

16 Blocks

by
Richard Wenk

January 2004

BLACKNESS

Too inky and deep to see much. A room of some kind. And the faint glow of an alarm clock's LED reading 6:16

From another room a PHONE RINGS. Muffled TALKING then...

BOOM! A door EXPLODES OPEN, LIGHT pouring into the small room revealing a WIRY RUSSIAN MAN asleep on a cot. His WILD HAired BROTHER shakes him awake.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAWN

The Russian Brothers exit their shit-hole walk-up dressed in paint splattered work clothes and clutching mugs of instant coffee. They get into a Black Econoline Van and drive off...

EXT. SUPPLY STORE

The Black Van idling next to a loading dock, RADIO BLARING.

INT. BLACK VAN

The Russians wait, eyes on the Delivery Door. Cold and bored, Wiry shakes out a line of crystal meth on the console and SNORTS it. *

A STOCKY, well-dressed MAN emerges from the side entrance, walks to the Van and drops a large paper bag onto the drivers lap. Speaks to them in Russian then disappears back inside.

Wild Hair opens the bag and removes TWO TECH-9 HANDGUNS and FOUR CLIPS of ammunition. Hands them to his brother who begins loading them.

Wild Hair JERKS THE VAN onto a Brooklyn Street. The Van swallowed up by morning traffic... *

INT. APARTMENT 4D - SAME TIME

Looking at the front door. Chained, dead bolted and police locked. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Except the CAT in the FOYER that stares at the door, mesmerized at something we can't see. It just stares. And stares.

Then suddenly the fur on it's back stands on end and it BOLTS just as...

BOOM! The door EXPLODES inward, BATTERING RAM DISTINTEGRATING the door jam. HINGES FLYING every which way as Police BURST inside, WEAPONS DRAWN. Lead team FREEZING, guns dropping to their side. CAMERA drifts to the ground to REVEAL...

THREE shirtless DRUG COURIERS sprawled around a card table covered with scales, baking soda and baggies. Elaborate jailhouse tattoos interrupted with well placed bullet holes.

INT. APARTMENT 4D - WIDER

Peeling wallpaper and gated windows covered in tin foil.

Narcotics Officers CANNOVA, PEDERSON and BRIGGS, all mid 30's and vital, survey the carnage as SECOND TEAM sweeps the rest of the place.

Cannova kneels down next to the BODY propped up like a tailor's dummy against the wall and checks the body temperature.

CANNOVA
 Couple hours.
 (strands)
 He's cleaning house fellas. Gotta
 move now.
 (turns to Pederson)
 Who's downstairs we don't need?

PEDERSON unclips a radio from his belt.

PEDERSON
 That's easy.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Both TEAMS huddle outside the apartment, some have handkerchiefs under their noses. *

From up the stairs limps JACK MOSLEY. Mid-40's, out of shape, face flushed from climbing the two flights. A slight herniated limp to his gate. *

Cannova pulls him inside the apartment. *

CANNOVA
 I need you to baby sit this until
 Uniforms get here. Don't leave
 until it's sealed.

The hard-bodied cop then turns and herds the others towards the stairs.

Jack stands inside the apartment as the SOUND of both TEAMS dissipate down the stairs.

He takes out a handkerchief, covers his nose and steps over one of the bodies. Goes around the room checking the cabinets. Finally finds a bottle of Cutty Sark under the sink. Plops down with it on a decomposing couch, pulls a DAILY NEWS from his back pocket and begins his wait.

EXT. FIFTH PRECINCT - EARLY MORNING

Aging pre-war walk up on the boarder of Chinatown and Little Italy.

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY

UNIFORMS, PAA's and a few CIVILIANS looking for justice.

Jack walks in past the TS (Telephone and Sign-Out) Desk heading for the stairs, slightly buzzed. Passing the waist high Sergeants Desk manned by a Uniformed SERGEANT.

SERGEANT
Big Jack's in the house... Hey the
Loo's looking for you.

ANTI-CRIME DIVISION - MORNING

Fluorescent-lit room with poor ventilation and rows of government-issue metal desks. All of which are filled with COPS typing 5's (case reports), taking statements or interviewing witnesses and perps. LOUD and CHAOTIC.

GRACE, a large Hispanic woman and the Units PAA (Police Administrative Assistant), fields calls at a reception desk.

Jack saunters over and leans in close.

JACK
When are you going to run away with
me Gracie?

Grace reaches into her top drawer and slides a box of Tic Tacs towards Jack, never looking up.

GRACE
How's Thursday looking for ya.

JACK
Bad. Got a colonoscopy scheduled.
Anytime after that.

GRACE
Sergeant Cannova called in. Twice.
Wondered where you've been. Needs
you to write up a wire request.
(hands him a paper)
Them's the particulars. Said to
make sure you put the right dates
on this one.

Jack ignores the remark and pops a breath mint.

JACK
He say when they needed it?

GRACE
Said you can get it signed on your
way in tomorrow.

Jack's relieved. Stretches.

JACK
Where does the time go...

GRACE
And the Lieutenant's looking for
you. Been up twice already. Said
to find him right away.

Jack eyes the clock above her. 7:54

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

LIEUTENANT KINCAID, young, freshly laundered and all attitude
pops up the stairs and down the hall in his crisp blue
UNIFORM. Strides into Anti-Crime. *

Jack slips out of the COFFEE ROOM and down the stairs like a
kid without a hall pass. *

PRECINCT LOBBY - MORNING

Jack stands behind SEVERAL other COPS waiting to sign out,
wishing the line to move faster. Looking into the bullpen
with its OVERWORKED COPS and the incessant RINGING of phones. *

Jack's eyes drifting to an ELDERLY CHINESE WOMAN, sitting
alone on a scarred mahogany bench. Clutching some personal
belongings, face numb. A sudden widow. *

She's escorted by some DETECTIVES to an interview room, no
one seeing PAGES of her dog eared photo album slip behind the
bench.

Jack looks away, walks up to the sign-out desk, grabs the
pen... then drops it.

INT. BULLPEN

Jack digs the album pages out from behind the bench and calls
a UNIFORM over. Hands them to him, pointing to the interview
room. Steps back into the lobby and walks back to the TS
desk, reaches for the pen... when another hand snatches it
away.

LIEUTENANT KINCAID stands there holding the pen. *

KINCAID
Grace tell you to find me?

JACK
Don't remember. Been dealing with
a ton of shit.

Kincaid barely hides his disdain. Holds out a folder.

KINCAID
Get this guy from lock-up and take
him to Centre Street. DA needs him
ASAP. He's got to be in front of a
Grand Jury before ten.

JACK
I'm off the clock, Loo.

KINCAID
You sign that sheet?

Jack wants to kick himself.

JACK
Don't you have some regular mutt
doin' this?

KINCAID
Can't find him.

JACK
C'mon Loo, I've been on all night.
Give it to Cibelli or Meadows.
They're on light duty.

KINCAID
Cibelli and Meadows are busy doing
police work. This is a nothing
assignment Jack. One guess why the
Captain picked you.

JACK
You were too busy?

KINCAID
Fuck you. Were up to me I'd have
you driving blood samples to state
lab or reorganizing the filing
cabinets for the gambling squad.

Kincaid slaps the folder into Jack's hand, checks his watch.

KINCAID (cont'd)
A hundred and eighteen minutes to
take this hemorrhoid sixteen
blocks. Even you can handle this
one.

HOLDING CELLS - PRECINCT BASEMENT

Massive steel bars set in turn of the century cinder block
sit at the end of a long concrete hallway.

A caged-in Watch Room is to the left. Behind it sits 8 jail cells and a holding tank.

Jack walks to the window but there's no one behind it. Bangs on the cage.

JACK

Yo!

A CORRECTIONS OFFICER, bloated and bored looking, shuffles out of a back toilet buckling his pants.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

Excuse me for taking a shit.

Jack shoves the pick up slip through a slot in the cage without a word. The Officer grabs it and waddles back towards the cells.

Waiting Jack flips open the folder. *Edward Bunker*. Underneath a long list of arrests and dates. B and E's mostly. All petty shit. Just a lot of it. CLANGING of the steel door opening makes Jack turn. The Corrections Officer slides his paper back through the slot.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (cont'd)

Come back in an hour.

JACK

Hour? What for?

INT. CELL BLOCK

The thick steel door of cell number 6 rolls open and reveals EDDIE BUNKER, fringe player and all around fuck up sitting in his underwear. Mid 20's, he appears quite comfortable like this.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (OS)

Supposed to wear a suit when he leaves.

Jack looks to Eddie.

EDDIE

Grey one. Two buttons, cuffs on the pants.

JACK

And?

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

Not here yet.

Jack walks over to Eddie.

JACK

Get dressed.

Eddie hesitates.

EDDIE
I'm supposed to have a suit. It
was part of the arrangement.

Jerks Eddie to his feet.

JACK
New arrangement. Cause I'm not
waiting an hour for a fucking grey
suit.

CELL BLOCK - MINUTES LATER

Eddie steps out of the cell in his street clothes. Clown sized jeans, Hilfiger polo shirt and Korean sneakers. He clutches a ratty School Composition notebook in one hand and has a look of grave disappointment.

EDDIE
That suit's kinda important to me.

Jack ignores Eddie and CUFFS him. A WIZENED FACE pushes his head against the bars of the opposite cell and looks pleadingly at Eddie.

FACE
You take the old lady right? Is
that it, kid? The old lady?

Eddie shrugs as Jack pulls him down the tomb-like hallway.

FACE (cont'd)
What's the ANSWER!

PRECINCT LOBBY - MORNING

Jack signs out a vehicle then pushes Eddie towards the double doors. Mixing in with UNIFORMS filing out in pairs to start their shifts.

A FRESH-FACED UNIFORM going against the flow, presses his way inside, suit bag over his shoulder. Eddie pulls up, about to say something but Jack yanks him out the door, Eddie looking back as his suit disappears into a sea of blue...

EXT. FIFTH PRECINCT - BAXTER STREET

The curb jammed with Black and Whites and unmarked Police cars. Jack pulls Eddie down the sidewalk, checking key tag against license plates.

Eddie noticing the hitch in Jack's walk.

EDDIE
Got a little limp there.

Jack keeps walking in stony silence, the shrunken blood vessels in his head starting to throb. Unlocks the back door of a crap-brown Impala and shoves Eddie's head down and through the door.

INT. IMPALA

Standard issue with a sliding fiberglass partition separating front from back, which is open. Eddie settles in.

EDDIE
 These cars never change. Same
 drive shaft hump in the middle.
 Same smell. Pinesol and wet dog.

Jack pops the car in gear throwing Eddie back against the seat before he can finish.

EXT. BAXTER STREET

Jack hangs a right and lurches into the morning rush hour traffic.

INT. IMPALA

Jack flips down the visor and weaves the car towards West Broadway. Sneaks a look at Eddie in the rearview. Kid scribbling something in his book.

Cutting cars off trying to make the light.

Which he doesn't. Gridlock at Baxter and West Broadway puts the Impala at a dead stop. The LED clock on the dash reading

8:06

They sit in silence for a minute. Eddie's mind whirring away. Leans forward.

EDDIE
 You're driving along in a
 hurricane. You pass a bus stop
 with three people waiting there. An
 old lady who's about to die, your
 best friend who saved your life
 once and the woman of your dreams.
 You only have room to take one.
 What do you do?

Jack TURNS UP THE RADIO pretending he didn't hear it.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 It's an ancient question that's
 supposed to tell you what kind of
 person you are inside.
 (beat)
 Who do you take?

Jack HITS THE ACCELERATOR and hangs a sharp left down a small alley. Weaving around delivery trucks and Sanitation bins, tossing Eddie back and forth across the seat. Cuts across a...

PARKING LOT

In and around COMMUTERS pulling in. Getting familiar waves from the ATTENDANTS as Jack maneuvers the car onto...

EXT. MULBERRY STREET - MORNING

Awnings being unfurled, pushcarts line the curb. HEAVYSET MEN in Bermudas's and gold chains set up folding chairs outside mobbed-up restaurants.

The Impala slipping into traffic.

INT. IMPALA

Jack looks back at Eddie through the mirror, the kid still waiting for an answer.

EDDIE
The old lady, right? I mean she
won't make it if you leave her.
But that sounds obvious.

Kid's not going give up.

JACK
I wouldn't drive in a hurricane so
it doesn't apply to me.

EDDIE
It's hypothetical. Pretend.

JACK
I don't have to. So shut up.

EDDIE
Okay.
(beat)
They say your soul's not intact
until you know the answer.

Eddie sits back and looks out the window, pondering the question. Oblivious to his circumstances. Which bugs Jack for some reason.

JACK
What'd they give you?

EDDIE
Give me?

JACK
Must've cut yourself a sweet deal
Sittin' there all comfy like.

EDDIE
Oh. Dropped the charges. And a
suit. Which I didn't get thanks to
you.

JACK
That's cheap to rat to a grand
jury.

EDDIE
It's all I wanted. And I'm not a
rat. I'm a conduit of information.
That's what they said.

JACK
Yeah? Well if it looks like a rat
and squeals like a rat...

Eddie thinks for a minute.

EDDIE
Could be a Vole. They look like
rats from far away. Then you get
closer and you realize it isn't
one.

Jack stares at the kid then pushes through a yellow light
taking a right onto Lafayette. *Never noticing the Black
Econoline Van staying close behind them.*

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET - EARLY MORNING

PEDESTRIANS in rush mode fill the sidewalk. Bodegas roll out
carts of fruit and greens. Grill work is rolled up as
businesses OPEN.

INT. IMPALA

Jack looking impatient. Eyes searching the sidewalks for
something. Eddie SEES the top of a MASSIVE GRANITE BUILDING
12 blocks away.

EDDIE
That it?

Jack ignores him. Spots what he's looking for.

EDDIE (cont'd)
If you knew all the crazy stuff
that happened to me in the past
couple months... See I just never
watched for the signs. Never knew
to look for 'em.

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)
 Then when I started, everything
 fell into place. Even when it made
 no sense. Like yesterday. All
 bad.
 (beat)
 But I'm right where I'm supposed to
 be. You believe that?

Jack double parks the Impala on the west side of the street
 and shuts off the engine.

JACK
 I believe life's too fucking long
 and guys like you make it even
 longer.

Starts to get out.

EDDIE
 Where ya going?

Eddie looks across the street at the Liquor Store then to the
 dashboard clock.

8:09

EDDIE (cont'd)
 I got an appointment after court.
 Gotta be there by noon.

JACK
 You'll get there.

Eddie watches Jack fumble around in his pockets for some
 cash.

EDDIE
 You're not the regular guy who does
 this, are you?

JACK
 First time. How am I doing?

EDDIE
 I don't think you're supposed to
 stop.

JACK
 No? Gee, I better check my witness
 escort handbook. Oops, I forgot
 it. Oh well...

Jack gets out. Leans back in.

JACK (cont'd)
 When you get to the courthouse you
 can fill out one of those cards and
 rate your travel experience with
 the NYPD.

SLAMS the door.

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET

Jack LOCKS the Impala and crosses the busy street into a Liquor store. The Black Econoline Van drifting past and disappearing around the corner.

INT. CHINESE LIQUOR STORE

Small and cramped with too many aisles and too many stacked boxes. Jack limping towards the back and grabbing a bottle of Puerto Rican Rum and a bag of nuts.

INT. IMPALA

Eddie stares out his window then checks the dashboard clock. Edgy all of a sudden.

EDDIE
He's not the right guy.

Not sensing the Black Econoline Van pulling up directly behind the Impala, throwing a shadow through the back window.

INT. CHINESE LIQUOR STORE

Jack moving to the register. A middle-aged CHINESE MAN and his WIFE behind it.

Jack exchanging pleasantries with them in broken Chinese. The WIFE laughing and correcting him. Showing Jack a picture of her daughter.

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET

The Van's doors open and the two Russians step out into the street. Both holding canvas bags. The Wiry one hanging by the Van, eyeing the foot traffic. Wild Hair moving to the street side of the Impala.

INT. CHINESE LIQUOR STORE

The Chinese man bagging Jack's breakfast while the Wife makes change. Jack about to leave when the Chinese Man beckons him towards the back...

INT. IMPALA - SAME TIME

Eddie Bunker looks around trying to see where the hell Jack is. Checks the clock again. Slides to the passenger door and tries to open it. NO DOOR HANDLE. Starts over the partition when then HEARS a TAPPING on the street-side window.

Falls back to see some WILD HAired Russian Man peering inside. Smiling as he motions Eddie to roll down the window. Eddie sliding over and looking for the button.

INT. CHINESE LIQUOR STORE

Jack being shown the jimmed lock on the back delivery door to the store. Empty liquor cartons lay nearby. Jack explaining something in Chinese and motioning to the security monitor over the register.

INT. IMPALA

Eddie gestures to the Russian to try the door. HEARING SHOUTS, turning to see the Wiry Russian SCREAMING at his brother.

Looking back in time to see the TECH-9 PRESSED TO THE GLASS.

BLAM!

Only the glass doesn't shatter.

Instead it's SPATTERED WITH BLOOD, HAIR AND BRAIN MATTER. What's left of the Russian's face slides away revealing Jack, his gun barrel still smoking half-way across the street.

EXT. LAFAYETTE - SIMULTANEOUS

Jack stands in the middle of the street, gun hand shaking. Tunnel vision and audio collapse washing over him. Not hearing the PEDESTRIAN SCREAMS or BRAKES SQUEAL around him...

Nor seeing the Wiry Russian coming from around the Van raising his Tech-9 until it's too late...

Turning just in time to HEAR the CHAMBER EXPLODE... the exact moment a skidding TAXI SIDESWIPES the Russian knocking the shot a millimeter off line.

PEDESTRIANS and SHOPKEEPERS scatter as the bullet SHATTERS a plate glass window.

Jack charging toward the Impala. Knees pumping like out of sync pistons as the Wiry Russian gets to his feet, too high and too crazed to register pain. Leveling the machine pistol and BLASTING AWAY...

INT. IMPALA

Jack bellying through the door as bullets thud sickeningly close to his ear. A cacophony of metal chunks being disgorged echo around him. Not noticing his 9mm bouncing to the pavement...

Eddie hugging the back floorboards.

EDDIE
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

Jack beneath the steering wheel, fumbling for the RADIO. Dropping it as SLIVERS OF GLASS RAIN DOWN ON HIM. Reaching up and turning the key. Heart hammering through his ribs.

Gets the key in the ignition and throws the Impala in reverse, pressing his hand on the accelerator... The Impala SLAMMING INTO THE Russian, knocking him six feet...

Jack up into the drivers seat, throws it into drive and accelerates towards Spring Street.

EXT. IMPALA

Russian FIRING FROM THE GROUND, bullets PELTING THE REAR TIRES. The car leaking fuel and spewing smoke. Sputtering onto Spring Street.

INT. IMPALA

Rolling to a stop half-way up the block...

Jack trying to locate the Russian through cracked windows and smoke. PEOPLE obscuring his vision. Grabbing for his gun and realizing it's gone.

KICKS OPEN THE PASSENGER DOOR, stays low and RIPS OPEN THE BACK DOOR. Eddie Bunker balled up on the floor, clutching his book. Pulls the kid onto the sidewalk as the street swims with PEOPLE and movement.

JACK AND EDDIE - MOVING

Across the sidewalk and down a service alley as fast as Jack's bad leg can take them... Coming out into another alley... Eyes trying to focus, operating on pure instinct. Spotting the Van on Lafayette, doors open and no one inside... The crazy Russian out here somewhere...

Over a small cinder block wall and into a...

SMALL PARKING LOT - MULBERRY STREET

Dozens of cars packed like sardines in between two buildings. Jack and Eddie stumbling over hoods and bumpers. Jack pulling Eddie into the...

INT. PARKING KIOSK

Just off the sidewalk. Cramped makeshift office with a gated window and door-less entrance. Jack grabbing the rotary phone.

FREEZING when he spots HIM coming fast across the street. Backlit by the rising sun. Hand already reaching behind his back, the skinny MAN zeroed in on Jack.

Pushing Eddie to the floor as the Man pulls his hand from behind his back and aims... *a parking ticket in Jack's face.*

MAN
I'm the tan Caddy.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET

Jack pulls Eddie across the street, adrenaline surging. Hitting the sidewalk and heading south.

Jack suddenly realizing that Eddie is gone. Turning to see Eddie running *back towards the commotion.*

Cars swerving around the kid. Jack heading after him, screaming.

Eddie stopping to avoid a taxi, Jack just about there when Eddie bends down and retrieves the notebook he dropped.

JACK
Are you fucking nuts!

Jack yanks Eddie to the side walk. Trying to get his bearings. A BIKE MESSENGER whizzing by makes Jack flinch, the BUSINESS MAN reaching into his briefcase... Suddenly *EVERYONE looks like a potential killer.*

DELIVERY ALLEY

Moving in and around the DELIVERY TRUCKS delivering produce, meats and liquor. *Jack trying shake the fuzziness. Trying to remember what to do...*

BOOM! A door bursts open! Jack SPINNING... THREE CHINESE BUSBOYS dumping steaming water into the alley. *Every movement, every sound is heightened.*

Jack still searching... Eddie humming to himself now. Jack watching the signs above gated back entrances... Then finding it. Jerking Eddie through the back door of Number 133 and into-

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Jammed with liquor boxes piled too high to be safe. The ALARM wailing... Jack pushing Eddie towards a curtained doorway *when suddenly a baseball bat flies through it, missing Jack's head by millimeters, smashing into a crate of Merlot.*

Jack grabbing the bat and pulling DOMINIC FORLINI, the white-haired 77 year old bar owner through it. Surprised and shocked by the sight of Jack.

FORLINI
Jesus Jackie I thought it was kids.

JACK
Lock it.

INT. DOMINIC'S - EARLY MORNING

A tiny drinker's hideaway on the edge of Little Italy. Red naugahyde booths, kidney shaped bar with two Espresso machines.

Jack to the wall phone, knowing right where it is. Shaky fingers dialing...

JACK
This is officer Jack Mosley, badge 227. I am 10-13, one-three-three Mulberry. Officer is plainclothes, green shirt, black slacks. I have male prisoner, 24, white polo shirt, sneakers. We are under fire. Perp is in white overalls with automatic weapon...

DISPATCHER (OS)
Roger 10-13, 1-3-3 Mulberry-

Jack hangs up as Dominic shuffles in, seeing the blood caking above Jack's left eye.

FORLINI
Jackie what's going on? You--

But Jack is moving again. Pointing to the illegal BUSBOYS as he crosses the room.

JACK
Get 'em out of here! You too.

Forlini herds them out the front door. Jack dragging Eddie hard into a booth along the far wall.

JACK (cont'd)
They said you were a nobody!

EDDIE
I am! I swear! I don't under--

Jack roughly hauls Eddie out of the booth and across the room...

JACK
Rats like you turn my stomach.
You people don't give a shit who
gets covered with your garbage.

EDDIE
This is a mis--

Jack throws him into a booth left of the door and underneath a large window.

JACK
Bottom feeders like you would rat
your own mother it meant saving
your own ass.

Jack reaches up and pulls the curtains closed, PLUNGING THE BAR INTO EVEN GREATER DARKNESS. Operating on sheer instinct. Rust and cobwebs showing...

BOOTH

Jack drops in hard and angry.

JACK
Shoulda let them kill you...

Eddie's body still trembling, hands wrapped tightly around his notebook.

EDDIE
I'm just supposed to-

JACK
Not another syllable.

The SOUND of brakes SCREECHING TO A HALT outside. Jack parts the curtain a sliver. UNIFORMED PATROLMEN JUMPING from their blue and whites...

Relief spreads through Jack. Pulse dropping. Crosses to the bar and pours a Johnny Walker as Eddie peers through the curtain.

EDDIE'S POV

As two Unmarked Cars pull up. Patrolmen turning as MEN in SUITS exit their vehicles flashing gold shields...

BOOTH

Eddie stares unblinkingly at the largest suit in particular, face going pale.

Jack looks up from the bar to see Eddie sliding under the table... *BOOM!* The front door explodes open.

INT. DOMINIC'S - WIDER

Homicide Detective FRANK NUGENT is inside before Jack can move.

Detectives JIMMY MULVEY AND ROBERT TORRES right behind, spreading out across the room, movements routine and precise.

The back ALARM SOUNDING then shutting off. Detective JERRY SHUE, steps through the back curtain, EXIT light above bouncing off his blue-black toupee. Gives Nugent the all clear sign, and everybody holsters their weapons.

Mulvey's thin, a hawk-like nose and hooded eyes. Torres short and compact. A fire hydrant with feet. Hard-ass guys.

Nugent looks at Jack with a shit-eating grin. A large man who doesn't inhabit the room, *he consumes it*. Older than Jack, but vital. The eyes and arrogance of Ted Williams.

NUGENT

Shit hits the fan and he's standing there with a drink in his hand. Like it was nothing.

(beat)

God I miss this bastard.

The others snicker. Jack looking around confused.

NUGENT (cont'd)

We were two blocks over when the call went out. Heard it was you, we made like the friggin' cavalry.

Reaches across the bar and slaps his meaty hand on Jack's shoulder.

NUGENT (cont'd)

Long time Jack.

UNDER THE TABLE

Eddie taking small, silent breaths. His view obscured by tables and chairs. He eyes the door to his left when Torres's stumpy legs step in front of him. Eddie freezes any movement, notebook clutched to his chest. Trying to find a sign in this...

DOMINIC'S - WIDER

All eyes on Nugent as he bellies up to the bar. Relaxed and confident.

NUGENT
Big mess out there Jack. You didn't lose the wit, did ya?

JACK
No. He's safe.

NUGENT
Good man. Where is he?

Jack hesitates. Something's not right about this. But he's unable to keep his eyes off the booth near the door. All eyes shift across the room. Eddie Bunker slowly rising from beneath the table. Eyes locking into Nugent's. A flicker of recognition and fear. Jack looking from Eddie to Nugent.

Eddie BOLTS for the door but Mulvey and Torres grab him. Nugent casually sits on a bar stool as his guys drag Eddie across the room.

NUGENT (cont'd)
How you been, Jack? Heard you've been to the farm.

Jack looking down at his drink.

JACK
Twice. Working a strong program now.

Nugent smiles as Jack knocks it back.

NUGENT
You believe that mutt Gruber made Captain? Told me you hooked up with Cannova's unit. Supposed to be a good bunch of guys.

Jack's half listening. Watching Mulvey throw the kid in the corner and pat him down.

JACK
He's clean.

Mulvey looks back at Jack, grins, and keeps patting.

NUGENT
Still with what's her name? The newspaper lady?

JACK
Not for a while now.

Jack seeing Mulvey now uncuff Eddie and hold him while Torres pulls a Saturday night special from his ankle and presses it into Eddie's shaking hand, then lets it drop to the floor.

Nugent looks back to his guys then to Jack.

NUGENT

Cocksucker was gonna testify against Ryan. You remember him from Narcotics. Part of my team now.

(beat)

Dick'll roll over they indict him. And I can't have that. His shit's gonna open some closets I can't have opened. Some go way back.

Suddenly Jack's whole demeanor changes. Like he's been slapped out of a deep, medicated sleep.

NUGENT (cont'd)

The whole thing caught us unaware. You were a last minute thing on this. Supposed to be Teach's nephew driving him. That's his thing. Who knows where the fuck he went. So Gruber pegged you.

(laughs)

Never figured you'd cap one of 'em. Fuckin' Russians. That's what you get when you hire drug addicts.

Across the room, Torres holds the throw down gun with his handkerchief and fires a single shot into the far wall. Mulvey with his foot on Eddie's chest.

NUGENT (cont'd)

I figure it this way. You pop the guys trying to spring the rat bastard but the little shit gets your gun. Takes you hostage. We come in and save the day. He dies you live.

Like ordering a sandwich. Waits for Jack to process it. Eyeing him like a father would the wayward son.

NUGENT (cont'd)

Shit, maybe you get a medal. Get your life straightened out. Get you back where you belong. This could be a good thing Jack.

Torres nods to Nugent. They're ready.

NUGENT (cont'd)

You want to stay for it?

Jack doesn't move. Looks around the room. Mulvey to his left. Torres on the right. Shue dead center. Now looks at Eddie. Body trembling, eyes pleading with Jack.

Eyes falling to his drink. Staring into it like there might be an answer there, self loathing washing over his face. Nugent's run out of patience and stands.

NUGENT (cont'd)
Make yourself useful. Pour us a couple of drinks.

Nugent crosses the room and nods to Shue. Jack turns his back, unable to watch. Reaching for the Chivas when he catches Jerry Shue in the mirror, *eye-fucking Jack with a shit-eating grin* as he takes out his .38

Torres and Mulvey move away from Eddie. Shue aiming the gun...

BLAM!

The SOUND is DEAFENING. Jack pulling the trigger on the sawed-off Shotgun that was under the bar, BLOWING Jerry Shue's left kneecap into tiny fragments. Swinging and racking at the same time, both barrels leveled at Frank Nugent's heart, arms a little shaky.

Torres and Mulvey, weapons still holstered, freeze. Dead silence. Every BREATH, every CREAK magnified. The writhing, unnatural MOANS of Jerry Shue the only SOUND.

Frank Nugent doesn't blink. Stares right down the barrel of Dominic Forlini's taped up shotgun. You'd swear his heart never skipped a beat.

NUGENT (cont'd)
That changes everything Jack.

Jack moves around in front of the bar, shotgun rising to Nugent's head.

NUGENT (cont'd)
Jury's tenure ends at ten. That kid gets there a minute past and all this doesn't matter. Ryan walks. All you have to do is look the other way.

JACK
Eddie.

Eddie hustles across the room and behind Jack. Jack backing the both of them towards the rear door.

NUGENT
I can't help you once you walk out that door.

Jack stepping over Jerry Shue, eyeballs rolling back in his head like an Atlantic City slot. Eddie disappearing through the curtain. Jack holding Nugent's stare, trying to hold it together.

Then he's gone.

Torres and Mulvey grabbing their weapons. Mulvey moving to Jerry. Torres out the back door. Nugent looking down at Jerry Shue with no emotion, pulling his cell. Eyeing the neon clock over the bar

8:18

NUGENT (cont'd)

Get him to a hospital. Make sure he knows to keep his mouth shut for now. Nobody outside this room knows anything.

(dialing his cell)

And stay off your radios. We know where he's going so this shouldn't be hard.

EXT. DELIVERY ALLEY

Moving with Jack and Eddie underneath scaffolding, past an empty loading dock to a set of cement steps leading to a sub-basement door. Jack shaken...

JACK

What the fuck did you see? TELL ME!

EDDIE

That big guy in there and his friend, the one whose picture the DA showed me. I saw them telling some Puerto Rican dude to get lost or they were gonna carve up his kids. Threatening him. That's all.

Jack's mind beginning to clear.

INT. BASEMENT - CHINESE LAUNDRY

Dripping steam pipes feed a dozen industrial washers and dryers. Sweltering, oppressive heat. CHINESE WORKERS sort and fold on both sides of a long cafeteria tables.

Down a dark cinder block passageway. Jack finding a drainage grate, dropping the shotgun into it.

EDDIE

Don't we need that?

JACK

Had one shell in it for twenty years. Lucky it went off.

Eddie staring at the drainage grate like it means something.

DELIVERY ALLEY - SAME TIME

Torres, thick and massive, moves with the methodical concentration of a panther stalking its prey.

INT. CHINESE LAUNDRY

Street level. Jack pulling Eddie out of the service elevator and towards the door, badge in the air for the surprised OWNER to see. Calming him in halting Chinese.

Stepping next to a SEAMSTRESS working in the window, peering out. No black van. No Russian. No Police...

Jack unlocks Eddie's cuffs. Whips off his shirt, tossing it away. Just a T-shirt now. Hands Eddie a shirt from a cleaning bin.

JACK

Put this on.

Then hands him a hanger of dry cleaning.

JACK (cont'd)

Walk slow. Like you know where you're going. I'll be right behind you.

EXT. WEST BROADWAY - MORNING

Eddie steps into the street and starts South, Jack three steps behind, the two weaving through the crowds. Eddie, dry cleaning bag slung over his shoulder, hugging the shadows of the building facades. Jack's eyes darting everywhere.

PATROL CARS from Mid-Town South, 1st and the 5th cruise by from side streets. None of it seems to bother Eddie, walking down West Broadway with a coolness in his step.

JACK

They didn't tell you Ryan was a cop, did they?

EDDIE

I just saw his picture on the table. They never said he was police.

JACK

Well you're about to rat out the top Homicide detective in the New York City police department. Bet that's worth more than a suit.

Crossing Grand Street now, blending in with the foot traffic. Getting lost in a sea of faces... The Courthouse eleven blocks away. The clock on the MONY BUILDING steeple flashing

8:21

EXT. GRAND STREET - SAME TIME

Frank Nugent stands in the doorway of a boarded up Restaurant, hands in his pockets. One by one UNMARKED CARS pull up and stocky MEN exit the vehicles. Some in SUITS, others in WINDBREAKERS and JEANS. WEAPONS jammed in the back of pants and in shoulder holsters. These are hard, unflinching COPS.

We're too far away to HEAR but it's obvious Nugent is briefing them. No small talk either. The facts, the deal and that's it. They break as quickly as they got there.

Just as an OFFICIAL CAR pulls to the curb. Out of it steps DANIEL GRUBER, Captain of the 5th and very pissed. Again we're too far away to hear what's being said. But Nugent seems to be a calming influence.

They walk toward us and slowly we begin to hear...

NUGENT

... put out descriptions over precinct channels. No names. Or that one's a cop. It'll help to have some eyes.

(beat)

How long can you sit on this?

GRUBER

He shot a cop for Christsakes.

NUGENT

You're the Precinct Captain, Dan. How long?

GRUBER

Hour. Maybe a little more. Who's on this with you?

NUGENT

My guys. Ortiz and Maldonado from the six-six. Touhey and Kaller from the one-eleven. A couple of others you don't want to know about. I've called in all favors.

Gruber stares into the busy streets.

GRUBER

Guy can't tie his shoe without falling down suddenly he's a cowboy. What's that about?

NUGENT

I woke him up. That was my mistake.

(MORE)

NUGENT (cont'd)
 He'll probably do what he always
 does and we can all go back to
 work.

GRUBER
 And if he doesn't?

NUGENT
 These are his streets, Dan. I want
 to quash this thing before he gets
 his legs back.
 (beat)
 It'll get ugly for the six of us if
 that kid talks.

EXT. WEST BROADWAY

Jack and Eddie approaching Broome, foot traffic thinning.
 Eddie walking more relaxed. Jack just off his left shoulder.

Eddie slowing to look in store windows as they go.

JACK
 Pick it up.

EDDIE
 You said go easy.

JACK
 I'm saying go faster now.

Jack searching for a cab now.

EDDIE
 Slow, fast. You have no idea what
 you're doing, do you?
 (beat)
 I'm sure you have your good
 qualities. But ever since I met
 you, nothing's gone right. So I
 have to consider the possibility
 that I'm with the wrong guy. I
 mean look at you. Out of breath,
 hungover, and a leg that's gonna
 give out any second. You were a
 horse, they'd shoot ya. No
 offense.

JACK
 None taken. Coming from a guy
 who's spent half his adult life in
 the joint.

EDDIE
 I cease and desisted being that guy
 a while ago.

JACK
 Sure you did.

Passing a DUANE REED and a window of CLOCKS. Eddie staring at the time:

8:25

EDDIE

Look. This is a big day for me. I need to be at a certain place by noon or I can't get what I'm destined to have. And in order to get there by noon I have to be finished in court by ten. I can't be late.

Jack's not hearing a thing. Eyes now searching the streets. Start of the day FOOT TRAFFIC making it hard to spot trouble.

Suddenly realizing Eddie's not talking and looks back.

GONE.

Head SPINNING in every direction. Nothing. Then a TAPPING SOUND on glass. Sees Eddie waving from inside...

INT. CAMMERANO'S BAKERY

Ricotta cheesecakes, cannoli shells, sheets of Prato cookies fill display cases. White cake boxes with customer names stacked against the back wall. FAT ITALIAN WOMEN with their stockings rolled down picking up orders from MAMA CAMMERANO.

BELLS above the door RINGING as Jack slides into the crowded store and hovering near the front window watching the street scene unfold. COPS in BLUE fanning out across West Broadway.

EDDIE

When you go in for your leg, get your eyes checked too.

Jack watches their movements over the top of Wedding Cakes. Eddie sliding to the cake display near the back, captivated by the elaborate cakes. GRANDMA CAMMERANO eyes him suspiciously.

EDDIE (cont'd)

You make all these here?

Insulted, Grandma spits something in Italian and gestures towards the back.

INT. BAKERY BACK ROOM

Steel tables and racks of delicacies. LARGE MEN hand stir large vats of batter and pull freshly baked bread from brick ovens. Against the far wall a beautiful 19 year old ITALIAN GIRL meticulously decorates a sheet cake. At least attempts to.

Mama Cammerano's son, ALFONSE (40's) leans against her, pressing his sweaty body against hers, pretending to be interested in her artwork, furry hands smoothing out her apron in inappropriate places.

Suddenly Eddie's face appears over his shoulder.

EDDIE
 Never seen a border like that.
 Very inventive. You do all the
 cakes here?

Alphonse has to step away. The Girl looks at Eddie, a shy, but dazzling smile of thanks.

ALFONSE
 She speak no English. Who you be?
 You inspector?

EDDIE
 That's right. FDA approved. This
 here is a spot check.
 (holds up notebook)
 Don't make me put you down in my
 book.

Eddie looks around the place then starts around the table, picking up an icing tube as he goes. Slowly strolls behind Alphonse, making the man nervous, appearing on the other side.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 When's the last time you
 disinfected your utensils? Or
 those guys had showers? Huh?
 Better get your act together my
 man.

Alfonse is flustered and strides towards the front. Only now do we see the back of his jacket. The word ASS scripted out in powder blue icing. The Italian girl stifling her GIGGLE.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 Well he is.
 (beat)
 You don't need have to put up with
 that crap. Sue him for harassment.
 Besides, you got talent. You could
 work anyplace. And I should know.

BAKERY WINDOW

Jack seeing Torres appear on the block. Walking towards several of the UNIFORMS. Talking with them. Suddenly ALL EYES looking right into the Bakery.

BAKERY BACK ROOM

Eddie showing the girl a page in his book.

EDDIE
 ... this one's kinda elaborate.
 So I seal it first with a glaze.
 Gives you a stronger canvas. Then
 I use butter cream instead of
 shortening.

She's not looking at the page. Just at Eddie. Not understanding a thing but enjoying his enthusiasm.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 (flipping the page)
 On this one I took ---

Eddie jerked away towards service door by Jack. Looking back for one last look at the smiling girl.

EXT. SERVICE ALLEY

Narrow and cramped. Jack pulling Eddie close.

JACK
 This isn't a game asshole. Keep it
 together or we're both dead.

Eddie turns and holds out the business card.

EDDIE
 Know what that is?

Jack says nothing.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 It's a sign.
 (beat)
 You know how long I've been looking
 for a place that sells this
 particular buttercream? Well the
 girl in there uses the same
 buttercream. Gives me their card.
 That bakery, that girl, this
 moment. What are the odds?

JACK
 You are nuts.

EDDIE
 I'm just following the signs Jack.
 I just can't figure how you fit in
 all this.

INT. CAMMERANO'S BAKERY

Alfonse scrubs the icing from his sport coat as Torres and TWO UNIFORMS enter. They walk over to the Italian Girl who slides her cake into the display. Torres asking her the question. The Italian Girl not understanding.

ALFONSE
 (eyeing the girl with
 contempt)
 They go out the back.

EXT. SERVICE ALLEY

Torres stepping out into the narrow delivery way. Looks right then left. No Jack or Eddie.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL

Jack limps up a back set of stairs as fast as his broken body can take him. Eddie staying a few steps in front, taking it slow on purpose.

EDDIE
 What's interesting in all this is
 cops always stick together.
 (beat)
 So I'm wondering why you're not?

Jack hurrying to the next floor, too winded to say anything.

EXT. SERVICE ALLEY

Torres a block away from the bakery, eyes searching. Rows of walk-ups. Eyes falling on basement door. All the glass panels glistening in the morning sun. EXCEPT ONE. Torres moves closer and sees the pane is missing. Unclips his cell phone...

FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY

Jack's breathing is heavy as he searches for a hidden key outside Apartment D. Not there.

JACK
 Shit.

Eddie pushes Jack aside.

EDDIE
 Step aside and let a pro handle
 this.

INT. APARTMENT D

WE HOLD on the door as the SOUNDS of a LOCK BEING PICKED is heard. Then HEARD again. And AGAIN. The door not opening. Finally the Medeco dead bolt clicks open, then the cylinder lock. The door swings open to reveal Jack holding a piece of the dry cleaning hanger.

JACK
No wonder you're twelve-time loser.
Can't pick a simple lock.

EDDIE
Yeah, well if I had more time...

Jack pushes past him as Eddie takes in the surroundings.
Neat, functional and clean.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Woman. About your age. Works.
(touches a half-dead
plant)
A lot. Nothing of any real value.

Jack not listening. Rummaging through the living room
closet. Comes out empty handed.

JACK
Where'd she put it...

EDDIE
Guess you haven't been here in a
while. You and the lady on the
outs?

Eddie moving to the hallway now. Spots pictures lining one
of the walls.

PICTURES

Family shots. A SMILING WOMAN in most of them. And two of a
younger, more vibrant Jack. In his rookie uniform with
gleaming, idealistic eyes and a few years later with his arm
around the woman.

EDDIE
So that's what you look like when
you smile.
(beat)
Your lady's pretty, Jack.

Eddie eyes drift into the bathroom. Toilet seat up. Man's
razor on the sink. Uh oh. Eddie quietly lowers the seat and
hides the razor so Jack doesn't see. Walks into the bedroom
and slides open the closet. Men's clothing. Shuts it just
as Jack walks in.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Nothing here. Maybe--

Jack flinging it open. Stares at the clothes, a flash of
hurt and sadness appears on his face then it quickly
disappears.

Leans down into the back of the closet and finally reemerges
with a dust covered .38 and a box of shells. Eddie watches
Jack stare uncomfortably at the clothes for a beat.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Sorry.

HALLWAY

Jack moving full tilt out of the bedroom loading the .38 and moving towards the door...

FREEZING when he sees the door handle turn. Motions Eddie away from the door. Pulling him down the hall just as..

THE FRONT DOOR

EXPLODES inward. Torres stepping inside, WEAPON DRAWN.

INT. APARTMENT D

Torres eyes the living room. Not moving a step. Listening. Starting his way through the place. Living room, hallway, bathroom, bedroom, finally the spare room. All empty.

Returns to the living room, holstering his gun.

Almost out the door when Torres spots the empty shell box on the coffee table.

Torres quickly bolting the door, turning, senses heightened. Takes out his Glock and moves to the living room closet.

Empty. Now down the hall... Into the bathroom, checking the shower.

Nothing.

To the bedroom... Windows gated and locked from the inside. Closet of clothes and nothing else. Back to the hall and into...

SPARE ROOM

No windows in here. Just a desk, wobbly Ikea dresser... and a large closet. Torres levels the gun as he kicks open the hinged doors...

Not prepared for *THE MURPHY BED FALLING FROM THE WALL.* Slamming into Torres and driving him into the ground. Pinning him underneath, Jack and Eddie on top.

Torres reaching his Glock... *fires a round through the mattress.* The shell searing past Eddie's ear.

Jack rolling off the bed. Torres feeling the cold steel of Jack's .38 against his temple. Freezing as Jack COCKS THE HAMMER.

Eddie lifts the bed as Jack rolls Torres on his belly, using his handcuffs to secure his hands. Jerks Torres to his feet. Eddie against the wall, touching his ear. Still feeling the heat there.

TORRES
Shoulda done what you always do,
Jack.

Jack roughly drops Torres onto the bed. Stops when Torres' cell phone vibrates.

TORRES (cont'd)
They know I'm here. I don't answer
it...

Jack grabs Torres' cell phone from his belt and shoves the bed up into the closet.

FRONT DOOR

Jack racing to the front door, stopping when he sees Eddie's not following. Kid standing in the hall, strange look on his face.

JACK
C'mon.

Not moving. Touching his ear.

JACK (cont'd)
What?

EDDIE
I gotta pee. Should I go now or
hold it?

JACK
Go already!

Eddie slips into the bathroom as Jack looks around the apartment. An end-of-the-road sadness about him as he takes in what used to be familiar surroundings and is no longer.

JACK (cont'd)
Let's go!

Water still running. Jack bolting to bathroom and kicking open the door.

BATHROOM

Empty. Window to the fire escape open. Jack looks out the window and sees Eddie almost to the street.

JACK
Shit!

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL

Jack huffing and puffing down the stairs. Wincing every time his left leg hits the marble step. Heart driving a body that can no longer keep pace.

Torres' cell phone RINGS. Jack flips it open.

NUGENT (OS)

Bob.

JACK

He's napping.

A pause.

NUGENT (OS)

Hell Jack. I'm impressed.

(beat)

You shoot him too?

Jack doesn't answer.

NUGENT (OS) (cont'd)

Feels good, doesn't it Jack. Back on your feet. Doing the thing.

(beat)

You remind me of Teddy Apple from the academy. Same kind of cop.

(beat)

Course we know what happened to him.

JACK

That was a bad thing.

NUGENT (OS)

That's not the point Jack. Shouldn't have happened. He couldn't do what was necessary. Either can you.

Long silence. Just the SOUND of Jack's labored breathing.

NUGENT (OS) (cont'd)

You lost him, didn't you. He bailed on you.

(laughter)

You blame him?

(beat)

Well I got things to do. Go home Jack.

(beat)

By the way. I forgot all about Diane. How's she been?

Jack slapping the phone shut.

EXT. DELANCEY STREET - MORNING

Service doors to the street BANG OPEN and Jack hits the sidewalk. No sign of Eddie. MOVING with Jack as he crosses Delancey, down a cross-town alley and out onto Bowery.

Looking into the SEA OF PEOPLE on their way to work. No way to spot him in this. Trying to think now...

INT. NUGENT'S CAR - SAME TIME

Nugent shotgun. Mulvey driving. RADIO open as a COMMUNICATIONS TECHNICIAN triangulates the cell phone signal over the radio from One Police Plaza.

COM TECH (O.S.)
Subject's moving east on Delancey.
Approaching Bowery.

Mulvey looks at Nugent who smiles.

EDDIE - SAME TIME

Moving QUICKLY down Bowery. Swallowed up by the CROWDS, eyes straight ahead, notebook under his arm. *

But the distant SOUNDS of police SIRENS and the inability to see past the PEOPLE in front of him puts him on edge. *

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Eddie races down the steps and JUMPS IN LINE to buy a token, EYES TAKING EVERYTHING IN. Behind him a weary WOMAN COMMUTER, with a defeated, world-won't stop-kicking my-ass face, grumbles at the line's slowness.

TWO UNIFORMED COPS coming down the stairs and STOPPING, RADIOS SQUAWKING. *

Eddie wishing the line to MOVE faster, a tuning fork of nerves. Steps to the window, a TRANSIT COP RIGHT NEXT TO HIM... *

EDDIE
One please.

And realizes... he has no money. Looks back at the faces of impatient COMMUTERS. TRANSIT COP EYES Eddie. Steps out of line looking for a place to go. *

Thinks about jumping a turnstile but ANOTHER TRANSIT COP hovers just on the other side. PEOPLE pushing past him to make the next train. SEEING the UNIFORMS begin to scan the COMMUTERS... The SUBWAY CLOCK announcing it's... *

8:31

HEART POUNDING... Then NOTICES the Woman Commuter scooping 30 tokens into her hands and heading for the turnstile. She FUMBLES and DROPS ALL THIRTY TOKENS on the ground. One rolls across the cement floor *right to Eddie...* *

Who steps on it. *

Looks at the harried Woman as PEOPLE push past her without even a glance. The Woman gathers up the tokens and starts for the turnstiles. Eddie not moving a muscle, foot covering the valuable token. Watching the Woman inch closer to the gate. Struggling with something and mumbling to himself...

EDDIE (cont'd)
Always do what you've always
done...

Lifts his foot, grabs the token, walks up and hands it to her

EDDIE (cont'd)
Ma'am? You missed this one.

WOMAN
You want a friggin' reward? *

The Woman pushes through the turnstile. Eddie watches her go, eyes falling to the ground.. *and to the glint inside his right pants cuff... where a single token rests.*

SUBWAY PLATFORM

Eddie anxiously makes his way to the front of the platform. HEARS the BLARE of the approaching D train.

Suddenly A HAND GRABS HIS SHOULDER and SPINS him around.
Jack.

JACK
Let's go.

EDDIE
No.

Jack pressing his .38 to Eddie's kidney. Which doesn't seem to bother Eddie.

EDDIE (cont'd)
You gonna shoot me?
(beat)
That bullet back there missed my
head by less than an inch. It was
a sign.
(beat)
And in case you didn't notice, I
didn't start being target practice
until I hooked up with you.

JACK
If I can find you Eddie, they can't
be far behind.

EDDIE
You're a nice man, Jack. But I
have to follow my signs. And you,
are a big, fat DETOUR sign.
(beat)
You're the wrong guy, Jack. It's
not your fault.

The D train SQUEALS into the station. Eddie and Jack JOSTLED
as COMMUTERS surge forward. Jack SHOUTING over the
SCREECHING BREAKS. *

JACK
Eddie. I can get you there.
(beat)
I need to get you there.

PEOPLE pour out as the doors open. Eddie pushing his way
inside, leaving Jack on the platform. *

EDDIE
Don't worry, Jack. Everything's
going to be okay.

The doors to the car closing. Eddie puts up his hand to wave
good-bye... AND JACK GRABS IT. Pulling Eddie onto the
platform as the doors seal shut.

EDDIE (cont'd)
What the--

Stopping when he sees Jack staring back into the subway car.
Turning to back to see TWO of NUGENT'S GUYS (Touhey and
Kaller) inside the car, FLYING TOWARDS THE CLOSED DOOR.

Jack already pulling Eddie up the stairs as the SOUNDS of
train's EMERGENCY BREAKS SHRIEKS from the tunnel. *

EXT. BOWERY

Jack and Eddie BURST from the subway entrance and into the
street, Jack trying to flag down a cab. Eddie shaken,
nothing making sense.

EDDIE
I don't get this...

JACK
That's because you got the I.Q. of
a sprinkler head. *

Pulling Eddie down the middle of Bowery looking back at the
SUBWAY EXIT... *

EDDIE
 Back in the apartment. What did
 that guy mean when he said you
 should do what you always do?

Jack watching for a cab. Knowing they're seconds away from
 being trapped. *

EDDIE (cont'd)
 You knew him.

JACK
 We worked narcotics together back a
 ways. They went their way I went
 mine.

Eddie processing this. Stops in his tracks as Jack BOLTS
 into the street to flag down a gypsy cab.

EDDIE
 (to himself)
 Cause they were bad. And you're
 not.
 (putting it together)
 I could have gotten the other guy.
 The cop who woulda looked the other
 way. One of them. But I didn't...

Eddie races up to Jack and hugs him. Tight. *

EDDIE (cont'd)
 I got you! I was meant to get you.
 It's all happening. Just in a
 different order.

INT. GYPSY CAB

Jack and Eddie pile into the back seat. Cab smelling like
 stale air freshener, open partition separating front from
 back.

JACK
 100 Centre Street.

The cab pulls away.

EDDIE
 I was wrong the whole time. You
 believe that?

JACK
 Hard to fathom.

Eddie looking at Jack. Differently now.

EDDIE
 Funny what the signs look like
 sometimes.

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)
 You think it might be a voice from
 heaven or a glow that lights your
 way. Or a piece of paper that
 floats into your hand with the
 answer on it.

(beat)
 But sometimes it can be a
 miserable, crumpled, bum-legged cop
 with a drinking problem. And I
 almost didn't see it.

(beat)
 You're the guy, Jack.

JACK
 (exasperated, to himself)
 I'm the guy.

INT. NUGENT'S CAR - MOVING

Mulvey on the phone, navigating traffic onto Bowery.
 Nugent's eyes the streets, smelling blood.

MULVEY
 (shutting phone)
 Kaller. They just missed them at
 the Houston Street Station.

NUGENT
 (into radio)
 Go Com Tech.

COM TECH (OS)
 Subject's moving south on Bowery.
 Speed indicates vehicle.

NUGENT
 Let's go.

Mulvey kicks it into third gear.

INT. GYPSY CAB - BOWERY AND DELANCEY

Jack's right arm under his jacket, finger on the .38 Stomach
 in a knot. Eyes peeled. Traffic crawling crosstown.
 Torres' phone on the seat next to him.

JACK
 Make a left at Broome. I want to
 come in the back.

The fat, unshaven TURKISH CABBIE grunts. Jack looks over at
 Eddie, scribbling in that notebook.

JACK (cont'd)
 What's with the book?

EDDIE
 Ideas and stuff.

JACK
Like how to break into a Walgreens?

EDDIE
Cakes.

JACK
Cakes.

EDDIE
Birthday cakes. I'm opening a
bakery in Seattle. Only birthday
cakes though. A specialty store.
There's big money in cakes.

Dead serious.

JACK
Perfect. I can see the headlines
now. Cupcake Criminal brings down
NYPD Big Wigs.

EDDIE
Funny. When's your birthday? I'll
send you one.

Jack shaking his head, chuckling to himself.

EDDIE (cont'd)
What?

JACK
Nothing.

EDDIE
No, what?

JACK
I had a buck for every one of you
that had a plan to do something
else I'd be living on a houseboat
in Florida.
(beat)
Trust me. One thing doesn't go
your way and you'll be crawling out
someone's window with a set of
cutlery and a mink coat.

EDDIE
I only robbed Beauty Salons.

JACK
I'm not even going to ask.

EDDIE
They're all the same. Sinks in the
back. Chairs in the front.
Register in the corner. No
surprises.

JACK
That's what I mean. You're a thief
Eddie. That's what you do. That's
what you'll always do.

EDDIE
And you know everything, right?

JACK
I know if you drop a slice of bread
with jelly on it, it always lands
jelly side down.
(beat)
No beating the odds, kid.

Jack feeling the cab slow. Looking ahead at traffic being
diverted onto Grand. Six lanes funneling into three. Jack
checking his watch again the looking out the windows.

CAB DRIVER
Past this we go better.

Jack nodding. Racking his brain. Willing himself to figure
their next move. Slowly approaching Grand, seeing the
REPAIR CREWS in the middle of Bowery. Jack picks up Torres'
phone and opens it.

JACK
What's the ADA's name who cut your
deal?

EDDIE
MacDonald I think.

Starts to dial... and suddenly freezes. Staring at the
phone.

JACK
Stop.

Driver looking confused. Jack tossing money over the seat,
opening the door with the cab still moving and pulling Eddie
out onto

BOWERY

Through jammed VEHICLES, quickly onto the sidewalk and into
the SEA OF PEOPLE moving towards the corner. Dropping the
phone into the back of a CHINESE DELIVERY cart heading
uptown.

INT. NUGENT'S CAR - SAME TIME

Mulvey moving in and out of traffic and closing in.

COM TECH (OS
Subject now heading north. I
repeat north on Bowery.

Mulvey looking to Nugent who smiles and shakes his head.

NUGENT
 The mutt figured it out.
 (into radio)
 Thanks Com Tech. We'll take it
 from here.
 (beat)
 You're hungover with a bad leg.
 What's your next move, Jimmy?

MULVEY
 Change cabs. Cause I ain't
 walking.

EXT. BOWERY

Jack walking along side Eddie. Tense and ready as they
 approach Grand. Suddenly pulling Eddie into

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE

The usual "Going Out of Business" sign that's been up for a
 year. Place jammed with all kinds of gadgets. TOURISTS
 crowding the windows outside.

Jack moving to the Grand Street window and peering over the
 digital camera display.

JACK'S POV

Grand Street traffic jam crawling by... *And a cluster of
 Nugent's PLAINCLOTHES COPS walking the street eyeballing each
 car and cab, hands on their weapons.*

EDDIE
 Jesus...

Jack stepping back, just now noticing the vast array of
 clocks all flashing the same time:

8:40

Moving back to the door and stopping, face draining. Two
 more COPS appear just outside. A third, ORTIZ, already
 coming through the door...

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE ROOF

The security access door kicked open by Jack, he and Eddie
 starting across the roof.

EDDIE
 A few more seconds I woulda had
 that one.

Moving to the edge and looking down. Five stories below Nugent's COPS grid searching the area. Jack and Eddie moving parallel above them.

Up a four rung ladder and onto the adjoining roof. Jack struggles to keep pace, his limp more pronounced.

EDDIE (cont'd)
You should get that looked at.

Jack gritting his teeth and walking.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Had a friend who limped just like that. Never had it looked at. Just limped around. Finally got too much and went to the doctor. Fracture. Only now it's infected. They cut it off. Right above the knee.

Jack glares at Eddie.

EDDIE (cont'd)
No, it was a good thing. No more pain. Even better no more second story work. Lives in Jersey now. Motorman on a PATH train. His whole life changed for the better.
(beat)
Everything happens for a reason.

JACK
You're a sunny little shit, I'll give you that.

EDDIE
No getting around what's supposed to be. It's gonna happen anyway so you might as well enjoy the journey. Destiny, Jack.
(beat)
Ever hear that Samarra story?

Jack's too slow to stop him.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Guy sends his servant to the market for some fruit. The servant comes back white as a ghost. Tells the guy that Death bumped into him and gave him a strange look. I gotta go to Samarra and hide, he says. So he takes off to Samarra. Later the guy goes to the market and sees Death. He asks Death why he bumped into his servant and gave him a strange look. Death says, "I didn't mean to."

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)
 I was just surprised to see him
 here when I knew I had an
 appointment with him tonight... in
 Samarra."

Eddie waits the required length for a dramatic pause.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 See? You can't cheat destiny.

The bullet blows through Jack's right hand before the SHOT is HEARD.

Jack falling to his knees, catching sight of MALDONADO on the far roof in front of them, already on his cell.

Eddie helping Jack to his feet and dragging him back. Over the facade to the next roof. Stopping as KALLER climbs onto the roof 60 yards in front of them.

Now moving for rear of their roof, blood seeping out of Jack's palm.

EDGE OF ROOF

Eddie looking over. And extremely wide service alley. On the other side a giant WAREHOUSE with the words CHINA FARM painted across its football field sized wall.

One story below the fire escape landing starts. Saturated with pigeons.

EDDIE
 Jump!

Jack hesitates.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 C'mon!

JACK
 I hate those flying rats.

Kaller's bullet sprays concrete inches from them. Jack jumps landing squarely on the steel flooring, pigeons flapping into the air. Waving his arms like a girl to get them away. Looking up just as Eddie jumps.

Eddie misjudging the depth and hitting the railing, momentum and body weight TAKING HIM OVER IT. Sailing downward until Jack's bad hand clasps Eddie's forearm. Eddie hanging there, his free hand clutching that notebook.

JACK (cont'd)
 Drop the stupid book!

Eddie won't. Jack's grip lessening. At the last second Eddie shoves the notebook in his teeth, grabs the railing and pulls himself up and over.

Jack on his feet, glaring at Eddie. About to start down when a second floor window is blasted out. ORTIZ scrambling out onto the second floor fire escape, 9mm poised to end it right here.

Jack shoving Eddie back against the wall. Looking up at the roof. The pigeons lining the facade, staring at their perch. Pinned down and seconds away from being shredded.

Jack following Eddie's eyes down four stories to a large dumpster. Too far, too small and too dark inside to know what's in there.

JACK (cont'd)
You live it'll be as a vegetable.

Eddie stuffs his notebook in his pants. Stares closely at the dumpster.

JACK (cont'd)
Don't even think about it.

EDDIE
It's right below us. What are the odds of that? It's a sign.

JACK
It's an ALLEY! That's where they put dumpsters!

EDDIE
We can make it.

JACK
There's no we in this. Just--

EDDIE
I can't be late, Jack.

And he *JUMPS*. Sailing four stories, outstretched arms flapping through space. Thudding hard into the dumpster. A WHOOSHING SOUND followed by a time delayed eruption of...

Feathers. Thousands of white and red chicken feathers pluming into the air, Jack staring in disbelief.

JACK
You gotta be kidding me...

Suddenly the pigeons above set sail. Kaller's BULLET RICOCHETING OFF THE RAILING.

INT. DUMPSTER

Eddie pushing away the floating feathers and looking up as Jack's body hurdles down, slamming onto another sack of chicken feathers that explode around them.

Jack looking at the fluttering life savers in disbelief. The first trace of a bewildered smile. Eddie scrambling to the edge and jumps to the ground as Jack pulls himself out.

EDDIE
Don't be so negative next time.

INT. CHINA FARM WAREHOUSE

Security doors blasting open revealing a long corridor. Jack and Eddie moving quickly down it, blood still dripping from Jack's hand. Stepping through the first door and into...

INT. CHICKEN PEN

A thousand chickens crammed into wire cages stacked one on top of another to the ceiling. In the middle a steel table awash in sticky blood attached to a conveyor belt. The SCREECHES bouncing off the sheet metal walls is DEAFENING.

Eddie covering his ears, just now noticing the large plastic bin overflowing with chicken heads.

EDDIE
McNuggets...

INT. BUTCHER'S ROOM

Two dozen LABORERS in bloodied aprons pluck, gut and clean the mounds of chickens and ducks. Large plastic barrels overflowing with feathers and entrails. Jack and Eddie moving right through. Laborers never looking up.

EXT. CHINA FARM WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Ortiz, Kaller and Maldonado coolly and quickly dispensing directions to THREE MORE COPS. Sealing off the exits and fanning out in pairs, heading inside.

MEAT AND POULTRY AREA

Restaurant MERCHANTS and CHEFS pick out ducks, chickens and cuts of beef for today's menus. Over a HUNDRED PEOPLE jam the tiny area. Shouting for prize sections like it was the stock exchange. LOUD and CHAOTIC.

Jack and Eddie appearing through a curtain of plastic translucent slats into the main area.

Jack realizing he's trapped in the middle of the place and no idea where they might be coming from. Too many PEOPLE moving in too many directions. CAMERA craning up above the THRONGS of PEOPLE and showing us what Jack can't see.

The three teams of Cops surrounding him, moving in perfect unison right at him.

FISH AND PRODUCE AREA

Kaller and Maldonado coming from the Mott Street exit. Following Jack's blood trail. Seconds away.

The SOUND gets to them first. A mixture of high pitched screeches and human SCREAMS. The Cops stopping in their tracks.

Then they see it.

A thousand wild chickens coming right at them. Shrieking, pecking, flapping chickens. Fluttering four and five feet in the air... In PEOPLE'S faces, and at their feet. A tidal wave of white...

A sea of people running over them. Kaller trying to get his cell phone to his mouth only to be swarmed over by hysterical, freedom fighting chickens.

EXT. CHINA FARM WAREHOUSE - MOTT STREET

Pandemonium. PEOPLE STREAMING out of the warehouse, chickens pecking at their legs and arms. The chickens flooding the sidewalk and darting into the street.

Kaller and Maldonado unable to stem the flow. Not enough eyes to see it all.

WAREHOUSE WORKERS in long white coats desperately trying to gather the chickens, getting pecked for their troubles.

Only now noticing two of the white coats ignore the chickens and just walk off. We lose them in all the confusion...

... just as Nugent's car pulls to the curb, Nugent out before it stops. Eyeing the surroundings with interest. Kaller stepping to the car.

KALLER
The block's sealed. He can't get far.

MOTT STREET

Jack and Eddie emerging from the crowd, dropping their white coats and slipping into the heart of Chinatown.

Past noodle shops and acupuncture stores. The narrow street and lack of pedestrians making it easy to be seen. Jack's body out of sync as it pushes itself beyond its limits.

Ortiz's car screeches into view from behind. TWO MORE cars appear up ahead. Jack's pulling Eddie down a flight of stairs and into...

INT. MADAM SOLKA'S HOUSE OF SPIRITS

Fortunes told and sold in this flamboyant railroad flat. Jack and Eddie FLYING through beaded curtains, across the black velvet room lit in deep red and adorned with too many ornate mirrors. SEVERAL of the SOLKA clan lounge on deep couches that surround the standard round table with a crystal ball and tarot cards.

Down a narrow hall, through a tiny kitchen where the little Solka's are being fed and into a...

BACK ROOM

Boxes stacked in every corner. A BEEFY GYPSY sits in a decomposing arm chair guarding the contraband. Already rising as Jack approaches, .38 aimed at the man's heart.

JACK
Hoe mien!
(cocking the hammer)
Where is it?

BLACKNESS

Broken by a shaft of light as a access panel cut into the floor is lifted illuminating a set of stairs. Jack and Eddie climb down towards us...

EXT. KLING STREET

Nugent's car SCREECHING UP behind Madam Solka's just as Kaller and Ortiz exit the rear of the building.

No Jack. Momentary confusion. Sense memory washes through Nugent.

NUGENT
He's in the basements. Headed for
the electrical tunnel. He gets in
there we're fucked.

Kaller and Ortiz take off with Torres and Mulvey into Madam Solka's as Nugent races his car for the end of the block.

INT. BASEMENT ROOMS

Jack and Eddie move through an underground city. *An entire square block of basements connected by door-size holes blasted through cinder block and sheetrock walls.* Each one operating illegal businesses beneath the streets.

Jack pulling Eddie across a CHINESE GAMBLING DEN crowded with Fan Tan and craps tables towards the door size hole in the opposite wall.

NEXT BASEMENT

Jack and Eddie emerging from the other side of a wall and into a SWEATSHOP of CHINESE FAMILIES shrink wrapping bootleg CD's and videos.

EDDIE

How far do these go?

JACK

End of the block. But we're not going that far.

EXT. KLING STREET

Nugent vaulting out of his car at the far end of Kling. Blowing the lock off a security grate and heading down a set of stairs without hesitation.

INT. BOILER ROOM

Nugent pushes aside a shelving unit and kicks the plywood door behind it off it's hinges...

BASEMENT ROOM

MIGRANT WORKERS silk screening T-shirts and stamping out knockoff Prada handbags. Jack and Eddie crossing through, rolling open a steel door and entering the next room.

This one is empty. An abandoned cock fighting den with open wire cages and a blood stained ring surrounded by sheetrock walls.

EDDIE

How'd you know about this place?

JACK

Years ago we'd try to bust this place every six months or so. Never could catch the big shits. Until we discovered a feed tunnel down here.

Jack moving towards an open doorway cut out of the sheetrock. Suddenly *SOUNDS of COMMOTION* behind them. Turning to see Torres and company crossing the room behind them.

Jack racing back. Rolling the steel door over the opening just as Mulvey gets to it. Mulvey's gun arm snaking between it. Barrel aimed at Jack's face. Index finger trying to squeeze.

Pressure of the door on Mulvey's shoulder making it difficult.

Jack shoving the door one last time. Mulvey SCREAMING and pulling his arm back.

The door slams shut and Jack bolts it. Turns towards the next room. Nugent standing in the doorway. Jack pushing Eddie to the side and FIRING.

Nugent and Jack diving to behind opposite sides of the flimsy wall.

Jack landing next to Eddie. *BLAM!* The 9mm bullet blows a three inch hole through the wall and zips just under Jack's chin. Three more shots blast through the wall. ECHOING through the room until it's silent.

NUGENT (OS)
You alright Jack?

Jack's ears still ringing. Motions for Eddie to stay silent.

NUGENT (OS) (cont'd)
I was aiming for the kid if that makes you feel better.

EDDIE
You missed.

BLAM! Another slug blisters through the wall just above Eddie's head. Jack glaring at Eddie.

NUGENT

On the other side of the wall. Half inch sheetrock the only thing separating him from Jack and Eddie.

NUGENT
Kid's gonna get you killed. He worth that?

No response. Nugent moving down the wall listening for any sign.

NUGENT (cont'd)
Only way out's in here. Guess we gotta work something out. I got all day. You got all day Jack?

BASEMENT ROOMS - JACK AND NUGENT

Jack glances at his watch: 8:51

Looks around the tiny room. He can HEAR The SOUNDS of the others working on that metal door. Watches as Eddie slips across the room looking around.

Nugent pops a piece of Juicy Fruit in his mouth then slides the pack into the open doorway.

NUGENT
Have a piece of gum. We're gonna
be here a while.

JACK
I'm a sugarless kinda guy.

NUGENT
Then slide 'em back, will ya?

Even Jack has to grin at that one.

NUGENT (cont'd)
Guess we're even. You've got my
gum, I've got your way out.

Eddie pushing aside a rusted shelving unit to reveal a BROKEN
DOWN SERVICE ELEVATOR, accordion door chained shut. Eddie
turning to Jack wide-eyed. Jack slipping over, whispering...

JACK
Can you get it open?

EDDIE
Got to find something to work with.
It's rusted pretty good.

On the other side of the wall Nugent sits up, sensing
something.

NUGENT (O.S.)
You there Jack?

JACK
(hushed, to Eddie)
Try something.

Jack moving back to the wall.

JACK (cont'd)
Right here Frank.

NUGENT
Thought you left me.

JACK
And not say goodbye?

Nugent removes the throw down gun from his ankle and checks the cylinder.

NUGENT
What are we doing here Jack? We're both too old for this shit.

Jack says nothing. Watches Eddie find a sliver of metal and begin to fumble with the lock.

NUGENT (cont'd)
Don't tell me this is all about that thing.

No answer.

NUGENT (cont'd)
Cause if it is, I don't understand. That was fucking forever ago.
(beat)
Shit like that happens sometimes.

JACK
Shit like that? Like you roughed up some fucking pimp. He was a citizen.

NUGENT
Guy shoulda never held out like that.

Eddie hovers over the rusted lock and chain, ears taking it all in.

NUGENT (cont'd)
Think I wouldn't take back what happened? Do it in a heartbeat. Far as I know no one's figured how to do that.
(beat)
I taught you anything I taught you when you signed up for this job you put away your heart. Hide it and don't take it out until you retire. You do this job you have to get past things like that.

JACK
It crossed the line, Frank. You crossed the line.

NUGENT
There are no fucking lines. When are you going to understand that? There's getting it done or not getting it done. Period. Ask the mother of some dead kid if she wants me to stay in the lines. She doesn't care. She wants justice. That's what I do.

(MORE)

NUGENT (cont'd)
Clear cases and put bad guys away
no matter what it takes. I give
them justice.

Jack looking at Eddie working frantically. Both men stalling
for time...

NUGENT (cont'd)
Course Teddy A never understood
that.

JACK
He was a good cop. Everybody knew--

NUGENT
He was a stubborn Pollock.

Nugent reloads his 9mm as he buys himself some time.

NUGENT (cont'd)
He finally busts this big time
dealer he'd been chasin' for years.
Nailed him dead to right. Guy's
got priors as long as my arm so
this animal's looking at forty to
forever. Only his partner never
reads the guy his rights. Said he
thought Teddy did it.

(beat)
Like I said, shit happens. All my
Teddy had to say was he did it.
But he couldn't. By the book or it
didn't count. The scumbag walks.
Think the cocksucker would thank
his lucky stars, pack his shit and
never look back. But that's not
how these beasts think.

(beat)
Forty-six hours later he hunts down
Teddy and puts four in the back of
his head while he sat in his car
eating a sandwich.

A long silence. Mulvey entering Nugent's room and nodding
silently.

NUGENT (cont'd)
The bad guys have no lines, Jack.
Why should we?

JACK
Because we're supposed to be the
good guys.

NUGENT
I am a good guy. I put my life on
the line every day to put these
scumbags away. Day after day.
Year after year. One guy dies but
we save six others? I'll take
that. And so would you.

Eddie wiping sweat off his brow.

Nugent picks up the .32 and stands.

NUGENT (cont'd)
 There are three types of people in
 this world, Jack. Those who make
 it happen, those who watch it
 happen, and those who say... what
 happened?
 (beat)
 Guess which one you are.

Jack drops his head as Nugent and Mulvey RAISE THEIR WEAPONS... Eddie still fumbling over the lock. Making one last try... Turns the metal sliver once more... POP!

EDDIE
 I got it!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The EXPLOSIONS OF GUN FIRE strafe the room. The flimsy walls shredded from both sides.

Jack crawling through the dust and debris, flopping into the elevator cage next to Eddie. Kicking the handle to send the rickety cage up as bullets ricochet from all directions.

Nugent and Mulvey step through the shredded sheet rock as Torres and Ortiz barge in from the other side. Seeing the service elevator rising. FIRING futilely at the cast iron base disappearing into the ceiling. Mulvey already on his radio...

MULVEY
 He's in the building!

INT. WELFARE HOTEL LOBBY

Two ratty arm chairs and graffiti tagged mail boxes. Ortiz and Maldonado FLYING through the front doors, Touhey and Kaller from the rear. Elevator already open and empty.

FOOTSTEPS echo above them. Ortiz and Maldonado up the back stairs. Touhey and Kaller up the front.

THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Jack and Eddie moving through a maze of chipped linoleum hallways. VOICES and FOOTSTEPS growing behind them. Turning down another hall.

Different VOICES LOUDER and CLOSER from in front of them.

Jack stopping. Out of breath and out of options. Starts rapping on doors. One after another. No one answering. The SOUNDS closer now. Frantically banging then giving up. Readying his .38

A door opens a crack. Ancient, frightened eyes staring out.

JACK
(holding up his badge)
Police. Open up!

The door closes. VOICES a split second from turning into the hallway. *The RATTLE of a chain coming off.*

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT

Jack and Eddie fall inside. Jack chaining the door. The OLD MAN steps back befuddled. Creeping towards 80, eyes showing alarm.

SAM
No. You have to go. They said they'd be back shortly.

VOICES from the hall. Jack puts his finger to his mouth, gun at his side. Then a KNOCK at the door. And ANOTHER KNOCK. A long moment. Mumbling of VOICES...

EXT. CONFUCIUS PLACE

Frank Nugent stands out front of the Welfare Hotel, Kaller's VOICE cackling over the radio. *Behind him CROWDS begin lining the block.*

KALLER (O.S.)
... could be in any one of the rooms. But definitely in the building. Want us to door to door it?

NUGENT
(into radio)
No. You take the roof. The rest of you seal the back and alleys. Bob, Jimmy and I'll hold down the front.
(beat)
Lets sit tight. He's the one with the clock ticking...

INT. SAM'S ROOM

Jack's eyes on his watch: 9:04 Ear pressed to the door as the VOICES break up and disappear. Turns to the frightened old man...

JACK
Phone.

Sam gestures to a padlocked door in the hall.

HALL

Jack moving to it, ripping off the padlock with his gun and kicking in the door.

INT. BEDROOM

Cell phones. Hundreds of boxes of cell phones stacked on the queen size bed. The rest of the room filled bootleg furs, contraband silks, boxes of electronics and high end linens stacked to the ceiling. Jack digs through the mountains of boxes.

EDDIE

Someone's using this guy's place to store their shit.

JACK

Ghost Shadows or Tongs probably. Those gangs use shut-ins like him to warehouse their stash, drugs. People like him have nobody and are just too scared to say anything.

Jack moving back into the...

LIVING ROOM

Sam wishing them to leave. Nervously standing there, oddly resplendent in his tweed sports coat, crisp white shirt and burgundy colored ascot. Pants neatly creased, shoes shined. Holding tightly to what little dignity he is afforded.

JACK

Your phone.

The old man pointing to the kitchenette and a cordless phone with oversized buttons. Jack stuffing some paper towels in his palm and grabbing the phone. *Putting his .38 on a table near the front door.*

Eddie taking in the room. A single fold out bed, a chenille bedspread lovingly draped across it. Tin tray table with a transistor radio for a night stand holding a picture frame and brush. Steamer trunk serving as a dresser. 15 inch Phillips on the floor showing QVC. All shoved into one corner. A little oasis shoved into one corner.

Sam looks pleadingly to Jack as he walks by.

SAM

I never open the door. They told me not to. You have to leave. They're going to come back soon. Please.

Sam sitting down on his bed, worried eyes constantly moving to the door. Eddie sitting next to him.

EDDIE
We'll be gone in a minute.
(beat)
I'm Eddie.

SAM
Sam.

EDDIE
Hi Sam. Lemme ask you something.
You're driving in a hurricane...

Jack moves toward the back, dialing the phone.

JACK
(into phone)
Dan MacDonald's office.

Waits as he's transferred. Looks back at Eddie and the old man.

EDDIE
So who would you take?

Sam's eyes sparkle to life. He reaches over and turns a picture frame in Eddie's direction. A creased snapshot of a young WOMAN standing in front of a massive, ornate CLOCK.

Eddie stares at the photo then to Sam.

EDDIE (cont'd)
The girl of your dreams. You take her?

Now peering through a dirty window. Uniformed POLICE wander the block, blue barricades lining the curb. Jack not understanding. A VOICE on the other end of the phone.

JACK
(into phone)
Dan MacDonald please.
(beat)
Tell him it's the guy with his witness.

INT. HALLWAY - 100 CENTRE STREET - MORNING

A OVERWORKED CLERK races for all he's worth down a brightly lit corridor, sliding around one corner and flying through a door with a large C over it.

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM C

Small and plain with no windows. TWENTY FOUR CITIZENS sit at one end in a semi-circle of tiered seats. In front of them are a COURT STENOGRAPHER, two COURT OFFICERS and a desk occupied by Assistant District Attorney DAN MACDONALD and his measly STAFF of TWO. An easel holding a diagram, case numbers and names is prominent.

The air is tense and uncomfortable as the Overworked Clerk slips behind MacDonald and whispers in his ear.

INT. ADA MACDONALD'S OFFICE

The mid-morning SUN illuminates mountains of files stacked in every conceivable space. MacDonald, 30, runs his hand across where his hair used to be. (INTERCUT as needed)

MACDONALD

I just hung up with your Captain ten minutes ago. You should've been here by now. Where the hell are you?

JACK

About seven blocks away. Only there's a few Cops between me and you that don't want him there. You're going to have to buy yourself some more time.

MACDONALD

There is no more time. The jury's tenure ends at ten. That's it. Without that kid they'll vote "No Bill" and Ryan walks and case goes in the toilet.

JACK

You guys could indict a ham sandwich. What's the deal?

MacDonald slumps onto his desk, swivels to face a bulletin board with pictures of Police Officers, witnesses and case numbers. Red magic marker lines connect the faces to one another. Weariness drips from voice.

MACDONALD

Went fishing without enough bait. My boss thought if we went to the grand jury Ryan would fold. He didn't. We had only circumstantial until we ran into Edward Bunker last night. He's an eye witness. He makes it all work.

(beat)

I got one shot at this, Mosley. I need that kid.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Jack watching as an army of CHINESE FAMILIES in brightly covered attire pour onto the edges of the barricades on Confucius Place. MUSICIANS gather in the street.

And suddenly understanding what it is.

MACDONALD (OS)
Where are you? I'll send my squad.

Jack doesn't answer. Thinking.

JACK
Someone over there set this thing
in motion. You got a leak.
(beat)
Maybe even one of your squad.
(beat)
See you at the courthouse.

CLICK. Jack moves away from window. Pulls Eddie towards the door--

BAM! Sam's DOOR blows open, TWO ON LONG GANG MEMBERS step inside. Cool, menacing stares. The larger one, ONG, steps in as his PARTNER hangs back. Heavy boots, overcoats like tents.

ONG
What the fuck is this?

Ong glaring at Sam, not moving from the door. His Partner moves to the bedroom. YELLING something in Chinese from the hall.

ONG (cont'd)
You steal my things? THIS IS MY
PLACE!

Jack puts his hands up in surrender. Eyes his gun sitting behind Ong on the table.

ONG (cont'd)
Who are you?

JACK
We needed a phone. No trouble. We
just want to walk out of here.

The Partner reappears and mumbles something in Chinese. Tense silence as Ong stares down Jack. Then he grins and spits at Jack. No response from Jack. Ong motions them to the door.

JACK (cont'd)
Eddie.

Eddie points to Sam.

EDDIE
What about him?

JACK
What about him? He's fine.
(to Sam)
You fine?

Sam nervously nods.

JACK (cont'd)
He's fine. Let's go.

Eddie doesn't budge.

EDDIE
He opened the door.

JACK
Eddie.

EDDIE
He never opens the door. That's
what he said. But today he did.
When we needed him to. It's a
sign.
(beat)
We're supposed to help him. He
can't stay here.

JACK
Don't start with this --

But Eddie already has, turning to Ong.

EDDIE
Think you're tough shit pickin' on
a little old man? Well I'm
standing right here and I don't see
you doing something about that. So
you must be a pussy.

Jack's shoulders slump. Ong whips out a six inch blade and moves for Eddie. *WHAM!* Ong's arm snaps like a twig, Jack's move so quick and so jarring, the pain hasn't even registered yet. The thumb to the windpipe does, sending Ong to the ground gasping for air.

Jack already to the .38 , spinning and *SPLITTING OPEN* the Partner's nose before his weapon clears his belt. The two writhing on the floor in massive pain.

Jack clutching his hand, nauseous from the pain, kneels down and confiscates ID's from both.

JACK
Get your shit out of here and don't
come back.

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 Anything happens to that man, he
 gets so much as a cold, and I will
 tell Tommy Chan the two of you are
 my stoolies.

Frightened look from Ong as Jack shows his badge.

JACK (cont'd)
 You know what Tommy Chan did to the
 last rat he caught? Cut the
 bastards head off and mailed it to
 his mother.

Eddie leans in.

EDDIE
 And two hundred dollars a month.
 Under the door. Cash.
 (off Jack's look)
 They shoved him in a corner like he
 was an animal. Used his place.
 They should pay him rent for that.

Jack looks at Eddie differently this time. The slightest
 trace of a smile. Turns to the broken men.

JACK
 What he said.

INT. SECOND FLOOR STAIRWELL

Jack and Eddie descending, eyes and ears open. Jack's limp
 more pronounced.

EDDIE
 You were going to walk out and
 leave him there.

JACK
 Can't fix everything, Eddie.

EDDIE
 You sound like your friend down
 there.

That one stings.

JACK
 He ain't my friend. And I'm
 nothing like him.

EDDIE
 But you know what he did. What
 this is about, don't you?

It takes a while for Jack to answer.

JACK

Witness tampering. You saw two police detectives intimidating a witness for profit.

(beat)

They been doing it for years. Started out as a way to keep their informants on the street. They get popped, Frank would find the key witness and get him to change their tune. Threaten him or his family. Keeps his snitch out there working. Least that's how they rationalized it. Until they figured out they could squeeze some money out it.

EXT. CONFUCIUS PLACE - MORNING

Riotous with every imaginable color. SOUNDS of FIRECRACKERS, loud GONGS and DRUMS accompany CHANTS of long life and happiness.. The Wedding procession moving towards Mott Street and past police barricades.

Torres and Kaller on either side, Ortiz and Maldonado watch the back. Touhey on the roof.

In front Nugent and Mulvey move amongst the revelers, slipping amongst them like barracudas.

INT. RESIDENCE LOBBY

Jack and Eddie moving across the deserted lobby and settling on either side of the front doors. The MUFFLED SOUNDS of the procession growing LOUDER. Jack staring out into the chaos.

Nervous time.

EDDIE

You know they're out there waiting. What are we going to do?

JACK

Wait for one of your signs.

Quiet as they watch the swirl of people gathering along the street.

EDDIE

What were you talking about with him in the basement. Something about a citizen.

Jack's eyes grow hard. They never leave the street as he speaks.

JACK

Four years ago one of Nugent's top informants stabbed a cab driver.

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)

Nugent needed this guy so he pays a visit to the eye witness. Up to this point the witnesses were nickel and dime scum bags. This one was different. Chinese guy. Sixty something. A citizen minding his own business.

(beat)

The old guy wouldn't budge. Sticks to his story. Frank threatens him but the guy doesn't fold. Gets so mad he shoves his gun in the guy's mouth. Guy drops dead right there. Heart attack. Frank leaves. Family finds the old guy the next day.

Long silence as the *Wedding Parade* comes into view. Behind them the elevator opens and a LARGE FAMILY of NINE emerges and heads for the front doors.

EXT. CONFUCIUS PLACE

The bridal chair passing. Held high above the crowd. Heavily curtained to prevent the bride from glimpsing unlucky sights. Mirrors of all shapes and sizes decorate it's red satin sheath, protecting her from evil influence. FAMILY scatters grain and beans as symbols of fertility. ATTENDANTS with lanterns and banners swirl among them. A papier-mache Unicorn dances around her for luck. MUSICIANS play a Chinese wedding SONG.

The Hotel doors open, the LARGE FAMILY oozes outside. Nugent and Mulvey seeing it right away. Pushing through the CROWDED SIDEWALK towards the Family. Getting to them just as they are swallowed up by the crowd.

Pulling them apart but Jack and Eddie are not there. Nugent and Mulvey whipping around, eyes searching the sidewalk...

ON JACK

Out the SERVICE DOORS and into the middle of the street. Surrounded by *swirling color and movement*. A dozen parasols spinning along side Jack. Behind him a twenty foot DRAGON snakes in and out of the CROWD. The firecrackers being set off to frighten away evil spirits all around him.

Eddie six yards ahead of him.

EXT. CONFUCIUS PLACE

The spectacle flowing past the barricades and outside the established perimeter. The Groom, accompanied by a child as an omen of his future sons, waits for his bride.

JACK

Safety just fifteen yards away. Willing himself to keep going. *Ten yards...*

REVELERS CHANT. Behind Jack the Dragon slithers away revealing *Mulvey, stepping up from behind, Glock coming up.* The dragon snakes back in between them...

Mulvey trying to push it out of the way, finally ducking underneath it only to find... *Jack gone.*

Pushing through the CROWD as the CAMERA drifts up high over Confucius Place, the THRONGS of PEOPLE spilling away in all directions...

INT. VIDEO ARCADE - MORNING

Noisy and crammed with ASIAN YOUTHS. One PUNK banging on the rest room door, throwing up his hands.

JACK'S WATCH

Sitting on the edge of a sink. 9:12

INT. VIDEO ARCADE REST ROOM

Two stalls, a urinal and a rusty sink where Jack runs water over his hand. Eddie standing on the toilet tank peering through a mesh grating that looks onto the street.

EDDIE'S POV

West Broadway and in particular a shoe shine stand across the street that is presently unoccupied.

ARCADE REST ROOM

Eddie jumping down.

EDDIE
Six blocks.

JACK
Might as well be six miles we don't get some help.

EDDIE
They say there are no shortcuts to places worth going.

Jack stuffing paper towels in his palm. Laughs.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Someone's going to help us, Jack.
Don't you worry.

JACK
I shot a cop and you're a rat.
Who's going to help us.

Eddie smiles a weary smile and lets it go.

EDDIE
We'll make it. And before ten.
Cause I have to be -

JACK
-- someplace before noon. Where do
you have to be that's so important?

EDDIE
A place. Got to pick up something.

Cynical laugh from Jack.

EDDIE (cont'd)
It's not what you think. I'm a
baker Jack.

JACK
Thief to cake maker. Just like
that.

Bleeding stopped. Eddie up on the toilet checking again.
Nothing.

EDDIE
Not just like that. It was a
process. A journey. Because I
followed the signs.
(jumps back down)
Like nine months ago I'm
incarcerated. They throw this
ancient guy in with me. Marvis.
Has cancer in his throat, so he can
hardly talk. But that first night
he says something that started it
all. Says, "If you always do what
you always done, you'll always have
what you always got".
(beat)
Well I don't like what I got.
Thievin' gives me upset stomachs
and I suck at it. Maybe I should
try something else.

JACK
I'm sure check washing crossed your
mind.

EDDIE
Nope. Cakes. On the inside I'm
known for my cakes.

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)

But as a goof, I start decorating them. Anything you could think of. Girlfriends. Cars. Gang logos. You name it. Find out I'm great at it.

(beat)

I got nothin' but time so I do my due diligence and find you can make good money on birthday cakes. Kid ones. Put Barney or a Dragon Ball on one and *whoosh*, your mark-up is through the roof.

Jack just staring at this kid. Nods for Eddie to check again, so he climbs back up and checks the shoe shine stand. Empty.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Nothing.

(beat)

Anyway I get out and start saving for my own place. I'm doin' okay but I don't see a bakery in my future any time soon. Which I figure will cost thirty grand to get started. But I keep tellin' myself *do what you've always done, have what you always got.*

(shrugs)

I didn't give up like I always did. I had faith for some reason. Then one amazing episode after another and I have the money.

(beat)

Why was that old guy was put in with me? It was a sign. And this time I didn't miss it. We'll be okay. Because I was meant to bake cakes.

Eddie climbing to look again.

JACK

Hate to burst your bubble kid, but in 23 years of police work I've never met a thief that stayed out.

EDDIE

People change Jack.

JACK

Dates change. Seasons change. People don't.

Eddie shakes his head then spots something across the street.

EDDIE

Tall, skinny guy?

EXT. SHOE SHINE STAND - MORNING

SHAQUILLE EVANS sits on his high shoe shine chair, legs stretched. Munching on a Cinnabon, licking his fingers and watching gaggles of KOREAN GIRLS waddle by. A sign behind him reads: SHINIST OF FINE FOOTWEAR

Six-nine, 165 pounds, he looks like a praying mantis in shiny lime green sweats. A burn scar puckers his left cheek, drawing the eye into a permanent squint. An old thirty.

A SANITATION WORKER moseys up and holds out a twenty.

SANITATION WORKER
They said you got phone cards.

SHAQUILLE
I got phone cards, green cards,
credit cards, ID cards. I'm the
card king, garbage man.

Shaquille reaching into his shine box and taking out a pile of pre-paid phone cards wrapped in a rubber band.

Shaquille (cont'd)
How many minutes you want?

The Worker takes a sixty minute card for his twenty and walks away revealing Jack and Eddie standing there.

INT. SHAQUILLE'S APARTMENT

The door opens and Shaquille leads Jack and Eddie inside. Ozzy and Harriet neat and clean with matching furniture and wall to wall.

SHAQUILLE
Honey! Look who's here?
(beat)
I'll get my keys.

Shaquille heads down the hall as his wife, SALMA appears in the kitchen doorway. Pretty Puerto Rican woman in her late 20's. Her glare saying it all. She hates Jack.

JACK
(uncomfortable)
Salma.

She turns back into the kitchen without a word.

EDDIE
A guy saves your life you owe him.
Therefore you take your best friend
from that bus stop.

JACK
And leave the women. I don't think
that makes you a good soul. Do
you?

EDDIE
(slumping)
No.

Silence... Suddenly Eddie brightens.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Chuck Berry.
(off Jack's look)
Was an armed robber. Went to
prison.

Jack looks completely confused.

EDDIE (cont'd)
You said nobody changes. He
changed.

Jack staring at Eddie.

EDDIE (cont'd)
What?

JACK
Nothing. I was just visualizing
duct tape over your mouth.
(beat)
SHAQ!

SHAQUILLE (O.S.)
One sec!

Shaquille emerging from the bedroom. Stops outside a
doorway and motions Jack over. Jack peering into the den.
Shaquille's SON, 7, playing Playstation2.

JACK
Big.

SHAQUILLE
Eight next month.

About to start out when he looks at the big screen Sony.

SHAQUILLE (cont'd)
What's that you're playin'?

LITTLE SHAQUILLE
Nothing.

SHAQUILLE
Hey.

Kid shrugs sheepishly.

LITTLE SHAQUILLE
 (almost inaudible)
 Vice City.

SHAQUILLE
 Turn it off.

LITTLE SHAQUILLE
 Nooooooooooooooooo!

SHAQUILLE
 Turn it off or I'm disconnecting
 Playstation.

LITTLE SHAQUILLE
 Bram and William play it.

SHAQUILLE
 They swallow razor blades you gonna
 do that too? It's too violent.
 It's rated M. You know what that
 means? Now turn it off!

LITTLE SHAQUILLE
 (turning it off)
 I hate you.

INT. APARTMENT PARKING GARAGE

Trunk's open of Shaquille's '98 Town car. Eddie climbing in.

SHAQUILLE
 (to Jack)
 Yes sir. Me and Jack go back a
 long ways. When I went up, he took
 care of things down here for me.
 Food, bills...

Jack tucking his gun in his waist.

JACK
 Lafayette to Centre. Pull in
 downstairs. Pop the trunk and go
 home. Slates clean.

INT. TOWN CAR TRUNK

Jack climbing in, Shaquille shutting the trunk. BLACKNESS.
 Bodies getting comfortable.

EXT. BROADWAY - AFTERNOON

Shaquille eases the Lincoln on to Broadway and heads south.
 Keeping the car in traffic's flow.

INT. TRUNK

Intermittent glow from the BRAKE LIGHTS the only light source. The car begins to move and we're plunged into darkness. After a moment...

 EDDIE (OS)
Barry White.
 (beat)
Stole three hundred tires and went
to jail. He changed too.

 JACK (OS)
Can it. We need the air.

INT. TOWN CAR

Shaquille easing into the stop and go as traffic congests. Clutches the steering wheel with NERVOUSNESS. Eyes peeled and uncomfortable.

INT. TRUNK

Hot in here now. BRAKE LIGHTS on again as the car stops. Jack and Eddie back to back. Eddie humming.

 JACK
What's that you keep humming?

 EDDIE
Sorry I'll stop.

 JACK
I know that tune. Do it again

Eddie does it almost inaudibly. Jack following it in his head. Car moving again.

 JACK (cont'd)
Wheels on the bus?
 (half singing)
*The wheels on the bus goes round
and round, all through the town.*

Eddie starts singing it.

 EDDIE
*The people on the bus go up and
down, up and down...*

 JACK
I though it was the horn went toot-
toot-toot.

EDDIE
That comes after. Wheels, people,
horn then money in the box.
There's more but I can't remember
'em.

JACK
Whatever. Why that stupid song?

EDDIE
I don't know. My sister sung it to
me when I was little. Said if I
sang it to myself the scary stuff
would go away.

JACK
How old are you?

EDDIE
Twenty-four.

JACK
Twenty-four and you believe singing
an idiotic song like Wheels-On-The-
Bus will make you brave.

Eddie doesn't respond.

JACK (cont'd)
You know it's stupid, right?

EDDIE
I guess.

JACK
You guess?

EDDIE
Okay it's stupid. I won't do it
anymore.

JACK
Do it, don't do it. I don't care.
I'm just saying it's stupid.

EDDIE
I heard you the first time.

Eddie moves away from Jack. Jack suddenly aware he's hurt
Eddie's feelings.

JACK
Look--

EDDIE
I'm not doing it anymore, okay?
Just drop it.

Car hits a pot hole causing both to wince. Jack feeling
badly. After some silence...

JACK

The wipers on the bus go swish-swish-swish, then the doors go open and shut then the driver on the bus says *move on back*. That's the rest.

The faintest smile appears on Eddie's face. The car turning again. Ride bumpy all of a sudden. A quick flash of the brake light reveals a strange look on Jack's face.

INT. TOWN CAR

Shaquille nervously steering the car down a service alley, sweating profusely in spite of the AC on high.

Suddenly Jack's .38 is at his temple.

JACK

Where you going Shaq?

Rear seat pushed out, Jack COCKING THE HAMMER back.

SHAQUILLE

(stammering)

Frank pulled me just before you showed! Said if you reached out I gotta call him. Threatened my kid! Swear to Christ I didn't want to--

Suddenly through the windshield Nugent, Torres and Mulvey grow larger as the car heads towards them.

Jack's over the seat, JAMMING HIS FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR and PUSHING SHAQUILLE OUT THE DOOR. The Lincoln jerking forward and barreling down on Nugent.

Nugent, Torres and Mulvey FIRING THEIR WEAPONS into the car. Windshield SHATTERS as Jack dives into the back...

EXT. ALLEY

Nugent and company EMPTYING THEIR GUNS into the oncoming car as it CAREENS OFF THE ALLEY WALLS, the Lincoln almost on top of them.

BLAM! The trunk cylinder BLOWN INTO THE AIR, trunk flying open. Jack and Eddie tumbling out of it and onto the pavement right before the Lincoln SLAMS INTO A GARBAGE BIN.

Jack getting off THREE SHOTS before taking off.

JACK AND EDDIE

Racing into the middle of Lafayette Street. MTA bus chugging through traffic just ahead. Nugent's COPS flying onto the sidewalks.

Jack breathing through his mouth, two heartbeats away from a heart attack. Knee buckling but keeps going. Closing on the bus. Catching up and banging on the door flashing his badge at the driver.

Jack losing steam as the doors swing open. Eddie jumping on then turning, hanging out the door, arm outstretched, grabbing Jack's wrist.

INT. MTA BUS

Eddie pulling Jack inside. Jack over to the driver, badge in his face.

JACK
(breathless)
No stops.

Eddie slumping into a seat near the front. Jack standing next to the driver. TWENTY PASSENGERS scattered through the bus.

Jack watching through the windshield. *The Courthouse*. Five and a half blocks and closing. Checks his watch:

9:20

JACK'S POV

Kaller and Maldonado up ahead, flashing badges in the middle of Lafayette. Mulvey and Torres gaining ground from the rear.

INT. MTA BUS

Jack moves closer to the Driver. Eddie on his feet as the Bus starts to pull over.

JACK
Keep going.

Cops moving in front of the bus now. Driver's confused but keeps it moving. Past Kaller and Maldonado who race to keep up.

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET

The big M5 RUMBLING towards Canal. Picking up speed...

INT. MTA BUS

Jack's gun on the driver's back. Holding onto the rail as the bus rumbles on.

Suddenly the Bus is JOLTED, swaying WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL. PASSENGERS flying into the aisle.

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET

Torres and Mulvey firing at the Bus' tires. Shredded rubber flying off the rims, SPARKS SHOWERING THE STREET.

The bus listing, screeching and groaning to a stop a block and half from Canal.

INT. BUS

Passengers SCREAMING. Jack off the floor, locking the doors and forcing the driver towards the back.

JACK
Everybody up!

Forcing passengers against the windows face first. Hands over their heads.

JACK (cont'd)
(to Eddie)
Move 'em against the windows!

Eddie positioning people in front of all the windows. Jack pushing FOUR to move towards the front to cover the windshield.

EXT. BUS/INTERSECTION

Mulvey, Torres, Kaller and Maldonado surrounding the bus. Nugent arriving, quickly sizing up the situation.

TORRES
Had to stop it Frank. Runs right to the Courthouse.

NUGENT
Get Gruber here and let's get our stories straight. Going to have to paint a neat picture for command.

RMP's from three Precincts already converging on the intersection.

INT. BUS

Frightened passengers line the windows. Jack moving up the aisle, Eddie like his shadow behind him.

EDDIE
DON'T WORRY EVERYBODY. THIS MAN'S
A POLICE OFFICER. EVERYTHING WILL
BE OKAY. REMAIN CALM.

CRYING from the back of the bus. An OLD MAN having trouble standing, his WIFE becoming hysterical. Those around him trying to keep him up. A SUIT, TIE and BRIEFCASE turns to Jack.

STAB
This guy can't stand any more.

Jack thinks, then grabs several newspapers from off the seats. Rummages around under the Driver's seat, coming away with a roll of duct tape. Hands out pages of the paper to passengers. Everyone taping over their windows with the New York Post and Daily News.

INT. RAYS PIZZA - MINUTES LATER

Staging area being set up. MDT's, hard lines's and dispatch tables being positioned as everybody who needs to be here arrives.

SWAT and HRT are gearing up. Nugent and Gruber talking to DEPUTY COMMISSIONER WAGNER.

GRUBER
Thought we could take care of this
quickly and quietly.

WAGNER
(furious)
Guy shoots a cop and takes a grand
jury witness hostage and you want
me to be--

NUGENT
My fault Bernie. I asked him to
let me handle it. I worked with
Mosley years ago. Felt an
obligation to talk him in. Didn't
realize he was this gone.

Hostage Negotiator MIKE SHEEHAN walks up clipping a headset to his ear.

SHEEHAN
What do we got?

WAGNER
 Cop. Vet. Flipped, shot a
 detective and took a hostage an
 hour ago. Now this.

Sheehan eyes the group. Decides not to say anything.

SHEEHAN
 How many in there?

WAGNER
 We're blind right now. We're
 checking the route.

Sheehan stares at the bus. Papers finished going up.

SHEEHAN
 Suicidal?

WAGNER
 Been to the farm twice the last
 four years. Nothing like this
 though.

Sheehan eyes Nugent.

SHEEHAN
 What do you know?

NUGENT
 After he nailed Jerry he spouted
 something about making headlines.

SHEEHAN
 Let's get him a radio and let's see
 what he wants.

EXT. BUS/INTERSECTION

A CROWD has packed the sidewalks, PEOPLE hang out windows to
 watch.

Black clad SWAT Snipers line the rooftops, high powered
 rifles pointed at the bus. Scopes reflecting the rising sun.

INT. BUS

Jack and Eddie moving passengers to the back. Jack looking
 at that Chinese Woman who's face is stiff with fear.
 Mumbling a prayer only she can hear.

Jack kneels, says something in Chinese. She looks up and
 suddenly seems calm.

A VOICE booms through the bus.

SHEEHAN (OS)
 This is Sergeant Mike Sheehan.
 I'll be the one talking to you.
 First thing I need to do is get a
 radio to you so we can talk. Make
 sure everyone is alright.

JACK'S POV

Sheehan behind a Patrol Car, bullhorn in hand. Jack's eyes scan the rest of the block. Sharpshooters and Police everywhere.

INTERSECTION

The bus doors open. Sheehan removes his windbreaker and steps in front of the car. Arms in the air, Police radio in his right hand.

SHEEHAN
 I am not armed. I'm just going to
 step in there, hand you a radio and
 make sure we've got no injuries...

JACK (OS)
 Throw it.

Sheehan stops.

SHEEHAN
 I need to--

The bus doors start to close.

SHEEHAN (cont'd)
 Okay!

The doors stop and Sheehan under hands the radio through them.

INT. BUS

Doors hiss shut. Eddie retrieves the radio and hands it to Jack. RADIO already CACKLING.

SHEEHAN (OS)
 You copy me, Jack?

JACK
 (into radio)
 Everybody's okay in here.

SHEEHAN (OS)
 Good. That's good. How many
 people you have in there Jack?

Eddie mouthing nineteen. Jack about to say it then stops.

JACK

Twenty-two. Including me and the kid.

SHEEHAN (O.S.)

Good. I think it's important that we're honest with each other. So I'm going to tell you what's what. We're going to do whatever it takes to ensure the safety of the hostages. I understand you've been under a lot of pressure and that it's been a rough day for you.

(beat)

But that ends here. It'll be up to you how.

(beat)

The block's sealed. SWAT and HRT are in place. It's a frozen zone.

(beat)

So let's work this out and we can all go home and hug our loved ones.

(beat)

Because this is as far as you go, Jack.

JACK'S POV

Nothing but guns trained on the bus. 360 degrees of automatic weapons scatter the landscape. Rooftops, store fronts, vehicles. Even the SOUNDS of HELICOPTERS can be heard above.

Watches Wagner and Gruber talking with Sheehan. Then sees Nugent staring at the bus. Looking RIGHT at the window Jack's peering out of. Like he can see him...

INT. BUS

Jack moves away. Every terrified face on the bus on him. Looks at his watch.

9:25

Jack sits. You can see all hope and desire ebb from his broken body. Eyes dim. Shoulders slump. Eddie sits next to him and puts his hand on Jack's shoulder.

EDDIE

They say in every adversity there's seeds for a greater opportunity.

Jack doesn't respond. Just stares at the floor. Whatever fight that was left is long gone.

Eddie gets up and walks to the back window and peers out. Jack notices Eddie's notebook on the seat beside him. Flips it open...

THE NOTEBOOK

Beginning pages crammed with cake designs, recipes and ingredients. Deeper in, the pages are filled with calculations of costs, equipment prices and lists of various distributors. Business cards, lease agreement from a Seattle building owner taped to some pages. A question mark next to Jack's name. Months of painstaking thought. Each page filled with hope, craft and hard work.

INT. BUS

Jack looking up at Eddie. Differently this time. The kid consoling a LATINO WOMAN, that ever present smile soothing her.

Jack's eyes drifting to the radio on the seat across from him. Picks it up.

JACK
(into radio)
Sheehan.

SHEEHAN (O.S.)
Right here Jack.

JACK
Here's my demands. I want District Attorney MacDonald, a court stenographer and a member of the television media to board this bus to witness and record sworn testimony.
(beat)
After we talk we all walk out of here.

SHEEHAN (O.S.)
That's a tall order Jack. It's going to take some--

Jack cutting him off.

JACK
DA, court reporter and a media person I would know. Thirty minutes or I start shooting.

Eddie shocked by Jack's tone. Turns to Passengers.

EDDIE
He's kidding.

Jack clicks off the radio. Moves to back of bus.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Bring the courthouse to us. That's brilliant.

JACK
Everybody up.

INT. RAY'S PIZZERIA

Keenan look back at MacDonald then to Sheehan.

WAGNER
He knows nobody's going in that bus? What's he up to?

Sheehan about to say something when the BUS DOORS open and the radio is tossed out to the pavement.

WAGNER(cont'd)
Prepare a breach.

STAGING AREA

SWAT TEAMS put on their gear and ready assault weapons. RAY FITZPATRICK, chiseled vet of 18 years is popping in an earpiece when Frank Nugent taps him on the shoulder.

FITZPATRICK
Frank.

NUGENT
Ray. You guys going in?

FITZPATRICK
Looks like it.

Nugent pulls him away from the others.

NUGENT
I need you to do something.

INT. BUS

Jack gathering the passengers into the center aisle. Sizing up the GUY IN THE SUIT. Looking at his grey suit. Two buttons and pants with cuffs. Points to him...

JACK
You.
(nods over to Eddie)
Change clothes with him.

EDDIE
Me? What for?

JACK
You wanted a suit didn't you?

Eddie sensing something's not right.

EDDIE
What are you doing?

JACK
You're leaving with them.

Eddie's stunned.

EDDIE
Why? They're coming here, right?
You told them to bring everybody
here.

JACK
No one's coming, Eddie. I just
said that so they wouldn't be ready
when this goes down.

Eddie's confused.

EDDIE
What about testifying?

JACK
Forget about testifying.
(beat)
In less than 10 minutes they're
going to breach the bus. Stun
grenades, tear gas and AK-47's.
Five seconds from bang to bullets.
They'll kill me and you then go
have a sandwich. Stay in here and
you'll die. The only chance you
have is to get OFF this bus.
(beat)
It's over.

Eddie stares into Jack's spiritless eyes. Just now starting
to understand.

EDDIE
What about making that guy pay?
(beat)
Don't quit now, Jack. We're a
team. Maybe we're not seeing a
sign we're supposed to see.
Maybe...

But Jack's already made up his mind, leading the line to the
front of the bus.

EXT. BUS/INTERSECTION

SWAT and HRT take up positions around the bus. RADIOS cackle as everyone readies for an all out assault.

When the Bus doors open. Hands up, one after another, passengers step down onto the street.

Confusion. RADIOS all blare with "Hold your Fire!" Commands.

INT. RAY'S PIZZERIA

Wagner, Gruber, Nugent and Sheehan watch stunned as it unfolds.

 WAGNER
What's he doing? He giving up?

 SHEEHAN
Fuck if I know.

MORE passengers drift into the street...

EXT. BUS/INTERSECTION

Helmeted SWAT TEAMS dart into the intersection grabbing passengers and pulling them away from the bus while sharpshooters remain focused on the door.

INT. BUS

Jack stands near the front doors out of street view. Eddie in the middle of the line dressed in the grey suit. He can't help looking down at it. Exactly what he wanted.

 JACK
 (to passengers)
Remember keep your hands above your
heads until they tell you to put
'em down.

Eddie moving next to Jack.

 EDDIE
This isn't the way it was supposed
to be.

Jack ignoring him. Tapping each passenger to signal they can step out. Eddie sounding more like a child now, fear in his voice.

 EDDIE (cont'd)
Listen to me. I don't want to
leave like this. I---

Jack pulls Eddie into line, adjusts his tie.

JACK
When you get out there, they'll
haul you to a debriefing area.
It's going to be hectic in there...

EDDIE
Jack. I need to tell you how much--

JACK
Try and get out of there fast. Get
past the perimeter and don't look
back.

Jack pushes him out the door.

EXT. BUS/INTERSECTION

Eddie stepping onto the street, hands shielding his eyes as
two SWAT OFFICERS swoop down, grab him by the arms and whisk
him away from the bus.

INT. BUS

Jack peering through a slit in the newspaper as Eddie is led
through the crowd. FOUR more PASSENGERS remain...

INT. FLOWER SHOP

Crammed and LOUD. Hastily set up area where HRT DETECTIVES
interview the released passengers. Eddie's dropped into the
hands of a PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER.

PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER
You hurt?

Eddie shakes his head, eyeing the confusion and chaos in
here.

PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER (cont'd)
We're gonna take a statement and
ask you some questions.

Eddie being led to the rear of the flower store. Spots Torres
and Mulvey huddling near the front door.

EDDIE
There a bathroom here?

EXT. SIDE ALLEY

Eddie exits the shop through the service door and walks
through a swarm of UNIFORMED POLICE milling about. Onto the
sidewalk, turns left and is swallowed up by the CROWD.

ON EDDIE

As he ducks under the yellow police tape as MORE SWAT race past him.

He's free.

But for some reason Eddie stops. Eyes the GIANT CLOCK above the BANK:

9:29

Then taking in SWAT TEAMS getting ready to breach. Looking to the solitary bus, the LAST TWO PASSENGERS stepping out to safety and the doors hissing shut.

INT. BUS - SAME TIME

Jack stands alone amongst the fluttering newspapers. Sealed inside and resigned to his fate.

EXT. BUS/INTERSECTION

SWAT MOVING like a well-oiled machine. Positions taken by STUN GRENADE MARKSMEN. Safeties are switched OFF, target sited...

When out of nowhere EDDIE STEPS UNDER THE POLICE TAPE AND INTO THE INTERSECTION. Walking towards the bus, hands over his head.

EDDIE
HOLD IT! DON'T SHOOT YET!

UTTER CONFUSION. COPS looking to OTHER COPS for instructions. RADIOS start CACKLING with CONFLICTING SHOUTS to STAND DOWN or GET HIM OUT OF THERE.

CHAOS slowly ERUPTS

The STAB being escorted to the Flower Shop trying to tell anyone who will listen that that's his suit! But ALL EYES are on Eddie.

NUGENT recognizing Eddie and racing to the line to get a SHOT.

Eddie walking towards the bus, hands still in the air, IGNORING THE PANDEMONIUM around him.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Don't shoot! I forget something in there!

Ten yards away... Nugent *PUSHING* through the *THRONGS*, gun out of his holster. Taking *AIM*... Then *JOSTLED* by *SWAT* who *SWARM* the intersection and try to get Eddie's attention.

INT. BUS - SAME TIME

Jack *HEARING* the *COMMOTION* and peering out to see what's happening. All he can see are *CONFUSED SWAT TEAMS* moving into the intersection and *SCREAMING* at someone...

Then *BANGING* on the bus *DOORS*. Jack looking over and seeing a *NOTEBOOK* slide between the rubber sealers.

The *DOORS* are *PRIED OPEN* and Eddie steps up into the bus.

EDDIE
Almost forgot. You never told me what you wanted on your cake.

JACK
Are you out of your mind!

EDDIE
Well I wanted to send you something. You know, to thank you for all you did for me.

Jack is almost speechless.

JACK
You got away, you dumb shit!

EDDIE
I never get away, Jack. You saw my sheet. At least doing what I always did.
(beat)
I just want to do what I said I'd do. So I don't end up like I always have.

Jack staring at the kid. Eddie staring right back. About to say more...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Windows imploding as gas canisters and stun grenades pierce the bus.

Both hitting the floor. Jack crawling to the drivers seat, starting the bus and hitting the accelerator.

EXT. BUS/INTERSECTION

The bus rolls forward. Rumbling straight through the barricades in front of it. *SWAT TEAMS* fire from every angle, *BULLETS STRAFING THE ENTIRE BUS*.

Bus picking up speed. Sparks and smoke coming from the wheel drums. The *SOUND* of metal grinding on cement is unearthly.

Confusion from all Units as the bus begins to outrun them.
Heading directly for Canal.

EXT. CANAL STREET

Massive cement barricades already set in place. Behind them an army of FIRE and EMS trucks. Behind them, a DOZEN SHARPSHOOTERS, assault rifles aimed and ready. This bus is going no further than here.

INT. BUS

Eddie holding on as the bus lists from side to side. Jack tearing off a piece of a newspaper to see. Gaining speed as Canal approaches. Both seeing the barricades for the first time.

JACK
Any words of wisdom now, smart guy?

EDDIE
Look for the signs.

Bullets spray the inside of the bus. Ricochetting everywhere. Jack looking through the shattered windows and smoke for something. Anything. Eyes catching a metal sign on the side of a building stating: *ALL DELIVERIES THIS WAY.* And arrow pointing down a service alley.

JACK
Hold on.

Eddie STARTS SINGING Wheels-On-The-Bus LOUDLY and falls into a seat as Jack swings the wheel hard left.

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET

The right side of the bus lifting off the ground as it makes the turn at full speed. Straightens, landing hard, sparks shooting from all four rims.

Screaming towards the mouth of an alley as SWAT TEAMS scramble to keep up.

INT. BUS - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The alley opening approaching fast... and looking way too small. Eddie humming louder now. Turning away a split second before...

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET/ALLEY WAY

... the bus slams into the opening. Sides grinding against the brick walls, peeling open like a can opener. Mirrors, reflectors and door handles splintering.

Then stops. The bus wedged a third of the way in. Smoke billowing from underneath, the smell of burning metal intense.

ALLEY WAY

In milliseconds the bus is surrounded. From rooftops SWAT and HRT descend onto the bus' roof. In the front an EMS truck slams into the crumpled grill. From the rear an army of Tactics already leveling their weapons awaiting word.

The bus sitting there hissing. The sound of rustling newspaper flapping in blown out windows.

Sheehan racing up, RADIO cackling.

WAGNER (OS)
Breach it!

MORE stun grenades and tear gas are blasted through the shot out windows.

INT. BUS

SWAT TEAMS in masks crash through the back and side windows. A thick smoke hides everything except for the pin point lasers from SWAT rifles as they sweep the interior.

Ray Fitzpatrick taking the point and moving towards the front.

Smoke clearing as they get to the front... Ray ready to put down anything that moves... *Then finds the buses doors open and wedged almost parallel to an alley delivery door. Which hangs open.*

EXT. CENTRE STREET

BUSINESSES and SHOPS emptying as PEDESTRIANS head north towards Canal to see the commotion. Eyes on the AVIATION UNITS circling the block.

Jack and Eddie moving against the flow. The Courthouse right there three blocks straight ahead and nothing in their way. Eddie clutching his coat tight. Jack still reeling. Thinking if Eddie didn't come back... If he was on that bus alone...

Eddie's eyes seem different. Unfocused. His steps sluggish. His notebook slips from his coat as they cross the intersection at Franklin.

Jack looking back and spotting Eddie's notebook fluttering in the middle of Franklin. Looking up at the courthouse. Two blocks to go. Willing himself to ignore the book and keep going. Starting to walk faster...

JACK

Shit...

Jack turns and jogs the half a block for the book. Holding up traffic as he picks it up and starts back towards Eddie.

Holding up for Eddie to see. *Then watching Eddie fall to the pavement for no apparent reason.* Racing up and pulling him to his feet.

JACK (cont'd)

You okay?

EDDIE

I think I got shot.

Jack now seeing the blood seeping from Eddie's neck. Grabbing him around the waist, pulling to his feet and towards the courthouse as Eddie hums.

JACK

Two more blocks.

Eddie nods again. Takes a few more steps... *and stops humming.*

INT. TIRE WAREHOUSE

A massive, warehouse filled with used tires waiting to be melted down. Eddie lays alone in darkness. Jack's shirt covers the wound but is now soaked in blood...

The massive warehouse door is rolled open and Jack quickly moves to Eddie's side. Presses on the shirt harder.

JACK

I got help on the way. Just hang in there. We're almost home.

Eddie barely nods. Eyes closing.

JACK (cont'd)

C'mon. You gotta stay awake. Talk to me. Bus stop. Three people. Who you gonna save?

Eddie stares into nothingness. Eyes searching for something. Suddenly there's a hint of sparkle in them and Eddie smiles.

EDDIE
I know the answer, Jack.

JACK
The friend. Loyalty.

Eddie shakes his head. Finding peace within himself he looks up at Jack.

EDDIE
Port Authority.

Jack looks at Eddie, not understanding.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Locker there with thirty-two
thousand dollars in it.
(beat)
Except they sweep the lockers out
every 24 hours.
(beat)
That's why I have to get there by
noon.

Jack pulls the shirt away and sees the wound for the first time. An uneasy feeling fills him.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Couple days ago this guy Maurice
turns up at my place with a gun and
a shoebox he took it from a dealer
on Ocean Avenue. Needs a place to
lay low. I tell him I'm on
parole... but he's not asking.

Jack working more feverishly as Eddie's words flow out dreamlike.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Then somebody deceased Maurice that
next morning.
(beat)
Inside that shoebox was thirty-two
thousand, Jack. Exact amount to
open my bakery. It was a sign,
wasn't it?

JACK
A big, bold one.

Jack pressing the shirt against Eddie's neck trying to slow the blood flow.

EDDIE
Stashed it in a locker at Port
Authority yesterday. But when I
come back to my room my P.O.'s
standing there with Maurice's gun
on my bed.
(beat)

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)
 I'm looking at fifteen years for
 having a weapon that's not mine.
 Until that DA happens to stop by my
 cell with the picture of that cop.
 (beat)
 Which is how I met you.
 (beat)
 See how it all makes sense?

Jack nods. Then Eddie goes silent.

JACK
 Hey. You're not going to die on me
 are you?

The words are hoarse.

EDDIE
 I don't know. I never died before.

Drifting off.

JACK
 Eddie.

An effort to open his eyes.

JACK (cont'd)
 You were meant to have that bakery.

Eddie's mouth cracks the tiniest smile.

EDDIE
 Did I hear something positive come
 out of that mouth of yours?

Jack leans in close.

JACK
 You need to make it Eddie. For
 both of us.

Suddenly red and white lights swirl across the warehouse walls... Jack turning as an EMT Truck pulls into the warehouse. TWO Paramedics exit the vehicle, engine still running.

The woman is in her 40's and carries a weary, battered grace about her. Her name tag reads: DIANE. The DRIVER is younger and is following her lead.

Diane kneels over a shivering Eddie without looking at Jack. Views the wound without expression.

INT. EMT TRUCK

The back doors blowing open as Jack and the DRIVER load Eddie onto a secured gurney. Wall mounted Medic kit is popped open. A saline drip is prepared.

Diane cuts off Eddie's shirt and rolls him onto his side to find the exit wound.

Small, round burn marks made by cigarettes dot Eddie's torso. Years of them. Diane flicks Jack a glance to make sure he's seen them, then gets to work.

DIANE

I don't know if I can fix this here.

Takes Eddie's hand, has him hold a piece of gauze over the hole while she grabs a syringe.

Diane injects it into the wound and Eddie winces. Looking at her more closely.

EDDIE

You're the lady whose apartment we were in...

DIANE

(to Jack)

You went to my apartment?

JACK

I needed my gun.

EDDIE

It was very clean.

Diane staring at Jack.

EDDIE (cont'd)

There's a hole in your Murphy bed. Other than that...

She tries to continue working, then stops. Eyes boring into Jack.

DIANE

I had Police grilling me for an hour at the hospital.

JACK

What'd you tell them?

DIANE

That we've barely spoken in two years. That you were a self medicating, depressed individual. That you didn't care anymore. About anything or anyone.

(beat)

I told them the truth.

Jack stares at the floor. Eddie very uncomfortable.

DIANE (cont'd)

What'd you do this time, Jack?

EDDIE
 Just saved my life three times.
 I'm an important witness to police
 corruption.

Diane looks to Jack for an explanation but gets none.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 He's a good man, lady. Give him
 another chance. He's gonna need
 somebody to talk to when I leave.

Jack and Diane stare at each other for several moments.

JACK
 Eddie? Meet my sister, Diane

EDDIE
 Sister? Shit. For a second there
 I had hope for you. Even your
 family don't like you.

Diane begins stitching the wound. Eyes wandering to Jack.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 Haven't seen my sister in eleven
 years. Lives in Seattle. I'm
 supposed to get on a bus tonight to
 go see her.

Diane smiles at Eddie but refuses to look at Jack.

DIANE
 The bullet missed his carotid. I
 did what I could with the mess in
 there. He moves around too much I
 can't promise it'll hold.

Ties it off and cuts. Dresses it. Slides over and takes
 Jack's hand. Undoing the wrap...

DIANE (cont'd)
 He really shouldn't be on his feet.

JACK
 A couple blocks.

Diane sighs when she sees the bullet hole.

JACK (cont'd)
 I'm going to need one more favor,
 Di.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY

Diane's EMT truck pulls out of the warehouse and slides onto
 Franklin.

INT. BACK OF EMT TRUCK

Jack and Eddie bouncing around on opposite sides. Weariness oozes from both of them.

EDDIE
And you never told me what you wanted on your cake.

JACK
Nothing in my life I want to see in icing.

EDDIE
Gotta be one thing. Pet, first car. Special day.

JACK
There are some people who don't deserve to have part of their life decorated on a cake. I'm one of them.
(beat)
I'm not a good guy, Eddie.

EDDIE
I think you are.
(beat)
But if you don't think so, then change. There's always a another chance. Third and fourth ones. I'm proof of that. Just have to be ready for them. Look for the signs. Don't quit.

Jack stares into space at something only he can see.

JACK
There are mistakes you make that you pay for, for the rest of your life. No reprieves. No second chances.

EDDIE
I don't believe that.
(beat)
Sometimes we do the right thing for the wrong reason or the wrong thing for what we think is the right reason and it doesn't work out and we give up. But if you do the right thing for the right reason it always turns out good. Maybe not right away. But eventually...

JACK
Eventually is a bunch of--

EDDIE
 Don't. Let me have this one, Jack.
 It's all I got left to hold on to.

Jack nods, understands. Long silence. Then the Truck starts to slow down.

EXT. FRANKLIN AND CHURCH - MORNING

Diane's truck rolling to a stop in front of two unmarked POLICE CARS blocking the street. Frank Nugent and Jimmy Mulvey leaning against hoods.

Nugent walking to her side of the truck as Mulvey covers the driver's side. Diane rolls down her window, eyes showing surprise but no fear.

NUGENT
 Diane.

DIANE
 Frank.

NUGENT
 A little out of your sector, aren't you?

DIANE
 Saving lives knows no boundaries.
 You should know that Frank.

Nugent done being polite.

NUGENT
 Step out of the vehicle and open the back for me.

DIANE
 What for?

Nugent flings open the door and pulls her out of the truck. Mulvey pulling the Driver out and taking his keys. All four moving to the rear.

INT. BACK OF EMT TRUCK

Eddie unhooking the IV from his arm. Jack trying to hear outside.

EDDIE
 Think we're here already? Maybe something happened.

JACK
 I don't know. I told him to honk the horn if there was.

The SOUND of the KEY being inserted into the back doors.

EXT. EMT TRUCK

Mulvey turns the key as Frank trains his gun on the back. The SOUND of the bolts clicking open. Mulvey un-holstering his weapon and looking to Nugent who nods. Mulvey pulls the handle...

INT. EMT TRUCK

Jack holding his .38 at his side as both doors open...

EXT. EMT TRUCK

Mulvey flinging the doors wide open to reveal...

Nothing. An empty truck. At the same time...

INT. EMT TRUCK

The doors to Jack's truck open to reveal CARL, veteran EMT driver standing outside *his* truck.

CARL
This as far as I can get ya. They
got check points from here on in.

JACK AND EDDIE

Moving down Leonard Street. Top of the Courthouse peeking above the buildings. Not a cop in sight.

EDDIE
Maybe they gave up.

Getting to the corner of Centre and Leonard. Peering out at the Courthouse...

JACK AND EDDIE'S POV - THE COURTHOUSE

The towering granite monolith with massive columns supporting the chiseled words... "*Only The Just Man Enjoys Peace of Mind*".

And beneath it.... *a sea of blue*. DOZENS of Uniforms man barricades that surround the Courthouse entrance. MEDIA VANS line the edges of Foley Park.

JACK AND EDDIE

Almost breathless from the sight. Jack checking his watch:

9:38

COURTHOUSE ROOF

Ray Fitzpatrick nestles himself between columns and sights his rifle on the plaza below. The RADIO next to him CACKLES.

NUGENT (OS)
All set up there Ray?

FITZPATRICK
Set.

NUGENT (OS)
You know the drill.

FITZPATRICK
I see 'em, I shoot 'em.

INT. A VERY DARK AREA - SAME TIME

Nugent clipping the radio to his belt then taking out his Glock. Torres and Mulvey hover in the shadows nearby.

We can't tell where they are exactly. A blue emergency light above a fire box the only illumination.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE

A massive steel columned structure sectioned off and consuming the square city block.

Jack and Eddie moving through a section containing City Vehicles and trucks. Just the SOUND of their footsteps and the hum of fluorescents.

JACK
Used to bring witnesses in this way
to avoid the media. Called it
Gotti Avenue. Hardly used anymore.

They walk towards a set of double doors a hundred yards away. The reason we can see them in this darkness... *Is the blue emergency light to the left of them.*

Walking in silence for a bit. 60 yards away from those shadows. Both too tired to talk.

Moving for the doors at the other end. Twenty five yards away. Jack stopping and checking his watch.

9:44

Reaching behind him for his handcuffs.

JACK (cont'd)
I should bring you in right.

Eddie understands. Hold out his arms.

EDDIE
Think we'll ever see each other
after this?

JACK
Not in this lifetime. Think of us
as two shits passing in the night.

Turning and heading right for the doors. Fifteen yards away.
Moving under a section of giant steel beams...

JACK (cont'd)
Hate this area. You have to watch
out for all those pige--

Looking towards the rafters and seeing them empty... *A chill going down his spine at that exact instant.* Shoving Eddie out of the way as gun fire erupts from the shadows.

Jack falling behind a Street Sweeper, firing his .38 blindly. Firing two more shots and dashing to the other side to get Eddie. Finding him behind a snow plow.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE

Nugent, Torres and Mulvey step out of the shadows spread out and advance with precision into the garage.

JACK AND EDDIE

Moving silently between vehicles, staying low. Jack using his gun to smash the fluorescents *plunging the entire section into darkness...*

Steering Eddie deeper into the cars. Towards the back wall but away from any way out...

NUGENT, MULVEY AND TORRES

Moving through the rows of cars and trucks parked end to end. No talk. No taunts. Just focused on killing and going home. Squeezing the target area smaller and smaller.

JACK AND EDDIE

Crawling between a row City Sedans all the same color and markings. HEARING the SOUNDS of their movement but unable to see them. Stopping. Jack easing open the back door to the car.

INT. CITY SEDAN

Jack shoves Eddie inside, removes the cuffs then cracks the window a bit.

JACK
Stay put. When I yell your name
run for those double doors and
don't stop till you get upstairs.

Quietly shuts the door. Eddie's heart pounding as Jack's FOOTSTEPS ECHO away. Neither on noticing the door not completely closed...

ON JACK

Staying low and moving away from Eddie. Seeing under the cars. Waiting. A glimmer of a polished shoe. *BLAM!*

PARKING STRUCTURE

Mulvey's ankle bone shatters as he goes down hard. Torres and Nugent turning towards the SOUND. Moving towards Jack from two directions.

JACK

Leading them farther and farther from Eddie.

TORRES

Standing still and silent in the shadows. Catches sight of Jack's figure moving into the row of SNOW PLOWS. Moving parallel and coming at Jack from his blind side.

Seeing Jack disappear behind one. Moving down on the other side of the Plow. Gun readied waiting for Jack to come around.

Never seeing the Plow door swing open. Hitting Torres hard on the shoulder, knocking him to the cement. Jack out and slamming his gun to Torres skull before he can turn.

NUGENT

Hearing Torres go down. Staring into the black of the parking structure. The first glint of uncertainty in his eyes. A SOUND of FOOTSTEPS running. Nugent turning to the SOUND.

JACK

Crouched behind two Vehicles, willing Nugent to stalk him.

JACK
(to himself)
Come on...

NUGENT

Staring into the shadows. Sensing Jack's position. Starts towards it. Then stops. Those spooky black eyes seeing like bat... *Seeing the door of a parked sedan ajar two rows over.*

INT. CITY SEDAN

Eddie laying frozen on the back floor.

NUGENT

Moving down the aisle towards the Sedan.

JACK

Trying to see where Nugent is but can't.

NUGENT

Glock up. One car away.

INT. CITY SEDAN

Eddie sensing something. A flicker of a SHADOW. Turning to look up just as...

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE

Jack up and opening fire on Eddie's sedan. Blowing out the windshield as Nugent dives away for cover.

INT. CITY SEDAN

Eddie shaking on the floor of the car *as glass rains down on him*. Too scared to wait for Jack. Kicks open the back door and does what Jack wants him to do... *He runs.*

PARKING STRUCTURE

Nugent up at the SOUND. Aiming the Glock as he watches Eddie stumble for the double doors. Nugent casually waiting... Eddie in his sights... About to squeeze one off and...

Freezing as the barrel of Jack's .38 is jammed in his ear.

JACK
Not even a twitch.

EXT. 100 CENTRE STREET - MORNING

The Courthouse still CRAWLING with COPS.

EXT. SAINT FRANCIS CHURCH

A crumbling sanctuary across the street from the Courthouse.

INT. CHURCH

Back doors burst open, Jack and Eddie dragging Nugent inside and dropping him in an aisle between the pews. Jack ripping a tasseled cord from a faded velvet curtain and tying his hands behind him.

JACK
I'm a hundred yards away. That scare ya Frank?

NUGENT
You could be a hundred feet away. The two of ya will never get inside.

JACK
You have it half right.

Checks his watch. 9:50

A SOUND and FATHER JERRY CONNELLY, 50, emerges from his office behind the alter. Unafraid and more than a little tough, even in his priestly get-up.

FATHER CONNELLY
What's going on--

Stops when Jack steps out of the shadows.

FATHER CONNELLY (cont'd)
Mosley?
(smiling)
Twenty years I've been trying to
get you in here.
(beat)
Been on the news my friend. Not
even sure God can help you now.

JACK
Then I guess I'm stuck with you. I
only got a couple minutes.

Father Connelly looks down at the bloodied Frank Nugent.

JACK (cont'd)
Bad guy.

Then to Eddie.

JACK (cont'd)
Good guy.
(beat)
Very good guy.

Father Connelly now looking into Jack's eyes.

JACK (cont'd)
Trying to be a good guy. Just new
at it.

He walks Father Connelly towards the Church doors.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm asking you to trust me Jerry.
What they're saying on the news is
not what is. All I want to do is
set that straight, let the chips
fall where they may.

Father Connelly smiles.

FATHER CONNELLY
In 40 years I've never known you to
ask for anything.

EXT. CHURCH

Father Connelly calling over a UNIFORM then is suddenly being
escorted towards the Courthouse steps.

INT. CHURCH

Jack walks to Eddie, wincing with every breath. Adjusting the gauze on Eddie's neck.

JACK
You hurry, you might make it.

Eddie's confused.

EDDIE
But I have to testify.

Jack squeezes out a wounded sigh.

JACK
No you don't. I used you Eddie. I risked your life because you were going to do what I couldn't.
(beat)
One of the guys they were going to get when you testified? One of them's me Eddie. You were going to get me.
(beat)
Only now I'm going to get me. And him.

Eddie listening. Jack stares up at the ceiling.

JACK (cont'd)
I was one of them. One of the team. And I was in that room when that old man died. I was on his couch when Frank stuck that gun in his mouth.
(beat)
Mr. Ling. Remember his name Frank?

Nugent saying nothing. Jack's words coming harder now.

JACK (cont'd)
I sat there as Frank told the old man that he didn't see what he saw. I watched Frank get more and more pissed because the guy wouldn't change his story. Not understanding why the police are asking him to lie. Frank screaming at him... Next thing I know Frank's got the barrel of his gun in the guy's mouth, hammer back.

The searing, painful images flying through Jack's head.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm screaming at Frank to cool down when he... *just fell.*

Tears starting to show.

JACK (cont'd)
That old man was doing the *right*
thing. He was telling the *truth*.
And he's dead because of it.

Jack staring into space.

JACK (cont'd)
Walked out of there and never said
a word. Not that day. Not the
next. Not ever. Frank knew I
wouldn't. Because he trained me to
be just like him. Only he could
forget it. And I couldn't.

Looks down at Nugent.

JACK (cont'd)
I looked back and realized I was
heading for that night for a long
time. Making my own rules or
following his. Until I was as
broken and corrupt as him.
(beat)
I didn't care after that night.
About me or anything.

The last words echo through the church. For a while no one
speaks.

EDDIE
But you stayed a cop.

Jack looking up.

EDDIE (cont'd)
I mean you didn't retire. Take a
pension and disappear. Deep down
you knew if you left, you'd never
tell. And he'd win.
(beat)
I wasn't meant to meet you. You
were meant to meet me. This is
where you're supposed to be.

Jack finally looks at Eddie but can find no words.

EDDIE (cont'd)
This is your other chance Jack.
You knew that back in that bar.
Only now it's for the right reason.

CHURCH DOORS opening and Father Connelly coming in.

FATHER CONNELLY
It's all set. You tell them
Detective Nugent's whereabouts and
you'll get your say. Deals off you
get there a minute past ten.

JACK
Just saying good-bye.

FATHER CONNELLY
I suggest leaving through my
private quarters. It'll leave you
out near Sixth Avenue. Far away
from what's out there.

Jack smiles. Walks Eddie to a set of doors behind the alter.

JACK
Hope you make it.

EDDIE
I will. It's meant to be Jack.
(beat)
I'll call you sometime.

JACK
Don't. That way I won't know if
you fucked up again. And I can
believe what I want.

In spite of the pain... Eddie smiles. That same damn smile
he had when we first met him in that cell ninety-eight
minutes ago.

EDDIE
Aw Jack. There you go being
negative again.

Turns to go.

JACK
Hey.

Eddie stopping.

JACK (cont'd)
What's the answer?

EDDIE
Give the keys to your best friend,
let him drive the old lady to the
hospital while you stay at the bus
stop with the woman of my dreams.
(beat)
Gotta figure if you were destined
to find her, you'll be okay.

Jack smiles.

JACK
Damn.

And Eddie's gone.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PLAZA

A COMMOTION taking place around the steps. Commissioner Keenan, DA WALTER HAGEN, Swat Commander Sheehan as well as ADA MacDonald and his staff. Heated discussions exploding into SHOUTING.

The large clock showing:

9:56

INT. CHURCH

Jack standing with Father Connelly, taking a deep breath and looking back at Frank Nugent.

NUGENT

You're going ruin the lives of six great cops so you can feel good.

JACK

I'll never feel good. And that's what I'll have to live with.

NUGENT

Then what for?

JACK

Because there's gotta be a line.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH - MORNING

ROWS and ROWS of New York City POLICEMEN stand waiting. AVIATION UNITS hover in overhead, K-9 and Emergency Services line the block.

And outside of that, yellow police tape cordons off SPECTATORS who line the sidewalk six deep.

Slowly the church doors open. Father Connelly emerges first, Jack right behind him.

JACK'S POV

The sea of blue UNIFORMS forming a gauntlet all the way to the courthouse. Across the street on the massive granite steps, everybody waits.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PLAZA

Every eye trained on the two as they start for the courthouse. The sea of blue UNIFORMS begin to part as they reach Centre Street and start across.

EXT. COURTHOUSE ROOF

Ray Fitzpatrick cradles his Maunz 308 Assault rifle and stares through the Hauser scope waiting for Jack to step into view...

COURTHOUSE PLAZA

Jack feeling the stares from every blue Uniform as he closes in on the Courthouse. Staring up at the flocks of pigeons and without knowing it.... *he begins to hum.*

FATHER CONNELLY

Oh. Part of the deal is when you're able you have to attend my mass on a regular basis.

JACK

That's blackmail. Deal's off.

FATHER CONNELLY

Then may perpetual light shine on your hairy ass.

Jack smiling now. Almost over.

COURTHOUSE ROOF

Ray Fitzpatrick zeroing in... crosshairs finding Jack. Finger ready to squeeze... Movement of Father Connelly causing uncertainty... Blocking a clean shot.

And suddenly he's clear. Crosshairs between Jack's eyes.
BLAM!

COURTHOUSE PLAZA

Jack still humming when the PIGEON *EXPLODES* just in front of him. Everyone hitting the ground as OFFICERS and SWAT look up at where the shot came from. Sheehan *SCREAMING OVER HIS RADIO.*

Ray Fitzpatrick stunned as OTHER SWAT TEAM MEMBERS race to his spot and grab his weapon.

Jack crumpling to the ground. All feeling leaving his body. Blurred faces going white... *SOUNDS* far away and muffled. Eyes staring into white light, feeling nothing anymore. No pain, no fear. Just peace.

Then a gust of wind is sucked into his lungs. Faces slowly drift back into focus. Father Connelly saying something but Jack can't hear him.

FATHER CONNELLY (OS)

Jack?

Father Connelly kneeling down... Jack opening his eyes now. Slowly being helped to his feet. A CRISP UNIFORM helping Father Connelly.

Jack looking down at what's left of the pigeon and wincing.. Only now understanding. The bullet deflected into his left shoulder by a flying rat.

Father Connelly and the Crisp Uniform lead Jack towards the Courthouse steps. Jack staggering up the final steps alone and finding himself before DA HAGEN and ADA MacDonald and Commissioner Wagner.

WAGNER

Where's Detective Nugent.

JACK

Church.

DA HAGEN

Where's my witness. Where's Mr. Bunker.

Jack slowly looks at all three men. Up at the clock.

9:57.

JACK

Mr. Bunker's no longer with us.

Hagen's face goes red.

JACK (cont'd)

I'll be taking his place.

(off their looks)

I have information pertaining to the witness tampering investigation dating back four years. Names, cases and dates. Including charges of extortion and manslaughter.

Stunned silence. The magnitude starting to be understood by all.

ADA MACDONALD

What do you want Mosley? What are you looking for?

JACK

Expunge Bunker's record. Wipe it clean. Like he never existed.

ADA MACDONALD

Done. What else?

JACK
Just some peace. You got any left
in there?

And on those words Jack's led inside and the large doors of
100 Centre Street close.

EXT. ALLENWOOD CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - LATE AFTERNOON

White concrete buildings in the middle of nowhere surrounded
by acres of chain link fences and razor wire.

The Visitors Yard is full of FAMILIES and INMATES. The HORN
SOUNDS ending visiting time. We spot Jack walking towards
the gate with Diane. He looks healed and healthy, having
dropped a few pounds. She holds his hands and looks at him
with a mixture of worry and pride.

JACK
You love him?

DIANE
I do. He makes me happy, Jack.

JACK
Then I'm happy.

They get to the gate.

DIANE
We both decided the wedding can
wait till you get out.

JACK
You're not worried he might change
his mind in the next nine months?

Diane smiles and hugs him.

DIANE
See you next month.

INT. ALLENWOOD CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

Dorm like rooms with steel and glass doors that line both
sides of a wide hallway. All of them open now...

INT. JACK'S CELL

10x10 with a desk, cot and sink. A small window with bars
sits above the sink. Jack tossing bird seed to some pigeons
perched on the ledge outside.

The SOUND of mail being tossed inside his room. Several
magazines, two letters and a small UPS box. Jack taking the
box and looking at it. Cuts it open and takes out...

A cake.

Decorated like a monopoly board. Only instead of Park Place and Broadway the squares are Baxter Street, Lafayette, the 5th Precinct, St. Francis Church and 100 Centre Street. Sixteen blocks worth of wonderfully decorated and colorful squares.

Jack not sure if he's going to laugh or cry. Sliding his finger across the bottom and tasting the icing.

JACK
Son of a bitch...

Taking it and walking out into the hall.

JACK (cont'd)
Bernie. Ted. You guys got to try
this.

Not noticing the picture fall from the box onto the floor. But we do. It's Eddie. Standing in front of a small storefront with hand painted letters on the window. Wearing a Chef's hat.

And that smile.

FADE TO BLACK