

Q & A

Screenplay by Sidney Lumet
From the Novel by Edwin Torres
March 2, 1988*

NOTE: The dialogue in this screenplay is filled with racial epithets, part of the normal language of the N.Y.P.D. It is important to keep in mind that the racial epithets are always said in a normal tone of voice, with no animosity whatsoever. It's as if the characters were saying, "It's eleven o'clock."

S.L.

1. PARK AVENUE

But not the Park Avenue you expect. This is between 106 and 107 Streets. The tracks of the New Haven line stretch into the distance, shining, even at night. The burnt-out buildings stand silently, blindly. The only light comes from bare bulbs illuminating the gaping underpasses of the cross streets. An unlicensed cab sputters fitfully, its radio blasting Salsa and as it disappears, all is silent again.

From the underpass at 107 Street two figures emerge. We can barely make them out in the night other than to see that one is big and the other much smaller. The big one seems to have his hand on the neck of the smaller one, holding tightly, pushing the smaller one ahead of him.

2. 107 STREET - NIGHT

The two men are approaching us. They turn sharply left, going down a flight of stairs leading to a gate under the steps of the tenement above them.

3. CLOSE-UP OF AN IRON GRILL DOOR

Over the big man (Brennan) we see a young Hispanic behind the grill door. He looks, knocks in a rhythm on a steel door behind him. The steel opens. We get a glimpse of a bar, strobe lights. We hear loud latin music, dancing bodies. A hot after-hours joint. The small man, Roger Montalvo, slips inside. The door shuts.

4. WIDE ON THE TENEMENT

Brennan slips into the shadows.

5. DOWN THE CONCRETE STEPS

The door opens again. The small man slips out, up the steps and away. Tony Vasquez, a small Hispanic is behind him. He is weaving, slightly drunk. He stumbles up the stairs.

TONY

Hey! Maricon! Where is she?
Julio's old lady - where -
(he stops in midsentence)
Christ! A set-up.

He turns back to the steps. A bullet explodes on the left side of his face. He is thrown onto the steps as a second bullet slams into him, taking the rest of his head away.

6. WIDE AT THE STEPS.

Brennan leans down over the body. The doors fly open. Men pour out.

6. CONT.

BRENNAN

Tu, call Policia, call ambulencia!
Comprende?

VOICE

Si, Senor.

BRENNAN

You! Hold it. What do you see?

FIRST MAN

Nothing, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

Bullshit. Come here. I said come here!
(He pulls the man out)
What do you see?

FIRST MAN

Nada, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

The gun, Honey Dripper. You see the
gun in his hands?

FIRST MAN

Si, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

(pointing to a Second Man)
You. Over here. What do you see?

SECOND MAN

I see a gun. A gun, Senor.

BRENNAN

Where?

SECOND MAN

His right hand. His right hand
got a gun.

BRENNAN

Ok. We wait.

(flashes his badge)

Everybody. We wait right here.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP PHONE.

It's ring is jarring. A hand gropes for it and we pan to Al Reilly. He's 28 or 29. Al Reilly has the classic Irish face, younger looking than his years, choirboy freshness, a look that makes you feel he'd sing "Danny Boy" beautifully.

6. CONT.

AL

Yeah?

VOICE

Reilly? Is this Assistant District Attorney Aloysius Francis Reilly?

AL

Yeah, yeah. Who -

VOICE

This is Kevin Quinn, Chief of the Homicide Bureau, Office of the District Attorney, County of New York. You've heard of me?

AL

Jesus. Yes sir. Yes sir. This is me - I.

QUINN

Who?

AL

Al Reilly, sir. Aloysius Francis Reilly.

QUINN

(chuckling)

All right, Francis. That's better. Are you catching tonight?

AL

Yes, sir. I am.

QUINN

A squad car's on it's way to pick you up. I've already alerted the duty stenographer. Make a note of the time. It is three oh five A.M. You have time to shower. Be here by 4 A.M.

AL

What precinct, sir?

QUINN

Francis, Tony Vasquez has been shot. It belongs to us. Homicide Bureau. I know this is your first case for us, but don't make me feel like an idiot for requesting you here. It's ours from now on. Homicide Bureau, my office, sixth floor.

Click.

7. AL BLINKS thinks a minute. And then like a shot, heads for the shower, muttering:

AL
Tony Vasquez -- shit.

CUT TO:

8. A SERIES OF SHOTS

As the squad car winds its way from the Upper West Side to Downtown Headquarters. The streets are deserted. The cops driving Al are silently sipping coffee.

CUT TO:

9. HOMICIDE BUREAU

A long corridor. As Al reaches the door at the end, he checks his tie, hair. He knocks quietly and enters.

10. QUINN'S OFFICE

QUINN
Come in, please. Shut the door behind you.

Kevin Quinn is behind the desk of a sparsely furnished office. On the walls are his law degrees, his admissions to other jurisdictions, and, discreetly placed, his Phi Beta Kappa. He's in his early 40's, greying already, but with black brows. There's a trace of Boston in his clipped speech. Even at this hour, he is immaculately turned out, Dunhill's. He is studying Al's folder on his desk. After a beat he looks up:

QUINN
Sit down please.
(as he examines him)
Aloysius Francis Reilly?

AL
Yes, sir. My friends call me Al.

QUINN
Background, Francis. Tell me about it.

AL
Well...Queens. I was brought up in Elmhurst. Catholic school...a little minor league ball - long enough to find out I couldn't hit a curve.

QUINN
Law degree?

AL
Brooklyn Law.

10. QUINN'S OFFICE CONT.

QUINN

Why not St. John's?

AL

My father thought the Jesuits were too left wing.

He laughs. Quinn doesn't.

QUINN

Your father's death was a great tragedy. And not just for his family. For the entire Police Force.

AL

Yes, sir. He was killed in the line of duty in the two three.

QUINN

I see you served in Harlem also. It's bad up there.

AL

Yes, sir. It is. Those people have a tough time.

QUINN

Francis, if you want to serve as the house liberal I can transfer you to Mr. Blumenfeld's office. I don't care if you're black, white, green, or polka dot. I don't care if your parents threw you in the garbage at birth, or if you started wearing women's clothes at fourteen. If you break the law and if it crosses this desk, you'll pay for it. Am I clear?

AL

Yes, sir.

QUINN

And you agree?

AL

Yes, sir.

QUINN

Your father was everything the Police Department used to be. He added to a tradition that had been built by our people, a tradition that justified the use of those words, The Finest. That's why I've brought you in here. I want to hold on to those values and the people who personify them. I hope you'll be one of them.

10. QUINN'S OFFICE CONT.

AL

I'll certainly be trying, sir.

QUINN

Your first case began with my phone call at 3:05A.M. A classic case of justifiable homicide. A piece of vermin, one Tony Vasquez, attempted to ambush Lieutenant Brennan. Mike Brennan is the personification of the finest. The toughest, most fearless, dedicated Police Officer it's been my pleasure to know. He does get rough sometimes. Miranda and all the other rulings that bind a Police Officer's hands, are not for the likes of Michael Brennan. If he takes short cuts, they've never hurt me in court. And I know, because this office has tried all his cases, never lost one, and never been reversed on appeal. You'll meet him shortly. Your job is to collect the facts, present them to a grand jury, and close this out. You will advise Brennan of his rights, and get a statement from him. The duty stenographer is Lubin who is even now struggling to find his way here from Far Rockaway. Do you have any questions about how to conduct your investigation for this office?

AL

I don't think so, sir.

QUINN

Good. It's cut and dried. One word of caution. Do not talk too rapidly. Make certain everything said and everything that happened has been recorded by the court stenographer. For all intents and purposes, from now on, the Q and A defines what really happened. If it's not in the Q and A, it didn't happen. The police who were called to the scene and witnesses will all make their statements as well. They're in the commissary. You may wait there till Lubin arrives. Questions?

AL

I don't discuss anything with the officers about the case till Lubin arrives. Correct, sir?

QUINN

Correct, Francis. And welcome.

Quinn shakes his hand and smiles.

CUT TO:

11. THE COMMISSARY

A room that used to be a records room - paint peeling, some ancient cartons still around. Coffee machines, automatic candy, sandwich, and juice dispensers. A couple of broken-down couches against the walls and three or four formica tables scattered around the room. A small counter with a few empty hot trays where, during the day, a few hot dishes are available.

Mike Brennan is talking. We see him clearly now for the first time. He's huge, with a kind of toughness that makes you want him on your side in a bar fight. He's easy with his body, confident. About 45, with a rather gentle face that belies the threat that you feel from him physically. But there's a wary tension in him. He is talking to Luis Valentin, a small Puerto Rican detective and Sam Chapman, and two other elderly men.

Luis is full of energy, lively, gay. In his early thirties, he's survived the street and loves his job. Having become a cop means he's safe, he won't go under, like so many of his friends. He has a slight Puerto Rican accent.

Sam Chapman is a big, tough, black detective. A little younger than Mike Brennan, his admiration for Brennan shows. He's comfortable in his own skin, loose. If there's any problem for him being a Black in Blue, it doesn't show yet.

BRENNAN

So I bring him into the back to print him. He's pulling against me - he's a big motherfucker - maybe 260, 270. He's yelling, 'You fuckin harp this' and 'you fuckin harp that'. I says, 'Don't upset me, Mr. Calabrese' and I start to put his hand on the pad. He pulls his hand away. 'You can't print me, you cocksucker', he yells, 'I'm made!' And he throws the fuckin' ink pad at me. I'm wearin a new light blue jacket, a white shirt. The fuckin' pad - holy shit - I never saw such a mess. I see red, you know? I grab him by the ass and the neck, and, very quiet I say, 'Alright, you guinea cocksucker, you bought it.' I threw him right out the fuckin' window - Pow - right out. He was so stoned - he thought he was on the 2nd floor - he shit his pants. He wasn't hurt too bad - it's the ground floor, you know in the old 3-2. Some cuts. That's all. I made him put his hand in his own shit - I says, 'We got no more ink pads. You gotta use your own shit.' No more out of Mr. Calabrese.

11. THE COMMISSARY CONT.

Chappie is roaring, Valentin and the others also.
Al enters. Brennan rises.

BRENNAN

Hi. I'm Mike Brennan. You the
Homicide A.D.A.?

AL

Yeah. Hi. Al Reilly.

BRENNAN

My pleasure, Mr. Reilly. Since I'm the
guest of honor, so to speak, I'll do the
introductions. Inspector Flynn, Lieutenant
Keeley from the PC's office, Detective
Valentin of the 23 Squad. He's workin the
case with Detective Chapman here, from Homicide.

CHAPMAN

Call me Chappie. We're you're arms
and legs, Reilly.

VAL

Yeah, you're a lawyer now. You don't
do no runnin' aroun' no more.

BRENNAN

That's right. You was a cop once, right?
In the 2-3?

AL

That's right, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

About time they brought them from the force
into here - right? A pleasure. I knew your
old man. It's cops like that that made us
the Finest.

VAL

We was just tellin' old war stories. Mike,
here, he's tellin us what cajones he's
got. The jungle bunny here is laughin'
his ass off, and I -

CHAPPIE

You ain't nothin' but a nigger with
straight hair.

11. THE COMMISSARY CONT.

INSPECTOR FLYNN

Gentlemen, you're in violation of
Police Department directives. Racist
epithets are not permitted.

They are all roaring with laughter, Al looking on with
a tentative smile on his face.

VAL

Racist? Who's a racist? Me and Chappie?
We're the minorities. You damn lucky to
get us. We quit and a federal judge
take away your money. Brennan? He's no
racist. He hates everybody. He's an Equal
Opportunity Hater.

The laughter is interrupted by the entrance of Lubin, the
stenographer. He is the quintessential ~~civil~~ servant;
50, balding, 5'4, his overcoat too big, his pants too long.
As the years go by, he's shrinking. His stenotype machine
is clutched under his arm.

BRENNAN

Lubin, you mazzazita, what the fuck too you
so long?

LUBIN

I almost got mugged on the subway. Where were
you pricks when I needed you?

On their laugh -

CUT TO:

12. QUINN'S OFFICE

Everyone from the previous scene, plus Quinn are present.
Brennan's deposition is being taken. Throughout the scene,
Al Reilly's nervousness is apparent. It's his first and, to
him, it matters.

AL

Would all those present please give their
name, shield, and assignment to the stenographer
before leaving? Thank you. Lt. Brennan,
you are familiar with the requirements of
the Miranda ruling, are you not?

BRENNAN

Yes, Mr. Reilly.

12. QUINN'S OFFICE CONT.

AL

Still, I hereby advise you that you are under no obligation to make a statement, but if you choose to make a statement, that statement can be used against you. You have the right to seek the advice of counsel or have counsel present, and if you lack funds to hire counsel, you will be provided one free of charge. Is that clear?

QUINN

Nicely done, Francis.

There is general laughter.

QUINN

Do not record my remark, Lubin, or the laughter that followed. Understood, Lubin?

LUBIN

Yes, sir.

QUINN

Continue, Francis.

AL

What was the last?

LUBIN

"Is that clear?"

AL

Is that clear, Lieutenant -

BRENNAN

Perfectly clear, Mr. Reilly.

AL

Ok. Right. Now - Lieutenant - approximately 12:30 this morning, - er - something happened. Right, Lieutenant?

BRENNAN

Correct, Mr. Reilly.

AL

Where did this something happen?

BRENNAN

At 81 East 107 Street, City and County of New York.

12. QUINN'S OFFICE CONT.

AL

Tell us - in your own words, Lieutenant -
tell us what happened.

LUBIN

Who's words is he gonna tell it in?

General laughter.

QUINN

Lubin, I make the jokes around here.

LUBIN

Yes, your holiness.

Uproarious laughter, including Quinn and for the first
time, Al.

QUINN

I think you'd best not include this
last exchange, Lubin.

LUBIN

Not if I want to be off for Passover.

It's 5:30A.M., dawn is coming and the laughter has the
unrestrained release of some very tired men. Brennan
brushes the tears from his eyes.

BRENNAN

Earlier this evening, I was at the 23 Squad
on 104 Street between Lex and Third. I
was investigating the homicide of one,
Julio Sierra. Investigation had revealed
that Sierra's lifelong friend and associate,
Anthony Vasquez had been cheated out of a
vast sum of money by the aforementioned
Sierra. It is believed that narcotics were
involved, though I cannot name my source
on that. Ok. So a little after midnight
I get a call from a reliable informant
telling me the whereabouts of Anthony Vasquez.
Realizing that Vasquez should be questioned
in the murder of Sierra, as he had ample
motive, and has also a long yellow sheet of
violence, I went to an after-hours joint -
club - on 107 Street between Park and Lex.
The door was open. I saw the deceased, Tony
Vasquez - he was known to me as Tony - who
I knew from previous encounters. I said,
'Tony - come here, I want to talk to you.'
Or words to that effect. I don't expect
nothing. I'm nonchalant. I no sooner say the
words, 'Julio Sierra' then he goes crazy and
screams at me, 'I'll kill you, you motherfucker'

12. QUINN'S OFFICE CONT.

BRENNAN CONT.

or words to that effect. It was pitch black and I don't mind sayin I was scared as Tony is known as a shooter. I saw him reach and saw a flash of metal and in fear of my life I drew my gun and shot him twice. I could hardly see him but God was with me and both bullets hit him in the head. Whereupon people emerged from the club and started shouting abuse at me. I pointed out to them that the deceased had a pistol in his hand and held them at bay till reinforcements arrived. Ballistics is now checking whether the gun of the deceased had bullets that match the gun that killed Julio Sierra as they were both .45 caliber. That's about it, Mr. Reilly. Except that I'm sick that a human life is lost. But it was him or me.

AL

Jeez, Lieutenant, you certainly covered everything.

LUBIN

You want that last remark in the record, Mr. Reilly?

AL

Uh -

QUINN

That was a refreshing spontaneous reaction and I think you should leave it in, Reilly.

AL

Yes. Leave it in.

BRENNAN

I'll be happy to answer any questions, Mr. Reilly.

AL

We have no more questions. Do we, Mr. Quinn?

QUINN

That's for you to decide.

AL

Ok. Thank you. End of statement.

12. QUINN'S OFFICE CONT.

QUINN

Gentlemen, thank you. I think everyone can go home and get some sleep.

The group rises, shaking Brennan's hand. They congregate around Lubin giving badge numbers etc and ad lib goodnights. Al is looking at Quinn, eager for his reaction. Quinn motions to him.

QUINN

You handled that well, Francis.

AL

Well, it's pretty cut and dried.

QUINN

But a good case to cut your teeth on. All you'll need for the grand jury will be statements from those witnesses at the club, the ballistics report, autopsy report, and a statement from Brennan's informant. Francis, you are to shield the identity of the informant from everyone. Clear? Everyone.

AL

I understand, sir.

QUINN

You've got two excellent leg-men, so good luck. Get some sleep.

AL

Thank you, sir.

(looking at Brennan)

He's impressive, isn't he?

QUINN

You know what Durante used to say: You ain't seen nuttin', yet!

CUT TO:

13. A SQUAD ROOM

Valentin, Chappie, and Al are working. Pizzas, coke, coffee. The room is quiet and empty. They are working through the weekend.

CHAPPIE

The rifling and ridges match up with the .45 found in Vasquez's hand. Ballistics will confirm it was the same gun used in the Julio Sierra killing.

13. A SQUAD ROOM CONT.

VALENTIN

Jesus, we're wrapping up two homicides.
We're lookin' good!

CHAPPIE

That's a great introduction to
the Homicide Bureau, Mr. Reilly.

AL

Please, Al, Chappie. I'm not used
to 2nd names. I was a cop too long.
Shit, I rode with Sabartelli, Forenzi,
Mullins -

VALENTIN

Mullins - oh boy - Moon Mullins.

AL

You couldn't call him Moon to his face.

CHAPPIE

That fuckin Mullins did his whole
stint in uniform.

VAL

Sure. Like why ruin a good thing, you know?

Chappie and Valentin laugh. Al does not join in.

AL

What about the witnesses?

VAL

Let's see, here. We got Santo Rivera,
Maxie Correa, Angel Delgado -

CHAPPIE

Rice and bean choirboys.

VAL

Fuck you, night fighter.

(continuing to read)

Luis Alvarado, Joseph Castillo,
Mauricio Valdes, Roberto Texidor,
also know as Bobby Tex -

AL

Bobby Tex?

CHAPPIE

We got some funny fish in the net.
Two scungeel up there, too.

13. A SQUAD ROOM CONT.

AL

Italians? In a PR joint?

CHAPPIE

Yeah. You got Lorenzo Franconi, a/k/a Larry Pesh, and his bodyguard, Bruno Valli.

AL

Bobby Tex - Larry Pesh. That's heavy stuff. They never go uptown.

VAL

Not for a long time. I used to see Bobby Tex playin' stickball. Near San Juan Hill. Now he's living on fuckin' Sutton Place and I'm still stuck in the fuckin projects.

CHAPPIE

So get into dope. That's the trouble with PR's, Al. They breed like rabbits, don't do any work, then expect welfare to put 'em on Sutton Place.

VAL

Up yours, darker-than-me. Like I get twice the work done around here, cause you're always stoppin' for watermelon.

AL

Who else?

VAL

We got Bobby Tex's old lady, Nancy something, Nancy Bosch.

AL

Who?

The question is asked so sharply that Val and Chappie look up.

VAL

That's what it says. Nancy Bosch She's been with Bobby Tex a couple of years. We keep a file on him. You should read about the parties he throws. Like one time he had the whole cast over from some Broadway show. They had to bring the coke in in wheelbarrows. Oh, well. I'll get mine in heaven.

13. A SQUAD ROOM CONT.

CHAPPIE

The only way you get to heaven is if they have their groceries delivered.

AL

Let's stop the shit!

Val and Chappie look up at Al, surprised at his sharpness.

AL

Chappie, you finish up Ballistics and the autopsy report. Valentin, you take the witnesses but I want to see Franconi, Bobby Tex and Nancy Bosch. Get them down here.

He moves out of the Squad Room. Val and Chappie look at each other with a 'what did we do' look.

CUT TO:

14. FORLINI'S

Old oak bar. All male clientel. Judges, bail bondsmen, lawyers. The place is loud at lunchtime. Seated at the bar is Leo Blumenfeld, over fifty, gray hair, a drawn face, thin. And tired from 30 years of not making waves. He's sipping a double scotch. Al comes through the doors.

LEO

I'll never get used to it, Al. You got judges at one table. DA's at another, and defendants at a third. How many deals do you think get cut in the men's room? Don't answer that. What are you drinking?

AL

Some soda.

He helps himself from Leo's untouched soda bottle.

LEO

An Irishman turning down a drink? The prophet Elijah's going to show up for Passover this year?

Preston Pearlstein stops by. Fat, fifty, a terrible rug not matching what's left of his real hair, pinkie rings, 'coordinated' slacks, and sports jacket', the works.

PEARSTEIN

Mr. Blumenfeld, an honor. Once again, we meet -

14. FORLINI'S CONT.

LEO

Fuck off, Pearstein. I'm seen
talking to you and shoo flies will
be following my children's children.
Al, this is Preston Pearlstein. When
Jesse Jackson used the word, "Hymie",
he meant him.

PEARLSTEIN

(laughing)

What a character. How do you do.
I'm delighted -

LEO

That's it, Pearlstein. We haven't
eaten yet. Don't spoil my appetite.

PEARLSTEIN

(still laughing)

What a character.
(and he leaves)

LEO

Look at that son of a bitch.
Fifteen years ago he showed up
with the jacket of one suit and
the pants from another. Now he's
living in 516 and his wife just
bought half of West Palm Beach.
And I'm sitting here pulling my
putz. We'll eat here at the bar,
Phil. The usual.

The bartender sets places and delivers their lunch during
the rest of the scene.

AL

What is this, Tuesday? Yeah. It
must be. You're crying in your
scotch.

LEO

You're right. How come my generation
of Jews drink? When my parents came
from Poland, they used to sing this
song:

(he sings)

Shicker is ah goy! Dah da, dah da
miz ehr, Vile ehr is a goy!
I'll translate for your mick ears:
A drunk is a gentile - then I forget -
he has to drink because a gentile
is a drunk.

14. FORLINI'S CONT.

AL

Leo, you're the best theoretician,
the best tactician the DA's office
has ever -

LEO

That and a token will get you on the
subway. Thirty years - thirty in this fucking
office. I should have left long ago.
Gone private. Made some money. Molly
deserves better.

AL

Why didn't you?

LEO

Because I had the same disease
you've got now. I thought I could
get something done.

AL

That's right, Leo. I think I'll
get something done.

LEO

Choirboy. I hope they don't break
your heart. I never should have
let you go. You can't wipe your ass,
yet. How do you like your new boss?

AL

He's a pisser. Tough, but fair. And
decisive. I like that. I can't wait
to see him in court. That's all we heard
about in law school. His track record.
His memory. He was reading my summary
the other day and he says, 'I think
you've got Tony Vasquez's record wrong.
We brought him in 11 times but he's only
had two convictions, not three. I looked
it up. On the xerox of the yellow sheet
the two was smudged and looked like a
three. He was right.

LEO

He's a prick. He's a racist and an
anti-semite and a prick. He wants to
be Tom Dewey and he will be. He married
for politics and all he can see is his
way clear to - God knows how high up. When
we still had executions in this state he used
to volunteer as a witness. On his first
murder case, he was a young DA then, we're
talking years ago, the case was shakey,
largely circumstantial. And he wanted a

14. FORLINI'S CONT.

LEO CONT.

recommended death penalty from the jury. By the time he finished they believed the poor black kid had raped their mothers. I'll give him that. I've never seen anybody with such a smell for a jury. It's uncanny. Anyway, he goes up to Sing Sing for the electrocution. Next morning we're sitting around having coffee, he comes in with this shit-eating grin on his face. Somebody says, 'How'd it go?' He says, casually, 'He fried.' Then he says, 'I sure hope he was guilty!' And he laughs. Fuck him. Now and forever.

PHIL (THE BARMAN)

Two corned beef - anything to drink, gentlemen?

AL

Nothing, thanks.

LEO

A single, Phil. You drew the Brennan-Vasquez case, huh?

AL

Cut and dried. Vasquez had a .45 in his hand.

LEO

Vasquez never carried a .45 in his life.

AL

He did that night.

LEO

Schmuck. Listen to me. I also got a memory. In 11 arrests they never found anything on him but a .32. That's the only time they ever got him, for carrying a concealed weapon. He used to have this little .32 he had made special so it could fit in his boot. Check your yellow sheet. You'll see I'm right.

AL

Maybe he had two guns that night.

LEO

Tony Vasquez? He used to say he had three balls. That macho shit. 'I don't need no stinkin' pistols - I take 'em out wid my bare hands!' Two guns? Bullshit!

14. FORLINI'S CONT.

LEO CONT.

Oy, Aloysius -
(he points with his finger
to Al's head)
Tochas!

CUT TO:

15. THE STREET

Al is crossing back to his office. Val and Chappie are
at a hot dog stand.

AL

Valentin, did they find two guns
on Vasquez?

The two come over.

VAL

Yes.

AL

Why didn't you tell me?

VAL

For God's sake, senor. We're just
gettin' going. Like it's on your desk
now. And Bobby Tex and group are
coming in tomorrow.

AL

All of them?

VAL

Yeah. His old lady, too.
(he watches Al's reaction.
Al doesn't blink. He starts
to cross away)
Oh, Mr. Reilly.

AL

I'm sorry. It's Al, remember?

VAL

(accepting the apology)
We can't locate the stool, Al.

AL

The stool?

VAL

Yeah, Brennan's stool. He's paid
by the Feds, too. Everybody is
playing it tight, you know?

15. THE STREET CONT.

AL

What's his name?

VAL

Roger Montalvo.

AL

You got a location?

VAL

Al, like a stool with a permanent location, he ain't gonna be a stool for long. But we find him. Here. There. Don't worry. You look worried, my friend.

AL

Me? No - no.

(again he starts away)

CHAPPIE

Al. Why'd you ask about the piece?

AL

I heard that Vasquez never carried except a .32 in his boot.

CHAPPIE

That's what they say.

AL

So?

CHAPPIE

So?

AL

What was he doing with a .45?

CHAPPIE

I see where you're going, Al, and you're going to have to go through me. Brennan is the best cop I ever saw. First one through the door, first through the window - the skylight. He stepped in front of a bullet for me once, caught it in his left hand and shoved it up the punk's ass. Unless you know, don't blow. This is serious.

15. THE STREET CONT.

VALENTIN

(singing)

"From the Halls of Montezuma"

CHAPPIE

Fuck you, honey dripper.

VALENTIN

They was Marines together, you know?

CHAPPIE

Like I said, a great cop. I
want to be honest with you, Al.

AL

Thanks, Chappie. What if it
turns out that way?

CHAPPIE

I'll do my job but I won't take
him in. I'll leave that to the
pride of San Juan Hill here.

VALENTIN

Thanks a lot. That fuckin gorilla,
he shove me up his ass easy as
Preparation H.

They laugh together. The unit has been formed.

CUT TO:

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM

Windows overlooking Foley Square. A large conference room table is in the center, chairs around it, large comfortable ones. Against the wall, 2 smaller but still hefty tables stand against the wall. Chappie, Valentin, and Al are winding up an interrogation of Alvarado, a streetwise tough guy, probably a bouncer at the after-hours place. Lubin is also present with his stenotype machine.

ALVARADO

I don't give a fuck what he says.
I didn't see no gun.

AL

Thank you, Mr. Alvarado. You're
excused.

He leaves.

AL

Let's set this up a little bit
more.

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

Val and Chappie know what he's doing. During the next dialogue they put the large table against the wall, move one of the smaller ones into place and put their three chairs around it. They then move the other chairs into a semi-circle at some distance from their table. The object is to make the witnesses a little more insecure. They can sit at a table but the witnesses will be sitting stiffly upright with nothing to lean on.

VALENTIN

Listen, Al - we should question Bobby Tex with his old lady and the goombah in the room.

AL

We've been doing it individually so far.

VAL

I know my people, Alberto. Bobby Tex I know from the street. Like he can't take the needle, not in front of his old lady and a wal-yo boss. He's a hot-head.

CHAPPIE

Why do we want to get on Bobby Tex's ass?

AL

Larry Pesch and Bobby Texidor in a Harlem joint with Tony Vasquez? Come on. There's fish in the stream, Chappie. Maybe we'll get lucky.

There's a knock on the door and Pearlstein sticks his head in.

PEARLSTEIN

Mr. Reilly, my clients have been waiting a half an hour -

AL

We're ready. Please come in .
(to Lubin)
Everybody been sworn?

Lubin

Done already.

Through the door come four people: Franconi (Larry Pesch), Bruno Valli, his gunsel, Bobby Texidor, and Nancy Bosch. Franconi is reed thin, tall, cadaverous, and a face that could frighten kids on Halloween. Bruno, a fat slob of a wise guy, can use his belly to clear the way. Bobby Texidor is something else. He's gorgeous, about 38-40, always in white, always a black open shirt and black shoes. White fedora with a black band. Only the materials of the suit change by seasons, never the color. He's proud, gentle, and sophisticated. Still a hint of accent. With Nancy next to him, they're the picture couple of the year. She's about 26. incredibly beautiful. perfect speech.

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

The dress is Ungaro, gold hoop earrings, but no other jewelry. Trucks hit cabs when she crosses the street.

PEARLSTEIN

Mr. Reilly, these are my clients. Mr. Franconi, Mr. Valli, Mr. and Mrs. Roberto Texidor.

AL

Mr. and Mrs?
(to Val & Chappie)
I thought you told me Mr. Texidor was single.

PEARLSTEIN

Well - you know - living together. Times have changed, haven't they? You know - common-law-wife.

AL

Counselor, common-law marriages were abrogated in New York in 1931. You should know the law.

PEARLSTEIN

Oh, so that's the way we're gonna play it, huh? Listen, kid, you should only know the law that I've forgotten!

AL

Don't call me kid. I've seen you standing outside of night court with a vaudeville hook, waiting for clients.

PEARLSTEIN

We don't have to take this. Come on -

CHAPPIE

Pearlie, take it easy, huh man? You brought your people down here in good faith. You always do. This is a bull-shit case. Pardon me, maam. We'll just take a few statements and then everybody goes home. Nobody's going to get hurt here.

VAL

(with a little more PR accent)
Das right, Pearlie - an' yo tell yo' clients you save dem from indictment, ok? Bigger fee, you dig?

General laughter.

AL

I'm sorry, Counselor. It's been a long day.

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

PEARLSTEIN

It's over - water under the bridge -
Pearlstein never takes it personally.
However, I would like to state for the record,
that Larry here, Mr. Franconi, refuses to
say anything, invoking his privilege
under the 5th and 14th amendments.

AL

Is that on the advice of counsel?

PEARLSTEIN

Well, not necessarily.

AL

I can't believe that an advocate as
respected as you, would advise his
client to plead the 5th. He is not
the target of this investigation.
He is in no jeopardy whatsoever. Do
you want us to become suspicious of
Mr. Vito Franconi, a/k/a as Larry Pesch
of Pleasant Avenue and points south?
Pesch means fish in the mother tongue,
am I correct, Mr. Franconi? Do you want
us to grant him immunity, then march him
upstairs to Part Thirty and have him
imprisoned for contempt? Then do you
want me to get in touch with the Federal
Bureau of Narcotics and Internal Revenue
Service to see if they have any problems?
I'm not saying I would do these things,
Counselor -

PEARLSTEIN

Wait a sec, wait a sec. May I talk to
my client outside, Counselor?

AL

Of course, Preston.

Pearlstein, Franconi, and Valli go out. The room is dead
quiet. In a series of close-ups, we see the following:
Valentin's and Chappie's complete admiration for the way
Al is handling this; Bobby Tex is re-estimating Al; Nancy
not revealing anything; and Al, unable to tear his eyes
away from her. There is a wild intensity in his look
that she is clearly avoiding. Bobby Tex picks up
on this, when the door reopens and Pearlstein et al come
back in.

PEARLSTEIN

Al, it's all straightened out. Mr.
Franconi will make a statement.

16

A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

PESCH/FRANCONI

Me and my chauffeur, here, was drivin on Park Avenue around midnight. All of a sudden I gotta take a piss. I says, "Bruno, find me someplace. I gotta take a piss." I don't wanna go piss in the street on account of the neighborhood, you know? I'm scared up there, you know? So Bruno pulls over by this joint. I go in. I take a piss. I come out and there's this guy wavin' a piece and yellin', "Stay here." I figured he was a cop so I stayed.

AL

Mr. Valli, is that your recollection?

BRUNO

I'm wid him.

AL

I'm a little confused, Mr. Franconi. The after-hours club on 107 Street had no markings of any kind, no lights. How could you, in a moving vehicle, see such a place?

PESCH/FRANCONI

What is this, the third degree? I come down here on my own time - I got a poultry business to run. I got no time to be jerkin' around. Pearlstein, straighten this guy out, will ya. I got nuttin' else to say.

PEARLSTEIN

My client has cooperated in every way possible, Al. This interview was a half hour late in starting -

AL

I'd like the two gentlemen to stay just a little longer, Preston. In case any conflicts develop in the testimony.

PEARLSTEIN

Of course. We're cooperating fully, Al.

AL

Mr. Texidor, suppose you give me your version of the facts.

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

TEXIDOR

Happy to, Mr. Reilly. I know
Mauricio Valdes from the old days
when I used to live in the barrio.
So, last Thursday, my wife and I decide
to give his club a play.

VALENTIN

Your 'wife', Bobby Tex?

TEXIDOR

I'm talking to Mr. Reilly.

AL

Detectives Valentin and Chapman are
assigned to the case, Mr. Texidor.
They are allowed questions. Please
continue.

TEXIDOR

They're allowed questions, not snotty
insinuations, right Mr. Reilly?

AL

Right. Please continue.

TEXIDOR

We go in to the club just to pay our
respects and leave. I don't want
to be there late, because the crowd
get a little rough in those places,
you know? Hey - I remember you, Mr.
Reilly. You served in the 23 Precinct, no?

AL

That's right.

TEXIDOR

You had a good reputation among the
Latinos, Mr. Reilly. Tough but fair.

VALETIN

I can't stand this.

AL

Johnny -

VAL

He's blowin' smoke up your ass
and you're taking it.

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

TEXIDOR

I got my wife here, Mr. Reilly.
I don't want no profanity here.

AL

Johnny, please.

VALENTIN

Ok. I'm sorry.

AL

Continue, Mr. Texidor.

TEXIDOR

We had a drink. All of a sudden,
a lot of noise.

AL

Like shots?

TEXIDOR

I can't say, but noise. I go
outside, there's this big guy -
something in his hand - another
guy was laid out. The big guy
pulls a badge, he says nobody
moves. More cops come. That was it.

AL

Do you know Mr. Franconi and Mr.
Valli from before?

TEXIDOR

Can't say I do.

AL

Well, you saw them when they came
in the club, didn't you?

TEXIDOR

It's a big, noisy club, Mr. Reilly-

VALENTIN

You tryin' to tell us that two
big Wops walk in like hit men and
you don't see them?!

AL

Johnny!

PEARLSTEIN

These racist remarks are outrageous.

PESCH/FRANCONI

Pearlstein I want you to call the
Italian-American Civil Right League -

Simultaneously

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

AL

(banging his desk)

Detective Valentin, control yourself!
I'd like to apologize to everyone. This
office does not condone any racial epithets.
Now let's settle down and get this over
with - please. This guy that was "laid-
out", that was Tony Vasquez, right?

TEXIDOR

That's what I heard later.

AL

You knew him?

TEX

Sort of - from around the neighborhood.

VALENTIN

Sort of? Bobby Tex, with my own
eyes, I seen Tony Vasquez save your
life. It was when the guin-Italian
gang caught you on 114th and Pleasant
Avenue in the playground there? Like you
was maybe 16 and you ass was grass
and he waded in with a lead pipe and
saved you and now you deny him over
his dead body? Cobarde!

TEXIDOR

Cobarde?

VALENTIN

Yeah! Fuckin' coward! Tony loved
you like a brother - he worked for
you since then -

TEXIDOR

Fuckin' honey dripper. You was a punk
then and you're a punk now. Detective?
You couldn't find a Jew in Rockaway!
You got a badge and a gun and you're
still a punk!

PEARLSTEIN

Please, Bobby -

TEXIDOR

Shut up, Shyster!

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

VALENTIN

You over, Bobby Tex. You finished and over. The baddest guy is me 'cause I'm the law! I'm in charge and this case is wrapped! This case is clear self-defense, and the Lieutenant gets a medal and I make first grade! So fuck you!

TEXIDOR

Self-defense?! You fuckin' turkey! Little Tony Vasquez - 120 pounds, he's gonna carry a .45 and a .38 and he's wearing Dak pants with no belt?

VALENTIN

Now you a detective, huh?

TEXIDOR

You fuckin' right, you rice and beaner! You could see his .38 stickin out his boot when he fell! Everybody knows that's all he carried!

VALENTIN

You sayin' Brennan whacked Tony out?

TEXIDOR

That's for me to know and you to find out, Defective Valentin!

The silence is thunderous. Chappie's head goes down. Larry Pesch shuts his eyes. Pearlstein wipes his glasses. Even Al, he's no longer looking at Nancy. Tex knows he's goofed.

TEXIDOR

I'm sorry, Mr. Reilly. Couple of PR's from the old neighborhood get together - hell - it always happens like this. Sorry, Luis.

VALENTIN

No hard feelings. I'm sorry for what I called you.

TEXIDOR

I'm no detective. I'm just runnin' off at the mouth.

PESCH/FRANCONI

How about it, Mr. Reilly. I got chickens to pluck.

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

BRUNO

I'm wid him.

AL

Will the witnesses remain in the waiting room just five more minutes. I just want to make sure there's no conflict in the statements so we don't have to call you all down here again. Lubin, you can take a break.

All but Chappie, Al and Valentin go out. There is a long pause.

VALENTIN

(very quietly)

The feces has struck the air conditioner.

AL

You were great, Val.

VALENTIN

You was pretty good yourself, Alberto.

CHAPPIE

While you two pricks are congratulating yourselves, you better realize you maybe put Brennan's neck in a noose.

VALENTIN

Look, I don't wanna hurt a cop, Chappie.

CHAPPIE

You just did. It is now on the Q and A. Welcome, shoo flies.

VALENTIN

This whole thing stinks. Look, Chappie, I know my people, like you know yours. There's no way Vasquez knocked off Sierra. Like I don't care if Julio beat Tony out of twenty keys. Those two guys and Tex - shit - I seen them take on a gang of 10 guineas, the Scorpions. I seen 'em walk up against five or six Dragons with nothing but a knife and a broken bottle. They called themselves the Sinners then. Like I'm talkin' 25 years they been together, you know? They're how Tex formed his gang. Shit - you were moving against the Mob in those days. You had to be tough to move in on dope.

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

CHAPPIE

Those junk mothers fallout over anything - a kilo - a broad.

VALENTIN

Vasquez didn't jam Sierra. We ain't talking Colombians, here. I know my people. This case is dirty. I feel it in the cajones, you know?

CHAPPIE

You're listening to a piece of shit like Bobby Tex? The day you start believing a goddam dope dealing spic against a cop like Mike, that's the day I hand my badge in.

AL

Chappie, just suppose Brennan comes up wrong. You ready for that?

CHAPPIE

(pause)

I'm a cop. I'm just saying it's gonna take more than the word of a dope dealing, mob-controlled beaner.

AL

Ok.. Then it's simple. Where's the stool, Montalvo? That should settle it.

CHAPPIE

Superfag? Jesus. He's worse than Bobby Tex. He's a stool, a pusher, a beater, and a shooter. The Feds pay him 500 a month and hands off while he deals his own shit. He sets you up, or shoots you in the back. If we gotta depend on him, we'll all wind up indicted.

VALENTIN

So what about the girl?

AL

What about her?

VALENTIN

Let's get her in. Maybe she says somethin'. You look at her with those baby blues, Al, who knows where it leads, you know? Shit, why should the bad guys get all the good pussy, huh?

16. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM CONT.

Al says nothing. The door opens and Bobby Tex walks in alone. He walks up to Al.

TEXIDOR

I been sitting on something and
I want to say it to your face,
Counselor.

AL

Say it.

TEXIDOR

What I got to say maybe you won't
want these guys to hear.

CHAPPIE

Say it, Honey Dripper.

AL

Say it and get out.

TEXIDOR

You think you're smart? You think I
don't know why you get me down here
on this cockamamie case? She's with
me now, whitebread. I know all about
you and my old lady. She told me
everything. I catch you sniffin' around
Nancy, you get more than you could ever
handle. And I don't give a shit if
you're the law or what.

(pointing his finger at

Al)

You been warned.

AL

You ever point your finger at me again,
I'll break it off and shove it up your ass.

There is a pause as Tex tries to control his anger.

TEXIDOR

Ok. We both been warned.

He turns and exits. Valentin and Chappie avert their eyes.
Al holds staring at the door.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

17. 40TH STREET & 11TH AVENUE

Entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel. The hookers are out in force, two to a corner, waiting for New Jersey clientel and truck drivers on a quickie. It's night. Brennan emerges from the shadows. Two of the hookers spot him and start to cross away from him.

BRENNAN

Hey, Flo!

Flo stops and looks back at him.

BRENNAN

Come here! Bring your friend.

Flo and another hooker cross back to Brennan. As they approach, Brennan puts his fingers between his teeth and whistles. The hookers on the other corners turn to him.

BRENNAN

Call your girl friends over.

Flo looks around and nods. Some other girls start to come over.

BRENNAN

You know better than to run from me, Flo.

FLO

Lieutenant, I was just -

BRENNAN

You was just bullshit! All right, who we got here? Min, Sherry, Lola, Carrie, Sue Ellen, oh, and that star of stage, screen, and cocksucking, Sylvester, right?

SYLVESTER

My name is Sophia.

BRENNAN

Sophia, huh?

(his hand darts out and
grabs Sylvester's crotch)

Yeah, like I thought. What's this
Sophia, huh? Feels like balls and
a little cock under Kotex, right Sophia?

17. 40TH STREET & 11TH AVENUE CONT.

SYLVESTER

Jesus, Lieutenant, you're hurting me.

BRENNAN

Not as bad as I'm going to.
What's your name?

SYLVESTER

Sophia.

Brennan squeezes.

SYLVESTER

Oww!

BRENNAN

What's your name?

SYLVESTER

Sylvester.

BRENNAN

Ok. I'm looking for Roger Montalvo.
I mean really looking. Whoever lets
me know, I owe 'em one. Ok?

FLO

You got it. Lieutenant. Anything else?

BRENNAN

If I want anything else, I'll call
Sylvester here. Look at that mouth.
That's an experienced mouth, right Sylvester?

SYLVESTER

Please, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

Listen, cocksucker. Montalvo's boyfriend,
Mal - Mal?

SYLVESTER

Malpica - Jose Malpica.

BRENNAN

Yeah. Jose - you move in the same
circles. If you run into him in a
daisy chain, tell him I want to see
'im. Comprendes?

17. 40TH STREET & 11TH AVENUE CONT.

SYLVESTER

Yeah, yeah.

BRENNAN

Get back to work.

They scatter. Brennan spots their pimp in the shadows.
He starts toward him.

PIMP

I heard. Got the word.

Brennan moves on.

CUT TO:

18. SUTTON PLACE

It is raining. Nancy emerges from an elegant apartment
house. The doorman heads off for a cab. Al pulls up.

AL

Please, Nancy.

She starts in the opposite direction. Al backs up, turning
into a corner so that he blocks her at the curb.

AL

Please, Nancy.

She gets into the car. Al drives off.

CUT TO:

19. THE CAR HEADING UPTOWN

AL

We've got a tail on Bobby and a
tap on your phone. I knew you'd
be going out.

NANCY

It figures.

AL

I want to talk to you, Nancy. See
if I can explain.

NANCY

Don't even try.

19. A CAR HEADING UPTOWN

AL

Christ, Nancy, even a criminal
gets a second chance.

NANCY

Only in the appellate division.
You told me that.

AL

Nancy, what are you doing with shit
like Bobby Tex.

NANCY

Stop right there. Whatever he does,
he's more honorable than you. He's
what he is. One face. Not two.

AL

What happened to the baby?

NANCY

What baby? Hey - those Irish eyes
aren't smiling. I'm Catholic too,
you know. Just not so strict. Oh,
this is stupid.

AL

What about your mother - your dad -
they ok?

NANCY

You fucking hypocrite. As if you give
a damn. She's fine. He's dead. That
was his last Christmas. 1982. He was
already a dying man that day we met him
on the corner. He did his last two
sea voyages with cancer so our pension
would be bigger.

AL

Nancy, I was caught by surprise. You
should have told me your father was -
(he stops)

NANCY

Say it. Look at you, you poor bastard.
Say it. Was a nigger. A dinge. A coon.
A black man. Curly hair. Big lips.
Wide nostrils. Big dick. The best man
who ever lived and you went pale when you

19. A CAR HEADING UPTOWN CONT.

NANCY (cont)

met him. And it's pretty hard to
see you go pale.

AL

Nancy. Christ! I made a mistake.
You made a mistake not telling me.

NANCY

Is that what you thought? That I was
hiding my father from you? I'll tell you
what I thought. Love me, love mine. Right?
Wrong! It's you - you can't look in people's
eyes. You just see skin or hair or whatever.
That's your hangup, your problem, not mine.
I don't want to hear another fucking word from
you. Let me out of here.

AL

We can't leave it --

NANCY

Let me out of here.

She opens her door of the still moving car. Al jams on the
brakes. Nancy jumps out, and runs into the street, hailing
a cab. Al sits there, tears welling in his eyes.

20. QUINN'S OFFICE

Quinn and Al are there. Quinn is reading the transcript.

QUINN

This is idiotic, Francis. You've com-
plicated what should be a simple self-
defense. I will not have an officer of
Mike Brennan's stature, dragged through the
slime by some Puerto Rican, drug dealing, scum.
You are not to present this to the Grand Jury.
There is no corroborative evidence of any sort.

AL

It's in the statement.

QUINN

Not if the Grand Jury doesn't ask for the state-
ment. Don't complicate this, Francis. Don't
let me lose my faith in you.

AL

Yes, sir. We'll find the stool. I'm sure that
will corroborate Lieutenant Brennan's version.

QUINN

You are not working for Internal Affairs,
Francis. Or are you?

AL

No, sir.

20. QUINN'S OFFICE CONT.

QUINN

Keep in touch. Very close touch.

CUT TO:

21. A CORRIDOR

Al is heading toward the elevators when Val stops him.

VALENTIN

Alberto, we do Joan Rivers, huh?

AL

What?

VALENTIN

Can we talk? Just a question.

AL

Yeah, sure. Here ok?

VALENTIN

Look, Al, Chappie told you about him and Brennan being tight. I ain't told you nothing cause I got nothing to tell. But we have to be honest with each other. If we push this, what are we going to be pushing against, you know?

AL

What are you saying?

VALENTIN

Well, that scene, the other day. Man, you got to admit that's alittle unusual. You and the lady, Al. An old roll in the hay or what?

AL

We met, we were going to get married, we didn't get married.

VAL

Why?

AL

I fucked up.

VALENTIN

Ok. That's all. If it was serious, you got my respect. And silence. Thank you, Alberto.

They start to walk to the elevator.

VALENTIN

The other day - you looked like you was still hurtin'.

AL

Every little breeze, Val.

CUT TO:

22. THE DOCKS

A crane is lifing a Police car out of the water. Various Police emergency vehicles are gathered around. Al is checking with a Police Officer and two Detectives.

AL

We'll need you downtown for your statements. Nothing complicated. Your reports should cover all of it.

The group breaks up. Al starts off and is suddenly face to face with Mike Brennan.

BRENNAN

Glad to see I'm not the only case you're working.

AL

Hi Mike.

BRENNAN

I came to see you, Reilly 'cause I think you got the wrong idea about me.

AL

I got no idea about you, Mike.

BRENNAN

Reilly, if I want my prick pulled, I'll do it myself. Look, it's no secret. I believe in kicking ass. And I've kicked ass in the 2-3, the 2-5, the 3-2, the 3-0. You name it. But I'm respected. My first night on patrol at 147 and Lenox - I told those niggers on the corner, "when I'm on the post, the baddest motherfucker on the block is me." Some jiveass gives me the stick and gun shit. I hand them to my partner, we go in the alley and that scumbag goes to the hospital. But the crime rate fell when I was there.

AL

I heard about you, Mike, when I was still at the Academy. And Chappie's told me.

A body bag on a stretcher comes by. The attendants place it gently into the P.E.V. wagon. It moves off.

BRENNAN

I mean look at that. Two cops just driving by and some animal drops a rock through the windshield. I mean it's all coming apart, Al. It didn't used to be like this. I want it like it used to be. I mean,

22. THE DOCKS CONT.

BRENNAN

You lose control of the jungle, you're finished, right? Christ, you been on the street, Al. You know. So what if I break a couple of heads? You know what we're fighting out there? And they know it. That's why they hate me out there, Al. That fuckin' Bobby Tex - that Montalvo - they wanna set me up. You can always find somebody to set you up.

AL

Not if you're clean.

BRENNAN

Bullshit. Like you rode with Moon Mullins, right?

AL

(suddenly wary)

Yeah.

BRENNAN

Alright, so he's retired now. In Miami. Moon over Miami, huh? But say some eager beaver Assistant DA gets hold of old Moon. "We know you were takin', Moon. We got your nuts in our hand. We know who you rode with. He didn't report it. He must have had his hand in, too. Right, Moon?"

AL

No cop would rat. You know that, Mike.

BRENNAN

Sure, I know it. But picture Moon. His pension could go. And this DA, croonin' in his ear, "Give us some names, Moon. We give you immunity, you give us cops." You think Moon's gonna sit on it? He'll give 'em the whole PBA roster.

AL

Listen to me, Brennan. If you're dirty, you're going. And anything you ever say to me from now on, you say it on the Q & A.

BRENNAN

I gotta stand here and take this from Kevin Reilly's little boy? I wish you were dead. And if your father was alive, he'd raise a glass to that, too.

He turns and goes. Al stands there, trembling, not sure why.

CUT TO:

23. OUTSIDE PETER RABBIT

A fag joint. Chappie is just coming out as Brennan arrives.

BRENNAN

Hey buddy.

CHAPPIE

Nothin' on Rodger the Dodger.

BRENNAN

Come on, I'll buy you a drink.

The enter. The place is a hangout but none of the heavy apparatus of the Anvil or other hangouts of a few years ago. Brennan and Chappie sit at the bar.

BRENNAN

Things have really calmed down in these fag joints. Remember a few years ago?

BARTENDER

What'll it be, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

Coffee. Chappie?

CHAPPIE

Scotch.

BRENNAN

They're lookin' to hurt me, Chappie.

CHAPPIE

This'll all blow over in a couple of days, Mike.

BRENNAN

No, they want to hurt me. That phony, Reilly. Night school commando. Looks like a fuckin' choir boy and all those years he rode with that fuckin' bag man, Moon Mullins. Don't tell me he didn't take.

CHAPPIE

Nobody knows what goes on inside a police car, right Mike?

BRENNAN

Your fuckin' A. And this spic, Valentin, Fuckin' nut case. Spent all his time undercover, sleepin in abandoned buildings, palling with junkies. Shit, who can trust a nark, huh, Chappie?

23. PETER RABBIT BAR CONT.

CHAPPIE

I always heard he was clean.

BRENNAN

Clean? I know my ass is clean,
because I wipe it.

CHAPPIE

Who do you trust, Mike?

BRENNAN

You. I trust you. 'Cause we been
through it. Together and separate.
You're the whitest black man I ever
knew. And that's the truth, Chappie.
Help me. They want my ass.

CHAPPIE

How?

BRENNAN

Promise me. I'm glad you're looking
for Montalvo. But you gotta promise
me. If you find him, I want to talk
to him first. You know what a snake
he is. I want him before you bring
him downtown.

CHAPPIE

I don't know him. I don't know where
he is. Valentin's got a line on him.
Knows him well. He's workin' on it, too.

BRENNAN

You got Luis's home address?

CHAPPIE

Yeah, but I don't like -

BRENNAN

Hey! This is me your talking to,
huh? Mike Brennan?

Chappie pulls a notebook from his pocket.

CUT TO:

24. VALENTIN'S APARTMENT

Paintings on velvet, plastic on the sofas and chairs, but
completely warm and inviting. We are in the kitchen. Val's
wife, Phyllis, pretty and starting to go plump, and their

24. VALENTIN'S APARTMENT CONT.

two children, 6 and 4, are staring at Brennan, who has clearly interrupted the evening meal. Val is a little scared, also.

BRENNAN

This is important, Luis.

VAL

Sure. You kids, finish your supper and listen to your mama - ok? Come on in here, Mike.

They move into the other room.

VAL

Shoot, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

I'm the wrong guy to say that to.

They both laugh.

BRENNAN

Luis, you got a line on Montalvo or his cornhole buddy, Jose?

VAL

Not yet. But I'll find him. I got the stool brigade out lookin'. Takes a stool to find a stool, huh Lieutenant?

BRENNAN

You'll take him to Reilly?

VAL

Sure. Where else?

BRENNAN

I have to talk to him first, Johnny. Your friend, Bobby Tex is trying to destroy me. I have to talk to Roger first, before Reilly.

VAL

That's rough, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

Johnny - you were in Narcotics, right?

VAL

Yeah.

24. VALENTIN'S APARTMENT CONT.

BRENNAN

You worked with Alvarez, Lopez, and them guys?

VAL

Yeah.

BRENNAN

Ten big ones.

VAL

What?

BRENNAN

Don't play boy scout with me, you nigger with straight hair. You were with Alvarez and them guys.

VAL

I'm clean, Lieutenant.

BRENNAN

Don't pull my prick, Valentin. I know everything that goes on - everything. There's not one score goes down I don't know about. You want particulars? The Rubelo case? 80 grand? Split five ways?

VAL

Four. I never went upstairs, Mike.

BRENNAN

Lieutenant to you. You got yours.

VAL

Lieutenant, I swear on my kids, I'm clean.

BRENNAN

Bullshit. You think I'll go down by myself and leave this world to Bobby Tex and you? I'll take the whole Narcotics Bureau with me. The whole fucking department.

VAL

Lieutenant, please, my wife -

BRENNAN

That's right, Honey Dripper. Your wife. Don't look down. Look me in the face. Are you in? For ten?

VAL

Yes, Lieutenant.

24. VALENTIN'S APARTMENT CONT.

BRENNAN

The contract is closed. Ten big ones - cash - when you bring me Roger Montalvo - We'll fuck Reilly in the ass on this one. He's probably a quiff, too. Don't fuck with me on this one, Johnny. You fuck with me, better you piss a kidney stone through your hard-on. Comprende?

VAL

I understand, Lieutenant.

CUT TO:

25. A PHONE BOOTH

On the corner.

VAL

Chappie? It's me.

INTERCUT CHAPPIE AT HOME

CHAPPIE

Yeah.

VAL

He was here.

CHAPPIE

He caught me, too.

VAL

I figured.

CHAPPIE

Don't talk on the phone. I'll see you downtown tomorrow.

VAL

I'm all shook up, Chappie. Chappie, he's scary.

CHAPPIE

Go to bed.

CUT TO:

26. THE BATTERY.

Traffic noise is enormous. Blumenfeld and Al are walking slowly.

AL

That's right. \$10,000

26. THE BATTERY CONT.

BLUMENFELD

Wow. Well one good thing. You
can trust Chappie & Valentin.
They didn't have to tell you.

AL

What do I do, Blumey?

BLUMENFELD

Have you told Quinn?

AL

I'm seeing him at 2:30.

BLUMENFELD

Don't tell him. He and Brennan go back
much too far. From now on, keep me in-
formed of everything. None of this
departmental loyalty crap. My boss is
higher than your boss. You're a lawyer
now. Don't forget that. You're final
responsibility is to the DA. We can
take this walk anytime you need me. Don't
worry. Even if I were wearing a wire,
this noise would wreck the tape.

They both smile and continue walking.

CUT TO:

27. QUINN'S OFFICE

Al and Quinn are there.

QUINN

And I thought it was going to
be a simple case. My last word
of advice is this, Francis. You
are letting a purveyor of narcotics,
a liar and a criminal, affect your
judgement. There are not too many
of us left in this city. There is only
room now for a select few. Stay with
us. I'm having a some friends in
next Thursday. Dinner. Drinks.
Please come. Plaza Hotel, 9 o'clock,
come alone. Thank you, Francis.

CUT TO:

28. SUTTON PLACE

Nancy comes out, dressed for the evening. Al is waiting. She walks resignedly over to his car and gets in. He drives up York, turning right up the 60th Street Ramp, then down to the river's edge where he stops the car.

AL

I want to say what I have to say then I'll take you wherever you want to go. Yeah, I was shocked that day. I'm an Irish cop from Queens. My father was a cop. All I knew about black people was that they hated me and made my job very hard. When we met at Brooklyn Law, everything changed for me. They're right. Love can do that to you. I loved being in love with a girl who lived in the 23 precinct. It made me feel that everything was possible in this fucking city. I loved everything about our life together. School. The subway. Walking you home. The two weeks we took in St. Thomas. Whatever that look on my face said to you, it wasn't how I felt. I died a thousand times after that day. Every unanswered phone call, every time you ran from me on the street, every time I looked at your empty chair in class. And then you disappeared. I've been dying since. A little piece every day for six years. All I do is work. I've got a new apartment and no furniture in it. I loved you then, I loved you while you were gone, and I love you now. I'll do anything you want.

NANCY

Your job must be making you feel dirty. You're looking to be young again. No can do. You know how something can happen - a small thing - and all your feelings change? Like I was with this guy and one night he came into the bedroom naked, but he still had his socks on? And I just started to laugh and just like that I wasn't in love anymore. That's what happened that day you met my father. Everything went out of me when I saw you looking at him. Goodbye good times, goodbye paralegal, goodbye rainbow people, everything.

Maybe you were right about one thing. Maybe I was testing you. Black people get to know about white people very early. So maybe I didn't want to tell you my father was black. Maybe I wanted to see your face. No guard up.

28. SUTTON PLACE CONT.

NANCY (cont)

Naked. What you really felt. Hoping I would be wrong about what I knew all my life. If I was testing you, I found out. You flunked, Whitey.

Look, you say you still love me. But so what? I got rid of it all at once. You'll take longer. Or maybe you'll never get over it. The big thing is, I don't care.

You can do one thing for me. If you're going after Texidor, don't do it because of us, you and me. When I disappeared all those years, it wasn't so great for me. He found me. He got me off dope and he takes care of my mother and little brothers. He loves me. As much as you do. Now take me to 86th Street between Lexington and Third. Corso's. You know it?

AL

I know it.

He starts the car.

CUT TO:

29. CORSO'S EXTERIOR - 86th STREET

Al's car pulls up. Nancy gets out, goes up the stairs.

30. CORSO'S INTERIOR

If you've seen Corso's on Friday night with Tito Puente playing, you've seen heaven. The clothes are fabulous and the dancing beyond belief. The macho rivalry from bantams to bulls is at its fiercest. The women are gorgeous. Rounded asses, breasts pushed high. The music literally doesn't stop. There are no breaks. It's dancing, dancing, dancing. You can bring your own, or order. But the object is not to get drunk. The object is dancing as foreplay.

Nancy enters and Tex rises when he sees her. With Tex are two Cubans, Alphonse and Armand Segal, Larry Pesch, and the inevitable Bruno, a new character, Hank Mastrangelo, and his muscle, Gino. The two Cubans speak no English. When they speak, subtitles will be used. Everyone rises, except Hank, as Nancy approaches.

30. CORSO'S INTERIOR CONT.

TEXIDOR

You're beautiful. Gentlemen, my wife, Nancy. This is Hank Mastrangelo - stand up, Hank.

Hank does, reluctantly.

TEXIDOR CONT.

His friend whose name I don't know. Larry and Bruno of course. And here are Armandito and Alphonsito Segal. You hungry, baby? You want something to drink?

NANCY

A little champagne, please.

ARMANDO

(in Spanish)

It's an honor to be in the service of a man who has a woman of such beauty as his wife.

NANCY

(smiling at the compliment, in Spanish)

You are too kind.

HANK

(quietly to Larry)

I can't stand this spic shit. I'm going to the bar. Have Bobby join me for a drink. Tell him to come alone. I don't want those two coke-heads near me.

PESCH/FRANCONI

Hey, Bobby Tex is ok. I mean he's done alright by us.

HANK

You've made money with Bobby, huh?

PESCH/FRANCONI

We all have. He's a good kid.

HANK

You know what's going on?

PESCH/FRANCONI

Well, no.

30. CORSO'S INTERIOR CONT.

HANK

Then mind your own fuckin' business.

Hank rises and crosses to the bar, his muscle with him. In a long shot we see Bobby Tex rise and the two Segals immediately on either side of him. Larry Pesch whispers to Bobby, who shakes his head, "No" and nods toward the bar at Hank and his muscle. Hank picks it up, says something to his muscle, who moves slowly back to the table. Bobby now crosses to the bar alone. The two Segals stay standing till the muscle rejoins them, and all three sit but never take their eyes off Hank and Bobby at the bar.

HANK

Bobby, you been with us a few years, right? And we looked out for you?

TEXIDOR

Always.

HANK

No static on the street, right?

TEXIDOR

None.

HANK

No interference from us, right?

TEXIDOR

No. Never.

HANK

You get first crack on the merchandise and the price is always fair, right.

TEXIDOR

Right. And I always been doing the right thing back to you guys, right?

HANK

No complaints. You're reliable.

TEXIDOR

So what's the beef?

HANK

Those two shooters you just brought up from Miami. Why?

TEXIDOR

They're two nice Jewish boys from Cuba.

30. CORSO'S INTERIOR CONT.

HANK

You're kiddin' me. Cuban Hebes?

TEXIDOR

Sephardic.

HANK

That means no hits on Saturday?

Bobby laughs.

HANK CONT.

Don't shit me, Bobby.

TEXIDOR

I need protection from Brennan. He's going to whack me out.

HANK

What makes you say that?

TEXIDOR

He killed Julio. Now Tony. So he's after me. I'm not going to sit still and let him do it.

HANK

Bobby. The balance is very delicate, right? We can't disturb what we got going downtown.

TEXIDOR

I'm supposed to keep my hands in my pockets while that prick is trackin' me?

HANK

Take a vacation. Let things cool off. We'll straighten this out. But do not hurt that person. No way. You understand? Don't forget you dropped him in it. You want to protect yourself and your quiff, ok. But stay away. You been told.

He rises and goes, his muscle after him.

30. CORSO'S INTERIOR CONT.

Nancy rises and crosses to him, the two Segals right behind her.

NANCY

Bad news?

TEXIDOR

That son of a bitch, Brennan. He plucked my wings, now he's trying to muzzle my beak. He's cutting me off from all my bases. Well, fuck him.

(in Spanish)

Let's go. Carlo, what do I owe you?

CARLO (THE BARTENDER)

It's taken care of.

Carlo nods to Larry, still at the table. Larry smiles and waves to Bobby. Then Bruno smiles and waves to Bobby.

Bobby and his group break from the bar. Suddenly a six foot woman breaks toward them from the dance floor. Before anyone can even see what's happening, the Segals have her turned and jammed into the Mens Room, so quickly, it's caused no disturbance.

31. INSIDE THE MENS ROOM

The Segals have the woman up against the tile wall. But her wig has been knocked off and we see a man in full make-up. They each have one of his hands pressed to the tile and Armando's knife is pressed against the man's belly. Tex comes in.

MAN

Oh, God, Mr. Texidor, please.

TEXIDOR

(in Spanish)

Let him go.

(in English)

Don't come at me so sudden like that.

MAN

Of course, I'm sorry. I'm Jose Malpica. Roger Montalvo's friend. I design all his clothes and -

TEXIDOR

What do you want to see me about?

Jose looks at the Segals.

31. INSIDE THE MENS ROOM CONT.

TEXIDOR

They're ok.

JOSE

I've been waiting all night for those Guineas to leave. I've danced my ass off. My feet are killing me. These shoes are too small. Roger - he wants to see you.

TEXIDOR

Good. You don't mind coming along?

CUT TO:

32. A CHORUS LINE OF FOUR TRANSVESTITES

Kicking their heels. It's a tourist trap, half-empty, a couple of gay junkies at the bar, waiting for out-of-town trade. The Segals, flanking Bobby, but, hands in pockets, watching Jose constantly, push through the back tables to a curtained Exit.

33. THEY ARE IN WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE BACKSTAGE

It's a tiny space with a broken bass drum and tacky pieces of set stored back there.

JOSE

He's in my dressing room.

They move to a door with a sequined star on it. There's a sign on the door held on by scotch tape. "Unless you want to fuck me, KEEP OUT".

JOSE

(indicating the door)

After you.

TEXIDOR

No way, Jose. You first.

34. They step in, Jose first. There's barely enough room for all of them. There's a makeup mirror with one bulb on it, old telegrams taped to it. Rhinestone and sequined costumes are on hooks and on the floor. The smell could knock you over. Roger Montalvo is pissing in the tiny sink. He's in cheap Armani imitation jacket and slacks, sandals, no socks. A punk hairdo, and one eye with a false eyelash on. During the scene he'll put on the other eyelash at the filthy table. He is a presence!

TEXIDOR

Montalvo, my man!

34. DRESSING ROOM CONT.

ROGER

Hi, puss.

He offers his cheek. Tex pecks at it. The Segals are furious.

TEX

(referring to Jose,
in Spanish)

Send her home.

ROGER

No, puss. I'm all upset. I
want her with me.

TEX

Loose lips sink ships, Roger.
Home!

ROGER (to Jose)

I'll call you later. Let
you know where'll I'll be.

Jose and Armand go. Alphonse stays.

ROGER

You want a snort?

TEXIDOR

I'm a seller, not a buyer.

Roger does a line on a hand mirror. Alphonse licks up the
leavings.

ROGER

He's going to kill me, Bobby.

TEXIDOR

I know.

ROGER

He's going to kill you, too.

TEXIDOR

He going to try. That's why I got
my two friends here.

ROGER

He'll crush them into wine. Listen, I'm gay.
And gay on the street means motherfucking tough.
But this Brennan scares me. His eyes. He's a
fag-killer. Like all those guys. He's gay.
He doesn't know it, but he's gay.

TEXIDOR

You faggots say that about everybody.

ROGER

Oh god, puss, I hate him!

TEXIDOR

You stool for him, you fuck!

ROGER

Four years ago he got me out of stir. I'm a three time loser and I was in love with Jose. It wasn't easy. But he got me out.

TEXIDOR

So you went to work for him.

ROGER

I'm always hiding from him. And he always finds me. Last year, he wanted some names checked out. Who was where, who was doing what. So I found out. And I realized right away it was the old Sinners gang.

TEXIDOR

My club? Shit, we split up twenty years ago.

ROGER

That's right. Four of them got wasted one way or another. Only three of you were left.

TEXIDOR

Sierra, Tony, and me.

ROGER

Right. And Sierra and Tony were working for you.

TEXIDOR

And you fingered Tony for him.

ROGER

What could I do? He found me that night. He can't do it in the club. He makes me call Tony outside. And he jams him. You're the only one left.

TEXIDOR

You faggot motherfucker. He's probably waiting outside for me, now. Even as we speak.

ROGER

I swear to you, no. I need you.

34. DRESSING ROOM CONT.

TEXIDOR

You think I'm going to team-up with some faggot stool pigeon? You douche-bag, I should take you out right now. For Tony and Sierra.

ROGER

But you won't.

TEXIDOR

Don't be sure.

ROGER

Don't be stupid. You're not going to knock off a Police Lieutenant unless your're crazy. I'm your witness. With me you can take him out legally. He's breathing on your ass and I can wipe him out for you. You need me.

TEXIDOR

You're a dead man if he finds you.

ROGER

That's why I contacted you. You've got money, boats, planes. And you need me alive.

TEXIDOR

(a pause)

Welcome, partner.

CUT TO:

35. AL'S OFFICE

Late at night. Al, Valentin, and Chappie are sitting. The atmosphere is tense.

AL

I can't go into the Grand Jury like that. There's no doubt now. He took Tony out. That's why he offered money for the stool. No word on who he is, Val?

VALENTIN

None.

AL

Chappie, you said if he came up dirty you wouldn't bring him in. Ok. I'll accept that. But not anything short of that.

CHAPPIE

You want me to tail him.

35. AL'S OFFICE CONT.

AL

Right. If he gets to that stool
before us -

CHAPPIE

(in agony)

Alright! Alright.

AL

You're a cop, Chappie.

CHAPPIE

No shit.

VALENTIN

Yeah. You're a natural shadow,
Chappie. Invisible at night.

CHAPPIE

Fuck you, fartmaker.

He slams out.

AL

Should I put someone else
on it?

VALENTIN

He'll do it. He'll hate
it - but he'll do it.

CUT TO:

36. ALPHONSE EMERGING FROM BOBBY'S BUILDING

He cases the street, then walks slowly down the ramp of the inhouse garage, talking into a small walkie-talkie. By the time he reaches the secluded rear of the garage, the elevator door opens. A stretch limo is pulled up close to the door. Nancy, Armand, and Bobby Tex emerge. The men are carrying a very large garment bag. They throw it into the rear of the car. They get in. Tex and Nancy in the rear, Alphonse on the facing seat, Armand in front with the Hispanic driver. The car pulls out.

CUT TO:

37. INTERIOR OF THE LIMO

Armand reaches down and unzips the top of the bag. Roger's head emerges, gasping.

ROGER

Oh, God, that it should have come to this.

TEXIDOR

You'll be comfortable very soon, Roger.

ROGER

Where are we going?

TEXIDOR

Puerto Rico. You're going to be staying on a boat.

ROGER

Oh, no, puss. I get seasick. I hate boats.

TEXIDOR

Don't be an asshole. It's tied up at my dock. You'll have all the candy you need and we'll get you a baby sitter if you want.

ROGER

No, I'm going to try to be true to Jose. It'll do me good. What did I do to deserve this?

NANCY

Everything.

They all laugh.

37. INTERIOR OF LIMO CONT.

ROGER

Anything I can do for you while
I'm down here, Bobby? Sorry,
Nancy. I don't eat fish.

Bobby's boot comes lashing out. It's a vicious kick, and
blood erupts from Roger's mouth.

TEXIDOR

Listen to me, maricon! Sometimes
you're not funny, you know what I
mean? You keep respect, heh?

Roger starts to cry. Alphonse and Armand exchange a
look of disgust.

CUT TO:

38. TETERBORO AIRPORT

The limo pulls up to a private jet. Nancy and Tex get
into the plane. Armand and Alphonse throw the garment
bag in and step into the plane. The engines whine, the
plane starts to taxi.

CUT TO:

39. A LUXURIOUS SUITE AT THE PLAZA HOTEL.

Dinner for seven people has just finished. Two waiters are
rolling out the tables. Drinks have been set up. A third
waiter is just pouring coffee, as a fourth waiter passes
brandy and cigars. Al is impressed being here although not
quite sure why. Quinn is relaxed. Three other men will
be carrying the conversation: Magnus, an older Pol who looks
like Edward Arnold, Seabury, 65, very old family, and Altshul,
a Yuppie Pollster.

MAGNUS

(to the waiters)

Leave those. And thank you.

The waiters each get a fifty, put down the brandy and cigars
and they go.

QUINN

What conclusion have you reached, Bob?

ALTSHUL

The best. Your recognition factor is almost
as high as the Governor's or the Mayor's. The
image factor couldn't be better. Crime fighter,
straight as an arrow, poor boy who made it, ex-cop.
You're strong in Queens, Staten Island, and the
Jewish and Italian sections of Brooklyn. Nassau
and Suffolk are a wrap. Now the good news. Stronger
and stronger as we move upstate except for isolated

39. A LUXURIOUS SUITE AT THE PLAZA HOTEL CONT.

ALTSHUL (cont)

pockets of blacks around Troy, Utica, Buffalo, etc. Nothing we didn't expect. Put that together with Abrams for Governor, Amalfitano for Lieutenant Governor, it's the perfect ticket. Money clearly is no problem. We just look at this crowd. And that's not counting Sheila's dowery.

Big laugh. Al's eyes are popping.

QUINN

It's a lot of money to invest for Attorney General.

MAGNUS

I'm ahead of you. Abrams thinks he can be the first Jewish President. I told him it's not time yet, but when a fellow gets the bug, what are you going to do? So, in two years he's going to make a run for it. He resigns the Governorship and Amalfitano moves up. If we take it that year -

ALTSHUL

We will.

MAGNUS

We move Amalfitano onto the State Supreme Court or maybe even the Federal Bench. That leaves you sitting in the catbird seat for the special election. So, Jim?

QUINN

Let's go for it!

Laughter. A burst of applause.

SEABURY

Jim, you've fought the good fight, holding fast year after year. With less and less support, I might add, as this city becomes a melting pot that, unless stopped, will put out the flame that heats it. A bad metaphor, but no matter. To our next Attorney General.

All rise, click and drink.

CUT TO:

40. EXTERIOR OF THE PLAZA HOTEL

The people from the meeting are getting into limos. Al struggles into his raincoat. Quinn puts his arm around him and talks quietly.

QUINN

Francis, I admire your Irish stubbornness. It's a valuable asset. Despite the fact that you've disregarded my advice on this Brennan thing, I know a good lawyer when I see one. If things break right, I might want you with me. Good night.

Al looks stunned. Quinn gets into his limo and drives off.

CUT TO:

41. EXTERIOR OF A BEAUTIFUL VICTORIAN MANSION

Somewhere in New Jersey. Lovely gardens. Two cast iron fawns on the lawn. In the rear, two black Lincolns, and a non-uniformed driver.

CUT TO:

42. INTERIOR OF THE MANSION

A wonderful room. Bay windows, red moired walls, heavy silk drapes that are now closed. Four large straight-backed chairs are placed around the fireplace which has electric logs and fire in it with one of those spinning wheels on bulbs so it looks like flame. A small table on the side, silver coffee service, an open bottle of red wine, a plateful of macaroons.

Present are Larry Pesch and Hank Mastrangelo. Their gunsels are outside. Also Nick Petrone. Very old. A dark blue cashmere suit, white shirt, red tie, bedroom slippers. And Brennan is there. He's standing and in a rage.

MIKE

You need a Puerto Rican skag peddler? Six years I've been with you Wops. I've saved your guys from big junk collars. I've traced lost stuff for you. I've fingered stools for you. And I've even gone on special assignments for you, Nick. And you're telling me you need Bobby Tex?

42. INTERIOR OF THE MANSION CONT.

HANK

He runs a good operation, Mike.
Why don't we wait a while and
see if we can straighten this out, huh?

MIKE

If? If you had a square asshole
you'd shit bricks! I don't want
to hear that shit.

HANK

Watch your mouth.

MIKE

What? You're gonna put on your
Al Capone face? I'm ready to step
out right now. You want guns right
here? You wanna go in the kitchen
with knives? You're talkin' to ME!
I chew up wise guys and spit out faggots,
you hear?

NICK

Mike, Mike. Come on, my friend.
We're old friends here. Why you
so angry?

MIKE

I'll tell you why. I know you guys.
You'd crawl over your dying mother
to fuck your sister. But when I need
you, me - a fuckin' harp - I know how
you talk about me - I get this "he runs
a good operation" shit. Well, I'm
telling you, Nick. If I go down, I'm
takin' everybody with me. And if you're
thinkin' of taking me out - they got this
new Assistant DA, Reilly - a real choir boy.
He likes me. Thinks I'm hot shit. He
gets a big envelope the first day I don't
show up for work.

NICK

Mike is right. What are we talking
bout here? This Bobby Tex - a spic
stool pigeon. We gonna lose a man
like Mike here for that? Bury him,
Hank. Larry, you set it up. You're
close to him.

HANK

We'll get on it tonight, Nick.

42. INTERIOR OF THE MANSION CONT.

NICK

Done. You see Mike? No reason
to get mad.

MIKE

I'm sorry, Nick. Only I'm feeling
very alone out there.

NICK

Mike, Mike, I understand. It's not
like the old days, eh? Now we got
spics and niggers mixed up in everything.
With us - with the Police Force.
Detectives, Inspectors. You come to
a crime scene, you don't know who to
shoot, eh?

They all laugh.

NICK CONT.

Go home, Mike. It's over.

MIKE

Ok. Sorry, Nick. Hank. Larry.

He goes. When the doors open we see Larry's and Hank's
muscle outside. The doors shut. Pause.

NICK

Pazzo. Pazzo. He's trouble. Too
bad. He was good for us.

HANK

Right away, Nick?

NICK

No. Tex first. That'll calm Mike
a little. While we check out this
Reilly guy. Probably bullshit.

PESCH/FRANCONI

It is. I seen the guy. We're
covered.

NICK

You see what happens when you go out-
side your own? Ah, maybe it's better
this way. Clean out the pipes. Make
whole new operation. Anybody know any
Chinks?

Laughter and

CUT TO:

43. INTERIOR AIRPLANE

Pesch and two hoods are talking quietly. The hoods are Danny and Phillie.

PESCH

We'll take different cabs. You stay in your hotel rooms till it's time. I'll set him up for 9 o'clock at the Mirador. I'll make sure he's alone. You take a taxi there. Be there around 8:30. You come in on the drivers side. That's where he'll be. Don't start till I'm outta the car, huh? Go for the head.

44. OUTSIDE THE SAN JUAN AIR TERMINAL

The usual hysterical airport scene. Farewells and Larry Pesch gets into a cab and takes off. Phillie and Danny take the next cab. As it moves off we pan into two big heads. Armand and Alphonse are in the front seat of a car. They move out, following the second cab.

CUT TO:

45. HIGH IN THE SKY

of one of those 30 story modern hotel monstrosities. Danny, the ugly hood, is sprawled in a beach chair on the crummy balcony. He has his shirt off to get the sun. But his suit pants, shoes, and socks are still on. An empty Margarita sits on his hairy stomach. He's asleep.

45. HIGH IN THE SKY CONDO CONT.

Behind him we see Armand's head emerge from behind the partition of the next balcony. He glances down, then, like a cat, he's up on the balcony railing and drops onto Danny's balcony. He steps out of his shoes, and, in his stockinged feet, approaches the beach chair.

A long pointed switchblade simply appears in his hand. The knife tears into the beach chair, it's long blade going deep into Danny.

Danny's eyes pop open, bugging out of his head. He opens his mouth to scream, but only a torrent of blood comes out. He is frozen that way.

Armand pulls the knife up, so that we hear the tearing of the beach chair. He pulls it out, tiptoes to the sliding door and enters the hotel room. He moves quickly and silently across the hotel room. He hears the shower going despite the TV being on. He opens the door and Alphonse slips in. They head for the bathroom.

CUT TO:

46. THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENING

Alphonse, gun with silencer in hand, steps in. Pop - Pop. Two holes appear in the shower curtain. Phillie's hand grabs for the curtain even as his body slams into the tiles behind him. He sinks into the tub pulling the shower curtain with him. His blood, mixed with water is running down the tiles.

CUT TO:

47. THE HOTEL ROOM CORRIDOR

Alphonse and Armand emerge from the room. Armand slips the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob and they leave.

CUT TO:

48. BOBBY TEX'S HOTEL SUITE

The height of vulgarity, but expensive. Wet bar, deep couches, mirrors everywhere. The phone rings.

TEXIDOR

Yeah.

PESCH

(voice)

It's me, Larry. I just got in.
Some dinner?

TEXIDOR

You got it, my friend.

CUT TO:

PESCH

(in a pay phone in the
hotel lobby)

How about the Mirador? You
took me once. It was terrific.

TEXIDOR

Swell with me, Larry.

PESCH

8:30? Pick me up in the lobby
of the Marriott. Oh, and Bobby,
I'm alone. So leave the Cubans
at home, huh? They scare the shit
outta me.

TEXIDOR

8:30!

CUT TO:

49. JOSE'S DRESSING ROOM

Jose is at his table, cold cream all over his face, removing
his makeup. The door bursts open. Jose sees Brennan in
his mirror. His heart stops.

BRENNAN

That's some sign you got on the
door.

Jose tries to laugh.

BRENNAN

I guess since I'm here I got no
choice, huh?

Jose turns to him.

JOSE

Lieutenant -

BRENNAN

That's some show you guys put on.
No, really.

JOSE

You were there tonight?

BRENNAN

You damn right. Jesus. I coulda
sworn those were girls up there dancing.

Jose is still terrified but starting to sense something.

49. JOSE'S DRESSING ROOM CONT.

JOSE
Yeah. Well. That chorus.
They really work hard.

BRENNAN
That end guy. What legs.
Gets a guy horny, you know?

JOSE
His name's Michael - like yours.

BRENNAN
No shit! Wow. You look
pretty good up there too.

Pause.

JOSE
You want it, Mike?

BRENNAN
(pulling a bill out)
One hundred. I pitch. You
catch.

JOSE
Let me get this crud off.

BRENNAN
Your place. Bring that vaseline.

JOSE
I've got K-Y jelly at home.

CUT TO:

50. A TENEMENT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

Down the street comes Brennan's car. It pulls up to a fire hydrant and stops. Brennan and Jose enter the building as a 2nd car comes down the street. It pulls up past the building so the building can be seen in the side mirror. Chappie is alone in the car. He stops and turns out his lights.

CUT TO:

51. JOSE'S VILLAGE APARTMENT

An old railroad flat that's a pigsty. All the lamp shades are covered by silk scarves, however, so we don't see too much. Brennan and Jose enter.

JOSE
What would you like me to wear?

BRENNAN
Whatever.

JOSE
High heels? Bra and panties? You got
it, lover. Gimme a couple of minutes.

51. JOSE'S VILLAGE APARTMENT CONT.

Jose goes into the back bedroom. Brennan moves quickly to a table with letters and address books scattered on it. He rifles through them, clearly looking for something. His eye falls on the phone. Next to it, an answering machine. He turns it on, turning down the volume.

MACHINE: Beep - this is Vince. Call me. (pause) Beep- This is Marty. You come late again tonight and you're fired. (pause) Beep - Hi. It 's Roger. You better be home tonight, you faggot. I'm on a boat in fucking Puerto Rico. Can you believe it? It too tacky. He calls it the "Nancy". I could vomit. I'm so lonely, I could die. Listen, you bitch, call me tonight or I'll go crazy. 809/555-7171. It's a pay phone at the end of the pier. I can hear it ring from the boat, so let it ring a long time. Bobby Tex has a boat with no phone. Can you believe it? Click.

Over this last, Jose has emerged from the bedroom. He has obviously overheard. He is pale. Brennan looks at him.

BRENNAN

Don't be scared, lover. This ain't your first time, it it? Come here.

Jose approaches till he's next to Brennan. Hope, pleading, terror are all in his eyes.

BRENNAN

Turn around.

Jose does. We are shooting over him to Brennan, standing behind him. Brennan's hands run down Jose's body and go out of frame and Jose steps out of the panties. Brennan's hands come back into frame. He is holding a thin wire. In a second, the wire is around Jose's neck. Brennan pulls and pulls.

CUT TO:

52. EXTERIOR OF THE MIRADOR

A good, classy restaurant with a floor show at 10:00. We see a Caddy convertible approaching and turning into the parking lot. As it stops, Larry gets out quickly and moves away. Bobby Tex gets out and calls to Larry.

TEXIDOR

Hey Larry. It's this way.

Larry stops, confused.

52. EXTERIOR OF THE MIRADOR CONT.

TEXIDOR

This way.

Bobby starts toward the restaurant. Larry has no choice but to follow, looking around as he goes.

53. RESTAURANT INTERIOR

The Maitre D leads them out to an open air section, seats them. Larry is looking around.

TEXIDOR

Something on your mind, Larry?

PESCH

No - no. I'm just feeling the jet lag.

Larry looks up. Armand and Alphonse have entered. They take their seats, three tables away. Larry is almost physically ill.

PESCH

I never thought you'd do this to me, Bobby. I come down here to warn you that they wanna hurt you and you -

TEXIDOR

Larry, cut the shit. Just stop it. Your two gunsels took off on you and you're left holding it.

PESCH

Jesus, Bobby, we made money, huh? Didn't I make money for you?

TEXIDOR

Listen to me, you chicken-plucking guinea. If you make it back, and I ain't decided yet - but if you make it back you carry a message for me to your walyo bosses, alright?

PESCH

I wasn't -

53. RESTAURANT INTERIOR CONT.

TEXIDOR

Shut up and listen. I want out.
But first I'm going to bury Brennan
- legally. I got proof he jammed
Sierra and Tony. And I want his ass.
If they stay in his corner, you tell
them they'll have a fuckin' war on
their hands that'll make Miami
look like that place where
monks live. The same goes if
they come after me. If there's
a war, no action. No action, no
money. If they let me settle this
myself between me and Brennan, they'll
never see me or hear from me again.
They name whoever they want to run
things uptown, and I disappear. I don't
even ask for separation pay. You know
my word is good. So do they.

PESCH

Can I leave now?

TEXIDOR

Get out of here, scumbag.

PESCH

I got nothing against you, Bobby.
I take orders like everybody else.

TEXIDOR

Get out of here before I make
you beg for your life.

He flees. Alphonse and Armand come over. Armand looks to
where Larry left, then back to Bobby. Bobby shakes his
head, "No".

ARMAND

(in Spanish)

Gilbert says he won't stay on the
boat guarding the faggot anymore.
He says Montalvo brought a sixteen
year old boy on today and it offends
his manhood.

TEXIDOR

Double his money. Let's go.

CUT TO:

54. AL'S BEDROOM

Identical to the first shot of him. The phone rings, jars him awake. He gropes for it.

TEXIDOR (VOICE)

Is this Assistant DA Reilly?

AL

Yeah. Who's this?

TEXIDOR

Bobby Tex.

AL

What's up?

INTERCUT WITH TEX IN HIS HOTEL

TEXIDOR

The whole fuckin' city if you don't do what I say. I'm at the Hilton in San Juan and I want you here on the first plane out. It leaves Kennedy at 6AM.

AL

Why?

TEXIDOR

I got Roger the Dodger.

AL

Does he finger Brennan?

TEXIDOR

Brennan's the least of it. How would you like Quinn?

AL

What!

TEXIDOR

You want me to keep talking on the phone?

AL

No. I'm on my way.

TEXIDOR

Hold it. Three things. You talk to anybody, all bets are off. We disappear.

54. AL'S BEDROOM CONT.

AL

Ok.

TEXIDOR

Two. No wires.

AL

Ok.

TEXIDOR

Three. No Chappie. That spook
has been ratting you out to Brennan.

AL

I'll bring Valentin and one other.

TEXIDOR

If you're not here on the first plane
I'll know you went to your bosses and
you'll have to look for us. Obey me,
Reilly. You're in over your head. There's
a reason they put you on this case.

Click! Al's hands start to tremble. He gets up, goes to
the kitchen and pours himself a shot. Suddenly, he runs
to the phone. Dials.

AL

Blumey? Were you asleep?

CUT TO:

55. BLUMENFELD IN BED

BLUMENFELD

Of course. What's up, boychick?

AL

I have to go to Puerto Rico. First
plane. The eyewitness is there.

BLUMENFELD

What witness?

AL

The Tony Roman killing. No self-
defense. Brennan took him out.

BLUMENFELD

Jesus. Have you called Quinn?

AL

I can't. He's in it, Blumey.

55. BLUMENFELD IN BED CONT.

BLUMENFELD

My God! Quinn?

AL

I don't know how, yet. But I trust this witness. That's why I've got to be on that plane.

BLUMENFELD

Ok. Leave a night message that you're sick. Not a word to anyone. Take your flight.

AL

I want to take two men.

BLUMENFELD

Whatever you need. Lay out the money and put in for it later. Al.

AL

Yeah.

BLUMENFELD

I have to take this to my boss. That the DA. This is very big, Al. You talk only to me.

AL

Yeah.

BLUMENFELD

Be careful. Good luck.

CUT TO:

56. PLANE LOADING AREA AT KENNEDY

Al, Valentin, and Zucker, a depressed looking detective of 45 or so, are moving forward in the first class line.

VALENTIN

This is the best phone call I ever got, Alberto. Back to the land of my fathers, you know?

AL

You won't have time to enjoy it. We'll be coming back tonight.

VALENTIN

You're kidding me. What the hell is going on?

56. PLANE LOADING AREA AT KENNEDY CONT.

AL

I'm meeting Bobby Tex. That's all I can tell you. We may have to bring someone back and it's your ass if anything happens to him.

ZUCKER

Shooting?

Valentin laughs.

VALENTIN

Zucker, you still a virgin? You heard about this guy, Al? He's called the Virgin. Eighteen years on the force, six in Narcotics, four on Safe and Loft, and he's never fired his gun.

ZUCKER

Two more years and I bury the damn thing.

They move into the plane. We pan over to the much longer tourist line. Brennan is on it, staring after them. The line inches forward.

CUT TO:

57. SAN JUAN AIRPORT.

Al, Valentin, and Zucker exit the terminal, get into cabs and take off. Brennan follows.

CUT TO:

58. HILTON HOTEL

They get out of the cab and enter the hotel. Brennan's cab pulls up. He gets out, pays, crosses the street and settles on a bench, watching the front of the hotel.

CUT TO:

59. AL'S HOTEL ROOM

He is on the phone.

AL

Ok Bobby. Six o'clock.

Al buries his face in his hands.

CUT TO:

60. BOBBY TEX'S SUITE

Al, Valentin, and Zucker enter. Armand and Alphonse are there. Al glances around the room, hoping against hope that Nancy is there. She isn't.

60. BOBBY TEX'S SUITE CONT.

ARMAND

(in Spanish)

He will speak to Mr. Reilly alone. You two gentlemen, make yourselves comfortable. Anything you want to eat, or drink, or whatever, just ask.

VALENTIN

(in Spanish)

Thank you. You ever want to join the Police Force, let me know.

Armand does a careful wire frisk on Al. Al goes out on the terrace. Bobby Tex is there, seated. A bottle of Chivas is on the table, soda, canapes. The terrace is spectacular, as is the view.

TEXIDOR

Takes your breath away, huh?

Val doesn't answer. He sits.

TEXIDOR CONT.

You hate guys like me, don't you? Six hundred dollars worth of linen on my back and you with your Delancy Street originals.

AL

I'm cops, you're robbers.

TEXIDOR

Not to mention our other little competition. Some of this is going to be tough on you, Al. I want out. I want to get away from cops, wops, junkies.

AL

You turning?

TEXIDOR

You're talking to Roberto Texidor, not Roger Montalvo. Look around. There's a whole world out there. A nice one, maybe. I want to take a look. Right now I'm just sitting around waiting for a bullet.

AL

Nancy?

60. BOBBY TEX'S SUITE CONT.

TEXIDOR

Yeah. She deserves better. Who knows. Maybe kids. I love her. She likes me. We're good together. I told you it was going to be tough.

AL

Well, now that you're a good guy, what about the bad guys?

TEXIDOR

Ah! Ok. Brennan is on a contract. I'm the last installment. Roger put me on to it.

AL

Who put the contract out?

TEXIDOR

I gotta go back a little. Twenty-two, twenty-three years. To 103rd and Madison. A bunch of tough kids, PR's. We called ourselves The Sinners. And we was tough. I mean, we'd rumble with anybody.

AL

You were bad, I know. Did you do anything then? Make anybody?

TEXIDOR

Nickle and dime stuff. Protect a fruit stand, a shoeshine parlor. Run a few numbers for the coons when they needed some extra people. But mostly we liked to rumble. Really liked it. So there was this kid, Skinny. He used to deliver for the A & P. He sort of thought we were something. And he had a pistol. So if we had a bad rumble coming up, we'd take him along. In those days, it was ok to use a ringer or two. Some of them would come from as far away as Long Island. And this kid, Skinny, a little older than us, I never saw anybody so bad. I seen him stand in the middle of the street, bullets flying all around him. He didn't give a shit. He'd empty his rod, not even take cover when he'd reload. Like he was trying to show the PR's he had more balls.

AL

He wasn't Puerto Rican?

TEXIDOR

Irish. He couldn't hang out with his own, because there wasn't any up there.

60. BOBBY TEX'S SUITE CONT.

AL

Oh, Jesus. I think I'm ahead of you. Skinny - he grows up and -

TEXIDOR

That's right. Kevin Tyrone Quinn. Skinny. I think he still is.

AL

And you guys had something on him.

TEXIDOR

One day we're talking to this bodega owner, Sal Garcia. A nice little guy. We wanted to raise him to maybe five bucks a week. We just come off a helluva rumble, beat the shit out of a gang called the Dyckman Street Angels. Skinny was with us. The little guy, Garcia, he says he ain't paying no more, get the fuck out, you know, and he picks up a bat. And Skinny pops him. Bam-bam. Just like that.

AL

Jesus H. Christ.

TEXIDOR

I couldn't believe it either. Then maybe 10-12 years ago, I'm down in General Session. There's this big trial going on downstairs. You remember the Fuentes case?

AL

Yeah. It was one of Quinn's big wins.

TEXIDOR

Right. And I seen him in the corridor. He was different, of course, but the same. You know what I mean? It was Skinny.

AL

What's he got on Brennan to make Brennan the hit man?

TEXIDOR

I don't know. But it shouldn't be hard to find out. Brennan's wide open.

AL

Will you give me a Q & A on this? There's no statute of limitations on murder.

60. BOBBY TEX'S SUITE CONT.

TEXIDOR

I'm not a rat. You tell Quinn that. He got nothing to fear from me. Not then. Not now. Shit, he come up through the ranks. Just like me. All I want is he calls Brennan off. He calls Brennan off, I never heard of Skinny. Even trade. Quinn goes on wherever he's going, Brennan goes on being a cop, you come out a hero, and I disappear with Roger Montalvo's signed statement in my pocket that I'll get done down here.

AL

What makes you think I'll be a party to this?

TEXIDOR

Because you feel guilty about Nancy. It's her chance for a life. Look, talk to Quinn. He might even be expecting you. If I don't hear from you in a week, me and Roger disappear. And you're the only one sitting on all the information. Not a good place to be with Brennan on the loose.

CUT TO:

61. THE AIRPORT IN SAN JUAN

Al is on the phone.

AL

Blumey?

BLUMENFELD

I've been waiting for your call. What's up?

AL

We're leaving in an hour. We get in at 3AM. I have to lay this out for you and the boss. It's everything I told you and worse.

BLUMENFELD

Quinn?

AL

Up to his lips, Blumey.

61. THE AIRPORT IN SAN JUAN CONT.

BLUMENFELD

The District Attorney, his executive assistant, and the administrative assistant will be waiting for you at 4AM. They're waiting for my call now. Do you have Roger with you?

AL

Not this trip.

BLUMENFELD

Send your cops home then. They are not to come here. Understand?

AL

Got it.

BLUMENFELD

4AM. We'll wait even if your plane is late.

Al breaks for the plane access, joining Valentin and Zucker. Brennan sees them go. He turns and exits the terminal.

CUT TO:

62. AIRPORT EXTERIOR

Brennan reaches a cab.

BRENNAN

San Juan Marina.

CUT TO:

63. EXTERIOR DA OFFICE

Al gets out of the cab. Pays. He crosses to the main door. Only one car is there, a sleepy chauffeur inside. He enters the building.

CUT TO:

64. THE MARINA IN SAN JUAN

Brennan is walking along the dock. He is getting closer and closer to the "Nancy". A crewman is on the deck. From below we hear a tape playing rock. Roger's voice cuts through:

ROGER

Let me tell you, you are a lousy dancer.

Two other men's voices explode in laughter and a voice replies in Spanish. The crewman spits over the side. Brennan keeps walking, and settles down at the other end of the dock, near the payphone.

CUT TO:

65. THE DA'S OFFICE

A large, luxuriously outfitted room. Two couches face to face in front of a fireplace. The desk is impressive. National and State flags. Coffee, in cups, is on the coffee table. The DA, his exec, and the exec assistant are on one couch. Al and Blumey on the other.

DA

Isn't Texidor concerned about his own complicity in Garcia's death?

AL

He's concerned about getting Brennan off his back. And our conversation was one on one. He can always deny it.

BLUMENFELD

Do you believe him, Al, about wanting out?

AL

(after a pause)

Yes.

BLUMENFELD

Why?

AL

He's in love. Has been for some time.

DA

That's a lot of love, to give up the money he's making.

AL

I've seen her. I believe him.

DA

Right now he thinks you're going to carry his message to Quinn.

AL

Yes, sir.

DA

Does he have any reason to believe that?

AL

What do you mean, sir?

DA

Are you vulnerable to him, in any way?

65. THE DA'S OFFICE CONT.

AL
(refilling his cup)
In no way, sir.

DA
We must work quickly. And in complete secrecy. You will function as usual, Reilly. We will conduct the investigation of Garcia's death from this end. Blumenfeld, any suggestions?

BLUMENFELD
Quinn's personal file, job records at the A & P, I'm sure there would have been something in the Daily News or the Post. If it's not airtight, we might still get enough to squeeze Quinn.

AL
What do I do about Tex? I'm supposed to call him back.

DA
Sit tight. He said you've got a week. I want to tell you, Reilly, you've done a marvelous job. This is not an easy one.

AL
(shuts his eyes)
Thank you, sir.

CUT TO:

66. THE SAN JUAN MARINA

The day is hot. Brennan is waiting. In the distance the crewman is yelling into the cabin. We can't make out what he's saying. But we see him go into the cabin, emerge with a naked 16 year old boy, and throw him over the side. He gets off the boat and stomps up the dock, muttering as he passes Brennan. Brennan moves slowly down the dock.

CUT TO:

67. THE INTERIOR OF THE CABIN

Roger is zonked out. It's been a night. Brennan enters, stares at Roger a moment, then reaches down and slaps him hard on the ass. Roger sits bolt upright, opens his mouth to scream, but Brennan's hand is on his throat.

67. THE INTERIOR OF THE CABIN CONT.

BRENNAN

You're not gonna yell, are you?
No use, anyway. The Captain just
left the sinking ship. I think
he was disgusted with the cornholing
going on here. I'm gonna take
my hand away. You're gonna be quiet,
right, Roger?

Roger shakes his head, "yes". Brennan takes his hands
away. We can see Roger's heart pounding against his chest.

BRENNAN

You know how long I'm looking for
you, you Spic fink?

ROGER

Mike - I was so scared -

Brennan slaps him in the mouth. Blood flows.

BRENNAN

I'll tell you when you're allowed to
talk. Just shake your head yes or
no till I tell you to talk, ok?

Roger nods yes.

BRENNAN (cont)

I want that fuckin' Texidor. You
gonna get him down here for me, Roger?

Roger nods yes.

BRENNAN (cont)

Alone?

Roger nods yes.

BRENNAN (cont)

How? It's ok. Talk.

ROGER

I don't know but I'll do it.

67. THE INTERIOR OF THE CABIN CONT.

BRENNAN

Let's go.

ROGER

How do I know you won't kill me
after I call him?

BRENNAN

You don't. But you know I'll
kill you now if you don't.

Roger gets up, slips into a pair of slippers and puts on
a bathrobe.

CUT TO:

68. THE PHONE BOOTH AT THE END OF THE DOCK.

Roger steps off the boat, Brennan holding his arm. The
place is quite empty.

ROGER

Where is everybody?

BRENNAN

People have to work, Roger.

They've reached the booth.

CUT TO:

69. TEX'S SUITE

Tex is on the phone. We hear garbled words, getting more
hysterical.

TEXIDOR

Stop a minute. You're making
no sense.

WE INTERCUT ROGER, whose hysteria keeps rising. It's not
just an act. He's terrified of Brennan, who's pressed
against him, practically in the booth.

ROGER

How many times do I say it! They
said they were from Immigration!
Where's my papers, that kind of shit!
A lot of questions about you! I don't
know who the fuck they were. They could
be from 116th Street for all I know.

69. TEX'S SUITE/INTERCUT WITH ROGER CONT.

 TEXIDOR

Where's Manuel?

 ROGER

That prick? Who knows. Not on
this fucking tub. Where'd you
get him, off the Titanic?

 TEXIDOR

 (to Armand & Alphonse, in
 Spanish)

That bastard walked off the boat.

In the background, Nancy, with a look of alarm, stands up.

 ROGER

Now listen to me, you motherfucker,
if you're not down here in an hour,
you'll never see me again. I'm
going crazy.

 TEXIDOR

I'm coming, Roger. I'm on my way.

 ROGER

And I don't want to see those
two Cuban kikes with you, either!
They hate me. If I see them coming,
I'm throwing myself in the fucking
ocean, you hear?

He hangs up.

 TEXIDOR

 (in Spanish)

That maricon has gone crazy. Let's
go. Armand, you stay here with Nancy.

 NANCY

What's happening, Bobby?

 TEXIDOR

I don't know. Could be nothing,
could be something. Don't worry.

He goes with Alphonse.

CUT TO:

70. THE CABIN

Brennan enters with Roger, who's really crying now.

BRENNAN

Cut that shit, Roger, huh? You did very good out there. You did. I've always returned favors, haven't I? Come on, Roger.

ROGER

Oh God. Can I have a blow?

BRENNAN

Sure.

Roger puts two lines down on the coffee table.

BRENNAN

Can I have one, too?

Roger looks up.

BRENNAN

Not that kind.

Roger's eyes widen. He smiles. He takes a snort, walks over to Brennan.

BRENNAN

Turn around.

Roger does.

BRENNAN

Take your robe off.

Roger does. Brennan's hands come up with the wire. Roger's eyes pop. Brennan pulls and pulls.

CUT TO:

71. EXTERIOR OF JOSE'S APARTMENT IN THE VILLAGE

A police car, sirens going, lights blazing, pulls up. Al hops out. Already there are two more squad cars and an a Police Emergency ambulance. A zippered bag is being carried out. The policeman at the door lets Al through.

CUT TO:

72. INTERIOR JOSE'S APARTMENT

Filled with Forensics, Detectives, Cops. Chappie and Valentin see Al enter and rush over.

VALENTIN

We were looking at the morning report.
Bam! This morning, 8:30, they found
him. Jose Malpica. Roger's girlfriend.
Been dead over 48 hours.

CHAPPIE

It was Brennan.

AL

How do -

CHAPPIE

I tailed him here. He stayed about 5
minutes, came out, took off. I stayed
with him.

He sees Al's look at him.

CHAPPIE

What the fuck was I supposed to do?
Knock on the door?

AL

Christ!

VALENTIN

The fox is in the chicken coop, Al.
Listen to this.

He leads Al over to the answering machine. To a Detective who's dusting.

VALENTIN

Ok to touch it?

DETECTIVE

Why the fuck not. There's only seven
thousand prints on it already. These
fuckin' guys never learn.

Chappie turns the machine on. We start to hear Roger's voice again.

CUT TO:

73. THE SAN JUAN MARINA

Bobby Tex's car pulls up. He and Alphonse get out. He starts toward the dock, very slowly. Alphonse places himself ahead of Bobby.

CUT TO:

74. A DETECTIVE CAR

Chappie is driving. Valentin is on the radio. The red light is on

74. A DETECTIVE CAR CONT.

VALENTIN

Just put me through on the telephone line, Sarah, goddamnit! I want to speak to the Police Commissioner in San Juan. No, goddamnit - of course I don't have the number.

CUT TO:

75. THE MARINA

Tex and Alphonse have reached the boat. Alphonse stops Tex. And steps onto the boat himself. He looks around. Tex steps onto the boat after him.

CUT TO:

76. THE POLICE CAR AL CAME IN

The car is heading downtown, lights flashing, an occasional siren blast to clear the way. Al is on the phone.

AL

The Presidential Suite - Si, El Presidente - Hello, Nancy?

INTERCUT NANCY

AL

Nancy, this is Al! Get out! Get out now! It's all coming down! Have you got any place to go?

NANCY

What - what's coming down?

AL

Have you got anybody with you?

NANCY

Yes, Armand is here. What the hell are you talking about?

CUT TO:

77. THE MARINA

Interior of the cabin. Alphonse enters. There's no one there. He signals Tex who steps into the cabin. Alphonse opens a door. The bathroom. Empty. Tex opens another door. Roger's body is crumpled down on the floor of the closet.

CUT TO:

78. THE BILGE PUMP PORT HOLE

at the water line at the rear of the boat. Liquid is pouring out. It moves into the water and under an adjoining dock. Brennan is among the pilings, only his feet are getting wet. He takes out a lighter, strikes it. He touches the flame to the stream that we now see is gasoline. The flame races along the top of the water, reaches the bilge pump port. The "Nancy" goes up in a tremendous fireball.

CUT TO:

79. VALENTIN'S CAR

Valentin is screaming.

VALENTIN

(in Spanish)

Yes, Commissioner. Get your men immediately to the Marina! The "Nancy"! The "Nancy"!

CUT TO:

80. AL'S OFFICE

It is deadly quiet. Al, Valentin, & Chappie are sitting, waiting. A female officer enters with a teletype tearsheet. Valentin takes it from her.

VALENTIN

(reading)

"Wreckage reveals two, possibly three people on board. One boot found. Believed to be of the type worn by Roberto Texidor, long under surveillance of San Juan P.D. Hand and fingerprint identification of possible second body forwarded to FBI, Washington. Rodriguez."

Al, we should cover Kennedy. Every San Juan flight.

AL

Why?

VALENTIN

If Brennan did this, he'll be back. Heading for you -us, I don't know.

CHAPPIE

I'm not bringing him in.

VALENTIN

Pray you get the chance, boon-coon. My guess is we're going to have to kill him.

CHAPPIE

You're a cop! You're job is to talk first!

VALENTIN

My job is to get home to my wife and kids!

AL

Put two men on everything arriving from San Juan. Go through the Port Authority police. He has to be brought in alive, Valentin.

CHAPPIE

I'm not bringing him in.

Chappie walks out. A pause.

VALENTIN

When I spoke to San Juan, they said they thought she was all right, Al.

AL

Thought?

VALENTIN

By the time they got to the hotel, she had checked out. The clerk said she left with one of the two Cuban Hebes. When we was talkin, when you and Bobby Tex was on the terrace, Alphonse, Gaston - one of them - told me about this little island - where they brought their mother - no hotels, no airport. Called Guyola. Maybe she went there.

Al looks up to Valentin.

AL

Thank you, Val.

CUT TO:

81. KENNEDY AIRPORT

American Airlines Gate. Two Port Authority policemen, and two plainclothesmen are waiting.

CUT TO:

82. PAN AM

Same thing.

CUT TO:

83. EASTERN AIRLINES

Valentin & Zucker, and two Port Authority policemen, waiting. The plane is at the gate. Passengers are pouring up the gangway. Tucked among them is Brennan, clothes rumpled, two days growth. He looks up, sees the cops in the distance and turns back into the gangway. Standing in front of the emergency gangway door that leads to the Tarmac, is an Airline Rep. Brennan pulls his badge out.

BRENNAN

N.Y.P.D. Emergency.

CUT TO:

84. THE TARMAC

Brennan descends the stairs from the gangway, heads for the baggage area, and disappears into the airport.

CUT TO:

85. THE BATTERY

Blumenfeld and Al are walking as they did before.

AL

I want Quinn.

BLUMENFELD

Stay away. We're zeroing in a little more, but 'til we have something definite, stay away. I'm ordering you, Al.

AL

I may not listen.

BLUMENFELD

The hell you won't! There are no loose cannons in this office! We'll get Quinn. We're onto something.

AL

What?

BLUMENFELD

I don't know if I should tell you.

AL

I don't want to hear that from you, Blumey!

BLUMENFELD

(a pause)

When he was a cop, early on, Brennan came up on charges for shooting a 16 year old black kid. The witnesses said it was a cold take-out. The only Q and A we can find is Brennan's. All the other depositions, they're not in the file. It was Quinn's first case as Homicide Chief.

AL

Quinn destroyed them. That's how he got his hooks in Brennan.

BLUMENFELD

Not necessarily. To keep his hooks in Brennan, they have to exist somewhere.

AL

If you don't find them, you've got nothing.

BLUMENFELD

It's a beginning. That makes two beginnings. Don't forget the grocery guy. Two beginnings can become three, then three, four. Then one day they come together.

AL

One day?

BLUMENFELD

Stay out of this, Al. You'll screw it up. Hold on.

AL

I'm trying, Blumey.

CUT TO:

86. THE DIRECTORY BOARD AT HEADQUARTERS

We read: Homicide Bureau - Kevin Quinn - Chief and the room number. We pan down and come to rest at "Assistant D.A. Al Reilly - 404."

CUT TO:

87. Brennan reading this. He crosses the hall, saying "hi" to a few detectives, passes the elevator, and goes up the exit stairs.

CUT TO:

88. OUTSIDE AL'S OFFICE.

Al goes through the secretarial pool, stops at his secretary's desk. He calls over to another secretary.

AL

Where's Helen?

SECRETARY

Getting coffee.

AL

Any word from Valentin?

SECRETARY

Nothing at Kennedy. They're heading back. This just came in from San Juan.

Al takes the teletype from her and starts to read it. Engrossed, he walks into his office.

CUT TO:

89. INTERIOR AL'S OFFICE

Still reading raptly, he crosses to his desk and sits. Slowly, he begins to sense something. He turns in his chair. From behind the drapes steps Brennan.

BRENNAN

You're not the man your father was, Reilly. You're siding with the shoo flies and the rats. You don't love cops, Reilly.

AL

I loved my father, Mike.

BRENNAN

You loved the idea of your father, Reilly. Your father was dirty, Reilly. As dirty as they come. Nothing big. Penny ante stuff - free meals - a place to coop. For a while he was a bag man for a pad in the South Bronx. The normal stuff. Took home maybe 100 - 150 a week.

89. INTERIOR AL'S OFFICE CONT.

(Al looks as if he's been pole - axed.)

BRENNAN

(Cont.) But what a cop. Like me. First through the door, the window, the skylight. He knew there was animals out there. He knew there was a line the niggers and spics and junkies and faggots had to cross to get at peoples' throats. He was that line. I'm that line. The fuckin' judges and aldermen and Jew lawyers and guinea DA's are rakin' it in. And we take a hamburger and it's goodbye badge, and gun, and pension and all the time it's our life on that line, our widows, our orphans. You're a rogue cop, you mick bastard. You went from our side to their side.

The door opens and Chappie comes in. He sees Brennan, and Brennan sees him. Brennan's hand goes to his gun, but he doesn't draw.

CHAPPIE

Hey Mike. Don't do that. I didn't want to take you in Mike.

BRENNAN

You won't Chappie.

CHAPPIE

Not by myself. I wouldn't know how, Mike. I knew that in the Corps. But don't make me try, Mike. You can't get out. You'll beat me, but you'll go down, Mike. So give me the gun. Turn yourself in, Mike. I'm your friend.

BRENNAN

I always said you was the whitest nigger I ever knew, Chappie.

And he shoots Chappie. Chappie goes down with a crash, taking the water cooler with him. Al throws himself on Brennan's gun hand, and they crash to the floor. All hell is breaking loose outside. Screams - "Somebody shot," "call an ambulance," but nobody comes through the door.

Al & Brennan are wrestling on the floor. Al is desperately holding on to the gun hand. Brennan is much stronger. He's on top of Al now, pounding him with his free hand, the blows starting to reduce Al to unconsciousness.

CUT TO:

90. THE DOOR TO AL'S OFFICE

Valentin & Zucker burst through, guns drawn, going left and right.

VALENTIN

Freeze!

Brennan looks up and lunges at the desk, knocking it over so it forms a barrier between him and Valentin, who is completely exposed.

BRENNAN

Fuck you, honey dripper!

A shot! Brennan crumbles.

WE CUT TO:

91. ZUCKER

He is crouched, his gun smoking. Val rushes to Chappie, Zucker to Brennan. Zucker's hands are shaking.

BRENNAN

Jesus Christ. I don't believe it. Taken out by a virgin Hebe.

CUT TO:

92. AL'S APARTMENT

Al is in bed. His face is badly beaten. One eye is shut, lips swollen and broken. Bandage on the nose, around the head. He has fallen asleep from the sedative he's been given. Once again the phone rings. Al gropes for it, picks up the receiver.

QUINN'S VOICE

Is this assistant District Attorney Aloyisus Francis Reilly?

AL

Huh?

QUINN'S VOICE

This is Kevin Quinn, Chief of the Homicide Bureau, Office of the District Attorney, County of New York.

AL

What do you want, Quinn?

QUINN

There's a police car on its way to pick you up. I want you in my office within the hour. You still work for me. Be there.

Click.

CUT TO:

93. Almost the same series of shots as at the beginning. Al's ride downtown. Only every bump hurts. His one good eye struggles to stay open. He is sipping hot coffee.

CUT TO:

94. QUINN'S OFFICE

There is, to Al, a strange calm about Quinn. Al is fighting to hear and understand. As the scene progresses, he pulls himself more and more out of his drowsiness.

QUINN

Why didn't you listen to me, Francis?

AL

Because it wasn't cut and dried.

QUINN

It was whatever you chose to make it. Look what you've done. Detective Chapman is fighting for his life. Zucker is even now doing a Q and A for shooting Brennan. And a legend on this force is dead. All ready, on the six o'clock news, "Cop Turns Killer" - Rogue Cop" - "Nervous Breakdown" - every dispicable description that the civilians eat up. A further desicration of what used to be the Finest. They must be celebrating tonight, all over Harlem, and the South Bronx, and Bed-Stuy.

AL

Mr. Quinn, I'm in pain, and I'm pumped full of sedatives -

QUINN

Of course. I understand. I wanted to tell you that I'm resigning. We're announcing my candidacy next week.

Al is looking at him as if he's crazy.

QUINN

I'm trying to decide whether to keep you on board. You see, it's a question of loyalty. I don't feel a deeply committed loyalty from you, Francis. And that, of course, is unacceptable in a political campaign. Unless of course you can show me that I'm wrong. That you share my values and concerns.

Al is thunderstruck at Quinn's offer. He starts to speak very slowly, choosing his words carefully, trying somehow to keep his anger from boiling over.

94. QUINN'S OFFICE CONT.

AL

Mr. Quinn, I don't think I should join your campaign. I think you should reconsider whether you want to announce next week. Brennan's death may require a fairly extensive investigation.

QUINN

Thank you, Francis.

And suddenly, Quinn bursts into song, quite loud, his voice a lovely Irish tenor.

QUINN

"Que sera, sera -
Whatever will be, will be" -

And he smiles at Al. Al stumbles from the room.

CUT TO:

95. BLUMENFELD'S OFFICE

It is in the same part of the building as the DA's office. The architecture is old, with wood panelling running around the room. On one wall, the panelling ends at midpoint, and there is mottled glass above it. The door to the office is also of mottled glass. A comfortable leather couch, a standing ash tray, leather chairs flanking a wood coffee table. The desk, heavy tomes of law going back to the 19th century, all add to the feeling of warmth. Al has a shot glass of Scotch, Blumenfeld a highball glass. The head bandage is off, but the eye is still a slit, the lips still split.

AL

Is he crazy? He's got to know that something's up, that we must at least be investigating him.

BLUMENFELD

He's not crazy. Brennan was the only direct link to him and all the others. Brennan's dead.

AL

But this whole thing won't just disappear.

BLUMENFELD

Yes it will, Al.

AL

Will what?

BLUMENFELD

Disappear.

95. BLUMENFELD'S OFFICE CONT.

AL

How can it?

BLUMENFELD

We'll bury it.

There's a long pause.

AL

What?

BLUMENFELD

It's too big. We'll bury it.

AL

You can't.

BLUMENFELD

Yes, we can.

AL

How?

BLUMENFELD

We just do it.

AL

It's impossible. Chappie -

BLUMENFELD

A Black in Blue fighting for his life? OK. Say he lives. All he knows is Brennan took out two PR drug dealers. You know what they say in the ghetto about Black cops? Blue first - Black second. And he loved Brennan. He'd rather Brennan be remembered as a nut case, than as a murderer.

AL

Valentin -

BLUMENFELD

He knows no more than Chappie. A cop, having a nervous breakdown might have shot two dealers. Might have. The orders making him Detective first Grade have already been cut. On that salary, a house in the suburbs is more than possible. He can open up a neighborhood. He's light skinned and he loves his kids.

AL

All those bodies - Tony, Sierra, Jose, Bobby Tex -

95. BLUMENFELD'S OFFICE CONT.

BLUMENFELD

A bunch of spics and fags up to their ass in dope? Who's going to give a shit? It's a normal Saturday night in the city. Most people feel "Good riddance."

AL

(each question more desperate)

The original Q and A - All the paperwork of the investigation -

BLUMENFELD

Sometime I'll take you down to the Records Division. You should see it. There are folders dating back to 1791. You'd have a hard time finding Washington's Farewell to his troops. Anyway, paper burns at Fahrenheit 451.

AL

This is a nightmare, Blumey.

BLUMENFELD

I know.

A long pause.

AL

What about me?

BLUMENFELD

What about you?

AL

I can yell, I can scream -

BLUMENFELD

Yes, you can. The Village Voice? - Jack Newfield will be glad to see you. The New York Times? The Daily News? Call Jimmy Breslin. Call Pileggi at New York Magazine. They're all friends of mine. I'll give you their home numbers. But - !

AL

But - Moon Mullins.

BLUMENFELD

That's right. He's ours. And you never reported him. You're an accessory. But that's easy.

AL

There's something else?

BLUMENFELD

Yeah. You could cop a plea, maybe, with Mullins. But there's your father. Posthumously decorated for heroic action. Posthumously promoted to Detective 2nd Grade. Both of those raises are in your mother's pension.

95. BLUMENFELD'S OFFICE CONT.

AL

How come you can lay your hands on his records?

BLUMENFELD

We can always locate stuff we can use.

AL

Blumey, Blumey

He seems about to cry.

BLUMENFELD

Let it be, Al. You can't afford this, I can't, and God knows the deptment can't. There's an election coming -

AL

So Quinn gets away with it? Is that why he was singing?

BLUMENFELD

Let him run. No one will vote for him anyway. He's a prick. People sense those things.

Blumenfeld rises and crosses slowly toward the door. Tears are welling in Al's eyes.

AL

Blumey? Can you really bury something this big?

Blumenfeld has stopped at the door. In close-up, he turns to Al, a compassionate smile on his face.

BLUMENFELD

Bigger!

He turns to go.

AL

You're breaking my heart, Blumey.

BLUMENFELD

It's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it.

He goes. Al sits there. The rage, the humiliation, and frustration building. He picks up the standing ash tray, runs to the door and smashes the glass. Then swinging the ash tray, he breaks the glass above the panelling on his right, then on his left. He beats at the floor until the ash tray is fragmented. Then stops, spent, exhausted. Blumenfeld's secretary, glass all over, is hugged in terror against the outer wall. Other secretaries have come running and stand, frightened and helpless. In the distance, Blumenfeld has stopped, and is looking back at Al, whom he can see through the broken glass door. He turns, continues to the elevator, saying quietly to someone near, "Call Maintenance."

CUT TO:

96. We hear Al's voice over the following action. At first the voice over has nothing to do with what we are seeing. Gradually, the images relate more to the words. And finally, we see where and to whom Al's words are being addressed.
We see Al sitting in his still empty apartment.
- CUT TO:
97. THE BATTERY
- Al is staring at the water.
- CUT TO:
98. AL'S OFFICE
- Al is leaving, a few possessions under his arm. He doesn't say good-bye to anyone in the secretarial pool. His face is healing.
- CUT TO:
99. Al boarding a plane at Kennedy.
- CUT TO:
100. Al leaving the San Juan Airport and getting into a taxi.
- CUT TO:
101. Al is at the docks. He pulls some bills from his wallet, pays a fisherman and steps into a small fishing boat.
- CUT TO:
102. In Long Shot, the fishing boat chugging through the sea, no land in sight.
- CUT TO:
103. The fishing boat approaching an island very far away.
- CUT TO:
104. The boat closer to the island. On the distant beach, there are two figures, quite apart from each other.
- CUT TO:
105. The boat has come as close to beach as it can without running aground. Al jumps over the side, the water coming up to his knees. He emerges onto the beach. Nancy is sitting in a canvas beach chair, the kind where one simply leans against a backrest planted in the sand. Behind her, at a distance, sits Armand. He rises as Al approaches, then, seeing who it is, sits down again.

105. CONT.

Nancy is wearing heavy sunglasses, and doesn't acknowledge Al's arrival in any way.
During these cuts we have been hearing Al's voice.

AL

(VO)

I don't know who I fight. Or how. I don't know how to start. I've been having this dream. I'm in this black room. No light of any kind. I've got on black boxing gloves and boxer shorts. All of a sudden, a glove hits me - hard. I turn to where I think it came from. And another glove hits me, but I can't see who's throwing the punches. You don't have to be Sigmund Freud to figure it out. All I know is it hurts. Inside and out. That's how I wake up now, hurting. I'm not crying in my beer. I know I have to fight back. And I will. Otherwise something will stay shrunken inside me. But I don't know how, or who, or where, yet. And how do I fight for you?

CUT TO:

106. THE BEACH

Al is sitting near Nancy, not crowding her, but close enough so that he can speak softly. Neither one looks at the other.

AL

I was a cop for six years. I saw a lot. It's bad out there. I never could have imagined so much pain and blood, and meanness and cruelty. I keep hoping there'll be a change in the world. So maybe that's too big. Maybe I have to just start with myself. Maybe I have to ask myself what caused that look on my face when I met your father. I love you, Nancy. I want us to marry. I'll sit by your side 'til you're ready. If you tell me you'll never be ready, I'll go away right now. And never bother you again. Otherwise, I'm here. As long as it takes. First us. Then -

CUT TO:

107. Nancy's hand resting on the sand. Al's hand comes into the picture. It comes to rest a few inches from hers. His hand does not touch hers. It rests there - waiting.

FADE TO BLACK.