

CRUISING

Screenplay

by

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CRUISING

REV 7/5/7

1.

1. EXT: HUDSON RIVER NEAR LOWER MANHATTAN. DAY

A TUGBOAT sails across the Manhattan skyline. In the b.g. distant traffic. Sea gulls overhead. A calm, peaceful morning in New York City.

2. ON THE DECK OF THE MOVING TUG

THE CAPTAIN sips a cup of coffee. Something in the water catches his eye.

P.O.V. FROM MOVING TUG.

In the polluted river a pile of refuse floats, on top of which there rests what appears to be a severed gangrenous Human Arm.

TUG CAPTAIN

(shouts)

Come about!

3. INT: CITY MORGUE. DAY

The severed arm rests on a metallic slab. WE HEAR the voices of a DETECTIVE and TWO MEDICAL EXAMINERS but do not see their faces. The CAMERA STAYS HYPNOTICALLY on the lifeless limb, which bears the tattoo: "P...L...E...A...S...U...R...E."

FIRST MEDICAL EXAMINER (V.O.)

Salt water's done a lot of damage. Looks like the fish had a field day too.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

See if you can match it to that torso came in last month. Otherwise, you know Doc, Circumstances Undetermined Pending Police Investigation.

FIRST M.E. (V.O.)

Wait a minute, you got a hand. We get a fingerprint and we can make it a homicide.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Alright, gimme the cause of death.

FIRST M.E. (V.O.)

I can't give you the cause of death from this. But it's obvious it's not a suicide. It's not a natural.

CONTINUED

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Y'know I can't prosecute a homicide without a cause of death. I got to go out and find the rest of the body. No good, doc. I got too much on my plate.

FIRST M.E. (V.O.)

It's just a numbers game ... Body count that's all it is to you guys. The only way you'll accept a murder these days is if you got the guy downtown signing the confession.

*

3. CONTINUED

2.

A row of wall compartments marked CUPPI. One compartment is slid open and the arm inserted. The compartment is closed tight.

4. EXT: CHRISTOPHER STREET FACING WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - MANHATTAN.
3:00A - WINTER.

A wolf bays at the moon. Snow is on the ground. The painted wolf adorns the sign of an all-male club called "Badlands". The moon is real and full in the sky.

To a thumping Disco Beat, a group of about 50 YOUNG MEN walk along Christopher Street towards West Street. The Music is heard from within "Badlands". The men are seen as silhouettes, walking singly and in pairs, some with their arms around one another.

They wear leather jackets, jeans and work boots and walk with a swagger, as they enter or congregate around the various gay clubs along Christopher Street - "The Ramrod", "Christopher's End", etc.

A Police Patrol Car slowly disturbs the scene.

5. INT: POLICE PATROL CAR

Patrolman JERRY DESHER, 30, driving, Patrolman LOU DiSIMONE, 33, riding shotgun.

DiSIMONE

(on the police radio)

Trivia teaser of the evening ...

(sings)

"Take out the papers and the trash, or
you don't get no spendin' cash. If you
don't scrub that kitchen floor, you
ain't gonna' rock an' roll no more ..."

A VOICE comes over the radio intercom.

VOICE

Drifters!

DESHER and DiSIMONE

Boo!

ANOTHER VOICE

Coasters!

DESHER and DiSIMONE

Yeah!

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Get off the air!

CONTINUED

DiSIMONE

Sssss.....

He clicks the radio off.

6. EXT: PATROL CAR as it cruises slowly along the snow-covered stretch of West Street flanked by the piers, the produce trucks, the West Side Highway and the gay bars.

MEN cluster outside the bars, shivering, watching, some kissing and fondling one another.

Cars cruise slowly along the piers, stop, turn around, wait.

All are aware of the Silent Patrol. A neon sign on the corner reads, "Hotel Christ" (the letters "opher" are dark.)

INT: PATROL CAR - DESHER AND DiSIMONE

DiSIMONE

(sings)

Duke...Duke...Duke...Duke of Earl...
Duke...

DESHER and DiSIMONE

...Duke...Duke of Earl...Duke...Duke...
Duke of Earl...Duke...Duke...Won't you
tell me who...who...who...wrote the book
of love...who...who...

A LONE MAN with a Guard Dog closes and locks the door of a junk shop and proceeds on his way. The car has eased away from the bars to a darker, more secluded section of West Street. Dozens of produce trucks are parked in lots along both sides of the street, where silent OLD WATCHMEN stand guard next to flaming oil barrels.

TWO SILHOUETTES emerge from between the trucks.

DESHER

(noticing them)

Two for the money ...

7. EXT: WEST STREET AND PATROL CAR

The police car glides toward the two figures. WE SEE that they are men, but dressed voluptuously in black leather suits, and with lipstick, rouge and long hair. They could pass easily for leather girls.

CONTINUED

7. CONTINUED

DiSIMONE
(rolling his window down)
Hey girls, you workin'?

BLOND
(later to be known as
"DaVINCI")
You buyin'?

DiSIMONE
No honey, we ain't buyin'.

DESHER
Hey, you fall down in them heels, you're
gonna break your ass.

BLOND
So's your sister.

DiSIMONE
What?

BLOND
You heard me.

The "girls" keep walking.

DiSIMONE
(to Desher)
Slow down...

DESHER
Let 'em go, Lou.

DiSIMONE
C'mere...! I'll break your face ...
C'mere!

The "girls" walk faster. DiSIMONE jumps out of the car and moves
to head them off. He removes his pistol from its holster.

BLOND
Hey man, give us a break ...

DiSIMONE
Get over here ...

BRUNETTE
You hauled my ass in last week.

DiSIMONE
A lot o' good it did me.

CONTINUED

7. CONTINUED

BRUNETTE

C'mon baby. I can't handle another pinch this month.

DiSIMONE

You're on my corner again, shithead. You know what that means? Get in the car!

For a moment they stare each other down.

CUT TO:

8. EXT: DARK ALLEY - BEHIND PARKING LOT AT 23rd STREET
BETWEEN 10th AND 11th AVENUE

The patrol car is the only vehicle parked. The engine and headlights are off. The streets are silent and trembling with a hidden energy.

DESHER is alone in the front seat. DiSIMONE is in back with the two "girls".

DiSIMONE (to DaVINCI)

You remind me of a fella I used to know. He was a coke sacker.

DESHER

Used to be a cork soaker.

DaVINCI

You guys are hilarious.

DiSIMONE

What about some pie in the shmie.

DESHER

Come on up here, I wanna show you my nightstick.

After a pause, the blond gets out of the car and enters the front seat.

9. EXT: PARKING LOT - LONG SHOT

The streets are silent and empty but for the snow.

The patrol car sits alone, huddled in the shadow of an abandoned warehouse.

CONTINUED

9. CONTINUED

The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY across the street. In the distance a SOLITARY FIGURE is seen in silhouette, walking purposefully through the night.

Shifting perspective, we follow the man at a distance as he turns into ever-narrowing, winding streets.

He is dressed in bike jacket, jeans, black boots. He wears a leather cap and black kid gloves.

10. EXT: "THE COCK-PIT"

We are on Little West 12th Street and Washington Street, an intersection of cobblestone and meat packing warehouses. Rows of meathooks are poised against the night.

The street is empty save for the solitary walker and dozens of cars parked near or alongside an unimposing black door between two packing warehouses. Many of the license plates carry the initials "FFA".

The wall and door are painted black and only a naked lightbulb over the door illumines a small, hand lettered sign "PRIVATE CLUB. MEMBERS ONLY".

The leather-clad stranger, STUART RICHARDS, (whose face will not be seen through this entire sequence) enters.

11. INT: "THE COCK-PIT"

On the second floor, two dark rooms. In the front, behind a little area where the BOUNCER and the MANAGER collect a \$5.00 entrance fee and check out the customers, a small bar lines one wall. In the center of the front room, a miniature pool table, crowded with groups of MEN sitting, not playing, sipping beer and talking.

CLOSE-UP DETAILS: Sleeveless undershirts that reveal tattooed biceps, keys dangling from studded belts, black leather hats and boots, colored bandannas sticking out of hip pockets.

To a loud and menacing Disco Beat, MEN dance together, or embrace.

In the dimly-lit backroom, a series of 2x4's is arranged from floor to ceiling, from which, suspended in chains, is a leather saddle, wherein a NAKED MAN (but for his boots), legs in the air, is being worked over slowly by a YOUNG BEARDED MAN in a leather vest.

OTHER MEN stand around watching, saying nothing. SEVERAL COUPLES are also grouped around, engaged in fellatio.

CONTINUED

11. CONTINUED

NOTE: None of this sexual activity can be clearly seen. It is only suggested and barely discernible to the camera.

Various signs, drawings and posters of nude men line the walls at random. One sign reads: "Rush Sold Here". Another, "Bullet for Sale".

The CAMERA studies the faces and features of the men. All are young and dressed (or undressed) in standard leather. Many sport beards or mustaches, few are clean shaven. And they come in all sizes, but most are in extraordinary physical condition. There are only ONE OR TWO BLACKS.

A MAN near the door speaks to STUART as he goes to the bar.

MAN

I got coke.

STUART pushes past him and joins a group of about A DOZEN MEN scattered along the bar.

WE SEE the other MEN in the room through his eyes. He intercepts various glances, and several men pass and look at him directly.

A number of men wear "hot hankies" in their left or right rear pockets, indicating their sexual preferences.

STUART lights a cigarette, sips a beer. A MAN approaches, dark hair, brown eyes. He seems to be of similar age, build and coloring as Stuart. His name is LOREN LUKAS, and at the moment, beer in hand, he is smiling.

STUART

Do I qualify?

LUKAS

I don't like cigarettes.

STUART

Oh.

LUKAS

I think they're disgusting.

STUART

Well I enjoy it.

LUKAS

All it is is anal-regressive. If you want to quit why don't you just try and substitute another form of childhood stroking?

CONTINUED

11. CONTINUED

STUART
I don't want to quit.

LUKAS
I'd recommend running an ostrich feather
along the small of your back, along your
spine and up to the nape of your neck.

STUART
Sounds addictive.

LUKAS
Why do you come here?

STUART
Why do you?

LUKAS
Because I'm having ego problems and I
need to be worshipped and adored.

STUART
Just got in.

LUKAS
Where from?

STUART
Mars.

LUKAS
That's great. I've never made it with a Martian.

STUART
Look, it's a boring place, right - blah-
blah - blah. Why don't we split?

12. EXT: THE ST. JAMES HOTEL.

The street is quiet at 4:00 AM. A FEW HUSTLERS AND JUNKIES
and other PEOPLE OF THE NIGHT wander ghostlike through the
snow, but none in the immediate vicinity of the run-down hotel
where a Taxi pulls up with LUKAS and STUART.

13. INT: LUKAS' ROOM - THE ST. JAMES HOTEL

A cot bed against one wall, next to it a chipped white wooden
end table strewn with beer cans. Below it, stacks of news-
papers.

In one corner, a closet, the door open revealing a change of
clothes, a dresser to match the end table. A bottle of cologne
on the dresser, along with a small bottle of Listerine, almost
empty; a hair brush, change of shirt, various coins, several
ties. Over the dresser, a mirror.

CONTINUED

13. CONTINUED

In the center of the small room, a coffee table holds a suitcase and a briefcase.

TIGHT CLOSE UP

LUKAS kisses STUART.

CLOSEUP

LUKAS takes a deep inhalation of amyl-nitrate, hands the container to STUART who does the same. STUART puts on the Hood.

The hood completely covers his head. He unzips the slits for eyes and mouth.

The two men disrobe. They are silhouettes in the tiny room, lit only by the lamp on the end table. STUART pulls LUKAS over to the bed.

They get into bed together. Simply. And with pleasure.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Several hours later. LUKAS wakes up. In his grogginess, he sees STUART, from the waist up, fully clothes, standing by the dresser, facing him in silence..

LUKAS

What are you doing?

STUART comes slowly over to the bed, sits next to LUKAS and puts his arm around him.

NOTE: STUART'S voice has changed and become deeper. He speaks in what will be called "The Voice of Jack".

STUART (Voice of Jack)

I was just looking for a cigarette. Are you scared?

LUKAS

Should I be?

STUART (Voice of Jack)

Have you ever been ripped off?

LUKAS

I've got nothing to take.

STUART (playfully)

I don't believe you're not afraid.

CONTINUED

13. CONTINUED

They sit in silence for a moment.

From behind them, WE SEE STUART'S HAND come from around LUKAS' shoulder to his neck. In his hand now, is a KNIFE.

LUKAS feels it. And turns slowly to face STUART.

LUKAS

Now I'm afraid.

STUART (Voice of Jack)

Lie down on the bed.

LUKAS does as he's told. He starts to whimper, quietly, evenly.

STUART (Voice of Jack)

It's weird. 'Cause I like you.

He gets some rope from Lukas' suitcase and begins to tie his feet, then his hands. He takes one of Lukas' neckties and uses it to tie his bound feet to his bound hands, turning LUKAS on his side.

LUKAS

Are you gonna rob me? Because I don't have anything here.

STUART shoves a gag in LUKAS' mouth, then sits beside him.

Slowly, playfully, he flicks the Knife into STUART'S back, behind his lungs. LUKAS reacts almost in relief. The tension is released - as though Thank God, he did it.

Blood spurts and pulsates from the wound.

STUART (Voice of Jack)

You made me do that.

He flicks the Knife again into LUKAS' back. This time LUKAS screams in anguish.

STUART (Quietly, Voice of
Jack, childlike)

Are you okay?

He stabs him again. LUKAS screams.

14. INT: THE ROOM NEXT DOOR

The Sounds of screaming and pumping bed springs awaken a WOMAN in the next room. She is about 50, dyed red hair, a waitress named DOROTHY GOLDSTEIN, who lives permanently in the hotel. She is frightened at what she hears, looks at her clock: It's 4:10 AM.

CONTINUED

14. CONTINUED

DOROTHY
(through the wall)
What is it? What's wrong?

For what seems like a long time, she lies frozen, listening. Then, she reaches for the phone. Dials 911. No answer. The phone keeps ringing. The screams in the next room continue louder.

IN CLOSEUP, DOROTHY hears the violent thrashing and screams. Then a VOICE comes over the phone.

VOICE
"This is a recording. You have reached the New York City Police Department. All the lines are busy. Your call is being held electronically. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered by the first available police communications person."

DOROTHY
(screams)
Somebody's getting murdered ...

VOICE
"Thank you...this is a recording..."

She is terrified. The screams from the next apartment are agonized but muffled, then no more.

Finally, a WOMAN'S VOICE comes on the line, cold, distant, matter of fact.

WOMAN'S VOICE
986 ...What is your emergency?

The door to the apartment closes quietly.

DOROTHY sits listening, shivering, conscious of her own heart beat. The CAMERA DRAWS BACK SLOWLY. The city is quiet, but for the distant sounds of the early morning garbage trucks, growling like a fierce and insatiable animal.

CUT SHARPLY TO:

15-16. OMITTED.

17. INT: THE CITY MORGUE. DAY

FIRST LOOK AT EDELSON: EDELSON holds hankie to face - has trouble looking at body.

In a large brick basement room, SEVERAL MEDICAL EXAMINERS are at work performing autopsies. The Sound of a Buzz Saw is heard as one of the M.E.'s cuts through to the brain.

CONTINUED

17. CONTINUED

The CORPSES, nude, lie strewn about like so many discarded mannequins on the solid aluminum tables.

EDELSON is near the body of Loren Lukas with the Chief Medical Examiner, DR. STANLEY RIFKIN, in his late 30's, tall, heavy-set; wears glasses, looks serious but has a wry sense of humor.

RIFKIN

Anus dilated at the time of death, slight rupture above the anus indicating intercourse. We found semen but can't identify it ...

EDELSON

What do you mean?

RIFKIN

Aspermia.

EDELSON

In English.

RIFKIN

No sperm. Your killer is shooting blanks. His semen tests out positively but contains no sperm.

EDELSON

Why not?

RIFKIN

Maybe he has some physical aberration or a malfunction. Maybe he had a vasectomy. Could be his testes were infected.

EDELSON

What else?

EDELSON and the MEDICAL EXAMINER move to a series of knife-wound x-rays.

RIFKIN

Well, this first wound was clean ...he never knew it was coming. This one... and these...they're defensive, which means he tried to resist...So you've got a top to bottom grouping. And from the angle of entry, I'd say your killer is right-handed.

EDELSON

This knife is leaving its own fingerprints.

CONTINUED

17. CONTINUED

RIFKIN

That's right ...the serrations, the width of the cut, the depth, approximately three inches into flesh...they match the other killings pretty close. Close enough.

EDELSON

So what am I lookin' for?

RIFKIN

(takes a piece of paper
and pen and begins to
draw)

It's a common variety, I'd say kitchen knife. Used to cut...what? Meat...poultry...This end is blunt, handy for a right-handed man, the tip is slightly serrated, the blade is about 4 inches long, say four and a half...

CUT TO:

18. INT: OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF DETECTIVES. DAY

MALCOLM BERMAN, the Chief of Detectives, is a tough, ex-street cop. Well-dressed, balding, in his late 50's.

EDELSON enters.

BERMAN

The P.C. is on the phone, the mayor's on the phone, every gay group in the city is stompin' around my office all day. What is Christ more do you need? Whatever you need you got. I'll put anybody you want on this --

EDELSON

I don't need more men. I've just got to do more with the information I have.

BERMAN

You got 23 years on this job. I want you to go out on a high note, but both our reputations are at stake here. I went to the P.C.! I recommended you for this squad and I'm not gonna have this thing explode on me.

EDELSON

I understand.

A pause.

CONTINUED

18. CONTINUED

BERMAN

Break this case, Dave. I don't care what you have to do. I want it cleaned up by the time the Democratic Convention comes in here. Or I'll put somebody in there who can do it.

19. INT: "THE COCK-PIT". NIGHT

The rooms are in full swing, crowded and pulsating with the energy of Disco and a HUNDRED MEN in various tableaux of sex and dance.

DETECTIVES LEFRANSKY and SCHREIBER enter quietly and speak to the BOUNCER and SPOTTER at the door. LEFRANSKY shows his badge.

SPOTTER

Sorry boys. Last Thursday was Precinct Night.

LEFRANSKY

You the boss?

SPOTTER

Why?

LEFRANSKY

Who gets the summons?

The SPOTTER nods to the BARTENDER.

Their presence is immediately perceived as Men break away from their partners and rush toward various hiding places to retrieve clothing and make for the only exit - past the DETECTIVES, who walk calmly toward the BARTENDER, showing their badges.

SPOTTER

(following the Detectives)
Y'know what you're doin'? Y'know who owns this joint?

SCHREIBER

What name do I make out the summons to?

20. INT: OUTER OFFICE - MANHATTAN DISTRICT ATTORNEY. DAY

EDELSON passes a group of COPS and ASSISTANT D.A.'s in conversation near a water cooler.

1st ASSISTANT DA (Black)

I'm forty years old.

EDELSON

(passing)
Who's forty years old?

CONTINUED

20. CONTINUED

1st ASSISTANT DA (Black)
Me.

EDELSON
You look it.

1st ASSISTANT DA
I know it. I feel it too.

He goes through a door marked "Kahn - Assistant D.A.".

21. INT: OFFICE OF RALPH KAHN (ASSISTANT DA). DAY

In the room: KAHN, in his early 30's; PAUL KLEIN, in his 50's, well-dressed, close-cropped hair, slightly imperious attitude and HOWARD ROSE, a good-looking young man in his late 20's, assistant to Klein.

EDELSON
There goes the neighborhood

KAHN
'Morning Dave ...Dave, you know Paul Klein.

EDELSON
Sure...

KLEIN
Did we meet?

EDELSON
About twelve-thirteen years ago. I was a detective out o' Public Morals. I bought some pornographic films at a place called "Loveland" on the Duece. You represented the owners.

KLEIN
Yes, of course.

EDELSON
You had me on the stand for four hours. Before I got through I didn't know whether I bought the films or sold them.

KLEIN
This is my associate, Howard Rose.

ROSE
How do you do?

He sits and prepares to take notes on a yellow legal pad.

CONTINUED

21. CONTINUED

KLEIN

I represent "The Cock-Pit", a private club located on Little West 12th Street in this city...You ordered a raid on "The Cock-Pit" which took place this morning at approximately 4:00 AM.

EDELSON

Lewd and lascivious acts ...

KLEIN

I see. Were the lewd and lascivious acts personally observed by the officers who issued the summons?

EDELSON

I expect they were.

KLEIN

And did the officers bring back a sample of the so-called illegally sold alcohol?

EDELSON looks at KAHN, neither speaks.

EDELSON

Well, Mr. Klein, your client, Tommy Mancusi, claims to operate a Chartered Bottle Club. But guess what - there was no list of members at the door, that's a violation. Also, in a Chartered Bottle Club, no more than 20 people are permitted to congregate at any one time - Mr. Mancusi had at least a hundred guys in there. I think that's terrible.

KLEIN

That's going to be your detective's word against the manager's.

EDELSON

"The Cock-Pit" is owned and operated by known criminals, furthermore there was a garbage box blocking a fire exit and no soap in the toilet.

ROSE

Capt. Edelson, are you a latent homosexual?

EDELSON

You'll have to ask my hairdresser, Shortie.

KLEIN

The owners of "The Cock-Pit" intend to plead innocent to all charges, Mr. Kahn. And to reopen this evening.

They start to leave.

21. CONTINUED

EDELSON

Here's your hat, what's your hurry.

An uncomfortable silence.

KAHN

This is all downhill. These summonses won't stand up. Turn it off.

22. EXT: MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS. DAY

LONG SHOT

Amid the SHOPPERS and STROLLERS, many of them young people from Columbia University, the CAMERA PICKS UP the lone figure of a man in sweat clothes, jogging - STUART RICHARDS.

We follow him along a commercial street, around a corner to a residential neighborhood and into a small apartment building.

23. INT: STUART RICHARDS' APARTMENT. DAY

A small apartment in an old building, living room/kitchen combo, bedroom, bath. Textbooks on the American Musical Theatre and hand-written notebooks scattered around the living room; a small portable phonograph from which emanate the sounds of a Rodgers-Hammerstein Musical Score ("My Favorite Things" from "The Sound of Music") one or two Broadway musical posters on the walls.

There is a small upright piano against one wall.

STUART is stripped to the waist, his muscles rippling as he pumps repeated barbell presses, first standing, then lying flat.

He breathes deeply as the sweat coils his body, bends and jerks an enormous Bar in one move, to his shoulders, then over his head, then behind his neck.

After repeated presses, he sets the Bar down and stares at himself in the Mirror, sweating, his muscles flexing.

From down the hall, O.S., WE HEAR the approaching sound of a Man Sneezing, three, four, five times, then a KNOCK at the door.

STUART turns from the mirror, shuts the phonograph off and goes to the door.

STUART

God bless you five times.

VOICE OF PAUL GAINES (O.S.)

Thank you five times.

He sneezes once again as the door opens to reveal PAUL GAINES, a young man slightly older than Stuart, his neighbor down the hall and a law student at Columbia. Thin, wiry, blond with long hair and mustache.

CONTINUED

PAUL

Sorry, didn't realize you were ...

STUART

'Ts okay ...

PAUL

I forgot that normal people are all
building healthier bodies these days.
Got any cigarettes?

STUART

Over there by the sink ...

PAUL

(getting cigarettes)

Matches?

STUART crosses to his closet and fishes through his pants
pockets.

STUART

Want me to smoke it for you?

PAUL

It's a tribute to your decency that you
haven't reminded me I've been getting up
at the crack of noon every day.

STUART hangs his slacks upside down. A Book of Matches falls
between his bare feet.

PAUL picks them up.

PAUL (contd')

Thanks.

(he lights up; then,
referring to his cigarette)

God, what is this stuff, sheep shit?

STUART

Fifty cents a pack.

PAUL

I didn't realize things were that rough.

STUART

I think my old man is about to "draw the
line..." again. He turned me down on the
car ...

PAUL

Oh, no...

CONTINUED

STUART

He didn't see why I needed a car to do research all summer in a library that's across the street from where I live ...

PAUL

What are your plans?

STUART

Live within my meagre means and continue with my thesis on the roots of the American Musical Theatre. All in the way of buying two more years before I have to go out in the world.

PAUL

I didn't mean your plans for life, Stuart. I meant tonight.

STUART

I've got to go out and I want to do some more work.

PAUL

Well, if you get tired of studying, maybe I can get my father to adopt you.

STUART

You're too kind.

PAUL

You noticed.

PAUL exits.

24. INT: EDELSON'S OFFICE. LATE DAY

EDELSON sips his tea-with-lemon-to-go and stares at the "Charley Chop-Off" bulletin board.

On his desk is "Boris", the computer chess game.

The door opens tentatively and STEVE BURNS enters. He is 27 years old, about six feet tall, dark hair, dark eyes, alert bright and energetic. He is dressed in the uniform of the Police Academy.

BURNS

Captain Edelstein?

EDELSON

Edelson.

BURNS

Sorry. I'm Steve Burns.

CONTINUED

EDELSON

Come on in, close the door...Sit down.

EDELSON opens a folder on his desk, as BURNS sits.

EDELSON (cont'd)

Before you entered the Academy, you had executive training at Macy's, you worked in a furniture store. What else?

BURNS

Three years at NYU. Studied accounting. I worked as a waiter for awhile in an Italian reataurant. But I couldn't remember to bring the bread sticks.

EDELSON

Why'd you join the force?

BURNS

Well, where I come from, a cop is definitely a step up. There were no doctors, no lawyers, or even college graduates in my family. My old man was the "super" of the building where I grew up and I was always "the super's kid". So I guess it was inborn, I had to get away from that as soon as I could.

EDELSON

Have you ever had your cock sucked?

BURNS

What?

EDELSON

Ever been porked or had a guy smoke your pole?

BURNS

I don't get your line of questioning, Captain.

EDELSON

Why do you think you were called here?

BURNS

I don't know.

EDELSON

What did they tell you at the Academy?

BURNS

To see you.

CONTINUED

EDELSON

Just go down to headquarters and see Captain Edelstein?

BURNS

I said I was sorry about that. I'm here 'cause I volunteered for some kind of special assignment. But I think you got the wrong guy.

EDELSON

Take a look at the board.

BURNS goes to it.

EDELSON (cont'd)

Paul Vincent was an English professor at Columbia University. Loren Lukas was an actor ...

BURNS

(studying board)

The St. James Hotel stabbing. I read about it.

EDELSON

Take a look at their faces.

BURNS looks carefully.

EDELSON (cont'd)

How'd you like to disappear?

BURNS

Sir?

EDELSON

Go undercover.

Pause.

EDELSON (contd')

These killings are similar. The victims were gay of course. But recently we been finding torsos in the river. No heads. Just arms, legs and bodies. They all seem to be the same age, but they don't match up to any missing persons and I think they're the work of this same killer. The guy who did those two.

BURNS

So why me?

CONTINUED

EDELSON

Your Academy record's good. But more important all the victims are the same physical type. Caucasian, late twenties, about 140-150 lbs, dark hair, dark eyes. They all look like you.

BURNS

I see.

EDELSON

I want to send you out there to see if you can attract this guy.

BURNS

Out there.

EDELSON

Vincent and Lukas weren't part of the mainstream of gay life. Both were into Heavy Leather - S&M. Which is a kind of world unto itself. I don't know how much you know about that sort of thing, but if you take the assignment, you'll come out with more experience than any of my detectives.

BURNS

I'm supposed to go around in drag and hope this guy comes on to me?

EDELSON

You stand a chance of skipping patrol and going right to detective, second grade.

BURNS

How far do I have to go?

EDELSON

If we send out an undercover narc, he grows a beard and long hair but he doesn't have to become an addict.

BURNS

Do I carry a gun?

CONTINUED

24. CONTINUED

EDELSON

No gun. No shield. You'll be paid once a month. You'll get a call, telling you where to pick up the money. You report only to me. And nobody can know anything about what you're doing.

BURNS

Up the creek without a paddle.

EDELSON

What do you say?

They stare at each other for a long time.

BURNS

I love it.

25. INT: HALLWAY - BURNS' APARTMENT. LATE DAY

Modern, cheerful, modest. As the door opens and BURNS enters, the first thing we see, from his Point of View, is a pair of shapely legs poised on a table near the living room window.

CONTINUED

The legs belong to NANCY GATES, 25, Burns' roommate. She is bright, attractive, a student in English Lit at Hunter College and part-time teacher.

At the moment, she is watering a plant that hangs from the ceiling.

BURNS
You cut your bangs!

NANCY
I was tired of having 'em' flop around.

BURNS
Nice.

NANCY
Needed to change my self-image.

BURNS
To what?

NANCY
Never mind. You're next.

She jumps off the table, picks up a pair of scissors and comes after him.

She pursues him, he feints, then suddenly grabs her. They lock in an embrace and kiss.

CUT TO:

26. INT: KITCHEN - BURNS' APARTMENT

BURNS is preparing a Caesar Salad, rubbing the bowl with a garlic clove, adding anchovies and mashing them, then mustard and Worcestershire, etc.

NANCY prepares four slices of Chicken, places them in the oven and sets the table.

NANCY
I got a new batch of kids today.

BURNS
Yeah?

NANCY
Some of them are ...amazing. There's this 12 year old boy, Michael Esteves... He's so smart and so cute - he's this big... an' he wants to try out for the basketball team!

CONTINUED

26. CONTINUED

BURNS

What's he doin' in a high school
reading program?

NANCY

He's too smart to be in an elementary
school. I gave him college level
reading and he breezed right through
it, no problem at all. He tends to
get bored because he goes so fast, and
because it's not his language.

BURNS

What's this?

He notices a series of sculpted painted tiles that come
together in the shape of a fish, in the center of the kitchen
table.

NANCY

Little present. Here, this one shows
when we first met, here's the trip to
Colorado, finding this apartment...here's
the train in the snowstorm...

BURNS

Why a fish?

NANCY

I have no idea. Just a fish.

BURNS

Someday when you're a school
teacher, this is going to be
valuable.

He examines one of the tiles - she sets it back in place carefully.

NANCY

It should always keep its shape.

CUT TO:

26A. INT: BURNS' APT - BEDROOM. LATER

BURNS and NANCY in bed, caressing tenderly.

27. INT: BURNS and NANCY - BURNS' APARTMENT. LATER

BURNS and NANCY lying on the living room couch. Another record
is on the phonograph. NANCY is reading The New Yorker Magazine.

NANCY

Bill Evans is at The Village Vanguard.

CONTINUED

27. CONTINUED

BURNS

When?

NANCY

Friday night for three nights.

BURNS

I have to be away this weekend.
Maybe for a few weeks. Maybe
longer.

NANCY

Away? Where?

BURNS

I can't really talk about it.

NANCY

Why not?

BURNS

Can't. That's all. I'll try
to come around whenever I can.

NANCY

Is it dangerous?

BURNS

No more than hanging by your
toes off the World Trade Center.

NANCY

Scared?

BURNS

Sure.

NANCY

Why do it?

BURNS

Gold Shield right away. Like your
12 year old kid - kindergarten to
Harvard - Bam! Detective Steve Burns!
How does that sound?

NANCY

Didn't realize you were so ambitious.

CONTINUED

BURNS

There's a lot you don't know
about me.

NANCY

Such as.

BURNS

I collect stones. Perfect white
stones that I find on the beach
where I grew up.

NANCY

I've never seen them.

BURNS

I hide them.

NANCY

Why?

BURNS

It's very personal.

NANCY

Like where you're going...

BURNS

I just want to see...If I can
move around in the dark and
stay afloat in the water.

NANCY

Not enough excitement in your life,
huh?

She grabs him and they hug, breaking the mood.

27A. MONTAGE: EXT: CHRISTOPHER AND WEST STREET. NIGHT (Note:
This scene previously numbered Sc 33, page 29.)

BURNS observes the styles and routines of the YOUNG HUSTLERS
and CRUISERS.

27B. MONTAGE: INT: A GAY BAR ON WEST SIDE. NIGHT (BADLANDS)
(Note: This scene previously numbered Sc 34, page 29.)

BURNS is at the bar, alone. He sees and hears the conversation
of the ALL-MALE PATRONS. He is very much an outsider.

27C. EXT: CENTRAL PARK - THE RAMBLE NEAR THE TUNNEL. NIGHT

MEN stroll alone or in pairs. TWO MEN appear out of the
bushes where they have been making love. They exit quickly,
past BURNS, who wanders into the scene, alert, anticipative.

He sits on a bench under a streetlamp and observes a Group
of Men caressing, concealed by a large granite formation.

Above, on a higher rock plateau sit THREE RESTLESS TEEN-AGE
BOYS, "Fag-Haters", observing the scene.

Several Men pass BURNS, eyeing him. One is STUART RICHARDS.
BURNS sees him for a brief instant.

A Man who has been watching BURNS walks slowly toward him and
presents himself, face-to-face.

It is ERIC ROSSMAN. (See description.)

ERIC
Great night.

BURNS
Sure is.

ERIC
Want to get a beer?

BURNS
Not really.

ERIC
Neither do I. Let's make magic.

He moves away, beckoning BURNS to follow.

ERIC (cont'd)
I want to show you something.

CONTINUED

27C. CONTINUED

BURNS follows him.

Into the Ramble. Through the thick brush that isolates and conceals a tiny, confessional-like area.

ROSSMAN leads, BURNS follows. They arrive at a clearing and turn to face one another.

A long look passes between them. Then ERIC advances toward BURNS. BURNS holds his ground, until ERIC grabs his penis.

Instinctively BURNS jumps back several paces. ERIC smiles.

ERIC

You're not shy are you?

BURNS

Ticklish. What did you want to show me?

ERIC

Paradise.

He moves again toward BURNS. BURNS blinks and swallows.

ERIC falls to his knees before BURNS.

A Sound is heard off in the brush.

Then a Silhouette is seen nearby as Two Silhouettes run quickly away in the background.

A Flashlight goes on. BURNS is petrified. ERIC gets to his feet and runs off.

VOICE

Better move on, son. It isn't safe here tonight.

The shape that belongs to the Voice steps forward. BURNS backs up, then sees - a uniformed policeman. BURNS turns and runs.

FADE OUT

27D. MONTAGE: INT: "THE UNDERGROUND". NIGHT (Note: This scene previously numbered Sc 35, page 29.)

An erotic emporium catering to male homosexuals into leather fantasies. Numerous articles of Leather Clothing, Masks and

CONTINUED

27D. CONTINUED

Whips and other torture devices are on display. BURNS is dressed now in tight-fitting levis, a thick leather belt, sandals, a snug t-shirt. He looks at a counter display of multi-colored handkerchiefs labelled "Hot Hankies".

BURNS

Could I ask about these?

SALESMAN

What about them?

BURNS

What are they for?

SALESMAN

A light blue in your left back pocket means you want a blow job ...right pocket means you give ... green on the left side, you're a hustler; right side, you're a buyer...Yellow, left side, you give golden shower...right side, you receive...the red one...

BURNS

(starts to leave)

Thanks ...

SALESMAN

See anything you want?

BURNS

I'm gonna go home an' think it over.

SALESMAN

I'm sure you'll make the right choice.

28. EXT. LONG SHOT - CENTRAL PARK. WEST SIDE NEAR NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. NIGHT

SUMMER

Dozens of YOUNG MEN stroll, lounge on benches, display their goods. Some have paired off, others chit-chat in groups. They wear light, tight summer clothes and self-advertising levis; many wear open-toed sandals and hold themselves rigidly erect.

Sitting poised on the top rung of a bench, by himself, is STUART RICHARDS. He is dressed like the others, but he wears a light leather jacket. (We do not see his face clearly.)

He gets several stares, most of which he ignores.

Then a young man eases close to him and STUART holds his look. The man is about 23, dark hair, brown eyes, muscular. His name is ERIC ROSSMAN.

A Police Car passes on Central Park West. STUART and some of the others exchange silent stares with the TWO YOUNG COPS.

ERIC

Great night.

STUART

Mmmm.

ERIC

Want to get a beer?

STUART

I'm not thirsty.

After a pause, ERIC starts to move away.

STUART (cont'd)

Ships that pass in the night?

ERIC

Huh?

STUART

I said "Ships that pass in the night."

ERIC

Word games aren't my style.

STUART

What is?

ERIC

Cheap thrills.

STUART

It's late.

CONTINUED

28. CONTINUED

ERIC

I'd ask you up to my place, but I
don't have air conditioning yet.

STUART

Too bad ...well, the park's fine.

A Stone Wall separates the Park from the Street.

EXT: "THE RAMBLE". NIGHT

In the park, an Iron Fence seals off a large tract of trees and tall thickets of bushes from the roadway.

The bars of the fence have been bent to allow entrance to a worn dirt path which leads into the bushes.

Silhouettes of MEN moving singly and in pairs are seen in the darkness.

STUART and ERIC proceed quickly but cautiously along this path in darkness to a kind of Grotto in the center of which is a sheltering, weathered tree. Surrounding the tree are little "confessional-like" spaces created by the untrimmed flora.

This is the area known as "THE RAMBLE".

As they move along the twisting turning pathways, STUART sings softly in a child-like, playful sotto voce:

STUART

(singing)

Who's here ...I'm here ...You're here.

ERIC giggles.

A mocking echo of STUART'S sing song is heard from another direction.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who's here ...I'm here...We're here.

Followed by giggles.

STUART (V.O.)

I'm here...You're here...We're here.

The CAMERA is with ERIC. He is breathless and sweating. He plunges forward a few more steps, then stops in a secluded area near the old tree.

Silence.

CONTINUED

29. CONTINUED

ERIC
(whispers)
Hey ...where are you?

A giggle is heard in the distance.

ERIC (cont'd)
Where'd you go? Hey...I can't see...

Silence. Stillness, save for ERIC's breathing, getting louder and faster.

And then, a footstep in the brush.

ERIC (cont'd)
Is that you - where the hell are you?

A long, long silence as ERIC turns this way and that. His eyes try to blink away the darkness.

Then ...

a child-like sotto voce:

STUART (V.O.)
...I'm here...You're here...

And then a menacing, full dispassionate masculing taunt:

STUART (Voice of Jack)
I've been waiting for you!!

ERIC gasps.

The flash of a blade catches the moonlight.

A louder gasp - and thrashing.

Black NIGHT.

Long pause.

SUDDEN CUT TO:

30. EXT: CENTRAL PARK - THE NEXT DAY

LONG SHOT

Early on a fine morning.

31. EXT: "THE RAMBLE"

A peaceful and serene sun-flecked arboreal mecca.

The Sound of footsteps is heard, approaching slowly.

A Police Officer, JOHN LOVELLI, 30, enters with EDELSON, BLASIO, and SCHREIBER. They stare down at the body of ERIC ROSSMAN.

32-35. NOTE: These scenes follow Sc 27 in sequence and are numbered 27A, 27B, 27C, 27D, pages 25B, 25C, and 25D.

36. EXT: GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - NEAR WEST SIDE (GAY STREET).
DAY

A Taxi pulls up in front of a modest apartment building. BURNS gets out carrying a large Suitcase, pays the fare and enters the building. He is wearing a see-through sport shirt, levis and sandals. His hair is considerably longer.

37. INT: BURNS' NEW APARTMENT. DAY

He raises the shade to reveal a small, furnished top-floor apartment. The paint on the walls and ceiling is cracking loose, and the room doesn't seem to have been thoroughly cleaned; there are remnants of the previous tenant, stacks of magazines, etc.

From the street below WE HEAR distant Voices and Traffic and from nearby apartments WE HEAR Music playing and a Typewriter clacking loudly.

BURNS starts to move furniture around.

CUT TO:

38. INT: BURNS' NEW APARTMENT. DAY

He removes items from his open suitcase and hangs them in the closet or places them in dresser drawers. The clothes reflect his new life-style.

He begins to tidy up the room. The clacking typewriter in the next apartment stops.

CUT TO:

On his way across the room, BURNS bumps into an end table and a stack of male Nudie Magazines slides to the floor.

BURNS flips through them: Oiled Muscular Boys in jock-straps, various poses, singles, doubles, etc.

BURNS gathers all the magazines and steps out into the hallway.

39. INT: HALLWAY - BURNS' NEW APARTMENT.

Dark walls, a 25-watt bulb. Two other doors on the landing. BURNS carries the magazines to a trash basket at the end of the hall.

40. INT: TED'S APARTMENT AND HALL. DAY

As he passes of the other apartments, the door opens to

CONTINUED

40. CONTINUED

reveal a friendly-looking, round-cheeked man in his middle twenties: TED BAILEY.

TED
Hi. You the new tenant?

BURNS
Yeah.

TED
When'd you move in?

BURNS
Yesterday. Yesterday afternoon.

TED
I must have been asleep with the air conditioner on. I've been working nights and sleeping days. Like Fidel Castro, only he's running a whole country. I'm Ted Bailey.

BURNS
John Forbes.

TED
Doing a little house cleaning?

BURNS
Oh, these.
(the magazines)
Yeah, somebody left them in the room.

TED
(smiles)
That was Bobby. He had exotic tastes. Oh don't drop 'em in the trash bin. Mrs. McGuire likes us to stack our old magazines under the stairs. She sells 'em.

BURNS
You're putting me on.

TED
No. She hasn't figured out a way to sell ordinary garbage, so that she lets us throw out. And don't hang any pictures.

BURNS
I know. She told me.

TED
Got time for a cup of coffee...? Really primo, right down the street.

CONTINUED

40. CONTINUED

BURNS

Gee, I'd like to try an' finish -

TED

Go ahead, finish what you're doing,
then I'll treat you to the local
cuisine. Had breakfast? My God -
2:30!

41. EXT: GREENWICH VILLAGE - A QUIET STREET. DAY

TED and BURNS walking.

TED

Dinner time its seafood to hold down
on calories. Have to watch myself or
I balloon up like Shelley Winters. It's
worse when I'm working on something. I
hope my typing didn't bother you.

BURNS

(shaking his head)
What are you working on?

TED

I'm trying to finish a play.

BURNS

What kind of play?

TED

Boy meets boy, boy loses boy, boy
ends up with analyst. It's a light
romantic comedy, old-fashioned and
sophisticated, the kind nobody's
interested in anymore.

BURNS

Does that discourage you?

TED

Hell no. It would be hard to be ignored
if I were writing something serious, but
I just want to please.

42. INT: GREASY SPOON DINER. DAY

TED and BURNS at a window table, very few other PATRONS, all
GAY YOUNG MEN. TED nurses a cheeseburger, slowly, while BURNS
eagerly attacks a plate of bacon and eggs.

TED

(signals waitress)
Things are tough right now, but I feel
my destiny is to be recognized. And
my roommate works stadily so we get by.

CONTINUED

42. CONTINUED

BURNS

What does your roommate do?

TED

He's a dancer. Gregory Milanese.
He's out of town with a new musical
trying out in Westport or someplace.
So I'm at loose ends so to speak. What
about yourself?

BURNS

Just ...Well, I quit school. Accounting.
Thought I'd try to find a job ...

TED

Good luck. Where've you been living?

BURNS

Jersey.

The WAITRESS finally comes by and fills their coffee cups.

TED

The first braille waitress.

They sip coffee and TED notices a YOUNG MAN at the counter
reading "The Post".

TED (cont'd)

Been reading about the killings?

BURNS

Hmmm? Which, you mean - ?

TED

They had a takeout in The News yesterday.
A knifing in Central Park. "Homo Killer
on the Prowl". It's the talk of every gay
bar in town.

BURNS

Yeah, I read a little bit about it.

TED

I've always been scared to death of
cruising myself.

BURNS

The guy'll mess up somewhere ...the cops
will grab him.

CONTINUED

42. CONTINUED

TED

The cops? If they get their hands on him, they'll make him a member of the vice squad. I'll tell you something. There was another killing like this one, five or six months ago. I don't even think it made the papers, but we heard about it around here. The victim was a teacher at Columbia, but he was a primo notorious character around the local watering holes. They found him in his apartment in about ten pieces. Some detectives came around asking questions for a few days, but nothing came of it.

BURNS

Guess you can't be too careful.
(finishes coffee)
They do make good coffee.

TED

And there's always the primo floor show.

He refers to THREE YOUNG MEN in ass-hugging anatomical slacks who have just entered with DAVINCI in full drag.

They giggle and whisper and proceed to a booth in the back.

BURNS

Can I ...?

He gets up, reaches into his pocket.

TED

No ... I've got it. Next time it's your turn.

BURNS

Enjoyed the company.

TED

So did I, Let's do it again, (pause) John?

43. INT: GAY BAR ("THE EAGLE'S NEST"). NIGHT

MONTAGE

MEN in snug shirts and ass-hugging slacks are jammed into a dark sweaty bar. Gossiping, slouching, dancing, parading, many waiting to get in.

Most of the Young Men wear Hot Hankies. BURNS wears a dark blue hanky in his left rear pocket.

CONTINUED

43. CONTINUED

Against a wall, a row of MEN stand, some shirtless, some almost naked except for jockstraps and boots.

Hungry eyes flash around the room. BURNS sips a beer and chats with the BARTENDER, a thin, muscular man in his late 40's. STUART RICHARDS passes BURNS. Their eyes meet. Then STUART continues along the bar.

A MAN with red hair and mustache, early 30's, moves in next to BURNS.

RED

Great place.

BURNS

Yeah.

RED

They say thank you after they blow you.

BURNS

Dynamite.

(He points to a belt worn by Red that has a battery-operated light show on the buckle.)

What's that?

RED

The latest in clone wear. You into water sports?

BURNS

(shakes his head "no")

I just like to watch.

RED

Hmmm?

BURNS

I like to watch. I'm not sure what I'm looking for.

RED

Later.

He moves away. Then turns to BURNS.

RED (cont'd)

If you just like to watch, take that hankie outta' your pocket, asshole.

44. INT: "712 CLUB" - UPPER WEST SIDE.. LATE DAY

The quaint old-fashioned bar is almost empty, but for a few dedicated DRUNKS, TRUCK DRIVERS and MEAT PACKERS on a break in the late afternoon.

EDELSON sips a beer and shoots a solitary game of pool in the back room.

BURNS enters, joins EDELSON and grabs a cue stick.

BURNS

I'm startin' to make contacts.

He sinks a shot.

EDELSON

You're not supposed to make me look bad.

BURNS

They never mentioned that at the Academy.

They continue the game. EDELSON sinks three balls.

EDELSON

I was never able to involve myself mentally in this game. I always want to just bang into the ball...I remember a black guy at McGurn's Saloon when I was a kid...He used to say "Just hit it softly...it be there..."

BURNS

It's busy out there. Whenever the schools are out the crowds double. You can't move. Ever make that scene? Professionally, I mean?

EDELSON

No. I used to work the pussy posse. I was never very attractive to men.

BURNS

Gee, there are a lot o' chubby chasers out there.

EDELSON

Wise guy.

BURNS

A name keeps comin' up...the guy who owns "The Cock-Pit" and five or six other joints. Tommy Mancusi. They call him "Tommy the Joker".

CONTINUED

44. CONTINUED

EDELSON
You pullin' my tit?

BURNS
No.

EDELSON
You don't know who "Tommy the
Joker" is?

BURNS
No.

EDELSON
Well, I do. I can't move on him.

BURNS
Why not?

EDELSON
I ask the questions. Me Captain,
you decoy.

BURNS
(smiling)
Are you insinuating there's corrup-
tion in the police department?

EDELSON
Absolutely not. No cop can be bought.
There are a few you can rent from time
to time...

BURNS puts up his cue.

EDELSON (cont'd)
Be careful.

BURNS
I will. Oh, by the way, Captain...
I ain't been porked yet.

44A. EXT: "THE COCK-PIT"

BURNS enters.

45. INT: ENTRANCE TO "THE COCK-PIT". NIGHT

A sign in the entranceway reads: "PRECINCT NIGHT". \$10 ADMISSION." All the men waiting to enter are dressed as cops, as are those within the club itself. A large papier-mache set of Handcuffs dangles from the ceiling over the bar reflecting the light over a dance floor crowded with "cops" dancing and in various sexual attitudes.

BURNS is completely out of place in leather jacket and levis.

BOUNCER

(as Burns approaches
ticket desk)

You don't happen to be carrying
anything...such as a gun, or a
knife...

BURNS

What's the problem?

SELLER

Are you a police officer?

BURNS

What?

SELLER

Sir, tonight is Precinct Night.
Your attitude is all wrong and I'll
have to ask you to turn away from
the gates of Paradise.

The staring contest is won by the Bouncer and the Seller.

BOUNCER

Take a walk.

46. EXT: "THE COCK-PIT". SAME NIGHT

BURNS exits, looks up and down the deserted wet streets. It's 3:00 AM and too early to call it a night.

BURNS starts along Washington Street past the empty packing houses.

In the b.g. WE SEE the door to "The Cock-Pit" open and close. A MAN in silhouette follows BURNS. He is dressed in cop drag.

47. EXT: STREET NEAR "THE COCK-PIT".

BURNS turns onto another empty and menacing street. He becomes aware that he's being followed.

He stops at a corner, looks both ways. Hears faint footsteps behind him. There is no traffic.

BURNS continues his brisk pace and the CAMERA ENVELOPS the balletic stalking malehunt.

BURNS turns another corner.

CUT TO:

48. EXT: LONG SHOT - AN EMPTY STREET

of Warehouses. The two men continue in their separate spaces, about a half a block apart.

Suddenly, in the middle of the street, alongside an empty parking lot, BURNS stops and turns to confront his Pursuer.

BURNS' hand goes into his pocket.

The PURSUER stops suddenly, his hand shooting quickly and instinctively into his own pocket.

BURNS
You lookin' for somethin'?

A long pause.

SKIP
That was pretty dumb in there.

BURNS
I didn't know about Precinct Night.

SKIP
You'll know next time. You a cop?

BURNS
Are you?

SKIP
If that bulge in your pants ain't a knife, why don't we take a walk?

CONTINUED

48. CONTINUED

BURNS

Got a room?

SKIP

Is the Pope Catholic?

SKIP comes closer to BURNS, who stands his ground.

WE SEE, with Burns: dark hair, dark eyes, a Young Man of about 170 lbs., six feet tall.

BURNS

Pass.

49. INT: EDELSON'S OFFICE.

Seated across from EDELSON are two members of the Gay Action Committee: BILL HUGHES, 30, and LARRY KEEFE, 28. HUGHES has a copy of the "New York Daily News" with the headline, "Gay Killer Still at Large".

EDELSON

Let me say for openers I'm not anti-gay.

KEEFE

And we're not anti-cop.

EDELSON

That makes all three of us full o' shit.

KEEFE

How would you feel about a homosexual working in your police department?

EDELSON

No objection. If he was a good cop.

KEEFE

I should think you're more comfortable with us as long as we stay in the closet.

HUGHES

(holding up newspaper)

This is the sort of thing that keeps giving us a bad name.

EDELSON

Hey ...

HUGHES

...What do you call it when a husband bludgeons his wife to death?

EDELSON

Straight murder...

CONTINUED

49. CONTINUED

KEEFE (stands)

There's no point, really.

EDELSON

What do you suggest I have 'em
put down on the police blotter
when a man gets murdered and we find
semen in his anus? To me that's
homosexual...

HUGHES (stands)

To me it's necrophilia ...If you
don't know what it means, you can
look it up.

They turn to leave.

EDELSON

You're labelling me now, Mr. Hughes.
I realize that times have changed...
15 years ago I gave Lenny Bruce his
first bust for talking dirty in a night-
club. Today Lenny Bruce is a saint and
I'm a pig but if this fantasy world you're
ever living in ever gets to be a reality,
then you and everybody else is gonna have
to carry swords in the street cause there'll
be nobody left to protect you.

KEEFE

I can be who I am and what I am. It's a
great feeling. When was the last time
you felt that way?

EDELSON

That tape recorder in your vest pocket.
We make 'em smaller now.

49. CONTINUED

KEEFE

Very funny.

EDELSON

Your beef is with the guy who writes the headlines.

KEEFE

Whenever a gay gets into trouble you assume it's part of the lifestyle -

EDELSON

Wait a minute ...

HUGHES

When one of us gets killed your attitude is "well, that's how they are, they all kill each other, just like the niggers..." The message is loud and clear: Beat us up or kill us. It's no big deal. All you're gonna get is a slap on the wrist.

EDELSON

My detectives aren't exactly welcome on Christopher Street. You're all out o' the closet - but not when it comes to cooperating in a murder investigation.

KEEFE

Your answer is to close the bars.

EDELSON

Is that what you're here to talk about - keepin' the bars open? Cause if you are...

HUGHES

No, we're not here to defend the bars. Places like the Cock-Pit and the S & M bars are not what gay life is all about, Captain. We're here to try to get you to stop labelling us and stop hasseling us...

EDELSON

Stop doing my job you mean.

HUGHES

Have you ever considered that this killer might not be gay? He's probably just a sickie who takes out his sickness on gays. Like those rednecks who have to prove their macho by punching out faggots.

EDELSON

How would you describe that sort of a guy...? A "repressed" homosexual?

CONTINUED

50. EXT: JONES STREET. LATE DAY

The CAMERA PICKS UP TED and BURNS walking.

BURNS

How's the play coming?

TED

I'm through with it.

BURNS

Well, congratulations, this calls
for a ...

TED

I'm definitely through with that
piece o' shit.

BURNS

How do you mean?

TED

I read the miserable thing over and
decided that Broadway doesn't need a
funny Edward Albee. It's got the real
Edward Albee, which is funny enough.

BURNS

You should put it away for a few days.
It'll look better to you.

TED

Gregory called me this morning. Remember
roommate Gregory? Star has hepatitis,
tour's cancelled til he recovers. Show
closes tonight in Bucks County and he'll
be home tomorrow.

CONTINUED

BURNS

You'll probably be glad to see him.

TED

Overjoyed. I never told you about Gregory and me. Know what he said when he called? Forget writing and find a job until his show reopens. Said it's my turn to work now. He intends to flop on the beach and turn nut-brown. His very words. Damn. I was counting on having the rest of the summer. I could have finished by Labor Day.

BURNS

Why didn't you tell him?

TED

Did. At which point dear Gregory said the world could wait a bit longer or any play I might turn out; but the summer sun waits for no man.

BURNS

Real buddy.

51. INT: GREASY SPOON. LATE DAY

BURNS and TED in a window booth. BURNS sips coffee; TED, a beer.

TED

Who knows? He may be right about this play. He was right, God knows, about the others I've written. Nobody else thought much about them either. So I'll go out and work my bricks off. We need the money and Gregory's tired. Fair enough, I suppose.

BURNS

You really feel that way?

TED

No. I'm seething. Not exactly mad enough to kill, but mad enough for something. Bobby, the fellow who used to have your room ... he used to get this way, only worse. He's slam out the door and go stomping down the stairs. I never knew what set him off, but later he'd tell me where he went. Usually to the baths. He'd check in and blow a dozen guys in an hour.

BURNS

Are you up for that?

TED

No I'm not up for that. But I understand what made him feel that way.

(long pause)

I hate Mondays.

52. INT.: EDELSON'S OFFICE - MAJOR CASE SQUAD. DAY

In the tiny cubicked office set aside from the rest of the precinct, a large pegboard is set up, containing Maps, Photos, and other information pertaining to the "Charley Chop-Off" murders.

All the equipment in the office (typewriters, phones, desks, and chairs) is old, borrowed or ripped-off. The room appears makeshift and impermanent. Files are strewn about.

Sitting at a small table in the center of the room is DaVINCI, the Blond Transvestite from the first sequence. Before him are several dozen Mug-Shot Sheets.

Also in the room are EDELSON and DETECTIVES BLASIO and DAVIS, who take occasional notes on DaVinci's comments.

DaVINCI

(a different photo)

I know him. Oh yeah, I know this guy. He don't come around no more, man. He beat some guys outta' some bread.

(another photo)

I know this dude, too. I seen him on The Duece. He gives the best beatings, like six ways from Sunday.

EDELSON

Didn't you work Uptown with him?

DaVINCI

Work with him, man? No. A john just tells me what he wants. Have fantasy will travel. Whatever your fantasy, I'll put you into it.

EDELSON

Well, this fella was seen with that Professor at Columbia who got whacked an' he says you introduced 'em.

DaVINCI

Well that's possible, see, but this guy ain't no killer, I mean he's a pulled-together hustler.

EDELSON

Alright.

DAVIS starts to collect the photos.

DaVINCI

(to Edelson)

I gotta' talk to you ...alone.

EDELSON nods at BLASIO and DAVIS who leave, closing the door behind them.

CONTINUED

DaVINCI (cont'd)
I need a favor...There's these two
cops workin' outta' Christopher Street...
They been leanin' on me...

EDELSON
Who are they?

DaVINCI
I think one guy is Simoni or somethin' like
that. The other guy is Jerry somethin'...
They're partners...a couple o' real hard-ons.
They run me the other night and dig -- this
guy Simoni or whatever made me give him head.
Right in his radio car.

EDELSON
You're full o' shit.

DaVINCI
I swear to Christ.

EDELSON
How d'you know they're cops?

DaVINCI
Cause they're wearin' shields and ridin'
around in a radio car.

EDELSON
What are their shield numbers?

DaVINCI
They work outta' Christopher Street.

EDELSON
You know how many guys were arrested last year
for impersonating a cop? There are more guys
impersonating cops than there are actual cops.

DaVINCI
I need this favor, man.

EDELSON
You wanna' put on a wire? I'll take you
down to Internal Affairs. We'll draw up a
complaint...

DaVINCI
Listen to what I'm sayin'...These are bad
dudes.

EDELSON
Get me names. Or numbers. Otherwise,
don't be comin' around with stories like
that.

53. INT: BURNS' NEW APARTMENT. NIGHT

Rock 'n' Roll on the portable radio. BURNS is working out intently with barbells. He slips quickly into a pair of low-rise levis, a t-shirt, sandals. (He discards clothes - t-shirts, belts - carefully assembling his ensemble.) *

He looks at himself with concern in a closet-door mirror, then pulls on a lightweight leather jacket. (Like an actor before going on stage) *

He zips the pocket shut, cuts off the radio, douses the lamp and exits.

54. INT: GAY BAR - "THE ANVIL". NIGHT

The dark, oppressive room swells with disco energy and swarms with shirtless NAKED MALE TORSOS. MEN are on their knees or bent over in front of other MEN.

BURNS, naked to the waist, watches SKIP, at the pinball machine with ANOTHER MAN. The OTHER MAN resists, SKIP pursues him.

BURNS

(to the Bartender, Lee)
Who's that guy at the Pinball Machine?

LEE

That's Skip. He's a bad dude. The other night he was stoned out. He came on to a guy at "The Eagle's Nest". The guy gave him the swerve and Skip went for his throat.

BURNS watches the DANCERS. He sees a man staring at him. It is STUART RICHARDS standing alone in a corner. He looks away. When he looks back, STUART is gone. *

A MAN next to him, wearing a Purple Shirt, offers a popper. BURNS shakes his head, negative.

PURPLE SHIRT

You look like a brick layer.

BURNS

Is that what you want me to be?

CONTINUED

54. CONTINUED

PURPLE SHIRT
Whatever turns you on.

BURNS
I'm with someone.

PURPLE SHIRT
What are you hiding behind, man?
Cut loose. Go with it.

He pops the Amyl-nitrate, inhaling deeply. Offers another
to BURNS.

CONTINUED

54. CONTINUED

After a beat, BURNS accepts.

The MAN IN PURPLE takes BURNS by the hand, slowly, sensitively, staring into his eyes in classic seduction pose.

He leads him onto the dance floor as the music begins to swell. He produces a hankie from his back pocket, soaks it in amyl nitrate, takes one end in his mouth, puts the other in BURNS' mouth.

BURNS and his partner begin to move in rhythm, the hankie between them. Faces, muscles, buttocks and booted feet begin to swirl and merge.

The face of SKIP LEE swirls in and out of BURNS' vision.

55. INT: BURNS' OLD APARTMENT - 5:00A (NOTE: This scene now follows Sc 91 in sequence, on page 70 and is numbered SC 92.)

56. EXT: "THE COCK-PIT". NIGHT - 3:00 AM

SKIP LEE comes out in the company of a young man. Dark hair, dark eyes, medium height. They are slightly hyper and coked.

Across the street, in the shadow of a rat-infested, abandoned open shed are BURNS, EDELSON and LEFRANSKY in an unmarked car.

BURNS
The guy on the left ...

LEFRANSKY
Sideburns?

BURNS
Yeah...Calls himself Skip...
I don't know his last name;
he's been in a few hassles...
He threatened a guy at "The
Eagle's Nest" but he was coked
out of his gourd.

CONTINUED

55. CONTINUED

NANCY

I didn't expect you. I didn't know
if you'd be comin' by.

BURNS

I have to ...kinda stay where I am.
I needed to see you.

NANCY

I needed to see you.

She pours him a cup of coffee.

BURNS

Will you make me something to eat?

NANCY

Of course.

She goes to the refrigerator, brings out bacon, eggs, juice.

He watches as she lights the stove and starts to cook his
breakfast.

Suddenly, he goes to her and embraces her.

BURNS

Nance...

She knows something is wrong.

NANCY

Why'n't you sleep for awhile, Steve?

BURNS

Don't let me lose you.

56. EXT: "THE ANVIL". NIGHT - 3:00 AM

SKIP LEE comes out in the company of a young man. Dark hair,
darkeyes, medium height. They are slightly hyper and coked.

Across the street, in the shadow of a rat-infested, abandoned
open shed are BURNS, EDELSON and LEFRANSKY in an unmarked car.

BURNS

The guy on the left ...

LEFRANSKY

Sideburns?

BURNS

Yeah ...Calls himself Skip...I don't know
his last name; he's been in a few hassles...
He threatened a guy at "The Eagle's Nest" but
he was coked out of his gourd.

CONTINUED

56. CONTINUED

EDELSON

He the guy that followed you?

BURNS

Yeah.

EDELSON

Why didn't you go with him?

BURNS

I vapor-locked. But I think you
should take a look at him.

57. EXT: 9TH AVENUE NEAR 33rd STREET. DAY

A 3-card Monte game is in progress and a CROWD of produce
workers is grouped around the YOUNG BLACK HUSTLER who mani-
pulates the three worn cards on a cardboard box.

CARD SHARK

Guess the red...not the black, the red...
guess the red...for ten...guess the red
and win ten...red wins, black loses...

In the crowd, acting shill is DaVINCI.

DaVINCI

Bet ten ...

He point to one of the cards. The HUSTLER turns it up. It's
red. He pays DaVINCI, and reshuffles the three cards.

On the edge of the crowd is LEFRANSKY. He eyebrows DaVINCI
who leaves the game and goes with him into a secluded alleyway.

LEFRANSKY

I need some information on a guy called Skip...
about 26-27...hangs around "The
Cock-Pit" and "The Anvil"... dark,
good-looking.

DaVINCI

Skip, yeah...He works at a steak
joint in Penn Station...The Iron
Horse...Hey, Edelson take care o'
those two cops for me?

CONTINUED

57. CONTINUED

LEFRANSKY
Workin' on it.

DaVINCI
Well, I got somethin' else...
that guy who got himself
killed in "The Ramble".

LEFRANSKY
Yeah.

DaVINCI
Two friends o' mine were in there
that night ...they heard singin'.

LEFRANSKY
Singin'?

DaVINCI
Like a nursery rhyme..(sings)
"Who's here...we're here..."
somethin' like that...

58. INT: PENN STATION. LATE DAY

Amid the throngs of Long Island Expressway commuters,
Detectives LEFRANSKY and SCHREIBER hurry briskly
through the vast terminal hall.

"The Iron Horse" is not easy to find among the many dozens
of shops and restaurants. The detectives are momentarily
lost until SCHREIBER spots the unpretentious corner sign.

59. INT: "THE IRON HORSE". DAY

The room is crowded with early evening diners, mostly middle-aged couples. SCHREIBER and LEFRANSKY enter and are seated. They look around the room. LEFRANSKY notices SKIP LEE working as a busboy, picking up and stacking dishes from various tables. LEFRANSKY nods at SCHREIBER. A waiter comes over to their table.

WAITER

You wish a drink before dinner?

SCHREIBER

Uh ... yeah...Heineken.

LEFRANSKY looks again around the room. HE SEES: at tables everywhere, dozens of couples are eating steaks or chops, and all are using an identical STEAK KNIFE, 4 INCHES LONG AT THE BLADE, 4½ AT THE GRIP, WITH SERRATED TIP.

He gestures at SCHREIBER who makes the same discovery. They both take notice of SKIP LEE, again still collecting the dirty dishes and steak knives.

WAITER

You sir?

LEFRANSKY

Huh?

WAITER

Something to drink?

LEFRANSKY

Yeah...uh, bring me a steak.

WAITER

Sir?

SCHREIBER

Make it two.

LEFRANSKY turns to look at the man at the table next to him, carefully sawing his steak with a replica of the murder knife.

60. INT: MORGUE. DAY (CONFERENCE ROOM)

In the Medical Examiner's office, DETECTIVES BLASIO, DAVIS, SCHREIBER and LEFRANSKY, along with EDELSON are grouped around the MEDICAL EXAMINER, who compares the knife from "The Iron Horse" with the x-ray wounds.

CONTINUED

RIFKIN

...The pattern of lacerations match the serrations...the depth and width of the tattoos ... all could have been done by this type blade...

(he grips it in a stabbing position)

EDELSON

Could you take off somebody's arm or leg with it?

RIFKIN

You'd have to be very strong...but yes, it could get the job done.

61. EXT: "MARTINO'S" - EARLY EVENING

"Martino's" is an exclusive boutique on Upper Madison Avenue. The window display features a group of NAKED FEMALE MANNEQUINS in suggestive poses against a background of reflecting aluminum. SKIP LEE is seen within, talking and laughing with MARTINO PERRY. He comes out of the boutique and goes down the street.

THE CAMERA is CLOSE on the face of a BROWN FEMALE MANNEQUIN in an open convertible parked in front of the boutique.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL TWO MEN leaving the shop and locking up: MARTINO PERRY, a couturier in his late 20's, tall, thin, dark hair and eyes; his Assistant, JOEY RUTLEDGE, thin, blond, slightly hyper. They carry packages to the open convertible belonging to Martino.

MARTINO

Joey, you'll come by before 7 on Sunday, won't you?

JOEY

Cross my heart. I'll be on The Island if you need to reach me tomorrow.

MARTINO

Do I have that number?

JOEY

It's on the wall in your kitchen, under "Reminders".

MARTINO

You know how paranoid Bess gets if dinner starts one minute after 8 the night before she's shooting.

MARTINO gets into the convertible, revs the engine.

CONTINUED

JOEY

Not to worry.

MARTINO

I have to finish Margo's dress.
She opens Vegas in two weeks.

JOEY

Have fun.

MARTINO

I'll try.

He drives off, the sound of Disco blaring from the Tape Deck of his convertible.

62. EXT: FROM MOVING CAR - MARTINO'S CONVERTIBLE. NIGHT

Disco Music underscores the moving shapes of gaudy Neon Signs and tawdry store fronts carved into the night. Milky halos from streetlamps expand and pop as the convertible glides along 8th Avenue.

MARTINO, at the wheel, is dressed down in contrast to the sporty suit and turtleneck he wore earlier. He is stoned and on the prowl.

From his POV, WE SEE MEN cruising along "The Stroll", nodding or winking at the slowly passing cars.

WE SEE TWO FIGURES, arms around each other, duck into a space between buildings.

MARTINO slows, looking for a place to park. Across the street, at 50th and 8th, is a neo marquee advertising "Peep Show".

63. INT: BACK ROOM - "THE PEEP SHOW". NIGHT

A narrow dark corridor. A naked light bulb hangs from the ceiling. Walls and doors are dirty off-red color. Five doors on each side.

A large "No Smoking" sign at one end. But the HALF-DOZEN YOUNG "ROUGH TRADE" smoke grass or sniff poppers.

MEN with hooded expressions, YOUNG, OLD, ALL SHAPES and SIZES, eye one another. When a point of recognition is reached, one will enter a booth, followed momentarily by another. It is too dark to discern facial features, but these men have learned to gauge body attitudes.

A Red Light goes on outside a booth, indicating it's in use.

The grind of 16mm projectors is heard throughout the corridor.

CONTINUED

MARTINO catches the eye of a muscular, leather-jacketed man in the corner (STUART RICHARDS). We do not see him clearly, as he enters an empty booth.

After a moment, MARTINO follows, and the red light glows suggestively above the closing door.

64. INT: BOOTH - "THE PEEP SHOW". NIGHT

The cubicle is 6 feet long, 3½ feet wide. One wall is a screen upon which are projected Male Porno Films, when two quarters are inserted in a slot. The other wall consists of a kind of Leather Love Seat. The film clips run no more than 5 minutes to insure a quick turnover.

STUART and MARTINO sit side by side, their faces patterned from the reflection off the screen.

MARTINO'S hand reaches for STUART'S leg, then slides along the thigh up to the bulging crotch. He leans over and kisses STUART, blocking his face completely from camera.

VOICE OF JACK

Get on your knees...

Now he slides down to a kneeling position and WE FOLLOW him down as he unzips STUART'S fly (unseen).

A Knife appears in frame, flashing in the beam of the projector. It comes down with deliberate, venomous force.

In EXTREME GRAINY CLOSEUP, we see the face of a man in the 16mm film grimacing in orgasmic response.

The shadow of the knife hand going up and coming down appears across the 16mm screen.

We CUT TO an EXTREME CLOSEUP of MARTINO'S face in gasping frenzy.

On the 16mm screen now, a MAN in Black Leather whips the naked buttocks of a Man locked into a Medieval Stock.

GRAINY CLOSEUP of a Buttocks being whipped on the screen.

A rush of Blood explodes against the image on the screen.

And the 16mm screen suddenly goes dark as the film runs out.

CLOSE SHOT - Two Quarters being fed into the coin slot by a Blood-Stained Hand.

Deep, anxious breathing is now heard in the suddenly still cubicle.

CONTINUED

64. CONTINUED

REV 7/16/71
54.

CLOSEUP - The Blade of the Knife is wiped clean by a Handkerchief.

An enormous pool of Blood begins to flow onto the floor around the limp hand of MARTINO PERRY.

On the left hand, a Cartier watch, a gold ring.

65. EXT: THE BOOTH

The red light flashes off briefly, then on again as the door is quickly closed.

The departing silhouette of STUART RICHARDS passes a group of THREE YOUNG MEN, fondling and giggling in a corner.

66. EXT: STREET OUTSIDE BURNS' NEW APARTMENT. NIGHT

Empty now but for BURNS who walks hunched and weary, hands in his pockets toward the entrance to his apartment building.

67. INT: BURNS' NEW APARTMENT

He enters and flops on the bed in the dark.

The sounds of a violent argument are heard in the next apartment: TED and his roommate, GREGORY.

BURNS is momentarily jolted upright by the quarreling Voices. He goes into the bathroom and runs cold water onto his face, splashing with both hands. He comes out, listens to the argument next door. The exits quickly.

67A. INT: BURNS OLD APARTMENT/PARTY IN PROGRESS (Note: Scene here to be added.)

68. INT: BURNS' OLD APARTMENT - BEDROOM. 5:00 AM

BURNS enters.

NANCY is in bed.

He gets in alongside her and they try to make love. But BURNS is distracted and can't make it.

NANCY

You okay?

BURNS

Yeah.

NANCY

Will I see you this week?

BURNS

I'm seeing you now.

NANCY

I miss you.

CONTINUED

BURNS

Me too.

NANCY

I don't see where something that's
changing your life is worth
becoming a Second Class Detective.

BURNS

Second grade.

NANCY

How do you know you're gonna end
up the same guy when it's over?

BURNS

Want me to quit?

NANCY

No way you get me to say that.

BURNS

But you'd think it?

They embrace.

68A. EXT: "THE PEEP SHOW". EMPTY STREET. EARLY AM69. INT: CORRIDOR OF "THE PEEP SHOW". NIGHT

The corridor is now empty save for the BLACK CLEANING MAN,
mopping up after the night's business.

All the doors are open and there is no music or projector
noise, nor the moans of passion nor the giggles of delight.
Only the swish of the mop.

70. INT: BOOTH - "THE PEEP SHOW". NIGHT

The CLEANING MAN enters the booth that earlier held Stuart
and Martino.

We HEAR his anguished scream.

71. EXT: NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT BECOMES EARLY MORNING72. EXT: NEWSSTAND NEAR A SUBWAY ENTRANCE. DAY

PEOPLE crowd down the steps leading to the Subway, while
several stop to buy or read the "New York Daily News" and
its headline: "Gay Designer Murdered". A picture of Martino
smiles alongside the headline.

73. INT: OFFICE OF MAJOR CASE SQUAD. DAY

The outer office is teeming with DETECTIVES taking calls
and gathering information from prospective witnesses and
suspects.

CONTINUED

DETECTIVES BLASIO and DAVIS are questioning a tearful and distraught JOEY RUTLEDGE as EDELSON enters.

JOEY

He...he was planning a dinner...
Sunday night for Bess Lamonica...
she's making a movie in New York...
he was her closest friend...did
all her clothes...there were going to
be eight people...and I was going to
stop by and help with the serving...
I was away ...with friends on Fire
Island...

BLASIO

Where on Fire Island?

JOEY

The Pines...

BLASIO

What friends?

JOEY

Butch Bannister and Fred Tolchek...

DAVIS

Got an address...?

JOEY

I don't ...I just know the house
by sight...

DAVIS

Phone...

JOEY

I don't remember...I've got it
written down.

BLASIO

How close were you and Perry?

JOEY

I started with him when he opened
his first shop ... in the Village...

BLASIO

You signed the checks?

JOEY

I was the manager of both shops...
as well as the International line ...

DAVIS

You ran the business...

CONTINUED

JOEY

Yes...

BLASIO

Ever have any arguments?

JOEY

No! Never...I loved him. He meant more to me than anyone on this earth.

74. INT: EDELSON'S OFFICE. DAY

EDELSON stares at the board and eats a sandwich.

LEFRANSKY enters holding a 25 cent piece in a plastic bag. In addition, he displays several white sheets of paper showing sets of fingerprints.

LEFRANSKY

I found this in the coin box at "The Peep Show".

He shows the quarter which is caked with dried blood.

LEFRANSKY (cont'd)

The blood belongs to the victim, but not the fingerprint we lifted from it.

EDELSON

Check this print against the kid outside. Then... I want you to go to every precinct where the other murders occurred...Check arrest records goin' back a year ...anybody's who's ever assaulted a homosexual or been arrested for lewd and lascivious...pull their prints and match 'em against whatever came off this quarter.

LEFRANSKY

Absolutely.

He exits.

EDELSON makes a move against his automatic chess computer, studies the board, then picks up the phone and dials a number.

EDELSON

This is Captain Edelson for Chief Berman.

He looks at the fingerprints.

CONTINUED

74. CONTINUED

REV 7/5/79
58.

EDELSON (cont'd)
(quietly, to the fingerprints)
Who are you? Talk to me ...
(then into the phone)
Oh yes, Chief. Fine. We finally caught
a break. Yes, we got a print.

75. INT: MORGUE HALLWAY. MORNING.

RIFKIN waits for EDELSON, who comes quickly through the front
doors.

EDELSON
What are you selling today, cancer?

RIFKIN
I think you're gonna be happy...

76. INT: MORGUE

RIFKIN and EDELSON stand before a new x-ray - of Martino Perry's
back. It is grouped alongside those of Vincent, Lukas and
Rossman.

SWITCH ON X-RAY LIGHTS.

RIFKIN
Go ahead, you read it, you've become
an expert.

EDELSON
The grouping's different.

RIFKIN
That's right. This time he stabbed
from over the top of the victim...

EDELSON
(pointing to x-ray on wall)
Clean entry ...

RIFKIN
Right ...

EDELSON
(then, pointing to color
photo of victim)
These are defensive ...

RIFKIN
What else ...

EDELSON
(stares at the x-rays)
Well, the width looks the same...even
though he must have gone in at a different
angle...

CONTINUED

RIFKIN

Alright, see if you graduate. What else?

EDELSON

(still staring)

I don't see...

RIFKIN

No, you probably wouldn't. It's too small. But look here...

EDELSON presses closer to the x-ray, shakes his head negatively.

RIFKIN

He struck bone.

EDELSON

Bone?

RIFKIN

He hit the spine this time, broke off a tiny little tip of blade ...C'mon let me show you...

They exit.

76A. INT: CONFERENCE ROOM & MORGUE

He leads him to a microscope.

RIFKIN

Here it is ...We took it out of the victim's back...

CLOSEUP - through the microscope - the blade's tip.

EDELSON

Anybody else know about this?

RIFKIN

Just you and me.

EDELSON

And the killer.

RIFKIN

I'll send it out to Winchester Arms. They'll do a spectograph and an atomic absorption test. I'll be able to tell you exactly what this knife is made of.

EDELSON

When?

RIFKIN

Tomorrow.

EDELSON

How about yesterday?

77. INT: STUART RICHARDS' APARTMENT. EVENING

From his phonograph, the vocal sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "I Have Dreamed" from "Carousel". STUART sits near the window stripped to the waist, working slowly, carefully with a loaded dumbbell.

CONTINUED

77. CONTINUED

He curls it smoothly, methodically, first one arm, then the other, exhaling in audible bursts, straining to the point of pain and beyond. The CAMERA MOVES OFF to a writing table, on which is a handwritten letter, unfinished, from Stuart to his father.

A knock at the door. STUART is alert. He gathers himself together, goes to the door. It's PAUL, dressed for the evening.

PAUL

Wanna' dance?

STUART

(breathing heavily)

Whew...what's doin'...?

PAUL

Thought you might want some din-din followed by a night of gay abandon all on yours truly...

STUART

I can't ...handle those scenes, Paul...

PAUL

I banged on your door till two in the morning last night.

STUART

(goes to the piano and proceeds to play in a light jazzy vein)

What the hell for?

PAUL

I thought I'd rouse you out of slumber to come drink a toast to the date of my birth...

STUART

Geez Paul, I didn't realize...

PAUL

I had some people over...

STUART

I went to the Elgin to see "The Third Man"...

PAUL

"Til two this morning?

STUART

I felt weird. I always do after that flick. I hopped a bus and rode uptown to where I used to live.

PAUL

You went to the Bronx...alone...at two in the morning...

CONTINUED

77. CONTINUED

STUART

The whole neighborhood looks like World War Three. I found the house where I grew up and I just touched the bricks ... it was the last house I lived in before my folks broke up and it's the only one I really remember.

PAUL

If you make any more nostalgia trips I suggest you take along a body guard.

STUART

Volunteering?

PAUL

Seriously. That's crazed.

STUART

You can't spend your life being afraid of what might happen. Anyway, I think I'm ready.

PAUL

For what?

STUART

Whatever.

(He tosses him a cigarette and matchbook.)

Happy Birthday! Don't say I never gave you nothin'!...

PAUL

You're a prince.

STUART

My old man won't see me, the bastard. I've been trying to reach him - but he won't even talk to me.

Pause.

78. INT: LAB AT MORGUE. DAY

The MEDICAL EXAMINER is behind a table of beakers and test tubes. EDELSON stands across the room from him as the M.E. reads from a teletype. In front of him is the sample knife from the "Iron Horse" and the tip of the blade that was lodged in Martino Perry.

RIFKIN (enters-EDELSON is seated)

The analyses show that this piece of blade has been heat-treated up to 1900 degrees...then frozen at 50 below zero...made of Rockwell Type "C" steel ...they call it Stainless, actually it's 85% iron, 15% a lot of other alloys such as Carbon, Sulphur, Copper, Tin, Nickel, and Chrome...

EDELSON

That's fascinating, Stanley.

RIFKIN

I thought you'd be fascinated.

EDELSON

What else?

RIFKIN

What else? Oh ... well, this tip... and this knife.....they're related.

79. EXT: OLD PIER - EAST RIVER. DAY

EDELSON and BURNS.

EDELSON hands him the knife.

EDELSON

This is what you're lookin' for. Your man's carryin' this.

BURNS takes it. Looks at it. WE SEE his reflection in the blade. It is formidable, deadly, and he is riveted to it.

EDELSON (cont'd)

Also he might sing you a lullaby.

CONTINUED

79. CONTINUED

BURNS

What?

EDELSON

He sings some kind o' nutty song...
"Who's here....I'm here..."

BURNS

You're putting me on.

80. EXT: "THE COCK-PIT". 5:00 AM

A number of cars and taxis are parked in front of or near the curb. One or two stragglers come out, then the streets are once again empty.

After a pause, two men come out of the club and start to walk across the deserted street of warehouses toward "The Anvil".

81. EXT: "THE ANVIL"

WE SEE the two men in LONG SHOT, from the interior of an unmarked police car, hidden in the shadows.

Within the car are DETECTIVES BLASIO and DAVIS. The two men they are watching in the distance are BURNS and SKIP LEE.

From the detectives' POV, WE SEE BURNS and SKIP talking casually together, enter "The Anvil Motel".

In the dark and silent shadows of the empty packing houses, the detectives wait it out.

82. INT: UNMARKED POLICE CAR

BLASIO opens an attache case, within which is rigged an electronic cassette receiving and recording device. (The recorder will be receiving signals from a room in "The Anvil" which has been previously bugged.)

After a long wait, the receiver cackles on and WE HEAR what sounds like a door opening and footsteps. A light goes on in a room on the second floor of "The Anvil". DAVIS looks at his watch. Two men are talking, but the sound is low and slightly muffled. WE HEAR BURNS' voice, then SKIP'S.

BURNS' VOICE

I like to be tied up.

SKIP'S VOICE

I don't go for that shit.

BURNS' VOICE

Come on.

CONTINUED

Then laughter, silence, movement of furniture, then the cackling noise of radio interference. The interference is intermittent, but then the receiver cuts out. }

83. EXT: "THE ANVIL"

Cursing it, BLASIO and DAVIS jump out of the car and head toward "The Anvil". This signals the occupants of half a dozen other unmarked cars to do the same...about TWELVE DETECTIVES in all..

84. INT: STAIRWAY OF "THE ANVIL". NIGHT

BLASIO and DAVIS and the OTHERS come quickly up the stairs and to the door of a room on the second floor. DAVIS listens at the door, then knocks quietly.

There is no answer. A long pause.

DAVIS knocks again.

No answer.

They draw their .38's and prepare to enter.

The door opens slowly.

SKIP

Yes...

85. INT: ROOM IN "THE ANVIL". NIGHT

BLASIO, DAVIS and the OTHERS push past him to see BURNS tied up at the arms and legs and lying face down on the bed.

SKIP

What the hell's goin' on ...

BLASIO

Never mind what's goin' on. Get your pants on ...

(he tosses them to him)

Scared, SKIP slips quickly into his pants. DAVIS grabs his shirt and tosses it at him, then turns him around, searches and cuffs him and takes him out of the room as BLASIO unties BURNS.

BURNS

(an angry whisper)

You're too soon...

BLASIO

(urgent whisper)

He try anything...?

CONTINUED

BURNS
(whisper)
No...

BLASIO
(whisper)
Did he pull the knife?

BURNS
No dammit...you're too soon...

86. INT: INTERROGATION ROOM AT THE MAJOR CASE SQUAD. DAY

Early morning light streams through the windows.

BURNS and SKIP are in the center of the room at opposite ends of a table. Both are being fingerprinted quickly by DETECTIVES BLASIO and DAVIS. DAVIS rushes out of the room when the prints are taken.

EDELSON, BLASIO, SCHREIBER and LEFRANSKY surround the table.

BLASIO
Alright, what were you faggots doin' up there?

SKIP
Hey, what is this shit?

BLASIO
You were gonna do him weren't you?

SKIP
What are you talkin' about?

EDELSON
Whose room was it?

SKIP
His ...

EDELSON (to Burns)
Is that right?

BURNS
Look...what we were doin' is none o' your business. They come in without a warrant...

EDELSON
I wanna know what you were doin' in there...

SKIP
Nothin', man...

CONTINUED

LEFRANSKY

Nothin'...the guy is tied up,
layin' face down ...

(from a desk he picks
up the knife from "The
Iron Horse", stabs the
table in front of Burns)

Is this what you were gonna do
to him?

BURNS feels the impact of the knife lodged in the wood in front
of him, and for the first time, realizes what might have happened.

BLASIO

We have enough right now to put you away
for three years...

SCHREIBER

It's tight as a chicken's ass...

BLASIO

Now you wanna do yourself a favor?

SKIP

Listen, this guy cruised me...I
don't even know him - I don't know
his name even. He got me to go up
to his room with him...

LEFRANSKY (to Burns)

Is that right?

BURNS

I told you it was my room. That's
all I'm gonna tell you. I want to
talk to a lawyer.

LEFRANSKY throws a set of pictures on the table. They are
police photos of the previous murder victims in various
stages of mutilation. BURNS sees them for the first time.

LEFRANSKY (to Burns)

Here's who you're playin' with, friend.
This is what he had in mind for you.

SKIP

That's bullshit.

LEFRANSKY (to Burns)

You see his knife?

BURNS

No...

CONTINUED

Pause. The door opens and into the room comes a GIGANTIC, 250 lb. BLACK MAN wearing only cowboy boots, cowboy hat, dark glasses and a jockstrap.

BURNS and SKIP react as though a Martian has just landed, but the other detectives carry on as though nothing has happened.

The BLACK MAN goes directly to BURNS and slaps him hard across the face, knocking him to the floor.

BURNS gets up, dazed. The BLACK MAN leaves the room without a word.

LEFRANSKY

Did he show you his knife?

BURNS (dazed)

What the hell's goin' on?

EDELSON

Who paid for the room?

BURNS

Who the hell was that?

EDELSON

Who paid for the room?

BURNS

I told you I did!

SKIP

He did, man.

EDELSON

Alright, let's separate these two girls.

BLASIO picks BURNS up and leads him out of the room.

LEFRANSKY (to Skip)

I'm tellin' you - you're in a lot o' trouble.

87. INT: A ROOM OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY

BURNS and BLASIO watch the interrogation of SKIP through one-way glass. BURNS rubs his jaw.

BURNS

You have to get that heavy?

BLASIO

Hey, you were very convincing.

LEFRANSKY

(shows him a photo of
Martino Perry before
his murder)

Do you know him?

SKIP

No...

LEFRANSKY shows him pictures of Rossman, Vincent, Lukas.

LEFRANSKY

What about him...or him...or him?

SKIP

What do you want from me?

LEFRANSKY

I think you killed these guys, Skip.

SKIP

I never kill nobody...You better
let me see a lawyer, man.

The door opens, again the HUGE BLACK MAN enters, goes straight
to SKIP who is too stunned to move. He cracks him hard in
the face and walks out.

SKIP . (terrified)

What are you doin' to me? Who is
that guy?

SCHREIBER

(picks up the knife from
where it was lodged in
the table)

Ever see a knife like this?

SKIP

I see 'em every day...they give 'em
out where I work.

SCHREIBER

Do you have one like it?

SKIP

...What the hell you puttin' on me?

The door opens and the CHIEF OF DETECTIVES enters. It is
obvious BERMAN has just been called out of bed. SKIP is
terrified, but BERMAN simply crosses to a chair in the corner
and observes.

CONTINUED

88. CONTINUED

LEFRANSKY

Guess what? We think you used a knife like this to waste some people. And guess what else? You were seen coming out o' Martino Perry's the day he was killed.

SKIP

I brought him an ounce of grass.

LEFRANSKY

Take your pants off!

SKIP

What?

SCHREIBER

Get 'em down!

SKIP

What for?

SCHREIBER

Get 'em off -

SKIP reluctantly takes his pants off.

SKIP

What are you gonna do?

LEFRANSKY

You're gonna jerk off mister, so we can get a sample of your sperm -

89. INT: A ROOM OUTSIDE. BURNS WATCHES, REMORSEFUL.

SCHREIBER

And after that, you're gonna take the floating ball test.

SKIP

What?

SCHREIBER

We fill that sink over there with water, dip your balls in it, an' if they don't float, you're our main man.

90. INT: MAJOR CASE SQUAD OFFICE/NIGHT

DAVIS enters, tired and depressed. He gives a "thumbs down" sign.

91. INT: EDELSON'S OFFICE. LATER DAY

All the detectives are gathered along with EDELSON and BERMAN.

DAVIS

The prints don't match. The print on the quarter is different from this kid's print.

EDELSON

Well, maybe the print on the quarter isn't the killer's print.

LEFRANSKY

Captain, let me have this guy - I know I can crack him.

DAVIS

He's only been workin' at that steak joint a little over two months ...

LEFRANSKY

Guess what? This guy is ready to confess.

BERMAN

You got nothin'. He's the wrong guy.

He turns and exits.

92. INT: BURNS' OLD APARTMENT - 5:00 AM (formerly SC 55; NOTE: Scenes 92-94 of script dated 6/29/79 now follow Sc 116 on page 81).

BURNS enters slowly and quietly with the false dawn visible outside the living room window. He is bruised from the slap he took in the interrogation room.

He hears sounds coming from the kitchen. NANCY shuffles around making coffee and toast.

BURNS

Up early.

NANCY

You too.

BURNS

God, I'm beat.

NANCY

Coffee?

BURNS

Yeah.

CONTINUED

92. CONTINUED

NANCY goes to him, puts her arms around him.

NANCY

No kiss?

He kisses her, but as an afterthought.

NANCY

What happened to your face? *

BURNS

I got into a fight. It was nothing.
It was over right away. *

He sits down.

NANCY

I didn't expect you. I didn't
know if you'd be comin' by.

BURNS

I have to...kinda stay where I
am. I needed to see you.

NANCY

I needed to see you.

She pours him a cup of coffee.

BURNS

Will you make me something to eat?

NANCY

Of course.

She goes to the refrigerator, brings out bacon, eggs, juice.

He watches as she lights the stove and starts to cook his
breakfast.

Suddenly, he goes to her and embraces her.

BURNS

Nance...

She knows something is wrong.

NANCY

Why'n't you sleep for awhile, Steve?

BURNS

Don't let me lose you.

95-98. EXT: "712 CLUB". DAY

BURNS

I don't understand why you let those guys work me over like that.

EDELSON

Welcome to the Detective Division.

BURNS

Well, we're gonna have to find another way, Captain. Because I don't get paid enough to go through this.

EDELSON

You think I enjoy it? We're looking for a killer. We had to make it convincing.

BURNS

But what if he's the wrong guy...I mean you handled him like he shot the President. You destroyed him - and you weren't even sure.

EDELSON

Steve, you fingered him.

BURNS

That's right...I fingered him, but I didn't think you'd go that far.

EDELSON

Sometimes you only get one shot. It's not the high road but it's all we've got.

BURNS

He didn't have a knife.

EDELSON

We didn't find a knife.

BURNS

You don't have enough to hold him. All you got is that he likes to sleep with boys. If he goes to court, I won't testify against him.

EDELSON

Come off it.

CONTINUED

98. CONTINUED

BURNS

I didn't come on this job to shitcan
some guy just cause, cause he's gay...

EDELSON

You got a slight case o' the guilties,
so you put blinkers on. Steve, you're
gonna come into days where you have to
collar a dozen guys like that. Scared,
weird little guys who don't know why
they have to do what they do. It
ain't their fault. But it isn't your
fault either. It's the job.

BURNS

I don't think I can do this job.
It's getting out of hand and I want
you to know it's not because I'm
afraid. I just don't know if I can
handle it. I don't know if I can
deal with some of the stuff that's
goin' down.

EDELSON

I need you. You're my partner. You
can't let me down. You're my partner,
Steve. We're both up to our ass in this,
and I'm counting on you.

Long pause.

99. EXT: "712 CLUB. DAY

EDELSON and BURNS walk toward the river's edge.

EDELSON gives BURNS a set of yearbook photographs from Columbia University.

EDELSON

These pictures go back two years.
There's a check mark next to every
student who took a class from that
professor who got himself killed
at Columbia. See if you can recog-
nize anybody.

100. INT: BURNS' NEW APARTMENT. DAY

BURNS works out with a set of weights. From the stereo, the latest in disco music and news. BURNS goes to the refrigerator and pours himself a glass of red wine and takes a piece of cheese. Then he sits at a table and begins to study the photos.

WE SEE them in CLOSEUP, as the pages turn. The faces of young, healthy, beaming college boys flash by - and then WE COME TO REST, as does BURNS, on the face of STUART RICHARDS.

The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER to BURNS' face and STUART'S photograph as a kind of transference occurs.

101. MONTAGE: EXT: STUART'S APART-
MENT BUILDING. DAY

(PHONE CALL TO COLUMBIA)
VOICE-OVER

STUART exits, carrying a notebook and text book. He crosses the quiet, residential street and climbs a flight of steps into a little public common that stands opposite Grant's Tomb.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
Columbia University, Student
Directory.

BURNS' VOICE
I'm trying to locate a student
named Stuart Richards. In
the ...Department of Music and
Speech.

102. MONTAGE: EXT: GRANT'S TOMB
COMMON. DAY

As he walks through the common
WE PICK UP BURNS who has been
watching the apartment building.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
Is he enrolled in the Summer
Session?

BURNS' VOICE
Yes. Yes I believe he is.

BURNS follows.

PAUSE.

103. MONTAGE: EXT: COLUMBIA UNI-
VERSITY CAMPUS. DAY

STUART enters the research
library. BURNS watches.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
...The last address I have on
a Stuart Richards is...140
Claremont Avenue. Morningside
Heights...

104.. MONTAGE: EXT: CENTRAL PARK. DAY

STUART is shirtless. He walks slowly, peacock-like, past YOUNG MEN who bask in the sun. It is clear he enjoys their admiration, though he appears oblivious.

Lying alone in the grass is BURNS. As STUART passes, their eyes meet for a brief instant.

105. MONTAGE: INT: LOBBY - STUART'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY

BURNS looks at the list of names and apartment numbers.

In CLOSEUP he sees: "S. RICHARDS, 3rd Floor Front".

106. MONTAGE: EXT: MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS. DAY

On a rooftop overlooking Stuart's apartment building, BURNS looks at several apartments that give onto a fire escape.

From BURNS' POV, we see STUART in his window working out with barbells.

107. MONTAGE: EXT: MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

Time lapse. Later in the morning, BURNS sees STUART in jogging clothes turn off the lights to his apartment and exit.

108. EXT: FIRE ESCAPE, STUART'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY

From street level, BURNS ascends the fire escape to STUART'S window.

With a rolled-up newspaper, he blocks the blades of the window fan stopping their movement.

He forces the fan loose from the window and enters the apartment.

109. INT: STUART'S APARTMENT. DAY

BURNS stands in the middle of the room. His nervousness and intensity stem not only from the nature of his mission, but from the simple voyeuristic act of having violated the privacy of another person.

He sees first, the ordinary article's of Stuart's existence: household appliances, piano, books, phonograph and records. BURNS leafs through the books and records and WE SEE again the many references to the American Musical Theatre.

BURNS notices a set of weights in a corner near the window.

At the closet, BURNS rummages abstractly through Stuart's clothes. Basic, ordinary streetwear intermingled with leather jacket, leather pants, levis and boots, very much like Burns' own closet in its recent transformation. The outerwear of both men is similar. Both are decoys in a strange, forbidding world.

BURNS notices a box of letters. Dozens of letters, all addressed to the same person - "Mr. John L. Richard, St. Louis, Missouri." None of the envelopes have been stamped nor have the letters been sent

CONTINUED

BURNS picks up one at random and reads.

BURNS (V.O.)

"I am living now in an almost constant state of anxiety. I know I have much to contribute but I can't get anyone of importance to understand. One day they will. I know they will.

"I want with all my heart to make you proud of me. I desperately need to have you respect what I do and what I am.

"Someday I'll be able to tell you all I've done but I ought not to have said this much. It seems we don't learn anything from experience, but just go right on repeating the mistakes of the past ..."

Your son,
Stuart"

BURNS puts the letter back in its envelope and selects another at random.

BURNS (V.O.)

"...and I feel my thoughts being born from somewhere in my head. I can feel them taking shape. If only I could stop thinking. I can't help but feel I'm on the verge of a discovery of some sort..."

(Burns' Voice-Over becomes)

STUART (V.O.)

"Yesterday, in the park, I saw an enormous dark shape. It seemed to hang suspended and dripping from the trees like a mass of tar jelly. At its center was a bright red glow.

"Father, I wanted to show it to you..."

BURNS stops reading, folds the letter carefully, replaces it in its envelope and returns it to the box.

110. EXT: MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS. ANOTHER DAY

A Bus floats through the quiet afternoon..

111. INT: BUS

The PASSENGERS are mostly young and male. Several read the newspapers with the latest news of the "Gay Killer".

CONTINUED

111. CONTINUED

One of the passengers is STUART RICHARDS. He rises, folding a newspaper under his arm, and goes to the exit door. BURNS, sitting several seats behind him, gets up quickly and follows.

112. EXT: AN INTERSECTION IN MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS. LATE DAY

The Bus stops and STUART gets off, walking toward his apartment building. BURNS follows.

113. INT: STUART RICHARDS' APARTMENT. LATE DAY

Taking off his shirt, he sits in a chair by the window avidly scanning newspaper accounts of "The Gay Killer".

After awhile, he sets the papers aside, kicks off his loafers and goes to the piano, where he proceeds to play a lyrical, introspective kind of jazz.

Finding it difficult to concentrate, he goes to the window and raises it most of the way. He looks out and sees BURNS outside looking up. BURNS quickly moves away.

STUART walks around the room. Then around again, from desk to bookcase to closet to dresser to bed and back to window. He notices that the window fan has been disturbed, as well as other of his belongings. He goes to the closet and sees that his box of letters has been displaced.

He sits down. Seated elsewhere in the room, staring at him, is a tall, well-built man in his late 40's who resembles Stuart. His most striking feature is his voice. It is the Voice of Jack.

The scene has a slow-motion, tranquil quality.

STUART

I hate what I have to do.

JACK

None of these people give a damn about anything except their own selfish needs.

CONTINUED

113. CONTINUED

ERIC ROSSMAN and PROF. PAUL VINCENT are in the room.

STUART
(firmly but quietly to
Rossman & Vincent)
Get out. Don't ever come here!
(to Jack)
Can we talk later, please?

JACK
I'd rather have a son who's a simple
depressive than a fag.

STUART exits into the other room.

114. INT: BEDROOM

STUART enters. Begins to beat out a wild tatoo on the drum
kit. JACK is in the room.

JACK
One goddam self-indulgence after another.

MARTINO PERRY is in the room.

STUART
Please, for God's sake.

JACK
That fellow down the hall.

STUART
Paul ...

JACK
He's no friend of yours.

STUART
You're wrong.

JACK
Just another faggot.

STUART
Look, I've tried to do everything you
wanted.

JACK
Get it over with.

CONTINUED

STUART
Don't shout at me.

He goes to the closet. Selects a boot from which he extracts a knife. (It is not the murder knife, though it is reminiscent of same.)

MARTINO, ERIC, VINCENT and LUKAS are watching.

JACK
Someone's been in here.

STUART
I know.

He secures the knife in the right boot that he wears and exits.

115. INT: HALLWAY - STUART RICHARDS' APARTMENT BUILDING. EARLY EVENING

STUART knocks at the door of Paul Gaines' apartment, where sound are heard from within.

The door opens and we briefly glimpse the presence of a YOUNG MAN in the room behind PAUL.

STUART
I'm sorry...

PAUL
Hello, Stuart.

PAUL comes out into the hall.

STUART
I didn't realize you ...

PAUL
It's okay. I'm always busting in on you.

STUART
We'll talk later.

He starts back down the hall.

PAUL
What is it?

STUART
I wanted to...talk to you, that's all.

CONTINUED

PAUL

Just a sec...

PAUL goes back into his apartment for a beat. We hear whispering, then he re-emerges, closing the door.

116. INT: STUART RICHARDS' APARTMENT. EARLY EVENING.

PAUL and STUART enter.

PAUL

It's not everyone so fortunate as to have Gene Krupa for a neighbor.

STUART

My father's giving me the car.

PAUL

That's great.

STUART

I've got to get away for awhile.

PAUL

What have I been telling you?

STUART

It's gotten to the point where just being in the same room with him drives me up the wall.

PAUL

Why don't you drive up to the Island for the weekend ... I'm just gonna hang around. I've got plenty to keep me occupied. You can have my apartment.

STUART

I can't stand that place! The faggots are yelling and screaming all hours of the night, or their stereos are blowing your brains out ... I'm sorry Paul.

PAUL

Forget it...

He goes to the door.

CONTINUED

116. CONTINUED

STUART

Why are you so nice to me?

PAUL

Can't you deal with it?

STUART

It's weird. I really like you.
I just wish to Christ you'd stop
coming on to me.

PAUL

I haven't pushed it.

STUART

You're always pushing it.

PAUL

If you think I'm coming on to
you Stuart, you don't know what
coming on is.

PAUL turns and exits.

116A. EXT: BURNS' OLD APARTMENT BUILDING. EARLY EVENING (formerly Sc 92)

BURNS comes diagonally across the quiet street from a main
thoroughfare. He looks up to the third story of his apartment
building, sees a light on, enters the building.

116B. INT: HALLWAY - BURNS' OLD APARTMENT BUILDING (formerly Sc 93)

BURNS knocks at the door several times.

NANCY comes to the door. They exchange a look.

NANCY

Hello.

NANCY'S tension is controlled and she is quiet throughout their
exchange.

116C. INT: BURNS' OLD APARTMENT (formerly Sc 94)

NANCY

What's goin' on?

BURNS

Why can't you trust me?

NANCY

Why can't you trust me? You want me
to believe they take you out of the
Academy and give you a job no one
else can do.

CONTINUED

BURNS

I can't talk about it, Nance...

NANCY

Is it me.

He doesn't answer. After a pause, he shakes his head.

NANCY (cont'd)

You turned off to me?

BURNS

No.

NANCY

Then why don't you want me anymore?

BURNS

I'm just tired...

NANCY

I'm not an idiot.

BURNS

What I'm doing is affecting the way
I feel...an' I just...

NANCY

I need to communicate with you...
It's bad enough when someone changes
an' they tell you about it.

BURNS

I don't want to put anything heavy on you.

NANCY

I know you an' I love you and don't under-
stand what's happening to you.

BURNS

Neither do I.

NANCY

Then I think we should cut loose for
awhile.

BURNS

I think you're right.

NANCY

Let's try and see each other.

BURNS

Yeah.

117. INT: HALLWAY - BURNS' NEW APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

BURNS climbs the stairs. He stops outside the door to Ted Bailey's apartment, listening at the door to music playing inside.

He hears footsteps on the other side of the door, knocks gently.

The door is opened by a tall, long-faced fellow with lots of curly blond hair and a deep tan.

For a moment, HE and BURNS regard one another silently.

GREG

Yes?

CONTINUED

BURNS

Oh, I was ... I'm looking for Ted.
I've got the room just down the ...

GREG

You must be the famous John Forbes.

BURNS

You must be Greg ...

GREG

Looks as if I got back just in time.

BURNS

What do you mean?

GREG

You usually come barging in on Ted
at dinner time?

BURNS

I don't know that that's any of your
business.

GREG

Wrong. It's exactly my business. Anyway,
you struck out tonight. Ted isn't here.

BURNS

Where is he?

GREG

If you must know he's out working an
IBM machine in a primo brokerage house.
It pays well, because normal folk don't
like working at night. Anyway, it's good
for him. When he's working he's not out
getting involved, if you know what I mean.

BURNS

No, I don't.

GREG

No ... Ted is too sensitive to have too
many involvements. We found that out
with that last piece of trash who lived
down the hall. Must be something about
that room, the people it attracts. D'you
suppose?

He grins at BURNS, his lips pursed, half-puckered, shiny,
with wetness from his tongue.

CONTINUED

BURNS
You fruit bastard.

GREG
Pussy.

The door is closed. Locks start snapping. BURNS smashes at the door once with his fist.

GREG (O.S.)
Do that once more and I call the police, asshole.

BURNS rubs his knuckles. He takes deep breaths, feeling the anger spread inside him.

118. INT: TED AND GREG'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

GREG stands listening at the door for awhile, breathing heavily. Cautiously, he opens the bolt, then the door, and looks out into the hallway.

Suddenly BURNS leaps into the room and grabs GREG by the throat. GREG is stunned and frightened.

BURNS
You lousy queer. call me a pussy ...

He slaps GREG across the face. GREG falls back - but comes at BURNS kicking him in the shins. BURNS is hurt, but possessed of an unnatural strength.

GREG
...You're in love with Ted, aren't you?

BURNS grabs an ashtray and throws it at GREG's head. GREG ducks.

BURNS
You queer son-of-a-bitch.

GREG leaps to the kitchen counter. Grabs a kitchen knife and wields it at BURNS.

GREG
You're crazy, mister ...

BURNS backs up, coming slowly to his senses.

GREG (cont'd)
You ought to be committed...Wanna' play ... I'll play with you ...

BURNS backs to the door. Confused, he stares at GREG, then turns and exits.

119. EXT: BURNS' NEW APARTMENT BUILDING & STREET. NIGHT

BURNS comes out of the building. He is filled with tension and remorse.

He walks quickly away, past several GAY MEN whose temperaments are in contrast to his.

BURNS is like a comet in their midst.

120. EXT: MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS. NIGHT

A lonely bus deposits BURNS at the corner and departs.

He is more or less becalmed as he walks in the direction of STUART'S apartment building.

121. EXT: STUART'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

BURNS approaches the building with caution. Looks in every direction along the quiet streets.

122. INT: FOYER - STUART'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

BURNS studies the list of names and apartments.

PAUL and his "friend" come downstairs into the foyer, take note of BURNS and leave.

Guiltily, BURNS pushes the bell marked "S. RICHARDS" and waits.

After a moment, the buzzer responds with a sharp report like a shot.

BURNS, alarmed, goes back out into the street, up the steps to the Little Common, and waits.

123. EXT: COMMON OPPOSITE GRANT'S TOMB. NIGHT

BURNS waits alone in the empty Common, watching hypnotically the entrance to Stuart's building.

124. EXT: STUART'S APARTMENT BUILDING. TIME LAPSE. NIGHT

In LONG SHOT, STUART comes out, his face a mask, his eyes burning coals.

He stops momentarily near the entrance and scans the street, looking in both directions then up towards the Common.

He is looking for what? Who?

125. EXT: COMMON OPPOSITE GRANT'S TOMB. NIGHT

BURNS is in darkness, but it is as though their personalities and attitudes, if not their eyes, are locked together.

126. EXT: STUART'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

The moment is held.

Then abruptly, STUART turns and heads up the quiet, deserted street that leads to Riverside Drive.

127. EXT: RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

STUART walks up a flight up steps into the Park.

BURNS is several yards behind him. There is a slight breeze moving through the trees. But he's sweating.

Ahead, the George Washington Bridge, etched by moonlight.

STUART passes through a tunnel and enters the Park. There is very little traffic and the Park appears to be empty.

STUART walks along for awhile, then comes to a Bench under a lamp post.

He puts his head back and looks up at the stars, listens to the river and the breeze shimmering through the leaves.

Peaceful. He closes his eyes.

Footsteps.

STUART opens his eyes a notch and sees a MAN IN SILHOUETTE coming toward him. A muscular, well-built man in white t-shirt and levis, dark hair, powerful arms. STEVE BURNS.

BURNS notices a flick of STUART's eyes as he goes by. Otherwise no sign. BURNS walks on about fifty feet, then sits down on a Bench shaded by a tree. Silence, but for the breeze. STUART strikes a Match and WE SEE the glow of a cigarette.

After a long pause, BURNS rises, jams his hands into the front pockets of his jeans, and strolls toward the Cigarette glowing bright-dim, bright-dim.

BURNS

Trouble you for a match?

STUART

No trouble.

He hands a matchbook to BURNS.

BURNS produces a cigarette from a well-worn pack, lights up.

BURNS

Thanks.

STUART

Keep 'em.

CONTINUED

BURNS
Peaceful here tonight.

STUART
Sure is. Wouldn't think you were
in New York.

BURNS
Funny how this town gives you a
feeling of false security. That
you can get away with anything.

STUART
Is that what you're feeling?

BURNS shrugs.

BURNS, still standing, makes a production of inhaling his
cigarette, sucking in his gut.

He sits down on the bench, but not too close.

STUART
(staring at the sky)
Where do you suppose the stars go
when they die?

BURNS
What?

STUART
The stars are all orbiting around the
center of their galaxies, like the earth
going around the sun ...and when they burn
out ... what? They fall into a huge black
hole, is that it?

BURNS
Who knows?

STUART
An enormous mass of nothing that swallows
whatever comes close to it, like water
down a drain.

BURNS
Yeah.

STUART
Where do the black holes go when they die?

BURNS
Good question.

Silence.

CONTINUED

BURNS takes a drag, STUART takes a drag.

Each stares at the shinily-gliding river and at the dark thickly-bunched trees moving softly in the breeze.

BURNS flicks his cigarette out into the darkness. So does STUART, trying to launch his further.

Up ahead, in the grass, the two Butts lie about ten feet apart, glowing.

A low, slow Barge drifts by on the river. Then disappears.

BURNS turns imperceptibly, looking out of the corner of his eye at STUART. He sees that STUART is doing the same thing.

It is very quiet. The Pathway is empty in both directions.

The only light comes from the overhead lamp. Everything else is in darkness, broken only by the darker darkness of tree shadows.

CONTINUED

127. CONTINUED

WE HEAR what sounds like footsteps. BURNS turns suddenly, listens intently. Nothing.

STUART turns and looks behind the bench.

A Squad Car siren screams by, on Riverside Drive, and takes what seems like minutes to fade away.

BURNS
(child-like softly,
sing-song)
Who's here...I'm here...you're
here...

He giggles.

STUART turns slowly in CLOSEUP. He recognizes the song.

STUART
It's all going to end you know.

BURNS
Really.

STUART
If I were you I'd make a reservation
on the next spaceship.

BURNS
Where to?

STUART
Wherever.

BURNS
What can we do in the meantime?

STUART
Who?

BURNS
You and me. Here on earth.

CONTINUED

127. CONTINUED

STUART
I thought you'd never ask.

BURNS
Got a place?

STUART
Well, yes, in a manner of speaking, but -
it's not available.

BURNS
We could go to my place.

STUART
Where is it?

BURNS
West Village.

STUART
Too far. How about over there?
(points to the tunnel)

BURNS
I'm not too crazy about public places.

STUART
Don't worry Dorothy. There's nobody
around.

A pause.

STUART (cont'd)
(rises)
Come on.

They walk toward the tunnel, two silhouettes, alone in a
dark and threatening landscape.

128. INT: TUNNEL. NIGHT

STUART and BURNS face one another. Six feet apart.

A pause.

STUART
How big are you?

BURNS
Party size.

STUART
What are you into?

CONTINUED

128. CONTINUED

BURNS

I'll go anywhere.

STUART unzips his fly.

STUART

I don't do anything.

BURNS

That's cool. Hips or lips?

BURNS loosens his belt and drops his pants. He folds them carefully and sets them neatly against the wall. Again, the two men face each other across a short distance.

BURNS

Bashful?

STUART

No ...

BURNS

Well, get 'em down. I want to see the world.

Long pause. Then, STUART slowly, cautiously, begins to take down his pants.

BURNS is in control, and he feels it. He's gone to the bricks and made his bones.

STUART'S pants are down around his ankles. He reaches slowly into his boot.

BURNS steps quickly with his left foot into the crotch of STUART'S pants, surprising and immobilizing him. From his own boot, BURNS produces a knife - similar to STUART'S. Stuart's knife is not the murder knife.

BURNS

Go for it.

The tip of BURNS' knife is gone, as it flashes into the air.

The moment is suspended. A ritual-like mirror image of BURNS and STUART knife to knife.

The knives flash violently. In one swift move, BURNS garrots STUART.

CONTINUED

128. CONTINUED

STUART falls back, bleeding from the stomach and chest - his eyes stare unbelieving, at BURNS - in whom he sees - his father - himself - and in his nightmare, he hears -

BURNS (in the Voice of Jack)
School's out, Stuart.

BURNS looks at his victim. He could kill him, but doesn't. He is not panicked. His breathing is heavy, but regular. He knows what's happening - and in a curious way, he's released. He's done his job, he's made a choice, and he's a civilized member of society.

129. INT: STUART'S APARTMENT. DAY

DETECTIVES DAVIS and SCHREIBER are going through Stuart's effects, labelling items and packing them for later use as evidence.

In the background is PAUL GAINES.

SCHREIBER picks up the box of letters from the closet, starts to read one.

DAVIS
What's that?

SCHREIBER
Bunch of letters all addressed to
a Mr. John L. Richards in St. Louis.

PAUL
That was his father.

SCHREIBER
Wonder why he never sent 'em.

PAUL
His father's been dead for 10 years.

SCHREIBER
Oh, yeah?

PAUL
I guess he never got over it. He
used to talk about him like he was
alive.

130. INT: MEN'S WASHROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DAY

The CHIEF washes his hands as EDELSON enters and starts to do the same.

BERMAN
You lucked out.

CONTINUED

130... CONTINUED

EDELSON
Bring on the Democrats.

BERMAN
What are the chances of putting
3 or 4 o' these torso killings on
this guy?

EDELSON
It's a pretty big reach.

BERMAN
Tell you what - By tomorrow night's
news, make Stuart Richards the star of
the show. What's the difference is he
goes for four murders or ten?

He washes hands. EDELSON exits.

131A. INT: A ROOM AT ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL. DAY

STUART RICHARDS sits up in bed. He is bandaged around the
chest.

In the room are EDELSON, LEFRANSKY, BLASIO, DAVIS, SCHREIBER
and BURNS.

EDELSON
Stuart, that was a police officer you
attacked the other night.

STUART
He attacked me.

EDELSON
We know you killed Martino Perry. It
was your fingerprint on the quarter.
We're gonna prosecute on that. The
upside for you is twenty to life.

STUART
I don't know what you're talkin' about.

EDELSON
We're talkin' about doin' you a favor.
If you confess to the murder of Martino
Perry ... and Loren Lukas ... and Eric
Rossman and 4 or 5 others we think you
were involved with ...we'll reduce your
sentence.

Pause.

LEFRANSKY
You'll do eight years. No more.

CONTINUED

131A. CONTINUED

Pause.

EDELSON
I spoke to the D.A. He's willing
to go along.

STUART
(looks first at EDELSON,
then straight at BURNS)
I never killed anyone.

131B. INT: HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. LATE DAY

As the DETECTIVES file out, they congratulate BURNS and pat him on the back.

EDELSON and BURNS lag behind, walking separately.

EDELSON
You'll have to run it down for the
Grand Jury.

BURNS
Grand Jury?

EDELSON
Just a formality. Once you're cleared
you can never be sued or have to face
any charges. We'll present the evidence,
tell 'em what your assignment was, and
what you were doin' in the park ... They'll
go for necessary force and you'll walk away.

BURNS
What are you doin' with Skip Lee?

CONTINUED

EDELSON

We're holding him at the Civil Jail.
As a material witness.

BURNS

I don't understand.

EDELSON

For his own protection. Everyone on
the street knows why he was picked up.
If we cut him loose right away he's gonna
have problems.

BURNS

I'd like to see him.

EDELSON

What for?

BURNS

Case o' the guilties.

EDELSON

Be my guest. Your orders should come
down right after the Grand Jury. Mean-
time, take the rest of the week off.
Detective Burns.

BURNS

Sounds good.

132. INT: CITY JAIL. DAY

A SHERIFF is occupied behind a receiving desk as BURNS enters.

SHERIFF

Yes.

BURNS

I'd like to see Skip Lee.

The SHERIFF slowly hauls out his incarceration list and runs his
finger down a list of names.

SHERIFF

Who are you?

BURNS

A friend of his.

SHERIFF

No visitors.

BURNS

Why not?

CONTINUED

132. CONTINUED

SHERIFF

You'll have to call his lawyer.

BURNS

Why don't you pick up the phone and call Capt. Edelson at the Major Case Squad and tell him Steve Burns wants to see Skip Lee.

Pause. The SHERIFF turns and shouts to a jailer.

SHERIFF

All the notifications been made on Lee?

JAILER

Yeah. We reached his mother about an hour ago.

SHERIFF (to Burns)

Okay, "friend-of-his". Your friend banged his head against the bars this morning. We're waiting for an ambulance to get him to the infirmary.

133. INT: CELL BLOCK AT CITY JAIL. DAY

SKIP is behind bars, sitting in a corner on a small bunk bed. His head is wrapped in bandages. He looks up as BURNS approaches.

BURNS

I wanted to tell you that I'm sorry for what happened. I was just doin' my job. I'm sorry.

Long pause.

SKIP

Just doin' your job ...what about my job? I don't have a job.

BURNS

I wanna make it up to you. I'll testify for you ...

SKIP

What do you want me to say to you, man? That I forgive you? You live with what you did.

BURNS

Skip, let me try and do something.

SKIP

I don't forgive you...

134. EXT: CHRISTOPHER STREET - THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY. NIGHT

The MEN and BOYS are out in force, the street is alive again.
The Patrol Car cruises by.

135. INT: PATROL CAR. NIGHT

DESHER

Old home week.

DiSIMONE

(waves out the window)

Hi girls!

DESHER

One day this city's gonna explode.

A chorus of shouts and derisive laughter goes up from the MEN on the corner, many of whom give the sign of the middle finger.

DiSIMONE returns the gesture.

He holds a copy of "The New York Post", the headline reads:
"Columbia Student Murdered Ten". He flips to the back sports page.

DiSIMONE

Jackson, 4 for 4 ...

DESHER

Guidry dumped again.

DiSIMONE

There ain't no giants no more.
Minute these guys get the big buck,
they choke an' along comes some rookie
who picks up 20 games.

The Voice of the Dispatcher comes over the Radio.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

1064 ...6th Precinct...

DiSIMONE

(on the radio)

1064...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Respond to 134 Gay Street...See complainant, a Mrs. Joseph McGuire, landlady, in regard to body found.

DiSIMONE

10-4.

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

This is Supervisor's Car 1085 also responding.

CONTINUED

135. CONTINUED

DiSIMONE clicks off as DESHER accelerates.

A fire hydrant has been opened spewing an enormous gusher of water onto the street. The patrol car drives through it as the windscreen is temporarily blurred.

136. INT: BURNS NEW APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY. NIGHT

DESHER and DiSIMONE move quickly down the hall accompanied by the LANDLADY and SEVERAL OTHER TENANTS.

Mrs. McGuire
(out of breath)

...Mr. Mazzello heard screaming up here about an hour ago ... we both come up and knocked but there was no answer, so I used a passkey...

137. INT: TED AND GREG'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

The room is in disarray.

Blood everywhere. TED BAILEY, lying face up, dead, in a pool of blood. A look of horror frozen on his face. (NOTE: DAVID BOWIE "Lodger" Album Cover.)

DiSIMONE
Anybody move anything or touch the body?

MRS. MCGUIRE
No sir.

DiSIMONE (to Desher)
Call that Captain Edelson.

138. EXT: GAY STREET (BURNS' NEW APARTMENT BUILDING). NIGHT

EDELSON'S unmarked car pulls up and double parks. Two Patrol Cars have arrived and the area is sealed off to the CROWD OF SPECTATORS that has gathered.

EDELSON enters the building.

139. INT: TED AND GREG'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

EDELSON makes his way through the confusion of POLICE OFFICERS and HYSTERICAL TENANTS. Forensic has not yet arrived. DiSIMONE is taking a statement from the MAZZELLO tenant on the floor below.

DESHER
Captain.

EDELSON nods. He is noticeably disturbed by the dead body.

DESHER (cont'd)
Landlady discovered the body at 2:30 AM. The guy down below heard a struggle, he's over there...with DiSimone..

CONTINUED

EDELSON

(referring to Ted's body)

Who's he?

DESHER

Name is Ted Bailey, works in a brokerage house downtown...part-time...nights... went to the beach today with three friends, got back at 6 - went to work - musta got hit just after he came home ...no sign of a struggle, nothin' seems to be stolen... musta' been someone he knew. We got the weapon I think ...

(shows him kitchen knife
etched with dried blood)

He had a roommate, guy name o' Gregory Milanese, he's a dancer ... We got an alarm out on him ... looks like a lover's quarrel...

EDELSON

What about the apartment next door?

DESHER

A guy called Casey...he's away for the summer...the one down the hall is registered to a John Forbes...the land-lady thinks the name is a phony...she ain't seen him in a couple o' days ...

EDELSON (to himself, or to Desher,
or to the Body)

We can't go on meeting like this.

DESHER

Sir?

140. INT: BURNS' OLD APARTMENT - BATHROOM. DAY

BURNS is at the bathroom mirror, shaving. The shower is running.

NANCY enters, sleepy-eyed, in bathrobe and slippers.

NANCY

Time'd you get in?

BURNS

Late...I didn't want to wake you.

NANCY

I'm glad you're back.

BURNS

I need to talk to you Nance. I want to tell you everything. Let me just get this stuff off my face.

CONTINUED

NANCY
I'll make you something.

She exits.

BURNS
Terrific. Workin' today?

NANCY (O.S.)
After school. What about you?

BURNS
No, I'm off for awhile. Got
my promotion...

NANCY (O.S.)
Hey, great ...

BURNS
Detective Steve Burns, how does that
sound?

NANCY (O.S.)
Great.

BURNS
An' nothin' to do for the next 4 days
but kill time.

NANCY (O.S.)
Looks like it's going to be a beautiful
day.

BURNS
What?

He looks into the mirror and runs his hand through his hair
as the mirror begins to steam over.

NANCY
I said it looks like a beautiful day.
Doesn't it?

BLACK SCREEN