

RUBY

**by
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**Revised
May 28, 1991**

BLUE: Revised (\$) - May 30, 1991
PINK: Revised (#) - June 3, 1991
YELLOW: Revised (£) - June 9, 1991

NOTE: All scenes containing changes from the previous (June 3, 1991) revision have been indicated with a "£" in the far right margin.

Sample:

1C. EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DUSK

£

1A. INT. LIMBO (TITLE SEQUENCE)

IT IS DARK. SOMETHING IS MOVING, ACROSS THE PLANE OF THE FRAME, SWINGING, SLOWLY, SIDE TO SIDE.

1. INT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE/LIMBO (INTERCUT) - DUSK

THE SECOND THING WE SEE IS DARKNESS, AND THEN, MOVING IN THE DARKNESS, SUDDENLY AND STRIKINGLY DEFINED IN LIGHT, IS THE MOUTH OF A WOMAN, FULL AND SENSUOUS, REFLECTED IN A MIRROR.

BLUESY MUSIC STARTS UP UNDER THESE INTERCUT IMAGES - THE SWINGING PATTERN OF A FLASHY HERRINGBONE SUIT JACKET, AND THE MOUTH, BEING WIPED A VIVID RED BY A HAND WIELDING A BIG, PHALLIC LIPSTICK.

AND AS THE MOUTH ASSUMES GRADUALLY, STROKE BY STROKE, ITS VIVID RED, THE SWINGING SHAPE TURNS SLOWLY AND WE SEE - STILL IN VERY TIGHT CLOSE-UP -

#

1Z. INT. LIMBO

#

ANOTHER MOUTH, ALSO BEING PAINTED RED, BY A SLOW LAVA FLOW OF BLOOD RUNNING FROM A NOSTRIL.

RESUME 1. - INT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE

#

WE RETURN TO THE GIRL'S MOUTH, PULLING OUT SLOWLY TO REVEAL A NICE YOUNGISH GIRL, SITTING IN A RUN-DOWN HOUSE ... A TV SET PLAYING ... AND ACROSS THE ROOM, A COWBOY SPRAWLS DEAD DRUNK ON A WORN-OUT SOFA. HE IS ALMOST NAKED, EXCEPT FOR A ONCE-FANCY PAIR OF SNAKESKIN BOOTS WHICH ARE STUCK UP ON THE TOP OF A CLOTHES TRUNK, TRAPPING LACY DRESSES AND GARTERS IN THE LID...

1B. STOCK FOOTAGE (TV PLAYBACK)

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNTRY, JOHN F. KENNEDY, IS MAKING A PRETTY SPEECH IN HIS NOW-FAMOUS WAY.

RESUME 1. - INT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE/LIMBO

THE ELEVATING RHETORIC OF THE SPEECH SITS UNEVENLY ON THE GIRL'S MOOD; WE SEE THAT THE EFFORT WITH THE MAKE-UP MIRROR IS TO CONCEAL A BRUISED FACE.

1C. EXT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - DUSK

WE PULL OUT FROM THE WINDOW, THROUGH WHICH WE SEE THE GIRL, STILL WORKING ON HER BRUISE. THE HOUSE IS OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. OFF TO ONE SIDE IS A HORSE CORRAL . NEXT TO IT SITS A HORSE TRAILER, WITH THE NAME "HANK DUJEAN" PAINTED OVER A CRUDE RENDITION OF A BUCKING BRONCO.

2. EXT. LIMBO - NIGHT

WE SEE THE CORPSE SWINGING, BLOOD RUNNING DOWN A MOUTH, AND THEN TWO PAIRS OF HANDS CUT THE BODY DOWN AND DRAG IT ACROSS A CONCRETE FLOOR, LEAVING A RIVER OF BLOOD...

3. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB - DALLAS, TEXAS - 1962 - NIGHT

WE ARE IN VERY CLOSE ON THE FACE OF A MAN IN HIS MID-FORTIES, PUDGY FEATURES, THINNING HAIR, GREASED BACK FLAT TO HIS HEAD. HE IS WEARING A DARK TIE AND A WHITE SHIRT. HE MOST RESEMBLES A BOXING REFEREE - BUT HE IS NOT A BOXING REFEREE.

HIS FACE IS LIT WITH COLORED SPOTLIGHTS AND THE HEAT HAS OPENED HIS PORES AND STARTED A SWEAT. HE IS SPEAKING TO AN AUDIENCE - BUT HE CANNOT SEE THEM AGAINST THE LIGHTS ON HIM.

THIS MAN ENJOYS BEING IN THE LIGHTS. WHEN HE IS IN THESE LIGHTS, THIS MAN IS IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN MAKING - HE IS BIGGER, FUNNIER, RICHER AND MORE SUCCESSFUL IN EVERY WAY THAN THE PUDGY BALDING MAN WE CAN SEE, SWEATING IN THE LIGHTS.

HE WEARS A SATISFIED SORT OF SMILE, AND TALKS COSILY AND INTIMATELY. UNDER HIS CHIN, A LITTLE WAY DOWN, A FLASHY DIAMOND STICKPIN IN HIS TIE - HIS PROUDEST POSSESSION. HIS NAME IS JACK RUBY.

RUBY

You're in a motel room, right?... you're in a motel an' you're a long way from home an' I want you to imagine the phone rings - (*stops, thinks*) Lissen to me, a long way from home - I know that feelin' alright, believe me - in a motel right here in Dallas Texas - I say this because me myself, I'm from Chicago — #

WE CUT WIDE TO FIND A BORED-LOOKING STRIPPER WAITING IN THE WINGS TO COME ON. AT THE MENTION OF CHICAGO SHE ROLLS HER EYES AND HEADS FOR THE BAR, CARRYING THE PROP FOR HER ACT - A TELEPHONE.

RUBY

Chicago, now there's a town, believe me - anyone in the audience tonight from the Windy City?

WE GO WITH THE STRIPPER AT THE BAR.

STRIPPER

Gimme a shot, Diego – he's started in on Chicago —

£

DIEGO, THE BARTENDER, POURS HER A BOURBON. DIEGO IS A LEAN GUY IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, DARK SKINNED, A LATIN OF SOME KIND, MAYBE SOME KIND OF REFUGEE FROM A WORSE LIFE.

THERE ARE NO "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN" IN THE CLUB – THERE IS A REASONABLE-SIZED AUDIENCE OF SALESMEN, AGING COWBOYS DRINKING TOO MUCH, AND OTHER FLOOZIES. IT IS THAT KIND OF A JOINT.

WE CUT BACK CLOSE ON RUBY.

RUBY

Old times, ladies an' gennlemen – times you think you is never gonna see never again, ole friends you think you're never gonna hear from again – I've had my share of troubles in this life believe me – *(sentimental pause)* Ladies an' gennlemen – you come here to see a show – *(pause)* Ya come in here to see a show for you here tonight and I am not goin' to disappoint ya – your host Jack Ruby, ladies an' gennlemen – *(upbeat)* Now you're in this motel, an' you're wantin' some company, an' the phone rings all of a sudden, an' there's this girl on the line – an' it's Telephone Trixie!

AT HER SUDDEN CUE, CAUGHT ON THE HOP WITH A GLASS AT HER LIPS, THE STRIPPER HAS TO POUR THE LIQUOR STRAIGHT DOWN HER THROAT.

4. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

THE SHOW IS OVER, THE CLUB IS ALMOST EMPTY.

DIEGO IS CLEANING UP THE BAR READY FOR THE LATE SHOW. A TV SET IS PLAYING ON A SHELF IN HIS DIRECT LINE OF FORWARD VISION.

£

RUBY COMES FROM THE OFFICE AND SEES THE TV UNDER THE BAR. THE STRIPPER IS HEADING FOR THE DRESSING ROOM. AT FIRST RUBY DOES NOT TAKE HIS GAZE FROM THE TV SET.

RUBY

Where was you when I give you your cue?

SHE TURNS.

STRIPPER

Where was I? What do you mean, where was I?

RUBY

An' where was you last night? You was dancing in The Embassy Club.

SHE COMES UP THE HALL INTO THE LIGHT.

STRIPPER

(after pause) This club is dead an' finished and you know it and I know it, Jack Ruby. Dave Wolf pays twenty bucks a show, so fuck you.

RUBY LOOKS UP, A SLIGHT GESTURE, A SMALL SHRUG.

STRIPPER

I quit. Okay? That's where it is.

SHE TURNS AND GOES OUT. RUBY IS SILENT A MOMENT, THEN HE LETS OUT A LITTLE SIGH. IT IS A BAD BREAK - ONE SENSES IT IS ONLY THE LATEST OF MANY - SO MANY THAT THEY ROLL OFF HIS BACK LIKE RAIN.

RUBY

(quietly) Cancel the late show, Diego. Tell the band.

£

RUBY RETURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE TV SET; WE SEE WHAT HE WATCHES -

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V/O)

- and in Washington today convicted mobster Joe Valachi continued his extraordinary testimony on organised crime to the Senate Anti-Racketeering Committee -

5 A. (TV PLAYBACK) SENATE HEARING ROOM - DAY (INTERCUT)

A MAN - FIFTIES, PLAIN LOOKING, ITALIAN-AMERICAN - IS SITTING AT A TABLE WITH MICROPHONES, GIVING TESTIMONY TO A SENATE COMMITTEE. HIS NAME IS VALACHI.

SENATOR

And what name do you give to this crime organisation?

VALACHI

What name? Just Cosa Nostra - which translated just means Our Thing, something like that.

SENATOR

And what would happen to you if some of your Cosa Nostra confederates found you talking publicly about their organisation?

VALACHI

What would happen? Like with Action Jackson in Chicago just recently, Senator – they'd hang me up on a meathook.

SENATOR

They'd kill you?

VALACHI

Not straight off, Senator.

THERE IS LAUGHTER IN THE ROOM AT THIS. THE SENATOR, STERN-FACED, BANGS HIS GAVEL.

RUBY WATCHES ALL THIS. SOMEHOW BOTHERED BY IT, BUT IN WHAT EXACT WAY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL.

5. EXT. ALLEYWAY BY CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

A CAR HAS PULLED UP QUIETLY BESIDE THE BACK DOOR OF THE CLUB. THERE IS A POLICE PATROLMAN AT THE WHEEL AND TWO FAT DETECTIVES IN THE BACK.

WE SEE RUBY COME FROM THE SIDE DOOR OF THE CLUB AND GET INTO THE FRONT ON THE CAR. TWISTING ROUND TO TALK TO THE GUYS IN THE BACK - LEO SMALLS AND MATT TAYLOR. THEY'VE EACH BEEN AROUND LAW-ENFORCEMENT A LONG TIME - TOO LONG, IN FACT.

RUBY HANDS BACK A BAG OF WHITE POWDER.

THE DETECTIVES EVALUATE THE WHITE POWDER INSIDE. ONE SNIFFS IT. ANOTHER LICKS HIS FINGER END AND TRIES IT ON THE END OF HIS TONGUE.

MATT

You still get this stuff comin' through?

RUBY

You know yer old uncle Jack.

MATT

I'm only asking Jack because according to what I bin told this pure grade ain't coming in no more, ever since that cocksucker Castro closed down Cuba. So that's my reason for askin', where you come by this stuff?

RUBY STAYS DUMB. LEO WEARILY REACHES IN HIS POCKET FOR A ROLL OF DOLLAR BILLS - A VERY BIG ROLL.

SMALLS

Five hundred, Jack.

RUBY

Thanks Leo.

SMALLS

Let's be clear about this before we all leave - usual story applies - Jack here has just turned over some phoney narcotics that a hood tried to sell him in from Florida. He never got the name of the hood and he passed the evidence over to us. We record receipt of a bag of white talcum powder. Jack was reimbursed his expenses for the meeting. Okay?

MATT

Okay.

SMALLS

Okay.

RUBY

Thanks fellers. Good luck.

6. INT. BUS STATION/DINER, DALLAS - NIGHT

IT IS ONE A.M. THE COFFEE COUNTER AT THE BUS STATION IS THE ONLY ALL-NIGHT SPOT IN TOWN. THE TV IS PLAYING A LATE NIGHT FILM.

WE SEE RUBY COME ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DOOR OF THE CAROUSEL CLUB. HE COMES IN AND APPROACHES THE COUNTER.

COUNTER TENDER

Hey Jack - good show tonight?

RUBY

Yes Frank, great show tonight. Gimme me a strong black coffee willya?

RUBY LOOKS ROUND FROM THE COUNTER. HE SEES A GIRL SITTING AT A TABLE. SHE WEARS A FUR COAT. HER FACE IS WELL MADE UP. THERE IS AN OVERNIGHT CASE BY HER TABLE. SHE HAS A COFFEE. IT IS THE GIRL FROM THE BRONCO HOUSE. \$

THE COUNTER TENDER SLIDES A CUP OF COFFEE ACROSS THE COUNTER. RUBY DROPS CHANGE ONTO THE COUNTER. A LOOK FROM RUBY INDICATES CURIOSITY ABOUT THE GIRL. THE COUNTER GUY SHRUGS.

RUBY COMES OVER TO THE GIRL, PUTS HIS CUP ON HER TABLE, SLIDES INTO THE SEAT OPPOSITE.

RUBY

Excuse me -

GIRL

Sure.

RUBY

(sits) If you don't mind me saying this - a bus depot can be a wrong place for a young girl on her own at night. *(pause)* I mean the problem is that there are people that hang around these kinda places - *(pause)* Where you from?

THE GIRL STAYS SILENT, WRAPPED IN HERSELF. RUBY WAITS.

RUBY

C'mon - it's a civil question. *(looks behind)* You come in on the Lubbock bus?

GIRL

I ain't from nowhere.

RUBY

I bin there. What's it called?

GIRL

Rising Star Texas.

RUBY

I'm from Chicago myself. *(Smiles, pause)* Where you headed?

GIRL

Outa Rising Star Texas.

HE LOOKS AT HER FACE. IT IS BLANK AND INDIFFERENT, AS NEUTRAL AS HER TONE OF VOICE.

RUBY

He hit you a left or a right?

GIRL

He's a southpaw.

RUBY

First bus don't leave till seven. .

HE LOOKS AT HER. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, FOR THE FIRST TIME. ACROSS FROM THEM THE COUNTER TENDER WIPES AN EMPTY BAR AND WAITS FOR NOTHING TO HAPPEN.

7. INT. BUS STATION/DINER- NIGHT (LATER)

THE COUNTER TENDER IS WATCHING ALL-NIGHT TV BEHIND HIS COUNTER. RUBY AND THE GIRL ARE AT THE TABLE. THE GIRL IS TALKING AND RUBY IS LISTENING. BUT SHE IS TALKING TO SOMEONE INSIDE HER - NOT TO THE MIDDLE-AGED, SLIGHTLY FAT MAN OPPOSITE HER.

GIRL

Sometimes you find yourself in a place that you thought was home and one day you look up and it's like you never saw it before. I thought maybe it was a trick of the light... then I looked in my make-up mirror, an' that's when I made up my mind this wasn't home and never would be... *(looks up)* an' I hit the road...

SHE FALLS SILENT. RUBY HAS LISTENED CLOSELY - HE LOVES HEARING STORIES, ON A SIMPLE LEVEL, AS IF THEY WERE HIS FAVORITE ENTERTAINMENT.

RUBY

C'mon -

RUBY STARTS UP FROM THE TABLE. SHE LOOKS UP PUZZLED.

RUBY

Yuh can't spend the night in here.

8. INT. BACK STAIRS, CAROUSEL CLUB. NIGHT. \$

RUBY COMES IN FROM THE STREET AND STARTS UP THE STAIRS. THE GIRL, FOLLOWING WITH HER CASE, HESITATES. \$

RUBY

I won't eat ya. \$

9. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB UPSTAIRS DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

RUBY HAS SHOWN THE GIRL TO THE SMALL, GRUBBY DRESSING ROOM UPSTAIRS IN THE CLUB. THERE IS A COT IN THE CORNER.

RUBY

It ain't much. To be honest it ain't anything. But it's safer than hangin' round a bus station.

SHE LOOKS ROUND, THEN LOOKS AT RUBY.

GIRL

I ain't got no ready money.

RUBY

I don't want no ready money.

GIRL

I got nothing else neither.

RUBY

My barkeep used to sleep here nights. Now he runs off an' I don't know where the hell he goes. Nobody'll bother you here anyhow.

GIRL

You own the club?

RUBY

That ain't much neither. But it's mine.

RUBY GOES TO THE DOOR TO LEAVE. HE PAUSES AT THE DOOR.

RUBY

See here? This is where you lock it.

THERE IS A SLIDING BOLT ON THE DOOR. SHE SEES IT. RUBY IS GONE. SHE GOES TO THE DOOR. SHE SLIDES THE BOLT HOME.

SHE TURNS AND EXAMINES THE ROOM - PAPERED WITH PICTURES OF SHOW GIRLS AND SINGERS. SOMETHING CATCHES HER EYE - A COSTUME HANGING ON A WIRE HANGER. SHE TOUCHES IT.

SHE GOES TO THE MIRROR AND CHECKS THE BRUISE ON HER FACE. HER EYE CATCHES THE PHOTOS STUCK IN THE SIDE OF THE MIRROR AND ROUND THE WALLS - ALL STRIPPERS. SHE LOOKS AT THEM, AND FINALLY HER EYE SETTLES ON ONE - WHICH SHE TAKES DOWN. IT SHOWS A BLONDE STRIPPER - HER NAME SIGNED ACROSS THE BOTTOM -

CANDY CANE

(reads) "To Jack - with love from Candy Barr -"

10. INT. CAROUSEL BACK HALL - DAY

WE ARE IN THE BACK HALL OF THE CLUB... RUBY'S VOICE CAN BE HEARD TALKING IN THE DISTANCE. THE DRESSING ROOM DOOR IS CLOSED QUIETLY AS THE GIRL COMES OUT WRAPPED IN HER COAT.

ON THE GIRL AS SHE COMES QUIETLY ALONG THE HALL, HEARING THE VOICE, TENTATIVELY EXPLORING THE PLACE AS SHE COMES.

SHE TURNS HER HEAD WHEN SHE HEARS A SQUEAKING NOISE AND SEES THE TWO SMALL DASCHUND DOGS LOOKING UP AT HER.

SHE LOOKS UP AHEAD TOWARDS THE CLUB ROOM AS SHE FOCUSSES ON RUBY'S VOICE.

RUBY (V/O)

(into phone) But Frank - lissen to me one minute will ya - Frank -
(listens) Frank -

11. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - DAY

WE ARE IN THE CLUBROOM WITH RUBY. HE IS SPEAKING ON THE PHONE AT THE BAR - AROUND HIM ARE LIQUOR BILLS AND ALL THE STUFF HE HAS TO DEAL WITH.

HE IS ALSO DEALING WITH A FEW TEN-BY-EIGHTS OF SHOW GIRLS - DOG-EARED PRINTS, THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'VE BEEN IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER FOR YEARS - AND SO DO THE GIRLS.

RUBY

(into phone) - where'm I gonna get another act? I can't come down to New Orleans and hustle round all the joints - *(listens)* No, she's in the Embassy Club - no - what can I do about it? I don't even got hostesses - *(listens)* I unnerstand Frank - if yuh can't yuh can't an' that's all. Maybe another time -

RUBY HANGS UP, A BOTHERED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE, AND FRETS ABOUT IT.

ON THE GIRL WATCHING RUBY FOR A MOMENT FROM THE DOORWAY. HE SENSES SOMETHING, LOOKS UP.

GIRL

I was wonderin' -

SHE WALKS IN TO WHERE HE CAN SEE HER.

GIRL

You think I could be any good as a dancer?

SHE LOOKS AT HIM, OPENS HER COAT. SHE IS WEARING THE COSTUME THAT SHE FOUND HANGING IN THE DRESSING ROOM. SHE LOOKS GREAT.

12. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

SUDDEN CUT - WE'RE WITH THE GIRL AS SHE COMES THROUGH THE DOOR FROM THE CLUB ROOM TOWARDS THE DRESSING ROOM - ALL BUSTLE AND ENERGY. BEHIND HER, WE SEE A FOUR-PIECE BAND SETTING UP ON THE STAGE.

DIEGO

He's letting you do this?

GIRL

Sure is.

SHE STOPS, TURNS, SMILES SWEETLY.

GIRL

I'm very persuasive.

DIEGO

(she's missed the point) So what's yer name?

THE GIRL FROWNS. DIEGO HAS THE FRONT OF HOUSE HANDBILL IN HIS HAND. HE NEEDS TO POST HER NAME OUTSIDE FOR THE SHOW.

SHE LOOKS UP AND SEES THE PHOTO OF CANDY BARR ON THE WALL... £

GIRL

(suddenly) "Candy - Candy Cane." *(beat)*
C - a - n - e.

13. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM- NIGHT

RUBY IS IN THE SPOTLIGHT. IT IS SHOW NIGHT.

RUBY

Ladies an' gennlemen - your host Jack Ruby - welcome once again to the Carousel Club, Dallas Texas - and tonight is truly a special night - because tonight is precinct night -

WE CUT WIDE TO SEE THAT THE CLUB IS CROWDED TONIGHT - AND THE CLIENTELE ARE ALL DETECTIVES AND POLICEMEN FROM THE DALLAS POLICE DEPARTMENT, INCLUDING SMALLS AND TAYLOR.

THE DETECTIVES ARE BIG MEN IN SUITS WHO ALL SPORT WHITE STETSONS. THE BAR IS CROWDED AND DIEGO IS BUSY SERVING DRINKS.

RUBY

Because tonight, ladies an' gennlemen - we have something new for you - something real special -

14. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CANDY CANE IS AT THE MIRROR IN THE TINY, GRUBBY DRESSING ROOM. SHE IS NERVOUSLY CHECKING HER MAKE-UP. RUBY'S VOICE CAN BE HEARD ON A SMALL, TINNY SPEAKER.

DIEGO COMES TO THE DOOR, PUSHES IT OPEN. £

DIEGO

He's introducing you.

CANDY CANE

Thank you Diego. Tell him I'll be right there.

£

DIEGO STOPS TO LOOK AT HER, SIZING UP HER CHANGE, HER NEW APPEARANCE.

£

CANDY CANE

Well? What do you think?

DIEGO DOESN'T SEEM TO LOOK.

£

DIEGO

(suddenly) He'll offer you twelve bucks a show. *(beat)* Union rate's twenty. If yuh ask fer the rate he'll call yuh a communist. Jus' warnin' yuh.

DIEGO TURNS SUDDENLY AND GOES. CANDY CANE DOUBLE TAKES, ASTONISHED AT HIS REMARK.

£

RUBY (V/O)

Ladies and gennlemen! -

SHE SUDDENLY NOTICES SOMETHING AS SHE SMOOTHS HER THIGHS WITH HER HANDS. SHE TWISTS OFF HER WEDDING BAND AND DROPS IT INTO A BROKEN CHINA CUP ON THE TABLE.

15. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

RUBY ON STAGE, HOT AND SWEATY IN THE LIGHTS, A BIG PLEASED-WITH-HIMSELF SMILE ON HIS CHUBBY FACE.

RUBY

Ladies an' gennlemen - the Carousel's latest hot potato - straight from the Dixie Riverboat in New Orleans and a long engagement at the Sun Hotel in Las Vegas Nevada - MISS CANDY CANE -

RUBY BACKS AWAY AS CANDY CANE APPEARS IN THE WINGS.

ON RUBY AS HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE BACK OF THE BAR. HE GOES PAST DIEGO AS THE BAND STARTS UP.

£

CANDY CANE

Hi boys - welcome to the show -

AT THE BACK OF THE GLOOMY CLUB-ROOM, WE FIND A YOUNG POLICE PATROLMAN - TIPPIT - LEANING AGAINST A BACK WALL WATCHING THE SHOW.

HE IS TALL, WITH A SLICK OF GREASED BLACK HAIR ON HIS FOREHEAD. A BIG KID. HE WATCHES.

16. INT. RUBY'S OFFICE - CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

WE FIND RUBY IN HIS OFFICE, A SMALL WINDOW OPEN TO THE CLUB ROOM. ALLOWING ALL THE NOISE TO COME THROUGH.

THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE OFFICE WITH HIM, BUT RUBY DIVIDES HIS ATTENTION — FAVORING MAINLY THE OPENING OF CANDY CANE'S ACT WITHIN...

PROBY (V/O)

Why ain't you reported in?

PROBY IS A BALDING FEDERAL AGENT IN HIS FORTIES, AMBITIOUS BUT FRUSTRATED IN EQUAL MEASURE.

RUBY

I got a new act. I bin busy with my club.

PROBY

Bull-shit.

RUBY FROWNS, CONCENTRATES ON CANDY CANE.

17. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

ON CANDY CANE ONSTAGE. FROM WHERE SHE IS, SHE CAN SEE RUBY IN THE BACK OFFICE TALKING WITH THE GUY IN THE SUIT - PROBY. SHE SEES RUBY LOOK HER WAY.

CANDY CANE

Here's a show boys, to put the s-e-x back into Texas -

MUSIC STARTS. CANDY CANE STARTS CLAPPING, BUILDING A BEAT FROM THE AUDIENCE ON WHICH TO WORK THE NUMBER - A BROAD, BAWDY OPENER.

18. INT. RUBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ON RUBY IN HIS OFFICE, WATCHING CANDY CANE THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLE.

PROBY

What do you know about this big hit in Chicago? Action Jackson was a pal of yours, or so you told me. You an' him was that close in the old Chicago days, or so you told me.

RUBY

Yeah, poor old Action.

PROBY

They hung him up on a hook and tortured him with a prod.

RUBY

Yeah? That's terrible.

PROBY

You know who done that?

RUBY FINALLY TURNS FROM THE WINDOW TO WHERE PROBY STANDS BY RUBY'S DESK.

RUBY

Gimme a break, Proby. That was in Chicago. We're in Dallas.
Lissen to me - you know Dave and Alby Wolf at the Embassy Club?

PROBY ROLLS HIS EYES.

PROBY

Leave it with Dave and Alby Wolf will ya?

RUBY

They steal my girls. You checked his liquor license? An' these amateur nights - "amateur nights" - for which they don't got to pay nothin'—

PROBY

You're supposed to be gettin' stuff fer the bureau, not running crying to me about Dave and Alby Wolf.

RUBY

Christ, you feds, you get right on my tits. Last month I told you that Dave Wolf was agitatin' in the union —

PROBY

We checked Wolf, an' just 'cos he's payin' twenty dollars for a stripper don't make him a communist.

RUBY

I don't know what the hell else it makes him.

PROBY

Lissen - this ain't about communists.

RUBY

An' what the fuck is it about?

PROBY

Organised crime.

SILENCE. THERE IS A ROAR OF APPROVAL FROM THE CLUB ROOM. RUBY HAS HIS FACE GLUED TO THE LITTLE WINDOW.

19. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

ON CANDY CANE ONSTAGE. SHE IS DANCING - VERY WELL - AND BECAUSE IT'S EXPECTED, THROWING OFF ITEMS OF CLOTHING NOW AND AGAIN.

BUT SHE HAS TRANSFORMED THE WHOLE STRIPPING ROUTINE, SHARING IT AS A JOKE WITH HER AUDIENCE, DEMONSTRATING THAT SHE DOESN'T CARE... AND KNOWING THAT SHE CAN HOLD THEM BY WHATEVER MEANS...

CANDY CANE HAS THE GIFT OF MAKING EACH MAN IN THE DARK CLUB ROOM FEEL THAT SHE'S PERFORMING JUST FOR HIM.

ON DIEGO AT THE BAR, WATCHING

£

ON TIPPIT WATCHING TRANSFIXED, MOUTH HALF-OPEN, FOLLOWING THE WORDS OF THE SONG, FROM THE BACK OF THE CLUB ROOM...

IN THE DISTANCE, THE LIGHT FROM THE WINDOW WHERE RUBY WATCHES FROM THE OFFICE.

20. INT. RUBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ON RUBY AS HE LOOKS ROUND AT THE AUDIENCE, REGISTERING THEIR ENTHUSIASM.

PROBY

I'm talkin' to yuh, Jack.

RUBY

(bored) Yeah yeah - organised crime.

PROBY

Don't you start an' tell me there ain't any such thing. It's all over the TV with these Senate hearings. The Director's goin' crazy in Washington.

RUBY

What makes you come to me, Proby? Jack Ruby - a hard-workin' club owner?

PROBY

Your club's in deep shit, so don't gimme that. If yer club weren't in shit creek, you wouldn't be on the payroll as an FBI criminal informant.

RUBY

Wait a minute - you think the monkey nuts you give me keeps my club afloat? Besides, haven't you heard? I got the hottest new act in Texas an' my takings is going sky high. So I don't need no FBI.

PROBY

Director Hoover has issued a directive -

RUBY

Organised crime, organised crime. All since that cocksucker went on TV. You guys are so dumb. There in't no such thing.

*This is the way
FBI agents
usually lawyers
speak?*

PROBY

You never had no approaches an' no report o' no activity of nobody from this so-called "Cosa Nostra"?

RUBY

On my mother's grave.

PROBY SCRIBBLES. LOOKS UP. HIS ANXIETY MIGHT BE LIFTED. HE'S NOT SURE.

PROBY

You wouldn't jerk me around, Jack? *(pause)* That equipment you had from me. You still got it?

RUBY TURNS BACK. IMPATIENT. HE OPENS A DESK DRAWER.

RUBY

That equipment - that's second rate - look at that -

RUBY HAS REMOVED A STICK PIN. IT IS A WIRE. HE HOLDS IT IN THE FLAT OF HIS HAND.

RUBY

And these - look at these -

HE SLIDES OPEN ANOTHER DESK DRAWER AND COMES UP WITH A SMALL TAPE MACHINE.

RUBY

You gotta come up with somethin' smarter than that -

PROBY

The government give you this equipment. Now use it!

PROBY TURNS TO THE DOOR. MUSIC SWAMPS IN FROM THE CLUB ROOM. PROBY GOES OUT WITH A SCOWL AT RUBY.

21. INT. CAROUSEL BACK HALL - NIGHT

CANDY CANE IN THE HALLWAY BACK OF THE STAGE, APPLAUSE ECHOING FROM THE CLUB ROOM. SHE CATCHES HER BREATH, MOVES TO THE DRESSING ROOM.

22. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

LIGHT BREAKS FROM THE OFFICE AS RUBY COMES THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE CLUB ROOM, LOOKING ROUND AT THE AUDIENCE, STILL APPLAUDING AND WHISTLING.

AT THE BACK OF THE CLUB ROOM, TIPPIIT'S FACE IS ALIGHT WITH ENTHUSIASM. ON RUBY HOPPING UP ON STAGE, INTO THE LIGHT AND TO THE MIKE.

RUBY

How about that ladies an' gennlemen? The latest class new act at The Carousel - a real talent up here for you courtesy of the only club in Dallas with what we always used to call "class" - speaking of class, reminds me of a story - *(continues ad lib)*

23. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB UPSTAIRS DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CANDY CANE IS SITTING IN A WRAP AT THE MAKE-UP MIRROR IN THE DRESSING ROOM. THE BRUISE ON HER FACE IS ALL BUT VANISHED. £

SHE DOESN'T HEAR THE DOOR WHEN RUBY COMES IN.

RUBY

(behind her) Hey - you was good -

CANDY CANE

I had them right in the palm of my hand -

RUBY

They couldn't take their eyes offa you.

SOMETHING IN THE MATTER-OF-FACTNESS OF HER TONE HAS ALERTED RUBY. HE WATCHES HER.

CANDY CANE

You wanna keep me on?

RUBY

Let's go eat. Then we'll talk.

RUBY STEPS ASIDE FOR HER TO LEAVE, BUT SHE'S NOT DRESSED. THEY MAKE A JOKE OF THIS, AND RUBY STEPS INTO THE PASSAGE WHILE SHE DRESSES.

23A. INT. CAROUSEL BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

RUBY COMES DOWNSTAIRS AND MOVES TOWARDS THE BAR. A PHONE ON THE WALL RINGS. £

23B. OMIT £

RUBY PICKS UP THE PHONE. £

RUBY

Yeah?

23C. INT. SANTOS' MANSION - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

A BIG CLOSE UP OF THE FACE OF THE MAN IN SHADOW, SPEAKING ON A TELEPHONE TO RUBY. HE IS STANDING IN A LARGE ROOM WHERE ALL THE FURNITURE IS COVERED WITH DUST SHEETS.

VITALI

Jack?

RUBY

Louie?

VITALI

You heard what they did to Action?

RUBY

That was bad.

VITALI

Makes room fer you, Jack. Action was gonna run a errand.

RUBY

(interested) Yeah?

VITALI

Yeah.

RUBY

Somethin' I c'n do in his place. poor guy?

VITALI

Pack some bags.

RUBY'S FACE IS A PICTURE OF EXPECTATION. HE SWINGS THE DOOR TO THE OFFICE CLOSED SO NO-ONE OVERHEARS THEM...

*

23D. EXT. SANTOS' MANSION - NIGHT

*

THE FACADE OF A BIG ANTE-BELLUM MANSION, LIT WITH FLOODLIGHTS. FROM WHICH VITALI HAS MADE THE CALL... IN THE DISTANCE WE HEAR THE BAYING OF HUNGRY GUARD DOGS...

24 EXT. CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

*

IT IS TWO A.M. AND THE STREETS ARE DARK AND DESERTED. EXCEPT FOR A POLICE PATROL CAR WAITING UP THE STREET.

TIPPIT IS AT THE WHEEL OF THE CAR, WATCHING THE FRONT OF THE CLUB.

DISPATCHER

Green channel - come in sixty two.

TIPPIT WATCHES. IGNORES THE RADIO. RUBY COMES DOWN TO SHUT THE GATES.

TIPPIT

Hey Jack.

RUBY

Hey Lonnie.

TIPPIT

Where'd'ya find her, Jack?

RUBY COMES AND LEANS ON THE DOOR OF THE CAR.

TIPPIT

She's somethin' else, Jack.

THE RADIO DISPATCHER CALLS AGAIN.

DISPATCHER

I gotta domestic in Oak Cliff. Who's out there?

RUBY

Ain't that yer dispatcher, Lonnie?

TIPPIT LOOKS UNHAPPY AND REACHES FOR HIS TALK-BACK.

TIPPIT

Okay Frank, I gotcha.

TIPPIT IGNORES THE RADIO AS CANDY CANE COMES DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT OF THE CLUB ONTO THE STREET. TIPPIT WATCHES CANDY CANE AND RUBY WALK AWAY.

25. INT. BUS STATION/DINER - NIGHT

\$

A GREYHOUND BUS PULLS PAST US INTO THE BUS STATION. AS IT CLEAR, WE SEE RUBY TURN FROM THE DINER COUNTER WITH TWO PLATES OF HOT SOUP. HE BRINGS THEM OVER TO WHERE CANDY CANE IS SITTING AT A TABLE.

RUBY

Chicken soup. They make it good here.

CANDY CANE

You liked my act?

RUBY

I never knowed anybody learn to dance so quick.

CANDY CANE

It ain't dancing, it's strippin'. *(beat)* Let's not be too coy 'bout it.
(beat) Truth is, Mister Ruby, I c'n sing a bit too.

RUBY SEEMS TO CONSIDER.

RUBY

(looks at her) I can't make you out. A kid in a bus station, sweet an' youthful, an' she don't mind about takin' her clothes off in front of a room fulla drunken men -

CANDY CANE

An' I can't make you out. A club owner who finds girls in diners and takes them in an' doesn't even try to climb in the sack with 'em.

25A. EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

\$

A MAN IN OSTRICH BOOTS WALKS AWAY FROM THE BUS BAYS IN THE STATION. HE CARRIES A SMALL BAG. IT IS HANK...

RUBY (V/O)

You're a cute kid. I like you. *(beat)* Truth of the matter is, I got a lotta business interests. Not just the club. The club here, it's important to me, but it ain't always easy. You got liquor bills, you got property taxes.

CANDY CANE (V/O)

An' most o' the customers is policemen.

25B. INT. BUS STATION DINER - NIGHT

\$

RUBY DRINKS HIS BOWL OF SOUP...

RUBY

Tonight was a special. I do a precinct nite.

CANDY CANE

That the vice squad or the narcos you was cuttin' a deal with in the back room?

RUBY LOOKS AT HER, WATCHFUL, SLIGHTLY DISORIENTED.

RUBY

I have stuff tuh take care of -

CANDY CANE

Your club is part of Cosa Nostra?

RUBY SIPS SOUP, CONSIDERS.

RUBY

I thought you was outa Rising Star Texas.

CANDY CANE

That's so.

RUBY

That wasn't the first time you danced?

PAUSE.

CANDY CANE

I went into burlesque when I was fifteen. I never did no good fer myself, an' marryin' Hank was meant to be some kinda alternative. *(beat)* Mebbe I was bein' unfair on burlesque.

RUBY CONSIDERS.

CANDY CANE

I'm sorry I lied to yuh. If I told yuh I was a seasoned dancer yah'd never have cared so much. *(pause, low)* Lissen - am I good or am I good?

RUBY

(deflated) How many clubs you played?

CANDY CANE

Lissen Mister - it was so long ago that what's the diff'rence? No-one remembers. *(beat)* You got a lotta people on yer back.

RUBY

It'll come good. I just need the right breaks.

CANDY CANE

Me too.

RUBY WIPES HIS FACE, PUSHES THE SOUP BOWL AWAY...

RUBY

I gotta go to Cuba, get an associate outa jail. I'm kinda a expert wid the customs down there.

CANDY CANE

He a capo?

RUBY

You know some funny words. He's a very important guy.

CANDY CANE

He own any clubs?

RUBY

Matter of fact —

CANDY CANE

He like girls? Nothin' like a fresh broad on yer arm tuh make you look nice.

RUBY LOOKS AT HER. HE CONSIDERS IT. HE KNOWS SHE'S RIGHT.

RUBY

What are you askin' me now?

25C. EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

HANK IS STANDING BY A BILLBOARD, SIZING UP THE OPTIONS WHEN HIS EYE STRAYS TO THE BRIGHTLY-LIT DINER WINDOW - AND HE HAS SEEN HIS PREY - RUBY AND CANDY CANE IN THE DINER WINDOW.

AS RUBY'S HEAD TURNS IN HIS DIRECTION, HANK STEPS BACK INTO THE SHADOWS.

CANDY CANE (V/O)

I want to move, Jack. You know, move on. I'm talking 'bout my career. You know someone what's important - owns clubs -

RUBY (V/O)

(small pause) I bin two-timed before.

25D. INT. BUS STATION DINER - NIGHT

CANDY CANE HAS WAITED FOR HER MOMENT AND NOW SHE MAKES HER PLAY...

CANDY CANE

I'm Candy Cane - fresh outa nowhere. An hour ago you billed me as Louisiana hot sauce. Tomorrow night yuh headline me as a virgin schoolgirl from Carolina. I'm whatever you say. *(beat)* Yuh ever climbed a high school wall when you was a kid? £

RUBY

Boys' prison.

CANDY CANE

Remember how many people it takes tuh climb a wall?

RUBY

One to stirrup, one to hoist hisself.

RUBY TAKES IT ALL ABOARD. SHE WATCHES HIM FIGURING... HE SEES SHE HASN'T TOUCHED HER SOUP.

CANDY CANE

Needs salt.

26. EXT. TRESORNIA PRISON CAMP, CUBA - DAY

WIDE SHOT SHOWS A PRISON CAMP CONVERTED FROM AN ARMY BARRACKS IN A DESOLATE RURAL AREA. THE OCEAN IN THE BACKGROUND. BARBED WIRE AND WOODEN GUARD TOWERS SURROUND THE LOW BARRACK BLOCKS AND THERE ARE SUGAR CANE FIELDS IN THE FOREGROUND.

WE FIND A LARGE DUSTY SEDAN PARKED A WAYS OFF FROM THE WALLS OF THE CAMP. CANDY CANE IS IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT. SHE HAS BEEN PARKED THERE SOME WHILE. ALONE. SHE IS A LITTLE BORED, BUT THE PLACE IS NEW TO HER. AND HOLDS SOME CURIOSITY, SOME SUSPENSE.

26A. EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY

RUBY AND VITALI WALK PAST A ROW OF CELLS. VITALI IS ANGRY ABOUT SOMETHING.

VITALI

Who said anythin' 'bout bringin' a broad?

RUBY

Louie - a broad always looks good. Santos likes tuh be seen with a broad -

VITALI

Never mind what Santos likes. What Louie likes is what matters.

VITALI'S TONE IS A FLASH OF BITTERNESS AND RUBY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND IT. HE SHRUGS TO HIMSELF AND THEY MOVE ON.

RUBY (VO)

This is a real nice cell they give ya -

27. INT. SANTOS' CELL - DAY

IT IS DARK IN THIS CELL, EXCEPT FOR SLASHES OF BRIGHT DAYLIGHT THAT CUT THROUGH A SMALL BARRED WINDOW HIGH ON A WALL, CASTING A JAGGED LIGHT ON THE FACE OF RUBY, DRESSED INCONGRUOUSLY IN A CARIBBEAN SHIRT AND FINGERING A SILK PORKPIE HAT.

THERE ARE THREE PAIRS OF EYES WATCHING EACH OTHER IN THIS SCENE - RUBY'S EYES, AND THOSE OF TWO OTHER MEN - LOUIE VITALI AND SANTOS ALICANTE. #

ALICANTE HAS A BLAND, PUFFY FACE, A PAIR OF HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES, BEHIND WHICH, A PAIR OF LAZY EYES, BUT OF THE THREE, THE MOST MENACING, CALCULATING, POWERFUL. THIS IS THE BIG MAN. BENEATH THE BLAND SURFACE, THE HABIT OF A LIZARD - EVERYTHING REGISTERS. #

VITALI

(to Santos) Everything is totally crazy, Santos. Nothin' is what you would call normal the way it used to be since you bin away.

RUBY

(eagerly) Vito Two Tone got hit. After that Action Jackson. #

VITALI

(shuts him up) It's true about Vito. (brighter) Listen Santos - it's true we had some losses — #

RUBY

That cocksucker on TV the whole time, talkin' 'bout Cosa Nostra —

VITALI

That is just incredible - (stops) But nobody's payin' no attention, Santos. (beat) Jack here is a very steady guy. He's bin makin' connections fer us in Dallas for a long time now, an' he c'n step right up in Action's place an' it won't be like nobody got hit whatsoever.

RUBY REACTS TO THIS DOUBLE-EDGED HONOR. HE TURNS TO SANTOS.

RUBY

I come down to Dallas in '47. I was in Chicago which is really my hometown —

VITALI

(shutting him up) The house is waitin' for ya, I fixed it up real good. Jack's arranged the trip home, no sweat. Plus he tells me he brought yuh some fresh female company.

RUBY

Sure I done. I brung my freshest girl.

VITALI WATCHES SANTOS FOR HIS REACTION.

VITALI

Santos?

SANTOS FINALLY SPEAKS IN A THICK AND FOREIGN VOICE.

SANTOS

The shirt.

RUBY SEES THAT SANTOS IS STARING AT HIS BRIGHTLY-COLORED SHIRT.

RUBY

The shirt? I got the shirt in TexasMart. I figured I'd blend in easier.
(beat) Yuh don't like the shirt?

PAUSE.

SANTOS

Change the shirt.

RUBY BEAMS WITH PLEASURE AND RELIEF.

28. OMIT

29. EXT. TRESORNIA PRISON - DAY

THE PARKED SEDAN. CANDY CANE'S EYES NARROW BEHIND HER SUNGLASSES AS SHE SEES TWO MEN APPROACHING FROM THE MAIN GATE - RUBY AND VITALI.

THE CAR DOORS SLAM AND RUBY'S BULK HITS THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

VITALI SLIDES MORE DEFTLY, INSIDIOSLY, INTO THE BACK, JUST VISIBLE TO HER IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR.

RUBY TURNS TO CANDY CANE SMILING BROADLY.

RUBY

I got to get a new shirt.

RUBY STARTS THE ENGINE.

RUBY

Drop you off till tomorrow, huh Louie?

30. EXT. STREET, HAVANA, CUBA, DAY.

DOWNTOWN HAVANA - THE BIGGEST CITY OF A POOR COUNTRY JUST FRESHLY TURNED INTO A SOCIALIST PARADISE. EVERYWHERE THERE ARE SIGNS OF THE OLD YANKEE DOLLAR CULTURE BEING PAINTED OUT AND REPLACED WITH THE NEW HEROIC LENINIST IMAGES.

A TRUCKFUL OF SOLDIERS IN OLIVE DRAB FATIGUES GOES GRINDING PAST KICKING UP DUST. CAMPESINOS GO TO AND FRO.

WE FIND RUBY THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A STORE BUYING A SHIRT. HE COMES TO THE WINDOW WHERE SOME FANCY WOMENS' DRESS CLOTHES ARE LAID OUT. HE PICKS UP A LARGE SILK STOLE.

CANDY CANE IS DRINKING A CUP OF FRUIT PUNCH SOLD BY A PEASANT WOMAN WITH A VAT ON A BICYCLE.

RUBY COMES OUT OF THE STORE, ADJUSTING THE SHIRT, A BAG IN HIS HAND.

CANDY CANE

They had stores in Galveston if you wanted shirts -

RUBY

This shirt changes my life. *(beat)* Never mind. You wouldn't understand me. *(looks round)* What do you think of Havana?

SHE THINKS CAREFULLY.

CANDY CANE

I think it's gonna be swell when they get it finished.

10A. OMIT

RUBY AND CANDY CANE COME DOWN THE STREET.

RUBY

The boys made a big mistake. They was goin' tuh come tuh Texas. When did you ever hear there was gonna be a commie revolution in Texas? Try tellin' them that. *(pause)* Jeesus Christ -

RUBY HAS NOTICED SOMETHING. IT IS THE FACADE OF THE OLD CUBA LIBRE CASINO, NOW BEDECKED WITH A LARGE BANNER SHOWING FIDEL CASTRO.

RUBY

Shit. That was the biggest casino in Havana.

CANDY CANE

That was Alicante's place?

RUBY

That was all marble in there, even the toilets.

RUBY TAKES CANDY CANE'S ARM AND SETS OFF ACROSS THE STREET, DODGING THE DUSTY TRUCKS AND CARTS AND ANIMALS, TOWARDS THE HOTEL.

31. OMIT

32. EXT. HOTEL LENIN, HAVANA - DAY

A CHEAP DOWNTOWN HOTEL. THE SIGN IS BEING CHANGED - FROM HOTEL LUXE TO HOTEL LENIN.

RUBY (V/O)

The truth is - things are gettin' tough fer these Sicilians...

33. INT. HOTEL LENIN, HAVANA - DAY

£

CANDY CANE STEPS FROM THE BATHROOM, FASTENING HER LACE CORSET BEHIND HER BACK.

RUBY IS ON THE BED, SHINING HIS SHOES WITH A CLOTH.

RUBY

Santos come over from Sicily after the war. The Sicilian mob was outa business till the American Army showed up an' needed all kindsa help. Santos figured the US government was always gonna be grateful to the Sicilians. He an' his boys come over and kicked the old Neapolitans out on their asses. The Neapolitans was okay. These Sicilians - they're somethin' else. That's what Cosa Nostra is - Sicilian.

CANDY CANE

I never met a lotta Sicilians in Rising Star. We had Mexicans when we wanted someone tuh look down on.

SHE LOOKS UP AT RUBY.

£

CANDY CANE

You ain't from Naples -

£

RUBY LOOKS AT HER, SMILES SLOWLY AT HER.

RUBY

I'm Jewish -

£

THERE IS A SMALL SILENCE.

£

RUBY

Ya wanna make somethin' of it? I punch ya right in the mouth -

£

RUBY MIMES A THUMP ON THE NOSE AND GRINS. SHE LAUGHS.

£

RUBY

Nah, I don't go to Temple or nothin', but I'm Jewish an' I ain't
ashamed. Here - open this up an' take a look -

£

RUBY GIVES HER THE BAG HE WAS CARRYING. OUT OF IT SHE BRINGS THE SILK
WRAP AND A CHAIN OF PEARLS. HE IS SMILING. THSE ARE THE THINGS HE
PICKED UP IN THE STORE WINDOW.

£

SHE SMILES AS HE HELPS THE WRAP ROUND HER SHOULDERS AND THE PEARLS
ROUND HER NECK.

RUBY

You look terrific. He'll love ya.

SHE LOOKS STUNNING. SHE GIVES HIM A LITTLE SMILE. RUBY TURNS LOOKS
OUT THE WINDOW.

34. EXT. STREET BY HOTEL LENIN, HAVANA - DAY

THE STREET BELOW THE HOTEL. A MAN IN LOCAL DISGUISE IS WATCHING THE WINDOW OF THE ROOM. WE WILL REGISTER HIS FACE...(THIS IS MAXWELL).

HE IS CASUAL AND LOW-PROFILE. HE CAN SEE RUBY AS HE COMES INTO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS DOWN BUT RUBY DOESN'T SEEM TO SEE HIM.

HE MOVES AWAY CASUALLY SCRATCHING HIS EAR. HE IS IN FACT ADJUSTING AN EAR PIECE WHICH IS WIRED TO RUBY'S ROOM.

CANDY CANE (V/O)

(through wire) Don't we gotta go?

FROM THE STREET WE SEE RUBY TURN AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.

RUBY (V/O)

Uh - huh -

35. EXT. TRESORNIA PRISON - DUSK

CANDY CANE GETS OUT OF RUBY'S CONVERTIBLE, WRAPPED IN THE SILK ROBE. ONE SUSPECTS SHE HAS NOTHING MUCH ON UNDERNEATH - OTHER THAN HER COSTUME.

SHE LOOKS AT THE CAMP, WONDERINGLY - A DIFFERENT ATTITUDE COMPLETELY TO THE BOREDOM OF THE LAST VISIT.

CANDY CANE

They got the owner of that big casino in a place like this... poor bastard...

RUBY

Yuh go in there, yuh chat, yuh entertain the man. Meanwhile Louie and me gotta fix transportation.

RUBY STOPS, TURNS TO HER.

RUBY

Lissen - yuh don't gotta do nothin' with him, yuh follow my meanin'? Nothin' that you would be ashamed to do.

CANDY CANE

(mock serious) Right.

RUBY

He ain't gonna lay a finger on yuh, but wid a guy like this, it don't pay to suggest you know that he won't, yuh follow me?

CANDY CANE

What you're sayin', is he's too old but you want to flatter him that that's never crossed yer mind.

RUBY

You're a genius. Let's go.

RUBY TAKES HER ARM AND LEADS HER TOWARDS THE PRISON GATE.

AS THEY GO OUT OF SIGHT, RUBY'S WATCHER DRAWS UP SOME DISTANCE AWAY, AND WATCHES.

36. INT.SANTOS' CELL - NIGHT *

PISTACHIO NUTS ARE BEING SHELLLED INTO A BOWL, ONE BY ONE. A BARRED DOOR IS SWUNG AWAY AND RUBY IS LOOKING DOWN TO WHERE SANTOS IS SITTING IN HIS CELL, SHELLING AND EATING THE NUTS.

SANTOS LOOKS UP FROM THE TV SET.

RUBY

I brung someone for ya, Santos.

CANDY CANE COMES IN THE DOOR AS SANTOS TURNS. RUBY MOVES BEHIND HER AND TAKES HER COAT FROM HER SHOULDERS.

RUBY

Her name's Candy Cane. She's straight outa high school. She got some talent. *(beat)* Enjoy yerselves.

RUBY GIVES HER A WINK - TELLING HER TO REMEMBER WHAT HE TOLD HER.

RUBY

I'll be back fer you later.

RUBY GOES OUT. SMALL PAUSE. CANDY CANE TURNS AND SETS DOWN A PORTABLE RECORD PLAYER SHE WAS CARRYING UNDER THE COAT. SHE TAKES THE COAT OFF CAREFULLY AND LAYS IT DOWN.

SHE TURNS TO FACE SANTOS IN HER COSTUME.

CANDY CANE

Now I want you to imagine, Mister Santos, that we're not really alone. *(beat)* I want you to imagine we got a audience.

SHE TURNS AND SHE LIFTS THE NEEDLE ONTO THE RECORD. THE MUSIC IS THE LOW, POWERED, SEXY BLUES LINE THAT WE HEARD BEFORE. IT IS ALL SWANK AND SEDUCTION AND BEAT.

SANTOS'S EYES MOVE, BUT HIS FACIAL MUSCLES DON'T.

37. INT. PRISON COURTYARD - NIGHT

RUBY WALKS ACROSS THE YARD TOWARDS THE EXIT. THE GUARDS SIT SMOKING, WATCHING HIM WITHOUT INTEREST.

THE YARD FILLS WITH THE SOUND OF CANDY CANE'S MUSIC.

THE GUARDS, CURIOUS, BUT IDLY SO, GET UP AND WALK TOWARD THE CELL DOOR. RUBY WALKS OUT, BREATHING THE NIGHT AIR.

37A. OMIT

38. INT. TRESORNIA JAIL CELL - NIGHT

THE MUSIC IS FOREGROUND. BUT CANDY CANE SEEMS TO BE WAITING, AND WHEN SHE THINKS RUBY HAS GONE, SHE LIFTS THE NEEDLE OFF.

CANDY CANE

I tell you what, Mister Santos - how about something with a small orchestra, a little more class?

SHE PUTS ON A NEW RECORD, AND DROPS THE NEEDLE AGAIN. THERE ARE STRINGS. SHE STARTS ON A BLUES STANDARD.

\$

39A. INT. HOTEL LENIN STAIRWAY - NIGHT

RUBY APPROACHES THE DOOR OF HIS HOTEL ROOM, OPENS IT WITH THE KEY, AND GOES INSIDE.

39. INT. HOTEL LENIN - NIGHT

HE FINDS VITALI SITTING IN THE CHAIR IN THE CORNER, READING A NEWSPAPER, WAITING FOR HIM.

VITALI

Ya left 'em?

RUBY

Sure I left 'em.

RUBY PULLS OFF HIS TIE. HE IS HOT, TIRED.

VITALI

(stands) Ya got the boat fixed yet?

RUBY

I got a boat fixed from day one, Louie. All I'm waitin' for is to be told a time.

VITALI

You'll be told a time.

RUBY

I don't get it Louie. If the commies got Santos in the slammer - how come he got all them privileges?

VITALI

You know Santos. He got the influence.

RUBY

Yeah, but how come he ain't got the influence to get outa there and walk on a plane?

VITALI

Because his papers aren't straight. He got the Justice Department on his back. They could deport him the minute he steps ashore.

RUBY

That's why he needs me to get him offa the island?

VITALI

That plus it looks better that way.

RUBY

Looks better? Looks better to who?

VITALI

Whoever's watching.

RUBY IS NOT ENLIGHTENED. HE GOES TO THE WASH BASIN AND RUNS WATER. SPLASHES HIS FACE.

VITALI

The time is goin' to be tomorrow.

RUBY

Good. That's good.

RUBY LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

39B. EXT. HAVANA STREET (POV FROM WINDOW) - NIGHT

MAXWELL IS STILL STANDING ON THE STREET CORNER.

(RESUME 39) - INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

RUBY COMES FROM THE BASIN DRYING HIS FACE.

VITALI

I got some other instructions for you.

RUBY

I'm lisen'in'.

VITALI

Ya ain't just here to run the Big Man offa the island.

RUBY

I figured.

VITALI

Oh, ya did?

RUBY

What? You wanna run a shipment too? I figured why not? It makes it all the safer for Santos, since I got the customs fixed for a run, they'll be less likely to pay attention to him that way —

VITALI

We don't want no-one to pay attention to Santos.

RUBY

That's what I figured —

VITALI

You figured nothin'. I just said you ain't here to run Santos off the island.

RUBY

Then what? I don't get it.

VITALI OPENS A CASE, TAKES OUT A MOVIE CAMERA.

VITALI

See this? Ain't this pretty?

VITALI OPENS THE CAMERA UP. IT CONCEALS A HANDGUN, WHICH CAN BE OPERATED AS IF THE CAMERA WERE BEING USED.

VITALI

You ever seen anything this neat?

RUBY

Where did you get a thing like that, Louie?

VITALI

It's pretty.

RUBY

What's it for, Louie?

VITALI

You're going to hit Santos, Jack - that's what it's for.

39C. OMIT

RUBY IS SHOCKED. HE LOOKS HORRIFIED AT VITALI AND THE DISGUISED GUN.

RUBY

Louie! What ya tryin' to do to me?

VITALI

You do what yer told to do. Things are very complicated right now, and I don't think I c'n explain them to you, Jack. Santos was meant to fulfill some obligations and he failed to come up to scratch. If it was up to me...

RUBY

Louie - Santos is a top figure -

VITALI

Not no more. He's bin outa circulation -

RUBY

You bin musclin' in on the Big Man? He'd kill yuh if he finds out - he'd hang yuh on a meat hook -

VITALI

(*sharply*) He won't find out. (*sweeter*) In the old days, in the Chicago days - you remember how it was - a hit was ordered, you done it the best you could. You figured, if you hit the guy when he ain't lookin', an' it was just like a train hittin' him, then what is the difference? Anyhow, it ain't tasteful to pull a gun on someone like Santos.

VITALI HOLDS UP THE CAMERA.

VITALI

Take his picture fer him.

HE FOISTS THE CAMERA ONTO AN UNWILLING RUBY. VITALI WALKS OUT THE DOOR.

40. INT. HOTEL LENIN STAIRWAY - NIGHT *

RUBY FOLLOWS INTO THE STAIRWELL.

RUBY

What the fuck are you talkin' about Louie? Home movie of Santos Alicante? What, are you outa yer fuckin' mind? This man broke the nuts o'more cameramen than I had hot dinners. An' I - an' - (*thinks*) This is something completely crazy - Louie! Louie! I'm talkin' to yer -

VITALI GOES OUT THE FIRE DOOR.

41. EXT. STREET BY TUNNEL - NIGHT *

RUBY HURRIES AFTER VITALI PAST A NOISY CAFE. *

VITALI

Ya done fifteen years in the gutter on Commerce Street an' today you're gettin' a number one chance to make yourself a player again. I don't want you forgettin' who put you back at the wheel, Jack.

RUBY

Forget? Forget? What is this Louie? What you're settin' me up for?

VITALI IS INDIFFERENT, INATTENTIVE TO RUBY AND DOESN'T NOTICE HIS RAGE. *

41A. EXT. HAVANA WATERFRONT - NIGHT

VITALI WALKS ALONG THE PIER FOLLOWED BY RUBY. VITALI STOPS TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE, LOOKS AT THE BOAT MOORED THERE.

RUBY

Ya think I don't know what happens to someone does a hit like this?
He never gets off the boat on the way home.

VITALI

(not listening) Pity 'bout this island. It was one nice place.

RUBY

You got yer fat eye on my Candy Cane too, Vitali? What's goin' on here?

VITALI

Make sure the safety's off and tell the Big Man to smile. I want him to die with a big fat smile on his face -

RUBY RAISES THE CAMERA TO HIS EYE. HE SEES VITALI WATCHING HIM, GRINNING.

RUBY SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, SHOOTS VITALI IN THE CHEST. VITALI STOPS GRINNING, HIS HANDS DROP. A PUFF OF SMOKE COMES FROM THE "CAMERA"

VITALI DROPS DEAD INTO THE WATER - LIKE A TRAIN HIT HIM.

RUBY HURRIES OVER AND WATCHES THE WATER. VITALI GOES UNDER WITH A RUSH OF BUBBLES.

RUBY LOOKS AT HIS FEET. VITALI'S SUNGLASSES LIE BY THE RAIL. RUBY POKES THEM WITH HIS TOE AND THEY DROP WITH A PLOP INTO THE WATER. IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, A TRAIN WHISTLE WAILS.

RUBY

Don't forget yer glasses, Louie.

REMEMBERING THE MAN FROM THE STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL, RUBY LOOKS ROUND, ANXIOUS TO SEE IF HE'S BEEN WATCHED.

THERE IS NO ONE TO BE SEEN. BUT HIGH UP ON THE BATTLEMENT WALL IS A DARK DISTANT FIGURE... MAXWELL.

42. OMIT

43. EXT. PRISON COURTYARD PRISON - NIGHT

RUBY HURRIES TOWARD SANTOS' CELL.

44. INT. TRESORNIA JAIL CELL - NIGHT

RUBY COMES TO THE DOOR, SEES SANTOS SITTING QUIETLY ACROSS FROM CANDY CANE. CANDY CANE SPEAKS, QUIETLY.

CANDY CANE

(with pleasure) Mister Santos liked me, Jack.

RUBY

Great. The boat's fixed. Louie won't be comin'. He got tied up.

\$

45. OMIT

46. EXT. SANTOS' MANSION - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

THE FACADE OF A GRAND ANTE-BELLUM COUNTRY MANSION, ALL WHITE STUCCO AND COLONNADE, FLOODLIT, TALL GATES, CHORUS OF CRICKETS IN THE AIR. AND THOSE DOGS...

LIMOUSINES PARKED ALL ROUND, GUARDED BY GOONS. A CROONER SONG BY TONY MONTANA PLAYS OVER.

47. EXT. SANTOS' MANSION - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

A PARTY IS IN PROGRESS IN THE GARDEN. CHAMPAGNE CORKS FLYING. BLOATED MAFIA FACES CROWD ROUND SANTOS BY THE POOL AREA.

RUBY MOVES TOWARDS THE BAR. IN A QUIET CORNER, A BIZARRE LOOKING MAN WITH A RED WIG AND MATCHING EYEBROWS IS TALKING INTIMATELY WITH A GOOD LOOKING BOY. THIS IS FERRIE. FERRIE IS A WEIRDO IN MANY WAYS. HE IS A PILOT AND AN EXPERT IN TOXINS, AMONG MANY OTHER THINGS.

HIS INTEREST IN THE YOUNG MAN WITH HIM IS A CLEAR INDICATION OF ANOTHER OF HIS PARTICULAR INCLINATIONS. HE LOOKS UP WHEN HE SEES RUBY.

FERRIE

You're the guy fixed the immigration details with Santos?

RUBY

Jack Ruby, pleased tuh know yah.

FERRIE

How did you know Vitali was planning a little - takeover?

RUBY

Yuh get a feel fer a situation.

RUBY CLEARLY HAS A FEEL FOR THIS SITUATION TOO - THOUGH HE DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE IT TOO MUCH.

FERRIE

From what I heard yuh hit him good.

RUBY

Yuh ever hear of Sparky from Chicago? This is the old days.

FERRIE

(amused) You're Sparky from Chicago?

RUBY

The old days. Dallas today.

FERRIE

Dallas?

RUBY

I own a club. The Carousel.

FERRIE

You own a club? *(to his friend)* He owns a club.

RUBY

The Carousel. 1312 and a half Commerce Street.

FERRIE

And that's where the lady does her dancing?

RUBY FOLLOWS FERRIE'S LOOK AND SEES CANDY CANE. CANDY CANE IS DRINKING CHAMPAGNE ROUND SANTOS. SHE IS ENJOYING HIS ATTENTION.

RUBY

Sure. She's my headline act.

CANDY CANE TURNS AND SEES RUBY LOOKING AT HER AND STARTS TO COME OVER. CANDY CANE COMES CLOSE TO RUBY.

CANDY CANE

Jack – they wanna come see my show. #

RUBY

That's terrific.

CANDY CANE

Sparky from Chicago.

RUBY SMILES.

CANDY CANE

I never knew you had such great friends.

RUBY

Me neither.

THEY SEE FERRIE BEING SPOKEN TO BY SANTOS. FERRIE TURNS...

FERRIE

Evr'ybody! Jack owns a club! The Carousel, in Dallas – Welcome Home Gala for Santos – at the Carousel Club in Dallas!

RUBY SMILES. HE TOUCHES CANDY CANE'S CHIN.

47A-47B OMIT

48. INT. CLUB ROOM, CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

RUBY, IN HIS BEST TUX, IS BACK IN THE SPOTLIGHT, ALONE IN THE DARKNESS.

RUBY

Ladies and gennlemen – before we go on with the show – an' we got a great show for you here tonight believe me – your host Jack Ruby, your old friend Jack – just lemme say a thing or two here – once in a while a person gets a chance to play a small part in history – an' just recently I got that chance – I think my friends in here tonight know that which I am referring to – and as a result, things are back now to what they was like in the good old days – 'cos I was brought up in Chicago you know that? The windy city? Well, in them days, it wasn't just windy, I'm sure ya know what I'm talkin' about —

A LOOK AT THE AUDIENCE SHOWS AN UNUSUAL HOUSE FOR THE CAROUSEL - THE PLACE IS PACKED WITH EXPENSIVELY DRESSED MEN. AMONG THEM IS SANTOS. IT IS A DIFFERENT CLASS OF AUDIENCE FROM THE USUAL ONE...

ON FERRIE LOOKING ABOUT FROM HIS SEAT. WE SEE THAT IN HIS LINE OF SIGHT IS DIEGO AT THE BAR ... DIEGO IS BETTER DRESSED THAN USUAL. CREEPING UP UNDER RUBY'S INTRODUCTION IS THE FAMILIAR RIFF OF CANDY CANE'S THEME, THE LOW BLUESY LINE. THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMING DOWN.

RUBY

So there it is ladies and gennlemen - and here she is - tonight's top o'the bill - MISS CANDY CANE!

RUBY THRUSTS OUT HIS ARM, BACKS AWAY FROM THE LIGHT... ALSO ON THAT CUE, STEALING IN AT THE DOOR IS PATROLMAN TIPPIT. HE WATCHES INTENSELY AS THE LIGHTS CHANGE FOR CANDY CANE'S ENTRANCE.

JUST AFTER TIPPIT, ANOTHER MAN ALSO SLINKS INTO THE CLUB - A COWBOY, IN RODEO LEATHERS, WATCHING CANDY CANE, WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM - HANK. HANK TURNS AND SEES THE LOOK IN TIPPIT'S FACE AS HE WATCHES CANDY CANE.

TIPPIT

(calls) Go to it baby! *(to Hank, not taking his eyes off Candy)*
Will you look at that?

HANK LOOKS AT HIS WIFE, LOOKS AT THE COP LOOKING AT HIS WIFE - AND GOES VERY COLD INDEED... £

49. INT. RUBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

PROBY IS IN THE ROOM WITH RUBY WHILE CANDY CANE DOES HER ACT OUTSIDE.

PROBY IS ALL WORKED UP, HIS FACE STRANGELY LIT BY THE GREEN SHADE FROM THE LOW HANGING LIGHT.

PROBY

What the fuck's goin' on Jack?

RUBY

It's a gala night -

PROBY

The place is fulla fuckin' hoods -

RUBY

What do you mean - "fuckin' hoods"? Do you know whom you're referring to?

PROBY

Santos Alicante's outfit from New Orleans - this isn't your league, Jack. So what's goin' on?

RUBY

These is businessmen – ole friends come out to support my club.

PROBY

We got a report that Louie Vitali disappeared someplace last week. You wouldn't know anything 'bout that?

RUBY

What would I know? (*dry*) I'm just a small time club owner with a sense o' the past.

PROBY

Something's goin' on, Jack.

RUBY

Somethin' usually is.

PROBY

You wouldn't know what it is?

RUBY

Life in business is funny ain't it so? Down one minute, up the next.

PROBY

Got to be something wrong here. How did they let Santos back in the country? The Justice Department was gonna get him deported the minute he stepped on American soil.

RUBY

All my life I bin known for gettin' peoples' asses outa shit. Now I'm gettin' a little credit for what I'm good at.

PROBY

This Alicante. He's top of the Director's highest priority list. He's too big for anyone in a field office to go near him. There's something you're holdin' out on me. (*quietly*) Lissen Jack, you're in over yer head.

RUBY

Isn't that where you always wanted tuh get me? Don't sweat so much Proby, or they won't give you that promotion you're linin' up fer.

RUBY PATS PROBY'S SHOULDER. PROBY GOES OUT THE DOOR. RUBY LOOKS TOWARDS THE STAGE. CANDY CANE IS CLIMAXING HER ACT.

49A. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - RUBY'S POV - NIGHT

THE HOODS ARE ALL CLAPPING. FERRIE IS HITTING ON ERNESTO. TIPPIT APPLAUDS WILDLY, WHISTLING AND WHOOPING. HANK GLARES AT TIPPIT, THEN TURNS AND LEAVES DOWN THE STAIRCASE. #

RUBY COMES FROM HIS OFFICE AND SEES CANDY CANE JUST COME OFFSTAGE. FERRIE COMES UP FROM THE CLUB ROOM.

FERRIE

Mister Santos wants you tuh go with him tuh Las Vegas —

RUBY

Wants who to go where?

FERRIE

The Sun Hotel Las Vegas.

CANDY CANE

The Sun Hotel!

FERRIE

A career move, Jack. *(small pause)* Both of you.

RUBY SMILES - A TOUCH FORCED PERHAPS...

RUBY

Sure.

50. EXT. CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

FROM THE P.O.V. OF SOMEONE ACROSS THE STREET, WE SEE SANTOS'S PARTY EMERGE FROM THE CLUB.

THE WATCHER IS TIPPIT, IN HIS PATROL CAR. HE WATCHES THE PEOPLE PILE INTO CARS.

RUBY IS ROLLING DOWN THE SHUTTERS IN THE CLUB DOORWAY WHEN HE CATCHES SIGHT OF TIPPIT AND COMES OVER.

TIPPIT

Closin' early, Jack —

RUBY

Quit hangin' round me, Tippit. You're spookin' me.

TIPPIT

Hey Jack. Jus' watchin' out fer you.

RUBY

We're leavin' town fer an' closin' up a few nights, so you c'n get some rest.

TIPPIT

Where you headed, Jack?

RUBY

Vegas.

TIPPIT

We in't gonna lose Candy Cane to them Nevada peckerheads are we Jack?

RUBY

Who knows, Lonnie?

TIPPIT GOES BACK TO HIS CAR. RUBY WALKS AWAY. TIPPIT SLIDES HIS CAR ALONGSIDE RUBY.

TIPPIT

You make sure you bring her home to us you hear? I'm fixin' tuh marry her, Jack!

AS TIPPIT GUNS THE CAR AWAY WE FIND SOMEONE ELSE IS WATCHING – AND LISTENING – IN THE DISTANT SHADOWS. IT IS HANK. HE LOOKS AFTER TIPPIT'S CAR WITH HATE IN HIS EYES.

RUBY GOES INSIDE, TAKING THE BILLBOARD WITH HIM...

51. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

WE SEE THE EMPTY CLUB ROOM. IN THE DISTANCE DIEGO IS SILENT BEHIND THE BAR COUNTER, LIT BY A GLOW FROM THE TV SET UNDERNEATH.

51A. STOCK FOOTAGE - TV PLAYBACK (INTERCUT)

THE MAFIA SOLDIER VALACHI TESTIFYING ON TV. CARLOS'S FACE IN REVERSE, WATCHING.

SENATOR

What does Cosa Nostra have to do with the Castro regime in Cuba?

CARLOS'S BROW FURROWS.

VALACHI

Nothin' Senator, 'cos Havana was where all the dope was run from, an' that's all screwed up now since Castro come in. Cosa Nostra is not unpatriotic, Senator. They don't wanna do business with no communists. They is patriots.

THERE IS DROLL LAUGHTER IN THE ROOM. THE CHAIRMAN BANGS HIS GAVEL. VALACHI SMILES.

52. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

RUBY COMES FROM THE STAIRS WITH THE BILLBOARD. HE LOOKS OVER AND SEES DIEGO PUTTING HIS COAT ON.

RUBY

(coldly) You fed my dogs yet?

DIEGO

I gotta go out.

RUBY

Where is it you go the whole time?

DIEGO

My business, isn't it?

RUBY

That Ferrie takin' a friendly interest in yuh?

DIEGO

Maybe... Yuh don't own me, Jack.

RUBY

I took you in. You had no place tuh go home to an' I gave you a home -

DIEGO

Some day I'm goin' home Jack.

RUBY

Forget it Diego. You ain't never goin' back tuh Cuba.

DIEGO TURNS AND HURRIES OUT DOWN THE STAIRS. RUBY FOLLOWS.

RUBY

(calls) Yer livin' in dreamland yuh hear me?

RUBY GETS NO REPLY. THE DOOR BANGS OPEN.

RUBY

(calls after him) You look after Sheba while we're gone -

THERE IS NO ANSWER, JUST A BANGING OF THE DOOR AS DIEGO GOES.

RUBY COMES BEHIND THE BAR, SEES THE TV PLAYING. HE LOOKS WITH DISTASTE AT VALACHI AND SWITCHES THE SET OFF.

SILENCE. BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE A NOISE. RUBY STIFFENS. HE MOVES VERY QUIETLY AND CAUTIOUSLY TOWARDS THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN.

RUBY

Hey Sheba -

52A. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB KITCHEN. NIGHT.

RUBY PICKS UP ONE OF THE SMALL DACHSHUND DOGS AND FONDLES IT LIKE IT WAS A CHILD.

RUBY

Hey - lemme see you here -

RUBY INSPECTS THE ANIMAL'S FACE LOVINGLY. THE DOG LICKS HIM. HE ADORES IT.

RUBY

What'd'ya think of yer daddy playin' host to alla those bigshots tonight huh? You impressed wid yer old man or what?

RUBY TAKES SHEBA AND STARTS UP THE STAIRWELL. AS THEY APPROACH THE DRESSING ROOM SHEBA STIFFEN AND GROWLS. RUBY LAUGHS.

RUBY

Hey Sheba -

52B. INT. DRESSING ROOM, CAROUSEL CLUB. NIGHT.

RUBY PUSHES OPEN THE DRESSING ROOM DOOR AND SEES CANDY CANE LYING ACROSS THE COT AS IF SHE HAS JUST BEEN SOCKED. THE DOG SQUIRMS AWAY.

RUBY

Hey -

SUDDENLY RUBY IS JUMPED BY A MAN IN THE SHADOWS BEHIND HIM. IT IS HANK. HANK CHOPS RUBY ON THE HEAD - A HEAVY BLOW WHICH HANK ASSUMES HAS DONE THE JOB.

HANK

I checked ev'ry clip joint from Houston to San Antonio an' now I found her -

RUBY TAKES A SECOND TO DIGEST BOTH THE BLOW AND THE FIGURE OF THE COWBOY IN FRONT OF HIM.

CANDY CANE

You asshole -

CANDY CANE HAS LEAPT TO HER FEET AND GONE TO LAND A BLOW IN HANK'S BALLS BUT HANK HAS THE UPPER HAND.

RUBY GETS HIMSELF BETWEEN CANDY CANE AND HANK TO STOP HIM REACHING HER WITH ANOTHER BLOW.

RUBY

Found who?

HANK

My wife, that's who.

CANDY CANE

Yer wife nothin' - a ten dollar divorce'll fix that.

HANK

(distainfully) "Candy Cane" - where did you get that anyhow? *(to Ruby)* Her name is Daisy Mae Dujean. *(to Candy Cane)* Dancin' in the sleaziest pit in Texas. Fer a policeman's pimp -

\$

RUBY SUDDENLY LANDS HANK A COLOSSAL BLOW THAT SENDS HIM STRAIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR.

RUBY

What did you call my club?

52A. - 52B. OMIT

52C INT. CAROUSEL BACK HALL/STAIRS - NIGHT

HANK ROLLS DOWN THE STAIRS, FOLLOWED BY RUBY. CANDY CANE FLIES OUT OF THE DRESSING ROOM AFTER THEM.

RUBY PICKS HANK UP. CANDY CANE IS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

CANDY CANE

Hit him Jack - give him one fer me -

RUBY

You called my club a what?

HANK

A sleaze pit.

RUBY BELTS HANK THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE KITCHEN. *

53 INT. KITCHEN - CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT *

RUBY FOLLOWS. STANDING OVER HIM. HE IS THE STREET FIGHTER, THE CLUB BOUNCER, OF LONG-STANDING. THIS IS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK. *

HANK

I worked six years in the rodeo ring tuh git her out o'clip joints.

HANK MAKES A GRAB FOR CANDY AND HURRIES DOWN AFTER THEM. *

CANDY CANE

You two-timjin' jerk - you stole ev'ry dollar I earned an' then you drank yer way through ev'ry Rodeo in the Lone Star State - you couldn't even fall off a horse with enough dignity to earn a buck.

RUBY SWINGS HANK ROUND AND PUNCHES HIM HARD. HANK DROPS TO THE FLOOR. HANK STRUGGLES TO SIT UP. HE LOOKS AT CANDY CANE FULL OF ANIMOSITY. *

HANK

I s'pose you spun him some line 'bout never bein' in the business? (to Ruby, wiping blood from his mouth.) Well she bin takin' her clothes off since she was fifteen. *

RUBY

It's true. She spun me that line. But I never hit her though.

HANK

I made her respectable.

CANDY CANE

"Respectable?"

CANDY CANE IS RICHLY AMUSED AT THIS AND COMES TO TAKE A MIGHTY SWIPE AT HANK WHO CATCHES HER BY THE FOOT. BUT RUBY INTERVENES AND BREAKS HANK'S FLAILING GRIP.

RUBY

Yeah? That's interestin'... I never thought about it that way ... "respectable"?

HANK

You heard it.

RUBY TURNS AND SQUATS DOWN BY HANK'S FACE. HE CONSIDERS DEEPLY. THEN SPEAKS.

RUBY

Here's how it is. The American Guild of Variety Artists recognises the exotic dancer as a principal artist - you unnerstand what I'm saying? I'm sayin' we is part o'the entertainment system of the United States of America an' anybody comes round here to tell me diff'rent, well -

RUBY REACHES IN HIS POCKET. HE BRINGS OUT A FOLDED PAIR OF FIFTY DOLLAR BILLS. HE TUCKS IT INTO HANK'S TOP POCKET, PULLS HIM TO HIS FEET AND SHOVES HIM TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR. *

RUBY

I say here's the bus fare home an' some money fer new buckskins, an' when you've learned to sit on a horse's ass you come back an' tell me something about the entertainment industry o' this great country of ours.

53A. EXT. BACKDOOR, CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT *

HANK STUMBLES DOWN THE METAL STEPS. RUBY AND CANDY STAND IN THE KITCHEN DOORWAY. *

RUBY

(stops) An' make that the last time you take out yer disappointment in life on Jack Ruby -

RUBY SHUTS THE KITCHEN DOOR. *

53B. EXT. ALLEYWAY, CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

HANK STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET USING THE WALL FOR SUPPORT. HE TAKES THE MONEY FROM HIS POCKET, DROPS IT IN THE GUTTER BY THE TOE OF HIS OSTRICH BOOTS AND STAGGERS AWAY.

54. INT. KITCHEN, CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

INSIDE THE FIRE DOORS, CANDY CANE WAITS FOR RUBY TO LOCK THE BARS.

WHEN HE TURNS TO HER, HE SEES SHE IS UPSET - DESPITE ALL THE MAGNIFICENT HOSTILITY. THIS WAS A MAN SHE ONCE LOVED...

UNDERSTANDING THIS, HE REACHES OUT AND STRAIGHTENS HER DRESS WHERE IT HAS FALLEN OFF HER SHOULDER. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, TOUCHED THAT HE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND.

RUBY

Things don't always work out the way yuh planned.

SMALL PAUSE. NORMALITY RETURNS TO RUBY'S MIND, HE REMEMBERS.

RUBY

Las Vegas huh? The Sun Hotel?

HE SMILES. SHE SMILES. IT MIGHT BE OKAY. THEY TURN TO CLIMB THE STAIRS.

55. INT. CLUB ROOM, CAROUSEL CLUB - DAY

RUBY HAS BEEN SHUTTING THE CLUB DOWN. THROUGH THE HATCHWAY, RUBY COMES FROM HIS OFFICE AND CROSSES TO THE BAR. HE PULLS DOWN A SHUTTER. HE HAS A CASE AND A HAT WHICH HE PUTS ON THE BAR.

AS HE TURNS TO GO BACK, HE SEES A MAN STANDING IN THE DOORWAY AGAINST THE LIGHT. IT IS MAXWELL.

MAXWELL

Why didn't you use the weapon where it was intended?

RUBY SLIDES HIS HAND INTO HIS POCKET.

MAXWELL

You won't need your knuckles, Jack. This is grown-up talk.
(comes in) Pretty strange Jack. You get asked to do a simple job, to point a camera, only you point it in the wrong direction.

RUBY

What the fuck is this?

MAXWELL SITS. RUBY IS ALL BUT MOTIONLESS, WATCHING THIS GUY'S MOVES.

MAXWELL

Murder one Jack. You're in the shit. *(pause)* Now it's time to talk.

RUBY

Who are you Mister? The Lone Fucking Ranger? *(moves to bar)*
The club's closed.

RUBY TAKES A KEY FROM HIS PANTS TO LOCK THE BAR SHUTTER.

MAXWELL

I was watching from across the street when you hit Vitali. I was one step behind you the whole time you were in Cuba. Not that I mind about Vitali. He won't be missed. *(pause)* Who do you think you're dealing with? A bunch of cheap crooks - pimps, dealers, race track artists?

RUBY

Who am I dealin' with exactly?

\$

MAXWELL

Imagine this - I know everything about you... the real reasons you left Chicago - all your little jobs for agent Proby - those little fees didn't appear on your tax return did they?

RUBY'S EYES MOVE ALL OVER THE PLACE. ALL KINDS OF DARK FEARS FLICKER ACROSS THEM.

RUBY

You ain't with the IRS?

MAXWELL

(mocks his tone) No I ain't with the IRS. But I have some real good friends over there.

RUBY

You could get the IRS down on my back?

MAXWELL

I could get just about anyone down on your back. Or off your back.

RUBY

Yuh had some kinda deal with Louie Vitali? What kinda deal?

RUBY STUDIES MAXWELL'S FACE. HE IS FIGURING IT ALL OUT.

MAXWELL

(smiles, barely missing a beat) You're the one who's in big with Mister Santos Alicante now. So you tell me.

RUBY

It's gettin' real complicated. I in't sure I could even explain it tuh myself.

RUBY REMAINS SILENT.

MAXWELL

Santos should be a dead man. But he's back in play. Thanks to you, Ruby.

RUBY

It was nothin'.

MAXWELL

And now the angles have to be triangulated all over again. *(small pause)* Is the girl a player in this?

RUBY

The girl?

MAXWELL

A player? Is the girl - in the picture?

RUBY

The big picture?

MAXWELL

That's the one.

RUBY

She might be... and she might not be.

RUBY SITS, WEARY. MAXWELL COMES BEHIND HIM.

MAXWELL

Let's stop fucking with each other, Jack. What's the next move going to be?

RUBY

The next move is to go out to Vegas, play a little blackjack. Well, why don't you come too?

MAXWELL

I was planning to.

RUBY

Great. We'll have a party. What do we call you anyhow?

MAXWELL

Call me Maxwell.

RUBY

Maxwell? What kinda name's that?

MAXWELL

A fake one, like yours, Mister Rubinstein.

RUBY

Okay, fine. Maxwell. One thing puzzlin' me.

MAXWELL

Only one?

RUBY

Why don't I slug you?

MAXWELL

Because you have a sixth sense, that it wouldn't make sense to annoy me.

MAXWELL MAKES TO LEAVE.

RUBY

Wait a second - Mister Lone Ranger -

RUBY LOOKS MAXWELL UP AND DOWN, HEAD TO TOE, THE HAIRCUT, THE COAT, THE SMART SHOES...

RUBY

You had some kinda deal with Louie Vitali - yuh give him that weird camera thing? Who was he supposed tuh hit? (*long beat*) Fidel Castro, maybe? (*beat*) You're CIA, right, Mister Maxwell?

MAXWELL'S EXPRESSION DOESN'T CHANGE FROM THE LOOK OF SLY AMUSEMENT WITH RUBY'S SIMPLE MANNER.

MAXWELL

Be in touch Ruby.

HE TURNS AND WALKS OUT. RUBY IS ALONE. HE SEES SHEBA LOOKING UP AT HIM, WAGGING HER TAIL. THERE IS A LINE OF DOG FOOD CANS UNDER THE BAR AND A CAN OPENER, READY FOR ERNESTO...

RUBY

Jus' remember, Sheba, it don't make no sense tuh annoy me.

BUT THIS ISN'T FUNNY, AND RUBY'S FACE SHOWS IT.

56. EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP, NEVADA - DUSK

THE STRIP BRIGHT WITH NEON (STOCK FOOTAGE).

57. EXT. SUN HOTEL - NIGHT

THE BRIGHTLY-LIT SIGNS OF THE LAS VEGAS SUN HOTEL. WE CRANE DOWN TO FIND RUBY'S CAR ARRIVING AT THE FRONT DOOR.

RUBY HURRIES OUT OF THE CAR PAST A DOORMAN. BELLHOPS COLLECT LUGGAGE WHILE CANDY CANE GETS OUT AND LOOKS AROUND.

CANDY CANE

Slow down Jack! - I wanna see alla this -

RUBY

(turns) We're late.

CANDY CANE

I always wanted to see this, ever since I was in kindergarten.

RUBY

We gotta hurry.

CANDY CANE

(follows) What'sa matter with you Jack? You're like a cat on a tin roof. We're here to enjoy ourselves.

58. INT. SUN HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

ON CANDY CANE AT A SLOT MACHINE. SHE PULLS THE ARM, WATCHES THE WHEELS, FEEDS THE SLOT.

ON CANDY CANE AT THE SLOT MACHINE AS RUBY COMES UP.

RUBY

They're fixed y'know —

THE WHEELS SPIN AND WOBBLE. CANDY CANE WATCHES.

RUBY

I tell yah — the weights on the wheels — they have real clever mechanics — I mean real smart —

THE LAST WHEEL STOPS. THE MACHINE NEXT DOOR PUKES COINS. CANDY CANE LOOKS AT THE LITTLE OLD LADY TAKING HER WIN WITHOUT COMMENT - A SLOT JUNKIE.

RUBY

Yeah well - what you win out here yuh lose in there -

RUBY LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SPACIOUS ROULETTE AND BLACK-JACK ROOMS BEYOND THE SLOTS SALON. CANDY CANE TAKES OUT ONE MORE COIN.

CANDY CANE

I feel lucky — *(turns to him)* Besides, Santos will give us our money back. Santos owns the place, Jack.

#

RUBY LOOKS AT HER, SURPRISED. HE'S NOT SURE HE KNEW, DOESN'T LIKE TO SHOW HE DIDN'T.

#

RUBY

Yeah? I heard that...

#

SHE FEEDS THE SLOT.

RUBY

We gotta go check in.

CANDY CANE

One more —

SHE FEEDS THE MACHINE, PLAYS...THREE WHEELS COMES TO REST ON BARS. THE MACHINE PUKES CHANGE.

#

RUBY

Small change. C'mon.

HE TAKES HER OUT AND MOVES HER TOWARDS THE FRONT DESK.

59. OMIT

HE STOPS WHEN HE SEES A CROWD THERE. MORE ARE COMING IN THE DOORS, WITH PORTERS, BELLBOYS AND BAGGAGE EVERYWHERE. THE CROWD ARE ALL HOODS.

ON RUBY - HIS FACE SHOWS HIS ASTONISHMENT - HE MOVES SIDEWAYS, STILL WATCHING, STEERING CANDY CANE TOWARD THE STAIRS.

RUBY

(low) Look at this - Sam Giancana from Chicago - Santos Alicante from New Orleans - Mickey the Shoe from Cleveland - Tony Ana from Los Angeles -

RUBY STUDIES EACH ONE AS THEY MOVE FROM THE DESK TO THE ELEVATORS FOLLOWED BY THEIR MOUNTAINS OF CASES OF LUGGAGE.

RUBY

This is a real big meet. I gotta figure this out -

CANDY CANE

What kind of big meet, Jack?

RUBY

The boys must be under some kinda heat. I don't know what this means yet.

CANDY CANE HAS SEEN A BILLBOARD ADVERTISING THE NIGHT'S FLOORSHOW.

CANDY CANE

Tony Montana's singing tonight. They fixed that, they did that special. They c'n do anything - like that - (*snaps her fingers*)

AS THE HOODS CLEAR THE ELEVATORS RUBY TAKES CANDY CANE TOWARDS THE DESK. RUBY GETS TO THE DESK. THE CLERK LOOKS UP.

RUBY

You gotta suite for me, Jack Ruby from Dallas, thank you very much -

CLERK

Mr Ruby and guest - here we are -

THE CLERK FINDS A CARD AND WAVES TO A BELL-HOP.

RUBY TURNS AND STARTS TO STEER CANDY CANE TO THE STAIRS. THEY ARE ALONE. RUBY SPEAKS PRIVATELY... HE TRIES TO REASON IT ALL THROUGH - EVERYTHING HE KNOWS.

RUBY

The squeeze must be tight on Alicante, fer him to get alla these big boys together —

CANDY CANE

But he's out of jail.

RUBY

He can't operate in Cuba no more, that cocksucker Castro seen to that. An' if he got the Justice Department on his back here - then he's squeezed both ways. That's why the big meet. They must be gonna figure somethin' out.

CANDY CANE

So it all makes sense. That they're meeting.

RUBY

Santos is smart. When he saw Castro comin', he give him guns an' rockets. He don't trust politicians no more after that. (*thinks*) So he's gotta figure something about the Justice Department thing - so it all makes sense - except —

CANDY CANE

Except what?

RUBY

— this CIA thing...

BUT SHE DOESN'T HEAR... SHE FINDS HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH FERRIE.

FERRIE

(*to Candy Cane*) Hi honey.

RUBY

(*forced smile*) Hello Ferrie.

60. INT. SUN HOTEL UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

FERRIE HAS HIS ARM ROUND CANDY CANE'S SHOULDER AND IS LEADING HER WITH RUBY TOWARDS THEIR SUITE.

FERRIE

The floorshow tonight is real special —

RUBY

Mike Montana - sure - that's big time —

FERRIE

And I want you to do me a favor.

£

RUBY

What favor?

RUBY IS STOPPED UP SHORT AT THE IDEA OF FERRIE'S KIND OF FAVOR.

FERRIE

I want you to let me take little baby doll to the party on my arm.
There's somebody I want her to meet.

CANDY

(excited) Who - Mike Montana?

FERRIE

(coy smile) Wait and see.

RUBY TURNS TO PROTEST BUT FERRIE IS ALREADY THROWING THE DOORS OPEN
ONTO A GRAND SUITE OF ROOMS -

60A. INT. SUN HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

FERRIE ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY CANDY CANE AND RUBY.

FERRIE

What'd'ya think?

CANDY CANE

(impressed) It's swell -

RUBY

What you was just sayin' -

FERRIE

Here - look -

FERRIE THROWS OPEN A CLOSET - THERE IS A SCARLET BALLGOWN HANGING
THERE.

CANDY CANE

That's fer me?

FERRIE

You bet.

RUBY

(impatient) Lissen to me willya -

FERRIE TURNS, COMES BACK TO RUBY.

FERRIE

The reason is, Jack - the boys want you to join them at their table -

RUBY

They do?

FERRIE

Sure Jack -

RUBY

What's goin' on here anyhow? I mean - this is like all the big boys in here -

FERRIE

You could say that.

RUBY

Something big's goin' down?

FERRIE

Could be, Jack. An' it could concern you.

RUBY

An' it could concern Jack Ruby?

FERRIE

Could be, Jack. I'll take Cinderella to the ball, an' you c'n sit an' drink with the boys.

FERRIE SWINGS BACK TO THE DOOR. CANDY CANE HAS GONE TO THE CLOSET AND TAKEN DOWN THE ROBE.

CANDY CANE

Look at this -

CANDY CANE HOLDS IT AGAINST HER - THEN SEES HER SHOES. THEY DON'T MATCH.

FERRIE

Bottom of the closet.

CANDY CANE LOOKS. IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CLOSET THERE IS A BOX STUFFED WITH TISSUE PAPER - SHE PULLS OUT A PAIR OF EXPENSIVE SCARLET SHOES.

FERRIE

Freshen up, guys.

FERRIE WINKS, THEN GOES OUT CLOSING THE DOORS.

61. INT. SUN HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

RUBY IN HIS SUITE, IN HALF HIS TUX, STRUGGLING TO FASTEN HIS TIE IN THE MIRROR. CANDY CANE IS FIXING HER FACE ACROSS THE ROOM.

IN THE BACKGROUND, A LARGE TV SET IS ON, SHOWING A PROGRAM ABOUT THE PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY. NOBODY PAYS IT ANY ATTENTION. £

TV ANNOUNCER V/O

- arriving at Hyannisport today from Washington for a weekend of family relaxation, the First Lady and her children. Mrs Kennedy

is taking some time away from the pressures of life at the White House and frequently visits the Kennedy family home by the ocean -

RUBY

(preoccupied) I dunno, I swear to God, I just dunno —

RUBY GOES FOR HIS SHOULDER HOLSTER, STARTS TO HANG IT ROUND HIS SHIRT, ADJUSTING IT HERE AND THERE AND PULLING ON HIS COAT.

CANDY CANE

Mike Montana ... that's something... *(applies rouge)* Plus they mebbe gonna introduce me to the guy who books the shows here — £

RUBY

I don't like this. That Ferrie gives me the creeps. An' what are all these guys doin' here? An' me?

CANDY CANE

You represent Dallas, Jack.

SILENCE. RUBY LOOKS AT HER.

CANDY CANE

See?

RUBY

I represent Dallas?

CANDY CANE

Sure you do, Jack. Didn't you know that?

RUBY

(considers) I represent Dallas —

CANDY CANE COMES CLOSER TO HIM. THE GOWN IS LOOSE ROUND HER SHOULDERS, UNFASTENED.

CANDY CANE

You represent Dallas.

RUBY

I represent Dallas...

RUBY

(thinks) So why did nobody tell me?

CANDY CANE

You just need a little confidence, Jack. Even when it's been busted to pieces so long you've forgotten how it fits together, you still got to remember - you can do it, like in the old days.

RUBY

(looks at her) Like you, when you was in the Greyhound station that night -

CANDY CANE

(after pause) Yeah.

RUBY

Lookin' fer yer confidence?

CANDY CANE

And you helped me find where I lost it. Fasten me up would you?

RUBY GOES TO HER, FASTENS HER BACK.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. RUBY GOES TO OPEN IT. A BELL-HOP HAS A LARGE SPRAY OF FLOWERS.

RUBY

Thank you.

RUBY TAKES THEM IN, LOOKS AT A CARD.

RUBY

"Good luck - Santos -"

CANDY CANE

See?

RUBY IS MOMENTARILY CONFUSED AT THE IDEA OF GETTING FLOWERS FROM SANTOS. CANDY CANE SEES THIS.

CANDY CANE

They're fer me, Jack.

RUBY

Good - you take 'em -

CANDY CANE TAKES THE FLOWERS INTO THE BATHROOM TO FILL A VASE WITH WATER. RUBY OPENS HIS SMALL OVER-NIGHT BAG AND DISCOVERS THE BUGGING DEVICE THAT PROBY GAVE HIM.

HE TURNS AND SEES CANDY CANE IS BUSY ARRANGING THE FLOWERS. HE SLIPS THE DEVICE IN HIS POCKET SO SHE DOESN'T SEE IT. *

RUBY

I'm just gonna take a look around. *

CANDY CANE

Okay. *

61A. INT.SUN HOTEL, BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT *

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN, RUBY STEPS OUT AND GOES INTO A NEARBY MEN'S ROOM. *

62. INT.SUN HOTEL MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT *

ON RUBY AT THE SINK. HE LEANS ON THE BASIN, SLOWLY LOOKS UP AT HIS REFLECTION. *

HE REACHES IN HIS POCKET, FEELS SOMETHING THERE. HE BRINGS IT OUT. IT IS THE SMALL TAPE RECORDER. RUBY FINDS THE WIRE ON THE BACK OF HIS STICKPIN. HE CONNECTS IT.

HE HEARS A RUMBLE ABOVE AND FEELS A VIBRATION LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE. STOPS. HE STOPS, LOOKS AROUND. *

63. INT.SUN HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

ON CANDY CANE IN THE MIRROR - HER HAND IS WIPING THE BLOOD-RED LIPSTICK ACROSS HER LIPS...

SIMULTANEOUSLY - FROM OUTSIDE - LAID OVER - THE AIR STARTS BLOWING AND THERE IS A BEATING NOISE EVERYWHERE - NOT INTRUDING ON THE SILENCE AROUND CANDY CANE AT THE MIRROR...

64. EXT. SUN HOTEL PATIO - NIGHT

THE DOOR OPENS AND RUBY ENTERS FROM THE CORRIDOR. THE NOISES OVERHEAD ARE LOUD. HE LOOKS UP AS A SEARCHLIGHT FROM THE SKY STREAMS ACROSS THE PATIO.

HE IS SUDDENLY SWEEPED BY A MIGHTY DOWN-DRAUGHT THAT BLOWS HIS CLOTHES AND BLINDS HIM ...

65. INT. SUN HOTEL SUITE LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

ON CANDY CANE IN THE MIRROR - HER HAND WIPING THE BLOOD-RED LIPSTICK ACROSS HER LIPS....SHE LOOKS ROUND AS THE NOISE INCREASES AND THE LIGHT FLASHES ACROSS THE ROOM.

66. EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

RUBY CROSSES THE PATIO TO THE FAR DOOR AND LOOKS UP AT THE SKY. HE SCREWS UP HIS EYES TRYING TO SEE SOMETHING IN THE DISTANCE...

ON RUBY'S UPTURNED FACE BEATEN BY DOWNDRAUGHT... A HELICOPTER IS BEATING ITS WAY DOWN FROM THE SKY.

67. EXT. SUN HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

CANDY CANE COMES OUT ONTO THE BALCONY, HER FACE TOWARDS THE MAELSTROM OF THE HELICOPTER. SHE IS DRAWN TO THE SIGHT, MESMERISED...

66A. EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

AS THE CRAFT BLOTS OUT THE SKY.

67A. OMIT

67. EXT. SUN HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

CANDY CANE WATCHES THE HELICOPTER AS IT LANDS ON THE GROUND BELOW HER WINDOW.

67B. EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING AREA - NIGHT

POLICE AND SECRET SERVICE MEN MILL ABOUT -

CLOSE ON: THE DARK PAINT OF THE NAVAL HELICOPTER WITH ITS
PRESIDENTIAL CREST. *

RESUME 67. - EXT. SUN HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

ON CANDY CANE'S FACE. AS THE LAST PIECE OF SOME SORT OF PUZZLE FALLS
INTO PLACE. WATCHING FROM HER BALCONY, SHE'S DELIGHTED.

68. EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING AREA - NIGHT *

A MAN IS ESCORTED, CLOSELY GUARDED, FROM THE HELICOPTER TOWARDS
THE HOTEL. *

69. EXT. PATIO DOOR, SUN HOTEL - NIGHT *

RUBY STANDS IN DOORWAY OF THE PATIO WATCHING THE MEN APPROACH. *

70. EXT. PARKING LOT AND HELICOPTER PAD - NIGHT

MEN MOVE FAST TOWARD THE DOOR WHERE RUBY STANDS. *

70A. RESUME 70. 70B. OMIT. *

71. EXT. PATIO DOOR - NIGHT *

RUBY IS PUSHED ASIDE BY A PHALANX OF SECRET SERVICE ESCORTING THE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES INTO THE BUILDING. *

RUBY IS JAMMED INTO A DOORWAY.

72-73 OMIT

74. INT. SUN HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT *

AT SANTOS' BOOTH, TONY MONTANA IS MAKING THE ROUNDS, SHAKING HANDS.
NODDING, SMILING WITH ALICANTE, SAM GIANCANA, TONY ANA, MICKEY THE
TOENAIL. RUBY ENTERS THE FAR DOOR AND WATCHES THEM. *

AS HE STANDS WATCHING, THERE IS A BURST OF APPLAUSE FROM THE
AUDIENCE AS THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY ARRIVES AT THEIR BOOTH NEAR THE
STAGE. MONTANA LEAVES SANTOS AND CROSSES TOWARD THE PRESIDENT.
RUBY CROSSES TO SANTOS' TABLE. RUBY SITS BESIDES MICKEY THE TOENAIL.
*

GIANCANA

We deliver to these people, and they bite the hand that feeds.
Am I correct here?

RUBY

He just walked by me in the hallway. I couldn't believe it.

NOBODY LISTENS TO RUBY, BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND OR NOTICE...

TONY ANA

When election time comes round, then these guys remember who pays all the little expenses.

GIANCANA

It won't go on. We got the baby brother at the Justice Department, he'd better get offa the case. "Na petra della scarpa", hey Santos? £

SANTOS

Na petra della scarpa!

RUBY TURNS - THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SANTOS HAS SPOKEN, AND HIS TONE IS LADEN WITH AN UGLY SINCERITY.

GIANCANA

Yes Mister Ruby from Dallas?

RUBY

One hundred percent. We're talking about politicians, correct?

GIANCANA

We are, Mister Ruby.

RUBY

Santos here will recall, what a class place he had there in Havana, at the Tropicana as was, before that Mister Castro come in and loused everything up - yes Santos?

SANTOS LOOKS AT RUBY, WITHOUT WARMTH OR ENTHUSIASM.

RUBY

Santos remembers, when he was trying to cut some kind of a deal with that party and instead of which ends up in the slammer. And what is more important than a man's word?

SMALL PAUSE.

SANTOS

(coldly) Nothing is more important.

RUBY

(too quickly) Correct. But look again, at what coulda happened instead, if certain promises about what was gonna happen in Texas mighta bin kept -

GIANCANA

(alert) What in Texas?

RUBY

I'm goin' back a'ways here, Sam. To the old days, when the boys wanted to move outa the Windy City and broaden it out. My point then and now is this - who ever heard of a commie takeover in Texas?

RUBY LOOKS ROUND THE TABLE.

RUBY

Texas is the reliable place, that's my point. Where is better in this country than Dallas?

GIANCANA

Dallas is fulla patriots, yes?

RUBY

One hundred percent patriots.

SILENCE.

ALICANTE

We was patriots.

RUBY

We was patriots. My sentiments exactly. An' I still got six boxes o'rocket launchers in the basement o'my club tuh prove it.

TONY ANA

You have trouble with the IRS?

RUBY

(turns) How do you know?

TONY ANA

Everyone has trouble with the IRS.

RUBY

Oh yeah?

TONY ANA

You brought Santos out of Havana.

RUBY

Says who?

TONY ANA

Relax, Ruby. We're on the same team.

RUBY

What team is that?

TONY ANA

You used to run a little fishing operation.

RUBY

We schlepped some stuff in an' out. This is the old days I'm goin' back to now, when we thought that red cocksucker -

TONY ANA

You kept up some good contacts there?

RUBY SHRUGS. HE NEVER LIKES TO SAY NO.

TONY ANA

You could deliver stuff?

RUBY

What stuff?

TONY ANA

A box of cigars, say.

SMALL PAUSE. RUBY STARTS TO SMILE.

RUBY

Lemme get this straight - you are talkin' about smuggling cigars into Cuba - ?

TONY ANA

Special cigars.

RUBY

(*pause*) What are you sayin'?

TONY ANA

You got a better idea?

RUBY

Better idea for what? Who are these cigars for?

TONY ANA

He owns alla the fuckin' cigars in Havana. Action couldn't figure how tuh get him tuh try a new blend.

RUBY

This is how you was gonna hit Castro?

TONY ANA

You could think of a better way, no doubt.

RUBY TURNS WHITE. TONY ANA LOOKS STRAIGHT AT HIM. ON THE STAGE SOMETHING IS STARTING, AS A TUNE STARTS UP AND TONY MONTANA STARTS HIS SHOW. TONY ANA AND THE OTHERS TURN TO WATCH.

CANDY CANE, DRESSED LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS IN SCARLET, IS ESCORTED ON THE ARM OF FERRIE INTO THE BALL-ROOM. TONY MONTANA COMES FORWARD TO MEET THEM. HE OFFERS CANDY HIS ARM, LEADING HER ACROSS THE ROOM.

EYES TURN TO LOOK AT CANDY CANE AS SHE MAKES HER REGAL PROGRESS THROUGH THE PRESS OF PEOPLE IN THE DIRECTION OF A PRIVATE BOOTH AT THE FAR END OF THE BALLROOM - WHERE WE SEE THE PRESIDENT SITTING.

THE MOB IN THE BOOTH WATCHES ALL THIS WITH SATISFACTION.

RUBY SQUINTS TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON - MONTANA INTRODUCES CANDY TO THE PRESIDENT, THEN WALKS BACK TO THE STAGE. CANDY SITS AT THE TABLE.

RUBY

Excuse me wouldya? I wanna get some air.

RUBY SLIDES OUT OF THE TABLE. THE LIGHTS DIM, AND MONTANA STARTS ON HIS FIRST NUMBER ...

75. EXT. SUN HOTEL BACK AREA - NIGHT

ON RUBY AS HE EMERGES INTO THE AREA WHERE THE HELICOPTER IS PARKED AND SURROUNDED BY SECRET SERVICEMEN. HE BREATHES OUT A LONG DRAWN-OUT WHISTLE OF AIR. HIS BRAIN IS STEAMING. HE LOOKS AT THE SKY, CHEWS HIS LIP.

HE TAKES THE TAPE MACHINE FROM HIS POCKET AND PLAYS BACK SOME OF THE CONVERSATION HE HAS JUST HAD WITH THE MOB.

TAPE

Na petra della scarpa -

RUBY

(thinks) The stone in my shoe -

RUBY LOOKS AT HIS FEET.

#

HE STOPS WHEN A PATROLMAN SHOWS UP A FEW YARDS OFF. RUBY LOOKS UP,
SMILING...

#

RUBY

Jack Ruby, Dallas.

THE PATROLMAN LOOKS AT HIM, NOT UNFRIENDLY, BUT NOT FRIENDLY EITHER.

RUBY

I got a club, the Carousel.

RUBY REACHES IN HIS TOP POCKET AND BRINGS OUT A CARD.

RUBY

You're ever in Dallas, I serve free drinks fer police officers. I do a precinct night Tuesdays.

HE HOLDS OUT THE CARD. THE PATROLMAN TAKES IT. RUBY TURNS AND SEES SECRET SERVICEMEN STANDING ROUND THE HELICOPTER, IMPASSIVE, CHEWING GUM...

RUBY WALKS OVER. SMALL PAUSE. RUBY LOOKS ROUND.

RUBY

I guess he's a big Mike Montana fan, right? Jack Ruby, from Dallas. I keep the Carousel, 1312 and a half Commerce Street. Yer ever in Dallas -

RUBY PULLS OUT MORE CLUB PASSES, HANDS THEM OUT. THE IMPASSIVE SECRET SERVICEMEN TAKE THEM, LOOK AT THEM.

RUBY

Nice talkin' to ya.

RUBY SMILES AFFABLY, MOVES ON PAST, AWAY FROM THE GUARDS, TOWARDS THE PERIMETER OF THE HOTEL.

76. EXT. SUN HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

ON RUBY AS HE TAKES IN THE NIGHT AIR INTO HIS LUNGS. THERE IS A NOISE. RUBY TURNS AND HIS MOUTH FALLS OPEN WITH SURPRISE -

RUBY

For fuck's sake...

ON MAXWELL LEANING AGAINST A CAR. HE LIGHTS A CIGAR.

77. INT / EXT. CAR - LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

ON MAXWELL AT THE WHEEL OF HIS CAR, DRIVING TOO FAST.

ON RUBY IN THE FRONT SEAT, WATCHING MAXWELL AS IF AFRAID HE'S GONE MAD.

77A. EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

MAXWELL'S CAR DRIVES DOWN THE NEON-LIT STRIP, THROINGING WITH GAMBLERS.

RESUME 77. INT / EXT. CAR - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

MAXWELL WEAVES THROUGH TRAFFIC.

MAXWELL

You're mixing with some interesting types, Jack.

RUBY

Interesting types, yeah? I ain't so interested.

MAXWELL

You know who's in the hotel, don't you, Jack?

RUBY

Sure. Alla the top boys - Cleveland. Chicago. LA -

RUBY STOPS. SMALL PAUSE.

MAXWELL

- Washington.

RUBY

(pause) That I never knew nothin' about. What's he doin' here anyhow?

MAXWELL

Don't play the innocent, Jack. Now we know what your interest was in the girl.

RUBY

(not following) What are you talkin' about?

MAXWELL

Alicante, Giancana, Tony Ana - that's a lot of boys.

RUBY

(thinking) What do you mean - "my interest in the girl"?

RUBY TURNS, ANGRY.

RUBY

What the fuck are you talkin' 'bout?

MAXWELL TURNS THE WHEEL HARD.

77B. EXT. EDGE OF STRIP / INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

THE CAR SPINS OUT ONTO THE INTERSTATE, BURNING RUBBER.

77C. INT. SUN HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

TONY MONTANA'S SONG COMES TO A CLOSE. CANDY CANE AND THE OTHERS AT THE PRESIDENT'S TABLE APPLAUD.

78. EXT. DESERT, NEVADA - NIGHT

MAXWELL DRIVING THE CAR AT TOP SPEED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

RUBY IS ALARMED AND AGITATED. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON OR WHERE HE FITS INTO IT.

MAXWELL

You ever asked yourself why they did that to Action Jackson?

RUBY

I'm just an honest workin' club owner. I gotta lotta overheads. I got arrears with my taxes.

MAXWELL

Action Jackson had a lot of overheads. He was a hard-working club owner.

RUBY LOOKS ROUND, ALARMED SOME MORE.

MAXWELL

Action Jackson was given a contract -

RUBY

Don't tell me, I don't wanna know -

MAXWELL

He was meant to deliver something. He failed.

RUBY

To President Castro, I know. Cigars.

79. OMIT

80. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

MAXWELL AND RUBY ARE DRIVING. MAXWELL SUDDENLY SPINS THE CAR OFF THE ROAD AND BRAKES IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SCRUB.

THE TWO MEN ARE ALONE IN THE DESERT.

RUBY

What is this? You got nothin' on me.

MAXWELL

No? Transporting a girl across state lines for immoral purposes. That's federal.

RUBY

(angry) I ain't a pimp!

MAXWELL LOOKS AT RUBY, A FAINT SMILE. RUBY KNOWS HE'S NOT BELIEVED.

RUBY

We was invited here. By the boys. There's some talk 'bout getting the kid auditioned.

MAXWELL

I bet there is.

RUBY

FUCK YOU!

RUBY SLAMS HIS WAY OUT OF THE CAR. MAXWELL CLIMBS OUT AFTER HIM. *

MAXWELL

(carefully) How many hits did you do in the old days?

RUBY TURNS, SLOWLY, HIT WITH A HAMMER.

MAXWELL

The Chicago days. When you were the bagman in a shakedown of the Scrap Iron and Junk Handlers' Union, and Leon Cook who founded the union and who gave you your first real job got shot in the back -

RUBY

I walked on that!

MAXWELL

- only it was self-defense -

RUBY

I was questioned an' I was released an' ev'ryone know it was Big John Martin pulled the trigger -

MAXWELL

Maybe you didn't have the balls. Is that why they sent you to Dallas?

RUBY IS IN A BLAZE OF FURY.

RUBY

Check the files you don't believe me.

SILENCE.

MAXWELL

The files went in the police department furnace twenty years ago.

RUBY SAYS NOTHING.

MAXWELL

Jack Ruby - wire service scams, racetrack swindles, bent slot machines - hot cheque bets - guns in and out of Cuba - a little narcotics now and again -

MAXWELL SQUEEZES RUBY'S ARM.

RUBY

What is it with you people? You're the ones in shit, not me! Yuh blew it in Cuba -

RUBY STOPS AND FIGURES.

RUBY

That's what you did... Yuh blew it in Cuba an' then yuh tried tuh get the boys tuh clean up fer yuh - but Action Jackson chickened out an' Louie decided to make his own hit on Santos.

MAXWELL

What's goin' on with the girl, Jack?

RUBY

They brought her tuh meet Mike Montana.

MAXWELL

They did, did they?

\$

RUBY

What is this? The President doesn't know nothin' about alla this? If the big white chief finds out - you all get yer balls ripped off!

\$

MAXWELL

It's still not too late to get this cleaned up.

RUBY

What do you people want from me?

RUBY, FULL OF ANGER, THROWS MAXWELL OFF AND WALKS AWAY. MAXWELL OPENS THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR. RUBY TURNS.

MAXWELL

We just want you to do your duty for your country.

RUBY SEES - HELD IN A SPECIAL FRAME IN THE LID OF THE TRUNK - A HIGH POWERED RIFLE WITH TELESCOPIC SCOPE.

81. INT. SUN HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

CANDY CANE COMES FROM THE BALLROOM TO THE SUITE SHE SHARES WITH RUBY. SHE LOOKS AND SEES IT'S EMPTY.

SHE CLOSSES THE DOOR, LOOKS AT HERSELF IN THE LONG MIRROR. ON CANDY CANE'S REFLECTION. SHE UNFASTENS HER SCARLET DRESS AND WALKS TO THE BATHROOM.

82. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

MAXWELL SNAPS THE ACTION OF THE RIFLE. ON RUBY, WHO HEARS THE NOISE LIKE IT WAS THE CRACK OF DOOM, WHICH IT IS...

RUBY

Oh no...

83. INT. SUN HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

CANDY CANE IN THE BATHROOM. SHE STRIPS HERSELF NAKED. SHE CLOSSES IN ON THE MIRROR, MOVING HER FACE CLOSER TO THE REFLECTION. SHE PICKS UP THE LIPSTICK.

84. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

MAXWELL IS CLOSE TO RUBY'S EAR.

MAXWELL

Funny about life isn't it? You get one shot.

85. INT. SUN HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

CANDY CANE, WRAPPED IN A COAT, CREEPS OUT OF HER ROOM, CHECKS ALL IS QUIET ALONG THE HALL. SHE HAS NO SHOES ON.

RUBY (V/O)

One shot at what?

86. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

ON MAXWELL, HOLDING THE RIFLE. A FEW PACES FROM THE CAR.

MAXWELL

One shot at greatness, Jack.

87. INT. SUN HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

CANDY CANE IS WAITING AT A TURN IN A HALLWAY IN THE HOTEL. WE SEE THAT THE CORRIDOR IS GUARDED BY SECRET SERVICEMEN AT BOTH ENDS.

CANDY CANE WALKS STEADILY TOWARDS THE DOOR, AND THE SECRET SERVICEMAN.

THE SECRET SERVICEMAN SEES HER COME.

GUARD

(into radio) Tackle here. He got some pussy comin' up.

WE GO BACK WITH CANDY CANE. SHE REACHES THE DOOR. SHE STOPS.

SHE LETS HER GRIP SLACKEN ON THE COAT AT HER THROAT. SHE LETS THE COAT OPEN TO CHECK HER APPEARANCE. SHE IS WEARING HER BLACK CORSET AND NOTHING ELSE. SHE CLOSSES THE COAT AND CROSSES HER FINGERS.

SHE KNOCKS VERY GENTLY. ANOTHER SECRET SERVICEMAN OPENS THE DOOR FROM THE INSIDE.

88. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

RUBY WATCHES AS MAXWELL LEVELS THE SCOPE AT A CACTUS.

MAXWELL SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER. THE CACTUS EXPLODES. HE TURNS AND OFFERS THE RIFLE TO RUBY, WHO IS TRULY FRIGHTENED.

MAXWELL

Congratulations. You're going to kill Fidel Castro.

89A. EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING AREA - DAY

CLOSE ON THE LIFTING HELICOPTER, THE GROWING ROAR, THE DOWNDRAUGHT -

89. EXT. SUN HOTEL BALCONY - DAY

ON CANDY CANE ON THE BALCONY OF HER ROOM, DRESSED IN HER SCARLET GOWN. SHE HOLDS HERSELF, WRAPS HER ARMS ROUND HERSELF, REMEMBERING A RECENT WARMTH - A WARMTH THAT LINGERS STILL...

CANDY CANE DOESN'T MOVE - BUT KEEPS HER EYE ON THE CHOPPER AS IT RISES... THE LIGHT IN HER FACE IS RADIANT...

90. EXT. PARKING LOT, SUN HOTEL, LAS VEGAS - DAWN

WE ARE WITH RUBY IN THE PARKING LOT OF THE SUN HOTEL AS HE SLAMS THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR.

HIS RAGGED APPEARANCE, HIS GLAZED LOOK, ALL CONTRIVE TO MAKE HIM RESEMBLE SOME BIZARRE BIBLICAL FIGURE. IS IT JOB?

HE LOOKS ACROSS THE LOT AND SEES A LIMO BY THE DOOR - AND FERRIE LOADING THE TRUNK OF A LIMOUSINE WITH CASES.

£

RUBY LOOKS UP AND SEES CANDY CANE ABOUT TO EMERGE FROM THE HOTEL WITH SANTOS. SHE LOOKS AND SEES RUBY.

SHE LEAVES SANTOS WHO GOES TO THE CAR AND WALKS TO WHERE RUBY STANDS.

CANDY CANE

Jack -

RUBY

What's happenin', Candy Cane?

SMALL PAUSE. CANDY CANE BITES HER LIP.

CANDY CANE

Jack - I been offered a shot -

RUBY LOOKS UP, ALERT AT THAT WORD -

CANDY CANE

- at the big time... I gotta take it...

RUBY

... Yeah... but -

CANDY CANE

It could never have happened without you, Jack - one to stirrup, one to hoist himself -

CANDY CANE LAUGHS, CATCHES HERSELF. CANDY CANE LOOKS AT HIM. \$

CANDY CANE

Say you don't mind, Jack.

RUBY DOES MIND. THOUGHTS RUN THROUGH HIS HEAD - BUT WHEN HE SQUINTS INTO THE DISTANCE HE SEES FERRIE WAITING BY THE DOOR OF A LARGE SEDAN CAR. FARTHER OVER THERE ARE GOONS AT THE DOOR. THERE IS NOTHING RUBY COULD DO.

CANDY CANE CLEARLY DOESN'T SENSE MENACE AS RUBY DOES - AND HE DOESN'T LIKE TO SPOIL HER MOMENT FOR HER.

RUBY

So long as you don't never get too good tuh know me.

CANDY CANE

(small pause) I'll never get too good to know you, Jack.

CANDY CANE PLANTS A LIGHT KISS ON RUBY'S LIPS. SHE TURNS AND HURRIES AWAY.

RUBY WATCHES CANDY CANE BEING DRIVEN AWAY. SHE IS FRAMED IN BY FERRIE AND SANTOS AND SEEMS AS MUCH CAPTIVE AS VICTOR. THE CAR MOVES AWAY...

*

90A. EXT. SKY. DAY.

THE HELICOPTER IS RISING INTO THE SKY, BLOTTING OUT THE SUN...

91. EXT. CAROUSEL CLUB - DAY

*

ON RUBY'S CAR ARRIVING, VERY DUSTY, VERY BATTERED, IN DALLAS.

A FAT DETECTIVE IN AVIATOR SHADES CAN BE SEEN WATCHING THE STREET FROM A PARKED CAR. IT IS LEO SMALLS.

ON SMALLS WATCHING RUBY. MATT TAYLOR LOUNGES IN THE BACK OF THE CAR.

SMALLS

Look who's here.

SMALLS WATCHES RUBY'S CAR GO BY. TAYLOR LIFTS HIS HEAD, A TOOTHPICK DANGLING FROM HIS FRONT TEETH.

TAYLOR

Looks like he lost his little popsicle.

WE SEE THE BILLBOARD ANNOUNCING THE NIGHT'S ACT - CANDY CANE. REVERSE SHOWS RUBY BACK FROM NEVADA, LOOKING AT IT.

HE MOVES TO CLIMB THE STAIRS TO THE CLUB.

92. OMIT

*

93. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB BAR - DAY

ON THE DOGS IN THE PASSAGE BEHIND THE BAR. REVERSE SHOWS RUBY LOOKING DOWN. HE SEES A TRAIL OF EMPTY DOG FOOD BOWLS ALL THE WAY DOWN THE HALL.

RUBY GOES INTO THE CLUB ROOM. ON THE BAR HE FINDS A NOTE FROM DIEGO - "LEFT TOWN - URGENT BUSINESS - DIEGO". £

RUBY TURNS THE NOTE OVER. IT IS A HANDBILL THAT READS - "FAIR PLAY FOR CUBA".

94. EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW ORLEANS - DAY

A BUSY INTERSECTION AT LUNCH TIME. A THIN-FACED YOUNG MAN WITH THINNING HAIR IN WHITE SHIRTSLEEVES IS PASSING OUT HANDBILLS, CALLING OUT A SLOGAN.

LEE HARVEY OSWALD

Fair Play Fer Cuba! Peoples' Socialist Republic down there in the Caribbean - Fair Play Fer Cuba - no more capitalist plots against the people of Cuba -

HE PRESSES HANDBILLS ON PEOPLE.

ACROSS THE STREET SOME PEOPLE ARE WATCHING FROM A SEDAN CAR. THE FACE AT THE WHEEL IS FERRIE'S. THERE IS A YOUNG MAN NEXT TO HIM - DIEGO. £

95. INT. CLUB, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

A SMART NIGHT SPOT. CANDY CANE IN A COCKTAIL DRESS, IN A LIGHT, SINGING A SONG, MOODY AND ROMANTIC AND BRILLIANT.

THE SONG BUILDS A MOOD OF ROMANCE, AND CONTINUES OVER ...

96. INT. CAROUSEL UPSTAIRS DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

TIME HAS PASSED. RUBY HAS BEEN SLEEPING IN THE DRESSING ROOM. NOW WE SEE HIM AT THE WINDOW TO COMMERCE STREET, BROODING.

HE IS UNSHAVEN, HOT, UNHAPPY. THE SONG CONTINUES ...

ON THE MIRROR A PICTURE OF CANDY CANE IN COSTUME, SIGNED WITH A KISS TO JACK.

96A. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - DAY

THE PHONE RINGS IN THE EMPTY CLUB ROOM ON THE WALL BEHIND THE BAR. WE FOLLOW RUBY AS HE MOVES PURPOSEFULLY TO THE PHONE.

RUBY

(into phone) Yeah? *(listens)* Yeah Lenny - thank Christ ya returned my call.

97. EXT. BACK ALLEY, CAROUSEL CLUB - DAY

MORNING... RUBY COMES OUT OF THE CAROUSEL WALKING TOWARDS HIS CAR

A CAR SLIDES BY AND SLOWS. IT IS TIPPIT. HE CLIMBS OUT HIS CAR. HE IS OUT OF UNIFORM, OFF DUTY. £

TIPPIT

Hey Jack -

RUBY

I can't talk to yer now Lonnie -

TIPPIT

What happened, Jack? To Candy Cane?

RUBY

This in't the time -

TIPPIT

Diego said she was singing in one of Mike Montana's highline clubs. £

RUBY

Mebbe true, Lonnie, I dunno.

TIPPIT

Jack - it's a man on the very edge yuh see here in front a ya.

RUBY

So what, Lonnie?

TIPPIT

(pause) I'm in love with Candy Cane, Jack.

PAUSE. RUBY STOPS. TIPPIT STARES HARD AT RUBY.

TIPPIT

I gotta talk to her, Jack.

RUBY

(small pause) She left town. Yuh said so yerself.

TIPPIT

I know it seems crazy, Jack - but I see'd her on stage. and she see'd me - and the way she looked at me - I know it's crazy - I mean - I know it's that thing - fer the both of us -

RUBY

She never said nothin' 'bout it to me. *

TIPPIT

Is it okay fer me tuh hang round an' see when she shows up agin?

RUBY

Do what you want, Lonnie. I can't stop yah.

RUBY WALKS TOWARDS HIS CAR AND TIPPIT DRIVES OFF. THERE'S A CAR PARKED AT THE END OF THE ALLEY WITH A SINGLE FIGURE INSIDE. *

RUBY

Lenny - is that you?

CANDY CANE'S SONG CONTINUES OVER ...

98. EXT. TRIPLE OVERPASS, DALLAS - DAY

RUBY IS OUT WALKING. HE IS WITH THE MAN WHO CALLED - LENNY. LENNY DOYLE IS A MOB KILLER, AND IT SHOWS.

RUBY AND DOYLE ARE UP HIGH ON THE FREEWAY TRIPLE OVERPASS, ABOVE DEALEY PLAZA. WIND BLOWS THEIR HAIR.

RUBY

The thing is Lenny - the reason I thought of you - when it comes to making a hit - your team was always the best. The hits you carried out... believe me - you're the first one came into my mind. I need advice Lenny: Suppose you was told you gotta make a hit - only it ain't nobody ordinary, it's really so special - it's the President of a country -

RUBY STOPS WALKING. HE TURNS AND LEANS ON THE WALL BESIDE HIM.

DOYLE

Who give ya this contract, Sparky?

RUBY

You know better than to ask a question like that, Lenny.

DOYLE

I'm askin', because what I'm sayin' is, you'd better have a way to decide who it is gotta die - you or the guy givin' you the contract, because it's one o'the two a'you.

RUBY

Lenny - I'm in real deep.

DOYLE

I'll say.

RUBY

They got my balls in a vice. *(pause)* You remember the old Chicago days.

DOYLE

Sure do. Good old days...

RUBY

What would you say if I put it to you that the boys is now workin' fer the government?

DOYLE STOPS AND LOOKS AT RUBY.

DOYLE

Once upon a time it was okay tuh be Irish, or Jewish, or Neapolitan, or whatever. Now ya gotta be Sicilian.

RUBY

I finally figured it out, what they do, Lenny, these government people -

LENNY

What do they do?

RUBY

They do stuff, that makes no kinda sense, an' the reason they do that, is so that if you ever come to squeal on them, you don't make no sense neither, an' you seem screwy.

DOYLE LOOKS AT RUBY WITHOUT SPEAKING, TURNS TO WALK OFF.

RUBY

Lenny - what would you need fer that kinda hit?

DOYLE STOPS AND CONSIDERS.

DOYLE

You'd need crossfire. Two, three guys. Lotsa tall buildings.

RUBY

Yuh'd get caught, Lenny. They're gonna catch somebody, a situation like that.

DOYLE

You'd need some patsy. They're gonna catch someone, they catch the patsy. (*thinks*) You need three, four guns. High powered rifles. An' some very tall buildings. Plus you would need your patsy, what is in the crowd with a gun, some nut, for the security to jump on, covering yer escape. That's what you would need.

DOYLE STARTS WALKING ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

RUBY

Yer right, Lenny, yer right.

DOYLE STARTS WALKING.

DOYLE

Otherwise, you is chopped meat -

RUBY STANDS ALONE ON THE OVERPASS. CANDY CANE'S SONG TAKES US TO -

99. INT. CLUB, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

THE SMART NIGHT SPOT. CANDY CANE IN A COCKTAIL DRESS, IN A LIGHT, CONTINUES SINGING THE SONG, MOODY AND ROMANTIC AND BRILLIANT.

SHE ENDS THE SONG TO A ROUND OF APPLAUSE. SHE DROPS HER HEAD LOW AND STEPS BACK FROM THE LIGHT.

IN THE DARK SHADOWS AT THE BACK OF THE AUDIENCE, WE SEE SANTOS AT A TABLE WITH TONY ANA AND GIANCANA. SANTOS EVEN APPLAUDS, A SLOW, UNCONVINCING GESTURE.

100. EXT. TEXAS COUNTRY - DAY.

WE SEE - A MAGAZINE COVER - SHOWING A FULL HEAD-SHOT OF PRESIDENT FIDEL CASTRO - SMOKING A LARGE HAVANA CIGAR. THE PICTURE IS BEING SKEWERED TO A CACTUS BUSH - BY RUBY, WHO THEN TURNS AND WALKS AWAY...

THE CACTUS - AND THE PRESIDENT - EXPLODES. REVERSE ON RUBY WORKING WITH MAXWELL'S FANCY RIFLE. HE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

HE TRIES A NUMBER OF FIRING ANGLES. A LOT OF CACTUS GET SPECTACULARLY
DETONATED...

ON RUBY'S FACE, INTENT WITH CONCENTRATION. HE RELOADS, PAUSING TO LOOK
AT THE SHELLS IN HIS PALM...

WE MIX TO ANOTHER ANGLE, SHOWING RUBY WORKING OUT OF THE TOP FLOOR OF
AN ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. HIS TARGET BELOW IS A PUMPKIN SITTING IN THE
BACK SEAT OF THE RUSTED HULK OF A TRUCK.

100A. EXT. NEW ORLEANS. DAY.

WE SEE DIEGO HANDING OUT HIS HANDBILLS ON THE BUSY SIDEWALK - AND NOW
HE HAS A COMPANION - BOTH IN FRESH WHITE SHIRTS - THE THIN-FACED YOUNG
MAN WHO WAS WATCHING HIM WITH FERRIE FROM THE CAR... £

LEE HARVEY OSWALD
FAIR PLAY FER CUBA!

DIEGO
FAIR PLAY FER CUBA!

101. OMIT

102. INT. WASHINGTON CLUB DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CANDY CANE IS AT THE DRESSING MIRROR WHEN SHE TURNS. SANTOS APPEARS IN
THE DOOR. CANDY CANE SUDDENLY LOOKS FRIGHTENED. SHE STANDS.

CANDY CANE
Yuh got a message fer the President, deliver it yerself. I in't gonna
do it. £

SILENCE.

CANDY CANE
I said I won't do it - run your own errands from now on!

SANTOS SUDDENLY LASHES OUT AND STRIKES HER VERY HARD ACROSS HER FACE.
SHE FALLS AT HIS FEET, SOBBING. A BROWN ENVELOPE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

CANDY CANE
You cheap bastard. Let them deport you.

SHE LOOKS UP AT HIS BALEFUL EYES. THE ENVELOPE LIES WHERE SHE REFUSES TO
PICK IT UP.

103. INT. RUBY'S OFFICE - DAY

*

RUBY SITS AT HIS DESK...

ON RUBY'S DESK IS THE SMALL TAPE PLAYER. RUBY CLOSES HIS DOOR TIGHT. HE SITS AT HIS DESK AND TURNS THE TAPE ON.

WE CLOSE ON THE SPOOLING TAPE AND HEAR AGAIN THE SICILIAN CONVERSATION - CLIMAXING IN SANTOS'S DENUNCIATION -

SANTOS (V/O)

NA PETRA DELLA SCARPA!

104. INT. SUN HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

ON SANTOS, MOUTHING THE UGLY, ANGRY WORDS ON THE TAPE.

105. INT. RUBY'S OFFICE - DAY

*

RUBY HOLDS THE TAPE IN HIS HAND -

RUBY

"Na Petra della Scarpa"- take the stone outa my shoe...

THE ONE SICILIAN PHRASE RUBY KNOWS - AND IT MAKES HIM SHUDDER - IT IS THE CODED MAFIA THREAT OF DEATH.

RUBY HEARS SOMEONE AT THE DOOR. HE SLIDES THE TAPE MACHINE OUT OF SIGHT INTO THE DESK.

HE LOOKS UP AND SEES PROBY IN THE DOORWAY.

PROBY

Piece o'news. All yer old friends are coming to Dallas.

RUBY

News tuh me.

PROBY

Don't play the innocent with me, Jack.

RUBY

Would I do that?

PROBY

You fixed up this meet, right?

RUBY

Which meet is this, Proby?

PROBY

At the Embassy Club.

RUBY

Oh yeah?

PROBY

A dozen out of town hoods, all come tuh sit round in a big huddle.

£

RUBY

(drily) Yeah? That sounds right. I musta bin in the middle o' that.

PROBY

What's the plan, Jack? Narcotics? Prostitution, illegal gaming?

RUBY

Alla those things.

PROBY

Opening up Dallas?

RUBY

'bout time it happened, right?

PROBY

Where's the tape, Jack?

RUBY

I didn't make no tape. I was too busy cutting myself in on the deals with Dallas - you know - the gaming, the prostitution -

PROBY

I meant the tape you made in Las Vegas.

RUBY

Oh that. I threw it away.

PROBY

I want the tape, Jack.

RUBY

Yeah, well.

RUBY TURNS AWAY.

PROBY

I ain't kiddin' Jack - I want the tape you made.

PROBY COMES CLOSE.

RUBY

It never worked. Government equipment. Always fuckin' useless. It was the same in the army.

PROBY

Don't give me that -

PROBY GRABS RUBY AND TURNS HIM, RED WITH ANGER AND FRUSTRATION - ALMOST FEAR.

PROBY

I can get Alicante! Racketeering! Tax fraud! Narcotics! -

RUBY

(pause) You're a small guy in a mid-size town in the middle of nowhere special - just like me -an' you're goin' crazy to play in the major league - an' do'you know what?

SILENCE.

RUBY

You ain't big enough.

PROBY

Destroying Bureau evidence -

RUBY

(drinks) Yeah. Yuh wouldn'ta made head nor tail of it anyhow.

PROBY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. RUBY COMES TO HIM, CLOSE.

RUBY

You wanna try it on fer size?

PROBY NODS. HE REACHES IN HIS POCKET...

RUBY

The government of the United States has a secret policy on organised crime -

PROBY

Organised crime - you say there in't no such thing -

RUBY

(over him) They work together, Proby. They plan hits. They made a plan, only this plan gone wrong, on account of a doublecross Louie Vitali put in the system, plus, if the President of the United States was to find out what Louie was really supposed tuh be doin' in Cuba, or Action Jackson, then all these other big wheels - *(looks up)* you followin' me so far?

PROBY

(very dry, sarcastic) Thanks Jack. Thanks for alla yer help.

RUBY

(small pause) Anythin' else yuh wanna know?

PROBY HESITATES, AND WITH A WRY LOOK OF DISBELIEF, PUTS HIS NOTEBOOK BACK IN HIS POCKET.

106. OMIT

107. INT. EMBASSY CLUB - DAY

ON RUBY MOVING IN THROUGH THE FIRE DOOR PAST THE GOONS GUARDING ALL THE EXITS. £

RUBY MOVES ON INSIDE. WE FOLLOW HIM DOWN A HALL. LOW VOICES CAN BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

RUBY TURNS A CORNER. HE SEES THE BACKS OF HEADS OF HOODS GATHERED ROUND A BOOTH TABLE IN THE DARK, EMPTY CLUB ROOM. IN THE CORNER OVER THE BAR, A TV SET IS PLAYING. WE SEE KENNEDYS ARRIVING AT FORT WORTH. STAYING OUT OF SIGHT, RUBY WATCHES THE CONFERENCE, THE ANIMATED DISCUSSION IN LOW VOICES.

HE SEES FERRIE COME BACK FROM A PHONE IN A CORNER OF THE CLUB ROOM AND REJOIN THE DISCUSSION. THEN A VOICE SPEAKS IN HIS EAR.

TONY ANA

Good evening, Sparky from Chicago.

RUBY TURNS TO SEE TONY ANA.

RUBY

(after pause) This is the Wolfs' joint. They're the ones drive me crazy with his amateur nights.

TONY ANA

It's a nice club - *(looks around)* Santos thinks we could do something with it.

RUBY HEARS THIS, AND TAKES IT HARD.

RUBY

What about the Carousel?

TONY ANA

What I heard, the Carousel got a tax problem. A big tax problem.

RUBY

I brung Santos outa Cuba, when his ass was hangin' outa his pants!

TONY ANA

You hit Vitali 'cos you were too scared tuh do any diff'rent -

TONY ANA IS READY TO TURN AWAY. HIS INSULT HAS STRIPPED RUBY TO THE FLESH. RUBY IS BREATHING HARD, NOT SURE WHICH WAY HE'LL GO.

RUBY

Lissen to me. I got this guy Maxwell on my back -

TONY ANA'S FACE GLAZES OVER. HE'S NOT INTERESTED.

RUBY

This Castro thing is killing ev'rything! You get the CIA offa my back -

TONY ANA

Castro? Ferget Castro, Ruby - Castro's history.

RUBY TRIES TO TAKE THIS IN.

RUBY

What?

HE STOPS, TRIES TO THINK. HE FROWNS.

RUBY

Have you bin usin' me fer a patsy? What about Santos an' the Justice Department? They was gonna deport him.

TONY ANA

Nobody's gonna deport Santos anyplace, Ruby.

RUBY

Whad'ya mean?

TONY ANA

Exactly what I said. Nobody's deportin' Santos no place.

RUBY

Think I don't know what's bin goin' on? Santos tried to cut a deal with the Justice Department. What do you think Louie Vitali's deal was? He was supposed tuh hit Castro —

TONY ANA

Vitali's history, Ruby. An' so are you. You and yer club. History.

TONY ANA TURNS TO WALK AWAY. RUBY REALIZES HE'S GETTING NOTHING.

RUBY

Lemme tell you something! In New York, there was a man called Joe Valachi. He worked the west side. They come to him one day and they muscled him. He knew his time had come. An' you know why?

TONY ANA STOPS.

RUBY

His family come from Naples. He wasn't no Sicilian. Where are you from?

TONY ANA

(coldly) I'm from the Bronx.

SHORT SILENCE. TONY ANA TURNS AWAY AGAIN. RUBY LEAVES, AND OVER IN THE CLUB ROOM A FIGURE MOVES FROM THE KITCHEN TOWARDS THE GROUP IN THE BOOTH. A DASH OF LIGHT STRIKES HIS FACE AS HE WATCHES RUBY GO. IT IS MAXWELL.

£

108. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB BAR - NIGHT

A NEW BARMAN - HIS NAME IS DILLON - IS WORKING BEHIND THE BAR.

RUBY ENTERS THE CLUB ROOM FROM THE STREET. HE IS VERY BOTHERED AND PREOCCUPIED.

RUBY

Tonight's act showed up yet?

DILLON

Yup.

RUBY

She's early fer once.

DILLON

She's in the dressing room.

RUBY MOVES TO THE BACK KITCHEN WITH THE DOG FOOD. HE PAUSES TO LOOK DOWN THE HALL TOWARDS THE DRESSING ROOM.

RUBY

She ain't got no booze in there?

DILLON

Nope. She said she just wanted to sit in there real quiet.

RUBY LOOKS PUZZLED AT DILLON. THIS ISN'T THE TELEPHONE TRIXIE HE KNOWS.

RUBY WALKS TO THE DRESSING ROOM AND OPENS THE DOOR SLOWLY.

108A. INT. CAROUSEL BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT *

RUBY ENTERS.

CANDY CANE

Jack?

SHE IS SITTING ON THE COT, LOOKING AT THE MIRROR.

RUBY

Candy Cane?

SHE COMES INTO VIEW. HER CLOTHES ARE THE BEST. HER WHOLE SELF SEEMS TRANSFORMED. IT WAS A GIRL WHO LEFT, A WOMAN WHO RETURNS. BUT HER FACE IS MARKED WITH A BRUISE.

CANDY CANE

I come back, Jack, like I always meant to.

109. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

CANDY CANE IS SITTING AT A TABLE WHEN RUBY COMES ACROSS WITH TWO BOWLS OF SOUP AND SETS THEM DOWN.

RUBY

Go on.

SHE PICKS UP HER SPOON. SHE SMILES AT HIS SIMPLICITY. RUBY DRINKS HIS SOUP.

RUBY

How's yer face?

CANDY CANE

It's okay.

RUBY

They always said that Santos Alicante was a animal.

CANDY CANE

(suddenly) Jack - I wanna tell you what's bin goin' on - but...

RUBY

I know. It's so weird yuh'd sound like yuh'd lost yer marbles.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM, A SENSE OF RELIEF PASSING ACROSS HER FACE.

RUBY

(gently) Yuh c'n tell yer Uncle Jack. Yuh got asked tuh run messages.

CANDY CANE

(quietly) Yes.

RUBY

Tell me what Santos told yuh tuh say.

CANDY CANE

He told me tuh say that Santos and the Cosa Nostra got Kennedy elected. An' what was he doin' turnin' on them now?

\$

RUBY

Did nobody say nothin' about some plot the CIA got tuh knock off the guy in Cuba?

\$

CANDY

The President said he was goin' tuh blow the CIA into a million tiny pieces. An' then I told Santos I quit, run yer own errands. I loved the guy, Jack, I did.

\$

RUBY

He's the President. I love him too.

SMALL PAUSE. RUBY THINKS IT ALL THROUGH.

RUBY

Meantime, the boys are back in Dallas. Fer what?

CANDY CANE

Not me, Jack. I walked away. I got what was goin' now I want to settle for what I can keep. Can you understand that? I figured... we could make something of the club - something with class - a singing club, like they got on the coast -

SMALL PAUSE. RUBY IS SILENT.

CANDY CANE

It's time tuh get outa burlesque, Jack.

RUBY

Yer tellin' me.

PAUSE.

CANDY CANE

We can do it, Jack. Yuh just have tuh reach out. *(beat)* Believe in yerself, Jack ... a singing club -

SHORT SILENCE.

RUBY

A club with class. *(smiles)*

CANDY CANE

(lifts her glass) Here's to us, Jack.

RUBY

Here's to us, Daisy Mae.

HE LIFTS HIS GLASS. SHE SMILES AT HIM.

110. CLOSE ON A TV - PLAYBACK - STOCK FOOTAGE

THE AIRPORT. RINGED WITH CARS. SPECTATORS. SECURITY, POLICE. SECRET SERVICE. THE WHOLE WORLD, WATCHING THE SKY.

ON A SPECTATOR WAITING WITH A PLACARD - "WELCOME TO DALLAS MISTER PRESIDENT".

TV ANNOUNCER (VO)

...and the crowd gathered at Love Field to meet the President is growing by the minute...

111. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - DAY

THE TV IS PLAYING ON THE BAR. DILLON IS PUTTERING AROUND, CANDY WATCHES THE TV. SHE IS WEARING A PAINTER'S APRON, AND HOLDS A BRUSH. THE CLUB IS BEING SPRUCED UP, LIKE SHE PROMISED...

BUT NOW HER ATTENTION HAS WANDERED, HOOKED TO THE IMAGE OF THE MAN ON THE SCREEN - THE HAPPY SMILING FACE OF JFK, WALKING INTO THE CONVENTION HALL. CANDY CANE WATCHES HIM, WISTFULLY. *

TV ANNOUNCER (VO)

.... We now go live to the Fort Worth, where the President is speaking this morning at the Convention Center...

111A. (TV PLAYBACK) - STOCK FOOTAGE (INTERCUT)

KENNEDY AT THE CONVENTION CENTER, JOKING ABOUT HOW HE'S THE MAN THAT ACCOMPANIED JACKIE KENNEDY TO TEXAS...

RESUMESC 111. - INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - DAY

CANDY CANE COMES OUT OF HER DREAM, LOOKS UP AT DILLON.

CANDY CANE

Where did Jack go?

DILLON

He went to place the ad fer yer new show.

SHE DROPS THE PAINTBRUSH AND WALKS AWAY TO THE DRESSING ROOM. UNFASTENING HER APRON.

112. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA, DALLAS - DAY

WE ARE WITH A PATROLMAN ON THE SIDEWALK IN THE CENTRE OF TOWN. THERE ARE CROWDS AROUND, AND TALL BUILDINGS EVERYWHERE.

THE PATROLMAN IS WATCHING PEOPLE WHO HAVE GATHERED TO SEE THE PRESIDENTIAL PARADE.

PATROLMAN

'Scuse me -

THE PATROLMAN IS ADDRESSING THE BACKS OF TWO MEN ABOUT TWENTY FEET AWAY.

PATROLMAN

I said, 'scuse me!

THE MAN STOPS AND TURNS. IT IS DIEGO AND HIS FRIEND FROM NEW ORLEANS.

PATROLMAN

You are not admitted there sir without a pass.

DIEGO AND HIS FRIEND HAVE BEEN ABOUT TO ENTER A BUILDING. THE FRIEND IS CARRYING A CASE. £

THE FRIEND REACHES IN HIS POCKET AND BRINGS OUT A PASS. THE PATROLMAN READS THE NAME "LEE HARVEY OSWALD".

PATROLMAN

Pardon me. Go right ahead.

DIEGO AND THE OTHER MAN GO INTO THE BOOK DEPOSITORY BUILDING. THE PATROLMAN TURNS HIS ATTENTION ELSEWHERE. £

113. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA, DALLAS - DAY

RUBY WALKS PAST DEALEY PLAZA, SQUINTING AT THE CROWDS IN THE DAZZLING SUNSHINE. HE LOOKS ROUND AT THE TALL BUILDINGS, REMEMBERING HIS CONVERSATION WITH DOYLE.

HE SEES SOMETHING - MAXWELL WITH A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE LENNY DOYLE COMES OUT OF THE COUNTY COURT BUILDING AND HEAD OFF IN TWO SEPARATE DIRECTIONS. HE FROWNS.

113A. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB. DAY.

£

THE TV PLAYS IN THE EMPTY CLUB...

113B. STOCK FOOTAGE

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. KENNEDY COME DOWN THE GANGWAY OF AIR FORCE ONE, WAVING TO THE CROWD.

ANNOUNCER V/O

- arriving at Dallas's Love Field aboard Air Force One, the President and the First Lady, on their way to a luncheon at the city's trade mart, which they will reach by way of a motorcade through the downtown area -

114. EXT. ALLEYWAY BY CAROUSEL CLUB - DAY

CANDY CANE STEPS INTO THE ALLEY. SHE IS DRESSED FOR THE PARADE. SHE CARRIES A CAMERA.

SHE IS CONFRONTED BY HANK. SILENCE.

£

HANK

Think you c'n walk away from me?

CANDY CANE

Go home, Hank, and leave me be. That life is over.

HANK

I know who yuh came back here fer. Yer fancy man. I know what's bin goin' on.

CANDY CANE

You don't know nothin' Hank -

HANK

Yer in love with him, an' he's in love with you.

CANDY CANE

Liking is what counts in the end. Go home, Hank - for pity's sakes -

CANDY CANE WATCHES HIM A MOMENT, TURNS AND WALKS AWAY INTO THE STREET.

HANK

(SHOUTS) I'll kill him, Delia, I swear to God.

115. EXT. STORE WINDOW - DAY

CANDY CANE WALKS PAST A GROUP OF PEOPLE WATCHING TV IN A STORE WINDOW.

115A. TV PLAYBACK (STOCK FOOTAGE)

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. KENNEDY WALK AMONGST THE CROWD, SHAKING HANDS, ON THEIR WAY TO THE LIMOUSINE.

116. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA, DALLAS - DAY

CANDY CANE MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWDS, A SMILE ON HER FACE, TO WHERE SHE CAN GET A GOOD VIEW.

CANDY CANE

Excuse me - thank you -

SHE CLIMBS THE RISING GROUND THAT LOOKS ACROSS TO A PICKET FENCE BEHIND A GRASSY KNOLL.

SHE LOOKS DOWN AT HER OWN CAMERA, CHECKS IT'S SET.

117. TV PLAYBACK - (STOCK FOOTAGE)

FULL SCREEN: THE PRESIDENT RIDES IN HIS OPEN-TOPPED LINCOLN THROUGH CHEERING CROWDS IN DALLAS.

MUTE WITH MUSIC OVER. CLOSE ON J.F.K. PARTY ATMOSPHERE. SMILES AND FLAGS WAVING EVERYWHERE.

118. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE, DALLAS - DAY

THE SHOT WIDENS TO REVEAL A GROUP OF PEOPLE IN AN INNER ROOM OF THE OPEN NEWSPAPER OFFICE, WATCHING THE PARADE COVERAGE ON THE TELEVISION. RUBY POKES HIS HEAD IN THE DOOR. ONE OR TWO OF THE WATCHERS LOOK UP.

RUBY

Hi Sam. Hi Alex. Come to place an ad fer my club.

119. STOCK FOOTAGE

THE PRESIDENTIAL LINCOLN, TIGHT AND IN FLAT FOCUS, ALL CHROMIUM GRILLE AND BUMPER BAR, TURNS AND RIDES INTO THE NOISY CHEERING STREET.

120. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

RUBY IS WATCHING THE TV SET IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE. WE SHOW THE MOTORCADE PROCEEDING DOWN MAIN STREET, HE IS THINKING.

121. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DAY

CANDY CANE IS MOVING TOWARDS THE GRASSY KNOLL...

CANDY CANE

Excuse me - thankyou -

SHE CLIMBS THE RISING GROUND THAT LOOKS ACROSS TO A PICKET FENCE BEHIND A GRASSY KNOLL.

SHE SEES A MAN ON THE WALL OPPOSITE HAS A MOVIE CAMERA READY TO ROLL. £

122. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

RUBY MOVES FROM THE TV SET TO THE WINDOW. HE LOOKS DOWN AT DEALEY PLAZA TOWARDS THE TRIPLE UNDERPASS.

123. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - RUBY'S POV - DAY

LENNY DOYLE AND ANOTHER MAN - IN A DARK UNIFORM - MOVE COOLLY ACROSS THE OVBEPASS TOWARDS THE PICKET FENCE ON THE GRASSY KNOLL. THE UNIFORMED MAN CARRIES A LONG PACKAGE.

124. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

RUBY GOES RIGID. AN AWFUL REALISATION SLOWLY TAKES HOLD ...

THE CHATTER FROM THE TV SET TURNS TINNY AND UNREAL AS RUBY IS ISOLATED FROM THE PRESENT BY THE HORROR OF SUDDENLY SEEING INTO THE FUTURE...

124A EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

LENNY DOYLE AND THE UNIFORMED MAN MOVE TO THE CORNER OF THE PICKET FENCE, TAKING UP A POSITION BEHIND SOME BUSHES. THE UNIFORM MAN HAS A LONG PACKAGE AND HE SLIDES SOMETHING OUT OF IT. THE SUNLIGHT CATCHES THE BARREL £

124B. OMIT

125. STOCK FOOTAGE - B&W

WE HOLD AN UNNATURAL TIME ON THE APPROACHING LINCOLN, THE TALL BUILDINGS, SLOW MOTION, UNREAL FEEL...

THE LINCOLN TURNS PAST THE TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY AND MOVES DOWN TOWARDS THE TRIPLE OVERPASS...

126. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

ON RUBY LOOKING DOWN FROM THE OFFICE WINDOW, LOOKING EVER MORE AGITATED AS HIS THOUGHTS PIECE THEMSELVES TOGETHER...

126A. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - BOOK DEPOSITORY SIXTH FLOOR WINDOWS - DAY

WE SEE TWO FIGURES INDISTINCTLY - DIEGO AND LEE HARVEY OSWALD - TAKE UP SEPARATE POSITIONS AT THE OPEN WINDOWS. ONE OF THEM APPEARS TO HAVE A RIFLE IN HIS HAND.

127. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DAY

CANDY CANE STARTS TO MOVE TOWARDS THE CURB.

127A. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA (CANDY'S POV) - DAY

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTORCADE MOVES TOWARDS HER.

127B. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

THE LINCOLN STARTS TO MOVE PAST CANDY CANE. THE PRESIDENT STARTS TO MOVE PAST HER. CANDY CANE LIFTS HER ARM TO WAVE.

CANDY CANE LOOKS UP IN TIME TO SEE...

127C. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

A RIFLE BARREL STICKS OVER THE PICKET FENCE ON THE GRASSY KNOLL. THERE ARE SUDDEN CRACKS OF SOUND IN THE AIR... SOME PEOPLE START TO REACT... THE SHOOTER BEHIND THE PICKET FENCE FIRES THE LETHAL VOLLEY... A PUFF OF SMOKE HANGS IN THE AIR...

127D. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DAY

CU CANDY CANE'S FACE SCREAMING.

CANDY CANE

No!

THE NOISE OF THE SHOT IS IN OUR EARS, THE SUN IS IN OUR EYES. THIS IS THE MOMENT WHEN TIME STOPS AND MISSES A BEAT BEFORE EVER MOVING AGAIN...

127E. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DAY

THE FINAL, LETHAL SHOT BLOWS HALF THE PRESIDENT'S HEAD AWAY. THE FIRST LADY IN PANIC TURNS AND CLIMBS ONTO THE TRUNK AS A SECRET SERVICEMAN RACES ACROSS FROM THE ESCORT CAR TO CATCH HER... FINALLY, THE LINCOLN PICKS UP SPEED AND HEADS FOR THE TRIPLE UNDERPASS.

128. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

ON RUBY, AT THE WINDOWS, EYES UNFOCUSSED, AS TIME SUDDENLY STANDS STILL...

IN THE BACKGROUND THE FACES ROUND THE TV START TO TURN IN SILENT SLOW MOTION FROM THE TV SCREEN...

129. EXT. OAK CLIFF STREET, DALLAS - DAY

A QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET, BUT THERE IS A STRANGE ATMOSPHERE. SOME WINDOWS ARE OPEN, TV SETS PLAYING. A WOMAN COMES OUT OF A HOUSE, DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. ANOTHER WOMAN JOINS HER. THEY ARE DAZED.

WE HEAR A POLICE RADIO. WE FIND TIPPIT IN HIS CAR.

DISPATCHER

Three two - three two copy please - we have an emergency - fifteen -
Parkland Hospital - fifteen copy please -

TIPPIT TURNS DOWN THE VOLUME AND FOCUSSES UP FRONT WHERE HE SEES SOMETHING - A DISTANT FIGURE OF A MAN WHO HAS CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIS CAR AND REACTED.

AS THE MAN MOVES AWAY TIPPIT TURNS ON HIS BLUE LIGHT AND ACCELERATES UP THE STREET.

HE CLOSES ON THE MAN WHO TURNS AND ZIG-ZAGS TOWARDS TIPPIT. TIPPIT WINDS DOWN HIS WINDOW. THE MAN IS HANK.

TIPPIT

Hey, boy!

HANK STOPS. HIS EYES OPENING WIDE AS HE RECOGNIZES TIPPIT. TIPPIT CLIMBS OUT OF THE CAR.

TIPPIT

Hey! I wanna talk tuh you!

HANK FUMBLES INSIDE HIS JACKET, AND PULLS OUT A GUN.

HANK

This is for Daisy Mae.

TIPPIT

(confused) What?

HANK FIRES. SHOTS ECHO EVERYWHERE. TIPPIT FALLS TO THE GROUND.

HANK LOOKS DOWN AT HIM, SPITS, THEN TURNS AND RUNS AWAY AS PASSERS-BY BEGIN TO SLOWLY APPROACH THE SCENE.

BLOOD ERUPTS LIKE LAVA AND ROLLS DOWN TIPPIT'S MOUTH.

130. INT. RUBY'S OFFICE - DAY

RUBY COMES SLOWLY, DAZED, TO HIS OFFICE. HE FINDS PROBY SEARCHING HIS DESK. PROBY LOOKS UP, UNAPOLOGETIC, PANICKED BY OTHER, BIGGER THINGS.

PROBY

What the fuck's goin' on? C'n anybody tell me that?

RUBY SAYS NOTHING. RUBY'S MIND SEEMS TO BE ELSEWHERE.

PROBY

Lonnie Tippit's shot to death.

PROBY IS DESPERATE.

PROBY

Fuck it, Jack! do you know what's going on?

RUBY LOOKS DISTRAUGHT.

RUBY

Everything's connected up wrong, Proby. The system's fucked.

RUBY SEEMS TO REGISTER THAT HE HAS DISCOVERED PROBY IN THE MIDDLE OF SEARCHING HIS OFFICE. HE SEES HIS DESK DRAWERS ALL PULLED OUT.

RUBY

What you doing? What're you lookin' fer?

PROBY

Anything Jack - that tape - anything -

RUBY

(small pause) Ya got orders from Washington tuh clean up?

RUBY HAS GUESSED CORRECTLY. SUDDENLY HIS ANGER OVERFLOWS AND HE TURNS ON PROBY.

RUBY

Get out. Get the fuck outa my club!

RUBY TAKES HOLD OF PROBY AND PUSHES HIM OUT OF THE OFFICE. RUBY MOVES TO HIS DESK. THROUGH THE HATCH, HE SEES CANDY CANE STANDING ON THE EMPTY STAGE LOOKING AT HIM.

THERE IS A LONG PAUSE. THEY LOOK WITH DESPAIR AT EACH OTHER.

CANDY CANE

I'm frightened -

£

RUBY MOVES TO THE DOOR OF HIS OFFICE.

130A. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - DAY

RUBY STANDS LOOKING AT CANDY. RUBY SAYS NOTHING. SHE WHISPERS ...

CANDY CANE

It's me next, Jack.

RUBY TAKES A STEP TOWARDS HER.

CANDY CANE

Help me -

£

HE TAKES HOLD OF HER AS SHE IS CLOSE TO COLLAPSE.

RUBY

It's okay baby - Jack's here - you're gonna be okay -

131. INT. CAROUSEL BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CANDY CANE LAYS ON THE COT, HER EYES CLOSED. SHE HAS BEEN ASLEEP FOR HOURS.

RUBY SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE COT. FROM THE NEXT ROOM COMES THE SOUND OF A TELEVISION PLAYING. RUBY SEES ALL THE PHOTOGRAPHS ROUND THE WALL. HE TALKS ABSENTLY TO CANDY CANE, SOOTHING HER. HE HAS HIS HAND ON HER ARM.

RUBY

Don't worry baby. It's all gonna work out okay. It's all gonna come right somehow...

£

CANDY CANE IS SILENT, UNCONSCIOUS... RUBY HEARS A DOOR BANG IN THE CLUB.

£

131A. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

FERRIE IS STANDING NEAR THE BAR. RUBY APPEARS FROM THE HALL.

£

FERRIE

I in't here. I'm ice skatin' in Houston.

FERRIE TURNS HIS HEAD TO SEE THE TV. SUDDENLY WE SEE OSWALD, A PRISONER IN A BLACK SWEATER...

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

... the suspect currently in the custody of the Dallas Police, believed to be the sniper responsible for the murder of the President ...

FERRIE

I knowed him since he was fifteen.

FERRIE WATCHES OSWALD.

FERRIE

It's neat huh? Yuh c'n take a kid, any kid, get him young, make him intuh anything...

RUBY IS DRAWN TOWARDS THE TELEVISION PLAYING OVER THE EMPTY BAR. THE REST OF THE ROOM IS DARK.

FERRIE LOOKS UP AT RUBY.

FERRIE

Boys want tuh know if you c'n be relied on. I said – “Jack? Sparky from Chicago – he don't want no trouble. He jus' wants a quiet life in his little ol' club. He c'n be relied on.” You can be relied on, can't you Jack?

RUBY

Relied on fer what?

FERRIE

Tuh be a little fergetful. Ferget ev'rything an' anything yuh seen or heard.

RUBY

(flat) Everyone relies on Jack Ruby. A small-time club owner with a sense o'the past -

£

FERRIE LOOKS AT RUBY'S FACE, WHICH IS QUITE UNEXPRESSIVE, LIKE HIS TONE OF VOICE. THERE IS NONE OF THE NERVOUS WILLINGNESS ABOUT THIS JACK RUBY, BUT HE IS HIDING ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT BE THERE BEHIND A MASK.

FERRIE SEEMS TO LOOK AT THAT MASK A MOMENT, TO TRY TO SEE BEHIND IT. HE'S NOT CERTAIN, BUT SEEMS PREPARE TO LET IT GO.

FERRIE

That's good.

131B. INT. POLICE STATION - (TV PLAYBACK) - INTERCUT

£

LEE HARVEY OSWALD IS BEING LED PAST A THROG OF NEWSMEN AND CAMERAS. REPORTERS PUSH AND SHOVE, SHOUTING QUESTIONS.

OSWALD

I really don't know what the ... the situation is about. Nobody has told me anything except that I am accused of ... uh ... murdering a policeman. I know nothing more than that -

REPORTER

(shouts) Why did you shoot the President?

£

VOICE

Turn this way!

£

VOICE

We can't hear!

£

VOICE

Did you kill the President?

£

OSWALD

No, I've not been charged with that. In fact nobody has said that to me yet... The first thing I heard about it was when the newspaper reporters in the hall asked me that question -

£

REPORTER

(shouts) Is it true you were in Russia?

£

2ND REPORTER

Is it true you're on the Anti-Castro Committee for Cuba?

£

OSWALD

(suddenly) I'm just a patsy!

£

DETECTIVE

Okay - that's all -

£

131C. INT. CAROUSEL CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

£

RUBY WATCHES OSWALD. FERRIE TURNS AWAY, LEAVING RUBY ALONE AT THE BAR. RUBY WATCHES FERRIE GO WITH EXTREME COLDNESS. THE DOOR BANGS SHUT.

RUBY STANDS MOTIONLESS A LONG TIME, AS THE SOUND OF THE TV ECHOES TINNILY THROUGH THE EMPTY CLUB.

132. INT. CAROUSEL DOWNSTAIRS/BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

RUBY IS DRESSING, LOOKING IN THE MIRROR. HE FIXES HIS DIAMOND STICKPIN.

RUBY

They put yah down and say yuh ain't worth reckoning... that yuh can't do nothin', they c'n just walk all over yuh. Once upon a time everybody knows where they stood. Values. Now it's all fucked up.

HE EXAMINES HIS REFLECTION, ASSESSING HIS APPEARANCE. HE TURNS AND SEES CANDY CANE'S EYES STILL CLOSED...

RUBY

Everyone relies on Jack Ruby -

CANDY CANE STIRS.

£

RUBY

Don't worry babe. No-one's gonna come near yuh.

£

HE PICKS UP HIS HAT OFF THE DESKTOP. HE FIXES IT AT THE CORRECT ANGLE ON HIS HEAD.

HE TAKES HIS GUN FROM A CASH BAG BY THE REGISTER.

RUBY

Ferget ev'rything yuh seen or heard -

HE FACES FRONT, HOLSTERS THE GUN.

RUBY

Don't do nothin' conspicuous.

HE HIKES HIS BELT.

RUBY

Nothin' that would embarass Santos.

£

HE TAKES OUT DARK GLASSES FROM HIS BREAST POCKET... STUDIES THEM TO SEE THEY'RE CLEAN.

£

RUBY

But someone's gotta cut through this shit.

£

HE STUDIES HIS FACE ONE LAST TIME.

£

RUBY

Ev'ryone out there at this time is dead. Jack Ruby, he's comin'
tuh life.

HE PUTS ON THE SHADES.

RUBY

Sparky from Chicago.

133 - 135A. OMIT

135B. INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

THE POLICE CHIEF IS SURROUNDED BY PRESS MEN, CAMERAS, PUSHING AND SHOVING.

POLICE CHIEF

... a loner, that type of person - a political kind of extremist - we know that he was in Russia - did he desert the Marine Corps? I believe that's correct -

REPORTERS JAMMER A BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS.

POLICE CHIEF

We know he's had some involvement in the Free Cuba Campaign - and we have positively placed him in the book depository building at the crucial time - *(another question)* I'm sorry? Yes, the prisoner will be transferred to the county jail.

136. EXT. POLICE STATION, DALLAS - EARLY MORNING

RUBY STANDS ON MAIN STREET, DARK SUIT, HAT AND SHADES. HE IS WATCHING THE POLICE STATION FROM ACROSS THE STREET. A TELEVISION VAN IS PARKED NEAR THE ENTRANCE, AND TECHNICIANS SCURRY IN AND OUT OF THE BUILDING. RUBY DOESN'T MOVE. THEN HIS HAND GOES INSIDE HIS COAT.

WE SEE THE STATION AGAIN. ON RUBY'S FACE WATCHING IT.

WE START TO GO WITH HIM AS HE CROSSES THE STREET TO THE POLICE STATION. WE GO WITH EVERY STEP IT TAKES.

137. INT. POLICE STATION RAMP - DAY

WE ARE CRANING UP FROM SOME UNDERGROUND ANGLE AS RUBY'S BULKY BODY COMES AND FILLS A SQUARE OF DAYLIGHT - RUBY IS WALKING INTO THE BASEMENT TRAFFIC ENTRANCE OF THE PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS.

WE ARE TIGHT ON HIS FACE, THE HAT, THE GLASSES, AS HE MOVES ONTO THE RAMP... JACK HAS DRESSED HIMSELF CAREFULLY AND PROPERLY. THIS IS HOW A CLUB OWNER LOOKS. HE STARTS CONFIDENTLY DOWN THE RAMP.

WE HEAR DIMLY - AS JACK HEARS - VOICES OF POLICEMEN AROUND THE PLANE

VOICES (V/O)

It's Jack Ruby - the Carousel Club - everyone knows Jack -

CANDY CANE (V/O)

Jack? Jack?

138. INT. BACK HALL, CAROUSEL CLUB - DAY

ON CANDY CANE, COMING TENTATIVELY FROM THE DRESSING ROOM, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN SLEEPING.

SHE EXPLORES THE EMPTY CLUB.

CANDY CANE

Jack?

SHE HEARS A NOISE. SHE COMES TO THE BACK OF THE BAR. THE DOGS ARE WHIMPERING.

139. INT. POLICE STATION RAMP - DAY

ON RUBY ON THE RAMP. HE STRAIGHTENS HIS HAT. AS HE DESCENDS INTO THE PARKING GARAGE HIS HAND GOES INTO HIS WAISTBAND UNDER HIS COAT. *

CANDY CANE (V/O)

Jack! Jack?

RUBY'S FINGERS WRAP ROUND THE GRIP OF HIS SNUBNOSE REVOLVER.

140. OMIT

141. INT. POLICE STATION PARKING GARAGE - DAY

WE ARE ON THE FACE OF A PATROLMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAMP -

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN

Hey, Jack Ruby? *

RUBY MOVES IN PAST HIM.

THE BASEMENT AREA IS CROWDED WITH REPORTERS AND TELEVISION LIGHTS AND POLICE PATROLMEN AND DETECTIVES, INCLUDING SMALLS.

VOICE

There he is!

SUDDENLY AND VERY DRAMATICALLY THE TV LIGHTS FLOOD ON - TRANSFORMING THE BASEMENT GARAGE INTO A THEATRICAL AUDITORIUM - AND MAKING THE ENTRANCE OF A PAIR OF DETECTIVES WITH THEIR PRISONER INTO A PIECE OF SHOW BUSINESS.

NOW WE SEE THERE ARE MICROPHONES WAITING IN PLACE AT THE ENTRANCE.

WE SEE LEE HARVEY OSWALD, ONE EYE BLACKENED, STANDING HANDCUFFED IN A TORN BLACK SWEATER.

THERE ARE LIGHTS IN HIS FACE. THE FAMILIAR FACES OF DALLAS DETECTIVES ARE SURROUNDING HIM.

RUBY COMES IN THE DOOR OF THE BASEMENT AREA. NO-ONE TURNS, NO-ONE PAYS HIM ANY ATTENTION. HE TAKES OFF HIS DARK GLASSES. HIS EYES FILL WITH THE SIGHT OF OSWALD...

THE DETECTIVES GRAB HIS ARMS AND START TO WALK HIM AWAY FROM THE LIGHTS AND BRING HIM FORWARD TO WHERE A TRUCK HAS JUST FIRED ITS ENGINE.

IN A SPLIT SECOND AS OSWALD COMES WITH HIS ESCORT INTO RUBY'S RANGE OF ACTION AND FIELD OF PERCEPTION - RUBY STARTS TO MOVE FOR THE SNUBNOSE TUCKED IN HIS WAISTBAND.

RUBY MOVES FORWARD WITH A DEADLY BUSTLING DRIVE TOWARDS THE PRISONER.

TIGHT ON OSWALD AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO RUBY, WHO DRIVES THE GUN INTO OSWALD'S SIDE, LOOKING FOR THE KILLING SHOT INTO THE SOFT ORGANS - AND PULLS THE TRIGGER -

THE EXPLOSION IN THE CONFINED SPACE IS DEAFENING - OSWALD FALLS SHOUTING -

VOICES (V/O)

Jack!

PEOPLE THRONGING THE STREET EXIT GET THE SENSE OF SOMETHING HAPPENING IN THE POLICE STATION BASEMENT... THEY PRESS TOWARDS THE DOORS AND THE BASEMENT RAMP...

DETECTIVES GRAPPLE RUBY TO THE FLOOR AND SEIZE HIS GUN.

ON OSWALD AS HE FALLS DYING.

THEN TIGHT ON RUBY'S FACE PRESSED TO THE DIRT AND THEN TURNING, THE GLASSES FALLING OFF AND A DETECTIVE'S FACE LOOMING OVER RUBY'S -

SMALLS

(astonished) It's Jack Ruby -

142-145 OMIT

146. INT. COURTHOUSE STAIRWAY, DALLAS - DAY

A PAIR OF DOORS IS THROWN OPEN. A BURSTING OF FLASHLIGHTS EVERYWHERE AROUND THE WELL-GROOMED HEAD OF RUBY.

THE FLASHLIGHTS DAZZLE HIS EYES...THE SHOUTING DROWNS HIS EARS - SUDDENLY ALL THOSE CELEBRITY LIGHTS HAVE BEEN TURNED ON JACK RUBY...

A SEA OF PRESSMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS IS SUDDENLY REVEALED JOSTLING AND SHOUTING.

REVERSE ON RUBY AS HE ESCORTED THROUGH THE THRONG TOWARDS HIS BAIL HEARING.

HE IS WELL-DRESSED, HIS HAIR IS OILED AND SLICKED, HIS SUIT PRESSED. HE STOPS TO POSE FOR PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS. THE POLICEMAN NEXT TO HIM STOPS ALONGSIDE. IT IS LEO SMALLS. THEY ARE HANDCUFFED TOGETHER, DRENCHED IN THE LIGHT.

QUESTIONS ARE THROWN IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

PRESSMEN

Jack! Ruby! Why'd you do it? This way! Ruby - is it true that you -

RUBY HOLDS UP HIS MANACLED HAND.

PRESSMAN 2

Is it true you're part of a conspiracy? £

PRESSMAN 3

Did you silence Oswald on orders, Mister Ruby? £

RUBY

Boys - boys - please -

THE HUBBUB GOES ON AS SMALLS SHUFFLES RUBY THROUGH THE CROWD.

AS THE THROG MOVES AWAY, IN THE DISTANT WE SEE A THIN FIGURE WATCHING
- IT IS CANDY CANE.

147. INT. COURTROOM, DALLAS - DAY

RUBY SITS MOTIONLESS AT A TABLE. SOMEONE IS SPEAKING. IT IS RUBY'S
LAWYER. £

LAWYER

Jack Ruby did what every red-blooded American wanted to do. Jack
Ruby is an American hero!

THERE IS NOISE ALL ROUND THE COURT. RUBY SITS IMPASSIVE, BUT NOT
UNPROUD.

RUBY LOOKS UP AND SEES A MAN IN DARK GLASSES WATCHING AT THE BACK OF
THE COURTROOM. IT IS MAXWELL. RUBY PALES.

148. INT. COUNTY JAIL, RUBY'S CELL - DAY

ON RUBY, AGITATED, AT THE DOOR OF HIS CELL. TWO SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES SIT A
SHORT WAY OFF. RUBY IS WITH HIS LAWYER.

RUBY

We can't speak here - everything's wired -

LAWYER

(calming) Jack, I'm gonna get in the best trial lawyer in the country -

RUBY

(not listening) The government isn't getting out of me what it might be. You think you could talk to the people in Washington about me?

HOWARD LOOKS PAINED.

RUBY

I want them tuh take me tuh Washington. I can't talk in here.

RUBY LOOKS ROUND, APPREHENSIVELY, AT WHO MIGHT BE WATCHING AND LISTENING. THE SHERIFFS ARE IMPASSIVE.

RUBY TURNS BACK TO HOWARD. HE LOOKS DESPERATE.

RUBY

They took Valachi tuh Washington -

HOWARD

(pained) Jack - listen to me -

RUBY

- they put him in a protection program -

HOWARD

Jack - they're gonna ask for the chair. Ya gotta plead insane.

RUBY

(smiles) Alla Dallas says I'm a hero. I'll walk. Joe.

149. INT. COURTROOM - DAY

THE COURT IS IN SESSION. ON RUBY RISING TO HIS FEET TO HEAR THE SENTENCE. THE JUDGE RECEIVES A PAPER FROM THE JURY AND READS -

JUDGE

"We the jury find the defendant guilty of murder with malice as charged in the indictment and assess his punishment at death -"

RUBY'S FACE IS COVERED WITH ANGRY AND BEWILDERED ASTONISHMENT. NOISE BREAKS OUT ALL ROUND THE COURT.

THE JUDGE IS BANGING HIS GAVEL. RUBY'S LAWYERS HAVE THEIR HANDS ON HIS SHOULDERS.

EVERYONE STANDS IN THE GALLERY. CANDY CANE IN THE JOSTLING CROWD STRUGGLES TO HER FEET TO KEEP JACK IN HER LINE OF SIGHT.

RUBY'S UNCOMPREHENDING EYE IS FIXED ON THE TWELVE COLD FACES OF THE JURY. HIS HEAD TURNS TO WHERE CANDY CANE IS STANDING.

... AND THEN AS RUBY LOOKS UP HE SEES SOMEONE IN THE GALLERY ALONG FROM CANDY CANE - IT IS MAXWELL AGAIN.

RUBY UNDERSTANDS AS HE LOOKS AT MAXWELL - HE WILL NEVER BE FREE...

150. INT. COURTHOUSE STAIRWAY - DAY

RUBY IS BROUGHT BACK TO HIS CELL FROM COURT IN A THRONG OF SHOUTING PRESSMEN.

PRESSMEN

Are you connected with Cosa Nostra?

£

PRESSMAN 2

Tell us about the conspiracy, Jack! -

£

RUBY IS MOVED THROUGH THE THRONG. ON THIS LAST QUESTION HE LOOKS UP AND SEES MAXWELL IN THE CROWD... RUBY TURNS, AGITATED, TO THE SHERIFF BESIDE HIM -

£

RUBY

(anguished) I can't talk here -

£

BUT THE SHERIFFS HUSTLE HIM IMPASSIVELY ALONG AND HE CAN'T RESIST. HE IS TAKEN PAST WHERE MAXWELL STANDS AND HAS TO BEAR HIS LOOK...

£

150A. EXT. CAROUSEL CLUB - DAY

THE CLUB IS ALL SHUTTERED UP. THE LETTERS ARE PARTLY MISSING FROM THE MARQUEE... ON THE FRONT STEP LIES A BUNCH OF FLOWERS - A BUNCH OR TWO APPEARS MOST DAYS...

151. INT. CAROUSEL KITCHEN - DAY

ON THE DOGS, LOOKING UP, WAGGING THEIR TAILS. CANDY CANE IS LOOKING AT THE DOGS, SPOONING FOOD FOR THEM.

THE CLUB BEHIND IS CLOSED AND QUIET. SHE LOOKS AT THE DOGS.

THE LAWYER GIVES A MASSIVE SHRUG. RUBY SUBSIDES. HIS MIND MADE UP FOREVER. THE ATTORNEYS GATHER THEIR PAPERS TO LEAVE.

RUBY LOOKS UP, TOWARDS THE SHERIFFS. HE LOOKS OVER THEIR SHOULDERS AND SEES CANDY CANE AT THE END OF THE HALL. FLOWERS IN HER HAND. RUBY SIGNALS TO LAWYERS TO LEAVE THEM ALONE.

HOWARD

C'mon boys, we'll ask fer a conference after lunch.

THE ATTORNEYS START TO DISPERSE.

ON RUBY WATCHING CANDY CANE, AND CANDY CANE WATCHING RUBY.

SILENCE BETWEEN THEM AND EVERYWHERE... CANDY CANE COMES TO THE BARS OF RUBY'S CELL.

PAUSE BEFORE CANDY CANE SPEAKS.

CANDY CANE

They're sayin' yuh did it fer alla the little guys.

RUBY

I done it so ev'rything's gonna come out aboveboard. We'll go back tuh the old days. When ev'ryone knew where they stood.

CANDY CANE

(beat) Yuh got all yuh want? I sent in some food -

SHE REACHES THROUGH THE BARS TO TOUCH HIM.

RUBY

The dogs -

CANDY CANE LOOKS AT RUBY'S FACE. HIS EYES ARE SEARCHING HERS. SHE IS HIS LAST CONTACT WITH REALITY.

RUBY

Would you take care o'the dogs...

CANDY CANE

(pause) What do you mean?

RUBY

They wouldn't have no kinda life.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM DIRECTLY. SHE WANTS TO HOLD HIM.

RUBY

Ya gotta leave here, Candy. *(small pause)* Change yuh name, move out west -

SHE STARTS TO SPEAK -

RUBY

(over her) Never say nothin', 'cos the minute yuh do, they'll make yuh look crazy. Yuh never bin tuh Dallas. Ferget all about Jack Ruby.

SHE IS SILENT. HE LOOKS AT HER.

RUBY

We both know I'm never gettin' outa here.

SMALL PAUSE.

CANDY CANE

I won't do it -

RUBY

Ya gotta do it -

CANDY CANE

How c'n I go, Jack?

RUBY

You mean, how can you stay? Believe in yerself, huh?

SHE CLINGS TO HIM.

CANDY CANE

Most days there's a bunch o'flowers on the club steps, they come fer you, Jack -

RUBY

Ferget me -

CANDY CANE

I could never ferget you, Jack.

SHE SMILES FAINTLY, IN CONTROL OF HER FEELINGS. SHE LOOKS AT HIM WITH A LEVEL LOOK.

CANDY CANE

I love you, Jack.

RUBY

I love you too, Candy.

SMALL PAUSE. SHE PRESSES HER FACE TO THE BARS AND HE PRESSES HIS. THEY KISS THROUGH THE BARS...

RUBY

Go on -

SHE TAKE HIS HAND AND PUTS IT TO HER MOUTH, THEN TURNS AWAY ...

153. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - ON WINDOW OF COUNTY JAIL - DUSK

A LIGHT BURNS IN A CELL WINDOW HIGH UP ON THE WALL LOOKING DOWN OVER THE PLAZA.

CAMERA HAS TIGHTENED SUDDENLY ON THE WINDOW. ON RUBY'S FACE AT THE BARS.

RUBY

(very loud) They're killing me!!

154. EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DUSK

ON THE TRIPLE OVERPASS, AS TRAFFIC HAMMERS UNDER THE OVERHEAD HIGHWAY MARKERS LEADING ALL WAYS OUT OF TEXAS.

ON RUBY'S CELL WINDOW.

RUBY

They're killing me!!

RUBY'S LOOK ECHOES ROUND DEALEY PLAZA, REBOUNDS FROM THE BOOK DEPOSITORY TO THE TRIPLE OVERPASS TO THE GRASSY KNOLL TO THE DAL-TEX BUILDING TO THE WALLS OF THE COUNTY JAIL...

... BUT HIS VOICE DIES UNDER THE HAMMERING TRAFFIC ON THE FREEWAYS ...

155. INT. COUNTY JAIL, RUBY CELL - NIGHT

RUBY HAS BEEN RESTRAINED AND MADE TO LIE FLAT. LEO SMALLS IS WATCHING OVER HIM.

A MEDICAL ORDERLY IS ABOUT TO GIVE HIM A SHOT.

SMALLS

Yuh got yer retrial Jack. Yuh wanna stay nice an' healthy fer it. Be a good boy, take yer medicine -

ON RUBY'S FACE. AS THE CAMERA MOVES IN HE MUTTERS, INCOHERENT AS THE HYPNOTIC HITS.

RUBY

You all know me - I'm Jack Ruby -

156. INT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - DAY £

SHEBA IS CRADLED IN CANDY CAINE'S ARMS. A VETERINARY SURGEON TURNS WITH A NEEDLE. THE DOG LOOKS AT CANDY CAINE'S FACE, TRUSTINGLY. £

157. EXT. RISING STAR, TEXAS. DAY.

WE SEE THE HIGHWAY SIGN POSTING THE NAME OF A SMALL TOWN - RISING STAR, TEXAS. £

A CAR YAWS TO A HALT ON SPONGY SHOCKERS AT A RISE IN THE ROAD WHERE THE DRIVER AND A LADY PASSENGER IN DARK GLASSES CAN SEE DOWN TO A RUN-DOWN HOUSE BY A FENCED RODEO RING... £

THE DRIVER IS A LOCAL OLD BOY WITH A BASEBALL CAP. HIS FRONT SEAT PASSENGER IS CANDY CANE. SHE LOOKS DOWN AT THE HOUSE, AND GETS OUT OF THE CAR... SHE TAKES OFF THE SHADES AND CONTINUES LOOKING DOWN. THE HOUSE IS BADLY RUN-DOWN NOW. £

THE SAME LIGHT WIND THAT CATCHES CANDY CANE'S HAIR BANGS A BROKEN DOOR ON THE STOOP AND RATTLES THE OLD RODEO SIGN. £

THE DRIVER CLIMBS OUT AND STANDS IN THE DRIVER'S DOOR. £

DRIVER

You thinkin' of stoppin' back here, Daisy Mae?

CANDY CANE

No. I was thinkin' o' doin' the opposite.

SHORT PAUSE. THE DRIVER IS PUZZLED. £

DRIVER

You come all this way jus' tuh look at the place? £

CANDY CANE DOESN'T MOVE, BUT WE SENSE THE MOOD PASS, THE EMOTION DEALT WITH.

CANDY CANE

Bus station, Joe.

£

SHE MOVES TO GET BACK IN THE CAR.

DRIVER

Where you bin anyhow?

CANDY CANE

Nowhere.

DRIVER

So where yuh headed?

CANDY CANE

Same place.

£

THE DOORS SLAM. THE CAR GOES. LOW, POWERED BLUESY MUSIC - CANDY CANE'S
THEME ... THROUGH ...

WE FADE OUT ...

158. EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

THE CAR MOVES OFF DOWN THE HIGHWAY. LOW, POWERED BLUESY MUSIC - CANDY
CANE'S THEME BUILDS...

FADE OUT