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# The Untouchables

By Oscar Fraley

An article, which I believe appeared  
in a newspaper, asked why,  
since it would seem that you are  
in effect the Mayor of Chicago,  
you're not simply being  
appointed to that position.  
Well, I tell ya, it's touching.  
Like a lot of things in life,  
we laugh because it's funny,  
and we laugh because it's true.  
Some people say,  
reformers here say:  
"Put that man in jail,  
what does he think he is doing?"  
What I hope I'm doing, and here's  
where your paper's got a point,  
is I'm responding to  
the will of the people.  
People are gonna drink. We all  
know that. All I do is act on that.  
And all this talk of bootlegging.  
What is bootlegging?  
On the boat it's bootlegging,  
on Lake Shore Drive it's hospitality.  
I'm a businessman.  
Your reputation is that you control  
your business through violence.  
That those that don't purchase your  
product are dealt with violently.  
It's all right.  
I grew up in a tough neighborhood.  
We used to say, "You can get further  
with a kind word and a gun"  
"than you can  
with just a kind word."  
And in that neighborhood  
it might've been true.  
And sometimes  
your reputation follows you.  
There is violence in Chicago,  
but not by me  
and not by anybody I employ.  
Because it's not good business.  
Leave us alone down here,

we've got everything we need.  
The green beer you're peddlin'  
ain't any good.

It's not supposed to be good.

It's supposed to be bought.

I'm not buyin' any.

Don't worry about it, Pops,  
we won't come back.

- How's everyone at your house today?

- They're fine.

- Is your Mama well?

- She has a little cold.

Oh, she does?

- I'm sorry to hear that.

- But she'll be all right.

- There you go.

- Thank you.

That's all right, sweetie.

You be careful crossin' the street.

- Mister!

- You tell your Mama that...

Hey, Mister! Wait!

Mister! Wait!

You forgot your brief...

Yes, I heard it on the radio.

I know.

Now it's time to go to work.

You'll make a good first impression.

I love you, Eliot.

Now, shoo.

Eliot Ness, Special Agent  
of the Treasury Department.

- Mr. Ness.

- Thank you, Chief.

At the request

of the City of Chicago,

the Department of the Treasury

has inaugurated a programme

to deal with the flow of illegal  
liquor and the violence it creates.

Mr. Ness!

Of what does this programme consist?

I and other agents of the Treasury  
will be working

with the Chicago Police...

Isn't it just another  
showpiece programme?

- What do you think of prohibition?

- Do you drink, Mr. Ness?

- Come on, answer the questions.

- It's not just a showpiece.

And I'll tell you

how I feel about prohibition.

It is the law of the land.

Do you consider yourself  
a crusader, is that it?

What qualifications

do you have for the job?

Do you have any political ambitions?

All right, boys,

I think that's enough.

What are your real plans?

What have you got coming up?

You'll have to read about it  
in the paper.

- Let me ride along with you.

- No. Can't help you.

Mr. Ness, Lieutenant Alderson,  
the Flying Squad.

Are you ready to meet the men?

Yes, I am.

I have one more thing to say.

I know that many of you take a drink.

What you've done before today  
is not my concern.

But now we must be pure,  
and I want you to stop.

It's not a question of whether it's  
'a harmless drink'. It may well be.

But it's against the law.

And as we are going to enforce  
the law, we must do first by example.

Are there any questions?

Good. The Department  
of the Treasury's had  
a man undercover here  
for some time now.

We've received word

from this informant  
that a large shipment of Canadian  
whiskey has arrived in Chicago.  
So I hope that you have signed on  
for some action.  
Remember, the liquor cases  
are marked with the red maple leaf.  
The Treasury Agent is  
in a grey suit with a white scarf.

- He is not to be arrested.
- A grey suit and a white scarf.
- That's it. Are your men ready?
- Yes, sir. They are.
- At ease.
- Smoke 'em if you got 'em.
- How are we doin'?
- Okay.
- Want part of a sandwich?
- No, thank you, sir.
- You nervous?
- No, sir.
- Been with the unit long?
- A short while.
- I suppose we all want to do well.
- Yes, sir.

A message from my wife.

- You married?
- Yes, sir, I am.

Nice to be married, huh?

Just follow me.

- Oh, God...
- Federal officer. Hands in the air.

Get 'em up. Drop it.

Damn it, I can't, it'll break.

Mr. Ness. Look, I was just...

Geez, I'm sorry.

Listen, I can do a lot for you,  
what you're tryin' to do.

I get the big scoop,  
you make a big splash.

Get some support. What do you say?

Let's be real, let me help you.

Okay. Just shut up.

All right now...

Let's do some good!  
Hold it right there!  
Federal officer. You're under arrest  
for violations of the Volstead Act.  
Let's cover the doors!  
Don't let anybody out!  
Preseuski.  
- I'm here with permission.  
- Who gave you permission?  
- Mr. Ness!  
- Sorry, let him through here.  
Let him through here.  
You want to take your picture,  
take it now.  
- You ready?  
- Ready.  
Liquor, huh?  
Get him out of here.  
- Tear the place apart!  
- I mean now, get him out!  
That means you, too.  
Christ!  
Now, what do you think you're doing?  
You want to throw garbage? Throw it  
in the goddamn trash basket.  
Don't you have  
more important things to do?  
Yeah.  
But I'm not doing them right now.  
Do we understand each other?  
Okay, pal, why the Mohaska?  
- Why are you packin' the gun?  
- I'm a Treasury Officer.  
All right.  
Just remember  
what we talked about now.  
Hey... Wait a minute!  
What the hell kind of police  
do you have in this goddamn city?  
You just turned your back  
on an armed man.  
- You're a Treasury officer.  
- I just told you I was.  
Who would claim to be that,

who was not?  
What's your name and unit?  
It's right here.  
You got a beef?  
What is it?  
How did you know I had a gun?  
What do you want,  
a free lesson in police work?  
No.  
Are you okay, pal?  
I had a rough day on the job.  
- Are you going home now?  
- I was about to.  
Well, then, you just fulfilled  
the first rule of law enforcement.  
Make sure when your shift is over  
you go home alive.  
Here endeth the lesson.  
\$100,000 for 40 barrels.  
Make sure there are no empties.  
I'm gonna give you the ledger,  
everything is in the book.  
- It's Eddie.  
- Come in, Eddie.  
So, he gets into the snowplough,  
and he says, "Let's do some good".  
And then, we bust through...  
- Mr. Ness?  
- Yes?  
I came here to thank you.  
It was...  
...my little girl that got killed  
with that bomb.  
I'm sorry. Please.  
I'm... I'm so sorry.  
You see, it's... because I know  
that you have children, too.  
And that this is real for you,  
that these men cause us tragedy.  
And I know that you will  
put a stop to them.  
And you do that, now.  
- What do you want?  
- I'd like to talk to you.

Come in.

I need a small group of men,  
handpicked, starting with you.

Ness! I am just a poor beat cop.

- Now, how can I help you?

- Just work with me.

- But why should I, though?

- Because you're a good cop.

- How do you know that?

- You told me.

If I'm such a good cop...

How come I'm walkin' the beat,  
then, at my age?

Do you want to tell me?

Well, maybe I'm that

Whore with a Heart of Gold.

Or The One Good Cop in the Bad Town?

Is that what you want to hear?

I didn't ask you, and I don't care!

You want to stay on the beat?

You do that.

If you'd like to come with me,

I need your help.

I'm askin' you for help.

Well... that's the thing you fear,  
isn't it?

Mr. Ness, I wish I'd met you  
ten years and... twenty pounds ago.

But... I just think it got...

more important to me...

...to stay alive.

And that's why I'm walkin' the beat.

Thank you, no.

That's good, Andy. Let's start up  
the thing and take a little ride.

I wanna hear

that Stutz Bearcat engine, boy!

- Yeah, let me open the door here.

- Yeah, go ahead.

Whoopsy daisy,

pick up the door there, Andy.

Throw it in the back seat.

Now, let me get the thing started.

Yeah, start it up, Andy.



Holy mackerel, Andy!

Listen to that Bearcat motor!

Yeah, it sounds like the bear  
is chasin' that cat all round it!

Andy! She's boilin' over!

- Mr. Ness?

- Yes.

Oscar Wallace.

I've been assigned here  
by the Washington Bureau.

- Really?

- Yes.

Well, I'm glad to have you here,  
Mr. Wallace. Would you excuse me?  
We are a little in the dark here,  
but any ideas you may have...

Well, actually, yes, sir, I do.

And the one I want to try first...  
is this.

He has not filed a return since 1926.

- A return?

- An income tax return.

- Income tax.

- Yes, sir.

- What do you do at the Bureau?

- Oh, I'm an accountant.

- An accountant?

- Yes, and the Bureau sent me here...

Would you excuse me?

Please.

Okay. Let's go.

- Where are we going?

- These walls have ears.

You said you wanted to know  
how to get Capone.

Do you really want to get him?

You see what I'm saying?

- What are you prepared to do?

- Everything within the law.

And then what are you  
prepared to do?

If you open the ball  
on these people,  
you must be prepared

to go all the way.

Because they won't give up the fight  
until one of you is dead.

I want to get Capone.

I don't know how.

Here's how you get Capone:

He pulls a knife, you pull a gun.

He sends one of yours to hospital,  
you send one of his to the morgue!

That's the Chicago way!

And that's how you get Capone.

Now, do you want to do that?

Are you ready to do that?

I'm making you a deal.

Do you want this deal?

I have sworn to put this man away,  
with any and all legal means  
at my disposal, and I will do so.

Well, the Lord hates a coward.

Do you know what a blood oath is,  
Mr. Ness?

- Yes.

- Good. 'Cause you just took one.

How do you think Capone knew  
about your raid the other night?

- Somebody on the cops told him.

- Right. Welcome to Chicago.

This town stinks  
like a whorehouse at low tide.

First, who can you trust?

Nobody. The cops, nobody.

- 'Cause nobody wants you here.

- Then why are you helping me?

Because I swore to uphold the law.

And if you believe that,

I'll tell you another.

- Now, who can you trust?

- I can trust nobody.

- That's the sorry truth.

- Then, where are we gonna get help?

If you're afraid of getting a rotten  
apple, don't go to the barrel.

Get it off the tree.

Get it off the tree...

Finger out of the trigger guard!

Eject those cartridges!

Lay the revolver on the ledge

and stand back!

About face!

Barry! I want you to meet

Mr. Eliot Ness.

Treasury Department. How are you?

We need a recruit for extended duty.

He is to be seconded to the Treasury

Department. We have the full...

Barry? Who is consistently

the best shot of this class?

- Williamson and Stone.

- Call them out, one at a time.

- Are either of the men married?

- No.

- Good.

- Williamson!

- You're married.

- I don't want any married men.

All right, stand easy, son.

I want to ask you something.

- Why do you want to join the force?

- To protect and...

To protect and serve...

To protect and...

Please don't search for the yearbook

answer. Just tell me what you think.

- What I think? I...

- You...

...could help... the force.

- You can help...

- With the force.

Thank you.

There goes the next Chief of Police.

At ease!

Stone! Out here.

This kid's a prodigy.

- Why do you want to join the force?

- To protect the property and...

Oh, please, don't waste my time

with that bullshit.

Where are you from, Stone?

- From the Southside.  
- Stone?  
George Stone, that's your name?  
- What's your real name?  
- That is my real name.  
Nah! What was it  
before you changed it?  
- Giuseppe Petri.  
- Geez, I knew it!  
That's all you need,  
one thieving wop on the team!  
What's that you said?  
I said that you're a lyin' member  
of a no-good race.  
That's much better than you,  
you stinkin' Irish pig.  
Oh, I like him.  
Yeah, I like him, too.  
You just joined  
the Treasury Department, son.  
Yeah, okay.  
Eliot Ness.  
With reports from stake-outs  
on the North and West side, and...  
Thank you, Lieutenant. Thank you.  
What do you think?  
I think there's nothing  
like vaudeville.  
- That's what I think.  
- Now, are you ready to go to work?  
- Where are we going?  
- On a liquor raid.  
We need another man.  
Mr. Ness? This is very interesting.  
I've found a financial disbursement  
pattern which shows some irregu...  
- You carry a badge?  
- Yes.  
Carry a gun.  
- Jimmy?  
- What?  
What the hell are you dressed for?  
Hallowe'en?  
Shut up. I'm working.

Where? The circus?

- Well, here we are.

- What are we doing here?

Liquor raid.

Here?!

Everybody knows where the booze is.

The problem isn't finding it.

The problem is who wants  
to cross Capone. Let's go.

You'd better be damn sure, Malone.

If you walk through this door,  
you're walking into a world of trouble.

There's no turning back.

Do you understand?

Yes, I do.

Good. Give me that axe.

- Federal officers!

- Get your hands in the air!

- Nobody moves!

- This is a raid!

- Everybody...

- What are you doin' here?

All this stuff is impounded!

You're all under arrest!

Hey! This isn't right!

Hey! This is no good!

- You got a warrant?

- Sure! Here's my warrant.

How do you think he feels now?

Better... or worse?

- What is that?

- What is that?

- Yes, what is it?

- God, I'm with a heathen.

That is my callbox key.

And that is Saint Jude.

Il Santo Jude.

He's the patron saint of lost causes.

And policemen.

- Patron saint of policemen?

- Everybody needs a friend.

Lost causes, policemen...

- Which do you want to be?

- I want to be a cop.

- You do?

- Yes.

Why?

'To protect the property  
and the citizenry... '

Whoa, it's all right.

- What?!

- I got to tell you, congratulations!

It's okay if I get a picture  
of you and your men?

Yeah. But not for publication.

Just for us!

Anything you say, Mr. Ness.

Closer in... Oh, that's great.

Okay, ready? Hold it.

Life goes on.

A man becomes preeminent,  
he's expected to have enthusiasms.

Enthusiasms...

Enthusiasms...

What are mine?

What draws my admiration?

What is that which gives me joy?

- Dames!

- Boozin'!

Baseball!

A man...

A man stands alone at the plate.

This is the time for what?

For individual achievement.

There he stands alone.

But in the field, what?

Part of a team.

Teamwork...

Looks, throws, catches, hustles.

Part of one big team.

Bats himself the live-long day,

Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, and so on.

If his team don't field... what is he?

You follow me?

No one.

Sunny day, the stands are full  
of fans. What does he have to say?

I'm goin' out there for myself.

But... I get nowhere  
unless the team wins.

- Team!

- Team.

Jesus Christ!

'Now I lay me down to sleep'

'I pray the Lord my soul to keep'

'lf I should die before I wake'

'I pray the Lord my soul to take'

- Amen.

- God bless...

God bless Mommy, God bless Annie,  
God bless Daddy. Amen.

Amen.

Good night.

- Good night, Daddy.

- Good night, little girl.

Want to rub Eskimo?

Butterfly?

- Where are you going?

- What?

Where are you going?

I thought I'd go downstairs,  
some work to do for tomorrow.

- You had a full day today, though?

- Yes, I certainly did.

And you've still got  
some energy left?

Oh, a lot of work.

Well, why don't you come up  
and brush my hair? You 'Detective'.

- How are we doin'?

- Capone's organization is diverse.

It owns Canadian Holding Company  
Associations, which owns in turn  
Green Light Laundry, Midwest Cabs,  
Jolly Time Playthings...

- Jolly Time Playthings?

- Yes.

Remind me to get a present  
for my daughter.

...Bahama Ship-to-Shore,

Miss Lucy Togs... the list is endless!

And all the business is legitimate,

and none is owned by Al Capone.

But we can get him on  
income tax evasion if we can show  
that any of the 'organization'  
business money is going to him.

- Legally, he receives no income.

- He doesn't receive anything?

- Mr. Ness? You have a visitor.

- Mister Ness!

Could we talk for a minute?

I'm John O'Shea, Alderman...

Yes, I know who you are.

Would you excuse us?

We are busy with several large  
operations. What can I do for you?

I came up to congratulate you  
on a job well done.

Share your good fortune  
on such a lovely day.

What's that?

- What is that?

- Mr. Ness, you're an educated man.

Let me pay you the compliment  
of being blunt.

There is a large and popular business  
which you are causing dismay.

Why don't you just cross the street  
and let things take their course?

Would you come in here, please?

In Roman times, when a fellow tried  
to bribe a public official,

they would cut off his nose,  
sew him in a bag

with a wild animal,

and throw that bag in the river.

You tell your master

that we must agree to... disagree!

- You're making a mistake.

- I'm beginning to enjoy my mistakes.

You fellows are 'untouchable',

is that it? No one can get to you?

You tell Capone...

that I'll see him in hell.

Hey! Nice house!



I said, nice house!  
Do you live there?  
Little girl's havin' a birthday, huh?  
Yes.  
Nice to have a family.  
Yes, it is.  
A man should take care,  
see that nothin' happens to them.  
Catherine?!  
Catherine!  
- Where's the baby?  
- She's upstairs. Eliot!  
- What were you doing up?  
- I had to finish my ironing.  
You did? You're gonna come  
with Daddy now, okay?  
Eliot? Okay, it's all right!  
Okay, let's go.  
Stay there!  
Keep your eye on the street!  
- Where's Malone?  
- On the stake-out. He'll be here.  
- Who's this guy?  
- He's on Malone's list. He's okay.  
Drive to the station. She'll let you  
know where to go when you get there.  
Take off your hat.  
Anything happens, shoot first.  
You understand me?  
Yes, Mr. Ness.  
Kiss.  
- Eskimo and butterfly, Dad.  
- Okay.  
Now, go!  
Malone!  
- Are they okay?  
- Yeah.  
- You sure the cop's okay?  
- He'd better be, he's my cousin.  
I want to hurt the man, Malone!  
You hear me?!  
I want to take the battle to him.  
I want to hurt Capone.  
Well, then, a Merry Christmas,

we've got some great news.  
A huge international  
shipment's coming.  
We've got the time, the place  
and the whole shebang.  
Well, what are we doin'  
standin' here, then?  
How do you come by this information?  
That's the second rule

**of police work:**

If you want to keep a secret,  
don't tell the boss.

You know he's making  
over \$3 million a year?

But he's paid no taxes,  
nothing's in his name.

If we can establish  
any payments to him,  
we can prosecute him  
for income tax evasion.

What?

I said, we can prosecute him  
for income tax evasion!

Try a murderer  
for not paying his taxes?!

Well, it's better than nothing.

All right. How do we  
link him to the money?

I don't know.

Go to sleep, Oscar.

A convoy of 5-10 trucks  
with good Canadian whiskey  
will be met by a high-level member  
of the Capone organization.

He will be bringing full payment  
for the shipment in cash.

Now, the meet is to take place just  
over the border on the American side.

We want to confiscate  
the liquor and the cash.

- Captain?

- We will await their signal.

When they're on the road

and have given the signal,  
we will engage from  
the Canadian side of the bridge.  
Thus taking them  
by surprise from the rear.  
And surprise, as you very well know,  
Mr. Ness, is half the battle.  
Surprise is half the battle.  
Many things are half the battle.  
Losing is half the battle.  
Let's think about what is all the battle.  
Let's take the fight  
to them, gentlemen!  
Thank you, Captain.  
All right! Move out!  
Take it easy.  
Take it easy!  
It'll all happen in time.  
This is the job.  
Don't wait for it to happen,  
don't even want it to happen.  
Just watch what does happen.  
Are you my 'tutor'?  
Yes, sir, that I am.  
- Did you check it already?  
- Yes, I did.  
Then leave it alone.  
You're a good cop, Giuseppe.  
You're doing good.  
You're gonna do just fine.  
- Wallace, are you cold?  
- Yes, I am, a little.  
Then stamp your feet.  
It'll keep you warm.  
You learn something,  
Stitches and standing in the rain...  
Listen, Mr. Ness...  
I had an idea.  
You all have your spare shells?  
If you have to fire,  
hold low and squeeze.  
And put your man down.  
Because he'll do the same to you.  
Shoot to kill.

- Did you hear what I said?  
- Yes, I did. Shoot to kill.  
Let's go.  
Easy...  
The Canadians will not show  
until I flash the badge.  
So we must cover the ground  
to the bridge as quickly as possible.  
George, the count's right.  
I'm concerned about  
the size of these barrels!  
Malone, you and I will  
take the men...  
Move it! Move it, Georgie!  
Get over here!  
Leave the stuff in the cars!  
Charge!  
What the hell!  
You got to die of somethin'.  
- Look! Here they come!  
- Mounties! Let's get out of here!  
Move, move!  
Let's go!  
I can't believe it!  
- Here are the codes.  
- Give me that.  
Don't let those cars off the bridge!  
Stone, take the first car!  
Get this shit out of the way!  
Tough guy!  
Stone!  
Go!  
Stone!  
I'm okay.  
You thugs!  
You all right?  
Yeah. There he is! Go get him!  
All right!  
Enough of this running shit!  
Well, Georgie-boy!  
Well, what have we got here?  
Hello.  
All right! Drop the gun!  
Put your hands in the air,

you're under arrest.  
I said, drop it!  
Stop!  
God, didn't ya hear what I said?!  
What are you, deaf?!  
What is this, a game?!  
Here. Sit down.  
Stone's gonna be all right.  
I got the fellow with the satchel.  
- I had to kill him.  
- Oh, yeah.  
He's as dead as Julius Caesar.  
- Would you rather it was you?  
- No, I would not.  
Well, then you've done your duty.  
Go home and sleep well tonight.  
The things you see  
when you're out without your gun.  
Now you're a long way  
from the Southside, George.  
I'm talkin' to you. Did you come  
here to open a shooting gallery?  
I want you to write down the names  
of your superiors and contacts.  
Why don't you kiss my ass?  
- Perhaps you didn't hear me.  
- Eliot?  
- You've broken the law...  
- Eliot!  
You can be tough in Leavenworth  
for 30 years.  
- You're going inside for all day!  
- Is that what you want?  
- Eliot!  
- What?!  
Look at this!  
- Look at this!  
- What is this?  
What is this?  
You got a lot of money changing  
hands in this book.  
What is this, 'war'?  
And 'police precincts'?  
And you got a heading here...

'Circuit Court'.  
You got a heading here,  
'Circuit Court'. What is this?  
Nothin'. There's nothin'  
you can make out of it.  
If any of these coded entries  
indicate payment to Capone,  
then we can put Capone away.  
- Which entry is Al Capone?  
- A. Costa, is that his code name?  
You'll do the whole thing  
in the joint unless you help us.  
Translate this ledger for us!  
- In hell.  
- In hell?!  
You will hang high  
unless you cooperate.  
This man can finger Al Capone,  
put him behind bars.  
Why don't you guys just fuck off?!  
I'm not fuckin' with you! We'll have  
that information one way or another.  
- Not that way. Out.  
- You're gonna talk!  
You're gonna be beggin' to talk!  
- You dirty son-of-a-bitch!  
- Enough out of you.  
Hey, come on, you, on your feet!  
I need you to help me  
to translate this book!  
I'm not gonna ask you a second time.  
I'm gonna count to three.  
What's the matter? Can't you talk  
with a gun in your mouth?  
One.  
Two!  
Three.  
I'm gonna talk!  
Don't! I'm gonna tell ya whatever  
ya want. What do ya want to know?  
Now, don't let him clean himself  
until after he talks.  
Now, ask him what you want to know.  
All right... Okay, I want to know

the name of the bookkeeper.

I want a complete translation  
of the code. I want a complete...

Mister Ness!

I do not approve of your methods!

Yeah? Well, you're not from Chicago.

- What?

- They got the shipment.

- What?!

- They got the whole shipment.

- I want that son-of-a-bitch dead!

- We're trying to locate...

What am I, alone in this world? Did I  
ask you what you're tryin' to do?

I want you to get this fuck where he  
breathes! I want Eliot Ness dead!

I want his family dead,  
his house burnt to the ground!

I want to piss on his ashes!

Look at this guy, this guy,  
he's so serious.

- Well, he's got a lot on his mind.

- He does?

- Yes.

- Like what?

Like what his name is.

John, I thought that was all settled.

I thought we liked John.

I suppose his middle name  
will be Law.

No... it'll be Edgar.

- It'll be J. Edgar...

- I don't think so.

God, you're beautiful.

You should have seen us last night.

I know. I should have been here.

I wanted to be here.

I know. I understand, I do.

Just tell me, are you being careful?

- Careful as mice.

- Are you making progress?

- Progress?

- Yes?

Mrs. Ness, I think your husband

just became the man who got Al Capone.

Gentlemen! A subpoena was issued  
for Alphonse Capone  
by my office this morning,  
for the crime of evading  
and conspiring to evade  
Federal Income Tax.

- What's the maximum he could get?

- If convicted on all counts,

Mr. Capone could have

up to 28 years.

Excuse me, that's all. Thank you.

The car's in the yard. When ya get  
him there, don't answer the phone.

- We'll call, let it ring...

- Twice.

- We'll call...

- From the corner.

- Anybody knocks on the door...

- Come out shooting. I got it.

You enjoy the tactical aspects

of law enforcement, Oscar?

Much more diverting

than accounting.

I'm bein' good to you,

you got to be good to me.

We made a deal,

we're gonna stick to it, okay?

Oh, yes, much more diverting

than accounting.

Okay, we see yous tonight.

All right, all the way down

and no stops.

...he's been saying,

"I will speak up."

For which I must commend

the excellent work

of Eliot Ness

and his squad of Untouchables.

- What was it, a boy or a girl?

- Boy.

- Congratulations! What's his name?

- John.

- John?



- Yeah. John James.

- So she's okay?

- Yeah, she's okay.

In fact, when she gets out,  
she wants to repaint the house.

Then she'll find the house too small,  
you'll have to move.

- Goodness, it's nice to be married.

- If you can stand the pain.

Mr. Burns, where's Mr. Wallace?

Didn't you see him? He just went  
down in the service elevator.

- You keep an eye out at all times...

- Take it easy, we'll be fine.

They are going to...

- Did he say the service elevator?

- Yes.

- Wallace! Wallace!

- Here, let's take the stairs.

Oh, no.

- No, no!

- Easy... Easy!

Oscar.

Oh, Jesus.

You gonna be all right?

It's always a crime when a young guy  
goes down in the line, Jimmy.

I'd hate to see it happen  
to someone I know.

Sometimes it's better  
not to get involved.

Jimmy!

Take a day off.

Get out of the city for a while.

You know what I mean?

- Al Capone.

- We have no Mr. Capone...

- I know, get him.

- We have no Mr. Capone...

I said...

- Something you want here?

- My friend was killed today.

- I don't care.

- You don't care.

Now he does.

Come on here, Capone. You want to fight? You and me, right here?

That's it, come on!

You afraid to come out from behind your men, to stand up for yourself?

- You want to do the mat now?

- Yeah! Come on, you son-of-a-bitch!

- What?

- Easy.

You talk to me like that in front of my son? Fuck you and your family!

Easy. It's me. It's me!

Not this way.

You fuck, you got nothin'!

You're nothin' but talk and a badge.

You're here because you got nothin' in court, no bookkeeper, nothin'!

If you were a man, you would've done it now! You got nothin', you punk!

Well, no, I understand.

Believe me, I understand.

Well, what's happened?

He says he can't be unprotected.

What is it that the guy says?

He says he won't make a fool out of himself, and he won't go into court without a witness.

So tomorrow morning the D.A. Will announce that he's dropping the case.

- He's gonna give up.

- He won't do it without a witness.

We have Wallace's files and the ledgers.

There's a time when I think you have to cut your losses.

Hello?

Hello.

Yes.

No, he didn't have a family.

How is everything there?

No, you do it however you want.

I promise I will.

You give her my love.

I love you, too.

Mr. Ness, we got a ledger here listing payments to Chicago City officials.

- We got Al Capone, Frank Nitti...

- I think that's enough for today.

- If we don't stay on top...

- That'll do. Thank you.

I'd like to request to stick around.

- We got to bust these guys.

- I know we got to.

Is that it?

- I'm sorry?

- You heard me.

My question is, are we done?

Yes, I think we're done.

So we sat in at a game that was above our head?

It appears so.

It appears so to Mr. Wallace.

He's dead! And the D.A.

Is gonna drop the case!

He will not go into court without a witness

and without Capone's bookkeeper, Walter Payne.

- What are you prepared to do now?

- What would you have me do?

I have taken this as far as it can go.

- What did your wife want?

- She wanted to know if I was...

- My wife?

- Yeah.

She wanted to know if I was all right.

It's nice being married, eh?

Yes.

She's sitting in some room surrounded by people she doesn't know, going over...

kitchen color charts or something.

Some part of the world still cares what color the kitchen is.

Eliot, I want you to do  
one more thing for me.  
Get back to the D.A. And stall him.  
- Wait a minute, stall him with what?  
- Just do as I say.  
I think I know how to find this guy.  
Walter?  
Al says we got to get out of town  
until he can fix this subpoena thing.  
We're leavin' tonight.  
Two ball, down.  
Mike, you got a minute?  
I do now, don't I?  
And what are you doin'  
in a club for cops, Jimmy?  
This is a place for cops.  
Can we step outside?  
All right, all right,  
but I got nothin' to say to ya.  
Where the hell are we going, for a  
swim? Get out of the rain, you fool.  
What? What?!

I just need one more  
piece of information.  
One more? Jimmy!  
- I just risked my life for ya.  
- I need to find that bookkeeper.  
Are you crazy? You're crazy.  
I warned you to get out of town.  
- If they knew it was me, I'm dead.  
- I need to find that bookkeeper.  
You're fuckin' nuts, man!  
You're out of your fuckin' mind!  
And I tried to save your life.  
Get your hands off. You owe me,  
Jimmy, I don't owe you nothin'.  
- My people are being killed.  
- We're your people!  
You?! You fuckin' run with the dagos!  
They've ruined this town.  
For ten years I can't say that I'm  
a cop for the shit that's goin' on!  
Ah, bullshit! Fuckin' bullshit!  
Look at yourself! Look at yourself!

Go on and live the charade, with your  
soft clothes and federal stooges.

- What do you think he's gonna do?  
- Keep your mouth off that!

I need to know where this guy is,  
and I need to know now!  
I'm gonna rat you out for all the shit  
that I know that you've done!  
I'm gonna turn you over!

- This is a dead man talkin' to me.  
- Is it?  
You're dead.  
Who the hell do ya think ya are?  
I'll have your ass hangin'  
from the flagpole in the mornin'.  
Let's cut the woofing, pal.  
You tell me,  
or you're going to hospital  
or the fuckin' morgue!  
You're gonna fight it out  
and we'll have a case.  
Yes? On what basis?  
I'm not gonna make a fool...  
Don't tell me about  
makin' a fool out of yourself.  
I have men out there  
risking more than that.  
We have a lead,  
and we are following that lead  
at risk to more than our standing.  
So don't you dare stop now.

- Yeah, Stone.  
- Give me Ness.  
He's at the D.A.'s.  
Tell him I know where Payne is  
and to meet me at my place.

- Al! Al!  
- Mr. Capone!  
- What about that court case?  
- I'm gonna tell ya somethin'.  
Somebody messes with me,  
I'm gonna mess with him.  
Somebody steals from me,  
I'm gonna say 'you stole',

not talk to him  
for spittin' on the sidewalk.  
You understand?  
Now, I have done nothing  
to hurt these people.  
But they're angered at me.  
So what do they do?  
Doctor up some income tax, for which  
they got no case, to annoy me.  
To speak to me like men? No.  
To harass a peaceful man.  
I pray to God that  
if I ever have a grievance,  
I would have  
just a little more self respect.  
I'll tell you one more thing.  
In an all-out prize fight,  
when one guy's left standing,  
that's how you know who won.  
Isn't that just like a wop?  
Brings a knife to a gun fight.  
Get out of here, ya dago bastard!  
Go on, get your ass out of here!  
Shots! Shots! I heard shots!  
Stay back, everybody stay back,  
right now.  
Round the back.  
Malone!  
Malone.  
Goddamn! Stone!  
Stone!  
The phone!  
Oh, God. Call an ambulance!  
This is Stone, Treasury Department,  
- What?  
- 1634 Racine!  
This? You want this?  
You want this?  
What?  
- Bookkeeper.  
- What?  
- Book...  
- The bookkeeper?  
- Bookkeeper!

- The bookkeeper? What?  
- The bookkeeper, he's on this train?  
- Yes.  
He's on this train.  
Now! What are you prepared to do?!  
No. Malone. No.  
Stay. Stay.  
Stay! Malone...  
No. No, no!  
Not this... Not this man...  
Train's leavin' for Miami  
We'll be there.  
The bookkeeper's no good to us dead.  
- Stone?  
- Yes, sir.  
Cover the south entrance.  
We're almost home.  
We're almost home.  
Your attention, please. The Miami  
Flier departs at 12.05 from 33.  
All aboard.  
Stay right there.  
Stay right there.  
Stay right there.  
Stay right there, honey.  
Your attention, please.  
The Miami Flier, leaving at 12.05,  
now boarding on track 33.  
All aboard!  
Just here.  
I'm just gonna leave this right here.  
Your attention, please.  
The Miami Flier, leaving at 12.05,  
is now boarding on track 33.  
All aboard!  
One more. Here we go.  
Here we go. You ready?  
I'm right here, honey. Here we go.  
Your attention, please.  
May I have your attention, please?  
This is the final call  
for the Miami Flier,  
leaving at 12.05 on track 33.  
All aboard!

- Here, let me. Get your bags.  
- Oh, thank you so much. Thank you.  
Are you all right? Thank you.  
You're such a gentleman.  
It's so kind of you to help me.  
I really wasn't sure  
if we'd make it or not.  
Is there some problem  
I can help you with?  
- No.  
- I really can't thank you enough.  
Isn't this fun? You're being  
such a good boy, sweetheart.  
Thank you again,  
this is so wonderful.  
Thank you, sir.  
Please, let me take it from here.  
You've been such a great help.  
Thank you so much.  
We're almost there.  
I'll take it from here, sir.  
Thank you very much for your help.  
Don't cry, sweetheart.  
We're almost home.  
Is something wrong?  
Sir?  
Come on!  
Come on, let's get out of here.  
- What are you doin'?  
- Shut up!  
- What are you doin'?  
- Shut the fuck up!  
- Hold it!  
- Please...  
- My baby!  
- Stay there. He's all right.  
I said hold it!  
I'm walkin' out with the bookkeeper.  
The bookkeeper and me  
are drivin' away.  
See? Or else he dies.  
He dies, and you ain't got nothin'.  
You got five seconds  
to make up your mind.



- I'll tell ya what ya want to know!

- Shut up! I'm not kiddin'!

He's crazy! Don't let him do this,  
I'll tell you what you want to know!

- You got him?

- Yeah, I got him.

- One!

- Will you stop it!

Take him.

Two.

The two coded entries  
in this ledger  
represent cash disbursement  
to all levels of city officials,  
members of the police  
and to Alphonse Capone.

- That's correct.

- Excuse me?

I said that is correct.

And you will decipher  
these coded entries for us?

I will.

Sorry, Mr. Payne, I can't hear you.

I said, I will.

You were in charge  
of disbursements for Mr. Capone?

Yes, I was.

And you personally  
distributed monies...

...vast, undeclared monies...

...to Mr. Capone?

Yes, I did.

Would you tell us the amounts?

In a three-year period I personally  
disbursed monies to Mr. Capone  
in excess of one  
and a third million dollars.

Would you repeat that amount, please?

- One and a third million dollars.

- Thank you very much.

I don't understand it.

What does Capone have?

We're nailing the lid on his coffin,  
and he's smiling.

The son-of-a-bitch  
is wearing a gun in court.  
Get me the bailiff.  
It'll be a fast trial.  
The man in the front row wearing  
a white suit is carrying a gun.  
I don't want this to turn  
into something. I'll lead you out.  
Could we speak to you  
a minute, please?

- Get up against it.
- You heard him. Now, up against it!
- What's this?
- Empty all your pockets, all of it.
- I've got a permit for that.
- Fine, let's see it.
- I'm not the one under indictment.
- Everything on the table.
- Let me see.
- Give him his gun back.

"To Whom It May Concern.  
Please extend to the bearer,"  
"Mr. Frank Nitti, all possible  
courtesy and consideration."  
"William Thompson,  
Mayor of the City of Chicago."  
I'm sorry, Mr. Ness,  
you'll have to give it back.  
Fine. But that man does not go  
back into that courtroom.

- Do you understand me?
- Yes, sir.

to have a friend who lived there.  
Don't. Let him go.

- No!
- Here, take it.

Here I am, Treasury Man.  
Come on! Harass me!  
What are you waitin' for?  
Don't just stand there!  
Harass me!  
Don't push me.

- They're gonna burn you, buddy.
- Yeah?

Yeah. I'm gonna come see you burn,  
you son-of-a-bitch!

'Cause you killed my friend!

- He died like a pig.

- What did you say?

I said that your friend died  
screaming like a stuck Irish pig.

Now you think about that  
when I beat the rap.

Did he sound anything like that?

One picture, come on, one picture.

Mr. Ness, take a look at this.

Mr. Ness?

Mr. Ness, are you doin' okay?

I think you'd better see this.

- What is it?

- That's the jury list, Mr. Ness.

They've been bribed.

I got it out of Nitti's coat.

Where is Nitti?

He's in the car.

This constitutes no evidence.

I'm not about to allow...

Your Honor, the truth is that Capone  
is a killer and he will go free.

There is only one way to deal with  
such men, and that is hunt them down.

I have. I have forsworn myself.

I have broken laws I swore to defend.

I am content that I have done right.

That man must be stopped, you must...

I'll be the judge

of what I must do, Mr. Ness.

Would you excuse us?

- Bailiff.

- Yes, sir.

I want you to go next door  
to Judge Hoffman's Court,  
where they've just begun hearing  
a divorce action.

I want you to bring that jury in here  
and take this jury to his court.

- Are those instructions clear?

- Yes, sir, they're clear.

What's he talking about?

Bailiff, I want you  
to switch the juries.  
Your Honor, I object!  
Overruled.

What did you tell him?

I told him his name was  
in the ledger, too.

His name wasn't in the ledger!

Wait a second! Is this the law?

What's goin' on here?

- You're out of order.

- What's goin' on?

- I think...

- Do somethin' here.

What do I look like to you?

Do somethin'!

Order!

Your Honor, we'd like to withdraw  
our plea of Not Guilty,  
and enter a plea of Guilty.

- Guilty?

- Order in the court!

Order!

Bailiff! Bailiff!

Bailiff, clear the courtroom!

Eliot!

Your Honor!

Is that justice?

Please, why did he switch the jury?

Are you gonna go  
after the organization?

Excuse me.

I'm askin' Your Honor,  
is this justice?

Is this justice?

Never stop fighting  
till the fight is done.

What did you say?

I said, never stop fighting  
till the fight is done.

- What?

- You heard me, Capone. It's over.

You're nothin'

but a lot of talk and a badge.  
Here endeth the lesson.  
You're nothin'  
but a lot of talk and a badge!  
You're nothin'  
but a lot of talk and a badge!  
So much violence.  
Cleaning up a little.  
I guess this is goodbye.  
Goodbye, George.  
I want to... thank you for this.  
No. Thank you.  
Mr. Ness... I think he would have  
wanted you to have that.  
He'd have wanted a cop to have it.  
I'm going home.  
Mr. Ness!  
Any comment for the record?  
'The man who put  
Al Capone on the spot.'  
I just happened to be there  
when the wheel went round.  
They say they're going  
to repeal prohibition.  
- What will you do then?  
- I think I'll have a drink.