

Screenplay

DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, 1948

ANTERO SCARCELLA and ARTHUR CHAPMANN pace down a midnight road smoking.

They enter a bar and turn over the Open sign as they enter. The bar is empty apart from two men at the bar, one of whom is passed out. Two men at the back and a barmaid.

MICHAEL "MICKY" HARTMANN looks up from his drink at ANTERO and ARTHUR. He then turns to the man passed out beside him and gives him a shove.

MICHAEL HARTMANN

Go on, get!

The drunken man stumbles to the door and leaves the bar. MICKY gets up from his stool to shake hands with the gentlemen, the barmaid VICKY PRIMROSE walks over with a welcoming smile.

VICKY PRIMROSE

Gentlemen. Can I take your coats, maybe get you something to drink? Arthur?

ARTHUR looks her up before clenching his jaw and removing his coat, ANTERO doing the same but looking off elsewhere.

ARTHUR CHAPMANN

Whisky. On the rocks

VICKY walks past the gentlemen and locks the door and flips the closed sign. She then turns round and smiles before taking their coats off to hang, heading round the otherside of the bar to collect drinks. ARTHUR, MICHAEL and ANTERO walk towards the back of the bar where JIMMY "SLIM JIM" PEARS and SAM "KID" CARVELL are sat at a table messing with the cards.

JIMMY PEARS

Hey Chapmann, thought you wouldn't make it. Whats the matter? Mommy wouldn't let you out to play? Haha

ARTHUR gives JIMMY a scolding look under the rim of his hat and rolls the cocktail stick in his mouth.

ARTHUR, Antero and Michael take a seat at the table.

JIMMY PEARS

Alright alright. Mind if the kid stays?

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JIMMY looks to ANTERO who just stares at the kid without a word.

ARTHUR CHAPMANN

If the kids got the money then hes  
in, deal 'um

JIMMY begins to deal the cards out for a game of poker, as he reaches CHAPMANN..

MICHAEL HARTMANN

Mmm, can we use the house cards?  
Its just..

CHAPMANN looks at MICHAEL with a heavy brow, apparently a little annoyed by MICHAEL'S request

MICHAEL HARTMANN

Its just, ya know, superstition?

JIMMY takes the cards back and looks over to VICKY. JIMMY stops to look her up and down as she bends over the table to hand out the drinks. JIMMY pulls her onto his lap.

JIMMY PEARS

How about a little sugar with my  
drink honey?

VICKY PRIMROSE

I think your sweet enough darlin',  
don't you?

Vicky gets up giggling and walks off, Jimmy slaps her on the behind as she walks off. Jimmy begins to deal.

JIMMY PEARS

Did I ever tell you the one about  
the mother? So this mother is in  
the kitchen making dinner for her  
family when her daughter walks in.  
"Mummy, where do babies come from?"  
The mother thinks for a few seconds  
and..

ARTHUR CHAPMANN

Jimmy..

JIMMY PEARS

..and says, "Well dear, Mommy and  
Daddy fall in love and get married.  
One night they go into their  
bedroom, they kiss and hug, and  
have sex." The daughter looks

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JIMMY PEARS (cont'd)  
puzzled so the mother continues,  
"That means the daddy puts his  
penis in the mommy's vagina. That's  
how you get a baby, honey." The  
child seems to comprehend. "Oh, I  
see, but the other night when I  
came into your room you had daddy's  
penis in your mouth. What do you  
get when you do that?" "Jewelry, my  
dear. Jewelry."

ARTHUR CHAPMANN  
Fuck sake, I swear Jimmy I'm  
gunna hang you by your goddamn  
neck tie.

MICHAEL HARTMANN  
Easy Chapmann

CHAPMANN shakes his head as they continue to play poker, SAM  
laughs. JIMMY wins the first hand and rakes in the chips  
before dealing again. ANTERO is slow to pick up his cards  
instead staring into his glass. MICHAEL stares at him for a  
moment.

MICHAEL HARTMANN  
Army?

ANTERO doesn't answer he just swirls his drink and takes a  
sip.

MICHAEL HARTMANN  
Messes with a mans mind.

ANTERO SCARCELLA  
I just remember the.. Well i'll  
just never forget.

MICHAEL HARTMANN  
Yeah. I used to get the bad dreams  
too. Lick of something stiff always  
helps.

ANTERO folds his hand and downs his drink as the lads  
continue playing

ARTHUR CHAPMANN  
It all gets a bit mundane, life,  
when you know taking a mans life is  
so easy.

SAM looks a little sheepishly towards CHAPMANN as he says  
that

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JIMMY PEARS

Hey now, come on. Newborn here,  
maybe this ain't the best bedtime  
story. C'mon.

CHAPMANN gazes at his wrist watch for a moment and then back  
to the table.

MICHAEL HARTMANN

What you got someone better to be  
with Chapmann? Someone waiting?

ARTHUR CHAPMANN

Hmm? No, no, just keeping an eye on  
the time. I fold.

ARTHUR throws his cards in, quickly followed by MICHAEL. The  
next card is drawn on the table and is a Jack. JIMMY, ARTHUR  
and SAM put all their money down.

JIMMY PEARS

Sure about this kid?

SAM nods and they all reveal their cards revealing that SAM  
has won.

JIMMY PEARS

Well I be a son of a gun, the kid  
won..

MICHAEL HARTMANN

Look look..

ANTERO draws JIMMYS cards across the table a bit

JIMMY PEARS

Hey, c'mon

MICHAEL HARTMANN

He was one jack away, hes one Jack  
Off!

The guys all start laughing apart from JIMMY who gestures  
for them to quiet down, drawing in his cards ready to deal  
again.

JIMMY PEARS

Awww, leave poor Jimmy alone you  
guys.

VICKY smiles and pinches JIMMY'S cheek which he shrugs off  
looking embarassed and angry to the added humour of the  
others.

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JIMMY PEARS

Vicky, chips, two hundred dollars  
please

SAM CARVELL

Heh Heh, can't believe it, caught  
you jacking off again. You'll never  
learn, hey Jim. Haha

MICHAEL and ARTHUR go quiet whilst SAM and ANTERO continue  
laughing. JIMMY looks confused as he shuffles the deck.

MICHAEL HARTMANN

Wait a minute, wait a minu- just  
wait a minute

ARTHUR CHAPMANN

Shut your god damn mouths!

Everyone goes silent and tense, looking around the table at  
one another, SAM sinks into his chair.

ARTHUR CHAPMANN

You two know one another?

JIMMY PEARS

What, no no

ARTHUR CHAPMANN

I'll say again, do you know this  
fucking kid Jimmy?!

JIMMY PEARS

Now hold on just a second there  
Chapmann, I told you, I told you  
all this. He's just some kid, just  
some jumped up kid..

JIMMY turns to look at SAM who slides down into his chair  
slowly.

JIMMY PEARS

I... FUCK...

MICHAEL and ARTHUR both stand up and draw their guns firing  
on JIMMY who in turn draws his gun and fires back, ANTERO  
draws his gun at MICHAEL who grabs his arm and pulls him  
closer and is shot by JIMMY. The room goes quiet and SAM  
pulls himself up from the floor and surveys the damage, a  
moan from JIMMY on the floor bleeding out. He fires empty  
shots in the direction of SAM.

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JIMMY PEARS

Oh god.. oh christ

JIMMY coughs up some blood and begins to blubber with tears as he holds his wounds. He then turns onto his front trying to crawl away across the floor. SAM steps over and stands on his tie, stopping him from moving.

JIMMY PEARS

Woah, kid.. please, just take what you want please! Please! I dont wanna.. oh christ!

SAM leans down and presses the gun barrel to his lips hushing him.

SAM CARVELL

Shhh Shhh Shhh now, dont make a mess now, it wouldn't make for a good bedtime story.

SAM stands up and shoots JIMMY dead, he then turns and picks up all the money from the table as VICKY comes over with a large bag to put it all in. The two walk out of the bar together leaving behind them the aftermath.