

R E S T R A I N I N G O R D E R

An Original Screenplay

by

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REPRESENTATION:

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EXT. WALL ST. - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

This is Fritz Lang's Metropolis with everyone dressed in Brooks Brothers suits. Lawyers, brokers, office workers. The street teeming with NINE-TO-FIVERS. A mass of overcoats and ties killing themselves trying to make a decent living.

Their faces are stressed, troubled. Eyes staring straight ahead. Focused intently on the coming day of mergers and acquisitions

In short, they all look very professional.

Except one.

ONE VERY SICK YOUNG MAN stands motionless in the center of mob. There is definitely something wrong with this guy. He's giving off some bad fucking vibrations. A powder keg waiting for a spark.

TIGHTER

A smile creases his face from ear to ear. A twisted and empty smile that says this guy is suffering. Really suffering. That he's taken all he's going to take.

That he's going to snap.

The smile fades and he disappears into the crowd.

INT COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Busier than NASA during a shuttle launch. GREEK COOKS shouting orders, wrapping food, banging the cash register. The air cloaked in a fog of smoky eggs and bacon.

A DOZEN CUSTOMERS grab for their orders. The Business World waits for nobody, breakfast special or no breakfast special.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

The sick young man steps inside, shutting the door behind him. A broker tries to get by him. No dice. The psycho pushes him aside.

BROKER

What's the fucking idea?

That fucked-up smile runs across his face again. He turns and changes the sign in the window from "Open" to "Closed". One of the burly cooks looks over.

COOK #1

Hey, smart guy. Enough with the sign already.

CLOSE ON - SICKO

He snakes an AUTOMATIC .9MM from inside his jacket. This is one serious piece. Something that would make Stallone proud. A LASER SIGHT on top of the barrel sends it's tiny red beam floating across the cook's face.

COOK #1

Holy shit...

It only takes a second for the entire place to see the weapon. Half of the customers about shit themselves getting away from it. The room falls silent except for the hiss of the grill.

SICKO

Okay, you fuckers. Someone's going to pay.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

ROBERT WALTERS emerges from the subway. A good-looking guy from the city. Early 30's, lean, hard features. The kind of thick dark hair women love to mess up.

He's dressed for a day of white-collar combat. Expensive suit, but it hasn't gone to his head. This is the kind of guy that would be as comfortable playing a game of stickball as he would arguing a case before the Supreme Court.

ANGLE - NEWSSTAND

Walters stops to grab a copy of the Times. ERNIE THE VENDOR takes his money. He's the quintessential newsstand owner-- talk, talk, talk. This guy could start a conversation with a door knob.

ERNIE

Those Mets are looking good, huh, Bobby? Free agents. That's what wins World Series these days. Free agents. The Mets spend a few million here, a few million there. Get the right guys in the right place at the right time...
(snaps his fingers)
Cakewalk to the pennant.

WALTERS

Hey, Ernie. What do I care?
(grins)
I'm a Yankees fan.

The old guy looks at Walters in horror.

ERNIE

A Yankees fan? Counselor, I think you better go back home and have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE (cont'd)
that lovely wife of yours put you
back to bed.
(taps his forehead)
Your head ain't working so good
today.

Walters walks away laughing.

WALTERS
You guys from Queens are all the
same.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The psycho has everyone herded away from the door. He stands in front of them holding the gun in one hand and...

A PHOTOGRAPH

in the other. It's one of those sappy pictures people have taken when they're in love. It shows the sick young man with his arms around a CUTE BLOND-TYPE FROM JERSEY. With hair like that chances are she's no brain surgeon...

SICKO
You cocksucking Yuppie worms.
With your Bottled Water and your
Ford Explorers. So fucking
important, aren't you?
(waving the gun)
So very fucking important.

REACTION - CROWD

The red beam of the laser sight flickers across terrified faces. These people are fucking scared. As New Yorkers they understand one basic fact-- these days if you're in the wrong place at the wrong time you can forget about it.

RESUME - SICKO

SICKO (cont'd)
You wouldn't know an honest day's
work if it walked up and bit you
on the ass. How'd you like to run
a drill press for a living?
(grabs one of the men by
his tie)
Huh? How'd you like to live where
I'm living?

The guy tries to reason with him...

MAN #1
Listen, brother. I don't think
anyone here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHACK! The sicko brings the butt of the pistol down across his head! The guy crumbles to the floor. The psycho steps forward and gives him A FEW EXTRA LICKS for good measure. It happens so fast nobody has time to react.

SICKO

I'll do the talking!
(starting to lose it)
It's never enough with you guys.
You had to go and take the one
good thing I've known in my life.
You take my Angela. You fill her
head with rich ideas and steal her
away.

He pauses and looks at the photograph. His eyes mist over with the memory. Then they flash with hatred.

SICKO (cont'd)

And then you rape her.
(dark laugh)
Oh, I know you raped her. If
there's one thing I know it's that
you raped her. Like she was your
whore...

AT THE DOOR

Walters stumbles in. Just the luck of the draw. How could he have known that some psychopath would be terrorizing his favorite coffee shop this morning?

Nobody moves. A beat. Then Walters does the strangest thing. He walks to the counter and motions for one of the cooks.

WALTERS

Manny. Give me two, sunny-side
up. And cook them for chris'sake.
Yesterday they were bleeding all
over the bag.

Everyone is in disbelief. Manny looks from Walters to the psycho and back again.

WALTERS (cont'd)

Sometime today, Manny.

Manny shrugs. Cracks two eggs. They HIT THE GRILL WITH A HISS. The psycho walks over and levels the gun right in Walters' face.

SICKO

Shut the fuck up and get over
there with the rest of the robots.

Walters holds up his hands like "take it easy". Then he sees...

(CONTINUED)

THE PHOTOGRAPH

His eyes lock on it Study it for a moment.

SICKO

What the fuck are you looking at?

WALTERS

That's Jenny Zbikowski from up in
Greenpoint, right?

The gunman looks down at the photo.

SICKO

No. It's Angela DeLuca from
Jersey.

WALTERS

Come on. I grew up with that
girl. It's Jenny Zbikowski.
(checks the picture
again)

Yeah, that's her. We used to cut
class and hide from the Sisters
together.

Now the psycho is getting confused. He re-checks the photo in a
panic. The crowd is wondering what the hell Walters is doing.

SICKO

You don't know what you're talking
about. She's from Jersey I tell
ya...

WALTERS

Yeah, right.
(points)
And she just happens to have that
same mole on her chin.

SICKO

(looking down)
What mole?!?

That's all the opening Walters needs.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! TWO HARD LEFTS AND A RIGHT. The gun is
cranked out of the psycho's hands as he slams into the counter.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Walters is on him like Tyson on Givens. The poor guy can't even
get his hands up in time to defend himself. A short uppercut
sets him up for a straight right hand which lays him out across
the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fight's over. A couple of the men jump on the guy and pin him to the ground.

Walters places the gun on the counter. Manny hands him his order.

MANNY

Man, that was a gutsy thing to do.

WALTERS

Nah.

(a beat)

I just hate to be late for court.

INT. MANHATTAN DISTRICT COURT BUILDING - DAY

ANGLE - DISPLAY BOARD

A large black-and-white enlargement of a crime scene photo. It shows a POLICE OFFICER laying dead at the base of a stairwell. Even grainy and over-exposed it makes one thing clear. He wasn't just killed. He was butchered.

It's pulled off to reveal another enlargement. This one is from a different angle and a lot closer. Tough stuff. The distorted image surreal and haunting.

Then another photo .. and another...

VOICE (o.s.)

That's what it looks like when an officer is murdered.

PULLING BACK

State Prosecutor JOE DALTON stands at the board flipping the cards. He's an abrasive, unpleasant man who's been practicing law too long. After the last one he sets them all aside.

DALTON

No flashing lights or slow-motion close-ups. No last minute appearance by N.Y.P.D. Blue to save the day. No cavalry...

(a beat)

No such luck.

AT THE JURY BOX

TWELVE BRIGHT-EYED AMERICANS. They look moderately intelligent. But more than that they look interested. This is a jury that seems to care.

DALTON (cont'd)

No. Officer Juan Luis Ruiz was murdered. Plain and simple. He

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALTON (cont'd)
was shot repeatedly in the head
and chest from a distance of no
greater than a foot with a .357
Magnum handgun.
(pause for effect)
And then he was left face down in
an anonymous stairwell.

He returns to stare at the stack of crime photos. Lingers a
moment. Seems to be lost in thought.

DALTON (cont'd)
You have before you a killer with
a history of participation in
Organized Crime.
(beat)
You've got a ballistics report
matching the bullets, or should I
say "what's left of the bullets,"
to a handgun that he owns. And
you have an Officer who witnessed
the defendant walk into that
stairwell and execute her partner.
An Officer who is going to have to
deal with that vision every day
and night for the rest of her
life.

ANGLE - DALTON

Stopping in front of the jurors. He marshals himself in the
best tradition of the theater.

DALTON (cont'd)
And you've got a widowed wife with
two small children who has to
explain to them why their father
was killed and who did it.

He walks over to the defense table and for the first time we
see...

MITCHELL DOMIANO

The defendant. Late twenties, fairly clean cut. His face tells
us nothing.

DALTON (cont'd)
The "why" is something this
distorted mind will have to
account to God for.
(a beat)
But the "who". You control the
"who". And the who is sitting
right in front of you.
(points)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALTON (cont'd)
Mitchell Domiano is the killer of
Officer Juan Luis Ruiz.

TIME CUT TO:

INT COURTROOM - LATER

Walters rises from the defense table and walks to the jurors' box...

WALTERS

As you've seen, the Prosecution has put together a very moving case. A horrible crime has been committed. A crime that must not go unpunished. And everyone here today, including myself, wants only one thing-- we all want to see justice done.

(softer)

But first let's make sure that it's being done to the right person.

TRACKING - WALTERS

Drawing the jury in, making them feel like part of the process. His style of presentation is that of one friend sharing his thoughts with another.

WALTERS (cont'd)

As an attorney, there are a couple of things that cause me to doubt Mr. Domiano's guilt. Some are small, some aren't so small.

(a beat)

The ballistics report. It didn't provide a conclusive, definitive match. What it said was the probability is 1 in 10,000 that a different gun could have been used. You're right. One in 10,000 isn't the best of odds. You wouldn't bet the house on a horse with that kind of chance.

(sincere)

At the same time, how many of us have been that 1 in 10,000? To be audited by the IRS? To have our reservations erased by the hotel? To win ten dollars on a Lotto card? No, they aren't the best odds. But they aren't conclusive. There is still a chance. And wouldn't you hate to be that one?

VARIOUS REACTIONS

Around the room. People listening, thinking it through.

WALTERS (cont'd)

The alleged "mob" connection to my client.

(he sighs)

It's so you can't be an Italian-American living in Brooklyn these days without everyone thinking you're Don Corleone. According to the prosecution, every Italian in New York is carrying a violin case in one hand and a plate of linguini in the other...

THE JURY

Several of them LAUGH. All of them are smiling.

WALTERS (cont'd)

No tapes, no photos, no real corroboration. Only speculation. Rumor. Well, here are some facts. My client drives a 1975 Datsun B-210. He has \$272.18 in his bank account. He works nights down at the Seaport wholesaling fish. Now this could be an elaborate cover, an incredibly elaborate cover, or this could simply be his life.

Walters moves to the defense table and takes Mitchell's hand. Holds it up.

WALTERS (cont'd)

Take a look at these hands. See the callouses along his palm? See the scar from a filet knife that lines his wrist? These are hands that work for a living. A working man's hands.

(evenly)

I'll tip my hat to him. That's one hell of a cover. Especially for a kid that's supposed to be in the Mafia.

ANGLE - THE JUDGE

Really listening. It might be the first time in years.

WALTERS (cont'd)

But maybe most important are the three defense witnesses placing him away from the murder. Because

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS (cont'd)
these people aren't just
witnesses, strangers that just
happened to see something. These
are people that have grown up in
this neighborhood. They've known
Mitchell since before he was old
enough to ride the bus alone.

THE PROSECUTOR

Recognizing a brilliant performance when he sees it and hating
every moment of it.

WALTERS (cont'd)
They were there when he set off
his first pack of fire-crackers in
a neighbor's mailbox...
(for effect)
And they were there when he had to
clean it up. There when he broke
his first window with a
snowball...
(for effect)
And there when he had to pay for
it. There when he picked up his
prom date...
(for effect)
And there when he fell down her
steps because he was so nervous.
Mitchell Domiano is one of them.
As familiar as their own family.
For all intents and purposes he is
one of their family. Because
that's what this neighborhood and
this City are made of and built
from. Families.

CLOSE ON - WALTERS

Coming to rest at the jury box. At ease, as if the burden of
telling the truth has finally been lifted.

WALTERS (cont'd)
Officer Lawrence is right. She
did see someone go in and murder
her partner. But it was night,
she had been shot and was in
shock, and the distance under
those conditions was too much for
anyone to make a positive I.D.
The person she saw was not
Mitchell Domiano.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

-- As the JUDGE'S GAVEL RAPS the hardwood mantel...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- The Jurors file into the courtroom...

-- The Foreman stands up somewhat self-consciously to read the decision.

JUDGE

Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

We have, your Honor. We find the defendant, Mitchell Domiano...

HARD ON - MITCHELL

We linger on his face for a moment. It remains without emotion.

FOREMAN (o.s.)

...not guilty on all charges.

Now, slowly, an assured grin takes shape. It's all in the eyes.

RESUME - COURTROOM

FLASHBULBS AND COMMOTION. Walters stands to address the bench.

WALTERS

Your Honor, at this time I would like to request a restraining order prohibiting the police from the unnecessary monitoring and surveillance of my client.

DALTON

This is totally unwarranted, your Honor.

WALTERS

Unwarranted? What's unwarranted is the daily harassment of my client and his family that has been taking place since this case began.

JUDGE

(to Prosecutor)

Would you like to respond to this?

DALTON

Look, there have been a few unsubstantiated accusations...

This isn't what the judge wants to hear. He abruptly raps the gavel.

JUDGE

Motion granted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Domiano's family surround and hug Mitchell. The Prosecutor walks over to Walters. As they shake hands...

DALTON

Jesus, Walters. Prom date? You make me want to puke.

Walters doesn't miss a beat.

WALTERS

Well don't do it in here, Joe. They might hold you in contempt.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM - DAY

Walters exits through a side door. Down the hallway he watches Dalton being rushed by A WAVE OF DOLLED-UP REPORTERS. His face buried in a sea of microphones and television cameras.

Walters smiles. Walks in the opposite direction...

INT. REAR OF COURTHOUSE - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

Walters pushes the call button. Obviously pleased at his getaway. Suddenly the doors JERK OPEN. Revealing...

EDDIE RUSH

Waiting for him. Early 20's, wearing a pork-pie hat with a Betacam slung over one arm.

EDDIE

I though I might find you here.

That smile wilts. He grudgingly steps in. Doors CLOSE and they start downward.

WALTERS

Clever little bastard.

EDDIE

What do you say, Bobby? Fair's fair. How 'bout giving me an exclusive?

WALTERS

You know I don't comment on cases.

EDDIE

First time for everything...

WALTERS

Eddie, the story's back up there with the other Ambulance Chasers and Glory Hounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Ambulance chasers? Glory Hounds?
Mr. Walters, please. You starting
to hurt my feelings.

(puts on the hard sell)

Don't think of me as a reporter,
think of me as a student of human
nature... a conduit of
information... a man in search of
The Truth.

WALTERS

That's good stuff. You should
think about taping yourself
sometime.

Eddie clasps his hands in prayer. Adopts the face of a tortured
martyr...

EDDIE

You're killin' me, Bobby. Please,
I'm beggin' you.

WALTERS

Listen, I have anything to say,
you'll be the first to know.

He pushes the kid's hat down over his face. The car stops.
Walters stepping out.

EDDIE

Promises, promises.

EXT. STREETS - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - DAY

You can say whatever you want about Brooklyn-- it still beats
the shit out of the Starbucks and Strip Malls that have turned
America into One Big Suburb.

Victorian-era homes, family-run produce markets, Polish
kitchens. There is real history here. A sense of community
that most of America is too young to have ever had. And for all
the crime and decay it's still full of wonder, still unique.

THE CAMERA TRACKS DOWN tree-lined streets as Walters walks
along. The neighborhood alive with the promise of a breezy
Autumn day...

EXT. WALTERS' STREET - DAY

Particularly stunning in the afternoon sunlight. Tight rows of
well-kept Victorians, children chasing each other on their
bikes. If there was a travel brochure for Brooklyn, this would
be on the cover.

Walters strides into one of the nicest houses...

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - DAY

Undoes the lock and comes inside.

One hell of a home. Hardwood floors and 15-foot ceilings and all the right goodies in-between. The interior design is world-class, but the real attraction is in the kitchen where...

LEIGH WALTERS

Puts the lid down on one of her mind-blowing dinners. Outright gorgeous. Big brown eyes and a smile that could drop the engine block out of a moving Chevy.

This is the kind of woman men spend nights awake dreaming about. Intelligent, intense, passionate. She was Walters' high school sweetheart and he was smart enough not to let her get away.

It was the most important case he ever won.

Walters comes up from behind, startling her by putting his arms around her...

LEIGH

Bobby, you scared the hell out of me.

They kiss. One of those long, soft ones that makes the audience grab the arms of their theater seats. He blushes a little. It's still as fresh as that first time out in the schoolyard.

WALTERS

So how was the day of Brooklyn's preeminent interior designer?

LEIGH

Not nearly as exciting as yours. Finished one job, got a referral on another. Played two games of racquetball with Sidney at the club.

(big smile)

Swept him. Second time this month. He never had a chance.

WALTERS

(delighted)

How'd he take it?

LEIGH

I'm not sure. But I could have sworn I saw his racquet in the trash outside the men's locker room.

(a beat)

Oh, and Sheri returned our cam-corder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS

(weakly)
Great...

LEIGH

Don't let your enthusiasm carry
you away...

WALTERS

I was kind of hoping they would
lose it, or break it or something.
I hate that goddamn thing. Still
can't figure out how to use it.

LEIGH

(takes his hand)
Come here, I'll show you.
(a beat)
Again. .

She takes him by the hand and leads him into...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Welcome to the American Dream. An impossibly comfortable
feather bed outlined against a view of the city skyline.

The camcorder sits on a chest of drawers. She picks it up.

LEIGH

This is going to come in handy.
We can tape our kids learning to
walk, their first birthday
parties...

WALTERS

The dirty diapers, the crying all
night...

She gets a serious look on her face.

LEIGH

Bobby.

WALTERS

You know I'm only joking.

LEIGH

Good.

She picks up a remote switch and sets the camera back on the
dresser.

LEIGH

It also has this great remote
switch. So you can start
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEIGH (cont'd)
recording without being near the
camera.

ON THE BED

Walters is pulled onto the comforter by his wife. She fires the remote and the camera begins to record.

LEIGH
It's recording us right now.

WALTERS
Right now?

LEIGH
Right now.

WALTERS
It can see everything we do.

LEIGH
Everything.

TIGHTER

Walters puts a move on her. Starts nuzzling her ear, hands riding up past the PG-13 line.

LEIGH
Pornography is a crime in this
state, Counselor.

WALTERS
This isn't pornography. This is
art. It's a great defense, no
jury will be able to convict me.

Evidently she agrees. Now they really start to get down to business, videotape still rolling quietly as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KELTON'S GYM - DAY

A dying breed of boxing gym. Still looks pretty much the way it did in the 40's and 50's. Walls shellacked with faded yellow fight cards and photos of long-forgotten champs.

Time seems to have stopped in here. You wouldn't be surprised if Joe Louis or Jake LaMotta walked in to do some leg work.

The place is busy with FIGHTERS shadow boxing, jumping rope, working the heavy bag.

THE SPARRING RING

Walters stretches out against the ropes. THE TRAINER checks the lacings of his gloves and then tightens the straps on his headgear.

WALTERS

What time is it?

TRAINER

He's fifteen minutes late.

Walters looks almost relieved at the news.

WALTERS

Well... I was hoping to get in some sparring today, but if he's not going to make it...

TRAINER

He's been showing up late for nearly fifteen years now, and I don't expect today will be any different.

(looking up)

See. What'd I tell you?

ANGLE - SIDNEY EVANS

Climbing through the ropes. Well-built, black, early 30's. A dangerous package. The brain of a rocket scientist in the body of a fullback.

He looks like he's going to enjoy this. Even if Walters is his best friend

CENTER OF THE RING

The two approach each other.

WALTERS

Hey, Sidney.
(grinning)
Old buddy.

A stony glare. Mount Rushmore.

WALTERS (cont'd)

You're not still upset about the beating my wife put on you? Let me think. It was a sweep, right? Two games to zero.

This gets to him. His nostrils flare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY
I can't hear you.

The trainer has them touch gloves and move off to their corners.
Then he climbs down from the ring

TRAINER
Here we go. Two minute round.

He RINGS the bell hard.

Walters rushes across the ring JABBING HARD with his left.
Trying to catch his friend off guard.

ON SIDNEY

Taking the shots square on the chin. Backing up. Not even shaken.

ON WALTERS

Seeing this. Trying to follow up with A FEW TOUGH COMBINATIONS.

They don't do shit. Panic time.

Sidney sidesteps a punch and throws a...

WICKED LEFT HOOK

Taking the wind out of Walters. In a flash he's dazed...
stumbling backwards and noticing the wallpaper for the first time.

FOLLOWING THROUGH

Sidney goes for the knockdown. Stringing together A FLURRY OF PUNCHES...

BLOCKING - WALTERS

Somehow dodging the blows and staying upright...

WALTERS
Hey. I was your Best Man!

SIDNEY
I still can't hear you.

ALONG THE ROPES

The two circle. This is close, furious combat. One mistake leaves you face down on the canvas. Or worse, having to buy the beer.

Walters JABS HARD. Sidney blocks. Sidney JABS EVEN HARDER.
Walters blocks. Staggers...

ACROSS THE RING

Sidney goes for it now, driving his pal backwards with a TEETH-GRINDING BARRAGE OF COMBINATIONS.

Walters getting his ass kicked. Up against the ropes, blocking more out of desperation than strategy. Just when it looks the worst he slips a punch and SPINS OFF the ropes...

WIDER - TWO SHOT

Walters bangs home ONE OF THE MEANEST RIGHT HANDS YOU'VE EVER SEEN. The shot rattles Sidney so hard his knees buckle.

SIDNEY'S BODY

HITS the canvas hard. Walters stands nearby waiting for him to get up.

TRAINER (o.s.)
(rings bell)
Time!

ANOTHER ANGLE - GYM

The match is over. Walters gives his old friend a hand and pulls him up...

WALTERS
Forget it Lucky shot.

SIDNEY
That's exactly what your wife
said.

They look up to find...

CHARLES MANES

Walking through followed by A BODYGUARD. Barrel chested, early 50's. The local political boss. He was working the docks when the Dodgers were still in Brooklyn.

This is no goomba. The solid, conservative look of a public figure. And a politician's smile. A modern day Johnny Friendly.

MANES
Hello, Bobby.
(shaking hands while
eyeing up Sidney)
Your office said I might find you
here.

WALTERS
You know Sidney Evans from the
District Attorney's Office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANES

Sure I do.

(they shake)

Word on the street is that you're
being hand-picked to head the Task
Force on Organized Crime.

SIDNEY

My wife and I have our fingers
crossed.

MANES

You've got quite a reputation
for being tough on crime.

SIDNEY

As tough as they'll let me be.

MANES

So I hear.

Eyes connect. Registering an impression. Then Manes is all
smiles.

MANES (cont'd)

(to Walters)

Well, I came to see if I could
buy you lunch.

WALTERS

Okay. Let me grab a quick shower.
Sidney?

SIDNEY

Can't do it. Lawn to mow.

WALTERS

That's what you get for moving to
the suburbs.

SIDNEY

That's why I moved to the suburbs.
(to Manes)
Nice meeting you.

MANES

Yeah. I'll be seeing you around.

INT. GYM - LOCKER ROOM

People getting dressed. Walters curious about the exchange.

WALTERS

You know him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY

Only what I read Downtown.

WALTERS

Which is?

SIDNEY

Nothing we could make stick.

(a beat)

He's the head of one of the largest unions in town. You don't get there by bringing an apple for the teacher.

WALTERS

Whoa. What happened to innocent until proven guilty?

SIDNEY

The question isn't if he's guilty or not. It's how much he's guilty of.

WALTERS

Hey, Sid. I've known that guy most my life. He used to work with my old man.

SIDNEY

That may be. But there's something there. It's just a matter of flushing it out.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

This isn't Little Italy. Strictly modern. The inside awash in high-tech grey and black fixtures. Not the cappuccino and ceiling fan joint you might expect a political boss to hang out in.

Manes isn't afraid to change with the times. His choice of restaurant makes this pretty clear. In his world "Money talks, Bullshit walks."

AT A TABLE

Manes sitting across from Walters picking through a late lunch.

MANES

A great victory.

WALTERS

That's what you hired me for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANES

All that stuff about the prom?
You know he went to a Jesuit high
school?

WALTERS

A little poetic license.

MANES

(nods)
You're the best in there. Like
a young Rocky Marciano.

WALTERS

Enough with the hand job.

MANES

I mean it. Watching you work a
jury is a beautiful thing. I knew
you had it won before the trial
even started.

WALTERS

Sure, Charlie.
(smiles)
Look, it was my pleasure. It
was a tough case, we did our
best, and luckily it worked out.

MANES

Well the Domianos are sure happy
that you did it. It's like when
you were growing up. One family
helping another, for the
neighborhood.

(a beat)

Your father would have loved it.

Walters is a little uncomfortable. He doesn't like having his
strings pulled. Manes motions for the waiter.

MANES

I have a feeling that your fee
is going to be out of the
Domianos' price range. I'll have
a check sent over from my office
first thing Monday morning.

WALTERS

No need. It's on the house.

(a beat)

"For the neighborhood."

The boss recognizes his own words coming back at him.

MANES

Come on, Bobby. I insist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTERS

Then donate it to the Community
Watch program.

(getting up)
Crime's getting bad up there.

As they shake and Walters starts to leave...

MANES

Hey Bobby.

WALTERS

Yeah?

MANES

You were great.

INT. JERRY'S BAR - NIGHT

A local pub. One of those mythical taverns where you expect to see Dylan Thomas or F. Scott Fitzgerald drinking themselves to death..

A BIG PARTY is in full swing. Everyone sings "Happy Birthday" as a huge cake jammed with candles appears. It's placed in front of...

JERRY AND HIS WIFE

An older Polish couple that own the bar. Cute as hell. Like Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus. Jerry starts BLOWING. It doesn't look good. Then the party helps to finish them off...

Walters and Leigh finally arrive, gifts in tow. Neighbors greet them over the LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE. Jerry and his wife come over. Big hugs all around...

WALTERS

Happy birthday, Jer.

LEIGH

Tell us the truth. How old are you?

JERRY

I'm from the Ukraine. We stop aging there at sixty.

WIFE

You used to say at fifty.

Jerry shrugs. He's been caught. Everyone LAUGHS.

JERRY

Enough talk. Go see your old friends...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leigh starts off into the party. Jerry speaks quietly so that only Walters hears him...

JERRY (cont'd)
Robert, I must speak with you
later...

WALTERS
Sure. What's up?

SEVERAL NEW GUESTS arrive. Jerry resumes the role of the jovial host...

JERRY
We'll talk later. Don't worry.

Walters isn't sure what to make of it. Starts off...

INT. BAR - LATER

Where a young couple SCOTT AND JOAN talk seriously over a few beers. Robert, Leigh, Sidney and HIS WIFE SHERI listen...

SCOTT
There's no way we can afford the
rent increases the new owners are
talking about.

WALTERS
And they're not willing to
negotiate? Meet you half way?

JOAN
All they care about is the bottom
line. Most accountants don't
factor in the people involved...

SHERI
It's the same thing that happened
to the Kassias'. They ran that
funeral home for thirty years.
New owners came in, rent jumped
from \$800 a month to \$4000.
Squeezed them right out.

SIDNEY
I heard they're turning that
property into condos.

SCOTT
Somebody will buy them.

JOAN
Somebody with money...

AT THE BAR - LATER

Where Walters waits for a drink...

A collage of photos blankets the bar mirror. Various shots of the people and events that mark the gentle passing of a lifetime. One of them shows Walters and Jerry hugging. Black and white smiles beckoning from the past...

ACROSS THE ROOM

Walters turns to spot Jerry standing alone. The older man looks nervous, washed-out. It's one of those piercing moments of clarity that exposes the truth of what lies inside. And it hasn't escaped Walters...

INT. BAR - LATER

Where a traditional EASTERN EUROPEAN BALLAD plays. The younger kids sit and watch the older couples dance...

Sidney and Leigh... She's trying to lead him through his first waltz. They're having a lot of fun with it. The more he stumbles the more they laugh...

Walters and Sheri... Getting the hang of it a little better than their spouses. They look pretty good. Beginning to get into the flow of it...

Jerry and his wife... Drifting effortlessly around the room. Eyes watery. Holding each other cheek to cheek. From the look on their faces you'd think they were love-sick teens again.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The party's over. Well-wishers say their good-byes and disappear into the night. Walters and Leigh are the last to leave.

WALTERS

You sure you don't want any help cleaning up?

JERRY

It's no problem. I'll finish it in the morning.

WALTERS

We still haven't found a chance to talk.

JERRY

It can wait until tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS

You sure?

The old man hesitates. Sees the questions in Walters' eyes

JERRY

Yes. I'm sure.

LEIGH

Happy birthday, Jerry.

He closes the door behind them LOCKS IT. A final wave.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATE NIGHT

The light-headed stumble home. Walters and Leigh arm in arm. But Walters just can't shake his worry...

WALTERS

Listen, I've gotta go back.
Something's bothering Jerry and he
needed to talk about it...

LEIGH

Robert...

They come to a stop in front of the house. He kisses her lightly on the lips.

WALTERS

Take just a second. You go on
inside...

LEIGH

I won't be responsible for falling
asleep if you take any longer...

WALTERS

Don't you dare.

EXT. JERRY'S BAR - LATE NIGHT

The street quiet except for Walters' FOOTSTEPS as he approaches the door. The bar is completely dark.

FRONT DOOR

Walters shading his eyes and peering inside. Nothing. The birthday decorations hanging lifelessly overhead. Dirty glasses and beer bottles all over the place.

The bar hasn't been cleaned up.

Walters tries the door. It's unlocked. Wide open.

Something is very wrong here.

INSIDE

Walters moving cautiously into the room.

WALTERS

(sotto)

Jerry?

INTERCUT WITH - INT. BAR - KITCHEN

Jerry is cornered by THREE THUGS IN SKI-MASKS. One roughly holds him face-down on the carving table while twisting his arm behind his back.

THUG #1

Come on, Grampa. Put some life into it.

TIGHTER - JERRY

His arm wrenched back further. Crying now from the pain.

THUG #3 (o.s.)

Hey, old man. Know any good Polish jokes?

A chorus of SADISTIC LAUGHTER from the trio. Another of the men pulls out a GUN WITH A SILENCER. Places it to the back of Jerry's head.

THUG #2

What do you think, Jerry? Time to sign the paper now?

The old man sobbing. A beat. Then he nods a slow "yes".

THUG #2 (cont'd)

That's good, Jerry. Very good.

The first thug lets him up. On the counter before him they place...

A LEGAL CONTRACT

There's no way to tell what it says. Jerry picks up a waiting pen.

THUG #1

I guess the Polacks aren't as dumb as I thought.

RESUME - WALTERS

Easing by tables and chairs without making a sound. At the bar he finds...

A BRASS ASHTRAY

One of the old guy's cigars smoking away inside. Still lit. It's about half gone.

IN THE BACK

A little light coming from the kitchen. WE BEGIN HEARING the muffled sounds of the struggle-- SHOUTING, METAL BANGING, HARSH LAUGHTER.

WALTERS' POV

CAMERA GOING HAND-HELD as he moves to the back. The SOUNDS GROW LOUDER as he starts for the kitchen door.

VIEW ON - KITCHEN

Jerry's face hardens. A final plea.

JERRY

I need only two more weeks.

THUG #2

It's always something, huh, Jerry?
Business is slow, I've been sick,
two more weeks.

(grabs his collar)

You owe my people for a lot of bad
days at the track. And you're
gonna fucking pay up. Now.

Jerry turns back to the contract. It looks like he's going to sign.

He's not.

Without warning he grabs for...

A KITCHEN KNIFE

Stuck in the cutlery rack.

JERRY

I'll never sign it over.

A HORRIBLE SLASH CATCHES THE FIRST THUG IN THE FACE. Blood jumps across the floor.

THUG #1

(falling down)

My fucking eyes! My fucking eyes!

The old man doesn't get a chance to swing again.

THE SILENCER

Is jammed against his forehead. BANG. BANG. BANG. Jerry's body waivers. Dead frame slumps against the counter. Drops.

HARD ON WALTERS

Walters BOLTING through the doors... the killer spinning to see him... the others looking up..

The killer snaps the gun up sharply. Walters has to stop. He's too far away to make a move it.

A beat. Everyone riveted. Then a short, humorless laugh comes from the killer.

SLOW DOLLY IN - KILLER

THE CAMERA bringing him into CLOSE UP.

THUG #2

Good evening, Counselor.

He pulls off the mask. It's a familiar face. Very familiar.

The face of Mitchell Domiano. With that same assured grin. All in the eyes.

SLOW DOLLY IN - WALTERS

Gripped in horror and disbelief.

MITCHELL

Get him up and let's get the fuck out of here.

The third thug helps his bleeding partner to his feet.

THUG #3

Wait a second. He saw us whack the old man. We gotta do him.

(wired)

He talks to the cops and we're fried.

TWO SHOT - WALTERS AND MITCHELL

A few feet apart. Pistol hovering in Walters' face.

MITCHELL

He won't say a word.

(a beat)

He's my attorney.

And then they're gone. Escaping through the back.

INT. JERRY'S BAR - LATER

The Aftermath. Lights from the Black and Whites parked outside strobe the room.

Walters sitting at the bar being worked over by TWO HOMICIDE GUYS.

Leigh standing behind him. Jerry's wife being comforted in the corner by some of the neighbors.

COP #2
And that's all you can give
us?

Walters lost in his thoughts. Trying to make sense of it. Trying to come up with an angle. A plan.

WALTERS
I don't know. I'm not sure I
could identify them.
(a beat)
It's all...
.

HARD ON - JERRY'S WIFE

Devastated. Filled with an emptiness only the widowed know.

COP #2
(disappointed)
So go on home. Sometimes faces
start taking shape. Give it some
time.

CAMERA - TILTING DOWN

To find the brass ashtray. Nothing left of Jerry's cigar. Nothing but blackened ash...

EXT. NAVY YARDS - BROOKLYN - DAY

A rusty clot of old buildings. Once a grand sight of hundreds of heavy industries. Now forgotten iron piping and hurricane fences play out the windy days alone.

A SLIGHT RAIN kicks up...

FRAMING WALTERS

Who surveys the fractured lines of concrete below him. His eyes distant and clouded.

WALTERS
You walked me right into it. Play
the kid's ego. Push the right
buttons. "Family." "My old man."
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS (cont'd)
(shakes his head)
You knew I'd buy it.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Charles Manes standing next to him.

MANES
I don't like this one bit more
than you do, Bobby. It's a
fucking waste.

WALTERS
You knew Jerry, remember? He
was a friend. This isn't some
goddamn video game we're talking
about.

MANES
What do you want me to say? All I
knew is that they were going to do
a little arm twisting. He wasn't
supposed to get killed. Nobody
wanted that.
(a beat)
That fucking Mitchell is a hot
head. It just got... out of
control.

WALTERS
They killed him.

MANES
Do you think I'm happy about
this? Huh? Well I'm not. It's
just making things tougher on my
end.
(directly)
Look, don't kid yourself. Jerry
brought a lot of it down on
himself. He was no Saint. That
stubborn Polack was into it for
150 K. They made him a fair deal.
Made it easy for him.

WALTERS
Listen to what you're saying.
Jerry is dead. And for what?
Gambling debts? What kind of
sense does that make?

MANES
(annoyed)
It's not that fucking black and
white. It's a bigger picture than
that.

Manes looks off. Hesitates for a second...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANES (cont'd)

In a few weeks the South Koreans are going to make a bid on a lot of this waterfront. Two hundred million dollars. It's going to be the Economic Miracle that Brooklyn never had. Business parks, condos, a fucking Tiffany's...

WALTERS

Why isn't this ringing bells?

MANES

It's still hush-hush. The fuckin' mayor doesn't even know yet.

WALTERS

But Jerry...

MANES

He owns property all over that neighborhood. This deal goes down, the value is going to leap through the roof. Markers are being called in all over town. He's not the only one.

The magnitude of what he's hearing is starting to sink in.

WALTERS

You greedy fuck. You're selling out your own people.

MANES

Look around you. This isn't the city you grew up in. Another fifteen years and all this is going to be one big pay toilet.

WALTERS

So you're going to cash out while you have the chance.

MANES

The word is you stay quiet and you're along for the ride, too.
(looks away)

You wake up one morning with a generous consulting fee, all on the up and up.

A long moment of silence. Wind and rain GUSTING.

WALTERS

I want you to turn him in.

(CONTINUED)

MANES

Can't do it. He's not stupid. He knows enough to put the entire deal right in the dumper. Anyway, it's not my call.

WALTERS

I don't think you understand. I'm not asking you. I'm telling you

MANES

We're talking about a fortune here. Hell, a fucking empire. There are some big hitters involved that aren't going to find that kind of risk acceptable.

WALTERS

You're talking about fortunes. I'm talking about a man's life.
(slowly)
Two men's lives. That I'm responsible for.

MANES

Use your head, Bobby. Do the smart thing. If the slopes want to lay out \$200 million for the waterfront, fucking take a cut while you can. Leave what's left to those animals out in Bed-Sty.

Walters is in total disbelief. Eyes searching the older man's face.

WALTERS

How can you do this, Charlie?

MANES

(lashing out)
You're breaking my fucking heart with all this George Washington, Apple Pie bullshit. Grow up. Quit acting like your cherry just got busted.

WALTERS

You've got it wrong. I trusted you. Sure, I knew you'd probably cut a few corners to get where you are. Kickbacks, petty ante shit. But murder...

(a beat)

I never would have believed it. I would have gone to bat for you in a second. I did go to bat for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALTERS (cont'd)
you. And you fucking set me up.
You lied to me.

What can Manes say to this? A long beat as he shifts uneasily.

WALTERS (cont'd)
I'd like to think you won't fight
me over this. You owe me.

MANES
Stakes this high make people real
short on compassion.

WALTERS
Compassion?
(sotto)
Have you ever once thought about
that poor old man? About his wife
watching him tossed into the back
of an ambulance like so much
garbage?
(anger rising)
Don't you try and talk to me about
compassion. It makes me sick.

Manes sees where things are headed. He had hoped to avoid this.

MANES
You don't want this. You're gonna
open a door you don't want to
open.
(pauses)
I like you, Bobby. Make it easy
on me.

WALTERS
I am making it easy.
(a beat)
If you won't turn him in I will.

BACK TO LONG SHOT

Walters walking away from Manes. Leaving the older man alone in
the rain...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The day-in and day-out grind of practicing law. Smaller cases.
Pro-Bono work. Nothing glamorous about it.

Walters defending a kid with an assault charge. His name is
RENNY. All of 18. The proud, self-sufficient stare of one
who's been brought up surviving on the streets.

JUDGE
Mr. Walters, how does your
client plead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS
Not guilty, Your Honor.

The judge glances over the list of charges. Looks over his glasses skeptically.

JUDGE
Will both counsels please approach
the bench...

AT THE BENCH

THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY and Walters stand before him.

JUDGE (cont'd)
What is an eighteen year old kid
thinking?
(reading deposition)
Resisting arrest, assaulting a
police officer...

WALTERS
He's picked up because he fits
a robbery description from earlier
that same evening. He wants to
know what's going on. The
officers start getting rough with
him. Jam a nightstick in his
throat, slam him into a wall...

PROSECUTOR
The two officers' testimony has
been corroborated by a local shop
owner.

WALTERS
Yeah, a white shop owner who
recognizes a great chance to make
points with the guys who protect
his livelihood 365 days a year.

PROSECUTOR
Oh, come on...

WALTERS
He hadn't done anything. You'd
be a little pissed off, too.
(frustrated)
He was cleared of the robbery
charge, and now you want to punish
him for his own wrongful arrest.

Walters happens to glance...

INTO THE GALLERY

Sitting near the back is Mitchell Domiano. He's with TWO BAD LOOKING DUDES. Not the kind of guys you want to play Bridge with. They're SNICKERING AND JOKING.

PROSECUTOR (o.s.)
You make it sound like he was just
out walking the dog.

Mitchell sees Walters watching him. He smirks. Waves.

The message is clear. Keep your fucking mouth shut. Because we're out here.

Waiting.

RESUME - THE BENCH

The judge notices Walters' distraction.

JUDGE
Robert?

WALTERS
(turning back)
I'm sorry. What?

PROSECUTOR
(insistent)
You make it sound like he was just
out walking the dog.

WALTERS
What if he was? The only crime
he seems to be guilty of here is
fitting a police description by
being black.
(trying to concentrate)
He's not going anywhere. Release
him on \$500 dollars bail and we'll
make his case at the trial.

JUDGE
Mr. Dalton?

PROSECUTOR
If that's the way he wants to
play it.

A RAP of the gavel.

JUDGE
(to courtroom)
Defendant pleads "not guilty".
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE (cont'd)
Bail is set at five hundred
dollars. Trial date to be set.

THE DEFENSE TABLE

Walters gathers up his papers. Searches the gallery. Mitchell
and his pals are gone.

RENNY
Am I going to have to go to
jail?

WALTERS
Not if I can help it.

RENNY
Thanks for all your help, Mr.
Walters. I appreciate your wading
through this.

CLOSE ON - WALTERS

No longer listening. His mind angry and unfocused.

INT. WALTERS' APT. - LIVING ROOM

A noticeable tension in the air. Walters standing at the
window. Leigh lost in her coffee cup.

WALTERS
The moment I speak up they're
going to try and kill me.

He goes over to his wife. Kneels beside her.

WALTERS (cont'd)
If I just close my eyes the
whole thing disappears.

She meets his gaze...

LEIGH
You've been accused of many
things, Bobby. But closing your
eyes has never been one of them.

She's gotten right to the heart of it.

WALTERS
You're right.
(smiles)
You're always right.

LEIGH
We'll work through this together,
Bobby. Just like we always have.

INT. WALTERS' LAW OFFICE - DAY

The door reads: "WALTERS AND ASSOCIATES."

There aren't any associates. Walters is this practice.

A modestly elegant run of office space. A reception area. Law library. Offices for several assistants.

Late in the afternoon. The place empty. His secretary has already left for the day. He picks up a stack of phone messages and walks into ..

HIS OFFICE

Intense view of the Wall St. skyline. Lights starting to come on in the buildings. He must be forty stories high to have this vantage point.

FAVORING WALTERS

Setting his briefcase down. Still preoccupied with the messages.

A STEADY BEEPING suddenly sweeps into our hearing range. As we notice it the INTENSITY GROWS.

Walters notices. Checks the clock on his desktop. Then the phone.

Nothing

The sound pulsating FASTER NOW. And LOUDER.

THE DESK DRAWERS

He opens them one at a time. The bottom one contains...

A SMALL TIMER

Looks like a travel alarm clock. Several red candles wrapped to the back of it. A simulated bomb.

Taped across the front is a notecard.

It reads, "Anywhere. Anytime."

Walters turns it off.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - DAY

The boat empty. Too early in the year for the normal crowds of tourists. Whitecaps split against the blue and yellow hull as it edges towards Manhattan.

Walters and Sidney stand on the deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS

I need help. Lots of help.

SIDNEY

I'm going to call my friend Craig Dixon at the Justice Department. We need to get protection for you and Leigh right away. That's the first step.

Sidney takes a good look at his friend. Sees how worried Walters is. He reaches over and puts his arm around him.

SIDNEY

Hey. No one is going to touch you. I'm not... we're not going to allow it. That fucking animal is going to prison. End of story.

WALTERS

These are some major league players. They're going to be in my ass.

SIDNEY

I don't care how major they are. This time they've pulled on the wrong chain.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - AFTERNOON

Walters walking the block home. There is none of the free-spirited passion we felt last time he was here.

The sky is overcast. Windy. Streets are barren and free of children. The rows of tenements seem cold and uninviting. Almost sinister.

EXT. WALTERS' STREET - AFTERNOON

Walters turns the corner. From where he stands he can see...

ANGLE - LEIGH

In front of the house. She is watering the planter boxes which hang from the sills of their Victorian.

She doesn't notice him. Lost in the garden.

ON WALTERS

Still moving forward. Watching her. His face suddenly flashing panic...

FROM BEHIND HER

A LARGE SEDAN starts down the block. Dark windows. Nothing can be seen inside...

It might just be a normal car. Except for one thing.

It starts to accelerate DOWN THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREET. Floored straight at...

LEIGH

Who still doesn't notice it. WIND GUSTING UP to help cover the sound...

TIGHTER - WALTERS

Trying to shout His words dying against the same wind. He starts running...

THE CAR

Now halfway there... a window coming down... A SHOTGUN BEING AIMED OUT THE WINDOW...

THE FLOWERS

Running heavy with water from her pail.

TRACKING WITH WALTERS

Not even close. He's running as hard as he can but he's not going to make it...

THE SHOTGUN MUZZLE

Deft black steel leering closer to its target...

LEIGH'S FACE

Content. Smiling. Then she senses it. Head snapping up to see...

WIDER ANGLE - STREET

The sedan speeding... twenty feet... ten feet... Walters scrambling... trying to get close enough to knock her aside...

The gun now inches from her... The pail HITTING the sidewalk as she SCREAMS...

The shotgun is pulled in.

The sedan swerves and vanishes down the street.

SILENCE. It's like it never happened.

LEIGH AND ROBERT

Coming together. Terrified. Relieved. Alive. She starts to cry now against his shoulder. They hold on as if they'll never let go.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Four in the morning dark. The slightest trace of streetlight outlining the young couple. Nothing definite. Just soft, suggestive contours.

The bed begins to surge with the ebb and flow of their love-making. There is an anxious quality about it. They are urgent Hungry. Seeking the shelter of each other's bodies.

The sheets are pulled askew. Naked skin flashes from underneath. Walters' chest and muscular hands... His wife's shoulder blades... the crest of her behind.

She moves herself on top of him. Breathing becoming labored as she guides him inside... her frame now working steadily against his... building faster and faster...

And then he stops. He can't concentrate.

He can't perform.

A frustrated pause. Leigh drops to his side. After what seems like an eternity...

WALTERS

(sotto)

I need you to go.

LEIGH

I'll stay with my parents in the City for a while.

WALTERS

It won't be safe enough. I want you to go to Sidney's out in Connecticut. We're going to arrange for police protection.

LEIGH

How long?

WALTERS

I'm not sure. But I won't be able to do this if I know you can be hurt.

Leigh is trying to stay strong. Fighting the doubt and fear she feels growing inside. Walters gently takes her face in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS (cont'd)
We're in this because I know who
killed Jerry. Once I tell the
Justice Department they'll take
care of it.

LEIGH
(quietly)
And what if they can't?

WALTERS
They will.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Walters and Leigh walk down the steps to the street. He's carrying her suitcase underneath one arm. Sidney is leaning against the side of his car waiting for them.

Walters opens the back door and pushes her luggage inside. Opens the passenger door. Holds it for her.

They stand there together. Passing the uncomfortable last moments before separation. He reaches out to take her hand.

WALTERS
I'll come up for the weekend.

Leigh nods. Hoping this is so.

LEIGH
I better get going.

They kiss for a moment. Then she breaks it off. Smiling sadly as she descends into the car.

Walters shuts the door behind her. Walks around the car to Sidney.

WALTERS
Everything is set. We're meeting
at One.

SIDNEY
You can feel comfortable with
Dixon. He's a good man. I'm
sure he's someone you can work
with.

A beat. Walters taps the roof distractedly.

WALTERS
Sid...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIDNEY

Look, Leigh will be fine at my place. Dixon isn't going to leave you twisting in the wind.

(grins)

By the time this is all over there's going to be a hole torn in Manes so wide you could drive an aircraft carrier through it.

Walters seems buoyed by his friend's confidence. Sidney slides into the driver's seat and keys the engine to life.

WALTERS

Thanks, Sid.

SIDNEY

(shrugs)

You were my Best Man.

He eases the car into the street. Walters waves to Leigh. Watches as they drive steadily away out of view.

INT. WALTERS' LAW OFFICE - LATER

Walters rises as his SECRETARY escorts CRAIG DIXON into the office. Sharply dressed, early 40's. The patient, controlled manner of a man who's spent 25 years with the Justice Department.

WALTERS

Craig, I want to thank you for coming down.

DIXON

It's not every day that I get to stand in the opposition's huddle. In fact, it's a rare treat.

WALTERS

How are things over at the DOJ?

DIXON

(joking)

Same old situation. We spend years building cases against criminals so that brilliant young attorneys like yourself can get them off in court.

It's meant as a compliment. But in this light it's a little too close to home. Walters smiles uneasily. Manages to play it off...

INTERCUT WITH - INT. SIDNEY'S CAR/ EXT. STREETS - DAY

Somewhere in the city. Sidney's car driving along the frontage road which parallels the expressway. Overhead, that same expressway can be seen jammed with bumper-to-bumper traffic.

The bleak urban landscape runs on endlessly in front of them.

SIDNEY

We'll be out there an hour before
they clear that wreckage off the
expressway.

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

Sidney notices something bursting into view.

SIDNEY (cont'd)

What's this guy's problem?

Leigh turns to look.

LEIGH

What is it?

BEHIND THEM

An anonymous station wagon is cruising up at an alarming speed... tailgating wildly... pulling just short of colliding with them. .

It begins weaving back and forth as if to pass.

SIDNEY

He must be on crack or something.

SIDNEY'S CAR

Eases to the side to let him pass...

THE WAGON

Blazes by, only to KNIFE SHARPLY in front of them. Cutting them off...

ANGLE - STREET

The station wagon slams suddenly on its BRAKES... forcing Sidney to likewise stomp for the floorboards... the car SWERVES up onto the sidewalk to avoid a wreck, skidding to an abrupt stop.

TWO MEN

Sprint out from the rear doors of the wagon. Moving quickly to the car...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of them pulls Sidney out roughly by the jacket. Jams a handgun up to his ear. The gunman motions him passive.

GUNMAN
Be cool. We won't have any
trouble.

ON LEIGH

The other guy starts YANKING her out of the front seat. She puts up a fight. Wrapping her arms around the seat-back before being wrestled free. The assailant clutches her tightly as he grabs her bag from the backseat.

LEIGH
Stop... You're hurting me...

Sidney's body stiffens as he watches. About to react when the Gunman SAPS HIM HARD in the back of the head. Sidney falters against the car...

GUNMAN
Just try it, hero.

Leigh is dragged off to the waiting vehicle. The man with the gun waves Sidney to his feet...

INT. SIDNEY EVANS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Where Sidney's wife Sheri reads a book in the living room...

EXT. EVANS' HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Where we find ourselves staring at the doorbell. A raised gold button nestled in creme colored trim.

WE HOLD HERE FOR A MOMENT... then a single white finger SLIPS INTO FRAME. Presses the BUZZER. AGAIN.

INT. EVANS' HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Sheri goes to the door. Searches through the viewhole. There's nothing outside. Nothing she can see.

SHERI
That's funny.

She slides the dead-bolt free and opens the door...

VIEW OF - OUTSIDE

An empty front porch. Sheri looks around. Cold BREEZE stirring through her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then her gaze runs down to the doormat where a newspaper sits RUSTLING in the wind. She starts breathing again. Gathers the paper and steps back inside...

INT EVANS' HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Sheri locks the door and runs the dead-bolt back into place. Tries to shake off the spooking she's given herself.

SHERI

Silly.

She walks the hallway to the bathroom. A beat. Then THE CAMERA RACKS BACK... framing up the door as...

THE LOCKS

Begin to silently turn. Being keyed from outside.

HARD CUT TO:

RESUME - INT. WALTERS' LAW OFFICE

The formalities are over and the two settle in to discuss business.

WALTERS

Craig, this is a little awkward for me.

(a beat)

I'm in a bad situation and I'd like to talk over a few things.

DIXON

Shoot.

WALTERS

Can I speak straight with you?

DIXON

(nods)

Absolutely.

WALTERS

I don't know if you know or not, but I was witness to a killing in Brooklyn last week.

DIXON

I heard something about it. Attempted robbery. Bar owner shot. You weren't able to make an I.D.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS

That's why I called you. I can identify the guy that did it.

Dixon's interest is being piqued...

WALTERS (cont'd)

At this point, though, I'm very worried about the safety of my wife and I. We've already been threatened several times. Without witness protection we won't have a prayer.

This is a pretty big leap. The Fed wonders if he's not overreacting...

DIXON

I'm sure something can be set up-- if it comes to that. Generally, they can have the suspect picked up within the first 72 hours... get him off the streets...

WALTERS

(shaking his head)

There's more than one person involved. That's why Sidney called you. It runs much deeper than a simple homicide.

(a beat)

I'm going to identify the killer, but when I do all hell is going to break loose. The people connected to this can't afford to let me testify. They're going to come full on.

Dixon leans forward, eyes suddenly alert and questioning.

DIXON

What exactly are we talking about here?

THE OFFICE DOOR

Opens. The secretary walks to Walters' desk.

SECRETARY

Sorry to bother you.

(hands him a note)

It sounded important.

ON THE NOTE

As Walters reads...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It says, "Call Wife - Urgent." A phone number underneath.

WALTERS
(getting up)
Excuse me for a minute, Craig.
There's a call that can't wait.

DIXON
Sure.

INT. LAW OFFICE - ADJOINING ROOM

Walters picks up the phone and dials. He's nervous. So much so that he's pacing in a small circle.

One ring... two rings...

The phone is answered.

MAN'S VOICE(o.s.)
Sorry to interrupt your coffee
and danish, Counselor. But
there's someone here who needs to
talk to you.

Static and silence as the phone is passed over. Then we hear a frail, terrified voice.

LEIGH'S VOICE(o.s.)
Bobby...

CLOSE ON - WALTERS

Blind panic. His worst nightmare now a reality.

INTERCUT - UNKNOWN APARTMENT

One of the men from the abduction is holding a gun flush against Leigh's head. He's keeping her restrained by roughly gripping a handful of her hair.

She's not acting. She's in pain.

Sidney is nowhere to be seen. The MAN ON THE PHONE has his back to us. He lifts the receiver away from her. Cradles it against his own ear. Then, slowly turns around to reveal himself...

Mitchell Domiano.

MITCHELL
You have exactly one hour. The
Kit Kat Club. Broadway and 48th.
If you're late, she dies. If you
tell anyone, she dies. If you're
followed, she dies.

RESUME - WALTERS

As the line GOES DEAD. He steadies himself. Replaces the receiver.

INT WALTERS' OFFICE

Dixon notices the change in Walters' face.

DIXON
Is something wrong?

WALTERS
I'm sorry. Something's come up.
I'm going to have to leave
immediately.

The Fed can sense that things aren't right...

DIXON
(concerned now)
Robert, are you okay?

No answer is answer enough. He's not okay. That much is clear.

WALTERS
Let me call you in an hour. We'll
finish this thing up then.

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - DAY

Few things are as depressing as a topless bar in the middle of the day. Off-color stage lights, worn red-vinyl booths, CRAPPY DISCO FROM THE EARLY 1980's blaring on the P.A. It's just shitty. The room reeks of Vaseline and cigarette smoke.

There is an air of outright desperation here. Predictable, desperate lust. No pretense at it being anything else.

Walters enters from outside, raw daylight streaming in. The contrast with Downtown couldn't be more extreme...

ON STAGE

A WEATHERED HOOKER goes through the motions. Shaking her tits and ass halfheartedly to the beat.

Walters goes to one of the tables. Checks his seat for God Knows What. Sits down.

A long moment as he looks around the club. His eyes still not adjusted to the darkness...

MANES (o.s.)
Enjoying the show, Bobby?

NEW ANGLE

As Manes slides into the chair across from Walters. The naked legs and ass of the dancer move back and forth in the foreground.

WALTERS
Where's my wife?

MANES
(smiling)
I think she's on next.

Walters lunges across the table. Grabbing Manes' collar...

From behind, the TWO BAD LOOKING DUDES we saw earlier take hold of his arms and ease him back into his seat. All beef, these guys. Like a WWF tag team.

Manes straightens himself up...

MANES
(still smiling)
You're on a short fuse today. I
can understand that.

WALTERS
I want my wife and Sidney back.
Now.

MANES
You should have thought about
that before calling the Feds. If
you didn't like my deal, that's
one thing. But being a tattletale,
that's something entirely different.
(coldly)
Nobody likes a tattletale.

WALTERS
They don't have anything to do
with it. I'm the one that can
identify him.

MANES
Oh, you're gonna identify somebody
alright. Only it's not going to
be Mitchell.

From his jacket he withdraws a SERIES OF MUG SHOTS. Passes them across the table to Walters. They show the face of AN AVERAGE YOUNG MAN as he's being booked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANES

This is the guy you saw.
Remember?

He lets it sink in as Walters looks through the photos.

MANES (cont'd)

Just as I thought. It's all
coming back to you now. Clear
as day.

WALTERS

Who is this?

MANES

Who cares? You go ahead and tell
them you know who did it. He'll
be in the line-up when they take
you Downtown. Simple.

WALTERS

How do you know he'll be there?

MANES

(smirks)
Call it intuition. Just make sure
you point him out. An hour later,
wifey and best friend appear in
the Old Coyote Cafe downtown.
Nobody's hurt. Everybody's happy.

WALTERS

And if they don't buy it? What
if he has an alibi?

MANES

You can be pretty convincing when
you want to. Make sure they
believe you.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAY

The witness booth. A large plate of one-way glass giving the
occupants a view of the line-up room below them.

The small space crowded with on-lookers. The two homicide cops
from Jerry's bar, THEIR CAPTAIN, SOME OFFICIAL FROM THE D.A.'S
OFFICE, Craig Dixon, A FEW OVER-WEIGHT PATROLMEN in uniform...

Walters stands near the glass.

OFFICIAL

You ready?

WALTERS

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pushes the button of an intercom.

OFFICIAL
Okay. Start them off.

ANGLE ON - SIX MEN

Being herded into the observation room. They hit their marks and are ordered to turn and face the glass...

WALTERS

Watching them impassively. He is trying to maintain control. The pressure now seeming to increase by the second. Then he recognizes...

THE MAN'S FACE

That he is supposed to identify. Second from the right. There is no mistaking it. He's the man from the photos. The guys he is supposed to finger.

Walters stops himself from lingering. Continues to scan the row...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The homicide cops are watching him closely for any signs of recognition. Very quiet now. The only sound is the BREATHING OF THE OBESE PATROLMEN...

CLOSE - WALTERS

Making another pass down the row of prisoners. The strain is starting to get to him...

All his senses are keen and aware. His heart about to leap out of his chest it's BEATING so hard, the hum of the overhead fluorescents nearing A DEAFENING WHINE, and all the while THE HORRIBLE RASP OF HUMAN BREATHING.

A lot at stake. Leigh. His life. His world.

The fate of an innocent man.

OFFICIAL (o.s.)
Well?

Walters turns away from the glass.

WALTERS
He's there.

An audible SIGH from the room. A sigh of satisfaction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN
Are you sure?

WALTERS
Yes.
(points)
Second from the right.

The silence is fractured by a surge of activity. Several of the officers leaving, the Captain using the intercom to talk to the holding room.

The official from the D.A.'s office steps up.

OFFICIAL
You did the right thing, Mr.
Walters.

Walters doesn't answer. Lost as he looks through the glass.

INT. OLD COYOTE CAFE - DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

One of those corporate chains of Mexican restaurants. The place jumping with BUSINESS PEOPLE LETTING OFF STEAM. You've been in a thousand places like this before-- Strawberry Margaritas and whatever's current playing on the stereo.

Walters waiting at the bar. He looks worried as hell. Checking and re-checking the entrance for a sign of Leigh and Sidney...

A ballgame plays on the television above the bar.

From behind him AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LAW STUDENT approaches Walters. Smiles. Bats her baby-blues a few times.

STUDENT
Robert Walters?

WALTERS
(annoyed)
Yeah.

STUDENT
I thought so. Vicky Waxman. I'm
second year at Columbia Law.

WALTERS
(so what)
Great. Good program.

STUDENT
I clerked for Justice Hargrove
last summer and got to see you
try the Caroline Martin case. It
was wonderful to see someone
finally stand up for battered
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUDENT (cont'd)

women.

(sappy)

What an incredible defense.

Outstanding.

Hero worship mixed with an Electra complex makes for bad conversation. Or in this case, no conversation.

WALTERS

Listen, Trixi...

STUDENT

Vicki.

WALTERS

Sorry. Vicki. It's nice meeting you. But I need a minutes to myself right now.

VICKI

I totally understand.

(digs in purse)

Let me give you my number.

WALTERS

Christ...

The TELEVISION screams with the MUSICAL INTRO OF A STATION NEWS FLASH. Walters looks up as the Anchorwoman starts in...

ANCHOR

Just in... A bizarre double murder that police are calling "The Love Triangle Slayings."

Grainy black CNN-style footage from the crime scene. Policemen in overcoats, a rubbernecking crowd.

ANCHOR (v.o.)

An Assistant District Attorney, Sidney Evans, and his wife Sheri were gunned down in their Connecticut home earlier today.

REACTION - WALTERS

Beyond blown away. Unconsciously moving towards the t.v. as he watches...

RESUME - T.V.

Shrouds being lifted out the front door and into waiting ambulances...

ANCHOR (v.o.)

With the help of an eyewitness, Police arrested an unidentified

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANCHOR (cont'd)
 woman moments ago. The probable
 motive? A crime of passion.

Outside a jail house-- Police motorcade pulling in. A woman
 being hustled out of a car and lead into the building. She is
 mostly obscured by the melee of camera crews.

The mob shifts suddenly and we get a good look at her face.

It's Leigh.

ANCHOR
 We'll have updated coverage of
 this and the other top stories
 this evening on Channel Nine News.

Walters is off and out the door. Vicki stares after him. Still
 holding her phone number...

INT. JAIL - EVENING

The Visitation Area. As sterile and institutional as you can
 imagine. And then some. Scratched and smeared panels of
 Plexiglas separate prisoners from the outside world.

Walters is waiting in one of the cubicles. Through the glass he
 sees a WOMAN GUARD enter followed by...

LEIGH

She looks like she'd be better off dead.

There is a drugged, broken quality to her movements. Her hair
 is untended and she's dressed in nothing but a pathetic blue
 prison smock. A thin gash lines one of her cheeks.

His beautiful wife. Terrified, battered, and totally vulnerable.

TWO SHOT

As they pick up the intercom phones.

WALTERS
 (sotto)
 Oh, my God.

LEIGH
 Sidney tried to...

She's out of it. Borderline catatonic. He stops her.

WALTERS
 Leigh, it's okay. I know. And
 I won't let them keep you here.

LEIGH
 I want to go home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS

(sees her cut)
Jesus Christ. What happened to
your face?

LEIGH

Two of the other women...
(starts to cry)
Sidney and Sheri died right in
front of me. Sidney tried but...
(pause)
How could they...

WALTERS

I'm going to get you out. There's
a bail hearing in two hours.

LEIGH

(insistent)
How?

WALTERS

Hold on. Please. Just...
(searching)
I'll get you out.

The words won't come. All his years in the legal world never
prepared him for a moment like this. He's overwhelmed.

The guard taps her on the shoulder. As she gets up to leave...

LEIGH

Bobby...

WALTERS

I love you.

Then she's gone.

Walters sets the receiver down. His body visibly sags. He
PUNCHES the Plexiglas in outright frustration.

He'll never forgive himself for what he's just seen.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

A stuffy, bleak office buried in the heart of the precinct
house. White walls turned yellow from decades of cigarette
smoke, sweat, and grime. This place makes the offices in
N.Y.P.D. Blue look like The Plaza Hotel.

Wall-to-wall with the same crowd that was at the line-up. As
Walters finishes his confession...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN

So you purposely identified the wrong man at the line-up?

WALTERS

What choice did I have? It was the only way to get her back. I would have fixed it once Leigh was free.

COP #2

And Sidney.

WALTERS

And Sidney.

COP #2

So you're definitely sticking with the kidnapping angle.

Walters ignores the barb...

WALTERS

Look. Sidney set this whole thing in motion. It was his suggestion to call Agent Dixon.

CAPTAIN

(to Dixon)
Did Mr. Walters tell you all of this?

DIXON

He didn't have a chance to before our meeting was interrupted.

CAPTAIN

So you can't corroborate his story.

DIXON

He mentioned that his wife and he had been threatened. That he could I.D. the murderer from the bar and that the Mob might be involved...

COP #2

(cutting him off)
Yeah, I was at that line-up. Remember?

COP #1

What about the affair?

This rankles Dixon. He doesn't like being cut off like some junkie informer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTERS

I'm telling you. There wasn't
any affair. My wife is innocent.

COP #1

Do the math yourself. He's been
your best friend all your life,
plays racquetball twice a week
with her at the New York Athletic
Club. Time goes on, they get
closer...

The cop pushes at a stack of photocopied phone records sitting
on the Captain's desk...

COP #1 (cont'd)

Start calling each other at work,
at home. Thinkin' about each
other...

COP #2

Gotta hurt a little, huh, Walters?
Knowing that while you were
springin' scumbags in court, your
best buddy was off giving her a
thorough "cross examination"...

WALTERS

(disgusted)
You guys are fuckin' hilarious...

CAPTAIN

(heading this off)
Pringle. Did Sidney Evans run
any of this story by the guys
at the D.A.'s office?

The official doesn't even look up...

OFFICIAL

Not a single word.

Too many wrong answers. The Captain just isn't buying it. He
takes a final drag from his Camel and stubs it out.

CAPTAIN

I gotta be honest with you. This
story has more holes in it than
the JFK assassination.

(a beat)

You want me to accept that your
wife is innocent of two slayings I
got a room's worth of evidence to
support. And, further, that the
killings were set up by a union
boss to keep you from blowing the
horn on a \$500 million dollar

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Korean investment scheme that
nobody in all of City Hall has
even heard of?

WALTERS
Don't you see? He's counting on
no one believing me. It keeps the
whole thing alive.

CAPTAIN
You know what I see? I see a
husband that is like, wigged out.
He's so blown away by what went
down that he'd say about anything
if he thought it could help his
wife.

WALTERS
(quietly)
How many times do I have to say
it? She's being framed.

COP #1
Please. We got prints, love
letters... The fuckin' witness is
a little old man that does nothing
but stare out the window all
day... It couldn't be tighter.

WALTERS
All faked. Just like the Domiano
case.

The longer it goes, the less and less credible Walters sounds.

COP #2
Kind of a poetic justice here,
huh, Walters?

WALTERS
How do you mean?

COP #2
You want us to swallow that
Mitchell Domiano is responsible
for all this shit. Yet, even if
what you're saying were true he
never should of been out in the
first place.
(disgusted)
You're the one who set him free.

WALTERS
What do you think? I ask my
clients to lie to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COP #2

I don't think you really give a
shit one way or the other as long
as you get paid.

This last round has pushed Dixon to the brink. He's tired of
watching these shitheels badger Walters.

DIXON

(to Cop #2)

Lose the editorial, pal. You're
starting to bother me.

COP #2

This isn't D.C., Cupcake. I
don't give a shit how bothered
you get.

DIXON

Oh, yeah?

One of the other officers gets between them the instant Dixon
steps up. Walters leans across the Captain's desk...

WALTERS

Dig a little. Put somebody on
Manes. Do something, do any-
thing. Just try to help me for
chris'sake.

CAPTAIN

We already checked up on him.
He was at a Teamsters Convention
in San Diego all last week.

WALTERS

And Domiano?

COP #1

Hell, even if we wanted to we
couldn't. There's a restraining
order protecting him from
surveillance.

The final irony. It's not lost on Walters. His mouth twists
into an empty smile.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR

As Walters and Dixon leave the meeting. Walters turns to him.

WALTERS

Do you believe me?

DIXON

I think so. I know you're not
crazy. And the tighter his

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIXON (cont'd)
alibi gets the less I like it.
(shakes his head)
God knows why.

WALTERS
Manes has been ahead of me beat
for beat from the start. He's
connected in everywhere. One of
those guys is probably on a pay
phone to him right now relaying
everything I said.

DIXON
I want to help. But I've got
nothing to work with.

The Fed puts his hand on Walters' shoulder.

DIXON (cont'd)
Just find me something, anything.
You do that and I'll be right
behind you. It'll be my pleasure.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - NIGHT

Walters filing a motion for Leigh's bail. As chance would have
it, the opposing counsel is Dalton, the same Prosecutor that
tried the Domiano case.

For the first time we really notice how far Walters has slid.
Suit ruffled, hair fucked up, bloodshot eyes. He looks like he
belongs in a men's shelter not a court of law.

He's starting to lose it.

WALTERS
My client has no prior record of
any type. She is not a threat to
the public at large. And nothing
indicates her having either the
intention or the extra-ordinary
means of fleeing from the court's
jurisdiction.

DALTON
Correct me if I'm wrong, but we're
talking about a Capital Crime
here! A murder involving a public
official. And if those aren't
extenuating circumstances enough,
we're sitting on a mountain of
solid evidence of her guilt.
There is a witness, and frankly, I
don't think it's safe to have this
woman walking the streets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS

This is not a pre-trial hearing to determine the guilt or innocence of my client. This is a bail hearing to establish if anything indicates my client is not competent to receive her Constitutionally granted right to bail. Which I have shown...

DALTON

What kind of signal do we want to send out there? If we don't want every D.A. in the State of New York being gunned down...

WALTERS

(marching on)
...which I have shown not to be the case.

DALTON

I'm talking about fingerprints, murder weapon, witness.
(holds up photocopies)
Love letters, for God's sake.

WALTERS

She didn't do it! Those aren't her letters!

A beat. The room suddenly silent.

JUDGE

Mr. Walters. Will you please approach the bench?

AT THE BENCH

The Jurist covers his microphone as he speaks.

JUDGE (cont'd)

I know this must be very hard for you, but you're too close. Your judgment is starting to waver.

WALTERS

But Leigh's innocent. She's being set up.

JUDGE

Find someone else to defend her.
(quietly)
As a friend, I'm telling you.
You're losing control.

VIEW ON - COURTROOM

As Walters returns to his table...

JUDGE (cont'd)
(to the court)
Given the heinous nature of this
crime and in light of the
substantial evidence which points
in the direction of the defendant.
(half beat)
I feel compelled to order said
defendant held without bail until
time of the trial.

The FATAL RAP of the gavel. Walters stands disbelieving.

ACROSS THE AISLE

The Prosecutor is raving it up with another colleague. As far
as he's concerned this is his fucking Christmas.

WALTERS
Hey, Joe.

The guy looks over. Walters rifles an armful of papers at him
which shower down harmlessly.

WALTERS (cont'd)
Fuck yourself.

BACK OF THE GALLERY

Eddie Rush is packing up his gear. Walters sees him. Eyes
chancing together for a long moment of support.

The Kid caps his Betacam. Walks out...

EXT. LARGE CEMETERY - DAY

A few snowflakes fall, rimming the tombstones in a halo of
white. A SMALL FUNERAL PROCESSION stands in front of an open
grave. Listening silently as the PRIEST reads the service.
Many of them are neighbors, people we were introduced to at
Jerry's bar.

This is the burial of Sidney and his wife.

Slowly, the caskets are being lowered into the ground. Next to
the grave is a mound of dirt with a silver spade stuck into it.
As the mourners approach the grave, they take a shovel-full of
the dirt and drop it onto the coffins.

The THUMP of the dirt hitting caskets is steady, almost
rhythmic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walters is standing alone. Waiting in line with the other mourners to approach the coffin.

Finally, he stands at the grave with the spade in his hand.

ON THE CASKETS

The rich mahogany finish is mostly obscured by the dirt...

CLOSE ON - WALTERS

He stares into the plot for a moment and then discards the small shovel. He drops to his knees and sinks...

HIS HANDS

Deep into the mound of soil. He embraces the moist earth, taking a large handful and dropping it into the grave.

THE CAMERA CRANES BACK to reveal the size of the cemetery. The graves number in the hundreds of thousands and seem to stretch on forever. As we CONTINUE BACK the funeral becomes dwarfed by the magnitude of the place...

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - DAY

Walters, Scott, and Joan are seated around the living room. Coffee being served. Lots of food around but nobody feels much like eating. Walters looks bad. Really bad.

He's become a shell of the man we met at the beginning of this movie.

SCOTT AND JOAN

Sitting together. Holding hands. Scott wants to say something, anything to make his friend feel better. His eyes searching the carpet for the right words.

Joan is just as bad off. She feels the pain of what's happened as much as Walters does. Leigh is her best friend.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Walters sees the young couple off. They each give him a long, supportive hug.

A last farewell. And then they're gone. Walters closes the door softly behind them...

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rock bottom. Walters slouched across a sofa. Unconsciously flipping through the television channels with a remote.

Seductive images fall on unseeing eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's not watching. He could care less.

The wheels are spinning. Working through the chessboard in his mind. Searching for a plan of action.

His fingers are play mindlessly over the remote. They start the VCR rolling...

ON THE SCREEN

It goes black as the cassette winds itself inside of the machine. Then the set comes alive with some choppy home-video footage.

It's the tape of Robert and Leigh fooling around on the bed that day.

LEIGH
It's recording us right now.

WALTERS
Right now?

LEIGH
Right now.

WALTERS
It can see everything we do.

LEIGH
Everything.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES IN on the screen while their love scene plays.

LEIGH
Pornography is a crime in this state, counselor.

WALTERS
This isn't pornography. This is art. It's a great defense, no jury will be able to convict me.

CONTINUING IN as the picture dissolves into a maze of vibrant electronic lines...

INT KELTON'S GYM - DAY

The gym empty. Walters stands alone. He finishes lacing up his gloves with his teeth. Walks over to..

THE SPEED BAG

A pear-shaped ball of worn leather dangling still and silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walters inhales deeply. TAPS the bag lightly with his right hand. Then his left.

TIGHT

He starts the bag THUMPING along... slowly starting to pick up speed... deftly mixing rights and lefts...

TIGHTER

Now he's really beginning to lay into it... the rhythm of the bag THUNDERING across the gym... his face rippling with concentration...

TIGHTER STILL

Walters kicks it into overdrive... the bag now nothing more than a blur... astonishing hand-speed MACHINE-GUNNING it along... mind and body focused perfectly...

There is a definite presence here. An aura of raw, uncompromising determination.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT

Directly under the bridge. Welcome to the Terrordome. Burned-out cars, cardboard boxes full of Junkies and Homeless, a carpet of broken bottles as far as the eye can see.

This is the kind of place where they dump the bodies.

A PARKED CAR

Walters sitting at the wheel. He's keeping watch. The car backed-in against one of the cast iron supports.

A moment later a figure begins to appear out of the gloom. The dark shape goes to the passenger door. OPENS it.

Walters clasps hands with RENNY as he climbs inside. This is the kid we saw earlier in court on an assault charge...

RENNY

This is one scary fucking place to meet. People don't even come down here on a dare.

WALTERS

Did you get it?

The kid nods and withdraws an oil cloth from his jacket. Hands it across to Walters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENNY

I don't know. Aren't we violating
some pre-trial statutes or
something?

WALTERS

What are you talking about?

RENNY

I'm out on bail.

WALTERS

I'm carrying it.

Walters parts the cloth to reveal...

A SEMI-AUTOMATIC .9MM

Stainless-steel finish just catching the light. NATO issue,
eighteen rounds in the clip. A beautiful weapon, if there is
such a thing.

Renny just shakes his head. Nervous about the whole deal.

RENNY

It took two hours to convince my
cousin to lend me the damn thing.
(a beat)
And if anyone gets shot with it
he's going to kick my ass. He'll
go fucking crazy.

WALTERS

No one's going to get shot. It's
only for protection. Just in
case.

Walters sticks the gun into his jacket. STARTS UP the engine as
Renny gets out.

RENNY

I hope you're down with this shit.

WALTERS

Me too.

EXT. MANES' RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Walters drives by the front of the building. A FEW LATE NIGHT
DINERS are making their way inside as he passes. Off to one
side of the entrance a GUARD can be seen keeping an eye on
things.

Walters travels a few more blocks and then makes a sharp right
turn down a side street. He follows it down to the next cross-
street and then circles back towards the restaurant.

EXT. MANES' RESTAURANT - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

His car idles past the service entrance. A meat supply truck is being unloaded into the kitchen. Standing around in front of the truck are ANOTHER TWO GUARDS. They seem more interested in drinking coffee than playing watchdog.

DOWN THE ALLEY

Walters kills the lights. Parks behind a dumpster.

AT THE ENTRANCE

The two bodyguards babbling away...

GUARD #1

So the guy walks into the confessional...

GUARD #2

Right, and he says, "Father, Yesterday I was walking down the street, just minding my own business, when I ran into this sexy seventeen year old girl.

ALONG THE BUILDING

Walters making his way through shadow as quietly as possible.

GUARD #2 (o.s.)

And although I'm a married man, I took her to a motel and we had sex for the next twelve hours. We did everything."

TWO SHOT - GUARDS

Huddled up for the telling of the joke. Cigarette smoke escaping from the first guards' nostrils as he listens.

GUARD #2 (cont'd)

And the priest says, "My son that's a pretty grave sin. I'm going to have to give you a penance. Ten Hail Marys."

A LOADING DOCK LIGHT

Hanging low off the building. Single yellow bulb fighting the grip of the unlit alley. Walters will have to pass through it to get behind the truck.

GUARD #2 (o.s.)

So the guy says, "But Father, you can't give me a penance. I'm

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD #2 (cont'd)
Jewish!" The priest can't
 fuckin' believe it. He screams,
 "Well, if you're Jewish what are
 you telling me for!"

Walters stands hesitating at the far side. Waiting for the
 moment to move...

RESUME - THE GUARDS

The teller working the joke. The listener dangling for the
 punch line...

GUARD #2 (cont'd)
 The guy just looks at him and
 says, "Telling you? Hell, I'm
 telling everybody!"

They explode with LAUGHTER.

WALTERS

Shoots through the light. Face reflected briefly and then
 vanishing in darkness.

BACK OF THE TRUCK

Walters slips inside. An off-loading ramp runs from the cargo
 bay directly into the service entrance. It's a straight shot of
 about thirty feet-- in partial sight of the guards.

He scans the truck. Grabs a dolly. Puts a couple boxes on it.
 Starts down the ramp.

GUARD #1 (o.s.)
 I love that goddamn joke.

GUARD #2 (o.s.)
 A classic, huh? What'd I tell
 you?

Walters walks through the entrance right into...

THE KITCHEN

Where he promptly deposits the boxes. The PUERTO RICANS in the
 kitchen eye him for a second and then return to their work.

Now what? Walters stands for a second debating which way to go.

Then he gets a little help from the Man Upstairs.

A BATHROOM DOOR

OPENS off to his left, accompanied by the ROAR of the toilet
 flushing. A young waiter rambles out and pushes through the
 doors to the dining room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Different garments can be seen hanging on hooks inside. This must be where the employees change. Wall lined with aprons, jackets, slacks.

INSIDE

Where Walters assembles a uniform from among the strays. As he starts to undress...

ONE OF THE GUARDS

From outside comes busting in.

GUARD #1

Hey, what the fuck are you doing?

Can't use the gun. It'll bring the whole house down on him.

WALTERS

I'm new.

GUARD #1

Like hell...

Walters PUNCHES him square in the face. Steps forward and closes the bathroom door. Lifts the guard up to hit him again when he realizes he's unconscious.

RESUME - KITCHEN

Walters strides out of the bathroom and through the kitchen. He's now dressed from head to toe in a waiter's outfit. On his way out he snags a covered silver tray full of food. Lifts it over his head like a real waiter.

TRACKING - WALTERS

As he eases into the dining room. All but a few of the tables are empty.

ANOTHER WAITER passes him. Gives him a questioning stare. The only response is a pleasant smile fixed across Walters' face.

He looks happy to serve you.

WE CONTINUE TRACKING as he aims for the last table where..

CHARLES MANES

Talks up a storm over his pasta. He's holding court over TWO SEXY TRAMPS who are hanging on his every word. Seated with them are TWO OTHER UNION OFFICIALS.

This is a man who believes that there's safety in numbers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ordinarily, he might be right...

AT THE TABLE

Walters drops the platter HARSHLY. Withdraws his gun...

WALTERS
Hello, Charlie.

ONE OF THE MEN

Jumps up to protect his boss...

WALTERS' FIST

ROCKETS into his stomach. The punch driving him over his chair and onto the next table...

TIGHT ANGLE - WALTERS

As he YANKS a struggling Manes out from behind the table. Places the union boss in a chokehold with the gun against his head...

He half-pulls, half-drags Manes along as he marches towards the kitchen.

THE DINING ROOM

Everybody in the place is cowering under their tables by this point. Manes shouts to the bartender.

MANES
Bernie, call Mitchell. Tell him
what's happened.

Walters tightens the chokehold...

WALTERS
Shut up.

They've almost reached the exit when...

THE FRONT DOORS

Are BOOTED OPEN. The guy from out front bum-rushes the room. His gun trained on Walters...

WALTERS

Swings Manes in front of him as an impromptu shield. There's no way the guy can fire without risking hitting his boss.

The guard moves steadily closer... drawing a bead on his quarry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUN #1
Let him go...

MANES
Jesus, Frank. Easy. Easy!

WALTERS
Drop your gun.

The gunman right up on them now...

GUN #1
I SAID LET HIM GO...

Walters jams the gun up under Manes' chin. Finger tightening on the trigger...

WALTERS
I mean it. Drop the gun.

MANES
FUCKING DO IT, ALREADY. Drop it.

The gunman doesn't like it. Hesitates a moment. Bends to set it onto the ground...

WALTERS
Now kick it towards me.

The thug boots it forward. Walters starts to pick it up when suddenly...

THE BARTENDER

Comes up from behind. SWINGING a bottle hard at his head. Walters manages to tilt to the side but he's not fast enough. The decanter EXPLODES across his left arm...

NEW ANGLE

Shards of glass raining across Walters. Burrowing deep into skin. Immediately blood leaps from the gouge wound along his shoulder and arm...

Walters pivots to BACKHAND his attacker with the pistol. The gun barrel SMASHES his temple, knocking him to the floor.

MANES

Tries to use the moment's freedom to escape. But Walters collars him. Spins the gun on the now-approaching gunman.

WALTERS
Back the fuck off.

The guy doesn't have to be told twice. He steps back...

OUTSIDE - BACK DOOR

The remaining thug is standing out in the alley near the exit, his back against a fence. He's gripping his gun in a combat stance. Sights fixed on the door.

A beat. Walters steps through holding Manes as a shield.

MANES
DON'T SHOOT! It's me. .

The guard lowers his pistol. Debating what to do....

WALTERS
Throw it down the alley. NOW!

MANES
Fucking throw it.

The hired gun tosses it down the backstreet.

WALTERS
Now climb over the fence.

The thug moves towards it. Pauses.

WALTERS (cont'd)
Climb motherfucker...

POWWW! He pumps a round into the fence. The gunman immediately starts scaling the wall. Tops it. Drops over.

Walters leads Manes down the alley. Covering his retreat.

WALTERS
Let's go for a little ride.

EXT. STREETS/ INT. CAR - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Walters has the car knifing steadily through traffic. He's driving as fast as he can short of drawing attention to himself.

One hand on the wheel, the other holding his gun against Manes' chest. As much as the car weaves and jumps the weapon never strays from its target.

MANES
You're fucking up by big night, kid. You're looking at a t.v. star, tonight's Special Guest.
(off Walters' look)
Yeah, ain't that a kick? Me, going on "Nightview". Assuring the good people of New York that this offer on the Waterfront is in everyone's best interests.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS

You're going to pay for what you did to Leigh and Sidney and Sheri. And then some. I'm taking you in.

Manes just LAUGHS.

MANES

You might as well drop me off at the studio. It'll save you a trip Downtown. The cops don't have enough to book me on a loitering charge. You on the other hand...

WALTERS

(cuts him off)

Let me worry about that.

MANES

You've got spirit, Bobby. I'll give you that. It's a shame you had to piss it all away. And for what? An old man? Some playground code of honor?

Walters explodes. He PISTOL WHIPS Manes across the head. Then again. Fury is beginning to seep through the cracks in his cool exterior...

WALTERS

You fucking roach. You've become the very thing that's killing this city. You're fat and corrupt and you've lost feeling for those still living down where you used to be.

(rising)

You prey on decent families and suck the blood out of them, knowing they don't have the resources or will to fight it.

(a beat)

Well, Leigh's getting out. And whether I take you in or turn your fucking skull inside-out you're not walking away this time.

EXT. STREETS - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Walters' car BANKS the corner and makes a hard right turn off of the boulevard he was traveling. It passes OUT OF FRAME.

WE HOLD for a moment. Watching the sparse nighttime traffic stream by. Then another car maneuvers out of the flow. Taking the right turn just as hard.

Following Walters.

EXT. JERRY'S BAR - NIGHT

Walters parks across the street from the bar. He escorts Manes from the passenger side. Marches him to the door.

A line of yellow police tape is strung across the entry. It's accompanied by a "CRIME SCENE - DO NOT ENTER" sticker plastered over the door.

Walters pulls the tape down. Keys the door. Hurries Manes inside...

THE OTHER CAR

Glides INTO THE FOREGROUND of the shot. Slowing on the cross street. Headlights off.

The driver is one of the men from the restaurant.

He pauses to watch what's happening. A beat. Then he eases on down the block...

INT. JERRY'S BAR - NIGHT

The ancient oak bar stands silently in the dark. Pint glasses and liquor bottles alive with light from the street.

Walters LOCKS the front door behind him. Manes scans the place without interest. Shakes his head.

MANES

You've fucking lost it.

WALTERS

Save the commentary. You've got a big day ahead of you tomorrow. I don't want your mouth getting worn out.

Manes glares at him. Then shrugs. Starts to sit down. Walters stops him.

WALTERS (cont'd)

Not here.
(he motions)
In back...

INT. JERRY'S BAR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Manes has been seated dead center in the room. Walters is CLAMPING a pair of handcuffs on him.

He winds them tight. Tight enough that you can see Manes wince.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANES

You think you could get these
a little tighter?

WALTERS

I'm just getting started.

And he's not kidding.

He starts DUCT-TAPING Manes' arms... chest. Walters is dancing
around his hostage like he's decorating a Christmas tree.

He uses up all the tape. Then another roll. By the time he's
finished Manes looks like a goddamn mummy. Only his head and
legs still exposed.

He's not going anywhere. And Manes is getting angry.

MANES

It's gonna take my guys ten
minutes to figure out where we
are. It's gonna take them another
ten minutes to get over here.
After that you've got around sixty
seconds to live. All the Golden
Gloves shit in the world isn't
gonna make a bit of difference.

Walters doesn't answer. He's tearing a bar towel in half to
create a make-shift tourniquet for his arm.

He coils it around the wound. Knots it with his teeth. A sick
grin masking the level of his torment...

WALTERS

You know, Charlie. If it was up
to me I'd just as soon kill you
right now. In fact, I would enjoy
that more than what I'm going to
do. But I've got my wife to worry
about.

MANES

It's a little late for that.

WALTERS

All that bogus evidence won't
hold. I'll find a hole in it
and rip it wide open.

MANES

You're fucking funny. If we could
provide the goods to get Mitchell
off, imagine what we could do to
fuck somebody up. Your wife is an
open and shut case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTERS

What happened to your faith in me? "The best in there. Like a young Rocky Marciano" I think it was.

MANES

From now on the closest you're gonna get to her is one of the guards telling you what a good fuck she is...

Walters flinches with the temptation to level the son-of-a-bitch. That's what the gangster wants-- to get Walters out of control, make him lose his head.

And does Manes love the rise he's getting out of him. He keeps baiting him...

MANES (cont'd)

You gonna cry now, slugger?

WALTERS

(blazing on)
How could you do it? Destroy my family, kill my friends. All over some dogshit property scam.

MANES

Two hundred million isn't dogshit. It's a dream. There are people involved that would whack a thousand old men to get at it.

WALTERS

You're sick.

MANES

(smiles)
Sticks and stones.

Walters eyes him disgustedly...

WALTERS

How did you know I called the Feds?

MANES

Tapped your phone.

WALTERS

And the line-up?

MANES

Anyone in that department has a price. It's like shopping at Macy's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALTERS

But Sidney. Why drag him into it?

MANES

He'd been barking up the wrong tree for sometime. Being named to head the Task Force on Organized Crime just made it sweeter. It kind of all fell into place.

(a beat)

Two birds with one stone.

Naturally, almost unconsciously, THE CAMERA DRIFTS AWAY from Manes while he speaks. It FLOATS across his chair... past the cutlery rack... and onto a wall of shelving. PANNING SLIGHTLY TO FIND...

THE CAMCORDER

Nestled back on one of the kitchen shelves. The tiny red "on" light flashing on top.

The snake in the grass. The one so close it would have bitten you.

WALTERS' HANDS

Slide open a counter drawer. Lift out the remote. Push "stop".

MANES

What the fuck?

Walters steps to the machine and pops out the cassette.

WALTERS

Nobody likes a tattletale,
Charlie.

Manes looks a little shaken for a moment. But it passes. Sangfroid is his middle name. Cold Blooded to the quick.

MANES

No one will ever see that tape.

(dark smile)

Except for me. I'll watch it on the holidays.

WALTERS

Don't worry. I'll make sure they don't run it on "America's Funniest Home Videos."

Walters takes a final strip of tape. TEARS it off. Runs it across Manes' mouth.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

TELEPHOTO SHOT

As sharp headlights appear down the block. Two black sedans drifting towards us. Powerful ENGINES burning unhurried through the somber darkness. Taking their time like a pair of inevitable storm clouds.

They edge closer and closer, until the street is consumed by their presence. Muffled thunder echoing from under the hood. Lights dissipating the comfort of evening.

And then they're on us.

EXT. JERRY'S BAR - STREET - NIGHT

They stop as they reach the building. Lights VANISH. Motors are CUT OFF...

Doors OPEN.

And FIVE POWERFUL MEN emerge. Streetlight separating their dark suits from the blackness. What a sight. These guys are all muscle and violence. You'd be better off trying to fight the defensive line of the New York Giants.

The group waits for their leader...

MITCHELL DOMIANO

Who steps out of the car last. He takes in the street with a glance. Eyes cautious and aware.

INT JERRY'S BAR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Walters bolts upright when he hears car doors SLAMMING outside.

A moment of pure panic. Manes' face coming alive at the sound.

Walters grabs up the videocassette. Jams it down into the waist of his pants. Picks up his gun...

RESUME - MITCHELL

Motioning to the men...

MITCHELL

Phil.

(the guy steps up)
You and Randy take a car around
back. Watch the door to the
alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL
Right, Mitch.

MITCHELL
Mikey, Tim. You come with me.
Russell, wait here with the car

Mitchell starts across the street...

INT. JERRY'S BAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walters eases through the kitchen door. Inches along the wall...

AT THE CORNER

He peers around into the bar. Three dark figures can be seen in silhouette approaching the door.

Walters runs for the back door...

EXT. JERRY'S BAR - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Mitchell reaches the doorway. Pauses. Looks down to find the fallen police tape.

He moves to the door. Shades his eyes to look inside. No sign of them.

MITCHELL
(calling out)
Come on, Counselor. Enough is
Enough.

INT. JERRY'S BAR - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Walters hits the door on the run... slides back a dead-bolt... cranks on the knob... bursts out...

INTO THE ALLEY

For a second it looks like a clean getaway. But as he gauges which way to run... headlights swing into the alley. The car from out front is making it's way into the narrow corridor.

MOVING BACK INSIDE

Walters pulls the door closed behind him. Where the hell is he going to run?

His eyes desperately search the hallway for an answer. Chancing across...

AN ACCESS DOOR

Standing dusty and forgotten. An ancient entry into the rest of the building above the bar.

Standard practice when these old buildings were built-- often the shop owners lived right above their workplace.

Walters is on it instantly. Using both hands to lift the iron bar braced against the frame. Throwing it to the side.

He's inches from escape now. Wrenching the doorknob. It turns... but still won't open.

There is a single key-only lock still holding it closed.

A key Walters doesn't have.

RESUME - FRONT DOOR

Waiting for a response. Getting nothing but silence...

MITCHELL

Alright.

One of his boys steps forward. Lowers his shoulder. Charges into the door. WOOD STRAINS AND MAKES A SICKENING CRACK. He does it AGAIN.

INTERCUT WITH - ACCESS DOOR

Walters stepping back and WAFFLE-STOMPING the lock with all his might. The force almost knocking him down.

He gathers himself and KICKS OUT AGAIN. This is it. All or nothing.

MITCHELL AND HIS MEN

BURST through the shattered portal. Guns drawn. Bodies crouched against the expected gunfire.

WALTERS

The impact of his kick driving him through the access doorway and CRASHING into the stairwell beyond.

A thick cloud of dust is kicked up. Walters tries to shake off the fall. Gather his senses.

HIS POV - LOOKING UP

A staircase leading up to the roof. Murky skylight visible at the apex.

Walters pulls himself up and starts scaling the stairs.

INT. JERRY'S BAR - NIGHT

The killing party marches across the room. One of them covering the bar for any possible ambush.

They make a bee-line for...

THE KITCHEN

Where they storm in to find Manes shackled right where Walters left him. One of the thugs begins to unbind him. Yanks the gag out.

MANES

(to Mitchell)

We can't loose him. He's got me on tape.

IN THE HALLWAY

Mitchell walks through to find the access door broken in. Sticks his head through to see the stairwell.

MITCHELL

Cocksucker.

(to one of the men)

He's up on the roof. Get Tim. Follow him.

He turns towards the back door.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

Phil. GET IN HERE.

A beat. The entry is KICKED OPEN. Phil and his partner step in. Guns leveled at the hallway.

PHIL

You got 'em?

MITCHELL

(grabs him roughly)

Does it look like we got 'em?

He releases the gunman...

MITCHELL (cont'd)

He made it to the roof. Cover that goddamn fire-escape. You see him trying to climb down you fucking blast him.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - JERRY'S BAR - NIGHT

Four stories high. Not much up here. A skylight. An old pigeon coop. Watertower. Monster view of the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walters is making his way to the edge of the roof. Heading for...

THE FIRE ESCAPE

The rusty first steps jutting into the night sky. Cast iron supports fasten it onto roof.

He gets down and crawls the last few feet so he can't be seen from the street.

BELOW HIM

The alley being guarded by two of the men. One at the bottom of the fire escape. The other further out from the building.

Too spread out. No chance for distracting them and making a dash down to the alley.

ACROSS THE ROOF

Walters jogs in a slight crouch to the opposite end of the building. He pulls up near the edge.

THE CLOSEST BUILDING

Sits across a chasm of about 25 feet. The buildings are about the same height

It has a fire escape which faces onto the grassy lane between the two.

ON WALTERS

There's no way in hell he could make that leap. And he knows it. But his options are getting smaller by the minute.

THE WATERTOWER

He walks over to it. Fifteen feet high. Set near the roof's corner.

A rounded belly of corrugated steel holds the water. It's held aloft on rickety wooden legs.

He lightly PINGS the sides with his fingers. Water echoes and reverberates inside. It doesn't sound very full.

He pushes on one of the support legs. It rocks loosely back and forth.

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF THE BAR - NIGHT

Mitchell doesn't like the way things are going. He's got a bad feeling about tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He paces into the street. Gaze searching the front of the building methodically. Searching for any possible escape route from the roof above. He notices...

WALTERS' CAR

Parked on the side of the street. He goes over to it. Withdraws his gun with the silencer...

THWUMPP! Left-front tire dies a painful death. THWUMPP! Right-front joins it. THWUMPP! THWUMPP! Both rears tires buy the farm as well.

He lifts up the hood. Aims. THWUMPP! All sorts of horrible NOISES seep out. Radiator punctured and spewing fluid. Battery sparking and hissing. It's a union mechanic's wet dream.

And now he's taken out Walters' getaway car.

EXT. ROOFTOP - JERRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Walters starts to climb up on the watertower when the sound of SEVERAL MEN carries up from the stairwell.

Walters looks around frantically. The pigeon coop is too far away. He'll never get there. And there's no place to hide where he's standing now.

AT THE STAIRWELL

The two gunman access the roof from the stairs. The first guy clawing his way up. Partner following.

MIKEY

Watch out for this fucker. He's dangerous.

SLAP! A KARATE CHOP lands across his spine. Doubles him over. Walters presses his advantage. A LEFT HOOK snaps him upright and A SNAP-KICK buries him head-long into the pigeon coop.

The other guy isn't caught as off guard. He FIRES at Walters point-blank. Near miss. Shell streaking by his ear... close enough to powder burn him.

Only a miracle kept his head from being blown off.

Walters DASHES his assailant's head into the skylight. YANKS him back out. Does it AGAIN. A baptism of glass and iron.

A quick twist and the hired muscle is tumbling over the edge.

INTERCUT WITH - MITCHELL

Reacting to the gunshot. Scanning the roof. Manes comes running out of the bar to join him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

Mikey... What's happening up there?

RESUME - THE PIGEON COOP

The first casualty comes rushing out. Drenched in feathers and birdshit.

He sees Walters squaring up for him. Realizes that he lost his gun in the attack. He needs a weapon.

From the coop he pulls off a weathered two-by-four. Rusted, mangled nails jutting from the ends.

He SLICES it through the air a few times. Moves ahead.

WALTERS

Dances forward quickly to kick. But he SLIPS on a shard of glass from the skylight...

HIS ATTACKER

Presses his advantage. BANGING the jagged plank down on Walters' left arm. The same arm he hurt in the restaurant. Nails cutting into the already fresh wound...

Walters SCREAMING from the pain... the thug wrenching the two-by free and pulling it back to swing again...

THE VIDEOCASSETTE

Gets knocked free in the struggle. Skittering towards the edge. It comes to rest just a few inches short of going over...

TIGHT - TWO SHOT

The young attorney seeing red... his body aching... the plank coming around... Walters then drops into a...

FOOTSWEEP

Which rips the legs out from under the guy... he falters... PLUNGES headfirst after his partner...

ON WALTERS

Watching him fall. He gathers himself into a sitting position. Sits there rocking back and forth for a second. Fighting his desire to succumb to the pain in that arm.

A beat. Then he reaches to the edge and picks up the videotape. Settles it into the waistband of his pants.

AT THE WATERTOWER

Walters LEAPS onto the face of it. Scrambles to the top.

As he stands up we get a sense of how unstable this thing really is. Walters' weight on top has the tank TEETERING.

FULL SHOT

As Walters starts ROCKING the thing side to side. It waivers back and forth, creaking loudly. Then as it builds momentum Walters throws all his weight towards the edge of the roof...

One of the support legs SNAPS in half... and suddenly THE TOWER TOPPLES OVER. Beginning the sickening drop to the pavement...

Walters riding on top.

ANGLE - FROM BELOW

Time seems to stop. Walters completely airborne. A moment of terrifying weightlessness before...

THE TOWER

SMACKS into the adjoining building. BOOM! WOOD SPLINTERS AND EXPLODES INTO A SHOWER OF FRAGMENTS. Steel tank thunders against the fire escape. Water BURSTING outward. The whole thing warping. Plummeting onward.

ON WALTERS

Tossed clear of the thing like a rag doll. He SLAMS against the building shoulder first. Crumbles. Holds onto the fire escape for dear life.

His gun slides free. Skitters off the ledge.

LOOKING DOWN

The debris DETONATES against the concrete below. Pistol vanishing into the rubble...

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF THE BAR - NIGHT

Mitchell sprints off towards the commotion. Manes jumps in the second sedan as Russell STARTS IT...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The two gunman peer anxiously down the alley.

PHIL

Get the car.

He starts running for the other end of the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His partner hops in the sedan. REVS it to life. PEELS OUT after him...

EXT. NEXT BUILDING - NIGHT

Walters half-slides, half-falls down the fire-escape. Each level bangs down before him, unraveling under his weight.

He reaches the end. Swings off the cast iron platform. LANDS HARD on the ground.

THE CHASE

Walters hightails it into the alley. Turns on the juice.

The gunman from the alley is seconds behind him, followed by the car.

PHIL

Walters!

BLAMMM! He discharges a round on the run. Walters weaves, continues unhurt...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Through the gap in the buildings Mitchell can see his man blazing off in pursuit. Manes pulls along side in the second sedan. He leaps in.

MITCHELL

They've got the alley. Take the street.

They speed onward...

EXT. A STRING OF BACKYARDS - NIGHT

Running behind a row of homes. Walters vaults over the fence of the first one... touches down... runs up on the adjoining fence... scrambles over it.

He's navigating these yards with the familiarity of a childhood spent in Brooklyn.

BEHIND HIM

The gunman follows through the gauntlet of fences and low-slung clotheslines. He's not winning any prizes. But he is keeping up.

ONE OF THE FENCES

As Walters crests it. He balances himself on the top rail. Stutter-steps along it tight-rope style...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAMMM! Another round explodes over his head. The thug stopping to fire from two fences back. Walters drops down to .

THE CROSS STREET

Bordering the last yard. Starts off...

TRACKING - WITH THE GUNMAN

Doing the tippie-toe routine along the fence. He's having a tough time. Losing his balance occasionally.

Finally he reaches the street. Checks it out. No Walters.

He wanders over a bit. Leans over and starts COUGHING HIS GUTS OUT...

THE FIRST SEDAN

SQUEALS out of the alley. Mitchell and Manes round the block to follow it.

His partner slams to a stop beside him...

PARTNER

Get in!

The exhausted gunman climbs in the passenger side. Both sedans gunning off after Walters.

EXT. STREETS - SEVERAL BLOCKS DOWN - NIGHT

Walters runs for his life. Now the neighborhood starts changing. Family homes giving way to abandoned warehouses and garment factories.

The sedans appear behind him to give chase. Walters has nowhere to go. He's stuck down in a corridor between two buildings.

DRIVERS' POV

As the cars start closing the gap. The grill of the sedan nudging after it's prey. Twenty feet... ten feet... the hood ornament fixed like a rifle sight on Walters' back.

Walters crosses the next intersection where

A PARKING LOT

Takes up the corner of the block. Ticketed entrances block both lanes coming and going.

WALTERS

Dashes towards it. Slipping through the barred exit to the lot. To one side a sign reads "WARNING - SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE - DO NOT ENTER."

THE FIRST SEDAN

Follows behind him. Planning simply to break through the gate's wooden arm to get to Walters.

THE TIRES

Rake across the buried rack of security spikes. BOOM! The front tires explode from the puncturing... front-end SLAMMING the pavement... dragging forward... BOOM! The rear tires blow as well.

MANES' SEDAN

Veers sharply to avoid the same fate. Hammering the brakes.

LONG SHOT

As Walters sprints across the parking lot to the adjoining block. Manes and Mitchell get the car in reverse. Back it onto the street to follow.

EXT. DEAD-END STREET - NIGHT

Walters rounds the corner. The Williamsburg Bridge looms out ominously in front of him. These are the final few buildings tucked in just short of the massive iron supports for the bridge.

Fifty feet ahead the street comes to a dead-end. A reflecting aluminum safety rail separates cars from the drop-off below.

Walters thinks over the options...

BACK AT THE CORNER

The sedan charges onto the street. Tires BARKING as it powers into the turn...

THE DEAD END

Walters runs for it. Vaulting over the safety rail and stumbling down the embankment of dirt and gravel.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Walters reaches bottom. Skids to a stop...

A COMMUNITY OF HOMELESS

Have set up camp down here. The sight is chilling. Thirty or forty people living within a giant mosaic of shanties and covered shopping carts. Their make-shift homes encircled by soiled blocks of concrete and graffitied iron pillars.

Shit is strewn everywhere-- pieces of clothing, waterlogged stacks of newspapers, bags full of crumpled cans. It looks like Bosnia after a bombing run.

Small orange pockets of fire run the length of it. Bodies are draped in and around them trying to stay warm.

TRACKING WITH - WALTERS

As he moves through the camp. Bundled faces watching his progress silently.

EXT. DEAD-END STREET - NIGHT

The sedan stops at the barricade. The three men jump out. Move towards the slope.

Mitchell stops his boss.

MITCHELL

You better get out of here. You're on the air in less than an hour.

Manes checks his watch. Realizes that Mitchell's right. Takes him firmly by the collar.

MANES

Take care of this, you hear me?
You get that fucking tape.

MITCHELL

It won't be a problem. He's not going anywhere in the shape he's in.

(looks over his
shoulder)

Russell and I will make sure of that.

Now we get our first good look at Russell. A long, fresh scar snakes across his face from chin to eyebrow. This is the thug that Jerry slashed. He smiles cruelly.

RUSSELL

Definitely.

Manes STARTS the car as the gunmen scramble down the slope...

RESUME - WALTERS

He reaches the water's edge only to find a barbed-wire fence cutting him off. It doesn't really matter. He couldn't last long out in the river at this temperature.

But now he's trapped. The water is at his back. The killers closing in from the front.

Off to his left...

A LONG DRAINAGE PIPE

Runs along side him. This thing is big. A full eight feet in diameter, ending just before the river and fence. A steady trickle of sewage water pours from the mouth of it.

It's too late in the game now. This is his only choice.

AT THE OPENING

Walters looks inside. A faint glow can be made out some distance down the tunnel. Nothing else can really be seen.

He steps in. Feet SPLASHING in the light sewage. Takes a tentative step forward...

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mitchell and Russell wade into the camp of homeless. Searching the expanse cautiously.

MITCHELL

He's here. Somewhere.

The gunman walks over to SEVERAL HOMELESS MEN. They sit nestled inside a make-shift cardboard shack.

He pushes one of them back so he can look all the way inside. No Walters. Mitchell grabs the guy...

MITCHELL

The guy that just ran down here.
Where did he go?

HOMELESS #1

Hey, man. I didn't see shit.

MITCHELL

(smiles)
Oh. You didn't see shit.

THWUMPP! Mitchell fires into his chest at point blank. The man collapses into the shelter.

Mitchell quickly collars another one of the men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL (cont'd)
How about you? Your eyesight any
better?

His captive nods rapidly...

AT THE DRAINAGE PIPE

The homeless man leads them to the opening. Points inside.
Mitchell jerks him around...

MITCHELL
Don't fuck with me.

HOMELESS #2
That's where he went, brother.

Mitchell lets him go. Peers inside the opening. The homeless
man doesn't move. Just stands there with an expectant look on
his face.

MITCHELL
Go on. Beat it.

HOMELESS #2
A small donation...

The killer gives him a kick.

MITCHELL
Get the fuck outta here...

ON MITCHELL

Taking out a cigarette lighter. He SPARKS it to life. Holds it
out in front of him as he steps into the mouth of the tunnel.

MITCHELL
Stay here. I'm going to bring him
out.
(a beat)
I'll have this lighter with me.
If you see someone coming back
through and they don't have this
thing lit, it'll be Walters.

RUSSELL
(pulls out his gun)
Right.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE - FURTHER DOWN - NIGHT

Walters has traveled about a hundred yards inside. Ankle deep
now in the clouded stream of water. A minor amount of light is
being refracted from somewhere further within.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Here the pipe veers off slightly to the left. Opening up into...

A LARGE PUMP ROOM

This is an old juncture of several water mains. A work station for the control of sewage and waste water run-off.

Three smaller drainage lines merge here. Each with a cut-off valve on a concrete ledge above the pipes.

Some scaffolding runs up from the floor, by the ledge, and on to the ceiling. A manhole cover is barely discernible at the top.

An amber worklight hangs from the scaffolding illuminating the scene. Steam billows upward from deeper underground..

ANGLE - WALTERS

He WADES towards the scaffolding. Begins to climb.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE - NIGHT

Mitchell walks steadily through the corridor. His lighter casting a collection of distorted shadows against the pipe's surface...

A sudden SPLASHING jumps out just ahead of him. Mitchell spins towards it... POWWW! POWWW! POWWW! Bullets RICOCHETING around like the Forth of July.

AN OVERGROWN SEWER RAT

Scurries along the tunnel wall. Rushing by Mitchell to vanish in the murk beyond.

MITCHELL

(sotto)

Jesus Christ.

EXT. DRAINAGE PIPE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The deafening ECHO of the shots still rings from the pipe. Russell is unable to see anything save the blinding flash of the muzzle reflected from deep inside the tunnel.

He steps to the side of the opening. Levels his gun into the mouth of the pipe.

Feet tap nervously against the ground. Breath escapes in short bursts of steam...

He's starting to get wired.

INT. PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

Walters is almost at the top of the scaffolding. He reacts to the gunfire from the tunnel. Quickly scales upward the rest of the way.

THE MANHOLE COVER

Walters tries to slide it open... straining against the iron plate... putting his fingers in the holes and trying to push it up.

No luck.

He BANGS on it with all his might. Now A SHOWER OF DIRT rains through the holes. There must be a ton of soil on top of this thing.

No miracles this time. He's stuck.

THE CONCRETE LEDGE

Walters drops down to it. Panic starts to wash over him. He's standing behind the row of cut-off valves. Face an inhuman yellow in the lamplight as...

MITCHELL

Enters from the drainage pipe.

WIDE SHOT - PUMP ROOM

As Mitchell spots Walters on the ledge above him. He raises his gun.

MITCHELL

You've been a regular fucking
Spiderman tonight, Counselor. A
real pain in the ass.

(half beat)

Now give me that fucking tape.

Walters doesn't reply. Backs against the valves.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

GIVE ME THE FUCKING TAPE!

Walters slowly takes it out. Tosses it down to him.

ANGLE - THE VIDEOCASSETTE

Mitchell picks it up and SNAPS off the end. He unspools the tape foot by precious foot, ruining it forever.

This done, he takes the empty shell and CRUNCHES it into the wall. A broken look flickers across Walters' face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

Well... I guess that's that.

(slow beat)

What's with the long face,
Counselor? Look at the bright
side. Now you'll be seeing your
wife a lot sooner than you
thought.

WALTERS

What do you mean by that?

MITCHELL

You didn't really think we could
let her live, did you? With all
she knows? While Manes is on the
air tonight your wife will be
quietly buying it. And the rest,
as they say, is history.

FRAMING BEHIND - WALTERS

As he works one of the cut-off valves free with his hands.
Starts to SPIN the water main open...

ON MITCHELL

Lifting his gun... closing one eye to take aim...

MITCHELL

Hey, do me a favor.

(smiles)

Tell her and Jerry both that I
said "hi".

He pulls the hammer back...

DIVING - WALTERS

He drops to the ground and spins the wheel with all his might...
the first shot ERUPTING just over his head.

THE WATER MAIN

An outpouring of RAW AIR bursts from the line... followed by AN
EXPLOSION OF TONS OF WATER.

MITCHELL

Gets SMACKED full in the chest by the torrent of sewage. It
knocks him to the ground... pushes him backwards...

INTO THE DRAINAGE PIPE

Where he stumbles around trying to get to his feet. It's no use. The current is too strong. It's all Mitchell can do to keep from being dragged under.

The tunnel fills up quickly. Two feet... three feet... the river of cold, dark water rising continually as it sweeps Mitchell back towards the entrance.

THE PUMP ROOM

The level of water is rising in here as well. In a matter of minutes Walters will be neck deep in the swelling tide.

He goes to the scaffolding. Takes a deep breath. Dives after the gunman...

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE - NIGHT

Now the current is really moving. A tidal wave of water carrying Mitchell along...

CLOSE ON - MITCHELL

As he fumbles for his lighter. He gets it above the water. STRIKES it. AGAIN. The thing won't light. The flint soaked, useless.

Mitchell starts to cry out, the tide banging him along the wall.

MITCHELL

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

EXT. DRAINAGE PIPE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The approaching water can be heard ROARING towards Russell. Flow from the tunnel already starting to swell.

He braces himself up. Staring anxiously into the darkness as...

THE TIDAL WAVE

Surges into view. Mitchell's MUFFLED CRIES are coming from the tunnel... But Russell can't hear him. The pipe magnifying the sound of ROARING WATER...

MITCHELL'S GUN

Flashes brightly. Barrel flaring with light from outside.

TIGHT ON - RUSSELL

Outright panicking. BAAPPP! BAAPPP! BAAPPP! He fires at the body hurling towards him.

OUTSIDE

Mitchell is viciously flung out. Landing crumpled on the ground. Russell pumps A FINAL ROUND into him...

He drags the body out of the current. Recognizes his kill.

RUSSELL

Oh, shit...

FROM THE PIPE

Walters rockets out. He tackles Russell on the fly. The two men scuffle briefly in the torrent of sewage. Very briefly. The thug no match for a few choice Walters right hands.

A CROWD OF HOMELESS

Have gathered. Watching riveted. Bright eyes burning deep within worn faces.

Walters stands. Drags Russell to his feet.

WALTERS

(to the homeless)

You guys think you could keep an eye on him for me?

INT DIXON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dixon is propped in front of the television. Nursing a beer as he eyes the set...

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)

Up next on Channel Four...

Nightview. Tonight, a look at the future of Brooklyn...

The phone RINGS. He picks it up.

DIXON

Yeah.

OPERATOR (o.s.)

I have a collect call for Craig Dixon from a Robert Walters. Will you except the charges?

DIXON

(stunned)

Of course.

INTERCUT WITH - EXT. JAIL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A HIRED ASSASSIN sits behind the wheel of his sedan. Dressed in a full police uniform.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's loading a .22 Automatic. Carefully pushing each round into the chamber.

WALTERS (o.s.)
There's someone planted inside.
They're going to kill Leigh,
tonight.

DIXON (o.s.)
You're sure about this?

WALTERS (o.s.)
I'm betting my life on it.

DIXON (o.s.)
How much time do we have?

WALTERS (o.s.)
It's going to happen while Manes
is on the air. I'll never get
there in time.

DIXON (o.s.)
Don't worry...

The killer holsters the weapon. Pulls out a snapshot of Leigh.
Studies the face for a moment.

DIXON (o.s.)
... I'm on my way.

He gets out of the car.

EXT. STREET - AT A PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Walters slams down the receiver. Bolts into the night.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

He reaches a busy intersection. Waves frantically for a cab.

Several slow, then ROAR OFF without stopping. Nobody willing to pick up this drenched, crazed-looking fare.

As the next one approaches, Walters simply jumps out in front of it...

The cab BARKS to a stop. Walters BANGING down on the hood. The rest of traffic swerving in the process.

THE DRIVER

Looks out at him. Shrugs in acceptance. Motions him inside.

Walters steps to his window...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS
How would you like to make an
extra thousand bucks?

DRIVER
(skeptically)
What do I have to do?

WALTERS
Let me drive.

A long beat. The driver puts it in park. Starts sliding over...

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Walters' cab rockets across the bridge. Making a dead run for
Downtown...

PULLING BACK

INTO AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BRIDGE. The Manhattan skyline
rippling and bright as he plunges into the City.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

The Assassin enters the jail. Starts for the cell blocks.

THE COP AT THE FRONT DESK notices him...

DESK COP
Hey. Where the hell you going?

The Assassin stops. Turns to address him...

ASSASSIN
I'm McCarthy. They called me to
cover the night shift.

DESK COP
(searches his books)
I don't see you down here...

AN OBESE PATROLMAN comes over from behind the desk...

PATROLMAN
He's alright, Mike. I got a call
about it earlier.

DESK COP
Oh, Yeah?
(long beat)
Well you still got to sign in
first.

The Assassin takes his clipboard and signs it. Tips his hat.
Then moves into the station...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT

Dixon is weaving and bobbing through traffic. A detachable red light strobing on the dash.

The traffic light ahead goes from green to yellow... yellow to red.

Dixon stomps the ACCELERATOR anyway. Gunning blind through the intersection...

HIS POV - SEVERAL CARS

Targeted right for him. They manage to SWERVE right before impact.

One flips up on the sidewalk. SLAMS into a bus stop. The other does a sickening Three-Sixty... then STALLS unharmed.

REACTION - DIXON

Breathing a sigh of relief as he barrels on.

DIXON

Sorry, fellas...

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

Walters pulls the cab up in front. Jumps out.

Eddie Rush is waiting for him at the entrance. Nervously smoking a cigarette.

EDDIE

Jesus, I was starting to think you weren't going to make it.

(checks his watch)

The show's almost over.

WALTERS

There's always time for an exclusive.

Eddie runs him inside. Waving to the SECURITY GUARD as they pass...

INT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHTVIEW SET - NIGHT

The show is going out live. TECHNICIANS AND CAMERAMEN working feverishly to keep it flowing smoothly.

Manes sits center stage across from the FEMALE INTERVIEWER.

MANES

We're looking at this as an opportunity for everyone, at all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANES (cont'd)
economic levels to benefit.
(earnestly)
This is a chance to revitalize
both the manufacturing and service
sectors of the City's economy.
Providing the jobs we so
desperately need now...

A STRONG VOICE comes from off-screen...

WALTERS (o.s.)
You're leaving out a few details,
aren't you Charlie?

Some DEAD AIR as confusion waffles across the set. The Crew
looking around to find the source of the outburst.

MANES
What the...

TIGHT - WALTERS

Emerging from the shadows.

He looks like he walked away from a plane crash. Clothing
drenched in blood, sweat, gunpowder and grease. He's heavily
favoring that left arm to try and ease the pain.

The young attorney walks onto camera...

WALTERS
Why don't you tell the nice folks
at home about how much of that
property you and your friends own?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

THE DIRECTOR looks at the monitors in horror.

DIRECTOR
I don't believe this, we've got to
cut away...

Eddie roughly puts his hands over the controls...

EDDIE
Trust me, here. It's my ass, too.
Just give him a minute.

RESUME - ON SET

As Walters moves closer to the Union Boss...

WALTERS (cont'd)
Or about the people you had to
kill to get it? Like Jerry. And
Sidney and Sheri Evans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The soundstage QUIETING as he speaks.

WALTERS (cont'd)
And then there's the little matter
of my wife.

INTERCUT WITH - INT. JAIL - CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

The Assassin enters. The LOCK-UP DOOR SLAMMING behind him.

Leigh is jolted by this. She moves to the front of her cell to see what's happening...

HER POV - THE COP

As he takes out his .22. Fixes a silencer to the end of it.

Her eyes go wide with fear. Instinctively pressing her back to the wall to hide.

RESUME - ON THE SET

MANES
(unshaken, to the host)
Would someone like to tell me what
the hell is going on here?

WALTERS
Let me refresh your memory.

Walters gives the signal with his hand. And suddenly...

ALL THE MONITORS

Go black. Without warning grainy videotaped footage jumps onto the screen...

It's the taped confession Manes gave at Jerry's bar. The only difference being that Walters is in the shot. He's obviously being taped by a second hidden camera. One run by Eddie.

WALTERS (v.o.)
... but I've got my wife to worry
about.

MANES (v.o.)
It's a little late for that.

WALTERS (v.o.)
All that bogus evidence won't
hold. I'll find a hole in it and
rip it wide open.

MANES (v.o.)
You're fucking funny. If we could
provide the goods to get Mitchell
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANES (cont'd)
off, imagine what we could do to
fuck somebody up. Your wife is an
open and shut case.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Around the room. Everyone mesmerized by what's taking place.
Every screen in the place is running the footage. And it's all
going out live.

WALTERS (v.o.)
How could you do it? Destroy my
family, kill my friends. All over
some dogshit property scam.

MANES (v.o.)
Two hundred million isn't dogshit.
It's a dream. There are people
involved that would whack a
thousand old men to get at it.

WALTERS (v.o.)
You're sick.

MANES (v.o.)
(smiles)
Sticks and stones.

WALTERS (v.o.)
How did you know I called the
Feds?

MANES (v.o.)
Tapped your phone.

WALTERS (v.o.)
And the line-up?

MANES (v.o.)
Anyone in that department has a
price. It's like shopping at
Macy's.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The entire staff turns to Eddie in shock and admiration.
He pushes his hat back on his head. Grins sheepishly.

EDDIE
Just good investigative journalism
is all.

TIGHT ON - MANES

Taking a long look around the silent studio. Realizing he's
finished.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTERS

It's going to be tough to walk
away from this one, Charlie.

(milks it)
Especially with all these
witnesses.

INT CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

The Assassin is moving slowly along cellblock.

He pauses before each cell. Searches the captive face within.

He does this for five or six of them before he finds...

ONE OF THE PRISONERS

From behind she looks vaguely similar to Leigh. Her back to the
cell door while she reads.

He raises his gun... then she senses it... turns... dropping her
book in fright...

She's Asian. Obviously not Leigh.

A smile plays across his face. He lowers the weapon. Continues
on.

He's closing in on Leigh now. Three cells left... two...

TIGHT - LEIGH

Panic washing over her. She's out of time. Sitting caged and
helpless when suddenly...

ANOTHER DOOR

GETS KICKED OPEN from the opposite end of the room...

Dixon charges in. Gun raised.

DIXON

DROP IT.

The following happens in a heartbeat:

The Assassin FIRES... hitting Dixon in the leg...

Dixon... falling... RETURNS FIRE... missing twice...

The Assassin takes aim for the kill when...

LEIGH

Springs forward. CLOTHESLINES the killer through the bars of
her cell...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dixon uses the opening to FIRE AGAIN... BANG... the guy's chest EXPLODES OUTWARD in a bloody arc...

He hits the ground. TWITCHES. Stops.

DIXON AND LEIGH

A long breath of relief. He struggles to his feet to free her...

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHTVIEW SET - NIGHT

Where Walters is just a few feet from Manes now...

MANES

Well, Bobby. I guess it's just
like your Old Man used to say...
(a beat)
Fuck you, too...

He grabs his chair and HURLS it at Walters. The young attorney ducks out of the way... giving Manes a chance to bolt for the exit... Walters gives chase.

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

Manes is running out when the Security Guard intercepts him. The men struggle for a second before Manes breaks free. Escaping outside...

Walters comes flying up. He ducks a sloppy left hand and PILEDIVES Manes into...

THE LARGE FOUNTAIN

In the courtyard. The men CRASH into the water. Lights beneath it drenching their faces in an eerie glow.

They trade SHOTS. An old-fashioned brawl. Manes the heavier puncher, but Walters far quicker and more accurate.

Manes lands a CRUSHING RIGHT. ANOTHER. Splitting Walters' nose.

The young attorney counters with a SEARING COMBINATION. Starting to surge now... unwilling to be denied.

He keeps DRIVING... left-right... left-right... finally dropping the older man with a SICKENING UPPERCUT.

TWO SHOT - MANES AND WALTERS

Manes sags below the surface. Walters moves over him. Pulls him up by the collar... ready to punch again...

MANES

Come on. Finish it. COME ON!

THE COURTYARD

Flooded with PEOPLE now. CAMERAS everywhere. The showdown being broadcast to thousands upon thousands of homes...

Walters looks around. Drops his hold on the Union Boss.

WALTERS

Fight's over. You're done.

Suddenly POLICE OFFICERS swarm around the fountain to take Manes captive...

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

Walters wades out of the bloody pool. Eddie comes over to give him a hand.

WALTERS

Any word from...

Eddie shakes his head sadly. Walters just stands there, broken.

An unmarked sedan pulls to the front. Doors OPEN. A long beat. Then Dixon and Leigh get out...

TIGHT ON - LEIGH

Her gaze finds Walters. Tears welling up in those big brown eyes.

She pushes forward to him. His arms falling softly around her. This is what it was all about.

A moment of reunion.

Robert and Leigh. Weary and tattered. Holding on to each other in the current of strangers.

TIGHTER

Smiles crease their faces. Timeless and unforgettable smiles that say they're in love.

Now and forever.

CRANE SHOT - PULLING BACK

The ravaged couple standing together. BACK until they are but pinpoints in the sea of bodies. And then FURTHER BEYOND... vanishing into the urban landscape.

THE END