

STREET SMART

by

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STREET SMART

FADE IN:

"Super: "Boston - 1908""

EXT. GENERAL HOSPITAL -- MORNING

Healthy and infirm enter and exit.

INT. GENERAL HOSPITAL

Busy corridor leads to the Maternity Ward.

INT. MATERNITY WARD

MOLLY, tired eyes, well worn clothes, looks older than her twenty five years. A newborn in her arms she follows a nurse down the corridor. Both halt at an office door indicating DOCTOR SINCLAIR.

The nurse knocks, enters with Molly,

INT. OFFICE DOCTOR SINCLAIR

seats her, exits the office.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR, elderly, fine head of white hair, seated behind a desk, looks up at Molly, smiles.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR

Well Molly you've managed to do it again. If my count is correct this is number three.

Molly looks up from her infant, brushes a wisp of hair from her forehead, matches his smile.

MOLLY

Well Doctor Sinclair three it is. This one is going to lead the lot.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR

And for your sake the last of the lot too. You being the sole supporter of your family is taking its toll on your health. None of your boy friends seem to be in a hurry to pitch in.

Molly looks up, shrugs.

MOLLY

Oh, them...they're long forgotten as far as I'm concerned.

Molly pauses, reflects.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

There is one of them that donates
every now and then.

Molly emits a quick laugh.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

He's the last one anybody'd think would.
If I mentioned his name you'd have a
fit.

Doctor Sinclair smiles, shuffles papers on his desk, removes
a pen from its holder.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR

Well Molly let's complete these birth
records for your new lad. You have
a name picked out for him?

Molly quick with answer, smiles.

MOLLY

Sure do. None other than Kevin Lloyd
McAleer.

Doctor Sinclair stops writing, looks up at Molly over his
spectacles.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR

McAleer was it. Good looking he is,
but a drinker, and a brawler. Always
a lady, or two, on his arm. But
then if he's it, he's it. Are you
sure you want the name McAleer?

MOLLY

Yeah I'm sure, and put it in big
letters too.

Doctor Sinclair smiles, nods, continues his paperwork. Molly
looks fondly at her child. Doctor Sinclair gathers her
attention.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR

OK then...Kevin Lloyd McAleer born
live eighteen August nineteen o eight,
Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Father
unknown. Mother Molly Shannon Malloy,
born one March eighteen eighty-three,
Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Doctor Sinclair signs the documents, stands, offers Molly
her copies.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

The original copies will be legally recorded tomorrow morning. Now that we're finished here I think it best I drive you home in my automobile.

Doctor Sinclair continues speaking while getting his car keys from the desk drawer.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I know you live several miles from here.

Molly makes a feeble attempt at folding her documents, jams them into her jacket pocket.

MOLLY

Thanks for the ride Doctor, but I'll do it on foot. Been layin' around this hospital for the past three days and need the exercise.

Doctor Sinclair stands.

DOCTOR SINCLAIR

Very well then. Come along I will walk you to the front door.

Molly, standing, shuffles her newborn to a more comfortable position in her arms.

MOLLY

Thanks again Doctor, you won't have to show me to the front door. I know where it is by now.

Doctor Sinclair smiles, shakes Molly's outstretched hand. Molly exits the office with her bundle. Doctor Sinclair stands until the office door closes, then resumes his chair behind the desk.

EXT. GENERAL HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens, Molly is among a small group of people leaving the hospital. Molly descends the steps, walks to the public sidewalk fronting the hospital, turns left, continues on her way home.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD -- LATER

Molly ambles through a very run down neighborhood, arrives at a dirt path leading off the sidewalk. She takes the path up to the front door of a shanty, opens the door, enters.

INT. MOLLY'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Molly steps into a room that doubles as a living/dining area. She is met by two children, CHILD ROBERT six years, husky build, and CHILD KATY five years, very large for her age, supports a mop of flaming red hair.

MOLLY

Well now, just look at what I brought home for us all.

She shows off the newborn to the two children. They are enthused. Child Robert points to a homemade crib fashioned from a wooden egg crate.

CHILD ROBERT

Look here Mom. We made a crib for Kevin. All ready to go. You'd have to pay good money downtown for one like that!

Molly smiles, puts her free arm around both children.

MOLLY

How lucky Kevin is to have a brother, and sister, like you two.

Molly stands alongside the crib, holds the newborn at arms length. She squats down, lowers BABY KEVIN into the crib, gazes into his face.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(whisper)

You certainly do look just like somebody I know veery well.

Molly stands, uses both hands to push back her hair, sighs. The two children gaze at their new brother.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm rather tired now and would like to get some rest before I leave for work. How about you all rustling something up for supper. I'll have a quick bite with you before I leave.

The two children move to do as asked, Molly walks over to a well worn sofa, stretches out, falls fast asleep.

FADE IN:

"Super: "Seventeen Years Later""

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD -- DAY

KEVIN, young Irish tough of the era, and his school chum TOBY RYAN, brawn, no brains, walk off the football field holding their helmets.

KEVIN

What say we hit the showers, get a hot dog and Coke on the way home?

TOBY

Yeah, sounds good.

KEVIN

I'll race ya to the gym. Loser pays.

Toby starts as he replies.

TOBY

You're on Kev.

Both boys sprint toward the gym building.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- LATER

Kevin, Toby, walk pass empty store fronts in a rundown part of town. Only Kevin eating a hot dog, with a bottle of Coca Cola in the other hand.

Both boys dressed in hand-me-downs. Kevin wears an old pair of Brogans, no socks, high waist pants too short for his legs held up by suspenders over a well worn 'T' shirt.

KEVIN

Too bad you didn't have enough money to buy yourself a hot dog too.

(big grin)

Gotta learn how to run faster.

TOBY

Anybody else say that to me and they'd wear that hot dog.

The two boys come to an intersection occupied by three white, one black, toughs, all about their age.

Two of the whites lean against a building, one white against a U.S. Postal Mail Box on the corner, the black against a telephone pole.

The white at the Postal Box calls out to Kevin.

VOICE

Hey Shanty, you practicin' eatin' dick with that there hot dog?

His three friends break out in laughter, make lurid motions.

Kevin turns to Toby.

KEVIN

I guess he ain't talking about you. I'm going to say hello, comin' along?

TOBY

Sheeeeit, I wouldn't miss this!
Best thing that's happened all day.

Kevin, Toby, amble back to the four. Kevin walks up to the white at the Mail Box.

KEVIN

Hey there fuck face, didn't I just
hear you say you like hot dogs?

The hand holding the hot dog Kevin makes a fist, hits the boy in the face, hard. The hot dog is followed by the Coke bottle across the side of the head. Toby is busy at work on the black kid.

Kevin, broken Coke bottle in hand, stops a punch aimed at him, slashes the broken end of the bottle across the other boys chest.

The fourth boy evaporates, as does the black. The boy on the sidewalk isn't moving. The boy with the cut chest on his haunches against the building, stares at the damage done to him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(breathing heavy)

Well I guess we'd better make like a
sheepherder and get the flock outta
here!

TOBY

(breathing heavy)

Yeah, I hear ya talkin'!

Both boys leave at a sprint, disappear into a nearby alley.

INT. MOLLY'S HOME -- NIGHT

Molly looks tired. KATY, ROBERT, both in their twenties, Kevin in his teens, all seated at the dinner table, eat Macaroni and Cheese ladled from a large kettle.

Robert sports a black eye, plus several bandaged cuts on his face. Katy breaks the silence.

KATY

Does the whole world eat Macaroni
and Cheese for dinner every night?

Kevin looks up at her.

KEVIN

You should bitch. You don't do
nuthin' but sit around all day on
that fat ass and comb that mop of
red hair.

KATY

You're a good one to talk. Only one of us chipping in is Robert.

KEVIN

Yeah, he makes his once a week Tuesday night special at the Stadium. Gets KO'd by round three, picks up fifty bucks, comes home.

Robert responds through a mouthful of Macaroni and Cheese.

ROBERT

Fifty bucks is fifty bucks.

Molly sits silent. Kevin turns to her.

KEVIN

I'm quittin'.

Molly stops a spoonful of Macaroni and Cheese on it's way up, turns to Kevin, raises her brows.

MOLLY

Quitting? What are you quitting?

KEVIN

School. I ain't doin' nuthin' there. Only thing I'm good at is football, and maybe 'rithmetic

MOLLY

You serious?

KEVIN

Yeah. I'll get a job and have some jingies in my pocket for a change.

MOLLY

Think it over, if you're dead set on it maybe I can help with a job.

INT. POOLROOM -- AFTERNOON

Six table poolroom. All tables busy. Kevin stands among friends, holds his cue, waits his turn at the table.

A large man enters. WHITLOCK stands over six feet, rugged looking, poorly dressed. He looks around the room, settles on Kevin, walks over to him, gives Kevin a chest poke with his forefinger.

WHITLOCK

You Kevin McAleer outta Molly?

Surprised, Kevin takes a step back.

KEVIN

Yeah, so what! I ain't goin' to
hold your greasy hand.

Kevin's pals laugh. Anger shows on Whitlock's craggy,
unshaven face.

WHITLOCK

Listen ya little prick, a comment
like that any other time'll get you
a new set of teeth.

Whitlock reaches into a torn coat pocket, removes a crumpled
piece of paper, jams it into Kevin's shirt pocket.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)

You be where that paper says at seven
o'clock tonight, and best you keep
that wise ass mouth of yours shut.

Whitlock leaves the poolroom. Kevin watches him go, pulls
the paper from his pocket, reads.

KEVIN

My gawd! That bum was over dressed
for this part of town!

EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA -- EVENING

Kevin walks on a street, no curbs or sidewalks, in a run
down section. Many of the commercial buildings in disrepair,
unoccupied. Kevin looks at the paper given him by Whitlock,
passes an alley, locates the street, enters, finds the house
address.

Kevin walks up to the door, knocks. No reply, he knocks
harder. Sounds of the door being unlatched, then barely
opens a crack. Kevin cannot see the speaker.

VOICE

Oh, it's you is it. Well go 'round
to the back alley, knock hard on the
third door right. I'll tell 'em
you're here.

The door squeaks close, the latches fall back into place.

Kevin leaves the house porch, walks back to the alley he
just passed.

EXT. ALLEY

Kevin walks the alley to the third door right, stares at the
door, takes a deep breath, knocks. The door opens enough
for the person inside to see out. Kevin sees Whitlock through
the crack. From the inside Kevin hears the deep belly laugh
of RED TYLER .

RED TYLER (O.S.)
 Push the door open and walk on in.
 Ain't nobody goin' to bite ya.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER

Kevin enters the room, Whitlock ambles over to a stack of bootleg booze, leans against it. Cases of booze deeply stacked against three of the four walls.

Two men sit at a small table in the middle of the room play cards, pay no heed to Kevin.

One corner of the room is filled by a very large man, flaming red hair, seated behind a massive desk. RED TYLER, gun stuck under his belt, half smoked cigar butt clenched between stained teeth, part filled glass in his paw, motions Kevin over to him. He scans Kevin from Brogans to 'T' shirt, grins.

RED TYLER
 Whitlock here tells me you thought
 he wanted to hold your hand.

Red Tyler slams a big paw down on his desk, the room vibrates with his laughter. In between guffaws he leans forward, puts his big paws on the desk top.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)
 Good on ya kid. Those that work for
 me gotta have balls. I figure you
 got iron ones if you were ready to
 tangle with Whitlock.

Red Tyler looks at Kevin over the rim of his glass while he takes a gulp, sets his glass back on the desk.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)
 I need someone to make nighttime
 deliveries, collect money due me,
 take care of himself in a pinch, and
 generally do what I say. I'll work
 ya hard lad, but I'll pay ya good.

Kevin shifts from one foot to the other, nods.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)
 You've no doubt figured out I'm in
 the booze business. Operate a
 speakeasy just on the other side of
 that door.

Red Tyler nods to a metal sheathed door to his right. Another door on the same wall, standing ajar, opens to an anteroom.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)
 Run a few strings of girls too.
 (MORE)

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

This Prohibition thing ain't goin'
to last forever, and we gotta make
it while we can.

Red Tyler drums his stubby fingers on the desk top.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

If you got any problems with what
I'm doin' we call it quits right now
and no hard feelin's. What say you?

Kevin walks up close to Red's desk.

KEVIN

You got yourself a new gofer. When
do I start?

Red Tyler pulls the cigar butt from stained teeth, grins.

RED TYLER

Ya just did.

KEVIN

Ya won't be sorry Red. I'll do good
by ya.

Red Tyler's expression turns serious.

RED TYLER

You'd better lad, you'd better.
This is a tough business and those
you can't count on things happen to.

Red Tyler resumes strumming his stumpy fingers on the desk
top, ponders Kevin.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

How'd ya get here kid?

KEVIN

Hitch hiked part, walked the other
part.

RED TYLER

Ya gotta have a set of wheels for
what I want ya to do.

Red Tyler leans back in his chair, rummages in the desk
drawer, pulls out a single key tied to a piece of string,
tosses it on the desk top.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Here's the key to that old heap
sittin' out in the alley. Go ahead
and use it like it was yours.

KEVIN

Hate to tell ya this Red but I don't have a driver's license.

RED TYLER

Shit-o-dear kid, don't worry about things like that! I own this here town. Now tomorrow's Saturday and you be here, Six AM. We'll get ya started out right. Now scram, I got things to do.

Kevin picks up the key from the desk top, is about halfway out the alley door.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah kid, the starting crank is under the front seat.

Laughter from Red's hired goons. Kevin exits.

EXT. ALLEY

Kevin nods, closes the door behind him, walks over, cranks his 'new' jalopy to a start, gets in behind the wheel.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Beats walkin'!

INT. MOLLY'S HOME -- NIGHT

Kevin walks into the house. The other three members of the family are already seated and into dinner. Kevin rinses his hands in the sink, seats himself at the table.

MOLLY

You're running a little late tonight Kevin.

Kevin looks at Katy while helping himself to the Macaroni and Cheese. He sets his full plate before him, turns to Molly.

KEVIN

Got a job today Molly. Start tomorrow morning.

Both Robert, Katy look up.

MOLLY

(dead pan)

Well that's sounds good. Where'll you be working?

Kevin turns, looks at Katy.

KEVIN

A guy named Red Tyler took me on.

Kevin returns his gaze to Molly. Molly does not react.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He's in the booze business. I'm now a gofer for a bootlegger, and he threw a set of wheels into the deal too.

ROBERT

I heard ya pull into the yard, can't miss that one.

KATY

Speaking of wheels I hear your pal Toby Ryan was caught by the police driving a car that didn't belong to him.

Kevin looks down at his plate, lifts a spoonful of Macaroni and Cheese.

KEVIN

Yeah, that's right. We won't be seeing Toby Ryan for awhile.

MOLLY

I hope you're not stupid enough to pull something like that.

Robert pushes himself back from the table.

ROBERT

The only stupid thing Toby did was get caught.

KEVIN

Amen.

MOLLY

I've heard of Red Tyler. He's got a good rep, but can be mad dog mean if crossed, and the men he has surrounded himself with are run of the mill hoodlums.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Yeah, I noticed that.

MOLLY

There is one man, Kelly, you should never turn your back on him. He's a real snake.

KEVIN

I'll keep that in mind.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- DAY

Kevin stands before the desk of Red Tyler, counts out money as he lays it on the desk top. From his hip pocket removes a paper, lays it on the desk top alongside the money.

KEVIN

There ya are Red, last night's collections on deliveries, and a list of all I delivered.

Red Tyler pulls both the cash and list to him, opens a file on his desk, compares the two.

RED TYLER

OK kid, good on ya. Last night was a good one, keep it up. Won't be needin' ya until later this evening. Go get some shut eye.

Kevin starts to leave, Red stops him.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey kid, how's that jalopy and you gettin' along?

KEVIN

It runs pretty good, but my arm's about ready to fall off from crankin' it.

RED TYLER

I'm surprised your arm's lasted this long. Take that pile of nuts and bolts down to Nate's Garage and have him fix the starter. Tell him I'll shout the bill.

KEVIN

Will do, you don't have to ask me twice on that one!

Kevin walks over to the metal door that opens onto the front speakeasy, leaves Red Tyler's office/storeroom.

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT SPEAKEASY

Kevin walks the short hallway, passes the door to the office of MORRIE GREENBLATT, Red's bookkeeper, enters the speakeasy barroom.

INT. RED TYLER'S SPEAKEASY

Kevin wends his way through the tables between him and the bar. Stands at the end of the bar, looks around the room. Good crowd sit at the tables, bar is stand up two deep.

ROSE, early twenties, no lily of the valley, is the bartender on duty along with one male bartender.

Rose makes change for a round of drinks, places it in a pile on the bar top, closer to her than the CUSTOMER, goes about her work, never takes her eyes off the customer. When he is deeply engaged in conversation Rose uses the bar rag to clean off bar top, money and all.

Moments later the customer turns, sees his money is gone.

Kevin watches the entire scene take place.

CUSTOMER
(highly agitated)
Hey you! Bartender there! Where's
my change from the last round?

Rose looks up from pouring an order, very calm.

ROSE
How should I know? It's your money.
You saw me put it on the bar.

Rose continues pouring her order. The customer, half full of booze, losing his temper.

CUSTOMER
Don't hand me that shit! I don't
know which one of you two scum buckets
took it, but I'm coming over the bar
and get it back!

The customer moves to climb the bar. Kevin ambles the few feet that separates them, grabs the man's lower lip between thumb and forefinger, holds him at arms length.

KEVIN
C'mon now fella. Let's don't make a
rukus. The lady's right, it's your
money and she's got nothin' to do
with it.

Kevin gives a strong pull on the lip.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Got it? Now nod OK and all's
forgotten.

The customer gives a nod. Kevin releases him. The customer massages his lower lip.

CUSTOMER
Where in hell did you ever learn
that trick?

KEVIN

(smiling)

A cop pulled me outta my car that way one night.

CUSTOMER

Yeah? Well I know when I been had. I'm outta here!

The customer leaves the barroom. Kevin returns to his place at the end of the bar. Rose watches the man leave, walks over to Kevin.

ROSE

Thanks Kevin.

KEVIN

You're good with that bar towel Rose. I'd a never seen you pull it off if I wasn't watching for you to do it.

ROSE

A girl's gotta make a livin' in this here world.

KEVIN

Yeah, so does a guy.

ROSE

Go for a cold one?

Kevin nods 'no'.

KEVIN

No, I'll pass. Workin' tonight, never mix drinkin' with work.

ROSE

(smiling)

I'm workin' a split shift tonight. You gonna pick me up after work?

KEVIN

Sure am. See ya at three A.M out in front.

Kevin leaves the barroom via the street door.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Kevin blinks his eyes at the glare, Toby Ryan walks toward him.

KEVIN

Hey, Toby. Long time no see.

Kevin takes a long look at Toby.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You're looking a little pale 'round the gills. What you got to say for yourself?

Toby gives Kevin a hearty handshake.

TOBY

Jeez Kevin, it's good to see ya! I ain't got nuthin' good to say about myself. Just got outta the slammer for that little trouble I got into a while back.

KEVIN

Yeah, I heard about that. Told ya sometime back ya gotta learn how to run faster.

Big grin from Kevin, short chuckle from Toby.

TOBY

I remember that day just like it was yesterday. But then it was only for a hot dog and Coca Cola.

KEVIN

Yeah, and I never got to finish either one. Some wise mouth ended up wearin' 'em both.

Toby nods, smiles.

TOBY

Sure did. Hey I hear you're working for Red Tyler, that a fact?

KEVIN

Sure is.

TOBY

Jeez, what a good break. Any chance gettin' me on too?

KEVIN

Don't really know, but I'll give it a try.

TOBY

Jeez Kevin that really would be swell. C'mon in to Red's, I'll shout ya a beer.

Kevin starts to go on his way.

KEVIN

Naw, no beer.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I don't drink while I'm workin'.
Too easy to get all screwed up.

Toby starts his entry into Red's.

TOBY

OK, Kev. I'll have yours, and mine
too.

Toby enters Red's speakeasy, Kevin walks over to his jalopy,
cranks it to a start, drives off.

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK -- NIGHT

Molly, Katy, walk through a very shabby part of town, turn
onto a stairway that leads down to a substreet level door.

Sign above the door reads "MARTY'S". Molly knocks. PADDY,
cauliflower ears, pug's nose, opens the door a crack, peers
out. Behind him a speakeasy is in full swing. Paddy smiles
as he sees them standing there.

PADDY

Oh, Molly, Katy. C'mon in. Here
for your evenin' glass are ya?

MOLLY

Sure are Paddy. Me 'n Katy. Best
part of the day, wouldn't miss it
for love nor money.

Paddy admits them.

INT. "MARTY'S"

Large crowd at tables, and stand up bar.

PADDY

Well now, there's your table and
friends. They been wonderin' where
ya both been. A mite late ya are
tonight.

Paddy's thumb points to a table with two empty chairs.

MOLLY

Thanks Paddy. Would you have a bucket
of suds brung over for Katy 'n me?

PADDY

It'll be there before you are.

Molly, Katy, fend their way through the crowd, much 'helloing'
to friends, take their places at the table just as the bucket
of suds arrives.

A small combo plays on a makeshift stage.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

A car pulls up to the curb, the rear door opens, a man exits, the motor is kept running. Without hesitation the man makes it to the entrance door of "Marty's", gives the accepted knock. Paddy opens the door slightly. The man forces the door open wide enough to toss in a large satchel.

The man turns, dashes back into the waiting car. As the car leaves the curb "Marty's" explodes in flames.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- LATER

Red Tyler sits behind his desk stares at a blank wall, holds an empty glass in one hand.

The alley door is keyed open, Kevin enters, close bolts the door shut, walks over to Red's desk.

Red Tyler swivels his chair to face him. His expression through the cigar jammed between his teeth is somber.

RED TYLER

Yeah kid, ya don't have to tell me.
I heard all about it.

Red's fingers strum the desk top.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Sit down, I got somethin' I gotta
tell ya.

Kevin seats himself in front of Red's desk.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

In case ya haven't already figgered
it out Katy was my kid.

Kevin breaks in.

KEVIN

Yeah, I got that long ago. Gotta be
blind to miss that.

Red nods.

RED TYLER

Yeah, well anyway that's why they
picked "Marty's". Them guinies from
up North are tryin' to move in on
me, and they play pretty rough.

KEVIN

I know. I've run into some of their
action on my night work. A couple
of your gofers been bad hurt.

RED TYLER

That's what I want to talk over with you. You lost your mother, and sister, tonight just because of this booze business. Some of my guys have had the shit kicked out of them because they work for Red Tyler.

KEVIN

I know what you're gettin' at Red, and I ain't quittin'. That's the way booze biz goes, and besides what else would I be good for.

RED TYLER

I like your spirit kid, but no hasty decisions. Go home, sleep on it, c'mon in early tomorrow.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

OK Red.

Kevin stands up, unbolts the alley door, leaves the room.

INT. LIVING/DINING ROOM MOLLY'S HOME -- LATER NIGHT

Robert looks through the uncurtained front window watches Kevin's car pull up in the front yard. The headlights go out, he watches Kevin exit the car, walk to the front door.

The door opens, Kevin enters. He says nothing to Robert, walks over to the dining table, seats himself.

ROBERT

I went by and checked out what was left of "Marty's". God what mess, you wouldn't believe what I seen.

Robert seats himself at the table across from Kevin.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

They was still haulin' bits and pieces of people outta there.

KEVIN

Yeah, and we gotta realize our family, as it was, doesn't exist anymore.

(pause)

I'm movin' out Robert. This place is all yours now.

Robert shows surprise.

ROBERT

You're movin' out? What am I gonna do?

Kevin stands.

KEVIN

Well first of all I suggest you learn how to pay your own rent. You and I are only half brothers, as different as night and day. It's time you go your way and I go mine.

Kevin begins collecting arm loads of clothes strewn around the room, walks out the front door, leaves Robert sitting at the table.

Robert looks up as he hears Kevin's car start, watches the headlights go on, continues watching as Kevin backs his car out of the yard, disappear down the street.

EXT. STREET -- LATER NIGHT

Kevin pulls his car up to the curb in front of a rundown duplex. Gathers the clothes into his arms, walks up to one of the front doors, knocks. Short wait, then a voice.

ROSE (O.S.)

That you Kevin?

KEVIN

Sure is.

The door opens, Rose eyeballs the wardrobe in Kevin's arms. Kevin enters the apartment.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT

ROSE

(smiling)

Welcome home Kevin McAleer.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- MORNING

LITCHFIELD, ferretlike man with eyes that never rest, thin as a rail, black hair slicked straight back, hairline moustache, stands while talking to Red Tyler seated behind his desk, glass in hand.

Whitlock seated in a chair leaning back against a stack of booze cases.

A knock on the door off the speakeasy, Red grunts, the door opens, Kevin enters. Red Tyler turns to Litchfield.

RED TYLER

We'll finish talking about this later.

Litchfield walks off, Red motions Kevin over to the chair in front of his desk. Kevin seats himself.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Well...we've both had time to think it all over. Any change of mind?

KEVIN

No, Red. Not one bit. I'm more determined today than I was yesterday.

Red Tyler shifts in his chair, leans forward on his desk.

RED TYLER

OK, but remember this Prohibition thing ain't gonna last forever. It'll come to an end and best you plan ahead for that day. Them that don't will be out in the street.

Kevin nods.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

You're on full time now kid, with all the headaches that go with it. It ain't a easy life...believe me.

Kevin smiles, Red thumps his fingers on the desk top.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

You're young and still green. I'm not going to let you go out among 'em until you can handle yourself in tight spots. There are some pretty bad guys out there, and--

Red Tyler points a stubby finger at Kevin.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

--you gotta learn to be worse than them.

Red Tyler leans over, picks up the ear piece off the telephone, clicks the lever several times.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Hello, operator? Get me two three 0 out there on Old Wagon Road...Yeah, yeah, I know, but you'll get an answer.

(short lull)

GYPSY, this you?...OK, good, Red Tyler here. I got a lad that needs you and I'm gonna send him up now, today.

(short lull)

C'mon now Gypsy none of that crap, and don't let him go until you're sure he's ready, I'm shoutin' the tab.

(MORE)

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

(short lull)

Yeah, we're beginning to see some problems here too. I'll be in touch shortly.

Red Tyler hangs up, turns to Kevin.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Well you heard it. You're going to spend some time with the Gypsy. He's the most miserable son-of-a-bitch you'll ever have the displeasure of meeting,

(nods)

But when he's done with you ain't nobody gonna fuck ya around and walk away.

Red Tyler motions toward Whitlock.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Go over and find out how to get there from Whitlock. See ya when ya get back.

Kevin walks over to Whitlock. Litchfield watches the two in conversation, saunters over to Red Tyler, and whispers.

LITCHFIELD

I don't like that kid Red. Best I keep an eye on him.

Red does not look up.

RED TYLER

When he's working for me he'll be where I tell him to be.

Red Tyler of a sudden stops what he is doing, looks up at Litchfield.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Why you so antsy? You know something I don't?

Litchfield shrugs, saunters back to his previous position.

EXT. FARM AREA -- LATER

Kevin eases his car down a pot holed dirt road to a dog leg turn to the right, turns onto a dirt lane in worse condition. The lane dead ends at a run down farm house, a barn in like condition. Weeds have taken over, chickens run loose everywhere.

A voice from inside the farm house growls out.

GYPSY (O.S.)

Put that pile of shit you're driving
'longside the barn. When you got
that figgered out come on
inside...side door.

Kevin parks by the barn, exits his car,

EXT. CAR

grabs an arm load of his gear, walks back to the side door,
enters.

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN

Kevin reacts to the stench of rotten food covered with flies,
unwashed dishes lie on the sink. Slouching at a battered
table is GYPSY.

Gypsy, swarthy, unkempt, with a large moustache, appraises
Kevin from head to toe.

GYPSY

I get paid for teaching smart guys
like you how to stay alive. By the
look of things 'round here you
probably got the idea I don't know
shit from Shinola.

Kevin nods. Gypsy gives Kevin a long hard stare.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

You'll find out different. I'm going
to work your punk ass off to the
bone, and love watching you suffer
through it.

Gypsy stands, walks over to a hallway leading off the kitchen,
nods down the hallway.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

My room is at the end of this here
hall, and you stay the hell out.

KEVIN

No problem there.

GYPSY

Flop anywhere else you want. You do
your own cooking, and I do mine. We
start early, and turn in late. Don't
wait for me to wake you in the
morning...you won't like it.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Got it.

Kevin walks through an archway that leads from the kitchen to what was once a dining area,

INT. KEVIN'S SLEEPING AREA

arrives at a trash covered floor, broken chairs, old sofa.

Kevin cleans off a small area on the floor with one foot, throws down all his gear.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Welcome home.

INT. KEVIN'S SLEEPING AREA -- EARLY MORNING

Kevin sleeps through the loud sounds of cocks crowing. Gypsy enters the room, regards Kevin deep in slumber. Gypsy gives an audible sneer, kicks Kevin hard in the ribs.

Kevin makes a feeble attempt to stand, holding his side.

GYPSY

I told you you wouldn't like it.

Gypsy leaves the room. Kevin struggles to his feet, fully dressed.

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN

Kevin, still holding his side, ambles into the kitchen. Gypsy is putting his dirty plate on top of others.

GYPSY

We go to work now. You decided to sleep through breakfast.

Gypsy shoves Kevin out the side door into the yard.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - YARD

The force of Gypsy's shove almost brings Kevin to his knees. He turns, faces Gypsy.

KEVIN

Back off asshole!

Kevin throws a punch at Gypsy. Grinning, Gypsy avoids the blow. One punch from Gypsy puts Kevin down in the dirt.

Gypsy calmly walks over, puts his foot on Kevin's neck.

GYPSY

(contempt)

Being called an asshole doesn't bother me as much as a sloppy punch. Now get your bony ass out of the dirt, and follow me...we got work to do.

Kevin gets up off the dirt, follows Gypsy into the pitch black barn.

INT. BARN

Gypsy closes the door behind them, hits a switch illuminating the interior. Kevin swivels his head to take in, a small shooting range, a rack of hand guns, small gym, tools for hand to hand combat.

KEVIN

(nods)

OK...I get it. This morning won't happen again.

GYPSY

If it does you're gonna run outta ribs. You start out in the gym.

Gypsy removes a hand written list from a wall hook, shoves it at Kevin.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

You have your breakfast before I do, be here working out when I arrive. Ain't gonna be any loafin'.

Gypsy gives Kevin a hard poke on the chest with his forefinger.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

Let there be no doubt in your head I can kick the livin' shit outta you, and will love doin' it every time I see your ass draggin'.

Gypsy motions Kevin over to the wall holding hand to hand gear. He reaches up to a hook and removes a small metal disc encased in leather with an eared finger hole.

Gypsy places his middle finger through the hole, palms the metal disc.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

Don't ever find yourself without this on ya. I'll show why.

Open handed Gypsy slaps Kevin on the side of his head. Kevin sags to his knees, has difficulty standing up.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

That's just a tap. I could put you away with one not too much harder.

Kevin is still shaking his head.

KEVIN

I believe it!

GYPSY

And it's quiet, no noise to alert
others in the area.

Gypsy opens his hand and displays the disc.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

You're gonna spend your mornings
workin' out in the gym until I show
up.

Kevin nods.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

Then you'll learn self
preservation...always at the expense
of the other guy.

Gypsy gives Kevin a shove toward the gym.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

But for now you take that list and
get busy in the gym. I'll be back
when I feel like it, and don't let
me catch ya loafin', ya won't like
it.

Kevin walks over to the gym area.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

You're gonna be married to that gym
every morning until I feel you're in
proper shape.

Kevin reaches the gym, begins reading the list. He strips
down to his underwear, starts doing push ups on the mat.
Gypsy leaves the barn.

MONTAGE: Gypsy instructing Kevin in the use of fire arms,
knives, the lethal use of his hands, dirty hand fighting.

Evenings show Kevin sitting alone eating out of a can of
beans, throwing himself, dead tired, on his sleeping bag.

Gypsy shoving Kevin around at every opportunity. Kevin, at
the outside hand water pump, washing hands and face...still
wearing the same clothes.

EXT. FARM HOUSE YARD -- MORNING

Kevin is walking to the barn, Gypsy calls to him.

GYPSY

Hey kid...c'mon over here.

Kevin turns, walks over to Gypsy. Near, Gypsy says in a too
nice voice.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

I got somethin' good to show ya.

Gypsy looks straight at Kevin, grins, swings a punch. Kevin fends it off, but it puts him off balance. Gypsy puts Kevin in the dirt with a chop to the neck, stands over him, looks down.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

(disdain)

Ya been here over a month. I got orders to keep ya until you can take care of yourself. From what I just seen you ain't goin' nowhere.

Gypsy walks off leaving Kevin face down in the dirt. Kevin staggers to his feet, rubbing his neck while shaking his head.

He walks to the water pump, hand pumps well water over his head. Dripping wet Kevin enters the farm house.

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN

Kevin stares at himself in the filthy mirror over the sink. His hands grip the counter top in rage.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Don't you ever let that greasy bastard do that to you again...never!

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN -- DAY

Kevin, Gypsy, seated at the table, forking beans out of cans. Kevin glares at Gypsy.

GYPSY

Whatsa matter kid? You got somethin' funny on the mind? You suppose ta be outside workin'.

Kevin sets his can of beans on the table, sticks his fork in it.

KEVIN

That's the last time you'll ever put me in the dirt Gypsy. So help me God I mean it.

GYPSY

(sneering)

Well kid, let's just wait and see.

Gypsy gets up, goes over to the kitchen sink, throws his left overs on top of the existing mess.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

C'mon, get off your dead ass. No time out today. I want to see how long you can take it. I just eat it up watchin' wise guys like you pack it in.

Gypsy walks out the side door. Kevin stands, leaves his mess on the table, goes out the side door.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Gypsy calls to Kevin from the front of the farm house. Kevin rounds the corner of the farm house, sees Gypsy pointing to an old chair on the front porch.

GYPSY

Hey you...drag that old chair over here. I got somethin' good to lay on ya.

Kevin ignores the order.

KEVIN

Fuck that noise Gypsy! I know by now what you got in mind, I don't turn my back no more.

Kevin walks up to Gypsy, keeps a distance between them.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We'll have it out right here and now.

The two men go at each other in hand to hand battle. Gypsy pulls a short blade knife from his belt, Kevin manages to get it away from him, tosses it in the brush.

The battle finally comes to a halt with both men on their feet, bloody, breathing hard.

GYPSY

OK kid. I've earned my money, but remember don't even trust your own shadow, be ready for the unexpected. Pack up and move on.

Gypsy turns to leave. Kevin leaps, kicks him in the small of the back, knocks Gypsy to the ground.

KEVIN

No way Gypsy! I've waited long for this moment, I'm not done with you yet!

With Gypsy prone on the ground Kevin swings a booted foot to the groin. Gypsy makes a feeble attempt to stand.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

My turn Gypsy...and you taught me
real good!

Gypsy makes it to his knees. Kevin kicks hard to Gypsy's face. Blood spurts from a broken nose. Kevin follows with another boot to Gypsy's ribs cage. Gypsy falls back on the ground. Kevin finishes by knee-dropping on Gypsy's back.

Kevin stands back, looking down at Gypsy he wipes his bloodied nose, lips, off on his torn shirt sleeve.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Ya look real good down there Gypsy,
see ya later.

Kevin walks off. Gypsy stirs, rolls over, brings himself up on one elbow, looks at Kevin leaving, smiles.

INT. FARM HOUSE-KEVIN'S SLEEPING AREA

Kevin enters the farm house, walks over to his sleeping area, rolls all his belongings into a bundle, spots an old derby hat among the rubbish, puts it on his head.

Kevin leaves the farm house via the kitchen side door, bundle over his shoulder, derby in place.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - YARD

Kevin walks over to his car, throws his bundle in the rumble seat, cranks the jalopy to a start, does a U-turn, drives down the lane leading away from the farm house, Gypsy is staggering to his feet.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- LATER

Red Tyler sits at a table talking with five of his goon squad.

The sound of a car stopping in the alley, three of the men go for their guns. Red Tyler listens, smiles, holds up his hands to signal "all's well", nods to Whitlock to open the alley door.

The door swings open, Kevin strides into the room. Red Tyler takes one look at Kevin, laughs.

RED TYLER

Well kid...how'd you like your
vacation with the Gypsy?

Kevin stands there, bloody shirt with sleeves half ripped off, cut up face, swollen hands.

KEVIN

Red it was lovely, just fuckin'
lovely.

Red's laughter is joined by others in the room.

RED TYLER

Ya smell worse than ya look. Anyway
Gypsy says you'll do.

Kevin stiffens.

KEVIN

He says I'll 'DO'! I'm surprised he
could make it to the phone after I
got done with him.

Kevin inspects his torn shirt, filthy pants.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I need a good scrubbing with a wire
brush after a month with that scuzz.

Red Tyler removes the cigar butt, smiles.

RED TYLER

Yeah...we all noticed that. When ya
get cleaned up and rested a bit,
c'mon back we got things to talk
about.

Kevin nods, turns to leave. Red points his cigar stump at
Kevin.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, while you were away your
brother asked me for a job.

Kevin stops, turns, faces Red.

KEVIN

Red, Robert is my half-brother.
He's a thirty-two year old pug that
never made it past round five. We
got nothin' in common. It's your
choice, I don't care one way or the
other.

LITCHFIELD

(sneering)

Well ya do both smell like the same
cunt.

The other men in the room shift their attention, comments
are made. Red Tyler raises his eye brows.

Kevin makes to calmly walk past Litchfield, when abreast he
turns, back hand chops Litchfield's Adams Apple. Litchfield
goes to his knees gasping for his next breath of air. Kevin
looks down at him on the floor.

KEVIN

I'm not up to your cheap crap
Litchfield. Remember it.

Kevin leaves via the alley door. The only sound heard in the room is Litchfield's gagging for air.

Whitlock breaks the silence.

WHITLOCK

Well now. Looks like Gypsy's taught
the kid some new tricks.

Red Tyler, half full glass in one hand, removes the cigar stump with the other, grins.

RED TYLER

Yeah, and he got a new hat too.

EXT. STREET, ACROSS FROM RED TYLER'S SPEAKEASY -- AFTERNOON

Kevin exits his car, strides over to the speakeasy entrance, knocks, is admitted by the doorman/bouncer...Robert.

INT. RED TYLER'S SPEAKEASY

KEVIN

Well! Brother Robert.

Robert displays an ugly mood. Clothes overworn, sports a bandage across his nose, and a shiner.

ROBERT

Yeah, it's me. Red said he'd give
me a thirty day tryout, to see how
things go.

Robert gives several negative turns of his head.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

In the ring I only had one guy after
me. Here I got him and all his
friends too.

Robert's hand goes to the bandage across his nose.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'm gettin' paid good, but I dunno
if it's worth it.

KEVIN

(angry)
If ya don't like it here...quit!

Kevin turns his attention from Robert, rubbernecks around the half filled barroom, finds Rose, walks over to her.

Rose is waiting tables. She sees Kevin on his way over, rests her serving tray on an empty table.

ROSE

(anger)

Well I see you've decided to come back!

KEVIN

C'mon now Rose, don't start that.

Rose inspects Kevin's marked up face. Her attitude changes.

ROSE

What's happened to you? You're all beat up!

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

(smiling)

That's for certain. I never was much of a ladies man, and I sure as hell ain't one now.

ROSE

You look like a piece of divine hamburger. I'm glad to see you.

KEVIN

I stopped off at our place and cleaned up before I came here. I'll tell you all about last month when it's just us.

ROSE

OK, now that I know you're all right I'll breath easier.

KEVIN

Off at eight?

ROSE

No, ten.

KEVIN

See ya in front at ten.

Rose picks up her serving tray, Kevin continues on his way to Red's office.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER

Kevin enters the office, Red is talking to Whitlock. Seated in a chair leaning back against a stack of cases sits KELLY, lean and mean. Red Tyler motions Kevin over.

RED TYLER

I gotta say you didn't make any friend
outta Litchfield this morning.

KEVIN

That goes both ways.

Laughter from all but Kelly.

RED TYLER

Now that you're on full time I'm
puttin' ya on long haul outta Canada
with Kelly here.

Red motions over to where Kelly sits.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

You ride with Kelly. He does the
drivin', and you do what he tells
you to do.

Kevin turns, glances over at Kelly. Kelly stares at his
fingernails.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Listen to Kelly, he's one of the
best. I pay on each delivery when
you get back with the goods, if you
get back. Now scram, I got things
to do.

Kelly stands, leaves the room via the doorway to the
speakeasy. Kevin follows.

EXT. SIDEWALK, FRONT OF SPEAKEASY -- MOMENTS LATER

The speakeasy door opens, Kelly comes out, followed by Kevin.
Standing on the front sidewalk they face each other.

KEVIN

Well?

A mean glare shows on Kelly's face.

KELLY

You be at NATE'S GARAGE tonight,
eight o'clock. Bring your own heat.

Kelly spits on the sidewalk, leaves Kevin standing alone.

Kelly is not out of sight, Toby pulls up to the curb in a
flashy new car. Kevin walks over to Toby's car, puts his
head inside through the rolled down window.

Toby pales, Kevin frowns.

KEVIN

What's the matter fella? This shiny
new car too much for ya?

TOBY

(hesitant)

No...

KEVIN

Hey, you're not dealing in hot cars
again, are ya?

Toby gives a nervous laugh as he gets out of his car.

TOBY

Naw...nothin' like that. C'mon I'll
shout ya a beer at Red's.

Kevin backs his head out of Toby's car window.

KEVIN

Some other time. Gotta stay on my
toes, going out on my first long
haul with a guy named Kelly.

Toby's expression registers shock.

TOBY

OK, Kev. Pick up on the rain check
when ya get back.

Toby heads off toward Red's, halts, looks back at Kevin.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Hang on a sec Kev. I gotta lay
something on ya about this guy Kelly.

Kevin waits, Toby walks back to him.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Ya gotta be more than just careful
with this guy. Believe me he's got
a hate for anyone carrying the name
McAlear.

KEVIN

I noticed he wasn't exactly in love
with me.

TOBY

Kelly and McAlear, your dad, got
into it pretty good over Molly.
Your mom had no time for Kelly.

KEVIN

Molly warned me against a guy named
Kelly.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(nods)

So this is the guy.

TOBY

Yeah, he's the one. Watch your back
Kev, he's got a bad rep.

Toby turns, walks back to the speakeasy, Kevin walks to his car.

EXT. STREET FRONT NATE'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

Kevin drives slowly pass the open garage door of Nate's Garage, Red's truck inside ready to leave, Kelly at the wheel.

Kevin parks his car, walks back to Nate's Garage, stands in the dark alongside the open door, the noise of a truck starting. Kevin looks at his watch. The hands indicate "five minutes to seven".

The truck pulls out, Kevin steps out of the shadows onto the running board, opens the cab door, seats himself inside.

KEVIN

Watch runnin' a little fast tonight
Kelly?

Kelly stares straight ahead. No reaction.

KELLY

Bring some heat?

Kevin reaches into his coat pocket, removes a six shooter, fist full of ammunition.

Kelly glances, continues on the way.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

The empty flatbed truck is the only vehicle on the road.

INT. TRUCK CAB -- NIGHT

Kelly drives, Kevin sits. No words. A neon sign up ahead announces "CAFE".

KELLY

Coffee.

EXT. CAFE PARKING LOT

Kelly pulls the truck into a parking area of the Cafe, stops the motor, sets the brakes, exits the cab.

Kevin starts to follow.

KELLY

No! You stick with the truck! Stay outta sight, and I wanta know every car that passes going the same way as us. Don't fuck this up, it's important.

Kelly slams the cab door shut, walks into the Cafe.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Well my guess is this ain't no normal coffee break.

INT. CAFE

Kelly enters the cafe, takes a seat out of sight from the road. A WAITRESS walks over to his table, pours a cup of coffee.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

KELLY

No.

The waitress walks away. Kelly begins to drink his coffee.

The headlights of several cars go by, Kelly finishes his cup of coffee, pays, leaves the Cafe.

INT. TRUCK CAB -- MOMENTS LATER

The cab door opens, Kelly climbs in, seats himself.

KELLY

Well?

KEVIN

Only three cars passed.

KELLY

One of them a blue Buick sedan, with three or four guys in it?

KEVIN

Yep...sure was.

Kelly hard slaps the steering wheel.

KELLY

Shit! Figured this would be. Goddamn Red's gotta clean out his crew. That Buick knew where we was goin' before we did.

Kelly jams the truck into gear, pulls out onto the highway, heads back in the direction they came from. The headlights pick up a dirt road dog legging off the main highway.

Kelly turns the truck onto the dirt road.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes open, poke me in the ribs if you see another car anywhere.

The dirt road deteriorates into two ruts, ends at a deserted chicken farm. Main house falling apart, barn in fairly good condition.

Kelly turns off the truck headlights, approaches the barn in the dark stopping just short of the two barn doors. He sets the brakes, leaves the motor running, exits the cab, turns to Kevin.

EXT. CHICKEN RANCH

KELLY

Anything funny happens, act fast.

Kevin nods back his answer. Kelly walks to the barn doors, keys open the padlock, enters the dark barn.

INT. BARN

Kelly turns on his flashlight, searches the barn interior, finds it uninhabited, returns to the truck.

INT. TRUCK CAB -- MOMENTS LATER

The cab door opens, Kelly hoists himself up into the seat, puts the truck in gear, drives into the barn.

INT. BARN

Kelly turns off the motor, gets out, closes the barn doors, walks back to the truck, motions Kevin to roll down the windows.

KELLY

You sit tight and keep your eyes on everything that goes on. If anything starts you move fast or you'll get us both killed.

Kevin nods. Kelly disappears into the back of the barn. Moments later the sounds of an approaching truck.

EXT. BARN -- MOMENTS LATER

A truck, with headlights off, stops just outside the barn doors. A man exits the passenger side, opens the barn doors. The truck drives inside the barn,

INT. BARN

parks alongside Kelly's truck. The DRIVER exits, joins his partner on the ground.

The driver calls out.

DRIVER

Kelly!

The other man locates Kevin's position in the cab, walks over behind some crates.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Kevin observes, changes his position in the cab, gun in hand.

INT. BARN

Kelly walks forward, shakes the driver's hand. The two men pull back the tarp covering a load on the second truck. Kelly leaps onto the truck bed to inspect the cargo.

While Kelly is occupied the driver pulls his gun. At the same moment the second man comes out of hiding, gun in hand.

The driver shoots Kelly. Kelly goes down. The second man puts two holes through the windshield where Kevin was previously sitting.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Kevin has the second man in plain view, fires twice. The second man goes down. Kevin opens the cab door on the far side, rolls out onto the dirt,

INT. BARN

continues his roll under the truck. The driver is staring down at his dead partner. Kevin rolls out from under the truck, shoots the driver in the back twice.

Kevin stands, walks over to the two prone men, gives each man one round to the head. Kevin turns, heads back to Kelly, reloading as he walks.

KEVIN

Kelly!

KELLY

(barely audible)

Yeah kid, I'm over here.

Kevin finds Kelly on the truck bed, draped over cases of booze. Kevin hops up on the truck bed, kneels beside Kelly.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(gasp) whisper)

Listen good. Others will show up...that Buick. They want the our money and this truck load of booze.

Kelly's conversation is broken by a series of coughing spells.

KELLY (CONT'D)

We can't go out on the road now,
they'll chop us to pieces from their
car. We stay and wait, they got no
idea what just went on here, and
think they own the place.

Kelly attempts to move, Kevin does not help him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

We gotta take 'em all out before
they realize what goes.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I got it, but they better hurry or
you ain't gonna be much help.

KELLY

Get me to the back of the barn where
I can see what's goin' on.

Kevin hauls Kelly to the rear of the barn, sits him up against
a bale of hay.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Take a position just off the right
door. When they get here let me
shoot first, you get anyone left
over trying to get out of the barn.

Kelly has a coughing spell.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Now get going' we ain't got much
time.

KEVIN

After lookin' at you I believe it!

Kevin takes his position at the door.

EXT. BARN

The sound of a car coming up the dirt lane. It comes to a
halt outside the partially open barn doors, headlights
blazing. Three boisterous men jump out, cracking jokes,
open the barn doors wider, make no effort to stay out of the
headlights' glare. The trio continue on into the barn.

INT. BARN

VOICE

The place stinks of gun fire.

(pause)

There's two dead guys here, and they
ain't Kelly!

The trio panic, attempt to bolt from the barn, Kelly fires twice, two of the three fall. The third man exits the barn on the run.

EXT. BARN

Kevin is behind the barn door, out of the car headlights.

The third man exposes himself in the glaring headlights, five feet from where Kevin stands. Kevin kills him with one close up shot.

The terrorized driver of the car attempts to back out down the lane. Kevin steps into the headlights, empties his gun into the drivers side of the windshield. The car, motor roaring, backs into the farm house with the driver slumped over the steering wheel.

Kevin turns, enters the barn.

INT. BARN

Kevin reloads while walking back to the three men on the ground, finishes each man off with a shot to the head.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Thanks Gypsy! Lessons well taught.

Kevin walks back to Kelly.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You still with us Kelly?

Kelly looks up at Kevin, almost smiles.

KELLY

Yeah kid, I'm still here. Shit this ain't the first time. Now quit gawkin' and get me into the passenger side of their truck.

Kevin reaches down, helps Kelly get to his feet.

INT. TRUCK CAB -- MOMENTS LATER

The cab door opens from the outside. Kevin stuffs Kelly into the passenger side.

KELLY

Now go to our truck, get the canvas bag from under the seat. Bring it to me.

The cab door slams shut. Moments later the cab door on the drivers side opens, Kevin tosses Kelly a large, heavy, canvas bag.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Get in and fire this thing up. It's
time we got outta here.

Kevin grinds the motor to a start, backs the truck out of
the barn.

KELLY (CONT'D)

When ya get to the main road I'll
tell ya where to go.

Kelly leans back in the seat with the canvas money bag clasped
to his chest, passes out.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- NIGHT

Red Tyler, surrounded by seven of his goons, snatches the
phone off it's hook mid-first ring.

RED TYLER

Red here, I'm listening.

(pause)

OK kid I get ya. Trouble and Kelly's
in bad shape. Ya got the load on
their truck, and the money too.
Can't argue with that.

(pause)

The J.B. Smith General Store ya say.
Good thing ya didn't pick an Italian
store. I know Smith, put him on the
horn with me.

(pause)

Smith, it's me Red Tyler. Put my
truck in your warehouse until I get
there and you just made yourself one
hundred green ones.

(pause)

Good, see ya shortly.

Red hangs up the receiver, turns to the men standing around
him.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

We got problems.

Red points to two of the goons.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

You two. Go get our truck outta the
barn at the old chicken ranch. Take
it straight to Nate's Garage.

The men hot foot it out the alley door, Red Tyler points at
GEORGE.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

GEORGE get the doc out to The Smith Store on South Slope Road. Kelly ain't doin' so good.

George dashes out the alley door. Sounds of cars driving off.

Red Tyler takes a healthy swig from his glass. In the same motion he wipes off his mouth with the back of one hand, and grabs ED by the arm with the other.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

ED, get my car and bring it 'round to the alley door. We gotta get movin'!

ED

OK Red, gimme the keys!

Red Tyler takes keys out of his pocket, throws them to Ed. Ed darts out the alley door. Red Tyler turns to the two remaining goons.

RED TYLER

You two. Follow me 'n Ed, and for Chrissakes don't get lost!

All leave the office via the alley door.

EXT. SMITH'S GENERAL STORE -- NIGHT

Kevin comes out of Smith's General Store, climbs into the truck.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Kelly still unconscious clutches the money sack. Kevin drives the truck into the warehouse, Smith holds the doors open, the truck completely inside Smith closes, locks, the doors.

INT. SMITH'S WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Kevin, outside the truck, leans on a fender. The sound of approaching cars. He moves over to a dark area, takes a position behind some crates. The sound of a lock being keyed, the doors open wide.

RED TYLER

OK kid. Ya can unhide yourself, it's me.

Red Tyler enters the warehouse, opens the truck passenger door, snatches the money sack from Kelly's grasp, walks past Kevin, out of the warehouse.

KEVIN

(shouts at Red's back)
 Hey Red...just incase ya decide ta
 ask, I'm OK.

Without a break in stride Red looks back at Kevin.

RED TYLER

I figgered ya were.

EXT. SMITH'S WAREHOUSE

RED TYLER

Hey George, you and the Doc get Kelly
 outta here. Take him someplace where
 the doc can work on him. I'm shoutin'
 the tab.

George, Doc, disappear into the warehouse.

EXT. SMITH'S GENERAL STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Smith, dressed in bib overalls, stands on the front steps of
 his store, observes all.

Red Tyler walks up to Smith, reaches into his pocket, pulls
 out a wad of cash, peels off some bills, hands them to Smith.

RED TYLER

Here ya go Smith. Ya did me good,
 and I appreciate it.

Red Tyler walks over to his car, opens the rear door, throws
 the bag of money inside, enters the car.

INT. RED TYLER'S CAR

Red Tyler seats himself, sticks his head out the window,
 shouts.

RED TYLER

C'mon kid, let's get movin'!

Kevin appears from the warehouse, gets into Red's car.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

(shouting)
 Hey, you two over there. Pull your
 thumbs out and get this fuckin' load
 of booze down to Nate's Garage pronto!
 I want it there before sunup!

Red Tyler pulls his head back inside the car, paws the driver
 hard on the shoulder.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Well, don't just sit there, let's go
 home!

The car pulls onto the highway, Red turns to Kevin.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)
Get some sleep kid. I got some
thinkin' to do.

Red Tyler sits back in the seat, puffs angrily on the cigar
stump.

EXT. SMITH'S GENERAL STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

All vehicles leave the scene, quiet reigns at Smith's General
Store. Smith stands on the store steps, wad of money in his
hand, watches the cars disappear.

INT. RED TYLER'S CAR -- MORNING

The rising sun reaches inside the car, semilights the
occupants. Red Tyler elbows Kevin in the rib cage.

RED TYLER
C'mon kid, time to wake up.

Kevin awakens, shakes his head while rubbing sleepy eyes,
glances out the car window. They are double parked by his
car down the street from Nate's Garage.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)
OK kid, out with ya. Go home, get
some well earned rest. See ya
tomorrow evening.

Kevin opens the door, steps out of Red's car onto the street.

EXT. STREET

Kevin watches as Red's car drives off, gets into his car,

INT. CAR

starts the motor, drives off.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT -- MORNING

Kevin enters, dirty and tired, flops down fully clothed on
the sofa, falls asleep. Rose is asleep in the other room.
The alarm clock on her nightstand shows "ten minutes after
six".

INT. ROSE APARTMENT -- LATER

Sun light comes through an open window, wakens Kevin. He
rolls over, Rose sits at a small table, drinking a cup of
coffee. Kevin glances through the open door at the alarm
clock on the nightstand, it reads "two twenty".

ROSE
Morning Kevin.

Kevin sits up, runs his fingers through his hair, smiles.

KEVIN

Ain't mornin' no more.

Rose pours a cup of black coffee, gives it to Kevin.

ROSE

Here, put this down. While you're in the shower I'll fix you something to eat.

KEVIN

(nods)

Yeah, I need both. Mean things last night.

ROSE

From the looks of you I guessed you had a full night.

KEVIN

Sure did.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- DAY

Red Tyler paces while talking to Litchfield, Whitlock.

Each time he mentions MORRIS GREENBLATT he pulls the cigar butt from his mouth, jabs it into thin air.

RED TYLER

(anger)

Well I'm on to it for sure! It's been eatin' at me for some time, last night did it.

Litchfield, Whitlock, stand there dead pan.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

That little schmuck of a bookkeeper I got, Morris Greenblatt, was the cause of it all. Damn near got Kelly killed too.

LITCHFIELD

(snide)

Yeah, I understand Kelly ain't looking too good.

RED TYLER

Not only has Greenblatt got his fingers in my till, but he puts more bucks in his pocket by selling info. I want him out--

Red goes to his desk.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

--and the rest of my money back that he hasn't already spent.

Red slams a paw on his desk top.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

There's a grand apiece in it for you two, and I want it done today, now!

Litchfield, Whitlock, look at each other, nod.

LITCHFIELD

Ok Red, it's as good as done.

Both men leave the office via the alley door. Red sits, takes a big swig from his glass, wipes off his mouth with the back of his hand.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION -- DAY

One car, lone driver, waits for the red light to turn green. A second car, Litchfield driving, Whitlock passenger, pulls alongside. Whitlock gets out, walks over to the driver of the other car. MORRIS GREENBLATT, overweight, coke bottle glasses, looks at Whitlock in shock.

WHITLOCK

Mornin' Morrie. Move over, I'll drive for awhile.

Whitlock gets in, shoves Morrie out of the way. The light turns green, both automobiles drive off.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- LATER

A dirt lane in an unoccupied wooded area. Two cars approach.

The car driven by Whitlock stops, Litchfield halts his car a short distance away.

INT. MORRIE'S CAR

Whitlock sets the brake, turns off the motor, turns to Morrie.

WHITLOCK

Well pal, ya got one way out. Tell me where it's stashed, and be right cause there ain't gonna be a second time.

Morrie stammers.

MORRIE

Yeah, OK, OK. I got kids to think about. I'll level with you Whitlock, only don't put me away.

WHITLOCK

(gentle tone)

You'll be OK Morrie, as long as you
don't hand me a line.

Beads of sweat roll off Morris Greenblatt's forehead as he
stammers

MORRIE

It's all yours Whitlock, all I want
is outta here.

WHITLOCK

(consoling tone)

I ain't got no problem with that
Morrie. You give me the right
directions, and no hard feelin's.
You give me a line,
(nod)
And both wife and kids got a problem.

Morrie relaxes.

MORRIE

OK Whitlock, I'll take you there.

Whitlock shakes his head 'no'.

WHITLOCK

Naw, Morrie none of that crap. You'll
tell me right here. I ain't walkin'
into somethin' I don't look at first.

Morrie draws in a deep breath, slowly lets it out.

MORRIE

Sure, of course, I wouldn't either.
My house, under the kitchen floor,
all of it.

WHITLOCK

Morrie if you're shittin' me everybody
goes, that means you too.

Morris Greenblatt removes a dirty handkerchief from his coat
pocket, wipes the sweat off his face, forehead.

MORRIE

(dejected)

Yeah, I know.

Whitlock pulls a gun out from under his unwashed jacket,
fires three rounds into Morrie, opens the door, gets out of
the car,

EXT. WOODED AREA

waits while Litchfield pulls his car alongside Morrie's, leans back, opens the rear door. Whitlock reaches into the rear seat, removes a gallon can. He soaks Morrie, the car interior, puts the empty can back into Litchfield's car, gets inside.

INT. LITCHFIELD CAR

Litchfield puts his car in gear, clicks a flame on a cigarette lighter, tosses it into Morrie's car as he drives off. Morrie, and his car, erupt in a ball of flame.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD -- LATER

Litchfield's car rounds a corner onto a middle class neighborhood street, Litchfield drives, Whitlock a passenger. Part way down the block Litchfield pulls into a driveway, parks the car by a side door. Litchfield, Whitlock, leave the car, enter the house via the side door.

INT. MORRIE'S HOUSE

MRS. GREENBLATT hears the side door slam shut, hurries to see why, her two children follow. Litchfield confronts her, she takes a step back away from him. Her two children clutch their mother's skirts.

LITCHFIELD
Mornin' Mrs Greenblatt.

MRS. GREENBLATT
Nobody let you thugs in, now get out!

LITCHFIELD
(smiling)
Now that ain't a nice way to talk.

INT. HALLWAY MORRIE'S HOUSE

Litchfield grabs Mrs. Greenblatt by the nape of the neck, pushes her down the hallway into the bathroom at the hall's end. The two children follow crying.

Litchfield shoves both children into the bathroom, slams the door shut, talks through the closed door.

LITCHFIELD
Not one sound outta any of ya. Got that?

Litchfield walks back down the hallway to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN MORRIE'S HOUSE

Whitlock is tearing the floor apart. Litchfield pitches in, two suitcases are found.

LITCHFIELD

Looks like we got it. Just like
good 'ol Morrie said.

WHITLOCK

Looks like we just beat the termites.
This place is fallin' apart.

LITCHFIELD

Haul these suitcases out to the car.
I got some unfinished business here.

Whitlock leaves with the two suitcases. Litchfield goes
from room to room opening gas jets.

WHITLOCK (O.S.)

You'd better get outta there. I
smell gas way out here.

Litchfield yells down the hallway to Mrs. Greenblatt.

LITCHFIELD

Hear me now. We're all done, but
you stay put for another thirty
minutes, and all will be OK.

Litchfield leaves Morrie's house via the side door,

EXT. MORRIE'S HOUSE

gets into his car,

INT. LITCHFIELD CAR

backs out the driveway, drives off down the street. As
Litchfield's car turns the corner Morrie's house explodes in
flames.

EXT. ALLEY -- LATER

Litchfield parks his car by Red's alley door. Litchfield,
Whitlock, exit the car each carrying a suitcase, enter Red's
office/storeroom.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER

Red Tyler is alone. The two men put their suitcase on top
of Red's desk. Red Tyler walks over to his desk, sits down.

WHITLOCK

All done, Red.

LITCHFIELD

(sneer)
He means all done.

Red Tyler occupied opening the suitcases, takes a quick look
at the contents.

RED TYLER

Well at least the little prick didn't
spend it all.

Red Tyler pulls two envelopes from an open desk drawer, throws them on the desk top. The two men each take one, stuff it into a pocket.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT -- DAY

Kevin sitting at the table. Rose in the bedroom dressing.

ROSE

My shift starts in about twenty
minutes. You gonna drive me there?

KEVIN

Of course I am. I won't be going
inside though, got a small errand to
run.

ROSE

Left over from last night?

KEVIN

Sorta.

EXT. STREET, ACROSS FROM RED TYLER'S SPEAKEASY -- DAY

Kevin, with Rose in the car, pull up to the curb. Rose gets out.

ROSE

(smiling)
I'd kiss ya but there's no place
left on your face to kiss.

KEVIN

(smiling)
Yeah, it's sort of a mess, ain't it.

ROSE

Ya gonna pick me up tonight?

KEVIN

Sure, I'll be back in a couple of
hours. I wanta put some work in
tonight, need the money.

ROSE

(waves)
Later.

Kevin drives away.

EXT. DIRT ROAD TO GYPSY FARM HOUSE-- LATER

Kevin drives his car to the side door of Gypsy's farm house.

EXT. FARM HOUSE

Kevin halts his car, gets out, enters the farm house via the side door without knocking.

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN

Gypsy sits alone at the table, sports a large bandage over his nose, most of his face. Kevin pulls a chair over, sits opposite Gypsy.

GYPSY

Well kid, what brings ya here?

KEVIN

I just stopped by to tell ya saved my life.

Gypsy grunts.

GYPSY

I heard all about it.

Kevin stands, smiles, points at Gypsy's bandages.

KEVIN

What happened to your face Gypsy?

GYPSY

Some punk kid did exactly what I taught him to do.

KEVIN

Yeah he did. So long Gypsy.

GYPSY

So long kid.

Kevin turns, leaves the farm house via the side door. Gypsy smiles.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- DAY

Red Tyler, on the telephone, the alley door opens, Kevin enters. The five other men in the room don't look up from their card game. Red motions Kevin over to a chair in front of his desk.

RED TYLER

(on phone)

Yeah, yeah, I don't wanta hear any excuses, it hurts me where I live. You just stick to what we talked about, got that clear?

Red slams the receiver back on the hook, opens a desk drawer, removes a large envelope, hands it over to Kevin.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Here's your regular, plus a bonus for what you pulled off the other night. Ya did good, and if Kelly wasn't such a turd he'd shake your hand for savin' his life.

Kevin folds the envelope, sticks it in his back pocket. Red Tyler pulls the cigar stump from his mouth.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

You've been with me for awhile, and I been watchin' ya, and ya got more goin' for ya than the rest--

Red waves his cigar stump at the goons in the room.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

--of these guys put together.

Kevin removes his derby, places it on Red's desk. Red notices the act, smiles.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

I got an opening you're gonna fill. Morrie Greenblatt decided to leave us, and I want you to take his place.

KEVIN

Morrie was your bookkeeper, I ain't no bookkeeper!

RED TYLER

Don't have to be. I see your work sheets you give me everyday. That's enough.

Red waves his cigar butt around the room.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Ain't nobody here that can add, or subtract, 'cept you!

Kevin adjusts himself in his chair.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Besides it pays more. You'll be getting what's in that envelope every month.

Kevin leaves the envelope in his back pocket.

KEVIN

OK Red, you're on. Get me started.

RED TYLER

(grinning)

Here's the key to Morrie's office.
Go on in and get that mess he left
straightened out.

Red Tyler pushes a key over to Kevin. Kevin fidgets in his chair.

KEVIN

Red, you're gonna need someone to
take my old job. I got a long time
friend that'd like to work.

Red Tyler leans back in his chair.

RED TYLER

Well, maybe. What's his name?

KEVIN

Toby, Toby Ryan

Red Tyler waves Kevin off.

RED TYLER

Naw, not that kid. He's got shit
for brains. Say 'hello' to him and
he's stuck for an answer, besides
he's trouble waitin' for a place to
happen.

Kevin stands.

KEVIN

Yeah, he does sorta seems that way
lately.

Kevin leaves Red Tyler's office,

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT SPEAKEASY

walks to what was Morrie Greenblatt's office, keys the door
open, walks in, shakes his head at the mess of scattered
papers.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT -- DAY

Rose is washing dishes, Kevin enters the apartment, sits at
the table.

ROSE

What are you doing home now?

KEVIN

I run my own hours, what about you?

ROSE

Night shift, more money.

Kevin removes Red's envelope from his hip pocket, lays it on the table, starts to open it.

KEVIN

(laughing)

Still using the bar rag to earn a livin'?

ROSE

(smiling)

A girl's gotta make a livin' somehow.

Kevin tears the lip off the envelope, takes out a wad of money, holds it out in front of him.

KEVIN

Geezuss! This is what Red paid me for what I did the other night. He gave me Morrie's job today, said I'd be makin' this much every month!

ROSE

(long whistle)

Sure beats wipin' off bars!

Kevin lays the cash on the table, stares at it. Looks up a Rose.

KEVIN

Rose, looks like you and I are gonna be stuck with each other from now on, we're two of a kind.

ROSE

I won't argue with that.

KEVIN

Best we start settin' both our incomes aside for when this booze thing is all over.

Rose stops her kitchen duties, sits at the table with Kevin.

ROSE

We'll be able to leave this life, and live like real people?

KEVIN

Well, sorta.

INT. OFFICE-MORRIE GREENBLATT -- MORNING

Kevin sits behind a desk covered with papers, a hand crank adding machine, telephone. Against one wall is a file cabinet with top drawer open, a wind up alarm clock on top. In one corner of the office is a large free standing safe, Kevin's derby on top, door ajar, and empty.

Red Tyler enters, Kevin looks up.

RED TYLER
Fuckin' mess ain't it.

KEVIN
Yeah, it really is. No doubt Morrie left it this way on purpose.

RED TYLER
Think ya can get it straightened out? I gotta know who I owe, and who owes me.

KEVIN
I can get that much done Red, but I ain't no accountant. I get through all this here--

Indicates all the loose papers on the desk.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
--and I'll give you a list of who owes who what.

RED TYLER
Gotta know that like now. In this business you don't pay late.

Kevin nods toward the empty safe.

KEVIN
By the way I found the safe both open, and empty.

RED TYLER
I did that, we'll start from scratch.

Red Tyler turns to leave the office. Halfway out the door he turns to Kevin.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)
I want ya back here at seven this evening. Clean shirt, and comb your hair, I got some people I want ya to meet.

Kevin watches Red close the door behind him.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT -- EVENING

Rose starting to get out of bed. Kevin comes out of the shower wrapped in a towel.

ROSE
What are you getting all dolled up for?

KEVIN

Big deal at Red's tonight, gotta smell nice! You gettin' ready for your night shift?

ROSE

Gotta make a livin'.

Kevin strips off his towel, pushes Rose back into bed.

KEVIN

(jollity)

All that can wait, you and me first!

ROSE

You must be slowing down, this is only the second time today.

KEVIN

(witty)

I must be gettin' old.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- NIGHT

Kevin enters, shows surprise at the room full of people. Red's voice is dominant over the noise of the crowd, Kevin walks over to him. Red pauses mid-sentence, points to Kevin.

RED TYLER

Kevin, pour yourself one, it's self service. No barmaids allowed, wouldn't be safe.

Guffaws from several of the crowd. Kevin walks over to the open bar, pours himself a good one.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I'm Kevin now, not kid anymore.

Red Tyler holds up his hands to quiet the crowd.

RED TYLER

OK, OK, you guys. Let's have some quiet here and get some business done while we're still standing.

Ripple of laughter from the crowd.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

Main reason for this here get together, besides putting away five or six cases of my booze--

More laughter.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

--is to introduce my new number cruncher, and bag man. Greenblatt decided to go someplace else.

Red Tyler motions Kevin to stand beside him.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

This here is Kevin McAleer, a good Irish name. Some of ya already know him, but them that don't Kevin will be doin' what Morrie Greenblatt did, only better.

Sounds of approval, some applause from the crowd.

KEVIN

I wanta thank Red for trustin' me with Morrie's job. I already know most of you guys, but those that don't know me I tell ya it'll be business, and not Greenblatt style.

Sounds of approval from the crowd.

VOICE

Hey Red, ain't he the one who pulled Kelly's fat outta the fire?

RED TYLER

Ask Kelly.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- LATER

The crowd noticeably thinned out. Red walks up to Kevin.

RED TYLER

Ya did yourself good tonight.

KEVIN

It wasn't all that hard, I know most of them. I'll be in early tomorrow. Got some collections to go get, that is if Morrie didn't already get to them first.

RED TYLER

That gotta be interestin'. Give me a list of those who say they paid Morrie. I wanta talk to 'em.

Kevin leaves what is left of the party via the door to the speakeasy.

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT SPEAKEASY

Kevin continues through the hallway into the speakeasy. Rose spots him, cuts short a conversation she was having with another girl, walks over to Kevin.

ROSE
All done back there?

KEVIN
Yeh, you off duty now?

ROSE
Yep, let's go home.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT -- LATER

Kevin and Rose enter.

ROSE
Join me for a cup of coffee?

KEVIN
Sounds good.

Rose is making a pot of coffee.

ROSE
Why don't you and I break away from that place for a whole day to ourselves?

KEVIN
I'd like that. Let me know when you can do it and I'll have Red cut me loose on the same day.

Rose places two cups on the table, pours the coffee.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
What do ya have in mind

ROSE
(smiling)
A good ol' fashioned picnic, just the two of us.

KEVIN
Ha! I'd a never guessed it. OK, let's do it.

INT. OFFICE-MORRIE GREENBLATT -- DAY

Kevin doing some pencil work, lays his pencil down, picks up the paper, leaves the office.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER

Kevin enters with paper in hand, lays it in front of Red Tyler.

KEVIN

There it is Red. All them that says they paid Morrie. Their names and what we show they still owe.

Red scans the names, amounts due, on the paper.

RED TYLER

OK, good. A couple of these guys is gonna get visited.

KEVIN

Hey Red, how about givin' me a whole day off soon?

RED TYLER

Sure, you been puttin' in some long hours. Pick a day you want.

KEVIN

Thursday, Rose too.

RED TYLER

Done.

Red writes a note on a slip of paper.

KEVIN

Rose'll come in for her night shift, and I'll come in early morning to stash all the cash collections. I'll be back at night to clean up the days' paperwork.

RED TYLER

OK, Thursday's yours.

Kevin leaves Red's office, walks through the speakeasy exits onto the front street,

EXT. STREET, ACROSS FROM RED TYLER'S SPEAKEASY

Walks over to his car, gets in. As he slams his door shut Toby appears at the passenger side open window.

TOBY

(furtive)

I gotta speak with ya Kevin, important. High school parking lot, twenty minutes.

Toby steps back among the sidewalk pedestrians.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Best I listen to what pal Toby has
to say.

Kevin starts his car, drives off.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- LATER

Kevin cruises past the parking lot, spots Toby's car, makes
a U-turn, drives into the parking area, parks three spaces
from Toby, gets out, walks over gets into Toby's car.

INT. TOBY'S CAR

KEVIN

What ya got for me Toby?

Toby is on the verge of tears.

TOBY

This is killin' me Kev, but I gotta
get it out.

KEVIN

Go on.

TOBY

It was me who threw the satchel into
"Marty's"!

Toby covers his face with both hands.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Believe me Kev I didn't know Molly
and Katy was in there.

Kevin sits stunned momentarily.

KEVIN

I knew you was workin' with those
New York guinies, but never...

Kevin's conversation trails off.

TOBY

That ain't all Kev. They got
somethin' else up the sleeve. They've
bought a couple of Red's guys.

Kevin becomes alert.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I don't know who, but it's a rub
out.

KEVIN

Do they know we talk together?

TOBY

No! They'd bury us both.

KEVIN

OK, Toby, let's you and I both walk on eggs. What's done is done, and I do believe ya didn't have any idea who was inside "Marty's".

TOBY

Jeez Kev. I'm glad to hear ya say that.

As Kevin starts to exit the car Toby starts the motor. Kevin steps into the parking lot,

EXT. PARKING LOT

watches Toby drive off.

KEVIN (V.O.)

(wry)

Don't you believe a word I said, Toby. My day'll come.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT -- EVENING

Kevin sits at the dinner table, Rose brings two plates of food to the table, places them, then seats herself. Kevin digs in.

ROSE

You're going at that like there won't be anymore!

KEVIN

(smiles)

Guess I just miss your cookin'. I get stuck in that office, lucky when I get a hamburger brung in.

Through a mouthful of mashed potatoes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Morrie left a mess, and I'm gettin' the funniest feelin' he wasn't alone.

ROSE

There's a couple of Red's men I wouldn't trust. I see them standing outside talking to men who aren't from here.

Kevin sits up, shows intense interest.

KEVIN

Know who they are? Names?

ROSE
No, but I'll try.

KEVIN
No! Don't make any questions to nobody. Just keep eyes and ears open.
(cheerful)
Say! How's about Thursday? Red said OK, I come in later that night, and you take a late shift.

ROSE
Great! Thursday's only a couple of days off. I'll start on a picnic menu, you bring the beer.

EXT. STREET, ACROSS FROM RED TYLER'S SPEAKEASY -- NIGHT

Kevin sits in his car waits for Rose to cross the street. He holds the car door open for her. Rose makes herself comfortable, Kevin starts the car, pulls away from the curb.

ROSE
Off for the rest of the night, and all day tomorrow!

KEVIN
(preoccupied)
Yeah, OK.

ROSE
You're not even listening. What's on the mind?

Kevin turns his car onto Rose's street.

KEVIN
Red cleans out the safe about every other day, and disappears. He leaves just enough to run the place.

ROSE
Yeah, so?

KEVIN
He don't trust banks, and he sure as hell ain't spending it on girls, so he's gotta be stashing it somewhere.

Kevin parks his car in front of Rose's apartment.

ROSE
Well I picked up on something today. Two nonlocals, and one local, were deep in conversation while I was working the table next to them.

Kevin shows great interest.

KEVIN

And?

ROSE

I heard the local guy say "I'll do it, but money in advance."

Kevin shows extreme interest.

KEVIN

Did you recognize any of them?

ROSE

Yeah, the local was Toby Ryan.

Kevin sits back in silence for a moment.

KEVIN

OK Rose, forget all about it. Forget you told me, and I mean it.

ROSE

Done. Let's get inside, I gotta get our picnic ready for tomorrow.

They both leave the car,

EXT. CAR

walk up to Rose's front door, enter the apartment.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT

ROSE

Go on to bed. I'll be right along, got most every thing ready to go.

KEVIN

Good idea, I told Red I'd come in early and get the receipts taken care of. I should be back here about sun up, and we can be on our way.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM -- LATER NIGHT

Kevin sits on the edge of the bed putting on his shoes.

Rose wakes up, turns on the table lamp, the clock shows two-forty five.

ROSE

You weren't kidding about being the early bird!

KEVIN

Yeah, I got an errand to run.

Kevin stands, puts his derby on top, walks out of the bedroom.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION -- LATER

Commercial area, no early morning activity. A shiny new car pulls up to the curb close to a light standard. The rear window on the driver's side rolls down, out of the shadows Toby Ryan walks over to the car, leans against it.

There is muffled conversation, Toby is handed a roll of money from the car interior.

TOBY

No worry, It's as good as done.

Toby stands back, puts the money into the left pocket of his jacket. The rear window rolls up, the car drives off.

Toby starts to walk down the street. Kevin's car appears from the side street, pulls up to Toby--

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

--Kevin leans over, opens the door on the passenger side.

KEVIN

C'mon Toby get in.

Toby bends over, sticks his head into Kevin's car.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I said get in!

TOBY

Yeah, sure Kev. I wanted to make sure it was you drivin'.

Toby enters Kevin's car. Kevin pulls away from the curb. Toby takes a good look at Kevin.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(skeptical)

Up a little early ain't ya Kev?

Kevin glances over at Toby.

KEVIN

Looks like we both are.

Kevin turns the head lights off, drives his car off the road into a vacant lot, weeds taller than the car fenders. Stops, but leaves the motor running, turns to Toby.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

It's on the street that Red's due to be hit. Tell me what ya know Toby.

Toby squirms in the seat.

TOBY

Aw c'mon Kev, don't ask me questions like that.

KEVIN

You got any part in it?

TOBY

Cut it out Kev.

Kevin leans over, opens the door on the passenger side.

KEVIN

This is where you and I go different ways Toby. Outta the car!

TOBY

Hey! How'm I gonna get back inta town?

KEVIN

Ya won't have to worry about that.

While shoving Toby out of the car Kevin reaches into the pocket of Toby's jacket, removes the roll of money, puts it in his pocket, pulls out a gun.

Toby is laying flat on is back in the weeds. Kevin shoots him three times in the chest, drives the car back onto the street, turns the head lights back on, drives away.

INT. OFFICE-MORRIE GREENBLATT -- LATER

Kevin enters, tosses his derby on top of the safe, seats himself behind the desk, counts the nights' receipts, places it all into a large canvass mail bag.

The office door opens, Red Tyler enters.

RED TYLER

(smiling)

By golly it's the early bird that get the worm, I'm told.

Kevin continues his work.

KEVIN

Maybe so. I'll get all this taken care of before I leave.

RED TYLER

See ya when ya get back tonight.

Red starts to leave, halfway out the door he turns to Kevin, pulls the cigar stump out from stained teeth.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

(grins)

Just heard a guy named Toby Ryan is
layin' out in the weeds somewhere,
with three holes in him.

Kevin continues working, does not look up.

KEVIN

Not surprised. Toby was running
with some bad people.

Red Tyler puts the cigar stub back between teeth, leaves the
office. Kevin looks up from his work.

KEVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Geezuss, he ain't even cold yet!

Kevin files all the loose papers, bundles the cash money,
stuffs it into a large canvas mail bag, places the bag in
the safe, closes the safe door, twirls the dial locked.

Kevin looks around the room, nods, puts the derby on top,
locks the door on his way out.

Moments later the office door opens. Red Tyler enters with
a large empty canvas Postal Mail sack under his arm, opens
the safe, removes the cash contents, places all in the large
Postal Mail sack, closes, locks the safe, leaves the room
with the Postal Mail sack.

INT. ROSE APARTMENT -- MORNING

Rose in the kitchen area putting things into a picnic basket.
Kevin comes in from the entry hallway.

ROSE

You left too early to get a bite to
eat. I've already had some Post
Toasties, so sit down and help
yourself.

Kevin sits at the table, pulls a box of breakfast cereal to
him, fills a bowl, pours milk over, digs in.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Sorta hungry?

KEVIN

Sure am, worked up a good appetite
this morning.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Kevin, Rose, are the only car driving on a two lane highway,
top down, Rose's head on Kevin's shoulder.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

KEVIN

We've been driving for a spell now,
and you know what?

ROSE

I can probably guess.

KEVIN

(laughs)

Naw, not this time. I'm getting
just plain ol' hungry. What's in
that basket?

ROSE

You'll see when get there.

KEVIN

Where's there?

Rose points ahead. Two dirt ruts take off from the main
road into a wooded area.

ROSE

(points)

Why not that?

KEVIN

Good as any.

Kevin turns the car off the highway, follows the ruts to a
dead end in a secluded grassy area, stops the car, turns off
the motor, both get out of the car.

EXT. PICNIC AREA

KEVIN

I'd go for a cold one, how about
you?

ROSE

Make it two. I like it here, nice
and quiet.

KEVIN

(laughs)

If you really like quiet maybe we
should'a had our picnic in that old
cemetery we passed a way back.

ROSE

No thanks...that's too quiet.

Kevin opens the rumble seat, removes two bottles of beer,
decaps them on the car bumper. Hands Rose a foaming bottle,
takes a swig from the other.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Say Kevin, did you ever know your old man?

KEVIN

No, never did. Heard a lot about him, but that's about all. How about you?

ROSE

Naw, not really. I was pretty young when he went off to fight the War to end all wars. What came back was a shell shocked man that couldn't even blow his own nose.

Rose takes a blanket from the rumble seat, places it on the ground. Looks at Kevin. Kevin starts unbuckling.

KEVIN

Might as well get this place broken in right.

Kevin pulls a gun out from under his belt, lays it on the car fender.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Wouldn't want this thing to get in the way.

Rose is occupied getting comfortable on the blanket. As Kevin walks over Rose pulls her skirt up to her chin.

EXT. PICNIC AREA -- AFTERNOON

Rose leans up against a car seat put on the ground. Kevin stretched out on the grass, his head in Rose's lap. Empty beer bottles, paper plates, left over fried chicken bones, litter the area.

KEVIN

I tell ya Rose I got this deep feelin' things are about to happen. Too much goin' on too fast.

ROSE

I hear talk that a bunch from up New York way are trying to take over Red.

KEVIN

Yeah, and they ain't bein' nice about it, believe me. We gotta start makin' plans if, or when, the time ever comes how we gettin' out with our skins.

Kevin rolls off Rose's lap, sits next to her.

ROSE

We got some money put aside, enough
to get us somewhere else now.

Kevin shakes his head 'no'.

KEVIN

Not yet Rose. It'll be obvious when
it's time. Look here, you know that
space between Red's building and the
one next to it?

ROSE

(nods)

It's only about three feet wide.

KEVIN

That's the one. The ladies rest
room window opens out to it, and it
goes all the way to the front
sidewalk. I been parking my car
there just in case I gotta make a
fast exit.

ROSE

How you gonna get to the rest room?
No way you'll make it through the
barroom.

KEVIN

(nods)

When the shit hits the fan the last
place for me to be is in plain sight.

ROSE

And?

KEVIN

There's a anteroom in Red's office.
It's got an opening into the attic.
(pause)

I get into the attic and over the
rest room, bust out a chunk of
ceiling, drop myself down, out the
window, a short run to the car, and
then gone.

ROSE

Me, if I'm workin' a shift?

KEVIN

You'll be able to see it before it
happens. Strange goons come in,
that sort of thing. Don't hesitate!
Stop what you're doing and get out
of there!

(points)

Into my car, down on the floor boards.

Rose stands, stretches.

ROSE

OK, I got it. Picnic's over. Let's
cleanup and get on the road.

Kevin stands, walks over to the car, picks up his gun from the fender, places it under his belt. They both throw picnic leftovers into the open rumble seat, get in the car, drive out of the picnic area.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Kevin drives off the dirt road onto the highway, heads back the way they came. Rose lays her head on Kevin's shoulder. The car comes over a small rise.

ROSE

Well there's our quiet cemetery.

Rose sits up, points.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(exited)

Look Kevin somebody is opening one
of the crypts!

Kevin turns, takes a long look.

KEVIN

Well my goodness!

The car continues at a slow pace. Rose stares at the intruder.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Well let me tell you, it's not all
that quiet in there.

The intruder stands, walks over to his car, removes a canvas sack.

ROSE

(gasp)

That's Red Tyler!

KEVIN

Sure is.

Kevin drives out of sight of the cemetery, stops, turns in the seat, looks directly at Rose.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I mean we just saw Red Tyler stuffing
two large canvas sacks into an open
crypt.

ROSE

Oops!

KEVIN

Yeah, oops. That's where Red does all his banking.

ROSE

Well mum's the word. We'd be mush if he ever knew that we knew.

KEVIN

How well I know!

EXT. STREET, ACROSS FROM RED TYLER'S SPEAKEASY -- NIGHT

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

Kevin parks his car, lets Rose out, closes the door after her.

KEVIN

Your shift ends at three?

ROSE

Yes, sorta odd hours. Sonja traded shifts with me.

KEVIN

Well, that's booze biz. I'm going to my office, gotta clean up today's odds and ends.

Kevin gets out of the car,

EXT. KEVIN'S CAR

they walk across the street together.

KEVIN

I might be a little late. If you get off your shift ahead of me wait in the car, won't be long.

ROSE

It's cold to be sitting in the car.

KEVIN

If ya get chilly there's a coat under the seat. It's a hot one, I know,
(laughing)
I stole it!

ROSE

Oh, just lovely.

They both enter the speakeasy.

INT. RED TYLER'S SPEAKEASY

Rose walks over to the bar, Kevin continues on to his (Morrie's) office, enters.

INT. OFFICE/STOREROOM OF RED TYLER -- SAME NIGHT

Red Tyler, Kelly, play Gin Rummy on Red's desk. Each man has a glass almost empty. Red downs the dregs of his glass, slams his cards on the desk top, pulls the cigar stump.

RED TYLER

GIN! There ya go Kelly. Gotcha a good'un this time.

Red grins ear to ear, Kelly looks glummer than usual.

KELLY

Shit! Should'a knocked when I could of.

RED TYLER

Don't fret Kelly, all's not lost. Drag your chair in there--

Red points to the open door of the anteroom.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

--and look on the top shelf. There's a couple bottles of the good stuff, not this here 'red eye' we been drinkin'.

KELLY

Sounds good to me.

Kelly drags his chair into the anteroom.

RED TYLER

(shuffling cards)

Bring both 'em here and I'll give ya a chance to get even,

(grinning)

If ya can.

Kelly stands on his chair in the dark room, gropes on the top shelf for the two bottles.

The alley door opens, Litchfield, Whitlock, enter. Red Tyler stops shuffling, looks up at the two men. Litchfield, carrying a small satchel, rubbernecks the room, does not see Kelly in the dark anteroom.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)

(surprised)

What in hell are you two doin' here? You're makin' deliveries tonight, not visitin'.

Litchfield walks over to Red's desk, Whitlock closes, locks, the alley door.

RED TYLER (CONT'D)
Somethin' gone wrong?

LITCHFIELD
Naw Red, nothin' wrong. Just a couple of things we want to talk over.

All Red's attention is on Litchfield, Whitlock walks over from the alley door to behind Red's chair, throws a garotte around Red's neck. Red drops the cards, his hands fly to his neck. Whitlock tightens the garotte, Red goes limp. Whitlock, Litchfield, lash Red into his chair.

Kelly observes all, makes no attempt to go to Red's aid.

WHITLOCK
He'll be comin' to in a moment. Get your electric thing ready to go.

Litchfield gets a wire attached to two long metal prongs out of his satchel, plugs it into a wall socket.

Whitlock slaps Red across the face with both hands.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)
C'mon...c'mon Red quit fakin' it. Let's get this here thing over and done with.

Red groans, opens his eyes, looks up at Whitlock, then past Whitlock to the anteroom.

Kelly watches from the dark anteroom.

Litchfield stands in front of Red, brandishes the electrical prongs.

LITCHFIELD
Make it easy on yourself Red. Ya haven't been to a bank since the day I met ya. Take us to where ya stashing it.

Litchfield jabs Red on his upper arm with the prongs. Red reacts to the surge of electricity, his body stiffens, head is thrown back. Litchfield leaves the prongs there until he hears Whitlock.

WHITLOCK
Hey, enough is enough! Too much of that and he won't be able to tell us his name.

Litchfield backs off, Whitlock back hands Red across the face.

LITCHFIELD

I got more of this stuff Red. Take us there or...

Litchfield jams the prongs through Red's trousers into his crotch. Red's body reacts violently. Litchfield withdraws the prongs.

LITCHFIELD (CONT'D)

Red, ya know you're not gonna make it through the night. Might as well go out nice and easy like.

Litchfield's tone changes, for the worse.

LITCHFIELD (CONT'D)

Lot better than ya done for some others.

Litchfield holds the prongs inches from Red's face. Red nods 'OK', and starts to pass out.

LITCHFIELD (CONT'D)

OK Whit, let'em outta the chair, but keep the garotte on.

Whitlock begins releasing Red from the chair, the office door swings open, Kevin steps into the room with a handful of papers. Kevin surprised by what he sees, drops the papers, his free hand goes for his gun.

Whitlock is faster, has his gun on Kevin before he can get it from his belt.

WHITLOCK

Sorry kid, bad timing. You're dead.

From his vantage point in the anteroom Kelly fires four shots.

Two hit Whitlock full in the chest. Whitlock is dead before he hits the floor.

Kelly's third shot hits Litchfield in the forehead, kills him instantly.

Kelly's fourth shot kills Red Tyler.

Kelly steps out of the anteroom into the light, holds his gun on Kevin.

KELLY

OK kid, this evens up everything between us. Next time we meet don't expect the same.

Without taking his gun off Kevin Kelly backs out the alley door, leaving it open.

The instant Kelly disappears from sight Kevin dashes into the anteroom, stands on the chair left there by Kelly, enters the attic via the scuttle entry hole.

INT. ATTIC

Kevin steps from ceiling joist to ceiling joist until over the Ladies Rest Room, uses both feet to break through the plastered ceiling, lowers himself into the room below.

INT. LADIES REST ROOM

An OLD SOT, well into her cups, is sitting half on half off the loo, panties on her ankles. She shows surprise, no fright, at Kevin's sudden entry.

OLD SOT

My goodness, honey! What brings you here so sudden?

Kevin grins.

KEVIN

I tell ya luv, ya wouldn't believe it, take my word for it.

Kevin snatches the bonnet off her head, wraps it around his fist, breaks out the window above the loo, sets what's left of the bonnet back on the sot's head, exits via the window.

INT. BARROOM

Rose carries a tray of drinks to a boisterous group. The sound of four shots ring out from Red's office. She drops the tray, runs out the front door onto the street amongst panicked bar customers.

EXT. STREET

Rose caught up in the mass of people tries to make her way to Kevin's car. Kevin exits the space between the buildings, spots Rose just as two men accost her. Both men, in their cups, take Rose by an arm.

Kevin fends his way through the on rushing crowd until he reaches Rose, one man receives a crippling kick in the crotch.

The other man makes for Kevin, receives Kevin's Brogan in the abdomen.

KEVIN

OK kiddo, grab my belt and stay right behind me. Don't let go!

Kevin elbows, shoves, their way through the crowd to his car. They get in,

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

start the car, pull away from the curb. Kevin drives through the thinning crowd honking. Free of the milling people Kevin puts the gas pedal to the floor. Rose white knuckles anything she can grab hold of.

INT. KELLY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Kelly sits in his car parked on a side street. Kevin's car speeds past. Kelly starts his car, pulls out behind Kevin with the headlights turned off.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

KEVIN

Let's get with it Kiddo, gotta keep movin'! I do believe we're goin' to have company.

ROSE

Get with it! My God, are you all in one piece? Let me take a good look at you.

Rose looks Kevin over as he drives.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Was I ever glad to see you! I saw you go into Red's office just before I heard the gun shots.

Kevin, intent on driving, answers Rose without looking at her.

KEVIN

I'm OK, but Red ain't, neither is Litchfield, or Whitlock. They're all of 'em piled up in a heap in Red's office. Kelly shot 'em, that's what you heard.

ROSE

Kelly? How come you're still walkin' around?

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Kelly said we're even for me savin' his ass, but I don't believe a word of it. Litchfield, and Whitlock, were tryin' to get Red to tell where his stash is.

Kevin drives out of the city limits on the road to the cemetery.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Me openin' the door screwed things up, and Whitlock was about to put a hole in me, but Kelly beat him to it.

ROSE

(surprised)

Why would Kelly want you alive?

Kevin turns to Rose.

KEVIN

(serious)

Kelly's got it figured out I know where Red's stash is.

ROSE

We're headed out to the cemetery then, aren't we.

KEVIN

Just as fast as this here car can get us there.

Rose sits back in the seat.

ROSE

What a mess this is. We can't go back to our apartment, can we.

KEVIN

Never. If it goes well for us tonight it's west coast here we come.

ROSE

And if it doesn't?

KEVIN

It will.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Kevin's car speeds toward the cemetery, Kelly's car follows not too far behind, with headlights out.

Kevin's car turns off the main highway onto the dirt road into the cemetery. Kelly pulls off the main highway, parks his car in the brush.

EXT. CEMETERY

Kevin's car rolls to a stop inside a thicket. Kevin gets out,

EXT. KEVIN'S CAR

surveys the area, walks back to his car.

KEVIN

OK, Rose, I want you out of the car
and into that clump of brush--
(points)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

--over there. Don't you move from
there unless I tell you to.

Rose gets out of the car, hurries to her hiding place.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm off to where Red--
(smiles)
--used to do his banking.

Kevin heads off through the brush.

EXT. CRYPT -- LATER

Kevin exits the brush surrounding the crypt, stands still,
listens, takes his gun from it's holster, walks over to the
crypt. Kevin bends over, pulls off the lower crypt cover,
exposing a heap of canvas sacks.

Kevin bends over further, starts pulling out the first canvas
sack, stiffens when a shadow passes over him. He looks back
between his legs. Kelly stands outlined in the moon light.

KELLY

Figgered you'd lead me to where Red
put it all. So long...

Kelly does not finish his sentence, Kevin puts three fast
shots into his chest from his bent over position.

The force of the impacts spin Kelly around, he falls face
down in the dirt. Kevin walks back, turns Kelly over with
one foot, never taking his gun off him.

Kevin registers surprise at seeing Kelly is still alive.

KEVIN

I see you're still kickin'. You're a
tough ol' bird, I'll give you credit
for that.

KELLY

(barely audible)
I'm outta here this time, and know
it.

KEVIN

You sure as hell are!

Kevin shoots Kelly in the forehead, walks over to the crypt,
throws a sack over each shoulder, disappears into the brush.

EXT. KEVIN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The brush parts, Kevin emerges with a sack over each shoulder, sets them down on the car running board, opens the rumble seat, tosses the seats on the ground, returns to the sacks, tosses them into the empty rumble seat area.

KEVIN

OK Rose, just a few minutes more.
Not a sound out of ya until I get
back.

Kevin disappears back into the brush.

EXT. CRYPT -- LATER

Kevin steps out of the surrounding brush, walks over to Kelly, bends over, picks up Kelly's gun, keeps it. From the crypt he puts a sack over each shoulder, disappears into the brush.

EXT. KEVIN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Kevin walks out of the brush with a sack on each shoulder, calls to Rose.

KEVIN

OK Rose, safe to come out now.
It's all over and done.

Kevin continues walking to the car, tosses the sacks in the rumble seat on top of the others, closes, locks the lid. Rose comes out of hiding, gets into the car.

Kevin throws the two rumble seats on the ground out into the brush, gets in his car.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

ROSE

I heard shots. Did Kelly show up?

Kevin starts the car.

KEVIN

Yeah, but he decided to stay here.

EXT. KEVIN'S CAR

Kevin makes a U-turn, and drives out of the cemetery to the Highway, turns the car West on the highway. The sun rising in the East reflects off Kevin's car heading West.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR -- LATER

A short moment of silence then Kevin slaps hard on the steering wheel. He faces Rose.

KEVIN

(delighted)

Well how about that! We did it Rose!
We got it all, and we're off to the
West coast, a quiet life, for a
change.

ROSE

(serious)

That's not all we're getting away
with Kevin.

KEVIN

(puzzled)

What do ya mean 'not all'? What else
is there?

Rose pats her stomach.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(elated)

You're kidding! Really? You and me!

Rose nods.

ROSE

I didn't want to tell ya before
because I was afraid it might be too
much on your mind, and screw up any
plans you made.

Kevin puts his free arm around Rose, pulls her close to him.

KEVIN

(laughing)

I tell ya Rose, all this just couldn't
happen to two nicer people.

Rose looks up at Kevin, smiles.

ROSE

Let's not count our chickens before
they hatch. We're not the only ones
that know about Red's money.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Yeah, there's always that. Whitlock
and Litchfield didn't show up on
their own, they were sent, and my
best guess it's by the same bunch
who hired Toby to blow up Marty's
Nightclub.

Rose sits up, looks at Kevin, shows complete surprise.

ROSE

Toby? Toby did that?

KEVIN

Yeah, and that ain't all. But later for the rest of the story.

Rose sits back in the car seat, shakes her head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We'll drive for a good part of the day, get out of these parts. Best we rid ourselves of this car, it's too well known I drive it.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- AFTERNOON

Kevin's car is alone on the highway entrance to a small township. His car slows, and nears a populated area.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

Kevin nudges Rose awake. Both show signs of fatigue.

KEVIN

OK kiddo, it's time we put some gas in the car, and get something to eat. We'll talk about what to do with this car, and what's in the rumble seat, over our meal.

Kevin turns his car into a one pump gas station that serves as beanery, grocery store, all under one roof. The car comes to a halt by the gas pump. Kevin, Rose, exit

EXT. KEVIN'S CAR

and stretch tired legs, arms.

The door to the beanery opens, an elderly, unshaven, GAS STATION ATTENDANT in grease covered overalls, steps out, walks up to Kevin.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Mornin' young man. From the looks of it you want some gasoline in that thing you're drivin'.

Kevin laughs.

KEVIN

Yeah, that thing looks just about as old as you are, but it gets us around.

A quick laugh from the old man.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Not for much longer I'm bettin'.

KEVIN

I've been thinking that myself. You got a used car lot in this here town?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Yep. Can't miss it as you drive through and out the other side of town.

KEVIN

Well thanks. We'll have a bite to eat, and go take a look. Can you put the gasoline on our breakfast tab?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Yep.

Kevin, Rose, disappear into the beanery, the old man goes about putting gasoline into Kevin's car.

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE -- LATER

Kevin's car cruises slowly down the main avenue. A large sign, in red lettering, proclaims "ROMEO'S USED CARS".

EXT. USED CAR LOT

Kevin turns into the lot, stops in front of a rundown house trailer being used for both living purposes and office.

A poorly dressed man, ROMEO, exits the trailer, walks up to Kevin's car. Speaks with heavy Italian accent

ROMEO

'Bout time you got outta this thing,
and I got a couple on the lot here
that'll do it for you.

Romeo extends his hand into Kevin's car for a hand shake. Kevin accepts it.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

You can call me Romeo, I own da place.

Kevin eyeballs the man for a moment, turns off his car's motor.

KEVIN

Well OK Romeo, let's you and I go have a look see. I don't want flash but do want a car that won't give me problems on the road.

Romeo steps back, Kevin opens the door, gets out.

EXT. KEVIN'S CAR

Romeo leads Kevin to a vehicle in decent looking condition, throws his outstretched arms back, exclaims.

ROMEO

There ya are! This one's made for the open highway. Get in, sit down, and feel the comfort.

KEVIN

Look, I don't give a Damn for the comfort. Go get a jack, and get the rear wheels up off the deck. We'll see how everything sounds with the motor running and wheels in motion.

Kevin gives Romeo a gentle poke on the chest with his fore finger.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Then we'll get to front end, brakes, cooling system. If this car ain't what you say it is then save us time and show me one that is, if you got one.

Romeo smiles, nods toward the rear of the lot.

ROMEO

Yeah, I got whatch'a want. Ain't no beauty but the owner used it in his business, if you know what I mean, and kept it in perfect running order.

(raised brow)

It can run away from ANY car on the road. You test it out all you want.

The two men walk to the rear of the lot, stop alongside a stripped down older car. Kevin smiles, nods.

KEVIN

OK, let's take a look see.

INT. CAR LOT HOUSE TRAILER - OFFICE

Kevin, Romeo, face each other over a card table used as a desk.

ROMEO

You like the car so here's what I can do. It's yours for one hundred seventy five dollars, where is, as is.

KEVIN

What's my car worth on the trade-in?

ROMEO

(showing astonishment)

Your car? Come on pal, you should pay me to haul it away.

Kevin nods negative.

KEVIN

Nope, I'm giving you my car and one hundred thirty five bucks.

Romeo contemplates a moment, nods.

ROMEO

Well OK, only because I like you. Go get your car's papers, and I'll fill the registration on your new car.

Kevin stands, goes out to his car, returns with papers in hand. Romeo occupied completing the car transfer documents does not look up.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Lay 'em on the desk, I'll be a sec more on these.

Kevin lays his papers on the desk, sits down. Romeo reaches over, picks up Kevin's papers, starts reading.

Romeo halts, breaks out in a big grin as he looks up at Kevin.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Hey fella, whoever you are, this ain't your fuckin' car. Tyler's on the papers, and you sure as shit ain't the Tyler I hear about.

Kevin holds Romeo's stare, shrugs.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

I ought to have you pay me to get it off your hands. You're tryin' to stick me with a hot car. No trade in value pal, you pay me my asking price, and I'll take Tyler's car off your back.

Kevin smiles, nods.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Put my money on the desk here,
(points to a spot)
and I'll give you these ownership papers blank. You can fill in any name you want

Kevin reaches into his pocket, pulls out a wad, peels off some bills. Romeo counts it, hands Kevin the ownership papers, keys to the car. They both stand.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

It's all yours. Nice doin' business with ya.

KEVIN

(smiling)

Well thank you. I'll recommend you to my friends.

Kevin leaves the office,

EXT. CAR LOT HOUSE TRAILER - OFFICE

transfers all possessions into the new car, Rose stands watches.

ROSE

(quizzical)

Kevin, are you sure this,
(points)
is better than our old one?

KEVIN

No doubt about it. Now get in.

Rose takes her place in the front seat. Kevin opens the driver's door, gets in,

INT. CAR

starts the car, drives out of the car lot.

INT. CAR LOT HOUSE TRAILER - OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Romeo sits, watches Kevin drive off the lot, reaches over to his telephone, dials a number.

INT. OFFICE OF FRANKIE ROCCO -- DAY

Plush furnishings. Three well dressed, young men sit in a smoke filled room talking with FRANKIE ROCCO, older, well dressed, crook cigar stuck in his teeth, slouched in an overstuffed chair behind a large desk.

The phone on the desk rings several times. Frankie Rocco slowly reaches over to answer, lifts the ear piece.

FRANKIE ROCCO

Who'm I talking with?

(pause)

Yeah, OK Romeo, it's me Frankie Rocco.

It's your shout. What's on the mind

(pause)

So ya sold a car today. What else?

Frankie Rocco bolts upright in his chair. Ear piece tight against his head.

FRANKIE ROCCO (CONT'D)

The guy tried to trade in a car registered to Tyler? Tell me more Romeo. Who was the guy?

(pause)

A young guy and a gal, and you heard the broad call him Kevin?

Frankie reaches over, gets paper, pencil.

FRANKIE ROCCO (CONT'D)

OK Romeo, gimme what this Kevin guy drove off in.

Frankie Rocco jots down words on a writing pad.

FRANKIE ROCCO (CONT'D)

OK Romeo, good, real good. You just made yourself a hundred bucks. Some of my boys will be out your way and take care of it.

Frankie Rocco motions one of his boys to his desk.

FRANKIE ROCCO (CONT'D)

Any more info you can think of give it to them, we want this Kevin guy real bad.

Frankie Rocco hangs up the phone, hands the slip of paper he was writing on to the hood SOLLY standing before him.

FRANKIE ROCCO (CONT'D)

OK Solly, you heard it all. This Kevin guy was Red Tyler's number cruncher, and money handler. Red ain't with us any longer. I'm giving odds Kevin's got Red's bundle and plans on making it out of sight with that bar mop he was living with.

Frankie Rocco stands, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a roll of bills, peels off a bunch, hands it to Solly.

FRANKIE ROCCO (CONT'D)

Use it all if ya gotta, and put a C-note in Romeo's pocket.

Solly reaches out, takes the money.

FRANKIE ROCCO (CONT'D)

Do what ever ya gotta do to get this Kevin punk and his bar mop.

Frankie points to SALVADORE and BENNY, the two men still sit.

FRANKIE ROCCO (CONT'D)

Take Benny and Salvadore with ya.
When ya got him call me here. I ain't
leavin' until I hear 'bout it all.
There's a good chunk of dough in it
when you get him.

(pause)

Just to remind ya it was this shanty
Kevin punk who offed Toby. Stay awake,
he's got a good rep.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Open road, Kevin's car zooms by at a very high speed.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Kevin at the wheel, shows exhilaration at the high speed the car travels. Rose both hands pushing against the dashboard, presses her back into her seat.

ROSE

Kevin, don't you think it unwise to
be speeding this fast? What if we
get stopped?

Kevin glances at Rose, puts the gearshift into neutral position, the car slowly loses speed.

KEVIN

Right you are, but Romeo wasn't
kidding when he told me this little
buggy can out run anything on the
road.

ROSE

(smile)

Got our money's worth did we?

KEVIN

Sure did. Now I think we both need
some sleep. Probably best if we did
our traveling at night, sleep during
the day.

ROSE

We can find some off road places,
and sleep in the car if you want.

Kevin nods negative.

KEVIN

No, I think best if we pull into a
legit motel type thing. We'll sleep
(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 in shifts, while the other keeps an
 eye open for possible trouble.

INT. FRANKIE ROCCO'S CAR -- DAY

Solly drives, Benny sits in the front seat, Salvadore seated
 in the rear.

Solly turns the car into 'ROMEO'S USED CAR' lot,

EXT. ROMEO'S USED CAR LOT

stops in front of the office-trailer. Solly, Benny get out,
 Salvadore remains seated.

Romeo exits the trailer, stops.

SOLLY
 Romeo?

ROMEO
 Yeah, sure. You gotta be from Frankie.

Romeo motions them to come inside the trailer. The three men
 enter the trailer,

INT. TRAILER

seat themselves on whatever handy.

SOLLY
 Frankie asked me to deliver this for
 him.

Solly reaches into his pocket, brings out a fist full of
 paper money, hands it all to Romeo. Romeo stuffs it into his
 pants pocket without counting it.

ROMEO
 Yeah, OK, that's swell, thanks.

SOLLY
 You got anything else for us?

Romeo reaches into a pile of papers, pulls out a battered
 front page of a newspaper. A large photo on the Headline
 page of five cars impounded by the police during a raid on a
 moonshine still. He lays the page on the desk top.

ROMEO
 I bought one of these cars at the
 Police auction.

SOLLY
 So ya bought a car.

Romeo places his forefinger on a car in the photo.

ROMEO

That's the car I bought, and that's
the car I sold to this Kevin guy
today.

Solly grabs the page up off the desk top, smiles, reaches
into his pocket, hands Romeo more money.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

People tell me it's been seen leaving
town on the only road outta here.

SOLLY

Ya did yourself good today, Frankie
won't forget.

Solly, Benny, leave the trailer, enter their car.

INT. FRANKIE ROCCO'S CAR

Solly hands the newspaper back to Salvadore.

SOLLY

Take a good look. This is what we're
here for, license number, make and
model.

Solly puts the car in gear, drives out 'ROMEO'S USED CARS'
lot onto the road leading out of town.

EXT. HIGHWAY MOTEL OFFICE -- DAY

Kevin's car turns into to the driveway of the 'HIGHWAY MOTEL',
stops in front of a 'VACANCY' sign. Kevin exits his car,

EXT. CAR

walks into the motel office.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE

Kevin dings the bell sitting on the counter top, waits. The
door behind the desk opens, an elderly woman appears, stands
behind the counter top, smiles.

Moments pass in silence, Kevin opens the conversation.

KEVIN

Good afternoon maam.

A smile, no oral response.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

My wife and I are road weary and
would like to get some shut eye. We
would like to take a shower, rest
up, and continue on in the evening.

The woman smiles, furnishes Kevin with a pen, registration card, indicates the room cost posted on the wall behind the desk.

Kevin returns her smile, fills out the registration card, pays her the room cost, accepts the room key offered.

The lady points to the number on the key, turns, points to a bungalow toward the rear of the complex.

Kevin nods, exits the motel office, gets inside his car.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

ROSE

What ever took so long?

KEVIN

(smiles)

I thought that woman would never shut up.

Kevin drives his car to the bungalow, backs into an open car port. Suitcases, canvas sacks, go inside the bungalow with Kevin and Rose.

INT. FRANKIE ROCCO'S CAR

The three hoods occupied scanning everything they pass as Solly drives the car at a sane pace out of town.

SALVADORE

Hey Solly, ain't we got time to catch a bite to eat? I'm gettin' fed up with stoppin' at motels, and checking out parkin' lots.

SOLLY

Shutta you face Sal. We don't stop until we got this punk.

SALVADORE

Hey, it's gettin' dark, makes it tough to see.

SOLLY

Then I'll drive slower, but we don't stop.

A motel sign looms up ahead.

SOLLY (CONT'D)

I'll pull in there,
(points)
Benny you take this one.

Benny nods.

BENNY

OK, gimme the buzzer.

Benny puts an open hand out, Solly places a wallet, with a Police Badge pinned inside, into Benny's hand.

Solly drives the car into the motel yard, stops in front of the door marked 'OFFICE'. Benny gets out of the car, walks into the OFFICE.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE

A DESK CLERK stands behind the desk, smiles, puts registration card, pen, on the counter.

DESK CLERK

Would you care to check in?

He pushes Registration card, pen, in front of Benny.

BENNY

Naw...I got other things on my mind.

Benny lays the newspaper photo on the counter, stabs a finger on the car in question, flashes his wallet with badge.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Ya seen this car today?

The desk clerk taken by surprise stammers.

DESK CLERK

No, not today or ever.

BENNY

Ya had a young punk with a broad check in today?

DESK CLERK

No sir.

Benny picks up his newspaper, leaves the motel office.

INT. FRANKIE ROCCO'S CAR

The car door opens, Benny crawls in, slams the door shut.

He takes an old unlit cigar stub from the open ash tray, clenches it between his canines.

BENNY

Another blank-o. Let's move on.

Solly puts the car in gear, pulls out onto the highway.

Salvadore in the rear seat leans forward, gives Benny a shove.

SALVADORE

Do ya gotta stick that dead thing in
the mouth? It stinks up the whole
car!

No emotional movement from Benny.

BENNY

Yeah, well so do you.

Solly continues at a medium-slow pace down the highway.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Rose lies on top of the bed in deep slumber, fully clothed.
Kevin sits in a chair by the window observing.

A car with out of state plates, three male occupants, turns
into the driveway of the motel across the highway.

A man, dressed in excess city style, exits the car from the
passenger side, enters the motel office alone. Kevin leaps
up from his chair, rushes over to Rose, roughly awakes her.

KEVIN

Up and outta here NOW Rose! We got
visitors! Into the car quick!

Rose rolls to, gathers belongings.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

Kevin, Rose, throw suitcases, sacks, into the car, both
hastily jump in.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

Kevin brings the engine to a roar, makes a rapid exit from
the car port.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Kevin's car makes a high speed turn out of the motel yard
onto the highway, two shots are fired from the rear window
of Frankie Rocco's car.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

One of the shots crashes through the rear window. Rose's
reaction shows she has been hit.

INT. FRANKIE ROCCO'S CAR

Salvadore hangs half outside the car rear window, smoking
pistol in his hand. Solly sits behind the wheel, turns to
Salvadore.

SOLLY

(startled)

Hey, geezzus! What ya tryin' to do,
bring the whole world down on us?

Salvadore pulls himself back into the car, gun still in hand,
waves in the direction taken by Kevin.

SALVADORE

What I'm doin'? That was him that
just now pulled out of that place,

Salvadore points to the motel across the highway

SALVADORE (CONT'D)

and here we sit with our thumbs up
our ass!

Solly lays on the car horn hard. Benny, inside the office,
turns, looks. Solly, Salvadore, frantically wave him back
to the car.

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE

The Motel Office door flies open, Benny exits, runs to the
car, opens the car door, Salvadore grabs him by the shirt
front, yanks him inside, Solly makes a frantic U-turn, exits
onto the highway.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

Kevin is driving at high speed. Rose is bleeding hard.
Rose gasps, makes a feeble attempt to find a hand hold on
the car door.

Kevin does not take his eyes off the road.

KEVIN

You're hit bad Rose, and don't try
to tell me different.

Rose begins to pass out.

ROSE

Yeah, I caught a good one, I can
feel it taking me over.

Rose's head droops toward her chest.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Haul ass outta here Kevin, don't
let'em catch us.

Kevin looks at Rose, nods, smiles.

KEVIN

No way they gonna catch up with us.

Kevin slouches against the car door, intent on his driving.

The highway enters a mountainous area, turns into a small two lane switchback mountain road.

At the top of a rise a small area is carved out of the mountain by a flowing spring. Kevin turns the car in, stops, gets out.

EXT. OFF ROAD

Kevin looks down over the road edge, spots the perusing car. Frankie's much larger car has trouble negotiating each switchback turn.

Kevin quickly returns to Rose, opens the car door on her side, holds her from falling out. Rose is still alive.

Her blood runs out of the car, off the running board, puddles on the ground.

Rose's eyes open, she attempts a smile.

ROSE
Ain't gonna make it kiddo.

Rose is fighting back tears.

KEVIN
Don't talk like that. We're just getting started.

Rose's eyes close, Kevin puts his arms around her, she goes limp. He sits her upright in the seat, stands back from the car, stares at Rose's dead body.

Kevin walks to the driver side of the car, reaches in, removes the ignition keys. Rose lies slumped in death against the passenger door. Kevin regards the surroundings, takes cover behind a clump of rocks.

INT. FRANKIE ROCCO'S CAR

Solly careens Frankie's car around a switchback curve, comes upon Kevin's car.

SOLLY
Hey! What's this?

Benny, Salvadore hang out the open windows, start shooting at Kevin's car.

BENNY
Hey Solly for chrissakes nobody's shootin' back!

INT. KEVIN'S CAR

The shots fired by Benny, Salvadore, strike Kevin's car. Rose's dead body receives more hits. The car door opens, Rose falls out onto the dirt.

INT. FRANKIE ROCCO'S CAR

SOLLY

For sure that's one down. Let's take a look at the other side.

The three men exit their car, walk over to Kevin's bullet riddled car, guns drawn. Solly walks over to the driver's side, looks inside.

SOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey! Ain't no one here, and the keys are gone.

SALVADORE

OHH shi...

Kevin's first shot catches Salvadore full in the mouth. Both Solly, Benny, make a dash for their car. Kevin's shooting from cover brings them down.

Kevin comes out from hiding, calmly walks up to each prone man, puts a shot into the head.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Thanks again Gypsy.

Kevin drags each dead man to his bullet riddled car, places them inside. He removes the canvas bags of cash from the trunk of his car, places them in the trunk of the gangster's car, walks over to Rose, places her dead body back into his car.

KEVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sorry pal, it just didn't turn out like we thought it would.

Kevin gets in his car among the dead bodies, starts it, puts it in first gear, heads the car for the road edge to the valley below, steps out, watches as it goes over the edge. He peers down. His car descends in flames end over end. A flaming body is flung from the tumbling wreckage.

Kevin returns to the gangster's car, gets in, drives off.

SUPERIMPOSED: "SAN FRANCISCO - THREE WEEKS LATER"

INT. CAFE -- MORNING

Kevin sits alone in a booth having a cup of coffee, reads want ads in a newspaper.

He tears one out of the page, walks to the pay phone on the wall, looks at the ad, puts coins in the phone, dials a number, places the phone to his ear, waits.

KEVIN

Good morning, I am replying to an ad you have placed in the San Francisco Daily Advertiser.

Pause.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Good, I'm glad to hear it's still available. My work will be taking me over seas for the next ten or eleven months. Is it possible my car occupies your garage for that long?

Pause.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Yes, of course. I will pay in advance for the entire period. May I come by now and inspect your garage before I commit?

Pause.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Your address please.

Kevin pencils the address on the torn out ad.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'll be by shortly.

Kevin hangs the phone on it's hook, goes to the cashier, pays his tab, leaves the diner.

EXT. DINER

Kevin walks the short distance to the ex-gangster's car, gets in, drives off.

INT. CAR -LATER

Kevin pulls his car over to a curbside parking place several doors down from a Pawn Shop, rolls up all windows, exits the car, locks the car door,

EXT. SIDEWALK

walks down the sidewalk,

INT. PAWN SHOP

enters the Pawn Shop, dings a bell sitting on the counter. A door behind the counter opens, out steps a MAN in his forties, looks like he just woke up.

MAN

Whatch'a got ya wanta get rid of?

KEVIN

Nothing, I need two well built suitcases. Got?

MAN

(surprised)

Yeah, come with me.

The man throws aside a curtained opening into another room, points to two suitcases sitting against a wall.

MAN (CONT'D)

Took 'em in last week from a movie star. First class stuff.

KEVIN

Sure, what's the cost to me?

MAN

Fifty bucks
(pause)
each.

KEVIN

I'll give you fifty bucks for the both.

MAN

Done.

Kevin peels off fifty dollars, hands it to the man, walks outside luggage in hand.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Kevin walks to the gangland car, throws the luggage in the rear seat, removes the sacks of cash from the car trunk, throws them on top of the luggage, walks around to the driver's side, gets in the car.

INT. CAR

Kevin leans over the front seat, places the money sacks into the luggage, locks both, places the keys in his pocket.

Kevin exits the car,

EXT. SIDEWALK

stands on the sidewalk, hails a taxi cab. The cab stops by the curb, the driver leans over, rolls down the window.

KEVIN

Morning, you going to be free for half hour or so?

CABBIE

Yeah, sure. Hop in.

KEVIN

No, not yet anyway. I got to catch a ship that leaves this afternoon and I'm leaving my car in a rented garage. Follow me to the garage while I lock my car inside, then take me to my boat.

CABBIE

Got it, let's go.

Kevin returns to the gangland car, gets in, the two cars drive off.

FADE IN:

EXT. DOCKS-SAN FRANCISCO PORT -- LATER

A cab pulls up, stops alongside a rusted out old tramp steamer displaying a Greek flag. Kevin emerges, luggage in hand, pays the driver, looks up at the bucket of rust. The cab drives off.

Kevin grins, shrugs his shoulders, walks up the ships gangway.

EXT. ONBOARD GREEK TRAMP FREIGHTER

He is met by the CAPTAIN, a swarthy man, in his forties, sporting a huge black handlebar moustache, grin from ear to ear, and a Captain's hat that had not seen soap and water for months, if ever.

The Captain stops a hand shake in midair, Kevin does not set his luggage down.

KEVIN

Well Captain, next stop China?

The Captain pulls a chewed on cigar stump from stained teeth.

CAPTAIN

That's right, next time you set your foot on dry land will be Shanghai, China.

KEVIN

Suits me fine.

CAPTAIN

You're the only passenger I have on board, so you'll be eating your meals with me.

KEVIN

No, I'll pass on that. I'll take my meals in my cabin.

CAPTAIN

OK, like Greek food?

KEVIN

Don't know, yet.

Captain chuckles, points top side.

CAPTAIN

Your cabin is just behind the wheel house. Door's open, it's all yours for the next couple of weeks.

(pause)

By the way, what do I call you?

KEVIN

I'm Kevin to you, and you're Captain to me.

CAPTAIN

Good enough. I'll be taking a load of heavy cargo on board after dark, then we leave. If you got anything to do on shore, do it now.

KEVIN

I got nuthin'.

CAPTAIN

I figured that.

Kevin hauls his luggage top side, walks to his cabin. Captain watches him, smiles, puts the cigar stump back between stained teeth.

INT. KEVIN'S CABIN -- NIGHT, AT SEA

The noise of a keyed lock opening. Kevin bolts upright. From the nightstand he takes a small piece of leather with a metal disc attached, palms it, eases out of his bunk, stands in the dark aside the opening door.

Moon light from the open cabin door silhouettes a man entering, knife in hand. Without hesitation Kevin delivers a hard blow to the man's temple with the leaded disk. The man slumps into Kevin's outstretched arms.

EXT. SHIP

In the same movement Kevin moves the inert body to the ship's rail, and overboard.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Thanks again Gypsy.

Kevin returns into his cabin.

INT. WHEEL HOUSE

From the interior of the darkened wheel house Captain stands at a porthole, observes all.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
(grin)
Well now, what do I have here?

INT. KEVIN'S CABIN -- MORNING

A rap on the cabin door, Kevin opens the door. Captain stands there, a large, well used, coffee pot in one hand, two chipped mugs in the other hand. Kevin eyes the pot, mugs, steps back, opens the door, admits Captain to his quarters.

CAPTAIN
Well Kevin, I do believe it's time
you and I had a talk. Maybe get to
know each other better.

Kevin remains silent, motions to the small table in the cabin, two chairs. Captain takes one chair, Kevin the other. Captain places the two mugs on the table, pours from the pot.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
I like my first cup of coffee in the
morning like my wimmen, hot and
black.

The remark brings a smile from Kevin.

KEVIN
I like mine anyway I get 'em.

Captain looks at Kevin, smiles.

CAPTAIN
Seems as though I'm missing a crew
member this morning.

KEVIN
(cool)
Why tell me about it?

CAPTAIN

Look here Kevin I'm a business man,
not a fool. Last night told me a
lot about you.

KEVIN

Go on.

Captain takes a drink from his coffee mug. Kevin does not.

CAPTAIN

There's no doubt in my mind what you
have in those bags you sit so tight
on.

(pause)

If that's all I wanted I could have
you over board before this coffee
cools.

KEVIN

(points)

I'd have company.

CAPTAIN

No, calm down. There's a war brewing
on the horizon, and when men are
foolish enough to march to the beat
of a drum there is big money to be
made.

Kevin shifts in his chair.

KEVIN

And?

CAPTAIN

I've got two other buckets of rust
afloat carrying high cost freight in
their holds.

KEVIN

And?

CAPTAIN

The night we left the Port of San
Francisco I loaded on board a large
consignment of arms, ammo. I trade
these for Opium, plus cash, in China.

KEVIN

Sounds a little like my rum running
days.

CAPTAIN

I figured you for that. I have a
one-armed Chinaman that needs you.
In fact we both do. You're my
liaison, and he's your front man.

Captain glances at Kevin's bags.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

How does it sound?

Kevin takes his first drink of coffee, puts his mug down.

KEVIN

Looks like we got something going.

Captain stands.

CAPTAIN

Don't hand me that "looks like" crap.
Do we or don't we?

Kevin stands.

KEVIN

Yeah, we do.
(smiles)
Best deal I heard all day.

CAPTAIN

When we make port Shanghai I'll see
that you get all the personal papers
you need, any name you want to use.
Even a new Passport. I pay my way
there as you will learn to do.

The two men reach across the table, shake hands. Captain
starts to leave, turns to Kevin.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I saw you fling my First Mate over
board last night.

KEVIN

I thought you might be peeking.

CAPTAIN

First Mates are easy to come by, a
good partner isn't.

Captain exits the cabin, closes the door behind him.

POSSIBLE END