

INT. DOWNTOWN - NEWSPAPER COMPANY - AFTERNOON

Rows of women on the typewriter. People walking back and forth with paper work. CHIEF NIXON 6'1, clean cut and CAPTION HARRIS is overweight, unshaven, 5'7. They are waiting for an interview with BOB, the reporter. A young pretty lady, LISA, walks over and invites them over to his office. Captain Harris checks her out.

LISA

Ok gentleman, Bob will see you now.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They walk into the office and shake hands. Bob is smart, Boston accent. Awards in journalism on the wall. A picture of him and President Calvin Coolidge. Diploma from Harvard.

BOB

Chief Nixon, Captain Harris, thank you for agreeing to meet with me for this interview.

CHIEF NIXON

We are happy to be here.

Captain Harris shifts uneasily in his seat.

BOB

I just wanted to congratulate you two men on that sweep on Third. Merchants and customers are much safer now.

CHIEF NIXON

Well, that's our goal for this year. To be more part of the community. We sent out officers on horseback and on foot patrol, going in and out of the stores and getting to know the people. Getting feedback.

BOB

Will you still have the monthly town meetings with the people?

CHIEF NIXON

Yes, of course. But with town meetings, you don't get into the dynamics of the people, like you do when you walk by the stores.

(MORE)

CHIEF NIXON (CONT'D)

We are building a trust with the community and I think that was missing, with the last administration.

BOB

Well, I can't argue with you about that. How do you feel about the war with prohibition? The Feds got their hands full. I'm sure you get heat from them.

The Chief takes a deep breath.

CHIEF NIXON

I feel that we are making progress. Between the feds and the local police departments, there have been hundreds of arrest. Thousands upon thousands of barrels have been axed. The people of this fine city of ours will get the message that crime doesn't pay.

Bob shakes his head and laughs.

BOB

I'm sorry, with all due respect, Al Capone is making a bundle over there in Chicago.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

Well, this ain't Chicago.

Bob looks at Captain Harris.

CAPTAIN HARRIS (CONT'D)

And this ain't no war, we are in.

BOB

Not a war, you say, Captain? You have underground taverns, at every block. On the same token, you have ornery people partaking in the consumption. That's right, this time it's different. You can't just observe the gangs nor the thugs on the streets.

No, no, no, you have to look at the teachers, the bakers, the lonely house wives, the milk man, the barbers.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Now I'm not blaming anyone, I'm just saying, rather asking, how do we make a dent, when the demand is so high? Some would say it's a winless battle.

CHIEF NIXON

We hear what you are saying, but I have to disagree with you. What we have here is an empire. And every empire has crumbled throughout history. We have techniques and procedures that will topple this empire thoroughly and effectively. Lucky for us, we have the air waves to spread the word of our success and to drive fear among those criminals.

BOB

I like your drive, Chief, but don't you think you are outnumbered. Especially with reports of politicians consuming. Hell, even police themselves, in some places.

Captain Harris stands up abruptly, followed by Bob and Chief Nixon.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

Now you listen to me you, asshole. We are doing everything in our power to catch these damn crooks. We're hitting these underground taverns every week.

BOB

I wasn't referring to your department specifically.

CAPTAIN HARRIS (CONT'D)

We have numerous underground stings going on, even as we speak. And like the Chief said, we have destroyed thousands of barrels.

Now I'll admit we are facing an uphill battle, but I will not let you sit there in your Italian made suit and let you insult the integrity of New York's finest. This interview is over!

BOB (CONT'D)

You miss understood me.

They walk out the door.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Captain turns around as he prepares his cigar.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

Then again, I guess it's easy to
make snappy judgments about hard
working people when you sit behind
a desk all day.

Captain Harris bites off the tip of his cigar and spits it
onto the floor, and then they walk away. Bob steps to the
doorway.

BOB

You better believe this is Chicago!
It's too profitable not to be!

Bob smacks the wall and goes back inside.