"LITTLE CHICAGO: Dean Martin, Jimmy The Greek and The Mob"

A Story Based on Historical Events

By

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A Story Based On Historical Events

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OPEN: A video clip from "The Dean Martin Show" from the Sixties with DEAN MARTIN and some guests talking about a few things, to big laughs, then briefly Dean touches on Steubenville, Ohio.

The screen freezes as Dean speaks about Steubenville.

A Voice Over (V.O.) begins.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
I bet you didn't know this. But Dean Martin was from Steubenville Ohio. A small town about 40 miles west of Pittsburgh. Probably because he didn't talk about that too much.

INT. - STEUBENVILLE BAR - DAY

Sitting at a darkened bar, an OLD MOB GUY (70ish year old Italian man, handsome, chiseled features, white hair) takes a drink. Sets it down. Turns to camera. Begins his narration again. As he does, montage of historic images from Steubenville is shown.

OLD MOB GUY
Dean didn't like being from here. It's true. He was a big Hollywood star. He didn't want to be known as being born and bred in a dirty hood town nicknamed Little Chicago.

Little Chicago. Sounds nice, right?

That was no compliment.

Steubenville, in the day, it was a little mob town. People called it wide open. Generated millions of dollars for the Mayfield Road gang up in Cleveland. Millions.

How did they'd make all that money? Cause people came to Steubenville all the time. And why?

(MORE)

OLD MOB GUY (CONT'D)
They came for the casinos, the betting, the billiards, the booze, and oh yea, they came for the girls. Hookers.

I guess they call them sex workers now.

Well believe me, in Steubenville, there was plenty of work.

All those horny mill hunkies with fat wives and bratty kids living in Pittsburgh and Wheeling and Weirton and Youngstown.

They came here. Like I said, there was plenty of work.

So back to Dean. He's from Steubenville. We're proud of him. But I can understand why he didn't talk about it much. This place has an ugly past. Crime, vice, corruption, the mob.
From way before Dean was born.

So, we're going to talk about this town's past.
It's not pretty. But you might learn some things.

And, oh yeah, this ain't no fuckin' documentary.

SUPER MOVIE TITLE: LITTLE CHICAGO

INT. UPSTAIRS BROTHEL BEDROOM - EVENING

Super: Ohio Valley House Water Street

Steubenville Ohio

April 1874

An older, heavyset man, on top of BECKY, a younger attractive blond. Trying to have sex. Without much luck. At all. The woman gazes at the ceiling, looks bored.

BECKY
Well where are ya?

BROTHEL MAN
Come on. Come on...

BECKY
This happens sometimes.

BROTHEL MAN
Just hang on.

A KNOCK at the door. MAUDE HORNER, (55 yo, blonde, attractive) pokes in her head. They stop, turn to look at her.

MAUDE
Sorry for the interruption. Just wanted to let Becky know we got a steamer from Cincinnati coming in. Maybe 30 guys. Going to get busy. Just letting you know. Not for a few hours, so you got some time. Sorry again.

She closes the door. They stare at each other. The man suddenly gets up off the bed and starts to put his clothes back on.

BECKY
What's wrong? We have some time.

BROTHEL MAN
How am I supposed to do this now? With this, with this, time constraint? That just ruined everything. Ruined the whole mood.

BECKY
The mood? But, you weren't really...

BROTHEL MAN
So just so you know, there will be no satisfaction here tonight.

BECKY
For me,
(a beat)
or for you?

The man stops. This has stumped him.

BROTHEL MAN
Oh fuck it.

He exits the room in a huff. SLAMS the door. BECKY just rolls her eyes, lights up a cigarette.

INT. OHIO VALLEY HOUSE BAR - EVENING

A busy, noisy bar room. LOUD TALKING, LAUGHING, smoke in the air. Maude Horner stands near the bar. JOHN "LES" MCDONALD (53 yo, brown hair, handsome, well-dressed in pinstripe silk suit and tie) approaches.

LES
Hey doll.

MAUDE
Les.

LES
A birdie told me that Cincinnati steamer crew is coming in here tonight.

MAUDE
Maybe.

LES
Just wanted to help out if you need it.

MAUDE
By help out?

LES
If you need more girls, if you get more work than you can handle. You know. Send some of the crew my way.

MAUDE
And what do I get for that?

LES
Any guy you send over to my place-- they make a deal. You get half of my cut.

MAUDE
I can trust you on that?

LES
(a beat)
That hurts doll.

MAUDE
(a slight smile)
Let's see what happens. Sometimes they just want to shoot pool or play cards. And get drunk as hell.

LES
So where's Bill?

MAUDE
Passed out in the back.

LES
Why should today be any different.

MAUDE
Anything else handsome?

LES
Nope.

Les tips his hat and exits out of the crowded bar.

EXT. WATER STREET - NIGHT

Men mill about the busy street. Several storefronts lit up with red lights. Bars, lounges, pool halls, cigar shops.

LES moves through the crowd, shakes some hands, says hello to some folks. Then reaches his place, the Park House Casino.

INT. PARK HOUSE CASINO - NIGHT

Super: The Park House Casino

LES enters the crowded, loud, smoky room. A long bar at the back. At several tables in the center, men play cards.

Money, drinks, chips, ashtrays on the tables. A pretty CIGARETTE GIRL comes by one table, and several guys grab her playfully. She laughs them off.

Les heads to the bar, looks around at the tables. Nods at some dealers, who nod back. Then he spots someone, someone very upset.

We see a guy at a table, JOHN KLUG (58 yo, balding). He looks angry, throws his cards down. SWEARS. Gets up and heads to the bar.

The DEALER at the table he just left nods his head at Les. Les nods back. Klug stands at the bar. LES steps over to him. Klug orders a drink.

JOHN KLUG
Old Overholt.

LES
(lights up a cigarette)
Hey brother. Having a tough night?

JOHN KLUG
Maybe. What do you care?

LES
I'll get that for ya. Name's Les McDonald.

JOHN KLUG
John Klug. Thanks for the drink.

LES
Where you from?

JOHN KLUG
Near Pittsburgh, town called Bridgeville.

LES
I've been there. Nice town.

Klug gets his drink. LES puts money down on the bar.

LES (CONT'D)
You down a lot?

JOHN KLUG
Enough. You work here or something?

LES
No. I own a barber shop downtown. What do you do in Bridgeville?

JOHN KLUG
I run a glass works.

LES
Business good?

JOHN KLUG
No. That's why I'm here. I needed to, ah, never mind, shit.

LES
You seem like a nice guy. Maybe I can help you out.

JOHN KLUG
How so.

LES
You got some money left. How about we turn that into a lot more?

JOHN KLUG
How the hell can I do that?

LES
You'll see.

JOHN KLUG
I not interested in no monkey business.

LES
No. It's sure-fire.
(looks at his watch)
Look, I got to go. But if you're interested, meet me at the Fort Steuben Hotel in about an hour. Room 605. Just tell the clerk you're meeting Les.

JOHN KLUG
Tell me more.

LES
I'll tell you there. I bet you like it so much, you'll be back again in a few weeks. If you have any questions about me, ask around. Les McDonald.
(turns to bartender)
Hey Raymond. Get this guy another drink on me.
(turns to Klug)
Hope to see you later. I think you'll be glad you did.

Klug watches him leave, greeting folks. Klug downs his drink, shakes his head. Turns to the bartender who pours him another.

JOHN KLUG
What about that guy.

RAYMOND
Well. Steubenville guy. Just got back about a year ago. Opened a barber shop downtown.

JOHN KLUG
He sure don't look like no barber.

RAYMOND
He bought it for his brother to run. His brother cuts hair.

JOHN KLUG
Where was he before?

RAYMOND
He was in Washington DC the past six or seven years.

JOHN KLUG
He a good guy?

RAYMOND
I think so. Actually, he's a war hero. Served at Gettysburg. Got a few medals.

JOHN KLUG
Really. Shit. I was there too.

John finishes his drink. Starts thinking. Should I do this?

EXT. OUTSIDE FORT STEUBEN HOTEL - NIGHT

KLUG crosses the street. Heads into the Fort Steuben Hotel.

INT. FORT STEUBEN HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

An elegant two story high lobby. Roman columns, Chesterfield red couches, fine rugs on a marble floor. KLUG walks to the front desk.

JOHN KLUG
I'm here to see Les. Room 605.

CLERK
Right. Go on up sir.

INT. ROOM 605 OF THE FORT STEUBEN HOTEL - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door. LES gets up from a desk. Opens it and greets Klug warmly with a handshake.

LES
Glad you decided to stop by.

JOHN KLUG
Alright. You got my interest.

LES
(closes the door)
Have a seat.

JOHN KLUG
What's this all about?

LES
I'll get to the point. For many years, I worked at the US Treasury, the Mint, in Washington DC. And about a year ago, I moved back home to be close to my family again. Bought a barber shop.

JOHN KLUG
The bartender said you served in the war.

LES
Right.

JOHN KLUG
He said you were at Gettysburg. What unit?

LES
First West Virginia Calvary. Look, I don't like talking about that time. If you don't mind.

JOHN KLUG
I understand. I served too.

LES
After my time at the Mint, I was able to procure something when I left. A printing plate for a $10 US bill.

JOHN KLUG
So this is about counterfeiting?

LES
I prefer calling it new currency generation.

JOHN KLUG
I bet you do.

LES
I have the actual US Mint press, the one that makes the money. I know what ink to use. What paper to use.

Les pulls a short STACK of $10 bills out of his jacket.

LES (CONT'D)
Look at these.

Hands the stack to Klug.

LES (CONT'D)
Can you tell they're not real?

John examines them closely. Holds them up to the light. He hands them back. Nods as if to say, these do look real.

LES (CONT'D)
It's fool-proof. These bills are, for all intents and purposes, real money.

JOHN KLUG
So what's the play?

LES
How much money do you have?

JOHN KLUG
About $100. Maybe a little more.

John nods. Out of a leather satchel at his feet, Les pulls several stacks of $10 bills. Holds a few stacks.

LES
Here's $1,000 in my bills. I will give you these for the $100 or so you have left. That's it. That's the play.

John stares at him hard.

JOHN KLUG
Shit. I don't know. I've never done anything like this in my life. Hell, I'm a deacon at my church.

LES
Well deacon, you apparently didn't mind coming to Water Street in Steubenville and gambling.

JOHN KLUG
Christ.

LES
Take it. Mix it in with real money. Spend it over time, not all at once. Take it to different locations. Maybe take a trip to Ocean City or something.

JOHN KLUG
Listen, I...

LES
You own a company right? Said business is bad. I have a feeling it must be real bad, or a good man like you wouldn't be in Steubenville.

JOHN KLUG
Things are bad.

LES
If your business goes under, then all the guys working for you are out of work. Right?
This is a good thing for you, for your workers.
Their families.

JOHN KLUG
Christ.

LES
It's a sure thing.

John looks at him hard, sighs, slowly nods OK, and reaches into his wallet. Pulls out his money. Hands it to Les. Les then hands him a satchel, full of the fake currency.

LES (CONT'D)
Take a look. Count it. While you're doing that, I'll get you a drink. Some Old Overholt.

LES goes to a sideboard. Mixes some drinks.

LES (CONT'D)
Like I said. I bet you're back in here in a few weeks.

Some noise suddenly outside in the hall. LOUD TALKING. A hard KNOCK at the door.

JOHN KLUG
Who's that?

LES
(quietly)
SHHHH. Just be still.

LES quietly walks to the door, looks through the peephole. Turns, shaken. More LOUD KNOCKING.

MARSHALL BRADY
(through the door)
Open up, this is US Marshall Russell Brady.

JOHN KLUG
(in a hushed tone)
Christ! A US Marshall? What the fuck!

MARSHALL BRADY
I have the master key. Open the door, or we will enter. One way or another.

LOUD KNOCKS continue. LES opens the door. A uniformed US MARSHALL BRADY (55 yo, tall, grizzled) enters followed by US MARSHALL COOK (30 yo, handsome).

Marshall Cook PULLS A PISTOL and points it on LES. He closes the door. Les puts his hands up. Marshall Brady looks around, turns to Les. A big satisfied smile.

MARSHALL BRADY (CONT'D)
Les McDonald. I finally got you. You son of a motherfuckin bitch. You're under arrest for trafficking in counterfeit US Treasury bills.

Klug, on the bed, holds his chest. Mutters "CHRIST, NO, NO"

LES
Let's talk about this. This isn't what it seems.

Brady turns to Klug who is clearly distraught.

MARSHALL BRADY
What's your name sir?

Klug looks up, with some tears. Crying, upset, stammering.

JOHN KLUG
John, John Klug.

MARSHALL BRADY
You from around here Mr. Klug?

JOHN KLUG
I'm from near Pittsburgh.

MARSHALL BRADY
Well how the hell did you end up in a hotel room with Mr. McDonald here?

JOHN KLUG
He told me, I could make money.

MARSHALL BRADY
What was the plan?

JOHN KLUG
I think, I think I should talk to a lawyer. I don't know what to do.
(starts sobbing)

MARSHALL BRADY
Jesus. Calm down.
(turns to Marshall Cook)
Put the cuffs on McDonald.

Marshall Cook walks over with cuffs and slaps them on McDonald. Klug quietly sobs. Brady sits on the bed next to Klug. He takes the bag from Klug, looks into it, takes some money out of it and examines it. Klug starts crying.

MARSHALL BRADY (CONT'D)
Calm down.

JOHN KLUG
Christ.

LES
You both have it backward. This man lied to me. He brought a bag of money to me in the bar and said he wanted to...

MARSHALL BRADY
Marshall.

Marshall Cook steps up to McDonald and SMACKS HIM HARD across the face. He YELPS and SPITS OUT BLOOD. McDonald falls to his knees. Klug seeing this, grimaces.

MARSHALL BRADY (CONT'D)
By the way Les, since we got this evidence, we will be busting your little print shop in Mingo. Later tonight.

LES
Christ, how did you...

Marshall Cook KICKS LES in the gut. He falls to the floor, GROANS loudly. Brady turns to Klug, still upset.

MARSHALL BRADY
You're in some serious trouble Mr. Klug.
Conspiracy to commit a felony.

JOHN KLUG
Oh Christ.

MARSHALL BRADY
I think I know what happened. You came here to swap some real cash for counterfeit cash. He told you to meet here. Am I right?

JOHN KLUG
(starts sobbing)
Well...yes, yes. Goddamn it, how could I have been so stupid!

MARSHALL BRADY
Just calm down. I'm going to give you a way out of this.

JOHN KLUG
Really?

MARSHALL BRADY
Here's what's going to happen. I'm taking all of this fake money for evidence. But I'm also taking what you gave to McDonald, to be part of this crime.
Think of it as you paying a fine for almost making the biggest mistake of your life.

JOHN KLUG
If I do that, I can walk out of here? Without any...

MARSHALL BRADY
Yes.

JOHN KLUG
And I won't have to...

MARSHALL BRADY
Nothing.
I got all the evidence I need.
So, just head out the door.
And go back home. Understand?

JOHN KLUG
Yes. Yes I do.

MARSHALL BRADY
And one more thing. Never speak of this again. To anyone. Got it?

JOHN KLUG
Of course. Never.

Marshall Brady stands. Nods towards the door. Klug gets up, shakily. Walks past McDonald as he lay on his side on the floor. Bleeds from his mouth. He yells out.

LES
This is the guy you want, not me.
He's the one...

Marshall Cook KICKS him again in the gut. He GROANS. Klug, wide-eyed, opens the door. Runs down the hall. The noise of his steps fades out. Marshall Cook shuts the door.

A beat. Les looks up. Smiles. Shakes off the handcuffs. Struggles to his feet. Smiles. The two marshals smile back, BOW AT HIM a bit, and CLAP. Les wipes the blood off his face.

LES (CONT'D)
Goddam you Tom (Marshall Cook's real name), that smack hurt. This is mostly my blood.

TOM (AKA MARSHALL COOK)
Sorry about that. We need to practice that more.
(turns to George)
So what's the take?

GEORGE (AKA MARSHALL BRADY)
(counting the money)
$100, $105, $115. Not bad.

LES
That's just fine. Tom make us some drinks. Whiskey and ginger ale.

TOM (AKA MARSHALL COOK)
You got it.

Les walks over to the table, goes through Klug's money. Tom comes over and hands out the drinks.

LES
Alright. $115. My cut's $40, George you get $30, Tom you get $20, Raymond at the bar gets $15 and the dealer gets $10. That seem fair?

GEORGE (AKA MARSHALL BRADY)
Sure kid.

TOM (AKA MARSHALL COOK)
Nice work Les.

LES
Thanks boys. Let's just hope all these dumb suckers keep coming to Steubenville.

GEORGE (AKA MARSHALL BRADY)
Like moths to a crooked flame.

Smiles. Raise glasses, a toast and they down their drinks.

EXT. MARKET STREET, STEUBENVILLE - DAY

A very handsome young man walks down Market Street. Greets people, with a big smile, who greet him back. This is DINO CROCETTI, aka DEAN MARTIN. At 18 years old. Lean and handsome. Talks to the camera.

DEAN MARTIN
Hey there kiddos. This is your old pal Dean. Dean Martin. Except, this is me in 1936, so a much younger version of who you remember. I just turned 18. I'm such a handsome devil, even back then. Right? And as that old codger said at the beginning, I was born here.

Dino continues the walk through town.

DEAN MARTIN (CONT'D)
So being such a big star from this little Burg, I was asked to tell my story.
Oh hang on.

Dino stops. He sees someone he knows.

DEAN MARTIN (CONT'D)
Hey Jimmy.

A tall handsome boy turns around. Sees Dino. Has a big smile as he walks towards him.

JIMMY
Dino. How are ya pal?

DEAN MARTIN
Glad I found ya. I want to make a bet on a pro game. This Sunday.

JIMMY
Who you want?

DEAN MARTIN
OK, $2 on the Pirates. They're playing the Bears.

JIMMY
You kidding? That bum team. They'll never amount to anythin'. But I'll put it in for ya. $2 on the Pittsburghers.

DEAN MARTIN
Alright.

Jimmy waves, heads away. Dean turns to the camera again.

DEAN MARTIN (CONT'D)
That's my pal Jimmy. He lives right behind me.
(MORE)

DEAN MARTIN (CONT'D)
We'll meet him again later. He made a big name for himself too. Anyway, back to me. Let's start at the beginning. I was born in 1918. In this house. Don't look for it now, it's an empty lot.

But wait. Let's start even earlier than that. With my Pop.

EXT. MONTESILVANO ITALY DOCK AND LARGE SHIP - DAY

GUISEPPE CROCETTI (19 yo handsome, thin Italian) looks back at his beautiful seaside town from the deck of a large ship, among countless others. Friends and family wave at the handsome young man from the dock. He has tears in his eyes.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
My Pop Guiseppe Crocetti was born in 1894 in Montesilvano Italy, a town near the Adriatic Sea.

And like many Italians wanting a better life, he found his way to America. He had older brothers already settled in Steubenville and set sail in 1913 at the age of nineteen.

EXT. ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY, PORT - DAY

Super: Ellis Island

New York City

New immigrants are being processed at the crowded loud busy port of New York City.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
Because my Pop already had family in America, he had a plan to join them in Ohio. But some of his paisan weren't so lucky.

Immigrant men, women and children exit off a ramp from a large freighter, just arrived from Ellis Island.

Near the ramp, a large table set up with a banner: "WELCOME OUR ITALIAN FRIENDS TO AMERICA" in English and Italian.

Many of the new immigrants walk up and talk to the men at the table. Much LAUGHTER AND FRIENDLY CHATTER.

One young man steps up with a bag and talks in Italian to a man at the table. (Add subtitles.)

NEW IMMIGRANT
You are a welcome committee?

WELCOME COMMITTEE MAN
(smiling, friendly)
Yes we are. Your long journey is over.
Welcome to America my new friend.

NEW IMMIGRANT
It was a long journey.

WELCOME COMMITTEE MAN
Did the processing here take long?

NEW IMMIGRANT
Not too bad. Our ship passed the checkpoint inspection in a day and the medical reviews just took two days at Ellis Island.

WELCOME COMMITTEE MAN
You're lucky. Some people get held up for three or four days, or more. Your name please, and where are you from?

NEW IMMIGRANT
Antonio Bella from Cantania, Sicily.

WELCOME COMMITTEE MAN
(writing in notebook)
My new friend Antonio. I have family in Sicily too. In Palermo. Are you by yourself? You have a wife, children?

NEW IMMIGRANT
No just me. For now.

WELCOME COMMITTEE MAN
You have family here?

NEW IMMIGRANT
I don't.

WELCOME COMMITTEE MAN
No family here.
(stops writing)
(MORE)

WELCOME COMMITTEE MAN (CONT'D)
Well Antonio, we have a fine job for you and a place to stay. To get you started in your new home in America.

NEW IMMIGRANT
That's OK. I'll be fine. I have someone who I'm supposed to meet...

WELCOME COMMITTEE MAN
(a smile to a stern hard look)
Eh. You don't understand my new friend. I'm not asking. I'm telling. You don't take this kind offer, we report you to the American police.

The committee man motions to a New York City police officer nearby. The policeman motions back.

And if we do. You'll be back on a boat to Sicily tomorrow. Understand?

The man's face falls.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - DAY

DEAN continues his narration as a montage of scenes of old New York are displayed. The ugly docks, filthy meat plants and other dirty factories.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
A lot of the Italians just off the boat got pulled into working dirty grunt jobs for almost no wages by the Black Hand, the Italian Mafioso. These poor bastards couldn't speak English. They were coerced, extorted. Had no one to help them.

The ugly work they did on the docks or the mills came to be known as "guapo" work. Recognize that?

It's where the word "Wop" comes from.

EXT. MARKET STREET, STEUBENVILLE OHIO - DAY

DEAN walks down the street. Talks to the camera.

DEAN MARTIN
Hey. I'll get back to my story. But before I get too far about me, you know who this town was named for? Baron Friedrich Wilhelm Von Steuben. You heard of him? No?

Because if wasn't for him, we still might be flying a Union Jack. General George Washington hired him to whip his sad colonist troops into shape. Helped us win the Revolutionary War.

Hey, let's talk about the Baron for a minute.

EXT. VALLEY FORGE PA - CONTINENTAL ARMY CAMP - DAY

Super: Continental Army Encampment

Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

February 23, 1778

Snow falling on the encampment which includes several log cabins surrounded by numerous tents. Fires burn all around.

BARON VON STEUBEN (48 yo, balding, high forehead, large nose, full brown eyebrows), walks through the camp, dressed in the crisp uniform of a Prussian general. A jeweled medallion across his chest.

With him, HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP in a similar crisp uniform, holds a SMALL DOG.

As he walks, the Baron gazes at the soldiers. The men stare back at this oddly dressed man and his colleague with a dog. Some laugh a bit.

Many of the troops in mismatched uniforms. Some with coats. Some without. Some officers drink from a flask.

Steuben looks into some tents. Men drink, smoke, play cards. Guns lay around in heaps.

INT. CONTINENTAL ARMY HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON (46 yo, white hair, piercing eyes, strong chin) reads at his desk. A fire burns in a fireplace An aide enters.

AIDE
General, Baron Von Steuben is here.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
(stands)
Send him in.

AIDE
Wait until you see this General.

The aide steps aside and waves in Baron Von Steuben. The Baron is wearing a crisp colorful Prussian general's uniform, wide belt and sash. A jeweled medallion across his chest. Washington walks around his desk and shakes his hand. They are seated.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Baron. A pleasure to meet you. And that is quite a uniform.

VON STEUBEN
(a Prussian accent)
Thank you General.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
First, thank you for agreeing to this meeting. I know you're a long way from home.

VON STEUBEN
That is true.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Our Commissioner to France, Mr. Franklin, said you come highly recommended by the French minister. And I reviewed your dossier. Very impressive.

VON STEUBEN
Thank you. I appreciate your kind words. And, I heartily believe in your cause. But can I be frank General?

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Of course.

VON STEUBEN
I am somewhat shaken by what I have seen today.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
How so?

VON STEUBEN
I arrived here a few hours ago, unannounced, and walked through the encampment. I observed your men. Your officers. Let's just say, your men are a, very ragged bunch. Not what I expected.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Well Baron...

VON STEUBEN
I knew that your forces were not well trained. But as I said, I was a bit shocked.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
I assure you Baron, that...

VON STEUBEN
My understanding is that you want my help to train and discipline your army.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Yes.

VON STEUBEN
If that is what you want, I will be direct. To do that, I would use the strict Prussian techniques I have been trained with my whole life.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
I see.

VON STEUBEN
This will be a very difficult change for your men.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Can you describe, your techniques?

VON STEUBEN
The day starts at 6 AM, all men in full uniform, a strict focus on drilling, the repeated rehearsal of prescribed movements. Working the men in formations, parades, as a disciplined team, training them on properly handling weapons.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Do you think, that might work here? Most of these men are just farmers, or merchants.

VON STEUBEN
Like I said. This would be a very difficult change for your men. Very.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
I know. But I need help. Without it, I'm not sure if...

VON STEUBEN
(voice rising)
General, I believe in beginnings. In new starts. If you take me on in this role, I will instill the discipline and skills to mold your army into an effective force. In doing so, we will build an almost mechanical perfection to your men.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
How do you mean?

VON STEUBEN
(even more excited)
Once trained, your men will not even think about how to respond when confronted in a dire situation. In combat, their responses will be automatic, like a reflex, how to act, how to execute, how to be victorious.

Washington, smiles, taken aback. Impressed with the Baron's confidence. Excited.

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

DEAN walks through Steubenville.

DEAN MARTIN
Long story short. The Baron did whip those boys into shape, and with Washington in charge, they beat those Redcoats all the way back to Merry Old England. And the drill instructions the Baron used way back then, they're still part of military manuals today.

There was another part of the Baron's life that people talked about.
He never married, and there were, rumors, that the Baron had a, A different lifestyle.
But you know what, I don't care. Whatever floats your boat baron.

But what is true is that he helped the colonists win the war, and for that, he had many towns and counties named after him, all across the US of A.
One of them was my hometown, Steubenville.

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

DEAN walks, then stops. Looks seriously into the camera.

DEAN MARTIN
So, my town. Steubenville. It was a real wild town. Full of brothels, drinking, gambling. For years. But things really changed around 1918 or so. What happened? It was the temperance movement. The outcry in America to stop the sales and drinking of alcohol. It led to the Volstead Act. What is known as Prohibition. They shut off the booze.
And you probably wonder, how the hell did that happen? In America.

INT. STEUBENVILLE MUSIC HALL - EVENING

Super: Steubenville Music Hall

August, 1919

Dean's mother ANGELA CROCETTI (21 yo, petite, pretty brunette) holds little bay DEAN in a packed room full of mostly women in wooden chairs.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
See that pretty lady there. That's my Mom Angela. My dad met her when he was training to be a barber. They got married only a year later, when she was just 17.

Now, its four years later. She's holding me, attending a meeting for the Anti Saloon League. I was fussy. I bet I didn't like what they were saying.

An older woman at the podium, speaks under an "Anti-Saloon League Banner"

SPEAKER
Should a beverage be introduced to the general public, and it makes healthy people sick, the workers less efficient, people more violent and brutal, and causes nothing but sorrow, would we stand for it? Of course not. But we do today.

Alcohol indulgence does this and more. Our work as the Anti-Saloon League continues to turn back this horrid menace to our society.

Many of our husbands and other men in our lives have been trapped in a cycle of drink and in some cases violence. Wages are wasted. Paychecks never reach their families.

We must work to push our government to ban this poison. I encourage everyone to sign up for...

INT. STEUBENVILLE MUSIC HALL - LATER IN EVENING

Women stand in line at tables to sign up to help the League.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
Well, long story short. These ladies and many others worked hard to end the sale of alcohol.
(MORE)

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Volstead Act passed in 1919 and became the law of the land on January 16, 1920.

So booze was now illegal in the United States. But that didn't stop things in Steubenville.

Booze was the blood that flowed in this town's veins. It didn't stop. And the government sent a whole bunch of people into our town to stop it. From the US Treasury.

But it didn't turn out too well for a lot of them.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - DAY

Super: March, 1921

JACK BUTCHER (26 yo, handsome, thin, lanky, brown hair, blue eyes) walks down the street. Talks to camera.

BUTCHER
Hi there. I'm Jack Butcher. And I was a US Treasury agent assigned to Steubenville. And my job was to enforce the Volstead Act. They called us dry agents.

INT. LARGE OFFICE ROOM - DAY

A group of young men sit in folding chairs in a large room. A lot of chattering. BROCKTON RODGERS (60 yo, balding, chiseled, grizzled) in a US Treasury uniform steps to the front. POUNDS on his lectern.

RODGERS
Gentlemen. Can I have your attention.

The room quiets. All turn to the man at the lectern.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
Thank you. My name is Captain Brockton Rodgers, and I'm with the US Treasury Department serving in the Eastern Ohio District. Let's get started.
(MORE)

RODGERS (CONT'D)
As you know, the law of the land as ratified by the 18th Amendment is that the production and distribution of alcoholic beverages is prohibited in the United States. You have all been hired to enforce this law by the US Treasury Department.

Now many people do not like this law, especially here in Steubenville and Jefferson County. And they intend to break it.

So what this community needs is a dedicated, honest and trustworthy group of men that enforces this law. That protects this community from the vice and corruption and damage that alcohol can impose on our citizens. Now....

Men stare blankly as he continues to speak.

BUTCHER (V.O.)
This group of about 15 men gathered in that room, in 1921, to start their work as US Treasury agents. But sadly, many of the men wouldn't survive their time in Jefferson County.

Jack gets up from the meeting. Starts talking to the camera.

I moved here from a little town called Lisbon Ohio to take this job. I needed work and wanted to get off the farm. Plus with this job, you get a badge and a gun. Sounded good to me.

I didn't care much for drinking anyway, so that didn't bother me. But as I found out, most people were not like me. Including a lot of the agents.

And there was another thing happening in my life, a girl I met at Church. Emily.

TORONTO OHIO - DAY

BUTCHER walks up some steps to a row house. He knocks. A young woman EMILY RISLER (24 yo, brunette, pretty) comes to the door.

EMILY
Jack. What are you doing here?

BUTCHER
I was out this way. I wanted to see if you wanted to get some dinner.

Suddenly from behind Emily, an older gruff man appears. Her father, FRANK RISLER (50 yo, balding, white hair) holding a cigar.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Hello Mr. Risler.

He nods at him, then Emily, then turns to leave.

EMILY
Not tonight. Mom is at church and I have to make dinner. Maybe Friday night?

BUTCHER
I'll be here around 6, on Friday.

Emily smiles, turns around to see no one is around. She opens the door and leans in to give Jack a kiss. He tips his hat, and walks away, and heads down the street.

INT. TREASURY AGENT HEADQUARTERS OFFICE - DAY

BUTCHER sits with two agents in the office including JOHN MCCOY (48 yo, heavyset, chiseled looks, brown hair) along with SAMUEL "SAM" LAWRENCE (handsome, 26 yo).

Captain RODGERS enters. Closes the door.

RODGERS
Good morning. Alright we got a situation. Listen up. Agent Tom Barton was beat up last night at Nick Kornish's on Fourth Street. He's at the hospital.

LAWRENCE
Christ. Is he OK?

RODGERS
He's going to be fine. I talked to him about an hour ago.

BUTCHER
What happened?

RODGERS
He said he was in Kornish's joint and asked to check a bottle on a shelf. Kornish refused. He started arguing with him and then three of his goons jumped him.

JOHN MCCOY
(rising anger)
We need to bust up that son of a bitch.

RODGERS
Hang on. Except his partner was outside and I talked to him too. He said he heard two gunshots.

LAWRENCE
Barton pulled his gun?

RODGERS
Maybe. And if he did, that changes everything.

LAWRENCE
Shit. Did he mention using his gun?

RODGERS
No. Look, I want you guys to pick up Kornish, bring him in. Suspicion of battery of US Treasury officer. Once we get him in here, we can clear this up. Fix it.

JOHN MCCOY
You got it.

RODGERS
Agent McCoy, take Butcher and Lawrence.
And John, bring the guy in alive, without too many marks, alright?

John smiles, nods. The men get up to exit the room.

INT. FIRST AMERICAN BANK OF STEUBENVILLE - DAY

BUTCHER (V.O.)
After asking around, we found out Kornish was the bank downtown. We headed over and found him in line.

McCoy approaches a man standing in line at the bank.

JOHN MCCOY
You Nick Kornish?

KORNISH
Yeah.

JOHN MCCOY
(holds up a badge)
I'm John McCoy. US Treasury Agent. And you're under arrest, for assault and battery of a federal officer.

KORNISH
What? Leave me alone. I didn't do anything.

JOHN MCCOY
I said you're under arrest.

From behind, MCCOY tries to grab KORNISH. A fight ensues. The three agents and KORNISH wrestle in the bank. Punches thrown. A desk is knocked over, papers are flying. The crowd is stunned. KORNISH is finally subdued by MCCOY and BUTCHER. They handcuff him. MCCOY is out of breath, panting.

MCCOY

OK. Let's get him out of here. I know a guy. On the third floor. A lawyer. Butcher, help me get him up there. Lawrence, you help clean up down here. I'll be back down in a few minutes.

MCCOY, BUTCHER and KORNISH arrive at an elevator. McCoy presses the UP button. They step in. Once in the elevator, MCCOY hits the button for the third floor. The doors close. Then MCCOY turns, and punches KORNISH hard in the face. His nose starts to bleeds profusely.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
Think about that, the next time you beat up one of our agents. You fuck.

The doors open. They drag him into an office of Attorney JOHN MCKINLEY. His young secretary screams, stands, frightened. MCKINLEY rushes out of his office.

MCKINLEY
John. What the hell, what's going on?

JOHN MCCOY
Barrister, this guy and some of his buddies beat up an agent last night with a blackjack. Fucked him up pretty good.

MCKINLEY
Christ. What do you want me to do with him?

JOHN MCCOY
Just hang on to him for a little bit. Keep him here. He's cuffed. I'm going to get cleaned up a bit and get some lunch. We'll be back in an hour or so. Anyway, this piece of shit may need a lawyer.

MCCOY kicks him hard in the back and KORNISH falls forward with a groan. MCCOY smiles. MCKINLEY and his secretary just stare at KORNISH, who lies on the ground handcuffed.

MCCOY and BUTCHER exit into the hall and wait for the elevator. When it arrives, a pretty young woman steps out. MCCOY smiles at her, tips his hat. He pokes BUTCHER. BUTCHER walks away from MCCOY, talks to the audience.

BUTCHER (V.O.)
A lot of the Treasury agents weren't much better than some of the hoods we were chasing down. They had a badge and a gun, and to them, it was a license to steal.

McCoy was corrupt and a hothead and that got him in trouble. And eventually, led to his ugly end.

The agents did their job.
They busted a lot of guys dealing in alcohol.
They busted stills all over the area. For years.

EXT. STEUBENVILLE ALLEY - NIGHT

MCCOY pounds on a heavy wood door. Yells "OPEN UP", "TREASURY DEPARTMENT", "OPEN UP". No answer. He turns to an agent near him.

JOHN MCCOY
This son of a bitch isn't opening up. Get Baynham.

A man leaves the scene and exits the area. Agents stand in the alley. GEORGE BAYNHAM (55 yo, heavy set, bushy brown hair) steps up to McCoy.

JOHN MCCOY (CONT'D)
You bring your toy?

BAYNHAM
Coming now.

From around a corner and into the alley, a LARGE WAGON with a frame holds a huge STEEL cylinder on ropes. A BATTERING RAM.

Several men move it to the door and pull the cylinder back via ropes and let it go. The HEAVY CYLINDER SLAMS into the heavy wood door. They repeat the process, until it finally breaks down.

EXT. WOODED AREA - EVENING

MCCOY, his son WILLY (26 yo, heavyset), BAYNHAM and other agents SMASH barrel after barrel, laughing, at the still site. On the ground, face down, are four men in handcuffs.

BUTCHER (V.O.)
They also busted stills all over the area. For years. On one day in 1925, they busted three different stills, including one holding over 100 gallons of liquor.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - PHOTO MONTAGE

Photo/video montage of murdered dry agents. Bullet riddled bodies in buildings, on lawns, in cars, in the streets.

BUTCHER (V.O.)
But let's be clear. The Black Hand also took care of business. Over the course of about 10 years, over 30 dry agents were murdered around Jefferson County.
(MORE)

BUTCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That was the most of any county in the whole country.

INT. NAPLES ITALIAN RESTAURANT, STEUBENVILLE - EVENING

Butcher smiles as he sees Emily enter. Stands to greet her and gives her a kiss on the cheek. They sit down.

BUTCHER
Look who's here, finally.

EMILY
Sorry I'm late.

A waiter comes over with menus. They both order Coca Colas.

BUTCHER
Someone told me the food here is great. Authentic Old Country Italian.

EMILY
Yes. Naples is our favorite.

BUTCHER
(Looking at menu)
This all looks really good.

EMILY
I love the chicken parmesan and pasta. But everything is good. So how was your day?

BUTCHER
The same. Most of my day anymore is paperwork. Or waiting.

EMILY
Waiting?

BUTCHER
Waiting for leads. Leads on bootleggers. Or places selling booze. We get lots of them. A few are true. But a lot turn out to be bull, just some guy mad at one of his neighbors.

EMILY
You still working for McCoy?

BUTCHER
Yep. I'll tell you, it's an odd bunch.

EMILY
How so?

BUTCHER
Most of the guys are dedicated to their job. You know, trying to stop alcohol sales and bootleggers. Enforcing the law. But then some of the agents, hell they're as bad as the bootleggers.

EMILY
Really?

BUTCHER
Some of these guys got their jobs because of connections, you know friends of friends. And I think a lot of them are dirty.

EMILY
Dirty?

BUTCHER
Corrupt. I mean. I've heard stories. Shaking down the people they're arresting. For money. Bribes.

EMILY
That's awful. You know, I think this whole prohibition thing is really... I guess I shouldn't say this to a Treasury agent.

BUTCHER
That's fine. Go ahead. But what we say together, needs to stay secret. OK?

EMILY
Of course. Well a lot of people do like a drink once in a while. I get the whole prohibition thing, why it was started. But, it seems like, it's just over the top. I mean...

BUTCHER
You know what, I agree with you. I didn't really drink much, but I do miss ordering a glass of wine with dinner. Like tonight. A cold beer or two after my shift. Things like that.

EMILY
Why punish everyone for the bad eggs that can't control their problems? It just seems so...

BUTCHER
I know.

EMILY
And some of the rules are just stupid. Like we're Catholic and we can have wine at Mass. But not at home.

BUTCHER
What's your family think about prohibition? Your Dad?

EMILY
I think he misses his beer. Especially after he gets off his shift at the mill.

BUTCHER
I bet. By the way, I saw you just got a new car. A Cadillac.

EMILY
Yeah.

BUTCHER
And you're building that new addition in the back yard. A lot of spending lately.

EMILY
We got some money from a relative, in a will. Out of the blue!

BUTCHER
Unexpected money. That's the best kind. What kind of room is it going to be?

EMILY
They call them sun rooms. Lots of windows and you can open them up in the spring and summer for the breezes. And, a ceiling fan. Somebody called it a Florida Room.

BUTCHER
I like that. Florida Room. Here in Ohio. Sounds nice.

Emily just smiles. He gently takes her hand. Smiles back.

INT. RISLER DINING ROOM - EVENING

EMILY and her DAD sit at the dining room table. He reads a newspaper. MRS. RISLER comes over with dinner. Sits down. Everyone stops, they do the Sign Of The Cross, and they say Grace, and begin eating.

MR. RISLER
So how are things with your new young man.

EMILY
Good.

MR. RISLER
He from around here?

EMILY
He's from Lisbon.

MR. RISLER
What does he do again?

EMILY
He, he works for the government.

MR. RISLER
Doing what?

EMILY
Well, he. He works for the, Treasury Department.

Her Dad stops eating. Her Mom stares, in shock.

MR. RISLER
He's an agent?

EMILY
(a beat)
Yes.

MR. RISLER
What!

EMILY
I didn't want to say anything.

MR. RISLER
Why would you go out with a...

EMILY
He just said he worked for the government. I didn't ask too many questions at first. I liked him. I still do. A lot.

MR. RISLER
You know that...

EMILY
I'm almost 25. I can keep my mouth shut.

MRS. RISLER
You need to be careful.

EMILY
I know Mom. Being the daughter of a bootlegger...

MR. RISLER
Watch your mouth.

MRS. RISLER
Frank! Please. Let's not talk about this. Alright? Not at the table.

MR. RISLER
I didn't choose this. Just remember that. Ah hell...

Frank suddenly stands up. Angry. Walks from the table. Goes out to the front porch. Lights up a short cigar. Stares. Thinking about that fateful day, about a year ago.

EXT. FOLLANSBEE MILL PARKING LOT - DAY

Super: One Year Earlier

FRANK RISLER walks past the mill gate, smokes a short cigar, talking with some friends. He waves goodbye, heads to his car, a 1922 black Ford Model T.

His brother ERNIE RISLER (44 yo, youthful face, brown hair) stands near it. Frank surprised, smiles, happy to see him. Gives him a hug. Ernie is very nervous, agitated.

MR. RISLER
What the hell. You just get here?

ERNIE
I drove down this morning.

MR. RISLER
Everything alright?

ERNIE
Can we talk?

MR. RISLER
Sure.

They both get in Frank's car. Close the doors.

MR. RISLER (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

ERNIE
Christ.

MR. RISLER
What is it?

ERNIE
I'm in trouble.

MR. RISLER
With what?

ERNIE
Gambling. Debt. I owe people money.

MR. RISLER
How much?

ERNIE
Almost $3,000.

MR. RISLER
Holy shit. $3,000?

ERNIE
I know its a lot. It's been over time, but the last few months have been bad. I kept hoping to win it back, get even, with bigger bets, and I just keep fucking losing.

MR. RISLER
Shit. Are you asking me for money? Because, I...

ERNIE
I'm asking for a favor.

MR. RISLER
What?

ERNIE
These guys, that I owe money to. They're, they're the Mayfield Road mob in Cleveland.

MR. RISLER
Christ.

ERNIE
And, they're not fucking around. They're threatening me. With bodily harm.

MR. RISLER
Can, can you reason with them? Set up some kind of deal?

ERNIE
I tried that. They want their money. All of it.

MR. RISLER
What don't you go on the lam.

ERNIE
Can't do it. See that car over there.
(points at a large black sedan)
They were the ones that drove me down here.

MR. RISLER
What! They drove you here?

ERNIE
But here's the thing. They offered me a way out, a deal.

MR. RISLER
A deal?

ERNIE
But it, it involves you.

MR. RISLER
Me?

ERNIE
They know you live in Toronto.

MR. RISLER
How do they know that? Did you tell them?

ERNIE
No of course not. They knew I was from here and...

MR. RISLER
Look, I can't get involved...

ERNIE
I understand. But just know. If you don't do this,
I, I don't know what'll happen to me.

MR. RISLER
(a beat)
Goddamn it. All your life, the same story, one fuckup after another. Now you've got me involved.

ERNIE
I know It. I really fucked up. And if you turn your back, well, then you'd be rid of me. For good. Maybe you want that. I wouldn't blame you.

Frank looks at his brother hard. Looks away.

MR. RISLER
What is it? This favor.

ERNIE
They need someone here. To store their booze. Canadian whiskey, wine, beer.

MR. RISLER
What, me?

ERNIE
You don't have to do anything with them. They just need a safe house. To store their booze for their Steubenville joints.

MR. RISLER
How, how in the fuck would that work?

ERNIE
They'll bring a shipment, maybe twice a month. Middle of the night. They'll unload it, store it in your basement. Using your basement door. You just give them a key.

MR. RISLER
Why don't they just set something up themselves? At one of their joints.

ERNIE
Too dangerous. Those joints get busted all the time. They want to deal with a local, someone that won't be suspicious.

MR. RISLER
What? Am I going to sell it, like a store?

ERNIE
No. They'll have guys pick up what they need. At night. You never deal with them. Or see them.

MR. RISLER
Are you fucking kidding me?

ERNIE
That's the deal. If you agree to do that, they'll clear my debt.
And, not only that. They'll pay you. Three hundred dollars a month.

MR. RISLER
Three hundred dollars a month?

ERNIE
Cash.

MR. RISLER
For how long? How long would I have to do this?

ERNIE
Not sure.

MR. RISLER
This is... How the fuck... Christ.

ERNIE
Whatever you decide. I need to know today. Before I drive back with them.

Frank stares at him. Ernie's eyes full of tears.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Will you help me brother? Please?

EXT. RISLER HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

Standing on the porch, Frank smokes his cigar. Remembering.

INT. ITALIAN DELICATESSEN, BACK ROOM - DAY

MCCOY, his son and agent WILLY, and agent LAWRENCE stand before two frightened older Italian men and one younger man. McCoy smokes a cigar.

JOHN MCCOY
Any of you wops speak English?

The younger man speaks up.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
I speak English.

JOHN MCCOY
Well, tell your paisan that they're in a lot of trouble. Possession of wine is illegal.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
Sir, this is my father and uncle. They grew up with wine. In Italy.
(MORE)

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN (CONT'D)
There's barely any here. Just one small case. Six bottles.

JOHN MCCOY
Having just one bottle is illegal son. You understand that?

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
Yes I do.

JOHN MCCOY
You do. Tell you what. We can make this all go away. You hand over that wine and $50 and we can take care of this.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
$50? We don't have that kind of money!

JOHN MCCOY
Well then. Boys.

McCoy's son and Lawrence walk towards the older men with handcuffs. The young Italian man steps forward.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
I have $30. I'll bring you the rest tomorrow. I promise.

The men stop, turn, look at McCoy. He smiles. Puffs his cigar.

JOHN MCCOY
Boys. Do you think we can trust this young handsome Italiano?

The men smile.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
We are good people. We don't want any trouble.

JOHN MCCOY
Alright son. Give me the wine and the $30 and we'll call it square. But I want one thing.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
Yes?

JOHN MCCOY
Where did you get the wine? And don't lie. I'll find out. I need a name.

The Italian man looks at his Dad. They speak in Italian to each other. He turns back to McCoy.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
We get it from a friend.

JOHN MCCOY
That's not a name. If you don't give me a name, the deal is off.

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
Alright. A name. OK.
(thinking)
My friend. He knows people. He told me one time. There is a booze house in Toronto. They store it there.

JOHN MCCOY
And?

YOUNG ITALIAN MAN
He told me one time. The owner's name. Resnick, no, wait Risler. That's it. Risler.

JOHN MCCOY
Risler. Toronto. Alright. Good. Let's have the wine. And the money.

The young man brings over a wood case with six bottles of red wine, sets it on a table in front of McCoy.

The young Italian pulls $30 out of his wallet, hands it to McCoy. McCoy smiles, puts the money in his pocket.

MCCOY PULLS OUT ONE BOTTLE of wine from the case. He gestures for the young Italian to take the bottle. He takes it.

JOHN MCCOY (CONT'D)
I'm trusting you son. I hope we won't have to visit again. Capisco?

The young Italian man nods, holding the bottle. McCoy and his men exit with the case of wine.

EXT. ITALIAN DELICATESSEN - DAY

The men walks outside, MCCOY throws away the cigar. Turns to agent LAWRENCE.

JOHN MCCOY
Agent Lawrence.

Lawrence steps up to him.

MCCOY
You heard the Wop. Risler. Toronto. Check into it. Get back to me with something by Thursday. You follow?

Lawrence nods. McCoy and his son walk away with the case of wine. A deep laugh.

JOHN MCCOY
Damn, daddy needs a drink.

EXT. TORONTO OHIO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

LAWRENCE walks to the front door of the Toronto Police Department office. Enters.

INT. TORONTO OHIO POLICE DEPARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

LAWRENCE walks up the front desk and addresses a woman officer.

LAWRENCE
Good morning. I have an appointment to see Chief Connor.

WOMAN OFFICER
I'll let him know. Please have a seat.

He nods thanks. Sits down. She picks up the phone and dials up the Chief. Moments later, CHIEF JOHN CONNOR (55 yo, balding) steps into the room. Greets Lawrence and waves him into his office.

INT. CHIEF CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Both men sit down, Connor behind his desk.

CONNOR
Agent Lawrence, what can I do for you?

LAWRENCE
Thanks for seeing me. We got a lead that there may be a distributer of alcohol here in Toronto. Last name is Risler. Do you know any Rislers here?

CONNOR
Well I know of a few. One is an older widow, lives downtown in an apartment. Another is a war veteran, he's like 90 years old. Then there's a guy named Frank Risler.

LAWRENCE
What about him? Could he be part of something like this?

CONNOR
I don't see it. He's straight as an arrow. Married, a nice daughter. I know him pretty well from church.

LAWRENCE
What does he do?

CONNOR
He works at the Follansbee steel plant. Where are you getting this information?

LAWRENCE
We spoke with some Italians who had some wine. They said there was someone in Toronto named Risler, that has a booze house here.

CONNOR
I don't think it could be Frank. I really don't.

LAWRENCE
He have any family?

CONNOR
Not around here. He does have a brother who lives in Cleveland.

LAWRENCE
Ever see him down here?

CONNOR
I saw him a few years ago at Christmas time. Not since.

LAWRENCE
You know anything about him?

CONNOR
Not much, but I do know that he did get into some trouble up in Cleveland. Petty crimes. Nothing too serious. But like I said, he's not around anymore.

LAWRENCE
Really. Just in case, what's his name?

CONNOR
Let me think. Ernie Risler. That's it.

LAWRENCE
(stands, hands him a card)
Thank you Chief for your time. If you hear anything, or think of anything, please give me a call.

CONNOR
Sorry I couldn't be of more help agent.

Lawrence nods and exits the office.

INT. TREASURY OFFICE HEADQUARTERS, STEUBENVILLE - DAY

A room of empty metal desks. LAWRENCE sits alone. Picks up the phone. Dials.

LAWRENCE
Yes. This is Agent Sam Lawrence, working in Jefferson County. Can I talk to Agent Don Phelps please. If he's there. Thanks.

INT. TREASURY OFFICE HEADQUARTERS, CLEVELAND OHIO - DAY

In a very busy office full of activity. AGENT DON PHELPS, sits at his desk. Scenes switch as they talk.

PHELPS
Sam. How are you? What can I do for you?

LAWRENCE
Hi Don. Hope all is well. Listen, I'm doing some checking on something down here and need your help. Could you run a check on a guy named Ernie Risler? He's originally from Toronto Ohio.

PHELPS
(writing it down)
Sure. I can do that. What are you hearing?

LAWRENCE
We got a lead on a Risler here in Toronto maybe with a booze house. But it doesn't make any sense. The guy is clean as a whistle. Except his brother might be a bad egg. Just wanted to cross that off my list. It's probably nothing.

PHELPS
Let me see what I can find out. Give me a day or so.

LAWRENCE
Like I said, it's probably nothing. But...

PHELPS
No that's fine. Least I can do for one of my boys from back home.

LAWRENCE
Thanks Don.

EXT. TREASURY OFFICE HEADQUARTERS, STEUBENVILLE - DAY

BUTCHER smokes a cigarettes outside the office. LAWRENCE sees him. Walks over.

LAWRENCE
Got a minute.

BUTCHER
Sure.

LAWRENCE
You're still dating that Risler girl. Right?

BUTCHER
Yeah. Emily.

LAWRENCE
You ever ask about her dad? What he does?

BUTCHER
He works at the Follansbee mill.

LAWRENCE
Right. But. I got some news. And this ain't goin' to be pretty.

BUTCHER
What?

LAWRENCE
About two weeks ago, McCoy busted some old Italians. Some deli on Second Street. And you know John. He squeezed them for some information. A guy with them says that he heard there's a booze house in Toronto. And the owner's name is Risler.

BUTCHER
What?

LAWRENCE
Yea.

BUTCHER
Has to be another Risler.

LAWRENCE
I did some checking. Frank Risler, her Dad, has a brother in Cleveland named Ernie. I got an agent buddy up there and he told me he has a bit of a rap sheet.

BUTCHER
Shit.

LAWRENCE
But that's not all. The boys up there think the brother might be working with the Mayfield Road mob.

BUTCHER
What the fuck.

LAWRENCE
I had to tell McCoy. He was breathing down my neck about this. He's such a hothead. I don't know what he's going to do.

BUTCHER
Christ.

LAWRENCE
You ever seen anything, suspicious?

BUTCHER
I've only been in the house a few times. Just in the foyer. We never stay there, we go out.

LAWRENCE
I drove by their house yesterday, evening. Looks like he has a new Cadillac. And they're building a big new addition, out back.

BUTCHER
Yea.

LAWRENCE
All that together. Sounds pretty nice for a mill worker.

BUTCHER
Emily says they got some money, from their family. In a will.

LAWRENCE
That's possible. I guess.

BUTCHER
What are you going to do now?

LAWRENCE
I don't know. Just keep an eye on things. I'll let you know if I hear anything else.

BUTCHER
Thanks for the information. I appreciate it.

LAWRENCE
Be careful.

EXT. RISLER HOUSE, TORONTO OHIO - DAY

BUTCHER parks his car. Walks up to the front door of the house. Knocks. EMILY comes to the door. Smiles. Steps outside. Hugs him.

EMILY
I didn't know you were stopping by.

BUTCHER
I had an errand over this way. Thought I'd see if you were around.

EMILY
That's nice.

BUTCHER
Hey, you mind? I wanted to see how the new addition is coming along.

EMILY
Sure.

They walk down the porch and around the house to the back.

A large poured foundation extends from the house. A ribbed wooden structure above it. A roof in progress tops the large addition. A new patio also in place. Butcher is impressed.

BUTCHER
I didn't realize how big this was going to be.

EMILY
I know. My Dad's excited.

BUTCHER
This is going to be really nice.

Butcher looks around. Past the new structure, he spots an opening in the yard next to the house. Some stone steps down to a basement doorway. He walks over. Emily follows.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
I didn't know your house had a back entrance. That go down to a basement?

EMILY
Yea. We don't go down there much. Just use it for storage. Christmas things, boxes, tools.

BUTCHER
Mind if I try the door?

EMILY
I think it's locked.

BUTCHER
I can check.

Butcher walks down the stone steps to the windowless dark door. Emily stands at the top of the steps.

She's very nervous--oh God, I hope it's locked. If it's open, he'll find out everything!

Butcher reaches the door. He tries to open it. Turns the doorknob. It is LOCKED. Emily is so relieved.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
That's good. Glad you keep it locked. Never know who might want to get into your house.

EMILY
Yeah. Right. Well come on back up here. Let me get you some iced tea, Mr. Curious.

BUTCHER
I prefer Agent Curious.

Emily smiles and they hug as he reaches her.

INT. TREASURY HEADQUARTERS, STEUBENVILLE - DAY

BUTCHER sits at his desk, fills out paperwork. LAWRENCE, somewhat excited, enters.

LAWRENCE
Can you step outside? It's important.

EXT. TREASURY HEADQUARTERS STEUBENVILLE- DAY

BUTCHER follows LAWRENCE as they head to the alley between buildings. Lawrence looks to see that they are alone.

LAWRENCE
McCoy's going to raid the Risler house tonight. Around 8. I just found out an hour ago.

BUTCHER
Tonight? Fuck. Did something happen?

LAWRENCE
Yea. He said Willy watched the house the last few nights. And, this is not, this looks bad.

BUTCHER
What? What did he see?

EXT. OUTSIDE RISLER HOUSE- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

WILLY MCCOY is in his car. Nodding off, but suddenly he awakes. A dark sedan pulls up down the street a bit. The lights go out. Two men get out. He sees them go behind the Risler house. A few minutes later, they are carrying cases to the car, loading up the trunk. They make several trips, back and forth.

LAWRENCE (V.O.)
Last night, about two in the morning. A big sedan pulled up outside the Risler place. Two guys got out. Went around to the back of the house. They went back and forth for about ten minutes. Loaded eight or ten crates into the trunk.

EXT. TREASURY HEADQUARTERS STEUBENVILLE- DAY

BUTCHER
Oh my God.

LAWRENCE
Look I have to go with him. I wanted to tell you. Maybe you can reach your girl. Get her out of there at least.

BUTCHER
I just can't fucking believe this. Holy shit.

LAWRENCE
I would leave now if I were you.

BUTCHER
(stunned)
Yea. Yea. I'll leave now.

EXT. A CAR ACROSS FROM RISLER HOUSE - EVENING

BUTCHER sits in his car, smoking. Nervous. Looks at his watch. EMILY arrives at the house, dropped off by another car. Just minutes before the raid. She goes into the house.

BUTCHER (V.O.)
But I couldn't reach Emily. She took the day off work. She went to Pittsburgh with some girl friends and got home right before the raid. I didn't know what to do. A few minutes after she got home, McCoy and the boys showed up. It was too late.

A black car pulls up. MCCOY, WILLY and LAWRENCE get out. They walk towards the front door. Butcher looks on.

EXT. RISLER HOUSE FRONT PORCH - EVENING

MCCOY knocks. MRS.RISLER answers. McCoy holds up a Treasury badge and a warrant.

JOHN MCCOY
Mam. Good evening. I'm John McCoy with the US Treasury Department. We have a warrant to search your premises.

Surprised, shaken, she reads the warrant.

MRS. RISLER
Can I ask you some questions, what is...

JOHN MCCOY
Is your husband home?

MRS. RISLER
He's upstairs.

JOHN MCCOY
We need to speak with him.

MRS. RISLER
Well, I'll get him...

JOHN MCCOY
That's fine. We'll just wait inside while you get him. I hope you don't mind.

INT. RISLER HOME FOYER - EVENING

With a condescending smile, MCCOY steps inside past MRS.RISLER. The other two agents follow. Mrs. Risler, shaken, heads upstairs.

The three men go through the foyer, look around. They open some doors, some are closets, but McCoy finds a locked door that leads to steps down to a cellar. He unlocks it.

He turns on a light with a pull chain. McCoy heads downstairs into the cellar. The other two men continue to look around the first floor. EMILY comes into the room.

EMILY
Who are you?

LAWRENCE
We're with the Treasury Department.

EMILY
What!

LAWRENCE
We need to speak with your father. Your mom went upstairs to get him.

Emily hurries up the stairs. McCoy comes back upstairs from the basement. Calls for his men.

JOHN MCCOY
Hey, come down here. You gotta see this. You won't believe it. Holy shit.

INT. RISLER HOME BASEMENT - EVENING

The two men head downstairs into the dark basement. One pulls out a flashlight.

In the dark room, CASES OF WHISKEY AND BEER. JUGS of WINE. Stacked all around. The men are shocked.

A few moments later, FRANK RISLER comes down the stairs. He stops halfway down the steps.

RISLER
Who are you? What the hell are you doing here?

MCCOY walks up to him on the steps. Gets in his face. Smiles.

JOHN MCCOY
You're in a lot of trouble brother. I need you to come upstairs. We need to talk.
(to his two agents)
You two, stay down here.

McCoy moves past Risler and heads upstairs, Risler follows. McCoy turns to talk to him. His wife and daughter look on. But Risler comes up the stairs and walks right past him into the kitchen. McCoy becomes angry.

JOHN MCCOY (CONT'D)
Where the hell you goin?

INT. RISLER HOME KITCHEN - EVENING

RISLER enters the kitchen, followed by MCCOY moments later. McCoy walks towards him, menacingly.

JOHN MCCOY
Hey you fucking rube, I want to talk to you.

Risler opens a kitchen drawer and pulls out a PISTOL, turns, aims. McCoy stops, surprised, shocked.

Risler FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS at McCoy.

McCoy HIT IN THE CHEST, cries out "FUCK, SHIT, OH MY GOD", falls to his knees.

INT. RISLER HOME FOYER - EVENING

RISLER runs into the foyer with the pistol. Goes to the open cellar door. SLAMS IT SHUT. Locks it. His stunned wife and daughter look on. YELLS through the door.

RISLER
I don't know who the hell you are, but I'll shoot you if you come up here.

MCCOY stumbles out of the kitchen, bleeding, he MOANS, coughs up blood. The women are horrified.

McCoy swears under his breath, his shirt bloody. Glassy eyed, in so much pain, he stumbles out the front door onto the porch.

EXT. OUTSIDE RISLER HOUSE - EVENING

MCCOY, on the porch. Kneels down in pain. From his car, BUTCHER sees McCoy. Runs to help him. Reaches him on the porch. McCoy, bleeding profusely, looks up at him.

BUTCHER
What the fuck happened? Shit!

JOHN MCCOY
(out of breath, scared)
I'm shot. Get me to a hospital.

Butcher helps get him off the porch and moves him towards their car.

The other two agents race out from the side yard. His son reaches him first.

WILLIE MCCOY
Holy shit. We heard the shots. What happened?

JOHN MCCOY
I got shot. For fuck's sakes. Quit talking. Get me to a hospital.

LAWRENCE and WILLY take him through the yard and get him into the backseat of their car. Willy jumps in the driver seat, starts the car up and it races away. Lawrence shaken, emotional. Out of breath. Leans over, his hands on his knees.

BUTCHER
What happened?

LAWRENCE
(panting)
The husband, the husband shot him.

BUTCHER
Why? Did you identify yourselves?

LAWRENCE
(panting)
To the wife. I don't know if the husband knew, who we were. We need to, go back in there. Arrest this guy. Fuck.

Butcher and Lawrence return to the front porch. Both have guns drawn. Lawrence starts to knock.

Frank Risler opens the door. He has his hands up. One hand holds the gun, just by his little finger.

He steps onto the porch. Drops the gun. Lawrence reaches down, picks up the gun. Hands it to Butcher.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Frank Risler. You're under arrest for shooting a US Treasury officer.

MR. RISLER
I thought you were hoods. I didn't know you were agents.

LAWRENCE
I wouldn't say anything else if I were you.

Lawrence turns him around. Starts to handcuff him. Once cuffed, he leads him off the porch. EMILY comes out. Sees Butcher.

EMILY
Jack?

Butcher turns. She steps closer to him.

EMILY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

BUTCHER
I was outside.

EMILY
Outside? Wait. You knew about this?

BUTCHER
I tried to reach you. I couldn't find you. I...

EMILY
So you knew?

BUTCHER
You have to understand, I...

Emily SLAPS HIM HARD across the face. He looks at her with a blank look. Her angry eyes could burn a hole in his head.

EMILY
(tearing up)
Go to hell. You go to fucking hell. I never want to see you again.

Jack stares at her hard. Wants to say something.

LAWRENCE
Let's go Jack. We gotta take this guy in.

Butcher nods. Lawrence and Butcher escort Risler to his car.

Emily and her mother now on the porch too. Hugging, both in tears, they watch as Frank is put into the backseat of Jack's car.

Jack turns back to see Emily. She is crying. He turns away.

INT. FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY HOSPITAL - MORNING

MCCOY, surrounded by his wife, his son WILLY the agent, and family, all weeping.

BUTCHER (V.O.)
McCoy died the next day. He just lost too much blood. His wife and Willy and his four other kids were all with him.

INT. TORONTO OHIO COURTROOM AND OTHERS - MONTAGE

Scenes from the courtroom and trial. Lawyers arguing, RISLER, his wife, his daughter EMILY on the stand. Testifying.

BUTCHER (V.O.)
A few months later, they had a trial for Risler. Risler said he thought McCoy was an intruder and confronted him. He said McCoy pulled his gun first. And he pulled his gun to defend himself. His wife and Emily said the same, but they weren't even in the kitchen. And McCoy's gun was still in the holster.

But it didn't matter. The jury found him not guilty. I can understand.

Montage of FRANK RISLER at a church function. At work. With friends and neighbors.

The Rislers were a popular family.
Had friends on the jury.
And people were sick of Treasury agents too. Especially the ones
(MORE)

BUTCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
shaking people down, like McCoy.
There were others too.
The whole Prohibition bullshit was just wearing people thin.

So yeah.
Frank got away with it.

Scenes of men hauling booze away, at night. In a few sedans. Last image shows one case of wine and a few cases of beer remaining in the basement.

And all that booze in the basement?
Well the Mayfield Road boys got it all out the night after McCoy was shot.
Someone got paid off, for sure.
They did leave a few cases of beer and some wine.
For appearances sake.
Frank just ended up paying a fine for that.

Scene of FRANK and ERNIE RISLER, enjoying CIGARS, in his new Florida Room.

And, I did hear Frank is enjoying his new Florida Room. And his brother Ernie stops down all the time. He finally cleaned up his act.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - EVENING

BUTCHER walks alone, with a cigarette, talks to camera.

BUTCHER
A sad end for McCoy. But he had made a lot of enemies. Someone was going to take him out. About a month after his death, I was transferred to a Treasury office north of Columbus. I worked there for the next five years.

And Emily? Well the worst part of this for me. I never saw her again. After that night. I really did love her. I wanted to spend my life with her. Have a family.

And that, to this day, still breaks my heart.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - DAY

OLD MOB GUY at the bar, sips his beer. Talks to the camera.

OLD MOB GUY
Before we get much further, the writer, he's a bit of a history nerd. So he wanted to get in some other things, about how this burg got started.

Pulls on some glasses. Begins reading from a paper.

ANIMATION with maps, images, cartoons, etc are displayed as the Old Mob Guy narrates.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
Alright, let's see. I got to read this.

So after the Revolutionary War, surveyors headed west to map the new Western territory. But there were risks, mainly Indians. So in 1786, the First American Regiment was sent here to build a fort to protect the surveyors, merchants and others.

They named the fort for Baron von Steuben. Remember him? But a few years later, when the surveyors were done, the fort was abandoned. But by then, some settlers had built homes around the fort and they named their new settlement Steubenville. And it grew from there.

One more thing about Steubenville. It was the home of the first Federal Land Office, west of the Allegheny Mountains. Opened in People had to come to Steubenville first to buy plots of land from the government to settle in parts of Ohio. First Land Office in the nation, here in Steubenville. Forget St. Louis, this was the first gateway city to the West.

Old Mob Guy, back on camera.

OLD MOB GUY
OK. Done with that. So, let's get back to our favorite son. The one and only Dino Crocetti. Or as you know him, Dean Martin.

EXT. LAKE MILTON, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO - EARLY EVENING

Super: Lake Milton, Youngstown, Ohio

June 1934

A group of teenagers around a bandstand. The George Whitman Orchestra plays an upbeat BIG BAND song. After the song and the applause, the bandleader GEORGE WHITMAN (44 yo) steps to the microphone.

WHITMAN
Thank you. Thank you. What a nice crowd. So does anyone have any requests?

A young man ROSS MONACO (16 yo, Italian) steps up to the stage.

ROSS
Hey, we got a fella here that sings. How about lettin' him sing a song?

WHITMAN
He any good?

ROSS
He's the best singer in Steubenville.
I'm tellin' you, he is.

WHITMAN
Oh brother. Alright, the best singer in Steubenville! Well I gotta see this.

Young, handsome DINO CROCETTI steps up to the stage. The audience CHEERS, especially the teenage girls.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)
Hey kid. Looks like you got some fans here. What do you want to sing?

DEAN MARTIN
Ummm. How about, "Oh, Marie"?

WHITMAN
OK. What's your name?

DEAN MARTIN
Dino Crocetti.

WHITMAN
Alright, ladies and gentleman. Please welcome Dino Crocetti, the best singer in Steubenville.

The band plays "Oh, Marie" and Dino SINGS the song wonderfully. The crowd CHEERS him on. The girls are googly eyed at this young handsome crooner.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
So that was my first time singing in front of people. I was nervous, but I got a high from the crowd cheering. And I never looked back. I knew what I wanted to do. And believe me, I'd been preparing for that moment for a long time.

Movie scenes as Dean narrates. BING CROSBY on the big screen singing in his classic crooner style. Then scenes of Dean SINGING at different clubs in Steubenville area.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
Growing up, I learned to sing watching Bing. The great Bing Crosby. I went to all his movies, "The Big Broadcast", "Too Much Harmony", "Going Hollywood". I couldn't read music, so that's how I learned. So did Frank, so did Tony Bennett. So many of us. But Bing was the original.

And after my first time at the lake, I started singing at dance halls all over the valley. The Polish Room, the Florentine, the Colonial Ball Room in Weirton. I got to know all the guys in the orchestras, and they all liked me. I was a good singer. Really good. And the girls liked me too.

Scenes of CLEVELAND. Dean singing with Ernie McKay Band, then Sammy Watkins Band. Dean's name on the advertising bills for some East Coast club dates.

DEAN MARTIN
After a while, I headed north to Cleveland. Started singing in clubs up there with the Ernie McKay Band, and eventually I got noticed by a big bandleader, Sammy Watkins. He featured me as a main vocalist. He's the one that told me to change my name. That's how Dean Martin was born.

After that I started doing shows all along the East Coast. But everything really changed for me around the end of 1945 when I met a young guy who told jokes and did impressions.

His name was, Jerry Lewis.

INT. HAVANA-MADRID NIGHTCLUB, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

Super: Havana-Madrid Nightclub

New York City

March 1946

Scenes of JERRY LEWIS on stage telling jokes and doing impressions, followed by scenes of DEAN singing, on different stages in different clubs.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
Turns out that Jerry and I were working the same joints and clubs in 1945. In Baltimore, New York City, Atlantic City, New Jersey. We knew each other, even had drinks together. But never worked together.

But something happened, at the Havana-Madrid in New York City. We were doing back to back shows early in 1946. And we would watch each other's shows. Then I started kibitzing with him when he was on stage, and he did the same when I was on. The audience loved it.

Scene of Dean singing. Jerry in the audience. Dean finishes a song. Audience applauds. He stops. Spots someone in the audience.

DEAN MARTIN
Hey looks like a young man down in front has a question. Speak up son.

Jerry stands up, the audience recognizes him, cheers.

JERRY LEWIS
(thick comic Italian accent)
Hiya there a Mr. Martini. I am a frienda of a Louis Prima. Can you singa "Please Don't Squeeza da Banana"?

DEAN MARTIN
Hey brother. None of my songs include any fruit. Alright? If you do want something fruity, go see my pal Jerry Lewis.

Jerry looks turns around to the audience, looks confused. The crowd ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.

New scene, same stage, Jerry does an impression of Frank Sinatra. He stops in the middle, sees someone in the audience who raises their hand.

JERRY LEWIS
Sorry, do you have a question sir.

Dean stands up, holds a cigarette, the audience cheers. Dean sounds a little drunk.

DEAN MARTIN
Hey, that was a pretty good Sinatra. Decent I guess. I got one for you. Can you do Dean Martin?

JERRY LEWIS
Sorry pal. I only do impressions of guys with hit records.

The crowd ROARS WITH LAUGHTER. Dean waves him off, in mock anger. Waves a fist at him. Laughs. Sits back down.

INT. NEW YORK CITY BAR - NIGHT

DEAN has a drink in hand, a cigarette in the ashtray, talks to camera.

DEAN MARTIN
So later on, we did a late show there, where both of us were onstage together, just doing jokes, silly skits, some singing. People stuck around for it and loved it. Even Billboard mentioned it one time, calling it a top "sock act".

But we went our separate ways after that. But some smart promoters saw us and knew were good together, and after I got out of my contract, I got signed to work with Jerry.

And, history was born.

INT. LOEWS STATE THEATER - EVENING

Super: Loews State Theater

New York City, NY

January 1947

We see scenes of DEAN and JERRY performing. Full capacity crowds CHEERING. LAUGHING. Applauding.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
And boy, right from the start, we were selling out, full houses. We were on our way. And life was good. Until it wasn't. And things went bad. Really bad.

INT. NEW YORK CITY BAR - DAY

DEAN sits at a bar, with a cigarette.

DEAN MARTIN
But more about that later. Hey I wanted to change things up a bit.

I want to introduce you again to a pal of mine. Actually, we met him earlier.

Remember? I placed a bet on the Pirates. My pal called them the Pittsburghers.

(MORE)

DEAN MARTIN (CONT'D)
That team later took another name, the Steelers. They did alright for themselves, right?

Anyway, my pal had a long name, but he went by Jimmy.
You know him by something different.He made a name for himself too. Big name.

I'll talk with you later.

INT. HALF MOON CASINO, STEUBENVILLE OHIO - DAY

Super: Half Moon Casino

Steubenville, Ohio

May, 1933

LAUGHING, drinking, smoke in the air. A roulette wheel spins in the corner. A craps table sits in the center.

A tall young man DEMETRIOS "JIMMY" SYNODINOS (16 yo, tall, handsome, athletic) manages chips at the craps table, talks with the men. The table cheers a good roll of the dice. MAC O'BRIEN (55 yo, balding, reddish hair, grizzled) taps Jimmy on the shoulder.

O'BRIEN
Hey Jimmy. When you get a minute.

Jimmy nods. He finishes a round of craps and hands the chips to another chip dealer. Walks over to O'Brien, standing at the bar.

JIMMY THE GREEK
You wanted to see me.

O'BRIEN
I just heard about that score you hit with the Derby. Cavalcade, on the nose, just like you told me. I should've listened.

JIMMY THE GREEK
I knew it was goin' to be Cavalcade.

O'BRIEN
Look kid, I think you got somethin. I know you're workin' with your Uncle Mike at the Academy Room. But I want you to do some work for me too. Runnin' bets from book to book, you know?

JIMMY THE GREEK
Alright.

O'BRIEN
And every trip you make, you get a $5 tip. Sound good for a young man like yourself?

JIMMY THE GREEK
I don't want a tip.

O'BRIEN
Really?

JIMMY THE GREEK
I'll take the job. But I want two and half percent of any bet carry.

O'BRIEN
Two and a half percent?
(a beat, smiles)
I ain't too good with math Jimmy. Let me think about it.

Jimmy smiles and heads back to the craps table.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - DAY

Young JIMMY walks down the street, talks to the camera. A montage of scenes of his topics as he narrates.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Hey there. Look at me. 16 years old, and six foot tall. Can you believe it? So who am I? Demetrios Georgios Synodinos.

But you don't know me by that. Heard of Jimmy The Greek? That's me. And Steubenville is my home town.

(MORE)

JIMMY THE GREEK (CONT'D)
And that's a true tale, I took some book money and laid it all on Cavalcade in the 1934 Kentucky Derby. Bet him on the nose to win. And he won easy. Made a bundle. Word started spreading about me. How I was good at making wagers. And I liked it. I was hooked.

INT. SLIM BREWER'S SILVER SLIPPER CLUB - DAY

JIMMY sits at a poker table, cut to scene at a roulette wheel, cut to scene at a craps table, Jimmy always quickly handling stacks of chips.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
So when I was growing up, there was eleven full blown gambling joints in Steubenville.

I quit school in tenth grade and started working and never looked back. I handled chips at the joints all over town, worked the craps table, the roulette wheels, the poker tables.

Jimmy picks up a stack of chips. Cut to scene of him picking up chips: then another, then another, then another.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
I would pick up a stack of chips for a 20 count. And it was always 20. Always. Not 19 or 21. Twenty, every time. The casino guys all loved me. Because the faster the guys got their chips, the more bets were being made.

Life was good. I was making more money than most of grownups in town. But one late night, my Pop had some questions for me.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - LATE NIGHT

JIMMY walking up to his house. His DAD waits on the front porch steps.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Hey Pop. You're up late.

JIMMY'S DAD
So are you.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Well I'm goin to head in. Good night.

Jimmy starts to walk past him. His dad grabs his pants leg. He stops.

JIMMY'S DAD
Where you been?

JIMMY THE GREEK
Workin'.

JIMMY'S DAD
Doin' what?

JIMMY THE GREEK
You know.

JIMMY'S DAD
I asked you a question. Doin' what?

JIMMY THE GREEK
Workin'.

Jimmy pulls out a fat bankroll. Smiles.

JIMMY'S DAD
Where did you get that?

JIMMY THE GREEK
I was workin' down at the Silver Slipper.

JIMMY'S DAD
Don't lie to me. You steal that?

JIMMY THE GREEK
No. Are you deaf? I told you, I was workin' down at...

His Dad SLAPS HIM HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

JIMMY'S DAD
Don't talk back to me. Ever.

Jimmy stares at him hard. Takes a deep breath. Puts his money away and walks past him, into the house.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - DAY

JIMMY walks down the street again. Talks to the camera.

JIMMY THE GREEK
My Pop was mad at me, a lot, for sure. I was always out late. He couldn't stop me. Funny thing is. About a month later, my Pop needed something for his market.

INT. WHITE STAR MEAT MARKET - DAY

JIMMY and his DAD inside the store. Loading a large FREEZER with Birds Eye frozen products.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
There was a new product out and all the markets had to have it. It was called Birds Eyes frozen foods. Little boxes with frozen fruits, vegetables, even some meats.

Everyone wanted these. But the problem was you needed a big freezer to sell them. And my Pops didn't have the money. So I gave him a thousand bucks so he could buy one. A lot of money back them.

After that, he never mentioned me staying out late, or what I was doing. Never again.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - DAY

JIMMY talks to the camera.

JIMMY THE GREEK
My Pops, he was a good man. I loved him. I know he just wanted me to be a straight arrow. Not get in with the wrong crowd. Which was easy to do in Steubenville. Believe me. My Pops grew up here. Loved America. But he was born in Greece. His family was from the Greek island Chios in the Aegean Sea.

EXT. CHIOS ISLAND, AEGEAN SEA, GREECE - DAY

Vivid, gorgeous scenes from the beautiful sun-kissed Greek island of Chios in the Aegean Sea.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
Chios is a beautiful magical place. Like something out of Greek mythology. My Pops was born there. His dad brought him to America when he was six years old with his brother and sister. And they all grew to love their new homeland.

EXT. LARGE YARD UNDER A TALL TOWERING TREE - DAY

A ROWDY party in a backyard around a large tree. Loud GREEK MUSIC. Drunk, LAUGHING men dance together in the setting sun.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
On Sundays during the summer, Grandpa and my Pops, and all the family and friends would gather under a big tree in our backyard. There was always the best food-- Moussaka, Souvlaki, Spanakopita. The Ouzo and wine would flow. And the dimotiki music was playing.

And by the end of the evening, the men would dance together, with their arms stretched across their shoulders.

Young JIMMY sits at a table, listens as his family talks about how beautiful and magical Chios was, how much they missed it. They tell stories. Much laughter.

He wanders off. Finds his UNCLE STANLEY (64 yo) who sits alone in a chair under a tree. His uncle drinks from a bottle of red wine. He's a little drunk.

YOUNG JIMMY THE GREEK
Hey Uncle Stanley.

UNCLE STANLEY
Hey there Jimmy.

YOUNG JIMMY THE GREEK
Can I ask you something?

UNCLE STANLEY
Of course.

YOUNG JIMMY THE GREEK
Why does everyone talk so much about Chios? I mean, if it was so beautiful and everyone loved it so much, why did they come here?

UNCLE STANLEY
Good question. Let me tell you. And listen.
(a beat)
Because the living is good there, but the money is good here. Blessed be the man who can have both.
(big smile, Jimmy is confused)
Maybe that doesn't make any sense. But some day you'll understand.

Jimmy smiles. Uncle Stanley leans in, kisses him on the head.

EXT. STREETS OF STEUBENVILLE - DAY

JIMMY narrates scenes as he walks down a street. Scenes of the National Exchange Building, then on the phone in his office.

JIMMY THE GREEK
I continued to learn my craft, playing the horses, betting the ball games. The money was good, really good. By the time I was nineteen, I had my own office in the National Exchange Building downtown.

And now I was making big bets with a couple of Pittsburgh bookies. I could wager thousands over the phone with them.

Scenes from his drive to 1930s Pittsburgh.

And one time, I was up $2500 bucks from one of the guys. Name of Tucker. So I drove to Pittsburgh. About a 45 minute drive. To a joint called the Amorita Club.

EXT. AMORITA CLUB, PITTSBURGH - DAY

JIMMY parks his car. A quiet street lined by brick rowhouses. He gets out, looks around. Finds the address, a nondescript brick building among other row houses.

Jimmy walks towards the building, to the front door. No club signage. Just address numbers above the door. He can hear some music through the door.

Jimmy presses a doorbell. There's a peep hole in the front door. After a few moments, it opens, closes. A voice through the door.

VOICE
Get outta here kid.

JIMMY THE GREEK
I'm here to see Mr. Tucker.

VOICE
We don't let kids in here. Now scram.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Tell Mr. Tucker Jimmy from Steubenville wants to see him.

A beat. Some voices. Peep hole opens, closes. After a few moments, the door opens. A tall handsome man in a silk suit stands in the doorway, RONALD TUCKER (35 yo, brown hair).

TUCKER
For God's sake. You're the guy from Steubenville we owe money to? How old are you?

JIMMY THE GREEK
I'm nineteen.

TUCKER
Nineteen. Shit. OK kid. Come in. What's your name again?

JIMMY THE GREEK
My friends call me Jimmy The Greek.

INT. AMORITA CLUB - DAY

Both enter and walk through the dark club. A crooner ballad plays on a jukebox in the corner. Smoke in the air.

Just a few men at the bar. TUCKER and JIMMY walk through towards a door in the back.

TUCKER
Well son you've made quite a name for yourself here. I want you to meet someone.

Tucker knocks at the door. From inside: "COME IN"

INT. WILLIE NEWMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

TUCKER opens the door and they enter. Well dressed handsome WILLIE NEWMAN (48 yo, graying hair), sits at his desk. Piles of newspapers all around. A teletype machine CLACKS away. Willie, with a cigarette in hand, looks up.

WILLIE NEWMAN
Who's this?

TUCKER
This is the guy from Steubenville who hit big on Notre Dame and Nebraska last week. We owe him $2500 bucks.

His name is Jimmy The Greek. He just knocked on the door. Thought you might want to meet him.

Willie smiles. Turns off the clacking teletype machine. Puts down his cigarette. Stands up to greet him.

WILLIE NEWMAN
Well holy shit. Jimmy, nice to meet you. I'm Willie Newman. I kind of run things here. Have a seat.

Jimmy and Tucker sit down.

WILLIE NEWMAN (CONT'D)
So Jimmy. First, how old are you?

JIMMY THE GREEK
Nineteen, almost 20.

WILLIE NEWMAN
Christ. You're growing up fast son. So we've been following your bets. You seem to be on quite the streak. Any secrets?

JIMMY THE GREEK
No sir. Just studying. All I do is read the sporting papers, the Sporting News, Football Annual, Street and Smiths. And I played some football in school. Just have a knack for it I guess.

WILLIE NEWMAN
You sure do. Lately, we've been favoring some of your bets with other bookies. Big names. Heard of Mel Clark in Chicago? Billy Hecht?

JIMMY THE GREEK
Sure. Billy Hecht started the Minneapolis Line betting service.

WILLIE NEWMAN
Right. And they've all noticed your run of good luck.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Is that good?

WILLIE NEWMAN
Sure. Means you got some attention from the fat cats. Means you might be on to the start of something.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Yea?

WILLIE NEWMAN
But to get going, you're going to need some help. How to deal with the big boys like Clark and Hecht. Maybe I can help.
You want to work with me?

JIMMY THE GREEK
Sure. Sure I would, I would love that Mr. Newman.

WILLIE NEWMAN
Good. We got lots of things going on. Some real exciting stuff.

TUCKER
You should tell him about point spreads.

WILLIE NEWMAN
Yeah. So Jimmy, right now, all the betting on football games is based on odds, 5 to 1, 3 to 2, you know.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Right.

WILLIE NEWMAN
But lately, we've been looking at a new thing. Point spreads. Here's how it works. You bet a team as the favorite and have to give say six points to the other team. Or you bet a team as an underdog, you get six points.

JIMMY THE GREEK
I've heard about this.

WILLIE NEWMAN
So you win based on the points, not who wins or loses the game. And we control that point spread based on the bets coming in. And we can adjust it. If too much comes in on one team, we can change the spread. To manage our risk.

JIMMY THE GREEK
I got it.

WILLIE NEWMAN
We post the numbers on a tip sheet on Monday. And can adjust the spread all week til the college games on Saturday, and the pro games on Sunday.

JIMMY THE GREEK
That's something.

WILLIE NEWMAN
And you can bet one team on the sheet, or two or three or more with the spreads. If you hit them all with the spreads, the bigger the payout.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Something like that makes the games more exciting too. It's not just wins and losses.

(MORE)

JIMMY THE GREEK (CONT'D)
The score means more. That last field goal could win you your bet.

WILLIE NEWMAN
Right. Exactly. Anyway, we're not ready for it yet. Hecht's got his handicappers trying to figure it all out. There's a couple other guys looking at it too. Maybe this time next year.
(looks at his watch)
Damn. I gotta run to a meeting at the Bachelors Club. But hey kid, so glad to finally meet you.
(looks at Tucker)
Mr. Tucker will take care of what we owe you.

Tucker gets up, goes to a sideboard, and brings over $2,500 in a BANKROLL. Hands it to Jimmy who puts it in his pocket.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Thank you.

Willie looks at Tucker, puts up two fingers. Tucker reaches into his pocket. Hands Jimmy another $200.

JIMMY THE GREEK (CONT'D)
What's this?

WILLIE NEWMAN
A little extra. A welcome bonus for working with us.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Thank you very much.

WILLIE NEWMAN
You'll work with Mr. Tucker to get started. He'll show you the ropes. How things work around here.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Thank you again.

WILLIE NEWMAN
Hey. We got time for a quick toast.

Willie reaches into his desk, pulls out a bottle of Old Overholt whisky. He opens and pours a shot for the three of them. Raises his glass.

WILLIE
Here's to our newest friend, Jimmy The Greek.

They raise their glasses and down the drinks. Smiles all around.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
I continued my run of good fortune, working out of my place in Steubenville. And with Mr. Tucker and Mr. Newman.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE IN STEUBENVILLE - DAY

JIMMY at his messy desk, covered with newspapers, reads The Sporting News. Zoom in on an article about the Great Lakes-Notre Dame football game.

Jimmy, puts the paper down on his desk, sits back in his chair.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
But my real moment was a few years later. A game featuring powerhouse unbeaten Notre Dame against the Great Lakes Navy Bluejackets near Chicago on Thanksgiving Day in

And you're saying to yourself, who the hell are the Great Lakes Navy Bluejackets?

EXT. GREAT LAKES NAVY BLUEJACKETS - HISTORIC FOOTAGE

Historic scenes narrated by JIMMY about the Great Lakes football team.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
During the war years because of the lack of college age kids off to fight, service teams like the Bluejackets were allowed to fill out their football teams with older players and even ex-NFL guys. I knew that the Bluejackets had some good players like Emil Sitko, Lou Saban, and Steve Lach who had played in the NFL for the Chicago Cardinals.

EXT. NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL TEAM - HISTORIC FOOTAGE

Historic scenes of the Notre Dame team narrated by JIMMY.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
On the other hand, Notre Dame was unbeaten and beating their opponents by double digits, every game. None were close. They had All-Americans everywhere, Angelo Bertelli, Creighton Miller, Jack Lujack.
They beat every team easily, some consider them one of the greatest college teams ever. They had been running through teams like a hot knife through warm butter.

EXT. GREAT LAKES NAVY BLUEJACKETS - HISTORIC FOOTAGE

Scenes of the Great Lakes Navy Bluejackets team with Paul Brown on the sidelines coaching. JIMMY narrates.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
But for the first time all year, Notre Dame had just squeaked by a team the week before, and I knew the Great Lakes team was no pushover. They had two losses, but they had a great coach, Paul Brown, who later took a bunch of these Great Lakes guys to Cleveland when he started the Browns.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE, STEUBENVILLE - DAY

JIMMY on the phone. Talks. Hangs up. Dials another number.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
Notre Dame opened as a seventeen point favorite and at 13 to one odds. I knew this was way off. So I started laying bets all over the place, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Pittsburgh. All on the Bluejackets.

EXT. ROSS FIELD, GREAT LAKES NAVAL STATION, ILLINOIS - DAY

JIMMY narrates scenes from the game.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
Notre Dame was leading 14-12 with under a minute left. I had my point spread bets in, but really wanted to hit the odds bets. I had thousands of dollars in odds bets all over the place. Most at 10 to 1 or more. And, boy what happened next, was really something.

Radio announcer describes the action.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
So, we're in the closing moments at Ross Field here in Great Lakes Illinois on a beautiful Thanksgiving afternoon. The home team Bluejackets have given this great unbeaten Notre Dame team all they can handle. But the Irish have just taken the lead 14-12. Now, there's only 33 seconds left. One last chance for the Bluejackets.

The play unfolds. (Actual footage of this game exists.)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
First and ten for the Bluejackets on the Notre Dame 46. Anderson and Pirkey are the wide outs. Lach is at left halfback, takes a direct snap. He's got a big rush on him. He ducks one man, then another, escapes to his left and he heaves the ball downfield.

And, Paul Anderson is WIDE OPEN! He's got it at the five, and IN FOR THE TOUCHDOWN! Bluejackets have the lead! Unbelievable!

The crowd ERUPTS IN CHEERS and the NAVAL SIRENS BLOW LOUD. The Notre Dame players and coaches stand by, stunned.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE IN STEUBENVILLE - MORNING

JIMMY at his desk, looks at newspapers full of stories about the huge upset of unbeaten Notre Dame.

JIMMY THE GREEK (V.O.)
I called it. The Great Lakes Navy Bluejackets, a seventeen point underdog, wins outright, 19-14. A few days later, I was in Walter Winchell's national column. He said "The smart bookies are singing the blues in Philly. A young Greek in Steubenville Ohio hit them for half a mill backing Great Lakes over the Irish."

I didn't win nearly that much, and not all of it was with Philly bookies. But hell, that mention by Winchell made me. I was on the national map. And it led me to riches and fame I could only dream of.

But also, to some very hard and difficult times. Really bad. I'll talk to you about that later.

Let's get back to my hometown. It was still going through it's own tough times. But things were gonna change.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - DAY

The OLD MOB GUY sits at the bar. Looks up.

OLD MOB GUY
So we heard from Dean, we heard from Jimmy. But what happened to their home town during these years? Steubenville was still a mob run town, even after prohibition was over in 1933. Still "Little Chicago". But something ugly happened one night in October 1946, that changed everything.

INT. SLIM BREWER'S SILVER SLIPPER CASINO - EVENING

Super: Slim Brewer's Silver Slipper

A busy night in the casino. A drunk and loud BERNARD CLARK (32 yo, bulky, crew cut, blonde hair) YELLS at the craps dealer. Gets in his face. People are staring.

CLARK
Give me the dice. I said, give me the goddamn dice...

CRAPS DEALER
Sir, can you please just...

CLARK
Are you deaf you son of a bitch?

The nervous dealer looks around, to see if there's anyone to help. He spots the sharply dressed owner RAY "SLIM" BREWER (62 yo, handsome, full head of graying hair) Waves him over. Brewer walks up. With a smile.

SLIM
Johnny. How's everything goin' here?

CRAPS DEALER
Hiya Slim. Well, this guy...

CLARK
Slim Brewer? You the owner of this joint? Well this guy, he's ripping me off. He's cheating. I know it. He's fixin' the dice somehow, I don't know how he's doing it but...

SLIM
What's your name?

CLARK
Bernard Clark.

SLIM
First time here Mr. Clark?

CLARK
What's that matter?

SLIM
No, just asking brother.

CLARK
Haven't been here before. But I'll tell ya where I've been. Fighting the Nips the last three years. I was on Iwo Jima. Heard of it?

SLIM
Sure. Of course. We're proud of you brother.
All our boys in uniform.
(MORE)

SLIM (CONT'D)
But listen, maybe it's time to call it a night. We can get you a room upstairs, no charge, and we can take care of whatever you...

CLARK
Fuck you. I'm a Marine. You don't tell me when I'm done drinkin.

SLIM
Can you please calm down.

CLARK
Don't tell me what to do. If I wanna drink, I'm gonna drink.

SLIM
Not if you're being disruptive and upsetting the folks here. If you don't want to go upstairs, then I'll have to ask you to leave.

CLARK
I ain't leavin'. And get me another drink. Whiskey and Coca-Cola.

SLIM
It's time for you to go. I'm warning you.

CLARK
You're warning me? Fuck you.

CLARK takes a swing and PUNCHES SLIM hard in the face. Slim CRUMPLES down over a chair. The dealer and two burly guys run up to Clark and grab him. The crowd gasps, stunned.

Slim holds his bleeding face, points at Clark, tells his men.

SLIM
Take that bastard outside.

CLARK
Fuck you. I hardly hit you, you little pansy. You baby.

SLIM
Take care of that son of a bitch!

The men drag the drunk Clark out the door. The crowd stares. Slim gets to his feet. His nose bleeding.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - EVENING

OLD MOB GUY, sits at the bar. Sips his beer. Takes a smoke.

OLD MOB GUY
They took that guy outside. This Marine. A few hours later, he was dead. Shot to death.

Montage of scenes of 1940s Steubenville, as the old man narrates.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
By 1946, after the decades of mob rule and ugly corruption in town, everyone was just sick of it. The crime, the murders. Just happening so openly. Even after prohibition was lifted, there was still illegal gambling all over town, and plenty of whore houses. But the death of this Marine ignited a movement in town. Like a match lit on a pile of oily rags. Some say he asked for it. But people knew this town was ready for a change.

And it all started with a disc jockey, talking about the murder on his radio show.

INT. WSTV RADIO STATION, DISK JOCKEY BOOTH - EVENING

HARRY COCHRAN (49 yo, slightly built) sits at a table in the radio booth. WSTV Microphone in front of him. Lit cigarette in an ashtray. He clicks on the microphone as a song fades out on the turntable.

COCHRAN
This is Harry Cochran on WSTV from Steubenville Ohio. It is twenty past the hour. This morning and this afternoon, I told listeners that I would have something to say about the killing on lower Market Street yesterday morning.

INT. DIFFERENT PEOPLE'S HOMES IN STEUBENVILLE - EVENING

People sit around radios, tuned to WSTV, 1340 on the AM dial. Different households. Different races. Men, women, children, all listening.

COCHRAN (V.O.)
This is it. A rat extermination campaign in Steubenville is long overdue. The good name of the city of Steubenville has been besmirched for long years in the headlines of the nation's press and over microphones on national radio hookups. Little Chicago they call our city. And for what reason? Because a lawless element has been permitted to flourish.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - EVENING

The OLD MOB GUY, sits at the bar.

OLD MOB GUY
That DJ continued his rants on the radio for days against the vice and corruption. The public got more and more angry. And well, what happened next is really something. You know about the separation of church and state? Well, in Steubenville, the church took on the state. Some crazy shit happened. And it all started in the pulpits on the Sunday after the murder.

INT. ST JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH - DAY

Super: Saint John's Lutheran Church

The Reverend MAURICE WHITE (28 yo, brown hair, blue eyes) stands at his pulpit.

WHITE
At this very hour, we are declaring a new war, a war which might better be termed a program of rat extermination, a war against men, machines, and powers which have made this city and its environs the hellhole of the State of Ohio.

INT. SECOND UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

Super: Second Union Presbyterian Church

Minister ALEXANDER (ALEC) FLEMING (58 yo, red-headed, Scot), speaks from the pulpit.

FLEMING
The "Enemies Within Our Gates" are the crowd that make up the cesspool of crime, immortality and political corruption in our city and county. I use that word "cesspool" because I can't think of any word that better describes the deplorable combination of rotten politics and money-making, demoralizing rackets. It's a condition of the heart of our civic life that has a rotten smell.

INT. SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Super: Second Baptist Church

Minister RANDALL HOOE (28 yo, black, energetic) speaks from the pulpit.

HOOE
Today, I call attention to a city that is crumbling to earth. The walls of righteousness are being broken down. Her gates are easy prey to her enemies. She stands tottering on the brink of complete disaster not only for herself but for her innocent citizens as well. It is our own city to which I refer.

INT. MONTAGE OF STEUBENVILLE SCENES - DAY

A montage of scenes: More pastors preaching on this topic, some banging their pulpits. People standing and cheering. A full page editorial from the pastors in the local Herald Star newspaper.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
Ten preachers took to their pulpits that Sunday and blasted the local authorities for letting the crime and vice go on for far too long.
(MORE)

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They put a big ad in the local newspaper, the Herald Star, with the title "Enemies Within Our Gates", signed by the ten ministers.

And they raged from the pulpit. For weeks. For months.

As a matter of fact, they demanded to become soldiers in the war against the vice.

But some people were not happy about that. Especially those in charge. A council meeting was called to discuss it, and it turned very ugly.

INT. STEUBENVILLE CITY COUNCIL MEETING - EVENING

The TEN PREACHERS are ready to address the CITY COUNCIL MEN seated at a longer wood table. A packed and very NOISY room. Standing room only.

Some in the crowd are members of the mob, quiet, well-dressed, looking around curiously at the rowdy crowd. The Council President, 62 yo STANLEY SLEE, stands to speak up.

SLEE
Alright. Alright.
(slams gavel)
Alright! Please. Can I have your attention.
(crowd quiets)
Thank you. As part of our agenda tonight, we are to hear from many of our local ministers regarding their concerns about crime in our community. We will start with Reverend Bob Anderson of the Fifth Street Methodist Church.

ANDERSON
(stands up)
Thank you President Slee and good evening. First, I want to thank the city council for granting us this audience. The ten preachers here tonight represent conservatively at least ninety percent of the people in this community.
(MORE)

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
And we are all here to say that we are sick and tired of the crime and vice flaunted in our faces.
(crowd in room cheers)
And for years, nothing has been done.
Nothing changes.
Everyone knows where the vice dens are. But no one in our City Hall seems too interested. And if that remains the case, we want to change things.
Tonight, we are proposing that the ten of us, along with twenty men from each of our parishes, be given the power to fight this vice, to arrest people and fight this criminal element.

LOUD APPLAUSE. The councilmen look disturbed--what is this? The mob men in the audience look at each other, stunned. One councilman stands, BUD NOLAN.

NOLAN
I stand to object. I'm sorry Reverend, but what you propose, to deputize yourselves and twenty men, to arrest people, is wholly illegal. It's just not possible.

The crowd HISSES AND BOOS. Anderson turns to the restless crowd. With a big smile.

ANDERSON
Isn't this just what we expected? From these so called officials. Again we're given the runaround by people in whom we've put our confidence. This is what we expected. We want to clean up Steubenville. Evidently our elected officials are not interested in such a proposal.

Loud APPLAUSE and CHEERS breaks out in the courtroom. Councilman BUD NOLAN stands.

NOLAN
Reverend Anderson. Please. I know there's gambling in Steubenville. There was gambling here before I was born. Maybe it's got out of line. But it's not because we're not working on this.
(MORE)

NOLAN (CONT'D)
We're trying to fix the problem. The issue is the fact that the Steubenville police department is undermanned. We don't have enough money for more policemen.

ANDERSON
Mr. Nolan. Perhaps the police are overworked and overburdened. But can I ask a question? Why in heaven's name do we see the overworked police walking in and out of the big gambling dens, without ever making an arrest? Nothing changes. We see it everyday. I know why. Either they're paid not to see things, or have been ordered to do nothing about it.
(crowd cheers)

NOLAN
That's enough sir!

ANDERSON (CONT'D
And I will tell you. If the police in this town do not stand by their oaths, and continue to be recreant in their duty, we will see that they are removed from their roles. The pastors here, and the men in our parishes, can man the streets, clean up this vice and exterminate the rats.

LOUD APPLAUSE in the courtroom. The Sheriff 55 yo ROSS CUNNINGHAM stands.

CUNNINGHAM
That's enough! I will not stand by as you slander our policemen. If you know of these gambling dens, then report them.

ANDERSON
Report them? It's not my job to report them. You know where they are. Hell, sheriff, I've seen you come out of most of them.

The crowd explodes in LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Do your job. It's your business to clean up these vice dens. Enforce the law. And if you can't do your job, we will.
(crowd cheers)

CUNNINGHAM
You people run your parishes and I'll run the sheriff's office. Understand?

ANDERSON
That's the point. We're fed up with how you're doing your job. And we'll continue to look into your business as much as we please. And by the way, a group of us are heading to Columbus tomorrow. To talk with the Governor. And just know, we will report to the Governor how you're responding to our proposal. With disdain and malice.

The room ERUPTS IN APPLAUSE. The councilmen, the Sheriff and those on the board look around, stunned. The mob men, somewhat shook, suddenly get up and leave the room.

EXT. BUS ON ROAD TO COLUMBUS, OHIO - DAY

A montage: The preachers and others in a bus, headed to Columbus. Scenes of the meeting with the GOVERNOR FRANK LAUSCHE at the Ohio Statehouse.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
Well, the preachers drove to Columbus the next day and had their meeting with the Governor. The Governor was receptive. He was sick of the stink in Steubenville too. And trying to clean it up might be good for his reelection. Or maybe even higher office. He told them he was going to act on their request. And when the mobsters in Steubenville found out, they got really nervous.

INT. SLIM BREWER'S SILVER SLIPPER CASINO - DAY

SLIM BREWER sits at the bar, smoking. One of his men, MIKE Z, comes up to him. Slim turns to him.

SLIM
They back Z?

MIKE Z
About an hour ago.

SLIM
And?

MIKE Z
They met with Lausche. Looks like he's going to support them. He may bring in the feds again, hire a special prosecutor. They even talked about firing the sheriff, hell even the mayor.

SLIM
Christ.

MIKE Z
And this might happen fast. Lausche wants to do something. Good for him politically. You know the guy wants to be President someday.

SLIM
Fuck.

MIKE Z
What do you want to do?

SLIM
(A beat)
We got to go dark for awhile. Let this blow over. Tell the boys to shut down at 6 tonight. Move the tables, slot machines. Everything. Lock them up in storage. Cover them up. And tell all the dames to scram for a while. Get out of town.

INT. BAR ROOMS, POOL HALLS, GAMBLING ROOMS - DAY

Scenes of men closing up shop. Covering up slot machines, roulette wheels, poker tables. Moving them into large storage areas. Young women in the upstairs rooms packing bags, suitcases.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
The mob guys locked down more tightly than ever. With the preachers still pounding them, public opinion against them was at a peak. Word spread about the "Pistol Packin Preachers". Eventually, they were written up in Newsweek, Collier's, hell even LIFE Magazine. And as the screws tightened more and more, the illegal joints stayed closed. For weeks, and then months.

INT. FIFTH STREET METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

BOB ANDERSON stands at the pulpit firing up his congregation.

ANDERSON
It is obvious that the town is closed tighter than a drum, but in a few days or a few weeks or a few months, it will be wide open again unless the decent self respecting people of the community serve notice that we will no longer tolerate the existence of these conditions.

Pastor Anderson turns to the camera. Addresses it directly.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
And, this is as true today as it was back then. If you're in a community full of crime and vice and local authorities are failing the citizens, don't try to clean it up by yourself. Organize! Single handily doing things will fail. You need to form a campaign! A crusade! In numbers, you leave the rats no choice. They can focus on one man or woman to bring down, but not ten or twelve or more! And hang on! Do not become tired or discouraged over time. The rats will wait you out. Stay mad! Stay focused! You will emerge victorious. The Good Lord will see to it!

Scenes of change in Steubenville: Busy downtown streets in the 1950s and 60s full of shops and restaurants. Children and families milling around. Scenes of local parades.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
Anderson and all the preachers were true to their word. They continued their crusade for years, using their most effective weapon, the power of the pulpit. And more local people spoke out. Became active in fighting crime. The fear of the gangster element waned. It was the beginning of the end of the rampant vice and ugliness that poisoned Steubenville for over a hundred years.

So, there's a good moral to the story. Right?

If enough people do what is good, what is right, things can change. Believe me, if it happened in Steubenville, it can happen anywhere.

But hey, let's get back to some more fun stuff. Dean Martin. And I need a drink.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - EVENING

OLD MOB GUY at the bar. Talks to the camera.

OLD MOB GUY
So Dean Martin. Well, he was going crazy with success. The songs, the albums. He was singing at the biggest joints in New York, Atlantic City, Chicago, Miami. Everywhere. He hooked up with Jerry Lewis and they became the biggest act in America. Making hit movies. For years. Then Jerry and Dean, who was ten years older than Jerry, started to drift apart. Things got ugly. The last time they worked together on a movie was in 1956. Jerry was peeved. He was mad because he heard Dean wanted to dump him. That this might be their last movie together. So Jerry acted up on the set. To get back at Dean.

But it didn't turn out too well for Jerry.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STUDIO STAGE - DAY

A movie stage set as an office. Everyone ready for the scene. JERRY LEWIS sits at a desk in the office in the scene.

The Director 42 yo FRANK "TISH" TASHLIN speaks up. He sits back in a chair, and on the back of the chair is displayed "Hollywood Or Bust", the movie's title.

TASHLIN
Quiet on the set. Rolling. Action.

The character BOOKIE BENNY opens a door, enters the room. Bookie Benny speaks in a boozy tone, like a punch drunk boxer, to Jerry's character, at the desk.

BOOKIE BENNY
Well, here ya go mister. I got the money all up front. Just like, like you said, and...

Jerry gives him a dirty look. He stands up, holds his hands in the air, yells "STOP, STOP, CUT". A WHISTLE BLOWS. Everyone stops. The director Tashlin gets up out of his chair. Walks up to Jerry. A bit peeved.

TASHLIN
Why did you stop the scene?

JERRY LEWIS
(points at Bookie Benny)
Tish, who the fuck is this clown?

BOOKIE BENNY
Hey.

JERRY LEWIS
You shut the fuck up.
(turns to Kashlin)
What is this? This guy. And what's with that stupid accent.
(Mocks him with a boozy accent)
"Well here you go mister. I got the money."

BOOKIE BENNY
Now hold on.

JERRY LEWIS
(angerly turns to Bookie)
Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?
(turns to Tish)
(MORE)

JERRY LEWIS (CONT'D)
I want this guy fired. Off the set. And anyway, I don't like how this scene is written. It's stupid. It makes no sense. Can't anyone write a funny scene anymore? What the fuck Tish. You hiring monkeys as writers too?

TASHLIN
(enraged)
That's enough. That's it. I want you off the set.

Jerry makes a face, snorts at him.

TASHLIN (CONT'D)
I mean it. You're gone. Off. You've been acting like this for weeks. You're discourteous, obnoxious, and an embarrassment. You're a disgrace to the profession.

Jerry goes flush, shaken, cannot believe this is happening. The cast and crew stare, stunned at what they are seeing.

JERRY LEWIS
Tish. When did you get the right...

TASHLIN
Enough. As director of this picture, I order you to leave, go. Get your ass out of here and don't come back.

Tashlin looks around, seeing everyone staring, stunned.

TASHLIN (CONT'D)
Alright everyone. Take 20.

Jerry is stunned. He slowly walks from the set.

DEAN MARTIN walks onto the set, holds a cigarette. Talks to the camera as he walks.

DEAN MARTIN
So that was it for Jerry on that movie. And he had it coming, believe me. And why? Cause he knew I was done with him. He was a shit to everyone on that movie, just to get back at me. He wanted to make a stink.

And why was I done with him?
(MORE)

DEAN MARTIN (CONT'D)
Because I was sick of working with the arrogant prick he had become. After all these years, I just saw him as a dollar sign. I told him just that. To his face. I was tired of his bullshit. And I wanted to get out on my own.

EXT. OUTSIDE JERRY LEWIS HOME - DAY

An stretcher loaded into an ambulance outside of a Hollywood mansion.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
A few days later, he got sick as a dog and had to be rushed to a hospital. Nervous exhaustion they said. But the real reason was, he was scared. Scared of what life would be like after I dumped him.

INT. COPACABANA CLUB LOBBY, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

JERRY and DEAN pose for pictures at the Copacabana lobby.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
I told him after our next publicity tour, we were done. He knew it when he talked to me for the last time as partners. We had just finished a gig at the Copa in New York. Our last gig. We were back in our rooms. He called me. I was done with him. He knew it. But I did feel bad for the poor guy. He was like a lost dog.

INT. JERRY'S SUITE BEDROOM COPACABANA - NIGHT

JERRY lies in his bed. Bottle of whisky, glasses, some pills by his bedside. He picks up the phone. In a gruff voice, asks the operator to put him through to Dean's suite. The phone rings in Dean's suite. DEAN, still dressed dapper, smokes a cigarette, picks it up. He can hear the heartbreak in Jerry's voice. He feels bad for him. Even though he is through with him.

JERRY LEWIS
(meekly)
Hello Dean.

DEAN MARTIN
Hey pal. How you holdin' up?

JERRY LEWIS
I don't know.

DEAN MARTIN
You don't know? You OK?

JERRY LEWIS
(quietly)
We had some good times, didn't we?

DEAN MARTIN
We sure did pallie. We sure did.

JERRY LEWIS
Well, take care of yourself.

DEAN MARTIN
You too pal.

Jerry gently hangs up the phone, and leans back in bed, distraught. Closes his eyes.

Dean hangs up the phone. Takes a long drag on his cigarette. Stares out the window at the city lights.

DEAN MARTIN (V.O.)
And that was it for Martin and Lewis. What a ride. But lots was still in store for me. Hoo-boy. Ya'll heard of the Rat Pack?

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - DAY

The OLD MOB GUY sits at the bar. Takes a long drink. As he talks, a montage of scenes and movie clips are displayed based on the voice over.

OLD MOB GUY
Dean was right. After they split up, Dean started doing some of his own movies. Then he got the smart idea to start buying up land and properties, starting with Dino's Lodge in LA. He bought up land all over Nevada too. He went back to singing in Vegas and was packing them in at the Sands.

And of course, that is when the Rat Pack was just starting up.
(MORE)

OLD MOB GUY (CONT'D)
Late 50s, early 60s. Frank Sinatra, Joey Bishop, Sammy Davis, Peter Lawford. And his movies got better. He was a pretty good actor.

Clips play from movies "Rio Butcher", "Who Was That Lady", "The Young Lions", and "Bells Are Ringing".

A montage of historic scenes from the era as the Old Mob Guy narrates: John F. Kennedy, the election of 1960, Bobby Kennedy as the Attorney General, and the mob bosses.

OLD MOB GUY (CONT'D)
And then he made those flicks with Sinatra and the Rat Pack, you know "Oceans 11" and "Sergeants 3".

Hell, he was hanging with the President, JFK.

But shit happens. Sometimes fast. Maybe he just got lazy. His albums started to bomb. His shows at the Sands were getting bad reviews. One guy said, "this guy never finishes his own damn songs..."

And maybe worst of all, the Mob was pissed at him, Sinatra, the whole lot of them. Why?

Because they felt like they did Sinatra and the Rat Pack a big favor getting their pal JFK elected in 1960. They worked to get some malfeasance done in several wards in Chicago. That may have won JFK the state of Illinois in the 1960 Election. Beating Nixon.

Anyway, they felt that Sinatra and his crew owed them. For working to get their man in. But then JFK made his brother Bobby the Attorney General. And the first thing he does is go after the mob, the mafia. And Sinatra and his crew were still sucking up to him.

The mob bosses were pissed. Especially Sam Giancana, who went by a nickname, Momo.

Momo was really pissed.

INT. ARMORY LOUNGE BAR, CHICAGO IL - DAY

SAM "MOMO" GIANCANA (53 yo, handsome, clean shaven) sits in a booth. Sips an amaretto coffee from a small cup. Takes a puff of a cigar. He waves at someone as they enter.

JACK FORMOSA (52 yo) comes to the table, sits down. Takes off his fedora, places it on the table.

GIANCANA
Thanks for comin.

FORMOSA
Sure Momo. What d'ya need?

GIANCANA
I need Dean for ten days.

FORMOSA
When?

GIANCANA
I need him right after the holidays. Mid January. You tell him this is a must.

FORMOSA
Is it at the Lake?

GIANCANA
No.

FORMOSA
What if he asks where?

GIANCANA
Just tell him Chicagoland. If he has questions, let me know. It's for a friend of mine.

FORMOSA
Sure.

Sammy looks down. Seems distraught.

FORMOSA (CONT'D)
Somethin' wrong Momo?

GIANCANA
Christ Jack.

FORMOSA
What?

GIANCANA
I'm so fuckin' worked up about this JFK bullshit. Sinatra. The whole lot of them.

FORMOSA
We all are. All the boys.

GIANCANA
We worked hard to get that mick the vote in Illinois. And all cause Sinatra tells me he's got influence with that Irish prick. They're good buddies, drink together. Fuck around on their wives.

FORMOSA
Yep.

GIANCANA
But he don't got shit. JFK used him and Dean and Sammy and all them Vegas bums for their celebrity. Than he tossed them all to the curb. Like the fuckin' crooked Irish Mick I always knew he was. Just like his bootleggin' Daddy.

FORMOSA
That's how it looks.

GIANCANA
Influence. Fuckin influence. Sinatra can't get change for a quarter with this guy. They're all shit. Sinatra. Martin, Kennedy. The lot of them.

FORMOSA
You're right.

GIANCANA
You tell Dean he better come through with the ten days. Tell him that. Tell him I said so.

With that, Jack nods, then stands, picks up his hat, and heads out. Sam takes a drink, stares straight ahead.

INT. DEAN MARTIN'S HOME, MALIBU CA - DAY

In a beautiful living room, with gorgeous views of the Pacific ocean, the phone rings on a table near a sofa. His wife, attractive 36 yo blonde JEANNE MARTIN picks it up.

JEANNE
Hello. Yes he is. Hang on.

She hands the phone to Dean, He puts out a cigarette in an ashtray. Takes the phone.

DEAN MARTIN
Hello.

INT. ARMORY LOUNGE BAR, CHICAGO IL - DAY

JACK FORMOSA at a phone booth in the bar. Scene switches back and forth as they talk.

FORMOSA
Dean. This is Jack Formosa.

DEAN MARTIN
Jack. Well, what can I do for ya?

FORMOSA
Momo got a job for ya.

DEAN MARTIN
Alright. Talk to Mort. He does all my bookings.

FORMOSA
Here's the thing. Momo wanted me to call ya directly. Wants to make sure you take the gig.

DEAN MARTIN
Well hang on pallie. I don't work that way.

FORMOSA
Momo wants you for this gig. You understand?

DEAN MARTIN
I told you, you want to hire me, call my manager. Mort Viner is his name.

Dean hangs up the phone. Takes a long drag on his cigarette. Looks somewhat concerned. Jeanne comes over and sits down next to him.

JEANNE
Everything OK?

DEAN MARTIN
Sure doll. Sure. Just business.

He smiles, leans in and kisses her. They cuddle.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
Turns out, Dean turned them down. You believe that? Dean never really paid much attention to the mob, not like Frank. Frank loved their company.

But Dean wanted to steer clear of all that mob bullshit. Maybe it was growing up around it all the time in Steubenville. Anyway, when Momo found out that Dean turned them down, he was pissed as hell. He wanted to get even.

INT. ARMORY LOUNGE BAR, CHICAGO IL - DAY

JACK FORMOSA, DOMINIC "BUTCH" BLASI and JOHNNY ROSELLI at a table in a back room of the bar. The door to the room opens. SAM GIANCANA enters. Closes the door.

Goes to the table.

GIANCANA
OK. We can get started.

He sits down. Looks intently at them.

GIANCANA (CONT'D)
This Rat Pack bullshit, I know people are upset. But we need to keep our heads. That's why I wanted to have this sit down. Now, after all this time, we know, Sinatra don't have dick with JFK. Nothing. After he got in, he kicked that bunch to the curb like garbage.

FORMOSA
Now his fuckin' brother is bustin' our balls.

ROSELLI
I want to stick it to Sinatra and that motherfucker Dean Martin. Dean Martin. That crooning prick.

BLASI
Let's show those Hollywood fruitcakes. Let's hit Sinatra. Or I could whack out a couple other of those pricks, Lawford, Joey Bishop. Maybe that little toad Sammie Davis too. Shoot him in his good eye.

GIANCANA
No. No. Listen. I got other plans for them. That's why I wanted to have this meeting. Listen. We need them. We need them for something big. Real big. Maybe millions of dollars big.

BLASI
Millions?

GIANCANA
I know you guys are mad as hell. And your crews. But I don't want no funny business with any of them unless I give the word.

You tell all your boys.

Understood? Understood?

All the men nod yes.

GIANCANA (CONT'D)
Good. Jack?

FORMOSA
Yeah Momo.

GIANCANA
Get word to Sinatra and to Martin. I want them both for a week in Illinois, in October. I expect them to agree.

ROSELLI
They better fuckin do it.

GIANCANA
Just to let everyone know. This is my last time asking politely for something from these pricks.

BLASI
Good. Good.

GIANCANA
I'll tell ya. If they make up some bullshit excuse. About being booked, or busy, or some other reason. Well we're done askin.
Jack?
You understand?
(looks at Formosa)

FORMOSA
I got it Momo.

Giancana nods. The other men smile, sit back and take long drinks and puffs on their cigarettes and cigars.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - DAY

OLD MOB GUY sits at the bar. Narrates scenes as described below. Scene ends with Sam smoking a cigar, outside his club, with a big smile on his face.

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.)
Giancana was a gangster, but also a businessman. So he knew he needed Dean and Frank alive, not dead.

He was reopening a joint near Chicago called the Villa Venice. This time, Dean and Frank, and even Sammy Davis Jr., did show up. For free. Apparently they got the message.

And during their time at the Villa Venice and at a nearby illegal casino he owned, Momo made over a Million dollars.

Over a million! Cash, clear!

The Rat Pack boys got nothin. They wanted to record a live album from their shows there, to make some kind of money. Momo said no.

(MORE)

OLD MOB GUY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He got his vengeance, in his own way, without spilling any blood.

But things didn't change with JFK. The FBI stayed on the their tails as hard as ever. Bobby Kennedy and his Justice Department were determined to take down the mob. And the Rat Packers could do nothin' about it.

But, as we all know. Camelot came to a very tragic end.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - DAY

OLD MOB GUY at the bar. Different scenes shown as he narrates. Jimmy's Vegas offices. NFL Today TV set, Duke Ziebert's bar in Washington DC.

OLD MOB GUY
So, let's talk about Jimmy again. Oh he did quite well for himself. Set himself up in Vegas. Lots of businesses, advertising deals.

But his biggest gig was being on the NFL Today show for CBS in the 1970s with Irv Cross and Brent Musburger. And oh yeah, Miss America, Phyllis George. Him being on that show kinda legitimized sports gambling. It was a game-changer. Soon even your old Aunt Irene was betting football.

Anyway, one Friday afternoon in 1988, in a bar in DC, Duke Zeiberts, he was being interviewed by a local sports guy. It was the Martin Luther King birthday weekend and the reporter wanted to talk race relations. Well Jimmy had one too many and said some really stupid shit. All in front of a camera.

He fucked up. Bad.

INT. CBS EXECUTIVE OFFICES, NEW YORK - DAY

Two CBS executives, NEIL PILSON and ROBERT WUSSLER stare stunned at the TV screen. Jimmy The Greek is being interviewed in a bar. And spouting ugly racist comments to the reporter.

JIMMY THE GREEK
(on television)
The black is a better athlete to begin with, because he's been bred to be that way. Because of his high legs and big thighs that goes up into his back. And they can jump higher and run faster because of their bigger thighs. And he's bred to be the better athlete because this goes back all the way to the Civil War, when, during the slave trading, the slave owner would breed his big black to his big woman so that he could have a big black kid, see. That's where it all started.

PILSON
Christ. Turn it off. I can't watch it anymore.

WUSSLER
(turns off TV)
Neil, listen, I know he fucked up. But I don't think Jimmy's a racist. He's just a bull-shitter. He tries to sound educated sometimes and gets in trouble. He's just...

PILSON
What? You want to lose your job too? Shut the fuck up. I don't give a shit about that. You think our sponsors will stick with us if we keep him on? The fucking outcry from the papers? The NAACP? 70% of the goddamn NFL is black guys! He's done. Finished. Get him on the phone.

Wussler picks up the phone and tells the receptionist to call Jimmy. A few moments later, he reaches him.

WUSSLER
Hey Jimmy. It's Bob. Yeah. I know. Look. Neil wants to talk to you.

He hands the phone to Neil.

INT. NEW YORK CITY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

JIMMY on the phone in his room. Disheveled. Holds a drink. Sweating, nervous. The scene cuts back and forth as they talk. He is rambling, frantic on the phone.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Neil. Neil. Good. I'm glad I got you. Look.
You got to help me here.
I know I fucked up, but I can fix it.
You just have to let me fix it.
You know I can do it.
Just, let's talk about this... let's...

PILSON
(trying to interrupt)
Stop. Stop talking. There is nothing you can say.

JIMMY THE GREEK
But. I can fix this. I know it.
Just let me go on the show this Sunday.

PILSON
Stop it. Shut the fuck up! No!
No, you're not going on the show. You're fired. No. Stop it.
Christ, for years, you've been such a pain in the ass for me, for the show, slugging Brent, all the bitching about airtime. Hell, Phyllis won't even be in the same room with you. And now this.

It's over. Today.
Now.

JIMMY THE GREEK
No. Don't fire me. Please. Look.
I've been apologizing to anyone who'll listen. Let me say it on national TV. Please. On the show.
Look, I wasn't trying to be derogatory.

PILSON
Not being derogatory? Christ. You make black people sound like horses on a goddamn farm. Breeding? Who even thinks that way? Forget it. There's no way out of this for you. We're parting ways with you. Done.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Please. Please. Neil, don't do this. If you fire me, I'll never work in TV again. Or anywhere. I don't know what I'll do. Please.

PILSON
I'm sorry Jimmy.

Neil hangs up the phone. Sighs.

Jimmy slowly hangs up the phone. Puts his head in his hands. Wipes tears from his eyes. Gets up slowly. Walks over to a bar, starts to make a drink as he talks to the camera.

JIMMY THE GREEK
(sadly, slowly)
And just like that, it was over.

I fucked up. I know it. I was trying to make a point, and I fucked up.

People that know me, they know I ain't no racist. Talk to Irv Cross, the other people on the show. I got calls from lots of black fellas, like Walter Payton and Ahmad Rashad. Jessie Jackson stood by me. They supported me. I wasn't saying anything that nobody didn't know.

It was a foolish thing to say. I know. But I said I was sorry.

Oh what the fuck, what does it matter. But that was the end of my career. One bad afternoon at a bar. Runnin' my stupid mouth.

I couldn't get work. My health suffered. Christ. You know. You probably knew about what happened to me. Why I got fired. But I've had a lot of heartache in my life.

(MORE)

JIMMY THE GREEK (CONT'D)
My Mom and Aunt were killed by a crazy uncle when I was ten years old. Then he killed himself.

We lost three of our five kids to cystic fibrosis.

So, with all the fame and money, I had a lot of heartache. And then, after this thing, this stupid mistake, my life was over.

You know, I had a street named for me in Steubenville. Big day, big ceremony. Lots of people.

My family so proud. After all this, they took that sign down.

Now there's nothing there about me.

Nothing.

INT. DEAN MARTIN'S HOME, MALIBU CA - NIGHT

DEAN MARTIN sits on a couch in a darkened room. Smokes a cigarette.

DEAN MARTIN
I don't like talking about this. Never did. But, my life really ended on March 21, 1987. That was the day I lost him.

INT. MARCH AIR FORCE BASE OFFICE, RIVERSIDE CA - MORNING

Super: March Air Force Base

Riverside, California

DEAN PAUL MARTIN (36 yo, very handsome, full head of bushy brown hair) looks over some paperwork. His flight engineer RAMON ORTIZ (39 yo) comes into the office with a report.

ORTIZ
Dino. Did you see this? A blizzard warning near the mountains. Maybe we pass on the flight today?

DEAN MARTIN JR
Let me see that.

As he reads the report, a young boy rushes into the room. Dean Paul lights up and the boy, his 12 year old son ALEX, runs over to him. They hug.

A very attractive petite woman with long black hair, the 36 yo actress OLIVIA HUSSEY, enters and smiles. Nods hello to Ramon.

OLIVIA
I hope you don't mind. He wanted to see you take off today.

DEAN MARTIN JR
No Liv. Not at all. Thanks for bringing him.
(looks at his son Alex)
So you want to see your Dad take off in my Phantom jet? You ready?

Alex SCREAMS YAY! Dean Paul smiles as does Olivia, happy to see their son so excited.

DEAN MARTIN JR (CONT'D)
OK you go out there with your Mom. I'll be out in a few minutes.
(turns to Olivia)
Liv. I'll see you out there. Bundle up. It's cold.

Olivia takes Alex out of the room. Ramon looks at Dino.

ORTIZ
So. I guess we're taking off. Storm or no storm.

DEAN MARTIN JR
Come on Ramon. They came all the way out here. How can I disappoint Alex?

Ortiz just laughs and slaps Dean Martin on the back and they exit the room.

EXT. MARCH AIR FORCE BASE RUNWAY, RIVERSIDE CA - DAY

The F4-C Phantom fighter jet pulls onto the runway. Olivia, Alex and others stand nearby dressed in winter coats. Alex is so excited, jumps up and down. Dean Paul waves from his cockpit. Gives a thumbs up. Then turns to pilot his jet.

The engine ROARS. The jet BLASTS DOWN the runway and takes off into the cloudy skies. Alex and the crowd CHEER.

The jet swings back and makes a pass over the air base, flying low, to more CHEERS from the crowd.

INT. COCKPIT OF F4-C PHANTOM JET - DAY

The jet flies high over the snow-capped San Bernardino mountains. Quickly approaches very bright white skies. Suddenly they cannot see anything. A WHITE OUT.

ORTIZ
Shit, here is that storm.

DEAN MARTIN JR
Christ. This is bad. I can't get a horizon.

A VOICE on the cockpit radio.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL
Phantom X3. Phantom X3. This is Ontario Base. Please respond. Over.

DEAN MARTIN JR
This is Phantom X3. Over.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL
We need you to abort. Significant blizzard conditions. Please return to base. Please return to base. Over.

DEAN MARTIN JR
Alright, we're in the middle of it now. Over.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL
(audio breaking up)
You're course...now very close...San Gorgonio Moun... Abort....

DEAN MARTIN JR
You're breaking up Ontario. Can you repeat? Over.

Radio static on the line. The voice breaking up.

DEAN MARTIN JR (CONT'D)
(CO NT'D)
Ontario. Can you say again? Can you say again? Over.

EXT. PHANTOM JET SAILING ACROSS THE SKY IN A BLIZZARD - DAY

The jet approaches the snow-capped San Gorgonio Mountain, Southern California's tallest peak, 11,500 feet high. Flying at 400 MPH, the jet SLAMS into the mountain, a BALL OF FIRE erupts in the snowy mountain side.

INT. DEAN MARTIN'S HOME, MALIBU, CA - NIGHT

The room dark. Dean on his couch.

DEAN MARTIN
Dino was a Captain in the California Air National Guard. He flew Phantom jets.
On that cold day in March, he should have never taken off with that bad weather predicted. But his some wanted to see him fly.
And, you know. A father's love for a son.

A parent should never bury a child. Never. This was the saddest thing ever in my life. Ever. It crushed me. It haunted me for the rest of my days.

I worked in show business for a few more years. But my heart wasn't it.

After a while, I became a ghost.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR - EVENING

OLD MOB GUY at the bar. Looks up.

OLD MOB GUY
Christ, that was some sad shit.
Yeah it didn't end well for those two favorite sons of Steubenville.
(a beat)
But the lives they lived. Amazing. Incredible. That's what we should remember them by. Right? So to wrap up. How is Steubenville doing today?

Scenes of modern day Steubenville: The downtown. The murals. The new businesses downtown. Summer festivals downtown and at Fort Steuben Park. Franciscan University.

Well, the Ville is still coming back.
Not there yet. But progress.

We do have one of the most popular Catholic colleges in the country, Franciscan University, sitting high and mighty on a hilltop over town.

And there is some growing development, some life in the old town yet. Lots of committed people here that love their town.
If I were you, I wouldn't bet against Steubenville making a comeback.

The bartender nods to the Old Mob Guy to turn around. Someone walks up to the bar. DEAN MARTIN sits down next to the Old Mob Guy. Waves at the bartender. Lights up a cigarette.

OLD MOB GUY (CONT'D)
Holy shit. I didn't expect to see you.

DEAN MARTIN
Nice be seen pallie.
(to the bartender)
Hey Rook. Give me a Seven and Seven.

OLD MOB GUY
You know, I was telling these guys, the film guys, a lot about you, and Jimmy The Greek, and the history of the town. What I know. What I can remember.

DEAN MARTIN
How's that goin?

OLD MOB GUY
Good I think. Like I said, I talked a lot about you.

DEAN MARTIN
You done good brother.
(smirking, takes a drink)
Nothing better ever come from this dirty burg than me and my golden pipes.

A VOICE from behind them.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Yep, everyone loves that crooning Wop sound.

Dean turns. A big smile. JIMMY THE GREEK walks in and sits down next to Dean. The bartender comes over.

JIMMY THE GREEK (CONT'D)
Hey brother, give me a Miller Light.

DEAN MARTIN
Well, look what the crooked cat dragged in.

JIMMY THE GREEK
What are you doing back here in the Ville? Slummin?

DEAN MARTIN
This guy here says he's talkin' to these folks about a movie. About our town. So I figured, I better find out what the hell's going on.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Same here. I heard my name might be used in a tawdry manner.

DEAN MARTIN
Well how else could it be used?

JIMMY THE GREEK
That's funny Dino Crocetti. Hey why did you change your name? Too embarrassed to be a goomba from the Ville?

DEAN MARTIN
That's my stage name Jimmy. Bob Hope liked it. I could ask you the same thing.

JIMMY THE GREEK
It's cause no one could pronounce Dimetrios Georgios Synodinos.

DEAN MARTIN
All those letters, and I still don't see Jimmy in there.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Hell Dean, I didn't think you could spell.

Some laughs. They both take a drink.

OLD MOB GUY
After all this time. You guys still friends?

They look at each at other, with stern looks at first, then both smile. He pats Jimmy on the shoulder.

DEAN MARTIN
Sure. Jimmy's my paisan. We grew up as neighbors, hustled here for years. Made our way in the world. We did alright. Lived a hell of a life.

Oh yeah, we even did a movie together. "Cannonball Run". Remember Jimmy? You were the bookie and I was one of the drivers. Me and Sammy were a racing team.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Of course I remember. I set the odds at 50-1 against you guys winning that race. Same as you ever winning an Oscar.
(laughing)

DEAN MARTIN
That was your one and only movie. Wonder why.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Hell, I just had a few lines but I still stole that scene from you and Sammy. Hey, tell that little jungle bunny I said hello.

DEAN MARTIN
Still going with the racial shit. You never learn.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Sammy loves me. Hell he'd call me worse than that all the time. Then we laugh our asses off.

OLD MOB GUY
You two got anything you want to say about Steubenville?

DEAN MARTIN
Ah Christ. I guess so. I grew up here. And this town, well, it's always been in my blood. And they still remember me. I appreciate that.

They named a highway after me. They have a festival here every year in June. Lots of people travel here, from all around. It's a big party. Lots of my music, great food. Oh, and I got a big mural.

JIMMY THE GREEK
You got a highway, a festival and a mural. I got yucketts. I wish they'd put my street sign back up at least.

DEAN MARTIN
(a beat)
Hey Jimmy.
(smiling, leans in)
I'll bet you 50-1, that'll never happen.

The Old Mob Guy and the bartender ERUPT IN LAUGHTER, joined by Dean.

JIMMY THE GREEK
Good one. You son of a bitch.

Jimmy smiles, then laughs hard. Punches Dean in the shoulder. Some MUSIC starts from another room. A band warms up. Dean and Jimmy at the bar bop their heads to the beat and nod. They head towards the dance floor lit with disco lights. Old Mob Guy takes a drink, stares at the camera. Smiles.

OLD MOB GUY
Well, we're about done. I hope you liked the story. Maybe you learned a few things.

Oh I almost forgot, one other thing that came out of this area, from just down the road in Mingo Junction.

A band called Wild Cherry.
(MORE)

OLD MOB GUY (CONT'D)
And in 1976, they had the Number One hit in the whole wide world. I bet you know this one.

Bye for now.

The BIG THUMPING BEAT to "PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC (WHITE BOY)" continues. The Old Mob Boy takes his drink and leaves to join Dean and Jimmy on the dance floor.

INT. STEUBENVILLE BAR, DANCE FLOOR - EVENING

DEAN, JIMMY, and the OLD MOB GUY bop on the dance floor. The band WILD CHERRY on the stage, jams away. Disco lights spin around.

From the shadows, OTHERS FROM THE STORY JOIN THEM, all dancing away.

In comes BARON VON STEUBEN and GEORGE WASHINGTON,

Then joined by...

DEAN MARTIN'S family, then JIMMY THE GREEK'S family,

MAUDE HORNER and some of the prostitutes,

LES MCDONALD and his boys,

JACK BUTCHER and some of the prohibition agents,

Then a smiling EMILY joins Jack. He lifts her up, and she gets a big hug and kiss from JACK.

The DJ HARRY COCHRAN, then BOB ANDERSON and the other preachers join in.

The band JAMS AWAY on stage. Everyone smiling, hugging, LAUGHING and DANCING their heart out to this classic bop of a song as the credits roll.

THE END

Thank you for reading.