

LOVE FIELD

by

STEPHEN DAVIS

Third Draft
October 1988

1. TITLE SEQUENCE.

IT IS DARK. SOMETHING, THOUGH IS MOVING, ACROSS THE PLANE OF THE FRAME, SWINGING, SLOWLY, SIDE TO SIDE.

THE SECOND THING WE SEE IS DARKNESS, AND THEN, MOVING IN THE DARKNESS, SUDDENLY AND STRIKINGLY DEFINED IN LIGHT, IS THE MOUTH OF A WOMAN, FULL AND SENSUOUS, REFLECTED IN A MIRROR.

BLUESEY MUSIC STARTS UP UNDER THESE INTERCUT IMAGES - THE SWINGING PATTERN OF A FLASHY HERRINGBONE SUIT JACKET, AND THE MOUTH, BEING WIPED A VIVID RED BY A HAND WIELDING A BIG, PHALLIC LIPSTICK.

AND AS THE MOUTH ASSUMES GRADUALLY, STROKE BY STROKE, ITS VIVID RED, THE SWINGING SHAPE TURNS SLOWLY AND WE SEE - STILL IN VERY TIGHT CLOSE-UP - ANOTHER MOUTH, ALSO BEING PAINTED RED, BY A SLOW LAVA FLOW OF BLOOD RUNNING FROM A NOSTRIL.

SUPER TITLE

WE RETURN TO THE LADY AND SEE THIS . . . A NICE YOUNGISH GIRL, SITTING IN A TRAILER HOME. IN THE CORNER A TV SET IS PLAYING. THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNTRY, JF KENNEDY, IS MAKING A PRETTY SPEECH IN HIS NOW-FAMOUS WAY.

THE ELEVATING RHETORIC OF THE SPEECH SITS UNEVENLY ON THE GIRL'S MOOD; WE SEE THAT THE EFFORT WITH THE MAKEUP MIRROR IS TO CONCEAL A BRUISED FACE

CUT TO:

2. EXTERIOR. STREETCORNER, CHICAGO. DAY.

ON A STREET CORNER, BY A RAILWAY BRIDGE OR FREEWAY OVERPASS, A LARGE CAR SCREAMS TO A HALT AND, AT SPEED, TWO MEN LEAP FROM THE FRONT, HURRY TO THE TRUNK, AND HEAVE ONTO THE STREET THE CORPSE OF A MAN, QUITE MUTILATED.

WE RECOGNISE THE SUIT PATTERN. IT IS THE CORPSE WE SAW SWINGING.

THE CAR SCREECHES AWAY ACROSS THE EMPTY STREET.

CUT TO:

3. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

WE ARE IN VERY VERY CLOSE ON THE FACE OF A MAN IN HIS MID-FORTIES, PUDGY FEATURES, THINNING HAIR, GREASED BACK FLAT TO HIS HEAD. HE IS WEARING A BOW TIE AND A WHITE SHIRT. HE MOST RESEMBLES A BOXING REFEREE - BUT HE IS NOT A BOXING REFEREE.

HIS FACE IS LIT WITH COLOURED SPOTLIGHTS AND THE HEAT HAS OPENED HIS PORES AND STARTED A SWEAT. HE IS SPEAKING TO AN AUDIENCE - BUT HE CANNOT SEE THEM AGAINST THE LIGHTS ON HIM.

THIS MAN ENJOYS BEING IN THE LIGHTS. WHEN HE IS IN THESE LIGHTS, THIS MAN IS IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN MAKING - HE IS BIGGER, FUNNIER, RICHER AND MORE SUCCESSFUL IN EVERY WAY THAN THE PUDGY FEATURED BALDING MAN WE CAN SEE, SWEATING IN THE LIGHTS.

HE WEARS A SATISFIED SORT OF SMILE, AND TALKS COSILY AND INTIMATELY. UNDER HIS CHIN, A LITTLE WAY DOWN, A FLASHY DIAMOND STICKPIN IN HIS TIE - HIS PROUDEST POSSESSION.

HIS NAME IS JACK RUBY.

RUBY

Ladies an' gennlemen - you're in a motel room, right? . . . you're in a motel an' you're a long way from home an' I want you to imagine the phone rings - (STOPS, THINKS) Lissen to me, ladies and gennlemen, a long way from home - I know that feelin' alright, believe me - in a motel in Dallas Texas - I say this because me myself, I'm from Chicago -

WE CUT WIDE TO FIND A BORED-LOOKING STRIPPER WAITING IN THE WINGS TO COME ON. AT THE MENTION OF CHICAGO SHE ROLLS HER EYES AND HEADS FOR THE BAR, CARRYING THE PROP FOR HER ACT - A TELEPHONE.

RUBY

Chicago, now there's a town, believe me -
anyone in the audience tonight from the Windy
City?

WE GO WITH THE STRIPPER AT THE BAR.

STRIPPER

Gimme a shot, Larry - he's started in on
Chicago -

LARRY, THE BARTENDER, POURS HER A BOURBON. HE IS A LEAN
GUY IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES. HE IS SOME KIND OF REFUGEE FROM
A WORSE LIFE.

THERE ARE NO "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN" IN THE CLUB - THERE IS
A REASONABLE-SIZED AUDIENCE OF SALESMEN, AGEING
COWBOYS DRINKING TOO MUCH, AND OTHER FLOOZIES. IT IS
THAT KIND OF A JOINT.

WE CUT BACK CLOSE ON RUBY.

RUBY

Old times, ladies an' gennlemen - times you
think you is never gonna see never again, ole
friends you think you're never gonna hear from
again - I've had my share of troubles in this life
believe me - (STOPS - A SENTIMENTAL
PAUSE) Ladies an' gennlemen - you come here
to see a show - (PAUSE) Ya come in here to
see a show for you here tonight and I am not
goin' to disappoint ya - your host Jack Ruby,
ladies an' gennlemen - (UPBEAT) Now you're
in this motel, an' you're wantin' some
company, an' the phone rings all of a sudden,
an' there's this girl on the line - an' it's
Telephone Tricksie!

AT HER SUDDEN CUE, CAUGHT ON THE HOP WITH A GLASS AT HER LIPS, THE STRIPPER HAS TO POUR THE LIQUOR STRAIGHT DOWN HER THROAT.

CUT TO:

4. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

THE SHOW IS OVER, THE CLUB IS EMPTY.

LARRY IS CLEANING UP. RUBY IS AT A TABLE COUNTING THE TILL. HE HAS A CIGAR AND A DRINK. THERE IS A TV SET PLAYING ON A SHELF IN HIS DIRECT LINE OF FORWARD VISION.

THE STRIPPER APPROACHES THE TABLE, DRESSED TO GO HOME FOR THE NIGHT. AT FIRST RUBY DOES NOT TAKE HIS GAZE FROM THE TV SET.

RUBY

You're fired, sweetness.

STRIPPER

I'm fired? You must be joking.

RUBY

Where was you when I give you your cue?

STRIPPER

(AFTER PAUSE) This club is dead an' finished and you know it and I know it, Jack Ruby. So fuck you.

SHE TURNS AND GOES OUT. SHE SPOKE THE TRUTH.

RUBY RETURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE TV SET; WE SEE WHAT HE WATCHES -

A MAN - FIFTIES, PLAIN LOOKING, ITALIAN-AMERICAN, IS SITTING AT A TABLE WITH MICROPHONES, GIVING TESTIMONY TO A SENATE COMMITTEE. HIS NAME IS VALACHI.

QUESTIONER

And what name do you give to this crime organisation?

VALACHI

What name? Just Cosa Nostra - which translated just means Our Thing, something like that.

QUESTIONER

And what would happen to you if some of your Cosa Nostra confederates found you talking publicly about their organisation?

VALACHI

What would happen? Like with Action Jackson in Chicago just recently, Senator - they'd hang me up on a meathook.

QUESTIONER

They'd kill you?

VALACHI

Not straight off, Senator.

THERE IS LAUGHTER IN THE ROOM AT THIS. THE SENATOR, STERN-FACED, BANGS HIS GAVEL.

RUBY WATCHES ALL THIS, SOMEHOW BOTHERED BY IT, BUT IN WHAT EXACT WAY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL.

CUT TO:

5. INTERIOR. BUS STATION, DALLAS. NIGHT.

IT IS THREE A.M. THE COFFEE COUNTER AT THE BUS STATION IS THE ONLY ALL-NIGHT SPOT IN TOWN.

WE SEE RUBY COME ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DOOR OF THE CAROUSEL CLUB. HE COMES IN AND APPROACHES THE COUNTER.

COUNTER TENDER

Hey Jack - good show tonight?

RUBY

Yes Frank, great show tonight. Gimme me a strong black coffee willya?

RUBY LOOKS ROUND FROM THE COUNTER HE SEES A GIRL SITTING AT A TABLE. SHE WEARS A FUR COAT. HER FACE IS WELL MADE UP. THERE IS AN OVERNIGHT CASE BY HER TABLE. SHE HAS A COFFEE. IT IS THE GIRL FROM THE TRAILER.

THE COUNTER TENDER SLIDES A CUP OF COFFEE ACROSS THE COUNTER. RUBY DROPS CHANGE ONTO THE COUNTER. A LOOK FROM RUBY INDICATES CURIOSITY ABOUT THE GIRL. THE COUNTER GUY SHRUGS.

RUBY COMES OVER TO THE GIRL, PUTS HIS CUP ON HER TABLE, SLIDES INTO THE SEAT OPPOSITE.

RUBY

Excuse me -

CANDY BARR

Sure.

RUBY

(SITS) If you don't me saying this - a bus depot can be a wrong place for a young girl on her own at night. (PAUSE) I mean the problem is that there are people hang around these kinda places - (PAUSE) Where you from?

CANDY BARR

Rising Star Texas.

RUBY

I from Chicago myself. (SMILES. PAUSE)
Where you headed?

CANDY BARR

Outa Rising Star Texas.

HE LOOKS AT HER FACE. IT IS BLANK AND INDIFFERENT, AS NEUTRAL AS HER TONE OF VOICE.

RUBY

He hit you a left or a right?

CANDY BARR

He's a southpaw.

RUBY

First bus don't leave till four.

HE LOOKS AT HER. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, FOR THE FIRST TIME.

CUT TO:

6. EXTERIOR. ALLEYWAY, DALLAS. NIGHT.

RUBY IS WALKING UP THE ALLEY THAT RUNS FROM THE STREET WHERE THE BUS STATION BAR IS ALIGHT, ROUND TO THE BACK DOOR OF THE CAROUSEL.

CANDY BARR IS ALONGSIDE, CARRYING HER CASE.

RUBY

Next door down - it's basically the fire exit -

CUT TO:

7. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS. NIGHT.

RUBY HAS SHOWN CANDY BARR TO A BUNK THAT SITS IN THE SMALL, GRUBBY DRESSING ROOM BACKSTAGE IN THE CLUB.

RUBY

It ain't much. To be honest it ain't anything.
But it's safer than hangin' round a bus station.

CANDY BARR

You own the club?

RUBY

That ain't much either. But it's mine. (PAUSE)
My barkeep sleeps here some nights. Other
nights he runs off an' I don't know where the
hell he goes. Nobody'll bother you here
anyhow.

PAUSE. RUBY GOES TO THE DOOR TO LEAVE.

CANDY BARR

I was wonderin' -

RUBY STOPS, TURNS.

CANDY BARR

You think I could be any good as a dancer?

SHE LOOKS AT HIM, SLIGHTLY COCKS HER HIP.

CUT TO:

8. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

RUBY IS IN THE SPOTLIGHT. IT IS SHOW NIGHT.

RUBY

Ladies an' gennlemen - your host Jack Ruby -
welcome once again to the Carousel Club,
Dallas Texas - and tonight is truly a special
night - because tonight is precinct night -

WE CUT WIDE TO SEE THAT THE CLUB IS CROWDED TONIGHT - AND
THE CLIENTELE ARE ALL DETECTIVES AND POLICEMEN FROM THE
DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT.

THE DETECTIVES ARE BIG MEN IN SUITS WHO ALL SPORT WHITE
STETSONS. THE BAR IS CROWDED AND LARRY IS BUSY SERVING
DRINKS.

RUBY

Because tonight, ladies an' gennlemen - we
have something new for you - something real
special -

CUT TO:

9. INTERIOR, CAROUSEL CLUB. DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

CANDY BARR IS AT THE MIRROR IN THE TINY, GRUBBY DRESSING ROOM. SHE IS NERVOUSLY CHECKING HER MAKEUP. RUBY'S VOICE CAN BE HEARD ON A SMALL, TINNY TANNOY.

LARRY COMES TO THE DOOR, PUSHES IT OPEN.

LARRY

He's introducing you.

CANDY BARR

Thankyou Larry. Tell him I'll be right there.

LARRY GOES. CANDY BARR STANDS, CHECKS HER COSTUME IN THE MIRROR.

SHE NOTICES SOMETHING AS SHE SMOOTHES HER THIGHS WITH HER HANDS. SHE TWISTS OFF HER WEDDING BAND AND DROPS IT INTO A BROKEN CHINA CUP ON THE TABLE.

NOW SHE'S READY.

CUT TO:

10. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB. NIGHT.

RUBY ON STAGE, HOT AND SWEATY IN THE LIGHTS, A BIG PLEASED-WITH-HIMSELF SMILE ON HIS CHUBBY FACE.

RUBY

Ladies an' gennlemen - the Carousel's latest hot potato - straight from the Old Bourbon in New Orleans and a long engagement at the Sans

Souci in Las Vegas Nevada - MISS CANDY
BARR -

RUBY BACKS AWAY AS CANDY BARR APPEARS IN THE WINGS.

WE CUT WIDE TO THE CLUB DOORWAY WHERE A PATROLMAN IS
LEANING AGAINST A WALL WATCHING THE SHOW. THE
PATROLMAN - HIS NAME IS TIPPIT - GLANCES TO ONE SIDE WHEN A
MAN IN A COWBOY RIG APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, SQUINTING
TOWARDS THE STAGE. WE MIGHT GUESS THIS IS YOUNG CANDY
BARR'S HUSBAND.

CUT TO:

11. EXTERIOR. ALLEYWAY BY CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS, NIGHT.

A CAR HAS PULLED UP QUIETLY BESIDE THE BACK DOOR OF THE
CLUB. THERE IS A POLICE PATROLMAN AT THE WHEEL AND TWO
FAT DETECTIVES IN THE BACK.

WE SEE RUBY COME FROM THE SIDE DOOR OF THE CLUB AND GET
INTO THE FRONT OF THE CAR, TWISTING ROUND TO TALK TO THE
GUYS IN THE BACK - LEO SMALLS AND MATT TAYLOR. THEY'VE
EACH BEEN AROUND LAW-ENFORCEMENT A LONG TIME - TOO
LONG, IN FACT.

RUBY

Can't stop an' talk tonight boys, got a new act
up. Here you are -

RUBY HANDS BACK A BAG OF WHITE POWDER.

THE DETECTIVES EVALUATE THE WHITE POWDER INSIDE. ONE
SNIFFS IT, ANOTHER LICKS HIS FINGER END AND TRIES IT ON THE
END OF HIS TONGUE.

MATT

You still get this stuff comin' through?

RUBY

You know yer old uncle Jack.

MATT

I'm only asking Jack because according to what I bin told this pure grade ain't coming no more, ever since that cocksucker closed down Cuba. So that's my reason for askin', where you come by this stuff?

RUBY SAYS NOTHING.

MATT

You ain't sayin' that the Big Man is back off the island?

RUBY STAYS DUMB. LEO WEARILY REACHES IN HIS POCKET FOR A ROLL OF DOLLAR BILLS - A VERY BIG ROLL.

LEO

Five hundred, Jack.

RUBY

Thanks Leo.

LEO

Let's be clear about this before we all leave - usual story applies - Jack here has just turned over some phoney narcotics that a hood tried to sell him in from Florida. He never got the name of the hood and he passed the evidence over to us. We record receipt of a bag of white talcum powder. Jack was reimbursed his expenses for the meeting. Okay?

MATT

Okay.

LEO

Okay.

RUBY

Thanks fellers. Good luck.

THERE IS CHEERING FROM THE CLUBROOM.

LEO

Sounds like we missed Miss Hot Potato.

RUBY

I gotta go.

CUT TO:

12. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

RUBY SLIPS BACK IN THE DOOR OF THE CLUB AND WATCHES CANDY BARR'S ACT FROM THE WINGS.

CANDY BARR'S ACT IS A SUCCESS. WE SEE, FROM HER POV, THE FACES OF THE CROWD AROUND THE STAGE AS HER DANCE ROUTINE REACHES A CLIMAX.

WE SEE A PIECE OF CANDY BARR'S COSTUME TOSSED INTO THE CROWD.

AT THE DOOR TIPPIT IS WATCHING. THE COWBOY NEXT TO HIM IS SWEATING.

CANDY BARR TAKES A BOW.

OVER BY THE DOOR PATROLMAN TIPPIT JOINS ENTHUSIASTICALLY IN THE APPLAUSE. THE COWBOY ALONGSIDE TURNS AND LEAVES THE CLUB.

AS HE TURNS FROM THE STAGE, RUBY FINDS SOMEONE WAITING AT HIS SHOULDER - PROBY. HE IS MIDDLE AGED, RUNNING TO FAT, KEEPS TOO MUCH HAIR PLASTERED ACROSS HIS BALD PATCH.

RUBY

Oh Jesus. Now you.

PROBY

We gotta talk Jack.

CUT TO:

13. EXTERIOR, DALLAS TEXAS. NIGHT.

RUBY AND PROBY EMERGE INTO THE ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE THE CLUB. RUBY IS HOTLY IMPATIENT WITH THIS GUY, WHOM HE ADDRESSES IN A LOW HISSING VOICE.

RUBY

I thought I told you I didn't want you comin' in the club - what it could do to me bein' seen with one o'you guys.

WATCHING OVER HIS SHOULDER, RUBY LEADS PROBY AWAY. THEY WALK QUICKLY ALONG THE DESERTED ALLEYWAYS ROUND THE BACK OF THE ABBATTOIR.

PROBY

What you got fer me?

RUBY

Got fer you? I ain't got nothin' fer you? What was you expectin'?

PROBY

You know as well as me there was a big hit in Chicago. Action Jackson was a pal of yours, or so you told me. You an' him was that close in the old Chicago days, or so you told me.

RUBY SEES MOVEMENT - PEOPLE LEAVING THE CLUB, OR A CAR ARRIVING AT THE END OF THE ALLEY, AND HE PUSHES PROBY INTO THE DOOR OF THE ABBATTOIR.

RUBY

So what is this?

PROBY

They hung him up on a hook and tortured him with a prod. For Chrissakes.

RUBY

I don't get this, Proby. What the fuck is this?

PROBY

You're supposed to be gettin' stuff fer the bureau.

RUBY

Christ, you feds, you get right on my tits. Last month I told you that Dave Wolf was agitatin' -

PROBY

We checked Wolf, an' just 'cos he was payin' four dollars for a stripper don't make him a communist.

RUBY

I don't know what the hell else it makes him. (BEAT) Lissen to me, Proby, don't think I don't take alla this serious. I want the Bureau to know Jack Ruby takes alla this dead serious. I give you the names of as many communists as I ever come across in union affairs -

PROBY

Lissen - this ain't about communists.

RUBY

An' what the fuck is it about?

PROBY

Organised crime.

SILENCE.

RUBY

Organised Crime. (PAUSE) In't no such thing.

PROBY

Yeah? Then what the fuck's all this on tv with the senate hearings? The Director's goin' crazy in Washington.

RUBY

What makes you come to me, Proby? Jack Ruby - a hard-workin' club owner? (PAUSE) Lissen to me. I go down to Cuba an' I'm on the lookout fer communists, like you said. Only when I get there there's so many o'them red cocksuckers everyplace it don't make no diff'rence to start takin' their names. Place is filthy with them - I'll tell you one thing -

PROBY TAKES OUT A NOTEPAD.

PROBY

I'm lissn'in.

RUBY

There's one big subversive motherfucker hung his picture up on the front o' the Sans Soucie casino an' is threatening a communist takeover of the entire USA.

PROBY

What's his name?

RUBY

Fidel fuckin' Castro.

PAUSE. PROBY WRITES.

PROBY

You think this is significant information?

RUBY

That casino used to turn fifty gees a night. That was all marble in there - even the toilets.

PROBY

I'll make a report. But you never come across nobody from this so-called Cosa Nostra?

RUBY

On my mother's grave.

PROBY LOOKS AT RUBY. HIS LOOK OF TENSE ANXIETY FLICKERS AWAY BRIEFLY. MAYBE HE IS REASSURED.

RUBY

You wanna coupla tickets for my new floor show Saturday?

PROBY'S FACE BRIGHTENS. HE HURRIES TO SHUT OFF THE TAPE MACHINE. RUBY SMILES.

RUBY

Go out the other door. I don't want no-one to see us together.

RUBY PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR TO THE MEAT-PACKING FLOOR AND PROBY SHINES HIS FLASHLIGHT INSIDE. THE FIRST THING HE LIGHTS UP IS A CARCASS ON A MEATHOOK.

CUT TO:

14. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB. DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

WE SEE RUBY COME DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO THE DOOR OF THE DRESSING ROOM. HE OPENS IT.

INSIDE HE FINDS CANDY BARR, IN A WRAP.

RUBY

Hey - you was *good* -

CANDY BARR

(CALM) They loved me, didn't they? I had them right in the palm of my hand -

RUBY

They couldn't take their eyes offa you. Me - I had to make a coupla meetings during the act - but what I saw - tremendous -

CANDY BARR

You wanna keep me on?

RUBY

Lissen. Let's go eat. Then we'll talk.

RUBY STEPS ASIDE FOR HER TO LEAVE, BUT SHE'S NOT DRESSED. THEY MAKE A JOKE OF THIS, AND RUBY STEPS INTO THE PASSAGE WHILE SHE DRESSES.

CUT TO:

15. EXTERIOR. DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

RUBY EMERGES WITH CANDY BARR ONTO THE STREET FROM THE CLUB. IT IS ONE A.M. AND THE STREETS ARE DARK AND DESERTED, EXCEPT FOR A POLICE PATROL CAR WAITING UP THE STREET.

TIPPIT IS AT THE WHEEL OF THE CAR, WATCHING THE DOOR OF THE CLUB. HIS RADIO CRACKLES INTO LIFE.

DESPATCHER

Green channel - come in sixty two.

IGNORING THE RADIO, TURNING THE VOLUME DOWN, TIPPIT MOVES HIS CAR SLOWLY UP THE STREET TO WHERE RUBY STANDS.

TIPPIT SLOWS HIS CAR BESIDE RUBY.

RUBY

Hiya Lonnie. See the show? I got called away sudden.

TIPPIT MOTIONS RUBY TO THE WINDOW. RUBY BENDS DOWN.

TIPPIT

What's that girl's name Jack?

RUBY

Candy Barr?

TIPPIT

Her proper name, Jack.

RUBY

(SHRUGS) Search me -

TIPPIT'S RADIO STARTS UP AGAIN.

DESPATCHER

Come in car sixty two.

TIPPIT WEARILY REACHES FOR HIS TALKBACK.

TIPPIT

Tippit here.

DESPATCHER

Domestic disturbance in Middle Creek. Attend.

TIPPIT

(BORED) Roger.

WEARILY, HE MOVES THE CAR OUT TO ANSWER HIS
DESPATCHER'S INSTRUCTION.

RUBY PICKS UP WITH CANDY BARR AND THEY WALK ON.

CUT TO:

16. INTERIOR. BUS STATION DINER, DALLAS. NIGHT.

RUBY TURNS FROM THE COUNTER WITH TWO PLATES OF HOT
SOUP. HE BRINGS THEM OVER TO WHERE CANDY BARR IS SITTING
AT A TABLE.

RUBY

Chicken soup. They make it good here.

CANDY BARR

You liked my act?

RUBY

I never knowed anybody learn to dance so quick.

CANDY BARR

It ain't dancing, it's strippin'. (BEAT) Let's not be too coy 'bout it. (BEAT) Truth is, Mister Ruby, I c'n sing a bit too.

RUBY SEEMS TO CONSIDER.

RUBY

(LOOKS AT HER) I can't make you out. A kid in a bus station, sweet an' youthful, an' she don't mind about takin' her clothes off in front of a room fulla drunken men -

CANDY BARR

An' I can't make you out. A club owner who finds girls in diners and takes them in an' doesn't even try to climb in the sack with 'em.

RUBY

You're a cute kid. I like you. (BEAT) Truth of the matter is, I got a lotta business interests. Not just the club. The club here, it's important to me, but it ain't always easy. You got liquor

bills, you got property taxes. (BEAT) You ever bin to Cuba?

CANDY BARR

Cuba?

RUBY

Little island, offa Miami.

CANDY BARR

I guess no, I never did.

RUBY

I've bin fixin' a business trip to Cuba. I figure it might be nice to take you along.

CANDY BARR

To do what?

RUBY

I got a message recently from an associate a'mine. A very senior partner in a business I'm associated in needs a little help wid some travel plans.

CANDY BARR

Like a courier.

RUBY

Exactly. I'm like a courier. If ya like the idea,
I'll take you wid me. I think you maybe bring
me luck.

CANDY BARR

Sure.

RUBY

(PAUSE) Good. (BEAT) Needs a little salt.

RUBY GOES TO GET SALT OFF ANOTHER TABLE. CANDY BARR'S
LOOK TO HERSELF SHOWS ANOTHER SIDE THAT SHE IS NOT
SHOWING RUBY - A SHREWDNESS, AN OPPORTUNISM. SHE KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S DOING.

CUT TO:

17. EXTERIOR. TRECORNIA PRISON CAMP, CUBA. DAY.

WIDE SHOT SHOWS A PRISON CAMP CONVERTED FROM AN ARMY
BARRACKS IN A DESOLATE RURAL AREA, THE OCEAN IN THE
BACKGROUND. BARBED WIRE AND WOODEN GUARD TOWERS
SURROUND THE LOW BARRACK BLOCKS AND THERE ARE SUGAR
CANE FIELDS IN THE WIDE FOREGROUND.

RUBY

(VOICE OVER) Everything is totally crazy,
'Santo. Nothin' is what you would call normal
the way it used to be since you bin away.

CUT TO:

18. INTERIOR. JAIL CELL, CUBA. DAY.

A JAIL CELL. IT IS DARK IN THIS CELL, EXCEPT FOR SLASHES OF BRIGHT DAYLIGHT THAT CUT THROUGH A SMALL BARRED WINDOW HIGH ON A WALL, CASTING A JAGGED LIGHT ON THE FACE OF RUBY, DRESSED INCONGRUOUSLY IN A CARIBBEAN SHIRT AND FINGERING A SILK PORKPIE HAT.

THERE ARE THREE PAIRS OF EYES WATCHING EACH OTHER IN THIS SCENE - RUBY'S EYES, AND THOSE OF TWO OTHER MEN -

A MIDDLE-AGED GANGSTER CALLED LOUIE MORELLO, A WIRY MAN WITH AN EXAGGERATED HAIRSTYLE AND A WEASEL FACE WHO, LIKE RUBY IS A VISITOR TO -

SANTOS ALICANTE, A BLAND, PUFFY FACE, A PAIR OF HORN SPECTACLES, BEHIND WHICH, A PAIR OF LAZY EYES, BUT OF THE THREE, THE MOST MENACING, CALCULATING, POWERFUL. THIS IS THE BIG MAN. BENEATH THE BLAND SURFACE, THE HABIT OF A LIZARD - EVERYTHING REGISTERS.

RUBY

Vito Two Tone got hit. Before that Action Jackson.

MORELLO

It's true about Vito. (BRIGHTER) Listen Santos - it's true we had some losses -

SANTOS

That cocksucker on tv the whole time, talkin' 'bout Cosa Nostra -

RUBY

That is just incredible - (STOPS HIMSELF)
But nobody's payin' no attention, Santos.

MORELLO

Jack here is a very steady guy. He's bin makin' connections fer us in Dallas for a long time now, an' he c'n step right up an' it won't be like nobody got hit whatsoever.

RUBY

I come down to Dallas in '49 I was in Chicago which is really my hometown -

MORELLO

(OVER HIM, SHUTTING HIM UP) Jack will fix the trip home, Santos, no sweat. (TO RUBY) D'you bring some female company for Santos?

RUBY

Sure I done. I brung my freshest girl.

MORELLO WATCHES SANTOS FOR HIS REACTION.

MORELLO

Santos?

SANTOS

Where'd you get that shirt?

RUBY

The shirt? I got the shirt in DelMart. I figured I'd blend in easier.

PAUSE. RUBY IS WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO BE SAID.

SANTOS

Change the shirt.

RUBY BEAMS WITH PLEASURE AND RELIEF.

CUT TO:

19. EXTERIOR. HAVANA, CUBA, DAY.

DOWNTOWN HAVANA - THE BIGGEST CITY OF A POOR COUNTRY JUST FRESHLY TURNED INTO A SOCIALIST PARADISE. EVERYWHERE THERE ARE SIGNS OF THE OLD YANKEE DOLLAR CULTURE BEING PAINTED OUT AND REPLACED WITH THE NEW HEROIC LENINIST IMAGES.

A TRUCKFUL OF SOLDIERS IN OLIVE DRAB FATIGUES GOES GRINDING PAST KICKING UP DUST. CAMPESINOS GO TO AND FRO.

WE FIND RUBY AS HE COMES OUT OF AN OUTFITTER'S STORE, FASTENING A BUTTON ON A SHIRT HE JUST BOUGHT.

CHANGE OF ANGLE REVEALS THAT CANDY BARR IS WAITING FOR HIM ON THE SIDEWALK. RUBY COMES UP TO HER, ADJUSTING THE SHIRT.

RUBY

What do ya think?

SHE SAYS NOTHING. SHE THINKS CAREFULLY.

CANDY BARR

I think this is is gonna be a swell place when they get it finished.

RUBY

This shirt changes my life. (BEAT) Never mind. You wouldn't understand me. Jesus Christ -

CANDY BARR

I knew a store in Galveston if you wanted shirts -

RUBY HAS NOTICED SOMETHING. IT IS THE FACADE OF THE OLD SAN SOUCIE CASINO, NOW BEDECKED WITH A LARGE BANNER SHOWING FIDEL CASTRO.

RUBY

C'mon. I wanna show ya something.

RUBY TAKES CANDY BARR'S ARM AND SETS OFF ACROSS THE STREET, DODGING THE DUSTY TRUCKS AND CARTS AND ANIMALS, TOWARDS THE BUILDING, DUMPING HIS OLD SHIRT IN A TRASHCAN.

AS CANDY BARR FOLLOWS, A CUBAN CAUTIOUSLY PICKS THE COLOURED SHIRT FROM THE TRASHCAN, WATCHING THE TWO GRINGOS AS IF THEY MIGHT BE INSANE AND THEREFORE DANGEROUS.

CUT TO:

20. INTERIOR. SANS SOUCIE CASINO, HAVANA, CUBA. DAY.

RUBY AND CANDY BARR ARE WANDERING INSIDE THE MAIN GAMING HALL OF THE CASINO - UNTIL RECENTLY A GRAND AND EXPENSIVELY APPOINTED BUILDING.

RUBY

This place is built modelled like a palace.

RUBY LOOKS TO CATCH CANDY BARR'S ATTENTION. SHE IS BUSY LOOKING AT A CRAP TABLE.

CANDY BARR PICKS UP A PAIR OF DICE LYING ON THE TABLE. SHE ROLLS THEM.

CANDY BARR

Yeah? (WATCHES DICE) Snake eyes.
(ROLLS THE DICE AGAIN) Double sneeze.

RUBY

(TO HIMSELF) It's a livin' shame. No wonder
the Big Man's the way he is. (CALLS) All
marble, even the toilets -

CANDY BARR

(LOOKS ROUND) Nice. (SHE ROLLS
ANOTHER PAIR) Lucky dice. Who's the Big
Man? He the guy I'm meant to audition for?

RUBY

The Big Man is Santos. He's the man we come
here to meet.

CANDY BARR DISAPPEARS INTO THE DOOR BESIDE THE STAGE AND
REAPPEARS UP ON THE STAGE.

CANDY BARR

I figure my same piece o'music - Night Ride
Blues?

RUBY

Wait a minute. You ain't auditionin' here. This
place is outa business. Ain't you bin lisn'nin?

CANDY BARR

(LOOKS ROUND) Outa business? So why're
we here?

RUBY

They got him in jail.

SMALL PAUSE. CANDY BARR DIGESTS THIS.

RUBY

It's a minor violation, immigration stuff. He'll be out like this - (SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

CANDY BARR

An' then this place gets opened - some kinda Grand Gala Nite - an' I get a place on the bill? Right so far?

RUBY SHAKES HIS HEAD, COMES CLOSER.

RUBY

Ya don't understand, Candy Barr - this whole island - it's closed fer business. There's bin a takeover by someone - who don't believe - (SEARCHES) - in fun, what c'n I tell ya? So Santos is in the slammer, an' we come to fetch him home, an' when we get home -

CANDY BARR

I get to play in some other joint he owns.

RUBY

(ENTHUSIASTICALLY) He owns halfa Las Vegas, an' what he don't own, he controls. So yeah, that's the pitch -

CANDY BARR

So it still comes down to this - which piece
o'music - Night Ride Blues or Lazy
Moonglow?

RUBY

Lazy Moonglow.

CANDY BARR

Okay!

CUT TO:

21. EXTERIOR. HAVANA, CUBA. DAY.

A CHEAP DOWNTOWN HOTEL. THE SIGN IS BEING CHANGED.

RUBY

(V/O) The trouble for these Sicilians is they all
come over illegal. Even in the United States
some clerk somewhere in Washington c'n
screw up on the papers an' then the government
got them over a barrel.

CUT TO:

22. INTERIOR. HOTEL, HAVANA, CUBA. DAY.

CANDY BARR STEPS INTO THE BATHROOM DOOR, FASTENING HER
LACE CORSET BEHIND HER BACK.

RUBY

It c'n be real hard fer a Sicilian to make his way
in society. This is something people don't really
realise.

RUBY GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW AND SEES A MAN ON THE
STREETCORNER BELOW, WATCHING.

CANDY BARR

Don't we gotta go?

RUBY LOOKS UP AGAIN, THEY DO HAVE TO GO.

CUT TO:

23. EXTERIOR. HAVANA, CUBA. DAY.

THE STREET BELOW THE HOTEL. A MAN IN LOCAL DISGUISE IS
WATCHING THE WINDOW OF THE ROOM.

HE IS CASUAL AND LOW-PROFILE. HE CAN SEE RUBY AS HE COMES
INTO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS DO BUT RUBY CANNOT SEE HIM.

HE MOVES AWAY CASUALLY SCRATCHING HIS EAR. HE IS IN FACT
ADJUSTING AN EAR PIECE WHICH IS WIRED TO RUBY'S ROOM.

CANDY BARR

(OFF, THROUGH MIKE) Don't we gotta go?

CUT TO:

24. EXTERIOR, PRISON CAMP, CUBA. NIGHT.

RUBY HAS DRIVEN UP WITH CANDY BARR TO THE APPROACH TO
THE CAMP WHERE SANTOS IS BEING HELD.

IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE WE CAN SEE THE BARBED WIRE AND TOWERS OF THE CAMP.

CANDY BARR GETS OUT OF THE CAR, WRAPPED IN A FUR COAT. ONE SUSPECTS SHE HAS NOTHING MUCH ON UNDERNEATH - OTHER THAN HER COSTUME. SHE LOOKS AT THE CAMP, WONDERINGLY.

CANDY BARR

They got the owner of the Sun Hotel in a place
'like this . . . it ain't right -

RUBY STOPS, TURNS TO HER.

RUBY

I wanna let you know. This guy in here, he's an old timer. I brung ya here to cheer him up, make him feel good. You don't gotta do nothin' with him, yuh follow my meanin'? Nothin' that you would be ashamed to do.

CANDY BARR

(MOCK SERIOUS) Right.

RUBY

(TURNING TO GO) It in't just against my principles, but the question that he's too fuckin' old anyhow.

RUBY TAKES HER ARM AND LEADS HER TOWARDS THE PRISON GATE.

AS THEY GO OUT OF SIGHT, RUBY'S WATCHER DRAWS UP SOME DISTANCE AWAY, AND WATCHES.

CUT TO:

25. INTERIOR. JAIL CELL, CUBA. NIGHT.

PISTACHIO NUTS ARE BEING SHELLLED INTO A BOWL, ONE BY ONE. A BARRED DOOR IS SWUNG AWAY AND RUBY IS LOOKING DOWN TO WHERE SANTOS IS SITTING IN HIS CELL, SHELLING AND EATING THE NUTS.

RUBY

I brung someone for ya, Santos.

CANDY BARR COMES IN THE DOOR AS SANTOS TURNS.

RUBY MOVES BEHIND HER AND TAKES HER COAT FROM HER SHOULDERS.

RUBY

Her name's Candy Barr. (BEAT) Enjoy yerselves.

RUBY GIVES HER A WINK - TELLING HER TO REMEMBER WHAT HE TOLD HER.

RUBY

I'll be back fer you later.

RUBY GOES OUT.

SMALL PAUSE. CANDY BARR TURNS AND SETS DOWN A TAPE RECORDER SHE WAS CARRYING UNDER THE COAT. SHE TAKES THE COAT OFF CAREFULLY AND LAYS IT DOWN.

SHE TURNS TO FACE SANTOS IN HER COSTUME.

CANDY BARR

Now I want you to imagine, Mister Santos, that we're not really alone.

SHE TURNS AND HITS THE PLAY BUTTON ON THE DECK. THE MUSIC IS THE LOW, POWERED, SEXY BLUES LINE THAT WE HEARD BEFORE. IT IS ALL SWANK AND SEDUCTION AND BEAT.

SANTOS'S EYES MOVE, BUT HIS FACIAL MUSCLES DON'T.

CUT TO:

26. INTERIOR. JAIL, CUBA. NIGHT.

RUBY WALKS AWAY DOWN A CORRIDOR. A GUARD SITS SMOKING, WATCHING HIM WITHOUT INTEREST.

THE CORRIDOR FILLS WITH THE SOUND OF CANDY BARR'S MUSIC.

THE GUARD, CURIOUS, BUT IDLY SO, GETS UP SLOWLY AND TAKES A CASUAL STROLL IN THE CORRIDOR.

RUBY WALKS OUT, BREATHES THE NIGHT AIR.

CUT TO:

27. INTERIOR. JAIL CELL, CUBA. NIGHT.

SANTOS'S CELL. THE MUSIC IS FOREGROUND.

BUT CANDY BARR SEEMS TO BE WAITING, AND WHEN SHE THINKS RUBY HAS GONE, SHE TURNS THE TAPE OFF.

CANDY BARR

I tell you what, Mister Santos - how about something with a small orchestra, a little more class?

SHE TURNS THE TAPE OVER, PUNCHES THE PLAY BUTTON. THERE ARE STRINGS.

SHE STARTS ON A MARILYN MONROE STANDARD.

CUT TO:

28. INTERIOR. HOTEL, HAVANA. NIGHT.

RUBY APPROACHES THE DOOR OF HIS HOTEL ROOM AND OPENS IT WITH THE KEY. HE GOES INSIDE.

HE FINDS LOUIE MORELLO SITTING IN THE CHAIR IN THE CORNER, READING A NEWSPAPER, WAITING FOR HIM.

MORELLO

Ya left 'em?

RUBY

Sure I left 'em.

RUBY PULLS OFF HIS TIE. HE IS HOT, TIRED.

MORELLO

(STANDS) Ya got a boat fixed yet?

RUBY

I got a boat fixed from day one, Louie. All I'm waitin' for is to be told a time.

MORELLO

You'll be told a time.

RUBY

I don't get it Louie. If the reds got Santos in the slammer - how come he got all the privileges?

MORELLO

You know Santos. He got the influence.

RUBY

Yeah, but how come he ain't got the influence to get outa there?

MORELLO

He walks out any time he's ready.

RUBY

Then why does he need me to get him offa the island?

MORELLO

Maybe it looks better that way.

RUBY

Looks better? Looks better to who?

MORELLO

Whoever's watching.

RUBY IS NOT ENLIGHTENED. HE GOES TO THE WASHBASIN AND RUNS WATER, SPLASHES HIS FACE.

MORELLO

The time is goin' to be tomorrow.

RUBY

Good. That's good.

RUBY LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW, SEES THE MAN WATCH
THE STREETCORNER.

RUBY

Say Louie, who is this guy in the street all the
time?

MORELLO

It's okay. He's a friend o'mine. I got some
other instructions for you.

RUBY

I'm lisn'nin'.

MORELLO

Ya ain't just here to run the Big Man offa the
island.

RUBY

I figured.

MORELLO

Oh, ya did?

RUBY

What? You wanna run a shipment too? I figured
why not? It makes it all the safer for Santos,
since I got the customs fixed for a run, they'll

be less likely to pay attention to Santos
way -

MORELLO

We don't want no-one to pay attention to
Santos.

RUBY

That's what I figured -

MORELLO

You figured nothin'. I just said you ain't
run Santos off the island.

RUBY

Then what? I don't get it.

MORELLO OPENS A CASE, TAKES OUT A CINE CAMERA

MORELLO

See this? Ain't this pretty?

MORELLO OPENS THE CAMERA UP. IT CONCEALS
WHICH CAN BE OPERATED AS IF THE CAMERA WERE

MORELLO

You ever seen anything this neat?

RUBY

What's it for Louie?

MORELLO

You're going to hit Santos, Jack - that's what it's for.

RUBY IS SHOCKED, HORRIFIED. MORELLO GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW. THE MAN IS STILL WATCHING FROM THE STREET.

CUT TO:

29. EXTERIOR. DOCKSIDE, HAVANA. NIGHT.

RUBY AND MORELLO ARE WALKING. RUBY CARRIES THE CAMERA, BUT ISN'T EXACTLY DELIGHTED WITH IT.

RUBY

Louie! What ya tryin' to do to me?

MORELLO

You do what yer told to do. Things are very complicated right now, and I don't think I c'n explain them to you, Jack. Santos was meant to fulfill some obligations and he failed to come up to scratch. If it was up to me...

RUBY

Jimmy - Santos is a top figure -

MORELLO

Like I said, things are complicated. Put it like this - he ain't the toppermost figure, not no more. (WALKS ON) In the old days, in the Chicago days - you remember how it was - a hit was ordered, you done it the best you could. You figured, if you hit the guy when he ain't

lookin', an' it was just like a train hittin' him,
then what is the difference? Anyhow, it ain't
tasteful to pull a gun on someone like Santos.

RUBY HAS LET MORELLO WALK ON, TOWARDS THE QUAY. HE
LIFTS THE CAMERA. AS MORELLO HALF TURNS, RUBY SHOOTS
HIM. MORELLO FALLS INTO THE WATER - LIKE A TRAIN HIT HIM.

RUBY HURRIES OVER AND WATCHES THE WATER. HE LOOKS AT
THE CAMERA. IT'S ALL ASTONISHING.

REMEMBERING THE MAN FROM THE STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL,
RUBY LOOKS ROUND, ANXIOUS TO SEE IF HE'S BEEN WATCHED.

THERE IS NO-ONE TO BE SEEN.

CUT TO:

30. COUNTRY MANSION, NEW ORLEANS, USA. DAY.

A LARGE PARTY IS IN PROCESS.

RUBY IS SURROUNDED BY FACES IN A GRAND SALON IN AN
EXPENSIVE SOUTHERN MANSION WHERE SANTOS IS BEING
WELCOMED HOME BY HIS FRIENDS.

THE FACES ARE PAUNCHY, BLOATED MAFIOSO FACES LIKE THAT
OF SANTOS - AND THEY INCLUDE KEY MEN LIKE TORINI, THE BOSS
OF NEW ORLEANS, CAMPISI, THE UNDERBOSS OF DALLAS, AND
FERRIE, AN ALOPECIA VICTIM IN A BIZARRE RED TOUPEE. DRINK IS
FLOWING.

TORINI

Sparky from Chicago?

FERRIE

Welcome home Santos -

CAMPISI

(TO RUBY) So you're the guy dealt with
Morello?

RUBY

Sparky from Chicago - glad to meet ya -

TORINI

That Morello. Fancy tryin' to pull a stunt like
that on our Santos - Santos! Long life!

SANTOS

Thankyou Carlos -

RUBY CATCHES CANDY BARR'S EYE. HE GIVES HER A WINK. HE IS
ENJOYING HIMSELF.

TORINI IS CALLING'FOR SILENCE. THERE IS HUSH.

TORINI

The toast is - our old friend Santos Alicante -
long life!

ALL

LONG LIFE!

THERE IS A HUSH AFTER THE TOAST - A VOID INTO WHICH RUBY
STEPS CONFIDENTLY.

RUBY

Hey Santos! I got a great idea - everybody - at
my place in Dallas - the Carousel Club on
Commercial Street - lemme throw a welcome
home gala for Santos - what'd'ya say Santos?

SANTOS

Sure, why not.

RUBY BEAMS ALL ROUND, WINKS AT CANDY BARR.

RUBY

That's bin my baby, that club. Now it's gonna
be the smartest joint east of Vegas. Who needs
Havana - hey Santos?

SANTOS WINCES. RUBY GOES ON BEAMING. CANDY BARR COMES
TO RUBY'S SIDE.

RUBY

My top o'the bill everybody - Candy Barr
Dujean -

RUBY REACHS IN HIS COAT, PULLS OUT CLUB PASSES, STARTS TO
PUSH THEM OUT

WE SEE FERRIE WATCHING FROM A VERANDAH. HE CATCHES
RUBY'S EYE AND RUBY MANAGES TO FIND HIMSELF OUTSIDE
WHERE FERRIE IS WAITING.

FERRIE IS STRANGE. BUT HE PRETENDS TO BE AFFABLE.

FERRIE

We never met. I fly Santos.

RUBY

A pilot huh? You got to finish college to do that.

FERRIE

You did a pretty neat job on Louie Morello.

RUBY

I don't like to boast. But when someone gets outa line like that, well - (SHRUGS MODESTLY)

FERRIE

Keep the camera safe. You may find you need it.

RUBY FINDS THIS PUZZLING AND ALARMING. FERRIE STARTS TO MOVE AWAY, RUBY CATCHES HIS SHOULDER.

RUBY

What was Morello talkin' about? What was he tellin' me? An' who was trailin' us round? Was that you?

FERRIE

Morello was letting his imagination get the better of him. (BEAT) You done real well. It's like they said, you're a steady guy, Ruby. You'll go far.

FERRIE GOES AWAY. CANDY BARR JOINS RUBY.

RUBY

(TO HIMSELF) I dunno what the fuck's goin' on, I swear to Christ.

CANDY BARR

Sweet party Jack.

RUBY

(UNSURE) Yeah?

CANDY BARR

I never knew you had such great friends.

RUBY

Me neither.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. SHE SMILES AT HIM.

CANDY BARR

I meant Santos.

RUBY

I meant you.

SHE SMILES. HE TOUCHES HER CHIN.

CUT TO:

31. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

RUBY, IN BOW TIE, IS BACK IN THE SPOTLIGHT, ALONE IN THE DARKNESS.

RUBY

Ladies and gennlemen - before we go on with the show - an' we got a great show for you here tonight believe me - your host Jack Ruby, your old friend Jack - just lemme say a thing or two here - once in a while a person gets a chance to

play a small part in history - an' just recently I got that chance - I think my friends in here tonight know that which I am referring to - and as a result, things are back now to what they was like in the good old days - 'cos I was brought up in Chicago you know that? The windy city? Well, in them days, it was'n just windy, I'm sure ya know what I'm talkin' about -

A LOOK AT THE AUDIENCE SHOWS AN UNUSUAL HOUSE FOR THE CAROUSEL - THE PLACE IS PACKED WITH EXPENSIVELY DRESSED MEN. AMONG THEM ARE THE THREE FROM THE MANSION, AND SANTOS IS THERE. IT IS A DIFFERENT CLASS OF AUDIENCE FROM THE USUAL ONE . . . LARRY AT THE BAR IS BETTER DRESSED THAN USUAL.

CREEPING UP UNDER RUBY IS THE FAMILIAR RIFF OF CANDY BARR'S THEME, THE LOW BLUESY LINE. THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMING DOWN.

RUBY

So there it is ladies and gennlemen - and here she is - tonight's top o'the bill - MISS CANDY BARR!

RUBY THRUSTS OUT HIS ARM, BACKS AWAY FROM THE LIGHT . . .

. . . ON ALSO ON THAT CUE, STEALING IN AT THE DOOR IS PATROLMAN TIPPIT. HE WATCHES INTENSELY AS THE LIGHTS CHANGE FOR CANDY BARR'S ENTRANCE.

CUT TO:

32. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS, NIGHT.

THE BACK ROOM OF THE CLUB. PROBY IS IN THE ROOM WITH RUBY WHILE CANDY BARR DOES HER ACT OUTSIDE. PROBY IS ALL WIRED UP, HIS FACE STRANGELY LIT BY THE GREEN SHADE FROM THE LOW HANGING LIGHT.

PROBY

What the fuck's goin' on Jack?

RUBY

It's a gala night -

PROBY

The place is fulla fuckin' hoods -

RUBY

What do you mean - "fuckin' hoods"? Do you know who you're referring to?

PROBY

Carlos Torini from New Orleans. Joe Campisi from Baton Rouge. Needlenose Labriola from Houston - this isn't your league, Jack - so what's goin' on?

RUBY

These is businessmen - ole friends come out to support my club.

PROBY

We got a report that Louie Morello disappeared someplace last week. You wouldn't know anything 'bout that?

RUBY

What would I know? (DRY) I'm just a small time club owner with a sense o' the past.

play a small part in history - an' just recently I got that chance - I think my friends in here tonight know that which I am referring to - and as a result, things are back now to what they was like in the good old days - 'cos I was brought up in Chicago you know that? The windy city? Well, in them days, it was'n just windy, I'm sure ya know what I'm talkin' about -

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RUBY

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PROBY

We got a report that Louie Morello disappeared someplace last week. You wouldn't know anything 'bout that?

RUBY

What would I know? (DRY) I'm just a small time club owner with a sense o' the past.

PROBY

Well thanks fer nothin' ole buddy. (STANDS)

PROBY GOES OUT THE BACK DOOR. RUBY CONSIDERS, THEN LISTENS OUT FOR THE ACT ON STAGE.

CUT TO:

33. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS, NIGHT.

CANDY BARR IS ON STAGE, WELL INTO HER ROUTINE.

TIPPIT WATCHES ALL THIS FROM THE DOOR - WITH A STEADIER GAZE, STILL AND LEVEL, CLEARLY IN THE GRIP OF A DEEP ATTACHMENT; BUT THIS BEING TRUE LOVE, THERE IS NONE OF THE LUST OR PRURIENCE OF THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE. THIS MAN IS CLEARLY IN LOVE.

CUT TO:

34. EXTERIOR. DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

THE STREET OUTSIDE THE CAROUSEL. THE SHOW IS OVER.

THERE IS A GATHERING OF BIG CARS. CANDY BARR COMES OUT WITH RUBY AND SANTOS.

CANDY BARR

(TO RUBY) Did Santos tell the plan he had fer me, Jack?

RUBY

What plan's this?

CANDY BARR

We're all goin' to Las Vegas, to a big hotel.

RUBY

That's a swell plan.

FROM ACROSS THE STREET HANK IS WATCHING FROM THE SHADOWS.

CANDY BARR SEES HANK AND LOOKS AT HIM.

SANTOS

Who's that?

CANDY BARR

(LIGHTLY) Search me. Autograph hunter. I don't wanna talk to him.

SANTOS GETS INTO HIS CAR.

TIPPIT'S CAR SLIDES UP AND STOPS A FEW YARDS OFF. SANTOS SEES THE PATROLMAN WATCHING CANDY BARR.

SANTOS

And who's that?

CANDY BARR

Another fan I guess.

SANTOS

(TO RUBY) Sun Hotel, Vegas. Be there tomorrow, both a'you.

SANTOS NODS AT THE DRIVER AND THE CAR SWEEPS AWAY.

CANDY BARR

You think he's gonna get me an audition?

RUBY

Ya never know. Lissen - here's the keys to my car an' my apartment. Four thirty seven South Omaha. I'm gonna stay at the club. You'll be okay over there.

CANDY BARR

That's real sweet, Jack.

RUBY

I'll stay here, close things right up. You get some sleep.

CANDY BARR

Okay Jack. An' thanks.

HE SMILES, DISTANTLY. HE WATCHES HER GET INTO HIS CAR, SLAMS THE DOOR AFTER HER. SHE DRIVES OFF.

HE LOOKS ROUND THE STREET. HE SEES TIPPIT IN HIS CAR. HE GOES OVER TO HIM.

RUBY

Quit hangin' round me, Tippit. You're spookin' me.

TIPPIT

Hi Jack. Jus' watchin' out fer you.

TIPPIT'S RADIO SUMMONS HIM. HE CURSES AND MOVES TO RESPOND. RUBY WALKS AWAY. TIPPIT'S CAR MOVES AWAY.

RUBY SEES HANK IN THE DISTANT SHADOWS. HANK TURNS AND MOVES INTO THE DARKNESS. RUBY SHAKES HIS HEAD. HE GOES INTO THE CLUB.

CUT TO:

35. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS. NIGHT.

RUBY COMES INTO THE BACK ROOM. THE TV IS ON. HE SEES THE SCENE OF THE MAFIA SOLDIER VALACHI TESTIFYING. HE WATCHES.

LARRY APPEARS IN THE BACK DOOR.

LARRY

All cleaned up Jack.

RUBY

(WATCHING TV) G'night Larry -

LARRY GOES OUT.

SENATOR

What does Cosa Nostra have to do with the
Castro regime in Cuba?

RUBY WATCHES, FROWNING, TRYING TO PUZZLE IT OUT.

VALACHI

Nothin' Senator, 'cos Havana was where all the
dope was run from, an' that's all screwed up
now since Castro come in. Cosa Nostra is not
unpatriotic, Senator. They don't wanna do
business with no communists. They is patriots.

THERE IS DROLL LAUGHTER IN THE ROOM. THE CHAIRMAN BANGS HIS GAVEL.

VALACHI SMILES.

RUBY MOVES TO THE BACK OF THE BAR, PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN. IN THE PASSAGE ARE THE DOG BASKETS.

RUBY

Hey Sheba -

RUBY PICKS UP ONE OF THE SMALL DACHSHUND DOGS AND FONDLES IT LIKE IT WAS A CHILD.

RUBY

That Larry bin takin' care of you okay? Hey -
lemme see you here -

RUBY INSPECTS THE ANIMAL'S FACE LOVINGLY. THE DOG LICKS HIM. HE ADORES IT.

RUBY

What'd'ya think of yer daddy playin' host to
alla those bigshots tonight huh? You impressed
wid yer old man or what?

HE HEARS A NOISE IN THE DRESSING ROOM BEHIND HIM. HE STOPS FONDLING THE DOG, THEN HE PUTS IT DOWN CAREFULLY.

HE MOVES VERY QUIETLY AND CAUTIOUSLY TOWARDS THE DOOR TO THE DRESSING ROOM. STOPPING IN THE DOORWAY HE DRAWS HIS SNUBNOSE REVOLVER.

A DOOR BANGS. RUBY SUDDENLY RUSHES THE CORRIDOR AND SWINGS ROUND THE CORNER. THERE IS NOTHING THERE, BUT HE KNOWS SOMEONE IS AROUND. HE SWINGS AROUND. NO-ONE THERE. ANOTHER NOISE. HE JUMPS INTO THE STAIRWELL AND RUSHES DOWN THE STAIRS. NOTHING.

HE IS OUTSIDE. HE CHECKS THE ALLEY. NOTHING BUT CATS. HE TURNS BACK UP THE STAIRS. HE CLIMBS TO THE TOP. HE HOLSTERS HIS GUN HE TURNS THE CORNER. A MAN IS STANDING THERE.

HIS CALLS HIMSELF MAHUGHES.

MAHUGHES

Why didn't you use the weapon where it was intended?

RUBY SLIDES HIS HAND INTO HIS POCKET, TO SNAP ON BRASS KNUCKLES.

MAHUGHES

You won't need your knuckles, Jack. This is a grown-up talk. (SITS) Pretty strange Jack. You get asked to do a simple job, to point a camera, only you point it in the wrong direction.

RUBY

What the fuck is this?

MAHUGHES

Murder one Jack. You're in the shit. (PAUSE)
Now it's time to talk.

RUBY

I said who are you Mister? The Lone Fucking Ranger? The club's closed. Come back another night. We got a real hot potato.

MAHUGHES

I was watching from across the street when you shot Morello. I was one step behind you the whole time you were in Cuba. Not that I mind about Morello. He won't be missed. (PAUSE) Who do you think you're dealing with, Jack? A bunch of cheap criminals - pimps, dealers, race track artists? Imagine this - I know everything

about you . . . the real reasons you left Chicago -
all your little jobs for agent Proby - those little
fees didn't appear on your tax return did they?

MAHUGHES STANDS, COMES OVER, LEANS OVER RUBY. RUBY'S
EYES MOVE ALL OVER THE PLACE. ALL KINDS OF DARK FEARS
FLICKER ACROSS THEM.

RUBY

You ain't with the IRS?

MAHUGHES

No I ain't with the IRS.

RUBY

But you in't a million miles away from there,
am I wrong? In the sense that, you wanted to,
you could get the IRS down on my back?

MAHUGHES

I could get just about anyone down on your
back. But now you're in big with Mister Santos
Alicante. So tell me, what's the plan?

RUBY

The plan? (IMPROVISES) The plan is getting
real complicated. I in't sure I could even explain
it to you.

MAHUGHES

Try me.

RUBY

The plan is to go down to Vegas, play a little blackjack.

MAHUG/HES

Blackjack huh?

RUBY

Santos likes to play the tables.

MAHUGHES

Good. That's a good plan. I like that.

PAUSE

RUBY

Well, why don't you come too?

MAHUGHES

I was planning to.

RUBY

Great. We'll have a party. What do we call you anyhow?

MAHUGHES

Call me Mahughes.

RUBY

Mahughes? What kinda name's that?

MAHUGHES

A fake one, like yours, Mister Rubinstein.

RUBY

Okay fine. Mahughes. One thing puzzlin' me.

MAHUGHES

Only one?

RUBY

Why I don't slug you.

MAHUGHES

Because you have a sixth sense, that it wouldn't make sense to annoy me.

MAHUGHES WALKS OUT. RUBY IS ALONE.

HE THINKS TO HIMSELF, REPLAYING THE CONVERSATION WITH MAHUGHES, BACK AND FORTH, A COUPLE OF LINES. IT DOESN'T ADD UP.

HE SEES SHEBA LOOKING UP AT HIM, WAGGING HER TAIL.

RUBY

Jus' remember, Sheba, it don't make no sense tuh annoy me.

BUT THIS ISN'T FUNNY, AND RUBY'S FACE SHOWS IT.

CUT TO:

36. EXTERIOR, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA. USA. NIGHT.

A STREET BRIGHT WITH NEON AND STRIP LIGHT DISPLAY.

WE SEE RUBY WITH CANDY BARR COMING ALONG THE STREET, JOSTLED AND BUSTLED BY CROWDS OF PUNTERS AND TOURISTS MOVING AROUND EVERY WHICH WAY. CANDY BARR WEARS DARK GLASSES, HAS HER HAIR FRESHLY DYED AND IN EVERY WAY LOOKS THE PART. SHE IS BUZZY WITH EXCITEMENT LIKE ANY SMALL TOWN TOURIST. RUBY IS NOT.

CANDY BARR

Slow down Jack - I wanna see alla this -

RUBY

C'mon - this way -

CANDY BARR

I always wanted to see this, ever since I was back in Risin' Star -

RUBY

It's this way - c'mon -

CANDY BARR

What's matter with you Jack? You're like a cat on tiles. We're here to enjoy ourselves.

RUBY DOESN'T LISTEN. CANDY BARR FOLLOWS HIM ALONG THE SIDEWALK.

AS THEY GO CANDY BARR REACTS WITH DELIGHT TO SPINNING NEON ROULETTE WHEELS, TUMBLING NEON DICE, ALL THE BRILLIANCE AND GLITZ OF THE DISPLAY ALONG THE STRIP.

CUT TO:

37. EXTERIOR, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, USA. NIGHT.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE SUN HOTEL, IN ALL ITS GLORY.

REVERSE ANGLE SHOWS CANDY BARR LOOKING UP IN WONDER
AT THE SIGN.

RUBY

To be honest with you it's the way I always
pictured the Carousel when I first started -

CANDY BARR

Your name could be up there, Jack. Right up
there.

RUBY

Nah. Come on, we gotta go.

CANDY BARR

You get something in yer sights, then
anything's possible. You just gotta make up yer
mind. Jack - I'm talkin' to you.

RUBY

Listen, Candy Barr. I bin a few things in my
life. Success is not one o'them.

CANDY BARR

Cos you never believed in yerself, Jack. That's
all.

RUBY

Yeah? (THINKS)

CANDY BARR

Yeah. Sure.

CANDY BARR MOVES AWAY. THINKING HARD, RUBY HURRIES AFTER.

CUT TO:

38. INTERIOR. CASINO, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA. NIGHT.

RUBY AND CANDY BARR ARE AMONG THE CRUSH OF PEOPLE IN THE SLOT MACHINE HALL OF THE CASINO.

CANDY BARR

Gimme a coin an' watch.

RUBY FISHES IN HIS POCKETS FOR CHANGE.

RUBY

I used to run slots. Nobody wins on slots, 'cept the house -

HE DROPS CHANGE INTO CANDY BARR'S HAND. SHE PUTS COINS INTO THE SLOTS, PULLS THE ARM.

SHE COMES UP WITH A ROW OF ACES AND A CASCADE OF COINS.

CANDY BARR

Confidence, Jack.

SHE WALKS AWAY, LEAVING HIM TO FIGURE WHAT TO DO WITH THE COINS.

CUT TO:

39. EXTERIOR. SANDS HOTEL, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, USA. NIGHT.

RUBY AND CANDY BARR EMERGE FROM A DOORWAY INTO A REAR AREA OF THE BUILDING.

THEY ARE FACED WITH A PARADE OF LIMOUSINES, ALL OF THEM WITH RED LIGHTS FASTENED ON THEIR ROOFS, WINKING AWAY. IT IS A SURREAL SIGHT. THERE ARE SEDANS AND PICKUPS. MEN IN TRENCH COATS ARE HANGING AROUND.

CANDY BARR

Jeez - look at this -

RUBY

So he got a lotta cars.

CANDY BARR LEADS RUBY TO A DOOR. THEIR PATH IS BLOCKED BY ONE OF THE MEN.

CANDY BARR

We're friends of Mister Santos.

GUARD

Sorry bub.

RUBY

Ya don't understand - we're here by private invitation.

GUARD

Name?

RUBY

Ruby.

GUARD

And the lady?

RUBY

This here is Candy Barr.

THE GUARD LOOKS AT HER WITH A KNOWING LOOK. HE FLIPS HIS
LAPEL UP AND TALKS INTO A TWO-WAY.

GUARD

Homeplate?

HOMEPLATE

Homeplate.

GUARD

We cleared for a Ruby and a Candy Barr,
Homeplate?

HOMEPLATE

Negative.

GUARD

Sorry.

RUBY

Wait a minute here -

CANDY BARR TUGS AT HIS SLEEVE.

RUBY

Everybody knows me - I'm Jack Ruby -

SUDDENLY, THE AIR STARTS BLOWING AND THERE IS NOISE EVERYWHERE AND THE GUARDS ARE ALL DISTRACTED - AND RUBY AND CANDY BARR TURN - AND A HELICOPTER IS BEATING ITS WAY DOWN FROM THE SKY.

CANDY BARR WATCHES SPELLBOUND AS THE CHOPPER LANDS AND MEN HURRY ROUND. THE PRESS OF MEN, THE DARK BLUE PAINTWORK OF THE HELICOPTER, THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE AND CANDY BARR'S REACTION, TELLS US WHO THIS IS. RUBY SQUINTS AND CAN'T MAKE IT OUT.

CUT TO:

40. INTERIOR. HOTEL CASINO, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA. NIGHT.

RUBY AND CANDY BARR ARE WALKING BRISKLY DOWN A CORRIDOR IN THE BACK OF THE HOTEL.

CANDY BARR

What do you mean - you don't know who that is?

RUBY

I mean I couldn't see all that clear -

CANDY BARR

I could see -

RUBY

Well I couldn't -

THEY TURN A CORNER. THE ENTRANCE TO AN OPULENTLY FITTED
MANAGEMENT SUITE IS IN FRONT. SANTOS'S GROUP IS STANDING
ROUND.

RUBY

Santos! We found ya!

SANTOS

(TO THE OTHER MEN, LOW) When election
time comes round, then these guys remember
who pays all the little expenses.

RUBY

Say Santos - good to see ya - everybody - Jack
Ruby from Chicago -

RUBY STEPS IN, LOOKS AROUND, SMILING. HIS DIAMOND TIECLIP
IS SPARKLING.

CUT TO:

41. EXTERIOR, CASINO HOTEL, LAS VEGAS. NIGHT

RUBY STEPS OUT ONTO A TERRACE. HE BREATHES IN THE DESERT AIR.

THERE IS A MOVEMENT IN THE BUSHES BELOW. HE INSTINCTIVELY REACHES FOR HIS SHOULDER HOLSTER. MAHUGHES APPEARS.

MAHUGHES

No ace in the hole huh?

RUBY IS SURPRISED. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

RUBY

You always out in bushes or what?

MAHUGHES

They didn't want you in the conversation?

RUBY

They was yakking in Sicilian. I only speak Yiddish.

MAHUGHES

Where's the girl?

RUBY

Santos wanted her.

MAHUGHES

Let's go for a drive.

RUBY

What for?

MAHUGHES

Why not?

RUBY

I gotta look out fer the kid.

MAHUGHES

She won't need you again tonight. Come on.

RUBY HESITATES.

CUT TO:

42. EXTERIOR. CAR, LAS VEGAS. NIGHT.

MAHUGHES IS DRIVING WITH RUBY. THEY DRIVE DOWN THE NEON-LIT STRIP.

MAHUGHES

So now we know.

RUBY

Now we know what?

MAHUGHES

We know who's fucking who.

MAHUGHES REACHES OUT AND FLICKS OFF RUBY'S TIECLIP. IT IS A MICROPHONE BUG. MAHUGHES MUST HAVE RIGGED IT WHEN HE WAS IN THE CAROUSEL.

RUBY

Holy shit -

HE HOLDS IT TO HIS EAR. OF COURSE IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY.

RUBY

Well explain it to me. I don't know nothin'.

MAHUGHES

You know who's visiting the hotel, don't you, Jack?

RUBY

Candy Barr seems to think - but nah, I ain't sure -

MAHUGHES TURNS THE WHEEL HARD AND SPINS THE CAR OUT ONTO THE INTERSTATE.

CUT TO:

43. EXTERIOR. DESERT, NEVADA. NIGHT.

MAHUGHES STOPS THE CAR IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

RUBY

I'm just an honest workin' club owner. I got a lotta overheads. I got arrears with my tax. Louie Morello got what he had comin'.

MAHUGHES

Want to know why you've bin chosen?

HE TURNS TO RUBY.

RUBY

Chosen for what?

MAHUGHES

We can't talk here.

MAHUGHES GUNS THE CAR. IT DRIVES OFF FURTHER INTO THE DESERT.

CUT TO:

44. EXTERIOR, DESERT, NEVADA. NIGHT.

MAHUGHES AND RUBY SIT IN THE CAR.

MAHUGHES

You were quite a hit man in the old days. The Chicago days. Joe Policeman, Flacco Creamcheese, Vitto Peroni -

RUBY

You done what you was told, otherwise ya got what ya had comin'.

MAHUGHES

Good old days huh? Well - (SMILES) - nothing's changed. (BEAT) Well, now we know Santos and his associates speak with forked tongue.

RUBY

Who's this we?

MAHUGHES

You don't need a lesson in history, do you Jack? After all, you've been taking shipments off the island for years now - mostly selling them on to your friends in the narcotics squad -

RUBY

Lissen to me -

MAHUGHES

No, you listen to me. In the old days it was easy to do business in Cuba. Then Fidel Castro comes along.

RUBY

Yeah, you ain't kiddin'.

MAHUGHES

First of all you think you can do business with him. You ship him some guns and grenades, and in return he lets you run a little dope. and keep your casinos. But then he shows his true colours -

RUBY

Whatd'ya mean?

MAHUGHES

He's a commie. So he takes alla your casinos and closes you down. (LOOKS AWAY) And that's when Santos undertook to kill him and that's where Santos screwed up.

SILENCE.

THEN RUBY LAUGHS A SMALL LAUGH

RUBY

You're joking wid me huh?

MAHUGHES

I'm not joking with you Jack. Santos chickened out. And right now, just to help himself stay on the right side of things, he's trying to blackmail his friends.

RUBY

I don't get it.

MAUGHES LOOKS AT RUBY. HE IS NOT JOKING.

MAHUGHES

The jail thing was a sham. Santos and his friends are in bed with Fidel. Our operation was compromised from the start. And now they're trying to get in bed with the President of the United States. Santos is very smart. We had a deal with him, now he's using it to put us under his thumb. Any moment they feel like it, they whisper it in the President's ear, and then what happens?

RUBY

The guy in the helicopter - that's the President of the United States?

MAHUGHES TURNS HIS HEAD SLOWLY TO LOOK AT HIM. RUBY IS ASTONISHED.

CUT TO:

45. INTERIOR. CASINO HOTEL. NIGHT.

A CORRIDOR IN THE BEDROOM AREA OF THE HOTEL CASINO. WE SEE THAT THE CORRIDOR IS GUARDED BY MEN AT BOTH ENDS.

WE SEE A WAITER APPROACH A ROOM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CORRIDOR WITH A TRAY. CANDY BR SEES THE SECRET SERVICE MAN CHECK THE TRAY AND LET IT PAST.

A MOMENT LATER, WHEN THE WAITER HAS LEFT, CANDY BARR ADJUSTS HER HAIR, AND WALKS STEADILY TOWARDS THE DOOR, AND THE GUARD.

THE SECRET SERVICE GUARD SEES HER COME. HE DOESN'T CHANGE HIS EXPRESSION. SHE LOWERS HER EYES MODESTLY AND HE LETS HER APPROACH.

GUARD

(INTO TWO WAY RADIO) Tackle here. He got some pussy comin' up.

WE GO BACK WITH CANDY BARR. SHE REACHES THE DOOR. SHE KNOCKS VERY GENTLY AND WITH HER EAR CLOSE, HEARS SOMETHING AND SOFTLY OPENS THE DOOR. SHE GOES INSIDE.

CUT TO:

46. EXTERIOR. DESERT, NEVADA. NIGHT.

MAHUGHES AND RUBY, AS BEFORE.

RUBY

So I've bin made tuh bring Candy Barr up here so' she c'n - what? - take some kinda messages back an' forward -

MAHUGHES

She's the channel. That's how we put it.

RUBY

This is really gettin' outa control -

MAHUGHES

Oh, we haven't hardly started, Jack.
(LIGHTLY) We have policy objectives. They are going to be met. Santos thinks he's ahead of us. Well he's not. One of his men is going to carry out the Castro hit, whether he likes it or not.

RUBY

Who?

MAHUGHES

Because if he doesn't, he goes down for the murder of Louie Morello. Plus all the other hits he made in Chicago, back in the good old days.

RUBY

Let me outa here -

RUBY GRABS THE DOOR HANDLE. HE SLAMS OUT OF THE CAR.
MAHUGHES GETS OUT OF THE CAR. THE TWO MEN ARE ALONE IN THE DESERT.

RUBY

Leave me alone! I dunno who or what you is, but I don't wanna know!

MAHUGHES

What's the matter Jack? It's just another hit. And you were one of the best. Were? Are. The good old days are still here, right? We can all go back to Chicago. So Sparky from Chicago, he's still the man.

RUBY

The President of Cuba? Are you fuckin' insane?

MAHUGHES

We have technology. Look in the trunk.

MAHUGHES OPENS THE TRUNK OF THE CAR.

MAHUGHES

There's gas guns and there's detonators and
there's toxins -

RUBY LOOKS IN THE TRUNK. THERE IS AN ARRAY OF WEAPONRY.

RUBY

I don't want anything to do with this!

MAHUGHES

(OVER HIM) And when you think about it -
how can you fail?

MAHUGHES GRABS A WEAPON FROM THE TRUNK. IT IS A SHORT
HANDLED STEN GUN, LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVE ROUNDS. HE
LOOSES IT OFF AT A CACTUS. THE CACTUS TOPPLES, CUT IN HALF
BY THE ROUNDS.

RUBY

NO!

MAHUGHES SLIDES INTO THE CAR DRIVER'S SEAT, AND BEFORE
RUBY CAN REACH HIM, HE LOCKS THE DOORS WITH A FLICK OF
HIS WRIST.

MAHUGHES

You don't have to decide all at once. Think it
through while you walk back to town.

SUDDENLY, MAHUGHES GUNS THE CAR AND ACCELERATES AWAY
ACROSS THE BAKED EARTH OF THE DESERT, LEAVING RUBY
ISOLATED.

THE FIRST THING IN RUBY'S EYELINE IS THE DEAD CACTUS,
ODDLY LIKE A DEAD MAN.

CUT TO:

47. INTERIOR. HOTEL CASINO, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA. DAWN.

THE CORRIDOR AND THE DOOR TO THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE. RAYS OF THE RISING SUN CUT DOWN THE HALLWAY THROUGH THE WINDOW.

THE DOOR OF THE SUITE OPENS VERY SOFTLY. CANDY BARR COMES QUIETLY INTO THE HALL. SHE CLOSES THE DOOR SOUNDLESSLY BEHIND HER. SHE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT. SHE IS STIRRED TO HER SOUL. SHE MOVES AWAY INTO THE HALL, MOVING AS QUIETLY AS A GHOST.

SHE PAUSES.

CANDY BARR

(TO HERSELF) Hell, Candy Barr -

SHE WANDERS OFF, DOWN TO WHERE A SILENT SECRET SERVICEMAN WITH HIS BACK TO HER KEEPS GUARD AT THE STAIRWAY.

CUT TO:

48. EXTERIOR. EDGE OF TOWN, LAS VEGAS. EARLY MORNING.

WE ARE WITH RUBY AS HE MAKES HIS WAY INTO SIGHT OF TOWN, HAVING WALKED ALL NIGHT IN FROM THE DESERT. HIS RAGGED APPEARANCE, HIS GLAZED LOOK, ALL CONTRIVE TO MAKE HIM RESEMBLE SOME BIZARRE BIBLICAL FIGURE. IS IT JOB?

HE STANDS AGAINST THE SKYLINE LOOKING DOWN. HE TOO, PERHAPS, WILL NEVER BE THE SAME MAN AGAIN.

CUT TO:

49. EXTERIOR. CASINO HOTEL, LAS VEGAS. MORNING.

WE SEE TWO THINGS - RUBY REACHING THE HOTEL/CASINO, SEEING IT REAR UP ON HIS SKYLINE - AND CANDY BARR IN THE BACK OF A LIMOUSINE, BEING DRIVEN AWAY.

CANDY BARR

(VOICE OVER) "Dear Jack - something very profound an' wonderful an' surprising has happened to me - I shall tell you about it someday but meantime I have to go on a engagement in Washington DC. Take care o'yourself an' -"

PICTURE HAS MERGED TO GIVE US JACK AT THE RECEPTION DESK OF THE HOTEL/CASINO READING CANDY BARR'S NOTE.

RUBY

" - and thanks fer everything, yours truly, Candy Barr' -"

HE LOOKS UP SLOWLY. HE SEES THE CLERK AT THE DESK.

CLERK

Sorry sir. There was nothing else.

CUT TO:

50. EXTERIOR, CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

WE SEE THE BILLBOARD ANNOUNCING THE NIGHT'S ACT - CANDY BARR. PLASTERED ACROSS IT IS A 'CANCELLED' SIGN.

CUT TO:

51. INTERIOR.CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS. NIGHT.

RUBY IS IN ON THE BED, IN THE DRESSING ROOM. HE IS DRESSED, UNSHAVEN, HOT, UNHAPPY.

THE PHONE RINGS.

RUBY

(INTO PHONE) Yeah? (LISTENS) Yeah
Lenny - thank Christ ya returned my call.

CUT TO:

52. EXTERIOR. DALLAS, TEXAS. DAY.

RUBY IS OUT WALKING. HE IS WITH THE MAN WHO CALLED - LENNY. LENNY DOYLE IS A MOB KILLER, AND IT SHOWS.

RUBY AND DOYLE ARE UP HIGH, WITH TRAFFIC IN THE NEAR DISTANCE. WIND BLOWS THEIR HAIR.

RUBY

The thing is Lenny - the reason I thought of you - when it comes to making a hit - your team was always the best. The hits you carried out . . . believe me - you're the first one came into my mind. I need advice Lenny. Suppose you was told you gotta make a hit - only it ain't nobody ordinary, it's really so special - it's the President of a country -

RUBY STOPS WALKING. HE TURNS AND LEANS ON THE WALL BESIDE HIM. IT IS THE WALL OF THE STEMMONS FREEWAY OVERPASS IN DALLAS.

DOYLE LEANS ON THE WALL.

DOYLE

Who give ya this contract, Sparky?

RUBY

You know better than to ask a question like that, Lenny.

DOYLE

I'm askin', because what I'm sayin' is, you'd better have a way to decide who it is gotta die - you or the guy givin' you the contract, because it's one o'the two a'you.

DOYLE WALKS SLOWLY AWAY. RUBY IS NOT MUCH RELIEVED AT THE ANSWER. THE TRAFFIC STREAMS PAST ON THE FREEWAY AND VANISHES INTO THE TRIPLE UNDERPASS.

CUT TO:

53. EXTERIOR. COMMERCIAL STREET/DEALEY PLAZA, DALLAS. DAY.

RUBY HAS CAUGHT UP WITH DOYLE AND THEY ARE WALKING TOGETHER.

RUBY

Lenny - I'm in real deep.

DOYLE

I'll say.

RUBY

They got my balls in a vice. (PAUSE) You remember the old Chicago days.

DOYLE

Sure do. Good old days . . .

RUBY

You know all these hits that is goin' on now, an' alla this heat that the Justice Department is puttin' on the boys?

DOYLE

I'm aware.

RUBY

What would you say if I put it to you that I have a theory that alla that is just a front?

DOYLE

(SMALL PAUSE) Front for what?

RUBY

(STOPS WALKING) Front for the fact that the boys is now workin' fer the government.

DOYLE LOOKS AT RUBY. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD SLOWLY, AS IF SAD AT THE IDEA THAT RUBY HAS LOST HIS MARBLES.

RUBY

The whole thing down there Lenny - it ain't just about political stuff. It's the connections. They was worth a goldmine. Money is power, Lenny. You know that.

DOYLE WALKS AWAY.

RUBY

Hey Lenny -

RUBY HURRIES AFTER HIM.

AS THE TWO MOVE AWAY, THEY REVEAL THE BUILDING THEY HAVE BEEN TALKING IN FRONT OF. IT IS THE DALLAS BOOK DEPOSITORY.

CUT TO:

54. INTERIOR. WASHINGTON HOTEL, DAY.

IT IS DARK AND CURTAINED AND LIT ONLY BY SPOTS. CANDY BARR IS IN A TASTY LITTLE COCKTAIL GOWN.

SHE IS ON A SMALL STAGE IN A SMART WASHINGTON NIGHT SPOT. SHE HAS A MICROPHONE AND A PIANIST. HER ACT HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED - SHE IS QUITE A DECENT SINGER.

SANTOS WATCHES IN THE AUDIENCE.

CANDY BARR

Ladies and gentlemen - a song that seems to sum up Washington DC -

THE PIANIST PLAYS A BAR OF INTRO AND CANDY BARR STARTS CROONING A LOVE SONG . . .

MIX THROUGH TO:

55. EXTERIOR. HAVANA, CUBA. DAY.

A CROWD IS GATHERED, THRONGING THE PLAZA OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE OF HAVANA. THERE ARE PLACARDS AND RED BANNERS WAVING EVERYWHERE, AND FROM A DISTANT FLAG-DECKED PODIUM THE LEADER IS ABOUT TO ADDRESS THE FAITHFUL.

A LOW CHANT STARTS UP AND GROWS STRONGER AND STRONGER - "VIVA FIDEL! VIVA FIDEL!"

RUBY IS IN THE CROWD WITH A COLOURED SHIRT, STRAW HAT AND A CINE CAMERA. HE IS TRYING TO GET A GLIMPSE OF FIDEL CASTRO, HEMMED ABOUT BY FERVENT AND VOCIFEROUS CAMPESINOS WHO ONLY HAVE EYES FOR THEIR HERO.

CUT TO:

56. INTERIOR. LAVATORY. HAVANA, CUBA. NIGHT.

RUBY IS ALONE IN THE LAVATORY CUBICLE OF A MEN'S WASHROOM IN THE RAILWAY TERMINUS IN HAVANA.

MAHUGHES

(OFF) So it didn't happen this time.

RUBY

It ain't gonna happen any fuckin' time.

MAHUGHES

Don't lose confidence, Ruby. That's the main thing.

RUBY

It can't be done, Mahughes. It don't matter how fuckin' confident.

RUBY FLUSHES THE TOILET AND COMES OUT. MAHUGHES IS OUTSIDE BY THE WASHBASINS.

MAHUGHES

I'm here to help you.

RUBY

You can't help. You know what you need to do this job?

RUBY GOES TO WASH HIS HANDS. MAHUGHES STEPS ASIDE.

MAHUGHES

Tell me.

RUBY TURNS TO THE TOWEL HANGING ON THE WALL.

RUBY

You need three, four guns. High powered rifles. Three four high power rifles an' some very tall buildings. Which they do not got in Havana. Plus you would need some patsy, some person or other, what is in the crowd with a gun, some nut, for the security to jump on, covering your escape. That's what you would need.

RUBY GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT A FEW INCHES. IT LETS OUT INTO THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE HAVANA RAILWAY STATION. REVOLUTIONARY ARMED SOLDIERS ARE PATROLLING.

RUBY

So I am telling you, I am leaving for home, and
I am included out.

MAHUGHES

We don't like quitters, Ruby.

RUBY

You don't get no more outa me - not unless I
get to find out what the fuck is goin' on. I got
news fer you Mahughes - I tell you this in good
sincerity - I do not believe you are with the
Internal Revenue Service.

MAHUGHES SAYS NOTHING. RUBY GOES TO THE DOOR.

MAHUGHES

Aren't you forgetting something?

MAHUGHES TAKES A BAG OF WHITE POWDER FROM HIS POCKET.

MAHUGHES

Your little duty-free package for your friends in
Dallas.

RUBY TAKES THE PACKAGE AND OPENS THE DOOR.

MAHUGHES

Don't worry about it Jack. You did your best.
What more could you do?

RUBY GOES OUT.

MAHUGHES COMES TO THE DOOR, WATCHES RUBY WALK BRISKLY
AWAY ACROSS THE CONCOURSE OF THE STATION. RUBY WATCHES
ALL ROUND HIM, AS IF AFRAID OF AN ASSASSIN IN THE MELEE.

HIS WALK TURN TO A RUN. MAHUGHES WATCHES FROM THE DISTANCE.

CUT TO:

57. EXTERIOR. WASHINGTON DC. DAY.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

WE FIND THE SIDE GATE TO THE WHITE HOUSE AND A VISITOR WHO IS JUST EMERGING - A SMARTLY DRESSED LADY PULLING ON HER ELEGANT GLOVES AND LOOKING UP THE STREET FOR THE DRIVER SHE EXPECTS TO MEET HER. IT IS CANDY BARR.

ON HER LAPEL SHE SPORTS A NEW DIAMOND SOLITAIRE BROOCH - NOT UNLIKE JACK'S TIECLIP.

A CAR MOVES UP TOWARDS HER.

THE DRIVER LOWERS THE WINDOW. IT IS FERRIE.

CANDY BARR

Did Santos send you? I was expectin' Santos.

FERRIE

Get in the car.

CUT TO:

58. INTERIOR. FERRIE'S CAR, WASHINGTON. DAY.

CANDY BARR SITS IN THE CAR. FERRIE GUNS THE CAR AWAY.

CANDY BARR

Where is he? (HER ALARM GROWS)
Where's Santos?

FERRIE

Santos couldn't come.

CUT TO:

59. EXTERIOR. VIRGINIA. DAY.

FERRIE'S CAR DRIVES AT SPEED ALONG A FREEWAY TOWARDS
NORTH CAROLINA.

WE CUT INSIDE THE CAR.

FERRIE

So what was the response to Santos's proposal?

CANDY BARR

I ain't sure I should be discussin' it with you.

FERRIE

Trust me.

CANDY BARR

Santos proposed a settlement with Castro. The
President was very interested.

FERRIE

'swhat I thought.

CUT TO:

60. EXTERIOR. DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

RUBY COMES UP COMMERCIAL STREET AT A BRISK PACE, HEAD DOWN, HIS ARMS FULL OF DOGFOOD.

AS HE TURNS UP THE ALLEY THAT LEADS TO THE BACK DOOR TO THE CLUB HE IS CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN BLAZE OF HEADLIGHTS. EQUALLY SUDDENLY, HE IS HEMMED IN BY CARS, THEIR ENGINES ROARING.

RUBY

Hey - what is this -

LEO

ASSUME THE POSITION!

RUBY

LEO? IS THAT YOU?

RUBY FINDS HIMSELF SPREADEAGLED ON THE STREET BY MEN WHOSE FACES HE CANNOT SEE. HE IS FRISKED. HIS DOGFOOD CANS ARE ROLLING IN THE GUTTER.

LEO - WHOSE VOICE RUBY KNOWS, IS HOLDING A FLASHLIGHT AT HIM.

RUBY

What's all this about Leo?

LEO

Wanted a little word with you, Jack.

RUBY

Ya know where the club is, Leo. Christ, you c'n come in an' have a drink any time -

LEO BRINGS A BAG OF WHITE POWDER UNDER RUBY'S NOSE.

LEO

Smells good don't it? (BEAT) Baby powder.

LEO SPILLS IT ALL OVER RUBY.

RUBY

Shit.

LEO

We want our dough back, Jack, plus something
for the pain an' distress caused.

LEO MOVES BACK TO HIS CAR, GETS IN.

LEO

Otherwise, you is finished in this town.

LEO BACKS THE CAR AWAY AND DRIVES OFF. RUBY WATCHES,
CURSING UNDER HIS BREATH.

CUT TO:

61. EXTERIOR, STREET, DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

RUBY IS GOING UP THE ALLEY TO THE CLUB'S SIDE DOOR WHEN
HE IS JUMPED FROM BEHIND.

HANK

Where is she Ruby?

RUBY OPENS HIS EYES, TRIES TO MOVE, WINCES.

RUBY

Where's who?

HANK

Where's my wife?

RUBY

Search me.

HANK

Sweet little dancing girl. You know what she was when I picked her up?

RUBY

Who ~~we~~ talking about?

RUBY STRUGGLES TO PROP HIMSELF UP.

HANK

Miss Candy Barr.

RUBY

Oh, Candy Barr?

HANK

She was a stripper, you asshole. I took her away from alla that.

RUBY

Oh, yuh did? You're the cowboy huh?

HANK

I'm the cowboy, Ruby. You better remember it.

HANK COCKS A GUN AT RUBY'S THROAT. THEN HE VANISHES FROM VIEW, GOT FROM BEHIND BY OFFICER TIPPIT.

TIPPIT

Having trouble Jack?

CUT TO:

62. EXTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS. NIGHT.

TIPPIT'S CAR IS PARKED IN FRONT OF THE CLUB. HANK, CUFFED AND GAGGED AND UNCONSCIOUS, IS ACROSS THE BACK SEAT.

CUT TO:

63. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS. NIGHT.

TIPPIT HAS COME IN WITH JACK, WHO HAS MOVED TO FIX HIMSELF A SHOT OF BOURBON AT THE BAR. HE NEEDS IT.

TIPPIT

Good job I was out lookin' fer you -

TIPPIT REVEALS A FILE THAT HE IS BEEN HIDING UNDER HIS TUNIC.

TIPPIT

Found this in the detectives' room when I come on shift.

RUBY

What's that?

TIPPIT

Looks like yer police file from a long way back.

RUBY SNATCHES IT, LOOKS AT IT.

RUBY

Who's bin passin' this around?

TIPPIT

Figured I'd give it back to its owner, the man whose got his name on the cover. Figure one good turn deserves another.

RUBY LOOKS THROUGH HIS FILE, APPALLED.

RUBY

This was meant to have bin burned twenty years ago.

TIPPIT

Looks like you were quite a kid - (PUTS HIS HANDS UP) Oh, I didn't read in there, don't get me wrong. I figure a man's police file's his own business. I just meant it was real heavy, that's all.

TIPPIT LAYS HOLD OF THE FILE.

TIPPIT

Mebbe I better put this back where I found it.

RUBY SNATCHES THE FILE BACK AND TURNS TO HOBBLE AWAY.
TIPPIT FOLLOWS.

TIPPIT

Jack - Gail threw me outa the trailer. Said I
wasn't tuh show my face no more. (SITS) It's a
man on the very edge yuh see standin' here in
front a ya.

RUBY

So what, Lonnie?

TIPPIT

I fell in love, Jack. That girl who dances fer ya -
Candy Barr.

PAUSE. RUBY STOPS. TIPPIT STARES HARD AT RUBY.

TIPPIT

I gotta see her an' talk to her, Jack.

RUBY

(SMALL PAUSE) She left town.

TIPPIT

I know it seems crazy, Jack - but I seed her on
stage, and she seed me - and the way she

looked at me - I know it's crazy - I mean - I
know it's that thing - fer the both of us -

RUBY

She said never said nothin' 'bout it to me.

TIPPIT

Is it okay fer me tuh hang round an' see when
she shows up agin?

RUBY

Do what you want, Lonnie. I can't stop yah.

CUT TO:

64. EXTERIOR. NORTH CAROLINA. DAWN.

THE SUN IS COMING UP OVER THE COAST.

FERRIE'S LARGE DUSTY CAR SWEEPS ON UP A HIGHWAY ROAD
THROUGH THE DAWN LIGHT, LEAVING A TRAIL OF RED DUST.

CANDY BARR

(VOICE OVER) Where you takin' me anyhow?

CUT TO:

65. INTERIOR. CAR, NORTH CAROLINA. NIGHT.

INSIDE FERRIE'S CAR.

FERRIE

See that ocean?

CANDY BARR

I see it.

FERRIE

That ocean holds the threat to the security of this nation.

CUT TO:

66. EXTERIOR. NORTH CAROLINA. DAY.

FERRIE HAS PULLED THE CAR UP AT A GATE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

FERRIE

Welcome to The Farm.

A MAN COMES FORWARD. FERRIE SHOWS SOMETHING THROUGH THE GLASS. THE CAR IS WAVED THROUGH.

CAMP PEARY IS A GOVERNMENT ESTATE DISGUISED AS A FARM. SIGNS MIGHT INDICATE THIS.

CUT TO:

67. INTERIOR. CAMP PEARY, NORTH CAROLINA. DAY.

FERRIE STOPS THE CAR IN FRONT OF WHAT SEEMS TO BE A HUGE BARN. HE OPENS CANDY BARR'S DOOR. AFTER A HESITATION, SHE GETS OUT. HE GOES TO THE BARN, PRESSES A BUZZER. THE DOOR OPENS. HE WAITS FOR HER. THEY GO IN.

IT OPENS ONTO A HUGE, HANGAR-LIKE SPACE.

THE TALL AND SPACIOUS HANGAR IS LIT ALL ROUND WITH STRIP LIGHTS. THE PLACE IS PILED HIGH WITH BOXED WEAPONRY. THERE ARE SITUATION MAPS ON THE WALL, SHOWING THE ISLAND OF CUBA, ILLUMINATED AND BRISTLING WITH LIGHTS. THERE ARE DESKS LAID OUT LIKE COMMAND POSTS, WITH TELEPHONES EVERYWHERE. THERE ARE CODE MACHINES AND TELEX TERMINALS.

THERE ARE PEOPLE WORKING EVERYWHERE. WHEN CANDY BARR GETS TO SEE THEIR FACES - SHE SEES THEY ARE ALL DARK-SKINNED, LIKE CUBANS.

FERRIE

The communists are not going to be allowed to succeed, not in our back yard, not at any price.

FERRIE WALKS AWAY TO THE BACK OF THE BUILDING.

FERRIE

(TURNS) This way!

FERRIE CLIMBS TO A GALLERY, UNLOCKS A DOOR, GOES THROUGH. CANDY BARR FOLLOWS, HALF-HEARTEDLY.

CUT TO:

68. INTERIOR. CAMP PEARY, NORTH CAROLINA. DAY.

CANDY BARR FOLLOWS FERRIE INTO AN INNER ROOM OFF THE MAIN HANGAR.

THEY WAIT, AND THE DOOR OPENS, AND MAHUGHES COMES IN.

MAHUGHES

Welcome to The Farm, Miss Dujean.

CANDY BARR

And who the hell are you?

MAHUGHES SITS DOWN AT A DESK.

MAHUGHES

Call me Mahughes. So Santos has been trying to cut himself a deal.

CANDY BARR

Where is Santos?

MAHUGHES

Santos is on his way to the Dominican Republic. His papers were never in order, you know.

FERRIE

So all his manipulations were futile. You follow us?

CANDY BARR

I figured it all out, roughly. It's all got to do with covert actions.

FERRIE

But the President's only got half his mind on our kind of covert action and the other half on your kind.

CANDY BARR

Don't you believe it. He c'n do two things at once, no trouble. He's mastered that art yes sir.

FERRIE

So he did leak the whole scam to the reds after all?

CANDY BARR

He laid his cards on the table.

MAHUGHES

And the upshot is - a deal with Castro? Am I right?

CANDY BARR

(LIGHTLY) Mister President calls it a necessary rapprochement. Once your line had been tried and failed, there was no other kind of choice. You had your time and your chance, and now it's over and gone.

MAHUGHES

And what happens to all this?

CANDY BARR

This - (GESTURES) - gets blown away.

MAHUGHES

Just like that?

CANDY BARR

He c'n be decisive, when he wants tuh be.
(TURNS) He's a pussy cat. He's up there,
surrounded by people hissin' in his ear the
whole day long. Even when he gets some broad
in the sack, turns out she's on some kinda
diplomatic mission. He c'n get sick an' tired
like the rest of us. He's bored with your games.
That's all there is tuh say.

MAHUGHES

Oh no. There's a lot more. Detail. Small print.
Methodology. You say he's going to kiss us
away - but what's the methodology?

CANDY BARR

We never got round to methodology. We musta
kept puttin' that bit o' the conversation off.

MAHUGHES

I want to know everything.

CANDY BARR

Well doesn't evr'ybody? What you gotta
remember is this -

MAHUGHES

(OVER HER) The President was correct. The
earliest attempts to resolve the problem were
clumsy, we agree.

CANDY BARR

Understatement of the century.

FERRIE

(INCREDULOUS) The President talked to you about liquidation plans?

CANDY BARR

We use to laugh ourselves to sleep talking 'bout explodin' stogies. President said didn't you assholes realise Castro owns a whole lotta cigars in Havana already? Some present, a box a' coronas, even with the fuses in 'em.

FERRIE LOOKS AT MAHUGHES, APPALLED AT THE PRESIDENT'S INDISCRETION.

MAHUGHES

You go back and tell the President this. The delivery system is being revised. The strategy is being updated. All he has to do is hold faith.

CANDY BARR

Why tell me?

MAHUGHES

You're our only connection.

CANDY BARR

He's shut you out, hasn't he? Just like I said.

MAHUGHES

Deliver our message.

CANDY BARR

Very smart. Show what clever boys you are.
He slams all the doors on you and he runs like
hell to get a few minutes peace and solitude with
someone who isn't chasing him for something
and then you pop up, right in there. What clever
little operators you'd look like. (PAUSE) Well I
won't do it.

MAHUGHES

You ran errands for Alicante, trying to square
things away with the Justice people -

CANDY BARR

I will tell you one plain and simple factual truth -
what went on between us was between us and
between two people who shared a little love and
a little regard for each other - and I would never
have it any other way - and what is more -
rather than foul up the one private moment in
his life I will promise you I shall never see him
again -

MAHUGHES

Show her the pen.

FERRIE REACHES IN HIS POCKET, BRINGS OUT A FOUNTAIN PEN.
HE UNCAPS IT.

MAHUGHES

You may need personal protection if things
blow up in your face -

FERRIE

One scratch with the point is lethal.

MAHUGHES TUCKS THE PEN INTO HER SHOULDER BAG. SHE TAKES IT OUT, BANGS IT BACK ON HIS DESK.

CANDY BARR

Go to hell. Or do you want me to write it down?

MAHUGHES

"Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country . . ." You've got a private line to the White House. Pick up the phone and deliver our message. It's your patriotic duty.

CANDY BARR TURNS AND MARCHES OUT.

MAHUGHES COMES OUT ONTO THE GALLERY DECK.

MAHUGHES

THIS IS LIKE AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER
TELL HIM! IT CAN'T BE STOPPED IN THE
WATER JUST LIKE THAT! YOU'RE A
DESIGNATED WIDE RECEIVER IN THE
GLOBAL BALL GAME! WE ALL HAVE TO
FOLLOW THE STRATEGY!

CANDY BARR

Call me a cab someone.

MAHUGHES MOTIONS FERRIE TO FOLLOW HER. CANDY BARR STRIDES ON PAST ALL THE PEOPLE ON THE FLOOR OF THE BARN.

CUT TO:

69. EXTERIOR. DULLES AIRPORT. DAY.

CANDY BARR, CLUTCHING AN AIRLINE TICKET, SEES A PAYPHONE IN THE DISTANCE. SHE FIXES ON IT, GOES TO IT, PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.

CANDY BARR

Yes operator. I want to make a personal call.
(PAUSE) The name? (BEAT) Mister Jack
Ruby.

CUT TO:

70. EXTERIOR. LOVE FIELD AIRPORT. DALLAS. DAY.

THE NOISE OF AN AIRPORT, ARRIVING FLIGHTS ANNOUNCED ON TANNOY.

THERE IS A LARGE TILED MAP OF THE WORLD ON THE TERMINAL FLOOR. SOMEONE STEPS ONTO IT. IT IS CANDY BARR, RETURNING FROM WASHINGTON.

SHE LOOKS ROUND THE AIRPORT. SHE SEES SOMEONE WAITING IN THE DISTANCE. IT IS JACK RUBY.

CUT TO:

71. INTERIOR. COUNTY JAIL, DALLAS TEXAS. DAY.

CLATTERING AND BANGING IN AN ECHOING HALL AS MEALS ARE SERVED TO PRISONERS IN THE COUNTY JAIL.

SUDDENLY A PRISONER JUMPS TO HIS FEET WHEN HE SEES A VISITOR ADMITTED AT THE FAR END OF THE PRISON HALL.

THE PRISONER IS HANK. FROM BEHIND BARS HE WATCHES CANDY BARR, IN HER COAT, APPROACH.

SHE STOPS AT THE BARRED GATE. SHE IS TIRED, WORLD WEARY.

CANDY BARR

Hiya Hank.

HANK

I heard you was in Washington.

CANDY BARR

I was in Washington Hank, but I came back here and I heard you were in jail so I came to see what I could do - but I didn't come back to fetch you. I was comin' back anyhow.

HANK

You come back to see your fancy man is what you mean to tell me -

CANDY BARR

No. Hank - (STOPS) - I can't explain anything to you about my life. (PAUSE) I'm sorry 'bout us, Hank. Some relationships are short an' sweet -

HANK

An' some are just short. You'll go my bail. Fer old time's sakes?

CANDY BARR

If you promise me Hank - to behave yourself, and calm down, and accept that what's past is past.

HANK

I told him 'bout your bein' a dancer when I met
you at sixteen.

CANDY BARR

Yeah well, we are what we are, Hank.

SHE SMILES AND TURNS AWAY. SHE GOES TO THE DESK TO SIGN
HANK'S BAIL.

HANK

(CALLS) I love you Daisy May!

SHE GOES OUT.

CUT TO:

72. EXTERIOR. DALLAS, TEXAS. DAY.

CANDY BARR COMES DOWN THE STEPS OF THE COUNTY JAIL ONTO
DEALEY PLAZA.

JACK RUBY IS WAITING IN A CAR. SHE GETS IN.

RUBY

Okay?

CANDY BARR

(SIGHS) Okay.

RUBY

Ya done the right thing. (STARTS THE CAR)
Now we gonna get you home an' ya tell me
'bout everything bin goin' on with Santos.

SHE LEANS FORWARD, STOPS HIM STARTING THE CAR.

CANDY BARR

Listen Jack. I don't want to talk about
everything that's been going on with Santos or
with anybody else. I'm a good dancer, right?

RUBY

The best -

CANDY BARR

People want to pay to come in and see me, and
if we kept it going steady we could make
something of the Carousel -

RUBY

(SURPRISED) Yeah . . . that's the way I seen
it too -

CANDY BARR

Give me a quarter share in the club and we
could build something worth keeping.

RUBY LOOKS AT HER. DOES SHE MEAN SOMETHING MORE.

CANDY BARR

We're good friends, Jack. That's as rare as
balls on a hen in this world and it's good
enough for me. Start the car.

RUBY IS PLEASED. THIS IS THE NICEST STUFF HE'S EVER HEARD. HE STARTS THE CAR AND SWINGS IT AWAY ROUND IN FRONT OF THE BOOK DEPOSITORY AND ROUND DEALEY PLAZA.

MIX TO:

73. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS. NIGHT.

CANDY BARR IS ON STAGE. THE CLUB IS CROWDED. SHE HOLDS THE STAGE WITH A MARLENE DIETRICH TYPE OF ACT. SHE IS SINGING - A LOW, BLUESY SONG OF EXPERIENCE AND SUFFERING AND RECONCILIATION.

WE SEE TIPPIT BY THE DOOR, CAP IN HAND, WATCHING ADMIRINGLY HIS UNOBTAINABLE OBJECT OF DESIRE.

IN THE BACK ROOM, RUBY IS UNDER THE GREEN LIGHT AT THE TABLE.

HE IS COUNTING OUT MONEY FOR LEO AND MATT.

RUBY

Eighty ninety five hundred -

HE SLAPS THE ROLL AND HANDS IT TO LEO.

LEO

Okay. I guess we call that even.

RUBY

Guess we do.

LEO

Maybe you better give us an assurance you'll stay out of the business for the time being.

RUBY

What do I need with it? I got a business, out there.

MATT

And you ain't bullshitting Gene Proby of the Bureau no more?

RUBY

That cow head finally realised I was readin' him the phone book. He bawled me out an' said he didn't want no more to do with me. I'm all done as a Bureau poodle. I'm clean boys, look at me. Fer the first time in my life maybe.

LEO

And that old Chicago file that showed you were overdue for Sing Sing? You got that tucked in yer safe I s'pose?

RUBY

What file's that then Leo?

RUBY SMILES INNOCENTLY. LEO SHOWS BY HIS LOOK TO THE OTHERS THAT HE EXPECTED NO OTHER ANSWER.

LEO

Looks like we got the next President of the Texas Rotarians sittin' right here next to us.

RUBY GETS UP.

RUBY

Mebbe you do boys. Now if we got no other
business -

WE GO BACK OUTSIDE TO WHERE CANDY BARR IS FINISHING HER
SONG.

TIPPIT CLAPS WILDLY FROM THE BACK, LOST IN THE GENERAL
APPLAUSE.

CUT TO:

74. INTERIOR. DALLAS NEWSPAPER OFFICE. TEXAS. DAY.

A BUSY NEWSPAPER OFFICE. SOMEONE LOOKS UP FROM A DESK
TO GREET SOMEONE WHO HAS JUST ENTERED THE OFFICE.

REPORTER

Hi Jack.

CHANGE OF ANGLE SHOWS RUBY COMING INTO THE OFFICE.

RUBY

Why ain't you at the parade, Joe?

REPORTER

On my way Jack.

THE REPORTER TEARS A PAGE FROM A TYPEWRITER AND HURRIES
PAST RUBY PULLING HIS JACKET ON AS HE GOES.

RUBY

Just come in to file some advertising.

REPORTER

Didn't think you needed any advertising.

RUBY

It gives Dave Wolf such a pain in the ass to see my ad that's the only reason I do it.

HE INDICATES THE PAPER IN HIS HAND - AN ADVERT FOR CANDY BARR AT THE CAROUSEL.

RUBY

(READS) "In a brand new act at the exclusive Carousel Club - the singing dancing star Candy Barr Dujean -"

REPORTER

(NOT LISTENING) Okay Jack. I gotta run. See ya later.

RUBY

Here - ya wanna free pass -?

BUT THE REPORTER GOES OUT. RUBY IS ALONE IN THE OFFICE. HE LOOKS ROUND. HE HEARS VOICES AND WANDERS TOWARDS THEM, PAUSING TO LOOK DOWN AT THE STREET FROM THE WINDOW, WHERE CROWDS ARE GATHERED.

RUBY APPROACHES A GROUP OF PEOPLE IN AN INNER ROOM OF THE OPEN NEWSPAPER OFFICE. THEY ARE IN A HUDDLE LISTENING TO A COMMENTARY ON THE TELEVISION.

THE TV IS DESCRIBING THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT AT LOVE FIELD, DALLAS.

RUBY

Hi Sam. Hi Kelvin. Come to place an ad fer my club.

BUT THEY ARE NOT PAYING ATTENTION.

CUT TO:

75. EXTERIOR. DALLAS. DAY.

WE ARE WITH PATROLMAN TIPPIT ON THE SIDEWALK IN THE CENTRE OF TOWN. THERE ARE CROWDS, AROUND, AND TALL BUILDINGS EVERYWHERE. HE IS WATCHING PEOPLE WHO HAVE GATHERED TO SEE THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ON HIS VISIT TO TEXAS.

TIPPIT

Scuse me -

TIPPIT IS ADDRESSING THE BACK OF A MAN ABOUT TWENTY FEET AWAY.

TIPPIT

I SAID SCUSE ME!

THE MAN STOPS AND TURNS. IT IS LENNY DOYLE.

TIPPIT

You are not admitted there sir without a pass.

DOYLE HAS BEEN ABOUT TO ENTER A BUILDING. HE IS CARRYING A CASE.

HE REACHES IN HIS POCKET AND BRINGS OUT A PASS.

TIPPIT

Pardon me. Go right ahead.

DOYLE GOES INTO THE BUILDING. TIPPIT TURNS HIS ATTENTION ELSEWHERE.

CUT TO:

76. INTERIOR. CAROUSEL CLUB, DALLAS TEXAS. DAY.

CANDY BARR IS BUSY GETTING HER COSTUME READY FOR THE SHOW. SHE IS CONTENT AND HAPPY STITCHING SEQUINS IN THE CLUB ROOM.

LARRY IS POLISHING GLASSES AT THE BAR. THE RADIO IS PLAYING. THE COMMENTARY EXCITEDLY REPORTS THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PLANE AT LOVE FIELD.

CANDY BARR

Yuh hear that? They're at Love Field.

LARRY

I guess they'll be downtown any minute.

CANDY BARR GOES OVER TO THE WINDOW, FORMERLY HIDDEN BEHIND NIGHTCLUB DRAPE, NOW PINNED BACK.

RADIO

"- and getting ready for the ride from Love Field -"

CANDY BARR

Yuh comin' down Larry?

LARRY

Nah - I'll watch from here.

NOISE STARTS UP UNDER AS WE

CUT TO:

77. EXTERIOR. DEALEY PLAZA, DALLAS, TEXAS. DAY.

THE NOISE WE PICKED UP UNDER THE END OF THE LAST SCENE IS SUDDENLY ALL OVER US - SIRENS ARE IN THE FOREGROUND, CROWDS ARE IN THE MIDDLE, CAR ENGINES ARE EVERYWHERE.

THE CAMERA CLOSES IN ON A FIGURE FACING IT DIRECTLY - IN A COAT AND HEADSCARF, CANDY BARR, STANDING ON THE GRASSY KNOLL AT DEALEY PLAZA. THE NOISE IS IN OUR EARS, THE SUN IS IN OUR EYES.

CUT TO:

78. EXTERIOR. DEALEY PLAZA, DALLAS TEXAS. DAY.

THE NOISE HAS MUTATED. THE DIN IS NOW BEDLAM. CANDY BARR TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN SHOT.

CUT TO:

79. EXTERIOR. DALLAS TEXAS. DAY.

LENNY DOYLE WALKS BRISKLY, HEAD DOWN, FROM THE DALTEX BUILDING.

HE GLANCES ACROSS THE STREET. ANOTHER MAN IS MAKING A SIMILAR EXIT FROM THE BUILDING OPPOSITE.

CUT TO:

80. EXTERIOR. RAILWAY YARD, DEALEY PLAZA, TEXAS. DAY.

TWO MEN APPROACH A PICKUP TRUCK AND THROW SOMETHING IN THE BACK, CLIMB INTO THE CABIN AND GUN THE CAR AWAY.

THE CAMERA PICKS UP THE FACE OF THE MAN SITTING IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT. HE HAS NO HAIR AND NO EYEBROWS.

CUT TO:

81. EXTERIOR. DEALEY PLAZA. DALLAS TEXAS. DAY.

ON THE GRASSY KNOLL, CANDY BARR HAS DROPPED TO HER KNEES, RIGID WITH SHOCK.

CUT TO:

82. EXTERIOR. OAK CLIFF, DALLAS TEXAS. DAY.

A POLICE PATROL CAR IS MOVING UP A STREET IN A SUBURBAN AREA.

THE DRIVER IS TIPPIT.

A MAN STEPS INTO THE ROAD. IT IS HANK. TIPPIT SLOWS THE CAR.

AS THE CAR CLOSES, HANK DRAWS A REVOLVER FROM HIS JACKET.

TIPPIT STOPS THE CAR. HE OPENS THE WINDOW.

TIPPIT

Somethin' wrong - don't I know you?

TIPPIT CLIMBS OUT OF THE CAR. GUNSHOTS ECHO EVERYWHERE. TIPPIT FALLS TO THE GROUND, SHOT BY HANK. HANK LOOKS DOWN AT HIM, THEN TURNS AND RUNS AS PASSERS-BY BEGIN TO SLOWLY APPROACH THE SCENE.

BLOOD ERUPTS LIKE LAVA AND ROLLS DOWN TIPPIT'S MOUTH.

CUT TO:

83. INTERIOR. HOSPITAL, DALLAS, TEXAS. NIGHT.

RUBY, WHITE WITH SHOCK AND PAIN, IS IN A THRONGING CROWD AT THE PARKLAND HOSPITAL.

PRESSING HER WAY TOWARDS HIM, IN THE THRONG, IS CANDY BARR.

WHEN SHE REACHES HIM, HE HOLDS HER IN AN EMBRACE. CLOSE-UP ON HER FACE SHOWS HER TEARS.

CUT TO:

84. EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS. NIGHT.

A COUNTRY HIGHWAY. A LARGE HEAVY RIG SLOWS TO PICK UP A HITCH HIKER.

THE HITCH HIKER IS HANK.

HANK CLIMBS UP. THE RIG PULLS OUT.

CUT TO:

85. EXTERIOR. DALLAS. NIGHT.

RUBY AND CANDY BARR ARE OUTSIDE A DARK BUILDING. THERE IS A LOW SOUND OF SINGING INSIDE. RUBY AND CANDY BARR ARE BOTH PALE, AND STILL DISORIENTED AND IN SHOCK.

CANDY BARR

What is this?

RUBY

I just felt it was a place I had tuh come - I can't explain it -

RUBY PULLS THE DOOR OPEN, CANDY BARR, PUZZLED, STEPS IN.

RUBY

Women have to go upstairs.

CANDY BARR IS EVEN MORE PUZZLED. THERE IS A STAIRCASE. SHE CLIMBS IT. RUBY WATCHES.

CUT TO:

86. INTERIOR. SYNAGOGUE, DALLAS TEXAS. NIGHT.

WE HEAR A VOICE INTONING MUSICALLY IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE. A RABBI, HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS COVERED IN A PRAYER SHAWL, IS AT PRAYER.

RABBI

Shema Yisroel Adenoi Elahenu Adonai Echod -

AMONG THE COMMUNITY ON THE BENCHES OF THIS SYNAGOGUE IS A MAN IN A FAMILIAR PORKPIE HAT. HIS SUIT. IT IS RUBY. UNLIKE MOST OTHERS, HE WEARS NO PRAYER SHAWL.

THE RABBI FINISHES THE PRAYER.

RABBI

And now we pray, each and every one of us,
we pray to the Lord God for the atonement that
we seek -

RUBY

For the atonement that we seek -

THE RABBI STARTS A MOURNFUL PRAYER OF ATONEMENT. RUBY
LOOKS DOWN. UP ABOVE IN THE LADIES' GALLERY CANDY BARR
IS LOOKING DOWN.

CUT TO:

87. INTERIOR. DALLAS POLICE STATION, NIGHT.

WE SEE LEE HARVEY OSWALD, ONE EYE BLACKENED, STANDING
HANDCUFFED IN A TORN BLACK SWEATER. THERE ARE LIGHTS IN
HIS FACE. HE FAMILIAR FACES OF DALLAS DETECTIVES ARE
SURROUNDING HIM.

REPORTER

(SHOUTS) WHY DID YOU SHOOT THE
PRESIDENT?

OSWALD

I haven't uh -

REPORTER

(SHOUTS) IS IT TRUE YOU WERE IN
RUSSIA?

THE CAMERA FINDS ONE FACE AMONG THE THRONG GATHERED AT THE POLICE STATION PRESS CONFERENCE. IT IS RUBY, IN HIS HAT, DARK SUIT AND DARK GLASSES.

CANDY BARR

(VOICE OVER) I guess Jack never said nothin' 'bout what was on his mind -

2ND REPORTER

IS IT TRUE YOU'RE ON THE ANTI-CASTRO COMMITTEE FOR CUBA?

RUBY

FAIR PLAY ~~FOR~~ CUBA! It's for Cuba.

RUBY SHUFFLES, UNCOMFORTABLE AT DRAWING ATTENTION TO HIMSELF.

OSWALD

(SUDDENLY) I'M JUST A PATSY!

THE DETECTIVES GRAB HIS ARMS AND HUSTLE HIM AWAY FROM THE LIGHTS.

CUT TO:

88. EXTERIOR. ALLEYWAY BY CLUB, DALLAS TEXAS. NIGHT.

WE SEE PROBY STANDING IN THE ALLEY BESIDE THE CLUB REAR ENTRANCE SOMEONE IS APPROACHING, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE LIGHT. IT IS RUBY, MOVING QUICKLY, HIS HEAD DOWN

PROBY

What the fuck's goin' on? C'n anybody tell me that?

RUBY MOVES ON PAST PROBY, HURRYING AND PREOCCUPIED.

PROBY

(CALLS) Lonnie Tippit's dead! You heard that?

BUT RUBY HAS HURRIED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

CUT TO:-

89. INTERIOR. POLICE STATION, DALLAS TEXAS. DAY.

THERE IS A HIVE OF ACTIVITY IN THE POLICE STATION BASEMENT. THERE ARE REPORTERS, LIGHTS, A PARKED VEHICLE.

WE ARE WITH JACK RUBY AS HE APPROACHES DOWN THE RAMP THAT LEADS FROM COMMERCIAL STREET.

HE APPROACHES A DETECTIVE GUARDING THE ENTRANCE. THE DETECTIVE GIVES HIM A FURTIVE LOOK AND LETS HIM GO ON INSIDE.

THE TV LIGHTS INSIDE SNAP ON AS SOMEBODY SHOUTS -

REPORTER

HERE HE COMES!

WE SEE OSWALD GUIDED OUT BY TWO WHITE-HATTED DETECTIVES INTO THE LIGHTS.

CANDY BARR

(VOICE OVER) I s'pose bein' in the centre of attention was always what appealed, the bright lights an' the cameras an' the fame an' everybody knowing yer name -

RUBY STEPS FORWARD AS OSWALD IS BROUGHT TO A HALT.
RUBY FIRES. OSWALD RECOILS WITH PAIN.

CANDY BARR

(VOICE OVER) But if bein' top o' life's bill
was my dream that day the dream died -

OSWALD FALLS DYING. RUBY LOOKS DOWN AT HIM. TIME HAS
STOPPED. THEN RUBY IS SMOTHERED.

CUT TO:

90. INTERIOR. COUNTY JAIL, DALLAS, TEXAS. DAY.

CANDY BARR IS WAITING AT A BARRED GATE, AS SHE WAS WHEN
SHE FIRST WENT TO MEET SANTOS . SHE CARRIES FLOWERS.

THE GATE IS DRAWN OPEN.

CUT TO:

91. INTERIOR. DALLAS COUNTY JAIL. DAY.

BARS EVERYWHERE. WE SEE RUBY IN HIS CELL. CANDY BARR
STANDS AT THE DOOR. RUBY IS IN SHIRTSLEEVES. HE IS CALMED
OUT, MORE LEVEL THAN HE'S BEEN BEFORE. BUT STILL, THERE IS
SOMETHING THERE THAT HAS NOT BEEN THERE BEFORE - A
STEELINESS, A DECISION THAT HAS BEEN MADE INSIDE THE
PERSON, AND ACCEPTED, AND WON'T BE GONE BACK ON.

RUBY

Thing I wanted to ask ya, 'bout the dogs -

CANDY BARR

I know what yer goin' tuh ask me.

RUBY

I can't ask Larry. In fact I think Larry's taken off already. Think you c'n do it fer me?

PAUSE. SHE NODS.

RUBY

They won't have no kinda life.

CANDY BARR LOOKS AT JACK'S FACE. SHE IS UNDER BREAKING STRAIN. TEARS ROLL DOWN HER CHEEKS.

RUBY

I know. They found the place where we was all held together, and they pulled it out. We shoulda knowed they would. But look at it this way. We found what we loved. They ain't gonna push us round no more.

CRYING, CANDY BARR NODS.

RUBY

Don't look back, Candy Barr.

CANDY BARR TURNS AND WALKS AWAY. SHE DOESN'T TURN BACK. RUBY WATCHES HER ALL THE WAY TO THE END.

CHANGE OF ANGLE SHOWS A DINNER WAGON APPROACHING UP THE CORRIDOR.

SHE PASSES THE CHUCK WAGON BEING WHEELED TO RUBY'S BARRED DOOR. WE SEE THE FACE OF THE UNIFORMED PRISON GUARD WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THE WAGON. IT IS MAHUGHES.

CUT TO:

92. EXTERIOR. TEXAS COUNTRY. DAY.

WE SEE THE HIGHWAY SIGN POSTING THE NAME OF A SMALL
TOWN - RISING STAR, TEXAS.

CANDY BARR STANDS BY A TAXI CAB SHE HAS MADE TO STOP FOR
A LAST LOOK AT HER OLD HOME TOWN.

DRIVER

/ You ready now Miss?

CANDY BARR

(LIGHTLY) Sure.

CANDY BARR TURNS AWAY AND GETS IN THE CAR.

DRIVER

You thinkin' o' stoppin' here?

CANDY BARR

No. I was thinkin' o' doin' the opposite.

THE DRIVER TURNS TO THE WHEEL AND PULLS THE CAR AWAY.

THE CAMERA STAYS. THE CAR GOES.

LOW, POWERED BLUESY MUSIC - CANDY BARR'S THEME ...
THROUGH ...

WE MIX THROUGH AND FIND HER AT A MICROPHONE, IN ANOTHER
CLUB, IN ANOTHER STATE, SINGING HER SONG ...

WE FADE OUT ...

END CREDITS