

S I M O N S A Y S

by

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The web of our life is of a mingled
yarn, good and ill together.

- All's Well that Ends Well -
Act IV, scene 3

FADE IN:

EXT. MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - BLOOMINGDALES - DAY

July 3rd in Manhattan.

It is noontime, and as humid as a locker room.

We are on Third Avenue, outside Bloomingdales.
Taxis come and go, picking up and depositing shoppers.

INT. BLOOMINGDALES - DAY

First floor. Cosmetics.

LADIES walk the aisles. They are Park Avenue housewives, the Ladies Who Lunch. They are very thin and very rich.

They sashay along. Exchanging cool, discrete smiles with swishy PERFUME SALESMEN who display their scents.

A MAN stands in the aisle with a SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE. He wears a raincoat, leather gloves, and a slouchy hat. Odd, no? considering the weather.
We are behind him. We see nothing of him.

He puts the briefcase on the floor, flush against the cosmetics counter.

Then he walks away.
No one sees the briefcase.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - MIDTOWN PRECINCT - DAY

The detective's bullpen: A large open room with cubicles. Incessant CHATTER and TAPPING TYPEWRITERS.

N.Y.P.D. Detectives JOSEPH WALSH and RICKY LAMBERT sit at Walsh's desk, suit jackets off, shoulder holsters on. They are eating lunch and playing gin rummy.

LAMBERT

What are you doing for the Fourth?

WALSH

I Dunno. Eat. Drink. Watch fireworks.

(points at the desk,
impatient)

You want that? Hey.

Lambert isn't paying attention. He's looking over Walsh's shoulder at --

ACROSS THE ROOM - ANOTHER DETECTIVE is leading a group

of TWENTY BLACK KIDS, all about 9 or 10, through the bullpen. He's pointing things out to them.

LAMBERT

He's at it again.

Walsh swivels around in his chair and looks.

LAMBERT

You know what he calls these things?
Police Understanding Seminars. You
know what I call 'em?

WALSH

(laughs derisively)
You've told me. Cut him some slack.
He didn't ask to win that thing.

Walsh motions to the wall above the adjacent desk.
Hanging there, in a glass case, is a RIBBONED MEDAL
(like those awarded for military valor).

INSERT - CLOSE ON THE MEDAL - It reads:

1993 MARTIN LUTHER KING MEDAL, awarded to ALEXANDER W.
BRADSHAW. On the wall next to the medal is a FRAMED
PHOTOGRAPH showing Bradshaw wearing it, shaking hands
with New York Mayor David Dinkins.

LAMBERT (o.s.)

He didn't? You ask me, he's been
lobbying for it.

BACK TO SCENE

Detective ALEX BRADSHAW, continues through the bullpen,
the kids following.

Bradshaw is 35. He does not start the day with a
Marlboro. He does not end the day gargling scotch. He
is in shape and well-groomed. He plays straight with
his taxes, votes according to conscience, and stands up
to injustice. He is, simply, a moral and balanced man
in an immoral, imbalanced city.

Right now he is giving a tour:

BRADSHAW

This is where all the detectives
work. That's my desk over there.

The kids crowd over to Bradshaw's desk.
Which, as we've said, is next to Lambert and Walsh.

BRADSHAW

Detective Walsh and Detective
Lambert -- meet the fifth grade of
p.s. eighty one.

TWO KIDS are admiring Walsh's gun. Walsh ignores them. Instead he looks at Bradshaw, pissed-off.

WALSH

Alex, we're eating, okay?

Bradshaw takes the hint. Turns to the kids. Points:

BRADSHAW

See those doors? Through there's an elevator. We'll take it down to the basement and see the...

(dramatic pause)

...bomb squad.

The kids YELL "WOW" with excitement and charge out of the bullpen, piling through DOUBLE DOORS. Bradshaw moves after them.

LAMBERT

Hey, Alex.

Bradshaw stops, comes back over to his colleagues.

LAMBERT

(low voice)

Why do you waste your time?

BRADSHAW

(annoyed, but patient)

Why? Let me give you a statistic, Rick: every black kid in this city has a one in six chance of being murdered before he or she reaches eighteen.

LAMBERT

That's my point. Why do you waste your time?

Bradshaw frowns at Lambert and Walsh, disgusted. Then he walks off through the doors, joining the kids.

CUT TO:

INT. BLOOMINGDALES - DAY

The cosmetics section. It is crowded.

A LADY SHOPPER, at the counter, applies eye shadow to her surgically improved face. She bends forward, looking in a small mirror on the counter.

LADY SHOPPER

This one's nice.

The SALESGIRL, on the other side of the counter, agrees.

SALESGIRL

Oh yes, I quite like that.

The LADY SHOPPER bends closer to the mirror.
Her shoe hits something.
She looks down.

THE SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE sits at her feet.

LADY SHOPPER

Oh dear, someone left their
briefcase.

SALESGIRL

(smiles)

Happens all the time. I'll take it.

The Lady Shopper bends down and lifts up the briefcase,
handing it across the counter to the Salesgirl.
The Salesgirl examines it.

SALESGIRL

Hmm.

We hear A TICKING.
Coming from no particular place.

SALESGIRL

Do you hear that?

LADY SHOPPER

Yes. Yes I do.

They each look at the briefcase.
They look at each other. Then:

A huge blast. An eruption of flame.

The place blows to pieces.

Flying glass and metal. The jewelry counters become
airborne. LADIES' BODIES hurtle through the air.
Some are launched vertically.

It is over suddenly. CEILING SPRINKLERS douse the
carnage. Thirty corpses lie amidst the wreckage.

CUT TO:

WHOOOSH A FLASH OF FLAME AND SMOKE

PULL BACK TO --

EXT. N.Y.P.D. - BASEMENT LABORATORY - DAY

The headquarters of N.Y.P.D.'s Incendiary Control and
Forensics Team, or I.C.F.T. (i.e., the "Bomb Squad")

I.C.F.T. Investigator CHARLES WEISS has just shown Bradshaw and the kids an arson technique, by igniting an INCENDIARY DEVICE in a lead-lined container. AN OVERHEAD FAN sucks up the smoke from the explosion.

INVESTIGATOR WEISS

And I repeat, don't do this at home.

The Kids LAUGH. Then, a question:

KID 1

Why'd it stink so bad?

INVESTIGATOR WEISS

Like tires burning, wasn't it? It's chopped up styrofoam and gasoline. The bad guys love to use this stuff.

(serious tone)

Arson's bad news, gang. It's the number one cause of property damage and the number two cause of death in New York.

The kids listen, respectful and a little awed. The telephone on Weiss' desk RINGS.

INVESTIGATOR WEISS

Excuse me.

Weiss goes to his desk and answers the phone. Bradshaw picks up where Weiss left off:

BRADSHAW

So be careful out there, and if you see somebody starting a fire, you know who to call. Okay?

KIDS (unison)

Okay.

INVESTIGATOR WEISS

Alex?

Weiss motions Bradshaw over to his desk.

BRADSHAW

Be right back.

Bradshaw goes over to Weiss. Weiss is shaken.

WEISS

Some lunatic just blew up Bloomingdales. Go. I'll deal with the kids.

They stare at each other.

INT. UPSTAIRS - DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN

A flurry of activity. The call's just come in. Detectives are scrambling around. Walsh and Lambert are throwing on their suit jackets, checking their weapons, etc.

WALSH
Bloomingdales? What's anybody got against Bloomingdales?

DOWN THE HALL - IN THE DOORWAY OF A WINDOWED OFFICE

N.Y.P.D. Chief of Detectives ARTHUR COBB, a red-faced, perpetually loud man, is leaning out of the office, shouting instructions, to Lambert, Walsh, and OTHER DETECTIVES:

CHIEF COBB
Ricky, seal off a five block radius around the site; Joe, keep the T.V. crews the hell out of there.

Cobb's SECRETARY calls from inside the office.

SECRETARY (o.s)
Arthur! Phone!

COBB
(to Secretary, over his shoulder)
Not now. Where the hell is Bradshaw?

The SECRETARY appears. She tugs on his sleeve.

SECRETARY
Arthur, you'd better take this.
(he finally acknowledges her)
He says he set the bomb at Bloomingdales.

They stare at each other.
Cobb looks into his office at --

HIS DESK - HIS TELEPHONE - It is flashing.

Cobb goes into his office and picks up the phone. He punches a line button. It connects a call.

COBB
Hello?

We hear a voice. A highpitched, male voice. It is, from the first syllable, chilling and unforgettable.

It is Simon.

SIMON

Simple Simon met a pie man
Going to the fair.
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
Give me your pies or I'll cave your
fucking head in.

CHIEF COBB

Who is this?

SIMON

Simon.

(beat)

Bloomingdales was just for show.

A pause.

CHIEF COBB

What do you want?

(beat)

Money?

Simon laughs. His laugh is a whiny giggle.

SIMON

No, silly, I want to play a game.

CHIEF COBB

What kind of game?

SIMON

Simon Says.

(beat)

Is Alex Bradshaw there? Tell me,
how is our Martin Luther King
Medalist?

A pause. Cobb stares at the phone receiver.

CHIEF COBB

He's fine.

SIMON

Good. That's just grand.

(suddenly low,

sinister)

Now you listen to me. In the next
twenty-four hours Simon is going to
tell Detective Bradshaw what to do
and Detective Bradshaw is going to
do it. If Detective Bradshaw fails
to comply with the slightest detail
of any of my instructions, there
will be a penalty.

COBB

What?

SIMON

Ten pounds of plastique explosive
will be detonated in a crowded
public place.

Cobb swallows. His throat is suddenly dry.

COBB

What do you want Detective Bradshaw
to do?

SIMON

Show our fair City just how much
that medal means to him. Simon Says
Detective Bradshaw is to stand on
the corner of 138th street and
Amsterdam, which is in Harlem, if
I'm not mistaken, for fifteen
minutes. Do you know what a
sandwich board is...?

Cobb blinks at the phone receiver, and we --

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - DETECTIVES' BULLPEN - DAY

Bradshaw enters the bullpen through the double doors.
Looks around. The place is deserted.

He walks quickly through the bullpen corridor.

INT. COBB'S OFFICE - COBB

is at his desk, looking out the window. Bradshaw comes
in quickly. Cobb turns to him.

BRADSHAW

I heard about it downstairs. You
give out assignments yet?

COBB

Yeah. Ricky and Joe and some other
guys just left.

BRADSHAW

I'll meet 'em up there, okay?

He turns to exit.

COBB

Don't go, Alex.

Bradshaw stops. Turns back to Cobb.

BRADSHAW

What?

COBB
 You ever have a problem with
 somebody named Simon? Think. A
 collar. An argument. You played
 around with somebody's wife.

BRADSHAW
 (confused by the
 question; he thinks)
 No.

COBB
 Somebody named Simon has a problem
 with you.
 (beat)
 You better sit down.

CUT TO:

A STREET SIGN: "AMSTERDAM AVE", crossed at a right
 angle with "138TH ST."

MOVING UP AND PANNING around --

EXT. THE CORNER OF AMSTERDAM AND 138TH ST. - DAY

The heart of Harlem.

On each corner of this intersection is a business: A
 bodega, a bar, a laundromat, and an appliance shop.

ON 138TH ST. - DOWN FROM THE BAR - A NEIGHBORHOOD GANG

all 20's and late teens, are hanging out on the bar's
 delivery bulkhead, laughing, smoking cigarettes and
 drinking beers. They are watching --

The two BIGGEST GANGMEMBERS (GANGMEMBERS 1 & 2) playing
 black-jack on an overturned milk carton. It's high-
 stakes. The carton is covered with cards and money.

ACROSS THE INTERSECTION - TWO BLACK KIDS

come down Amsterdam. They are DEXTER 12, and RAYMOND,
 10. Dexter is lugging a big STEREO RECEIVER.

The kids walk up and enter the appliance shop on the
 corner across from the gang.

INT. APPLIANCE FIX-IT SHOP - DAY

The place is jammed with refrigerators, washing
 machines, stereos, T.V.s, etc.

DING! a bell on the door sounds as the kids enter.

DEXTER
 Uncle!

ZEUS CARVER, 29, black, comes through the maze of junk. He has confidence, a strong sense of himself. He looks people in the eye. He doesn't like weakness or indifference. He's a man with things on his mind. He is often angry, due to attitudes and conditions which have prevailed in this country for the last 300 years.

Zeus walks up to the boys. He's known them since they were born; they're his nephews.

ZEUS

Why aren't you at work?

DEXTER

Got the day off.

ZEUS

(skeptical)

Yeah? Don't be lying to me - I'll check on it.

RAYMOND

We aren't lying.

He studies their faces. Then, satisfied:

ZEUS

All right. Mr. Washington's counting you. I want his business to succeed and you know why.

DEXTER

'Cause you loaned him the money.

ZEUS

That's true, but why else?

(waits for a response)

'Cause it's a black-owned business, and black-owned businesses are important. So don't let him down or I'll kick your ass.

DEXTER

We won't.

ZEUS

(satisfied)

All right.

(beat)

What do you got there?

Dexter hands Zeus the stereo receiver. He examines it.

RAYMOND

The cord's missing.

Zeus looks at the back of the stereo. The cord, indeed, is missing.

ZEUS
That's not all that's missing.
Where's the serial number plate?
Where'd you get this?

RAYMOND
(innocently)
Found it.

Pause. Zeus scrutinizes the kids.

DEXTER
It ain't hot.

Zeus examines the stereo again..

ZEUS
I'll give you fifty dollars.

Zeus pulls two twenties and a ten from his pocket and hands the bills to the kids.

Dexter reaches for the bills. Zeus retracts them.
Now a series of questions. Sort of a routine...

ZEUS
What're you going to do with it?

KID 1
Put it in the bank.

ZEUS
Why?

KID 2
So we can go to college.

ZEUS
Why?

KID 1
So we can get educated.

ZEUS
Why's that important?

KID 2
To get respect.

ZEUS
Who's the bad guys?

KID 1
Guys who sell drugs.

ZEUS
Who's the good guys?

KID 2
We're the good guys.

ZEUS
Who's gonna help you?

KID 1
Nobody.

ZEUS
So who's gonna help you?

KID 2
We're gonna help ourselves.

ZEUS
And who do we not want to help us?

KID 1
White people.

ZEUS
That's right.

Satisfied, Zeus hands over the bills. Dexter snags them. They smile at Zeus and tear out the door.

Zeus walks with the stereo to his work bench, muttering:

ZEUS
Ain't hot. Thing's so hot you could fry an egg on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER OF AMSTERDAM AND 137TH ST. - DAY

A block away, a POLICE VAN rolls up. Stops at the curb.

INT. POLICE VAN - BACK COMPARTMENT

In the back compartment, Detective Alex Bradshaw sits with Chief of Detectives Cobb.

Bradshaw wears nothing but a terry-cloth bathrobe, socks and shoes. Hanging around his neck is the MARTIN LUTHER KING MEDAL.

The VAN DRIVER leans into the back compartment.

DRIVER
This is it, Captain.

Cobb turns to Bradshaw.

COBB
You ready?

BRADSHAW
(a deep breath)
Yeah.
(he holds the medal)
Do I have to wear this?

COBB
That's what he said - for the next
twenty four hours. Got your wallet
and badge?

Bradshaw points down to his shoes.
His WALLET is stuffed in his sock.

COBB
Where's the gun?

Bradshaw swivels around and lowers his robe. Taped to
his bare back is a SMALL CALIBER PISTOL.

BRADSHAW
A holster showed too much.
Cobb nods, satisfied. Bradshaw swivels back around.

COBB
We're going to pull back to 125th
Street. Simon said if he sees a cop
within ten blocks he'll detonate
another bomb. He says he'll be
watching us.

BRADSHAW
How?

COBB
There are fifty rooftops up here
that would give him a view. Do you
want to take the chance he's not
watching?

They stare at each other.

BRADSHAW
No.
(beat)
What the hell is going on, Arthur?

COBB
(grimly)
I don't know. Just get through this
and then we'll find out.

Bradshaw takes a deep breath and opens the van door.

EXT. AMSTERDAM AND 137TH STREET - BRADSHAW
gets out of the van in his bathrobe.

Cobb hands Bradshaw a LARGE WHITE SANDWICH BOARD from the van. (The kind worn by street advertisers: two pieces of plywood connected with twine.)

Bradshaw slips off his bathrobe and tosses it to Cobb. He is now in only his boxer shorts, black socks, and black dress shoes. He looks ridiculous.

COBB

(to the driver)

Go.

(turns back to
Bradshaw)

Fifteen minutes. Okay?

Bradshaw nods.

The police van pulls away from the curb, does a U-turn, and heads south on Amsterdam.

Bradshaw watches the van go.

Then he turns to look at the run-down surroundings.

He puts on the sandwich board.

We are behind him. We can't see the front of the board.

Bradshaw heads north on the sidewalk, heading toward 138th street, one block away.

FOLLOWING BRADSHAW - as he walks.

UP AHEAD - A BLACK WOMAN, 50's comes out of a decrepit brownstone, and walks down the front stoop.

She turns south on the sidewalk, heading for Bradshaw.

They pass each other.

Bradshaw walks right past her. Keeps walking.

The WOMAN stops. Her eyes go wide. She double-takes, looking back over her shoulder at Bradshaw.

WOMAN

What in heaven's name...?

BRADSHAW continues to the corner of 138th and Amsterdam. There, he stops.

CLOSE ON BRADSHAW - Sweat beads on his brow. His eyes dart in all directions.

BRADSHAW'S POV - PANNING AROUND THE INTERSECTION

No traffic. Quiet sidewalks. Bradshaw PANS from the bodega, to the liquor store, to the laundromat, to ZEUS' APPLIANCE SHOP. His eyes lock on -

THE GANGMEMBERS playing cards down 138th street. They are wrapped up in the game. They do not see him.

BACK TO SCENE - BRADSHAW

wipes the sweat from his forehead.
He is a turkey at Thanksgiving.

BRADSHAW
(under his breath)
Shit.

Across the street, outside Zeus' appliance shop, DEXTER and RAYMOND are staring at him. Dexter whispers to Raymond. They go back into the appliance shop.

CUT TO:

INT. APPLIANCE FIX-IT SHOP - DAY

A big, beat-up electric stove is jacked up on cinder blocks. Zeus is under it. We only see his legs.

The front door bell DINGS.

DEXTER (o.s.)
Uncle!

ZEUS
I'm busy.

RAYMOND (o.s.)
You better look at this!

Zeus, muttering under his breath, slides out from under the stove, a red-hot SOLDER GUN in hand.

He looks up at Dexter and Raymond.

ZEUS
What?

DEXTER
There's a white man out there.

ZEUS
You take me from my work to see a white man? I've seen plenty.

RAYMOND
Not like this.

They point to the window.
Zeus walks to the window and separates the grimy venetian blinds with his fingers.

He looks out. He blinks. He looks again, squinting.

He comes away from the window. Says to Dexter:

ZEUS

There's a phone back in my office.
Dial nine-one-one. Tell 'em you
want a police car up here real fast
or somebody's gonna die.

Dexter and Raymond stare at Zeus.

ZEUS

Go!

They run off toward the back.

Zeus goes to the door. Exits the shop.

EXT. HARLEM SIDEWALK - DAY

Zeus comes out of his shop, the solder iron still in hand. He looks around the intersection. Across the street, the GANG MEMBERS are hanging out, playing cards, oblivious to anything unusual.

Zeus looks south-easterly, at the other corner.

It is a bizarre, surreal sight.

In blazing sunshine, on the worst street in Harlem, a white man is standing in boxer shorts, socks, and shoes, wearing a large white sandwich board. It is Bradshaw.

Finally we see the front of the board. In huge red letters, are the words:

I HATE NIGGERS

That is not a typo.

ZEUS blinks. Frowns. Thinks.

He walks diagonally across the intersection.

BRADSHAW sees Zeus coming. He stares at the SOLDER IRON in Zeus' hand. Bradshaw's hand inches toward his back.

Zeus stops in the street ten feet from Bradshaw, eyeing him quizzically.

ZEUS

Yo.

They stare at each other.

Zeus' eyes dart from BRADSHAW to the GANG MEMBERS on the corner.

ZEUS

Havin' a good day, sir?

BRADSHAW
(terse, tightlipped)
Not really.

ZEUS
I'd agree with you there.
(beat)
You feelin' okay?

BRADSHAW
Yes.

ZEUS
(beat)
Well, not to get too personal, but
I'd say a white man standing in the
middle of Harlem wearing a sign that
says "I hate Niggers" has either got
some serious personal issues, or
he's several cards shy of a full
deck.

(comes up closer, his
voice lowering)
You've got ten seconds, maybe less,
before those guys see you. If they
see you, they'll kill you.

He comes up closer.
Bradshaw tenses.

ZEUS
Do you understand me?

BRADSHAW
I'm a cop.

ZEUS
(after a beat)
Say what?

BRADSHAW
I can't explain now.

Out of the corner of his eye, ZEUS sees --

THE CARDGAME - ONE OF THE PLAYERS (GANG MEMBER 1),
having lost a big hand, flings his cards over his
opponent's head. The cards twirl like little frisbees
TOWARD THE INTERSECTION CORNER.

The opponent (GANG MEMBER 2) chases the cards. He grabs
a couple. He is nearly in the intersection. Suddenly
he freezes --

He stands up, looking straight at Bradshaw.

The other GANG MEMBERS, following the flight of the
cards, also see him.

GANG MEMBER 2
What the fuck....?

ZEUS
Ahh christ here we go....

The Gang Members are now standing on the opposite corner of the street, staring at Bradshaw and Zeus.

Bradshaw turns to Zeus, his speech clipped, urgent:

BRADSHAW
Listen: two hours ago a psychopath
bombed Bloomingdales.

ZEUS
Yeah, I heard it on the news.

BRADSHAW
I know this sounds farfetched, but
he said I had to do this or he'd
blow up something else.

ZEUS
What?

Zeus just stands there, confused, incredulous.
It's too late now.

THE GANG MEMBERS start across the street.

BRADSHAW sees them. He trembles.

BRADSHAW
Shit.
(whispering)
Listen, I have a gun. It's taped to
my back.

ZEUS
Fuck the gun. You try to pull it
and they'll kill you. Listen:
you're obviously not crazy, but I
want you to act it. Like Looney
Toons, okay?

Bradshaw nods, acknowledging this.

The GANG MEMBERS are upon them.
They circle around Bradshaw, staring at the sandwich
board. They are amused. Sort of. They smile.

After an ice-cold pause:

GANG MEMBER 1
Hey, Zeus. This a friend o' yours?
(to Bradshaw)
Huh? You a friend o' his?

Bradshaw looks Gang Member 1 straight in the eye, his demeanor suddenly changing. Bradshaw's eyes have become those of a lunatic.

BRADSHAW

My only friend is God.

The Gang Members look at each other. Some LAUGH.

Gang Member 1 comes up close to Bradshaw.
Zeus turns to Gang Member 1.

ZEUS

Look at him. The dude's crazy.
Standin' out here in his underwear.

GANG MEMBER 1

(ignoring Zeus, to
Bradshaw)

God, huh?

(looks at the board)

Does your god hate niggers too?

He pulls something from his pocket.
CLICK. A ten inch switchblade GLINTS in his hand.

GANG MEMBER 1

He better, deuce, 'cause in a while
you're gonna need him.

(over shoulder, to
other Gang Members)

Let's fuck this guy up.

ZEUS

C,mon, man, the dude doesn't know
what he's doin'. Probably doesn't
know where the fuck he is. Some
mental ward escapee is what he is.

Gang Member 2 steps forward. Stares at Bradshaw. Then
he turns to Zeus.

GANG MEMBER 2

So he's crazy. So are we.

The other Gang Members LAUGH.

GANG MEMEBER 1

(to Zeus)

Back off.

Zeus just stands there.

The Gang Members come up close to Bradshaw.
Gang Member 1, brandishing the knife under Bradshaw's
nose, motions to the sandwich board.

GANG MEMBER 1

Get that off him. I want his chest.
Gonna carve my initials.

TWO GANGMEMBERS lift the back face of the sandwich board, roughly, over Bradshaw's shoulders, and fling it to the ground. The boards CLATTER on the ground.

Bradshaw, staggers forward, his torso now exposed. Taped to the small of his back is the .22 clip handgun.

Zeus sees the gun before anyone else.

He drops his solder iron and lunges behind Bradshaw. He RIPS the gun from Bradshaw's back, tape and all.

Zeus brings the gun down, training it on the Gang Members, wildly, back and forth, from member to member.

Startled, they recoil.

Except for Gang Member 1, who sticks the switchblade under Bradshaw's chin.

ZEUS

Put it down.

A tense pause.

Zeus cocks the gun. His hand is rock steady.

ZEUS

I'll kill you. I won't want to, but I'll do it.

Gang Member 1 tosses the knife down. He backs off.

Bradshaw joins Zeus. At this moment --

A HARLEM LIVERY CAB comes up to the intersection and stops at the light. It's right next to them.

ZEUS points a gun at THE LIVERY CAB DRIVER, who looks back with wide, terrified eyes.

ZEUS

Stay where you are.

Zeus motions to Bradshaw.

ZEUS

Get in.

Bradshaw moves to the cab, Zeus following, stepping backward, the gun trained on the Gang Members.

They get in the cab. It roars off down Amsterdam, leaving --

The Gang Members running after the car, SHOUTING OBSCENITIES, throwing beer bottles, etc.

INT. LIVERY CAB - DRIVING - DAY

BRADSHAW AND ZEUS sit in the back seat.

Up front, the LIVERY DRIVER, is quaking in his seat. He thrusts money into the back seat.

LIVERY DRIVER

Don't kill me! That's all I got!

Zeus frowns. Hands the money back to him.

ZEUS

Ahh, shit, I'm not robbin' you....

LIVERY DRIVER

No?

ZEUS

No. Just get us outta here. Head downtown. Run the lights.

LIVERY DRIVER

You got it, boss.

The car lurches forward.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - FRONT SEAT - DAY

We are the P.O.V. of someone sitting in a parked car at 139TH AND AMSTERDAM, one block north.

We are wearing a raincoat and slouchy hat. We have just seen the foregoing incident.

We lower BINOCULARS from our eyes, toss them on the seat, and engage the gears. We pull away from the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVERY CAB - DRIVING - DAY

The car is rocketing down Amsterdam. Zeus turns to Bradshaw.

ZEUS

You just fucked my day up.

BRADSHAW

My day started that way.

ZEUS

Apparently.

Bradshaw looks out the window.

Zeus looks at Bradshaw.
After a moment of this:

ZEUS

Are you going to tell me why you
fucked my day up?

BRADSHAW

I've already told you everything I
know.

ZEUS

And you're on the level - you really
are a cop?

BRADSHAW

Yes.

ZEUS

What's that?

Zeus is pointing to THE MEDAL around Bradshaw's neck.
Zeus leans over and looks at it closely. Then he looks
at Bradshaw, studying his face.

ZEUS

Hey, you're him. The cop that won
the Martin Luther King Medal. Your
picture was in the Post last week.

BRADSHAW

He wanted me to wear it.

ZEUS

Who?

BRADSHAW

The guy that bombed Bloomingdales.

ZEUS

Helluva sense of humor.

After a pause, Bradshaw extends his hand:

BRADSHAW

Thanks. You saved my life.

Zeus doesn't shake.

He just looks at Bradshaw's hand.

ZEUS

I don't think so.

Bradshaw withdraws his hand.

ZEUS

By the way, here's your gun back.

Zeus hands Bradshaw his gun.

BRADSHAW

Thank-you.

(beat)

You'll be compensated for any injury
or loss of livelihood. It's
standard procedure.

A pause. Zeus looks Bradshaw over, like he's an idiot.

ZEUS

I don't believe this.

(beat)

You don't get it, do you?

Silence. No. Bradshaw doesn't get it.

ZEUS

When, if, I show up back there
again, what do you think your
friends are gonna do to me? What do
you think they're doing right now to
my shop? ' Case you're interested,
that was my appliance shop on the
corner.

Bradshaw's eyes lower. He has nothing to say. Then:

BRADSHAW

I'm sorry. That didn't occur to me.

ZEUS

Shiiiiit.

BRADSHAW

Look. Your name's...Jesus?

(he pronounces it

latino: "hey-zoos")

I realize this will cause you a
hardship, Jesus, but...

ZEUS

Hardship? That what you want to
call it?

(beat)

And where the fuck you get off
callin' me a Puerta Rican?

BRADSHAW

(confused)

The guy on the street. Back there.

ZEUS

What about him?

BRADSHAW

He called you Jesus.

ZEUS

He didn't say "hey-zoos." He said,
 "Hey. Zeus." My name is Zeus.

BRADSHAW

Zeus.

ZEUS

Yes. You know, husband of Hera?
 Father of Apollo? Nice pad on Mount
 Olympus? Don't-fuck-with-me-or-
 I'll-shove-a-lightning-bolt-up-your-
 ass? Zeus, man. The Roman god.
 You got a problem with it?

BRADSHAW

No, I don't have a problem with it.

ZEUS

It's one of those nigger names.

BRADSHAW

(after a beat)

What?

ZEUS

You know: Yolanda. Or Rolando. Or
 Shaquille. I've heard white people
 joke about black people's names.
 I've heard that shit, pal.

BRADSHAW

I don't joke about black peoples'
 names.

ZEUS

Bullshit.

(grumbles)

Better than white people's names.
 Shiiiiit, two-hundred years we get
 named by slave-owners, so now a
 million brothers are walking around
 named "John Smith" and a million
 sisters named some shit like
 "Priscilla Walker."

(beat)

What's your name?

BRADSHAW

Bradshaw.

Zeus extends his hand.

ZEUS

You're a helluva date, Brad. Let's
 do this every Tuesday, deal?

A pause. Bradshaw shakes Zeus' hand.

BRADSHAW
No.

ZEUS
I was joking.

BRADSHAW
I know you were joking.
(beat)
I meant my name's not Brad.

ZEUS
You just said it was.

BRADSHAW
No. I said Bradshaw.

ZEUS
What, am I deaf?

BRADSHAW
Bradshaw. Not Brad...
(beat)
...Shaw.
(beat)
My first name is Alex.

A pause.

ZEUS
Oh.
(beat)
Well, that just goes to show you how
fucked up white people's names are,
Alex. In the army I knew a white
dude named Michael Hunt. Now - you
gotta figure people call him Mike,
right? Right?

BRADSHAW
I guess.

ZEUS
Say it fast. Mike...
(beat)
Hunt.

A pause. (Reader: say the name "Mike Hunt" five times,
very fast. You'll understand.)

ZEUS
Go on, say it.

BRADSHAW
Mike Hunt, Mike Hunt, Mike Hunt.

A pause. Bradshaw looks up at --

THE LIVERY CAB DRIVER - who is making strange eyes at Bradshaw in the rear-view mirror. (Remember that, furthermore, Bradshaw is almost entirely nude)

The livery driver continues to make narrow eyes at them. Bradshaw attempts to smile back.

LIVERY DRIVER

Hey - where we goin'?

BRADSHAW

Fifty-fifth and second.

ZEUS

You know what I'm sayin'? I bet there's all kinds o' white trash walking around with names like "Ben Dover" and "Phil McCavity."

Zeus starts chuckling. He starts howling.

Bradshaw looks at him.

And, despite himself, Bradshaw starts laughing. Slowly, at first, then the two are LAUGHING OUT LOUD.

ZEUS

How 'bout this: now appearing on the New York Times Best Seller List: "Wildcat's Revenge" by....
(sputters with laughter)
Claude Balls....

Bradshaw SPUTTERS with laughter.
They HOWL with laughter.

ZEUS

Hey, HAH HAH, what the fuck HAH HAH is fifty-fifth and second?

BRADSHAW

HAH HAH the police precinct HAH
HAH!!

Zeus suddenly stops laughing as we CUT OUTSIDE TO --

EXT. STREET - PASSING SHOT - THE LIVERY CAB

ROARS through the intersection at BROADWAY AND 80TH.

ZEUS (v.o.)

Ahh fuck....WHAT?

CUT TO:

EXT. N.Y.P.D. - MIDTOWN PRECINCT (55TH & 2ND AVE) - DAY

Cops and detectives come and go on the stone staircase

of the largest police precinct in the world.

The livery cab pulls up.

Bradshaw gets out. He pulls his wallet out of his sock (he's still unclothed, in his underwear) and pays the Livery Driver.

BRADSHAW

Come on.

ZEUS

I'm not going in there.

BRADSHAW

Why?

ZEUS

There's cops in there - folks I generally try to avoid.

BRADSHAW

You're going to have to give a statement - so either come now, or come later.

Zeus doesn't move. Just sits there.

BRADSHAW

You said yourself you can't go home.

Zeus gets out of the cab.

ZEUS

Shiiit.

Zeus follows Bradshaw up the stairs into the precinct. TWO UNIFORMED cops exit and come down the stairs. They pass Bradshaw, stopping, doubletaking.

ZEUS

This loss of livelihood
compensation: how much money we
actually talking about?

They go inside the building.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF OF DETECTIVE COBB'S OFFICE - DAY

Cobb is behind his desk, on the phone. The phone is hooked up to a TELEPHONE CALL TRACING MACHINE. Lambert sits in front of the desk, flipping through a large stack of FILES.

In the corner is a MAN we haven't yet introduced, 40's, smoking a pipe.

BRADSHAW enters the office, now dressed in a nylon gym suit and sneakers.

BRADSHAW
Thanks for the clothes, Ricky.

LAMBERT
Don't mention it.

Cobb hangs up the phone. Turns to the room.

COBB
They found the bomb. P.S. 51. - A grade school in the South Bronx. Ten pounds of plastique, just like he said.

(to Bradshaw)
You getting anywhere?

BRADSHAW
No.

COBB
C'mon, Alex. Think. Think.

BRADSHAW
-It's not somebody I busted, Arthur.

COBB
How can you be sure of that?

BRADSHAW
"Simon." It's not an ordinary name. I'd remember it. We're up the wrong tree anyway. He's not going to use his real name.

MAN IN CORNER
I disagree, Lieutenant.

Bradshaw turns.
Regards the MAN seated in the corner.

BRADSHAW
Who are you?

COBB
Fred Schilling, Alex. Fred does a lot of our psychiatric criminal evaluations at Bellevue hospital. I asked him to be here. What's your opinion, Doctor?

A pause. Schilling puffs his pipe.

DR. SCHILLING
Any understanding of this character
(MORE)

DR. SCILLING (cont'd)
starts, necessarily, with an
understanding of megalomania - it's
a sickness - a pathological
condition in which fantasies of
control, or omnipotence,
predominate.

BRADSHAW
Speak English.

DR. SCHILLING
He wants control over you - every
move you make, your thoughts, your
emotions. Megalomaniacs don't
operate anonymously - it's
unsatisfactory to them. They need
to know that you know who they are.
(beat; he puffs on his
pipe)
I can virtually guarantee this man's
name is Simon - or possibly some
variation of that.

LAMBERT
It doesn't have to be his first
name. Could be his middle. Could
be his last.
(looks at file)
I've got a Robert E. Simon right
here. You busted him in, let's
see...
(scans file)
Nineteen...

BRADSHAW
Eighty-six. Extortion and
kidnapping. He's up in Ossining.

LAMBERT
No he's not.

Bradshaw turns from the window. Looks at Lambert.

BRADSHAW
He got ten to fifteen.

LAMBERT
And served seven. Three years off
for good behavior; he was released
to the state work-furlough
program...
(reads)
Two months ago.

COBB
(to Lambert)
Check it out.

BRADSHAW

You're wasting your time. Bob Simon was a bankrupt businessman who kidnapped his former partner's daughter. He's a fuck-up, not a psychopath. The guy we're dealing with is nuts.

WEISS (o.s.)

A nut who knows a lot about bombs.

I.C.F.T. Investigator WEISS enters the office, carrying a SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE.

COBB

What do you have, Charlie?

WEISS

Some very cool stuff.

Weiss sets the briefcase on the desk. Attached to the briefcase is a SMALL BOX with a protruding ANTENNAE.

WEISS

This is the briefcase from the school; they found it under a stairwell. The detonation system's not a fuse, not a timer. It's that.

(points at the box)

Radio transmitter. Super high, super delicate frequency. Now watch.

He pops open the briefcase. A HUGE PACKAGE OF PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE and a BLASTING CAP is within. Wires run from the transmitter to the blasting cap.

Lambert, seeing the explosive, recoils.

LAMBERT

Christ, Charlie!

WEISS

Take it easy. It's disarmed. The beauty of this system is that it can be detonated from anywhere up to two, maybe three miles away.

(he looks up at the others)

Your boy's no amateur, Arthur. This is the most sophisticated system in the world. Army stuff. SEAL team stuff. Terrorists don't have this stuff...

COBB

Charlie...? We get the message. Thanks.

Weiss picks up the briefcase, goes to the door.

WIESS

This is going to be an interesting
one, fellahs.

Weiss exits.

COBB

Ricky, start with the military.
Special Forces and Navy Seals. Any
discharge less than honorable, any
psycho case.

LAMBERT

You got it.
(points out window
into the bullpen)
What about him?

Cobb and Bradshaw look through the window at --

IN THE BULLPEN - ZEUS CARVER sits with DETECTIVE WALSH
at WALSH'S desk. Walsh is typing. Zeus is giving Walsh
his statement.

COBB

Take his statement and let him go.

LAMBERT

(to Bradshaw)
He really saved your life?

BRADSHAW

Yes.

Suddenly Cobb's phone BUZZES.
COBB'S Secretary pops her head in the office.

SECRETARY

Arthur. It's him.

Everyone exchanges a glance.

COBB

Okay, here we go.

Cobb goes to the phone and turns on the TRACING MACHINE.
Bradshaw, Lambert, and Schilling, gather around the
desk. Cobb hits a button, connecting the call on
SPEAKER PHONE.

COBB

Simon?

After a lengthy pause:

SIMON

I'm hurt. Really. I'm not very happy. He wore the board, stood on the corner, and got away without police intervention.

Congratulations. Marvelous. Where are my pigeons now?

(cheery)

I had two pigeons bright and gay,
They flew from me the other day.
What was the reason they did go?
You cannot tell;
for you do not know.

After a pause:

COBB

You mean Bradshaw?

SIMON

No, I mean Santa Clause, stupid.

Cobb, Bradshaw, and Lambert exchange looks.

COBB

He's here.

SIMON

Where's the other one?

(beat)

The....dark one.

COBB

He's in the other....

SIMON

Get him.

Cobb motions to Lambert.

Lambert goes to the door and leans out, motioning frantically to WALSH AND ZEUS.

Meanwhile, Simon continues:

SIMON

About the trace you're putting on this call: it will take ten minutes, and five more for a car to get here, which happens to be a public payphone, so why don't we put that idea to beddy-bye?

Walsh and Zeus enter the office.

SIMON

Is the nigger there yet?

Zeus looks at the phone. Looks at everyone else.

ZEUS
Who the fuck is that?

SIMON
It is I.. Simon.

ZEUS
(to the phone)
You talking to me?

SIMON
Yes, I am speaking to you. I took great trouble to prepare that game for Mr. Bradshaw, and look what you did to my well-laid plans.

A pause. Zeus stares at the phone. Then:

ZEUS
You can stick your well-laid plans up your well-laid asshole, chump. Who do you think you....?

CLICK.

Cobb turns to Zeus, furious.

COBB
Goddamn it, there are people's lives at stake.
(beat)
You'd better hope he calls back.

A dreadful silence in the room.
Everyone stares at the phone.

COBB
Shit.

The phone RINGS. Cobb springs for it. Punches the button. The call connects.

COBB
(pause)
Simon? Please. Simon? He spoke out of turn.

A pause. Then:

SIMON
That was unpleasant. Don't let it happen again?
(low, sinister)
What's your name, boy?

ZEUS
Zeus Carver. Don't call me boy.

SIMON

I'll call you tarbaby if I like. I was going to spare you; now I've changed my mind.

(pause)

Simon Says: Bradshaw and Zeus take a cab to the subway station at 72nd and Broadway. I will call you both in fifteen minutes at the payphone in the island. Any police escort or failure to answer my call will cause non-compliance. By now you've found my briefcase at the school - you understand the severity of the penalty.

CLICK.

Cobb turns to Walsh.

COBB

Get out front and hail 'em a cab.

Walsh hustles out of the office.
Bradshaw looks at his wristwatch.

BRADSHAW

We'll make it if we go right now.

Zeus turns to Bradshaw.

ZEUS

What do you mean "we"?

A pause.

BRADSHAW

You're not going to go.

ZEUS

No. I'm not going to go.

BRADSHAW

He said you have to.

ZEUS

I don't care what he said. I'm not jumping through no hoops for some psycho. And where the hell does he get off callin' me a nigger?

(beat)

Look, fellahs, this is a white man with white problems, and you are white cops: he's your problem.

(walks to the door)

I was a fool to get messed up in this in the first place. Have fun.

Zeus is almost out the door.
Bradshaw's voice stops him:

BRADSHAW
If you don't come, he's going to
kill a lot more people.

Zeus turns. Levels cold eyes at Bradshaw:

ZEUS
I hope they're white.

And continues out the door.

Bradshaw persists. Calls after him:

BRADSHAW
Hey Zeus. That bomb he was going
detonate...?

Zeus reappears in the doorway.

ZEUS
What about it?

BRADSHAW
It was in P.S. 81.

COBB
An all-black school in the South
Bronx.

A pause.

ZEUS
No shit?

BRADSHAW
No shit.
(beat)
I don't think this is a "white"
problem. Do you?

Another pause. Zeus considers this. Frowns.
He turns to Bradshaw with a weary sigh:

ZEUS
Okay. Fuck it. Fuck this guy. I'm
in.

Bradshaw and Zeus look at each other.
They move quickly to the door.

COBB
Alex, don't play around - do exactly
what he says.

Bradshaw nods. He and Zeus exit.

Cobb barks orders at Lambert.

COBB

Get a civilian vehicle from the
undercover guys. You and Joe follow
them to 72nd, but keep your distance
- and keep me informed!

Lambert runs out. Cobb and Dr. Schilling look at each other.

COBB

I'll make a tape of that and send it over.

Schilling nods. Exits.

Cobb looks out the window. Mumbles:

COBB

Simon Says. Shit.

(hits the intercom on his
phone)

Julie, get me the Mayor's office.

CUT TO:

EXT. N.Y.P.D. MIDTOWN PRECINCT - DAY

A YELLOW TAXI CAB sits at the curb. WALSH and a
UNIFORMED PATROLMAN hold the door open for --

BRADSHAW and ZEUS who exit the building and race down
the stone stairs. They hop in the taxi and Walsh slams
the door; the taxi speeds off into traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. 72ND ST. AND BROADWAY - DAY

The taxi pulls up to the curb on Broadway.
Bradshaw and Zeus scramble out and run across the street
to --

EXT. 72ND ST. SUBWAY STATION ISLAND - DAY

The station entrance is on an island in the THE MIDDLE
OF THE INTERSECTION, directly above the train track.
Outside the station is a NEWS KIOSK.

Next to the kiosk is a PAYPHONE.

A WOMAN, 30's, well-dressed, is at the phone, talking.

WOMAN

...and you should see the things I
got on sale at Zabars....

Bradshaw and Zeus run up to the phone.

BRADSHAW

Uhh maam....

WOMAN

(aside, to Bradshaw)

Just a second...

BRADSHAW

Maam, I'm sorry, but...

This is New York, so she replies, of course:

WOMAN

Fuck off, will you?

Bradshaw reaches into the phone cubicle and depresses the lever, disconnecting the call.

The woman turns, incredulous, appalled.
Bradshaw flashes his DETECTIVE'S SHIELD in her face.

BRADSHAW

There's a phone across the street.

Horrificed, she grabs her bags and moves off.
Bradshaw and Zeus crowd into the phone cubicle.
Bradshaw looks at his watch. Nothing happens.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - A BEAT-UP CHEVY IMPALA

sits at the curb. Detectives Walsh and Lambert in it.
Walsh speaks into a c.b. RADIO

WALSH

They're at the payphone now, over.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. 72ND ST. SUBWAY STATION - BY THE PAYPHONE - DAY

Bradshaw and Zeus eye the phone nervously.
Finally it RINGS. Bradshaw picks it up.

BRADSHAW

Hello.

SIMON

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine.
Rats and mice all had their chance,
And so will I have mine.

(beat)

Why was the phone busy? Were you
calling someone?

BRADSHAW

No.

SIMON

I think there's been non-compliance.
I think people are going to die.

BRADSHAW

No. It was just some lady. I swear
it. Just some lady.

SIMON

Ahh yes, the ladies. They do tend
to have problems with telephones.
Just like Josephine, right Alex?

Bradshaw, confused, stares at the phone.

SIMON

Look through the grate next to the
phone. Below you is the 72nd Street
subway platform.

Bradshaw looks down at a big VENTILATION GRATE next to
the payphone. Twenty feet down, through the GRATE, he
can see PEOPLE on the platform, waiting for the train.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

We are at a payphone next to a WALL ST. STREETSIGN.
We are Simon, looking at our WRISTWATCH.
(all shots are from Simon's POV - we never see him.)

SIMON

It is exactly 4:50, which means the
the number 5 train will be arriving
any second. Is it there yet?

INTERCUT - SIMON AT WALL STREET/BRADSHAW AT 72ND ST.

BRADSHAW

No.

Suddenly the metal ventilation grate VIBRATES. We hear
the DULL RUMBLE of a train pulling in.

BRADSHAW

Wait. It's pulling in now.

SIMON

Good. This morning I left something
on it. Something provocative.
Explosive even.

(suddenly low, dark,
and very fast)

(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)

Simon Says get to the payphone at the south end of the Wall Street station next to the news kiosk by 5:20 or the number 5 train, and all its passengers, will cease to exist. If you use any means of travel other than a civilian vehicle, I will blow the train. If you make any attempt to close or evacuate the subway system, I will blow the train. I will call you in thirty minutes. You'd better be there. Tooodle-oooh.

BRADSHAW

Simon, wait. Wait....

CLICK.

EXT. 72ND AND BROADWAY - SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Bradshaw hangs up. He looks around, panicking.

ZEUS

What's he want?

BRADSHAW

We've got to be at Wall Street in half an hour.

ZEUS

Or what?

BRADSHAW

He'll detonate a bomb on that train.

Bradshaw and Zeus look down. BELOW them, PASSENGERS are stepping onto THE FIVE TRAIN. The doors SLAM shut.

The train pulls away from the subway platform.

ZEUS

Where are we, low 70's? Here to Wall Street in thirty minutes? No fucking way.

BRADSHAW

It's possible.

ZEUS

Sure it is - at four o'clock in the morning. Look around, man: it's rush hour. It'll take at least forty minutes - if we're lucky.

BRADSHAW

We've got to try.

ZEUS

Fine. One problem: WE DON'T HAVE A
CAR.

Bradshaw looks around. He dashes off the island into
the street, FLAGGING A CAB.

The cab pulls over.

Bradshaw flashes his N.Y.P.D. SHIELD at the DRIVER.

BRADSHAW

I'm requisitioning this vehicle for
police business, sir.

The driver, an ARAB, looks aghast at Bradshaw.

ARAB CABBIE

No Englie, no Englie....

Bradshaw yanks open the door.

BRADSHAW

You've got to get out, sir.

The Arab driver reluctantly gets out.
Zeus comes alongside Bradshaw.

ZEUS

Let me drive.

BRADSHAW

I took it under public authority.
It's a police vehicle now: I can't.

ZEUS

Good idea, let's argue about police
procedure for ten minutes. Look, I
know the short-cuts. I used to
drive a cab. Back off.

Bradshaw yields. Zeus gets in the drivers' side and
Bradshaw goes around to the passenger side.

INT. TAXI

They get in. Zeus gets behind the wheel.

ZEUS

Pretty slick. Show a badge, get a
car.

(throws it in drive;
looks at Bradshaw)

Thirty minutes to destiny. Let's
roll.

The car BOLTS forward. Zeus throws the steering wheel.

THE TAXI FISHTAILS into a U-TURN, heading into TRAFFIC.
ONCOMING CARS veer to the side, SCREECHING TIRES.

BRADSHAW

Jesus Christ!

Zeus throws the steering wheel again.

The car hops the curb, SLIDING, TIRES WAILING, and ROARS
down 72nd Street, now heading WEST.

ACROSS THE STREET - IN THE IMPALA

Walsh and Lambert pull away from the curb, giving chase.

EXT. COLUMBUS AND 72ND - A RED TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

THE TAXI blasts through the red-light at the
intersection, narrowly missing --

- 1) a baby carriage;
- 2) three guys in business suits; and,
- 3) two nuns (who are still praying)

INT. TAXI - DAY

BRADSHAW clutches the dashboard, eyes wide.

BRADSHAW

Where the hell are you going!!?

ZEUS

(completely calm)

Short-cut.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

Walsh drives. Lambert's on the radio.

LAMBERT

They're heading west on 72nd toward
the park.

EXT. 72ND AND CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

Again, another red light. Gridlock. Two TRUCKS in the
intersection. Six, maybe seven feet between them.

The taxi is approaching the intersection at 80 m.p.h. --

INT. TAXI - DAY

Bradshaw throws up his hands, waiting for the inevitable
impact. Which doesn't come.

EXT. INTERSECTION - 72ND AND CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

The taxi shoots between the bumpers of the trucks,

SCRAPING METAL, SHOOTING SPARKS --

And flies into CENTRAL PARK on the CENTRAL PARK THRUWAY!

THE IMPALA, trailing, doesn't make it. It fishtails, attempting to stop, and runs up on the curb.

INT. THE IMPALA - DAY

Walsh bangs on the steering wheel.

WALSH

Shit!

LAMBERT

(into the radio)

They went into the park. We lost 'em.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK THRUWAY - DAY

The taxi falls into traffic behind other cars and cabs.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Bradshaw is staring at Zeus.

BRADSHAW

We're heading west.

ZEUS

I know.

BRADSHAW

WALL STREET IS SOUTH.

ZEUS

(holds up a finger)

Don't yell at me.

(again, calmly:)

The best way south is through the park. I mean that in the...

(jerks the wheel to the right)

...literal sense...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK THRUWAY - DAY

THE TAXI hops the curb, fishtailing off the road into the JOGGERS' LANE.

PEDESTRIANS, BYCYCLISTS, ROLLERBLADERS scramble and dive out of the way as the taxi SMASHES through the wood railed fence and heads pell mell into --

THE SHEEP MEADOW. Now heading south! Through the park!

INT. TAXI - DAY

Zeus is driving like hell across the sheep meadow!
Bradshaw is catatonic.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - IN THE MEADOW - PEOPLE

who, seconds ago, were relaxing in this urban oasis, are
now, SCRAMBLING out of the way.

-- A GUY WITH A FRISBEE nearly catches a fender.

-- A PASSIONATE COUPLE, NECKING ON A BLANKET, does a
logroll out of the way.

-- A WHITE-FACED, JUGGLING MIME tosses his juggling pins
and runs.

BRADSHAW

Are you aiming for these people?!!

ZEUS

No.

(looks in the rear
view mirror)

Well, except for that mime.

The taxi flies on. Headed toward the softball fields.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - 64TH ST. SOFTBALL FIELDS - DAY

Two teams of out-of-shape BANKERS and LAWYERS are
reliving their highschool glory days.

A hard grounder to short. The shortstop throws home.
The ball arrives at the same time as the sliding
BASERUNNER. The CATCHER applies the tag.

CATCHER

You're out!

The Baserunner gets to his feet. He is irate:

BASERUNNER

In your dreams.

The Catcher isn't arguing. He's looking over the
Baserunner's shoulder. We hear a VRRROOOM in the
background.

BASERUNNER

No argument? Good. I'm safe.

The catcher's face is white. His eyes bug out.

CATCHER

I wouldn't say that....

THE VVRROOOM gets LOUDER. We hear PEOPLE SCREAMING.
The Catcher drops the ball and runs away.

The Baserunner, confused, just stands there.
Then he whirls around. HIS EYES BUG OUT.

BASERUNNER
ARRRGGGHHH!!!

The Baserunner dives out of the way as --

THE TAXI RIPS through the infield, slinging dirt,
missing the Baserunner by inches.

It roars through the diamond, heading for the CENTRAL
PARK SOUTH THRUWAY.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Zeus grips the wheel with white knuckles.
Bradshaw's having a coronary.

ZEUS
WOOO-EEEH that was CLOSE!

BRADSHAW
- YOU'RE FUCKING CRAZY.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH THRUWAY - DAY

The taxi SMASHES through the wooden railing, now
ENTERING the thruway, fishtailing through the jogging
lane, and SLIDING headlong into traffic.

INT. TAXI - DAY

ZEUS
There's Central Park South. How
much time left?

Bradshaw looks at his wristwatch.

BRADSHAW
Twenty-seven minutes.

ZEUS
72nd and Broadway to Central Park
South in three minutes during rush
hour? Got to be a record.

Zeus looks at Bradshaw. Bradshaw is glaring at him.
Zeus floors it.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - DAY

THE TAXI flies out of Central Park onto 6th Avenue
(Avenue of the Americas) and runs straight into - AN
IMPENETRABLE WALL OF TRAFFIC.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Everything has come to a dull, painful crawl.
Zeus scans the Avenue.

ZEUS

I was afraid of this. Midtown at
rush hour's murder. We need a
firetruck - something to...

(beat, he thinks)

...follow.

(points at the C.B.

RADIO on the dash)

Can you call 911 on that?

BRADSHAW

Yeah. Through the police
switchboard.

ZEUS

Do it.

Bradshaw clicks on the c.b. Adjusts the band.

SWITCHBOARD (v.o.)

N.Y.P.D. May I help you?

BRADSHAW

This is Lieutenant Alex Bradshaw,
N.Y.P.D. access I.D. number 7479,
calling from a civilian transmittor.
Give me an emergency dispatcher.

A pause, as we hear a PHONE RINGING, then:

EMERGENCY DISPATCHER (v.o.)

911 what's your emergency?

Zeus suddenly YANKS the radio from Bradshaw's hands.
YELLS into it:

ZEUS

Two officers down at the corner of
14th Street and 9th Avenue! We need
an ambulance, this is an emergency!

Zeus slams down the radio and jerks the wheel, banging a
right on 57th street.

BRADSHAW

What are you doing?

ZEUS

All emergency calls on the west side
of Manhattan go to Roosevelt
Hospital.

(looks at Bradshaw)

Which happens to be two blocks away.

Bradshaw gives Zeus a skeptical look.

ZEUS

Trust me, okay?

Zeus guns it. The car flies down 57th Street.

CUT TO:

EXT. 57TH & 9TH - ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL, ESTABLISHING - DAY

Uneventful. A NURSE wheels a PATIENT up the entrance ramp.

Suddenly the hospital's E.M.S. (Emergency Medical Services) GARAGE DOOR (located on 9th Avenue) rolls open and an E.M.S. AMBULANCE VAN roars out onto 9TH AVENUE, heading south, its SIREN BLARING WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP.

ACROSS THE STREET - ON 57TH ST. - THE TAXI

comes flying around the corner, fishtailing onto 9th Avenue, falling in behind the ambulance!

INT. TAXI - ZEUS AND BRADSHAW

ZEUS

That's the ticket - pick up some blockers, then go for the endzone.

Zeus punches the accelerator, following the AMBULANCE.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - 9TH AVE. DOWN THE WEST SIDE - DAY

All the way down 9th avenue, cars pull to the curb. The sidestreet traffic halts. As --

The AMBULANCE, siren WAILING, roars through intersection after intersection, running interference for ZEUS AND BRADSHAW IN THE TAXI!

INT. TAXI - BEHIND THE AMBULANCE - DAY

ZEUS drops the hammer. 40 miles an hour. 50. 60. A slam dunk. Block after block is flying by.

Bradshaw looks at Zeus. He is impressed. Zeus grins at Bradshaw. Bradshaw grins back.

BRADSHAW

Why did you say fourteenth Street?
If you'd said Wall Street, we'd have them the whole way.

ZEUS

Wouldn't work. Emergency calls below fourteenth Street are taken by a different hospital -- St. Lukes.

BRADSHAW
How do you know all this?

ZEUS
I get around.

CUT TO:

EXT. 14TH ST. AND 9TH AVENUE - DAY

The AMBULANCE skids to a stop in the intersection. Paramedics scramble out, looking frantically around for the "officers down."

INT. TAXI - DAY

Zeus veers to avoid the ambulance in front of him. He clears it and accelerates through the intersection.

ZEUS
How much time?

Bradshaw, excited, looks at his watch.

BRADSHAW
It's 5:02. We're half-way there with eighteen minutes to go. What do you think?

ZEUS
I dunno. We're hitting traffic again.

BRADSHAW
I've got an idea. Take a left on twelfth Street.

ZEUS
What?

BRADSHAW
Do it!

Zeus takes a left on 12th Street.

BRADSHAW
Go to the subway station at Sheridan Square.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIDAN SQ. (12TH & 7TH AVE.), ESTABLISHING - DAY

The West Village.

A sign on the subway entrance: SHERIDAN SQUARE.

The taxi pulls over in front of the Subway stairs.

INT. TAXI - DAY

ZEUS

What's up?

BRADSHAW

(checks watch)

Sheridan Square with sixteen minutes left means we made it here in fourteen minutes, right?

ZEUS

Right.

BRADSHAW

That means we're probably ahead of the train, right?

Zeus looks at him.

ZEUS

Probably.

(beat)

Wait a minute - you're not thinking what I think you're thinking.

BRADSHAW

That's exactly what I'm thinking.

Bradshaw gets out of the taxi. Leans in the window:

BRADSHAW

I'm getting on that train.

ZEUS

Alex - don't do it.

BRADSHAW

It makes sense. You get to the phone by 5:20. I'll find the bomb and get rid of it in the tunnel. If you fail, I've got you covered. If I fail, you're covering for me - we're cutting the odds in half.

ZEUS

Yeah, and what if I don't get to the phone by 5:20, and you don't find the bomb and get rid of it.

BRADSHAW

Then I'm fucked. See you on Wall Street.

And Bradshaw runs down the stairs into the subway! Zeus watches him a second, then throws it in drive and speeds off.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIDAN SQUARE - SUBWAY STATION - DAY

The NUMBER 5 TRAIN sits at the platform, people getting on and off.

BRADSHAW dashes down the stairs to the platform. He jumps the turnstile and runs to the train.

THE DOORS ARE CLOSING - BRADSHAW gets there just in time to jam his hands between the doors and WRENCH them open. Bradshaw jumps inside the train car.

The train rolls out of the station.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENWICH AVE. - TRIBECA - DAY

The taxi, Zeus at the wheel, flies through traffic.

INT. TAXI - DAY

ZEUS looks up through the windshield at --

ZEUS' POV - WALL STREET'S WORLD TRADE TOWERS loom over the sky-line, just ahead.

BACK TO SCENE - ZEUS

lowers his eyes to the street. OH MY GOD --

A TRACTOR TRAILER is in the intersection ahead of him.

ZEUS slams on the brakes.

The taxi screeches to a stop at the light.

Zeus nervously taps his fingers on the wheel, waiting for the truck to make the corner.

Then, out of the blue, the back seat door of the taxi opens. Zeus whirls around, staring at --

A GUY IN A BUSINESS SUIT sitting in the backseat.

Zeus has picked up a passenger! And he's a snotty guy:

BUSINESS GUY
112 Wall Street, please.

ZEUS
You've got to get out, sir.

BUSINESS GUY
Your light's on. What, you don't like white people?

ZEUS
(rolls his eyes,
turns)
GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY TAXI CAB!!

BUSINESS GUY
(perturbed)
Sure. Sure. Anything you say.

The Business Guy opens the door. Begins to get out.

THE LIGHT turns GREEN. Zeus FLOORS it.
The taxi sprints through the intersection, flinging the
Business Guy to the pavement.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - PASSENGER CARS - DAY

The train is rocketing through the tunnel.
BRADSHAW comes through the doors connecting cars.

It's not very crowded. Some STOCKBROKERS. A few LADIES.

He moves down the aisle, stooping low, looking
UNDERNEATH the rows of molded fiberglass subway seats.
He pauses. Looks up at --

A LADY. She adjusts her legs. She thinks he's trying
to look up her dress.

Bradshaw hurriedly moves the length of the car.
Goes through doors into the next car.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - WORLD TRADE CENTERS - DAY

The streets are filled with five o'clock commuters.
The taxi ROARS up, careening to the curb. Zeus gets out
and runs down stairs into THE WALL STREET SUBWAY
STATION.

INT. WALL STREET SUBWAY STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

One of the larger stations in Manhattan, distinguished
by a HUGE DIGITAL CLOCK and even bigger DIGITAL STOCKS
AND BONDS QUOTRON (no kidding), both of which hang from
the ceiling of the train platform, giving Wall Street
commuters up-to-the-minute market prices.

At the south end of the long platform is the WALL STREET
NEWS KIOSK. Next to that is a public TELEPHONE.

AT THE TURNSTILES - ZEUS

sprints up to the turnstiles and hurdles them.

A TRANSIT COP, eating a donut, sees him.

TRANSIT COP

Hey!!

Zeus doesn't look back. Keeps right on going.
The transit cop hops over a turnstile and gives chase.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Zeus runs through the crowd, smashing into people like a pin-ball. Overhead, the HUGE DIGITAL CLOCK reads: 5:19.

Zeus reaches the PAY PHONES by the news kiosk, huffing and puffing. A BUSINESSMAN stands in front of the phone, fishing for quarters in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - PASSENGER CARS - DAY

BRADSHAW is frantic now, moving down the aisle of a car, looking under the seats. He looks at his watch.

INSERT - BRADSHAW'S WATCH: 5:19

BACK TO SCENE - BRADSHAW

wipes sweat from his eyes. Continues on into the next to last car, bending, stooping, looking under the seats.

There. There it is. Something under the seat.

Bradshaw rushes to it. COMMUTERS stare at him as he gets on his hands and knees and looks up, under the seat.

A BUNDLE OF PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE, a black box transmittor attached to it, antennae protruding, is fixed to the underside of the seat with boxing tape.

Very slooowly, with sweat streaming down his face, Bradshaw begins to rip the tape off. He finally unleashes the explosive, stands up, and begins walking, tenderly, toward the back of the train.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - PAYPHONE - DAY

Zeus is by the phone, nervously watching the clock. The Businessman is fishing for quarters in his pocket.

THE DIGITAL CLOCK flips to 5:20.
And the BUSINESSMAN finds his goddamn quarters! He begins sliding them in the money slot of the phone.

ZEUS

Uhh, sir, I need that phone.

BUSINESSMAN

Drop dead.

ZEUS

Don't fuck with me. GET AWAY FROM
THE PHONE.

The Businessman looks at Zeus and, alarmed, begins to
back away from the phone.

We HEAR the CLICK OF A REVOLVER behind Zeus. And then:

VOICE (v.o.)

GET YOUR HANDS UP!

Zeus freezes.

THE TRANSIT cop stands ten paces away, revolver cocked.

COMMUTERS on the platform run for cover. WOMEN SCREAM.

TRANSIT COP

I SAID GET YOUR HANDS UP!

Zeus looks at the Transit Cop. Looks at the phone.

And the PHONE RINGS.

Zeus swallows hard. Slowly raises his hands.
The Transit Cop grabs him by the collar, spinning him,
pushing him face-first against the wall next to the
phone.

The phone RINGS again.

ZEUS

Look, I have to answer that.

TRANSIT COP

Shut up.

The PHONE RINGS for the third time. And just then --
emanating from the Subway Tunnel - WE HEAR THE RUMBLE OF
THE TRAIN coming into the station.

ZEUS stares the phone, panicking.
And it RINGS for the FOURTH TIME.

The Cop spreads Zeus' legs and begins to pat him down.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LAST CAR - DAY

BRADSHAW is moving through the last car with the bomb,
SCREAMING at PASSENGERS.

BRADSHAW

This is a bomb - GET OUT OF HERE.

THE PASSENGERS, panicking and HOLLERING, scramble through the door into the front cars.

BRADSHAW gets to the back door of the last car. He looks out the window. Outside, the TRAIN TRACKS fall away from the moving train.

He sets the plastique on a seat and jerks the door handle. It's JAMMED. Bradshaw strains. Looks at his watch. It's 5:20.

He strains with all his might. It won't open!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

The cop is patting down Zeus' legs, frisking him. The phone rings again. The fifth ring. The sixth.

Zeus' RIGHT HAND (still plastered against the wall) inches toward the phone receiver. He grabs it off the cradle, whips around, and SMASHES it against the Cop's temple.

The cop goes down, writhing in pain, his revolver falling on the platform. Zeus grabs the gun and trains it on the cop, holding him at bay.

The phone is dangling from its metal cord. Zeus grabs it and SHOUTS into it:

ZEUS

YEAH. I'M HERE.

After a pause:

SIMON

Yes. You are.

(beat)

Where is Bradshaw?

ZEUS

He couldn't make it.

SIMON

Oh.

(beat)

The rules were you both had to be there.

ZEUS

(panicky)

What?

SIMON

You have to learn to follow instructions. Josephine taught me that. I'm afraid this is non-compliance. Good-bye.

ZEUS

Simon, wait....

CLICK.

ZEUS looks at the phone in terror.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

We are Simon. We are sitting on a park bench, looking at the STATUE OF LIBERTY. We put down a CELLULAR PHONE on the bench and remove a SMALL BLACK BOX TRANSMITTER from our raincoat. Our finger releases the safety latch over the TRANSMIT BUTTON. It inches toward the button.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

A series of very quick shots.

-- THE FIRST CAR OF THE TRAIN emerges from the tunnel.
-- Zeus cowers against the wall, anticipating the explosion.

ZEUS

Get down!

-- The Businessman and the Transit Cop look at Zeus, confused, as if he's a lunatic.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LAST CAR

-- Bradshaw finally wrenches the caboose door open.
-- He flings the plastique out. It falls on the tracks.
-- Bradshaw dives forward, sliding across the car's floor to the other end of the car as --

-- A HOLOCAUSTIC EXPLOSION erupts in the tunnel, blowing the back car of the train off the tracks, knocking it sideways and tipping it over.

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Fury. Impact. The explosion's FIREBALL erupts from the tunnel opening.

The train derails and keels over.

The power of the blast knocks Zeus, the Businessman, and the Transit Cop on their ass.

Then it is over.

COMMUTERS are running for the exits, SCREAMING.
The CEILING SPRINKLERS have come on.

The TRANSIT COP is on his knees, searching for his gun.
ZEUS, groggy, gets to his feet, the sprinklers showering him. He peers through heavy smoke at --

THE TUNNEL OPENING - A MAN

is emerging from the tunnel opening past the derailed train. He comes through the smoke and train wreckage.

It's BRADSHAW.

He climbs up onto the station platform and walks up to Zeus and the transit cop. He flips open his N.Y.P.D. SHIELD for the cop.

BRADSHAW

I'm a cop. He's with me.

Bradshaw and Zeus look at each other.

ZEUS

Had you covered all the way.

BRADSHAW

Tell me about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALL ST. STATION - STREET LEVEL - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun's going down.

Ten police cruisers and three ambulances are packed in around the subway station. The intersection's closed-off with POLICE BARRICADES. T.V. NEWS TEAMS conduct interviews, jockey for position.

Bradshaw and Zeus sit on the back bumper of an E.M.S. Ambulance, behind a police barricade, drinking coffee.

Cobb, Lambert, and Walsh come up to them.

COBB

Nobody died. Just some broken bones and a few concussions.

LAMBERT

(shakes head)

I don't know how you did it, but you did it.

BRADSHAW

Any news on the identity of this guy?

WALSH

Nothing yet.

COBB

How about you? You have any thoughts?

BRADSHAW

(discouraged)

No.

Cobb bends down in front of Bradshaw.

COBB

I know you're under a lot of pressure, but you've got to help us on this. The checks we're running could take days, weeks. There's got to be something you remember.

BRADSHAW

(the strain showing on his face)

Arthur, I've been thinking about it.

COBB

Go back further maybe. Before you were a cop. Some guy you got in a fight with in the army. Some kid you beat up in highschool.

Cobb stares at Bradshaw. Bradshaw nods to him.

BRADSHAW

All right. I'll think.

Lambert calls to Cobb:

LAMBERT

Arthur. Phone. It's your secretary.

Cobb gives Bradshaw another look, then goes over to Lambert, who hands him a CELLULAR PHONE.

Zeus turns to Bradshaw.

ZEUS

Who's Josephine?

BRADSHAW

(after a beat)

What?

ZEUS

Simon said something about Josephine.

BRADSHAW

He did?

ZEUS

You know what he's talkin' about?

Bradshaw and Zeus stare at each other.
Suddenly Cobb reappears, CELLULAR PHONE in hand.

COBB

(grimly)

It's him.

Zeus and Bradshaw grimace.
Bradshaw takes the phone from Cobb.

BRADSHAW

Hello.

SIMON

Two for two. Congratulations.
You're not done for the day. Simon
Says Bradshaw and Zeus take a cab to
the Boat Pond in Central Park.
There's a payphone on the south side
of the boathouse next to a snack
bar. No police escort. Remember,
I'm watching you.

BRADSHAW

Wait - The lake with the rowboats,
or the pond, with the miniatures?

SIMON

The latter.

Then Bradshaw spits it out:

BRADSHAW

Who's Josephine?

A moment's pause. Then: CLICK.

Bradshaw looks up at Cobb.

BRADSHAW

The Boat Pond in Central Park.

Bradshaw gets up. Looks at Zeus.

BRADSHAW

Here we go again, partner.

ZEUS

Ahh jesus christ....

Bradshaw and Zeus trudge off.
Cobb shouts orders to his detectives:

COBB

Ricky, take some undercover guys.
Stay a hundred yards off. Joe, tell
the bomb squad that we're on again.
(to no one in
particular)
Goddamn this guy....

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - ESTABLISHING - LATE AFTERNOON

Six o'clock at the end of a hot July day. People have begun to go home, but the place is still teeming.

A typical crowd: Couples. Baby strollers. Guys with dogs and frisbees. A Juilliard violinist plays for change. Lots of sun worshippers. Lots of weirdos.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE BOAT POND - LATE AFTERNOON

A huge oval-shaped wading pool, about three feet deep. This is where CHILDREN and their DADS come to sail .
MINIATURE SAILBOATS.

In front of the pond is a SMALL BOATHOUSE housing a
SNACK BAR.

Bradshaw and Zeus come through the crowd. They walk up to the PAY PHONE at the side of the boat house.

ZEUS

What do we do now?

BRADSHAW

Wait.

They stand there, waiting.
Bradshaw looks around the park.

ACROSS THE POND - ON A GRASSY KNOLL - A BUNCH OF KIDS, all about age 10, are playing a game of touch football.

CLOSE ON BRADSHAW - he watches the kids. He's thinking of something. What? So vague, so fuzzy.

MEMORY FLASHBACK

The dregs of Bradshaw's consciousness: a memory too painful to keep alive. Everything moves in a haze.

EXT. AN URBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

Another time. Another city.

A beat-up section of town. The cars lining the curbs are from the early 60's.

ALEX BRADSHAW, age 9, in dungarees, T-shirt, and Converse hightops, is running down the middle of the street. He has his man beat.

A FOOTBALL is in the air.

Alex sprints, but it's over his head.

The BALL sails into the front yard of a HUGE VICTORIAN MANSE on the corner, a turreted, ramshackle affair in need of a month of repairs.

The ball HITS the flagstone walk, BOUNCES HIGH, and lands with a THUD on the FRONT PORCH.

ALEX stops cold in the yard, staring nervously up at --

SLIPPERED FEET standing on the porch next to the ball. A WOMAN'S HAND, with red-polished fingernails bitten to the quick, reaches for the ball.

MISS JOSEPHINE, 30's, in lurid make-up and a ratty nightgown, picks it up. She has a cocktail glass in the other hand. She is drunk at 8 a.m.

OTHER KIDS run up next to Alex. ALL OF THE KIDS, EXCEPT ALEX, ARE BLACK.

JOSEPHINE

I thought I told you to keep your games away from my property.

ALEX

We're sorry, Miss Josephine.

JOSEPHINE

Not sorry enough to pay for my window.

She points up.

ABOVE THE PORCH - A WINDOW IS BROKEN - it has a piece of cardboard taped over the hole.

JOSEPHINE

So I'll be keeping this.

WE HEAR a BOY'S VOICE:

VOICE

They didn't mean it, momma.

BEHIND MISS JOSEPHINE - A BOY stands. He is frail, sickly, the same age as the others. He is CLARENCE.

JOSEPHINE

(harshly, over her
shoulder:)

Shut your mouth, Clarence. Get in
the house and get ready for school.

Clarence, intimidated, backs up to the door.
Josephine stares holes in Alex.

JOSEPHINE

I expect misbehaving from nigger
children. Can't keep 'em in line.
Never could. Maybe the same for
white trash like you.

(to the boys,
generally)

Get off my property or I'll call the
police.

Alex and the boys, terrified, back up off the property.

Josephine turns, finding Clarence still there, shivering
in front of the screen door. She grabs him roughly by
the arm and shakes him.

JOSEPHINE

- I told you to get inside, boy!

She drags him inside the house.

CLARENCE

Momma don't hurt me!

The door SLAMS SHUT. From inside we hear the WHACK
WHACK of a hand striking a cheek.

CLARENCE

Momma don't....

And the child's CRIES are drowned by WHACK WHACK WHACK.

ALEX, and the other boys hurry off toward --

DOWN THE STREET - A BIG YELLOW SCHOOL BUS has pulled
over to the curb, doors open. The kids grab their books
off the sidewalk and start piling onto the bus.

BLACK BOY

Alex! The bus!

Alex is still on the sidewalk staring at the old house.

BLACK BOY

Alex!

SNAP BACK TO THE PRESENT

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - BOATHOUSE PAYPHONE

Bradshaw and Zeus at the payphone.

ZEUS

Alex?

Alex looks at Zeus. The phone is RINGING.

ZEUS

The phone?

Bradshaw goes to the phone, frowning, thinking.

ZEUS

Where the hell were you?

BRADSHAW

Nowhere.

(picks up the phone)
Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - A WOODED HILL

DETECTIVE LAMBERT is on a HILL overlooking the Boat Pond, looking down at the POND through binoculars. He wears a discrete WIRE MICROPHONE on his lapel.

LAMBERT

(into mike)

They're answering the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - A BIKE PATH

DETECTIVE WALSH is a hundred yards away on the side of a BIKE PATH, looking at the POND. He also wears a wire.

WALSH

(into mike)

Yeah, Ricky, I see them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOATHOUSE PAYPHONE

Bradshaw stands with the phone. After a pause:

SIMON

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three, doth puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad.

(beat)

Can you both hear me?

Bradshaw motions to Zeus, who comes up close. They share the phone receiver.

BRADSHAW

Yes.

SIMON

Look across the pond at the jungle gym.

Bradshaw and Zeus look --

THEIR POV - ACROSS THE POND - A CHILDRENS' PARK

lies off the grassy field on the other end of the pond. A swingset, a jungle gym, a teeter-totter, etc. A GROUP OF KIDS and THEIR MOTHERS and NANNIES are playing. The kids are tear-assing around the place.

And under the jungle gym, there it is. A samsonite briefcase. The metal glints in the dying sunshine.

BACK TO SCENE

Simon continues:

SIMON

This is the mental aptitude part, Alex. Too bad you don't have a more capable partner in that area.

Simon giggles.

Zeus, hearing this, does a slow burn.

Bradshaw holds up a cautioning finger in front of Zeus: "Don't say a fucking word."

SIMON

Listen carefully:

(then, very fast)

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kittens.
Kittens, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

(beat)

Simon Says call me in thirty seconds
with the answer or the kiddies die.
The number's 555-2713.

CLICK.

Bradshaw stares at Zeus.

BRADSHAW

What was it, seven wives at St. Ives?

ZEUS

Shut up and remember the phone number. I'm good at this shit.

BRADSHAW

There were seven wives with seven sacks, right?

ZEUS

SHUT THE FUCK UP, Alex.

Bradshaw shuts up.
Zeus' mind is going overdrive.

ZEUS

Seven wives. Seven sacks. That's seven squared. Equals forty-nine. What was the rest?

BRADSHAW

Something about cats and kittens.

ZEUS

Right. Each sack has seven cats, each cat has seven kittens. Another seven squared, another forty-nine. So it's forty-nine times forty-nine. Basically seven to the fourth power. Easy. Call.

BRADSHAW

(baffled)
What? You sure?

ZEUS

Call!

BRADSHAW

(begins to punch buttons. Stops.)
I forgot the number.

ZEUS

(rolls his eyes)
I told you to remember it!
(he concentrates)
It's uhh, five-five-five, uhh....two seven....uhh...

BRADSHAW

One...
(beat)
...three!

Zeus grabs the phone. Bradshaw dials the numbers.
The line connects.

SIMON

Hello?

ZEUS

(into the receiver)

Two thousand, four hundred and one.

SIMON

Very good. With one second to spare.

Bradshaw and Zeus collapse against the walls of the payphone compartment, breathing hard.

SIMON

Who figured it out? You?

ZEUS

Yes.

SIMON

Well. You must have some caucasian blood, boy.

Zeus stares at the phone receiver

ZEUS

You're getting on my fuckin' nerves, pal.

Bradshaw, alarmed, grabs the phone from Zeus.

BRADSHAW

Simon? Simon!??

A lengthy pause. Then:

SIMON

He is rude. I don't want to talk him anymore.

(beat)

Now the interesting part.

Zeus crowds in close to Bradshaw again. Bradshaw shares the phone with him.

SIMON (cont'd)

Turn toward the pond.

Bradshaw and Zeus turn. They look at the pond.

SIMON

Do you see the two jugs?

THEIR POV - PANNING THE EDGE OF THE POND

We move past a couple kids, an old guy smoking a

cigarette... TWO OLD PLASTIC JUGS with HANDLES sit by the lip of the pond. They've been there the whole time. They look like they've been discarded; like garbage.

BACK TO SCENE

BRADSHAW

Yes.

SIMON

One is a five gallon jug. The other is a three gallon jug. Simon Says fill one of the jugs with exactly four gallons of water and I emphasize the word "exactly."

BRADSHAW

I don't understand.

SIMON

If I told you it wouldn't be fun, would it? Simon Says you have five minutes.

CLICK.

Bradshaw's eyes lock on his wristwatch.

INSERT - WRISTWATCH - it's reads 7:25.

BRADSHAW

We've got until seven thirty. Come on.

They walk quickly over to the pond.

AT THE EDGE OF THE BOAT POND

A five gallon jug and a three gallon jug sit there. Bradshaw and Zeus look at the jugs.

BRADSHAW

I don't get it.

ZEUS

Me neither.

BRADSHAW

Obviously we can't get four gallons in the three gallon jug.

ZEUS

Obviously.

They think a moment. Bradshaw suddenly lights up.

BRADSHAW

I know!

ZEUS

What?

BRADSHAW

We pour the three gallon jug full,
then pour it into the five. Now
there are three gallons in the five
gallon jug, right?

ZEUS

Right....

(beat)

And then...?

BRADSHAW

Uhh...we fill the three gallon jug
about a third of the way to the
top...uhh... giving us one more
gallon, equaling four...

ZEUS

No man, Simon said EXACTLY four
gallons. We can't eyeball the
goddamn thing. Look, don't say you
know, unless you know.

BRADSHAW

Sorry.

(beat)

I was close.

ZEUS

I doubt it.

BRADSHAW

There's no other way to measure it.

(beat)

Is there?

A pause. Zeus is deep in thought.

ZEUS

Yeah.

(beat)

There is.

Zeus quickly grabs the five gallon jug.
He submerses it. It quickly fills with water.

Bradshaw, anxious, kneels beside him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODED HILL - LAMBERT

is confused. He squints through his binoculars.

LAMBERT
(into mike)
What the hell are they doing?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BIKE PATH - WALSH
squints for a better look.

WALSH
(into mike)
Dunno.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT POND

Zeus holds the five gallon jug under the water. It's almost full.

BRADSHAW
What are you doing?

ZEUS
What I'm probably doing is gettin' typhus and herpes from this shit. Kids piss in this thing, you know that?

(he holds up the jug;
it is full)
Okay, the five gallon jug, filled to the top, right? We know it's exactly five gallons, right?

BRADSHAW
Right.

ZEUS
Give me the three gallon.

Bradshaw hands Zeus the three gallon jug.
Zeus pours the water in the five gallon jug into the three gallon jug, until it comes to the brim.

Zeus holds up the five gallon jug. It's 2/5ths full.

ZEUS
Now, there were five gallons in here, but I just poured off EXACTLY three gallons into that jug, correct? Which leaves me EXACTLY two gallons in the five, correct?

BRADSHAW
(concentrating)
Yeah, right....

ZEUS

Okay, watch.

Zeus empties the three gallon jug into the pond. Then he picks up the five gallon jug (remember: it has EXACTLY two gallons in it.) He pours these two gallons into the three gallon jug.

During this, PEOPLE have begun to notice; Bradshaw and Zeus get increasingly strange looks.

ZEUS

Now I got EXACTLY two gallons in the three gallon jug, right? How much time we got?

Bradshaw looks at his wristwatch.

BRADSHAW

Two minutes, twenty seconds.

ZEUS

Shit. Okay...okay...we fill the five back up.

He submerses the five gallon jug.

BRADSHAW

Great. What then...?

ZEUS

And then we, uhh.....

Zeus pauses, perplexed. Bradshaw is waiting:

BRADSHAW

Go ahead. Do the rest of it.

ZEUS

I don't know the rest of it.

BRADSHAW

What? Then what are you doing?

ZEUS

I'm trying to solve this, Alex.

BRADSHAW

It was YOU who said: "don't say anything unless you know." I THOUGHT YOU KNEW.

ZEUS

Sorry.

BRADSHAW

Oh christ.

Bradshaw grabs the handle of the three gallon jug (remember: it's filled with EXACTLY two gallons) and attempts to YANK it away from Zeus.

Zeus holds on. They stand there, each with a handle. They pull back and forth.

BRADSHAW

Let go. I'm starting over.

ZEUS

I'm telling you I'm onto something.

BRADSHAW

You're onto shit.

ZEUS

We can't start over. How much time's left?

Bradshaw, still holding the jug handle, looks at his watch.

BRADSHAW

A minute, twenty.

They stand there, each pulling on a handle.

And now, out of the corner of his eye, Bradshaw sees --

BRADSHAW'S POV - BY THE JUNGLE GYM - A 5 YEAR-OLD BOY

is next to the SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE. He is picking it up by the handles. He smiles. Laughs. He's cute.

BACK TO SCENE - BRADSHAW'S EYES

twitch with terror.

BRADSHAW

Oh my god.

Zeus follows Bradshaw's eyes to the jungle gym. Bradshaw screams at the little boy's MOTHER:

BRADSHAW

GET...GET AWAY FROM THAT.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODED HILL

Lambert is looking through binoculars at the jungle gym.

LAMBERT

(into mike)

Christ there's a bomb under that jungle gym.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BIKE PATH

Walsh, also watching the little boy, under his breath:

WALSH

C'mon kid, get away....

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE GYM

The little boy's MOTHER hurries over to him. The little boy is DRAGGING THE BRIEFCASE IN THE DIRT. It tips over. Lies there in the dirt. Nothing happens.

EXT. THE BOAT POND - BRADSHAW

turns back to Zeus. They're still holding the handles of the jug. Bradshaw's furious, insistent:

BRADSHAW

Goddamn it, let go or I'll kick your ass back to Harlem, you.....

Bradshaw catches himself. An icy pause.

ZEUS

Go ahead, say it. Mr. Martin Luther King Medal.

BRADSHAW

I...I'm sorry. I didn't mean that....

ZEUS

Shut up. Wait a minute....
(concentrating on the jugs)

I'VE GOT IT!

(holding up the three gallon jug)

We know there's exactly two gallons in here, right?

Zeus sets the three gallon jug down.

He pulls the five gallon jug out of the pond. It is filled to the brim.

ZEUS

EXACTLY five gallons in here, right?
So if we pour this into that until it comes to the top...

Zeus pours the full five gallon jug into the three gallon jug until the water brims at the top.

ZEUS

We're left with EXACTLY four gallons
in the five gallon jug!

Bradshaw looks on, thunderstruck.

BRADSHAW

You did it. You did it!

Zeus stands there, triumphant, jugs in hand.

And the PHONE at the boathouse RINGS.

Zeus and Bradshaw run over to it. Bradshaw picks it up.
On the other end WE HEAR HANDS CLAPPING.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODED HILL - LAMBERT

is looking through his binoculars. Panning around.
He sees something halfway down the hill, to the right.
Something in the trees. He squints.

LAMBERT'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

Standing in a grove of small trees, is a man.
A man in a raincoat and a slouchy hat.
His back is to us. He is talking on a CELLULAR PHONE.

BACK TO SCENE - LAMBERT

speaks into his mike.

LAMBERT

Joe, I'm the only one up here,
right?

WALSH (v.o. over wire)

Yeah, Kenny and Mike are on the
other side of the pond. What's up?

LAMBERT

I don't know. Probably nothing.

Lambert starts down the hill. Toward the man.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOATHOUSE - BRADSHAW AND ZEUS

The CLAPPING on the phone stops.

SIMON

Nicely done. A lovely first day.
You're getting outclassed, Alex.
Sleep well. You'll be hearing from
me....

CLICK.

Bradshaw and Zeus collapse against the phone booth.
They just stare at each other.
Too tired to speak. Nothing to say anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODED HILL - LAMBERT

comes through the trees. The man is directly in front of him. The man is collapsing the ANTENNAE of his cellular phone and pocketing the phone.

Lambert comes up behind him.

LAMBERT

Sir? You want to tell me what
you're doing up here?

The man turns with lightning speed.
CLOSE ON HIS HAND - A STILLETTO CLICKS OPEN.
His hand thrusts forward. Once. Twice. Thrice.

LAMBERT'S EYES GO WIDE. He gurgles.

The man hurries off through the trees. We never saw his face.

Lambert is on his knees.
Over his wire, we hear WALSH:

WALSH (v.o.)

Ricky, Bradshaw's signalling. Come
on down, it's all over.

Lambert gets to his feet and begins weaving down through the trees to the boathouse.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOATHOUSE - BRADSHAW AND ZEUS

sit on the lip of the pond.
Walsh is shouting instructions to TWO UNDERCOVER
POLICEMEN.

WALSH

Get those kids outta there and seal
the area! And stay away from the
briefcase 'till the bomb squad gets
here!

A WOMAN SCREAMS in the background.
Bradshaw, Zeus, and Walsh turn to see --

LAMBERT lurching down the path to the boathouse. His
shirt is drenched in blood.

They run to him. Walsh catches Lambert as he falls.
They are on the ground together.

Bradshaw SCREAMS at an Undercover Officer.

BRADSHAW
GET AN AMBULANCE!

WALSH
Ricky, Jesus Christ, hold on.

LAMBERT
(looking off into
nowhere)
Get the son-of-a-bitch....

Lambert dies.
Walsh starts weeping.
Bradshaw and Zeus stare at each other in horror.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Bradshaw and Zeus stand in Cobb's doorway, looking at
Walsh, who sits by Lambert's desk, head in hands,
staring catatonically at the floor.

Cobb comes down the hallway with Dr. Schilling. They
move past Zeus and Bradshaw into Cobb's office.

COBB
Come in and shut the door.

Zeus and Bradshaw follow them into the office. Bradshaw
shuts the door.

COBB
Dr. Schilling had a linguistic
analysis performed on Simon's tape.
Doctor?

Schilling settles on the couch. Lights his pipe.

DR. SCHILLING
It is virtually impossible to
measure all the influences on a
person's speech. What a linguist
can do, with some accuracy, is tell
where a person first learned the
language - where he first spoke.
(beat)
Where did you grow up, Lieutenant?

BRADSHAW
All over. My dad was in the
military.

COBB

Were you ever in the south?

BRADSHAW

Yeah. A year in Fort Walton,
Florida. A year in Birmingham.

(thinks)

One in Galveston.

DR. SCHILLING

What about New Orleans?

A pause. Bradshaw thinks.

BRADSHAW

Yes. Only for a few months. My
father got a commission which didn't
pan out.

DR. SCHILLING

How old were you?

BRADSHAW

Eight, maybe nine.

DR. SCHILLING

Did you attend school?

BRADSHAW

Well yeah, for a few months....

(beat)

What the hell is this all about?

DR. SCHILLING

My colleague is ninety-five percent
certain that Simon grew up in New
Orleans.

(beat)

It would explain a number of things.

(looks at Zeus)

His hatred of blacks. New Orleans
is not renowned for racial harmony.

BRADSHAW

Wait a minute - are you telling me
Simon is some kid I knew when I was
nine years old?

DR. SCHILLING

I'm posing a theory. Sociopaths
like to drop clues. Have you
wondered why Simon uses childhood
idioms? Even nursery rhymes?

BRADSHAW

Come on. A guy's been walking
around for twenty-five years waiting
to get me?

DR. SCHILLING

Our files are full of sociopaths who waited twenty, thirty years before carrying out their vendettas, Lieutenant.

A pause. Bradshaw looks at the faces in the room.

BRADSHAW

What did I do, steal his lunch money?

DR. SCHILLING

No. I think Simon deems you responsible for every bad thing that's ever happened to him. Stealing lunch money wouldn't cause that.

Bradshaw's eyes narrow.

BRADSHAW

Where are you going with this?

DR. SCHILLING

I'm not accusing you of anything, Lieutenant.

BRADSHAW

Then what are you saying?

DR. SCHILLING

(beat)

The mind of a child, especially a disturbed child, often casts blame on others....unreasonably.

(they stare at each other)

Think about New Orleans, Lieutenant.

Dr. Schilling looks at Cobb.

COBB

I'll call you in the morning, Fred. Thanks.

Dr. Schilling exits.

Cobb leans back in his chair. Rubs his eyes.

COBB

What a fuckin' day. You sure he's not gonna call tonight?

BRADSHAW

That's what he said.

COBB

Go get some sleep, fellahs.

(grimaces)

I've got to call Ricky's wife.

BRADSHAW

Good night, Arthur.

COBB

Good night. And Zeus...

(Zeus stops in the doorway)

I talked to the Mayor about your involvement in this. He says just get through it and the city'll take care of you.

ZEUS

What's that mean?

COBB

I'm just telling you what he said.

Bradshaw and Zeus walk out.

Cobb punches buttons on his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Bradshaw and Zeus walk through the corridor. The place is mostly empty. A few DETECTIVES and SECRETARIES catching up on paperwork.

Bradshaw looks at his watch.

BRADSHAW

Christ. Ten o'clock.

(to Zeus)

I'll drop you off. Where do you live?

ZEUS

Above my shop. I think I'll be avoiding that place for a few days.

BRADSHAW

Where will you go?

ZEUS

I dunno. Hotel.

BRADSHAW

You're staying at my place. I've got plenty of room. C'mon, we'll pick up some chinese.

Bradshaw walks off.
Zeus frowns. Follows him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRADSHAW'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

It's a compact sedan. Bradshaw and Zeus sit in silence.
They're in Queens, on Queens Boulevard.

ZEUS
You mind the radio?

BRADSHAW
No. Go ahead.

Bradshaw turns on the radio. Music PLAYS.
They pull up to a RED LIGHT at the intersection of
Queens Blvd. and Brooklyn Avenue.

They sit there in silence
Bradshaw looks out the side window at --

BRADSHAW'S POV - THE QUEENS COUNTY PUBLIC SCHOOL BUS
PARKING LOT

Under the lights, at night, it is surreal: probably the
world's largest parking lot, completely packed with big
yellow SCHOOL BUSES.

The buses start to get fuzzy and suddenly we are in --

MEMORY FLASHBACK

The fuzzy buses become clearer and clearer and suddenly
we are in -

EXT. GRADE SCHOOL - FRONT DRIVEWAY - MORNING

BIG YELLOW SCHOOL BUSES pull into the driveway.
Stencilled on the side of each bus, in big black
letters, is: NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The buses stop. The doors spring open and KIDS fly down
the stairs. They begin to group, friend with friend.

In the background is a two-story Victorian building.
Etched in stone above the front entrance: "HENRY CLAY
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL."

ALEX BRADSHAW, age 9, comes down the stairs of a BUS.
His friends follow, laughing and carrying on. They are
joined by still OTHER KIDS. Again, every kid but Alex
is BLACK.

They start horsing around. Just then --

A CADILLAC roars up the street and swerves into the school driveway, running the curb, lurching to a stop. MISS JOSEPHINE is at the wheel, CLARENCE next to her.

Alex and his friends stare at the cadillac.

BY THE CADILLAC - MISS JOSEPHINE

is fumbling in her purse. A filterless cigarette dangles from her cracked lips. CLARENCE cowers against the passenger-side door.

CLARENCE

Momma I don't like to do this.

JOSEPHINE

Shut up.

(ransacking the purse)

Where's that goddamn money.

She finally yanks out some bills. A ten and two fives.

JOSEPHINE

There. Twenty dollars. Tell Mr. Carter I'll give him the rest next week.

She holds out the money. Clarence stares at the bills.

CLARENCE

What if he wants to talk to you?

JOSEPHINE

Tell him I'm too sick.

Josephine pulls a FLASK from her nightgown. Pops open the tap, and takes a long haul from it.

JOSEPHINE

(laughs nastily)

You won't be lying.

Clarence still doesn't take the money. He looks at her, frightened.

JOSEPHINE

Don't look at me like that.

(beat)

Take the goddamn money.

With alarming savageness, she grabs Clarence by the arm and YANKS him toward her. With one hand she draws up the SLEEVE OF HIS SHIRT. With the other she removes the cigarette from her mouth.

She holds the butt of the cigarette up to his arm.

A ROW OF CIGARETTE BURN MARKS dot the boy's upper arm.

CLARENCE
(terrified, squirming)
Momma, don't.

JOSEPHINE
Don't you ever. Don't you ever defy
me.

The CIGARETTE draws painfully close to Clarence's arm.
Finally Clarence, trembling, takes the money.
She releases him.

JOSEPHINE
Good.

Clarence opens the car door.

JOSEPHINE
Remember - ten vials.
(she smiles at him;
glares over at ALEX
and his friends.)
Some day I'll get money for a real
school; it's not right for you to
spend all day with those coloreds
and white trash.

Clarence gets out and stands on the curb.
She leans over, grabs the door handle, and SLAMS the
door shut.

The cadillac SQUEALS out of the parking lot.

Clarence watches her go. He turns and trudges toward
the school, the DOLLAR BILLS in his hand, passing --

ALEX, who stands there watching.
Alex sees the MONEY in CLARENCE'S HAND.

Suddenly the SCHOOL BELL sounds DING DING DING!
ALEX and THE OTHER CHILDREN run up the steps into the
school.

The DING DING DING becomes a HONK HONK HONK! as we --
SNAP BACK TO PRESENT DAY.

INT. BRADSHAW'S CAR AT THE LIGHT - NIGHT

Bradshaw looks at the light. It's GREEN.
The car behind him is HONKING.

Bradshaw accelerates through the intersection.

They drive in silence.
Bradshaw is deep in thought.
Zeus is looking at him.

ZEUS

What are you thinking about?

BRADSHAW

New Orleans.

ZEUS

Maybe that shrink was onto something.

BRADSHAW

I don't know.

(beat)

I keep flashing back to something but I don't know what it means.

They drive along in silence.
After a moment of this:

BRADSHAW

By the way, in the park, I'm sorry I said that.

ZEUS

Shiiit. All you said was you were going to kick my ass back to Harlem.

(laughs)

Like you ever could.

(beat)

I've heard a lot worse.

BRADSHAW

You don't like white people much, do you?

ZEUS

(after a pause:)

No. I don't.

(beat)

Tell me something. Why do you do the stuff you do?

BRADSHAW

What stuff?

ZEUS

Whatever you did to get the Martin Luther King Medal. What, you donate money to the N.A.A.C.P.?

BRADSHAW

Do I look like I have money to donate to the N.A.A.C.P.?

ZEUS

So what was it? You coach a Y.M.C.A. basketball team?

BRADSHAW

Have you heard of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Police Youth Program?

ZEUS

Good program. Teaches ghetto kids real skills, rather than just shoving 'em behind a counter at MacDonalds.

BRADSHAW

It was my idea.

ZEUS

No shit.

(beat, he regards Bradshaw differently)

And here I thought you were one of those politically correct shitheads. You know who I'm talking about, the white man who's so guilty about the plight of the black man, he invites every nigger in the city to come over and take his money and fuck his wife.

BRADSHAW

I'm not married. But I don't want you to come over and take my money, Zeus.

They look at each other. They smile. Zeus turns and looks out the window.

ZEUS

It's a stupid question anyway.

BRADSHAW

What?

ZEUS

Asking a black person whether they like or dislike white people.

BRADSHAW

Why's it stupid?

ZEUS

'Cause it's not the point. That's never the point.

Zeus continues looking out the window. They drive along in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Somewhere in Flushing, Queens.

A big, ugly, 100 unit job indistinct from any other building on the block.

Bradshaw and Zeus get out of Bradshaw's car parked on the street and walk into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

An elevator door opens. Bradshaw and Zeus come out of the elevator. Bradshaw's carrying a BIG BAG OF CHINESE FOOD. They walk down the apartment corridor.

Bradshaw stops at his apartment door. Keys open the lock and pushes open the door.

ZEUS

So this is Chez Bradshaw, eh?

BRADSHAW

Yep.

Suddenly the apartment door directly across the corridor OPENS. Bradshaw's neighbor, LUCY, 25, a petite, pretty, white (very white) woman, pops her head out. She is agitated.

LUCY

Alex! Thank God.

BRADSHAW

What's up, Lucy?

LUCY

The kitchen tap.

(she holds up a
PLUMBER'S WRENCH)

I tried.

BRADSHAW

All right.

(indicating the bulging bag
of chinese food)

Give me a second, okay?

LUCY

Alex, it's running all over the floor.

BRADSHAW

All right, all right....

ZEUS

What's the problem?

BRADSHAW

Sometimes her tap won't shut off.

ZEUS

(to Lucy)

Let me do it.

Zeus walks over to her. Holds his hand out for the wrench, smiling.

ZEUS

Trust me, maam, I know everything there is to know about faucets.

She doesn't give him the wrench. She takes a step back.

A pause. A terrible, awful, awkward pause. Lucy looks at Zeus. Looks at Bradshaw.

LUCY

Uhhmm, no...uhmm, that's all right.

BRADSHAW

He's a friend of mine, Lucy.

LUCY

(beat)

Yeah, uhmm, why don't you do it, Alex.

(thinking of something:)

You've done it before.

Another pause. No one moves. Then Zeus walks back to Bradshaw.

ZEUS

Go ahead.

Bradshaw gives Zeus the bag of chinese food. They lock eyes.

Bradshaw, embarrassed, looks at the carpet. Then he turns to Lucy, who immediately brightens up. She hands Bradshaw the wrench. They go inside Lucy's apartment.

Zeus watches them, then goes inside Bradshaw's apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRADSHAW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small one bedroom apartment. The meal's over. Zeus and Bradshaw sit in front of a coffee table covered with empty chinese food cartons.

Bradshaw is pouring scotch. They've both had a few. He pours himself a glass, then looks up at Zeus.

ZEUS

Yeah, why not.

Bradshaw pours Zeus a glass. they drink in silence.
After a moment:

BRADSHAW

It wasn't because you're black.

ZEUS

Bullshit.

BRADSHAW

It was because she didn't know you.
You're a stranger.

ZEUS

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

Bradshaw shuts up.
They drink in silence. Then:

ZEUS

Let me tell you a story. It's
called "Zeus Carver's White Man
Adventures," chapter thirteen.

(beat)

I used to work on the Circle Line to
raise money for college. You know,
that boat that goes around
Manhattan, givin' parties and
weddings and bar mitzvahs and shit?
It paid minimum, but the tips were
good. And the best part was I got
to meet rich white people.

BRADSHAW

Why was that the best part?

ZEUS

(beat; his eyes are
suddenly sad)

I was young. Young people got
delusions. Now shut the fuck up.

(snaps out of it)

Every Wednesday night, this big
blustery Irish dude named Moynihan
comes aboard. Late 30's, Brooks
Brothers suit, eighteen carat
cufflinks, the whole bit. Always
with a different woman. Well,
Moynihan got to like me, 'cause I
treated him well. So one Wednesday
night, after his seventh bourbon and
water, Moynihan says: "Zeus, I like
your style. Here's my card. Come
see me, maybe there's something you
can do for me." The card says:
"Moynihan Securities" - fuckin' guy

(MORE)

ZEUS (cont'd)

owns his own brokerage house, right? So two days later, I'm there at nine in the morning. Big office on Park Ave. Receptionist says to wait. So I do. Noon comes, noon goes. Five o'clock comes, it goes. Finally at about eight, Moynihan comes out. Acts like he's surprised to see me. Then he gets all smily-face and walks me over to the elevators. We're standing there. I say: "So, Mr. Moynihan, what can I do for you?" And you know what he does? He laughs. And he says: "Well, Zeus, there is." Then he looks around the place, and leans in close. He says: "Can you get me some pot?"

BRADSHAW

Some what?

ZEUS

Pot. Marijauna.

(drains his glass)

Ol' Moynihan didn't want to give me a job - just wanted me to deal him drugs.

Bradshaw is incapable of a response. Then he tries:

BRADSHAW

Look, I uhhh don't know what to say....

(beat)

Why'd you tell me that?

ZEUS

Because, Mr. Martin Luther King Medal, when you were standing on that street in Harlem today, wearing that sandwich board, that's what every day is like for me in the white world. And the sandwich board I wear, I can't take off, if you get my meaning. So don't ask me whether I like white people - it ain't the fucking point.

(he looks at his watch)

It's eleven-thirty. He ain't gonna call tonight, is he?

BRADSHAW

He said tomorrow.

ZEUS

Then if you don't mind....

Zeus leans back in his chair and closes his eyes.

ZEUS

(eyes closed)

By the way, Bradshaw - as white
people go, you're all right.

Bradshaw stares at him a moment.

Then he, too, leans back and closes his eyes.

The clock on the wall reads: 11:30 a.m.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - a fuzzy, dreamlike world.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - "HENRY CLAY" GRADE SCHOOL - DAY

It is the early 60's.

ALEX BRADSHAW, age 35, is standing at one end of the
deserted school hallway. Suddenly a BELL RINGS.

CLASSROOM DOORS spring open and KIDS fly out of the
classrooms. They all head off in the opposite
direction. A teacher yells:

TEACHER

Half an hour for recess, not a
minute more!

CLARENCE comes out of a classroom last. He looks
around, then walks off in the other direction, toward
Alex Bradshaw, age 35. And as he approaches, suddenly
CLARENCE is face to face (in classic dream logic),
with --

THE YOUNG ALEX BRADSHAW, age 9.

ALEX

Where ya goin'? Recess is that way.

CLARENCE

I've got to get something for my
mother at the store.

ALEX

That why she gave you all that
money?

CLARENCE

What money?

ALEX
Don't lie. I saw it.
(beat)
Gimme it.

CLARENCE
What for?

ALEX
My football is what for.
(he graps Clarence by
the arm)
Gimme it!

CLARENCE
No! I need it!

Clarence tries to wrestles away, but Alex is bigger and much stronger. He forces Clarence to the ground in a half-nelson. He pins Clarence to the ground with his knee and rifles Clarence's pockets. He pulls the bills out.

Alex straightens up.
Clarence is on the floor, terrified, sobbing.

ALEX
Tell her you lost it. You say one word more and I'll break your arm.

Alex walks off, pocketing the money.

CLARENCE
Please. Don't go...

Alex just keeps walking down the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW ORLEANS - GENERAL DEPARTMENT STORE

We are still in the fuzzy dream state.
An all-purpose Southern store like today's "WALL- MART."

It is after school. Alex and his friends are roving through the SPORTING GOODS section of the store, looking at FOOTBALLS and other sporting stuff.

Alex hears a COMMOTION around the corner. He goes to the end of the aisle and looks around the corner.

THE OTHER END OF THE STORE - THE PHARMACY - CLARENCE

is arguing with the PHARMACIST, MR. CARTER. He's not so much arguing, but pleading:

CLARENCE
Mr. Carter, please!

MR. CARTER

I can't do it son. If your mother wants her medicine on credit, she's going to have to give us a call and that's all there is to it. Okay?

CLARENCE

(pleading)

Please.

MR. CARTER

I'm sorry, son.

And he walks away.

Clarence stands there a moment. Then he dashes out of the store.

ALEX watches this, his eyes twitching nervously. He follows Clarence out of the store as we HEAR:

ZEUS (v.o.)

Alex. Alex.

SNAP! BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

INT. BRADSHAW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bradshaw sits bolt upright.
Looks around. The phone is RINGING.

BRADSHAW

What time is it?

ZEUS

(looks at his watch)

Twelve-oh-one.

Bradshaw and Zeus look at each other.
They've been asleep a half hour.
Bradshaw gets up and goes to phone. Picks it up.

BRADSHAW

Hello.

SIMON

Good morning, Alex.

CLOSE ON BRADSHAW - His face goes white.

A chilling pause. Then:

SIMON

It is Day Two. Simon Says go outside to your car.

CLICK.

Bradshaw puts the phone in the cradle.
He slumps against the wall.

BRADSHAW

We're on again.

Bradshaw goes to his SHOULDER HOLSTER slung over the back of a chair.

He pulls the gun out of the holster and spins the chamber, checking it. Snaps it shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRADSHAW'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bradshaw and Zeus exit the apartment complex and walk to Bradshaw's car.

As they approach the car, they hear a BEEPING, coming, seemingly, from inside the car.

They walk up. The passenger side window is OPEN. A CELLULAR PHONE sits in the passenger seat, BEEPING.

Bradshaw and Zeus, startled, look at each other. Bradshaw leans in and picks up the phone. Clicks it on. It is set on SPEAKER PHONE, like a walkie talkie.

SIMON

Hello. Open the back door.

Bradshaw opens the back door.

Sitting on the back seat is a LARGE CARDBOARD BOX and A SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE.

SIMON

Open the cardboard box.

Bradshaw lifts out the cardboard box and opens it. It is a garment box, filled with what appears to be orange and black clothes. It looks like a costume.

SIMON

It's for you, Zeus. The style is somewhat...out-of-date, but I hope you like them. You are to don them in the car. Simon Says: drive to the intersection of Canarsie Avenue and 112th Street in Brooklyn. No police escort, no calls to your office, or you get the penalty.

CLICK.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADSHAW'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

The car moves down the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway.

We PAN from Bradshaw, driving, to Zeus.

He has changed clothes.

What he now wears is the classic "Pimp Uniform" worn by characters in black exploitation films of the 1970's: a black polyester shirt, open at the collar, under a gaudy orange silk suit. He wears a wide-brimmed hat with a sash. He looks like Curtis Mayfield in "Superfly."

ZEUS

(muttering)

I swear to God I'm gonna kill this mutha fucker. Where'd he say we were going?

BRADSHAW

Canarsie and 112th in Brooklyn.

ZEUS

(thinks)

Ahh man, that's in Bensonhurst.

They exchange a grim look.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENSONHURST - CANARSIE AVE. - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

For the uninitiated, this notorious, mostly Italian neighborhood is probably the most racially bigoted place in America.

A long street with brownstone walk-ups. It is a hot summer night, the night before Fourth of July.

The neighborhood is hopping. Young, tough, ITALIAN MEN cruise the street in Camaros, Corvettes, and Firebirds. Others hang out on the stoops of brownstones, drinking, smoking, flirting with BIG-HAIRED ITALIAN GIRLS, all of whom have made a serious attempt to look like Madonna.

DOWN THE STREET - BRADSHAW'S CAR

sits parked at the curb.

INT. BRADSHAW'S CAR

Bradshaw and Zeus sit. The SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE sits on the console, between them. Zeus looks around the neighborhood, nervously.

ZEUS

Shiiiiit, there's more rednecks here than Mississippi.

(beat)

So what kind of memories are they?

BRADSHAW

They're like flashes, but I can't control them and they don't last. There's a woman - a horrible woman named Josephine. And a little boy named Clarence.

ZEUS

What's it mean?

BRADSHAW

I don't know.

The cellular phone, sitting on the dash, BEEPS. Bradshaw grabs it. Clicks it on.

BRADSHAW

Yeah.

SIMON

Zeus, dear - are you dressed for the occasion?

ZEUS

Yes.

SIMON

Oh goody. This game is called "Pandora's Box." Simon Says: Zeus is to walk five blocks down the middle of the avenue, carrying the samsonite briefcase. If you refuse, I'll detonate it electronically. Now, several gentlemen are likely to inquire about what you're doing here. Some may try to take the briefcase. Some may even - heavens to betsy - try to open it. I would discourage that.

BRADSHAW

Why?

SIMON

(like it's a stupid question)

Because a detonator's connected to the latch, silly. I would also discourage dropping it. Toodles, I'll be watchinnnggg. Oh, and Zeus...

(giggles)

Have a blast.

CLICK. Zeus takes a deep breath.

ZEUS

Ahh fuck me....

CUT TO:

EXT. BENSONHURST - CANARSIE AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

On the stoop of a brownstone, twenty BENSONHURST GUYS, tattooed, oiled, in the neighborhood uniform of tank-top and jeans, hang out, fucking around.

A stereo BOOM BOX plays Sinatra.

The biggest of these guys, ANGELO, turns to the boom box owner, JOHNNY.

ANGELO

Hey Johnny, two things before you die: turn that thing down, and gimme a cigarette.

Johnny tosses Angelo a Marlboro.

JOHNNY

What, you don't like Frank?

ANGELO

I like Frank. I don't like Frank at two thousand...

(his voice trails off;
he sees something)
...decibels. What the fuck is this....?

Everybody on the stoop turns, following Angelo's gaze.

Striding down the middle of Canarsie Avenue, in Bensonhurst, on a July night at 12:30, is --

A BLACK MAN, carrying a SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE, in a caricature of Black Pimp Wear.

Everyone on the sidewalks turns to stare. Johnny turns the boombox down.

CLOSE ON ZEUS as he walks down the street, sweat boiling on his brow, muttering under his breath:

ZEUS

Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me...

Angelo, Johnny and the other BENSONHURST GUYS come off the stoop and move into the street.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADSHAW'S CAR

Bradshaw looks through the windshield down Canarsie Avenue.

BRADSHAW'S POV - THE BENSONHURST GUYS

are moving into the street in front of Zeus.

BACK TO SCENE - BRADSHAW

tenses, watching Zeus.

BRADSHAW

Come on. Just keep on walking.

The cellular phone, sitting on the dash, BEEPS.
Bradshaw picks it up. Clicks it on.

SIMON

Hello Alex. Are we having fun yet?

Bradshaw stares at the phone. Then:

BRADSHAW

Fuck you, Simon.

SIMON

Tch, tch tch, that mouth of yours.
It's so dirty you could grow
vegetables in it.

Bradshaw ignores this. Looks out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. UP THE AVENUE - ZEUS

has stopped in the middle of the street.

TEN BENSONHURST GUYS stand in front of him, blocking his
way.

A pause. They stare at him.

ZEUS

'Evening.

(beat; no response)

Lovely night for a stroll.

Zeus smiles. No one else does.

Angelo, Johnny, and several other guys, step forward.

The atmosphere is thick, tense, ugly.

Angelo comes eye-to-eye with Zeus. A pause. Angelo
looks him over.

ANGELO

What are you doing here?

ZEUS

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

ANGELO

Try me.

ZEUS

I'd rather not.

JOHNNY

What's in the briefcase?

ZEUS

You really won't believe that.

JOHNNY

I might.

ZEUS

Okay.

(beat)

This briefcase is filled with
plastique explosive.

A pause. Johnny and Angelo exchange glances. Angelo starts chuckling. Then he, and everyone else, LAUGHS out loud. And Zeus, too, starts laughing.

ANGELO

Hah Hah Hah hah plastic explosive...

ZEUS

Hah Hah Hah that's what I said...

The laughter dies suddenly.
Angelo's face is like stone.

ANGELO

Give it to me.

ZEUS

I can't do that.

ANGELO

Yes, I think you can...

And he SLUGS Zeus, hard, in the jaw.
Zeus falls backward. The briefcase slips from his hand.
It sits on the pavement, still upright.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADSHAW'S CAR

Bradshaw sees Zeus hit the deck.
He makes a quick decision.

He gets out of the car and sprints toward Zeus and the crowd, the cellular phone in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWN THE STREET

Zeus lies in the street, rubbing his jaw.

Angelo picks up the briefcase. Examines it.
Then he turns and tosses it to Johnny.

ZEUS

NOOOO!!

The briefcase flies through the air. Johnny catches it, but it slips through his hands, and falls with a THUD!! on the pavement.

Zeus rolls over, covering his head for the impending blast. Which doesn't happen.

The briefcase lies there on the street pavement.

ANGELO

Open it up.

Johnny bends down to open the briefcase.
Zeus watches, sweating bullets.

ZEUS

Don't DO IT!!

ANGELO

Shut the fuck up, nigger.

The briefcase has two latches. Johnny pushes one of them. It SPRINGS OPEN. His hand moves toward the second clasp. It SPRINGS OPEN. He smiles at Angelo.

DOWN THE STREET - BRADSHAW is running toward the crowd.
70 yards. 60. 50. He SCREAMS:

BRADSHAW

N.Y.P.D. GET AWAY FROM THE
BRIEFCASE!

AT THE BRIEFCASE - ANGELO AND JOHNNY

whirl around, looking at Bradshaw.

ANGELO

Open it, Johnny. Fuckin' cop's
coming.

Johnny turns back to the briefcase.

Zeus, realizing it's too late, springs to his feet and sprints away. Back the way he came. Toward Bradshaw. Zeus waves Bradshaw off.

They dive behind a car as --

JOHNNY opens the briefcase.

And CANARSIE AVENUE ERUPTS in a MONSTROUS EXPLOSION. Johnny no longer exists. Angelo, and three other guys are blown thirty feet down the avenue.

CARS parked at the curb go up as well, creating smaller, SECONDARY EXPLOSIONS.

ZEUS and BRADSHAW emerge from behind the bumper of the car, staring into the horror.

Then they hear something. Soft, giggling, LAUGHTER.

They turn to look. The CELLULAR PHONE is lying ten feet away, in the street, where Bradshaw dropped it. The laughter gets LOUDER. Until SIMON'S MANIACAL CACKLING, and the distant SHOUTS and SCREAMS of Bensonhurst are the only sounds. It is horrible.

SIMON

Oh, my my my!

Bradshaw and Zeus go to the phone. Bradshaw picks it up.

BRADSHAW

Those were innocent people, you twisted fucking....

SIMON

(abruptly serious)

No one is innocent, Alex.

(begins giggling again)

Oh my, HEE HEE, that was too much fun. That was sweet.

(beat)

As sweet as insulin, dear.

CLOSE ON BRADSHAW

As he stares, perplexed, horrified, at the phone.

SIMON

Simple Simon went to meet,
A pretty queen in blue;
And now poor Simple Simon must
Bid you all adieu!

CLICK.

In the distance we HEAR the WHOOP WHOOP of firetrucks, ambulances and police vehicles.

Bradshaw's mind is reeling. He puts his hand to his temple. There. Something. Something's coming back. There it is. It's coming back. Suddenly --

A POLICE CRUISER flies around the corner onto Canarsie, CHERRY TOP FLASHING.

Bradshaw snaps out of it. His concentration is broken. He flags down the cruiser.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANARSIE AVENUE - LATER - NIGHT

A tangle of firetrucks, ambulances and police cruisers.

FIREMEN are spraying chemicals on still-smoldering cars.

The sidewalks are filled with Bensonhurst residents and rubberneckers.

BEHIND BARRICADES - AT THE BACK OF AN AMBULANCE - ZEUS

is being treated by a paramedic, who puts a butterfly bandage on his bloody mouth.

BRADSHAW

leans against the barricade, staring into the smoke, watching TWO PARAMEDICS carry off one of the corpses from the explosion.

Bradshaw's brow knits. He puts his hand to his temple. There. It's back again.

SNAP!

MEMORY FLASH - this is the fourth, and last.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - STREET - AFTERNOON

ALEX BRADSHAW, age 9, is pedaling his bicycle down the street we saw in the first flashback, where he and his friends were playing football.

UP AHEAD - IN FRONT OF JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE

An AMBULANCE and POLICE CAR sit there, cherry tops FLASHING.

In the street, a crowd of NEIGHBORS watch as TWO PARAMEDICS carry a CORPSE covered with a white sheet on a stretcher out of the ramshackle old house. They carry it down from the porch toward the waiting ambulance.

A HAND dangles off the stretcher. A WOMAN'S HAND, with painted fingernails bitten to the quick.

One of the Paramedics puts the hand under the sheet. They slide the stretcher into the ambulance.

A POLICE OFFICER turns to the Paramedics.

POLICE OFFICER
What'd she die of?

PARAMEDIC 1
Insulin deprivation.

POLICE OFFICER
Diabetic, huh?

PARAMEDIC 2
Yeah. The kid was supposed to get it for her.

He motions up to the porch where -

CLARENCE stands. His eyes are red with tears. He is shaking.

PARAMEDIC
You know her name?

POLICEMAN
Yeah. It's uhh...
(he looks at his notepad)
Simone. S-I-M-O-N-E. Josephine
Simone. That's her son, Clarence.

Alex looks up at Clarence on the porch.

Alex and Clarence lock eyes.
Clarence looks at him with fierce, unadulterated hatred.
Alex trembles. He quickly rides off on his bike.

SNAP!

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. CANARSIE AVENUE - NIGHT

Bradshaw is thunderstruck.
Zeus comes up next to him. Looks at him

ZEUS
What's with you? Looks like you just saw a ghost.

Bradshaw turns to Zeus, his voice like steel:

BRADSHAW
I know who he is, Zeus.

Zeus blinks. They stare at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - MIDTOWN PRECINCT - COBB'S OFFICE -
EARLY MORNING

Cobb, Walsh, and Zeus listen to Bradshaw, sitting on the couch, as he finishes explaining:

BRADSHAW
...So I followed him home from the
pharmacy. By the time I got there,
she was dead.

Silence. Cobb and Walsh exchange a glance.

WALSH
Jesus.

BRADSHAW
All these years I've buried it. I
guess I couldn't face the fact that
I was responsible.

Cobb comes over to him.

COBB
You weren't responsible. You were
just a fucking kid, Alex.

BRADSHAW
If I hadn't taken the money,
Clarence would have gotten the
insulin, and his mother would be
alive. It's as simple as that.

COBB
It's not as simple as that, but we
don't have time to debate it.
(turns to Walsh)
Joe: Clarence Simone. Put every
available man on it - go through
every channel, including the F.B.I.

WALSH
He's probably using an alias.

COBB
We know he was in New Orleans until
at least the age of ten. Track it
from there. It shouldn't take long.

Walsh exits quickly.

COBB

Now we wait.

ZEUS

He's going to call again, you know.

COBB

Let him. We're not going anywhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - DAY

Zeus and Bradshaw sit at Bradshaw's desk, in silence.
The clock on the wall reads: 1:00.

ZEUS

What do you think he's doing?

BRADSHAW

Don't think about him.

Bradshaw stares at the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN

Zeus and Bradshaw are playing cards.
They're not into the game, just going through the
motions. The clock on the wall reads: 3:00.

Suddenly:

COBB (o.s.)

Alex!

Bradshaw and Zeus turn.

Cobb is in his office doorway with a young detective,
RAYBURN. He holds up a RESEARCH FILE.

Bradshaw and Zeus hurry over.

COBB

Okay: Clarence Andrew Simone. Born
July 4, 1954.

(thinks)

That's today. Fourth of July.

(reads file:)

Was admitted to the Jefferson Parish
Orphanage, September, 1965. Two
semesters at L.S.U., then dropped
out. Several jobs, all in
electronics. The last one was at
the Raytheon Corporation in Bedford

(MORE)

COBB (cont'd)
Massachusetts. He was arrested
for...

(looks up)
Stealing the company's radio
guidance systems.

(reads:)
Did six months in Walpole State
prison. Current whereabouts
unknown. Get this: every year
since 1975, someone has paid the
same florist in New Orleans to
decorate Josephine Simone's grave.
This year the order came from one
Charles Simmons, of 55 Sumner
Avenue, Brooklyn Heights. Great
work, Jimmy.

RAYBURN
Don't thank me. It was all Walsh.

COBB
Where is he, anyway?

RAYBURN
I dunno. He gave me that and took
off down to the garage.

COBB
When?

RAYBURN
Two minutes ago.

Cobb and Bradshaw turn to each other:

BRADSHAW
He went after him, Arthur.

COBB
(nods, agreeing)
As payback for Lambert. Go now.
I'll have some cruisers meet you.

Bradshaw hurries off.
Zeus follows after him.

COBB
(to Zeus)
Where are you going?

BRADSHAW
He's going with me.

Bradshaw and Zeus run off down the corridor together.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADSHAW'S CAR - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DRIVING

Bradshaw and Zeus in the car.
Bradshaw has it flat-out, racing over the Brooklyn Bridge. No conversation. Grim faces.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - SUMNER AVENUE - ESTABLISHING

A peaceful street. Apartment buildings and single family residences.

DOWN THE STREET - BRADSHAW'S CAR

comes around the corner. Heads slowly down Sumner.

INT. BRADSHAW'S CAR

Bradshaw and Zeus, looking at the houses.
Bradshaw sees something --

BRADSHAW'S POV - UP AHEAD - DETECTIVE WALSH

is getting out of his car with his gun drawn. Walsh begins walking up a concrete path to a HOUSE.

BACK TO SCENE - BRADSHAW

accelerates to the curb in front of the house.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - SUMNER AVENUE

Bradshaw and Zeus get out of the car.
The address of the house is #55.

Walsh sees them. He stops cold. He's in front of the house with his gun drawn. Almost at the front door.

Bradshaw pulls his revolver.

BRADSHAW

Wait, Joe.

Bradshaw and Zeus begin walking slowly up to the house.
As they draw nearer, Bradshaw sees --

THE FRONT DOOR IS OPEN, slightly ajar, about three inches.

Zeus smells something. He sniffs the air.

ZEUS

(whispering)

What's that smell? Smells like
burning tires.

Bradshaw stops. Freezes. He grabs Zeus' arm.
Bradshaw and Zeus stand there, ten feet from Walsh.

BRADSHAW

Joe, don't go in there. It's a set-up.

WALSH

He killed my partner, Alex. I'm gonna blow his fuckin' head off.

Walsh moves toward the door. Puts his hand on the knob.

BRADSHAW

HE'S NOT IN THERE, JOE. THE DOOR IS RIGGED.

Walsh ignores him.

He slowly pushes the door open as we CUT --

INSIDE THE HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - THE FRONT DOOR

begins to open. The door moves in an arc toward --

ON THE FLOOR BEHIND THE DOOR - AN INCENDIARY BOMB

is sitting there, a CONTACT DETONATOR waiting to receive the door's impact.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - WALSH pushes on the door and enters the house as BRADSHAW SCREAMS:

BRADSHAW

JOE - NOOOO!!!

Bradshaw grabs Zeus and pulls him away from the house. They dive into the street --

THE HOUSE BLOWS SKY HIGH

Debris rains down on Bradshaw and Zeus in the gutter. A PLUME OF FLAME licks the trees in the yard.

Bradshaw rolls over and looks --
The entire front of the house is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - SUMNER AVE

Three firetrucks surround the house, dousing the smoldering remains.

COPS keep LOCAL RESIDENTS back behind police barricades.

Bradshaw, Zeus, and Cobb stand by Bradshaw's car behind the barricade, staring somberly at the devastated house.

BRADSHAW

That was meant for me. I tried to stop him, Arthur.

Cobb, despondent, just shakes his head.

BRADSHAW

Did he call?

COBB

No. What do you think he'll do next?

BRADSHAW

Who the hell knows...

They stand there in silence.

CLOSE ON ZEUS - he's thinking about something. Then:

ZEUS

You said Simon was born July fourth, right? That means today's his birthday.

COBB

Yeah, Happy birthday, you fuck.

ZEUS

No, listen: the last thing he said was this:

Simple Simon went to meet,
A pretty queen in blue;
And now poor Simple Simon must
Bid you all adieu...

(beat)

He was saying good-bye. See? He thought this would end things with Alex, and he was saying good-bye.

Bradshaw turns to him.

BRADSHAW

What's the pretty queen in blue?

ZEUS

Where's the fireworks tonight?

COBB

Battery Park. Over the Statue...
....Of Liberty.

They all stare at each other as we --

CUT TO:

THE AZURE BLUE ROBES OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AT DUSK

The Old Lady stands at the entrance to New York Harbor.

The lights beneath her have just come on.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

The enormous tree-lined park at the southernmost tip of Manhattan.

A festive atmosphere.

The park is swarming with people who have come for the fireworks over the Statue of Liberty.

EXT. BATTERY DRIVE - DUSK

This is the Avenue that separates the financial district from Battery Park.

FOUR UNMARKED POLICE CARS sit at the curb.
Cobb is passing out PHOTOGRAPHS to Bradshaw and TEN
OTHER N.Y.P.D. DETECTIVES.

COBB

This is the best we could get; it's
his mug-shot, ten years ago.

Bradshaw and Zeus stare at the photo. We don't see it.

COBB

Let's move, people. The fireworks
are about to start.

Bradshaw pockets the photograph.
He and Zeus, and the OTHER DETECTIVES move off into the
crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

Groups of people have staked out places on the grass.
FAMILIES and COUPLES lie on blankets and mats.
It looks like an outdoor concert.

Zeus and Bradshaw move through the crowd.

BRADSHAW

Split up.

Bradshaw goes one way, Zeus the other.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF PARK

Bradshaw is scanning. Searching. Looking at the water.
Looking back toward Battery Drive.

Everyone is enjoying themselves.

Bradshaw scans. His eyes stop. He focuses on something. Someone.

BRADSHAW'S POV - A MAN

is sitting alone on one of the benches under the tree-lined walk-way. He sits alone. He has short-cropped hair and pale, translucent skin. He could easily be a grown-up version of the little boy, Clarence, we've seen in the flashbacks.

BACK TO SCENE - BRADSHAW

walks slowly over to the benches, circling behind them. He draws his gun, holding it under his coat.

Bradshaw comes around the side of the bench. He sits down on the bench.

The MAN, at the opposite end of the bench, is looking off in the other direction. We cannot see his face.

Bradshaw leans forward, trying to look at the man's face. Suddenly, abruptly, the man turns toward Bradshaw, who is staring at him. The man frowns.

And then a PRETTY GIRL plops herself down next to the man and gives him a big kiss.

PRETTY GIRL

Kenny! Long time no see!

Kenny and the girl begin to catch up on old times.

Bradshaw slumps against the bench. He gets up and moves through the crowd.

FOLLOWING BRADSHAW THROUGH THE CROWD

Suddenly Bradshaw stops. There. There.

BRADSHAW'S POV - A MAN IN A RAINCOAT AND SLOUCHY HAT

is walking along the embankment path by the water, moving away from him. It isn't the raincoat that's gotten Bradshaw's attention. It's the SHINY SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE in the man's hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Bradshaw walks after him. Down the embankment path.

The man is 20 feet ahead now. Bradshaw closes on him. The man slows down. Bradshaw slows down.

The man suddenly sets the briefcase down and faces the water. Bradshaw halts.

A pause.

He sees Bradshaw out of the corner of his eye.
He turns, facing Bradshaw. They are ten feet away.

Time stops dead cold.

It is CLARENCE SIMONE, a.k.a "SIMON."

He is handsome. Tall, with delicate features and dancing eyes. And then the voice:

CLARENCE

Hello, Alex.

They stare at each other.
The tension is painful. And at that moment --

IN THE SKY ABOVE THEM - A HUGE FIREWORKS ROCKET
explodes, showering the sky with blue and orange.

BRADSHAW goes for his gun in his shoulder holster.

Clarence charges, taking two quick steps forward.
IN HIS RIGHT HAND - HIS SWITCHBLADE flicks open.

Bradshaw clears his holster and brings the gun down.

CLARENCE'S LEFT HAND locks on BRADSHAW'S WRIST, forcing
the gun to the side.

CLARENCE'S RIGHT HAND raises the knife.

And Clarence plunges it down into Bradshaw's chest!

THUD. The knife hits something.

CLARENCE'S EYES go wide with surprise, shock, as he
yanks the knife back, POPPING the buttons of Bradshaw's
shirt, withdrawing the knife with --

THE MARTIN LUTHER KING MEDAL, which Bradshaw has been
wearing the last 24 hours, STUCK TO IT.

Clarence flings the knife down. They struggle for
Bradshaw's GUN, still in Bradshaw's hand.

OVERHEAD - THE SKY is aflame with brilliant colors.
IN THE BACKGROUND - THE CROWD is oohing and aahing.

CLARENCE'S jaws close on BRADSHAW'S wrist.
Bradshaw HOWLS with pain.
The gun flies from his hand, CLATTERING on the concrete
path next to the KNIFE.

Bradshaw dives for the weapons.
He grabs the knife, knocks the MEDAL off it's point, and
rolls over, the knife extended up as --

CLARENCE dives on top of him. Onto the knife.

And then all is quiet. Clarence's eyes BULGE.
He rolls off Bradshaw, the knife stuck in his chest to the hilt.

Bradshaw gets to his feet.
He staggers over to his gun and picks it up.

Clarence is on his knees now. The knife handle sticking out. He looks at the knife handle curiously, as if to say "what is this doing in me?"

He smiles at Bradshaw. Blood trickles from his mouth.

CLARENCE

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there be one, seek till you find
it; If there be none, never mind it.

(beat)

You killed her. You know you did
it.

Bradshaw glares back at him. Exhausted. Undone.

BRADSHAW

It's over, Clarence. It's all over.

CLARENCE

No it isn't.

Clarence looks over his shoulder at the SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE. It's still sitting there where he set it down, about twenty feet away.

Clarence's hand emerges from his raincoat. In it he holds: A BLACK BOX DETONATOR.

CLARENCE

Don't try to run. It's no use.

Bradshaw watches, paralyzed, as Clarence undoes the SAFETY LATCH on the detonator.

Bradshaw sees something behind Clarence.

It's ZEUS! Sprinting to the briefcase.
Zeus grabs the briefcase.

BRADSHAW

Zeus! In the water!

CLARENCE whirls around on his knees as --

Zeus HEAVES the BRIEFCASE over the embankment railing into the ATLANTIC OCEAN. It is a 30 foot drop to the water.

CLARENCE

NOOO!!

Clarence gets up, the knife still in his chest, and staggers to the embankment railing.

He turns and stares wildly at Bradshaw and Zeus.

Then a pause. He spits out these words:

CLARENCE

As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me:
"Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee."

(smiles, the blood
trickling down his
chin)

Remember this face, Bradshaw,
you....bastard.

Bradshaw and Zeus watch in horror as Clarence climbs over the embankment railing and falls backward, the DETONATOR clutched in his hand.

A second passes, then a HUGE EXPLOSION in the water. TORRENTS of water crash over the railing like the deck of a ship in a storm.

IN THE BACKGROUND - The crowd SCREAMS with fright. Then, thinking it a part of the celebration, they slowly begin to CLAP.

And the fireworks EXPLODE OVERHEAD.

Bradshaw and Zeus stand at the railing, eyes wide, looking down into the swirling, black ocean.

They both turn and walk slowly down the pathway. They've been up two days; they look it. The fireworks EXPLODING overhead.

ZEUS

Like I said, Brad, you're a helluva date. Let's do this every fourth of July.

BRADSHAW

It's a deal, Jesus.

They stagger down the path.
We PAN UP to the FIREWORKS DISPLAY OVER THE STATUE.
FADE TO BLACK.

THE END