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**This story takes
place during a
World Series
between the Mets
and the A's.**

**Canseco plays for
Oakland, and
Strawberry is still
with New York.**

THE BAD LIEUTENANT

• 11/25/90 •

DAY ONE: GAME THREE: LT WINS

1. EXT: EARLY MORNING — LT'S HOME — QUEENS

This typical QUEENS HOUSE is sandwiched between other neighboring, nearly identical HOUSES.

The MORNING SOUNDS of FAMILY BICKERING, LAWN MOWERS, and SHOUTED GOOD-BYES are heard coming from many HOUSES on this close-knit block. A NEW BABY can be heard BAWLING inside LT'S HOUSE.

LT, hurried and harried, stumbles out his FRONT DOOR. He heads for his CAR, parked askew in the DRIVEWAY.

LT is some 40 years old. His natural swagger makes up for his lack of conventional good looks. He is obviously hung-over.

LT squints, pained by the SUN. He fumbles with his SHADES, puts them on.

LT's TWIN EIGHT YEAR-OLD SONS trundle out the FRONT DOOR of the HOUSE, bickering as they run to catch up with their Daddy. The hefty TWINS wear ill-fitting PAROCHIAL SCHOOL UNIFORMS. Their oversize PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BRIEFCASES threaten to trip them up.

LT's WIFE, BABE in arms, comes out to watch LT'S lovely SEVEN YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER head off toward her school on foot. Many other members of LT's EXTENDED FAMILY hang out on the STOOP and the LAWN.

As the TWINS cross the LAWN, the bickering turns physical. They start whacking each other with the BRIEFCASES.

The TWINS pile into LT'S CAR.

CUT TO:

2. INT: MORNING — LT'S CAR — EN ROUTE TO/ AT PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

The CAR is obviously LT'S home away from home. FOOD DEBRIS, BEER CANS, VODKA BOTTLES and other garbage litter the interior. An impressive HAND-GUN is visible between the seats.

An old ICON of MOTHER MARY rides on the DASHBOARD.

As the TWINS get in, LT tries to hide the GUN and the illicit detritus. To little avail. The TWINS pay no mind to his machinations; they have evidently seen it all before..

As LT drives the TWINS to SCHOOL, the three play wild rough-house. The CAR swerves crazily.

LT

How many times are you gonna miss the bus?
Huh? All the other kids can get up in the morning,
but you guys wanna be driven around like the
fucking President. I'm your goddamn chauffeur!

TWINS

(each taking alternate, overlapping lines)

Shit, man. It wasn't our fault! — You think Sis is
so perfect, well, if she hadn't hogged the fucking
bathroom, maybe we — I thought Aunt Lu was
dead! She was in there so long...

LT

Shut up! Listen!

ON RADIO: Chatter about Mets winning last night's game. It was the
THIRD GAME straight that they've won so far. One more game — set

for tomorrow afternoon — and the Mets will sweep the World Series
All listen.

TWIN

They're gonna win the Series in four!

LT

All the way with Strawberry!

TWINS

(in unison)

Strawberry!

The TWINS whoop and shout, celebrating LT's — and their own —
favorite player

They pass the PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BUS. It has stopped for a
moment taking on KIDS. LT cuts off the TWINS' tirade

LT

Shit, man — there's your fucking *bus*. I oughtta
make you late! Make the nuns whack the shit
outa ya both

LT and the TWINS banter back and forth, poke each other and box
around. The apparent hostility of their words is balanced by the
laughter and gung-ho play of the rough-housing

The TWINS yell cat-calls as they drive past a BLONDE PEDESTRIAN
LT joins in.

ANGLE — Through the WINDSHIELD, the PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
comes into view. A CROWD of UNIFORMED KIDS is gathered
outside. SEVERAL NUNS turn the CROWD into two neat rows, and
usher the KIDS inside

POV LT — The NUNS

LT

Get going.

The TWINS get out, join the line of students entering the SCHOOL.

The instant the KIDS have left the CAR —

LT takes out some COKE. Snorts it. He takes his GUN out of hiding.
LT steers with his knees as he drives off toward the City.

CUT TO:

3. EXT: AFTERNOON — QUEENS — CRIME SCENE

ANGLE — A CAR WINDSHIELD. Blood-spattered and shot up. The DEAD BODIES of TWO GIRLS are in the front seat.

LT gets out of his CAR and makes his way through the COPS and GAWKERS.

The BET COP comes up to LT.

BET COP

Two Black kids came up out of nowhere and shot those chicks. Then they laughed as they walked away. The Press is gonna call it the "Giggling Man Murders." I'll tell ya. What a world.

LT gives a cursory glance to the crime scene. A couple of COPS greet him; LT keeps walking.

The BET COP digs his attitude.

BET COP

But hey — we make the best of it, man, don't we?
Huh? How about them *Mets*!

FOLLOW LT — over to a GROUP of COPS. They greet him and everyone immediately crams into a parked CAR. The CAR stays parked for the duration of their meeting.

CUT TO:

4. INT: AFTERNOON — UNMARKED COP CAR (PARKED) — QUEENS

Now that LT, the BET COP and the OTHER COPS are inside the CAR, they can do business. LT pays several COPS their WINNINGS for last night's game. CASH and congratulatory banter is exchanged.

Now LT has to take their BETS for tomorrow afternoon's GAME, the FOURTH GAME of the World Series.

LT urges the COPS to bet *against* the Mets.

LT

No fucking way they're gonna do it in four games straight.

COP ONE

You serious, man? I wanna go Mets all the way!

LT

Go ahead, man. If you've got shit for brains. But if you wanna win the bucks, go with Oakland.

COP TWO

I thought Strawberry was gonna —

LT

I know that nigger like he's my brother. He ain't gonna let us off so easy. He'll make us sweat, first. This game's going to Oakland. Not a doubt in my mind, man.

Silence. The COPS think about it for a moment.

BET COP speaks up first; hands LT some CASH. When he talks to LT, his fawning posture is obvious.

BET COP

I'm in. Here.

COP ONE SHRUGS his assent, gives CASH to LT. The OTHER COPS follow his example, place their BETS on OAKLAND.

The COP BETS total \$800 — on OAKLAND. LT has obviously been the bookie for this precinct for a long time. He takes care of a lot of action and has these guy's faith.

LT nods a goodbye, quickly gets out of the CAR. The BET COP and the OTHER COPS remain inside.

CUT TO:

5. EXT: AFTERNOON — PAY PHONE — MIDTOWN — 38th STREET & 3rd AVENUE

LT pulls up alone beside a PHONE BOOTH and phones in the COPS' bets and his own to LITE. More than an anonymous connection to the BOOKIE, LITE is obviously LT's old friend — and a hustler just like himself.

LT shouts into the PHONE and holds it close to his ear. The TRAFFIC NOISE is loud and irritating.

LT

(into the phone)

I got them all going for Oakland. With bullshit money. We'll cover the \$800.

LITE

(OC)

All right. What are you gonna do?

LT

I want 15 on the Mets.

LITE

(OC)

How about 7 1/2?

ACROSS THE STREET — TWO GUYS approach a BUSINESSMAN in a raincoat and flash a KNIFE. The BUSINESSMAN gives up his WALLET and his WATCH.

LT pays no mind to the robbery.

LT

Hey, man. Don't give me that bullshit. Don't pussy-out on me. The Mets are a fucking lock. I wanna make some money.

LITE

(OC)

Are you sure?

LT

Yeah. I'm sure.

LT hangs up the PHONE, heads back toward his parked CAR.

By this time, the BUSINESSMAN is running into the street, waving his arms and screaming

BUSINESSMAN

Police! Police! Help me! Police!

LT enters his car, drives off.

CUT TO:

6. EXT: EVENING — CRACK CITY

LT arrives, leading a BUST. Lots of COPS. LT chases a handsome young COKE DEALER, JC, cornering him a couple flights up a staircase. Now they're alone and the phony pantomime is over.

LT

Hey, man, gimme something cooked!

JC gives it to him with a PIPE. LT takes a drag of CRACK. Then LT gives JC a large BAG of COKE, labelled "Exhibit A".

LT

It's good shit. From when they busted those Columbians uptown. You can cut it in half.

JC nods, bemused by LT's manic behavior. JC, in contrast, is mellow and in control. LT smokes; JC doesn't.

LT COUGHS and SMOKES as he shouts to COPS downstairs (OFF).

LT

I got this guy. But there's someone across the street on the roof!

The COPS (OFF) rush out of the building.

JC watches LT smoking like a fiend.

JC

That stuff'll kill you quick, man.

LT

What the fuck are you? A drug counselor or a drug dealer? And you don't even do your own product! What kind of businessman are you?

JC

The rich kind.

(shakes his head)

Jeez, man. The way you smoke that shit is suicide.

LT

Fuck you.

(takes a deep hit)

Just give me back a little something for the road.

LT takes a handful of the COKE and puts it in a DOLLAR BILL; pockets it.

JC

See you in a coupla days. Have the cash ready.

JC splits, runs up the stairs.

CUT TO:

7. INT: NIGHT — ARIANE'S APARTMENT — LIVING ROOM

Religious/hip artifacts abound. It's a nice, if messy apartment. However, it is *definitely* not large enough to merit the \$3,500 that ARIANE quotes as her rent.

ARIANE is LT'S mistress.

BOWTAY, her girlfriend, lounges on the COUCH. BOWTAY plays the third when LT is in the mood for a menage a trois. She's around a lot. BOWTAY is already zonked out on something. Maybe LUDS.

ARIANE

Got something good for us?

LT gives her the COKE. ARIANE takes some immediately. BOWTAY sloppily partakes.

Before LT can even sit down, the GIRLS start bitching.

ARIANE

I'm gonna need some bread, man. This ain't fair. I'm always here for *you*, and you can't even take decent care of me. My landlord is bitching like a motherfucker! You're two months behind on the rent, Lieutenant!

LT

Didya ever think of moving to a cheaper apartment? \$3,500 a month is crazy, man!

ARIANE

It's *nothing*! This is New York, man...

(beat)

Oh — I forgot. Bowtay needs some cash to buy her new acting headshots out of the developers. It's a good investment, man. She could make serious money!

ANGLE — BOWTAY on the COUCH. It's obvious that she's going nowhere. And fast.

ARIANE

We've been rehearsing a new monologue. From Shaw's Saint Joan, you know? Bowtay does it wonderfully well.

LT breaks out more COKE and some GRASS.

LT

All right, Bowtay. Show us your stuff.

ARIANE lifts BOWTAY to her feet. BOWTAY staggers into the center of the room, then falls back down on her knees. It happens to be appropriate for the scene.

BOWTAY begins to recite the monologue from the very end of the play. "When will the world be ready to receive thy saints?", etc.

BOWTAY messes up a line; ARIANE lashes her with a BELT. BOWTAY doesn't move, continues reciting. ARIANE joins in from time to time.

LT is turned on.

He begins KISSING ARIANE, then goes down onto the floor. BOWTAY is there already.

Kinky trio sex scene.

CUT TO:

8. INT: LATER THAT NIGHT — ARIANE'S APARTMENT — KITCHEN

It's evidently an hour or so later.

The KITCHEN is very bachelorette. No FOOD or COOKING IMPLEMENTS in sight.

LT is messing around, looking for something to DRINK. He opens the REFRIGERATOR.

POV LT — CU — The REFRIGERATOR is entirely empty, save for a few suspect and peculiar items. There is nothing in liquid form.

LT hears ARIANE calling to him from the LIVING ROOM.

ARIANE

(OC — calling to LT)

There's nothing!

It's clear from the SEX SOUNDS (OC), that ARIANE and BOWTAY are still going at it.

ARIANE

(OC — calling to LT)

Go out and get some Diet Cokes.

LT obeys. He leaves the KITCHEN.

CUT TO:**9. INT: NIGHT — ARIANE'S APARTMENT — LIVING ROOM**

LT passes through the LIVING ROOM, putting on his CLOTHING as he heads for the DOOR to OUTSIDE.

The GIRLS don't miss a sexual beat. They continue what is now a menage a *deux*. They won't miss LT while he's gone.

LT splits. No good-byes.

CUT TO:**10. EXT/INT: LATE NIGHT — KOREAN DELI**

LT approaches the market where he intends to buy the DIET COKES. A display of FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES extends onto the sidewalk.

LT notices a SQUAD CAR, parked in front of the MARKET. LT picks up his pace.

Closer now, LT sees a YOUNG UNIFORMED COP outside, standing with the KOREAN OWNER, an elderly man who doesn't speak much English. The OWNER is agitated and out of breath. He argues fiercely with TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS.

A SQUAD CAR is parked in front of the MARKET.

LT gets an idea. He takes command.

LT

(to Cop)

What's going on?

The UNIFORMED COP is a timid rookie.

COP

Uh, Lieutenant, Sir — The owner says they stole cash from the register. He was chasing them down the block when I caught up with them.

The KOREAN OWNER is still agitated. He tries to give his side of the story, mixing English and Korean. At the same time —

The TWO BLACK KIDS plead their case. They try to drown out the OWNER. It all gets rather noisy.

YOUNG BLACK KID

We didn't do *nothing*, man !

LT shouts in the YOUNG BLACK KID'S FACE. It's shockingly loud.

LT

Shut the fuck up!

LT turns to the UNIFORMED COP.

LT

(to Cop)

Go get me a Bud. A High Boy. And make sure it's fucking *cold*.

(indicates the situation at hand)

I' straighten this out.

The UNIFORMED COP looks at LT for a moment, then goes.

LT is now alone with the KOREAN OWNER and the TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS.

LT turns to the OWNER.

LT

How much did they take?

KOREAN OWNER

Five hundred dollars cash.

The TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS continue protesting their innocence.

YOUNG BLACK KID

We didn't —

LT whips out his GUN and shoots a deafening BLAST between the TWO KIDS' heads. It almost takes off the left ear of one and the right ear of the other.

The TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS are stunned. Speechless.

The YOUNG UNIFORMED COP rushes out of the MARKET, GUN raised in one hand, BEER CAN in the other. He's relieved that a cop wasn't shot, but the whole situation makes him uneasy.

LT grabs the BEER, points to the KOREAN OWNER.

LT

(orders the Cop)

Take this guy down to the Precinct. I need to talk to him.

The OWNER protests wildly in Korean as the flustered COP ushers him into a waiting SQUAD CAR. They drive off.

Now LT is alone with the TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS.

LT takes the KIDS inside at gunpoint.

INT: The store appears to be deserted.

LT

Gimme the money! Now!

The TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS have regained some of their cool. They are still belligerent.

YOUNG BLACK KID

We told you, man. We didn't take no —

LT jams his GUN down the PANTS of one of the KIDS. At the same time, he whips out his BADGE and thrusts it into the other KID'S FACE.

LT

Give me the fucking money, assholes!

They give LT the CASH. The KIDS stand there.

LT

What the fuck are ya standing there for? Be gone!

The KIDS, stunned, split.

LT swaggers around the store, GUN in hand, drinking the BEER, assessing the inventory with a proprietary air. He pretends to SHOOT at various products. Plays around.

In the back aisle, LT aims his GUN at a BIG BOX of TOILET PAPER. While he holds the TOILET PAPER at bay, a THIRTEEN YEAR-OLD KOREAN KID rises up from behind it, his hands up, terrified.

LT LAUGHS, then puts the GUN away.

LT

Take over until your boss gets back. Gimme a 6 of Diet Cokes and a 6 of Budweiser.

On LT's smiling face, we —

CUT TO:

11. INT: DAWN — ARIANE'S APARTMENT

BOWTAY is curled up on the floor, asleep.

ARIANE is busy with a GOBLET, some TIN FOIL and other esoteric stuff.

LT comes through the door with the SIX-PACK of DIET COKES and the SIX-PACK of BUDWEISER.

He puts them down, takes a BEER for himself.

ARIANE doesn't turn around. She's busy preparing drugs.

ARIANE

I got you a present. Better shit then you got, cop!

LT comes and looks over her shoulder. He sees —

A PILE of BROWN HEROIN on a TIN FOIL SHEET. ARIANE is preparing the implements for "chasing the dragon."

BOWTAY rolls over, sprawls on the floor in an even sexier position. On her face, an expression of utter bliss.

LT abandons the BEER.

LT

Brown Downtown... There hasn't been any smoking brown on the street in —

ARIANE

Who said anything about the fucking street. I've got more connects than you have, Lieutenant...

ARIANE helps LT with the thin, TIN FOIL PIPE. She burns the SMACK on the TIN FOIL SHEET for him so that he can manage to inhale the PLUME OF SMOKE in time.

He gets a nice, deep hit.

ARIANE gracefully takes a hit of her own.

They are both very high, already. Beginning to NOD OUT.

ARIANE goes back to the IMPLEMENTS and prepares another hit. This time she catches the SMOKE in a SHERRY GOBLET and LT "drinks" it.

LT is very high now. A meditative, hallucinatory state.

ARIANE takes a DIET COKE and lies down on the BED.

She slowly sips soda through a straw. Her eyes are closed.

LT sits in an EASY CHAIR by the WINDOW.

LT NODS OUT while watching the SUNRISE. What we see appears to be HIS DREAM. From the melting RED SUN, we —

DISSOLVE TO:

12. EXT: DAWN (MEANWHILE) — CHURCH/CONVENT

BLOOD! TWO KIDS are raping a NUN, attacking the SECOND NUN, and shitting on the ALTAR. Going berserk. They steal PURPLE ROBES and the CHALICE.

From the FIRST NUN, on her back on the altar, her robes ripped open, a heart-rending pieta, we —

HARD CUT TO:

DAY TWO
GAME FOUR: LT LOSES \$15,000

13. INT: LATE AFTERNOON — LT'S HOME — QUEENS

ANGLE — CARTOONS on TV.

LT has overslept, out cold on the COUCH. A LITTLE GIRL sits on the floor, two feet from the TV, watching CARTOONS. Various other members of LT's over-extended FAMILY can be seen moving around the house, going about their business.

A CARTOON EXPLOSION wakes LT. He jumps up in a panic.

LT

Did I win? Shit! The game!

LT bounds off the COUCH. Still half-asleep, he crawls to the TV, turns on GAME FOUR. The LITTLE GIRL starts CRYING.

LT

(to background family members)

What's the score? What's the fucking score?

An ANCIENT AUNT pokes her head into the LIVING ROOM.

ANCIENT AUNT

I dunno...

She disappears again.

LT

(to himself)

Why me, man?

LT leans into the TV, transfixed, as —

ON TV: STRAWBERRY makes a fantastic catch of a Canseco drive with runners on base. LT CHEERS.

DOORS SLAM (OFF). The TWINS have come home from school. They burst into the LIVING ROOM, loud as Hell. Furious about something they out-curse each other.

LT

(to the Twins)

Shut the fuck up! Did you see that?

TWINS

(shrug — in unison)

It's 7-0: Oakland.

(single Twin)

That nigger could have let it drop and gone home.

LT curses and stomps around. The TWINS mimic his every move. All three are pissed. The rest of the FAMILY pays no mind.

CUT TO:

14. INT: EVENING — LT'S CAR

LT is furious. He COKES UP. DRINKS heavily.

Tired of the SPORTS STATIONS, LT turns on 911. There is a call for an uptown MURDER SCENE.

HARD CUT TO:

15. EXT: NIGHT — 153rd/MARTIN LUTHER KING — CRIME SCENE

CU — A YOUNG BLACK DEALER, eyes open, shot dead.

LT drives up, sizes up the scene. It's fresh territory. He'll milk it for what it's worth.

LT ignores his colleagues, the COPS ON THE SCENE. He knows some of the DEALERS and STREET CHARACTERS on the sidelines. He heads straight for them.

LT greets an impressively beautiful, six foot tall TRANSVESTITE. He takes her aside.

LT

Hey, Veronica baby, looking good! What's going down?

LT slips a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL into VERONICA'S well-filled BRA.

VERONICA

(confidentially — to LT)

Willie got shot by one of his boys.

(giggles)

But there's a ki under the back seat.

LT

I'll put it in my trunk.

LT saunters up to the MURDER CAR, DEAD WILLIE still in the front seat. LT is obviously berserk to get the KI, but he can't show it. LT susses out the situation.

Around him, POLICE TECHNICIAN-TYPES are busy lifting fingerprints and analyzing the CAR and WILLIE — to no apparent avail.

LT uses his Lieutenants' privilege to enter the MURDER CAR and begin his own investigation.

TIRE TRACKS are discovered nearby. The OTHER COPS are distracted.

LT takes his shot. He reaches for and finds the KI of COCAINE under the BACK SEAT. LT slips it under his COAT and emerges from the MURDER CAR.

Outside the MURDER CAR, LT makes to stand up. In the act, he —
DROPS the BAG of COKE!

LT is stunned. He can't believe the KI is actually in the shitty, gutter water, in plain view of the other COPS.

The COPS spot the KILO of COKE. Even those COPS that were far away, somehow know what has happened. They quickly gather round the MURDER CAR, LT, and the KI.

The PLASTIC BAG filled with WHITE POWDER floats on the DEEP PUDDLE.

LT is silent wrath incarnate.

LT

(soft, sardonic)

I guess he was a bigtime dealer...

(beat)

What d'ya know... A kilo of 'caine...

Among the gathered COPS, only a SERGEANT is not quite convinced.

SERGEANT

Where the fuck did that come from?

The other COPS ignore the query.

LT walks away.

LT has successfully covered himself, but he walks off cursing and mumbling.

VERONICA is laughing demonstratively in the background.

LT

(to himself)

I can't fucking believe it...

LT is further away now from the scene of WILLIE'S murder and his own debacle. LT overhears something. Cuts off his muttering.

A group of COPS are talking about the big news from the early morning.

COP A

But I still can't fucking believe they'd *rape* a *nun*,
man...

LT stops in his tracks. The erotic import of this conversation has seized LT's imagination. He heads toward the cluster of COPS, cuts in.

LT

(to the Cops)

What's this shit about a nun getting raped?

COP B

Where the fuck have *you* been? It happened this morning, up at St. Dominick's in Spanish Harlem. A coupla punks tore up the place and then gave it to the nuns but good.

The COPS turn away, continue to talk among themselves. LT walks away.

CUT TO:

16. EXT: NIGHT — A CITY HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

LT pulls up. Parks near a group of OTHER COPS, waiting by their CARS.

HOSPITAL fauna passes by in the background: DOCTORS, NURSES, PATIENTS in all stages of recovery or relapse. The HOSPITAL itself rises in the background. It looks like a prison.

LT leaves his CAR, heads for the GROUP of COPS. He joins them, sits down on the HOOD of a nearby CAR. The COPS are all DRINKING heavily.

Present are the BET COP, and several other FAMILIAR COPS from previous scenes.

LT

What's going on?

FIRST COP

They raped a nun and tore up the church — they even took a crap on the altar. Up in Spanish Harlem.

SECOND COP

She was only seventeen...

A COP opens his TRUNK — he has a BAR inside. The COPS, including LT, respond enthusiastically. DRINK UP.

FIRST COP

Who the fuck could *do* this?!

OLD IRISH COP

The young nun's just a kid from Ireland. Imagine having to come here to have that happen!

SECOND COP

Jesus... What's she gonna tell her mother?

OLD IRISH COP

I'm gonna kill those motherfuckers.

The COPS keep DRINKING. All of them lounging around on or beside the CARS.

LT watches quietly, taking it all in. As if following the motto: "He who defines himself, confines himself."

THIRD COP

The Church already put up a \$50,000 reward!

FIRST COP

Well, one of us is gonna get it, I mean — get *them*.

The FIRST COP raises a TOAST.

FIRST COP

Here's to payback for the nuns!

The COPS all whoop and cheer.

SECOND COP

Anyone got any leads, at *all*?

FIRST COP

We got shit to go on. Only that list of inventory — what they stole from the church.

THIRD COP

Y'know they actually stole those wacky purple robes? And they took the chalice — with the *Host* still inside!

SECOND COP

What did they want with the Host?

THIRD COP

They were hungry. I dunno. They didn't want to *hock the Host*, they wanted to hock that golden chalice.

COPS avoid each others' eyes. Competition has begun. No one shares information, each after the reward for himself.

LT bursts out, swings into high gear.

LT

Leave it to the Catholic Church, man. Girls get raped everyday, and now they're gonna pay 50 G just because these chicks wore penguin suits!

Some of the COPS laugh, others are offended.

OLD IRISH COP

(to LT)

What's your fucking problem?!

LT

The Church is a racket.

OLD IRISH COP

So what. Are you a Catholic?

LT

Sure!

OLD IRISH COP

Do you believe in God?

LT doesn't reply. He's thinking.

The BET COP and a couple of OTHER, FAMILIAR GAMBLER COPS move in. They've got nothing on their minds but the World Series.

BET COP

(to LT)

To Hell with this God stuff. How's that Strawberry? He does what ever you want him to, huh Lieutenant? Even strike out!

(beat)

I bet you won a shitload on Oakland. How much, huh?

LT comes down off the CAR HOOD. Now he has to feign pride in his supposed big bet on OAKLAND.

LT has to convince the COPS to keep betting — he can't afford to pay them all off. Unfortunately, the COPS all think LT just scored big, himself.

LT

More than *you* did.

GAMBLER COP TWO

Well, let's see some green!

LT

If you know what's good for you, you'll keep staying on Oakland!

BET COP

Oakland? Is that how you're going?

LT nods "yes." An outright lie.

LT

Yeah. Sure. Don't you get it? The series has gotta last seven games. The last two did, didn't they? It's a racket. Do you have any idea how much money they make selling television-time for commercials during the series? Especially if it's a New York team? They won't close the gold mine after only four games. It'll last a full seven. Too many people wanna milk it for what it's worth. You'll see!

BET COP

All right... I'm in. After all, you're the expert. Ain't that right, LT?

SEVERAL COPS, including some of the COPS who have been hanging out in front of the HOSPITAL, go double or nothing on OAKLAND. LT takes their BET MONEY — \$900.

One COP doesn't go along with the deal. LT painfully pays him off.

LT

You'll be sorry, man. But if you wanna be a sissy,
here's your bread.

LT sits back on top of his CAR, DRINKING heavily. He toasts
STRAWBERRY. The others are uneasy. Why toast STRAWBERRY?

COP ONE

Strawberry? I thought we were going with
Oakland.

LT

We *are*, man! That's the point! If the Mets win, it's
thanks to Strawberry. If Oakland wins, it's thanks
to Strawberry. Nothing can happen out there on
the field that don't gotta do with Strawberry. So
here's to Strawberry!

The others join in the TOAST, but are uneasy.

CUT TO:

17. INT: LATE NIGHT — CORRIDORS OF A CITY HOSPITAL — HUNTING
FOR THE NUN

The HOSPITAL is an inferno. LT exploits his cop privileges; shows
his BADGE to the GUARDS.

He wants to get into the inner sanctum. Beyond where even COPS
were allowed to go. He wants to get to the NUN.

A sexy NURSE stops him.

NURSE

Can I help you?

LT can't help but check her out and flirt.

LT

I'm in charge of the investigation. Just checking
security.

NURSE

(suspicious)

Security?

LT

Do you want those guys coming back? For the
nun? Or for you?

The NURSE looks at him, unsure, then walks off down the
CORRIDOR.

LT continues his hunt.

He comes upon a DOOR that is plastered with "QUARANTINE"
SIGNS. One too many, perhaps. LT senses the NUN is inside.

He has to open the DOOR, but hopes he won't get a blast of disease
in his face. He CROSSES himself — wearing a smirk, but
nonetheless. Going on instinct, LT opens the door a crack.

He's right. It's the NUN. He positions himself outside the DOOR,
keeping it open a few inches. He peeks inside without being seen.

CUT TO:

18. INT: LATE NIGHT — THE NUN'S HOSPITAL EXAMINING ROOM

From just outside the door, LT peep-toms on the NUN while she is
being examined. He sees her stark naked, laid out on a table, her
legs spread wide apart.

The DOCTORS, NURSES, COUNSELORS work on the NUN as if
they are automatons. They don't grasp either the humanity or the
eroticism of the scene. LT does. The image of "The Alabaster Nun"
turns him on no end. Yet there is also a deeper pathos to the scene.
And the NUN is spectacularly beautiful. She doesn't speak. Looks
like a Pieta.

A DOCTOR in a WHITE-COAT reads the MEDICAL REPORT to a
FEMALE COP. The FEMALE COP writes down the details on a hard-
backed pad. As if it's a parking ticket.

The moving contrast between the words and the image seems to be apparent to LT — and the NUN — alone.

DOCTOR

(to Female Cop)

They inserted a crucifix eleven centimeters into her vaginal aperture, breaking the hymen membrane. Then they pursued the same course with their natural organs of sexual penetration. They used a sharp object, probably a hunting knife with a curved blade, to carve a cross between her shoulder blades, entering the flesh an average of nearly one centimeter throughout the area of the wound. They —

Finally, as if she knew he was there all along, the NUN looks up at where LT is hiding and boldly meets his eyes.

CUT TO:

19. INT: VERY LATE NIGHT — ARIANE'S APARTMENT

LT has been there for some time. They are alone. They've both been DRINKING and COKING.

LT is carrying on about the NUN. As he speaks about various subjects, his tone changes radically. From contempt and cynicism to profound reverence. From decadence — to awe. ARIANE, too, manages to switch from one attitude to the other.

LT

Have you ever seen a naked nun? I tell you, man, I went to school with the nuns, I've seen hundreds since then and I've never even seen a nun's bellybutton, you understand? But this nun, let me tell you. What a beautiful lady...

(snaps out of his awe)

And where'd the Church get the 50 G in the first place? The fucking Church is the biggest scam

going. You know what's the real killer? It costs \$8,000 *per kid* for them to go to parochial school. I've got three kids in there already, with two on the way! Christ. That fucking reward is *my* money, man! But that's Church policy. The Pope is the world's biggest bookie. Makes people bet on their own salvation! Double or nothing on Heaven. You go to Hell — then go to Hell. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was *bullshit*.

ARIANE can't stop thinking about the rape.

ARIANE

I can't get over what those guys did to her. I just can't.

LT

They're *alive*, aren't they? Come *on*, man! Everyone's making such a fucking fuss, just because she's a nun. Just because she wears a penguin suit, the church puts up 50 G for the guys who dared to rape her. Do you think they'd put up a dime if *you* got raped? Of course not. Or even for your little sister? The virgin? Like shit they would.

ARIANE

Susie's not a virgin anymore.

LT

She's fucking nine years old! Jesus Christ.

ARIANE suddenly starts up.

ARIANE

And the nun's not a virgin anymore, either. Will they make her leave the convent?

LT thinks for a moment.

LT

Who knows? Who knows what their policy is.

(sudden dreamy reverence)

But I'll tell you, man, that nun... She was beautiful. Just beautiful... Tall... Real tall... I've never seen anything like it...

LT snaps out once again, grabs the TELEPHONE. He dials LITE. He's not in. LT leaves ARIANE'S NUMBER on LIMELITE'S BEEPER. Hangs up.

LT

(to himself)

Lite, man... Where the fuck *are* you?

ARIANE can't get the image of the rape out of her mind.

ARIANE

It's horrible. They burned her breasts with cigarettes. Christ.

LT

Yeah? At least she's alive! I see people get killed every day! Worse yet, tortured first and *then* killed! The nuns got off easy. Jeez. Cigarette burns. Everyone's all upset about fucking cigarette burns. I'll show you cigarette burns!

LT stubs out his CIGARETTE on the back of his hand. He does the move with intensity and bravado.

ARIANE responds by calmly doing the same. But she does it entirely impassively, and rubs the CIGARETTE into her flesh longer than LT did.

ARIANE comes over to LT and starts kissing and licking his CHEST. She discovers —

A CROSS.

ARIANE

Do you believe in God? Do you believe that
Jesus Christ is the Son of God?

LT hesitates.

ARIANE kneels down in front of LT. As if in prayer.

She starts giving him head.

Before he can answer The Question, he is saved by the bell. The
PHONE RINGS. LT picks up immediately. It's LITE.

As LT speaks to LITE, ARIANE continues to give him head.

LT

(to LITE; over the phone)

Yeah, I know, I know all about it. Enough already
about the fucking nuns. Yeah. Yeah. So just
take the bet. Don't give me any hassles, man.
Just put in my bet. 30 G's. Yeah. And I got \$900
from the cops on Oakland. Yeah. Right.
Strawberry's gonna knock em dead. Of course
he is! You know that! Yeah. Yeah. Have faith,
man! OK. Right.

LT hangs up, thinks ARIANE won't resurface the God Question.

ARIANE does, even as she gives him head. Every time she speaks,
she pulls away and it frustrates him. This dialectic continues
throughout the scene.

ARIANE

Do you believe in God?

LT thinks about it, even as ARIANE gets him hotter and hotter.

LT

The Church is a fucking racket. I know how they
operate. I've been part of the racket since the first
time some faggot priest spilt water on my head.

My Aunt Lu says I was crying all the way through.
Yeah, I know their game inside out. Now I'm free
of it and I'm gonna stay that way.

ARIANE

I'm not talking about the fucking Church. Fuck the
Church. But tell me. Do you believe in God?

LT

What's to believe?

ARIANE

That Jesus Christ was the Son of God and he
came to die for your sins.

LT can't respond. He's distracted by his own pleasure.

ARIANE does something OC that causes LT sudden pain.

LT cries out. Snaps to attention. Looks at ARIANE.

ARIANE

Your sins, Lieutenant!

(beat)

And look around you! Where do you think all this
shit came from?

ARIANE gives him head again. LT is more excited now than before
she hurt him.

LT

People.

ARIANE

You believe that man is the be-all and end-all?

LT

Yeah.

ARIANE

OK. OK. Fine. But — do you believe in God?

As if in answer, LT begins to RECITE THE ACT OF CONTRITION.

LT

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of
Heaven and Earth...

This turns on ARIANE. She stops talking. Writhes and grapples him.

LT is reaching climax. When describing Jesus rising again —

LT has an orgasm.

CUT TO:

20. EXT INT: VERY LATE NIGHT — LT'S CAR

LT drives, DRUNK and fired-up. He has a BOTTLE of VODKA in the
CAR.

POV LT — A CAR with only one TAIL LIGHT. A cyclops in the
darkness. Under a STREETLIGHT, JERSEY PLATES are visible. So
are the two inebriated, leather-clad GIRLS inside. LT pulls them over.

LT comes on to them. He's way out there. The GIRLS are smashed.

LT notes their "Heavy Metal" CROSSES, and questions them.

LT

You wouldn't put some religious trip on me, would
you?

JERSEY GIRL

Uh-uh... What?

LT

Good. Show me your papers.

LT looks at their PAPERS. Points to the name to which the CAR is
registered.

LT

Who's this person? It ain't you and it ain't you, so
who is it?

GIRL

My Aunt.

LT

So you took the car from you Aunt. Stole it. Am I right?

GIRL

We were gonna give it back! We're on our way home, now!

LT

Yeah, yeah.

LT gets into the CAR, looks around. He finds a BAG of POT.

LT waves the POT in front of the GIRLS.

LT

Now why don't I just call up your Aunt right now and tell her what's gone down. How about that?

The GIRLS are petrified.

LT grins. He takes out his own ROLLING PAPER, starts to ROLL a JOINT with their POT.

LT

Well, I'm sure we could arrange *something*...

Unless you fancy a few days in jail...

He blackmails them into humiliating sex scenes. On a side street off Eleventh Avenue, LT plays it out until Dawn.

CUT TO:

DAY THREE
GAME FIVE: LT LOSES \$30,000

21. EXT:INT: DAWN — THE CHURCH/CONVENT

LT drives up erratically and parks his CAR in front of the CHURCH/CONVENT.

LT stumbles into the CHURCH. Alone now, he notes various aspects of the DESECRATION, but can't see much because he's blind drunk.

The enormous, graphically bloody CRUCIFIX confronts him.

He collapses immediately into a PEW. Sleeps.

TIME PASSES

CUT TO:

22. INT: MORNING — CHURCH/CONVENT

LT wakes up. Ruckus all around him. The COPS are there in force — including some of the guys from the BAR, the UPTOWN MURDER and the HOSPITAL PARKING LOT. They are privately checking out the Scene of the Crime, looking for leads that will give them an advantage. Everyone wants the TWO NUNS to talk. The NUNS are in a circle of interrogators. At first, LT can't even see them.

The ELDERLY NUN was attacked but not raped. They carved crosses on her.

In the background, the questioning has already begun. The interrogators become increasingly frustrated. It can be heard in their voices. They want the reward, and — despite a certain constipated "respect" in their attitude — the COPS are willing to browbeat the NUNS to get it.

LT silently bums a COFFEE off a COP and staggers into the ring.

LT hangs back in the crowd, staring at the YOUNG NUN as the COPS interrogate both NUNS.

COP 1

Can't you tell us anything? Sisters? Anything at all?

The ELDERLY NUN speaks up.

ELDERLY NUN

They broke my glasses. I didn't see anything, but I did *hear* them. They were young. And there were two of them. They spoke Spanish. One of them was named Julio.

LT, on the sidelines, turns to an OLDER COP. LT mutters his commentary

LT

(to Older Cop)

Julio. Great. There are 20,000 spics named "Julio".

The ELDERLY NUN lowers her head. Shamed.

ELDERLY NUN

I would tell you more if I could. I am so sorry, Officers.

Now the COPS are magnetized by the YOUNG NUN. She does not appear to need GLASSES. Evidently, she could give the COPS what they want.

COP 2

What about you, Sister? Won't you tell us *anything*?

LT watches the YOUNG NUN as —

POV LT — The YOUNG NUN smiles a quiet, intractable smile.

COP 2 is screaming mad, but tries to hide it.

LT has observed their interaction. Though he would have loved to have heard some information from the YOUNG NUN, her defiance gives him even more pleasure.

The MONSIGNOR comes forward to "translate" the NUNS' stubborn silence. He is possessed by a conventional sort of ambition — this is

his big chance. He would like to be Cardinal some day, but never will be. He enjoys the spotlight as he pontificates.

MONSIGNOR

Listen. One nun is nearly 80 years old. I'm not from this Church, of *course*, but I assume they'll be getting her a new pair of glasses. Apparently she's legally blind without them. The Sister who suffered a rape is just 17. She arrived from Ireland only a couple of months ago. This — event — is just too much for them to take!

The MONSIGNOR clears his throat demonstratively, takes a complicitous tone

MONSIGNOR

Listen. The Church would like to know who did it just as much as the NYPD. These arrant criminals broke the laws of man, and the laws of God. The Church wants nothing more than to see them behind bars. That's why we're offering the \$50,000 reward to whomever brings them in. I'm sure our hero will be one of New York's Finest.

The YOUNG NUN shoots the MONSIGNOR an offended look.

It appears for a moment as if the YOUNG NUN makes eye contact with LT. But he can't be sure.

LT leaves the crowd, disappears out the DOOR.

CUT TO:

23. INT: LATE AFTERNOON — RUSH HOUR — LT'S CAR — 54th STREET & FIFTH AVENUE

LT is driving through HEAVY TRAFFIC while listening to GAME FIVE on the RADIO. He COKES UP. He mumbles to himself.

GAME FIVE is close, and features STRAWBERRY. As LT listens, he reacts physically to the changing status of the game.

He drives, crazy through the streets, pounds the ceiling, walls, dashboard of the CAR. He's so COKED, he's bouncing out of his skin. LT drinks VODKA out of a PINT BOTTLE in his COAT.

STRAWBERRY overthrows a sacrifice fly from Canseco and the A's WIN. LT shoots out the CAR RADIO. LT LOSES! He's \$30,000 down now. O shit.

Covering himself, he puts the LIGHTS on top of his CAR, turns the SIREN on. Screaming CURSES, he drives through the streets, careening like a madman. PEDESTRIANS run away in terror.

CUT TO:

24. INT: AFTERNOON — "WHITE" CHURCH — HIS DAUGHTER'S FIRST COMMUNION

CU — LT'S EIGHT YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER takes the WAFER for the first time

LT is dressed to kill. Looks like a corpse.

He watches his DAUGHTER'S First Communion and is truly moved. Remembers his own past.

While the rest of the attendant: EXTENDED FAMILY, FRIENDS, and SOME COPS enter the COMMUNION PARADE, LT stands alone at the back of the CHURCH like an usher. He holds the COLLECTION BASKET and quietly watches the whole scene.

LT, his betting friend who is not a cop, comes up beside him.

LITE

OK asshole. You owe thirty grand. Now what are you gonna do?

LT

I wanna go double or nothing on the next game.

LITE

Double or nothing? Are you fucking out of your mind?

LT

I'm not gonna let that bastard take my money

LITE

Take your money? This guy will blow up your house and everyone in it!

LT

(stoic)

There's just *no way* the Mets will lose this game. Gooden is pitching and *Strawberry* is ready to break out!

LITE looks his friend up and down as if he's lost his mind.

LITE

Fuck Strawberry. You're gonna end up owing 60 G to a homicidal maniac!

LT

That's my problem. Just put in my bet.

LITE gestures assent, but is not happy. He waits a moment, looks around.

POV LITE — LT's FRIENDS and FAMILY. LT'S DAUGHTER in her COMMUNION DRESS.

From the pristine interior of the "WHITE CHURCH" we —

HARD CUT TO:

25. INT: AFTERNOON — THE CHURCH/CONVENT

The interior of the CHURCH/CONVENT is still desecrated. In stark contrast to the "White Church" (above, Scene 22).

POLICE ROPES have cordoned off certain desecrated areas of the CHURCH. In other places, MOPS and SLOPPY BUCKETS of SHIT-WATER wait for someone to finish cleaning up.

LT appears to be entirely alone in the CHURCH. He is desperate for clues. He searches for leads, and perhaps, for something else...

CU — He lights a CANDLE, gives a QUARTER —

Then LT lights his CRACKPIPE over the FLAME.

Suddenly, the NUN appears.

LT hides, watches as the NUN enters the CONFESSIONAL. Once she is ensconced inside, LT stealthily approaches the CONFESSIONAL and from right outside — a tantalizing proximity — he listens as she confesses to the PRIEST. (This is an elderly PRIEST with a striking, unusual voice. Not the MONSIGNOR from the COPS' interrogation of the NUNS. Scene 20.)

NUN

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. It has been two days since my last confession. Father, my sin is a terrible sin. A sin of omission. There was another sin that happened at the same time, and in the same place, but *my* sin I think was graver still.

PRIEST

Sister, we all know what happened to you yesterday morning. I expected that you would want to speak to me about it. But you could have come to my office. Your being here, in the confessional, implies that *you*, Sister, have done something wrong. You haven't. I assure you. I feared you might have misplaced feelings of guilt. If you condemn yourself because you experienced feelings of... curiosity or even... pleasure, you *mustn't* —

The NUN LAUGHS. At first, it sounds like crying. But it is a strange, low laughter.

NUN

Father, if only it was so trivial. So natural. So — forgettable. No. I have sinned. And you must sten, if you are to prescribe an appropriate act of contrition, and to absolve me. Father, what would you do if you had but one day in which to use your arms to serve God?

PRIEST

It's funny, you know. But the first thing I think of is kneading the bread that I help bake for the soup kitchen. Maybe that's because my the muscles in my arms still hurt.

NUN

I also thought of that bread, Father. And of that night six days ago when the Mother Superior died, and I kept the cool, damp cloth on her forehead freshly moist. Father, what would you do if you had but one day in which to use your legs to serve God?

PRIEST

I think of running for help, and falling to my knees in prayer.

NUN

As I have prayed day and night since the desecration of this church yesterday morning — and my sin. You see, Father —

PRIEST

Yes, Sister?

NUN

Yesterday morning, God gave me but one chance to use something *e/se* to serve Him. Not my arms

or my legs, but something I used for the first time,
for the last time, and will never use again. My
vagina.

Outside the CONFESSIONAL, LT reacts to the explicit word. Shock,
titillation — and fascination.

NUN

Those boys, those sad, raging boys... They came
to me as the needy do, and like many of the
needy, they were rude. Like all the needy, they
took. And like all the needy, they needed.

(beat)

Father, I knew them. They learn in our school.
And play in our schoolyard. And they are good
boys.

PRIEST

You knew them?

(beat)

Who were they, Sister? Who *are* these boys?
What are the names of these — good boys you
knew?

Outside the CONFESSIONAL, LT stiffens. This could be the clue he
needs to solve the case.

NUN

I could tell you their names now, and I know you'd
be bound by a sacred vow to keep my secret. But
I cannot tell you their names. For I, too, am
bound. As I am bound now to confess my sins.
So listen, Father. Listen.

(beat)

I am a nun. What did I give those boys that they
could not have found elsewhere? Nothing.
Nothing at all. There were always two of us in the

act. The act was half my own. It does not seem to me the act was half the act of a bride of Christ.

(beat)

It is the lost *chance* that will remain on the ledger of my sins. Not the loss of my virginity. The rape forced upon me a choice. As a vessel of the spirit, I could have imbued my vagina with God. Or, I could have turned away from God and voided my body of spirit, so that all that was left for those boys was a lump of flesh. I chose the second path. The easier, path. The path of the material world. The path no nun has the right to take. And so, I sinned

(beat)

My vagina spread, but spread no word. It opened, on nothingness. It gave nothing at all and left nothing behind. No trace of my act, yes my act, for I was there, too, remains in the landscape of God

The NUN'S description of the RAPE is both a turn on for LT and a matter of profound curiosity. Something divine. His silent reactions embody both decadence and awe. This apparent paradox can find unified expression in his character, though at other moments it threatens to tear him apart. The tension between the two polarities will propel him toward his destiny.

NUN

Jesus turned water to wine. I ought to have turned bitter semen to fertile sperm — hatred to love. And maybe to have saved their souls. They did not love me. I ought to have loved them. As Jesus loved those who reviled him. I ought to have surprised those boys. Instead, they surprised me, and got no surprise at all. No, they did not rape a nun. But a nun *has* been raped. And the nun must now atone for her sin. For a

God-given part of her was wasted. A part which other women use for procreation, for conjugal fulfillment, for expression of love. I had but one chance. And I did nothing but react in pain.

(beat)

When those boys placed their hands upon my breasts, they had nothing but an assortment of skin cells in their grasp. They ought to have felt, through me, the bosom of their Redeemer. When they lay on top of me and looked down into my eyes, they saw fear. They should have met the eyes of a lover. And felt the presence of the Prince of Peace

(beat)

My vagina, I shall never have again. And never again shall I encounter two boys whose prayer was more legible, more poignant, more anguished. Two young men who threw themselves upon the altar and took me with them. And I did nothing *for* them. I can only hope that *someone* will.

LT can't help but start up. As if, telepathically, the NUN knew he was there and cried out to him. Asked him to complete her mission.

LT senses the confession is over. As the PRIEST begins to speak again, LT snaps to and returns to his original hiding place, near the CANDLES.

LT watches as the NUN exits the CONFESSIONAL, KNEELS, holds her ROSARY BEADS, and begins to whisper the ACT OF CONTRITION — what LT recited as ARIANE gave him head.

The NUN does penance. LT watches her, still hidden, and transfixed.

Cut from THE NUN to —

CUT TO:

26. INT: EVENING — ARIANE'S APARTMENT

CU — LT fucking a NUN.

It's ARIANE.

This time LT doesn't rebel against the religious import of these last days. Rather, he incorporates it into their sex. He has dressed ARIANE as a NUN. Now it is silent pantomime that expresses both decadence and awe.

CUT TO:

27. INT: LATE NIGHT — LT'S HOME — QUEENS

FOLLOW LT as he walks through his home late at night. Each room has several FAMILY MEMBERS in it, all asleep. Even the TWINS snore in tandem, on matching BUNK BEDS.

LT sits down in the KITCHEN. All is silent, peaceful.

A moment passes.

LT stands up and goes over to the REFRIGERATOR. He takes out a CARTON OF MILK.

Sits back down. DRINKS the MILK.

LT calmly looks at what's on the KITCHEN TABLE.

A PILE OF BILLS, note attached from his WIFE: "Pay These."

A GROUP OF PHOTOS from the COMMUNION, already quickie developed. They are spread out all over the TABLE.

A MORNING TABLOID NEWSPAPER, STRAWBERRY featured on the COVER.

LT finishes looking at the various artifacts of his life. He sighs, leans back, appears to be — dare we say it — at peace.

FADE TO BLACK; HARD CUT TO:

DAY FOUR
GAME SIX: LT LOSES \$60,000

28. EXT: LATE AFTERNOON — SHEA STADIUM — THE SIX GAME OF THE WORLD SERIES

The MASSIVE CROWD RCARS.

The STADIUM is decked out in the RED, WHITE, and BLUE BUNTING signifying the WORLD SERIES. A ROW OF UNIFORMED COPS is in the front row. Among them —

LT. He watches STRAWBERRY as —

With winning runs on, STRAWBERRY takes strike three, to lose the game.

As STRAWBERRY walks off the field, he and LT face off.

One on one.

LT has lost the \$60,000 bet. He knows how heavy this is. That his life is now in danger.

The CROWD vents its rage. The deafening SOUND takes on a sensuous rhythm and becomes DANCE MUSIC, as —

From EXTREME CU — the BLACK FACE OF STRAWBERRY, we —

FADE TO BLACK; FADE UP TO:

29. INT: EVENING — LIMELIGHT NIGHTCLUB

Half-nude DANCERS whirling in and out of sight, round and round in the strobe-flashed darkness.

The hebetating DANCE MUSIC steals ones senses, makes conversation nearly impossible. People communicate in pantomime.

LT pushes his way through the CROWD. He cranes his neck, desperately searching for someone. At last, he spots his target.

POV LT — A RESIDENT COKE DEALER. His FACE is visible, floating above the writhing crowd.

LT pursues him. Finally catches him.

They mime the deal. LT buys some COKE for immediate use.

LT does the COKE off his wrist as he moves through the CROWD.

LT trembles, frantic and manic-high, as he goes to his meeting with LITE.

LT e bobs his way through the CROWD, heading toward the back of the Club and the entrance to the V.I.P ROOM.

Even in this state, when he sights ACQUAINTANCES, LT turns on charm, works the room.

LT nears the V.I.P. ROOM.

POV LT — The entrance to the VIP ROOM is guarded by a PURPLE VELVET ROPE and an effete DOORMAN.

When the DOORMAN sights LT, he lifts the ROPE, nods respectfully at the habitual patron.

CUT TO:

30. INT: EVENING — LIMELIGHT NIGHTCLUB — THE V.I.P. ROOM

LT arrives.

The V.I.P. ROOM is more laid-back, less populous than the throng-filled cave outside. The MUSIC is muted here, and more interesting. PARTIERS sit at the BAR, or at COCKTAIL TABLES. CHIC WAITRONS serve the clientele: HOTSHOT BOHEMIAN REGULARS, DRUG DEALERS and HOPEFUL RICH ADDICTS. In the privacy of the V.I.P. ROOM, drug use is hardly concealed.

LT sashays over to LITE'S table, sits down. LT has taken on an attitude of false bravado. He greets LITE with a crazy grin. LITE is grim; doesn't respond in kind. He's not amused.

LT orders a VODKA.

LITE

Do you have the money?

LT

(giggles)

What money?

LITE

Don't bullshit me

LT keeps doing COKE off his wrist, even as he speaks to LITE. LT can't seem to wipe the smile off his face.

LT

I don't got it. Not tonight. You can't get blood from a stone.

LITE

This psycho can

LT

Oooo... Bg fucking scary guy. Just put \$120,000 on tomorrow's game

LITE

(laughs in his face)

You're a fucking *joke*, you know that?

(turns grim)

He's been waiting for the money since the fucking game ended. And *I've* been waiting *here* since — forget it. Listen up. You're gonna get us *both* fucking killed. You *know* that!

LT

Uh-uh. I'm gonna win. Just make sure the bet gets in.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS delivers LT's VODKA. LT orders another one, flirts with her — she's gone in a flash. LT downs the VODKA in one shot.

LITE

You do know that he's gonna blow up your house, kill your wife and kids —

LT

Good! I'll give him an extra 10 grand for his trouble. I hate that motherfucking house and —

LITE

He's gonna kill *you*, man. Do you hear me, motherfucker? You. Dead. Get it?

LT

I've been dodging bullets since I was fourteen. No one can kill me. I'm fucking blessed. I'm fucking *Catholic*.

This breaks LT up. He laughs until he cries. LITE watches the spectacle fall silent. They sit quietly for a moment.

LT, impatient with the delivery of his second VODKA, takes a bottle out of his COAT and re-fills his GLASS. DRINKS it down.

LITE tries changing the subject.

LITE

How's the case going?

LT

What case?

LITE

The fucking rapists, man. The punks who raped that nun. The \$50,000 reward from the Church! Remember?

LT

Yeah. Sure. Yeah. We're on it bigtime. Lots of leads. You bet.

LITE

That 50 G could help you —

LT looks at LITE as if *he's* crazy. He shakes his head. Sing-songs at him as if trying to teach an impaired student.

LT

The Mets are gonna win the Series. They're a
rock.

A change comes over LT. He leans in, gets seriously excited. LT is possessed by his memory of this afternoon's game.

LT

Get this, man. I was at the game today. Face to
fucking face with Strawberry! Jesus! I saw him
strike out. And you know what? He looked at me,
and I looked at him, and he laughed and I
laughed and it was like we were all alone in that
whole stadium and only we understood that it was
all a racket, that he struck out on *purpose*, and
that he's saving it up for the *Big One*. Tomorrow.
Today I understood for the very first time that —

LITE

You've really got a problem.

LT shakes his head. Repeats himself in that sing-song, didactic way.

LT

(scanded)

— *That there was never any other way it could
have gone*

(beat)

Never any other way. So you had better just put
in my fucking bet. \$120,000 on the last game.
The Big One. Come on! Are you a bookmaker, or
fucking what?

LITE

Here. Look. I'll give you the psycho's number.

You call him yourself and tell him what you want.

LITE stands up. He writes the BOOKIE'S NUMBER on a MATCHBOOK and gives it to LT.

LITE leans over and gives LT a final warning.

LITE

You couldn't pay 60. You lose. you'll be in for

180. To a guy who kills people for nothing.

LT LAUGHS. He's already onto the next thing. He checks out the GIRLS at the other TABLES.

LITE makes to go, then decides to try once more to get LT's attention.

LITE

I was supposed to meet him at midnight with the

60. It's already 1:00 AM. Be careful. *I mean it.*

LT is still laughing as LITE leaves the V.I.P ROOM.

Before going out the door, LITE turns to look one more time at his friend.

POV LITE — LT is engaged in a clumsy come-on. Oblivious. The last thing LITE sees is LT grabbing a COCKTAIL WAITRESS' LEG and falling out of his chair. LT LAUGHS all the way to the FLOOR.

LITE lowers his head and exits.

LT gets up a moment later, brushes himself off, and swaggers out of the V.I.P. ROOM.

CUT TO:

31. INT: NIGHT — THE LIMELIGHT CLUB

LT is in the throng again. The MUSIC blasts, the PARTIERS push and shove.

LT elbows his way through the crowd.

He makes moves on GIRLS, banter with PATRONS.

At the DOOR, he hesitates before going out, dallies with the BOUNCER.

LT felt safe in the CLUB. Now he's gotta go OUTSIDE. He's shit-scared.

EXT LT leaves the CLUB for the STREET, looking over his shoulder all the way

CUT TO:

32. INT: NIGHT — STAIRWELL of J.C.'S APARTMENT BUILDING

LT enters an APARTMENT BUILDING, faces a dark and sinister staircase.

STRANGE NOISES come from the APARTMENTS ABOVE.

LT cumps. He hugs the wall, GUN at the ready. To LT, it seems some gothic horror may await him at any turn.

On one landing, he comes upon a PIT-BULL. A GRANDMOTHER pulls him back inside an APARTMENT by the LEASH.

On another landing, he sees a JUNKIE SHOOTING UP in the shadows.

On another landing, a BIG GUY comes barrelling out of his APARTMENT and down the stairs, almost bringing LT down with him.

On another landing, a guy is taking out very PECULIAR GARBAGE. It might be body parts — to an active imagination.

At last, he reaches the DOOR to the APARTMENT for which he's been looking.

HARD CUT TO:

33. INT: NIGHT — J.C.'S STRAIGHT PUERTO RICAN APARTMENT

A cheerful apartment. Quite different in atmosphere from the STAIRWELL, above.

A large, multi-generation PUERTO RICAN FAMILY sits around the dinner table, eating CHICKEN ON RICE AND BEANS. JC is at the table.

RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS abound.

A CODED KNOCK on the DOOR.

JC jumps up to answer it.

It's LT. (The hideous stairs led here.)

JC lets him in.

JC

How are you doing, man?

LT

Very good. Very good. The Mets are gonna win tomorrow.

JC notes LT's bizarre manner. Decides to humor his paranoid catatonia.

JC

I know. Here. Just a moment.

JC reaches into a bookcase, looking for something.

Meanwhile, LT looks around the room.

POV LT — A SHRINE is in the corner. CANDLES are lit before PLASTER SAINTS, AFRICAN DIETIES, other icons abstruse and exotic. A large "MADONNA AND CHILD", painted on black velvet, hangs above the SHRINE. The MADONNA AND CHILD are BLACK.

LT takes this all in. JC startles him.

JC is holding a CIGAR BOX. He opens it. It's full of CASH. JC hands it to LT.

JC

This should be it. Oh — wait.

(to an old woman at the table)

Mamacita?

MAMACITA takes some VIALS of CRACK out of her APRON.
SMILES. JC takes them from her, give them to LT.

JC

There. Now you've got your profit and more.
You'll have more product day after tomorrow.
right?

LT

(very spaced)

Uh — right. Sure. The Mets are gonna win
tomorrow.

JC

I know.

(beat — looks at LT with concern)

Take care of yourself, man. OK? Be cool.

LT nods. puts MAMACITA'S CRACK VIALS in his pocket. He notices
that —

POV LT — CU — The CIGAR BOX is inlaid with a CROSS, made of
costume jewels. Other strange symbols surround it. It could be
cursed — or blessed.

LT turns to go. The DOOR closes behind him. He's gone.

CUT TO:

34. EXT: NIGHT — STREET NEAR ARIANE'S APARTMENT

LT walks through the streets on the way to ARIANE'S. He carries the
CIGAR BOX.

Suddenly, a SHOT rings out.

ZOOM IN ON — CU LT — Horror. Doubtless it was meant for him. LT
panics. Freezes. As in a dream, he cannot run.

POV LT — RAPID, ERRATIC, HAND HELD — LT looks for SNIPERS in the anonymous dark WINDOWS on the anonymous darks walls that create the inescapable canyon of the STREET.

LT is entirely alone. He is stock-still, victim of his own terror.

Suddenly, LT can move. He takes out his GUN, presses himself against the nearest WALL. From that position, he hears —

A BRASH FEMALE VOICE, coming from somewhere in the darkness. It is almost as loud as the "SHOT".

BRASH FEMALE VOICE

(OC)

Hey motherfucker! Take that backfire up the ass!

LT realizes that there is no "SNIPER", there was never any SHOT. It was a BACKFIRE!

ANGLE — The CAR in question passes by. It HONKS, defiantly. Evidently, it is the CAR that had BACKFIRED.

BRASH FEMALE VOICE

(OC)

Fuck you

LT is still pressed against the wall, GUN at the ready. He cannot be relieved. The terror is with him.

CUT TO:

35. INT: LATE NIGHT — ARIANE'S APARTMENT

LT rushes in, triple bolts the DOOR behind him. He immediately pulls the DRAPES.

LT

Someone just took a shot at me...

ARIANE LAUGHS

ARIANE

Sure, baby. Sure. And you don't do cocaine, either.

LT turns on her. Adamant. Pleading with her to believe him.

LT

It's not the drugs, man. It's — it's someone who wants to kill me.

(beat)

You gotta believe me.

ARIANE

(shrugs)

Why?

ARIANE walks away, speaks with her back to LT.

LT

Just kick back, baby. Make yourself at home.

(suddenly pissed)

But of course it won't be *nobody's* home, if you don't come through with the fucking rent!

JC lays his COAT down on the BED, puts the CIGAR BOX of MONEY under it.

LT sits down near the PHONE. He lights his CRACKPIPE with a MATCH from the MATCHBOOK on which LITE wrote the BOOKIE'S NUMBER. Then he tries to reach the BOOKIE. Some sort of wacky Mob joint answers.

LT

Hello? Is LARGE there?

MOB VOICE

(OC)

No.

LT

Lock, man. Lite gave me this number. OK? Just take a message. Tell Large to fucking call me right away at 123-1234. Got it?

MOB VOICE

(OC — phony humble)

Sure I got it...

(laughs)

LT

I'm a good friend of Lite's, man. It's urgent that —

The MOB VOICE (OC) HANGS UP ON LT.

LT makes to strangle the PHONE.

LT REDIALS.

The line is BUSY.

LT

Christ! Shit! I could kill them all with my bare hands.

ARIANE

Who?

LT

Those fucking Mob assholes.

LT makes the strangulation gesture again. ARIANE laughs at him.

ARIANE

C'mere. You got some good blow, right?

LT

Yeah.

ARIANE

Then c'mere. I got something for you.

ARIANE pulls out a pristine NEEDLE.

LT can't help but flinch at the sight.

Apparently having overheard that drugs are on the way, BOWTAY appears out of the KITCHEN.

BOWTAY sits down nearby, awaiting her DOSE.

ARIANE starts preparing the DOSE. She's got all the paraphernalia: SPOON, COTTON, a CANDLE FLAME, etc.

ARIANE

First I'll put your Uptown in the spoon, then, to make it more exciting, I'm gonna add some Downtown. They call this thing a speedball, honey, but then you must know that...

(beat — she leans in)

First time shooting up?

LT

Nah...

ARIANE

Sure it is. You're a *virgin*. Just like that nun. And I'm gonna rape you.

That decides it for LT. He sits down like a little boy and lets ARIANE shoot him up with the potent mixture of COCAINE and HEROIN.

ARIANE shoots up BOWTAY, next.

They do it on the BED, exploiting all possible erotic connotations.

When LT rushes, he gets totally paranoid. Jumps at sounds, sneaks to the WINDOW, hears noises that aren't there.

Then he flips, and becomes crazy-bold. Opens the DRAPES. Sticks his head out the WINDOW, waves his GUN at specters.

Then he becomes shit-scared, again. His behavior is lunatic.

ARIANE LAUGHS at his antics.

Finally LT becomes wildly sensual. Revealing himself with total abandon. Dances. In the midst of this -

The PHONE RINGS

LT is seriously startled. Then he realizes who it may be. He slowly picks up the PHONE

LT can hardly speak. He is NUDE, and communicating from another world. Syllable by syllable

LT

(into the phone)

Large?

LARGE

(OC)

All right, cop. I want my money

LT

It's still *my* money. If you want to have a chance at any part of it, shithead, you will take my \$120,000 bet on tomorrow's game

LARGE

(OC)

What about the money you owe me on *yesterday's* game?

LT

Fuck yesterday's game. The World Series is *seven games not six*. Put in my bet.

LARGE

(OC)

Let me think about it.

LT

There's nothing to think about. Either you put in my bet, or you ain't getting nothing

BIG SILENCE on the PHONE.

LARGE

(OC — ietha!)

Oh really?

LT

Yeah, really. I'm no fucking asshole, man. I'm a fucking cop!

LARGE

(OC)

OK, cop. I want you to give yourself and your friends on the force a message. Tell them I've got my *own* reasons to be very interested in whomever did the job on the nuns. I'll double the Church Reward if you bring those punks *direct to me*. 100 G cash. Get it?

LT absorbs this, then bursts out.

LT

Fuck the *nuns*, man! I'm talking about *Strawberry*! Is the bet down?

LARGE takes a moment.

LARGE

(OC)

Here's the deal: You meet me tonight across from the Garden. 33rd & 8th. At the beginning of the Ninth Inning. We'll listen to the end of the game together. You bring your cash, I'll bring mine.

LT

Yeah, sucker. You better be there!

LT HANGS UP, turns to ARIANE.

LT

Can you believe the nerve of this fucking guy?
He kills people for fun, and then, he puts up 100
G to bring in some guys who raped a nun. What a
sick fuck, man.

ARIANE

Who?

LT

A wiseguy. Paying 100 Grand for the rapists if I
turn them over direct to him.

ARIANE'S eyes light up.

ARIANE

But you could do it, baby! We could use the
bread...

LT

You mean *you* could use it.

ARIANE SHRUGS, waves his dig aside.

LT leaps up. He's on a manic roll. Conceives an insanely
captivating, impossible idea. As he speaks, he speeds more and
more until he seems to be reciting a rapid-fire tongue twister —
perfectly

LT

I got it, man! I *will* find those kids. And I'll get the
50 G from the Church! Then the kids'll go to jail.
I'll be in charge, of course. After a little while, I'll
break the fuckers out — and I'll turn them in to
shithead I was just talking to. And pick up his 100
G. No. I'll hit him up for 200 G. Or 250 G. I can
do it — 'cause I've got the *kids*! Then, of course,
there's the 180 G I'm gonna pick up on the *Game*
tonight — when the Strawberries win!

ARIANE

"The *Strawberries*"?

LT

The Mets. So anyway, chalk up another 180 G for the Game. Jesus Christ! That's almost half a million dollars. Ariane! Wait. That's not good enough. I'll ask the shithead for 280 G for the kids. Then it'll be a *perfect 500 thousand*. Yeah. Perfect. 280 G for the kids. Yeah. It's good I prepared, or I wouldn't have thought to —

ARIANE has been grooving on it until now. She sees a problem they've overlooked

ARIANE

(cuts in)

How come all those guys who're looking to get 50 from the Church haven't come up with *shit*? You got some kinda inside track?

LT

(nods — dead serious)

I'm a Catholic.

ARIANE LAUGHS, decides to go with it.

LT, out of breath from his tirade, lets the Downtown half of his dose kick in but good.

He sits down in the same EASY CHAIR in which he nodded out the morning of the desecration.

Nodding out, he stares out the same WINDOW. His eyes close.

As it was that morning only four days ago, the SUNRISE is blood red.

As if it is LT'S DREAM, we —

CUT TO:

DAY FIVE
**GAME SEVEN: LT GETS DOULE OR NOTHING:
\$120,000**

36. INT: DAWN THROUGH HIGH NOON — CHURCH/CONVENT

CU — The ALABASTER NUN. She is lying cross — probably has been all night.

VARIOUS ANGLES. The still-desecrated CHURCH in all its enduring glory. Shafts of blood-red dawn-light. The NUN.

TIME PASSES

VARIOUS ANGLES Mid-morning. The NUN is still lying cross.

TIME PASSES.

VARIOUS ANGLES. High Noon. The NUN is still lying cross.

Suddenly —

LT appears in the doorway, a black silhouette against the white light of noon. For a moment, he watches her from a distance.

The NUN knows he is there. After a time, she gets up, goes to the altar, kneels. As if waiting for him.

LT staggers down the center aisle. He's carrying the CIGAR BOX.

LT joins the NUN, kneeling next to her at the altar.

ANGLE — The CHALICE is still missing.

They are all alone. At the ALTAR, before the CRUCIFIX, LT confronts the NUN face to face. The NUN holds her ROSARY BEADS.

LT finally speaks. He thinks she'll be turned on by his offer of "help".

LT

Listen to me, Sister, listen to me good. The other cops'll just put the guys through the system. They're juveniles. They'll walk! Get it? But I'll

beat the system and do justice. Real justice. For
You.

The NUN turns to him.

NUN

I have already forgiven them.

LT is desperate. He lunges forward. Pleads with her.

LT

Come on lady! They put out *cigarettes* on your
tits, man! Get with the *program*! Don't you want
them behind bars? Or away from the world for
good? How could you forgive these motherfu —
excuse me. These *guys*. How *could* you? Deep
down, don't you want them to pay for what they
did to you? Don't you want the crime *avenged*?

NUN

I have forgiven them.

LT

But do you have the right? You're not the only
woman in the world! You're not even the only
nun! These boys still have their *weapons*, Sister.
Your forgiveness will leave blood in its wake.
What if they do it to other nuns? Other virgins?
Old women who die from the shock? Do you
have the *right* to let these boys go free? Can you
bear the burden, Sister?

The NUN turns to him, simple and pure, pure and simple.

NUN

I have prayed for days, Lieutenant. I have prayed
for the souls of the boys who raped me, and I
have prayed for my own soul, too. I know what I
must do. And I know what I must *not* do.

(beat)

But you — you — it is you who should pray. Now.
Why do you want to kill these boys? Why —
really?

LT

(takes yet another tack)

Look. Sister. No one has to get killed. We can
solve this *together*. You and me — as *one*.
These boys are lost sheep. Both Catholic — did
you know that? And they're *sick*, Sister. With a
sickness of the mind, and of the soul. They need
help. Not just jail. Not just psychiatry. They need
the help that only the *Church* can give. Please
help *me* to help *them*. Help me find them before
the others do. The night is full of evil men,
chasing these boys with guns and clubs. We
have charity and love on our side. I know that
together, we could find them first, even in the
dark...

NUN

The good reasons are not always the *real*
reasons. Talk to Jesus, Lieutenant. Pray.

(beat)

You do you believe in God — *don't you?* That
Jesus Christ died for your sins?

This blows him away. He has nothing to say to that.

The NUN has finished her morning prayers.

For a moment, she looks deep into LT's eyes.

Then she gets up and leaves LT alone in the CHURCH.

LT comes face to face with the mammoth CRUCIFIX. He is transfixed.

POV LT — JESUS on the CROSS.

Soon, LT hears a VOICE.

LT is not shocked or even surprised. He speaks to JESUS as to someone he's known all his life.

JESUS

(OC)

I forgive you.

LT

Me?

JESUS

(OC)

I forgive you.

LT

You can't forgive me. After what I've done.

(beat)

I've fucked up big time. I've been bad. Real bad.

JESUS

I forgive you.

LT

Please. *Please* don't forgive me. I've always hated you for that.

POV LT — The CRUCIFIX takes on an hallucinatory radiance. Taking that aura with him, JESUS comes down off the CROSS, and moves toward LT, who is still kneeling at the ALTAR.

JESUS

I forgive you.

LT

Why? Why can't you hate me? *Hate me!* Please!
Help me!

(confused)

Hate me! Help me! Hate me!

JESUS

I forgive you.

LT

Why? Jesus! Why me? Why can't I wash the ashes from my forehead, year after year after year? And why am I still drunk on your blood, the taste of your flesh on my tongue? Worst of all, why can't I feel the nails in *my* palms, the spear in *my* side, the crown of thorns round *my* head? Why do I have to know, over and over, that it was you, *you* who you died, died for *my* sins! And that I will die for *nothing*! Why?

JESUS kneels down, knee to knee, face to face with LT.

JESUS

I forgive you

LT

Why do I dream every night of the whore who brought you water on your road to death? And why have I never forgotten that if she — , than I —

LT averts his eyes. When he looks up again —

JESUS is back on the CROSS. Inert, and yet —

LT rises, moves around the interior of the CHURCH. He stumbles, struggles, pleads. Falls, rises, falls and rises again — as if wrestling with an invisible assailant.

He collapses in a corner.

LT

Oh God, my God, it's goddamn good to be good. Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.. It's still goddamn good to be good.

JESUS

I forgive you.

EPIPHANY. BLOOD CHRIST ON THE CROSS. HALLELUJAH!!!

In the aftermath of his revelation, he notices, blearily, a hunched, ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN carrying something toward the ALTAR. He staggers toward her. Yes, the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN has the CHALICE!

LT grabs the CHALICE. The ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN doesn't let go.

LT

The chalice. Tell me! Who gave it to you! Tell me where the fuck you got it! Take me there! Now!

At first, she doesn't speak at all. LT begins to CRY. Begs her to tell him. Then he wields his PISTOL, repeats his plea. Then breaks into TEARS.

She speaks at last.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

I can't tell you.

Gun in hand, LT gets down on his knees.

LT

In the name of God, you must.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

My husband will give me Hell, Mister.

LT

We've already got Hell, Sister.

She meets LT's eyes, seems to understand something. Calmly, she tells him what he needs to know.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

It's my husband. He's a — you ain't a cop, are you?

LT

No. Not a cop.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

My husband is a fence. He got this chalice from a couple of kids. Just yesterday, I think. I stole it out of his shop so as to return it to where it ought to be. It's a holy thing, you know. A *holy* thing.

The ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN lets go of the CHALICE. Now LT holds the CHALICE in his hands, alone. He speaks as if entranced. He cradles it.

LT

A *holy* thing.

(beat — snaps to)

Let's go.

Suddenly purposive, LT grabs the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN by the arm, starts pulling her out of the CHURCH. He holds the CHALICE with the other arm, picks up the CIGAR BOX on his way out, manages to carry both items.

When LT and the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN reach the door to outside, they both pause to GENUFLECT.

Then LT grabs her again and they rush out.

CUT TO:**37. EXT: AFTERNOON — BARRIO STREETS — EN ROUTE TO THE FENCE**

LT walks the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN swiftly through the streets toward the FENCE'S SHOP.

He still holds the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX.

PEOPLE watch them pass and make way. As if they realize that something is happening — on several levels at once.

The GAME has begun! It is on TV in every BAR and SHOP WINDOW, in both English and Spanish. Slowly but surely, the Mets are *losing*!

CUT TO:

38. INT: LATE AFTERNOON — THE FENCE'S SHOP

LT and the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN enter the SHOP. LT is wielding the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX. He has true madness in his eyes.

POV LT — The GAME is playing on a couple dozen TV's in the FENCE'S SHOP! The Mets are still losing!

The FENCE, and elderly Black man, is sitting in one of many EASY CHAIRS. He doesn't seem surprised to see his WIFE. Or the CHALICE. Or LT! It's as if he expected them.

FENCE

You took the chalice.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Yes.

FENCE

You brought it back to the Church. And then it made it's way back to me, again.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Yes.

The FENCE bursts out LAUGHING.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Are you all right, honey?

FENCE

I was gonna bring it back myself.

The ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN is obviously relieved.

FENCE

Jesus, woman! What did you think? You thought I'd get riled like I did that time you took that set of pots and pans? That was twenty years ago. And how do you compare pots and pans and a chalice?

LT speaks up suddenly.

LT

They both hold stuff you eat.

After a beat, the FENCE and his WIFE start LAUGHING. LT joins in.

FENCE

(to LT)

So what are you doing here?

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

He wants to know who brought in the chalice.

FENCE

That's no mystery. Julio and Paolo brought it in.

(beat)

You don't want to hurt those boys, do you? I mean, they sure as Hell have got something coming — but it ain't what the Law wants to give them. You understand?

(beat — shakes his head)

No. How *could* you understand.

The FENCE seems to study LT.

POV FENCE — LT. Wretched.

The FENCE thinks again.

FENCE

Well — maybe you *do*. But I don't know where those boys are at right now. You'll have to ask

around. Those boys on the corner'll know. You'll
have to get it out of them. But they *know*.

POV LT — Through the WINDOW of the FENCE'S SHOP, a busy
DRUG CORNER is visible.

LT

(spaced)

Thank you. And I'll make sure the chalice gets
back where it belongs.

LT leaves. CHALICE in hand.

CUT TO:

39. EXT: LATE AFTERNOON — THE STREETS IN THE BARRIO —
MONTAGE

LT stumbles through the streets, questioning people about "JULIO
and PAOLO". No one knows anything. LT stops people at random,
getting really desperate. He shows people the CHALICE, asks them if
they've seen it before. No one has.

LT plays both ADDICT and COP as it suits his needs. By now, he
looks more like a homeless man than anything else. But none of his
play-acting or lethal threats get him anywhere.

The GAME is everywhere, and the Mets are still losing.

Finally, LT approaches a hustling STREET DEALER. He cops. The
STREET DEALER is wearing a WALKMAN, so the deal goes down in
mime.

Now, LT speaks and wants to be heard.

LT

Hey — Have you seen Paolo or Julio around?

The STREET DEALER uses his WALKMAN and the resulting
"deafness" to excuse his total lack of response.

LT starts MOUTHING WORDS silently at the STREET DEALER. No
response. Then, he — *silently* — begins to shout.

The STREET DEALER is alarmed that he seemingly can't hear *at all* above the WALKMAN music. He moves the WALKMAN away from his ears but doesn't take it off.

STREET DEALER

What the fuck you want.

LT

You know, my Uncle used to wear a walkman all the time. The walkman looked just like yours. And you look something like my Uncle. But one day he was standing in a puddle — the puddle looked just like that one —

LT points to a PUDDLE in which the STREET DEALER is now standing

STREET DEALER

And what?

LT

And he got electrocuted.

The STREET DEALER tries to consider what this crazy guy has just told him, but before the STREET DEALER can even react, LT leans in on him, shows his GUN and then his BADGE.

LT

Look — *I don't know you, and you don't know me, but I'm really in the mood to kill someone today and you are at the end of my gun.*

(beat)

Have you ever had days like that? Yeah, you *have*, so now you understand where I'm coming from.

(beat)

Tell me! Where is Julio and Paolo?

The STREET DEALER answers with absolute ease. That was all this was about? No problem.

STREET DEALER

They were at that abandoned building last night.
Second floor. They're probably still there now.
It's next to the old Convent. Downtown a ways.
You know the place...

CU LT — It hits him. The CRACKHOUSE where the kids hang out has always been right next to the CHURCH/CONVENT where it all began! It suddenly makes sense to him.

LT completes the transaction, pays the STREET DEALER for the DRUG BAGS. He takes the CASH out of the CIGAR BOX, revealing dozens of thousands of dollars.

The STREET DEALER stares at the wretched man with a box full of cash.

CUT TO:

40. EXT: EVENING — EN ROUTE TO THE CRACKHOUSE

LT, carrying the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX, heads back Downtown toward the CRACKHOUSE — and the CHURCH/CONVENT.

In BARS, TV STORE WINDOWS, in snatches of strangers' conversation, the FINAL GAME IS EVERYWHERE. The whole city has stopped to watch it. LT is practically the only person in the street.

Worst of all, the Mets are seriously behind. They are definitely LOSING.

LT drags himself onward.

CUT TO:

41. EXT INT: EVENING — THE CRACKHOUSE

LT busts in, fires shots, collars the KIDS. The KIDS are wearing the PURPLE ROBES from the CHURCH/CONVENT. They also wear gold CROSSES. LT HANDCUFFS them.

The other CRACKHEADS race out.

There is even a TV in the CRACKHOUSE — playing the GAME! The SOUND is off. The Mets keep losing. If anything will force LT to kill and or take the KIDS into custody, this would seem to be it.

JULIO

Who the fu —

LT

Shut up. Let's watch the game.

LT sits down next to the KIDS. SMOKES with them, watches the Game. LT must hold the PIPE for them, as they are HANDCUFFED. LT gets them super-high, and himself likewise. He still holds his GUN.

The KIDS go along with it, taking it moment to moment.

All three, despite the situation, are heavily into the Game.

LT

Strawberry...

PAOLO

Yeah...

After a moment, LT gets up. The KIDS understand that they must do the same.

LT

Give me the robes.

The KIDS hand over the PURPLE ROBES and LT puts them on.

JULIO

You're not a cop, are you?

LT

No.

LT exits, taking the KIDS along. He carries the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX.

CUT TO:

42. EXT INT: EVENING — LT'S CAR AND STREETS EN ROUTE TO RENDEZ-VOUS

VARIOUS ANGLES — LT drives toward the fatal rendez-vous with the BOOKIE. He is wearing the PURPLE ROBES from the CHURCH/CONVENT and has the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX.

LT has the KIDS handcuffed in the back seat. (The Scene mirrors Scene 2, in which LT drove his own TWINS to school.)

The FINAL GAME (SEVEN) is on the RADIO. LT is listening, but also not listening.

LT talks wildly about Jesus Christ. And about the misery they pass in the street. He waves his GUN wildly, punctuating his speech with potentially lethal gestures. He aims the GUN at JULIO and PAULO, then at himself, then out the window, then at the KIDS, again.

LT

Jesus died for your sins, you motherfuckers! Not me. No, I didn't die for your sins. No, not *me*. Jesus went and did it.

(beat)

So why did *you* do what *you* did? If you want to live, tell me *now*, motherfuckers! Tell me now!

LT turns around and looks at JULIO and PAOLO, both of them HANDCUFFED in the back seat.

POV LT — CU — JULIO and PAOLO both have TEARS running down their cheeks. Silently.

LT

I forgive you.

LT starts CRYING too, at the same time CURSING at the TRAFFIC. He drives wildly toward the Port Authority Terminal.

The Mets are coming up from behind, but it is still a long shot. LT doesn't seem to care much. He stares into space.

CUT TO:

43. EXT INT: EVENING — LT'S CAR — THE PORT AUTHORITY TERMINAL

LT pulls up his CAR — next to a BUS in an underground tunnel.

LT

Get out.

The KIDS do. LT follows fast.

AT THE BUS. He makes them board at GUN POINT.

LT

If you think you're not getting on this bus, you're dead wrong. No fucking way are you gonna miss this bus, man! You were probably the kind of kids who had your father drive you to school cause you couldn't catch the fucking bus, but no more, man. You're getting on this bus and you're taking it to the last fucking stop. So get on the fucking bus, man, 'cause you're life ain't worth shit in this town.

LT uncuffs them and the KIDS get on the BUS, dumbstruck.

LT hands JULIO the CIGAR BOX. His "salvation."

The KIDS don't even know what is inside. They take it.

LT gets back into his CAR, takes off.

CUT TO:

44. EXT/INT: EVENING — LT'S CAR — AT 33rd STREET & 8th AVENUE
— AT THE RENDEZ-VOUS WITH THE BOOKIE

EXT: LT pulls up at the appointed spot. He awaits the arrival of the BOOKIE.

INT: STRAWBERRY is up. The GAME can go either way. Suspense.
But not on the face of LT. He is dressed in the PURPLE ROBES, the
CHALICE beside him in the CAR.

The BOOKIE pulls up and — without getting out of his CAR —
He SHOTS LT in the head.

The BOOKIE speeds off. (We never saw him behind the dark
windows.)

LT is dead in his CAR.

On the RADIO, the GAME is ending. STRAWBERRY hits a HOME
RUN and the —

Mets win.

The CROWD ROARS.

END CREDITS.

FIN