

GANGS OF NEW YORK

STORY BY JAY COCKS

SCREENPLAY BY JAY COCKS AND STEVEN ZAILLIAN AND KENNETH LONERGAN

1 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

1

VALLON a man in black, is shaving while his son, AMSTERDAM, watches in the shadows. He finishes shaving and hands the razor to Amsterdam, who begins to wipe the blade on the bottom of his jacket.

VALLON
(Sharply)
No, son. Never.
(More gently)
The blood stays on the blade.

He helps Amsterdam slide the blade back into the pouch.

VALLON (CONT'D)
Some day you'll understand.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
Some of it I half remember. And the rest... the rest I took from dreams.

He fastens a white priest's collar around his throat.

VALLON
Michael, the Archangel, defend us in battle, be our protector against the snares and the wickedness of the Devil.

He hangs a St. Michael medal around Amsterdam's neck.

VALLON (CONT'D)
Now, son. Who's that?

AMSTERDAM
St. Michael.

VALLON
Who is it?

AMSTERDAM
Saint Michael.

VALLON
And what did he do?

AMSTERDAM
He cast Satan out of Heaven.

VALLON
Good boy!

Vallon nods slightly, and Amsterdam blows out the candle.

2

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL AND ROOMS

2

Amsterdam clutches his father's hand as they emerge from the chamber and move in and out of candlelight along a tunnel cut into the earth. Vallon holds in his other hand a distinctive iron Celtic cross. The haunting music rises over -

Human and animal sounds. A Madonna and Child crudely painted on a wall in a chamber where MCGLOIN hones blades sewn into his boots while HAPPY JACK studs a belt with broken glass. As Amsterdam passes, McGloin unexpectedly gives him a friendly wink.

Happy Jack and McGloin fall in behind Vallon and Amsterdam. The battle hymn continues as they walk on.

(CONTINUED)

Happy Jack reaches down and gives the boy's hair a friendly tousle. Amsterdam yanks his head away. The three grown-ups laugh briefly. They proceed into --

Another chamber where a man stuffs a hat with scraps of leather to make a helmet. Another paints ritual markings on his face. A girl dusts a man's long beard with gunpowder. A woman attaches a set of iron claws to her fingers. As Vallon passes this room, these warriors fall in behind them. The rhythmic music and chanting is joined by -

3 OMITTED

3

4 INT. OLD BREWERY - DAY

4

Blacksmiths hammer at crude weapons. Amsterdam glimpses faces in the shadows, peering out from behind ancient brewery machines. He finds himself standing next to JOHNNY, a boy around his own age.

JOHNNY

Amsterdam!

AMSTERDAM

Hello, Johnny.

JOHNNY

What's the battle?

AMSTERDAM

Natives against the Dead Rabbits.

JOHNNY

Which are you?

A warrior passes by carrying an enormous pike decorated nearly from blade to butt with dead rabbit pelts.

AMSTERDAM

What do you think? Dead Rabbits.

He hurries to catch up with the gang. Johnny follows. As the gang marches on, we drop back to see how cavernous this place is in a cross-section of the building - hundreds of people and animals living together in squalor. Ahead, the blacksmiths are handing out weapons to the line of gang members as they pass. Amsterdam gets closer. People make way for them. Ahead, an imposing figure stands in the dark by the door.

VALLON

Well, Monk? For the last time, are you with us or not?

(CONTINUED)

MONK

For the last time, Vallon: I'm with you
if the money is right, and if it's not...

VALLON

I'll give you ten per notch.

MONK

Ten?

VALLON

You have my word.

MONK

Ten per notch?

VALLON

Per new notch.

(CONTINUED)

MONK

Then I'm your man.

Monk grasps a notched war club, kicks at the door and light crashes in like a wave. Vallon heads into it. Amsterdam, unsure, follows after him, swept along, and Monk follows him, towering over him like the Holy Ghost.

5 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

5

Patches of snow on the ground of a place as strange and bleak as an alien planet. Vallon steps out of the Old Brewery, followed by Amsterdam, Monk and the others. He sends Amsterdam to watch from one of the sidewalks.

Silence as they assemble outside the dilapidated building. On either side of it wind alleys and streets lined with dirt shacks. Perhaps this is England in the Middle Ages, or some post-apocalyptic town not worth fighting for. Pigs rut in the snow.

Another gang appears, almost twice the size of Vallon's - armed like Visigoths with hand-forged clubs and pitchforks. A man in a long coat, lean and fierce, steps forward. He has mismatching eyes - one of them glass, engraved with an American eagle. The other surveys Vallon's gang.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Is this it, Priest? The Pope's new army?
A few crusty bitches and a handful of rag-
tags?

VALLON

You swore this was a battle between
warriors, not mobs. So warriors was all I
brought.

Fifty more Celts from other sects, distinguished by their colors, emerge from hovels and streets and fall in behind Vallon, the gangs now equal in number.

IRISH GANG LEADERS

The O'Connell Guards - the Plug Uglies
- the Shirt Tails - the Chichesters - the
Forty Thieves -

When they're done, everyone waits for Bill to speak.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Bene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill opens his long coat. Inside, from a leather belt, hang a cleaver, knives and other butcher's instruments. Bill selects his weapons, a cleaver and a big knife.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

By the ancient laws of combat, we are met on my challenge to reclaim the Five Points for them born rightwise to this land, from the foreign invader who's encroached upon our streets. The last time we met I was shamed! But in shame or glory, we won't never rest until last of him's been drove into the sea!

The Natives shake their weapons and roar.

VALLON

By the ancient laws of combat, I accept the challenge of the so-called Natives, who plague our people at every turn. We seek no quarrels, but will run from none neither, and the hand that tries to lay us low will be swift cut off!

The roar is deafening. Every weapon is hoisted and bristling. Smoke rises from the beard of the man who dusted it with gunpowder.

BILL THE BUTCHER

May the Christian Lord guide my hand against the gangrenous creep of your roman popery.

VALLON

Prepare to receive the True Lord.

The air is suddenly full of battle cries as the two gangs hurl across Paradise Square. Through fleet images and sensory impressions we see a flurry of knives and sharpened buckles, glass-studded leather and fists.

Amsterdam glimpses his father in the middle of the fray. Monk dispatches Natives with his war club. Hell Cat Maggie flies into a Native and pins him to the ground.

HELL CAT MAGGIE

Whadya got two of that, you only need one?

As her iron talons dive at the man's face, Amsterdam looks away - and sees Bill, wading through the combat, wielding his cleaver, cutting down one Dead Rabbit after another. On the rooftops, kids watch including Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

The sounds of the battle fade except for the relentless
slashing as the camera rises above the square and the heaving
shadows of bodies falling and rising.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly we're descending again to the ground, moving through the fighting men to Amsterdam's eyes.

He glimpses his father battling Natives. In intermittent flashes he sees: Bill coming at him, the glint off his knife, his father turning too late, the hand plunging down, once, twice, three times. Vallon Falls, the knife sticking out of his chest.

Bill drops to his knees and gathers Vallon in his arms.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Here! Look to me! Who is this? Who
is this under my knife?

The Natives and Rabbits turn and look at the tableau of Bill holding the bloody priest. They still their weapons. Johnny watches from a rooftop. Bill lays Vallon out on the ground and strokes his face.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Easy now. It won't be long.

Amsterdam runs hard across the square, almost magically parting the crowd as he goes. He reaches the dying man and buries his face in his chest.

AMSTERDAM

Father...!

VALLON

Oh son... I can't cross the river with
steel through my heart.

Amsterdam doesn't understand, but Bill does.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Stand back.

Bill pulls the knife out and there is a spurt of blood. He lays the blade on Vallon's chest.

AMSTERDAM

Father, father...! Please! Get up, get
up. Kill them!

VALLON

Oh my son, don't never look away.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Soon be over Priest.

(CONTINUED)

VALLON

Finish it.

He dies. Amsterdam bursts into tears and buries his face in his father's chest.

BILL THE BUTCHER

You may need this across the river.

Bill steps away from the body.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Ears and noses are the trophies of the day. But no hand shall touch him. No hand shall touch him. He'll cross over whole. In honor.

(CONTINUED)

Monk steps through the trophy-hunters, kneels by Vallon as if paying his respects, then reaches inside his coat.

MONK

Not before I take what's owed.

AMSTERDAM

No - !

Bill pulls Amsterdam aside.

BILL THE BUTCHER

It's fair. Indelicate, but fair.

From where the boy is, it's hard to tell exactly what Monk's taking. He gets up holding the razor pouch.

MONK

My sympathies.

He leaves. A nearby Native nods at Amsterdam.

NATIVE AMERICAN

What'll we do with this one?

Bill looks down at Amsterdam.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Give him to the Law. See that he gets a good education.

NATIVE AMERICAN

Okay, boy. Say goodbye to your father.

Two Natives come towards Amsterdam. Amsterdam grabs the knife off Vallon's chest and jumps over the body. He brandishes the knife at the Natives and runs.

The two Natives take off after Amsterdam.

NATIVE

Hey!

ANOTHER NATIVE

Hey!

NATIVE

Come back here!

ANOTHER NATIVE

Get him!

NATIVE

Get after him!

ANOTHER NATIVE

Come here, boy!

(CONTINUED)

NATIVE

Don't let him get away!

Amsterdam is very fast and nimble as he runs across the square toward the Old Brewery. He skips, ducks and twists through the battleground but the men are gaining on him.

Suddenly Johnny runs out into the square and throws himself in front of one of the Natives. The Native goes sprawling, knocking Johnny over too. But Johnny is tough and spry; he rolls with it and is back on his feet running after Amsterdam.

As he runs, Amsterdam turns to see what's happened. Johnny is close behind him and the Natives are closing in on them both.

JOHNNY

Hurry! Over here!

The boys run into the Old Brewery.

5A INT. OLD BREWERY - MOMENTS LATER**5A**

The boys run through followed by the Natives, then split to find their own hiding places. Amsterdam leaps down into the warren of tunnels and the camera plunges in after him.

He pulls ahead of us, then disappears into the darkness. In a moment, the Natives overtake us, then they too disappear into the darkness ahead.

NATIVE AMERICAN #1

Come here, boy! You're going to Hellgate, son.

NATIVE AMERICAN #2

There he is! Let's get him!

BILL THE BUTCHER (O.C.)

Priest Vallon died a noble death -

AMSTERDAM

Let go of me!

There are sounds of a struggle and the boy's voice crying out.

5B EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - NIGHT**5B**

Bill addresses the Natives and Dead Rabbits. They are putting Vallon's body on a wagon.

(CONTINUED)

5B CONTINUED:

5B

BILL THE BUTCHER

Priest Vallon was of impure blood, but it ran redly and spread bravely. He will be buried in honor. But his Dead Rabbits is done and outlawed. Let no one even speak their name from this time forth, or suffer my displeasure.

The camera rises over the narrow winding streets and ramshackle wooden buildings of the Five Points like crumbling ruins of a lost civilization. Rising higher reveals taller, stone buildings to the north, and beyond that, wilderness.

A title appears: **New York City, 1844**

CALVINIST

In this place, you have grown from a boy into a man..

6 OMITTED

6

7 OMITTED

7

8 INT. ROOM (HELLGATE BRIDGE PRISON / CINECITTA) - DAY

8

Tight on the face of a young man. Behind him, on an other-wise bare wall, hangs an unadorned cross.

CALVINIST V/O

Put to death then what is earthly in
you. Immorality, impurity, passion and
vengeance. In these you once walked.
Now you renounce them. The Lord has
forgiven you. So you must also forgive.

The young man nods, renouncing and forgiving. As the
Calvinist hands him a Bible -

Another title appears: 15 Years Later

9 EXT. HELLGATE BRIDGE PRISON (CINECITTA) - DAY

9

A guard unlocks a gate, above which ironwork informs all who
pass, *The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.*

CALVINIST (V.O.)

You go forth to a country torn apart by
Civil strife...

Amsterdam and the Calvinist embrace at the door. Amsterdam
walks away.

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

Lend your hand to the work that yet
remains, that this war may end, and the
plague of slavery that brought this
conflagration down upon us, vanish
forever from the earth.

He passes two Chinese Convicts burning rubbish outside the
prison gates. He exchanges a look with one of them. Behind
him the gate closes. Amsterdam immediately tosses the Bible
off the bridge. The Bible sinks into the swirling water of
the river.

10

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - DAY

10

A wave of sick and disoriented Irish immigrants disembarks a sailing ship.

NEWSBOY
New York Tribune!

RECRUITER
Join the Army, lads! Three square meals a day and good pay in your pocket.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
When the Irish came, the city was in a fever. Since the time of the Great Famine, they'd come streamin' off the boats. They got a right warm welcome.

Coffins, too, are off-loaded: relatives who died on the journey. As the lucky ones take their first step on American soil, they're met by a trio of men offering them handshakes, warm soup and cards that read, "Vote Tammany."

A much smaller boat docks. Amsterdam climbs from it and is caught up in the arriving masses trundling their belongings. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a paving stone hits a woman, knocking her to the docks in front of her children. A small group of Native Americans, some recognizable from the battle with the Dead Rabbits, jeer.

NATIVE AMERICAN
There's more of that awaiting you in the Points, you Irish bastards.

NATIVE AMERICAN (CONT'D)
Go back to Ireland, you dumb micks!

NATIVE AMERICAN (CONT'D)
You'll remember that, you bog-Irish gyps.

NATIVE AMERICAN #2
Get back on the boat, Paddy!

NATIVE AMERICAN #3
Go back to where you came from!

Amsterdam comes past the fallen woman as others tend to her. He looks at the Natives as he is swept along by the crowd.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
I only came two hours down river from Hellgate, New York, but they all took me for an immigrant. Why not?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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

*There was Irish in all our throats to
varying degrees. And to the Natives, we
was all the same.*

The biggest of the Tammany men, mistaking him for an
immigrant, offers a handshake and a bowl of soup.

TWEED

Tammany's here to take the chill off your
soul and the weight off your heart.

(To Amsterdam)

Welcome to America, son. Your long,
arduous journey is over.

(To the crowd)

Vote Tammany!

NATIVE AMERICAN

America for Americans!

11 EXT. OLD BREWERY - DAY

11

A clergyman stands next to a beggar girl, one hand atop
her head, the other clutching a Bible. Her hand is upturned
waiting for a gratuity as he addresses a crowd that's only
mildly interested in what he has to say (see Appendix).

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

*The Five Points hadn't changed much
since I was eight years old. Murderer's
Alley, Brickbat Mansion, The Gates of
Hell. Every year the reformers came.
And every year the Points got worse, as
if it liked being dirty.*

REV. RALEIGH

... this poor child. She lives in
squalor in this God-foraken den of vice
and misery behind me.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

...They said it was the worst slum in
the world. To us it was home.

REV. RALEIGH (O.C.)

... foul haunt of degraded men and women.

Amsterdam comes through the crowd, notes the banner draped
above the Old Brewery door - "Future Home of the Five Points
Mission, Rev. Raleigh, Pastor, Praise God" - passes some
Ladies of the Mission and disappears inside.

12 INT. OLD BREWERY AND TUNNELS - DAY

12

As Amsterdam comes through, cops with torches hunt the Old
Brewery's darker recesses for squatters.

(CONTINUED)

SQUATTER

Where am I gonna go?

POLICEMAN

Move! The Reverend wants you out of here!

REV. RALEIGH (O.S.)

...We will nourish their souls with God's abiding compassion, a glorious resurrection will spring from the filthy depths to which these miserable creatures have fallen. In God, they will find their true home...

Amsterdam descends and moves through the tunnels. Reaches a crossroads, leans against the earthen wall, then takes ten short "8-year-old-length" paces back and sets his candle on the ground. He scrapes at the dirt. Feels for planks.

Pries them loose and climbs down into another, lower tunnel. This one leads to an underground chamber.

(CONTINUED)

Amsterdam kneels with a candle in a corner and digs at the earth. His hands find a small medal on a chain. He rubs at it and an image appears in the flickering light: St. Michael dispatching Lucifer to Hell.

Then he brings out the knife that killed his father.

AMSTERDAM

Michael, the Archangel, defend us in battle, be our Protector against the snares and the wickedness of the Devil. Father...Father...Give me the strength for what I have to do.

JOHNNY O.S.

Who are you?

Amsterdam spins around, slipping the knife into his jacket.

Johnny, grown up, and a very tough looking black kid, JIMMY SPOILS, are standing at the entrance of the chamber. They both have knives out.

JOHNNY

I said who are you? What are you doing here?

Amsterdam looks at the boys, sizing them up.

AMSTERDAM

I just like it down here.

JOHNNY

See what's in his pockets.

Johnny and Jimmy Spoils approach Amsterdam, knives out.

AMSTERDAM

Now look, boys, I don't want a fight.

JIMMY SPOILS

Don't worry, son, you couldn't give us one.

Jimmy Spoils lunges at Amsterdam. Amsterdam catches his knife arm and head-butts him in the face. Jimmy Spoils goes down and out, blood streaming out of both nostrils.

Amsterdam snatches the knife out of his hand before he hits the ground, turns Johnny's thrust and grabs him by the throat, pushing him back against the wall, his knife an inch from Johnny's eye. Johnny drops his own knife.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY
Don't kill me.

AMSTERDAM
(Lightly) All right.

Cautiously he steps back. Johnny spots the St. Michael's medal lying in the dirt. He looks at Amsterdam with a flash of recognition.

JOHNNY
Where'd you get that?

Amsterdam doesn't reply. He picks up his medal, folds it in a scrap of blue cloth and puts it in his pocket. Jimmy Spoils groans and rolls over.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Jesus, I think you killed him.

Jimmy Spoils lurches to his feet, feeling at his face.

JIMMY SPOILS
I ain't killed. I feel good.

AMSTERDAM
I said I didn't want a fight.

JOHNNY
(Genuinely puzzled)
Why not? Look how good you done.

12A EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - DAY

12A

Amsterdam walks away from the Old Brewery. Johnny is hurrying to keep in step with him. (Perhaps we see Jimmy Spoils in the B.G. behind them, going his own way)

JOHNNY
You're the Priest's son, aren't you?

AMSTERDAM
You! Get away from me, understand?

JOHNNY
You don't remember me, do you? I'm the one that tried to help you - When the Natives took you.

Amsterdam looks at him.

AMSTERDAM
That was you?

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED:

12A

JOHNNY
I thought you was killed.

AMSTERDAM
No. Just locked up.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY
This long?

AMSTERDAM
I kept trying to escape. They add on
time for that.

JOHNNY
What're you doing back here?

AMSTERDAM
(Dry)
Guess I just missed the place.

JOHNNY
You got a place to stay?

AMSTERDAM
No.

JOHNNY
I got a place.

AMSTERDAM
What about somethin' to eat?

JOHNNY
Oh, that you got to work for.

13 EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

13

Fireworks explode in the sky and rain down behind the silhouette of Bill the Butcher, flanked by a small army of Natives, coming through a crowd of ragged looking troops, fitted out in tatty Union uniforms, standing under a banner proclaiming the Irish 69th.

A great banner is strung across the street, one rope coming out of a window in the Tribune building, the other tied to a tree across the street. It reads "The President's Proclamation. Slavery Abolished. States In Rebellion"

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
In the second year of the great Civil War, when the Irish Brigade marched through the streets, New York was a city full of tribes... war chiefs - rich and poor.

MAN IN CROWD
Lincoln will make all white men slaves!

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

...It wasn't a city really. It was more
a furnace where a city someday might be
forged.

BILL THE BUTCHER

That's the spirit, boys. Go off and die
for your blackie friends.

MAN IN CROWD

Down with the abolitionists!

Bill and McGloin look at the banner.

BILL THE BUTCHER

We should have run a better man against
Lincoln when we had a chance.

MCGLOIN

(Reading the banner)
He's trying to say we're no different
than the niggers now?

BILL THE BUTCHER

You ain't.

WOMAN IN CROWD

God Bless the Union Army!

MAN IN CROWD

Three cheers for Lincoln!

McGloin grabs a black man and violently shoves him to the
ground.

MCGLOIN

Go back to Africa, nigger!

MAN IN THE CROWD

Leave him alone!

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

The most wrathful of the talk was of the
new Conscription Act, the first draft in
Union history.

MCGLOIN

No nig noggery! No nig noggery here!
None!

Bill takes out one of his knives. He throws the knife
through the air.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

The perfectly-aimed knife clips the rope tying the banner to the tree and the whole thing flops down against the side of the building. The Natives cheer.

14 INT. TAMMANY HALL - DAY

14

The camera races along an ornate corridor past portraits of important-looking gentlemen and into -

15 INT. TWEED'S OFFICE - DAY

15

A flurry of feathers as canaries, frightened by the noisy entrance of the Natives, bat against their cages.

Tweed and his aide are startled too, and turn to face the gang.

TWEED

Mr. Cutting. Gentlemen. I'm...honored.

He offers Bill his hand, but Bill lets it hang there. McGloin taps at the bars of a cage, panicking the birds even further.

TWEED (CONT'D)

Sir? Excuse me. I think you're frightening them.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Don't mind him, he used to be an Irishman.

McGloin glances across to Bill, who says without saying, Leave the birds alone.

TWEED

Thank you. Now, perhaps Mr. Killoran can show the boys around while we talk in private.

Killoran looks less than thrilled with the assignment.

16 INT. TWEED'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

16

The canaries have calmed, and remain so, until, every so often, another burst of fireworks flares the window.

TWEED

You may or may not know, Bill, that every day I go down to the waterfront with hot soup for the Irish as they come ashore.

Tweed holds out an open box of cigars. When Bill doesn't accept, Tweed sets one down next to him.

TWEED (CONT'D)

Part of building a political base.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I've noticed you there. You may have noticed me.

TWEED

Indeed I have. Hard not to.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I don't get down there as much as I'd like. Too much humanitarian work of my own these days.

TWEED

Throwing torrents of pavers and withering abuse at every single person who steps off those boats -

BILL THE BUTCHER

(On "person") If only I had the guns, Mr Tweed, I'd shoot each and every one of them before they set foot on American soil..

17 INT. TWEED'S OFFICE - LATER

17

The tenor in here has changed, darkened. As Bill speaks, there's a *flashcut* to each street he mentions -

BILL THE BUTCHER

Mulberry Street and Worth. Cross and Orange and Little Water. Each of the Five Points is a finger, and when I close my hand the whole territory is a fist. I can turn it against you.

TWEED

But we're talking about different things, Bill.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TWEED (CONT'D)

I'm talking about civic duty. Responsibilities we owe to the people. Schools and hospitals, sewers and utilities; street construction, repairs and sweeping. Business licences, saloon licences, carting licences ... street cars, ferries, rubbish disposal. There's a power of money to be made in this city, Bill. With your help, the people can be made to understand that all these things are best kept within what I like to call the Tammany family. Which is why I'm talking about an alliance between our two great organizations.

BILL THE BUTCHER

You're talking about muscle work.

TWEED

That, too. Muscle to match our spirit.

BILL THE BUTCHER

You own the crushers. Get them to do it.

TWEED

The police? Oh, Jesus, no. Jesus, no. The appearance of the law must be upheld ... Especially while it's being broken.

A burst of fireworks lights up the night sky, and -

18 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (2ND UNIT)

18

The sparks cascade down onto the roof of a building -

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
*We always liked a good fire in the
Points. You could generally pick up a
little swag and if the cops came along
you really got a show...*

MAN IN THE CROWD
Fire! Fire!

TWEED
Vote Tammany!

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
*...The municipal police fought the
metropolitan police. The metropolitan
police fought the street gangs...*

TWEED
Hurry up, men, before the Black Joke get
there!

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
*...There were thirty-seven amateur fire
brigades, and they all fought each other.*

18A EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

18A

Tweed runs down the street at the head of his fire brigade,
wearing his fireman's coat and Tiger-insignia helmet.

WOMAN IN CROWD
The Black Joke are on their way, Tweed,
and they'll beat the shite outta ya!

19 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

19

MAN IN THE CROWD

Anyone know if the Flanagans are still inside?

Flames devour the building. We pan right to find the Americus fire brigade coming around the corner, headed for the front of the building.

We pan left to find the Black Joke Fire Brigade barreling toward the front of the building with Black Joke Chief McAuley at the head.

TWEED

It's the Black Joke! Go get 'em, boys!

The two brigades come crashing together in front of the building and start brawling, completely ignoring the fire.

MAN IN THE CROWD

Give those Bowery Boys hell!

Stepping clear of the melee, Tweed and Killoran carry a barrel toward the fire plug, where an anguished RESIDENT is wringing her hands.

TWEED

Any habitants inside?

RESIDENT

No, praise God, but all we own is.

TWEED

Then we had better wait for reinforcements.

He and Killoran put the barrel on top of the fire plug.

TWEED (CONT'D)

In your next time of trouble, ma'am, call on Tammany first.

He gives the woman one of his "Vote Tammany" cards and sits on top of the barrel.

Young thieves are looting the building, throwing furniture out side windows to others down below who run off with it.

We find Johnny leading Amsterdam into the crowd.

JOHNNY

Quick, before there's nothing left!

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER MAN IN THE CROWD
Go back to the bowery, you bums!

ANGUISHED MAN
Stop them, for God's sake. They're
taking everything.

Amsterdam hesitates. He glances at the families huddled
across the street watching their building being burned and
looted.

JOHNNY
I thought you said you was hungry!

Johnny runs across the street and into the burning building.
Amsterdam runs in after him.

As the fighting rages and the building burns, the Black Joke
Chief emerges from the imbroglio and approaches Tweed.

TWEED
Evening, McAuley.

BLACK JOKE
William Tweed, we are here to quench this
blaze.

TWEED
Well, sir, the human soul is bung-full of
laudable ambition.

BLACK JOKE
May I point out this building is
burning to ashes?

TWEED
May I point out this area is the
province of my own Americus Fire Brigade,
and that you lot belong on the Bowery?

BLACK JOKE
May I point out you're outmanned, out-
maneuvered and, in a moment, outfought.

TWEED
Am I? Let's ask my new friend.

A face suddenly swirls through a curtain of flames: Bill the
Butcher hanging off the side of another arriving Americus
Fire Co. wagon, like a demon.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER

There's the Black Joke. Let's take them
on the cobbles. Go spill some claret,
boys! Go on, Shorty, have a nice muss!
Go!

MAN IN THE CROWD

Clear the way for Bill the Butcher!

20 INT. BURNING BUILDING

20

The vision of the Devil is Amsterdam's, his first look at
Bill the Butcher in fifteen years. As young thieves ransack
the building around him, he watches Bill and his Natives and
the Americus firemen climbing down off their wagon below.

AMSTERDAM

Grab what you can, Johnny!

21 EXT. BURNING BUILDING

21

As Bill's men disembark, the Black Joke Firemen stop fighting
and back away, intimidated. Tweed gets up off the barrel.

TWEED

Right, boys! To work!

The bruised and bloodied men of the Americus Company hobble
off the battlefield, hitch a hose to the plug. A primitive
pump sputters water.

BILL THE BUTCHER

What's the use? Fire's near burned
anything of value inside.

It's true; the place is almost completely engulfed in flames.
As the Americus firemen rush toward it, Tweed calls out:

TWEED

Boys! Forget that one! Next building
over! Mustn't let it spread!

The building he's pointing to isn't even connected; it's
across the alley and in no danger at all. The firemen charge
it, axe through its doors, climb through its windows.

TWEED (CONT'D)

Take what you want from that one.

Bill signals his men to follow the firemen. A stunned
resident appeals to the gang coming past him.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

RESIDENT

What are you doing? There's nothing
wrong with that one. That's my build -

Someone slugs him and he goes down.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Calling out) For Christ's wounds,
McGloin, fight the fire from the front
and take the loot in the back! These men
need room to work!

MCGLOIN

Right you are, Bill!

TWEED

Punctuality, Bill. You'll need to work
on that. First rule of fire-fighting.

22 INT. BURNING BUILDING

22

Johnny rummages through drawers, unconcerned the room is burning down around him. He finds a small music box and puts it to his ear as timbers crash down, cutting off his only way out. Suddenly there is a groaning crash and he is nearly crushed by flaming timbers. Surrounded by fire he panics and yells.

In the next room, Amsterdam is opening and closing drawers. He finds a jewel box tucked away in the back of a drawer full of clothes. He smashes it open against the corner of the bureau. A fistful of old heirloom jewels scatters all over the floor. He grabs a couple of brooches but before he can do more he hears Johnny yelling and looks around.

Johnny on the other side of the flames, trapped.

Amsterdam hesitates between going after the jewelry and helping Johnny, then growls and crams the brooches in his pocket and responds by ...leaving. Johnny wails and coughs.

Amsterdam reappears moments later covered in a blanket and braves the wall of flames.

Inside the burning room now with the terrified Johnny, he wraps them both in the blanket and crosses back through the flames to the corridor.

The flames lick around the uncollected jewelry on the burning floor.

22A EXT. BURNING BUILDING

22A

As Bill watches his Natives, running in and out of the building, carrying their swag, something unexpected catches his eye. He sees a figure shrouded in flames, helping the young thief out of the burning building, laying him down on the street. It's Bill's first view of Amsterdam, even though he doesn't know it yet.

23 OMITTED

23

24 EXT. ALLEY - LATER

24

Johnny huddles under the blanket, sipping water from Amsterdam's cupped hands. It almost resembles a holy rite.

AMSTERDAM
You want more water?

JOHNNY
(Shakes his head) You get any swag?

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM

No. But the way I figure it you owe me half of what you got.

JOHNNY

It ain't so much.

AMSTERDAM

I ain't proud. Give it to me.

Johnny gives Amsterdam half his swag. He keeps the music box. Amsterdam lets him.

JOHNNY

Let's find supper, then I'll take you around to meet the boys.

AMSTERDAM

All right.

They get up.

JOHNNY

They won't be half-jiggered when I walk through the door with the living son of Priest Vallon --

Amsterdam catches Johnny's arm.

AMSTERDAM

I'm nobody's son. I come back 'cause I got no place else to go. But I'm not looking for no trouble and I don't mean to find none on account of you. If that's not so clear I can drag you right back in that fire and watch you burn.

JOHNNY

It's clear...Only what do I call you?

25

OMITTED

25

26 INT. SHANG'S HIDEOUT - LATER - NIGHT

26

Swag from the burning building on a plank table in an almost-bare room. A pair of hands sorting through it all, arranging it in piles. Other members of the young, ersatz gang look on. It's all pretty much junk.

JOHNNY

His name is Amsterdam.

Shang, the sorter, as he looks across at Amsterdam -

SHANG

What do you know of him, bringing him in here?

JOHNNY

He's a right gent. Educated. Been to boarding school. Ten years and up at boarding school. Hellgate.

The others, hearing this, regard Amsterdam, sitting quietly in a corner, with a measure of respect. He's a real gangster who's done time.

AMSTERDAM

(To Jimmy Spoils)

How's the beak?

JIMMY SPOILS

Ain't so bad.

There is an element of mutual respect in this exchange, interrupted by -

SHANG

You. You get anything? Give it up or get out.

Amsterdam comes over and puts down the two brooches he salvaged and the stuff he got from Johnny.

SHANG (CONT'D)

Right. Here's the rake. Everything comes here. We fence it, Johnny takes our tribute to the Natives - we chop up the winnings, each to his equal portion, amongst the gang. Does that meet your approval, Hellgate?

AMSTERDAM

My approval...? What's the matter, Jack Sprat? Can't you think for yourself?

(CONTINUED)

Sudden quiet.

SHANG

You're out of place talking like that.

AMSTERDAM

Set me straight.

Shang pushes noisily away from the table. Johnny steps in the way. Amsterdam backs down, letting Shang save face.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

You're right. I didn't mean to give no offence. You're the chief here. Your rules suit me just fine.

HAPPY JACK O/S

You boys settle with me before settling with each other.

Amsterdam turns to the voice and immediately recognizes the half-paralyzed face of the ex-Dead Rabbit coming into the room, now wearing the uniform of a cop.

HAPPY JACK

I come for my due and proper.

He approaches the table and notes the jewelry amidst the rest of the swag.

HAPPY JACK (CONT'D)

Now, this ain't a bad haul.

He pockets Amsterdam's brooches, assorted rings, the best of what's there.

HAPPY JACK (CONT'D)

...You know, when folks start in to sayin' where the country's goin' to Hell, I always tell 'em, "Look at all the hard work these fine young lads of ours is doin' down in the Five Points."

He holds up a glittering pendant.

HAPPY JACK (CONT'D)

Ah, now this is just the thing for Mrs. Mulraney.

SHANG

Alright, Jack, alright, just leave us somethin' to quarter to the Butcher -

(CONTINUED)

Jack cracks him across the knees with his nightstick. Shang goes down. Silence as he looks around to see if anyone else wants some of that. He sees Johnny's music box. Johnny reaches for it. The nightstick cracks across his hand. As the box falls to the floor, its lullaby begins to play. He picks it up and examines it carefully.

HAPPY JACK
Not my favorite tune...

(CONTINUED)

He tosses it back to the floor and the music stops.

HAPPY JACK (CONT'D)

Thank you, boys. Keep out of trouble, now.

Amsterdam watches Jack's every step as he walks out. As Jimmy helps Shang up, Amsterdam is still looking over where Jack left, listening to the cop's footsteps echoing on the cobblestones outside.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (4)

26

27 OMITTED

27

28 AN IDEALIZED IMAGE OF A YOUNG WOMAN

28

crossing Paradise Square like some kind of angel in Hell.

29 INT. STOREFRONT - DAY

29

The vision is Amsterdam's perspective through a window, clouded around the edges like a old picture frame. As the woman disappears, he turns away and watches Johnny fencing the gang's swag. The music box melody is cut short as -

30 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - DAY

30

They come out the door into the chaos and cacophony of the Five Points, a strange world overflowing with lowlife: hawkers and whores and beggars and gangs.

JOHNNY

...Streets here always are lively of an evening. The city comes here to sport.

AMSTERDAM

The swells come down here?

JOHNNY

Ay, that they do.

AMSTERDAM

Who are the gangs around now?

As Johnny leads Amsterdam across the square and describes the gangs, we see them in vignettes engaged in the individual scams they favor, each freezing on action into a sepia-toned illustration -

JOHNNY

The Daybreak Boys and Swamp Angels work the river, looting ships. The Frog Hollows shanghai sailors down around the Bloody Angle. The Shirt Tails was rough for a while but they've become a bunch of jack-rolling dandies, lolling around Murderers Alley looking like Chinamen. Hellcat Maggie tried to open her own grog shop, but she drank up all her own liquor and got throwed out on the street. Now she's on the lay for anything from poultry rigging to the ken's crack. The Plug Uglies got their own language no one can understand and love fighting the cops. The Night Walkers of Ragpickers Row work on their backs and kill with their hands. The Little Forty Thieves used to be something until they got took over by One-Lung Curran and his Gophers. They're so scurvy only the Plug Uglies will talk to them, but who knows what they're saying?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

The Slaughterhousers and the Broadway Twisters. They're a fine bunch of bingleboys. And the Little Forty Thieves - I used to run with them for a while, till they got took over by Bendrick the Cockroach and his red-eyed buggers. Bendrick carries a germ. If you try to leave the gang, they say he hacks up blood on you...

TRUE BLUE AMERICAN

The limejuicers are nothin' but a bunch of rapacious grab-ups, and it's time they were sent back to where they came from...

JOHNNY

The True Blues say they're a gang, but all they really do is stand around on corners damning England.

TRUE BLUE AMERICAN

Oh, open your eyes and see them for what they truly are...

AMSTERDAM

Any of them got the sand of the Dead Rabbits?

A vignette of the great battle between the Native Americans and the Dead Rabbits freezes into a sepia illustration, the knives and clubs and fists caught in mid-action. Johnny's face comes through it, superimposing, staring at Amsterdam.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

You don't say that name. The Dead Rabbits
died with ... (Catching himself) They been
outlawed.

AMSTERDAM

When I was in the blockhouse the Chinks
told me that the Natives celebrate their
victory over my father every year. Is
that true?

JOHNNY

Aye, that they do. And it's quite the
affair. The Butcher himself's got to
invite you or you don't go.

31 EXT. DON WHISKERANDOS BARBER SHOP - SAME TIME

31

Above, on a hillock, stands Monk, surveying all he sees below, like Zeus. He can see both young men moving through the crowds, but isolates the one, the stranger.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The Natives run the territory alright -- overground and underground. They're tolerant to a degree, and you don't have to run with 'em to show your face in broad daylight -

32 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - CONTINUED

32

Johnny and Amsterdam walk along...

JOHNNY

...but in all the Five Points there's nothin' that runs, walks, or cocks his toes up don't belong to Bill the Butcher.

... Johnny bumps right into the young woman we glimpsed before.

JENNY

Look where you're going, Johnny!

Johnny smiles abashed by her beauty and her proximity. He hunts in vain for something to say. She smiles and moves by - and the action suddenly slows - as Amsterdam watches the movement of her long fingers. She looks over at Amsterdam. He is impressed, tacitly sizing her up.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You look stunned and poorly, sir. But count yourself lucky that's all you are if you stand fast beside this one.

Neither of them replies. They are both staring at her.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Quite a pair of conversationalists, aren't you?

AMSTERDAM

Maybe not, but we're deep thinkers.

JENNY

(Laughs)

Gentlemen, I leave you in the grace and favor of the Lord.

(CONTINUED)

With that she walks off lightly. Johnny stares after her.
So does Amsterdam.

AMSTERDAM

Is that the one you were telling me ab--

JOHNNY

That's her. Jenny. The finest bludget in the
Points.

AMSTERDAM

She is a prim looking star-gazer. Only
I'd check my pockets if I was you. I do
believe she lifted your timepiece.

Johnny checks and realizes his watch is gone.

JOHNNY

Oh, I let her take it. I let her do it
all the time. (Feeling in his pockets)
Sometimes she leaves me notes.

He feels in his pockets and comes out with a slip of paper.
He reads it.

AMSTERDAM

What's it say then?

Johnny shows Amsterdam the note.

JOHNNY

"Beware of Strangers"

Amsterdam smiles. Johnny balls up the note and throws it
away. Amsterdam slings an arm around his neck.

AMSTERDAM

Come on, let's go steal something.

33 INT/EXT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - LATER - DAY

33

Kids with a gunny sack come past a window. A moment later, Amsterdam and Johnny appear and stop in front of it.

JOHNNY
(A little awkwardly)
I got to go inside.

AMSTERDAM
What for?

JOHNNY
I got some business to attend to. I'll see you later.

AMSTERDAM
(As Johnny walks away)
Where we going to meet?

But Johnny's already inside, leaving Amsterdam alone on the street. He stares curiously, surprised by the brush-off. Then his eyes move to the door of the place. There's a Devil Puppet from a Punch and Judy, nailed to it.

Inside, we see the kids from before handing over their sack to the barkeep. It seems to be alive. The man weighs it using his arm for a scale and pays the boys with pennies. As he turns away, the camera follows another barkeep down a long bar, emptying the residue of glasses into a bucket, then dumping it into the All Sorts barrel where several men - and one woman - push and shove and suck it up through hoses. Putting an ear down as payment next to a jar of ears.

BARKEEP
Hey, Maggie. Right ear or left ear?

HELL CAT MAGGIE
Aw, give us a drink, ya idjut. (Drinking)
Ah, you're a great bunch of boys...!

Johnny comes past. Following him, the camera suddenly dives to glimpse a terrier in a pit, over to glimpse the gunny sack being emptied of rats, and back up as Johnny passes a large and loud group of men placing bets.

GAME MASTER
Towser against the Vermin! The count to beat is twenty-five rodents in three minutes! Gentlemen, betting is closed! Are the enumerators satisfied? Fifty!

(CONTINUED)

ENUMERATOR

Yes!

GAME MASTER

Let 'em go!

This is the base of operations for the Native Americans. Part saloon, dance hall, gambling den, whorehouse, slaughterhouse. Johnny comes past sides of beef on hooks, then past a small stage and singer few pay attention to, before his path is blocked by McGloin.

(CONTINUED)

MCGLOIN

Where you going, boyo?

JOHNNY

Here to pay tribute to Bill.

MCGLOIN

Are you now?

The Irish ex-Dead Rabbit, now a Native, holds out a hand.

MCGLOIN (CONT'D)

Give it to me, I'll give it to him.

JOHNNY

No thanks. I'll pay him myself.

MCGLOIN

Will you now? What do you want to keep... the money or your teeth, boyo?

McGloin puts his hands up and slaps/pushes at Johnny. Johnny's hands go up as well, but before they can get into it, Bill, in a far corner of the room playing cards with three of his Natives, glances to the noise.

BILL THE BUTCHER

John! Welcome, welcome.

McGloin steps aside. Johnny approaches Bill. A collection of American flags hangs on the wall behind him.

JOHNNY

From me and my lads, sir.

Johnny sets down the contents of his pockets to show they're equal. Bill rakes one pile closer with a knife, leaving the other for Johnny, then leans slightly to see around him.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Mate of yours? Where's he from?

Johnny sees that Amsterdam has come in and is standing now across the room.

JOHNNY

Oh...He's not from around here.

Bill considers both boys a moment, then gestures to the figure in the shadows to come forward.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER
(To Amsterdam)
You! Yes...! You!

As Amsterdam takes a few slow steps into the light toward Bill, he takes in the scene - Bill in all his power and glory, flanked on all sides by looming enormous deadly looking thugs.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
That's close enough.

Bill looks him over carefully. Amsterdam's eyes shift slightly to a framed portrait and candle set up like a shrine next to the Butcher. The portrait is of Priest Vallon. Amsterdam is surprised and disturbed to find his father's picture hanging in place of honor on Bill's wall.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Your friend can't look me in the eye.
That's not an admirable characteristic.

JOHNNY
Nobody can look you in the eye, Bill.
Not when you're playing cards.

Bill follows Amsterdam's sightline to the portrait. Then glances to one of the card players -

BILL THE BUTCHER
This is whist. This is a gentleman's
game. Make a gentleman's bet.

CARD PLAYER
I'm betting large, Bill.

BILL THE BUTCHER
That ain't large.

The player pales. Then pushes everything he has into the pot. As his hand slides back, there's a sudden thwack and a yelp of pain.

Johnny flinches. So does Amsterdam -- but less noticeably. Bill has driven his dagger (O.S.) through the player's hand, leaving on the table the coin he was trying to palm back. He looks impassively at the Player, who is in agony.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Please - don't make that sound again,
Harvey.

(CONTINUED)

The Player shakes his head, nearly fainting. Bill's eyes move back to Amsterdam even though he's addressing Johnny. Bill takes half the money Johnny's given him and gives him back the rest.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
I like a man who's willin' to burn for
his swag. How do you fare on water?

Johnny frowns, doesn't get it.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Come closer, John. Closer. I ain't gonna
bite. Close.

Bill's eyes stay on Amsterdam as he speaks softly into
Johnny's ear.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
There's a PortaGeezy ship lyin' low in
the harbor, quarantined three weeks and
choked with swag. They lift quarantine
tomorrow. Get there before the Daybreak
boys strip her, and maybe you and me'll
talk some more.

JOHNNY
(With only the slightest hesitation)
Consider it done, sir.

Amsterdam is watching all this carefully. Bill pats Johnny on
the shoulder and sends him on his way. As Amsterdam starts to
follow, he calls out...

BILL THE BUTCHER
And you. Whatever your name is. What is
your name?

AMSTERDAM
Amsterdam, sir.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Amsterdam? I'm New York. Don't never
come in here empty-handed again. You got
to pay for the pleasure of my company.

AMSTERDAM
(Nods, low)
Bene.

As Johnny and Amsterdam start to leave.

BILL THE BUTCHER
(Calling out)
Take him for a boat-ride, John. Who
knows but he might save your life again.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (6)

33

Amsterdam looks back at Bill, as if he is grateful for the opportunity, knowing inside he's being "watched"...

34 INT. SPARROWS CHINESE PAGODA - DAY

34

Hands unfold a page torn from a Bible, a note in Chinese symbols scrawled over a faded illustration of the apocalypse.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

*Every year the Natives celebrated the
killing of my father all over again, at
Sparrow's Chinese Pagoda. The drum rolls
and the Butcher drinks a glass of
fire...*

As Amsterdam waits for the Chinese proprietor to read it, mahjong players regard him suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

This room interests Amsterdam. He carefully studies it as a thief cases a bank, taking in the locations of its stairs and doors. The Chinese hoodlum shows him a secret panel.

35 INT. SPARROWS CHINESE PAGODA - LATER

35

Money changes hands at a fan tan table. Beyond the Chinese gamblers, Amsterdam can be seen engaged in quiet conversation with a Chinese hoodlum in the large, almost deserted room.

36 INT. SPARROWS CHINESE PAGODA - LATER

36

AMSTERDAM

*When you kill a king, you don't stab him
in the dark. You kill him where the
whole court can watch him die.*

Amsterdam walks away from the bar in slow measured steps, counting to himself like a duelist. Fifteen paces, he turns. A shot glass is set down in foreground. Liquor's poured into it. A match is lit, brought close, and the liquor ignites.

37 INT./EXT. RECRUITING OFFICE.-DAY

37

Pictures of fingers pointing at food promise illiterate, destitute immigrants a better life in the Army. The long lines of men stretch out into the street where a drum and fife lead newly-recruited Union soldiers off to war.

RECRUITER #1 (O.C.)

Enlist! Join up! Serve your country!

RECRUITER #2 (O.C.)

Come on in, out of the draft, boys.

RECRUITER #1 (O.C.)

Join up now and get the bonus.

RECRUITER #2

Volunteer and get your fifty dollar bonus.

OFFICER

We need 30,000 volunteers and we're prepared to pay six hundred and seventy-seven dollars per volunteer. Please read this. Thank you. Would you like to take one of these please to fill out? Three square meals a day. Three square meals a day -

(CONTINUED)

1- CONTINUED:

RECRUITER

- Young man. Enlist and serve your country. Three square meals a day, gentlemen. If you're interested, I suggest you read this and consider joining up.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

Everywhere you went people talked about the draft. You could buy your way out for 300 dollars, but who had 300 dollars? We didn't know anything about the South. We only knew the Bowery, Mott Street and Murderer's Alley. And we never dreamt the war could touch New York.

As Amsterdam walks by he glimpses Jenny, dressed completely differently, her head hidden by a bonnet, strolling toward him past a soldier.

JENNY

Good afternoon, sir.

As she approaches him he realizes who she is and steps back, hands raised, giving her a wide berth.

AMSTERDAM

You...! Don't run into me.

JENNY

(Laughs)

Fair enough.

Jenny immediately trips over a paving stone and goes sprawling into his arms. Suddenly they are face to face.

AMSTERDAM

(Unamused)

I said don't run into me.

JENNY

I'm sorry...!

They straighten up. They both search through their pockets and belongings, keeping an eye on each other.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Everything in place?

AMSTERDAM

It seems so.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

Then I leave you in the -

AMSTERDAM & JENNY

- grace and favor of the Lord -

AMSTERDAM

- yes, thank you.

Amsterdam nods. Jenny moves on. As Amsterdam watches her go the sternness in his face relaxes a bit and he smiles.

He takes out the folded blue cloth where he put his father's medal. Unfolds it.

It's empty.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

Oh the dirty Mab!

He sees Jenny just boarding a street coach. He darts after her and hops aboard just as the coach starts driving away.

38 INT. STAGE - MOVING

38

Amsterdam stays at the back of the crowded coach so the girl won't see him. A passenger offers her his seat. She smiles demurely as she sits and arranges her hands genteelly on her lap. The passenger is beguiled.

PASSENGER

I hope you won't think me rude if I speak. I wouldn't want you to think me forward

JENNY

Well, sir, that depends on what you say.

As they converse in low tones, Amsterdam watches from the back of the coach: Her hands, which appear to be folded on her lap; a "third" hand moving slowly out from her wrap toward the passenger; brushing past his jacket - past his thigh - up toward his fine gold pocket watch - hesitating there - then continuing up toward his trouser pocket -

PASSENGER

Would you call me reckless if I said you were the prettiest girl in New York?

JENNY

Only New York?

The passenger is in Jenny's thrall. He has no idea what's going on. But Amsterdam knows. He watches every silken, surreptitious move of Jenny's hand with professional interest.

PASSENGER

May I know your name?

Her hand hovers above his pocket, waiting for the sway of the coach to mask her movement -

JENNY

(Sweetly)

Not if I don't tell it to you.

She stands up as the coach jostles to a halt, her hand sliding the man's wallet from his trousers as he recovers his balance. She slips it under her wrap and steps down to the street. He steps down after her.

PASSENGER

May I walk with you a little then?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY
(Very sweetly)

No.

She walks away. He watches after her. As the coachman reins at the horses and the coach moves on, Amsterdam jumps down.

39 EXT. BROADWAY ALLEY - DAY

39

First making sure no one's looking, Jenny moves her body a little and the porcelain hands come off under her long coat. She stashes them and continues on her way. But somebody is looking. Amsterdam follows her.

40 EXT. UPTOWN STREET (VILLA BORGHESE) - DAY

40

As he keeps her in view up ahead he also looks around at his surroundings. He's never seen this part of New York; never knew it existed. The houses are grand and the people on the street well-dressed - unlike him. Some even walk dogs - on leashes. It's another world.

41 EXT/INT. UPTOWN MANSION - (VILLA BORGHESE) DAY

41

Jenny sheds her coat revealing the maid's uniform she's wearing underneath, strides up to a back door of a mansion and opens the unlocked door.

Amsterdam appears a moment later and peers through a window as she climbs a staircase inside.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

*For every lay, we had a different name.
An Angler put a hook on the end of a
stick to drop behind store windows and
doors. An Autumn Diver picked your
pocket in church. A Badger gets a
fellow into bed with a girl then robs
his pockets while they're on the go.
Jenny was a Bludget - a girl pick-pocket
- and a Turtle Dove. A Turtle Dove goes
uptown dressed like a house maid, picks
out a fine house and goes right through
the back door. Robs you blind. It takes
a lot of sand to be a Turtle Dove.*

As her legs disappear from his view, he moves to another window and watches, fascinated, fragments of everyday rituals of a world he's never seen:

In a series of dissolves: Servants come into a high-ceilinged dining room with silver platters; a family unfolds linen napkins under a crystal chandelier; etched goblets are filled; silverware, clutched in thin, white, bejeweled hands;

(CONTINUED)

the low murmur of conversation in a cultivated accent he's never heard before.

Jenny slips out of the servants entrance of the mansion. She gets two steps before Amsterdam appears out of nowhere, grabs her and spins her around.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

I'll have my medal back.

Jenny's face contorts with frightening animal fury and she immediately knees him in the balls with all her strength.

He groans and lets out a gasp of intense pain, and almost lets go of her, but incredibly he manages to hold on, too tough to release his grasp. He pushes her back against the wall, pressing his whole body against her to keep her knees and legs in place.

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
(Still in considerable distress)
Don't do that again.

She immediately tries to do it again but she can't get any leverage. She struggles literally like a wild animal but he's way too strong for her.

JENNY
Take your hands off me...! They'll bag
the both of us!

AMSTERDAM
Just give me the medal!

There is a sudden sound at the servants' entrance and they both instinctively flatten against the wall, instantly silent. A SERVANT pokes his head out of the door to see what all the noise is about. They are just out of his eyeline. He goes back inside.

Amsterdam turns once more to Jenny.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
Now then --

He finds she has a knife at his throat.

JENNY
Go back to the Points and leave me to my
business or I'll open your throat so help
me God.

AMSTERDAM
All right.

He catches hold of her hand and tries to press the knife into his own throat.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
Go on then.

Jenny resists -- thrown off guard. She doesn't actually want to kill him.

JENNY
(Shaky) I would...!

AMSTERDAM
Go on then!

They are very close. It's very intense, almost sexual. He pushes harder.

(CONTINUED)

The skin is pierced and a drop of blood runs down the blade. Jenny is alarmed, scared - Amsterdam keeps pushing until suddenly she relents and he yanks the knife away.

They look at each other. Something in her has surrendered to him and it's left her breathless.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

Now give me that medal.

Jenny's hand goes to the collar of her uniform. She pulls the fabric down, exposing her throat.

Around her neck are twenty stolen chains and necklaces from the mansion inside.

JENNY

Take it. I can't remember which is yours.

AMSTERDAM

Suppose I help myself to everything.

JENNY

Suppose you do.

Very carefully Amsterdam reaches out to her exposed throat and deftly selects his father's St Michael medal. With one hand he undoes the clasp and slips it from around her neck. She is looking him in the eye the whole time.

He slips the medal in his pocket and reaches toward her throat again. She flinches just a hair. He takes the rest of the necklaces and tucks them back down inside her blouse. Then he neatly rearranges her collar.

Her eyes haven't left his face. She's impressed.

AMSTERDAM

Can I walk with you a little, then?

Jenny nods

42 EXT. UPTOWN STREET (VILLA BORGHESE) - DAY

42

As Amsterdam and Jenny walk along a tree-lined street,
other people - rich people - stroll past with gold-tipped
walking sticks and silk parasols.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

They leave their doors unlocked and walk around unarmed. They live like they're not in New York.

There's no comparison between the people here and those in the Points. They almost seem like a different species.

AMSTERDAM

I never been north of Saint Patrick's before.

JENNY

I wouldn't do it too often. You'll be collared for sure in that get-up.

She touches the shoulder of his frayed jacket. A cop, in fact, is eyeing Amsterdam right now, making sure he and the girl keep moving.

AMSTERDAM

What could a fellow earn up here in a day? Maybe you and me could pal in together.

JENNY

Oh, I think you're a bit rough for this sort of game. Besides, I work alone.

AMSTERDAM

Alone? How much do you quarter to Butcher?

JENNY

Me? Nothing.

AMSTERDAM

Nothing?

JENNY

The Butcher and me have a special arrangement.

Amsterdam stops walking. Looks at her.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You're looking at me like a gypsy. You want something more than a look it'll cost more than the price of that medal.

AMSTERDAM

I'm not interested in that kind of romance.

(CONTINUED)

Jenny laughs outright.

JENNY

Oh, I see. A man of God.

AMSTERDAM

Do you know your Bible?

JENNY

By rumor and reputation only.

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM

I must be about my father's business.

JENNY

A priest, I'm sure.

AMSTERDAM

Yes.

She looks at him, puzzled. She frowns. She's very stirred up by him and she doesn't like it.

JENNY

I don't want to see you again.

AMSTERDAM

I don't blame you.

43 EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - NIGHT

43

Close on the undertaker from the prologue, fifteen years older now, doing business, trying to get distraught relatives to sign up for better coffins to replace the plain pine boxes their soldier sons and husbands are arriving in. An Undertaker walks with a woman in mourning.

AMSTERDAM V/O

The docks was always dismal after dark. And now each night they brung ashore the bodies of the soldiers. It was a mournful sight, all them coffins lined up on the wharf. But we had business of our own.

UNDERTAKER

...It's the least we can do for these poor brave lads...Now, if you'll just give your son's name and regiment to the chief mate, I'll try to make all the necessary arrangements. It is scant comfort, I know, but so many mothers have not even the solace of knowing where their sons have fallen. I lost my own eldest at Antietam. But his mother and I were unable to recover his remains. God is good, madam. It's only a matter of time... the war can't last forever.

Shrouded in fog, Army personnel supervise the off-loading of more soldiers killed in action.

(CONTINUED)

The civilians surround those with the lists, and every so often another new, mournful wail cuts through the night. The camera rises above the fog and dark water toward spots of moving light far offshore -

JOHNNY V.O.
And God moved Upon the Waters -

AMSTERDAM V.O.
Sit down, Johnny, before you fall
overboard.

JOHNNY V.O.
The Daybreak boys catch us on the river
they'll cut our throats...

AMSTERDAM V.O.
I'll do it myself in a minute if you
can't keep quiet.

44 EXT. HUDSON RIVER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

44

Two rowboats gliding across black water, almost entirely veiled by thick fog.

The hull of a large ship suddenly looms up.

JOHNNY V.O.
Hard starboard, Jim -

JIMMY SPOILS V.O.
What? Which way's starboard?

JOHNNY V.O.
Left! Left!

JIMMY SPOILS V.O.
Which way's Left?

Too late. The lead rowboat bangs against the ship hull like a loud knock on a door.

45 EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

45

A rope ladder clinches against the ship's rail. The gang climbs up onto the deck, Johnny behind Amsterdam. Shang indicates silently where they should go. All around them lie smashed open crates.

SHANG
The Daybreak Boys already been here.
There's nothing left. Let's go back -

JOHNNY
Shhh -

As he moves around the deck then, looking for something worth taking, Amsterdam looks at his hand. Blood drips from it. He touches the railing with his clean hand, and it comes away with blood, too. He looks up to the sound of a door creak and sees a huge shadow looming up behind Jimmy.

AMSTERDAM
Jimmy!

Jimmy turns. The ship's captain stands behind him. Jimmy hits the deck. The musket barks. The shot flies wide. A lantern shatters. The captain collapses dead, a knife sticking out of his back.

SHANG
That'll bring the harbor cops for sure.

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy yanks the knife from the captain's back, wipes it on the captain's pants and sticks it in his own belt. He and Amsterdam exchange a look, then he follows as the gang hurries back down the ladder into the rowboats - except for Amsterdam, who looks around, frustrated.

AMSTERDAM

Jesus! They killed everybody. There's nothin' here but a bunch of dead sea-crabs.

He grabs hold of the body and drags it toward the railing.

JOHNNY

Shove off.

JIMMY SPOILS

Stop - Where's Amsterdam?

The captain's body suddenly slams against the side of the rowboat. Shang, panicked, pushes it into the water. As Amsterdam is climbing down the rope ladder -

AMSTERDAM

No, you damn fools, take him!

SHANG

What in hell for?

AMSTERDAM

Never mind what for, you bastard, just don't let him sink.

Amsterdam jumps down into the boat, reaches into the water and hoists the dead man aboard.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

46 EXT. MURDERER'S ALLEY - NIGHT

46

At the end of a dark, cobblestoned alley, Amsterdam negotiates a sale of the corpse to some medical students.

AMSTERDAM

I said no less than fifteen.

SHANG

Right.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Is this fresh?

AMSTERDAM

Four hours most. Much obliged, gents.

47 A LURID SEPIA ILLUSTRATION

47

of a gang selling a corpse to vampirish-looking medical students replaces the real scene. The caption reads: Ghoul Gang Slaughters, Then Sells to Medical Science - A Fresh Outrage of the Five Points.

48 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - DAY

48

Bill studies the published illustration in his hands. Waiting for his reaction, Johnny and Amsterdam exchange an anxious glance. Bill points to the words -

BILL THE BUTCHER
What's it say there?

AMSTERDAM
It means --

BILL THE BUTCHER
I didn't ask the meaning, I asked the word.

AMSTERDAM
Ghoul.

Bill's never said, or even heard the word before.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Ghoul. That's a good word.

He smiles. Looks at Amsterdam and Johnny.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
(Reading with some difficulty)
"Ghoul Gang Slaughters, Then Sells to
Medical Science - A Fresh Outrage of the
Five Points." That's a notice you could
be proud of. You two ain't done so bad.

AMSTERDAM
Thank you, sir.

JOHNNY
Thank you.

Johnny smiles, enormously relieved, and looks at Amsterdam. Amsterdam's face is nearly unreadable.

MCGLOIN
(Almost to himself)
Low thing, to do that to a body. Low.

BILL THE BUTCHER
(Points to Amsterdam)
Why? This bene young cove shows
enterprise, McGloin. Unlike you. He
could have left that ship with nothing.
Instead he makes The Police Gazette. A
periodical of note.

(CONTINUED)

Bill slaps the newspaper enthusiastically.

MCGLOIN

(With real feeling)

Body's meant to stay beneath the earth,
wearin' a wooden coat until the
Resurrection.

Everyone looks at McGloin curiously, including Bill.

JOHNNY

(Uneasily)

Well, here's the ned for it.

Johnny empties his pockets of money and puts it down next to
some bloody slabs of meat.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Sharply)

Don't put that money in the meat. I
don't know where it's been.

Bill starts counting it. He glances from McGloin to the boys.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

(Mildly)

Don't fret that body, McGloin, for
Christ's sake. These two are just a pair
of bog-eaten Irish sons of bitches same
as you and it don't seem to bother them
none. But maybe they don't share your
religious scruples.

MCGLOIN

Maybe they're just a couple of Fidlems.

There is some scattered laughter from a few of the Natives.
Johnny tenses. Amsterdam meets McGloin's gaze steadily. Bill
just watches and waits, immediately interested.

AMSTERDAM

(Laughs)

I been called a lot of things mister, but
I ain't never been called...
(fumbles for the wording)

MCGLOIN

Fidlems.

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM

Fidlem Bens, right... Well, if I knew what in the Hell that meant, I might be inclined to take offense.

The air grows thicker. McGloin takes a step toward Amsterdam.

MCGLOIN

A Fidlem Bens is a fellow steals anythin', dead or alive, 'cause he's too low to work up a decent lay for himself. Count that careful, Bill, just count that careful.

JOHNNY

I'm tellin' you -- That's all there is. That's all they give us.

Amsterdam puts a hand on Johnny's arm to stop him. He takes a step toward McGloin.

AMSTERDAM

Now, 'chiseler'. If you had said 'chiseler.' There's a word I understand. Now, is that what you're callin' us?

The room is dead still. Bill is watching them with keen interest.

MCGLOIN

I can think of a number of things to call you, boyo.

AMSTERDAM

Yeh, but I asked if you was callin' us chiselers.

MCGLOIN

Supposin' I am, Grave Robber?

AMSTERDAM

Well, then we got business.

MCGLOIN

That we do.

They turn away and take off their jackets. The Natives start clearing away the tables, some of them laughing. Bill smiles with them, but seems less certain of the outcome. McGloin raises his fists. Amsterdam does the same. The smirking grows as the gang members gather round to watch...

(CONTINUED)

McGloin showboats for them, throwing a few punches. Amsterdam parries with surprising skill, catching him a few times. As McGloin gets frustrated he lashes out with his foot. Amsterdam reacts viciously and the traditional fist fight explodes into a savage street brawl. Amsterdam fights with a repressed fury, like a man possessed. In a flurry of knees, elbows, and fingers he sends McGloin crashing into the card table, knocking everything over. He slithers astride the Irishman, about to fishhook him, when the other Natives stop laughing and pull him off. Bill's the only one still smiling.

BILL THE BUTCHER

All right, that'll do. That'll do.

AMSTERDAM

Have you got anything to say now?!

The men struggle to get Amsterdam off McGloin. He tries to recover his breath. Bill comes forward with a knife, eyeing the boy.

NATIVE

That's enough, kid.

NATIVE (CONT'D)

You're gettin' too old for him, McGloin.

The room is still and tense. Silence. Amsterdam collects himself, not sure of what Bill might do. Bill slaps a slab of meat into Amsterdam's hand, and then raises it to a wound on Amsterdam's cheek. The room sighs. And Amsterdam smiles. Bill nods in approval.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I thought you told me you could fight McGloin. All these years I took you for a giant...

The others start to laugh now.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

McGloin, how would that head look without the ears and the nose on it?

MCGLOIN

You better leave that head alone, Bill.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I think I'm gonna trim the ears and the beak off of that head. Make a nice pot of soup of that head.

(CONTINUED)

NATIVE

You can find a tastier head than that,
Bill.

ANOTHER NATIVE

I ain't got the stomach for no... no
Irish stew.

BILL THE BUTCHER

The mighty McGloin almost fishhooked by a
spratt.

Amsterdam looks around like a caged animal, still consumed by the violence. The Natives slap him on the back and hand him a drink. As he slowly calms down, his eyes meet Bill's. Bill smiles and raises his glass in a toast. Taken by surprise by the gesture, Amsterdam responds instinctively, raising his own glass, almost smiling back.

Bill comes slowly forward, rights the card table, picks up the portrait of Vallon with surprising gentleness and returns it carefully to it's place of honor. The laughter continues all around. The smile disappears from Amsterdam's face, as the laughter continues all around him.

49 INT. SLUM BUILDING (OLD BREWERY) - DAY

49

Tribune publisher Horace Greeley and some wealthy uptown citizens follow their tour guide, Happy Jack, through a dank and overcrowded building.

HAPPY JACK

Fleeing the Great Irish Famine, they cross the Atlantic with pennies in their pockets and hope in their eyes, searching the horizon for a glimpse of land and salvation. A glimpse of America.

Faces peer out of the darkness at Greeley and the others, like animals in cages, with hatred in their eyes.

HAPPY JACK (CONT'D)

Ah, but only shattered dreams await them. Pauperism and dereliction. Drunkenness and depravity. Molestation and murder, kind sirs and ladies.

50 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - DAY - SAME TIME

50

Amsterdam walks alongside Bill as the usual Native bodyguards, Johnny, and a marked McGloin follow. Johnny is watching Bill talk with Amsterdam.

BILL THE BUTCHER

...The Daybreak Boys run the East River; the Swamp Angels handle the West. Irish gips. Part of the Irish plague. The Lord rested on the seventh day but before He did, He squatted over the side of England and what come out of Him was Ireland. No offense, son.

AMSTERDAM

None taken, sir. I grew up here. All I ever knew of Ireland was in the talk of the others at the orphan asylum.

BILL THE BUTCHER

And where on that excrementitious isle were your forebears spawned?

AMSTERDAM

I been told Kerry, but I lost the proof of it in my language at the asylum.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I was raised in a very similar establishment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Now everything you see belongs to me, to
one degree or another.

As he speaks, we see quick vignettes to small-time crime -

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

The beggars and newsboys and quick thieves
here in Paradise. The sailor dives and gin
mills and blind tigers on the waterfront.
The anglers and amusers, the She-Hees and
the Chinks. Everybody owes, everybody pays.
Because that's how you stand up against the
rising of the tide Isn't that right, boys?

THE NATIVES

Yeh, Bill, that's right...

A quick cut of some kids throwing a brick through a shop
window and grabbing stuff -

BILL THE BUTCHER

Oh, I hear the sound of breaking glass
and it's like a beautiful young mort's
fingers running down my spine.

51 EXT. SLUM BUILDING / PARADISE SQUARE - DAY

51

A tour group emerges from the building. A group of sick Irish immigrants shelter in the doorway.

SCHERMERHORN

Conscription may be no bad thing, Mr Greeley - at least the Army would provide these poor wretches with three square meals a day -

GREELEY

- You must find all this most unsettling, Miss Schermerhorn.

MISS SCHERMERHORN

On the contrary, Mr. Greeley, I find it most illuminating --

HAPPY JACK

Commissioner Brunt said you wished to view the Points in all its splendor and squalor. "Spare nothing concerning the conditions," said he --

SCHERMERHORN

Nothing but our safety, Constable.

MRS SCHERMERHORN

I am sure we can be in no danger while in the Constable's company, my dear.

HAPPY JACK

Quite so, madam. Witness -

Jack takes out his watch and chain and carefully hangs it on a lamppost.

HAPPY JACK (CONT'D)

Shall we continue on?

HORACE GREELEY

You dare leave it there?

HAPPY JACK

Safe as a vault, Mr. Greeley, since all knows it's mine.

Leading them on, he steps over a body in the street, a cholera victim, as if it were a puddle of water. The Schermerhorns stare as they walk around it.

(CONTINUED)

MISS SCHERMERHORN
Is that man drunk, or -

HAPPY JACK
Dead as Good Friday, Ma'am.

Miss Schermerhorn controls her reaction with admirable fortitude. But looking back up from the body she takes a sudden step backward and involuntarily grips her father's arm. Standing before her is a man with a beat-up face - McGloin - flanked by Bill, Amsterdam, Johnny and the Natives.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Day to you, Mulraney.

HAPPY JACK
Boys.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Slum Sociable?

HAPPY JACK
Fact-finding, Bill. Reforms-studying.
May I present -

BILL THE BUTCHER
(On "may")
The Schermerhorns of Fifth Avenue
scarcely require an introduction from
you, Jack.

HAPPY JACK
- Mr Schermerhorn, indeed, and theihr
daughter...And this gentlemen is Mr.
Horace Greeley -

BILL THE BUTCHER
(On "is")
Ah, Horace Greeley, the great publisher.
Honor and a pleasure, sir.

HAPPY JACK
- of the Tribune...

BILL THE BUTCHER
I'm William Cutting.

Bill offers to shake hands. Miss Schermerhorn steps forward and complies with some spirit.

MISS SCHERMERHORN
How do you do, Mr. Cutting?

(CONTINUED)

There are "How do you do's" and handshakes all around.

HAPPY JACK
Mr Cutting is one of the Five Points
local -

MRS. SCHERMERHORN
(Overlapping)
Pleasure to meet you, sir.

HAPPY JACK
(Overlapping)
- leaders.

BILL THE BUTCHER
(Overlapping)
Mr Greeley.

GREELEY
(Overlapping)
Pleased to meet you, Mr Cutting.

BILL THE BUTCHER
...Sirs, ladies, the Five Points welcomes
you. You are welcome to these streets,
and will pass in safety.

HAPPY JACK
I'll see to their safety, thank you, Bill.

Bill just smiles in his face. The group passes by. Amsterdam
watches Happy Jack as he goes by.

HAPPY JACK (CONT'D)
(To the Schermerhorns)
...the Criminal's braggadocio, you see...

MR. GREELEY
He knows who I am.

HAPPY JACK
Oh indeed, sir. You're well known in
these parts.

MR. GREELEY
I must say I find that strangely
flattering.

Amsterdam spits after Happy Jack. Bill looks at him.

AMSTERDAM
(Covering)
I don't like crushers.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER

Well, draw it mild, son. Happy Jack
don't fill his lungs with air without I
tell him he may do so.

They turn. Monk is coming directly toward them down the
street. Bill is suddenly battle-ready; Monk likewise. They
eye each other as they pass.

MONK

Do you think my watch would be safe on
that lamp post, Bill?

BILL THE BUTCHER

Why don't you hang it up there and see?

MONK

Someday.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Someday.

MONK

(Nods at Amsterdam)
This a new lad?

BILL THE BUTCHER

Just another bastard son of Erin I've
folded in the warmth of my embrace.

They pass by each other like two cobras sizing each other up
but deciding not to strike. Bill walks on with his Natives
in tow and Amsterdam at his side.

As Amsterdam comes past Monk, the big man's hand cuffs at his
cap. Everyone in the street suddenly bristles, ready for a
brawl. Amsterdam steps back, grabbing at his hat. Monk
remains calm.

MONK

Just wanted to see your face. No harm
intended.

(CONTINUED)

Bill and his retinue walk on. Amsterdam falls in step with them, then looks over his shoulder. Monk is standing in the same spot, watching him.

52 INT. TWEED'S OFFICE - DAY

52

Tweed sits in a wooden box like a primitive sauna. Around him stand two petitioners and some assistants.

DR. GLEASON
My plague box fends off pestilence.
Its elixir combats ill-humors -

KILLORAN
We can't have every citizen of the Five
Points boxed up like cargo.

TWEED
Cholera, Mr. Killoran! An epidemic! We
must think about our constituents,
especially the immigrants. Can't have
them all dying off, least not before
election time.

Climbing out of the box he's quickly swathed in towels.

TWEED (CONT'D)
Dr Gleason this is Mr. Baff. Mr. Baff is
a friend of Tammany, a friend of mine.
He will provide conveyance of your
elixir, Doctor, but without your box. You
will each bill the city five thousand
dollars a month for supplies and
services-
(their faces light up)
Of which you'll receive ten-percent.
(their faces fall)
Mr. Killoran will work out the details.
That's how we do things around Tammany,
gentlemen.
Bill! Come in! Thank you, gentlemen.

As Killoran leads the doctor, Baff and the assistants out,
Bill, Johnny and Amsterdam come in.

TWEED (CONT'D)
Who's this then?

BILL THE BUTCHER
Some bright young lads of mine.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

TWEED

Bright enough to see themselves out and
shut the door behind them?

53 INT. TAMMANY HALL - LATER

53

A bust of Tamanend, the legendary Delaware Indian Chief, sits on a pedestal at the end of a long corridor. Amsterdam and Johnny wander through.

He notices Johnny staring at him.

AMSTERDAM

Either you got somethin' on your mind, Johnny, or you're startin' to get feelings for me. Now which is it?

JOHNNY

Bill's taken quite a liking to you ... I was a bit ... If you're up to something, bene, only I don't want no part of it.

AMSTERDAM

I was in Hellgate for sixteen years. I'm just trying to make my way is all, just like you. Unless, of course, you've got a better notion?

JOHNNY

No.

Amsterdam does not respond. Instead he continues along the corridor, looking at the artifacts devoted to the history of Tammany: All manner of rings and medals with strange Secret Society markings in glass cases. An illustration of men dressed like Indians posing outside a craftsman's shop called the Society of St. Tammany's First Wigwam. Portraits of white men with headdresses, Grand Sachem-this, Grand Sachem-that. A stuffed, snarling Bengal tiger in a prowling pose. He gestures for Johnny to look. Johnny looks.

AMSTERDAM

This is a gang.

(CONTINUED)

54 INT. TWEED'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

54

Alone in the room, Tweed and Bill confer.

TWEED

Bill, I can't get a day's work done for all the good citizens coming in here to fret me about crime in the Points. Some, I'm horrified to say, have gone so far as to accuse Tammany of connivance with this so-called rampant criminality. What am I to do? I can't have this. Something has to be done.

BILL THE BUTCHER

What'd you have in mind?

TWEED

I don't know, I think we have to hang somebody.

He says it as if he's talking about what shirt he should wear tomorrow.

TWEED (CONT'D)

No one important necessarily. Average men will do. Back-alley amusers without affiliations.

BILL THE BUTCHER

How many?

TWEED

Three or four.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Which.

TWEED

Four.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Aghast)

Four good earners!

TWEED

No, Bill, no need for that; just as long as they're guilty of something.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I expect to be reimbursed for this.

55 EXT. FISH MARKET, WARF - DAY

55

ASST. HANGMAN

You stand convicted varyingly of -
(reading)

Lewdness, jack-rolling, sneak-thievery, chloral-
hydrating, sodomy, strangulation, and
enthusiastic corruption of the public good.

A round of applause for the accomplishments of the four
condemned and manacled wretches. The crowd of a hundred or
so gathered in the muddy courtyard are in a carnival spirit.
Hot-Corn Girls and venders of all variety hawk their wares.

The condemned men are led to the gallows steps, where they
encounter a receiving line of lowlife well-wishers headed by
Bill, who shakes each of their manacled hands.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Variously to the men)

Good man. Chin up. We'll remember you.
You're a fine bunch of gallows fruit.
Say hello to Amsterdam - Nearly
fishhooked McGloin the other day -

MCGLOIN

Nearly!

CONDEMNED MEN

(To Amsterdam)

How'd y'do?

AMSTERDAM

(Shaking hands)

Pleased to meet you.

BILL THE BUTCHER

See you dressed for the occasion, Arthur.

The last CONDEMNED MAN is wearing a fancy silk scarf around
the collar of his thread-bare jacket

CONDEMNED MAN

Always try to look my best, Bill.

Bill fingers a golden locket hanging around the Condemned
Man's neck.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(To Condemned Man)

Take a dollar for the locket?

(CONTINUED)

CONDEMNED MAN
(Resentfully)
It's me Mum's.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Dollar and a half?

CONDEMNED MAN
Done.

Bill takes the locket and pays the Condemned Man, who bites into the coins to make sure they're good, then pockets them.

BILL THE BUTCHER
I'll miss you, Arthur.
(To another condemned man)
See you in the hot country, Seamus.

As the men are led up the steps to the platform. Bill gives a nod to a strangely dressed man, MONSIEUR NEW YORK, the hangman. He returns Bill's salute.

AMSTERDAM
Who's that nimenog?

BILL THE BUTCHER
Why, that's Monsieur New York. Finest hangman in the North. If their necks don't break on the first drop he don't eat meat for a week.

The Assistant Hangman cinches the nooses around the condemned men's necks.

ASST. HANGMAN
Got any last reflections?

The condemned hooded men all turn toward each other variously. No one has prepared anything.

CONDEMNED MAN 2
Not with this hood on I don't...!

The crowd chants, "No hoods, no hoods!" The Assistant Hangman removes the hoods. The crowd cheers. Condemned Man 2 steps forward.

CONDEMNED MAN 2 (CONT'D)
Is my son present? Where is my little man?

(CONTINUED)

Amsterdam follows the man's look into the crowd, and catches sight a SMALL BOY, around eight, standing in front of his MOTHER, looking up at Condemned Man 2. Her hands grip the boy's shoulders tightly.

CONDEMNED MAN 2 (CONT'D)

Farewell, dear boy. I never struck a foul blow or turned a card. May God greet me as a friend.

He steps back. The long trap door opens. The four ropes snap taut and the crowd roars its approval.

Amsterdam looks at the boy as he watches his father die; the roar of the crowd in his ears is like the roar of the Natives 15 years ago when Amsterdam knelt beside the dead Vallon.

(CONTINUED)

56 INT. OLD BREWERY/MISSION - NIGHT

56

A choir of twenty kids in rags, guided by some Ladies of the Mission, sings a hymn as Rev. Raleigh looks on proudly. Ship lanterns and candles try to illuminate the cavernous place. The missionaries have taken it over and thrown out most of its transients. Now it's filled primarily with whores and young men from gangs, differentiated by their colors. Rev Raleigh glances at them uneasily.

57 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - NIGHT

57

Street kids run from the spray from a hose on the back of a horse-drawn cart. On one side is painted "Anti-Pestilence, Cholera-Thwarting Solution." On the other, "A Public Service of Tammany."

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

*That night the reformers held a dance.
That was the Five Points, all right.
Hangings of a morning. Dancin' of an
evening.*

Johnny and Amsterdam, Shang, Jimmy and the others dodge the spray as they cross the street. Johnny carries the music box. We catch them mid-conversation.

JOHNNY

I can tell by the way she smiles at me...

AMSTERDAM

She smiles at a lot of people, Johnny.

A soldier leaning on a crutch, missing one leg, tries to block their path.

LEGLESS SOLDIER

Penny of gratitude for a fighting Irishman, young sirs.

Amsterdam stops.

AMSTERDAM

You're from Kerry.

LEGLESS SOLDIER

I am, Sir.

Amsterdam. Gets a coin out of his pocket and gives it to the soldier.

AMSTERDAM

It ain't much.

LEGLESS SOLDIER

Thank you, sir.

Amsterdam moves on. Johnny falls in step.

58 INT. OLD BREWERY/MISSION - CONTINUED**58**

Off by herself, Jenny watches a distraught woman dragging her child out of the choir line as the rest keep singing.

REV. RALEIGH

Madam, please. We welcome Christians of every stamp, but there's no need to frighten the children with a great big crucifix showing Christ dripping blood from His wounds.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

Yes, there is.

As she takes her child out, Amsterdam and the others come in and scan the place. Johnny spots Jenny across the room. She smiles at him, then sees he is with Amsterdam and frowns.

REV. RALEIGH (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are delighted to see so many young faces at our first annual Mission dance...

(CONTINUED)

SHANG

Boys, this'll be a real ballum rancum,
eh?

REV. RALEIGH (O.S.)

...and we are particularly happy to greet
our Roman Catholic friends who join us
here tonight.

59 INT. OLD BREWERY/MISSION - LATER

59

The boys have been guided to one side of the room. Reverend
Raleigh moves along the smaller group of girls (and She-Hees)
lined up on the other.

WOMAN#1

Good evening, Reverend.

WOMAN#2

Good evening, Reverend.

JENNY

(to one of the She-Hee,
jokingly)
Looks as though you should have shaved
closer.

He stops in front of Jenny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REV. RALEIGH

Miss -

JENNY

Everdeane.

REV. RALEIGH

Miss Everdeane.

He offers her his arm, leads her to a small wooden chair in the center of the room and hands her a small pocket mirror.

REV. RALEIGH (CONT'D)

And the evening's regent chooses her evening's partner. Now, the gentlemen. Over here, if you would, please.

The boys are shepherded into a line behind the chair. Amsterdam is swept along with the rest. The rest of the ceremony is played out in THE MIRROR in Jenny's hand. As she raises it, the first boy appears alongside her profile in foreground. She shakes her head, no. The next candidate appears and is similarly rejected. And the next.

Johnny steps into the reflection, trying to look confident. Jenny hesitates, then shakes her head, no. Johnny isn't sure he saw right. He waits. She shakes her head again. The Rev. Raleigh gently moves him along. Amsterdam steps into view. She looks at him for a long time. He starts to move away -- She turns around sharply.

JENNY

That one.

Amsterdam stops where he is. He's not sure how to take this. Neither is Johnny.

REV. RALEIGH

Our queen has chosen.

He applauds. The Ladies of the Mission - and no one else - join in. He gestures to a small band. A waltz version of "A Mighty Fortress in Our God" begins to play. He helps Jenny up and leads her to Amsterdam.

REV. RALEIGH (CONT'D)

Sir? Your Lady.

(and, as an aside)

Regular services this and every Sunday, at Dawn's light, eight and ten.

AMSTERDAM

Go to hell.

(CONTINUED)

Johnny watches from afar as Jenny places Amsterdam's arm around her waist. He turns and walks out with the music box.

Amsterdam and Jenny start dancing after a fashion. A few other couples pair off.

At first Amsterdam and Jenny don't look at each other, looking only over each other's shoulders. Their tone is quite serious. As before, there is something intense between them right away that is more than either one of them bargained for.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

What are you doin'?

JENNY

What?

AMSTERDAM

I said why'd you pick me?

JENNY

That's none of your business.

AMSTERDAM

Well, would you mind tellin' me --

He steps on her toe.

JENNY

Ow!

AMSTERDAM

I'm sorry.

He immediately does it again.

JENNY

Ow!

AMSTERDAM

I'm sorry -- ! I'm not much of a dancer.

JENNY

Just try to keep calm.

Amsterdam tries unsuccessfully to do better.

AMSTERDAM

I'm sorry. I've never been to a steppen-
ken before.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY
((Surprised))
Never?

Jenny looks at him curiously. He tries to answer, and literally cannot come up with anything to say. Jenny sees he'd rather not discuss himself and doesn't press the point.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Well, it's best not to look down. And,
you can hold me tighter if you like.

He holds her tighter. They keep dancing. He does slightly better.

AMSTERDAM
Why didn't you dance with Johnny?

She looks at him for the first time. Pause.

JENNY
Because I'm not in love with him.

Pause. They look at each other. She holds him even closer. His arms go around her tighter. Their bad dancing has improved somewhat.

In the candlelight, their movement becomes split, sequential, like an old Gjon Mili photograph, their bodies creating a rush of yellow light across the screen.

61 OMITTED

61

62 EXT. WATERFRONT DOCKS - NIGHT

62

There are reflections in the water of torches from a negro burial ritual in the distance. Amsterdam and Jenny are sitting on the pier, kissing. He kisses her mouth, her face, her neck.

AMSTERDAM

(As he kisses her)
I don't want this. I'm not wanting this.
(Fumbling at her corset)
How does this open?

JENNY

It takes too long to lace it up again;
we'll be here all night.

He keeps kissing her. She squirms around, very turned on.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(Breathless)
Sure, all right, I'll take it off.

She hurriedly removes the pins and her long hair cascades down her body. They kiss again. He begins to unbutton her blouse, from the bottom up, revealing a scar just below her waist.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(Slightly embarrassed)
There was a baby...They cut it out - I'm
sorry.

Amsterdam makes a gesture, i.e., "You don't have to apologize."

JENNY (CONT'D)

(A bit shyly, perhaps)
Have you got any scars?

AMSTERDAM

(Hesitates)
One or two.

She slowly begins unbuttoning his shirt, from the top down. The shirt parts revealing several long, jagged scars on his chest and stomach. She almost gasps. She never expected to see so many of them. It's a map, in bas-relief, of almost-countless knife fights.

(CONTINUED)

She almost gasps, then looks at him as if to say "What happened to you?" He starts to speak, at a loss where to begin, then gives up trying. She shakes her head and smiles; she already knows the whole story.

He watches her face as her fingers gently trace the scars, one to the next, like rungs on a ladder. She looks back up and they kiss more passionately.

His hand undoes the top button on her blouse, and, as it parts, he sees a familiar gold locket against her neck.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

What's that?

JENNY

This? It's a gift from Mr. Cutting.

Amsterdam shifts away from her a fraction of an inch.

AMSTERDAM

A gift?

JENNY

(Pointedly)

Yes. A gift.

Brief pause.

AMSTERDAM

Is it your birthday?

JENNY

No.

AMSTERDAM

What did you give him, then?

JENNY

The answer to that has nothin' to do with you.

He just looks at her, expressionless.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you're angry with me.

AMSTERDAM

No. I'm through with you.

Jenny reacts like he's just slapped her. She tries unsuccessfully to laugh it off.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

You're quicker than most fellows.
Generally they wait till afterwards.

AMSTERDAM

Well, I ain't interested in the Butcher's
leavings.

She starts to speak, then stops herself. She gets up, shaking her head, and starts buttoning her blouse. She is nearly in tears. Her hair is all over the place. She stoops down to find her lost pins.

Amsterdam watches her. She is having so much trouble finding the pins that he finally makes a movement toward her. She twists away violently. Giving up the search for the pins she walks away, managing her hair as best she can. Amsterdam buttons his shirt, watching her go.

62A OMITTED

62A

63 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - DAY

63

The place is almost empty; a few Natives playing cards; a destitute family waiting for a gift of meat as Bill expertly dresses the carcass of a pig. Amsterdam stands next to him wearing an apron and holding a knife.

BILL THE BUTCHER

You get to know a lot butchering meat.
We're made up of the same things. Flesh
and blood. Tissue. Organs.
I like to work with pigs: The nearest
thing in Nature to the flesh of a man is
the flesh of a pig.

AMSTERDAM

Pig, eh?

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Gives some meat to the mother) There
you go, mother.

DESTITUTE MOTHER

God bless you, Mr. Cutting.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(As she walks away)
She ain't really my mother.

AMSTERDAM

I was goin' to ask...

Bill shows Amsterdam where each organ is located with his knife, on the hog (which we don't see) and on him.

BILL THE BUTCHER

This is the liver. This is a kidney.
This is the heart. This is a wound. The
stomach will bleed and bleed. This is a
kill. This is a kill. This is a kill.

Now he's sticking the knife into the carcass with fluid speed. Amsterdam looks at the knife in his own hand, then at Bill. His eyes fall on the colored handbill on the wall.

15th Commemoration of The Great Battle of 1844
A Celebration of the Stirring Native Victory

64 OMITTED

64

65 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - NIGHT

65

Two boxers hammer at each other in a makeshift ring. A bell rings and a Card Girl steps in carrying a sign marked "Round 44." Amsterdam, Johnny, Shang, Jimmy Spoils and the others move through the large, boisterous crowd collecting bets.

JIMMY SPOILS

I never seen so much cabbage
in my life!

SHANG

He just took another one in
the mush!

AMSTERDAM

Bill says keep clear of the pikers.
Fifteen to one, Johnny: Bug-Eye Moran.
Did you get that? Write it down.

Shang and Jimmy move off. Johnny starts to follow.

JOHNNY

Yes, sir, straight away, sir.

Amsterdam catches his arm. Johnny shakes it off.

AMSTERDAM

Johnny - nothin' happened
with her. We only talked
awhile - We never even -

JOHNNY

On "happened")
That's alright. I got no
claim to her - It's
alright, it's got nothin' to
do with me.

AMSTERDAM

Look, Johnny, she belongs to the Butcher!
We've both of us got to keep clear of her.

JOHNNY

The Butcher's the Devil Incarnate, alright?
He's had every girl in the Points. She don't
belong to him. We do.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(From across the room)

Amsterdam! Here to me, son, I want you!

Johnny disappears into the throng as the bell rings for
another round. Amsterdam stares after him as the crowd
cheers, then turns to go to Bill.

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

Everyone was working for the Butcher.
We ran his errands, made his money, took
a piece and said "Thank you, sir..."

The fighters limp back into the ring. Suddenly another brawl breaks out as two groups of police - State and Municipal - stream in to break up the match. Bill watches in stunned fury as his evening's entertainment - and business - is disrupted.

Tweed, sitting right next to him, notes Horace Greeley and the journalists present, gets up, steps forward, then turns around so he appears to be leading the cops. He "arrives." Bill stares at him, flanked by all the police. A newspaper artist immediately begins sketching a picture of the man "leading" the cops.

GREELEY

Gentlemen, it's a raid!

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

...Even Tweed.

TWEED

That's it, gentlemen, the fight's over!

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

...Even me. My father's son.

TWEED

Sorry, Bill. The city ordinance against boxiana is a blight, I grant you, but some appearance of order is in - order. Even in the Points.

Tweed calls out to the crowd. Bill barks at him:

TWEED (CONT'D)

That's it, gentlemen, fight's over!

BILL THE BUTCHER

I'm losing revenue while you speechify!

Half the spectators throw chairs at Tweed. It's bedlam. The two factions of police start fighting not only with the crowd but with each other. Tweed sighs. Amsterdam appears at Bill's side. Bill snaps at him:

BILL THE BUTCHER

Get out there and collect those bets!

AMSTERDAM

How do I collect if no one won the fight?

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER

This counts as a "No Decision." You got that covered, right? Didn't anybody pay off the police?

TWEED

We paid the Metropolitan Police! These are the Municipal Police!

BILL THE BUTCHER

(To Tweed)

You're gonna pay me every cent I would've made in here tonight!

TWEED

I can't pay off a fight that never finished!

BILL THE BUTCHER

Look at this, God damn it, this is chaos!

AMSTERDAM

Mr. Tweed! Suppose we -

TWEED

Who asked you?

BILL THE BUTCHER

Let him talk, he don't answer to you!

AMSTERDAM

The law don't allow no boxing in the city, is that right?

TWEED

In the city, yes.

AMSTERDAM

Well, where does the city end?

Amsterdam makes a gesture, i.e., "problem solved." Bill and Tweed look at him blankly.

The same bare-knuckled fighters battle it out in a proper ring. The same Card Girl DISSOLVES through the boxing action carrying a sign that reads, "Round 72."

REFEREE

The winner in the 75th round -- one minute, fifteen seconds...

Amsterdam, seated with Bill, notices Jenny working the crowd.

She comes past Johnny and stops to say a friendly word. He's wary at first but finally responds with some warmth and there is some kind of affectionate exchange between them. They move off together.

As Jenny goes, she notices Amsterdam, sitting next to Bill - glancing over. She continues walking away. Amsterdam looks away. The Irish fighter goes down for the count and P.T. Barnum rushes into the center of the ring. The crowd roars its indignation.

P.T. BARNUM

The winner - gentlemen! - the winner by a knockout, the incumbent Native American champion - High Water Dobbs -

(cheers and boos)

Who has beat the Hibernian challenger, Beltless Tom O'Shannon, in one minute and thirteen seconds of the seventy-second round!

(cheers and boos)

While I have your kind attention, may I remind you of the further wonders that await you at my museum, located on Broadway -

(a loud chorus of boos)

P.T. Barnum's Gallery of Wonders, from worlds Natural and Unnatural, from Nature and from Myth.

Everyone jeers, Tweed and Bill included. Amsterdam does not join in.

P.T. BARNUM (CONT'D)

I would also like to acknowledge our great debt to the man whose vision and enterprise made possible the staging of this noble combat in these awe-inspiring - and entirely legal - surroundings -

Bill smiles at Amsterdam and pats him on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

P.T. BARNUM (CONT'D)
Mr. William Cutting!

Bill stands and accepts great cheers from the huge crowd.

Suddenly he reaches down and pulls Amsterdam up with him.
Amsterdam reluctantly climbs into the ring with him.

The waves of cheers and Bill's arm around his shoulder jolly him out of his distemper, and he finds himself smiling as the crowd roars and hats fly into the air. Shang and the boys cheer loudest of all.

Amsterdam scans the crowd for Jenny or Johnny but can't find them.

We begin to pull wide, showing Bill and Amsterdam, the crowd, the boxing ring, the raft they're all on - half a city block long - the sparkling Hudson River it's floating in the middle of, and the wild northern reaches of Manhattan in the distance.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
*It's a funny feeling being took under
the wing of a dragon. It's warmer than
you think.*

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - DAY

Another wave of Irish immigrants trundle their belongings across the docks. Waiting for them, of course, is hot soup served up by Tammany representatives. Tweed points to the ragged people coming off the sailing ship.

TWEED

There's the building of our country right there, Bill. Americans aborning.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I don't see no Americans. I see trespassers. Paddies who'll do a job for a nickel what a nigger does for a dime and a white man used to get a quarter for - then moan about it when you treat them like niggers.

AMSTERDAM

Bill's got mixed feelings as regards the Irish.

TWEED

Maybe he should look a little closer.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Sharply)

This ain't no joke. What have they done? What have they contributed?

TWEED

Votes.

Amsterdam looks out at the Irish immigrants thoughtfully.

BILL THE BUTCHER

They vote how the Archbishop tells them. And who tells the Archbishop? Their king in the pointy hat what sits on his throne in Rome.

(CONTINUED)

TWEED

Then we will rival Rome for their
loyalty and affection. Soup for hungry,
alms for the poor, medicine for the sick,
muscle for the recalcitrant. Mother and
father, crusher and church to them all.
Deliver these good and fervent folk to
the polls on a regular basis and there'll
be a handsome price for each vote goes
Tammany's way.

BILL THE BUTCHER

My father gave his life makin' this
country what it is. Murdered by the
British with all his men, on the 25th of
July, Anno Domini, 1814. Now you want me
to help befoul his legacy by givin' this
country over to them what's had no hand
in the fighting for it? Why? Because
they come off a boat, crawling with lice
and beggin' you for soup?

TWEED

You're a great one for fighting, Bill,
I know. But you can't fight forever.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I can go down doing it.

Amsterdam has been following all of this very closely. Bill
turns to leave. Amsterdam falls in behind him.

TWEED

And you will.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Stops)
What did you say?

TWEED

I said you're turning your back on your
future.

Bill has an arm on Amsterdam's shoulder.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Not our future.

Amsterdam glances back at Tweed. The Natives stride past
several tables where officials naturalize the immigrants,
having them raise their right hands and repeat the oath of
citizenship. Next to those tables are others where
recruiters stamp at forms -

(CONTINUED)

RECRUITER

That document makes you a citizen.
This one makes you a private in the Union
Army. Now go fight for your country.

ANOTHER RECRUITER

Sign here, son. Or make your mark.

RECRUITER

There's your musket. Make sure you keep
it dry on the boat. Same for the
cartridge case!

NEW RECRUIT#1

Where we goin?

NEW RECRUIT#2

I heard Tennessee.

NEW RECRUIT#1

Where's that?

Another line of immigrants who have just arrived and been
naturalized, inducted and put in uniforms, board another ship
that will carry them off to war. Off that ship, more coffins
are being hoisted onto the docks.

NEW RECRUIT#3

Do they feed us now, you think?

STEWARD

Free up the gangway. Free up the gangway!

68 OMITTED

68

69 INT. BOWERY THEATRE - NIGHT

69

Close on the face of President Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN

My children! My children! We must
heal the division between us!

It takes a moment to realize his beard is stuck on with
spirit gum and that he's just an actor - Edwin Forrest -
arms outstretched as if crucified. The stage is ablaze with
candlelight.

LINCOLN/FORREST

This war must cease! North and South
must stand united!

He's answered by catcalls and whistles. All the gangs in the
Five Points are in attendance. Amsterdam and Bill are
hurling rotten fruits and vegetables. They are shouting at
the stage, looking at each other and laughing at each other's
remarks. (The dialogue should be somewhat staggered, full of
interruptions and hiccups -since they are listening to each
other and trying to get their sentences out at the same
time.)

AMSTERDAM

More division! More
fighting! The more fighting,
the better we like it! We
like fighting!

BILL THE BUTCHER

Burn the rebels alive and use
the niggers for kindling!
Free the niggers and enslave
the Paddies!

As they hurl the rotten fruit, we see that Forrest is
hovering on a rope like an angel, twenty-five feet above the
stage, where a tearful tableau of Uncle Tom's Cabin is being
enacted.

AMSTERDAM

What happens at the finish then?

BILL THE BUTCHER

Then we have ourselves a rowdy-dow.
Ain't you never been to the theater
before?

AMSTERDAM

No.

LINCOLN/FORREST

(Ignoring the jeers and
projectiles)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

LINCOLN/FORREST (CONT'D)

Mr. Legree, lay down your whip!
Miss Eliza, join hands with Mr. Shelby!
And Topsy, dear little Topsy, cradle
Uncle Tom's head.

(CONTINUED)

NATIVE AMERICAN
(as Uncle Tom stirs to life)
Leave the nigger dead!

BILL THE BUTCHER
Down with the Union!

AMSTERDAM
Down with the Union!

As Amsterdam joins in the general laughter, we see a man in a velvet waistcoat make his way along their row to a chorus of boos from those whose view he's blocking. The next actions play out like steps of a ballet:

The man's hand sliding under his jacket; Amsterdam turning; the hand reappearing with a pistol; Bill oblivious; Amsterdam seeing it; the pistol pointing at Bill's head;

ASSASSIN
For the blood of the Irish, Bill!

Amsterdam lunging over the seats, grabbing the man's arm; the gun firing with a puff of smoke; the bullet piercing Bill's shoulder, exiting the other side; striking the Native next to him in the ankle

As Amsterdam wrestles with the would-be assassin, Bill bellows in pain like a big game animal felled, sinking to his knees, clutching at the messy wound.

The audience is in an uproar. Uncle Tom rises quickly from the dead and hurries offstage with Mr. Shelby and Topsy while poor Edwin Forrest twists from his rope harness high above the stage.

Amsterdam grips the wrist of the hand with the pistol, trying to keep it from pointing at him, and twists it toward the assassin. It fires, tearing into the man's waistcoat.

MCGLOIN
Stifle that rat bastard down!

The audience falls silent, waiting to see if Bill gets up or not. Fighting the pain and the flowing blood from his wound, he rises from his knees and stands tall and puts his hat back on his head.

Ignoring Amsterdam, he turns to the dying assassin who is clutching at a string of beads and mumbling a prayer to himself with his last breaths.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER

(In great pain) Whose man are you? Speak smart, and speak up.

He steps on the assassin's wound. The man writhes in agony, but keeps mumbling, still clutching his beads. Bill reaches down and roughly pulls at the man's fingers to reveal his talisman: a rosary. The man keeps mumbling.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

(To Amsterdam)

You! Boy! What's he saying?

Amsterdam is momentarily taken aback. He looks down at the dying man.

AMSTERDAM

(Troubled)

He's makin' his peace with God.

BILL THE BUTCHER

The hell with that. He makes his peace with me.

Bill takes the gun out of Amsterdam's hand and levels it at the assassin.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

I'm hearing confession tonight you mother whoring Irish nigger. Whose man are you? We speak English in this country, whose man are you? You see this knife? I'm going to teach you to speak English with this fucking knife. Whose man are you? Whose man are you?

The assassin shudders and dies.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Well that don't tell me very much.

He pulls himself together and looks to his audience.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

(Aloud, to the crowd)

Shame about that fine waistcoat...! I don't think it can be mended! Will I keep it as a souvenir?

The crowd roars its approval. Some Natives strip the vest from the dead man. Bill notes poor Edwin Forrest still dangling above the stage.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Where's Legree? Where's Mopsy?

(they're cowering in the wings)

Tragedians! Continue! Intermission is over!

The crowd cheers. Bill stands tall, in great pain. His eyes meet Amsterdam's. Slowly and without irony he takes off his hat and bows low to him. He puts his hat back on just as the Natives swarm him with congratulations and accolades and he is carried away by them. Amsterdam, mortally confused by what he's just done, slowly backs away through the crowd.

At the back of the theater, he finds his way blocked by Monk.

MONK

Now that was bloody *Shakespearian*.

AMSTERDAM

What?

MONK

Do you know who Shakespeare was, sonny?

Amsterdam very disoriented, shakes his head.

MONK (CONT'D)

Well, he's the fellow wrote the King James Bible.

AMSTERDAM

Mister, I don't know what in the hell you're talkin' about -

He tries to get around Monk, but Monk grabs him and slams him against the wall.

MONK

That's because you're a dumb, ignorant, barbarous Irish whelp. Just like your father.

Amsterdam tries to push Monk away but Monk is too strong.

MONK (CONT'D)

Tear my head off and destruct the world. Just like the rest of the stupid Irish in this country. That's why I never ran with your Dad. He always wondered why I wouldn't run with him. I never told him in so many words, but I'll tell you: When the Irish get together, they turn stupid. All they do is fight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONK (CONT'D)

I'd rather do that on me own. He never understood that.

AMSTERDAM

I don't know what you're talkin' ab -

Monk says something in Gaelic. Amsterdam stares.

MONK

It means: If you're not strong, you better be smart. Now, I don't know if you're being too clever or too dumb. But whichever it is, just remember that for all his faults, your father was a man who loved his people.

Monk releases him. Amsterdam runs away from him and stops, backed against the wall, alone, breathing heavily, his mind in a whirl at what he's done.

BILL THE BUTCHER (O.S.)

Amsterdam...! Come here to me, my boy!

Amsterdam...! I'm New York!

New York is calling you...!

The crowd roars.

70 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - LATER - NIGHT

70

A pair of scuffed shoes hammers out syncopated rhythms on broken glass - an early version of tap dancing.

It seems as if everyone from the theatre has repaired here to celebrate Bill's deliverance from the clutches of death. It's a dark, drunken scene.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Look at that. What is that? Rhythms of the Dark Continent tapped out in a fine American mess ... a jig doing a jig.

He tosses Amsterdam the bullet that hit him.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Little keepsake.

Amsterdam is getting drunk, deep in a stew of his own confusion, trying to hide his state of mind from the others. He turns his head as Tweed and Killoran arrive and push their way toward Bill. Three whores gather around Tweed and Killoran as they talk.

TWEED

Bill. Thank God you're all right. I heard the news and came over as quick as I could.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Was it the news you was hopin' for? You're as timely as the Angel of Death.

TWEED

(Reproachfully)

You're not suggesting that I would stoop to what you're suggesting...!

BILL THE BUTCHER

Oh stop your boo-hooin'. Turns out he was just an old Bowery Boy, tryin' to settle ancient scores. Now I've got a hole in my shoulder and it hurts. So have a drink and shut up, or shut up and get out.

TWEED

I believe I'll have a drink.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Careful, Tweedy, the mort's Frenchified.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd laughs.

TWEED'S WHORE

No, no, I'm clean! I'm clean...!

Tweed and Killoran head for the bar, followed by the whores.

POV AMSTERDAM: A woman's hands unbutton Bill's shirt from the bottom up. Jenny tends to Bill's wound, cupping a hand under the bullet hole catching spirits from a pitcher, rinsing the rivulets of blood. She applies a clean white bandage. Bill kisses her on the lips, briefly.

Jenny pries a sufficiently drunk whore off Bill and takes her place next to him with a bowl of clean water. Bill looks up at her.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Jenny...

JENNY

Bill.

Amsterdam is passed out, flanked by a whore on his arm, but upon hearing Jenny's voice he raises his head to look at her. She briefly stares back. Amsterdam comes to and casually brushes the whore off of him. He watches as Jenny tends to Bill's wound, cupping a hand under the bullet hole catching spirits from a pitcher, rinsing the rivulets of blood. She applies a clean white bandage.

JENNY (CONT'D)

It's not my best wrap yet...

BILL groans.

JENNY (CONT'D)

It's Got to be tight.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Smiling)

Loves to make me cry.

JENNY

(Laughing)

You can take it.

Amsterdam hides his disgust, but can't stop from watching Jenny tenderly care for Bill. A whore tokes on an opium pipe and hands it to Amsterdam. Jenny stares at him. He takes a drag, and Bill approves.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER
There's my boy.

When Amsterdam looks at Bill, Jenny deliberately cradles him in her arms feigning affection.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
(Patting her)
Mmm, it's all right, it's all right.

Amsterdam lurches from his chair, raising a glass. He stares a moment at the spectacle of Bill and Jenny embracing.

AMSTERDAM
To the Butcher!

Jenny leers at Amsterdam. Touche.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
We're all much obliged. Forever.

The tension has risen between Amsterdam and Jenny, and AMSTERDAM raises his glass to toast BILL.

BAR PATRON (O.C.)
Bill the Butcher.

TWEED
To the Butcher.

Amsterdam stumbles to the bar. Jenny's eye follow him and she quietly approaches Johnny.

JENNY
Why don't you get out of here Johnny. Go on, go.

Taking her balms and bloodied bandages, she moves past Tweed at the bar -

TWEED
Lovely as always, Miss Everdeane.

JENNY
How nice to see you again, Mr. Tweed.

POV AMSTERDAM: Jenny walks up the stairs.

CHINESE WHORE
Come upstairs with me, Bill.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Have I ever had you before?

(CONTINUED)

CHINESE WHORE

No.

BILL THE BUTCHER

So you don't call me by my Christian
name.

Amsterdam lurches to his feet, pretty drunk. He walks past
all of them, in plain sight, and follows Jenny up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

71 INT. UPSTAIRS - SATAN'S CIRCUS - NIGHT

71

The water in a porcelain basin turns pink with blood as Jenny rinses the waistcoat. Suddenly, Amsterdam is there, pushing her away and sending the basin crashing against the wall.

AMSTERDAM

Is there anyone in the Five Points you haven't fucked?

JENNY

Yes! You!

He hits her, but she hits him back harder. He grabs her and freezes, suddenly. His eyes drop to her mouth.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Try it and I'll bite you.

Pause.

AMSTERDAM

If you were going to bite me, I don't think you'd warn me.

JENNY

Find out.

His face moves slowly toward hers, ready to recoil if necessary. The result is that he kisses her very, very slowly. She makes a sudden movement - he pulls back, afraid she's going to bite him. But she's not. Their faces are two inches apart. He suddenly seems quite vulnerable. This time, it is Jenny who moves in carefully, very slowly. They kiss again, tentatively at first, and then with a sudden eruption of pent-up passion that seems to have even more than just sex in it.

72 INT. UPSTAIRS - SATAN'S CIRCUS - SAME TIME

72

Johnny comes down the long darkened hall to a curtain in the doorway of the last room. Parting it slowly he watches something inside while we, instead, watch the pain in his face.

73 INT. ROOM & HALLWAY - SATAN'S CIRCUS - NIGHT

73

Bill stares at nothing in an opium haze. Surrounded by sleeping women, he disentangles himself from their limbs and slowly makes his way down a darkened hallway.

73A INT.UPSTAIRS ROOM /SATAN'S CIRCUS - NIGHT

73A

Amsterdam wakes. Looks at Jenny sleeping. He looks worried. As he turns, he suddenly sees Bill staring at them, wrapped in a blanket. Amsterdam is startled, not sure how long he's been there.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I can't sleep.

AMSTERDAM

I hope you don't mind us laying out tonight here, sir.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Whatever takes your fancy, my young friend.

AMSTERDAM

Is it your shoulder, or -

BILL THE BUTCHER

No, I mean I can't sleep. Ever. I have to sleep with one eye open and I only have one eye.

(Pause)

How old are you, Amsterdam?

AMSTERDAM

I don't know.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Do you know what's kept me alive all these years? Monk does. Fear. The spectacle of fearsome acts. Someone steals from me, I cut off his hands. He offends me, I cut out his tongue. He rises against me, I cut off his head, and stick it on a pike. Hold it high in the streets so all can see. That's what preserves the order of things. That one tonight... Who was he? A nobody. A coward. What a fitting end that would have been. I killed the last honorable man fifteen years ago. You've seen his portrait. Downstairs.

(Pause)

Answer me when I'm talkin' to you.

(CONTINUED)

Amsterdam flushes angrily but speaks calmly.

AMSTERDAM

I've seen it.

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Smiling)

O, you got a murderous rage in you and I like it. It's life boilin' up in you. It's good.

(Pause)

The Priest and me lived by the same principles. It was only faith that divided us. He give me this, you know: (The scar on his face) It was the finest beating I ever took. My face was pulp. My guts was pierced. My ribs was swimmin'. But when he come to kill me, I couldn't look him in the eye. He spared me, because he wanted me to live in shame. This was a great man. So I cut out the eye that looked away, and sent it to him, wrapped in blue paper. I would have cut them both out if I could have fought him blind. Then I rose back up with full heart and buried him in his own blood.

AMSTERDAM

Well done.

We see now that Jenny's eyes are open.

BILL THE BUTCHER

I'd trade all my so called friends for that one enemy. He was the only man I ever killed who was worth remembering.

He stops. The next words come out with some difficulty.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

I never had a son.

(Pause)

Civilization is crumbling.

He stops abruptly. He seems uncomfortable - embarrassed, even. He gets up stiffly, smiling at his own abashment.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

God bless you.

(CONTINUED)

He walks away. Amsterdam watches him go. He lies back down. He knows Jenny is awake, but he doesn't look at her, nor she at him.

AMSTERDAM

If you got anything to say, now's the time to say it.

She stares miserably at the wall.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

Who is he to you, Jenny?

Pause.

JENNY

When I was twelve years old, my mother was dead. I was livin' in a doorway. He took me in - took care of me, in his way. After they cut out the baby... Well, he doesn't fancy girls that's scarred up. But you might as well know in your own mind that he never laid a hand on me until I asked him to.

(She looks at him)

Who are you?

AMSTERDAM

I'm the living son of Priest Vallon, sworn on the altar of God to avenge my father's death.

Jenny turns back to the wall.

JENNY

That's what I was afraid of.

73B INT/EXT. BACK ROOM, BARBER SHOP / ALLEY - DAWN

73B

Monk stirs to a strange, muffled, rhythmic sequence of sounds: Footsteps, scrape, thunk, footsteps, scrape, thunk.

He gets up, looks out a window, sees Amsterdam at the end of an alley, taking fifteen paces, turning, hurling a knife into a fence rail, retrieving it, taking fifteen paces, turning, throwing it again.

The fence rail is only two-inches wide. If Amsterdam misses, above or below, the knife will end up in the river beyond it. But he doesn't miss; he hits the same spot on the 2x4 every time.

74 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

74

Shots ring out as if from a machine gun. Chinese kids light another string of firecrackers and hurl it. Amid colored lanterns a posted handbill is revealed:

15th Commemoration of The Great Battle of 1844

A Celebration of the Stirring Native Victory

The venue of the celebration is familiar to us: Sparrows Chinese Pagoda. Where a date should be, someone has slapped over it, Sold Out.

75 **OMITTED**

75

76 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

76

Amsterdam is sitting alone in the candlelight, sharpening his knife. He stops. His hands are shaking. He gets a hold of himself and resumes sharpening the knife.

AMSTERDAM

May God put the steel of the Holy
Spirit in my spine and the love of the
blessed Virgin in my heart ...

77 INT. SPARROWS CHINESE PAGODA - NIGHT

77

A Chinese acrobat cartwheels across a crowded room to cheers and sounds of gambling and Eastern music. Johnny comes past gamblers and gang members, politicians, whores, uptown thrill-seekers, journalists, cops and even a few Chinese.

P.T. BARNUM (O.C.)

Gentlemen... Fine gentlemen, you are most
welcome to this palace of wonder and
enchantment. Where visions to rival the
finest imaginings of Scheherezade and her
tales of the perfumed nights of Arabia
will greet your famished eyes...

The camera leaves him to find the source of the weird music - a stage on which musicians, dancers and singers perform a mangled Five Points version of Chinese opera.

78 INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM, CHINESE PAGODA - NIGHT

78

Bill prepares for the celebration by donning his cutlery belt. He considers his image in a mirror.

P.T. BARNUM (O.S.)

And prepare for a munificent feast the
like of which you have never
experienced...

79 INT. SPARROWS CHINESE PAGODA - CONTINUED - NIGHT

79

Johnny crosses past several men looking up. The camera follows their look and finds several women and children in gilded cages suspended from the ceiling. One of the "buyers" teeters on a table trying to grab a pretty girl through the bars of her cage. Kids yank on a rope to raise the frightened girl from the groper's hands.

P.T. BARNUM

What am I bid for this flaxen-haired
Teutonic beauty? Feast your eyes on the
magnificent plumage of these exotic
creatures.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

79

P.T. BARNUM (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, you've seen our caged birds -
well... how'd you like to make 'em sing?
Let me see the color of your money and
they could be singing for you!

(CONTINUED)

Johnny shouts something a Native that can't be heard over all the noise. As he follows the Native's pointing finger to some stairs, the camera rakes across the fan-tan gamblers and money changing hands, then rises up with a basket on a rope to a railing where more gamblers collect their winnings.

80 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - NIGHT

80

As Amsterdam crosses the almost-deserted square, it begins to snow.

81 OMITTED

81

82 INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM, CHINESE PAGODA - LATER - NIGHT

82

Two whores scuttle off in the dark. Johnny slams into frame against a wall where he's held firmly by the Butcher.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Carefully now. What did you say?

JOHNNY

He's not who he says he is. He's a traitor.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Let's say you've had a bit too much to drink. You don't know what you're saying. I'm going to let you leave this room. Count your blessings he considers you a friend.

JOHNNY

He considers only one thing every waking minute: How best to kill you.

Bill slams his knife into the door a fraction of an inch from Johnny's face.

BILL THE BUTCHER

What's he done to you that you come in here tellin' stories? You're nothing. You're a shadow - You're half a man. You got a loose tongue in that head of yours. You want me to take it out for you? I'll bury it right up your fundament where it belongs. I can read right through you. You're empty!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

His name is Vallon!

Johnny waits for the death blow. But Bill steps back and stares, trying to make some sense of it, thinking back perhaps - wondering, is it possible?

83 INT. SPARROWS CHINESE PAGODA - LATER - NIGHT

83

A beautiful Chinese girl - a child in traditional dress - sings like an angel on the stage.

TWEED O/S

Curious people, these Celestials.

He's with a few Tammany brothers, gambling at a fan-tan table surrounded by Chinese. Killoran looks uneasy being elbow-to-elbow with so many of them. Tweed gestures to the dealer.

TWEED

Know why he wears short sleeves? So everybody sees he's got nothing stashed away. Let's hope it never becomes the fashion.

Johnny comes down the stairs and is hurrying past the bar to the door as Amsterdam comes in.

AMSTERDAM

Johnny -

Johnny ignores or doesn't hear him and disappears outside. Amsterdam watches after him, alarmed. He continues in, scanning the room. His eyes find and acknowledge the Chinese hoodlum.

P.T. BARNUM

Ladies and gentlemen, if I may have your kind attention. As some of you have surely noticed, our friend and benefactor, Mr. William Cutting, is wearing tonight a waistcoat of certain distinction.

The vest of the would-be assassin. The crowd cheers.

P.T. BARNUM (CONT'D)

Might we appeal to him on this evening, to favor us with another exciting exhibition of skill, courage, daring and drama?

Bill stands to a great roar of approval. Amsterdam comes forward, towards a reserved table in "Native Territory" where Jenny is sitting.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

He sits down next to her and joins in the applause. Across the room, Bill hurls several knives at a female Chinese acrobat, who cartwheels across the stage to the accompaniment of Chinese opera music. The knives land inches from her hands and feet as she spins around. There are shouts of encore and specific requests: the Wheel of Death; William Tell; the Butterfly; the Butcher's Apprentice...Everyone is applauding. The Chinese in the room are watching coldly.

BILL THE BUTCHER
A command performance indeed!

JENNY
(To Amsterdam)
Where have you been for six days?

AMSTERDAM
I want you to get out of here.

JENNY
I love you.

He looks at her.

AMSTERDAM
This ain't the ideal time to tell me that.

BILL THE BUTCHER
And now I beg the indulgence of my former assistant - The Butcher's original apprentice...! What do you say, Jen?
One more time for the sweet souvenir?
Come on!

Jenny is not expecting this, but she's got no choice. She gets up to great applause, and forces a convincing smile to Bill and a nod to the crowd. As she passes Amsterdam:

JENNY
Don't do it.

Amsterdam watches her make her way to the stage. Several kids, like busy ants, swarm onto a huge wooden chandelier, lighting its hundreds of candles.

Bill opens his coat, revealing all his cutlery as the cheering rises. Jenny takes her place against a scenery wall, perfectly still, a human target. She's done this many times before, but now she's afraid. A hush descends on the room as Bill weighs up several knives in his hand. Suddenly, without warning, he hurls two of them at Jenny. They fly through the air, and strike her above each shoulder, to gasps from the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER

You may be more comfortable without that
garment Miss Everdeane.

Jenny is actually relieved - this is the familiar old
routine, after all. She steps away, leaving behind her
shawl, which is now pinned on the wall.

JENNY

You'll have to filch me another, Bill.

(CONTINUED)

Laughter all around. Except from Amsterdam. Bill picks up another blade as Jenny takes her place again.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Anything in your pockets tonight?

JENNY
I ain't started workin' yet.

BILL THE BUTCHER
(Over more laughs)
What about the locket I gave you?

Jenny unclasps the locket awkwardly from around her neck, but before she can extend her arm fully to hold it out, Bill's knife suddenly flies through the air, almost passing through her fingers, startling her. The locket falls to the floor as the audience laughs.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Apologies my dear. Pick it up.

Warily Jenny stoops to retrieve it, another blade slams into the floor inches from her fingers.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Whoopsie daisy! Now it's good and broke.
I can't seem to do anything right
tonight.

Jenny hesitates then reaches for the locket tentatively. Another knife hammers into the wall behind her, exactly where her head was a moment ago. The crowd roars with laughter. Amsterdam is freaking out. Jenny is shaken.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
You got the sand to give them a grand finale?

JENNY
Maybe when you're aiming a little
straighter.

She tries to smile and bow as she moves away from the stage. The knife suddenly flies out of Bill's hand, and slams into the wall by her neck. There's a sudden hush. A small trickle of blood runs down her white neck, but otherwise she's unharmed. The crowd bursts into applause, and cheers.

Amsterdam is on his feet, hand on his knife hilt. But Bill moves away from where he's standing, and addresses the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER
Enough of this Heathen music. This is a
night for Americans!

(CONTINUED)

American flags tumble down the walls, and the room bursts into spontaneous celebration. Amsterdam loses Bill for a moment in the crowd, then sees him again, walking towards the bar. Amsterdam's eyes meet the Chinese hoodlum's now, whose nod to him says, Yes, this is it.

In the balcony, the 2nd Chinese Gangster gives firecrackers to the children.

A shot glass is set down in the foreground. A Chinese barman pours liquor into it. A candle is handed to Bill who passes its flame over the glass, igniting it. The crowd quiets down now; Bill doesn't like to shout the invocation.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

We hold in our hearts the memory of our fallen brothers, whose blood stains the very streets we walk today. We also, on this day, pay tribute to the leader of our enemy, an honorable man, who crossed over bravely, fighting for what he believed in.

Bill holds the flaming glass. Amsterdam looks at the Chinese hoodlum. As if on cue, his accomplice is seized and bundled off by Bill's men.

In the balcony the 2nd Chinese hoodlum starts lighting the wicks on the kids' firecrackers.

Bill continues on as if nothing has happened. He raises the glass. Amsterdam's fingers tighten around the hilt.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

To defeat my enemy, I extinguish his life, and consume him as I consume these flames. In honor of Priest Vallon -

Bill places one hand on the handle of his cleaver in his belt, and lifts the glass to his lips...

The kids throw their firecrackers - Colored flashes and rat-a-rat-tats go off in the balcony. The entire audience turns to look up and to the right. Except Bill. He's looking right at Amsterdam.

AMSTERDAM

(In Gaelic)

From the heart of Priest Vallon!

Amsterdam hurls his knife straight at Bill's heart. Bill's cleaver flashes up and, incredibly, he knocks the flying blade aside with a ringing clang.

(CONTINUED)

The knife embeds itself in a wall. Then Bill whips a knife out of his belt and into the air. Amsterdam gives a jolt and looks down. The knife is sticking out of his gut.

BILL THE BUTCHER

That's a wound.

Amsterdam falls to his knees. Bill strides forward.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

I'd like youse all to meet the son of Priest Vallon. I took him under my wing and see how I'm repaid. Saves my life in Autumn so's he can murder me in Winter. Like a sneak-thief, instead of fightin' like a man. A base defiler of a noble name.

Bill rips the knife out of Amsterdam's belly.

AMSTERDAM

Jesus Christ!

Amsterdam clutches at his stomach and collapses. There's a lot of blood and pain.

BILL THE BUTCHER

You got anything to say for yourself?

Amsterdam can barely speak. But he comes out with:

AMSTERDAM

Your time is nigh ... And we'll be waitin' for you, Bill.

The Natives start to rush in -

BILL THE BUTCHER

Hang back, you dogs, I ain't through with him...!

In the corner, Jenny covers her eyes with one hand.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

This meat needs tenderizing.

AMSTERDAM

Forgive me - forgive me -

The first blow falls. As he beats the boy senseless, Shang and Jimmy Spoils slip away, terrified for themselves. The blows rain down. Finally Amsterdam stops struggling. Bill takes his cleaver and stands over his prostrate body, flipping it over and over in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER

What'll it be then? Loin or shank? Rib
or chop?

Everyone is yelling The liver! The kidneys! The heart! The
heart!

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

The heart? This boy has no heart.

They start yelling Kill him! Kill him! Bill picks up a
glowing poker from the hearth.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

No. He ain't earned a death at my hands.
He shall walk among you cloaked in his
dishonor, forever marked with shame. A
freak worthy of Barnum's Museum of
Wonders: God's only man, spared by the
Butcher!

And with that the poker comes through the frame to
Amsterdam's neck. There's a bloodcurdling scream as the
scene suddenly drops into BLACKNESS, the revelry echoing into
SILENCE -

84 INT. CATACOMBS

84

Echoing footsteps on dirt and rock. A man we've never seen before moving through the tunnels in and out of the light from candles set into the rock walls. Reaching a crossroads, he hesitates, uncertain which way to turn.

He chooses a path and starts down it. Fewer and fewer candles light his way. Soon he finds himself in almost total darkness. He feels at the walls to keep from falling into some unseen abyss. He slows. Stops. Tentatively -

MAN

Hello?

Lost and uneasy, he peers into the darkness, hears a metallic sound behind him, turns around and sees: Jenny, pointing a cocked pistol at him.

JENNY

Here

85 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

85

It isn't much lighter in here. A single candle burns on a grave in a corner of a dingy room where paving stones have been laid out like a cross. In faded paint on the rock wall is scrawled, "Elizabeth Everdeane."

(CONTINUED)

The man removes from his coat various medicinal powders and Medieval-looking surgical instruments. Jenny watches as he carefully lays them out.

MAN

I need the money before.

She takes out some money from inside her coat and hands it to him. He counts it twice before pocketing it.

MAN (CONT'D)

Light another candle.

She touches one against the burning wick of the candle on the grave, and we notice for the first time a figure lying motionless under a blanket, turned away to a wall.

She sets a candle next to the surgeon, who begins setting out scalpels and other instruments next to Amsterdam's St. Michael's medallion and broken chain lying on a rock slab.

86 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

86

No day or night. No sense of time. Only darkness and echoing sounds. Jenny's face comes into the light, briefly, looking over him. She withdraws from the light.

Jenny's hands scrape at the dirt of the grave and lift a plank revealing a dark cavity.

JENNY

I want you to look at something.

We look inside in a kind of delirium, at human bones intermingled with valuables, like a pirate's plunder. She reaches into the grave and gathers some yellowed news-paper advertisements and a book.

JENNY (CONT'D)

My mother's bones share this grave. I wish you would have known her. She was a farm girl in Ireland and then a factory girl in Worth Street. We came here when I was six, escapin' the famine. Five years later she was dead from lead poisonin' at the bfactory. That's how I learnt the value of skilled labor.

(CONTINUED)

Comes over with them, sits with Amsterdam. From what little we can see of him in the shadows, he's a pulpy mess. She shows him the advertisements and the book. It's unclear how well he can see them. One shows a drawing of clipper ship, The Commodore, "Small, Sharp, Fast! - Passage to San Francisco, \$250"; another, an article, reads, "Inexhaustible Gold Mines." Another is a drawing of an unwieldy zephyr, "Best Route to California."

JENNY (CONT'D)

I've saved ten cents out of every dollar I ever earned since I was thirteen. That's two hundred and fifteen dollars, from bludgeting and whoring and the rest. This is where we're going - as soon as you're well. Listen: This is what I wanted to show you. This is where we're gonna go as soon as you get well. San Francisco... California... You can have anything you want out there. These men are pulling gold right out of the river with their own hands.

Tracing a sea-route on the map.

JENNY (CONT'D)

We're here. We need to get there. You start here. Go down around here, up to San Francisco. Shortest way to go. Would you go with me?

She watches him look over the pictures and testimonials. His eyes move across an illustration of men with picks and handful of gold on the cover of a book: "An Account of California and the Wonderful Gold Regions."

JENNY V/O

"From the beginning of the Christian era, the Creator has implanted in the hearts of men that same disposition which compelled Columbus to turn the prow of his small vessel toward the center of an unknown and illimitable sea..."

Amsterdam reaches for Jenny and pulls her down to him. She kisses him, laying the book down gently on the ground. We move in on its cover, and the picture of the men with axes and all the gold fills the frame.

JENNY V/O (CONT'D)

"A frenzy seized my soul -"

(CONTINUED)

SEVERAL QUICK, flickering shots of their lovemaking INTERCUT with palpitating shadows from the candlelight thrown against the rock wall, the grave and across the illustrations of wild-eyed gold seekers -

(CONTINUED)

JENNY V/O (CONT'D)
Castles of marble and piles of gold
rose up before me -

87 INT. TUNNELS - SAME TIME

87

A huge figure moves through the tunnels using Jenny's
muffled voice as his guide -

JENNY O/S
The Rothchilds, Girards and Astors
appeared to be but poor people compared
to those around me - "

88 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - SAME TIME

88

Jenny hesitates. Looks up from the book. Under a blanket
with Amsterdam, she listens to the footsteps approach, then
reaches over and grasps her pistol. The plank door eases
open revealing Monk, who tries to appear harmless as he
considers the two of them and the gun pointing at him.

MONK
No need to fire or even aim that,
Miss. An audience with your mangled
friend is all I want.

89 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - LATER

89

Jenny is sitting across the chamber from them. Amsterdam is
sitting up. Monk is seated on an outcropping of rock.

MONK
There's forty four notches in my club,
one for every man I've killed. Do you
know what they're for?

AMSTERDAM
To remind you what you owe God when you die.

MONK
(Surprised)
How'd you know that?

AMSTERDAM
I find at this moment there ain't much I
don't know.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

MONK

My father was killed in battle too. In Ireland, in the streets, fightin' those who would take as their privilege what could only be got and held by the decimation of the race. That war's a thousand years old. More.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONK (CONT'D)

We never expected it to follow us here.
It didn't.

FLASHES from the battle - Less knives and fists and more religious iconography. It's hard to tell the century.

MONK (CONT'D)

It was waitin' for us. Could it always be the same? Here? Back home? Back before Christ. Who will lord over who? Which tribe? Which gang? Which faith? Which race. (Pause) Your father tried to scratch out a corner in this country for his tribe. That was him, that was his Dead Rabbits. I often wondered if he'd lived a bit longer, would he have wanted a bit more?

AMSTERDAM

Why'd you rifle his pockets, then?

Monk reaches into his pocket and takes something out

MONK

For safe-keeping. I thought someday it would mean something to you. Maybe you could use it.

He gives Amsterdam a worn velvet pouch. Amsterdam takes out his father's jagged razor, his blood still on it. Amsterdam slowly turns the razor in his hands. Something stirs in his memory. Finally:

AMSTERDAM

The blood stays on the blade.

Jenny watches them.

89A INT. THE CAVE - LATER

89A

Jenny and Amsterdam lie together under the blanket. They are both awake. Jenny is holding her California book. From behind the walls we hear the scuffling and squeaking of rats.

AMSTERDAM

Listen to 'em, will you?

JENNY

I been listenin'.

AMSTERDAM

When I was in Hellgate, we used to nail our bread to the ceiling at night so the rats couldn't take it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

You had to, 'cause if you kept it in your pockets when you was sleepin', them rats would chew right through 'em. It was this one kids idea. We funned him when he first done it, but then you shoulda heard them little bastards jumpin' up and down all night tryin' to get that bread. I been thinkin'... suppose that kid never came to Hellgate, how long would the rest of us eedjuts gone hungry?

JENNY

I don't know...

AMSTERDAM

How long would the rest of us eedjuts have gone hungry all week - same dumb kids doin' the same dumb thing, year after year?

JENNY

I don't know and I don't care.

AMSTERDAM

Jenny, listen to me. I got the idea now. I ain't worked it all out yet, but ...

JENNY

I don't care...! I want to get out of here! I don't care!

She holds onto him and cries bitterly.

90 EXT. THE FIVE POINTS - DAY

90

A moving point of view approaching some Shirt Tails idling in Murderers Alley. One by one, they notice "us" and smirk.

We pass them and look at some Plug Uglies up ahead. As we approach them, they glance at "us" and grin derisively, but we move on without a word.

The square opens up. We "glance" from side to side at members of other gangs and groups of invalid soldiers, hold their looks, then return our attention to our destination up ahead - the flag pole in the middle of the square.

Amsterdam is carrying a burlap sack and limping badly. Reaching the flag pole, he stops, takes something from the sack and moves out of frame.

(CONTINUED)

In a few moments the frame is filled with Amsterdam's face. For the first time we clearly see the brand Bill burned into it. He stares down the people staring at him, and gradually the smirks become fewer and further between. Shang, Jimmy Spoils and Johnny all watch, too fearful to join him perhaps, but, like the others, impressed by his courage. Jenny is less so. As Amsterdam walks away, the camera reveals on the ground, a rabbit pelt.

90A OMITTED

90A

91 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - DAY

91

The rabbit pelt rests in the middle of Bill's card table like a sacrificial offering to "Saint" Vallon. Bill is flanked by his chief men. Happy Jack stands opposite.

BILL THE BUTCHER

That's a sad looking pelt... And it's been so nice and quiet for the last three months... But it do call back old days, don't it? (Pause) Does this charge sit uneasy with you, Happy Jack?

HAPPY JACK

No, not uneasy, Bill. I wouldn't say that... But my allegiance is to the Law. I'm paid to uphold the law.

Bill looks at the others, confused.

BILL THE BUTCHER

What's he talking about? (To Jack) You don't want to start believin' that, Jack. That way lies damnation.

HAPPY JACK

(Uncomfortably)

Oh - I'm in no danger of damnation, Bill.

BILL THE BUTCHER

That's what you think. Now, I don't give a damn about your misgivings. I want you to go out there and punish the person responsible for murdering this poor rabbit.

HAPPY JACK

Right.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Help yourself to some decent meat on the way out.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

HAPPY JACK

Right.

92 INT. CHURCH - DAY

92

Amsterdam sits alone under the scaffolding in the church, gazing at Priest Vallon's medal in his hand. Suddenly a gun moves into frame, pointed at his head.

HAPPY JACK

I'm sorry, son. Your father was a good man.

AMSTERDAM

(Without looking at him)

I'm sorry too, Jack.

Before we see anything else, we cut to -

93 EXT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - LATER

93

A crowd has gathered around the lamppost Happy Jack used to drape his watch on. Now he's draped on it, the chain around his neck, the watch broken. Bill and Tweed look down at him. Bill is not happy.

TWEED

This is bad for everybody.
What's next? Dead politicians?

BILL THE BUTCHER

I could spare a dozen of you easier than
I can spare him.

He becomes aware of the crowd watching him. He raises his voice just a little.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Still, I think it shows dash. Give the
boy some time and we'll settle with a
good dust up.

There are some scattered laughs of appreciation from the crowd. Good old Bill.

94 OMITTED

94

94A INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

94A

Under a maze of scaffolding, Amsterdam helps the one-armed priest - from the 1844 battle - prepare for communion.

The front door opens admitting light and a figure. Shang comes in with food and bedding. The door opens again. Jimmy Spoils comes in. It opens again. Johnny appears.

95 OMITTED

95

95A INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER

95A

The boys and Jenny sit around the church floor, Amsterdam breaking bread with them. They hang on Amsterdam's every word and gesture. Johnny is a bit uneasy but hides it.

AMSTERDAM

There's more of us comin' off these ships
every day. I heard 15,000 Irish a week.
And we're afraid of the Natives? Get all
of us together and we ain't got a gang,
we got an army. Then all you need is a
spark. Just one spark. Something to wake
us all up.

(CONTINUED)

95A CONTINUED:

95A

Johnny is watching Amsterdam uncomfortably. Amsterdam meets his eye.

96	OMITTED	96
97	OMITTED	97
98	OMITTED	98
99	OMITTED	99

100 EXT. ALLEY - LATER

100

Amsterdam and Johnny face off in the shadows. Johnny can't find the right words. Finally:

AMSTERDAM

Well?

JOHNNY

It was me played you false.

Pause. Amsterdam bows his head.

AMSTERDAM

I wish you wouldn't have done that, Johnny.

JOHNNY

So do I. (Pause) I never squeaked on a fellow in my life. If it wasn't -

AMSTERDAM

(On "if")

I ain't been much of a friend to you, Johnny, but why'd you do it?

JOHNNY

I'd take it back if I could -

AMSTERDAM

Take it back? Johnny, I gotta kill you.

JOHNNY

Well, then go ahead, settle me! I got no heart for it. Just settle me right now if you've a mind to. I won't fight you.

Pause.

AMSTERDAM

Get out of the Points and don't come back.

JOHNNY

Where am I supposed to go?

AMSTERDAM

I don't know. Only don't let me see your face again. We're split out.

Pause.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

Johnny walks away. Amsterdam watches him go.

100A EXT. FIVE POINTS - EVENING

100A

The noise of the surrounding streets echoes through. Johnny seems lost in himself. Suddenly he bumps into someone. He looks up and sees a grinning McGloin

MCGLOIN
Where you going, Boyo?

101 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - EVENING

101

Two drunken couples dancing. A musician playing strange music. The plaintive ring of a distant church bell follows

In the rat pit is Johnny, very scared, flanked by McGloin and some other natives. Bill steps out of the shadows. Behind him on the wall is a large old American flag.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Still hiding out with your friends?

JOHNNY
No Bill, I'm with you..I'm with the
Natives, Bill.

Bill smiles at his men, then looks back at Johnny.

BILL THE BUTCHER
You always was a Native as far as I'm
interested, John. Till you became a stag.

Johnny looks around. No way out.

JOHNNY
No - I'm your man. I told you what you
needed to know.

BILL THE BUTCHER
That's true. But you're still a stag.
Now if you were me - you're not me, but
if you were me - would you trust a man
like yourself?

Johnny has no answer.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
You've seen the flag in my room? That's
my father's flag. Recovered from the
Battle of Bridgewater, these many years
ago. You want to know what a native is?
(MORE)

{CONTINUED}

101 CONTINUED:

101

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

He is a man what's willin' to give his
life for his country, just like my father
done. (Pauses) Are you willing to do
that?

Bill lunges -

102 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - NIGHT

102

Johnny looks like he's leaning against the low spiked fence around the flag pole, but not leaning comfortably; more like a scarecrow on a post.

In the dead of night, Amsterdam crosses the otherwise deserted square to him. Though we don't see it, we gather Johnny is on the spikes. Amsterdam struggles with the idea of trying to move him. Takes hold of him as gently as he can, and pulls. Johnny cries out and Amsterdam stops.

JOHNNY

It hurts too much. Kill me.

Amsterdam takes his knife out. He steps forward to kill Johnny. He puts the knife to Johnny's chest, but finally falls back.

AMSTERDAM

I can't.

He feels a pistol as it touches his skin. Looks up. It's Jenny offering it. He takes it.

103 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

103

Bill is behind his butchers counter sharpening his knives when he hears the shot. He stops for a moment, as do some of his Natives - with their cards and drinks - and watch him.

104 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - CONTINUED - NIGHT

104

Amsterdam is holding Johnny now and crying. He's dead. Jenny watches them, her face like stone. She's seen a lot of this kind of thing.

105 INT. CATACOMBS - LATER - NIGHT

105

Jenny stands over a fresh grave. Amsterdam kneels beside it, shaving at a brick with a knife and stirring water into the red dust on the ground.

Amsterdam has finished mixing the pigment and looks at the grave.

AMSTERDAM

Did you ever know his family name? When
he was born? Or where?

She shakes her head no in answer to each question.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

What year is it now?

JENNY

(Thinks a moment)

1863.

She sets the music box on the ground. Amsterdam dips his fingers into the pigment and scrawls onto the rock wall -
John. d. 1863 AD.

106 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

106

McGloin lights a votive candle, sets it next to others and mumbles a prayer for his dead mother. As he lumbers to his feet and turns -

AMSTERDAM

What're you doing here, Boyo?

Amsterdam stares at him in cold fury. McGloin seems surprised. He had no idea the group had taken this place for their hideout. He stares at the gang, and Jenny, all standing around under the scaffolding. His glance settles on Jimmy Spoils.

MCGLOIN

(Defiantly)

What's a nigger doing in here? This is my church!

Jimmy lays a brickbat across the side of McGloin's face. McGloin goes down. Amsterdam starts coming toward him. McGloin scrambles away.

MCGLOIN (CONT'D)

Get that nigger out of my church!

AMSTERDAM

What's a Dead Rabbit doing with the Natives?

MCGLOIN

There's no niggers among the Natives. Niggers and robbers is one thing, but a nigger in the church, that's something else.

AMSTERDAM

Run with the Natives, pray with the Natives.

MCGLOIN

You're gonna wind up on a stake like your man did...!

Amsterdam bears down on him in rage. McGloin lurches to his feet to run away, when suddenly a voice calls out -

PRIEST O/S

McGloin.

McGloin turns to see the one-armed priest behind him and regards him as the only sane person present.

(CONTINUED)

MCGLOIN

Father. Jesus. Did you know there's a nigger in your -

The priest swings a bat into McGloin's face -

107 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - NIGHT

107

The biggest group of Natives we've seen since the first battle strides across the square with weapons and torches. Bill has his battle coat on, the cutlery gleaming. McGloin, alive but wearing a bloody rag tied around his head, limps behind the others, trying to keep up.

108 EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

108

A torch sails across the sky heralding the Natives' arrival. A voice booms as if from the heavens -

BILL THE BUTCHER

WE are the People of the United States!

Rising up from the burning torch, the line of Natives, a hundred strong, comes around a corner and surges toward the church ... then stops and stares:

Amsterdam, Jenny, some priests, Hell Cat Maggie and the Rabbits, standing shoulder to shoulder in front of the church doors, form an inadequate defense. But they're not alone.

Armed and outnumbering the Natives are the plasterers and parishioners, encircling the church and manning the walls and tower. It looks like some fortified Medieval citadel.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

The earth turns, but we don't feel it move. We just know that something's dying. And something else is being born.

Then the rest of the Irish Catholic Army appears - on the rooftops - completely surrounding the Natives like numberless birds of prey poised to strike with brickbats.

SHANG

(To Amsterdam excitedly)
Look at this mob.

AMSTERDAM

We was a mob. Now we're a gang.

Amsterdam comes down the steps and stands over the burning torch. The heat from the flames make him look like a mirage.

(CONTINUED)

Bill looks from Jenny to Amsterdam, and considers him. His frustration grows into something deeper and more complicated. He sees his destiny before him, bathed in the light of the flames. He begins to smile.

BILL THE BUTCHER

A touching spectacle. We'll come back
when you're ready for us.

The fire slowly sputters out, leaving only rising smoke.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

*The past is the torch that lights our
way. Where our fathers have shown us the
path, we shall follow. Our faith, the
weapon most feared by our enemies, for
thereby shall we lift our people up
against those who would destroy us.*

108A EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

108A

The one-armed priest administers Communion to the gang now calling itself the Dead Rabbits. As he intones in Latin the bloody crucifix above him begins to glow in flames superimposed over it.

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM V/O

...Our name is called the Dead Rabbits to remind all of our suffering, and as a call to those who suffer still to join our ranks, however so far they may have strayed from our common home across the sea. For with great numbers must come great strength and the salvation of our people.

Amsterdam returns the chalice to the priest. As Christ disappears completely into the flames -

109 INSERT:

109

An illustration of the church blockade in the Tribune. A headline: Archbishop Hughes Promises Retaliation if Churches Attacked.

110 OMITTED

110

110A OMITTED

110A

111 EXT. FIVE POINTS - DAY

111

Tweed folds the newspaper under his arm as he exits his coach with Killoran. In the background parishioners and Rabbits man barricades protecting the church.

Tweed is distracted by a commotion across the street. Outside a building, a draft registrar backed by police confronts an unruly man. A small crowd looks on.

REGISTRAR

... and I require the names of every man in this house, sir. I require every name in this house.

UNRULY MAN

I don't know who you are or where you're from.

REGISTRAR

I am from the Provost-Marshall's office to register eligible young men for the draft.

UNRULY MAN

I don't know nothing about that. We don't want your business.

(CONTINUED)

REGISTRAR
Who else lives in this house?
You've all got to register!

UNRULY MAN
You can't force me to join
the army!

REGISTRAR
You got \$300?

UNRULY MAN
Of course I ain't. Who the
hell's got \$300?

REGISTRAR
If you're drafted, release
from military service can be
secured for three hundred
dollars according to the
Conscription Act. Otherwise
you must serve.

UNRULY MAN
Three hundred dollars! Who
the hell's got three hundred
dollars?

The unruly man grabs the Registrar's papers, tears them up,
and a fight breaks out.

As the man scuffles with the police, the crowd jeers and
joins in. Tweed and Killoran walk toward the church.

KILLORAN
Backing this draft is going to hurt us.
Especially in the 6th Ward. The poor
can't buy their way out of this war.

TWEED
I don't care much for warfare or
niggers, but Lincoln's always treated us
with sufferance; we must extend the same
regard to him or brook the consequences.

He yells across to the fighting man.

TWEED (CONT'D)
Boys! The Union is in distress! We are
bound by honor and love of country to
fight in this time of crisis -

MAN IN THE CROWD
Go back to where you came from you
bastard!

REGISTRAR
I was born in this country, sir, you
emigrated here, you will fight for this
country, sir...

A pile of horse dung sails by him, just missing his head.

(CONTINUED)

TWEED

Sweet Jesus, war does terrible things to men.

They reach the barricade. Tweed approaches a fierce looking Rabbit. He unfolds the newspaper and stabs his finger at the illustration of Amsterdam.

TWEED (CONT'D)

I request an audience with this gentleman - Vallon.

An Irishman responds in Gaelic.

TWEED (CONT'D)

Doesn't anyone speak English in New York anymore?

IRISHMAN

I don't understand.

TWEED

Oh, you do speak English. I request an audience with this man.

112 OMITTED

112

113 OMITTED

113

114 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER

114

Amsterdam sits with Tweed in the quiet of the church. The rest of the gang stands or sits nearby in shadow. Jenny has a repeating rifle aimed at Tweed. Tweed is still holding the newspaper with Amsterdam's headline and picture on the cover.

TWEED

Er - Would Miss Everdeane be so kind as to angle her rifle in some other direction?

AMSTERDAM

Don't worry about her, Mr. Tweed, she ain't much of a shot.

Jenny looks at Amsterdam reproachfully. Amsterdam shrugs back at her and turns his attention to Tweed. Tweed taps his newspaper.

TWEED

I wonder, Mr. Vallon, if you understand the true value of this sort of publicity. Archbishop Hughes himself shoulder to shoulder with half the Irish in the Five Points. I'm native to this land, son. Of Scotch Irish stock and God-fearing Protestantism. A bred-in-the-bone Democrat and the last in a long and distinguished line of chairmakers. Learned at age eleven from my father, who learned from his father. It was good, honest work and I never made a nickel. I gave it up and went into politics. And do you know what I discovered?

AMSTERDAM

That you love to talk.

(CONTINUED)

TWEED

(Promptly)

No, I already knew that. What I discovered, young man, was that there is a great deal more money to be had from the selling of chairs than from the making of them.

Amsterdam looks around the room.

AMSTERDAM

Well, it's a beautiful story, Mr. Tweed, but I don't see what it's got to do with us.

TWEED

I'm offering, my boy, to form an alliance with you against Bill Cutting and his slate of Nativist candidates. I'll negotiate a handsome fee for every Irish vote you send Tammany's way in the coming elections and ever after. I need a new friend in the Five Points, son. I'd like that friend to be you.

AMSTERDAM

Well now just a moment, Mr. Tweed ... Suppose we vivificate that notion? Suppose ... you back an Irish candidate, of my choosin', and I'll deliver all the Irish vote?

TWEED

Mr. Vallon, that will only happen in the reign of Queen Dick.

AMSTERDAM

Beg pardon?

TWEED

It'll never happen. Now, I might be persuaded to back an Irish candidate for say, alderman...

JENNY

We already got Irish aldermen.

TWEED

So we have. That's why -

AMSTERDAM

(To Jenny)

What's bigger than alderman?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

Well, dear, there's the Sheriff.

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM

All right, Mr. Tweed. You back an Irishman for Sheriff and we'll get him elected - Why not?

TWEED

(On "You")

I love the Irish, son, but higher than alderman you shall never climb -

TWEED (CONT'D)

For one thing, no man living can consolidate the Irish vote --

AMSTERDAM

I can.

TWEED

- and for another - and I mean no effrontery - no one's ever found an Irish candidate for Sheriff worth voting for.

AMSTERDAM

I will.

Tweed studies Amsterdam while absently touching the edge of the chair he's sitting in, then glances down at it.

TWEED

This is a good chair.

115 INT. DON WHISKERANDOS BARBER SHOP - DAY

115

Amsterdam watches Monk as Don Whiskerandos gives him a shave.
Jenny sits nearby. Monk's eyes are closed.

AMSTERDAM

Monk?

MONK

I'm awake. I'm just tryin' to remember
what the Sheriff does.

AMSTERDAM

Look, I ain't sure either - but if it
gets the Irish together, then it's a step
up.

MONK

Wouldn't I have to go down there and
orate on the issues?

AMSTERDAM

Only 'til you win. Then you could come back
up here, recline in your throne there and look
down on your kingdom. Here.

Amsterdam gives Monk a handbill Tammany has already printed
with an idealized drawing of Monk's face on it.

MONK

Sweet Mary Mother, they got me looking as
sober as my own grandfather.

AMSTERDAM

Another great man, I'm sure.

MONK

A thorough drunken bastard.
(Pause)
Could I say anything I like?

AMSTERDAM

That's why I wanted you.

116 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - DAY

116

The Nativist Know-Nothing incumbent alderman orates at one end of the square to a group of people -

NATIVIST CANDIDATE

This is a free country but not free for the taking. I stand shoulder to shoulder with community leaders like Bill Cutting against any and all inroads into our fine democracy -

The camera whips to the other end of the square where Monk speechifies to a larger group -

MONK

Our elected representatives is a gang of thieves who swear to better our lot while dipping their hand deep in our pockets -

Back to the Know-Nothing, whose platform is flanked by Bill and some Natives.

NATIVIST CANDIDATE

I stand against any and all who would surrender our spirit and livelihood to invading hordes of Hibernians -

And back to Monk's pulpit, surrounded by Dead Rabbits.

MONK

...I'll see to it that no one takes away what you've earned by pluck and application...

NATIVIST CANDIDATE

...against the potato-eaters, like them over there, thieving our jobs...

MONK

...You go to the polls, put your mark next to the name Walter McGinn. Why should so many Irish die down South when the first war to win isn't down in Dixie, it's right here in these streets! And who's the grandest street fighter in the Five Points?

The crowd shouts "Monk!" drowning out the Nativist candidate.

MONK (CONT'D)

(Taps his ear)

It's this bum ear of mine...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

MONK (CONT'D)

(they shout louder, "Monk!")

That's right. Let the whole damn city
hear it!

He swaggers down from the pulpit to lusty cheers and wades
into the crowd, grabbing and shaking hands.

(CONTINUED)

MONK (CONT'D)

And you'll get all those fingers back,
too, which is five more than you'll get
after a handclasp from William Tweed.

Tweed is watching from nearby, next to Amsterdam and beaming.

TWEED

That man was right born for this.

AMSTERDAM

He's killed forty-four and laid low a
couple hundred more.

TWEED

Is that right? If I'd known the exact
tally, I'd've run him for mayor.

117 INT. SPARROWS CHINESE PAGODA - DAY

117

Bill the Butcher and his boys crash into the place.

BILL THE BUTCHER

All right, line up like soldiers!
It's election day!

The Chinese gamblers stare at him, then scatter en masse.
It's pandemonium as the Natives chase them down, grabbing at
limbs and pig-tails - some of them vanishing behind panels in
the walls, under trap doors -

118 OMITTED

118

119	OMITTED	119
120	OMITTED	120
121	EXT. ALLEYS - DAY	121

Other Rabbits gather up beggars and drunks. Jimmy Spoils scuffles with a crippled veteran.

JIMMY SPOILS
Come on, you bastard, we need your vote.

CRIPPLED VETERAN
Bastard? I fought for you, nigger. I
lost an arm for you - !

JIMMY SPOILS
Well, it ain't much, but it's a start.
(Brandishes his knife)
Now scratch this ballot, you bastard, and
do it quick.

121A	INT. SPARROWS CHINESE PAGODA - DAY	121A
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The Natives corral non-Chinese barflies and opium smokers out of the Pagoda and hustle them toward the door.

122	OMITTED	122
-----	---------	-----

123 OMITTED

123

124 OMITTED

124

125 EXT. POLLS - DAY

125

We pass long lines of everyone whose been gathered up, spilling out of the polling place, some slumped in wheelbarrows. The other Rabbits have dozens of voters in tow. Shang is seen paying off an Irish Cop, who walks off. As one voter staggers out, he's collared by Amsterdam.

AMSTERDAM

Where are you goin'?

DRUNKEN REPEATER

I already voted today. Cast for Monk and Tammany, by God. Twice.

AMSTERDAM

Twice? Only twice? Come here and do your our civic duty. Again.

125A INT. DON WHISKERANDOS BARBER SHOP - DAY

125A

Amsterdam is shoving the Drunken Repeater into a barber's chair. Don Whiskerandos, two other barbers and Jenny cut hair, prune beards, shave some off entirely.

JENNY

Less art and more haste, Don.

Amsterdam walks to the door to watch other Rabbits arriving with more repeat voters in need of some disguising. The line extends down the hill and into the street.

125B EXT. POLLS - DAY

125B

We race past long lines of everyone we've seen gathered up, spilling out of the polling place, some slumped unconscious in wheelbarrows. Reaching the front, Amsterdam still has his hand on the drunk's collar, but now he's beardless. The other Rabbits have dozens more repeaters in tow. An Irish cop tries to block their way.

IRISH COP

Not this lot.

AMSTERDAM

They got a right to vote.

IRISH COP

Not four times they don't. There'll be no damned repeaters here.

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM

(Indignant)

They're repeatin' for *Monk*, aren't they,
God damn it -

IRISH COP

I said none of your damned repeaters!

AMSTERDAM

- whose side are you on, brother?

IRISH COP

All right, in you go.

As Amsterdam and his charges rush past the Irish cop:

AMSTERDAM

(Sotto voce to Shang)

Give him a fiver.

126 INT. TAMMANY - CONTINUED

126

IN JUMP CUTS: Fingers tapping at a telegraph machine...
Sparks issuing from the wire atop a pole ...The clacking
telegraph machine at Tammany. Killoran appears with updated
results. Tweed is speaking to reporters and is pulled away
by Killoran -

KILLORAN

Monk's already won by ten thousand more
votes than there are voters.

TWEED

Only ten? Make it twenty. Thirty. We
don't need a victory, we need a Roman
triumph!

KILLORAN

But we don't have enough ballots!

TWEED

Remember, the ballots don't make the
results, the counters make the results.
The counters...

Tweed turns back to the reporters.

TWEED (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, what our great city needs -
nay demands - is a new courthouse. I
would propose a modest, economical
structure - but a gracious building of
which our great metropolis can be proud.

126A EXT PARADISE SQUARE DAY

126A

Amsterdam, Jenny, and the Rabbits move amongst the crowds of celebrating Irishmen, shaking hands, taking plaudits. For once there's a feeling of hope in these pale, drawn faces. The dawning of a new era.

127 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - DAY

127

Bill is alone at his table, a single candle burning before him. Behind him on the wall is the Nativist flag. Bill leans forward and blows out the candle.

128 OMITTED

128

129 INT/EXT. DON WHISKERANDOS BARBER SHOP - EVENING

129

A Spanish dwarf polishes at Monk's war club, careful to work the oily rag into the forty-four notches, then returns it to its place of honor on the wall.

MONK V/O

Scrape close, Don. They're expecting me to appear civilized.

Monk is seated on his throne, his barber's chair, with a hot towel over his face. Whiskerandos, stands with a LOCAL MAN at the door, takes a tray atop of which is a severed pig's head. There's a note stuck in it.

LOCAL MAN

It's from Bill.

Whiskerandos brings the bloody head over to Monk.

WHISKERANDOS

Monk.

MONK pulls down his towel, and detaches the note. It reads:
"TODAY - B"

129A EXT/INT DON WHISKERANDOS BARBER SHOP - SAME TIME

129A

Bill approaches the barbershop and hesitates. A few citizens are standing around. Monk is standing up on the big rock, addressing them, notched war club in hand.

MONK

Citizens of the Five Points! Mr. Bill Cutting is attempting to draw me into a quarrel that will no doubt end in bloodshed and the compromising of my office. Shall I adhere to my promise to be your chosen voice? Or should I engage and silence this relic of a dying world, or shall I be your chosen voice in the new testament, in the new world?

The citizens look around nervously, at Monk, at Bill, not sure what's going on.

MONK (CONT'D)

There now, Bill. The people have spoken. The very notion of violent reprisal benumbs them. Come on up, and let's resolve our grievances the democratic way.

He turns to go into the barbershop. Bill whips out his cleaver and hurls it through the air and deep into Monk's back. Monk goes crashing half-way through the door of the barbershop.

BILL THE BUTCHER

That, Monk, is the minority vote.

Monk tries to stagger into the barbershop, his hands trying to pull the cleaver from his back. Bill climbs the steps and picks up Monk's war club.

With his free hand he grabs Monk by the collar or the hair and drags him onto the rock. Monk sprawls out on the rock, trying to crawl away.

A series of shots as thieves and pickpockets and whores and Hot Corn Girls stop in mid-action, noticing the fallen warrior and the Butcher standing over him.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Now you've tasted my mutton. How do you like it?

Bill takes a knife from his belt and cuts a fresh notch in the club. He holds it down for Monk to see.

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

This is you. Right here. Notch Forty-five, you Irish bog bastard.

Bill raises the war club high into the air. As it comes plummeting down at Monk's head -

130 INT. TAMMANY HALL - NIGHT

130

A roar of applause accompanies a tight shot of a ring held between two fat fingers -

TWEED

"Fortune Favors the Bold." What do you think, Your Honor? A fit motto for our fair city?

The crowd applauds. Tweed and several other Sachem, in full regalia, are up on the stage of the packed Great Hall, along with Amsterdam, Archbishop Hughes, and the just-elected Tammany mayor.

SOMEONE IN CROWD

City's already got a motto!

TWEED

It does? What is it?

(no one in the crowd knows)

Well, by cracky, let's have one we can all remember! Fortune Favors the Bold!

The crowd cheers again. Tweed slips the ring onto the new mayor's finger. Amsterdam, flushed and excited, barely takes note as Killoran crosses the stage, whispers something to Tweed and gives him a small package wrapped in brown butcher's paper.

Tweed unwraps the package. Inside is Monk's war club, bloodied.

131 INT. TAMMANY KITCHEN (EXISTING) - NIGHT

131

Terrified chefs look on in silence as Bill the Butcher slices at a shank of raw beef with a gleaming knife. Tweed stands in front of Bill. Killoran stands back at a safer distance.

TWEED

You killed an elected official?

BILL THE BUTCHER

Who elected him?

TWEED

You don't know what you've done to yourself -

He sticks his knife into the butcher block. Tweed takes an involuntary half-step back.

BILL THE BUTCHER

You think lightning strikes when you talk, Mr. Tweed. But I can't hardly hear you.

Bill comes out from behind the table.

BILL THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

"I know your works. You are neither cold nor hot. So because you are lukewarm, and are neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth." You can build your filthy world without me. I took the father. Now I'll take the son. You tell young Vallon I'm goin' to paint Paradise Square with his blood. Two coats. I'll festoon my bedchamber with his guts. As for you, Mr. Tammany fucking Hall, come down to the Points again and you'll be dispatched by mine own hand. Now go back to your celebration and let me eat in peace. I've paid you fair.

132 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

132

Tight on Amsterdam and Shang.

SHANG

What do we do now?

Amsterdam speaks with trembling control.

AMSTERDAM

We run another candidate. And that's the all of it.

Shang and the boys nod. Pulling back we see that they are pallbearers, waiting to pick up Monk's casket - Amsterdam and Shang in the middle, then Jimmy, Tweed, the Mayor and Hughes.

On Hughes' signal they hoist the casket and carry it slowly along the scaffold-less aisle. They move past faces of Dead Rabbits, past workmen and poor Irish families. As they near the church doors, Jenny pulls them open, and light crashes in exactly like the day Monk kicked open the Old Brewery doors fifteen years before.

133 EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

133

A huge crowd has gathered outside and watches in solemn silence as the coffin is carried down the church steps and carefully set upon a coach covered in flowers.

134 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - DAY

134

No one is working. No one is thieving. It seems possible the entire citizenry of the Points is part of the cortege as it crosses Paradise Square. Bill is standing with his Natives and the Nativist Candidate, outside Satan's Circus, watching the procession. Amsterdam sees them. They stare as Amsterdam stays in step. They pass in silence, until:

BILL THE BUTCHER

Why don't you try burning him, and see if his ashes don't turn green?

Amsterdam tries to control himself for three seconds. Then he launches himself toward Bill. The coffin lurches and almost falls. The crowd holds Amsterdam back, everyone shouting at once.

AMSTERDAM

See what we do with your ashes, you red mounted son of a bitch!

ONE-ARMED PRIEST

This ain't the place for it!

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER

Let him come ahead! Come on ahead!

(CONTINUED)

Bill and the Natives shout for him to come on. The whole crowd surges on the edge of total riot. We find Jenny, looking at the raging Amsterdam. She backs away, through the crowd.

135 EXT. BROADWAY - AFTERNOON

135

Silence. A man unfurls a long banner-newspaper. As he steps away, a headline announcing commencement of the first draft in American history is revealed.

Another man unfurls another long sheet of paper and posts it against a wall. As he steps away, a printed name fills the screen, then the one above it, and another, name after name, most Irish, until we reach the top and a week's date and the words, *Dead or Missing*.

The list is covered like sod thrown on a grave as people crowd around to find out if their relatives' names are on it. A woman's loud mournful wail is clipped short as -

136 INT. SPARROWS PAGODA- SAME TIME

136

Men from various gangs come in off the street, two or three representatives from each: Shirt Tails, Plug Uglies, Daybreak Boys, Chichesters, American Guards, Roach Guards, Little Forty Thieves, Kerryonians, True Blue Americans....

Half settle on one side of the room where Amsterdam sits with Shang and Jimmy Spoils. The other half assembles across from them where Bill and a couple of Natives sit.

137 INT/EXT. DRAFT OFFICE - SAME TIME

137

A spinning wooden lottery wheel slows and stops. A man pulls from a cavity a handful of slips of paper, carries them to the front door and announces in a firm voice to an anxious crowd gathered outside the names of the first men in American history to be drafted into service to fight on a battlefield:

DRAFT OFFICIAL

James Mooney - Thomas O'Neill - Andrew
Lewis - Jack McAuley - Sean O'Connell -

138 INT. SPARROWS PAGODA

138

The camera moves from gang leader to gang leader as each calls out the name of the gang he represents -

IRISH GANG LEADERS

The O'Connell Guards - the Forty Thieves -
the Kerryonians - the Chichesters -

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

135

NATIVIST GANG LEADERS

The American Guards. - the Atlantic Guards
- the Slaughter Housers -

(CONTINUED)

BILL THE BUTCHER
The Native Americans -

AMSTERDAM
- the Dead Rabbits,

139 INT/EXT. DRAFT OFFICE

139

The spinning lottery wheel again. The slips of paper taken out. The draft official announcing more names to the crowd outside - which has grown in number.

140 INT. SPARROWS PAGODA

140

The representative of the Forty Thieves, the oldest man in the room, addresses the others -

FORTY THIEVES LEADER
This council last met 15 years ago. As many of you remember, it parted without a peaceful result. On which agenda are we gathered now: to negotiate or challenge?
Mr. Vallon -

AMSTERDAM
Challenge.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Accepted.

AMSTERDAM
When?

141 INT. TWEED'S OFFICE / TAMMANY HALL

141

Tweed moves from birdcage to birdcage, replenishing his canaries' birdseed, then drapes a cape over his shoulders like an aristocrat and strides out past portraits of Sachem and a bust of himself, his footsteps echoing.

BILL THE BUTCHER V/O
Whenever you like.

AMSTERDAM V/O
Daybreak tomorrow.

142 OMITTED

142

143 INT. DRAFT OFFICE

143

The draft wheel slows and stops again. The official grasps the slips of paper and heads toward the door. This time though, before he reaches it, both windows on either side suddenly implode from a storm of rocks -

BILL THE BUTCHER V/O

Where.

144 OMITTED

144

145 INT. DRAFT OFFICE

145

The crowd, which can now be termed a mob, surges in brandishing bats and crowbars and sawn-off table legs. Some Black Joke firemen set about smashing the draft wheel with axes as others tear apart the rest of the place -

AMSTERDAM V/O

Paradise Square.

146 OMITTED

146

147 EXT. DRAFT OFFICE / TAMMANY HALL

147

Tweed, standing next to his coach, stares at the mob in and outside the draft office. A bloodied draft official stumbles out. Furniture hurtles out behind him. Tweed's horse shies. Some men carry cans of turpentine into the draft office and Tweed hurries aboard his coach.

TWEED

Uptown, Coachman.

BILL THE BUTCHER V/O

Weapons.

AMSTERDAM V/O

That I leave to you.

148 OMITTED

148

149 INT/EXT. DRAFT OFFICE

149

Torches are thrown and the floor and walls erupt in flames.
The mob surges back outside and are confronted by a regiment
of arriving police.

BILL THE BUTCHER V/O
Bricks, bats, axes, knives and fists.
No pistols.

A pistol shot is fired into the sky -

150 INT. SPARROWS PAGODA - CONTINUED

150

But it's only a distant echo down here in the Points as
Amsterdam and Bill face each other.

AMSTERDAM
The terms are resolved. The council is
concluded.

Amsterdam gets up. His gang gets up with him. As they start
to leave...

BILL THE BUTCHER
That wasn't much of a council. You ain't
got your father's flair.

AMSTERDAM
Maybe. But come tomorrow, if you look me
in the eye or not, I'm goin' to put you
to bed with a shovel.

Bill smiles broadly. The gangs split up. As Amsterdam and
his boys reach the door they are confronted by the Forty
Thieves and the O'Connell Guards, by young faces and old.

FORTY THIEVES LEADER
We're all with you, Mr. Vallon. But if
we're to be an Irish army, that one'll
have to stand down.

He gestures at Jimmy.

AMSTERDAM
Jimmy's a Dead Rabbit and a good fighter.
There ain't no need for that.

JIMMY SPOILS
I'll kill Natives good as any man here

(CONTINUED)

FORTY THIEVES LEADER
Stand down or be strung up.

SHANG
You got no call talkin' like that, Forty
Thieves -

There's a brief scuffle. Amsterdam gets between Shang and the Forty Thieves Leader -

AMSTERDAM
That's sufficient!

Amsterdam looks at the dozens of gang members threatening Jimmy.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
Stand down, Jimmy.

Pause. Jimmy looks at Amsterdam, then shoulders his way through the crowd.

151 EXT. SPARROWS PAGODA - EVENING

151

They emerge from the Pagoda and move off in separate directions, down different darkening streets leading to their home turfs. In the quiet of the approaching night, smoke can be glimpsed in the distance, drifting up above the rooftops.

152 EXT. DRAFT OFFICE - EVENING

152

Flames pour out of the broken windows as the fire guts the building. The mob scatters from the large showing of police. As the last of the rioters disappear down side streets, it's suddenly, strangely, quiet.

153 INT. DRAFT OFFICE - EVENING (2ND UNIT)

153

And the draft wheel, down on the floor but still slowly, eerily, spinning, burns black as the slips of paper printed with the conscripted men's names float up to the ceiling, lifted by the fire that consumes them.

INT. SCHERMERHORN MANSION - NIGHT

The Schermerhorns are entertaining. Tweed is there, the mayor, Horace Greeley and several other politicians in the billiards room. The ice cubes in the mayor's drink are rattling.

SCHERMERHORN
For the nonce the rats have returned to their holes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHERMERHORN (CONT'D)
...but it could have been
much worse - No, I don't
think so, Mr Mayor. A brief
burst of anger over Mr
Lincoln's draft and -

MAYOR
The better to arm themselves,
perhaps -

SCHERMERHORN (CONT'D)
Well, there are two sides to
that question, Mr Greeley, as
you are in a better position
to appreciate than any of us -

GREELEY
Entirely justifiable, in my
view -

In any case -

There are several sides to
the question, in fact, Mr
Scammerhorn, but only one
right side, as with any
question involving the abuse
of executive power -

In any case, Mr Greeley -

SCHERMERHORN (CONT'D)
- I think we can all be thankful it
wasn't any worse.

GREELEY
Indeed we can, Mr. Schermerhorn -

SCHERMERHORN
And as Mr. Tweed is fond of saying -

TWEED
It may be worse yet, sir. I saw them. And
I don't know what to think.

GREELEY
- I have heard they are going from door
to door in the Five Points asking those
who wish to see further rioting to put a
lighted candle in the window.

SCHERMERHORN
But what's that you're so fond of saying,
Mr. Tweed? - Mr. Greeley won't like this -
but what was it...?

TWEED
I don't remember.

SCHERMERHORN
..."You can always hire one half of the
poor to kill the other half."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREELEY

- I have heard they are going from door
to door in the Five Points asking those
who wish to see further rioting to put a
lighted candle in the window. Irish,
Poles, Germans -

SCHERMERHORN

Ah, Mr. Greeley. The city is not mad.
And I will prophesy a very dark night.

He fires off the shot.

155 EXT. FIVE POINTS - NIGHT

155

A dark window ... then the slightest flicker as someone emerges from another room and approaches with a candle in hand. The figure sets it down on the sill and we -

Drop back to a wide shot showing the entire Five Points: Almost every window in every building is glowing.

156 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - MORNING

156

A single candle glows in the underground room from the prologue. The only sound we can hear is the scraping of a blade against skin.

Tight on Priest Vallon's razor in Amsterdam's hand as it slides across his face. He stands in the same spot his father used to shave, bathed in the flickering candlelight.

He realizes he's not alone. Jenny is standing at the chamber entrance, dressed in her traveling clothes.

JENNY

I come to say goodbye. I've booked passage to California.

AMSTERDAM

Wait one more day, Jenny, and I'll go with you.

JENNY

You'll be dead by then.

AMSTERDAM

Jenny - what would you have me do?

JENNY

I don't know.

Pause.

AMSTERDAM

It'll all be finished tomorrow.

JENNY

No it won't.

157 EXT. FIVE POINTS (FROM ROOFTOPS) - MORNING

157

Schermerhorn's "rats" emerge from their holes - from tenements and saloons - many of them armed with bricks and bats.

(CONTINUED)

They look like gangs but wear no "colors." They are, in fact, ordinary citizens of the underclass. We see Jenny skirting the square, avoiding them as she goes.

MAN

Nobody goes to work today! They shut the factories down.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

From all over the city they came.
Ironworkers, factory boys, day laborers,
school teachers, street cleaners...
American, Irish, Polish, German, anyone
who never cared about slavery or the
Union - whole or sundered.

MAN IN MOB

The hell with your damned draft!

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

The Earth was shaking now, but we was to
find we was the only ones who didn't
know it.

158 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - MORNING

158

Upstairs in a dank room, Bill the Butcher prepares for a battle of another kind, methodically sharpening his knives and setting each, when honed to his satisfaction, next to his leather cutlery belt.

159 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - MORNING

159

Amsterdam places the razor in its pouch and pockets it, then grasps his dagger and slides it into its leather sheath.

160 INT. STOREFRONT - MORNING (2ND UNIT)

160

A brick crashes through a window, showering glass onto shovels, picks, sledge-hammers and broadaxes. Rough hands reach into frame and grab the tools. Others break up tables to use the legs as clubs. Others grab furniture-making tools to use as weapons. In the B.G. Jenny passes, hurrying.

MAN IN MOB

Take these lads! We'll split their heads
and crack some 5th Avenue skulls!

161 INT. SATAN'S CIRCUS - MORNING

161

Bill's cutlery, now in his belt, rattles as he kneels and quietly begins intoning a prayer -

BILL THE BUTCHER
Lord Almighty, you are my dagger -

162 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - MORNING

162

Amsterdam is kneeling, too, before a Celtic cross painted on the rock wall, intoning a prayer -

AMSTERDAM
Guide my hand on this day of vengeance -

163 INT. SCHERMERHORN MANSION - MORNING

163

Black servants stand ready to serve breakfast as Schermerhorn says grace at the family table -

SCHERMERHORN
We give thanks to the Lord for He is good -

INTERCUT THE THREE PRAYERS:

BILL THE BUTCHER
With you, the swift cannot flee, nor the strong escape. With you, the roaring of my enemies will be silenced -

AMSTERDAM
Let my sword devour till it is satisfied -

SCHERMERHORN
He satisfies the thirsty and fills the hungry with good things -

AMSTERDAM
Until its thirst is quenched with blood and my enemies sleep forever -

BILL THE BUTCHER
For the Lord is God of Retribution -

SCHERMERHORN
For the Lord is merciful and His Love endures forever -

AMSTERDAM
For the Lord crushes the wicked. Amen.

BILL THE BUTCHER
Amen.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

SCHERMERHORN

Amen.

164 INT. SCHERMERHORN MANSION - CONTINUED

164

The Schermerhorns' heads rise back up. Servants set out plates of food. Suddenly a window implodes, raining glass everywhere. An axe cleaves through the door -

165 EXT. SCHERMERHORN MANSION (2ND UNIT)

165

Black Joke firemen hack at the front door with fire axes -

166 INT. SCHERMERHORN MANSION - CONTINUED

166

Schermerhorn, armed with a brace of pistols, hurries the terrified family up the stairs.

SCHERMERHORN

Upstairs, be quick!

MISS SCHERMERHORN

Father! Father!

The front door rips from its hinges. The firemen and rioters pour in with picks and axes and hack up the furniture. Schermerhorn stands his ground and gets off a couple of shots before he is overwhelmed by the flood of rioters.

Hands grab vases, silverware, clocks. The maids and servants escape out a service door.

RIOTER

Let's smash the bastards to hell!

Rioters splinter the billiard table, shatter the gun case and take the rifles.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

From eighteenth precinct, the mob have attacked the armory. Second Avenue, Twenty-first Street -- There is danger of firing the building.

Someone hurls a Louis XIV chair at a window. It crashes through. The instant before it strikes a rag-clad girl, the daughter of a rioter, we cut to -

167 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER/TUNNEL

167

Amsterdam emerges from his underground chamber. He has a sheathed sword with an iron Celtic cross hilt.

He joins the short line of his boys - Shang and the other Dead Rabbits - getting communion from the One-Armed Priest.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

The One Armed Priest blesses the sacrament. *His Latin prayer carries over:*

168 EXT. SCHERMERHORN MANSION (2ND UNIT)

168

White Ghost firemen by their cart use torches to light more held in hands like spokes of a wheel. They're thrown and arc across the sky like burning arrows in a Medieval battle.

169 OMITTED

169

170 INT. TUNNELS

170

Amsterdam passes in and out of candlelight as he strides down the tunnel. We hear the boys and the One Armed Priest close behind O.C., and see their shadows play on the wall and on Amsterdam. Except for the echoing footsteps as they walk along the long tunnel, it's silent. The blessing continues over:

171 EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE

171

Jenny flattens into a doorway. Across the street a regiment of police emerges from a station house, but are unable to get down the steps before being met with a hail of brickbats hurled by crowds in the street and on the rooftops.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

From sixteenth precinct, all the stores are closing on Eighth Avenue from fear of the mob on Seventeenth Street.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

From Fourth, the rioters are attacking colored boarding houses, robbing them and setting them on fire.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

From Twenty-first, the mob have just broken open gun store on Third Avenue and are arming.

172 INT. COMMAND POST (TAMMANY SET)

172

The camera rushes past armed police to a telegraph machine and operator receiving a message, at once writing it down and translating:

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

Lexington, Forty-first, second, and third streets, sacked and fired - large mob outside 18th Precinct House - will you allow us use of muskets?

POLICE COMMISSIONER

I'm not going to have good policemen turned into inferior soldiers. Tell him no, and call in all non-commissioned officers and volunteers. The police are overwhelmed. We need Federal troops now!

MAN

There are fifty more negroes outside that need help. The blacks are being attacked all over the city. Officers should give up their rooms for those who need refuge.

Outside the window a rioter with a pair of shears attempts to cut the telegraph lines, and is immediately electrocuted, falling back ensnared in the spider web of wires.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

The line is dead! They're trying to cut all the wires.

173 OMITTED

173

174 INT. MANSION (2ND UNIT)

174

Flames devour artifacts of the wealthy: Manuscripts and books, smoking jackets and summer bonnets hanging in closets, lecterns and writing desks and linen stationery, pianos, music stands and opera glasses, oil paintings, cut flowers, a butterfly collection, a framed map of New Amsterdam.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

From Twentieth: Send one hundred men to disperse mob assailing Mayor Opdyke's house.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

(overlapping)

... building corner Thirty-Third Street,
Second Avenue: set on fire by the mob.

175 INT. TUNNELS

175

Coming down the quiet tunnel, Amsterdam is joined by more Dead Rabbits and new Irish recruits; Hell Cat Maggie appears, her nails like talons.

176 OMITTED

176

177 OMITTED

177

178 EXT. BROADWAY

178

Jenny hurries past the outside of Barnum's museum. Barnum is out front, calling for help in front of burning murals depicting various oddities and talents of freaks and animals. Behind him his men are pulling a tiger cage out of the building.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

(Overlapping)

... From 20th. The mob are sacking houses
Twenty-Seventh Street and Seventh Avenue:
We have no force to send.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

Barnum's Museum on fire! Escaped animals
running wild!

A well-dressed young man running for his life trips in front of him. As he drags himself up and we recognize him as the one who bought his way out of the draft. A roving band of workmen armed with clubs swarms over him.

MAN IN THE CROWD

Hey! There's a \$300 man! Get him!

MAN IN THE CROWD (CONT'D)

Did your daddy buy you out of the army?
Can he buy us out of the army too?

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

There is danger of mob attacking armory
corner Twenty-First Street, Second
Avenue. There is about five hundred
stand of arms in it.

179 INT. TUNNELS

179

Groups of O'Connell Guards and Kerryonians emerge from underground rooms and fall in behind the Dead Rabbits.

180 INT. TAMMANY HALL

180

Tweed's canaries panic. He loads a shotgun. As he moves to a window, we look down on rioters surging past below.

MAN IN MOB

Tear Tammany down!

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

180

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

Marshall's Office on Third Avenue is
burning down. The police is of no avail.
Two colored men brought in almost dead.

181 EXT. TAMMANY HALL

181

Tweed in his office window, ready with the shotgun if need
be. Every other facing window, too, is occupied by an armed
Tammany man.

182 INT. TUNNELS

182

Shirt Tails and Plug Uglies fall in behind Amsterdam and
the Dead Rabbits gang.

183 EXT/INT. TRIBUNE PRINT ROOM (2ND UNIT)

183

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

From Twentieth Precinct: A very large mob
now going down Fifth Avenue to attack
Tribune office.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

The mob is very wild.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

All three hundred police wounded or
unaccounted for!

A Molotov cocktail hits a gold Tribune plaque. Flames ignite
and consume printing presses and newspapers with illustrations
of Abraham Lincoln and Fredrick Douglas and the headline: *Thugs
Desist; Draft to Resume Today.*

184 OMITTED

184

185 INT. RESTAURANT

185

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

The mob is about forty-five hundred strong! They're going to burn down Harlem Bridge. Harlem Bridge is to be torched!

Waiters are trying to barricade the door. We pick up Greeley outside in the street, running toward the restaurant away from the mob. His horrified face appears in the oval of glass set in it.

GREELEY

For God's sake, it's me! Let me in!

The waiters pull away the furniture and Greeley bursts in just ahead of a brickbat that shatters the glass behind him.

WAITER

Quickly, Mr. Greeley, under here!

GREELEY

The rats have taken over the city!

The waiter helps Greeley hide under a table.

186 INT. TUNNELS

186

All the Irish gangs now, two hundred strong and armed with their primitive weapons, move through the tunnels. The blessing carries over:

187 OMITTED

187

188 OMITTED

188

189 OMITTED

189

190 OMITTED

190

191	OMITTED	191
192	OMITTED	192
193	EXT. PARADISE SQUARE	193

The Dead Rabbits emerge from the underground catacombs. They hear a growl and immediately step back, alarmed. A Bengal tiger, escaped from Barnum's Museum of Wonders, prowls the streets in front of them. Behind the tiger is an apocalyptic tableau: Smoke and ash hide the sun.

193A	EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT	193A
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As a Black man is lynched -

WOMAN IN CROWD

Come on, lads! Kill the nigger bastards!
String them up!

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

From Twenty-First: There is an attack on
the colored people on Second Avenue
between Twenty-eight and Twenty-ninth
Streets.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

(Overlapping)

There's a mob headed for the colored
orphan's asylum. Send troops to protect
the children!

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

... Twenty-ninth. The rioters now on
Seventh Avenue, Twenty-eighth Street.
They have just killed a Negro.

Jimmy Spoils comes around a corner and stops short. A mob is gathered around the corner. Tilting up we see a black man hanging from the lamppost. Three or four more hang from other lampposts on the street. A white man hands a burning torch to a white woman. She reaches up to set the hanged man alight...

Jimmy turns to run before the crowd sees him. But a smaller crowd surges up the street behind him and he's trapped, cut off. As the crowd is upon him we cut away -

194	EXT. BROADWAY	194
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A pair of Army boots caked with mud splashes through puddles of blood on cobblestones. A row of bayonets cuts through the air. Infantrymen are marching down Broadway.

(CONTINUED)

TELEGRAPH VOICE

The Major-General wants to know what he's to do with any prisoners captured.

195 INT. COMMAND POST

195

GENERAL WOOL

Prisoners? Don't take any! The mob isn't taking prisoners! Put the mob down! Don't bring a prisoner in until the mob is put down!

196 EXT. STREET AND ALLEYS

196

From a rooftop, the mob runs from the infantrymen down an alley only to find it blocked by more soldiers.

MAN IN THE CROWD

Firm, lads! They won't shoot.

MAN IN THE CROWD (CONT'D)

Lads, stick together...

TELEGRAPH VOICE

From Sixteenth -- mob is coming down to station house. We have no men! I must leave. The mob is here with guns!

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

Soldiers now on Thirty-eighth Street. The mob will not disperse. What are your orders?

(more urgently)

What are your orders?!

A commander barks an order and the first rank drops to one knee

SOLDIER

I order you to disperse!

[the crowd does not move]

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

FIRE!

Rioters fall. The second rank drops - the second volley carries into -

196A EXT. DOCKS

196A

Jenny is trying to get through the crowd to the docks but the street is swarming with rioters, breaking windows, setting stores alight, looting the ships in the harbor.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

From First: Riot at Pier Four, North River. They have killed Negroes there. A crowd is here and is going to destroy this station.

Suddenly she is yanked out of the street by a SCRUFFY MAN who pulls her into the shadows where his WOMAN ACCOMPLICE is waiting.

SCRUFFY MAN

Get her bag! Get her bag!

He grabs at Jenny's bag. She goes wild fighting him. The woman yanks the bag out of Jenny's hands and rips it open with a knife.

TELEGRAPH VOICE #1

From Twentieth: Mob tearing up track on Eleventh Avenue. I have not force enough to prevent it.

As the woman finds Jenny's money, the man holds Jenny back.

SCRUFFY MAN

Let go that bag, my bene mort!

JENNY

Give me that bag!

WOMAN ACCOMPLICE

Hush the shickster!

Jenny pulls out her pistol and shoots the woman in the chest, point blank. The woman falls back dead.

SCRUFFY MAN

Jesus God!

The man grapples with her for the gun - yanking it out of her hand. He throws her down on the ground - she tries to grab at her money but the mob is upon them, scooping up the money and shoving her aside.

(CONTINUED)

TELEGRAPH VOICE #2

From Admiral Paulding: Brooklyn Navy
Yard. Have dispatched eight gun boats,
now lying off the tip of Wall Street.
They are ready to open fire.

Running and crawling she gets away, nearly trampled. She
falls into a dark recessed doorway with some steps down as
the mob surges by. She can still see the harbor, but there's
no way to get to it.

197 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE

197

Facing the Dead Rabbits - assembled in almost-military
fashion - are the Allied-Nativist gangs, equal in number,
about 200, with Bill standing in the center.

BILL THE BUTCHER

By the ancient laws of combat, we offer
our bodies to the ghosts of the warriors
that have gone before us.

AMSTERDAM

And we'll send many more across the river
today.

Bill parts his coat and selects a knife from his belt.
Amsterdam unsheathes a cutlass with a hilt forged in the
shape of a Celtic cross, and the rest take firm grasp of
their own favored primeval weapons.

BILL THE BUTCHER

On your order, Vallon.

As Amsterdam raises his sword to give the signal -

MATCH CUT TO:

A sword in the hand of a Navy commander aboard a war ship moored in New York Harbor comes down and the mortars boom -

198 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - CONTINUED**198**

Amsterdam's cutlass stays suspended as he and the others listen to a strange, completely foreign sound: a whistling that seems to be coming down upon them from the heavens.

The mortars suddenly hit all around them. Gang members hurtle into the air as the ground erupts. The Old Brewery explodes hurtling bricks like missiles, mortar like shrapnel.

Fueling the pandemonium, rioters, retreating from the infantrymen pour across the square seeking refuge in their closed saloons and hovels, only to have them explode in another round of mortar fire. The war has come home.

SOLDIER (O.C.)

Disperse or you will be shot...! Fire over their heads...! Drive them into the square!

The Rabbits and Natives can no longer be differentiated from anyone else as they all try to drag their dead and wounded to safety. Thick smoke veils the entire square.

Shots bark, find indiscriminate targets. Shang is hit, falls, McGloin goes down. Swamp Angels and Daybreak Boys slam up against walls, their different "colors" ripping open, but the blood spewing out all the same crimson.

Amsterdam can be glimpsed finally, lying injured on the street under a cloak of smoke. His eyes open and witness in a delirious haze the chaos all around him:

Men in Army uniforms battling in close combat with rioters and gang members; smoke and fire erupting from rifle muzzles; men and women falling; the one-armed priest administering last rites to a dying Hell Cat Maggie is trampled - all to an eerie medley of cries and screams and rattling musketry.

As a rush of people clears, Amsterdam sees Bill the Butcher - like he first saw him upon his return, backlit by the flames of a burning building.

BILL THE BUTCHER

The world has ended. Prepare to meet the Lord.

(CONTINUED)

He rushes forward through the smoke, covered in ash and blood, like a demonic ghost. Amsterdam slashes with his cutlass once wildly at the apparition as it swoops past.

He gets to his knees, to his feet, turns and peers at the walls of smoke all around him. Suddenly, Bill is bursting through again. Amsterdam slashes, misses, is caught in the shoulder by Bill's dagger, then in the thigh, sending him down to his knees.

He struggles back up.

Bill charges at Amsterdam. Amsterdam lashes out and catches Bill as he passes. Bill cries out and clutches his arm and side.

We see there is a very large spreading stain in Bill's left side.

A huge explosion knocks Bill and Amsterdam to the ground.

They stagger to their feet again. Bill and Amsterdam look around. Everywhere they look it's devastation and destruction. McGloin is shot to death by the soldiers. Shang attacks the soldiers and is beaten to death. The cart explodes and crushes Hell-cat Maggie. The Points is wrapped in smoke and littered with bodies and rubble. Amsterdam turns to Bill.

AMSTERDAM

Bill...Bill...

BILL THE BUTCHER

(Shakes his head)

I knew who you was. You think I didn't know who you was? You ain't got your father's sand.

Pause.

AMSTERDAM

Nor do you.

Amsterdam lashes out at Bill with everything he has. He beats Bill back, hard and furious. Bill tries to fight back but Amsterdam just keeps smashing him back.

Amsterdam stops. Bill stands before him unsteadily. They are both breathing very hard.

BILL THE BUTCHER

That all the sand you got, Vallon?

(CONTINUED)

AMSTERDAM

No!

Amsterdam lurches at Bill hitting him again even harder. Bill staggers back - Another explosion hits and they are knocked apart.

When the smoke clears they are lying on the ground covered with dust like a pair of fossils. They painfully rise until they are facing each other on their knees, clutching their knives.

Amsterdam, holding the knife, is looking at Bill. Bill is looking around at the demolished Five Points. Finally he looks at Amsterdam.

BILL THE BUTCHER

Thank God...I die a true American.

Bill nods to Amsterdam. Amsterdam plunges the knife in - the coup de grace.

He pulls out the knife and Bill's blood sprays him in the face. Bill collapses, clutching Amsterdam's hand. His body convulses - his hand still gripping Amsterdam's.

(CONTINUED)

The lid of Bill's glass eye closes over the etched American eagle like a curtain coming down. He's gone.

Amsterdam drops the sword and collapses, exhausted, breathing hard, spattered by the Butcher's blood.

Time seems to stop. We hear a single pair of footsteps echoing through the silence.

Jenny comes out of the mist and kneels down where Amsterdam is lying. Amsterdam opens his eyes.

AMSTERDAM

Jenny... Are we dead?

JENNY

No, my darling... We're not dead.

AMSTERDAM

Don't tell me we're alive...?

JENNY

(crying)

Yes, my darling... Yes...! We're still alive!

Amsterdam lies back.

AMSTERDAM

It's finished, then... It's finished.

We pan up and as the smoke begins to clear we see the entire square, littered with bodies. Amsterdam is a dot on the far end of the bloody field.

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

I never knew why the Butcher didn't kill me when he had the chance. Perhaps he never knew himself. Did he mean to break me, or to rise me up again so's I could hand him Death in a manner fittin' to his inclination. Perhaps he done it because he liked me. His charm was that contrary.

199 EXT. PARADISE SQUARE - NIGHT

199

Flames slowly rise from the bottom of the black frame as we descend from the night sky and consider the entire city, lit only by the fires still burning and smoldering in buildings in the distance.

As we come down lower, flames from Satan's Circus fill the frame.

A Tammany wagon travels across the square, police and soldiers heaving the bodies of dead rioters and gangs and blacks upon it.

The Old Brewery/Mission walls have fallen. The building looks like an ancient Roman ruin. A deep, crater-like pit resembling an archeological excavation has been dug in the middle of it, caving in the network of tunnels underneath and exposing long-buried human bones and skulls.

It is here, in this common grave, that hundreds of bodies are now being dumped and covered with lye. Tweed, Killoran, the mayor and the police commissioner stand watching the work with handkerchiefs held to their faces.

TWEED

Get a priest, say a mass, cover them up.

KILLORAN

Some aren't Catholic. That one certainly isn't.

The black tap-dancer spills off a wheelbarrow and rolls down to the bottom of the pit, coming to rest against the sleeveless arm of the priest.

TWEED

Then they'd better have made peace with God on their own.

Shang's body is down there among the others, and McGloin's, both covered in lye.

TWEED (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning, get our people down to the docks. I want every man and woman coming off the boats given hot soup and bread. We're burying a lot of votes down here tonight.

Killoran looks at Tweed. Tweed is unflinching.

200 EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

200

The body of the child struck in the head by the chair, the first fatality of the riot, lies on the cobblestones clutching a lit candle in her grey hands.

Amsterdam and Jenny come past her, and the corpse next to her in the same pose, and the next, looking at the faces. We see Jimmy Spoils, Jenny's girls, other familiar faces. The camera rises as they continue on, revealing a thousand bodies illuminated by the candles held in their hands, lying side by side and stretching off into the night uptown.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

It was four days and nights before the worst of the mob was finally put down...

A wind gusts across Broadway then, and all the candles are extinguished at once, throwing them and the street and their city into total darkness.

201 EXT. POTTERS FIELD - DAWN

201

A neglected cemetery atop a hill.

Ashes fall from the sky like snow onto a grave marker: Priest Vallon, 1812-1846, Dublin. Next to it stands a newer headstone. William Cutting, 1815-1863, New York City.

Amsterdam digs a shallow hole in the earth with his hands between the graves, sets the razor in, covers it with dirt, and kisses the St. Michael medal hanging from a strand of leather around his neck.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

...How many New Yorkers died that week we never knew. We thought there wouldn't be no country left by the end of it. And that no matter how much blood they spilled to build the city up, and keep on building, for the rest of time, it would be like no one even knew that we was ever here.

As they walk away from the graves, the camera pulls back, and the future skyline of New York takes shape, towers of steel and concrete rising out of the smoke and ashes.

FADE OUT