarantees I make it. Come on, baby needs a new pair of shoes.

Whalen regards his old friend. He'd do anything for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHALEN

You're hopeless, you know it?  
I'll see what I can line up.

INT. CROESUS HALLWAYS - DAY

The aftermath of O'Mara's battle: O'Mara moves down the dark halls, AXES the heavy **PADLOCKS** off the **DOORS**. And the **DOORS SWING OPEN**, one after another, to *reveal..*

Young **WOMEN:** Vacant-eyed, pale. **NEEDLE-MARKED ARMS**, struggling on stained mattresses, bound to bed frames. Turning their heads in shame as O'Mara cuts them loose.

INT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL (DETECTIVES' BULLPEN) - NIGHT

Wooters leaning back, his chair up on two legs, his feet braced against a desk, flirtily dictating his report to the Watch Commander's cute little SECRETARY.

WOOTERS

...after I arrested him, Whalen managed to somehow *escape* from my vehicle while I was stopped for a red signal. Damnedest thing.

Now, O'Mara drags the cuffed Racine and company through the bullpen. UNIFORMS, CLERKS give him a wide berth.

O'MARA

I've got four here for booking.

WOOTERS

(without looking up)  
Yeah? Take a number and get in li-

Then Wooters looks up, sees O'Mara's swollen face. The secretary looks up from her typing and almost gasps.

SECRETARY

Gosh. What happened to you?

O'MARA

(re: Racine)  
They resisted.

Racine and his bloody goons look even worse for wear.

WOOTERS

So what happened to them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'MARA

They resisted.

WOOTERS

*Sheesh.* You're workin' too hard.

O'Mara sees **MAX SOLOMON**, pin-striped mob lawyer, walk out of the Watch Commander's Office. Racine smiles knowingly.

INT. WATCH COMMANDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

O'Mara brings Racine before **LT. QUINCANNON** (50s) at his desk. Lt. Quincannon's face booze-blotched and baggy.

QUINCANNON

Weren't you supposed to be on a Dahlia Stakeout?

O'MARA

We were.

QUINCANNON

So what the hell are you doing?

O'MARA

My job. And I figure that must be a little disorienting for you, so I'll walk you through it. This?

(shoving Racine)

This is one of the bad guys. So I arrest him. You sign his booking approval. And I take him to jail.

QUINCANNON

Two things you can't take back on this job, O'Mara. Bullets that leave your gun and words that leave your mouth. You better think before you speak to me again.

(beat)

Hendricks tells me you went in there without a warrant.

O'MARA

It was exigent circumstances.

QUINCANNON

Judge Krauss saw it differently.

Quincannon hands O'Mara some folded court DOCUMENTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACINE

*Adios.*

O'MARA

*Habeas corpus.*

(flipping pages)

For all four of them. Signed by Judge Krauss. That's fast work. If I didn't know better I'd think somebody here stiffed in a call.

QUINCANNON

I said think before you speak.

(beat)

You've been admin-transferred, what? Five times, in six months? That's gotta be a record. And you keep steppin' on corns like they give a merit badge for it. We got rules around here, O'Mara. Do yourself a favor and learn 'em.

INT. DETECTIVES BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara storms out of Quincannon's office. Wooters watches him go. And after a moment, he follows him out.

EXT. STEPS OF CITY HALL - NIGHT

Alone in the rain, O'Mara leans against one of the columns in front of LOS ANGELES CITY HALL. He watches Racine and the others walking out free men.

A 1948 Packard Custom 8 **LIMO** pulls up, idling there on Main. Racine and the others don't look so cocky anymore.

O'Mara watches a HUGE MAN get out of the Limo. His name is **KARL LENNOX**: a Kodiak with a crewcut, Cohen's Grand High Executioner. \*Frazetta's *Death Dealer* in a fedora.

WOOTERS (O.S.)

Cohen's bodyguard. California State Trooper name of Karl Lennox.

O'Mara see Wooters standing there, just getting some air.

O'MARA

He's a cop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

Yep. He was a gift from the  
Attorney General.

Racine and his men climb into the Limo. Lennox and O'Mara lock eyes through the rain. Lennox doesn't smile at him so much as bare his teeth as he touches his hat brim.

WOOTERS

Look, maybe nobody clued you, but around here we don't bother Mickey Cohen and he doesn't bother us.

The limo pulls away.

O'MARA

Yeah. Well, maybe he doesn't bother you. But he bothers the hell out of me.

O'Mara looks like a wolf with his leg in a trap.

INT. O'MARA'S HOME - NIGHT

The modest home is the best they can manage on an honest cop's salary. The milk is powdered, the furniture second-hand. **The ceiling leaks into a Yuban can.**

**CONNIE O'MARA**, pretty, whip smart, with her own war souvenirs, hands hardened by Lockheed Martin, lounges in an easy chair, a used copy of Chandler's The Little Sister braced on her pregnant belly. Old copies of *True Detective* in the magazine rack, her girlish vice.

Connie lifts the Yuban can, dumps water in the sink. When she comes back, **O'Mara is in the doorway**, looking like a kid who's torn the knees of his church trousers.

CONNIE

*Hail the conquering hero.*

O'MARA

This time, Boss, I swear I didn't go looking for it. Scout's honor.

CONNIE

Don't kid me. You go looking for it every time you leave the house.

And we HEAR the Mills Brothers' *I Love You So Much It Hurts...*

INT. O'MARA'S BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

...From a small table-top radio. O'Mara soaking in the bathtub. Raw. Vulnerable. He's powerfully built, but heroics have cost him. Battle scars lace bare skin.

O'MARA

You know it's not just the gangsters, it's all the guys who lay down for 'em. There were people over there who, when Krauts came for their neighbors, they just stood there. They let it happen. But I'll be damned if I'm gonna let it happen here.

Connie dips her washcloth into pink water, sponges his bloody arm where Racine's razor bit through his sleeve.

O'MARA

(off her look)

Some pimp. He was going to put the hurt on this poor kid who didn't know any better. Fact, she looked a little like you. Well, you know, not nearly as pretty, but-

CONNIE

-Smooth talk isn't your line, Sarge.

O'MARA

-No, I'm serious. I don't know, maybe it was the way she wore her hair, reminded me of that time we went to Catalina before the war.

CONNIE

You can't keep this up, baby. I know you think you can, but you can't. Not if you want to live.  
(searching his eyes)  
You do, don't you? Want to live?

O'MARA

What the hell kind of a question is that? Of course I do.

But he can't meet her eyes.

CONNIE

Then I need you to do something for me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE (CONT'D)

John, I need you to unlearn what  
you learned over there. Please.

She takes his face in her hands, steers his eyes to hers.

CONNIE

Come back to me.

He kisses her, winces, wraps his arms around her. And in spite of everything, she can't stop herself from melting into him as he climbs from the tub, soaking her clothes.

I/E. STAFF 1 (CHIEF PARKER'S CAR) - NIGHT

STAFF 1, the Chief's unmarked BUICK DYNAFLOW smoothly negotiates downtown traffic. Behind the wheel is the Chief's Driver, **OFFICER DARRYL GATES** (23).

INT. STAFF 1 (PASSENGER COMPARTMENT) - CONTINUOUS

Behind Gates, sitting in the Buick's huge backseat, LAPD **CHIEF "WHISKEY BILL" PARKER** (44) pours himself a few fingers of I.W. HARPER. This rear passenger compartment is equipped with Parker's personal touch: a built-in bar, WHISKEY and GLASSES. Parker sips, reading over a **SPEECH**.

PARKER

(reading to himself)

*...The Communists are akin to  
vampires feeding not on our blood,  
but on our cherished freedom.*

(to Gates)

Gates, who wrote this?

GATES

Roddenberry, Chief.

PARKER

Boy's in the wrong line of work.  
He ought to write for the movies.

Parker tosses the speech on the seat, next to today's AFTERNOON EDITION HEADLINES: WOMEN HELD CAPTIVE NEAR CITY HALL. POLICE POWERLESS TO STOP RISING GANG VIOLENCE.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

REPORTERS zombie-mob Parker's car, faces crowding the tinted windows, cameras FLASHING. Shouting questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

<p>REPORTER 1 Chief, what do you think about those girls locked up at the Croesus?</p>	<p>REPORTER 2 When're you gonna do something about Mickey Cohen, Chief?</p>
--	---

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL MEETING HALL - NIGHT

The POLICE & FIRE CIVIC DINNER populated with Southern California's White Protestant power base. The stage BACKDROP is an idealized, painted Los Angeles SKYLINE proclaiming **LOS ANGELES: THE CITY OF THE FUTURE.**

AT THE VIP TABLE: CHIEF PARKER is sitting next to **CONGRESSMAN RICHARD NIXON** (36). Nixon: fearsome rather than handsome, wielding his bulldog charisma like a sap. With Nixon is MURRAY CHOTINER, Nixon's fixer and friend.

PARKER

That building's only five blocks from my office. Dick, I can't ignore this. I need the FBI.

NIXON

Hoover's already stated his position on this matter. And his priority is the Reds in Hollywood.

PARKER

You know it isn't the Communists carving up this city. It's Cohen. Dick, listen to me. We're losing. Los Angeles will fall to Mickey Cohen if we don't do something. This place will look like Chicago.

NIXON

There's a larger picture here. A national picture. You think voters in Iowa care if California slides into the ocean? Forget Cohen. Think about the future. I need to know you're with me on this, Bill.

INT. UP ON STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Nixon now speaking to the crowd from the podium.

NIXON

... The Reds are in our neighborhoods, schools. They hate our freedom. They mock our God.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIXON (CONT'D)

And their goal is nothing less  
than the utter destruction of The  
American Way of Life.

Parker DOWNS his bourbon, reaches into his jacket, pulls  
out **RODDENBERRY'S SPEECH**, contemplates it...

NIXON (CONT'D)

But take heart, friends, because  
as they say in the movies, there's  
a new Sheriff in town.

The SPOTLIGHT now finding Parker. Cheers and applause as  
Parker climbs the stairs to meet Nixon at the podium.

NIXON (CONT'D)

And, let me assure you, friends,  
you will not find a fiercer  
champion of Americanism here in  
Los Angeles than Bill Parker.

FLASHBULBS as Nixon shakes Parker's hand, an extra few *do-not-fuck-with-me* pounds of pressure in his grip. Parker  
takes the podium, raises his hand for quiet and it's like  
turning off a switch. He speaks both revival-tent thunder  
and drill sergeant's deadpan.

PARKER

Thank you, Congressman Nixon.

Nixon goes to sit and picks the **SPEECH** up off his chair,  
not understanding at first.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Communist insurgents are a great  
concern to everyone in this room.  
But, with all respect to the  
esteemed congressman from  
Whittier, there is a more  
immediate threat to our way of  
life in Los Angeles.

The crowd waits, expectant. Nixon's face darkens, his  
Quaker mask falling away to reveal a political predator.

NIXON

(to Chottiner)

*What the hell is he talking about?*

PARKER

Like Chamberlain, my predecessors  
sought to appease this enemy. But  
while we sleep, his army grows.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARKER (CONT'D)

And to my great shame, it reaches  
even into my own department.

Microphone echo. Uncomfortable silence. Throats clear.

NIXON

(growling sotto)  
*You stinking son of a bitch.*

PARKER

I pledge now to eliminate  
corruption within the ranks of the  
Los Angeles Police Department. And  
to eradicate the scourge of  
gangsterism from our streets.  
The reign of Mickey Cohen in Los  
Angeles is at an end.

Uncertain applause building slowly. As Nixon seethes.

COHEN (PRELAP)

*Whores don't grow on trees.*

TIGHT ON: *Gloved hands SNAPPING a PADLOCK over the bars  
of that CAGE ELEVATOR where O'Mara battled earlier.*

COHEN (V.O.)

*They're like mustangs. You gotta  
catch 'em wild and break them  
before you can train them to do  
tricks.*

INT. THE CROESUS (DESERTED HALLWAYS) - NIGHT

HATCHETMEN roll 50-gallon drums down dark hallways.

COHEN (V.O.)

*Means I need a quiet place to lock  
the girls up, keep them hopped up  
on Mexican dope. It's nasty work.  
And most of my guys just don't  
have the stomach for it.*

Men now feeding rag-ropes, tied together like magician's  
kerchiefs, into the spigot of each drum. **Fuses.**

COHEN (V.O.)

*But turnin' 'em out is a goddamned  
vocation for a geek like you,  
ain't it? Cause you're a guy who  
likes to hurt women.*

INT. CROESUS LOBBY - NIGHT

Racine and his thugs sit on the couches. They're terrified, facing **MICKEY COHEN** and his **PRAETORIAN GUARD**: Karl Lennox, **NEDDY HERBERT**: A hawk-faced hitman. **JIMMY WREVOK**: A fell creature with a scar down through his left eye, leaving that eye milky and gibbous. And **JOHNNY 'STOMP' STOMPANATO**: Pro-murderer with looks that land him in bed with the likes of Lana Turner.

RACINE

*Mr. Cohen, I swear to God-*

Cohen's obsidian eyes, like Kipling's King Cobra, with the power to hypnotize the tailor bird with his stare.

COHEN

(raising his hand)  
You're talkin' to God, Mitch. So maybe you better swear to me.

RACINE

I swear to You, sir, if it hadn't a been for that cop-

COHEN

-You think I'm sore at this cop? Hell, no. He's a square Joe, this guy, rescues a damsel in distress. Goddamn hero is what he is. Guy deserves a medal. In fact ...

(to Lennox)

What's this guy workin'?

LENNOX

Homicide.

COHEN

Naw. That's rough duty. Let's fix him up with a nice sit-down job.

INT. CROESUS HALLWAYS - NIGHT

ZIPPO LIGHTERS FLICK open to **LIGHT** gas-damp rags ...

**COHEN** (V.O.)

*Right now, all those girls are on their way home. This cop came out of nowhere, like an early frost. And now my whole crop's ruined.*

Men *RUNNING* from the lit fuses...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**COHEN** (V.O.)

*Tomorrow, this place is all over the front page. I got to start all over somewhere else. We had a good thing goin, Mitch. But, you know what they say? All good things must one day burn to the ground for the insurance money.*

Almost simultaneously, the barrels **EXPLODE**, swirling flames fill the Croesus hallways like dragon's breath.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Fire climbs the shaft like a chimney. We hear **SCREAMS** over the inferno...

INT. CROESUS LOBBY - NIGHT

**RACINE**

Mr. Cohen, I'm so sorry. I swear. It won't ever happen again.

Cohen reaches out to ruffle Racine's hair, then gives him an affectionate punch on the jaw.

**COHEN**

I know it, kid.

INT. CAGE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

And we see **RACINE and his thugs have been LOCKED inside the ELEVATOR**: they pile on each other, crabs in a trap. Clawing, climbing over each other, rabid to escape the **RISING FLAMES**. The cable **SNAPS**. And the elevator **FALLS** down, down into the fires of hell.

**QUINCANNON** (PRELAP)

*O'Mara! Get in here.*

INT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL (QUINCANNON'S OFFICE) - DAY

O'Mara stands, facing Quincannon like a firing squad. Quincannon smiles, sliding fresh-cut **ADMINISTRATIVE TRANSFER ORDERS** across his desk to O'Mara. O'Mara doesn't even need to look at them. His eyes on the Lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINCANNON

I'm transferring you to  
Bunco/Forgery, effective  
immediately. You're all through in  
homicide, O'Mara.

O'Mara shakes his head, son of a goddamned bitch.

INT. BUNCO/FORGERY SECTION - DAY

O'Mara's tucked in the corner of the backwater BUNCO UNIT surrounded by MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVES. Washouts and burnouts, circling racing forms, crosswords, playing solitaire, tipping flasks into coffee mugs. *Christ.*

O'Mara opens the *The Los Angeles Times*. The HEADLINE: **IN WAKE OF SCANDAL, CROESUS BUILDING CONSUMED BY FIRE.**

INT. BUNCO/FORGERY SECTION - A WEEK LATER

REPORTS, NEWSPAPERS piled up on his desk. O'Mara doodles devil horns on a front page PHOTO of MICKEY COHEN.

GATES (O.S.)

Sergeant O'Mara?

O'Mara turns to see **OFFICER GATES.**

GATES (CONT'D)

I'm Darryl Gates.

O'MARA

Who the hell is Darryl Gates?

GATES

The Chief's driver. He would like  
a word with you, Sergeant.

INT. CHIEF PARKER'S OFFICE - DAY

O'Mara enters, a defiant kid walking into the principal's office. O'Mara stands at parade-rest as Parker opens O'Mara's *personnel file*. More for show. He's read it.

PARKER

You transferred here from Harbor  
Division.

O'MARA

That's correct, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

I understand you had some trouble  
with your command out there.

O'MARA

What I had was a kidnapped boy and  
a known pervert spotted near the  
boy's school. I questioned the  
suspect, he asked for a lawyer.

PARKER

And?

O'MARA

And I got him one... Eventually.

Gates tries not to smile.

PARKER

Lieutenant Quincannon tells me  
you're brutal and insubordinate.  
And coming from a man like him, I  
consider that high praise indeed.

Parker signals to Gates, who pours two whiskies.

PARKER

Please, sit.

Gates places them in front of Parker and O'Mara.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Sit down. You were part of  
Operation Minotaur, working with  
French Resistance during the war.  
Trained at Camp X, did you not?

O'MARA

I've never heard of Camp X, sir.

PARKER

No. No, of course you haven't.  
Nevertheless, with your service  
record, one would assume you are  
not unskilled in guerilla warfare.

O'MARA

I survived. A lot of better men  
didn't. This why you wanted to see  
me, sir? To talk about the war?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARKER

I want to talk about the war for  
the soul of Los Angeles, Sergeant.

Parker moves to the window, looking out over Los Angeles.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Our forebearers fought savage  
Indians and Mexican Banditry to  
win Los Angeles. And now we're  
losing her to an *Eastern crook*.

(off O'Mara)

Gambling houses and brothels  
outnumber schools in this city.  
Every night, people are openly  
gunned down on our streets. Yet  
the Los Angeles Police Department  
has not solved a single gangland  
homicide in over ten years.

O'MARA

Well, you've got the best cops  
money can buy here, sir.

PARKER

Thank you for volunteering,  
Sergeant O'Mara.

O'MARA

You're welcome, sir. To do what?

PARKER

What I cannot. Not officially.  
You're going to wage a guerilla  
campaign against Mickey Cohen.

(drinks)

This isn't a crime wave. It's an  
enemy occupation. Cohen's using  
arms smuggled back from the war to  
terrorize our citizens. Weapons  
we've never seen in Los Angeles.  
And he's winning. Taking over.

O'MARA

What about the Feds, sir?

PARKER

Hoover still refuses to  
acknowledge the existence of the  
Syndicate. We're on our own.

O'MARA

I'll need men. And weapons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PARKER

Recruit a small squad. Half a dozen men at most. And keep it quiet, is that clear? Anonymity will be your greatest weapon against Cohen. Secrecy will be your sword, and your shield. If Cohen learns of your existence, I won't be able to protect you. *So you're to make no arrests.*

O'MARA

Sir?

PARKER

Cohen owns the courts. So arrests are worse than useless. Dismantle his operation any way you can. I want you to make the son of a bitch suffer, Sergeant.

(drinks)

Cohen is a cancer on this town. And you, Sergeant, are going to be my Chief of Surgery. And as such, your motto must be *Primum Nocere*.

(off O'Mara, huh?)

Above all. Do harm.

INT. 6TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

O'Mara and Gates now walking with purpose past HOMICIDE BUREAU, WARRANTS, CRIMINAL DIVISION.

GATES

(sotto)

You'll have no further contact with The Chief. All your communication will go through me. Under no circumstances will you attempt to contact him directly. Or disclose the nature of your assignment. If things break bad for you, he's going to deny that meeting ever took place.

O'Mara clocks the DETECTIVES and DAs moving through the corridor. Shades of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. How many of them are Cohen's? And how much do they know?

INT. O'MARA'S HOME - NIGHT

O'Mara sits on the sofa with Connie. She's been crying.

O'MARA

Look, it's gonna be a secret outfit, okay? Strictly hit and run. And I'll come home to you every night. Scout's honor.

CONNIE

But why does it have to be you?

O'MARA

I got volunteered.

CONNIE

Oh, of course you did.

O'MARA

We moved out here, you said we'd found paradise. Remember? Wind was right, we'd smell the ocean through the bedroom window.

(beat)

That's what kept me going when I was over there. Getting back here to you. Raising our family here. I'm not gonna let Cohen poison it.

CONNIE

I never told you this. But once, while you were overseas, a government car came up our street. Two Army officers got out of it. I could see them checking addresses. They were coming here. To tell me you were dead. I was sure of it.

(beat)

I put myself through all that because I had to. But honey? I can't go through it again.

She walks out into the kitchen.

INT. O'MARA'S KITCHEN - HOURS LATER

O'Mara sits at their small kitchen table, pouring over a pile of PERSONNEL FILES. Connie carries grilled cheese sandwiches to the table, pours the milk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE

*Stubborn son of a bitch.*

And with a sigh, she reaches across the table to open the files. O'Mara watches her sharp eyes scan them. Backing his play despite his intransigence. God, he loves her.

O'MARA

You're something else, you know it?

CONNIE

Well, you're gonna do it anyway. I might as well help you stay alive.

*(takes a bite, reads)*

*Top of his class. Top of his class. This one made detective before his thirtieth birthday.*

O'MARA

What's the matter, boss?

CONNIE

If I'm Cohen, these are the first cops I'm going to buy. They'll be Lieutenants in a few years.

O'MARA

So you're saying I need to find other bums like me.

CONNIE

There's nobody like you, Sarge.

*(kissing him)*

I'm saying you shouldn't be looking at boy scouts for this.

EXT. CENTRAL AVENUE - BRILLIANT NIGHT

O'Mara DRIVING down CENTRAL AVENUE, Bee-bop Babylon. ZOOT SUITERS with flashy ties and diamond stickpins, LADIES with frills and feathers, heading straight for that vertical neon beacon at 42nd and Central: **CLUB ALABAM.**

CONNIE (V.O.)

*Excessive Force. Insubordination.  
Brutality.*

INT. O'MARA'S HOME - NIGHT

O'Mara and Connie are on their bed with a bowl of popcorn and a BOX marked **ADMINISTRATIVE DISCIPLINE**. Pilfered PERSONNEL FILES spread out on the bed around them, the officers' MUGS clipped to each manila. Connie is reading from the file of **OFFICER AARON 'ROCKY' WASHINGTON**.

CONNIE

(passing it over)

Sounds like a man after your own dear heart, Sarge.

INT. CLUB ALABAM - NIGHT

CHARLIE PARKER *blowing* 'Lester Leaps In' with JOHNNY OTIS and his 16-piece BAND. Hypnotic, ecstatic bebop. And over at the BAR, enjoying the show...

O'MARA (V.O.)

*Rocky Washington. First Negro Lieutenant on the department. Only one to ever hand back his bars.*

**ROCKY WASHINGTON** (30s) They call him the Sheriff of Central Avenue. A carved-oak statue in trench and fedora. The descendent of a runaway slave and a Mescalero Apache.

Right now, Washington has his eyes on a dangerous dope-peddler, name of **DUKE DEL-RED**. Across the room, Del-Red passes a BUNDLE of **HEROIN** to a lovely GIRL in chiffon.

O'MARA (V.O.)

*Threw his whole career away to go back to walking a beat down on Central Avenue.*

Washington's **SWITCHBLADE** is out of his pocket, thumbing the button *-shickt-* the blade gleaming as Washington wrist-flicks his knife, the blade **BUZZES** through the air like a *shuriken* **THUNKING** into Del Red's palm, stigmata-pinning his bejeweled right hand to the wall. Del-Red **howls**, the music stops, and the girl scurries away.

Del-Red's BOYS fan out, stalking Washington. Zip-guns. The crowd parts. Washington smiles, gunfighter-spreading his coat to show Del-Red's boys his **.38 REVOLVER**. Del-Red's boys re-pocket their weapons, back-pedal.

Del-Red's still pinned, reaches for the knife, hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WASHINGTON

It's okay, Del. Don't wiggle it now. Be better if you just yank it straight out.

Del-Red closes his eyes and PULLS. The crowd *gasps* involuntary sympathy.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Good boy. Now, wipe the blade on your trousers. Both sides.

Humiliated, Del-Red cleans the blade on his WHITE TROUSERS, painting them with blood. Ruined.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Now close it up. And give it here.

Washington's palm out, a teacher receiving a slingshot. Del-Red shame-crosses the room and places it carefully in Washington's waiting hand. Washington pockets the knife.

WASHINGTON

Now, git. And don't let me catch you boys in here again. You just lost your Alabam privileges.

Del-Red leaves. And CHARLIE PARKER instantly picks up where he left off. **O'Mara approaches Washington.**

O'MARA

Sergeant John O'Mara. Buy you a drink?

WASHINGTON

Well, seein' as I'm on duty, Sergeant. You better buy me two.

INT. CLUB ALABAM - BAR - NIGHT

O'Mara and Washington drinking whiskey, watching RUTH OLAY onstage singing 'How High The Moon.'

WASHINGTON

This damn heroin's eatin' Central Avenue right down to the bone. I lost my niece to it. Year ago. But you already knew that. It's there in my file, isn't it, Sarge?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'MARA

Yes. It is. I'm sorry. I came to take you upriver, Lieutenant. All the way to the headwaters. You can plug it up right at the source.

EXT. CON KEELER'S HOUSE - SUNDOWN

**OFFICER CONWAY KEELER** (30s) pattering in his open garage. Smallish, wiry guy. Wife shoves chow into his mouth like feeding coal into a furnace. But his engine burns faster and brighter than most. Keeler's working on his son's bike with the same precision that he does everything.

O'Mara walks up Keeler's driveway. O'Mara glances around the garage. Military-grade **ELECTRONICS EQUIPMENT**, state-of-the-art stuff, arranged on Keeler's workbench.

O'MARA

Conway Keeler?

KEELER

Be with you in a minute, fella.

Keeler finishes. The wheel spins smooth as glass. Keeler flips the bike, righting it for his son, CHARLIE.

CHARLIE

Thanks, Dad.

As his son rides away, Keeler turns to face O'Mara.

KEELER

Yeah?

EXT. FRONT PORCH - LATER (NIGHTFALL)

Up and down Keeler's street, MEN lean LADDERS against their homes, help WIVES, KIDS up to their ROOFS, laying out BLANKETS. Picnicking up there. Watching the sky.

KEELER

(regarding neighbors)  
Rocketdyne's test-firing their new missile up in Santa Susana. It's supposed to be faster than the V2.

Keeler's wife MARCIA hands O'Mara and Keeler iced tea.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

KEELER (CONT'D)

I mean, I was in the Army for  
Christ's sake. But this-

(re: his family)

This right here, this is what we  
fought for, isn't it?

O'MARA

Yes it is.

KEELER

Well I sure as hell didn't sign up  
just to hand it all over to Cohen.

O'MARA

Yeah. Neither did I.

O'MARA'S KITCHEN - DAY

O'Mara and Connie at lunch. Canned tomato soup and  
crackers. Connie takes a breath and slides a copy of TRUE  
DETECTIVE MAGAZINE across the kitchen table to O'Mara.

O'MARA

What's this?

A *Stanley-Borack* painted cover of OFFICER MAX KENNARD,  
gun blazing. Headline: **GUNFIGHT ON GLENDALE BOULEVARD.**

CONNIE

He's shot more crooks than any LA  
cop in the last hundred years.

O'MARA

Connie, I can't just pull some guy  
out of a magazine like he's a  
decoder ring. This is nuts.

CONNIE

This whole thing is nuts. To date  
you've found exactly two other  
guys to help you. So, no, Sarge...

EXT. OLVERA STREET - DAY

O'Mara **CROSSES HIMSELF** as he walks past the ornate wooden  
CROSS, entering PLAZA OLVERA. *Charro* STREET MUSICIANS &  
white-lace *folklorico* DANCERS. And *Cafe Caliente*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE (V.O.)

*I'm sorry but you don't get to  
turn your nose up at anybody who  
might save your life.*

INT. CAFE CALIENTE - CONTINUOUS

Tex Ritter's 'Rye Whiskey' curling from a radio. Sitting with his back to the wall, **OFFICER MAX KENNARD** (*ken-nerd*) is working through *tacos de lengua*. A laconic Texan, eyes cougar-keen. Hands-down the deadliest cop in LA.

Kennard's young partner: **OFFICER NAVIDAD RAMIREZ**, open-faced Mexican kid, former all-Valley sprinter. Immigrant's son, eager to prove himself. Kennard cautiously watches O'Mara approach his table.

O'MARA

Mind if I join you fellas?

Ramirez looks to Kennard, who shrugs, sopping beans from his plate with a torn tortilla. O'Mara pulls up a chair. Kennard signals the dusky WAITRESS for *doz cervezas*.

O'MARA (CONT'D)

John O'Mara.

KENNARD

Max Kennard.

RAMIREZ

*Navidad Ramirez.*

Kennard watches O'Mara try not to react to the name.

KENNARD

I know. It's a mouthful, ain't it?  
*Christmas Ramirez-*

RAMIREZ

*-Navidad.*

KENNARD

Aw, it's alright for a burlesque  
dancer, but I keep tellin him  
that's no kinda name for a lawman.

Ramirez rolls his eyes, a teenager at the mall with dad.

O'MARA

(to Kennard)  
Can I talk to you a minute?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNARD

Go on, Na-vee-dad. Get some air.

Ramirez gets up from the table, heading outside, but he lingers just outside the door, unseen, listening.

O'MARA

Kid's not going to last long riding with you.

KENNARD

Nobody'll work with him. On account of his heritage.

INT. CAFE CALIENTE - MINUTES LATER

Kennard doctors his beer with hot sauce and lime. O'Mara drinks, counting the NOTCHES scalloped into the butt of Kennard's magnificent **.45 Caliber Colt Peacemaker**.

KENNARD

*True Detective*. Nothin' true in it. Thanks to those chuckleheads every *pistolero* in LA wants to be the man who took Max Kennard.

**BLAM TO:** *Smoke curling from Kennard's gun. A ZOOT-SUITER clutches his bloody hand. His gun on the ground.*

O'MARA

You didn't learn to shoot like that on the job.

**O'Mara sets his bottle down at the edge of the table-**

KENNARD

Well, let's just say I *misspent* my youth.

-and O'Mara's finger deliberately **pushes the beer bottle off the edge of the table**. The bottle *falling* through empty air on its way to the tile floor as O'Mara BRINGS his hand up from under the table, 'DRAWING.' O'Mara finger pointed like a gun. But Kennard's faster, drawing his PEACEMAKER, and beating O'Mara, even as Kennard's left hand **CATCHES the bottle without spilling a drop**.

O'MARA

I'm going after Mickey Cohen. And I'm looking for a gun hand.

Kennard smiles, the gunfighter hungry for a challenge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNARD

Wouldn't you know it? I just  
happen to have one.

EXT. UNDER THE OLYMPIC BRIDGE - NIGHT

O'Mara's ragtag GANGSTER SQUAD is now assembled in the shadows on the LA river. **Kennard, Washington, Keeler.**

O'MARA

The cost of doing business in LA is about to go up for our Mr. Cohen. He's been operating with impunity. Counting on our fear to carry him. He's got forty guys packin' military ordnance. So open warfare's out of the question. But we punch enough holes in Cohen's organization, we bleed him.

WASHINGTON

And he'll have to pack it in.

O'MARA

That's the general idea.  
(looking around)  
I have two rules in this outfit.  
Rule Number one:

O'Mara holds up his BADGE.

O'MARA

You leave these at home. Make no mistake, what we do from now on will not be legal. This isn't police work. It's combat.

O'MARA

Rule number two:

Holding his finger to his lips.

O'MARA

*Shhh.*

The squad takes this in.

O'MARA

Our only advantage is that Cohen won't know who we are. Officially, we will not exist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'MARA (CONT'D)

So you'll all continue to be carried on your divisional rosters. If we're caught, the Chief will disavow us. If we succeed in our mission, no one will ever know what we've done. If we fail...

KENNARD

If we fail, we're every one of us graveyard dead.

O'MARA

Anybody wants out, now's the time.

KEELER

Count me in.

WASHINGTON

Why the hell not?

KENNARD

Gotta die a somethin.

Movement in the shadows. They all whirl on the sound, guns drawn. **Navidad Ramirez** steps out, hands up.

RAMIREZ

Take it easy. I'm on your side.

O'MARA

Oh, for Christ's sake.

KEELER

Wait, who the hell is this guy?

KENNARD

He's a huge pain in my ass is what he is. In fact, yeah, why don't you boys just go on and shoot him.

WASHINGTON

You let him follow you here? Yeah, nice goin' there, Hoppalong.

KEELER

What the hell do we do? Kid's heard everything.

RAMIREZ

I sure have. And I want in.

The squad turns to O'Mara. He shrugs. Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEELER

So, we're just gonna keep meeting  
in the river? I mean, I take it we  
won't have offices.

O'Mara points to two piece-of-shit FORD SHERIDANS parked  
along the river. Two hundred thousand miles each, easy.

O'MARA

Actually, we'll have two.

Ramirez wrinkles his nose at the cars.

EXT. SLAPSY MAXIE'S - NIGHT

Klieg lights. Limousines under the portico. Neon: **SLAPSY  
MAXIE'S**. The DOORMAN lets **Wooters** cut right to the front  
of a long line of REVELERS waiting to get in the door.

INT. SLAPSY MAXIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Wooters glides upstream past swift WAITERS, CIGARETTE  
GIRLS who give Wooters the eye. He loves the action..  
Black-seamed stockings. JOAN CRAWFORD, BARBARA STANWYCK,  
BOGART & BACALL. Everything the traffic will allow.

At the MIC, his black tie hanging loose, DEAN MARTIN  
sings 'BRAZIL' backed by XAVIER CUGAT's ORCHESTRA. JERRY  
LEWIS cavorts in a headdress next to LINA ROMAY.

Wooters finds Whalen at his table, talking to a  
crumbling, debauched ERROL FLYNN. Flynn indulging Whalen.

WHALEN

-Your new picture, *Montana*? I  
figure I'm just about perfect to  
play the heavy, this fella Reeves.

FLYNN

Perfect, eh? Well, I don't know  
about that, old boy. Can you act?

WHALEN

I wouldn't have to. Hell, it's my  
job to scare people. I can rope  
and ride. You know I can fight.

Whalen pulls his LEDGER out of his coat pocket, licking  
his thumb, flipping pages to find Flynn's entry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHALEN

Look, you're into Dragna for what? Six big bills, right? You get me a screen test I'll toll the vigorish for this month. Sound fair?

FLYNN

I'll talk to Ray.

Whalen sees Wooters.

WHALEN

Hey, there he is. I'd like you to meet a buddy of mine. Jerry Wooters? Errol Flynn.

FLYNN

*Pleasure.*

Flynn totters off, unsteady.

WOOTERS

Extortion, Jack?

WHALEN

(shrugs)

Cousin, this screen test goes like I think it will, I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside and study war no more.

WOOTERS

Well, *break a leg.*

WHALEN

Nah, no more a' that neither. Come on and take a pew, son. Steak a-la-cart-e here ain't exactly poison.

Wooters sits. The waiter brings him a whiskey, unbidden.

WHALEN

So I booked you an appointment at The Cabana Club on Wilshire. But tread softly, ya hear?

(re: Cohen's table)

Somethin's got them all riled.

Whalen nods at **MICKEY COHEN** at his table by the stage, his Praetorian Guard in evidence, as a fresh crop of **SYCOPHANTS** arrive to pay him tribute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOOTERS

Who're they?

WHALEN

Readin' left to right, we've got **Judge Krauss, Max Solomon**, Burbank Police Chief **Elmer Jackson**, and one **Eugene W. Biscailuz**, the high Sheriff of Los Ang-ell-eez County.

WOOTERS

(kidding Whalen)

Shame. What kind of cop would break bread with a criminal?

INT. COHEN'S TABLE AT SLAPSY MAXIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the table with Cohen are HIGH SHERIFF EUGENE W. BISCAILUZ, BURBANK POLICE CHIEF ELMER JACKSON, MAX SOLOMON and the HONORABLE JUDGE MELVIN KRAUSS.

Next to Cohen is **JEAN FARADAY** who looks like a GI pinup by Alberto Vargas. World-weary, and effortlessly sexy.

COHEN

Somebody tell me. What'd I ever do to this punk Parker, huh? You'd think I was a god damned pinko.

SHERIFF BISCAILUZ

That mess at the Croesus made him look bad. He's got to save face.

JUDGE KRAUSS

It's just noise.

**JUDGE KRAUSS** lifts an oyster, sucks flesh off the shell, like a reptile. Krauss' eyes all over Jean.

JEAN

(to Cohen)

*I thought I told you to keep that rotten creep away from me.*

COHEN

Hey. *Be nice*, huh?

She gets up and storms off. Krauss watching her go.

INT. SLAPSY MAXIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Wooters spots **JEAN** crossing the room. Her dress could stand up by itself. Legs about 40 feet long.

WOOTERS

Doesn't seem right, you know, that he should have so much, when others have so few.

WHALEN

You sound like a pink pamphlet, pal, but this ain't Russia. It's LA, penalty for poachin the King's deer in this town is still a permanent vacation in a pine box.

WOOTERS

Well, yeah. But I'm starving.

AT THE BAR: Jean sees Wooters coming, but doesn't let on. She opens her cigarette case, plucks out an Old Gold as he arrives, lifting his **U.S. NAVY ZIPPO** to her Cigarette. She closes her hand over his, bringing his flame closer.

JEAN

Thanks.  
(looking him over)  
Jean.

JERRY

Jerry.

JEAN

Say Jerry, I'll just bet you have a ducky war story behind that lighter. Come on, I thought all you guys had war stories to make a girl go weak in the knees.

WOOTERS

Hmm. Well, we were shot down once. Spent a day and a half floating in the Pacific, sharks circling us. And some of 'em? Bigger than the raft. You could feel them brushing up against it in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEAN

*Ooh. Don't tell me. You dove in with your knife between your teeth and fought them off like Johnny Weissmuller - who's right over there by the way.*

WOOTERS

No, what I did? I bet my buddies a rescue plane would get to us before the sharks did. I took them for a hundred bucks a piece. Are you weak in the knees yet?

JEAN

(exhaling smoke)  
Sure I am.

INT. COHEN'S TABLE AT SLAPSY MAXIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Now approaching Cohen's table is **JAMES RAGAN** (50s) Chicago Gangster who operates the Continental Wire Service. Ragan's brought two LOOGANS with him.

COHEN

Jimmy! Glad you could make it.

RAGAN

The Sisters used to call me Jimmy.  
Everyone else calls me Mr. Ragan.

The men around Cohen shift uncomfortably as Satanic energy radiates from Cohen. Doesn't Ragan know that all of them breathe only because Cohen lets them?

COHEN

*My apologies.*

With a gesture, Cohen summons a team of WAITERS, another place setting, chair and champagne. They move with the speed of a pit crew and the precision of surgeons.

COHEN

(to the table)  
MISTER Ragan here owns the  
Continental Wire Service.

INT. SLAPSY MAXIE'S DANCE FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

Jean and Wooters cheek to cheek, cutting a rug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

So what's a nice girl like you  
doing with Mickey Cohen?

JEAN

*Surviving.* How do you know Whalen?  
(off Wooters)  
I saw you at his table.

WOOTERS

Grew up together. Guess we still  
kinda look out for each other.

JEAN

A regular Huck and Tom. How sweet.

WOOTERS

Well, Whalen's a good guy, but I  
sure wouldn't call him sweet,  
least not to his face.

JEAN

Let's see. You're not quite big  
enough to be a shylock. So what's  
your racket, handsome?

WOOTERS

I'm a bible salesman.

JEAN

Looking to rescue a scarlet lady  
from her life of sin?  
(off Wooters)  
Take me away from all this and  
make an honest woman of me?

WOOTERS

No, ma'am. I was just hoping to  
take you to bed.

JEAN

You sound like my kind of  
cowpuncher, Jerry.

INT. COHEN'S TABLE AT SLAPSY MAXIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Cohen eating ROAST PEACOCK, talking between bites.

COHEN

Roast peacock. Romans couldn't get  
enough of it.  
(chewing)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COHEN (CONT'D)

I think it's a fair price, Mr. Ragan.

RAGAN

I think you been out here in the sun too long.

Cohen leans over to pull a Remington M1911 .45 from the shoulder holster in Wrevock's coat. If Ragan's frightened by the .45 in Cohen's hand, he doesn't show it. Ice cold.

COHEN

Remington's still the best Roscoe on the market. Simple. Reliable.

Whalen watches from his table. Cohen could probably shoot Ragan here and nobody would admit to seeing anything.

COHEN

Blow a tunnel in 'em a kid could drive his toy train through.

Expertly locking back the slide, stripping out the mag.

COHEN

What's Remington makin' now? Universal Automatic Computers. Adding machines that store information in vacuum tubes.

Ragan watches Cohen disassembling the finely-machined pistol, laying out its components. The man knows guns.

COHEN

See, now I got all the guns I need. But information, that's the future of our business.

Cohen begins to reassemble the weapon.

COHEN

Your Continental Wire and Trans America are competin' with each other. It's a god damned waste.

In his hands, the components almost leap back into place.

COHEN

But you combine them, you *consolidate* them? You'd have one wire, feedin' information to every bookie west of Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cohen holds the reassembled .45.

RAGAN

A wire that you'd control.

COHEN

Listen. I'm buildin' somethin' new out here, somethin' they never seen before. They won't have to go to the track, to the fights. I can bring all the action to them. Up to minute odds, right to their neighborhoods. A few years, I won't even need the damn wire. They got television signals. Sid Ceasar's floatin' through the air around us right now. I can harness that, bring off-track betting right into their living rooms.

RAGAN

You're nuts.

COHEN

Your taste alone would be twice what Continental takes in now.

RAGAN

You know Capone tried to muscle me. Yeah. Ten years ago. I've seen the sour end of a gun before, kid.

Cohen smiles, handing the gun back to Wrevock. Ragan stands to leave.

RAGAN

Continental's not for sale. At any price. And Meyer Lansky's gonna hear all about this. From me.

Something flickers across Cohen's eyes, like a creature stalking behind the bars of its cage, watching Ragan go.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

Lennox and Wrevock make their way through the dancers. Wooters has his back to them. But Jean sees them coming.

JEAN

*Don't look now, Jerry. But those sharks are circling again.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

*Bigger than the raft?*

JEAN

*Mmm-Hmm. Listen, if they don't eat you, I've got a bottle of rye just gathering dust back at my place.*

Lennox and Wrevock closing in. Lennox pulls a SAP from his pocket. She leans closer, red lips to Wooters' ear.

JEAN

*Garden of Allah. Bungalow 12.*

Suddenly, a HUGE HAND grabs Wooters and TEARS him away from JEAN. It's WHALEN! Whalen PUNCHES Wooters in the gut - *oompf* - doubling him over.

WHALEN

How dare you try an make time with Mickey Cohen's gal?

(shaking him)

I'll teach you to rub another fella's rhubarb. Cocky sombitch!

Lennox and Wrevock watch Whalen haul this guy out of the club, but they don't see Wooters throw a WINK at Jean.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

James Ragan and his two loogans step on to a half-full PACIFIC ELECTRIC RED CAR on Hollywood Boulevard. From the shadows, Lennox watches, then jogs to the red car and squats to **affix something** to the bottom as it pulls away.

EXT. MARIPOSA HORSE STABLES IN BURBANK - NIGHT

The Squad stages here next to their Ford Sheridans, preparing for their first raid. A paint horse stamps, whinnies. Kennard cups his hand to the horse's nose.

O'MARA

We'll make a lot of noise, fire into the ceiling. Let them think we're knockin' the place over. Then we axe the slots and tables. And get back across the river before anyone knows what happened.

EXT. MARIPOSA ROAD - SECONDS LATER

An actual tumble weed drifts across Mariposa Road: just a dirt track between the LA river and Riverside Drive. From the shadows, the squad watch a war party of painted 'COMANCHES' crossing Mariposa. The scene surreal.

COMANCHE 1

Think the Great Spirit's with us tonight, Chief?

COMANCHE 2

Hell, He better be. Squaw need'm new pair of moccasins.

The Comanches LAUGH, on their way into Cohen's million-dollar RIVERSIDE CASINO: resembles a plantation, Tara on the LA River. Laughter, music leaking from the windows.

Past the Casino, O'Mara can see the Warner Bros WATER TOWER against the night sky. Keeler grins. They're extras, just a stone's throw from the movie studio.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

The squad nonchalantly strolls the smoke-choked casino floor, like a costume party, the CROWD salted with more EXTRAS. ROMAN CENTURIONS playing slots, CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS around the roulette table, COWBOYS and INDIANS at blackjack, and a dozen UNIFORMED COPS shooting craps. But their BADGES say **CITY of BURBANK**. They're REAL cops. The cops jostle and laugh, caught up in their craps game, each cop carries a **.38 REVOLVER** in a clamshell holster.

KEELER

*Those aren't costumes, are they?*

O'MARA

*No they are not. They're cops.*

KENNARD

Cops my ass. Sons a bitches are guardin' it for him.

Now, two cops notice these suspicious characters and break from their game, heading straight for the squad. A COCKTAIL waitress with a tray full of BEER watches them.

WASHINGTON

(backing up)  
*Get ready to run.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both Burbank cops pull their pistols, pointing them. The other cops leave the craps table, heading this way.

Kennard's right hand slips under his coat, coming out with his Peacemaker, fanning the hammer. BLAM! BLAM! Shattering the BOTTLE in the Cocktail waitress's tray. The two cops shielding their eyes from flying glass. The other Burbank cops draw. O'Mara and the squad **RUN-**

EXT. MARIPOSA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

*-like hell* across Mariposa Road. Burbank cops pouring, out, firing wild. Kennard SHOOTING back over his shoulder putting one through the a cop's leg, dropping him.

EXT. MARIPOSA HORSE STABLES - CONTINUOUS

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Dust geysers chase the squad through the stables. Fence posts splinter split-seconds after Ramirez runs past them. Burbank cops chasing Washington, muzzles strobe-FLASHING the shadows. Desperate. O'Mara FIRES into the ground in front of the horses. Horses spook, LEAPING their corrals, breaking fences. Cops scramble, dodging horses.

I/E. THOMAS' FORD SHERIDAN - CONTINUOUS

Keeler climbs behind the wheel, but the engine won't turn. BLAM! Hunching as his windshield shatters. O'Mara runs to the back of the car, putting his shoulder to the trunk, PUSHING it. BLAM! BLAM! The Burbank cops fire, hitting the fenders. Washington gets out of his car, PUMPING his shotgun, FIRING to cover O'Mara BOOM! BOOM! Explosions of dust backing up the Burbank cops as Keeler POPS the clutch, the engine ROARS to life, tailpipe belching smoke as O'Mara climbs in. The Sheridans tear off amid gunfire, tires spitting dust.

KEELER

I think that went well.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

PEOPLE run for help. Other just stare in horror, as that PACIFIC ELECTRIC RED CAR rolls down Hollywood Boulevard, **ENGULFED IN FLAMES**. Flames curling up over the roof as the runaway red car continues past Howard Hughes' Pantages Theater. *Ragan and everyone inside the car burned alive.*

INT. PHILIPPE'S DINER - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

O'Mara, Keeler, Washington, Kennard, and Ramirez seated around french dip sandwiches, cokes, and today's Los Angeles Times: **FIREBOMB CLAIMS LIFE OF CHICAGO WISEGUY.**

KEELER

(re: headline)

And I thought we had a bad night.

KENNARD

Well, Cohen don't own a pair of kid gloves.

WASHINGTON

Ragan was connected back east.

O'MARA

Cohen's moving pieces around and we can't even see the board.

O'Mara sees HENDRICKS over at the lunch counter, watching their unlikely group, looking a little too curious.

O'MARA

We need somebody with connections, somebody who can get inside.

JEAN (PRELAP)

*You are my kinda cowpuncher, Jerry.*

INT. GARDEN OF ALLAH (BUNGALOW 12) - DAY

Jean and Jerry lying amid tangled sheets, spent.

JEAN

Not too talkative though. Why didn't you tell me you were a cop?

WOOTERS

I don't know. Does it matter?

JEAN

Depends on what kind of cop you are, I guess.

WOOTERS

I'm the surviving kind.

He rolls over and kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEAN

Smooth talker. I bet you say that to all the girls.

WOOTERS

When can I see you again?

JEAN

I thought you said you were the surviving kind.

WOOTERS

What the hell are you doing with Cohen anyway? I mean, he doesn't seem like your type.

JEAN

But I'm his.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NEON NIGHT

Conga-line TRAFFIC down the glamorous SUNSET STRIP. Chateau Marmont. Schwab's Pharmacy. Ciro's. **The Mocambo**.

EXT. THE MOCAMBO - NIGHT

A LIMOUSINE pulls up under the portico. WHALEN gets out of the car, coming around to open the door for **IGNAZIO "JACK" DRAGNA** (58): silver-haired Sicilian "vintner" who ran the rackets for the Black Hand before Cohen moved in, Dragna's the last remnant of the old guard in LA.

INT. THE MOCAMBO - NIGHT

*Carnivale* decor. All the walls are GLASS, with real-live PARROTS, MACAWS, and MONKEYS on perches behind them. The dinner crowd salted with stars like SINATRA and LIZ TAYLOR. On the stage: CARMEN MIRANDA and her BAND have the whole place dancing to "South American Way" We pass JACK WARNER at a booth with RONALD REAGAN & JANE WYMAN.

Whalen leads Dragna to a CORNER BOOTH where MICKEY COHEN sits with JEAN. LENNOX stands. But Cohen doesn't get up.

COHEN

Hiya, Jack.

DRAGNA

Mickey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a fearful symmetry here. Whalen is Dragna's muscle. Lennox is Cohen's. Jean in the middle. Tension. Dragna nods Whalen away. Jean gets up to follow him.

JEAN

Say boys, if it's alright with you  
I think maybe I'll bend my elbow,  
while you two bend your ears?

Dragna politely helps her up, then sits down with Cohen.

COHEN

What's on your mind?

DRAGNA

Jimmy Ragan came out here to sit  
with you in good faith. It's  
disgraceful what you did. And it's  
going to bring trouble. For all of  
us. Ragan had friends in Chicago.

COHEN

I look troubled to you, Jack?

DRAGNA

I don't get you. You got the world  
by the ass here. All the power,  
purse, and pussy any man could ask  
for. What the hell is it you want?

COHEN

More.

OVER AT THE BAR:

Whalen and Jean side by side at the bar, having drinks.

WHALEN

Hey, kid. Why don't you just turn  
Jerry loose 'fore he gets hurt.

JEAN

Jerry's a big boy.

WHALEN

He'll make a big stain on the  
sidewalk when Cohen catches on.

Glancing over at Cohen and Dragna.

WHALEN

Think they'll bury the hatchet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEAN

Yeah, right in Dragna's head.

BACK AT THE TABLE:

DRAGNA

Listen, there's a way we do things out here, Mickey. But this-

COHEN

-You listen, old man. This ain't Chicago. This is the Wild West. And there's only one rule out here. Take what you can when you can. Spanish took it from the Injuns. We took it from the Mexicans. And now, I'm takin' it from you, Jack. Because I can.

Dragna reddens. He wants to throttle Cohen. But he stands, turns his back on Cohen, and heads for the door. Whalen downs his drink, nods to Jean, and follows him.

INT. SIXTH-FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

O'Mara heads for the DETECTIVE MUSTER ROOM. Inside, Wooters stands, addressing a room full of UNIFORMED COPS.

INT. DETECTIVE'S MUSTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara stands against the wall, watching Wooters muster his troops, preparing for another 'raid.'

WOOTERS

We'll be hitting one of Dragna's joints. Little Wikiup on Wilshire called the Cabana Club. Some of you might even be familiar with it. I know I am.

Chuckles from the uniforms. They might be at that.

WOOTERS (CONT'D)

You'll stage your prowlers on Berendo, behind the Talmadge. The bomb bay doors open at 2100 hours.

Wooters notices O'Mara waiting against the wall.

WOOTERS (CONT'D)

Alright. See you at the front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The uniforms file out.

INT. DETECTIVE'S MUSTER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

O'MARA

I'm going after Cohen. And I need an Indian guide, someone who knows the terrain. Figured you might want a chance to do this for real.

WOOTERS

You figured wrong, pal. You're Section 8, you know it? No wonder they keep bouncing you all over the damn city. Christ, how do you know I won't just turn around and rat you out to Cohen?

O'MARA

You won't. I checked you out. You're leading the division in arrests. All of 'em misdemeanors, just gamblers you keep pulling out of these bullshit raids. So I figure you've got a guardian angel somewhere in Dragna's outfit, but I don't think you're on the arm.

WOOTERS

Yeah, but you don't know that.

O'MARA

I survived over there, in part, because I'm a fair judge of men.

WOOTERS

Well, hell, then you oughta know Parker's just using you.

Something flickers across O'Mara's eyes.

WOOTERS (CONT'D)

Didn't you wonder why he picked you? It's because you forced his hand when you broke up that whore factory. And they're killin' him in the papers. Parker knows you won't stop Cohen, but you might annoy him. Just enough so Parker can cut a deal with him.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

-You're not gonna change a damn thing. You're just going to wake up one morning walking on the wrong side of the grass. And for what?

O'MARA

My home. My family. Wooters, you got nobody in your life worth fightin' for, then what the hell are you doin' here?

Wooters, absorbing this, conflicted. O'Mara walks out.

EXT. CABANA CLUB - NIGHT

Wooters loiters at a newsstand next to the Cabana Club's awning, just across from the Ambassador, when **PETE**, 13 going on 33, living on wits and moxie, approaches with his shine box. Wooters is off his game, distracted.

PETE

Shine?

WOOTERS

Make it quick, Pete.

Pete's hard-worn hands fly over Wooters' shoes.

PETE

So, when are you planning to raid this place?

(chin-pointing)

Plainclothes over there next to the Buick? He might as well be wearing a sandwich board.

WOOTERS

21 hundred. Nine o'clock. You've got a magic eye, amigo. Ever thought about becoming one of us?

PETE

No thanks, Jerry. No future in it. All the money's on the other side.

WOOTERS

I guess I can't argue with that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete finishes up Wooters' shoes, his palm out for a tip. Wooters palms Pete a folded bill. He likes this little wise ass. Pete reminds Wooters a little of himself.

A **BLACK CADILLAC** pulls to the curb across the street, steam curling from the tailpipe. Four **MEN** get out, moving with purpose, heading straight for the Cabana Club.

PETE

Hey, I thought you didn't start until nine o'clock.

Wooters watches the gibbous-eyed **JIMMY WREVOCK** and four **HATCHETMEN**, trench coats like vampire-capes as they cross the street, not hurrying, just taking an angle.

WOOTERS

Those aren't my guys.

Wooters **SHOVES** Pete behind a cab, draws his revolver.

WOOTERS (CONT'D)

Get down. Behind the engine block.

**WREVOCK AND HIS HATCHETMEN (MOVING):**

WREVOCK

Paint me a nice group portrait.

**M-3 SUBMACHINE GUNS** and **MP-40 SCHMEISSERS** swing up out of their coats on custom swivel-rigs to unleash a **ROARING TORRENT of GUNFIRE**. Lead flies through parked cars and **PEOPLE** as easily as it flies through the night air.

Wooters takes a bead and **FIRES** back, squeezing the trigger, not jerking it. His .38 barely audible against the **HOWL** of the full-auto M-3s as **Wooters puts a round into the first Hatchetman's chest**.

Wrevock watches the guy next to him flop facedown in the street. *Huh?* Then another one of Wooters' rounds buzzes by his ear. Wrevock scans the street, finding the source of the gunfire, draws a bead on Wooters with his M-3 just as... **SIRENS**. Wooters' **LAPD PROWL CARS** pulling up to the raid. Wrevock and his crew **turn their guns on the cops!**

**Windows implode. Fenders ulcerate.** Prowl cars panic-swerve into parked cars. One black & white leaps the curb and plows through the newsstand. **WOUNDED COPS** roll out of their cars, scramble for cover. **COPS** grab Ithaca **SHOTGUNS** and pump buckshot back at Cohen's men. A gunbattle rages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BYSTANDERS cower, wounded and bawling. Wooters sees Pete hunched behind the cab with his palms over his ears.

Wooters **FIRES** again, winging Wrevock, his .38 round passing through Wrevock's bicep. The sting of it **spinning Wrevock, with his finger still on the trigger**. His M-3 careening, spraying, the bullet-impacts spreading across storefronts and everything *slows way down* ...

... Wooters watches **Wrevock's wild gunfire**; a Tornado of flying lead, disintegrating all in its path, **heading straight for Pete**, who's still crouched behind the cab, right where Wooters told him to stay.

Now Wooters **is sprinting to reach Pete**, running hard to beat the gunfire, to get to Pete before the bullets do.

Pete's up against the cab, helplessly watching the geysers of powdered sidewalk getting closer to him. Pete turns to Wooters, all his streetwise attitude gone, scared eyes pleading. But he can't reach Pete in time.

Wooters **watches the rounds hitting Pete square**. The boy's eyes going wide with shock. Wooters' palms pressed over Pete's wounds. Wooters trying to hold the life inside him, and watching it leave the kid's eyes. Gone.

WREVOCK (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's blow.

Backing toward their Caddy, firing to cover their escape.

**Wooters stands with Pete's blood on him**. He SNATCHES a shotgun from one of the cops cowering behind a prowler, jacks a round into it, charging out into the open street. **BOOM!** Tromboning the slide. **BOOM!** Knocking one of Jimmy's Hatchetmen off his feet as Wrevock and the others pile into their Caddy and burn rubber, leaving him. Wooters chases them, **BOOM!** Firing another blast, shattering the Caddy's back windshield as it screeches the corner.

HATCHETMAN (O.S.)

*Oh Christ, I'm bad hurt. Somebody call a doctor. You, flatfoot, come on, buddy. Ring the doc, willya?*

Wooters walks over, stands over the moaning Hatchetman, who's trying to hold himself together. A full load of buckshot in his gut. Recognition in the man's eyes.

HATCHETMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I know you, right? Yeah, yeah, you're Jerry Wooters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wooters jacks another round into the tube, pointing the shotgun directly at the man's face, inches from it.

WOOTERS

Used to be.

And pulls the trigger. **BOOM!**

INT. O'MARA'S HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

O'Mara sits on his couch. Connie is curled up next to him, her fingers in his hair. They're listening to DRAGNET on the radio, but O'Mara's miles away.

CONNIE

(feeling a kick)

Oh. Here, give me your hand.

She places O'Mara's hand on her tummy, trying to bring him back.

O'MARA

He's strong.

CONNIE

She's strong.

Slats CREAK. There's SOMEONE OUTSIDE on the porch. O'Mara DRAWS his weapon, moves to the door in his sock feet. Connie's frozen, holding a cushion over her belly. **KNOCK! KNOCK!** O'Mara almost puts a round right through the door.

O'MARA

Who's there?

WOOTERS

*Jerry Wooters.*

Wooters on the porch, transformed somehow. He's been knocked off his horse on the Road to Damascus.

WOOTERS

Deal me in.

O'MARA

I thought you were smart?

WOOTERS

Maybe I want to do something dumb for a change.

O'Mara's not sure. Pride and suspicion working on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

You said it yourself. Someone's gotta keep you from stepping on dry leaves, Kemosabe. Or Cohen's gonna hear you coming a mile off.

Then Connie comes to the door now, brave and beautiful.

WOOTERS

Ma'am. Sorry about the hour.

She brushes past O'Mara, extending her hand to Wooters.

CONNIE

Connie O'Mara.

WOOTERS

Jerry Wooters.

CONNIE

Welcome aboard, Jerry.

And she pulls him in through the door. Wooters turns to O'Mara, and shrugs. *I guess it's decided.* O'Mara smiles.

INT. O'MARA'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

O'Mara and Wooters sitting at the small kitchen table. Connie pours them both some fresh-made coffee. Wooters takes in their humble but clean kitchen. Water-stained ceiling. Shoebox full of Eagle stamps, coupons.

CONNIE

I'm sorry. We don't have any cream.

WOOTERS

Black's just fine, ma'am. Thanks.

Connie walks out, leaving them the two men alone. Wooters pulls a flask, dumping whiskey into their coffee.

WOOTERS

I had a dozen cops out there. And there was nothing I could do to stop them. I've never seen anything like this. Not since the war.

O'MARA

Cohen's bucking the syndicate now.

EXT. O'MARA'S FRONT PORCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

O'Mara and Wooters have abandoned their coffee. Passing Wooters' flask between them. Getting good and tight.

O'MARA

You didn't kill that kid, Jerry.  
Cohen did. Can't blame yourself.

WOOTERS

The hell I can't. I let it happen.  
(drinks)

I lay down. For years. Cohen wants me to lay down again, that son of a bitch is gonna have to kill me.

O'MARA

He will, he finds out about us.

WOOTERS

I probably knew a dozen guys like you. I know the look. You caught a bad one over there and it hitched a ride back with you. Most of 'em, they crawl in a bottle. Or eat a gun. Or they go lookin' for it.

O'MARA

Well, that ain't me.

Long beat while O'Mara fights the urge to unburden himself, and loses...

O'MARA

We were supposed to drop into *Castlenau*, but we came in too low, clipped a tree, went down in the forest south of a village called *Fources*. Smith and Malik wounded. Broken femur. Broken back. So we rigged a trellis for each of 'em, hid out in a farmhouse.

(beat)

It was supposed to be safe. The family was with the resistance. But they got scared. Sold us out.

(beat)

Smith and Malik couldn't walk. We couldn't bring 'em with us. And I couldn't risk leaving 'em. See because, because, you know, the krauts, they...they would've gotten it out of 'em.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'MARA (CONT'D)

Who's in the resistance.  
Safehouses. All of it.

(beat)

They knew it was coming. And they  
looked away, you know, to spare me  
that at least. They looked away so  
I wouldn't have to see their eyes.

WOOTERS

Sounds to me like you did what you  
had to do. I mean maybe we've both  
got somethin' to answer for here.  
You figure dyin's gonna square it  
for you. I think you're wrong, but  
what the hell do I know?

O'MARA

I'm gonna see this through to the  
end. I can get the son of a bitch.  
I just need to find out where he's  
vulnerable. And hit him hard.

WOOTERS

Well, hell, why don't we just drop  
by his house? Hear what he has to  
say about it?

INT. COCOANUT GROVE AT THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

Eden. JUDY GARLAND sings *Over the Rainbow* on stage.  
Indoor palm trees from Valentino's film shade a hundred  
tables around Moorish STAIRS. We find COHEN at dinner  
with **MEYER LANSKY**: wisdom of Solomon, venom of the asp.  
Jean sitting between them, Cohen's hand on her thigh.

LANSKY

Let me tell you a story, Mickey.  
In the beginning, all was chaos.  
The guineas had the booze and the  
rackets. You wanted a taste? You  
had to get gashouse for it. But we  
brought order out of that chaos,  
Mickey. We made it calculable.  
Predictable.

(beat)

You know I don't like to travel. I  
miss my wife. I'm out here now  
because we value predictability.  
In fact, we require it. And you,  
Mickey, have become unpredictable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COHEN

Meyer, if you'll just listen a-

LANSKY

-Ragan's death was not pleasing to us. But this beef with Dragna? It's, well, it's a problem. Dragna may be old and slow. But he has friends who are neither.

COHEN

I've got Guarantee Finance now, Meyer. And I can throw so much money back at those guineas they won't even remember Dragna's name.

LANSKY

I hope you're right about that, Mickey. Because if you do this now, we withdraw our support.

(off Cohen)

And you're going to need every dollar to buy your life back.

And Judy Garland's *Over the Rainbow* takes us through...

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. JACK DRAGNA'S VINEYARD - NIGHT

Dragna's Tuscan-style ESTATE in the Santa Monica Mountains. **MEN IN BLACK** moving like wraiths through Dragna's vineyard, stalking toward his quiet home.

The MEN IN BLACK close on the house, grotesque monsters, huge eyes, proboscis snouts. They're wearing GAS MASKS, carrying M-3 GREASE GUNS fitted with suppressors. The men pull SMOKE GRENADES and toss them. Grenades SMASH through windows, hissing, and the house fills with colored smoke.

INT. DRAGNA'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Dragna's armed BODYGUARDS cough and scramble, blinded by smoke. While the masked men in black move through the swirling smoke like sharks through water, firing their silenced M-3s. *Pfft-pfft-pfft-pfft!* Percussive whispers.

Jack Dragna hustles his WIFE down the hall, holding a towel over her mouth to protect her from the smoke, stepping over the bodies of his men, trying to escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They run right into a man in a gas mask. She SCREAMS through the towel as he raises his M-3. Pfft-Pfft! Smoke clears. Standing over the bodies of Dragna and his wife, the gunman removes his gas mask. We see it's Lennox.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Establishing. A coyote HOWLS somewhere in the dark canyons. We HEAR John Lee Hooker's Boogie Chillun...

I/E. COHEN'S MANSION (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - NIGHT

High in the Hollywood Hills, overlooking the gleaming City of Los Angeles, is Mickey Cohen's **MANSION**: mission architecture, borrowed class bristling with artillery.

Powerful **FLASHLIGHTS** sweep over the grounds as **SENTRIES** patrol the perimeter with GERMAN SHEPHERDS on short leashes, **CARBINES** on shoulder straps. A fucking fortress.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara, Wooters, and Keeler crouch. They're wearing all black. Burlap wrapped around their sneakers to muffle the noise. Applying charcoal to their faces.

KENNARD (O.S.)  
Ain't you gonna help 'em with  
that, Washington?

Above them, lying panther-like on the branch of a banyan tree, Kennard PEERS through a **HUGE M1 SNIPER SCOPE**, an **INFRARED LIGHT** attached to the bottom of his rifle.  
\*First-generation **NIGHT VISION** brought back from the war

WASHINGTON  
You're a real charmer, cowboy.

Washington crouches at the base of the tree, an **SCR-536 HANDHELD TRANSCEIVER** to his ear - an early walkie-talkie. These guys are still dressed like characters out of a Chandler novel, but they move like modern commandos.

KENNARD'S POV (THROUGH NIGHTVISION):

A *green-tinted image* of the SENTRIES making their rounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNARD

Takes them boys about three minutes to make it around the house. You'll have to rawhide it.

O'Mara pulls a bottle of **AMMONIA**, and sprinkling all three of them with it. It stinks to high heaven.

WOOTERS

How's this gonna throw off the dogs? We just stink of ammonia.

O'MARA

I don't know, it worked in France.

Keeler and Wooters share a look. Christ.

KENNARD

Well, it's workin' on me. *Shoo*. Why don't you boys get a goin'.

O'Mara, Wooters, and Keeler shoulder their SATCHELS.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE HILL - NIGHT

Ramirez waits in one of the Ford Sheridans, parked under an oak tree, watching the road for headlights. He receives Washington's transmission on a matching 536.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

*Ramirez, you see something, you sing out, hear?*

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

O'Mara, Wooters, and Keeler make their way down the hill, keeping to the shadows until they reach the mouth of a CULVERT running under the road. They disappear inside.

INT. CULVERT - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara leads the three of them crawling through the narrow culvert toward the dim circle of moonlight at the other end. Then O'Mara stops near the mouth of the culvert, mouth-breathing, watching as the SENTRIES' FLASHLIGHTS BEAMS pass over the corrugated steel opening.

A GERMAN SHEPHERD suddenly fills the mouth of the culvert, blocking the light, *sniffing*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dog's head and shoulders inside. THE DOG LOOKS DIRECTLY AT O'MARA, sniffs, dismisses him and moves away from the culvert.

EXT. COHEN'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara, Wooters, and Keeler ninja-creep across the lawn, crouch at the side of the house and POP the SCREEN off the crawl-space. Wooters and Keeler slip under the house. O'Mara waits by the opening, keeping watch for sentries.

KENNARD'S POV (THROUGH NIGHTVISION):

A bird's-eye view of the SENTRIES moving clockwise around north side of the house, opposite O'Mara on the south.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - CONTINUOUS

Wooters and Keeler CRAWL through the dirt to where a sliver of LIGHT comes down through the seams around the ACCESS PANEL from the crawl space to the house.

INT. HALL CLOSET (COHEN'S MANSION) - CONTINUOUS

Wooters silently opens the panel and pops out. Keeler follows. Wooters cracks the closet door, peering out.

INT. LIVING ROOM (COHEN'S MANSION) - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the hall, GUNMEN sit, smoking, watching the windows, CARBINES lean against their chairs. Three of them playing cards. If any of them looked back, they'd see Wooters and Keeler dashing into the MASTER BEDROOM.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keeler opens his satchel, unfurls his canvas tool kit on Cohen's bed. Wooters watches the hall while Keeler unscrews the back of Cohen's new EMERSON TELEVISION.

I/E. FORD SHERIDAN - NIGHT

Ramirez shifts and fidgets. He has to pee. Finally, he gets out of the car and runs down into a gully, unzips.

KENNARD'S POV (THROUGH NIGHTVISION):

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SENTRIES with their dogs are halfway around the house now, heading back toward O'Mara.

KENNARD

The hell's takin' so long?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wooters watches Keeler fit a state-of-the-art BUG with a transmitter and microphone into the back of the TV.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Cohen's 1948 Packard Custom 8 LIMO heads up his street.

I/E. COHEN'S LIMO - NIGHT

The DRIVER takes them up familiar switchbacks. COHEN in back with JEAN. Cohen's silent, seething, distracted.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Ramirez is zipping up when the headlights hit his back. He crouches in the gully as Cohen's limo PASSES, then scrambles up out of the gully to the car. **IT'S LOCKED!** The keys left dangling from the ignition. His walkie-talkie on the passenger seat!

KENNARD'S POV (THROUGH NIGHTVISION):

The guard is coming around, heading right for O'Mara!

KENNARD

*Guard's gonna be right on top of him. I'm fixin' to send'm some lead.*

EXT. COHEN'S MANSION - NIGHT

O'Mara sees the guard coming now, he pulls his pistol.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

*Hold it. Hold it.*

I/E. FORD SHERIDAN - NIGHT

Ramirez SMASHES his window with a ROCK, grabs the walkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMIREZ

He's coming back! Repeat. Cohen's  
on his way back to the house!

EXT. COHEN'S MANSION - NIGHT

O'Mara crouches, pointing his pistol at the approaching guard, who still hasn't seen him. **He HEARS Washington's HOOT-OWL call across the canyon.** The guard and his dog TURN at the sound. Just then, TIRES crunch up the gravel driveway. Headlights. Cohen's LIMO has returned. The guard does an about-face and heads out to greet Cohen.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

They HEAR the FRONT DOOR now. Keeler's fingers fly, screwing the panel back on the TV, dropping the last screw, picking it up, screwing it in-

GUNMEN 1 (O.S.)  
Evening, Mr. Cohen.

GUNMEN 2 (O.S.)  
Welcome back, Mr. Cohen.

-as Wooters GRABS Keeler and YANKS him out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Men taking Cohen's coat. Cohen heads to the kitchen. But Jean heads back toward the bedroom to powder her nose.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Keeler RUNS across the hall, drops into the crawlspace. Wooters glances back, **sees Keeler's TOOLS left on the bed!** He grabs them and RUSHES back into the hall-

**-and RUNS RIGHT INTO JEAN!!!** She doesn't scream, but it's a near thing. They just stare at each other. Wooters puts his fingers to his lips. A moment. All she has to do is shout. But she waves him into the crawlspace. Closing the closet door behind him, delicious smile on her red lips.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - THE NEXT DAY

On the mesa, two-hundred yards above Cohen's Mansion, O'Mara parks his FORD SHERIDAN in the shade well down the block from a **HALF-FINISHED HOME** with a FOR SALE sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'Mara and Wooters get out and head up to the house, O'Mara carries a grocery sack. Wooters pulls aside a section of tarp on the house, like a curtain.

INT. ABANDONED HOME - CONTINUOUS

Keeler has converted one of the finished rooms into his FIELD OFFICE. His LISTENING EQUIPMENT arrayed neatly, a military-grade RECEIVER, and his *Minifon* portable WIRE RECORDER, REELS SPINNING as he records conversations.

KEELER

So far I've learned that Johnny Stomp is balling Lana Turner.  
(chuckling)  
And Frank Sinatra sounds pretty sore about it.

WOOTERS

I'm pretty sore about it myself.  
Anything else?

KEELER

Judge Krauss is a world-class whoremonger. Bastard can't get enough of Cohen's girls.

O'MARA

Anything about Dragna's murder?

O'Mara places the sack on the desk. Keeler reaches in, pulls butcher paper off an egg salad sandwich and hands half of the sandwich back to O'Mara. Two bottles of coke.

KEELER

No, just more chatter about Guarantee Finance, and I still don't know what it is. But I've been thinking, he smokes Ragan for his wire, right? And then he sends Jack Dragna home to Jesus.

O'MARA

He's taking over the rackets.

KEELER

I get that. What I wonder is how's he can handle all that extra wire traffic? Where's there a net big enough to catch all that money?

Wooters and O'Mara share a look.

INT. THE BROWN DERBY - NIGHT

Wooters and WHALEN sitting at a booth, having lunch. Jack Lane's celebrity caricatures on the wall behind them.

WOOTERS

How'd your screen test go?

WHALEN

RKO put me under contract. I'm not even here right now. You're talkin' to my stand-in.

WOOTERS

I'm sorry. I know you wanted out.

WHALEN

Well, Jack Whalen's destined to do great things, Jerry. You see if he ain't. What's on your mind, cousin?

WOOTERS

Guarantee Finance.

Long beat. Whalen puts down his fork, dabs his mouth.

WHALEN

We were kids, you never met a pie on a windowsill you didn't like.

WOOTERS

You were the one who got caught.

WHALEN

It ain't your fault I'm on this side of the table. I made my own choices and I gotta live with 'em.

(beat)

That kid at the Cabana Club. It was his time, Jerry. You just happened to be there when he died.

WOOTERS

Pete didn't get the measles, Jack. He was murdered for Christ's sake. Maybe you've been on that side of the table so long you can't tell the difference anymore.

WHALEN

That's mighty brave talk from a guy who raids by appointment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wooters starts to get up. But Whalen stops him, placing his big mitt on Wooters' arm, holding him here.

WHALEN

Cohen ain't a criminal anymore,  
Jerry. He's a King. And now that  
Dragna's dead I got no protection,  
no juice. So you go anywhere near  
Guarantee Finance and it won't  
matter you're a cop. Won't matter  
you're my friend. You'll catch a  
contract same as anyone else.  
Every hired gun this side of the  
San Jacinto will be looking to  
hand Cohen your head on a plate.  
And that's a mathematical fact.

Wooters looks down. Whalen lifts his hand. He gets up.

WOOTERS

Take care of yourself, Jack.

INT. ABANDONED HOME - NIGHT

Keeler sits at his makeshift desk. Moths beating against the Coleman lantern next to him. Headphones. O'Mara in a folding chair, half-asleep. Washington plays solitaire.

KEELER

(snapping fingers)  
Wait a minute, wait. Yeah, here we  
go. He's got a dope shipment  
coming in

O'MARA

Where?

KEELER

Shit. I don't know.

WASHINGTON

I bet I know someone who does.

EXT. BROADWAY DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Looking down LA's Great White Way. NEON Marquees: The Palace, The Roxie. Finding **DUKE DEL-RED**, the zootsuit heroin dealer from the *Club Alabam*. Del strolls out of the MILLION DOLLAR THEATER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WASHINGTON (O.S.)

*There's our little Judas now.*

Staked out across Broadway, O'Mara, Wooters, and Washington surveil Del from their car. Kennard, Keeler and Ramirez parked behind, waiting for the word.

O'MARA

Take him at the corner.

Wooters cranks the ignition, but their crappy Ford won't turn over. Washington turns to Wooters.

WASHINGTON

You're kiddin, right?

Del looks back, recognizes Washington, and BOLTS! O'Mara, Wooters, Washington and Ramirez jump out to pursue, dodging TRAFFIC and TROLLEYS on BROADWAY. Horns blare.

*And the balls-to-the-wall foot chase is on! Del is fast, threading through pedestrians, the squad on his ass. Del streaks across HILL STREET, causing a three-car pileup. Crunched fenders. Radiator steam. Washington vaults the wreck, sliding across hoods, closing. Del ducks into...*

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING (STAIRWELL) - CONTINUOUS

Del taking the stairs three at a time. Two burly MOVERS with a huge ARMOIRE block the stairwell. With the squad closing, Del makes a desperate LEAP across the stairwell.

Washington reaches the armoire, LEAPS across four stories of air, catches the railing, *almost slips*, continues up.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Del runs, leaping rooftop-to-rooftop with Washington in pursuit, dodging through hanging laundry. Del turns, pulling a sawed-off SHOTGUN! **BOOM! BOOM!** Washington dives and rolls as buckshot shreds through hanging laundry. Washington TACKLES Del. They roll, both men CRASHING through a skylight *into...*

INT. 'ART PHOTOGRAPHY' STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Del lands on a PHOTOGRAPHER *-uff!* Washington lands in bed next to BETTY PAGE posing in opera gloves and garters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Glass rains as Washington gets up, serves Del a jaw-shattering punch. Del slumps against the wall. And Betty smiles at Washington, covering her breasts, barely.

WASHINGTON

*Ma' am.*

EXT. ALLEY - MINUTES LATER

Washington WALL-SLAMs Dell, wrenching Del's arm up behind his back. The rest of the squad watch out for witnesses.

WASHINGTON

Cohen's got some medicine comin' in. And everybody's gonna get well. Ain't that right?

DEL-RED

Man, I don't know.

He presses his thumb to the puncture wound on Del's palm.

DEL-RED

*ARRGH! Damn, wait. Wait.*

WASHINGTON

Don't you lie to me, boy.

DEL-RED

*Washington, they'll kill me.*

WASHINGTON

Not if you leave town they won't.

His eyes flick from Washington to O'Mara. He gives up.

DEL-RED

Burbank Airport...Tomorrow night.

Washington and O'Mara share a smile.

EXT. BROADWAY - MINUTES LATER

The squad stands around their crappy Ford Sheridans.

WASHINGTON

We hit these guys tomorrow, we're gonna need some fresh horses.

RAMIREZ

I know somebody who could help us.

EXT. CHAVEZ RAVINE - DAY

The Squad's two crappy FORD SHERIDANS rattling up a dirt road, winding through Sulfur Canyon into **CHAVEZ RAVINE**, the future site of Dodger Stadium. *Palo Verde*: a rural pueblo overlooking downtown LA, both poor and idyllic.

Clapboard homes. Community gardens. WASH hanging from clotheslines. CHILDREN run alongside their cars, waving.

KEELER

Rough place to grow up.

RAMIREZ

(nostalgic)

No... It was great.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Fighting cocks strut, their legs leashed to stakes in the dirt, as the Fords pull up in front of a LARGE BARN in need of paint, dust drifting across MEN loitering in front of the barn. **MEXICAN GANGSTERS** from WHITE FENCE. Suspenders. White tanks, hair nets. Fedoras. Pistols in waistbands. These men are the guardians of the barrio.

And as the SQUAD climbs out of their Fords, we see the homeboys from White Fence don't much cotton to strange *gueros* in their barrio. O'Mara sees the gangsters fanning out and for a moment it looks this is going to end badly.

Then the scudding dust clears and the leader, the one they call **SLEEPY**, recognizes **RAMIREZ**. **Sleepy SMILES**, walking across the line to HUG Ramirez. Relief floods.

RAMIREZ

This is my cousin.

SLEEPY

You can call me Sleepy.

Wooters nods to the other *pachucos*, calling each in turn.

WOOTERS

So that would make you Sneezy?  
Grumpy? And you must be Stabby.

A moment of tension, before the pachucos burst out laughing at the joke. The squad joins them, uneasily.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Sleepy OPENS the huge BARN DOOR, letting light into the best-kept secret in the ravine. Sunlight gleams off FENDERS, BUMPERS. ENGINES hanging from chains. This is White Fence's **proto-chopshop**. The two FORD SHERIDANS drive in. Sleepy regards the two cars with great pity.

RAMIREZ

(*Spanish*)

[I need your help. We're going to war with Mickey Cohen.]

SLEEPY

[You always were crazy. And that's why I love you. But I didn't know you were that crazy.]

RAMIREZ

[Can you fix them up for us?]

Sleepy WHISTLES to his homeboys, who wheel over two STRAIGHT EIGHTS. 424 cubic inches of beautiful chrome.

Sleepy caresses the lead Ford, comforting the sick.

SLEEPY

[Shh. Daddy's gonna make you feel so beautiful.]

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Wheels BARK against the runway as a **LOCKHEED SUPER ELECTRA** touches down. A TOWER SEARCHLIGHT swings over a backwater BURBANK AIRPORT. Mothballed B-17s and P-38s in front of Quonset HANGARS. **BURBANK COPS** on horseback clop along the PERIMETER FENCE, shotguns across their pommels.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Lying prone in a field of sawgrass between the airport and HOLLYWOOD WAY, O'Mara PEERS at the plane through his INFRARED **M1 SNIPER SCOPE**. Wooters next to him.

WOOTERS

(re:cops)

Cohen owns their chief. Bought him a big yacht out in Long Beach.

O'MARA'S POV (THROUGH NIGHTVISION):

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A *ghostly, green-tinted image* of the GROUND CREW chocking the wheels of the Super Electra. The CARGO DOOR opens.

O'MARA (O.S.)

Here they come.

EXT. SUPER ELECTRA - NIGHT

Four **PACKARDS** approach the plane. Cohen's MEN climb out of them and begin off-loading heavy BUNDLES from the plane. Cohen's lieutenant, **CORWIN GRIMES** supervises. Grimes has a military bearing. And a murderous gleam.

I/E. BOTH FORD SHERIDANS (MOVING) - NIGHT

The FORD SHERIDANS are *transformed*, gleaming, sleek, stalking the Packards at a distance.

WOOTERS (INTO 536)

*They're moving. Lead car is heavy.  
Repeat, Lead car has the dope.*

O'MARA

Wait until they cross into LA.

The Squad follows the Packards onto rural SAN FERNANDO ROAD, lined with FARMS, FILLING STATIONS, a few HOMES.

O'MARA (CONT'D)

Okay, take 'em.

The supercharged SHERIDANS *accelerate* after the PACKARDS.

I/E. PACKARD (FAST) - CONTINUOUS

Grimes sees the FORDS coming up in his REARVIEW. But instead of flooring it to escape, he lets up on the gas, dropping back to cover the dope-loaded Packard's escape.

GRIMES

We just picked up a couple a tics.  
Burn 'em off the road.

Grimes SLAMS on this breaks, a controlled four-wheel drift, letting the two Fords roar past him. The gunman with him leans out the window with his Carbine, **FIRING**.

I/E. WASHINGTON'S FORD - CONTINUOUS

**BAM! BAM! BAM!** Washington, Kennard, and Ramirez all duck as gunfire punches through their fender. Washington **CRANKS** the wheel to the left, takes his Ford off-road into a **CORNFIELD**. **STALKS** breaking over the **GRILL**, whipping the windshield, as they drive.

Grimes drives after them. Another Packard breaks off to follow. The two Packards pursuing Washington's Ford like orca swimming through the tall corn, gunmen **FIRING**.

Kennard leans out the window, **FIRING** back, his rounds punching through the windshield, killing the other driver, his car swerving into Grimes' Packard, taking both cars out of the game. Grimes' car on it's side.

GRIMES

*Son of a bitch!*

I/E. O'MARA'S FORD (FAST) - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara **POURS IT ON**, determined. Wooters draws his .45. Closing on them, Wooters leans out his open passenger window, **FIRING**. He clay-pigeon **POPS** a taillight.

I/E. PACKARD (FAST) - CONTINUOUS

Gunman 2 climbs over into the backseat and opens the **WINE CRATE** resting there. Inside the slots meant for wine bottles are a dozen Model 24 *Stielhandgranate* **POTATO MASHER GRENADES**. The gunman pulls one out, rolls down his window and **YANKS** the pull cord, igniting the **FUSE**.

I/E. O'MARA'S FORD (FAST) - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara see the gunman's torso pop out of the Packard's back window, his arm cocked, tossing the-

WOOTERS

Oh, you gotta be-

O'MARA

-Grenade!

O'Mara **SWERVES** up on to the shoulder as the potato masher tomahawks through the night air to - *plink!* - bounce along the road past his car, **EXPLODING** just behind them.

I/E. PACKARD AND WOOTERS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gunman 2 SIDE-ARMS the next grenade. This one **LANDS - CLANG! - RIGHT ON THEIR HOOD**, rolling down into the well between the wipers and windshield! Wooters and O'Mara exchange *HOLY-SHIT* looks. O'Mara **SLAMS** the brakes, the car **SPINNING OUT** with Wooters hooking his arm around from his open window, fingers scrabble the hood for the grenade, but he can't reach it!

Wooters ducks back inside the car - **BANG! BANG! - FIRES** his .45 out through the windshield - *O'Mara's look telling us there's no time* as Wooters **PUNCHES** his arm out through the bullet-broken glass windshield, fingers closing around the grenade. He **FLINGS** it away. The grenade **EXPLODES** mid-air as their car rockets past it.

I/E. PACKARD - CONTINUOUS

Holding them in his fingers like a juggler, the gunman now **PULLS** the **CORDS** on **TWO GRENADES** at once. He's about to throw them-

-when **WASHINGTON'S FORD** blasts out of the cornfield, trailing broken cornstalks, barreling right at them.

GUNMAN

*Holy-*

And Washington **RAMS** into the Packard, jarring both grenades from the gunman's fingers. The gunman frantically tries to pick them up off the floor-

-but he's not quick enough. **KABOOM!** The explosion **PUNTS** the Packard into the night sky like a coffee can with a cherry bomb under it. O'Mara **DRIVES under** the flaming car before it **CRASHES** back in a fiery heap on San Fernando.

I/E. O'MARA'S CAR (FAST) - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara's **POURING** it on, determined to catch that **LEAD PACKARD**, the one carrying Cohen's dope.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The squad's two Fords finally close in on the lead **PACKARD** and force it off the road, down into the **LA RIVER**. The Packard rolling end over end, spilling powder-

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

Both cars pull into a quiet dirt turnout overlooking LA. O'Mara gets out of his car and OPENS his TRUNK. Two THUGS crammed back there - a bloody mess, but alive.

O'MARA

Get out.

The men limp to the shoulder, overlooking Los Angeles.

WOOTERS

On your knees. Both of you.

Both men comply. The squad surrounding them.

O'MARA

You boys run dope for Cohen,  
right?

THUG 1

We don't have to tell you nuthin.  
Just take us in. We got rights.

O'MARA

In Chicago you got rights. In New  
York you got rights. In Los  
Angeles, you got us.

O'Mara puts his gun to Thug 1's head.

O'MARA (CONT'D)

You know, sometimes when those  
Santa Anas start blowing up here  
you get the damndest hay fever.  
*You feel a sneeze coming on,  
partner? A real loud sneeze?*

THUG 1

Go to hell.

O'Mara moves his revolver to the left and FIRES! **BOOM!** Inches from the thug's ear, shattering his eardrum. The thug writhes on the ground, clutching his ear. Screaming.

KEELER

O'MARA, JESUS CHRIST!

He puts his pistol to the back of Thug 2's head. Keeler moves to intervene. But Wooters grabs Keeler's arm.

O'MARA

How about you? You got hay fever?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THUG 2

What the hell do you guys want?

O'MARA

Tell us about Guarantee Finance.

Those words almost as frightening as O'Mara's gun.

THUG 2

It's Cohen's policy bank, his central book. Everything, everything runs through it.

The squad trades looks. Pay dirt.

O'MARA

Where?

THUG 1

Nobody knows. I swear. He keeps it a secret. From the outside it's supposed to look totally legit.

O'Mara gun-points LA, the lights rippling in the heat.

O'MARA

See this? This ain't New York and it ain't Chicago. This is the City of Angels. You don't belong here.

(beat)

I want you out of my city. I see either of you here again you're gonna sneeze. All over yourselves.

INT. COHEN'S MANSION - THE NEXT DAY

**LETTY** (50) Cohen's housekeeper, carrying Cohen's dessert: a HUGE ICE CREAM SUNDAE and a CIGAR, on a platinum tray.

INT. COHEN'S MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cohen on his huge bed in a monogrammed silk robe, watching THE LONE RANGER on his new TV. \*But the signal's disrupted by wavy lines...

LETTY

Dessert, Mister Cohen.

COHEN

Letty, you're the tops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cohen lets Letty tuck a napkin under his chin. She leaves as Lennox enters with Grimes. Grimes looks terrified.

COHEN

Well, spit it out.

GRIMES

Someone hit the shipment.

A moment. Cohen removes the napkin from under his chin, and HITS Grimes, sends him smashing backward through FRENCH DOORS. Cohen stepping outside over broken glass.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Grimes stands, wobbly, tries to run. Cohen takes him apart with a savage combination, knocking Grimes into the FOUNTAIN. Cohen straddles Grimes, hands at his throat, thumbs pressing into his Adam's apple, holding his head underwater while carp dart around him. Bubble screams. The bubbles stop. Grimes face slack underwater. Dead. Cohen stands, shaking water from his hands. Calm now.

COHEN

(to Lennox)

Where's the dope?

LENNOX

They burned it.

COHEN

Burned it? This isn't guineas.  
It's cops. Has to be. That shitass  
Parker's puttin' the squeeze on  
me. Find 'em. And kill 'em all.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ALLIGATOR FARM (LINCOLN HEIGHTS) - DAY

**Wooters** and **Jean** stroll past KIDS holding baby alligators sold here as pets. Some of the bigger gators are fitted with muzzles, saddles. Kids actually *riding* them.

WOOTERS

Why didn't you snitch to Cohen,  
when you caught me in the house?

JEAN

Maybe I'm bored. Maybe the  
favorite hasn't paid off and I  
feel like playing a long shot.  
Maybe I just like you that much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

Jean, listen. I need your help.

JEAN

Yeah, I was wondering when you'd get around to that. I mean, what's the point of a cop schtupping a gangster's moll if he's not gonna use her, right?

WOOTERS

Is that what you think this is?

JEAN

Isn't it?

(off Wooters)

Go on. Make your play, partner. I'm all ears. Pretty near anyway.

WOOTERS

Guarantee Finance.

JEAN

Hah. Forget it, Jerry. You're not that handsome. And I'm not too keen on riding a railroad tie to the bottom of the Silver Lake Reservoir. I'd prefer to ride a gravy train, thank you, all the way to the end of the line.

WOOTERS

That why you're still with Cohen?

JEAN

What do you suggest, Jerry? I've got a few frocks and three thousand bucks in a coffee can. That's not gonna get me very far.

She waits, wanting him to tell her to leave Cohen, but Jerry doesn't dare ask her. And it breaks her heart.

JEAN

You wanna know about Guarantee Finance? It's Shangri La. It's El Dorado. He pulls six million a year out of that place. And with Ragan dead, Cohen's got the only wire west of Chicago, which makes Guarantee Finance the Central Book for the Western United States.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEAN (CONT'D)

After he killed Dragna, he had to promise a big piece of Guarantee Finance to the Syndicate. Millions. And he can afford it.

WOOTERS

Where is it?

EXT. GUARANTEE FINANCE BUILDING (WEST HOLLYWOOD) - DAY

A runner pulls his 1948 Chevy Fleetmaster Woody in front of the **GUARANTEE FINANCE BUILDING**, an art deco treasure.

O'MARA (O.S.)

How much do you figure this guy's carrying with him now?

WOOTERS (O.S.)

I make it three large, give or take. Plus the betting slips.

Parked across the street, WOOTERS and O'MARA watch the runner disappear through REVOLVING DOORS.

O'Mara and Wooters watch **RUNNERS** come and go, like bees returning to the hive. We get a sense of scope and scale.

O'MARA

Why's this girl helping us, Jerry?

WOOTERS

Not us. Me.

O'MARA

You know why I ask, right? Because if you're not thinking straight we could be walking into a trap here.

WOOTERS

(laughing)

John, I got news for you. There's probably 20 guns in there right now. They don't need any trap.

EXT. THEATRE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Across the street from Guarantee Finance, O'Mara, Wooters and Keeler crouch behind a NEON marquee. From here, they can see both the FRONT and the LOADING BAY at the rear. At the bay, menacing MEN supervise Brinks SECURITY GUARDS loading locked CANVAS BAGS on to a BRINKS TRUCK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Keeler scans the bundle of **WIRES** running from telephone poles to the rooftop of Guarantee Finance.

KEELER

Okay. Those two look like they're incoming.

(spying a **third**)

But THAT one's definitely outgoing. And I bet it doesn't ring to the cops.

(to O'Mara)

You sure about this one, Sarge? No way do we pull one this big and stay secret. It might get kinda hard to stay alive around here.

INT. CAFE CALIENTE - NIGHT

The whole Gangster Squad seated around a table.

O'MARA

I want you all to understand something. We do this, we'll be exposed. There's no way around it. Cohen will find out who hit him. And he'll come after us. And we'll be six guys up against an army.

His men listen, jaws set.

O'MARA

This is further than I asked any of you to go. And I won't fault anyone who wants out now.

The men exchange looks. Wordless promises to stand together. Ready to step into the breach together.

KEELER

We're not going anywhere, Sarge.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

O'MARA

Kennard and Washington will cover the second floor. Wooters and I will handle the third. Keeler's on the roof to cut the silent alarm.

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - EVENING

*Keeler, dressed as a Pacific Bell worker, climbs the pole next to the Guarantee Finance Building like a lumberjack.*

O'MARA

When the shooting starts, I figure we're going to have about five minutes to un-ass the location before the Sheriffs respond.

RAMIREZ

What about me, Sarge?

KENNARD

You're gonna mind the horses.

Off Ramirez, seriously bummed.

EXT. MUSSO & FRANKS - THE NEXT DAY

A **RUNNER**, sunglasses and bomber jacket, strolls out and climbs into his CHEVROLET WOODY.

O'MARA (V.O.)

*We go at seventeen hundred.*

*Keeler looks down ninety feet to pedestrians on the sidewalk. He GRIPS the WIRE, crossing his legs around it, to pulls himself along the wire toward the roof of GF.*

INT. CHEVROLET WOODY - CONTINUOUS

But as the runner starts the car, **O'MARA** sits up out of the backseat, his PISTOL pressed to the back of the runner's head. Smiling into the rearview mirror.

O'MARA

Don't mind me. Just drive.

EXT. GUARANTEE FINANCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Parked down the street from the building, Wooters, Kennard, and Ramirez wait in their **Ford Sheridan**.

I/E. FORD SHERIDAN

Ramirez behind the wheel. Next to him, Kennard picks his teeth, cactus calm. Wooters and Washington in back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMIREZ

(laughing)

Hey, don't we need a warrant for this, sir?

WOOTERS

No, no. Exigent circumstances.

RAMIREZ

What exigent circumstances?

WOOTERS

The building's on fire.

Wooters passes Washington a TIN of **SHELL LIGHTER FLUID** as they watch the Woody pull up to Guarantee Finance. The 'runner' gets out of his Woody, wearing his sunglasses, bomber jacket, heads through the REVOLVING DOORS.

*Keeler lands lightly on the gravel roof, jogs across to the bundle of wires, pulls his bolt-cutters-*

INT. GUARANTEE FINANCE BUILDING (LOBBY) - CONTINUOUS

The 'runner' steps inside and approaches the DOORMAN -

DOORMAN

You're early.

*-The doorman now SEES it's O'MARA behind the sunglasses-*

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, who the f-

The doorman reaches down to push the HIDDEN BUTTON under his desk-

*-As KEELER SNIPS the SILENT ALARM. Satisfying sparks.*

*-the doorman pulls his PISTOL! But before he can clear his holster, O'Mara cracks his jaw with the butt of his WALTHER P38 (with suppressor), cold-cocking the doorman.*

O'Mara is dragging the unconscious doorman out of sight when three other GUARDS walk in. They see him, pulling their guns. O'Mara doesn't hesitate. He raises his P38. *Pfft! Pfft! Pfft!* Killing three men in two seconds flat.

I/E. FORD SHERIDAN - CONTINUOUS

Kennard turns to Ramirez, deadly serious now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNARD

Under no circumstances are you to  
exit this vehicle, get me?

RAMIREZ

Yes, sir.

Wooters, Kennard, and Washington jog across the street  
and follow O'Mara into the Guarantee Finance building.

INT. GUARANTEE FINANCE

O'Mara finishes handcuffing the doorman as Wooters,  
Kennard, and Washington step inside, seeing the bodies.

KENNARD

God-damn.

Wooters tosses an ITHACA SHOTGUN across the lobby. O'Mara  
CATCHES the weapon, RACKS the action without breaking  
stride as the four men Wild-Bunch charge up the wide  
MARBLE STAIRCASE. O'Mara SIGNALS to Kennard and  
Washington to PEEL OFF to the **SECOND FLOOR**.

INT. GUARANTEE FINANCE (SECOND FLOOR) - CONTINUOUS

Kennard and Washington enter a HUGE ROOM. **Awestruck**. It's  
like the phone company. FEMALE OPERATORS. SWITCHBOARDS.

OPERATOR 1

*Guarantee Finance.*

OPERATOR 2

Fifty on 637? You got it.

The Operators SCRIBBLE NAMES, NUMBERS, INCOMING BETS from  
all over Southern California. And place the SLIPS into  
LAMSON CYLINDERS, which they feed into PNEUMATIC TUBES.

WASHINGTON

Pardon me. Ladies. LADIES! May we  
have your attention please?

Forty operators look up from their switchboards, seeing  
Kennard and Washington, their guns. What the hell?

KENNARD

Y'all can take the rest of the day  
off. Have a good one.

INT. THIRD FLOOR (LANDING) - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara and Wooters peer around the corner, awed by...

INT. THIRD FLOOR (COUNTING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Cohen's Counting Room, Holy of Holies: Row upon row of heavy steel **TANKER DESKS**, a Kafka sea of them across a room as big as a basketball court. **COUNTERS** sitting at each desk, raw fingers flipping thousands of dollars.

Wooters and O'Mara watch them bundle the **BILLS** and place them into canvas bags. The bags carted to an industrial **FREIGHT ELEVATOR** big enough for a garbage truck.

Prowling the perimeter of the counting room are **EIGHT** of Cohen's **FLOORMEN**, watchdogs, scanning each desk for any slight of hand. Each floorman wears an **ARMY .45** in a holster and a **STEN Mark II** submachine gun, with a side-mounted 32-round mag, slung on a shoulder strap.

WOOTERS

(whispering)

We're outgunned, Kemosabe.

O'MARA

You're the one who said you wanted to do something dumb.

(smiling)

I can't think of anything dumber than this.

A **MAN** pushes a **CART** full of **CANVAS BAGS** past O'Mara and Wooters. He glances to his left and **SEES THEM!** O'Mara **CLAPS** one hand over the man's mouth and hooks the other arm around his throat, choking him unconscious.

O'Mara drags the man around the corner. And Wooters pulls the **CART** out into the **LANDING**. Unsnaps one of the canvas bags. O'Mara sees the **THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS BUNDLED INSIDE**: New homes. A new start. O'Mara and Wooters look like Frodo gazing upon the ring. This is Cohen's might. Not machine guns, but the promise of everything you've ever wanted...

O'MARA

Do it.

Wooters pulls his bottle of lighter fluid...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

*And you couldn't think of anything  
dumber.*

*...and DOUSES ALL THE MONEY in the cart!*

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Operators hustle to the stairwell, head downstairs.

WASHINGTON

(shhh)  
Quietly, ladies, if you please.

As Kennard and Washington step into the SORTING ROOM ...

INT. SECOND FLOOR (SORTING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

... Where CYLINDERS drop from PNEUMATIC TUBES. MEN scramble up/down track-rolling, library LADDERS *pinning* each **BETTING SLIP** to a gigantic, TOTALISATOR BOARD.

WASHINGTON

Everybody out. Nice and quiet.

Washington pulls his TIN of Shell lighter fluid, SQUIRTS fluid across the papered TOTALISATOR BOARD. The board becomes a **WALL OF FLAME**. Betting slips blacken, peel away to REVEAL a hidden panel behind the totalisator board, a **SECRET DOOR** with a speakeasy **EYE-SLIT**. Now, the EYE-SLIT *slides* open, a pair of **EYES** behind it stare right at him!

KENNARD

Oh shit.

Kennard pulls Washington out of the way just as a dozen **BULLETS PUNCH OUT THROUGH THE DOOR. The door KICKS open and FOUR GUNMEN with MAUSERS come out BLASTING.**

Kennard FIRES, hits the first guy dead center, dropping him. Washington SHOVES a ladder, sending it rolling along its track, knocking a guy sideways, fouling his aim. Kennard plugs another guy as he and Washington retreat to the stairwell, **FIRE SPREADING FAST UP THE WALLS!**

INT. THIRD FLOOR (COUNTING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara and Wooters hear gunfire coming from downstairs. The FLOORMEN hear it too and hit the ALARM on the wall.

(CONTINUED)



EXT. GUARANTEE FINANCE - CONTINUOUS

**CRASH!** Ramirez watches the TANKER DESK and a flailing FLOORMAN sail out through the third floor window, trailing broken blinds like stiff streamers. The desk LANDS - **CRUNCH** - caving in the hood of a parked Studebaker. People running, screaming. Black SMOKE boiling out of the windows of the GF building.

RAMIREZ

*Son of a bitch!*

Fuck it. That's it. Ramirez can't take it anymore. He puts the FORD in GEAR and FLOORS it!

*Keeler CUTS another wire and uses it to rappel down the side of the building.*

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Pursuing gunmen fire after them as Kennard and Washington take cover on opposite sides of the stairwell. Powdered plaster GEYSERS off the wall as Kennard calmly reloads.

WASHINGTON

(sarcastic)

Why don't you just shoot the guns out of their hands, Hoppalong?

Kennard holsters his revolver and steps out, facing their gunfire. He DRAWS, fanning the hammer. Lighting. **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!** Mausers **LEAPING** from their *stinging* hands!

**Another gunman appears BEHIND KENNARD!** Washington flicks his switchblade. Throwing the knife into the man's chest.

KENNARD

*Much obliged.*

INT. THIRD FLOOR (COUNTING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara SLIPS his foot under a desk, and soccer-jerks his knee up to FLIP the desk UPRIGHT. **Using the steel desk as a shield, FIRING his PISTOL from behind it.** BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! Dropping a floorman. His pistol clicks empty. The last floorman fires back. **Brackabracka!** O'Mara SPINS away from the desk as the bullets collander through it. He DIVES behind two desks, next to Wooters.

O'MARA

I'm out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

(coughing)

Same.

SMOKE. Burning dollars float like cherry blossoms. The last floorman stalks them through flakes of burning cash, slamming a fresh magazine into his STEN, **FIRING as he closes in on their hiding place, barricaded behind desks.**

We hear **HUMMING**. The huge **FREIGHT ELEVATOR** coming. The Floorman looks back at, squinting through the smoke, trying to see who's behind the elevator's wooden gate.

**HEADLIGHTS** shine out through the slats. An engine **REVS**. And the **FORD SHERIDAN SMASHES out through the elevator gate!** The floorman tumbles under the oncoming car. Dead.

O'Mara and Wooters watch the Ford skid across the fiery Counting Room, scattering desks. **Ramirez at the wheel!**

WOOTERS

He didn't get out of the car.

Ramirez kicks open the door.

RAMIREZ

Get in.

O'Mara and Wooters clamber over desks and climb in. Ramirez hits the gas. **And the FORD SMASHES THROUGH A WALL and barrels down the wide marble stairs...**

EXT. GUARANTEE FINANCE - CONTINUOUS

COUNTY SHERIFFS DEPUTIES and FIRE TRUCKS arriving, LA COUNTY FIREMEN swing off the running boards, scrambling.

I/E. THE OTHER FORD SHERIDAN - NIGHT

Washington and Kennard rush the other Ford. Keeler climbs into the car with them, sooty and out of breath.

WASHINGTON

Where's O'Mara and Wooters?

KEELER

(coughing)

Still inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNARD

*And just where in the god damned  
hell is Ramirez?*

Ramirez's Ford **SMASHES** out through the front of the building, grill obliterating the revolving doors. DEPUTIES DIVING out of the way as the car fishtails into the street, flames on the hood. For just that moment, the two Fords are not ten feet apart. Kennard, Washington, and Keeler, Ramirez, O'Mara, Wooters, all together.

DEPUTY

*Who the hell are those guys?*

O'MARA

**We're the Gangster Squad.**

With that, the Fords SMASH through the SAWHORSES, ROARING away up the street before the deputies can react.

EXT. GUARANTEE FINANCE BUILDING - LATER

Burning ASH falls like snow. As FIREMEN scramble to axe open the ground floor windows, the third floor windows suddenly BLOW OUT. The **LAFD CHIEF ENGINEER** turns to...

CHIEF ENGINEER

*It's comin' down, Sheriff.*

...The duly-elected Los Angeles County High Sheriff **EUGENE W. BISCAILUZ** (\*who we recognize from Cohen's table at Slapsy Maxie's). Biscailuz can only watch this apocalypse. He's helpless to stop it now.

SHERIFF BISCAILUZ

*Mother of God.*

There's a commotion at the sawhorses. LENNOX and JOHNNY STOMP shove gawkers aside to make way for **MICKEY COHEN**. The Sheriff's Deputies immediately move the barricades aside to let Cohen pass. And as Cohen stalks through falling ash, we see the fiery carnage in Cohen's eyes. Cohen coming at him, Sheriff Biscailuz shifts his feet.

COHEN

*Now, what the hell is a Gangster Squad, Eugene?*

SHERIFF BISCAILUZ

*We don't know. Mr. Cohen. Right now, I'm coordinating the-*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COHEN

*He's coordinating. That's my Golden Goose, Eugene. Least you could do is get a bucket.*

**Cohen, the old pugilist, KNOCKS Biscailuz on his ass with a swift RIGHT!** 20 Uniformed Deputies see it, but no one lifts a finger to intervene. Biscailuz lifts his fingers to touch his bloody mouth. Cohen **KICKS HIM IN THE FACE.**

COHEN

*Coordinate this, you putz!*

Deputies turn their heads, looking away, as Cohen *stomps the shit* out of the High Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

INT. FORMOSA CAFE - NIGHT

The raucous **Gangster Squad** is gathered down at the end of the bar, smoking, laughing, drinking together to celebrate their victory. Ramirez the hero of the hour, slams a shot, coughs. Washington claps him on the back.

O'Mara finds Kennard with Keeler, sipping his beer, always with his back to the wall. PATRONS periodically getting up to head back into the crowded **BETTING ROOM.**

KENNARD

Our young *Senor Ramirez's* drunker'n a peach orchard sow.

O'MARA

He did alright today.

KENNARD

Yes he did. You know, his dad had a pushcart in Boyle Heights. Wouldn't pay protection to the Black Hand. They beat him to death. Ramirez saw it happen.

The men watching Ramirez and the squad jostle and laugh.

O'MARA

What the hell did you do before you came on the job, Max?

KENNARD

A lot I ain't proud of, can't be put right again. When Gabriel blows his horn, I don't imagine he'll invite me up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNARD (CONT'D)

I know puttin' the badge on ain't gonna settle my account with him. But it does comfort me some. And I guess I missed wearin' it today. I've ridden the other side of the trail. And I don't wanna go back.

KEELER

He's right. We crossed the line today.

O'MARA

You think you got another way to get it done? Hey, why don't you share with the rest of the class?

KEELER

Build a case.

O'MARA

Out of what? An illegal wiretap? No witnesses willing to talk? Listen, we're behind enemy lines here. This is occupied territory. There's no justice in this town. There's just us. We're the line.

Wooters walks over.

WOOTERS

You gotta see this.

INT. FORMOSA BETTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEN shouting. Placing Bets. Playing CRAPS in the corner. Wooters points to the TOTALISATOR BOARD, among the RACEHORSES and BOXERS is a section marked **GANGSTER SQUAD**

WOOTERS

Twenty to one we don't make it through the week.

The squad exchanging heavy looks. Wooters turns to O'Mara. O'Mara steels himself, turning to the BOOKMAKER.

O'MARA

*Hey, gimme twenty bucks on the GANGSTER SQUAD.*

A few heads turn. The gamblers thinking he's nuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOKMAKER

*That's a sucker bet, pal.*

O'MARA

Yeah, but I got a good feeling.

Wooters and Kennard now dig into their pockets.

WOOTERS

Gimme twenty on the  
Gangster Squad.

KENNARD

I'll put them twenty on  
them boys.

Keeler hesitates, looks to his comrades.

KEELER

Aw, hell, I'll take some of it.

And now the rest of the gamblers crowd in on the bookie, deciding to get in on it. Maybe these new guys know something they don't.

EXT. COHEN'S MANSION - NIGHT

A CHAIR smashes out through a window, landing on the lawn. German Shepherds strain their leashes, bark.

INT. COHEN'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Cohen, roaring and gibbering curses, his homicidal rage like lycanthropy. He's lost it. **Jean cowers in the kitchen**, watching Cohen tear his beloved home apart.

COHEN

*Gangster Squad. After what I pay  
the cops in this town. Those dirty  
sons of bitches made off with  
half a million bucks, easy.*

His henchmen hang back, trying to avoid his gaze, afraid to leave and afraid to stay as Cohen SMASHES GLASSES, PLATES, FURNITURE. He grabs a FIREPLACE POKER, swinging.

COHEN

*Now, I KNOW somebody PEACHED to  
'em! SOMEBODY talked! One of you  
putzes gave away the goddamned  
store. Who was it?!?!?*

Tearing PAINTINGS off the wall and PUNCHING HOLES in them. In the kitchen, Jean cringes at the savage sounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Only Lennox, Cohen's executioner, is immune to suspicion. He moves stolidly through the mansion with **BUG SWEEPER**, passing the device over the walls, furniture, phones.

Letty, the housekeeper, now ducks into the kitchen to where Jean is hiding, and grabs Jean by her arm.

LETTY

*Come on. We need to get you out of here, Miss Jean. 'Fore he runs out of pretty things to break.*

INT/EXT. COHEN'S MANSION - MINUTES LATER

German shepherds BARK as Letty helps Jean into the LIMO.

LETTY

*Now, you don't need to come back here. Not ever. He likes nice things. But he's not a nice man.*

Cohen stalks around the house looking for her, charging into his bedroom to find Lennox, finger to his lips. Lennox squats in front of Cohen's TELEVISION, passing the device over it. **Needles JUMP**. Lennox smiles at Cohen.

INT. CLIFTON'S CAFETERIA - NIGHT

We HEAR Danny Kaye and the Andrews Sisters' *Civilization*. Indoor waterfalls. Faux-palm trees with neon. The BOOTHS are Polynesian grass huts. Strobe 'lightning' and recorded 'thunder' announce a tropical storm.

INT. GRASS HUT BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

It RAINS inside the restaurant. **WOOTERS and JEAN** are having lunch in a grass-topped booth. She's terrified.

JEAN

*I'm leaving. You should too. He's like an H-Bomb, Jerry. And you wanna be miles away when he goes.*

He pours cream into his coffee, then pops the hinged **LID** of the little stainless steel cream **PITCHER**. Wooters steers the lid, scanning the restaurant until he catches the reflection of **Neddy Herbert and Johnny Stomp**.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOOTERS

He had you tailed.  
(off Jean)  
Don't run.

Herbert and Stomp arrive at the table. Jerry's hand drops under the table, but they don't seem interested in him. They leer at Jean. We can almost see her heart flutter.

WOOTERS

Can I help you with something?

HERBERT

Mind your business. We'll get to you in a minute.

JOHNNY STOMP

We just want to talk to her is all. We got a message from Mr. Cohen...

Herbert's HAND now drops into his **JACKET POCKET** for something. Wooters **STANDS** now.

WOOTERS

Well, I don't think the lady wants to talk to you.

HERBERT

*What lady?* She's just one a Mickey's pro skirts, pal.

Wooters left hand *flashes* out, **CHOPPING** JOHNNY STOMP'S THROAT. Johnny Stomp **GAGS**, going down.

Wooters **DUCKS** under Herbert's **PUNCH**, his right hand now coming up with his .45, **swinging the pistol like a gama, the stainless steel handle crunching Herbert's nose**, as Jerry twirls the swinging pistol into firing position.

Both thugs on the floor. Wooters standing over them, finger on his trigger, chest-heaving. He reaches into Herbert's jacket where his hand was a second ago. Pulls out a **SQUEEZE BOTTLE**. Jerry sniffs the bottle, frowns.

WOOTERS

*Acid.* This the message you had for her?

Wooters points the bottle toward them.

JOHNNY STOMP

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Both men RAISE their hands, instinctively covering their faces. But Wooters SQUEEZES the bottle out over both their CROTCHES. **Thin smoke rising from their trousers as the ACID hits them.** And they suddenly move like they're on fire, crabbing away, fumbling their belts, wriggling, scrambling out of their trousers, until they're sitting on their bare asses on the floor of the restaurant.

WOOTERS

Get out a here. I see either a you near her again, I'll kill ya.

INT. WOOTERS' CAR (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER

Wooters drives through town, taking a serpentine route one eye on the mirror. Jean sits next to him, in shock.

WOOTERS

What? You never had a man fight over you before?

JEAN

Over me. But never for me.

Jerry takes another fast turn. She takes a deep breath.

JEAN

My name isn't Jean. It's Jenny Mclane. He had me change it. For professional reasons.

(beat)

I came out here to be a star.

(bitter tears)

This face, I figured I couldn't lose. I thought I was going in for a screen test. They locked me up. When they found out I was a virgin they gave me to Judge Krauss.

(off Wooters)

Krauss got me in trouble. So Cohen's guys took me to Mexico to take care of it, but it messed me up, Jerry, so I, I can't...

He takes one hand off the wheel to hold hers.

JEAN

He knows I'm the one who talked.

INT. JACK WHALEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The RADIO plays Roy Brown's *BUTCHER PETE*, Whalen's in his kitchen with a bottle of beer, frying up some eggs for dinner. There's a KNOCK at his door. Whalen pulls a pistol out of his bread box, holding it behind his leg.

WHALEN

We don't want any!

WOOTERS

*Jack, it's Jerry.*

Whalen opens the door to find Wooters and Jean standing outside. He can see by their faces they're in trouble.

WHALEN

Come in. Come in, kids. I was just fixin' some eggs.

WOOTERS

Jack, I need a favor. You know I wouldn't ask, but I need someone to get her out of town. Tonight.

WHALEN

You relax now, cousin. Hear me? Jack Whalen's on the case. I'll get her out of here safe.

Whalen and Wooters shake hands, buddies for life in spite of it all. Then Wooters and Jean embrace. He kisses her.

I/E. ABANDONED HOME - NIGHT

Keeler sits in his makeshift FIELD OFFICE. The tarpaulin behind him flapping in a light breeze.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

COHEN (OVER WIRE)

*Six million we pulled out of that place last year. You realize that's seven zeroes?*

Keeler smiles.

COHEN (OVER WIRE)

*I want you to know that I'm past the anger. That part is over.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Shadows stalking toward the abandoned house, toward the lantern's light glowing behind the tarpaulin.*

COHEN (OVER WIRE)

*It's important that you understand that. What's left now is business.*

Cohen holds Keeler's bug in his hand, speaking directly into it like a microphone. Cohen has mimeographs of PERSONNEL FILES on O'MARA and KEELER on the table in front of him. **\*Hendricks is sitting across from Cohen,** looking uncomfortable, like he has no stomach for this.

**A SHADOW at the tarp behind Keeler.**

COHEN

Just business, Keeler.

HARD CUT TO:

**POV:** For this claustrophobic second, we SEE only **DARKNESS** through the cotton. We HEAR CRICKETS, and Keeler's BREATHING sifted through the pillowcase.

**LENNOX** (O.S.)

Hear that? Middle of the god damned city and you can still hear the crickets.

EXT. WOODEN PIER - NIGHT

The LA sky full of stars we'd never be able to see above Los Angeles today. The downtown skyline in the distance, but we still don't know exactly where we are. We can just make out four **FIGURES** near the edge of a **WOODEN PIER**. Lennox is there, hands in the pockets of his overcoat, while thugs flank Keeler, wrists **HANDCUFFED** behind his back. Pillowcase over his head. The cotton pillowcase **SUCKS** against his mouth with each panicked breath.

LENNOX

I love that sound. It's, I don't know, it's peaceful, isn't it?

Lennox **NODS** and the thugs **REMOVE** the pillowcase to **REVEAL** a terrified **KEELER**, his nose broken, eye swollen. Lennox now **IGNITES** a Magnesium **FLARE**, a **GREEN GLOW** as Lennox **HOLDS** the flare up to Keeler's face. The bright **FLAME** fizzes between them, acrid chemical smoke spooling from it. Keeler clinches his eyes shut, twists his sweat-slick face away from the hot flare. But the thugs **HOLD** him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENNOX

Now, I won't lie to you. A  
bullet's the best deal in town  
tonight. It's quick. Easy.

Lennox smiles, pulling the flare AWAY from Keeler's face.  
Keeler blinks, chest heaving.

LENNOX

At this point, a bullet's, well,  
it's my personal gift. Because  
hell I admire a man with sand. And  
you got more than your share.

Lennox now DROPS the flare off the pier and we FOLLOW it  
down, splashing into DARK WATER, the hearty magnesium  
staying lit. The flare hisses and burbles as it sinks to  
the bottom of a LARGE POND, and the pulsing flare  
instantly causes the water around the pier to GLOW with  
its gelatinous GREEN LIGHT. And for the first time we  
know where we are, the alligator farm, because the huge  
**ALLIGATORS** are now visible in sharp relief, lit from  
below, snaking through the glowing water, waiting...

LENNOX

And all you have to do to get it  
is tell me where the money is.

KEELER

The money?

**Keeler laughs.** It's infectious. Lennox chuckles a little.

LENNOX

The hell's so damn funny?

**Keeler's handcuffs fall to the deck. Clank.**

KEELER

*I always keep a spare key.*

He reaches into the coat of the thug to his left, pulling  
out the guy's gun and **BAM! BAM!** BLOWING HIM BACKWARD,  
splintering through the rail, off the PIER! The thug  
SLASHES into the water, screaming as the WATER COMES  
ALIVE, BOILING with JAWS and MOTTLED GREEN SKIN as Keeler  
SPINS to fire at Lennox, **BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!** Lennox GRABS  
the other thug, using him as a human shield.

**Click.** Keeler's gun empty. Lennox TOSSES the body aside  
and PULLS his 1918 **TRENCH KNIFE** with the brass-knuckle  
"D" Guard handle as Keeler RUSHES him. Lennox coming up  
with the knife, driving it up into Keeler, **killing him.**

EXT. GARDEN OF ALLAH - NIGHT

Whalen pulls into the Garden of Allah: Hotel and Villas. It's late. The guests are asleep. Shadows. Crickets.

JEAN

I don't just want out of town,  
Jack. I want out of the life. And  
that money's my grubstake. It's  
all I have to get started with.

Whalen can relate. He'd himself leave if he could. Whalen stows her in a fragrant slice of shadow, out of sight.

WHALEN

Wait here.

Whalen hurries past the main building, Hollywood's largest **SWIMMING POOL**, heading down a path of paver tiles into a Hobbit-village of little Bungalows.

EXT. BUNGALOW 12 - SECONDS LATER

Whalen kneels by the planter, digs out a coffee can. Whalen waits, watching the path of pavers between villas.

INT. O'MARA'S HOME - NIGHT

O'Mara and Connie are curled up asleep next to each other in bed. Moonlight coming through the shades. A SHADOW passes across the window. O'Mara's eyes SNAP OPEN. He swings his feet off the bed, reaching for his trousers.

EXT. GARDEN OF ALLAH - NIGHT

Whalen walks back down the dark path of pavers between the bungalows. Then Whalen **SEES** them, **COHEN, HOOKY ROTHMAN**, and **JOHNNY STOMP** coming around the main building! They haven't seen Jean yet, but they see him.

Jean holds her breath, watching Cohen and his men walk past her hiding place. They can't see her in the dark. They're walking past the pool now, heading for Whalen.

She can hear Whalen whistling as he walks down the path to face Cohen and his boys, like Gary Cooper walking out to meet Frank Miller and his gang. She doesn't dare move.

INT. O'MARA'S HOME - NIGHT

O'Mara moves barefoot down his hallway, his gun arm extended, his pistol like a keel through dark water. He sees them now, armed SHADOWS heading for the bedroom.

EXT. GARDEN OF ALLAH (POOL AREA) - NIGHT

Cohen, Rothman and Johnny Stomp watch Whalen come whistling out of the shadows, not a care in the world. Underwater pool lights put blue ripples over their faces.

COHEN

Where is she, Jack?

WHALEN

You brought your trouble boys with you just to see Jean?

Whalen takes off his jacket, lays it neatly across a chaise lounge. Rothman and Johnny Stomp step closer.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

Were you expecting some kinda trouble, Mickey?

Whalen unbuttons his cuffs, rolling up his sleeves now.

WHALEN (CONT'D)

Or maybe you're lookin' for some.

COHEN

My dog shits more trouble than you're gonna give me, Jack.

WHALEN

Well, come an' get you a piece.

Rothman and Stomp launch at Whalen and Whalen plays Mickey's trouble boys a little improvised chin music, heavy on the snare drum. Whalen's never fought better in his life. And part of him knows he never will again. *Hoka-Hey, sons of bitches. Today is a good day to die.*

INT. O'MARA'S HOME - NIGHT

O'Mara squeezes the trigger. **BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!** O'Mara cycling the weapon so fast his Colt .45 sounds like a MAC-10. The gunmen shudder and fall. Still moving, O'Mara drops his empty mag, pulls a fresh one from his pocket, slams it home, the slide coming forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE

JOHN! Oh my God! John! John!

Connie runs into the hallway. O'Mara pulls her into the bathroom as the **BULLETS PUNCH THROUGH WINDOWS AND WALLS. Brackabrackabrackabracka!** Glass and splinters raining down as John puts her in the empty tub, getting in on top of her, covering her body. **Brackabrackabrackabracka!** The mirror and tiles shatter around them. Connie SCREAMS.

EXT. GARDEN OF ALLAH (POOL AREA) - NIGHT

Wrevock and Johnny Stomp on their hands and knees, trying to shake the ringing out of their skulls, but Whalen's not finished. He steps over them, coming at Cohen.

WHALEN

You're up next, you little creep.  
I got somethin' here I been savin'  
up special for you, Mickey.

Whalen stalks Cohen around the pool, Hulk hands opening and closing. Jean watches, helpless, Cohen pulls a **PISTOL**. Whalen just smiles, knowing he's won.

JOHNNY STOMP

*No, Mickey. DON'T!*

But Cohen ignores him. He's too far gone now. And Jean watches as Cohen **SHOOTS** Whalen in the chest. **BOOM!** Whalen falls backward, arms out-flung, crashing down through the still surface of the lighted pool, *sinking, sinking ...*

*And we'll HEAR only Edith Piaf's Hymne a l'amour over the following series of scenes.*

EXT. O'MARA'S HOME - NIGHT

O'Mara LEAPS, crashing out through his window, lands rolling, FIRING at the gunmen fanned out in front of his home. He's remorseless, killing them all. This is war. When their BLACK CADILLAC screeches away, O'Mara runs barefoot after it, grabbing a dead man's M-3, FIRING FULL-AUTO, pouring rounds into the CADDY, killing all the men inside. O'Mara's already turning, running back into the house as the death car careens and CRASHES.

INT. POOL (FROM UNDERWATER) - CONTINUOUS

... Whalen *Sinking*. But now we're UPSIDE DOWN, looking UP from the bottom of the pool. And we see Whalen floating slowly upward, *ascending* from the mirror-like surface.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

O'Mara approaches the bathtub. He sees her blood on the rim. And everything, every atom, changes for him.

EXT. THE GARDEN OF ALLAH - NIGHT

The pool light now bathing Cohen's FACE and the courtyard in DEEP RED. The Garden of Allah looks like hell. Lights are coming on in the bungalows now. People opening their doors. Jean frozen in the shadows, watching Cohen hand the GUN off to Rothman as he and his men slip away.

EXT. O'MARA'S HOME - LATER

Wooters pulls up to O'Mara's home to find the street choked with **LAPD PROWL CARS** and an **AMBULANCE**. The O'Mara's little house is shot to pieces. Washington, Kennard, and Ramirez are standing on O'Mara's front lawn with shotguns. UNIFORMS give them distance. Wooters RUNS past them, **SHOVING** the uniforms aside, up the porch.

EXT. GARDEN OF ALLAH (POOL AREA) - NIGHT

Whalen floats. *Sunset Boulevard*. His face peaceful. We still hear only Edith Piaf as...

INT. O'MARA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Wooters runs through the living room, where more uniforms are milling somberly, down the hallway, **past the bloody paramedics**, into the bathroom...

INT. O'MARA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

... Wooters finds O'Mara kneeling next to the bathtub, his wife curled inside it. Connie's unharmed. **So is the newborn baby girl suckling at her breast.**

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - DAWN

O'Mara and Wooters pull up to the front of the abandoned HOUSE where Keeler's set up his FIELD OFFICE. They jog up the slope to the half-finished home. Mounting dread.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE

O'Mara and Wooters pull aside the tarp to find Keeler's chair TOPPLED. LISTENING EQUIPMENT **SMASHED**. TAPES **GONE**. Movement. O'Mara and Wooters SPIN, guns up. A page of stained NEWSPAPER is wrapped around something on Keeler's makeshift desk. The paper bulges and crinkles. Something moving inside it. Wooters watches O'Mara unwrap it. The thing wrapped inside the paper BITES his finger.

O'MARA

*Arrgh. Damn it.*

The BABY ALLIGATOR scrambles off the desk into a corner, leaving the front page of the *Los Angeles Times* open in the desk, the headline: **WHO ARE THE GANGSTER SQUAD?**

I/E. COHEN'S MANSION - MINUTES LATER

O'Mara runs across Cohen's lawn. Wooters follows. O'Mara **KICKS** in the door. And Wooters must follow. They find shattered furniture, broken glass, the whole place hit by hurricane Cohen, but the house is empty of people.

O'MARA

Son of a bitch cleared out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD GREYHOUND STATION - DAY

A line of TRAVELERS carrying suitcases file into a GREYHOUND BUS bound for PORTLAND. Jean takes her place in line, no luggage, ticket in hand. She's leaving Los Angeles the same way she arrived, by bus, with nothing.

She looks over her shoulder at the skyline, torn.

EXT. GOODFELLOWS GROTTO (341 S MAIN STREET) - NEXT DAY

Cohen and Lennox enter the **Goodfellows Grotto**, the steak, chop, and seafood house where governors, judges, cops and crooks have carved up Los Angeles for decades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COHEN

Seventy thousand to get this schmuck elected. Kept the reds out of the unions for him. Now it's time for the dirty son of a bitch to earn his money.

INT. GOODFELLOWS GROTTTO - BACK ROOM - DAY

Dark, intimate. Cohen makes his way past **PRIVATE BOOTHS** to where Murray Chottiner stands in front of one. Lennox waits. Chottiner **OPENS** the curtain for Cohen, allowing him to sit in the private booth opposite **RICHARD NIXON**.

Nixon smiles at Cohen and Chottiner **CLOSES** the curtain.

NIXON

Rebozo tells me you still owe them. For Dragna. And these people won't let you claim *Force Majeure*, Mickey. They all figure you were bound to hit an iceberg. Some of them think you had it coming.

COHEN

I can get the money, Dick. Can you get Parker off my back?

NIXON

I can, but you're going to have to put something on the table.

EXT. KEELER'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

O'Mara and Wooters walk out the front door. Behind them **MARCIA KEELER** sits on her sofa, handkerchief, eyes red. Grief like a physical creature pinning her to the sofa.

Keeler's son **CHARLIE** sits alone on the porch, chin in his hands. Eyes far away. O'Mara sees Charlie's bike leaned up against the porch, the one his father fixed for him.

CHARLIE

My dad's dead, isn't he?

O'MARA

Yes. I'm sorry.

Before O'Mara can react. Charlie lunges off the porch, grabs his bike, **SLAMS** it against the tree, **STOMPING** the spokes out of the wheel his dad fixed for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'Mara wraps Charlie in a bear hug, pinning the boy's arms to his sides. Charlie twists, struggles, tears of rage.

O'MARA

It's alright, boy. You're alright.

O'Mara holds him as Charlie turns, hugging O'Mara tight. The boys silent tears staining O'Mara's shirt. Wooters watches, suddenly feeling like an interloper here.

O'MARA

Your father was a hero, son.

Charlie recovers, brave at the mention of his father.

CHARLIE

Did you get the guy who did it?

O'MARA

Not yet. But we will. I promise.

EXT. UNION STATION - SUNSET

Washington, Kennard, Ramirez, and Wooters like secret service agents, watching the platform as O'Mara helps the fragile Connie on to the TRAIN. The baby in a bassinet.

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara helps Connie to her seat. Connie lifts the baby from her bassinet, holds her.

O'MARA

You both deserve better than what this city's become.

She glances out the window at the squad on the platform.

CONNIE

Is that what you want me to tell her? When she asks me what happened to her father?

O'MARA

I'll tell her myself. Listen to me. I don't want to die, Connie. I want to build us a life here.

(beat)

But I have to finish this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE

I knew the kind of man you were  
when I married you. So I knew the  
job was dangerous when I took it.  
And I know what your word means.  
So I know you have to finish it.

(beat)

But if you really want to live  
through this, John, you're going  
to have to put the war behind you  
and find another way.

INT. CITY HALL (DETECTIVE'S BUREAU) - NIGHT

O'Mara sits at his desk. Wooters sits across from him.  
Neither man wants to admit defeat, but they're fucked.

WOOTERS

Even if the tapes were admissable,  
which they're not - they're gone.  
Face it. We got nothin'. We don't  
even know where Cohen is.

O'MARA

And you still haven't heard from  
Jean, huh?

WOOTERS

I don't know if she made it out.

Gates approaches, looking like an undertaker.

GATES

We need to talk.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

GATES

You've been disbanded.

O'MARA

What? Why?

Beat.

PARKER

The chief has obtained assurances  
that Cohen will confine his  
operations to the unincorporated  
county and surrounding  
municipalities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'MARA

*Assurances?*

WOOTERS

Parker cut a deal with him.

O'MARA

No! God damn it. Not now.

O'Mara rages, PUNCHING his locker again and again, caving in the door. His knuckles bloody. Other COPS come running to the commotion, but seeing O'Mara's face, they move on.

O'MARA

(chest heaving)

Men died for this. And he just cuts a deal with Cohen?

(to Wooters)

He won, Jerry. Cohen beat us.

GATES

I'm truly sorry. I didn't know this was coming. It's not supposed to be like this.

(beat)

This is the first time I've ever been ashamed to wear the uniform.

WOOTERS

Well get used to it.

EXT. OLVERA STREET - NIGHT

A Mariachi BAND plays in the bandstand. COUPLES dancing, whooping, laughing in the plaza. Kids carrying sparklers.

INT. CAFE CALIENTE (CROWDED FOR DINNER) - NIGHT

Inside, what's left of the GANGSTER SQUAD: O'Mara, Wooters, Washington, Kennard, and Ramirez sit at a big table in the back of the restaurant. Somber. Picking at their food. An empty seat and plate of food for Keeler.

KENNARD

So that's it. We're done.

O'MARA

What do you want me to do? Parker called it off. It's over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'Mara stops, seeing the look on Wooters' face. O'Mara and the others follow Wooters' eyes up to **MICKEY COHEN** making his way over to their table, along with Lennox.

Cohen approaches O'Mara's table. Hand dropping to his side, Washington flicks his switchblade open, holding it upside down against his wrist, ready to throw it. Tense. Ramirez reaches for his gun, but Kennard stills him. Nobody's doing anything in the middle of this crowd.

COHEN

So this is the Gangster Squad. You guys are somethin' else, ya know it. I don't know whether to shoot you or ask for your autographs.

Cohen grabs a chair and flips it around to straddle it.

COHEN

Listen, I gotta be honest here. I wanna kill all a' ya right now. I mean bad. Bad as I've ever wanted any woman. I wanna kill your families. I wanna kill your dogs. Hell, I want to kill the Chinaman who cleans your shirts.

(to O'Mara)

And I know you wanna kill me, dontcha, soldier boy?

He's right. We see O'Mara fighting to contain his rage, his battle-honed instinct to kill. And Cohen loves it.

O'MARA

I would like that very much.

COHEN

Trouble is you're already dead. All of you. You just don't have the sense to lay down.

(beat)

And let me tell you, I'm the only who can bring you back from the grave. So here's the deal. Hand over the money and I'll let you leave. Just pack up your little circus and take it on the road.

O'MARA

What money? What the hell are you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COHEN

The money you took from Guarantee Finance. I make it half a million.

WOOTERS

We burned it, you dumb son of a bitch. We burned it all.

O'MARA

We don't want your money, Mickey. We just want you gone. We're cops.

COHEN

You can't shit a shitter. You're not cops. Look at you, the way you came at me. You killed a dozen guys. Burned my place to the ground. No, I know gangsters when I see 'em. You guys must think I'm stupid. And don't any a you mugs talk to me about the law. I bought your whole department. And you know what? It came cheap. So I'm the only law there is around here.

(beat)

I want what's mine. I'll give you 'til tomorrow to cough it up.

O'MARA

Okay. How do we find you?

COHEN

(getting up)

Ah, don't worry. I'll find you.

Cohen walks out. Lennox follows.

EXT. CAFE CALIENTE - MOMENTS LATER

The Gangster Squad walks out of the restaurant, standing at the edge of the plaza, watching Cohen and his men walk across, moving like sharks through DANCERS. Fireworks. Catherine wheels SPIN. Sparks rain down on the plaza.

EXT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

On his way past the bandstand, Lennox climbs the stairs and whispers to the MARIACHI BAND LEADER. The man looks frightened, but he nods, and they stop mid-song and begin to play the *DE GUELLO*, a haunting dirge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hearing it, the DANCERS stop dancing and hustle out of the plaza, superstitious. Lennox looks back across the plaza and **salutes them**, following Cohen and Wrevock to their car.

O'MARA

What's that about?

WOOTERS

I don't know.

That music...

RAMIREZ

It's the *De Guello*. The throat-slitting song.

KENNARD

Messicans played it before they took the Alamo. Means there's no quarter. Means every one of us'll be put to the sword.

O'Mara looks around to his men.

WOOTERS

So what the hell do we now?

INT. BULLPEN - LAPD ADMINISTRATIVE VICE - DAY

O'Mara and Wooters walk through the bullpen, ignoring the COPS and CLERKS staring at them like a couple of *ghosts*. The Secretary approaches Wooters, cheerful and oblivious.

SECRETARY

You have a visitor, Jerry.

Wooters and O'Mara look. **Jean is waiting at Wooters' desk.** Wooters runs to her, holds her. She's alive.

WOOTERS

After they found Jack, I thought you were-

JEAN

I know. I thought I was too. But Jack saved my life. He fought like crazy, until Cohen killed him. I saw it all, Jerry.

WOOTERS

I know. But you're okay now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEAN

No. I mean I saw Cohen kill Jack.

Getting it, Wooters turns to O'Mara. *Holy ... Shit.*

JEAN

I was gone. Exit stage left. But I couldn't. I caught a bad case of stupid. From some dumb cop.

INT. JUDGE KRAUSS'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Krauss sips his coffee, reading the paper. Looks up, startled to see O'Mara and Wooters standing over him.

JUDGE KRAUSS

Who the hell let you in here?

Wooters holds a WARRANT AFFIDAVIT in his hand.

WOOTERS

We need a favor, Judge.

JUDGE KRAUSS

Get out of my chambers. I don't do favors.

O'MARA

You sure about that, Your Honor?

Jean steps into his office, her jaw set, facing him. Seeing her, Krauss pales, his hands shake.

WOOTERS

There. Now that's more like it, you son of a bitch.

O'MARA

See, we've been up on Cohen's phone for a while now. So you're gonna step down.

O'Mara places the Affidavit on the desk in front of him.

O'MARA

But before you do, just this once, you're gonna do the right thing.

Krauss shakily scribbles his signature. O'Mara looms.

WOOTERS

Now, where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRAUSS

Somewhere in town. He didn't trust me enough to tell me where.

O'MARA

Smart. Day I arrested Racine and those other assholes? Time I got to the station, you already had writs waitin' for all of 'em. Who was it stiffed in the call?

INT. CITY HALL (DETECTIVE'S BUREAU) - NIGHT

The bureau is empty. HENDRICKS waits at the ELEVATORS. Ding! Hendricks' elevator arrives, going down. Doesn't notice O'MARA and WOOTERS step up behind him. They grab him by the shoulders, holding him there.

WOOTERS

You can catch the next one, fatso.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK (27TH FLOOR) - MOMENTS LATER

Ding! The elevator doors open and O'Mara HAULS Hendricks out on the observation platform of LA CITY HALL, the tallest building in LA, and the one on the LAPD badge.

HENDRICKS

*Take your hands off me you son of a bitch. I know people. Hear me?*

O'Mara SLAMS Hendricks against the railing, overlooking the gorgeous Los Angeles SKYLINE. Twinkling neon.

O'MARA

I'm counting on it.

O'Mara has Hendricks by the collar, forcing Hendricks to arch his back against the railing. 27 floors down.

O'MARA

*Where's Cohen?*

WOOTERS

Slow down, John.

HENDRICKS

You won't drop me.

O'Mara forces him further out over the ledge.

O'MARA

You sold us out. Killed Keeler. Same as if you pulled the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hendricks doesn't see the WINDOW WASHER'S PLATFORM, neither does Wooters, but O'Mara does. He *SHOVES*.

WOOTERS

*Don't!*

Hendricks flips backward, *screaming* 10 feet down to land in a heap on the window washer's platform. O'Mara VAULTS the railing to drop down next to him. Pulleys CREAKS. O'Mara handcuffs Hendricks right wrist to the pipe frame of the platform and KICKS him off! Hendricks dangles.

HENDRICKS

Ah, CHRIST! JESUS! JESUS!

O'MARA

Where's Cohen?

HENDRICKS

I can't!

O'Mara RELEASES THE BREAK. THE PLATFORM DROPS A FLOOR! Hendricks screams. He pulls the break again. The platform stops abruptly, dislocating Hendricks' shoulder. *Arrgh!*

HENDRICKS

He's at the Roosevelt! Jesus Christ! John, help me up!

O'MARA

Don't worry. Somebody'll find you up here. Eventually.

O'Mara grabs one of the lines, the ex-commando swiftly climbing the rope back up to the observation platform.

INT. LAPD EVIDENCE ROOM (SUB-BASEMENT) - LATER

Gates unlocks the cage and leads Wooters and O'Mara into the dark storeroom, to a TABLE covered by a TARPAULIN.

GATES

Robbery confiscated these months ago. Case went nowhere, of course.

Gates haul back the heavy tarp to reveal **THOMPSON "ANNIHILATOR" SUBMACHINE GUNS**. O'Mara hefts his old war buddy, the weapon an extension of himself, like a *katana*. Sandalwood butt, vertical fore-grip, finned Barrel capped with a blued Cutts compensator. Hundred-round drum mag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATES (CONT'D)

Cohen's a cockroach, Sergeant.

Gates opens a trunk and hauls out U.S. ARMY ammunition box marked **CAUTION: INCENDIARIES**. Wooters opens one of the ammo boxes and plucks out a red-tinged **TRACER BULLET**.

GATES

Swat him like one.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NIGHT

Clouds gather over the city. A storm is coming. O'Mara and the Gangster Squad assemble in the shadows, standing together among the pillars in front of LA CITY HALL.

O'MARA

Parker never wanted to stop Cohen. He wanted to get his attention. So he could make a deal with him.

KENNARD

Figures.

O'MARA

But we don't work for Parker. We work for the City of Los Angeles.

O'Mara pulls out his gleaming BADGE, holding it up.

O'MARA

Says so right on the badge. We're not soldiers. We're not gangsters. We're police officers.

O'Mara pulls the WARRANT AFFIDAVIT from his coat.

O'MARA

Now, I have here an arrest warrant, signed by a magistrate, for Mickey Cohen. For the crime of murder. And I'm bringin' him in.

KENNARD

We go out there and try an' put handcuffs on that sumbitch, some of us ain't comin' back.

O'MARA

That's the job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The men look around, nodding. They've come this far and they're with O'Mara until the wheels fall off.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

We can HEAR the **RAIN** outside as Lennox steps out of the elevator on the 12th floor. Cohen has rented out the entire floor. Lennox passes several armed **MECHANICS** (hitmen) in the hallway outside Cohen's suite.

INT. COHEN'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

It now resembles a bunker. **MECHANICS** assemble an arsenal of wicked assault weapons on the bed, thumbing rounds into magazines. Cohen stands at the window with a drink, looking out over the **KLEIG LIGHTS** of Hollywood Boulevard.

LENNOX

I just got off the phone with Krauss. He says he signed the warrant himself.

COHEN

Yeah? And who's gonna serve it? Five guys? Forget it. Five guys won't make it past the damn lobby. Nobody's arresting me.

But the ursine Lennox isn't convinced. He lifts a Carcano carbine off the bed, testing the heft. The exotic, 7.35 mm **RIFLE** fitted with a side-mounted 38.5 mm **GRENAD LAUNCHER**.

We HEAR Vaughn Monroe's *Riders in the Sky* as...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - MIDNIGHT

The Gangster Squad drives through Hollywood, Kleig lights stabbing the rain-shrouded night sky. Tires **HISS** through the rain. Each man wearing his war face, knowing one way or another this ends tonight. This is it. No regrets.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

**RAIN** pounds the boulevard with extreme prejudice. Streams fill the gutters. The last **COUPLES** hustle from **GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE** (\*the feature: *GUN CRAZY*).

EXT. ROOF OF THE DRUGSTORE ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

**NEDDY HERBERT** patrols the neon-puddled roof with binoculars and a BAR rifle. From this high vantage, he sees up and down the boulevard. Rain sheeting across it.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Gangster Squad pulls their Fords to the flooded curb. They step out into the driving rain and shoulder **SATCHELS** carrying extra drum mags. They pull their Thompsons out of the trunk. Wooters offers a Thompson to Kennard.

WOOTERS

Kennard?

Kennard **TWIRLS** his **PEACEMAKER**, holsters it.

KENNARD

I'm gonna dance with the one what  
brung me.

INT. ROOSEVELT (FIRST FLOOR ROOM) - NIGHT

**HOOKY ROTHMAN** watches the Boulevard through parted curtains, a huge **LEWIS GUN** braced against the windowsill. He looks like he can't wait to try out his new toy.

INT. ROOSEVELT LOBBY - NIGHT

**WREVOCK** and three other **GUNMEN** loiter and pace the empty Spanish-revival lobby, smoking, not even bothering to conceal their **ASSAULT RIFLES**. **DING!** Wrevock **TAPS** the **BELL** on the **BELL DESK**. Nobody's coming, the lobby deserted.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Water sheets off brims of their fedoras as the Squad checks their weapons. O'Mara and his men walk, not hurrying, down Hollywood Boulevard toward the Roosevelt. What few **PEDESTRIANS** there are **SCURRY** out of their way, **HUSTLING** out of the street before all hell breaks loose.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Now, O'Mara and his men stop in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard right in front of the Roosevelt. O'Mara's men spread out as he lifts his **BULLHORN**.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'MARA (BULLHORN)  
**MICKEY COHEN. THIS IS SGT. JOHN  
 O'MARA OF THE LOS ANGELES POLICE  
 DEPARTMENT.**

INT. COHEN'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Cohen looks out the window to see O'Mara and his men standing out in the middle of the boulevard.

O'MARA (BULLHORN)  
**I HAVE A WARRANT HERE FOR YOUR  
 ARREST. COME OUT QUIETLY WITH YOUR  
 HANDS UP AND YOU WON'T BE HARMED.**

COHEN  
 (chuckling)  
 Crazy sons of bitches.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The Mechanics walk out of the lobby. More and MORE of them pouring out of the Roosevelt until the Gangster Squad faces a dozen heavily armed men fanned out in front of the Roosevelt. A pregnant moment.

HEAD MECHANIC  
 Hey, cop. I've got a better idea.  
 Why don't you guys take a walk?

Just **RAIN** and their **FOGGING BREATH**. The Squad puts their Thompson guns to their shoulders, barrels still angled at the deck. Kennard stands with his feet shoulder-width apart, his fingers splayed and ready.

KENNARD  
 You call it, Sarge.

O'Mara looks to Wooters, standing at his side. Wooters nods. O'Mara thumbs his **FIRE SELECTOR** to **FULL AUTO**.

*The MECHANICS raise their weapons and...*

O'MARA  
**Light 'em up.**

The Squad raise their Thompsons and **FIRE**. Suddenly bright red **BALL TRACERS** pierce the stormy Hollywood night like photon torpedoes fizzing full-auto through the rain! We've never seen a fire fight like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Streaming Dotted-lines of tracer bullets CLEAVE through the sheets of rain at a rate of 850 per minute. And each hot round leaves its own contrail, instantly reducing the rain around it to hissing steam.*

The Mechanics UNLEASH their own high-velocity HELL. Bullets whizzing, KICKING up chunks of asphalt around them. *Black Hawk Down* on Hollywood Boulevard. Kennard fans the hammer of his Peacemaker, dropping Mechanics.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

O'Mara and Wooters take cover behind a parked CAR at the corner DRUGSTORE, FIRING from cover, TRACERS drilling the gunmen. Brass SHELLS clatter the wet sidewalk. Rain HISSES off the hot barrel of O'Mara's Thompson.

WOOTERS

Pretty dumb, huh?

O'MARA

The dumbest.

Smoke spirals from Wooters' compensator as he DROPS the EMPTY MAG, slams a FRESH MAG home, FIRING again.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

HOOKY ROTHMAN fires his **LEWIS GUN**: a man-killing monster with a cooling-shroud on the barrel and fifty-round top-mounted, drum-pan magazine. ROTHMAN pulls the trigger, holds it down, 30-06 rounds ROARING out at Ramirez. **BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!** Ramirez DIVES out of the way as the 30-06 rounds RUPTURE a FIRE HYDRANT, spraying a wall of water.

Kennard stands in the street and **FIRES**, not at ROTHMAN, but at the **LEWIS GUN** itself, BOOM, BOOM! Kennard's rounds *sparking* against the thick, shrouded barrel of the chunky Lewis. Each bullet impact **TURNING the LEWIS**. And we see Kennard's actually forcing the unwitting Rothman to **MOW DOWN THREE OF HIS OWN MEN** before he realizes it!

KENNARD

*Careful with that contraption.*

Kennard fires again, putting one through Rothman's chest.

INT. ROOSEVELT LOBBY - NIGHT

O'Mara and Wooters **CHARGE** into the lobby, Thompson guns **BLAZING**, killing one gunman. Wrevock and two other gunmen fire back. Plaster spitting off the walls.

Wooters and O'Mara **BREAK** off in opposite directions, gunfire chasing them from **PILLAR** to **PILLAR**. Couches **BURST**, stuffing snow-globe into the air.

**Wrevock FIRES at Wooters**. Chandeliers **FALL**. The terra-cotta **FOUNTAIN SHATTERS** and water floods out across the tiles. **And one of Wrevock's shots PIERCES Wooters' LEG!** Wooters tumbles and scoots against a pillar. *Shit*.

EXT. ROOF OF THE DRUGSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Neddy Herbert swaps mags to **FIRE** down at Kennard and Ramirez. But Kennard **SHOVES** Ramirez out of the way. Bullets **TEAR** through Kennard. He staggers, and falls.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

Washington runs out into the street, **GRABS** Kennard, and drags him back behind a parked car, **FIRING** his Thompson. But once he makes it to cover, **Washington touches his side, and his hand comes away bloody**. *Shit*. Ramirez and Washington crouch next to Kennard. **Two in Kennard's upper chest**. The wounds mortal and he knows it.

RAMIREZ  
You okay?

KENNARD  
Nope.

Unable to stand, Kennard twists painfully to **FIRE** his Peacemaker from a seated position. Still in the fight.

KENNARD  
But at least I'm gonna die on top  
of Barbara Stanwyck.

Ramirez looks down to see that his friend is bleeding over Barbara's handprints and autograph.

EXT. ROOF OF THE DRUGSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Neddy Herbert angles his **BAR**, putting the **SIGHTS ON RAMIREZ**. His finger taking the slack off the trigger, preparing to take Ramirez's head off, when-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Washington flicks his SWITCHBLADE, and holy-shit, **THROWS the knife all the way across the street**, the blade buzzing, arcing, as it spins through the air to-

-*shickt!*- Herbert's SIGHT WOBBLER. He looks down at the **STILETTO** buried to the hilt in his sternum. He drops his BAR, pin-wheeling his arms, falling off the roof. Done.

KENNARD

Much obliged.

WASHINGTON

Don't mention it.

INT. 12TH FLOOR ROOSEVELT - NIGHT

Hearing the GUNFIRE outside, Cohen looks shaken, somehow smaller, his empire crumbling around him.

LENNOX

Sir, I think it's time to leave.

Lennox grabs the Carcano rifle and leads Cohen to the elevator, GUNMEN flanking him like Secret Service agents.

INT. ROOSEVELT LOBBY - NIGHT

O'Mara FIRES from behind his pillar, engaging the two remaining gunmen. Wrevock stalks toward Wooters, firing just above Wooter's head with his STEN gun. Sitting up against his pillar, Wooters tourniquets his belt around his bleeding leg and teeth-cinches it. Strips out his empty drum magazine, and taps it against his head, SIGNALLING to O'Mara that he's *out of ammo*. Wrevock is closing in on him.

Other two gunmen continue to pound O'Mara, pinning him. O'Mara has no shot at Wrevock and no unobstructed path to toss Wooters a spare magazine. **That pillar is in the way.**

O'MARA

*Jerry!*

O'Mara **CHUCKS** the drum magazine with force enough to **BOUNCE** it off the PILLAR, the drum ricocheting, like a BANK SHOT right into Wooters' upheld palm! Wooters **SLAMS** the fresh drum into his weapon, **ROLLS** out from behind the pillar, RAKING Wrevock, tracers setting his clothes aflame, knocking him back over the bell desk.

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CONTINUED:

Now the **ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN** and two hissing SMOKE GRENADES roll out into the lobby, GREEN SMOKE roils, like the coming of the Wicked Witch. Lennox and a Mechanic COME OUT FIRING at O'Mara, pinning him down. O'Mara sees **Cohen is with them**, taking cover by the elevator. But O'Mara's trapped by gunfire. He can't get to Cohen.

O'Mara turns and **EMPTIES HIS MAGAZINE** straight into the WALL next to him, stitching an oblong circle in the plaster, which he now **LEAPS** through-

-into the **NEXT ROOM**- his weapon empty. O'Mara TOSSES it as he RUNS out into the HALLWAY, empty handed. **Appearing BEHIND Cohen**. Lennox and the mechanic still busy trading rounds with Wooters, who's hunched down against a pillar.

O'Mara HOOKS his arm around Lennox's throat in a choke hold, and YANKS him backward. Cohen spinning around, his gun on O'Mara now. No shot. And O'Mara sees Lennox reaching down for his Carcano. O'Mara STOMPS down on Lennox's rifle with his left foot and KICKS with his right, aiming at Lennox's face.

But Lennox blocks O'Mara's kick, coming up at O'Mara with his brass-knuckle **TRENCH KNIFE**, O'Mara **TWISTS**, taking the blade in his left arm, **PUNCHING** Lennox with his right. Lennox takes the punch, GRABS the Carcano, *raising it-*

-Wooters **SHOOTS** Mechanic dead. Wooters scoots on the floor from one pillar to another, trailing blood from his leg, trying to find a shot without hitting O'Mara... when Wooters FIRES, his shot just grazing Lennox's arm, setting fire to his sleeve.

Lennox grabs Cohen, hustling Cohen out through the swirling smoke past Wooters amid the gunfire.

WOOTERS

*Son of a bitch got by me, John!*

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Ramirez and Washington **FIRE**, forcing Lennox and Cohen behind a parked car. Tracers sizzling into the car, setting FIRE to it. Lennox fires back at Ramirez.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

Ramirez's Thompson **JAMS**. Kennard can't stand, but he concentrates. He tilts his revolver, dumps empties out of the CYLINDER. Kennard has only **ONE** left.

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CONTINUED:

KENNARD

How many rounds left in that drum?

RAMIREZ

One.

Coughing, Kennard loads the last tracer into his Peacemaker. That makes **two rounds**.

KENNARD

Get down here an help me aim.  
*Let's don't let 'em get by us.*

Ramirez crouches behind him. His hand over Kennard's.

I/E. ROOSEVELT HOTEL

O'Mara pulls the knife out of his arm, picks the gun up off the floor and walks out. Wooters gets up, following.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

-right into Lennox's line of fire. Lennox turns his Carcano on O'Mara. **BAM! BAM! BAM!** O'Mara dives behind a parked car as Lennox fires the Carcano's **GRENADE**. Cunk-**Kaboom!** PARKED CAR next to him lifts off the street in a BALL of FLAME, knocking O'Mara sideways into a lamp post.

High-pitched **RINGING** FILLS O'Mara's world, his fingers scrape the wet street. He sees Cohen, tries to pick himself up to go after him, but his equilibrium is gone.

Washington fires until his Thompson clicks **EMPTY**.

Wooters **LIMPS** painfully, **FIRING** his Thompson one-handed.

But no one has a good angle on Lennox as he **RUNS** across the flaming wreckage toward O'Mara, putting the Carcano to his shoulder. Ramirez helps Kennard aim his Peacemaker and Kennard **FIRES**, *missing Lennox by a mile*.

KENNARD

Not where the sumbitch is,  
goddamnit.

(coughing)

Where he's gonna be.

Lennox opens the bolt to see he's got a **ROUND** left for O'Mara. He **RAISES** the rifle, grinning his Kodiak grin down at O'Mara, his **FINGER** squeezing the trigger. **BOOM!**

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CONTINUED:

A strange red **LIGHT** suddenly emanates from Lennox's chest, like E.T. He falls to his knees, the tracer bullet turning his chest into a Japanese lantern.

*Ramirez looks down at the Peacemaker. They did it.*

KENNARD (CONT'D)

That's my boy ... Here.

Kennard removes his gunbelt.

KENNARD (CONT'D)

*Wear it in good health.*

Coughing, Kennard hands his rig over to Ramirez. He smiles through pain. The coughing becomes convulsing and he dies. Washington closes Kennard's eyes.

Cohen stares at the wreckage. He can't run now. Wooters helps O'Mara to his feet. O'Mara, Wooters, Washington and Ramirez converge on Cohen, like a collapsing star. Cohen raises his gun at O'Mara. O'Mara raises his. Silence.

O'MARA

Mickey Cohen. You're under arrest.  
For the murder of Jack Whalen.

Cohen smiles, tosses the gun aside.

COHEN

Well, what're you waitin' for,  
lawman?  
(raising his fists)  
Take me in.

O'Mara tosses his gun, raises his fists. None of the others make a move. His eyes tell them not to interfere.

WOOTERS

Kick his ass, Sarge.

THE FIGHT'S ON! Cohen and O'Mara trade savage punches. O'Mara's battle-honed hand-to-hand versus Cohen's years in the ring, the streets.

*SIRENS. BLACK & WHITES and FIRE TRUCKS arriving. The squad holds back a crowd of UNIFORMS, CIVILIANS, murmuring, pointing. Jesus, that's Mickey Cohen!*

WASHINGTON

Stay BACK. Give 'em room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cohen PUNCHES the knife wound in O'Mara's arm. *Arrgh!* O'Mara clinches and Cohen comes to the body, ribs, kidneys. O'Mara's eyes roll, sucking wind, but he somehow manages to keep his feet. A ring of people watching now.

O'Mara HEADBUTTS Cohen, dips his shoulder to hook his right arm between Cohen's legs, grabbing Cohen's collar with his left fist. And with a roar, O'MARA LIFTS COHEN UP OFF HIS FEET, HOLDING HIM FLAILING AND KICKING OVER O'MARA HEAD. The crowd gasp. And O'Mara THROWS him down in the street. Cohen's head bouncing off the asphalt, dazed, blinking at the crowd around him. It's over.

O'MARA  
(panting)  
Take him away.

We PULL BACK from the wreckage on Hollywood Boulevard.

I/E. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

O'Mara, Wooters, Ramirez and Washington march Cohen into the lobby of LAPD HEADQUARTERS.

And fifty COPS in here to get out of the rain turn to look at them. They've been through a war and it shows.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS (BOOKING AREA) - NIGHT

**Mickey Cohen sneers at us for his final BOOKING PHOTO.**

EXT. CITY HALL - EVENING

LA NEWSHOUNDS snapping photos of a PRESS CONFERENCE on the steps of **LOS ANGELES CITY HALL**. Behind an impressive line of spit-shined, handsome UNIFORMED LOS ANGELES POLICE OFFICERS, the once and future CHIEF **BILL PARKER** stands, flanked by the MAYOR and the DISTRICT ATTORNEY. Gates is present. **So is NIXON**. But of course the Gangster Squad is nowhere to be seen.

PARKER  
Thanks to the diligence and vigilance of the finest police force in the modern world, the LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT, the reign of gangster Mickey Cohen in Los Angeles is at an end.

Parker and Nixon pose together. Cheers and Applause.

EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - PERFECT DAY

WOOTERS kneels at the grave of CONWAY KEELER and places a LOS ANGELES TIMES next to the marker, weighing it down with a rock. He moves from grave to grave, places newspapers near the marker of MAXWELL KENNARD. JACK WHALEN. PETER CALLAHAN. The headline: **COHEN CONVICTED**. Wooters climbs into his car, where JEAN is waiting. She leans in close as they drive away out of Los Angeles.

EXT. CENTRAL AVENUE - BRILLIANT NIGHT

CENTRAL AVENUE: CAR CLUBS cruise the Ave; the REBEL ROUSERS, the HUNS, BLOOD ALLEY, cat-calling from their sleek CONVERTIBLES as they pass JACK'S BASKET ROOM.

Two **LAPD UNIFORMED BEAT COPS** swaggering side by side like Dodge City Marshals. One cop big and black. The other cop small and brown, with a well-fitting uniform and a .45 COLT PEACEMAKER in a non-regulation gunbelt. **OFFICER NAVIDAD RAMIREZ** and his partner **ROCKY WASHINGTON** walk down Central Avenue and suddenly SHOTS RING OUT. And there's nowhere in the world these two would rather be.

EXT. AVALON HARBOR CATALINA ISLAND - SUNSET

A GRUMMAN SEAPLANE soars past the CASINO BUILDING and kisses down on the blue waters Avalon harbor. JOHN and CONNIE O'MARA are building a sand castle with their six-month old DAUGHTER. Connie points to the seaplane.

CONNIE

*See the plane, sweetie?*

O'Mara catches sight of a milk-skinned BLONDE walking by on the arm of a young SAILOR in dress whites. She doesn't look back at O'Mara as they stroll past him. O'Mara watches them. Couldn't be OUR Blonde, could it? Doesn't matter. She reminds O'Mara of what he's accomplished.

CONNIE

(smiling)

Eyes front, Sergeant.

O'Mara smiles, kissing his wife. Finally at peace.

**\*AND WE HEAR MODERN LAPD RADIO TRAFFIC PRELAPPING...**

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**TIGHT ON:** A BLACK & WHITE PHOTO, but we're so close to it the faces appear pixelated, too blurry to make out, until we *PULL BACK* to reveal it's a DIGITAL copy of a copy of an old UNIT PHOTO of the **ACTUAL GANGSTER SQUAD...**

*PULLING FURTHER BACK* to reveal that the yellowed photo of the squad is just one picture, half-forgotten, on a WALL covered with photos: CRASH UNIT PHOTOS, generation after generation of eager young GANG COPS posing around SEIZED DOPE and GUNS. DIVISIONAL SOFTBALL TEAMS, the BAKER TO VEGAS LAW ENFORCEMENT RELAY RACES. COMMENDATIONS. GANG BANDANNAS pinned to the wall like Comanche Scalps.

We're in the cramped office of the **77TH DIVISION GANG UNIT**, hardly more than a closet, underfunded, ignored. We follow LAPD GANG COPS *hustling* out of the office...

EXT. 77TH DIVISION - SUNSET

*And into* their BLACK & WHITES. SIRENS WAIL as the cars head out into LA. Dry palm trees over graffiti-covered apartments. LAPD CHOPPERS circle in a beautiful sunset...

**THE END**