

**SEA OF LOVE**  
**BY**  
**RICHARD PRICE**

**MARTIN BREGMAN PRODUCTIONS**

*REV.*  
**FINAL DRAFT**

*9/27/88 REV.*

INT. ROOM - EARLY MORNING - NIGHT.  
CLOSE ON A NAKED, THIRTYISH MAN, JAMES MACKEY

Face down on a bed. He's grinding sexually as if there's an imaginary woman beneath him. His face, lying in profile on the pillow, reveals an expression of pure horse-wild terror as he mechanically humps away. From another room we hear "Sea of Love", a 1950's rock 'n' roll stroll tune.

JAMES MACKEY  
(grinding on his bed)  
Uh uh uh, oh, baby, oh, baby, oh, baby.  
(to an unseen person  
standing behind him)  
OK? Like that? Is that OK?  
(beat; teary with fear)  
What is your problem?

A bullet zips into the back of James Mackey's head. He lies on his pillow unblinking as we hear "Sea of Love" continue to play. And we hear footsteps fading away: a door closing.

EXT. BURNSIDE CATERERS - GRAND CONCOURSE -  
THE BRONX - DAY. 2.

A shabby catering hall on a shabby, formerly resplendent commercial avenue.

Two men, wearing dark blue warm-up jackets, the N.Y. Yankees logo prominent on the chest, stand with clipboards in front of the street entrance. Behind them is a large sign leaning on an easel: "EIGHTH ANNUAL MEET THE YANKEES BRUNCH" - INVITATION ONLY. PAN of guys waiting in a loose line for admission -- a young rough-edged-looking crew.

INT. CATERING HALL - DAY. 3.

A big Yankee banner is strung across a stage. Rows of long folding tables covered with Yankee pinstripe table-cloths, name cards and place settings. Ray Charles sings his soulful version of "America" over a P.A. The room is half full with guests; twenty-five men, mostly young; white, black, Hispanic. A dozen guys in Yankee warm-up jackets usher and escort guests to their assigned seats.

CLOSE ON FRANK KELLER

Forty-three, short, quick, wiry, wearing a Yankee jacket. He moves from guest to guest, pouring them orange juice, a quart pitcher in each hand. He pours for the Maldonado twins. The Maldonados are in their late twenties, goatees, Hispanic, nattily dressed.

CONTINUED

FRANK  
How you guys doin'?

OMAR MALDONADO  
Yo, brother, where the Yankees at?

FRANK  
They're comin'.

EFRAM MALDONADO  
You a Yankee?

FRANK  
You don't recognize me?

OMAR  
What... you a short-stop?

The twins laugh and high five each other.

FRANK  
(straight-faced)  
Used to be.

EFRAM  
What...

FRANK  
(doing a perfect imitation of Phil  
Rizzuto's patented exclamation)  
Ho-lee Cow!

OMAR  
(jaw on the floor)

You the Scooter! Yo, Efram, this dude Phil  
Rizzuto. Do that again!

FRANK  
(winking at some fellow workers)  
Ho-lee Cow!

The twins stand and shake Frank's hand.

EFRAM  
Yo, Phil... how come you pourin' us juice?

INT. DOORWAY - CATERING HALL - DAY.

A dozen more guys waiting to be admitted.

CLIPBOARD GUYS  
Invites and I.D.'s, fellas. Invites and I.D.'s.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

4.

BLACK GUY

How we gettin' to the game after? I ain't got no car.

CLIPBOARD GUY

We got you covered.

INT. CATERING HALL - DAY.

5.

CLOSE ON A SLOW PAN OF EGG McMUFFINS, BREAKFAST DEBRIS AND PLACE CARDS. \*

Frank heads to the stage. The guests applaud. Shouts of "Scooter!" and "holee Cow". Laughter. Frank holds up his hands for silence. Suddenly twenty guys with Yankee jackets file in around the walls of the room, surrounding the guests.

FRANK

Fellas... fellas... I got some good news, I got some bad news... which you want first?

Chorus of "bad news" overrides "good news".

FRANK (cont'd.)

Bad news wins... here we go... the Yanks can't make it here, guys.

Groans.

FRANK (cont'd.)

And you can't make it over to the stadium later.

Silence except for one loud "uh-oh".

FRANK (cont'd.)

We got thirty-five outstanding warrants here eating our McMuffins and ah... on behalf of the New York Yankees and the New York City Career Criminals' Investigations Unit... you're all under arrest. \*

Utter silence as Frank and all the Yankee jackets pull out their detectives' gold shields. The rear wall rolls back on casters, REVEALING a whole booking setup -- photographer, fingerprint station clerks... It's a major sting operation.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(good-natured)

Sorry, guys... we got'cha.

The guests slouch and groan in resignation.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

5.

VOICE  
(defeated)  
Fuck you, Scooter.

Laughter from both the cops and the cons.

VOICE  
What's the good news?

FRANK  
Good news is comin' around...

Four cops, holding half gallons of vodka, make their way from guest to guest, converting all the orange juices to screwdrivers -- one for the road. Before anyone can take a drink, Detective Struk, tall, moustache, leaps on stage, puts an arm around Frank.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE CATERING HALL. DAY.

6. \*

Frank is lounging with two other detectives on the street.  
They're smoking -- day is done. Drinks in hand.

\*

STRUK  
Yo! Yo! I'd like to propose a toast...  
To Detective Frank Keller on today, his  
twentieth anniversary on the job...Skoal.

\*

ALL  
Speech! Speech!

\*

FRANK  
Yeah, well, what can I...

\*

DETECTIVE #1 (SERAFINO)  
Fuck you, Scooter.

They all laugh.

DARGAN  
I can't believe you're hangin' in, Frank  
I hit my twenty and a wake-up I'm history --  
taking my half pay and...

FRANK  
(finishing the sentence)  
opening a motel..a bar...  
a polygraph school.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

6.

DARGAN

Hey, you think I'm gonna be forty-six years old in some alley sticking my pencil in some dead skull diggin' around for the bullet? Nothing wrong with a nice motel in Florida, my friend.

Frank shrugs, not wishing to pursue it.

DARGAN (cont'd.)

(embarrassed at his own heat)

Anyways --

(shakes hands with Frank)

Happy Anniversary.

A black guy, Ernest Lee, and his ten-year-old son come running towards Frank and his pals.

ERNEST

(winded)

Am I too late?

The kid pulls up, also winded, holding a baseball glove. Ernest hands his invite to Frank.

FRANK

(thrown by the presence of the kid)

Who's this?

ERNEST

That's my son.

FRANK

Invitation's for you only... you Ernest Lee?

ERNEST

Hey, man, how'ma gonna meet Dave Winfield without takin' mah boy?

Frank whispers to one of the detectives who consults his clipboard.

FRANK

You got some I.D., Ernest?

DETECTIVE

(in Frank's ear)

Grand theft auto... two counts.

Frank signs, thinks for a beat, ignoring Ernest's I.D.

FRANK

We're booked up in there, Ernest.

CONTINUED

6.

ERNEST

Hay. I got an invite here.

Frank casually pulls back his jacket so that his gold shield shows.

FRANK

(looking away)

I said we're booked up.

Ernest's face turns grey. He involuntarily backs up.

FRANK (cont'd.)

We'll catch you later.

Ernest nods a barely perceptible "thanks" and briskly walks away with his uncomprehending son.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MANHATTAN 10:00 P.M.  
CLOSE ON THE SCREEN.

6A.

A wounded bank robber on his back, stares up into the .44 Magnum of Dirty Harry. The robber's fingers inch toward his own shotgun on the ground at his side.

DIRTY HARRY

(his gun in our face)

Uh uh... I know what you're thinking, "Did he fire six shots or only five?"... Well, to tell you the truth, in all this excitement I kind of lost track myself.

Over this dialogue from the screen we hear a half-dozen drunken male voices from the movie audience.

CHORUS

Shoot the hump! Blow his friggin' head off!

ANGLE - THE SCREAMERS

Six men, early thirties, sitting in the dark, blasted on rum and Cokes, which they concoct sloppily in their seats.

ANGLE - LAST ROW OF THE THEATRE.

Frank sits with Serafino, a Hispanic detective.

FRANK

(sighing)

Hey. I got a real estate license about five years ago? What am I supposed to do, walk around in one of those Century 21 orange blazers selling condos? You want to buy a condo from me?

CONTINUED

7  
6A.

SERAFINO

You should have planned better. There's other things.

FRANK

What are you, the ant and the grasshopper?  
(beat)

Look, I just don't think there's anything really out there after this. I mean, retire to what... besides I'm young still... I feel young.

SERAFINO

I thought you were a smart guy, Frank.

FRANK

I am. I'm very smart. That's why I say this.

Frank squints in irritation at the raucous crew down near the screen who are still screaming at Dirty Harry.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(rising)

Who the hell are those assholes down there?  
I'm gonna cool 'em out. Watch my back.

SERAFINO

(to Frank's back as Frank marches down the aisle; amused)

Hey, crime fighter!

ANGLE - THE SCREEN

DIRTY HARRY

(calmly, deadly)

Well, do you, punk?

DRUNKS (OS)

(start chanting)

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

ANGLE - THE THEATER.

Two ushers hover over the six guys.

USHER

Yo, fellas... you us want to call the cops?

Frank comes up alongside the usher, unconsciously moving him aside. He flashes his shield.



CONTINUED

6A.

FRANK  
(automatic pilot authoritatian)  
Hey, fellas, you wanna start to behave.

Frank stops, hisses, throwing his eyes as all six guys, greatly amused, flash their gold shields.

DRUNKEN DETECTIVE  
Hey, Scooter, fuck you!

CLOSE ON - THEIR FACES

Looking up at Frank: drunk, smiling, angelic, young.

Frank is older than the oldest by ten years. His face registers the shock of this fact.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - 10:00 P.M. THAT NIGHT. 7.

In the darkness WE SEE an old lady, Miss Allen, Bette Davis feisty, smoking in bed, pissed off, sleepless, as "Sea of Love" is heard from the apartment next door over and over, driving her nuts. She takes a cane and whacks the dividing wall.

MISS ALLEN  
(shouting)  
Shut that goddamn thing off,  
you sonofabitch!

INT. WHITE WORKING-CLASS BAR - UPPER BROADWAY - 1:00 A.M. THAT NIGHT. 8. \*

Seedy cop bar. A dozen and a half patrons, 5 or 6 women, the rest locals. Jukebox. Drink discounts, advertised over the mirror. Some hard-looking women, not whores, but cop groupies, scotch, cigarettes and tight faces, talking to older guys, some of whom are plainclothes cops half in the bag. \*

FRANK - AT THE BAR

Three stools down, Serafino (Detective #1, gun visible over his hip inside his open jacket), is rapping to some lady. \*

FRANK'S POV \*

Four empty seats away Dawn, Irish, attractive, early 30's, is talking intimately to a cop in civilian clothes. She furtively catches Frank looking at her - Frank looks away. After a beat, Dawn sidles up to him. \*

DAWN  
I hate this scene.

FRANK  
Oh yeah?

DAWN  
I'm going to California, live with my sister.

FRANK  
Oh yeah?

DAWN  
I dreamt about you again last night.

FRANK  
Oh yeah?

DAWN  
Don't you want to know what happened in the dream?

FRANK  
(Nodding at the abandoned cop)  
Maybe some other time.

DAWN  
(Wounded)  
Fuck you, Frankie.

FRANK'S POV

Serafino is holding up giant tattooed forearms to his pickup. The tattoos are of Sylvester the Cat and Tweety-Bird, the cartoon characters.

SERAFINO  
I got this done for my kids. I sit 'em down and go like this.

He moves his forearms so it looks like Sylvester is chasing Tweety-Bird.

SERAFINO (cont'd.)  
I'm a human cartoon show. What I do for my kids, I'm telling you...

FRANK  
(smiles)  
Dawn, you want me to buy you a drink?

DAWN  
(sulking)  
I have my own money.

FRANK  
Let's get married...

CONTINUED

8.

Dawn smiles, then realizes she can't tell if he's kidding or not. Spooked, she splits.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
 (alone, smiles at his  
 drink again)  
 I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

INT. ALL-NIGHT KOREAN VEGETABLE STAND/MINI MARKET -  
 2:00 A.M. - NIGHT.

9.

Under the fluorescents Frank stands on line with a quart of juice and some ice cream, waiting to check out.

WE SEE from his POV, three women, shopping alone, not ugly, not pretty - all self-contained, absorbed in their actions, ignoring the fact that, like Frank, they're doing their grocery shopping at 2:00 a.m.

CLOSE ON FRANK

Observing them but impassive.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - 3:00 A.M. - NIGHT.

10.

CLOSE ON A SOFTBALL TROPHY.

Frank's name is on the base. "Two Four PCT Tornados - 2nd Place"

Frank, in his underwear, hunched over, elbows on knees, phone to ear, sits on the edge of his bed. The trophy is next to the phone on his night-table. A table clock reads 3:00. The room is in shadows.

FRANK  
 Gruber... Frank Keller... Did I  
 wake you? Sorry  
 (beat)  
 Listen, I'd like to talk to my wife...  
 my ex-wife... just put her on...  
 just put her on... Thank you.  
 (beat)  
 Denise... did I wake you? I'm sorry...  
 I think I got appendicitis.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANGLE - FRANK'S BEDROOM - 4:00 A.M. - NIGHT.

11.

TV is on to some moronic cable talk show. Room is spare -- bed, wall-mounted TV, some workout equipment.

Frank is doing sit-ups on a slant board at the foot of his bed. WE SEE him do a furious set, then stop, fingers clasped behind his neck, his head three feet below his ankles. His face suffused with blood. WE SEE Frank's eyes close... finally.

INT. MACKEY'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY. MID-AFTERNOON  
CLOSE ON APARTMENT DOOR.

12.

We hear "Sea of Love". We hear someone banging. The door opens and Miss Allen tentatively enters, squinting through her harlequin glasses. She gingerly moves to the record player surrounded by cascades of old 45's and removes the needle from "Sea of Love". She moves back into the apartment, scared, trespassing, curious. She stops at the bedroom threshold. WE SEE James Mackey lying there -- calmly dead. WE SEE her wising up to Mackey's medical condition.

MISS ALLEN

(awed, but cool)

Fuckin' hell.

EXT. WEST END AVENUE - 4:15 P.M. - DAY.

13.

Row of canopied apartment houses. The cop cars double-parked in front of 365 West End Avenue Canopy. A cop is taking down license numbers of all cars near the building. Frank and Gruber (bespectacled, enormous, but soft and sad-looking, a little prim, too) pull up in an unmarked car and exit.

GRUBER

(to the cop)

Get the cars across the street too, OK?

PATROLMAN

(pissy)

I know the job.

INT. 365 WEST END AVENUE LOBBY - DAY.

14.

There's a uniformed fifty-year-old doorman, a long foyer. Gruber and Frank enter.

FRANK

(flashing his badge)

Where's it at, Chief?

CONTINUED

14.

DOORMAN  
(straightening up)

3K.

FRANK  
Anybody talk to you yet?

DOORMAN  
(man to man confidential)  
No one of weight.

FRANK  
(smiling)  
You ever on the job?

DOORMAN  
(flattered)  
Me? Nah. I'm just a square badge. I  
was in Korea though.

FRANK  
(flattering)  
Yeah? I could have sworn you were On the job.

The doorman almost turns ramrod straight, fights down a grin.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
(turns for the elevator)  
I'll come down talk to you later.  
(beat; winking)  
I'm "of weight".

The doorman almost salutes. He's in some kind of military hog heaven.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY.

14A.

Gruber and Frank.

GRUBER  
You ever on the job..shit.

FRANK  
It's called making people feel good so  
they'll co-operate with you...you should  
try it sometime.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry about the phone thing last night.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

14A.

GRUBER

I don't want you calling us three in the morning any more...you want to talk to Denice, you call her decent hours.

FRANK

(slightly angry - breaking balls)  
Decent hours...what do you mean... like nine a.m. to what... dinner time? Eight P.M.?

Gruber gives him a dirty look.

INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO 3K - DAY.

15.

Frank and Gruber enter from the stairwell. There's a lone policeman standing guard.

GRUBER

Where's it at?

COP

In the bedroom, straight through.

Two cops leave the apartment, talking. We hear other voices inside.

FRANK

We got a cherry scene in there? It sounds like a cocktail party.

COP

Hey... I'm out here.

INT. MACKEY APARTMENT - DAY.

16.

Gruber and Frank gingerly step inside, hands in pockets so as not to touch anything. They walk down a short foyer into a combination dining room-living room, where two cops, and an old lady (Miss Allen) are chatting about baseball. There are two wine glasses, a quarter full, and a bottle of wine, half full, on a coffee table. An ashtray has half a dozen cigarette butts. A pile of 45 RPM records are stacked sloppily next to a record player on the floor.

YOUNG COP

It's in the bedroom.

The young cop, finishing up a cigarette, ditches it into the ashtray. Frank hesitates, walks over to the ashtray. All the other butts have lipstick on them.

CONTINUED

16.

Frank gingerly extracts the cop's butt and flips it out an open window. The cops stare at him.

FRANK

Hey, fellas, you wanna take the lady outside? It's a little crowded in here.

MISS ALLEN

(to the cops as they leave)

What's his problem?

INT. MACKEY BEDROOM - DAY.

17.

Queen-sized bed, bookcases. Wall-mounted TV. Bathrobe in a heap on the rug. The corpse is a well-muscled man, belly down, nude, on top of his made bed. His face lies on its side, his eyes staring calmly at the wall. There's no mess, no blood, save for a dried clot over his ear. Gruber and Frank put on elastic gloves and begin to circle the body. They both go to great pains not to touch the corpse. As they talk they gently poke and prod around the room for evidence.

GRUBER

(referring to the corpse)

What's this guy's name?

FRANK

James... Mackey.

(beat)

Mack the Knife... Jimmy Mack. Oh Jimmy Mack, when are ya comin' back...

(beat)

You know, when she was married to me, I was never gonna die. We split up, she goes to you, life goes on. I passed my 20 yesterday, everybody says retire, I feel kind of mor-tal all of a sudden, you know?

(shifting gears)

I say this guy's dead 48 hours.

GRUBER

(prodding)

Nah... look at the lividity... 36 tops.

FRANK

Smells like 48.

GRUBER

Smells like 36.

Frank gives him a dirty look, realizes that Gruber is still pissed, shifts gears again.

FRANK

(apologetic)

Look, I was just trying to get some attention.

(beat)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED

17.

Frank extends his elastic-gloved hand to Gruber's elastic-gloved hand. Gruber hesitates. They shake over the corpse.

FRANK (cont'd.)

It's just...

(beat)

...we're in the same precinct six years,  
we never even so much as have a beer together,  
right?

(beat)

How the hell did you take my wife away?

GRUBER

(controlled fury)

Hey!... I didn't take nobody nowhere...  
You didn't treat her right, she walked...  
You want to kick somebody's ass about it,  
kick your own...

Gruber walks out, leaving Frank standing over the corpse.

FRANK

(talking to himself)

Hey, Gruber, I'll take it from here,  
OK? Seriously. This one's mine,

(beat)

OK with you, fuck-face?

INT. MACKEY LIVING ROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER - DAY.  
CLOSE ON RECORD PLAYER.

18.

45's all around. "Sea of Love" (45 RPM) is still on the turntable. A pen is gently pressed against the automatic record changer lever so as not to leave finger prints.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE.

As "Sea of Love" starts to play again, that haunting stroll-paced love tune, odd and dreamy, Frank opens a linen closet, pulls out a pillow case and starts to gingerly remove personal effects from desk drawers; address books, memo pads, checkbooks, photos of family, stuffing them into the pillow case like Santa Claus in reverse.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

INT. JAMES MACKEY'S BEDROOM - DAY. 19.

With "Sea of Love" still playing, Frank stands in the doorway to the bedroom, pillow case over one shoulder. James Mackey's corpse is floodlit for the crime scene photographer -- the star of an obscene and heartless movie. The technicians scurry about the bedroom dusting, measuring and collecting. The whole tableau is a clinical rape of a dead man's personal collage to the tune "Sea of Love" -- more sad than lurid. Frank is watching all this, his face impassive.

INT. LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - 11:30 AT NIGHT. 20.

Frank, sprawled in an old creaky chair, is running down his notes with his superior officer.

FRANK

Look, I'll check everybody out but to tell you the truth, I think it boils down to grabbing this strange trim he got hooked up with. This guy's a swordsman extra-ordinaire, right? The doorman says the ladies sit around the lobby with numbers in their laps. Could be some lady got pissed because he was moaning Mary when her name's Gladys. Hell hath no fury and all that, right?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, but how do you know the trim is strange? Maybe it's a steady.

\*  
\*

FRANK

Nah, it's strange. You know how I know? The 45's. No one whips out their old 45's on anything but a first or second date when you're doing your "the wonder of me" thing. You know,

(singing)

"Getting to know you". You bring them out to show the broad that you kept them after all these years -- meaning you're a wonderful, sentimental individual. Who does that with someone they really know? Who gives a shit once you get to know each other?

INT. TOWER RECORDS - 2:00 A.M. 21.

It's a massive fluorescently lit store awash in rock music and multiple videos.

Under the ice blue light Frank is the only person in the store over twenty-five.

CONTINUED

21.

Frank is browsing through the oldies section.

ANGLE - FRANK

In checkout line with an oldies tape.

The cashier is a punky, alien-looking girl, 26, mid 20's, spikey but cute.

FRANK

Under this light? Your skin looks like blue ice.

GIRL

(mild, tired)

Gimme a break, it's two in the morning.

FRANK

(leaving)

C'mon, I'm only kidding. I'm old enough to be your relative.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - 3:00 A.M.

22.

CLOSE ON YELLOW TOWER RECORDS BAG, FRANK'S HANDS.

"Sea of Love" is taken from the bag, put on a turntable.

CLOSE ON FRANK

Shirtless. He stares at the spinning record impassively as "Sea of Love" fills the silence of his apartment.

The music carries over to....

INT. DARKENED BEDROOM SOMEWHERE - SAME TIME

23.

CLOSE ON A NAKED MAN

bald, muscular, alone, grinding sexually on his bed, his face in terrified profile on a pillow.

BALD MAN

(with "Sea of Love" playing over this)

So good... so good... yeah... oh yeah, oh yeah, oh --

(he starts to cry, addresses someone not seen, standing behind him)

Is that OK? Is that OK? Everything's OK?

(sobs)

Please...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

23.

We hear a sad, long exhalation, a sigh from behind the bald man. A bullet rips into his hairless head. Silence, save for retreating footsteps.

INT. LOBBY - 9:00 A.M.

24.

Frank coming off the street, walking towards the doorman that he befriended the day before.

FRANK

Hey, Chief.

DOORMAN

What do you do, work night and day?

FRANK

Ah, I swapped shifts today... Listen, you think of anybody else coming in or out yesterday morning?

DOORMAN

(wincing)

Anybody else? Jesus...the mailman? Maybe he came in the afternoon. I don't remember. Ah...a cable TV repair guy was here, I think. What's that? Cable Time? Cable Tone? But he was down in the basement.

(beat)

People in the building... shit. Pretty much what I told you yesterday.

FRANK

No ladies, hah? Young ladies? I thought you said it was like a sex parade up there.

DOORMAN

You know, if I'm looking to see somebody in particular, I'll see them, if not, if I'm hailing a cab, if I'm in the package room...

(he shrugs helplessly)

EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY.

25.

Frank exits under the canopy, looks around. Stops a guy smoking a joint and walking two King Charles spaniels.

FRANK

'Scuse me... you walk these guys around here this time yesterday?... What are they, cocker spaniels?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

25.

Frank bends down to pet them. They shy away.

GUY

King Charles Spaniels. Please don't pet them. \*

Frank rises and shows his badge. The guy freaks, puts the joint behind his back. Frank ignores the joint.

FRANK

You must walk 'em like clock-work, right?  
You were here yesterday, this time? You  
notice a woman, young, youngish, wearing  
dinner-type clothes coming out the building?

GUY

(paranoid)

Uh-uh.

FRANK

Some lady looking a little freaked out,  
maybe ruffled dressup clothes?

GUY

Uh-uh.

The guy jumps, hisses in pain. He's burned his fingers on the joint behind his back.

EXT. BUILDING - STREET - FRANK - DAY.

26.

standing across the street from the building, humming "Sea of Love", still scanning the street for people who are habitually in front of the building at this time every day. The only other person on the corner is an Arabic, middle-aged man in a suit leaning against the side of a private school. He looks nervous.

He's staring at Frank. When Frank turns to meet his gaze, he looks off. The guy's nervous alertness, his focus on Frank is very weird. Frank walks past the guy.

FRANK'S POV.

WE SEE through the guy's open jacket that he's carrying a gun. Frank keeps walking, goes to a pay phone.

FRANK

(on phone)

This is Detective Keller, of the Two-Seven Squad. Yeah, listen, I got a 1013 at the Hoving School 365 West End Avenue -- guy's got a gun -- I need back-up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

26.

Frank hangs up and nonchalantly strolls to a parked car, leans on the hood.

FRANK'S POV.

He glances at the guy. The guy is staring at him directly.

GUY'S POV.

WE SEE Frank's gun over his left hip attached to his belt. Frank is probably unaware it's peeking out.

Frank studies the traffic on West End Avenue.

The guy purposely walks to a part of the school wall directly across the sidewalk (six feet away) from Frank. He's glaring at Frank now.

Frank tries not to notice, but WE SEE Frank is starting to freak.

He gets up, moves down two car hoods away.

The guy moves down the same distance on the school wall.

Frank's breathing gets rapid.

The guy looks like he might have a heart attack.

Frank and the guy stare at each other without pretense now, both of them adrenalized and scared.

After a long, passionate beat they suddenly simultaneously draw their weapons on each other and start screaming.

FRANK

(screeching)

Don't fuckin' move, motherfucker!

GUY

You drop it! You drop it! You drop it!

Suddenly three squad cars come flying in on them, cops leap out, guns drawn, join in on the screaming.

Frank raises his badge to the cops so he won't get shot.

There's eight drawn guns on the Arabic guy. Everybody yelling with adrenaline.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

26.

Suddenly there's the shriek of a teacher's whistle and under this canopy of death charges an army of elementary school kids spilling out on the sidewalk. They're out for an outside gym class -- all dressed in blue T-shirts and shorts. Seeing the kids, the guy quickly, suddenly puts his gun on the sidewalk, raises his arms. Frank charges him, ramming him up against the wall as the kids freeze in awe. Frank has his gun to the guy's head. The guy starts shouting.

GUY

I am buddy-God! Buddy-God. I am not know who you are! I am doing job here!

FRANK

(still trembling)  
Your ass, you friggin' geek!  
(still trembling, adrenalized)  
Shut up, motherfucker! Just shut up!

CLOSE ON AN IRANIAN KID

Eight years old. Comes up to the spread-eagled guy.

KID

(in Iranian, a.k.a.  
Farsi, casual)  
What happened?

GUARD

(in Farsi)  
Explain to them who I am.

KID

(calmly, he's used to  
crisis, has been well-drilled)  
He is Iman Aziz. He is my bodyguard against  
bad people. Please call my father at the  
United Nations.

(He hands Frank a business  
card from his junior-sized wallet)  
He is with the Iranian Delegation.

FRANK

(angry)  
Oh yeah?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

26.

Frank whips through the gunman's wallet. WE SEE documentation to back up the kid's claim. The cops and kids stare at Frank expectantly. Frank walks away.

EXT. PARK BENCH - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY.

27.

Frank sitting alone, totally freaked out from his near shootout. He touches his temples delicately with his fingertips. His kneecaps fan wildly.

INT. DEAD, BALD GUY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - DAY.  
CLOSE ON A FAT DETECTIVE.

28.

Sherman Touhey, hands covering his eyes. He's surrounded by uniformed police.

SHERMAN

(jokingly)

I don't wanna look! I don' wanna look!  
Is it messy?

He peeks between his fingers as the cops laugh.

SHERMAN'S POV.

WE SEE the bald man who was shot through the head. He lies in his bed, profiled on his bloody pillow.

SHERMAN (OS)

Ah Christ. This guy looks healthier than me.

Sherman laughs at his own joke.

INT. CANTEEN OF THE CABLE TIME REPAIRMAN'S STATION -  
3:00 P.M. - DAY.

29.

A four star shit hole -- looks like the locker area of a detectives' squad. A coffee machine, a dented table, littered with candy wrappers, sputtering fluorescent overheads.

Three installer/repairmen sit around the table bull-shitting and drinking coffee as Frank and the supervisor enter.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

29.

TERRY

(repairman -- mid-thirties,  
streety big guy, good-looking,  
funny)

So the emcee says to the first husband, "OK, Gene? Where did your wife say was the most exotic place you ever made love to her. And this guy Gene, he's thinking, right? He got a brain like a friggin' pea... he's thinking, thinking... finally he says... "In the butt"?

The two repairmen crack up as does the supervisor. Frank smiles.

SUPERVISOR

Hey...anybody do any work over 365 West  
End Avenue Monday?

The three of them shrug, suddenly Terry brightens.

TERRY

Yeah... I was over there.

FRANK

(showing his badge)

You see anybody down there looking not  
right? Anybody kind of freaked out...  
anybody running? Looking lost?

TERRY

Hey... I'm down in the basement with a  
chewed cable and a fried rat... nah... I  
seen a few ladies going to the laundry room,  
I guess? Who the hell can remember... nah...  
what happened?

FRANK

(giving him his card)

There was a shooting... give me a call if  
you remember anything, OK?

TERRY

(shrugging)

You got it.

INT. DETECTIVES PROMOTION RACKET - VAST CHURCH  
BASEMENT - 6:00 P.M. THAT EVENING - NIGHT.

30.

It's a party put on by ten detectives who just received grade  
promotions, for all detectives in the city (traditional).

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

30.

CLOSE ON FRANK

Sweaty, flushed with booze, having an impromptu half-assed Karate match with a young Chinese undercover cop in a corner of the party room. It's more horseplay than expertise. Frank really doesn't know what he's doing.

They're surrounded by a dozen detectives, drinks and sandwiches in hand.

PAN of two hundred detectives in boozy clusters throughout the huge room. They come in all sizes and ages, all styles of dress, from hippy to shoe salesman to chairman of the board natty.

CLOSE ON THE TEN DETECTIVES

Who got promoted. They're lined up each with a white carnation in their lapel. Another detective is whistling for quiet.

TOASTMASTER

A toast for our hosts, ten promotions  
overdue, underpaid...

The noise from Frank's Karate match is disruptive.

TOASTMASTER'S POV

Across the large room WE SEE Frank and Co. still at it.

TOASTMASTER

(annoyed at the Karate ruckus)

Hey fellas!

ANGLE - TWO MINUTES LATER.

Frank and the Chinese kid taking back their sport jackets and guns from their seconds. Shaking hands. A detective from the ring of Karate fans approaches Frank. It's Sherman Touhey, the detective who caught the bald man's murder. Touhey is forty-five, fat, beaming, mischievous-faced, easy laughter -- a warm, good-time Charley in a three-piece suit.

SHERMAN

Where the hell did you learn that?  
It's like a freakin' movie.

\*  
\*

FRANK

(slightly drunk brag)

Hey... You gotta keep fit. I get in a  
beef, I hit the guy fast and a lot... I  
don't like getting hurt... know what I mean?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

30.

SHERMAN

God gave fat guys guns so we wouldn't have to do that stuff... You Frank Keller? I'm Sherman Touhey from the one-twelve .

FRANK

Forest Hills?

They turn to the front to hoist a toast with the rest of the room.

SHERMAN

I heard from one of your guys you caught a good one. Face down taxpayer back of the head in his own bed?

(imitates and pantomimes a gun being fired)

Me too, out on Yellowstone Boulevard...

FRANK

(interested)

No shit...

SHERMAN

The bullet we can't do nothing with. It got pancaked on the bed frame.

\*  
\*

FRANK

We got a great bullet. We got cigarette butts with lipstick too.

\*  
\*

SHERMAN

Yeah? We didn't get any butts.

\*  
\*

FRANK

Get any prints?

\*  
\*

SHERMAN

(shrugs)

Yeah... nothing showed up on the files though.

FRANK

Let's compare tomorrow.

SHERMAN

You know something?... you talk lipstick I think my guy got done by a broad.

\*

FRANK

Oh yeah?

\*  
\*

SHERMAN

We're talking a four star ladies' man here, OK? Hey... you play, you pay, right? My wedding night? I wake up, my wife's got the tattoo needle, the eyeshades. I look down...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

30.

SHERMAN (cont'd)

She's got "property of..." on my balls.

(laughing)

I'm only kidding, but you catch my drift?  
This guy, I found something like thirty  
letters from this singles magazine he  
placed an ad in? He didn't even get around  
to opening the envelopes yet.

FRANK

You find any records there?

SHERMAN

What do you mean, files?

FRANK

Records... My guy had all these 45's... old  
records... there was even one playing on the  
turntable when they found him.... "Sea of  
Love"... remember that one?

SHERMAN

"Sea of Love"... yeah, how's it go?

FRANK

(singing in a self-  
conscious low murmur)

Come with me-e, my-hy love  
Come with me to the Sea-e-e of Love.

Suddenly Sherman joins in, in a beautiful choir-like tenor.

SHERMAN

(moving, snapping like a pro)

Ah wanna tell ya how-ow much ah love you.  
Do you remember when we met...

He gestures for Frank to keep singing. Sherman's voice is so  
powerful and beautiful that conversation stops in the area around  
them and a half dozen of the 35 to 45-year-old detectives  
haltingly join in.

SHERMAN (MAINLY,

FRANK &amp; A FEW OTHERS)

That's the day I knew you were my pet.

SHERMAN (cont'd.)

(solo, overpowering, beautiful)

Ah wanna tell you how-ow much, ah love you...

Sherman laughs uproariously.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT STAIRWAY - 7:00 P.M. - NIGHT.

31.

Narrow, claustrophobic, jammed with cops trudging up to the street, as the party ends below. Frank, fairly drunk, talks to Sherman as they inch upwards. Gruber is standing behind him, and Frank talks to be overheard.

FRANK

Actually, one thing about this lady, whoever she is, I admire her directness, you know? The guy fucks around? Falls asleep on her, whatever... bingo.

(shoots his finger)

Pop him in the head, it's all over. Other women, like my ex-wife, Denice? You step out a line a little she liked to stick it here,

(points to his side)

or here,

(points to his belly)

let you walk around and bleed, you know? This one, bingo... no muss, no fuss, no walking wounded.

(he turns, maliciously)

Fucking women, right, Gruber?

Gruber, a little bombed himself, tries to ignore the baiting.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Right, Gruber?

Gruber still ignores him.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Gruber, let me ask you something. Your wife she ever stick it to you? You know, like here?

Frank lightly pokes Gruber's gut. Gruber flicks his hand away.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Or here?

A finger in Gruber's ribs.

GRUBER

(sodden, but getting steamed)

Cut it out.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

31.

FRANK  
(incredulous)  
Gruber, what are you trying to say,  
you're a happily married man?  
(to Sherman)  
Maybe Gruber's too busy stickin' it to  
her to notice where she's stickin' it  
to him.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF CHURCH ENTRANCE - NIGHT -  
SMOTHERED WITH CHATTING DETECTIVES.

32.

Suddenly Frank explodes from the stairway door propelled by an enraged Gruber who bulls him across the sidewalk, through the startled detectives, and into the side of a parked car. Before anyone can break it up, Frank has turned the balance and is beating the shit out of the larger man. Fat Sherman of all people pulls Frank off -- he takes him down with a debilitating judo hold. The fat man has reacted faster than anybody. He knows his shit too. Swift and graceful. Gruber rises from the sidewalk, bloody, dignified, and walks head high through the crowd. Sherman lets Frank go, smooths his jacket.

CLOSE ON FRANK.

He looks ashamed.

INT. LOBBY OF 365 WEST END AVENUE - THE CRIME SCENE  
BUILDING - 8:00 P.M. - NIGHT.

33.

WE SEE Frank enter, talk to the night doorman, show his badge and a key.

INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO CRIME SCENE  
APARTMENT - NIGHT.

34.

There's yellow crime scene tape across the door to 3K. Frank removes it, unlocks the door, enters.

INT. CRIME SCENE APARTMENT - NIGHT.

35.

Frank turns on the lights. The place looks like a bomb hit it. Typical post-crime scene circus mess. Frank moves into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

36.

The sheets have been stripped.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

36.

Frank makes a half-hearted search through some drawers, a closet, then sits down on the bed.

He puts a hand on the phone receiver but doesn't pick it up.

FRANK

(out loud to the room)

Gruber... look, this is getting out of hand. Gruber... Frank... hey, I'm sorry, man. Hey, Gruber... Shit...

Frank lays back on the dead man's bed and closes his eyes.

ANGLE - SAME SCENE - 9:00 P.M. - NIGHT.

37.

Frank dead asleep, sprawled out making an X with the marked body outline. Suddenly the doorbell rings. Frank shoots straight up, dazed, disoriented, frantically trying to figure out where the hell he is.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT.

38.

Frank, disheveled, dopey with sleep, opens the door on an attractive, slightly chubby woman dressed sportily as for a happy hour party at a singles bar. She's got half a dozen silver mylar balloons tied to her arms bobbing over her head.

WOMAN

(giggling)

Silver moons. A lifetime of Junes.  
Old rock tunes.

The woman stops reciting, waiting expectantly for Frank's reaction.

FRANK

(after a long beat)

Who the hell are you?

The girl is speechless, stung by his brusqueness. Frank stares at her, blinking, suddenly comes alert.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Wait a minute... Who am I? What's my name?

WOMAN

(angry)

Hey... I don't like being treated...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

38.

FRANK  
 (sharply)  
 I said what's my name!

WOMAN  
 (scared)  
 Jim Mackey?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

39.

Frank and the balloon lady, Gina Gallagher, sit on opposite sides of the room. She's softly weeping as Frank reviews his notes.

FRANK  
 (still disheveled)  
 So you read his ad in New York Weekly.

GINA  
 (still wearing her balloons  
 tied on her arms)  
 I don't know why I'm crying, I never even  
 got to meet him... it's just so sad somebody  
 dying.

FRANK  
 You wrote him a letter or you called him...

GINA  
 I wrote him, then he called me. Fate sucks,  
 I swear.

FRANK  
 (kindly)  
 Gina... maybe you'd feel better if you took  
 those balloons off?

GINA  
 (morosely)  
 They're the only things keeping me up.

Frank poorly controls an explosion of sniggers. People are just too much sometimes.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - 4:00 P.M. - NEXT DAY.

40.

Frank walks in, sees Sherman Touhey, the fat, singing detective, sitting at Frank's desk going over some files. Sherman looks up, grins.

SHERMAN  
 Hey! Guess what! The prints match!  
 Same doer... ain't that grand?

CONTINUED

40.

FRANK

(excited)

Yeah, well I got one for you, my man.  
Your guy put an ad in a singles magazine,  
right? You told me that, right?

SHERMAN

New York Weekly.

FRANK

Well bingo to that... my man's in there too.

(reciting)

Silver balloons endless Junes old rock tunes  
I'll put it in your moon wire Palladin...  
something like that?

SHERMAN

You want to hear my guy?  
City street beneath my feet/ 4am the  
longest hour/ the hunt goes on till the  
break of dawn/ For love, the rarest  
flower.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRANK

This lady, man,  
(winks)  
she's in the crosshairs.

SHERMAN

The poetry lover.

FRANK

More like she hates it, you know what I  
mean?

Frank mimes a gun with his fingers.

SHERMAN

Hey, I had my Loo talk to your Loo. Me  
and you a two-man task force on this,  
what do you think?

FRANK

(wary)

Queens or here?

SHERMAN

Ah... you got the better murder. Besides,  
are you kidding me? I'd fucking kill to  
work Manhattan. You want to work Queens?

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

40.

FRANK

(relieved)

Let me introduce you around.

SHERMAN

(exciting, demurring)

Hey... I'll catch 'em tomorrow. I got a tuxedo fitting in like an hour.

FRANK

Tuxedo... what you have a lounge act?

SHERMAN

I wish... my daughter's getting married Sunday out on the Island...

(beat)

Hey... you like weddings?

INT. LOCKER ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY.

41.

Frank over the coffee pot. Serafino enters, grabs his cup "Serafino" on the side.

SERAFINO

(pouring himself a cup)

What's up?

FRANK

I almost got shot yesterday, you hear that?

SERAFINO

(opens his shirt to reveal an old bullet scar)

Almost?

FRANK

Fuck you... this was yesterday, OK?

SERAFINO

You OK?

FRANK'S POV

through the doorway. He sees a woman, attractive, thirty-five, standing over his desk. This is Denice.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - FRANK - DAY.

42.

strolling over to his desk.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

42.

FRANK  
(slightly wired)  
You looking for Gruber?

DENICE  
For you.

FRANK  
For me?

EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT BEHIND THE POLICE STATION -  
TEN MINUTES LATER - D

43. \*

Frank handing Denice a Coke.

\*

DENICE  
(wearily)  
Frank, why are you tormenting my husband?  
You don't want to be married to me again...  
What's your problem?

FRANK  
Tormenting? Is that what Gruber told you?  
The guy can't take a little ribbing? I say  
one thing next thing I know he's trying to  
kill me. What am I supposed to do, let him?

Denice stares at him with a don't bullshit me look.

DENICE (waving)  
Hey, yoo hoo. Frank? It's me,  
Denice. Cut the shit (beat)  
Talk to me. What's the matter?

\*

FRANK  
(shrugging, coming off the defensive)  
I'm staring into a gun barrel yesterday...  
you know what I'm thinking? Other than how  
do I get this asshole to drop it? I'm thinking  
I don't love nobody and nobody loves me. I  
got no wife, no kids, no nothing.  
Those were my exact thoughts.

DENICE  
Well a wife you had, kids you coulda had,  
(beat) besides, ah, about three years ago?  
I seem to remember you saying to me something  
about not being able to breathe, about feeling  
like you're on a leash, about....

\*

FRANK (cutting her off)  
Hey! people change.

\*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

43.

DENICE

Oh yeah? I don't. A good job and a good man. That's all I ever wanted.

FRANK

A good job and a good man, huh? Which one is Gruber?

DENICE (straight on)

A good man.

They give each other an old, knowing look, then smile. Frank feels OK about Gruber.

FRANK

Look this 20-year thing is kicking my ass. I'm not a kid any more you know? The job'll never change, I'll never quit, so  
(beat)

I want to be in love or something.

(beat)

I think I want to be in love 'cause otherwise...

(beat)

it's too straight a drive to the toll booth.... you know what I mean?

Denice looks at Frank with sympathy.

FRANK

I look at you, you know what I think of? Going up to that cabin upstate. Right in the middle of Fall you remember? It was so beautiful. So Goddam spectacular.

DENICE (laughing)

What are you talking about. We didn't get out of bed for three days.

A fond memory. Another long smile between them.

FRANK (contd.)

(whispering, confidential)

Straight up...how's making love with him compared to making love with us. You tell me it's as good, I'll call you a liar to your face.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

43.

Denice stars at him deadpan for a long beat, then breaks out in a radiant grin. Frank beams in triumph.

DENICE (leaning forward)

I'm pregnant.

FRANK

(stunned, whipped, trying to be gracious) \*

Good...good for you, Denice...you deserve to be pregnant.

INT. CATERING HALL - LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

44.

CLOSE ON A BAGPIPER

playing a dignified tune. The bagpiper is wearing his kilt and tam over a police uniform -- an Emerald Society marching band musician. WE SEE he's playing at the entrance to the catering hall chapel as cops and their wives file in, ditching butts.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

INT. THE PARTY ROOM - NIGHT.  
CLOSE ON A ROCK BAND

45.

with a young female lead singer. She's doing a dorky, unfunky cover of Queen's white soul hit, "Another One Bites The Dust", as dozens of cops in suits dance with their wives -- a middle-aged armed American Bandstand.

Frank sits at his assigned place-carded seated at the edge of the dance floor watching these Queens cops kick up. Frank wears the embarrassed smile of someone who is the only stranger in a sea of intimate celebrants. He's drinking, slightly drunk.

Three couples of Frank's table are yakking it up as Sherman, making the glad hand rounds, comes by.

SHERMAN

Hey! Hey! Hey!

WOMAN

(breathy, dramatically  
earnest)

She looks gorgeous, Sherm...

SHERMAN

You'd never know she's knocked up  
three months, would you?

Everybody laughs and waves him off. Sherman turns to Frank, leans down.

SHERMAN (cont'd.)

(grinning, under his breath)

It's fucking true.

(fleeting sadness)

Eighteen years old.

\*  
\*

Frank doesn't know what to say, so keeps smiling.

SHERMAN (cont'd.)

What the hell, so was her mother. You  
don't love 'em less, I tell you that.

ANGLE - FRANK - NIGHT.

46.

watches as Sherman, on the bandstand, mike in hand, tears streaming down his cheeks, sings "Sunrise, Sunset" (Fiddler on the Roof) to his daughter and his guests. Not a dry eye in the room except Frank, a little more bombed, withdrawn, smiling to himself about something, melancholy.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANGLE - FRANK - NIGHT.

47.

drinking in his seat, he's ripped now, shiny-eyed. Watching couples dance slow as the band plays "Three Times A Lady". Frank intensely watches each couple, looks down as if deep in thought, then studies them again. Something's cooking with him. Sherman slides into the seat next to him, his bow tie hanging and his collar unbuttoned.

SHERMAN

You want to dance with my twin sister?

FRANK

(stoned, abruptly)

OK... You want to know how we catch her? We put our own ad in.

SHERMAN

Say what?

FRANK

New York Weekly magazine. We put our own ad in. A hundred guys place ads in there a month. They get thirty to fifty responses each. That's five thousand women minus multiple responses, say four thousand women. What are we gonna do, track down four thousand women? Hell no... we know the broad is into the rhyming ads, right? So we put in a rhyming ad moon June spoon sand dune.. Set up dates with the thirty-forty, fifty ladies who write us, take 'em out, get their prints on some wine glasses at some restaurant. Bingo, she's dropped.

SHERMAN

(laughing)

I love it... it's horseshit but I love it.

FRANK

There were only three ads from men that rhymed in the magazine last month. We know she went out with two of them --  
(momentarily startled sober)  
Shit... I can't believe we haven't chased down that third guy, we gotta do that.

SHERMAN

Raymond Brown, 3300 Johnson Avenue, Riverdale...  
I tracked him through his post box...we'll go see him tomorrow.

FRANK (taken aback)

What are you, a fucking detective?

SHERMAN (winking)

Sometimes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

47.

FRANK

You know something? It's a good thing that it's guys getting popped. A hundred women put ads in that rag a month. You know how many guys answer a hundred women? I checked with the editor.

(beat)

Twenty thousand...

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NEXT DAY.

48.

Sherman and Frank are getting ready to leave, grabbing a car key off the keyboard.

FRANK'S POV

of Gruber, making tea at the coffee station.

FRANK

(to Sherman)

Hang on.

(awkwardly)

Hey, Gruber.

Gruber slowly turns so as not to spill the tea.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Congratulations... I heard, uh...

Frank can't find the words -- he extends his hand to Gruber.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Congratulations.

Gruber takes his hand - bygones are bygones.

GRUBER

You know at first I thought I'm too old but then I remembered -- my father was fifty when I was born, so what the hell...

For some reason this personal piece of history makes Frank want to cry.

FRANK

(warmly)

You'll be great...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

48.

GRUBER  
(beaming)  
I hope it's a girl.

INT. CAR - THIRTY MINUTES LATER - DAY.

49.

Frank and Sherman are driving to the home of Raymond Brown, the third "poet" in that issue of New York Weekly.

SHERMAN  
Raymond Brown...Downtown Brown

FRANK  
(reciting from the magazine)  
Loneliness and silence envelop a heart  
that pounds like thunder.  
All the love I have inside,  
is ripping me asunder.  
This city is a jungle of pain  
But my love is from the soul...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SHERMAN  
(giggling)  
So be so kind as to answer this ad,  
and you can ride my pole.

\*  
\*

FRANK  
Hey, c'mon... give the guy a break...  
he sounds like a major lonelyhearts.

Silence for a beat, then they both break into uncontrollable sniggers.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF A COMFORTABLE PRIVATE HOUSE -  
BRONX - DAY.

50.

Frank knocks, idly plays with his shield in its leather case. A woman answers the door, fortyish, housedress.

FRANK  
Good afternoon. I'm Detective Frank Keller,  
this is Detective Sherman Touhey. Does ah,  
Raymond Brown live here.

WOMAN  
What's the matter?

The woman is suddenly joined by three little kids. The biggest (eight) bellows back into the house.

KID  
Daa-Deee!

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

50.

The woman stares at the detectives.

ALL THE KIDS

(in chorus)

Daa-Deee!

A big good-looking 40 year old managerial type comes to the door.  
Raymond Brown.

OLDEST KID

Dad! They're cops!

RAYMOND BROWN

What's up, gents...

WIFE

(finally speaking; taut)

What's the matter?

RAYMOND

Honey relax...relax.

WIFE

(ignoring him)

What's the matter?

OLDEST KID

(to Sherman)

Dad's got a gun but we can't play with it.

WIFE

What's the matter?

RAYMOND

(calling for order)

Hey! Hey! Hey!

Raymond, in the midst of this irritating cacophony, spies the copy of NEW YORK WEEKLY in Sherman's hand and his face goes white.

EXT. RAYMOND BROWN'S BACKYARD - DAY.

51.

The three men sit on redwood wood chairs by an expensive barbeque grill.

RAYMOND

(whispering)

I want to tell you something  
... I love my family.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

51.

SHERMAN

Hey Raymond ... no kidding ... we don't give a shit ... all's we want is the names of the women you went out with ... and all the letters you got back from the ladies.

RAYMOND

(whispers)

Guys ... I swear ... I didn't go out with any of them ... I threw the letters away ... I didn't have the heart.

Raymond winces and tilts his head for them to look up and behind them.

FRANK'S POV

WE SEE Raymond's wife hovering behind a curtained window.

FRANK

(whispering)

Raymond ... you go to the trouble to make up that beautiful poem about loneliness and silence ... you spring three hundred dollars to put an ad in the paper, you spring another five yards a month for some love nest in the Village, fifty bucks for a post office box and you didn't even go out with any of them? Please, please ...

SHERMAN

(whispering)

You know what's the worst part of being a cop? Eight hours a day all you hear from people is lies ... I didn't do it ... I wasn't there, it was the other guy ... blah this, blah that.

RAYMOND

(almost in tears)

I swear on my child's eyes.

EXT. THE PATH FROM RAYMOND BROWN'S HOUSE BACK TO THE  
UNMARKED CAR

51A. \*  
\*

SHERMAN

I feel for the guy ... fidelity  
is an art, marriage is an art  
form. You cultivate a happy  
home like you cultivate an oyster.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRANK

You sound like a fortune cookie.

\*  
\*

SHERMAN

Hey I been married nineteen years  
... I fucked around once, well twice  
... what I'm saying is ... there's a  
reason why you should be faithful,  
it doesn't work if you're not ...  
I know.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRANK

When I was married? I laid other  
broad's but I never made love to  
them.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

Blah blah blah.

\*  
\*

SHERMAN

(shrugging)

So what do we do?

\*  
\*  
\*

FRANK

I told you what we do.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED

RAYMOND

(cold fury)

You got the wrong Raymond Fucking Brown.

INT. LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Frank and Sherman are pitching the plan to the Loo.

FRANK

...thirty sit-downs, thirty sets of prints. Miss Wrong... We got her... upstairs gives us three hundred to put the ad in the magazine, we spring for a few vinos, a chef salad or two... we bag the wine glasses... it's all over.

The Loo stares at Frank with amused incredulousness.

FRANK (cont'd.)

What?

(fighting down a smile)

C'mon...

LIEUTENANT

(doing Frank)

What... c'mon...

FRANK

How's about I go to my cash machine, pull out three hundred. Buy my own ad, we drop her, you pay me back, you know, like a personal bet that this is gonna work.

LIEUTENANT

Frank, you want me to I'll set you up with my sister-in-law, how's that? She got great tits, divorced, no kids, no cats...

ANGLE - SHERMAN AND FRANK.

exiting the office.

SHERMAN

The Loo's sister-in-law. She sounds great, Frank.

CONTINUED

INT. STUDIO - GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT  
CLOSE ON RAYMOND BROWN'S FACE.

53.

He's lying on his cheek in bed, staring calmly at nothing. Dried blood streaks the side of his head. Frank and Sherman stare down at him, hands in pockets. They look like they're pissed at the corpse.

FRANK

(to Raymond's body,  
imitating his riff)

...The wrong Raymond Fucking Brown...

SHERMAN

...Hey, I been married twenty-four years, that's more than half my life... I fucked around once... thirteen years ago and I only did it one night... well, two nights, but... what I'm saying is... there's a reason why you should be faithful, it doesn't work if you're not... I know...

FRANK

We fucked up. We should have tailed him.

SHERMAN

(shrugging)

He fucked up.

INT. THE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY.

54.

Frank and Sherman stare at the Lieutenant. He stares back at them, one hand reflectively covering his mouth.

LIEUTENANT

You are not to take them out of the restaurant. You are not to lay a hand on them. You are not to have intercourse with them. You converse, get prints and split. You wear a wire. We're gonna have a sound van outside and a two-man back-up at another table. Keep the restaurant receipts. And fellas, I don't want to read about this in The Village Voice.

FRANK

What's with the back-up... What do I need a wire for, what do you think she's gonna do, confess? Shoot me? We're in a restaurant.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

54.

LIEUTENANT

Make me happy, OK? Who's writing the ad...  
who's the poet?

Frank and Sherman look at each other.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - 11:00 P.M.

55.

Frank comes exploding through the front door, his arms full with shopping bags which he flings on the dining table. He vanishes into the kitchen, re-emerges in a full-length apron with a vacuum, some cleaning rags, a few big bowls, dumps them all on the rug (the room is a joint dining/living room), races back into the kitchen, comes back in with an armload of liquor bottles. At breakneck speed, he dusts and vacuums, fluffs couches, then furiously tears open the grocery bags, filling the bowls with bridge mix, Triscuits, Fritos, lining up the liquor bottles, stacking plastic cups, etc.

Suddenly his father, Frank Sr., seventy-one, ex-cop, drink in hand, staggers from the bedroom.

FRANK'S DAD

What are you having, a mah jongg party?

Startled, still in his full-length apron, Frank yells, pretzels go flying and he has his gun halfway out of his rear holster before he realizes who the interloper is.

FRANK'S DAD (cont'd.)

(unmoved)

You shoot me, Frankie, I'll spill my drink.

FRANK

(hand on heart)

Jesus! What are you doing here, Pop?

FRANK'S DAD

(sarcastic)

I came over to see if your telephone was broke.

FRANK

I called you two days ago.

(beat)

Is everything OK?

FRANK'S DAD

Remember Jack Grogan? My partner from the two-eight? He died last night. His wife called me in Florida... He was a good cop, old Jackie.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

55.

Frank's Dad drains his drink, looks helplessly at his son.

FRANK'S DAD (cont'd.)

Can you freshen up my drink there, Frankie?

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - 1:00 A.M.

56.

The room is filled with cigarette and cigar smoke. Frank, Sherman, Struk, Dargan and Serafino are fairly ripped as they sit around Frank's dining table shouting out possible poems to each other. There's pretzels on the floor. Frank's Dad sits alone, calmly drinking in the shadows.

STRUK

OK, OK, here we go.  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
I got a thing yea long  
And it's all for you.

They shout him down, laughing and coughing.

SERAFINO

Hey! Hey! Check it out. Windswept  
hallways in my heart Echo the blackness  
of eternity..

He gets shouted down.

FRANK

C'mon, c'mon, get happy, happy. You guys  
sound like jumpers and flashers. I'm gonna  
be sitting across from Morticia Adams with  
that stuff.

DARGAN

Hey, she's a shooter, right?  
(pausing to recite)  
Many a girl has shot me down...

STRUK

(reciting)  
Hot to trot? Give Frank a shot.

FRANK

C'mon, we're lookin' for romance here...  
a little hopefulness... How about we just  
throw her "Sea of Love"?

The phone rings. Dargan picks up.

CONTINUED

DARGAN

Serafino!

SERAFINO

(groans to his feet;  
on the phone)

Yeah... hey... I'm workin'... when I'm done  
workin"... whenever that is... hey, read my  
lips...

They crack up and repeat "read my lips".

SERAFINO (cont'd)

(one word at a time)

I am on official police business... I will  
see you when I get home... goodbye.

SHERMAN

(mocking a rolling  
pin housewife)

C'mere, you worm!

Suddenly we hear Frank's Dad in the shadows start to recite as  
they shoosh each other.

FRANK'S DAD

I live alone within myself  
like a hut within the woods  
I keep my heart high upon a shelf  
barren of other goods  
I need another's arms to reach for it  
and place it where it belongs  
I need another's touch and smile  
to fill my hut with songs.

There's a respectful silence, half amused, half touched, all  
bombed.

FRANK

(gently)

That's pretty corny, Dad.

SHERMAN

I think it's beautiful.

SERAFINO

You just make that up, Mister K?



CONTINUED

56.

## FRANK'S DAD

Frank's mother wrote that in high school...  
1934... she was a goddamn beautiful person.

(beat)

G'head, use it... she would have liked that...

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - 4:00 A.M.

57.

Guys staggering to the door in a drunken shuffle. DARGAN dead asleep in an easy chair, Frank's father asleep on the couch.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

58.

Frank carrying his father in his arms into the bedroom.

## FRANK'S DAD

(half-asleep - bombed)

...where you takin' me... am I walking?  
I'm walking, right?

They disappear into the black mouth of the bedroom.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - MID-MORNING.

59.

The smokey living room is blasted with light and party debris. Frank is sprawled belly down on his own sofa. The guy in the easy chair is still dead asleep from 4:00 a.m.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM.

60.

Frank's father is on his back, mouth agape, eyes shut, like a corpse on Frank's bed. Frank saunters in the room wearing a towel, regards his father, does a mild double take, gently feels for a pulse in his neck.

Frank's father, eyes still closed, gently pats the hand that is feeling to see if he's still alive.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER  
CLOSE OF THE BULLETIN BOARD - DAY.

61.

a page of N.Y. Weekly magazine -- forty boxed pleas for companionship, is pinned to the bulletin board. Frank's mother's poem is outlined in red magic marker for the perusal of all. It's dead center on the page. Frank, coffee cup in hand, stares at his poem like a proud parent. Two detectives hustle a kicking, screaming bad guy who bumps Frank into the wall, but he's too enraptured to react.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

EXT. STREET ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE - DAY.

62.

An unmarked car, Sherman at the wheel.

Frank emerges from a post box rental center. He holds up fistfuls of envelopes for Sherman to see. Many of these are in a variety of pastel shades, purples, pinks, greens, etc.

EXT./INT. THE CAR - DAY.

63.

Frank slides in and passes the envelopes under Sherman's nose.

FRANK

You smell a shooter in there?

INT. STATION HOUSE SQUAD ROOM - EARLY EVENING.

64.

Sherman and Frank sit at desks working off stacks of letters, calling the women, setting up dates.

CLOSE ON FRANK

FRANK

(on the phone)

I dunno, Gloria, I just got this...

hopeful feeling when I read your letter...

I can't explain it.

Frank's gaze wanders, he pinches the exhaustion in his eyes.

FRANK (cont'd.)

I'm a printer... yeah. My own business.

CLOSE ON SHERMAN.

SHERMAN

(on the phone)

My mother's name was Amanda.

(beat)

Miranda?

(shrugs)

Well, my aunt's name is Carmen,  
how's that?

CLOSE ON FRANK

FRANK

You're a what? That's what...

you like guys and girls... or girls.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

64.

FRANK (cont'd)

(beat)

That's cool, that's cool.... me? Yeah...  
well, sometimes, but, ah, mainly girls...  
women, you know.

(he's blushing; beat)

How's eight sound?

CLOSE ON A HUGE CROSS GRID CHART

of days, broken into hours on Frank's desk. There are twenty women's names inked into the boxes. WE SEE Frank's pen resting on an open eight o'clock box. WE SEE the pen slide down past three booked boxes to rest at the open midnight slot.

FRANK (VO)

Well, that's cool, let's get crazy then...  
you a night owl?

Frank writes in her name in the midnight box.

FRANK (VO cont'd)

Solid.

INT. REAR OF A SURVEILLANCE VAN - 5:30 P.M. DAY.

65.

Seated, patient, stripped to the waist, Frank is being wired by the surveillance team -- there's something both medical and religious about the tableau. Sherman calmly watches the preparation -- he's dressed as a waiter.

EXT. STREET - THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

66.

Frank, leaves the van and blends into the sidewalk stream.

INT. STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S - 6:00 P.M.

67.

Frank sipping a white wine at a table for two. He's alone.

FRANK

(speaking into his own wire  
-- low, as if to himself)

Can I get a hi de hi?

FRANK'S POV

WE SEE two detectives, male and female yuppie types, at their table by the door. They both raise their hands, elbows on the table and casually wiggle their fingers. They both seem to be wearing hearing aids.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN.

68.

We hear Frank's voice coming through a P.A. speaker. He's tunelessly humming "Sea of Love" via his wire.

INT. STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S - THIRTY MINUTES LATER.  
CLOSE ON A BEAUTIFUL SIXTY YEAR OLD WOMAN.

69.

grey-haired, fine-boned, classy but tense, embarrassed. We hear Frank as WE HOLD on her.

FRANK (OS)

Look, I think you're being very foolish... do you hear me complaining or anything?... I should look half as good as you when I'm that age... your age... you're great... you're great.

WOMAN

You're very sweet... it's just... I should have said on the phone I'm... the age I am.

CLOSE ON FRANK

FRANK

Hey, hey, I wanna tell you... you look better now than three-quarters of the women I know that are half your age.

(beat)

Did that come out right?

They both laugh. Frank flags down Sherman, dressed as a waiter.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Bourbon and water, right?  
And another beer.

Sherman removes her glass, holding it from underneath like a brandy snifter.

INT. STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT.

70.

WE TRACK Sherman into the kitchen, where a fingerprint expert goes to work labeling it for the lab.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANGLE - THE TABLE.

71.

OLDER WOMAN

When Jack died... well, it wasn't a great...  
(hesitates)

You know, sometimes, in a marriage, you  
confuse loyalty with love.

(awkward beat)

After a certain number of years... it wasn't...  
(beat)

...we didn't have passion.

CLOSE ON FRANK.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN.

72.

Everyone is going about their business as the older woman's voice  
is broadcasted over the P.A.

OLDER WOMAN (OS)

(coming in over Frank's  
wire on the P.A., teary)

But we were such good friends.

CLOSE ON THE FACES OF THE PROS AT WORK.

...impassive.

INT. STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S KITCHEN.

73.

The labeled glass is slid into a paper bag for safety. The bag  
is stenciled "LAB".

INT. STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S RESTAURANT.

74.

OLDER WOMAN

(awkward, laughing nervously)

Well... ah... What do we do...

FRANK

Well, I told you. I've got this thing  
with my son in half an hour... the  
timing is terrible.

OLDER WOMAN

...Should we have dinner sometime?

FRANK

Oh... hey... we'll call you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

74.

OLDER WOMAN  
(amused, confused)

We?

FRANK  
(blushing)

We... like I'm still on the job... all day on the phone I say we meaning my company... I... I will call you.

OLDER WOMAN  
(kindly)

No you won't.

She rises, smiles sadly and leaves. Frank sits there exhaling with unhappiness.

FRANK'S POV - NIGHT.

75.

WE SEE the undercover yuppie couple looking at him and returning to their salads.

ANGLE - FIVE MINUTES LATER - FRANK - NIGHT.

76.

At bar watching his table being reset.

ANGLE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER - FRANK - NIGHT.

77.

At the table with another date.

TENSE WOMAN

I don't know... I get this very weird feeling.. you're not who you say you are... there's something... not right about this.

FRANK

Why would I lie to you. You think I'm what... what are you thinking?

TENSE WOMAN

You got cop's eyes.

ANGLE - RESTAURANT.

The yuppie couple straighten up -- ready for action.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT.

78.

The surveillance crew perks up with interest for the first time all night.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

78.

INT. STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S - NIGHT.  
CLOSE ON FRANK.

79.

FRANK  
(awkward)  
Cop's eyes.

TENSE WOMAN  
You look at me I feel like I did something.

FRANK  
(looking away)  
What do you mean did something? Like what?

TENSE WOMAN  
(staring at him, dead eye)  
Yeah... yeah... My ex-husband's a cop. What  
you say? You're a printer? If you're a  
printer I got a dick.

She walks out leaving Frank staring at her glass.

CLOSE ON TABLE - FIVE MINUTES LATER - NIGHT.

80.

being cleaned.

ANGLE - TABLE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER - NIGHT.  
CLOSE ON WOMAN.

81.

WOMAN  
(softly)  
You have a lot of hurt in your eyes.  
You know that?

She reaches out to touch his face.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.  
CLOSE ON THREE GLASSES.

82.

in "lab" bags lined up on a shelf.

INT. STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S - NIGHT.  
CLOSE ON FRANK'S PALM

83.

being held by fourth date as she traces his lifeline. She starts  
to cry. Frank looks down at his palm, alarmed.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT.

84.

Frank in his suit. Sherman in his waiter whites. They both sit on garbage can lids. Sherman smokes a cigarette. Frank takes a swig from a half-pint of rum, then looks at his watch. Sherman drops his butt. They return to work.

INT. STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S TEN MINUTES LATER  
CLOSE ON HELEN

85.

an attractive woman in her early thirties possessed of an intelligently direct and intense expression that is disorienting and sexy. She stares at Frank like she's taking X-rays of his heart and brain -- conversation seems a distraction for her; she's barely listening, barely answering. A drink remains untouched in front of her crossed forearms.

FRANK

(disoriented by her eyes,  
her manner)

So, what... you're divorced?

HELEN

I said that.

FRANK

Right, right, and you have a kid, a boy, right? No, a girl... a girl.

She doesn't answer, just studies him.

FRANK (cont'd.)

It's interesting, you know, you coming from York, Pennsylvania, because in a way you've gone from York to ah, New York.

They stare at each other over this last inanity. They simultaneously smile. He gestures helplessly.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

85.

HELEN

You like the park, I like the beach.  
You like movies, I like plays...you're  
a printer, I manage a shoe store.  
Look...I don't believe in wasting time  
on this kind of stuff. You know what  
you know and you go with it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRANK

Go with what?

\*

HELEN

You're just not my type.

\*

FRANK

(wounded)

You just sat down, how do you know?

\*

HELEN

I believe in animal attraction.  
I believe in love at first sight.  
I believe in this ...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(she snaps her fingers)

I don't feel it with you.

FRANK

(wounded but game)

I happen to be hell on wheels once  
you get to know me.

\*  
\*

She stares at him. No dice.

SHERMAN

(hovers in his waiter getup)

Anything wrong with the wine, miss?

\*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

85.

FRANK

(sighing)

You haven't even touched your drink.  
 Could we at least have a happy hunting  
 toast? You know, raise a glass, here?

She smiles, rises, puts a hand over his, kisses him on the cheek and leaves. Frank turns and follows her with his eyes. This one turned him on -- and made him ache a little. Sherman shrugs and returns to the kitchen.

FRANK

(to his wire)

Kiss my tiara. Who the hell she think  
 she is?

(beat)

Shit... I didn't get any prints.

(he sighs)

How many more tonight?

FRANK'S POV.

WE SEE the yuppie detectives not looking at him, raise two fingers for two more dates. Frank, beat, blasted, rubs his eyes absently, scans the bar and freezes.

FRANK'S POV

WE SEE his first date of the evening, the older woman, sitting at the bar, totally blitzed, staring at him with a mixture of anger, confusion and pride. Her appearance has totally degenerated with her drinking. He has no idea of how long she's been watching him. Frank looks like he wants to die. She rises unsteadily, moves toward his table as he waits, motionless. She keeps moving straight on out the door, head high.

FRANK

(to his wire)

That lady coming out now?  
 Somebody see she gets home OK...

(beat)

Ah, mercy...

CLOSE ON TABLE - NIGHT.

86.

being cleaned -- restaurant almost deserted. Frank and Sherman are gone, as are the yuppies.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT.

87.

Frank, nude to the waist, is being stripped of his wire. He's numb, bushed, fucked up. Sherman is smoking a cigarette. He's still dressed as a waiter.

CONTINUED

87.

SHERMAN

(in falsetto)

You have such hurt in your eyes.

He reaches out to touch Frank's face in imitation of the date. Frank swipes Sherman's hand away -- harshly. Frank takes a swig of rum, giving Sherman a thousand yard stare.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - 4:00 P.M. - NEXT DAY.

88.

Frank enters, looking beat. He sees Sherman talking to Terry, the cable TV man interviewed earlier.

FRANK

(to Sherman)

Anything on the prints.

SHERMAN

Not yet ... how's your head?

FRANK

Couldn't be worse.

(to Terry,

trying to place him)

How you doin'...

TERRY

(shaking his hand)

Terry from Cable Time?

FRANK

Oh yeah ... what's up?

TERRY

You got to understand, I'm in so many buildings every day, you ask me things, if I saw people, it's easy to mix up memories, you know?

FRANK

Yeah? So?

TERRY

There was a kid that day ... a black kid. I think he was from the supermarket because I saw him come in with groceries earlier? Anyways ... I'm working down in the basement, about twenty minutes later he came tearing through there like a bat outta hell ... no groceries.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

88.

TERRY (cont'd)

(beat)

I mean, why's he going back out through the basement, right? There's a lobby, right?

Sherman and Frank exchange glances.

TERRY (cont'd.)

He had those black militant corn holes?  
Corn rows?

(miming braids furrowing  
his scalp)

The kid looked like a real shitbag if  
you ask me.

INT. SUPERMARKET - THIRTY MINUTES LATER - DAY.

89.

Sherman and Frank stand by the checkout trying to catch the eye of the manager -- an Oriental who's on two phones at once. His office is a ten-foot-high guardhouse overlooking the whole store. The manager ignores them. We see the cashiers, stock help, delivery boys -- all black, Oriental, Hispanic kids in their late teens, early twenties.

Frank climbs the four stairs to be on eye-level with the manager, puts his badge in the guy's face.

FRANK

One of your kids got corn rows ...  
you know, that Afro hairdo?

The manager looks at him blankly.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Stevie Wonder hair...

MANAGER

Wonder hair?

Frank throws his eyes.

CASHIER

(eavesdropping)

Reggie ... he means Quawi.

FRANK

Quawi ... where's he at ...

MANAGER

You got me. I fired his ass on Monday.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

89.

FRANK

How come?

MANAGER

He goes out on a delivery, he don't like the tip, he starts screaming at the customer. You can't do that.

Frank and Sherman exchange quick hopeful glances.

SHERMAN

You got an address for him?

MANAGER

Maybe. What he do, kill somebody?

Frank says nothing. He looks wired like a hunting dog as the manager looks in a file box.

MANAGER

(still looking)

... Quawi Benjamin ... "Spooney" ...  
You call him that he goes crazy.

(standing)

I got nothing here. He only worked like a week or so.

CASHIER

Wherever he do live, he ain't there now.

FRANK

What?

CASHIER

He went down south to see some aunt...

(to another cashier)

Yo, where'd Quawi say he's going?  
Jacksonville?

CASHIER #2

Atlanta.

CASHIER #3

He told me L.A.

CASHIER #1

He don't know nobody in Los Angeles.

CASHIER #3

Lower Alabama.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

89.

All the cashiers crack up as Frank and Sherman look crestfallen. The kid beat it across state lines.

SHERMAN

(handing his card to  
the manager; he's crushed)

He comes back here, or you see him somewhere,  
you call us ... thank you.

EXT. STREET - 1:45 A.M. THAT NIGHT.

90.

Frank, defeated, tired, heading into the all-night Korean grocery stand for his usual insomniac shopping.

INT. KOREAN GROCERY STAND - NIGHT.

91.

Frank plastic basket on his arm, picking fruit under the grim fluorescent lighting from multi-colored fruit pyramids.

WOMAN (OS)

"Hell on wheels", huh?

Frank looks up. It's Helen, the woman who wouldn't even stay for a drink with him the night before. Frank stares at her trying to place the face.

HELEN

(noting his confusion)

How quickly we forget.

FRANK

(making the connection)

Oh yeah ... "Animal Attraction"... you live around here?

HELEN

88th and Broadway.

FRANK

Oh yeah? I'm on 85th.

HELEN

(friendly, now that the date  
is over, the pressure's off)

You know that poem you wrote? You didn't write that ... I read it in the magazine and figured this is either a very sensitive guy or he ripped off some lady's poem or some girl's poem ... you didn't write it, right?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FRANK  
(apathetic)

Nope.

HELEN  
Some lady did, right?

FRANK  
My mother ... she wrote it in high school  
fifty-odd years ago ... that's why my  
father fell in love with her ... or  
something like that.

HELEN  
(off-balanced,  
unexpectedly moved)  
Really.

FRANK  
(shrugs)  
So he says.

HELEN  
(musing, a little internal  
-- starting to get that "feeling")  
Wow ... that's ... huh ... I like that ...  
that you did that.

FRANK  
(shrugging it off)  
You know what my idea of poetry is?  
Precision in life. Knowing how and when  
to make your move, to say your piece ...  
I mean yesterday? With me?  
(laughing)  
You were what I'd call poetry in motion.  
Bam!  
(he laughs)

Helen studies him as he picks fruit, then moves to him until she's a foot away and staring him in the eye. She's making up her mind about something.

HELEN  
Look at me.

Frank looks up, still distracted, then slightly coming to life because of her intense eyes and her proximity. There's a willful, impulsive playfulness in her face which disorients and hooks him. Again.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

91.

FRANK  
(suddenly shy,  
caught off guard)  
What's up.

HELEN  
(fighting down a smile)  
You still want to have that happy hunting  
toast?

FRANK  
(laughing, flustered)  
Hey, what happened to ah ... love at first  
sight...there, y'know...I mean, last night

\*  
\*

Helen just stares at him, her intensity, her spontaneous decision  
an utter turn-on. Frank, still making laughy, nervous half  
words, suddenly pours his fruit back into the display pyramids--  
a gesture of surrender.

INT. SHERMAN'S BEDROOM IN QUEENS - 2:15 A.M. - NIGHT. 92.

Sherman lying like a beached whale on his bed, sleep mask pushed  
up to his forehead, wife dead asleep next to him, is talking to  
Frank on the phone.

SHERMAN  
What are you, fuckin' nuts? What if she's  
the do-er? We won't get the prints back  
'til tomorrow. She clears, go out with her  
tomorrow night ...

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF KOREAN GROCERY - 2:20 A.M. 93.  
INTERCUT WITH SHERMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Helen is two payphones down from Frank. They're both  
simultaneously clearing the boards.

\*  
\*

FRANK  
Hey, c'mon, the do'er's down South somewheres.  
"Spooney". Quawi, whatever his name is.  
Besides, this one walked, you remember her?

SHERMAN  
Oh Jesus ... you're with that bitch  
wouldn't even drink with you?

FRANK  
Well ... this is good in a way ...  
I can get her prints now.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

93.

SHERMAN

Yeah, bullshit, what are you gonna do, send your dick to the lab? And that'll be some great testimony if she's the one. "See, your honor, first I whipped it out then she whipped it out." You catch my drift?

(beat)

And how do you know it's that Quawi kid? It's probably a broad, you know that...

(beat)

She's a friggin suspect, Frank ... just walk away ... just walk away...

FRANK

You're right... you're right... I swear... I'm walkin'... I'm walkin'... no sweat... nothing' to it chief... see you tomorrow.

Frank steps back from the phone booth, watches Helen who's still talking.

HELEN

If she wakes up, give her one of the little apple juice boxes in the fridge...a friend ma...I met a friend...I'll be home when I get home. Mom? Mom?

(patient, but not taking shit)

I'll be home when I get home...I'm fine. We'll talk later, OK? Thanks, bye.

Helen hangs up and turns to Frank with a happy, dazzling smile.

FRANK

Ah... listen... something came up.

(laughs)

What's your name again?

HELEN

Helen.

FRANK

(nodding)

Helen...

OMIT

94.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

INT. AMBER LIT BAR - TWENTY MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

95.

Helen and Frank easing into a second drink. They talk rapidly and excitedly about each other to each other. There's a flush of discovery in the atmosphere -- it's nerve-wracking even though there's no real romance talk verbatim.

FRANK

You know why I got married? I was  
thirty-seven and I wasn't married,  
(beat)  
so I got married. How do you like that...

HELEN

(smoking a cigarette)  
I can top that. You know why I got  
married? Because a guy says to me  
"I love you". I knew him a week.

FRANK

Playing hard to get, Hah?

HELEN

Yeah, right...We didn't last too long,  
I tell you that.

FRANK

Me neither. The wedding took longer  
than the marriage...we're still friends  
though...Sort of...How about you?

HELEN

Friends..? About this time last year I  
took the baby and walked.

FRANK

What do you mean "walked", he don't even  
see his kid?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HELEN

(cold)

He's out of the picture

(beat)

Sometimes I look back on some of the choices

I made? ...the people I got involved with?

It's amazing

(beat)

but you know what I found out? There are  
very few mistakes in life that can't  
be corrected...if you got the guts.

FRANK

(repeating absently)

If you got the guts..

SUDDENLY the bar lights blink on and off - last call- a time  
pressure set in that they both feel.

FRANK

(nervous, desirious)

Sometimes when it's late? I feel like a  
big cat in a small cage.

HELEN

(also nervous, desirious)

Oh yeah?

FRANK

In my entire life I don't think I  
ever got a good night's sleep ...  
even when I was a little kid ...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

95.

HELEN  
(staring at him intensely)  
I got that too. I think maybe we're  
afraid if we close our eyes we're gonna  
miss out on something.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRANK  
(nervous, exhaling)  
Man, I have done some desperate and  
foolish things come three in the morning.

HELEN  
(shy, turned on)  
What do you mean, like being here with me?

They stare at each other, hitting on it.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.  
CLOSE ON FRANK AND HELEN

96.

grinding and kissing against a wall. Helen tearing away, walking in a little circle, then attacking Frank against the wall again.

She pulls away.

HELEN  
Frank, where's the bathroom?

Frank tilts his head.

HELEN (cont'd.)  
(whirling around, disoriented)  
Where's my bag?

FRANK'S POV

Helen's bag wide open on the floor where she dropped it. In plain view among the assorted paraphernalia is a gun butt. Frank freezes as Helen scoops up the bag and disappears behind the bathroom door.

HELEN (OS)  
(as the lock clicks on the bathroom door)  
Get in bed.

Frank wigs. He grabs his head, hissing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

96.

FRANK

Jesus!

(paces furiously)

Jesus!

He quickly strips to his shorts, takes his gun and jumps in bed.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

He puts his gun under the blanket, behind the pillows, dangles it down the side of the mattress.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Shit!

He leaps out of bed, hides behind the bedroom door, gun held high.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(hissing)

Fuck!

He changes his mind, flies back to his bed, gets down, knees on the floor, arms across the bed; gun trained on the bathroom doorway. He holds this for a beat, slips the gun under the mattress, grabs his head totally freaked as how to deal with this.

ANGLE - THE BATHROOM DOOR

Helen emerges in Frank's bathrobe.

HELEN'S POV

The bedroom is deserted.

HELEN

Frank? I borrowed your...

Frank comes up fast behind her, throws her up against a wall and briskly frisks her before she can catch her breath.

FRANK

(hysterical)

What you do with it?

Frank shoves her into a linen closet, holds the closet shut with a foot and stretches his arm into the bathroom to snag the purse. He comes up with the gun. He stares at it with wonder which turns to relief.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

96.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Goddamn!  
 (happily)  
 This isn't real.

He absently opens the linen closet. Helen explodes out in a fury whamming him with a shove into the wall.

FRANK  
 (happily talking over her  
 furious counter assault)  
 This is a starter's pistol...

HELEN  
 (terrified)  
 You sonofabitch!

FRANK  
 I'm sorry. I saw the butt sticking  
 out of your bag...I couldn't tell...  
 it's a starter's pistol. Jesus.

HELEN  
 Who the FUCK you think you are!

Frank grabs her flailing arms -- tries to calm her down.

FRANK  
 Easy baby easy easy... what are you doing  
 with a starter's pistol...

HELEN  
 (furious and scared)  
 I got mugged once, OK with you?  
 Why'd you shove me like that!

FRANK  
 Hey! Hey! Hey! I got scared.

HELEN  
 (wild in his face)  
Scared! You don't fucking know what scared  
is! Don't you tell me about scared.

Helen gets herself all jacked up again. Starts going at Frank. Frank almost has to wrestle her arms down to her sides.

FRANK  
 Hey! Listen to me! Listen to me!  
 (calmly, firmly)  
 I saw the gun sticking out and freaked.  
 It was a reflex, OK? I'm sorry, OK.  
 (MORE)

CONTINUED

FRANK (cont'd)  
 (Frank takes her hand,  
 coaxing her)  
 C'mon... I mean what would you do?

HELEN  
 (still wild but coming down  
 almost gasping for breath)  
 I'll tell you some stories about scared.

FRANK  
 (puts her hand on his chest,  
 coming on a little)  
 Feel my heart...it's like a drum.

HELEN  
 (gasping, wild-eyed  
 fighting for control)  
 You just don't know..

They stare at each other. Helen starts to calm down. Frank cases her into a clinch, Helen starts to embrace him but suddenly shoves him away, again.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
 What's the matter?

Helen doesn't answer. She flips out the light, comes at him, turns him around so he's facing the wall (like he did to her). With her starter's pistol still in one hand, he stands there, hands on the wall and Helen slips out of his bathrobe and, pressing her naked breasts on his back, conducts her own kinky frisk, hands sliding up and down his body, pulling down his shorts, driving him crazy.

HELEN  
 (in a breathy, sexy chant)  
 What are you looking for... what are  
 you looking for?

FRANK  
 You're crazy... Jesus... What are you  
 doing? What's that... let me put this  
 down...

Frank tries to turn around, Helen won't let him, driving him nuts with her body rubbing on his back, her hands darting everywhere. He can't put his hands on her like this.

HELEN  
 Are you the man? Are you the man?

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

96.

FRANK

(crazed)

What are you doing to me?... What  
are you doing to me?

Finally she slides between him and the wall; they're face to face  
now, belly to belly. His hands come down from the frisk position  
to around her back they go at it.

HELEN (OS)

(a slithery hot whisper chant)

Are you the man?

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - 6:30 A.M.

97.

Helen sitting on the side of the bed hunched over, on the phone,  
her back to Frank who's asleep.

HELEN

(hushed, heated, on the phone)

It was too late to call you back. It was  
too late...

(beat)

A friend's house... a girl - friend's  
house.... I'll be home... I said I'll  
be home.

CLOSE ON FRANK

-- barely alert. Helen slides back under the covers Frank closes  
his eyes again. Helen spoons into his back, raises him with a  
hand under the covers. They start going at it.

FRANK

You're killing me, babe.

ANGLE - BEDROOM - 8:00 A.M.

98.

Frank, groggy, rising from a deep, exhausted sleep as Helen comes in  
holding a coffee cup (for herself, we can't have Frank's prints on  
it later). She puts it down next to his police trophy.

FRANK

What is this sunlight? Are we  
still alive?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

98.

HELEN

I thought you were an isomniac.

FRANK

I am. I must have fainted.

He smiles at Helen who's standing over him at the side of the bed.

FRANK (cont.'d)

You're so far away I can hardly  
make you out. C'mere.

He pulls her down on him in a sexually promising position.

HELEN

(laughing)

You gotta be kidding.

FRANK

I am, I am. Are you serious?  
I'm gonna have to be airlifted to  
a standing position. I don't understand,  
you got up, you made it to the  
kitchen, you made coffee... who do  
you think you are, Superman?

HELEN

Wonder Woman.

FRANK

(kissing her)

Yeah? What do you wonder about?

HELEN

I wonder how we made it through  
last night in one piece.

FRANK

Last night... let me tell you about  
last night.

Frank kisses her. They start getting it on, but Helen pulls away.

HELEN

Hang on, hang on... I can't stay too  
long. I got to go home to my baby.

FRANK

Your baby. She's with your mother  
right? You live with your mother?

(mock concern)

I don't know about this.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

98.

HELEN

She's only staying with me for a few weeks.

(beat)

Hey, you want a job? I'm looking for a babysitter. Full time, live in.

FRANK

I got a better idea... you want a second child?

HELEN

(pausing, not knowing how to take this)

With you?

FRANK

What with me. I'm talking about me. You want to adopt me? This way you don't have to pay me when I take the job.

They stare at each other lost in the romantic implications behind the banter. They're deep in love.

FRANK

(shaken, self-conscious, overwhelmed)

So, ah... what's it like running a shoe store? It sucks, right?

HELEN

Of course. What's it like being a printer?

FRANK'S POV

The trophy. Reality.

FRANK

(burdened, distracted)

A printer? It sucks but we don't live for the job, do we?

HELEN

I like to think I live for love. You have to, right? What else is there? Food?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

98.

FRANK  
(stares at her with  
affectionate curiosity)  
You're something else.

HELEN  
No... you're something else. You have no  
idea how many creeps are out there ...

She lies on top of him and kisses him.

HELEN (cont'd)  
You're wired like nobody I ever met,  
but you're a good man.

FRANK  
You never know.

HELEN  
I always know. Or at least I find out.

They stare at each other, nose to nose. Helen lying flat on Frank.

FRANK  
(suddenly tense)  
What do you mean "creeps"?

HELEN  
(getting wound up)  
Creeps... manipulators... liars. Guys like  
my ex-husband. They wait until you get in  
over your head with them before they show  
you who they really are. Guys that all of  
a sudden you have to survive... creeps.

FRANK  
(warily)  
Oh yeah?

HELEN  
(laughing, self-conscious)  
Well, you asked.  
(beat)  
You have any cigarettes?

FRANK  
I'm out... you smoke?

HELEN  
Sometimes.. does that bother you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

98.

FRANK  
(tensing)  
What brand?

HELEN  
(shrugging)  
I mooch...

FRANK  
(getting suddenly tense)  
I got to make a phone call.

INT. SHERMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY.

99.

Tchatshkes everywhere. Homey, corny. His fat wife by the sink.

SHERMAN  
(on the phone)  
Guess what, chief... she's still out there.  
None of the prints match up. So oh, should  
we dust your dick? You know, cover all bases?

Frank, in bed, watches Helen get dressed, her back to him. It's  
a sexy reverse strip-tease -- a voyeuristic moment.

FRANK  
(softly)  
Fuck you... it's the delivery kid..  
I'm telling you..

SHERMAN  
Oh yeah?... let me ask you something...  
this phone call... I didn't disrupt  
anything, did I?

Frank hangs up.

HELEN  
Who's that?

FRANK  
(upset)  
Work... the print shop.

HELEN  
(crouching over him  
and taking his hand)  
You know for a printer you've got the  
cleanest hands.  
Work... the print shop.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

99.

FRANK

We use this industrial ah... cleaner..  
industrial strength.

Helen pauses, looks him in the eye then abruptly stands up and finishes dressing. It's like she suddenly withdrew - panicked.

FRANK

What's wrong?

HELEN

I never stay out like this. I should have been home when she woke up. I like being home when she wakes up.

Helen is ready to go. She looks at Frank in bed.

HELEN

(almost a plead)

We're gonna be good to each other, right?

OMITTED

100.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - TWENTY MINUTES LATER - DAY.

101.

The unmade bed, deserted.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S NIGHT TABLE.

The Softball Trophy. Helen's glass coffee cup. The cup is carefully lifted by a pencil through the finger loop. WE SEE Frank dressed in a towel, hold the cup (by the pencil) over the mouth of a paper bag. He's bagging it for prints. Frank hesitates, agonizing. He finally takes the cup in his hand, wipes off her prints with his own fingers. Fuck it, man.

FRANK'S APARTMENT - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY.

102.

PAN of empty living room. We hear the shower OS. The doorbell rings. The shower drowns out the sound. The ringing is persistent, steady, going on longer than would be expected.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

103.

Frank in the shower. He finally hears the persistent ringing of the doorbell over the sounds of the shower. He turns the shower off, quickly towels himself dry, throws on a robe and goes to the door. He opens it.

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE FRANK'S APARTMENT

104.

The long hallway is empty. The lights are out. The elevator is just closing. He watches the lights above the elevator pop from one floor to another as the elevator descends. Frank returns to his apartment. He glances down the hall before closing the door.

\*\*BLUE REVISED: JULY 27/88\*\*

73A

EXT. INT. CAR - 8:30 THAT NIGHT

105.

Sherman, Frank, Serafino, Struk riding.

\*

CONTINUED

SHERMAN

I tell you Frank, if this kid is the doer, he's got a lot of balls.

SERAFINO

That ain't balls, that's stupidity... coming back for your paycheck.

FRANK

The manager didn't tell him anything?

SHERMAN

Nah... he played it nice... he told him he needed his address for social security... he even cashed the check for him.

(beat; to Frank)

So how was she?

FRANK

Who?

Sherman waits out Frank's bluff.

FRANK (cont'd.)

Oh... nah, I just told her something came up and I had to split... it was a temptation, I tell you... good thing I called... I mean I'm sorry I woke you and all...

SERAFINO

She make you breakfast after? I always liked when they make you breakfast after.

FRANK

Hey! I didn't fucking sleep with her, OK? Besides even if I did, so fucking what. She ain't the shooter, this kid is. We got him. It's over. Shit, what do you think I am?

They travel in silence for a beat.

SHERMAN

So how was she?

Sherman and Serafino explode into sniggers.

FRANK

(defensive)

It's this fucking kid.

(beat)

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

105.

SHERMAN

Did you get her prints at least.

FRANK

Don't fuck with me.

CLOSE ON FRANK - FURTIVELY FREAKED.

EXT. MALCOLM X HOUSING PROJECTS - 9:00 P.M. - NIGHT.

106.

Frank, Sherman, Serafino and Struk park in front of the projects. The streets are filled with teenagers and kids. The project is a hellhole of garbage, noise and promised violence. They walk from their car towards a building entrance. A half-dozen hoody sullen young men stand in their path.

FRANK

(casually)

You got the grenades?

SERAFINO

I'll shout these motherfuckers to death.

Frank walks right up to these dudes as if he's going to plow through them. His gait is so swift that they involuntarily step back.

FRANK

How ya doing, fellas, how's school?

Frank keeps moving for the building.

KID

(recovering)

School... what's that, something to eat?

FRANK

(laughs)

Take care, fellas.

(almost as an afterthought)

Hey... where's Quawi live... ten what...

Kids turn mumbly. Frank shrugs. It's to be expected.

INT. MALCOLM X HOUSING - LOBBY - NIGHT.

107.

Graffiti, trash, burned-out mailboxes. Serafino winces. There's two six-year-old kids running through the halls even though it's late.

FRANK

(to the kids)

Hey... Hey!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

They halt.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
(dramatically)  
Who's Mister Big.

KID  
(grabbing his crotch)  
This Mister Big.

Sherman whoops in laughter.

INT. MALCOLM X HOUSING - HALLWAY - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT. 108.

Long, gloomy, & cacophony of noise from behind twenty apartment doors -- sizzles, shouts, music.

Frank and company stand in front of a door. Frank hitches up his pants, takes out his badge and bangs on the apartment door jarringly hard. The door swings open TO REVEAL a skinny, pop-eyed young woman, two kids coiled around her legs. Frank puts his badge in her face.

FRANK  
(friendly, but with a rapid,  
slightly intimating delivery)  
How ya doing? Detective Keller. Quawi  
Benjamin live here? You Quawi's wife?

WOMAN  
(slow, southern)  
I don't know no Quawi Benjamin. I  
ain't even married!

FRANK  
(rapid)  
You're not married? You want to marry me?  
Get my wife outa paying me alimony?

She laughs nervously.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
(rapidly)  
You don't wanna marry me? Quawi don't  
live here? So where's he live?  
(he puts his hand on the  
apartment door opposite)  
Quawi lives here? This the apartment?

WOMAN  
I don't know no Quawi.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

108.

FRANK  
OK. Good night.

INT. MALCOLM X HALLWAY - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT.

109.

Frank knocks with his fist on the next apartment, again jarringly loud. The door swings open with violent speed. A wiry, angry-looking, shirtless black man fills the doorway, but before he can say anything, Frank's got his badge in his face. The guy steps back. Frank leans forward.

FRANK  
(rapid)  
Detective Keller... you always open  
your door that fast?

ANGRY GUY  
Yeah, well, I don't like people banging on it.

FRANK  
You should get some chimes then.  
You Quawi Benjamin?

ANGRY GUY  
Who?

FRANK  
Quawi Benjamin... he your cousin?

ANGRY GUY  
I don't know no Quawi.

FRANK  
So where's he live... over here?

Frank puts his hand on another apartment door.

ANGRY GUY  
I don't know no Quawi.

SHERMAN  
How 'bout Spooney... he goes by the  
name Spooney sometimes.

ANGRY GUY  
(brightening)  
Oh, Spooney!  
(catches himself; he's  
talking to the pigs)  
Nah, I don't know him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

INT. MALCOLM X HALLWAY- ELEVATOR - FRANK AND COMPANY -NIGHT. 110.

At the tenth floor elevator. The elevator doors open. A young black man with corn rows starts to exit. Quawi Benjamin.

FRANK  
Hey! You Theotis Clark?

QUAWI  
Who!?

FRANK  
You're Theotis, right?  
(displays badge)  
We been looking for you.

QUAWI  
I ain't no Theotis Clark.

FRANK  
Yeah? What's your name?

QUAWI  
Quawi Benjamin, man, what's your problem.

FRANK  
(conducting a quick pat down)  
Problem's all yours.

QUAWI  
Aw shit, what...

They just stare at him.

QUAWI (cont'd.)  
(after a long beat, confused)  
What?

They continue to stare. He continues to look thrown.

QUAWI (cont'd.)  
What!

SERAFINO  
This kid's good, ain't he?

SHERMAN  
Raymond Brown says hello. \*

QUAWI  
Who? \*

SERAFINO  
What did James Madkey every do to you?

James who? QUAWI \*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

110.

SHERMAN

Where's the gun, Quawi?

QUAWI

(stunned)

The what?

SERAFINO

(nodding to the elaborate  
corn rows)

How long does it take to do that?

QUAWI

Fuck you, motherfucker.

Frank inches up to him so that they're nose to nose.

FRANK

(softly)

What you say?

Quawi is silent, flinching, trying to cover himself up from undelivered blows.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(hissing soft)

What you say?

Frank suddenly explodes on him and is snatched off by Sherman and Serafino before he can do any damage.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(yelling; being restrained)

You're dropped, you piece of shit!

SHERMAN

(holding Frank)

Easy up, easy up!

FRANK

(pointing)

You're dropped!

CLOSE ON QUAWI

stunned, gawking, slowly building fury as he pieces together what's going on.

INT. QUAWI'S APARTMENT - LIVING/DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

111.

A baby plays on the carpet. A young woman is cleaning the refrigerator in the kitchen. An old lady lies under blankets on the couch watching color TV. The decor is bright red velour sheathed in plastic. Lots of framed photos.

CONTINUED

111.

Quawi comes bursting in through the door from the hallway, Sherman and Frank each have a hand on his arm. The two women ignore the action. Quawi in angry tears gestures around the room.

QUAWI

Where'd the nigger hide the gun, where'd the nigger hide the gun.

(pointing to a baby on the rug)

Check the diapers, man. Maybe he stashed it on his son, man. Or better still, motherfuckers, check under them textbooks.

(he points to a dinette table which is covered with textbooks, notebooks written in laborious careful script, all having to do with math, engineering)

I think there's a piece under that big physics book there... or that calculus one.

QUAWI pauses, glaring at the cops who seem impassive but are really embarrassed.

QUAWI (cont'd.)

I got six motherfucking months for my goddamn degree. Don't you dare be laying no bullshit rap on my goddamn doorstep.

(almost in tears)

I'm holding down the world here.

CLOSE ON FRANK

deflated; ashamed at his treatment of the kid. He didn't do it. It's maybe back on Helen.

EXT. 57TH STREET - NOON - THE NEXT DAY.

112.

Frank is walking down 57th Street looking for an address. He looks agitated, troubled.

FRANK'S POV

He stares at women, shopping, walking, talking - everybody's a murderess.

Frank stands in front of NICOLE DU BOFF - an elegant shoe store.

FRANK'S POV - through the picture window, he watches Helen at work among the trendy wealthy clientele. He looks grim, alert.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

INT. NICOLE DU BOFF.

113.

Frank enters the lush, plush store and quietly moves to a customer's chair, where unnoticed by Helen, he continues to study her; case out the surroundings. We see the place makes him uncomfortable. He's out of his element.

Helen finally notices him and with a slight but delicious smile slides his way. She crouches down in front of him as if to remove his shoes.

FRANK

(whispering, hand  
casually across his  
mouth)

I need sneakers you sell sneakers?

Helen grins.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(whispering)

I was in the neighborhood.

HELEN

(amused)

Why are you whispering?

FRANK

(embarrassed)

I'm not whispering. Listen, I have to talk to you about something.

Helen rises, raises a finger for him to hold on and walks off. Frank sits there stewing in his own anxiety. Helen returns, kneeling in front of him again. She has a shoe box. She slowly removes his shoes which makes Frank even more awkward.

HELEN

What do you want to talk to me about?

FRANK

(almost apologetic)

Ah.. I have to know who you been seeing, you know..guys... over the last month or so..it's important.

HELEN

(smiling removes a velvet  
shoe bag from the box)

I'd say that's none of your business...

FRANK

(awkward)

Well..it is kind of my business.

CONTINUED

113.

HELEN

(stops what she's doing)  
Oh yeah? How so?

FRANK

(not really ready for this;  
backing off)  
Forget it. It's stupid. Forget it.

HELEN

(studying him)  
What?

FRANK

(cornered)  
I said forget about it.

HELEN

I don't sleep around if that's...

FRANK

It's not that.

HELEN

Then I don't understand..

Frank feels totally at a loss how to proceed. He's going crazy. Two young guys, hip, lean, shades and exquisitely casually dressed, waltz in -- they could be Euro trash or rock stars except there's something of the street animal in the way they walk and talk -- something that doesn't jibe with the threads-- maybe they're dope dealers or young Mafiosi.

GUY #1 (TOMMY)

(holding up boots)  
Willie, check it out.

Willie makes a noise of disdain. Frank glares at him, slowly puts his own shoes back on.

HELEN

What are you doing? Let me try these shoes on you.

FRANK

(muttering; transferring  
his tension)  
They're not right.

HELEN

(thinking, he means  
the shoes)  
You haven't even seen them.

(MORE)

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

113.

HELEN (cont'd).

(giving up)

You want to come over tonight? Meet my daughter?

FRANK

(still glaring at the hitters)

I'm working.

HELEN

What do you have, a twenty-four-hour printing service?

FRANK

(momentarily confused)

A what?... sometimes.

TOMMY

(to Helen)

Yo... I come in here... like six months ago you had this beautiful boot...  
Vivoli, Vivolo...

Frank rises, in Tommy's face.

HELEN

(rising, shoes in hand)

The Vivoli...we're out of stock.

TOMMY

(to Frank, pugnacious)

Can I help you with something?

Frank just keeping staring.

TOMMY (cont'd.)

What's your problem.

WILLIE

Tommy, let's blow.

Frank just keeps staring. Tommy, livid, frustrated, does something that shows his roots despite his fine clothing -- he spits on the carpet in the general direction of Frank's feet. Frank doesn't react except to keep staring at Tommy, knowing it's driving him crazy.

HELEN

(to Tommy)

Hey!

WILLIE

Tommy, let's blow...guy's a cop.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

113.

TOMMY

Hey, hump... you a cop? If I beat  
the shit out of you I get nailed for  
assaulting an officer, right?

Frank maintains his unblinking impassive stare -- his steadiness,  
his placid contempt totally head fucking. Tommy hesitates.  
Willie yanks on his arm to split. The moment has passed.

TOMMY (cont'd.)

(having lost his balls)  
Piece of shit.

They stalk out.

FRANK

Those guys are not right.

Helen is glaring at him.

FRANK (cont'd.)

What?

HELEN

(irritated)  
You're a cop?

FRANK

Yeah... so...

(angry)

so what.

(looks around at the store)

Hey, you let in scum like that and you  
say that to me?

People in the store stop and stare at him with a mixture of  
discomfort and distaste. Frank looks back at them -- he feels  
like an animal suddenly. A male clerk comes up alongside Helen  
protectively.

CLERK

Is there a problem, Helen?

HELEN

No problem.

FRANK

(glaring at the clerk, then ignoring  
him, he leans forward to Helen,  
furtively flashing his gold shield)

Let me tell you something about this.

(the shield)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

113.

FRANK (cont'd)

All these people here with the hair,  
the rocks, the furs...they get robbed,  
they get raped, they get mugged!..I'm  
all of a sudden everybody's daddy...  
Come the wet-ass hour, I'm everybody's daddy.

He marches for the door, turns, holds up the shield.

FRANK (cont'd)

The great equalizer.

EXT. 57th STREET OUTSIDE THE STORE - DAY.

114.

Frank storming down the block. Helen running from behind, pulls on his arm, turns him around.

HELEN

(furious)

Why did you lie to me?

FRANK

What lie...

HELEN

Why didn't you tell me you were a cop?

FRANK

What..You have a personal problem with that?

FRANK

Don't give me that shit. Why'd you lie to me.  
Why'd you say you were a printer.

FRANK

(thrown)

Why?

HELEN

(really flipping out; pacing)

I knew there was something off. I mean what  
else you lying about Frank

(beat)

Is Frank your real name?

I feel like I'm with my freakin'  
ex-husband again.

\*

\*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

114. \*entire page

FRANK

(alarmed, trying to control the situation)

Wait a minute. Wait a minute..  
 Why did I lie. I lied because...  
 because (inspired) just for once I  
 wanted to be with a woman who knows  
 me as Frank...this guy Frank.  
 I mean...for 20 years of my life the  
 minute people hear I'm a cop I stop  
 being a person to them. Why do you  
 think I put the poem in the paper for?  
 I just wanted to start out clean with  
 someone.

HELEN

Terrific, so what..  
 You were never gonna tell me? That's a real  
 good way for people to get close, real good  
 to know each other.

FRANK

I was about to tell you, I swear but I just  
 wanted to be sure you were into me before the  
 word cop got put into your head (beat)  
 Didn't you ever hold back on telling somebody  
 something about yourself until you felt on solid  
 ground with them? C'mon..

HELEN

(Hit with her own secrets,  
 her own withholding)

You didn't have to lie to me. I hate being  
 lied to.

They stare at each other soberly.

HELEN

It's insulting.

FRANK

(nods, senses the worst is over,  
 laughs grimly, mocking his own outburst)  
 The great equalizer...what a schmuck.

HELEN

(accepting this as an apology)  
 So you're a cop huh?

FRANK

I'm a fucking lunatic is what I am.

HELEN

(thoughtful, secretive)  
 Huh...a cop.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

114.

FRANK  
(softly)  
I'm Frank.

HELEN  
Just don't lie to me anymore...okay?...  
Frank.

OMITTED

115.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LOCKER AREA - 3:45 AFTERNOON.  
ANGLE - SERAFINO AND GRUBER.

116.

trail into the room to make coffee. Sherman's already at the pot.

FRANK (OS)

God-damn!

They turn to Frank. He's obscured by his locker. Emerges to put one foot up on the bench to display a leopard-skin shoe.

FRANK (cont'd.)

These things, they's so soft... they feel like feet.

SERAFINO

And they're subtle, too...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

116.

Serafino walks out.

FRANK

(almost shyly, to Gruber)  
Wild, right? My girl... this girl gave  
'em to me. You got to wear 'em, right?  
What can you do?

Gruber catches the message -- Frank's got a girlfriend -- Frank  
wants Gruber and, by extension, Denice, to know that.

GRUBER

(benignly)  
Pretty jazzy.

FRANK

(smiling)  
Well, this girl... she's...  
(laughs)  
I mean, look at these things...  
she's OK, though;.. you should meet  
her... you know, sometime...

Gruber winks, exits, gingerly carrying his tea.

SHERMAN

(cautiously)  
Hey Frank? No offense... but ah...  
you never did get her prints, did you?

FRANK

(hesitates for a beat)  
She ain't the shooter.

SHERMAN

(cautiously)  
And this we know how...

FRANK

(lying, leaning forward and tapping  
a spot between his eyes)  
I asked her...

INT. STANLEY & LIVINGSTON'S RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT.

117.

Frank is taking a drink order from a young woman seated with  
Sherman.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

117.

FRANK  
Golden Cadillac?

SASHA  
Screaming Golden Cadillac.

FRANK  
Screaming Golden Cadillac... What makes it scream?

SHERMAN  
(giggling)  
Getting attacked by a White Russian.

SASHA  
(with sex concentration on Sherman)  
That's very clever.

SHERMAN  
Waiter? Make that two.

FRANK  
You want yours screaming too?

SASHA  
(to Sherman, sexy, touching  
his neck)  
You have very tight skin, you know that?

SHERMAN  
(losing his cool, getting  
turned on)  
That's 'cause I'm fat, it pushes the  
skin out. Whomp! Like balloon rubber.

ANGLE - THE YUPPIES

howling with laughter at their table.

ANGLE - SHERMAN'S TABLE.

SHERMAN  
(to Frank, agitated, horny)  
Did you not get the order, or what?

Frank nods. He's about to cry with laughter.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

EXT. POLICE VAN IN FRONT OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S 118.  
- MIDNIGHT - THE END OF THE SHIFT - NIGHT.

The rear of the van opens -- Sherman and Frank stagger out.

SHERMAN

What I see, eight ladies? Every one of them was probably making more money than me. The blonde one? She was a high school principal. How come they're not married.

FRANK

I don't know. How come I'm not married.

Serafino pulls up in an unmarked car.

SERAFINO

Anybody for the Island of Lost Souls?

Frank hesitates, shrugs, enters the car with Sherman.

INT. COP BAR IN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS WE SAW EARLIER - 119.  
AN HOUR LATER - FRANK'S POV - NIGHT.

WE SEE the cops and groupies all bottom fishing. WE SEE Serafino at it with his tattoos again. WE SEE Dawn getting hit on by a detective. She catches Frank's eye, returns her attention to her date.

SHERMAN

(sitting next to Frank)

I'm going home... this ain't my thing.

FRANK

See you tomorrow, Chief.

ANGLE - FRANK.

Alone now, surveying the terrain.

Dawn leaves with the detective, bumping Frank's back on her way out so that he knows she's going.

Frank smiles to himself, playing with his swizzle stick.

MALE VOICE (OS)

(coming from next to Frank  
at the bar)

Jesus... It's like a feeding frenzy in here.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

119.

Frank turns briefly to him. The guy's half-ripped, smiling but pugnacious. Frank looks away.

HALF-RIPPED GUY (cont'd.)

Do you have to be a cop to get laid in here?

Frank shrugs. He doesn't even turn to him.

HALF-RIPPED GUY (cont'd.)

Are you a cop?

Frank doesn't respond.

HALF-RIPPED GUY (cont'd.)

(laughing)

I think I'll go out to a toy store buy a badge and a cap pistol come back here and score some tail... what do you think?

Frank continues to ignore him. The guy regards Frank's cold shoulder for a beat, shrugs, smiles and returns to his drink.

FRANK

(to the bartender)

George, can I use your phone?

FRANK (cont'd)

(softly)

Helen...I wake you up?... What are you wearing... Take everything off, underwear too... everything. Do you have a long coat? A raincoat? Great... now, can you leave her for ten minutes?... Well where's your mother? Long Island.

(hisses in frustration)

Well can you drag in a neighbor to watch her?... Fantastic... do you have high heels?

(looks at his watch)

This is what I want you to do...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

INT. KOREAN GROCER'S - 2:00 A.M. - NIGHT.

120.

Helen, in a long thin coat and high heels, strolls the aisles. She's naked underneath. Frank enters. He sees her. He's tense with excitement. They stroll past each other, casual, pretending they're strangers. They pass again, in another aisle, ignoring each other, but heavy with secret turn-on. They pass again in a third aisle. Frank stops next to her. They're both examining produce, facing away from each other. Helen is quivering under her false fascination with tomatoes, as is Frank, with his perusal of gelato. Helen casually slides her coat away from her leg. Her inner thigh gleams like ice under the fluorescents. She closes her coat. Without looking at her, Frank slides a hand inside her coat, stroking her naked belly. Helen almost faints with sexual desire. Frank too.

HELEN'S BEDROOM - 2:50 A.M.

121.

Helen's asleep. Frank staring at the ceiling.

HELEN'S DARKENED LIVING ROOM - 3:00 A.M.

121A.

Frank, having risen from Helen's bed, stands in front of a wall unit (books, records, tchatkes). He turns on a small lamp clamped onto a shelf.

WE SEE: a framed photo of Helen and her daughter; a turntable; some record albums; four old beat up record boxes for 45's.

Frank idly thumbs through some albums. He studies the photo. He opens one of the record boxes. The records are filled with alphabetical dividers. The box goes from A to M. He opens another box; M to Z. Taking a deep breath he pulls out a few records under S. Reading the labels, we see "Summertime". Billy Stewart, "Sincerely". - Harvey and the Moonglows, "Sleepwalk"- Santo and Johnny and SEA OF LOVE - Phil Phillips.

FRANK

(almost shuddering)

Oh Jesus....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

121A.

Suddenly -

HELEN  
(from behind him)  
What...

Frank jumps. She's sleepy, standing behind him, head on his shoulder.

FRANK  
(helpless, inarticulate)  
Sea of Love.

HELEN  
(yawning, half asleep)  
Huh... I haven't looked in those boxes in years.

FRANK  
You have Sea of Love.

HELEN  
(head still on his shoulder)  
You like that record?

FRANK  
(dumbly)  
Do I like it? Yeah... Sure...

HELEN  
I'm saving them for my daughter. They're probably worth a lot of money as long as you don't play them. They'd probably fall apart on the turntable.

FRANK  
You haven't played them?

HELEN  
I don't even know what's in there anymore... You want something to drink?

FRANK  
No thanks.  
(beat, more to himself,  
trying to shrug off  
the coincidence)  
A lot of people keep old records...

HELEN  
(entering the kitchen,  
over her shoulder)  
They're only old if you keep them.

CLOSE ON

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

121A.

FRANK

(staring at the record  
in his hand)

I should have kept mine. I had thousands...  
thousands.

We see him put the record back in its slot carefully close the box, put the box where he found it. Out of sight, out of mind. He stands there, freaked through. That goddamn record. He notices her purse,, hesitates for a beat, quickly fishes around comes up with her social security card. He palms it. Suddenly the big living room lights come on.

HELEN

(glass of milk in hand)

Frank, you better go home. It's getting  
close to morning. \*

FRANK

(hiding the card casually)

Yeah...no problem. \*

Frank starts pulling on his clothes which are strewn over the living room floor. \*

Helen watches, then suddenly brightens. \*

HELEN

I want you to see something. \*

INT. DARKENED BEDROOM - 3:30 A.M.

122.

The door opening throws light on a child's room.

Helen stands in the doorway as Frank enters almost holding his breath as he looks down at the sleeping three-and-a-half year old surrounded by kid stuff. The "kid" suddenly is disorientingly real to him. He bends down and leans forward, looking at her like he's never seen one before. Suddenly she stirs, turns her sleeping face to him. Totally anxious, he quickly retreats from the room, almost stepping on Helen's bare feet.

INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT.

123.

Helen and Frank enter. Frank goes to the refrigerator which is covered with notes and memos, opens the door and downs some orange juice from the carton while standing between the door and the shelves.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

123.

FRANK  
(whispering)  
She's beautiful.

HELEN  
(whispery laugh)  
You didn't even look at her... you  
bolted like a rabbit.

FRANK  
Nah... I didn't want to wake her up.

HELEN  
(studying him)  
I wonder what kind of father you'd make?

FRANK  
Me? Who the hell needs a policeman for  
a father? She's got a father right?

Frank stops in his tracks, as he realizes she's thinking of her  
kid...that Helen is a package deal.

HELEN (OS)  
(guarded, fearful)  
I just freaked you out, right?

FRANK  
(long, thoughtful beat)  
Yeah...  
(he shrugs and smiles;  
he's been freaked  
out worse)  
I mean, she's got a father...you know what I mean

Helen is silent, distant for a beat.

HELEN  
He's never even seen her... go home. \*

Helen moves to embrace Frank. Frank hesitates, thinking of the  
record, the lifted SS card in his pocket, then surrenders to his  
love for her as we PAN down to the memo collage on the open  
refrigerator door.

CONTINUED

## CLOSE ON

We see written out in a woman's hand, Frank's poem; a postcard of a foreign land; "James Mackey 379-3340" a note about a nursery school open house; "Raymond Brown 884-2626".

INT. A LOCAL NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - 3:00am

123A1.

It is deserted except for Frank, nursing a drink as he stares at Helen's Social Security card.

EXT/INT FRANK'S BUILDING ENTRANCE

123B.

Frank opens the locked outer door and lets himself into the deserted lobby. The elevator is waiting. Frank enters.

INT. FRANK'S BUILDING - ELEVATOR

123C.

Frank stares vacantly at the floor numbers as they light up. As the elevator ascends to his floor, the door opens onto a dark hallway.

INT. FRANK'S BUILDING - HALLWAY

123D.

As Frank steps out of the elevator the only illumination in the hallway is the shaft of light from the elevator. Frank senses something. The elevator closes plunging the hall into darkness. A window on the shaftway at the end of the corridor provides the only dim light. A low rumbling sound draws Frank towards the shaftway. He takes his gun out as he cautiously turns the corner. He sees the window is open revealing a fire escape deep in shadows. As Frank reaches the window there is a sudden burst of sound as a flock of frightened pigeons take off, their wings beating loudly. Frank, frightened but relieved, walks back down the hall to his apartment. He stops at the wall sconce that normally lights the hall. He stares at it for a moment then slips his hand under the shade. He gives the bulb a turn and it lights up. Frank looks around puzzled, then lets himself into his apartment.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NEXT AFTERNOON

123A.

Frank at his desk, on the phone. A uniform drops a folder on his desk. Frank hangs up stares at it like it's a biopsy result. Puts his palms on his face like he's praying. Opens it. We see computer print out - "National Criminal Information Center". He turns the page. "Name: Helen Cruger, d.o.b.: 6/7/55, SS#: 168-33-7334.

He hesitates, turns the page. "No records of arrests or convictions". We hear Frank sigh with gratitude.

Frank throws the file in the garbage can, stretches in luxurious relief.

INT. PHONE VESTIBULE IN THE RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

124.

Frank in his waiter outfit, is on the phone to Helen.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

124.

FRANK

Hey. Is your mother back? Can you stay with me tonight?... I want to have a real date with you, no sex till later, OK? I have something very important to ask you.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

125.

FRANK'S POV

heading to Sherman's table, Sherman's date with her back to Frank. Sherman and the girl are laughing uproariously. Sherman is having a ball, as usual.

SHERMAN

"Sea of Love", you ever hear that one?

GIRL

Uh uh.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

SHERMAN

(singing)

Come with me, my-yy love,

FRANK

How you doing, folks, something from the bar?

Frank looks at the girl, sighs. It's Gina Gallagher, the girl with the mylar balloons who showed up for a date with James Mackey.

GINA

(to Frank)

I know you, you're that cop.

FRANK

Easy, babe.

SHERMAN

(mock-angry)

You're a policeman?

GINA

(with compassion)

Did you get fired?

She looks quickly from Sherman to Frank, figures something's fishy.

GINA (cont'd.)

(almost in tears)

What do you want from me!

She starts to rise, hurt, scared.

ANGLE - THE YUPPIES

across the room, starting to rise. Frank puts a gentle hand on her arm.

FRANK

We don't want anything, honey. Have a drink.

(to Sherman)

This is Gina. She's good people.

Frank nods to Sherman, a wink implying she's not the one but show her a nice time for the half-hour she's scheduled.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

INT. KITCHEN OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON'S - 8:00 P.M.

126.

Sherman, Frank and Serafino.

FRANK

(giving Serafino his apron)

I'm gone.

SERAFINO

(putting on the apron)

I feel like Betty Crocker in this...

SHERMAN

(sounding bombed and sleepy)

Jesus... it's only 8:00 and I'm hammered...  
I'm gonna stay around here tonight. I go  
out on that highway I'm gonna die like a  
dog... make a nice headline. I'll call  
my wife and crash around here somewhere.  
A motel or something.

SERAFINO

Why don't you bunk out in the Squad Room...

Sherman looks at Serafino with distaste.

SERAFINO (cont'd)

Nice comfortable army cot..  
Six week old sheets...

Frank tosses his apartment keys to Sherman.

SHERMAN (cont'd)

What's this?

FRANK

It's an extra set I made up. For my  
old man... why don't you crash at my place.  
I'm two blocks away.

SHERMAN

(hesitating)

We're gonna sleep together?

FRANK

(very nervous, distracted)

Right... I'm ah, I'm gonna stay with this  
Helen... I got us a suite at this hotel.  
One of my ex-partners is head of security.  
(shrugs)

He owes me. It'll be a nice surprise.

CONTINUED

**CONTINUED**

126.

**SHERMAN**  
(doing Jack Jones, singing)  
This guy's in love with you, da da da da.

**CLOSE ON FRANK**

Sherman's song is no goddamn joke. Sherman, sensing this, stops singing.

**SHERMAN**  
What...

**CONTINUED**

CONTINUED

126.

FRANK  
 (still tense)  
 I'm gonna ask her to live with me.

SHERMAN  
 (rearing back)  
 You just met her, are you nuts?

Frank takes out a hip flask and downs a long long pull. Wipes his lips.

FRANK  
 (tapping his jumpy  
 stomach, laughing)  
 I feel like a fucking teenager...

OMITTED

127.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL DINING ROOM - 9:00 P.M.

127A.

FRANK AND HELEN seated. Frank drains his drink. He's half in the bag. The strolling violinist plays directly over his head. It's loud.

FRANK  
 Guys say, Frank, retire. I say to what?  
 There's nothing out there after this.  
 (to the violinist)  
 Can you get the waiter please?

Frank winks at Helen.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
 It's like... I'll drop some thief... some  
 sad sack... he had a load on... he's got  
 a family... he had a beef at work... who  
 knows... sometimes I'll let him go.  
 (shrugs)  
 You know what that's about? I read something  
 once and never forgot it. Peter the Great  
 was on his death bed, right? The High Priest  
 of the Russian Orthodox Church comes to  
 him, he says, "You want to go to heaven?  
 Make a nice gesture -- why don't you grant  
 clemency to all the criminals condemned  
 to die today". Peter the Great says,  
 I'm gonna go to heaven unleashing a  
 bunch of murders and thieves on the  
 Russian people? You can kiss my ass".  
 I never forgot that.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

127A

HELEN

I don't get it. You tell me you let guys go, he didn't.

FRANK

Yeah, well, the point is, is that me and Peter the Great, we both got jobs where we get to decide... you know what I mean? So, retire to what...

HELEN

What was this important thing you were gonna ask me?

FRANK

(wincing at the loud music)  
What? Hold on...

Frank signals a waiter for a refill.

HELEN

(nervous, wanting Frank to propose)  
Maybe you should slow down a little.

FRANK

Oh yeah? Well maybe the menu should come sometime this century you know? Anyways I'm trying to tell you something.

Frank's drink comes. he hits it hard.

HELEN

(anxious, dogged)  
What's this big question you were gonna ask me?

FRANK

(anxious, playing for time)  
Jesus Christ, I feel like I got the London Philharmonic up my ass here.

He rises extends a hand for her to rise.

HELEN

Where are we going?

FRANK

This is not my thing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE.

128.

FRANK AND HELEN WALKING.

HELEN

I love this neighborhood.

They talk as they stroll past the shops, restaurants, etc.

FRANK

(drunk somewhere)

Oh yeah? Let me tell you about this neighborhood. You see that bench? Three people died on that bench over the last two years...one guy OD'd, another guy got drunk, passed out and froze and something like six weeks ago some old guy had a heart attack -- this is the devil's bench.

HELEN

I never think about that stuff. I feel like the worse thing that could happen around here is that it rains on the day of the street fair.

FRANK

Oh yeah? Nice-Nice around here, right?  
This one block

(pointing to a side street)

we had three homicides the last year, you see that garage? One in there, one across the street, second floor, two months later same building one on the third floor.

CONTINUED

HELEN

(thoughtful)

Jesus... this whole town must be like a city  
of the dead for you.

FRANK

(defensive, uptight)

city of the dead! Why do you say that...  
Hey... I love life... I'm trying to share  
with you... if you live with a cop... we  
have experiences that... a cop's eye...  
there's what you see... and that's like  
nothing... and... we, our eyes, our life,  
what we see.

HELEN

(wading through  
the blather)

If you live with a cop.

FRANK

(thrown)

What?

HELEN

(pushing it)

You said, "if you live with a cop". You  
mean if I live with a cop? Me?

(taking the plunge -- enough  
hemming and hawing)

Are you asking me to live with you?

Because you know I'm part of a package...

(hopefully)

You know that, right?

Frank takes a pull, looks away, a deep exhale, he's miserable  
with cowardice, finds a last delay.

FRANK

Let me ask you something. The singles'  
magazine. The dating... I dunno... How could  
you do that shit... go out with guys like that.

HELEN

Hey... you do it. Forget how we met?

FRANK

(loose-tongued, not thinking)

What are you talking about. I was on the  
job... that was the job... I was wearin'  
a wire. We're trying to drop somebody.  
I would never do that for real... I'd  
never do that.

CONTINUED

128.

HELEN

(mounting quiet fury)

Run that by me again?

CLOSE ON FRANK

He fucked it up royally.

FRANK

Look, you have to understand...

HELEN

Fuck you.

Helen turns on her heel and briskly walks away. (She might be leaving town because Frank's on to her, or she might just be furious at Frank's latest headfuck).

She turns once to shoot him a murderous glare, then vanishes in the crowd.

EXT. GRUBER'S HOME - HOUR LATER.

129.

Frank stands in front of this door, knocking, scanning the quiet street. The door swings open. Gruber, in his pajamas and a bathrobe, stands there, startled by his visitor.

FRANK

(obviously drunk)

Listen, Gruber, how you doing? Listen, I really need to talk to Denice, man. I fucked something up. I gotta talk to her... she knows me, I'm sorry it's late, but this is not like... this is different, I swear.

GRUBER

(unhesitating, calm)

No.

FRANK

(absorbs this, blinking)

I understand... no problem.. no problem...  
OK... thanks... have a good night... sorry.

Gruber closes the door.

FRANK (cont'd.)

It is late... I know.. It's OK.

Frank turns from the door, walks down the path, takes his hip flask and tosses it in Gruber's bushes.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(affably)

Goodnight, cocksucker.



CONTINUED.

INT. FRANK'S FATHER'S HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER  
(PAST MIDNIGHT)

130.

They're sitting across from each other in the immaculate living room. The street is silent with the hour. Frank watches his father drink. He's drinking black coffee, trying to sober up.

FRANK'S DAD  
(draining his drink)  
Yeah well... advice I don't have.  
(beat)  
I've always been an asshole around the ladies.  
You probably inherited it, is what this  
sounds like.

Frank laughs dryly.

FRANK'S DAD (cont'd.)  
I dunno... tell her... you know, tell her  
something... that's what I'd do.

FRANK  
That's a good idea, Pop.

FRANK'S DAD  
You should probably limit your drinking  
to social occasions.

FRANK  
(laughing)  
Social occasions, huh?

FRANK'S DAD  
Well, I never could... that's why your  
mother left me.

Frank smiles into his coffee.

FRANK  
Dad... what do you think about kids?

FRANK'S DAD  
What about 'em?

FRANK  
I dunno. Did you ever have any?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

130.

Frank Sr. stares at Frank, incredulously. Frank flushes at the absurdity of his question. He starts to laugh.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
(wearily)  
Oh... shit...

FRANK'S DAD  
(with difficulty)  
Do you know something, Frankie?  
(painful pause)  
Your mother is the only woman I've ever  
slept with in my entire life.  
(beat)  
Why do you think that is?

CLOSE ON FRANK

He is both moved and knocked out by this information.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT DOOR - 1:00 A.M. 130A.

Frank rings the buzzer. Once, twice. The door swings open.  
He balks as he sees Helen's mother - a real stone face.

FRANK  
Hi...is...

HELEN'S MOTHER  
It's one o'clock in the morning.

FRANK  
Yeah, sorry...I'm Frank...

HELEN'S MOTHER  
(cold)  
I know who you are.

Helen comes up behind her mother. Frank stares pleadingly at her over her mother's shoulder.

INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - DARK. 130B.

The light goes on. Frank enters then Helen. Frank leans against the kitchen table. Helen leans against the memos on the refrigerator door. Her expression is still icy; arms crossed on her chest, protectively.

FRANK  
(fighting for the right words)  
Look...my mouth's not working so good tonight...  
The wire and all that? All I can say right  
now is that the circumstances were the  
circumstances...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

130B.

HELEN

No... not good enough.

FRANK

(scrambling, desperate)

OK..OK..

(sighs)

Look the whole thing is horseshit. There was no wire, job, no nothing. I guess I just said that stuff to push you away from me. I wanted to ask you to live with me and ah... I guess I got cold feet.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Helen says nothing.

FRANK

I'm gonna try to go on the wagon. I did it once a few years ago... I can do it again.

Helen says nothing.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(long beat)

You know you never did tell me your kid's name...

HELEN

Yes I did...

FRANK

Well, tell me again.

HELEN

Sonya.

FRANK

(to himself)

Sonya... you know I delivered a baby once when I was in uniform. And I can't even tell you how many kids I saved... You know, mouth to mouth... over the years.

(beat)

I would like for the three of us to go see a movie or something, OK? We'll take it nice and slow. OK?

(beat)

OK?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

130B.

Helen doesn't answer. She looks about to cry.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
(patient, hopeful)

OK?

Suddenly Helen starts to cry.

HELEN  
It's a really hard life sometimes... it  
really makes me crazy.

Frank watches her from a respectful distance.

FRANK  
(ducking and twisting his  
head to see her averted  
eyes. Softly, soberly)  
Helen... Helen... listen to me... I can't  
even sleep in my own bed anymore unless  
you're in it... I need to lay down with  
you otherwise I'll just walk the streets  
all night... I'm so tired... you have to  
come and lay down with me.

(beat)

Helen... Helen... I got these shoes here.

Helen looks torn, battered.

FRANK  
(extends his hand  
to her)  
Come home with me... please...

Helen makes no move towards him. She looks wracked with  
confusion.

HELEN  
Why do I keep thinking you're a good person?

Frank stares at her hopefully.

After a long beat.

HELEN  
(troubled, weary)  
Let me go tell my mother.

She walks out of the kitchen without touching Frank. Frank,  
alone, he rubs the exhaustion from his face, starts to wander  
around the kitchen looking, touching, not with intent, though.  
He absently scans the refrigerator door collage. We see his  
reaction upon seeing the names and numbers of the dead men - like  
an icy hand has gripped his guts and is pulling them out his ass.  
He's paralyzed.

\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED

130B.

HELEN

(re-entering, in a soft voice)

Listen...Frank? I don't want to wake her.

(beat)

I need some time to think this out. I don't  
think tonight...

FRANK

(turning, almost in a  
trance; flat-toned)

That's OK

(he starts to leave,  
keeping clear of her)

I understand...

Helen looks confused by Frank's change in tone.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(as he said to Ernest Lee)

Well catch you later.

He disappears into the darkness of her hallway.

OMIT

130C.

\*

OMIT

131.

\*

OMIT

132.

\*

INT. FRANK'S HALLWAY - NIGHT.

133.

Frank unlocks his door but the chain is on inside and it only opens a few inches before jamming. Frank, startled, remembers that he gave his place to Sherman for the night.

FRANK  
(resting his head  
on the ajar door)

Shit!

SHERMAN  
(peeking from  
behind the door)

Frank?

FRANK  
Let me in, Sherman.

\*

\*

\*

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

134.

Sherman unbolts the chain. He's nude save for a towel around his waist. He holds his gun at his side.

SHERMAN  
(queasy, almost panicky)  
You scared the shit out of me...

FRANK  
(entering)

Sorry, I'll crash on the couch.

Frank stops short as he sees Gina Gallagher, the balloon girl, standing in his bathrobe at the other end of his apartment. Frank hisses. He's going insane.

SHERMAN  
(queasy)  
I thought you were going to a hotel.

FRANK  
No. It didn't work out.

GINA  
(freaked,  
small-voiced)  
What's he doing here?

SHERMAN  
(dying)  
Frank, I gotta talk to you.

GINA  
Is this his place?

FRANK  
(quietly)  
Hey Sherman, I'll bunk out at the station.

SHERMAN  
Frankie, I gotta talk to you.

Gina goes into Frank's bedroom, closes the door.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

134.

SHERMAN (cont'd)

Frank.  
(whispering)  
I never did anything like this...

FRANK

(as if to leave)  
Look, I'll catch you in the morning.

Gina, dressed, comes out of the bedroom guilty, paranoid, goes flying out of the apartment.

SHERMAN

(anguished)  
I gotta talk to you about this. None of this was my idea. First Gina there starts hitting on me with rubbing my leg under the table, then you throw me the keys, I told you not to...

FRANK

(cutting him off)

You wanna go get her?

CLOSE ON

Sherman opens his mouth as if to say something, defeated, remains silent.

FRANK

(sadly)  
You want me to go get her?

Sherman doesn't answer, he just slowly pulls on his shirt.

FRANK (cont'd)

Sherman, I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR-FRANK'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

134A.

Sherman in the elevator smiles at Frank half-heartedly as the door closes between them.

Frank, in the now silent hallway, turns to his door. Helen steps out of the shadows.

HELEN

We'll catch you later... what does that mean?

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

134A.

Frank is speechless

HELEN (cont'd)  
Is that a brush off?

FRANK  
(pale)  
No, not at all.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT-MOMENTS LATER

134B.

Frank is slouched on his couch lifelessly.  
Helen is straddling his lap. She takes his  
upturned face in her hands and lowers her lips to his. Frank is  
in a posture of total surrender. Helen the conquering ravisher.  
They remain fully dressed.

HELEN  
(lips brushing his)  
I almost forgot...

Helen rears upright off Frank, walks across the room, digs in her  
bag for a small package.

Frank hasn't moved since she got up. It's as if he's waiting for  
her to do something - as if he's outside it all.

HELEN  
You were looking at this like it really  
rang some bells so...ah...

She moves to his record player.

HELEN  
I'd like you to have it.

As "Sea of Love" fills the room, Frank is finally galvanized into  
some active state for the first time since her kitchen. Enraged,  
broken-hearted, the song like salt in the wound, slowly rises to  
his feet holding out his arms to her - the last waltz.

FRANK  
Dance?

He holds her tenderly, erotically moving his hands over her back,  
along her sides. In fact, he's frisking her.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
(breathy, in her ear)  
You got something for me, babe?

Helen dreamily groans something, lost to Frank's hands.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
You got something special for me tonight?

HELEN  
(murmuring)  
Special...

FRANK  
(breathy)  
Where it at, mommy?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HELEN

134 B.

Special...

FRANK (breathy)

Where you got it?

Frank abruptly grabs between her legs, not for sexual reasons- it's the only place he hasn't looked.

HELEN

(jerks away, shocked)

Hey!

FRANK (cold)

Where's it at?

Frank grabs her bag, fishes around, dumps it out, checks the starter pistol, flips it away. Helen gapes.

FRANK (cont'd.)

(reaching behind his back,  
pulling out his gun and  
extending it but first to Helen)

You forgot the real one. You wanna use mine?

HELEN (backing away)

You're crazy!

FRANK

(still holding it out,  
stepping forward)

C'mon, get it over with... I don't wanna  
wait a few more nights... bingo bingo right now.

HELEN

(scared but in  
control of herself)

Put that away please.

FRANK

What, you want to fuck first? Get me face-down?

HELEN

Please put that gun away.

FRANK

(wheels and paces, ranting)  
I'm killed...you fucking killed me.

Frank wheels back to her, forces the gun in her hand, holds it on himself.

FRANK

Pull the fucking trigger.

Helen recoils, backing away.

FRANK

(puts his gun back)  
Why'd you do it Helen?

HELEN

CONTINUED

134B,

FRANK

(sighing after a beat)

When I went up to James Mackey's place you know what I found there? "Sea of Love".

How do you like that.

HELEN

Yeah! So! So what? He had a lot of old records. Just like me... You said it yourself. A lot of people...

(catching on suddenly)

How do you know about James Mackey.

FRANK

Oh I know lots of guys you knew.

HELEN

(scared but angry too)

When did you start following me...

FRANK

(after a beat)

(sad, soft)

Helen, why'd you do it... tell me you did it... tell me why... tell me everything.

I know some people... I can swing some things... I can help you... only don't play me for a jerk right now, don't play me for a stranger.

(shifting tone -- straining for a lightness)

I'm still wearing your shoes.

(beat)

Talk to me.

HELEN

(cautious)

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

(beat)

I'm going home now.

FRANK

(sighing to himself)

Look, the arresting officer was fucking the do-er. It's a joke. It won't even go to trial.

Helen is silent.

FRANK

I'm gonna retire. I don't need this.

(long beat)

Talk to me, Helen.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

134 B.

Helen continues her silence. Frank returns her stare for a very long beat.

HELEN  
(gingerly)  
Are you really a cop?

FRANK  
(in a croak  
he loves her)  
Get out of here.

HELEN  
(rises to take her  
bag, hesitates)  
I had hoped...  
(she surveys the room, dazed)  
I really wanted us...forget it.

She quickly leaves.

Frank stares at nothing for a beat, rises, rolls his neck. He pours himself a drink, stares at it, doesn't drink though. The doorbell rings. Frank ignores it. Turns for the bedroom then at the last minute decides to go for the door. Frank reaches for the doorknob, says "Helen", he opens the door. The hallway is again dark. Frank steps out into the hallway peering into the darkness. "Helen?" Out of the darkness a body comes hurdling, exploding in his face. Terry the cable man erupts on top of him, booming Frank to the floor, knees on his chest, like a beast.

FRANK  
Hey, hey, what are you doing -- what are  
you doing, I'm a cop, what you you doing!

In one motion that exhibits frightening speed and strength. Terry rises to his feet, lifting Frank up to a standing position at the same time.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
(gasping, desperate)  
What are you... What's your problem, man...  
I'm a cop...  
(recognizes him)  
Hey... I know you...

He flings Frank into a wall smashing him almost senseless, wrenching him back nose to nose.

FRANK  
(almost unconscious)  
Hey, I'm a cop, what the fuck...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

134B.

TERRY

(casually)

All you swingin' dicks... what do you think...  
She throws some court order at me... all of  
a sudden my family's up for grabs.

He repeats the smashing into the wall. Frank is being held up  
now, eyes almost rolling up in his head.

TERRY (cont'd.)

All it is, scumbag, is a freaking piece of paper.

FRANK

(slurred)

Wait a minute.

TERRY

That's not your family.

FRANK

Please....

TERRY

That's not your daughter...

FRANK

(slurring)

Wait a minute.

TERRY

(shrieking)

That's not your wife!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANGLE - FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

135.

Frank being marched into the bedroom.

TERRY

Lay down.

Frank starts to turn. Terry blocks his turning around with the barrel of his gun against his turning cheek.

TERRY (cont'd.)

Lay down... on your belly.

Frank lies face-down on his face. Terry strokes the back of Frank's head then gently, steadily pulls his hair so that his head is arched back, his throat bulging forward. Frank hoarsely squawks in agony.

TERRY (cont'd.)

(almost guy to guy)

So... did you have a good time with her last night?

FRANK

(voice strained, throttled)

Who you talking about...

TERRY

C'mon man...Helen.

FRANK

(head still painfully arched back)

Who...

TERRY

Who?... Are you an owl?

Terry lets his head descend to the pillow. He absently strokes Frank's hair.

TERRY

Helen man, my Helen.

FRANK

(trying to control his fear)

I'm a New York City detective, I know you know that.

TERRY

Show me how you did it last night.

FRANK

Did what?

TERRY

Pretend she's under you...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

135.

TERRY (cont'd)  
(with a flash of rage)  
Show me what you did to her.  
(imitating sexual  
grunts; calmly)  
Uh-uh-uh... show me and I'll let you go.

Long agonizing beat.

FRANK  
There was nobody here.

He sighs, puts a knee on the top of Frank's spine, grabs his hair and brutally, slowly pulls his head back again. Frank hoarsely squawks in agony again, his throat bulging like a drawn bow.

TERRY  
Show me.

He lets Frank's head down again.

FRANK  
(drenched with  
sweat -- hoarse)  
All we did was talk.

Terry says nothing but puts the gun to the back of Frank's head. Insane, Frank starts humping his bed, gun to his head. Long beat of Frank making love to his mattress.

TERRY  
(with choked anger and sadness  
-- all his murderous hurt  
and jealousy, to himself more  
than to Frank)  
All you bastards...

FRANK  
(not having heard the guy;  
like all the other victims)  
How's this? Is this OK? Like this?

We hear the gun cock.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
(frantic)  
How's this...

TERRY  
Take off your clothes.

FRANK  
What?

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

135.

TERRY

(calmly)

I said take your clothes off.

FRANK

Fuck you.

In one great motion he rips Frank's shirt wide open--another act of great strength.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

135.

Face down, Frank's hand dangles touching the floor --he feels something -- it's the trophy he hid the first night with Helen. He grabs it, twists, and swings backwards slashing up and across the guy's face and chest, ripping him with the brass figurine and spilling him off the bed. The gun goes flying. Frank lurches upright, grabs a steel bar from the workout setup at the foot of his bed and belts him alongside of his head twice. Terry gets up, staggering, as if the bar was hollow plastic and back-hands Frank off his feet. Bleeding from the scalp, he calmly, steadily stalks Frank who holds him off with the steel bar. Frank swings and cracks him in the ribs. He buckles for a minute but keeps coming at Frank. Frank slams him across his bicep. Another falter, another recovery. He's like a Golem.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
 (belting him again  
 across his broken ribs)  
 Go down, you bitch bastard!

He stops, stares at Frank curiously and collapses on the floor. Frank stands over him, pokes him hard with the bar; no response. Frank drops the bar across his body. Frank turns, rolls his neck to exercise some pain from his throat, stoops to retrieve the gun and is abruptly propelled head first into the wall. Frank is on his back, gun up in Terry's face. Terry stands over him, the steel bar over his head to strike. He looks twice as huge from Frank's POV.

FRANK (cont'd.)  
 (bellowing, flat on his back)  
 Put it down! Put it down! Put it down!

Terry hovers, trembling with arrested motion. He jerks as if to bring the bar down on Frank despite the gun in his face. Frank bellows in terror and rage. He doesn't want to kill a man. Terry bellows back, his face red and teary -- pure fury and frustration. Just as Frank is about to shoot, Terry throws down the bar and walks to the wall, his back to Frank.

TERRY  
 (to himself, bewildered,  
 hurt)  
 It's not your family... none of you...

Frank bolts up, shoves the guy into the wall, his gun to the back of his head.

FRANK  
 (hysterical, adrenalized,  
 almost shrieking)  
 Police! Don't fucking move!  
 (beat)  
 Don't ever fucking move!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

135.

TERRY  
(face pushed into the wall,  
agitated, distraught, trembling)  
What do you think, you're going to drop me  
in some hole now, throw away the key? You  
think I'm gonna take that?

Frank is desperately trying to reach his phone with his free hand.

FRA: :  
Just stay fucking put, man.

TERRY  
(even more distraught,  
starting to babble)  
You think I'm going to sit there in the dark  
while all you bastards go out and do your thing  
with my family? I love them man.

FRANK  
Just shut the fuck up.

TERRY  
You want to see how much I love them?

As Frank continues to struggle to untangle the phone, Terry calmly twists away from Frank.

FRANK  
(freaked)  
Where you going?

TERRY  
(climbing up on the  
windowsill)  
You want to see how much?

FRANK  
(aims his gun as if to shoot  
if he jumps)  
Where you going?

TERRY  
(on the windowsill, calmly)  
Watch...this is for them.

FRANK  
(inarticulate, helpless)  
Don't... you don't!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

135.

Terry looks at Frank with an expression that registers both his rage and his torment, then casually falls backward out the window to his death.

EXT: TERRY FALLING TO THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

136.

--a dreamy, almost guided fall.

CLOSE ON FRANK - NIGHT

137.

still frozen in his crouching stance, the gun trained on the empty window frame.

CONTINUED

5  
INT, MAIN WAITING ROOM - LOBBY OF THE CITY MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE 138.  
(First Avenue & 30th Street) - NEXT DAY

CLOSE on FRANK, expressionless, sitting sprawled on a blue formica chair. He has two coffees by his side. There's a security guard at a simple desk. A few people seated on chairs around the cold, bare room.

CLOSE ON DOOR "MORGUE" - "Visitors must be accompanied by authorized personnel".

HELEN and SHERMAN exit from this door into the lobby.  
They have just come from viewing Terry's body for ID purposes.

HELEN

(dull, monotone, shock)

I haven't seen him in over a year.  
I thought he was gone for good.

FRANK stands in front of her with a cup of coffee. He can barely meet her eyes. She stares at him coldly. He averts his eyes.  
She clips out of the building into the street.

CONTINUED

\*\*\*3rd GREEN REVISION - 9/20/88\*\*\*

121

SC. 139 - OMIT

139.

SEA OF LOVE (REV. 5/3/89)

EXT. SMALLER ANTEROOM - SOMEWHERE IN THE POLICE STATION

Helen, in shock, sits on the edge of someone's desk. Frank, still holding the coffee cup, is trying to bring her down for a landing, trying to hold on to his own sanity.

FRANK

Are you OK?

HELEN

(dull with shock, staring at nothing)

I thought he was gone for good.

I thought I was finally free.

(long beat),

I feel like I killed all those men.

FRANK

(emphatic but gentle)

No... you didn't know.

HELEN

It's my fault. It's like I killed them.

FRANK

(cutting her off)

You didn't know... you didn't know.

HELEN

(pulling back, angry)

My god, what were you doing... you thought it was me... all along. All the times we made love, all the times...

FRANK

I knew it wasn't you... I kept telling myself it wasn't you... I love you.

HELEN

(cutting him off)

Love me... You thought I was a killer... What did you love...

Frank stands up, they're face to face. Frank grabs her arms as if trying to prevent her from bolting.

FRANK

You don't understand... I love you...

MORE...

SEA OF LOVE (REV. 5/3/89)  
Page 2

HELEN  
(cutting him off)  
Stop it... stop it. It's over,  
Frank... it's over.

She walks out of the room. Slams the door.

Close on Frank. Helpless, alone.



EXT. NICOLE DU BOFF ENTRANCE - DUSK - THREE MONTHS LATER

HELEN is looking up. She sees Frank standing awkwardly a few feet away on the bustling sidewalk.

HELEN Implodes. All her reactions to seeing him retreat inside. She looks startled, but in control.

FRANK looks like he's about to die with anxiety.

FRANK

Hi.

HELEN

Hi.

FRANK

How's, ah, how's your daughter?

HELEN

Good.

FRANK

Good..ah, I'm working out of the One-Nine now. That's you, you know this area. We've been having a good run of break-ins around here...ah (gestures to the store)  
You're okay, right? Your shop's wired into the precinct?

(Helen doesn't answer)

FRANK (cont'd)

Listen the reason I come by...  
I want you to meet somebody.

HELEN doesn't answer, goes about her business of locking up.

FRANK

(imitating Helen's response)

Oh? Who Frank?

(answering himself)

Well, I'll tell you. Me...

I would like to introduce myself to you

HELEN

(finally speaking)

Oh yeah? Who are you now,  
a fighter pilot?

FRANK

A fighter pilot...look, no more surprises,  
no more lies...I'm all here now.

HELEN

The circumstances are no longer the  
circumstances, huh?

continued..

CONTINUED

FRANK

Hey...I hung fire to be with you all through that...you don't know.

HELEN

Yeah, well, I don't know a lot of things

FRANK

Helen, give me a chance..you never really been with me, you know, me a 100%. The person you got involved with, that was like...half. I think you owe it to yourself to check out the complete guy, don't you?

HELEN

Cut the crap FRank. I'm tired

FRANK

Wait a minute. For two months now I lay in bed at night, alls I do is "talk" to you. How can I get over with you now Helen.

\*  
\*  
\*

HELEN

(crying)

Get over! What you did to me

\*  
\*

FRANK

I couldn't help that (beat) it's killing me not being with you.

\*  
\*

HELEN

(exploding)

How do you think I feel!

FRANK

(alert, hopeful)

How...

HELEN

(vulnerable, desperately trying to escape her admission of feeling)

Look...what's the difference. I'm thinking of moving back home, so....

continued...

CONTINUED

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**FRANK (interrupting)**

You are?...to York? That's incredible.. because you know what? Just this morning I was offered a job with the York, Pennsylvania Police Dept. They want me to head up a flying squad to bust this huge counterfeit produce ring... What a coincidence, huh? Well, if you're going back there I guess I should take the job. This is great When are you going? Let me ask you, are there nice apartments or houses I can rent? Do you know any of the guys, are they good guys, the local cops?... This is so incredible...you can fill me in... When are you going? Maybe I can put some stuff in with yours...you know, in the van.

**HELEN**

(laughing)

Enough...enough.

**FRANK**

No really, when are you going?

**HELEN**

Okay..okay..okay..

**FRANK**

You're not going?

**HELEN**

Frank..

**FRANK**

You're staying here right?

**HELEN and FRANK** look at each other for a beat. The back of the tension has been broken.

**FRANK**

(serious)

I been on the wagon for 7 weeks.

**HELEN**

Do you still drink coffee?

**FRANK**

Like it's going out of style

**FRANK** moves towards her but pulls back. It's not time yet for touching. They stand side by side waiting for a break in the traffic. Frank touches her back, lightly, but pulls away. As they move across the street we see that they ease into holding hands.

**THE END**