Rev. 6/6/95 (Blue)
Rev. 7/31/95 (Pink)
Rev. 8/14/95 (Yellow)
Rev. 8/18/95 (Green)
Rev. 8/29/95 (Goldenrod)
Rev. 8/30/95 (Buff)

SLEEPERS

screenplay by

Barry Levinson

based on the book

by

Lorenzo Carcaterra

April 14, 1995

SCREEN IS BLACK

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I sat across the table from the man who had battered and tortured and brutalized me nearly thirty years ago.

A1 FADE IN A1

TIGHT SHOT of a MAN's face in shadow. The room is dimly-lit and we can't make out where we are.

MAN
I don't know what you want me to say. I didn't mean all those things. None of us did.

ADULT SHAKES O/C
I don't need you to be sorry. It doesn't do me any good.

MAN
I'm begging you...try to forgive me. Please...try.

ADULT SHAKES O/C
Learn to live with it.

MAN
I can't. Not any more.

ADULT SHAKES O/C
Then die with it, just like the rest of us.

FADE TO BLACK

LORENZO'S NARRATION
This is a true story about friendship that runs deeper than blood.

FADE UP

1 INT. GYM - EVENING 1 *

The gym is full of BOYS and GIRLS between the ages of 9 and 13. They're dancing in a 'twist' competition while a DJ plays records. However, there is no sound, and the film is slightly slowed down, making the movements a little exaggerated.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
This is my story, and that of the only three friends in my life who truly mattered.

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CAMERA moves among the children and TIGHTENS on FOUR BOYS - JOHN, TOMMY, MICHAEL AND SHAKES. They're happy and enjoying themselves as

they dance to music we cannot hear.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Two of them were killers who never made it past the age of thirty. The other is a non-practicing attorney living with the pain of his past, too afraid to let it go, never confronting its horror. I'm the only one who can speak for them and the children we were.

THE SOUND OF DRUMS EXPLODES.

TITLE CARD READS: HELL'S KITCHEN, SUMMER 1966 *

2 EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY 2 *

TIGHT SHOT of Shakes, hot and sweaty, eyes closed. CAMERA PULLS BACK to* include Tommy, to include John, to include Michael. They are all * sunning themselves on the rooftops. CAMERA starts to move by them and * suddenly we are off the roof, looking at the street where kids are * running through fire hydrants. CAMERA moves down to explore the street * activity. Frankie Valli's "Walk Like A Man" plays loudly over the * scene. *

LORENZO'S NARRATION
My three friends and I were inseparable, happy and content to live in the closed world of Hell's Kitchen. The West Side streets of Manhattan were our private playground, a cement kingdom where we felt ourselves to be nothing less than absolute rulers. Hell's Kitchen was populated by an uneasy blend of Irish, Italian, Puerto Rican and Eastern European laborers, hard men living hard lives.

CAMERA MOVES toward a tenement building as Frankie Valli's "Walk Like A Man" continues. WE HEAR a MAN and WOMAN yelling at each other inside the building.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
We lived in railroad apartments inside red brick tenements. Few mothers worked and all had trouble with the men they married. We had no control over the daily violence that took place behind our apartment doors. We saw our mothers being beaten and could do little more than tend to their wounds.

3 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY 3

CAMERA moves along the hallway of the building towards an apartment. WE HEAR the sounds of screaming and yelling coming from inside, accompanied by hard slapping.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Domestic violence was a cottage industry in Hell's Kitchen, yet there was no divorce and few separations. The will of the church was forceful. For a marriage to end, someone usually had to die.

Suddenly all is silent in the apartment. Then the door explodes open and Shake's FATHER storms out.

4 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 4

As Frankie Valli's "Walk Like A Man" continues, the CAMERA moves through the apartment. In the dimly lit area of the bedroom, WE SEE Shakes' MOTHER sitting on the edge of the bed, her trembling hands holding her face. After a beat, young SHAKES enters the scene with a * wet towel and tries to comfort his mother.

5 EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - STREET - DAY 5

Our FOUR BOYS are playing stickball with a sawed off broomstick. We still hear Frankie Valli's "Walk Like A Man" over the scene.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Yet despite the harshness of life, Hell's Kitchen offered the kids on its streets a safety net enjoyed by few other neighborhoods.

Michael swings his broomstick and drives the ball across a building roof top. Triumph! Celebration!

6 EXT. PIER - DAY 6

It's a hot afternoon as the FOUR BOYS dive into the Hudson River.

7 OMITTED 7

8 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 8

Heavy rain falls as the CAMERA moves down the street.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Hell's Kitchen was a neighborhood with a structured code of behavior, and an unwritten set of rules that could be physically enforced.

CAMERA catches up with Shakes and his father.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Crimes against people of the neighborhood were not permitted.

They approach a street light and look up into the hard rain. CAMERA settles on the face of a DEAD MAN hanging from a rope, his face swollen and his hands bound.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
When they did occur, the punishment doled out was severe, and in some cases, final.

The dead man swings slightly from the rope.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
A drug dealer from an uptown * neighborhood moved heroin into Hell's * Kitchen. A packet killed the twelve year old son of a Puerto Rican numbers runner. It was the last packet the dealer ever sold.

Shakes and his father move on in the rain.

CAMERA holds on the dead man hanging from the lamp-post.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Hell's Kitchen was a place of innocence ruled by corruption.

Frankie Valli's "Walk Like A Man" comes to an end.

FADE TO BLACK

9 EXT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - DAY 9

The centre of the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood, this Catholic Church sees a lot of activity.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
My friends and I spent lots of time inside Sacred Heart. We each served as altar boys.

10 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - DAY 10

The PRIEST is holding a funeral mass.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Everyone wanted to work funeral masses, since the funeral included a three dollar fee, and more if you looked sufficiently sombre.

ANGLE on the FOUR BOYS looking very sombre.

11 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - ANOTHER TIME 11

The church is quiet. Shakes and John sit alone.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I liked the feel and smell of the empty church. I didn't go so much to pray but to relax, and pull away from the outside events. John and I went more than the others. We were the only two of the group to give any thought to entering the priesthood. We found the idea appealing because of its guaranteed ticket out of the neighborhood. The Catholic version of the lottery.

Shakes and John look over at the two confessional booths. Their eyes study the situation carefully.

SHAKES
(conspiratorally)
Let's go.

John reluctantly follows Shakes as he heads toward the confessional booths.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
John and I were intrigued by the powers a priest was given...a secret world of betrayal and deceit, where people openly admitted dark misdeeds and vile indiscretions. Confession was better than any book we could get our hands on or any movie we could see, because the sins were real, committed by people we knew. The temptation to be part of that was too great to resist.

They reach the exterior of the confessional booths.

JOHN
Man, if we get caught, they'll burn us.

SHAKES
What if our mothers are out there? What if we end up hearing their confessions?

JOHN
What if we hear something worse?

SHAKES
Like what?

JOHN
Like a murder. What if somebody cops to a murder?

SHAKES
Relax. All we've gotta do is sit back, listen and remember not to laugh.

They slip inside the booth. Then the light goes on.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Seconds later, our booth comes to life.

12 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH 12

Shakes whispers to John.

SHAKES
Here we go.

JOHN
God help us.

He makes the sign of the cross. A MAN's voice is heard.

MAN V/O
Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It's been two years since my last confession.

John starts to shake nervously. The man continues.

MAN V/O
I done bad things, Father. I gamble and lose my rent money, lie to my wife, hit her sometimes...the kids too. Gotta get myself out of this hole. What can I do?

Shakes gets up the nerve to speak, and in his deepest voice:

SHAKES
Pray.

MAN V/O
I have been praying. Ain't helped. I owe money to loan sharks...a lot of it. Father, you gotta help me.

John and Shakes are too nervous to speak.

MAN V/O
Father, are you there?

SHAKES
Yes.

MAN V/O
So, what's it going to be?

The two boys look to one another. John holds up four fingers. Shakes disagrees.

SHAKES
(to Man)
Three Hail Mary's, one Our Father, and may the Lord bless you.

MAN V/O
(angry)
Three Hail Mary's?! What the hell's that gonna do?

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SHAKES
It's for your soul.

MAN V/O
Fuck my soul! And fuck you too, you freeloading bastard!

The Man storms out of the booth.

SHAKES
(whispering to John)
That went well.

A WOMAN coughs as she sits at the confessional booth.

JOHN
(quickly)
Don't do this woman. I beg you. Let's get out of here.

SHAKES
Let's do one more.

JOHN
No.

SHAKES
Only one more.

JOHN
Okay. One and we're out of here.

SHAKES
You got it.

13 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH 13

WE SEE FATHER BOBBY, someone we will come to know more about later on. In his late 30's, he is athletic and has a street sensibility about him. He's talking to a couple of young boys at the far side of the Church, away from the confessional booth.

14 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH 14

John and Shakes see the Woman silhouetted against the dividing panel.

WOMAN
I sleep with married men...

The two boys look at one another intrigued as the Woman continues.

WOMAN
...men with families. In the morning I tell myself it's the last time, but it never is.

SHAKES
Yes.

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He can see that she's holding rosary beads in her hands. She seems very upset.

WOMAN
I'm pregnant.

The boys are unsure of the situation.

SHAKES
The father?

WOMAN
Take a number.

SHAKES
What are you going to do?

WOMAN
I know what you want me to do, and I know what I should do. I just don't know what I'm going to do.

The boys are affected by this. There's a sadness to the Woman. Shakes doesn't know what to say.

WOMAN
I gotta go. Thanks for listening, fellas. I appreciate it and I know you'll keep it to yourselves.

The Woman exits the booth.

JOHN
(very shaken)
She knew.

SHAKES
Yes, she knew.

JOHN
Why did she tell us all that?

SHAKES
I guess she had to tell somebody.

14A EXT. MIMI'S PIZZERIA - DAY 14A *

Shakes is standing in the doorway licking an Italian ice. Father Bobby approaches.

FATHER BOBBY
You know what crap like that does to your body?

SHAKES
Beats smoking. Cheaper too.

Father Bobby takes a puff of his cigarette and tosses it away.

FATHER BOBBY
Maybe. So, what do you hear? Anything?

SHAKES
Nothing.

FATHER BOBBY
I hear you been thinking about becoming a priest?

SHAKES
Who says?

FATHER BOBBY
Word is, you've been getting the feel of a confessional booth.

SHAKES
I don't know what you're talking about.

FATHER BOBBY
Maybe I got wind of the wrong information.

SHAKES
Sounds like you did.

FATHER BOBBY
I'll see you later tonight.

SHAKES
What's tonight?

FATHER BOBBY
I'm going to drop off some books and magazines around the neighborhood... for the elderly and the disabled. Your mother said you'd love to help.

SHAKES
I bet she did.

FATHER BOBBY
Stay out of trouble, Shakes.

SHAKES
Always do.

FATHER BOBBY
It's all I wish - for you and your friends.

SHAKES
Nothing else?

FATHER BOBBY
Nothing else, I swear.

SHAKES
Priests shouldn't swear.

Father Bobby walks on down the street.

15 EXT. STREET NEAR THE STABLES - NIGHT 15

Michael is walking with CAROL, age 11, holding her hand.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Michael was the most sexually experienced of our group, which meant that he had kissed a girl on more than one occasion. But his real love was Carol.

They see a horse and carriage slowly moving down the street, and quickly run over and clamber on the backboard. Michael puts his arm around Carol and they sit, unbeknownst to the driver, on the back of the carriage.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
While the other kids in Hell's Kitchen discovered sex on rooftops or in parked cars, Michael preferred a more traditional and romantic setting.

16 EXT. STREET - NEAR MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT 16

The FOUR BOYS and Carol walk down the street towards Madison Square Garden.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Carol was always comfortable in our company as well.

The five kids approach the side of the Garden and go up to a wall of windows. The windows are thick and difficult to see through, with a wire mesh covering to prevent anyone from entering. Michael pulls out a screwdriver and bores a small hole into one of the windows. In time, he has made four holes and the boys peer through the window.

Carol stands watch.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
We could always count on Carol to stand sentry on the first night of the Ice Capades.

From the boys POV through the window WE SEE ICE SKATERS in various stages of dress and undress.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
While crowds of families lined the front of the Garden waiting to see the skaters perform, we each had one eye in a hole watching two dozen beautiful, nearly naked women get into their skater's outfits.

TOMMY
This is what heaven must be about.

MICHAEL
In heaven, they let you in.

JOHN
(turning around to Carol)
Hey, Carol...you wanna take a little look?

CAROL
Like it's something I haven't seen?

JOHN
(turning back to look through hole)
You're so lucky!

17 OMITTED 17 *

18 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - DAY 18 *

A Priest is lecturing the class on the sacrament of confirmation. Girls sit on the left side, boys sit on the right side.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
There was an active competition between the four of us to come up with the best and boldest prank. For the longest time, my pranks never measured up to my friends. But two weeks into the new school year, I found the nuns' clacker in the school hallway and I was ready for the big leagues.

ANGLE on Shakes, fingers wrapped around the clacker. He's amused.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
To a nun, a clacker was the equivalent of a starter's pistol or a police whistle. In church, it was used to alert the girls as to when they should stand, sit, kneel, and genuflect, all based on the number of times the clacker was pressed. In my pocket, it was cause for havoc.

Then suddenly, Shakes squeezes the clacker twice. All the girls immediately stand.

ANGLE on SISTER TIMOTHY MORRIS, shocked by what has happened. Quickly, she hits the clacker once, and the girls sit down.

Shakes is pleasantly amused.

Michael, John, and Tommy glance toward Shakes, very proudly.

Shakes hits the clacker three times, watching the girls drop to their knees in prayer.

Sister Timothy clacks the girls back to their seats. She seems visibly confused.

The Priest at the altar doesn't understand what's happening.

Father Bobby looks the boys over, trying to find the culprit.

CLICK, CLICK - the girls stand. And CLICK - the girls sit down. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK - the girls kneel. And CLICK - the girls sit back down.

Father Bobby slides in next to Shakes.

FATHER BOBBY
Let me have the clacker.

SHAKES
What clacker?

FATHER BOBBY
Now.

Shakes hands it to him.

PRIEST
Will everyone rise.

Sister Timothy snaps the clacker three times, and the girls rise in unison.

PRIEST
Let us pray.

Father Bobby, looking towards the altar, gives the clacker one soft squeeze - CLICK - and the girls in unison all sit. Sister Timothy collapses in frustration. Shakes looks to Father Bobby, shocked.

FATHER BOBBY
Nuns are such easy targets.

He smiles softly, as he stares at the priest.

19 OMITTED 19

MICHAEL
(quietly, under his breath)
She's almost there. Couple more steps.

Miss Pippin's fingers wrap around "Moby Dick", and as she gives a light tug to pull the book loose, it releases the pressure on the other books on the shelf causing them to fall in her direction. The first two land on the side of Miss Pippin's head, undoing the red ribbon in her hair and slamming her glasses to the ground. A flurry of other books collapse around her. She starts to loose her grip on the ladder.

TOMMY
Oh, shit! She's going to fall.

Miss Pippin falls from the ladder and lands on her back. Her eyes are closed, her legs are spread apart at angles, and a copy of "Moby Dick" is clutched in her right hand. The boys are stunned.

JOHN
You think she's dead? She can't be dead.

TOMMY
Let's get out of here.

MICHAEL
Not until we find out if she's okay.

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Other LIBRARIANS run across the library to Miss Pippin and try to revive her. The boys still stand around, looking concerned. John is extremely distressed, Tommy is sweating through his tee-shirt and Shakes is upset that his prank has gone so wrong. Miss Pippin opens her eyes, and the Librarians help her to her feet.

MICHAEL
Looks like she's going to be okay.

SHAKES
Let's go then.

TOMMY
In a minute. There's something I gotta do first.

He walks over to Miss Pippin.

TOMMY
Thanks for finding the book. Didn't mean for you to go to all that trouble.

MISS PIPPIN
You're welcome.

She hands the book to Tommy.

19 EXT. MIMI'S PIZZERIA - DAY 19

Shakes is standing in the doorway licking an Italian ice. Father Bobby approaches.

FATHER BOBBY
You know what crap like that does to your body?

SHAKES
Beats smoking. Cheaper too.

Father Bobby takes a puff of his cigarette and tosses it away.

FATHER BOBBY
Maybe. So, what do you hear? Anything?

SHAKES
Nothing.

FATHER BOBBY
What about what happened at the library the other day?

SHAKES
You mean, Miss Pippin?

Father Bobby nods.

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SHAKES
That was rough...all those books falling on her. Scary.

FATHER BOBBY
I heard you were there...the other guys too. Looking for something good to read I suppose.

SHAKES
Something like that.

FATHER BOBBY
Strange business. A whole shelf of books falling on top of somebody's head.

SHAKES
Accident, I guess.

FATHER BOBBY
Must be it. What else could it be?

He pulls out a stick of Juicy Fruit and has a smile on his face.

FATHER BOBBY
It's got a name.

SHAKES
What?

FATHER BOBBY
The shelf trick you and your buddies pulled. It's called 'keepers'. I played it when I was your age. Never could get the whole shelf down. You must be pretty good at it.

SHAKES
I don't know what you're talking about.

FATHER BOBBY
Maybe I got wind of the wrong information.

SHAKES
Sounds like you did.

FATHER BOBBY
I'll see you later tonight.

SHAKES
What's tonight?

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FATHER BOBBY
I'm going to drop off some books and magazines around the neighborhood... for the elderly and the disabled. Your mother said you'd love to help.

SHAKES
I bet she did.

FATHER BOBBY
She wants you to be a priest you know.

SHAKES
Do you?

FATHER BOBBY
I just want you to stay out of trouble, Shakes. It's my only wish. For you and your friends.

SHAKES
Nothing else?

FATHER BOBBY
Nothing else, I swear.

SHAKES
Priests shouldn't swear.

Father Bobby walks on down the street.

20 EXT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - A SMALL CLUB - DAY 20

LORENZO'S NARRATION
When my friends and I were young, Hell's Kitchen was run by a man named, King Benny.

21 INT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - DAY 21

KING BENNY sits sipping an espresso looking over a racing form in his club - a large dimly lit room.

SHAKES FATHER V/O
In his youth King Benny had been a hit-man for Charles "Lucky" Luciano and was said to have been the shooter of "Mad Dog" Coll on West 23rd Street. He ran bootleg with "Dutch" Schultz, and opened a couple of clubs with "Tough Tony" Anastasia.

22 INT. MIMI'S PIZZERIA - DAY 22

TIGHT SHOT of Shakes' Father talking to Shakes, Michael, John and Tommy.

SHAKES' FATHER
He was fourteen when I first met him. He wasn't much of anything back then.

CAMERA PANS to our FOUR BOYS listening intently.

SHAKES' FATHER
He was always getting the shit kicked out of him in street fights. Then one day, for who knows what reason, an Irish guy, about twenty five years old, takes him and throws him down a flight of stairs. King Benny breaks all his front teeth in the fall. He waits eight years to get that Irish guy. He walks into a public bath house...the guy's soaking in the tub.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

23 INT. PUBLIC BATH HOUSE 23

A RED-HEADED MAN in his 30's soaks in a tub. An early-20's King Benny stands looking into a mirror. ACTION FOLLOWS NARRATION.

SHAKES FATHER V/O
He takes out his front teeth and lays them on the sink. Then he looks over at the guy in the tub and says:

KING BENNY
When I look in the mirror I see your face...

ACTION FOLLOWS NARRATION

SHAKES' FATHER V/O
King Benny pulls out a gun and shoots the guy twice in each leg. Then he says to him:

KING BENNY
Now when you take a bath, you see mine.

24 INT. MIMI'S PIZZERIA - DAY 24

Our FOUR BOYS are fascinated by the story Shakes' Father is telling them about King Benny.

SHAKES' FATHER
No-one ever fucked with King Benny after that.

25 INT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - DAY 25 *

WE SEE a silhouette of Shakes entering the club. THREE MEN, dressed in black, sit at a table by an open window, smoking. A juke box plays a Doris Day love song. None of the men speak. Shakes walks over to King Benny who is cooking sauteed eel in a skillet.

SHAKES
Can I talk to you for a minute.

King Benny glances up at him.

SHAKES
I would like to work for you. Help you out...whatever you need.

King Benny continues sauteing his eel.

KING BENNY
You the butcher's kid...am I right?

SHAKES
Yeah.

KING BENNY
Well, what kind of work you looking for?

SHAKES
Whatever, it doesn't matter.

KING BENNY
Somebody must have steered you wrong info.

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SHAKES
Everybody says this is the place to come for jobs.

KING BENNY
Who's everybody?

SHAKES
People from the neighborhood.

KING BENNY
Oh, them. Well, let me ask you, what the fuck do they know?

SHAKES
They know you got jobs.

King Benny just looks at him, says nothing, and walks his plate of food* over to his table. *

SHAKES
Sorry I wasted your time.

He starts for the door.

KING BENNY
Hold on a minute.

SHAKES
Yeah...

KING BENNY
Come back tomorrow if you want to work.

SHAKES
What time tomorrow?

KING BENNY
Any time.

SHAKES *
You'll be here? *

KING BENNY *
I'm always here. *

Then he looks down at his racing form and takes a bite of the eel. *

26 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY 26

Shakes walks down the street with a brown paper bag under his arm.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
My first job for King Benny paid twenty five dollars a week, and ate up only forty minutes of my time.
(MORE)

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LORENZO'S NARRATION (cont'd)
In the dark club room, one of the guys would hand me a crumpled paper bag and direct me to one of the two local police precincts for delivery. It was a perfect way to handle payouts.

Shakes walks by TWO MEN hanging out at a doorway. MAN #1 sticks out his* leg like a gate. *

MAN #1 *
Wo! Wo! Wo! Where we going - we've *
gotta toll booth here. *

Man #2 grabs his elbows and pulls Shakes close to him. *

MAN #1
Keep walking. You make a sound, you die.

The Two Men walk Shakes down 47th Street, past a car wash and towards a tenement building. The men push Shakes to the door of the building.

MAN #1
Get in there...stop stalling and give us the bag.

SHAKES
You've got to be nuts. Do you know who you're taking off?

MAN #2
Yeah, we know, and we're scared shitless.

They push Shakes into the building.

27 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY 27

While Man #2 holds Shakes, Man #1 grabs the paper bag from under his arm.

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MAN #1
This is a lot of money for a kid.

MAN #2
(to Shakes)
What do you get out of this? What's your cut?

SHAKES
Don't get a cut.

MAN #1
Then you're not nearly as smart as you think.

The Men look inside the bag at the money.

Suddenly, a door opens at the far end of the hallway. It's the SUPERINTENDENT, an old man with a strong Italian accent. He comes towards Shakes and the Two Men.

SUPERINTENDENT
What you do? Answer me. What you do here?

MAN #1
Relax.

SUPERINTENDENT
What you do to the boy?

SHAKES
They took my money. They followed me and took my money.

SUPERINTENDENT
(to Men)
You take money?

MAN #1
Kid's talking trouble. Don't listen to him.

SHAKES
The money they took is in the bag.

SUPERINTENDENT
Lemme see the bag.

MAN #2
Fuck you!

The Superintendent puts his hand behind his back, and calmly pulls a .38 caliber pistol out of his pants.

SUPERINTENDENT
Lemme see the bag.

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Man #1 hands the bag to the Superintendent.

SUPERINTENDENT
(giving the bag to Shakes)
Get out. Use the back door.

SHAKES
What about them?

SUPERINTENDENT
You care?

SHAKES
No.

SUPERINTENDENT
Then go.

Shakes runs out of the building with the paper bag full of money.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I shoved the bag under my arm and ran. I never looked back, not even when I heard the four shots that were fired.

28 INT. KING BENNY'S PLACE 28

Shakes sits with King Benny and one of his Men, TONY. Two other Men sit in the b.g.

SHAKES
I need somebody with me. What if the old guy hadn't showed.

KING BENNY
But he did, and he took care of it.

SHAKES
Maybe next time we don't walk into the wrong building.

KING BENNY
There ain't no next time.

TONY
Maybe you just ain't up for the work.

SHAKES
I'm up to it.

TONY
(puffs on a cigar)
Then there's no problem.

King Benny brushes a stream of cigar smoke away from his eyes.

KING BENNY
(to Shakes)
What do you need?

SHAKES
My friends.

KING BENNY
Your friends? What do you think, this is camp?

SHAKES
It won't cost you extra. You can take the money out of my end.

KING BENNY
Who are these friends?

SHAKES
These kids you can trust. I've known them half my life.

King Benny nods his head.

KING BENNY
Get your friends.

Then he walks to the rear of the room.

KING BENNY
And Tony...

TONY
(puffing on his cigar)
Yeah, King?

KING BENNY
Never smoke in here again.

29 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY 29

TIGHT SHOT of a basketball as it bangs hard against a backboard. Father Bobby is playing basketball with the boys. They're going all out, sweating in the hot afternoon sun.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Father Bobby was raised in Hell's Kitchen and had toyed with a life of petty crime before finding his religious calling.

FATHER BOBBY
You think running for King Benny is a good idea?

TOMMY
It pays.

FATHER BOBBY
A lot of things pay.

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LORENZO'S NARRATION
Most priests liked to preach from the pulpit. Father Bobby liked to talk during the bump and shove of a pick-up game.

The ball hits off the backboard, and goes out of bounds.

FATHER BOBBY
(retrieving ball)
I found an art class for you to take.

JOHN
I can't afford to take any art classes.

FATHER BOBBY
You don't have to pay anything. Teacher's an old friend.

JOHN
I don't know, Father. Could be nothin' but a waste of time.

FATHER BOBBY
Maybe, or could be a first step.

JOHN
To what?

FATHER BOBBY
To doing something with your life.

SHAKES
May help you get outta here.

FATHER BOBBY
You can all get outta here.

He throws the ball into play.

SHAKES
Where am I goin'? My father owes out to three loan sharks and a credit union. I'll be an old man before I can crawl out of the hole he dug for us.

FATHER BOBBY
I got a story to tell you.

TOMMY
It ain't the one about the lepers is it? That gives me nightmares.

FATHER BOBBY
No lepers. Michelangelo. Born poor, like you guys. Sculpted, painted. Takes this job from the Pope, good money, important work.

Shakes scores.

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JOHN
Why the Pope call him?

FATHER BOBBY
He asked around. Needed the best man he could find to paint the ceiling of his church in Rome.

TOMMY
It don't sound like that big a job.

FATHER BOBBY
It was a big ceiling and Michelangelo needed the job because it paid more money than he'd ever seen. Enough to pay off the loan sharks chasing down his father.

JOHN
What was his father?

FATHER BOBBY
Low-level guy. Conned people outta money, goats, whatever he could get his hands on. Anyway, he takes the job, closes his eyes to everything. Forgets about his father, the loans, where he came from. He only thought about the job. And you know what?

SHAKES
What?

FATHER BOBBY
He painted a ceiling that no one will ever forget. Painted it like he was touched by the hand of god.

SHAKES
He pay off the loans?

FATHER BOBBY
Every single one.

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JOHN
How long it take? Him painting the ceiling?

FATHER BOBBY
Twenty-six years.

JOHN
Twenty-six years. A Puerto Rican guy just painted my whole apartment in two days. And he had a bum leg.

FATHER BOBBY
Every day. Never a vacation, never a break.

TOMMY
Twenty-six years. He milked one job into a pension.

FATHER BOBBY
What am I gonna do with you guys?

JOHN
Get us a job paintin' a ceiling. Leave the rest to us.

30 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY 30

Our FOUR BOYS are heading down the street. Shakes carries a paper bag under his arm, making another run for King Benny.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Father Bobby knew my friends and I worked for King Benny and wasn't pleased. He wasn't worried about the pocket money...but the next step...

The BOYS walk past a police squad car. Shakes throws the bag of money onto the front seat of the car. He winks at the police officer on the beat, and the FOUR BOYS move on.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
...when they ask you to pick up a gun. He didn't want that to happen to us.

31 EXT. MIMI'S PIZZERIA - DAY - ESTABLISHING 31

TITLE CARD READS: WINTER, 1967

32 INT. MIMI'S PIZZERIA - DAY 32

MIMI (the owner) is busy behind the counter. The place is empty except for our FOUR BOYS who sit in the back. JOEY, a 12 year old mentally deficient boy, sits at the counter slowly shaking pepper on a pizza slice. He is well-dressed and seems to have a very gentle manner. WE * HEAR the song, "I Want Candy", by the Strangeloves playing. *

SHAKES
I'm getting another slice.

JOHN
Me too.

TOMMY
Get me a soda, orange, lots of ice.

Shakes gets up to walk toward the counter.

SHAKES
(to Tommy)
You lose your legs in the war?

TOMMY
I got no money, neither.

SHAKES
(to Michael)
Want anything?

MICHAEL
(smiling)
Half of Tommy's soda.

Shakes approaches the counter.

SHAKES
What's doin', Joey?

JOEY
Good. I'm good.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Our lives were about protecting ourselves and our turf. The isolated circle that was life in Hell's Kitchen, closed tighter as we grew older. Strangers, never welcome, were now viewed as outsiders bent on trouble.

ANGLE on door as a BURLY MAN enters the Pizzeria.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
My friends and I could no longer afford to let others do our fighting. It was our turn to step up, and we were led, as always, by Michael.

Joey continues sprinkling black pepper all over his pizza slice.

BURLY MAN
(to Joey)
That's not too smart. That's going to taste like shit.

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JOEY
I like pepper. I like pepper a lot.

BURLY MAN
It's enough on it.

The Burly Man pulls the pepper shaker away from Joey. The Boys watch. Joey reaches for the shaker.

BURLY MAN
Leave the pepper alone, you fucking retard.

JOEY
My pizza...my pizza. I like pepper a lot.

There's a feeling of tension in the Pizzeria. Joey is very agitated. The Burly Man unscrews the top off the pepper shaker.

BURLY MAN
You want pepper, retard? Here.

He pours the entire bottle of pepper over Joey's pizza. Joey starts to cry. Michael gets up from the table. Tommy and John follow.

BURLY MAN
What's your problem now, retard?

Michael walks past Joey and steps to the counter next to the Burly Man.

MICHAEL
You can leave now.

BURLY MAN
A tough little punk. Is that what I'm looking at?

MICHAEL
A dick with lips. Is that what I'm looking at?

Tommy puts an arm around Joey and moves him away from the counter. John and Shakes stand behind Michael.

BURLY MAN
Four tough little punks and a crying retard.

MICHAEL
That's us.

The Burly Man lifts a hand and slaps Michael across the face. Michael just stares at the man and smiles.

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MICHAEL
Your first shot should always be your best, and your best sucks.

BURLY MAN
I'll show you my best, punk.

He takes a full swing at Michael. He ducks and punches the Burly Man in his stomach. Tommy and John jump on the Burly Man from behind.

Shakes grabs the pizza slice with the pepper on it and rubs it in the Burly Man's eyes. Mimi starts yelling from behind the counter.

MIMI
Take it outside!

BURLY MAN
(screaming)
My eyes! My fucking eyes!

The FOUR BOYS are all over the Burly Man. Shakes hits him with the red pepper shaker, and the Burly Man starts to bleed as he falls to his knees. Michael kicks him in the face.

MICHAEL
Never come in here again. You hear me? Never!

Mimi runs from behind the counter and grabs Michael as he continues to kick the Burly Man.

MIMI
You no want to kill him.

MICHAEL
Don't be sure.

A33 INT. SHAKES' LIVING ROOM A33

Shakes sits on the floor watching the television.

ON THE TELEVISION - images of Vietnam war PROTESTERS flash before us.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Outside events meant little. In a society changing radically by the hour, we watched the images scatter nightly across the TV screens. Young protesters spoke about how they were going to change our lives and fix the world.

B33 EXT. CHURCH B33

A group of MOURNERS carry a casket out the church door.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
But while they shouted their slogans, my friends and I went to funeral services for the young men of Hell's Kitchen who came back from Vietnam in body bags. We viewed with skepticism the faces on television - those protected by money and upper-middle class standing.

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C33 INT. SHAKES' LIVING ROOM C33

ON THE TELEVISION -- FEMINIST PROTESTERS march with picket signs.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
A growing army of feminists marched across the country, demanding equality...

WE HEAR yelling and screaming coming from the next room.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Yet our mothers still cooked and cared for men who abused them mentally and physically.

TIGHT SHOT OF SHAKES sadly staring towards the argument.

D33 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY D33

LORENZO'S NARRATION
For me and my friends, these developments carried no weight. They might as well have occurred in another country, in another century.

E33 INT. HOSPITAL WARD E33

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Our attention was elsewhere.

CAMERA MOVES past a row of beds.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
We sat with Father Bobby in a third floor hospital ward visiting John, hoping he recovered from a punctured lung, a gift from one of his mother's overzealous boyfriends.

Father Bobby takes some things out of a brown paper bag.

FATHER BOBBY
Brought you some drawing paper and pencils. And some comics too.

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33 EXT. STREET - DAY F33

Father Bobby walks up to a man on the street. This is the BOYFRIEND of John's mother.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Father Bobby didn't let that situation rest. He caught up with the boyfriend later that day.

BOYFRIEND
I gave on Sunday. I'm in a rush, okay?

FATHER BOBBY
John Reilly.

BOYFRIEND
The little punk? He got outta line, so I put him back in line. No big deal.

FATHER BOBBY
You put him in the hospital.

BOYFRIEND
He's alive, ain't he? If he's smart, he learned himself a lesson.

FATHER BOBBY
What are you...about 150, 160?

BOYFRIEND
Yeah.

FATHER BOBBY
That makes you like a middleweight. How much you think John weighs...80, 85? That's not even a featherweight. So you'd be fighting way out of your division.

BOYFRIEND
It was a slap, it was nothing.

FATHER BOBBY
Next time, you'll be meeting me...and you and me are in the same division. And you won't need a doctor when I'm done. You'll need a priest. To pray over your body.
(beat)
I'll see you in church.

G33 EXT. STREET 00000017 G33

TIGHT SHOT OF KING BENNY

KING BENNY
Father Bobby would've made a good hit man - it's a shame we lost him to the other side.

33 EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 33

A sewer-to-sewer stickball game is taking place in the middle of the street. Our FOUR BOYS are playing with Puerto Rican kids from the neighborhood. Michael holds a shaved-down broom handle in his hands and is taking practice swings, getting ready for the PITCHER.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
We were down 7-6 in the last inning of a sewer-to-sewer stickball game against Hector Maldanado and three of his friends. Michael already had two home runs, and the game was on the line.

PITCHER (DAVY)
(yelling to Michael)
You're the one I want.

MICHAEL
Good thing...'cause I'm the one you got.

The Pitcher throws the ball. Michael swings and misses.

Then a FEMALE VOICE yells out to the Pitcher.

YOUNG WOMAN
Come on, Davy. Strike this chump out. He's got nothing.

Michael turns and sees a YOUNG WOMAN in a wheelchair. Her arms are limp by her sides and both her legs are cut off at the knee.

MICHAEL
(to Shakes)
Who's that?

SHAKES
His sister.

MICHAEL
What happened to her?

SHAKES
Not sure. Some kind of cancer got her in the legs.

YOUNG WOMAN
Strike the scumbag out. He can't touch you, Davy. He can't touch you!

FAT MANCHO, the overweight Candy Store Owner, steps forward. We'll know more about him later.

FAT MANCHO
(to Young Woman)
Swallow your tongue, crip.

Michael waits for the next pitch, looking over at the Young Woman. He swings and misses the ball.

SHAKES
Easy, Mike.

MICHAEL
She's really goodlooking.

YOUNG WOMAN
What the fuck you looking at, little dick?

SHAKES
She's nothing but charm.

TOMMY
You can take him, Mike. You can take him.

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SHAKES
Forget the girl, Mike. Worry about her brother.

Michael swings and misses. He drops the broom handle. The Pitcher pumps his fist in the air and waves to his team mates. Then he blows a kiss across the street to the Young Woman in the wheelchair.

YOUNG WOMAN
Told you he ain't shit, baby.

SHAKES
(to Michael)
You could have helped her across the street, or bought her an ice cream. You didn't have to blow the game.

Michael just looks over at the Young Woman.

SHAKES
Now we're the fucking Salvation Army.

JOHN
(steps forward)
You ever wonder why there ain't a Salvation Navy?

PITCHER (DAVY)
Game's over, losers. Cough up the cash. A buck each.

MICHAEL
Nice game.

He stares over at the Pitcher's sister in the wheelchair.

34 INT. FAT MANCHO'S CANDY STORE - A FEW MINUTES LATER 34

Our FOUR BOYS are sitting at the counter drinking Pepsi from bottles. Fat Mancho sits across from them.

FAT MANCHO
He ain't better than you.

MICHAEL
He was today.

FAT MANCHO
You let him be, all because Irish here got a thing for crips.

MICHAEL
Stay away from this.

FAT MANCHO
You boys are soft, like bread. It's gonna catch up, and when it does, it's gonna hurt bad.

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JOHN
Hold the talk, Fat Man. What happens is our business.

FAT MANCHO
You gotta stay tough to be tough. Guys smell it when you're weak. Eat you like a salad.

SHAKES
Take it easy. It's just a stickball game.

FAT MANCHO
Going soft is a habit. You gotta keep yourself mean, and cut your life around it. It's the only way for you guys.

JOHN
It's like hanging out with fucking Confucius.

FAT MANCHO
Be funny, limp dick. This is just free advice from me to you. Take it or throw it.

MICHAEL
Thanks a lot, Fat Man. We'll think about it.

The FOUR BOYS leave the Candy Store.

FAT MANCHO
You do that, Irish. You fucking do that.

35 EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 35

The FOUR BOYS walk down the street away from the Candy Store.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
In truth we were all surprised by Michael's actions. It was not his way to show vulnerability, especially to someone he didn't know. Whether it was to do with his mother dying of cancer earlier in the year, we never knew. But in his mind, losing that game and handing a feeling of victory to a girl in a wheelchair was more than the right thing to do.

TITLE CARD READS: SUMMER, 1967

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36 EXT. ROOF OF TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY 36

OVERHEAD SHOT of a black tarred roof. It's a very hot day and the FOUR BOYS lie on bath towels with a cooler filled with chunks of ice and bottles of 7-Up next to them. Clotheslines, criss-crossing rooftops and bent under the weight of laundry, supply the only shade.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The temperature topped out at ninety eight degrees on the day our lives were forever altered.

SHAKES
Let's go swimming.

JOHN
(a couple of ice cubes melt on his chest)
We just got here. *
*
*
*

SHAKES
So?

TOMMY
I feel like an egg up here. We can get us some buttered rolls, a few more sodas and head down to the docks.

JOHN *
I'm still on my burn. *

JOHN *
I'm still on my burn. *

MICHAEL looks down the street. From his POV WE SEE the lonely figure of a HOT DOG VENDOR coming down the street very slowly. He positions his cart at the corner of 57th and 10th Streets.

MICHAEL O/C
We haven't hit the Hot Dog Vendor in a couple of weeks.

ANGLE on the FOUR BOYS looking down at the Vendor.

TOMMY
I don't know, Mikey, the cart guy ain't like the others. He gets pretty crazy when you take him off.

SHAKES
Last week he chased Ramos and two of his friends all the way to the piers. Almost cut one of 'em.

JOHN
A hot dog ain't worth bleeding over.

MICHAEL
We can eat hot dogs, or we can eat air. You choose.

TOMMY
Air's probably safer.

SHAKES
Who's turn is it?

MICHAEL
(staring at Shakes)
Yours.

37 EXT. STREET - LATER 37

ANGLE on Shakes walking down the street. Michael, John and Tommy hang back, waiting conspiratorally.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The scam was simple. I was to walk up to the Hot Dog Vendor and order what I wanted. The Vendor would then hand me my hot dog and watch while I ran off without paying. This left the Vendor with two choices, neither very appealing. He could stand his ground and swallow his loss, or he could give chase. The second forces him to abandon the cart where my friends could feast in his absence.

TIGHT SHOT of Shakes.

SHAKES
Mustard and onions. No soda.

ANGLE on the Vendor.

VENDOR
I know you.

Shakes just shrugs and smiles.

SHAKES
Can I have two napkins.

The Vendor pulls a couple of napkins from its canister and wraps them under the hot dog bun. He begins to extend the hot dog to Shakes.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I took it from him and ran.

CAMERA moves very quickly with Shakes as he races down the street. Almost a blur of action is taking place.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I scooted past Tommy Mug's dry cleaners and Armond's shoe repair.

CAMERA SWISH PANS to the Hot Dog Vendor.

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LORENZO'S NARRATION
The Vendor gave chase, a wooden handled pronged fork in one hand.

VENDOR
Pay my money, thief!

ANOTHER cutting blur of arms and legs racing through the city streets.

38 EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY 38

Michael, John and Tommy are fixing themselves hot dogs, putting on mustard and relish.

JOHN
(casually)
How long do you think he'll be?

MICHAEL
Shakes, or the Hot Dog Vendor?

TOMMY
You got one, you got the other. That guy looked pissed enough to kill.

JOHN
Gotta catch him to kill him.

Michael examines the hot dog cart and stand.

MICHAEL
These things are heavier than they look.

TOMMY
It's the gas tanks that keep the food hot...they're heavier than shit.

MICHAEL
Think we can push it, the three of us?

JOHN
Push it where?

MICHAEL
Coupla blocks. Be a nice surprise for the guy when he comes back from chasing Shakes...not to find his cart.

39 EXT. 52ND AND 12TH AVENUE - DAY 39

TIGHT SHOT of the Vendor, breathing heavily.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The Vendor tired at fifty-second and twelfth. I was on the other side of the street, against a tenement doorway.

Shakes looks at the Vendor, the Vendor eyes him back.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
He was beat, but not beaten. He could go ten minutes more, just on hate alone.

Shakes takes off, running again. The Vendor starts after him.

40 EXT. STREET - CLOSE TO 50TH AND NINTH AVENUE - DAY 40

ANGLE on Michael, John and Tommy moving the hot dog cart down the street

41 EXT. STREET - DAY 41

Shakes continues to run, with the Vendor still giving chase. *

Shakes stops and looks back, out of breath. *

SHAKES
(quietly)
Give it up. Let it go.

42 EXT. 50TH STREET AND NINTH AVENUE - DAY 42

John slides open the aluminum door on the cart.

JOHN
Let's have a soda...
(pulling a soda out of cart)
A Dr. Brown sounds about right.

TOMMY
I'll take a Cream.

MICHAEL
I don't want anything.

Tommy takes a slurp from his soda, then looks at Michael.

TOMMY
What's wrong?

MICHAEL
Shakes is taking too long. He should have been back by now.

Suddenly, Shakes rounds the corner and heads over to the three other boys, yelling as he moves towards them.

SHAKES
You were only supposed to take the hot dogs, not the wagon!

JOHN
Now you tell us.

TOMMY
The guy's coming fast, Mikey.

MICHAEL
I got a plan. *

MICHAEL
Over by the subway station.

The boys start to push the cart in the direction of the subway station.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The plan, as it turned out, was as simple and as dumb as anything we had ever done. We were to hold the cart on the top edge of the stairwell, leaning it downward, and wait for the Vendor. We were to let it go the second he grabbed the handles. Then we'd leave the scene as he struggled to ease the cart back onto the sidewalk.

43 EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY 43

TIGHT SHOT of wheels of the hot dog cart right on the edge of the stairs leading down to the tracks.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
To this day, I don't know why we did it, but we would all pay a price. It only took a minute, but in that minute, everything changed.

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The cart begins to head down the first step leading to the subway station. The boys hang onto it for dear life.

TOMMY
I can't hold it.

The wheels head down another step. Michael strains to pull the cart back.

TIGHT SHOT of Shakes' feet sliding as he tries to hold onto the cart.

ANGLE on the cart as hot water starts splashing out of the containers. Then the cart gets free of the boys.

The Vendor runs toward his cart, shocked and out of breath. The cart picks up momentum as the hot dogs, onions, sauerkraut and sodas splatter against the sides of the stairwell.

44 INT. SUBWAY STATION 44

At the bottom of the stairs, JAMES CALDWELL, a 67 year old man, is about to buy a newspaper. He looks up in horror as the hot dog cart careens toward him.

ANGLE on the FOUR BOYS at the top of the subway stairs who are helpless to do anything. The cart crashes into James Caldwell, slamming him against the white tiled subway wall. Blood mixes with dirty hot dog water.

45 EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY 45

A crowd of people has gathered around the boys, looking down into the subway station. A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN pushes her way forward.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
My sweet Jesus! What have you boys done?! What in God's name have you boys done?

MICHAEL
(fighting back tears)
I think we just killed a man.

46 INT. ST. CLARE'S HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY 46

James Caldwell is on a respirator, fighting for his life.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
While James Caldwell was clinging to life on a respirator, we were remanded into our parents' custody.

47 INT. SHAKES' APARTMENT - DAY 47

TIGHT SHOT of Shakes' father slapping Shakes across the face. He slaps him again.

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SHOT WIDENS. Shakes' father, his face red and his eyes full of tears, lets go of his son and sits down at the kitchen table.

SHAKES
I'm sorry, dad.

SHAKES' FATHER
Sorry ain't gonna do you much good. You got to face up to what you did...the four of you.

Tears roll down Shakes' face.

SHAKES
What's going to happen to us?

SHAKES' FATHER
The old man lives, you might catch a break. Do a few months in a juvenile home.

SHAKES
(hardly able to ask the question)
If he doesn't?

His father reaches out and grabs Shakes, holding him. Both of them are crying.

48 OMMITTED 48

9 EXT. CHURCH - DAY A49

Light rain is falling.

B49 INT. CHURCH B49

Shakes stands in the doorway leading to the sacristy, watching Father Bobby hang purple vestments over his long, white clerical gown. A lit cigarette in his mouth. The room is dark.

SHAKES
I hear you're short an altar boy.

FATHER BOBBY
Still remember what to do?

SHAKES
Easy on the water, heavy on the wine. And ring the bells whenever I see somebody start to nod off.

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Father Bobby smiles.

FATHER BOBBY
Get dressed. We got about five minutes to show time.

Shakes enters the room.

SHAKES
I'm gonna miss this.

He picks up the white altar boy vestment.

SHAKES
I'm gonna miss all of this.

Shakes starts to put on the altar boy vestment and looks to Father Bobby.

FATHER BOBBY
I'm doing all I can, but so far every door I touch is locked.

SHAKES
I could run. We all could run. Disappear for awhile. Nobody's gonna come lookin'. Nobody's gonna care about us. About where we go.

FATHER BOBBY
You run now, you run till you die. Hiding won't make it go away. Won't make people forget. You have to face this.

SHAKES
I can't, Father. I don't want to face it. I'm too scared to face it.

Father Bobby puts his arms around Shakes and holds him.

FATHER BOBBY
Not as scared as I am. None of you are as scared as I am.

A long beat. Then...

FATHER BOBBY
We got an audience waiting.

Father Bobby steps back from the boy, and wipes tears from Shakes' eyes. And then Shakes goes back to finishing getting dressed.

SHAKES
I counted three rummies and four widows on my way in. And Fat Ralphie sleeping one off in the last row.

FATHER BOBBY
It's the rain. Bad weather always brings in the crowds.

Father Bobby puts out his cigarette and picks up his sermon. *

FATHER BOBBY
It's one of my favorites.

SHAKES
What is it?

FATHER BOBBY
"Whatever you do to the least of me, you do to me."

Father Bobby and Shakes hold a long look between them. Shakes leads the way out into the quiet of the small church.

49 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 49

The FOUR BOYS, dressed in the only good clothes they own, walk into the courthouse with their family members. Shakes stops as something catches his eye. He sees the Hot Dog Vendor on the far side of the street coming towards the courthouse.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
We never saw the Vendor as a man, not the way we saw the other men of the neighborhood, and we didn't care enough about him to grant him any respect.
(MORE)

LORENZO'S NARRATION (cont'd)
We gave little notice to how hard he worked, or that he had a wife and two kids in Greece and hoped to bring them to this country. We didn't pay attention to the long hours he worked. We didn't see any of that. We only saw a free lunch.

50 INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING OFFICE - LATER 50

There's a hard summer rain falling outside the window. Our FOUR BOYS are in the office with Father Bobby, the Lawyer and family members.

LAWYER
It's the best I can do. You have to admit, it's better than being hit with attempted murder, which is what the other side wanted.

JOHN
You're a regular Perry Mason.

OMMITTED

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John's mother slaps the back of her son's head.

FATHER BOBBY
What does it mean for the boys?

LAWYER
They'll do a year. Minimum. Lorenzo may get a few more months tacked on since he initiated the action.

MICHAEL
It wasn't his idea, it was mine.

LAWYER
Anyway, I should be able to convince the judge not to tack on extra time, given how young Lorenzo is.

FATHER BOBBY
They're all young.

LAWYER
And they're all guilty.

FATHER BOBBY
Where?

LAWYER
(lights a cigarette)
Where what?

FATHER BOBBY
Where will they be sent? Which home? Which prison? Which hole are they going to drop them in?

LAWYER
Wilkinson's. It's a home for boys in Upstate New York.

FATHER BOBBY
I know where it is.

LAWYER
Then you know what it's like.

FATHER BOBBY
Yes.

There's a look of concern on his face.

FATHER BOBBY
I know what it's like.

LAWYER
It won't be so bad. After all, it's not like everybody who spends time at Wilkinson ends up a criminal.

The Lawyer looks over at Father Bobby.

LAWYER
Some of them even find God and become priests. Don't they?

FATHER BOBBY
Go to hell.

51 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 51

The Judge is sentencing our FOUR BOYS, beginning with John.

JUDGE
John Reilly. The court hereby sentences you to be remanded for a period of no more than eighteen months, and no less than one year to the Wilkinson Home for Boys.

ANGLE on John reacting to the sentence.

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JUDGE
Thomas Marcano...

ANGLE on Tommy.

JUDGE O/C
...The court hereby sentences you to be remanded for a period of no more than eighteen months, and no less than one year to the Wilkinson Home for Boys.

ANGLE on Michael.

JUDGE O/C
(his tone harsher)
Michael Sullivan. The court hereby sentences you to be remanded for a period of no more than eighteen months, and no less than one year to the Wilkinson Home for Boys.

ANGLE on Judge.

JUDGE
I might add, were it not for the intervention of Father Robert Carillo who spoke in glowing terms on your behalf, I would have sentenced you to a much stiffer punishment.
(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)
I still have my doubts as to your inherent goodness. Only time will serve to prove me wrong.

The Judge then turns to look at Shakes.

ANGLE on Shakes.

JUDGE O/C
Lorenzo Carcaterra. We have taken into account that you arrived at the scene after the theft of the cart had already occurred. With that in mind, the court hereby sentences you to serve no more than one year and no less than six months at the Wilkinson Home for Boys.

Shakes' father grabs his son's shoulder from behind.

52 EXT. COURTHOUSE - EARLY MORNING 52

An old dirty slate bus is being loaded with the young BOYS to be sent off to Wilkinson Home for Boys.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Early in the morning, on September the first, we said goodbye to our relatives and friends.

Shakes' father hugs Shakes, as one of the GUARDS approaches.

SHAKES' FATHER
(to Guard)
Treat him right.

GUARD
Don't worry, he'll be okay. Now please step away.

Shakes walks over and enters the line forming near the bus. John's MOTHER lays a strand of rosary beads over her son's head. She's emotionally distraught. Michael stands in line next to Tommy who is staring into empty space. Michael glances over and sees Carol Martinez nearby. They exchange a warm look, then Michael enters the bus. Tommy follows him inside.

ANGLE on Father Bobby leaning against a light pole in the open parking lot. He flicks his cigarette and walks towards the bus. He approaches Shakes.

FATHER BOBBY
Will you write to me?

SHAKES
(struggling to reply)
Don't worry. You'll hear from me.

FATHER BOBBY
It'll mean a lot.

SHAKES
Would you do me a favor?

FATHER BOBBY
Name it.

SHAKES
Check on my mother and father. The last few weeks, they look ready to kill each other.

FATHER BOBBY
I will.

SHAKES
And no matter what you hear, tell 'em I'm doing okay.

A slight smile breaks through Father Bobby's sadness.

FATHER BOBBY
You want me to lie?

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SHAKES
It's a good lie, Father. You can do it.

Father Bobby moves from the bus and Shakes steps inside, followed by John. They take their seats on the bus. The Guard runs a chain along the seats and locks the boys in. The door to the bus closes and it pulls away.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

53 INT. WILKINSON HOME FOR BOYS - DAY 53

It seems to be a very picturesque group of buildings.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The Wilkinson Home for Boys held three hundred and seventy five youthful offenders, housed in five separate units. From the outside, the facility resembled what those who ran it wanted it to resemble - a secluded private school.

54 INT. SHAKES' ROOM - GROUP "C" 54

LONG SHOT of Shakes sitting in his room. CAMERA moves slowly toward him.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Michael, Tommy, John and I were assigned to the second floor of Group "C". We each had a private twelve-foot room. I'd been in my room less than an hour, when the panic set in.

CAMERA slowly tightens on the fearful and lonely Shakes.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
It doesn't take very long to know how tough a person you are, or how strong you can be. I knew from my first day at Wilkinson that I was neither tough nor strong. It only takes a moment for the fear to find it's way...to seep through the carefully constructed armor. Once it does, it finds a permanent place.

55 INT. PRISON HALLWAY 55

A GUARD, SEAN NOKES, who appears to be in his mid-20's, heads down the hallway towards Shakes' room. He opens the door.

56 INT. SHAKES' ROOM 56

Shakes is concerned as Nokes enters the room. The Guard looks at him, then quickly and quietly says:

NOKES
Toss your clothes to the floor.

SHAKES
Here?

NOKES
If you're expecting a dressing room, forget it. We don't have any. Lose the clothes.

SHAKES
In front of you?

Nokes just smiles. Shakes starts taking off his clothes, and stands there in his white cotton briefs and his white socks.

NOKES
Everything.

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SHAKES
You want me to stand here naked?

NOKES
Now you're catching on. I knew you Hell's Kitchen boys couldn't be as dumb as people say.

SHAKES
Are my friends on this floor?

NOKES
Friends? You got a lot to learn, little boy. Nobody's got friends in this place. That's something you best not forget.

Shakes slips off his socks and his underwear. He stands naked before Nokes.

SHAKES
Now what?

NOKES
Get dressed.

He nods toward some prison issue clothes on a cot in the corner.

57 INT. GUARD'S STATION - DAY 00170000 57

A television is on. FOUR GUARDS are smoking and seem to be on a break.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
There were four Guards assigned to each floor, with one - in our case Nokes - designated group leader.

ANGLE ON FERGUSON

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Ferguson was the only son of a slain New York State trooper and was on the waiting list for both the New York City and Suffolk County police departments.

ANGLE ON STYLER

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Styler was using his job at Wilkinson's to finance his way through law school.

ANGLE ON ADDISON

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Addison was a graduate of a local high school who wanted nothing more than a steady job that paid well.

58 EXT. WILKINSON - EXERCISE AREA - DAY 58

WE SEE the young inmates in their green shirts and white pants milling about.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
It was not a group of innocent young boys at Wilkinson. Most, if not all, of the inmates belonged there. A number of them were riding out their second and third convictions. All were violent offenders. Few seemed sorry about what he had done, or appeared on the brink of any rehabilitation.

ANGLE ON John and Shakes leaning against a bleacher area. Nokes approaches them.

NOKES
Why don't you get over there and run around the track a dozen times.

SHAKES
How come? Nobody else is running.

NOKES
Now!

JOHN
(to Shakes)
Come on.

As they start to move, Shakes brushes past Nokes. The two boys continue on towards the field, and suddenly Nokes lifts his baton and brings it down hard against Shakes' lower back. He moans with pain and falls to one knee. John turns around towards the sound as Nokes hits Shakes again with the baton. Shakes falls flat on his face.

JOHN
What are you doing? He didn't do nothing.

NOKES
He touched my uniform. That's against institute rules.

JOHN
You didn't have to hit him.

NOKES
Okay. Help him up.

John hesitates for a moment, anticipating Nokes might hit him.

NOKES
Go ahead, pick him up. Don't be afraid.

JOHN
I'm not afraid.

He helps Shakes to his feet.

NOKES
Walk it off and let me see you do those laps.

The two boys walk over to the track, Shakes obviously in pain.

JOHN
I can't believe he hit you like that.

SHAKES
He's hit before.

JOHN
How do you know?

SHAKES
Nobody looked surprised.

58A INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 58A

WE SEE Shakes and other boys attending class.

58B EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY 58B

WE SEE our four boys playing a game.

58C INT. LIBRARY - DAY 58C

Boys sit at desks, reading, studying.

58D INT. CAFETERIA 58D

The boys watch a movie projected on a screen.

ANGLE on the WARDEN watching over the boys.

59 INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY 59

The Cafeteria is now crowded. Young inmates sit at long rows of wooden tables and eat from tin trays. OUR BOYS are in a line waiting to be served.

MICHAEL
Can you see what we're having?

JOHN
Whatever it is, it's covered with brown gravy.

MICHAEL
All our meals are covered with brown gravy.

The BOYS move through the line getting their food, then head through the narrow spaces between tables looking for empty seats in the rear of the room. Michael moves the edge of his tray, barely brushing the arm of one of the inmates.

The INMATE's arm shoots up and sends Michael's tray crashing to the floor.

MICHAEL
(to inmate)
What the fuck you do that for?

The INMATE, K.C., stands up. He seems to be around 18 years old, with bulked arms and a short crewcut.

K.C.
You brushed me.

MICHAEL
So?

K.C.
Nobody touches me. I ain't like you and the rest of your pussy friends.

Michael swings hard and hits K.C. in the jaw, but it has little effect. K.C. rushes Michael and they both fall to the floor, sliding against the spilled food. K.C. hits Michael hard in the face.

Shakes, Tommy, John and other inmates form a circle around K.C. and Michael.

K.C. grabs some meat and smears it into Michael's face.

K.C.
Your fucking life's over. You're gonna die here today, punk. Right on this floor.

He starts to strangle Michael. Michael tries to break free but he's gasping for air, and can't. Shakes sees Michael's in trouble, drops his tray and jumps on K.C. Then Tommy and John do the same. There's an intensity to this fighting. Then other inmates jump in.

The shrill sound of police whistles brings the fight to an end. The crowd parts as Nokes approaches with a can of mace in one hand and a baton in the other. The FOUR BOYS get up from the floor covered in food and blood.

NOKES
Your time here hasn't taught you shit. You're still the same fucking clowns you were when you walked in. Everybody back to your seats, and finish your lunch. Nothing more to see.

K.C.
That go for me, too?

NOKES
No, it don't go for you. I want you back in your room. You're done with lunch.

K.C.
(to Michael)
Me and you gonna finish this some time real soon.

MICHAEL
Maybe at dinner.

K.C. walks out of the lunch room.

NOKES
Any of you Kitchen boys get any lunch?

MICHAEL
I got to smell it.

NOKES
(looking at Michael with intense anger)
How about you finish it now.

MICHAEL
I'm not hungry.

NOKES
I don't give a fuck you're hungry or not. You eat because I'm telling you to eat.

Shakes, Tommy and John start to walk towards the food line.

NOKES
Where do you think you're going?

SHAKES
You said to get lunch.

NOKES
You boys don't need to get back in line for food, there's plenty right where you're standing.

The boys look down at all of the food on the floor. Some of the inmates at the other tables watch, a few of them are smirking.

NOKES
Let's go, boys. Ain't much time in the lunch period.

MICHAEL
I'm still not hungry.

Nokes immediately brings the end of his baton down along the side of Michael's head. He quickly follows it with a level blast across his face. The force of the shot sends blood out of Michael's nose.

NOKES
I tell you when you're hungry.

Michael is struggling from the blows. Nokes swings again with a sharp blow to Michael's neck. Michael drops to one knee. Nokes hits him again.

NOKES
Eat!

With a shaky hand, Michael reaches for the fork, his eyes glassy, the front of his face dripping with blood. He picks up the fork and jabs at a piece of meat on the floor.

NOKES
(to the other THREE BOYS)
What the fuck you waiting for? Down on your knees. Finish your goddamn lunch!

Shakes, Tommy and John go down on their knees and reluctantly start to eat. Michael seems almost unconscious as he tries to eat. Nokes swings hard with his baton hitting Shakes, Tommy and John against the spine.

NOKES
Eat faster. Don't think you got all fucking day.

He watches as the BOYS eat. Then he kicks Michael in the ribs.

An OLDER BLACK GUARD, MARLBORO, enters the Cafeteria and stands observing Nokes and the boys.

NOKES
Nobody leaves here until you clowns are finished with your meal.

The rest of the inmates watch silently. Nokes sits on the edge of a table. He kicks a slice of bread on the floor with his boot.

NOKES
There's some bread over here. Can't have a good lunch without a slice of bread.

Michael, bleeding from his nose, looks over at the bread, but doesn't move. Nokes walks over and hits him with his baton again. Michael starts to crawl towards the bread.

NOKES
That's it. Now you're starting to listen.
(prodding him with his baton)
Show all the boys here how to do a good crawl. Show them how you follow my rules.

ANGLE ON MARLBORO as he steps forward.

MARLBORO
It's one o'clock, Nokes. Your lunch shift is over.

NOKES
I'm not through here yet. Got a few more things that need cleaning up before I can leave.

MARLBORO
It's my tour now. I'll clean what needs cleaning.

NOKES
Stay out of this one. It ain't got nothing to do with you.

MARLBORO
This one I'm staying in.

Nokes walks over to Marlboro and stands inches away from his face.

NOKES
Don't fuck with me, boy.

MARLBORO
(a calm voice)
Fuck with me, Nokes. I'm asking you.

There's a stare-down between them.

MARLBORO
You're eating into my shift.

Nokes backs down.

NOKES
I'll get out of your way...for now.

He starts to head towards the door.

MARLBORO
I'll take what I can get.

The BOYS, covered with blood and food, look surprised that anyone would actually stand up for them.

60 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT 60

Nokes leads Michael, Shakes, Tommy and John down the tunnell.

NOKES
You boys just don't ever listen. Got yourselves a very serious discipline problem. You boys need to be taught some discipline...you need to learn.

61 INT. CAGE - NIGHT 61

As Nokes and the FOUR BOYS enter, they see Ferguson, Styler and Addison.

WE HEAR the cage slam shut.

NOKES
It's a simple thing. I ask you to do something, and you do it. It's a very simple thing.

Michael stands before him.

NOKES
You understand?

Michael doesn't say anything.

ADDISON
(to John, Tommy and Shakes)
Turn and face the wall.

FERGUSON
(to John)
Face to the wall.

Michael stands very nervously, starting to sweat.

MICHAEL
What do you want?

NOKES
A blow job.

Shakes looks around and Ferguson hits him on the back with his baton. Shakes flinches and turns away.

NOKES
(to Michael)
Get on your knees.

Michael doesn't do anything.

Shakes turns around once more. Ferguson hits him on the back again with his baton. John starts to turn and as he does so Addison's baton hits him. He moans from the pain.

62 INT. TUNNEL 62

CAMERA moves away from the cage down the now empty tunnel.

NOKES O/C
On your knees!

WE HEAR a baton hitting flesh and moans from the blows.

NOKES O/C
You Hell's Kitchen boys have a real discipline problem.

FERGUSON O/C
Face the wall!

Once again, WE HEAR the sound of a baton hitting flesh, and moans from the pain inflicted, as the camera comes down the tunnel.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
None of us ever spoke about what happened.

CAMERA keeps moving further and further from the distant scene.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
There are no clear pictures of the sexual abuse we endured, I've buried it as deep as it can possibly go. What I remember most clearly from that chilly October night, was that it was my fourteenth birthday...and the end of my childhood.

63 OMITTED 63

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67 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY 67

A Greyhound bus makes its way along a narrow country road.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Early in my stay, I'd written and asked my father not to come. I couldn't look at my father and have him see on my face all that had happened to me. Michael had done the same with the interested members of his family. Tommy's mother couldn't get it together to visit. John's mother came up once a month.

The bus pulls up at the bus stop near The Wilkinson Home for Boys. The door opens and Father Bobby steps out.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
But no-one could stop Father Bobby from visiting.

68 EXT. PRISON STAIRCASE - DAY 68

Shakes walks towards the Visiting Area with Nokes.

NOKES
Keep the conversation on a happy note.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Nokes warned us not to say anything to Father Bobby. If we did, reprisals would be severe.

69 INT. PRISON VISITING AREA - DAY 69

The large visitors' room has fold-out chairs and tables. Father Bobby sits waiting, his black jacket over the back of a chair. Shakes approaches.

FATHER BOBBY
You lost a few pounds.

SHAKES
It's not exactly home cooking.

There's a long pause.

FATHER BOBBY
I get a chance to see all four of you today.

Shakes looks off.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I loved Father Bobby, but right now I couldn't stand to look at him. I was afraid he'd look right through me, past the fear and the shame...right through to the truth.

Father Bobby moves his chair closer to the table.

FATHER BOBBY
Shakes, is there anything you want to tell me? Anything at all?

SHAKES
You shouldn't come here any more. I appreciate it, but it's not a good thing for you to do.

Father Bobby pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

FATHER BOBBY
I stopped over at Attica on my way up here, to see an old friend of mine.

SHAKES
You have any friends not in jail?

FATHER BOBBY
Not as many as I'd like.

SHAKES
What's he in for?

FATHER BOBBY
Triple murder. He killed three men fifteen years ago.

SHAKES
He's a good friend?

FATHER BOBBY
He's my best friend. We grew up together. We were close, like you and the guys.

He glances around the room.

FATHER BOBBY
We were both sent up here.
(looking at Shakes)
It wasn't easy, just like it's not easy for you and the guys. This place killed my friend. Made him not care. Don't let this place do that to you, Shakes.

There's a long pause between the Father and the boy, then Father Bobby stands up.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I didn't want to let him go. I never felt as close to anyone as I felt to him that moment.

Father Bobby holds Shakes' hand.

FATHER BOBBY
I'll see you in the Kitchen.

He slips on his jacket and puts a Yankee hat on his head.

FATHER BOBBY
I'm counting on it, Shakes.

Shakes turns, nodding to the Guard to open the iron door leading him out.

A70 EXT. WILKINSON HOME FOR BOYS - NIGHT A70

A light snow is falling.

70 INT. WILKINSON HOME FOR BOYS - NIGHT 70

A series of shots of the Home at night. WE HEAR cries and moans coming from rooms.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
A number of the inmates, as tough as they acted during the day, would often cry themselves to sleep at night. There were other cries too. These differed from those filled with fear and loneliness. They were lower and muffled...the sounds of pained anguish ...raw cries that begged for escape, or a freedom that never came.

71 INT. SHAKES' ROOM - NIGHT 71

Shakes is lying on his bed, his hands folded behind his head.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Those cries can change the course of a life...can cut through concrete and skin, and reach deep into the dark parts of a lost boy's soul. They are cries that once heard, can never be erased from memory. On this one night, those cries belonged to my friend, John.

Suddenly, a dark figure crosses the camera. The door opens and Ferguson steps into the doorway.

FERGUSON
I just fucked your little friend, Johnny.

Ferguson seems a little drunk. He holds a beer bottle in his hand.

Shakes sits up in his bed.

FERGUSON
Take your clothes off. I'm gonna play with you for a while.

SHAKES
No.

FERGUSON
What did you say to me?

SHAKES
No.

FERGUSON
You know what you need? You need a drink...loosen you up a little.

He walks over to Shakes, grabs his head and pours the bottle of beer over his head and down his throat. Shakes chokes on it.

SHAKES
(spitting out the beer)
Please, Ferguson, don't do this.

FERGUSON
Don't do what, sweet thing? I thought all you boys liked it.

SHAKES
We don't.

FERGUSON
That's too bad, because I like it.

ANGLE on John standing in the open doorway. He has a makeshift knife in his hand. He's naked except for a pair of briefs and one sock. He comes up behind Ferguson, who is sitting on Shakes' bed with his back to the door and doesn't see John.

FERGUSON
(starting to touch Shakes)
Let's stop fucking around, sweet thing. It's time for fun...and remember I like it nice and slow.

Suddenly, Ferguson reacts as he feels the edge of John's knife on the back of his neck.

JOHN
That's how I'm gonna let you die, dip shit, nice and slow.

FERGUSON
(surprised)
What the hell are you trying to do?

JOHN
I just wanted to tell you, you forgot to lock my door.

FERGUSON
I can have you killed for this.

JOHN
Then I've got nothing to lose.

Shakes quickly slides out from the bed and grabs Ferguson's baton.

SHAKES
You can't cut him, Johnny.

JOHN
Watch me, Shakes. He's not gonna get away with it. He's not gonna walk away from what he did to me...what he's doing to all of us.

SHAKES
He has to get away with it.

JOHN
Who says? Who the fuck says?

SHAKES
We're gonna get out of here in a few months. If you stick him, we ain't going nowhere.

FERGUSON
Listen to your friend, Irish. He's talking sense here.

Shakes slams the end of the baton into the center of Ferguson's stomach. He flinches and gasps for air.

SHAKES
Stay out of this, scumbag.

John moves the knife away from Ferguson's neck and steps back.

SHAKES
He's a piece of shit and he's not worth it.

FERGUSON
I'll go easy on my report.

SHAKES
There won't be a report.

FERGUSON
You two assaulted a guard. There's got to be a report.

John just stands there, his mind seems to be off somewhere else. He's trembling as he holds onto the knife.

SHAKES
Just go, Ferguson.

FERGUSON
I ain't leaving before Irish hands me the knife.

SHAKES
There ain't no knife.

Shakes goes over to John.

SHAKES
It's okay, Johnny, you can let it go now. It's okay.

JOHN
(very quietly)
He's not gonna touch me again. You hear me, Shakes? He's not gonna touch me again.

SHAKES
I hear you.

He takes the knife from John.

SHAKES
(to Ferguson)
Like I said. There's no knife.

Ferguson stands and looks at the two boys.

FERGUSON
I ain't gonna forget you two did this, you hear me? I ain't gonna forget this.

SHAKES
It's the devil's deal, then.

FERGUSON
What the fuck's that mean?

JOHN
First one to forget, dies.

72 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 72

FRED CARLSON, the English teacher, stands before a class of inmates, his tie open and his glasses resting on the top of his head.

CARLSON
I was expecting to read thirty book reports over the weekend. There were only six for me to read, which means I'm missing how many?

A YOUNG INMATE yells from the back of the class.

INMATE #1
This here's English class...math's down the hall.

A few inmates laugh out loud.

CARLSON
I want to help you. You may not believe that, or you may not care, but it's the truth.

The young inmates jeer.

CARLSON
Then I'm just wasting my time, is that what you're saying to me?

INMATE #2
You're wasting everybody's time.

There's a long beat, then a whistle sounds. The inmates get out of their seats and leave the classroom. Shakes also makes his way to the door.

CARLSON
You got a second?

SHAKES
I do something wrong?

CARLSON
No. You did a great job on your book report.

Shakes nods his head.

CARLSON
You really seem to like the book.
(looking at report)
"The Count of Monte Cristo".

SHAKES
It's my favorite. I like it more since I've been in here.

CARLSON
Why's that?

SHAKES
I told you that in the report.

CARLSON
Tell me again.

SHAKES
He wouldn't let anybody beat him. "The Count" took what he had to take... beatings, insults and whatever, and learned from it. Then, when the time came for him to do something, he made his move.

Carlson leans across his desk for a brown leather bag.

CARLSON
You admire that?

SHAKES
I respect that.

CARLSON
You have a copy of the book at home?

SHAKES
I got the Classics Illustrated comic.

CARLSON
It's not the same thing.

Shakes starts to move on.

SHAKES
I gotta go. I'm gonna miss morning roll call.

CARLSON
One more minute. I've got something for you.

He takes out a hardbound copy of "The Count of Monte Cristo" from his bag.

CARLSON
I thought you might like to have it.

SHAKES
Are you serious?

CARLSON
You love the book that much, you should have a copy of your own.

SHAKES
I can't pay you.

CARLSON
It's a gift. You've received gifts before, haven't you?

SHAKES
(flipping through the pages)
It's been a while.

CARLSON
My way of saying "thanks".

SHAKES
Thanks for what?

CARLSON
That someone listens. Even if it's one student.

SHAKES
You're a good teacher, Mr. Carlson. You're just stuck with a bad bunch.

CARLSON
(walking Shakes to the door)
We can discuss the book in class on Friday, if you think "The Count" can hold their attention.

SHAKES
He's got a shot.

CARLSON
Any special section I should read from?

SHAKES
That's easy. The part where he escapes from prison.

Shakes walks out, slapping the book against his side.

/3 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY 73

The inmates are engaged in a touch football game.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Once a year in the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the Wilkinson Home for Boys sponsored a touch football game at a price of two dollars a ticket, with the money going to the town. Children under ten were allowed in free.

TIGHT SHOT of a huge, BLACK KID, smashing into Shakes and knocking him to the ground.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
We were twenty minutes into practice, when I was tackled hard from behind.

SHAKES
(to Black Kid)
It's touch football.

BLACK KID
I touch hard.

SHAKES
(slowly getting up)
Save it for the guards.

ANGLE on Nokes, Ferguson, Styler and Addison.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Nokes was captain of the guards' team, and my friends and I knew, before waiting for a roster sheet, that we had been chosen for the inmates team.

ANGLE on Tommy, limping badly, as he moves toward the huddle.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Tommy was on the team, even though he was suffering from a badly swollen ankle, the result of a recent battering from Styler.

Shakes moves to the huddle and stands next to Michael.

SHAKES
It's not bad enough that the guards are gonna hand us our ass, we've got these losers thinking they're the Green Bay Packers.

JOHN
What's the point of even having a practice?

Tommy limps over, and nods to the guards who are ringing the field.

TOMMY
For them. We're like a coming attraction.

Michael looks over at the inmates on the other side of the field.

MICHAEL
Shakes, who's the toughest guy out here?

SHAKES
How do you mean, tough?

MICHAEL
Who can talk and have everyone listening.

TOMMY
Rizzo.
(indicating guy across the field)
Tall black guy with the shaved head, holding the ball.

JOHN
(looking over at Rizzo)
A black Italian?

TOMMY
I don't know what he is. I just know his name's Rizzo and he's the main guy down in "B" group.

MICHAEL
What's he in for?

TOMMY
He killed a guy.

SHAKES
Killed a guy?

TOMMY
Manslaughter. His mother's boyfriend got a little too friendly with Rizzo's kid sister.

MICHAEL
He's our guy then.

SHAKES
A guy for what?

MICHAEL
I'll tell you after practice.

74 INT. SINK AREA - DAY 74

RIZZO, no more than 15, is washing up.

MICHAEL
Okay with you if I use the soap?

RIZZO
Okay with me if you set yourself on fire. Okay with me if you die. I don't give a fuck.

MICHAEL
(taking the soap)
Thanks.

He sits down.

MICHAEL
(very quietly)
I need to talk to you. It won't take long.

Rizzo just looks at him.

MICHAEL
You're the guy everybody points to, and stays away from.

RIZZO
That was true, until today.

MICHAEL
We're wasting time.

Rizzo looks over at Shakes, who's trying to look as if he's interested in something in the hallway.

RIZZO
Tell your friend over there to come in.
He ain't smart enough to look cool.

Michael smiles at Rizzo, then nods for Shakes to come over.

MICHAEL
You been in here longer than a year?

RIZZO
Closer to three. Should be out come spring.

MICHAEL
How many of these football games you play in?

RIZZO
This one be my second. Why?

MICHAEL
The guards win the first?

RIZZO
The guards ain't ever lost one.

MICHAEL
What if they did?

RIZZO
Look, white boy, don't know what you play on the street, don't care, but in here the guards call the play, and the play calls for them to win the game.

MICHAEL
Why?

RIZZO
You think they fuck with you now. Beat them Saturday and see what happens. Won't be just you either.
(beat)
Tell me, white boy, we all supposed to get our ass split open just so you can look good in a football game?

MICHAEL
I'm not saying we gotta win. I just don't want to take a beating.

RIZZO
You do every day. Why's Saturday special?

MICHAEL
On Saturday we can hit back.

RIZZO
Guards steer clear of me. They stay back and let me do my time. I play the game...put a hurt on one of them, it might change my cushion.

MICHAEL
You're still nothing but a nigger to them.

RIZZO
Just 'cause we're talking don't mean we're on the same side.

MICHAEL
They don't hit you or fuck with you like they do with us. They fuck with you another way. You're just an animal to them.

RIZZO
I don't give a fuck.

MICHAEL
Yeah, you do. Beating them ain't gonna change a thing.

Rizzo looks at him, interested.

RIZZO
Then why, white boy?

MICHAEL
To make them feel what we feel, just for a couple of hours.

Rizzo thinks it over. Then he looks at Michael and then at Shakes.

RIZZO
Hope you play as good as you talk.

MICHAEL
I hope so, too.

75 EXT. PRISON FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY 75

TIGHT SHOT of a VENDOR selling peanuts and hot chocolate. PULL BACK to reveal the stands full of SPECTATORS of all ages, wearing heavy coats, furry hats and woollen gloves. It's a rather festive atmosphere, apart from the fact that armed guards circle the perimeter of the field.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
It was the first Saturday in December.

ANGLE ON GUARDS wearing shoulder and elbow pads, shiny football shoes with cleats and thick sweaters.

ANGLE ON THE INMATES, INCLUDING OUR FOUR BOYS, wearing sneakers and prison issue clothing.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I looked at the crowd with a fair amount of envy, knowing that once the game was over, they were free to return to their safe homes, dinner waiting, our game reduced to nothing more than dinner conversation.

ON FOOTBALL FIELD

Nokes and Rizzo meet in the center of the field for the coin toss.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Rizzo had insisted on being named captain, feeling it would send the guards an early signal that this was not just going to be another football game.

Neither one attempted a handshake.

NOKES
I'll go easy on you and your crew, if you lay down and stay out of the game.

RIZZO
I call heads.

The COIN floats through the air in slow motion and lands heads up in the grass. Michael takes the snap, drops three steps back and hands the ball off to Shakes.

JUANITO, a 15 year old in a tee-shirt and torn pants, leads a block in front of Shakes. Nokes leads the charge.

Just as he's about to hit Shakes, an elbow comes into the screen and hits Nokes flush on the side of his face, and he falls to the ground. WE SEE the elbow belongs to Rizzo. He smiles. Addison grabs Shakes around the waist and knocks him to the ground.

JUANITO
(excited, helping Shakes up)
Alright! We got ourselves a game now, motherfuckers. We got ourselves a game!

MICHAEL
(smiling over at Rizzo)
We got ourselves a game.

MONTAGE of an incredibly brutal touch football game.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
For ninety minutes, we played the guards in the toughest and bloodiest game ever seen on the playing fields of the Wilkinson Home for Boys. For those ninety minutes, we took the game out of the prison, moved it miles beyond the locked gates and the sloping hills of the surrounding countryside, and brought it back down to the streets of the neighborhoods we had come from. For those ninety minutes, we were once again free.

WE SEE Tommy spewing blood from a split lip. John sandwiched between two vicious blocks from Nokes and Ferguson.

Michael's arm being trampled on by cleats. Brutal tactics are employed by the guards in an all-out effort to emerge with a victory, but the boys give back what they receive.

Michael takes a snap and drops back to pass. Rizzo races down the sideline and Styler runs with him, side by side.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
We were down by one touchdown, late in the fourth quarter. We needed one more play...a big play, one the guards wouldn't expect us to be able to carry out...the kind that ends in a touchdown and a knock out. All the inmates had played in games that ended in blood, but for the guards this was a new experience, and they didn't much care for it.

Michael is looking down field for Rizzo. Nokes, bloody and bruised, comes in from the left side, leaping over one inmate and reaching for Michael. Shakes throws a low block, taking Nokes off his feet. Michael lets the ball go.

The ball sails through the cold December sky and Rizzo reaches out for it. He pulls it in as he falls into the end zone. The inmates go crazy in triumph.

NOKES
(to Michael)
You fucker. I'm gonna kill you.

ANGLE ON RIZZO as the players rush around him. WE HEAR inmates screaming from open windows: "Rizzo! Rizzo! Rizzo!" Rizzo takes in the moment of glory.

Tommy and John show the faintest look of happiness. Nokes starts to walk off the field. Michael walks toward him.

MICHAEL
Hey, Nokes.

Nokes turns back and looks at Michael.

NOKES
What?

MICHAEL
Good game.

ANGLE on Shakes. He has a big grin on his face.

SCREEN IS BLACK

LORENZO'S NARRATION
It was my second day in the Isolation Ward. I was brought down to the place the inmates called "the hole" immediately after the game. There was no bed, no toilet, no food or water. There was only darkness and large hungry rats.

76 INT. ISOLATION WARD - "THE HOLE" 76

We can begin to see in the darkness now. In the faint light, a rat moves along the wall.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I was not alone in the hole. I knew my friends were down in the depths with me, each in his own cell, each in his own pain...suffering his own demons. Rizzo was there too.

CAMERA PANS and we can just barely see Shakes. His face is badly beaten and one eye is bruised and swollen shut. His lips are dry and puffy.

CAMERA continues down Shakes' body to his leg. His pants are torn and he's not wearing socks or shoes. A rat is moving over a dry blooded gash on his ankle.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I had lost any sense of time.

ANGLE on Shakes' good eye which is staring at a small pin of light on a far wall. From his POV, the dot of light opens up to show a hazy projection of an open fire hydrant, and boys running in and out of the cascading water.

EXTREME TIGHT SHOT of Shakes as he lives this moment.

Suddenly, we hear the click of a lock. Rats scurry into the corner as sharp light filters into the cell. Nokes stands silhouetted in the doorway.

NOKES
I thought you might be hungry, football star. Brought you some oatmeal.

He places the bowl at Shakes' feet on the concrete floor. The light is blinding to Shakes. He's unable to see any image clearly.

NOKES
Looks a little dry though. Nobody likes dry oatmeal. Tastes like shit.

In the darkness, WE HEAR a zipper sliding down, then peeing into the bowl of oatmeal.

NOKES
There. That's better. That should help it go down easier.

He walks toward the door, a dark silhouette.

NOKES
Enjoy your meal, football star.

Everything goes BLACK again.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The minute I heard the lock turn and the bolt shut down, I rushed for the bowl, and ate my first meal in the hole.

"THE HOLE" - LATER

Through the dim light, we begin to focus on Shakes' face again. He's looking at the fine crack of light on the far wall.

ANGLE on the light as it opens up to a blurry vision of Fat Mancho's Candy Store.

JOHN V/O
I gotta pee. Hey, Fat Man, can I use your bathroom?

FAT MANCHO V/O
Fuck you, punk. Pee in your pants.

JOHN V/O
Is that a no?

TIGHT SHOT of Shakes' eye, blinking and half unconscious. In his eye WE SEE the blurred vision of Fat Mancho's Candy Store become clearer.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

76A INT. FAT MANCHO'S CANDY STORE - DAY 76A

Shakes, John, Tommy and Michael are hanging out at the Candy Store with Fat Mancho.

SHAKES
You can go at my place. I've got to pick up something anyway.

JOHN
You sure?

SHAKES
Yeah. You can pee there, or in the back of Fat Mancho's car.

He smiles at Fat Mancho, and they head out the door.

76B INT. SHAKES' APARTMENT - DAY 76B

The front door bursts open and John runs through the apartment, followed by Shakes.

JOHN
I don't think I'm going to make it.

He swings the bathroom door open, and suddenly both he and Shakes freeze.

76C INT. SHAKES' BATHROOM - DAY 76C

There sitting on the toilet in full white habit is SISTER CAROLYN SAUNDERS. She's holding a wad of toilet paper in one hand.

JOHN
Holy shit!

SISTER CAROLYN
Oh, my God!

77 EXT. STREET - DAY 77

Shakes and John are racing back down the street towards Fat Mancho's Candy Store, with Michael and Tommy.

MICHAEL
That was quick.

JOHN
We saw a nun.

MICHAEL
Where?

JOHN
On the toilet. She was sitting on Shakes' toilet taking a piss.

TOMMY
You never think of nuns doing that stuff.

MICHAEL
Which nun?

SHAKES
Sister Carolyn.

TOMMY
Good choice.

MICHAEL
Did you see her snatch?

JOHN
A nun's snatch? We're gonna burn like twigs for this, Shakes.

PRESENT:

78 INT. "THE HOLE" 78

Shakes is delirious.

SHAKES
We're gonna burn in hell...we're gonna burn in hell...

His good eye closes and he drifts into unconsciousness.

79 INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - CORRIDOR 79

Shakes is on a gurney being wheeled towards the Infirmary Ward. An OLDER DOCTOR walks along the side of Shakes.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I was released from the hole after two weeks, and sent to the prison infirmary.

PRISON DOCTOR
You're lucky. A couple more days in there, we wouldn't have been able to help you.

SHAKES
(barely conscious)
Where are all the guys?

PRISON DOCTOR
They took everyone out.

SHAKES
Were we all lucky?

PRISON DOCTOR
No, not all.

80 INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - WARD 80

Rays of sunlight come through an open window and across Shakes' face, as he lies in the hospital bed. His left eye is still sealed shut, and an I.V. bag drips fluid into his arms. He turns his head and sees Michael sitting on the edge of his own bed, staring at Shakes.

Michael's right arm and left leg are in soft casts, his face is puffy and bruised.

MICHAEL
I thought you'd never wake up.

SHAKES
I never thought I'd want to.

MICHAEL
John and Tommy are at the other end of the hall.

SHAKES
How are they?

MICHAEL
Alive.

SHAKES
Who isn't?

MICHAEL
Rizzo.

SHAKES
They killed him?

MICHAEL
They took turns beating him until there was nothing left to beat.

The two boys look at one another.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Rizzo was dead because of us. We made him think that going up against the guards in a meaningless football game had some value...that it would give us a reason to go on. Once again, we were wrong.

Michael lays back on his bed. Shakes turns away from Michael, resting his head against the pillow, staring at the white wall. A voice on a radio in the background talks about threats of snow and holiday sales.

81 EXT. PRISON INFIRMARY GROUNDS - DAY 81

From an open window looking out onto the Infirmary grounds, WE SEE Tommy sitting on a wooden bench, staring ahead, with his back to the camera. His hospital gown is slightly open, and WE SEE deep gashes and bruises on his back.

82 INT. PRISON INFIRMARY WARD - DAY 82

WE HEAR footsteps. Nokes enters the ward. He walks over to where Michael and Shakes are resting.

NOKES
How we feeling today?

Neither boy responds.

NOKES
You should be out of here in no time. It's gonna be good having you back. We miss you and your friends, especially at night.

MICHAEL
(whispers to Nokes)
Kill me now.

NOKES
What?

He moves closer to Michael.

NOKES
What did you say?

MICHAEL
Kill me now. Kill us all now.

NOKES
You're fucking crazy.

MICHAEL
You have to kill us. You can't let us out of here alive.

Nokes is slightly uneasy about this.

NOKES
And why's that, tough guy?

MICHAEL
You can't run the risk.

NOKES
What risk are you talking about?

MICHAEL
The risk of meeting up in a place that ain't here.

NOKES
That supposed to scare me? That street shit of yours supposed to scare me? Your friend Rizzo was tough too, but now he's buried tough.

Michael just looks at Nokes very calmly.

MICHAEL
Kill us all.

NOKES
You Hell's Kitchen motherfuckers are really crazy.

MICHAEL
Think about it. It's the only way out for you. Don't take a chance, you can't afford it. Kill us.

Nokes turns and walks away.

83 OMITTED 83

84 OMITTED 84

85 OMITTED 85

86 OMITTED 86

87 EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAY 87

SCREEN READS: SPRING 1968

THE FOUR BOYS are playing basketball against a cement wall.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The basketball court was seldom free. The black inmates had co-opted the area as part of their domain, but for now they were out of the picture, joined together in organized protest, a reflection of their outrage over the murder earlier in the month of Martin Luther King, Jr. They stayed in their rooms and refused to engage in any prison activity. Initially, the guards reacted with intimidation and force, but the warden, fearing outside attention, ordered the guards to back off and allow the protest to flame itself out.

THE BOYS take a break from playing.

SHAKES
I'm not used to getting this much sun.

TOMMY
They give you your release date yet?

SHAKES
Nokes had the letter from the warden. He waved it in front of me then tore it up.

Michael is sitting down, leaning against the wall.

MICHAEL
When do you figure?

SHAKES
End of June, maybe early July.

JOHN
Wish we were going with you. Would have been nice for all of us to walk out together.

MICHAEL
No use thinking about it. We're gonna do a full year, not an hour less.

SHAKES
I could talk to Father Bobby after I get out. Maybe he can make some calls, shave a month or two off.

JOHN
There's nothing to talk about.

SHAKES
There's a lot to talk about. Maybe if people knew what goes on in here they'd make a move.

JOHN
I don't want anybody to know, Shakes.

Tears well up in his eyes.

JOHN
Not Father Bobby, or King Benny or Fat Mancho. Not my mother...not anybody.

TOMMY
I don't either. I wouldn't know what to say to anybody that did know.

SHAKES
(to Michael)
What about you? You gonna stay quiet?

MICHAEL
I can't think of anybody who needs to hear about it. Either they won't believe it or they won't give a shit.

JOHN
I don't even think we should talk about it, once it's over.

MICHAEL
We've got to live with it, and talking makes living it harder.
(after a beat)
The truth stays with us.

The boys look at one another. Michael is right.

JOHN
What's the first thing you're gonna do when you get back?

SHAKES
Go to the library. Sit there for as long as I want. Look through any book I want. Not to have to get up when somebody blows a whistle. Just sit there and listen to the quiet.

TOMMY
You know what I miss the most?

JOHN
What?

TOMMY
Stoops filled with people eating pretzels and drinking beers out of paper bags. Music coming out of open windows and parked cars. Girls smiling at us from inside their doorways.

SHAKES
Two slices of hot pizza and an Italian ice at Mimi's.

MICHAEL
Walking with Carol down by the pier, holding her hand. Kissing her on a corner. That's hard to beat.

SHAKES
What about you, Johnny?

JOHN
I don't want to be afraid of the dark again, or hear an open door in the middle of the night...and I don't want to be touched. I want to be able to sleep and not worry about what's gonna happen or who's coming in my room. If I can get that, I'll be happy.

MICHAEL
Some day, John. I promise that.

A guard's whistle blows. The boys all start to move off.

88 INT. SHAKES' ROOM - NIGHT 88

TIGHT SHOT OF: PRISON RELEASE FORM

ANOTHER ANGLE on Shakes reading the Release Form.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I was in my last hours as an inmate at the Wilkinson Home for Boys. I was given four copies of my release form. One was to be handed to the guard at the end of the hall, the second to be given to the guard at the main gate, a third was for the driver of the bus that would take me back to Manhattan. The last copy was to be mine, the final reminder of my time at Wilkinson.
(beat)
I never heard the key turn in the lock, and I never heard the snap of the bolt...I only saw a large shadow wash across the floor of my room.

Nokes enters.

NOKES
You should be asleep. Need all your rest for the big trip home.

Addison is right behind Nokes. They both appear drunk.

ADDISON
I told you he'd be up.

SHAKES
What do you want?

NOKES
I just want to say goodbye. We all do. Let you know how much we're gonna miss having you around here.

88A INT. TUNNEL 88A

As Nokes and Styler lead them through this dark tunnel, John looks over at Shakes with dead eyes. Tommy has tears running down the side of his face.

Ferguson follows behind with Michael.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
A part of all of us was left there that night. A night that will never be removed from my mind. The night of July the twenty-fourth, nineteen sixty eight. The summer of love. My last night at The Wilkinson Home for Boys.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO THE EMPTY TUNNEL

88B OMITTED 88B

SCREEN IS BLACK

TITLE CARD READS: FALL 1981

89 EXT. WEST 48TH STREET, HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 89

SHOT of midtown Manhattan street. TWO YOUNG MEN with black leather jackets enter the SHOT and head toward "McHales".

90 INT. McHALES - NIGHT 90

There's a medium size crowd inside. CAMERA pans the restaurant and comes to rest on the front door.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
At eight twenty five p.m., two men walked through the doors.

ANGLE on the TWO MEN as they approach the bartender, JERRY. He nods in their direction.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The bartender knew their faces, as most of the neighborhood knew their names. They were two of the founding members of the West Side Boys. They were also its deadliest.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
(to bartender)
Jerry, two Wild Turkeys with beer chasers.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The Blond-haired man had been in and out of jail since he was a teenager. He robbed and killed at will or on command. He was presently a suspect in four unsolved homicides. He was an alcoholic and a cocaine abuser with a fast temper and faster trigger. He once shot a mechanic dead for moving ahead of him on a movie line.

The Two Men sit at the bar. The Dark-haired Man lights a cigarette.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The Dark-haired Man was equally deadly and had committed his first murder at the age of seventeen. In return he was paid fifty dollars. He drank and did drugs and had a wife he never saw living somewhere in Queens.

Jerry places the drinks before the Two Men on top of the bar. The Blond-haired Man leans his ear towards a COUPLE OF BUSINESSMEN at the other end of the bar.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
Jerry...
(indicating men at end of bar)
...what are they talking about?

JERRY
Talking about Reagan's speech. *

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
Bring those two men a drink and run it on my tab. And Jerry....tell them Republicans are not welcome in Hell's Kitchen, and either a political conversion or a change of conversation is in order.

JERRY
Sure thing.

He walks down to the end of the bar, and we can hear him relaying this conversation to the two businessmen. The Blond-haired Man looks at the menu and then hands it to his friend.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
Order something for me. I'm going to the bathroom.

He stands up and walks down the narrow strip of floor separating the booths from the bar. A MAN IN A SECURITY UNIFORM sits alone in the last booth, eating meatloaf. As the Blond-haired Man passes, he looks at the Man.

The Man looks up and they both stare at one another for a few seconds.

MAN IN BOOTH
Can I help you with something, chief?

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
Not right now. Enjoy the rest of your meal.

Then the Blond-haired Man enters the men's room.

91 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 91

The Blond-haired Man takes off his gloves, turns on the cold water and splashes water on his face. Then he looks at himself in the mirror and smiles.

92 INT. BAR - NIGHT 92

The Dark-haired Man sits at the bar, pouring himself a beer. The Blond-haired Man comes back, sits next to him and lights a cigarette.

DARK-HAIRED MAN
I ordered brisket on a roll with fries and two baskets of soda bread. I know you like that shit. That okay by you?

The Blond-haired Man is looking into the mirror, his eyes riveted on the Man in the booth finishing his meatloaf.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
Look in the last booth. Take a good look.

The Dark-haired Man turns on the stool and stares at the Man in the security uniform. Then he turns back.

DARK-HAIRED MAN
No? Is this possible? You sure it's really him?

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
You know me. I never forget a friend.

They pull their guns out from underneath their jackets and rake the slides, loading a round in the chambers. They slip the guns into their pockets. * * *

DARK-HAIRED MAN
This is amazing.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
Hello. It's been a long time.

MAN IN BOOTH
Who the fuck are you guys?

The Two Men sit down in the booth.

MAN IN BOOTH
And who the fuck asked you to sit down?

DARK-HAIRED MAN
I thought you'd be happy to see us. I guess I was wrong.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
I always thought you'd do better. All that training, all that time you put in...just to guard somebody else's money. Seems like a waste.

MAN IN BOOTH
I'm asking you for the last time. What the fuck do you want?

The Blond-haired Man takes off his gloves and puts them in the front pocket of his leather jacket.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
Take your time. It'll come to you.

The Man in the booth stares at him for a long beat.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
I can see how you would forget us. We were just something for you and your friends to play with.

DARK-HAIRED MAN
It's a little harder for us to forget. You gave us so much more to remember.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
You're not quite placing us are you, chief? Let me help you. You're looking at John Reilly and Tommy Marcano.

MAN IN BOOTH
That was a long time ago.

JOHN (BLOND-HAIRED MAN)
We're not kids now.

MAN IN BOOTH
So what do you want?

JOHN
What I've always wanted, Nokes. To watch you die.

John and Tommy get to their feet, a gun in each hand. All movement in the pub ceases.

TOMMY (DARK-HAIRED MAN)
Too bad you ordered the meatloaf. The brisket's really good here, only you'll never know it.

NOKES
You were scared little pricks, both of you...all of you. Scared shitless. I tried to make you tough, make you hard, but it was a waste of time.

TOMMY
I had you all wrong then. All this time I figured you just liked fucking and beating up little boys.

NOKES
You're gonna burn in hell! You two motherfuckers are gonna burn in hell!

JOHN
After you.

He points his gun under the table and shoots Nokes right in the crotch. Nokes screams in pain.

TOMMY
Did that hurt, Nokes?

Tommy shoots Nokes in each arm. Then John steps around and shoots him in each leg. Tommy shoots him three times in the chest, and finally John aims at Nokes' head and shoots him once between the eyes.

ANGLE on Jerry, the bartender, his eyes turned away, and the Two Buinessmen looking at the scene, terrified.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN AND WOMAN sit in their booth, frozen in fear, while other patrons duck for cover under tables.

John and Tommy put their guns back in their pockets, take one final look at Nokes and then turn to leave. * *

TOMMY
(to bartender)
Hey, Jerry, be a pal, would you?

Jerry is shaken, and not wanting to look over at the dead man.

JERRY
Name it.

TOMMY
Make those brisket sandwiches to go.

93 INT. TOMBS - DAY 93

Shakes walks down a corridor.

JUDGE V/O
How do you plead?

JOHN V/O
Not guilty, your Honor.

JUDGE V/O
Thomas Marcano?

TOMMY V/O
Not guilty, your Honor.

JUDGE V/O
John Reilly and Thomas Marcano, you are hereby held without bail.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
In all the years since Wilkinson's, we had never once spoke to each other about what happened there. We remained caring friends, but the friendship had been altered as we traveled down our separate paths. Still, we were friends.

94 INT. WAITING AREA 94

Shakes is seated in a waiting area.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
By the time of Noke's murder, the friendship had become less intimate, but no less intense.

John and Tommy are being led over to Shakes, both in chains and cuffs. They sit down and both look to Shakes, pleased with themselves.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
We accepted each other for what we were. Few questions were asked. No demands were made.

JOHN
(to Shakes)
One down, Shakes. One down.

HARD CUT to the roaring sound and energy of a train screaming into an elevated station.

00007 1 7

95 OMITTED 95

00007 .

96 EXT. ELEVATED STATION - NIGHT 96

Shakes steps out of one of the cars. No one is on the platform. The train pulls away. He stands alone.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
At the time of Nokes's shooting, Michael was working as an Assistant New York District Attorney.

He looks around for someone but no one is there.

Shakes comes down the stairs of the platform. He starts to walk away from the station unsure of where he's going.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I got a call that he wanted to meet at 45th Street in Queens, but he didn't say where...and he hung up.

WE SEE Michael standing in the shadows, smoking a cigarette.

MICHAEL
What'd they have to say?

SHAKES
Don't you think this is a little cloak and dagger?

MICHAEL
What about Nokes? They talk about him?

SHAKES
John did, but not by name. All he said was: "One down, Shakes".

MICHAEL
I hear they hired Danny Snyder? That right?

SHAKES
That's temporary. King Benny's gonna move in one of his lawyers.

MICHAEL
No, Snyder's perfect.

SHAKES
Perfect? The guy's a fall-down drunk.

MICHAEL
That's why he's perfect.

SHAKES
What are you talking about?

MICHAEL
You covering this story for your newspaper?

SHAKES
I'm a timetable clerk, Mikey - ask me what movie's playing at what time. I'm lucky they let me in the building.

Michael doesn't say anything. A beat.

SHAKES
Wanna get a cup of coffee?

MICHAEL
We gotta take a walk.

97 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 97

Michael and Shakes walk and talk, the elevated platform above them.

MICHAEL
I'm gonna prosecute John and Tommy in an open court.

SHAKES
Are you fucking nuts? They're your friends...your friends. You heartless fuck!

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL
Before you take a swing, Shakes, hear me out.

SHAKES
Do something smart, call in sick tomorrow. It might save your life.

MICHAEL
I'm not taking this case to win. I'm taking it to lose.

Shakes looks at him and can't figure out what Michael's up to. *

MICHAEL
It's pay-back time, Shakes. We can get back at them now. John and Tommy started it, and you and I can finish it.

SHAKES
What the hell are you talking about?

MICHAEL
Shakes, when's the last time you read "The Count of Monte Cristo"?

SHAKES
Dunno. It's gotta be ten years.

MICHAEL
Revenge. Sweet lasting revenge. Now it's time for all of us to get a taste.

SHAKES
You crazy bastard.

A sense of excitement comes over Shakes. He throws his hands up in the air, a sense of relief and joy. The El train speeds loudly overhead.

MINUTES LATER

Michael and Shakes walk along.

MICHAEL
I asked for the murder case - said I was from the same neighborhood as the accused, knew the mentality of the area, would be able to keep the witnesses from running away, hold the case together - and win it. There's no need to worry about the link with Wilkinson's. Like all juvenile records in the state, ours were destroyed seven years after our release.

Michael looks at him very carefully. A beat.

MICHAEL
Freeing John and Tommy is not enough, Shakes. I gotta go after the other guards. I need to go after Wilkinsons. Bring it all down.

98 EXT. UNDER AN OPEN SHED - LATER 98

TIGHT SHOT of a manila folder being placed in a set of hands.

PULL BACK to reveal Michael and Shakes crouched under the shed looking through the folder. The rain is coming down hard.

MICHAEL
Adam Styler, plainclothes cop, assigned to narcotics in Queens. Shakes down dealers for dope and cash. He's got a cocaine problem. The rest of the folder contains other personal information.

Michael hands Shakes a second manila folder.

MICHAEL
Henry Addison now works for the Mayor of the City of New York. He's a community outreach director in Brooklyn. His sexual habits haven't changed...still likes sex with young boys.

Shakes is shocked.

MICHAEL
Addison belongs to a group of well-heeled pedophiles. They like to party together three times a month, paying out big dollars for all-nighters with the boys they buy.

SHAKES
How long you been working on this, Mikey?

Michael pulls out another folder.

MICHAEL
Ralph Ferguson...he's a clerk working in a social service agency on Long Island. He's recently divorced and he's got one child. On weekends, he teaches Catholic Sunday School.

SHAKES
He sounds clean.

MICHAEL
That's exactly why I want him. I'm gonna call Ferguson in as a character witness...talk to him about his best friend, Sean Nokes. Once I've got him on the stand, I can open the door to Wilkinson's.

SHAKES
What about John and Tommy? You want them to know anything about this?

MICHAEL
Nothing. It'll be better in court if they don't know.

99 EXT. STREET - LATER 99

LONG SHOT of Michael and Shakes walking under the elevated train, after the rain. Michael hands Shakes some keys.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The "not guilty" verdict had to be a verdict that no-one would dare question. Danny Snyder was to remain as Tommy and John's attorney. We needed to keep him sober and alert, and too scared to tell anyone what we were up to. Michael had set up a system of messengers and drop boxes, and I would pass information back to him in a similar manner. For this plan to succeed, we needed total secrecy of the only people we completely trusted. After this night, Michael would not be available to any of us. The only time we would see him, would be in court.

ANGLE ON SHAKES

SHAKES
I guess this is it, huh?

MICHAEL
One more thing.

SHAKES
What?

MICHAEL
You've got four witnesses who say they saw the shooting and are willing to testify. We need to knock that number down.

SHAKES
I'll talk with King Benny.

MICHAEL
I'll take two, if you can get us one for our side.

SHAKES
One what?

MICHAEL
One witness. A witness who will put John and Tommy somewhere else on the night of the murder. Anywhere else. A witness they can't touch.

SHAKES
Don't they have a name for that?

MICHAEL
A judge would call it perjury.

SHAKES
And what are we calling it?

MICHAEL
A favor.

100 EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - KING BENNY'S PLACE - DAY 100

WE HEAR a Dean Martin song playing.

101 INT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - DAY 101

As the Dean Martin music continues, King Benny stands behind the bar drinking a large white mug of hot coffee reading a three page letter. He walks over to the window and looks out to the Hell's Kitchen street.

KING BENNY
Tony!

Tony looks over. He's sitting with four other men counting morning betting slips. He gets up and walks over to King Benny.

KING BENNY
Bring Danny Snyder to see me.

TONY
Danny Snyder, the lawyer?

KING BENNY
You know more than one Danny Snyder?

TONY
No, King.

KING BENNY
Then bring me the one you know.

He walks away from the window and puts his cup down on the bar. Then he takes one final look at the letter and picks up a book of matches. He lights a match and puts it to the letter, drops it in the sink and watches it burn. Then he laughs.

102 INT. FAT MANCHO'S CANDY STORE - DAY 102

TIGHT SHOT of a hand reaching for Juicy Fruit gum.

FAT MANCHO O/C
You gonna pay me for that, you little prick?

SHOT WIDENS to include Fat Mancho and Shakes.

SHAKES
I never did before...why ruin a good habit.

Shakes moves towards the door.

SHAKES
I'll wait for you outside.

103 EXT. FAT MANCHO'S CANDY STORE - DAY 103

Shakes stands in front of the Candy Store opening a piece of gum. Fat Mancho comes out carrying two wooden crates for them to sit on, and a sweaty Yoo-Hoo for him to drink. They both sit down. Shakes points to the fire hydrant in front.

SHAKES
Kids still use that in the summer?

FAT MANCHO
It still gets hot, don't it? That pump's the only beach they know.

SHAKES
King Benny's been around to see you?

FAT MANCHO
Some fucking team we putting together. A drunk lawyer on one side, a fucking kid lawyer on the other. A paper boy making like Dick Tracy. Four sets of eye balls swear they saw the whole thing, and the two on trial killed more people than cancer. That motherfucker Custer had a better shot at a walk.

SHAKES
Nobody's expecting it. That's the biggest card in our favor. Need you to pull a few strings, Fat Man.

FAT MANCHO
This goes bad, it ain't a fucking year upstate in a kid jail.

SHAKES
There's no connection between Nokes and us. The police think it's a drug related homicide.

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FAT MANCHO
If you get caught on this, you're looking straight at serious.

SHAKES
There's no choice. Not for us.

Fat Mancho looks towards the fire hydrant. It's spraying water.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

104 EXT. STREET - FIRE HYDRANT 104

WE SEE a YOUNG JOHN run through the cascading water.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME:

Fat Mancho looks at Shakes.

FAT MANCHO
They ain't good boys any more. They're killers now, cold as stone.

SHAKES
I know. I know what they were and I know what they are. It's not about that.

FAT MANCHO
I read that shitty paper you're working on. Read it every day, still ain't seen your fucking name anywhere.

SHAKES
Be patient. Some day you will. Just keep on buying it.

FAT MANCHO
I don't buy shit. I never put any of my money in a stranger's pocket.

Shakes is amused by him.

105 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 105 *

A shiny black cadillac moves through the streets. We notice for the first time that the neighborhood has changed since the time the four boys were young. We see graffiti and the buildings are run down. The cadillac pulls over to the curb. The passenger door opens and King Benny steps out and walks into one of the run-down buildings.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Within days of Michael taking the case, the West Side Boys got a visit from King Benny.

106 INT/EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 106 *

CAMERA shoots through a dirty window as WE SEE King Benny talking to members of the West Side Boys gang. They are dressed in black leather outfits.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The King requested the verbal abuse directed toward Michael continue, but there was never to be a death move against him. The hit on Michael Sullivan, if there was to be one, could only come from King Benny.

107 EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 107

There's a lot of street activity, even though the air is cold. WE SEE a WOMAN in her 20's walking down the street.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The underground word had spread through the streets with the speed of a late-night bullet. King Benny's "sleepers" were making their play.

108 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT 108

Shakes is sitting on the floor outside the door of an apartment, holding a six-pack. He seems tired and stares vacantly into space.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
"Sleepers" was a street name for anyone who spent time in a juvenile facility.

WOMAN'S VOICE O/C
Mug me, or marry me, Shakes...

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The voice brings Shakes out of his trance.

ANGLE on the YOUNG WOMAN. It is the same woman we saw on the street. This is CAROL MARTINEZ.

CAROL
...I'm too tired for anything else.

SHAKES
Will you settle for a couple of beers, Carol?

CAROL
If that's your best offer.

SHAKES
I'll throw in a hug and a kiss.

CAROL
Deal.

He stands, puts his hands around her waist, and holds her close. There's a moment of tenderness between them.

CAROL
You need something, don't you, Shakes?

109 INT. CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 109

TIGHT SHOT of a hand thumbing through albums.

CAROL O/C
You pour the beer.

ANOTHER ANGLE of the apartment. It is clean and orderly, filled with books and framed posters of old movies. The kitchen has a small table in the center, and a large cut-out of Humphrey Bogart smoking a cigarette is taped to the fridge.

ANGLE on Shakes pouring beer into glasses.

SHAKES
You got any Frankie Valli?

CAROL
You're so old fashioned, Shakes. Valli was gone before the Pill.

SHAKES
Frankie Valli forever.

The SOUND OF DRUMS is heard. The music immediately catches his ear. It's Frankie Valli's "Oh, What A Night". He smiles.

Carol does a few struts to the music as she moves over to Shakes and takes the beer.

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CAROL
You look tired. They don't give you time for sleep on this new job of yours?

Shakes holds up his beer glass and toasts. He takes a sip of it.

SHAKES
So, how much do you know?

CAROL
Just what the neighborhood says, and what I read in papers like yours.

SHAKES
What does the neighborhood say?

CAROL
That they're going to put Johnny and Tommy away, and that their best friend is going to be the one to do it.

SHAKES
You believe that?

CAROL
It's hard not to, Shakes. Unless we all have it wrong, he did take the fucking case.

SHAKES
Yeah, he did take the case.

CAROL
Then what else is there to say?

She walks over to the window and looks out onto the street. She suddenly becomes upset.

SHAKES
You know Michael very well...maybe even better than I do.

CAROL
I thought I did. Now I don't know.

SHAKES
You do know, Carol.

CAROL
For God's sake, he even went in and asked for it. What the hell kind of friend is that?

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SHAKES
The best kind. The kind who will throw away whatever he's got just to help his friends.

CAROL
What are you telling me, Shakes?

SHAKES
You know this neighborhood, Carol. Everything is either a shake down or a scam. Why should this be any different?

She looks at him and understands that this is about something else.

CAROL
I'll get us another beer.

She walks into the kitchen.

CAROL
You want a sandwich with it.

SHAKES
Got any fresh mozzarella and basil?

CAROL
How about a couple of slices of old ham on stale bread?

SHAKES
With mustard?

CAROL
Mayo.

SHAKES
You got me.

LATER

Carol and Shakes relax on the couch. There are empty beer bottles and empty plates on the table in front of them.

CAROL
It just happened. Michael was living in Queens, working and going to school. I was here doing the same. We'd go weeks without seeing each other. After a while it was easier to let it go.

SHAKES
You still love him?

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CAROL
I don't think about it, Shakes.
(after a beat)
If I did, I'd say yes.

SHAKES
You're with John, now?

CAROL
As much as anybody can be with John. The man I know is not the boy you remember. But there's something special about John. You just have to look harder to see it.
(beat)
Why didn't you ever ask me out?

SHAKES
You were Mikey's girl. He got to you first.

CAROL
And after Mikey?

SHAKES
I never thought you'd say yes.

CAROL
Well, you were wrong, Shakes.

SHAKES
Will you say yes to me now, no matter what I ask?

CAROL
Yes. What do you want me to do?

SHAKES
Working at Social Services you have a lot of access to city files...

CAROL
Yes.

SHAKES
From time to time we're gonna need you to get us a little information.

Carol nods "yes".

SHAKES
You visit John?

CAROL
Once a week, for about an hour.

SHAKES
Good. Keep that up. Just don't tell him you've seen me...in fact, don't tell him anything. The more it looks hopeless to him, the better this might work.

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110 INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT 110

CAMERA PANS the cells. WE SEE John in prison uniform, lying on his bunk, staring at the ceiling. Then CAMERA picks up Tommy, also in prison garb, asleep on his bunk.

111 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY 111

Shakes walks into the office, past busy newspaper reporters, and heads for a small cubicle in the back.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Michael's plan relied heavily on Hell's Kitchen to deliver information and keep quiet. Both were skills the neighborhood had in abundance. We had set up a simple method of communication If Michael was sending, messages were left at work for me to call my non-existent girlfriend, Gloria.

Shakes enters his cubicle. CAMERA PANS his cluttered desk and lands on a handwritten office telephone message. It reads: "Call Gloria".

12 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - DAY 112

WE SEE Tony, one of King Benny's men, enter the empty church.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Once I received the signal, I would send one of King Benny's men to pick up an envelope no later than noon the next day, at one of three designated spots.

He takes a seat in one of the pews, and picks up a prayerbook. He flips through the pages and finds a brown envelope inside. He sticks it in his pocket, gets up from the pew, crosses himself and leaves.

113 EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BREAK OF DAWN 113 *

A YOUNG BOY, around 12, walks along the street with a copy of the New York Times under his arm.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
If I needed to get word to Michael, I would have someone from the neighborhood pick up an early edition of the New York Times, write the word "Edmund" on the upper right-hand corner of the Metro section, and drop it in front of Michael's apartment.

114 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BREAK OF DAWN 114

Michael picks up the New York Times from outside his door, checks through the Metro Section and sees "Edmund" written in the right-hand corner of the newspaper.

115 OMITTED 115 *

116 OMITTED 116 *

117 INT. ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 117

Michael is sitting at his typewriter.

TIGHT SHOT of typewriter and words being typed on a sheet of paper: "Did you have anything to drink at lunch?"

CAMERA PANS Michael's desk to show pages and pages of typewritten questions.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Our margin of error was zero.

118 INT. FAT MANCHO'S CANDY STORE 118

TIGHT SHOT OF FAT MANCHO

Fat Mancho is talking to someone off camera.

FAT MANCHO
You want a Rolls Royce, you go to England or wherever the fuck they make it. You want champagne, you go see the French. You want money, find a Jew. But you want dirt, scum buried under a rock, a secret nobody wants anybody to know, you want that and you want that fast, there's only one place to go - Hell's Kitchen. It's the lost and found of shit. They lose it and we find it.

119 EXT. DE WITT CLINTON PARK - DAY 119

The weather is cold. King Benny and Shakes sit on a park bench. King Benny is feeding seeds to a circle of pigeons, a coffee cup rests next to his right leg together with a bottle of Sambuca Romana.

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SHAKES
I didn't know you liked pigeons.

KING BENNY
I like anything that don't talk.

SHAKES
The case goes to trial first Monday in the New Year. It'll be a small story in the papers tomorrow.

KING BENNY
You only got two witnesses who are gonna testify. Two others changed their minds. That won't be in the papers tomorrow.

SHAKES
Which two?

KING BENNY
The suits at the bar.

SHAKES
That leaves the couple in the booth.

KING BENNY
For now.

SHAKES
Everything else is falling into place?

MICHAEL
I have to prove to you that the two men who stand accused, killed a man named Sean Nokes in cold blood without any apparent motive. I will present to you evidence, and offer into account testimony to prove that. I will place them at the scene of the crime. I will bring witnesses to the stand who will confirm that they were there on that deadly night. I will present to you enough evidence that you can then go into the jury room and come back with a clear decision that's beyond a reasonable doubt. Now, I know you all know what that means since you probably watch as much television as I do.

THREE of the WOMEN JURORS smile, and a MALE JUROR laughs out loud and points a finger.

MALE JUROR
I hear that.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Let me remind one and all, that this is a courtroom, not a living room. With that in mind, would the jurors please refrain from making any further comments.

MICHAEL
My fault, your Honor. I gave the impression that a response was necessary. It won't happen again.

JUDGE WEISMAN
I'm sure it won't, Counselor. Proceed.

ANGLE on Carol and Shakes who are amused by this exchange.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL as he continues.

MICHAEL
The past history of these two young men is not important, and not at issue in this case. Violent or peaceful, criminal or honest, saints or sinners, none of it matters. What does matter, is what happened on the night of the murder.

CAMERA PANS

Danny Snyder is making his opening statement.

O'CONNOR
John Reilly and Thomas Marcano are two innocent pawns, quickly arrested and just as quickly prosecuted on the slightest threads of evidence.

SHAKES
(whispering to Carol)
He got their names right...that's a good beginning.

122 EXT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 122

123 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT 123

Shakes is kneeling in prayer in one of the pews. He pulls a rosary out of his pocket. As he drapes it over his hands, WE HEAR:

NOKES O/C
What do these things do?

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

124 INT. WILKINSON HOME FOR BOYS - GUARDS' QUARTERS - DAY 124

We're back in time to a Young Shakes, Nokes, Styler, Addison and Ferguson. A cardboard box is on the desk, and Nokes is holding rosary beads in his hand.

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YOUNG SHAKES
They're for praying.

NOKES
(looking through the box)
Look at all this shit. What does your fucking mother think, that her son is in the army?

He pulls out a small jar of roasted peppers in olive oil and a bottle of artichoke hearts.

YOUNG SHAKES
The Warden's supposed to clear the mail, not the guards.

NOKES
Well, the Warden ain't around, and when he ain't around, we clear it.

STYLER
Ain't none of it on the approved list.

ADDISON
I'm sure your momma got a copy of that list.

YOUNG SHAKES
My mother doesn't speak English.

NOKES
Don't blame us for your being stupid.

YOUNG SHAKES
She didn't look to do anything wrong.
Can I have the box please?

NOKES
Sure. The box is yours. What's in it, is ours. That seems fair.

Nokes looks at Shakes and hands him the rosary beads.

NOKES
You gonna let us hear you pray?

YOUNG SHAKES
I'd like to do it alone.

STYLER
Just this once, let's hear you pray.

Shakes refuses.

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NOKES
Maybe he needs something to pray about.

He reaches under his desk and pulls out a black baton. He hands the baton to Styler.

STYLER
Put your hands on the desk and lay them down flat. Now, start thinking up some prayers.

NOKES
Spread your legs apart.

Styler starts to pull down Shakes' pants.

PRESENT TIME:

125 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT 125

Adult Shakes is holding onto the rosary beads, lost in thought, hearing Nokes' voice in his head.

NOKES O/C
We can't hear no prayers.

FERGUSON O/C
You better start, before Styler loses his baton up your ass.

Shakes' face shows he is re-living the pain of the past. He starts to pray.

SHAKES
"Our father which art in heaven...

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

126 INT. WILKINSON HOME FOR BOYS - GUARDS' QUARTERS - DAY 126

Young Shakes, his hands on the desk, is clutching the rosary beads. Nokes, Styler, Addison and Ferguson watch him as he prays.

STYLER
Nice and loud...pray nice and loud.

TIGHT SHOT of Young Shakes, tears streaming down his face.

YOUNG SHAKES
...hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done...

PRESENT TIME:

127 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT 127

Shakes holding the rosary and praying.

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SHAKES
...on earth as it is in Heaven. And forgive us our trespasses...

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

128 INT. WILKINSON HOME FOR BOYS - GUARDS' QUARTERS - DAY 128

TIGHT SHOT of Young Shakes gripping the rosary beads tightly, a pained expression on his face.

YOUNG SHAKES
...as we forgive those who trespass against us...

ANGLE on Addison, Styler, Nokes and Ferguson watching Young Shakes.

ADDISON
That part must be about us.

NOKES
(to Young Shakes)
Louder! Louder, fucker! Make like you're in a fucking church.

PRESENT TIME:

129 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT 129

Shakes is holding the rosary tightly, tears running down his face.

SHAKES
...and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil...

130 EXT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT 130

Shakes walks out of the Church and sees Carol sitting on the church steps.

SHAKES
Sorry I'm late. I lost all track of time.

CAROL
We supposed to wait here for him?

SHAKES
He's waiting for us at his place.

He nods his head toward a red brick building next to the church.

SHAKES
The rectory.

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CAROL
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

SHAKES
Not quite...but it's close.

131 INT. RECTORY - NIGHT 131

Father Bobby sits in a recliner in his small, book-lined first floor room. He has his back to a slightly-open window. He lights a cigarette and takes a deep drag. Shakes sits on the windowsill in the corner of the room that looks down onto the schoolyard. Carol stands.

FATHER BOBBY
How was court today?

SHAKES
Like the first round of a fight. Everybody just feeling one another out.

FATHER BOBBY
How do the boys look?

CAROL
Like they wished they were someplace else.

FATHER BOBBY
It's the sheep that stray that you most want back.

SHAKES
It's not too late, Father. We still have a chance to bring in a couple of stray sheep. One more chance.

He gets up and moves toward Father Bobby.

FATHER BOBBY
Is that one chance legal?

SHAKES
Last chances never are.

FATHER BOBBY
King Benny behind this?

SHAKES
He's in it, but he's not calling the shots.

FATHER BOBBY
Who is?

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SHAKES
Michael.

Father Bobby takes a deep breath and leans forward in his chair.

FATHER BOBBY
I should have smelled it. The minute Michael went for the case, I should have figured something was up.

SHAKES
It's a good plan. Michael's got it all covered. Every base you look at, he's got it covered.

FATHER BOBBY
Not every base, Shakes. You're still short something or else you wouldn't be here.

Shakes smiles.

SHAKES
Don't shit a shitter, right?

FATHER BOBBY
That's right. So spill it. Where do you come up short.

SHAKES
A witness. Somebody to take the stand and say they were with John and Tommy the night of the murder.

FATHER BOBBY
And you figured a priest would be perfect?

SHAKES
Not just any priest.

FATHER BOBBY
You're asking me to lie. Asking me to swear to God, and then to lie.

SHAKES
I'm asking you to help two of your boys.

FATHER BOBBY
Did they kill Nokes? Did they walk into the Pub and kill him, like they say?

SHAKES
Yes. They killed him exactly like they said.

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Father Bobby gets up from his chair and walks over to his desk. From a middle drawer he pulls out a bottle of Dewar's whisky.

FATHER BOBBY
This is some favor you're asking me.

SHAKES
You always said if there was ever anything I needed, to come and ask you.

FATHER BOBBY
(pouring himself a drink)
I was thinking more along the lines of Yankee tickets.

SHAKES
I don't need Yankee tickets, Father. I need a witness.

FATHER BOBBY
What about the life that was taken, Shakes? What's that worth?

SHAKES
To me, nothing.

FATHER BOBBY
Why not, Shakes? Tell me.

He pours another glass of whisky and hands it to Shakes. He looks over to Carol, she nods "yes", and he pours her a glass.

WE SEE Shakes talking intimately to Father Bobby and Carol. They listen intently.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
If Father Bobby was going to be involved, he deserved to know what he was getting into. If he wasn't, I trusted that the truth would go no further than his room. I thought Carol needed to know as well.

132 EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT 132

LONG SHOT of the door of the Rectory.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I told them about the torture, the beatings...and the rapes. I told them about the four frightened boys who prayed to Father Bobby's God for help that never came. I told them everything.

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The door opens and Carol and Shakes exit saying goodbye to Father Bobby. WE CAN hear them talking quietly in the distance.

FATHER BOBBY
Got a decision to make. All I can do is pray that it's the right one.

SHAKES
It will be, Father, whichever way you go.

FATHER BOBBY
(to Carol)
The boys were on target about you.

He reaches out and holds her hand.

CAROL
About what?

FATHER BOBBY
They always said you had balls, and they were right.

CAROL
I'll take that as a compliment, especially coming from a priest.

Carol and Shakes walk away. Father Bobby watches them for a beat, then closes the door.

133 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 133

ANGLE on MRS. SALINAS, a woman in her 40's, on the witness stand.

MICHAEL O/C
Mrs. Salinas, how often have you had dinner at McHales? *

MRS. SALINAS
Just that one night.

ANOTHER ANGLE on Michael.

MICHAEL
Who decided to eat there?

MRS. SALINAS
I did.

MICHAEL
Why?

MRS. SALINAS
I read about it in a magazine. They said it was colorful.

MICHAEL
And was it?

MRS. SALINAS
Up until the shooting.

ANGLE ON Shakes looking over at the defense table. John and Tommy both smile. O'Connor is furiously scribbling notes on a legal pad.

CAROL
(whispering to Shakes)
What's he taking notes for? He knows the questions he's supposed to ask.

SHAKES
(also whispering)
Maybe he forgot them...left them on a bar stool.

BACK ON MICHAEL questioning Mrs. Salinas.

MICHAEL
Did you have anything to drink?

MRS. SALINAS
We ordered a bottle of red wine, a Chianti I believe.

MICHAEL
That's all?

3 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 133

ANGLE on MRS. SALINAS, a woman in her 40's, on the witness stand.

MICHAEL O/C
Mrs. Salinas, how often have you had dinner at McHales?

MRS. SALINAS
Just that one night.

ANOTHER ANGLE on Michael.

MICHAEL
Who decided to eat there?

MRS. SALINAS
I did.

MICHAEL
Why?

MRS. SALINAS
I read about it in a magazine. They said it was colorful.

MICHAEL
And was it?

MRS. SALINAS
Up until the shooting.

ANGLE ON Shakes looking over at the defense table. John and Tommy both smile. Snyder is furiously scribbling notes on a legal pad.

CAROL
(whispering to Shakes)
What's he taking notes for? He knows the questions he's supposed to ask.

SHAKES
(also whispering)
Maybe he forgot them...left them on a bar stool.

BACK ON MICHAEL questioning Mrs. Salinas.

MICHAEL
Did you have anything to drink?

MRS. SALINAS
We ordered a bottle of red wine, a Chianti I believe.

MICHAEL
That's all?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, that's all.

MICHAEL
Did you notice the two men who walked in shortly after you sat down for dinner?

MRS. SALINAS
I heard them come in.

MICHAEL
Did you see their faces when they came in?

MRS. SALINAS
No, not when they came in.

MICHAEL
Why not?

MRS. SALINAS
I was talking to David. When I finally looked up, they had walked past me.

MICHAEL
Did you notice their faces when they went to the bar?

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MRS. SALINAS
From the side. I could see them in profile.

MICHAEL
Both of them?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, both of them.

MICHAEL
Did you see them approach the booth where Mr. Nokes was sitting?

MRS. SALINAS
I noticed it, yes.

MICHAEL
Did you hear what was said between them?

MRS. SALINAS
No.

MICHAEL
Did you see them pull out their guns.

MRS. SALINAS
No.

MICHAEL
Did you hear the shots?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes. I heard the shots.

MICHAEL
What did they do after the shooting?

MRS. SALINAS
They walked out of the Pub as if nothing had happened.

MICHAEL
And at that time, did you see their faces clearly?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes. I looked up as they walked by.

MICHAEL
Are you positive of that, Mrs. Salinas?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, very positive.

MICHAEL
And are the two men you saw in McHales in this room today? *

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, they are.

MICHAEL
Point them out to me, please.

MRS. SALINAS
(points at John and Tommy)
They're sitting right over there.

MICHAEL
Your Honor, will the record reflect that Mrs. Salinas identified defendants John Reilly and Thomas Marcano as the two men in question.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Noted.

MICHAEL
I have no further questions.

JUDGE WEISMAN
(to Danny Snyder)
Counsel, are you ready to proceed?

ANGLE on Danny Snyder.

SNYDER
Yes, your Honor. The defense is ready.

Snyder wears a grey suit that needs cleaning, and a white shirt tight around his neck.

His blue tie is stopped at an Oliver Hardy length and his shoes are badly scuffed.

ANGLE on Shakes and Carol.

SHAKES
(whispers to Carol)
He's got that Columbo look down. All he's missing is the cigar.

CAROL
It's probably in his pocket, still lit.

ANGLE on Danny Snyder.

SNYDER
Good morning. I just have a few questions. I won't take too much of your time, Mrs. Salinas.

MRS. SALINAS
Thank you.

SNYDER
You said you only had wine to drink with dinner. Is that correct?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes.

SNYDER
Are you sure about that? Are you sure that was all you ordered...one bottle of wine?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes. A bottle of red Chianti.

SNYDER
Had you anything to drink prior to that?

MRS. SALINAS
What do you mean, prior?

SNYDER
At lunch maybe. Did you have anything to drink at lunch?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, I did.

SNYDER
What did you have, Mrs. Salinas?

MRS. SALINAS
I went shopping and stopped for lunch at a place on Madison Avenue.

SNYDER
I didn't ask where you went, I asked what you had to drink at lunch.

MRS. SALINAS
A martini.

SNYDER
And what else?

MRS. SALINAS
And some wine.

SNYDER
How much wine?

MRS. SALINAS
One glass, maybe two.

SNYDER
Closer to two?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes. Probably two.

SNYDER
What time did you have lunch, Mrs. Salinas?

MICHAEL
Objection, your Honor. What Mrs. Salinas did on the day of the murder, has nothing to do with what she saw the night of the murder.

TIGHT SHOT OF TYPEWRITTEN QUESTION ON SCREEN:

"How much she had to drink does, your Honor".

BACK TO SNYDER

SNYDER
How much she had to drink does, your Honor.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Overruled.

SNYDER
What time, Mrs. Salinas, did you have lunch?

MRS. SALINAS
About one-thirty.

SNYDER
And what did you have for lunch?

MRS. SALINAS
A salad.

SNYDER
A martini, two glasses of wine, and a salad. Is that correct?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, that's correct.

SNYDER
And then you had wine at dinner, about six hours later? Is that right?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, that's right.

SNYDER
How much wine did you have to drink by the time my clients allegedly walked into McHales?

MRS. SALINAS
(getting angry)
Two glasses.

SNYDER
So, would you say four glasses of wine and a martini in a six hour period is a lot for you to drink?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, it is.

SNYDER
Had you ever heard a gun fired, Mrs. Salinas...prior to the night in question, that is?

MRS. SALINAS
No, I hadn't.

SNYDER
How would you describe the sound?

MRS. SALINAS
Loud. Like fireworks.

SNYDER
Did the sound frighten you?

MRS. SALINAS
Very much.

SNYDER
Did you close your eyes?

MRS. SALINAS
At first...until the shooting stopped.

SNYDER
Did you think the men who did the shooting were going to kill everyone in the Pub?

MRS. SALINAS
I didn't know what to think. All I knew was a man had been shot.

SNYDER
Did you think you might be shot dead by two cold blooded killers?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes...yes, I did.

SNYDER
Yet, despite that fear, despite that risk to your life, you looked at their faces as they left the Pub. Is that correct?

MRS. SALINAS
Yes, that's right.

SNYDER
Is it? Did you really look at their faces? Did you really look, Mrs. Salinas?

MRS. SALINAS
I glanced at them as they walked by... but I did see them.

SNYDER
You glanced? You didn't look?

MRS. SALINAS
I saw them.

SNYDER
You glanced at them, Mrs. Salinas. You glanced at them through the eyes of a frightened woman who may have had too much to drink.

MICHAEL
Objection, your Honor.

SNYDER
No need, your Honor. I have no further questions.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Thank you, Mrs. Salinas. You may step down.

ANGLE on Carol and Shakes.

CAROL
(whispers to Shakes)
He reads Michael's notes very well. *
*
*

134 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN - BREAK OF DAWN 134

An unmarked police car is parked with the engine running.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
It was six fifteen on a Sunday morning.

135 INT. POLICE CAR - BREAK OF DAWN 135

ANGLE on DETECTIVE FRANK MAGCICCO in the driver's seat, sipping a cup of coffee.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Frank Magcicco worked out of a Homicide unit in Brooklyn. He was a first grade detective with an honest name and a solid reputation. He was also King Benny's nephew.

NICK DAVENPORT O/C
Frank, what is this shit?

FRANK
Hear the kid out, Nick.

CAMERA PANS to NICK DAVENPORT in the back seat, then over to Shakes sitting next to him. Shakes is holding a heavy manila envelope. CAMERA moves in on the envelope. There is a name written across it: "Adam Styler".

NICK O/C
Okay, what's it gonna cost?

CAMERA PANS back to Nick Davenport.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Nick Davenport was with Internal Affairs. He was ambitious and wanted to make Captain before he hit 40. He knew the fastest way up that track was to reel in a maximum amount of dirty cops in a minimum amount of time.

SHAKES
You don't offer him anything. You don't use him to finger other cops. You bring him in, and you bring him down.

NICK
That ain't up to me.

SHAKES
Maybe I should take this to someone else.

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NICK
(to Frank)
Where did you find this fuck?

FRANK
If I were you I'd do what the kid says.
(casually sips coffee)
You make this one, you're gonna be having breakfast once a month with the Commissioner.

NICK
(to Shakes)
Okay, Eliot Ness. He won't be offered any deals.

SHAKES
Two more things.

NICK
Let me hear them.

SHAKES
He gets convicted. He gets State time. I don't want him sent to one of those cop country clubs. He's gotta do prison time.

NICK
You've got a real hard on for this Adam Styler guy. What's your beef with him?

SHAKES
There's one more thing.

NICK
I can't wait.

SHAKES
It's simple. Nobody knows who fed you the information...and I mean nobody.

NICK
How did you get it?

SHAKES
It fell into my lap, just like it's falling into yours.

Nick nods. Shakes hands him the manila envelope and Nick looks at the file of papers inside. We also see photos of the former Wilkinson guard, Adam Styler.

NICK
Christ Almighty! You got everything in here but a confession.

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SHAKES
I thought I'd leave that to you. My preference is that you beat it out of him.

NICK
(holding up file to Frank)
There's even surveillance photos. This piece of shit's pulling in about five grand a month, ripping off pushers. Has been for about three years.

SHAKES
More like four.

NICK
He ain't gonna see five.

SHAKES
You have enough for a conviction?

NICK
It ain't up to me. It's up to a jury.

SHAKES
Then show the jury this.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a plastic bag. In it is a snub nose .44 revolver and three spent shells.

NICK
(amused)
What you got there, Ness?

SHAKES
Three weeks ago, the body of a drug dealer named Indian Red Lopez was found in an alley in Jackson Heights. There were three bullets in his head and nothing in his pockets.

NICK
I'm with you so far.

SHAKES
That's the gun that killed him, and these are the shells.

NICK
And what's behind door number three?

SHAKES
The prints on the gun belong to Adam Styler.

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Nick takes the gun from Shakes and puts it in his pocket.

NICK
Do me a favor, would you?

SHAKES
What?

NICK
If I ever make it onto your shit list, give me a call...give me a chance to apologize.

SHAKES
You'll find a woman's name and phone number in the folder. Pay her a visit. Her English isn't good, but it's good enough to tell you she saw Adam Styler put the gun to the drug dealer's head and pull the trigger.

He opens the car door.

SHAKES
You need anything else, Frank knows how to reach me.

FRANK
Take care of yourself, kid. The water gets choppy out your way.

SHAKES
I'll do what I can.

He gets out of the car and closes the door.

NICK
(rolls down the car window)
Hey, Ness. You ever think of becoming a cop?

SHAKES
And leave the good guys?

136 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - MORNING 136

A Sunday service is in progress and Father Bobby is leading the Mass. Shakes is in line waiting to take Communion. When he reaches the pulpit where Father Bobby is offering the ceremonial wine and wafer, he looks hard at Father Bobby. The priest's face is imbued with the holiness of the religious ceremony...nothing else, as he gives Shakes the holy sacrament.

137 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 137

TIGHT SHOT of a replica of McHales, with little wax figures sitting in * place of the patrons and employees.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Michael had done all that could be expected of an assistant district attorney seeking a conviction in the murder case of People vs. Reilly and Marcano.

TIGHT SHOT of blown up photos of the crime scene.

CAMERA PANS to a MAN on the stand giving testimony.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
He had a forensics expert detail the make and caliber of the gun that killed Nokes.

CAMERA PANS to John and Tommy at the defense table.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
He just never had the murder weapon to present as evidence, and he never gave the jury a motive for the murder.

ANGLE on Michael sitting at a desk in the crowded courtroom. CAMERA moves in on his face. He is looking very tired.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The tension of his task, the hours he was working, and the uncertainty about the outcome, weighed heavily on him. If the plan worked, it would be everyone's success. If it failed, the fault would fall to Michael.

138 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY 138

Father Bobby dressed in his priest surplus, is playing one-on-one with a YOUNG BOY, aged 10.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Father Bobby Carillo, the priest with the best outside jump shot on the West Side, remained the key to a plan that called for all involved to get away with murder.

139 INT. SUBWAY STATION 139

As a train pulls into the station, WE SEE Carol standing on the platform with a few other people. The doors of the train open and she gets on and takes a seat. Suddenly, Michael enters by another door and sits behind Carol.

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MICHAEL
So what's the emergency?

Carol starts to turn around.

MICHAEL
Don't turn around.
(beat)
Shakes shouldn't have sent you, it's too risky.

CAROL
Nobody sent me. I wanted to see you.

MICHAEL
Why?

CAROL
Shakes met with Father Bobby two weeks ago, but hasn't heard from him since.

MICHAEL
It's not an overnight decision for him.

CAROL
What if he doesn't testify?

MICHAEL
Then we got a very serious problem.

There's a long beat.

MICHAEL
(reluctantly)
Have Shakes talk to Father Bobby again. Have him tell him the whole story. He knows what that means.

CAROL
He already has.

MICHAEL
What?

CAROL
I was with him when he talked to Father Bobby. I heard everything, Michael.

Michael is surprised by this information.

MICHAEL
So, you know?

CAROL
Yes.

There's an awkward pause. All we hear is the sound of the train moving through the tunnel.

00170000

CAROL
If only you'd told me...things could have been different.

Michael tries to say something, but can't. Carol's long hair falls over the edge of the seat. He reaches forward and gently touches it. Carol looks straight ahead, unaware Michael is doing this.

The train pulls into a station, and there's a loud sound of brakes.

TIGHT SHOT of Carol's face. She's struggling to say something to Michael but too emotionally troubled to get the words out.

CAROL
If you could have talked....it would have...it could have...

She turns around to Michael, but he has gone.

140 EXT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - DAY 140

King Benny stands in front of his club, his hands behind his back. Three of his men huddle close by, stamping their feet against the cold. The door to the club remains open and the sound of Doris Day singing "Que Sera Sera" eases its way onto the street.

Shakes walks up the street and approaches King Benny.

There's a long beat.

MICHAEL
(reluctantly)
Have Shakes talk to Father Bobby again. Have him tell him the whole story. He knows what that means.

CAROL
He already has.

MICHAEL
What?

CAROL
I was with him when he talked to Father Bobby. I heard everything, Michael.

Michael is surprised by this information.

MICHAEL
So, you know?

CAROL
Yes.

There's an awkward pause. All we hear is the sound of the train moving through the tunnel.

CAROL
If only you'd told me...things could have been different.

Michael tries to say something, but can't. Carol's long hair falls over the edge of the seat. He reaches forward and gently touches it. Carol looks straight ahead, unaware Michael is doing this.

The train pulls into a station, and there's a loud sound of brakes.

TIGHT SHOT of Carol's face. She's struggling to say something to Michael but too emotionally troubled to get the words out.

CAROL
If you could have talked....it would have...it could have...

She turns around to Michael, but he has gone.

140 EXT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - DAY 140 *

ANGLE on an exhaust pipe, clouds of exhaust fill the cold air. Shakes * comes into the SHOT, heading toward the club. He enters. *

140A INT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - DAY

King Benny stands by the sink, short white apron around his waist. He is washing an eel in water. Doris Day is playing on the record player.

SHAKES
I see you've still got a thing for Doris Day.

KING BENNY
She's a good woman.

He cuts the head off the eel and starts to wrap it in paper.

KING BENNY
You know the strega?

SHAKES
Hard to miss a lady with four warts and only one eye.

KING BENNY
She needs the head.
(to Sal)
Sal, take this to the witch.

Sal picks up the package and exits.

SHAKES
What she need the head for?

KING BENNY
She takes the eyes.

SHAKES
Wonderful.

KING BENNY
She puts 'em in a bowl, mixes 'em with water and oil.

SHAKES
Then what?

KING BENNY
People get headaches they go to her. She looks into the eyes and tells 'em who's wishing the headaches. She says some words and the headaches go away. Once in a while, the person who wished the headaches goes away too.

He takes off his apron.

LATER

King Benny puts on his overcoat.

KING BENNY *
This guy, Addison, the one who works for the Mayor, he's gonna quit his job in two weeks. He doesn't want nobody to know what kind of a guy he is. Don't want nobody to see pictures of him they shouldn't see.

SHAKES
He knows this?

KING BENNY
He will.

SHAKES
That it?

KING BENNY
The boys he buys for parties are expensive. Addison makes good money, but he don't make real money.

SHAKES
What's he owe?

KING BENNY
Eight grand with a heavy vig. I paid that off.

SHAKES
You paid?

KING BENNY
Henry Addison's chits belong to me now.

SHAKES
You hate debts.

KING BENNY
I hate Henry Addison.

They head toward the door. *

140B EXT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - DAY 140B *

Tony sits behind the wheel of the black cadillac, and the engine is running. * *

SHAKES
We going for a ride?

KING BENNY
I am. You're going home...to sleep, if anybody asks.

SHAKES
Where you going?

KING BENNY
To pick up my money.

SHAKES
I want to be in on this.

KING BENNY
Go home. We're in the dirty end of the field now. That's where I play...and I like to play alone.

He opens the door to his car and looks over at Shakes.

KING BENNY
You're a good kid. You always were. Don't let this change it.

He gets in the car and it pulls away. Shakes watches it go.

141 INT. LIVING ROOM - DIMLY LIT 141

00170000

A THIN BLACK MAN, "LITTLE CAESAR", dressed all in black, sits in a black leather chair. CAMERA slowly moves in on him.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
His mother named him Edward Goldenberg Robinson, after her favorite actor. To continue the Hollywood connection, Eddie Robinson took the street name "Little Ceasar" as he made his way up the ranks of the lucrative drug trade. He had a twelve year old son in a private school in upstate New York. He named him Rizzo after his youngest brother, who died while in the custody of the Wilkinson Home for Boys.

CAMERA PANS to King Benny standing in a corner by a window.

KING BENNY
I want you to give me some money.

LITTLE CAESAR
How much?

KING BENNY
Eight thousand dollars.

LITTLE CAESAR
I'll play along. How long before you pay it back?

King Benny reaches into his pocket and takes out a folded piece of paper.

KING BENNY
I'm not paying it back. Somebody else is.

LITTLE CAESAR
(takes piece of paper)
This somebody I know?

KING BENNY
Your little brother knew him.

LITTLE CAESAR
Rizzo? How did he know Rizzo?

KING BENNY
Henry Addison was a guard in an upstate home. He was there the same time as Rizzo, before and after he died.

Little Caesar calls to one of his MEN, BIP, on the other side of the room.

00170000

LITTLE CAESAR
Bip, count out eight thousand dollars and put it in an envelope.

King Benny and Little Caesar stare at one another in silence while they wait for the money.

LITTLE CAESAR
You go back a long time, old man.

KING BENNY
Old men always do.

LITTLE CAESAR
Ran with the guineas back when the guineas were tough.

KING BENNY
Ran when I could.

LITTLE CAESAR
Maybe you and me can do some business. Close us a deal.

Bip hands an envelope with the money in it to King Benny.

KING BENNY
We just did.

LITTLE CAESAR
I'll play along. How long before you pay it back?

King Benny reaches into his pocket and takes out a folded piece of paper.

KING BENNY
I'm not paying it back. Somebody else is.

LITTLE CAESAR
(takes piece of paper)
This somebody I know?

KING BENNY
Your little brother knew him.

LITTLE CAESAR
Rizzo? How did he know Rizzo?

KING BENNY
Henry Addison was a guard in an upstate home. He was there the same time as Rizzo, before and after he died.

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LITTLE CAESAR
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King Benny and Little Caesar stare at one another in silence while they wait for the money.

LITTLE CAESAR
You go back a long time, old man.

KING BENNY
Old men always do.

LITTLE CAESAR
Ran with the guineas back when the guineas were tough.

KING BENNY
Ran when I could.

Bip hands an envelope with the money in it to King Benny. *

King Benny starts to move out of the room.

LITTLE CAESAR
I'll look up our friend soon and collect the money he owes me.

King Benny stops in the doorway, his face in the shadows.

KING BENNY
He owes you something more than money.

LITTLE CAESAR
Ain't nothing worth more than the green.

KING BENNY
This is.

LITTLE CAESAR
What, old man? What's this guy owe that means more than dollars?

KING BENNY
He owes you Rizzo. He's the man that killed your brother.

LITTLE CAESAR
They said he died of pneumonia.

KING BENNY
They said.

King Benny steps into the light and through the apartment door as it closes.

142 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 142

Shakes and Carol are in the courtroom.

ANGLE on Michael

MICHAEL
Your Honor. The prosecution would like to call Ralph Ferguson to the stand.

Shakes takes a deep breath, turns and watches Ferguson as he comes down the center aisle of the courtroom. He looks a little heavier than he did twelve years before, and he's lost some hair.

John and Tommy look on from the defense table, confused. Ferguson walks past them and gets sworn in.

Michael shuffles through some papers.

MICHAEL
Good morning, Mr. Ferguson. I'd like to thank you for coming. I realize that this is a long trip for you.

FERGUSON
I'm sorry it had to be for something like this.

MICHAEL
You and the victim, Sean Nokes, were such good friends, I think your testimony as a character witness will be very valuable.

FERGUSON
We were great friends. You'd have to look hard to find a better friend.

MICHAEL
How long did you two know each other?

FERGUSON
About fourteen years.

MICHAEL
How often did you see each other?

FERGUSON
As often as we could...on weekends, holidays, vacations. Things like that.

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MICHAEL
Would you say you were his best friend?

FERGUSON
His closest, that's for sure.

MICHAEL
What kind of man was Sean Nokes?

FERGUSON
He was a good man. Too good to be shot dead by a couple of street punks.

O'CONNOR
Objection, your Honor. Statement is one of opinion, not fact.

MICHAEL
He was asked his opinion.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Overruled. Please continue.

MICHAEL
Did he have any enemies that you were aware of?

FERGUSON
You mean other than the two men who killed him?

MICHAEL
Yes.

FERGUSON
Sean Nokes had no enemies.

MICHAEL
Thank you, Mr. Ferguson. I have no further questions, your Honor.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Mr. Snyder. He's your witness.

Snyder, as rumpled as ever, stands.

SNYDER
Can you tell us how you and Sean Nokes first met, Mr. Ferguson?

FERGUSON
We worked on a job together upstate.

SNYDER
As what?

FERGUSON
We were guards at The Wilkinson Home for Boys.

SNYDER
What is that? A prison?

FERGUSON
No, it's a juvenile facility for young boys.

SNYDER
And your function was what?

FERGUSON
Standard stuff. Keep the boys in line, see they got to their classes on time, keep an eye out for trouble...put them down for the night. Nothing exciting.

SNYDER
As guards, were you and Mr. Nokes allowed to use force to, as you say, keep the boys in line?

FERGUSON
What do you mean, force?

SNYDER
Were you allowed to hit them?

FERGUSON
No, of course not.

SNYDER
Were any of the boys hit by any of the guards at any time?

FERGUSON
I'm sure something like that may have happened. It was a big place...but it wasn't common practice.

SNYDER
Let's narrow the place down then. Did you or Mr. Nokes ever hit any of the boys under your care at The Wilkinson Home for Boys?

Both Judge Weisman and Ferguson stare at Michael waiting for an objection.

ANGLE on Michael at his desk, not moving, eyes on Ferguson. John and Tommy look toward Michael trying to figure out what's going on.

SNYDER
Would you like me to repeat the question, Mr. Ferguson?

FERGUSON
No.

SNYDER
Then answer it, and remember you're on oath.

FERGUSON
A few of the boys we considered discipline problems were hit on occasion.

SNYDER
And how were they hit?

FERGUSON
What do you mean?

SNYDER
Fist, open hand, a kick, a baton maybe?

FERGUSON
It depended on what the situation called for.

SNYDER
And who determined that?

FERGUSON
The guard on the scene.

SNYDER
That's a lot of power to have over a boy, isn't it?

FERGUSON
It came with the job.

SNYDER
Did torture come with the job?

Ferguson just looks at Snyder.

SNYDER
Boys were tortured, weren't they? Weren't they, Mr. Ferguson?

Spectators lean forward. Judge Weisman angrily looks to Michael.

FERGUSON
On occasion.

SNYDER
Who tortured them?

FERGUSON
The guards.

SNYDER
Which guards?

FERGUSON
I can't remember all of them.

SNYDER
Remember one.

Ferguson squirms in his chair. He looks over at the defense table and instead of seeing John and Tommy as they are now:

FERGUSON SEES THEM AS THE YOUNG BOYS THEY WERE AT WILKINSONS.

FERGUSON
(after a beat)
Sean Nokes.

A murmur runs through the courtroom. ANGLE on Carol. Tears are running down her face.

BACK ON SNYDER

SNYDER
Let me ask you, Mr. Ferguson. Was there ever any sexual abuse at The Wilkinson Home for Boys?

JUDGE WEISMAN
Counselor. This line of questioning better lead somewhere, having to do with this case.

SNYDER
It will, your Honor.

JUDGE WEISMAN
For your sake.

SNYDER
Answer the question, Mr. Ferguson. Was there ever any sexual abuse at the Wilkinson Home for Boys?

FERGUSON
Yes. I heard that there was.

SNYDER
I'm not asking if you heard. I'm asking if you saw.

FERGUSON
(in a very low voice)
Yes, I saw.

SNYDER
Did you and Sean Nokes ever force yourselves on any of the boys?
(beat)
Did you and Sean Nokes rape any of the boys at the Wilkinson Home, Mr. Ferguson?

Ferguson doesn't answer. There's a deafening silence in the courtroom.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Counselors. Approach the bench now.

Michael and Snyder approach the sidebar.

ANGLE ON SIDEBAR

JUDGE WEISMAN
(his temper flashing above his calm demeanour)
What the hell is going on here?

MICHAEL
(glancing over at Ferguson)
Well, your Honor, it looks like I called the wrong character witness.

JUDGE WEISMAN
And what are you going to do about it?

MICHAEL
Nothing, your Honor. There's nothing I can do about it.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Or maybe, Counselor, you've already done enough.

The Judge walks back behind his bench.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Please answer the question, Mr. Ferguson.

Ferguson is holding back tears.

SNYDER
Did you and Sean Nokes ever rape any of the boys at the Wilkinson Home?

Ferguson doesn't answer.

SNYDER
Let me ask you this: Sean Nokes visited your home on numerous occasions, am I right?

FERGUSON
Yes.

SNYDER
And on any one of those occasions, did your ex-wife ever leave Sean Nokes alone with your child?

FERGUSON
Our child?

SNYDER
Would your ex-wife ever leave Sean Nokes alone with your child?

FERGUSON
There would be no reason for her to be alone with him. It wouldn't come up.

SNYDER
It never came up?

FERGUSON
No.

SNYDER
And did she ever voice any concern?

FERGUSON
I don't think so.

SNYDER
We have a deposition from your ex-wife, Mr. Ferguson, explaining why he was not allowed to be in a room alone with your daughter.

Ferguson is trapped.

SNYDER
Do we need to enter that as evidence or do you want to answer the question?

FERGUSON
(with a choked voice)
Yes.

SNYDER
Yes, what?

FERGUSON
Yes. Sean Nokes had experiences with some boys.

SNYDER
Were you there?

FERGUSON
Yes.

SNYDER
Did you observe?

FERGUSON
Yes.

SNYDER
Did you do more than observe?

FERGUSON
Yes...but it wasn't just by us.

SNYDER
By you and Sean Nokes?

FERGUSON
Yes.

SNYDER
On more than one occasion?

FERGUSON
Yes.

SNYDER
With more than one boy?

FERGUSON *
Yes. *

SNYDER *
Now, do you still think Sean Nokes was *
a good man, Mr. Ferguson? *

FERGUSON *
He was my friend. *

SNYDER
A friend who raped and abused boys he was paid to watch over.

FERGUSON
Are you finished? I want it to be over.
(looking over to Judge)
Please, your Honor, I want it to be over.

SNYDER
I have no further questions.

JUDGE WEISMAN
The witness is excused...and Mr. Ferguson, if I were you, I wouldn't stray too far from home. People will want to talk to you. Do you understand?

Ferguson walks past John and Tommy without looking at them, and exits the courtroom.

MICHAEL
The prosecution rests its case, your Honor.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Thank God for that.

143 EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT RUNWAY - MARSH - NIGHT 143

JET PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD

LONG SHOT of FOUR BLACK MEN walking with Henry Addison. His face looks beaten and bloody. He's reluctant to want to continue walking, but a gun pushing at his back convinces him otherwise.

ANGLE ON A BLACK MERCEDES

The tinted window is half down. Little Ceasar sits in the back looking out, smoking a cigarette calmly. He watches the scene unfold. WE HEAR a distant sound of a GUNSHOT over the ROAR of the planes.

A LONG SHOT of the shooting. Addison is staggering in pain from the shot. The other men pull out their guns, and almost systematically, one after another, they keep shooting as Addison struggles. The ROAR of the planes drains out any of the other sounds. Addison staggers, and then falls dead.

TIGHT SHOT on Little Ceasar looking out. The tinted window rolls up.

144 EXT. SIDE OF FAT MANCHO'S CANDY STORE - DAY 144

A ball hits against a brick wall. Fat Mancho and Shakes are playing handball. It's a freezing cold day.

Carol leans against a chain fence. She has a thick winter scarf around her neck, and her hands are wrapped around a hot mug of coffee.

SHAKES
Most people play handball in the summer. It's easier to see the ball without tears in your eyes.

FAT MANCHO
I give a fuck about most people.

SHAKES
What do you have planned after the game? A swim?

Fat Mancho scores a point.

FAT MANCHO
That's six for me, two for you.

SHAKES
You never play this game. How can you be good?

FAT MANCHO
You never <u>seen</u> me play, fool. I was your age, I was All-Spic. Played the best...beat the best.

SHAKES
(shivering from the cold)
You know, I think it's half-time.

LATER

Shakes, Fat Mancho and Carol sit against Fat Mancho's wall on top of three copies of the Sunday Daily News. Carol and Shakes are drinking coffee while Fat Mancho slurps a Reingold.

SHAKES
John and Tommy are starting to smell something. They just don't know what.

FAT MANCHO
A spic be living in the White House time it reaches their fucking brains.

CAROL
Snyder's come through big.

FAT MANCHO
He's a drunk, but he ain't a fool.

SHAKES
We only win when John and Tommy walk.

FAT MANCHO
Then you gotta get 'em out of the shooting hole. Put 'em someplace else. Only your witness does that, and he's doing a Claude Rains so far. Nobody's seen the fucker.

CAROL
What if he doesn't show? What if we go in the way we are?

FAT MANCHO
Street's only one matters. Court's for uptown people with suits, money... lawyers with three names. You got cash, you can buy court justice. On the street, justice got no price. She's blind where the judge sits. But she ain't blind out here. Out here, the bitch got eyes.

SHAKES
We need both.

FAT MANCHO
Then you need a witness.

145 INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT 145

TIGHT SHOT OF Jesus on the Cross.

ANGLE on Father Bobby kneeling and praying in front of the statue. He crosses himself.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN SUDDENLY IS BLUE AND HAZY.

146 EXT. WATER 146

A young Michael jumps into camera frame and floats in slow motion. We realize that we're UNDERWATER and Michael has jumped from above. As he disappears from view, a young John comes into view through the water, followed by a young Tommy and finally a young Shakes.

147 EXT. PIER - DAY 147

Adult Michael stands looking towards the water, remembering happier times.

147A INT. COURTROOM - DAY 0000717 147A *

WIDE SHOT - only a few people are present. Michael is going over some * notes. A MAN approaches him. *

MAN
Excuse me, Mr. Sullivan?

MICHAEL
We've met, right?

MAN
Yes, we have. A few weeks back. I was asked to testify at the trial.

MICHAEL
You were in the Pub with Mrs. Salinas.

MAN
Yes, that's right.

MICHAEL
Why are you here, Mr. Carson?

CARSON
I want to testify about what I saw.

MICHAEL
What did you see?

CARSON
I saw the two men leave the bar, seconds after the shooting. I saw their faces and they saw mine.

Michael looks at him, something has gone wrong with the plan.

MICHAEL
Why didn't you remember any of this three weeks ago?

CARSON
I was trying to keep my marriage together. But after what I saw them do to Helen on the stand...

MICHAEL
She'll survive, Mr. Carson.

CARSON
I can't sit back and let it pass.

MICHAEL
What about your wife? You want her to know about you and Mrs. Salinas.

CARSON
She already does.

Michael is caught off guard, wondering what to do.

7B INT. JUDGES' CHAMBERS - DAY 147B

Snyder and Michael sit across from the Judge.

SNYDER
This is the first I'm hearing about this witness, your honor. We're not ready. Not today.

JUDGE WEISMAN
How much time do you need?

SNYDER
A two week continuance. At the very least.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Two hours, counselor. That's plenty of time to run a sheet on the witness and find out all you need to know. Do you agree, Mr. Sullivan?

MICHAEL
(looking to Snyder)
Yes, sir. Two hours seems about right.

JUDGE WEISMAN
It's a cut and dry matter. What did he see and when did he see it. The questions never change, counselor. You know that. Only the faces. Now, let's get on with it.

147C INT. COURTROOM - DAY 147C

TIGHT SHOT OF MICHAEL

CARSON
I saw them leave the Pub minutes after the shooting.

MICHAEL
You looked at their faces?

CARSON
Yes, I looked at them and they looked at me.

MICHAEL
Did they say anything to you?

CARSON
No, they just looked at me and walked out of the Pub.

MICHAEL
Do you think they killed Sean Nokes?

CARSON
I know they killed him.

ANGLE on Carol and Shakes - they seem uneasy.

147D INT. COURTROOM - DAY 147D

SNYDER
Mr. Carson, we're the defendants armed, as far as you could see?

CARSON
No.

SNYDER
Were they bloodied in any way? Either on their clothes or their bodies.

CARSON
No.

SNYDER
Did you turn and look behind you when you heard the shooting?

CARSON
No, I did not.

SNYDER
Why not?

CARSON
I was concerned for my companion's safety.

SNYDER
Are you referring to your lover, Mrs. Salinas?

MICHAEL
Objection. Relationship between Mr. Carson and Mrs. Salinas is immaterial and has been previously established.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Sustained.

SNYDER
Did the two defendants threaten you in any way?

CARSON
No.

SNYDER
Did they threaten your companion?

CARSON
No.

SNYDER
Did they threaten anyone in the Pub, as far as you know?

CARSON
No. Not as far as I know.

SNYDER
Then why were you so afraid?

CARSON
They had just shot and killed a man in cold blood.

SNYDER
Did they? How do you know what you didn't see?

CARSON
I just know.

SNYDER
You just know. You just know what you didn't see.
(beat)
No further questions.

148 EXT. FAT MANCHO'S CANDY STORE - DAY 148

Father Bobby walks along the street and into the Candy Store.

9 INT. FAT MANCHO'S CANDY STORE - DAY 149

Father Bobby stands at the counter of the Store. Fat Mancho hands him a pack of cigarettes and an envelope. Father Bobby slips the envelope and cigarettes into his pocket and leaves.

150 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 150

Shakes and Carol are going up steps to the courthouse. Michael is coming from another direction. They exchange a look of uncertainty, and Shakes shrugs "I don't know" to Michael. Danny Snyder walks past them into the courthouse.

SNYDER
Thought I was gonna be late. Morning Mass you know.

Shakes and Carol are unsure what that means.

151 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 151

As Shakes and Carol take their seats, Michael moves towards the prosecution table. John and Tommy are brought in and sit at the defense table. A YOUNG WOMAN approaches Michael and hands him an envelope. He tears it open, takes out a yellow legal size piece of paper and reads it.

LATER:

TIGHT SHOT of Danny Snyder.

SNYDER
Your Honor. The defense calls to the stand Father Robert Carillo.

ANGLE on Father Bobby who walks through the courtroom with the confidence of a fighter heading into a main event. Tommy and John are surprised; Shakes and Carol are pleased, and maybe for the first time in a long while, we see the beginning of a smile on Michael's face.

The Bailiff hands Father Bobby a bible.

BAILIFF
Raise your right hand and place your left on the bible.

TIGHT SHOT of Father Bobby's hand on the bible.

BAILIFF O/C
Do you swear that the evidence you are about to give, shall be the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

ANGLE on Father Bobby and the Bailiff.

FATHER BOBBY
I do.

BAILIFF
Take the stand.

Father Bobby sits and Danny Snyder approaches him.

SNYDER
Father Carillo, to which parish do you belong?

FATHER BOBBY
The Sacred Heart of Jesus on West 50th Street.

SNYDER
And how long have you been there?

FATHER BOBBY
It'll be twenty years this spring.

SNYDER
And what is your position there?

FATHER BOBBY
I'm a priest.

A light laughter ripples through the courtroom.

SNYDER
I'm sorry, Father. I meant what do you do there?

FATHER BOBBY
I'm the school principal. I teach seventh grade and coach most of the sports teams. I'm also acting Monsignor, serve Mass daily, listen to confessions and try to repair whatever needs fixing.

SNYDER
They keep you busy.

FATHER BOBBY
It's a poor parish. Low on funds and short on staff.

SNYDER
Do you know most of the people in your parish?

FATHER BOBBY
No. I know all the people in my parish.

SNYDER
Do you know the two defendants, John Reilly and Thomas Marcano?

FATHER BOBBY
Yes, I do.

SNYDER
How long have you known them?

FATHER BOBBY
Since they were boys.

SNYDER
Father, do you recall where you were on the night of November first of this past year?

FATHER BOBBY
Yes, I do.

SNYDER
And where was that?

FATHER BOBBY
I was at a basketball game at the Garden...the Knicks against the Celtics.

SNYDER
What time does a Knick game begin?

FATHER BOBBY
They usually start at about seven thirty?

SNYDER
And what time do they end?

FATHER BOBBY
Between nine thirty and ten, providing there's no overtime.

SNYDER
Was there any that night?

FATHER BOBBY
No, there wasn't.

SNYDER
And who won the game, Father?

FATHER BOBBY
Sad to say, it was the Celtics. Kevin McHale and Robert Parish were a little too much for our guys that night, even on All Saints Day.

SNYDER
Were you at the game alone?

FATHER BOBBY
No, I went there with two friends.

SNYDER
And who were those two friends, Father?

FATHER BOBBY
John Reilly and Thomas Marcano.

SNYDER
The two defendants?

FATHER BOBBY
Yes, the two defendants.

Michael takes a breath and looks toward the ceiling. John and Tommy are overwhelmed. John looks back at Shakes. Shakes surreptitiously raises a copy of the book he is holding - "The Count of Monte Cristo". For a second, John's hard look disappears, and tears well up in his eyes.

ANGLE on Snyder.

SNYDER
At eight twenty five p.m., the time the police say the victim, Sean Nokes, was murdered, were you still with Mr. Reilly and Mr. Marcano at the basketball game?

FATHER BOBBY
Yes, I was.

SNYDER
And at what time did you, Mr. Reilly and Mr. Marcano part company?

FATHER BOBBY
About ten thirty, maybe a little bit later. They left me in front of the rectory, near where they had picked me up.

SNYDER
Did the two defendants tell you where they were going after they left you?

FATHER BOBBY
No, but I can imagine after a night spent with a priest, they went looking for the first open bar they could find.

There's light laughter in the courtroom.

SNYDER
So then, Father, if the two defendants were with you on the night of the murder, they couldn't have shot and killed Sean Nokes, as the prosecution claims. Isn't that correct?

FATHER BOBBY
Unless they shot him from the blue seats at the Garden.

SNYDER
No, Father. He was not shot from there.

FATHER BOBBY
Then he wasn't shot by those boys.

SNYDER
I have no further questions. Thank you, Father.

JUDGE WEISMAN
Your witness, Mr. Sullivan.

MICHAEL
Thank you, your Honor.

He stands up and walks over to Father Bobby.

MICHAEL
Did you buy the tickets for the game, Father, or were they given to you?

FATHER BOBBY
No, I bought them.

MICHAEL
On the day of the game?

FATHER BOBBY
I went to the box office about a week before.

MICHAEL
How did you pay for the tickets?

FATHER BOBBY
With cash. I pay for everything with cash.

MICHAEL
Did you get a receipt?

FATHER BOBBY
No, I didn't.

MICHAEL
Did anyone know you were going to the game...other than the two defendants?

FATHER BOBBY
I don't think so.

MICHAEL
So, there's no record of any purchase?

FATHER BOBBY
That's correct.

MICHAEL
So, how do we know you were there? How do we really know you and the defendants were at the Game on the night of the murder?

FATHER BOBBY
I'm telling you both as a witness and as a priest. We were at the game.

MICHAEL
And a priest wouldn't lie, isn't that correct?

FATHER BOBBY
A priest with ticket stubs wouldn't need to lie...

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He puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out three torn tickets.

FATHER BOBBY
...and I always keep the stubs.

MICHAEL
Why's that, Father? Why do you keep them?

FATHER BOBBY
Because you never know when someone will want more than your word.

MICHAEL
Has anyone questioned your word before today?

FATHER BOBBY
No. No-one ever has.

Michael gives Father Bobby a look that shows his real feelings and gratitude. A very personal moment that is shielded from the rest of the court.

MICHAEL
I have no further questions at this time. You are free to go.

As Father Bobby steps down from the stand, the spectators in the courtroom applaud him.

THEME MUSIC COMES IN AND CONTINUES LOW UNDER REST OF THIS SCENE

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I have never recovered from seeing Father Bobby take the stand and lie for us - to even the score for John and Tommy. He didn't just testify for them, he testified against Wilkinson and the evil that had lived there for too long. Still, I was sorry he had to do it.

HARD CUT:

152 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 152

TIGHT SHOT OF JUDGE WEISMAN

JUDGE WEISMAN
Has the jury reached its verdict?

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INCLUDE JURY MEMBERS

JURY FOREMAN
We have, your Honor.

JUDGE WEISMAN
On the count of murder in the second degree, how do you find the defendant, John Reilly?

JURY FOREMAN
Not guilty.

JUDGE WEISMAN
On the count of murder in the second degree, how do you find the defendant, Thomas Marcano?

JURY FOREMAN
Not guilty.

The courtroom erupts in thunderous applause. Shakes hugs Carol. John and Tommy smile and laugh, reaching out for as many hands as they can shake. Flash bulbs pop.

A pair of women in the middle of the room begin to cry hysterically. Four young men in the back are singing "Danny Boy". An old lady sits fingering the beads of her rosary, her lips moving in silent prayer.

Judge Weisman steps down from behind his bench. Michael walks over and shakes hands with Danny Snyder, then he disappears into the mass of bodies.

153 INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY 153

Michael walks alone. He enters an elevator and the doors close.

154 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 154

The CAMERA moves toward a hot dog stand. Michael walks into the shot.

MICHAEL
(to hot dog Vendor)
Let me have a hot dog with mustard, sauerkraut and onions.

Shakes walks up to Michael.

SHAKES
You did good in there, Counselor.

Michael pays the Vendor and then walks with Shakes down the street.

SHAKES
What happens to you now?

MICHAEL
I walk away. Wait a few weeks, then hand in my notice. After the way I handled this case, they won't be in a rush to keep me from the door.

SHAKES
You can switch to the other side. Work as a defense lawyer...more money in it.

They sit down on a bench.

SHAKES
There's always gonna be more bad guys than good. The work from John and Tommy's crew alone will get you a house with a pool.

MICHAEL
Not for me. I've seen all the law I want to see. It's time for something else.

SHAKES
Like what?

MICHAEL
I'll let you know when I know.

SHAKES
You're too old to play for the Yankees, and you're too young to take up golf.

MICHAEL
(finishing off his hot dog)
You're shooting holes all through my plans...I'm starting to panic.

SHAKES
You'll work things out, you always have.

Michael looks back towards the Courthouse in the distance at the continuous stream of people coming and going.

MICHAEL
It's time for quiet, Shakes. I just want to shut my eyes and not have to see the places I've been. Maybe I'll get lucky and forget I was ever there.

He gets up from the bench, holding his briefcase by his side.

SHAKES
Don't disappear on me, Counselor. I may need a good lawyer some day.

MICHAEL
You can't afford a good lawyer.

SHAKES
I may need a good friend.

MICHAEL
I'll find you when you do. Count on it.

SHAKES
I always have.

Michael turns and walks away. Shakes watches him go.

SCREEN IS BLACK

TITLE CARD READS: SPRING, 1982 *

155 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 155

WE SEE Shakes walking down the street towards the restaurant.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
A full month had passed since the acquittal, and no-one had made contact. In those few weeks, our lives had reverted back to what they had been prior to the murder of Sean Nokes.

Shakes walks into the restaurant.

156 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 156

CAMERA moves through the entrance way of the restaurant.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Carol had returned to her stack of social service files, helping troubled teens and single mothers.

CAMERA moves toward a back room in the restaurant.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
John and Tommy went back to the streets, running the West Side Boys.

CAMERA moves into the back room. There's a table filled with pitchers of beer and bottles of Dewar's, along with candles flickering inside hurricane shells.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I was promoted from clerk to reporter trainee, covering the entertainment beat. Michael, as he had promised, resigned from his job after working the losing end of the can't-miss case.

CAMERA comes around on Shakes looking at the table. A WAITER approaches.

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SHAKES
This is an Irish table, and I'm Italian.

WAITER
What's missing?

SHAKES
Wine.

WAITER
Red or white?

SHAKES
Both.

As the Waiter turns to leave the room, he runs into John and Tommy. The boys look at one another for a beat, then they both go around the table to Shakes.

JOHN
I don't know how to fucking thank you.

He grabs Shakes and holds him.

TOMMY
I can't believe what you did.
(throwing his arms around Shakes' neck)
I can't believe you got away with it.

SHAKES
It was all Mikey...it was his plan.

John pours himself a glass of beer.

JOHN
When I first heard he took the case, I was gonna have him burned.

SHAKES
What stopped you?

JOHN
He was a friend, and if you're gonna go away on a murder rap, who better to send you?

TOMMY
And the way he was handling his end of the case, I thought he just sucked as a lawyer. I started feeling sorry for the bastard.

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CAMERA PANS to Michael standing in the doorway, a big grin on his face.

MICHAEL
Never feel sorry for a lawyer.

JOHN
Get over here, Counselor.

Michael moves over toward him, and both John and Tommy embrace him, pulling Shakes into the small circle.

JOHN
(shouting, to Michael)
You're the real Count! Alive and well and working in downtown New York City!

MICHAEL
Not after this week. This Count's on the dole now.

ANGLE ON CAROL in the doorway.

CAROL
What is this? A gay bar?

John looks over at Carol.

JOHN
It was until you walked in. How about a kiss to go with the hello?

CAROL
Deal.

She kisses John, then hugs Tommy and Shakes and looks at Michael. There's a long beat between the two of them. Then he puts out his arms, she steps into them and he hugs her. They hold one another as if they never want to let go.

HARD CUT:

LATER:

The FIVE FRIENDS sit around the table laughing and talking. They're a little drunk and loose.

CAROL
(to Michael)
I suppose you think "The Three Stooges" are better than "The Marx Brothers".

MICHAEL
Hands down.

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CAROL
And you probably like John Wayne westerns too.

JOHN
(leaning over)
That's where you're wrong. We love John Wayne westerns.

CAROL
(laughs)
You guys are hopeless.

SHAKES
That's why we're still together.

CAROL
(to Michael)
And are you telling me that you still think Soupy Sales is funnier than Woody Allen?

MICHAEL
Can Woody Allen do "White Fang"?

CAROL
Probably not.

MICHAEL
That's right. Nobody does what Soupy does, because nobody can.

CAROL
No, Michael. It's because nobody wants to.

They all laugh.

CAROL
You guys remember when you formed that stupid singing group?

MICHAEL
"The Four Gladiators". Best quartet to ever hold a Hell's Kitchen corner.

JOHN
(lighting a cigarette)
Remember what Shakes wanted to call the group?

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TOMMY
"The Count and His Cristos". Man, that would have sent albums flying out of the stores.

SHAKES
We weren't that bad. Some people wanted to hear us sing.

JOHN
The group from the deaf school don't count.

SHAKES
They applauded.

TOMMY
Fat Mancho was gonna be our manager, and King Benny was gonna be the bankroll...get us suits.

CAROL
What happened to that plan?

SHAKES
They heard us sing.

They all laugh.

MICHAEL
Let's do a song for Carol.

CAROL
Don't you guys have to go out and shoot somebody?

JOHN
We've always got time for a song.

TOMMY
Pick it, Mikey. Nothing too slow.

CAROL
Not too loud. Some people might be eating.

SHAKES
This is like "The Beatles" getting together again.

The Four Boys move toward a corner of the room and start clicking their fingers, getting into the rhythm of a song.

TOMMY
We sing better in the men's room. The walls hold the sound.

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CAROL
There's one downstairs. I'll wait here.

The Four Boys begin to sing Frankie Valli's "Walk Like A Man".

"Walk like a man, fast as you can,
walk like a man my son. Go tell the
world, forget about the girl and walk
like a man, my son."

The Four Boys, now young men, continue to sing as the theme music comes up and takes over.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
It was our special night, and we held it for as long as we could. It was something that belonged to us. A night that would be added to our long list of memories. It was our happy ending, and the last time we would ever be together again.

THE THEME MUSIC plays counter to the uptempo music that the boys are singing.

157 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING 157

LONG SHOT of a darkened hallway. CAMERA moves towards a MALE BODY lying on the floor.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
On March sixteenth, nineteen eighty four, John Reilly's bloated body was found face up in a tenement building. His right hand held the neck of a bottle of boiler gin that killed him. At the time of his death, he was a suspect in five unsolved homicides. He was two weeks past his 29th birthday.

158 INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY 158

LONG SHOT of a DEAD BODY lying against the wall.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Thomas Marcano died on July twenty sixth, nineteen eighty five. He was shot at close range, five times. The body lay undiscovered for more than a week. There was a crucifix and a picture of St. Jude in his pocket. He was twenty nine years old.

159 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY VILLAGE - DAY 159

CAMERA PANS the English countryside and a quiet village with thatched roofed houses.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Michael Sullivan lives in a small town in the English countryside where he works part-time as a carpenter. He no longer practices law, and has never married. He lives quietly and alone. *

160 EXT. CAROL'S BUILDING AND BACKYARD - DUSK 160

CAMERA looks up at a second floor window. WE CAN SEE Carol inside.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Carol still works for a social service agency, and lives in Hell's Kitchen. She has never married, but is a single mother supporting a growing twelve year old son.

WE SEE a YOUNG BOY enter the shot.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The boy, John Thomas Michael Martinez, loves to read and is called Shakes by his mother.

WE CAN SEE that the Young Boy resembles a young John.

161 EXT. CHURCH PLAYGROUND - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY 161

LONG SHOT of the playground. WE SEE a priest playing one-on-one basketball with a young boy.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Father Robert Carillo is the Monsignor of an upstate New York parish. He keeps in touch with all his boys, and is always there when needed. He prays every day for the boys he lost.

162 INT. HOME FOR THE DISABLED - CORRIDOR - DAY 162 *

LONG SHOT of a figure in a wheelchair coming towards the camera. It is dark, and we're unable to see his face clearly.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
Adam Styler was fired from the New York Police Department, brought up on corruption and murder charges. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to a twelve year prison term, as part of a plea bargain agreement. He served eight of those years in a maximum security prison. He was transferred to a minimum security facility only after a fourth attempt on his life left him paralyzed from the waist down. He now lives in a New Jersey suburb in a home for the disabled.

163 INT. KING BENNY'S PLACE - NIGHT 163 *

We're back at the OPENING SCENE in the dimly-lit room, which we now know is King Benny's club. Although their faces cannot be clearly seen, from their voices and silhouettes we know that the two men talking across the table from one another are Shakes and Ferguson.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
After the trial, Ralph Ferguson disappeared, afraid of being brought up on child endangerment and rape charges. In 1993, King Benny brought him to see me to beg for forgiveness and to stop the contract on his life. I told him I didn't have the power to do that.

164 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 164 *

LONG SHOT of a rather somber Ralph Ferguson walking away from King Benny's Place in Hell's Kitchen.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
I lived for nearly a year afraid of this man's every move...and now Ralph Ferguson is living the rest of his days equally afraid, wondering from day to day when the inevitable will come.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

TITLE CARD READS: SUMMER, 1966

164A EXT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - EVENING - ESTABLISHING 164A *

165 INT. GYM - EVENING 165 *

We're back in the opening sequence, except there are only four boys left in the 'twist' competition: a BLACK BOY, a PUERTO RICAN and TWO IRISH BOYS - Young Michael is one of them. Now the film is at normal speed, and WE CAN HEAR Chubby Checker's "Let's Twist Again" playing. Young Shakes, Tommy, John and Carol are watching excitedly.

ANGLE on Father Bobby watching from a corner of the stage. *

The Dance Judge taps the black boy and removes him, then the red-headed Irish boy. The Puerto Rican boy and Michael continue to twist furiously as the Dance Judge studies them. Then he taps the shoulder of the Puerto Rican and declares Michael the winner. The Disc Jockey slaps a $50 bill into Michael's hand while everybody whistles and applauds.

Shakes, Tommy, John and Carol close in on Michael. The boys hoist him on their shoulders and carry him through the gym. Carol follows as they exit onto the street.

166 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - EVENING 166 *

The three boys carrying Michael, with Carol at their side.

MICHAEL
Where we going?

SHAKES
Any place. Do anything we want.

JOHN
We got the time.

TOMMY
We can go anywhere. There's nothing can stop us.

LORENZO'S NARRATION
The night and the streets were ours, the future lay sparkling ahead, and we thought we would know each other forever.

SCREEN GOES BLACK *