

THE HOOVERVILLE DEAD

Written by

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Industry Entertainment

CLOSE-UP FACE

The face of WILLIAM COSGROVE, focusing hard on something. He's handsome but haggard, tired, unshaven.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

June 15, 1928 was the greatest day of my life. I woke up next to a brunette who smelled of glove leather. I threw eight innings against the New York Yankees, striking out six, including Gehrig and that pudgy bastard Babe Ruth. I won two hundred dollars in a back room poker game. And I took home a blonde who tasted like whiskey and pie apples.

Reveal that Cosgrove is standing in:

EXT. THE COFFEE POT/ALLEYWAY

Cosgrove wears a smart suit, shoulder holster underneath his jacket, and a fedora. Standing next to him is a LITTLE BOY, a street urchin. Together, they stare at a DEAD BODY lying in the alley behind The Coffee Pot Diner.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

That was five years ago. Now, a good day's so rare, you could set it in silver and marry your sweetheart. If she's still alive.

The boy tugs at Cosgrove's arm.

COSGROVE

What?

The boy nods at the body.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do about it?
It ain't my job, kid.

Cosgrove looks behind him. A PASSER-BY watches him curiously from the other side of the street.

From down the street, a black car approaches. This is a CLEANER CAR, a modified Dodge 4-door with a cow-catcher welded to the front, and "C-57" in white lettering on its sides.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(waving at it)
Hey! Hey, stop, we got a...

The Cleaner Car flies past. Cosgrove watches it disappear, then looks at the Boy, still staring at him.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Alright, goddammit. Alright.

Cosgrove pulls his Detective Special revolver and approaches the body, slowly. It's a man, face-down, wearing a yellow shirt.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Well, he's dead, for sure.

He points the gun at the body's head. The Passer-by watches, as does the little boy.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(to boy)
What, you gonna watch? Turn away.

The boy stares.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Turn away, kid, you shouldn't see this.

Still staring.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Suit yourself, you little shit.

Cosgrove FIRES A BULLET into the body's head. He re-holsters his gun and looks up: the boy's unfazed, and the Passer-by walks away.

Cosgrove dismisses the boy with a wave and walks past him.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Don't you go messin' with it.

He turns the corner to:

EXT. THE COFFEE POT

Your typical 1930s corner diner, with a large glass window facing the street.

Papered in the window are countless Government propaganda posters. One in particular shows Uncle Sam pointing at the head of a person in silhouette: "DISPATCH THE HEAD! THAT'S PROPER DEAD!"

Cosgrove enters the diner.

INT. THE COFFEE POT

Cosgrove strides to the counter. Standing behind it, tending the griddle, is SAM, late-50s, owner of the place.

COSGROVE

Sam, there's a body in your alley.

SAM

Who says it's my alley?

COSGROVE

Well, it's there, regardless, in a cheerful yellow shirt.

SAM

I'll call it in.

COSGROVE

Don't bother. Goddamn Cleaners drove by, didn't even stop to compliment my hat. I handled it myself.

SAM

Proper Dead?

COSGROVE

(faux cheerful)

Just like the sign says!

In the back of the diner, a pay phone RINGS. There's a small group of people huddled around it. A MAN answers, then addresses the group.

TELEPHONE MAN

Sandy Craig?

The group shake their heads.

TELEPHONE MAN (CONT'D)

Sorry mac, no Sandy here today.

He hangs up, and the group waits in silence.

COSGROVE

What's on the menu today, Sam?

SAM

Nothing for you, Coz.

COSGROVE

Come on, I ain't picky.

SAM

You're not paid up.

COSGROVE

My brother takes care of that for
me.

SAM

Usually he does. But Ross didn't
come in last night.

COSGROVE

Spot me, then.

SAM

Nope.

COSGROVE

Maybe lower your prices and then we
wouldn't be at odds.

SAM

As long as there's rationing, these
are our prices.

Cosgrove looks down the counter, spots MAUDE, Sam's wife,
watching the exchange.

COSGROVE

Maude, tell your husband I'm good
for it.

MAUDE

Give me ten bucks and I will.

COSGROVE

(being clever)

Spot me?

Maude just disappears into the back kitchen. Cosgrove gives
Sam one last long look.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

I'm hungry, Sam.

SAM
 Don't drink that poison for dinner,
 and maybe lunch wouldn't be such a
 problem for you.

Cosgrove gets up, starts to say something to Sam, but can only point a finger harshly. He turns and walks out, as the back pay phone RINGS AGAIN.

EXT. THE COFFEE POT

Cosgrove storms out and turns the corner. As he approaches a parked Packard coupe, he spots the Little Boy, poking at the dead body in the alleyway with a stick.

COSGROVE
 (yelling)
 HEY!

The boy jumps.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
 What did I tell you! Come here!

The boy reluctantly shuffles over to him. Cosgrove frowns at him, bends over to look him in the eyes.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
 (playful)
 Hey, what's that in your ear?

He makes to 'pull a coin' out of the boy's ear, but he mishandles it, and the coin just hits the boy's chest and falls to the ground. The boy is puzzled.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
 Sorry. My brother's better at the sleight of hand stuff. I just like throwing things.

Cosgrove picks the nickel up and hands it to the kid.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
 Get out of here.

The boy runs off, and Cosgrove gets into his car.

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR - DAY

Cosgrove drives through the streets of downtown St. Louis.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Name's William Cosgrove. My card would say I'm a detective, but I don't carry a card anymore. You thought the Depression was bad? Try being a private dick after Black Christmas. It seems dropping a tier on the food chain is enough to keep people from paying me to snap photos of their cheating spouses.

He turns a corner, drives past a movie theater. It's boarded up, but the letters that remain on the marquee still attempt to spell out: "PAUL MUNI IS SCARFACE!"

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Consequently, something else I don't carry on me too often is cash.

CUT TO:

EXT. COSGROVE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Cosgrove pulls up to a small brick office building and parks, gets out and walks in.

INT. COSGROVE'S OFFICE HALLWAY

Cosgrove emerges from the stairway onto the fourth floor. A long hallway, dim bulbs lighting doors on either side. He walks.

Scrawled on one door, in big black letters: "EDITH - GONE TO OK CITY". Cosgrove walks right by, eventually reaching the end of the hall.

The last door bears a sign beneath a window opening long since shattered and boarded over:

"COSGROVE & COSGROVE. PRIVATE DETECTIVES FOR HIRE"

A logo underneath: an eye and magnifying glass, with "C&C" cleverly incorporated.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

My brother used to say, "Nothin' better than having your name on a door." I can't say I agree. I got the same name, on the same door. Just another place for people to come botherin' ya.

He tries the door, but it's locked.

COSGROVE
(to himself)
Really?

He digs out keys and unlocks the door's several dead-bolts, opens.

INT. COSGROVE & COSGROVE

A simple room: two desks, both empty. Cosgrove closes the door and looks around. He checks his pocket watch.

COSGROVE
(to the room, puzzled)
It's two o'clock, for chrissake.

Cosgrove walks over to the window, glances out on the street. No one. He turns back to the room.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Ross and I used to run this place together. He's the brains, I'm the... well, I suppose I used to be the brawn. But he didn't bring me on until that was already gone.

Cosgrove walks to a desk and looks over it: clean and empty. He starts searching drawers.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Far as I knew, he still came into the office every day. Considering I was here to take out a little 'loan', it was a lucky break he wasn't in today.

He seems to know where to look: he reaches back into one particular drawer and pulls out a few bills.

A deliberate KNOCK from the door: ONE TAP, pause, TWO TAPS, pause, ONE TAP - quick-like. Cosgrove jumps and SLAMS the drawer closed, like he's been caught.

COSGROVE
(annoyed)
If you know I'm in here, why are you knocking?

The door opens slowly to reveal MIRABELLE MORTIMER. In her 20s, a tall, stunning, well-dressed woman with a poise and maturity much older than she. She stands there, backlit.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
That certainly wasn't my brother.
Or my sister, thank god for that. I
wanted to whistle at every bit of
her, but I didn't know which part
to start with. My mouth had gone
dry, anyway.

Cosgrove clears his throat.

COSGROVE
Ah, sorry doll. I thought you were
someone else.

MIRABELLE
Mr. Cosgrove?

COSGROVE
You're looking at him. And he's
looking at you. Come in. And shut
that door behind you.

Cosgrove walks over to his own desk and sits. He checks out
her backside as she closes the door and comes to stand a few
feet in front of him. He looks up at her.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Sit down.

MIRABELLE
I'd prefer to stand.

COSGROVE
If I were that tall, I'd want to
show off, too. What's the name?

MIRABELLE
Mr. Cosgrove, my name is Mirabelle
Mortimer.

COSGROVE
That's a mouthful.

MIRABELLE
I handle it just fine. I found your
card among my husband's things.

She holds out a business card. Cosgrove takes it and looks:
it's Ross's card, not his, their logo prominent. He hands it
back to her.

COSGROVE

Nice of you to return it, but we make 'em for you to keep. That's how come they're so small.

MIRABELLE

I'd like to hire you.

COSGROVE

What problem could you possibly have, doll? You look to have the whole thing figured out. Plus interest.

MIRABELLE

It's my husband.

COSGROVE

You need to find his will?

MIRABELLE

No, I need to find him.

Cosgrove LAUGHS at this.

COSGROVE

A missing persons case?

MIRABELLE

I'm entirely serious.

COSGROVE

Oh, I know it. A lot of people have gone "missing". That's just the state of things. There's no point wasting my time, or yours, with something like searching for a missing person. Cuz we both know what probably happened.

Mirabelle looks as if she's just been slapped. A tiny glint of remorse in Cosgrove's eye, but not much.

MIRABELLE

You're cold.

COSGROVE

I'm realistic. And hungry.

Beat.

MIRABELLE

Did you lose anyone last December?

COSGROVE

Honey, what I had to lose I lost
years ago.

Mirabelle sits down. She spots an empty ashtray on his desk, takes a pack of Chesterfields out of her purse. Cosgrove's eyes widen as she lights up. She notices.

MIRABELLE

Would you like one?

He nods. She takes one out of the pack, waves it.

MIRABELLE (CONT'D)

Maybe you'd be willing to listen to
me?

COSGROVE

Fine, fine.

She tosses the cigarette to him, and he grabs it up quickly, lights it and savors that first inhale.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

This husband, he got a name as good
as yours?

MIRABELLE

Half as good. John Mortimer.

Cosgrove's eyes widen, and he COUGHS out smoke.

MIRABELLE (CONT'D)

Good, you've heard of him.

COSGROVE

John Mortimer? How long has he been
missing?

MIRABELLE

About a week. I went to check his
office, in the Van Ness Building.

COSGROVE

And?

MIRABELLE

It's been Seized.

COSGROVE

That's disappointing.

MIRABELLE

Why?

COSGROVE

It's pretty obvious, don't you think?

MIRABELLE

I can't imagine John would've had much trouble with Hoods. He works with the Recovery Governor pretty frequently, even has security from time to time.

COSGROVE

Governor Marcum sure does know how to keep the moneybags safe.

MIRABELLE

So there's that.

Beat.

COSGROVE

And you can pay for my services?

MIRABELLE

Of course.

She takes out a wad of money. Cosgrove sits up straight, eyeing it.

Mirabelle's eyes fall to a baseball on his desk, sitting on a little display stand. She points to it.

MIRABELLE (CONT'D)

What's that?

COSGROVE

(biting sarcasm)

Oh, that's a fascinating item. See, before the world went to shit, people used to pay money to watch men try and hit that little thing with a big wooden stick. It was in all the papers.

Mirabelle looks at the business card, then back at Cosgrove.

MIRABELLE

Ross Cosgrove?

COSGROVE

You got me. I'm William, his brother.

Mirabelle gets up quickly.

MIRABELLE

Ah. I'm sorry to have troubled you.

COSGROVE

I'm also his partner. Look at the names on the door.

MIRABELLE

You had me close the door.

COSGROVE

And you did it so well.

Mirabelle's unsure what to do.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Relax, doll. I'll take your case.

She looks skeptical.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

How's this: I got an old friend who's a Cleaner. Me and him'll let ourselves into your husband's building and see what's what. What do you have to lose?

MIRABELLE

What do you charge?

COSGROVE

Ten dollars a day, plus expenses.

MIRABELLE

Then that's what I have to lose.

Cosgrove stands and gives his most earnest look, while sneaking glances at the money in her hand.

COSGROVE

Mirabelle. I'll find your husband.

A beat, as she considers. Finally, she nods and counts out some cash.

MIRABELLE

Here's ten for your first day.

COSGROVE

Can I get another lip stick, too?

She hands him the entire pack of cigarettes.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Now you're talking!

She smiles sternly and turns, opens the door and walks out, closing it behind her.

Cosgrove looks at the ten dollars in one hand, the cigarettes in the other.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Now I had the kale I came in here
for, and then some. Unfortunately,
I had the work that came with it.

He walks over to the window, looking down in time to see Mirabelle exit the building and step into the back of a Rolls Royce sedan. Her CHAUFFEUR closes the door and hustles to the front seat.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
It seemed the rich still get what
they want. That dame sure looked
the part, though I bet even she
drinks from the bottle.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Cosgrove pulls up to a butcher shop with an empty front window display. He walks inside.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP

The BUTCHER stands behind the counter, cleaning his fingernails. Cosgrove walks up.

COSGROVE
Got any normal meat today, Bud?

BUTCHER
Just what the traps get. Pigeon and rat, mostly.

COSGROVE
Damn. Alright, gimme some of that rat meat. And some "tonic".

Cosgrove flashes a few dollar bills. The Butcher checks the window, then disappears behind his counter for a moment. He stands back up with a brown bag of something. Cosgrove takes it.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He peeks into the bag: a whiskey bottle, filled with brown liquid. Cosgrove smiles as the Butcher fetches the meat.

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR - DAY

Cosgrove drives along, the brown bag of liquor on the passenger seat. He glances at it.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Prohibition is technically still the law of the land. But there's no one to enforce it, not really, unless you're straight-up squealed on.

He turns a corner and runs into a small religious march. Signs and placards read: "REPENT!" and "WE ARE BEING PUNISHED!" Cosgrove rolls his eyes.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

It's the religious freaks that'll turn you in. The Doomsday bunch hates that everyone calls it Black Christmas. They figure all the bad happened because of the hooch. But I seem to remember their carpenter fellow turning water into wine, and no Hoods showed up to tear off Mary Magdalen's face.

Cosgrove stops the car to let the religious marchers go by. He glances out his window at the gutted remains of a small community clinic, heavily vandalized.

Someone has painted "YOU DID THIS!" on the walls.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Of course, the science bunch seems to think it was that new drug - penicillin, they call it - that started it all. What does it matter, I say. It happened.

He drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COFFEE POT - AFTERNOON

Cosgrove pulls up in front of the diner, glances in the front window. There's only one person at the counter, a WOMAN. No one else in sight. He checks his pocket watch and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. COSGROVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Cosgrove pulls up to the front of a simple three-story apartment building and stops. He gets out, grabbing the liquor and rat meat. The front door of his building is propped open, and from the dark foyer, HEAR MUSIC.

A MAN flies past him in a sprint. Cosgrove watches him go, then glances at the sun, halfway behind the horizon. He enters the building.

INT. COSGROVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER

Inside the tiny foyer sits an old woman, AGNES, 82 years old, a shotgun in her lap. A radio beside her plays MUSIC.

COSGROVE
Evening Miss Agnes. Hoods give you
any trouble today?

AGNES
Ain't a Hood yet give me trouble I
couldn't handle.

COSGROVE
That's my girl.

Cosgrove walks up the stairs. Behind him, the MUSIC is interrupted by a loud series of TONES: "BEEP BEEP BEEP", repeating.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Sundown, Miss Agnes.

AGNES
I ain't deaf, boy. Ain't blind,
neither.

INT. COSGROVE'S APARTMENT

The door opens and Cosgrove walks in. He locks it behind him. A typical bachelor's apartment. He sits down on the couch, removes his pistol and places it on the coffee table.

A cat trots in, rubs up against his legs. He pets it.

COSGROVE
I know what you want, Lucy.

He unwraps the butcher paper and puts the rat meat on the floor. The cat starts to eat.

He takes the fifth of whiskey out of the bag. The label on it has a logo: a letter "H" with wings on both sides. He opens it, toasts the cat in faux French:

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Bon app-uh-TIGHT, Lucy my love.

He takes a long swig.

He sits there, smoking, taking sips. Outside it grows darker. He WHISTLES the tune from the radio, softly.

FADE OUT.

INT. COSGROVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A HORRIFIC SCREAM wakes Cosgrove from the couch. The liquor bottle tumbles from his chest to the floor. He grabs his gun, looking around wildly.

ANOTHER SCREAM. It's from down on the street. He SIGHES: "Oh, it's just that." He stands, still a bit drunk. The cat sits on the windowsill, looking out. Cosgrove shuffles to the window.

Standing eerily still in the street is a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN. He's missing an arm, tendons and muscle hanging off.

Cosgrove shoos the cat away, opens the window. The SOUND turns the Policeman toward him: its face is mangled, bloody. Its weird eyes stare up at Cosgrove.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Seven months on, and the nights
still belong to the Hoods. No
amount of Cleaning or Seizing has
stopped that yet.

The Policeman Hood opens its mouth and SCREAMS at Cosgrove. Cosgrove's face is expressionless.

As Cosgrove points his gun at it, more SCREECHES from up the street.

TWO MORE HOODS come running at FULL SPRINT - FAST! - after two dogs. One wears the remains of a tuxedo, the other has long bloody-blonde hair. The Policeman Hood runs after them, into the darkness.

Cosgrove loses interest and closes the window.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Given any persistent condition, we
tend to adapt pretty damn fast.

He stumbles over to the couch, looking for his liquor bottle. He finds it, sits and picks it up off the floor.

It's empty.

COSGROVE
Goddammit.

He tosses it aside and rubs his eyes.

Another SCREAM from the street.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
You and me both, pal. You and me
both.

The WHIMPER of a DOG, far off: they got one.

FADE OUT.

INT. COSGROVE & COSGROVE - DAY

From behind the door, we hear Cosgrove:

COSGROVE
(behind door)
Ross?

The latches unlock, and the door opens. Cosgrove looks around: still empty. He steps in.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
So Ross didn't dine at The Coffee
Pot two nights ago. Didn't see him
in there last night, either. He
always has his dinner there. And as
far as I knew, he hadn't been in
the office.

Cosgrove goes to Ross's desk, searches through some papers and such. Nothing to find. He walks to the window, looks out. A Cleaner Car drives by.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

He's a smart kid, maybe he just needed a vacation. I could use a little fun myself. Havana would be nice. Or London. I'd be curious what a limey Hood was like.

Cosgrove picks up the baseball on his desk, grips it, then sets it back down. He grabs a baseball bat leaning on a nearby wall and walks to the door with it.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Ross could take care of himself. And if I waited around and he did show up, he'd want half of the Mortimer case, money too. So time to beat it.

Cosgrove walks out, turns, and leans the bat against the inside of the door as he slowly pulls it shut.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

But it didn't hurt to be sure.

The door shuts completely, with the bat leaning up against it under the doorknob.

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR - DAY

Cosgrove drives, smokes.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Had to check out the Van Ness, before I got too far ahead of myself. John Mortimer was the richest man in St. Louis, and the Cleaners only started Seizing buildings a month ago. If he was so chummy with the Recovery Governor, then maybe a Seizure Notice on his front door might not mean what it does for us peasant-folk. Maybe he just pays for privacy.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN NESS BUILDING

Cosgrove steps out of his car and looks up: a six-story brick office building, like dozens of others in downtown St. Louis.

He walks up to the doors. Chains and a padlock secure them, and plastered across the front is a large poster:

"DANGER! DO NOT ENTER! SEIZED BY THE CENTRAL REGION RECOVERY OFFICE, UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE FEDERAL RECOVERY ACT OF 1933. -WILBUR RANDALL MARCUM, GOVERNOR."

COSGROVE
(to himself)
Looks Seized to me.

He gives the doors a pull: nothing. He walks over to a front window and peers in. It's dark inside.

Suddenly, a VOICE behind him.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey! Get away from there!

Cosgrove turns to see OFFICER O'NEILL, a uniformed policeman.

COSGROVE
O'Neill?

O'NEILL
Jesus, Cosgrove, what do you think
you're doing?

COSGROVE
What does it look like? I want to
see the window treatments. Is that
velvet?

O'NEILL
Don't be smart, you don't want
nothing to do with what's in there.

Cosgrove walks over, the two men shake hands.

COSGROVE
Hey-ya, Irish. You back on the
beat?

O'NEILL
Aye, it's just for appearances,
really.

COSGROVE
How long ago they Seize this
building?

O'NEILL
The Van Ness? Oh, five, six days.
Maybe longer. What's up?

Cosgrove pulls out his Chesterfields, offers one.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
Damn, boy-o, where'd you go and get
those?

COSGROVE
Have one.

O'NEILL
I ain't the one to bribe no more.

O'Neill takes one anyway, Cosgrove lights it for him. They stand there, looking at the Seized notice.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
You really want inside?

COSGROVE
Call me an explorer.

O'NEILL
I'll call you an idiot and an arse.
Only Cleaners are allowed in there.

COSGROVE
I figured as much.

Beat.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Elizabeth alright?

O'NEILL
(appreciative)
She's alive, thank ya for askin'.

Cosgrove nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECOVERY BUILDING - DAY

A large public building, with tall granite steps out front. We see people milling about on the sidewalks and steps, the first time the city hasn't seemed empty.

Cosgrove's Packard pulls up and parks, he gets out, takes it in.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Roosevelt's New Deal formed three
Recovery Regions.
(MORE)

COSGROVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
East, based in Boston. West, in San
Francisco. Both port towns. You'd
think Chicago would be the natural
choice for Central, but in St.
Louis we got that tiny trickle
called the Mississippi. Those
Rationing Shipments gotta dock
somewhere.

A RELIGIOUS MAN, waving pamphlets, rushes up.

RELIGIOUS MAN
My friend, do you believe in
angels?

COSGROVE
Had one in my office just
yesterday.

RELIGIOUS MAN
How glorious!

COSGROVE
Had a pair of legs you'd want to
stir a Manhattan with.

RELIGIOUS MAN
A Manhattan? But sir...

COSGROVE
(smiling wide)
This was fun.

Cosgrove waves the confused man away and starts up the steps.

CUT TO:

INT. RECOVERY OFFICE/CLEANERS DIVISION

Cosgrove walks up to a desk, behind which sits CINDY, a
pretty red head eager to help.

CINDY
Hello sir, welcome to the Recovery
Office, are you here to report a
disturbance?

COSGROVE
I'm looking for a Cleaner.

CINDY
If you are reporting a disturbance,
I'd be happy to -

COSGROVE
No, I need one specific guy.

CINDY
(a little impatient)
I'm sorry, but it's against the law
for Cleaners to be hired on an
individual basis.

COSGROVE
He's a friend, Red. Just an old
friend I'm looking for.

CINDY
Oh. Of course. Today's orders are
right over there along the wall.

She points to a series of papers posted up along a side wall.
Cosgrove walks over to them.

CINDY (CONT'D)
I'll need his name to tell you
which team he's on.

COSGROVE
Anthony Jackson.

CINDY
One moment.

She smiles and disappears through a side door. Cosgrove looks
over the lists:

"TEAM FOUR - 1620 Washington Ave.
TEAM FIVE - 300 N. 16th
TEAM SIX - 901 N. Broadway"

COSGROVE (V.O.)
No wonder Cleaners don't stop to
help some haggard dick like me.
There's Hoods all over this
bellicose burg.

Cindy returns.

CINDY
He's on Team Eight.

COSGROVE
Thanks doll.

He checks the lists for Team Eight.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
2400 block of Terry Street. Lovely neighborhood.

He smiles at her and leaves.

INT. RECOVERY BUILDING ATRIUM

Cosgrove exits the elevator, his heels CLICK CLICKing in the marble-floored atrium. He stops suddenly.

Walking toward him is a huge ENTOURAGE OF MEN with shotguns, calmly escorting WILLIAM RANDALL MARCUM. Marcum's a large, confident, dashing politician. Big enough you're afraid not to vote for him, handsome enough you're happy to anyway.

Cosgrove watches him approach.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
His honor, the Central Recovery Governor, Mister William Randall Marcum. Even before Black Christmas, politicians were a hard second on the list of Things I Hate. Number One used to be the Chicago White Sox.

Cosgrove turns to walk past when Marcum spots him, his eyes lighting up with recognition.

MARCUM
William Cosgrove?

Cosgrove is surprised.

COSGROVE
That's me, Guv, but I don't believe we've had the pleasure.

MARCUM
I know your brother.

Cosgrove hears this way too much.

COSGROVE
Of course you do.

MARCUM
How is the good detective doing?

COSGROVE
(annoyed sarcasm)
Oh, the good detective?
(MORE)

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
He's got a Hood in the Kentucky
Derby. Runs well in the mud, so
we're hoping for rain.

MARCUM
Ah. Excellent.

Cosgrove checks out the large group backing up Marcum.

COSGROVE
Nice grouping. Did I miss the
parade?

MARCUM
No, a rally.

COSGROVE
A rally? Don't you already have the
job?

MARCUM
The good Lord will need someone to
step in when Roosevelt resigns in
shame.

Hearing the religious talk, Cosgrove also notes a PRIEST
among Marcum's entourage.

COSGROVE
(re: priest)
Cute. I usually make my padre wait
in the car.

MARCUM
What can we do for you? On a case?

COSGROVE
Confidential.

Cosgrove smiles cockily at the man.

MARCUM
You used to pitch for the Browns.

COSGROVE
That's what they paid me for.

MARCUM
(shaking his head)
Promising young career, tragically
cut short by the drink. God bless
you.

Cosgrove's smile drops at this dig at him.

COSGROVE
Good day.

Cosgrove turns and walks away, Marcum smiling after him.

EXT. RECOVERY BUILDING

Cosgrove slams out the front doors.

COSGROVE
(grumbling)
Cocksucking religious windbag.

He gathers himself and lights a cigarette, looking down at the street. Parked on either side of his Packard are several BLACK CARGO TRUCKS, each with a Cleaner number painted on the sides.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
So Marcum jumps to first on my little list. He was probably a Cardinal fan. Everyone in St. Louis loves a former Brown, except Cardinal fans.

Cosgrove spots DANNY REED, a reporter from the Post-Dispatch, jogging up the steps toward him, press pass on his hat.

Cosgrove gives a wave, Danny flips him off.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
And the goddamned press.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY STREET - DAY

Cosgrove turns onto a residential street lined with houses. Parked in front of one is Cleaner Car C-46.

On the lawn stand two AFRICAN-AMERICAN MEN and a CAUCASIAN WOMAN, talking together.

As Cosgrove pulls up, the woman and one man split up and start circling the house, one on either side. Each holds a shotgun at the ready. The third man turns to watch Cosgrove walk up.

This is ANTHONY JACKSON, 26 years old, tall and confident, with a single patch of gray in his otherwise youthful dark hair.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
I spotted Anthony a few years back,
throwing in the Negro League.
Pitching arm like an angry
bullwhip. You ask me, if he hadn't
been colored, he wouldn't have just
played in the big leagues, he would
have ruled them.

Cosgrove joins Anthony by the house's front door, smiling.
Anthony looks him up and down.

ANTHONY
Holy hell, if it isn't the shadiest
shamus in Missouri.

COSGROVE
And they say it's dangerous in the
shade these days.

ANTHONY
What do you want?

COSGROVE
Who says I want anything?

Anthony raises a skeptical eyebrow. Cosgrove changes the
subject, points out Anthony's Cleaner shotgun: a flashlight
has been welded underneath the barrel.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(re: shotgun)
Standard issue?

ANTHONY
Yeah, not bad, huh?

COSGROVE
Gets dark in these places, I bet.

ANTHONY
Well, that, and the sickness keeps
their eyes dilated, so you can
sorta blind them with it.

COSGROVE
Great. I know just the place. I
need to get inside the Van Ness
Building.

ANTHONY
So go inside.

COSGROVE
It's been Seized.

ANTHONY
If it's been Seized, then why the hell would you want inside?

COSGROVE
Why, there's a little lost puppy in there.

ANTHONY
It's crazy.

COSGROVE
Hey, you don't even know that puppy. Come on, there's three of you. Plus me, that ought to be enough. I mean, you're just standing here.

ANTHONY
Coz, Cleaning a one bedroom house is different than Cleaning a Seized commercia...

WHAM! Something inside the house slams against the front door, that INHUMAN SCREAM WAILING. Cosgrove jumps back, startled, pulling his pistol and pointing it at the door. Anthony pulls Cosgrove's hand down.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
No, don't shoot through the door.

COSGROVE
Why the hell not?

From either side of the house come running the other two Cleaners: WAYLON, 50-something, and DOROTHY, early 30s tough girl.

DOROTHY
I saw at least one in there!

WAYLON
Me too!

ANTHONY
The same one?

They shrug. Anthony pulls Cosgrove back as Waylon grabs the doorknob and turns. Dorothy kicks the door open, sending the HOOD INSIDE flying backwards.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I'll get the back!

He runs around the house.

INT. TERRY STREET HOUSE

Dorothy enters, blinds the Hood with her gun's flashlight and shoots it in the chest. It falls to the floor, and she fires another round into its head.

COSGROVE
(from outside)
God damn.

Silence. She looks at the end of her shotgun. Her flashlight is merely taped on, and the tape is SIZZLING from the barrel's heat. Waylon enters, looks at the body.

WAYLON
That's the one I saw.

DOROTHY
Me too. Go ahead, Waylon.

Waylon darts off into another room, gun and flashlight raised. Dorothy looks back at Cosgrove, gesturing to her taped flashlight.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Adapt to survive, huh?

Just past her, Cosgrove sees ANOTHER HOOD tearing around the hallway corner. His eyes widen and he raises his pistol.

COSGROVE
Hey!

She turns in time to step away, but trips over the dead Hood and falls backwards to the ground, shotgun sliding away. The second Hood's momentum carries it past her. It stops and turns on her.

This Hood was once a woman, in a dressing gown and the remains of its hair in curlers. Its breathing is RASPY and HEAVING. Its right arm is backwards at the elbow, clearly broken.

It lunges for Dorothy, the broken arm CLICKING and BENDING in unnatural ways. Dorothy raises her hands in defense.

BLAM! Cosgrove fires ONE SHOT into its head. It falls down, dead.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(lowering his pistol)
Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY STREET HOUSE - LATER

Cosgrove and Dorothy each smoke a cigarette, watching Anthony and Waylon drag the Hood bodies to the street and cover them with gasoline.

Dorothy pats Cosgrove on the shoulder.

DOROTHY
Thanks.
(re: cigarette)
For this, too.

She walks away as Anthony and Waylon walk up.

ANTHONY
Cosgrove, this is Waylon. Waylon,
William Cosgrove.

COSGROVE
Hey-ya.

WAYLON
Cosgrove, like Ross Cosgrove?

COSGROVE
Oh, for chrissake.

They shake hands.

ANTHONY
That's Dorothy.

COSGROVE
Bet she misses the Land of Oz.

WAYLON
You sure saved her butt today, bud.
Thanks.

Cosgrove shrugs.

WAYLON (CONT'D)
Anything we can do to repay you...

Cosgrove grins.

COSGROVE
Waylon, it's funny you should ask.

Dorothy drops her cigarette butt on the bodies, and as they light up with a WHOOSH:

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Cosgrove emerges from the stairs and walks down the hall.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Anthony said he and his team would
meet me at the Van Ness around two.
That gave me time for a little
lunch. Shooting Hoods sure does
work up a man's appetite. But
something was nagging at me first.

He reaches his office door, tries the knob. Locked. He unlocks all the deadbolts, turns the knob. He slowly pushes the door open.

CLANG! The baseball bat falls to the floor.

COSGROVE
Shit.

He watches the bat roll away from the door, and for the first time, some legitimate concern in his eyes.

Cosgrove picks the bat up and sets up his little alarm again, slowly closing the door with the bat up against it. It shuts, and he re-locks everything.

He walks away, glancing at the "EDITH - GONE TO OK CITY" scrawled on the wall.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Where's Ross gone to, Edith?

CUT TO:

INT. VAN NESS BUILDING - DAY

The lobby of the building is nearly pitch dark. From outside, the sounds of CHAINS AGAINST WOOD.

The door opens slowly. Daylight pours in, silhouetting Dorothy, shotgun raised, light on. Behind her stand the other two Cleaners and Cosgrove.

She steps in, they follow. The Cleaners spread out to check immediate doors/halls, as Cosgrove (with his own shotgun now) waits by the door. The Cleaners return.

DOROTHY

Clean.

WAYLON

Yep.

ANTHONY

Clean.

COSGROVE

Doesn't look overrun.

WAYLON

You can smell 'em.

ANTHONY

Or what's left of them.

Cosgrove spots the building directory on the wall, walks over and scans it.

COSGROVE

There it is. Five-oh-seven.

At the back of the lobby is a big winding staircase, spiraling up around a five-story tall atrium. Sunlight shines down from a skylight at the very top, a rectangle of light at their feet. They walk over to it.

ANTHONY

Fifth floor?

COSGROVE

Yep.

Anthony SIGHS.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Maybe it won't be so bad.

Right on cue, from above, a HOOD SCREAM.

DOROTHY

You just had to say it, didn't you?

The SCREAM AGAIN, only it's GETTING LOUDER FAST. Cosgrove sees a shadow on the floor moving about, too. They look up to see a Hood plummeting down the atrium, head first, SCREAMING its descent.

WAYLON

Move!

They dash to all sides as the Hood SLAMS into the floor, BONES CRACKING. It starts to crawl around for them.

Dorothy FIRES her shotgun into its head, and it stops. Cosgrove winks at her.

COSGROVE

Hell hath no fury like a woman with an Ithaca double-barrel.

Suddenly, countless MORE SCREAMS from above. There must be scores of Hoods up there. Multiple shadows dancing on the floor, and they look up to see:

CHAOS. Hoods are raining down from the top floors.

ANTHONY

The stairs!

They run for the staircase as the bodies start SLAMMING into the floor.

INT. VAN NESS BUILDING STAIRWAY

The foursome run up the stairs, around and around, with Hoods falling past them down the center. SCREAMS everywhere, THUDS from below. Limbs and bodies clipping the banisters as they fly past.

Some bounce onto the stairway itself. A few Hoods have hit the banisters dead on, gruesomely folded in half, still clawing and reaching for the foursome. Some run down the stairs properly. The Cleaners' guns are BLAZING to clear the way.

INT. VAN NESS BUILDING/FIFTH FLOOR

Anthony reaches the fifth floor first, to find two or three Hoods remaining. The railing on the fifth floor landing is gone: it's where they've been leaping from.

Anthony and Dorothy dispatch the remaining Hoods, and wave Cosgrove up. Waylon watches the rear.

COSGROVE
What was that about?

Anthony points to the missing railing.

ANTHONY
Fastest way from A to B. They
must've been starving. Which way?

COSGROVE
Five-oh-seven.

ANTHONY
Over there.

They run down the hall and find 507, a closed wooden door with the words "JOHN MORTIMER, FINANCES". The door has been clawed and scratched horribly.

COSGROVE
(re: scratches)
Look at that.

ANTHONY
That must be why they were all up
here.

COSGROVE
What must?

ANTHONY
Whatever's in there.

COSGROVE
Great.

Cosgrove does the KNOCK: one-two-one.

DOROTHY
Are you kidding me?

She pushes him aside and gives the door a solid kick. The frame BREAKS, but the door doesn't budge, and she falls back.

COSGROVE
(helping her up)
Jesus, you alright?

DOROTHY
Bully.

ANTHONY
Something must be blocking it from
the inside.

Cosgrove peeks through the cracked frame.

COSGROVE
You're right. Count of three, let's
all push.

They find their place along the door, as Waylon keeps his eyes on the stairs.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
One. Two. Three!

They all shove, and the door slowly opens, the sound of something heavy SKIDDING away.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
You got me this far. I'll go first.

He readies his shotgun and steps into:

INT. JOHN MORTIMER'S OFFICE

Cosgrove squeezes his way in, past a large file cabinet that was blocking the door. Anthony and Dorothy follow. Once again, the tape holding her flashlight SIZZLES from the barrel's heat.

The office is dark, save for the light shining through a window. A figure sits in front of the window, face down on a large desk. Cosgrove walks over as Anthony shines his light on it.

ANTHONY
Well?

Cosgrove looks it over. It's a man, an exit wound in the back of his head. A pistol on the floor, just under a dangling, limp hand.

COSGROVE
Lovely.

Cosgrove carefully reaches toward the body. Just before he touches it, Dorothy's flashlight falls off, the tape burning through. It CLANGS to the floor, causing Cosgrove to jump.

DOROTHY
Sorry. We all knew it was coming.

Cosgrove carefully reaches his hand into the dead man's suit jacket, pulls out a wallet and opens it.

COSGROVE

Yep. It's Mortimer. Damn.

ANTHONY

Coz, step away.

COSGROVE

What?

ANTHONY

Step back!

Anthony shines a light on Mortimer's other arm: it's torn open from a Hood bite.

COSGROVE

Relax, Tony. He's Proper Dead. Did it himself.

Cosgrove points to a point high on the window behind the body - a bullet hole and blood - then mimics a gun under his chin.

Waylon appears at the office door.

WAYLON

(re: door)

Would you look at this.

He fingers the countless claw marks on the door.

DOROTHY

No doubt they knew a meal was in here.

COSGROVE

Just like a rich guy: give the dregs a free taste, then take it away from 'em.

From afar, the SOUND OF HOOD SCREAMS. Waylon peeks down the hallway.

WAYLON

Those that can still move are moving back up, I'd bet.

ANTHONY

Hurry up, Coz.

Cosgrove looks over Mortimer's desk, spots a sheet of paper and pen underneath John's bitten hand. He carefully removes the hand and picks it up. It's a list of some sort.

DOROTHY

Well?

COSGROVE

Dorothy my dear.

(he tips his hat)

Case closed.

He smiles. Another SCREAM from afar. Waylon reappears.

WAYLON

I found us another way down. Fire
escape at the end of the hall.

COSGROVE

Fabulous. I love heights.

Cosgrove folds the list into his pocket and heads toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR - DAY

Cosgrove drives along, smoking. He smiles, a job well done.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

I couldn't remember the last time
I'd closed a case. Well before
December, that's for sure, and even
then I shared the credit with Ross.
Now it was all mine.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORTIMER MANSION - DAY

Cosgrove pulls up behind Mirabelle's Rolls Royce and gets out. He takes a look at the giant house and WHISTLES, impressed.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Unfortunately, the "Sharing of the
Bad News" was always Ross's job.
Now that was all mine, too.

He lifts the giant door-knocker to pound on the door, TWICE.

Nothing happens.

COSGROVE

Hello?!

Beat. Finally the door opens, revealing Mirabelle's butler, WESTCOTT.

WESTCOTT

Yes sir?

Cosgrove pushes his way in.

INT. MORTIMER MANSION/ENTRY HALL

Cosgrove walks into the grand entryway, with a staircase leading up to the second floor landing.

WESTCOTT

Can I help you?

COSGROVE

Lady of the house.

WESTCOTT

And you are?

COSGROVE

I'm the gumshoe.

WESTCOTT

Ah. Yes sir.

From the landing above, Mirabelle appears, in a dress, stunning as ever.

MIRABELLE

William?

COSGROVE

Hey-ya angel.

She slowly descends the staircase, and he doesn't deny himself the chance to watch her do it.

MIRABELLE

What is it?

Beat.

COSGROVE

Let's talk.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTIMER MANSION/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Mirabelle sits in a high-backed chair, having just heard the news of John's death. She's calm, focused. Cosgrove stands nearby, smoking a cigarette.

COSGROVE

You okay?

MIRABELLE

I am, thank you.

COSGROVE

You're taking this surprisingly well.

She EXHALES LOUDLY and looks at him.

MIRABELLE

Mr. Cosgrove, my husband and I were unhappy for quite some time, but I am nonetheless upset to learn of his passing.

COSGROVE

(raising his hands)

Hey, this is why I don't do divorce cases.

Cosgrove digs the list out of his pocket, unfolds it.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

I found this on his desk, like he'd just written it. It's a list of addresses.

(reads it)

300 South 9th, 1620 Olive. About twenty more. Mean anything to you?

MIRABELLE

Maybe it's where he stashed all his girls.

COSGROVE

(ignores that)

What about the letters L.P.I.?

MIRABELLE

What about them?

COSGROVE

It's written at the top here.

MIRABELLE
(losing patience)
Does it matter?

COSGROVE
Eh, I guess not.

He tosses the list on a nearby table. An awkward silence.
Somewhere in the house, a PHONE RINGS.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Phone service, huh? Nice to have
connections, I guess. Pun intended.

She's still just staring. He glances about the room, eyes
finding a half-filled brandy decanter.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Spare a little giggle water, angel?

She waves consent, and he strides over. He picks up the
bottle and looks at it closely. He notices Mirabelle watching
him.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Just checking for lipstick.

He pours himself a cup. He takes a long swig.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
They always said prohibition's for
the poor, not the rich.

MIRABELLE
Or the degenerates.

COSGROVE
(brushing off her jibe)
Cheers.

He finishes it off, comes to stand in front of her.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
As for the matter of the bill.

She nods and stands.

MIRABELLE
Of course. You did the job rather
quickly, and I thank you.

COSGROVE
Two days.

MIRABELLE

I wouldn't think getting paid by
the day is a strong incentive.

COSGROVE

A buck in the hand, two in the
bush, et cetera.

MIRABELLE

Twenty dollars. Plus expenses.
Westcott!

The butler comes in.

MIRABELLE (CONT'D)

(to Westcott)

Please give Mr. Cosgrove seventy-
five dollars in cash, would you?

WESTCOTT

Very good.

He leaves, Cosgrove's shocked.

COSGROVE

Hey, angel, I...

MIRABELLE

Included in the expenses are the
considerable danger you put
yourself in, for me. Thank you.

She extends a hand, and he takes it. They shake.

MIRABELLE (CONT'D)

Westcott will see you out.

She turns and leaves, giving him once last glance as she
does.

Cosgrove isn't sure what to do next. Westcott appears in the
doorway, holding quite a few bills. Cosgrove sees them, and
smiles wide.

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Cosgrove is in good spirits, driving through the streets at
night. He smokes, HUMS to himself.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
It was a good moment for me, in a
world starved of good moments. And
with a fresh wad of shekels burning
up my pockets, I knew just where to
go to celebrate.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Cosgrove's Packard weaves among the big industrial buildings.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Cosgrove parks, gets out and walks up to a giant steel door. At the end of the street, about 200 yards away, stands a lone Hood. It's facing the other way, and far enough to be only a minimal threat.

COSGROVE
(to himself, re: Hood)
Hey there, you old goof.

He KNOCKS - one/two/one - on the door. A window above the door cracks open, closes, and the door opens.

A GOON with a Tommy Gun steps out, looking Cosgrove up and down. From down the street, the Hood SCREAMS. Cosgrove smiles.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Table for two?

GOON
Very funny, Coz. Get inside
already.

Cosgrove enters.

INT. WAREHOUSE HALLWAY

Cosgrove descends a stair into a dimly lit hallway. The sound of MUSIC gets louder and louder as he approaches a pair of velvet curtains.

Painted on the walls of the hall are the same winged "H" logo from his liquor bottle.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
That light at the end of the tunnel
was one of my favorite spots in the
world.
(MORE)

COSGROVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's where I won that two hundred
dollars back on my Greatest Day.

He reaches the curtains and parts them. MUSIC blares, and
light drenches his smiling face.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
The best damn speakeasy this side
of the Mississippi. And they named
it "Heaven".

He enters:

INT. HEAVEN SPEAKEASY

A giant, windowless room that looks like every gin joint you
could imagine. Three-piece band JAMS on a stage, a few
couples dancing. A long bar populated with drinkers, as
waitresses serve others sitting in dark booths.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
When you're in here, there's no
such thing as Hoods.

He heads to the bar, greeting waitresses and regulars along
the way. He finds a stool and sits, as a giant BARTENDER
greets him.

BARTENDER
Coz.

COSGROVE
The usual.

BARTENDER
Times two?

COSGROVE
That's the usual, ain't it?

The Bartender fills a high ball with whiskey, and Cosgrove
throws some bills down, finishes the lot in one long pull.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Let's do it again. Daddy's
celebrating tonight.

The Bartender refills him, and Cosgrove takes a smaller sip,
settling in. From behind him:

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey there, Lefty.

Standing behind Cosgrove is a tall, handsome man in an expensive pin-striped suit. This is DOUGLAS WARIMAN, proprietor of Heaven and intimidator of many.

COSGROVE
I was a righty, Douglas.

DOUGLAS
Not when you drink.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Douglas Wariman. Bootlegger,
gangster, snappy dresser. He's the
high cloud around here.

Cosgrove raises his left hand, with drink, toasting Douglas.

COSGROVE
I thought you were in Chicago.

DOUGLAS
Some pressing business pulled me
away.

COSGROVE
And we poor country folk sure is
glad to see ya, yes indeedy.

Douglas looks Cosgrove up and down.

DOUGLAS
How's Ross?

COSGROVE
Jesus H. Christ. Even in my
favorite gin joint my brother gets
first billing, and the man doesn't
even drink.

DOUGLAS
Touchy.

COSGROVE
For your information, Ross isn't
the only Cosgrove that can do the
work. I wrapped up a case just
today.

Cosgrove toasts himself, finishes his second whiskey. Douglas does a little faux-clap for him.

From the stage, the jazz band finishes up to some APPLAUSE. Then, the sultry voice of a woman:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Hey ya'll.

HOOTS AND WHISTLES. Cosgrove's eyes widen and he turns to see ADDIE on the microphone: a sexy young blonde, mid-20s, so good looking she must be trouble.

ADDIE
 My name's Addie, and I'm gonna sing
 a little song for ya.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
 Mother of god, the star of the
 show. We called her Addie, short
 for... who cares, look at her.

CHEERS as she begins to SING an upbeat song.

COSGROVE
 I tell you what, Douglas, bottle
that and you'll be a very rich man.

DOUGLAS
 I'm already a very rich man.

Douglas signals the Bartender.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
 (pointing to Coz)
 His next two are on me.

BARTENDER
 Yes sir, Mr. Wariman.

COSGROVE
 Holy shit, you should come down to
 "St. Louie" more often!

DOUGLAS
 Enjoy the show, Coz.

Douglas pats him on the shoulder and walks off, winking at Addie as he walks by the stage. Cosgrove watches him walk down a back hallway and turn a corner.

Cosgrove finds his next drink waiting for him. He grabs it, takes a sip, and watches Addie dance and wiggle through her SONG.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
 I had money in my pocket and hooch
 in my hand.
 (MORE)

COSGROVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And if we were lucky, Addie'd
wiggle her way right out of that
dress. This was turning into a
goddamned good day.

He drinks, Addie SINGS, the place is swinging.

FADE OUT.

INT. COSGROVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cosgrove lies sleeping on his couch, his cat asleep on his chest. Sounds of HOOD SCREAMS from outside don't seem to bother either of them.

FADE OUT.

INT. COSGROVE'S OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Cosgrove, clearly hungover, slowly trudges up the stairs to his floor. He shuffles down the hall, head down, until:

ANTHONY (O.S.)
Hey, shamus!

Cosgrove is both startled and pained by the sudden shout. He looks up to see Anthony standing in front of his office.

COSGROVE
(weary sarcasm)
What do ya know. Cab Calloway, in
my building!

ANTHONY
What's wrong with you?

COSGROVE
Oh, just a little ring-a-ding-ding
last night.

ANTHONY
You're hungover?

COSGROVE
No, I went into extra innings.

ANTHONY
Well, I'm glad someone's happy.

COSGROVE
Thank you, Tony, I'm glad, too.

ANTHONY

Me and my team got fired today.

Cosgrove stops in front of Anthony, looking to see if he's serious. Anthony just stares sternly.

COSGROVE

Well, shit, friend, that's...
that's too bad.

Cosgrove turns to unlock the door. Anthony blocks it with an arm.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Dammit, I need my headache powder.

ANTHONY

We show up at the Recovery Office today to get our assignment, and Team Eight's not up on the board. We ask where it could be, and they pull us into the back room. Tell us our "services would no longer be required".

COSGROVE

Those government folks are always so nice and formal.

ANTHONY

Took our badges right there, sent us away.

Anthony waits for a response from Cosgrove, who doesn't think he needs to give one. Beat.

COSGROVE

What?

ANTHONY

Did you hear me?

COSGROVE

You're no longer a Cleaner, I heard ya. You want a letter of recommendation? Let me in my office.

ANTHONY

Do you know anything about it?

Cosgrove is puzzled at that.

COSGROVE

Why would I have -

ANTHONY

I don't know. We've been Cleaning
as a team for six months, day in
and day out. Only time anything
changed was yesterday, when you
came along and we did you a favor.
So I have to think it's something
to do with you.

COSGROVE

That's specious reasoning.

ANTHONY

What does that mean?

Beat.

COSGROVE

I don't know. My brother always
said it to me. I think it's an
insult.

ANTHONY

Fantastic.

COSGROVE

(repeating, to himself)
My brother...

He pushes Anthony's arm away and unlocks the door. He pushes it open a bit, and the bat CLANGS to the floor behind it.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Shit.

ANTHONY

What was that?

Cosgrove pushes the door open, revealing the bat rolling across the floor.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

What is it?

COSGROVE

It's a bat, dummy.

ANTHONY

(had enough)

Shamus, I swear to God.

COSGROVE
It's troubling news, is what it is.

INT. COSGROVE & COSGROVE

They enter. Anthony picks up the bat as Cosgrove scans the room: nothing's different.

Anthony spots the baseball on Cosgrove's desk, does a slow-motion swing at it with the bat.

COSGROVE
You busy today?

ANTHONY
(indignant)
Of course not! Have you been
listening to a word I...

COSGROVE
Great, let's go.

Cosgrove strides past Anthony and out the door. Anthony follows, frustrated.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Well, leave the bat.

Anthony, exasperated, tosses it back in and storms down the hall, as Cosgrove closes the door and locks it.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSS'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A quiet, simple house, dark but for the light from the windows. From the front door, the KNOCK: one/two/one. Silence. The KNOCK again. Nothing.

The door opens slowly to reveal Cosgrove, shotgun raised, and Anthony, holding Cosgrove's revolver.

They stand there, listening.

COSGROVE
Ross? Brother, you home?

Not a sound. The pair step into the living room. Anthony takes the lead, signaling for Cosgrove to go right. Anthony goes left.

They search the front rooms, and meet by a closed door. Cosgrove signals that he'll open it. He readies himself, then KICKS it open.

An empty bedroom. He EXHALES with relief.

ANTHONY
Clean.

COSGROVE
And how.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSS'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cosgrove stands alone, staring at a framed photograph on a side table.

It's a photo of ROSS and Cosgrove, standing in front of their office door. They're both smiling. The sign says "COSGROVE & COS", and Ross is painting the logo on the door.

Ross is definitely younger, and very good-looking.

Cosgrove smiles, almost a little wistful in his eyes... which he hides when Anthony walks in with a glass of water.

ANTHONY
I found this. You needed headache powder, yeah?

COSGROVE
Brilliant.

Anthony hands him the glass and a packet of headache powder, which Cosgrove pours into his mouth dry and chases with water.

Anthony spots the photograph.

ANTHONY
Nice photo. Ross paints, too?

COSGROVE
The man does it all.

Cosgrove CHUCKLES to himself.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
You know that baseball on my desk?

ANTHONY

Yeah.

COSGROVE

Ross gave me that. You know what it is?

ANTHONY

What?

COSGROVE

One of my first games with the Browns. Not my first pitch, or first strike out. It's the first home run I gave up.

ANTHONY

(disbelief)

It's not.

COSGROVE

Paul Easterling, Detroit Tigers,
9th inning, April 18, 1928.

ANTHONY

Why would he give you that?

COSGROVE

That's what I said. He told me he was proud of me in success and failure. That was just one ball, and I had my whole career in front of me. He ran out and bought it off the kid who caught it.

Beat.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Back when I thought I had my whole career in front of me.

Thinking of it pains Cosgrove, and he walks away, shaking it off. Anthony doesn't prod.

ANTHONY

So, what now?

COSGROVE

Let the detective detect.

Cosgrove walks over to Ross's home desk. It's much messier than his office desk, papers and pens and notes all over the place.

Cosgrove starts searching through it, as Anthony walks into another room.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
This is all personal stuff.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
(from kitchen)
Hey Coz. Take a look.

Cosgrove gets up and walks into:

INT. ROSS'S KITCHEN

Anthony points to a single piece of paper on the counter.

ANTHONY
You ain't the only one that can
'detect'.

Cosgrove looks at it. At the top, it reads: "NOTES FOR J. MORTIMER".

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Mortimer. Isn't that the fella we found up in the office?

COSGROVE
The very same.

ANTHONY
Was Ross working on something for the guy?

COSGROVE
(annoyed)
If he was, he didn't tell me.

Cosgrove picks it up. It's another list, but this one of names of companies, about ten. All but three are crossed out:

GRANTHAM INDUSTRIES
LITTLE PEACE INC.
ROBERTS & ROBERTS LTD.

ANTHONY
Looks like he was narrowing it down.

Cosgrove reads it over again. He grabs a nearby pen.

CLOSE-UP DOCUMENT

He circles the letters **L**, **P**, and **I** in "Little Peace Inc."

BACK TO SCENE

COSGROVE

Little Peace Incorporated. That list I found in Mortimer's office had the letters "L.P.I." at the top.

ANTHONY

Coincidence.

COSGROVE

Ross tried to teach me there's no such thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COFFEE POT - AFTERNOON

Cosgrove and Anthony stand outside The Coffee Pot, Cosgrove smoking.

Mirabelle's Rolls pulls up, and she lets herself out of the back.

MIRABELLE

Hello, William.

COSGROVE

Hey angel.

MIRABELLE

Where did you telephone me from?

COSGROVE

The Coffee Pot is a Meeting Point.

She nods, and peeks in the front window at the pay phone in the back. As usual, a group of people are standing around it, waiting for it to ring.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Just about everybody's phones were still kaput, except the big wigs like Mortimer. I guess all the switchboard girls got themselves... you know.

(MORE)

COSGROVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
FDR set up Meeting Points, public places where the phones would work first, and published the list. At the start, people got scattered, fleeing every which way. Once the initial panic stopped, and they were trying to find each other again, you could just check the list and call the last known town your loved one was in.

Through the glass, she sees the group react to the phone ringing, answering, asking the group, and hanging up in disappointment.

MIRABELLE

So sad.

COSGROVE

This here's Anthony.

ANTHONY

Ma'am.

MIRABELLE

Hello. Will, I brought that list you wanted.

She takes the list out and hands it to Cosgrove. He glances at the "L.P.I." up top, then pockets it. He smiles at her.

COSGROVE

You holding up?

MIRABELLE

I'm fine, thank you.

Beat, an awkward silence. Cosgrove checks his pocket watch.

COSGROVE

Spare a few minutes?

MIRABELLE

Sure.

COSGROVE

Walk with me.

He signals Anthony to wait, and Cosgrove and Mirabelle walk down the street together.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATER ALLEYWAY - AFTERNOON

The pair come upon an alley, sheltered from the low sunlight, where someone is projecting an old horror movie onto the side of a building, without the sound. A small crowd, including some kids, watch, as a ragged MUSICIAN plays a three-stringed guitar as ACCOMPANIMENT.

MIRABELLE

Oh, now this is nice.

COSGROVE

I thought you'd like a little escape.

They watch for a while. During the scary moments, the crowd CHUCKLES or outright LAUGHS.

MIRABELLE

I remember this being a lot scarier.

COSGROVE

Well, the horror pictures have become comedies, haven't they?

MIRABELLE

And the comedies have become sad.

Beat.

COSGROVE

Remember, back before it got really bad, before we had an idea how bad it would get, the newspapers would run little stories about which movie star had gotten sick?

MIRABELLE

Ugh, I do.

COSGROVE

Lillian Gish. Douglas Fairbanks. Clara Bow. Like that gossip was fun.

MIRABELLE

I wouldn't have known Clara Bow if she jumped up and bit me.

COSGROVE

That's probably just what she would've done.

Mirabelle LAUGHS.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Looking back, we shoulda known then
we were doomed.

MIRABELLE
I don't know. Look at these people.

She looks over the faces of the people watching the film.

MIRABELLE (CONT'D)
They're smiling, aren't they?

COSGROVE
They know the ending already,
that's why they can smile.

She looks at him; he's frowning.

MIRABELLE
What is it?

COSGROVE
My brother is missing.

MIRABELLE
Didn't you say to me it was a waste
of time looking for a missing
person?

COSGROVE
I did. Sorry.

MIRABELLE
It's okay.

COSGROVE
Did John say anything? About Ross
working for him?

MIRABELLE
No. I just found your brother's
card in John's study. Didn't that
give you an idea?

COSGROVE
Nah, everyone has Ross's card. He
was the best. Is the best.

MIRABELLE
Will that list help you?

COSGROVE

I hope so. It looks like your husband's death and my brother's disappearance are maybe part of something bigger.

MIRABELLE

But what?

COSGROVE

I don't know. It was always Ross who figured that stuff out.

She puts her hand on his shoulder, he smiles, eyes still on the horror movie.

MIRABELLE

You can do it.

COSGROVE

I need my brother to find my brother.

They stand there, watching the film together.

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR - DAY

Cosgrove drives, Anthony sits shotgun. They pull up in front of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch building.

ANTHONY

Gonna take out a want ad?

COSGROVE

There's a reporter in there that could probably help.

ANTHONY

Probably?

COSGROVE

If you haven't noticed, I'm the kinda dick who relies on favors and bribes. This guy never played that way.

ANTHONY

Oh, so it's up to your charm? I'll wait in the car then.

Cosgrove smiles and gets out, Anthony follows.

EXT. ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Posted near the front entrance is a giant board, with papers tacked up under the headings "CLEANED" and "SEIZED". A few people read over them. One YOUNG MAN spots Cosgrove and runs over.

YOUNG MAN

Say mister, do you know when the
700 block of...

COSGROVE

Sorry, kid, we're just visiting.

The man frowns, walks away.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

The Dispatch wasn't back up and running like a true newspaper, but it's still where people turned for important matters.

The pair enter the building.

INT. ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH LOBBY

They cross the lobby and walk up the nearby stairs to the second floor.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

Whenever the Cleaners do a building or a block, the Dispatch posts it as Cleaned. Seized, too, as of the last month or so. You come back to the city and want to go home, you best check the lists first.

INT. ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH NEWSROOM

Cosgrove and Anthony walk into the mostly empty newsroom. Among the few REPORTERS here and there, Cosgrove spots Danny Reed on the phone and heads over.

Danny sees him and frowns. Cosgrove just smiles.

Nearby sits JAKE DEL RIO, tossing a baseball in the air.

COSGROVE

Hey Del Rio, tell me, how do they keep a sports writer employed with no sports to cover?

JAKE

I'm good with numbers, slick. ERA,
RBI, monthly deaths.

COSGROVE

Monthly deaths? So you are still
covering sports.

JAKE

Exactly.

Jake tosses the baseball to Cosgrove.

COSGROVE

Want me to sign it?

JAKE

Oh sure. Then it'll be worth
bupkis.

Cosgrove tosses it back as Danny hangs up.

DANNY

The hell do you want?

COSGROVE

(coy)

I saw you flirting with me at the
Recovery Office. How could I
resist?

DANNY

Go screw.

Cosgrove disregards this, takes the list out of his pocket.

COSGROVE

I wonder if you couldn't tell me...

DANNY

Just because I'm pals with your
brother doesn't mean I'll help you.
You goddamned drunk.

JAKE

Take it easy, Danny.

Danny snatches the list from Cosgrove.

DANNY

What is this, for a case?

COSGROVE

Yeah.

DANNY

Why would Ross send you to see me?

COSGROVE

He wouldn't.

DANNY

Then where is he?

Cosgrove just gives a solemn look, shrugs. Danny's face drops.

CUT TO:

INT. FILE ROOM - DAY

Cosgrove stands among piles of old newspapers and files. He thumbs through a few old papers, with headlines like: "MYSTERY FLU CAN'T BE STOPPED!", "FDR NAMES Marcum RECOVERY GOVERNOR", and "STRANGE SICKNESS AMONG POOR, COLORED".

Danny appears with Cosgrove's list.

COSGROVE

Well?

DANNY

All these addresses, save for two, have been Seized in the past two weeks and sold at auction.

COSGROVE

Sold?

DANNY

That's part of the process. Seize a hopelessly overrun building, sell it, new owner rebuilds.

COSGROVE

The Van Ness, too?

DANNY

Nope, that one's not on here. But here's the other thing: the highest bids for each of these were from Little Peace, Incorporated.

COSGROVE

"L.P.I."

Cosgrove starts to light a cigarette as he mulls it all over.

DANNY

Coz, we're standing in a room
practically made of paper.

COSGROVE

(puts lighter away)

Right, sorry.

Danny leads Cosgrove out of the file room.

INT. ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH NEWSROOM

Jake and Anthony toss Jake's baseball back and forth.

JAKE

(calling to Cosgrove)

I didn't know you knew Anthony
Jackson, of the St. Louis Stars!

COSGROVE

I didn't know you followed the
Negro League.

JAKE

Sports is sports, buddy.

Danny sits at his desk. Cosgrove lights his cigarette,
signals Anthony to join him. Jake does as well.

COSGROVE

Alright, Tony and I will check out
the two remaining buildings on the
list. Danny, can you find out who
owns L.P.I.?

DANNY

Municipal records are still a low
priority, but I'll try.

COSGROVE

Great. Jake?

Cosgrove pulls out a fresh cigarette, tosses it to him.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Have a cigarette.

JAKE

You're a man among men, Coz!

Cosgrove tips his hat to Jake.

COSGROVE
Those that are left, anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAYMORE BUILDING - DUSK

Cosgrove and Anthony sit in the Packard, in an alley with a view of the Raymore Office Building. The radio plays MUSIC, softly.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
We flipped a coin - heads - and started with the Raymore Building on Locust Street. I used to love sitting on a house overnight, waiting for some husband dipping his wick to slip up. Ross let me do it all the time.

The Sundown Warning's "BEEP BEEP BEEP" comes through the radio. Cosgrove turns it off. Night is coming.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Sitting in the dark didn't have the same draw it used to.

ANTHONY
This is crazy.

COSGROVE
Hey, even us pitchers gotta step up to bat.

Cosgrove lights a cigarette and settles into his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAYMORE BUILDING - NIGHT

Cosgrove and Anthony play some sort of card game across the front seat, when they spot headlights approaching.

They slump down as a Cleaner Car passes by, followed by a Cleaner Cargo Truck. They pull up to the Raymore's entrance and park. About six or so Cleaners, armed with shotguns, get out and enter the building.

ANTHONY
Those are Cleaners!

COSGROVE
You guys work at night?

ANTHONY
No way, too dangerous. We show up
at the Recovery Office every
morning to get our assignments, but
nothing like this.

A few Cleaners come back out and get into the Cargo Truck,
pull away. Cosgrove starts the car.

COSGROVE
Looks like our stakeout has become
a tail job.

ANTHONY
Thank god. I've had enough of your
cheating at cards.

COSGROVE
Hey, an ace can be high or low.

Cosgrove pulls away and follows.

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Cosgrove tails the truck, his headlights off. Up ahead, the
truck's headlights are off, too.

COSGROVE
These guys are gonna hit something.
Why would they drive with the
headlights off?

ANTHONY
You're doing it, too.

COSGROVE
I don't want to be spotted.

ANTHONY
There's your answer, then.

The truck turns one last corner and stops. Cosgrove stops
short, backs up, and the two of them get out.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PERIMETER

They creep up to the corner and peek around.

ANTHONY
The Hooverville!

The truck is backed up to a wooden fence that surrounds the immense maze of shanties, shacks and lean-tos that make up St. Louis's Hooverville, like the dense slums of Mumbai.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
One thing I love about this country. Even in the pain of the Depression, Americans were sons a' bitches enough to name their shanty towns after ex-President Hoover.

The Cleaners are SHOUTING and BANGING on the fence. From somewhere inside, HOOD SCREAMS and WAILS rise up.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
St. Louis had the biggest Hooverville in the country. In this town, it's where people first started to get sick. And, it would seem, where a lot of Hoods still remain.

Hoods begin to run from the Hooverville through a corral of sorts into the back of the Cargo Truck.

COSGROVE
Ever seen that before?

ANTHONY
They're herding them like cattle.

COSGROVE
How much you wanna bet they're taking them back to the Raymore Building?

CUT TO:

EXT. RAYMORE BUILDING - NIGHT

Sure enough, Cosgrove and Anthony watch from the alley as the Hoods are unloaded into the Raymore Building's front doors. Cosgrove sucks on a cigarette.

The Cleaners finish up, securing the front doors and plastering the Seized notice on the front. Cosgrove tosses the butt.

COSGROVE
I hate being right.

ANTHONY

Really? I would have thought it's
pretty new to you.

Cosgrove CHUCKLES at Anthony's dig.

COSGROVE

Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR - NIGHT

The two drive along.

COSGROVE

Where are you staying these days?

ANTHONY

There's a shelter, an old school,
out in Clayton.

COSGROVE

You better lay low for a while. I
know you're not corrupt, but once
this thing hits, I don't want you
to get lumped in with the Cleaners
who are.

ANTHONY

They fired me, remember?

COSGROVE

All the better.

ANTHONY

What are you gonna do?

COSGROVE

I'm still trying to find Ross in
all this.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COFFEE POT - DAY

Cosgrove sits at the end of the counter, smoking a cigarette,
fedora low over his eyes, watching the back pay phone.

Maude walks over to him.

MAUDE

You gonna have anything else?

COSGROVE

Let a man digest, Maude.

MAUDE

Take your hat off when you're
inside, you damn ruffian.

He politely sets his hat on the counter. The pay phone in the
bag RINGS, Telephone Man answers it.

TELEPHONE MAN

(calling out)

William Cosgrove?!

Cosgrove jumps up and heads to the back. Sam watches him with
disapproval.

SAM

This ain't your personal office
line, Will!

Cosgrove takes the phone from Telephone Man.

COSGROVE

Thanks sport.

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH NEWSROOM

Danny sits on his desk, phone to his ear.

DANNY

Hey, it's me.

INTERCUT

COSGROVE

What do ya got?

DANNY

The ownership certificate for
Little Peace Inc isn't on file
there.

COSGROVE

Goddammit.

DANNY

That's not a surprise. If something were to happen at the Records Office, you don't want to lose the only proof of ownership, especially if what you own is worth so much. A lot of people would hold onto it.

COSGROVE

So what now?

DANNY

I did find the auction records for the Seizures. When the deeds were transferred a few days ago, someone from L.P.I. had to sign for them.

COSGROVE

Who?

DANNY

Douglas Wariman.

Cosgrove's eyes widen.

COSGROVE

The bootlegger?

DANNY

Friend of yours, no? If he's the owner, then he'll have that document on him somewhere.

COSGROVE

Could you piece together a corruption charge with it?

DANNY

Sure can't without it.

Beat, as Cosgrove thinks.

COSGROVE

I'll go take a look.

DANNY

He'll have it somewhere secure. Be careful. And Cosgrove?

COSGROVE

Yeah?

DANNY

Remember, you're not going to Heaven for fun this time. Take it easy.

COSGROVE

Go screw, buddy.

Cosgrove hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's quiet outside those steel doors.

INT. HEAVEN SPEAKEASY

Cosgrove sits alone at a table, nursing a small drink. A WAITRESS comes by.

WAITRESS

You want anything with that tonic water?

COSGROVE

I'm fine, thanks.

WAITRESS

You a cop or something?

COSGROVE

Please.

She leaves. Cosgrove watches Addie sing on stage, and Douglas entertaining some people at the bar, schmoozing big time.

COSGROVE (V.O.)

The one time I needed him gone,
Douglas seemed compelled to hang
around Heaven.

Cosgrove's eyes light up; something's occurred to him. He looks at the Heaven "H"-with-wings logo on the wall.

COSGROVE

(to himself)

Little Peace. Little Peace of
"Heaven", Incorporated. Clever
bastard.

He remains fixated on Douglas. Suddenly, Addie sits down next to Cosgrove.

ADDIE
Hey there, handsome.

Cosgrove's jaw is agape.

COSGROVE
Addie. Hi.

ADDIE
Buy a girl a drink?

Cosgrove eagerly waves down the waitress and orders a drink.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Thanks. So, what's your name?

Cosgrove is about to answer, when Douglas jumps up on stage, takes the microphone.

DOUGLAS
Good evening, everyone. Some friends of mine have asked me to play a little something for you. And, ever your host, I have agreed.

Light applause as Douglas sits at the piano. Cosgrove sees his chance and gets up.

ADDIE
Hey, where ya goin?

COSGROVE
Shit. I'm sorry, I'd love to stay, really, but I can't. Enjoy the drink.

He walks to the back hallway. Checking that no one's looking, he darts around the corner.

INT. HEAVEN HALLWAY

There's the door to Douglas's office. He tries the knob: locked. He starts picking the lock. Just as he unlocks it:

ADDIE
Hey!

He stands, startled. She gets right up in his face. He's not sure what to say, when she kisses him, hard, long. It's all he can do not to melt.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Come on back. I'm lonely.

COSGROVE
(really wants more)
Jesus Christ, I... I can't. I've
got something to do.

ADDIE
Breaking into Douglas's office?

COSGROVE
(feigning surprise)
I thought this was the can.

She leans right up to his face again, lips almost touching.

ADDIE
(seductive)
Hey. Forget about it, honey.

She starts to kiss, but Cosgrove grabs her forearm quickly.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Easy on the rough stuff!

COSGROVE
Did someone tell you to keep me
busy?

ADDIE
Douglas said you might need some
company.

Cosgrove opens Douglas's office door and pulls her in after
him, slamming it shut.

INT. DOUGLAS'S OFFICE

He pulls her over to a file cabinet in the corner, pushes her
against the wall.

COSGROVE
Stay there.

ADDIE
Geez, what's your problem?

Cosgrove ignores her, starts searching through files.

INT. HEAVEN SPEAKEASY

Douglas plays the piano, a great jazzy piece.

INT. DOUGLAS'S OFFICE

Cosgrove finds a folder, opens it. He looks over the documents inside.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
An inventory list of next month's
Central Region Rationing Shipment.
Douglas had circled corn, rye,
yeast. All the stuff he needed to
keep Heaven's juices flowing.

He smiles.

COSGROVE
(to himself)
Something else you're stealing,
Douglas?

ADDIE
What?

Cosgrove SHUSHES at her.

COSGROVE
Just stand there, looking pretty.

Cosgrove puts that aside and keeps thumbing through files. He finds one marked "L.P.I." and opens it. Empty.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Dammit.

ADDIE
It's about time.

COSGROVE
What did I just tell you?

But she's not talking to him.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)
You're the second Cosgrove I've
caught snooping around in here.

Cosgrove turns. There's Douglas, gun in hand, smiling at him. Cosgrove stands up, still holding the folder.

COSGROVE

What are you talking about?

DOUGLAS

Your pest of a little brother. He
was in here just a few days ago,
looking for the same thing.

COSGROVE

What did you do to him?

DOUGLAS

Same thing we did to that Good Ol'
Boy Mortimer. We introduced him to
the Hooverville Dead.

This hits Cosgrove like a freight train. Douglas loves it.

Long beat. Cosgrove struggles to speak.

COSGROVE

Once they find out what you're
doing, they're gonna have your ass.

DOUGLAS

Really?

Douglas gives a look, like 'you can't be that dumb'. Cosgrove
holds up the folder.

COSGROVE

Where's the L.P.I. document?

DOUGLAS

It's not even my name that's on it.
I just...

Douglas looks at the folder, instantly puzzled.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

It's not there?

Cosgrove notices, holds it open.

COSGROVE

Where is it?

Douglas thinks, then it comes to him.

DOUGLAS

Your goddamned sticky fingered
brother! I swear to -

GUNSHOTS from somewhere in the bar.

INT. HEAVEN SPEAKEASY

The whole room has fallen quiet, all eyes on the velvet entrance curtains: "what was that?" A PATRON slowly steps toward the curtains to investigate the noise. As he parts them to peek -

A dozen Hoods fly into the speakeasy, attacking the Patron and everyone else.

CHAOS.

- A HOOD IN OVERALLS rushes the stage. The MUSICIANS try to fight it off with their instruments, but the weak brass of the trumpet and trombone just collapses, and it pounces them. ANOTHER HOOD leaps on the piano, feet playing dissonant chords as it attacks the PIANIST.

- A NURSE HOOD, uniform still eerily stark white, makes a sprint for the bar, leaping over it at full speed and tackling the Bartender, smashing countless liquor bottles. The mirror behind the bar lets us watch it shred the bartender apart on the floor, the nurse's whites turning crimson with blood.

- A YOUNG GIRL HOOD - she couldn't have been more than eight when she turned - is threatening a WEASELY MAN. He hits it/her again and again. From across the room, a MALE HOOD almost seems to come to the Young Girl Hood's rescue. It grabs the Weasely Man's arm and rips it off, takes him to the ground. The Young Girl Hood joins in.

- A fallen cigarette ignites the liquor spilled on the bar, flames erupting up.

- The microphone on the stage is knocked to the floor, right next to a PRIEST HOOD tearing into a WOMAN. Her SCREAMS and its SNARLING broadcast loud and clear through Heaven's speakers.

- A BURNING HOOD, flames consuming it, sprints across the room and, unable to see, slams hard into a wall. It gets up and tries again, and again.

INT. HEAVEN HALLWAY

Douglas steps out to see the carnage. Patrons screaming, Hoods everywhere, bar alight. He's furious.

DOUGLAS

No!

A Hood spots him and runs right at him. Douglas FIRES his pistol many times, but none find the head. It tackles him to the floor.

INT. DOUGLAS'S OFFICE

Addie SCREAMS as she and Cosgrove watch the Hood tear into Douglas's neck.

COSGROVE
(to Addie)
Where's the back exit?

ADDIE
What?

COSGROVE
It's a speakeasy, I know it has
another way out!

ADDIE
To the right!

He starts for the door, his gun drawn.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Don't leave me here!

She runs after him.

INT. HEAVEN HALLWAY

The Hood still wrestles with Douglas, until a HEADSHOT from Cosgrove. It falls to the side, dead. Cosgrove stands over a bleeding Douglas.

COSGROVE
Proper Dead, Doug.

Cosgrove steps over him and runs to the back. Addie appears, disgusted at Douglas's body, and follows.

A small EXPLOSION from the bar.

Douglas, weak, bleeding, slowly brings his pistol up to his head.

He pulls the trigger. CLICK. Empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE BACK DOOR

The door flies open. Cosgrove runs out, Addie right behind him. His car is parked nearby, among many others. He looks to the front entrance and sees a Cleaner Cargo Truck pulling away from the doors.

COSGROVE

Come on!

They run to Cosgrove's Packard and jump in. He tears off after it, as a few terrified Patrons stumble out of Heaven's front steel doors.

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR

Cosgrove floors it, following the Cleaner Truck at top speed.

ADDIE

Why aren't they stopping to help?!

COSGROVE

Because they brought the Hoods
here! Switch with me.

ADDIE

What?

COSGROVE

Take the wheel!

Cosgrove pulls Addie over to him, and they awkwardly switch places. She's clearly not comfortable behind the wheel.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

(pointing at Cleaners)

Floor it!

EXT. COSGROVE'S CAR

Cosgrove opens the passenger door and gets out on the running board. He aims his pistol over the car's roof at the Cleaner Truck and FIRES. Miss.

Cosgrove bends his head into the window.

COSGROVE

Get alongside it!

Addie floors it, and they get closer to the Truck. Up ahead, a Hood in the street. The Cleaner Truck's cow catcher sends it flying up and to the side, right at Cosgrove's car.

Addie SCREAMS as the Hood crashes into the windshield and bounces up over the roof, almost taking Cosgrove with it. The car swerves a bit.

She pulls close to the passenger side of the Truck. Cosgrove fires over the top of his car. The PASSENGER CLEANER ducks, then points his Cleaner Shotgun at Cosgrove.

Cosgrove ducks the blast, his only free hand holding on to the door handle. Addie swerves again, the force keeping Cosgrove's body hanging way out over the road. Up ahead, a Hood runs to them. Cosgrove pulls himself up just before he would've clipped it with his head.

Addie starts to slow down. Cosgrove leans in.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

ADDIE
I can't do this! I can't!

Cosgrove notices a severed leg in the passenger seat, left there by the windshield-crashing Hood. He picks it up and throws it out.

COSGROVE
Drive! Drive!

She reluctantly floors it as Cosgrove stands back up on the running board. Just as he looks over at the Cleaner Truck, he can see the Passenger Cleaner smiling at him.

The Cleaner Truck slows a bit until they're right along Addie's side. Cosgrove points his pistol at the Passenger's face, but then the Cleaner truck swerves and BUMPS them. Addie SCREAMS.

Cosgrove almost falls off, but recovers. He stands back up, a victorious smile on his face. But the Passenger's not looking at him, he's looking ahead and pointing. Cosgrove looks, too.

A group of THREE HOODS, standing in the street. Cosgrove's eyes widen: the Cleaner Truck is going to bump his car right into them.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Addie, stop the...

Too late. Another sideswipe from the Truck bumps the car onto a collision course with the Hoods. Without a cow catcher, the Packard suffers the full brunt of the Hoods' weight.

CRASH. Cosgrove goes flying off the running board and into the street, his pistol sliding away. The car comes to a hard stop, the engine cutting out. The Cleaner Truck gets away.

INT. COSGROVE'S CAR

Addie recovers, her forehead bleeding from a cut. Stuck on the grill of the car is a single Hood, clearly not pleased with being hit. The other two have been thrown, limbs broken, crawling around.

The grill Hood looks at her, SNARLING. Something grabs Addie from the driver's window and she SCREAMS. It's Cosgrove.

COSGROVE
(getting in)
Move over, dammit.

He shoves her over, starts the car. The grill Hood starts to crawl toward them, but Cosgrove hits reverse and it falls off. He spins the car around and speeds off.

Silence, as Addie whimpers.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Where do ya live, I'll drop you off.

She just weakly points straight ahead. He drives on.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Where'd you learn to drive, huh?
The Conservatory of Music?

EXT. CITY STREET

They drive on down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COFFEE POT - DAY

Cosgrove sits, his hat on the counter next to him. A plate of uneaten food in front of him. Maude comes by to top off his coffee, but it's still full.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
My brother was dead. And all
because he was the "good one". John
Mortimer needed help, and Ross was
the one to do it. Not me.
(MORE)

COSGROVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And he was killed, not me. He was
dead because he was great, and I
was alive because I was shit.

A LADY hangs up the pay phone in the back.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
I thought Douglas was behind it
all. Maybe Mortimer and Ross
thought so, too. It was easy,
Douglas was a bad guy. But once
Ross got his hands on that
document, and saw the name of the
real owner of Little Peace, he
must've realized even he might be
in over his head.

In the back, the phone rings again. The Lady answers.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
I still needed that document to
prove it.

PHONE LADY
William Cosgrove?

Cosgrove looks up.

COSGROVE (V.O.)
Someone else needed it, too.

Cosgrove stands and walks to the back. Sam frowns at him.

SAM
Dammit, Will, what did I tell you?

Cosgrove just raises his hands innocently as he takes the phone from the lady.

COSGROVE
(on phone)
Hello?

MARCUM (O.S.)
(phone)
Hello Mr. Cosgrove.

COSGROVE
Hey there, Guv. I've been waiting
for you to call.

MARCUM
I think you have something I want.

COSGROVE
Is that so? Maybe I like the way it
looks framed on my wall.

MARCUM
Your reputation precedes you,
Cosgrove. I thought you might like
to play.

The sound of the phone SHUFFLING, then:

MIRABELLE
(on phone)
Will?

COSGROVE
Mirabelle?

MIRABELLE
I'm okay.

HEAR Marcum take the phone back.

MARCUM
Isn't that fun?

COSGROVE
What are you doing with Mirabelle?

MARCUM
It's only fair that I have
something you want, too.

COSGROVE
I barely even know her.

MARCUM
Oh, come now. One doesn't take just
anyone to the movies.

COSGROVE
You really have every Cleaner in
the city as your eyes and ears,
huh? And fire the ones who don't
play along. Why are you doing this?

MARCUM
Why? Look around you, Cosgrove.
That phone's a Meeting Point, so
I'm sure there are quite a few
people standing there. Look at
them.

Cosgrove glances around at the Phone Lady and the others standing nearby. They're watching him. One MAN even smiles, hopeful.

MARCUM (CONT'D)

They're desperate for good news, desperate for any glimmer of hope. They'll do anything for it. They'd pay for it if they had the money. Because they're afraid, and they'll do anything not to be.

COSGROVE

And you have the power to help them.

MARCUM

I have the power for a lot of things, and that's exactly the point, my friend. The Lord saw to it to put me here, it's my duty to exercise the full reach of my power to do his Work. The only wrong path is to not continue.

COSGROVE

Killing people?

MARCUM

Millions died already to put me in this blessed position. Every Seizure is a victory. Every action I've taken is one step closer to His plan. And mine.

COSGROVE

And the buildings you're stealing?

A beat, Cosgrove can almost hear Marcum smiling.

MARCUM

If He wants me to get rich in the process, I'm not one to question.

Cosgrove shakes his head. Beat.

MARCUM (CONT'D)

I need that document.

Cosgrove thinks.

MARCUM (CONT'D)

Mr. Cosgrove?

COSGROVE

Alright, where you want to meet?

MARCUM

My office, after dark.

COSGROVE

Feeling romantic, huh? I'll see you there.

Cosgrove hangs up, walks back over to the counter.

SAM

Who was it, then?

Cosgrove still just thinks.

SAM (CONT'D)

Will?

Finally, Cosgrove grabs his hat and starts out the door.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's happening?

COSGROVE

Either the end of a tragedy, or the beginning of a hero's tale.

And he's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DUSK

Cosgrove walks into the public school building that is now being used as a shelter. It's a sight to see: scores of families, all poor, mostly black, living and sleeping side by side, filling the room like evacuees.

Cosgrove scans the crowd, spots Anthony. He waves him over.

ANTHONY

Hey shamus.

COSGROVE

Jesus, this is where you live?

ANTHONY

Ah, it ain't so bad.

COSGROVE
Ain't so bad?! Where'd you live
before Christmas?

ANTHONY
The Hooverville.

COSGROVE
Oh. Shit.

Cosgrove takes in the sight again, looking at all the people.

ANTHONY
So what's up?

COSGROVE
I need your help. Again.

ANTHONY
I'm flattered. And wary.

CUT TO:

INT. RECOVERY BUILDING ATRIUM - NIGHT

Cosgrove and Anthony enter the building to find two Cleaners waiting to frisk them. Then they lead them to the elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR

Our heroes stand, flanked by the two Cleaners. Awkward silence as they ride up. Finally:

COSGROVE
Lovely night, huh?

ANTHONY
The best. Not too humid.

CLEANER ONE
Shut-up.

INT. MARCUM'S OFFICE

Cosgrove and Anthony are led into the large office of Governor Marcum. A enormous picture window overlooks the entire city. Marcum leans on his desk, smiling, surrounded by FOUR MORE CLEANERS.

MARCUM
Welcome.

COSGROVE
Where's Mirabelle?

MARCUM
One thing at a time.

COSGROVE
Fair enough. How about this: when
you gonna rebuild Heaven? This is
thirsty work.

MARCUM
Where's the document?

COSGROVE
Tell me, was Douglas compensated by
having his pick at the Ration
Shipments we get every month?
Smuggling Rations to support a
bootlegger doesn't make for nice
headlines. Especially for a "God-
fearing" politician.

MARCUM
Mr. Cosgrove, it seems you've found
yourself standing at home plate
thinking you've hit a home run,
when the truth is you haven't even
swung the bat yet. If the city's
best businessman, savviest
gangster, and smartest detective
couldn't stop me, what hope does a
drunk ex-ballplayer have?

Marcum draws a pistol, points it at Anthony.

MARCUM (CONT'D)
Where is it, or I shoot your nigger
friend.

ANTHONY
Hey, I'm a voter.

COSGROVE
Easy, Marcum. That whole "whites
and coloreds" thing has gotten a
bit stale, what with this whole new
category running about.

Marcum SHOOTS Anthony in the arm.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Alright, alright! Jesus Christ, I
don't have it!

MARCUM

The hell you don't. My men saw you speeding away from Heaven last night.

COSGROVE

I should think so, I made a point for them to see me. But I didn't swipe it. My brother did, the night you guys killed him.

Marcum's eyes go wide.

MARCUM

What?

COSGROVE

That's right. Ross has it on him.

MARCUM

(to Cleaners)

Where did you take the detective?

CLEANER TWO

To the Hooverville, boss. Like you said.

COSGROVE

That's a predicament.

Marcum thinks, then stands up.

MARCUM

Grab him. The nigger, too. Let's go.

Marcum strides out as the Cleaners grab Cosgrove and Anthony and follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECOVERY BUILDING - NIGHT

The group stride out a side door toward multiple Cleaner Cars. Cosgrove spots a Cleaner escorting Mirabelle to one of the cars.

COSGROVE

Hey there, angel. Alright?

MIRABELLE

Starring in my own comedy.

COSGROVE
Can't wait to see how it ends.

He smiles at her as he and Anthony are shoved into the back of another car. The whole convoy pulls away.

EXT. STREETS

The three-car convoy winds through the streets.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PERIMETER

They pull up to the outer fence and stop. Marcum gets out, the Cleaners push Cosgrove and Anthony out as well.

COSGROVE
What is this?

MARCUM
You're going to go get it for me.

COSGROVE
In there? At night? You're insane.

MARCUM
No, I'm just impatient. And I want what's mine.

COSGROVE
What if we can't find it? What if...

MARCUM
Then you can take it up with God.

The Cleaners push Cosgrove and the wounded Anthony forward.

COSGROVE
Alright, but not Tony. He's hurt.

MARCUM
That's your fault.

ANTHONY
I'll be alright, Coz.

COSGROVE
Can we at least get some weapons?

MARCUM
No. My Cleaners will go with you.

The Cleaners don't like that.

CLEANER ONE
Hey, boss, you serious?

MARCUM
Go! NOW!

Reluctantly, the Cleaners grab shotguns and Tommy Guns and walk toward the fence. One of them unlocks a chain, where they corralled Hoods from before, and slowly opens a gate, peeking in. Nothing in sight.

Cosgrove turns back to see Marcum standing by the car with Mirabelle. She looks at him grimly through the back window.

MARCUM (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'll stay with her.
She'll be here if you get back.

Cosgrove looks right at Mirabelle.

COSGROVE
When I get back.

She forces a smile back to him. He turns and walks into the Hooverville, followed by Anthony and the five Cleaners, closing and chaining it behind them.

INT. HOOVERVILLE

A somewhat open clearing, beyond which lies countless shacks, with narrow corridors between them leading off into the maze of the slum.

Anthony favors his wounded arm.

COSGROVE
Tony, you sure you're alright?

ANTHONY
"A touch, a touch, I do confess."

COSGROVE
Okay, stop showing off.

He turns to the Cleaners.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Alright, which one of you brought him here?

CLEANER ONE
What does that matter?

COSGROVE
Because, I want to know what he was
wearing. Was he injured, shot in
the leg or something? You know,
things that will help us find him
in here.

CLEANER THREE
I brought him.

COSGROVE
Come here.

Cleaner Three steps forward. Cosgrove punches him in the face, hard. The other Cleaners raise their guns on him.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Now that's out of the way,
continue.

CLEANER THREE
(recovering)
I don't remember. A suit or
something. We just shoved him in.

Cosgrove looks around. Eerie, but no Hoods in sight. Yet.

COSGROVE
Tony?

ANTHONY
Look, don't use the guns. One shot
will alert the whole population in
here to our presence. If you have
to kill a Hood, try to bash the
skull. Remember, Proper Dead.

Cosgrove finds some blunt metal rods nearby, amongst the slum's junk. He hands one to Anthony.

COSGROVE
Let's go.

They walk into one corridor.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PASSAGEWAY

Cosgrove checks inside a few shacks: empty. He opens the door to another to find a FEMALE HOOD, wearing a once gorgeous and expensive dress, its back to him. He quietly closes that door.

At one point, an ARMLESS HOOD crosses their path ahead. They all freeze, watching it pass. Cosgrove shakes his head - "it's not Ross" - and they continue on.

Cosgrove walks past another shack, and suddenly not two feet beside him is a FAT MALE HOOD. It opens its mouth for him, but Cosgrove hits it with the end of his pipe, impaling it in the face. It falls, twisting the pipe out of Cosgrove's hand as it does. Cosgrove pulls it back out.

CLEANER TWO
(whispering)
I can't do this.

COSGROVE
Shhhhh.

CLEANER TWO
(getting louder)
No, I can't do this. I can't do
this, I need to leave.

He waves his Tommy Gun about, freaking out. Cosgrove keeps trying to quiet him, grabs him.

CLEANER TWO (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Let go of me!

From off, a more casual HOOD GROAN startles Cleaner Two, and he FIRES the Tommy Gun wildly in that direction.

Silence. Then, from all around, countless SCREAMS rise up. The Hooverville has awoken.

COSGROVE
(grabbing the panicky
Cleaner)
Now you've done it!

Cleaner Two doesn't care, drops his Tommy Gun and runs off into the night. Cosgrove picks the gun up, the other Cleaners react.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Easy, fellas. It's every man for
himself now.

A Cleaner in the back of the group is suddenly side-tackled by a PAIR OF HOODS, out of nowhere. Instantly, the group runs every which way. Anthony follows Cosgrove.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE CORRIDOR

Cosgrove and Anthony run between the shacks. Cosgrove shoots a few Hoods with the Tommy Gun when needed. Anthony, with his one good arm, still manages to whack one or two with his iron rod. They duck into a lean-to and close the door.

INT. LEAN-TO

COSGROVE

Tony, you lived here, right?

ANTHONY

Yeah.

COSGROVE

Ross knew this Hooverville. He knew everything, he was good like that. Where would he go??

Anthony thinks.

ANTHONY

There's a clearing, about a hundred yards that way. The "Central Square", if you could call it that. That's where I'd go.

COSGROVE

Lead the way.

ANTHONY

What if he went Hood?

Cosgrove frowns.

COSGROVE

Even if he got bit, he'd have time to secure himself inside somewhere. He wants to be found.

They peek out the door, and slowly slip out when it's clear.

INT. HOOVERVILLE

From off, HEAR a GUNSHOT or two, and the FAINT CRY of one of the Cleaners.

Cosgrove and Anthony avoid a few Hoods running to the source of the shots, and slowly weave their way along the maze of corridors.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE CLEARING

They reach the clearing, a courtyard of sorts. Shacks along the perimeter. Anthony points to one in particular, with a tall spire on top of it.

ANTHONY

Coz, look.

Cosgrove looks over: the Cosgrove & Cosgrove logo has been drawn on the door, in blood.

COSGROVE

Ross.

They look around - it's clear for now. The two men sprint over to the door. Cosgrove listens, hearing LABORED BREATHING inside.

He checks the door. It's latched, but a makeshift doorknob allows him entry. He pushes it open carefully.

INT. SHACK

Facing into the far corner of the tiny one-room shack is a figure in a tattered and torn suit. Cosgrove's breath leaves him for a moment as he steps in, quietly, gun at his side.

COSGROVE

(quietly)

R-Ross?

Nothing. The Hood just stands there, BREATHING.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

(a bit louder)

Ross?

It perks up, head raises. Slowly it turns to face Cosgrove.

It's Ross. We've only seen a picture, but it's unmistakably him, though battered, bloody; a Hood, through and through. A bite mark on his neck, rotting over. That vacant look in his eyes.

When Cosgrove sees him, his eyes tear up. The Ross/Hood does not move, just stands there, looking at him.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Ross. It's me.

Still it stands there, BREATHING RAPIDLY.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
It's me. William.

Cosgrove takes a step forward.

ANTHONY
(warning)
Hey, careful.

COSGROVE
It's okay. Ross, you'd be so proud
of me. I did it. I found you.

The Ross Hood takes a sidestep.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
I found you, brother. Maybe I ain't
so bad at this after all.

A long beat, as they stare at each other. Maybe it's not so bad. Cosgrove smiles.

Suddenly, Ross lets out a terrifying SCREAM and begins to charge. Cosgrove FIRES the Tommy Gun, just a quick burst, and Ross falls dead.

This is almost too much for Cosgrove to bear, and he turns away, shaking with grief. Anthony lets him have a moment, but steps in and closes the shack door behind him.

Beat.

Anthony goes over to the body, reaches out.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Don't touch him!

Anthony is startled.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Sorry. I didn't mean...

ANTHONY
It's okay.

COSGROVE
I'll do it.

Anthony steps back. Cosgrove kneels down next to the body. His aim was true, only a bullet hole or two in the top of Ross's head; his face is still, for the most part, all Ross.

Cosgrove takes a final moment to look at his brother, then searches the pockets of Ross's ragged suit. He finds the document, gives it a quick look and pockets it.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(to Ross's body)
You were always so good at that
sleight of hand. Clever bastard.

He smiles, takes his fedora off and places it over Ross's face. He looks around the shack. There's a window, made of colored bits of glass: beer and Coke bottle shards.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(to Anthony)
What is this place?

ANTHONY
This was our church.

Cosgrove stands, nodding. He looks down at Ross's body, face covered in his fedora.

COSGROVE
What was that flowery "I do
confess" shit?

ANTHONY
Shakespeare. Hamlet.

COSGROVE
Anything appropriate for this?

Anthony thinks.

ANTHONY
"Good night, sweet prince. And
flights of angels, sing thee to thy
rest."

COSGROVE
Not bad.

He smiles, then it hits him.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
"Angels". Mirabelle! We gotta go!

Cosgrove turns as Anthony peeks out the door: a Hood or two wandering the clearing.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
How is it?

ANTHONY
Two or three, so far. More will be
coming, the ones that heard your
gunshots.

COSGROVE
Let's go then.

They burst out of the shack.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE CLEARING

They run out, away from the few Hoods wandering about. But Hoods are coming out of practically every corridor surrounding the clearing. Cosgrove tries to SHOOT a few, but there are too many.

ANTHONY
Coz! The roofs! There!

Anthony darts toward a low-hanging shack, and leaps up, pulling himself up onto the tin roof, despite the pain in his arm. Cosgrove follows, tossing the Tommy Gun up to him and jumping up in one smooth move.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE ROOFS

Now above the fray, they can see the expanse of the maze. Cosgrove can just see Marcum standing on the outside of the perimeter, by the cluster of Cleaner Cars.

HOODS gather below them, SCREAMING up at them.

COSGROVE
(to Anthony)
Good idea.

Off, they can see Cleaner One standing on a roof, too. They wave to get his attention, then point towards Marcum. The Cleaner acknowledges and starts leaping the rooftops. Anthony and Cosgrove do the same.

They leap gaps between shacks, sprinting across the top of the Hooverville.

Nearby, a fallen shack provides a ramp of sorts to the roof, and two Hoods happen upon it and up on the roofs with them.

ANTHONY
Watch it! To the left!

Cosgrove fires the Tommy Gun, getting one, missing the other.

COSGROVE
Forget it, just run!

They run, leaping across a wide gap between shacks. The Hood behind them doesn't leap, falling and slamming into the next shack, the tin roof edge slicing it in half. The top half continues pulling itself along the roof with its arms.

More and more Hoods below notice our heroes running above, and follow through the weaving passageways below. Cleaner One is close to meeting up with them.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
(to Cleaner One)
Come on!

Cleaner One jumps across a gap, but the flimsy tin roof gives way and he falls through with a CRASH.

Hear his SCREAMS as he's pounced on.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Christ. Maybe let's watch our step?

ANTHONY
I think so. Keep to the edges.
Carefully.

They continue on. Nearing the perimeter fence, Cosgrove calls out.

COSGROVE
Marcum!

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PERIMETER

Marcum hears them first, then sees them approaching on the roofs.

COSGROVE
Marcum, get ready!

Marcum grabs his own Tommy Gun and approaches the fence.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE ROOFS

Cosgrove and Anthony near the last shack. A huge gap between them and the fence means they'll have to jump down and run the final distance. They stop, eyeing Marcum just beyond.

MARCUM

Did you find it?!

COSGROVE

(showing it)

Right here.

MARCUM

Give it to me!

From behind them, the Hoods are catching up, their SCREAMS getting louder.

COSGROVE

What, you want I should make a paper airplane out of it? Let us out of here, first.

MARCUM

Give it to me now!

INT. CLEANER CAR

Mirabelle watches the stand-off from the back of the car.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE

Cosgrove puts the document away.

MARCUM

Goddamit, Cosgrove!

COSGROVE

I'm not stupid, Marcum. I give it to you and you'll...

Marcum loses his patience and fires his Tommy Gun at them. They fall to the ground to avoid it, behind the fence.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PERIMETER

Marcum, filled with rage, begins SHOOTING the Tommy Gun through the wooden fence, over and over again.

MARCUM
(screaming)
I'll kill you, Cosgrove! And I'll
take it from you!

INT. HOOVERVILLE

Cosgrove and Anthony lie flat on the ground, bullets hitting everywhere around them. By the time Marcum runs out of ammo, the section of fence is swiss cheese, with huge splintered holes.

Cosgrove and Anthony huddle against the wall of the last shack.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PERIMETER

Marcum tosses his empty machine gun aside and pulls his pistol. He walks over to the large shredded hole in the fence and peers in. He sees the two men.

MARCUM
(angrily calm)
Give me. What is mine.

He points the pistol at them, but then he looks past them: the swarm of Hoods have finally broken through to the source of all this noise. SCORES OF THEM pour out of the nearby corridors, and all they see is Marcum.

Marcum FIRES at them, but it's pathetically useless. They just keep coming.

He turns and runs, toward the cars, when the first of the Hoods hits the splintered fence hard: they SMASH through, tearing off flesh and limbs but powering on toward him.

INT. HOOVERVILLE

Cosgrove and Anthony don't move, pressed up against the shack, as the stampede of Hoods swarm past them, all heading for Marcum.

INT. CLEANER CAR

Mirabelle sees Marcum running toward her, and the swarm of Hoods behind him.

MIRABELLE
Oh my god.

She crawls into the front seat and starts the car.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PERIMETER

As Mirabelle takes off with a jolt, Marcum SCREAMS at her.

MARCUM

Stop stop, you bitch!

She drives away, and Marcum makes for another Cleaner Car. The Hoods are hot on his tail. He dives into the driver's seat and closes the door just as a FLAPPER HOOD hits it hard, shattering the glass.

INT. MARCUM'S CAR

Marcum wrestles with it/her as more and more HOODS slam into it. The car rocks with their impacts. Marcum's flailing elbow hits the gear shift, knocking it into Neutral, and it starts to roll backwards.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PERIMETER

Marcum's car picks up speed, rolling down the inclined street toward a nearby building. The Hoods chase after it, jumping onto it and smashing the windows.

INT. MARCUM'S CAR

They're crawling in after him, through the broken windows. Shards tearing their flesh off, but it doesn't stop them. They want him.

Countless Hoods - white/black, old/young, tall/short. They all claw at Marcum, tearing into him.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE PERIMETER

The car, now so covered with Hoods it's barely recognizable, rolls toward the storefront of a nearby building, faster and faster. It CRASHES through the glass and comes to rest inside. More Hoods sprint in after it. HEAR Marcum SCREAMS.

The old sign above the now-infested store reads: "EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. WHITES AND COLOREDS WELCOME."

A pre-Black Christmas Depression poster still hangs on the remains of the front window: "WE CAN DO IT TOGETHER!"

We hear Marcum no more.

EXT. HOOVERVILLE

Cosgrove and Anthony sit up as the wave of Hoods ceases. They can hear them CRASHING about the store/car.

COSGROVE
That didn't sound good.

Anthony notes the now-giant hole in the fence, and all the Hoods beyond it.

ANTHONY
And that's why we never shoot
through the door.

COSGROVE
Good thinking. What now?

Before Anthony can answer, sudden headlights through the slats in the fence, and a CRASH as Mirabelle drives the Cleaner Car through, coming to a stop. She smiles at Cosgrove as he stands.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Now I see why you have a chauffeur.

MIRABELLE
Be smart with me later, let's go.

They jump into the car, and Mirabelle tears off, the cow catcher grill of the Cleaner Car tearing away more fence and a few Hoods.

INT. CLEANER CAR

They glance at the storefront, overflowing with Hoods, as they drive past. Anthony smiles, satisfied. Cosgrove just turns to look out his window at the city solemnly.

Mirabelle takes one hand off the wheel and puts it on his. He takes it, but keeps staring out his window.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ST. LOUIS CITYSCAPE - MORNING

The sun rises on a new day. The sound of RADIO STATIC, TUNING.

EXT. STREETCAR - DAY

A GROUP OF PEOPLE stand around an idle street car. They watch it expectantly. Suddenly, it powers up, and starts to move slowly along the tracks. They all APPLAUD and CHEER.

Over this, the sound of the radio finding an FDR Fireside Chat in progress:

FDR (V.O.)
(on radio)
We are rebuilding. Normalcy will come, but to be sure, it must be steady. For those who shout for a quicker recovery, remember...

INT. NEWSPAPER PRESSES - DAY

Danny stands in the giant room, Jake beside him smoking. They watch the newspaper presses running at FULL SPEED.

FDR (V.O.)
(on radio)
...that speed is difficult to control. The clamor and confusion of moving too quickly provide ample cover for corruption and fear.

Danny pulls a paper off the line. The front page's giant headline: "NEW RECOVERY GOVERNOR SWORN IN! PROMISES TO UNDO MARCUM CORRUPTION!"

INT. HEAVEN SPEAKEASY - DAY

The place is empty, dark. Blackened by fire and dusty with months of neglect. Overturned chairs, a bloody piano, but no bodies.

FDR (V.O.)
(on radio)
There were dark times. There was darkness, and there was the light some chose to snuff out, for personal gain.

INT. COSGROVE'S OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN walks down the hallway, approaches Cosgrove's office door. The door's window has been replaced, and the lettering on the glass reads: "COSGROVE, JACKSON, & COSGROVE", with the same private eye logo.

FDR (V.O.)
(on radio)
Do not hate these people. They
feared as you feared. They long for
a new life, a new start, as you
long for it.

The Young Woman opens the door to reveal the office, with a third desk to one side. Sitting at this desk is Anthony Jackson, wearing a suit. He stands upon her entering.

ANTHONY
Hello, may I help you, ma'am?

CUT TO:

INT. THE COFFEE POT - DAY

It's busier than usual. In the back, the PHONE RINGS, is answered, and handed off to a YOUNG WOMAN. For once, it's a good call; she smiles with joy.

FDR (V.O.)
(on radio)
We will always have villains. We
needed no darkness to tell us that.
Instead, let it remind you that we
will also always have heroes. And
together, we...

Sam reaches over to the radio behind his counter and turns the dial. HEAR THE STATION CHANGE to a BASEBALL GAME.

EXT. SPORTSMANS PARK - DAY

Cosgrove sits on the first base side, watching the St. Louis Browns play. The stadium is only half-full, but people are happy.

From behind, a fedora is plopped on his head.

COSGROVE
Hey now.

Mirabelle sits down next to him, smiling.

MIRABELLE
Hi.

COSGROVE
Hey-ya, angel.

He takes off the fedora and looks at it.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
I needed one of these.

MIRABELLE
I know you did.

COSGROVE
It's sharp. Where'd you get it?

MIRABELLE
Barney's Chapeaus.

COSGROVE
Barney's back in town?

MIRABELLE
He and his wife, both.

COSGROVE
That's great.

As he puts it on, the CRACK OF A BAT, and a CHEER as the Browns get a hit. Cosgrove offers Mirabelle some peanuts. She shakes her head.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Saving room for dinner tonight?

MIRABELLE
Where you taking me? The Coffee Pot?

COSGROVE
As nice as that place is, I do know of some other joints in town.

MIRABELLE
Ooo, someplace posh, no doubt?
Strawberries and champagne?

COSGROVE
Ginger ale for me. But basically,
yeah. Posh.

Anthony, in suit and fedora, trots down the stands and kneels next to them.

ANTHONY
Coz. Let's go, I got a lead on that Juniper lady.

COSGROVE
Tony, it's only the sixth inning!

Anthony just gives a 'you know better' look and walks away.
Cosgrove feigns frustration.

MIRABELLE
More missing persons?

COSGROVE
Pays the bills.

Cosgrove stands, CLAPS for the team.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Take over for me, angel.

MIRABELLE
(imitating him shouting)
"Hey Burns, where'd you learn to
throw? Sears and Roebuck?!"

COSGROVE
Classy dame. See you tonight.

He kisses her on the hand and runs up to join Anthony.

He turns back to look at the crowd and the game. Another
CHEER for another hit. Cosgrove smiles at Anthony, then they
turn and disappear into the tunnel.

FADE TO BLACK.