

MAD DOG AND GLORY

Read-through Draft (6/14/90)
Universal Studios

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TITLE: MAD DOG AND GLORY

THE BRONX - MIDNIGHT

Black and white footage:

We hear random dreamy sounds of a Bronx night; the distant grinding of an el train on the rails, a car alarm, faraway rap-chat, a scream ...

We hear the grinding crunch of a car pulling up to a curb. The rear door opens, someone slides in, the rear door slams, abruptly shutting out the sounds of the street.

MALE #1
(alone in the back)
Yo, fellas, what's up?

MALE #2
(in the driver's
seat)
Same ol', same ol'.

MALE #1
I got Rambo, I got Chinese
Chance, I got 48 Hours ...
shit, I even got 60 Minutes.

MALE #3
(in the front
passenger seat)
Rambo, two twenties.

MALE #1
Two twenties be forty.

MALE #3
(showing a hundred
dollar bill)
Can you break this?

MALE #1
I ain't no cash machine.

MALE #3
(dead calm)
You laughing at me?

MALE #1
(nervous)
No, brother, I'm just sayin' ...

MALE #3
(calm, curios, aiming
a 9mm automatic)
You laugh at this?

MALE #1
(panicked)
Yo, wait! Wait!

Sound of the car door being flung open, abruptly letting
in street sounds, as Male #1 tries to flee. The sound
of five shots, a dying sigh.

MALE #2
(almost hysterical)
What you do!

MALE #3
(still calm)
Get the shit.

Hyper breathing, rustling, as Male #2 reaches over and
searches the corpse of Male #1 in the back seat.

MALE #3 (contd)
... get the roll ...

MALE #2
(ranting, frantic)
Motherfucker's so dead ...
dead all over.

MALE #3
(musing)
Oh yeah? Huh ...
(a beat, then a
last shot)
You dead too.

Silence. Sighing, Male #3 reaches into his pocket,
takes out a glass crack pipe.

The black and white is broken as the shooter's face is
illuminated in eerie blue-yellow silhouette by the
butane flame as he draws smoke.

WE BRIEFLY SEE this ghostly tableau (in full color now)
-- the shooter smoking, the dead driver's head slumped
against the shooter's shoulder, as if sleeping. In the
back seat, the street dealer stares sightlessly at the
ceiling, his blood in a spray across the rear window.

Male #3 reaches across Male #2, opens the driver's door
and boots him to the street.

Male #3 exits by his own door, comes around. WE SEE him dragging Male #2 away. After a beat we hear the trunk slam shut.

Male #3 returns to his seat, takes another hit off the pipe. Still holding in his toke, the butane flame still flickering, he reaches behind him to the rear seat and shoves Male #1 down out of sight.

MALE #3
(finally exhaling)
You gotta do what you gotta do.

As the butane flame dies, the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

INT: CRIME SCENES UNIT OFFICE - TWO HOURS LATER (2:00 A.M.)

A vast sea of deserted desks. The only illumination in the room comes from the shifty silver casting of a huge TV on to "Gilligan's Island." The sound is off. The office looks like everybody ran out abruptly; paperwork, coffee cups, the TV, etc. The only sound is the voice of a female operator coming across almost imperceptibly low over the police radio. A phone softly rings, three times. A disembodied hand rises shakily from below the desk, snags the receiver and takes it down below the desk again, out of sight.

PAVLETZ
(softly)
Crime Scenes ... Detective
Pavletz ... what can I do you
for? ... how ya doin', Sarge?

Pavletz struggles to his knees, hair matted by sleep, turns on his desk lamp, pulls over a ledger book, and still on his knees, starts taking down info.

PAVLETZ (contd)
Male Hispanic D.O.A. in car
intersection Vyse and one seven
two in the four four. Apparent
gunshot victim.
(beat)
What's "apparent," Sarge?
(writing)
... huge fucking bullet holes
in head and chest ... good
enough ... awright ... be well.

Pavletz rises; he's fat and rumpled. In his socks. .38 on his hip. He pads over to another apparently abandoned desk, gently raps on it. Sounds of someone waking up underneath.

PAVLETZ (contd)
Mad Dog, you're up.

PAVLETZ'S POV

WE SEE Detective Wayne Dobie, 43, curled on his side, lying on a thin Japanese sleep mat. He's blinking awake. On either side of the mat are his service revolver, his tie, his shoes, his wallet, all laid out with military neatness. Wayne is nondescript, trim without necessarily being fit. What should be apparent is that he is an orderly precise careful man (even though he's sleeping under a desk); that "Mad Dog" is an ironic tag for him.

WAYNE
Ass end of Brooklyn, right?

PAVLETZ
Nope ... you got a male dead man in the four four you can walk it.

WAYNE
(sleepy)
Indoors or outdoors?

PAVLETZ
(rapping on another desk top)
In a car. Yo, Mike, you're up.

MIKE (OS)
(under desk)
Five more minutes, Ma ...

PAVLETZ
(walking away)
Get me some cheesecake on your way back.

INT: CRIME SCENES BATHROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Typical office building john except on all stall doors and mirrors are stickers that read "Police!! Don't Move!!"

Wayne and Mike enter the john, do their wake-up ablutions, vaguely coming to life at this ungodly hour, brushing hair, straightening tie knots, getting the red out. Mike is 42, cowboy lean, grey hair, tattoos, hot-dog crazy man vibes. Wayne is dignified, solemn; a priest in civvies.

MIKE

(putting on his fifty-dollar piece-of-shit sport jacket)

Mad Dog, you know what I want for Christmas? Sixteen vestal virgins.

WAYNE

(clipping his gun to his belt)

Fix your collar.

INT: CRIME SCENES OFFICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Wayne and Mike reenter. Wayne checks out his forensics case (camera, flash, fingerprint powder, feather duster, blood collection paper, vials, etc.) -- a huge square death valise.

Mike yanks a rechargeable flashlight off a rack.

MIKE

I had a head in a garbage can job last night? I told the coroner ... just bring a bowling ball bag.

PAVLETZ

(ready to descend under his desk)

Mad Dog, I tell you too because your partner here's brain dead ... you know those little Baby Watson cheesecakes? Pick me up one. There's a mini mart should be open about two blocks from the scene. Just a little one.

MIKE

(mocking)

Just a little one ... it's two in the morning, you fat fuck ...

PAVLETZ

(ignoring Mike)

Just a little one ... and get a banana for your monkey here ... a green one.

Wayne and Mike split. Carrying the suitcases, they look like travelling salesmen.

Pavletz descends. All is silent again. The phone rings. The hand comes up, snags the receiver back down out of sight all over again.

PAVLETZ (OS)
Crime Scenes ...

CREDITS ROLL.

COLLAGE - 2:25 A.M.

- 1 REVERSE ANGLE - Through a blood-spattered window WE SEE uniformed cops peering into the back seat of the murder car. Some are smoking.
- 2 Wayne and Mike casually cruising up to the crime scene through the devastated moonscape of the Bronx night. Mike is tapping the siren, making a little spaced-out tune.
- 3 Local detectives work the growing crowd of street people around the car.

HISPANIC GUY
(getting a look at the
corpse of the dealer,
backing away, freaked)
Jesus! I told him!

SHANLON
(white, middle-aged
detective in cuffney
cap)
You told who ...

HISPANIC GUY
(cold, walking away;
in Spanish)
I told your mother.

- 4 The Crime Scenes station wagon pulling over to a street corner where some young kids are hanging out.

MIKE
(leaning out
driver's window)
Hey you ... come here.

A nine-year-old kid, frightened, approaches.

MIKE (contd)
(solemn, deadeye)
Who's Mister Big?

The wagon slowly rolls off; Mike still leaning out the driver's window, his chin on his arm, winks at the kid.

- 5 Two EMS technicians standing outside their parked meat wagon. They're smoking, bullshitting with the uniform cops. A corpse bag and a stretcher at their feet. Waiting for the Crimes Scene Unit to show up, as is everybody else.

EMS TECHNICIAN
(giving a light to a
cop off his own
cigarette)

We have to stop meeting like
this.

- 6 Crime Scenes station wagon stopped at a light. Wayne frowning at a street map in his lap.

WAYNE
Vyse and One-seventy-second ...
Vyse and One-seventy-second ...

- 7 Local people hanging around outside the yellow police tape. A four-year-old breaks away from his mother, ducks under the yellow tape, touches the death car like he's playing tag, and, laughing, excited, runs back to his mother.
- 8 Black detective giving his card out to four stony-faced Hispanic teenagers sitting on a stoop.

BLACK DETECTIVE
If you hear anything give me
a call ...

- 9 Wayne and Mike finally pull up to the municipal block party/crime scene and get out of the station wagon, exchange greetings with the local detectives that they know as

CREDITS END.

WAYNE'S POV

Walking towards the middle-aged detective in a check sport jacket and a cuffney cap, Detective Shanlon, who's smoking by the car.

SHANLON
(shrugging)
Your basic dead shitskin.

Wayne leans over, peeks through a bloody rear side window at the dead street dealer, on his back, eyes staring at the ceiling. His blood is seemingly everywhere.

WAYNE
(still squinting
through the window)
Nobody's been in the car, right?
Everything's nice and cherry?

SHANLON
(defensive)
Hey ... absolutely.

ANGLE

MIKE
(shmoozing with the
local detectives)
Sixteen vestal virgins ... all
around my bed.
(saunters over to the
car, peeks in at the
corpse; loudly)
Yo-o, brother! You fucked up!

SHANLON
The do-er might be in the crowd.
You think you can get me a group
portrait?

WAYNE
(to Mike)
Let's do the street.

ANGLE

FOUR FREEZE FRAMES of Wayne photographing the car from the four points of the compass as Mike logs the photo count. Each FREEZE FRAME is punctuated by the pop of his flash. Each FREEZE FRAME is a Weegee-esque portrait of Bronx street life 1989, as the raucous party head crowd tries to dance out of the line of photographic fire, not wanting to be in a crime-scene photo.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

Wayne lowers his camera, turns his back to the crowd. The crowd comes together. Wayne winks at Mike, wheels and snaps off ...

A FREEZE FRAME of all the street people together caught by surprise in a group portrait.

ANGLE - FROM CAR INTERIOR

CLOSE ON REAR CAR DOOR being opened. Mike and Wayne lean into the rear seat, hovering over the sprawled corpse. They wear rubber gloves. Wayne puts on semi-focals. They're almost cheek to cheek in the cramped back seat, as they silently study the carnage.

MIKE

(sighing)

Sometimes I don't understand human nature, I swear ... the man's got so much to live for, a nice family, a nice wife, he runs a 279 cholesterol level and he's eating cheesecake ... people are weird, Mad Dog.

Shanlon pops his head in. Now the three heads look like a pawnbroker's sign over the body.

SHANLON

I hear Rich Molloy's retiring.

MIKE

Not really ... he's just a little shy.

SHANLON

So tell me something good.

WAYNE

(as if reading
tea leaves)

Nine millimeter, surprise, surprise.

SHANLON

Yeah, there's five shells on the floor, some crack vials in his pocket too.

WAYNE

I thought you said no one was in the car?

SHANLON

(embarrassed)

Well ... yeah ... I'm just guessing ... you know, educated.

WAYNE

(sighing)

Anyways, from the direction of the blood on the window I'd say

(MORE)

WAYNE (contd)

your vic got whacked sitting here and your shooter was in the front passenger seat ... there. You got a lot of blood in the door well, so the door had to be open at the time. Maybe he slipped in for a quick sale, the deal went sour or it was rip-off and Boda Boom. See this scorch mark over the temple here? ... the muzzle couldn't've been more than two, three inches away ... but you see this?

(pointing to a fine
spray of blood on
the rear of the
shotgun seat)

Your blowback shot a good two feet.

Wayne extends his arm as if he was firing a gun from the blowback on the rear of the front seat to where the victim's head had been.

WAYNE (contd)

So for one thing, your shooter's arm's gotta be covered with blood. I can tell you more when we pull him out.

Wayne takes off his glasses, rises.

Shanlon flashes a light on the driver's window, where there's some more blood.

SHANLON

This blowback too?

Wayne hunches down, puts glasses back on, looks at the blood, then examines the rear of the driver's headrest.

WAYNE

No ... there's no blood on the headrest. Blowback don't leap over things.

(stands up, thinking)

That's somebody else.

(turning to Mike)

We got a crowbar somewheres?

MIKE

(shrugging)

Use the key.

Wayne rubs his fingers together as if to say "You ever hear of fingerprints?"

ANGLE

MIKE
(prying open the
trunk)
Ho! Double-header!

All the cops close in, as does half the crowd. WE SEE the driver (Voice #2) curled into a foetal position in the trunk and shot between the eyes)

MIKE (contd)
(mock melodramatic)
I tell ya, it's a freakin'
jungle out there, Mad Dog.

ANGLE - NINETY MINUTES LATER

The party's over. The meat wagon is departing, cruisers pulling off. Wayne is repacking his death kit.

A cop sits behind the wheel of the murder car. He's sitting on a protective sheet, covering the gore and hanging like a white tongue out the driver's window.

COP
Anyone wanna drag?

WAYNE'S POV

WE SEE an illuminated grocery doorway about a block away.

WAYNE
(to Mike)
I'll be right back.

MIKE
You're killin' him, Mad Dog.
Get him some Melba toast.

WAYNE
(taking off his
glasses; softly,
sighing)
Mike ... do me a favor ... my
name is Wayne.

ANGLE

Wayne walks towards the yellow light of the grocery. The rest of the street is stone grey in this last hour before dawn.

WAYNE
(half singing, absently)
That old black magic got me in
a spell; that old black magic
that you weave so well ...

INT: GROCERY

As Wayne saunters in WE SEE gleaming rows of cans,
Caribbean roots and vegetables in cardboard boxes, all
under the harshness of fluorescent overheads.

A young Hispanic guy stands motionless behind the counter,
staring at Wayne. It's like Wayne walked into an eerily
pregnant still life.

WAYNE
(still absently singing)
Icy fingers up and down my spine;
the same old witchcraft when your
eyes meet mine ...

Wayne comes up to the counter, his eyes roaming the candy
and cookie spread that frames the register. The Hispanic
guy remains motionless, rigid. He stands sideways at
the counter, one hand on the register and one hand
straight down out of sight below the counter line.

WAYNE (contd)
(looking down at
the goodies)
You got Baby Watson cheesecakes?

HISPANIC
(after a long beat)
No.

WAYNE
(still looking at
the goodies)
How about Melba toast?

The Hispanic guy doesn't answer. Nor does he move.

WAYNE (contd)
What the hell's Melba toast,
right?
(he drops the Twix
bar on the counter
and digs around in
his change)
What's that ...

HISPANIC
(after a beat)
A dollar.

WAYNE
(looking at him for
the first time)
A what?

HISPANIC
A dollar.

WAYNE
(rearing back)
A dollar! What is this, a
hotel lobby?

HISPANIC
(after a beat)
Fifty cents.

Wayne does a double take at the guy cutting his price just like that.

WAYNE'S POV

He sees what's going on below and behind the counter, via a low running mirror behind the Hispanic's back.

There's a man spread-eagled face down on the floor. The Hispanic's hidden hand holds a gun which is aimed at the spread-eagled man's head.

Wayne and the Hispanic lock eyes. The gig is up. Wayne waltzed in on an armed robbery. Wayne is speechless, terrified. The Hispanic doesn't move.

WAYNE
(talking fast,
tremulous)
Oh, Jesus ... don't shoot him
... please ...

The Hispanic puts his foot on the victim's neck and brings up his shooting arm. His light-colored sleeve is sprayed with blood. He's the crackhead shooter from the car and he's not sure what to do now.

WAYNE (contd)
(almost gasping)
Listen, listen, there's a crime
scene down the block.
(MORE)

WAYNE (contd)
(stops, catches his
breath)
You shoot, they'll hear ... please
... you want the money? ... Take
it. Go out the back. Did you take
it yet?

VICTIM (OS)
(on the floor; dry,
sarcastic)
Did you take it yet ... Jesus
Christ.

HISPANIC
(to the victim)
Shut up!

WAYNE
Did you take it?

Wayne delicately reaches around, opens the register for
the shooter. The shooter stares at him, starts rifling
bills.

WAYNE (contd)
Do you smoke? What do you
smoke? Take some cartons here.

The shooter takes a carton, staring at Wayne.

WAYNE (contd)
Do you like candy?

VICTIM (OS)
(on the floor)
Do you like candy ... why don't
you give him a fuckin' back rub
while you're at it ...

HISPANIC
(stomping on the
guy's neck)
I said shut up!

WAYNE
(pleading)
Please ... they'll hear you ...
go out the back ... you gotta
go quiet. Please. You can make
it. You gotta go now though.

The shooter is off balance, twitching with indecision;
he's about to split though when ...

VICTIM (OS)
(on the floor)
Call him a cab ...

SHOOTER
(wiggling)
Get the fuck up!

The guy on the floor rises to his knees. He's dark, handsome, huge. The shooter puts the gun in front of his face. A tableau of an execution.

CLOSE ON WAYNE'S TREMBLING HAND

hovering uselessly in the general area of his out-of-sight gun. He can't even imagine going for it.

WAYNE
(almost whispering)
Please.

GUY ON HIS KNEES
(imitating Wayne)
Please ... do you like Rice-a-Roni? How about a Diet Sprite?

WAYNE
(furtively struggling
with the snap of his
holster)
They'll hear it, I swear.

The shooter looks from Wayne to the victim.

The victim opens his mouth and growls like an animal daring the shooter to shoot. Abruptly the shooter pistol-whips the victim, bloodying the side of his head, then sprints like a cat out the rear door.

Wayne is frozen, his gun in his hand. The victim drops his bloody head to his kneecaps, curses, then rises to his full height. He is a giant.

Wayne unfreezes, moves to examine the wound.

VICTIM
(shoving Wayne away)
Fuck off.

WAYNE
(moving to the rear
door, pointing to
a phone)
Call 911, say police officer
needs assistance ...

VICTIM
(incredulous, disgusted)
You're a cop!

WAYNE
(screaming)
Just do it! Tell them where
your store is.

VICTIM
(dismissive, annoyed)
Hey ... this ain't my store ...
I just walked in two minutes
before you.
(casually)
It's his store.

The victim nods to an old man lying face-up in a pool
of blood, further down the counter.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

as he stares, horrified, at the corpse. Wayne quickly
kneels over the body, checks for life signs (none).

WAYNE
(half to himself
-- shocked)
Just do it.

We hear the front door of the grocery store slam shut.

WAYNE'S POV - THE STORE

The huge man with the pistol-whipped head has vanished.
The store is silent.

CLOSE ON THE WALL PHONE

EXT: ALLEY BEHIND THE STORE

Wayne slowly advances, sliding along a wall, his gun
drawn. He is going totally on automatic, stumbling
one foot in front of the other down the deserted alley
pursuing the shooter.

WAYNE
(whispery, frantic,
toneless singing)
Down and down I go, round and
round I go ...

He continues to plod on, breathing asthmatically, doing
what is required of him, praying the guy is gone.

WAYNE (contd)
(singing)
In a spin, lovin' the spin I'm
in ...

SOFT MALE VOICE (OS)
Wayne?

Wayne freezes.

WAYNE'S POV

A dozen Emergency Services cops at the end of the alley
aim their rifles at Wayne's heart.

MIKE
(stepping forward;
soft, solicitous)
You OK, Wayne?

INT: SUBWAY CAR - 5:30 A.M.

Wayne, head in hands, elbows on knees, is heading home.

The only other riders are two street kids, eying Wayne
in a predatorial manner.

WAYNE'S POV

He sees the teenagers sizing him up, on the verge of
going for it.

Wayne rises, exhausted, and approaches them.

WAYNE
(calmly displaying
his detective shield)
Fellas, please, don't even think
about it.

EXT: SHERIDAN SQUARE SUBWAY EXIT - DAWN

Wayne climbs up to the pastel light in the heart of a
sleeping Greenwich Village.

INT: APARTMENT HOUSE STAIRWELL - TEN MINUTES LATER

Wayne wearily climbing the stairs to his Village
apartment -- a funky comfortable pre-war walk-up.

As he gets to his landing WE SEE he's got two Daily News
under his arm and two New York Times.

Before he gets to his door he drops a News on one neighbor's doormat and a Times on another neighbor's doormat, keeping the other papers for himself.

As he's opening his door, one of the other apartment doors opens and WE SEE Lee, 38, an attractive woman in her bathrobe, come out to collect the Times Wayne has dropped on her doorstep.

LEE

Thanks, Wayne.

(beat)

You want some coffee?

WAYNE

(hesitating)

Nah ... I'll go through the roof.

LEE

(shrugging)

You want a shot of something?

It'll help you sleep.

Wayne looks at her a beat, not knowing if this is a come-on. Lee looks back at him, not exactly knowing how she meant it either. They both blush -- single people, 38 and 43, not knowing what they want in this world.

WAYNE

(opening his door)

I better just flop ...

LEE

(smiles, shrugs)

Sweet dreams.

INT: WAYNE'S APARTMENT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

A three-room sanctuary, almost Oriental in its pristine gleaming sparseness; an extension of its owner.

As Louis Prima and Keely Smith do "Old Black Magic" on Wayne's record player, Wayne sits on a grey suede couch in his living room. The wall behind him is exposed brick and mounted with framed photos -- Wayne's Crime Scenes work. The wall to the left of him is a big sliding glass door overlooking a sea of Village tenements and back yards. The rising sun coming through this exposure illuminates Wayne and makes him squint.

Wayne sits there, his newspapers unread on his lap, a wine glass untouched before him on a coffee table.

INT: MINI MART (FANTASY FLASHBACK)

Wayne in the mini mart again.

The shooter is screaming for the guy on the floor to get up.

Guy rises to his knees, the gun in his face.

With blinding speed Wayne draws his revolver from his hip, goes into a two-handed stance, blows away the shooter. He goes flying into cans and cartons, slides down dead.

INT: WAYNE'S APARTMENT

Wayne returning from his fantasy tableau. Perfectly still on the couch. He starts to sing along absently with the record.

WAYNE

That old black magic got me in
its spell; that old black magic
that I know so well ...

Wayne rises to close the drapes, peeling off his shirt, still singing.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

He sees something out the window that makes him freeze in his tracks.

WAYNE'S POV

WE SEE, across the way, what looks like two people, nude, on their knees embracing and swaying in the frame of an open bedroom window.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

He's riveted, but there's nothing prurient in his fascination; in fact he looks awed, moved, almost pained.

WAYNE'S POV

WE SEE the undulating embrace for a beat longer. Suddenly a gust of wind REVEALS that what we've been watching was two white curtains knotted at the bottom and swaying in the breeze of the open window. The curtains now hang out the window, flapping against the window ledge.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

very shook up.

CUT TO:

INT: THE LION'S HEAD BAR - GREENWICH VILLAGE - 5:00 P.M. -
THAT EVENING

A woody talky clubby cops' and journalists' hangout near
Wayne's apartment.

Wayne sits with Mike at the short end. Mike is drinking
a beer; Wayne, coffee.

WAYNE

(mordant)

That was the first time I pulled
out my gun in fifteen years ...

MIKE

Hey, you also pulled out your
brain ... that's much harder.

WAYNE

(embarrassed)

I pissed on myself.

MIKE

You know why? Because you're a
sensitive, intelligent individual.

WAYNE

You ever piss on yourself?

MIKE

Me? Never. But ah ... hey ...
I would've walked in and drilled
the red-eyed little bastard ...
that's just the way I am ... On
the other hand if I ever had an
intelligent thought it would die
of loneliness, so it all evens
out, you know what I mean?

(beat)

Let me tell you something. Next
time that happens? You're that
scared? The best thing is sex ...
you're all adrenalized? You go
off like a rocket ...

WAYNE

(embarrassed)

Give me a break ...

MIKE
 If I was you last night? I'd've
 been on the horn to every broad
 I knew wasn't related to me by
 blood.

Tommy, the bartender, comes over with a snifter and a
 cognac bottle.

TOMMY
 Wayne? On me ...

WAYNE
 (beat)
 Just a pinch in here.

Tommy pours a bit in Wayne's black coffee.

WAYNE (contd)
 Thank you.

TOMMY
 You OK?

MIKE
 (dryly)
 He's berating himself.

TOMMY
 They get the guy?

MIKE
 They know who he is. He ain't
 going nowhere. They never do.

Enter a huge brutal-looking guy dressed in a suit -- a
 real gorilla. He takes a seat halfway down the bar from
 them.

MIKE (contd)
 (loud)
 Now there's a guy with one
 abiding principle in his life.

TOMMY
 (warning)
 Mike ...

MIKE
 (louder)
 To always refuse to testify,
 on the grounds that it may
 tend to incriminate him.

WAYNE
(looking away)
Jesus.

The gorilla looks their way. It's not clear whether he heard Mike or not. Mike raises his beer to the guy. Wayne looks down. Tommy saunters over to him to take his order.

GORILLA
Chivas and milk.

Mike squawks out a laugh. This, the gorilla hears. He stares calmly at Mike. Mike rises to leave.

MIKE
(to Tommy)
Put that
(gesturing to the
gorilla's drink)
on my tab.
(to Wayne)
Let's go.

WAYNE
I'm off tonight ...

MIKE
Yeah? You got something on?

WAYNE
Ah ... you know ... Play it
by ear.

MIKE
(stares at Wayne,
smiles knowingly,
with affection)
Hey ... Mad Dog ... that was
balls-up what you did last night
... don't kid yourself.

Mike leaves.

Wayne sits over his coffee for a beat. The gorilla rises with his drink and slowly heads towards Wayne. He sits down in Mike's seat, stares at his drink.

GORILLA
(speaking to his drink)
Milk has L-Tryptophane in it ...
it helps you sleep. Scotch has
got Scotch in it. This is a very
nice drink if you had a hard day.

WAYNE

Hey ... I have no problem with that ... I'm drinking coffee with cognac in it myself.

GORILLA

I can't drink coffee ... it makes me tense. Are you Wayne? You look like a Wayne.

WAYNE

Who are you?

GORILLA

Harold. I went over to your apartment, you weren't there. I work for my boss and he asked me to find you to invite you to this thing tonight.

Harold gives Wayne a comp. pass to a comedy club.

HAROLD (contd)

It's free with this. It's the Comic-Kazie Club. You also get two free drinks.

WAYNE

Who's your boss?

HAROLD

He said not to say, but you know him and he'd really like to talk to you.

Wayne and Harold stare at each other for a beat.

HAROLD (contd)

Don't worry, it's not a bad thing, it's a good thing.

WAYNE

Who is he, Harold?

HAROLD

(after a beat)

It don't start until about ten, ten-thirty, but I can come by later, pick you up if you want.

WAYNE

Thank you ... I'll pass.

HAROLD
(shrugs)
That other cop? Your friend?
He's very sarcastic.

Harold leaves.

Wayne stares at the invite, looks up. Lee is standing over him, she's got her coat on. She locks eyes with Wayne, smiles ruefully. Wayne is sexually disoriented again.

LEE
What the hell am I doing?

Wayne doesn't know what she means for a beat, then the guy Lee was talking to comes up, puts his arm around her shoulder and they leave the Lion's Head together.

Wayne is all alone. He looks at the pass on the bar, looks away, laughs.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - 6:45 P.M.

Wayne, wearing glasses, is watching TV news while he sits on his couch and eats his dinner off a TV tray.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM - 8:15 P.M.

Wayne, wearing glasses, is reclining on his couch, feet up, watching TV -- a sitcom.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM - 9:15 P.M.

Wayne, still reclining, is watching some cop show on the TV.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM - 10:15 P.M.

Wayne. TV off. He's sitting, elbows on knees, glasses in his hand, staring at his stockinged feet, wondering what to do with his skull.

INT: THE COMIC-KAZIE CLUB - 11:00 P.M.

A two-room club divided by a partition of beads. The front room is your basic bar. The rear room, tables and a stage -- a cabaret. The decor of the bar consists of photo blow-ups of your basic comedy giants.

Wayne comes in off the street into the crowded barroom.

We can hear some amateur comic on the other side of the beaded curtain dying onstage.

COMIC (OS)
I went out with this girl Mona?
I said to her Mona what, Lisa?
No, she says, Nucleosis ...
Anyways, yeah ...

WAYNE'S POV

Harold the gorilla sitting at the bar. He sees Wayne,
pats the empty bar stool next to him.

WAYNE
(sitting)
So, who's your boss?

HAROLD
(gently putting his
hand over Wayne's
wrist on the bar)
Are you heeled?

WAYNE
(angry)
I never carry my gun off the job.
I don't even like carrying it on
the job. Who's your boss ...

HAROLD
(patting Wayne's
wrist placatingly;
to the bartender)
Give him a coffee and cognac.
(to Wayne)
Show her your comp.

WAYNE
(to the bartender)
Decaf, please.

The bartender, a blond, shy-looking woman in bow tie and
vest, makes a red "X" on Wayne's comp. card and serves
Wayne his drink. She splashes coffee a little on Wayne's
hand. Wayne hisses in pain.

BARTENDER
(wincing)
Sorry.
(wipes his hand with
a bar cloth)

HAROLD
(to bartender)
Can't you use a clean napkin
or something?

BARTENDER
Sorry.

WAYNE
(wiping his hand
himself)
No problem.

HAROLD
(rising, looking
at his watch)
Take it with you.

Harold starts to usher Wayne into the clubroom, then stops.

HAROLD (contd)
You should leave her something,
no?

Wayne, blushing, digs into his pocket, pulls out a quarter and drops it on the bar. Harold sees the quarter, shakes his head, and drops a dollar over the quarter.

WAYNE
(embarrassed)
It's only coffee.

INT: CLUBROOM

Harold ushers Wayne to a table at which four other guys, young, hard-looking, all jacket, tie and Gillette Dry Look set. No one says anything to Wayne, their eyes riveted to the stage.

ANGLE - STAGE, M.C.

vicious, thin preppie, aviator glasses, scoliosis.

M.C.
And now, from Bay Ridge, the land
of razor-cut hair, I.D. bracelets
and velour car interiors, the
comedy of ... Frank Milo!

Wayne's table explodes in two-finger whistles and applause, half-rising out of their seats as Frank Milo comes onstage.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

shocked. Frank Milo is the big handsome guy that was pistol-whipped in the grocery store the night before.

He wears a bandage along the side of his face. He prowls the stage, glaring at the audience, adjusting his tie knot, patting his hair; a caricature of a slick, vain thug in a Hugo Boss suit.

FRANK
(flat, intimidating)
Cosa ... Nostra ... our ...
thing.

People titter.

FRANK (contd)
Our ... thing ... our thing, my
ass. Cosa Nostra is Italian for
"Cheap ... Bastards."

Wayne's table is on the floor, howling.

FRANK (contd)
The only thing cheaper than a
hood is a cop. Cops, forget
about it. They squeeze the
nickel till the buffalo shits ...

CLOSE ON WAYNE

insulted.

FRANK
But hoods ... hoods ... my friend
Domenik? Some guy shot Domenik
four times in the My Way Lounge?
(laughs)
Domenik, he's bleeding like a
religious statue ... he gets up
off the floor, drags his ass
over to the bar, asks the bartender
to break a quarter so he could call
an ambulance.

ANGLE - ONE OF THE GUYS AT THE TABLE

GUY
(crying with laughter)
Fuckin' Domenik ... right?

CLOSE ON WAYNE

unimpressed.

FRANK
(prowling the stage)
Cheap ... bastards ... Cosa
Nostra babies ... Other babies,
(MORE)

FRANK (contd)
 they're born they go whaa-a-a
 ... Our kids, they cry, they go
 (shrugging)

Wha ...

My friend Angie ... his father's
 on his deathbed, he says to his
 sons, when I go, put a hundred
 dollars in my coffin each a you
 ... in case you know you can
 take it with you ... the guy
 dies ... Angie's two brothers
 put in their yard each ... Angie
 drops in a check for three hundred
 and takes out the cash.

(laughs)

Cheap ... bastards.

ANGLE - SAME GUY AT THE TABLE

GUY
 (tears in his eyes
 from laughing)
 Fuckin' Angie ...

HAROLD
 (confused)
 When did Angie's father die?

ANGLE - STAGE - CLOSE ON FRANK

He spots Wayne in the audience.

FRANK
 (grinning appraisingly)
 Hey ... there he is ...

INT/EXT: BAR - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Frank strolling out with the five hard-ons in tow, like
 a flagship and his convoy. Frank has his arm linked
 through Wayne's. Wayne is squirming, awkward, confused.

FRANK
 (to the blonde bar-
 tender who served
 Wayne)
 They taking care of you tonight?

BARTENDER
 (awkward)
 Yeah. Thanks.

FRANK
(to the bartender)
Don't let them schlong you on
tips.

INT: 24-HOUR GREEK COFFEE SHOP - UPPER EAST SIDE -
MIDNIGHT

Wayne and Frank seated at a window side table, drinking
coffee. Harold by himself sitting behind them, reading
a US magazine.

FRANK
(touching his bandage,
launching into a sing-
song recitation)
OK ... my therapist ... I talked
to my therapist about you ...
and what happened. She said I
was a real suicidal asshole ...
that ah ... not only what I did
endangered my life ... but yours,
and ah ... in fact I was probably
very scared and resorting to macho
bullshit like I'm programmed to
and that ah ... what you did was
very brave and compassionate and
in fact you saved my life and
that I should both apologize to
you and thank you ...
(exhales)
a mouthful, right? But there you
are ... so ... I understand you're
in Crime Scenes ... what's that,
the rubber gun squad?

WAYNE
(flat, angry)
What do you mean by that ...

FRANK
(shrugs)
Well, you're talking the lab
boys ... the fingerprint boys ...

WAYNE
Hey ... my squad ... we got eight
guys? There's twelve bravery
citations between them ... nobody
goes from the academy to Crime
Scenes direct, you know what I
mean?

FRANK

What are you getting so jacked
up about? I'm just asking ...

WAYNE

(shrugs, not meaning
to get so hot)
Well, I'm just saying ...

HAROLD

(staring at a guy
at the counter)
Hey, Frank ... Isn't that Phil
Donahue?

FRANK

(turning to look,
then to Harold,
annoyed)
Put the magazine away before
you hurt yourself, OK?
(to Wayne)
You married?

WAYNE

(awkward)
Not personally ...

FRANK

Me neither ...

WAYNE

(shrugs)
Are you really connected?

HAROLD

(almost to himself)
That's Phil fuckin' Donahue.

FRANK

(ignoring Harold)
Am I connected?
(shrugs)
I know guys, guys know me. I
put money on the street, people
know to pay me back on time as
a rule. They call me Frank The
Money Store. You ever hear of me?

WAYNE

No.

FRANK

I guess that's good ... although
my therapist says I crave
(MORE)

FRANK (contd)
recognition more than I crave
actual accomplishment ... maybe
that's why I do the stand-up ...
I don't know ... what the hell,
I own the club ... So what you
think of my act?

WAYNE
(shrugging)
I heard two Buddy Hackett jokes,
a Pat Cooper and half a Lenny
Bruce.

FRANK
(rearing back)
Get the fuck out ...

Wayne is unintimidated.

FRANK (contd)
(relenting)
How do you know about Lenny
Bruce?

WAYNE
(shrugging)
How do you?

HAROLD
(almost to himself)
That's Phil fucking Donahue.

WAYNE
Another thing ... it's all
shooting out at people ...
sometimes you got to aim in,
you know? Make jokes at your
own expense ... otherwise it
comes off kind of ... I don't
know ... hostile, you know what
I mean?

Frank looks at him warily; nobody ever criticized him
before, and he doesn't know whether to listen or smack
him upside the head.

FRANK
(rising, wary-sounding)
I'm getting coffee breath, let's
blow ...

INT: SOHO EUROTRASH/ARTIST BAR - 1:00 A.M.

Cool, svelte, thin, sleek. (150 Wooster Street, for example)

CLOSE ON HAROLD

with a Perrier, sitting alone at a table.

CLOSE ON A BARTENDER

ready to pour cognac in a cup of coffee.

AT THE BAR

Frank's hand stays the pour.

FRANK

(to Wayne)

Hold it, hold it. What's with this ... coffee brings you up, cognac down, put them together and you go nowhere ... that's number one. Number two, you never ask for "cognac," you ask for Remy, Hennessy, Martell; otherwise you get house garbage.

(to the bartender
while pushing the
coffee away)

Remy Napoleon in a snifter.

Frank grabs Wayne's hand, palms up, slides the snifter between his fingers so his palm is cupping the base of the glass.

FRANK (contd)

Just hold it like that for a minute, let the body heat coming through your hand warm up the cognac ... give it a little swirl ... give it a little sniff ...

Wayne does as he's told, off balance, embarrassed.

FRANK (contd)

Nice, right? OK ... take a sip ... hold it in your mouth, don't gulp, let it, like, leak back down your throat ...

WAYNE

(defensive)

I know how to drink cognac.

FRANK

Well, good for you.

(quickly, to Mediterranean babe)

How you doin', babe?

(kiss-kiss, then back to Wayne, watching him carefully as he follows instruction)

Nice, right? You get that little glow in your gut?

WAYNE

(slightly buzzed)

Very nice.

FRANK

That's it ... lean back ... observe your surroundings ... converse ... give it a swirl, a sniff ... another sip ...

Wayne does as he's told; takes in the people, young, willowy; men in Agnes B. or Comme des Garcon; women in tight, expensive black Azzedine Alaia.

Wayne gets a little buzz, a little turn-on by the exoticness of his surroundings.

WAYNE

Good stuff.

FRANK

(amused, pleased)

No shit ...

(to the bartender)

Throw me one too.

(to Wayne)

Cops. I seen them drink brandy sometimes? Or 12-year Scotch? They always throw it back like they're trying to wash down a Ring Ding ...

(gets his snifter)

It's criminal.

(lifts his glass)

Cheers.

They clink glasses.

WAYNE

(after a sip)

My wife, she thinks Fuk-King and Cook-King are two cities in China.

FRANK
I thought you said you weren't married.

Wayne rolls his eyes; Frank finally gets it, nods, smiles, he likes it.

FRANK (contd)
Where'd you hear that?

WAYNE
I just made it up.

FRANK
Bullshit.

WAYNE
I did.

FRANK
Bullshit.

Wayne shrugs, "suit yourself." Frank stares at him, as if to ask a silent question.

WAYNE
(nodding)
G'head, use it, use it.

EXT: STREET IN FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT - ONE HOUR LATER

WE CAN SEE the interior of the restaurant through its huge glass front window. People exit and enter around Frank and Wayne who stand slightly blocking the doorway. They seem a little buzzed.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

threatening, filled with darkness and a terrible emphaticness.

FRANK
(bombed -- just a bit)
Don't ever ever fuck with me ...
don't ever lie to me, disrespect
me, underestimate me ... if you
do ... your life becomes a raging
sea ... that you can take to the
bank ... but ... but ... come to
me like a man ... come to me
eyes open, head up, hand out,
then I become more than a friend,
more than a shoulder ... I become
the expeditor of your dreams.

CLOSE ON WAYNE'S FACE

WAYNE

(ironic -- bombed a
little more than
Frank)

That's beautiful.

Harold pulls up in front of them in a gleaming white
Cadillac convertible circa 1960.

FRANK

(mock angry)

Get the hell in the car, Wayne.

WAYNE

(awed)

What if it rains?

INT: ANOTHER RESTAURANT - AN HOUR LATER

Another artists, celebrities and Euro money/fashion
restaurant downtown. (Canal Bar, for example)

Frank, Wayne and Harold sit at a banquette that is power
central. As Frank talks, Wayne half listens, gaga over
the scene, although he tries to keep a poker face.
Cognacs on the table.

FRANK

OK ... it's like ... you come to
me, you can't go to a bank. You
need to get your bakery, your bar,
your grocery going ... hey, you're
in to me ... I'm not gonna let you
go down ... I want my money ...
how'm I gonna get my money if you
go down? So I take an enlightened
interest in you, in my investment.
You can't pay this week, the next
... Tell me up front ... tell me
why, tell me the truth ... don't
cop an attitude ... I'll lay back,
no problem, sometimes I have to
come in, put some people in place,
make things work right ... but you
accept that ...

HAROLD

(tilting his chin
towards a celebrity
table)

Frank, over there ... Anthony
Perkins.

(MORE)

HAROLD (contd)
 (makes stabbing gesture
 and imitates Psycho's
 shrieking violins sound-
 track)
 Reel Reel Reel Bates ...
 Norman Bates.

FRANK
 (stares at him, ever
 amazed; continues,
 to Wayne)
 You accept that ... sometimes
 there's a cash flow problem ...
 I'll take in trade ... my thera-
 pist? She's a degenerate gambler
 ... I been seeing her for two
 years, three times a week ... on
 the house. See what I mean?
 Barter ... cash ... partnership,
 whatever works for you works for
 me ... No one goes down when
 Frank The Money Store's in town
 ... that poor bastard last night?
 Jose? What do you think I was
 doing there ... buying plantains?
 The guy had a wedding to pay for
 ... what was it, four in the
 morning? The Money Store never
 closes ... A lot good it did him.
 (beat)
 Can you believe that animal?
 The balls on him?

HAROLD
 Yeah, well, he who lives by the
 sword can get his ass shot off.

Frank glares at Harold, making him turn away to study
 the room.

HAROLD (contd)
 (to himself)
 A walking dead man.

FRANK
 (lifts his snifter)
 To Jose Maldonado ... God rest
 his soul.

They drink.

FRANK (contd)
 I am the expeditor of your dreams.
 Right, Harold?

HAROLD

What?

FRANK

Harold. He's a trip. He's purely for theater ... you know, one picture is worth a thousand words?

(he takes a coconut
off a fruit platter)

Watch this ... hey ... Harold ...

He tosses the coconut to Harold. Harold holds it in his hands, hefts it a time or two, then calmly pushes his thumb right through the hard husk and pulls it out.

FRANK (contd)

... "and said 'What a good boy
am I.'"

(lifts his snifter)

Here's to Harold, whom I almost
never use.

They drink.

EXT: MANHATTAN STREETS

Harold is driving the Caddy convertible through the starry Manhattan night. Frank and Wayne sprawled, bombed, in the back seat. It's as if Wayne has never seen Manhattan before.

FRANK

One last thing ... I hate Frank
Sinatra.

(beat)

Why am I telling you all this ...
You sit there ... you don't say
shit ... why am I telling you all
this?

WAYNE

(sodden, honest)

I wish I was a handsome man ...

FRANK

(taken aback, then
blathering on)

What? A handsome man? You look
OK ... Look, let me tell you
something, I'm a handsome man.
Wouldn't you say I'm a handsome
man?

(MORE)

FRANK (contd)

(beat)
Being handsome, it's no big deal
... it's not what you might think ...

WAYNE

(off somewhere, start-
ing to smoulder)
I wish I was brave ... I wish I
had ... real ... real guts ...

FRANK

(silently regarding
Wayne)
Wayne ... you wish you were a
handsome brave man? ... No offense
... that sounds a little immature.

WAYNE

(ardent, naked, drunk)
I wish ... shit ... I wish a lot
of things ... you don't know,
nobody ... you don't know ...

FRANK

(after a beat)
You don't always talk to other
guys like this, do you?

WAYNE

(drunk, dazed)
What did I say?

FRANK

(moved at Wayne being
so open before him --
gently, with affection)
Nothin', nothin'.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - 4:00 A.M.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS on Wayne's wall, framed, artful
crime scene compositions, none gory, all of them more than
just lurid.

Frank, holding a Remy Martin bottle by the neck and
occasionally taking a pull, is inspecting Wayne's photo-
graphic work. Harold sits silently in a corner of the
living room, reading his US magazine again.

FRANK

Wayne, ... these are freakin'
great ... you're really good,
man.

WAYNE

(leaning against his
glass sliding wall,
also holding a cognac
bottle)

I wish ... I wish I was a real
photographer, you know, not like
... I don't mean police work, and
I don't mean weddings, I mean ...

FRANK

You mean like Bernice Abbott,
Wee Gee Louis Hine ... you mean
like an artist.

WAYNE

(startled)

How do you know those names ...

FRANK

(returning the retort)

How do you?

WAYNE

I get this feeling ... me and
you, we'd both like to be some-
place else, you know what I mean?

FRANK

Not me.

WAYNE

(laughing)

Yeah, OK, not you.

Frank studies him, with open affection.

HAROLD

(looking at a photo)

This guy looks like William Holden.

WAYNE

(recovering)

One time I went down to SoHo to
see this group show with photo-
graphers? ... I hit it off with
this one lady in the show ... we
got friendly ... she took me
around, I met her friends in the
lofts and all ... I was at a
dinner with them once and showed
them my stuff, this guy says
to me did I ever think about
being an artist ... I said,
yeah, sure, but there's no

(MORE)

WAYNE (contd)

pension, no security, no major medical ...

(beat)

Nobody laughed, but ... as soon as I said it? I realized I'm just a cop ... a real civil servant. I think like a civil servant ... these people, her friends ... they're artists ... they take chances.

FRANK

Chances! You're a fuckin' policeman. What chances do they take ... the goddamn sushi might be tainted?

WAYNE

(getting angry,
confused)

Nah ... it's different ... Look, either you know what I'm saying or you don't.

FRANK

(mock-bruised)

Are you mad at me? I'm on your side.

WAYNE

Look, even she said it ... my stuff comes out of the job. The job is the truth of it ... the ... the all of it. I'm no artist. I don't create stuff. I find stuff.

(beat)

Anyways ... she was pretty nice about it ... nice person ... I liked her ... she was ... nice.

FRANK

(soft, looking around
at Wayne's life)

So you don't see her no more ...

WAYNE

Nah ... I wish.

FRANK

Good ... she sounds like a bitch ... so who do you see?

Me?
WAYNE

HAROLD
(nodding to the
television)
Teresa Televisolino ... he sees
her every night ...

FRANK
(glaring at Harold)
Thank you, Doctor Ruth ...

WAYNE
Hey, no ... I go ... you know ...
there's this lady? My next-door
neighbor.
(he winks)
I think any day now ... you know
what I mean?

FRANK
(sad smile)
Any day now, huh?

HAROLD
(at the photos again)
Hey, Frank ...
(he points to a dead
guy lying in a parking
lot in one of the
photos)
Bobby Gee.

FRANK
(to Harold, smiling)
So I noticed.

HAROLD
He looks good, if you know what
I mean.

FRANK
(studying him)
Wayne ... I'm gonna go home.

WAYNE
Wait a second.

Wayne finds a pen and a pad, gives it to Frank, gestures
for him to take dictation.

WAYNE (contd)
My wife ... they should cross
her with a Mackintosh PC, get
a computer that never goes down.

Frank, smiling, writes, tears off the joke, puts it in
his jacket.

Wayne retreats into his thoughts, his loneliness.

Frank takes Wayne's hand -- the one the bartender spilled
coffee on.

FRANK
That's a nasty burn ... I'll send
somebody over to take care of it.

WAYNE
It doesn't even hurt.

Harold and Frank shrug into their jackets. Wayne watches
them.

WAYNE (contd)
Hey ... the shooter? They know
who he is ... the net's closing.

FRANK
(smiling, amused)
The net's closing, huh?

HAROLD
I like that ... "the net's closing."

They both laugh. Wayne doesn't know what's so funny.

Frank gives Wayne a hug. Wayne doesn't know what to do
with his hands. Frank kisses him on the cheek.

FRANK
(intimately)
The expeditor of your dreams,
pal.

WAYNE
(embarrassed)
Not me, brother ... I'm flush.

FRANK
(wryly)
You're flush, huh?

They leave Wayne standing in the doorway as they trudge
down the stairs.

FRANK (OS)
(laughing)
The net's closing.

HAROLD (OS)
I forgot where I parked the car.

Wayne is alone. It's 4:00 A.M.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Wayne, alone, stares out his glass wall.

CLOSE ON THE WINDOW

with the swaying curtains across the way.

The same erotic mirage is happening. Wayne stares at it anyhow, taking a pull from his cognac bottle.

Suddenly what we thought was curtains, comes to life, as a woman's bare arm comes out of the gauzy frame to shut the window. The slender swaying outlines, this time, are really lovers.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

Too much.

INT: BEDROOM - NOON

Wayne asleep.

The door buzzer shrieks, jerking through him like voltage.

WAYNE
Hold it ... hold it ...

Wayne gets up, punchy, makes his way down the stairs to the living room, throwing the half-full cognac bottle on the coffee table in the garbage, and grabbing a towel from the bathroom, wrapping it around his waist on his way to the door.

WAYNE (contd)
(at the closed door)
Who is it?

A beat, then:

FEMALE (OS)
Hello?

Wayne opens the door, and there's the blonde bartender, dressed in dungarees, sneakers and a T-shirt. She's about 28, pretty, nervous, awkward.

BARTENDER
(smiling, embarrassed)
Hi.

WAYNE
(can't place her
right away)
Yes?

BARTENDER
(waiting for recog-
nition)
Hi ...

WAYNE
(roaring headache)
Yes?

She laughs, pained, wanting to be anywhere but here.

BARTENDER
(taking a breath,
plunging in)
Hi ... my name is Glory ... I
... I'm the one who spilled the
coffee on you last night?

WAYNE
(stupid now)
Last night ... last night ...
oh ... the bartender.

GLORY
Yeah, hi ...

Wayne just stares.

GLORY (contd)
(really plunging in,
getting it over with)
Ah ... Frank told me to come by
and ah take care of your hand.
(beat)
It's really stupid, I know, but
you know, if Frank says do it,
you tend to do it. Frank being
Frank and all.

WAYNE
(oh, my goddamn head)
Who's Frank?

Glory bursts out laughing. This is excruciating for her.

WAYNE (contd)

Frank ...

(beat)

from last night?

(beat)

He told you to do that, huh?

Still standing in the hallway, Glory tentatively takes Wayne's hand in hers, takes a tube of zinc oxide out of her pocket and rubs some ointment over the tender flesh. She's totally red-faced, avoiding his eyes.

Wayne, slightly dumbstruck by the scene, by the gentle and heady sensation of this woman caressing his hand, stands mute and yielding.

GLORY

(nervous blurty
laughter)

This is so stupid, I know, I
know ...

WAYNE

Whatever.

Glory finishes up, produces a bandage, pats it down.

WAYNE (contd)

Thanks.

Glory stands there. Wayne stands there. She has been doing all this standing in the hallway as Wayne has never invited her inside.

GLORY

(dying; her voice
quavering with
nerves)

Ah ... Frank ... I'm talking
Frank again here ... Frank
wanted me to stay ... you know,
here ... make sure it healed
properly, change the bandage
and all ...

WAYNE

(laughing, confused)
Change the bandage?

GLORY

Whatever ... run down get more
ointment.

WAYNE
Oh yeah? How long do you
imagine ...

GLORY
(cutting him off)
A week ... Frank said a week.

WAYNE'S POV

She's got a valise at her feet.

Wayne stares at her incredulously.

GLORY
(seasick with
embarrassment)
He just said to do it.

Wayne just stares.

GLORY (contd)
Look, it's not what you think ...

Wayne just stares, making her say what she thinks Wayne
thinks.

GLORY (contd)
It's not a sex thing ...

Wayne just stares.

GLORY (contd)
Gimme a break ... You don't
know ... me. I'm not ... It's
not ... Look ... Frank ... Frank
... he just said to do it, but
it's not ...

Wayne just stares, watching her twist in the wind, not
knowing what to say.

GLORY (contd)
Oh, Jesus.
(puts a hand on his
chest as if in
apology)
OK. OK.

She picks up bag, turns to leave, starts walking down the
stairs, Wayne transfixed at the door. She stops, turns,
comes back to Wayne.

GLORY (contd)
Just let me sit down for a
minute, OK? Please?

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Glory sits on a corner of the couch drinking instant coffee. Wayne is getting dressed. He's still got the towel on like a sarong. And he's not got a shirt and tie on too.

WAYNE
(weary)
How's the coffee?

GLORY
(racing, nervous)
I can't believe it's instant.
It's so rich.

WAYNE
(wary, awkward,
trying to dress)
I put cardoman in it.

GLORY
It's great.

WAYNE
(wary)
Good.

GLORY
How's your hand?

WAYNE
(wary)
Great.
(paranoid bent)
You know I'm a cop, right?

GLORY
(nodding)
So I've been told.

Wayne isn't sure where to take it. He starts trying to put his pants on while still wearing the towel, for modesty's sake.

WAYNE
Well ... anyways ... ah ...
I have to go to work now.

GLORY
(on eggshells)
So ... I'll stay here?

WAYNE
(nodding "no"
vigorously)
This is my house.

GLORY
Look -- I'm not gonna steal
anything.

WAYNE
(still trying to
pull up his pants,
reaching for phone)
What's Frank's phone number?

GLORY
(lightly panicked)
Talk to me before you talk to
Frank, OK?

Wayne stops struggling with his clothes, smells the fear
off her, puts down the phone.

GLORY (contd)
(in a speedy burst)
Look, you saved his life. He
wants me to be your friend for
a week, that's all. I swear.
I'm like a thank-you present,
you know?
(nervous laughter)
I'm a seven-day singing telegram.
I'm like one of those people comes
to your door in a gorilla suit,
or with balloons ...

WAYNE
(cutting her off)
Stop, stop, stop.

She stops.

WAYNE (contd)
(struggling with
clothes)
Look, I got to get out of here.

She waits him out ... He tears off the towel.

WAYNE (contd)
(sighs, agitated)
Ah ... I work straight through
the night. Come back six, six-
thirty, seven in the morning.

GLORY
(holding her breath)
No problem.

WAYNE
(grudgingly)
There's the TV.

GLORY
Great ... thanks.

WAYNE
The refrigerator's in the kitchen.

GLORY
(trying to lighten
him up)
And outside is downstairs, right?

WAYNE
(straight)
Well, yeah, if you have a key ...

GLORY
(sober now; she
bought time)
Look, I'm really sorry about this.

WAYNE
We'll straighten everything out
when I come back.

GLORY
Absolutely.

Wayne stands in his doorway before he leaves. He looks at all he owns as if there's something valuable she can split with. He looks at her, trying to figure it out. He also looks at her, how pretty she is. He's standing in glue.

WAYNE
(at a loss for words)
I'll be back.

He stands there for a beat, splits.

EXT: STREET IN FRONT OF WAYNE'S APARTMENT HOUSE -
TWO MINUTES LATER

Wayne runs into Lee. She's coming home from her teaching job. She hands Wayne the New York Post. This is their reciprocal ritual.

WAYNE
Thank you kindly.

Wayne stops short.

WAYNE'S POV

WE SEE Lee's face. She's got a shiner. She tries to turn her head. Too late.

WAYNE
(aghast)
What the hell happened to you?
Are you OK?

LEE
(lying)
Some kid at school threw his
English book at another kid.
He missed.

WAYNE
(suspicious)
That looks more like a punch
than an English book.

LEE
(turning her back on
him, going into her
apartment; half
mumbling)
Yeah, well, it felt like one ...
I'll tell you that.

INT: CRIME SCENES UNIT OFFICE - REAR ROOM - 6:30 P.M.

Lockers, TV, kitchenette. Eight detectives sit around a long beat-up table eating dinner -- take-out Chinese, save for one guy eating salad out of a Tupperware container. A TV is on at the far end of the room. They watch the news; a tape of an afternoon murder on the street.

One of the cops eating at the table, Saul, is also on the TV in his Crime Scene Unit disposable jump suit bagging spent shells for evidence.

MIKE
(watching Saul on TV)
Saul, they got your bad side.

IRENE
(female detective)
I think you should start blow-drying your hair.

SAUL
Is everybody gonna eat their
egg roll?

WAYNE
(passing his egg roll)
Here you go.

Wayne snags a phone and starts dialing home as Big John, the salad eater, caps his Tupperware and starts fastidiously cleaning his area. Big John is a Herculean weight lifter.

MIKE
Big John ... are you gonna
vacuum under your chair?

Big John laughs.

WAYNE
(on the phone to
Glory)
Hi ... it's me ... Wayne ...

IRENE
He cleans like a woman, he eats
like a woman.

WAYNE
(on the phone)
Did you find something to eat?

BIG JOHN
(to Irene)
How the hell would you know what
a woman eats like?

IRENE
I'd just ask you.

The dinner erupts in catcalls, wolf-whistles.

WAYNE
(wincing against
the noise)
So you OK?
(looks at his hand)
It's fine ... So you watching TV?

Detective Pavletz, the dispatcher, comes into the room.

PAVLETZ
Who's up?

MIKE
Me and Mad Dog.

PAVLETZ
D.O.A. in the 44.

WAYNE
(on the phone)
Yeah ... it's got great reception
... it's the cable hookup ...
you need cable to get good
reception in Manhattan.

ANGLE

Wayne packing up his death kit in the front room as
Pavletz approaches.

PAVLETZ
Wayne ... you OK?

WAYNE
Yeah, sure.

PAVLETZ
Listen ... I know it must've
been a freakin' nightmare what
happened ... but I just want to
ask you ... before it all went
down?

(dramatic beat)
Did you manage to get me that
Baby Watson cheesecake?

Wayne just stares.

PAVLETZ (contd)
Hey, if you didn't, that's cool
... I would understand.

Wayne stares. Pavletz winks.

EXT: STREET - 7:00 P.M.

Almost the same location as the previous crime scene.

Wayne and Mike approach the yellow tape that surrounds
the D.O.A. and its attendant municipal block party.

All WE CAN SEE of the D.O.A. is a five-foot-high conical-
shaped mound covered with a white sheet like a Mister
Softie cone.

ANGLE

Wayne and Mike inside the tape surrounded by cops, as they regard the draped object.

Mike gingerly lifts the white sheet TO REVEAL the crack-head shooter from the night before. He's stuffed in a garbage can, shot through the temple. Whoever did it dropped a fishing net over him, which hangs down the sides of the garbage can and trails on the sidewalk.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

MIKE (OS)

The net of justice closes in.

WAYNE

(in shock)

That's my shooter.

LOCAL DETECTIVE

(dry)

Another pillar of the community crumbles to dust.

UNIFORM COP

Maybe we should bronze him.

ANGLE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Wayne, still wearing rubber gloves from the crime scene, sits on the hood of a squad car talking to the two local detectives who caught the case. As Wayne talks, they write in memo pads.

WAYNE

Frank Milo ... Frank The Money Store? I don't know where he lives ... he owns this comedy club. I don't want to send you guys on a goose chase, but, ah ...

DETECTIVE #1

I'm sure he's got a sheet ... that's no problem.

WAYNE

He's just worth checking out on this ...

DETECTIVE #2

I tell you, if Milo did do this guy? One thing, at least I swear at this point I'm like
(MORE)

DETECTIVE #2 (contd)
nostalgic for professional hits.
I am so sick of random street
violence.

WAYNE
Hey, listen, I might be all wet
on this ...

DETECTIVE #1
(to Wayne)
That's some burn on your hand ...
you should get some ointment on
that.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

He's thinking: Shit ... Glory ...

INT: WAYNE'S HALLWAY - 7:00 A.M.

Wayne heading up the stairs full steam. Stuff is getting
messy. He hears a fight behind Lee's door that stops him
in his tracks.

MALE VOICE (OS)
That's your fault, baby, your
fault.

LEE (OS)
(sobbing)
Why! Why is it my fault?

MALE VOICE (OS)
(menace)
You're really into pushing the
red button, aren't you ...

LEE (OS)
(subdued)
No ... no, I'm not.

MALE VOICE (OS)
(threat)
Aren't you ...

LEE (OS)
(almost a whimper)
No ... I'm sorry ... I'm sorry ...

The apartment becomes silent for a beat, then suddenly
explodes with music as a radio is turned on.

Wayne stands there, not knowing what to do. Unlocks his
own door.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM

Wayne opens his door and sees Glory asleep in the same corner of the couch that we last saw her in.

The music from across the hall pounds into Wayne's apartment.

Wayne, startled, just stares at her, her blonde hair in a yellowy tumble across the cushion. She opens her eyes, calmly regards Wayne, sits up.

GLORY

I would have cleaned the place
for you, but I couldn't find
any dirt ...

WAYNE

(taking her hand,
pulling her to
her feet)

OK ... Get up, get up, get up.
Time to go.

GLORY

(in a panic)

Why!

WAYNE

Why? Because you people got me
surrounded and I don't like it,
so goodbye, where's your bag?

GLORY

(not moving -- crazed)

What are you talking about!

WAYNE

Frank maybe killed somebody last
night and I don't know who you
are, so ...

GLORY

(cutting him off)

Frank? Frank wouldn't ... hey
... if Frank was involved in
something, he wasn't involved ...
Frank's never involved ... that's
a million miles away.

WAYNE

Involved ... let me tell you
about involved. I buddy up with
a guy one night, he maybe kills
(MORE)

WAYNE (contd)
 somebody next night. It's my
 catch, so now I'm grand jury
 meat. I have to do forensic
 testimony on the Crime Scene.
 This is great. It comes out I
 got drunk with the shooter. I
 got his girl in my house. That
 is "involved." Listen to me ...
 in my life I never rained grief
 down on anybody's head and I
hate it, hate it when someone
 makes it come down on mine, OK?

GLORY
 (ardent, for her life)
 I swear I don't know what the
 hell you're talking about.

WAYNE
 (pushing her to the
 door)
 Whatever ... Goodbye, goodbye,
 goodbye.

Glory digs in her heels so Wayne can't hustle her out.
 She turns to him. They're almost embracing, nose to nose.

GLORY
 (with desperate
 passion)
 You don't understand. There's a
 penalty system here, OK?

WAYNE
 Penalty system? For who ... me?

GLORY
 For me.

Wayne says nothing.

GLORY (contd)
 (almost in tears)
 You send me back, I'll be into
 him forever.

WAYNE
 (awed, distressed)
 You owe him?

GLORY
 I swear I don't know what you're
 talking about with last night ...
 I don't get into Frank's mess, I
 really don't.

WAYNE
(dumbly)
You owe him?

GLORY
It's complicated.

WAYNE
Complicated ... like how?

Glory is silent. The music from Lee's apartment across the hall is the only sound.

WAYNE (contd)
(agitated, insistent)
This is my house. Talk to me.

GLORY
(with difficulty)
"There's a cash flow problem I'll take it in trade." You ever hear him say that? My brother had the cash flow problem and I'm the trade. I do whatever Frank wants until Frank says my brother's in the clear. Things get worked off, penalties get tacked on, the balance is in Frank's hand. It just keeps going on and on and it's my own fault because it was my own idea.

WAYNE
(horrificed)
What do you mean you do whatever Frank wants ...

The music cuts out from Lee's apartment.

Glory doesn't answer.

WAYNE (contd)
You do whatever Frank wants?
Like what?

Arguing starts up across the hall. It makes Wayne wince.

GLORY
Look, Frank just said to be your friend for a week. You saved his life. That's all I know. All.

The arguing climbs in pitch.

GLORY (contd)

(trying to be calm)

You send me back ... he's gonna
tell me I screwed up ... add
another two months ... six months
... With Frank, you can't argue,
you can't fight, you can't hide
... this is where I find myself
now.

(beat)

So can you help me out here?
Can I stay?

A terrible crashing of furniture from Lee's apartment
makes Wayne jump again.

Wayne turns and leaves, leaving the apartment door wide
open behind him.

INT: HALLWAY

Wayne bangs on Lee's door, which immediately silences the
fight. Wayne quickly unhooks his gun and holster, turns
to drop it inside his own apartment, but Glory is standing
there. He winds up handing his piece to her, after making
awkward, fleeting eye contact.

Glory continues to stand there as Lee's door swings open,
the threshold filled with Lee's man. He's not that big,
but his rage makes him formidable. His name is Andrew.

ANDREW

What are you banging on my door
for?

WAYNE

(off balance)

Your door? You're making a
lot of noise, what's going on ...

ANDREW

Who the hell are you, the sheriff?

WAYNE

I want to see Lee.

ANDREW

(closing the door)

Fuck off.

WAYNE
(wedging his foot in
the door and talking
over Andrew's shoulder)

Lee?

ANDREW
I'll snap it off at the ankle
for you ...

Lee comes up behind Andrew's shoulder. She looks scared,
sobbing, but there's no visible marks on her face.

LEE
It's OK, Wayne ... It's OK ...

WAYNE
Are you OK?

ANDREW
(calm, menacing)
Move that shoe, shitbird.

WAYNE
(showing his I.D.)
I'm a police officer.

LEE
Wayne ... it's OK ... we're just
arguing. It's OK ... it's OK.

ANDREW
(grinning)
A police officer, really ...
but guess what ...

Andrew takes out his own police I.D. with one hand, puts
his other hand on Wayne's chest, shoves him back a step,
and slams the door in his face.

WAYNE
(to the closed door)
I'm on to you.

Silence. Wayne in anguish. He turns to his own door.
Glory is still standing there: a witness.

She steps back to allow Wayne to enter his home.

Wayne, distracted by his own failure to be the man, seems
to have forgotten the issue of Glory.

WAYNE (contd)
(to himself)
What can you do, you know?

GLORY
(on eggshells, riding
on Wayne's distraction)
You gave it a shot ... that's
more than most ...

WAYNE
Whatever ...

GLORY
Do you want me to make you some
tea?

WAYNE
(rubbing the exhaustion
and grit from his eyes)
No thanks.

Wayne, without another word, climbs the stairs to his
bed.

Glory watches him and very gingerly settles back on the
couch, having bought herself eight more hours, or however
long Wayne sleeps.

INT: WAYNE'S BEDROOM - 3:00 P.M.

His apartment is a modest split-level duplex -- the
bedroom has a half-wall, like a balcony overlooking the
living room.

Wayne wakes up, stares at the ceiling a beat, rises,
comes to the balcony edge.

WAYNE'S POV

WE SEE Glory sitting on the couch, gazing out his big
glass sliding door/wall at the sea of back yards.

Wayne, dressed, studies her for a beat before coming down
the stairs. Glory hops to it the minute she hears his
steps.

GLORY
(anxious friendly)
Hi! Did I wake you?

WAYNE
(reserved)
Oh, uh --

GLORY
(racing, racing)
Good ... I have to tell you ...
I love this area. I used to
(MORE)

GLORY (contd)
conduct walking tours around
here when I was taking classes.
Washington Square Park? It's
got an underground trout stream
the Indians used to fish. Then
it was a potters' field, a public
execution ground, something else,
then something else, then some-
thing else and then it became a
park ...

WAYNE
(takes a seat on
the steps; dryly)
Oh yeah?

GLORY
(go go go)
That's nothing ... there's a
dental clinic right around the
corner ... Edgar Allan Poe used
to get his teeth worked on there
in like 1826.

WAYNE
Really.

GLORY
His records are still in the
basement.

WAYNE
No kidding.

She picks up on Wayne's not being transported by her rap,
starts faltering.

GLORY
Yeah ... I saw them myself.

WAYNE
Frank killed that guy last night
... or he had him killed, right?

GLORY
(dully)
I don't know ... I told you that
... but I'll tell you something
else ... he certainly could have
because he's just that kinda guy
... and if you kick me out,
that's the guy who's going to be
pissed off ... at me,
(MORE)

GLORY (contd)
 (in a singsong)
 because I obviously didn't put
 my heart into it or I didn't
 have the right attitude ...

Glory starts getting panicked and angry as she gets into it.

GLORY (contd)
 ... or I don't care enough about
 my future or this, that, the
other thing and I'm gonna be
 living in this man's pocket for
 the rest of ...

WAYNE
 (cutting her off)
 Hey! hey! hey! relax! relax!
 (pacing, agitated;
 beat)
 relax ... relax.

He avoids the whole issue by going to his refrigerator, seeing nothing, closing it.

WAYNE (contd)
 (distracted)
 I have to eat something.
 (heads for the
 door)
 I have to eat.

Glory stays put as Wayne heads out the door.

WAYNE (contd)
 (at the door)
 Do you have to eat anything?

EXT: WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - 3:30 P.M.

Wayne and Glory walk through the park. It's a beautiful day. The human zoo is out of its cages, but there's something wonderful about the trees and birds and sun and statues that overpowers the desperado factor -- it's like an illustration of a Babar picnic in Hell. Stroll-paced conversation.

WAYNE
 So you gave walking tours when
 you were in school, huh? What
 did you study, history? real
 estate?

GLORY

Acting ... like everybody and his cousin.

WAYNE

Oh yeah?

GLORY

I gave walking tours to make the rent some but then I got into tending bar because it paid better, opened up my days for more classes, auditions ...

(beat)

You ask a waiter, a bartender around here ... what do you do? ... they say I'm an actor, I'm a singer, I'm a student, I'm a writer ... after a couple of years you have to be honest with yourself.

(shrugs)

I'm a bartender ... I'm a waiter, a waitress ... life is what happens to you while you're waiting for your ship to come in.

They approach a gauntlet of drug dealers along a lane of benches.

DEALER

(touching Wayne's arm discreetly, or walking along with him a beat, then trailing off)

I got what you want, Jim -- sins [sinsimilla], chiba, rock, blow, bitches, boys, my cherry sister, your cherry sister ...

WAYNE

(ignoring him)

Cops are lucky in that way; it's hard to confuse being a cop with anything else ... a cop's a cop's a cop ... the end ...

INT: LION'S HEAD

Coming down the steps into the clubby gloom.

GLORY

(grinning)

Jesus ... this is like the world of darkness pavilion at the zoo.

WAYNE

Yeah, well, they Day-Glo the
bats so you know when to duck
at least.

Glory laughs.

WAYNE'S POV

WE SEE, at the half-full bar, Lee and Andrew sitting
in shared silence. Leo briefly looks up with her shiner
at Wayne. She seems humiliated, vaguely imploring.
Wayne looks away. He's crashing fast now.

WAYNE

(flat, agitated)

Let's sit in the other room.

INT: DINING ROOM AREA OF THE LION'S HEAD - 5:00 P.M.

Wayne and Glory sit at a small table in an almost
deserted room. Neither of them touches their food.

GLORY

My brother ... everything he had
was invested in this restaurant
that just wasn't happening.
Here he is, working his ass off,
four kids, a house, everything
going down down down ... Nobody,
no bank, would touch him ... and
... I was working as a bartender
in a club Frank owned. I knew
Frank put money out on the street,
and being kind of naive I put my
brother together with Frank.

Next thing I know, my brother's
in the hole like never before,
going to Frank is like taking
heroin to cure an alcohol problem,
you know? My brother can't make
his payments. Frank starts taking
over. He changes the place from
a nice mixed American menu to
some kind of take-out pizza bar
or something, fires everybody,
puts in his own people, uses
the corporation to order liquor,
kitchen equipment, steaks, you
name it, all to re-sell on his
own, never pays, he's a silent
partner so he's not liable any-
how ... next thing I know my

(MORE)

GLORY (contd)

brother slit his wrists and his wife is ready to run away with his kids ...

So I go to Frank and say leave my brother alone, I'll do anything you want. I'll work off his loan, I'll tend bar, I'll answer phones, I'll do clerical, anything for no pay for as long as you think fair ...

WAYNE

(upset)

Think fair. I love it. Think fair.

GLORY

Yeah, right ... Frank says hey, no problem. Little did I know he just about sucked my brother dry, the restaurant was about to go bankrupt anyhow and all I did was give Frank a chance to keep sucking on me this time, but I figured I'd live off bar tips for a while, but the thing with Frank is, you don't get to write your own job descriptions, you're in his pocket, you do what he decides, you know, and the other thing, he's not the Anchor Banker, you don't get a monthly statement ... it's over when he says so ... anyways my brother's a waiter now ... at least he's alive and sort of intact.

WAYNE

(agitated)

What do you do for him?

GLORY

(evasive)

This, that, the other.

WAYNE

Like what?

GLORY

(embarrassed)

What's the difference.

Wayne, pained, says nothing.

Glory stares at him, her eyes glistening with despair. Suddenly she leans across the table and kisses him full on the lips.

Wayne is turned on, in shock, totally thrown.

GLORY (contd)
(under her breath)
Could you smile a little? Hold
my hand or something?

Wayne stares at her, sees she's looking slightly furtively over his shoulder. That this is a desperate little performance.

Wayne turns around.

Harold is sitting alone against the wall reading People magazine, nursing a Chivas and milk. He looks up at Wayne.

WAYNE
(to Glory, as he
stares at Harold)
Go home.

GLORY
(anxious as to where
"home" is)
Home?

Wayne hands over his keys to her.

WAYNE
(looking down, not
knowing how to deal
with everybody
swirling around him)
Just go ... I'll be there soon.

Glory splits. Harold watches her leave, then looks to Wayne.

WAYNE
(coming over to
Harold, standing
over him)
Look ... I'm a cop. I don't
like being followed. And I
don't like her being followed ...

He stares at Harold, waiting for something; defiance, fear, violence, something.

HAROLD
(shrugging)
Frank just wants to make sure
you're happy ... are you happy?

Wayne doesn't know what to say, walks out of the dining room.

HAROLD (contd OS)
Hey, I get paid either way ...

ANGLE - THE BARROOM OF THE LION'S HEAD

Wayne comes out of the dining room, heading for the door, past Andrew and Lee and whoever else is at the bar.

Glory is still there.

WAYNE
I said go home.

GLORY
I wanted to wait for you.

Wayne stops, touched for some reason.

WAYNE
OK, let's go.

As they come to the stairs leading to the street, Mike is coming down, grabs his arm.

MIKE
C'mere.

WAYNE
I got to go.

MIKE
Five minutes.

WAYNE
(to Glory)
G'head ... I'll be there.

Glory hesitates, smiles tentatively, splits. Wayne watches her climb the steps to the street.

ANGLE - AT THE BAR

Mike and Wayne, beer and coffee.

MIKE
They found the gun that did
your shooter.

WAYNE

Yeah? Where?

MIKE

On some other dead mutt.

WAYNE

Bullshit ... he got taken out
by Frank Milo ... Milo probably
did this guy too ... left the
gun with the body so it looks
like a neat solve ... it's a
plant.

MIKE

It's a solve ... nobody gives
a shit ... two dead mutts in
mutt-land. Five o'clock time
to go home.

WAYNE

(sullen)

It's a plant.

MIKE

(shrugging)

It's a bird, it's a plane ...
hey, who's the babe? [Glory]

WAYNE

A friend.

MIKE

Yeah? Whatever happened to the
girl next door ... Lee ... she
was a nice lady. This one looks
a little fast for you, no?

Wayne is bummed out, agitated.

MIKE (contd)

You OK? What's the matter?

WAYNE

Nothing.

MIKE

Yeah?

(notices Lee at
the bar)

Hey ... that's the one ... Jesus,
that's some shiner ... she looks
like that dog on "The Little
Rascals" ... who was it? Petey?

WAYNE
She's getting smacked around.

MIKE
(referring to Andrew)
By him?

WAYNE
I had a talk with him ... the
guy's on the job.

MIKE
He's on the job? So fucking
what ...
(beat)
You had a talk with him?

WAYNE
(grudging)
Yeah.

MIKE
(staring at Andrew)
And?

WAYNE
(shamed at getting
nowhere)
And he's an asshole.

MIKE
Oh yeah?

After a beat Mike removes his gun from an ankle holder
and discretely passes it to Wayne.

MIKE (contd)
Hold this for me, please?

ANGLE - ANDREW AND LEE

Mike saunters over. Wayne is watching from the other
end of the bar.

MIKE
(to Lee)
How ya doin', sis ...

Lee nods hello vaguely, knowing who Mike is, thrown by
the "sis" though ...

MIKE (contd)
(to Andrew)
This is my sister.

ANDREW
(wary but cool)
Oh yeah?

MIKE
What you do, sis, walk into a
door?
(to Andrew)
What she do, walk into a door?

Andrew shrugs.

MIKE (contd)
You didn't fuckin' hit her or
anything, did you?

LEE
(tense, about
to cry)
It's OK.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

riveted. He sees Harold saunter in from the dining room with his People magazine. Harold intuitively picks up on the tension, leans against the rear wall, observing the showdown expressionlessly.

ANDREW
What's your fucking problem?

MIKE
(to bartender)
Tommy ...

The bartender saunters over. Mike takes a hand towel from Tommy's apron, lays it on the bar.

MIKE (contd)
(to Andrew)
Slip your piece under the towel,
Tommy'll hold it for you 'til
after.

Andrew stares at him.

MIKE (contd)
(grinning, all teeth)
C'mon, you fuckin' hump, you
fuckin' hero, give me a taste.

ANDREW
(punking out)
I got no beef with you.

MIKE

Put your piece under the towel,
he-man.

ANDREW

I got no beef ...

MIKE

Are you sweet? Are you a sweet
man?

There's a second where it looks like Andrew is going to go for it. Mike steps back, waiting. Andrew collapses into himself. The moment passes. Andrew tries to walk out of the bar. Mike blocks his way, nose to nose, chest to chest.

ANDREW

Hey ... c'mon, I'm on the job.

MIKE

You ain't on my job.

Andrew tries to slide past Mike. He looks around; the whole bar is riveted, witnesses to his humiliation.

ANDREW

(sweating)

C'mon ...

MIKE

You lost her address, her phone number. You can't even remember what she looks like, right?

ANDREW

Yeah ... no.

MIKE

What's her name?

ANDREW

(dying from shame)

I dunno ... OK?

MIKE

Don't even turn around to say
goodbye.

Mike steps to the side.

WAYNE'S POV

Andrew, purple-faced, blind with fury, stalks out of the bar past Wayne. Mike turns to Harold, still leaning against the wall.

MIKE

(warmly)

Hey-y, Chivas and Milk ... I never forget a neck.

HAROLD

(calmly)

You should try that shit with me sometime.

MIKE

(amiable)

Uh-uh. Different strokes for different folks.

Harold nods in agreement, or nods about something he's decided with himself, and walks out past Wayne.

MIKE (contd)

(to Lee; taking out his wallet and handing her his detective's card)

Even if it's in your dreams, you ever see that guy again, call me.

Mike takes his gun from Wayne.

MIKE (contd)

(shining, turned on)

No guts no glory, right?

Wayne looks seasick --

EXT: WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Wayne walking home -- he's on fire, aggrieved by his own inability to be a balls-up man like Mike.

DEALER

(hiss)

Smoke smoke.

WAYNE

(wheeling, ready for trouble)

What?

DEALER

Smoke.

WAYNE

(loud)

Smoke ... you mean pot? Crack?
What? ...

DEALER

(whisper, tense)
Get smart with me, mah man,
I'll bust a cap in your ass.

WAYNE

(loud)
Oh yeah? You want to do Dodge
City with me, motherfucker?

Wayne sweeps back his sports jacket, ready to draw. The dealer sees his gun. Wayne is doing "Gunsmoke," out of his mind.

DEALER

(backing into the
shadow)
You crazy ...

WAYNE

(to the retreating
dealer)
Crazy? I'm a fucking Mad Dog.

Wayne watches the dealer evaporate into the park.

WAYNE (contd)

(coming back to
himself)
Oh ... Jesus.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wayne comes in -- maybe he's got a bit of a load on.

Glory is asleep on his couch. Wayne shakes her awake.

GLORY

Where were you ...

WAYNE

(interrogation time)
What do you do for him?

GLORY

(sleepy)
Who ...
(beat)
Frank?

WAYNE

Frank ...

GLORY

(wary, shrugging)
I tend bar.

WAYNE
(interrogating)
Tend bar ... what else?

GLORY
Deliver things.

WAYNE
What things?

GLORY
(hesitating, then
getting into it)
Well ... once I took this box
up to a guy in Buffalo. I took
the Greyhound ... I was scared
to death because they have drug-
sniffing dogs now at the bus
stations and I was sure, you
know ... but the dogs go right
by me ... nothing. So I'm
sitting on the bus six hours ...
wondering ... I go into the
bathroom in the back, open the
box ... there was a human hand in
there ... with manicured nails
and a wedding band ... I almost
died ... I get up to Buffalo, I
deliver it to some guy behind a
counter in a bowling alley? The
guy takes the box ... looks
inside and he gives me a tip,
five dollars ... like I was
delivering take-out ...

WAYNE
(clipped, intense)
What else you do?

GLORY
(shrugging)
I'm his wife when he needs one.

WAYNE
(third degree)
What's that mean, you're "his
wife when he needs one" ...

GLORY
When he needs a lady on his arm,
you know, at functions ...
weddings, bar mitzvahs, certain
dinners with certain people.

WAYNE

(tense)

You sleep with him?

GLORY

I don't think he has sex ...
He's too ... he's like the mayor
... no time ... he's got power.
I don't understand.

WAYNE

(getting angrier)

Does he make you sleep with
anybody else?

GLORY

Nah ... he's got girls for that
... the Frank Milo dancers, he
calls them.

(beat)

Well, one time the guy from the
bowling alley, he came into town
... he asked for me ... Frank
said I had to go out with him,
but what happened was up to me
... what happened was a lot
physically stronger than me,
so ...

(shrug)

I survived.

WAYNE

(losing his intense,
third-degree focus;
distraught, protective)

Jesus Christ ... well, what about
me, what if I get horny ... I
mean, you're a thank-you present,
right? You said so yourself.

Glory stares at him, mute, pained.

WAYNE (contd)

(very upset, not
sure why)

I mean, you're a goddamn human
gratuity, right?

GLORY

(shakes her head,
freaked, angry)

Why is it, the worst thing a guy
can imagine happening to a woman
is that she fucks some other guy.

WAYNE

(red-faced)

I never said that ... and that's not what I'm driving at.

GLORY

Well, what the hell are you driving at?

WAYNE

I don't know! OK? How's that?

GLORY

(teary)

Look ... It's almost over with him ... I can feel it in my bones ... he can't keep this up with me ... it's almost finished.

WAYNE

(angry, protective)

Why don't the hell you move to Kansas ... just get lost.

GLORY

I run out on Frank ... I move to Kansas ... tell me ... where should my brother move to ... his family move to ...

WAYNE

(exploding)

Well, Jesus Christ! What do you want me to do?

GLORY

What?

WAYNE

What can I do ... you tell me all this ... this horror ... what am I supposed to do for you?

GLORY

Hey, I'm not asking you to do anything ... Wayne ... it's my deal ... I was just telling you because you wanna know ... so now you know, OK?

WAYNE

(urgent, almost pleading)

Oh yeah? Let me tell you something ... I go to bat for people

(MORE)

WAYNE (contd)

when I can ... last week there was a sixty-year retarded old man. They say he killed his older brother. I was up on that stand ... I showed everybody it was suicide ... I broke down the stab groupings.

(he hits his chest
like he's stabbing
himself)

Totally self-inflicted. I described the wrist wounds ...

(he slashes his wrist
with his finger)

No one could fake hesitation marks like that ... least of all a simple-minded old man ... totally self-inflicted ... homicide, my ass. The jury acquitted ... I do that when I can ... when it's in my powers ... I do what I am capable of ... you throw this thing at me ... Jesus Christ ...

GLORY

I don't want you to do anything, Wayne. Just let me stay the week. Two days down, five to go. That's all I'm asking.

WAYNE

I do what I can for people, but I'm no hero, I'm no warrior ... I'm sorry.

Glory has been watching him, listening to him intently. Something is percolating in her. She senses Wayne is begging for a chance to save her.

GLORY

(slowly, studying
him)

I'm not asking you to save me, Wayne.

WAYNE

So you need to be saved, right?

GLORY

Listen, for the next five days let's pretend we're just your basic normal couple.

WAYNE
(pacing, crazed)
Normal ...

GLORY
(laughing)
Yeah, normal. Let's watch TV.

WAYNE
TV.

GLORY
(calm, in control)
Just watch TV with me.

WAYNE
(pacing)
TV ... TV ... let's watch a
cop show.

GLORY
(patting the couch)
Wayne ...

WAYNE
(sitting down, head
in hands)
Morton's Salt ... when it rains
it pours.

GLORY
(small)
Wayne? Could you put your arm
around me?

Wayne, coming out of it, stares at her, thrown.

Glory picks up his remote box, turns on the TV, takes Wayne's hand and puts it behind her neck. Wayne doesn't resist, but he doesn't get aggressive.

Glory sinks back into his arm, the couch and with the TV on to some stupid sitcom, closes her eyes and sighs, not sexually, but with relief.

GLORY (contd)
(murmur)
Normal ...

Wayne leans back into the couch, his arm paralyzed by its contact with her body. He's kind of overwhelmed. He loves sitting like this. He hates sitting like this. Glory's eyes are closed.

They stay like that for a beat.

Then Wayne, like a shy teenager or a lone man way way out of practice, moves his head very very slowly, still staring blindly at the TV all the time, until he's cheek to cheek with her, his eyes now blazing at the TV. Glory doesn't move, as if she's having a sweet dream, eyes closed still.

Then finally Wayne inches his face around, hovering over her. It looks like he's about to kiss her, but he can't bring himself to do it and he painfully inches his face back around, eyes to the TV, feeling wretched.

Glory, eyes still closed, a smile on her lips, reaches up, her palm on his cheek, and turns his head back to her, to kiss, finally. It's gentle, a little tentative, great. Wayne's heart is about to burst out of his shirt.

They embrace, then kind of slide horizontal on the couch until they're lying face to face like sardines.

WAYNE

Listen ... that thing I said
about you being a human gift?
I'm not like that ... If you
don't want to do anything,
that's OK with me ... I'll go
with that.

GLORY

(holding in her
laugh, terribly
amused)
OK, I don't want to do anything.

WAYNE

(crestfallen, but
trying to be
chin-up)
Good ... that's OK.

They stay in that clinch, Wayne hating to break it. When he finally tries to disengage and sit up, Glory won't let him. Wayne looks hopeful, startled.

GLORY

(tender, husky)
You're a sweet man, you know
that?

WAYNE

(happy, knowing
everything's cool)
Hey, I'm not kidding ... if
you don't want ...

GLORY
(taking his hand
and putting it on
her breast)

Shut up.

They clinch. Kissing. Wayne's eyes closed.

GLORY (contd)
(pulling back
from his lips)
Open your lips.

WAYNE
(defensive)
I know how to kiss.

They kiss again. Glory starts unbuttoning Wayne's shirt.

WAYNE (contd)
(self-conscious)
I should do sit-ups.

GLORY
Now?

WAYNE
(blushing)
No ... I mean in general.

Glory moves Wayne's hand inside her blouse, throws a leg over Wayne's thigh. They start undressing each other in their sideways sardine clinch.

GLORY
(sliding under Wayne)
Are you my hero? Are you my
man?

Wayne is on top of her two seconds before he comes. Blammo, it's over. He looks down at Glory apologetically. She looks like it's OK with her.

GLORY (contd)
You're a sweet man.

WAYNE
Watch out for next time.

GLORY
Fair enough.

WAYNE
(with nervous laughter)
I haven't made love in two years.

GLORY
 "Made love" ... I like that ...
 you talk like someone out of the
 Round Table days ... Sir Lancelot
 ... Galahad ...

Wayne sits up, studies her. He's happy, relaxed (for him).

WAYNE
 (warmly, confidentially)
 I want to show you something.

EXT: HUDSON RIVER PIERS - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Sway-backed broken piers descending into a moonlit river;
 industrial skyline of Jersey City crowned by a Maxwell
 House neon coffee cup on the far shore pouring its "last
 drop" into the Hudson.

Wayne, holding Glory's hand, walks to the edge of the
 pier. He disengages himself from her and brings forth
 his camera and tripod. He sets up to photograph the pier,
 the river.

WAYNE
 (as he sets up)
 The thing about photographing
 death ... there's no dignity
 in death ... a body can't
 defend itself ... it can't pull
 its skirt down, can't close its
 mouth, cops are walking around
 the crime scene, everything's
 a joke, all the secrets of a
 life ... everything's under a
 hot white light ... what you're
 photographing on the job is the
 worst kind of helplessness ...

GLORY
 (after a beat to
 study him)
 I have to tell you being a
 bartender and all? I met a lot
 of cops ... but I never met one
 like you.

WAYNE
 (laughing)
 You know why I came on the job?
 Because my father spent his
 whole life as a salesclerk in
 a hat store ... a real invisible
 man ... took a lot of shit and
 ah ... I was so afraid I'd wind
 (MORE)

WAYNE (contd)
up like him I panicked and
became a policeman.

(beat)
I kind of over-reacted, you
know what I mean?
(smiling sadly)

GLORY
I feel like it's snowing it's
so quiet.

WAYNE
(turning from the
camera)
Exactly.

EXT: GREENE STREET - SOHO - HOUR LATER

CLOSE ON TRIPOD set up down a canyon of cast-iron facade
loft buildings -- absolutely and grandly still.

Wayne and Glory lean against a car. Wayne is pouring
coffee for her from a thermos.

WAYNE
One time, about three in the
morning, I was set up right here,
looking down this street, World
Trade Center over everything?
I'm looking right down, I swear
to God, a goddamn deer is standing
there, right at that intersection
... a big goddamn deer with antlers
like a chandelier. I almost had a
heart attack. I don't know where
it came from. Swam over from New
Jersey? Escaped from the zoo?
But oh my God, just me and this
... this deer. Three A.M. Prince
Street and Greene. I'll show you
the photo when we go home.
(looks at her)
I can't believe I'm here with you.

GLORY
Why not?

Wayne just shrugs.

GLORY (contd)
You're a good man, Wayne ...
(beat, she's thinking,
thinking)
You're more than a good man ...
you're into Grand Gesture.

WAYNE

(awkward, embarrassed)

Which is what ...

GLORY

What is Grand Gesture? ...

(beat)

When I was a kid one time? I had to have my head shaved, I had ringworm or something ... all the kids teased me ... wouldn't go near me. My father comes home, sees me crying, takes me to a toy store and blew an entire week's paycheck on a doll and carriage setup, says to me, "You don't need those other kids." My mother wouldn't talk to him for a week, it was such a stupid impulsive thing to do, but I loved him for it.

(beat)

That ... is Grand Gesture.

(beat)

That's what I did for my brother here with Frank. Absolutely stupid Grand Gesture that got me in the shit. I guess it runs in the family.

(beat)

Boy, did I love my father for that though ...

WAYNE

Grand Gesture.

GLORY

(shrugs)

Way to my heart.

WAYNE

(self-conscious)

I don't do that.

GLORY

I saw you trying to help out your neighbor there yesterday. You went right up in that guy's face ... Most people wouldn't've chanced it.

WAYNE

(pained)

A lot good it did.

GLORY
(buries herself
into Wayne's side)
All you can do is try ...

WAYNE
Are you cold?

GLORY
(snuggling)
I'm safe ... I feel safe.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - 4:00 A.M.

They come in with the tripod and stuff.

WAYNE
Let me find that photo of the
deer.

GLORY
Hey, Wayne? Would you photo-
graph me?

WAYNE
No ... you don't want ... with
the people I wind up taking
pictures of ... it would be
bad luck ... don't you think?

GLORY
C'mon ...

WAYNE
No way ... sorry.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

Kneeling on the floor, he starts looking through albums,
his back to Glory.

GLORY (OS)
Wayne? C'mon ...

WAYNE
No. It would freak me out.
Where the hell did I put it?

GLORY
Wayne?

Wayne turns around. Glory is naked, leaning against
his glass wall, her Godiva-like hair covering her breasts.
Wayne just stares, as if he's seeing the deer again.
Glory looks at him, her face open.

Wayne rises from his album-searching kneel and trance-walks to her. He slides back down to a kneel in front of her, kisses her belly, starts to rise, kissing her breasts, her neck, her lips, all in an awed dream-glide.

WAYNE
(smiling, whispered,
with awe and humor)
I love coming home with you ...

ANGLE - WAYNE'S BED

Wayne is fucking like they're on train tracks and a train's coming. Wayne is so unleashed, overcome, he can't even finish a kiss, a fuck, without jumping to a new part of her body.

CLOSE ON GLORY'S FACE

She's troubled, conflicted, not really there. She's doing what she has to do to get Wayne jacked up for Grand Gesture.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

He's all hunger and passion; the marriage of sexual desire and blooming adoration.

CLOSE ON GLORY

Wayne's ardency and sudden energy are driving away her distraction. She's getting turned-on despite herself. She comes first.

As soon as he comes, Wayne springs out of bed, stares at her, races downstairs, races back upstairs.

WAYNE
(holding his camera)
No more deers, no more death,
no more midnight bullshit.
(beat, as he catches
his breath)
Smile for the birdie.

He takes her picture, once, twice, jumps on the bed and hands her the camera.

WAYNE (contd)
(grinning, making
muscles)
Do me ...

ANGLE - WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Wayne and Glory come down the stairs from the bedroom, naked.

GLORY
(exhausted, just
about hanging on
to Wayne)
Where are we now, Wayne?

WAYNE
Right here ...

Wayne makes Glory get down on her knees in front of the glass door/window. He does the same, so that they're knee to knee, belly to belly, face to face.

WAYNE'S POV

The swaying lovers (or curtains) framed by the window across the way.

Wayne embraces her, in this position, and they gently sway their way into Wayne's dream come true.

INT: WAYNE'S BEDROOM

CLOSE ON ALARM -- 2:00 in the afternoon. (DAY #3)

The alarm goes off. They lie dead asleep, spread out like starfish.

INT: WAYNE'S DOORWAY

Wayne is belting up his gun. Glory watches him. She's half dead from sex, wearing an open bathrobe.

GLORY
It's so weird you wearing a
gun to work every day ... I
keep forgetting ... you know?

WAYNE
(shrugging)
Hey ... no guts, no glory.

He pauses, uncomfortable using Mike's motto/pun. They stare at each other. Wayne looks scared all of a sudden. He kisses her, as hungry as he was hours ago. Shakes off his anxiety.

EXT: QUEENS BOULEVARD - NAPOLI RESTAURANT - 7:30 P.M.

Crowds, cops, crime-scene tape, chaos.

INT: NAPOLI RESTAURANT

CLOSE ON A HUGELY FAT GUY

dead, lying on the floor, covered with Italian food.
He was shot, and when he fell he pulled the tablecloth
and six dinners down on himself.

Wayne and Mike stare at him. They're surrounded by cops
-- noise from the street filters in, but the place is
devoid of customers.

MIKE

See, Wayne? I told you. This
food can kill you ...

DETECTIVE

Waiter says ... a guy came in
the door, walked up ... bop bop
... right between the eyes.
Walked right out.

MIKE

(like Walter Winchell
narrating "The
Untouchables")
Gangland, USA ... Gino Coraldi
was sitting down to come calamari
... he'd just stolen the account
books of Tommy The Wolf Lupo and
felt like celebrating ...

Suddenly they hear the jukebox click on.

Louis Prima belts out "I Ain't Got Nobody." They turn
to see Wayne pumping quarters in the juke and singing
along. Wayne sings and mimes his way back to Mike and
the startled detective. In fact, all the cops turn and
stare at Wayne. Even Mike is shocked.

WAYNE

(oblivious)

Louis Prima ... he's the best.

They stare at Wayne as he starts to slip on his rubber
gloves.

WAYNE (contd)

Let's get on it, Captain Bubba ...

(singing)

No-bah-dy cares ah faw me ...

No-bah-dy cares ah faw me.

EXT: NAPOLI RESTAURANT - 9:00 P.M.

Wayne and Mike exiting, death kit in hand, meat wagon taking off.

WAYNE

(singing "I'm Just
A Gigolo")

When the end comes I know
they'll say just a gigolo ...
life goes on ... without me
'cause I -- I -- ain't got
no-bah-ah-dy ...

MIKE

(still thrown)

What, you get laid last night?

WAYNE

No-bah-dy cares ah faw me,
no-bah-dy cares ah faw me ...
(breaking off)

Mike ... I don't get "laid" ...
I make love ...

INT: CRIME SCENES OFFICE BUILDING - 10:00 A.M.

CLOSE ON THE ELEVATOR BANK. Doors open. Mike and Wayne exit and walk towards the Crime Scenes Unit office double doors.

WAYNE

(as elevator doors
open and they exit)

I swear, Mike, her hair ... it's
like a waterfall of honey going
down her back ...

MIKE

(off balance, almost
dowdy)

Wayne ... I think you're getting
a little swept away here ... you
should always try to keep a little
perspective going with new people
in your life.

WAYNE

(before they enter
the office)

Mike ... don't call me Wayne ...
my name is Mad Dog.

Wayne opens the double doors of the office to the peals
of OS group laughter.

VOICE (OS)
I swear to God ... it's true.

More laughter.

ANGLE - THE CRIME SCENES DINING TABLE ROOM

Frank Milo is sitting at the head of the table doing a comedy routine for all the detectives. Everybody is eating pineapple cheesecake as Frank holds court.

CLOSE ON WAYNE

stunned.

FRANK
(ass perched on the
backrest of his chair,
his feet on the seat)
Yeah, I swear ... then my friend
Phil? Philly applies to the
Police Department. The inter-
viewer says, Mr. Scarangelo,
what's your height? Philly
reads off his palm.
(Frank mimes the
gesture, squinting)
Six-foot-tree inches. The guy
says, what's your weight?
(Frank mimes reading
off his other palm,
squinting)
Two hunnert tree pounds. The
guy says, and what's your first
name? Philly goes ...
(Frank stares at the
ceiling, tick-tocks
his head from shoulder
to shoulder, his lips
moving, then grins)
"Philly!" The interviewer says
what were you doing with your
head like that? Philly goes,
"Hap-py birth-day to you ... "

The cops break up.

FRANK (contd)
That's nothing. I say to my
wife, "Hey, you ever heard of
clean-ning?, cook-king?" She
says, "Two cities in China?"

Wayne stands in the doorway, totally freaked.

FRANK (contd)
 (seeing Wayne)
 Hey-y! There he is! I just
 come by, I went in on a bakery.
 (nodding to the
 eating going on)
 Pineapple sour cream ... you
 could die of it.

ANGLE - WAYNE'S DESK - TEN MINUTES LATER

Wayne, freaked, sits down at his desk, starts to type up his Fat Man report.

Frank pulls over a chair. He's got a piece of cheesecake for Wayne on a plate like it's a birthday party.

FRANK
 Eat ... you look drawn.

WAYNE
 What are you doing here ...

FRANK
 (shrugging)
 I don't know. Harold said you
 didn't seem too happy the other
 day ... I was in the neighborhood
 so I thought I'd check in with
 you.

(beat)
 So how's it going? How's that
 burn on your hand ...

WAYNE
 Fine.

FRANK
 (letch, wink)
 Nice-nice?

WAYNE
 (cold)
 Fine.

FRANK
 The gift that keeps on giving.

Wayne looks like he could kill.

FRANK (contd)
 What's wrong ... you pissed I
 told your joke? You said I
 could. I changed it to "clean-
 ning." you know for like, mass
 audiences, pardon the pun.

Wayne just stares.

FRANK (contd)
Jesus Christ, my mother used
to look at me like that ...
What the hell is the matter?

Wayne is jammed, he can't bring himself to have a showdown
with Frank, nor does he have any idea how to go about it
-- it's not natural for him; in fact, it's terrifying.

FRANK (contd)
(dawning enlightenment)
Wayne ... Wayne,
(hand on Wayne's arm)
she's been yanking your chain,
right? Playing with your head?
Sure, look at you ... she's been
telling you sob stories, I bet.

WAYNE'S POV

WE SEE Harold enter the squad room, stops at the
dispatcher's desk, being directed over to Wayne and Frank.

WAYNE
(flat)
I don't know what you're talking
about.

FRANK
Well, then stop looking at me
like that, Mom, I'm your sonny-
boy.

Harold comes by, takes Wayne's plate.

HAROLD
(daintily eating)
May I?

FRANK
(rising)
I gotta go ... listen, I'm doing
Comic-Kazie tomorrow ... you
should come, you know, unless
you're busy.

Mike saunters over, nods at Harold.

MIKE
(to Wayne)
What the fuck is he doin' here?

WAYNE

(sullen)
I don't know.

HAROLD

(to Frank, about
Mike)
This the guy I told you about.

MIKE

(to Harold)
Fuck you.
(to Frank)
And who are you?

WAYNE

This is Frank.

MIKE

Frank Milo?

FRANK

(happy)
You heard of me?

MIKE

Just a little ... Wayne says
you killed that mutt in the
garbage can we found.

FRANK

(disappointed)
I thought maybe you heard of
me in the clubs ... comedy
circles, like that.

MIKE

(apologetic)
Just scumbag circles ... sorry.

Frank stares at Mike, a slight smile on his face.

FRANK

(to Wayne)
Jesus Christ, is that what's
bothering you? What do you
think I am?

WAYNE

(gesturing at his
paperwork)
I'm kind of jammed up here,
Frank.

FRANK
 I thought we were friends, no?
 (waits for Wayne
 to say something)
 Two guys rather be someplace
 else? WeeGee? Lenny Bruce?
 (waiting, trying
 to get Wayne to
 look at him; some-
 what hurt, sad)
 Whatever ... so ah I'll come
 by, what's tonight, Thursday?
 (counts on his
 fingers)
 I'll come by, pick her up
 Monday, OK?
 (a long look at
 Wayne, hoping for
 a smile, some friend-
 liness -- there's
 nothing; he gives up)
 See you, Ma ...
 (hesitates, starts
 to leave, then to
 Mike)
 Incidentally, I don't know what
 you're talking about, a guy in a
 garbage pail ... but ah ... most
 people I know who don't die in
 bed? They usually wind up killing
 themselves.

They exit.

MIKE
 (to Wayne)
 Pick who up Monday?
 (beat)
 What's up, Wayne?

CLOSE ON WAYNE

wretched.

INT: WAYNE'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Glory at the window.

GLORY'S POV

WE SEE Wayne trudging home.

CLOSE ON GLORY

grim, ready to jack up the stakes.

She goes to the kitchen, takes the phone off the hook, resting it on her hip, waiting, waiting.

We hear Wayne entering the apartment.

Glory starts talking into the dial tone as if in mid-conversation.

GLORY

Frank ... I'll be there ...
I'll be there ... I'll be there.

(beat)

Well, how would you like me to sound?

(beat)

Yeah, right ... whatever happens is up to me ... where have I heard that before ...

Wayne comes into the kitchen. Glory waves at him, looking seasick.

GLORY (contd)

I'm not giving you lip ... I'm not ...

(sigh)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry ... Look, I have to go ... I have to go ...

(beat)

When have I not been good company? ... With bells on, OK? Service with a smile I'll be there ...

(she hangs up; gut-sick but chipper, brave girl that she is)

Hi.

WAYNE

(flat)

You'll be where ...

GLORY

What?

WAYNE

(flat)

What did he want?

GLORY

(sick)

Nothing.

WAYNE

(heartsick)

You got a date from Buffalo
coming up?

GLORY

(trying to be
ironic, cheery)

Actually ... from Chicago, but
"whatever happens is up to me."

Wayne is stony silent.

GLORY (contd)

Look, it's not until next week
... we still have three fun-
filled days and nights here ...
let's make the most of it, OK?

WAYNE

(deep breath)

You're not going back to him.

GLORY

(shrugs)

It's not the end of the world.

WAYNE

Yeah, it is ... I love you.

GLORY

(thrown, hesitates)

We can still see each other.

WAYNE

No.

GLORY

You can't do anything about it.

(hesitating)

I mean, what can you do about it?

WAYNE

I said I love you.

Glory stares at him, then bursts into tears, folding
into his arms.

GLORY

(face in his chest,
voice tremulous
and light, slightly
singsong)

I love you too, Wayne.

It's hard to tell if her tears and declaration of love are 100% scam, like the phone call. Maybe. Maybe not.

INT: CRIME SCENES DINING TABLE ROOM - 7:30 P.M.

Everybody's sitting around, bullshitting and eating cheesecake.

Wayne and Mike, coming in from a job, enter with their death kits.

Wayne stops in his tracks as he sees the repast.

BIG JOHN

(the weight lifter)

Your pal sent it over ... what's his name, Frank? I saved two pieces in the refrigerator.

SAUL

What's he, a baker? He's gonna kill me with this ...

Wayne doesn't answer. Puts down his kit, walks calmly over to the long table and wildly sweeps the plates off onto the floor, walks out to the front room without a word to the pissed-off, startled squad.

CLOSE ON MIKE

ignoring the ruckus, thoughtful.

INT: FRONT ROOM

deserted save for Wayne leaning back in his old swivel chair, staring at nothing.

Mike comes in, sits on Wayne's desk, waits for Wayne to open up.

WAYNE

Last Sunday night? All I wanted to do's pick up a goddamn Baby Watson cheesecake for the goddamn dispatcher ... in and out ... I swear, Mike, it doesn't pay to do things for people.

MIKE

Frank ... what's he got on you?

WAYNE

(shrugs)

I borrowed something ... he wants it back.

(MORE)

WAYNE (contd)

(beat)

You doing anything urgent
Monday?

MIKE

(smiling, shrugging)

What time ...

INT: WAYNE'S BEDROOM - EITHER SATURDAY OR SUNDAY, EITHER
DAY OR NIGHT

Glory is sleeping in Wayne's arms. Wayne is staring at
the ceiling.

Glory opens her eyes; she's looking across Wayne's chest
at the wall.

Neither acknowledges the other is awake; both lost in
their respective anxieties.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MONDAY MORNING

Wayne and Glory, dressed, sitting on the floor in front
of the glass wall. They're drinking coffee. Tense,
silent.

WAYNE

You know how I got to be a
detective? Thirteen years ago
... It was my first week in
plainclothes ... me and my
partner were doing a buy-and-
bust ... we're in this apartment
with these two dealers scoring
heroin ... one of the dealers
wants me to chip a little, you
know, snort it right there ...
like a test to see if we're cops,
which we were ... I can't do that
... I say no ... they look at
each other, my partner looks at me
... in the next five seconds all
three of them are dead, the room
is filled with gunsmoke, and I'm
sitting there frozen, the whole
time I never even went for my gun.

They did an investigation ... and
ah, they never said anything to
me directly but I guess they
figured they could either go
public with a dead hero cop and

(MORE)

WAYNE (contd)
 a live disgraced one, or they
 could go public with two heroes.
 So they made me a detective,
 put me in Crime Scenes, out of
 the line of fire, so to speak,
 and shut the book on it.
 (self-castigating)
 A real hat salesman ... a real
store clerk ...

GLORY
 I love you, Wayne.

There is a knock on the door.

WAYNE
 (rubbing his gut,
 anxious, laughing)
 You goddamn better, honey pie ...

The door opens. Mike enters.

MIKE
 (singsong, like
 a housewife)
 Hi-i-i ...
 (wiggles his
 fingers hello)
 I brought the danish, got the
 coffee?

WAYNE
 (to Glory)
 No guts no glory, Glory ...

EXT: BUILDING FRONT OF WAYNE'S APARTMENT - 10:00 A.M.

Wayne is sitting on his stoop, waiting. He's like a knot.

The Caddy convertible cruises down Wayne's street, comes
 to rest in front of the building.

Harold is driving; in the back seat three of Frank's crew
 are fast asleep. They're coming off an all-nighter, on
 their way home. Frank springs out of the shotgun seat,
 fresh as a daisy.

FRANK
 (singing "The
 Candyman")
 Who can make the sun rise
 Sparkling with dew,
 The can-dyman can.
 The candyman can.
 (MORE)

FRANK (contd)
I sprinkle it with love
To make the world taste good ...
(breaking off)
Hey-y, ossifer, what's the word?

WAYNE
Nothing much.

FRANK
She comin' down?

WAYNE
(nodding to the
car)
Where she gonna fit? Looks
like a full boat.

FRANK
(shrug)
She can sit on my lap ...

They look at each other, sizing up the moment. Frank
laughs. Wayne laughs.

FRANK (contd)
(mild, but knowing
something's up)
She comin' down?

WAYNE
(nervous, blurty)
Hey, Frank, you wouldn't believe
what happened this week, it's
crazy.

FRANK
Oh yeah?

WAYNE
Yeah ... listen, I'm ... I'm not
kidding ... we're ah ... we're
in love, man.

FRANK
Oh yeah?

WAYNE
Yeah ... and ah ... I think ah,
I think we're ah ... we're gonna
live together ...
(fast blurty laugh)
Maybe get married, who knows?
(laughs, shrugs)

Frank laughs too.

WAYNE (contd)

(laughing)

I'm serious ... I swear to God
... that's life, you know?

FRANK

(laughing)

That's life ... fucking Wayne
... that's life ...

(laughing)

... give him a hand, he takes
the whole arm ... that's life
... I love it.

Wayne can't stop laughing, scared to death.

FRANK (contd)

(down from laughing
to a dangerous smile)

Bring her down, Wayne.

WAYNE

(laughing)

No can do ... I love her.

FRANK

(scowling, looking
down the street;
to himself)

He loves her ... look, you're
probably confusing sexual
excitement with romance here,
Wayne ... this too shall pass
... Bring her down ... she can
make house calls later, OK?

WAYNE

(shaking his head
"no")

I love her.

FRANK

(shrugging, soft)

You love her ...

(beat, then sharp
frightening bellow)

I own her!

Wayne literally jumps at the outburst, but holds his
ground, says nothing, musters up stony defiance.

Frank glares at Wayne, turns his back, walks in little
circles, thinking, thinking, turns to Wayne, smiles;
then suddenly, screaming, starts smashing his own head
into the side of the building.

FRANK (contd)

I knew it! I knew it! I knew it! Did I not call it right on the money when I saw you in the office?! You're a shmuck if you think she's not playing you like a violin right now ...

Frank pauses to see the effect on Wayne. Wayne is stony resolve.

FRANK (contd)

(sighs, calms down)

Fuckin' women, can't live with 'em, can't kill 'em.

(beat)

OK ... this is what I can do for you.

(beat)

What we're talking here is a personal services contract she owes me ... about a year more, the way I see it.

(beat)

If you want, you can assume the debt ... then she's free as a bird ... You guys can hold hands nonstop around the clock ...

WAYNE

Assume the debt ...

FRANK

(shrugging)

Be my friend ... for what, I don't exactly know ... you're a cop, you deal with evidence at the scene, who knows, something maybe nothing ... what I'm saying to you is ... you want me to forget about her? For the next year, if I call you, you have to pick up the phone.

(beat)

I can live with that.

WAYNE

(thinking, thinking)

I can't do that.

FRANK

Then bring her down.

WAYNE
(agonized)
I can't do that either.

FRANK
I know there's a comedy bit in
this somewhere but ah ...
(shrugs, to the car)
Harold?

Harold gets out of the car, walks past Wayne on the stoop
and heads into the building for Glory.

Frank offers Wayne a piece of sugarless gum.

WAYNE
No, thanks.

INT: HALLWAY LEADING TO WAYNE'S DOOR

Harold meandering up the stairs, huffing a little.

HAROLD
(to himself)
Get a freakin' elevator.

Harold, on the landing, stops at Lee's door to read the
newspaper headlines on the doormat. He squats down,
turns the paper to read the sports headline, rises,
knocks on Wayne's door. The door opens on its own.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM

HAROLD
(enters)
Hello?

HAROLD'S POV

MIKE
(on Wayne's couch)
How ya doin'?

HAROLD
(with deep pleasure
and anticipation)
Good, and you?

Mike rises, moves the coffee table out of the way, to
make a clear floor. Mike stands up and beckons Harold
forward with wiggling fingertips.

Harold moves in, then stops.

HAROLD (contd)
Are you heeled?

Mike turns his back to Harold, arms away from his sides so Harold can frisk him.

Harold moves in and Mike wheels around, catches Harold with an elbow in the face and starts pounding on his kidneys -- savage street-fighting instinct. But Harold is so thick and strong he throws Mike off and they both go at it tooth and claw.

EXT: BUILDING STOOP - FRANK AND WAYNE

Frank leaning against the rail, Wayne staring at his hands. Peaceful tweety-bird morning. Crew asleep in the car still.

FRANK
(casual)
They ever catch the guy who
did the shithead in the
garbage can?

Wayne shrugs.

FRANK (contd)
(after a beat,
singing to Wayne)
She don't love you ... bop bop
... like I love you ... bop bop
... she don't even ... ree-lee
care ...
(breaking off)
What do you think, Wayne?

INT: LIVING ROOM

Harold and Mike, bloody, tearing up everything and each other.

Harold pulls Mike into a bear hug, starts backing him towards the glass door/wall.

MIKE
(wincing, fighting)
Watch the glass wall, asshole ...

Harold squeezes, raises Mike high. Mike steadily smashing Harold's face, wheezing.

MIKE (contd)
Watch the glass wall.

Harold smashes Mike into the brick wall.

EXT: BUILDING STOOP

Wayne and Frank sitting side by side in the serene, sunny street.

FRANK
(squinting down
the street, checks
his watch)
Who's up there, Wayne?

WAYNE
I love her.

FRANK
(groaning to his
feet)
Jesus Christ ... c'mon ...
let's go see.

INT: HALLWAY

Frank and Wayne trudging up the stairs. The hallway is silent.

INT: LIVING ROOM

Frank and Wayne walk in on total devastation. Mike sits on the couch, puffy, bloody, holding his head, coughing. Harold sits on the floor, in similar shape. They're just too hurt and exhausted to continue.

Wayne is horrified. Frank rolls his eyes at all the waste, all the drama.

FRANK
(like Gomer Pyle)
Well, gol-lee ...
(hisses in disgust)

Mike winks gamely at Wayne.

FRANK (contd)
(to Wayne)
You always get somebody else
to fight your fights?

Harold coughs.

FRANK (contd)
(laughing, nodding
to Harold)
Who'm I to talk, right? You
OK, Harold?

Harold, head down, gives a short wave. Frank ushers Wayne out of the apartment into the hallway and down a flight of stairs.

ANGLE - STAIRS

FRANK

(discrete whisper,
it's money talk)

OK ... given the fact that wild
horses couldn't get you to tell
me where she is ... stop me if
I'm wrong ...

(beat, nothing from
Wayne)

This is the best I can do for
you.

He pulls a pocket calculator out of his jacket and starts working it as he speaks.

FRANK (contd)

The cash value of her services
to me projected over the next
year would be ...

(working the computer)

... seventy, seventy-five thousand
dollars ... You want to buy her?

WAYNE

(shocked)

Seventy-five ...

FRANK

OK ... OK ... The Money Store
will run a Founders Day sale ...
fifty ... No, no, you saved my
life ... you can have her for
forty thousand.

WAYNE

(can't think)

Forty ...

FRANK

If you don't have it ... you can
borrow it from me ... you can
pay me back with a personal
services contract.

WAYNE

Fuck you.

Frank suddenly grabs Wayne, pins him to the wall with
frightening power.

FRANK

Fuck me? OK ... fuck me, then
 ... go to your credit union, go
 to Household Finance, the bank,
 cash in your CD's, whatever ...
 You got three days ... I want
 forty thousand or I want Glory
 ... this shit today ...

(tilting his head up
 the stairs, shrugs)
 ... this is fuckin' Romper Room,
 Wayne ... three days.

He lets go of Wayne, puts a hand on his chest, pats him.

Harold comes staggering out. Walks down the stairs to
 Frank. Frank's hand on Harold's neck.

FRANK (contd)

(to Wayne)

Do you like baseball?

Wayne doesn't answer.

FRANK (contd)

Straighten this out with me,
 I'll take you to some Mets
 games. I got season box seats.

(beat)

Forty in three, chief.

They descend.

HAROLD (OS)

That guy bites ...

Mike comes into the hall.

WAYNE

(shaken)

It's over.

MIKE

He backed off?

WAYNE

(lying)

He's history ... I owe you one ...

(he knocks on Lee's
 door)

I owe you ten.

Lee opens, Glory behind her.

WAYNE (contd)
(smiling through
his nausea)
Welcome to the world.

Glory looks at him. She doesn't buy it.

WAYNE (contd)
(to Mike)
Mike ... he's a businessman ...
he wants to stay in business ...
he's fighting with cops, now ...
there's no percentage in that ...
you know what he said to me down
there? "Win some, lose some,"
you know what he said after that?
Me, you and her, the three of us
we should all take a flying fuck
at a rolling soughnut ...
(laughs)
Not exactly Don Corleone, you
know?
(he embraces Mike)
Chalk this one up for the NYPD.

Glory is watching Wayne like a hawk. When Wayne embraces Mike, Mike exchanges glances with Glory. Mike gives her a long look. He doesn't trust her. He's also a little strained around trusting Wayne right now.

MIKE
(reserved)
OK ... let me go home ... some-
thing happens, you give me a
call?

WAYNE
It's over, brother ... it's
over.

Mike gives him a long look. A shorter one for Glory.
Exits.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM

Glory and Wayne cleaning up the debris, moving furniture.
There's a tense silence.

WAYNE
So how does it feel?

GLORY
(nervous, forced
laugh)
It's hard to absorb ... I'm in
shock, I think.
(MORE)

GLORY (contd)

(beat)

So I'm really out of here?

WAYNE

(alarmed)

Out of here?

GLORY

You know what I mean ... I'm free? I mean I can hop on a plane and vanish?

WAYNE

(anxious)

If that's what you wanted to do ...

GLORY

(fluttery)

No ... I'm just saying ... you know, hypothetical.

WAYNE

In a few days ... you can go to the moon and take cooking classes there for all Frank cares.

GLORY

(tensed)

Why a few days ... why not now?

WAYNE

He asked me to ask you to sit tight a few days so he can take care of loose ends.

GLORY

(on guard)

What loose ends?

WAYNE

Well, you know, like he said he has to get coverage for that guy coming in from Chicago.

GLORY

What guy?

WAYNE

The one you told me about ...
"whatever happens is up to you"
... that guy.

Glory realizes that Wayne is full of shit, nothing's changed, or only changed temporarily. There was no guy from Chicago.

WAYNE (contd)
(tense, jokey)
So ah
(exhales)
you got any plans?

GLORY
(tremulous)
Yeah ... stay here with you,
what do you think?

Wayne laughs with relief, moves to her; they embrace but without heat. Both awkward, tense. It's not over and they know it.

WAYNE
It's gonna be great.

INT: CASHIER'S WINDOW - BANK - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in hundred-dollar bills being counted out with inhuman speed by a teller.

CLOSE ON WAYNE'S FACE

haggard, tense.

INT: PENSION FUND OFFICE - NYPD

Wayne alongside desk, waiting. A pension fund clerk comes in, drops a check in front of Wayne.

CLERK
Thirteen years in, thirteen
thousand out.

WAYNE
That's the best I can get?

CLERK
A thousand a year, no questions
asked. Could be worse, buddy.

WAYNE
(frowning)
Where can I cash this?

INT: LION'S HEAD - MIDDAY

Sunlight barely penetrates the varnished murk. Wayne at the bar over an untouched cognac, staring at Tommy who's frowning pensively, wiping a clean bar surface.

TOMMY
Where's this house?

WAYNE
Lake Carmel ... it's like an hour from here ... it's a goddamn steal ... the guy says forty in cash, on his desk by Wednesday, he'll let it go for sixty-five with a personal mortgage between me and him for the rest. The guy's desperate, Tommy, the house is gotta be worth a hundred ... I just have to make this forty.

TOMMY
Lake Carmel ... what the hell are you gonna do up there?

WAYNE
Nothing ... I'll flip it ... Lend me five, I'll get you back seven when I flip it.

Tommy looks like he's got a mental stomachache.

TOMMY
I don't have it, Wayne.

Tommy takes a phone call. He starts writing down numbers, taking a bet. Wayne watches him. Tommy's a bookie and it's no secret.

Tommy gets off the phone, puts the betting slip in a ledger book, looks up. Wayne's watching.

TOMMY (contd)
(sighing)
Shmuck wants Air Force over UCLA.
(shrugs)
Who'm I to say no?
(beat)
I can lend you three.

INT: LEE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM TABLE - NIGHT

Lee and Wayne sit looking at the table which is covered with neat stacks of 20's, 50's, 100's.

WAYNE
(grim, guilty)
Don't you even want to know what it's for?

LEE

Nope.

WAYNE

(pained)

It's for this house up in Lake
Carmel ... a real dream house.

INT: WAYNE'S BEDROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Wayne and Glory are having sex. Wayne is having trouble.
He can't concentrate. He can't get it up.

ANGLE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Wayne and Glory lying there, each in their own private
anxieties.

Glory reaches out, puts a hand over Wayne's.

Wayne gets up without a word, heads downstairs.

ANGLE - BATHROOM

Wayne is sitting on the side of the bathtub counting all
the money he's collected over the last two days. He loses
count, curses, starts counting again.

The bathroom door opens. Glory standing there. Wayne
is caught red-handed. They stare at each other.

GLORY

(dull with realization)

How much am I going for?

WAYNE

(numb, blunt)

Forty thousand.

GLORY

(dry)

That's all?

WAYNE

Knocked down from seventy-five.

GLORY

(seasick laugh)

I must be out of season.

(beat)

Where'd you get it?

WAYNE

Doesn't matter.

(beat)

I only could come up with
twenty-seven-five.

(beat)

You think he'll come down some
more?

GLORY

(starting to cry)

Oh, Wayne ... what are you
doing?

WAYNE

(in agony)

I got to make him go away.

GLORY

Jesus Christ.

WAYNE

Do you love me?

GLORY

(long, pained beat)

No.

Wayne looks gutshot, lost.

GLORY (contd)

(trying to heal)

Not yet.

WAYNE

(picked up)

I can live with that.

GLORY

(trying to be up)

Me too.

WAYNE

Then it's you and me.

GLORY

(strained, pained)

You and me.

INT: CRIME SCENES OFFICE - 2:00 A.M.

Deserted, still. TV on. Everyone is sleeping under
the desk except Mike and Wayne talking at Wayne's desk,
surrounded by the hushed gloom.

WAYNE

What I'm saying is, throw me
five and we're talking seven
thousand five hundred back in
six months tops.

MIKE

(suspicious)

A home away from home, hah?

WAYNE

They say the goddamn bass fight
over who jumps in your boat
first.

MIKE

(something's up)

From the lake to the frying pan,
hah?

WAYNE

(false laughter)

I swear ...

MIKE

Out of the frying pan into the
fire.

WAYNE

What do you mean?

MIKE

Who's the realtor, Frank Milo?

WAYNE

(edge)

No.

MIKE

How much does he want for her?

WAYNE

(swallowing his
pride)

More than I got.

(beat)

You gonna help me or no ...

MIKE

He ain't getting my money ...
sorry.

Silence for a beat.

WAYNE
He's coming by tomorrow morning.

MIKE
(shrugs)
Good luck, pal.

Mike extends his hand to Wayne.

INT: WAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Wayne sits in a chair staring out the door/window.
Glory lies curled up on the couch. On the coffee table
is a bag with twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars
in it.

Wayne sighs, rises, takes the money bag.

WAYNE
I want you going over to Lee's
place in case something goes
screwy.

GLORY
(barely audible)
OK.

WAYNE
(exhaling nervously)
Wish me luck.

Glory smiles weakly.

WAYNE (contd)
(blood-drained face)
Go to Lee's.

EXT: WAYNE'S FRONT STOOP - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Wayne sits there, the money bag between his legs like
an open bag of peanuts.

INT: LEE'S DINETTE - SAME TIME

Lee and Glory face each other over the dining table,
arms folded, coffee untouched, sizing each other up.
Glory looks away, lost in thought

EXT: STOOP - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Wayne on stoop, money between his legs.

Glory exits the building with her suitcase, sits down
next to him.

GLORY

... I just thought of something
... this comes off? People'll
say to you, hey, where'd you
get the blonde? You can say
from The Money Store, marked
down from seventy to twenty-
seven-five.

WAYNE

(aghast)

No ... I'd never say that.

GLORY

I'm going home, Wayne, tell
Frank to pick me up at home.

WAYNE

(grabbing her arm)

No ...

GLORY

Look, I just spent a year being
somebody's property. Now you're
gonna buy me? Great ...

WAYNE

No ... no ... I'm not ... I'm
asking you ... stay with me ...
Frank kept you, not me. I'm
askin' ... I'm not him ... you
need some air now? I can under-
stand that ... It's OK. I'm
not ...

GLORY

(abrupt)

Oh, wise up. I leave now or I
leave in a half-hour ... Wayne
... I never meant to stay with
you ... I just wanted you to,
you know ... go the distance ...
get me out from under him.

He looks at her, hurt, wising up by the second.

GLORY (contd)

(taking the money
bag, putting it
in Wayne's lap)

I can't go through with this
... save your money.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

She kisses him, takes her bag and walks away.

WAYNE
(shouting after her,
distraught, crazed
with sorrow)
Don't be a stranger!

Long beat of Wayne alone.

Wayne takes the money bag, rises off the stoop, enters his building for the time it would take to put the money in his mailbox, comes back to the stoop, sits down empty-handed and waits, exhaling nervously, knees pumping like generators.

Frank's big-ass Bonneville turns into Wayne's small street from the far end, slow, powerful, cruising almost at a walking pace until it comes to a stop in front of his building.

Inside are Frank, Harold and three of Frank's crew -- a full boat again.

Frank, coming out of the car, walks up to Wayne.

FRANK
I'm getting a flash of deja vu.

WAYNE
Me too.

FRANK
You got the money?

WAYNE
(hardly can breathe)
Nope.

FRANK
Right ... Now I'm supposed to send my fucking ape upstairs to get her, maybe she's there, maybe she's not. Deja vu. But guess what, I'm not even gonna deal with that right now.
(flat, humorless, cold)
I told you once before, don't ever disrespect me, don't ever underestimate me, if you do your life becomes a raging sea ... get in the car.

Frank's crew gets out of the car. The door is open for Wayne to get in the back seat.

Harold comes out of the driver's door. Everybody stares at Wayne.

FRANK (contd)
Get in the car, Wayne.

WAYNE
(startled)
What are you doing? I'm a cop.

FRANK
You're shit.

Harold moves to get Wayne, but before he gets to him a second big American car trolls down the street, stops right in back of the Bonneville.

Everyone turns to see what's the deal.

Mike, Big John, Saul exit from the second car -- they've come to cover Wayne's ass.

It's a standoff between the off-duty cops and Frank's crew.

MIKE
(to Wayne)
What's up, Mad Dog?

Wayne, delighted, laughs.

FRANK
(rolls his eyes)
The Seventh Cavalry. What's
that make us, freakin' Comanches?

The cops and Frank's crew glare at each other. It seems everybody is jacked up for a fight.

Frank sighs, sits down on the stoop next to Wayne. Everybody else just stands and has a scowl-off.

FRANK (contd)
(imitating a bugle
charge noise)
What do you think we're gonna
have, a big street fight here?
We'll go away, but you know
what? We'll get her. Some-
body'll get her. A hit-and-run.
A mugging. You know what
(MORE)

FRANK (contd)
botulism is? We can get her
with soup. Get you too.
Accidents. Happen all the
time.

WAYNE
(exhaling, trembling)
Then let's end it today.

FRANK
Fine. Bring her down.

WAYNE
No. I can't be alone anymore.
I'd rather be dead.

FRANK
That's your fucking problem.

Wayne rises to his feet, faces Frank who's still sitting
on the stoop.

WAYNE
(trembling with
resolve, fear)
C'mon ... you and me.

Wayne gestures for Frank to rise, fight.

FRANK
(amused)
You and me?

WAYNE
Right now.

FRANK
(disgusted)
Hey ... grow up.

WAYNE
(desperate)
Please ...

Frank rises, walks past Wayne to the car, to leave.
Wayne cuts him off, pulls a gun out of the small of his
back, puts it in Frank's face.

WAYNE (contd)
(freaked)
Then I'll fuckin' kill you.
I don't care. I don't care.
I'll kill you and then eat my
fuckin' gun. I don't care ...

The minute Wayne pulls his gun everybody, cops, Harold, Frank's crew, Frank, everybody freaks out.

ALL

Hey! Hey!

Put it down!

Wayne! Wayne! Calm down!

The minute a gun appears maybe all guns will have to appear and no one wants that.

MIKE

Wayne, are you fuckin' nuts!?

FRANK

(nervous, toothy)

C'mon, Wayne, it's a girl.

WAYNE

(screaming, gun
in Frank's face)

Fight me!

FRANK

(nervous, grinning)

That's playground, Wayne.

WAYNE

(pulling back the
hammer)

Fight me for her!

COPS

Wayne! ...

Wayne! Put it down!

HAROLD

Gettin' crazy here, now.

Cops and crew are united in their panic.

FRANK

Wayne ...

WAYNE

Fight me!

FRANK

OK ... OK.

WAYNE

Now!

FRANK

Put it down ... put it down.

Wayne lowers the gun, but doesn't know where to put it.

FRANK (contd)
Put it down, man.

WAYNE
(putting gun back
in Frank's face)
I'm putting it down!

Wayne steps back, Mike reaches out for the gun. Wayne hands it off.

Frank hauls off and sucker-punches Wayne the second his head turns, and they're off.

Frank is bigger, stronger, colder. Wayne can't fight for shit, but he's a dogged fucker, and he won't stay down.

FRANK
(while punching
Wayne silly)
Why are you doing this to me?

Wayne just keeps swinging away, ineffectively, but unrelentingly.

FRANK (contd)
Why are you doing this to me!

The cops and crew are all screaming out their man's name. Mike and Harold are busy containing their friends from jumping in.

FRANK (contd)
(punching him, enraged,
distraught; in a crazy
rhythm)
What are you making me do?
What are you making me do?

WAYNE
Then quit!

Frank backing off, circling, breathing heavy, as the crowd continues to bellow.

FRANK
She's just a broad, Wayne ...
look what she's doing to you ...
look what she's doing to our
friendship, man.
(hitting him on
the word "friend")

MIKE
(bellowing)
Hit him, Wayne! Hit him!

HAROLD & CO.
Kill him, Frank!

Frank keeps knocking Wayne down, but Wayne keeps getting up, swinging and kicking, only to go down again. Frank is getting exhausted. Wayne is getting bloody.

FRANK
Enough! You're down! You're down!

Wayne rises, swings wildly and clips Frank, his only solid shot. Frank, unhurt but startled, just stops fighting. He just stands there, shaking his head. He can't bring himself to continue to beat on Wayne.

Wayne stands there, wobbly. Frank half-heartedly squares off, again, drops his fists, waves Wayne off, heart-sick, disgusted.

FRANK (contd)
Enough, enough. Take her.
Choke on her.

WAYNE
(stunned, flat)
You're kidding me.

Frank trudges back to his car. One of his crew, blood-crazy from watching the beating, comes up in Frank's face.

CREW GUY
(bellowing, spraying
Frank with saliva)
Kill the fuck!

Frank goes berserk and beats the guy to the ground twice as viciously as he whaled on Wayne. His own crew has to pull him off, Harold in the lead.

Frank makes it to his car, slams the door as the cops and crew bay at each other like rabid dogs.

Wayne comes down to Frank at his passenger window.

WAYNE
(to Frank, in the
car)
What about accidents ...

FRANK
 (sighing; nodding
 his head to indi-
 cate Harold and
 the others)
 You see who I run with?
 (disgusted)
 This is my life.
 (beat)
 I had hoped we would wind up
 being friends, me and you.

Wayne just looks at him, feels his own facial wounds,
 says nothing.

FRANK (contd)
 (shrugging)
 Got any last jokes for me?
 The computer one bombed ...

WAYNE
 (sadly, as a way
 of saying goodbye)
 I'm all out.

GLORY'S POV

Glory, at the end of the block, has been watching all
 this. She sees the crowd disperse, the cars drive away,
 Wayne reenter his building.

We can't read her expression.

INT: WAYNE'S APARTMENT - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Wayne alone in his living room, staring out his window.
 He is nodding to himself, trying to keep himself "up,"
 trying to avoid feeling desolate. It's very hard.

He gets up, puts Louis Prima on the box and sings,
 "Just A Gigolo" with all his heart, stage gestures,
 little dance steps, the works.

WAYNE
 (and Louis Prima)
 I'm just a gigolo
 And everywhere I go,
 People know the part I'm playin'
 Paid for every dance,
 Sellin' each romance,
 Ooh, what they're sayin' ...

Halfway through this performance the door opens. Glory
 trudges back in, walks to the couch, drops her suitcase,
 flops back down.

Wayne stands there absently swaying to the song, but only moving his lips to the lyrics, his eyes riveted on Glory.

Suddenly he starts singing again, what the hell, directing his performance to Glory, on the couch.

WAYNE (contd)
 (and Louis Prima)
 But there will come a day
 When youth will pass away
 What will they say about me
 When the end comes I know
 I'll be just a gigolo
 (beat)
 Life goes on without me ...

Wayne drops to one knee like Louis Prima used to do before Keely Smith in performance trying to win Keely, to win Glory.

WAYNE (contd)
 'Cause I-I-I ain't got no-bo-dy
 No-bo-dy cares ah for me
 No-bo-dy cares ah for me ...

Glory takes the ointment that she used on Wayne's hand out of her bag.

WAYNE (contd)
 (singing)
 I'm so sad and lonely
 Sad and lonely
 Won't some sweet mama come
 Take a chance with me
 'Cause I ain't so bad ...

As the lyrics yield to a jumping saxophone, Glory takes Wayne's face in her hands.

PULL BACK ON Wayne and Glory; Wayne on his knee before her on the couch, as she caressingly ministers to his wounds. Wayne kissing her hand; maybe they'll make it, maybe they won't, but tonight will be something else.

Louis Prima finishes up Wayne's song with some husky scat:

LOUIS PRIMA (VO)
 Hum-ma-la beh-buh-la zee-buh-la
 boo-buh-la hum-ma-la beh-buh-la
 zee buh-la bop
 (long beat)
 zitty bop ...

OVER AND OUT.