

PRIDE & GLORY

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EXT. HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM -- BROOKLYN, NY -- NIGHT

Capacity Crowd. Stands Swarming. Winter breeze whipping frostbite. Playing field frozen solid...Good Old Fashioned American Football.

Fourth Quarter. Clock Ticking. Title Game. 14-10. NYPD vs. DETROIT METRO. Twenty-two cops in helmets and pads, slugging it out for gridiron supremacy.

ON THE FIELD

New Yorks Finest, breaking huddle, QB coming under center barking signals, ball snapped, corner blitz-- busted play. The stands groan. The chains get run. Third and nine.

SIDELINES

Coach MILT KOWALSKI 50's, blasts his OFFENSIVE COORDINATOR.

KOWALSKI

LARRY! THEY'RE FIRING THAT CORNER,
NOBODY'S PICKING HIM UP!

(to player on the field)

GENE! GENE! PUT A HAT ON THAT GUY!

(to coordinator)

Let's go thirty-two flash draw,
sell the fake, he's gotta sell that
corner the fake.

The offensive coordinator throws signals in. NYPD huddles up.

IN THE STANDS

FRANCIS FARRELL JR, late 30's, career climber non pareil, precinct C.O. His kids are with him, bundled up under blankets, two girls and a boy, BAILEY, CAITLIN and FRANCIS III, ranging in age from 5 to 9, cheering right along.

FRANCIS JR.

LET'S GO "O," LET'S GO!

ON THE FIELD

QB under center. Ball snapped-- play action fake, corner biting, hand-off, delayed draw, HALFBACK splitting the seam, shaking tackles, getting dragged down a yard short.

ON THE SIDELINE

Kowalski slams his headset.

KOWALSKI

Goddamn it! Alright, get it outta
there! Punt team! Punt team!

The Offense files off the field. SPECIAL TEAMS takes over.

JIMMY EAGAN, 30's, eyes framed by blackout grease, steely,
old school Irish throwback. He pulls on his helmet, crushes a
cigarette on his cleat and hustles out.

IN THE STANDS

MEGAN FARRELL EGAN, late 20's, Jimmy's wife, with her two
kids, SHANNON, 6 and MATTHEW, 4.

MEGAN

COME ON BABY! LET'S GO JIMMY!

ON THE FIELD

Long snap. The PUNTER hits a beauty, high and tight. The
RETURN MAN fields it at the fifteen, catching blocks-- he
jukes sideline, crossing mid-field.

Egan closes, angles, comes in high, headhunting, forearm
shiver, a flagrant cheapshot-- The return man gets knocked
into the water coolers. Flags fly. Fifteen yards. Egan comes
uncorked. The benches nearly clear.

JIMMY

*WHAT!? WHAT THE FUCK!? C'MON
STRIPES! LET US PLAY HERE!*

The Zebras march it off. Ball at the NY Thirty-five. Twenty-
two ticks left.

IN THE HUDDLE

JIMMY (CONT'D)

MY BAD, MY BAD, ALRIGHT, FUCK IT,
'CUZ WE'RE GONNA BURY THESE
COCKSUCKERS! THEY'VE BEEN RUNNING
SCARED FOUR QUARTERS, CUZ THEY
AIN'T SHIT! NOW LET'S GO! FOUR-
THREE MIKE FIRE, FOUR-THREE MIKE
FIRE! KEEP 'EM IN BOUNDS! THEY GOT
NO TIMEOUTS! READY-READY--

TEAM (IN UNISON)

BREAK!

They break huddle. Detroit comes to scrimmage. The QB immediately audibles. Egan at LB, eagle-eyed, directing the Defense. The ball is snapped. The QB drops back.

EGAN
PASS! PASS!

The QB rolls, fires, hits the WIDE-OUT near the sidelines. Twenty yard pick-up. First Down. Clock Stopped.

IN THE STANDS

NY Fans, edge of their seats. RAY FARRELL, mid-30's, Francis' younger brother. Detective Sargent, Manhattan North Homicide. Hardcore, cut and shaped by the street. A bullet scar in his cheek, 9mm round, says it all.

He hurries up the bleachers, greeting family, finding a seat next to Francis--

FRANCIS JR.
Where the hell y'been? We're down to the wire--

RAY
--Intell bullshit. Detail roster.

FRANCIS JR.
Fuckin' house mouse...

RAY
Don't all want stars on our shoulders Franny.

ON THE FIELD

Ball snapped. Egan blitzes. The QB scrambles. Tight coverage, looking, looking-- the HALFBACK releases, dump pass over the middle-- tackled at the goal line. Clock ticking...10-9-8...

Hurry up "O". QB, quick snap, spikes ball, kills clock. Two seconds remain.

IN THE STANDS

Everybody tense. Wound tight.

ON THE SIDELINE

Coaches. Players. Pins and Needles.

IN THE HUDDLE

Egan, wired, ready to take on God.

EGAN

HERE WE GO, BABY! WHERE WOULD YOU
RATHER BE THAN RIGHT HERE, RIGHT
NOW! ONE SNAP! WEIGHT OF THE
FUCKING WORLD! HERE WE
MOTHERFUCKING GO! 6-2 STACK MADDOG!
LIKE FUCKING CHAMPIONS!

NY breaks. Detroit breaks. They meet. Helmet to helmet at the hash mark...The air stiffens...Nobody Moves A Muscle...

The QB crouches under center...signals...SNAP.

Lineman collide. The FULLBACK; bruising brawn, taking the handoff, hitting the hole. Egan meets him head on. Nerve-Shattering Hit. Goalline stop. Ball jarred loose. Defense swarming, falling on it. The clock expires.

Game Over.

The bleachers erupt. NYPD fans flood the field. Players and coaches rejoice. Raised helmets. War cries. Jimmy Egan is mobbed. His wife and kids find him, embracing him.

IN THE STANDS

Earsplitting. Near pandemonium. Francis and Ray swept up in celebration. A cellphone rings. Francis answers...his face falls. Ray looks at him.

RAY

What...? Fran what--

Francis. Cold shock. Speechless.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS -- NIGHT

Chaos. Patrol cars double-parked. EMS and ESU rigs crammed curbside. Sirens strobing. More vehicles, marked and unmarked, arriving by the dozen. Emergency personnel stream in and out of the building. NYPD Heavies; gold stars and shields, gather on the sidewalk.

Noisy onlookers crowd the police cordon, reporters and news crews push past the rope. Francis Jr. arrives, jumps from his car. A LIEUTENANT is waiting for him.

FRANCIS JR.

Who?

LIEUTENANT
Three caught, headshots, D.O.A.--
another two, likely.

FRANCIS JR.
--fuck--

LIEUTENANT
--they traded big, shot the place
to shit. My hand to God Francis.
I've never seen anything like it.

FRANCIS JR.
Who?

The Lieutenant checks his steno.

LIEUTENANT
Stanley, Gillick, Madrice, Mercer--

Francis breaks off, into the building--

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING -- SECOND FLOOR -- SAME

Cops everywhere. Clouded disbelief. The walls and ceiling are
blasted apart, bullet-pocked. Plaster chunks salt a blood-
soaked floor. Shell casings, piles, spill down the steps.

Francis Jr. charges up the stairs, as EMT's struggle with a
gurney down the steps past him: A COP, hit bad, oxygen bag,
dangling I-V's. Fran stops, watches the gurney rattle down
the stairs out of sight, then turns and shoulders his way
into:

INT. APARTMENT -- SAME

Drug Lab. Cramped shithole. Seven Bodies. Three Dead
Dominicans. Three Dead Cops. One more clings to life. EMT's
work fever pitch.

Cops. Silent Vigil, heads hung, grieving. Francis,
shellshocked speechless.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING -- STREET -- SAME

Ray's car, knifing traffic, he and Jimmy jump out, heading
toward the tenement. Jimmy, badge around his neck, still in
cleats and football pants, bounding up into the building.

Ray spots the gurney. He rushes over, getting a look at:
LONNIE MERCER, jawbone blown apart, punctured windpipe
wheezing blood.

RAY
LONNIE!

Lonnie looks up, eyes flittering, pupils pulsing erratic--

EMT
You know this guy?

RAY
I know him, yeah, yes--

EMT
Stay with us then-- talk to him--
he's going fast--

Ray, adrenaline spiked, clutches Lonnie's limp hand, in
close, soothing words--

They grapple with the gurney, hoisting it up into the
ambulance. Ray piles in and the doors pull closed behind him.
The ambulance, lamps lit, peels away.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING -- APARTMENT -- SAME

A sea of white shirts; Inspectors and Chiefs, calling the
shots. Burnt amonia, overcooked crystal meth. Pungent,
overpowering. Back window gets smashed with gun butts.

Francis, glazed over, is talking to the Detective Bureau DUTY
CAPTAIN --

DUTY CAPTAIN
This is all fucked up, Fran.

FRANCIS JR.
What do you know, Tim, right now,
what do you know?

DUTY CAPTAIN
Next to nothing. Neighbor made the
call, said he heard gunfire,
sounded like the building was
coming down. Uniform arrived on
scene, this is what they found...

Jimmy, charging in, cleats crunching downed Christmas lights.
He stops cold, stunned...Dead Cops. Brothers In Blue.

JIMMY

No, no, no, no, *fuck me, no...*

Francis, arm around Jimmy, leading him out.

FRANCIS JR.

C'mon, let's get out of here--

Jimmy, incensed, shoving Francis back.

JIMMY

Get the-- Don't fuckin'--

(beat, recovers)

I'm sorry, Franny, I'm-- it's--

shhhhhhhhhhit...

Jimmy, reeling, stumbling for the bathroom, slamming the door.

INT. BATHROOM -- SAME

Jimmy slumps against the door, banging his head, choking back sobs, blackout grease tear-smear under his eyes, wet, tribal, streaking...He gasps the air, clutches his head, and folds into himself, everything pouring out.

INT. COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - - NIGHT

Service doors pulled open, power confab in motion: The Mayor, ARTHUR CAFFEY, 60's. Police Commissioner, BILL ARMSTRONG, mid-50's and Chief of Detectives, JACK AVERY, mid-50's, winding their way through the bowels of the building.

ARMSTRONG

--They entered a tenement at one-hundred and eightieth and Audubon.

MAYOR CAFFEY

For the purpose of?

Avery, Armstrong, sweated...

ARMSTRONG

We've haven't ascertained that yet.

AVERY

Three were killed at the scene, another one D.O.A en route.

(reads notepad)

The last one, this kid, Cavanaugh, he's in surgery now.

MAYOR CAFFEY
Task force formation?

ARMSTRONG
Being assembled.

MAYOR CAFFEY
The best men available--

ARMSTRONG
--without question--

MAYOR CAFFEY
--the severity of the situation is
such. I want cops we can trust.

A two-way radio beeps-- DONALD DRABECK, the mayor's aide,
interrupts them.

DRABECK
Sir, they're waiting.

MAYOR CAFFEY
(nodding, back to Avery &
Armstrong)
What I require here gentlemen is
complete and thorough containment.
Not one piece of information made
public unless personally issued by
my office. No one, other than those
individuals given consent by my
office, will be permitted to
comment on this case or the ongoing
investigation. Is this absolutely
crystal--

ARMSTRONG
--yes sir.

Marching orders conveyed, the Mayor departs, conferring with
Drabek as he's led to an impromptu press conference.

MAYOR CAFFEY
If officer Cavanaugh clears
surgery, let's get me bedside.

Mayor Caffey walks outside the ER. A Mass of Press awaits.
Mics feedback, flashbulbs pop furious.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jimmy, comforting Ray, blood slathered over his shirt front, slumped miserable. Cops Commiserate, mulling, muttering, shaking their heads...why.

JIMMY
You alright?

Ray, punchy, out of it, no response.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'm so fucking sorry, Ray, I know
how deep you guys ran...

Francis Jr. walks in, moving toward his younger brother, covering him with his jacket, concealing the blood.

FRANCIS JR.
Let's find a bathroom, get you
cleaned up.

They start toward the bathroom. SHRIEKS sound down the hall, screaming. Lonnie's wife, TRISH, cradling her twin BOYS, sobbing, hysterical.

FRANCIS JR.
(to Ray)
Go, don't let her see you like
this.

Ray slips away. Francis rushes over to Trish, wrapping his arms around her. She breaks down. Francis hugs her tight.

EXT. COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - - NIGHT

A Crown Vic comes to a hard stop at the curb. FRANCIS FARRELL SR. arrives, 60, Family Patriarch, NYPD Chief of Manhattan Detectives. Forty years on the job. The Old Man Bleeds Blue.

His driver accompanies him. He passes by Avery and Armstrong conferring with a group of cops.

FRANCIS SR.
Jack, you get a chance, I need to
speak to you--

INT. WAITING ROOM - - NIGHT

Francis Jr. sits down next to Jimmy, barely looks at him.

FRANCIS JR.
...We're gonna talk...

Jimmy stares at the floor, silent.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)
You and me are gonna fucking
talk...

At that moment, Francis Sr. walks into the waiting room.

FRANCIS SR.
...Boys...

Francis Jr., weak smile.

FRANCIS JR.
Pop...

Francis Sr., putting a hand on Jimmy's shoulder.

FRANCIS SR.
Jimbo.
(beat, shakes head)
Bad Day...
(to Francis Jr.)
Don't beat yourself up, there's no
blame in this...

FRANCIS JR.
My cops. My command.

FRANCIS SR.
--We lose men in the line...It's
not your fault.

Jimmy, in close, consoling--

JIMMY
Fran, there's not a goddamn thing
any one of us could've done.

FRANCIS SR.
Forty years wading through shit
like this, watching our guys die.
You keep the rage son...and you cut
the rest of it loose.

EXT. BLOOD BANK -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - - NIGHT

Streets quiet. BLACK LEXUS, smoked windows, idling at the
curb.

INT. LEXUS - SAME

TWO DOMINICANS. Ski masks pulled on. Sawed-offs. Loaded. Cocked.

EXT. BLOOD BANK -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - SAME

The Dominicans step out. Point--Pull-- plate glass explodes. They storm inside.

INT. BLOOD BANK -- SAME

The Dominicans hop the counter. A LAB TECHNICIAN appears-- A shotgun blast cuts him down dead.

They chatter Spanglish, hitting the cooler, rifling the contents; bagged blood, stocking up, armloads, stumbling back toward the exit, stepping through the shattered window.

A CUSTODIAN-- unseen, creeping out, watching the Lexus as it pulls away, eyeballing the plates-- getting a partial read.

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Ray, migraine pounding, jackhammer, slams a fistful of Excedrine, hunches over the sink, cups the tap, drinks...He stands, splotchy undershirt, speckled red, thousand-yard stare into the mirror: fighting tunnel vision. Big bullet-scar staring back.

The door opens. The old man enters.

FRANCIS SR.
How y'handling it kiddo?

RAY
...hangin' in Pop.

FRANCIS SR.
I heard about Lonnie...I'm truly sorry...What did you do, but everything you *could* do right?

Ray, no reply, grabbing a paper towel, wiping off.

FRANCIS SR. (CONT'D)
...Jack Avery came to see me. I sat down with him and Armstrong.

RAY
Yeah, where they at?

FRANCIS SR.
They're gearing up task force.

RAY
Everybody's gonna want in on that.

FRANCIS SR.
How 'bout you? Throw your hat in
the ring, I make a phone call,
you're in.

RAY
...Not interested.

FRANCIS SR.
Y'think maybe it's time you get
back on the street? Three years of
this shit. Stop feeling sorry for
yourself.

RAY
Not sorry for me.

FRANCIS SR.
How about Lonnie? Sorry for him?
His wife, kids? You guys came up
together-- and now what, you turn
your back on him? If that was you,
he'd be the first one signing up.

RAY
They'll have the best detectives on
the job workin' this one Pop, they
don't need me.

FRANCIS SR.
'Fuck they don't. You're wastin'
your talents behind a desk Raymond.
You'll make a difference.

(beat)
Look...I know you're a little raw
right now...Y'get back up to speed,
get your step back...

The old man's words start to sink in...Ray, spinning.

RAY
And Crown Heights? What about--

FRANCIS SR.

It's history. Let's keep it that way.

(beat)

Now I know this is a helluva thing to break back in on, but you've worked those streets, y'know those neighborhoods up and down, yes?

(beat)

Cops got killed, Raymond. Let's get this guy and close the case.

A beat. Francis Sr., stern.

FRANCIS SR. (CONT'D)

Don't sit on your hands here kid...

Ray, confused, unsure, struggling with this...His expression says it slowly...the old man nods.

FRANCIS SR. (CONT'D)

Good man.

INT. APARTMENT -- HUNT'S POINT, BRONX -- NIGHT

Crumbling. Peeled paint. Cockroaches roam kitchen cabinets. ANGEL TEZO, mid 20's, feral, vicious, stenciled head to toe in prison ink. He's bored stiff. Flat on his back, Murphy bed, tossing a potato back and forth, leg med-wrapped.

Needle-nose pliers, extracted bullets, smashed flat, sitting in a Tupperware bowl. An I-V tube connects Tezo to:

DR. KHOMAR, Pakastani street surgeon, practicing sans license. The good doctor scarfs Snickers bars, keeping his sugar up, feeding fresh blood to Tezo, who rants non-stop.

LISETTE MADERA, early 20's, purple lipstick, panties, topless, doing key bumps of Crystal, climbing into bed with Tezo, Spanish whispers, tough to translate.

A hectic KNOCK on the door. Tezo slides a MAC-11 off the nightstand, clicking off safety, framing the entry, nodding to Khomar.

The surgeon stands, wobbles the I-V tube stretches taut, slowly cracks the door, the two DOMINICANS burst through, tossing Blood Bags onto the table.

TEZO (CONT'D)

Mierda, mierda! Motherfucker's takin' all day with this shit!

Khomar cinches the I-V tube, plucking the needle clean, wiping, rigging another syringe, prepping for transfusion, readies a bag, scans the label; O-positive.

TEZO (CONT'D)

This ain't no queer shit, right? I can't be pumpin' no fuckin' faggot blood and shit...

KHOMAR

(broken English)

We take what we got...

Tezo watches as Khomar readies the needle. Lisette, kissing Tezo's neck...Khomar, tapping the I-V tube, tripping the flow. Lisette straddles Tezo, bare leg brushing Komar.

KHOMAR (CONT'D)

...Hold still please.

Blood bank premium hits Tezo's veins. Lisette slips him inside of her. His eyes roll back euphoric. Khomar stands.

KHOMAR

Keep arm level. Something happen, you call.

Komar pockets his payoff, turning, grabbing his coat, starting for the door. He stops at the table, picking up the extra bags of blood.

KHOMAR (CONT'D)

I take? You no need.

Tezo motions him along. Khomar tosses the bags over his shoulder like Santa. Tezo pulls a .38 snub from under the pillow, screwing the potato onto the muzzle. Khomar, hand on the knob, twisting. Tezo, gun up, hammer back, Dead aim.

Lisette grinds, eyes closed, head back. BOOM! BOOM! Tater chunks splatter-- Khomar drops cold...two to the dome.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS -- NIGHT

Crime Scene. Masking tape, criss-crossing the room at odd angles, wall to wall, ceiling to floor...A Crime Scene Unit recreates the shootout: Bullet Trajectories, Angles Of Fire.

Bullet-punched plaster, pencil-marked, circled, point of impact. DETECTIVES use pen-knives to dig rounds out of the wall. They use ladders to reach the ones in the ceiling.

Casings, caked in dry blood, litter the room. Police photographers snap pix, shutters whirl--

A strange silence permeates the scene...nobody wants to ask too much...nobody wants to know too much. Ray, rubber gloved, leads a TASK FORCE DETECTIVE through the crime scene--

RAY

--our guys did a breach.

(points to door)

Took the door down with a ram. Came through, two and two, Standard Tact Formation. Got hit almost immediately.

(points to wall)

There's a concentration of slugs in that wall, carbide tungsten jackets, teflon-tipped, high velocity, fired by an assault rifle, most likely a AK-47 or a Colt 223.

(holds up a fired bullet, intact)

Armor piercing rounds. Rhino load. Went through those vests like fucking cotton candy.

(points to kitchen)

We got MP-5's, 9mm wad-cutters burst fired, all over the dinette there: Wall, cabinets, kitchen base board...That was our guys.

(points to ceiling)

Two got cut down right away 'cuz we've got strays in the ceiling -- they're falling, trigger depressed. The rest went down within five to ten seconds and never had time to reload.

Ray glancing around, eyes roving, deducing; tipped tables, built up like a barricade, extra ammo mags laid out...a realization hits.

RAY

They *knew* they were coming through the door.

(processing this; then--)

Cordite residue all over the bodies so they had to be close quarters when the shooting started...no more than five feet away.

Ray steps over the remnants of a ruined meth lab. Shattered bottles of Borox and Lye, Red Phosphorus, smuggled jugs of Ephedrine: a noxious brew of hydrogen chloride, highly volatile.

Large lasagna tins litter the floor, encrusted with white crystalline powder.

RAY

How many Meth spots does Tezo have in the Heights?

TASK FORCE DETECTIVE

From what we can tell he had the entire market cornered. This lab alone was turning out close to two-hundred pounds a week.

Ray notices a trail of blood and tracks it down the hallway...The detective follows Ray...

TASK FORCE DETECTIVE

What is it?

Ray enters a BEDROOM and follows the blood trail to an open window. He pulls out a small mag-lite and shines it down the fire escape...

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING -- BACK ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Ray and the Task Force Detective, street-side, garbage-strewn, strafing the fire escape with flashlights...crimson drips under the grating, coming down the ladder.

Ray tracks it to the bottom, light in close; grip smears, blood trail trickling off...At his feet, random drops, tire tracks, foot scuffs, frantic--

RAY

He got picked up.

(points to the ground)

Footprints here...if somebody was admitted with a gunshot wound, we'd know about it, but do a canvas of the area E.R.'s anyway. He spilled a shitload'a blood, so he's in no shape to be walking around.

A pair of BEAT COPS rush over.

BEAT COP #1
 Detective Farrell-- I think we got
 somethin'.

RAY (CONT'D)
 What's up?

BEAT COP #2
 Got this kid--
 (points across street)
 Parents run that bodega across the
 way. We got a little out of him,
 says he heard shots, some guy
 carrying another guy--

RAY
 Was it Tezo?

BEAT COP #1
 We don't know, his old man came out
 yelling and screaming, pulled him
 inside, won't let us near him.

INT. BODEGA -- NIGHT

Strung with shitty threadbare garland and plastic mistletoe.
 A plug-in Santa, Kris Kringle as a Mex, dark complected.
 Tito Puente crackles from a countertop stereo.

The OWNER chainsmokes Pall-Malls, sitting six inches from B&W
 t.v., tinfoil-wrapped Rabbit-ears, static reception, watching
 "It's A Wonderful Life"...Jimmy Stewart babbles badly dubbed
 Spanish. Ray enters, flanked by the beat cops. Pops rears up
 rattling espanol, rapid-fire.

BODEGA OWNER
 No! No! Los Policias son unos
 mentiroses! Cabrones!

The beat cops culture clash with Pops, trying to calm him
 down. A WOMAN walks out of the stock room. Ray makes her for
 a much softer touch.

Pops comes around the counter, ripping off epithet-fueled
 tirades in his native tongue. Ray, pissed, turning on the
 owner and in pitch-perfect, unaffected Spanish saying:

RAY
 Puedo entender todo lo que tu estas
 diciendo, as es que callete la voca
 y dejame hablar gue tu esposa--
 (off Pop's reaction)

RAY(cont'd)

That's right guy-- now if I gotta put an arm on you, it's not gonna be nice. Gonna be spending Christmas Day in Central Booking.

Pops wises up, sits back down, seething. Ray, back to the woman...

RAY (CONT'D)

Seniora, tengo sabe policias muertos y creo que tu hijo lo que paso. No quiero que te preocupes, nada le va a pasar. Solamente le tengo que hacer unas preguntas.

The woman, eyes darting over to her husband. Ray signals the beat cops. They give Pops an escort outside.

RAY (CONT'D)

Seniora, por favor.

The woman nods, turns, walks back into the stock room. Ray follows.

INT. BODEGA -- BACK ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Sparse. Cramped. A small BOY, 5, sleeps on a paper thin mattress propped on a wooden board and two cinder blocks. The mother sets down a crate next to him, brushing his hair back, gently rousing him.

Ray watches...the little boy slowly opens his eyes. His mother whispers to him, kissing him on the forehead. She steps aside. The boy sits up.

RAY

...Como se llama to hijo?

MOTHER

Manny.

Ray nods, kneeling down next to the cot, smiling at the boy.

RAY

Hola Manny. Mi llama es Ray.

BOY

Hello.

Ray surprised.

RAY

You speak English?

BOY
Uh-huh.

RAY
How old are you?

He holds up five fingers.

RAY (CONT'D)
Five huh?

The boy nods, looks Ray over sleepily.

BOY
Are you a police guy?

RAY
Mm-hm...one of 'em.

BOY
Did I get in trouble?

RAY
No, no, Manny, you're not in
trouble.

The boy struggles to keep his eyes open.

RAY (CONT'D)
You don't have to sit up bud, you
can lay back down. I know you're
sleepy.

He lays back on the pillow.

RAY (CONT'D)
Were you dreaming?

The boy nods.

RAY (CONT'D)
About what?

BOY
...I don't remember.

RAY
It's sort of hard to remember all
that stuff huh? When you're
asleep...

BOY
Uh-huh.

Ray sits closer, refusing to rush his questions, taking his time.

RAY

What about when you're awake? Are you good at remembering stuff then?

The boy nods sleepily.

RAY (CONT'D)

Yeah? You are. Alright...well do you remember earlier tonight, there were some loud noises--

BOY

--guns.

RAY

...That's right. So you know what guns sound like?

BOY

Uh-huh. I heard 'em before. Lots of times--

RAY

You have huh...Well do you remember after you heard the guns, a man coming out of the building over there...got into a car...he was hurt...

BOY

...In the leg. He had blood.

RAY

His leg was bleeding?

The boy nods. Ray shows him the mug shot of Angel Tezo.

RAY (CONT'D)

Is this the man you saw?

The boy nods again.

RAY (CONT'D)

Okay...now, the car that he got into. Can you remember what it looked like?

BOY

Ummm...it was white.

RAY
White. Thatsa boy. Now did it have
two doors or four doors?

BOY
...Uh...four.

RAY
Four? Quatro? Show me four?

The boy hold up four fingers.

RAY (CONT'D)
So a white car with four doors?

The boy nods.

RAY (CONT'D)
Anything else? You get a look at
the license plate maybe?

BOY
Umm...I don't think so.

Ray smiles at this.

RAY
Alright...All right Manny. I gotta
tell you, you're a good man,
helping me out like this.
(beat)
You sure there's nothing else you
remember? Maybe what the other man
looked like? The one driving?

The boy thinks, his eyes sagging back to sleep, he yawns,
shaking his head "no."

RAY (CONT'D)
Well that's okay, you go back to
sleep buddy...

The boy is already nodding off. Ray holds a moment, watching
him drift back to sleep, peaceful, serene--

EXT. MARSHLAND/HUDSON RIVER - WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - SUNRISE

White Ltd. Livery Cab. Four Doors. Abandoned. A DEAD BODY
sprawled across the front seat. A bullet in the back of the
head; base of the skull, close range.

A hand reaches in, grabbing a fistful of shirt, pulling the body up, propping it against the seat.

Jimmy Egan, in Uniform, staring at the dead man.

JIMMY

Amp.

(beat, looking over)

It's Amp...Tezo you are really impressing the shit out of me now.

KENNY DUGAN, 30's, Jimmy's partner, a walking pension fraud, camped out on the hood of their radio car.

DUGAN

He's a fucken Que Paso Jimmy, little street corner spic, caught a string--

As Jimmy speaks he begins searching the body, shirt, pockets, waistband, he digs down the front of Amp's pants, bingo, crotch cache; a flashroll of 20's, two-hundred and change.

JIMMY

He knew Amp was on the crawl, working with Casado. Amp springs him, Tezo gets loose, Boom Boom, bye-bye.

A patrol car pull up. Two Cops in uniform. EDDIE CARBONE, late 30's, coked-out insane, hops out of the car. His partner LUIS SANTIAGO, late 20's, remains in the car. Badges. Guns. A street gang in blue.

CARBONE

We put this on a chalkboard, it's a straight forward hit. Break down a door, kill this prick...Those guys were, Jesus they were--

JIMMY

--Eddie, do me a *big* favor alright, all of you-- don't say anything about this I don't already know! S'waste of words, they're dead, our money's missing and there's only one of those things we can get back...Yeah, we all loved those guys, and it was a shitty way to punch out, so pray they died quick and leave it alone.

(beat)

JIMMY(cont'd)

Now, first things first, just so you know, we got handed up, by who, we're gonna find out real fuckin' quick.

Santiago gets out of the car.

SANTIAGO

What? Y'think somebody gave Tezo a heads up?

Jimmy starts spot-searching the car, stripping back the seats, digging under the dash, going through the glove box.

JIMMY

They had tables overturned. They were firing from a crouch. Pencil in the rest.

Santiago doesn't respond.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Every day he's on the street, is more of our money burned--

CARBONE

How do we know he hasn't lit the fuck outta town?

JIMMY

'Cuz his juice is here, he goes somewhere else, speaking next to no English, he's washing dishes or picking fruit for a living.

SANTIAGO

What about Casado?

JIMMY

What about him. He wants Tezo taken out. Nothing's changed.

CARBONE

We gotta pull the pin on this fuck. IAB gets an angle---

JIMMY

--they will blow our shit, sky high-
(finishes with car)
Gimme the gas.

Dugan, popping the trunk, pulling out a gas can, giving it to Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You got a gun, you got a shield, so
you got passport to wherever that
prick is holed up...We toss every
block in the five boroughs, till we
find this piece'a shit.

Jimmy douses Amp, douses the LTD, drops a match...FLOOSH!
The car goes up like Gomorrah.

EXT. SOUTH BRONX STREET - - DAY

A Radio Car. Slow crawl down the street. Kids playing
stickball, scattering. The car passes a Black Lexus. Stops.
Lingers.

INT. RADIO CAR - - SAME

Both COPS, staring at the Lexus.

COP #2
--that blood bank thing last night--

COP #1
--yeah--

COP #2
--what do you think?

A beat. Cop #1 takes up his radio.

COP #1
(into radio)
Central, this is five-three eddie,
can I get a ten-fifteen on a New
York plate, Adam-Mary-Robert-Three-
Eight-Three. K.

Cop #2 gets out of the car, holster unclipped, peering into
the Lexus.

DISPATCH
(over radio)
Three-Eddie, that plate comes back
to a 1998 Mitsubishi Galant, red
four-door sedan--

COP #1
Three outta six, this could be our
guy.

COP #2
Swapped plates...

COP #1 (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Central, can I get a patrol
supervisor to respond to the corner
of Randall and Barretto--

INT. APARTMENT -- THIRD FLOOR -- SAME

Through the window, one of Tezo's blood bank thugs, gawks the patrol car parked down on the street...

POP! POP! POP! Triple burst from inside the apartment. Thug shot dead. Screams. Third Story.

EXT. RADIO CAR - SAME

The cops look up, blood splattered window. More SHOTS. Cop #2 reacts, bolting for the building.

COP #1
(into radio)
SHOTS FIRED! SHOTS FIRED! TEN-
THIRTEEN! TEN-THIRTEEN, 246
RANDALL!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- FIRST FLOOR

Cop #2, through the door, gun drawn, taking steps three at a time. Screams, shrill, uncontrollable, descending the stairs.

Lisette, stumbling down the landing, naked, wailing banshee. She claws her way past Cop #2. He struggles to restrain her.

Cop #1 blows past, reaching the third floor, tense, gun trained-- door ajar, he kicks it in.

INT. APARTMENT

Bodies. Blood Bank Thugs. Khomar The Street Surgeon. Facedown Dead. A Trio of Headshots: Tezo's Speciality. Back window open. Raggedy curtains, streaked with blood, billowing...Tezo's long gone.

INT. APARTMENT - - LATER

Ray, entering, a DETECTIVE yammering at him. We pick up:

DETECTIVE #1
 --with Brooklyn South when that
 whole thing went down and I
 remember thinking at the time,
 "Shit, if I caught one like that,
 flush in the face, I'd wanna die--"

RAY
 ...It crossed my mind at the time.

Ray walks down the hall, surveying the scene:

Transfusion bag drained dry, hooked to a coat rack, empty
 beer cases jammed with dirty bandages, fast food cartons
 strung with used condoms. A morgue team trucks casualties out
 to the meat wagon.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)
 She's in back.

INT. APARTMENT -- BACK BEDROOM - - SAME

Lisette Madera sits in the corner, covered in a sheet,
 shivering, sucking a cigarette to cinders, hair askew, sweat-
 stuck to her face. A DETECTIVE tries to question her. Ray
 enters.

DETECTIVE #2
 Farrell?

RAY
 Yeah.

Ray trades handshakes--

RAY (CONT'D)
 She saying anything?

DETECTIVE #2
 Nothing we can understand. You
 speak this ghetto shit right?

Ray nods.

DETECTIVE #2 (CONT'D)
 She's pretty scattered. Name's
 Lisette Madera.

DETECTIVE #2(cont'd)

We took half-a-gram of coke, some hypes and a bag'a meth bumps out of her purse. Why he didn't just waste her on the way out--

Ray ignores him, crossing over to Lisette, kneeling down.

RAY

Lisette, habla ingles?

She rocks slowly back and forth in her seat, no response.

RAY (CONT'D)

Tezo estuvo aqui, Lisette? Mato a esos hombres?

Still nothing, Lisette stares, smokes, shivers some more...

RAY

Lisette..Donde esta Tezo?

No acknowledgement. Ray sees her handbag splayed out, drugs bagged up. He switches gears, grabs her handbag, forages through, fishes zippered pockets, turning the handbag inside out--

RAY (CONT'D)

Habla con migo Lisette! Habla con migo!

Ray rips a picture from her wallet-- a baby girl, no more than six-months-old, smiling-- Ray holds the photo up--

RAY

Quein es! Tu bebe?

Lisette attempts to snatch the picture, Ray pulls it back.

RAY (CONT'D)

Tu bebe!

Tremors shoot up track-scarred arms-- hands quake-- fake nails rattle--she begins to break.

RAY

We're gonna take her Lisette!
Bureau of Child Welfare's gonna
take this baby!

She loses it-- unrestrained sobs-- tears coming tidal, lipstick and eyeliner smearing, mascara coming off in clumps-- her hair falls away from her face...and that's when Ray sees it...

A raised welt, skin seared purple, still raw...it's in the shape of a gun barrel...

RAY (CONT'D)
(back to Detectives)
Has she been looked at?

DETECTIVE #2
For what?

Ray waves it off, back to Lisette, soft, gesturing to the burn on her temple.

RAY (CONT'D)
Puso su revolver a tu cara?

Tears. Swallowed sobs. She nods "yes," begins to speak.

LISETTE
Estaba vacio. El si apreto gatillo,
pro el revolver estaba vacio.

Ray turns back to the remaining detective.

RAY
He put a gun to her head and pulled
the trigger but it misfired, it was
empty-- something--

Ray returns to Lisette.

RAY (CONT'D)
Sabias que lo estamos buscado po el
asensinato de seis oficiales?
Sabes donde fue? Tienes alguna idea
de donde se habra fugado?

Lisette, slowly coming around.

LISETTE
Quiza se fue con Sandy. Sandy lo
ayudo a escaparse.

RAY
"Sandy?"

DETECTIVE #1
What's she saying?

RAY
Escaparse? Fuera de ese building?
Quein es Sandy?

Lisette, eyes darting from the detectives back to Ray.

LIVETTE
El amigo de Angel. Un policia.

Ray, staggered.

RAY
Policia?

DETECTIVE #2
What is that? What's she saying
about us?

Ray, staring at Lisette...pure fear in those eyes.

RAY
...She's not making sense.

Ray stands, backs away...

RAY (CONT'D)
Take her to get looked at, I'll
meet you back at the house-- *no one*
talks to her but me.

EXT. 79TH ST. BOAT BASIN -- RIVERSIDE PARK -- NEW YORK CITY -
EARLY MORNING

Cloud break. Bleached winter sky. An old overhauled FISHING
BOAT lolls back and forth in its slip.

INT. RAY'S BOAT - - SAME

Ray, banging away on an old Royal typewriter, making manual
corrections, cellphone stuck to his ear. His fold-out table
is stacked with reams of casework.

RAY
(into phone)
--Yeah--no, he's my old C.I., I've
been off the street for awhile...I
registered him, used him on some
other cases--
(reads slip of paper)
Name's Tony Brackett. AKA Tookie.
DOB 3/20/71. Social 831-22-
9871...thanks a lot man, I'll wait
for your call.

Ray dumps the cellphone, yanks a page from the typewriter, stuffs it in a manila envelope and seals it...A sound catches his ear.

He stoops down, peering into the hold...water seeps in underneath a small pile of gift-wrapped boxes.

RAY (CONT'D)
...goddamnit...

He rushes down, scoops up the gifts, jams a sandbag against the leak in the hull's housing, grabs a can of sealant and a towel and starts in.

EXT. QUEENS NEIGHBORHOOD -- FLORAL PARK -- MORNING

A small, two-family home, front lawn dusted with fallen snow. Ray ambles quietly up the walkway, a ribbon-wrapped gift tucked under his arm.

He sets it down on the front porch, arranging the ribbon, then turning and starting back down. The door opens behind him. He stops, looks back...

There, standing on the porch; TASHA PHILLIPS, early 30's, cinammon-skinned, stunning to look at, even in 7am sunlight, wrapped in a housecoat.

TASHA
You weren't going to knock or anything?

He shifts nervously at the sight of her.

RAY
Nah, I didn't want to spoil your--
I didn't have time or I would've
dropped this off last night...

They're both obviously uncomfortable...

TASHA
...How've you been?

RAY
Not bad. Y'know just-- staying
busy, trying to...What about you,
how you been?

TASHA
Good...busy.

A beat, strained silence.

RAY
So, y'going to your moms...for
Christmas?

TASHA
They're coming over here...my
sister's in town with the kids...

Ray nods, uneasy, staring at his shoes...

TASHA (CONT'D)
You?

RAY
Going over to Franny's...family's
having the big holiday to-do at his
house this year...

Tasha, gets it...

TASHA
...How's Abby?

RAY
Y'know, brick and mortar...always.

Tasha smiles, sad, hopeful. A beat.

TASHA
And Franny? How's he holding up?

RAY
Ahhh...you know...cops don't cry
right?

Tasha gets it. She holds, looks Ray over.

TASHA
I heard about Lonnie...I'm
sorry...I was going to call, but...

Ray, not buying it...

RAY
Yeah, but you have to pick up a
phone to do that, so--

Tasha, her tone shifting, hardening...

TASHA
What do you want Ray?

Ray, no response.

TASHA (CONT'D)
It's Christmas morning...you're
leaving presents on my stoop...why?

RAY
...I wanted to see you while you
were still my wife--

TASHA
--Ray, don't start--

RAY
Cause after next month--

TASHA
Ray--

RAY
--If you meant what you said, to
have and to hold, all that shit, if
they weren't just words--

TASHA
Oh, you've got fucking nerve.

RAY
--You bailed on us Tash. I bottomed
out and you didn't have the stomach
to--

TASHA
--don't you dare accuse me of not
being there! I did everything I
could for you! I stuck it out with
you to the very last second!

Her words hit Ray hard, truthful, he knows it...Tasha,
softening...

TASHA (CONT'D)
Something had to give Raymond...You
made your choices...I made mine...

Ray, stands there...

RAY
Y'know, the hardest thing about
this is how much I still love
you...

She knows, feels the same way, Tasha moves to Ray, embraces him, he hugs back, they hold each other...

TASHA

You have a merry Christmas okay?

RAY

Yeah...you too.

Tasha blinks back tears, watching Ray as he shuffles back to his car, getting in, driving away...

INT. CORNER BODEGA -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - - DAY

Egan's boys, Carbone and Santiago, entering the bodega, in uniform. Carbone moves to the counter, Santiago hits the aisles, stocking up on bottles of beer and cartons of Lucky Strikes, all gratis for the boys in blue.

The owner obediently hands over an envelope. Carbone, spot count, facile as a fucking bank teller...it's all there. Then, a shift, Carbone sours, eyes narrow.

CARBONE

(to owner)

Angel Tezo...? Huh? Y'know him, right?

The owner, an adamant head shake, "no." Carbone pulls a .38 snub, puts it to his head.

CARBONE (CONT'D)

Yeah, you do, y'cocksucker, try--

SANTIAGO

...He doesn't know him man.

CARBONE

No, he knows him. He knows this fuck. They're all hooked up, he's moving drugs outta here, isn't he--
(jamming gun in his face)
Isn't he!

The owner, his head on a spring, "no, no." Carbone, clowning, forcing the man to his knees, barrel in his ear, thumbing the hammer--

SANTIAGO

--Eddie--

Click--dry fire-- the owner cries out, cringing-- click, click--

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)
Eddie! What the fuck!?

Carbone pulls the owner up from his prone position.

CARBONE
(to owner)
C'mon, just testin' we're friends,
we're still friends--

Carbone, big grin, putting the gun under his own chin, repeatedly pulling the trigger, wedging the gun in the owner's rigid fingers, sticking it into his own chest, letting the man pull the trigger--

CARBONE (CONT'D)
Huh-- see?

Santiago grabs Carbone, hauling him out of the store.

CARBONE (CONT'D)
Feliz Navidad...

EXT. FRANCIS JR.'S HOME -- VALLEY STREAM, LONG ISLAND -- DAY

A middle class split-level suburban home. Two of the Farrell kids, Caitlin and Francis, playing in the snow.

INT. FRANCIS JR'S HOME -- VALLEY STREAM, LONG ISLAND -- DAY

Christmas Day. A beautifully trimmed Douglas Fir. MAUREEN FARRELL, 50's, flies around the kitchen, pulling cassarole dishes out of the oven, making bowls of mashed potatoes, stewing candied yams, preparing a holiday ham, etc.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

ON THE TELEVISION

NEWSCASTER
--the murders of five New York City
police officers, brutally slain
after a raid on a Washington
Heights apartment building resulted
in a shootout with armed suspects.

NEWSCASTER(cont'd)

This incident has sent shockwaves rippling through the whole of the NYPD. Our Mark Dehaven has this report...

Francis Sr. sips a drink, watching the broadcast, distant, distracted. His granddaughter BAILEY, 5, sits in his lap, making Christmas cards.

BAILEY

See this one Grandpa?

Francis Sr. coming around slow, looking at her.

FRANCIS SR.

Whatta we got here?

He looks at the card. Ray comes in, leaning over them...

RAY

Whatcha doin' sweetpea?

BAILEY

Makin' Christmas cards...

RAY

Wow, Christmas cards...those are beautiful.

Bailey smiles and keeps coloring. Maureen pops her head out from the kitchen--

MAUREEN

Where is everyone? Food'll be ready in about a half-hour.

FRANCIS SR.

They'll be here Mo...

MAUREEN

Bailey, honey, wanna help grandma bake Christmas cookies?

Bailey's face brightens. She leaps to her feet and runs into the kitchen. Ray hands the old man a FOLDER.

FRANCIS SR.

So it's going good?

RAY

It's going Pop...read the Fives tonight if you can, then we can talk.

FRANCIS SR.
We got anything on Tezo?

RAY
No, we're gettin' blanked all the
way across...

Ray, troubled by something. The old man senses it.

FRANCIS SR.
What is it? You alright?

RAY
It's just...this investigation,
it's--

FRANCIS SR.
--You just be sure to run
everything through me-- tip on a
napkin, back of a matchbook-- I
want to see everything, you
understand?

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

Painting line the walls, murals, collages, abstracts. Bare
canvases, stretched on frames, sit stacked in the corner.

ABBY FARRELL, early 30's, standing in front of a full-length
mirror, bath towel around her head and waist, bare breasts
and ripe midriff...Her features are gaunt, eyes and cheeks
drawn, sunken...Her beauty however, remains sublime.

Francis Jr. lays out her holiday dress on the bed.

ABBY
My ribs are starting to stick out.

FRANCIS JR.
Your ribs are not sticking out.

She does little twist and twirls, examining her reflection.

ABBY
And my shoulders are all bony
now...

Fran comes up behind her, kissing her shoulders, moving down.

FRANCIS JR.
Your shoulders are beautiful--
(he kisses them)

FRANCIS JR.(cont'd)

Your ribs are beautiful--
 (he kisses them)
 The small of your back here, the
 little soup bowl, that's beautiful.

He kisses her there, tugging at the towel around her waist.
 She grabs his hands.

ABBY

Hey now! What's all this?

FRANCIS JR.

It's the season of giving girl.
 It's Santa, come to fill stockings.

Abby turns around and kisses him full on the mouth, laughing.
 He stares at her, slowly moving his hand up and removing the
 towel from around her head...Her smile slowly dissolves.

The towel comes down...She's almost bald, a wispy crown of
 hair is all that remains...Abby Farrell is dying of
leukemia...Fran kisses her on top of her head.

ABBY

I'm not wearing that stupid wig
 anymore.

FRANCIS JR.

You don't have to.
 (beat, mock serious)
 I'll wear it for the both of us.

Abby, radiant grin, a brilliant, throaty laugh. Fran laughs
 along with her.

ABBY

It itches and I feel like a muppet
 when I have it on.

FRANCIS JR.

No explanation necessary, I'm with
 you baby, you wanna go au naturale,
 cue ball--

He rubs her smoothed head. She rubs his shaved head.

ABBY

--chrome dome--

FRANCIS JR.

--Mr. and Mrs. Clean...

They embrace, kissing.

FRANCIS JR.
While we still have a moment to
ourselves...

Fran produces a SMALL BOX from behind his back. Abby takes
it, eyes instantly welling up.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)
You're such an easy lay. Look at
you, crying already, you don't even
know what's in there.

Abby giggles, wiping her eyes. She removes the lid...Inside,
a beautiful silver CLAUDAUGH RING. An old Irish fealty band.
Now the tears come for real.

ABBY
Oh my god baby...

Fran's eyes start to mist.

FRANCIS JR.
There's an inscription there...

Abby reads the inside of the band.

ABBY
(reading)
"Mo Cion Daonnan"

FRANCIS JR.
It's Gaelic.
(beat)
It's means "My Love Eternal."

Abby starts to cry and laugh and kiss him wildly...Fran
swallows her up in his arms.

INT. FOYER - - SAME

The front door opens and in strides the EGAN CLAN: Jimmy,
Megan and their two kids. Jimmy is loaded down with presents,
whistling Christmas carols. Everyone comes around to greet
them.

The Farrell kids swarm in, tearing at the presents, Jimmy and
Megan dispense gifts, a flurry of wrapping paper and ribbon
and the kids are off again.

Jimmy's kids dash off to join the others. Megan hugs Ray and
her father before retiring to the kitchen to help Maureen.
Jimmy gives the old man a hug.

JIMMY
Merry Christmas Chief.

FRANCIS SR.
Merry Christmas Jimmy.

Jimmy greets Ray, putting an arm around him.

JIMMY
Slim.

RAY
Jimbo.

JIMMY
So I hear you're on? Good to have
you back out in the world again.

RAY
Good to be out...

JIMMY
(beat, at a whisper)
So I hear this Tezo, he hit a blood
bank. Clipped two of his own--

RAY
Three-- they found the getaway car
burned to the ground, body inside,
some banger named Arvell Poinés,
Tezo's second cousin-- took one in
the back of the head.

JIMMY
...well, just get him huh? For
them, for us-

RAY
--I don't, somebody's bound to...

JIMMY
...Count on it.

At that moment Abby appears with Fran Jr., coming slowly down the steps, almost ethereal in appearance, donned in a red dress and knit cap. Everyone greets her with great warmth and affection.

She moves through the family, greeting everyone individually, showing them the ring Francis gave her, explaining the inscription, embarrassing the hell out of him.

Fran Jr. catches Jimmy's attention. He signals him toward the back room. The two of them slip away.

Abby finally makes her way to Ray, hugging him, planting a kiss on his cheek.

ABBY
This handsome man here...

RAY
Hey sweetie...

Abby leans in.

ABBY
(whispering)
...Have you spoken to Tasha?

RAY
Why did I know you were going to ask me about that Abby?

ABBY
Because I know you Raymond.

INT. FRAN'S HOME -- BACK BEDROOM -- SAME

Francis Jr., pulling Jimmy in, shutting the door.

FRANCIS JR.
Talk to me.

JIMMY
Fran, nobody knows anything--

FRANCIS JR.
--that's fucking bullshit--

JIMMY
--c'mon, keep your voice down--

FRANCIS JR.
--I swear to God, I'll start calling 'em in on the carpet, one at a time.

JIMMY
Before you-- gimme a few days, on my own, t'sort it out, will you give me that?

FRANCIS JR.

--swear to me, right here, right now, you're completely free of this thing. That you're not involved in any way--

JIMMY

--Fran, Jack Madrice and I were out at Rodman's Neck last week, at the range--

FRANCIS JR.

--and he never mentioned--

JIMMY

--not a word. Not a fucking word. They were on their own Franny.

FRANCIS JR.

Jimmy, goddamn you gotta be straight with me here.

JIMMY

--Just gimme a couple days, ask around, we'll figure out what the fuck happened.

INT. DINING ROOM - - LATER

The family, gathered for Christmas Dinner. The old man carves the ham, side dishes get distributed back and fourth, the din of clanging utensils and stemware mix with the chitchat.

MEGAN

...so the front door's wide open, which I thought was weird, because, lets face it, you know Franny, if he wasn't a cop he'd be a locksmith. So I go in the house and I can't find anyone...I go upstairs into Abby's room and she's not there...but the place is a mess-- all her drawers are open, clothes everywhere...Then I go into Bailey's room, and it's the same thing. Now I'm really worried.

MEGAN(cont'd)

Then all of a sudden I hear this weird grunting sound from outside...so I go to the window and I see Abby and Bailey standing in the middle of the back yard, surrounded by all their stuff-- luggage, dolls, a lamp-- and Abby's digging a hole. So I open the window and I yell, "What on God's earth are you two doing?" And Abby looks up at me and says, "Bailey and I are going on a trip." So I say, "A trip, really? Where you guys going?" And Bailey says, "Me and mommy are digging to China. Wanna go with us, Aunt Megan?"

Everyone laughs. Abby smiles.

ABBY

I promised Bailey I'd take her to the Great Wall.

BAILEY

And we climbed it! All the way up to the top!

MAUREEN

(to Bailey)

Next time you go to China sweetie, make sure you call Grandma, because your Grandfather refuses to take me anywhere.

FRANCIS SR.

I told you Mo, three years...In three years I'll take you anywhere you want.

JIMMY

Y'better hope you snag that Chief of D's seat, clock's tickin'.

MAUREEN

He'll get it. Don't you worry.

FRANCIS SR.

Enough-- you're gonna jinx the b'Jesus out of it now.

(beat)

Besides, I'm just gettin' the seat warm for Franny, right kiddo?

Francis Jr., a coiled spring, can't bear to listen to this, but hides it...

FRANCIS SR.

You'll be a D.I. before you know it
Francis.

A proud smile, Abby rubs Francis' shoulder.

ABBY

And we all know how handsome he
looks in a suit.

JIMMY

Nah he'll stay in the bag, like the
rest of us.

Everyone laughs. Francis Jr. gets up, a thousand thoughts flooding his brain.

FRANCIS JR.

Anybody need anything?

No takers. Francis Jr. heads for the kitchen. Ray watches him go. Chitchat continues. After a moment, Ray wipes his hands, rising, excuses himself.

EXT. FRAN'S HOME -- BACK YARD -- NIGHT

Francis Jr., mind racing, paces the back porch, smoking a cigarette. Ray walks out.

RAY

Franny, what is it, you alright?

No answer...he indicates Francis' cigarette.

RAY (CONT'D)

Thought you quit?

FRANCIS JR.

I did.

Ray, a small smile. Francis Jr. sits on the stoop, stares off, it grows silent.

RAY

You wanna talk?

FRANCIS JR.

'Bout what?

RAY

I don't know...what's goin' on in
your life...what's goin' on in
mine...it's been a while.

Francis, gut knotted, chasing down his own train of
thought...

FRANCIS JR.

...Remember when we were kids,
there was that guy Stan in Dad's
squad, they called him "Stosh--"

RAY

Lafferty, yeah--

FRANCIS JR.

That's it, Stan Lafferty. Remember
when he was killed, what a big deal
that was? I remember sitting at his
funeral and seeing his son, who was
around my age at the time...the
look on that kids face...And then
at the wake, his old man's lying
there...and he goes up to the
coffin and he's just staring at him
and then he says "Daddy, open your
eyes, sit up" and he picks up his
father's hand and he's squeezing
it, "C'mon, Dad, sit up!"

(pause, tearing up)

Lonnie's funeral's tomorrow. Mikey
Cavanugh's the day after...I don't
know what to do, what to say to
them, their wives, their *kids*...

RAY

Say what you feel Fran...that's all
you really have...

Francis lets it sink in...

FRANCIS JR.

...Y'know that kid, Lafferty's son,
he never became a cop...

Francis just sits there, not quite sure what he means. Ray
puts his arm around him. Jimmy appears at the door.

JIMMY

You guys better get your asses back
to the table, the old man's gonna
have a melt down.

Francis and Ray stand, Francis crushing his smoke out underneath his foot.

JIMMY
 (to Fran, off cigarette)
 Thought you quit.

FRANCIS JR.
 I did.

They all head back inside.

EXT. CEMETARY - - QUEENS, NY - - DAY

Lonnie's body is committed to consecrated earth. The CHAPLAIN recites his final eulogy as the casket's lowered into the ground to an accompaniment of pained sobs. The flag is folded and presented to Lonnie's wife. Ray stands beside her, with her kids, consoling, solemn, fighting tears.

Francis Jr., an expression of inscrutable sadness, going to Lonnie's family, offering a captain's condolences.

Snow begins to drift down on the scene; a storm falling with tranquil ease...bidding a final farewell. Jimmy and Megan commiserate with other cops and their wives. Reluctant tears all around.

EXT. CEMETARY -- WEST LAWN - - LATER

Francis Sr. walks amongst the headstones, in heated discussion with Jack Avery and Bill Armstrong. We come in mid-conversation.

ARMSTRONG
 --he raises questions about these officers procurement of "tactical ordnance"-- how they came into possession of the firearms used.

AVERY
 If those Fives intimate that they were carrying guns and gear, wasn't theirs, it's gonna raise red flags all over the 3-1.

ARMSTRONG
 And moreover the NYPD as a whole.

AVERY

And as Precinct Commander your other son is gonna catch the brunt of it. Now we feel like we've done Ray a solid here. And for that, we expect some cooperation. Chief Freeling's on his way out next month, retiring. His slot is gonna open up.

FRANCIS SR.

Y'lost me Jack. What does that have to do with Ray?

AVERY

You've been jockeying for that position...Listen, all we're saying here is, let's make the push together, Ray does well by us, it reciprocates.

FRANCIS SR.

I don't need to make my bones off the backs of my kids. I earn my own meals. Now if it's the Fives he submitted that you're concerned about and you want to subvert portions of--

Armstrong takes immediate offense.

ARMSTRONG

--No, Jesus, Frank, "subvert?"

FRANCIS SR.

Then what? "Supress" Bill? You pick the phrasing--!

Avery steps in, playing peacemaker.

AVERY

--These are marginal edits. Once the investigation ends and we make all elements of the case conclusive, then we can adjust to reflect that, but for now--

ARMSTRONG

--no blowback. Nothing the press can exploit. You need it drawn out in big, block letters Frank, there it is.

EXT. CEMETARY -- PARKING LOT - - LATER

Francis Jr. spent, slumped over, trudging toward his car.
Ray appears, jogging up behind.

RAY

Fran...

Francis Jr. stops, turns.

RAY (CONT'D)

I need to uh-- listen, I know this
is a shitty time and, well--
there's some things I need to talk
to you about.

FRANCIS JR.

What is it?

RAY

These aren't really punches I can
pull. So if you want to do this
somewhere, sit down--

FRANCIS JR.

--no, I want to go home and see my
family. What do you need?

A beat, Ray measures this moment...

RAY

I'm gonna need to know what your
guys were doing in that building
Fran.

A beat. Francis gets defensive.

FRANCIS JR.

They were being cops Raymond.

RAY

I'm not trying to put you on the
spot here, this is just a heads
up...You've got five patrolmen,
some with less than exemplary
service records--

FRANCIS JR.

--you running backgrounds on my
guys--?

RAY
 --jocked-up, head to toe, carrying
 full-automatics, kicking down doors
 on drug dens--

FRANCIS JR.
 --they were my Conditions Unit--

RAY
 They were *off-duty* Francis--

FRANCIS JR.
 --The roll call and the logs
 reflect the tour changes--

RAY
 Then they've been doctored and if
 your comfortable with that--

FRANCIS JR.
 --What is this a fucking "inquest?"

RAY
 No, this is prelims. This is for
 you to test-fire whatever the fuck
 you're gonna say when the real
 questions start coming and trust
 me, they are coming Francis.
 You've got a hundred-seventy-three
 men in your command, a large part
 of what they're doing on or off
 duty is taken on faith. But in this
instance, if I can't sync up the
 "how" and "why" in my Fives then
 they'll send somebody in who can,
 who doesn't give a shit about you
 one way or the other.

FRANCIS JR.
 There's nothing to know.

Ray, pressing...

RAY
 I interviewed this broad, Lisette
 Madera, one of Tezo's tricks. She
 said a friend of his warned Angel
 about the raid and that they were
 on their way.

(long pause)
 She said this friend was a cop
 Francis...*La Policia*.

Francis Jr., picking his head up, expression hardening.

RAY (CONT'D)

This hasn't been written down
anywhere and won't be...That means
I'm withholding...That means I'm
compromising my own
investigation...That means I'm your
brother and I love you and if you
tell me the truth, I'll do
everything in my power to keep you
from getting hurt.

Francis Jr. turns, eyes moving across the mass of headstones.

RAY (CONT'D)

She said his name was "Sandy." You
know anyone that goes by that name?
Anybody in your precinct?

FRANCIS JR.

...No.

RAY

Maybe as a nickname?

FRANCIS JR.

I said no Raymond...I don't know
any "Sandy."

Ray holds, studies his brother's face, then;

RAY

Y'know Fran, it's not gonna take
any peerless detective work, start
piecing all shit this together.
Half the cops in this city were at
that football game-- perfect time
to pull something like that,
everybody's looking the other way.
Now I know you gotta protect your
men-

FRANCIS JR.

They're gone Raymond, they're dead--
Cedric, Jack, Mike, Karl,
Lonnie...They're all dead.

(pause, turning away)

What do I have to protect them from
now?

Francis waits for a response. It never comes. Francis turns
and walks away, collar up, hands stuffed in his pockets.

Ray remains there, conflicted, watching Francis get in his car and drive away...

INT. RAY'S BOAT - - NIGHT

The cabin is covered in casework, fanned out on the fold-up table. Interview transcripts, forensics & ballistics reports, coroners crime scene glossies, tacked up, marked by grease pencil.

Ray, ankle deep in seawater, trying to plug a leak. He's sandbagged the table legs to soak up the water. He sloshes through the hold, cellphone pressed to his ear--

RAY

(into phone)

When's the last time we used him on anything? No good anymore-- cracked out huh? So this is the last known you have on him? Alright, let me start there. Thanks a lot guy.

He clicks off, tosses the phone on the table and begins futzing around with a bilge pump. He hears a voice outside.

FRANCIS SR.

Anybody in?

Ray stands, goes to the door...His father stands on the dock.

RAY

Hey, what are you doing here?

The old man looks past Ray, sees the flooded cabin, smiles...something less than sober.

FRANCIS SR.

You trying to fit the whole river in there kiddo?

Ray grins.

RAY

Had a few nips this evening Pop?

FRANCIS SR.

Glass'a scotch.

RAY

Just one?

FRANCIS SR.

...I used the same glass, yeah.

Ray laughs. The old man smiles wide. They move inside.

INT. CABIN - - SAME

Water crests just below the hold.

RAY

So what brings you out here tonight?

Francis Sr. tosses a FILE up onto the table...Ray's Fives.

FRANCIS SR.

They're asking for some revisions...You make mention of a few things in those Fives and those things make them nervous.

RAY

Do they have any idea how much I've downplayed already? How much I'm flat-out omitting?

FRANCIS SR.

They know, like all of us close to this know, that anything that makes cops look culpable is no good.

RAY

--so that's the official position, they're gonna squash it?

FRANCIS SR.

The job's not gonna stand by and watch the memories of those men smeared by hearsay and allegations. We had Knapp, we had Mollen, we don't need another commission probe touching off--

RAY

--Dad, it's not gonna be me, driving nails into this thing, jamming guys up, not intentionally--

FRANCIS SR.

Intentionally, unintentionally-- very simply, make the changes...No more inferences to corruption or corrupt cops from here on out, and if that troubles you, tough shit kiddo, this isn't just them now--

RAY
--I know that Dad--

FRANCIS SR.
This is you, me, your brother
Francis...*This is our way of life.*

A beat, Ray sits. It's grows silent.

RAY
Have you talked to Fran, I mean
really sat him down and asked him
about some of this?

FRANCIS SR.
He doesn't know anything. He's as
much in the dark as you or me or
anybody.

RAY
So you're not worried about him?

FRANCIS SR.
I didn't say that...

RAY
Which is why you wanted me picked
up on this...you approached Avery
and Armstrong. You lobbied 'em.
Why?

The old man, no response, shrugging him off.

RAY (CONT'D)
No c'mon Pop, I'm workin' outta
Gang Intell. I'm not making
anybody's short list for this
assignment.

FRANCIS SR.
If I remember correctly you
submitted a 57 for that bullshit
assignment yourself. That was your
call.

RAY
That's right, I wanted out of that
bullshit, and now I'm right back in
the middle of it again.

RAY(cont'd)

And yeah, maybe a part of you wants to see me back in the saddle, preserve the family prestige, but the bigger part of you doesn't want to see your other son, who's a true climber, cut off at the knees for what five cops who may or may not be dirty, did! His career'd be fucking train wreck.

The old man huffs, stammers.

FRANCIS SR.

I'm not gonna stand here and listen to this shit--

RAY

Just admit that Pop, I just wanna hear it--

FRANCIS SR.

You don't know what the hell you're talking about.

The old man fumes, turns on his heels, storms off the boat. Ray stews, then starts out after him.

EXT. RAY'S BOAT -- DOCK - - SAME

Ray, rushing out, watching his father retreat down the dock.

RAY

I'm walking with the wolves here
Pop!

The old man continues walking, not bothering to turn back.

INT. 31ST PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Francis Jr. street clothes, rolling in late. The midnight tour about to commence. He trades chitchat on his way through the muster room, heading for the lockers downstairs.

INT. 31ST PRECINCT -- LOCKER ROOM - - SAME

Francis Jr., coming around a corner. He stops, spots somebody O.C., whispers...

FRANCIS JR.

Hey...Sandy.

Luis Santiago looks up, slipping on his vest, fidgeting with the straps--

SANTIAGO
Hey Cap...what are you doing here
this late?

FRANCIS JR.
I need to talk to you.

INT. 31ST PRECINCT -- SHOWER STALLS - - MOMENTS LATER

Santiago, cagey, following Francis into the stalls. Nobody around, floor still damp, steam hanging.

SANTIAGO
What's up?

Francis Jr. turns on him, eyes narrowing--

FRANCIS JR.
I'm gonna ask you this once Sandy.

SANTIAGO
(spooked)
...okay...

FRANCIS JR.
And if your first impulse is to lie
to me, you better resist like hell.

SANTIAGO
Cap, what are you talking about?

Francis Jr. takes a step toward him.

FRANCIS JR.
Angel Tezo...

Santiago, a slight twitch, facial tic...couldn't conceal it.

SANTIAGO
Yeah...?

FRANCIS JR.
This girl they hauled in over at
the five-three, Lisette Madera, she
was the last one with him...She
said a cop tipped Tezo off to the
Washington Heights raid.

Santiago, more twitches, troubled breathing, wants to jack-rabbit in the worst way. Francis, fists flexing, set to fire.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)

She said this cop went by the name
"Sandy..."

Santiago, cracked veneer, it's all coming out...He flails away anyway.

SANTIAGO

I-- I'm-- don't-- some whore spouts
off-- what's she--

Francis, speed lunge, shin shot, Santiago hits the tile howling. Francis grabs neck scruff, drags, handcuffs out, wrist-slap, shackling Sandy to a shower knob.

FRANCIS JR.

YOU SET 'EM UP TO DIE! FIVE OF YOUR
OWN! YOU LET 'EM WALK INTO THAT!?

Santiago sputters, feeble protest, Francis heel-kicks him compliant.

SANTIAGO

*I didn't know-- Jesus Christ Cap,
please, he was-- we grew up
together, I-- I-- our mothers were--
I told him to get out! They were
coming! I didn't know he'd stay and
make a-- he didn't have time to get
out-- I swear I didn't know it'd
end up like that! They were going
in there to kill him-- Egan said
for them to kill--*

Francis, reacting to Jimmy's name.

FRANCIS JR.

--Wai--What? Jimmy? Jimmy Egan?

Santiago, stuttering, choking fit, Francis cranks the cold water, drenching him-- forcing his focus.

SANTIAGO

*He wanted Tezo dead. He sent 'em in
there to do him, take the drugs,
he's been skimming on us--*

Francis, hand up, slowing him down...

FRANCIS JR.

Wait, wait, wait, wait-- he's--
Jimmy was going after drugs?

SANTIAGO

*Kill Tezo, steal his shit-- that
was the deal, but he skimmed, he
says we always split out even, but
I know he's pocketing--*

FRANCIS JR.

--So you got five men fucking
murdered for that!

Santiago begins to sob uncontrollably. Curious cops wander
back toward the stalls, Francis, fuming, waving them off.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)

GET OUTTA HERE! STAY THE FUCK OUTTA
HERE!

Francis cuts the shower flow.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)

You're out. Right now. Tonight.
Use up whatever days you've got.
You show up on the street, I'll
take your shield and shitcan your
pension for good.

SANTIAGO

*--I didn't know-- I don't know
they'd die--*

FRANCIS JR.

I'll do your 28-- now get the fuck
outta here!

Francis leaves...

EXT. FRANCIS JR.'S HOME -- LATE NIGHT

Francis Jr. pulls into the driveway...he gets out of the car
and goes inside.

INT. FRANCIS JR.'S HOME -- GIRL'S BEDROOM - - LATE NIGHT

Caitlin and Bailey are sound asleep. Abby, sitting on a small
couch, watches them from across the room. After a moment the
door gently opens and Francis steps inside. They speak in
whispers.

FRANCIS JR.

Hey.

ABBY

Hey.

Francis gives her a kiss and takes a seat beside her.

ABBY

Late night?

FRANCIS JR.

Yeah...

A beat, Abby measures Francis, reading his face...

ABBY

Everything okay?

FRANCIS JR.

...Community council meeting ran
late...same old bullshit...

Francis changes the subject.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)

How's it going here?

Abby backs off.

ABBY

She hasn't woken up yet...

FRANCIS JR.

Maybe we'll get lucky.

Abby gives him a doubtful look. There's a long pause as they
sit there in silence...

FRANCIS JR.

Why don't we go to bed?

ABBY

I'll be there in a minute.

Abby doesn't move. Not ready to leave yet. Francis stays with
her...

FRANCIS JR.

She's gonna be okay Abby...

Bailey, restless, rolls over...and out of the silence comes a
whisp of a fart...Ray and Abby, giggle.

ABBY
Those are your genes.

FRANCIS JR.
The Farrell curse.

They stifle laughs, which eases into silence as they quietly watch their children sleep. Abby's eyes well up. Francis puts his arm around her.

FRANCIS JR.
You'll always be here with us Abby,
know that.

Tears splash down Abby's cheeks. Francis comforts her.

FRANCIS JR.
And whatever happens, whatever's
going on in our lives, you'll be a
part of it. You'll *always* be their
mother...and that's a blessing from
god.

Abby closes her eyes and lets the words fill up her heart. After a few moments she wills herself back into focus, gazes at Francis, vulnerable, wiping away tears, eyes glowing...

ABBY
Will you make love to me?

The words strike Francis and he receives them as a gift...He offers Abby his hand, she takes it, and they leave the room...

INT. EGAN HOME -- LONG ISLAND -- DAY

Jimmy, through the backdoor with his kids, covered in snow, laughing, carrying on, his youngest, Matthew, bundled up babushka, Jimmy tickling him relentlessly-- his daughter Shannon, pulling off her boots, asking for hot chocolate.

They hear voices from the other room...Jimmy's wife, talking with someone...He sets Matthew down.

INT. EGAN HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Megan Egan, chatting with a man at their front door...Jimmy gets a glimpse: Slick-dress, dark-skin, straight sleaze. ELADIO CASADO, 30's, pimp, pusher, penal system all-star.

MEGAN
 (turning back)
 Somebody's here to see you.

Megan, obviously pissed, glaring at her husband as she passes. Jimmy, clenched jaw, barely concealed rage. Casado walks in, stamping snow off his shoes, dusting Jimmy's carpet. Jimmy plants a hand in his chest.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Go around back.

Stand-off...Casado doesn't budge. Jimmy, furious.

JIMMY
 Get fucking outside now.

Casado backs off, smiling, gold-plated grill gleaming, walking out the front door. Megan scoops up the kids, they cling like lint. Jimmy trails them into the hall.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry-- this will not happen
 again--

MEGAN
 --it better never. Who is that?

JIMMY
 --nobody, he's outta here in five
 minutes--

MEGAN
 Franny's called three times now.
 He keeps leaving messages. Any
 reason you're not calling him back?

JIMMY
 Bobby's going on vacation, he
 probably wants me to cover, I'll
 talk to'm tonight.
 (to kids)
 --Kisses please--

The kids kiss their father.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 You too mommy...

She offers her cheek, he swipes lips anyway, she punches him.
 The kids giggle.

EXT. EGAN HOME -- BACKYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Jet-skis in storage, showroom new RV in the car-port, a tarp covered pool, recently dug. Frosty the snowman, replete with carrot stick and scarf, stands sentry.

JIMMY

You know how many cops I got for neighbors you fuckin' moron! What got into your head, you come here, to *my home!*

CASADO

I page, I ain't hear shit back, I ain't gotcha cell--

JIMMY

--you coulda caught a tail, they could have eyes and ears on us, right now, you stupid fuck--

CASADO

--Yo, yo, yo, you best revise that tone a touch Dawg-- I don't let nobody talk bitch to me-- I peeled caps back for a lot less shit than that--

Jimmy-- melting down faster than Frosty-- grabbing Casado's Gucci.

JIMMY

Listen cocksucker--

CASADO

--Getcha hands off me--

Jimmy pulls him close.

JIMMY

--I don't give a shit how much jack you think you got in this world, who you're running with, who's backing your play-- you come to my house, try to fucking flex on me--

Casado breaks Jimmy's grip, stumbling, tries to laugh it off...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

--Yeah, smile asshole, big grins
Goldie...you got nothin' here.
You're the rag I wipe off with--

Casado, straightening his leather.

CASADO

You hard as fuck Jimmy-- I give ya
props, little wife and kid thing,
playin' daddy--

(beat, points)

--buildin' snowmen and shit, but
you ain't letcha game lag-- you
still nails B...'cept with Tezo.
Why this bitch still breathin'
after I threw 75K your way--

JIMMY

--we on the clock with you? This a
buzzer beater?

CASADO

For that scratch? It motherfucken
best be! You suppose to stop takin'
his money, start takin' mine.

JIMMY

You glanced at a TV lately?

CASADO

Yeah, ya'll been fuckin' busy,
y'boys gettin' blasted like that...

(beat, hard)

I just need to know we still
straight...and you on this shit.

JIMMY

Did I make the arrangement? Take
the money?

CASADO

You betcha ass.

JIMMY

So what's that say to you?

CASADO

Don't say shit to me-- mafuckas
take money all the time, don't
deliver-- I wanna know when his ass
gonna get dead--

JIMMY

When he's dead, it's done. And if I see you out here again, anywhere near my house, I'm gonna get on you, in a big, big fucking way slick...you got that?

Casado, grinning gold, walking away. The sparring session comes to a close.

INT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS APARTMENT - - DAY

Door shouldered open, shrieks, figures scatter, Jimmy and Kenny, batons lashing, full cuts, Mantle & Maris, pulverizing furniture, framed photos, bashing a baby bassinet-- a Dominican man, RICARDO "COCO" DOMENGUEZ, hands up, -no harm here--

Jimmy, swinging, sweet-spot catching chin- Domenguez crumbles to the carpet, coughing up teeth.

Jimmy hauls him to his feet, throwing him into a glass hutch. It explodes with his weight, panes shatter, shards slice-- Domenguez, soaked in blood, standing -all guts, dumb bravado-- jaw dislocated.

An OLD WOMAN, Domenguez's mother, mouths off behind a beaded curtain. Kenny pulls his .38, putting two rounds into the archway above her head. She screams, sprawling to the floor-

JIMMY

Angel Tezo.

Domenguez, fingering raw gumline, spitting mouthfuls of blood.

DOMENGUEZ

He gone you motherfucker...

JIMMY

Gone where Coco?

DOMENGUEZ

Gone. Gone. Do y'fucken job an find'im.

(beat, grinning)

Y'let me get up from this shit, I'mma come back t'snatch y'ass Egan! Come in here, shoot at my mother-- fuck up the way I look--

Domenguez's WIFE appears, holding a NEWBORN, bottle-feeding it. Jimmy signals her over-- confused, frightened, a nervous glance to her husband--

DOMENGUEZ (CONT'D)
Stay there Angelique--

Jimmy walks over, reaching for the baby, the mother resists, Jimmy pries the infant away. Domenguez, trying to stand-- Kenny, baton-shot, swatting his ankle, crushing it-- He screams.

Jimmy, placing the baby on an ironing board, plugging in the iron.

JIMMY
Kenny, put a call into BCW, give 'em the address, tell 'em they gotta take an infant outta here. First degree burns over most of its body-- tell 'em the baby's face is badly disfigured--

Kenny goes to the phone. Domenguez looks on, abject horror, his wife wails, begging for her baby back. Jimmy tests the iron, spit sizzles, red-hot, he grips, holding it inches from the infant's face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Angel...Tezo...

Domenguez, machismo no mas...

DOMENGUEZ
--over in Bushwick, he could be--

Iron hissing-- baby's big brown eyes.

DOMENGUEZ (CONT'D)
*--He's running, he's out there--
this old bitch, she got this place-*

The infant begins to cry.

JIMMY
What place? You talk to him?

DOMENGUEZ
He be there for a few days-- this old ladies crib-- I ain't got the address, her name is Esther-- somethin'-- she got these nephews, crazy as all fuck--

JIMMY
--Esther what?

DOMENGUEZ
--Kane-- *Esther Kane!*

Jimmy and Kenny eye one another...they know the name.

The iron up comes up-- Jimmy yanks it from the wall, whipping it at Domenguez. He ducks-- it clatters off the hutch, sizzling on shattered glass. Jimmy picks the baby up, kiss on the cheek, tender, sincere...scary. He hands the child back to its mother.

JIMMY
He's beautiful...

She snatches the baby, scurrying into the back bedroom. Jimmy and Kenny head for the door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You breathe a word of this, I come back here, slit your throat, fuck your wife and kill your kid...You tip Tezo I'll make it even worse.
(beat)
We'll send an ambulance over.

With that, Jimmy and Kenny stroll out of the apartment.

EXT. STREET CORNER -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - - DAY

Open air drug market. Middle-Eastern-bazaar, street-theatre vibe. Crackheads swarm, hustling vials.

Ray, in his unmarked, parked a block away, watching through binoculars...waiting...waiting...Bingo. He sees:

TONY "TOOKIE" BRACKETT, gaunt, hollow-cheeked, hunching along the street. Ray gets out, crosses the street, calls out--

RAY
Tookie!

Tookie glances back, eyes bugged, squinting, eyes Ray.

Ray, friendly gait, keep him cool...Tookie, wired, erratic, a nervous glint of recognition. Ray nods, still all smiles, closing the gap-- then-- Tookie jackrabbits.

Ray, smile evaporating, hauling ass after him.

Tookie hightails it through the crowded streets, barrelling past pedestrians. Ray bears down on him. Tookie disappears into an abandoned building.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Ray, gun drawn, hard charging. Tookie, bounding up the stairwell, three steps at a time.

Tookie reaches the top landing, bashing through a door, slamming it closed behind him. Ray, heaving, pulls open the door and plows out onto:

EXT. ROOF -- SAME

Tookie, fevered, choking fit, too much crack clogging up the works-- he sprints across the roof. Ray rushes after him, exhausted, pissed.

RAY
(sucking air)
Tookie, stop, goddamn it--!

Tookie reaches the ledge, nowhere to go. He turns back to Ray, face twisted panic--

TOOKIE
Stay back, mothafucka! Keep y'ass
the fuck back!

Ray holsters his gun, hands on his hips, trying to *breathe*, advancing on Tookie.

RAY
I just wanted to talk to you
dipshit...how is it you can smoke
that shit, fry your lungs and still
run a 4.2 forty--

Ray slams Tookie onto the ground, plants a knee, pushes his head prone, clasps cuffs, starts to frisk him, stops--

RAY (CONT'D)
Any needles Tookie? 'Cuz if I get
poked, I'm gonna be real pissed
off, y'got any hypes on you? Just
nod.

Tookie, big "no," his face caked in roofing gravel. Ray eases his hand in anyway, strips Tookie's pockets, busted shards, glassines of crack, crumpled smokes, dime bags, rolling papers.

RAY (CONT'D)
Still sucking the devil's dick huh
Took? No new hobbies?

He tosses the contraband aside--

TOOKIE
This ain't the way it 'spose to be--

RAY
How's it 'spose to be? I come, pay
you a visit, you jackrabbit on me?

Ray releases him, sits back, catches his breath. Tookie scrambles to his knees, coughs, spits...

TOOKIE
What the fuck Farrell? I ain't seen
your ass in a grip...

Tookie, nonchalant, starts pocketing his dope--

RAY
Hey, put the shit down! What is
this the fuckin' airport, I hand it
back?

Ray smacks Tookie's hand--

RAY (CONT'D)
Put it down!
(Tookie drops the drugs,
sulks)
Now I need some skank my man. Just
like old times. You do me favors, I
do you favors.
(beat)
Angel Tezo...

TOOKIE
You and every other cop in this
city.

RAY
He's getting put up somewhere, I
wanna know--

TOOKIE
I don't know shit man--

RAY
--five cops are dead. Now I know
you were steering for Tezo. I also
know you were running with his
cousin Arvell Poinés before he got
whacked--

TOOKIE
I don't know anything man, I swear
Farrell, on all I love...

RAY
Tookie, you don't come clean with
me, you'll be duckin' dicks at
Rikers before the fuckin' weeks
out.

TOOKIE
I don't--

RAY
--You're out on parole on a drug
charge. Now that's fact. I see you
making a buy at a known drug spot--
(grabs vial)
Which we have here. That's now
felony possession, which means,
you're fucked, any which way and
every which way...Fleeing the
scene, resisting arrest, that's a
minimum two year sentence, you tack
on the felony pop, you're goin'
upstate motherfucker, permanent
address.

Ray pockets the contraband. Tookie, jittery, freaked--

TOOKIE
Yo, yo, shit man--

RAY
Y'gotta get a lot more verbal than
that Took.

Ray pops the top off the crack vial, about to dump it--

TOOKIE
No! Fuck, please, no, no!

RAY
Where's Tezo?

Ray, dangling the vial, carrot & stick, Tookie, desperate, dying to get at it.

TOOKIE
He'll smoke my ass, I talk to you--

RAY
Nothing's gonna happen to you, I
won't let anything happen...Now
tell me where he is.

Tookie indicates the vial and pipe in Ray's hands.

TOOKIE
You gonna give it back?

RAY
Just tell me where he is...

INT. CAR - - NIGHT

Ray, cruising in an unmarked, dispatch crackles.

DISPATCH
*--on address request-- Kane,
Esther, four-forty-six Central
Avenue. Black Female, D.O.B.
11/23/45, Warrants outstanding--*

--No response from Ray as he pulls down a back alley,
parking. He scans the rooftop for spotters...sees none, pops
the dash, pockets a 9mm Auto and extra clips.

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!

Ray, hearing gunshots, reacts, jumps out, breaks into a run
down the alley. He arrives at the back of the building--
broken glass on the ground, tear gas haze above--

RAY (ON THE RADIO)
10-13!10-13! SHOTS FIRED! SHOTS
FIRED! NEED BACK-UP AT FOUR-FORTY-
SIX CENTRAL AVENUE!

Ray breathes deep, holds it-- yanks open the door.

INT. FLOP HOUSE -- STAIRWELL - - SAME

BLACKOUT.

The power is down. Ray enters, teargas clouds, eyes stung-- pausing, pulling his piece-- back pressed to the stairwell wall, fumbling for his mini-mag, pitch black-- impossible to see, then...screams from above, taunts, somebody being beaten. Ray moves up the stairs, eyes chemical scorched.

INT. FLOP HOUSE -- TOP FLOOR - - SAME

Ray's mini-mag light finds TWO BODIES, shot dead...screams sound from down the hall, immense pain-- voices discern; several men.

Ray, digging at his eyes, trying to keep them from swelling shut-- short sharp breaths-- he stays in a crouch, weapon trained-- moving thorough the dark, toward the open door at the end of the hall...Room 13.

INT. ROOM THIRTEEN - - SAME

Ray, peering through the crack-- bathroom door ajar, flashlights strobe, cops crowded around a sink-- fists flying-- an inert form-- something being shoved, thrusts of movement-- more screams...questions: "who gave us up!" The name "Santiago" being babbled over and over.

Ray edges into the room...Stripped gas-masks, strewn around the room, holsters and gun-belts in a pile, rifles, still hot, stacked on a murphy bed. Ray approaches the bathroom, a man pinned, writhing "*Suck on this motherfucker, swallow!*"

Gagging sounds, muted screams-- Ray sees Eddie Carbone, visible through the crack, he turns suddenly, spots Ray's mag-light-- gun coming up-- Ray, flashing gold shield, yelling--

RAY
I'M A COP!

Jimmy, looking, sees Ray, rushes out, closing the door--

RAY (CONT'D)
Jimmy!? What the fuck are you doing here--?

Exasperated-- Jimmy fumbles for a response.

RAY (CONT'D)
Where's Tezo!?

JIMMY
Ray, we got him, get on the horn--

Ray, moving past-- Jimmy grabs at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Ray, it's handled--

He pulls away, pushing open the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM -- SAME

Ray reels...stunned by what he sees, his light moving over the floor to...ANGEL TEZO; horribly beaten, bruises and contusions still in bloom, blood running in rivulets...

RAY
What the hell did you do...?

The cops, Dugan, Carbone...flashlights frozen, dull stares.

Ray plows past, reaching Tezo, removing a police baton that's been shoved down his throat, turning him over; face pallid, pulse non-existent. He digs a finger into Tezo's mouth, clearing his air-way.

RAY (CONT'D)
(to other cops)
GET A BUS!! *WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT!!?*

Jimmy, cool as they come...

JIMMY
Let it go Ray. He's done.

Undeterred, Ray tears off Tezo's shirt, starting CPR, five-count, pauses, ear pressed to chest-- heartbeat barely there-- he resumes, repositioning, shifting his gun-belt, hip-holster exposed.

He keeps it up, listens, still nothing, sits back up-- feels a grab off his waist--

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Ray, jarred, jumping back. Jimmy fires three rounds into Tezo's chest, killing him instantly-- Ray gropes an empty holster-- gun not there...

The room goes still...a silence that seems to stretch for hours...Ray pulls himself to his feet, ears ringing reverb, gape-jawed, gawking Tezo's dead body.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He's done...

Jimmy hands him his gun back...

Ray explodes, attacking Jimmy-- Dugan and Carbone step in and subdue him-- pinning him to the wall. Jimmy, gash laid open above his eye, right in Ray's face, restraining him--

RAY

YOU MOTHER-FUCKER!

JIMMY

Ray, Ray, Ray, listen, listen now,
hey, hey-- I love you-- believe me,
y'know I do, we're *family*--

Dugan quickly gathers up the tactical gear, he takes Tezo's cash and drugs and stuffs it into a duffel bag, whisking it away-- sirens sound right outside-- Cops coming-- storming up the steps.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're a cop Ray...like the rest of
us...You're a cop.

The lights suddenly pop back on, power restored...Blue uniforms flood the room seconds later, guns flush, seizing the scene...Egan's crew releases Ray. He slumps to the floor.

EXT. FLOP HOUSE - - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ray, sitting on the bumper of an EMT ambulance, administered to by medics-- 02 tubes taped under his nose-- blood pressure gauged-- pulse popping seismic...he stews, doing a slow burn on Jimmy, sitting on the hood of a radio car across from him.

The medic shines a light in his eyes; busted capillaries-- bloodshot from gas exposure-- pupils dialated to pins--

MEDIC

You feeling any nausea or
headaches? Any ill-effects from the
tear gas?

Ray, mute, *migraine mounting*. The press arrives. Reporters flocking to live feeds.

Uniformed cops cordon the scene, sealing the block. An NYPD INSPECTOR confers with all the officers involved. He reaches Ray.

NYPD INSPECTOR
Sergeant?

Ray, locked up on Jimmy. The Inspector scribbles notes in a steno.

NYPD INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
We're gonna do the debriefing at
One PP, but it looks like a clean
shoot.

RAY
I'm not going downtown.

The Inspector stops writing.

NYPD INSPECTOR
What do you mean you're not going
downtown--

RAY
I got nothing to say--

Ray yanks the blood-pressure wrap off his arm, tugs the oxygen tubes free.

NYPD INSPECTOR
Sergeant Farrell--

Ray stands, starts to leave.

NYPD INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Sergeant Farrell!

Ray ignores the inspector, passing by Jimmy, glowering...he continues down the alley, ducks the cordon...and leaves.

INT. FRANCIS' HOME -- GIRLS' BEDROOM - - NIGHT

Francis and Abby, getting the kids ready for bed. As Francis whisks his son in his arms the doorbell RINGS downstairs. Francis and Abby share a look, he sets down his boy, and goes to answer it.

INT. FRANCIS' HOME -- HALLWAY - - MOMENTS LATER

There's hard KNOCKS on the front door. Francis comes down the stairs, switches on the porch light, pulls open the door...Ray, head pounding pistons, eyes swollen slits, blocks the *light*, blows past him, whiteflash--

RAY
You lied to me.

Ray, on the move, charges into the kitchen, rifling through cabinets and drawers. Francis follows...

RAY (CONT'D)
When I asked you, did you know anybody in the precinct, goes by the name Sandy, by that *nickname*, you said "No, you didn't", so you fucking lied to me!

FRANCIS JR.
...I withheld--

Ray, slams a drawer, coming up empty, nauseus, tunnel vision--

RAY
Don't you have any goddamn pills in this house?! My head's fuckin'--

Ray, at the sink, wrings out a dish rag--

FRANCIS JR.
--I wasn't gonna talk outta turn and wind up running one of my guys under, till I could figure out what the fuck was happening--

Ray goes to the fridge, dumps ice cubes into the rag, runs it under the tap, gets it wet--

RAY
--if I.A. pulls me in to question-

FRANCIS JR.
--whoa, Raymond, why the hell would I.A. pull you in--

RAY
He was murdered Francis, he was fucking tortured!

Ray snaps off the lights, sits, presses the rag to his face, rocking in the darkness...Francis, trying to get his bearings...

FRANCIS JR.
Who, who was tortured?

RAY
Tezo...Jimmy got 'em...He's dead...

Francis, mind racing...

FRANCIS JR.
Jimmy...

RAY
And yeah, that asshole had it coming, but there are rules that we're supposed to abide by Francis! We don't just fucking murder people!

Fran sits down next to Ray, trying to collect his thoughts...

FRANCIS JR.
How do you know it was Jimmy?

Ray, taking the rag from his eyes, glares at Francis, bloodshot slits...Francis, searching...

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)
Who else knows?

Ray, looking like he's bruised from the inside out, fixes Francis with a cold stare...Then, disgusted, he gets up, tosses the dishrag, starts to leave--

RAY (CONT'D)
I can't do this--

Francis grabs him, pulling him up short.

FRANCIS JR.
Whoa, where you going?!

RAY
This isn't Crown Heights Franny--

FRANCIS JR.
--Ray, enough with the pious bullshit okay? You and I both know how things work--

RAY

That's right, you told me *once* how things work, but tell me *again* Franny-- 'cuz I keep losin' my place on the page-- or maybe one of us is full of shit!

The words hangs there. They study each other. Then all at once Ray turns and heads for the door--

RAY (CONT'D)

I got a decision to make.

FRANCIS JR.

What decision's that?

RAY

You fucking figure it out.

Ray leaves. Francis Jr. is left standing there, a knot tightening inside him...Then...an audible THUMP sound from upstairs. Francis glances up at the ceiling, then, quickly gathering himself, bolts for the stairs.

INT. FRANCIS' HOME -- GIRLS' ROOM - - SAME

Abby, collapsed on the floor, in the middle of the room. The hardwood beneath her is wet with urine. Francis comes rushing in.

FRANCIS JR.

Baby what happened?

ABBY

I fell, I landed on my knees, it's okay...

The kids stand there, frozen, frightened, confused. Francis moves to lift her up.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(to the kids)

It's okay...Mommy just fell...

Abby, intense struggle to get to her feet. Francis helps Abby haul herself up slowly...tremendous effort and exertion involved, painful to watch...

CAITLIN

Mommy, can I do anything?

FRANCIS JR.
 Mommy's fine guys.
 (to Caitlin)
 Caitlin, I need you to take care of
 your brother and sister right now,
 okay?

Caitlin nods. Francis offers a shoulder as Abby steadies herself. He helps her toward their bedroom.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)
 C'mon, let's get you in the tub...

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Francis, setting Abby on the toilet seat, stripping off her nightgown, turning on the tub faucet. He balls up her soiled nighty, tossing it into the laundry bin.

ABBY
 I'm sorry...

FRANCIS JR.
 What're you sorry for? It was an
 accident, this happens...

ABBY
 ...this has never happened Fran...
 (pause, quietly, eyes
 closed)
 ...It's gone into my bones...

Francis, cleaning her off, trying to avoid the obvious topic...

FRANCIS JR.
 I'm gonna take some sick days, stay
 home for awhile...

He hoists her up, lowering her carefully into the water. Wetting a cloth, he starts to wipe her down...Her body is wasting away. Francis' heart, ripping in half.

Abby slowly opens her eyes, looking at him, reaching up, taking his hand, kissing it.

ABBY
 Hey...come over here...

Francis, tears coming on, trying to blink them back. He draws close to Abby. She takes his face in her hands, looking into his eyes, voice at a whisper.

ABBY (CONT'D)
My sweet baby boy...

She kisses his eyes, tastes tears, kisses his lips, softly... Abby, unbearably strong in this moment, as if it's clear to her for the first time...She speaks calmly...

ABBY (CONT'D)
I want you to let go Francis...When it's time. *I need you to let go...*

He shakes his head side to side, tears falling into the tub.

FRANCIS JR.
I can't-- Abby, I'm-- I don't think I can do that-- not if there's still fight, not if...

She cradles his head to her chest...He breaks down. The full weight of her words sinking in...

ABBY
It's alright baby...

Abby holds him for a long moment, rocking him gently...A heavy silence hangs in the air. Francis, forcing himself to say the words...

FRANCIS JR.
I need to tell you something Abby...and I'm so scared it's going to change the way you think of me...the way you feel about me...*forever*.

Abby, like an angel, her tone sedating, soothing...

ABBY
What is it?

Francis, no reply, guilt eating away at him like acid. Abby measures Francis-- gentle, pushing...

ABBY (CONT'D)
Don't treat me like a cripple Francis...*I'm still alive*. If something's happening in your life, I want to know about it...

A long pause. Francis, barely audible...

FRANCIS JR.

Those guys, those five men...*it's on me...*

ABBY

You can't take responsibility for every cop in your command, Francis.

FRANCIS JR.

It's so much more than that Abby...a lot of bad things have happened...and I'm right in the middle of it. I let it happen...I let it all happen.

Abby comforts Francis, knows how deep the wound is, offering words of support...

ABBY

So what do we do?

Francis, eyes red, wet, gazes at his wife, mesmerized by her courage, strength, loyalty...Abby's voice is calm, controlled, the words come slowly...

ABBY (CONT'D)

...Do you know the story about the man on his roof waiting for God?

(Francis shakes his head
no)

...A tidal wave was sweeping through his village so he climbed up onto his roof...and the water was just about to reach him when along came a rescue team in a rowboat and they shouted, "Hurry up, c'mon, get in the boat!" And the man said, "No, no, God will save me." So the water rose higher and higher and he climbed higher and higher on the roof. The water was really rough but still another boat managed to make its way to him. Again they begged him to get into the boat and to save himself. And again the man said, "No, no, God will save me, I'm praying, I'm praying!" Finally the water was almost over him, just his head was sticking out...when along came a helicopter, right down over him, and they said, "C'mon, this is your last chance!"

ABBY(cont'd)

Get in!" Still the man said, "No, no, God will save me!" Then his head went underwater and he drowned. When he got to heaven he asked God, "God, why didn't you try to save me?" And God said, "I did. I sent you two rowboats and a helicopter."

This makes Francis laugh. Abby giggles...smiles at him...There's a long pause as he mulls it over...

FRANCIS JR.

I'm not sure I understand...

ABBY

It's a story about hope...and how easy it is to give our life over to that hope...If I've learned anything in these last eight months it's that if you live in hope...you're not really alive...*Hope* is the great equalizer Francis. It keeps us from doing. You can sit here and hope this will all go away...you can sit here and hope I'm not going to die...you can sit here and hope our children aren't going to be devastated by it...But the truth is-- it's not going to go away, I'm going to die, and our children are going to be devastated...The only question is...what are you going to do about it? I love you Francis and I love our children and I want you to live in the light. We all make mistakes. And in the end, we're all going to die...it's how we conduct ourselves while we're here that counts...I've known you since I'm seventeen-years-old. I've never seen you turn your back on anything. Please...don't start now...okay?

Francis looks at Abby, touched, moved...digesting her words...She smiles at him with quiet pride...

EXT. STREET - - DAY

Cold and dreary. Luis Santiago, running scared, skittering up the street, shoulders hunched, head tucked tortoise inside his coat, approaching a payphone, dropping a quarter. Over this, we hear:

TELEVISION NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

--police tracked Tezo to a brownstone in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, where he was eventually shot and killed after exchanging gunfire with officers at the scene...His death brings to a close the dramatic week long manhunt for the man believed responsible for the slaying of six New York City cops.

INT. NEW YORK POST -- CITY ROOM - - DAY

Reporter MIKE BRAMBLE, 40's, beat-writer, chainsmoker, sitting in a cubicle, clacking away at a computer, hunt-and-peck, watching the newscast.

TELEVISION NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

(on-screen)

The officers involved in the Tezo shooting-- who's names are being withheld at present-- are being hailed as "heroes" by Mayor Arthur Caffey...

His line rings through. He ignores it, editing his copy...Then, after the third ring:

BRAMBLE

Bramble...

(pause, listens)

What...? Who is this...?

Bramble, interest piqued, grabbing a notepad and pen, scribbling.

BRAMBLE (CONT'D)

Give me a specific, something small I can verify...Alright, alright...where, tell me where...

EXT. LANDFILL -- STATEN ISLAND - - NIGHT

Hard snowpack covers lopsided piles of trash; bulldozed mounds three-stories high. Seagulls, undaunted by the cold, pick and claw their way through the waste.

A Buick LeSabre idles...A solitary figure inside.

INT. BUICK - - SAME

Bramble, slugging black coffee. High beams strafe his windshield. He covers his eyes, tripping a small concealed tape recorder fastened to the dash.

A car pulls in next to him. An obscured figure emerges, crossing around to the rear of the Buick. The door opens.

Luis Santiago slides into the back seat, sweat seeping from every pore. He holds a towel, mops his brow compulsively.

BRAMBLE

Mr. Santiago?

SANTIAGO

No names. No fucking names.

BRAMBLE

Alright.

SANTIAGO

Are you alone--

Santiago-- twitchy, erratic. Bramble, slow, deliberate.

BRAMBLE

Yes.

SANTIAGO

Don't fuck with me man. I swear to God, don't fuck with me--

BRAMBLE

I'm not. I'm being straight. Nobody knows I'm here. Nobody knows you're here...

Santiago nods, satisfied for the moment.

SANTIAGO

...You recording this?

Bramble, a beat, considers, then;

BRAMBLE

No...I'm not. But I'd like to, if you don't mind--

SANTIAGO

--No.

Bramble, long pause, letting it settle...keeping him calm.

BRAMBLE

Okay.

(beat)

Listen, I'll just let you talk, you tell me anything you want, I won't interrupt you. Whatever you want to say--

SANTIAGO

--so you can get my story, right, so you can fuck me-- turn my name to shit, is that--

BRAMBLE

--My man, you called me. Yes? You *called me*...You've obviously got something to say. I'm not a priest. I'm a writer. I drove all the way out here, t'freeze my ass off, sitting in a fuckin' landfill...So I've done my part, the rest is up to you...

Santiago, shaking, wringing the bath towel, white-knuckle.

SANTIAGO

I gotta get this out of me...I gotta get this out...

BRAMBLE

...what...?

SANTIAGO

...We're all dirty...we sold our shields off, highest bidder, murder for hire. Stole drugs off dead men, planted shit, beat suspects, we robbed...

(beat)

We condemned five of our own to die.

Bramble, expression slack...he's got something now.

BRAMBLE

Luis, what are you talking about?

SANTIAGO

Washington Heights...We sent 'em
into a slaughter.

BRAMBLE

Who?

No response from Santiago. Bramble presses.

BRAMBLE (CONT'D)

Luis, who sent those men in.

Santiago snaps.

SANTIAGO

I FUCKING TOLD YOU NO NAMES!

Bramble, assuaging, eases up now...

BRAMBLE

I'm sorry, force a' habit.

Santiago, tears seeping...

SANTIAGO

Can't undo it...no atoning now. I'm
gonna burn man...I'm gonna fucking
burn...

Bramble, struggling to put the right words together...

BRAMBLE

No, no, this-- this can be worked
out-- it's not something--

SANTIAGO

--no, no...s'no good now...

BRAMBLE

I want to call the city desk,
alright? My editor, I want to make
sure they hold space for this--

A strange, still calm has come over Santiago...Bramble,
oblivious, reaching for his cell phone, keying numbers...He
doesn't see Santiago drape the towel over his head.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)
(to himself, softly)
...I was a good man once.

Then-- without warning-- a Sig Sauer 9mm comes up from his waistband-- jammed into his mouth, barrel clattering off his teeth--

--Bramble doesn't even see it coming...

BOOM!

The Buick interior goes glare white, bullet exiting skull, blasting out the back window. Santiago crumples across the seat.

Bramble, scrambling, forcing open the door, spilling to the ground, shaken. Gunsmoke billows from the shattered back window.

INT. EGAN HOME -- BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

The doorbell chimes...Jimmy, in bed with the rest of the family, sprawled out at odd angles. He squints, half-awake, checking the clock, "6 a.m."

He slides out from under his sleeping daughter, going to the window.

MEGAN
(groggy)
Who is it baby?

Jimmy peers out.

JIMMY
Kenny...

MEGAN
What's he doing here?

JIMMY
Meg, I just got up, how the fuck do
I know...

Jimmy stumbles out of the room, down the stairs, pulling on his pants.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - SAME

Dugan, rattled, antsy, bouncing around the porch. Jimmy opens the door.

DUGAN

--We're about to get fucked.

Dugan shows him the morning paper.

HEADLINE

"BLUE RUNS RED FOR THE GREEN" A blistering expose...it details the criminal exploits of unnamed cops from the Three-One, delving into the drug trade, pulling shakedowns, strongarms, beatings, bribes--

The Source...A cop. Luis Santiago, formerly of the Three-One, suspended from duty...committed suicide last night.

Jimmy, stomach souring, scarcely believing his eyes...

MAYOR CAFFEY (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with sorrow and a deep sense of regret that I appear before you today...

INT. CITY HALL -- PRESS ROOM - - DAY

Mic-jammed podium, cable snaking everywhere. The Mayor addresses the gathered press. He reads from prepared notes wearing an expression of pre-scripted grief. Flashbulbs pop.

MAYOR CAFFEY

At 10:30pm last night, Officer Luis Santiago, of the thirty-first precinct in Washington Heights, took his own life.

Flanking the Mayor, Bill Armstrong, Jack Avery and Francis Sr. Francis Jr. arrives, remaining in the wings.

MAYOR CAFFEY (CONT'D)

What could have prompted this drastic course of action on his behalf has been brought to light by investigators from the NYPD's Internal Affairs Bureau...

(pause, with weight)

MAYOR CAFFEY(cont'd)
Officer Santiago, along with the
five officers slain in Washington
Heights, had formed an illicit
criminal cabal...

Murmurs go up, shocked voices, cellphones get keyed.

MAYOR CAFFEY (CONT'D)
Working in collusion and under the
aegis of the NYPD, these officers
undertook all manner of criminal
misdeed. Investigators from
Internal Affairs have isolated
involvement in this rogue unit to
the now six deceased men. Based on
the information we have now, no
other officer currently serving in
the thirty-first precinct has been
found culpable of, or in any way
linked to, this criminal
conspiracy...

Francis Jr. steamed, walking away.

EXT. CITY HALL -- MOMENTS LATER

Francis Jr. rushing toward toward his car. His father chases
after him--

FRANCIS SR.
Francis--

FRANCIS JR.
I can't talk right now-- I gotta go-

The old man intercepts him.

FRANCIS SR.
What the hell is going on Francis?

A beat. Fran Jr., tense, averting eyes, no reply.

FRANCIS SR. (CONT'D)
You're starting to scare me kid...I
just pray to God that you haven't
done anything wrong...Now I'm
asking you...Flat out...Are you
involved in this?

INT. BAR -- "THE SHAMROCK" - - NIGHT

New Year's Eve. Packed. Jimmy and his crew, bar cleared, invite-only, pre-midnight party in full swing. Cop groupies and skanks of all stripe cavort with the boys.

Jimmy, at the bar, swigging a cola, finger-scrapes salt off pretzels before eating them, keeping an arm's length from the revelry. A Florsheim SHOEBOX sits on the stool next to him. A YOUNG HOTTIE, tipsy, cozies up beside him.

YOUNG HOTTIE

Hey Jimmy...sittin' here all by yourself...What's the deal?

JIMMY

No deal...

YOUNG HOTTIE

You look all lonely...Wanna be lonely together?

He smirks. She inches closer...

YOUNG HOTTIE (CONT'D)

You're such a bad boy...y'never talk to me, y'never...How long can we drink in the same bar before I can get some attention from you?

JIMMY

First of all darlin', I don't drink. Second...I think you're fuckin' beautiful...But most importantly...you're not my wife.

He points to Carbone across the room, yucking it up with the ladies, having a blast.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

See my friend over there? Loneliest guy I know. Why don't ya go give him some attention?

He turns away from her, grabbing the bartender's attention--

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Mikey, another coke.

The young hottie sulks away. Then the back door is yanked open, bringing up a blast of mid-winter wind...Francis Jr. stands there...eyes searching.

He moves into the bar, heads turn away, eyes avert. Francis' eyes lock on Jimmy's-- he indicates the bathroom, and stalks toward it.

INT. BATHROOM - - SAME

Francis, pissed, enters, Jimmy, behind him, closing the door.

FRANCIS JR.

--This shit ends now...*tonight*.

JIMMY

Mayor goes on T.V. and gives the rest of the 3-1 a clean bill'a health-- and you're what? You're down here doing this for what reason?

Francis, furious, blood rising.

FRANCIS JR.

I asked you, point blank, at Christmas, did you have anything to do with that shit that went down-- *what did you say to me!*

JIMMY

I said what needed to be said, I said what you wanted to hear.

FRANCIS JR.

What I wanted to hear was the truth!

JIMMY

What truth? Truth about the money we were gettin'? The dirty cops you preside over? You knew exactly what was goin' on but all you cared about was your next fuckin' promotion.

Francis flares-- temper taking over-- slamming Jimmy against the wall. Jimmy, all balls, no backing down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Silk hat. Same pig. You're no better than me, no worse. Y'think because you didn't take an envelope it absolves you somehow?

JIMMY(cont'd)

Crimes down, collars up, that's all
you fuckin' cared about. *The end*
justifies the means buddy boy--

Francis, hard-grip on Jimmy's throat--

FRANCIS JR.

My sister is your wife, your family
is my family and your fucking with
their safety, with--

Jimmy yanks Fran's hands away, gets in his face--

JIMMY

--*how Francis?! Who have I*
endangered, really? Me, personally,
who is it I've jammed up? I'm not
footing the bill for five dead
cops, no matter how much guilt you
wanna lob my way, I'm not
responsible for--

FRANCIS JR.

--*You're not "responsible!?" I*
never sent men in-- our fucking
friends-- to die for me!

JIMMY

--*They didn't die for me! They were*
big boys, they knew the risk, they
made the run in spite of it!

FRANCIS JR.

(pause, then)
The things we've done don't get
forgiven Jimmy...

JIMMY

Oh shit, here we go with the sister
Mary Margarets-- somebody says
you're dirty, big deal, they say
you're corrupt, *fuck them!* Do they
know how these animals live? We
tour the fucking sewers and I will
not apologize for doing what I do.
I make forty-five thousand dollars
a year, some fuck like Tezo, fresh
off 'a boat, he wipes his ass with
that in a week!

Jimmy holds the Florsheim shoebox up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Your piece. Been safeguarding it
for ya. I want to see you hand it
back to me.

A beat. Francis takes the shoebox, opens it-- *neatly piled bills*-- twenties, fifties, hundreds...blood money. He dumps the cash in the toilet, kicks the plunger, flushing-- it jams, overflows-- bowl water and loose bills cascade over side. Francis walks out.

FRANCIS JR.

Go fish asshole.

INT. SUBWAY - - NIGHT

Ray, moving through a crowded subway train. It comes to a stop. Passengers pile in off the platform...New Year's Eve, everybody headed to Time Square.

Ray jostles his way into the next car. As he moves through the throng of mostly drunken revelers, he stops suddenly-- a sense, somebody behind him, watching...he's being followed. He turns, looking back through the crowd, eyes roaming the car...nothing. He presses on, his stop approaching.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - - NIGHT

Ray steps off the train...someone steps off with him. He doesn't turn this time-- don't tip 'em off, keep moving...He weaves through the turnstile, reaches street level, feeling his pursuer.

EXT. STREET - - NIGHT

Ray, on the street, retreating into a darkened archway, waiting...A man passes. Ray reaches out, accosts him, puts an arm-bar on him-- locking his wrist-- joints pop-- the man yelps. Ray forces him to his belly.

RAY

You move and I'll break it! Who are
you?

BRAMBLE

*Bramble-- Mike Bramble! I'm a
reporter for Chrissakes!*

Ray hauls him up, slamming him into the wall, hard frisk--

RAY

Why are you following me?

Ray, stripping his pockets, finding a billfold-- keeping a forearm pressed against his head, pinning him to the wall-- he pulls a press credential.

BRAMBLE

You remember me don't you Farrell?

Ray lets him off the wall-- Bramble clutches his shoulder. Ray tosses his billfold back.

RAY

I remember your hatchet jobs...I remember wishing I knew where you lived...

BRAMBLE

I take a position on something in print-- I fight to defend it. A cop should understand that.

RAY

What do you know what a cop "understands?" You saw cops you could crucify--

BRAMBLE

--I saw cops protecting their own. Kareem Aldovise went off a roof in Crown Heights.

RAY

Kareem Aldovise raped and killed three little girls...He left a forth one for dead.

BRAMBLE

Bad guy, no question, but it doesn't excuse what happened that night.

RAY

You have no idea what happened that night--

BRAMBLE

I know you got into a gun fight, took one in the face, put one in his chest...and instead of cuffin' him-- *you tossed him off the roof.*

BRAMBLE(cont'd)

And if it wasn't you, it was one of your partners. Sound familiar?

RAY

Don't you read your own newspaper pal? Grand jury cleared us. *No one threw anyone off any roof.* It was a clean shoot.

BRAMBLE

Then why'd you end up in psyche services for so long? You coulda wrote your own ticket-- hero cop-- combat cross-- but you wanted off the street, why?

Ray says nothing. Bramble chips away.

BRAMBLE (CONT'D)

You got deified that day. Y'mention the name Ray Farrell to any cop on the job and they fucking geneffect...Yet you walked away from it all...why? Y'lost your nerve, y'got scared, bullshit-- I think there's somethin' more.

RAY

I don't give a fuck what you think--

BRAMBLE

I think I have another story about Ray Farrell. You wanna get in front of it this time? Now you talk to me about Angel Tezo...or I find a cop who will.

RAY

...I don't know that I like my odds. The last cop that talked to you blew his head off in the back of your car.

Bramble lets that shot slide. Hounds Ray.

BRAMBLE

I know you were there. I talked to cops on the scene that recognized you.

RAY

So take *their* story.

BRAMBLE

...They weren't in the room when he was killed...Someone in the coroner's office leaked the autopsy report. I got my hands on a copy...it goes to print tomorrow. He was repeatedly assaulted and executed. I know cops from the three-one were there. So, if there's anything you want to tell me, set it straight, *your words*, now is the time...

Ray can only shake his head.

RAY

...Go fuck yourself Bramble...

Ray smoulders, walking off.

INT FRANCIS' HOME - - DAY

Francis Jr., at the top of the staircase, Bailey sprawled on his lap, his son beside them. After a few moments the bedroom door opens and Caitlin appears...*her face stained with tears.*

CAITLIN

Daddy...

Francis looks at his daughter...

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

Mommy wants us all to come in now...

Francis gathers himself, then his kids...and they enter the bedroom...closing the door behind them.

INT. RAY'S BOAT - - MORNING

Ray's asleep. The phone rings off the hook. His pager goes off. He grabs the phone--

RAY

Hello...

A beat. He listens. It's as though he were expecting this.

RAY (CONT'D)

No, I'll come in...

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - - MORNING

The honorable REVEREND AMIL FARRAUD, 50's, self-appointed "spiritual leader", addressing a phalanx of reporters.

REVEREND FARRAUD
 MR. TEZO WAS TRIED AND SENTENCED IN
 A BROOKLYN BATHROOM, HIS GUILT
 DETERMINED OUTSIDE A COURT, FAR
 REMOVED FROM A JURY, FAR REMOVED
 FROM A JUDGE, FAR REMOVED FROM THE
 BASIC RIGHTS ENDOWED ONTO ALL MEN
 BY OUR OWN CONSTITUTION! THIS MARCH
 WILL COMMENCE AT NOON, FROM CITY
 HALL, AND HEAD UPTOWN TO WASHINGTON
 HEIGHTS, ENDING ON THE STEPS OF THE
 THIRTY-FIRST PRECINCT!

The amassed crowd CHEERS. A REPORTER on the scene:

REPORTER
 ...The Reverend has reiterated that
 this planned march is one of peace
 and not intended as a condemnation
 of the police department. His
 target is the troubled 31st
 precinct and those officers
 involved in the Angel Tezo killing,
 who, we are being told, have been
 suspended-- with an investigation
 continuing...

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - - MORNING

Ray, being ushered through a corridor by TWO PLAINCLOTHES IAB INVESTIGATORS. They move wordlessly through the halls, into a small office.

INT. OFFICE - - SAME

A DESK COP awaits, rubber gloved, two plastic bowls sit on a ratty wooden table.

IAB INVESTIGATOR #1
 Sergeant Farrell, I'm going to have
 to ask for your weapon now.

Ray, jaw rigid, reaching in, unfastening his hip-holster, pulling it off, setting it down on the table.

The Desk Cop promptly collects his weapon, breaking the cylinder, bagging the bullets, placing them in one of the plastic bowls.

Ray takes two speed-loads from his pocket, tossing them into the bowl. He removes his ankle piece and hands it over.

IAB INVESTIGATOR #1 (CONT'D)
We'll need your shield as well...

Ray, no flack, looting his coat pocket, locating his Gold Sergeant's Shield. The Desk Cop takes it from him.

IAB INVESTIGATOR #1 (CONT'D)
Follow us please.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ray is led into a small room with a metal table and chairs.

IAB INVESTIGATOR #2
Have a seat. They should be with you momentarily.

Ray offers no response, sitting down. The door shuts. He's left alone.

INT. HALLWAY - - SAME

Francis Sr. charges up the steps, bracing IAB Investigator #2.

FRANCIS SR.
Where's my son?

IAB INVESTIGATOR #2
He's being questioned sir.

FRANCIS SR.
Where?

IAB INVESTIGATOR #2
All due respect sir, only an attorney can accompany him during questioning.

FRANCIS SR.
When he's released, I want to see him right away.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- SAME

Ray sits there, waiting. A two-way mirror reflects back. He stares into it. Movement behind, the glass shimmers slightly...he's being observed.

A video camera sits atop a tri-pod, pointed toward him, powered up. The door opens and two I.A.B. INVESTIGATORS enters.

LIEBERTHAL

Sergeant Farrell, I'm Lieutenant Lieberthal, this is Lieutenant Duerson, we're from I.A.B.

DUERSON

Thanks for coming in.

Duerson extends his hand. Ray does not. Duerson, smart-ass, smirking. Lieberthal is a tougher read. He pulls up the chair closest to Ray.

LIEBERTHAL

Do you know why you're here?

RAY

Spare the ceremony.

DUERSON

Mr. Farrell--

RAY

--Detective Sergeant Farrell. Shield or no shield, you will extend me the courtesy...

DUERSON

Very well, *Sergeant*...We've got a rather difficult situation developing here.

LIEBERTHAL

Recriminations have been brought against the officers involved in the Angel Tezo killing via an abstracted coroner's report.

DUERSON

Unfortunate though it may be, these officers, yourself included, may now face criminal prosecution as a result.

LIEBERTHAL

We need to take a statement on videotape from you, detailing your participation in, or knowledge of, the Angel Tezo killing.

DUERSON

And we would encourage full disclosure...omissions or remittances on your behalf would only serve to harm your case and possibly your brothers' should this matter go to the Grand Jury.

LIEBERTHAL

I see you don't have an attorney present.

RAY

I didn't see the need.

LIEBERTHAL

Are you willing to give us your statement?

Ray notices the red "record" light on the video-camera is on.

RAY

Y'know it's a pretty shitty interrogation technique, bringing me in, taking my gun and shield and expecting me to talk to you. 'Course if you were real cops, you'd know better.

DUERSON

Will you give us your statement?

RAY

Why would I ever divulge to Internal Affairs what I, or other cops do in the line?

LIEBERTHAL

Because you're complicit in this and you're required to under G-0 15.

DUERSON

This man Angel Tezo was murdered. He was assaulted and tortured before being executed.

Ray gives it right back.

RAY

This man executed five cops in Washington Heights. Executed his own cousin and three more civilians in Hunt's Point--

LIEBERTHAL

--So you're endorsing what was done to him? The manner in which he was killed?

RAY

The man lived by it...The man died by it.

LIEBERTHAL

So what are you saying?

RAY

From here on out...not a thing.

Lieberthal and Duerson glance at one another.

DUERSON

Mr. Farrell, do you deny being involved in the Angel Tezo contretemps?

Ray, like it's coming off a cue card.

RAY

I respectfully refuse to answer any further questions.

LIEBERTHAL

You're going to force a situation here Sergeant...

RAY

I respectfully refuse to answer any further questions. We can do this all day...I doubt it'll get any more interesting.

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - - LATE

Ray, on his way down...IAB Investigator #2 intercepts him.

IAB INVESTIGATOR #2
Farrell, your father is looking for
you--

RAY
--tell him I left--

Ray keeps walking, heading down a flight of stairs.

STAIRS

Jimmy and the others, on their way up, a group of plainclothes IAB investigators escorting them. Ray rounds corner...They close on one another in the stairwell. Jimmy meets Ray's gaze, matching its intensity. Carbone and Dugan can't cope, staring instead at the floor.

Ray stops cold, letting Jimmy and the rest of them come to him, passing inches from one another, face to face...ready to go...Ray squelches the urge to throw blows as they file by.

INT. RAY'S BOAT - - DAY

IAB INVESTIGATORS, ripping through Ray's personal belongings, ransacking his living quarters, wading through ankle-deep water. His Tezo case files are being boxed up, his firearms confiscated.

EXT. 79TH ST. BOAT BASIN -- RIVERSIDE PARK - - SAME

Ray, returning home, greeted by an unwelcome site: IAB Investigators, swarming all over his property. He breaks in a run, arriving at his boat.

RAY
What the fuck are you doing on my
boat?!

IAB INVESTIGATOR
Raymond Farrell, I'm captain
Lanier, IAB. I have a warrant. If
you could stand over there, we'll
be finished here shortly.

Ray stands there, stupified, watching as a pair of Investigators flip through his original DD-5 Reports...The ones the brass kicked back down.

They forward the report to the senior I.A.B. officer on the scene...Ray, stalemated, hands-tied...

INT. FRANCIS JR.'S HOME -- KITCHEN - - DAY

Megan, on a chair, a small SHOPPING BAG on the table in front of her. She's crying...

Francis Jr. and the kids come piling down the stairs into the kitchen, carrying over-night bags, ready to go. Megan quickly stands, pulls herself together, trying for upbeat...

MEGAN

We ready to go?

FRANCIS JR.

They're all ready for you.

Francis, trying for non-chalance, hugs his kids goodbye. He catches Megan's eyes and they exchange a look of sadness and despair...She approaches him and they hug, clutching each other in shared grief, not knowing what to say, how to say it...

MEGAN

(holding back tears)

You call me...

Francis forces a smile...*a struggle being waged within*. Megan squeezes her oldest brother tightly, fiercely, then ushers the kids through the kitchen and out the front door to the car.

Francis is left standing there...and he begins to tremble...*an inner turmoil we couldn't begin to comprehend*. He draws a long breath and lets it out slowly...his eyes making their way to the shopping bag sitting on the table...

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - AVERY'S OFFICE - - DAY

Francis Sr. walks in. Avery, sullen, sitting in front of a video monitor. The atmosphere is charged, uneasy...

AVERY

Shut the door please Frank...

He does.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

Francis finds a chair, sits. Avery stands, videotape in hand.

AVERY

These were taken earlier today.
This is just an excerpt Frank. But
three officers have concurred
separately and given almost
identical accounts...

Avery pops the tape in, pushing "play..." Jimmy Egan appears
on-screen...Francis Sr. can feel his stomach drop.

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)

We heard screams, coming from the
last door down...I was one of the
first ones in the room...I think it
was myself and Officer
Carbone...and Mr. Tezo was, at that
point, prone on the floor of the
bathroom, uh, bleeding..it appeared
he had been beaten...

VOICE (O.S)

Who was in the bathroom with him at
this time?

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)

...Sergeant Farrell.

VOICE (O.S.)

Was anyone else in the room?

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)

...No.

VOICE (O.S.)

Did you have the impression that it
was Sergeant Farrell who had beaten
Mr. Tezo?

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)

I couldn't say...I mean, that was
what went through my mind, but...

VOICE (O.S.)

Very well...Continue.

Jimmy pauses, takes a breath...don't let it show through.

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)

I then observed Sergeant Farrell
with a baton...uh, this is
difficult, for me...um...he was
inserting the baton, down Mr.
Tezo's...Mr. Tezo's throat...

VOICE (OFF SCREEN)
Did you take any direct action
against this?

Jimmy, under duress, selling every second of it.

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)
I uh, I pushed him back and I can't
remember what I said to him,
exactly, I was shocked by what he
was doing, more than anything...He
said something about "Lonnie" I
know that-- I know they were real
close...they used to be partners--

VOICE (OFF SCREEN)
"Lonnie" being Lawrence Mercer, one
of the men killed in the Washington
Heights raid?

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)
Yeah, that's correct...

VOICE (OFF SCREEN)
What happened next?

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)
I uh-- I believe that I attempted
to revive Mr. Tezo.

VOICE (OFF SCREEN)
His heart had stopped by this time?

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)
Yeah, I wasn't sure if he had gone
into full cardiac arrest or exactly
how long he'd been like that. I
started performing CPR and that's
when he was shot.

VOICE (OFF SCREEN)
Mr. Tezo?

JIMMY
Yes.

VOICE (OFF SCREEN)
By whom?

A beat. Jimmy actually musters tears...

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)
By Sergeant Farrell...

VOICE (OFF SCREEN)
 Detective Sergeant Raymond
 Farrell...

JIMMY (ON SCREEN)
 (nodding, solemn)
 Yes...

Avery turns the monitor off. Francis Sr., stunned beyond words.

AVERY
 Listen Frank, I know how this must
 feel and I wish I knew what to say,
 but...You should know these
 officers are all prepared to
 testify at a Grand Jury.
 (beat)
 What's critical now, from here on
 out, is that we handle this quietly
 and with as little incident as
 possible.
 (beat)
 We're going to have to bring Ray
 in.

Francis Sr., sensing it...something not right.

FRANCIS SR.
 ...s'impossible...He's not capable
 of that...

AVERY
 --Frank, a crime scene unit lifted
 his fingerprints off that baton.
 Ballistics matched the bullets
 extracted from the body, back to
his gun...Now we'll do everything
 possible to offset this-- to *help*
 him, whatever that is, however we
 can--

Francis Sr. rises, exiting the room.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 Frank?

The door slams behind him.

INT. FRANCIS JR.'S HOME -- BEDROOM - NIGHT

Francis walks in...Abby's physical appearance has rapidly deteriorated...A respirator and permanent I-V drip have been installed on the nightstand.

Francis, grief-wracked, approaches the bed, gazes at Abby, who shudders, her breathing sharp, labored, lungs filling with fluid...

Francis steps over to the nightstand and sets down the shopping bag...He pulls out six vials of morphine and six syringes, over 100cc's a piece...**Suicide Doses.**

He takes one, lifts it to the I-V, pauses, looking down at his wife...then he depresses the plunger-- injecting the I-V...undiluted morphine flows down the tube, into her bloodstream...

EXT. TASHA'S HOME -- QUEENS -- LATE NIGHT

Ray, tired, head throbbing, knocks on her door...waits. A light pops on inside, someone approaches, the door opens. Tasha stands there, cinched, arms tucked against the chill, half-asleep.

TASHA

...Ray?

RAY

Tash, I uh...

TASHA

What is it? Are you okay?

Ray's at the end of a very long rope.

RAY

...I've got nowhere to go right now...

She can tell by the tone and the look on his face.

TASHA

Are you in trouble?

RAY

Yeah, I am...

Tasha takes him by the hand, needing no explanation, she draws him inside...and the door closes behind them.

EXT. TASHA'S HOME -- QUEENS -- MORNING

POV...someone watching Ray emerge from Tasha's home. He's carrying a BOX of his belongings. Tasha talks with Ray. He gives her a kiss on the cheek, nothing overly romantic...like "thanks." He says goodbye and starts down the walkway.

INT. CAR - - MORNING

Ray climbs in, starts the car. He looks up, eyes his rear-view. Another car, idling, TWO FIGURES sitting inside...waiting.

Ray watches them...They aren't moving...He slowly pulls away...the other car follows...He's being tailed.

INT. FRANCIS JR.'S HOME -- BEDROOM - MORNING

The phone rings...all the syringes emptied, sitting on the nightstand. Francis, in bed, laying beside Abby, still, quiet...motionless. Abby is gone.

INT. FRANCIS FARRELL SR.'S HOME - - DAY

Francis Sr. and Ray, going at it. The old man is livid, voice choked with anger.

FRANCIS SR.

--AVERY TOLD ME THEY'RE TAKIN' YOU IN! THEY ANNOUNCED A GODDAMN ARREST PENDING IN THE PRESS! THEY HAVE TAPES! TESTIMONIES! WHY'D YOU REFUSE TO GIVE THOSE ASSHOLES A STATEMENT RAYMOND?! ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS TELL THEM WHAT YOU DID, WHAT YOU FOUND--

RAY

--*What I found?! What cops do in the street, stays in the street, isn't that the first thing you taught us?! Isn't that what you always said?!*

FRANCIS SR.

I'VE SAID A LOT OF THINGS RAYMOND, BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, I SAID YOU RUN EVERYTHING THROUGH ME! I WANT TO KNOW IT ALL!

FRANCIS SR.(cont'd)

THEN YOU GO AND SIT DOWN WITH I.A.
AND YOU DON'T GIVE ME A HEADS UP?!
NO FUCKIN' PHONE CALL?!

RAY

*What would you have told me to say
Pop?! That Franny's house is
dirty?! That your son-in-law is on
the take?! That woulda been the
truth-- but that's somethin' we let
go of a long time ago on a rooftop
in Brooklyn!*

FRANCIS SR.

DON'T YOU DARE DIG THAT SHIT UP
WITH ME AGAIN! WE NEVER LET GO OF
NOTHIN'! WE DON'T JAM UP A COP-- A
GOOD COP-- FOR THE LIFE OF SOME
SKELL!

RAY

*That's funny because I always
thought what we don't do -- what
separates us from the perps-- is
not mistaking the shield for a
license to be judge, jury and
fuckin' executioner!*

The old man flinches, stung, there's truth in those words...

RAY

*I had him Dad, he was down-- all we
had to do was cuff him-- but a cop
decided to kill him-- and I helped
cover it up!*

The words cut through him. He doesn't know how to respond. There's a long pause. A deafening silence. Then purposefully, the old man stalks off to the far end of the room and pours himself a scotch.

A strained silence ensues...it grows heavy. The old man, fraying, looking like a beaten man. Ray, struggling to put the right words together...

RAY

*...Becoming a cop...the respect
that earned me, the pledge I took,
to uphold something honest. Putting
on that uniform, wearing that
shield, the *pride* I felt...the
fucking *glory*...We let it all rot
out from under us pop...*

The old man listens intently and doesn't move a muscle. Ray watches him and waits for a response. It never comes. Only an admission in his father's posture. A strange, still calm comes over the room...

INT. CORNER BODEGA -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - - NIGHT

Carbone and Dugan-- suspended cops in street clothes coming in, bell jingling. Carbone pulls his piece, moving toward the man behind the counter. The Dominican owner he played Russian-roulette with earlier.

CARBONE

Regular drill asswipe, dump the till.

The owner doesn't budge.

CARBONE (CONT'D)

What do you need flash cards? Open the cash drawer y'fucking mope!

The Owner, bolstered by something, grabs the phone, dials.

OWNER

Get out of here, now! You're not cops anymore. You can't protect me. No more envelopes.

Carbone, grabbing the owner by the throat, throttling-- overhand pistol-whip, .38 snub lashed across the nose-- the owner collapses into a rack of skin mags behind the register.

CARBONE

--Cocksucker grew some balls--

They continue about their business, pilfering imported beer and cigarettes-- Dugan rips open a box of hefty bags, stuffing one to capacity.

Carbone hops the counter. The owner, wobbling, hands cupped bucketing blood.

--the front door opens...a group of regulars walk in, young THUGS from the corner. Carbone stands behind the counter, eyeballing them. The owner groans. One of the kids approaches. His boys hang back.

THUG KID #1

Wassup?

CARBONE
I'm a cop, that's "wassup." The
store's closed.

The kid spots the owner, curled up in a ball, blood
everywhere.

THUG KID #2
N'fuck is goin' on?

The owner tries to talk-- speech slurred by a torn septum.

THUG KID #1
Yo man, what'd you do to him?

Carbone puts the snub .38 right in the kid's face.

CARBONE
Get the fuck outta here.

OWNER
...cahhhhhl Po--leese.

Carbone brings a boot down on the owner.

THUG KID #1
What the fuck are you doin' man!

Dugan's coming up the aisle, gun drawn. The kid catches him
in the surveillance mirror.

CARBONE
You got three seconds to light
outta here Smokey...

The front door opens again-- more homies file in, unaware of
what's going on inside-- they catch the vibe quick enough
though, cutting the chatter, stopping cold...

Dugan rounds the aisle, gun trained.

DUGAN
We're police officers. Exit the
premises immediately.

One of the new arrivals pops off.

THUG KID #3
These mafuckas ain't 5-0 no more.
Their asses got tossed.

THUG KID #2
 Fuck these bitches! Show us a
 badge!

Dugan advances.

DUGAN
 You best back your bitch asses up
 out this motherfuckin' store RIGHT
 NOW!

The kid at the counter looks back at Carbone.

THUG KID #1
 Whatchu goin' do Boss? You goin'
 shoo--

BOOM!

The side of Carbone's head explodes-- shock-confusion-pain
 colliding across his face-- he turns, looks--

The owner, a .25 Caliber in his hand, smoke wisps off the
 barrel. Carbone's dead before he hits the floor. Dugan,
 agog...

Time suspends...up ended-- movement, sound...gone. Dugan
 finally blinks, realizes Carbone just got killed in front of
 them-- he rushes the counter, grapples with the owner,
 disarms him.

The kid at the counter bolts. The store empties out--

INT. LIVING ROOM --

Francis Sr. has been on the phone, he hangs up, casts his
 eyes back on Ray--

FRANCIS SR.
 That was Gedney. They know you're
 here, they're sending someone out
 with a warrant.

Maureen comes in.

MAUREEN
 There's two cars coming up the
 drive...

Francis Sr. glances out the window. A pair of unmarked cars
 arrive out front.

FRANCIS SR.
Go out through the back. Use my
car.

RAY
...Pop, don't do this--

FRANCIS SR.
I'm you father Ray, listen to me--

RAY
Forget it Pop...it's done.

FRANCIS SR.
This just started Raymond. Go.

The resolve is there, useless to argue. This is a fight the
old man has to have. Ray leaves through the back.

EXT. FARRELL HOME - FRONT DOOR - - SAME

Six cops on the front porch: Four in plainclothes. Two in
uniform. They knock on the door.

INT. FARRELL HOME - - SAME

Francis Sr. in the hall with Maureen, a kiss, thumbing the
tears from her eyes...

FRANCIS SR.
Get on the phone with the press,
talk to whoever will listen to you,
tell them I've got something to
say.

EXT. FARRELL HOME - SAME

Francis Sr. opens the front door. No handshakes or greeting
exchanged.

CAPTAIN LANIER
Chief Farrell, I'm Captain Lanier,
Internal Affairs. We have a warrant
for your son's arrest. We'd like
him to come with us.

FRANCIS SR.
My son's not going anywhere.

The two IAB Detectives trade troubled looks.

CAPTAIN LANIER

Sir, I'm executing a warrant for
his arrest--

FRANCIS SR.

I know what you're doing
Captain...Now get the hell off my
porch.

INT. BODEGA -- NIGHT

Carbone, dead. The owner, bloodied, lying in a heap. Dugan,
frazzled, tipping the till, it hits the floor, the cash
drawer topples out-- he grabs bills by the fistful.

Noise from outside, shouts gathering-- most of the
neighborhood, amassing out front. Their car is being trashed.

DUGAN

I'm fucked-- I'm fucked-- I'm
fucked!

Dugan puts his piece to the owner's head, yanks him to his
feet and drags him to the front door.

DUGAN

TELL 'EM TO BACK OFF OR I WASTE YOU
MOTHERFUCKER!

INT. FARRELL HOME - - NIGHT

Francis Sr. at his window, looking out. More unmarked cars
arrive. The phone rings. He picks it up--

FRANCIS SR.

Yeah.

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA -- NIGHT

Avery, on phone, rushing toward his sedan. A driver waits.

AVERY

Frank, what the hell is going on?

INTERCUT

FRANCIS SR.

You're railroading my son...I'm not
gonna let that happen.

AVERY

Look, we're going to work this out,
okay, we want to get this situa--

FRANCIS SR.

--bullshit, you do.

AVERY

You saw those tapes Frank.

FRANCIS SR.

I saw three cops, covering their
ass.

AVERY

You're putting me in a helluva
spot. I don't want to have to come
out there, take him by force--

FRANCIS SR.

--I'm inviting you to try Jack...

The old man hangs up on him.

EXT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS BODEGA - - NIGHT

Sirens on their way...Locals, mostly young men, taunting the
ex-cop inside the bodega...

Radio cars, sirens wailing, coming hard up the street,
followed closely by an ambulance. The crowd splits, the
cruisers hop the curb. Uniforms fall out and begin disbursing
the mob.

Francis Jr. arrives. He jumps out of his car, meets up with a
PATROL SERGEANT--

FRANCIS JR.

What do we got?

PATROL SERGEANT

You're not gonna believe what the
fuck's going on here--

FRANCIS JR.

I know exactly what's going on. We
got any communication established?

PATROL SERGEANT

I notified the borough-- I got
Hostage Negotiation on the way,
ESU, Duty Captain...

Francis Jr. stares at the bodega, a troubled look in his eyes, then, suddenly, he starts taking off his holster--

PATROL SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Cap, what're you doing?

FRANCIS JR.
I'm going in--

PATROL SERGEANT
Cap--

FRANCIS JR.
--They're my guys, I'm going in.

He sets it down on the hood of the cruiser and starts off toward the bodega.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)
Get the area barricaded.

INT. BODEGA -- SAME

Francis Jr. hands raised, pressed to the glass for Dugan to see. The door is unlocked. Dugan lets Francis inside, shoulders the door closed, quick-lock, panicked.

Francis looks around. Carbone's body going cold, blood covering the floor and counter. Dugan, seige-state, 9mm pressed to the head of the owner.

DUGAN
I'm gonna kill 'em Fran--

FRANCIS JR.
--Easy Kenny, don't be fucking---

DUGAN
--Get those motherfuckers outta here, or it's on, I swear to Jesus Christ, *I will kill*--

FRANCIS JR.
Let's just keep our heads here
Kenny-- let's not do anything--

Francis edges closer. Dugan turns the gun on him--

DUGAN
--Stay the fuck back! Don't fucking play me--

Francis, assuaging, ease up now...

FRANCIS JR.

--There's no play here Ken, there's no fucking play-- I just want us to talk this out-- make sure we--

DUGAN

It's over man, there's no--

FRANCIS JR.

It's not over, it's just, let's just put the gun down alright-- I'm askin' you, please, just put the--

DUGAN

What the fuck're we gonna do, Cap? This is fucked! We're fucked!

FRANCIS JR.

We're gonna walk outta here Kenny, the two of us, we're gonna put the gun down and--

DUGAN

--and what? What the fuck then? This doesn't end that simply--

FRANCIS JR.

We'll figure it out-- what the fuck went wrong-- *for all of us*. Let's just make sure nobody gets hurt okay?

Dugan tenses on the gun, white-knuckling the stock, jar into the owner's head. Fran remains cool.

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)

You're my brother man-- c'mon now-- we've been through a lot of shit together-- a lot of good shit and a lot of bad shit--

DUGAN

--It's getting worse, it's getting fucking--

FRANCIS JR.

--no, no, it's not, please Kenny-- we've already lost one of us tonight-- please Ken-- let's not--

Through the window they see a HOSTAGE NEGOTIATING TEAM arrive, sirens strobing. More patrol cars arrive by the second.

DUGAN

--This is bad man, this is--

FRANCIS JR.

--It's okay, it's...Look, look, Eddie's gone. There's nothing we can do about that. I wish it wasn't that way, but it is. Let's just not lose anyone else tonight alright...

(pause, then)

If you walk out of here with me now and let this go, we're gonna work it out. I promise. We can't run from it, but we can make it right. We're in this together. As your C.O. I give you my word-- I'm in this with you.

EXT. BODEGA - - MOMENTS LATER

The doors slowly open. Dugan emerges, hands laced behind his head. Francis Jr. follows.

The uniforms advance, guns trained. MEDICS rush in to the bodega.

Dugan is placed prone and handcuffed, then loaded into the back of a radio car. The neighborhood crowd cheers.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray and Megan, on the driveway...She has her fist raised, a frenzied look in her eyes--

MEGAN

Say it again Ray! I dare you!

RAY

Jimmy's a thief! A murderer!

Megan punches Ray in the face. Anger and denial racing full throttle--

MEGAN

Say it again!

RAY
 Your husband's a thief! And he's a
 fucking murderer!! Now where the
 hell is he?!

Megan hauls off to hit him again, but Ray grabs her arm,
 tries to hold her--

MEGAN
 Fuck you, fuck you Ray! There's no
 way! You're full of shit! You're--

Megan goes berserk and attacks Ray, pounding and thrashing.
 Ray tries to calm her down.

RAY
 Megan stop it, stop, stop!

Megan breaks down into heavy sobs. She can barely catch her
 breath, the reality of what Ray's told her is so
 devastating...Ray finally grabs her and holds her tightly...

RAY
 Megan, look at me...Look at me!
 (she finally looks at him)
 I've never lied to you. We may have
 fought. You may have hated me at
 times. But I have *never* lied to
 you. Now I want you to look me in
 the eye and ask me if I killed that
 guy?
 (she doesn't respond)
 Ask me Megan!

The look on Ray's face says it all. She knows he didn't do
 it...and *Jimmy did*. Her stomach turns...and her heart breaks.

RAY
 ...Where is he?

Megan, struggling, sickened by the thought of it all, her
 world collapsing around her...After a few moments she
 answers...tears rolling down her cheeks.

MEGAN
 He's at the Shamrock.

EXT. FARRELL HOME -- NIGHT

Jack Avery arrives in a city car. The Farrell home is now
 surrounded by police personnel.

The media shows up, en masse a throng of reporters and cameramen descending on the scene, stopped short by the cordon.

Avery confers with the E.S.U. CAPTAIN on scene.

AVERY

Who in the hell notified the press!? This was point-to-point!

E.S.U. CAPTAIN

Sir, I don't know how this got out.

AVERY

Alright, you have Farrell's car here, but do you have him?

E.S.U. CAPTAIN

We've haven't attempted to gain access to the home. Chief Farrell stated that he would offer some form of resistance, should we force the situation.

Avery wags his head, turning away.

AVERY

Goddamit...

EXT. SHAMROCK -- NIGHT

Ray pulls in, pops the trunk, steps from the car, twelve-gauge pump tucked under his arm. In the back, a box of double-ought steel-shot...He stuffs his pockets with shells.

INT. SHAMROCK - SAME

Jimmy sitting alone, bar closed, waiting. He checks the wall clock.

JIMMY

(to Bartender)

Mikey, do me a favor, call Kenny's cell, see what the fuck is takin' 'em.

The door opens. Ray walks in...Jimmy turns back. Hostility hangs heavy. The barkeep can smell a storm brewing.

RAY

(to bartender)

You can leave.

Ray brandishes the twelve-gauge, advancing. The bartender slips away. Jimmy slowly rises, removing his coat.

RAY (CONT'D)

You broke my heart. You were as much my brother as Franny is...

JIMMY

IAB wanted you. They took us by the hand through the whole thing.

RAY

You tried to jam me.

JIMMY

I did jam you. Push to shove Ray it's me and mine. Your sister and the kids, after that, it's every swinging dick for himself...

RAY

You're not gonna walk away from this Jimmy...and we're not gonna talk it out now...

JIMMY

I know...

Ray tosses the gauge up onto the bar.

RAY

You got a gun?

JIMMY

Yeah. You?

Ray nods, withdrawing a 9mm, shows it to Jimmy, drops the clip, ejects the shell, setting it on the bar. He turns his pockets out. Shotgun shells spill to the floor.

Jimmy takes out a Glauco 9mm, ratchets the action till every round pops from the chamber, dribbling across the pool table. He tosses his handcuffs out as well.

They move on one another, closing, fighter's stance, wading in, trading shots, scattered jabs, flurries--

--the brawl starts civil and gets ugly from there-- Soon enough they're scuffling, clawing, kicking-- trying to tear each other's head off.

Jimmy snags a pool cue, choking up swinging, Ray ducks, comes under, countering to the body, rattling ribcage, Jimmy squawks-- Ray, back overtop, left-hand lead landing under the eye, pinpoint precise-- Jimmy flails wild, creasing Ray's chin with the pool cue.

Ray stumbles back, off-balance. Jimmy heaves a bar stool bull-charging, hitting him blindside, driving him into the wall. Closed fists hammering.

EXT. 31ST PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Pickets, placards, bullhorns, the works. A crowd of over several hundred strong, protest in front of the Three-One.

Plastered on mortar-boards, held high, hand-painted homages beneath..."Don't Let Him Die In Vain" "Stop Police Brutality" "No More Dirty Cops." Police officers, in hats and bats, manning barricades surrounding the demonstration.

Leading the rally, the Reverend Amil Farraud. He addresses the throng via bullhorn.

REVEREND FARRAUD

WE DEMAND ACCOUNTABILITY FROM OUR
MAYOR! FROM HIS ADMINISTRATION!
FROM THE CITY'S POLICE
COMMISSIONER! FROM THE MEN AND
WOMEN WHO HAVE SWORN TO UPHOLD THE
LAW! NOW WE WON'T EXCUSE THE WAY IN
WHICH MR. TEZO CONDUCTED HIMSELF IN
LIFE! BUT WE CAN'T EXCUSE THE
INSIDIOUS ACTS COMMITTED AGAINST
THIS PERSON BY THIS CITY'S POLICE!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS MAN IS AN
ATROCITY! AN ABOMINATION! NEVER
WILL WE FIND SUCH EGREGIOUS
AFFRONTS TOLERABLE! JUSTICE CAN--
JUSTICE MUST-- AND JUSTICE WILL,
PREVAIL!

Big booming cheers from the amassed demonstrators. A radio car pulls in, utilizing the service entrance to get onto the precinct grounds. Francis steps out, heading inside.

INT. THIRTY-FIRST PRECINCT - - NIGHT

The sounds of protest reverberate from outside. A DESK OFFICER intercepts Francis on his way through the precinct.

DESK OFFICER

Cap, just got a call, we've got a splinter group out in Sector Adam that's escalating.

FRANCIS JR.

Get two cars over there and call Task Force. Tell them we need additional units.

The desk officer peels off. Francis heads towards his office.

EXT. FARRELL HOME -- NIGHT

The front door opens. Francis Sr. emerges. Everyone turns. The old man spots the press ranks.

FRANCIS SR.

I've got something to say--

Camera lights pop on, boom mics angled-- Avery bee-lines across the lawn, veins bulging--

AVERY

Frank, what the hell-- what is this!? *What are you doing!?*

FRANCIS SR.

You tried to turn me on my family Jack...you messed with the one thing I'd fight for, to the last--

AVERY

--Is this the hill you want to die on Frank!? You're jeopardizing forty-years worth of service--

FRANCIS SR.

--and you've managed to make every one of those years *meaningless* to me now!

We see that Francis Sr. is holding his shield.

FRANCIS SR. (CONT'D)

Carrying this has never brought me shame...until now. It lacks all virtue Jack...and means *nothing*.

(beat)

It's just a fucking ornament.

The old man tosses his shield over to Avery. Avery signals, cops file into the house in numbers.

Maureen joins her husband outside. She puts her arms around him. They watch as cops rip through the house, room to room looking for Ray--

INT. SHAMROCK -- NIGHT

Ray and Jimmy. Wartorn...ready to fold. Both mauled, beat to a pulp, punches not landing, lacking zip...no Standing-Eight Count here though...This one goes to the close.

Jimmy summons some reserve. Rips an elbow, driving Ray into the wall--his lungs emptying. Jimmy leans, Ray wheezes, face cortorting, windpipe pinched--

Ray brings a knee up-- bullseye to the nuts-- he grabs a cue ball off the pool table, roundhouse across Jimmy's skull, WHAP! Jimmy buckles, eyes rolling back, he crumbles, out cold.

Ray, doubled over, big gulps of air, sweat and blood in his eyes, mouth-- face swelling up-- then, glass breaks outside, somebody stomps on a car hood, the windows in the bar shutter...

Ray, grabbing a bottle of Wild Turkey, dousing Jimmy, who comes to gagging-- Ray lifts him up, snagging Jimmy's own handcuffs, slapping them on.

The front door is being shorn off it's hinges. Ray finds a Louisville Slugger behind the bar, snatches the pump shotgun and blows out through the back door.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Ray, on foot, straggling through the street. Jimmy, in handcuffs, barely conscious. Ray is leading him toward the Three-One. They're spotted, a mob swarms in, surrounding them. We recognize one of the rioters...Coco Domenez.

...And he sure as hell recognizes Egan. Ray keeps them back, shotgun moving across the surging mass. No one wanting to catch what's coming out of that barrel.

RAY

Stay back...this man's under arrest.

Bodies edge closer, rabid fervor, pent-up anger and aggression about to be unleashed full scale. Domenguez assumes point for the rest of the crowd.

DOMENGUEZ

We want him...You walk, you live.

Ray trains his aim on Coco.

RAY

I told you to fucking stay back!

Then, a gurgle, a wet gag...Jimmy Egan raises his head...His fight-mangled features are cast ghastly in the harsh street-light. He spits blood, speaks...

JIMMY

Ray...take these *cuffs off*...gimme that bat.

RAY

Shut up, you're going in with me, we're walking out of here.

JIMMY

I'm not going to prison Ray...

RAY

Jimmy keep your mouth shut!
(to mob)
BACK FUCKING OFF!

Ray rides the trigger(~~MOBE~~)ing for someone to lurch--

JIMMY

I can't let my kids see me behind glass for the rest of my life... You don't owe me anything, so it's your call--

RAY

---they're gonna fucking tear you apart Jimmy...

JIMMY

Then let 'em earn it.

The mob, pressing in, mindless combustion, bloodlust-- they want Egan bad. Jimmy, his one good eye, gazing at Ray.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Gimme the bat...*Don't let your sister live with this shit.*

JIMMY(cont'd)

Better I go down in the line,
better for her, for the kids...

Ray, almost incredulous. Siren in the distance...

RAY

Jimmy, you really think you can die
a fucking hero?

JIMMY

No...let them think that.

Ray, still unsure, keying the cuffs anyway, they fall
free...He puts the Louisville Slugger in Jimmy's hands. Jimmy
turns the bat, running a hand over the sweet spot.

RAY

What do you want me to say to
Megan?

JIMMY

Nothing I haven't told her every
day for the last fifteen years.

A brief moment. Jimmy's as good as dead. Ray moves slowly
away. The mob parts, Red-Sea, letting him leave...Jimmy
fucking winks at him.

Ray turns away...the mob attacks, bat whacks bone, screams
rise, a wailing wall of chaos closes...Ray doesn't bother
looking back...moving down the street...takes out his *cell*.

EXT. 31ST PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Reverend Farraud incites the crowd. They began to chant "*No
More Dirty Cops!*" Ray pulls up to the precinct, stumbles out
of the car, digging dried blood out of his eyes.

INT. 31ST PRECINCT -- NIGHT

The sounds of the protest seep in. Ray enters. The place is a
tomb. He heads toward Fran's office.

INT. OFFICE - - SAME

Francis, in dress blues, tying his shoes.

Ray walks in, beaten, blood-stained. The two brothers
acknowledge one another.

FRANCIS JR.
(off Ray's appearance)
Jesus Christ...What the hell
happened to you?

Ray, shaking his head...

RAY
Jimmy...

The look on Ray's face tells Francis everything he needs to know...They measure each other...not sure what to say...

RAY
Did you run those five guys into
that building Franny?

FRANCIS JR. (CONT'D)
No...that was Jimmy.

RAY
How much did you know?

FRANCIS JR.
Enough. I knew enough.

RAY
So what do we do now?

FRANCIS JR.
We make it *right*. I want you to
walk me up to One PP. This shit
ends. Tonight.

Francis stands, looks at his brother...

FRANCIS JR.
Do you need a hospital?

RAY
I'm good...

FRANCIS JR.
...then take me in...

Ray can barely nod. They start out of the precinct, Francis holding his brother up.

EXT. 31ST PRECINCT -- NIGHT

The protest rages. Francis cuts a wedge through the crowd, reaching their car. He lugs Ray passenger-side, helping him into the car.

EXT. CAR - - SAME

Francis, sliding in. Ray falls against him, exhausted, nothing left....They pull away, past the gathered throng, past the protestors and the picket signs and the cops...the brothers, united...drive on...

THE END