

NEW AMSTERDAM

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"If there is a river whose waters give immortality; somewhere there must be another river whose waters take it away. The numbers of rivers is not infinite; an immortal traveler wandering the world will someday have drunk from them all... resolved to find that river"

THE IMMORTAL - Jorge Luis Borges.

CLOSE ON A MAP FROM 1624

WE PASS OVER a weathered map which shows drawn ships marking the Atlantic Ocean and the port of New Amsterdam...

JOHN AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
I've lived all over the world...

And the map begins to dissolve...

THE NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE

From sunrise to sunset we watch super fast time-lapse footage of a day in the life of New York...

JOHN AMSTERDAM (V.O.)
Until I realized that all of the world
can be found on this island.

And the sunset turns to night over New York's iconic skyline.

JOHN AMSTERDAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Manhattan. New York. New Amsterdam.

Through the blare of traffic, the seductive strings of TANGO MUSIC play.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a record player needle as it bounces across vinyl. The recording is old, dangerous and sexy.

Move through a simple, nostalgically decorated New York apartment. Chinese takeout half eaten on the kitchen table.

As they expertly dance the tango...

And go close on him. Because he's...

DETECTIVE JOHN AMSTERDAM

looks 30 years old, is actually much older, masculine facial lines, a small scar etched on his cheek and a set of deep eyes that have witnessed... well... everything.

As he leans his beautiful dance partner a 32-year-old woman named **REBECCA**, into a dip.

REBECCA
I've never met anyone like you.

AMSTERDAM
I know.

REBECCA
Who plays records anymore?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

I do.

And she looks him in the eye... obviously smitten and completely intrigued.

REBECCA

I don't know anything about you.

With a simple shrug...

AMSTERDAM

Ask anything you want.

REBECCA

Where does a cop learn how to dance the tango this good?

AMSTERDAM

(correcting her)
Detective.

REBECCA

Whatever.

Then...

AMSTERDAM

Argentina.

She accepts that and suddenly grows serious.

REBECCA

Well what is this? You and me?

He doesn't answer her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm serious, John. Where are we going?

And he grabs her tight, looks strong into her eyes -- she's aroused off the glance.

Then he simply leads her into...

AMSTERDAM

The bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amsterdam leans down and kisses Rebecca passionately.

Amsterdam looks back to see his **ROTWEILER**, whose name is **36**, watching them from the hall. Amsterdam uses his foot to slam the door SHUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start to make love. Amsterdam rips off his shirt to reveal scars everywhere... all over his torso and body.

And as we hear a baby wailing in the apartment next door...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK 1642)

CHAOS surrounds us. A MASSACRE... as Dutch soldiers slaughter several Native Americans.

JOHN AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

Those who first set foot on the Island of Manhates paid the natives twenty-four dollars for the land. Blood was soon spilt... lives were lost... so that land could be christened New Amsterdam.

WE MOVE INTO A MAN with long hair and a beard who looks on. IT'S AMSTERDAM. He's one of the Dutch soldiers. But Amsterdam stands frozen, devastated, unable to be the butcher that his fellow soldiers have become.

Amsterdam stands at a clearing where an Indian woman lays on the ground, surrounded by three of his fellow soldiers.

Amsterdam rushes over, moves in between the woman and the soldiers. The OFFICER quickly slices Amsterdam's cheek.

OFFICER

You looking to desert?

Cornered, Amsterdam must attack, expertly wielding his sword. THEY FIGHT, but the three soldiers are too much for him, allowing the Superior Officer to turn to the Indian woman and raise his sword... EVERYTHING SLOWS.

Amsterdam lunges forward, THROWING HIMSELF in front of the woman...

As the officer powers the sword into Amsterdam... through his chest and out his back...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amsterdam springs awake, sweating, clutching his chest. The clock reads 3:23AM.

As Amsterdam dresses quietly in the corner... he looks over to a naked Rebecca, who stirs amongst some tussled sheets.

36 looks up from his slumber and with just a nod from Amsterdam, runs over to his master.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM
That's a good girl...

And Amsterdam and 36 leave her there.

EXT. HARLEM - NIGHT

Amsterdam walks 36, sans leash, into a worn-looking bar on 136th street.

INT. OMAR'S BAR - NIGHT

OMAR (70), African American, lies passed out at the bar, an open bottle of whiskey next to him. The notes of a JAZZ PIANO wake him -- it's Amsterdam playing and he's good.

Omar speaks without opening his eyes.

OMAR
Thelonious Monk.

AMSTERDAM
What's the tune?

As 36 greets Omar with kisses...

OMAR
Hey Thirty-six, how you doing?
(then over to Amsterdam)
Tune's called "Crepuscule With Nellie."

AMSTERDAM
Not bad memory, old man.

As Omar leans up...

OMAR
I even remember us seeing it live. 1957,
midnight show at Birdland with John
Coltrane sitting in.

Amsterdam smiles at the thought.

AMSTERDAM
Coltrane died mad at me.

As Omar collects himself and finds his feet...

OMAR
You deserved it.

Amsterdam agrees. Omar regards his friend.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I really need that desk soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Amsterdam gets up and heads to a small janitor closet.

AMSTERDAM

I'm on it.

OMAR

Damn Mets.

Amsterdam heads into the small closet then pushes on a wall-mounted sink, revealing a worn stairwell up to a red door.

INT. AMSTERDAM'S HIDEAWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amsterdam enters this large old NY loft space. 36 follows him in. The room is sparsely decorated. An entire wall filled with filing cabinets. A ladder leans against them.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

Just twenty-four dollars... for this island.

He moves across the room and pulls a sheet off a **HALF BUILT WOODEN DESK**. He unfurls a large tightly-wrapped cloth bundle marked "**BENWAAR**" and reveals a set of worn woodworking tools. Chisels, planes, gauges and edges... nothing electric.

JOHN AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

There's a Dominican on the Lower East Side who gives me a good hair-cut for twenty-four dollars.

Amsterdam works on the desk, delicately and professionally rendering the wood. A layer of dark WAX is applied. The morning sun hits the desk. Amsterdam admires his work -- he's built a beautiful classic.

EXT. CORNER OF TIMES SQUARE - EARLY MORNING

Amsterdam surveys an empty Times Square. He stands behind a vintage DRY PLATE BOX CAMERA mounted on a wooden tripod.

JOHN AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

So things change... inflation... progress... blah blah blah...

CLICK -- as Amsterdam pulls the hand trigger.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - MORNING

Holding all the morning papers, Amsterdam heads into the apartment. 36 in tow.

Amsterdam looks into the bedroom to find Rebecca gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

Good.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

As Amsterdam scans two newspapers side by side, page by page.

As Amsterdam writes two lists, side by side, different topics, different hands at the same time.

As Amsterdam performs one-armed pull-ups from a bar across the door.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Amsterdam heads in. There is no furniture in this room. Just this...

HUGE JIGSAW PUZZLE

A four-thousand piece puzzle that spans most of the floor. It's a Japanese puzzle with a picture of a train rolling through the Japanese countryside. It's half done.

As Amsterdam sits on the floor, sifts through the pieces and works a few of them into the puzzle...

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

As Amsterdam smears shaving cream on his face, tightly closes his eyes and artfully wields a cutthroat single blade razor.

As water pours down onto Amsterdam's muscular body... find this one big scar more pronounced than the others. It's over his heart.

Move around his body to find the exit scar on his back...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Books line all the walls. Chaotically piled up to the ceiling.

And we notice a series of books on the bedside table. Titles such as "Naval Battles Of The Great Northern War" "Victory -- The Russian Galley Fleet Under Galitzine" "The Osel Island Engagement." All are on the same rare subject.

It's like Amsterdam's writing a paper on these naval battles from The Great Northern War of 1720.

Amsterdam emerges from the bathroom and opens his closet, which boasts a line of perfectly ordered white shirts, black pants and black shoes. They are exactly the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As 36 watches Amsterdam dress...

INT. A CHURCH BASEMENT - MORNING

Close on John Amsterdam. He stands and takes a breath.

AMSTERDAM

Hello, my name is John and I'm an alcoholic...

Pull back to find about fifteen people of all ages, genders and ethnicities in the room... all nursing their Starbucks.

THE ROOM

Hi John!

AMSTERDAM

I haven't had a drink in fifteen thousand, four hundred and ninety-five days.

And pan the room as they applaud.

Some are oblivious, some are doing the math and some are laughing because they think it's a joke.

INT. ANCHOR HOTEL - DAY

CLOSE ON a WOMAN'S limp foot, her shoe missing and her stocking pulled halfway off. Water drips from the foot.

AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

And the more things change...

The shower pours down on the woman's body slumped in a bathtub. A gunshot is distinct on her chest and a gun is in her frozen hand.

Amsterdam stands over her... staring at the tragic waterlogged body of the dead girl.

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

The more they stay the same.

DETECTIVE SANTORI (60's) an old school cop, watches Amsterdam from the hall with the whole CSU team behind him... also waiting. They're all waiting on Amsterdam.

A moment. Then another. Amsterdam doesn't move.

And Santori sighs... clears his throat... shares a look with a CSU investigator and shrugs.

But John Amsterdam just stands there... completely transfixed on this girl's dead body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Santori can't take it anymore.

SANTORI

You going to propose to her, Amsterdam?

Finally, Amsterdam turns away from the girl and steps out of the bathroom.

AMSTERDAM

She didn't shoot herself. Two bullets have travelled through the body, not one. Someone tried to make it look like a suicide but from the entry wound and the lividity on top of her thighs... she's been moved. It's a panic job.

With a nod from Amsterdam, the CSU team floods scene and gets back to work.

SANTORI

She's a hooker. Why would someone go to all the trouble?

AMSTERDAM

She's not a hooker. Her jeans were made from a French mill. The denim is rope dyed and open-ended spun.

SANTORI

What?

A FEMALE CSU INVESTIGATOR chimes in.

FEMALE INVESTIGATOR

They're Rock N Republic. Three hundred bucks a pair.

AMSTERDAM

That's what I meant. Room paid in cash?

SANTORI

Yup.

AMSTERDAM

Did the manager have a description of the person who paid?

SANTORI

He actually knew the guy.

Now Amsterdam's intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTORI (CONT'D)

Everybody did. He's a homeless addict named Cat. But now he's nowhere to be found.

AMSTERDAM

Whoever did this paid Cat to rent the room then either put him on a bus or killed him.

SANTORI

Or Cat did this and is on the run.

Waving it off...

AMSTERDAM

Cat didn't do this.

SANTORI

APB is out on him either way.

Amsterdam nods. The female CSU investigator emerges from the bathroom and hands Amsterdam something...

FEMALE INVESTIGATOR

I found these in her blouse. The chain must've broke.

And Amsterdam looks down to see he's holding... military dog tags. He reads the name on the aloud.

AMSTERDAM

Eddie Riley.

EXT. EAST 109TH STREET- DAY

As Amsterdam climbs the steps to an old walk-up.

INT. EDDIE'S BUILDING - DAY

Amsterdam knocks on apartment door 7E. No answer.

Amsterdam produces a set of lock-picking tools from his pocket and picks the lock in two seconds flat.

And Amsterdam takes out his gun and enters the apartment...

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Amsterdam heads in. Looks around. It's dirty and vacant. And just as he brings down his gun...

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't move!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amsterdam turns to see a built, sweating, gun-toting nervous young man named...

AMSTERDAM

Eddie?

EDDIE

Drop the gun.

Amsterdam does.

AMSTERDAM

I don't want to get shot, Eddie. It hurts like hell.

EDDIE

You're a cop.

AMSTERDAM

(correcting him)
Detective.

EDDIE

I didn't kill her.

AMSTERDAM

Cool. Let's talk about it.

EDDIE

Take off your jacket!

AMSTERDAM

That was my only gun, Eddie. Who was she?

EDDIE

Now!

As Amsterdam takes off his jacket and tosses it on the floor...

AMSTERDAM

Last time I was shot it was with a Hopkins & Allen XL #6 Pocket.

EDDIE

Get on the floor!

But Amsterdam doesn't. Just keeps talking...

AMSTERDAM

Three times -- close range.

Pointing the gun...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Now!

And Eddie SHOTS a warning shot but Amsterdam doesn't budge.

AMSTERDAM

Bullets in those days didn't wear copper jackets. It felt like somebody was pouring hot water on my legs... a warm numbness... like a chocolate bar melting into the hot pavement.

A little freaked out, Eddie regards Amsterdam then backpedals out the door and runs.

EXT. UPTOWN STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON Amsterdam chasing Eddie. Terrified, Eddie looks over his shoulder as he rounds a corner onto 110th street and slams into a **DELIVERY MAN** who falls off his moped. Groceries fly. He grabs the moped and weaves away through traffic.

Amsterdam scans through the traffic and throng.

Across the street, he spies a horse and buggy DRIVER readying for a day of tourists.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie rides the moped through the park. Looks back to see Amsterdam expertly steering the hansom cab towards him.

Eddie's panicked reaction as he quickly veers off the road and down a grass embankment.

Amsterdam follows but it ain't smooth going.

AMSTERDAM

Easy girl. STEADY. Keep it steady.

Amsterdam looks up to see he's headed straight toward a **YOUNG COUPLE** walking arm in arm. They freeze in fear.

Amsterdam jerks on the reins and steers out of the way, just missing them in a swirl of leaves.

Forced to take a different road, Amsterdam watches Eddie escape on the raised embankment.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The moped bursts onto a road leading out of the park - HE'S GOING AGAINST TRAFFIC. WITH Eddie as he weaves through the cars, barely missing them in a chorus of HONKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WITH AMSTERDAM as his horse veers and the carriage comes to an abrupt STOP, hooves teetering on the edge of the traffic. There is no way the carriage can go through this. BUT --

CLOSE ON buckles and leather as Amsterdam quickly disengages the horse from the carriage.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Amsterdam now rides the horse onto the sidewalk. Bare-back.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Eddie dumps the moped next to a hot dog stand and escapes down into the subway. Amsterdam arrives. Hits the sidewalk handing the reins of the horse to a confused **HOT DOG VENDOR**.

As Amsterdam follows Eddie into the subway.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Just as the train doors are closing, Amsterdam spots Eddie slip onto the train.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

As the train pulls out of the station, Amsterdam starts his pursuit. People look up and stare at him as he passes.

INT. LAST CAR - CONTINUOUS

Amsterdam arrives at the last car which is empty. He sees Eddie, who stands at the far end.

They lock eyes. Trapped, Eddie lifts up the gun. Amsterdam slowly walks toward Eddie.

EDDIE

Don't do this, man, I don't want to shoot you.

Quickly approaching...

AMSTERDAM

Then don't.

Eddie's hand shakes, tears in his eyes as his finger tightens on the trigger. Amsterdam closing in with no fear whatsoever.

And Eddie drops the gun and weeps. He couldn't do it.

As the train begins to slow Amsterdam SUDDENLY clutches his arm in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUD HEART BEATS are heard as he staggers, steadying himself against a metal bar -- HE'S HAVING A FULL ON HEART ATTACK.

Eddie stares at him confused. The train creaks to a stop.

AND EVERYTHING SLOWS... Amsterdam scans the packed platform outside -- sees the people's faces. Women's faces. One after the other. Everything's a blur.

Amsterdam looks down to his heart...

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

WITH **SARA DILLANE**, 32, naturally beautiful, as she hurries along a packed subway platform. TRAIN doors open... Eddie pushes past her. She turns and there is AMSTERDAM... staggering off the train.

AMSTERDAM

I need a Doctor. I need...

Amsterdam collapses, clutching his heart. Stunned, people scatter. Dillane rushes over.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

I'm not supposed to die. I'm not supposed...

And as Amsterdam passes out.

EXT. CAVE - DAY (FLASHBACK 1642)

Strange CHANTING is heard as WE PULL UP and out from a very dead-looking Amsterdam.

Amsterdam lies naked, lit only by a roaring fire.

As several hands smear a thick fatty paste all over Amsterdam's ashen body. They vigorously massage his flesh, trying to bring the life back.

As a snake spits - its fangs are bled for venom.

As the venom pours into a cup of red liquid.

As the liquid is poured into the deep sword gash across Amsterdam's heart.

As a WOMAN'S lips blow smoke into Amsterdam's grey and lifeless mouth.

As the INDIAN CHIEF is revealed, chanting native words.

As leaves and a white paste are laid over John's chest, sealing the wound.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Amsterdam's shirt is ripped open revealing the scar over his heart. Dillane holds up the paddles... but the heart monitor registers FLATLINE...

As she brings down the paddles...

DR. DILLANE

Okay let's call it. Time of death...

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK 1642)

Amsterdam's laying on the ground... weak, but alive. He looks up to see the Indian Chief sitting next to him...

AMSTERDAM

I died.

As the Chief slowly nods...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

(disturbed)

What have you done to me?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

DEAD, Amsterdam lies on the stretcher...

JOHN AMSTERDAM (V.O.)

Trust me... all of it...

An **ORDERLY** ties a plastic "**John Doe**" ID tag on his wrist and then covers his face with a sheet.

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

... gets old...

Hold on his face... under that sheet... ever still... even longer... until... Amsterdam springs forward... coming back to life... the sheet flying away...

And Amsterdam... wide-eyed... in shock... gasping for air...

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

... except me.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: **NEW AMSTERDAM**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE.**INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY**

SARGENT MCGARVEY

You're not going to get any special treatment here because of who your father is.

SARGENT MCGARVEY (50), the boss, walks across the squad room with...

EVA MARQUEZ

30's, brown eyes and olive skin. She's attractive but guarded. Beauty with stipulations... it never works out.

EVA

I would hope not.

SARGENT MCGARVEY

I worked with him in the four four. Bronx.

She nods. He stops walking and turns to her with a smile.

SARGENT MCGARVEY (CONT'D)

He's a legend, you know.

EVA

(nonplussed)

That smile's special treatment, Sargent.

Losing the smile, McGarvey resumes walking.

MCGARVEY

You'll be working with Detective Amsterdam. He can be a little different, odd sometimes... but he's good.

They arrive at Amsterdam's desk.

MCGARVEY (CONT'D)

Use his desk till we get you situated. He's working a homicide. Should be an interesting start.

McGarvey goes. Eva takes a seat as various Detectives stare at this newcomer. She studies Amsterdam's desk, which is strangely devoid of any character save a small snow globe.

CLOSE AS Eva lifts it revealing a solitary figure looking up at the skyline of New York and "I LOVE NYC."

INT. OMAR'S BAR - DAY

Omar wipes down the bar.

AMSTERDAM (O.S.)
Whiskey.

Omar looks up to see Amsterdam take a seat at the bar.
Having just left the ER, he's a mess.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
The Black Bush single malt blended.

Omar looks Amsterdam straight in the eye.

OMAR
You're kidding.

The look on Amsterdam's face immediately shows that he's not.

OMAR (CONT'D)
You're going to lose your days.

AMSTERDAM
(shrugs)
It's only time.

OMAR
What's going on, John?

AMSTERDAM
Just give me the drink.

Omar finds the dusty bottle, pours the drink and slides it to Amsterdam. After a big swig...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
I just died.

Omar hesitates... then pours a shot for himself.

OMAR
I thought that wasn't supposed to happen.

AMSTERDAM
My heart exploded. I couldn't move. I died and woke up in some emergency room.

OMAR
(concerned)
Do they know your name... that you're a cop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

No, my badge was in my jacket, which was in East Harlem and I just got it back. It's a long story.

Then...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

She was there. On that platform. It was her.

OMAR

Who her?

AMSTERDAM

The one.

Amsterdam downs the rest of the drink... then says with a smile...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

The lovely lady that's going to make me old like you.

Omar regards his old friend, then...

OMAR

You're not going to go into another one of your depressions?

AMSTERDAM

No.

OMAR

Because the last one lasted over seventeen years.

Amsterdam stands... a little buzzed off the one drink.

AMSTERDAM

This is a good thing, Omar. This is what I've been waiting for all this time.

And he heads into the closet for his hideaway.

Omar watches him go... a little concerned.

Above his head is a wall of photographs giving a pictorial account of Omar's life.

FOCUS on an almost-hidden, black and white photograph of two men dressed in fifties clothes. One is Omar in his late twenties clutching a trumpet and the other is Amsterdam seated at a piano.

INT. AMSTERDAM'S HIDEAWAY - DAY

As Amsterdam works on the desk. It's really coming together now... taking shape. And he sands down one of the legs and looks up... catching his breath.

INT. AMSTERDAM'S HIDEAWAY/DARKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Amsterdam soaks a print in a bath of chemicals. And we can see as it comes into focus... it's the shot he took of Times Square that morning. He hangs it to dry.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Dillane makes her way along a hospital corridor as a MALE NURSE approaches.

MALE NURSE

Dr. Dillane. We have a problem with the John Doe casualty you filed this morning.

DR. DILLANE

What is it?

MALE NURSE

There's no body.

Off Dillane's confused reaction.

INT. PRECINCT LOCKER ROOM - DAY

CLOSE AS Amsterdam splashes his face with water and stares at his reflection. He looks to see Santori standing there in only his pit-stained wife-beater and boxers.

SANTORI

You're on a roll. Huh?

AMSTERDAM

Excuse me?

With real disdain...

SANTORI

You're batting a thousand -- must think this work is easy.

Amsterdam thinks about that, then...

AMSTERDAM

Kinda.

SANTORI

How long have you been with this unit?
Two years?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amsterdam confirms.

SANTORI (CONT'D)

See -- you haven't been around long enough, kid. You'll cool. Trust me. Because it's about experience... and you ain't got none of it.

As Amsterdam simply shrugs it off and heads for the door.

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Eva rifles through Amsterdam's desk. And just as she realizes...

AMSTERDAM (O.S.)

There's nothing in there.

Eva turns to find Amsterdam watching her.

EVA

Oh... hi. Sorry. I was looking for information concerning the homicide you're working. Detective Eva Marquez. We're going to be working together.

Eva stands and Amsterdam sizes her up.

AMSTERDAM

Are we?

EVA

No one told you?

Amsterdam is thrown.

AMSTERDAM

Probably. I forgot.

EVA

You okay?

He doesn't answer her. Just looks her up and down.

AMSTERDAM

You're my fifth this year.

EVA

Somebody just told me people don't like to work with you.

He confirms...

EVA (CONT'D)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amsterdam doesn't answer, just lifts an old timepiece attached to his pants by a chain and checks it.

Eva steps forward and reasserts herself.

EVA (CONT'D)
I asked you a question.

Still not answering, Amsterdam simply heads into the hall. She follows him. Reiterates the question loudly.

EVA (CONT'D)
Why do people not like to work with you?

AMSTERDAM
Because I ignore them.

EVA
Well, I won't let you ignore me.

Amsterdam lets out a little laugh.

EVA (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

AMSTERDAM
You just sounded like my last six hundred and nine girlfriends.

They stop at the elevator, Amsterdam pushes the button and waits. She looks him over.

EVA
Do you always look this bad?

AMSTERDAM
I don't know. Ask someone who looks at me.

Amsterdam looks down. His shirt's a wrinkled mess with some of the buttons missing.

EVA
Nice bracelet.

She points to the bright yellow John Doe plastic ID bracelet on his wrist just as the elevator doors open.

And they get into the...

ELEVATOR

Close quarters. Eva smells something, turns to Amsterdam to ask...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA (CONT'D)
Have you been drinking?

Vacantly watching the numbers count down...

AMSTERDAM
Yes.

INT. EVA'S CAR - DAY

Eva drives. Amsterdam looks out the window. Silence.

EVA
(in a deeper man's voice)
So Eva, where you from?
(in her voice)
I'm from Staten Island. And where you
from, John?
(in a deeper man's voice)
Upstate, until I was fifteen. Then Dad
us moved down to the big city.
(back to her voice)
Oh, I hear that's a nice place to grow
up.

He just looks at her.

EVA (CONT'D)
(in a deeper man's voice)
It is... lots of grass. So tell me, did
you always want to be a detective?
(back to her voice)
Most of my life. I come from a whole
family of cops. My father's actually a
Chief.

He finally breaks a smile. She keeps going.

EVA (CONT'D)
Though I have to admit there was a time
in college when I wanted to become a
Psychiatrist. But--

Interrupting...

AMSTERDAM
What school?

EVA
He speaks!

Then...

EVA (CONT'D)
SUNY Binghamton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nods.

EVA (CONT'D)
And where'd you go to school, John?

AMSTERDAM
Princeton.

EVA
I'm impressed.

But he's not finished.

AMSTERDAM
And Syracuse... NYU... Louisiana State
School of Veterinary Medicine... MIT...
Pitzer Academy of Performing Arts...
University of Illinois... New England
Culinary Institute... Tufts... there's
more but I don't remember them all.

And she looks at him to see if he's joking... but he doesn't seem to be.

EVA
Wow -- your parents must've been really
rich.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

As they make their way along a corridor... heading close to the examiner's room.

EVA
(a little nervous)
Oh I really don't want to be here.

AMSTERDAM
Why did you chose homicide if dead bodies
make you uneasy.

EVA
I didn't chose homicide. I wanted to
work undercover narcotics but they
refused my application.

Then...

EVA (CONT'D)
Despite your charm, Amsterdam, I don't
want to be here. I'll give you my best,
but only six months. I don't intend to
stick around -- so don't get attached.

As they head into the Examiner's room...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

You don't have to worry about that.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S EXAM ROOM - DAY

Our **MEDICAL EXAMINER, SUSAN BOYLE**, 30s with red hair and a sharp wit, is in the middle of an autopsy of our victim from the Anchor hotel.

BOYLE

I found what appears to be paint under her nails. There was clearly a struggle. I've sent it over to the lab to see if it matches the crime scene.

Boyle yawns.

BOYLE (CONT'D)

Sorry, the baby's keeping us up.

AMSTERDAM

You need a deep voice.

BOYLE

Excuse me?

AMSTERDAM

Babies go to sleep to deep male voices. Put on NPR at ten ... that guy has a real monotone drone.

Boyle smiles.

BOYLE

I'll give it a try.
(back to business)
And then there's this.

Boyle lifts the victim's wrist and Amsterdam steps in.

CLOSE ON the victim's wrist is a stamp. It reads "The Penmar Club."

EVA

What is that?

Amsterdam studies the stamp. Eva reads it.

EVA (CONT'D)

The Penmar Club?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

And Amsterdam drives the car. Eva works feverishly on her BlackBerry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA

There is no Penmar Club in New York City.

AMSTERDAM

Yes there is.

Tossing her BlackBerry into her pocket.

EVA

It's not on Google -- it doesn't exist.

He shrugs. And silence, until...

EVA (CONT'D)

So how do you so much about babies?

AMSTERDAM

I've had a bunch of them.

And she just looks at him to see if that was a joke. Then...

EVA

Where are you driving?

He doesn't answer her. Just keeps driving.

EVA (CONT'D)

You know it is maddening. I barely know you and somehow you have a way...

It trails off.

AMSTERDAM

Yes?

EVA

To get on my nerves. You're... I don't know.

She sighs. Frustrated.

AMSTERDAM

Keep going. You'll find the point.

EVA

The way you sit there so smug all the time -- like you know something I don't. The way you never answer my questions -- and the few times you do -- I can't tell if you're joking or not. The way you treat me like I'm a child. Do you treat everybody this way?

AMSTERDAM

No, just you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA

Nice.

She stews. Looks out the window.

EVA (CONT'D)

Do you even remember my name?

AMSTERDAM

No.

And he stops the car on 52nd street. Points to...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

The Penmar Club.

Amsterdam points to a monument at the end of the square where a group of **YOUNG PEOPLE** stagger out.

He gets out of the car.

BARTENDER (PRELAP)

You got a badge?

INT. THE PENMAR CLUB - NIGHT

Amsterdam and Eva stand at a the bar of The Penmar Club - IT'S PACKED. Amsterdam turns to Eva.

AMSTERDAM

Show her your badge.

Eva shows the BARTENDER her badge.

EVA

Did you know her?

The Bartender turns her attention to a Polaroid of the victim taken on the slab at the autopsy.

BARTENDER

Yes. Give me a second...

Bartender heads off. Eva scans the club. Young people. Hipsters. Too cool for school.

EVA

It's an underground club.

AMSTERDAM

Right.

EVA

And you knew where it was because... ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

It used to be a speakeasy during
Prohibition. Same name -- same spot.

(then)

Guess some enterprising club promoter
brought it back.

EVA

How do you know this?

And he turns to her with...

AMSTERDAM

I used to drink here.

The bartender returns with a GOSSIP MAGAZINE, places it in
front of them and points at a picture in the back -- it's THE
VICTIM with friends at some event.

BARTENDER

Your dead girl's Chloe Carlyle. Her dad
is a big real estate dude and she was a
wanna-be celebutante.

Eva looks at Amsterdam, who stares at the magazine and
doesn't look up as he tells the bartender to...

AMSTERDAM

Pour me a whiskey.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. THE 63RD STREET YMCA - NIGHT**

As Amsterdam walks up to the old building, his cell phone rings.

AMSTERDAM

Yes.

INTERCUT WITH

Eva at the precinct.

EVA

Chloe withdrew ten thousand dollars from her account the morning she was murdered.

AMSTERDAM

Who is this?

EVA

Your partner.

He looks at his phone.

AMSTERDAM

Eva?

She smiles.

EVA

I thought you forgot my name.

As he picks the lock of the YMCA door...

AMSTERDAM

Caller ID.

And she loses the smile.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

Meet me right now.

EVA

Where?

INT. YMCA SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Close on Amsterdam as he swims laps. He's an amazing swimmer. Close on his upper torso as he, powers an advance stroke known as the German Back Trudgen.

Amsterdam reaches the wall, stops and looks up to see Eva.

EVA

The YMCA's supposed to be closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Catching his breath...

AMSTERDAM

It is.

EVA

And you're naked.

As Amsterdam lifts himself out of the pool... .

AMSTERDAM

Right again.

INT. YMCA SWIMMING POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Now wearing a towel, Amsterdam looks over pictures of...

EVA

Surveillance from Chloe's bank.

The picture shows CHLOE standing with an unidentified MALE SUSPECT. As Amsterdam flips through the photos they get closer -- IT'S EDDIE.

AMSTERDAM

This is the man I chased the other day.
His name's Eddie.

EVA

You remember his name but not mine.

Amsterdam nods as he looks over Chloe's bank statement from the file.

AMSTERDAM

She deposited a check for ten thousand dollars from Simmons Pawn Broker six days ago. We need to find out what she pawned.

Eva can't help but to stare at all of those scars littering Amsterdam's body. He catches her... then smiles. Embarrassed, she averts her glare.

EVA

Pawn shops are open all night. I'll go there now.

As Eva turns to go.

AMSTERDAM

Why Narcotics?

Eva stops and turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA

What?

AMSTERDAM

Why do you have such a hard on for being placed in Narc?

EVA

Because digging through the past isn't going to bring anybody back. I'd rather be on the front line saving lives.

Amsterdam simply nods.

EVA (CONT'D)

Why Homicide?

AMSTERDAM

Because I like to solve puzzles. And it gets me off.

EVA

What does?

AMSTERDAM

What does what?

EVA

What gets you off?

AMSTERDAM

Oh... death.

And off her quizzical look...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

Because it likes to play hard to get.

She shakes it off with...

EVA

I'm going to go.

But before she can...

AMSTERDAM

You have a good energy about you.

Eva just stands there. Doesn't know how to respond.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

It's true. It's a good thing. And I felt I should say something nice about you. So there it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA
Good energy?

Standing in his towel... really thinking about it and deciding...

AMSTERDAM
Yeah.

And on that... Amsterdam rips off the towel and simply dives back into the pool.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Amsterdam sits in the squad room... listening to an argument between a Santori, a detective named CODY, 40s, and another named PEREZ, 30s.

SANTORI
Guidry was clearly more consistent than David Cone.

CODY
But Guidry didn't have to pitch against steroids.

PEREZ
You're both wrong.

They look at him.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
Goose Gossage.

SANTORI
You've got to be kidding me.

And Cody looks over to Amsterdam.

CODY
Hey Amsterdam, what do you think? Who's the best pitcher in Yankee history?

AMSTERDAM
Red Ruffing.

PEREZ
Who the hell is that?

AMSTERDAM
Six time all-star, pitched in seven World Series and led the team in both batting percentage and wins in 1935.

Eva heads in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe the movement on his curve ball.

They just blankly stare at Amsterdam as Eva joins him.

EVA

This is what Chloe sold. I got this picture from the pawn shop's photo log.

She shows him a picture of an bracelet.

EVA (CONT'D)

It's from Tiffany's.

AMSTERDAM

Looks expensive.

And Amsterdam heads for the door.

EVA

Where you going?

AMSTERDAM

To talk to Chloe's parents.

EVA

I'll go with you.

AMSTERDAM

No. They just lost a child. Let me handle it alone... they don't need to face a team.

And Eva slowly nods -- surprised at Amsterdam's empathy.

INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a home video of Chloe LAUGHING. It's dreamlike and plays on a video MP3 player. Amsterdam studies the girl's face... WHAT A WASTE.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

My husband can't be here. Says he has to... throw himself into his work.

And **CATHERINE CARLYLE** -- 53 years old and destroyed.

AMSTERDAM

Mrs. Carlyle, why didn't you report your daughter missing?

CATHERINE

We did... the first ten times she disappeared.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

But she would always surface unharmed,
we'd be embarrassed and -- it sounds so
awful -- we just got used to it.

Amsterdam understands.

AMSTERDAM

Your daughter pawned a very expensive
bracelet right before her death. Do you
have any idea who could've given it her?

Although Chloe played in an adult world, we can see from the
room's decor that she was still young at heart.

CATHERINE

No. We never gave her gifts that
expensive.

As Amsterdam sets down the MP3 player in front of a picture
of Chloe wrapped in the arms of **TOBY HAYDEN**, 22, handsome,
Ivy League.

AMSTERDAM

Who's this?

CATHERINE (O.S.)

That's Toby. Toby Hayden. He's heir to
the Hayden Hotel fortune. They're very
close. Well they were. They broke up
about three months ago.

AMSTERDAM

Any idea why?

CATHERINE

No.

Amsterdam hands her the bank surveillance picture of Eddie
and Chloe.

AMSTERDAM

Have you ever seen this man before?

She studies the picture and tears well up.

CATHERINE

No. This was taken the morning she died,
wasn't it?

Amsterdam nods. She winces as she looks at it.

And he says it so matter-of-fact...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

Losing a child is the worst pain this world has to offer.

Catherine looks up to meet Amsterdam's gaze. And it's unmistakable -- that came from experience.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Amsterdam and Eva enter the squad room.

EVA

Maybe they were going to use the money to run away together. Or maybe Eddie was just working her for some cash?

AMSTERDAM

Maybe.

Amsterdam looks up to find Rebecca standing in the doorway.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

INT. PRECINCT CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Amsterdam stands with Rebecca.

REBECCA

I thought I'd drop by. I wanted to see where you work.

Amsterdam looks into her eyes, reads them... and he immediately shakes his head in frustration.

AMSTERDAM

You've fallen in love with me.

She stumbles over her words...

REBECCA

Well, um... love is a strong word.

AMSTERDAM

I told you when we first met not to fall in love with me.

Notice Eva watching this train-wreck from across the hall.

REBECCA

I thought it was a line. You know -- to only make me want you more or something.

AMSTERDAM

I'm sorry. It's over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he simply walks away from her and back toward Eva...

REBECCA

(shouting after him)

Well, what did you expect? The way you look at me... the way you surprise me... the way you make love to me. You're unlike anybody else in the world, John. And you don't let anybody in.

(breaking into tears)

Of course I'm going to fall in love with you!

For the slightest moment, Amsterdam closes his eyes tightly. This hurts him. And it's not lost on Eva.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

And the thing of it is -- I knew you were going to leave me the whole time.

As he reaches Eva...

AMSTERDAM

Let's go.

INT. AMSTERDAM'S CAR - DAY

Amsterdam drives with a blank stare. Eva can't take the silence.

EVA

So you're one of those.

AMSTERDAM

One of what?

EVA

You know -- a player. A real heartbreaker.

AMSTERDAM

Well, Detective -- looks like your cunning investigative skills have got me all figured out.

Eva smiles. Amsterdam drives some more. Then...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

But my skills aren't bad either.

EVA

Oh -- we're going to do me now.

AMSTERDAM

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

While driving... never to look at her...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

You have no sisters, more than one brother and an overbearing father. You love your mother but hate that she's so passive. You have to work extra hard to prove yourself in this world because you've always been lovable but discounted. You hate the fact that you're attracted to strong men and not to sensitive ones when you feel it should be the other way around. You like to tell yourself that you're a work-in-progress and building your career... but in your quiet moments of reflection you're afraid those are just rationalizations to the fact the loneliness can flat-out paralyze you and it may never go away because you don't know how to make yourself the kind of vulnerable it takes to not be alone.

A moment. She swallows. Then...

EVA

Not even close.

AMSTERDAM

Well, I took a shot.

And Eva immediately turns to look out the window...

EXT. UPTOWN APARTMENT BUILDING/TENNIS COURT - DAY

Amsterdam and Eva cross toward a tennis court where **RICHARD HAYDEN**, 50's, fit, is about to serve to his **TENNIS COACH**.

AMSTERDAM

Richard Hayden? We're looking to talk to your son Toby.

RICHARD

Ah, thank you, Jimmy.

Richard stops his game.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Is anything wrong? This is about the Carlyle girl, isn't it? Tragic. I'm afraid my son is upstate with his mother until tomorrow. He's quite shaken up about it.

They walk...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

Have you ever seen this man before?

Amsterdam withdraws the photo of Eddie.

RICHARD

No.

EVA

Do you know if Toby gave Chloe a diamond bracelet estimated at ten thousand dollars?

RICHARD

My son doesn't have access to that kind of money.

Eva gives him a skeptical look.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Okay, my son is spoiled, I know that. He hasn't had much opportunity to have a normal life. I can only blame myself. But if you think he has anything to do with this girl's murder -- you're wrong.

EXT. UPTOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Eva and Amsterdam head out of the building and onto the street.

EVA

Eddie could've stolen the bracelet and given it to Chloe.

AMSTERDAM

Could've.

EVA

But you don't think he did?

AMSTERDAM

He had the gun up on me. Point blank. And when I charged him... he couldn't shoot it. I saw his eyes. I'm a good read when I see the eyes.

(a beat)

Eddie didn't kill Chloe.

EVA

Then why would he run?

AMSTERDAM

Because he knows who did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they get into the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Eva pulls the car into the moving traffic.

EVA
Why would you charge him if he was
holding a gun on you?

AMSTERDAM
I took a chance.

She looks at him.

EVA
But that's crazy.

And Amsterdam just shrugs.

EXT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

CLOSE ON a paint sample under a microscope.

FILSHIE (O.S.)
I called you right when I figured it out.
The paint found under your victim's nails
is not the paint itself.

Eva and Amsterdam stand with Forensic Specialist **FILSHIE**, 60,
an overweight academic man. Jazz plays in the background.

FILSHIE (CONT'D)
Madagascar Red, manufactured in India up
until the late 1940s. I managed to
locate it in our database because it was
banned for its toxic lead content. This
is artist-grade paint and what's
revealing is the medium used to give it
its flow property.

EVA
I don't understand.

AMSTERDAM
Oil paint out of a tube doesn't drip.
But a painter will add a medium to give
it their own unique quality.

Eva just regards Amsterdam... incredulous...

EVA
How do you know all this stuff?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM
 (just as incredulous)
 How do you not?

Filshie smiles. Then...

FILSHIE
 Your painter added water-washed linseed
 oil laced with gold leaf.

EVA
 Gold leaf?

Something about this registers with Amsterdam.

FILSHIE
 Clearly a marker. Your painter's unique
 signature.

AMSTERDAM
 Can you date it?

FILSHIE
 From the molecular deterioration I'd say
 your victim was killed next to some kind
 of artwork from the early twentieth
 century.

Filshie looks at the report folder.

FILSHIE (CONT'D)
 And I doubt a short stay at the Anchor
 Hotel qualifies.

EXT. CAR LOT - DAY

Eva walks with Amsterdam.

EVA
 We're talking the whole of New York...
 How are we going to find this painting?

AMSTERDAM
 Because I know this paint.

Eva stares at Amsterdam demanding how he could know that.
 And as he ignores her look and gets into the car...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
 And I knew the painter.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. HOUSE - DAY**

A quaint, well-kept house in Brooklyn.

INT. DANES HOUSE - DAY

PULL OUT FROM a large Art Deco oil painting of a beautiful woman - **JULIANNE DANES** in her late 20's.

PAUL (O.S.)

It's a self portrait. My mother rarely worked on canvas though. She was famous for her on-site murals.

Amsterdam and Eva stand with **PAUL**, 50, cardigan and glasses.

PAUL (CONT'D)

She painted them all over New York. Private homes, hotels, lobbies. We joke she was one of the first graffiti artists. She painted more than twenty of them... unfortunately most have been lost to construction and time.

They walk across the living room.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What made her work unique is that she would mix gold leaf with all her paint to give her murals this beautiful shimmer.

Eva looks at Amsterdam, who smiles back.

EVA

If we know the paint, then with your records we could identify the mural.

PAUL

I'm sorry but my mother didn't keep the most copious account of where or how she painted. You could try asking her...

They arrive at a large window to see...

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

JULIANNE DANES (96), seated in a beautiful garden staring blankly ahead. Amsterdam is clearly shocked.

AMSTERDAM

I thought your mother had passed away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Oh, no, she's still here... sometimes
that is. The Alzheimer's plays havoc.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

WITH Amsterdam as he slowly walks toward Julianne.
He crouches down beside her and she turns and smiles.

AMSTERDAM

Hello, Julianne.

She turns and smiles as if recognizing him. They sit side by
side. Taking in the day, until...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

You used a paint called Madagascar Red on
one of your murals.

JULIANNE

Madagascar Red? Oh yes, yes, for "The
Lover's Sacrifice," I painted that mural
you know.

AMSTERDAM

I know. Where did you paint it,
Julianne? Can you remember?

JULIANNE

They don't let me take walks anymore.
They're worried I will forget my way
home.

AMSTERDAM

Can you try to remember?

She turns to Amsterdam with a glimmer of recognition.

JULIANNE

Do I know you?

Amsterdam takes a moment to answer. Then...

AMSTERDAM

Not anymore.

And he reaches up and touches her cheek...

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Amsterdam briskly leaves the house as Eva follows.

AMSTERDAM

She painted the mural in the presidential
suite of the Davenshire Hotel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

The Davenshire Hotel was sold in the eighties and upgraded to become The Hayden.

EVA

It's Toby Hayden then.

AMSTERDAM

We arrest him and he'll lawyer up. We need evidence... we need to find that mural.

EVA

I'll get a warrant by morning.

As they arrive at the car...

JULIANNE (O.S.)

Charlie?

Amsterdam turns to see Julianne Danes is up and walking toward him.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)

You think I don't know who you are? We were in love, Charlie.

Paul arrives and takes hold of his mother.

PAUL

I'm so sorry. This happens sometimes.

Julianne Danes shrugs off her son.

JULIANNE

(angry)

NO. One day you left. You just left. I loved you, Charlie. Didn't that mean anything?

Julianne clutches Amsterdam, looking deep into his eyes.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)

I knew, Charlie... I knew you were going to leave me the whole time.

Amsterdam is frozen. Paul takes his mother in his arms as Eva pulls the car out of the driveway.

INT. AMSTERDAM'S HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

Working a glass of whiskey, Amsterdam attacks the desk he built. Seeing Julianne has taken its toll.

As he angrily cuts opens cartons of pineapple juice and pours them over the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he lights a cigarette then immediately stubs it out on the surface.

As he does it again.

As he aggressively scratches the table top with a fork.

As he kicks one of the legs in half.

As he fires up a blowtorch and quickly dusts the surface of the table with the scorching flame.

As the wax ripples with the heat.

As he glues the broken leg and applies a new layer of varnish to the table.

As he finally stops, catches his breath and sucks down another swig of whiskey.

And the desk now looks like a veritable antique.

Omar heads in and has a seat. They sit in silence, until...

AMSTERDAM

You ever ask yourself why vampires have
no reflection in a mirror?

Omar doesn't answer... assuming the question rhetorical.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

Maybe because to see themselves year
after year, century after century
unchanged, as the world around them dies
would be too painful. A reminder that
they will always exist somewhere else and
although they dream of love, they can
never reconnect with what's human.
Because to be human is to die and to die
is what makes life precious.

More silence. Until Omar notices the desk...

OMAR

Looks good and old.

AMSTERDAM

Like you.

OMAR

Thank you for doing this again. Next
time I'll take the Cardinals.

Amsterdam vacantly nods. They sit in silence. Until Omar breaks it with...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OMAR (CONT'D)

John... what about the subway?

AMSTERDAM

Maybe she was the one. Maybe not. Maybe she was even on her way to the airport and that was it.

(then)

Maybe it was just a reminder that I'll never find her.

INT. HOSPITAL/DILLANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dressed in her regular clothes, Dr. Dillane gets ready to go home after a long day. She looks to see that male nurse nervously standing in the doorway.

MALE NURSE

More problems with your John Doe.

DR. DILLANE

What now?

MALE NURSE

We got the bloodwork back and it's a mess.

DR. DILLANE

Let me see it?

Dillane takes the results from the nurse and looks them over.

DR. DILLANE (CONT'D)

It's readable. It just doesn't make sense. There are traces of iron... carbolic acid... sodium citrate and about ten other elements that haven't been in present in blood for fifty years.

MALE NURSE

So... what? Somebody is playing some sort of joke?

As Dillane looks up from the results...

DR. DILLANE

(concerned)

I don't know.

INT. THE HAYDEN FRONT DESK - DAY

Amsterdam stands next to Eva as she hands a search warrant to the FRONT DESK RECEPTIONIST **ELIZABETH**, 26, immaculately put together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA

We have a warrant here to search the presidential suite.

INT. THE HAYDEN HOTEL PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Amsterdam's hand slides across a wall of cream-colored paint.

Amsterdam's hand stops on three small scratches. Red paint can be seen underneath. WE PULL OUT to reveal Eva and Amsterdam searching the elegant presidential suite.

AMSTERDAM

Here.

Eva joins him as Amsterdam mimes...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

She's standing here. There's a struggle. He hits her and she falls against the wall and scratches it.

Amsterdam removes a penknife from his pocket, travels away from the scratches and using the knife on its side, scrapes away the cream-colored paint.

WE PULL BACK as he unveils part of a beautiful art deco mural of two lovers entwined -- It's the work of Julianne Danes.

EVA

Okay. But how did Toby remove the body without somebody seeing him. This is a hotel, there are cameras everywhere.

Amsterdam walks around the room, stops at a large mirror and stares at his reflection. He approaches it and tries to move it -- it won't budge, so he lifts a chair and throws it at the mirror. It SHATTERS, revealing a secret stairwell.

AMSTERDAM

It was common for presidential suites at the turn of the century to have private entrances.

(re the shattered mirror)

I didn't have time to find the trigger.

A little stunned...

EVA

But that's years of bad luck.

AMSTERDAM

(waving it off)

Only seven...

INT. SECRET STAIRWELL - DAY

WITH Eva as she travels down the stairs to join a smiling Amsterdam who stands at a door. He gently pushes the door open onto AN ALLEY at the back of the hotel.

Eva is impressed.

AMSTERDAM

Having fun yet?

INT. THE HAYDEN HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

Eva stands at reception.

EVA

You can either tell me who was listed as using that suite the night of the 26th or I can look it up myself.

As BETH, the receptionist, reluctantly taps away at the computer... and Eva notices that Beth is wearing a DIAMOND BRACELET identical to the one Chloe pawned.

BETH

The suite was reserved by Toby Hayden.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Amsterdam enters the interview room, where Toby nervously sits.

TOBY HAYDEN

Don't I get a lawyer?

AMSTERDAM

You're not under arrest, Toby. I just want to ask you a few questions.

TOBY HAYDEN

And if I don't want to answer them?

AMSTERDAM

(with a smile)

Then you'll get that lawyer.

Toby gets it. Then...

TOBY HAYDEN

There is no way I killed Chloe. Why would I?

AMSTERDAM

You were jealous that she had met someone else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Toby turns to Amsterdam.

TOBY HAYDEN

Okay, I was there the night they met.
It's complicated but you should know
they were in love. It was real... you
know?

Toby gets up and walks to the mirror of the observation
window and stares at his reflection.

TOBY HAYDEN (CONT'D)

And The reason I couldn't give you an
alibi is because I was with a friend. My
boyfriend.

Amsterdam's surprised reaction. Toby confirms.

TOBY HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(in anguish)
It's just my father... he's very... and
I'm moving out next year, so...

It trails off as tears flow.

TOBY HAYDEN (CONT'D)

It's just so hard living with a giant
secret like that.

And Amsterdam -- unblinking.

TOBY HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Chloe was my cover... and she was my best
friend.

It's as if he knows that in the...

OBSERVATION ROOM

His father Richard stands watching. Santori next to him.
Santori looks over to Richard, who doesn't flinch.

INTERVIEW ROOM

Toby turns to Amsterdam.

TOBY HAYDEN

I'll give you my boyfriend's name and you
can get my alibi.

AMSTERDAM

But why did you reserve the presidential
suite that night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY HAYDEN

I did that for Chloe all the time. She
and Eddie needed a place to meet.

Amsterdam regards the boy... and he realizes... he got it
WRONG. Toby is innocent.

EXT. HAYDEN HOTEL - DAY

As Beth, the receptionist with the identical bracelet to
Chloe's, heads out of the hotel.

She gets into her car and drives away. After a moment, a car
pulls out and follows it... driven by Eva.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

As Amsterdam watches Richard and Toby have a conversation on
the street corner across the way. Santori finds his side.

SANTORI

I wonder what that conversation is about.

AMSTERDAM

He's telling his son he loves him
regardless.

A town car rounds the corner and stops in front of Toby and
Richard.

SANTORI

How do you know that?

AMSTERDAM

I can read lips.

SANTORI

You can read lips?

As Amsterdam watches Richard and Toby get into the town car.

AMSTERDAM

I used to be deaf.

Santori takes a beat to digest that, then...

SANTORI

Toby's alibi checked out. Crime scene
has been all over the Presidential suite,
Chloe's blood was found on the carpet and
BCI got a hit off a fingerprint... it's
Eddie's.

AMSTERDAM

Eddie didn't do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTORI
Evidence says he did.

And Santori gives Amsterdam a patronizing pat on the shoulder before he goes...

SANTORI (CONT'D)
Don't take it so hard. Like I said...
you were bound to cool.

EXT. HAYDEN HOTEL - DAY

Amsterdam stands across the street, looking at the hotel. His mind churning... piecing it all together.

His reverie interrupted by his cell phone ringing. He picks it up.

AMSTERDAM
Yeah...

MCGARVEY
They got Eddie. Turns out his brother-in-law is manager of The Penmar Club. He's been hiding out there.
(then)
Santori's on his way to get him.

Amsterdam nods.

AMSTERDAM
So that's it?

MCGARVEY
(confirming)
Yeah -- that's it.

Amsterdam disconnects the phone and draws in a deep breath.

EXT. THE WEST VILLAGE - DAY

Amsterdam approaches an old brownstone on Perry Street and produces a set of keys.

INT. OLD BROWNSTONE - DAY

Amsterdam heads into this old home.

And it's straight out of the 1890s. All the furniture... the fixtures... the drapes... gas lamps... everything.

The mail is piled high at the door and dustsheets cover the furniture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The owner of the place hasn't upgraded a thing for over a hundred years... Amsterdam.

As Amsterdam walks through the room and we see a painting above the fireplace... it's an old portrait, circa the turn of the twentieth century, of a family who lived in this home. Three children and their parents... and Amsterdam is the father.

Amsterdam removes a dust sheet, sits in the dark green upholstered chair and closes his eyes... trying to find some sleep... but before he can... his phone rings.

As he checks the caller ID and answers it.

AMSTERDAM

Eva.

INTERCUT WITH

Eva standing on a street corner, looking into a restaurant...

EVA

You won't believe this.

AMSTERDAM

We're done. They got evidence and Eddie.

EVA

No.

AMSTERDAM

What do you mean no?

EVA

The receptionist at the Hayden was wearing an identical bracelet to the one Chloe pawned... it's a stock gift. I dated someone who used to do that... real bastard--

AMSTERDAM

Eva!

And we can see into the restaurant... Beth, from the hotel...

EVA

Right. I followed her.

... sharing a romantic dinner... with Richard Hayden.

AMSTERDAM

Chloe was sleeping with Richard Hayden.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. THE PENMAR CLUB - DAY**

Cop cars and an ambulance are parked outside the club as Amsterdam approaches on foot. He sees Santori.

AMSTERDAM
Where is he?

SANTORI
They're bringing him out now.

A stretcher emerges carrying Eddie Riley. Amsterdam pushes through to see Eddie is unconscious. Santori arrives.

Amsterdam notices blood is seeping through the shoulder of Eddie's shirt.

AMSTERDAM
What happened to him?

Amsterdam pulls back the shirt, revealing a makeshift bandage. Amsterdam lifts the bandage and underneath is a deep bullet wound.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
You shot him?!

SANTORI
He came that way.

CLOSE as Amsterdam leans down and smells Eddie's wound.

AMSTERDAM
From the smell of that infection I'd say that wound is about three days old.

Eva rushes out of her car to join them.

SANTORI
(to Eva)
We got him.

EVA
No. He didn--

But Amsterdam interrupts her.

AMSTERDAM
It'll be nice to put this one to rest.

And he glares at Eva... "go along with it."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
 (to Santori)
 Thanks for bringing this one home.

Santori shrugs and plays humble.

SANTORI
 No problem.

INT. EVA'S CAR - DAY

Eva drives.

AMSTERDAM
 That bullet wound went straight through
 Eddie. He tried to shield her.

He turns to Eva.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
 Richard killed her.

EVA
 I don't understand why we can't just
 explain--

AMSTERDAM
 Because the evidence is now as much
 against us as it is against Eddie and
 Eddie won't talk. They'll say we're
 reaching... they may humor us with a
 cursory investigation but then they'll
 prosecute Eddie anyway.
 (a beat)
 I've been through this all before.

She thinks about it for a beat. Then...

EVA
 Why doesn't Eddie just come clean?

AMSTERDAM
 Because he's a deserter, nobody will
 believe him and...

It trails off...

EVA
 And?

AMSTERDAM
 He wants revenge.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Amsterdam flashes his badge at a **POLICE OFFICER** who stands guard outside a hospital room close to the ER and enters.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

To find Eddie dressed, lying on a bed, his wound freshly bandaged.

AMSTERDAM
Hello Eddie.

EDDIE
I'm not talking to anyone until I get a lawyer.

He sits down next to him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
You're the one who chased me. You okay?
You looked like you were dying.

AMSTERDAM
I was. I did.

EDDIE
I don't understand.

AMSTERDAM
Either do I.

Then...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)
You loved her.

Eddie confirms it by turning away.

EDDIE
Have you ever been in love?

AMSTERDAM
I've loved.

He turns to Amsterdam.

EDDIE
No, I mean "in love." When you feel love like that your whole life is born again. Like you couldn't live it without her. You ever feel that?

After a moment...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

No.

Eddie just stares at the ceiling. Knows it's all over.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

I've lived with revenge in my heart,
Eddie... for more years than I care to
remember. And you can trust me when I
say -- it's a loser game.

Eddie looks Amsterdam straight in the eye and says nothing.
Amsterdam stands, withdrawing a pair of handcuffs.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to transfer you to Central
Booking.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

WITH DOCTOR DILLANE as she makes her way along a corridor.
She stops suddenly...

HER POV shows Amsterdam escorting Eddie out of the hospital.
Shocked to see Amsterdam alive, she cannot say anything.

WE GO CLOSE as she notices his detective badge.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Amsterdam leads Eddie to his car.

WITH A **DRUNK** in a hooded sweatshirt, sneakers, baggy jeans...
As he staggers towards them.

DRUNK

Spare two bucks?

AMSTERDAM

(walking by)
Sorry buddy.

And the man grabs Amsterdam by the shoulder.

DRUNK

How about three bucks?

Eddie uses this distraction to overpower Amsterdam, slam him
with a right cross then send him to the ground.

Eddie grabs Amsterdam's gun and points it at his head.

EDDIE

Keys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amsterdam reluctantly throws the keys to Eddie's cuffs.
Eddie runs.

The drunk pulls back his hood to reveal it's Omar.

OMAR

It's been awhile since we did something
like this. It feels good.

Eva's car immediately rounds the corner...

AMSTERDAM

(catching his breath)
Let's see where he leads us...

And Amsterdam jumps in.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Eva drives fast. Amsterdam sits shotgun.

INT. UPTOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

KNOCKING is heard as Richard Hayden opens his apartment door to find Eddie. Eddie shoves Amsterdam's gun in his face, pushing him back into the apartment.

RICHARD

Please don't hurt me.

EDDIE

You dumped her body like she was some
trash. Taking her down to that hotel.

Holding the gun tight on Richard...

RICHARD

I've got money. I can give you money.

EDDIE

We loved each other. And that's
something you could never understand.
Not like the way you love your things, or
hotels...

(then)

Our love was forever.

Eddie cocks Amsterdam's gun and is about to fire as Richard cowers on the floor.

RICHARD

Oh, God, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

She wanted to get away from you but you wouldn't let her go. Why didn't you just let her go?

Eddie's eyes well up.

RICHARD

It was an accident. You have to believe me. One day she just tells me she's met someone else and then she rubs it in my face by bringing him to my hotel. I just wanted to scare you both.

Eddie raises the gun...

RICHARD (CONT'D)

No!

AMSTERDAM (O.S.)

(calm but stern)

Eddie.

Eddie turns to see Amsterdam standing in the doorway, having heard it all...

EDDIE

You heard him. You heard what he did.

AMSTERDAM

Think about your life now.

Intent on what he has to do...

EDDIE

He took that away when he killed her.

RICHARD

Stop him please. STOP HIM.

But Amsterdam doesn't do a damn thing.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What kind of cop are you?

And the question hangs... as Richard closes his eyes and Eddie pulls the trigger.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK -- the gun is empty.

As Eddie breaks down into a series of sobs...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. TURKISH SMOKE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Eva sits across from Amsterdam. They are the only people in the place who aren't middle eastern.

EVA

In the three three we used to go to a bar to celebrate closing a case.

And the place is chaotic with old Turkish men playing backgammon and shouting at each other.

AMSTERDAM

Well, this is what I do.

As the waiter fills the hookah with Turkish tobacco.

WAITER

(in Turkish)

Any to take home with you?

And Amsterdam answers him in Turkish.

AMSTERDAM

(in Turkish)

Not tonight. How's your son feeling?

WAITER

(in Turkish)

Much better.

As the waiter heads on his way, Amsterdam offers Eva a hose.

EVA

No thanks.

AMSTERDAM

You sure...? It's Afzal Molasses tobacco infused with peach resin.

EVA

I'll pass.

Then...

EVA (CONT'D)

Aren't you concerned about your health? That stuff will kill you.

Amsterdam just shrugs and tokes. Then... looking up and exhaling.

AMSTERDAM

Closure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA

What?

AMSTERDAM

Your bit on how the past isn't going to bring anybody back. How you'd rather be on the front line saving lives and that's why Narc is so much better than Homicide.

EVA

Yeah so.

AMSTERDAM

Yeah so... my answer to that is closure.

She thinks about that while he has another toke...

EVA

Closure...

And he slides an envelope across the table.

EVA (CONT'D)

What's this?

AMSTERDAM

Your application to Narc wasn't denied. You actually were accepted... Daddy buried it. He wanted to keep you alive.

She stares at the envelope in shock.

EVA

Where did you get this?

AMSTERDAM

It's not important.

She looks up to him... blown away.

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

You can reapply in three months.

EVA

I will.

Shrugging...

AMSTERDAM

And you'll get in.

EVA

Will you miss me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he regards her... with those dark eyes... she feels uncomfortable under this gaze... Then...

AMSTERDAM

What do you think?

WE MOVE INTO the envelope which reads "**FOR EVA.**" The words blur into one and almost spell - *FOREVER...* and our music kicks in.

The music that will power us through to the end.

Everything from here on in is under Mogwai's "Superheroes of BMX" off of "Government Commissions."

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK 1642)

Amsterdam's laying on the ground next to a roaring fire... weak, but alive.

He looks up to see the Indian Chief sitting next to him...

AMSTERDAM

I died.

As the Chief slowly nods...

AMSTERDAM (CONT'D)

(disturbed)

What have you done to me?

Amsterdam looks down at his chest which is covered in a bandage of leaves.

INDIAN CHIEF

At any time... on this earth... there is one person... the one. The one we are meant to be with... by the stars. We feel this... dream of it... know of it without knowing how to find it.

(a beat)

However time betrays and most die with the wrong one... or worse... alone.

(then)

But you won't.

AMSTERDAM

I don't understand.

INDIAN CHIEF

You will not grow old... you will not die... until you find your one. This is the gift I have given.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMSTERDAM

But I... how will I know who she is?

INDIAN CHIEF

You will feel it... in your heart.

And Amsterdam, not sure if this is a dream, closes his eyes and falls back to sleep.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Amsterdam sits staring out the subway car window. Although Amsterdam sits still, EVERYTHING around him is FAST MOTION. Passengers board and disembark in super-speed the subway car as it travels through various stations.

Amsterdam steps off the subway train and looks down the platform -- THE SAME PLATFORM WHERE HE HAD THE HEART ATTACK. He lingers then scans his investigative eye across the platform.

And Amsterdam looks up to notice... a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Omar stands next to an **ANTIQUE DEALER** who uses a magnifying glass to look over the desk Amsterdam built.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER

Well I'll be... it's definitely an original Benwaar. Aged impeccably. Where did you find it?

OMAR

The Goodwill.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER

You might just be the luckiest man alive.

With an ironic smile...

OMAR

Tell that to my bookie.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER

How's sixteen thousand?

OMAR

Great.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER

I bought a picture of Benwaar off the Internet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The antique dealer goes to his office as Omar pockets his wad of cash.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER (CONT'D)

Take a look.

He returns with an old picture of Benwaar circa 1903 and hands it to Omar. Benwaar is Amsterdam.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER (CONT'D)

There's something wonderful about being an artist.

As he ponders the desk...

ANTIQUÉ DEALER (CONT'D)

It's as if he's speaking to us today.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

Now holding a video tape, Amsterdam leaves the station and joins the Manhattan workforce traffic. A moment, then... we notice he's being followed... by Dr. Sara Dillane.

INT. AMSTERDAM'S HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

As Amsterdam watches the grainy surveillance camera footage in slow motion of the subway platform the day he had the heart attack.

And there are many women. Women leaving the trains... women getting on the trains... women talking on the cell phones... women talking to each other... women heading to work... women holding shopping bags.

More women than men.

Then in slow motion we see John Amsterdam, clutching his heart, emerge from the train, fall to the ground then die. He pauses it. Right there. On his death.

And Amsterdam stares at the screen longingly.

INT. AMSTERDAM'S HIDEAWAY - LATER

Amsterdam emerges from the darkroom holding the picture he took of Times Square.

Follow him as he passes a wall we haven't seen before.

The wall is completely covered in pictures... of Rottweilers taken through the years. A caption under each starting with "1" and ending on "35." The first five or six are actually sketches with the rest turning to photographs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Amsterdam turns to a new space on the wall that's covered with pictures of Times Square. Under each picture is a caption starting with "Nov 1, 1855."

PAN THE WALL TO SEE

That Amsterdam's taken a picture from the exact corner of Times Square every November first, since the birth of photography.

Amsterdam gets to the caption of "Nov 1, 2007" and hangs the picture above it.

And he steps back... looks at the picture... at the whole wall... his life... and he slowly sighs...

INT. OMAR'S BAR - NIGHT

There's a few people in the place... Amsterdam one of them. He drinks his whiskey at the bar and watches the baseball game on the television.

As Omar refills his glass...

AMSTERDAM
Who'd you take?

OMAR
Mets.

AMSTERDAM
I thought you said--

OMAR
Yeah, well... if anybody should know about history repeating itself, John.

Amsterdam can only shake his head and laugh. The woman in the seat next to Amsterdam orders...

WOMAN (O.S.)
(ordering)
Vodka on the rocks with a twist.

And Amsterdam notices it's a very attractive woman. As she announces to Omar...

DR. DILLANE
It's been a hell of day...

And Amsterdam turns to her with a smile.

AMSTERDAM
Aren't they all?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And it's a smile she returns...

EXT. FIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK 1642)

John Amsterdam jolts awake to find he is lying shirtless in a field of long grass. He looks down and touches the wound on his chest to find it completely healed, leaving a deep SCAR.

He stands, and there in the distance is the struggling 1642 colony of NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE CAMERA begins to circle Amsterdam and slowly buildings start to GROW around him - New York City LIVES. The buildings grow faster and faster - one on top of another... UNTIL HE'S STANDING IN THE CENTER OF TIMES SQUARE OF TODAY.

WE MOVE TOWARDS Amsterdam's serene face... AS HE QUICKLY MORPHS into different looks - hair and facial hair strobe past - HE HAS LIVED A HUNDRED DIFFERENT LIVES...

INT. AMSTERDAM'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - MORNING

Amsterdam lies in his bed with his eyes wide open. He can't sleep... again. And he looks over to 36 who is sound asleep on the floor.

As Amsterdam gets out of bed, notice the sleeping body of a woman next to him. We don't see her face.

EXT. NEW YORK - MORNING

And as the sun rises over the fabled skyline... Detective John Amsterdam walks the streets of what once was New Amsterdam -- alone.

FADE TO BACK:

END OF SHOW