

THE COP and THE RUM RUNNERS

FADE IN:

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY FISHING PIERS - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

A New York City Police Car pulls to the curb on an isolated street adjacent the Sheepshead Bay Fishing docks.

New York City patrolman STEVE KARR, 33, ruggedly athletic, exits the car on the move.

Steve's partner, New York City patrolwoman YVONNE PEPPER, 30, Black, deceptively beautiful, drives slowly alongside Steve.

Steve shines his flashlight out into the bay. The beam of light cannot penetrate the fog.

YVONNE

Now just what do you think is going on out there?

STEVE

I thought I saw a light blinking.

YVONNE

That was your flashlight bouncing off that fog.

STEVE

Wait here a minute. I'm gonna walk out and have a look.

YVONNE

Dammit Steve, don't you be no longer than that. I gotta have me some coffee and donuts.

Steve heads out onto the long wooden planked dock, walking cautiously.

Boats strain and creak at their moorings. Sea gulls doze on their railings.

The fog envelops Steve as he moves further out on the dock.

A CAT SCREECHES in alarm as it scrambles off one vessel onto another.

The sound of MUFFLED VOICES bring Steve to a halt.

He edges forward to investigate.

Two dim lights appear on either side of the wharf.

Steve inches forward as the Voices grow LOUDER.

Steve observes two FIGURES carrying wooden cases off their boat and stacking them on the wharf.

Three HARBOR PATROLMEN, SGT. PAT MALONE 45, PATROLMAN RED MIKE KEAN, 30ish, TIM MACK, 25ish, wearing black turtle neck sweaters, black woolen stocking hats and blue jeans stand alongside a NEW YORK CITY Police Patrol Boat.

Steve steps out between the two boats.

STEVE

One of you men want to tell me  
what's in those cases?

The Two figures jump aboard their boat.

The three Harbor Patrolmen surround Steve as he draws his pistol.

Tim wraps his arms around Steve while Red Mike takes Steve's pistol.

The Two Figures start their boat and pull away from the wharf.

PAT

Who the hell do you think you are  
pulling a gun on us?

STEVE

You know I'm a cop dammit. Give me  
my pistol back.

The Patrolmen chuckle.

RED MIKE

A cop he says. And what kind of a  
get up is that you're wearing if  
you're a cop?

STEVE

You gotta be kidding. What the  
hell do you think this is?

Steve nods to his badge.

Pat peers closely at Steve's badge.

PAT  
I'll be a dirty old man. If it  
ain't a New York City Police badge  
like me very own.

Pat slides a wallet from his pocket and flashes his badge.

PAT (CONT'D)  
That uniform you're wearing a new  
issue or something?

STEVE  
Alright, let's cut the crap. Give  
me my gun back and tell me what's  
going on here.

PAT  
Look close at that boat and tell me  
what you think it is?

Steve notices by the markings it's A New York City Harbor  
Police Patrol Boat.

STEVE  
So what the hell is a Harbor Police  
boat doing here in Sheepshead Bay?

PAT  
We picked up a floater over in  
Gerritson Beach. That's what.

STEVE  
A floater?

RED MIKE  
Yeah, the poor bloke must have been  
in the water two weeks.

Red Mike points to a body in the water with a rope attached  
to the deceased man's ankle.

PAT  
The fifty cases of scotch sitting  
there is a wee gift from a Dutch  
freighter we were checking out.

STEVE  
You always drag a dead guy on a  
rope when you're on a booze pick  
up?

RED MIKE

It's prohibition lad. We're using this as a bit of bait for the rum runners.

PAT

And don't you be fretting none about the stiff in the water. He ain't felling a bloody thing.

STEVE

Wait a freaking minute here. What did you just say about prohibition?

TIM

It's a sad day for a man like me self who likes a nip or two. That's what it is.

RED MIKE

And there's been talk that President Roosevelt will repeal it.

STEVE

Uh, oh, that's it. Now it's President Roosevelt. The whole thing is a freaking dream.

The Patrol Boat's radio BLARES A GARBLED MESSAGE.

Pat rushes aboard the patrol boat. He returns a few moments later.

PAT

The Abruzzi mob is on the way.

RED MIKE

We'd better get this barge out of here.

The three Patrolmen quickly hop aboard their craft.

STEVE

You're just gonna leave all that booze sitting on the dock?

RED MIKE

That's about the size of it.

TIM

Here's a bit of grog for your trouble.

Tim flips Steve an unopened half pint bottle of Scotch.

Steve absentmindedly sticks it in his back pocket.

The patrol boats TWIN DIESELS begin to PURR.

STEVE

Hey, what the hell do you expect me to do?

PAT

If I was you I'd get the hell out of here or that Abruzzi mob will cut you up for crab bait.

The Police boat swings out into the bay. Moments later its out of sight in the fog.

Steve inspects the cases of Scotch.

He lifts one after the other, making sure they're full.

STEVE (V.O.)

It's not a dream. It's a freaking nightmare. That's what it is. I'm walking in my sleep having a weird freaking nightmare.

Steve backs away, but keeps focused on the stacked cases of Scotch.

At the SOUND of a boat's MOTOR Steve draws his pistol.

Steve steps aboard a small boat tethered to the wharf.

A large YACHT eases out of the fog. It navigates close to the wharf.

A MAN wearing a grey fedora jumps off the boat onto the wharf.

The MAN crouches low, holding a revolver at the ready while surveying the wharf.

He moves to the stacked cases of Scotch. The man picks up a case, shakes it, picks up another case and carries them both onto the yacht.

The Man returns and hauls two more cases aboard the yacht.

Steve steps carefully onto the wharf. He positions himself behind two upright wooden stanchions.

MAN  
(Shouts)  
C'mon, Carmine give me a fucking  
hand, will ya..

CARMINE (O.S.)  
Fuck you. I'm on lookout.

MAN  
That's great. Three fucking  
lookouts and one worker.

The Man returns to the wharf.

Steve steps forward.

STEVE  
Police, put your hands in the air.

MAN  
Hey Carmine, this guy with the  
cannon and wearing those funny duds  
says he's a cop.

The man raises his arms.

CARMINE (O.S.)  
Put the rod away, Mac. We paid the  
Captain for this booze. He should  
have gave you a cut.

STEVE  
Alright, that's it. I want  
everybody off the boat. Line up  
over here next to your friend with  
your hands up.

CARMINE (O.S.)  
How about a hundred bucks and  
everybody goes home happy?

STEVE  
You got one option. Get off the  
boat or I'm taking you off.

CARMINE (O.S.)  
Hey Augie, Joey, give Dick Tracy  
some of that Thompson music.

TWO THOMSON SUB-MACHINE GUNS, one on each side of the bow  
rake the dock with a fusillade of bullets.

Steve takes cover behind the wooden stanchions.

The Man on the wharf rushes back to the yacht.

Steve fires his automatic pistol at the yacht cracking the windows on the wheel house.

The Two Thompson's move to the starboard side to fire another volley, blasting chunks of wood off the stanchions.

Steve fires two rounds back, but the return fire from the Thompson's forces Steve to lay face down behind the stanchions.

Steve hears The PURRING SOUND Of a DIESEL ENGINE and suddenly a THIRTY CALIBER MACHINE GUN rakes the wharf with bullets from out of the fog.

Bullets smash out the windows on the yacht.

The Thompson's on the yacht return fire towards the tracer bullets streaming from the fog.

TRACER bullets fly in all directions.

The Machine gun bullets from out of the fog concentrate on the stacked cases of Scotch.

The cases of Scotch explode in a shower of wood and glass splinters.

Scotch spills onto the wharf, running through the cracks into the bay.

The continuous stream of bullets from the machine gun reduce the wooden cases to kindling.

The yacht edges slowly away from the dock.

The Thomson's blast another fusillade into the fog before slipping away.

Steve regains his footing. He pushes his cap up with his pistol as he approaches the busted cases of Scotch.

The Police Harbor Patrol Boat emerges from out of the fog.

It moves abreast of the wharf with its diesels purring softly.

Tim steps off the boat onto to wharf. He secures the boat to the dock.

PAT

We'll have to call the Sanitation Department to clean up this stinking mess.

STEVE

You mean that's it. You're not going after those rum runners on the yacht?

PAT

Nah, not over a wee bit of spilled booze.

STEVE

Spilled booze. The bastards tried to kill me.

Tim pokes through the broken cases with a police baton until he locates a full bottle of Scotch.

RED MIKE

That Abruzzi bunch wanted you killed we wouldn't be having this little chat.

Tim opens the bottle of Scotch and takes a long drink.

TIM

Have a belt of this. It'll calm you down a bit.

Tim offers Steve the bottle, but Steve declines with a wave of his hand.

Tim hands the bottle to Red Mike who drinks heartily

STEVE

Those bootleggers could be in New Jersey by now and you guys are having a drink.

Pat steps off the boat carrying a large bottle and a wire strainer. He sifts through the broken booze bottles until he finds a few half filled.

He places the strainer in the large bottle and pours the contents into the strainer.

PAT

I'll say one thing for you lad. You got fire in your gut. Shooting it out with those two guys with Thompson's.

Tim and Red Mike begin sorting through the broken cases of Scotch salvaging broken bottles.

They take turns pouring the booze through the strainer Pat is using to reclaim the liquor.

STEVE

This is freaking unbelievable. You let the bootleggers go and you're trying to salvage ten cents worth of Scotch.

RED MIKE

It's for medicinal purposes I'll have you know.

TIM

That's right. The first thing we give a drowning man we pull from the water is a sip of Scotch.

STEVE

You give any to that guy you got hitched up to the rope?

PAT

There's no helping a man with half the bloody bay in his gut.

The three patrolmen toss the remains of the cases into the bay.

Tim releases the lines from the wharf.

The three patrolmen return to their vessel.

STEVE

Look, not for nothing, but do me a favor and take that man aboard.

PAT

We will that lad. As soon as we're clear of the dock.

The diesel's begin to purr and the Patrol Boat disappears into the fog.

STEVE

Hey, what the hells are your names.  
Yeah, see you around.

Steve gazes out into the fog for a moment before making his way back down the wharf.

He walks slowly along the wooden planked dock until he spots the police car.

Yvonne is standing outside the police car as Steve approaches.

YVONNE

A minute, hah. How about more like five or ten.

STEVE

You standing there long?

YVONNE

No, just a minute or so. Stepped out to stretch my legs.

STEVE

You didn't hear any loud sounds or anything?

YVONNE

Just those fog horns sounding off.

STEVE

You didn't see any flashes of light either?

YVONNE

No, but ever since you lost your father you keep poking around these docks night and day and acting real freaking strange.

STEVE

Tell me Yvonne. How does an ex Harbor Patrol Cop. A strong swimmer like my father just vanish like that?

YVONNE

For cripes sake Steve he was out fishing and that damn storm just smashed his boat to pieces.

STEVE

I know, I know, they searched for a week. I just can't see my father out there in that water all alone.

YVONNE

I don't know what's wrong, but something happened tonight. You want to tell me about it?

STEVE

Better not. If I did they'd either put me on sick leave or in a rubber room.

YVONNE

Then don't, keep it all to yourself, but get in the car. You look like you need some coffee more than me.

Yvonne slips in the car behind the steering wheel. Steve gets in the passenger seat.

INT. NYC POLICE CAR

STEVE

Yeah, right now I could really use a strong cup of coffee.

YVONNE

Man, what the hell have you been drinking?

Steve reaches into his pocket and finds the smashed half pint of Scotch. He steps out of the car, holding the door open to empty the class from his pocket.

EXT. NYC POLICE CAR

STEVE

You won't ever believe where that bottle came from.

Yvonne peers suspiciously at Steve.

YVONNE

I don't care. Hop in. You sure as hell do need that strong cup of coffee.

Steve gets back in and Yvonne guns the car on its way.

FADE OUT: