

Tolson

CITY HALL

Bo Goldman Draft

September 2, 1954

Director:
Harold Becker

1. EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

1.

A sparkling Sunday morning, ABE BAUMAN, 40, and MENDEL BROWN, 60, are crossing the bridge, harbor traffic on the East River below, cars at a minimum on the roadway. The men wear yarmulkes and business suits, it is the first day of the week.

MENDEL

...So?

ABE

So what?

MENDEL

So what have you got your head in your hands for?

ABE

What are you talking about? My head is high and my hands are --

MENDEL

Clammy.

ABE

You noticed?

MENDEL

Of course. When we shook. Normally you have a beautiful shake, Abe, dry and firm. I had to wipe this one off on my topcoat.

ABE

I want to change my life, Mendel --

MENDEL

So what else is new?

ABE

I feel this city is going to explode. The sweater of government is unraveling --

MENDEL

You know what the Talmud says? Should the sweater unravel, save the yarn.

ABE

I look for knowledge and you give me knitwear. I'm talking guns, I'm talking corruption, I'm talking 2000 shootings a year.

MENDEL

A person could die from a #2 needle.

ABE

Are you my friend or are you my friend? My life is coming apart. The tissue of government tears --

MENDEL

Abe! Abe! If there is a fault in the garment, examine the cloth.

Abe pauses, considers.

ABE

...It all began with a shooting.

MENDEL

Of course, '2000 a year'.

ABE

165 a month --

MENDEL

Six a day.

ABE

(after a moment)

This was one of them --

2. INT. KITCHEN, EAST HARLEM APARTMENT - MORNING

2.

BONE, 45, Black, is frying up eggs and sausages and bread, a man who takes pride in cooking for his only child, JAMES, 6 years old, who waits patiently at the kitchen table.

ABE (V.O.)

A father and his six-year-old son...

Bone rolls the frying pan's contents onto James's plate.

BONE

Now drink your milk and eat that up, we're late.

James nods obediently to his father, irrepressibly Bone smiles, ruffles his son's hair, the boy dives into his food.

3. OMIT 3. OMIT
4. EXT. 25TH PRECINCT - MORNING 4.
- Santos trots purposefully down the steps, strides up the street to the battered, nondescript detectives' Chevys parked at the curb, jumps into one, drives away.
5. INT. SUBWAY, IRT LINE, BLEECKER STREET - MORNING 5.
- TINO ZAPATTI, 21, a scummy drug-dealer hustles down the steps as the RATTLE of the approaching local is heard. He leaps the turnstile with a fare-beater's expertise, strolls into a car just before the doors close.
6. OMIT 6. OMIT
7. INT./EXT. BONE'S APARTMENT HOUSE - MORNING 7.
- James hurries down the creaky stairs in front of his father, almost trips over an untied shoelace.
- BONE
- C'm'ere.
- James stops, Bone squats on the stairs, ties the boy's shoelace, straightens the book bag on his shoulder, they continue down the stairs.
- 7A. EXT. SANTOS' CAR, EAST HARLEM - DAY 7A.
- Another section of the neighborhood, Santos reaches across to the passenger side, swings the door open, VINNIE ZAPATTI, 25, a slightly older version of his cousin but just as scummy, leans in.
- SANTOS
- All set?
- Vinnie glares at him, Santos beckons him, Vinnie jumps in.
- VINNIE
- Let's go.
- Santos drives off.
8. EXT. 117TH STREET SUBWAY - MORNING 8.
- Tino emerges, takes the steps two at a time, checks his Rolex, jaywalks across Lexington Avenue.
9. EXT. EAST 117TH STREET - MORNING 9.
- James Bone hustles to keep up with his father's 36-inch-stride, his book bag bouncing on his little shoulders.

9A. EXT. CORNER, 117TH STREET AND PLEASANT AVE., E. HARLEM - MORNING 9A..

Santos pulls up at the demarcation line where three ethnic and racial neighborhoods meet, Black, Puerto Rican and Italian.

10. EXT. SANTOS' CAR, 117TH STREET, PLEASANT AVE. - MORNING 10.

Through the windshield, Santos is calm behind the wheel, Vinnie right beside him; as Santos waits patiently, Vinnie chews a nail.

10A. INT. SANTOS' CAR - DAY 10A.

Vinnie presses against the seat on the passenger side.

SANTOS

What are you doing way over there,
Vinnie?

VINNIE

I can't stand cops.

SANTOS

But you do bad things. Bad things
interest cops.

VINNIE

One and a half nothing ounces and --

SANTOS

(interrupting)
And three strikes you're out. It's
numbers. These days you can't beat
the numbers, Vinnie.

VINNIE

-- They'll find me. My uncle will
find me.

SANTOS

Witness Protection, they don't find
anybody. It helps us -- and it helps
scum like you and Tino.

VINNIE

You're not taking him in?! You said
you weren't taking him in! You take
him in, I'm dead!

Vinnie's hand is now on the car door, Santos reaches over
and, vice-like, clamps his hand over Vinnie's.

SANTOS

Easy. I just want to have a little chat with Tino. Now where is he?

VINNIE

Now don't fuck me and take Tino in. He's on his way but he don't know nothing what it's about.

Santos glances out through the windshield, relaxes.

SANTOS

Here comes our boy. Now don't get excited, we're just going to have a little talk.

Vinnie doesn't move.

SANTOS (CONT'D)

Get out of the fucking car.

VINNIE

(wrecked)

Yeah --?

SANTOS

And turn him around.

11. EXT. CORNER 117TH STREET, PLEASANT AVENUE - MORNING

11.

Tino, his eyes shifting constantly, taking in all movement in his line of sight, is passed by Bone and his son, James, rushing to school.

Vinnie lunges out of Santos' car, walking rapidly, he approaches Tino from behind.

ON TINO AND VINNIE - MORNING

Tino senses somebody approaching, he glances over his shoulder.

TINO

Hey, Vinnie.

But Vinnie suddenly opens his stride, hurries past Tino.

TINO (CONT'D)

Hey -- what the fuck you doing?

ON TINO AND SANTOS

As Vinnie disappears around a corner, Santos materializes behind Tino.

SANTOS

Hello, Tino --

Tino whirls, reflexively pulls his .45 from his waistband and starts firing, Santos, as he goes down, manages to draw his .38. A fusillade of bullets exchanged, a SCREAM is heard from across the street as 6-year-old James Bone, caught in the cross-fire, topples into the gutter.

SILENCE, a window OPENS, a HORN blows, three bodies lay in various positions across the sidewalk and gutter, Vinnie nowhere in sight. The only SOUND a low, desperate MOAN from Bone as he crouches over his son.

CUT TO:

12. INT. MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE, CITY HALL - MORNING 12.

A beehive, four secretaries, ANGIE, the Mayor's first secretary, is on the telephone, she peers solemnly through the daily tumult around her, nods, dives for the door.

13. INT. ON ANGIE, CITY HALL CORRIDOR - MORNING 13.

She runs down the long hall, through sets of low gates, past a palace guard of Intelligence Detectives, Reporters, Petitioners.

MAYOR (V.O.)

...Eggs and bacon, donuts and coffee, over easy, light, no sugar! The orders would bounce off the wall of my dad's shop and me, my cousins, my brothers, we would all scurry to fill them. But there was one regular who stood out --

14. INT. NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - MORNING 14.

An ornate nineteenth century hall, a replica of the U.S. Senate, each Council member seated behind a desk, his or her presence noted by a red light. A dais, manned by various factotums. Above the dais sits the Public Advocate, but presiding is the MAYOR who stands in front of the dais, beside him the Governor of Tokyo, on his other side the Mayor's opposite, Majority Speaker SEYMOUR SOLOMON.

The Mayor's name is John Pappas, he is an attractive man approaching 50, looks like a leader, his hair graying beautifully behind his ears, a winning smile, a commanding presence. The Mayor is presenting a key to the city, silver and about six inches long, in an open velvet box to the Tokyo Governor.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

-- Mr. Hayatama was his name and in the Japanese custom, he liked soup for breakfast. It was a trial for my dad, fixing soup every morning in his coffee shop...

His breakfast over, 'Sayonara,' Mr. Hayatama would say, 'Yasou,' my dad would reply in Greek, 'So long,' two men dedicated to life and their families, bridging the continents of Asia and Southern Europe, as only they can be, here in this great city...

As the Mayor's ceremonial speech continues, Angie barges noisily into the chamber but before she is fully inside, she is intercepted by a figure surveying the proceedings from the back of the room. KEVIN CALHOUN, 30, Chief Deputy Mayor, is a lanky, deceptively sleepy-looking man, a tall drink of water, mature for his age, who watches and listens closely to everything, his clothes don't quite seem to fit him (he would be more comfortable in sweater and jeans), but there is an energy that radiates; sexual, dynamic, and above all, intelligent.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

We are sister cities now, Tokyo and New York, and this key, a symbol of entree into our streets and neighborhoods, is also a sign of an unlocking of our hearts as my Dad did his to Mr. Hayatama years ago -- in the shadow of the Flushing El, when I was a boy and Shea Stadium was only a dream. Two men crossing two continents to meet in a third -- as we have here today, the Governor of Tokyo and the Mayor of New York - Welcome, enjoy --

Calhoun bends his ear to Angie's mouth. As she whispers frantically into it, over her shoulder Calhoun eyeballs the Mayor. The rapport is perfect between Calhoun and the Mayor, it is as if there were no one else in this great room as Calhoun makes a quick sawing gesture at his throat.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Sayonara!

15. EXT. CITY HALL, VIP PARKING LOT - MORNING

15.

The Mayor's car, Calhoun seated beside the Mayor in the back seat, speeds out of the lot, behind it the follow car, manned by NYPD Intel. Only when the cars are well distant from City Hall, and the voters do not know their occupants, do the sirens SOUND and the red lights flash.

16. INT. MAYOR'S CAR - MORNING

16.

The NYPD Intel Detective in the front passenger seat is the Mayor's chief bodyguard, GEORGE.

MAYOR

(to Calhoun)

What have you got, Kevin?

CALHOUN

Shootout, East Harlem. One detective, one dealer, one six-year-old Black kid caught in the cross-fire.

MAYOR

Go on --

CALHOUN

The kid's dead. And the dealer.

MAYOR

The cop?

CALHOUN

No good.

MAYOR

Whose bullet killed the child?

CALHOUN

We don't know yet.

The Mayor falls silent.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

(to George)

What's our ETA?

GEORGE

Bellevue in ten.

The Mayor nods, shifts.

MAYOR

(to Calhoun)

-- Okay, what are the calls?

CALHOUN

Looking good on MetroBank.

MAYOR

You got a count?

CALHOUN

No noses yet, but Abe gets the feeling we're in.

MAYOR

Never mind 'feelings.'

(a moment)

-- The Convention?

CALHOUN

Marquand says you're set for keynote.

MAYOR

'Set'? That's his way of saying I'm pencilled in.

CALHOUN

I hear a brilliant keynote address. I see national ink. Governor of New York, 'hi Albany,' 'bye Albany,' dot dot dot the former Mayor of New York City and Governor of New York State, President John Pappas, occupied The White House today.

MAYOR

Now that I'm all set, what are you're plans?

Calhoun catches the Mayor's tone, smiles embarrassedly.

CALHOUN

All right, I hear you. But it's our turn, Mr. Mayor. Teddy Roosevelt went to the Presidency from the Police Commissioner's office. Franklin Roosevelt did four terms out of the Governor's office. New York's coming back. The West is getting tired. Water, Riots, Mudslides, Earthquakes. The Left Coast. They're going to turn around and you're going to be waiting.

The Mayor smiles.

MAYOR

We're going to be waiting.

George, the Intel Man, leans back, interrupts politely.

GEORGE

(to Calhoun)

--Bellevue in five.

Calhoun nods, George faces front.

MAYOR

(quietly)

How old was the little boy?

CALHOUN

Six.

MAYOR

And what was our budget as of
midnight?

CALHOUN

31.7 billion.

MAYOR

It costs a lot of money to have
children slaughtered in the streets.

16A. EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY

16A.

The car slows. One of the Intel men leaps out, reaches for
the Mayor's door.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I got it, George.

CUT TO:

17. INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - MORNING

17.

Elevator doors open on a hallway packed with Reporters,
Police Officials, gold gleaming on Inspectors' badges,
sharp-suited homicide detectives. The Mayor steps out of
the elevator with Calhoun, Intel clears a path, simul-
taneously at the end of the corridor the doors to the
Operating Room burst open and Santos is wheeled out, drips
and drains, Triage Nurses, Emergency Surgeons scurrying
alongside.

The Police Commissioner, GERALD COONAN, intercepts the
Mayor.

MAYOR

What do you think?

Coonan shakes his head as a NURSE desperately tries to clear the way for the gurney.

NURSE

Give us room! Will y'move?! Move!

The Mayor catches a glimpse of an inert Santos.

MAYOR

For Chrissake, give these people some help.

Coonan snaps his fingers at Chief of Patrol MORETTI, a spotless blue serge uniform braided with gold and a chestful of decorations.

MORETTI

Step back! Step back!

CALHOUN

(to Coonan)

Where's the widow?

COONAN

-- Not yet a widow, Mr. Deputy.

MAYOR

(to Coonan)

Introduce me.

Now the Mayor and Calhoun exchange a quiet look, they have been here before, each knows what to do. Calhoun peels off and heads for other top police officials. He engages SAWYER, a Black man, First Deputy Police Commissioner and FLORIO, a Captain from Internal Affairs. Meanwhile, the Mayor moves on down the corridor with Sawyer's boss, Commissioner Coonan.

COONAN

(to the Mayor)

...Combat Cross, Medal for Merit,
Honorable Mention, Department Medal
of Honor --

MAYOR

Any children?

COONAN

Two, 5 and 3, a boy and a girl.

MAYOR

How is the wife?

COONAN

You'll say hello. Elaine, Elaine Santos.

MAYOR

Which one is she?

COONAN

The pretty one. The other's the sister.

ON CALHOUN, FIRST DEPUTY COMMISSIONER SAWYER, AND
CAPT. FLORIO - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Their eyes are glued to the Mayor and Commissioner Coonan as the Mayor shakes Mrs. Santos's hand, a sincerity and awareness to his movements, at the same moment he is attentive to her sister.

CALHOUN

(to Sawyer)

Which one was the shooter?

SAWYER

They're both shooters, Mr. Deputy Mayor.

FLORIO

One's dead, one's almost.

SAWYER

We know the dealer. Tino Zapatti.

CALHOUN

'Zapatti'?

SAWYER

Paul's nephew.

FLORIO

A punk.

CALHOUN

What happened?

SAWYER

Don't know yet. Santos was signed out, that we do know. But he was carrying no radio...wore no vest --

CALHOUN

Any backups?

FLORIO

Zero.

SAWYER
Not even a 'ghost.' Total breach of
Department policy.

A moment.

CALHOUN
What was the guy doing?

SAWYER
Taking a meeting with a convicted
drug dealer? You got me. But it
adds up to a dead cop, a dead kid,
and a dead nephew of the head of the
Zapatti Family.

CALHOUN
Was Tino 'made'?

SAWYER
No. A scumbag, a nothing. And a rap
sheet this long -- he was headed for
Attica on a five-to-ten, but copped
probation which he skipped out on two
years ago.

CALHOUN
Probation?

FLORIO
Isn't it a sentence in this town?

Silence, Calhoun shifts anxiously from foot to foot.

CALHOUN
The Mayor's going to want to step up
for the wife --

FLORIO
I wouldn't if I were him.

Calhoun measures Florio now.

CALHOUN
And who are you again?

FLORIO
Internal Affairs.

They pause to watch a PRIEST, pulling a scarf from his
pocket, enter the Intensive Care Unit

SAWYER

We can bury Santos with his glowing reputation. Good cops turn bad, it happens all the time.

FLORIO

And we give them Inspector's Funerals to boot.

Calhoun arbitrarily looks past them, he is checking out MARYBETH COGAN against the wall, a broth of an Irish girl, 29, tall and tough and wonderfully open, a Gaelic twinkle wrapped in a fist.

CALHOUN

Who's she?

SAWYER

One of the lawyers for the Detective's Endowment Association. I was wondering when you were going to ask.

CALHOUN

Now you don't have to wonder anymore.

18. INT. ICU, BELLEVUE - DAY

18.

The Triage team is still working furiously, the Mayor standing by attentively with Elaine Santos and her sister. the Priest brushes past them, drapes the scarf stole-like over his shoulders, pulls anointing oils from the other pocket, opens a vial, anoints Santos's forehead with the side of his thumb.

PRIEST

Through this holy anointing
May God, in his love and mercy
Give you the grace of the Holy
Spirit.

The Mayor takes Elaine's hand.

MAYOR

We're with you, Elaine...

ELAINE

Thank you.

MAYOR

...The City takes care of its own.

He squeezes her hand, nods to Elaine's sister as the Priest whispers in Santos's ear.

PRIEST

May God who frees you from sin
Save you and raise you up.

The Mayor steps to the bedside, regards Santos, now the Mayor's lips move in silent prayer.

19. INT. MAYOR'S CAR - MORNING

19.

Calhoun on the car phone, but the Mayor deep within himself.

CALHOUN

(phone)

...Set a press conference for 12
o'clock, make sure The Post takes the
first question and --

MAYOR

(interrupting)

The first question will be "Whose
bullet was it?"

Calhoun blinks, continues.

CALHOUN

(phone)

Call Senator Marquand, be cool, tell
him everything's under control and of
course the Mayor's on with him
tonight.

The Mayor glances at Calhoun.

CALHOUN

-- I'm just trying to stay ahead of
the curve.

(phone)

And, Abe, call Leonard Street. Get a
copy of Tino Zapatti's probation
report.

MAYOR

Which Zapatti is that?

CALHOUN

A nephew. One conviction, got off on
probation.

(checks outside, to Abe)

We're headed for the Park Drive,
downtown in 20.

As Calhoun hangs up, George, the Intel man, turns around.

GEORGE

(to Mayor)

...How's about we swing over to the
FDR, we'll make better time?

The Mayor doesn't answer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sir, what is your pleasure?

MAYOR

My pleasure?

(a moment)

Where's the boy's apartment?

George picks up his radio.

GEORGE

Rainbow-1, Rainbow-2 -- give us a
read on the boy's home.

FOLLOW CAR DETECTIVE

(radio)

432 East One-One-Seven --

GEORGE

(to the Mayor)

117th Street and Pleasant Avenue.

MAYOR

That's where we're going.

CALHOUN

We've got no advance man, we have no
protection. There'll be a crowd out
there --

MAYOR

I'm the Mayor, Kevin. And even if I
weren't, it's the right thing to do.

GEORGE

(radio)

Rainbow-2 - forget City Hall - 117th
Street and Pleasant Avenue.

The car swerves east on 125th Street. The Mayor settles
back in his seat but Calhoun leans forward anxiously. As
they approach Pleasant Avenue, the street narrows with the
crowd forming in it. Calhoun jumps out of the car ahead of
the Mayor, clearing his path, moves into the apartment ahead
of him.

19A. EXT./INT. PARLOR, BONE'S APARTMENT, PLEASANT AVENUE - DAY

19A

A spare, clean place, groups of mourners gathered, men and women, a Black Police Officer in uniform, a BUZZ from the street below.

Calhoun meets the Mayor as he enters, the BUZZ goes silent, the Mayor taking in every face in the room.

CALHOUN

The father's seated by the window --

MAYOR

Thanks.

The Mayor enters, approaches Bone, he stands up, extends his hand respectfully, the Mayor brushes Bone's hand aside and embraces him. MOVE IN on Calhoun.

20. INT. "BLUE ROOM," CITY HALL - DAY

20.

The area reserved for Press Conferences. Five rows of seats in this small venue, every seat taken, TV cameras on a raised platform behind, up front a podium with a cluster of mikes, numbers and letters identifying local stations and in this case, networks as well.

The heat is oppressive, no matter what time of year, and the anticipation of this story is adding to it. As the still photographers load, Abe positions himself behind them with a small, hand-held radio open to the Mayor's car.

ABE

Two minutes! Two minutes!

Shutters are readied, reporters put away their cellulars.

ABE (CONT'D)

Heads up!

Tape recorders are balanced on right knees, notepads on the left. A group of Black clerics are led on, they take their places at the rear of the podium. One Black reporter, SADLER of The Post, makes note of them to the reporter seated beside him.

SADLER

Lining up the ducks.

A couple of reporters scurry up to the dais now to get I.D.'s from the Black clerics, Abe shoos them away.

ABE

Thirty seconds!

21. INT. CITY HALL, MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

21.

Plainclothesmen swing the doors open wide as the Mayor, Calhoun at his side, hustles up the steps and through the doors.

LESLIE CHRISTOS, female, 32, the Mayor's Press Secretary, appears at his shoulder as he moves down the west corridor to the low brass gate guarding his "end of the Hall."

MAYOR

Who's up?

LESLIE

The Post.

MAYOR

Sadler or Marx?

LESLIE

Sadler.

MAYOR

I know what's coming, 'Is probation a sentence in this town?'

LESLIE

(reading from her notes)

'...Judge Stern has a powerful record on the bench. He has served 13 years, and meted out the stiffest punishments in the history of this city. If the report recommends probation, then probation it has to be.' After that they'll start in on the mandatory crap --

MAYOR

I got it, I got it.

The brass gate is swung open, the factotums and old party retainers and permanent Intels, who guard the gate, salute respectfully as the Mayor passes.

From inside the "Blue" Room, a YELL:

ABE (V.O.)

Lights!

22. INT. "BLUE" ROOM, CITY HALL - MORNING

22.

The place comes ablaze with light at the Mayor's entrance, news photographers leap forward, flashbulbs, the Black clerics blinking at the blinding flares, the TV cameras are rolling, the cameramen on the platform in the rear on radios with their reporters up front who are calling shots.

Abe's and Calhoun's eyes lock, Abe jerks his head towards the door, Calhoun responds with thumb and forefinger, "Give me a minute," positions himself in the corner where he can survey the whole room. The Mayor steps up on the stage, shakes hands with the various clerics, embraces the last. Some photographer yells "'Beside them!'", The Mayor glances at Calhoun, he makes a slight inclination of his head and the Mayor poses with the Black clerics for the photo opportunity. He unfolds a statement, steps up to the podium, then impulsively returns the statement to his pocket.

MAYOR

Good morning. I would like to welcome the Reverends Williams and Birch from the Abyssinian Baptist, the Reverend Spellman from A.M.E. Zion, and my dear friend, Reverend Milton Parks of the First Church of Harlem. Thank you, reverend gentlemen, for having the courage to stand here beside me...

Calhoun, having checked out the staging of the proceedings, slips out a side door.

23. INT. CITY HALL CORRIDOR - DAY

23.

Calhoun hurries across the hall, the T.V. sets at the Intel Station and Secretaries' Area are all tuned in to the Press Conference.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

There is one thing as Mayor I will never get over - the death of a police officer. And there is one thing in life I will never get over, the death of an innocent child.

Abe, as if on signal, meets Calhoun outside Abe's tiny office, they close the door behind them. On the door in gold leaf,

"ADMINISTRATION Chief of Staff
A. Bauman."

24. INT. ABE'S OFFICE, MAYOR'S WING - DAY

24.

The office T.V. plays quietly in the background.

(As Abe hands Calhoun a battered records jacket, Calhoun opens it, scans a muddle of rat-eared papers. Calhoun hands it back.)

MAYOR (V.O.)
(T.V.)

A year from now this will be known as 'The Incident on 117th Street.' But I'm telling you this is an incident that will not go away, not as long as I am Mayor of this city. The whole city, all parts of the city, Bushwick and Greenpoint, Jamaica and Harlem, Washington Heights and Brownsville, the bodies drop, shot like fish in a barrel, and the accusation is we don't care because these are disenfranchised parts of the city. Homicide is homicide whether it's on Park Avenue or up an alley in Williamsburg, and we will find the perpetrators and we will put them away. Whose bullet was it, you're going to ask? We'll find out. Important, but more to the point,

CALHOUN

Where's the probation report?

(Abe reaches in and locates a filled-out form, hands it to Calhoun whose brow furrows.)

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Looks okay.

ABE

Very okay. But there is a conviction. Criminal possession in the fourth degree.

CALHOUN

'Fourth degree.' 4-C. A probational offense. Practically a misdemeanor.

ABE

Kevin, there are 4-C's and there are 4-C's.

(Abe turns the probation report over and over, checking it out front and back)

CALHOUN

(to Abe)

...You keep looking at that as if it were not kosher.

ABE

A cut of meat is kosher. A piece of fish. 'Savory foods and all kinds of dainties' are kosher. But a probation report is not kosher. It is merely a probation report.

who's going to give Eddie Santos back to his wife and children?

(a moment)

Questions?

Calhoun measures Abe, abruptly he reaches up and MUTES the T.V.

CALHOUN

-- I am a good Louisiana lapsed Catholic, Abe. Don't tell me 'kosher,' just give it to me straight. What's wrong with that report?

ABE

Too kosher.

CALHOUN

Translation?

ABE

'The virgin looks pregnant to me.'

Abe bends low over the report, examining the words as if they were lacunae in the Talmud.

ABE (CONT'D)

The Supervisor signed this.

CALHOUN

So?

ABE

That's a lot of weight for a 4-C. What happened to the original little Probation Officer, where's his signature?

Calhoun snatches the report from Abe, scans it, tries to fathom its meaning but can't.

CALHOUN

Surely there must be an explanation.

ABE

'The more flesh, the more worms.'

24A. EXT. FOLEY SQUARE, MANHATTAN - DAY

24A.

Calhoun and Abe briskly make their way across the wide plaza, past the denizens of Federal Court Houses, District Attorneys' headquarters, detention facilities and city offices, a maze of old, gray buildings and the canny drones that occupy them.

ABE

...His name is Schwartz.

CALHOUN

A lantsman?

ABE

Stop trying your Yiddish out on me.
You sound like a Shakespearean actor
from a Savannah pogrom.

CALHOUN

Okay, okay, do you know him?

ABE

I don't know him, the trial was
almost two years ago, I was long gone
from the Department.

They turn down Leonard Street into an old Victorian
municipal building.

25. INT. SCHWARTZ'S OFFICE - DAY

25.

A bunch of partitioned-off work stations, in his own
glassed-in place is LARRY SCHWARTZ, a veteran of the civil
service wars. As Calhoun and Abe enter, Schwartz comes to a
noisy, chair-scrapping attention.

CALHOUN

Please...

SCHWARTZ

You're the first Deputy Mayor to set
foot on this floor. We had a
Commissioner once -- but it was the
wrong floor.

CALHOUN

May I have a seat?

SCHWARTZ

Of course. And Abe, you're at home
already.

ABE

Hello, Larry.

Calhoun and Abe sit.

SCHWARTZ

I know why you're here. I've logged
twelve calls already today. Mr.
Zapatti --?

CALHOUN

Yes.

SCHWARTZ

Why did he have to be my case?

CALHOUN

Exactly.

SCHWARTZ

Because sometimes we get overloaded.

CALHOUN

And you take the extras?

SCHWARTZ

The extra-specials.

CALHOUN

Such as a Zapatti Family member?

SCHWARTZ

Something like that. Look, Mr. Deputy Mayor --

CALHOUN

Kevin's good enough.

SCHWARTZ

Any case comes in here, that looks like it's 'connected,' I take a special interest in --

CALHOUN

Why?

SCHWARTZ

To avoid making mistakes.

CALHOUN

You made one on this one.

SCHWARTZ

And for that, I'm extremely sorry. I've written letters of condolence to Mr. Bone and Mrs. Santos -- we're advised not to do such things -- litigation -- but I don't give a shit. I blew one and I don't mind admitting it. But I'd rather blow one out of a hundred, then send ten men away on mandatories who don't deserve them.

CALHOUN

You sound like an enlightened man, Mr. Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ

And you sound like you're fucking with me. You got anything to add, Abe?

ABE

No, Larry, you're doing fine.

Calhoun sighs.

CALHOUN

How do these things happen?

SCHWARTZ

How long have you been on this job?

CALHOUN

Three years.

SCHWARTZ

And you're looking to go to the Governor's Mansion next year, and perhaps the Oval Office soon after?

CALHOUN

(smiles)

You're also an acute observer of the political scene.

SCHWARTZ

These things happen because we're awash -- in criminals, in half-baked social workers, in a city that doesn't function, in a world that doesn't know right from wrong.

Silence.

ABE

That's why I got out of here.

SCHWARTZ

You escaped just in time.

Calhoun stands now.

CALHOUN

Mr. Schwartz --

SCHWARTZ

Larry.

CALHOUN

I owe you an apology. I came here with a big head of steam and --

SCHWARTZ

No apologies. It takes more than three years to get up to speed in this department. There's only one man who would have made a good probation officer...Kafka. And he wasn't available.

Calhoun nods, smiles, they all shake.

SCHWARTZ

Give me a call, Abe, and if anything opens up in the big building, keep me in mind.

The door closes. Schwartz slumps in his chair.

26. INT. GOWANUS DEMOCRATIC CLUB, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

26.

One of the last of the Tammany Clubs but a thriving place, a mix of senior citizens from West Flatbush, gentrified couples from Park Slope and blue collars from Red Hook.

A two-tiered hall, at the entrance a check-in desk manned by CLARA, a polished greeter who makes a note of the constituents' needs and either sends them home with reassurances or upstairs to FRANK ANSELMO, 55, the Councilman for this the 38th District, and also Brooklyn County Leader for the Democratic Party.

He presents himself as not a "boss" but a leader who does things the old-fashioned way. A big man with a light touch, expensive horn-rimmed glasses barely framing a squat, Neapolitan face.

It is late, most of the pensioners and supplicants have left. Anselmo is hearing out one of the last, the elderly GUSSIE who has put on her best print dress for the occasion.

GUSSIE

...They're gonna throw me out, Mr. Anselmo.

ANSELMO

No one's gonna throw you out, Gussie.

GUSSIE

He says I'm underoccupied, can I help it if my daughter moves out? Isn't she entitled to a life of her own?

ANSELMO

Of course. How is Helene? Still working at the Navy Yard?

GUSSIE

Thanks to you. What can you do for me?

ANSELMO

Just see that Mr. Brill obeys the law. You're grandfathered in over there. And if he tells you you're not, just give me a call. A curvy landlord like Marty Brill's always looking for a way around rent control. But how would he understand a law that was meant for working stiff's like you and me?

GUSSIE

Oh thank you, Mr. Anselmo. You wanna come speak to my Club?

Clara, who has moved upstairs to Anselmo's desk, interrupts him with a whisper in his ear. Anselmo glances downstairs, sees Schwartz, the Probation Dept. Branch Officer, waiting, nervously fingering his hat, Anselmo indicates to Clara "in a minute."

ANSELMO

What Club is that, Gussie?

GUSSIE

The Terrible Tiles Mah Jong Club --

ANSELMO

How many Tiles belong?

GUSSIE

A hundred and twelve.

ANSELMO

You got it, sweetheart. Just tell me when.

Anselmo trots down the stairway to Schwartz as Gussie is ushered away.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

Hello, Larry.

SCHWARTZ

I have to see you, Frank.

ANSELMO

Well, here I am. How about a cup of coffee?

SCHWARTZ

No thanks. We got to talk. You finished?

A moment's hesitation from Anselmo, he glances around, a few last stragglers seeking favors, party workers licking envelopes, someone working a phone. Paper plates and scraps of schnecken being cleaned up by elderly women.

ANSELMO

The business of government, Larry, is never finished. Let's take a walk.

27. INT. FINO'S COFFEE SHOP, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

27.

A 70's joint on Nevins Street on the Park Slope/ Flatbush border, faux-Tiffany lamps which swing out on gold chains over green tablecloths, a formica counter for the breakfast eaters, Muzak plays Broadway showtunes nonstop. Anselmo occupies his corner table, commanding a view although the place is almost empty. MILTON, the waiter, sets down water and coffees, he wears a battered green waistcoat.

MILTON

Mr. A --?

ANSELMO

How are you, Milton?

MILTON

(singing)

'I'm as corny as Kansas in August
I'm as normal as blueberry pie
No more a smart
Little girl with no heart
I have found me a wonderful guy --'

Schwartz's mouth falls open. Anselmo, who has been conducting Milton, actually sings the last line with him.

ANSELMO

Speaking of blueberry pies, Milton, bring us a couple.

(to Schwartz)

You ala mode?

SCHWARTZ

I don't want any pie.

ANSELMO

(to Milton)

Two blueberry pie ala modes.

Milton sashays away humming the bridge to "A Wonderful Guy," Anselmo studies Schwartz.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Larry?

SCHWARTZ

You know what's the matter.

ANSELMO

You look terrible, you ought to take a vacation.

SCHWARTZ

I don't want a vacation. I got 18 years in, I've saved up my time, I'm eligible for pension in six months if I put in the hours --

ANSELMO

Okay, okay, what is it?

SCHWARTZ

Get the Deputy Mayor off my ass.

ANSELMO

Which one?

SCHWARTZ

You know which one.

ANSELMO

'Shrimp boats'?

SCHWARTZ

Him.

ANSELMO

Couldn't you handle him?

SCHWARTZ

It was easy. Too easy.

The MUSIC continues, Anselmo cocks an ear to the Rodgers and Hammerstein medley, Milton sweeps out from behind the counter balancing the pies and ice cream, sets the order down. But Schwartz pushes his away, stares off into the middle distance. From the area behind him, the sound of HUMMING, it is Milton, now Anselmo joins him, a beautiful baritone.

ANSELMO

'Don't throw bouquets at me
Don't please my folks too much
Don't laugh at my jokes too much --'

Milton leans over the back of the banquette.

ANSELMO/MILTON

'People will say we're in love!'

They laugh, Milton scurries away to serve another table, Anselmo forks a piece of pie.

SCHWARTZ

What the hell was that?

ANSELMO

Milton and I are great Rodgers and Hammerstein fans. When you walk through a storm, keep your head up high -- Larry.

SCHWARTZ

It's not your signature on that probation report.

ANSELMO

And watch your mouth.

Schwartz watches as he finishes his pie.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

And take a vacation.

Now he reaches over, helps himself to a bite of Schwartz's pie, then pushes it away, hums along with the Muzak, observing Schwartz as he nervously sips his coffee.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. GRACIE MANSION, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

28.

The Mayor's residence, a female Police Officer waves a greeting to Calhoun as he pulls up outside the iron gates in his car, she steps out of her booth with a clipboard, makes a notation in her log of his windshield sticker and license.

The iron gates swing open, Calhoun drives through, jumps out of his car, lights are blazing in the beautiful old wooden frame house, he eschews the main entrance, hurries down outside steps, the "side" door.

29. INT. GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

29.

Calhoun waves to the chef and kitchen personnel, dashes upstairs, when he reaches the top, he is greeted by SYDNEY PAPPAS, emerging from the dining room and closing the door behind her. She is the Mayor's wife, a well-bred woman who has negotiated her pedigree into a position beside a powerful, self-made man.

CALHOUN

Good evening, Sydney --

MRS. PAPPAS

-- I saw your lights. He was just reaching 'closure' with Senator Marquand.

Calhoun bites his lip, she notices.

MRS. PAPPAS (CONT'D)

I just thought --

CALHOUN

And you didn't want me to 'bust in'?

MRS. PAPPAS

Thank you, Kevin. It is you that gets him through the sweat of the day, but I have to carry him through this nonsense at night.

CALHOUN

The night's just as important --

She reaches out to smooth his shirt collar.

MRS. PAPPAS

I set a demi-tasse for you. Say hello, remember the Senator adores you. He also has a new wife. She's at the opposite end, tall --

CALHOUN

(interrupting)

Blonde and very young --?

MRS. PAPPAS

How'd you know?

CALHOUN

The first three were.

MRS. PAPPAS

Never mind, give her the once-over, as only you can. Okay? Here we go...

30. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

30.

A gathering of a dozen people, no black ties, but just short of that, elegant black dresses and the men in fashionable business suits. The Mayor jumps to his feet.

MAYOR

Hey -- Kevin! We missed you --

SENATOR MARQUAND, an all-business New Englander, with a young, blonde wife, smiles.

SEN. MARQUAND
Kevin's been busy today.

CALHOUN
Hello, Senator.

MRS. PAPPAS
(introducing)
Liz and Maurice Warnecke, head of the
Stock Exchange --

WARNECKE
I know Kevin, we were on the phone
today on the MetroBank thing.

Calhoun smiles as the Mayor completes the introductions quietly, Calhoun knows some, not others, heads of major brokerage and accounting firms, plus a young couple, scions of some industrial fortune, a Black couple, the chancellor of City College. Calhoun arranges himself beside Mrs. Marquand.

SEN. MARQUAND
Whose bullet was it, Kevin?

CALHOUN
We don't know yet.

A flicker from the Mayor.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)
But I didn't mean to interrupt
you --

SEN. MARQUAND
We don't want any stray bullets
around Madison Square Garden.

Calhoun downs his demi-tasse.

MAYOR
Ignore him, Kevin. The Senator just
likes to keep a little anchor to
windward.

MRS. PAPPAS
Weren't we talking about the
Convention --?

Before the Mayor can respond, Calhoun jumps in.

CALHOUN

(to Sen. Marquand)

We're going to turn this city upside down for you. We're going to stage the right kind of Convention --

SEN. MARQUAND

What kind is that?

CALHOUN

The kind that's going to get the President re-elected. Where are you going to go - Chicago, always resonates with memories of Hubert in '68. California - still the land of Jerry Brown and Tom Hayden, the sort of place that nominates a Walter Mondale. Miami? Miami's Casablanca. We'll make you a winner, we've got the city right here.

Mrs. Marquand smiles.

MRS. MARQUAND

You're not a New Yorker, are you, Kevin?

CALHOUN

Ferriday, Louisiana. Huey Long country. 'Every man a king, but no one wears a crown.'

Silence.

MRS. MARQUAND

Hey, I love this guy.

MRS. PAPPAS

The line forms to the left. And don't try to steal him from us.

The Mayor beams. The doors suddenly open, JAIME, an Intel Detective, a member of the Palace Guard that protects the Mayor, signals Calhoun.

JAIME

-- The P.C.'s on the horn.

CALHOUN

Excuse me --

(to Sen. Marquand)

To be continued.

31. INT. INTEL COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

31.

Calhoun grabs the phone as Jaime lowers the volume on the nine o'clock T.V. news, a teaser of the day's events in the city, the Mayor's morning Press Conference flashes for a moment then the show passes on to other things.

CALHOUN

Gerry?

COONAN (V.O.)

I got good news. One of the rounds passed through the boy, caught in the armhole of his windbreaker --

CALHOUN

What was it from?

COONAN (V.O.)

A .45 caliber. Matches Tino's.

Calhoun sighs.

COONAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)

What was that?

CALHOUN

I love good news.

31A. INT. GRACIE MANSION HALLWAY - NIGHT

31A.

He hangs up, makes the "okay" sign to Jaime, dashes back upstairs, when he reaches the top, he finds the dinner guests putting on coats, about to leave.

SEN. MARQUAND

Will you call me in the morning, Kevin, I need some stuff in The New York Times -- an editorial lauding our choice of Convention city. The President loves a good Times editorial.

CALHOUN

You got it, and let me say, Senator --

MAYOR

The vote's in, Kevin, we won. Now let these people go, they're running for the last shuttle.

SEN. MARQUAND

(to Calhoun)

We miss you on the Beltway, m'friend.
The staffers still talk about the
wunderkind on Ways & Means.

(to the Mayor)

This guy had the means to the end.
But don't forget, John, we taught him
everything he knows.

In a moment the guests' are gone, leaving the Mayor and
Calhoun together at the side door, and Mrs. Pappas at the
top of the stairs.

MRS. PAPPAS

(to Calhoun)

You want something to eat, Kevin?

CALHOUN

Nothing, thanks.

MAYOR

Honey, tell the kitchen to fix him a
hamburger and onions.

MRS. PAPPAS

And heavy on the hot sauce.

After a cherishing look at her husband and his confidant,
Mrs. Pappas goes down to the kitchen as the Mayor and
Calhoun continue down the foyer.

CALHOUN

Tino Zappati's bullet killed the
child.

MAYOR

Hmf.

The Mayor relaxes for a moment.

CALHOUN

That's it?

MAYOR

(ruefully)

That's what passes for good news
these days.

CALHOUN

Well, I'll take it.

(shifts)

I saw Tino's probation report.
Exemplary. And signed off on by an
honest Judge.

MAYOR

Walter Stern?

CALHOUN

Yes.

The Mayor sighs.

MAYOR

Thank God.

CALHOUN

I'm meeting Frank Anselmo for breakfast.

MAYOR

Where?

CALHOUN

Woerner's.

MAYOR

The hangout near Borough Hall?

CALHOUN

That's it.

MAYOR

When you go to Brooklyn, you're Frank Anselmo's guest. Don't piss up his leg. Just get him off the infrastructure thing. Nothing wrong with it but unaffordable right now. And good work, tonight.

CALHOUN

Is the vote in? Did I hear us get the convention?

MAYOR

It's not signed and sealed yet, but it is delivered. You were the closer.

CALHOUN

I thought I had him with the Second City stuff --

MAYOR

Of course you did. You know why? It belongs here! New York! This is the place!

Calhoun flinches at the Mayor's passion, the Mayor laughs at his discomfort. Jaime, the Intel man, appears, points to his watch.

Calhoun glances at his own watch as Jaime exits.

CALHOUN

The story's coming up on the 10
o'clock news.

He steers the Mayor into a television room, CLICKS it on, a reporter leads with the news that the bullet that killed young Bone was Tino's. Calhoun CLICKS again, another channel, the same story, CLICK, a third.

CALHOUN

They're all over it like a cheap
suit.

MAYOR

(grim)

And it's going to stick to us like
one.

32. EXT. QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - NIGHT

32.

Cars funneling up to the toll booths, young Hispanics selling the bulldog edition of tomorrow's Daily News.

A hand reaches out through a front window of an anonymous Town Car, buys a paper, hands it to the passenger in the back. MOVE IN on PAUL ZAPATTI, the air of a 50's businessman, but still trim and attractive, eyeglasses shielding eyes which give away nothing.

As the car enters the tunnel, Zapatti opens the newspaper, MOVE IN on the headline: 'ZAPATTI NEPHEW SLAYS HERO DETECTIVE.' Under the column-wide letters are two photographs side-by-side, one of the shootout scene, the other a grainy closeup of a smiling Paul Zapatti.

Zapatti lowers the paper, instructs the man in the front seat who handed it to him.

ZAPATTI

Find Vinnie.

CUT TO:

33. INT. CALHOUN'S APARTMENT, DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - MORNING

33.

A 270-degree view of New Jersey, Staten Island, Long Island, but practically no furnishings. A few suits in a closet, a few books on a shelf, an anomalous interior with a breathtaking exterior.

Dawn flares brilliantly through the windows, the television set is tuned to New York City government's own channel, TV-1. Calhoun swings out of bed, walks to the window, observes the rush hour on the Verrazano Bridge, Staten Island ferries pass each other, a garbage barge chugs past the Statue Of Liberty.

CALHOUN

Good morning.

On the T.V. behind him now, a shot of a Black ghetto mortuary.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In East Harlem this morning, a line formed early outside the Whittington Funeral Home, members of the community eager to pay their respects to the deceased six-year-old James Bone who lived alone in a two-room apartment on 117th Street with his widower father. The crowd is orderly but security is tight --

Calhoun hurries into the shower, but not before clicking on another TV set, a six-incher which has been set above the stall.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There is a sizeable police presence --

34. EXT. FUNERAL HOME - BAYSIDE, QUEENS - DAY

34.

Marybeth drives up, jockeys into a space, parks.

35. INT. FUNERAL HOME - BAYSIDE, QUEENS - DAY

35.

A wake. In one room Detective Eddie Santos's body rests in a partly opened coffin, friends beside it, mourners filing by, in the kitchen of this public room (the building was once a private house) relatives are preparing pots of coffee and platters of cold cuts, in another room, more mourners balance plates of food and short glasses of dark rum. Some Spanish heard, but mostly English from the mix of Detective colleagues and the conservative Hispanic community from "The Island."

Santos's wife, Elaine, composed but a little fierce, greets people in the living room. Her two children, a five year-old boy and a three year-old girl, stay close. Relatives spirit them away periodically to give Elaine relief.

Marybeth is present, she observes Elaine and the two children, waits for her opening until the children are momentarily distracted by relatives, then steps up.

MARYBETH

Good morning, Mrs. Santos. I'm Marybeth Cogan, we met at the hospital.

ELAINE

Yeah. Hullo.

MARYBETH

I'm very sorry.

ELAINE

Thank you.

MARYBETH

And that's Randy and Maria over there?

ELAINE

Uh-huh, those are my kids.

MARYBETH

Did Detective Santos leave a will?

ELAINE

I don't know.

MARYBETH

Insurance policies, savings account?

ELAINE

Eddie took care of those things.

Marybeth steps to a window, Elaine finds herself following her.

MARYBETH

Any brass from the Department call on you today?

ELAINE

Just the guys from the Precinct, and a Captain from Homicide, Manhattan South.

MARYBETH

That's Eddie's Commander, he's required to pay a call on the widow.

Elaine blinks, waits.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

I wouldn't talk with anybody without checking with me first, okay?

Elaine doesn't answer for a moment, measures Marybeth.

ELAINE

Okay.

Marybeth falls silent, not wanting to explain any further but not wanting to leave Elaine. Her eyes land on the five year-old boy and three year-old girl, munching on Puerto Rican dulces, washing them down with soda pop.

MARYBETH

Beautiful children.

She angles for the door, her eyes checking the mourners as she goes.

36. INT. WOERNER'S LUNCHEONETTE, REMSEN STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY

36.

D.A.'s, lawyers, bail bondsmen and clients, the nuts-and-bolts of Brooklyn's official business is transacted here, the customers always within a few steps of their office or the courtroom.

There is a nearly partitioned-off area where a group of regulars are drinking coffee with Anselmo, MURRAY SAFIRE, a lobbyist-fixer, an above-board guy but still a semi-stooge of Anselmo's. Plus a non-regular, LENNY LEWIN, a real estate developer, and three other attendees, Lenny's cigarette smoke waved away by the others. It is clear the group is waiting for someone, nursing their coffees, breaking off ends of Danish from a platter which is kept well-stacked by a zealous waiter.

Calhoun enters, Anselmo flags him. A loud scraping of chairs as they all move to make a space as Anselmo makes introductions.

ANSELMO

You get lost?

CALHOUN

Somewhere there's a key to downtown Brooklyn but I sure don't have it.

SAFIRE

Sit down, Tex, take a load off your feet.

CALHOUN

Loo-si-ana, Murray, for the umpteenth time.

Anselmo hits Calhoun in the arm.

ANSELMO

What's the matter, can't you take a joke? And why don't you get yourself a driver, for Chrissake? After three years, the 'clean as a hound's tooth' image is beginning to wear.

More chuckles. As if by signal, plates of eggs and breakfast meats and hashbrowns are set down. The waiter stands by.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

What'll you have?

CALHOUN

Oatmeal with skim milk and sliced bananas. And a little brown sugar, please.

A deathly silence. The waiter shifts.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

What happened?

ANSELMO

Lenny just threw up.

Laughter. Lenny, a shrewd nerd, doesn't mind being the butt of jokes.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

(to waiter)

Bring him 'Ham and.' -- And because he's the Mayor's boy, throw him a fish, white toast instead of a bagel.

The waiter scurries away. Calhoun smiles knowingly, the feeling he's been subjected to these needles before with Anselmo.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

So what's new, Kevin?

CALHOUN

Today? This just in -- Standard and Poor's is going to lower the city's credit rating. We tried to close two firehouses in the Bronx, result - a hundred and fifty residents are demonstrating in front of City Hall, the Deputy Park Commissioner has quit to run the San Francisco ballet, the Stock Exchange insists they're leaving town. Plus a zillion other rancid goodies.

Calhoun notices a tabloid folded on a corner of the table, page-wide headlines, "EAST HARLEM TRAGEDY Six-Year-Old Slain in Crossfire with Cop."

Anselmo follows Calhoun's eyes.

ANSELMO
-- Plus a kid got shot.

SAFIRE
And a drug dealer.

ANSELMO
And a cop.

SAFIRE
No wonder the Deputy Mayor joined us
in Brooklyn today.

ANSELMO
(to Calhoun)
But he's very welcome. On the Stock
Exchange, where are they removing to,
Kevin, my boy?

CALHOUN
White Plains, they mutter.

SAFIRE
They've been muttering that for
years.

ANSELMO
One day they're gonna stop muttering
and go.

LENNY
That's why we need city land for
MetroBank --

CALHOUN
No argument, Lenny.

ANSELMO
-- And a subway stop and an off-ramp
from the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway.

CALHOUN
Infrastructure --

ANSELMO
A fancy word for the necessities of
life.

CALHOUN

The city is 25 billion dollars in debt, Frank, we're in no position to build subway stops and off-ramps --

LENNY

Three thousand workers and you don't even want to build them a subway stop?

CALHOUN

What's your interest in this, Lenny? Did you happen to buy a few options around the city property?

ANSELMO

Of course he did. And so did every other developer in town. Notwithstanding that, Mr. Deputy Mayor, if you don't have a way to transport their employees, MetroBank's going to dump this deal and move their back offices to New Jersey.

CALHOUN

So be it. The Mayor loves MetroBank, Frank, but he can't afford infrastructure.

Silence.

ANSELMO

The train's leaving the station, Kevin, don't you want to be aboard?

CALHOUN

You think you got the noses --?

ANSELMO

We haven't counted yet. Why? I thought you were on our side. For a good ole boy, you're sure flying in the face of real politics. Infrastructure means jobs. And jobs mean votes. I thought John Pappas liked votes.

CALHOUN

He loves votes, Frank. But no infrastructure. Much as the city approves of the idea of a subway station and off-ramp, it can't pay for them.

Anselmo checks his watch, gets up.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

ANSELMO

I got an appointment in Manhattan.

CALHOUN

The meeting's finished --?

ANSELMO

I heard you say 'no.'

A moment.

CALHOUN

Can I give you a ride?

ANSELMO

No thanks, I make it quicker on the train.

The table rises on cue. As Calhoun puts on his coat, he picks up the tabloid left on the table, glances at the story on the Bone/Santos/Zapatti deaths. A finger reaches over Calhoun's arm, Anselmo's, he points to a "sidebar" which is headed "What Was Detective Doing in East Harlem?"

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

That's your story.

CUT TO:

37. EXT. NEW YORK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING

37.

JUDGE WALTER STERN parks at the curb reserved for the judiciary, hurries towards the side entrance he customarily uses. He is a judicial-looking man, a dignity about him and an address towards life which is relieved by a common touch.

Judge Stern looks up, distracted from his morning routine by a clutch of reporters unexpectedly surrounding him, "Tino Zapatti -", "Probation Report -!", "Sweetheart sentence -", he frowns, responding with "No comment"s but he can't get past the pack until he is rescued by his Law Secretary, in his 40's, PETER RAGAN. Ragan hails a Court Officer, together they free the Judge from his questioners and he hurries in through the secured side entrance, the Court Officer holding off the Press behind him.

37A. INT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

37A.

Ragan catches up with Stern in the lobby as he is about to step into the Judges' Elevators.

JUDGE STERN

Get me the file on Tino Zapatti.

CUT TO:

37B. EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

37B

An impressive crowd of demonstrators, signs reading "No Subway, No MetroBank!" "No Infrastructure, No MetroBank!" Calhoun snakes his way through the protestors, hurries up the City Hall steps.

37C. INT. CITY HALL - DAY

37C

The Doorkeeper greets Calhoun, points upstairs, he heads straight for them but is intercepted by Police Commissioner Coonan.

COONAN

-- Internal Affairs just checked in.
Santos looks dirty.

CALHOUN

Keep a lid on it until we're certain.

He brushes past him, heads up the stairs and down the east end of the Hall, the City Council chamber.

38. INT. CITY COUNCIL MEETING - DAY

38.

Recess. The entire body present. The Public Advocate presiding but only ceremonially, the proceedings being run by Majority Speaker Solomon. On the edges of the chamber, and being restrained by the Marshals, are various interested parties. The gallery above is packed with seniors and blue collars from Brooklyn, Anselmo's 38th Councilmanic District. A tension in the place, a big vote coming up.

ISRAEL TORRES, the Mayor's and Calhoun's man in the Council, who is used to introduce Bills the Mayor advocates, waits in the back with a watchful Calhoun. As the chamber is called back into session, a member proposes a resolution to make a Day of Celebration marking the birth of an obscure Irish Republican hero of the 1920's. Calhoun uses the opportunity to take Torres aside.

CALHOUN

...Are we okay?

TORRES

It's going to be close but we're okay.

CALHOUN

Are you sure we've got the votes?

TORRES

Hey, I've put my life on the line for this one. But Anselmo's really marshalled the troops. Trouble is, he can turn them out whenever he wants.

CALHOUN

Yeah. And I don't like the look on his face, either.

Anselmo rises from his chair, moves to Speaker Solomon, whispers in his ear, now crosses the chamber to Lenny Lewin who stands off the floor of the Council beside a side door. Anselmo's mouth also goes to Lenny's ear. As the Irish hero Day of Celebration resolution drones on, the gooseneck microphones on the Councilmembers' desks are bent away from earshot for the intense, impromptu lobbying which is taking place on the floor.

Abe edges along a wall of the chamber, Speaker Solomon meets him as if by signal, whispers in his ear. Abe quickly returns to Calhoun and Torres.

ABE

Seymour says we're okay.

TORRES

Arriba! Let's go on the bill! No subway, no off-ramp. Ooh, are you guys going to be in to me!

CALHOUN

How 'okay' are we, Abe?

ABE

The marriage is not made until the groom steps on the glass.

TORRES

You guys are nuts. You should be celebrating. Instead he's giving me the Talmud --

(to Calhoun)

And you're sweating through your suit.

CALHOUN

That's my lunch, I ate canned red beans and chilis in oil, a Christmas basket from my sister --

ABE

Next Christmas, she can send you a liver.

A RAP of the gavel, Anselmo has the floor.

ANSELMO

With all due respect to our Gaelic friends, could I intrude to ask the Chair to suspend the argument for this Resolution --

PUBLIC ADVOCATE (CHAIR)

To what purpose?

ANSELMO

To introduce an amendment to the MetroBank bill (also known as Land Use 181), which we have fully discussed in the chamber and are on the cusp of voting.

Seymour Solomon jumps to his feet.

SPEAKER SOLOMON

The Councilman from the Brooklyn 38th gave us no preparation --
(sputters)
This is news to me --!

In the back, Calhoun's eyes are shifting rapidly back and forth.

CALHOUN

What's happening?

ABE

I'm getting an infrastructure feeling.

CALHOUN

Welcome aboard, Abe. Anselmo must have picked up some votes. Grab Seymour, lasso him if you have to, tell him --

TORRES

Tell him what?!

CALHOUN

Anything! We're going to have to kill the whole MetroBank bill! Go!

Torres makes a beeline for Speaker Solomon. As he crosses the Council floor, Anselmo winds up his pitch.

ANSELMO

...Therefore, I recommend we bring to a resolution the amendment I've proposed and add this infrastructure-

SPEAKER SOLOMON

-- May I request a recess?!

PUBLIC ADVOCATE

You're out of order, Mr. Speaker.

SPEAKER SOLOMON

I'm also out of breath. It's hot in here. Councilmembers, your Speaker is taking a pre-emptory recess.

He signals the Public Advocate amid much grumbling and hoo-hahs.

PUBLIC ADVOCATE

(gavel)

Recess, thirty minutes!

ABE

(to Calhoun)

Seymour can be counted on in a pinch.

39. INT./EXT. STEPS, CITY HALL, LATE AFTERNOON - DAY

39.

Torres lights a cigar, Calhoun blows bubblegum, Abe makes a little tent with his fingers then collapses it.

TORRES

-- He got Dreyfus, that's what happened.

CALHOUN

How'd the hell he get Dreyfus?

TORRES

He promised him a horse.

CALHOUN

A horse?!

TORRES

A trotter. Dreyfus loves the trotters. He's at Yonkers every night.

CALHOUN

We got horses up the ass in Louisiana. Why didn't we buy Dreyfus a horse?

ABE

Calm down, calm down --

CALHOUN

How much time we got?

TORRES

Ten minutes.

Torres chainlights another cigar, people scurrying this way and that, the gold dome of City Hall glistening as the sun sets. The vapor from the three men's breaths mingles as they pace on the marble steps.

TORRES

What are we going to do?

ABE

Israel, you mess up again, the Mayor is going to find himself another shill on the Council --

TORRES

Okay, okay, I hear you. Now we've got five minutes.

But Calhoun is a million miles away, Torres staring at the milling, noisy demonstrators.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Goddamn Frank is going to get his way as always -- I should have known he had something up his sleeve when he pulled out his troops.

CALHOUN

Remember the Algerian Soccer League --?

TORRES

Beautiful. We're up the creek and he's playing soccer!

ABE

Quiet, Israel. What about it?

CALHOUN

Their field was too small, remember --?

ABE

Yes, they needed a hundred yards of Prospect Park. If my memory serves me right, they were taking their corner kicks from a newsstand.

CALHOUN

Did you ever check Anselmo's
blueprint? A subway stop at Ninth
Avenue and Third Street?

ABE

That's going to cut across a corner
of Byrne Park.

TORRES

Never heard of it.

CALHOUN

A vest pocket job --

ABE

One block away.

CALHOUN

Chockful of baby carriages --

ABE

And mothers!

TORRES

Anselmo'll just ask for his subway
station somewhere else.

CALHOUN

There is no place else. Unless you
condemn another thousand family
dwellings.

ABE

Mr. Deputy, you're cooking --

CALHOUN

Don't get excited. But will you
please remember what happened when
the Algerian Soccer League tried to
appropriate a hundred yards of
Prospect Park?

TORRES

It was the end of the League! You
can't de-map a Park. Everyone knows
that.

(a moment)

But will it work again?

CALHOUN

What did Robert Moses, the father of
all Park Commissioners, say?

TORRES

Who gives a shit, for Chrissake,
let's get in there --

ABE

Mr. Deputy Mayor, give me five!

Calhoun hits Abe's hand so hard, his yarmulke falls off.

40. INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - LATE AFTERNOON

40.

A vote is being tallied.

CLERK

...Dreyfus?

DREYFUS

'No.' As Robert Moses said, take one
foot of park space away from the
populace and you amputate their soul.

Calhoun, aglow in the back, whispers to Abe.

CALHOUN

He'll get his trotters somewhere
else.

CLERK

Drew?

DREW

Nay!

Anselmo rises from his Council desk, Lenny and he exchange
looks, Lenny hurries out, Anselmo glances over now at
Calhoun. He makes a Little Lord Fauntleroy bow and exits
the chamber.

CLERK

Foster?

FOSTER

No!

Before Calhoun can exit he is flagged by a Marshal who
quickly ushers him to the special phone booths reserved for
Council members in the rear of the chamber, Calhoun picks up
a phone.

41. EXT. GRAND ARMY PLAZA, BROOKLYN - DAY

41.

The reviewing stand for a Catholic Youth Organization Day
parade, every seat taken in the bleachers, but the space
vacant in the place of honor, the Mayor has ducked behind
the stands, his purple-and-gold CYO sash flutters as he
bends over a cellular phone.

MAYOR

What happened?

CALHOUN (V.O.)

The point is what didn't happen.

MAYOR

Okay, what didn't happen?

CALHOUN (V.O.)

Councilman Frank Anselmo, Brooklyn
County Leader and the last of a dying
breed, did not get his way.

A moment, a shadow crosses the Mayor's face.

MAYOR

Frank Anselmo is not dying.

He slaps the phone closed, looks out on the Plaza, the
Xavier High School band dips its flag in salute to the
absent Mayor.

WIPE TO:

41A. EXT. 3RD STREET AND 4TH AVENUE, PARK SLOPE - BROOKLYN

41A

A large open lot, acres encrusted with trash, broken bottles
and beer cans, car radiators, and mattresses, Calhoun stands
in the middle of it. Intel cars pull up and park on the
bordering streets lined with aging fire-escaped tenements
and decrepit brownstones.

The Mayor jumps out of the lead car, meets Calhoun in the
middle of the lot. Calhoun is staring across the lot at a
magnificent vista of the Manhattan skyline.

MAYOR

Well, what do you think?

CALHOUN

What a view.

MAYOR

A 'view'! What a poet, what he sees
is the view. The view is the least
of it. This, my friend, is not a
view, this is city property
surrounded by tenements which could
be cleared to build MetroBank and
create 3,000 jobs --

CALHOUN

At what price? Five million dollars for an off-ramp, 15 million for a subway stop, talk about a lulu.

MAYOR

Subway stops are not a lulu! Do you know what it's like to push a pencil all day and catch the train home to Far Rockaway?

CALHOUN

Let me see if I've got it right.

(quoting)

Take the 'R' train downtown to Union, change to the 'F' and ride it uptown to 4th Avenue, change again and catch the 'A' at Borough Hall all the way home to Rockaway. And you've begun it all with a twelve block walk.

MAYOR

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

CALHOUN

Hey, don't get me wrong, I like the subway --

MAYOR

Says the boy from the bayou dripping with condescension. Here's a story for you -- when I was a kid after the War, my dad had a job in the trimmings business - veils on ladies' hats - the pits of the rag trade - he was saving to buy the coffee shop and we didn't have two nickels to rub together - so he'd walk across the Queensboro Bridge and clear across Manhattan to 7th Avenue, nine miles altogether, and then he'd pamper himself with a subway ride back home. Saturdays, for me he'd splurge, we'd ride out to Rockaway, fish in Jamaica Bay. We were kings!

Calhoun is silent.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You tripped over the elephant while chasing a flea.

CALHOUN

Frank Anselmo is not a flea --

MAYOR

Don't press the metaphor, all this is about is getting things done. I'm giving Frank Anselmo his subway station. And his off-ramp. And he's going to give us the votes we need for MetroBank. When the train leaves the station, Kevin, you want to be aboard.

CALHOUN

But I thought you told me 'no on infrastructure.'

MAYOR

I said don't give him infrastructure, I never said, 'Don't give him MetroBank.'

Calhoun throws up his hands.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You should have adjusted.

Calhoun blinks.

41B. INT. MAYOR'S CAR, BROOKLYN - DAY

41B

Enroute back to Manhattan, the Mayor grabs his car phone, punches in his office key.

MAYOR

Get me the new Rebbe.

(a moment)

He is? Then get me the next Rebbe down.

(covers the phone)

The matzo bakers are striking. Forgive me.

CALHOUN

For what?

MAYOR

I was hard on you out there.

CALHOUN

I was a schmuck.

MAYOR

You're no schmuck. Schmucks don't get to ride in the back seat with me. And schmucks don't go to The White House.

Calhoun raises his eyebrows.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I hear you, they only become one
after they've been there awhile!

They laugh like hell. Suddenly the Mayor is back on the
phone, all attention.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Rebbe, I've been giving our matzo
problem some thought...

42. INT. NEW YORK STATE THEATRE - NIGHT

42.

A performance of Carousel, Billy is singing to Julie
onstage:

BILLY

'If I loved you
Time and again I would try to say
All I'd want you to know --'

In the loge seated in the first row is Anselmo with his wife
NETTIE, a blonde self-assured woman. As the baritone's, who
plays Billy, voice surges, Nettie and Anselmo clasp hands.

43. INT. BAR, NEW YORK STATE THEATRE - NIGHT

43.

George, the Mayor's Intel man, takes a position beside the
men's room, APPLAUSE from within the theatre, the audience
pours out at intermission.

44. INT. NEW YORK STATE THEATRE, ORCHESTRA - NIGHT

44.

Calhoun is seated beside a glowing Mrs. Pappas, she whispers
to him, he nods smilingly, excuses himself.

45. INT. BAR, NEW YORK STATE THEATRE - NIGHT

45.

Anselmo crosses toward the men's room, as he approaches the
door, he sees a flash of the gold Detective's badge on
George's belt. The Mayor, emerging now from the men's room,
spies Anselmo.

MAYOR

I want to talk to you.

ANSELMO

I've got to take a leak.

MAYOR

You'll take a leak afterwards.

At the bar Calhoun is ordering drinks. He sees the Mayor with Anselmo, is about to join them but the Mayor makes a gesture and Calhoun stands fast. The Mayor leads Anselmo into a niche in the lounge.

ANSELMO

Do you like the Billy Bigelow?

MAYOR

Good voice, no act. How do you feel about the Julie Jordan?

ANSELMO

Good act, no voice. My Nettie could sing better. We met 25 years ago, Westbury Music Circus --

MAYOR

I know, she was in the chorus. Speaking of performances, Frank, I don't want to hear about another one like that from you.

ANSELMO

Your boy embarrassed me --

MAYOR

You're going to have to live with him.

ANSELMO

Why --?

MAYOR

Because he's my boy.

A moment.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

There's oil under that meadow, Frank. Jobs.

ANSELMO

Hey, I run Kings County, you don't need to politick me --

MAYOR

Jobs. For the people of this city. Not leases for Lenny Lewin, Murray Safire and all your greedy pals --

ANSELMO

What's happened to you, John? Just because the kid thinks he can elect you President, are you going to forget who got you here?

MAYOR

The off-ramp costs me 5 mil. The subway stop's 35, 3 and a half from me, while I got to beg Albany for the rest. I got better things to beg for from Albany.

ANSELMO

I got a solution, how about a spur?

MAYOR

A spur? Are you crazy? 120 million a track mile. Now you listen to me. MetroBank's good for the poor. Good for the jobless. Good for the whole goddamn city. As for subway stops, off-ramps, infra-structure -- we can't afford it.

ANSELMO

Then you're going to have to forget the whole thing.

Silence. Lights dim, indicating end of intermission. The SOUND of the orchestra tuning up for the second act.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

I love the 2nd Act opener --

MAYOR

Then you don't want to miss it.

ANSELMO

'This Was A Real Nice Clambake --'

MAYOR

Okay, here it is, Frank, take it or leave it. I'm building up my IOU's with Albany. By next year, the Governor will have to step up with a new subway stop -- or I won't support him for re-election.

ANSELMO

And the off-ramp?

MAYOR

Next year, already factored into my budget.

ANSELMO

Next year's too far away --

MAYOR

Remember, Frank, you're only a Boss.
I'm the Mayor. Mayors rule.

Anselmo is beside himself.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

MetroBank, Frank. My way or the
highway.

ANSELMO

Okay.

They shake.

MAYOR

Good idea, I'm glad you thought of
it.

Anselmo hurries inside, the Mayor bumps into Calhoun who has
stopped at the bar on his way out of the Men's Room. He is
balancing two drinks.

CALHOUN

So you got MetroBank?

MAYOR

How'd you know?

CALHOUN

I saw the shake, I saw the smile.
How'd you get it?

MAYOR

I didn't say no. I just put him off
a year.

CALHOUN

But that's a 'no.' He'll take a bath
on those leases --

MAYOR

He'll get it back. It'll just take a
little more time. Something for him.
Something for me.

CALHOUN

More for you?

MAYOR

More for the city.

He looks down, smiles.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You sneaking a drink in for Sydney?

CALHOUN

They're both for me. It helps Frank Anselmo go down.

Calhoun drains both drinks.

MAYOR

I like a two-fisted drinker. Now get out that magic pen of yours and write me a eulogy. Tomorrow's James Bone's funeral.

The Mayor hurries inside the auditorium as the doors close behind him and "This Was A Real Nice Clambake" strikes up.

45A. INT. JOHNNY'S FAMOUS REEF, CITY ISLAND, THE BRONX - AFTERNOON 45A

A foggy afternoon in Eastchester Bay, the deck overlooking the water empty, inside a bar with storm windows open to the elements, a couple of hardy souls perched at it. A slip runs out into the bay, cheap sailboats are moored alongside.

Sitting at the bar is HOLLY, 40, a police officer in off-duty clothes, paint-splattered khakis and worn deck shoes, his eyes squinting as he focuses on a car coming over the causeway from the Bronx. He moves to a lonesome table.

45B. EXT. PARKING LOT, JOHNNY'S FAMOUS REEF - DAY 45B

Marybeth pulls her Accord in, only a couple of cars in the lot. She checks the address on a slip of paper, crumples the paper in her hand and walks inside.

45C. INT. JOHNNY'S FAMOUS REEF - DAY 45C

Marybeth smiles, Holly doesn't. She angles straight to him.

MARYBETH

Hello, Officer Holly.

HOLLY

What are you drinking?

MARYBETH

Water.

HOLLY

Plain water?

MARYBETH

Plain as day.

HOLLY

Well, I'm not.

MARYBETH

I thought you were off it.

HOLLY

Today, I'm back on.

As Holly crosses to the bar, Marybeth pulls out a little ring binder, checks some notes, puts them away as Holly returns with a bottle of water for her and a dark drink for himself.

MARYBETH

Where are you working again?

HOLLY

The 4-1.

MARYBETH

Oy.

HOLLY

They sent me up here to 'heal.'

MARYBETH

Heal from what?

HOLLY

My diagnosis or theirs?

MARYBETH

Yours.

HOLLY

Tino Zapatti and his Uncle Paulie.

MARYBETH

Was that after we got you reinstated or before?

HOLLY

You got me nothing. You did your job. That's what I pay my dues for.

MARYBETH

Okay! Okay! Now I'm trying to do my job for your ex-partner.

HOLLY

Santos was a nut. He went bullshit when Tino got off. I told him 'Eddie, lay off, justice has been done,' 'Justice?!' he said -- a brave fuck.

MARYBETH

But Eddie's dead now.

HOLLY

That's not going to stop Zapatti or the Department. You watch -- they'll go with the Inspector's Funeral but the Mayor will never show. They'll distance more, they'll withhold his pension, they'll discover some stuff in his house, and then goodbye, good cop Eddie.

Silence.

MARYBETH

Don't you have any loyalty to your old partner?

HOLLY

Not a smidgen. I just want to get on with my life, save my pension, and sail that piece of shit you see out there, the Mary B.

MARYBETH

'Mary B,' is that for Marybeth, my name?

HOLLY

I wouldn't know. You'd have to ask the previous owner. He's in Green Haven Prison. The chap 'left' it to me.

Marybeth finishes her water.

MARYBETH

For God's sake, man, a wife's pension, the futures of her children are at stake, tell me what you know!

Holly drains his drink.

HOLLY

The wind's changed. I can catch the starboard tack now. Run me right home. If I tarry, I'm out to sea, you know what I mean?

46. INT. PIERINO'S RESTAURANT, READE STREET - NIGHT

46.

An old-time politicians' hangout around the corner from City Hall, busier at lunch than it is at dinner, trenchermen's platefuls of pasta. Seated in the raised, secluded part of the room are Anselmo, Zapatti, and Lenny.

LENNY

-- We're left holding the bag.

ZAPATTI

The bag's full of cash.

LENNY

Minus a year --

ANSELMO

You can weather a year, Lenny, you
can weather a hundred years.

LENNY

I got partners. What's the matter
with you guys? You're my partners.

ANSELMO

Get real, Lenny, you're holding so
many options on land in this town
that --

ZAPATTI

You're holding plenty, Frank.

ANSELMO

Of what?

ZAPATTI

Of juice. All over City Hall. What
more do you want?

Zapatti inhales a fistful of rigatoni.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

(to Lenny)

Would you excuse us, please?

LENNY

I got an appointment anyway.

ZAPATTI

Then it works out nicely.

Lenny goes.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

You're sure now, MetroBank's all set?

ANSELMO

We get everything we wanted -- in a
year.

A moment.

ZAPATTI

Good work. Now you can get something else for me.

ANSELMO

What's that?

ZAPATTI

My name out of the papers.

ANSELMO

How?

ZAPATTI

With 40,000 dollars.

ANSELMO

What am I going to do with 40,000 dollars?

ZAPATTI

Let me ask you a question. Have you ever heard of a cop with 40,000 dollars --?

ANSELMO

Yes.

ZAPATTI

-- Who wasn't crooked?

ANSELMO

No.

Zapatti downs his espresso, covers the check, leaves. Anselmo glances at his chair, on the seat a folded New York Post, block headlines, 'THE ZAPATTI CONNECTION Was Cop On Mobster's Hit List?'

Anselmo picks up the newspaper, unfolds it, a manila envelope falls out, he takes a peek inside, stacks of hundred dollar bills are laid neatly between two pieces of cardboard.

CUT TO:

47. INT. ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH, 137TH STREET AND 7TH AVENUE
- DAY

47.

A Harlem tabernacle, the place is packed with congregation, outside an overflow behind police barricades listening to the service through loud speakers.

CHOIR

(sings)

'What then? What then?
When the great Book is opened, what
then?
And a world that rejected its Savior
Will be asked for a reason,
What then?'

The Mayor waits near the altar with the highest ranking Black officer, Chief Deputy Commissioner Sawyer, and Calhoun. There are Black police officers posted along the furthest side aisles of the church, and manning the barricades outside. A mood of unrest.

MAYOR

Will Reverend Powell introduce me?

SAWYER

With a sentence.

MAYOR

And afterwards?

SAWYER

We get out of here.

MAYOR

Which way is out?

Sawyer points to a side door.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

No, the front.

SAWYER

Is that a good idea? Intel's out
there now, they say the folks aren't
feeling too good.

MAYOR

That's your problem.

The Choir finishes..."And we stand up before Him, what then?" Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., steps into the pulpit. On a chair behind him sits Bone.

REVEREND POWELL

Sisters, brethren...The Mayor of the
City of New York, the Honorable John
Pappas.

Programs flutter, bodies shift in pews, the men fan themselves with their hats. The Mayor steps into the pulpit, gazes down at the coffin in front of him.

MAYOR

'What then?' Indeed. What then when the cities run to sewers and the lights are extinguished and the officials corrupt? What then when the streets are no longer safe, and when a father holds his child by the hand, and the boy is cut down and cast aside like chaff in the field, what then?

A VOICE

(from the congregation)
Say it plain!

MAYOR

People warned me, don't stand behind this coffin, but why heed their warning when a heartbeat's silent --

He glances at Bone.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And a child is dead?

The Mayor steps away from the pulpit and down to the coffin of James Bone. Some congregation rise, angry murmuring from the pews, ushers move right in on them.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Don't stand behind that coffin, they said, that little boy was as pure and innocent as the driven snow -- well, I am not innocent, and by the time the snow touches the ground under my feet, it will turn as gray and gritty as the stones of hell.

A voice from the congregation calls out, "Yes!" "Go on!"

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But I am this boy! I am James Bone! My soul is crushed, my spirit wanting because I have let you down, I have died on you because I have not given you the protection you crave, the safe homes you cherish, the streets to transport yourselves.

A RUSTLE from the congregation.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But I shall! And I will! I am Greek, and I am descended from the caves of the Mediterranean and I speak the language of the poets --

MAYOR (CONT'D)

the first and only great mayor was Pericles of Athens -- 'All the good things of the earth flow into the city because of its greatness...' Well, we were great once and we could be great again. This is the 'palace that was the city,' but the city is no more when a child's body lies before us. But I pledge we will find our spirit again, we will rebuild on the soul of this little warrior -- I am with you, little James, I am you, and I will carry your standard forward until the palace that was the city rises again.

He kisses the coffin, the congregation stands, another hymn.

CHOIR

'I want to dig a little deeper
Yes, dig a little deeper
I want to dig a little deeper
In the storehouse of God's love!'

The Mayor strides up the center aisle. Calhoun loops around to meet him, the Intel men are working quietly and rapidly, earpieces and tiny mikes, the door of the church opens, SILENCE on the street. An Old Woman approaches the Mayor, Intel tries to block her, but the Mayor steps right around them.

HARLEM WOMAN

God bless you, Mayor Pappas.

He smiles, suddenly she throws her arms around him, he embraces her, moves on, hands now are extended to him. Intel tries to beat a path to the car, but more hands want to touch him. Through the doors of the church:

CHOIR

'--Dig a little deeper
In the storehouse of God's love!'

Calhoun knifes through the crowd, successfully clearing another path for the Mayor, they jump in their car, a red light flashes but no siren, and they are gone.

48. INT. MAYOR'S CAR - DAY

48.

The car speeds down Lenox Avenue, the garbage and tenements of Central Harlem go by in a blur, black men congregate aimlessly on street corners along with youths in warm-up jackets and athletic shoes. Intel's radio crackles, the follow car loops around and takes the lead.

MAYOR

Nice speech, Kid.

CALHOUN

That wasn't my speech.

MAYOR

The Pericles thing came to mind and I threw it in.

CALHOUN

But the way you threw it in --

MAYOR

You liked it?

CALHOUN

I loved it.

MAYOR

Thank you.

CALHOUN

How do you come up with that stuff, the 'caves' and the 'poets'?

The Mayor smiles.

MAYOR

I am Greek, man. When I was James Bone's age I used to have to sit at Easter services for two hours, and after that the Archbishop would pass out eggs which had been dyed red for the blood of Christ -- I loved those red eggs. My dad had one, he kept it in a glass case with an ivory crucifix and a Jesus palm card for thirty years. Your ass gets hard in those pews, especially if there's no egg at the end of the line.

Calhoun reaches for The Times, opens it up to an editorial: "Judge Or Be Judged."

CALHOUN

You read this?

MAYOR

Sydney read me parts, '-- the last identifiable vestige of graft.' What the hell are they talking about? Judges get nominated like everybody else.

CALHOUN

But the Party arranges it.

MAYOR

Whose side are you on?

CALHOUN

Yours, John. And I always will be. I sense a hanging party. Maybe we should put a little distance between us and Walter Stern --

MAYOR

'Distance' is shit. Distance is what you do to your enemies. It's an invention of the 90's to make friends extinct.

(a moment)

Distance is the absence of Menschkeit.

CALHOUN

What's that?

MAYOR

Menschkeit. 'Manhood.' What it takes to be a man.

CALHOUN

You've taken up Yiddish?

MAYOR

Abe laid it on me.

He regards Calhoun.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You're a good man, Kevin. Underneath the Loo-si-ana cane syrup, red dirt. Not all that different from the pavements of Astoria. You and me? We're sticking by Judge Walter Stern.

Calhoun nods in agreement, he feels better. He opens his case, pulls out a small jar, relish swimming in flaked oil.

CALHOUN

Want a red-hot pepper?

MAYOR

Later.

Calhoun pops a couple in his mouth.

CALHOUN

When I was a kid we used to go to Vidalia, they had a little Greek Orthodox church there. The restaurant people and shoemakers from Natchez across the river held Sunday services, but in the Spring they'd put on this Greek Festival --and I remember one time I won a footrace, and they had this little stand they called Mount Olympus and I stepped up on it and they laid a laurel wreath on my head.

MAYOR

How'd you like that?

CALHOUN

I loved it.

The Mayor looks at Calhoun and smiles, the oil from the peppers drops on The New York Times.

MAYOR

Me, too.

49-50 OMIT

49-50 OMIT

51. EXT. ST. MARY'S CEMETERY, FRESH MEADOWS, QUEENS - DAY

51

A large turnout of mourners, uniformed police commands, black strips of cloth over their badges, gravediggers, bagpipers and drummers. Elaine stands with her two children and her sister, police brass in the rows behind them, in a corner of the VIP section is Marybeth and lingering at the edges of the gathering, HOLLY, a plainclothesman of the old school, tough as nails, but right now ragged around the edges.

Police Commissioner Coonan is concluding the eulogy.

COONAN

...We need heroes badly, but we are grateful to have had one even for such a short time. And now, because the Mayor has unavoidably been detained on city duties, Deputy Mayor Calhoun will conclude.

Calhoun steps forward.

CALHOUN

The brief professional life of Eddie Santos began in the Bronx, the 41st Precinct, Fort Apache.

CALHOUN (CON'T)

Last night a call came in for a local
disc jockey from his old colleagues,
the boys of the 4-1. They asked for
a song of the pop rocker Jackson
Browne and it goes like this --

'Just do the steps that you've
been shown
By everyone you've ever known
Until the dance becomes your
very own
No matter how close to yours
Another's steps have grown
In the end there is one dance
you'll do alone'

Calhoun looks down at the coffin.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

In the end, there is one dance you'll
do alone.

(a moment)

Goodbye, Eddie.

He steps down, the bagpipers and drums strike up, THUNDER
from the sky above as five police helicopters zoom overhead,
one place vacant in the formation. The coffin is lowered
into the ground.

PRIEST

Man, thou art dust and unto dust you
shall return.

Elaine turns away, the children are restless, another PRIEST
hands the little boy a gold crucifix. The mourners pass in
a file past Elaine as Marybeth observes close by. Elaine
stoops to comfort one of her children who is crying, as she
rises she finds herself face to face with Calhoun.

ELAINE

Thanks for the words --

CALHOUN

It's the least we can do.

Marybeth, joining Elaine and Calhoun, shields the group.
Calhoun looks at her inquiringly.

MARYBETH

(to Calhoun)

I'm Marybeth Cogan, Detectives'
Endowment Association. Good morning,
Mr. Deputy. Where's the Mayor?

CALHOUN

He had to go to Washington this morning on Convention business.

MARYBETH

A Detective killed in the line of duty rates an Inspector's funeral, that includes the Mayor.

Marybeth hands Calhoun her card. Calhoun scrutinizes it.

CALHOUN

Very nice.

He reaches in his pocket for his own card.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Santos, if there's anything I can do, please call me.

He hands Elaine his card.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

And let me assure you, there's no attempt to --

ELAINE

Where do they get that stuff in the newspapers? At school they tell my little girl her daddy was a drug dealer.

CALHOUN

I'm sorry, we'll get our Press people right on it.

MARYBETH

Never mind the newspapers, what about Internal Affairs? What are those clowns out there doing?

Calhoun follows Marybeth's gaze. As the grave is being covered and the astroturf rolled up, Captain Florio, alongside another man in a business suit, stands by. They observe the departing mourners closely.

52. EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD, ST. MARY'S CEMETERY - DAY

52.

Cars jammed up, mourners walking alongside towards a shuttle stop, crowding under the canopy, waiting for a van to carry them out to city buses on Fresh Meadow Lane.

Calhoun slows his car as he sees Marybeth striding along the road, a huge bag slung over her shoulder, erect and purposeful, athletic as hell.

CALHOUN
Where are you going?

MARYBETH
The city.

CALHOUN
I thought we were in the city?

MARYBETH
Not if you're from Queens.

CALHOUN
Let's start over. Where you going?

MARYBETH
Manhattan.

CALHOUN
Hop in.

MARYBETH
Go fuck yourself.

She walks on, he pulls up alongside again.

CALHOUN
Not to be disrespectful, but don't
you realize the transportation
department at St. Mary's Cemetery
wasn't prepared for a thousand
people?

MARYBETH
Nine hundred and ninety-nine, we were
expecting the Mayor.

CALHOUN
You know you're going to wait under
that plastic awning for an hour, then
you're going to ride a Queens bus,
then slepp on the subway to Manhattan
--

MARYBETH
'Schlep!' Not 'slepp!' Get the
gumbo out of your Yiddish!

He revs the car, Marybeth glances at the crowd ahead of her, hopeless gridlock on the narrow frontage road, she opens Calhoun's passenger door and climbs in. Calhoun's front seat is a mess, he just slides all his papers and presentations and graphs onto the floor in front of her, she rests her feet on them as he pulls out of the cemetery.

53. INT. CALHOUN'S CAR, QUEENS - DAY

53.

Calhoun and Marybeth drive along in silence.

CALHOUN

How do you feel about the L.I.E.?

MARYBETH

I hate the L.I.E. Take the Grand Central, you'll catch it at Astoria Boulevard. G'head, I'll show you.

He swerves off into the further reaches of Queens, boulevards crowded with auto parts stores, cellular telephone shops, Iranian family restaurants.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Eddie Santos was a good cop, you're doing a vile thing.

CALHOUN

Nobody's doing anything.

MARYBETH

You got all the answers, don't you?

CALHOUN

Don't have the questions yet.

A red light.

MARYBETH

Pull over.

He angles to the curb.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

I got a question for you.

CALHOUN

(carefully)

Yes?

MARYBETH

You hungry?

CALHOUN

Hungry enough to eat a boiled sow's head and wash it down with sourmash syllabub.

MARYBETH

Would you settle for a Philly Steak sandwich? Swing by that diner over there, The Buccaneer. They make the best Philly Steak sandwiches in New York City. Or do you call them Philadelphia Steak sandwiches?

Calhoun smiles, as he jockeys towards the diner, they drift into silence again.

CALHOUN

Who are we going to meet in this diner?

MARYBETH

What are you talking about?

CALHOUN

You surfaced in front of my car at the cemetery, you showed just enough leg so I would stop, and the Grand Central Parkway is the long way around. Who are we going to meet?

MARYBETH

Albert Holly, he was Santos's partner two years ago when Tino Zapatti walked.

A moment.

CALHOUN

Thank you.

54. INT. 'THE BUCCANEER' DINER, ASTORIA BOULEVARD - DAY

54.

Calhoun, Marybeth and Holly, the plainclothesman from the funeral, are seated at a corner table, Calhoun's and Marybeth's plates empty but for bits of roll, fried onion, meat and cheese.

Marybeth smothers a burp with her fist. Silence.

HOLLY

...Eddie Santos was a pitbull.

CALHOUN

Pitbulls are ugly but they're not stupid, what was he doing without a backup?

HOLLY

He never had a problem with Tino before. It wasn't the first time he'd taken him down. There had to be someone else there.

CALHOUN

If there was, why didn't Santos let anybody else know?

HOLLY

Because it was his collar. He made that case on Tino and then the judge went south. Eddie went so crazy when he heard the sentence, I had to tie him down in the hallway. There is no way Tino Zapatti could've walked two years ago...unless interested parties had the judge in their pocket.

CALHOUN

Walter Stern is a jurist of national reputation --

HOLLY

I don't care if he's Oliver Wendall Holmes! Someone got to him. Or above him. Or beside him. I knew it and Eddie knew it, the only difference between Eddie and me was he got excited and I went to the Four-One to disappear -- no medals for me, thank you. You got five helicopters flying overhead, on the other hand, you're six feet under.

He belches.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

They didn't grill the onions and peppers first, this was less Philly than South Jersey.

CALHOUN

I may be back to you --

HOLLY

Please don't. And don't get excited.

After a moment.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(to Calhoun)

What I'm saying is, stop looking for a speaking part.

HOLLY (CON'T)

(to Marybeth)

And you, back off. Both of yez want
to stay far away from this one.

He reaches for the remains of Calhoun's Alka-Seltzer, drains
it.

55. INT. PART 72, CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

55.

A trial in progress. Judge Stern presides, the usual sad
complement of D.A.'s and attorneys, Court Officers, the
judge's Law Secretary, Ragan, a few courtroom groupies, the
defendant with his head in his hands, and the Prosecutor,
while facing the jury, questioning a defense witness on an
obscure point.

Calhoun enters, gazes around at the nearly empty courtroom,
the desultory proceedings, he reaches in his pocket,
scribbles a note on the back of an envelope.

CALHOUN

Can you give this to the Judge?

A Court Officer takes the note, hands it immediately to
Ragan, he scrutinizes it, then hands the note up to the
Judge. Stern looks out over the courtroom, sees Calhoun in
his seat, Calhoun nods politely, Stern immediately turns his
attention back to the droning Prosecutor.

JUDGE STERN

Where are you going with this, Mr.
MacKenzie?

PROSECUTOR

The witness interprets the
defendant's V.A. record one way, our
psychologist interprets it
another --

JUDGE STERN

And another and another until the end
of time. So much for expert
witnesses. Let's take a break, 11:15
all right for everybody?

He doesn't wait for a response, leaves the bench, nods to
Ragan who beckons Calhoun and follows him into the Judge's
Chambers.

56. INT. PART 72 CHAMBERS - DAY

56.

Calhoun, facing Stern in a small, battered room, an office
with no identification, glances at Ragan.

JUDGE STERN

Excuse me, Mr. Calhoun, this is Peter Ragan, my Law Secretary. This young man's written some of my best opinions. He appeared before me, first time I presided over the moot court at Yale, you might say Peter and I are joined at the hip.

Ragan extends his hand, Calhoun shakes Ragan's hand who mumbles a greeting and exits.

CALHOUN

How did Tino Zapatti get off with probation?

Judge Stern touches the file on his desk.

JUDGE STERN

...I can only sentence in accordance with the conviction. Mr. Zapatti was convicted of Criminal Possession in the 4th Degree.

CALHOUN

They found a kilo in his car --

JUDGE STERN

Is it your intention to try the case again, Mr. Calhoun?

CALHOUN

There was a rap sheet --

JUDGE STERN

Mr. Calhoun! I am certified to the State of New York as a Supreme Court Judge, and you're sitting here re-arguing a two-year-old case. You are out of line, sir, and I am going to so inform the Mayor.

CALHOUN

I'm here on the Mayor's behalf.

JUDGE STERN

Then why didn't anyone notify me that you were coming?

A moment.

CALHOUN

I'm sorry.

Judge Stern shifts.

JUDGE STERN

Do you think I've slept the last two nights? Don't you realize I know what a mistake I made? But I do have guidelines. Have you forgotten the symbol of justice, two scales? On the one hand there was a vicious killer, on the other a low-class first conviction accompanied by a positive probation report. The guideline says, on a first conviction I let the felon out under close supervision.

He closes the file.

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

I was wrong.

Calhoun blinks, stares at a crack on the empty wall.

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

Forgive the surroundings. Municipal Gothic permeates not only the atmosphere but creeps into the Judicial system as well. Peter will show you out.

Judge Stern re-enters the courtroom.

CUT TO:

57. EXT. SANTOS HOUSE, BAYSIDE, QUEENS - DAY

57.

A blue-and-white patrol car is parked outside the house, a police officer waits at the wheel.

58. INT. SECOND FLOOR, SANTOS HOUSE - DAY

58.

Elaine emerges from a bedroom, Captain Florio, in brass-braided uniform this time, is behind her. Elaine is agitated.

ELAINE

That's it! You satisfied?!

CAPT. FLORIO

No basement or anything --?

ELAINE

You saw it, the rumpus room.

CAPT. FLORIO

The knotty pine with the pool table?

ELAINE

That's right -- Captain.

CAPT. FLORIO

Mrs. Santos, I'm only doing my job, I really am sorry --

ELAINE

Sorry, crap! You're snooping around Eddie's house like a Nazi.

CAPT. FLORIO

Please, you know this is the last thing I wanted to do --

ELAINE

Then why don't you get the hell out of Internal Affairs, or get into a suit like the rest of the rats!

The telephone RINGS in an alcove, she picks it up.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

(phone)

Hello! -- Yeah, yeah...Two bars has been in here all morning -- he went over the place from top to bottom...

Capt. Florio waits on the landing for Elaine to finish her conversation, as he waits he notices framed photographs of the Santos's family life, one of them is of a summer place, a cottage overlooking a lake, Elaine and Eddie with their arms around each other, friends and relatives present, drinks in their hands.

Capt. Florio puts on his glasses, examines the photograph as Elaine continues on the telephone.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You've got to do something about Eddie's pension, they're going to try and reduce it. And what happened to the Police Memorial Award, the Precinct says it goes automatically to the next of kin...Well, this piece of brass wasn't here to give me any award...

Capt. Florio has learned what he wants to from the photograph, he waves an abrupt goodbye to Elaine, trots down the stairs.

CUT TO:

59. EXT. HANDBALL COURTS, DEMARCO PARK, ASTORIA - MORNING

59.

The Mayor is in a hot three-handed game of handball, his opponents are two men his age, SPIRO and PAUL. The sweat runs down their faces, the Mayor more than holding his own against his two opponents.

A crowd of onlookers, and it's getting larger, the feeling this is a regular affair, the air punctuated by Greek epithets. But the Mayor peripherally peers out towards the parked cars on Shore Blvd.

SPIRO

Looking for your partner?

MAYOR

I told him to stay home today, I can handle you guys alone.

PAUL

Serve 'em up!

The Mayor serves, during the course of the point Calhoun appears, jogging across the greensward from the bordering road in shorts and T-shirt, buttoning his glove. The Mayor dives for a ball, misses, the point ends with the Mayor sprawled on the cement court. The crowd APPLAUDS, the Mayor looks up, sees Calhoun.

MAYOR

Okay, partner, let's go.

They wheel into action, the game gets fierce, at the same time it is braided with discussion of their business.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

What were you doing at Centre Street yesterday?

Calhoun slams home a winner.

MAYOR

(to Calhoun)

You don't have to answer that.

(smiles)

I just missed you at the meeting.

CALHOUN

Judge Walter Stern.

MAYOR

What about him?

CALHOUN

I dropped by to say hello.

MAYOR
Hello, or hello?

CALHOUN
What do you mean?

MAYOR
An old fundraiser joke. For 500 I
wink, for 2500 I shake hands, for
5000 I kiss you on the lips!

Now Calhoun smiles.

SPIRO
Hey, are we playing or are you guys
holding a meeting?

MAYOR
We're playing!

He serves an ace.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
(to Calhoun)
Hello isn't always hello.

CALHOUN
I checked him out, Stern's an
impressive guy.

MAYOR
I could've told you that.

The point ends with Calhoun crushing the ball so hard it
bounces out of the courts and onto the grass, a baseball-
hatted kid runs to retrieve it, the Mayor reaches into his
pocket for another ball, serves.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Hello isn't hello, is it?

CALHOUN
Yes, I get a funny feeling this one's
not over yet.

60. OMIT

60. OMIT

61.EXT. COTTAGE, KERHONKSON, N.Y., - DAY

61.

A tiny lakefront cottage. A media circus, T.V. cameras and
reporters, print people with notebooks, state troopers
milling around. The latticework has been pulled out from
under the porch, technicians in orange jump suits "POLICE"
emblazoned on the back, digging underneath the dwelling.

MOVE IN on Captain Florio, the NYPD officer who questioned Elaine, in plainclothes now, seated in an unmarked car, observing the proceedings. He picks up a cellular phone on the seat beside him.

61A. INT. FRANK ANSELMO'S HOUSE, BROOKLYN - DAY

61A.

Anselmo, in his weekend slacks, is sitting in front of a T.V., scrutinizing the mid-day news, the lead story pictures from Kerhonkson.

T.V. ANNOUNCER

...Forty-thousand dollars in cash was found in Detective Santos's strong box at his summer cottage on Lake Kerhonkson in Ulster County. What was Santos doing with forty-thousand dollars? Why was the money buried? What is its connection with the deaths of James Bone and Tino Zapatti?

Anselmo's telephone has been RINGING insistently, he picks it up.

ANSELMO

(phone)

I'm watching already...

61B. EXT./INT. LUNCHEONETTE/CANDY STORE, ASTORIA - DAY

61B.

An open-windowed place, adjacent to the handball courts. The Mayor, sweating, in his shorts, has donned a chef's hat. He takes a knife away from Spiro, the owner, swiftly and expertly carves thin slices of meat off the slowly revolving haunch of lamb, folds them into a pita bread, hands it to Calhoun.

MAYOR

Now that's a sandwich.

Calhoun takes a bite, beams.

CALHOUN

Yeah, that's better than a Po' Boy!

An Intel man who has glided around the proceedings, slips the Mayor a cellular. He flips it open.

MAYOR

What..?

Listens, now the Mayor has Calhoun's attention, but the crowd is oblivious, pressing in on Spiro for souvlakis. The Mayor hangs up.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(to Calhoun)

Did you know Santos had a summer house?

As Calhoun registers the information, he hands his souvlaki back to a counterman.

CALHOUN

You better wrap that up for me.

62. EXT. SANTOS HOUSE, BAYSIDE, QUEENS - DAY

62.

Marybeth pulls up in her car, jumps out, heads for the house, RINGS the bell, Elaine answers.

63. INT. SANTOS HOUSE - DAY

Wordlessly Marybeth enters, follows Elaine into the living room, takes a seat next to her in front of the T.V.

ELAINE

Can you believe this shit? We never set foot in that dump after Eddie's father died, it's full of hornets' nests --

MARYBETH

Yeah. Busy hornets--

ELAINE

And never in our life did we see 4,000 in cash much less forty.

On T.V a microphone is thrust in front of Calhoun, making a statement to the Press on the steps in front of City Hall.

CALHOUN (T.V.)

...The Mayor understands the implications of the State Troopers' discovery in Ulster County this morning, but he would like to stress these are implications only. Moreover, until a connection can be made between Detective Santos and the 40,000 dollars --

In Bayside, Elaine's telephone RINGS, she rises.

CALHOUN (CONT'D) (T.V.)

-- Or it can be determined from where this money issued, no conclusions can be drawn.

On T.V. more questions from the Press, Calhoun fields them expertly. Elaine answers her RINGING phone.

63A. EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH, DYCKMAN ST. - DAY

63A.

Vinnie on the line, a pile of quarters stacked neatly in front of him, behind him, a ramshackle boatyard.

ELAINE

Hello?

VINNIE

There's only two people in this world that know that's not Eddie's money. You -- and me.

63B. INT. ELAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

63B.

Elaine snaps her fingers, points upstairs to the alcove, Marybeth goes to a second phone as Elaine clicks off the T.V.

ELAINE

Who is this?

VINNIE

Never mind. I can get you out of this. I can deliver you the pension, and the medals and everything you've got coming to you. You want 'em?

ELAINE

Who are you?

VINNIE

You want 'em or don't you?

ELAINE

Sure, sure I want them. I want Eddie's name cleared.

VINNIE

I liked Eddie and Eddie liked me. I want to help you, but you got to help me.

ELAINE

What's that mean?

VINNIE

An airplane ticket and ten thousand dollars.

ELAINE

Ten thousand dollars, for God's sake, I can't --

MARYBETH

(interrupting)

We're talking a lot of money. What have you got?

VINNIE

Who the hell are you?!

MARYBETH

Marybeth Cogan, Detectives' Endowment Association. What have you got?

VINNIE

Nice voice. And I like the cut in The Post. Do you always carry attache cases to funerals?

MARYBETH

What have you got?

VINNIE

I made the meeting for Eddie with Tino so he could give up what he knew about the Judge.

MARYBETH

And what was that?

VINNIE

Ten thousand and a plane ticket -- I'll give you the destination later.

MARYBETH

Your information is worth nothing unless I can bring a witness.

VINNIE

A who?

MARYBETH

A witness.

VINNIE

You're disturbed.

MARYBETH

Then goodbye --

VINNIE

Don't be such a smartass. I gave you a taste -- because I know you need me.

MARYBETH

You need me just as badly. Now where do we meet?

64. INT. MARYBETH'S CAR - HARLEM RIVER DRIVE - NIGHT

64.

The lights from the Drive are reflected in the river, they bounce off the windshield, illuminating Marybeth and Calhoun's faces.

MARYBETH

Big Paulie's two brothers died. Tino was John's boy, Vinnie is Jimmy's --

A jittery Marybeth has a near collision, Calhoun flinches, WHISTLES softly.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Don't say it, 'Where'd you get your license, in a grab-bag?'

CALHOUN

No, you drive great. But please don't get me killed before we get there.

MARYBETH

Get you killed? What about me? If I were looking to save my ass, do you think I'd be up here?

Calhoun smiles, swallows what he was about to say.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

And don't tell me 'nice ass' either.

He laughs.

CALHOUN

If you're going to pick on me, what did you bother to bring me for?

MARYBETH

Because you're the most important person I know in city government. And if Vinnie Zapatti is willing to talk in front of you, my client's home free.

Calhoun sighs, he is not impressed.

CALHOUN

So Vinnie and Tino are cousins?

MARYBETH

Don't they have cousins in Louisiana?

CALHOUN

Down there, we're all cousins. If you've got a cousin, you've got a vote.

MARYBETH

Then why don't you run for office instead of carrying the Mayor's bag?

CALHOUN

I consider it an honor not only to carry his bag but also fill it at night with the things I think the city needs.

MARYBETH

The kingmaker, the man behind the throne --

CALHOUN

You don't like politicians --

MARYBETH

You're no politician. Politicians run for office. You're a walker.

CALHOUN

My Aunt Molly used to say lawyers are like teenagers. You can't do anything about either of them. But y'know what?

MARYBETH

What?

CALHOUN

Sometimes teenagers can be sexy as hell.

Marybeth blinks, doesn't say anything.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Where are we?

MARYBETH

The northern tip of Manhattan. Drugtown Central, New York City. If Peter Stuyvesant had been smart he would've franchised these corners before the Dominicans got to them.

CALHOUN

Vinnie sure picked a strange place --

MARYBETH

He's impersonating Mafia. Vinnie Zapatti's a joke to his uncle. But a dangerous joke. As far as I'm concerned, they're all dangerous jokes.

CALHOUN

I wouldn't write these folks off yet --

MARYBETH

I said they were dangerous.

65. EXT. DYCKMAN ST. MARINA - NIGHT

65.

Pathetic stinkpots are moored in grungy slips, half of them empty, Calhoun and Marybeth stand under the light at the end of one of them, a sign "112."

MARYBETH

This place gives me the creeps.

CALHOUN

It smells of old sneakers.

Marybeth checks around carefully, Calhoun does the same.

MARYBETH

Nada.

CALHOUN

Do you think Vinnie had a change of heart?

MARYBETH

If he's a Zapatti, he has no heart.

CALHOUN

Let's get out of here.

VINNIE

Don't turn around.

Marybeth and Calhoun freeze.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

(to Marybeth)

Who is this?!

MARYBETH

The Deputy Mayor.

VINNIE

Ooo, wow, you didn't have the juice?

MARYBETH

Don't get smart, Vinnie, we're the only prayer you got.

Vinnie, behind them, pats Calhoun down.

VINNIE

Let's go.

MARYBETH

I thought you said slip one-twelve --?

VINNIE

I did, that's how I got a preview of you. It's one-nineteen. Move.

66. OMIT

66. OMIT

67. EXT. VINNIE'S BOAT - NIGHT

67.

An ancient inboard, the deck wet from a slight leak, Vinnie proudly manning the tiller, Marybeth and Calhoun alongside as they pass under the railroad bridge over Spuyten Divil and head south down the Hudson.

CALHOUN

This a SeaRider?

VINNIE

You know boats?

CALHOUN

I once worked on a shrimper like this.

VINNIE

This is no SeaRider. This is a piece of shit, they call it a SurfRider. I wanted the SeaRider but my uncle wouldn't pop for it.

MARYBETH

Your uncle like boats?

VINNIE

He wouldn't know a cleaver from a cleat. That was my dream, you know, to get free of the goombahs - run a charter in the islands - Santos was going to help me.

CALHOUN

How?

VINNIE

Find me clients. If I'd met him earlier I would never have been in this mess.

Vinnie steers expertly past a buoy.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

There's Fort Lee over there. They buried Tino only a few feet from where Aaron Burr offed Alex Hamilton.

CALHOUN

Excuse me?

VINNIE

Yeah, Burr wanted more turf south of the Texas border, Hamilton wouldn't go for it so he took him out. The Mexicans are always causing trouble.

MARYBETH

You're quite the history buff.

VINNIE

I know every inch of this river and both shores. The things I could've done if Tino hadn't gotten the drop on Eddie. All Santos wanted was information on the judge.

CALHOUN

How do you know?

VINNIE

I was there that morning.

Silence, just the SOUND of the boat's engine running.

CALHOUN

So you set him up?

VINNIE

Hey, fuck you, no way I set him up.

CALHOUN

You knew Tino was looking at 10 to 20 --

VINNIE

Wrong! Santos wasn't there to take Tino down. He only wanted information on the Judge.

MARYBETH

What information was there?

VINNIE

That you get only with the 10,000 and the plane ticket. Come up with it by tomorrow. Our meeting is adjourned.

Calhoun and Marybeth look around, the boat is in the middle of the Hudson River. Vinnie makes a hard left turn, heads for a battered pier overhanging the Manhattan shore.

CALHOUN

Why don't you let us bring you in?

MARYBETH

We'll put you in the Witness Protection Program.

VINNIE

I've got my own Witness Protection Program.

The Manhattan shore looms up.

CALHOUN

What's this?

VINNIE

The cruise ends here.

MARYBETH

What about our car, Vinnie --?

VINNIE

I'm not running a water taxi!

68. EXT. PIER, 125TH AND 12TH AVENUE, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

68.

Calhoun and Marybeth emerge onto the roadway, empty of cars and people.

Two dots in the darkness, their VOICES are heard OVER as they walk east.

MARYBETH (V.O.)

What a slimeball --

CALHOUN (V.O.)

And not a very courteous one, either.

MARYBETH (V.O.)

What was all that stuff about Aaron Burr?

CALHOUN (V.O.)

A goombah with an MBA. We're lucky we didn't get compacted.

The RUSTLE of figures down the street, "wildings," a pack of West Harlem teenagers, boom boxes blaring, reversed baseball caps and baggy pants and laceless high basketball shoes, WHOOPS and HOLLERS.

Calhoun pulls Marybeth under the West Side Highway overpass, the slime of a gutter, a fat rat CHIRPS, Calhoun holds Marybeth protectively, his arms surround her.

69. CALHOUN'S POV - 125TH STREET - NIGHT

69.

Down the street, one flickering light is visible, he squints, the half moons and stars of a Tarot Reader's shingle comes into focus.

But the "wildings" are closer now, looping around a corner.

CALHOUN

Let's go!

He takes her hand, they sprint towards the light. The HOLLER behind them louder now, they duck into the dim light through a curtain to the street, the GANG on the street WHOOP and HOLLER more...but then pass on.

70. INT. TAROT READER, 125TH STREET - NIGHT

70.

SOPHIE, an elderly Reader, sits behind a low table covered with a cloth held down at the corners by ornaments. There is a vase of water on a side table next to a candle.

SOPHIE

(to Marybeth)

...You're in far deeper than he is.

Sophie quickly shuffles her Tarot Cards.

MARYBETH

What did you say?

SOPHIE

I said you're in far deeper than he is.

She shuffles again, presents the deck to Marybeth.

CALHOUN

Hey, wait a minute. We're looking for a taxi, not a fortune teller.

SOPHIE

A fortune could be in front of your eyes and you wouldn't know it.
Edward!

A dark-eyed urchin appears from behind a back curtain, she barks an order to him in Romany, he runs out into the street. She shuffles again, presents the deck to Marybeth.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Cut. Your taxi will take awhile.
They disdain the neighborhood. But
Edward will find one.

Marybeth looks at Calhoun.

CALHOUN

(to Sophie)
How much?

MARYBETH

What are you, nuts?!

Sophie takes her watch off and her bracelets.

SOPHIE

(to Calhoun)
That will be 25 dollars for you
and --
(to Marybeth)
Fifty for you.

MARYBETH

What are you punishing me for?

SOPHIE

You're in far more danger than he is.

Marybeth laughs.

MARYBETH

Can I write you a check?

SOPHIE

I take MasterCharge, Visa and
Discovery.

CALHOUN

(to Marybeth)
I'll front you. I like the idea of
the Detectives Endowment Association
being in debt to the Deputy Mayor.

Calhoun pays and they sit. Sophie gives the Tarot Cards to Marybeth to shuffle. After she shuffles, Sophie passes the deck to Calhoun.

SOPHIE

Cut three times.

Calhoun complies, Sophie deals, laying down nine cards in three rows. She regards them very carefully. Calhoun checks around, pairs of children's eyes peeking from behind a curtain, the candle burning in the corner beside the water.

CALHOUN

What's the water and the candle for?

SOPHIE

To receive the spirit of my grandmother that resides in this house.

Calhoun and Marybeth exchange looks.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(to Marybeth, pointing to cards)

The King of Cups - I feel a mate around you -- Knight of Swords - your career not certain...the Six of Cups - the only people you choose to spend time with are your friends - they keep you from falling in love -

CALHOUN

Keep going! You're earning your money!

Sophie turns to Calhoun now.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm having trouble seeing you, finding you -- ah, here you are, under the Four of Cups!...slightly hidden, shadowy, a second man. Wait a minute, what have we here, the Four of Pentacles - but you do believe in yourself.

MARYBETH

Sophie, you're on a roll!

SOPHIE

(to Marybeth)

Don't interrupt!

(to Calhoun)

Queen of Cups - the ideal mate is around you now -- her influence has already begun --

Calhoun and Marybeth are looking at each other now, three pairs of eyes, one higher than the next, staring at them from behind Sophie's curtain.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What is the reason you're staying away from each other?

(to Marybeth)

You get your hopes up, then two seconds later it's fuck off, you're getting in my face.

(to Calhoun)

You're afraid she will come on to you and then she will say no.

At last Sophie has Calhoun's and Marybeth's rapt attention.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hmm. The Lovers' Card -- you are at a crossroads, you cannot go forward, yet you cannot go back--

She glances at both Calhoun and Marybeth, throws another card, only one is left.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Ah, now we have the Queen of Ones, your work, your lives, this goes for both of you, are about to take off --

A horn BEEPS outside.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And your taxi has arrived.

CALHOUN

There's one more card.

MARYBETH

We're going to lose the taxi --

CALHOUN

Let him go.

MARYBETH

You're crazy!

CALHOUN

I want to see that card.

Sophie barks a COMMAND in Romany to Edward outside, the SOUND of the taxi gunning away from the curb.

SOPHIE

(to Calhoun)

You say you want to see this card?

Calhoun waits.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Your charge is now fifty dollars as well.

MARYBETH

This is a scam --

CALHOUN

And worth every penny of it.

He pays her the additional money and Sophie turns the last card over, stares at it a long time.

SOPHIE

You have been together in a past life, I want to say no -- but it keeps coming through -- yes, you've been together -- what is the reason you're staying away from each other now?

Marybeth's and Calhoun's faces are inches from each other.

CALHOUN

Because of what happened in the past.

MARYBETH

This is all bullshit, isn't it?

CALHOUN

Of course. C'm'ere.

Their mouths are now but an inch apart, Sophie disappears.

MARYBETH

How will I get my car?

CALHOUN

I'll send somebody from the 34th Precinct.

MARYBETH

But he won't have a key.

CALHOUN

He's a cop, isn't he? If a cop can't break into a car, I'll cashier him.

MARYBETH

But how do we get to my place? I live in Brooklyn.

CALHOUN

We got a gypsy reader. She'll call us another gypsy cab.

They kiss. The grandmother candle flickers out.

71. INT. MARYBETH'S APARTMENT, PARK SLOPE, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

71.

Marybeth and Calhoun kissing in the darkness hungrily, yet something keeping them apart.

CALHOUN

Why didn't you turn on the light?

MARYBETH

Because there's nothing to see.

CALHOUN

It's your apartment, isn't it?

MARYBETH

Patchouli in a goldfish bowl, a scarf over the banister, a parasol on the wall. Like every other girl's apartment in Park Slope.

CALHOUN

Miss Cogan --

MARYBETH

You called?

CALHOUN

Right now, and for a time to come, we don't know how long --

MARYBETH

Yeah, nothing is forever --

CALHOUN

Shut up, I'm doing the talking. Now hear this: there's no one else like you -- in Park Slope -- in Brooklyn -- in the five boroughs of the city -- or in all the entire Irish Catholic Church.

MARYBETH

Aw, you tell all the girls that.

CALHOUN

Okay, if you know my part so well, what do I say next?

MARYBETH

Let's make love.

CUT TO:

72. EXT. 79TH STREET BOAT BASIN, MANHATTAN - MORNING

72.

The SOUND of a Man peeing over the side of his boat, the SOUND stops abruptly, MOVE IN on the Man's face, he blinks, stares.

73. MAN'S POV - VINNIE'S BOAT

73.

Headed right for him, catching the chop of the river in the morning, but a drag on it which keeps it in control. The drag is Vinnie's body being pulled from the stern, the anchor chain wrapped around it.

The Man snatches a rubber-tipped docking pole, holds off Vinnie's boat just in time before it crashes into his own.

CUT TO:

74. INT. CITY HALL - MORNING

74.

An excited Calhoun hurries up the steps from the basement entrance, his forehead furrows as he senses the activity upstairs, he passes George at the Intel Police desk.

GEORGE

Good morning.

Calhoun hesitates, warned by George's expression.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The sharks are already circling...

Calhoun senses George look past him, Calhoun turns around, clusters of Reporters are pushing into the Blue Room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Another Zapatti --

Calhoun waits.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Washed up. The bodies are piling up at the door, Kevin.

George reads off the Police wire now.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

'Hands and feet were bound in a three-inch chain, ship's chandlery-type. Preliminary forensics reveal blows from a blunt instrument --'

Calhoun reaches over George, rips off the sheet, reads it as he heads for the Mayor's office. Abe passes on his way into the Press Room.

ABE

You know what the Talmud says, don't you? 'Dead men tell no tales.'

Calhoun lowers the Police printout.

ABE (CONT'D)

You want better, I'll give you better. 'Shrouds have no pockets.'

Before Calhoun can respond, Abe has proceeded on into the Blue Room. As Calhoun approaches the Mayor's office, he notices Florio and Coonan emerge, they nod to Kevin in a business-as-usual manner. Calhoun knocks, enters.

74A. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

74A

The Mayor is leaning on a covered radiator, his arms spread, looking out the window across City Hall Park, his back to the door.

MAYOR

Where you been?

CALHOUN

Busy night.

MAYOR

-- Yeah?

CALHOUN

You saw this morning's printout?

MAYOR

What about it?

CALHOUN

I was with Vinnie Zapatti last night.

The Mayor turns around now.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

He's dead because of Tino Zapatti's probation report. They're related, that's all I know. That much Vinnie told me --

MAYOR

And that's all I want to know.

CALHOUN

I'm just trying to circle the wagons --

MAYOR

Protect me, you mean? Then what are you fucking around for? You see this desk, this desk belonged to Fiorello LaGuardia, the Little Flower. He was five foot tall, read the funny papers on the radio to his constituents' children and was the best goddamn mayor this city ever had. You know what LaGuardia said? 'Why is it that every time you can do some good, the "nice people" come in and mess you up?'

(a moment)

Be nice, Kevin, but don't mess me up.

Another moment.

CALHOUN

I hear you, sir.

He hurries out.

74B. INT. CALHOUN'S OFFICE - MORNING

74B

He slams the door behind him, grabs the phone, dials.

MARYBETH

Hello -- ?

CALHOUN

I woke you up.

74C. INT. MARYBETH'S APARTMENT - MORNING (INTERCUT)

74C.

MARYBETH

Are you crazy? I've been up half the night trying to figure out how to raise 10,000 dollars. The hook is in, I'm close, Vinnie is Eddie Santos's passport to an honorable death, all I got to do is reel him in now --

CALHOUN

Vinnie's dead. They got to him on the boat.

Silence.

MARYBETH

Keep talking --

CALHOUN

If his foot hadn't caught in the doughnut --

MARYBETH

In the what?

CALHOUN

The life preserver, he would've floated right out under the Verrazano Bridge and back to his forebears in Sicily.

MARYBETH

Oh God --

CALHOUN

Heads up.

MARYBETH

For what?

CALHOUN

We don't know yet. Your car should've been delivered by now. When you go out, check under it.

MARYBETH

You're beginning to sound like Holly.

CALHOUN

He's beginning to make sense. Leave the car parked. Take the subway today. Call me when you get to your office.

Silence.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

MARYBETH

Poor Vinnie.

CALHOUN

Yeah, we were his first and last charter.

MARYBETH

What are you going to do?

A moment. Calhoun glances up, spots Capt. Florio from Internal Affairs lingering outside the door.

CALHOUN

Whatever I have to.

74D. INT./EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

74D.

He hangs up, checks Florio again, ducks into the basement exit of the Mayor's office, his heels clatter down the stone steps, in an instant he is outside, hailing a cab, no one has seen him.

75. INT. 41ST PRECINCT, THE BRONX - DAY

75.

Calhoun approaches the Desk Sergeant.

CALHOUN

Lieutenant Holly?

DESK SERGEANT

Who shall I say is calling?

CALHOUN

Deputy Mayor Calhoun.

DESK SERGEANT

Yes, sir! Through the door, up the stairs.

76. INT. DETECTIVES' SQUADROOM, 41ST PRECINCT - DAY

76.

Four detectives, including Holly, around a table, cigarettes, coffee, the day's tabloids spread out. Holly glances up as Calhoun enters.

HOLLY

(to the others)

I'll see yez later.

The three other detectives disappear.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I don't have a lot of time today --

CALHOUN

I cleared this with Captain Ferretti, he said for you to take all the time you need.

HOLLY

You pulling rank on me?

CALHOUN

Yes.

HOLLY

Looking for a new shoe size?

CALHOUN

Cement-C.

CALHOUN (CON'T)

(silence)

I know the jokes, Holly. What I need now are the straight lines.

Holly stays silent.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm going to give it to you bad. The Police Commissioner works for the Mayor.

HOLLY

What's your point?

CALHOUN

Trust me or fuck you.

HOLLY

Stand up!

The bark of Holly's command startles Calhoun, he stands up immediately, Holly pats him down, when Calhoun shows himself to be clean, Holly's mood changes, the belligerence gone, only anxiety remains. They sit.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Eddie called me from Manhattan South --

CALHOUN

The night before?

HOLLY

Yeah, he wanted me to come with him.

Calhoun studies Holly.

CALHOUN

You didn't go. You did the right thing.

HOLLY

No, I didn't. He had no business going up there without a 'ghost.'

CALHOUN

What's that?

HOLLY

The shadow that should have been me. Plus a raft of backups. Department Policy on a drug buy.

(after a moment)

But Eddie was such a hothead -- the kind that never cools off --

CALHOUN

What did you want to tell me?

HOLLY

There was another probation report.
It set Tino up for the max, 10 to
20 --

CALHOUN

What happened to it?

HOLLY

I don't know.

CALHOUN

Who wrote it?

HOLLY

That's all I got.

Holly's eyes are wet.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm going to sell the boat, I'm going
to give the money to Eddie's kids.

After a moment.

CALHOUN

You keep that boat, Holly, that boat
is good for you.

Calhoun heads for the door, Holly calls out.

HOLLY

Mr. Calhoun!

CALHOUN

Yeah?

HOLLY

The Probation Officer --

CALHOUN

Name?

HOLLY

James Wakeley. But you won't find
him on Leonard Street.

CALHOUN

Where is he?

HOLLY

Upstate. Working Parole.

77. EXT. ATTICA PRISON, UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

77.

The infamous institution set in the green meadows of rolling countryside, the towers and catwalks throwing shadows on this bright sunny day. A taxi approaches the gates.

78. INT. ATTICA PRISON - DAY

78.

Calhoun and Marybeth move through a series of complicated checkpoints, are ushered into a "conference room," a dingy, cramped space with a narrow window. Another door opens, JAMES WAKELEY, 34, Black, enters, he stops to check out Calhoun and Marybeth. Wakeley wears a suit shiny with wear, a denim shirt and tie.

WAKELEY

I told you people not to come up here. You made a long trip for nothing.

MARYBETH

Do you want to tell me the truth now, Mr. Wakeley, or do you want to do it under oath?

Wakeley raises his eyebrows at Marybeth.

WAKELEY

You looking to grow a pair of brass balls, Miss?

MARYBETH

No thank you, I'm doing well enough without them.

Silence.

CALHOUN

What's your job, Mr. Wakeley?

WAKELEY

New York State Parole Officer.
Better pay, better pension --

He looks out the window.

MARYBETH

Nicer surroundings.

WAKELEY

You think so?

CALHOUN

What happened to Tino Zapatti?

WAKELEY

He's dead, isn't he?

CALHOUN

I'm talking two years ago.

WAKELEY

He got probation, but I ended up serving his sentence. When I squawked, Schwartzie made it clear if I didn't leave the Department I'd be labeled a Chronic Malcontent and they'd terminate me. I said I was going to show up in court anyway. And then I got a visit from a guy --

MARYBETH

Who was that?

WAKELEY

I worked on the sixth floor on Leonard Street. He said he was going to show me a better way than the elevator out of my office.

(carefully)

Here, my office is on the ground floor. And it's far, far away.

CALHOUN

What sentence did you recommend?

WAKELEY

Ten to 20, I saw that rap sheet. Tino was pushing drugs to kids, not doing it himself but worse, having the kids deal for him. The weapon from a previous homicide? That got lost in the second report.

MARYBETH

A second report --?

CALHOUN

You mean the good one?

WAKELEY

Yeah. When I saw it, I almost fell over.

CALHOUN

Who ordered it?

WAKELEY

That I don't know.

MARYBETH

Why didn't you ask?

Silence.

WAKELEY

A sudden urge overcame me to move to the country, and I forgot all about it. And now if you'll excuse me, you people better get out of here. My lumbago tells me snow is coming. You better hurry -- Buffalo gets socked in pretty fast.

Wakeley goes. The SOUND of doors opening and closing. Calhoun and Marybeth turn to the window, Wakeley is moving along a catwalk, now he enters a platformed office, a sign reads "New York State PAROLE SERVICES."

CUT TO:

79. EXT. NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD STATION, UPSTATE NEW YORK - SNOW 79.

A passenger train halted at the station. Calhoun and Marybeth are huddled in the vestibule of one of the cars, a blanket of white over this village a few miles east of Rome, New York. The few lights in the town blink a hundred yards away.

A CONDUCTOR sets down a lantern by the steps.

CALHOUN

How long?

CONDUCTOR

About an hour.

MARYBETH

An hour?!

CONDUCTOR

You don't want to suffocate in a tunnel, do you? They got to dig one out a few miles ahead - meanwhile, enjoy the snow.

CALHOUN

You can't eat snow.

CONDUCTOR

Try that diner over there.

MARYBETH

Any good --?

CONDUCTOR

It was last week when we got snowed in. The lemon pudding's not bad - but be back in a half.

80. INT. "THE FLOYD DINER" - NIGHT

80.

A WAITRESS waits to take Calhoun's and Marybeth's order.

MARYBETH

I'll take a hamburger, french fries and a Coke.

CALHOUN

Lemon pudding. Everything to go.

WAITRESS

You got it.

MARYBETH

Why is this called The Floyd Diner instead of Floyd's Diner?

WAITRESS

'Cause you're in Floyd, New York.

She goes.

MARYBETH

Floyd, New York. That's like Clyde, New Jersey. Can you imagine spending your life in a place like this?

CALHOUN

Yes. Grew up in one. Instead of snow we had rain, hurricanes and floods. Ferriday, Louisiana. Across the river from the mossy mansions of Natchez.

MARYBETH

(lightly)

You're really into that magnolia crap, aren't you, you old country-slicker?

CALHOUN

My daddy said he'd rather wake up beside the road in a sleeping bag than in any city in the world. There is something about small town life.

MARYBETH

Then what are you doing in New York?

CALHOUN

Every Louisiana boy catches politics like a disease. So I headed to D.C. after law school. Double-clutched and went right into overdrive, leap-frogged back and forth from Committee Staffing to Administrative Assisting so fast and furiously, I was marking-up my own dreams. Then one day the Mayor came down to testify - I realized here's a guy who really puts his soul where his mouth is. So I started over - in real politics where you're cheek-to-jowl with the people. I became an aspirant again. I aspired to something -- and ended up wallowing in shit.

Silence.

MARYBETH

Then why don't you get out?

CALHOUN

Not until I've finished what I've started.

MARYBETH

What's that mean? Carrying the Mayor's bag and spin-doctoring The New York Times?

CALHOUN

You do take on.

MARYBETH

Don't Rhett Butler me, Colonel. You're looking for medals, all I'm looking for is another probation report --

CALHOUN

And that's all. So you can clear your client. Triple the pension, a Medal of Honor, and a big fat notch in your Detective Endowment Association's attorney's belt.

MARYBETH

Don't give me the Knight on a White Charger stuff, you're Nuts and Bolts. That's what got you to City Hall and that's what's going to carry you right into The White House. At least that's the plan, isn't it?

CALHOUN

We've got to find out who was behind that probation report.

MARYBETH

Now you're sounding less like a spin doctor than a loose cannon.

CALHOUN

So be it!

MARYBETH

But who knows where this thing leads? Turn over the rock, the other side's quicksand. And I can see a widow's pension getting sucked down into it.

A moment.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

I deal in the real. I'm from New York.

CALHOUN

And I'm not. Where I come from the Mayor still cuts hair and leads a dance band on weekends.

MARYBETH

You sound like one of those old Life magazines in my grandfather's garage in Valley Stream.

CALHOUN

Why did you make love to me?

MARYBETH

Because I was drunk with Tarot Cards and a breezy boat ride. But now I'm shivering in this goddamn upstate blizzard and I can't wait to get home to cash in for my client.

CALHOUN

I think you're -- to use one of your expressions -- fulla shit. I think it was no more Tarot Cards than it was subway tokens. But you're too tough on the outside to ever let go with what's inside --

MARYBETH

Please, I can turn on Oprah at four o'clock.

CALHOUN

Thank you. A Mick with street smarts. No nun is ever going to whack me with a ruler again. I've got the soul of a pit boss. But how come I cry myself to sleep?

MARYBETH

You're a mean prick, you know that?

CALHOUN

Where I come from, that's a compliment. Now I'll say it to you straight. I'm crazy about you.

MARYBETH

Okay, I'm out of here!

She gets up to go, but bumps right into the waitress.

WAITRESS

Hamburger, fries, Coke, and a lemon pudding.

MARYBETH

I'll take these. Give him the lemon pudding.

She grabs the hamburger, fries and Coke. Pumps and all, Marybeth marches out into the snow. Calhoun peers through the window, watches her beat a high-heeled path to the train as the waitress places the lemon pudding in his hand.

Now Calhoun rubs away the steam on the window, the train WHISTLES, the Mapleleaf Express pulls out of Floyd, New York. Calhoun opens the styrofoam take-out box, he digs in. Suddenly he stands up, crosses to a pay phone, places an Abe Bauman buck slip on top of the phone, scribbled on it, 'Lawrence Schwartz, N.Y.C. Probation Dept., Branch Officer,' along with an office and home phone number. Calhoun dials.

SCHWARTZ

Hello?

CALHOUN

I've just been talking to a friend of yours...

CUT TO:

81. INT. CALHOUN'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

81.

Calhoun loosening his tie, disheveled from the Attica trip, starts to turn on the television when his telephone RINGS. He picks up.

CALHOUN
Kevin Calhoun --

82. EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH, CITY STREET - NIGHT

82.

The middle of the night, Schwartz is at the pay phone, he holds an envelope marked "Probation Dept."

SCHWARTZ
(phone)
I've got it --

CALHOUN
Where are you?

A man appears behind Schwartz, his face not visible, he walks into frame. Schwartz, his face frozen in terror, sensing someone behind him, turns. A GUNSHOT. Then another, and another.

83. INT. CALHOUN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

83.

MOVE IN on Calhoun's face, his ear pressed to the receiver, the phone line still open. He throws on his jacket, hurries out into the corridor.

84. INT. CALHOUN'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

84.

Calhoun rings the bell, but now notices on the tell-tale the elevator is already ascending. He heads for the fire stairs.

85. INT. STAIRS, CALHOUN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

85.

In full flight, Calhoun runs down the stairs, a door SLAMS above him, he quickens, taking the steps three at a time, using the rail as a vault.

86. INT. GARAGE, CALHOUN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

86.

He sprints for his car, unlocks the door, inserts the key into the ignition.

He halts, staring at the key, afraid to turn it on. A door SLAMS in the garage, abruptly Calhoun switches on the ignition, the motor fires normally, he drives away.

CUT TO:

87. EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

87.

Calhoun speeds across the roadway, checking the rearview mirror.

88. EXT. "THE FAMOUS," 13TH AVE., BOROUGH PARK - NIGHT

88.

Brooklyn's renowned deli, light shines out from a bustling interior, cars double-parked.

89. INT. "THE FAMOUS" - NIGHT

89.

At a back table, beards and yarmulkes, business suits and shirtsleeves, Abe presides over a pinochle game, MORTY THE WAITER kibitzes over his shoulder.

MORTY

The two of clubs...

But Abe's eyes are on the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE, DOORWAY - NIGHT

A panicked Calhoun dashes in, freezes as he notices George, the detective from Intel, sipping a cup of coffee at the front table.

CALHOUN

How'd you get here?

GEORGE

Abe called me. And I called Miss Cogan, gave her the flashing red. Don't worry, we're on her door 24 hours.

Calhoun hesitates.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

G'head, he's in the back.

Calhoun checks the exits.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This is the only way in. The rear's gated.

Calhoun nods gratefully.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And Mr. Calhoun, if you don't mind me saying, she's a pistol.

Calhoun smiles wanly, heads for the back, a nervous Abe has gotten up from the game amid complaints from the players.

MORTY THE WAITER

It's your play --

ABE

Throw the card for me, Morty, you've
been practicing all your life.

Abe is noticeably relieved on spotting Calhoun, they angle
into a banquet room, tables and chairs racked, the place
empty, tea appears magically from a waitress who hurries
out.

CALHOUN

Where is it going, Abe?

ABE

The sweater unravels.

CALHOUN

Will we ever get to the bottom of it?

Abe hands Calhoun his handkerchief, Calhoun wipes his face.

ABE

I've never seen you sweat like
this --

CALHOUN

I've never been so scared.

(a moment)

You were right. There was another
probation report. It was the
delivery that Schwartz never got to
make.

Suddenly, spontaneously, they embrace, hold on tight.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

White hair, nice teeth, Yale
University. Walter Stern looks so
judicial, how could he be corrupt?

Abe is at a loss.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Okay, Abe, I'll give you one this
time. 'The only thing new in the
world is the history you don't know.'

ABE

New Testament?

CALHOUN

Harry Truman.

90. INT. KITCHEN - GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

90.

Mrs. Pappas, in an evening dress, is supervising the last touches on a huge cake in the shape of Madison Square Garden, the lettering reads "Welcome National Democratic Convention."

Calhoun appears at the door of the busy place, she spies him.

MRS. PAPPAS

Come on in, Kevin!

He steps inside, still in the clothes he was wearing when receiving Schwartz's last phone call.

MRS. PAPPAS (CONT'D)

Help me carry this upstairs.

CALHOUN

Who's upstairs?

MRS. PAPPAS

Senator Marquand and a bunch of others from the Convention Committee. They were just getting to the Keynote.

CALHOUN

I can't, Sydney, I'm not dressed for stuff like this...

MRS. PAPPAS

You look great, the old working stiff. Now come on, the stars are lining up in the heavens, Kevin, come help us celebrate --

CALHOUN

I need to talk to the Coach alone. We got business --

She observes Calhoun for a moment.

MRS. PAPPAS

All right, loop over to the Red Room. He'll cut the cake and I'll do the after-dinner drinks.

(smiles)

Give him a minute and a half.

91. INT. RED ROOM, GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

91.

A hideaway, a table and chairs for Saturday meetings, a new addition to the historic place, decorated dark red to give it a men's club look.

CALHOUN

-- What do you think?

MAYOR

Walter Stern's a good man.

CALHOUN

'Good'?! Five people're dead.

MAYOR

I know that. What's your point?

CALHOUN

We throw the book at the guy, and you hurry out of the way. Embrace the Detective and his widow, a Medal of Honor and the max death settle-ment -
 (checks his watch)
 And then make sure Leslie makes the morning editions with it.

MAYOR

You've got it all figured out.

CALHOUN

Isn't that my job?

MAYOR

Of course. But isn't it more complicated than that?

The Mayor takes a deep breath, poised in some equivocal position.

CALHOUN

Forgive me, I know you're old friends.

MAYOR

Be careful how you judge people, Pappy, most of all, friends. I've known Walter for a long time, he's a good man, a man you could count on.

CALHOUN

But this is tough stuff, body-bag stuff. Tell me if there's some other way --

MAYOR

There isn't. As they say, the die is cast. And it was cast a long time ago. Just go easy. Give him a blindfold and have mercy. Walter Stern was tough but he was fair. We'll give him back the same.

Calhoun's about to break away, the Mayor grabs his arm.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And you, be careful. Keep George with you, let him drive.

Calhoun is about to protest but he feels the Mayor's concern.

CALHOUN

I hear you.

92. INT. DEN, JUDGE STERN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

92.

Calhoun sits opposite Judge Stern, who is at his desk.

JUDGE STERN

I knew James Wakeley would surface.

CALHOUN

Not of his own accord. We had to dredge him up.

JUDGE STERN

Just as I knew when that bullet hit that boy, it would keep traveling...

He drifts off.

CALHOUN

And find its way --?

JUDGE STERN

To me. If only it had found me first. If only I could have stepped in front of him.

Silence.

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

Regrets are pathetic, aren't they?

Stern's lip trembles, his efforts at maintaining his judicial dignity falter, he slumps in his chair.

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

All I wanted was to do some good. I was tired of being the white-shoe litigator. Defending the arbitrageurs and the 80's go-go boys -- and all it took was \$50,000 to change my life. Fifty-thousand and the judgeship was mine. I felt honored there were lots of others out there with the same 50,000, but the one Anselmo took was mine. Absurd, isn't it?

CALHOUN

It happens all the time.

JUDGE STERN

The law was pure, I thought. I'll go back to the law. But to get there, I paid with my blood -- and a brown paper bag. That was the moment. How should I fold the bag? Roll the top down like my mother did for my baloney sandwich on a basketball trip? Or should I fold it neatly? Crumple it, perhaps --

He drifts off.

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

That was what did me in. Anselmo's bag was the River Styx, when I filled it I was on my way to the other side. No turning back.

CALHOUN

(carefully)

The Mayor has always had the highest regard for you, Judge --

JUDGE STERN

And I for him.

Stern buckles now, his head falls into his hands, his shoulders rise and fall. He sobs.

CALHOUN

(quietly)

Your resignation in about six months would be appropriate.

Judge Stern raises his head.

JUDGE STERN

Six months did you say?

CALHOUN

Yes.

JUDGE STERN

How about six hours?

CUT TO:

93. INT. BLUE ROOM, CITY HALL - MORNING

93.

The Press assembled, waiting for the Conference to begin.

SADLER

...They're late --

LESLIE

They've been in there since six o'clock.

SADLER

Don't they know their parts yet?

94. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

94.

The place busy with aides, secretaries, Calhoun and Abe running the nitty-gritty, but the Mayor very much in charge as he goes over a draft statement with Calhoun.

All three T.V.s are tuned to the local network stations, pictures of Probation Department officials being brought into One Hogan Place, the D.A.'s headquarters, for questioning.

CALHOUN

(reading)

'The recent revelations are not unprecedented. Consider Judge Wachtel of the State Supreme Court, a man of impeccable credentials who fell subject to some baser side in his nature...'

MAYOR

Take it out, it sounds like Shakespeare.

CALHOUN

The whole thing?

MAYOR

Keep the Wachtel stuff, but say it plain.

Leslie sticks her head in the door.

LESLIE

The sharks are getting hungry --

MAYOR

Okay, okay. Give them a 'one
minute.'

Leslie hurries out.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(to Calhoun)

I don't need you for this, Kevin.
You go to work on Senator Marquand.
Tell him this is just a blip, we're
all systems go for June.

(to Abe)

What else?

ABE

The New York Times, Harriet Monash,
the editorial page.

MAYOR

Of course, what would we do without
The New York Times. Kevin --?

CALHOUN

I'll take care of it. Harriet owes
me one.

95. INT. BLUE ROOM - DAY

95.

The Press assembled, the place packed. On a platform, T.V.
cameras are rolling.

LESLIE

Thirty seconds!

96. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

96.

The doors fly open, the Mayor's entourage hurries out and
across to the Blue Room, the Mayor in the rear of the pack
with his handlers, Calhoun and Abe.

CALHOUN

(to the Mayor)

You all right?

MAYOR

Of course I'm all right. Damage
Control, Kevin, Damage Control.

CALHOUN

Yes, sir.

ABE
(to the Mayor)
You look good.

MAYOR
Of course I look good, I'm about to
give the performance of a lifetime.

He hurries on, Calhoun right beside him.

97. INT. BLUE ROOM - DAY

97.

The cameras are focused on the door.

LESLIE
Lights!

The Mayor enters, the lights flash on. Calhoun checks the
set-up, then ducks out.

98. EXT. ANSELMO'S HOUSE, EAST FLATBUSH, BROOKLYN - DAY

98.

Anselmo parks his plain Buick, tips his hat to a passing
neighbor, enters his home.

99. INT. ANSELMO'S HOUSE - DAY

99.

As he hangs up his coat, he hears the radio from the
kitchen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
...The Grand Jury is expected to
return indictments of Supreme Court
Judge Walter Stern and Brooklyn
Democratic County Leader Frank
Anselmo. Anselmo's connections to
Mafia chieftan Paul Zapatti are
certain to be --

Anselmo snaps the radio off, looks over the pots working on
the kitchen stove, a VOICE from downstairs, Anselmo's wife
Nettie, calling up from the cellar.

NETTIE (V.O.)
Honey, is that you?!

ANSELMO
I'm home.

NETTIE (V.O.)
I'll be right up! I'm having trouble
with the dryer!

He crosses into a porch/den, closed up in the winter, but with a side door that opens to the street. He takes his jacket off, sits, looks into the middle distance of these familiar surroundings. Nettie appears.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

ANSELMO

Fine, sweetheart, I'm fine.

NETTIE

It's been on the radio all morning --

ANSELMO

I know, I heard.

NETTIE

I fixed you osso bucco.

ANSELMO

Yeah?

NETTIE

I had a feeling you might come home for lunch.

He smiles.

ANSELMO

Smells good.

NETTIE

I'll just get the clothes, the machine's thunking again.

She goes, he rests his head against the back of the chair. As he leans back, a shadow falls across his face, he jumps, looks out, Zapatti is standing at the side door to the porch. Anselmo opens the door.

ANSELMO

Paulie!

ZAPATTI

How are you, Frank?

ANSELMO

I'm good, considering --

ZAPATTI

Of course, of course.

ANSELMO

Coffee? Nettie's just down with the laundry. You'll stay for lunch?
Osso bucco.

ZAPATTI

Osso bucco.

ANSELMO

Nettie fixes it Piemontese -- the peppers and everything --

ZAPATTI

I had my lunch.

ANSELMO

I'll get coffee.

ZAPATTI

No, thanks.

He takes a seat.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

So what do you think, Frank?

ANSELMO

Same old story. This time it's this guy Calhoun. I never liked him from day one.

ZAPATTI

A cracker.

ANSELMO

Of the worst kind. He's out of here tomorrow.

ZAPATTI

I don't think so.

ANSELMO

What are you talking about? He's a reed. You push him, he bends.

ZAPATTI

Not this one. This one's a terrier. I had a dog like him once. I went to have him put down - he jumped out of my arms at the vet's and took off for the Park. Sometimes I still think I see him out there, gnawing on an old bone.

Nettie appears with the laundry.

NETTIE

Oh, excuse me --

Zapatti comes to his feet.

ZAPATTI

Can I help you with the basket, Nettie?

NETTIE

No, no, I didn't know Frank was expecting you. Due espressi?

Zapatti smiles.

ZAPATTI

Maybe later.

She goes.

ANSELMO

Ninety-nine out of a hundred times we can beat something like this.

ZAPATTI

I don't like the odds.

Anselmo is stunned.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

I tried to close the door, Frank. But I couldn't get it shut.

ANSELMO

What do you want me to do?

ZAPATTI

Take the pressure off yourself. You're no Barry Marcus.

ANSELMO

What about Barry Marcus?

ZAPATTI

He did four years standing on his head.

ANSELMO

You don't think I can, Paulie?

ZAPATTI

Here's the thing, they'll tell you, you have the key to the cell. But, you won't be able to open it without singing. You're a singer, Frank.

ANSELMO

Give me a chance and I'll show you
how quiet I can be.

ZAPATTI

It's out of my hands, Frank. Do the
right thing. Make it easy for
yourself --

Nettie is outside the door again.

NETTIE (V.O.)

Frank, honey, lunch!

ZAPATTI

-- And your family.

He stands, so does Anselmo. Zapatti kisses him on both
cheeks, leaves by the side door.

CUT TO:

100. INT. CALHOUN'S OFFICE - DAY

100.

Calhoun's eyes are on his T.V. as the Mayor delivers his
statement.

CALHOUN

(phone)

Senator, I guarantee you this event
is but a pimple on the ass of this
great metropolis --

(a moment)

The Party will never see that pimple
in June. Only the Garden, Broadway,
the Plaza and the Waldorf -- elec-
tricity, excitement, fun --

He glances up at the T.V.

MAYOR (T.V.)

Lyndon Johnson said, everybody will
give you ideas on how to get out of
trouble cheaply and fast and they all
come down to this: deny your
responsibility. John F. Kennedy
said, an error doesn't have to become
a mistake until you refuse to correct
it. Well, we're not going to deny
our responsibility or refuse to
correct our mistakes. And by 'we,' I
mean 'me.' My administration has had
a fever of 105. Sometimes a fever is
a blessing, in medicine they call it
a 'proving.' Well, we're proved out
now and we're going to get well.

CALHOUN

(phone)

You'll catch the bite on the noon news in D.C., he's only magnificent. 'Bye, Senator.

Calhoun hangs up, dials another number, still watching the T.V.

MAYOR (T.V.)

...This city is on a roll, economic recovery, reduction of the budget, better union relations, schools on the upswing, and the icing on the cake -- the Democratic Convention in June. Second Cities, take notice!

CALHOUN

(on phone)

-- Are you watching, Harriet?

(a moment)

The World Bank interests you more?

(another moment)

Do you want to read about the Democratic Convention in the Chicago Tribune --? Well, okay then. Wait 'til you see his performance on the six o'clock news. When the train leaves the station, Harriet, The New York Times, good and gray lady that she is, will want to be aboard --

CUT TO:

101. EXT. BROOKLYN-QUEENS EXPRESSWAY - DAY

101.

The busy thoroughfare, not too crowded at midday, Anselmo's Buick rolling along.

102. INT. ANSELMO'S CAR - DAY

102.

The telephone RINGS, he glances at it, it stops. He drives on, it RINGS again, he picks it up.

NETTIE (V.O.)

What happened to you?

ANSELMO

I called to you, you were down in the basement. I'm going to get a washer at Orchard Supply, it'll stop the thunk. I'll eat when I get home.

NETTIE (V.O.)

Oh? Okay, be careful.

ANSELMO

Of course.

He hangs up, puts a tape into the deck, a duet, a baritone and a soprano sing the finale to Carousel.

TAPE (V.O.)

'When you walk through a storm
Keep your chin up high
And don't be afraid of the dark...'

He drives off the BQE onto a frontage road and parks under an overpass which spans the Expressway, the noise from the cars conflicting with the song. Anselmo reaches over to the passenger seat, unwraps a package wrapped in one of today's tabloids, "ANSELMO SUMMONED Clubhouse Boss to Appear in Judicial Scandal," a .38 rolls out.

TAPE (V.O.)

'At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver strain of a
lark.'

He sets the muzzle of the gun against the side of his head, FIRES. The report is small, like that of a rimshot punctuation to the orchestration of the song.

CUT TO:

103. INT. CALHOUN'S OFFICE, CITY HALL - DAY

103.

Calhoun is on the phone with his secretary.

CALHOUN

Get Sadler at The Post.

After a moment.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

-- I hear you, I know the water keeps rising, Mr. Sadler, in fact it's up to the floorboards. But I promise you, we're bailing out faster than we're taking in...

The door opens behind Calhoun, Captain Florio enters, Calhoun indicates a chair, but Florio stays put, with a flourish he opens his jacket, a manila envelope drops out which he catches with both hands.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Sadler, something's just come up, let me get right back to you when we can talk at length.

He hangs up.

FLORIO

Frank Anselmo killed himself.

Calhoun blinks, tries to gather himself together, stares at the door past Florio, but doesn't move from his chair. Florio hands him the envelope marked "Probation Dept.", it is stained with blood.

CALHOUN

What are you giving me this for?

FLORIO

It was found with the party who had been on the telephone with you. I was holding it for Frank. Now I'm giving it to you.

CALHOUN

And what do you want in return?

FLORIO

You'll think of something.

Calhoun turns the envelope over and over.

FLORIO (CONT'D)

You don't know whether to spit or wind your wristwatch because you're afraid of what's inside.

(a moment)

Maybe if we fished you out of the river that morning, it wouldn't have come to this.

Florio exits.

CLOSE-UP of the blood-stained envelope. Calhoun removes the original probation report signed by Wakeley. Across the probation report is a court stamp of receipt, it bears the signature of Stern's Law Clerk, Peter Ragan.

CUT TO:

104. INT. COURTHOUSE, JUDGE STERN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

104.

As Ragan packs up Stern's office papers, Calhoun enters.

RAGAN

Good afternoon, Mr. Calhoun. I'm sorry but the Judge has left for the day.

CALHOUN

Of course you're sorry.

Calhoun places the probation report on Ragan's desk.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

This your signature?

Ragan regards Calhoun coolly.

RAGAN

We are required to record the receipt of all documents.

CALHOUN

What about phone calls? You keep a log of phone calls?

After a moment.

RAGAN

Yes.

CALHOUN

Take a minute, please, and look up for me the dates of Frank Anselmo's calls to this office.

RAGAN

You're in the wrong pew, Mr. Calhoun. Frank Anselmo never called this office.

CALHOUN

What about the Mayor?

A terrible silence, Ragan's and Calhoun's eyes fixed on each other's.

105. INT. MAYOR'S SLEEPING QUARTERS, GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

105.

A dressing room, the Mayor changing his clothes as Calhoun hurries in.

CALHOUN

-- I couldn't get through to Marquand.

MAYOR

He got through to me. They're moving the Convention to Miami.

CALHOUN

Miami?!

MAYOR

They like Miami. Lots of glamour. Madonna and Whoopi Goldberg just bought houses on South Beach, maybe we could nominate them.

CALHOUN

But the deal was all cut --

MAYOR

Nothing is cut, Pappy, it's politics.

CALHOUN

Where are you going?

MAYOR

To pay my respects to Nettie Anselmo.

CALHOUN

Do you think that's wise?

The Mayor stops dressing.

MAYOR

Frank was a friend of mine, what's 'wise' got to do with it?

CALHOUN

But the perception will be --

MAYOR

Fuck perception! We're talking menschkeit. What happens between men. The 'there' that's there. The thousand telephone calls. The bouquets and the brickbats. The space between a handshake. What goes with you to your grave.

CALHOUN

Is there space between a handshake for right and wrong?

MAYOR

Why are you pressing me tonight?

CALHOUN

I'm looking for an answer.

A moment.

MAYOR

Okay, Pappy, think of it as colors. There's black, there's white, but in between it's mostly gray. Trouble is there's no gray in the media.

CALHOUN

What are you going to do?

MAYOR

You mean we, don't you?

CALHOUN

'We'? 'We' shot a bear.

The Mayor's head jerks towards Calhoun.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

An old Bayou expression --

MAYOR

Yeah, and the river's rising, and the water's coming over the levee but we're piling up the sandbags. We're going to fight the sons of bitches, we're going to come out swinging, we're going to tell them we're only human, everybody makes mistakes, Frank Anselmo is dead, he was a friend but the last of the old clubhouse bosses is gone. We'll clean the Augean stables, we'll show up in Miami, we'll have them on their knees begging me to make the keynote speech.

CALHOUN

And then?

MAYOR

A short sojourn in Albany, to be followed by a long one in The White House.

Calhoun blinks.

CALHOUN

I want to tell you that if I didn't know better, I would be bursting with admiration. I thought I'd come here to find you on your knees -- instead I see you ready to turn adversity into triumph.

MAYOR

An old habit of mine. But I like to hear it put into words. To know you still believe in me.

CALHOUN

Did I say that?

The Mayor is on guard now.

MAYOR

Don't fathers listen to their sons?

After a moment.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Where is your father these days?

CALHOUN

In a nursing home in Crowley, Louisiana. Plays dominoes with the orderlies. And fulminates over his Cream of Wheat.

MAYOR

Don't be too hard on him. We can't dictate our finishes.

Silence, Calhoun measuring him.

CALHOUN

I don't like the sound of that.

MAYOR

Why should you? Because under all that need to believe, all that concrete you've poured into my pedestal, way down in the deepest reaches of your destroyed Confederate soul, something is struggling to cry out.

CALHOUN

What?

MAYOR

You know I made that phone call to Walter Stern.

More silence.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Frank called me. And I knew who had called him. But in this business, you never trade names. I called Walter --

MAYOR (CONT'D)

he said there was nothing he could do with the probation report he had in front of him. I asked him what would happen if we got him another probation report.

Silence again.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And that's all there was to it. A little favor. I've been running caution lights all my life --

CALHOUN

But this time you ran a red. Someone cut across the inter-section. A cop and a six-year-old child --

MAYOR

That's with me forever.

CALHOUN

-- Not good enough, John.

A moment.

MAYOR

It scares me when you call me 'John.'

CALHOUN

Yeah? Why?

MAYOR

Because when we were taking that trip to the White House a few moments ago, I felt you come on board. The old menschkheit.

CALHOUN

Horseshit. Menschkeit is horseshit. You ought to carry it out of the barn and spread it over the fields. And if we all cross our fingers and get a lot of rain, maybe a flower will grow.

A terrible moment, the Mayor leans towards Calhoun.

MAYOR

But it has, hasn't it?

Calhoun waits.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Out of all of this crap, you'll emerge. Don't you see, you're the only voter I've ever cared about? A constituency of one.

CALHOUN

I'm getting the con feeling, John, the old copping of a plea --

MAYOR

No plea. Nothing. Just a pol who kept rolling along -- until he ran into a stone wall. I don't know what it was that stopped me. What is it you said, 'Confederate honor'? An old Southern boy's sense of justice. The beauty of it was, whatever it was in you, it reminded me of myself when I was young. Ambitious, a go-getter, but fair.

(after a moment)

Then somehow, one day, the line got rubbed out in me.

He opens a curtain, the room is in the basement, the trees of Gracie Park branch out over the high-rises looming above.

CALHOUN

Don't indulge yourself.

The Mayor turns back to him.

MAYOR

What do you mean?

CALHOUN

You're going to take yourself out.

The Mayor waits.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

A long vacation in Greece. Pick up the law again, maybe catch on with some international firm in Rome. Go the way of William O'Dwyer, he succeeded LaGuardia, fucked up, and played Ambassador to Mexico.

MAYOR

I'm not that ambitious --

CALHOUN

Then suck it up and find some other way.

Calhoun closes the curtain, faces the Mayor.

MAYOR

I thought I'd see a boy's tears,
instead I feel a man's spine.

CALHOUN

They're there. On the inside. You
just can't see them right now.

The Mayor reaches out for Calhoun, Calhoun hesitates, then
embraces him fiercely.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You've got the stuff, Pappy. I love
to see it in a guy.

The Mayor exits.

-- SIX MONTHS LATER --

106. EXT. BANDSTAND/PLAYGROUND, EAST FLATBUSH - DAY

106.

A sign overhead, "Calhoun for City Council," a makeshift
platform, Calhoun is addressing three elderly women, a man
in a wheelchair, two Black homeless people between them, a
supermarket basket with bottles hanging from it. A lone
video camera is trained on the podium.

CALHOUN

...Not much of a turnout, the
newspapers will report, but come the
end of the campaign, the people of
the 38th Councilmanic will be filling
these benches --

107. INT. SOUND TRUCK - DAY

107.

Abe watches a jerry-rigged monitor, behind him Leslie bats
out a press release.

LESLIE

How do you think he's doing?

ABE

Okay, so far.

108. EXT. BROOKLYN BANDSTAND/PLAYGROUND - DAY

108.

Calhoun is starting to get into his speech now, the
scattered audience sits up.

CALHOUN

...I'm no po' country boy. And I'm no city slicker, either. A wise man wrote a long time ago there are three New Yorkers, the Natives, those lucky enough to be born here, the Commuters, who never know the joys of this fair city, and the Aspirants, those who come to make their mark in the arts or the professions or politics. That's me. An aspirant. I aspired to something. To the making of a king. It was a lousy aspiration. Have the guts to be the leader or step aside. I'm ready. It's you guys that are the kingmakers.

The sound of two hands clapping, at the entrance to the playground behind the benches, stands Marybeth.

CALHOUN

Thank you. Will you be voting in the Primary, ma'am?

MARYBETH

You're running in the 38th District, aren't you?

CALHOUN

I am.

MARYBETH

Well, that's my District!

CALHOUN

Take a seat.

She sits down next to the elderly ladies, one of them pours her a cup of coffee from a thermos.

109. INT. SOUNDTRUCK - DAY

109.

Abe and Leslie have not missed the exchange.

LESLIE

What do you think, Abe?

ABE

He's got it. Maybe not this November, maybe the next. And if not then, then the one after.

LESLIE

I don't know if I can wait that long --

ABE

As the Talmud says, 'God waits long but pays with interest.'

110. EXT. CALHOUN ON THE PODIUM - DAY

110.

He directs his speech now to Marybeth.

CALHOUN

As Pericles said, 'All the good things of the earth flow into our city because of its greatness...'

MARYBETH

How do we find that greatness?

Calhoun ponders.

CALHOUN

As Pericles said, 'You must look upon the power of your city and become her lover...'

MOVE IN on Marybeth. She smiles, stands now and approaches him. It is as if they were alone, absent the tiny gathering.

MARYBETH

How was my lemon pudding?

CALHOUN

Great. But there was too much of it. I could have shared it.

CUT TO:

111. EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

111.

Abe is taking his customary Sunday morning walk with Mendel, the traffic sparse, the sun blazing, they wear dark lightweight suits. Abe has his yarmulke, Mendel sports a straw hat.

MENDEL

So has he got it? Or has he ain't?

ABE

He's got it.

MENDEL

You mean you really have a stomach for this all over again?

ABE

Granted I counted twelve heads in a union hall last night, it made me nauseous.

MENDEL

From little acorns, mammoths grow.

ABE

The man doesn't get discouraged, he's got a nice smile and no longer does he linger over the pig's feet in the bodegas.

Mendel sighs.

MENDEL

I see the bug's bit you good.

ABE

And a few others. They're signing on. They asked him to speak at the firehouse tonight, tomorrow the Catholic high school, even the right-wingers are taking a shine to him --

MENDEL

My boy, you've hooked your wagon to a star.

ABE

Star, schmar -- in a city where there are no men, he strives to be a man.

Silence, they walk on.

MENDEL

No small thing.

ABE

No, no small thing.

PULL BACK, FARTHER and FARTHER, Abe and Mendel are two black dots now on the bridge, PAN UP, in the distance the gold dome of City Hall gleams.

THE END