

THE DEVIL'S OWN

by Kevin Jarre

Third Draft, revised
December 14, 1990

BRAD PITT

1 EXT - IRISH COASTLINE/COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 1

Brilliant sunlight. We come gliding in off the blue ocean onto a towering wall of rock cliffs just as a huge breaker crashes against it, exploding into a fan of white spray that shoots far into the air and for an instant rims the sky with a rainbow. Then right through the spray and into. . . .

IRELAND — this place is different, more than beautiful, it's like nowhere on earth. But sometimes the light plays tricks. . . .

A bright vista of rolling hills and lush meadows, stunning green, almost yellow, so bright it hurts your eyes to look at it. . . .

But suddenly we HEAR a rush of wind in our ears as a cloud drifts across the sun, its shadow rolling over the land. In an instant the sky goes dark, the hills turn purple, the grass shifts from bright green-yellow to deep green-red. TRACK along a hillside as the wind howls in our ears like the cries of ghostly voices. . . .

Then, as if in answer to those cries, we come to rest on an Irish HIGH CROSS, a huge granite crucifix with a halo around the axis. Stern, majestic, covered with carved Scripture, it has stood for 1200 years, symbol of a simpler, more rugged form of Christianity, the faith of the wretched, those with nothing but hope. . . .

2 EXT - BELFAST - DAY 2

In longshot we see the same cloudy shadow drift across the city, casting an appalling gloom over what is already the bleakest urban landscape in the western world — Belfast, bastard stepchild of industrial England, its factories, docks, and gray rows of chimneys unrelieved by trees or grass, its only dash of color the ghastly yellow and black shipyard cranes towering over the City Centre. TITLE: "Belfast, Northern Ireland"

3 EXT - FALLS ROAD, WEST BELFAST - DAY 3

The Catholic ghettos of west Belfast, like something out of the Third World — cancerous poverty crushing down on endless identical rows of awful terraced workers' houses, cramped, primitive, soot-grimed. . . .

The desolation of the lower Falls Road — scattered rows of rubble-strewn vacant lots and bombed-out houses. This is no man's land and what moves through here moves only in packs. . . .

We HEAR the clomping of heavy boots and the squelch of radio traffic as a 14-man BRITISH ARMY INFANTRY SECTION moves down the Falls on foot patrol. Dressed in flak jackets, camouflage fatigues, and brown berets, the soldiers walk in "brick" formation, 2 ranks on either side of the street, covering each other as they move, their NATO FN/FAL (SLR) automatic rifles held at shoulder-ready, while all around them we SEE:

Folk murals, the graffiti of resistance — a baby, arms stretched toward heaven, a phoenix rising through barbed wire, a fist holding an assault rifle. And the slogans: *Free Ireland, Brits Out, Break Thatcher's Back*, and in big block letters, *I.R.A. — UP THE PROVOS!*

(CONTINUED)

A capable-looking Cockney SERGEANT herds the Section through:

SERGEANT

Right you cunts, keep your interval and look sharp, this is Provo-land.

Suddenly the soldiers at the head of the section stiffen. A SQUADDIE points:

1ST SQUADDIE

Bit of aggro up ahead, Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Just keep walking.

The "aggro" is a group of ragged Catholic Irish CHILDREN, ages 4-11, playing in the ruins 50 yards ahead. Though they are skinny and undernourished, their faces are vivid, rosy cheeked, radiating a kind of antic toughness. As the soldiers approach, the children fan into the road, dogging their footsteps, dancing in front of them as they walk, poking them in the stomach, cat-calling with harsh Belfast accents: Get out of Ireland! Back to England with ya! Ya hoors. . . The soldiers answer through clenched teeth: "Piss off! Get out of it!" One swaggering 9 year old BOY zeroes in on the 1st Squaddie:

IRISH BOY

Hey, Tommy! What're ya doin' here then? Better not be around here after dark, Tommy. Better not be around when the Provos come. Provies'll kill ya for nothin'. Oh, yeah, just shot a fooker last night. Put one right through his nut. Ever see a dead fooker's brains then, Tommy? His brains are still over on Divis Street. Wanna see then, Tommy? What's wrong, Tommy? Was he a friend of yours, then? Was he then, Tommy?

The Squaddie stops, suddenly bristling, his cool completely blown. The boy grins triumphantly. Suddenly the Sergeant steps into frame, grabs the boy by the arm, and spins him around, pressing his face into the child's:

SERGEANT

Right then, my little man, you and your lot bugger off right this bloody instant or I'll have your head, YOU FILTHY LITTLE CUNT!

They glare at each other a moment, nose to nose, the resolute Brit and the defiant Irish starveling, classic adversaries, eternal enemies. Finally:

IRISH BOY

Booger off yourself, you ugly fooker.

The Sergeant raises his hand to slap the boy, but the child reaches up quickly and turns the safety switch on the his rifle. The Sergeant recoils.

(CONTINUED)

IRISH BOY

The safety's off on your SLR. You ought to be more careful, Tommy. You wouldn't wanna be shootin' us little kids then. would you?

All the children burst into laughter and run off. The Sergeant watches them for a moment, simmering. Then, under his breath:

SERGEANT

Ooo, wouldn't I?

4 EXT - LEESON STREET - DAY

4

Another part of the ghetto, a rubble strewn vacant lot with a clear view of the next street. An old English Ford pulls up and stops. Inside are four hard looking MEN in civilian clothes — a *Sabre Team* of the British Army 22nd SPECIAL AIR SERVICE Regiment (SAS), the deadliest, most elite commando unit in the world. Dressed in jeans and anoraks, the SAS men give off a palpable air of cold-blooded professionalism. The TEAM LEADER in the driver seat keys the microphone attached to his collar:

SAS TEAM LEADER

Hello 3, this is 33 Vehement — in position at Grosvenor Road and Leeson Street — over.

RADIO VOICE

"Roger 33 Vehement. 33 Alpha stand by to assist if needed — over."

5 EXT - FALLS ROAD - DAY

5

Over on the Falls, the Infantry Section's Captain waits next to his Land Rover and Saracen armored personnel carrier, listening to the radio, while his Sergeant approaches with the foot patrol.

CAPTAIN

Uh, roger 3, 33 Alpha wilco, standing by.
(turns to Sergeant)

Load them, Sergeant, we've got a clean-up.

SERGEANT

I haven't heard any shooting. sir.

CAPTAIN

You will. 33 Vehement is the SAS.

SERGEANT

SAS? Fuckin' hell

6 EXT - LEESON STREET - DAY

6

Back in the vacant lot the SAS man in the passenger seat peers through binoculars at the street beyond, sitting up suddenly:

(CONTINUED)

1ST SAS MAN

There he is.

On the other side of the lot, 50 yards away, a slender MAN IN LEATHER JACKET and knit watch cap walks down the deserted street past a row of partially demolished houses. From our p.o.v. we can't see his face but we can see his breath in the cold air.

2ND SAS MAN

What, that little turd? That's Frankie the Angel? Doesn't even look like he's armed.

3RD SAS MAN

Tragedy. Put a Hockler up his bum.

2ND SAS MAN

Horrible little turd

SAS TEAM LEADER

Right then — let's blow the cunt.

(into radio)

Hello 3, this is 33 Vehement — target in sight, engaging, wait — out.

Each man produces a wicked-looking Heckler & Koch MP5A3 machine pistol, then each puts on an orange armband saying, *Security Forces*. They poise themselves as Leather Jacket nears the far end of the row.

SAS TEAM LEADER

Right then — ready, steady, go.

1ST SAS MAN

Watch it!

They duck down as two 12 year old BOYS ON A BICYCLE suddenly dart around the near corner and zoom down the street past them.

SAS TEAM LEADER

Wait till they get around the corner.

3RD SAS MAN

(points suddenly)

Look!

They look just as Leather Jacket DIVES into the doorway of the house at the end of the row. Now things happen in SPLIT SECONDS:

SAS TEAM LEADER

He's on to it!

They instantly bolt from the car and dash into the street, machine pistols ready to fire, but—

A HOODED FIGURE in ski mask and parka, Armalite assault rifle in

(CONTINUED)

hand, springs from the rubble behind them and FIRES twice.

The 1st SAS Man's head EXPLODES and he falls in a heap. The others spin around. The Team Leader shouts into his radio:

SAS TEAM LEADER
33 Vehement — contact, CONTACT!

7 EXT - FALLS ROAD - DAY

7

Hearing the radio the Captain turns to his driver:

CAPTAIN
Christ, move it!

The Land Rover and Saracen fire up as—

8 EXT - BACK TO LEESON STREET - DAY

8

The SAS men RETURN FIRE, the BURSTS of their H&Ks WHIRRING with incredible speed while—

The Hooded Figure dashes into the bombed-out house at the near end of the row as bullets spang into the doorway.

With swift, synchronized precision, the Team Leader and 3rd SAS man race after the hooded figure while the 2nd SAS man runs around the near end of the row and into the alley behind.

At the far end of the row, Leather Jacket quickly pulls his cap, actually a ski mask, down over his face as the bicycle flies past and the BOY in the back throws him a large BUNDLE.

BOY ON BIKE
Godspeed!

The bike disappears around the corner as Leather Jacket pulls out a big, ugly U.S. M-14 automatic rifle, racks the action and. . . .

9 INT/EXT - ROW HOUSE/ALLEY/STREET - DAY

9

The Team Leader and 3rd SAS Man charge into the front entrance of the half-demolished row house.

Crouched by the kitchen doorway in the rear, the hooded figure FIRES. The SAS men RETURN FIRE, diving for cover. . . .

Behind the house, the 2nd SAS Man runs down the alley and vaults over the wall into the back yard. . . .

Back in the house, a quick, ragged exchange of fire — the SAS men FIRE whirring BURSTS into the front room as the Hooded Figure backs into the kitchen, Armalite CRACKING. . . .

(CONTINUED)

Now out of their line of vision and in the clear, the Hooded Figure spins around and dashes for the rear entrance, but—

In one lightning move the 2nd SAS Man springs through the rear entrance, throws the Hooded Figure over his hip to the floor, at the same time jabbing the muzzle of the H&K into his armpit and FIRING a long burst point blank through his chest as he goes down. The hooded figure falls limply, dead in an instant.

2ND SAS MAN

Got him.

SAS TEAM LEADER

Brilliant! Now get the other—

Before he can finish his sentence we suddenly HEAR a tremendous THUNDERCLAP and the 2nd SAS Man is hurled backward as—

Leather Jacket, faceless in his ski mask, advances through the rear entrance, FIRING his M-14 one-two-three-four times, the huge BLASTS deafening in these close quarters, the concussion from the big, high-velocity .308 rounds raising clouds of dust from the walls and floor. . . .

The SAS man's body leaps and jerks like a rag doll as the rounds slam through him, knocking him back against the far wall and tumbling him across the kitchen floor, very dead. . . .

Hearing the shots, the other two SAS men charge forward through the front room. . . .

Leather Jacket FIRES through the doorway. The SAS men keep coming, RETURNING FIRE. Leather Jacket spins behind the doorway, hits his selector switch, and FIRES FULL AUTOMATIC into the wall. . . .

A CRESCENDO of THUNDER as heavy caliber slugs RIP through the wall into the front room, showering the SAS men with chunks of plaster and driving them back to the front entrance, outgunned. Team Leader shouts into his radio:

SAS TEAM LEADER

Hello 33 Alpha — barricaded Provo in Leeson Street row house, approach through alley!

Leather Jacket crouches down next to the hooded figure and pulls away the mask. A mass of long blonde hair tumbles out and we SEE it's a pale young WOMAN, eyes open, glazed, dead. Leather Jacket throws his head back and sags against the wall just as—

The Land Rover and Saracen roar into the alley. Soldiers pile out. Leather Jacket looks up, suddenly realizing he's trapped.

SAS TEAM LEADER

It's no good. You're caught, my son. Throw out your gun and come out with your hands over your head.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

SAS TEAM LEADER (continued)

A beat, then Leather Jacket grabs the 2nd SAS man's H&K, takes a fresh magazine from his dead body, and rams it home.

LEATHER JACKET

I'm comin' out then.

Leather Jacket throws the M-14 and the Armalite through the doorway into the front room. . . .

The SAS men take aim at the doorway and nod to each other, the Team Leader drawing a finger across his throat in a "kill" gesture. . . .

Leather Jacket poises himself by the doorway, fingers tightening on the H&K. Outside we can HEAR the SOUNDS of soldiers clambering over the wall. It's now or never.

3RD SAS MAN

Come out, you bloody cunt.

Leather jacket steps part way into the doorway for a split second then, cat-quick, jerks back out of sight as—

The SAS men FIRE at the fleeting form, but in the next instant—

Leather Jacket flashes back into the doorway, diving under their fire and FIRING a lightning BURST of his own. . . .

Both SAS men drop, one falling forward on his stomach, killed instantly; the other, the Team Leader, sprawled on his back, groaning and trying to reach out for his H&K as—

Leather Jacket jumps to his feet, trembling with adrenalin. He FIRES a make-sure burst into the 3rd SAS man, then turns on the Team Leader, kicking his H&K out of reach and stepping down on his throat. The Team Leader's eyes widen as the Provo bends down and puts the muzzle of the machine pistol in his mouth. . . .

In close-up we SEE that the eyes behind Leather Jacket's ski mask are full of tears, but as he FIRES, the blast lights them up and they burn like a demon's. . . .

Soldiers storm over the wall into the back yard as Leather Jacket staggers out into the street. Suddenly, two PROVOS in a MINI-COOPER roar up the street and screech to a halt in front of him. The Armalite wielding PASSENGER holds open the door while the DRIVER leans out and shouts feverishly:

DRIVER

Come on then!

Leather Jacket jumps into the back seat just as soldiers emerge from the house. The Mini-Cooper tears off, the passenger giving SUPPRESSING FIRE with the Armalite, sending the soldiers diving for cover as. . . .

10 INT - MINI-COOPER - DAY

10

The car speeds through the streets of Belfast. Leather Jacket pulls off his mask. His face still hidden from our p.o.v., we can see only his mop of ginger hair. The Passenger looks back.

PROVO PASSENGER

You all right, then?

Leather Jacket starts sobbing softly. . . .

11 EXT - COASTLINE - DUSK

11

A cliffside meadow overlooking the sea where the Mini-Cooper sits with doors open, deserted. An RAF Wessex helicopter hovers in the b.g. while a squad of British PARATROOPERS in red berets check the area. A LIEUTENANT trots up to a weary looking MAJOR:

PARA LIEUTENANT

Tire tracks from a van over there, sir. They lead south. I should think they're well over the border by now. We've alerted the Garda.

PARA MAJOR

Christ, what a farce.

The Major walks to the edge of the cliff and looks out at the sea and the breathtaking sunset for a moment, then sighs disgustedly. They take a few more steps. The Major stumbles over something, a large, circular STONE with a man's FACE carved on it.

PARA MAJOR

What on earth is that?

PARA LIEUTENANT

Face carving, sir. They're all over this part of Ireland.

PARA MAJOR

What, from Roman times?

PARA LIEUTENANT

The Iron Age actually.

The Major reacts, looking down at the strange Iron Age face, so ancient and primitive, but still recognizably Irish.

PARA MAJOR

My God, this country's so old.

SMASH CUT TO:

12 EXT - TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

12

One million candle-power of DAZZLING LIGHTS, the SOUND of car

(CONTINUED)

horns, bus engines, and *I'll House You* by the Jungle Brothers blaring from some passing fool's boombox as David Dinkins' CARTOON FACE on the Spectacolor animated billboard on the Times Square Tower smiles down at the traffic congested streets. . . .

Another Irish high cross, this one on the monument to Father Duffy and the Fighting 69th under the huge neon Coca Cola sign (8:17, 66°) at 47th St. CRANE up and over the cross to a blue and white N.Y.P.D. SECTOR CAR cruising down Broadway past Beefsteak Charlie and Roy Rogers and Dunkin' Donuts and the gigantic neon billboards and the sidewalks choked with people to the Playland arcade at 42nd Street where a FORD PINTO with New Jersey plates drifts along slowly, rubbernecking the hookers and blocking the way. The sector car hits its horn twice, making the siren chirp, going, "blip-blip". The Pinto still doesn't move. The P.A. SPEAKER on the roof of the sector car echoes to life:

P.A. VOICE (O'MEARA)

"Hey, Jersey, move it! Go home to your wife!"

13 INT/EXT - SECTOR CAR - NIGHT

13

Inside the Sector Car are two UNIFORMED P.O.s: THOMAS J. O'MEARA, a beefy, good-humored Queens Irishman who seems to have accepted a life of diminished expectations; and driver EDWIN DIAZ, a wiry, sour-faced, Queens Puerto Rican who hasn't. At the sound of O'Meara's voice on the P.A., the Pinto lurches forward with a start, quickly clearing the intersection. O'Meara chuckles:

O'MEARA

Fuckin' A, over here.

DIAZ

Tunnel asshole.

O'MEARA

Hit the Deuce.

DIAZ

That's what I'm doin'. What're you, stupid?

O'MEARA

Eh, what's you, what, what, here?

(shakes head)

Don't start your shit, Diaz. It's too early in the tour.

In spite of their New York wise-guy professional cool, we sense a feeling of real tension between the two men. They turn onto 42nd St, "the Deuce", heart of the world's most vital center of low commerce with its porn parlors, head shops, sex shows, and endless movie marquees — *Wet Desires Part II*, *Shaolin Blood Fighters Vs Manchu Dragons*, *Tight and Tender*, *I Eat Human Flesh*, *Firm But Moist*, *Hunt Them Down And Kill Them*, *Making It Huge*. . . .

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

And the sidewalk traffic — tourists, mostly white, nerds from New Jersey and the suburbs of all nations, the trade, black and white, male and female, gay and straight; and the crews, groups of sharp-eyed young men, mostly black, some milling around, saying, "Yo, check it out!", selling drugs or worse, others stalking, predatory, with exaggerated street swaggers, looking for the right straight citizen or out-of-towner to jam on.

DIAZ

Look at these knuckleheads.

O'MEARA

Breakdown of the social order, dogs and cats together, mass hysteria. Free enterprise, I love it.

DIAZ

Fuckin' . . .

They pass a knot of young Puerto Rican FOOLS, one of whom is jumping up and down on the hood of a parked DOT car. O'Meara keys down on the P.A. microphone:

O'MEARA

Get off the car, you idiot.

DIAZ

. . . . chuckleheaded

A sleazy-smooth looking PLAYER cruises two fresh teenage GIRL TOURISTS, checking them out, about to make his move when O'Meara leans out the window and points at him:

O'MEARA

Just keep walkin', asshole.

DIAZ

. . . .knuckleheads.

They pass the Port Authority Bus Terminal where four sword-wielding BLACK MEN in studded leather biblical costumes hand out leaflets while a fifth harangues passersby on a bullhorn. Behind them is a banner saying, The Ten Tribes of Israel.

DIAZ

Look at these knuckleheads.

O'MEARA

Don't you know those guys? Brooklyn guys.
Black militant Jews.

DIAZ

Black militant Jews?

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Yeah, the Islamic Nubian Hebrews. They believe that all non-white people are descendants of what they call the original ten tribes of Israel, and so like, you know, blacks, Spanish, orientals, and like that, are really Jewish and, you know, the Chosen People, whereas white people are white devils and not Jewish and just basically garbage.

DIAZ

What about Jews?

O'MEARA

They're white. They're out.

DIAZ

What, Jews aren't Jewish? The fuck is that?

O'MEARA

What I'm tellin' ya, you're white, you're nothin'. But you're all right, you're Rican. You're Jewish.

DIAZ

I'm Catholic.

O'MEARA

Yeah, I guess the whole thing's pretty offensive. To all denominations.

A BAG LADY comes up to the car and starts speaking in rapid-fire Spanish. Diaz answers her brusquely in Spanish and keeps driving.

O'MEARA

What'd she say?

DIAZ

She said, I don't know, ba-lamana-mamana-mamana-mamana

They slow next to where ZITO, a Port Authority cop, is moving some homeless beggars away from the terminal entrance. O'Meara smiles fondly:

O'MEARA

Look at Zito roust the mopes.
(shouts to Zito)

Hey, Bobby, you sick fuck, what're you doin' to the mopes?

ZITO

I love the smell of napalm in the morning!

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

(chuckling)

Sick puppy.

Just then the female dispatcher's VOICE on their walkie-talkie cuts in:

RADIO VOICE

"South George, 10-2."

O'MEARA

(into radio)

South George.

RADIO VOICE

"South George, see the portables, 36th Street and 9th Avenue, that's 3-6 and 9, civilian down, possible robbery."

They turn down 9th Ave and. . . .

14 INT EXT - SECTOR CAR - NIGHT

14

Diaz and O'Meara cruise down 9th Ave onto 36th St. O'Meara points.

O'MEARA

There's the Portables.

There's a commotion at the end of the block with bystanders watching as two young PORTABLES (foot patrolmen) help an elderly ORTHODOX JEW to his feet. The old man, bleeding from a head wound and trembling, is so overcome with terror he is sobbing into the shoulder of one Cop like a child. The Sector Car pulls up, O'Meara leans out:

O'MEARA

What happened to poppy?

1ST PORTABLE

Robbery. Got his last 30 bucks from Social Security. Bus is on the way.

O'MEARA

Crew?

2ND PORTABLE

One guy, male black, 17 to 20. 5'10" to 6 foot, blue sweatsuit, basketball shoes, L.A. Raiders cap.

O'MEARA

(turns to Diaz)

One guy, hip-hopper. What do you think?

DIAZ

Take a shot. Try a mutt-house.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA
Dunkin' Donuts, Lois Lane Park.

DIAZ
We're there.

15 INT/EXT - SECTOR CAR/GREELEY SQUARE - NIGHT

15

Greeley Square (called Lois Lane Park since part of *Superman* was shot there), drug retail & recreation center for the tenants of lower Midtown's teeming welfare hotels. Diaz and O'Meara cruise up to the nearby Dunkin' Donuts, studying the street types milling around outside. After a beat, Diaz points:

DIAZ
There, sweatshirt and Raiders cap.

O'Meara looks. Leaning against the doorway is a teenage black HIP-HOPPER in Nikes, blue Adidas sweatshirt, and black L.A. Raiders cap. O'Meara leans forward:

O'MEARA
Maybe. Cruise up slow, see if he books.

The sector car rolls up slowly. Seeing it, the Hip-hopper suddenly bolts and starts running south. Diaz and O'Meara grin.

O'MEARA
I don't believe it, there is a God.

Diaz hits the gas, overtaking the youth and screeching to a halt. Diaz and O'Meara hop out and throw him against the car.

O'MEARA
Where you goin', homes? Hands on the car.

HIP-HOPPER
Suck my dick!

DIAZ
Shut up, you mutt!

O'MEARA
(frisking him)
Suck my dick? Oh, cleverly put. Let's see what you got here, my lad . . .
(pulls out wad of bills)
No wallet, nothin', just this. Must be a couple hundred bucks there.

DIAZ
Busy guy.

(CONTINUED)

HIP-HOPPER

Hey, what's up with this shit? Am I under arrest or what?

O'MEARA

(handcuffs him)

Under arrest? Under arrest? What is that? We're makin' a movie here.

HIP-HOPPER

Makin' a movie?

O'MEARA

Makin' a movie about the SCUM OF THE EARTH, you get to be the star — get the fuck in there.

(throws him in car,
turns to Diaz)

Book 'im, Danno.

16 EXT - 7TH AVE - NIGHT

16

As two PARAMEDICS examine him, the Old Jewish Man recoils and points at the Hip-Hopper standing between Diaz and O'Meara.

OLD JEWISH MAN

That's him! That's him!

HIP-HOPPER

Old freak cruise me, man, try to get a hose job, but I don't play that fag-ho' shit. Hymie, zip-top, faggot motherfucker!

OLD JEWISH MAN

I would never— that's not true—

HIP-HOPPER

Go back to Jew-land, Jew-man!

DIAZ

Hey, you know the Islamic Nubian Hebrews? They got news for you.

O'Meara checks his watch, pulls Diaz aside. They confer in whispers:

O'MEARA

Whatta ya wanna do?

DIAZ

Whatta ya mean whatta ya wanna do? We got the asshole. Collar up!

O'MEARA

We only got 3 hours left in the tour. I don't
(more)

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA (continued)
wanna spend 16 hours at Central Booking
with this bullshit. Tommorrow's Sunday.

DIAZ
I don't believe it, you fuckin' hairbag.

O'MEARA
Come on, We got a big day planned. Sheila's
gonna kill me. Besides, the D.A.'s gonna
dump it anyway.

A beat. Diaz scowls his assent. O'Meara turns to the young Portables:

O'MEARA
You guys want the collar?

1ST PORTABLE
Don't you want it? You caught the guy.

O'MEARA
With no eyewitness it's a bum collar. This
piece o' shit's gonna say he was rejecting a
sexual advance from the old man and the
D.A.'s gonna dump it.

1ST PORTABLE
They're not gonna believe him, are they?

DIAZ
They don't have to believe him. They just need
an excuse not to prosecute.

2ND PORTABLE
Whatta ya wanna do?

O'Meara whispers something to Diaz who nods. O'Meara takes out the
mugger's wad and stuffs some bills into the old man's pocket.

O'MEARA
Here, poppy. Sorry for your trouble.

As the Hip-Hopper looks on in horror, O'Meara starts handing out the
rest of the wad to the HOMELESS PEOPLE gathered nearby.

O'MEARA
OK, you're a pair of new shoes, you're dinner
for two at the Horn and Hardart, here's a trip
on the Circle Line

DIAZ
(nudges Hip-Hopper)
Pay attention, skell, you're gonna have to
come back and mug all these guys later.

(CONTINUED)

The Portables smile as O'Meara, finished with the handouts, shoves the Hip-Hopper back into the car and gets in next to him, twirling his nightstick:

O'MEARA

Mark it 91/98, guys. We'll give the kid a ride home.

(to Hip-Hopper)

Tell me, young man, have you ever seen 12th Avenue from under the West Side Highway? A lovely sight at this hour.

17 EXT - 12TH AVENUE - NIGHT

17

12th Ave under the steel frame of the West Side Highway with cars rumbling by overhead and the shimmering river and lights of New Jersey in the distance. Diaz and O'Meara drag the bruised, struggling Hip-Hopper from the sector car and toss him screaming head first into a nearby dung-filled dumpster marked *Chateau Stables Inc.*, throwing his cap after him.

18 INT/EXT - SECTOR CAR - NIGHT

18

Diaz and O'Meara barrel down 12th Ave, beaming, the tension between them gone.

O'MEARA

Another satisfied customer!

19 EXT - PARKING LOT, PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

19

Diaz and O'Meara, now in civilian clothes, walk through the parking lot behind the Midtown South precinct house. SGT. MULHOLLAND, a veteran Irish P.O. and obviously an old friend walks alongside.

MULHOLLAND

What, are you nuts? Throwin' the mutt a beatin' is one thing but you shoulda vouchered his wad, not hand it out to the bums, you asshole. That's corruption. What if one of the Portables drops a dime on you to IAD? You'd get banged right off the Job. Why'd you do a dumb thing like that?

O'MEARA

I don't know, I was depressed.

(turns to Diaz)

Wanna get a drink? Let's go to McCool's.

DIAZ

Where?

O'MEARA

My Irish place, I told you.

(CONTINUED)

DIAZ

Oh, shit. . . .

They stop at O'Meara's Chevy Impala and get in, O'Meara driving.

O'MEARA

Naw, it's great. Besides, I want you to meet Rory.

DIAZ

Who?

O'MEARA

Rory, the kid, you know. The Irish kid that lives with us, I told you.

DIAZ

Oh, yeah, right.

O'MEARA

Besides, you'll love it.

20 INT - MC COOL'S PUB - NIGHT

20

Galway Bay by Bing Crosby wafts out of the jukebox at Finn McCool's. The ultimate New York Irish pub, McCool's has painted plywood and plaster decor simulating oak beams and turf mortar, walls crammed with pictures of JFK, Cagney, Joyce, John Wayne, Yeats, Reagan, and every Irish boxer from John L. Sullivan to Tommy Morrison. TRACK along the crowded bar past hotly conversing patrons (mostly over 30, male, blue collar) including MORLARTY, 40ish, affable, loud; SWEENEY, 50ish, very affable, very loud; and the owner/head bartender BRILEY, 60ish, the most affable, with a voice like a buzz-saw, holding forth between drinks:

BRILEY

. . . . the Irish are the best fighters, I mean, historically speaking, look at the facts — greatest heavyweight: Dempsey. Greatest light-heavyweight: Billy Conn. Greatest middleweight: Harry Greb. Greatest welterweight: Mickey Walker. . . .

A glum Diaz and a beaming O'Meara sit at the end of the bar:

O'MEARA

What'd I tell ya?

DIAZ

Yeah, hey, my kinda place.

SEAMUS another bartender, a smiling, dishevelled-looking young native Irishman with an odd, vacant manner walks up:

(CONTINUED)

SEAMUS

Hello, Tom! What'll it be then?

O'Meara gives him a backslap and points two fingers at the Harp Lager tap. Seamus grins and starts pouring two mugs.

O'MEARA

That's Seamus, the other barkeep.

(whispers)

Nice guy but a little funny in the head, so, you know, watch it.

(raises voice)

Hey, where's Rory?

MORIARTY

How 'bout those Mets?

O'MEARA

How'd they do?

SWEENEY

They lost.

O'MEARA

Fuck. Anybody seen

BRILEY

. . . . well I guess Greb was only half Irish, but nevertheless

MORIARTY

Hey, Tommy, why is Ray Charles always smiling?

O'MEARA

'Cause he doesn't know he's black. That one's gettin' old. Where's

Briley pokes him, pointing to an old picture on the wall of an improbably young and slim O'Meara in Golden Gloves boxing gear.

BRILEY

. . . . greatest *amateur* light-heavy, Tommy O'Meara

DIAZ

You used to box?

O'MEARA

Aaaa, Golden Gloves, long time ago. Hey, where the hell is

SWEENEY

I still think it's gonna be the Mets this year.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

SWEENEY (continued)

And Boston.

BRILEY

. . . hey, Bob Murphy could *fight*.

MORIARTY

Boston? Give Boston a bowl of chowder and send 'em home.

DIAZ

We need some more beer here.

MORIARTY

Hey, Tommy, I said give Boston a bowl of chowder and—

O'MEARA

Yeah, I heard you the first time. Somebody know where

DIAZ

Could I get a Rolling Rock over here?

O'MEARA

WHERE'S RORY?

O.S. VOICE

Well, behind you, isn't he?

RORY, another young native Irishman, steps into frame behind him, wiping his hands on his bartender's apron and smiling sweetly. From his soft, thick ginger hair we immediately recognize him as "Leather Jacket" from the opening but he's utterly unlike our expectations — pale, slender, with piercing gray eyes, Rory is more than handsome, he's angelic, even beautiful. Seeing him, O'Meara grins happily and grabs him around the neck, unabashed in his affection.

O'MEARA

Hey-eh, fuckin' guy

(indicates Diaz)

Rory — Diaz, my partner. Diaz — Rory Devaney from County Donegal, Ireland.

RORY

Oh, yes, Tom's told me about you.

DIAZ

Yeah? How long you been in the country?

RORY

About 3 months.

(CONTINUED)

DIAZ

How do you like New York?

RORY

Well, fantastic, isn't it? Like heaven.

Diaz cocks an eyebrow. Rory goes behind the bar just as a thin, severe-looking OLD MAN enters and sits at the bar. Meanwhile O'Meara grins, throws an arm around Rory's shoulder, turning to Briley:

O'MEARA

So how's the kid workin' out?

Briley stops serving drinks and talking boxing lore long enough to rub Rory's head and:

BRILEY

Aces!

Rory grins. O'Meara turns to Diaz:

O'MEARA

Briley and I are in the same group. They put us together with Rory.

DIAZ

What group?

SEAN

Irish American Aid. They help poor Irish kids come over here, find American families to sponsor 'em, put 'em up in their homes, green cards, that kind of thing.

DIAZ

Yeah? Whatta ya doin' for Puerto Ricans?

O'Meara laughs, a little too heartily, and turns away. Meanwhile the Old Man leans over the bar and whispers to Rory:

OLD MAN

Hello, Frankie.

RORY

(stiffens)

Who are you?

OLD MAN

Sean Phelan. I'm a friend. . . .

Sean whispers something else, gives Rory a card, then exits with a wave. Rory turns to Seamus. They converse gravely in IRISH GAELIC.

(CONTINUED)

DIAZ

What's that they were talkin'?

O'MEARA

Irish.

DIAZ

They got a language?

O'MEARA

Don't you love the way that sounds? I love the way that sounds.

DIAZ

God, you're really into this Irish thing.

21 INT - MC COOL'S RED HAND - NIGHT

21

Several beers later. Diaz plays *Situation No. 9* by Club Nouveau on the jukebox as O'Meara points to the map of Ireland on the wall:

O'MEARA

There, Galway, that's where we stayed. I'm tellin' you, Ireland is the most beautiful country in the world, nicest people, best food, great place. It's a place where you could really live, you know, really settle down. I mean, there's no pollution, no bums in the street, no crime

RORY

(whispers to Seamus)

No work

DIAZ

Why're they always havin' all that trouble over there?

SWEENEY

No, no, no, that's *Northern* Ireland. . . .

MORIARTY

Hey, it's still Ireland, not England. Get the fuckin' Brits outta there.

MORIARTY

That's what the Irish Republican Army's tryin' to do.

O'MEARA

The I.R.A.? I don't know. . . You ever know any I.R.A. guys, Rory?

Rory looks at the floor, shrugs. . . .

(CONTINUED)

DIAZ
They're terrorists, aren't they?

MORIARTY
Freedom fighters!

O'MEARA
I don't know. . . .

SWEENEY
I don't care what anybody says, Margaret
Thatcher was a cunt.

DIAZ
(thoughtful)
Yeah. . . she kinda looked like a cunt.

MORIARTY
God damn it, let's play some *real* music here.

Moriarty puts a coin in the jukebox and plays *The Men Behind The Wire* by The Wolfe Tones: "*Armored cars, tanks, and guns/ Come to take away our sons/ Every man must stand behind the men behind the wire!*" The patrons sing along, stamping their feet. Diaz gives Rory a mystified, glance, like, "what the fuck is this?" Rory rolls his eyes, shakes his head. Seamus smiles sweetly and shrugs.

22 EXT - PLEASANT VALLEY, LONG ISLAND - MORNING 22

Pleasant Valley, Long Island, comfortable, solidly working class, with tree-lined streets and small, nearly identical two-story post-war houses with front lawns surrounded by chainlink fences

23 INT - MASTER BEDROOM, O'MEARA HOUSE - MORNING 23

The second floor bedroom. The morning sun shines down in beams through a large picture window onto the bed where O'Meara lies asleep under the twisted sheet, bare arms and legs splayed in all directions, hair wild, mouth agape, dead to the world. Suddenly daughters MARY LOUISE, 13, and PATRICIA KATHLEEN, 14, both in pajamas, burst into the room and start jumping up and down on the bed, chirping in sing-song voices:

MARY LOUISE
Dad-dy, dad-dy, time to get up!

PATRICIA KATHLEEN
Good-morning!

O'MEARA
(groggy)
What, what, hey

O'Meara pulls the sheet up, trying to cover himself.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Hey, what're you doin', come on, quit that!

MARY LOUISE

Oh, *dad*

A oldest daughter, SUZANNE, 15, enters and joins her sisters:

SUZANNE

Get up, get up, it's time for church!

The girls poke his bare chest, giggling. All three are at the age where excess energy and rampant hormones make a father's life not worth living. O'Meara pulls the sheet closer.

O'MEARA

Hey, what is this, come on, quit it, get outta here. Geez, I'm not believing this! Sheila!

PATRICIA KATHLEEN

(singing)

Daddy love, my daddy love

O'Meara finally pulls himself completely under the sheet, drawing his body into a ball:

O'MEARA

SHEILA!

SHEILA, his wife, pretty, with a rounded sexiness, enters.

SHEILA

All right, come on — out, out, out!

She hustles the girls out of the bedroom. O'Meara heaves a sigh of relief. Sheila slaps him on the ass:

SHEILA

Come on, hon, get up, time for church.

O'Meara moans through the sheet as

24 INT - HALLWAY - MORNING

24

We HEAR the SOUND of the shower running as Suzanne stands by the locked bathroom door. O'Meara approaches.

SUZANNE

Daddy! We can't get into the bathroom!

O'MEARA

All right, all right, get dressed.

25 INT - BATHROOM - MORNING

25

Rory stands under the shower, eyes closed, letting the hot water run down him as if in a kind of sensual trance. Suddenly we HEAR the SOUND of knocking and:

O'MEARA (O.S.)

Rory? Are you in there?

Rory snaps out of it, shuts off the water, wraps himself in a towel, and opens the door. All three girls freeze and give him an adoring "Good morning, Rory." O'Meara laughs:

O'MEARA

What happened? Did you fall asleep?

RORY

Oh, I'm sorry, I get carried away sometimes. We didn't have hot water or showers or anything in Ireland. I'm still not used to it.

O'MEARA

That's all right. Better get ready, it's time—
(stops, stares at him)
Hey, what the hell happened to you?

Suddenly we become aware of an array of scars on Rory's torso including 3 puckered circles across his back. Rory covers himself self-consciously.

RORY

Oh. . . back in Ireland I used to do construction, electrical wiring. Once I fell off a scaffold into some live wires. I got burned.

SHEILA

Geez. . . Well you better get ready.

26 INT - SAINT FRANCIS CHURCH - MORNING

26

Communion is finished. The PRIEST replaces the Eucharist on the altar, jerks one of the two tiny Altar Boys by the cassock into the proper position next to him, bows, and turns, bumping the altar microphone. BLAST of feedback then:

PRIEST

Excuse me . . . Let us pray.

The priest intones the Lord's Prayer, we TRACK to the front pew where O'Meara and his family kneel, heads bowed. O'Meara glances over to the end of the pew where Rory and Seamus kneel side by side, brows riven, deep in prayer. Unlike the other churchgoers, the two Irishmen really put their backs into it. O'Meara smiles slightly, a little awed

27 INT - O'MEARA HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

27

Suzanne hunches over the kitchen counter, reading a book, while her mother sets the table. O'Meara enters, clapping his hands:

O'MEARA

OK, awright, let's get breakfast on the road here, we gotta get up to the Bronx.

(grabs Suzanne's book)

What's this?

SUZANNE

"One Hundred Years of Solitude." It's wonderful.

O'MEARA

I'll bet.

(turns to Sheila,
whispers)

One Hundred Years of Solitude? Sounds like a stroke book.

SHEILA

Honey. . . .

O'MEARA

That doesn't sound like a stroke book to you? I'm serious.

SHEILA

No.

Patricia Kathleen enters dramatically with her forefinger bent back at an impossible angle. Suzanne squeals. Patricia Kathleen beams, delighted.

PATRICIA KATHLEEN

Look! It's deformed!

SHEILA

It is *not!* You're just double-jointed.

PATRICIA KATHLEEN

I'm DEFORMED!

SHEILA

Stop SAYING that!

O'Meara chuckles and heads outside. . . .

28 EXT - DRIVEWAY - DAY

28

O'Meara steps out on the driveway and picks up the Sunday paper. Suddenly he catches sight of a gaunt, unkempt-looking, homeless MAN standing across the street. Seeing O'Meara, he retreats up the street. O'Meara shakes his head and goes back inside with the paper. . . .

29 INT - DEN/KITCHEN - DAY

29

Rory and Mary Louise sit on the floor den watching Video Soul on T.V. India is doing *Breaking Night*, flouncing across the screen, her enormous Spanish breasts bobbling.

RORY

Who's that then?

MARY LOUISE

That's India.

RORY

Well, she's quite lovely, isn't she?

Just then O'Meara enters from the kitchen.

O'MEARA

Do we have to have the jungle noise on Sunday morning?

Mary Louise groans as O'Meara changes the channel to an old episode of "Hawaii Five-O" with a grim Jack Lord giving out orders to his men. O'Meara turns to Rory:

O'MEARA

You like that guy? I like that guy. I like his hair. He's Irish.

MARY LOUISE

When are we going to Gaelic Park?

O'Meara suddenly notices that she is wearing a tank top and mini-skirt.

O'MEARA

When you put some clothes on.

MARY LOUISE

Daddy!

SHEILA (O.S.)

(from kitchen)

Come on, honey, it's not so bad.

O'MEARA

Yeah? You know what caused the fall of the Roman Empire? Too much permissiveness in the home. Let's get movin' here!

O'Meara exits, clapping his hands. Rory switches the TV back to India.

30 EXT - GAELIC PARK, BRONX - DAY

30

A playing field with bleachers and clubhouse in the distance. A middle-aged EMCEE stands at the microphone on the small stage facing the
(more)

(CONTINUED)

spectator-filled bleachers.

EMCEE

So let me introduce our Congressman for the 19th District and Chairman of the Bi-partisan Ad Hoc Congressional Committee For Irish Affairs, the honorable Julio Rossi!

A dozen beefy BAGPIPERS in kilts skirl a few bars of *New York, New York* as ROSSI, 50ish. Italian-smooth, comes to the mike.

ROSSI

Thank you, Mr. Boyle, ladies and gentlemen, and thanks to the Men of the Pipes and Drums of the Sword of Light Bagpipe Band from Local No. 3, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. You know, freedom is a word that. . .

31 INT - CLUBHOUSE LADIES' ROOM - DAY

31

Suzanne leans into the mirror, applying lip stick and singing along to *Hang On* by the Wilson Phillips playing on a transistor radio while her sisters and 3 other GIRLS flit through the b.g., changing into green velvet Irish set-dancing costumes and taking self-conscious drags from a shared cigarette.

1ST GIRL

That guy you came with — what a babe!

SUZANNE

That's Rory.

2ND GIRL

He is so hot.

PATRICIA KATHLEEN

We saw him come out of the shower this morning. All he had on was a towel.

1ST GIRL

How did he look?

The three O'Meara girls chorus with coyote howls as

32 EXT - GAELIC PARK - DAY

32

We HEAR the drone of uilleann pipes as all six girls, now in green velvet, stand on the stage, rigidly at attention, hands joined. As the pipes' chanters cut in with fiddle and bodhran, playing Carolan's Favourite Jig, the girls snap-to, splitting into facing pairs and going through the precise, hopping evolutions of a traditional set dance. Despite generations of assimilation, these stern-faced girls with their pointed toes, fine quick legs, and straight backs still retain something of the Old Country, something proud and primitive and fierce. . . .

Spectators including Sweeney, Moriarty, Seamus, and the O'Mearas, cheer as two teams of Gaelic Footballers, all strapping New York Irishmen, scrimmage on the playing field. Rory, forward for the white team, gets the ball and drives for the goal, bowling over an opposing player with a shoulder check. Cheers from O'Meara and co. as . . .

3 young MEN are at the foot of the stands. Thuggish and out-of-place here, they seem so primitive, so formidable, they're almost glamorous: slim, baby-faced but eerie-eyed MICKEY FOGARTY; CONNOLLY, flint-eyed, sharp; and MC CLUSKEY, huge, powerful. These are the WESTIES, West Side gangsters, the very toughest, scariest, sickest mothers in all the five boroughs. They laugh and shout raucously:

MC CLUSKEY

Yo, knock 'em down, fuck 'em in the ass!

O'Meara glances over at the Westies, appalled. McCluskey glares at him:

MC CLUSKEY

The fuck you lookin' at?

O'Meara looks away just as Rory scores and the stands erupt. . . .

The game is over. Rory comes trotting off the field.

O.S. VOICE (SEAN)

Well done. . . Frankie.

Rory turns. Sean stands smiling at the edge of the field with the Westies.

SEAN

Jimmy Connolly, Mickey Fogarty, Eddie McCluskey — my friend . . . Rory.

The Westies nod coldly as O'Meara walks up:

O'MEARA

You comin' ?

SEAN

We'll talk in a few days.

Rory walks off. O'Meara follows but not before fixing McCluskey with a look. They walk on for a few beats. Once out of earshot:

O'MEARA

What're those guys doin' here? What'd they want? I seen those guys before. From the West Side, Westies, mob guys. Real scumbags. You know those guys?

(CONTINUED)

RORY

I never laid eyes on them before.

O'MEARA

That old guy, he was in McCool's last night.

(Rory shrugs)

Yeah, well, takes all kinds I guess. Let's eat.

35 INT - O'BRIEN'S STEAK HOUSE, WOODSIDE - NIGHT

35

After dinner at this Queens steak house where the group from Gaelic Park (along with Sweeney, Moriarty, et al) has re-convened at a big corner table. Seamus sits by himself, staring into space but for the others the drink is flowing and so is the talk.

SWEENEY

You ever miss Ireland, Rory?

RORY

Oh, never. I like America. When I was a kid I always dreamed of comin' here. I had a map of the States and I used to stare at it for hours at night, lookin' at the different places with lovely names and wonderin' what they were like, wishin' I was there. What I'd really love to do is get a car, a big American car, convertible, with the folding canopy, yes? And just take off and visit those places. I memorized all the names, beautiful names — *Shi-loh*, Tennessee, *Wax-a-ha-tchie*, Texas, *Se-do-na*, Arizona. Splendid names. My favorite's *Om-a-ha*, Nebraska. *Om-a-ha!* What must that place be like? Lovely, yes?

O'MEARA

Omaha, Nebraska? I don't even know what street that's on.

RORY

And meet a girl, an American girl — black hair, Spanish-like, with sort of dusky skin, yes? Dark, not all pale and soggy. She could teach me about tennis and things.

O'MEARA

Rory, give me a break and marry a nice *Irish* girl, huh? Like one of my daughters?

The daughters blush, mortified, chorusing, "*Daddy!*" as we

36 EXT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

36

It's late and the group, hot, sweaty, and a little drunk, comes out of the steak house into the night air, each heading for their separate cars,

(more)

(CONTINUED)

making their goodbyes. O'Meara and company approach their Impala. Rory is in tow, the strange Seamus, as ever, at his side. Rory looks up at the beautiful, clear, starry night, unobscured by the low Queens skyline, and takes a deep breath:

RORY

Well, a grand soft night.

SEAMUS

Sing the Coolin then, Rory.

O'MEARA

Hey, Rory, what's wrong with you? You don't wanna go to Nebraska. What do you wanna leave for? It isn't so bad here. You don't know it, but we're on velvet here. See, all those people in Manhattan, they think they're so smart 'cause they make enough money to live there. They think they've got everything with their co-ops and high-rises and nightclubs, but they're wrong, they're jerks, they got nothin', 'cause you know why? 'Cause they haven't got what we got.

O'Meara raises his arm expansively, even grandly, to the stars.

O'MEARA

We got the sky.

A chorus of approval from the others. Seamus puts his chin on Rory's shoulder.

SEAMUS

Oh, please, sing it then. Sing the Coolin.

A pause as Rory takes a deep breath then lets fly in the sweetest tenor voice. Everyone in the lot freezes. The song is *An Chuileann*, the oldest of Irish ballads. Sung in Gaelic, this is *truly* Irish, Irish with the bark still on it, something from another time, a Celtic twilight of warriors and poets and red-haired women who could knock a man dead with a single glance, a strange mixture, at once mournful, lusty, ethereal, earthy, soaring, sinking, saintly, barbaric — and unutterably beautiful. . . .

The others stand there, mouths open, hot, sweaty heads steaming in the cold night air, transfixed. And suddenly all these well-fed, deluded Americans really *are* Irish, like a savage Celtic host shivering on a moorside a thousand years ago, listening in rapt attention to the clan bard. Finally the song finishes. Sweeney opens his mouth, about to say something, but:

O'MEARA

Don't talk. No talkin' here.

They stand silently for a moment, drinking in the moment

O'Meara and Sheila lie in bed, naked, sheets tangled around arms and legs, blissfully exhausted. Both are looking out the window at the stars, O'Meara with his head on her shoulder.

O'MEARA

Did you hear that song? Did you hear it?

SHEILA

Beautiful.

O'MEARA

You believe that kid? Geez, what a kid.

SHEILA

What about those scars? I wonder if. . . do you sometimes think he might be a little bit crazy?

O'MEARA

Not exactly. Seamus, he's crazy. With Rory it's like, I don't know, like there's somethin' chasin' him.

O'Meara falls silent, lost in concerned thought. Sheila smiles.

SHEILA

You ever gonna grow up?

O'MEARA

Huh?

SHEILA

Why don't you just say it?

O'MEARA

Say what?

SHEILA

You love him.

O'MEARA

Well, maybe What the hell, every father wants a son.

SHEILA

Father nothing, you're his mother.

O'MEARA

All right, all right

Sheila laughs softly and kisses him on the head. A beat, then:

O'MEARA

How'd that song go?

Sheila starts to whistle the Coolin

38 EXT - LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - DAY

38

Cacophony of blaring car horns. A fat, pissed-off DRIVER leans out the window of his Carvel Ice Cream van, surveys the endless log-jam of traffic into Manhattan, and shouts to no one in particular:

VAN DRIVER
WILL YOU MOVE YOUR ASS?!

39 INT/EXT - O'MEARA'S IMPALA - DAY

39

O'Meara and Rory creep along in traffic, O'Meara driving.

O'MEARA
The hell with this.

O'Meara pulls off at the nearest exit. . . .

40 INT/EXT - IMPALA/CITY STREETS - DAY

40

The Impala moves through the mostly black Corona section of Queens to the edge of the all-black Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. Rory looks out the window at the landscape going by. Bed-Stuy, the worst neighborhood in the city. In contrast to the brightness of Manhattan this is a dark, ragged landscape of bombed-out, boarded up storefronts and broken-down, dingy 3 and 4 story brownstones, home for the wards of the welfare state, a generation wasted in despair and focused only in the looks of hate and resentment they give these two white faces as they pass.

O'MEARA
Charming detour. . . .

Red light at Madison St. O'Meara points to a nearby bombed-out brownstone with several homeboy-types milling around outside.

O'MEARA
Hello. . . see that bomb-out with the TV antenna on it. See those mutts hangin' in front? Smell that chemical smell? It's a smokehouse.

RORY
Oh. . . that's the place where they sell the drugs then?

O'MEARA
(laughs)
No, that's a hole in my mind, that's grinding your teeth while you sleep, that's. . . . You know they got more money in there, cash money, right now, than I make in a year and most of the people around here live on peanut butter. Those dealers are the most moronic assholes I've ever seen in my life, they're
(more)

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA (continued)

such jerks every time they try to shoot each other they only hit innocent bystanders, they sell shit that kills kids — and people around here think they're cool. Don't ask me why, you tell me. That's hell, that's some kinda nuclear. . . AIDS. . . lung cancer. . . I don't know. . . bullshit.

The dealers give them the "bad-eye". O'Meara laughs sourly:

O'MEARA

Geez. Fuckin' geez.

41 INT/EXT - IMPALA ON EXPRESSWAY - DAY

41

Back on the expressway O'Meara and Rory make good time, suddenly finding themselves on the 59th Street bridge. Their tires suddenly make a humming sound and they are on the bridge with girders going by overhead and Manhattan materializing before them. Rory is transported. O'Meara scowls with dread:

RORY

Made it, Queensborough Bridge. And there's the city.

O'MEARA

Ughhh. . . I can feel it in my bones, it's gonna be a disgusting day.

RORY

You know what Fitzgerald said about seeing Manhattan from this bridge?

O'MEARA

(smirks, pretends to think hard)

Oh, uh. . . I forget.

RORY

". . . rising up across the river in white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of non-olfactory money."

O'MEARA

(laughs unexpectedly)

Non-olfactory money. . . .

RORY

"The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world."

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

And who said this?

RORY

F. Scott Fitzgerald.

O'MEARA

Hmmm. . . .

42 INT - LOCKER ROOM, PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

42

O'Meara suits up with the 4 to 12 tour. Diaz enters, half-dressed.

DIAZ

Another day with the knuckleheads.

O'MEARA

I don't want any of your negativity today.

(turns to other cops)

And that goes for everybody. We're gonna go out there, do our duty, and honestly earn our non-olfactory money.

DIAZ

Huh?

O'MEARA

And it's gonna be a good day, full of all the mystery and beauty in the world.

DIAZ

OK, Tinkerbell, I'll take a shot. I'm beauty.

A big, humorless-looking BLACK COP speaks up:

BLACK COP

I'm mystery.

O'MEARA

OK, then, let's hit the streets.

Now in full uniform and equipment, O'Meara turns, does a beefy arabesque, and flits out of the room. The others follow suit. . . .

43 INT/EXT - SECTOR CAR - DAY

43

Diaz and O'Meara roll down 42nd St. O'Meara stares out the window at the passing neon sex bar and porn parlor signs. Faced once again with the reality of his beat O'Meara's good humor is evaporating rapidly. He sighs forlornly. Diaz smirks:

DIAZ

It's just the world of beauty and mystery.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Do me a favor, Diaz, get off my back.

DIAZ

Take it easy

O'MEARA

Or an altercation's gonna ensue.

DIAZ

(points)

Who does this asshole think he is, Donald Trump? Double-parked on an avenue. This guy's got no right to live.

At the corner, double parked, is a yuppie-style Jeep Cherokee. Diaz stops, they get out, suddenly gleeful. O'Meara pulls out his book, licking his chops.

O'MEARA

Oh, beautiful! Watch this, gonna be a work of art, world's first \$900 parking ticket.

As O'Meara starts writing we are vaguely aware of a dispute in the b.g. between two black adult DEALERS and a black TEENAGE DEALER. But Diaz' attention is taken by a scantily clad, very voluptuous young blonde woman passing across the street.

DIAZ

Aw, look at that slash!

O'MEARA

Very decorative.

DIAZ

Man, I'd like to throw that a bone! Spread it open and wipe the honey all over me

O'MEARA

Come on, Diaz.

DIAZ

What?

O'MEARA

Don't talk like that.

DIAZ

Talk like what? I'm just sayin' I wanna bone her. Don't you wanna bone her? Come on, wouldn't you bone that?

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

(pauses, keeps writing)

No.

DIAZ

Why not?

O'MEARA

I'm married.

DIAZ

So?

O'MEARA

So . . .

DIAZ

So?

O'MEARA

So fuck you.

In the b.g., the dispute between the dealers is heating up

DIAZ

Fuck me?

O'MEARA

Yeah, fuck you.

DIAZ

Fuck *me*?

O'MEARA

(stops writing)

Read my lips — fuck you.

DIAZ

Hey, well fuck—

O'MEARA

No, fuck *you*.

DIAZ

No, fuck *you*.

O'MEARA

This marriage isn't working out, Diaz. End of the tour, I'm gonna ask the Captain for a divorce.

DIAZ

You want a divorce? You want a new partner? Fine with me. Get a new partner.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

DIAZ (continued)

Get a new partner — and fuck you.

O'MEARA

No, fuck *you*.

DIAZ

No, fuck—

(stops, points)

Hey, what're those knuckleheads doin'?

O'Meara looks. What began as a dispute is now a brawl with all three dealers trading punches.

O'MEARA

Hey! Get that off the street!

They keep fighting, unaware of the Cops' presence.

O'MEARA

Hey, I said—

DIAZ

Wait a minute, O'Meara

O'MEARA

YO, WORD UP! I said get it off—

The dealers suddenly see the cops and freeze. Then, as if in a nightmare, the Teenage Dealer spins around with a .32 pistol in his hand and FIRES. The cops duck as a bullet WHIZZES past their ears.

O'MEARA

Fuck!

The dealers scatter, the Teenage Dealer running across 9th Ave and FIRING another shot. Diaz draws his gun. O'Meara grabs for his gun, fumbles, drops it, and chases it through the gutter while at the same time screaming into the walkie-talkie:

O'MEARA

Fuck — 10-13, 3-9 and 9 — fuck, fuck!

Diaz takes aim at the Teenage Dealer, howling like a madman, while SIMULTANEOUSLY we HEAR shrill, rapid RADIO BEEPS and:

DIAZ

O'Meara, Jesus! Halt, you
fuck! Halt! Freeze! Shit

RADIO VOICE

"All units, all units, we have
a Signal 13 at 39th and 9th"

Suddenly SIRENS fill the air all around as Diaz FIRES. The sidewalks explode in panic with people diving for cover, crack-whores and Korean women SCREAMING

(CONTINUED)

The Teenage Dealer RETURNS FIRE and keeps running

Diaz, still howling, veins bulging, runs into the street after him, dodging cars and FIRING one-two-three times

The Teenage Dealer stumbles and flutters to the sidewalk as softly as a bird, face down in front of a Greek market marked, Aristocratic Deli. In the b.g. we still HEAR the wailing of hysterical women as Diaz, absolutely insensate with rage and fright, runs up and starts kicking the prostrate Dealer.

DIAZ

You fuck! You Fuck! Try to kill me?
CABRON!

Diaz keeps kicking as O'Meara runs up, pushing away the crowd.

O'MEARA

Look out, take it easy, stand back, stand back.
(grabs Diaz)
All right, stop it! Are you crazy? Stop it!

O'Meara pulls Diaz away, crouches next to the Teenage Dealer, handcuffs his hands behind his back, then keys the radio:

O'MEARA

South George to Central, K?

RADIO VOICE

"South George?"

O'MEARA

Need a bus at 3-9 and 9, I have a suspect
down.

As the radio responds, O'Meara turns his attention to the teenager sprawled face-down on the cement. Already slipping into shock, he now seems totally docile, almost child-like.

O'MEARA

What's your name, kid?

TEENAGE DEALER

Darrius. Darrius Hall.

O'MEARA

What happened, here, Darrius? Why'd you
shoot at us?

DARRIUS

The dudes . . . the dudes try to jerk me outta
my smoke and I piss myself? I did.

O'Meara sees the vials of crack spilled all over the sidewalk and
(more)

(CONTINUED)

understands. Cracked-out. Darrius tries to raise himself, then:

DARRIUS

I can't move. Am I gonna die?

O'MEARA

Take it easy, ambulance is comin'.

DARRIUS

(starts crying)

Don't let me die

O'MEARA

Easy, easy

DARRIUS

Please. . . .

O'MEARA

(takes his hand)

All right, here, hold my hand.

DARRIUS

Don't let go.

O'MEARA

I won't.

O'Meara holds his hand and Darrius' sobs subside into sniffles. Seeing this, Diaz shakes his head in utter contempt:

DIAZ

Mother O'Meara.

44 EXT - PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

44

It's late and the midtown streets are clearing as the partners, now in civilian clothes, walk out of the Precinct house toward O'Meara's Chevy Impala. Both look exhausted, wired. O'Meara checks his watch.

O'MEARA

One in the morning. Six hours with the shooting team. Geez.

DIAZ

Alcohol. Fast.

O'MEARA

McCool's is right up here.

DIAZ

Is that that Irish place again? I hate that place.

Very late, almost closing time, and the place is thinning out. But the hard-core remain, nursing their beers, their mood more contemplative now. Diaz looks particularly stewed while Sean hovers in the b.g.

O'MEARA

. . . . no, anytime you're in a shooting they lift your gun and your tin and send you home for 2 weeks. Like a vacation with pay.

MORIARTY

Hey, Tommy, speaking of shooting, what do think about that Teaneck thing?

O'MEARA

I don't know. Maybe the cop went off. I wasn't there.

DIAZ

That cop was all right. What was he supposed to do, write the kid a letter? All this bullshit's 'cause the kid was black.

BRILEY

I'm not too thrilled with certain members of the black generation.

RORY

And they're not too thrilled with you either. Back and forth, just put it off on each other. I swear I don't understand Americans. You actually live in a free country, but all any of you want is to be let off the hook. Good God, if you were really to deal with the problems of the underclass—

DIAZ

Underclass my ass! Mutts! Fuck 'em!

Diaz knocks over his beer, curses. Rory whispers to O'Meara:

RORY

Is your partner all right, then, Tom? He looks in a bad way.

O'MEARA

No, he's OK, it's just
(pauses, lowers voice)
I told you, we had to kill a guy today.

DIAZ

(overhears, looks up suddenly)
Hey fuck you, you didn't kill anybody, I killed
(more)

(CONTINUED)

DIAZ (continued)
him. You dropped your gun.

O'MEARA
I know, I just meant—

DIAZ
You dropped your gun! I was the one had to
kill the guy.

O'MEARA
OK, I fucked up, I'm sorry. Take it easy,
Diaz, have a Guinness, make you feel—

DIAZ
There! You see? Now that pisses me off. A
Guinness! I mean it's bad enough you almost
get me whacked, but when I just wanna go
someplace and get drunk in peace, you drag
me to this dump so I can watch you pretend to
be Irish.

O'MEARA
Come on, Diaz, I said I was sorry.

DIAZ
What is all that Irish bullshit anyway? I
mean who're you kiddin'? You're not Irish,
you're a dipshit from Queens. What is this
bullshit? Might as well say you're Ukranian
or something. I mean, big deal, right?

O'MEARA
Diaz

DIAZ
What, is it because the Irish are supposed to
be tough? What a lotta shit that is. Maybe the
Irish used to be tough, a hundred years ago.
Now they're just a buncha lightweights from
the burbs. Jack Dempsey, sure, he was an
animal, but he's dead — AND GERRY
COONEY TAKES IT UP THE ASS!

That's it. O'Meara decks Diaz with a straight right. Diaz bounces up, swinging. They trade a few punches then fall into a clinch, grappling and tumbling to the floor where the fight quickly degenerates into an embarrassing display of grown men flailing and scratching at each other like teenage girls. The other patrons separate them. Diaz snorts blood from his nose and hisses:

DIAZ
Fuck you, you HAIRBAG!

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Diaz, I'm sorry—

DIAZ

Go to hell, hairbag!

Diaz storms out the front door. O'Meara shouts after him:

O'MEARA

How you gonna get home?

DIAZ

I'm takin' the subway like real men, you fruit!

Diaz exits, slamming the door. O'Meara stands there, ashamed, embarrassed as Briley walks up and slaps him on the back, turning proudly to the others:

BRILEY

See him clock that guinea?

O'MEARA

Puerto Rican.

BRILEY

Same difference.

46 EXT - O'MEARA'S CHEVY, QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

46

The lights of Roosevelt Island float by in the river below as the Chevy rolls across the Queensboro Bridge, Rory driving. As they reach the Queens side O'Meara starts looking pale.

RORY

Are you all right then, Tom?

O'MEARA

Gotta stop for a second.

47 EXT - RIVERFRONT, QUEENS - NIGHT

47

Rory pulls off Queens Blvd into a desolate waterfront area and stops at the end of a row of warehouses where the East River looms behind a sign saying, "END". O'Meara gets out and runs through the headlights to the rocks at water's edge and starts throwing up. Rory gets out and moves toward him tentatively.

O'MEARA

I'm alright

(retches)

I didn't have that much to drink.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

I know.

O'MEARA

It's just

(retches)

I'm all right. . . .

(retches, laughs)

Jesus, we got the Exorcist here.

O'Meara retches again, violently, this time dry heaving, and falls to his knees moaning in utter agony:

O'MEARA

Oh, God, why don't they just nuke this place?

RORY

Tom

O'MEARA

I hate it, I hate it, I wanna die!

RORY

Easy Tom

O'MEARA

You don't understand, I dropped my gun! I didn't mean to, it wasn't 'cause I was afraid, I mean, neither one of us was ever in a shooting before but I just . . . when that kid started shooting, I thought . . . I thought

(voice breaks)

God didn't make me to do this.

RORY

Oh, Tom

Rory puts his hand on O'Meara's shoulder as a series of shudders racks his body. After a few moments the shudders subside and O'Meara makes it to one knee, sweaty and panting:

O'MEARA

Diaz is right, I'm just a fuckin' hairbag.

RORY

What is that, "hairbag"?

O'MEARA

It's like an old jerk, a duffer, an asshole, a fart, cop that doesn't want any trouble, just wants to do his 4 to 12 and go home. Like a hack. Hairbag.

Rory shrugs, still in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

You call the uniform "the bag" and a hairbag is a guy whose been in the bag so long he's got hair growin' out of it. That's me.

Rory laughs. O'Meara smiles in spite of himself.

O'MEARA

Yeah, yeah, all right, all right

O'Meara gets to his feet and looks around, suddenly aware of his surroundings. To his left, at river's edge, is a warehouse marked, *Shamrock Frozen Meats*.

O'MEARA

What is this place? I never been here before.

RORY

I come here sometimes to think. It's very quiet.

Indeed, it is dead quiet and the choppy water of the river beyond the rocks and the "END" sign gives the spot a shimmering, elemental quality while their position them a commanding view of the lights of Manhattan and the bridge looms above them like a cathedral.

O'MEARA

Yeah, nice . . . like church.

RORY

Better. No confession.

O'Meara smiles and nods. After a beat he points across the river to where, framed by the lights of lesser structures, stands the peerless deco spire of the Chrysler Building:

O'MEARA

Chrysler Building. The Big Town.

Rory nods appreciatively. There is a long pause, then:

RORY

You're a fierce man, Tom.

O'Meara, looks down, smiles, pats his shoulder, and starts back to the car.

O'MEARA

You're a doll.

48 INT - O'MEARA HOUSE, DEN - DAY

48

O'Meara sits in the den with the remote control, changing channels, trying to make his way through the hell of daytime TV. Rory enters:

(CONTINUED)

Soft. RORY

O'MEARA
Oh yeah. Vacation with pay. Goin' to work?
Take the car. I won't need it.

O'Meara throws Rory the keys. Rory throws them back.

RORY
I'll take the subway. I'm in no hurry.

Rory heads for the door. O'Meara shouts after him:

O'MEARA
Hey, be careful, huh? You're not used to the
city yet.

49 INT - MC COOL'S - DAY

49

Sean enters. Rory, behind the bar with a newspaper, speaks without looking up.

RORY
We're not open yet.

SEAN
Aw, Frankie, couldn't I get a cuppa tea?

Rory looks up. Sean smiles. Seamus hovers uncertainly in the kitchen doorway.

RORY
It's all right, Seamus.

Seamus steps back into the kitchen. After a beat:

SEAN
We need to talk.

RORY
About what?

SEAN
You know in Ireland it's finally all coming to
an end. After 800 years. I'm an old man, I've
been in the Struggle all my life. It would be
quite a thing to see, a free Ireland. And it's
going to happen if they can just hang on a
little longer — but they're only hanging on by
their fingernails.

RORY
Like always.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN
They need a shipment.

RORY
So?

SEAN
You took an oath.

RORY
And I honored it. Now it's finished.

SEAN
Not quite. You forgot about the keys.
(pause as Rory reacts)
When you left they gave you a set of keys along
with the location of a cache containing
certain goods. You were told to hold those
keys until someone called for them. Well I'm
calling for them.

50 EXT - QUEENS WATERFRONT - DAY

50

The same stretch of waterfront under the Queensboro Bridge. Sean and Rory pull up in Sean's car and get out. Sean looks around.

SEAN
Quite a place. It's like. . . like—

RORY
Like church. In here.

Rory leads him toward the *Shamrock Frozen Meats* warehouse, takes out a set of keys, hands them to him. Sean unlocks the door as. . . .

51 INT - WARHOUSE - DAY

51

The doors open and daylight floods into the giant warehouse. Sean and Rory enter. Inside a container truck is parked in the middle of the floor and 6 crates are stacked in the corner. Sean opens one of the crates, takes out a brick-shaped package:

SEAN
(sniffs, smiles)
You always know C-4, smells just like cheese.
1500 pounds of C-4 plastic explosive stolen
from an Army base in Virginia back in '81.
(points to truck)
And a container truck. That's what the
shipment's going over in, a container ship.

RORY
I don't understand, they don't use C-4 in
Ireland anymore, they use Semtex.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Oh, the shipment isn't C-4.

RORY

Then what's this all about?

52 INT - CROCK O' GOLD - DAY

52

IN TIGHT on a bare, sinewy arm and shoulder. On the forearm is a U.S. Army Special Forces tattoo, on the shoulder a tattoo of a 13 Ball on a spider's web with the words, "*Little Mick*." PULL BACK to reveal Fogarty standing at the bar with Connolly and McCluskey. Rory and Sean stand opposite. Fogarty eyes Rory with his wierd 1000 yard stare, sizing him up.

FOGARTY

So you fight those English guys in Ireland?

RORY

I did.

FOGARTY

Rough, huh?

RORY

It's a war.

FOGARTY

Yeah, I never hurt anybody till I went to the Army.

Fogarty looks over at Connolly and nods. Connolly motions them to. . . .

53 INT - BACK ROOM - DAY

53

A small back room. Connolly hands Rory a shoulder-fired, radar guided Redeye missile marked *U.S.M.C.* while Fogarty, McCluskey, and Sean look on.

CONNOLLY

Next time one of those English helicopters fucks wit yuz give 'em some of *this!* Redeye surface to air missile. Got 15 of 'em off a ship in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

SEAN

I only see one. Where's the other 14?

CONNOLLY

We got 'em. What's the matter, dad, don't you trust us?

Connolly chuckles. Rory and Sean exchange looks. . . .

Born In The U.S.A. by Bruce Springsteen plays on the jukebox in the barroom of the Crock O' Gold, a dingy Hell's Kitchen dive. Connolly, Sean, and Rory sit off to one side in a booth while Fogarty and McCluskey lounge at the bar. McCluskey points out the smoked window at 10th Ave beyond where a CAR HORN blares loudly. He shouts:

MC CLUSKEY

Shut up, will ya!

(turns to other Westies)

Hey, look at these spics.

The others look. Outside on 10th Ave a cab is stalled, blocking the way of two well-dressed PUERTO RICAN COUPLES in a new Chrysler LeBaron convertible. The DRIVER honks his horn trying to get around. McCluskey fumes. Connolly chuckles, turns back to Rory and Sean.

CONNOLLY

Anyway, the price is 200,000.

SEAN

(to Rory)

I can't afford that so I'm gonna trade them the C-4 and 30 grand. . . .

Sean continues in whispers. Connolly turns to McCluskey, a wicked gleam in his eyes.

CONNOLLY

Hey, you know what Flynn said? He said he was in the West Side Diner the other day and this waiter says the Celtics are bullshit and Bird and McHale suck nigger dicks.

MC CLUSKEY

What?

CONNOLLY

That's what he said.

MC CLUSKEY

What?

CONNOLLY

I'm tellin' ya.

MC CLUSKEY

And who said this?

CONNOLLY

I don't know, this waiter. Some guinea.

MC CLUSKEY

Fuck

(CONTINUED)

Conolly chuckles again. McCluskey simmers, banging his bottle on the bar in time to the music: "*BORN in the USA, I was BORN in the USA, BORN. . .*" Outside the horn keeps honking. Mc Cluskey shouts:

MC CLUSKEY

Hey, shut up!

RORY

(turns back to Connolly)

That C-4 must be awfully valuable to you if you'd trade those Redeyes for it.

CONNOLLY

We got a buyer.

RORY

Who?

CONNOLLY

Third party, someone who wants to go boom, what d'you care, any—

MC CLUSKEY

I said SHUT UP!

CONNOLLY

Hey what is this? I can't hear myself think over here!

CONNOLLY

(points out window)

Tell them!

Connolly sighs, gets up, and yells out the door:

CONNOLLY

Hey, get off that fuckin' horn!

Outside, the harrassed-looking Rican DRIVER answers without looking:

DRIVER

Blow it out your ass!

Connolly's jaw drops, mock-offended. He turns to the others. After a beat:

CONNOLLY

Okay, I'm outraged. Bring your beers.

Sean and Rory watch, confused, as all 3 Westies exit with their beers.

55 EXT - 10TH AVE - DAY

55

Sean and Rory follow tentatively as the Westies approach the LeBaron. Mc Cluskey, still holding his beer in his left hand, uncermoniously grabs
(more)

(CONTINUED)

the Driver by the hair and yanks him one-handed out of the car.

MC CLUSKEY

Don't listen do ya, spic?

CONNOLLY

(chuckles)

Noisy spic.

DRIVER

Hey, what is thi—

MC CLUSKEY

Shut up, spic!

McCluskey, beer still in his left hand, starts SLUGGING him with his right, pounding him into the pavement. The women scream. Appalled, Rory moves to interfere but Fogarty turns on him.

FOGARTY

Stay out of it.

Sean pulls Rory back while Connolly, giggling now, hauls the male passenger from the car and punches him to the sidewalk then turns on the women. The male passenger tries to jump Connolly from behind, but Fogarty SLAMS him with a Tae-Kwon-Do side kick, shattering his jaw with a POP like a broken lightbulb. He falls in a moaning heap. The women scream, one hysterically. Connolly slaps her on top of the head:

CONNOLLY

Shuddup, ya hoor.

The screams break off into frightened sobs. Satisfied, the Westies stroll back to the bar, beers still in hand, leaving the Ricans moaning on the pavement. Connolly barks impatiently to Sean and Rory:

CONNOLLY

So you in or out?

Rory looks hard at Sean. . . .

56 INT - CAR - DAY

56

A car going down 10th Ave. Sean is behind the wheel, Rory next to him.

SEAN

That's the West Side mob, they call 'em Westies. Heaviest street-soldiers in the city.

RORY

And you do business with filth like that?

SEAN

They've got what we need.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

The Army Council might let you buy missiles from people like that but they'd never let you hand that much C-4 over to them.

SEAN

Yeah, well they're there and I'm here.

RORY

In other words the Army Council doesn't know about it.

SEAN

Look, the C-4's just sitting there. You said yourself they don't use it anymore. They're never gonna miss it.

RORY

You're taking a large chance.

SEAN

Maybe. Right now I'm more worried about Connolly's crew. I mean you saw those animals. I'm 61 years old, I'm no hard man. What's to stop them from killing me and keeping the missiles?

RORY

Well that's your problem, isn't it?

SEAN

Is it, Frankie?

RORY

I gave you the C-4, what more do you want?

SEAN

I want someone to watch my back while I go amongst the heathen, a guardian angel, Frankie the Angel.

RORY

Not me. I'm out of it.

SEAN

I'm not *asking* you.

RORY

I said I'm out. Understand? Out!

SEAN

You know what'll happen if they find out your passport's a fake? They won't give you political asylum, they'll send you right back to
(more)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (continued)
the Brits — and I don't have to tell you what
that means.

RORY
Is that a threat, then?

SEAN
I'll do whatever it takes to get that shipment
through.

RORY
You know what the I.R.A. does with
informers. Grass on me and the they'll have
your balls off with a butter knife. Now I'm out
and that's final.

Red light. Rory bolts from the car, going off on foot. Sean calls after him:

SEAN
Whatever it takes, Frankie.

57 INT - KITCHEN, O'MEARA HOUSE - EVENING

57

Sheila cooks dinner. Rory sits at the table helping Mary Louise with her
school catechism. O'Meara wanders in and out of the scene, reduced by
boredom and restlessness to a bleary ambient presence.

O'MEARA
Anybody wanna watch TV?

RORY
What's the next one?

MARY LOUISE
(reads)
"Compare and contrast religious passion
with human passion."

RORY
Well that's easy enough. Religious passion is,
you know, like the suffering of Christ. . . .

MARY LOUISE
(writing)
Right, I know. . . .

RORY
While human passion is a feeling or an
emotion that just overpowers you, a grand
passion, like a first love.

(CONTINUED)

MARY LOUISE

(coyly)

And have you had a grand passion.

This surprises Rory and he reacts.

MARY LOUISE

Oooo, you're face is turning red!

O'Meara leans in and squeezes Mary Louise's nose:

O'MEARA

There, now yours is too.

(to Rory)

Want a beer?

Rory shakes his head. O'Meara wanders off. Mary Louise speaks low:

MARY LOUISE

No really, did you ever have a first love.

RORY

(that odd little smile
again)

Well, there was. . . yes.

MARY LOUISE

What was she like?

RORY

She had blonde hair. But it wasn't just her, it was something else.

MARY LOUISE

What?

RORY

Well. . . hard to say, really.

(pauses, smile
disappears)

"A dream that was dreamed in the heart and that only the heart could hold. O, wise men, riddle me this — what if the dream come true? What if the dream come true and if millions unborn shall dwell in the house I shaped in my heart, the noble house of my thought?"

MARY LOUISE

Is that a poem?

RORY

A poem. Or a prayer. A curse maybe.
Hearing myself say it now I suppose it seems
(more)

(CONTINUED)

RORY (continued)
rather trite, but it was everything to us then.
First love.

Again Rory's face registers deep emotion. Mary Louise is at a loss. Out of the blue, ANTHONY, 11, a neighbor child bursts in, out of breath.

SHEILA
Anthony! What's wrong, honey?

A pause then Anthony looks at O'Meara and suddenly starts crying:

ANTHONY
Officer O'Meara, you better come! My dad's
back!

O'MEARA
Oh, boy. . . .

SHEILA
Oh, no! God, honey, be careful!

O'Meara swings into action, heading for the door. Rory follows. . . .

58 EXT - STREET OUTSIDE - NIGHT

58

O'Meara races up the street purposefully. Rory trots up next to him.

RORY
What is it?

O'MEARA
It's Claritty. Wife kicked him out 6 months
ago. Every once in a while he gets tanked-up
and pissed-off and comes back. Better stay
back.

RORY
I'm coming with you.

O'MEARA
Then watch yourself, he's a big bastard.

59 INT - KITCHEN, CLARITTY HOUSE - NIGHT

59

Pandemonium with a nearly hysterical WIFE backed into a corner and her 4 young CHILDREN crying and trying to fend off their father, CLARITTY, a giant, bear-like, construction worker who advances on them roaring-drunk and full of the ugliest rage:

CLARITTY
I'll kill you! I'll fuckin' kill you!

(CONTINUED)

WIFE

Get out! Get out! Get out!

CLARITTY

Beat your head in, you bitch!

O'Meara and Rory enter. Rory goes to calm the wife and children while O'Meara pushes Claritty across the floor into the refrigerator.

O'MEARA

Hold it, Claritty, calm down!

CLARITTY

You fuckin' hoor!

RORY

Easy, easy. . . .

O'MEARA

(shakes him)

Hey, that's enough, Claritty! CALM DOWN!

CLARITTY

I'm gonna clock the bitch!

O'MEARA

What, you're gonna hit your own wife? Listen to me, Claritty, any guy that'd hit a woman would shit in church!

CLARITTY

I don't care, I'm gonna kill her!

Claritty advances. O'Meara tries to hold him back but he's too big. Finally, in desperation, O'Meara slaps his hip as if he has a gun.

O'MEARA

OK, OK! You want me to draw my piece?
Huh? I'm gonna draw my piece!

Claritty stops. Rory looks up, alarmed. O'Meara throws him a reassuring look. Don't worry, just bluffing. Claritty starts crying:

CLARITTY

But I hate her!

O'MEARA

Oh, yeah, that's right, you barge in here, kick your kids around, tear things loose, gonna punch your wife, and on top of that you start cryin'. Micheal Patrick Claritty, you're acting just like an Italian!

That does it. Suddenly all the rage and intensity disappear from Claritty's face and he looks down, ashamed

60 EXT - STREET OUTSIDE - NIGHT

60

Claritty drives away from the now quiet house as O'Meara and Rory walk back toward theirs. Rory pats O'Meara on the back.

RORY

You're a fierce man, Tom.

O'MEARA

Were you scared?

Sheila and the girls, who had been waiting nervously in front of the house, suddenly spot their hero and burst into delighted cheers and applause. O'Meara shrugs, trying to appear modest.

O'MEARA

Hey.

61 INT - BEDROOM, O'MEARA HOUSE - NIGHT

61

O'Meara and his wife lie in bed. O'Meara looks thoughtful.

O'MEARA

Sheila?

SHEILA

Yes?

O'MEARA

You ever feel . . . disappointed or anything?

SHEILA

About what?

O'MEARA

About me being a cop. Do you ever wish I'd done more with my life? You know.

She turns toward him, looks him in the eye, and:

SHEILA

Honey, no. Not once. Never.

O'MEARA

Yeah?

SHEILA

Yeah.

O'MEARA

Hey.

They share a moment together then O'Meara suddenly bolts up.

O'MEARA

I forgot to take out the garbage.

62 INT/EXT - ROOM OVER GARAGE/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

62

Rory's little room overlooking the driveway. Rory kneels next to his bed, deep in prayer. Presently we hear a screen door opening and closing and:

O'MEARA'S VOICE

God damn it. . .

Rory looks. O'Meara, barefoot, his arms full of garbage bags, has just stepped out of the house into a puddle. We can hear the muffled giggles of the girls coming from their room on the first floor.

O'MEARA

Think that's funny, huh? Well you better cut it out. . . .

O'Meara stealthily puts down the garbage, make his way to the wall, and suddenly slaps both hands against the girls' window:

O'MEARA

Or I'll GET YA!

A crescendo of giggles. Rory watches the scene for a moment then:

RORY

And God bless Tom and his family.

Rory turns out the light. But outside the homeless Gaunt Man watches from the shadows.

63 INT - DOCKS - NIGHT

63

Sean and Connolly walk along the West side docks. Connolly is hot.

CONNOLLY

Listen you asshole, we want this deal to happen! We want that C-4!

SEAN

(pauses, plays innocent)

I know, I know, but the kid won't give it up.

CONNOLLY

Sure he will. Where's this cop live?

SEAN

Wait a minute—

CONNOLLY

Take it easy. We'll farm it out to the guineas.

64 INT - CROCK O' GOLD - NIGHT

64

Later. A laughing Connolly sits at the phone in the back room.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOLLY

No, no, just throw 'em a goof. . . yeah. . . Off-duty jakes get braced all the time, don't you read the Post? No, don't worry, he's nothin', he ain't even got his fuckin' gun.

65 INT - MC COOL'S - DAY

65

Rory and Briley get ready to open. The phone rings. Rory answers:

RORY

McCool's.

SEAN'S VOICE

"I thought I would've heard from you by now."

RORY

What are you talking about?

"Click." The phone goes dead. Rory looks at the clock on the wall: 11:45. PULL IN on Rory as his face goes pale and:

BRILEY

Who was it?

RORY

(grabs him)

I need to borrow your car.

66 INT/EXT - O'MEARA'S IMPALA - DAY

66

The clock on the dash of the Impala reads noon as O'Meara drives home, two grocery bags on the seat next to him. Nearing the house, suddenly a FIGURE dashes in front of the car. O'Meara slams on the brakes. It's the same gaunt homeless man from before. He fixes O'Meara with a look, throwing a glance at the house. O'Meara hits his horn:

O'MEARA

Get off the street, you moron!

The gaunt man dashes off. O'Meara drives on, shaking his head. . . .

67 INT - O'MEARA HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

67

O'Meara enters with the groceries and shouts into the kitchen.

O'MEARA

Hey, Sheila, what d'ya think, turns out Elvis killed Marilyn Monroe!

A short, squat, young THUG appears from beside the doorway and jams a .38 behind O'Meara's ear. O'Meara freezes.

(CONTINUED)

1ST THUG

Shut up, you fuck!

He grabs O'Meara by the collar. O'Meara stiffens. The youth slams him against the wall and grinds the gun hard into his ear.

O'MEARA

JESUS! OK, OK, OK!

A 2nd THUG has a terrified Sheila pinned against the wall in the hallway. Brooklyn Italians, both are about 20, short, squat, muscular, with matching blousy leather jackets and premature bald spots.

1ST THUG

Gimme your wallet, asshole!

O'MEARA

OK, take it, take it. There's some money in my shirt pocket, too.

SHEILA

Please, my children will be home any minute.

1ST THUG

Shut up, cunt!

2ND THUG

Yeah. . . cunt.

The 2nd Thug steps back to look at her. O'Meara and his wife are now totally under their control. Both thugs surge and pant with adrenalin. The 2nd Thug runs his eyes over Sheila's body:

2ND THUG

I'm pumped!

1ST THUG

(whispers)

We're just supposed to brace 'em and get out.

(points to watch)

And we gotta get out now.

2ND THUG

(shakes head)

I'm fuckin' *pumped!*

1ST THUG

Allright, get upstairs! Come on!

SHEILA

What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

2ND THUG

(pulls her toward stairs)

I'm gonna tear your fuckin' head off! Move!

O'MEARA

Wait, wait, wait, this isn't gonna work, I'm tellin' ya for your sake, you wanna get outta here, believe—

1ST THUG

No, COCKSUCKER, we wanna go upstairs,
MOVE IT!

Now we can positively smell the terror in the room. The 2nd Thug grabs Sheila by the hair and drags her to the stairs. Seeing this. O'Meara's eyes suddenly go wild.

O'MEARA

Get your hands off her!

O'Meara throws a tackle at the 2nd Thug, but the 1st Thug saps him in the head with his gun. Sheila screams. O'Meara doubles over onto the landing with a groan. The 1st Thug cocks his pistol and points it at O'Meara, moving toward him.

1ST THUG

Fuckin' asshole!

But as the 1st Thug's foot touches the landing a SLEDGE HAMMER arcs through the frame and SMASHES down on his instep. The 1st Thug SHRIEKS in the sheerest agony and falls backward, dropping his gun. He falls into the 2nd Thug and both tumble off the stairs onto the floor. The 2nd Thug grabs the gun but. . . .

Rory flashes into frame with the sledge hammer and SLAMS it down on the 2nd Thug's hand. The Thug howls and the gun falls away uselessly. Though it's the same Rory he seems totally transformed, dead-eyed and tough as a stone.

RORY

What about your other hand?

The 2nd Thug makes a grab with his other hand and Rory SMASHES that one too. The Thug howls.

RORY

Does that hurt, then?

Now both thugs are sobbing and writhing on the floor, terrified and utterly cowed. Meanwhile O'Meara, dizzy, goes to comfort Sheila. Rory hands O'Meara the gun, his face softening, the old Rory again, gentle and retiring. O'Meara looks at him in astonishment.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Jesus, kid, you alright?

RORY

I came back for my wallet, saw what was happening.

(hands him hammer)

Here, this is yours. I got it from the kitchen.

O'Meara looks at Rory, then the hammer, then Sheila. Suddenly, he points the gun at the thugs and:

O'MEARA

Jesus! Call 911!

Sheila rushes to the phone and dials. Meanwhile:

O'MEARA

Jesus, kid, you're really something.

SHEILA

(on phone)

It's a recording.

O'MEARA

A fuckin' recording on 911! You believe—

O'Meara looks at Rory who registers alarm. O'Meara sees it and a look of sudden, sinking dread crosses his face and:

O'MEARA

Hang up.

SHEILA

But—

O'MEARA

Just hang up, hon'.

Sheila hangs up, non-plussed. O'Meara turns on Rory with a cold stare:

O'MEARA

Get 'em outta here.

68 EXT - OUTSIDE HOUSE - DAY

68

Rory loads the thugs, hobbling and crying, into their car, an IROC Z28 parked nearby, the 2nd Thug in the driver's seat. Both are trembling now, on the verge of shock as Rory closes the door, pointing at each:

RORY

You drive, you steer.

(narrow eyes)

And don't come back. Ever.

69 INT - HOUSE - DAY

69

Rory re-enters the house. O'Meara stares at him. Rory looks away and walks toward the kitchen. O'Meara follows. . . .

70 INT - GARAGE - DAY

70

Rory retreats into the garage, O'Meara right behind him. Rory will not meet his eye and paces around the wall of the garage, as if searching for a way out, like a trapped animal — and he suddenly looks very young.

O'MEARA

Who are you?

RORY

I just came back for my keys and—

O'MEARA

You said it was your wallet.

(no answer)

Did you bring this into my home?

(no answer)

What if the girls had been here?

(no answer)

Where'd you get all those scars?

Suddenly enraged, O'Meara hurls Rory into the wall and slaps him.

O'MEARA

WHO ARE YOU?

A beat. Rory finally looks him in the eye. He seems on the verge of tears.

RORY

Who do you think?

O'Meara pauses, suddenly quiet, his face full of dread.

O'MEARA

I read someplace how when the British catch I.R.A. guys, Provos they call 'em, they take 'em and interrogate 'em, give 'em the works. That what those scars are all about.

Rory nods. O'Meara takes a breath:

O'MEARA

Then you're one of them. The I.R.A. You're a fuckin' terrorist.

Rory nods again. O'Meara exhales with a shudder:

O'MEARA

Jesus Christ. . . .

(long pause, looks up)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA (continued)

How could you. . . how could it happen?

Rory looks down, speaking slowly, his voice strange, almost a monotone.

RORY

When I was 8 years old the Prots came and burned us out of our house. They beat my father to death right in front of us. The police were there. They helped them. Some of them were laughin'. I was a child and I thought like a child. So you know what I did? I closed my eyes and wished with all my might for the U.S. Cavalry to come, John Wayne and his lads, all dressed in blue, gallopin' down the Falls Road, comin' to thrash the bastards.

O'MEARA

Geez, that woulda been great

RORY

But you didn't come.

O'MEARA

(pauses, looks at him)

God damn it, that don't leave you room to bring it into my house!

RORY

No. No indeed. . . .

(pauses)

Maybe I should start looking for another place to live.

O'MEARA

I think that might be a pretty good idea.

71 EXT - MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

71

Rory and Sean stand nose-to-nose. Rory seizes him angrily.

RORY

You bastard!

SEAN

Look, the deal's in motion. You can't stop it any more than I can control those animals. Now you want something worse to happen next time?

Rory reacts. Something has changed in Rory, as if his very youth and youthful emotions have begun to betray him. Rory releases Sean.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

You won't hurt Tom and his family?

SEAN

Not if everything goes all right.

Rory nods, utterly defeated. Sean gives him a long look, then:

SEAN

I know, you're sorry about the cop, sorry you lost your friends. Tell you something, you never had any. When you took your oath you also took an oath of solitude. Ireland's not like South Africa. Nobody cares. Nobody. There's just us, ourselves alone. Always been that way, always will be. I know what you think of me, but right or wrong, I serve the cause. And I'll tell you something. right now that's all you've got left. The cause. . . and me.

Rory looks at him. It's true, he hasn't a soul in the world. . . .

72 INT - BACK ROOM, CROCK O' GOLD - DAY

72

Sean and Rory sit across a table from the Westies:

CONNOLLY

All right, then we'll set it up for last call tomorrow night. We'll let you know where. But let's get one thing straight from jump street — we don't like bullshit. I mean you might be Irish and all, but as far as we're concerned, nigger, spic, Irish, whatever, if you ain't from our nabe, you're a Martian.

73 INT - YMCA ROOM - DAY

73

A tiny room in a Hoboken YMCA. Rory and Sean go over a map with 2 tough Irish merchant SEAMEN. They speak in hushed, urgent tones.

1ST SEAMAN

Our ship goes out with the tide. That means the the cargo's got to be on the dock by 6.

SEAN

We make the exchange at 4. deliver the cargo to this warehouse no later than 4:45. You meet us there and take it out. Good enough?

Both Seamen nod as. . . .

74 INT - BANK SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY

74

(CONTINUED)

A cubicle with a large safe deposit box laid out on a table. Sean transfers bundles of \$100 bills into a briefcase, takes a Berretta 9mm automatic from the safe deposit box, puts it in on top of the money, closes the briefcase. Rory looks on glumly. Sean puts a hand on his shoulder:

SEAN

Cheer up, if everything goes right it's a few hours out of your life and you're in the clear. You can go live in Queens forever for all I care.

(hands him briefcase)

But listen, Frankie the Angel, that's the I.R.A.'s money, not mine. You're the guardian angel of it now. If anything happens you're responsible.

75 INT - COMPLAINT DESK, MIDTOWN SOUTH PRECINCT - DAY 75

A elderly GUYANAN MAN in a worn business suit approaches the desk:

GUYANAN

Do you make reports here against insane female persons who shout and play radios in the night and pound the floor and pull very hard on the arm of the person who complains, resulting in many severe jolts of the shoulder?

A haunted-looking O'Meara, in uniform, sits at the typewriter behind the desk. After a beat he exhales wearily and:

O'MEARA

My middle name.

The Guyanan has a seat as P.O. VENEZIA leans his head in:

VENEZIA

Got you flying a desk, huh, Tommy?

O'MEARA

Coupla weeks, 'cause of the shooting.

VENEZIA

Where's Diaz? I heard he was on the switchboard.

O'MEARA

No, I think he's on the desk.

Just then the phone rings. O'Meara picks up.

O'MEARA

Complaints, O'Meara.

(CONTINUED)

PHONE VOICE (DIAZ)

"Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck"

O'MEARA

(hangs up)

Yeah, you're right, he's on the switchboard.

ANTONACCI, another P.O., leans in:

ANTONACCI

Hey, O'Meara, C.O. wants to see you.

76 INT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

76

Precinct Commanding Officer's office. Inside are KAPLAN, the C.O., thin, tired-looking; a blond MAN in a brown J. Press suit; and a gray-haired MAN in a tailored blue blazer and gray slacks. O'Meara enters.

KAPLAN

Come in, O'Meara, shut the door.

O'Meara shuts the door behind him, bumping the Gray Haired Man.

O'MEARA

Sorry.

GRAY HAired MAN

(English accent)

Quite all right.

KAPLAN

O'Meara, this is Special Agent Hart of the F.B.I. and this is Mr. Kim Vaughn of the British Embassy.

O'MEARA

Oh. . . hi.

KAPLAN

Sit down, O'Meara.

HART

You have an individual living in your home named Rory Francis Devaney, an immigrant from Letterkenny, Donegal, Republic of Ireland, an individual you sponsored to come to this country through an organization called Irish American Aid, an organization of which you are a member?

O'MEARA

Yeah. . . .

Vaughn hands O'Meara an R.U.C. file with mug shots of Rory.

(CONTINUED)

VAUGHN

The person you know as Rory Francis Devaney is, in point of fact, Francis Rory Devoy, also called Frankie Devoy, also called Frankie the Angel, born 7-27-66, Belfast, *Northern* Ireland, from 12-85 until 9-89, Unit Commander, Falls Road Active Service Unit, Belfast Brigade, Provisional Irish Republican Army.

O'MEARA

Whoa. . . .

VAUGHN

He is known to have personally taken the lives of over 18 members of the Crown Security Forces, including 9 policemen like yourself.

O'MEARA

Geeze

Hart hands him a series of surveillance photos of Rory and Sean.

HART

He entered this country using a falsified passport and we believe he's now somehow involved with this man, Sean Joseph Phelan. We know Phelan's dirty, he has strong mob ties both here and in Boston. Although he's not presently under investigation, we're pretty sure he's involved in arms-smuggling.

O'MEARA

You been watching my house?

HART

Your house and the bar, McCool's.

VAUGHAN

We didn't have a choice, I'm afraid. Devoy's far too experienced to put a tail on. He'd spot it straightaway.

HART

In any event it seems for the past few months Devoy's found a safe haven in your home. Of course you had no way of knowing all this.

O'MEARA

No. . . .

HART

We think Devoy's still active, something to do with Phelan's mob connections. You had
(more)

(CONTINUED)

HART (continued)
some trouble in your house recently?

O'MEARA
You saw that?

HART
We would've intervened if it got serious.
Anyway, your assailants. . . .

Hart produces mug shots of the two thugs who invaded O'Meara's house.

HART
Ralph Michael Cuneo and John George Di
Giorgio, both members of the King's Road
Boys, a Brooklyn street gang affiliated with
the Gambino crime family, sort of their farm
team. Considering Phelan's mob ties and the
unlikelyhood of a pair of Brooklyn thugs going
all the way out to Long Island to pull a simple
robbery. . . well, at the very least Devoy put
you and your family at risk.

O'MEARA
Maybe, yeah.

Uncomfortable pause. Kaplan exchanges glances with Hart and Vaughn
then holds up a shiny gold badge:

KAPLAN
Detective's gold shield. With that you get
bumped up to 46,000 a year with overtime.
How long you been on the Job, 17 years?

O'MEARA
Wait a minute, what're you sellin'?

HART
Like Mr. Vaughan said, Devoy would see us
coming a mile away. That could drive him
underground, make things very complicated.
But you could walk right up to him.

O'MEARA
No sale. Keep your gold shield.

KAPLAN
O'Meara, listen—

VAUGHN
Officer O'Meara, I wonder if you understand
just what sort of people the I.R.A. are.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Can I go now?

HART

Understand this, O'Meara. we're taking Devoy down. If you warn him or—

KAPLAN

Wait a minute, wait a minute. O'Meara, look, if you like that kid then for his own good, think about this. Manhattan D, Joe Doherty. Just think about it, that's all I ask. Don't give me your answer now, take the rest of the day off, go home, call me in the morning.

A beat. O'Meara exits. Kaplan looks at the others and shrugs.

77 INT - DEN, O'MEARA HOUSE - LATE DAY

77

An absent O'Meara sits watching Hawaii Five-O on TV while his daughters sit on the floor, brushing the family golden retriever, and giggling. After a beat:

O'MEARA

Hey, keep it down, we're comin' to the conclusion here.

They keep brushing and giggling, those hormones again. The dog groans, miserable.

O'MEARA

Will you leave the dog alone? Jesus

O'Meara gets up and walks outside

78 INT - GARAGE - LATE DAY

78

O'Meara sits by himself in the solitude of the family Impala, sipping a beer, lost in thought

79 INT - DEN - NIGHT

79

It's very late and the TV is tuned to the Shopping Channel as O'Meara sits alone in the dark den. After a beat he gets up

80 INT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

80

The hallway is pitch dark as O'Meara quietly opens the door of the master bedroom. Inside his wife sleeps peacefully. O'Meara goes to the other bedroom and looks inside. Suzanne sleeps on one side of the room under a picture of Vanilla Ice, while Patricia Kathleen and Mary Louise sleep in bunk beds, Patricia Kathleen sideways with the sheets kicked off, her legs up on the wall. O'Meara closes the door quietly and turns. Rory stands behind him. O'Meara jumps with a start.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Geez, I didn't hear you come in.

RORY

Sorry. You're up late.

O'MEARA

I got antsy.

RORY

Look, Briley has a cot for me at McCool's. If it's all the same to you can I move out Saturday? I promised Mary Louise I'd watch TV with her tommorrow night.

O'MEARA

Yeah, fine, fine. Look, kid. . . you want a beer?

81 INT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

81

Rory and O'Meara, each similarly preoccupied, sit at the kitchen table, sipping beers. Struggling hard with himself, O'Meara finally speaks:

O'MEARA

Look, there's something I have to tell you.

(pauses, sighs)

Swear to God, I don't know how it came to this. I mean all I ever wanted was for you to marry one of my daughters and we could all go fishing in Galway.

RORY

(that odd smile again)

Ireland, is it? There's no such place. I mean your Ireland, the Land of Saints and Scholars. That place is in your head.

O'MEARA

What do you mean?

RORY

You know the story of the Outlaw Chieftain? Red Hugh O'Donnell, one of the twilight lords who fought Queen Elizabeth. A mighty warrior. Seems one time he took a Brit lord hostage so the rest of the Brits would leave Ireland, only the Brits reneged on the deal, attacked his camp, killed his wife. Red Hugh was so enraged he cut the hostage in tiny pieces with his sword and escaped and from that day forth became the scourge of the country.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Oh, yeah, that's a great story. only . . .
where's the good guy?

RORY

Well it's not an American story, is it? It's an
Irish story. There's no good guy.

O'MEARA

No good guy? What is that?

RORY

Just the point. God created all men in His
Own image — except for the Irish. They're
the Devil's Own.

(gets up)

Good night, then, Tom.

O'Meara nods to Rory who exits. A few moments, then O'Meara picks up
the phone and dials. After a moment:

O'MEARA

Hello, Captain?

82 INT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

82

Kaplan pushes the detective's gold shield across his desk to O'Meara who
pushes it back.

O'MEARA

Keep it, I'll stay in the bag. Here's the deal —
I take him down myself, now. today. I
personally deliver him to Central Booking,
and that trigger-happy Fed never lays a
finger on him.

Kaplan nods his agreement. . . .

83 EXT - PRECINCT HALLWAY - DAY

83

Diaz comes down the hallway. O'Meara steps in front of him. A pause,
then Diaz walks on, ignoring him. O'Meara grabs his arm:

O'MEARA

Diaz, wait. I gotta talk to you.

84 EXT - 3RD AVENUE - LATE DAY

84

Diaz and O'Meara, in civilian clothes, sit in the sector car on the next
block over from McCool's. Diaz shifts in his seat impatiently. They get out
and walk to an nearby unmarked car where Kaplan and Hart sit with 2
other Feds. O'Meara looks around. 3 other unmarked cars are visible
nearby with an assortment of Feds and NYPD. O'Meara looks back at
Kaplan who nods. Diaz and O'Meara move off.

Rory is in front of the bar, polishing the jukebox. As Diaz and O'Meara enter, Rory looks up and smiles.

RORY

Well, hello. Off early aren't you?

O'MEARA

They switched us to the 8 to 4. How 'bout a coupla Harps?

RORY

Sure

As Rory turns to go behind the bar, O'Meara shoves him against it and pinions his arms behind his back. Seeing this, Seamus runs into the kitchen and pulls Sean's briefcase from behind the stove while O'Meara puts the cuffs on Rory who remains totally impassive.

RORY

Well, Tom, you *are* a fierce man.

DIAZ

(into radio)

OK, we got him.

Outside the air fills with screeching tires as a platoon of sector and unmarked cars pull up. Cops and Feds throw down on the bar, ready. . . .

O'MEARA

Sorry kid, but I gotta do it. It's for your own good, I swear.

SEAMUS

Frankie?

They look up. Seamus comes out of the kitchen door with Sean's Beretta in his hand. O'Meara jumps in front of Rory, covering him with his body.

O'MEARA

Shit!

Outside, watching through binoculars, Hart stiffens:

HART

He's got a gun!

Back inside, Diaz pulls his gun, cursing.

RORY

Seamus, put it down!

Suddenly all hell breaks loose as Hart and three other shotgun-wielding Feds burst in and throw down on Seamus.

(CONTINUED)

HART
Federal Agents, freeze!

Seamus looks quickly from Rory to the Feds and back to Rory. Kaplan bursts in:

KAPLAN
Wait!

HART
Drop it or I'll blow your head off!

O'MEARA
No, no, no, no, no!

SEAMUS
Frankie?

RORY
Seamus! Don't!

Eyes like a cornered animal, Seamus looks around the room at the gunmen surrounding him, then turns his own gun on himself, letting out a little sob:

SEAMUS
Frankie. . . .

A loud GUNSHOT. Rory and O'Meara flinch as they are sprayed with flecks of blood. Rory remains impassive. O'Meara covers his mouth with both hands, sickened, appalled.

O'MEARA
Fuck this! FUCK THIS!

The Feds cover the place. One pokes the body while another enters the kitchen, emerges with the briefcase, looking inside and whistling. O'Meara, still holding the impassive Rory, faces Hart:

O'MEARA
And fuck you.

HART
(takes Rory's arm)
All right, we'll take it from here.

O'MEARA
Don't you fuckin' touch him!

HART
It's all changed now. Get out of the way
O'Meara.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

(reaches for gun)

I said don't touch him.

KAPLAN

It's his collar, I promised him. Go ahead, O'Meara, take your collar to Central Booking. We'll follow you.

HART

Are you serious?

86 EXT - 7TH AVENUE - NIGHT

86

Diaz drives down 7th Ave with Rory in the back, hands cuffed behind him, staring straight ahead, O'Meara next to him. . . .

A fuming Hart and 2 Feds follow. Crosstown traffic is murder at this hour. At 48th a delivery van inches out in front, blocking them.

HART

Get over there! Don't let him in!

Back in the sector car things are worse. They stop at 47th St, caught in gridlock by a stalled truck.

O'MEARA

What's the hold up?

DIAZ

Gridlock with that fuckin' truck. Wait a minute. . . .

Diaz puts the car in park, gets out and walks up to the truck, shouting and gesticulating at the driver. After a beat:

O'MEARA

Rory, please, I had to do it.

RORY

Well, doesn't matter now, does it?

A beat, then O'Meara leans his head out the window and shouts:

O'MEARA

Hey, hurry it up!

Without warning, Rory raises his leg and SLAMS his heel into O'Meara's head. He keeps slamming again and again, kicking him senseless. O'Meara slumps in the seat, moaning, semi-conscious

Diaz still remonstrates with the truck driver, unaware

Rory shimmies his cuffed wrists down his legs, straining and finally

(CONTINUED)

getting his feet through, freeing his hands. He quickly searches O'Meara's pockets, finds the keys to the cuffs and unlocks them, then grabs O'Meara's gun and leaps from the car just as Diaz returns. Rory throws down on him. Diaz freezes, hand on his gun. A beat, then Diaz slowly starts to draw.

Don't! RORY

Go to hell! DIAZ

No, wait, you don't under— RORY

Go to hell! DIAZ

Don't! PLEASE! RORY

GO TO HELL! DIAZ

Yes, I'm sure I will. RORY

Diaz draws. Rory FIRES. Diaz falls to the pavement clutching his throat. Hearing the shots, the Feds burst from their car, drawing their guns.

Oh, no. . . . HART

Rory runs off through traffic and disappears into the night as O'Meara staggers from the car, sees Diaz, and rushes to his side.

Oh God, oh God! Diaz! O'MEARA
 (into radio)
 All units, all units, 10-13 at 4-6 and 7, officer
 down, send a bus right away — hurry!
 (to Diaz)
 Hang on, bus is on the way.

The Feds run up as Diaz grabs O'Meara's arm, wheezing and sucking air through a throat wound, trying to talk but unable to make a sound.

What, what? O'MEARA

Diaz squeezes O'Meara's arm and looks at him beseechingly.

Diaz, I can't, I don't know how. O'MEARA

(CONTINUED)

Diaz moans, still begging with his eyes.

O'MEARA

I'm not a priest!

Diaz squeezes harder. Finally O'Meara takes Diaz' hand and crosses himself:

O'MEARA

Oh, my God I am heartily sorry for having offended thee. . . . I can't remember it!

Diaz reaches up and touches O'Meara's face.

O'MEARA

Uh . . . are you sorry for all the sins of your past life?

Diaz nods, slipping fast, still touching O'Meara's face.

O'MEARA

Are you sorry for having offended God?

Diaz' runs his hand through O'Meara's hair.

O'MEARA

Then in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost

Diaz' hand falls away as he dies. O'Meara's voice drops:

O'MEARA

. . . . I absolve you.

87 EXT - 8TH AVE & 39TH ST - NIGHT

87

Over on 8th Ave, Rory, breathless from running, stops at a pay phone, drops a quarter, and dials. A few beats, then Mary Louise's VOICE answers:

MARY LOUISE

"Hello?"

RORY

Hello, Mary. It's Rory.

MARY LOUISE

"Rory, where are you?"

RORY

Is anyone else there, Mary?

MARY LOUISE

"No, nobody's here. Suzanne and Patty are
(more)

(CONTINUED)

MARY LOUISE (continued)
watching TV at the Higgins'. Mom went to see aunt Theresa. Where are you? We're still gonna watch Friday Night Videos together, aren't we?"

RORY

I'm still in the city. I won't be able to get back for a while. . . .

MARY LOUISE

(falling)

"Oh"

RORY

. . . . so you go across and watch it with your sisters at the Higgins', will you do that?

MARY LOUISE

"OK."

RORY

OK. Well . . . I just wanted to see if you were all right.

MARY LOUISE

"I'm OK."

RORY

OK, well . . . bye, then.

MARY LOUISE

"Bye, Rory."

RORY

Bye.

MARY LOUISE

"Bye."

RORY

Goodbye.

Rory hangs up and sinks to the sidewalk as. . . .

88 INT - EMERGENCY ROOM ST LUKE'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

88

O'Meara sits on a gurney in the bustling corridor of St. Luke's emergency room, getting a grilling from a DETECTIVE and a FEDERAL AGENT.

DETECTIVE

Any idea what the money was for?

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

No.

O'Meara shakes his head. They continue the grilling while Kaplan stands on the opposite side of the hall talking over the phone.

KAPLAN

Yes sir, I'm afraid so, DOA, St. Luke's. No, he lived with his mother in Sunnyside. Yes, she's been notified, she just walked in. . . .

Kaplan glances down the hall where a frail, white-haired Hispanic woman, DIAZ' MOTHER, enters with two burly P.O.s. O'Meara looks down as she passes, unable to meet her eyes.

KAPLAN

No, O'Meara's allright. I'm gonna lift his shield and send him home. It was my fault, not his, I want to try to keep him out of it. That's right. All right, sir, I'll call you.

Kaplan hangs up and goes to O'Meara.

KAPLAN

I'm sending you home, O'Meara. Let me have your back-up and your tin.

O'MEARA

(stands)

Captain, please, I know you think I'm too personally involved but let me tell you something — family, friends, none of that matters — somebody bangs out a cop, somebody bangs out my partner, with my gun? Captain, *please!*

KAPLAN

Your back-up, your tin. Now.

O'Meara takes his back-up pistol, a .38 snub, out of his ankle holster and reluctantly hands it over along with his badge. Kaplan slaps him on the back.

KAPLAN

Go home. We'll call you if something breaks.

O'Meara exits. Kaplan turns to see a sharp-looking MAN in a gray suit coming down the hall with Hart and Vaughn following, hot.

1ST DETECTIVE

D.O.I. Inspector. Tryin' to keep the Feds from havin' a shit hemmorage.

(CONTINUED)

D.O.I. INSPECTOR

I don't get it. Why'd the one guy kill himself?

VAUGHN

McCann, Seamus McCann. He was confined with Devoy at Long Kesh Prison, in the H-blocks. Evidently he became unbalanced. Many of them did. Because of the treatment.

D.O.I. INSPECTOR

Treatment? You mean like torture? And he thought he'd get the same thing from us?

VAUGHN

Come now, let's don't lose ourselves in sympathy for the enemy, shall we? They are terrorists, you know.

D.O.I. INSPECTOR

Allright, look, I'm gonna give it to the PD.

HART

What do you mean give it to the PD?

D.O.I. INSPECTOR

He killed a cop, he belongs to PD.

VAUGHN

Inspector, please, I wonder if you know what you're dealing with. The IRA are the best in the world at what they do and Devoy is one of their top operatives. He's been going up against armored cars and tanks since he was 11 years old. So you'll forgive me but I doubt he'll be impressed by anything on your New York streets, least of all the police.

D.O.I. INSPECTOR

You got the night, Kaplan. Move it!

89 INT - DESK, MIDTOWN SOUTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

89

Standing behind the desk, Sgt. Mulholland looks up as O'Meara enters.

MULHOLLAND

O'Meara, Jesus, hell of a thing.

O'MEARA

I need a radio.

90 EXT - 8TH AVE - NIGHT

90

O'Meara exits the Precinct house and starts down 8th Ave. A SILHOUETTE emerges from the darkness, following. O'Meara turns on (more)

(CONTINUED)

35th St and disappears around the corner. The figure follows slowly. As it rounds the corner the streetlight illuminates it and we SEE it is the homeless, Gaunt Man from before. He looks around. O'Meara's Impala is parked by the curb but O'Meara is nowhere to be seen. The Gaunt Man steps toward the car. Suddenly O'Meara springs from a doorway behind him and braces him against the car, shaking him by the lapels.

O'MEARA

Who are you? Huh? WHO ARE YOU!

The Gaunt Man breaks free and bolts down the street. O'Meara gallops after him. The Gaunt Man topples garbage cans behind him as he runs. O'Meara dances across the sidewalk dodging them. . . .

91 EXT - 7TH AVE- NIGHT

91

At 7th Ave the Gaunt Man cuts down to 34th St and into a BMT station. O'Meara follows. . . .

92 INT - SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

92

We can HEAR the rumble of the approaching Uptown Express as the Gaunt Man jumps the turnstile and runs onto the platform, O'Meara in pursuit. The Gaunt Man jumps down off the platform onto the tracks and dashes to the center girders. O'Meara charges right after him. . . .

They dance through the center girders just as the train EXPLODES into view. The Gaunt Man dashes from the girders across the center tracks. O'Meara gives a yell and dives across the tracks after him just as the train STREAKS by missing him by inches. O'Meara steadies himself on a girder for a moment, the suction from the train blowing his hair wildly. The Gaunt Man runs for the second set of center tracks. O'Meara dashes after him, almost on top of him now. . . .

But suddenly the Gaunt Man is lit up as if on stage, eyes white. . . .

O'Meara spins around to see the DOWNTOWN EXPRESS SURGING down the other track, horn BLARING madly. O'Meara screams and jumps back. The 2 oncoming trains speed by each other. O'Meara freezes, standing stalk-still, sandwiched in with only inches of margin on either side, the suction nearly tearing the air from his lungs. In an instant the 2 trains pass each other and disappear into opposing tunnels.

O'Meara sags to his knees, panting, the veins in his forehead bulging. Suddenly he catches sight of his quarry running along the downtown platform. O'Meara barrels after him. A young PUERTO RICAN helps him onto the platform. O'Meara runs to the turnstiles but they're locked, gratings up. O'Meara looks around. The young Rican follows.

PUERTO RICAN

Man, that was wild! You shoulda seen the downtown engineer, he was buggin', he was like, WHOA!

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Yeah? Well fuck *him*.

Suddenly a pass-through gate down the platform opens and closes.
O'Meara runs for it as. . . .

93 EXT - 7TH AVE - NIGHT

93

Gaunt Man comes out of the subway and runs up 33 St. O'Meara follows but he's really panting now. Finally Gaunt Man darts into an alley. O'Meara slows down, suddenly grinning. He stops at the mouth of the alley and doubles over, gasping for breath, but triumphant.

O'MEARA

Ok mutt, you're finished! This is my beat! I know every inch of this nabe and you're fucked because THAT IS A BLIND ALLEY!
Now come outta there, asshole!

With that there is a screech of tires and a CAR speeds out of the alley. O'Meara dives to safety in the garbage as the car hurtles past onto the street. O'Meara watches as it disappears into traffic, then:

O'MEARA

A bum with a car?

(into radio)

Uh. . . North Frank to Central — request make on New York license plate Charles-Michael-Victor 5-8-3.

RADIO VOICE

"North Frank, stand by. . . North Frank, New York license plate Charle-Michael-Victor 5-8-3 is a 1989 Buick Regal registered to Industry Services Company, 110 East 21st Street."

O'Meara reacts to this, non-plussed as. . . .

94 EXT - 8TH AVE & 14th ST - NIGHT

94

Rory walks nervously down 8th Ave. looks up to see a UNIFORMED COP walking up 8th Ave toward him. Rory tenses and starts walking up 14th St, looking behind him for the cop. . . .

Suddenly he bumps into a large CROWD of stylishly dressed people clustered around a bare, roped-off storefront doorway, bouncing up and down on their toes with raised hands, trying to get the attention of 2 surly DOORMEN. Seeing Rory's face in the crowd, the HEAD DOORMAN instantly points at him, nudging the 2ND DOORMAN. The people on either side of Rory step aside as the 2nd Doorman opens the rope for him. Rory looks around, mystified. Finally:

2ND DOORMAN

Are you coming in or not?

A beat, then Rory steps through the rope and enters the doorway as

95 INT - UPSTAIRS, NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

95

A private club. We HEAR the light tinkling of JAZZ PIANO as Rory enters a spacious, elegantly appointed, dramatically lit room. At one end, trendy young Downtown types sit at the mirrored bar chatting each other up, while at the other end, well-dressed, haughty looking quasi-celebrities, trust fund youths, Euro-trash, Euro-fags, and professional exotics sit in big red booths sipping drinks served by black-clad, fashion-model gorgeous waitresses. Rory walks slowly across the room to a stairway on the left leading to

96 INT - DOWNSTAIRS DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

96

We HEAR the crashing throb of a Sylvester dance track as Rory makes his way across the crowded dance floor, momentarily distracted from his fate by the swirling multitude of dreams. Each way he turns are beautiful women of all races, mostly actresses and models, dancing and posing. Many give him the Look, the opening move of the mating ritual, unique to chic New York girls, more like a hostile glare than an inviting glance . . .

97 INT - DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - NIGHT

97

The downstairs lounge, green felt-covered walls and more of the same people reclining on and careening off well-stuffed sofas and love seats. Rory enters from the dance floor and suddenly finds himself face-to-face with a small, very stylish BLITHE YOUNG MAN:

BLITHE YOUNG MAN

Have I given you my new number yet?

RORY

I don't think so.

BLITHE YOUNG MAN

(gives him card)

Moving in next week. Call me.

(shakes his hand)

Alan.

RORY

Rory.

ALAN

(grimaces, points)

Oh no, look, there's Rudolph. God, he's just been *on my jock* all night. Come on, let's meet people!

Alan takes Rory's arm and pulls him to the far corner of the room where several MEN and WOMEN are lounging. They look up and smile as Alan points to each:

ALAN

Armando Schiff, Courtney Brice-Wincott,
Kosugi, Candi Phelps, Holland Nordquist —
(more)

(CONTINUED)

ALAN (continued)

Rory!

KOSUGI

Rory? Great name!

COURTNEY

Great look! Sort of Montgomery Clift oh-
please-don't-hurt-me.

ARMANDO

You should be in print. How tall are you?

RORY

Excuse me?

Rory suddenly catches sight of a 6th member of the group, a young GIRL, about 21, black-haired, black-eyed, with a strange beauty, smoldering but shy. The girl looks away. Alan chimes in, embarrassing them both:

ALAN

Uh-oh, an enchanted moment.

(to girl)

Well, should I introduce you to this hunk?

(to Rory)

How 'bout it, Rory? Wanna meet this number?

RORY

Oh, well, that would be lovely.

ALAN

Jolie, Rory. Rory, my roommate, Jolie. Get acquainted you two.

Alan pushes Rory so that he falls on the couch right next to her, then turns to chat with the others. There is an uncomfortable moment, then:

RORY

Well, hello then.

JOLIE

Hi. Where are you from?

RORY

Ireland.

JOLIE

Really? It's supposed to be beautiful there.
I'm from New Orleans.

RORY

New Orleans. Yes. New Or-leans, Lou-ee-
siana. Always wanted to go there. Lot's of
French and Spanish in New Orleans, yes?

(CONTINUED)

JOLIE

Sure enough.

RORY

Are you Spanish, then?

JOLIE

Part. Part Spanish and French and English
and Irish and American Indian — and I
have black.

RORY

Do you know how to play tennis, then?

JOLIE

Sure.

A long pause as Rory stares at her, his face sagging.

JOLIE

What are you looking at?

RORY

(after a pause)

What do you do?

JOLIE

I wait tables at Indochine but I'm trying to
model. I do shows for Kosugi sometimes but
I'm not really tall enough for print. I don't
care, I'm having fun.

RORY

Do you like New York?

JOLIE

Oh, yeah, it's great . . . except there's no
guys. Guys are all creeps here.

RORY

You don't have a boyfriend, then?

JOLIE

No. How about you, you have a girlfriend?

RORY

No, but I'm . . . obligated.

JOLIE

Obligated? To who? A girl?

RORY

No.

(CONTINUED)

JOLIE

Not to a guy?

RORY

No, it's . . . never mind.

JOLIE

What's wrong?

RORY

Nothing.

JOLIE

No, really.

RORY

You don't understand, I wanted to get a car. I wanted to go to Omaha. I wanted to meet a . . .

Rory's voice breaks off and tears well up in his eyes. Jolie touches his arm, confused but sympathetic. They stare at each other for a moment, knees touching. Then Rory looks away abruptly, wiping away his tears:

RORY

Excuse me.

Rory gets up and walks off

98 INT - LOUNGE PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

98

A phone booth under the stairs. Rory dials. A beat. Sean's voice answers.

RORY

It's Rory.

SEAN

"Rory? What—"

RORY

Just listen. Tom and Diaz came to the bar and arrested me. FBI was there so the Brits must have fingered me. I shot Diaz and escaped.

SEAN

"Good God"

RORY

This is the end. I shot an American policeman. Damaged him, maybe killed him.

SEAN

"Jesus . . . what about the money?"

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Gone. Police got it.

SEAN

"Don't tell me that! That can't be! Now listen to me, this is not the end, we can get you out of the country, tonight, on the boat along with the shipment, but we need that money, undertand, we need that money!"

99 INT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

99

Rory returns to the couch and Jolie.

RORY

I have to go. I have to.

100 EXT - 14TH ST OUTSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

100

Rory walks Jolie to a cab. She writes her number and hands it to him.

JOLIE

Will you call me tomorrow? We can get together.

RORY

All right.

JOLIE

Good night.

She gives him a peck on the cheek then gets in the cab and pulls away. Rory watches as Jolie recedes in the distance, then turns and walks toward 8th Ave, speaking under his breath through clenched teeth:

RORY

"I am come of the seed of the people, the people that sorrow, who have no treasure but hope, no riches laid up but a memory of an ancient glory."

Rory continues in Irish as he reaches the corner and disappears down the steps of the IND subway station marked, *Downtown & Brooklyn*

101 EXT - EAST 21ST STREET - NIGHT

101

A dark row of buildings just east of 5th Ave. O'Meara drives up, stops. He walks up to the door marked "110", the one lit doorway in the block, and unlocks the outer door with a police skeleton key. . . .

102 INT - LOBBY - NIGHT

102

O'Meara finger-scans the directory on the wall in the lobby, stopping at: *"Industry Services Company"*

103 INT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

103

The elevator door opens and O'Meara steps into a long 3rd floor hall. He carefully starts down the hall. Suddenly a door opens and the Gaunt Man steps into the hall with a folder under his arm. He walks down to the office at the far end of the hall and opens the door, unaware of O'Meara. O'Meara charges headlong down the hall and throws a tackle on the Gaunt Man. They both tumble through the the office door and. . . .

104 INT - OFFICE - NIGHT

104

A large well-lit office. Hart, Vaughn, and several other FEDS in shirtsleeves look up from their desks in shock as O'Meara and the Gaunt Man lurch into the office and crash to the floor, O'Meara on top. A moment's struggle, then O'Meara looks up and freezes, jaw dropping. He looks around the room, then at the folder with photo proof-sheets of himself spilled out on the floor, then at the Gaunt Man:

O'MEARA

You're the one who took pictures of my house!

GAUNT MAN

(looks at Hart)

I told you!

Hart sighs angrily and motions to 2 beefy Feds:

HART

Get him up.

The Feds pull O'Meara off the Gaunt Man as. . . .

105 INT - OFFICE - NIGHT

105

Later. O'Meara stands in front of Hart's desk. Both are hot:

O'MEARA

I got a guy following me, what am I supposed to do?

HART

We still thought there was a chance you might lead us to Devoy. You may not know it but you're in a lot of trouble, O'Meara.

O'MEARA

What're you talkin' about?

HART

You trying to tell me you really didn't know who that kid was?

O'MEARA

I didn't!

(CONTINUED)

HART

Come on, O'Meara! He lived with you. At the very least you must've had your suspicions.

O'MEARA

Yeah, well, I got my suspicions about you, too.

O'Meara looks around the room at Hart, Vaughn, and the Feds, each of whom look back at him hungrily, almost desperately. O'Meara glances at several surveillance shots on Hart's desk showing O'Meara and Rory at Gaelic Park with the Westies. Hart leans forward intently:

HART

You know those people, the Westies?

O'MEARA

I seen 'em.

HART

What can you tell us?

(pause)

Allright, look — you help us out, we'll help you out. You co-operate, we'll keep you out of this mess and any information you give us will be privileged.

O'MEARA

I don't have anything to say to you.

Hart glares at him like he's piece of lint then points at the door:

HART

Get outta here.

106 INT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

106

O'Meara comes out of the office, closing the door, thinking hard. . . .

107 INT - SUBWAY STATION, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

107

A graffitti covered IND train pulls into the deserted subway station. We HEAR the LOUDSPEAKER saying, "*Bedford Avenue, Myrtle Avenue next — watch the doors*", and Rory steps off. As he walks up the steps of the station a black DRUG DERELICT emerges from the shadows and shouts after him:

BLACK DERELICT

Hey, boy! Whatchou doin' here? You crazy?
Ain't no white people around here!

108 EXT - NOSTRAND AVE, BEDFORD-STUYVESANT - NIGHT

108

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

Bed-Stuy again, even bleaker and more threatening at night. The blacks on Nostrand Ave all stare in wonder as Rory passes. At Quincy St. a passing BLACK YOUTH, eyes glaring, dancing on his toes like a boxer, jumps in front of Rory for an instant and snaps out a jab that misses Rory's head by inches. Rory keeps walking. . . .

Madison St., near the crackhouse O'Meara showed him earlier. A knot of teenage B-BOYS hanging on a stoop shout at Rory as he passes.

1ST B-BOY

Yo, ghost! What the fuck you doin' here?

2ND B-BOY

Yeah, this ain't chill-town, tenderoni, this all-the-way for real. Gunsmoke! Bed-Stuy, Do or Die. Do or Die, sucker, DO OR DIE! Know what I'm sayin'?

The B-Boy's start to follow Rory, still haranguing him but Rory keeps walking toward the crackhouse across the street. The B-Boys stop and watch.

1ST B-BOY

Whatzup with him. The fuck's he doin'?

2ND B-BOY

(nods toward
crackhouse)

Curse of our community, homes.

As Rory approaches the building, we see 2 LOOKOUTs stationed on either side of the doorway, and a STEERER stationed in front, touting the goods to passersby. All 3 are in their early 20s, but unlike the popular image of drug dealers, they have a ragged, glassy-eyed, ruined look.

RORY

Can I buy drugs here?

The Steerer looks at Rory like he's from another planet. Finally:

STEERER

You from out of town or what?

RORY

I want to buy some drugs.

Steerer looks at the Lookouts who shrug then motions to Rory:

STEERER

Inside, man.

109 INT - BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

109

We HEAR a nearby radio tuned to WQHT as Rory follows the Steerer into the dark hallway of the filthy, crumbling, reeking brownstone. Rory

(CONTINUED)

glances around at the empty doorways with the doors torn off and the iron frame staircase with rotting wooden stairs as the Steerer faces him:

STEERER

So what d'you need, man? I mean we got base but we got blue sky, too.

RORY

Blue sky?

STEERER

Yeah, china white. . . you know, heroin.

RORY

Ah, yes, lovely.

The Steerer shakes his head. Just then a mean-looking PROTECTOR with a 12 guage pump shotgun steps out of a doorway, giving the Steerer a questioning glance. The Steerer chuckles:

STEERER

He's all right. Just look at him.

(looks at Rory)

Shit, you a fly motherfucker. Had you with me in Manhattan D, make you my kid, make you my own personal strawberry.

The Steerer laughs. Just then a "house" track cuts in on the radio. Out of the corner of his eye Rory can just make out the Protector moving into position behind him, raising the shotgun. That odd little smile again.

RORY

Lovely.

Suddenly Rory pulls O'Meara's .38 from his coat, swings around, and FIRES. The Protector falls to the floor with a bullet through his brain.

STEERER

Shit!

RORY

Duck, please.

Rory jerks the Steerer into a bent-over position and crouches behind him just as the 2 Lookouts dash in, guns drawn. Rory FIRES twice, dropping one, wounding the other who stumbles back out the door, dropping his gun. The Steerer gasps. Rory spins him around:

RORY

Where do they keep the money?

STEERER

Upstairs. Fourth floor.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Right, run away then.

Rory releases the Steerer who takes off through the doorway like a shot . .

110 EXT - OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

110

The wounded Lookout stumbles into the street holding his stomach as Steerer runs up the block. The people outside react, the sidewalks buzz:

1ST B-BOY

He's cappin' the dealers! The ghost is cappin' the dealers!

An angry-looking middle-aged WOMAN speaks up, shaking her fist:

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Kill 'em! Kill the Goddamn perpetrators!

Others react, some disapproving, some shouting encouragement as

111 INT - BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

111

Inside the brownstone we HEAR SHOUTING and FOOTSTEPS above as Rory tosses the .38 aside and retrieves the shotgun from the Protector's body and a 14-shot Star auto and extra magazine from the Steerer's. He flicks off the safety on the shotgun and starts up the stairs as

At the 2rd floor landing Rory suddenly jumps back as 2 SHOTS RICOCHET into the bannister and a huge, fearsome looking, bare-chested black RAMBO LOOKALIKE in combat boots, camouflage pants, headband, and long Geri-Curl ringlets lumbers down the 3rd floor hall, FIRING a cheap, 32-shot Intertech Tec 9 semi-automatic carbine and HOWLING at the top of his lungs:

RAMBO

Dak with me?! I can dak! Dak like a frickhouse!

Rambo FIRES several quick shots down the stairway then starts down the stairs after Rory

Rory crouches below the stairway on the floor below, tracking Rambo's steps by sound, and FIRES one round up through the rotting stairs

The stairs explode in splinters. Rambo falls to the landing with a buckshot wound in his leg. Rory jumps onto the landing, pointing the shotgun at him. Rambo, chest heaving, thoroughly cowed, raises his hands. Rory dumps the shotgun, grabs the carbine and a pouch of 4 extra magazines from him then takes Rambo's finger and presses it into his bleeding leg wound.

RORY

Put your finger there.

(CONTINUED)

Outside 4 more pistol wielding PROTECTORS run through the vacant lot across the street toward the brownstone. A mixture of cheers and boos from the sidewalk onlookers. . . .

On the 3rd floor Rory blows the lock off a squatter apartment door. Inside a young squatter WOMAN with a baby shrieks and backs into the corner by the bed. Rory starts feverishly rifling drawers, turning the place upside down, finally finding what he wants on the floor, a matchbook

Up on the 4th floor, the CREW BOSS and 2 DEALERS emerge from a room at the end of the hall, guns in hand

On the 1st floor the Protectors rush in. One shouts up the stairs:

1ST PROTECTOR

Who's up there?

On the 2nd floor landing, Rambo shouts, trying to sit up:

RAMBO

He's on the 3rd floor, he's right above me!

On the 4th floor, the Crew Boss shouts down the stairway:

CREW BOSS

He's below us!

The Protectors on the 1st floor charge up the stairs

1ST PROTECTOR

On the way!

The Dealers on the 4th floor start cautiously down the stairs.

CREW BOSS

Come on!

In the 3rd floor apartment Rory, heart pounding, veins bulging, quickly removes the magazine from the Intertech, flicks open the receiver, takes out a penknife and jams the blade into the trigger housing, bending back the sear. . . .

WOMAN

What are you doing?

RORY

Shaping a house in my heart.

The Protectors reach the 3rd floor landing. . . .

The Dealers are at the 4th floor landing

Rory folds the matchbook into a U-shape and shoves it behind the recoil buffer.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Get under the bed!

The terrified woman scrambles under the bed with her baby

As the two groups are about to converge, Rory shuts the carbine's receiver, slams home the magazine, and racks back the bolt, pausing a moment to heft the piece gingerly in both hands, getting its balance. He's home now, dead calm, his face luminous, the face of an angel, Frankie the Angel

The Protectors reach the 3rd floor split seconds ahead of the Dealers, fanning out, guns ready to fire. . . .

Rory leaps into the hallway, carbine in hand, and FIRES. . . .

Suddenly the air is filled with the whirring, staccato chatter of MACHINE GUN FIRE. Now converted to full-automatic, flame STABBING from the muzzle, Rory's carbine sprays the hallway in lightning BURSTS

2 Protectors fall almost as one. The others recoil, running back down the stairs. The Dealers run up the stairs in panic. Rory changes magazines in one deft move and FIRES a LONG BURST after them, walking the shots up the stairs and HITTING one Dealer who stumbles after the others as they retreat into the room at the end of the 4th floor hall. Meanwhile the 2 surviving Protectors continue running down the stairs:

1ST PROTECTOR

Motherfuck this!

Back on the 3rd floor Rory changes magazines and bounds up the stairs as a wounded Protector drags himself down the hall on his elbows, moaning:

WOUNDED PROTECTOR

Oh God. . . oh God. . . oh God

Inside the 4th floor room, the Crew Boss and a Dealer crouch by the closed door while the wounded Dealer lies on the floor, holding his bloody side and sobbing. Outside they can hear Rory advancing down the hallway toward them.

CREW BOSS

Who the fuck are you, man? What do you want? Get outta here!

Outside Rory poises himself next to the door then steps back and FIRES a LONG BURST, raking the gun diagonally across the door. . . .

Inside, the terrified Dealers press themselves flat against the floor as bullets RIP through the room, showering them with splinters

Rory FIRES another diagonal BURST, crossing the trail of the first,

(CONTINUED)

drawing an X in the door. He FIRES again, blowing off the lock, changes magazines, kicks open the door, and dives into the room. The Dealers raise their hands.

CREW BOSS

All right, all right, don't shoot, don't shoot!

RORY

Get up.

They stand. Rory turns to the unwounded Dealer:

RORY

Where's the money then?

DEALER

I don't know, I swear!

Rory FIRES a burst into the Dealers feet. He falls to the floor, howling. Rory turns on the Crew Boss, pressing the barrel of the Intertech into his crotch.

RORY

The money, you dirty little villain.

CREW BOSS

In there!

The Crew Boss points to the door on the far wall. Rory kicks open the door and enters. Inside the bare room is a table on which are laid out many large stacks of bills along with several bags of white and yellow-white powder. Rory finds a large black knapsack on the floor and stuffs the money and drugs into it. . . .

Suddenly ANOTHER dealer leaps from behind the door, swinging a crowbar. Rory spins around just as the crowbar glances off his head. At the same instant Rory FIRES, leaning on the trigger, giving the dealer all 32 rounds from the carbine, stitching him from belly to head in an instant. Outside we HEAR the SOUND of SIRENS approaching. Rory groans, reeling dizzily, blood coursing from a gash on his forehead. He drops the Intertech, slings the knapsack over his shoulder, draws his pistol, and climbs out the open window onto the fire escape

The Crew Boss dashes in and grabs the Intertech, but yelps suddenly and drops it SIZZLING to the floor, clutching burnt fingers as. . . .

112 EXT - OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

112

Outside the sidewalks are still buzzing. Suddenly the 1st B-Boy points. Across the street we SEE the silhouetted form of Rory leaping down from the fire escape and taking off through the vacant lot toward Monroe St. The onlookers react. Some hoot, a few run after him. Suddenly an NYPD SECTOR CAR roars up, siren wailing, lights flashing. Universal boos from the onlookers as. . . .

113 EXT - MONROE ST/NOSTRAND AVE - NIGHT

113

Rory runs down Monroe with the knapsack over his shoulder as ANOTHER Sector Car hits the far end of Monroe, lights flashing. Rory keeps running as a knot of curious TEENAGERS runs up alongside as if he's some kind of strange celebrity, one 13 yr old BOY taking off his T-shirt, and throwing it to him.

BLACK BOY

Yo, homes, watch your head!

Rory presses the T-shirt to his head gash, nodding his thanks. He turns onto Nostrand where the kid motions him toward an IRT subway station marked, *Manhattan*. Rory disappears down the steps as . . .

114 INT/EXT - 7TH AVE- NIGHT

114

O'Meara drives down 7th Ave, his face set, eyes searching the street, walkie-talkie on the seat next to him. At 49th St he stops next to GUTOWSKI, a P.O. with collar insignia saying, *Midtown North*.

GUTOWSKI

Hey, O'Meara! How ya doin'?

O'MEARA

OK. Hey, is Coffin working the North tonight?

GUTOWSKI

Up the block. He got a lift-job.

115 EXT - CLAREMONT HOTEL - NIGHT

115

The entrance to a dismal Midtown welfare hotel. COFFIN, a giant uniformed P.O. is talking to a sour, t-shirt-wearing hotel MANAGER. Huge and powerful, with steel gray hair and a craggy, seamed, Irish face, Coffin seems ageless, anywhere from 50 to 70. He walks back to his sector car where GAINES, his young black rookie partner waits. O'Meara watches the scene from his Impala across the street. He gets out of the car and walks over to the sector car, trying to hide his anxiety.

O'MEARA

Hey, Mike. How ya doin'?

COFFIN

Tommy! What're you doin' out of the bag?
You off-duty?

O'MEARA

Just drivin' by, thought I'd say hello.

COFFIN

Heard you had somebody banged-out in the South tonight.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Yeah, that's what I heard. So how you been?

COFFIN

Oh, OK, you know. Got me on C-POP with the rookies. We're here on a lift-job. Say hi to my new partner, Gaines. Tommy O'Meara, my nephew.

O'MEARA

(nods to Gaines)

Hey, listen, I wanted to ask you about those West Side—

MANAGER

(impatiently)

Look, are you coming in?

COFFIN

Hang on . . . shit. Hey Tommy, how 'bout it, help us with the lift job, huh? Come on, give us a hand.

O'Meara fidgets uncertainly then. . . .

116 INT - HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

116

The 8th floor hallway of the hotel. The cops and O'Meara get off the elevator with the Manager who leads them to an end room, raps twice on the door, then unlocks it with a pass key. They all grimace as the door swings open. The cops enter. The Manager leans in after them:

MANAGER

She's always trouble. It's really a pain in the ass. They ought to move here out of here.

Coffin gives him a sidelong glance and shuts the door in his face. . . .

117 INT - INSIDE ROOM - NIGHT

117

A small, filthy single room. Against the near wall is a dresser covered with prescription medicine. Against the far wall is a TV with the sound turned down. A very old, very obese BLACK WOMAN sits in the middle of the floor next to a walker and a hospital bed on the frame of which is taped a color picture of Reverend Ike with the inscription, "*I'm Praying For You.*" She looks up as the cops enter.

OLD BLACK LADY

Three nice gentlemen.

COFFIN

Well, what happened here?

Age has confused the old lady and her mind seems to go in and out.

(CONTINUED)

OLD BLACK LADY

I get in bed. . . I fall down.

COFFIN

OK, well, let's see what we can do here.

Coffin and Gaines move toward her. O'Meara fidgets, antsy, impatient.

COFFIN

Hey, Tommy, what's chasin' you? You still a cop or what?

O'Meara takes an arm. Gaines takes the other. Coffin takes her under the shoulders.

COFFIN

Grab there, grab. OK, ready — lift!

They lift, groaning, but without success. The old lady doesn't budge. Coffin takes one of the soiled sheets from the bed and slips it under her arms like a harness. Again all three try to raise her but the old lady is just too heavy.

OLD BLACK LADY

Three kind gentlemen. . . .

COFFIN

OK, never mind, it's not gonna work.

GAINES

What're we gonna do? The Fire Department'll take hours.

Coffin exhales wearily, hands on his hips.

OLD BLACK LADY

Three fine gentlemen. . . .

COFFIN

All right, one side, give me some room here.

O'Meara and Gaines step aside as Coffin adjusts his belt, squats down, and takes the old lady into his huge arms. She looks up at him in confused wonder as he pulls her closer until they are face-to-face in what almost seems like a lover's embrace.

COFFIN

OK, doll, here we go

Then, groaning and straining in an awesome display of strength, Coffin lifts her bodily from the floor and gently sets her down sitting up on the bed. While Coffin huffs and puffs, the old lady pulls off her housecoat—apparently not realizing that she has nothing on under it — and reaches for a stained night dress hanging on the headboard, just out of reach.

(CONTINUED)

OLD BLACK LADY

Can you . . . I can't

COFFIN

Oh, here.

Coffin takes the nightdress and starts to help her into it. Just then she freezes in panic, suddenly realizing that she's naked in front of 3 men. A beat, then:

COFFIN

It's OK, I'm not lookin'. You guys lookin'?

O'MEARA

I'm not lookin'.

GAINES

I'm not lookin'.

COFFIN

Anyway, I went to medical school.

OLD BLACK LADY

Three *wonderful* gentlemen.

Coffin slips the nightdress down over her head, eases her back on the pillow, and covers her with the sheet.

COFFIN

There you go, doll. Sleep tight. You want the TV on?

OLD BLACK LADY

Yes, please.

Coffin turns out the light, leaving only the glow of the TV as

118 INT - HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

118

The cops exit the room, closing the door carefully behind them. Coffin arches his back and groans.

COFFIN

There goes the back.

O'Meara and Gaines pause a moment, watching as Coffin walks toward the elevator, his huge form seeming to fill the hallway.

GAINES

Royalty.

119 EXT - 9TH AVE & 46TH STREET - NIGHT

119

Manhattan's West Side. Coffin leans against his sector car, sipping

(CONTINUED)

coffee. Gaines and O'Meara look on.

COFFIN

I was born over there on 43rd Street and 10th Avenue. Hell's Kitchen. For a hundred years it was all Irish. Irish cops, Irish cabbies, Irish gangs. The Dusters, the Gophers, the Arsenals. Real guys. Street fighters. My own grandfather was a Battle Row. Right off the boat. It was a way to belong. But things changed. I mean you gotta figure once they put Kennedy in the White House, any Irish still in a gang must have somethin' wrong with 'em. So now we're left with the Westies, the last Irish gang. Hired hands really, street-muscle. Contract killers for the Gambinos. Special guys, though, in their way. I mean even the Gambinos are scared of 'em.

O'MEARA

Where do they hang out?

COFFIN

The Crock O' Gold, this dump on 10th Avenue. The leader's Connolly, he's the smartest. Mickey Fogarty's the most dangerous. Green Beret in Viet Nam. Psycho. But the big one, McCluskey, he's the scariest. Thinks he's a joker. One time they're all hangin' out at the Crock O' Gold and some poor guy from another nabe comes in, says somethin' the Westies don't like. So McCluskey takes the guy around the corner, comes back an hour later with the guy's head in a Hefty bag, slaps it down on the bar. The others think it's funny. One of 'em puts a cigarette in its mouth. So they all get drunk together, laughin' and drinkin' with a man's head bleedin' all over the bar. Special guys.

O'MEARA

Geez. Fuckin' geez.

COFFIN

Dusters, Battle Rows, Arsenals, Westies.
(shakes head, sighs)
Our strain grows weaker.

120 EXT - WALL ST - NIGHT

120

Rory walks through the deserted granite and glass canyon of Wall St, the bloody T-shirt pressed to his forehead. At Broad St, Rory stops and sags against a lamp post, reeling and nearly cross-eyed with a concussion. The mist hangs low tonight and as he looks up it almost seems as though the high buildings dissolve and disappear into the glowing sky above. Rory walks to a nearby pay phone, takes out Jolie's number, dials. . . .

121 INT - JOLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

121

A small 2-bedroom flat. The door buzzer rings insistently. Jolie goes to the door in her robe, opens it. Rory droops in. Jolie grabs him, gasps.

RORY

I'm sorry. I didn't know where else. . . .

JOLIE

Oh, my God. . . .

(shouts into next room)

Alan! Come here!

Alan enters from his room wearing a red kimono.

ALAN

Jesus, what happened, was he mugged?

Here, let's get him in my room. . . .

As they help him toward Alan's room, Alan's hand touches the bulge on Rory's hip. Alan chuckles jovially:

ALAN

So is that a gun in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?

(jumps back suddenly)

Jesus, it's a gun!

Alan and Jolie exchange shocked looks as. . . .

122 INT - ALAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

122

Jolie puts a bandage on Rory's forehead while Rory — now clean and wearing a fresh white t-shirt, 501 Levis, and engineer boots — sits on the bed staring at Botticelli's painting of Saint Sebastian and the "crucifixion" picture of James Dean from *Giant* hanging side by side on Alan's wall. Rory rubs his temples.

RORY

(rubs his temples)

God, my head hurts somethin' fierce.

ALAN

Here. . . .

Alan sits Rory down at a table where Rory's money and drugs are laid out in neat stacks. He picks up a mirror with a line of heroin and a line of cocaine and sets it in front of Rory along with a rolled up \$100 bill.

ALAN

Hit the yellow one. Sniff it like this.

Rory hits the line of heroin the way Alan shows him and coughs.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

How does that feel?

The heroin hits him almost instantly and he sags and groans woozily.

ALAN

Now hit the white one.

Rory hits the line of coke, sneezes, and stands bolt upright. His eyes widen with a kind of manic elation that's uncharacteristic and troubling. After a beat:

ALAN

How do you feel now?

RORY

Grand, just grand!

Alan starts neatly packing the money and drugs back into the knapsack while Rory returns his attention to the Saint Sebastian picture.

RORY

Why do you have Saint Sebastian on your wall?

ALAN

He has the body of life.

Rory turns to Jolie and the elation turns to a kind of euphoric melancholy.

RORY

Jolie, listen. . . .

He moves toward her. She steps back. He takes her hand:

RORY

Please. . . .

She stops. He draws her closer, staring at her in an agony of possibility and missed opportunity, imploring her to understand:

RORY

I don't. . . I can't. . . there's no time!

JOLIE

Time?

Rory sinks to his knees, clutching her legs, pressing his face into her robe. She rocks him, stroking his hair.

JOLIE

God, you're really in trouble, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

He holds her a moment longer then gets up.

RORY

I have to go.

Finished with the knapsack, Alan goes to his closet and takes out a red windbreaker, putting it on Rory — and suddenly the picture is complete. Rory is now the absolute image of James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause*.

ALAN

That's my best outfit.

Rory picks up the knapsack, takes out several \$100 bills, offering them. Alan waves them away. Rory goes to the door. Jolie follows.

RORY

Well thanks then. I think I'm going to be pretty much disappearin' so. . . .

JOLIE

Will you at least call me before you go?

RORY

Yes.

JOLIE

Promise?

Rory nods and starts out the door. Suddenly:

JOLIE

Wait!

Rory turns. Jolie leans forward and kisses him full on the mouth, a kiss that will have to last him forever. . . Finally:

JOLIE

Goodbye.

123 EXT - 7TH AVE & BARROW ST - NIGHT

123

Rory stands at the corner, talking with Sean on a pay phone.

SEAN

"Where did you get it?"

RORY

What does it matter? I've got it.

SEAN

"Then we make the exchange as arranged. We'll meet at 4, that's in half an hour, it's at 20th Street and 6th Avenue. Tell the doorman you're there to see Mr. Connolly."

(CONTINUED).

RORY

I'll be there.

Rory hangs up and walks on. . . .

124 EXT - CROCK O' GOLD, 10TH AVE - NIGHT

124

O'Meara pulls up and parks across the street from the Crock O' Gold. He pauses, studying the place. We can just HEAR The Party Starts Here by Wild Manitoba playing inside. Coffin's stories have obviously thrown a scare into O'Meara. If he goes in, he'll go in as a civilian, without badge or gun. O'Meara takes a deep breath and gets out of the car

125 INT - CROCK O' GOLD - NIGHT

125

It's late. There are only 6 or 7 guys in the bar, but all are Westies, mean-ass, tattooed, gutter-Irish plug-uglies. The BARKEEP looks up as O'Meara enters and takes a stool at the bar.

O'MEARA

Can I have a Guinness?

BARKEEP

A what?

O'MEARA

Rolling Rock.

The Barkeep slaps a bottle of Rolling Rock on the bar without a glass.

O'MEARA

Thanks. So, uh . . . how ya doin'?

(no answer)

You haven't seen Connolly around, have you?

(no answer)

How about Fogarty?

The Barkeep turns his back on him and walks off. O'Meara takes a sip of his beer. Suddenly a LIT MATCH flies into frame, bounces off O'Meara's shoulder to the bar. O'Meara stiffens, pretending to ignore it. A beat, then another lit match flies into frame, this one hitting O'Meara in the ear. O'Meara turns to see a buck-toothed, dull-eyed, acne-scarred YOUNG WESTIE sitting at a nearby table, matchbook in hand, grinning as he flicks another lit match at him. O'Meara smiles, trying to laugh it off.

O'MEARA

Better watch out, have to call the fire department, over here.

YOUNG WESTIE

Oh yeah? Who says?

The Westie flicks another match at him.

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Come on.

YOUNG WESTIE

Come on where?

The Westie flicks another match at him. It's starting to get scary. Suddenly the huge form of McCluskey appears behind him.

MC CLUSKEY

Hey. Who're you?

O'Meara turns, recognizes him, and flinches, trying to hide his nervousness.

O'MEARA

Oh, hi.

MC CLUSKEY

What d'you want here?

O'MEARA

Nothin', I was just—

MC CLUSKEY

Hey, I know you. You're that Jake that was at that Irish thing in the Bronx last week.

O'MEARA

Oh, you were there? Oh yeah, you were there. You're McCluskey, aren't—

MC CLUSKEY

You got a search warrant?

O'MEARA

A warrant? I just wanted to ask—

MC CLUSKEY

Then get outta here.

O'MEARA

Now wait a minute

MC CLUSKEY

I said get outta here.

O'MEARA

Hey, hold on—

MC CLUSKEY

What're you gonna do, arrest me? Huh, Jake? Gonna pinch me?

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

I didn't say anything about—

McCluskey leans down and puts the tip of his finger on O'Meara's nose.

MC CLUSKEY

What makes you think I'd ever take a pinch from a faggot like you?

O'MEARA

Hold on here—

McCluskey reaches over, grabs O'Meara by his belt, and jerks him off the stool. He pulls him close, tugging on his belt buckle.

MC CLUSKEY

Hey, I'll tell you what. Get out on that floor and start actin' like a sissy. Get out there and act like a bitch. Do that. Do that right now.

O'Meara is really frightened now and shows it. McCluskey is twice his size and the man who cuts off people's heads for fun.

O'MEARA

Listen, I—

McCluskey spins him around and pushes him into the bar.

MC CLUSKEY

Unless you want me to bend you over this bar and do grievous bodily injury to your asshole right here and now.

O'MEARA

I-I-I don't want any trouble.

McCluskey releases O'Meara and shoves him roughly toward the door.

MC CLUSKEY

Then get the fuck outta here.

The other Westies giggle. O'Meara pauses a moment, humiliated, wondering whether to retaliate. But McCluskey gives him a look and O'Meara walks out with his tail between his legs like a cur. The Westies bust out laughing. McCluskey chuckles and takes a sip of his beer. After a moment O'Meara walks back into the bar with his hands in his pockets, staring at the floor meekly.

MC CLUSKEY

Forget somethin'?

O'MEARA

Uh, yeah. . . .

(CONTINUED)

MC CLUSKEY

What?

O'MEARA

This.

O'Meara DRILLS a sweet STRAIGHT RIGHT to the point of McCluskey's chin, knocking him back against the bar and down on one knee. McCluskey springs to his feet but O'Meara is on him in an instant, somehow summoning his long-ago boxer's fury and hammering him with a rapid-fire hook-right-hook-hook combination. McCluskey hits the floor, snorting blood from his nose in astonishment. O'Meara bounces on the balls of his feet.

O'MEARA

You fuck! You bug! Choppin' guys' heads off!
Who do you think you are?

McCluskey lets out a roar and charges but O'Meara sidesteps neatly, counters, works him around, and — arms working like pistons — cuts loose with a lightning flurry of hard combinations, once more driving McCluskey to the deck. McCluskey charges again, this time catching O'Meara with a tackle and bulling him into the bar. O'Meara snaps his heel down on McCluskey instep, making him yelp, then jerks his knee up into McCluskey's crotch, breaking his hold. O'Meara jumps back and comes up from the floor with a titanic RIGHT UPPERCUT to McCluskey's liver. McCluskey doubles over in agony. O'Meara grabs him by the hair, turns him around, and SLAMS his head into the bar 1-2-3 times. McCluskey sinks to the floor, groaning. O'Meara pats him down and pulls a nickel-plated .38 Colt Detective Special from McCluskey's belt.

O'MEARA

Yo, homes — you got papers for this shit?

Just then the Young Westie moves on him but O'Meara grabs a beer bottle from the bar and SMASHES it across his face. The Young Westie shrieks and falls to the floor holding a torn face. The other Westies start up but O'Meara covers them with the gun.

O'MEARA

Stay out of it!

They back off. O'Meara puts the gun in his back pocket and jerks McCluskey to his feet, holding him by the shirt.

O'MEARA

OK, mutt! Wanna see somebody do the chicken? Let's see you do it, clown!

O'Meara hauls off, decks him with a right, then pulls him back to his feet.

O'MEARA

That was great, let's see it again!

(CONTINUED)

O'Meara flattens him again, and again pulls him to his feet.

O'MEARA

Again!

O'Meara decks him, pulls him up. McCluskey is blubbering now.

O'MEARA

Now once for Jackie Gleason.

O'Meara drills him one last time. McCluskey falls like he's been shot. O'Meara turns to the others:

O'MEARA

Anybody else?

(A beat. No takers)

Yeah, fuckin' A! Clock a guy, you get some fuckin' respect around here! Come on, you . . .

O'Meara grabs the bloody, blathering McCluskey and drags him to the door. . . .

126 EXT - UNDER WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

126

O'Meara drags McCluskey from the Impala and throws him against the chainlink fence next to 12th Ave under the West Side Highway.

O'MEARA

All right, you mutt. Talk to me.

127 EXT - 6TH AVE & 8TH ST - NIGHT

127

Rory walks up to 8th St where a particularly wild, desperate looking HOMELESS MAN stands in the the street, tearing his hair, screaming:

HOMELESS MAN

Will *somebody* give me a piece of shit?!

Rory reaches into the knapsack, takes out a wad of \$100 bills, hands them to him, then hails a cab and gets in

128 INT/EXT - INSIDE CAB - NIGHT

128

Rory shuts the door and the driver pulls out into traffic. The CAB DRIVER is a pleasant looking middle-aged man with a New York-Yiddish accent.

RORY

20th Street and 6th Avenue please.

CAB DRIVER

20th and 6th — you got it.

(pauses)

So you're Irish?

(CONTINUED)

RORY

So I am.

CAB DRIVER

I like the Irish. I always did. I'm Jewish. When my father came here from Russia — this was about 1900 — he didn't know anything, he was helpless, a greenhorn. Then this big Irishman named Conn came along, took him under his wing, showed him how to survive in the big city, even taught him how to box so he could defend himself from the creeps. Later on my father set him up in business. But there's nothing unusual in this. The Irish and the Jews have always helped each other. We're like that. Natural allies. Which is a unique arrangement in this world. I mean, do Italians help Greeks? Do blacks help Puerto Ricans? Do Koreans help Chinese? Ever see a Ukranian do anything for *anybody*? But the Jews and the Irish, different story. Know why? I'll tell you why? Conn, Mann, Glass, Sweet, Gould, Gorman, Nagle, Coen, all Irish names, right?

RORY

So they are.

CAB DRIVER

They're Jewish names, too. So what does that tell you? It tells you a fact which very few people know about but which is nonetheless God's honest truth and that is: *that the Irish are one of the lost tribes of Israel*. So what do you think of that, tateleh?

RORY

Well, something to think about, isn't it?

129 EXT - 20 ST & 6TH AVE - NIGHT

129

The cab stops at the corner and Rory gets out. He walks to the corner and freezes, suddenly face-to-face with LIMELIGHT, one of New York's glitziest nightclubs, housed in the lovely granite shell of what was once a church. Rory goes to the doorman, mouth agape, amazed:

RORY

It's a church.

130 INT - LIMELIGHT - NIGHT

130

Inside Limelight (a.k.a. *Slimelight*). Dance music booms from the sound system as Rory make his way to the bar while in the b.g. the tunnel set from New Jersey and the other boroughs disco-bump on the dance floor.

(CONTINUED)

RORY
My God, it's a church.

131 EXT - UNDER WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

131

O'Meara shakes the groaning, near comatose McCluskey by the hair.

O'MEARA
Where?

MC CLUSKEY
Limelight. It's at Limelight.

McCluskey sinks to the ground, passes out. O'Meara jumps in his car. . .

132 INT - LIMELIGHT - NIGHT

132

Sean, along with Connolly and Fogarty, walk up to Rory.

SEAN
You've got it. Incredible. Don't worry, we'll
get you out of the country.

CONNOLLY
Where the hell is McCluskey? Fuck it, we're
not gonna wait for him. Come on. . . .

133 EXT - STREET - NIGHT

133

2 vans are parked side by side in the driveway behind Limelight. Sean is in the back of one, examining the crates of Redeyes while Connolly is in the other, checking the C-4. Meanwhile Rory, Fogarty, and a 3RD WESTIE stand facing each other at the rear of the vans, guarding their respective bosses' interest. Sean and Connolly get out. Both nod OK and exchange van keys. Rory throws Connolly the knapsack. Connolly looks inside.

RORY
22,000 in cash. The rest is

CONNOLLY
(sees drugs)
Yeah, hey, no sweat! You can do business
with us anytime. . . .

The other Westies react to the drugs, chorusing approval. Meanwhile Rory stands with arms folded, swaying slowly from side to side, his eyes drowsy, still feeling the drugs. Fogarty notices it, nudges Connolly, who gets that wicked gleam in his eye again, whispering something. Sean nervously pulls Rory toward their van.

SEAN
Uhh, we have to go.

(CONTINUED)

Connolly steps in front of them, blocking their way while. . . .

Unseen by Rory and Sean, Connolly's hand closes around a little .380 Walther hidden in the small of his back. . . .

CONNOLLY

Wait a minute, wait a minute! Don't you wanna know what we're gonna do with the C-4?

FOGARTY

Go ahead, tell him.

3RD WESTIE

Yeah, tell him.

CONNOLLY

We're gonna sell it to some Arabs. We're gonna sell it to some fuckin' Arabs so's they can blow up some Jews.

RORY

Are you serious?

CONNOLLY

Fuckin' A. Gonna blow up some fuckin' Jews on the upper east side. Whatta ya think?

No response from Rory, his eyes going drowsy again. Sean is very frightened now. Connolly pokes Rory:

CONNOLLY

Hey, are you awake? I said whatta ya think?

Rory looks at him a moment, then bursts into giggles.

CONNOLLY

What're you laughin' at?

Rory keeps laughing. Connolly pokes him again:

CONNOLLY

I said what're you laughin' at, asshole?

Rory stops laughing, suddenly turning rock-steady, cold-eyed. . . .

RORY

Did you know the Irish are one of the lost tribes of Israel?

Connolly's eyes flash and his arm jerks up, pulling his pistol. . . .

Rory unfolds his arms, gun already in hand, and FIRES. Connolly falls in a groaning heap, gutshot. For a moment everyone stands frozen in

(more)

(CONTINUED)

shock, staring at him. Sean screams as. . . .

Suddenly Fogarty and the 3rd Westie pull their pistols and the driveway EXPLODES into GUNFIRE. Bystanders scream and scramble for cover as the gunmen move into the street, swirling around each other:

Rory FIRES, hitting Fogarty in the shoulder. Fogarty spins to the pavement, FIRING wildly

The 3rd Westie FIRES. Rory spins around and FIRES back. They stand toe-to-toe and let go with a RAPID FIRE fusillade. Rory takes a graze in the leg, but the Westie takes 2 through the chest and staggers back. Rory FIRES again and takes him out with one through the head

Connolly somehow makes it back to his feet, looks around for a moment, disoriented, then picks up the knapsack with the money and drugs and starts staggering like a zombie around to the front of the club. . . .

Rory follows, FIRING. Connolly stumbles. Rory FIRES again. Connolly drops down on all fours, crawling up the front steps of the club, still holding the knapsack. Rory looms over him, breathing hard, eyes wild. Connolly gasps. Rory raises his pistol and FIRES 1-2-3-4 times, gunning him down on the steps of a church. Rory reloads, turns and strides back out onto the sidewalk. People scramble to get out of the way. A PRETZEL VENDOR stumbles backward into his cart, knocking it over. Rory spins around and points his pistol at the Vendor who screams.

PRETZEL VENDOR

Please! Please! Please!

Suddenly we HEAR approaching SIRENS in the distance. Just then Sean pulls around the corner in the van. He gets out and pulls Rory by the shoulder.

SEAN

For God's sake, come on!

Rory spins around and points his gun at him, snarling:

RORY

Get away from me!

SEAN

Easy, easy, easy. . . .

RORY

That's right, we still have to go to another church, don't we? But at least there's no confession, thank God.

Rory lowers his gun and closes his eyes, panting. Sean pulls him to the truck. Suddenly 2 more GUNSHOTS. Sean gasps and falls to his knees.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

Rory looks up. . . .

The wounded Fogarty advances on the van, FIRING, the blasts reflected in his staring eyes. . . .

Sean takes another round and topples over. Rory RETURNS FIRE, dropping Fogarty with a head shot. Rory turns to Sean. Sean lies dead in the gutter, eyes open, a look of utter disbelief on his face. Rory reacts a moment, then gets in the van and drives off. . . .

134 EXT - LIMELIGHT - NIGHT

134

Moments later. Police cars with flashing lights surround the place. Cops try to keep the crowd back. O'Meara pulls up in his Impala and gets out, jumping up and down, trying to make his way through the crowd.

O'MEARA

What happened? What happened here?

PRETZEL VENDOR

This guy shot the place up. I saw him. Talked like the Beatles.

O'Meara rushes to the Pretzel Vendor and grabs him.

O'MEARA

What did he say?

135 INT/EXT - 1ST AVE - NIGHT

135

Sean drives up 1st Ave in the van. At 59th St he turns onto the Queensboro Bridge as

136 INT/EXT - 1ST AVE - NIGHT

136

O'Meara roars up 1st Ave in the Impala. At 42nd St he turns into the Queens Midtown tunnel, trying to cut the distance

137 EXT - RIVERFRONT, QUEENS - NIGHT

137

We recognize the riverscape with its "END" sign from before as the van pulls up at the Shamrock Frozen Meats warehouse. The 2 Irish Seamen are already waiting.

RORY

It's all here. Can you take me out with it?

1ST SEAMAN

All right, but hurry!

Rory gets out and opens the big warehouse door as

138 INT/EXT - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

138

(CONTINUED)

Just before dawn. Inside the warehouse Rory and the Seamen load the last crate and close the container truck doors. The Seamen get in the cab and start the engine.

RORY

I'll follow you in the van.

1ST SEAMEN

You know where you're goin' then?

Rory nods. The truck pulls out. Rory closes the warehouse doors and goes to the van, starting it. Suddenly his eye catches sight of the pay phone on the wall of the warehouse. Rory hesitates a moment, then gets out and runs to the phone, leaving the engine running. He pulls out Jolie's number and dials. As it rings, the container truck, well in the distance now, disappears around a corner. Then JOLIE'S VOICE answers sleepily:

JOLIE

"Hello."

Rory opens his mouth to speak but somehow can't bring himself to say a word.

JOLIE

"Hello?"

Again Rory tries to speak. Again he chokes.

JOLIE

"Who is this?"

Rory is still silent. A long pause then Jolie's voice drops to a whisper:

JOLIE

"Rory."

Rory hangs up and his face seems to age 10 years before our eyes. He goes back to the van, within 3 feet of it when O'Meara suddenly steps into frame behind him. Rory spins around, going for his gun. O'Meara quickly points the Colt at him.

O'MEARA

Freeze!

Rory freezes with his gun in hand but at his side — a stand-off.

RORY

Tom! How on earth

O'MEARA

Church without confession.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Good God, tremendous man.

O'MEARA

(into radio)

P.O. to any station — over.

(to Rory)

You gotta go in kid.

RADIO VOICE

"1-10 Central — go ahead P.O."

RORY

I can't go back.

O'MEARA

No choice.

Rory's face suddenly goes savage, his hand tightening on his gun.

RORY

You can't win!

A shiver runs through O'Meara. The stand-off between the middle-aged hairbag cop and the deadly young Provo seems terribly unequal.

O'MEARA

1-10 Central, this is Patrolman Thomas Joseph O'Meara, badge 4-8-4-3-7, request you patch me through to Midtown South immediate, this is an emergency — over.

RADIO VOICE

"Stand by."

(pause)

"Midtown South — go ahead."

RORY

Remember what I said?

O'MEARA

Midtown South, this is O'Meara, get me Captain Kaplan right away.

RADIO VOICE

"Stand by, O'Meara."

RORY

Remember? It's not an American story, it's an Irish story.

KAPLAN

"This is Kaplan. O'Meara, what the hell—"

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Not an American story, an Irish story!

O'MEARA

I've got him, Captain. I've got our kid. I'm holding him at the Shamrock Frozen Meats warehouse at the end of 44th Road, just under the 59th Street Bridge in Queens.

KAPLAN

"15 minutes — on our way."

RORY

But then you're an American, aren't you?

O'MEARA

God damn right.

Rory's eyes

Meara's eyes

Rory dives for the cover of the van. . . .

O'Meara FIRES

Rory FIRES, hitting O'Meara in the shoulder. . . .

O'Meara stumbles and FIRES wildly, over and over, finally falling to the pavement on his back. He keeps pulling the trigger but it clicks, empty. . .

Hearing the clicking, Rory sticks his head out from behind the van and smiles at O'Meara. . . .

O'Meara smiles in spite of himself, embarrassed. . . .

Then Rory stands bolt upright, takes deliberate aim, and points his pistol right at O'Meara's forehead. . . .

O'Meara's face drops, his eyes widen, helpless. . . .

But Rory lowers the pistol, letting it fall to his side, shaking his head. O'Meara blinks. Rory smiles again, starting to laugh, but a trickle of blood runs down the side of his mouth. He falls in a swoon. O'Meara catches him, easing him to the concrete. He pulls Rory's red jacket back. We SEE 6 bloody holes in his chest — O'Meara hit him with every shot.

RORY

Well then, Tom.

O'MEARA

Jesus, Rory, I. . . .

(CONTINUED)

I know. RORY

You shot my partner! O'MEARA

Yes. RORY

God damn you to hell! O'MEARA

I know. . . . RORY

A jolt of pain hits Rory and he groans in agony. O'Meara takes his hand.

Here, hold my hand. O'MEARA

Rory squeezes hard on his hand and mumbles, slurring his words like a drunken man:

You're a fierce man, Tom. RORY

Rory dies. O'Meara's eyes mist over.

Yeah. . . you're a doll. O'MEARA

O'Meara is weeping now as the SIRENS get louder and louder. . . .

139 INT - BEDROOM, O'MEARA HOUSE - NIGHT

139

The night sky shows through the window as O'Meara and Sheila lie on the bed together, O'Meara with his arm in a sling, his head on his wife's shoulder.

So did I do right? I mean I don't know what the kid was doin. I don't know anything about Ireland. I'm not Irish, I'm a dipshit from Queens. All I know is he shot my partner. O'MEARA

I know. . . . SHEILA

So did I do right? O'MEARA

I don't know. What else could you do? SHEILA

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

But was it right?

SHEILA

Honey, don't ask me, I just don't know.

O'MEARA

But if we don't do right, what the hell have we got?

A pause as Sheila looks out the window for a moment, then she shrugs:

SHEILA

We got the sky.

O'Meara looks out the window at the stars and pulls her closer.

O'MEARA

Yeah

She kisses him softly on the head. After a few beats:

O'MEARA

How'd that song go?

Sheila starts to whistle the Coolin as we pick it up on the soundtrack and:

FADE OUT:

THE END