

"GOT ANY MORE BULLETS, SISTER?"

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12-7-2025

FADE IN:

EXT. CENTRAL MARKET - DAY

SUPER: CLEVELAND, OH, 7-31-1930

A pleasant, cloudless day greets the Cuyahoga River City.

PEDESTRIANS try to enter this humongous building while a traffic jam takes place along the street.

Right now, Cleveland sure doesn't act as if it's one of America's most Depression-devastated cities.

INT. CENTRAL MARKET - DAY

It's rowdy and noisy in the rows and rows of stalls, stalls, and more stalls: DEALERS shout above one another...and CUSTOMERS shove each other while they sample (if not buy) the vast array of foods...everything from fish to fruits to meats to vegetables.

Central Market is festive, inexpensive, and damp.

ELLEN WORKMAN (24, thoughtful; quite pretty) and her sister FLORENCE WORKMAN (23, determined, domineering) stand by their apple display. The two women, in their dull-colored print dresses and aprons, don't look one bit festive.

Florence shouts toward any customers she can see.

FLORENCE  
APPLES! Get your APPLES!

Customers walk past the apple stand.

Ellen whistles as loudly as possible...to no avail. She turns to Florence.

ELLEN  
I guess you gotta be Italian to  
make it work.

Florence gives Ellen a funny look before she looks at buyers.

FLORENCE  
HEY, PEOPLE! WE GOT APPLES! ALL  
KINDS! ALL FLAVORS! Get your  
APPLES!

But the customers continue to flock to other vendors.

ELLEN

Florence, I told you we shouldn't have followed in our father's footsteps and entered the grocery business.

Ellen grabs an apple.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

We've been in this by ourselves for a year.

(taking a bite)

And we're still being eaten alive.

Ellen takes another bite...and frowns.

She's bitten into a worm.

Ellen offers Florence an apple, but the latter refuses.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Look at these apples! If we don't start selling 'em, the worms in 'em are gonna have worms of their own!

Sure enough, the Workmans' apples don't look so good.

Florence does a slow burn.

FLORENCE

Look here, Ellen: I'm tired of you bellyaching about the business!

(in no general direction)

APPLES! GET YOUR APPLES!

(to Ellen)

Give it a chance! We're young! And new! It'll take time for us to make it!

ELLEN

That's not what you said when we got in--

FLORENCE

(toward the other stalls)

APPLES! RIGHT HERE! MAKE SOME CIDER!

Florence points to Ellen.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

When we take our break, we're gonna have to have a talk about your attitude!

(toward the other stalls)

MAKE YOURSELF AN APPLE PIE! OR TWO!  
OR THREE!

At last, Ellen and Florence attract a customer...a woman named HELGA (50s).

HELGA

(picks up a few apples)

This the best you got?

Florence nods once...but Ellen nods several enthusiastic times. Helga shakes her head "yes."

HELGA (CONT'D)

Why don't you two girls get married...to, uh, Earl Averill and Wes Ferrell?

Helga shifts the two apples to one hand, opens her purse, and extracts a nickel from the purse. She tosses the coin toward Ellen and Florence.

Ellen grabs the nickel as Helga, who eats both apples simultaneously, walks away.

HELGA (CONT'D)

You'll never succeed as grocers.

Florence grabs an apple and, with all her might, throws it at Helga...and connects.

While Helga yells in pain, Ellen picks a placard (it reads: "CLOSED") from off the floor and sets the placard on top of the apples.

Florence and Ellen walk away from their stall.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

A 1922 Ford Model T pulls into this gas station south of the Central Market.

The lights flicker on inside the station.

INT. MODEL T - NIGHT

Florence sits in the front passenger seat; Ellen occupies the driver's seat...and looks annoyed.

ELLEN

Florence, you keep telling me you gotta know what you want and how to get it.

Florence flashes a big grin.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

What do you want in here? We don't need gasoline. We've got a full tank!

FLORENCE

We need to make a living. Isn't that what you said?

While Ellen nods, Florence grabs a rifle from the back seat...and leaves the car to head for the gas station.

Ellen looks dumbfounded.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Don't look so surprised. The best quail hunting in Cleveland is done right here. On East Ninth Street.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Florence walks into the station.

The minute Florence pulls the switch, the lights go out...only to come back on. Then they're SHOT OUT!

TWO MORE GUNSHOTS ENSUE.

With her rifle and a wad of cash in tow, Florence runs to the Model T and gets back in.

INT. MODEL T - NIGHT

Ellen looks at Florence in shock.

FLORENCE

Whatcha scared of? Get GOING!

Ellen drives off...at a nice, normal speed.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Faster!

And Ellen steps on the gas.

EXT. MILANO SPAGHETTI HOUSE - NIGHT

This restaurant features a red-white-and-green awning over each window.

MAIN TITLES APPEAR OVER ACTION.

INT. MILANO SPAGHETTI HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tuxedo-clad DOMINIC (20s), a food server here, approaches the table Ellen and Florence occupy.

He looks surprised.

DOMINIC

May I take your order...ladies?

FLORENCE

Spaghetti for me and lasagna for her.

Ellen's mouth flies open. She turns to Florence.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Ellen, you don't like spaghetti. Remember?

An openmouthed Ellen still stares at Florence.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

You always had trouble finding your mouth every time spaghetti was served. Ever since you were little--

DOMINIC

Wine, ladies?

FLORENCE

Yeah. Some 1927 burgundy for me and her.

Dominic nods, writes the order down, and leaves the room.

Florence turns around and spots an empty table that has a copy of today's "Cleveland Plain Dealer" on it.

She goes to that table, grabs the newspaper, and heads back to her and Ellen's table...to read an article that catches her fancy.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Ellen, take a look at this.

The article's headline: "UNDERWORLD KING FETED."

Ellen nudges closer to Florence to take a peek at the article in question.

ELLEN

So?

FLORENCE

SO? He doesn't have to worry about selling homes for worms. He doesn't have to worry about having the smallest stall in the Central Market.

Florence points to Ellen.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

He knows what he wants and how to get it.

Ellen nods.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

That's how we're gonna make it. Just like Ricardo Rinaldi.

Ellen frowns; Florence reads on.

ELLEN

I suppose Father didn't know what he wanted when he started that chain of grocery stores just before the war.

FLORENCE

I just...I can just see me now: A great big eighty-nine-room mansion...bigger than the Van Sweringens' layout...great big car...

ELLEN

You're right about the big house. A toilet in every room.

FLORENCE

You got something better, Ellen?

ELLEN

Well...I can still play the piano.  
Maybe get a job in a club doing  
that. And you can always be my  
manager.

FLORENCE

Ellen, come off it! You know Uncle  
Harry? He's a musician. Where's it  
got him? He's still living in a  
place where his only audience is  
the roaches.

Florence tosses the paper aside.

ELLEN

He's good, though. Taught me--

FLORENCE

Roaches don't make requests.

ELLEN

Well, you go ahead and follow your  
little dream. Me, I'm gonna...

THE SOUND OF A POLICE SIREN arouses Ellen and Florence. That  
sound gets LOUDER until the car from which the sound  
originates stops close by the restaurant.

Ellen looks scared; Florence drums her fingers on the table.

FLORENCE

He could've brought out our wine  
first.

HIRAM KELLY and MARVIN BERMAN (both 40s), two police officers  
in unbuttoned uniform coats and unpresed pants(!), walk into  
the restaurant. Dominic approaches them.

Hiram draws a gun and blocks the doorway.

DOMINIC

Two?

MARVIN

Nope. We're not eating.

DOMINIC

You didn't come to arrest the cook,  
did you?

MARVIN

Earlier tonight, two crooks walked into the filling station on East Ninth Street south of the Central Market. Shot the attendant to death. Shot the lights out, too.

Marvin's face shows a wide grin.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

They were dressed as ladies.

HIRAM

We found their car a block away.

DOMINIC

Come on in...we do have a couple of ladies here. Real ladies.

Marvin reaches Florence's and Ellen's table.

MARVIN

Good evening, ladies.  
(tipping his hat)  
Either one of you own a Model T?

Florence breaks out in loud laughter.

FLORENCE

Everybody owns a Model T!

MARVIN

Except the Van Sweringens. Their cars are a lot fancier.

Florence stops laughing. Meanwhile, Dominic joins Marvin at the two sisters' table.

DOMINIC

Officer...when did this happen?

MARVIN

Earlier tonight.

DOMINIC

You said that, but what time?

MARVIN

Twenty minutes ago...nine thirty.  
(to Ellen and Florence)  
How long you been here?

Ellen gropes for the answer, but she's too late.

DOMINIC

They entered the restaurant at nine fifteen.

MARVIN

(nodding)

Nine fifteen...all right.

Marvin takes a pencil and a small notebook out of his shirt pocket...and a button pops off his shirt.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

All right. Sorry to have bothered you two ladies. If you see anything or anyone suspicious...let us know.

ELLEN

We will, Officer.

Marvin leaves the table and signals Hiram to follow him out of the eatery.

As soon as Hiram and Marvin are gone, Florence breathes a sigh of relief...only to receive Ellen's funny look.

FLORENCE

(to Dominic)

Is our food ready?

DOMINIC

I'll check and see.

FLORENCE

(nodding)

And while you're at it, bring out that wine. All right?

DOMINIC

Right.

Dominic leaves the dining room.

Florence goes into her purse and digs out...a huge cigar.

The whole thing surprises Ellen.

FLORENCE

Don't look so surprised. If I'm gonna be a big shot, I've gotta practice up for it.

INT. MILANO SPAGHETTI HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

With COOKS at work, Dominic checks his watch against the clock on the wall.

Dominic's watch is slow by fifteen minutes.

He shows puzzlement as he looks at his timepiece on his way back to the dining room.

DOMINIC  
This watch is worn out.

EXT. KOWALCZYK EMPLOYMENT SERVICE - DAY

This agency occupies a ground-floor space in one of the smaller office buildings downtown.

INT. KOWALCZYK EMPLOYMENT SERVICE OFFICE - DAY

Ellen carries a copy of today's "Plain Dealer" while she escorts a reluctant Florence into the office.

PEOPLE line the walls and fill the seats.

FLORENCE  
You've gotta be crazy, Ellen. I'll never forgive you for bringing me here.

ELLEN  
You'll never forgive yourself if you miss out on a steady job.

Ellen and Florence stop their excursion when they come to a desk a receptionist named HILDY (50s) occupies.

HILDY  
Yes?

ELLEN  
We saw an ad in the "Plain Dealer" today for truck drivers.

Hildy sizes up Florence and Ellen...and breaks into laughter.

HILDY  
(through her laughter)  
Certainly you two must have...have the wrong...

Hildy's hysterical laughter brings stares from HER COWORKERS.

ELLEN

Well, the ad wasn't in the "Help Wanted- Male" column. And besides, my sister and I drove a truck for our late father, the grocer.

Hildy laughs on.

FLORENCE

Lady, ain't you heard of Workman Markets? At one time, there were forty-five of 'em all over Cleveland.

Now Hildy straightens up and stops laughing.

HILDY

Now there's only one.

ELLEN

Couldn't we see a counselor?

Hildy's laughing spell resumes.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Or at least get in touch with the man who placed the advertisement?

As Hildy continues to laugh, Florence tries to escort Ellen out of the office...with Ellen fighting her off.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

We need the work.

HILDY

(between laughs)

Who doesn't these days?

FLORENCE

Let's get out of here, Ellen! I told you this was a stupid--

HILDY

Wait, you two!

Florence and Ellen stop in their tracks when Hildy quits guffawing and hands the twosome a piece of paper.

HILDY (CONT'D)

This is where the job is located.

While Ellen and Florence walk out of the place, Hildy returns to her desk in nearly hysterical laughter.

HILDY (CONT'D)

Next?

Some jobseekers shrug.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE - DAY

This warehouse, on the other side of the Cuyahoga River from the Central Market, is in an area well-served by the railroads.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Ellen and Florence stand in the doorway while they gaze at VALENTINA PERLOZZO (51, clever with words; still sexy), who sits in a swivel chair by her desk in a cluttered office.

Valentina reads the latest issue of "Vogue."

FLORENCE

I hear you're looking for truck drivers.

An openmouthed Valentina turns around in her chair.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Ellen and I have driven before. For our old man.

Ellen's mouth flies open as her eyes gaze at Florence.

ELLEN

You never called Father "our old man" before.

FLORENCE

Ellen, I'm doing all the talking.  
(to Valentina)  
Look, we'll tow the line. We'll pull through. We'll, as they say, shoot square--

VALENTINA

Oh, yeah?

Valentina tosses the magazine aside.

FLORENCE

Yeah. Just let us show you. Ellen's a good mechanic and--

VALENTINA

You don't look like any of us.  
How'd you find us?

FLORENCE

You put an ad in the paper. It was  
bound to get around.

Florence flashes a smile.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

I also heard you got quite a  
setup...how you use this warehouse  
as a front for your bootlegging  
operation. In fact, the "Plain  
Dealer" calls you "The Queen of the  
Under--"

ELLEN

(to Florence)

Wha...what?

FLORENCE

Ellen, you wanted to come here.  
Stick with it!

VALENTINA

So you say you'll shoot square?

Florence nods, sees Ellen not doing so, then goads her into  
shaking her head "yes."

Valentina rises and gestures the Two Workmans into following  
her.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - DAY

Florence (who totes a rifle), Ellen, and Valentina stand next  
to a 1929 Ford Model A pickup truck.

VALENTINA

You good with a rod?

ELLEN

A little.

FLORENCE

Good? Are you kidding? I can make  
Bugs Moran look like a...watch  
this!

Florence puts her rifle to her shoulders.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
See that barrel over there?

Before Florence can fire, Valentina grabs the rifle out of the former's grasp and replaces the rifle with a machine gun.

Florence aims at the barrel with the machine gun...but finds it hard to handle from the shoulder.

She holds the machine gun at waist level...and fires.

And she connects.

Valentina looks satisfied.

VALENTINA  
You can handle a rod.  
(gesturing)  
Lemme see you drive.

Ellen's eyes light up.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET - '29 FORD MODEL A TRUCK - DAY

The Model A truck goes down this street at a smart clip.

INT. MODEL A TRUCK - DAY

Passengers Valentina (she's in the middle) and Florence watch Ellen drive. Valentina goads Ellen into driving faster.

EXT. BROADWAY - DAY

The truck turns onto this street; in almost no time, the A goes into a U-turn.

EXT. ERIE CEMETERY - DAY

The truck comes to a stop.

Once it does, Ellen and Florence sprint out of the truck to trade places.

INT. MODEL A TRUCK - DAY

Florence looks gleeful as she takes the wheel.

EXT. CORNER OF EAST NINTH STREET AND LORAIN AVENUE - DAY

The Model A truck travels on two of its four wheels as it turns from East Ninth to Lorain.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET - DAY

Florence really floors it now; the truck passes cars along the way.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - DAY

The truck comes to a hair-raising stop.

END MONTAGE

INT. MODEL A TRUCK - DAY

Ellen and Valentina wobble.

Florence looks proud.

VALENTINA

You passed the test. Both of you.

Florence gives an all-knowing grin...while Ellen looks some kind of bewildered.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Florence sits on the desk; Ellen and Valentina sit in chairs.

VALENTINA

Remember, you two: I'm the boss.  
What I say goes.

FLORENCE

Yes, Boss.

Ellen just nods.

VALENTINA

You got that, Ellen?

ELLEN

Uh...yes.

The look on Ellen's face contradicts those words.

VALENTINA

Want you to meet the dames.

As Valentina gets up, Ellen and Florence stay seated. Both siblings look bewildered.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Florence and Ellen?

Florence and Ellen abruptly get up and follow Valentina.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE STOREROOM - DAY

In this well-lighted space, Valentina and the Sisters Workman approach a round table planted in the middle of the room...a room that otherwise features empty kegs.

Valentina doesn't like what she sees at the table.

VALENTINA

You girls turn those lights out and use a droplight! You're 'sposed to be gangsters!

At the table, JOYCE ROBINSON (31, intelligent, Black), FANNY LAPIERRE (34, resourceful, White; platinum blonde), CLANCEY MCCONNAUGHEY (47, cheerful, giddy, White; heavysset), HEIDI WULFF (25, humorous, White), and ALICIA ESPINOSA (19, reserved, Brown) all play poker.

All five poker players wear various styles of dresses (Joyce's is low-cut).

The whole thing surprises Ellen and Florence...but the latter's surprise morphs into skepticism.

Heidi rises to turn out the big lights, then turns on a droplight that's directly over the table.

FLORENCE

(in a slight whisper)  
Valentina...this is the gang I heard a lot about?

VALENTINA

(nodding)  
That's Joyce in the low-cut dress. She's the brains of the bunch...after me, of course.

Ellen and Florence stare at Valentina, then at the poker-playing gangsters.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

And that's Fanny...the one with the platinum blonde hair. Don't let her look fool you. She's a dame to depend on.

Ellen's mouth flies open.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

The fat one's  
Clancey maureen...Clancey for short.  
Could've been a hell of a  
locksmith, but the guys on the  
outside didn't want her.

Now Florence's mouth flies open.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Heidi's the best shot, and Alicia  
can drive a car better than any guy  
can.

Florence and Ellen eyeball each other as Valentina addresses  
the poker players.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Hey gals, want you to meet a pair  
of new dames that's gonna be with  
us.

At the table, Joyce, Fanny, Clancey, Heidi, and Alicia look  
up from their cards.

Ellen whispers (or tries to) in Valentina's ear.

ELLEN

How'd they join your gang?

VALENTINA

(in a near whisper)  
Same way you did.  
(to the poker players)  
Gals, meet Ellen and  
(pointing at Florence)  
Florence  
(pointing at Ellen)  
Workman.

Ellen turns to the gangsters of the round table.

ELLEN

I'm Ellen. She's Florence.  
(looks at floor)  
What am I doing here?

Florence scowls at Ellen.

EXT. THE ORANGE AND BLACK - DAY

A la Cleveland's municipal buildings, this structure's brick  
facade is painted orange...and the windows are painted black.

INT. GAMBLING ROOM #1 - DAY

That's right...the Orange and Black is a gambling house.

DON WINICK (35, vengeful) and his flunky, LOUIS BRAVERMAN (30, eager but dense), play roulette in suits and neckties.

LOUIS

Boss--

Don doesn't have much luck at roulette today.

DON

You wanna let me concentrate?  
Whatcha want?

LOUIS

Valentina Perlozzo wants to see ya  
in your office.

Don jerks the dice off the roulette wheel and puts them in his suit pocket.

DON

All right. What's that dame want?

Don and Louis walk away from the roulette wheel and go toward the former's office.

Don stops in his tracks; a second later, Louis does, too.

DON (CONT'D)

Go play some roulette!

Now Don removes the dice from his suit pocket and stuffs them into Louis' hands; both men head in opposite directions.

But then, Don's expression changes.

DON (CONT'D)

All right, Louis, c'mon up.

An eager Louis joins Don as they leave the gambling room.

DON (CONT'D)

Gonna need you anyway, the way  
Valentina is. One undercuttin'  
dame.

(shrugging)

I don't pay you enough for you to  
play roulette, anyhow.

INT. DON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Louis and Don enter the latter's office, Valentina sits in a lounge chair, where she flips a silver dollar.

Florence stands in back of Valentina, who turns around to eyeball her.

VALENTINA

Where's your sister, Florence?

FLORENCE

She offered to fix that Model A you had us drive. And our own Model T. We're gonna need that car and truck in A-1--

Valentina gestures Florence into silence as Louis and Don sit down, Don in the chair behind the desk.

Florence just nods.

DON

How'd you get in here, Valencia?

VALENTINA

You left the door open...and my name is Valentina.

Don nods with a frown.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Ricardo Rinaldi's coming up. He's the one who sent me here.

DON

Oy.

VALENTINA

He was surprised when he gave me the news, too.

Sure enough, RICARDO RINALDI (50s, good-looking) walks into the office. FOUR THUGS surround him...four mean-looking, mangy-looking men.

As Ricardo sits in the office's remaining chair, one of the thugs shuts the door.

RICARDO

Don! Valencia! Hello!

VALENTINA  
 (to Ricardo)  
 Valentina!

Ricardo sticks his hand out to shake Don's...but Don looks some kind of skeptical.

DON  
 What's wrong with two bodyguards? I mean mugs? I mean thugs?

VALENTINA  
 Don't get so mad, Don. Joe Yacavona's got six mugs with him.

Don grabs a box of cigars from a table behind his desk; he offers a cigar each to Ricardo, Louis, and the four thugs...and they all take one.

Before one of the thugs passes the box back to Don, Valentina and Florence grab a cigar each. Don grabs the box.

Now a blaze of lighters and matches ensues as everybody in the room fires up stogies.

RICARDO  
 Boys...

Ricardo eyeballs Florence and Valentina.

RICARDO (CONT'D)  
 You two, too...I got a message from Joe here...

Everybody in the room leans forward to hear The Big Message.

RICARDO (CONT'D)  
 Big Joe says...

Florence moves toward Ricardo...and that rankles Don.

DON  
 (to Florence)  
 Hey! Butt outa this!

FLORENCE  
 Make me!

DON  
 Why you...

Don reaches for Florence's face while Florence, with a clenched fist, goes after Don's hand. Valentina moves in between the twosome to prevent the connection.

VALENTINA  
Florence, go sit down...outside.

FLORENCE  
Yeah!

Florence stares in anger at Don all the way to the door...into which she bumps. She opens the door and slams it shut behind her.

Valentina takes a big whiff of all the cigar smoke.

VALENTINA  
This room's starting to smell like Cleveland Arena during a boxing match.

Don throws Valentina a bewildered look.

Ricardo's thugs throw up their hands and leave the office...but leave the door open.

An angry Don turns to Louis.

DON  
Well?

LOUIS  
(leaving the office)  
Yes, Boss!

When Louis leaves, he shuts the door behind him.

RICARDO  
Don...you, too, Valencia...

VALENTINA  
My name is Valentina.

RICARDO  
Watch this guy runnin' for safety director...uh, Wozniak. If he gets in, he's gonna put the screws on all of us.

Don and Valentina give solemn nods.

RICARDO (CONT'D)  
 Joe says you gotta keep your  
 gorillas in their cages...or it's  
 trouble.

Don's expression changes.

RICARDO (CONT'D)  
 Little jobs is one thing, but the  
 big ones...forget it! We're gonna  
 have to save the fireworks.

DON  
 Look, Ricardo, you're gettin'  
 worked up over nothin'. The cops  
 here in Cleveland are pushovers!  
 They ain't gonna do nothin'!

RICARDO  
 Yeah, but this, uh, Wozniak wants  
 to change that tune.  
 (to Valentina)  
 And if you keep gettin' hotheads  
 like her, it's some more trouble.

Don gives a not-so-solemn nod.

VALENTINA  
 Florence is all right. She's just  
 new.

Ricardo shakes his head "yes."

RICARDO  
 Well, if she messes up, we all crap  
 out.

And Ricardo heads for the door; Don leaps out of his seat to  
 open the door for him.

RICARDO (CONT'D)  
 You think about that.

Don and Valentina nod (his is listless).

INT. GAMBLING ROOM #1 - DAY

Ricardo walks away from the office; his thugs follow him.

Florence eyes him with a harsh, cold look.

Don sees Valentina to the door in a not-so-gentle way.

DON  
 Don't let that wildcat of yours  
 outa her cage--

VALENTINA  
 You wanna run your own mob, Don?

Florence growls at Don and follows Valentina out of the club.

EXT. THE APHRODITE - NIGHT

The Aphrodite is a nightclub where the only indentation on the facade is the front door (covered by an awning).

INT. APHRODITE BARROOM - NIGHT

With its Greek classical motif, the club looks very swank.

THE GUESTS (people of almost all ages), dressed to the nines, eat and drink and carry on. Good times reign here!

Now if the place only had some music...

Ellen and her date, fellow teetotaler HENRY HAWBAKER (25, awestruck, nerdy; wears glasses), both in formal wear, sit at a table in back.

HENRY  
 Ellen, we could've had an orchestra  
 if the manager hadn't kicked 'em  
 out for eating all the food.

ELLEN  
 (nodding)  
 I think it's time to fix that.

And Ellen gets up from the table.

HENRY  
 Won't do you any good to talk to  
 the manager.

Ellen shakes her head sideways at Henry as she walks away from the table.

She goes over to the empty bandstand...and locates an ornate grand piano.

ELLEN  
 I'm not worried about no manager.  
 I'm worried about livening up this  
 place.

Ellen sits down at the piano; she gazes at the other patrons and bangs her hands together in a fit of inspiration.

She plays "You've Got to See Mamma Ev'ry Night (or You Can't See Mamma at All)."

Ellen's song surprises the rest of the crowd.

STAVROS FARASOPOULOS (35; native Greek), the man who runs the Aphrodite, sits at a table in the middle of the barroom. He nurses a drink while he watches Ellen play those keys.

He looks surprised...not too pleasantly, though.

STAVROS  
(staring at his drink)  
Where does that Valentina lady get  
this stuff?

Stavros shakes his head "no," rises from the table, and goes to the platform.

He takes a seat on the piano bench, then taps Ellen on the shoulder...but it doesn't faze her.

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
Miss...

ELLEN  
Wait. I'm not finished.

Ellen continues to play...although Stavros grabs her and makes a move to pull her away from the piano.

When he hears AD LIBBED heckling from some customers, Stavros takes his hands off Ellen and sits there to watch her play.

Now Ellen ends "You've Got to See Mamma Ev'ry Night (or You Can't See Mamma at All)" with a bang.

For her efforts, Ellen gets pretty good crowd applause.

STAVROS  
Miss...

ELLEN  
(with a grin)  
Still not finished.

The next song Ellen plays is "I Got Rhythm."

As the guests AD LIB their approval, a shrugging Stavros walks back to his table.

Several guests approach Stavros as he gets seated...and they AD LIB their support for Ellen.

Stavros looks nervous at first...but he gets up from the table, walks to the bandstand, and sits next to Ellen again.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
Not finished.

STAVROS  
Miss...my guests inform me that you  
liven up this club when you play.

A surprised Ellen barely nods.

Her surprise increases when she watches couples get up from their tables to dance!

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
Perhaps you can...perform on a  
regular basis?

ELLEN  
Sure...if the price is right.

Stavros looks out at all those dancing couples.

STAVROS  
Eighty dollars...a week.

Ellen's is a slow nod.

ELLEN  
You got yourself a deal...uh...

STAVROS  
Stavros. Stavros Farasopoulos.

ELLEN  
Ellen...Ellen Workman.

Ellen ends "I Got Rhythm" with a flourish, then shakes Stavros' hand.

Henry watches it all...and makes a happy gesture at Stavros.

LATER

...and Ellen continues strong at the keyboard. This time, Henry sits on top of the piano.

HENRY

(singing!)

*It's strange how life deals you  
sorrow,/Sunshine and joy always  
nigh.*

Ellen shows pleasant surprise over Henry's singing "Girl of My Dreams."

HENRY (CONT'D)

*We live and learn for tomorrow,/But  
sometimes, the learning comes high.*

(looking at Ellen)

*Girl of my dreams, I love you,  
honest I do./You are so sweet./If I  
could just hold your charms again  
in my arms,/Then life would be  
complete.*

Ellen looks flattered.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Since you've been gone, dear, life  
don't seem the same./Please come  
back again./And after all's a-said  
and done, there's only one./Girl of  
my dreams, it's you.*

Now Ellen uses an arpeggio to end "Girl of My Dreams." She and Henry acknowledge the crowd's hearty applause.

ELLEN

You're cleaning me and Henry out.

Ellen and Henry get up from the piano and leave the stage.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

We're gonna get us some more songs.  
Be right back!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

In this plush, richly-appointed room, Henry sits in a nice-looking wooden chair while Ellen stands.

HENRY

You never told me you could beat  
those ivories.

ELLEN

You never asked me.

Ellen grabs a well-worn paper sack. She pulls some sheet music out of the sack...only to see a gun fall out through the bottom.

The singer and the pianist look surprised.

HENRY

Where...where...how'd you get that...gun?

Ellen picks up the gun and stuffs it into a dresser drawer.

ELLEN

(shaking her head "no")  
That's a...a paperweight.

HENRY

Ellen, I've never, ever seen a paperweight that looks like that.

ELLEN

My father had exotic tastes.

Henry looks bewildered.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

He was a grocer. Workman Markets. At one time, he owned forty-five of 'em.

Ellen watches Henry's slow nod.

HENRY

Now there's only one.

ELLEN

Losing all those stores right after the crash hurt him so much he committed suicide...by eating a dinner of rotten eggs, spoiled ham, moldy bread with rancid butter...

Henry looks nauseous.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Spoiled peas...and a pie baked with worm-infested apples.

HENRY

Ellen, I've...had...

ELLEN

And he washed it all down with lukewarm, curdly milk...laced with strychnine.

HENRY

Ellen...

ELLEN

And the maid didn't have a thing to do with it...worst food-poisoning case in Cleveland history.

HENRY

(almost a whisper)  
I've been through enough for one night.

ELLEN

And all the food came out of his remaining store on Euclid.

Henry throws up; Ellen quickly spots a wastebasket and thrusts it toward Henry, who finishes relieving himself.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You didn't expect him to go to the A&P, did you?  
(rushing to Henry)  
Look, Henry, don't worry about the gun...I mean paperweight. It just looks threatening.

Sheet music still in tow, Ellen moves toward Henry to hug him...only to back off.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I think we'd...

Henry sets the wastebasket on the floor.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Better get out there. You feel like singing?

Henry's mouth flies open.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The '29 Model A truck, a larger truck, and the '22 Model T rest outside.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE STOREROOM - NIGHT

Valentina, Florence, Joyce, Fanny, Clancey, Heidi, and Alicia sit and play poker at a table whose leaves are exposed. It's all done by the light of a droplight.

Heidi frowns as she looks at her hand.

HEIDI

I'm out.

She throws her cards on the table. Meanwhile, the other six players change cards...and Florence peeks at a piece of paper on the table.

ALICIA

Florence...you gonna play poker or are you gonna stare at that piece of paper all night?

Florence bristles before she grabs the paper from the table.

Those who flank her try to get a look at that piece of paper.

FLORENCE

Get your own piece of paper! I'm betting twenty!

Florence makes the bet...and Valentina smirks.

VALENTINA

You dames oughta be worried about that Don Winick. He's got the numbers cornered here, and now he's after the suds.

JOYCE

There's nothing to worry about. Those guys, they're too much like the Keystone Kops.  
(to Florence)  
See you twenty and raise you twenty.

VALENTINA

Don't be too sure. He didn't get this far with slop for brains.  
(looking at her cards)  
This poker game is missing something.

HEIDI

Right, Valentina.

Heidi gets up and heads for the office; a few moments later, she comes back to the table with...a box of cigars.

Valentina looks surprised.

CLANCEY  
 (setting her cards down)  
 I'm out.  
 (to Florence)  
 I'm worried 'bout that sister of yours. She's kinda nice. Nice...but weird.

All seven poker players take a cigar each from the box; immediately, they all light 'em up.

Clancey finds trouble lighting up her stogie.

VALENTINA  
 And late.  
 (setting her cards down)  
I'm out. Can't beat anything with this.

FANNY  
 Yes! And I'm beginning to wonder if she's in with us all the way.

Fanny's remark sets off AD LIBBED comments from the other gangsters-poker players.

And Clancey still can't get her cigar going.

JOYCE  
 Maybe you should chew on it, Clancey. That's what my Uncle Nat does.

Clancey shrugs and chews away on her cigar while Valentina turns to Florence.

VALENTINA  
 Florence...just what is on that piece of paper?

FLORENCE  
 Me and Joyce and Fanny worked up a little layout--

Valentina gestures for the piece of paper.

VALENTINA  
 A picture's worth a thousand words.

A reluctant Florence hands Valentina that slip of paper.

Ellen, her sack of sheet music (minus the gun) in tow, enters the storeroom.

That stops the poker game; all the other women stare (some with open mouths) at Ellen.

Valentina wads that piece of paper and tosses it behind her.

Florence seethes. She rises to go after the piece of paper, but Valentina gestures Florence into sitting back down.

ELLEN

I got the car and the truck fixed.

FLORENCE

You're late!

ELLEN

Well, I--

FLORENCE

And what's in the sack?

ELLEN

Well, I--

FLORENCE

A picture's worth a thousand words.

In reluctance, Ellen pulls the sheet music out of the sack for all to see.

Result: A few giggles and some openmouthed stares.

Florence pounds on the table...and a leaf falls to the floor.

ELLEN

After doing the repairs, I found time to...to...practice my piano.

The giggles grow into laughs.

HEIDI

I wouldn't laugh if I were you...you probably ain't never heard me play the banjo. One of these days, I'll bring it and--

Florence stands up.

FLORENCE

Look here! The only piano we're gonna deal with here weighs eight and a half pounds, fires at a thousand point-forty-five-caliber cartridges a minute, and cuts you in two! GOT THAT?

HEIDI

I knew that all along.

FLORENCE

(pointing at Ellen)  
Got that?

ELLEN

Yes.

FLORENCE

We need you for a job...a job at the Aphrodite.

Ellen stands there in shock...for a few moments.

ELLEN

I'm working steady...over there...at the Aphrodite.

FLORENCE

You're in on this! Tomorrow night! Got that?

ELLEN

Do I have to?

FLORENCE

It ain't gonna work without you!  
(moving toward Ellen)  
You brought me over there to that employment office to answer that ad! You had me come over here so we could drive that ol' truck!

Valentina picks up the leaf and carefully puts it back into its place on the table.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

The least you can do is see it through!  
(to Valentina)  
How come you wadded up my paper?

VALENTINA  
Florence, did I ask you for a  
layout?

Florence shakes her head sideways as Valentina eyes Ellen.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
Are you sure you wanna play the  
piano?

Valentina takes a puff from her cigar.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
Are you sure you wouldn't rather do  
something else?

ELLEN  
Well, I--

FLORENCE  
Ellen's all right. She's  
just...confused.

Ellen gives Florence and Valentina a sheepish look.

But Alicia looks puzzled.

ELLEN  
Yeah. I'll be all right. I'll do  
it.

Most of the gangsters cheer Ellen, then huddle around her.

ALICIA  
Valentina...the Aphrodite? Don't we  
already--

Valentina ignores Alicia, then pulls a large piece of paper  
from underneath her own bra.

Florence doesn't look pleased.

VALENTINA  
Now: Here's the plan.

ALICIA  
Don't we service the place? I mean--

VALENTINA  
How're they gonna know it's us  
doing the job?

Valentina shows the other gangsters her piece of paper.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
 Now, Heidi, you're over here;  
 (points to Heidi's spot)  
 Joyce, you're over here;  
 (points to Joyce's place)  
 Florence, you're here;  
 (fingers Florence's spot)  
 Ellen, be in the lobby at  
 midnight...and Alicia, you drive.

Ellen's mouth drops while Alicia frowns in disbelief.

Fanny grabs a cigar out of the box.

FANNY  
 (to Ellen)  
 Have a cigar.

Fanny unwraps the stogie before she stuffs it into Ellen's still-open mouth.

EXT. THE APHRODITE - NIGHT

A STRING OF COUPLES in formal attire enters the nightclub.

INT. APHRODITE BARROOM - NIGHT

A gleeful Stavros watches from a back table as Don and SEVERAL GUESTS sit at a middle table.

The patrons act pagan to the core; they drink as if they've got no tomorrow.

Now Stavros looks nervous: He stares at the empty bandstand...gazes toward the dressing room.

No sign of Ellen.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Instead of a gown, Ellen's in a tuxedo.

She opens up the dresser drawer and takes out the gun from the night before. This time, Ellen stuffs the gun into a holster worn just above the belt (but concealed by her coat).

Ellen stands in front of a mirror to make sure nobody can see the gun or the holster.

She looks some kind of proud.

ELLEN  
 (adjusting her bow tie)  
 Never thought my father's tuxedo  
 would fit me.

And she walks out of the room.

INT. APHRODITE BARROOM - NIGHT

Ellen runs over to the piano...and nearly rips her pants.

ELLEN  
 Ladies and gentlemen...showtime at  
 the Aphrodite!

Stavros and his guests applaud heartily.

Once the clapping dies down, Ellen starts her show with "St. Louis Blues."

As Ellen plays, Don and his guests toast each other. Their AD LIBBED toasts celebrate anything and everything they can conjure up.

Toward the end of the song, JAMES WOZNIAK (39, cautiously friendly) and wife LEATRICE WOZNIAK (41, friendly...period) enter the room followed by THREE OTHER COUPLES...all dressed to the nines.

Stavros and Don now occupy the former's back table; both men hold an AD LIBBED conversation when James arrives.

DON  
 Hey, uh, James...why don'tcha join  
 us?

Stavros uses body language to scuttle that idea.

DON (CONT'D)  
 You wanna see us turn the place  
 upside down?

STAVROS  
 James...so happy to see you here.

Stavros gestures James to his side.

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
 Please...have a seat.

James nods in the utmost of enthusiasm.

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
So nice...a pleasure that you could  
come, Mr. Wozniak.

James takes a seat at Don's and Stavros' table.

JAMES  
This is quite a party...but  
couldn't you have gotten an  
orchestra?  
(looks at Ellen)  
Or a kazoo player?

STAVROS  
Not when they eat up all my food  
and leave none for my guests...but  
you will love Ellen, no? When she  
plays, she makes like a full  
orchestra.

Stavros looks at Don, then at James.

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
Mr. Winick is an associate of mine.

James' face clouds up.

On the bandstand, Ellen's music changes to "Linger Awhile."

JAMES  
You mean to tell me this Mr. Winick  
is...an associate...of yours?

STAVROS  
(with a heavy nod)  
He is.

JAMES  
Tell Mr. Winick I'm leaving!

James rises and signals his entourage into getting ready to  
leave the club.

As the couples prepare to go, James helps a surprised  
Leatrice with her own belongings.

LEATRICE  
James...can't we stay a little bit  
longer? The lady at the piano's  
doing quite a job.

James stares Leatrice down.

JAMES

Now, Leatrice, how do you think it'd look if the future safety director of the City of Cleveland patronized a saloon run by a criminal element...they all are!

Leatrice, James, and the three other couples with them file out of the Aphrodite.

Don does a slow burn as Stavros looks concerned.

LATER

Henry now sits on top of the piano while Ellen still tickles its ivories. The new tune: "Stumbling."

HENRY

(singing)

*'Tention, folks; speak of jokes,/This is one on me:/Took my gal to a dance/At the Armory./Music played, dancers swayed,/Then we joined the crowd.*

The remaining crowd eats it up.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*I can't dance. Took a chance,/And right then, we started/Stumbling all around, stumbling all around,/Stumbling all around so funny,/Stumbling here and there, stumbling everywhere--*

Ellen shoots Henry an amused look.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*And I must declare,/I stepped right on her toes./And when she bumped my nose,/I fell and when I rose,/I felt ashamed/And told her/That's the latest step, that's the latest step, that's the latest step,/My honey.*

Now Ellen's all smiles.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Notice all the pep, notice all the pep, notice all the pep./She said: "Stop mumbling.*

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Though you are stumbling,/I like it  
just a little bit, just a little  
bit, quite a little bit."*

Some couples leave their seats and dance.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Young and small, short and  
tall,/Folks most everywhere/Take a  
chance, do this dance./They think  
it's a bear./People rave and they  
crave/Just to do this step./Off  
they go, nice and slow,/When the  
band starts playing:*

Henry jumps off the piano.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Stumbling all around, stumbling all  
around,/Stumbling all around so  
funny--*

He dances in place!

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Stumbling here and there, stumbling  
everywhere,/And I must declare,/I  
stepped right on her toes./And when  
she bumped my nose,/I fell and when  
I rose,/I felt ashamed/And told  
her/That's the latest step, that's  
the latest step, that's the latest  
step,/My honey.*

The singer and the pianist watch more couples cut a rug.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Notice all the pep, notice all the  
pep, notice all the pep./She said:  
"Stop mumbling. Though you are  
stumbling, I like it just a little  
bit, just a little bit, quite a  
little bit."*

Ellen ends her accompaniment in three notes.

She pulls a gold watch out of her suit pocket and finds the time is 11:58 PM.

Henry watches Ellen leave the piano.

ELLEN  
 That's it.  
 (fleeing the bandstand)  
 Gotta go!

Ellen sprints out of the barroom...and sends Henry and the revelers into confusion.

INT. APHRODITE LOBBY - NIGHT

Ellen's across from the counter from a hat check attendant-clerk named CLAIRE (20s).

Claire can't believe her eyes as she eyeballs a nervous Ellen...tuxedo and all.

CLAIRE  
 Are you sure you've got the right gender?

ELLEN  
 (nodding)  
 Have you got any Webster Queens?

Claire gives Ellen a dumbfounded look.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
 You know: "First in the Social Register."

CLAIRE  
 I know.

Ellen pulls out her watch and finds the time is 12:01 AM.

ELLEN  
 I'll take six.

A still-disbelieving Claire takes six cigars out of a box labeled "WEBSTER QUEENS" and hands them to Ellen, who pulls out a dollar bill and gets a nickel back.

The two women hear THE SOUND of rhythmic handclapping and:

CROWD (O.S.)  
 WE WANT ELLEN! WE WANT ELLEN! WE  
 WANT ELLEN! WE WANT ELLEN! WE WANT  
 ELLEN! WE WANT ELLEN!

CLAIRE  
 Sounds like the music stopped.

Claire watches Ellen light up one of those cigars...and looks disarmed until Ellen coughs.

ELLEN

I've gotta get used to these.

And Claire slaps her own forehead.

CROWD (O.S.)

WE WANT ELLEN! WE WANT ELLEN! WE  
WANT ELLEN! WE WANT ELLEN! WE WANT  
ELLEN! WE WANT ELLEN!

As the O.S. chanting and clapping grow LOUDER, Florence, Heidi, and Joyce enter the lobby...in trenchcoats, wide-brimmed hats, and masks.

All three gangsters carry machine guns.

Florence, Joyce, and Heidi look as if they detest wearing trenchcoats on such a hot summer night. But Florence heads for the barroom and Joyce hides behind Ellen...while Heidi covers the front door.

A nervous Ellen pulls out her gun and points it at Claire.

ELLEN

This...is...a...stickup!

Claire shows openmouthed disbelief, then lets out a weak laugh. As the laugh grows stronger, Ellen and Joyce now stand side by side.

JOYCE

You heard the lady!

CLAIRE

Could've fooled me.

Joyce fires into Claire's booth...just to scare her.

Claire nods and forks over all the money in the cash register. She even puts the money in a sack!

Ellen puts her cigar back in her mouth, points her gun at Claire, and grabs the sack while Joyce heads for the barroom.

INT. APHRODITE BARROOM - NIGHT

At the bar, Joyce works with THE BARTENDER. Clancey, large canvas bag in hand, comes to Joyce's side.

In reluctance, the bartender empties out his cash register and puts the money into Clancey's bag.

A FOOD SERVER heads for the bar, but Joyce and Clancey (the latter fires a .38) shoot him down.

CLANCEY  
 (whispering to Joyce)  
 You're gonna have to get me one of those.

Joyce nods as she and Clancey leave the barroom. Florence, whose coat pockets bulge with money, follows the two women.

INT. APHRODITE LOBBY - NIGHT

While Joyce, Clancey, and Florence enter the lobby, James, Leatrice, and their party return to the club through an ajar front door.

Unbeknownst to Leatrice's and James' party, Heidi hides behind the front door.

And James doesn't look too happy.

LEATRICE  
 James, honey, you'll love Ellen...I mean her playing.

Ellen, now also in a top hat, still holds Claire at bay.

HEIDI  
 (to James and Co.)  
 All of you...put 'em up!

Leatrice stands in disbelief as she and most of the group's members hesitate.

HEIDI (CONT'D)  
 UP!

Everybody but James puts hands up; James himself pulls out a gun...but Florence, Heidi, Joyce, and Clancey aim their firearms at him.

Florence waves the other three gangsters off and shoots James, who slumps to his death.

Claire yells...Ellen goes to the back of the club...and Florence, Joyce, Clancey, and Heidi head out of the club through the front door.

The surviving members of the entourage hover around James' dead body in helplessness. Leatrice crouches toward, then hugs, that body.

EXT. THE APHRODITE - '28 STUDEBAKER LIMO - NIGHT

Clancey, Florence, Heidi, and Joyce look surprised to see a 1928 Studebaker limousine (instead of the Model A truck) pull to a stop alongside them.

Nonetheless, they get inside the car; two women take the middle seat and the other two occupy the back seat.

INT. '28 STUDEBAKER LIMO - NIGHT

Alicia drives while Fanny rides shotgun.

FLORENCE

Alicia, where'd you get this?

ALICIA

There's nothing in the world scarier than Clancey riding the running board of any vehicle there is.

Clancey and Heidi laugh, Joyce nods with a grin, and Florence burns inside.

FLORENCE

Get going!

ALICIA

Can't somebody else drive? I'm sick of--

ALL BUT ALICIA

GET GOING!!

A reluctant Alicia drives off.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Henry stands, arms folded, and watches a scared Ellen deposit her gun into the same drawer as before.

Ellen gravitates into a seat at the wooden chair.

HENRY

You weren't this scared the other night!

Ellen's too stunned to react...for a few seconds.

ELLEN

Have you ever seen a shooting  
before?

HENRY

No, but let me tell you, Ellen:  
That's gotta be the most dangerous  
paperweight ever made!

ELLEN

If you think I shot somebody with  
that...look here, Henry: All I know  
is somebody got shot...James  
Wozniak!

HENRY

You mean...wasn't he up for the  
safety director's job?

Ellen's is a weak nod.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You saw it. You didn't do it.  
(zeroing in on Ellen)  
Who did?

Ellen still looks too scared to answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ellen...who shot Wozniak?

Now Ellen scrunches up her face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ellen...you might get a reward if  
you tell.

Henry drops to his knees.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Nobody'll know but you and me...and  
the police, of course.

He puts a hand on her lap.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Look, Ellen: Shooting somebody that  
important is like...canceling Amos  
as well as Andy!

A weak smile forces its way onto Ellen's face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You're not gonna tell...you gotta...if you'd only stuck to playing the piano...gee, eighty dollars a week!

Henry shakes his head "no."

HENRY (CONT'D)

You yourself said that's twice the amount of money your Uncle Harry gets...and they pay him in cheese! To feed the rats!

(grabbing Ellen's arms)

Ellen, you gotta stay away from them girls! They make horrible music!

Ellen stares at Henry for a moment. Then:

ELLEN

Tell that to my sister.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The truck and the Model T rest outside the warehouse...but the limousine doesn't.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Valentina sits at her desk and reads "Vogue" when Florence, Joyce, Fanny, Clancey, and Heidi enter the office.

Florence empties her coat pockets on the desk; Clancey empties out the canvas bag; its money lands on the desk.

Heidi and Joyce open a metal cabinet and put their guns in it. Valentina looks up from her magazine and, once she sees what unfolds, she stares in disbelief.

Valentina puts the magazine on her desk.

VALENTINA

Where's Ellen? Where's Alicia?

FLORENCE

Alicia's putting the car away.

Florence counts the money now on Valentina's desk.

VALENTINA

That leaves one more.

FLORENCE

You never know about that sister of mine. But you should've been there! We did all right...but we had to take care of somebody.

Valentina stands up and sidles over to Florence.

VALENTINA

Who?

Florence continues to count. Valentina grabs Florence's arms.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

WHO?

FLORENCE

Eighteen hundred.

VALENTINA

You know what Rinaldi said!

FLORENCE

We coulda done better if the stock market hadn't crashed last October.

Valentina oh-so-slowly twists one of Florence's arms.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Wo...Wo...WOZNIAK!

Valentina lets go of Florence's arm, then walks around the room in a rage.

VALENTINA

You remember that meeting...where Rinaldi said: "We're gonna have to save the fireworks?" Remember?

(pointing at Florence)

DO YOU?

FLORENCE

I don't remember...you sent me out of Don's office.

VALENTINA

DO YOU?

FLORENCE

I had no choice! He...the guy pulled his gun on me! What would you do--

VALENTINA

Yeah, but he had the safety  
director's job all locked up!

Valentina looks glum as she stops walking.

O.S., she and Florence get THE SOUND of a poker game that starts up.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE STOREROOM - NIGHT

Clancey, Fanny, Heidi, and Joyce sit around the table, where they play poker as a droplight illumines the whole thing.

Valentina peeks in on the game through the office door.

VALENTINA

Get some more light on that game,  
will you?

The four poker players look surprised as Valentina closes the storeroom door.

Heidi turns off the droplight (and sets off a mass protest), then tiptoes over to the switch to turn the big lights on. In satisfaction, she returns to her seat.

Just as the four women get into the game, they hear a KNOCK on the door.

This time, Fanny puts her cards down and gets up to answer the door.

Revealed: EDWARD GIACOBAZZI and RALPH WINOCKI (both 40s)...two detectives in unbuttoned overcoats, unpressed pants, dirty shoes, and fedoras that look bent out of shape.

FANNY

I know you both wanna see Miss  
Perlozzo, so...

Edward and Ralph look bewildered, but they follow Fanny to the office...much to the consternation of Clancey, Heidi, and Joyce.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Florence hides inside a closet just before the two detectives make it inside Valentina's office.

Valentina herself sits on the desk, next to the pile of money still on the desk.

Ralph and an equally-dismayed Edward walk through the already-ajar door.

The two men take off their hats.

EDWARD

Miss Perlozzo...you know anything about a 1928 Studebaker limo down the street?

An amused Valentina just shakes her head sideways.

RALPH

Do any of those poker players we saw?

EDWARD

(turning on Ralph)  
Why don't you ask 'em?

A gleeful Ralph heads for the storeroom.

RALPH

At last...I get to ask my own questions!

Once Ralph's out of the office, Edward turns to Valentina.

EDWARD

There was a guy in there. Knowing your friends, it musta been a girl...we didn't see him...oops, her, when we got there.

VALENTINA

I don't know a thing about it. Nothing.

Edward shrugs and heads out...but turns around at the door.

EDWARD

Miss, let me know what you find out about the Wozniak shooting.

VALENTINA

(nodding)  
Didn't know anybody was after him.

Edward puts his hat back on and leaves the office.

A few seconds later, Florence comes out of the closet.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
 Wish those dicks would fix  
 themselves...  
 (recognizing Florence)  
 Well, you ready to divvy up the  
 loot?

FLORENCE  
 (walking to the desk)  
 Yeah.

Florence joins Valentina in a seat on top of the desk, next  
 to that pile of money.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
 But we're gonna split it among--

VALENTINA  
 Wait a minute! This is my gang! Not  
 yours!

FLORENCE  
 Like I said: You should've been  
 there. You can't boss a gang  
 reading "Vogue--"

VALENTINA  
 Look, Florence Workman, I hired you  
 and I can fire you, too!

Clancey, Fanny, Heidi, and Joyce abandon their poker game.  
 They huddle by the office door to watch the altercation.

Stony silence takes over for a few moments on both sides of  
 the door.

JOYCE  
 (to Valentina)  
 She's right...you should've been  
 there.

Heidi, Fanny, and Clancey AD LIB their agreement with  
 Joyce...while Valentina scowls.

VALENTINA  
 All right, Florence...you wanna  
 split it five ways, you can.

CLANCEY  
 Six. Don't forget Alicia.

FANNY

No, Clancey. That's seven. Don't forget Ellen.

All but Fanny AD LIB their disagreement.

LATER

Florence, Fanny, Clancey, Joyce, and Heidi each secure a share of the money stolen at the Aphrodite. (They save a sixth for Alicia, though.)

FLORENCE

Any of you wanna go for a ride?  
Give Alicia her cut?

Nobody speaks up.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

We're gonna blow the town while  
it's still night.

Still nobody speaks up. Then:

HEIDI

(hugging Clancey)  
Flo, let her go. She's no good at  
poker.

A surprised Clancey turns and glances at Heidi.

EXT. ONTARIO STREET - MODEL A TRUCK - NIGHT

As it goes northbound on Ontario, that 1929 Ford truck travels at a pretty fast clip.

INT. MODEL A TRUCK - NIGHT

All the windows are rolled down.

Clancey drives...and Florence's mouth flies open, for...

EXT. OLD STONE CHURCH - NIGHT

...Alicia comes down the stairs of this Victorian Romanesque structure from the 1880s.

The Model A truck slows down as it approaches Old Stone.

INT. MODEL A TRUCK - NIGHT

An incredulous Florence breaks out her rifle and, as fast as she can, fires several shots...

FLORENCE  
 Yeah, I'll give her a cut she'll  
 really appreciate!

EXT. OLD STONE CHURCH - NIGHT

...and, before Alicia can react, she falls down.

THE O.S. SOUND of crying tires and squealing gears emerges.

EXT. RIVERSIDE CEMETERY - DAY

On a cloudy, sticky August day, Florence, Heidi, Joyce, Fanny, Valentina, and Clancey join Ellen and Henry as well as ALICIA'S SURVIVING FRIENDS AND RELATIVES...all gathered around the site where Alicia's burial awaits.

CHARLES NAGLER (60s), the minister, tries his best at an AD LIBBED eulogy while he joins several other people who kick mud from yesterday's rain off their shoes.

The gravesite is next to a gravel road, where a fleet of cars (the funeral procession) rests.

And the cemetery is situated next to railroad tracks.

Result: The attendees must HEAR trains, trains, and more trains.

ENRIQUETA ESPINOSA (50s), her husband PEDRO (60s), their son ROGELIO (21), and their remaining daughter CATERINA (17) take this moment the hardest.

In fact, Rogelio and Pedro wail and sob louder than Caterina and Enriqueta do.

Florence, Heidi, and Joyce gaze at the near garden of flowers atop Alicia's casket.

Joyce turns to Florence and Heidi.

JOYCE  
 (in a whisper)  
 One thing's for sure: Alicia's  
 going out right.

HEIDI  
 (whispering, too)  
 Even though those are cut-rate  
 flowers.

Charles scowls Heidi and Joyce into quiet.

On the other side of the casket, Henry hugs a nervous Ellen...only to receive a nervous look in return.

ELLEN

I'll tell you what happened--

But Charles scowls Ellen into silence.

Pedro, Enriqueta, Caterina, and Rogelio remain awash in bitter tears.

ROGELIO

I can't believe she is dead...not like this...she taught me how to box...

Charles shushes Rogelio.

CHARLES

I'm trying to finish my eulogy.

ROGELIO

But I'm her brother!

At last, Charles AD LIBS his eulogy into an end...when Ellen immediately whispers to Henry.

ELLEN

You know what happened, Henry? Alicia got tired of being the driver. So she ran out on the gang. Just ran out.

The people disperse toward their respective vehicles.

Ellen and Henry walk toward a 1925 Cadillac sedan. She walks toward the driver's side, he the other side...but:

HENRY

We better trade places. You're too...teed off.

And they trade.

Pedro, Enriqueta, and their surviving children head for their own car when they walk past Henry and Ellen.

CATERINA

I'll never get rid of...the gun she gave me...

Pedro blows his nose while he turns to Enriqueta.

PEDRO  
I must get my hands on whoever  
killed Alicia!

Heidi and Clancey escort Florence to the Model T.

ENRIQUETA  
Stand in line, Pedro! Stand in  
line!

Ellen watches the Family Espinosa before she turns to Henry.

ELLEN  
Alicia had the right idea.

Henry catches Ellen's increasingly bitter look.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
They're gonna get me next! I can  
just feel it.

Henry and Ellen climb inside the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC SEDAN - DAY

Henry starts the car.

HENRY  
You...we can change all that. You  
know that, Ellen. We got a good  
act...me singing, you tickling the  
ivories.

Ellen's is a heavy nod.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Stavros himself said we're good  
enough to play anywhere in this big  
ol' country...for money! Not cheese  
to feed the rats. You know that!

ELLEN  
And they'll probably find me in  
Bangor, Maine, too! You don't know  
my sister!

Henry watches cars lurch out of the cemetery as his own  
vehicle makes its way out of there.

HENRY  
If we stick together, they can turn  
this whole US of A upside down and  
not find us.

ELLEN

First of all, we'll have to change our names and wear masks...we owe Stavros some more music, though, before we split Cleveland.

At the first opportunity to stop, Henry looks inspired.

HENRY

Aw, Ellen, why don't you drive my car? You drive better than me.

Ellen looks surprised as she and Henry climb out of the now-stopped car to trade places.

INT. MODEL T - DAY

Florence drives that 1922 car; Heidi (in the middle, where she shifts gears) and Joyce ride along.

HEIDI

I've never seen a man cry harder in my life than when I saw Mr. Espinosa cry today.

FLORENCE

Heidi--

HEIDI

It was scary. Makes you wonder about that myth we keep teaching little boys to uphold.

(shrugging)

Didn't Jesus weep? And didn't Peter cry after he heard the cock crow three--

FLORENCE

Well, if Alicia hadn't run out on us, you wouldn't've had to see him cry like that.

Florence looks annoyed.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Even worse, she went up to that Old Stone Church and snitched to the priest!

JOYCE

Still, that's his daughter. How many times do you lose a--

FLORENCE

Joyce, I had to do it. If you don't get tough in this racket, you die. Ain't you read about Al Capone and Dion O'Banion over in Chicago?

JOYCE

Florence, I'm having enough trouble supporting Cleveland's papers to adopt Chicago's, too.

HEIDI

Florence, you coulda let one of us drive...she was gettin' to be a crack shot.

Florence stares in anger at Heidi.

JOYCE

Hey, Florence...

FLORENCE

WHAT?

JOYCE

Actually...Old Stone Church is a Presbyterian church. Not a Catholic one.

FLORENCE

So?

JOYCE

They wouldn't have a priest over there. They'd have a minister.

Joyce receives Florence's facial wrath.

EXT. WEST TWENTY-FOURTH STREET - '22 FORD MODEL T - DAY

As the Model T continues along West Twenty-Fourth, Ralph and Edward saunter down the street.

INT. MODEL T - DAY

Florence slows down...but Heidi shifts too late.

FLORENCE

Gimme that stick!

A reluctant Heidi lets go of the gearshift.

Florence violently shifts into gear.

EXT. LUIGI'S - NIGHT

The 1922 T rests in front of a downtown restaurant whose facade features a red-white-and-blue awning over each window.

INT. LUIGI'S BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Several long tables are butted together, possibly into a U. Florence, Heidi, Joyce, Clancey, Fanny, Valentina, and THEIR GUESTS sit on one side in this elegant room.

Another table features plates and platters of food.

Everybody's dressed formally...and engaged in the food and the AD LIBBED conversation.

A gloating Florence sits at the head of the table; Valentina and Cleveland's Mr. Underworld, JOSEPH YACAVONA (50s), sit on either side of her.

Valentina firmly bangs on the table...and earns attention.

VALENTINA

Ladies...and gentlemen...Joyce is gonna make a speech. You listen to her now.

Everybody else in the room, including Joyce, looks surprised.

Joyce rises to her feet...and the AD LIBBED conversation resumes. Valentina bangs on the table more forcefully.

JOYCE

I'm not all that good with speeches, but...Florence is one hell of a lady.

Joyce's statement brings out the applause.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

And Florence, we got something for you.

Joyce heads for the platter-laden table and grabs a large box and a smaller box (both giftwrapped) from underneath said table; boxes in tow, she approaches Florence, who abruptly stands up.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Both of 'em from the gals.

Florence takes the large box. She can't contain her glee as she unwraps the box.

At last, Florence removes the contents from the big box: A mink stole.

Joyce gestures Florence into trying the mink on.

FLORENCE  
(donning the stole)  
Fits better than this gown.

Applause breaks out around Joyce and Florence as the latter takes the little box. Florence removes its wrapping, opens the box, and finds...it's a box of expensive cigars.

Florence's glee climbs off the charts.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
My brand! Thank you!

Florence gains more applause; through it, she offers all the gangsters cigars (all the mobsters accept), then does the same for their guests (not all the guests accept).

It doesn't take long at all for the lighters and matches to flare up.

Florence waves her arms to get silence...and succeeds.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Just wanna say "thank you" for  
showing up here tonight and  
throwing this dinner for me. And  
thank you for the stolies and the  
stoge...

Laughter erupts from the crowd.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
I mean the stole and the cigars!

And the laughter starts back up, stronger than before.

Through the guffaws, A PHOTOGRAPHER (a woman in her 20s) takes a picture of the eaters and a picture of Florence.

Joseph gives Florence a worried look...but Florence gestures to Joseph that everything's under control.

She enjoys it all...but not for long.

Edward and Ralph, hats and all, enter the banquet room.

They don't see Florence...but she sees Ralph and Edward.

Valentina turns to Florence.

VALENTINA  
Why ain't your sister here? She  
quit on you?

All at once, Florence's expression changes for the worse.

FLORENCE  
She's twenty four, ain't she?

Florence watches the two detectives check the place out, then turns to Joseph.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna see what those two want!

Her stole still on, Florence bolts up and walks toward Ralph and Edward.

Joseph turns to Valentina.

JOSEPH  
I hope she can dance, Valencia.

VALENTINA  
(nodding)  
Joseph...it's Valentina.

Florence turns to Edward, who tips his hat.

FLORENCE  
What's up?

EDWARD  
Just wanted to see...we'd never  
seen 'em throw a banquet for a lady  
movin' up in the world.

RALPH  
(tipping his hat)  
And so fast, at that, Edward!

FLORENCE  
Too bad you two missed the one for  
Valentina Perlozzo.

EDWARD  
You know anything 'bout a pair of  
robberies...one at Sedlacek Furs  
and the other at Harry's Cigar  
Store?

Now Florence looks annoyed.

FLORENCE  
What do you think I am? Walter  
Winchell?

EXT. THE APHRODITE - DAY

A YOUNG COUPLE, dressed to stay relatively cool on this humid day, walks by the club.

INT. STAVROS' OFFICE - DAY

Stavros (he's seated), Don, and Louis (they're erect) are situated around Stavros' desk. Today's "Cleveland Plain Dealer" is open on the desk; Don reads that paper as he lights up a cigarette.

DON  
Ah...not a cough in a carload.

But when Don sees pictures of Florence and her gang, he breaks out in uncontrollable coughs.

Louis attends to Don...but Don fends him off.

Stavros and Louis check out the article and its offending photos: "PRINCESS OF UNDERWORLD FETED."

Don, cigarette in his mouth, walks around the room like a runaway locomotive.

DON (CONT'D)  
That's all we need in Cleveland!  
Another undercuttin' dame! We gotta  
stop her. She's gonna end up ownin'  
this town!

STAVROS  
Don, Don, Don...if you must,  
please...do not do it here.

DON  
You don't have to worry 'bout this,  
Stavros! I got a coupla my men  
goin' after her! Right, Louis?

Louis doesn't answer immediately...so Don stops walking.

He eyeballs Louis.

Louis rolls his eyes.

DON (CONT'D)  
You did send 'em after that  
Florence floozy, didn't you?

LOUIS  
Yes, Boss. I didn't know which side  
of town to send 'em, though.

Don goes back to huffing, puffing, and walking around.

DON  
Never mind!

STAVROS  
I have never met this, uh, Florence  
floozy...

INT. APHRODITE BARROOM - DAY

Somewhat quietly, Ellen practices her piano...and listens in  
on the office conversation.

After all, the door to the office is ajar.

INT. STAVROS' OFFICE - DAY

Don's walk around the room continues.

STAVROS  
But please, if you catch her,  
please...do not do it here. Not  
after what happened last Sunday.

Stavros rises up and walks around.

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
Sunday...of all days!

Now Stavros stops in his tracks and points at Don.

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
Are you certain she can own  
Cleveland? She must get through  
Cyrus Eaton and the Vans, no?

DON  
Stavros, they don't count! They  
didn't know how to...you watch! If  
the crash ain't got to them yet, it  
will!

INT. APHRODITE BARROOM - DAY

Ellen runs away from the piano and...

INT. APHRODITE LOBBY - DAY

...sprints into a telephone booth. Like lightning, she shuts the door and picks up the receiver, jamming it into her ear.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

Ellen stuffs a nickel into the phone.

ELLEN  
 (into phone)  
 Operator, give me Biltmore 1-  
 7111...Fanny, this is Ellen  
 Workman...they're after my  
 sister...Don Winick's after  
 Florence.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Phone in hands, Fanny stands in the doorway and watches Joyce and Heidi play billiards.

Clancey and Valentina watch next to the pool table.

FANNY  
 Hey, you guys...Don Winick's after  
 Florence.

A laughing Heidi stops playing billiards; in a few seconds, Clancey, Joyce, and Valentina break out in laughs...as does Fanny herself a second later.

VALENTINA  
 (through own laughter)  
 Florence? She's too slippery!

All five escalate their laughs...until Fanny sets the phone down on the desk and drops out of the Greek chorus.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE STOREROOM - DAY

As she walks into the storeroom, Fanny casts a serious look.

FANNY  
 It sounds serious! It IS serious!  
 I'm going after her!

Heidi and Joyce drop their cue sticks and join Fanny, Clancey, and Valentina out of the storeroom.

EXT. HARRY'S CIGAR STORE - DAY

This store's display window is cluttered to the gills.

INT. SALESFLOOR - DAY

Not only does Harry's sell cigarettes, cigars, pipe tobacco, and pipes; it also sells newspapers and magazines.

HARRY (60s) looks on in disbelief as Florence pays for twelve "Plain Dealers."

HARRY

Twelve "Plain Dealers!" You gonna use 'em to wrap fish?

Florence, filled with enthusiasm, shakes her head "no."

FLORENCE

Fish can't read. That's what my father always said.

Harry cracks up in laughter.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

By the way...gimme three of those big, long Montecruzes.

Harry nods and gives Florence three cigars, then gets a dollar bill from Florence, who walks off with her purchases.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Harry...keep the change.

EXT. HARRY'S CIGAR STORE - DAY

Florence sees a 1918 Chevy sedan, painted to look like a cab, inching toward her.

The car stops; Florence reaches for the passenger door when...a gun sticks out of a window...BANG!

Bullets hit Florence's hands.

Florence's purchases fall all over the street.

The Chevy sedan roars down the street. Seconds later, the 1928 Studebaker limo from the Aphrodite holdup pulls to a stop alongside Florence, the strewn newspapers, and the strewn cigars.

Fanny (the limo's driver), Clancey, Joyce, Valentina, and Heidi jump out of the car and pick up the newspapers as well as the cigars.

Some of the gangsters help Florence down the street...but Florence fends them off...bloody, aching hands and all.

Edward and Ralph walk toward the gangsters...in the opposite direction. The former puts a grin on his face.

FLORENCE

Nice try.

Edward's face freezes in surprise.

RALPH

Yeah, lady, when we're done, we'll really tie your hands up.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE - DAY

The limousine is parked next to the loading dock.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

With a doctor's bag and a large bowl of water within reach on the desk, Joyce works on Florence's hands. She does anything it takes...from washing and bandaging the wounds to digging the bullets out.

Fanny, Valentina, Heidi, and Clancey strain for a look.

FANNY

Ellen called up and tipped us off.

Florence's mouth flies open for a moment. Then:

FLORENCE

Yeah. The Pinblock Princess. What'd she want?

(to Joyce)

And how come you know so much about doctoring?

Now Joyce finishes her work on Florence.

JOYCE

I couldn't afford to go to medical school...so I had to fall back on my first aid.

A grin invades Joyce's face.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

One of these days, I oughta take one of those correspondence courses.

(gesturing at Florence)

Take a look...won't be long 'til you can throw fruit again without it hurting.

Florence looks at her newly-bandaged hands, then eyeballs the other gangsters.

She looks comfortable with Joyce's handiwork.

FLORENCE

We're all gonna see Mr. Winick tonight.

Florence's colleagues AD LIB their agreement.

EXT. THE ORANGE AND BLACK - NIGHT

Several cars pass by the club.

INT. ORANGE AND BLACK'S LOBBY - NIGHT

Florence, Joyce, Clancey, and Fanny guard the steel door that guards the Orange and Black. Valentina jams a .44 against the back of Louis.

VALENTINA

You tell the doorman we're all right. All right?

Louis stands there in shock.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Just move your head up and down a few times.

Louis moves his head up and down a few times.

Clancey, Fanny, Florence, and Joyce jam the corners of the room to hide.

An unseen Heidi knocks on the steel door, which opens...and reveals THE DOORMAN.

LOUIS

They're all right.

The doorman opens the door wider...but Heidi shoves him from behind.

And then the other women go after this surprised, agonized-looking doorman.

FLORENCE  
 (to the doorman)  
 You tell me where Don Wimpy is!

The doorman still looks lost.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
 Never mind!

Florence's mobsters head for Don's office.

But Clancey backtracks...and goes to the steel door to cover the lobby.

Joyce stares her down.

Result: Joyce patrols the lobby and Clancey goes upstairs.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door to the office is closed; Florence, Fanny, Valentina, and Heidi await Clancey's arrival.

They don't have to wait too long.

FLORENCE  
 Valentina, stay here.  
 Clancey...kick the door down.

As Valentina nods, Clancey kicks the door down.

Fanny, Heidi, and Florence follow Clancey into:

INT. DON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Clancey, Fanny, Florence, and Heidi storm inside the office, guns poised.

Don and TWO MEAN-LOOKING THUGS rise out of their seats in the utmost of bewilderment.

Clancey, Heidi, Fanny, and Florence (she grimaces in pain as she holds her gun) surround the trio.

FLORENCE  
 You're the ones...you turkeys!

The four women inch closer to the three men...who, one by one, fall into their seats.

DON

Oy vey!

Don scrambles for the door.

FLORENCE

STAY THERE!

DON

MAKE ME!

Don scrambles back to his seat...and Florence, Clancey, Heidi, and Fanny move even closer to Don and his duo.

FLORENCE

(points gun at Don)

Shows you what you know. If you're gonna hire killers, make sure they know what they're hitting!

Don AD LIBS something inarticulate.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

You guys need to check an anatomy chart!

The thugs and their boss shift in their seats.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

This is my town now. You're done.  
(with a laugh)  
You can't even hire decent help.

Florence points her gun further at Don.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Get your carcass outa town now...or you're gonna be a carcass...in a meat factory!

The three men sit there, frozen.

DON

One undercuttin' dame. You think you can do it all.

Don's expression grows colder.

DON (CONT'D)

You try this on Rinaldi...see how far you get.

FLORENCE  
 I got him figured out, too...look,  
 Wimpy, DON'T you worry about me!  
 I'm all right!

Florence turns, motions to Clancey, Fanny, and Heidi, and struts out of the room; the other three women follow her.

Just before she reaches the door, Florence looks at Don through steel eyes.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
 And you're through! You don't even  
 know how to get what you want!

The women storm out of the office.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rain tries to move through Cleveland.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Florence, whose hands are still bandaged up, sits on the desk, while Valentina sits in a chair.

VALENTINA  
 Ever try to take that quiz Thomas  
 Edison gave them high school boys?  
 I tried it, and--

Valentina and Florence find A KNOCK on the door.

FLORENCE  
 Oh, that thing? That's nothing--

ANOTHER KNOCK takes place.

VALENTINA  
 (toward the door)  
 Who is it?

The answer comes from the other side of the door.

RICARDO (O.S.)  
 We just wanna see Florence.

Florence and Valentina grab a gun each and point at the door.

RICARDO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 This is Ricardo Rinaldi.

Florence breathes a sigh of relief and gestures Valentina into setting her gun aside. When Valentina gets the door, Florence hides that gun and her own in a desk drawer.

Door now open, Ricardo and his four thugs (ONE DIFFERENT from the meeting at the Orange and Black) enter the office, with Ricardo and the new thug sitting down.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

You...you really come a long way in a week, Florence. Standin' up to Valentina and Don Winick like that. Big Joe here likes that, too.

Valentina looks at Florence...who suspiciously eyes Ricardo.

FLORENCE

That why he sent you here?

RICARDO

Well...somebody's squealin' 'bout you wantin' my land.

FLORENCE

I don't know about that, but I'll tell you what I don't need: Trouble.

RICARDO

Right! It's yours now...Don's territory.

Florence gives Ricardo a mock look of surprise. Then:

FLORENCE

Right!

A surprisingly-nervous Ricardo waits a moment to let the news sink in for Florence.

RICARDO

Y'know, I used to work that land, but now...maybe we both can get t'gether.

FLORENCE

Right!

Ricardo and the new thug stand up; the former and Florence shake hands.

RICARDO

Gotta go, Florence. Remember: If you got a problem, call on me.

FLORENCE

Right!

Ricardo and his entourage leave the room; as soon as they're out of view, Florence and Valentina eyeball each other in total victory.

FLORENCE, VALENTINA

RIGHT!

They hug each other and pat each other on the back in good, hearty laughter.

EXT. SOUTH WOODLAND ROAD, SHAKER HEIGHTS, OH - '30 PACKARD - DAY

A 1930 Packard roadster negotiates this suburban street cautiously and carefully.

A series of ritzy, expensive houses that look as if they came out of fairy tales surrounds the street.

INT. PACKARD - DAY

Florence, dressed to the nines, drives...and she's got the whole world in her still-healing hands.

She checks a piece of paper on the front seat, then nods.

FLORENCE

If my father could see me now!

Florence honks her car's horn in triumph.

EXT. JOSEPH YACAVONA'S HOUSE - DAY

Florence's Packard pulls into the driveway of a mansion within walking distance of the Shaker Heights Country Club.

She gets out of the car, jogs to the front door, rings the doorbell, and A MAID (30s, White) ushers her in.

Florence looks surprised as she steps inside after the maid.

INT. JOSEPH YACAVONA'S PARLOR - DAY

Joseph (he's in a suit and necktie) holds two goblets of brandy...only to set one on a table once he sees Florence. The surprised twosome shake hands.

FLORENCE

Nice to see you, Joseph, but you...you shouldn't carry those drinks. That's why they have butlers and maids.

JOSEPH

(shrugs Florence off)  
And you didn't have to dress up for me.

FLORENCE

Yeah, but you're Mr. Underworld in Cleveland.

Florence heads for a plush chair, but doesn't sit down.

Joseph transfers the goblet in his hand to Florence, who takes the goblet. He grabs the one on the table.

JOSEPH

Go ahead, Florence. Have that seat.

Joseph and Florence take seats in plush matching chairs.

Florence looks around the parlor...and looks impressed.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Cigar?

FLORENCE

Yes!

Joseph reaches into a pocket inside his suit and pulls out...a two-foot-long cigar.

Florence backs off a little; nonetheless, she takes the stogie and lights it up.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

(in a near whisper)  
Feels like I'm smoking a horse's leg.

JOSEPH

Huh?

FLORENCE

Great, great! Great layout you've got.

(takes a sip of brandy)  
Great brandy, great cigar...I feel great.

JOSEPH

Florence, I'm gonna give it to you straight: All the years I've been in this game, I ain't never seen anybody like you...man or woman. You sure know how to take charge.

Florence nods with an I-told-you-so kind of look.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Not even Rinaldi...knew how.

Florence's mouth flies open.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Let's face it.

(takes a sip of brandy)

He's too nice for this racket.

(another sip)

Far as I know, he's through. T-H-R-O-O! Through!

Florence nods while she takes a puff from her cigar.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

So...I'm gonna give you Ricardo Rinaldi's territory. Whaddya say?

FLORENCE

(standing up abruptly)

RIGHT!

Joseph stands up, too; both shake each other's free hand.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

You won't be sorry!

JOSEPH

Right! I'm gonna hold you to that, too!

Florence's nod is a brisk one.

She points at Joseph as they head for the dining room. Both gangsters whisper.

FLORENCE

You know, you oughta think about the kind of help you hire in here. A White--

JOSEPH  
Yeah, but this is 1930. It's tough  
to get a job these days.

EXT. FLORENCE WORKMAN'S HOUSE, CLEVELAND, OH - NIGHT

This house on Lake Shore Boulevard isn't as big as Joseph Yacavona's...but is just as elegant outside.

That '30 Packard roadster and that '28 Studebaker limo rest in the driveway.

INT. FLORENCE WORKMAN'S PARLOR - NIGHT

A small party takes place here; MUSIC from a Victrola livens up the proceedings.

Florence, Heidi, Joyce, Valentina, Fanny, and Clancey frequent a cart that has a few trays full of snacks; nearby is a table covered with full liquor bottles and glasses.

In between bites, the gangsters engage in AD LIBBED talk.

Now the record ENDS, and:

FLORENCE  
Hey! Everybody! Let's drink a  
toast!

The mobsters line up to click their glasses.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
To us...

Heidi clicks the glass next to hers...but Florence stares Heidi down.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Not yet, Heidi!

Heidi gives a sheepish nod.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
To the ownership of the West  
Side...Central Side...

Now a sextuple click takes place.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Another thing: Let's drink to our  
conquest of Joseph Yacavona's East--

And the doorbell RINGS.

Drink in hand, Florence gets the front door, and...finds Ellen on the other side.

Six pairs of eyes stare at Ellen.

Six mouths fly open.

Six bodies stand still.

ELLEN

Aren't you gonna go on with the party?

Clancey, Fanny, Florence, Heidi, Joyce, and Valentina stay shocked another moment. Then:

CLANCEY

Uh, sure, Ellen...grab a glass and your favorite poison and...get looped!

Ellen grabs a glass and fills it with whiskey.

ELLEN

Thanks a lot, Clancey.

Ellen looks around the place...and looks impressed.

Florence eyeballs her sister and feigns hospitality.

FLORENCE

Make yourself to home, Ellen.  
(pointing to cart)  
There's some crackers and stuff on the cart.

Ellen heads for the cart to help herself before she turns to a still-surprised Heidi.

ELLEN

You still find time to play the banjo when--

FLORENCE

(to Ellen)  
I think I'm gonna need your help in the kitchen.

A reluctant Ellen follows Florence into:

INT. FLORENCE WORKMAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Florence and a now-suspicious Ellen lean against the counter.

FLORENCE  
So...how's the Pinblock Princess?

ELLEN  
Florence...don't call me that.  
(grinning)  
You've got a...quite a place,  
though...and you're looking better  
than before.

FLORENCE  
I didn't get this way screaming my  
lungs out at the Central Market,  
I'll tell you that. Father started  
out like that...and it got him  
dead.

Florence grabs a cigar out of a box on the counter, then  
lights that stogie up.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
You ain't looking so bad yourself,  
Ellen.

ELLEN  
Yeah. Having the time of my life  
making music.

Florence eyes Ellen in suspicion and hands her the cigar box.

FLORENCE  
Have one.

Ellen takes a cigar, then receives a light from  
Florence...only to cough.

Florence looks annoyed.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
Looks like Mother and I didn't  
toughen you up enough.

Ellen looks surprised.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
When we were kids, you were the  
worst stickball player in the  
neighborhood.

ELLEN  
You know why--

FLORENCE

You couldn't fight worth a damn,  
either.

(takes a puff)

And even in high school, you  
couldn't even finish a whole cigar.

ELLEN

But I was...and still am...a hell  
of a mechanic. I got that car  
fixed, didn't I?

Ellen attempts to take a puff.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You remember when I tuned the  
family piano with thumb tacks and  
hairpins--

FLORENCE

You messed up so much we had to  
hire a tuner, anyway.

Bitterness crosses Florence's face.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

I thought I had you trained...I  
thought you wanted to get up in the  
world!

Florence moves away from the counter.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Matter of fact, you were the one  
who dragged me down to that  
unemployment agency to answer that  
ad! Now you've gotten...too damn  
soft!

ELLEN

Look, Florence, I like what I'm  
doing!

FLORENCE

Look, Ellen, we went into this  
together and we're gonna see this  
through together!

Now Florence moves back to the counter.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Say...got any more bullets, sister?

Ellen just stares at Florence for a long moment.

ELLEN

You're talking to the wrong woman.

FLORENCE

You can deny it all you want, but  
you're still in this gang whether  
you think so or not!

(takes another puff)

And if you know what's good for  
you, you'll quit posin' as...Little  
Miss Fancy Fingers!

Florence uses her cigar to point at Ellen.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

And stay away from that boy!

ELLEN

He's a hell of a singer.

FLORENCE

I don't care if he's Babe Ruth!  
Stay away from that boy!

Florence goes to a counter cabinet, opens it, and...

ELLEN

Henry and I are partners. We're a  
team.

...and...pulls out a .44.

FLORENCE

Team nothing! This is your team!  
(points gun at Ellen)  
And if you don't start playing by  
my rules...you're gonna be cut!

Ellen looks fearful.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

And not just with a knife!

Ellen now looks dumbfounded and fearful.

ELLEN

You...wouldn't...

While Florence studies Ellen, Ellen herself backs away from  
the counter and tries to back her way out of the kitchen.

Florence follows her...until Ellen backs into a wooden stool.

Simultaneous to the collision, the phone RINGS O.S.

Ellen scrambles away from the stool...until Florence shoots one of the stool's legs off.

FLORENCE

Stay there!

Ellen takes a precarious seat on the wooden stool as Florence, gun still in hand, runs toward the parlor.

As she hears Florence's O.S., AD LIBBED phone conversation, Ellen's fearful look intensifies.

Ellen tries to listen in; as she does, and the conversation winds down, she gains courage and jumps off the stool.

ELLEN

To hell with this. I'm older than she is.

Ellen sprints out of the house through the kitchen door.

EXT. FLORENCE WORKMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellen runs toward the 1922 Model T and hustles into the car.

EXT. HAWBAKERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The Model T skids to a stop in front of a bungalow.

INT. HAWBAKERS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Like the entire house, this kitchen is simple yet tasteful.

Henry sits at the table, where he eats himself out of house and home, when the doorbell RINGS. In addition, he hears A SERIES OF KNOCKS at that same door.

Henry's so nervous he knocks over the glass of milk on the table as he heads for the front door.

INT. HAWBAKERS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Henry opens the door; Ellen bursts in...and her momentum takes her right to a sofa, where she crashes to a stop a la baseball's Pepper Martin.

ELLEN

Henry, we've gotta go!

HENRY

Right! Stavros told me you weren't  
at the Aphrodi--

ELLEN

We're leaving Cleveland!

HENRY

Shouldn't we...shouldn't we  
rehearse...

ELLEN

(getting up abruptly)  
THAT NO-GOOD SISTER OF MINE'S AFTER  
US!!

HENRY

Wait a minute, honey. Let me--

ELLEN

(shaking Henry)  
Right now!

The two just stand there and eyeball one another.

HENRY

Ellen...what happened?

ELLEN

Florence wants us to break up the  
act...or our next performance is  
gonna be in Heaven! I just got back  
from her house!

Ellen points toward the front door.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

We've got to get out of this  
overgrown country town!

HENRY

Ellen, I've...I've been thinking it  
over, and...

A look of astonishment engulfs Ellen.

ELLEN

Oh, no. Remember when Alicia died?  
You said: "If we stick together,  
they can turn this whole US of A  
upside down and not find us."  
(hands on hips)  
How about it?

In his own astonishment, Henry gently sits Ellen on the sofa.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
How about it?

Henry just shakes his head sideways.

Ellen's mouth drops open.

HENRY  
Look, Ellen, your car is eight years old. Eight years old! What chance does it have against your sister's brand-new Packard?

ELLEN  
Huh?

HENRY  
Your sister's shiny new Packard?

ELLEN  
What has that got to do with it?

HENRY  
We could call the cops--

ELLEN  
Yeah, sure. You'll have to find another piano player 'cause they'll fry me!  
(getting up)  
If Florence doesn't do it, the State of Ohio will!

Henry walks toward a small table where a telephone rests.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
Henry Hawbaker, get away from that phone. Be a man instead of a mouse!

But Henry picks up the receiver; before he launches the call, he turns to Ellen.

HENRY  
You could turn state's evidence, like I read in the paper.  
(into phone)  
Operator, give me the police...

Ellen cringes.

EXT. EAST SEVENTY-FIRST STREET - '30 PACKARD - NIGHT

Florence's roadster swerves down the street.

Not too many cars travel East Seventy-First...but the ones that do try their best to dodge that Packard.

INT. PACKARD - NIGHT

A soused Florence drives; she seems to have a ball as she listens to the RADIO, which blasts out Vincent Lopez' show.

As Florence's passenger, Joyce looks exasperated.

Joyce hits the brake with her left foot and, with one hand, grabs the gearshift.

With her other hand, Joyce somehow grabs the clutch pedal and pushes the pedal down.

It all surprises Florence...whose right foot is still on the accelerator.

JOYCE

That's enough, Florence! Get your foot off the gas!

FLORENCE

WHAT?

(staring at Joyce)

This is my ca...ca...car!

Somehow, the car comes to a stop...

EXT. CORNER OF EAST SEVENTY-FIRST AND CARNEGIE AVENUE - NIGHT

...in the middle of the intersection!

JOYCE (V.O.)

I don't care if you're the boss!  
You're in no shape to drive! I'll  
get us over to Henry's!

Florence staggers out of the car, only to return to it on the passenger side. Joyce slides over to drive.

And they're off!

INT. HAWBAKERS' PARLOR - NIGHT

Henry leads a still-worried Ellen into a smaller version of the living room.

HENRY

Ellen, everything's gonna be peachy  
dandy.

Henry's eyes and face light up.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Tell you what: Why don't you play  
the piano?

Ellen looks over at the Hawbakers' 1900-29 upright piano,  
which features a drape over the top and several picture  
frames (filled with family photos) atop the drape.

Then she stares at Henry.

ELLEN

Are...you...crazy?

HENRY

No. It'll help you take your mind  
off of Florence.

ELLEN

Are...you...crazy?

HENRY

And besides...you play beautifully.

ELLEN

You're crazy.

HENRY

I'm crazy about your playing.

Ellen shrugs and goes to the piano; she sits down and tickles  
out "Beautiful Ohio."

Twenty-four bars later, AN O.S. COMMOTION attracts her  
attention...and a second later, Henry's.

A disgusted Ellen crawls underneath the keyboard; Henry moves  
in front of her and holds her hand.

INT. HAWBAKERS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door crashes open; Joyce steps inside the  
Hawbakers' house...and Florence staggers in after.

Guns poised, Joyce and Florence case out the living  
room...but Florence's footsteps are louder than Joyce's.

Result: Joyce gestures Florence into tiptoeing.

Florence barely comprehends.

The two don't find Ellen in the living room, so Joyce signals Florence into the next room:

INT. HAWBAKERS' PARLOR - NIGHT

Henry and Ellen shake underneath the piano.

HENRY  
(in a whisper)  
Ma and Pa aren't gonna like this  
when they get home from work.

Ellen gestures Henry into quiet while he tries to smother her out of Florence's and Joyce's eyesight.

Florence eyeballs Ellen, anyway. The former slowly raises her gun and points it at her sister...but keels over.

Joyce props Florence erect.

Ellen still shakes while she shuts her eyes. Henry takes deep breaths and minces toward Joyce.

As he crawls closer to Joyce, Henry flashes that confident look...until Joyce aims her gun at him.

Florence falls...on her back.

ELLEN  
Florence...you...gonna...shoot me  
or not?

Florence stares at Ellen for several seconds before shaking her head "no."

FLORENCE  
You're my shist...shister.

In anger, Joyce stares at Florence, then at Ellen.

JOYCE  
I ain't your sister, baby!

Joyce fires her gun at Ellen; a split second (or so) later, Florence throws her own gun at Joyce...and hits her fellow gangster on the gun shoulder.

Joyce's bullets pierce the piano.

Joyce holds her gun shoulder...and she and Florence run toward the back of the house.

Those two HEAR O.S. FOOTSTEPS...footsteps that keep Ellen from breathing easier.

Edward and Ralph (both look sloppy) enter from the front door as they HEAR the back door slam shut.

EDWARD  
You all right, Ellen?

Ellen slowly nods at Edward and barely smiles.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Wanna talk?

Ellen's mouth flies open.

HENRY  
It was Joyce and Florence.  
(points toward back door)  
They went thataway!

Unable to hold their glee, the two gumshoes trip on their shoelaces in an effort to catch the two gangsters...and fall to the floor.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Before you go, you two...Florence's gang robbed the Aphrodite...and killed James Wozniak...and, uh, bumped off one of their own, Alicia Espinosa.

RALPH  
That right, Ellen?

A nervous Ellen stares at Ralph and Edward, who both still lay on the floor...and wait and wait and wait for her answer.

Ellen's nod is ever so slow.

Edward leaps up and grabs Ralph's arms to lift him up.

EDWARD  
Ralph, we're gonna hit us a home run!  
(to Henry)  
Where's the telephone?

HENRY  
In the living room!

As Ralph and Edward leave the parlor, Henry hugs Ellen...who returns the embrace.

EXT. CARNEGIE AVENUE - '30 PACKARD - NIGHT

Florence's new car glides (rather than careening) down the street; it passes other cars with great precision.

INT. PACKARD - NIGHT

Joyce drives one-handed while Florence sleeps.

JOYCE

Wake up!

Florence barely rouses.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I'm going to my place and get us  
some coffee.

And Florence goes back to sleep.

EXT. CORNER OF EAST THIRTY-NINTH AND CEDAR AVENUE - NIGHT

The Packard pulls to a stop in the driveway of a modest house.

Joyce gets out of the car, opens the opposite door, and grabs Florence...but a police car, SIREN SCREAMING, appears on East Thirty-Ninth.

AN OFFICER jumps out of the squad car, eyeballs Florence and Joyce, and blows the whistle.

Joyce and Florence take off down Cedar.

EXT. CEDAR AVENUE - NIGHT

The officer chases Florence and Joyce and shoots at them...but the two gangsters sprint like Hell.

JOYCE

Florence, stay awake!

FLORENCE

I'm trying, I'm trying!

The officer's bullets elude the two women.

EXT. CORNER OF EAST FORTIETH AND CEDAR AVENUE - NIGHT

Police cars come from every direction as Joyce and Florence reach this intersection.

ANOTHER OFFICER shoots from one of those other squad cars...and the bullets get Joyce in the leg.

As OTHER OFFICERS shoot at Florence, only to miss her, she continues to run down Cedar.

Joyce watches from her prone place on the ground.

JOYCE  
 Maybe I should've gotten drunk,  
 too!

Joyce feels her now-bloodied leg.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE - DAY

SOME CHILDREN walk by on this hot day in late August.

INT. JEFFERSON STREET WAREHOUSE STOREROOM - DAY

Heidi, Fanny, Clancey, and Valentina sit at that round table, where all four gangsters play poker and smoke cigars.

Fanny looks nervous.

VALENTINA  
 Fanny, the only time you should  
 smoke a cigar is when you're  
 relaxed. I read that in "The New  
 Yorker."

FANNY  
 Very funny. That ol' piano-playing  
 pansy snitching on us about the  
 Aphrodite business and you're  
 joking about an article you read  
 about cigars?

Fanny takes a long puff.

FANNY (CONT'D)  
 The Cleveland...I mean Keystone  
 Kops going after Florence...and got  
 Joyce...and you're telling me how  
 to smoke a cigar?

Valentina, Clancey, and Heidi drop their cards in shock.

Fanny receives three hard, long stares.

HEIDI  
 (getting up)  
 That's it!

Heidi goes to the gunrack to get a machine gun while Clancey jumps from her seat.

CLANCEY  
Count me in, too, Heidi!

Clancey and Fanny go to the gunrack and wind up with their own machine guns. The two women join Heidi on their way out of the warehouse...only to eyeball a still-seated Valentina.

FANNY  
Valentina...grab a gun!

As Valentina stays seated, Fanny does a slow burn.

FANNY (CONT'D)  
You know, Florence is right about you.

VALENTINA  
And she got us in this mess!

The foursome hear AN O.S. SIREN.

Machine gun in hand, Fanny goes back to the gunrack. She sets her gun down, grabs another machine gun, and throws the weapon at Valentina.

FANNY  
Fix it!

A surprised Valentina catches the gun; seconds later, each woman takes a corner of the room.

Heidi fires toward the outside...and her shots are answered.

Now Heidi shifts to a position where she faces the door...but a scared Valentina assumes that position.

HEIDI  
(whispering to Valentina)  
I shouldn't be there. You should...you've been at this longer than me.

Edward's at the door.

EDWARD  
All right, Valencia...give up! Or we'll shoot!

Valentina throws her gun down. Edward and Ralph enter the storeroom...and Marvin and Hiram come in right behind them.

RALPH  
 (to Hiram and Marvin)  
 All right, do your stuff.

Marvin produces handcuffs while Hiram coerces Valentina into holding out her hands.

When Marvin handcuffs Valentina, the latter comes up with a sly grin that becomes a chuckle.

EXT. HOTEL HOLLENDEN - DAY

PEDESTRIANS walk by this impressive, eight-story, red-brick Cleveland landmark.

INT. HOTEL HOLLENDEN HALLWAY - DAY

Ellen and Henry walk behind two important-looking men: WJAY general manager DWIGHT BURFORD and Omar Bakeries executive J.M. MIDDLETON (both 50s).

ELLEN  
 (to Dwight and J.M.)  
 I don't know what to say  
 but...thank you for springing me  
 out.

J.M.  
 Nothing at all, Miss Workman. I saw  
 your act at the Aphrodite, and--

Henry's mouth flies open.

DWIGHT  
 You and Mr. Hawbaker go together  
 like...Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig.

HENRY  
 Well, gee, Mr. Burford...since this  
 is Cleveland, couldn't you say  
 Ellen and I go together like...Earl  
 Averill and Wes Ferrell?

ELLEN  
 Henry, Earl and Wes have to help  
 get the Indians to the World Series  
 first.

A sheepish Henry nods.

INT. SHOW BOAT AT HOTEL HOLLENDEN - DAY

This is actually a "supper restaurant" whose stage resembles the deck of a boat. Tables for foursomes form a long, deep U.

The stage is set up for a big band; nonetheless, Henry stands at a mike in front while Ellen sits at a grand piano.

Dwight and J.M. sit at one of the front tables.

J.M.

(eyes Ellen and Henry)

Mr. Burford tells me his station, WJAY, has spent the last almost three years trying to find a suitable show for the three-o'clock-to-three-thirty time slot.

Ellen and Henry look excited.

DWIGHT

Now, if you two youngsters make the grade right here, we'll put you on the air for Omar Bakeries.

(gestures toward J.M.)

Mr. Middleton's company.

Henry and Ellen eyeball one another, then look at Dwight.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Are you two ready?

ELLEN

Is Herbert Hoover in the White House?

J.M., Henry, and Dwight laugh.

When the three men regain their composure, Ellen pounds out the eight-bar intro to "Tip Toe through the Tulips with Me."

A four-or-more-bar vamp follows...then:

HENRY

(singing)

*Shades of night are  
creeping,/Willow trees are  
weeping,/Old folks and babies are  
sleeping;/Silver stars are  
gleaming,/All alone I'm  
scheming,/Scheming to get you out  
here, my dear.*

J.M. and Dwight look impressed.

EXT. ERIEVIEW MISSION - DAY

This place looks decrepit...right down to the front door and, above it, the handpainted sign that says: "ERIEVIEW MISSION."

Florence, whose hands have healed by now, walks by...and she's in clothes that aren't as elegant as before.

She looks grim as she doubles back and enters the mission.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

This room's got two long rows of skimpy-looking cots...crammed into the room like sardines...and OCCUPANTS OF BOTH GENDERS occupy the cots.

One corner of the room has four rickety chairs, a table with a loose leg, and a floor lamp.

Four middle-aged tenants sit in those rickety chairs: ETHEL, LOUISE, THELMA, and the lone male in the foursome, BILL (he holds a copy of today's "Plain Dealer").

Florence sits on a cot not too far from the quartet.

ETHEL

I hear Valentina Perlozzo got toasted.

LOUISE

Ethel, I thought they toasted her four years ago.

ETHEL

No, she really got toasted. Fried.

Bill and Thelma shake their heads "yes."

ETHEL (CONT'D)

And that Florence Workman is hidin' out. She kept talkin' 'bout she knew what she wanted and how to get it...but...

Louise looks lost.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

Louise, you don't look interested.

Now Louise perks up.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

But, anyway, Florence was forceful...but only in word. When the heat was on, she couldn't take it.

BILL

You heard her sister, the pianist? Now she's smart.

THELMA

She go back in the grocery business?

BILL

No, Thelma. She's gettin' her own radio show...on WJAY. When is it?

LOUISE

Bill, it's in that "Plain Dealer" you're holding.

Bill opens up the paper and turns to the radio page.

He slowly nods once he finds the answer.

BILL

Starts today at three o'clock.

THELMA

Let's face it: Women don't make good gangsters.

Florence rises from the cot and strides toward the quartet.

FLORENCE

Gimme that!

Florence snatches the "Plain Dealer" out of Bill's grasp, then reads the front page.

As she reads about herself, her face fills with rage.

When Florence finishes the article, she crumples the newspaper, flings the ball of newsprint at Bill, and storms out of the room.

Bill, Ethel, Louise, and Thelma stare at Florence. Once the former toast of Cleveland's underworld is gone from the room, Thelma turns to her colleagues.

THELMA

Let's face it: She'd've been better  
off stayin' in the grocery  
business. Or marryin' somebody like  
Earl Averill or Wes Ferrell...

EXT. ERIEVIEW MISSION - DAY

Florence stomps out of the mission and heads toward the heart  
of downtown.

EXT. SUPERIOR AVENUE - DAY

Now Florence's walk loses some of its earlier bluster...even  
if she doesn't notice the police car about half a block away  
from her.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Hiram (he's behind the wheel) and Marvin eat sack lunches and  
gaze at Florence as she walks down Superior.

HIRAM

Looks like Florence Workman.

Hiram tosses his lunch sack into the back seat...much to  
Marvin's dismay.

MARVIN

Hiram, I'm not done eating!

HIRAM

(starting the car)

Look, Marvin: You wanna make  
history or what?

Marvin tosses his sack into the back seat, too.

Hiram grabs the gearshift to advance the car...but lets go  
when Ralph and Edward sprint toward the police car.

The two detectives climb into the squad car and...toss the  
officers' sacks from the back seat to the floor.

EXT. SUPERIOR AVENUE - DAY

Behind Florence, the police car, SIREN SCREAMING, careens  
down the street. Florence herself looks back...and runs.

EXT. ROSENBLOOM'S RADIO - DAY

Florence glances behind her and stops when she sees a window display dominated by those bulky table-model radios, a floor-model radio, and a few Victrolas.

A LOUDSPEAKER over the store's front entrance blares a radio station's offerings:

HENRY (V.O.)

Oh, Mom! Here comes the Omar Man!

ELLEN (V.O.)

Can you send him my way, too?

Florence looks some kind of incredulous.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Live from the Show Boat at Cleveland's famous Hotel Hollenden...the Omar Baking Company proudly presents..."The Ellen Workman and Henry Hawbaker Show!"

FLORENCE

WHAT?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

That's right! The inimitable piano stylings of the Pinblock Princess, Miss Ellen Workman...and the distinctive voice of Cleveland's newest vocal discovery, Mr. Henry Hawbaker...for your listening--

FLORENCE

(toward the loudspeaker)

HEY, ROSENBLOOM, CHANGE THE STATION!!

No dice.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

So keep your dial right here at WJAY, sit back, and for the next half hour, enjoy..."The Ellen Workman and Henry Hawbaker Show!"

Florence shows her displeasure and walks away from the store.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Edward sees Florence walk away from Rosenbloom's Radio.

EDWARD  
(to Hiram)  
Stop the car. We've got our quail!

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - DAY

The two detectives and the two police officers jump out of the car and advance, guns poised, toward Florence.

Within a few seconds, Edward beats Hiram, Marvin, and Ralph to Florence.

EDWARD  
All right, Florence: Put 'em up.

Florence casts a sly grin before she pulls out...a .44.

Before she can aim, Edward fires several shots at Florence, who falls.

It doesn't take long for the pain to dominate her body.

Florence tries to gasp for breath...to no avail.

Her fingers let go of the .44.

Florence is dead...presumably.

Ralph, Marvin, Hiram, and Edward wait several seconds to confirm the death.

When they look satisfied with the results, the four men head for Rosenbloom's Radio.

As soon as the four members of Cleveland's Finest are off the street, Florence slowly cocks her head.

FLORENCE  
(in labored breath)  
Lousy shots.

FREEZE FRAME as Florence tries to slither for her gun.

FADE OUT.

(MORE) THE END