

DEATH WISH 5

SCREENPLAY BY
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1 EXT/INT LIVIA PARIS BLDG.--NEW YORK--DAY

The garment district--7th Avenue. A gold plated entrance.
Limos arriving, paparazzi, the beautiful people going inside.

THE LOBBY

the crowd moves past a corporate logo and an 8 foot by 10 foot
glass-covered giant wall photo of

LIVIA PARIS

a face like no other.

FOLLOW THE CROWD into THE SHOWROOM

an elevated runway, the audience fills either side.

CUT TO:

2 EXT PARIS BLDG. 32ND ST--DAY

the garment center factory entrance of Livia Paris. Crowds,
pushcarts, triple-parked trucks everywhere on the street.

FIND A BLACK LINCOLN

arrives at the loading dock, parks inside the building.

ANGLE ON AN UNMARKED CAR

double parks on 32nd. LT. MICKEY KING, 50's, seen everything
twice, and DET. JANINE JAMES, black, 28. Janine raises a
camera, routinely takes photos of

TOMMY CUDA

as he gets out of the Lincoln. Very handsome, 30's, beautiful
clothes, but wiseguy written all over him.

Two bodyguards with him, CHICK and SAL--all go farther inside.

KING AND JANINE

settle back, bored, bite into half-eaten sandwiches.

ON TOMMY, CHICK, SAL

as a SECURITY GUARD, a muscular young guy steps in front of
Tommy, blocking the doors to the freight elevator.

GUARD

Where you going, bud?

Tommy smiles at Chick and Sal.

TOMMY
I wanna buy a dress.

GUARD
Yeah? It's a private showing
today. Invitation only.

ANOTHER CAR

arrives at the rear entrance.

FOLLOW

three gorgeous MODELS as they hurry into the freight elevator.
Tommy leers at them.

TOMMY
(back to Guard)
Invitation? Ahh shit.

CHICK
It's ok, here's his invitation.

GUARD
Where?

CHICK
I invited him.

GUARD
Really? And who invited you?

SAL
I did, you fuck.

GUARD
And where's your invitation,
asshole.

TOMMY
I invited him. So it all works
out.

The Guard pulls his billy club.

GUARD
Get in the car and get the hell
outta here.

Chick and Sal start to make a move. Tommy keeps them back.

TOMMY
Wait a second.

He puts his arm around the Guard, huddles.

TOMMY (cont)
Listen, maybe we can talk this over.

Tommy slides a gold Rolex from his wrist over his knuckles.

TOMMY (cont)
Look, I'd really like to see the fashion show. I love this high-priced pussy. So thin, so clean, you could eat it all day long, know what I mean?

The Guard manages a smile. Tommy holds the watch up.

TOMMY (cont)
You like my watch?

GUARD
Yeah, I like the watch.

Tommy smiles, smashes his fist and Rolex into the Guard's forehead--it explodes open in blood, he goes down, Tommy punching again and again, Rolex bursting apart.

Chick and Sal finally drag Tommy away.

CHICK
Jesus Christ, Tommy.

Tommy throws the smashed Rolex onto the screaming guard.

TOMMY
There's my invitation, you fucking prick.

SAL
Tommy, you're invited.
(to Guard)
Right?

Sal nudges the Guard, who manages to moan.

Chick and Sal follow Tommy to the elevator. The doors open. Another guard, JACKIE, gets out, sees the scene.

JACKIE
Oh shit, Mr. Cuda, I'm sorry.
We got add-ons today. He didn't know who you were. I'm sorry.

TOMMY
Jackie-boy, how you doing? It's ok. He knows me now.

Tommy laughs, gets into the elevator with Chick and Sal, then lunges one more time towards the bleeding Guard.

TOMMY
Hey, you piece of shit, what time
is it?

Sal and Chick get him back into the elevator.

CHICK
(to Sal)
It's gonna be one of those days,
I got a feeling.

The doors are closing.

TOMMY
What the fuck are you mumbling,
Chick?

The doors close.

CUT TO:

3 EXT 7TH AVENUE ENTRANCE--DAY

the commotion, guests still arriving.

A TAXI

stops behind the line of limos. PAUL KERSEY gets out with
J.P., a well-dressed, good-looking 12 year old boy who looks
pampered but has a bit of toughness in his eyes.

Paul puts his arm around J.P., guides him through the crowd.

CUT TO:

4 INT. DRESSING ROOM--DAY

ON A FRAMED VOGUE COVER

of a younger Livia Paris, stunning--a headline "The Ultimate
Face."

FOLLOW HANDS

as they move over cosmetics on a make-up table to the

FACE

in the mirror--LIVIA PARIS, older now like the giant photo in
the lobby, but still a knockout. She wears only a terry-robe.

PAUL AND J.P.

are in the mirror. Livia gets up and throws her arms around
J.P. A big kiss and a lipstick mark on his cheek.

J.P.
Hi Mom.

LIVIA
Hi, Jean Pierre. I've missed you.

J.P.
I know.

He rubs away the lipstick. Peeks out the dressing room door.
Livia suddenly jumps into Paul's arms.

LIVIA
God, I'm so nervous!

He holds her close for a second.

PAUL
You've been through it before.

LIVIA
Not like this. Everybody's here.
Believe me.

PAUL
Liv, I've always believed you.

She laughs, turns back to the mirror, a final touch-up.

LIVIA
The ultimate face. Hah! Stress
and age all over it.

Paul leans down to the mirror, his tough, handsome face side
by side with hers.

PAUL
Then what do you call this face?

LIVIA
Beautiful. And mine.

A kiss and they turn for the door.

BACKSTAGE--CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DRESSING ROOM

where J.P. stands frozen, eyeballing a chaos of half-naked
MODELS rushing in and out of the dressing rooms.

Paul and Livia come up behind him. J.P. stares at one sexy
model in her underwear, looking her up and down.

LIVIA
J.P.? Hello?

J.P.
Have we got good seats, Mom?

Livia looks at Paul, shakes her head.

LIVIA
Puberty. Remember that?

Paul takes a long up and down look at the gorgeous Livia.^a

PAUL
Oh yes, I do.

She laughs, a last hug for Paul and she's off down the corridor. Paul grabs J.P.'s arm and pulls him away.

CUT TO:

5 INT EXECUTIVE OFFICES--LIVIA PARIS--DAY

empty, everyone's at the show. Sal and Chick are ripping through files, books, records, looking for something.

CUT TO:

6 INT SHOWROOM--DAY

the buzz of the crowd. Lights go down.

PAUL AND J.P.

find their seats right below the runway. Music begins.

LIVIA

comes from the curtain onto the runway showing the first dress herself. Wild applause, a blaze of flashbulbs. She moves, sexy, to the end of the runway. A glance, a smile for

PAUL

who blows her a subtle kiss with his fingers.

BACKSTAGE

Models waiting to go on. Attendants, last-second make-up.

TOMMY

slides through them, some smile. They know Tommy.

MAXINE

blonde in a spectacular revealing dress, waits at the curtain. Tommy comes up behind her, kisses her arm. She smiles.

ON THE RUNWAY

Livia is coming off as Maxine comes on. More applause.

BACKSTAGE

Livia comes through the curtain--runs straight into Tommy.

LIVIA

Tommy, please. Don't be here,
today. It's too important to my
company. Please.

TOMMY

"Your" company? See that's the
fucking problem.

More applause from outside. Tommy peeks through the curtain.

TOMMY'S POV--as Maxine turns at the end of the runway, comes
back, revealing

J.P. AND PAUL

below the runway, applauding.

BACK TO TOMMY

lets the curtain go, stunned. Jerks Livia aside.

TOMMY

J.P.'s here?

LIVIA

This is not the time, Tommy.

He squeezes her arm tight. She winces.

TOMMY

My son's here with some fucking
geek?

He shoves her back, really hurting her now, raps his knuckles
off her chest. She covers herself in pain.

LIVIA

He's not your son anymore. A
judge took him away from you for
good, remember?

A long BEAT. Tommy stares at her. Then--a bad smile.

TOMMY

I never forget.

He walks away. More applause from the runway. Livia collects herself.

CUT TO:

7 INT FACTORY FLOOR--LIVIA PARIS--DAY

ON TOMMY--FAST MOVE

as he hurries through a huge room--noise, sweat, workers, latins, illegals, street sounds through open windows.

FOLLOW TOMMY

past rows of sewing bays, guys pushing racks of dresses. Union guys in caps stand around doing nothing.

A TURN

past steam presses and DESIGNERS. They see Tommy, roll their eyes. He makes a derisive limp-wrist gesture at them. Then he grabs a push-cart full of clothes, a dressed mannequin on the front.

THE ROLLING WHEELS OF THE PUSHCART

turn onto the cutting floor area--a hundred foot table with FABRIC CUTTERS using high-speed saws to cut tall stacks of dress patterns.

APPROACHING FAST

Tommy and the pushcart--a partitioned specialty area--dye vats, stripping vats, barrels of accessories--glitter, sequins.

ALBERT

a sweating three-hundred pound man in a business suit stands here with Chick and Sal. They hold computer printouts.

THE PUSHCART AND TOMMY

arrive--a sudden halt a foot from Albert's face.

TOMMY

Hey Big Al. How are ya'?

ALBERT

Mr. Cuda, there's no need--

TOMMY

Need? Fuck you, I have needs, Al.

Sal hands Tommy printouts, shakes his head.

ALBERT

I can't play around with the payroll anymore, Mr. Cuda. We're going to have a cash flow problem.

TOMMY

Listen to this shit. I gotta keep cash flowing, you fat fuck, then the dirty cash gets clean.

ALBERT

There are only so many ways to move the figures around.

Tommy's face goes cold. He grabs the mannequin in a dress off the front of the push-cart.

TOMMY

Really? You need some room to plug in the numbers. Like a loss?

Tommy throws the mannequin into the lye vat where it immediately foams up white, disintegrates, eaten away head to toe in seconds.

Albert in shock looks at Sal and Chick for help.

TOMMY

What's that, ball park?

ALBERT

Mr. Cuda, please.

TOMMY

No, fuck you, give me a number.

ALBERT

That was fifteen hundred dollars worth of product.

TOMMY

There you go. Bring me some racks, we can move around a whole a fuckin' year of numbers.

Tommy dumps the entire rack into the bubbling lye vat.

CHICK

moves from Tommy's view, makes a call on a mobile phone.

SAL

nods to a

UNION GUY--REG JOHNSON

near the partition, big, black, tough--who blows an air horn.

ON THE FLOOR

workers start to take a break, file out.

CUT TO:

8 INT RUNWAY--DAY

models in swimsuits, the blaze of flashbulbs.

ON J.P.

eyes wide looking up at the models. Paul is gone.

CUT TO:

9 INT LIVIA'S DRESSING ROOM--DAY

Livia back in her terry-robe, loose around her shoulders.

PAUL

enters, surprises her.

PAUL
Congratulations.

LIVIA
Thanks. You're missing the best
part.

PAUL
I don't think so.

He pulls her to him for a kiss.

PAUL (cont)
I think J.P. wanted to be alone.

She winces as he holds her arms. He notices, lowers the terry-robe a little. Sees bruises on her arms, then her chest.

PAUL (cont)
What is this?

She pulls the robe up, won't look at him.

LIVIA
It's a long story.

PAUL
For which there is always a short
version. Tell me.

LIVIA
J.P.'s father is here.

PAUL
The one you won't tell me about?

LIVIA
Everybody has their secrets.

A long look between them.

PAUL
He did this to you?

LIVIA
It's a way of life for him.

CUT TO:

10 INT FACTORY FLOOR--THE VATS--DAY

Tommy is all over Albert again as the lye vat foams.

TOMMY
You're the controller Big Al.
That's what we expect you to do.
Control this shit.

ALBERT
Mr. Cuda, I follow Ms. Paris's
instructions.

SAL AND CHICK

roll their eyes, shake their heads.

TOMMY

slaps the printouts across Albert's face.

TOMMY
Big Al, let's take a walk.
They move around the partition, gone.

CUT TO:

11 INT UNMARKED CAR--DAY

King and Janine look up from their newspapers.

THEIR POV--a Cadillac moves up to the loading dock. JIMMY IRISH, a very big guy with a boxer's face, grey-red hair gets out.

KING o.s.
Jesus Christ, it's Jimmy Irish.

BACK TO KING AND JANINE

drop newspapers, scramble for their camera.

JANINE
Jimmy Irish. Interesting.

KING
Interesting? That old bull never leaves the corral unless the don himself opens the gate.

CUT TO:

12 INT FACTORY FLOOR--DAY--ELEVATOR DOORS

open as Livia and Paul get out. They see

SEVERAL EMPLOYEES

in the shadows, drinking coffee, some with scared looks.

A TRAIL OF TORN DRESSES

on the floor, overturned racks, fallen mannequins.

PAUL AND LIVIA

follow the trail to

THE CUTTING ROOM

where Sal, Chick and Reg watch

TOMMY AND ALBERT

at the huge cutting table. Tommy looks up, sees Livia--then Paul, a long stare.

TOMMY
Who are you, another one of the fuckin' fairy designers? This is what hangs around with my son?

PAUL
(to Livia)
Is this him?

Livia nods. Paul steps towards Tommy. Chick immediately gets in front of him. Paul raises his arms, a no-threat gesture.

PAUL
(to Tommy)
Don't embarrass your son.

A BEAT, another long look between Paul and Tommy. Then

TOMMY
Ok. Then maybe I can get on with
my fucking meeting here.

LIVIA
Tommy, this can wait.

TOMMY
You know what the problem is?
This company's too fuckin' fat.
You don't think you have to
service your partners anymore.

Tommy sweeps away a pile of dress patterns.

TOMMY (cont)
(to Albert)
You're too fucking fat.

Tommy grabs Albert by the hair, gets a leg under his big body and heaves him up flat on his back onto the cutting table.

SAL
Tommy, what the hell?

Tommy yanks up Albert's shirt, grabs a roll of flesh around Albert's waist. Flips on a high-speed saw, steers it close.

TOMMY
One-second weight loss, whattya'
say, Big Al?

Paul tries to move, but Chick pushes him back.

THE SAW

almost touches the flesh.

TOMMY

lets go. Looks around.

TOMMY
What? I was kidding.

Albert, sweat dripping, starts to get up.

Tommy's hand suddenly shoves the saw forward. A ripping sound, flesh tearing away.

ALBERT

screams, grabs his side, rolls off the table.

PAUL

jumps around Chick.

TOMMY

pulls out a 9mm, points it at Paul.

SAL AND CHICK

stare at Tommy, try to lift Albert. Blood all over the floor.

REG JOHNSON

the union guy runs over, lends a hand, gives Tommy a bad look.

REG

This is bullshit.

TOMMY

What did you say Reg?

REG

This is bullshit, and so are you.

Tommy steps close to Reg, 9mm against his chest.

TOMMY

You don't like I got you a stand-around, you fuck, for twenty-one fucking dollars an hour?

REG

Get out of my face, Tommy.

Sal and Chick step in, move away Reg and Albert.

CHICK

Reg, man, this ain't the right day. Ok? Get him out of here.

Reg drags Albert to the freight elevator, a trail of blood.

Tommy whirls around, gun back on Paul.

TOMMY

Guns make you nervous, sweetheart?

Tommy aims at Paul's head.

PAUL
Guns? Guns have their uses.

Paul steps closer, eyes locked on Tommy.

PAUL (cont)
Idiots with guns make me nervous.

LIVIA
Paul, don't.

Tommy cocks the hammer.

THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR

bangs open, a loud echo on the floor. Jimmy Irish gets out.

EVERYBODY

looks at him. A change in Tommy's face--backing off.

JIMMY IRISH

looks at the trail of blood, at Reg helping Albert into the elevator, then back to Tommy.

JIMMY IRISH
Greetings, Tommy.

Tommy puts the 9mm away.

TOMMY
Nice to see you, Jimmy.

JIMMY IRISH
Don Vincente would like to continue this meeting at his office.

TOMMY
My pleasure.

Jimmy Irish gives a nod to Sal and Chick. They start immediately to the elevator.

Tommy grabs Chick's arm, wheels him around, finds the mobile phone in a pocket. Stomps it to pieces on the floor.

TOMMY
No more toys, Chickenshit.

A NOISE

somewhere on the floor.

J.P.

stands in the shadows watching Tommy. For a moment, Tommy is frozen. A long look between father and son.

LIVIA AND PAUL

surprised, observe.

SAL, CHICK AND JIMMY IRISH

steer Tommy into the freight elevator, close the gate, go down.

J.P.

walks out of the shadows, looks down at the trail of blood. Paul moves him away, turns to Livia, not a happy face.

LIVIA

You guys go. I have a show to finish. I'm not going to let him take that away.

She kisses Paul and hurries off the floor.

CUT TO:

13 EXT 32ND ST.--DAY

as Lt. King gets up on the loading dock as an ambulance arrives, watches Reg give Albert over to the paramedics.

Tommy, Sal, Chick move out fast in their Lincoln.

JIMMY IRISH

comes onto the loading dock.

KING

Jimmy! Where there's blood there's the Irishman.

JIMMY IRISH

Hey, King, the friggin' sandwich patrol. How you been?

KING

Never better. What happened? Should I be arrestin' somebody, like Tommy the psycho?

JIMMY IRISH

Nah. Industrial accident.

The ambulance leaves. Jimmy gets into his Cadillac.

KING
Give my regards to the don. I
heard him talkin' about me on a
wire yesterday.

Jimmy stops the car. A smile.

JIMMY IRISH
Hey, ain't your retirement comin'
up, King?

KING
I retire when you retire.

JIMMY IRISH
(laughs)
In my business, the priest gives
the goin' away party.

The Cadillac pulls out onto 32nd.

THE STAIR DOOR

opens. Paul and J.P. head for the street.

KING

about to head for his car sees them. Does a double take.

PAUL

waves down a taxi, feels King watching him. Long eye contact
between the two.

KING
Where do I know you?

J.P. gets into the taxi. Paul hesitates.

King stares, then suddenly raises his hand, points it at Paul
like a gun. Paul smiles back. Gets in, the taxi is gone.

KING

steps off the loading dock. His shoe slips. He looks down at

A RED SMEAR

of blood on the concrete.

FADE TO:

14 EXT COLLEGE CAMPUS--DAY

upstate New York college in autumn. Students on the walks.

J.P.

kicks around a soccer ball with the older college boys.

15 EXT/INT SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE

Paul teaches a class in a lecture hall. Models of residential buildings on the stage.

16 EXT CAMPUS ROAD

ON A PORSCHE

crossing the campus.

17 INT AN OFFICE

Name on the door--Professor Paul Stewart. Books, architectural models. Paul confers with a cute student.

THE PORSCHE--MOVING

approaches

AN OLD HOUSE

on the edge of the campus. Restored, perfect.

LUCY

Paul's housekeeper, works in the yard. She whistles. Paul comes from the back.

Livia, stunning as always gets out of the Porsche, kisses Lucy, embraces Paul.

CUT TO:

18 EXT THE CAMPUS--DAY

Livia and Paul walk under the changing trees.

PAUL

Your show turned out to be a big success.

LIVIA

There's something that would make me happier.

PAUL

Let me guess--we make this relationship permanent, J.P. gets a father, we live happily ever after.

LIVIA

Good guess.

PAUL

But not necessarily the answer.

They stop in front of the

SOCCER FIELD

where J.P. still plays.

LIVIA (cont)

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I have a feeling these are three people here who all love each other?

Paul hesitates, then gently touches her arm.

PAUL

Bruises healing?

Livia rubs her chest.

LIVIA

Yes, almost gone.

PAUL

That's not the one's I'm talking about.

Livia looks through the fence at her son.

LIVIA

Like I said we all have our secrets.

PAUL

You don't, not any more.

Livia makes up her mind about something.

LIVIA

Ok. It was a stupid fling. Fifteen years ago. I was getting hot as a model--the ultimate face meets the ultimate gangster, Tommy Cuda.. I thought it was fun. Dangerous. I was a kid.

PAUL
You got married?

LIVIA
I was testing the limits of being stupid. After the divorce, there was a big custody fight for J.P., but Tommy's reputation, his family--the judge didn't even think. I got J.P. Tommy's never forgiven me.

Paul moves to the fence. A BEAT.

PAUL
As one of the three people who's in love here--something I have to ask you, Liv. The business--did the Cuda family put up the money to get you started?

She whirls to face him, angry for a moment.

LIVIA
No. It was all my money that started Livia Paris. At first. Then Tommy saw an opportunity--part of it is his revenge on me. But business is business with these people. Tommy's brother the don agreed. I couldn't keep them out. The unions--trucking--they infiltrated every aspect of my business. I could tell you a lot more.

PAUL
You could tell me, but I know someone better.

LIVIA
I can't do that.

Paul looks out at J.P who is running towards them.

PAUL
Don't embarrass your son.

Tears fill Livia's eyes. Paul holds her.

FADE TO:

19 EXT RIVERSIDE DRIVE--NIGHT

A dark tree-lined walkway along the Hudson River. A few junkies on benches, homeless men sleeping on the ground.

FIND PAUL

on the walk, the hard, cold face, observing the passing scene.

A USED SYRINGE

crunches under his shoe.

PAUL

keeps going. Darker now, silent.

A CYCLIST

in expensive gear, coming fast, huffing, head down.

PAUL

turns, sees the the cyclist speed past him.

A BASEBALL BAT

is thrust out of the bushes, into the bicycle spokes.

ON THE WALK

the bicycle cartwheels, crashes, the Cyclist landing hard.

THREE GANG MEMBERS

leap out of the bushes, beat the Cyclist with the baseball bat.

PAUL

stops a few feet away, unseen, observes, does nothing.

The Gang Members strip the Cyclist to his jock, grab the bicycle and are gone into the dark--it's all over in thirty seconds.

THE CYCLIST

a young man, bloody, crawls to his knees, looks up at Paul.

CYCLIST

God, why didn't you help me!?

Paul stares at him, then turns away.

The Cyclist gets to his feet, grabs Paul's arm.

CYCLIST cont.

What are you, one of these
bastards who won't get
"involved"?

Paul pulls the man's hand away.

PAUL
You shouldn't be riding down here
at night. You're asking for it.

CYCLIST
Oh that's right. It's the
victim's fault.

PAUL
There are already enough victims.

CYCLIST
Screw off, I'm not a moron, I
know when to be afraid.

Paul walks away. The Cyclist wipes blood.

CYCLIST cont.
Hey, you! What makes you so
goddamn safe!?

PAUL
I'm not afraid.

FARTHER ALONG THE WALK--LATER

the dark river in the background. Paul approaches.

HEADLIGHTS

behind him. A black limo rolls slowly closer. Stops.

PAUL

waits. RIORDAN, 30's, a man in a suit gets out, confronts
Paul.

RIORDAN
My name's Riordan. I gotta clean
you, understand?

Paul raises his arms, Riordan does an expert frisk. Nods.

HOYLE

40's, distinguished, gets out of the limo.

HOYLE
Let's walk.

Paul and Hoyle fall in, Riordan lags behind. Hoyle looks
around at the dealers, junkies, homeless.

HOYLE
You did some of your best work
here.

PAUL
Times haven't changed.

HOYLE
You got that right, Kersey.

PAUL
Stewart, Professor Paul Stewart.

HOYLE
Yes, that's the identity I gave
you. Still holding up, is it?

Paul ignores this.

PAUL
Beat cop, law school, assistant
DA, US attorney. It's been a
fast ride for you, Mr. Hoyle.

HOYLE
It seems like a long time ago
when the beat cop came across the
vigilante killer.

PAUL
You did me a favor when I came
back to New York. Set me up, let
me have a life.

HOYLE
Yeah, well, now that I'm US
attorney I don't have any
sympathy for anybody.

Paul stops, looks at Hoyle, at Riordan, who now catches up.

PAUL
I'm going to do a favor for you.
I've got someone who can bury the
Cuda crime family.

A look between Hoyle and Riordan.

HOYLE
Who?

PAUL
Livia Paris.

HOYLE
You gotta be kidding me.

PAUL
Racketeering, money laundering,
smuggling--they even use her
plant to store and sell arms.

HOYLE
She's gonna give this to us?

PAUL
This is your ticket into the
garment business.

Hoyle thinks.

HOYLE
Jesus Christ. Listen--this is
Friday. Monday morning 9AM a car
and four armed guys from the
Justice department are gonna show
up at Livia Paris's residence.
Understand--this is how it's
gonna be from now on. Her whole
life's gonna change.

PAUL
It needs to.

Paul starts off down the dark walk.

HOYLE
Still looking for justice, are
you?

PAUL
This is personal.

HOYLE
When was it any other way for
you, Paul?

Paul stops.

PAUL
Hoyle, crime is always personal
for someone.

Paul is gone into the shadows.

FADE TO:

20 INT NYPD POLICE HEADQUARTERS--DAY
MOVING SHOT ON--THE BACK OF A SEXY WOMAN

JANINE JAMES

hurries down the corridor, carries a deli package.

FOLLOW

into an office--Organized Crime Control Bureau. Into a private office--Lt. King at his desk.

KING

What's in the bag?

JANINE

It's not the vigilante killer file--Paul Kersey--all of it went out to the DA a few years back. They can't find it. No record, no nothing. Big surprise, right?

KING

How can you be so cynical, Janine, you haven't been a cop long enough?

JANINE

You gotta be cynical to sign up nowadays.

King laughs, stands, takes the deli bag.

KING

I know I saw Kersey. I'm sure.

JANINE

Is he something for us?

KING

Maybe.

King opens the deli bag. Spreads out two huge sandwiches with pickles. Offers one to Janine. She hesitates, takes a bite.

JANINE

God help me.

KING

Livia Paris, Tommy Cuda, Paul Kersey.

JANINE

That sounds like a reach.

KING

After twenty years chasing the Cuda family I'd reach into the don's underwear if it got me something.

King drags a pickle under his nose. Inhales.

JANINE
Why Kersey?

KING
Interesting guy. Interesting
outlook on life.

King chomps away half the pickle.

KING cont.
And death.

CUT TO:

21 EXT/INT MANHATTAN BISTRO/CLUB--NIGHT

MOVING SHOT ON--THE BACK OF ANOTHER SEXY WOMAN
goes through the neon front door.

TO THE BAR

where she sits, a pretty, overly made-up face. Turns to look
at

THE DINING ROOM

elegant, hip, crowded. A stage, instruments waiting for a
band, a roving woman PHOTOGRAPHER taking polaroids.

PAUL AND LIVIA

at a table, sip champagne.

LIVIA
I guess after Monday we won't be
eating alone in places like this.

PAUL
We'll stay home a lot. Find
things to do.

She smiles, it goes away fast.

TOMMY, CHICK, SAL AND MAXINE

the beautiful model enter, are shown to a table on the
opposite side of the room. They take no note of

PAUL AND LIVIA

who stare.

LIVIA
There are no coincidences with
Tommy.

PAUL
It means you're being watched.

LIVIA
Tommy's obsession for me--it
won't go away.

FLASHBULB

the Photographer takes their picture.

SEXY WOMAN

at the bar, lights a cigarette, turns to her drink.

TOMMY

toasts Maxine, laughs, breaks his glass in fun.

AROUND THE ROOM

everyone notices.

THE BAND

appears, tunes up.

LIVIA

gulps her champagne.

LIVIA
Want to go home, Paul?

PAUL
Sounds good to me.

LIVIA
Just give a minute.

She leaves the table.

TOMMY

ignores her as she passes.

PAUL

watches him intently.

THE LADIES ROOM

as Livia enters.

THE SEXY WOMAN

gets up from the bar and enters the ladies room.

THE BAND

starts to play.

22 INT LADIES ROOM

Livia at the mirror, adjusting make-up. The Sexy Woman comes alongside, smiles.

THE BAND

is loud now.

TOMMY

is laughing hard with Sal and Chick.

PAUL

still watches him.

THE MIRROR--LADIES ROOM

Livia puts away her make-up. The Sexy Woman turns to her. A deep man's voice--it is a man in disguise.

SEXY WOMAN

I've always been a fan of yours,
Ms. Paris.

Livia freezes.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

flashes more photos.

TOMMY

beckons her closer, pulls Maxine into his arms.

LADIES ROOM

The Sexy Woman pins a paralyzed Livia against the counter. Looks over Livia's shoulder into the mirror, adjusts his wig, brushes the shoulder of his dress.

SEXY WOMAN

Goddamn dandruff.

He suddenly turns Livia around to the mirror.

SEXY WOMAN cont.
 It's true--what a face you've
 got. Take a good look at it.

He smashes her face into the mirror. A cobweb of glass forms.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

takes the picture of Tommy and Maxine. The music pounds.

PAUL

looks at his watch, looks towards the Ladies room.

THE MIRROR

Livia's bloody terrified face, its image broken into many
 parts by the cobwebbed glass.

The Sexy Woman's hand on her throat. He smashes Livia's face
 into the broken mirror again and again. A long smear of blood.

SEXY WOMAN
 Tommy Cuda isn't your fan
 anymore. So it's best to be
 careful who the fuck you talk to.

TOMMY AND MAXINE

as he kisses her again. Turns very slowly to

EYE CONTACT

with Paul.

ANOTHER FLASH

from the camera.

THE LADIES ROOM--MIRROR

shattered into shards sticking out from the wall.

Livia's face a mask of cuts and blood, a hundred reflections
 in the broken mirror.

Her mouth opens to scream, the hand tight on her throat.

SEXY WOMAN
 Tonight we take away the face.

He slams Livia's face into the glass, yanking it back and
 forth, across the shards, blood flying from the lacerations.

SEXY WOMAN cont.
 Next time, your son won't have
 a mother.

PAUL

approaches the Ladies Room. The band peaks. Paul is at the Ladies door. The Sexy Woman comes out, almost collides. They stare at each other.

CLOSE ON SEXY WOMAN'S EYES

cold, blue.

ON SCENE

As Sexy Woman smiles at Paul, turns away. Paul sees

A SPOT OF BLOOD

on Sexy Woman's dress as she exits the bistro.

A SCREAM

LIVIA

stands in the Ladies door, her face gone in blood. She collapses into Paul's arms.

CUT TO:

23 INT HOSPITAL--EMERGENCY--NIGHT

BLOODY FACES, ARMS, MOANERS, THE UNCONSCIOUS and

PAUL

pacing in a hallway, two police officers guarding the doors.

THE DOORS

swing open. Livia, face wrapped in bandages, is wheeled out on a gurney by an orderly. The police officers follow.

PAUL

grabs Livia's hand. She squeezes back.

THE DOCTOR

stops Paul, and they let the gurney go.

DOCTOR

She's stable--fair. Tough gal.

PAUL

On the outside.

DOCTOR
I won't pull any punches. Even
with reconstruction--the face
will never be the same.

CUT TO:

24 INT ANOTHER HOSPITAL CORRIDOR--LATER

ON A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

rounds a corner. PULL BACK ON

J.P. AND PAUL approaching

TWO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MEN

who guard a door, wearing communications earpieces.

Paul and J.P. are about to enter when

JIMMY IRISH

puts a hand on Paul's shoulder.

DON VINCENTE

comes out of a dark alcove, 50's, gray, soft-spoken, power.

DON V.
J.P.--do you remember me?

J.P.
Yes sir. My uncle Vin'.

The Don extends his hand. J.P. shakes it. They smile. Then--

DON V.
Professor Stewart. I am Vincente
Cuda. I would like to visit
Livia, but I need your
permission.

PAUL
Why should I give it to you?

The Don takes a moment. Looks at J.P., back to Paul.

DON
Have you ever felt that though
you might have power, success,
wealth, there is always something
that you cannot control?

PAUL
Yeah, four or five times.

DON
I have a brother--sometimes I
wonder if we have the same blood
in our veins.

A silent moment. Paul opens the door and everyone enters.

CLOSE ON LIVIA

a glimpse of torn, blue flesh under the white mask of
bandages.

THE DON

takes her hand, kisses it. Paul watches.

DON
Livia, I am asking for you to
give me a chance--please don't
let Tommy make enemies of you and
me.

Livia holds up his hand in hers.

HER EYES

behind the bandages look at Paul.

DON cont.
I will make this right. For you,
for my nephew, our J.P. He is all
that matters.

ON SCENE

She takes the Don's hand in both of hers. She nods.

THE CORRIDOR

Paul follows the Don, stops him. Jimmy Irish steps close.

PAUL
Your power, your wealth--it's not
going to make this right.

Paul and the Don lock eyes.

HOYLE AND RIORDAN

enter the corridor. Everybody is struck silent. Hoyle finally
turns to Paul.

HOYLE
Let's get to the point. Is Ms.
Paris still going to come before
the grand jury?

Paul explodes, rams a finger into Hoyle's chest.

PAUL
That's not a question for me.
Ask the lady lying in there
without a face.

Riordan pushes Paul away. Paul shoves him back.

Hoyle takes a long look at Don Vincente.

HOYLE
I already know the answer.

Hoyle beckons the two Guards away. They follow Hoyle and Riordan as they exit the corridor.

THE DON

looks past Paul at

J.P.

in the door of his mother's room, bouquet still in his hands.

FADE TO:

25 INT LT. KING'S OFFICE--NIGHT

A MUG BOOK

mob faces--there's Chick, Sal, Jimmy Irish, others.

PAUL

shakes his head.

PAUL
I couldn't tell--there was too
much make-up on his face.

King and Janine are watching him.

KING
Doesn't matter. When Tommy Cuda
wants a special job done, he uses
this guy.

A PHOTO

a long-lens shot of a man in a hat. Hard to see the face.

JANINE
Federico Petraglia a.k.a Freddie
Flakes.

(more)

JANINE (Cont'd)
He's got some kind of skin
condition, causes bad dandruff.

RESUME SCENE

KING
Likes disguises. A very lethal
guy.

PAUL
Tommy Cuda ordered the attack on
Livia. You know, I know, Hoyle
knows.

KING
Hoyle? I remember when that
asshole was fixing parking
tickets in the DA's office.

Paul gets up.

PAUL
You're wasting my time.

JANINE
Tommy Cuda was at a table ten
feet from yours. There's photos
of him for Christ's sakes when
the attack took place.

KING
What can we do? Friggin'
Tommy--he's a maniac, but he can
be smart. Hard guy to figure.
Like he's two people. You know
what I mean, Professor...Stewart.

Paul slams the mug book closed.

PAUL
Lt. King--what is this--the
"Organized Crime Control Bureau?"
What control are you talking
about?

Paul goes out the door.

CUT TO:

26 EXT/INT PAUL'S CAMPUS HOUSE--NIGHT

Lucy snoozes in front of a TV in her room.

FIND PAUL

alone by a fireplace, looking at

A PHOTO

of him and Livia in happier times.

J.P.

in pajamas enters the room.

PAUL

Can't sleep?

J.P. shakes his head. They sit next to the fire.

J.P.

Is my father as bad as everybody
says?

Paul takes a moment to give his answer.

PAUL

J.P., what things make a father?
He's there when you need him?

J.P.

Yes.

PAUL

He takes care of you? You take
care of him?

J.P.

Yes.

PAUL

He loves and respects your
mother? Even if by chance they
don't live together anymore?

J.P. nods. Paul puts his arm around him.

PAUL cont.

A father would have to be that
kind of man, right?

J.P.

Yes.

PAUL

Then who is this bad person
you're asking me about?

Paul leaves J.P.

lone in front of the fire.

CUT TO:

27 EXT FREIGHT ENTRANCE--LIVIA PARIS--DAY

Dawn--nobody on the street yet. A semi at the loading dock.

CHICK AND SAL

unload crates.

CUT TO:

28 INT. LIVIA PARIS--CUTTING FLOOR

Dark, except for the glow of a single light somewhere.

THE SOUND OF A HIGH SPEED SAW

grinding, straining.

CLOSE ON REG JOHNSON

a relaxed face. A bullethole in his forehead. His body quivers.

WIDE SHOT

of Reg's body on the cutting table. Tommy in a rubber suit and boots maneuvers the saw.

BACK TO:

LOADING DOCK

Chick and Sal off-load the last crate, look inside--M16s.

They sit, relax, Chick opens a lunch bag.

CHICK

Canoli?

SAL

These your mama's?

Chick gives him a look.

SAL cont.

Dumb question.

They both start eating canolis with great pleasure.

TOMMY

gets out of the freight elevator, lugs out a plastic garbage bag.

TOMMY

Hey, help me hump this shit.

Sal holds his half-eaten canoli in his mouth as he and Chick lift out several other garbage bags. They all grunt, fling the bags with a splat into the semi.

CHICK

What is this?

TOMMY

Reg.

SAL

What?

TOMMY

Reg, Reggie baby--he's gettin' recycled.

Tommy strips off his bloody rubber gloves.

TOMMY cont.

Yeah. Maybe in the next life he won't come back with such a big fuckin' mouth.

Sal spits out canoli, Chick looks like he's going to puke.

A LIMO

arrives. Jimmy Irish holds the door open for Don Vincente. Sal and Chick move out of earshot.

TOMMY

Hey, Vin. Some night.

DON

Tommy, you never liked the short leash, ever since we were kids.

TOMMY

I'm not your pet, Vin.

DON

Leave Livia Paris alone. You've done enough damage to her life.

TOMMY

She's gonna drop us on the US fucking Attorney.

DON
I don't think so.

TOMMY
Oh. Well I think so.

DON
Let her try. It seldom sticks,
you know that.

TOMMY
Maybe not to you. But this is my
end of the fuckin' business.

JIMMY IRISH
Tommy, watch that talk.

A BEAT. Don Vincente's face has gone ice cold.

DON
Tom, this is a family business.
He gets back into the limo. Jimmy Irish shakes his head.

FADE TO:

EXT LIVIA'S BROWSTONE-EAST 60's--NIGHT

Paul helps Livia out of a taxi, her face hidden by a scarf.

TWO TABLOID PHOTOGRAPHERS

are loitering. Now they see Livia, click cameras.

PAUL

quickly whips out a

SPRAY CAN

of PAM cooking oil, sprays their lenses. They curse, back off,
wiping like crazy.

29 INT BROWNSTONE--NIGHT

Designer furniture, celebrity photos on the walls. Paul and
Livia come inside, laughing. Paul peeks out a window.

PAUL
The parasites with the cameras
have gone.

Livia's face enters FRAME, a few bandages, terrible scars.

LIVIA
That stuff really works.

She laughs again, takes his face in her hands, kisses him.

PAUL

It's nice to see you laugh.

She lets go, he steps away.

LIVIA

I'm glad you appreciate it,
because it still hurts.

(a beat)

J.P. should be home from school
by now.

PAUL

He's at my place.

LIVIA

Your place?

Paul pulls out a letter. Gives it to her.

PAUL

Livia, your conscience is not
doing so well. It shows. J.P.
asked me to give you this.

She opens, reads out loud.

LIVIA

"Dear Mom, don't be afraid of the
person who used to be my father.
I don't think you can move on in
your life, until the past is out
of it for good. Love,
Jean-Pierre."

She lowers the letter. A smile.

LIVIA

Paul, you've been so patient
while I've recovered--now I'm
asking, what do you think I
should do?

PAUL

Last time I told you what to
do....

LIVIA

No. I want you to tell me.

PAUL

I don't think you can move on in
your life until the past is out
of it for good.

She smiles again.

LIVIA
We call the US Attorney?

PAUL
You don't know how hard it is for
me to say this--let the law deal
with these people.

He picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

30 EXT BROWNSTONE STREET--NIGHT

ON CHICK, SAL AND FREDDIE FLAKES

in a car parked up the block. Freddie is listening to a
headset attached to a receiver.

FREDDIE
It's going down. They've got
Hoyle on the line.

CHICK
Tommy was right. Fuckin' Tommy,
he knows that broad.

FREDDIE
Electronic surveillance. I love
it.

CHICK
We shoulda done this years ago.

31 INTERCUT PHONE SCENE

HOYLE
Where are you now, Paul?

PAUL
Livia's home on east 62nd.

HOYLE
Ok. In twenty minutes some guys
from my office will be there.

ON FREDDIE FLAKES

listening to the headset.

HOYLE o.s. cont.
Agent Dwight Macdonald will be
in charge. Got that?

PAUL

glances at Livia.

PAUL

Yes.

HOYLE o.s.

Tell Ms. Paris she's going to get justice, will you Paul?

Paul hesitates, then hangs up.

FREDDIE FLAKES

lowers the headset.

FREDDIE

Agent Macdonald is going to be five minutes early.

He reaches into a gym bag, looks at himself in a hand mirror.

RESUME--INT. LIVIA'S BROWNSTONE

Paul makes them a drink.

LIVIA

in the bedroom, clothes changed. A look in the mirror. She finds cosmetics, goes to work on the scars.

PAUL

watches from the doorway, drinks in hand.

LIVIA

What do you see, Paul?

He crosses to the table, sets down the glasses.

PAUL

My wife.

He hands her a jewelry case--an engagement ring. She embraces him, tears in her eyes. Then a smile.

The doorbell buzzes. They both take a deep breath.

DOWNSTAIRS HALL

as Paul approaches the door, glances through the peephole.

PEEPHOLE VIEW

Freddie Flakes looks at us, his appearance altered. Sal and Chick have their backs turned, watching the street.

FREDDIE
Dwight MacDonald, Justice
Department.

PAUL

opens the door.

FREDDIE
Professor Stewart?

PAUL
Yes.

FREDDIE
We'd like to secure the building.

REVERSE ANGLE

Sal and Chick slide sawed off shotguns from under their coats.

PAUL

almost opens the door farther. He stares at Freddie's

EYES

the cold blue he's seen before.

PAUL

slams the door, runs.

SAL AND CHICK

shotgun the door to pieces. Freddie Flakes follows them
inside.

PAUL

leaps up the stairs.

LIVIA

comes out of a door.

LIVIA
What was that?

PAUL
Get back!

Shotgun bursts tear into the wall. Paul shoves her away.

MOVING SHOT--SAL AND CHICK

going fast up the stairs, blowing down the next door.

FREDDIE

calmly behind, locks and loads an Uzi.

PAUL AND LIVIA--MOVING

as a door explodes behind them. Through the room, back into another hall, up another flight of stairs.

SAL AND CHICK

are behind them, fire.

PAUL

is hit, falls.

LIVIA

Oh god, Paul!

She tries to help him. He shoves her back.

PAUL

The fire escape. Go!

She runs upstairs.

SAL AND CHICK

reload.

PAUL

staggers into a room, looks for any kind of weapon, breaks the leg off a table, crouches low next to the door.

SAL AND CHICK

in the hall, separate, go for different doors.

ON PAUL

as his door shotguns open.

SAL'S LEGS

enter, get whacked across the shins hard. He screams, falls.

PAUL

is all over him, gets the shotgun, moves away.

CHICK

runs back, about to enter the door.

A SHOTGUN BLAST

tears away part of the wall, drives him back.

SAL

crawls out into the hall.

SAL

Fuck him! Get the bitch!

Chick takes off upstairs.

LIVIA

runs scross her bedroom to a window, rips curtains away, sees
THE FIRE ESCAPE

LIVIA

unlocks the window. Tries it, it's stuck.

CHICK

closes in on her bedroom.

LIVIA

hears his pounding feet. The window opens. She crawls outside.

THE FIRE ESCAPE

as she turns to go down, sees

A MAN

a few steps above her, smoking a cigarette.

LIVIA

freezes.

FREDDIE FLAKES

turns to face her, flips away the cigarette, fires the Uzi.

LIVIA

is hit, flung down the fire stairs.

PAUL

one flight down, reaches a window, slams it open, sees

THE FIRE ESCAPE

a metal balcony, Livia's body crashes down in front of him.

FREDDIE FLAKES

moves down the stairs, still fires into her.

PAUL

watches in horror as Livia's body tears apart. He screams.

UZI ROUNDS

rip into the window forcing

PAUL

back into the room.

FREDDIE FLAKES

is in the window. A shotgun blast almost hits him.

PAUL

fires the shotgun wildly, he's cornered as

CHICK

comes back down the stairs, enters through a door.

FREDDIE FLAKES

slides along the wall, waits for the shotgun to stop.

PAUL

is backed up against a window that looks down on

THE STREET

FREDDIE AND CHICK

close in on

PAUL

who drops the empty shotgun. He stares into

FREDDIE FLAKES'S EYES

FREDDIE

Look at that, will ya', this
guy's got the killer instinct.
Too bad, too late.

Freddie Flakes aims the Uzi, then turns his face sideways to blow away a fleck of dandruff on his shoulder.

PAUL

whirls, dives through the window, glass shattering.

GOING DOWN

down, down.

THE STREET

rushing up, garbage cans at the curb.

PAUL

impacts the cans, flies into the street face down, twisted.

FREDDIE AND CHICK

run to the window.

FREDDIE

Godammit!

THE STREET

as pedestrians run to Paul.

A POOL OF BLOOD

forms underneath him.

THE BROWNSTONE

as Chick and Freddie help Sal out the door, unseen and head up the block, into their car, gone.

A GOVERNMENT SEDAN

enters the block, four Justice AGENTS jump out, guns drawn. Three of them run into the brownstone. The last Agent runs to

PAUL

lying still. The Justice Agent kneels over him.

PAUL'S HAND

suddenly reaches up, grabs the Agent's 9mm, tries to pull it away. The Agent carefully pries Paul's hand free of the gun.

CUT TO:

32 INT LIVIA PARIS--OFFICES--NIGHT

Albert at his desk, a single lamp on, documents spread out.
Tommy stands over him.

TOMMY
Congratulations, Big Al. You're
president of Livia Paris.

ALBERT
And Livia?

TOMMY
She resigned her position this
evening.

ALBERT
By signing these I will become
legally responsible for the
corporation called Livia Paris.
There are no other names here.

TOMMY
No shit.

Albert begins to sign, reluctantly. He comes to a last
document.

ALBERT
This is a key-man policy.

TOMMY
Yeah. For you, you fuckin' key
guy. One point five mill'.

Albert hesitates. Tommy puts a gun to his head. Albert signs.
Tommy pulls the trigger. CLICK. Empty. Albert almost faints.

TOMMY
That's how easy it would be for
us to collect, President Al.

Tommy gathers up the documents. Jiggles Albert's fat tummy.

TOMMY cont.
Stay healthy.

CUT TO:

33 INT HOSPITAL E.R.--NIGHT

Paul hooked up to life support. Doctors work fast.

CORRIDOR

Riordan, Justice Agents on guard. Hoyle paces.

KING AND JANINE JAMES

get out of an elevator, stop Hoyle.

KING

Maybe the US Attorney would like
to start talking to his old
friends at OCCB about this case.

HOYLE

Why should we?

King eyes Riordan.

KING

You guys fucked it up.

Hoyle looks in at Paul.

HOYLE

Maybe not.

JANINE AND KING

go close to the e.r. window, watch the doctors work on Paul.

JANINE

He's not gonna make it.

KING

Are you kidding? You can't
actually die in this hospital
anymore. Somebody's gotta pull
the plug on you.

ON PAUL

a mass of tubes, machines--the steady beep, beep, beep.

CUT TO:

34 INT PAUL'S CAMPUS HOUSE--NIGHT

Lucy works in the kitchen.

J.P.

with open school books in front of him watches tv.

A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR

LUCY

opens it.

A BLACK LINCOLN

in the drive. Tommy steps inside. Lucy backs up.

J.P.

enters, expecting someone else.

TOMMY

I'm sorry, kid. It's you and me now.

Lucy puts her arm around J.P protectively. He's a tough little kid. Not a tear.

J.P

It's ok, Lucy. You couldn't stop it anyway.

Tommy tries to put his arm around him. J.P. pushes it aside.

CUT TO:

35 INT INTENSIVE CARE--NIGHT

THE BEEPS CONTINUE as SEVERAL SHOTS REVEAL

A FACE

from a nightmare, turns to us, Freddie Flakes, cold blue eyes.

PAUL

in the hospital bed, still on life support, but a hand twitches.

A WINDOW SHATTERS

a spray of flying glass.

PAUL

off life support now, as nurses change IVs.

A GANG MEMBER'S FACE

contorted in violence, as he swings a baseball bat.

PAUL'S GURNEY

wheeled out of intensive care, followed by Justice Agents.

LIVIA'S FACE

so beautiful, lips opening for a kiss. A spot of blood appears at the corner of her mouth, then a stream of red spills out.

PAUL'S EYES

open, mouth ready to scream, but no sound.

CUT TO:

36 INT HOSPITAL ROOM--NIGHT

A shadow over the pale broken Paul.

KING

leans down to hear him.

PAUL
Where is J.P.?

KING
The son? I...He's in the custody
of his father.

Paul's faces slowly twists in agony.

FADE TO:

37 EXT A CABIN ON A LAKE--DAY

hidden in pines, smoke from a chimney, government 4wd's parked
here. Agents move around, chop wood.

THE LAKE

like crystal in the cold forest.

THE BEACH

in the sand--two footprints, two holes.

PAN UP TO--PAUL

in sweat clothes, very shaky, held up by two crutches.

STEAM

a man's breath huffing out.

A BARBELL

is lifted, wobbles.

PAUL

can't get it all the way up. Two Agents spot him, get it down.

THE BEACH

two footprints, one hole.

PAUL

half-jogs with a cane, stumbles, falls into the cold water.

HIS REFLECTION

in the lake becomes

LIVIA'S

face, floating in the ripples.

CUT TO:

38 EXT COURTHOUSE STEPS--DAY

Tommy Cuda, his lawyers descend into a crowd of news crews, making comments on the way as we hear

TV REPORTER O.S.

Reputed mobster Tommy Cuda was released after questioning in the murder of fashion queen Livia Paris. Lt. King of NYPD's organized crime control bureau termed the questioning routine, I quote--"we always talk to the ex-spouses of murder victims."

SAL AND CHICK

open the door of a limo, get inside with Tommy.

39 INT LIMO--MOVING

as Tommy's phony somber expression turns to a smile.

TOMMY

What a fuckin' soap opera.

CHICK

Any word on that asshole that went out the window?

TOMMY

My guy in Justice says he's not talking. Not gonna talk.

SAL

You buy that?

TOMMY

What am I, a fuckin' idiot? We
can't get a hook in this guy
right now. Later--maybe we call
Freddie Flakes--that'll be that.
Ok? Hey Sallie, give it some gas,
I gotta eat.

CUT TO:

40 GORGEOUS LEGS

in a tight skirt jammed into the crotch. PULL BACK ON--

41 INT LIVIA PARIS SHOWROOM--DAY

ON A MODEL

part of a small private showing for

BUYERS

who watch several models in the sexy skirts.

DRESSING ROOMS--CORRIDOR

a few models waiting to go on.

FIND

J.P. sitting alone outside Livia's old dressing room.

MOANS OF TWO PEOPLE MAKING LOVE

come from inside the room. J.P. listens, unhappy.

42 INT. DRESSING ROOM

ON THE FRAMED VOGUE COVER

of Livia many years ago. PAN DOWN TO--

TOMMY AND MAXINE

half-naked on the make-up table, really going at it, violent,
erotic, bottles fly off the table, break into

POOLS OF MAKE-UP

on the floor.

IT'S OVER

Tommy gets off her. Maxine can't move, from pleasure.

MAXINE
Tommy, god, you scare me.

TOMMY
That's the idea.

She smiles, runs her tongue over Tommy's lips. He can't get enough--his head starts to go down between her legs.

THE DOOR

bangs open.

DON VINCENTE, JIMMY IRISH, J.P.

all look in as

TOMMY

stands up fast, pulls on his pants.

MAXINE

pulls her top over her breasts, goes out the door. J.P. watches her. Don Vincente shakes his head.

TOMMY
What? He's gonna be a man soon.
Get a head start.

Tommy laughs. The Don turns to J.P.

DON
Jean-Pierre, my car is out front.
Please wait for me there.

J.P. nods, exits. Jimmy Irish closes the door.

DON VINCENTE

crosses the room, cold, cold anger. He stops, stares at the framed photo of young Livia.

DON
What's done is done. But hear me,
Tommy, J.P. will never live with
you.

Tommy explodes.

TOMMY
Fuck you, he's my son.

Jimmy Irish slams Tommy back. Tommy makes a mistake--takes a swing.

Calmy, brutally, Jimmy Irish beats the crap out of Tommy, who ends up on the floor, writhing in the pools of make-up.

TOMMY
(screaming)
He can't touch me like that! You
fucking mick bastard, you can't
do that to me!!

Jimmy Irish holds the door for the Don.

DON
I will love and protect your son,
but you--you are on your own.

CUT TO:

43 EXT WATERFRONT--NIGHT

Shadows, silence. A limo, two other vehicles parked here.

CLOSE ON

a fat body, naked from the waist up.

AN UGLY SCAR

on a roll of fat.

HANDS

tape a microphone to the chest.

PULL BACK ON--KING, JANINE, HOYLE, RIORDAN

as they install a "wire" on Albert.

CUT TO:

44 EXT THE LAKE CABIN--DAY

ON A BARBELL

a lot of plates, lifted high, then dropped with a clang.

PAUL

sits up on the bench press, face like iron.

A HAWK

circles high above the pine forest, around and around, a perfect, deadly glider, searching for its prey. We hear

THE HAWK'S CRY

STEAM

a man's breath again, really huffing now.

PULL BACK ON--PAUL

jogging hard on the lake, feet splashing in the crystal water.

HOYLE

waits on the shore. Paul stops. Warms down.

HOYLE

Are you about ready to start
talking to us?

Paul looks up to

THE HAWK

circling over the water.

PAUL

I might not ever talk to you.

HOYLE

You might not have a choice.

PAUL

Meaning what?

HOYLE

Identify Livia's killers or you
can forget going back to a soft
college life, Professor. I'll
see to it--you'll be Paul Kersey
again.

Hoyle walks away. Paul's little smile.

PAUL

That's who I am.

CUT TO:

45 EXT CABIN--DAY--LATER

Clouds over the forest.

AN AXE

slams into a log.

PAUL

chops wood, fast, expertly.

GUNSHOTS startle him badly. He takes a moment to recover.

MOVING SHOT--PAUL

in the trees with the axe, closer to the weapons fire.

TWO AGENTS

with 9mms--target practice--shooting pine cones off a fallen tree on the shore of the lake.

PAUL

watches them finish. The agents snap in fresh clips.

AGENT 1

Wanna take a pop?

Paul hesitates, then takes the gun.

AGENT 1 cont.

You've fired a 9mm before?

PAUL

I probably have.

Agent 2 sets up another row of pine cones.

Paul aims, two-handed grip. He doesn't fire. A long hesitation.

A MEMORY FLASH

the cold faces of Chick, Sal, Freddie Flakes.

PAUL

fires the whole clip, misses everything. The Agents chuckle.

PAUL

(to Agent 2)

Let me try yours.

Agent 2 hands him his 9mm.

ANOTHER MEMORY FLASH

the smiling Tommy Cuda, pointing a gun.

PAUL

wheels, fires one-handed, picks off five pine cones in a row. He wheels back, gun trained on the Agents.

PAUL
Clips. Now.

The Agents hesitate. Paul blows away a pine cone right above their heads. They hand over fresh clips.

PAUL
Keys.

Car keys change hands.

AGENT 2
You can't do this, asshole.

PAUL
Start swimming.

The agents reluctantly get into the lake, moaning from the cold.

A JEEP

tear-asses away from the cabin, where the axe is imbedded in the telephone box on the outside wall.

A TWO LANE HIGHWAY

cuts through the forest, as the jeep speeds past.

PAUL'S FACE

intent, behind the windshield--the reflection of the gray sky.

THE CRY OF A HAWK o.s.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 EXT NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE--DAY

sunset. Blood red light across the faces of the buildings.

CUT TO:

47 EXT 32ND ST.--LIVIA PARIS--NIGHT

empty, except for parked cars, the workday over.

THE LOADING DOCK ELEVATOR

Chick and Sal come out followed by Albert, who is drinking a cup of coffee. They pause by Chick's T-Bird.

ALBERT
What about the shipment due tomorrow?

A beat. Chick and Sal glance at each other.

SAL
Shipment, Big Al? You mean the
wheelchairs for the St. Francis
charity?

ALBERT
I'm sorry?

CHICK
God bless the less fortunate, Al.

AN UNMARKED CAR

farther up the block. Janine listens on a receiver.

JANINE
Shit. They've made him.

She shuts it off, pulls a 9mm, turns around in her seat to see
THE LOADING DOCK
as the T-Bird drives past her.

CHICK AND SAL

wave bye-bye to Janine, turn onto the avenue.

ALBERT

rubs his chest where the wire is taped, heads for the street.
He steps between two parked cars. He sets his coffee cup on
the rear bumper, opens the trunk, loads in his briefcase.

JANINE

watches him.

ALBERT

closes the trunk, picks up his coffee cup. Turns, sees

THE BMW

behind him, its bumper two feet from his legs.

TWO SURGEON'S GLOVES

suddenly grip the BMW'S steering wheel. Freddie Flakes sits
up in the driver's seat, starts the engine fast.

HEADLIGHTS

illuminate Albert. He's frozen between the two cars, blinded.

THE BMW

vaults ahead, crushing Albert's legs between the two cars.

FREDDIE'S POV--out the windshield as Albert screams, arches face-down onto the BMW's hood, coffee flying all over the windshield.

PAUL'S JEEP

enters the other end of the block.

PAUL

slows, sees

JANINE

at the other end of the street, jump out of her car, 9mm in her hand.

THE BMW'S TIRES

squeal backwards.

ALBERT

still screams, drops down.

THE BMW

shifts gears, squeals forward, lunges.

FREDDIE'S POV--the windshield wipers push away the coffee splatter so that Albert's head is just visible over the hood as

IMPACT

and Albert's torso is crushed.

PAUL

stops the jeep, not sure what is happening. Gets out.

JANINE

is still running hard.

THE BMW'S TIRES

squeal back a last time.

FREDDIE

rams into first gear, turns the wheel hard, the car thumps over Albert's body.

THE BMW

screeches onto the street, accelerates.

PAUL

starts running after it, past

ALBERT

a mangled corpse.

JANINE

runs from the opposite direction, draws down on the BMW, fires.

THE BMW

swerves, sideswipes

JANINE

who is smashed to the pavement.

PAUL

draws his own 9mm, aims--too late--the BMW is gone. He kneels over Janine, who stares at him, then passes out.

CUT TO:

48 INT OCCB OFFICES--NIGHT

deserted except for

KING'S OFFICE

where Paul watches an angry King hang up the phone.

PAUL

How is she?

KING

She's in a coma. They're gonna pull the plug.

King holds Janine's gun and shield. He looks at them for a long time, finally he puts them on the desk.

KING cont.

What the hell were you doing there? You had the idea you were going to blow them away?

PAUL
Is that such a bad idea?

KING
The old vigilante killer. I
should give you back to Hoyle
right now.

PAUL
With the leaks in his office,
that's a death warrant. Why
don't you help me?

Paul is looking at King's computer.

KING
Why don't you help us? You're an
eyewitness to Livia's murderers.
Testify.

PAUL
You know what their lawyers will
say: what kind of memory does a
guy have who splattered on the
pavement?

KING
Paul Kersey's memory is perfect.

Paul turns on him, angry now.

PAUL
I had a normal life--again--a
family. But these criminals--
they're the worst kind.
"Organized crime." What the hell
is that? People who steal and
murder and destroy lives, then
go home to dinner with their
families because they have
alibis, lawyers, power. I guess
that's what it means to be
organized--you don't get caught.

KING
Let the law take down these
people. Sometimes it works.

PAUL
Bullshit. You're talking to the
wrong guy. Help me. Tell me where
they live, where they eat, their
patterns.

KING

You're nuts, Kersey. Even if I gave it to you--these guys aren't doped-out muggers. They're pros.

Paul comes around the desk, confronts him.

PAUL

Let me ask you--how long have you been investigating organized crime?

KING

It's been twenty years of hard work.

Paul picks up Janine's shield, shoves it into King's hand.

PAUL

That's a long time to be a failure.

King stares hard at him. Looks down at Janine's shield. He slams his fist on the desk. A long moment.

King flips on the computer, enters some instructions.

KING

I'm going downstairs for some air. It might take a long goddamn time to get back.

He exits.

PAUL

sits down in front of the computer, starts to work, his hard face lit by the screen's bright glow.

CUT TO:

49 EXT/INT LIVIA PARIS BROWNSTONE--NIGHT

MOVING SHOT PAST

YELLOW POLICE TAPE

upstairs, past

BLOODSTAINS on the carpet to

THE BEDROOM

the dressing table. A light goes on. Two 9mm's are put down.

PAUL

is in the mirror. He sits. Picks up the jewelry case, takes out the engagement ring. A long look into the mirror. Eyes that fill with tears.

FADE TO:

50 EXT MANHATTAN STREETS--DAY

A COFFEEHOUSE

in Little Italy, where

CHICK

emerges with a deli bag, kisses his gray haired MAMA goodbye.

PAUL

observes from his jeep, consults a

COMPUTER PRINTOUT

A DUMP

garbage trucks all around. A man hands Chick an attache case through his car window.

HUGE MOUND OF REFUSE

as the Jeep slowly comes around, follows.

A RESTAURANT

where Tommy, Chick and Sal dine.

PAUL

watches from across the street, huddled against the cold.

A FABRIC SUPPLY HOUSE

where Chick talks with the supplier. Chick slips on a surgeon's glove, then icepicks the hand of the supplier to the counter.

PAUL

waits in his jeep, watching

CHICK

exits to his car, drops the surgeon's glove on the street.

FADE TO:

51 EXT COFFEHOUSE--DAY

Morning. No customers inside except

PAUL

sitting at a corner table, reading a paper.

MAMA

refills his coffee. Paul bites into one of his two canolis.

PAUL

Perfect.

MAMA

Grazie.

CHICK

enters.

CHICK

Hello, Mama.

They kiss. Chick glances at the corner table. Paul is hidden by the newspaper.

ANOTHER TABLE

Mama sets down coffee, canolis. Chick goes into a restroom.

PAUL

gets up, concealing a canoli in his hand. He looks into the deli case. Glances at the restroom door.

MAMA

Something else for you?

PAUL

Can you cut me some salami?

MAMA

Sure.

Paul fidgets, looks at the restroom door again.

MAMA cont.

Which one you like?

PAUL

Whatever you recommend.

She slips a salami out of the case, turns for the slicer. Paul turns quickly for Chick's table.

CHICK

comes out of the restroom.

PAUL

covers up fast, face back in the deli case.

CHICK
(to Paul)

Hey, you mind I take your paper?

Paul doesn't turn around.

PAUL

Be my guest.

Chick passes him. Paul brushes close to Chick's table, a flash of his hand, then he's gone into the restroom.

Chick sits down with Paul's paper, bites into a canoli.

CHICK

Mmmmmmm! Mama! how do you do it?

MAMA

Chickie, you my son--what else you gonna say? You listen to me--you eat too many of those things.

Chick takes another big bite.

PAUL

in the restroom, sweating, listens. We hear A GAG. COUGHING.

CHICK

canoli half in his mouth starts to choke.

PAUL

comes out of the restroom, approaches the table.

CHICK

is really choking now, grabbing his chest.

MAMA

runs to him. Chick heaves back in his chair, expelling half the canoli across the room.

MAMA

Chickie! Oh god!

She looks to

PAUL

for help. He circles the table, faces

CHICK

whose eyes are bulging out of his head.

MAMA
Help him!!

She runs out into the street, shrieking.

PAUL

leans down so Chick can see him. Pats his back.

PAUL
Go down the wrong pipe?

CHICK

has only a faint whistling sound in his throat. He's turning blue. Now he sees Paul. Recognition. His hand reaches out to grab Paul, but he collapses onto the floor.

PAUL

walks out onto

THE STREET

pauses, finds his

COMPUTER PRINTOUT

a line which reads Giorgio "Chick" a.k.a. "Chickie" Denicola.
A red marker blots out the name.

CUT TO:

52 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

MAFIA CAPO KILLED BY CANOLI

PULL BACK ON--

53 EXT CEMETERY--DAY

A DRIVER

reads the newspaper, a tabloid.

A LONG LINE OF LIMOS

on the cemetery access road.

GRAVESIDE

Chick's open casket, his peaceful dead face.

All the principals are here--Don Vincente, Jimmy Irish, Tommy, Sal, Freddie Flakes, family Soldiers and a wailing Mama.

WIDE ANGLE

of not-too-concealed cops, Justice guys with cameras, hiding behind headstones, in the trees, taking photos.

THE PRIEST

is done. The casket is closed. Everybody breaks up.

TOMMY, SAL, FREDDIE FLAKES

move away, huddle. Tommy waves smart-ass to a cop in a tree.

SAL
Cyanide. Fuckin' who?

FREDDIE
Genoveses, Gambinos, Cudas--
everybody's goin' to ball games
together. It doesn't make any
sense.

TOMMY
I got somebody who can find out.

SAL
And that fuck better deliver.
My blood pressure hates this
shit.

They turn to see

A BULLDOZER

shove the dirt into Chick's grave.

CUT TO:

54 EXT SUBURBAN HOUSE--DAY

CLOSE ON ADDRESS NUMBERS--323

55 INT JEEP--DAY

as Paul lowers binoculars, consults his computer printout.
Raises binoculars again.

POV BINOCULARS--scan the house behind an eight foot wall and automatic gate. Two stories, modern. PAN DOWN to--EASTEC SECURITY sign. Outdoor floodlights on the lawn. PAN UP to--alarm strips along the windows, motion detector sensors under the eaves.

PAUL

lowers the binoculars, thinks.

CUT TO:

56 INT COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE--DAY

where Paul in a suit hands a business card to a CLERK.

PAUL

I'd like to review plans as
submitted for a building permit
at 323 Willow Lane.

The Clerk nods, moves off.

CUT TO:

57 INT SPA ROOM--DAY

ON RIORDAN stripping as

SAL

runs a bug-detector over his naked body. When its done,
Riordan gets reluctantly into the noisy, bubbling Jacuzzi.

RIORDAN

When you want to talk to your
wife, you make her do this?

Sal ignores this, flips his cigarette into the water.

TOMMY

comes out of the shadows, stands over Riordan.

RIORDAN

You got a problem. You ever hear
the name Paul Kersey? The
vigilante killer, five-ten years
back?

TOMMY
Maybe I did. So what?

RIORDAN
He was Livia Paris's boyfriend.

TOMMY
The fuck that Freddie missed? I thought your guys had him.

RIORDAN
Not any more.

TOMMY
He did Chick?

RIORDAN
It's a good bet.

TOMMY
A fuckin' amateur. How the hell we gonna find him?

RIORDAN
I can. Hoyle's got his file. But it's gonna cost you.

TOMMY
Ok, Riordan. Do it. But now you got the fuckin' problem.

RIORDAN
Deal. But remember, Kersey's gonna be going down the list, know what I mean?

Sal pops a pill into his mouth.

SAL
Jesus Christ. We better tell Freddie Flakes.

TOMMY
Freddie? Nobody can get to Freddie.

CUT TO:

58 INT/EXT TOY STORE--DAY

Paul holds the joystick of a remote control toy monster truck that speeds all over the floor.

THE CHECKOUT COUNTER

as Paul pays for the toy truck and large balloons.

CHECKOUT GIRL
Birthday party?

PAUL
Funeral.

FADE TO:

59 EXT SUBURBAN HOUSE--NIGHT

Paul's jeep parked down the block. He's not in it, but spread out on the seat are

BLUEPRINTS

of the house.

A PORSCHE

enters the block, stops at the gate, enters.

FREDDIE FLAKES

gets out in his driveway with DAWN, a hot blonde.

60 INT HOUSE

Freddie secures sophisticated locks. Activates an alarm panel.

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

a large waterbed. Freddie goes to a control panel next to the bed, activates.

61 EXT HOUSE

under the eaves the motion detectors "armed" lights blink on.

OUTSIDE THE WALL

PAUL

moves quietly down the sidewalk with the toy monster truck and a tool bag.

He hoists up onto the wall, blows up a balloon and attaches it to the truck's three foot long whip antenna. He lowers the truck slowly to the ground, then drops back onto the sidewalk and readies the joystick.

THE MONSTER TRUCK

begins to move through shrubs, now onto the lawn, then fast towards the house, the balloon waving from the antenna.

THE MOTION DETECTORS

start to beep.

THE BEDROOM

The detector panel next to the bed sounds its alarm.

FREDDIE AND DAWN

instantly react--find automatic weapons in hideout places.

FRONT LAWN

as the monster truck flies past the front door.

FLOODLIGHTS

switch on, illuminating the front lawn sector.

FRONT DOOR

as Freddie and Dawn come out, weapons ready, wearing bullet resistant vests. They secure the door behind them.

PAUL

curses when he sees Dawn. Then he works the joystick.

THE MONSTER TRUCK

wheelies around the corner of the house.

ANOTHER SET OF FLOODLIGHTS

switch on in this sector.

FREDDIE AND DAWN

see the lights go on, make a run for the side of the house.

PAUL

is quickly up and over the wall onto

THE LAWN

where he moves fast to the garage, finds footholds, gets up on the roof.

MOVING SHOT--FREDDIE AND DAWN

itchy trigger fingers, creeping through bushes.

THE MONSTER TRUCK

pauses at the rear of the house.

PAUL

pries away a shutter-grate on the second story outside wall.
Then he hits the joystick.

FREDDIE AND DAWN

see

MORE FLOODLIGHTS

switch on at the rear.

FREDDIE AND DAWN

take off.

MORE FLOODLIGHTS

along the garage.

MOVING SHOT ON--FREDDIE, DAWN

fast, circle the house, follow the floodlights switching on.

PAUL

lies flat on the garage roof, works that joystick.

THE MONSTER TRUCK

back on the front lawn, speeding towards the gate, right
through the iron bars onto the sidewalk, out of sight just as

FREDDIE AND DAWN

reach the front drive, the whole house and yard bathed in
blinding floodlight.

DAWN

I thought animals couldn't set
this off.

FREDDIE

Fuckin' kids. They're gonna die
and it's not gonna be my fault.

They head back for the house.

THE GARAGE ROOF

Paul is gone, the shutter-grate replaced.

THE FLOODLIGHTS

go off, the house and yard return to darkness.

THE ATTIC

a dark space, something moves along the crossbeams.

PAUL

crab-like with his tool bag.

THE GROUND FLOOR

dark now. Interior motion detectors, red armed lights blinking.

UPSTAIRS

a naked Dawn crosses the hall into a bathroom.

ATTIC

Paul creeps past leftover construction debris--cinder blocks, wood, paint pails. He studies the slats and wallboard. Listens. We hear water sounds below.

THE SHOWER

Dawn and Freddie together. Freddie's head is full of green lather.

FREDDIE

This stuff is gonna kill every flake on my head.

DAWN

Yeah? It smells like that shit they use on cockroaches.

PAUL

edges past a chimney onto a crossbeam. Listens to the sounds below. He finds a hand drill in his tool bag and carefully starts to make a hole.

THE BATHROOM

Dawn still showers. Freddie stands in front of the mirror in a terry robe, combing his hair--carefully.

THE CEILING

as a hole begins to form, wallboard dust breaking away, floating down onto

FREDDIE

He still combs his hair, sees the flakes of wallboard dust on the shoulders of his robe.

FREDDIE
Oh no. Goddammit.

PAUL

puts his eye to the hole he has made.

PAUL'S POV--Freddie slams the comb down, leaves the bathroom.

PAUL

mumbles a curse, moves off.

FREDDIE'S BEDROOM

Turns on some music. He flops down on his waterbed. Looks at the ceiling--sound panels, track lights. He closes his eyes.

PAUL

drills another hole. Puts his eye to it, surveys. Sits up again. Starts to pull out a 9mm, hears

DAWN o.s.
(muffled)
Don't fall asleep on me. I'll be
right there.

Paul puts away the 9mm, looks around, finds a

FIVE GALLON PAIL

solid full of hard cement. He strains, lifts it over to his peephole, balances it on a crossbeam. Then he starts to lift away the sound panel with the peephole in it.

THE CEILING

as the panel comes away, Paul in the dark space.

FREDDIE

on the waterbed.

PAUL

straddles the crossbeams, dangling the pail.

PAUL
Too bad. Too late.

FREDDIE'S EYES

open fast. See Paul, then

THE PAIL

coming down.

FREDDIE

no time to scream, the pail lands on his head, crushing it into

THE WATERBED

which explodes open.

PAUL

watches for a moment, moves off with his tool bag.

FOLLOW DAWN

a last glance in the bathroom mirror, into the

HALLWAY

water leaking out from under the bedroom door. She stops, feels it on her feet.

RED WATER

flows now from under the door. She opens it.

FREDDIE'S BODY

dead eyes, is swept out in a rush of bloody water.

62 EXT FRONT YARD

screams from inside the house as Paul runs across the grass, floodlights switch on, he's over the wall, gone.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER PRINTOUT

the red marker blots out--Federico "Freddie Flakes" Petraglia.

FADE TO:

63 EXT PAUL'S CAMPUS HOUSE--NIGHT

Dark windows. The jeep stops in the driveway. Paul gets out, looks around. The grass is overgrown. Garden untended.

64 INT HOUSE

Paul enters, stays in the dark as he moves through.

A LAMP

goes on. The room that J.P. used to use. Paul sits on the bed. Looks at a boy's clothes that still hang in the closet. Toys on the floor. A pocket nintendo game. Paul switches it on, it starts its noisy intro. Paul hangs his head.

A 9MM

is pressed against his temple.

RIORDAN

cocks the hammer.

RIORDAN

I didn't think it was going to be this easy...Kersey.

PAUL

Neither did we.

THE WINDOW

blows apart, a gunshot.

RIORDAN

vaults back, a hole in his head, hits the floor. Paul doesn't move, just looks down at him.

A DOOR SLAMS IN THE HOUSE

KING

runs into J.P.'s room, gun drawn, looks down at the body.

PAUL

He had to be the leak.

KING

Him or Hoyle, and I didn't think it was the US Attorney.

Paul gets up, switches off the nintendo game. King is still staring at Riordan, gun still in his hand.

PAUL

How does it feel--no jury, no judge, no appeals, no deals.

King finally looks away.

KING

I don't feel anything.

Paul picks up his tool bag--his small, dangerous smile. He steps over Riordan's body.

PAUL
Neither does he.

FADE TO:

65 EXT CEMETERY--DAY

A LONG LINE OF LIMOS

drivers, cops, Justice guys hanging around.

A CASKET

closed, a memorial photo of Freddie Flakes rests on top.

GRAVESIDE

Tommy, Sal, twenty family Soldiers, scanning the landscape.

CUT TO:

66 EXT THE DUMP--DAY

The mountain of trash surrounded by garbage trucks.

TOMMY'S LINCOLN

stops hard in a dusty cloud. Tommy and Sal jump out, still in their black funeral clothes, surrounded by soldiers.

THE TRASH MOUNTAIN

a large crate perched at the very peak, flies buzz around it.

TOMMY AND SAL

trudge up the trash to the peak, look down at the

CRATE

words on top say: For Tommy Cuda and Salvatore DeAngelo.

A dump employee crowbars the crate open. Riordan's dead body is inside.

TOMMY AND SAL

a long look between them. Sal raises a cigarette to his lips. His hand trembles.

CUT TO:

67 EXT WAREHOUSE--BROOKLYN--DAY

King's unmarked brown sedan parks outside.

PAUL AND KING

are admitted to the warehouse by police guards.

68 INT WAREHOUSE

Paul and King in the dark.

PAUL
What's this?

KING
Confiscated home protection.

King flips on a light. Automatic weapons of every kind. Paul takes a long look around.

KING cont.
Tommy Cuda is gonna find a way
to set you up. You know that.

PAUL
But he doesn't know that I know.

King smiles, watches Paul wander off into the weapons.

CUT TO:

69 EXT SOCIAL CLUB--LITTLE ITALY--DAY

A limo parked outside. Tommy's Lincoln arrives, followed by another sedan. Three soldiers, NICK, FRANKIE, TONY get out of the sedan, go immediately to the Lincoln, surround Tommy with a human shield and escort him inside.

SAL

follows alone, eyeing the street nervously.

70 INT SOCIAL CLUB

CLOSE ON--TABLOID FRONT PAGE HEADLINE

"BODY COUNT: MOB 2 JUSTICE DEPT 1". A photo of Hoyle and a sub-head--U.S. ATTY. FACES SCANDAL.

PULL BACK ON--Don Vincente and Jimmy Irish near a table. Tommy and Sal approach as Nick, Frankie, Tony watch the door.

The Don, Jimmy Irish, Sal, Tommy all look each other over. Everybody seems like they've gained weight. They unbutton their jackets--prepare to sit--now we see

BULLET RESISTANT VESTS

under everybody's shirts.

THE TABLE

as they all struggle to fit into their chairs.

A WAITER

sets down coffee.

DON

Tommy, you've brought this vendetta on the family. Now this agent, Riordan, is dead. It's not good for business.

He shoves the tabloid closer to Tommy.

TOMMY

Fuck Riordan, we'll buy somebody else.

The Don slams his hand down.

DON

You're not listening! End this vendetta. I don't care how. Otherwise, as an offer of peace I might invite Mr. Kersey to your goddamn funeral!

Tommy's hand moves. In an instant, Jimmy Irish pins it to the table. A long moment between these two.

TOMMY

(to the Don)

I got every soldier I can spare lookin' for this maniac.

Jimmy lets go of Tommy's hand.

JIMMY

Let the birddog have the quail, you understand?

A beat. Then all eyes turn to Sal.

SAL

What?

DON

This Kersey, he's getting help.
He knows your movements--
everything. Use it.

TOMMY

Yeah... Sallie.

SAL

No!

Sal tries to get up. Jimmy Irish gets a grip on him.

TOMMY

Shut up, Sal. Stay on the
street--do what you do. Go to
church tomorrow, make the Sunday
cash drop at Livia Paris.

SAL

And get my fuckin' head done like
Freddie Flakes.

Tommy puts his arm around him.

TOMMY

Sallie-babe. Trust me. This guy
is not gonna get to you.

The waiter returns, sets down a plate of canolis. Everybody
stares at them.

TOMMY

jumps up, screams, flings the canolis at the waiter.

TOMMY

You fuck! Get outta here! I'll
cut off your fuckin' hands.

FADE TO:

71 INT JEEP--DAY--MOVING

the computer printout on the seat.

72 EXT A CATHOLIC CHURCH--DAY

as Sal comes out. Gets into his Buick.

73 INT BUICK--MOVING

Sal looks into the rear view mirror, sees

THE JEEP

tailing him.

SAL

wipes sweat, lets go of the wheel, snaps a fresh clip into a 9mm, the car swerves, he grabs the wheel, curses.

74 EXT WATERFRONT--DAY

Sal waits for a man to get off a ship. They trade two suitcases.

THE JEEP

follows the

BUICK

off the pier.

75 INT BUICK

as Sal puffs hard on a cigarette, checks the rear again.

THE JEEP

is still there.

BACK TO SAL

has a mobile phone to his ear.

SAL

(to phone)

Ok, I'm reeling this asshole in.

CUT TO:

76 INT LIVIA PARIS--OFFICES--DAY

Tommy hangs up the phone. He's holding an M16. He looks up to

NICK, FRANKIE, TONY

who hold M16's. Everybody snaps in clips.

CUT TO:

77 EXT 32ND ST--LIVIA PARIS FREIGHT ENTRANCE--DAY

Sunday--the quiet street--a taxi or two goes past.

SAL'S BUICK

enters the block, pulls up the ramp into the loading dock.

SAL

gets out with the suitcase, hurries to the freight elevator.

NICK AND FRANKIE

with M16's are crouched behind palettes.

THE ELEVATOR

switches on, we see Sal behind the gate, going up.

THE JEEP

stops at the curb.

NICK AND FRANKIE

lock and load. Wait. Shift position for a closer look at

THE JEEP

nobody gets out.

NICK

gets a better angle.

NICK'S POV--of Lt. King behind the wheel.

BACK TO NICK AND FRANKIE

NICK

Shit. It's that fuckin' cop--
King.

FRANKIE

Where's the hit?

They look at each other, run for the elevator, start punching
the call button.

CUT TO:

78 EXT 7TH AVENUE ENTRANCE--LIVIA PARIS--DAY

Paul jumps out of King's unmarked car. He wears a backpack.
Something is concealed under his overcoat.

THE LOBBY

the security guard Jackie is behind the raised sign-in desk, the huge photo of Livia Paris above him. He looks up, sees

PAUL

coming through the front doors.

JACKIE

starts to pull his gun.

PAUL

from under his coat lifts a Jackhammer auto-shotgun, with rotating ammo-cassette locked in, a monster 2 3/4 inch barrel.

JACKIE

sees the Jackhammer, takes his hand off his gun.

PAUL

looks up at Livia's giant beautiful face.

A MEMORY FLASH

that face cut to pieces.

PAUL

squeezes his eyes closed. Gets control. Looks again at Jackie.

PAUL

I'm signing in.

Paul butt-ends Jackie in the head, drags him out of sight by the elevators, then enters

THE FIRE STAIRS

CUT TO:

79 INT FREIGHT ELEVATOR--DAY

going up--as Sal wipes sweat, holds the suitcase.

80 EXT LOADING DOCK

Nick and Frankie give up on the elevator, go for the stairs.

81 INT FACTORY FLOOR--DAY

as the elevator arrives, we see Sal's head, then all of him appear. The gate opens.

TOMMY

appears from behind a column with his M16. We see

TONY

nearby in position with his M16.

SAL

lifts the gate, sees Tommy, smiles.

SAL

The fuck is walkin' right into it.

NICK AND FRANKIE

burst out of the stair door.

NICK

It wasn't him!

TOMMY

freezes. Thinks.

TOMMY

He's in the building.

Instantly, Tommy slides behind the column. Nick and Frankie drop into cover behind a steam press.

SAL

is still in the elevator. He's paralyzed, then drops the suitcase, it falls open, stacks of bills fall out. He slams down the gate, hits the down button.

WIDE SHOT

the elevator going down, only half of Sal visible now.

BOOM--a huge muzzle flash from somewhere on the floor, a red-hot ball of fragments tears into the elevator gate, then into

SAL'S HEAD

just about to drop below the floor line--his face is blown away.

TOMMY

frozen, watches the blood-splattered elevator disappear.

IN THE SHADOWS

Paul holds the smoking Jackhammer.

THE COMPUTER PRINTOUT

falls to the floor.

TOMMY

wild-fires from behind the column, auto rounds spray across

THE FLOOR

impact every surface, racks of clothes torn to pieces.

TONY

runs, firing on the move.

NICK AND FRANKIE

hunker down.

TOMMY

stops firing, waves at them to circle away.

PAUL

rises up from behind huge steam presses, fires the Jackhammer.

TOMMY'S COLUMN

explodes apart. He falls flat, crawls away as

JACKHAMMER ROUNDS

like incoming meteors boom across the floor--a storm of fire--tearing apart sewing bays, clothes racks, storage containers which explode into showers of shimmering sequins, glitter.

CUT TO:

82 INT JEEP--32ND ST.--DAY

King listens to the dull booms inside Livia Paris. He pulls his puny revolver, starts to get out the driver's side.

JIMMY IRISH

pushes the door closed, keeps King inside. He stands in the street, hands concealed below the car window.

JIMMY
Making a mess in there, are they,
Lieutenant?

KING

studies Jimmy Irish, the concealed hands. King raises his service revolver into the open car window, points it at Jimmy.

JIMMY cont.
I hate Sundays.

KING
Me too.

JIMMY
I skip church. I feel guilty. I
start drinking.

Jimmy Irish shows the concealed hands--two coffees, a bottle of Irish whiskey.

A beat. King puts away his revolver. Accepts a coffee as Jimmy Irish pours whisky into both cups.

BACK TO:

83 INT FACTORY FLOOR

A shower of debris and twinkling sequins floats down in the light.

FAST CUTS AROUND THE FLOOR--

TOMMY, TONY, NICK, FRANKIE

squeezed into cover, their clothes covered with sequins.

MOVING SHOT--PAUL

as he pops out the ammo cassette, finds another in his backpack.

ROUNDS

spray in, almost take him down. He gets flat sees

TONY

make a move past a partition into

THE SPECIALTY AREA

PAUL

fires.

TONY

is trapped, the partitions blast away. He jumps behind a vat, pops up, fires.

PAUL

angles closer, fires off several Jackhammer rounds.

THE LYE VAT

blows open. Tony is engulfed, screams, his whole body foams white, skin burning away.

TOMMY

makes a move, runs behind the cutting table.

NICK

is here, draws down on him, almost fires.

NICK

Jesus Christ Tommy. What's this guy carrying?

TOMMY

I don't know, but after this is over I'd like to get one.

Incoming Jackhammer rounds rake the cutting table. Tommy and Nick retreat.

PAUL

stops firing, ducks behind a sewing bay, shouts.

PAUL

Hey Tommy. Livia told me what the girls call you--Quick Tommy.

TOMMY

enraged, pushes Nick ahead of him, fires like a mad man. They cross

THE CUTTING FLOOR

get behind steam presses.

PAUL

exchanges fire from the sewing bay. His ammo cassette empties.

FIND--FRANKIE

hiding in a row of push-carts.

TOMMY

sees him. Waves at him to move, then fires on the

SEWING BAY

rounds impact, force Paul out into

THE DESIGN AREA

boards, raised pin-up platforms and

MANNEQUINS

a hundred, like a forest of human figures.

FRANKIE

watches

PAUL

disappear into the mannequins. He rams in another ammo cassette.

FRANKIE

creeps into the mannequins, spooked, whirling around at every noise, every touch of a mannequin hand.

PAUL

comes out the other side of the mannequins, turns, fires off the whole cassette.

THE MANNEQUINS

explode apart into

A SHOWER

of legs, arms, heads that rain down on

TOMMY AND NICK

who fall flat, wait for it to stop. Silence. Then

TOMMY

Frankie!

No reply. Tommy eases off the floor.

A HEAD

is next to his face. He recoils. A mannequin head. An arm clutches at his waist. A mannequin's.

TOMMY

Frankie!

NICK

sits up, crawls through the severed limbs to Tommy. They look at each other--blood spattered across their clothes. They squirm away from

THE MANNEQUIN PIECES

streaked with blood.

PAUL

drops his backpack--empty. He dumps the Jackhammer, pulls out a 9mm.

TOMMY AND NICK

run into the design area, fire on

PAUL--MOVING

who ducks down the fire stairs.

TOMMY AND NICK

follow, shoot down the stairs.

ROUNDS

zing in the stairwell. Paul is winged, falls to the bottom, crawls into

THE DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR

runs towards the showroom.

TOMMY AND NICK

burst out the stair door into the corridor. They flatten against the wall, listen. Tommy waves Nick ahead. Nick kicks in several

DRESSING ROOM DOORS

fires inside, shatters the mirrors, the cosmetics.

TOMMY

trails, snaps in a fresh clip.

NICK

rounds the corner to

BACKSTAGE

and a three-mirror panel at the curtain.

PAUL

in the mirror.

NICK

sees him, whirls, realizes it's a reflection--too late.

PAUL

is behind him. Nick jerks around--a hole blows open his chest.

TOMMY

reacts, sees Paul duck behind the curtain, fires.

THE SHOWROOM

rounds tear through the curtain. Paul is hit, goes down, drags himself to the end of the runway.

TOMMY

appears from the curtain.

PAUL

fires the 9mm.

TOMMY

is hit, goes down, returns fire.

PAUL

falls off the runway, limps through the entry doors into

THE LOBBY

where he collapses, crawls across the floor behind a column.

TOMMY

bangs through the doors, fires, drops down behind the raised sign-in desk. Ejects a clip, snaps in a new one.

TOMMY
You're gonna die, Kersey! A
fuckin' crook is gonna do you.
How about that!

He locks and loads, wipes blood, gets ready.

PAUL

sags, peers around the column at

THE SIGN-IN DESK

the giant photo of Livia Paris on the wall above it.

PAUL

raises the 9mm, a last effort, fires at Livia's face.

ROUNDS

impact the 8' by 10' glass sheet over Livia's face.

A HOLE

appears in the glass, then a crack, then the last round hits
and the glass explodes out.

TOMMY

looks up, screams.

GLASS

huge shards, slivers, chunks rain down on him.

PAUL

listens to the screams. Gets up.

TOMMY

staggers from behind the desk, drops the M16, clutches at
himself--his body slashed open, glass pieces imbedded in his
skin, his face a mask of blood. He falls face down on the
floor.

PAUL

limps to him. Aims the 9mm. Tommy looks up.

PAUL

Do guns make you nervous?

Paul cocks the hammer. Tommy's mouth opens to scream.

A SHOT

PAUL

freezes.

JIMMY IRISH

crosses the lobby, his own smoking 9mm trained on Paul. He takes Paul's gun away.

JIMMY

This is a family problem, Kersey.

Paul looks down a last time at Tommy, mangled, blood-soaked--then limps away. Tommy starts screaming.

TOMMY

No! Come back. Don't leave me here with him!

PAUL

goes out onto

7TH AVENUE

where Lt. King waits. A long look between them, then King helps Paul into the unmarked car.

FADE TO:

84 EXT CEMETARY--DAY

FIND--PAUL

dressed well, like a professor again, as he stands in front of

A HEADSTONE

Livia's. He stares at it, no emotion, then gently sets on it's ledge--the engagement ring. He walks away. Past other headstones, and ahead he sees

DON VINCENTE

coming towards him. Jimmy Irish is in the b.g., near the limo. Paul stops.

DON

Your life is in my hands, Kersey.

PAUL

Ask Tommy--maybe yours is in mine.

A moment.

DON

Tommy--what happened to him--it might have been the only thing that could have happened.

PAUL

I think so.

DON

You said once I could never make any of this right. Perhaps I can start.

He waves at Jimmy who opens the limo door. J.P. gets out.

PAUL

goes to meet J.P. They embrace. As they walk away, Paul looks back to see

DON VINCENTE

head bowed in front of a large memorial headstone. The name: TOMASO CUDA.

CUT TO:

85 INT JFK AIRPORT--DAY

Lt. King watches Paul and J.P. check in at the flight desk.

HOYLE

and a bodyguard cross the busy floor, approach.

PAUL

shakes hands with King.

PAUL

Thanks for your help.

KING

Don't mention it. Seriously.

Paul laughs.

Hoyle gives King a look, then stops Paul before he and J.P. can enter the security check.

HOYLE

Tell me one thing--make me happy--you're holding a one-way ticket.

PAUL
You should be happy anyway.

HOYLE
Is that a joke?

Paul and J.P. turn away. Hoyle stops them again.

HOYLE cont.
Where are you going, Paul?

PAUL
I don't know.--a lot of places
to see. We'll keep on looking.

Paul and J.P. move off.

HOYLE
For what?

PAUL
turns around. His smile.

PAUL
Justice.

FREEZE.