

THE INSIDE MAN

by

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WGAW
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TITLE: 1979

1 EXT. MASSAPEQUA HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Fourth quarter, 45 seconds left on the clock. Massapequa is down by three points. It's third down and eight. A time-out has been called...

MASSAPEQUA HUDDLE

QUARTERBACK
...quarterback sneak...

PAT
I can get open. Palozzo's tired...

PATRICK COX is 18 and tall, with fresh Irish good looks and long blond hair.

QUARTERBACK
(rejects it)
Quarterback sneak...
(afterthought)
But go deep up the middle and look left,
anyway...

LINE OF SCRIMMAGE LINE - TWO TEAMS

on the line. Muddy gladiators with ripped jerseys...

QUARTERBACK (cont'd)
72, 11, 14, 8...

Ball's hiked to the quarterback. The Center and Right Guard miss their blocks... Rushers penetrating the line on the right...

QUARTERBACK

fakes right, skirts left where a hole is supposed to appear, while...

PAT COX

cooks up the center, fakes right, hooks left...

QUARTERBACK

SEES his defense crumbling, while...

THE DEFENSIVE END

missed Pat's hook left and stumbles so that...

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

in the clear, while the...

QUARTERBACK

about to get swamped, throws...

FOOTBALL

spins, cutting through the air and...

PAT COX

leaps and makes the one-handed catch of a lifetime.

FOUR DEFENSIVE PLAYERS

down field rush him as...

PAT

fakes-out One. A Second grabs his jersey. Pat spins, the jersey ripping as...

THIRD DEFENSIVE PLAYER

is on Pat as...

PAT

stiff-arms his face mask with his left arm, SLAMMING into the larger player, knocking him right on his ass, fakes-out the Fourth and runs 25 yards into...

THE END ZONE

Pat throws the ball to the ground. It bounces crazily into the air. He raises both arms in victory, his victory!

STANDS

EXPLODE in cheering. Mobs of students and parents. The home team sideline goes nuts.

ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

Number 27! Number 27! Patrick Cox! Pat
Cox! Massapequa...!

SCOREBOARD

Massapequa posts five points, ahead by two. The clock shows 12 seconds left. It's a foregone. Announcer was drowned out by crazed teenagers and fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters who pour onto the field as...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

PAT COX

looks through the in-rushing teammates and fans to the sidelines, searching, and catches a glimpse of...

PAT'S POV: MARIE COX

his mother, in her mid-forties, beaming, applauding her son, her high school hero... And Pat focuses on the empty seat beside her...

ECU: PAT

was looking for someone else...

WIDER: PAT COX

manhandled by teammates' arms, doesn't look like, doesn't feel like the hero he is...

2 INT. LOCKER ROOM - INSANE YOUNG MEN

cheering each other, themselves, their coaches. And Pat separates out and exits into...

3 INT. STADIUM CORRIDOR - CROWD

Pat, still in spikes and torn jersey, accepts congratulatory hugs and handshakes and moves through until he finds Marie...

PAT

Where is he?

MARIE

He said he'd remember. You know how it is... He said he...

PAT

Yeah, I know how it is.

MARIE

He said he'd try... I'm sure he tried to come by. But I guess...

PAT

Good. I'll wait for him.

MARIE

(it's a bad idea)
Pat...

PAT

I'll wait for him...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

Pat walks away from his mother, down the stadium tunnel that leads to the field.

4 EXT. STADIUM - WIDE - NIGHT

It's deserted. Empty. The chewed-up turf, the broken chalk lines of the playing field, the empty stands of benches and railings...cold...nothing. Then, in the darkness, devoid even of utility lights, we SEE a solitary, shadowed figure sitting alone on the 40-yard line...

PAT COX

waits. He waits in the cold. He sits there alone...waiting...

TITLE: 1986

5 YELLOW 1970 302 BOSS MUSTANG - EARLY MORNING

on the Long Island Expressway pulls in front of a truck, accelerates right up to the bumper of the car in front, as if they'll collide, brakes hard, dives right into the number two lane, cuts across to the number one lane and blasts down the Sagtikos Parkway exit.

6 EXT. VA HOSPITAL - YELLOW MUSTANG

snakes through surface street traffic, turns into a driveway, accelerates to camera.

7 INT. MUSTANG - PATRICK COX

downshifts into second, brakes and stops at the yellow curb. He wears a white shirt. He's seven years older, 25, still with Irish good looks, his blonde hair, now, slicked straight back like a young Pat Riley's. A knotted tie is over the mirror. He's out of the car.

8 VA GUARD

starts to tell him he can't park there.

PATRICK

Eddie...I'll be right out, Eddie. I'm only gonna be a minute...

He runs to the entrance...

9 INT. VA HOSPITAL - PATRICK COX - DAY

enters the green corridor past gurneys, nurses, doctors, vets in walkers.

BELLA COX (V.O.)
The hell's wrong with you?

10 INT. ROOM 207 - WALTER COX + BELLA COX

WALTER COX is in a wheel chair in his hospital room. 6' 4", in his early sixties, in VA Hospital greens, he wheels away from BELLA COX. She's a heavyset, tall, Italian woman in her late seventies and Walter's mother, who, right now, points her black cane and shouts...

BELLA
What kind of husband lives in here?! I want to know. Answer me...!

11 INT. VA HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - PATRICK COX

enters, sees his...

MOTHER

MARIE COX, now seven years older, in her early fifties. She tries not to hear the shouting behind the closed door of Room 207. The world is nice. Everything wrong will get better. She sits, frozen, in a straight-backed chair. Nurses stay away. Orderlies stay away.

PATRICK
(to Marie)
What's goin' on?

She gestures demurely to the room.

12 INT. ROOM 207 - PATRICK

enters.

BELLA COX
...look at you...I don't know you any more!

WALTER COX
(seeing Pat)
Get her out of here! Get her out of here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLA COX
(SLAMS cane)
...who does this, for Chrissake?

PATRICK
Grandma, take it easy. Come on...

BELLA
Leave me alone...!

She struggles with Patrick, who muscles her out of the room.

WALTER COX

hears the door close. Closes his eyes, exhales. Behind Walter is his Roommate: 50, eyes wide open, mute, catatonic. Pat re-enters.

PAT
How ya' doin', Dad...?

WALTER
She's crazy.

PAT
(pause)
You gonna be alright?

WALTER
You start over there, yet?

PAT
Dad, I been there two months already...

Pat forgets his father's admonitions; they're routine.

WALTER
Keep her away from me...

PAT
I'll take home. I gotta go to work.
Whattaya' need? You need anything?

He grips his father's shoulder. His affection for the large and broken man is apparent. Will there be a connection? Walter won't meet his eyes. Then, Pat leaves. Now, Walter is alone in his hospital gown in the green VA room, clinically depressed, lost in the bathos inside his head. He looks at his Roommate: terror-stricken, staring into the maw of some ancient combat, eternally present to him.

13 INT. RICHIE HARTMAN LAW OFFICE - RICHIE HARTMAN - DAY

RICHIE
...so what do they got? What're we up
against?

HARTMAN'S office IS the conference room. He sits at the head of a T-shaped conference table with files in a credenza behind him. His managing attorney, MITCH WASSERMAN, is on his left. Next to him is BARBARA DOYLE, a blonde secretary in her late-20s. Non-slick, over-worked attorneys in shirtsleeves are around the table. This is not Wall Street.

WASSERMAN
IAD's got two failed urinalysis tests and two refusals to test. Hands-down, it's a loser... Four doper cops. How much of a defense you wanna put up?

RICHIE
Lemme ask the pres.
(to Barbara)
Put Lozano on the call list.
(to Wasserman)
These four. Plus the nine? Make 13 cops busted in two months? This is becoming a fucking epidemic... Next.
(to attorney Barry)
Suffolk County negotiation. Where's my package?

BARRY is another harassed attorney. He passes a file folder to Richie.

BARRY
...you got statistical analyses of the current Suffolk County tax base and...

RICHIE
(impatient)
...I got 5, 6 and 7-year projections? I got projected tax-base increases for those years? A table of current police salaries as a percentile of tax base revenue against increases projected over the term?

BARRY
All that.

RICHIE
Bottom line?

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

BARRY

They're not going to want to give our guys more than 3, 3 1/2 and 4 percent raises across three years.

RICHIE

Next?

ANOTHER LAWYER

Anthony Scardo's retained you to front him to the Planning Commission to expanding the marina.

YET ANOTHER LAWYER

Bail hearing next Tuesday on Reggie White.

RICHIE

He current?

SAM (THE ACCOUNTANT)

He's paid up.

RICHIE

Make sure we're in front of Judge Julian.

Richie's up and walking...

RICHIE

Where the hell is Thomas?

BARBARA

(following)

He dropped your cleaning. He should have been back by now...

RICHIE

I'm supposed to be in Suffolk County in thirty minutes...

Barbara follows him out...

14

INT. LAW OFFICES BULLPEN

It's a hive of activity.

PATRICK COX

takes from his desk a stack of depositions and, moving fast through milling lawyers and secretaries, starts distributing copies.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

RICHIE
Hey, what's-yer-name Pat, you got a
car...?

PAT
Yeah.

RICHIE
You're drivin' me. I gotta be in Suffolk
County in 28 minutes...

PAT
I'll get you there in 20...

Walking out...

15 INT. PAT'S MUSTANG - PASSING - DAY
everything in sight.

16 INT. PAT'S MUSTANG - TWO-SHOT

RICHIE
This thing have a radio?

Pat turns it on.

RICHIE
How we goin'?

PAT
Don't worry, I got my shortcuts.

17 EXT. L.I. EXPRESSWAY - MUSTANG
flying.

18 INT. MUSTANG

Richie turns down the volume, realizing...

RICHIE
You're Walter's Cox's son...

PAT
That's right.

RICHIE
How is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT

(lies)

War wounds are acting up again, you know,
Mr. Hartman. He's in and out of the VA.
He sends his regards.

RICHIE

Your old man was the best in New York
City. No one was better than Walter.

"Best"...what? We don't know yet. He looks at the well-built
Patrick Cox...

RICHIE (CONTINUING)

What do you, work out?

PAT

Yeah.

RICHIE

Should I work out?

(pats his belly)

If I was a house, I be condemned...

PAT

Richie...you're the man. You don't need
to work out...

Hartman laughs.

RICHIE

Does that mean: because I can...I have
to...buy a piece of ass for it to come my
way?

PAT

No. I'm sayin': where are you gonna get
an hour and a half outta your workday to
work out?

RICHIE

So what do you do, you got a girlfriend?

PAT

I date around.

RICHIE

Alright, so you can go out with anybody
you want. So who do you like in the
office?

PAT

I got my eye on one or two...

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHIE

Who?

PAT

Barbara Doyle. Your Barbara. For starters.

RICHIE

Forget that. She goes out with no one in that office.

PAT

Thirty days?

RICHIE

Thirty days. If you go on a date with her within thirty days, I tell you what. I'll pay. Limo. Any restaurant, any show, any club, it's on me. Deal?

They shake.

19

INT. GENE SLOVAK'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - WIDE

GENE SLOVAK is Chairman of Suffolk County Patrolman's Benevolent Association, the policemen's union. Two other Suffolk County PBA Reps are with him. They're eating dinner. Richie's their lawyer. Richie included Pat. He's with them at the table. As Gene's wife finishes serving and retires, leaving the men alone...

GENE

We want raises of 6 1/2, 7 and 7 1/2 over three years. Or Suffolk County can kiss my ass and do without a Police Department.

RICHIE

I'm not gonna be able to get that, Gene, okay? If I'm lucky we top out at 4, 4 1/2 and 5 the third year. That's the best we're gonna do with this county commission.

GENE

Not good enough, Richie.

RICHIE

Pat, remind me to make sure the Suffolk County Water Board does a better job patrolling the reservoir...

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

PAT
(writes note)
Okay.

RICHIE
(to Gene)
You know why?

GENE
Why?

RICHIE
Because I think some unreconstructed
hippies are dropping LSD in your drinking
water.

(beat)
This isn't Palm Beach. This is Suffolk
County.

(pause)
If Suffolk County won the fuckin'
galactic lotto...you're not gonna get
more than, if I'm like fuckin' Superman,
4, 4 1/2, 5. And if I get that, you
should come in your pants.

GENE
We're not going to settle, Richie.

PAT
Excuse me, Lieutenant, is the rest
room...

GENE
(to Pat)
Off the foyer.

RICHIE
Plus, you'll jump from 50 to 65 percent
of retiring year salary as annual
pension. Vesting is at twelve years
instead of fifteen. Uniform allowance
goes from \$800 a year to \$1200. We got
eye-glasses and shrinks included in
medical benefits...

20

INT. BATHROOM - PAT

washes and dries his hands in the aqua-tiled guest bathroom with
monogrammed towels. He neatly folds it and walks out the door
into the...

21 INT. FOYER

As Pat enters from the bathroom, he sees Richie's been waiting. Richie rolls his eyes and enters the bathroom and closes the door.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: PAT

crosses the fifteen feet to the dining room, but slows without being seen because he hears...

GENE (O.S.)

All he wants to do is to get done. I know his game. I'm sick of it.

Pat eases towards the arch. He sees and hears:

GENE

(continuing)

That fat fuck can work for his money, for a change.

PBA REP #2

Gene, the guys know the county's broke...they're worried...they don't want somethin' draggin' on and on.

GENE

Bullshit.

PBA REP #2

I don't know...it's bad news if it drags on...I don't know...

GENE

(interrupts)

I do. Fuck Richie. Let him go get more. We tell him no, and we keep sayin' no.

Gene takes two spears of asparagus in his fingers and pops them into his mouth.

22 INT. MUSTANG - PAT + RICHIE

driving through the darkened residential streets of Suffolk County.

RICHIE

You know Massapequa...?

PAT

Very well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

(by heart)

...go to 1242 Washetenaw. Joe Metolla's house.

PAT

County Commissioner?

RICHIE

Yeah. Here's what you're gonna do.

Hartman produces from his briefcase an envelope full of cash.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

We get inside, you ask to use the john.
You drop the envelope under the sink.
You come out. You tell the commissioner
he's got a nice pink sink. If it's
green, he's got a nice green sink.

(pause)

What's it say on the envelope?

PAT

"5, 5 1/2, 6%. It settles in 3 days."

(laughs)

The deal the PBA reps think is in negotiation is ALREADY
"negotiated" with this envelope full of cash.

RICHIE

What did you learn tonight, Pat-boy?!

PAT

Low ball the client's expectations. Out-
perform when you deliver. And make it
all be a done-deal before you even start.

RICHIE

(brightens; impressed)

Very good, very good, very good. A plus.

PAT

I also learned...and if I'm speaking out
of turn, here, tell me to shut up...those
guys are fulla shit back there...

Pause.

RICHIE

Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

PAT

When you went to the john? The other PBA Rep says: "The guys are lookin' for a fast settlement. They don't want it draggin' on." They're worried. Gene says: "Let him work for his money. We tell him 'no' and keep saying 'no.' All he (meaning you) wants to do is get done. We can get more."

RICHIE

Are you paraphrasing?

PAT

Mostly verbatim.

RICHIE

Did Gene have any head movement...did he blink...?

PAT

No. He sat dead still. At the end he stops talkin', he takes a beat, he picks up two pieces of asparagus and pops 'em in his mouth. Confident.

RICHIE

What about the other guys?

PAT

They're worried about their popularity, if it starts takin' too long.

RICHIE

On the envelope where it says it settles in 3 days? Change that to 30 days. Write on there, "In between break-off negotiations. Blame PBA." On Monday tell Sam in accounting to bill the Suffolk County PBA four additional weeks of legal expenses. Tell him to make sure he includes Atlantic City. Fuck 'em.

PAT

What Atlantic City?

RICHIE

(wry)

The one in New Jersey. That you and I are hitting, right after we drop this...

23 EXT. VA HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - WALTER COX + TWO MEN -
NIGHT

A Vietnam VETERAN in his 50's, with one arm, long hair and a beard and a skinny Puerto Rican ORDERLY crack up at something Walter just said. All are in hospital greens and street clothes. Walter's arms are around his two pals. This is not the clinically-depressed man from the ward. The Orderly hands back to Walter the bottle in the paper bag... By now, they've reached the parking lot...

24 INT. IMPALA - WALTER

Walter takes a hit from the bottle, and he and the Vietnam Vet laugh because the car careens over the lawn past some trees, over the curb, and disappears into the neighborhood streets. Where are they going?

CUT TO:

25 EXT. NJ TURNPIKE - PAT'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

doing 110 m.p.h.

26 INT. MUSTANG, RICHIE + PAT

Pat slows.

PAT

A cop up there...

RICHIE

They know me. Keep goin'...

(pause)

Whatya' want to do, Pat?

PAT

What do I wanna do, what?

RICHIE

Your life plan. Your career?

No one's asked Pat this, it seems.

PAT

I want to get to the top.

(wry)

Real original...

RICHIE

(droll)

Yeah, very...

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

RICHIE (cont'd)

You got the balls? You gotta ask yourself that. You got the balls to do whatever it takes? What-ever. To go all the way?

PAT

You bet I do.

RICHIE

You sure?

PAT

I am sure.

RICHIE

You pass the bar yet?

PAT

...not yet. I gotta make some dough, right now.

(driving)

And I needed a break. I been in school and working nights non-stop for six years. The routine alone...

RICHIE

Pat-boy. Are we, right now, drowning in an ocean of torpidity? A sea of routine boredom? No. Well this is that and that is this. It's not what it is...is where it goes...

(beat)

It's where it goes. Get it?

(beat)

You know where it goes?

PAT

Atlantic City?

RICHIE

Drive, wise-ass...

27

OVERHEAD HELICOPTER SHOT: MUSTANG

blasting away down the ribbon of concrete...an artery of white lights coming at us, red lights going away towards the brilliance and high rises of Atlantic City.

CUT TO:

28

INT. DINO'S LOUNGE - WALTER COX, ORDERLY + VET - NIGHT

in their VA greens and street clothes sit at the crowded bar. Tables and waiters in the back serve red leatherette banquettes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Low levels of Tony Bennett. It's a blow-dried, gold chain, unbuttoned shirt, disco-Dan crowd. Our guys don't belong here. Walter's low sonorous voice...

WALTER

...so these Martians leave their flying saucer...the two of them...and approach this gas station on a country road... It's three in the morning. It's closed for the night. Nobody's around. Just the station with these two gas pumps.

Bar patrons on Walter's left are listening. A small group gathers...

WALTER COX (CONT'D)

And the first Martian says to the gas pumps: "Greetings, Earthlings. We are visitors from the Planet Mars!"

(pause)

Nothing. The Martian says to the pumps, "I said, 'Greetings, Earthlings, from the Planet Mars!'" He waits. Nothing. The other Martian says, "What's wrong with these people? Why don't they say, 'Welcome to Earth'...or something?" The first Martian says, "Cause they're fucking rude." And says to the pumps, "Hey! I'm fuckin' talkin' to you!" The other Martian says, "Maybe we should take it easy. You know, they could be dangerous or something. We don't know..." First Martian says, "Fuck them," gets right up into the face of the gas pump, pulls out his ray gun and says, "One last time. Greetings from the Planet Mars!"

(beat)

Nothin'. The Martian says, "Well, fuck you, too!" Zap! He pulls the trigger. BOOM! There's a huge explosion. A ball of fire. The Martians are blown ass over heels into a ditch on the other side of the road. They're all fucked up. Space suits burned... The first Martian pulls himself together and says, "Jesus! How the hell did you know they were so dangerous?" The second one says... "Listen. Any guy who's got cold dead eyes, who can't even be bothered to answer when you insult the shit out of him, and who's got a 16 foot long black dick stickin' out of his left ear...you know is a mean motherfucker"....!

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

The group EXPLODE in laughter at Walter's joke. So does everyone on Walter's left. He's exacerbated, extroverted. It passes for charisma.

VET

(wiping his eyes)

Order me another beer, I gotta hit the head...

Vet leaves for the men's room.

WALTER

(booming voice)

Another Miller's...

Walter's told a one-liner by his new friends on the left, while on his right, past the Orderly, is a party of four, who now are joined by FLORAL-SHIRTED MAN and his date. Man sits on the stool vacated by VN Vet. His back is towards the Puerto Rican Orderly and Walter.

ORDERLY

(nice, low)

Hey, excuse me. Someone is sitting there.

(no answer)

Excuse me, that's taken...

Walter is distracted by the people on his left and doesn't hear...

FLORAL-SHIRTED MAN

turns and stares at the Puerto Rican Orderly.

FLORAL-SHIRTED MAN

Not any more it isn't.

(to Bartender)

Donny, two vodka tonics with lime.

ONE-ARMED VET

with the beard returns from the men's room. He sees his seat's gone. A look of loss crosses his face. He's got nowhere to sit. He stares at the situation, not knowing what to do in surroundings in which he doesn't fit, anyway...

WALTER

turns, now, sees the lost expression on his friend's face, makes the scene...

TIGHTER: WALTER

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

leans across the Puerto-Rican Orderly and taps Floral-Shirted Man on his Nautilus-pumped shoulder. The man turns to look at Walter with an annoyed, "What, now?" expression.

WALTER

Hey, friend, you're sitting in my pal's seat. That's his bar stool you're on.

(beat)

Now he's got nowhere to sit... Where is he going to sit?

FLORAL-SHIRTED MAN

Hey, how the fuck should I know?

The man continues with his friends...

FLORAL-SHIRTED MAN

If Elsworth is on the mound, I'll give you 10 to 7. If he's not...

Walter stands up. With no hesitation or warning, he reaches down and picks up his own bar stool in two hands, motions the Puerto Rican orderly aside and swings his stool across the bar top. It SLAMS into the Floral-Shirted Man, knocking him ten feet away onto the floor against the wall where he landed. Floral-Shirted Man is out for count. His date crashed into their friends. Lots of spilled drinks and screaming.

BARTENDER,

nonplussed, picks up the telephone and dials 911. As Walter moves in on the guy on the floor...

CUT TO:

29 INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO, CRAPS TABLE - RICHIE HARTMAN

throws dice.

DICE

roll a four.

RICHIE

Yes!

CRAPS TABLE - PACKED - FACES

SHOUT! The table is jammed five deep. Richie is hot!

STICKMAN

Mr. H. rolls a Little Joe!

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

Dealers pay off "place" bets and "come" bets on the FOUR box. The point Richie's been trying to make is EIGHT. A puck marks it.

STICKMAN

pushes the dice to Richie.

PAT

had \$100 on the "come." His point for that bet is now FOUR.

DEALER

Want odds?

PAT

No. And take my odds down on five and ten.

Dealer gives Pat back 20x\$100 chips. On the rail in front of him Pat has about \$5,000.

SIDE MAN

Mr. H. still looking for a hot date with number eight!

More bets are placed.

RICHIE

has 30x\$1,000 chips on the pass line and 60x\$1,000 chips behind it....\$90,000 on his bet he'll roll EIGHT before a SEVEN. He also has three come bets plus odds on FIVE, SIX + TEN of \$30,000 each...\$180,000 in total.

Dealer looks at Richie.

SIDE MAN

Mr. H?

Richie pushes another 10x\$1,000 chips to the dealer and indicates a bet. Gamblers are pulled from other tables to watch Richie, the high roller. Dealer puts Richie's chips on the square showing two fours. It pays 9:1. He looks to Richie for confirmation...

RICHIE

That's right. Eight the hard way!

PAT

Richie...wanna take some down?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

RICHIE
200 big ones. That's the high bar, Pat-
boy. Gotta make it over the bar...

DICE

Richie shakes them, blows on them, and throws...

TUMBLING DICE

SLOW MOTION: a five and a two.

DEALER
Cinquo-dos and adios. Sevensed-out.
"Don't's" a winner.

STICKMAN

passes dice to the next shooter. Dealers rake in chips; pay off
a "Don't pass" bet. Boxman - cold - surveils all the gamblers.
No one looks at Richie.

PAT

doesn't know where to look.

RICHIE

has a vacant stare on his face. Deep thoughts are repressed.
As Richie looks over his shoulder at women for a new diversion,
a new entertainment, new action... He motions to the floor
manager, who catches the look and now approaches the two
girls...

CUT TO:

30 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - HEAVY TRAFFIC - NIGHT

SCREECH of brakes. A car...takes evasive action. We don't see
why.

GOODMAN (O.S.)
What the fuck...?

~~A car door-OPENS, slams SHUT...~~

REVERSE: AN NYPD BLACK AND WHITE + TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS

are running from their patrol car. GOODMAN is tall, black. He
crosses through traffic. DEAN - short and black - runs up the
sidewalk. Both are in their middle-forties. They're running
towards...

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

MID TRAFFIC: ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BLACK GIRL

named AKEESHA weaves through cars...oblivious. Eyes wide. Dazed. The world is silver lit. No sounds. The large metal objects trying to avoid her are colored inflatables. Harmless. There's a paper bag in her right hand...

GOODMAN

dodges a UPS van. He's blowing his whistle, holding up his hand to oncoming cars, he runs towards her.

A CAB

driven by a Pakistani, avoids the girl, but doesn't see Goodman...

GOODMAN

shouts! Pakistani brakes, skids, Goodman rolls over the hood and keeps going towards the girl as...

ELEVEN YEAR OLD BLACK GIRL

stoned, drifting into a faster lane... Goodman grabs, lifts her into his arms.

GOODMAN

(to a braking car)

Goddamn it! Slow your ass down!!

Goodman carries the girl in his arms to the curb, where he joins Dean, who takes Akeesha from Goodman, who's collecting himself...

GOODMAN

(breathless)

...you...doin' in the street...?

DEAN

Her eyes...

(she's stoned)

Wha's your name, honey?

AKEESHA

Akeesha.

DEAN

(soft)

Akeesha, you okay now, doll...

(beat)

Whatya' got in the bag, there, honey?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

Dean slowly takes bag from Akeesha and gives it to Goodman while...

DEAN

Akeesha, doll, where you get the bag?

Nothing.

GOODMAN

(re: bag)

Half dozen Sherman's, two dime rocks,
'ludes...

A small crowd's gathered.

GOODMAN

Who knows her? Anybody know her?

OLD MAN

She live up there with her crackhead
mama...

GOODMAN

Go get her.

OLD MAN

I ain't goin' up there.

OLDER WOMAN

I take her.

Meanwhile:

DEAN

(to Akeesha)

Where you get the bag, doll?

AKEESHA

slowly focuses into Dean's eyes. Then she points a block away
towards a corner grocery store.

31 EXT. BUG GROCERY - DOOR

A baton taps on the armored door. A slot opens. Dean reaches
his hand in and grabs a handful of hair, yanks the seller into
the door and shoves his 9mm into the guy's forehead.

DEAN

Open the fuck up!

Latches and locks... As the door breaks its seal, Goodman kicks
it, slamming it into...

32 INT. BUG GROCERY - LOOKOUT'S FACE

His smashed nose spills blood. Goodman and Dean storm into the place...

DEAN
Hands on your head!

GOODMAN
On the floor! Now!

The Puerto Rican Dealer and Lookout exchange looks, confused. Goodman slams the side of the Dealer's knee with his baton, dropping him.

GOODMAN
Sellin' to kids, now? Get yo'
motherfuckin' ass on the floor!

DEAN

pats down the Lookout, pockets a knife, kicks his legs out from under him while Goodman throws the Puerto Rican Dealer over the counter into shelving. Groceries fall. Not many. The last things this store sells are groceries.

PUERTO RICAN DEALER
Yo! What up, man?!

GOODMAN
Where the fuck's the stash?

DEAN
Right there.

PUERTO RICAN DEALER
Check it out, bro!

He's found a cookie tin: foil-wrapped lids of sinsemilla, Sherman's (cigarettes or "sticks" dipped in PCP), nickel and dime rocks in baggies, amphetamines. He dumps it all in a paper bag.

GOODMAN
...why I don't smoke your ass? Gimme
half a reason.

LOOKOUT
(from floor)
You got search warrants or any
motherfuckin' thing? Yo! Where yo'
paper? Fuck you!

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

Goodman and Dean look at each other. They have no warrant. The guy is right. Both will slide.

LOOKOUT

(continuing, emboldened)

What you got! You ain't got shit...!

Dean shows the Lookout what he's got. He kicks his balls into the region of his upper thorax and again, while...

GOODMAN

picks up the Dealer and slams his face into the canned goods.

GOODMAN

...one more kid comes outta here...

(SLAM)

...floatin' three feet off the ground...?

(SLAM)

I...REALLY...

(SLAM)

...fuck you...

(SLAM)

...up!

Goodman drops the semi-conscious Dealer into wreckage, collects the Bug Grocery's drug inventory.

33 EXT. BUG GROCERY - GOODMAN

enters, sees a manhole cover. He lifts the 100-pound steel lid. He empties the Bug Grocery shopping bag into the sewer. Locals get a rise out of it, cheer. Dean enters, leaving the Bug door wide open. Locals rush in.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. BRONX NEIGHBORHOOD - UNMARKED CAR - EARLY MORNING

pulls to the curb in front of a run-down apartment building.

35 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DOOR - EARLY MORNING

A plainclothes detective's hand knocks on the door. It's opened by Goodman, in uniform pants and a T-shirt. Behind him we see a heavyset woman in her middle-40's cooking breakfast and a kid doing homework on a laptop in the kitchen.

GOODMAN

Yeah?

The plainclothes detective is a beefy 45-year-old in a suit with a slight Southern accent, SGT. L.R. RANKIN, and his partner.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

SERGEANT RANKIN
Are you Officer Goodman, Badge Number
73406?

GOODMAN
Yeah.

SERGEANT RANKIN
Sergeant Rankin: Internal Affairs
Division. You're under arrest. I'd like
you to surrender your badge and your
weapon and you'll have to come with us.

GOODMAN
What the hell is this?

SERGEANT RANKIN
We have a complaint that you busted up
the Bug Grocery store on 126th and
Lexington and stole \$900 in cash from the
register.

GOODMAN
What?!

SERGEANT RANKIN
Get dressed.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ATLANTIC CITY HOTEL SUITE - PANNING DESOLATION -
MORNING

Morning appears out the windows over the gray-green Atlantic as we FLOAT over furniture with cushions scattered on the floor, past a sleeping Asian girl, naked under an ersatz fur coat, past a coffee table with a razor blade and the remains of a half dozen lines of coke, past highball glasses with paper umbrellas, a spilled Perrier bottle, a fifth of Black & White scotch, two-thirds empty, a second sofa with a dark-haired Caucasian girl wrapped in the bedspread, past clothes strewn on lampshades and side tables and on the floor, which make a path we follow, PUSHING into the bedroom where we find Richie Hartman rolled into a fetal position in the sheets on a circular bed. He's out cold.

37 INT. HOTEL LOBBY, FRONT DESK - PATRICK COX

Showered, his hair still wet, plastered straight back, peels five \$100 bills off his roll of winnings and slips them to the Assistant Manager.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

PAT

What d'you say you just pull it? Huh?

Assistant Manager looks around, nods and goes to his computer screen.

COMPUTER SCREEN

displays the hotel bill for Suite 1206. The name Richie Hartman and his American Express charge magically disappear. John Doe is inserted instead. Under "payment" instead of AmEx, it now says "cash."

PAT

So what do we owe on the suite?

38 INT. SUITE 1206 - RICHIE

being shaken awake by Pat.

PAT

(low)

Richie...

(beat)

Richie. Rise and shine.

Richie startles awake.

RICHIE

What, what?!

PAT

Come on, let's get the fuck out of here.

RICHIE

Huh...?

PAT

Let's go. The Asian chick. I checked her purse. She lied. She's shy of eighteen...

RICHIE

Oh fuck...

PAT

Come on. I got it covered. We walk out the door. And you were never here.

Richie starts to rise. HOLD on the ocean out the window. HEAR street TRAFFIC (O.S.)

CUT TO:

39 INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONDENSATION ON GLASS - DAY

TRAFFIC ROARS by. PAN onto chrome pay phone near the entry and then onto Pat.

PAT

(into phone)

Just tell me. They released dad on an O.R., right? He's back in the V.A.?

(hears)

Mom, calm down. What time do the cops want to talk to him?

(beat)

I'll be up there, then.

(beat)

Don't worry. They're not sending him back. It'll be alright...

Pat hangs up. He shakes off, temporarily, the responsibility of his father, looks over his shoulder at something. He smiles. He dials again.

PAT

Barbara Doyle, how you doin'?

(beat)

It's me. Patrick Cox.

(beat)

No. I'm with Richie. Yeah.

(beat)

Listen, Barbara. I've been thinking...

40 BOOTH: RICHIE HARTMAN, SENATORIAL CANDIDATE AL RUDOLPH,
SAM LOZANO...

...president of NYPD's Police Benevolent Association.

SAM

My blood runs police blue, right? Okay. But, if a copper's a dope fiend? If he's near it, using it, dealing it? Fuck him! He's gone. But I'm telling you, something here is weird. And, now, I got two more this morning...

RICHIE

What are their names?

SAM

Goodman and Dean. Allegedly stole \$900 from a grocery store drug den they busted up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walking a beat in Alphabet City, he night-schooled and bootstrapped his way into an MA in Criminology from NYU and a patina of sophistication: the Met, the MOMA board, city and state politics.

PAT (O.S.)

(to passing waitress)

Honey, do me a favor and clear this up...

Pat joins the table. Waitress collects the dishes.

AL

How's this any different?

(beat)

Internal Affairs busts a cop with a vested pension and saves City Hall half a mil, he you climbs the career ladder. What's new about that?

AL RUDOLPH is running for a U.S. Senate seat.

SAM

What's new is: they are all East New York, all drug-related, all black. And it's 13, now 15, in the last two months. What's IAD got, a fucking crystal ball that only gives up black East New York cops all of a sudden?

RICHIE

They got something...or somebody...

SAM

And, I got Willy R. and his group... "How come the PBA does a great job defending white cops, Puerto Rican cops, Chinese cops, every flavor cop except black cops..."

AL

Maybe they're trying to get rid of your ass. Created a black caucus to challenge your re-election?

RICHIE

Al may be right, here.

AL

Can we get back to my endorsement? When is the PBA gonna come out?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHIE

Let Goodman and Dean blow over first,
couple of weeks.

(to Sam)

This Goodman and Dean? They steal the
money?

SAM

How do I know?

RICHIE

Pat, what's next?

PAT

(from list)

Don King. Campaign finance.

RICHIE

(to Al)

I need a judge in Manhattan to issue a
carry permit for Don King.

AL

(laughs)

You're kidding. King's a felon. I'm not
promising...

RICHIE

(looks at watch; remembers)

Pat. Make a pick up from Sung Lee.

He'll have a package. Bring it to me.

I'll be waitin' out front. Then you'll
drop me at the office.

(Pat rises)

Pat...

(he gestures Pat close,

whispers)

This package...under no circumstances is
it to be opened. Understood?

PAT

(whispers)

Of course, Richie.

(as he rises to leave)

By the way...Barbara Doyle?

Pat holds out his hand for Richie to shake. Richie laughs and
shakes hands with Pat. Pat has a smile on his face. He exits.

AL

Who's the new guy?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

RICHIE
Remember Walter Cox?

AL
No. Can we discuss campaign funding?

RICHIE
Pat's his son. This kid's terrific.
What are you looking for, total? What
did Holtzman's senatorial race cost? TV,
radio, print, security? All together?

Richie...the ultimate inner-city Fixer.

CUT TO:

41 INT. VA HALLWAY - PAT - LATE AFTERNOON

talking quietly to two cops. He addresses the older one...

PAT
So my dad's stuck in this joint 'cause
they can't figure out what's wrong with
his lung from shrapnel he got at
Guadalcanal. So he forms friendships
with these guys, they go out to get a
drink, they bump into some disco asshole
who's giving my dad's friend, this
Vietnam vet with one arm, a hard time. I
mean, you look like you're, maybe, a vet.
Isn't there some way we can cut him a
little slack here...?

Older Detective looks at Pat. Pat gestures "C'mon..."

OLDER DETECTIVE
Alright, alright. You keep him under
lock and key for awhile. Okay? Let me
talk to the guy he beat up. He's still
in ER.

PAT
The guy's a local car dealer? Tell him
he doesn't need the bad publicity of
starting fights with handicapped Vietnam
veterans and wounded war heroes.

OLDER DETECTIVE
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Pat crosses to his mother.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

MOTHER

I think it was all a mistake.

PAT

(wry)

Of course it was, Mom, of course it was.

MOTHER

He won't talk to anybody. He won't talk to me. He sits there like a stone.

Pat exits into his father's room.

42 INT. GREEN ROOM - PAT

PAT

Dad...?

Walter at the window has no reaction except to slowly shake his head no. He doesn't want to hear, see or talk to anyone. There's an Ace bandage on his right wrist. He's unshaven; looks like hell. Pat stands alone in the center of the room.

PAT

...cop's gonna talk to the guy. I think it's covered. I think he'll forget the whole thing.

(beat)

Dad?

(beat)

They're not gonna rescind probation. Okay? You're not goin' up. It's a done deal.

No response. Pat doesn't know what to do. Then he crosses to the sink. Turns on the hot water. Tosses a white wash cloth under the water.

PAT

Sit down.

Walter crosses to the sink. Sits. Pat drapes the hot wash cloth on his father's face and ejects foam from an Old Spice aerosol can. He lifts the washcloth and spreads the foam carefully on Walter's skin. He takes the safety razor and slowly starts to shave his dad. He pulls Walter's skin tight under his jaw and strokes downward from his cheekbone to his chin. Walter closes his eyes and exhales some of what's inside of him as Pat rinses the razor; starts on the left side of Walter's face...

WALTER'S ROOMMATE

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

eyes wide with terror, stares mutely out the window. An AM radio plays softly the Yankees game. There's a cheer from the crowd...

CUT TO:

43

INT. STUDIO 54 - STEVE RUBELL - NIGHT

crosses past a booth where Liza Minelli, an overweight Elizabeth Taylor, Betty Ford, and Halston laugh at a joke. Rubell joins Bianca Jagger and Andy Warhol. Beyond him we SEE Pat and Barbara dancing slowly to Foreigner's "Do You Know What Love Is?" and just now...

BARBARA

laughs at something Pat said. And we see Pat take her in...

ECU: BARBARA

...the way her skin gets taut and creased around her mouth when she's laughing, the light that dances in her eyes. Her hand rests on the back of Pat's neck.

Then Pat and Barbara move to a booth. Two new drinks arrive. Music segues to the Stones' "Miss You."

BARBARA

...that's not in wide supply.

PAT

(shrugs)

Someone takes care of you? You take care of them back. Richie jumped me to the front of the line.

BARBARA

You would never want to disappoint him, would you?

PAT

(surprised by her perceptivity)

How do you know that?

BARBARA

Know what?

PAT

That.

BARBARA

It's obvious, knowing you even a little...that that's who you are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

BARBARA (cont'd)
Anybody would know that... Why do you ask?

He takes her hand and looks at it. He kisses it. He looks into her eyes. She looks back into his. She smiles. It is simple and no bullshit. You know me and I know you and we connect with each other and I like you and you like me. That easy. That rare.

CUT TO:

44 INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - COURTROOM 128 - PAT - DAY

at the rear door. He wears a Basile suit. His hair is slicker. Some time has passed. He observes...

REVERSE: THE FOUR BLACK COPS + MITCH WASSERMAN

are seated at the defense table. Each man's career, pension and medical security is about to go down the drain. Their worried families sit behind them. Mitch Wasserman defends them. At the prosecution table are IAD detectives and an Assistant D.A. On the bench is the Independent Review Board, three men in business suits.

INDEPENDENT REVIEW BOARD CHAIRMAN
Mr. Wasserman, your requests are getting annoying. There's less burden of proof, here, than in criminal cases. And you know that. The prosecution does not have to, and I will not order them to, produce their informant in this case...

Pat slips out the door...

45 INT. HALL OF JUSTICE CORRIDOR, ZONING BOARD - RICHIE + PAT

enter from the Zoning Board Hearing, now recessing...

RICHIE
Wasserman?

PAT
(reports)
He and the four musketeers are getting killed. We can't refute IAD's informant 'cause he can't examine him 'cause the judge ruled they don't have to produce him. So we can't discover his identity.
(beat)
Half the Long Island Press Corps' outside on the Suffolk County negotiation...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

PAT (cont'd)
"impending police strike," yadda,
yadda...

RICHIE
You handle the press. You know what to
say?

PAT
Sure.

RICHIE
You sure?

PAT
I am absolutely sure.
(beat)
On these busted cops, are we short-
handed? If we need investigative help,
you know my dad's not doin' anything...

RICHIE
They pulled his P.I. license, when he got
convicted...

PAT
He can be an investigator without a
license, if he works for only one
attorney. I researched it. It's sub-
section 187.36 of the code.

RICHIE
He alright?

PAT
Absolutely. He needs something to do, is
all...

RICHIE
I'll check it out.

46 OMIT

CUT TO:

47 EXT. RYE, NEW YORK HOME, POOLSIDE - AL DAVIS - DAY

Davis, corpulent, in too much Ralph Lauren, is shouting into the
phone...

DAVIS
Who the hell do you think you are,
calling my home?

INTERCUT WITH:

48 INT. RICHIE HARTMAN'S LIMO - PAT + RICHIE - DAY
are in the back seat.

PAT

Mr. Davis. I been calling your office
all week. You don't take my calls.

DAVIS

And what do you conclude from that?

PAT

I conclude you got a hearing problem.
Richie "advises" you to contribute to
Al's secretarial campaign. Now, you got
the PBA contract for 36,000 Nassau and
Suffolk County cops who buy eyeglasses
from you...

DAVIS (V.O.)

I pay Richie plenty in retainers...

PAT

Yeah, and you got an operation with 106
employees. Whereas two years ago you had
an operation with twelve employees. You
are there because Richie gave you that
contract. That contract can...go...a-
way! Richie tells you he thinks it'd be
a good idea to support Al Rudolph's
senatorial campaign, that is ex-actly
what you do. Reception, here, getting
any better? Five o'clock. Sharp.
Tomorrow. I will come to your office and
collect 106 envelopes with a thousand
dollars in each one. You will not get
another phone call about this.

RICHIE

...Oliansky?

PAT

I got Abe Friedman at Sloane Kettering,
seeing his kid. They're sending us the
bill.

(beat)

And Jimmy Franco's putting a roof on
Judge Urquhart's pool house... What's
the address again?

RICHIE

742 East 36th.

49 POV: THREE DERELICT FACTORIES

boarded up. The middle one is a burned-out shell. The first one has some squatters in it...

PAT

What are you buyin' these from Melius for?

RICHIE

Two million each.

PAT

I meant why, what are you usin' 'em for?

RICHIE

How do I know?

PAT

Richie, they aren't worth \$200,000.

(beat)

I don't get it.

RICHIE

Let me know when you do. Just open the escrow and Melius know it's a done deal. Let's go...

We don't know who Melius is, but we will... Meanwhile, Pat drives off. The sky is threatening, Wagnerian, gorgeously dark and dramatic. Thunder rumbles.

RICHIE

Did I take Sunday off?

PAT

We worked straight through.

RICHIE

Let's take a break. Head for the zoo.

CUT TO:

50 INT. BRONX ZOO - RICHIE HARTMAN - DAY

waves his arms and makes a face at a gorilla.

GORILLA

looks at Richie curiously, as if he's used to Homo sapiens making idiots of themselves in front of him. He turns his back.

51 EXT. BRONX ZOO, POLAR BEAR'S SECTION - RICHIE + PAT

Other visitors are huddled under shelters but Richie and Pat are oblivious to it. As they walk on in the rain, getting soaked, hunched under their suit jackets...

PAT

Can I ask you something?

RICHIE

Sure.

PAT

Something personal?

RICHIE

Sure.

PAT

How come you don't have a family?

RICHIE

I dunno...

PAT

You seem like a family kind of guy.

RICHIE

I never hooked up with the right kind of woman, I guess...or my inclinations aren't there...like...when I was growin' up my father wasn't around, maybe that's it.

(beat)

How about you?

PAT

I want a family.

RICHIE

Your dad was around?

PAT

Yeah, but there were problems all the time. He was around, but not really.

(shrugs)

Fifteen, sixteen, this impulse came over me...I wanted to ask him stuff, you know? I wanted to tell him things...

RICHIE

To tell him things about yourself?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

PAT

Yes.

(beat)

And for him to ask about me, what I was
doin'...you know...?

(beat)

Like that toothpaste commercial,
invisible shield...to keep out tooth
decay. I'd start...wham, the shield. I
used to try. Then I gave up.

RICHIE

I could never connect with my old man,
either...tell you you're doin' good.
He was gone all the time...then he did a
bit.

PAT

For what?

RICHIE

He was a bookie. He was up, he was down.
Then he was gone. That was it.

They walk on.

PAT

We're gettin' soaked...

RICHIE

Who cares?

Richie puts his arm around Pat's shoulder.

RICHIE (CONT.)

Pat-boy. You're a bright light that
entered my life.

(pause)

And what you've got can take you
anywhere...anywhere you wanna go. And
I'm gonna help you do that...you'll see.

Affectionately, the older Richie grabs the back of Pat's neck.

PAT

Could we have done this outta the rain?
I mean, you owe me a suit now. 'Cause
this motherfucker is ruined...

Richie knows Pat's covering embarrassment.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

RICHIE
(beat)
I'm serious, Pat.

PAT
(beat)
I know, Richie.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HARTMAN'S RECEPTION - REAR SHOT: PAT - ANOTHER DAY
opens the door into Richie's office. He starts to enter. He's
escorting a man. We don't see who it is. Then, Pat
hesitates...

53 INT. RICHIE'S OFFICE - PAT SEES: GARY MELIUS
Melius stares at Pat, irritated at being intruded upon.

RICHIE
Give it a minute, Pat.

MELIUS has the sociopathic deadliness of certain short and very
tough men. He closes the tops of the three open briefcases on
Richie's desk. Three older men sit in a line on a sofa. Pat's
eyes hold Melius'.

MELIUS' 250-lb. BODYGUARD
closes the door in Pat's face.

54 INT. RECEPTION - PAT
to the man whom he was escorting.

PAT
It'll be a minute...

And, now, we SEE the man Pat's escorting is his father. It's a
transformed Walter Cox: blue business suit, white shirt and tie,
new haircut. Then, Richie's door opens. Melius crosses through
as if Pat were not there...

55 ~~INT. RICHIE'S OFFICE - CLOSE: RICHIE - LATER~~

RICHIE
Walter. Anyway, let me tell you what
their case is and we'll see if you can...

WALTER
Pat gave me the basics and I already
started...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

WALTER (cont'd)

(beat)

...the Confidential Informant
identification numbers that the IAD uses?
I scored all of them.

RICHIE

How'd you come by that?

WALTER

I got my sources. And guess what? It's
the same number. The same C.I. set up
or informed on all 13. Nothing to do
with Goodman and Dean. But he did all
13, including the four in front of the
Review Board right now. Internal Affairs
got one hell of an informant somewhere...

Richie looks at Pat as if to say: why the hell couldn't
Wasserman figure this out? It's not just Walter's appearance
that's transformed. His eyes are sharp; his posture's erect...

RICHIE

So, what next?

WALTER

(simple, confident)

I find him. I find the informant.

RICHIE

Starting how?

WALTER

Where I always start, Richie.

(beat)

Investigate the investigators.

Walter starts out...a picture of elevated self-assuredness.

RICHIE

(to Walter's back)

Wait a minute...

56

EXT. BULL PEN - WIDE: RICHIE

enters, passing in front of Walter. The usual frantic activity.

RICHIE

This is Walter Cox.

(people's attention focuses)

From now on he heads up our
investigations. What Walter Cox wants?
Walter Cox gets. Is that clear? Very
clear? Good.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

 RICHIE (cont'd)
 (to Wasserman)
 Mitch. You're working for Walter now...

Hartman exits back into his office. Pat leads Walter towards a back corner office being cleared out for him. En route coming up behind him is Barbara...

BARBARA

hands Pat a cup of coffee she brought for him. She walks beside him. She knows what he's feeling; engineering his dad out of the V.A., pride in his performance...

 BARBARA
 Top of the world?

 PATRICK
 Absolutely.

He takes her hand. They disappear into Walter's new office.

57

INT. RECEPTION - PAT - LATER

passes the 3 lumpy looking men who were with Melius, now waiting in the reception, as he re-enters Richie's office. Door closes.

 RICHIE
 Deposit this...

 PAT
 (looks at deposit slip)
 A buck, eighty.
 (\$1.8 million)
 Gary's three entrepreneur geniuses...?
 Retaining you...
 (indicates cash)
 ...to start up businesses? The one going
 into software asked if he needed to know
 how to make pillows and mattresses...

 RICHIE
 (laughs)
 Draft a press statement on how
 everybody's anticipating a deadlocked PBA
 negotiation with New York City...

 PAT
 You told me to let you know when I get
 it? Okay. I get it. And you're
 overpaying for so much worthless real
 estate from Gary to launder his cash, we
 should spread around who you're buying
 from so it's not all one entity.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

RICHIE

Tell Gary's accountant to set up a Delaware holding company and transfer the next real estate into it before I buy it.

Richie is laundering Gary Melius' money by being overpaid cash legal fees and then overpaying Gary for worthless property.

58 INT. WALTER'S CORNER OFFICE - WALTER + WASSERMAN

in Walter's new office. Walter already "possesses" it...

WALTER

(to secretary)

Honey, grab us coffees. Mitch takes his black, I'm regular.

As they wait, Walter stares at Wasserman. His eagle-eyed stare. Wasserman meets it and then looks away...

WALTER

You know, Mitch, you ever need a confidante. You ever need to get it off your chest. You'll come to realize you can always come to me...

WASSERMAN

What are you talking about?

WALTER

You're a troubled man. You don't have to dissemble with me. I see everything. You ever need some advice, somebody to bounce things off of who's trustworthy and knows how to keep his mouth shut...I'll be there for you...

MITCH

(after a long pause; low)

How did you know...?

WALTER

I know.

MITCH

No one else knows...

Now Walter does know.

CUT TO:

59 INT. WALTER'S CAR, CENTRAL PARK - PAT + WALTER - SUNDAY

watch through the windshield a ball game and multiple family picnic. Walter raises binoculars. We don't know why they're there. Walter nudges Pat. A beaten-up Dodge driven by FRANK RAVINO has pulled up behind them. Heavy-set, dishevelled, he parks and approaches Walter's car. Frank slides into the back seat.

WALTER

This my son; Pat.

FRANK

How ya' doin'?

WALTER

What have we got?

They're talking about an as-yet-unrevealed target of their surveillance...presumably playing in the ball game in the park.

RAVINO

A foreclosure 1982. His car re-poed 1983. Behind in alimony, child support. I think he has a character disorder. Obsessive-compulsive. Glimpses schizophrenia on the horizon, so he retreats into compulsively ordering his life. Very neat grooming. But two, three times a month comes, like an unwanted hard-on, an impulse to break out. So he gambles to prove he's not really a loser and...loses. This man bets the Knicks? Go the other way...

WALTER

Who's he into?

RAVINO

Paul Scalpone...sixty, seventy grand. Three other shylocks. Main action's with Scalpone.

Frank exits the car, limping back to his own beaten-up Dodge piled high with newspapers in the back. Walter looks at the file Frank gave him: in it is a picture of IAD Sgt. L.R. Rankin. The man who arrested Goodman. Walter shows it to Pat...

They exit the car in casual weekend clothes. Pat wears sweat pants and a tank top; Walter, a tasteless shirt over gabardine Bermuda shorts.

60

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SOFTBALL GAME

replete with wives, kids, hot dogs, Italian sausage and burgers on barbecues, wash tubs of soft drinks and beer. The men look like off-duty cops.

PATRICK + WALTER

waltz into the middle of this, as if they belong there. Patrick digs into a wash tub and grabs two beers next to a BALD GUY flipping burgers.

PATRICK

Hey! How ya' doin'?

BALD GUY

You having a burger?

PATRICK

Yeah. Where's Jerry? I don't see him.
Who's winning?

BALD GUY

Which Jerry? Tumello's here. Janzko
couldn't make it.

PAT

How come?

BALD GUY

Hadda go to the in-laws. Skins, six to
three.

Pat doesn't know who the fuck Jerry is and could care less. Everybody will assume they're with somebody else. He gets the burger.

PATRICK

This is great! Lemme have one for my
dad...

Walter stands aside watching the game. Pat joins him. Hands him the burger. Just then a fly ball is hit to left field. A terrific catch, ending the inning.

ONE OF THE PLAYERS

heading for the men's room is Sgt. L.R. Rankin. Meanwhile...

BILLY

(to Pat)

Hi. I know you? You look familiar.

(CONTINUED)

PAT
I'm a friend of Jerry Janzko. Al
Badalato.
(they shake)

BILLY
Billy Freedman.

PAT
We were supposed to meet up. Now I hear
he hadda go to the in-laws. You guys are
lookin' good...

BILLY
Kicking ass. This my wife, Marie. Hey,
Marie...!

As she comes over.

PAT
(to Billy)
What I wanna know is how you rate a
beautiful wife like Marie, here...

Marie laughs. Pat walks back to his dad...

51 INT. MEN'S ROOM - RANKIN
urinating.

WALTER
...still six three?

RANKIN
Kicking their ass.

Rankin's southern accent.

RANKIN (CONT.)
(looks at Walter)
I know you?

WALTER
No.
(beat; offers hand)
But I know you... Walter Cox.

RANKIN
How do you know me?

WALTER
You're Sergeant Rankin. IAD.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

WALTER (cont'd)

And I know that you are one fucked-up,
trick-bagged, failed son-of-a-bitch about
to take a fall.

RANKIN

Who the fuck...!

WALTER

(just as hot)

"Who the fuck"?

(loud)

Paul Scalpone is "Who the fuck."

That shuts up Rankin like being smacked in the forehead with a bat.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Where you from? What kind of accent is
that, anyway?

RANKIN

...Arkansas.

WALTER

How do you know the toothbrush was
invented in Arkansas?

RANKIN

Huh...?

WALTER

Anywhere else they'd have called it a
"teethbrush"...

On his best day Rankin couldn't process Walter. All he feels is
low...which is Walter's tactic.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You're trick-bagged 'cause you are in
hock up to the eyeballs to Scalpone.
You're a degenerate gambler. You're
associating with known organized crime
figures. In 48 hours I will find out
every other thing you're doing. Your
career is over. Manhattan Grand Jury.
D.A. Onorato, goes on a rampage to
destroy your ass. Here's what I want.
You got one chance to save yourself. Do
I have your attention? Yes, I do. If I
leave here empty-handed...you are over
and out.

(beat)

Are you ready?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER (CONT'D)

(beat)

I know you are.

(beat)

What I want is one name. It goes no further than this men's room. Once spoken, it is never spoken again. It disappears...like breath...on the wind...

CUT TO:

62 INT. SPANISH HARLEM DISCO - WALTER + PAT - NIGHT

enter. A lot of heavy-duty Puerto Ricans, some blacks, lots of gold, blasting Willy Colon and Tito Puente. Walter and Pat walk across and sit at a table with a guy of medium build, 36 years old. He looks up with surprise at the two large Anglo strangers who just sat down next to him.

WALTER

Mr. Lopez, Mr. Lopez. How you doin'?

LOPEZ

(doesn't know Walter)

Huh?

WALTER

My name's Walter Cox. I work for the PBA.

WALTER

reaches into his pocket and takes out a massive roll of money. The effect on Lopez is intentional. Lopez's eyes flash. Walter peels off two hundreds. He motions over to the waitress, gives her a hundred and says...

WALTER

What are you drinkin', Mr. Lopez?

LOPEZ

Rum and coke.

WALTER

Three. And keep 'em comin'.

The second hundred he slips to Lopez.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: WALTER

eyeballs Lopez. He sees something in Lopez's eyes.

WALTER'S POV: LOPEZ

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes are rheumy. Small facial tics. He's a strung-out junkie.

WALTER

You look a little strung-out there, Mr. Lopez...

(slips him another hundred)

Why don't you go see somebody...and then come on back.

Lopez is out of his chair in a flash, making for some guy - his connection - at the end of the bar who's got a couple chicks around him. Meanwhile, Walter leans back in his chair...

WALTER

(winks at Pat)

We're going to be here for a while.

PAT

The guy?

WALTER

Bingo.

DOOR TO MEN'S ROOM - LOPEZ

disappears inside.

WALTER + PAT

PAT

(warns)

He comes back, take it easy on him, huh...?

WALTER

No. I thought I'd beat him to death with a barstool.

Pat looks at him.

WALTER COX (CONT'D)

That why you're hangin' with me? Making sure I don't act-out? Afraid I'll screw up your good thing with Richie?

PAT

This is the first time you and I ever done anything together I can remember except watch TV in the V.A. Richie keeps saying you're the best this, the best that...I thought I'd see you at work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED: (2)

PAT (cont'd)
(rises to leave)
Forget it. See ya' around...

Walter grabs his arm. Holds it. Sits Pat back down.

WALTER
(beat)
Alright. Okay? So, what do you make of Lopez?

PAT
(beat)
He's a junkie, informant cocksucker who by rights we should beat to death with a bar stool...

WALTER
(shakes head "no")
He is a victim...

Right now Lopez re-enters. Feeling good. He sits.

WALTER (CONT.)
Mr. Lopez, I'm here to help you. That's what I do. I help people in trouble. You got a wife. You got two kids. You don't have food, and if you had food, you don't have a refrigerator to put the food into.

LOPEZ
...things is up an' down. Y'know. But I'm cool.

WALTER
No, you're not, Mr. Lopez. Can I call you Hernando? Or Nando?
(beat)
"I'm cool" is the anthem of a loser, Hernando. You are not cool. By noon tomorrow there's going to be a new refrigerator in your apartment, and it's going to be full of food for your family. That's something that we're going to take care of for you. That's "cool."
(beat)
And I can tell right off you are a bright man. How old are you?

No answer.

PAT
What are you? 35, 36?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

Lopez nods.

WALTER

You still got a future. But, Nando,
right here in this present, how did this
happen to you?

Again, no answer.

WALTER (CONT.)

Let me take you back. You are 15-years
old. You're on the streets. Life's
opening up. You got plans for yourself.
You're smart. Ambitious. Right?

LOPEZ

Right.

PAT

So then what happens...?
(taking Walter's rhetorical
lead)
What did they do to you?

LOPEZ

They give it to me.

WALTER

Give it to you?

LOPEZ

Yeah.

PAT

Who?

LOPEZ

Cops. Cops give it to me...you know.

PAT

Since when?

LOPEZ

(shrugs)
Sixteen.

WALTER

They turned you on? Made you an addict?

LOPEZ

An', you know, help them make cases.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED: (4)

WALTER

They violated you like that? They destroyed your life before you even got started? To them, you're a dumb Puerto Rican spic from East Harlem. Another fuckin' spic. You never had a chance. They did this to you...?!

Slowly Lopez nods. Walter knows he's hit a whole trunk of nerves.

LOPEZ

You got no idea...

PAT

Who you rollin' for them now?

LOPEZ

Cops and postal workers.

PAT

Postal workers?

LOPEZ

Yeah, postal workers.

WALTER

What do you do, hang out in bars with them...?

LOPEZ

Yeah. I like rookies. 'Cause they're faster. Guys with years in, take longer. But they like 'em better.

PAT

Why they faster Hernando?

LOPEZ

A rookie cop says "no" to a urinalysis, he's not entitled to disciplinary hearing. They're history. It's faster.

PAT

They like guys with years in?

LOPEZ

Guy's got a vested pension and goes down? City saves half, three quarters of a mil...

WALTER

How much they pay you?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (5)

LOPEZ

Twenty-five hundred bucks a pop.

WALTER

Who violated you Nando?

LOPEZ

Cop. Then he went into IAD. Now he's a sergeant.

PAT

In IAD?

LOPEZ

Yeah.

WALTER

You did thirteen in the last two months. Where's the money?

LOPEZ

Hey, papi, I get wrecked. It goes. You know?

WALTER

Tell me about Goodman and Dean.

LOPEZ

Don't know no Goodman and Dean.

WALTER

Tell me about the Bug Grocery? What do you know about the Bug Grocery?

LOPEZ

(searching)

...something...I don't remember...something...it's, like, in the back of my head...

WALTER

I'm going to take care of you, Hernando. I'm going to take care of you from here on out. I'm going to help you get on your feet. From here on out, you are under Walter Cox's protection.

PAT

witnessing his father at work. Walter Cox IS the best.

CUT TO:

63 INT. WALTER'S LINCOLN - WALTER + PAT

driving through deserted 2AM Manhattan on their way to the Island.

WALTER

...I always said I'd make it up to the family later...

PAT

(attentive)

Yeah...?

WALTER

Well, this time it's going to be different. I know I screwed up...

(emotion overtakes his voice)

...all of you put up with... I'm going to make it up to you...you'll see.

PAT

Dad, you don't have to apologize...

WALTER

(interrupts)

I'm not. I said I'd make it up. And this is that. Shangri-la.

Pat and his dad exchange a long look, father and son in a stream of connectedness...

WALTER (CONT'D)

By the way, Mitch is a faggot.

PAT

You switch drinks with Lopez? He's got a wife and three kids.

WALTER

I'm telling ya'...and watch out for him. 'Cause he's catty. And that guy Brenner?

PAT

What about Paul?

WALTER

He's referring cases out of Richie's office for a kickback.

PAT

(laughs)

You're wrong.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

WALTER

Kramer and Bandsmere and to Pat Kelly at
Hogan, Koni and Eiborn.

(beat)

And what kind of business is Richie doing
with Gary Melius?

PAT

We do all kinds of business with all
kinds of people. How do you know all
this shit?

WALTER

When your ol' man gets goin'? Get the
fuck outta the way.

Pat laughs, his arm around Walter's shoulders. Proud Walter
smiles and guns the car down deserted Riverside Drive.

CUT TO:

64 INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRCASE - FIVE NYPD -
DAY

in full riot gear climb the stairs to the fifth floor. Behind
them is a sleazy-looking guy in a worn suit, huffing and
puffing. He's a PROCESS SERVER carrying a piece of paper.

65 INT. FIFTH FLOOR LANDING IN THE HALLWAY - FIVE COPS

silently move down the hallway to a door at the end and take up
positions against opposing walls. Two men have a hand-held
battering ram. The two on the left are CARL, first, and behind
him, SZABO, second, with pump-action, 12 gauge shotguns. Carl
taps on the door with the barrel.

ELEANOR BUMPERS (O.S.)

(from behind door)

Hello...?

CARL

Open the door. NYPD.

(he raps again)

ELEANOR BUMPERS (O.S.)

What?

CARL

NYPD. Open the door.

ELEANOR BUMPERS (O.S.)

Go...way! Lea'me alone...

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

CARL

We are here to effect service. Now open the goddamn door!

ELEANOR BUMPERS (O.S.)

That cheap motherfucker fix shit around here, I pay the rent...

(beat)

Go...way. I'm callin' the po-lice!

CARL

We are the police. Open the goddamn door!

ELEANOR BUMPERS (O.S.)

Go away...

Carl out of patience, signals the two men on the battering ram. They swing the hand held ram back and forth and SLAM it into the door three times. The jamb splits. It hangs by one screw. As they wind up...

66 INT. ELEANOR BUMPERS' APARTMENT - ELEANOR BUMPERS

is an eighty-year-old, 300-lb. black woman. Her eyes are terrorized. She's ten feet from her caving-in door. She holds a butcher knife in her right hand.

COPS

slam the door in as if assaulting a Dominican stash house. As it's crashing in...

CARL

rushes through, trips on the bottom edge of the door, sprawls forward as...

ECU: ELEANOR BUMPERS

looks down, surprised that they're cops, as...

SZABO

FIRES his 12-gauge shotgun.

ELEANOR BUMPERS'

right hand with the butcher knife disintegrates off the end of her arm, which sprays arterial blood as...

SZABO

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

fires again, hitting...

ELEANOR BUMPERS

dead center in the chest with a full load of 12-gauge, double-odd buckshot, SLAMMING her back and onto the floor.

OVERHEAD

The cops pour in. Carl raises up on his hands. Eleanor Bumpers is spread-eagled on the floor. Spasms rack her body as she wonders what just happened to her until all the light goes out of her eyes forever.

CUT TO:

67 OMIT

68 OMIT

69 INT. LOPEZ APARTMENT - NOTHING - NIGHT

It's three in the morning. We HEAR footsteps mounting stairs approaching the door. A key. Door opens. Lopez - looking like a Puerto Rican Malaysian in his moving blanket-sarong enters followed by Walter. They exit into the kitchen.

70 INT. KITCHEN - LOPEZ + WALTER

Lopez is tired, but he's now chemically balanced. A BRAND NEW REFRIGERATOR. Walter goes over to the cabinet, and opens a few doors.

WALTER

(low)

Everyone asleep...?

LOPEZ

(shrugs)

Yeah. I guess...

WALTER

Where's the coffee?

LOPEZ

Above on the right...

WALTER

...anything about the Bug Grocery come back to you...

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

LOPEZ
(shakes his head no)
Only the one mention...

WALTER
What mention?

LOPEZ
...that Thursday Rankin talked about the
Bug...

WALTER
What Thursday?

LOPEZ
August 3rd, 1985.

MOVE IN on Walter. He becomes VERY DELIBERATE...

WALTER
How do you know Rankin mentioned it on
that one specific date?

LOPEZ
Huh?

WALTER
August 3, 1985...how do you know that
specific day in 1985...?

LOPEZ
'Cause it say so.

WALTER
"Say so"...where?

LOPEZ
In my diary...

WALTER
You keep a diary?

LOPEZ
Yeah.

WALTER
A cute little thing with a heart-shaped
lock on it?

LOPEZ
Ain't got no heart on it...

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER

How long have you been keeping this diary?

LOPEZ

Long time...

WALTER

Since when?

LOPEZ

Since I was seventeen.

WALTER

Where is the diary?

LOPEZ

In the closet.

WALTER

Get up and go get me, right now, this diary.

Lopez responds to the command voice of Walter and goes for it.

SAME - WALTER COX - LATER

at the kitchen table flipping' through the diaries. They're spiral binders. There's over twenty of them. Each page is neatly dated. It's gold. Lopez has nodded-out in his chair.

CLOSE DIARY PAGE

August 3, 1985. GIANT WORDS float by..."BUG
GROCERY...RANKIN...COLLECTIONS ... SKIMMING CASH...PEEWEE TELL
ME...TELL RANKIN. LAUGHS."

CUT TO:

71 INT. RICHIE HARTMAN'S LAW OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM -
ONORATO - DAY

enters with two legal assistants. JOE ONORATO at 57 is stocky with a tanned, bald head. He is the head of the Internal Affairs Division. All three wear good business suits. Along with them is an Assistant District Attorney from Morgenthau's office.

ONORATO

(as he sits)

Sam, Richie, how are ya? What's up?

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

HARTMAN

Good, Joe. It's Walter's meeting.

Opposite Onorato are Walter Cox, Richie Hartman, Pat Cox and Sam Lozano from the PBA and his Administrative Assistant.

WALTER

Captain Onorato. I have evidence that the Bug Grocery has been allowed to operate openly by the IAD as a drug den so as to entice and entrap police officers in acts of corruption...

ONORATO

Yeah, so?

WALTER

Aside from entrapment of police officers and aside from the fact that it's poisoning an entire neighborhood...

ONORATO

(impatient; interrupts)
...and aside from this moralistic bullshit, go try and argue entrapment. We get a little bad press on page 5. Goodman and Dean still stole money.
(to Sam and Richie)
Why'd you drag me all the way up here, Richie? To hear this lame stuff?

WALTER

'Cause that's not all that goes on at the Bug.

ONORATO

Yeah, what else...?

WALTER

What else...is...the take from YOUR drug den is being skimmed by YOUR corrupt IAD investigators for their own gain.

ONORATO

Fuck you, fuck you! Who the hell...!

WALTER

(explodes back)
An investigator with evidence! Dates and times!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER (cont'd)

That a degenerate gambler, IAD Sergeant Rankin, skimmed the take from the Bug to pay off debts to known organized crime figures he associates with, namely Paul Scalpone for one...

(Walter pauses for effect)

...and it is not page five! It is page one. Along with bank deposit records from Rankin's account that indicate inexplicable enrichment. And he charged Goodman and Dean, who are honest, hardworking policemen, who stole no money, because they harassed his business as usual at the Bug! And...it raises an entire secondary issue...an entire secondary question. Are you ready for it? I'm sure you are. Who the hell...is watching you?!

ONORATO

(explodes)

Who's watching...?!

WALTER

(cuts in)

You! Watching the cops who are supposed to be watching the cops?!

ONORATO ASSISTANT

(cuts in)

...been fucking with our informant! You been...

WALTER

(cuts in)

Of course I fucked with your informant. What do you think? You destroyed that kid. He was nothing but a street nigger to you. He wasn't even a man yet. He was NBA material. You took his life.

(to Onorato)

That how you get off? That elevates you? You fucking Mussolini. You ruined this kid's whole life!!

Pat and Richie try to restrain Walter while the Assistant goes apeshit as...

ONORATO

surprisingly, is calm. He's moved down the track...

ONORATO

Richie...

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED: (3)

RICHIE

Capt. Onorato and I want to confer privately, so why don't all of you excuse us.

Everybody else leaves. Then:

RICHIE HARTMAN

(to Onorato; low)

They get reinstated. Full back salary. Mean average of their OT added on. And you take care of the DA's case...

ONORATO

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Now! What's he got and where did he get it?

RICHIE

The four in front of the Review Board? They'll take a three month suspension without pay and then reinstatement.

ONORATO

Yeah. Where? Who?

RICHIE

Look, his personal comments are out of line. But, I won't tell you what you want.

ONORATO

Listen to me, Richie! I'm not gonna have that cocksucker, Walter Cox, investigating us! You fucking hear me?! Where did he get it?

RICHIE

He is my investigator. I am not gonna tell you!

ONORATO

(burning)

You do what you do. I do what I do. We butt heads. End of the day? We go home to our lives. Business as usual. That's what...this...is.

(beat)

But this cocksucker! This motherfucker is crossing the line! Investigating my guys?! Investigating me? You rein him in. I am warning you once.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (4)

RICHIE
No one's gonna cross any lines, here.

CUT TO:

72 INT. STRETCH LIMO - PAT, BARBARA, WALTER + MARIE - NIGHT
dressed to the nines. They pull up at Madison Square Garden's V.I.P. entrance with other limos. News crews are present for a title fight. Strobes, sunguns.

PAT
(to Walter)
...we get nailed? Short answers. And
take no questions from the Daily News.

73 EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - COX PARTY
lights. More STROBES. News crews.

ANCHOR PERSON
Pat...

PATRICK
Hey, Andrew...

ANCHOR PERSON
(signals video op. to roll)
Brothel Dean and Henry Goodman...

PATRICK
Charges dropped. They're reinstated. In fact they're inside, celebrating with us tonight...

ANCHOR PERSON
How did...

PATRICK
Ask Walter. He's the man who did it.

ANCHOR PERSON #2
Was there any disciplinary action taken against them? Is there lingering suspicion?

WALTER
None. The PBA under its president Sam Lozano is there to defend unjustly accused police officers. Henry Goodman and Brothel Dean were 100% innocent. They were reinstated with full back pay. End of story.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

ANCHOR PERSON #1

Are there any lingering questions...?

WALTER

Not about them. But some Sam Lozano and the PBA are concerned about targeting. Minority officers are being targeted by the IAD. We're questioning that.

LENNY

By doing what?

WALTER

By launching our own investigation.

LENNY LEVITT

Into what?

WALTER

The cops who are supposed to be watching the cops? Who are they accountable to? Who's watching them?

ANCHOR PERSON

(to camera operator)

Get some B-roll...

CLOSE: PAT + WALTER

As Pat steers Walter past more media who shoot both father and son, Pat laughs...

PAT

Onorato? He's gonna love that.

74

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - FIGHT CROWD - NIGHT

P.A.

In five minutes, fight fans... From Mexico. Welter-weight champion Ray Camaaaacho!

(massive cheers)

P.A. (CONTINUING)

Defends his welter-weight crown against Ro-ber-to Fists-of-Iron Duuu-ran!!

(louder cheers)

PATRICK COX + BARBARA DOYLE

in the river of people. Already in seats next to theirs are JOHN DOYLE and his date. He's Barbara's brother. Choice seats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walter, Pat, women squeeze through the press of people and sit next to Goodman and Dean and their wives who all greet each other like the new good friends they've suddenly become. Behind Walter in two seats are J.J. PEREZ and a Puerto Rican woman in a tight dress.

PAT

Dad...this is John Doyle, Barbara's brother...

(to John)

Say hello to my dad!

WALTER

(shouts over crowd noise)

Hey, John!

JOHN

...Mr. Cox...thanks for the seats...!

WALTER

Thank Richie Hartman. He comped us. Call me Walter...

(to John)

...aren't you in the DA's office?

JOHN

Yeah.

(to Pat)

Mr. Hartman here?

PAT

Atlantic City.

WALTER

(leans to Barbara)

...you know anything about boxing?

BARBARA

No...

WALTER

Watch Duran's rhythm. He trains to salsa...five-four time. Round 3, Round 4, you'll see skipped beats in his shuffle. He gets there...it is goodnight Ray Camacho...

(to Pat)

Pat, say hello to J.J. Perez.

PAT

How ya' doin'?

J.J. PEREZ

Hey. I'm good. Good to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER
(low to Pat)
He is...The Big One.

PAT
Big one what?

WALTER
Bigger than Goodman and Dean. Side-swiped by some punk while he's off-duty. Chases the guy down. Guy pulls a piece. Perez outguns him. He should get a commendation...a commendation. Instead, IAD suspends and the D.A. indicts him. Clear-cut crucifixion of an innocent man.
(to John)
Come out with us after.
(roar of crowd)
Shanghai Palace on 54th...

ROBERTO DURAN

swathed in towels and in a robe shadow boxes down the aisle with his entourage. The crowd is inner city players, hustlers, fight fans...lots of thin gold jewelry. Everybody dressed to the nines.

CROWD

goes wild as Duran mounts the ring.

RING - CAMACHO + ROBERTO DURAN - LATER

trading blows. Duran's shuffle, 5/4 rhythms...Camacho jabs with his left, throws a right hook, misses, Duran slams in two right short jabs, big left hook.

PAT + WALTER

out of their seats. Barbara and John, too... Crowd goes wild.

VIDEO IMAGE: DURAN

slams in two short right jabs, big left hook, right hook, left hook and it's all over! PULL BACK: it's a REPLAY on ceiling TV monitor as we ARM DOWN and find we're...

75

INT. HOSPITALITY SUITE - WALTER, PAT + COMPANY

in the sub-level jammed with hustlers, trainers, hangers-on, bookies...New York City, go-go eighties nightlife, VIP's and packed media. There's an open bar. Everyone waits for the new champ to make an entry as...

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

WALTER

(beat)

You comin' for Chinese?

PAT

Sure.

JOHN DOYLE

heading for the restroom. He looks a little agitated. Then
REVEAL...

ECU: WALTER

clocking Doyle. Walter's interrupted by Lenny Levitt...

LENNY

Introduce me to these guys, Walter...

WALTER

(to Goodman + Dean)

C'mere... Meet my friend, the only
honest journalist in New York City, Lenny
Levitt of Newsday.

Lenny laughs. He gets a kick out of Walter and starts
interviewing Goodman and Dean. Just then Roberto Duran, his
manager, his trainer and wife enter the room. Off screen we
hear Duran's Spanish and the translation as Walter's watching...

JOHN DOYLE

re-enters from the men's room, in a better mood...

WALTER

(low)

John troubled or something?

PAT

(with two drinks)

You see Barbara?

WALTER

No...

PAT

...they got him so loaded up with cases,
the guy can't grab two hours sleep.

WALTER

He helping himself?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

PAT
(searching for Barbara)
...maybe a little...
(indicates blow)
...now and again to keep goin'.

BARBARA

rejoins Pat, takes one of the drinks. Salsa starts to play.
Duran does a little shuffle. STROBE LIGHTS.

PAT PICKS UP BARBARA

off her feet and starts doing a bad cha-cha-cha to the music.
Walter, watching his golden boy... Lots of smiles.
Celebrities. A black cop doing security throws both arms around
Goodman and Dean and shakes Walter's hand in appreciation.
Duran's just said something. Strobes FLASH. John Doyle and his
date join Walter.

CLOSER: PAT + BARBARA

dancing. Pat's beeper goes off. He crosses to a phone on the
wall, covers one ear, dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

76 INT. GOLDEN NUGGET, SUITE 1204 - RICHIE HARTMAN

picks up the phone. Looks like shit.

RICHIE
Pat! I hit the wall on my limit. Can
you go out to Melius? His place on Long
Island? He knows you're comin'. I'm in
Suite 1204. When you get here, remind me
to talk to you about Eleanor Bumpers...
Okay? There a problem?

Pat doesn't want to leave this celebration. But...

PAT
No problem. You got it.

Pat hangs up, looks at Barbara, winks.

CUT TO:

77 INT. LIMO - PAT + BARBARA - NIGHT

alone in the back seat on the Long Island Expressway. Barbara's under his arm while the limo pulls into and along the drive of a 20-acre mansion, the ~~former~~ Otto Khan estate...one of the largest private homes in the country.

78 INT. MELIUS ESTATE, FOYER - GARY MELIUS

enters from a room in the back carrying a briefcase. A beefy security man nods and exits leaving Melius and Pat alone in the foyer. Melius tosses the briefcase at Pat...a little too hard. Pat catches it.

MELIUS

You know what's in there?

PAT

(shakes it; mock listens)

Money?

MELIUS

Richie is making a mistake.

(beat)

You're golden, glowin' and scoring like a champ. A regular Jumpin' Jack Flash.

(pause)

And Richie's making a big mistake with you...

(pause)

He is exposing you to stuff...stuff you should not be seeing...

Melius walks away. It's dangerous.

CUT TO:

79 INT. GOLDEN NUGGET, SUITE 1204 - RICHIE HARTMAN -
ATLANTIC CITY; 2AM

He's on the sofa working with two attorneys. Two casino employees from accounting and two guards have been waiting patiently against the wall as Pat enters.

Richie motions Wasserman and the other attorney away. They cross to a caddy with coffee. Pat sits next to Richie.

PAT

How much?

RICHIE

One point four.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

PAT
Jesus, Richie...

Richie looks Pat in the eye. It's that flat loser look. Richie shrugs.

RICHIE
(to casino personnel)
Gentlemen...

The two accountants approach.

ACCOUNTANT ONE
(taking briefcase; opening it;
closing it)
Thank you, Mr. Hartman. Is there
anything at all the hotel can do for you?

RICHIE
Of course. You can take it in the
bedroom over there with one of my people
looking over your shoulder, count it and
give me a receipt. What do ya' think?

Accountants One and Two and security guards go into the bedroom
with the briefcase.

RICHIE
When I get done here...I'm gonna get
laid, get loaded and forget it.

PAT
You wanted me to remind you about Eleanor
Bumpers...

RICHIE
They indicted the cop who shot her.
Robert Szabo. Debrief him and prep him
for the prelim. I'll be tied up in
negotiations with the city. We're lining
up behind Szabo...

PAT
I wanted to watch you negotiate with the
city. Can Walter handle Szabo?

RICHIE
He's doin' J.J. Perez. But we're letting
Perez slide...so right after, yeah, you
can swap.

PAT
Does Walter know Perez slides?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

RICHIE

He should. He's a junkie cop, off duty, gets in a fender bender; shoots the driver, some kid, six times, sobers up, drops his backup as if it's the kid's. But there's an eye witness. Perez refuses urinalysis. Direct from Sam: Perez slides...

(beat)

Maybe I get loaded, then laid. I get done with Frick and Frack, let's party...

PAT

Barbara's downstairs...

RICHIE

(pats Pat's arm)

Mitch. Harry. I wanna get done here.

CUT TO:

80 INT. BARBARA'S SMALL APARTMENT - PAT + BARBARA - NIGHT

on the kitchen table. Ripping off each other's clothes. A kettle whistles. They ignore it. They consume each other like young animals.

81 SAME - PAT + BARBARA - LATER

in bed. Both are naked.

BARBARA

Your mom doesn't talk much...

PAT

She lives in her own world. Her spectrum runs from "everything's fine" to "it's gonna get even better."

They get close in the afterglow. He puts his hand between her thighs.

PAT

Why you attracted to me?

BARBARA

I'm not. I think you're repulsive.

PAT

Really...why'd you go out with me?

BARBARA

You're asking me now?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

PAT

You didn't go out with anyone else in the office...

BARBARA

I don't know...

(she strokes his face)

You didn't hit on me...

(beat)

Like..."Hey, baby, you and I are gonna be the center of the universe and there's no one else in it but us." Which is an oxymoron as well as being bad off...

(beat)

PAT

Someone actually said this to you?

BARBARA

Oh, yes. And...

(beat)

...you like women...a woman knows that...lots of men don't...

PAT

Who you been...?

BARBARA

I'm serious. The heavy come-on...or they slip into the sensitive-boy routine... because they're intimidated...

(pause)

And I don't think you're afraid of anything...

(pause)

...and there's something really sure and right about you...and you're very funny...

(laughs)

PAT

"Ha-ha" or strange?

BARBARA

Both.

(beat)

I know...you really like me...

(beat)

That's why?

(beat)

What about you?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

PAT
...it all felt very brand new. Like it's
never been that way before. Then who you
are, slowly revealed itself...your
sensitivities...your body...your self.
So it feels for me, when I'm with
you...very much like a first time... And
I'm like a kid...you know? Discovering
all the music...your inner, private
music...

Pat caresses her hair. She looks into his eyes.

PAT
I'm gettin' my own place...help me find
it? Move in with me?

Barbara nods yes.

CUT TO:

82 INT. HOTEL SUITE - PATRICK - LATE AFTERNOON

with Szabo. There's trays of coffee. Ashtrays are full. Rush
hour Manhattan traffic outside.

SZABO
The old broad had a knife...okay?

Patrick looks at Paul Brenner: do you believe this guy?

PAT
Your first shot blew off her hand...

SZABO
I don't know which came first. Maybe the
other shot came first...

PAT
Don't lie to me. The autopsy shows you
blew off her hand with the knife first.
That's why arterial spray. Chest wound
first? There would have been no blood
pressure left.
(beat)
What were you thinking?

SZABO
Maybe she's on PCP. You know how those
people get on PCP...

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED:

PAT

"Those people"? Eleanor Bumpers didn't drink. She's got three children. One's a registered nurse. One's a computer programmer. What's... "those people"...? Is that a euphemism for "nigger"? Do you know what the word "euphemism" means?

SZABO

The fucking door goes down! I see a knife. I shoot the old broad.

PAT

Here's what I've got so far. Five Keystone Cops in riot gear serve an eviction notice on a 300lb., slow-moving, eighty-year-old black woman. You blow a hole in her chest the size of the Holland Tunnel after you've disarmed her. What was she? Going to beat you to death with her stump?

(to Brenner)

You talk to this racist prick...

Pat exits over

SZABO

(at his back)

Hey, who's side are you on...?

CUT TO:

83

INT. CROWDED BAR - PAT + AL RUDOLPH - 6PM

PAT

We need a judge.

RUDOLPH

What case?

PAT

Eleanor Bumpers.

RUDOLPH

I'm not touching that.

PAT

Why?

RUDOLPH

You gotta be kidding. You got Al Sharpton, you got...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

PAT

Richie wants a judge. You got the judges.

RUDOLPH

(running on)

...you got front-page: "New York cops are racist grandmother killers," minority groups on talk shows, "Hello, Geraldo!"...

PAT

Al. You don't need the minority vote 'cause you don't get their vote, anyway. What you are getting is endorsed because of Richie by every single PBA in New York State. 300 PBAs are standing behind you. Plus, you got Richie putting together your campaign chest, which, as I understand it, may be reaching middle six figures.

This gets Rudolph's attention...

PAT

Do I have your attention? What I am, here, is under orders. This guy gets off.

RUDOLPH

What do you want?

PAT

Richie wants Eckhardt assigned to the case.

RUDOLPH

He's retiring next week.

PAT

He'll stick around for thirty days. We want Eckhardt on the bench. Richie'll take care of the rest.

RUDOLPH

(shrugs)

No one listens to Sharpton anyway...

CUT TO:

84 INT. WALDORF MINOR BALLROOM - PAT - NIGHT

enters and he and we HEAR...

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE HARTMAN

...pension rate, currently at sixty percent, goes to seventy-five. Uniform allowance...\$500 up to \$1500. Two-man cars. That's a deal breaker. Non-negotiable...

Opposing Hartman are twelve attorneys representing the City of New York. They are NOT civil servants. They're a study in Basile, Armani and British custom-tailored elegance. One in particular, PIERSON, studies Hartman with disdain.

PIERSON

Mr. Hartman, Mr. Hartman...

RICHIE

...no more one-man cars.
(looks up)
Yes?

Pat sits next to Richie, his attention arrested by...

PIERSON

New York City cannot and will not support your...usual...aggressive demands this time.

RICHIE

"Support"? As in tax revenue?

PIERSON

That's right.

RICHIE HARTMAN

Let's talk tax revenue. How much money's New York gonna have? Open that handbook you got in front of you...turn to page 128.

(NYC negotiators open the
Hartman-prepared handbook)
Left-hand column...

Nothing's in front of Richie, no files, no notes, nothing. This is why Richie Hartman is Richie Hartman. From eidetic memory:

RICHIE

...per capita income is currently at \$22,136. Projections for 1986, 1987 and 1988 estimate annual increases of 5.75, 6.35 and 7.14 percent, which means, additional net tax revenues to the city.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

RICHIE (cont'd)

Now, at the factor of current NYPD salaries to tax base, the city's proportionate yield in this account is marginally more than the salary increases we're seeking...

PIERSON

These are your estimates. Their veracity...

HARTMAN

(interrupting)

Did I know you were gonna say that or did I know you were gonna say that? You're wrong. They are not my estimates. They're from New York State Insurance Board in arguments against, "against" insurance rate increases. So, if anything, they're low, low-sided... Page 438 of the State Assembly Hearing minutes of June 15 and 16, 1985...

Small smile on Pat's face...while they're reading...

PAT

(re: negotiation)

How's this going?

RICHIE

City put together pro bono negotiators. Bunch of Wall Street lawyers. Stiff pricks...big fucking deal...

PAT

I need to talk to you about something.

RICHIE

I'm tied up here 'til ten or eleven. Can it wait?

PAT

I'll catch you tomorrow...

CUT TO:

85 EXT. MANHATTAN INTERSECTION - WALTER - NIGHT

is partway down the block. He backs up the stairs to a stoop. Tatters of the crime scene tape are still evident. From the stoop he duplicates a line of sight to where J.J. Perez shot and killed the 16-year-old kid. Skid marks and blood stains still mark the street.

PAT

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

interrupts Walter's line of view.

PAT

Hey, pop.

WALTER

What's up?

PAT

What's this?

WALTER

J.J. Perez. Line of sight of IAD's
eyewitness... What could he see?

PAT

Walk with me...

They take off down the sidewalk of the Latin neighborhood.

PAT

This prick, Szabo, has no
right...carrying a gun and badge.

WALTER

Why's it eating you?

PAT

I don't know.

(afterthought)

I thought J.J. Perez slides?

WALTER

I don't abandon my people...

(beat)

You don't know why it's eatin' you? I
do.

(pause)

Pat. You'd be successful in life on your
bullshit alone. Your talk, your walk.

But do you want the top? You want
everything that goes with that?

PAT

Yeah.

WALTER

So, then, there are things you got to do
that you are not going to like.

PAT

I make moves. I take risks. But this is
hittin' up on me all wrong...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER

Because it deeply offends you. You know why it feels wrong?

PAT

Why?

WALTER

'Cause it should.

(beat)

Why should that old woman, who worked hard her whole life, end up like that? Gunned down. No family around her deathbed. Among strangers. And who is this prick, to walk away from killing her? And if you help him walk away? Inside you will feel sick. And you should. And you know what will happen?

(beat)

After a while? The bad feeling will go away. Memory takes care of it. You forget. The second time? It still feels bad. But not so bad. And then that passes. The third time...

(shrugs)

...it doesn't bother you at all.

(beat)

You wanna get to the top, Pat? This is what it takes. Parts of you have to go away.

CUT TO:

86 INT. HILTON HOTEL SUITE - SZABO - DAY

PAT

What we're playing, here, is I am the prosecutor. You're on the stand. I will ask you what he will ask you. Understand?

(to Brenner)

This...is gonna take awhile.

SZABO

Don't get sarcastic...!

PAT

Shut up!

(beat; calm)

Tell me, Officer Szabo, what happened after you battered down the door of the 80 year old, black woman you shotgunned to death?

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

SZABO

(after a beat)

The door fell in.

PATRICK

Very good. Now, what happened after the door fell in?

SZABO

(shrugs)

She had a knife. I shot her.

PAT

You see that telephone over there?

SZABO

Yes, sir, I do.

PAT

That telephone's got more fucking brains than you do...

SZABO

(explodes out of his chair)

I don't have to take this shit. He's my lawyer, not you...!

In pushing past he makes the mistake of bumping Pat's shoulder.

PAT

goes with the motion, whips Szabo around, jerking his arm up behind his back, ripping his head by his hair sideways. He shoves Szabo face-first into the glass window. CRASH. The glass almost breaks.

PAT

Your fucking partner tripped and fell over the goddamn door, dummy! Your partner whose name is...?

SZABO

Carl...

PAT

Your partner, Carl, tripped and fell over the door! His back was exposed! He was endangered by a woman with a large butcher knife. She could have plunged that knife into his exposed back! You were protecting your partner. You fucking get it?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

SZABO

I get it! I get it!

WIDE - PAT

whips Szabo around and throws him onto the sofa...

PAT

(suddenly calm)

Officer Szabo, why did you enter the situation with such deadly force?

SZABO

Uh...

PAT

You didn't have your x-ray goggles on that night. How are you supposed to know it was an old woman? Why did you fire a second, mortal, shotgun blast directly into her chest?

SZABO

Training... Our training is reflective...

PAT

Reflexive!

SZABO

Our training is reflexive. We've been trained to fire two shots...it's a ...a conditioned reflex...

Pat stares at him.

PAT

Go back to the top.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. BED-STUY, STREET - WALTER COX'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

parked down the block from the only three buildings in a desolated block. Incongruously, in the Dresden-like ruins, are doormen, bouncers and a string of dark limos. People going in and out are black, Latino and a few whites. Players.

88 INT. PRIVATE CLUB - WALTER - NIGHT

MOVING through the crowd, slow-dancing, surrounded by black velvet walls on a black reflective floor.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

A mirrored ball casts snowflakes of light on players, hustlers and ladies grinding to Barry White. In banquettes against walls a few patrons have entourages of bodyguards. Walter has crossed through to...

89 INT. PRIVATE CLUB, MEN'S ROOM - DOOR

Walter enters. Where's he going? Guys doing blow and 'ludes. Walter shoulders through the crowd, coming up behind one man who's just finished doing a line off the countertop and now stands, wiping his nose...

WALTER

Hey, there, John...

The man spins. It's John Doyle, Barbara's brother. He's shocked to be discovered, here, by Walter.

JOHN DOYLE

What are you doin' here, Walter?

90 EXT. CLUB, BACK ALLEY - WALTER + JOHN - NIGHT

WALTER

...because of what may become, you know, a family relationship. Because I took a liking to you right off...I'm gonna help you straighten this out...

JOHN

What out?

WALTER

NYPD case file.

John finds it impossible to process this. It's a frozen moment.

WALTER

They don't routinely investigate assistant DA's... What it is, is, your source has been a C.I. for three years. It's how he stays in business. Trade offs. Last Wednesday he gave you up. By name...

(beat; produces the police report)

Here's the Narcotics Division worksheet...

John looks at a police report. Walter looks up and down the alley, to make sure they're not being observed.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

WALTER (CONTINUING)

You're overworked. I've had pressure in my life, too...a period of dependency...I know how it goes... Your use is casual, not habitual. Some point, you'll get your life organized and quit. But a man in your position? They don't give a shit about any of that. What they do is ruin your life. And you got your whole career ahead of you.

JOHN

...What the fuck am I gonna do, Walter?

WALTER

I want to talk to the detective. Let me see what it'll take to make it go away...

JOHN

How could this happen...? Oh my God.

WALTER

The point is not "how". The point is it did.

(beat)

Do not contact your dealer again. Right now you want to kill him. Listen to me: never...talk to him again. Clear?

(John nods)

'Cause you got me workin' for you now. And I'm on it...

John, envisioning his career go up in flames in front of his eyes, looks up to the six foot four Walter and takes solace in his protection. He nods.

CUT TO:

91

INT. COURTROOM - SZABO - MORNING SESSION

on the stand during the Prelim.

SZABO

...because...I wasn't wearing my X-ray goggles that day.

ADA

Don't get sarcastic.

SZABO

Sir, I'm sorry, but the event was very...traumatic...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

SZABO (cont'd)

The rest of my life will be haunted
by...this tragic accident...not knowing a
harmless old woman was behind that
door...

REAR DOOR: PATRICK COX

listens to his pupil from the back. He doesn't want to be near
the defense table.

SAME - LATER

SZABO

We fire two shots automatically as a
conditioned reflex from our training.

BRENNER

Are you remorseful, Officer Szabo?

SZABO

Of course. But...that's not worth much,
'cause no amount of my remorse is going
to bring her back to life...

Patrick rolls his eyes.

92 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - PATRICK COX

washing his hands. As the water runs he looks up in the mirror
and catches sight of his own eyes. He looks at himself. He's
alone. He stares into himself.

PATRICK

(low)

...all the way. All the fucking
way...what it takes...

93 INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - PATRICK

emerges from the men's room into CHAOS of shouting and fainting
black family members, supporters of Bumpers, Al Sharpton and
media recording their outrage as the bailiff cordons off the
unindicted Szabo as Pat heads to CAMERA, turning his back on all
of it.

CUT TO:

94 INT. LIMO - PATRICK - DUSK

in the back. Limo pulls to the curb in front of Bergdorf
Goodman. Pat opens the door. Barbara climbs in with packages.
She dumps the packages on the floor and slides across into his
lap and then sits next to him. Her short skirt rustles against
her slip... Patrick raises the divider.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
You smell great...

BARBARA
Samples.
(beat; up)
I smell like three laps through a pool of
Chanel Number Five...

Patrick is lost in his own thoughts for a moment.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

PATRICK
Nothing's wrong. I got the real estate
lady meeting us there at nine...

BARBARA
(holds his face)
All I care about is you...how you're
doing...

PATRICK
Nothing's wrong. Everything is right.
Are you excited?

BARBARA
I don't know. You've seen it. I haven't
seen it. What if I don't like it? Will
you be disappointed...?

PATRICK
If you don't like it, we'll get something
else. The hell with it. You liking it
is the whole point. Don't worry...

She kisses him on the cheek. They pull in front of the Waldorf,
double-parking because a line of remote news vans are at the
curb.

95

INT. PENTHOUSE - PARTY WITH MEDIA - NIGHT.

It's the PBA-NYPD settlement celebration. Everybody's loaded.
It's jammed: still photographers, news crews, print reporters.
Big TV's on carts occupy the living room area. The party's
spilled out on the balconies. Pat's intercepted by Al Rudolph.

AL
Look at this media presence... You know
what kind of Q-rating you get?
(snaps fingers)
...like that.

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED:

Pat's image is on the screen from an earlier press conference in front of the Waldorf.

PAT (O.S.)

(video)

Both sides deserve credit for 72 hours of non-stop negotiation to reach this settlement.

REPORTER (V.O.)

How would you characterize the atmosphere of the longer sessions?

PAT (O.S.)

After 72 hours? Ripe...

(laughter)

PAT

Any fallout from Szabo?

AL

(shrugs)

Sharpton's shooting off his mouth. No one I care about's listening.

(beat)

...I'm serious. I'll ask Richie. You want to come to Washington?

PAT

As what?

AL

Administrative staff manager. Who knows?

RICHIE (O.S.)

(entering)

You horsenapping my people? The answer's "no."

NEWS REPORTER #1

(enters)

The settlement's been characterized by the city commission as a mutual compromise, equitable to both sides...

RICHIE

That's very nice. Frankly, I'd characterize it as a one-sided victory for all the men and women of the NYPD. Since we got everything we wanted...

Meanwhile

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED: (2)

NEWSCREW ANCHOR PERSON #2
(to Rudolph)

Al. Polls put you way in front...

As Al feigns humility in the b.g., Pat moves on...

WALTER

in a corner with Brenner, laughing at some joke.

PAT (O.S.)
Dad, where's Barbara?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hey, Pat! Give us a shot. Pat...!

PAT + WALTER

put their arms around each other. Brenner moves aside. The photographer's joined by others. Strokes flash: Patrick and Walter Cox. Father and son on top of the world. On a strobe FLASH...

WALTER
(whispers to Pat)
I tell you or did I tell you?

Pat throws his arm across his father's shoulders and yanks him off center towards him. Walter laughs as strokes FLASH and...

NEWS REPORTER #3
(lights ignite)
Officer Szabo was acquitted today. I'd like to know...

PAT
(interrupts)
What I wanna know is where, Alan, did you get that tie...?

NEWS REPORTER #3
(looks down)
What's wrong with my tie?

PAT
I'm getting blinded to death, here, by it. Jesus. Who'd you mug for that?

Amidst laughter, Pat's deflecting the Szabo issue and walks off while video pans to Walter...

BARTENDER

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

looks up. It's a quiet part of the room.

BARTENDER
What'll it be Mr. Cox?

PAT
Vodka tonic. Two...

As the bartender is making the drinks, Pat looks to the left of the bar because he feels somebody staring at him. It's...

GARY MELIUS

He clocks Pat. The expression on his face is a mixture of mild amusement and malevolence.

PAT
doesn't give an inch.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Mr. Cox...?

Pat turns to the bartender and accepts the drinks, glances once more at Melius and walks away.

96 EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - BARBARA

PAT (O.S.)
(disco cool)
Hey good lookin'...

Pat noses the back of her neck. Barbara smiles...

BARBARA
So?

PAT
So, I am golden, glowin' and scorin' like
a champ. And if you play your cards
right tonight, I can be had...

Barbara links her arm into Pat's and pulls him close by her side as they look over the ledge to the night lights of city below.

BARBARA
Will you get me a view like this someday?

PAT
I'm gonna get you everything, including
majorly pregnant.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

BARBARA
Real estate lady...?

PAT
...told her we're gonna be a half hour
late. You ready?

Barbara nods.

CUT TO:

97 INT. APARTMENT - WIDE - NIGHT

It's empty. Vacant. No furniture. It overlooks the East River. We hear a key in the lock and Pat and Barbara enter followed by an accessoried-out REAL ESTATE WOMAN. John Doyle and his girlfriend, Sylvia, are with them.

REAL ESTATE WOMAN
What I love about this particular unit...

PAT
I know the terms. We'll take our time
and look around and hang out here for a
while, so why don't you take the key and
we'll lock up when we leave...

REAL ESTATE WOMAN
(shrugs)
Sure.

She exits. Pat and Barbara walk through the space separately, looking it over. Pat disappears into the bathroom. Toilet flushes. He comes out. Shrugs.

BARBARA
That's the criteria? The plumbing works?

PAT
Yeah...

Barbara and Sylvia cross into the bedroom, leaving John and Pat alone to resume a conversation begun earlier.

PAT
You sure?

DOYLE
(nods)
Walter said now. We gotta stop it right
now.

(CONTINUED

97

CONTINUED:

PAT

How much the guy want?

DOYLE

\$20,000 makes it go away.

PAT

You got it? Need a loan?

DOYLE

I can scrape it together.

Just then the girls re-enter and Doyle and Pat break off.

BARBARA

Come here...

Pat joins her. They hold hands and cross through the sliding door out onto the balcony where they look at the East River. Barbara looks over the balcony railing as Pat rests against it and looks at the interior. They stand shoulder to shoulder.

BARBARA

(low)

You really want to do this? Move in together?

PAT

I really wanna do this.

JOHN (O.S.)

We're taking off...

SYLVIA (O.S.)

See ya... It's great. Get it.

PAT

Bye.

They leave.

BARBARA

It's kind of a...a step for me, you know?

PAT

It is for me, too, but I know where it's all going. I'm clearing two hundred a year...plus stuff on the side... I pass the Bar, Richie's promised me a partnership. So I know how fast I'm climbing and where to and why...

Barbara takes Pat's hand.

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED: (2)

BARBARA
(softly)
Why...?

PAT
(embracing her)
... 'cause fortune's smiling upon
us...right now...like the moonlight...

BARBARA
That's...a mercury vapor lamp.

PAT
(laughs)
Whatever. What do you say we break in
this place...?

BARBARA
(pulling his face down to hers)
I think that's a great idea...

Pat's hands drop to the back of her thighs and pull up her skirt while she hungrily anneals her body to his and he undoes the back of her blouse, running his hands up along the sides of her breasts as her hand goes between his legs and they start to make love on the balcony overlooking the city.

CUT TO:

98

INT. COURTROOM - WITNESS STAND - DAY

On the stand is a Puerto Rican man of 32, FUENTES. At the defense table is J.J. Perez.

JOHN DOYLE (O.S.)
...what did you see Officer J.J. Perez
do after he shot 17-year-old Reuben
Wright six times?

PUERTO RICAN KID
He kind of looked around to see what was
going on...

DOYLE
Did he see you?

FUENTES
No.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Objection. Supposition. Mr. Fuentes
can't know what Perez saw or didn't
see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE

Sustained.

DOYLE

Describe what you saw next, Mr. Fuentes.

FUENTES

He reach into his pocket of this, like,
blue shell jacket and take out this small
.38, and he drop it into that kid's
hand...

DOYLE

Then what happened?

Doyle feels a touch on his sleeve. He turns over his shoulder.
Walter Cox is there.

WALTER

(whispers)

We gotta talk...

FUENTES

Then he kinda back up and step away
looking right and left all the time,
making sure nobody see him and goes back
to his car and gets on his radio...

DOYLE

Your honor, is this a good time to
recess?

JUDGE

Let's take twenty minutes. Mr. Fuentes,
you can stand down.

INT. CITY CORRIDOR - WALTER

checks they're out of earshot of everybody. Distant footsteps
from distant people heading out for a smoke reverberate off the
stone walls.

DOYLE

Walter, what is it? Is it okay?

WALTER

Here's what's gotta happen...

DOYLE

What? They need more money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

No. Your \$20,000's fine. They don't need more money. Your case is a done deal. You're off the hook. We've got a different problem. Here's the problem.

(beat)

Perez is a good kid. He has a bad marital situation. He's had some neurological damage. He's kind of a wounded combat veteran of street life...

DOYLE

Perez? What's Perez got to do with the price of tea in China?

WALTER

We've gotta do some good, here, and get him a break...

DOYLE

Perez? Perez is going down!

WALTER

No. We gotta get the kid a break.

JOHN

Forget it.

WALTER

John, I said: I need your help. I helped you. Now you gotta come across for me on this.

JOHN

Walter, I can't do that. Are you nuts?

WALTER

Wait a minute. Are you tellin' me you're not gonna come across for me on this? We have a transactional relationship, here. Don't force me to do what I don't wanna do; but I can't have, you know, one hand wash the one and the other one isn't willing to do any washin'. I mean, don't force me into something I'm gonna regret and feel terrible about after...

DOYLE

What are you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER

You are making me...coerce you...into
doing the right thing. I don't want to
have to do that, John...

DOYLE

There's no fuckin' way...!

WALTER

I want you to see something.

Walter rests his briefcase on the window ledge and opens it.
Inside is a small portable VCR and a 3" by 3" monitor. Walter
pushes the start button. MOVE IN on the monitor...

DOYLE

watches. The blood drains out of his face.

MONITOR:

it is Doyle entering the passenger seat of a car and handing a
brown envelope to the driver. The driver is Frank Ravino.
Ravino opens the envelope in full view on the dash and takes out
money. Doyle is nervous and sweeps the money off the dash into
Ravino's lap. Ravino looks at him, coldly, and continues
counting.

WALTER (O.S.)

Now I didn't make this video. That
detective did in case there was some kind
of IAD sting. He sent me a copy...

We know the detective is not a detective. It's Walter's
"associate", Frank Ravino. It's all a scam to extort Doyle.

100 INT. COURTROOM - WIDE

As the judge takes his seat at the bench and the court is called
to order. John's out of it. Shell-shocked, he slowly turns his
head to the judge. He stands.

DOYLE

Your honor, may both sides approach the
bench?

JUDGE PATAK

Sure.

CLOSE SHOT: DOYLE WITH HIS ASSISTANT DA AND THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY
approach the judge. It's close and quiet.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

DOYLE

New evidence has come to light, your Honor. I am forced to concede on behalf of the state of New York that from our witness' vantage point, there's no way he could have seen whether or not the gun came out of Officer J.J. Perez's pocket, or if Perez picked the gun up off the street, as he says he did, merely...

ASSISTANT DA

(berserk; interjects)

What the fuck are you talking about?!!

DOYLE

(dazed; rambling on)

...to examine whether or not it was loaded and then put it back. So the state concedes...

CUT TO:

101 INT. IAD OFFICE - ONORATO - DAY

behind his desk. All the furniture is slightly too large, as if pedestals for Onorato.

ONORATO

(shouts)

I don't know what he did...I don't know what he did to that shit, Doyle, who I cannot find, and when I do, I will crucify; but your cocksucker Walter has had it...!

Include Richie, Sam Lozano and Joe Onorato's Assistant.

SAM

(shouts back)

I gotta hear his side, Joe!

ONORATO

Fuck his side! Walter Cox somehow got Doyle to throw away the state's case!

(beat)

IAD's busting Perez anyway. You don't like it? Fight it! Then comes Walter Cox...

RICHIE

Do not fuck with anyone in my office!

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

ONORATO

Fuck you! I warned you. Did you listen?
Did you rein him in? You did not!

SAM

(standing)

Hey, screw you and your threats and the
horse they rode in on!

ONORATO

Get out.

Richie and Sam were already leaving.

Onorato behind his desk is suddenly calm.

ONORATO

Who do we like in the Special
Prosecutor's office?

ADA GOLDMAN

Fischetti.

ONORATO

Get him on the phone. We're goin' after
both of 'em...

CUT TO:

102 INT. HARTMAN LAW OFFICE - PAT - DAY

running through the desks. He slams a chair out of the way,
heading for Walter's corner office in the back. He rips open
Walter's door.

103 INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - MITCH

MITCH

What?

PAT

Get the fuck out!

Mitch exits, closing the door behind him.

WALTER

I know you're angry! You can get it all
off your chest on the way to Florida...

PAT

Florida? What Florida?!

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

WALTER
I found out where they stashed him.

PAT
Who?!

WALTER
Fuentes. The witness.

PAT
Are you nuts?!
(beat)
How the hell could you do this?!

WALTER
My people don't go down! My people get
protected.

PAT
Your "people"? J.J. Perez? How about my
future brother-in-law? A friend. You
fucked him! You ruined his goddamn
career! You fucked me!

WALTER
(shouts)
They were victimizing and crucifying
Perez, they...

PAT
Perez is a fucking junkie! His wife beat
his head in with a baseball bat 'cause
he's abusive. He's an ant! How could
you do this to us for that?

WALTER
No coked-up Assistant D.A. is gonna stop
me! I take 'em all the way! I ring the
gong, here!

PAT
Regardless...

WALTER
You're damn right, regardless! Whatever
it takes. Who the hell are you to
lecture me with this virtue bullshit?
You're alright. You're not hurt...

Pat's dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

PAT

Full page spread! Page 5! Walter Cox's life vindicated. The Big Man. The Great Guy. The Savior.

WALTER

Don't get melodramatic.

PAT

You'd fuck your family in a heartbeat. Right? You tell yourself: "They'll understand? Marie will love me anyway. I'll make it up later." You were never there. You aren't now. You never will be.

WALTER

I said...

PAT

Shut up! You breached every promise. Every lie I told myself. "He's ignoring me now, but underneath..." Yeah? Bullshit. What you see is all you get. I got nothing to say to you. Stay the fuck out of my life. Stay...out of...my life.

Pat walks out, leaving the door open.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - CRANE SHOT: A DRUNK - NIGHT

weaves down the walkway, climbs a railing and starts - hand over hand - using the slots in the girders as footholds and handholds - climbing onto the superstructure of the bridge.

CRANE UP, CLOSER.

We realize the man is John Doyle.

CRANE UP PAST THE DIAGONAL GIRDERS

A wind HOWLS. John Doyle has now climbed to the very top.

STEADY CAM AROUND JOHN DOYLE

as he stands on top of a stanchion on the bridge over the Hudson River 700 feet below. Beyond John is all the glory of the city. Manhattan at night. Headlights and taillights of traffic below.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

The millions of points of light from the windows of the tallest buildings in the world. Three-dimensional ...all reflected on shiny black water.

CLOSER: JOHN DOYLE

looking at the city he was going to climb within to carve out his place. There's no sadness on his face. There's exhilaration. The wind whips his jacket, shirt and hair. He spreads his arm wide, as if he could fly. We think he's going to jump. He doesn't. He takes a .380 semi-automatic out of his rear pocket. And blows his brains out.

CUT TO:

105 INT. PAT + BARBARA'S APARTMENT, BALCONY - BARBARA - NIGHT

on the balcony. In the distance is the bridge. We hear the sound of key opening a lock. A door opens. Distant...

PAT (O.S.)

...Barbara...

The sliding door opens. Pat's there.

REVERSE: PAT

sees Barbara. Behind Pat we see they've started to move in stuff. Boxes. Most of the space is still empty.

PAT

Barbara...

He goes to touch her arms. She recoils.

PAT

What can I do? I'll do whatever I can to make it up to him.

Barbara turns to look at him... She turns back to the city.

BARBARA

I can't, Patrick...

PAT

Can't what?

Barbara turns. She's crying. She starts to walk out.

BARBARA

(over her shoulder)

I'll get somebody to pick up my stuff...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

PAT
Where you goin'?
(beat)
We'll straighten it out. We'll get him a
job. It's not the end of the world. My
old man's an asshole. I will dedicate my
life to making it up to John...

Barbara turns to Pat.

BARBARA
You didn't hear...?

PAT
What?

BARBARA
Don't come to the funeral...

Patrick's stunned.

BARBARA
I look at you...I see Walter...I can't
help it, Patrick.

Patrick's left alone in the empty, half-filled apartment against
the night lights of New York City.

CUT TO:

106 INT. HARTMAN OFFICE - WIDE - DAY

RICHIE
"Florida"?

SAM
Leave it alone, Walter.

WALTER
Onorato does not scare me. He will not
tell me what we can and can't achieve,
here.

RICHIE
Walter, it's a bad idea.

WALTER
I am on the edge of revealing a major IAD
criminal conspiracy...opening it up wide.

RICHIE
You should take a break. Full pay. Give
it a rest.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

WALTER
 "Rest"? This is Watergate!

RICHIE
 Walter, it ain't Watergate!

WALTER
 It's my Watergate! And no one's gonna
 slow me down. Not when I'm on a roll!

RICHIE
 Walter, get it under control!

WALTER
 (heavy + low)
 And it would be a bad idea...if someone
 tried to sideline or sidetrack me, here,
 right now.

Sam has absolutely no reaction. A threshold just got crossed.
 Sam's too cool to react. Walter cruises out of the office. Sam
 - heavier and deadlier than we've seen him - turns to stare at
 Richie.

Richie consults the blank wall to his left. Then...their eyes
 connect.

CUT TO:

107 INT. CUBAN NIGHTCLUB - WIDE - DAY (MIAMI)

CRANE DOWN to reveal a table. It's the only one occupied except
 for two others in the back. There's a stage that's empty. The
 place cranks at night. It's decorated in Miami-Cubano kitsch
 with too many mirrors. Two men. One is Walter Cox...the other
 is Fuentes, John Doyle's witness in the case against J.J.
 Perez.

WALTER
 I told you what these people are...

FUENTES
 They're slick.

WALTER
 I told you the tactics they use.

FUENTES
 They're slick.

WALTER
 How would you like to be a cop...under
 these bastards...

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

FUENTES

I like construction work.

WALTER

...once we make this arrangement, it is a bond between us, and then we stand up...each of us...and do what we gotta do. You understand? Each of us has to do what we have to do...after we make this bond.

FUENTES

Yeah man. I get it. And this is really gonna help. 'Cause they wanted me outta New York so they got me stashed in this little shithole out near the airport with this fucking carpet that's like this polyester shit...it's like they bought used polyester...polyester wasn't made to, like, be used and re-sold, like you buy a used car. Nobody buys used polyester. This fucking place is used polyester. It's got this cleaning fluid stink... So where is it? Wait a minute...

He's twisting in the seat.

FUENTES

I gotta take a whiz. I be right back.

As he gets up to walk away Walter is clocking him, confident in his skill as the consummate manipulator. He waves over a waitress for two more rum and cokes as...

CUT TO:

108 INT. MEN'S ROOM - FUENTES

finishes urinating. He crosses to the ornate mirror to wash his hands. He undoes his shirt and adjusts the wire he's wearing which emerges just above the waistband of his pants. The small recorder is in his crotch. It's very uncomfortable but undetectable. He pulls himself back together. His shirt is unbuttoned with cheap, paper-thin gold medallions. The bare chest would give somebody fearing being taped a lot of false security...

109 INT. CLUB - WALTER

reacts as Fuentes sits.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

WALTER

Once committed, once bonded...that's
it...you're gonna stand up and you're
gonna recant... Right?

Fuentes mulls this over a minute. He nods his head after a long
thought, looking right in Walter's eye.

FUENTES

Walter, is it okay if I call you
Walter?...I think I'm ready for this.
Okay.

WALTER

Okay.

Out of his briefcase Walter slips an envelope of money.

WALTER

(low)
Go ahead and count it. There's fifteen
thousand in there.

FUENTES

I don't need to count it...

Walter and Fuentes shake hands.

CUT TO:

110 INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - WIDE PAST THE REAR OF
WALTER COX' HEAD - DAY.

walking down the main concourse. He stops and pays two bucks
for a Café Cubano. He moves on. We are WIDE. Every place
Walter moves we expect at any moment a hand to come out of the
shadows...figures to surprise him. We're expecting something to
happen to Walter Cox. He walks on towards security, and we let
him go, departing the miasma and humidity of Miami...
Casablanca...and as he disappears...

CUT TO:

111 INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - LONG LENS: NOSE CONE - NIGHT

enters shot. We're shooting through a window. DOLLY RIGHT to
the security door to the umbilical. Hand of an attendant opens
door. Blurred out of focus faces slide by from right to
left...fragments.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

Eyes, mouths, women, black, white, all inanimate in their de-constituted, non-resolved fractals until we SHARPEN on the side of the face and eyes of Walter Cox...coming at us...

FLASH CUT TO:

112 EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT, PARKING LOT - WIDE: BEHIND WALTER COX'S HEAD - DAY

passing through immaculately ordered parking slots. Each slot with its car in it. At the end of the Palladian symmetry of the corridor through the chevrons of slots through which Walter walks...is Walter's Lincoln. As he's approaching, from both sides come four men in suits. Eight men. All are walking towards Walter. Walter turns behind him to look INTO CAMERA...

WALTER'S POV: AN UNMARKED CAR

is rolling up the rear. No exit.

WIDE OVERHEAD

The eight men have formed a semi-circle around Walter, who stands there like a frozen commuter with his briefcase in hand. The unmarked car behind him has stopped three feet from his back. Both doors open. Two more plain clothes detectives get out.

FISCHETTI

Mr. Cox, I'm Special Prosecutor Fischetti. This is ADA Goldberg from District Attorney Morgenthau's office. We'd like you to come voluntarily, or there's a piece of paper in my pocket with your name on it.

WALTER

What does that mean?

FISCHETTI

If you don't come, you'll be arrested.

WALTER

I'll drive over there...

FISCHETTI

I don't think so. We'll drive your car over for you. But you ride with us.

WALTER

No. I'll leave my car here. And I am not authorizing you to open or search it.

CUT TO:

113 INT. LIBERTY ST. DA'S OFFICE - SPECIAL PROSECUTOR
FISCHETTI, ONORATO + AN ASSISTANT - DAY.

These men sit still as if they are posing for a group photo.
Door OPENS.

REVERSE: WALTER COX

is led into room and seated at the desk in front of Onorato.

ONORATO
(uncharacteristically even-
tempered)
Hello Walter.

FISCHETTI
Mr. Cox. You will be indicted for
bribing a witness. Is there anyone you
want to tell us about?

No answer from Walter.

ONORATO
Walter, you become a cooperative, you
walk. Here's what we want. We want you
to testify about Richie Hartman and Sam
Lozano. About their complicity in
bribing and extorting witnesses and
confidential informants on behalf of the
PBA. All about Richie Hartman's money
laundering activities. Is Sam Lozano
involved? All that.

WALTER
(pause)
Go fuck yourself.

The normally volatile Onorato is uncharacteristically reserved.
He stares at Walter.

ONORATO
Thank you Mr. Cox...

Onorato nods. Walter's led away.

114 INT. POLICE PLAZA, CENTRAL BOOKING HOLDING ROOM - WALTER
COX

in a room with a chair, a table and sickening yellow walls. On
his prisoner's property form he's handwriting notes.

CLOSE: WALTER'S HAND WRITING...

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

WALTER (V.O.)

I was not told I was under arrest. No rights.

(beat)

DA spoke to me for fifteen minutes. Offered deal. Become informer for them. Targets would be Hartman and Lozano and "anyone else I wanted." If no deal then I would go down. Refused deal. Brought to Central Booking. Still there...11PM. Printed three times. No rights. No rights.

ADA GOLDBERG

sitting with Walter. They're waiting. Goldberg has his eye on Walter the whole time. Nothing happens.

115 INT. TOMBS, VISITATION ROOM - GLASS - ANOTHER DAY

The thick green glass has been etched by diamond rings. This glass is like a slice of green sea. Lighting refracts brilliantly but impersonally through it. A door OPENS and CLOSES. In prison greens we see part of the face of Walter Cox sit on the bench. Another door SOUNDS, admitting people...

OVER WALTER: PATRICK COX, HIS MOTHER + STUART MARGOLIN.

MARGOLIN is Walter's attorney.

MARGOLIN

They're charging you with criminal conspiracy. Bribing a witness...Fuentes was wearing a wire...

WALTER

No kidding.

(to Patrick)

Why are you here?

PATRICK

Because Mom begged me...

MARIE COX

Patrick. Be quiet...just help him...

PAT

You had to go to Florida...

MARIE

Patrick!

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

PAT

How you gonna handle it? You should be conciliatory, cop a plea.

WALTER

Why? They're the guilty ones. Doesn't matter anyway. It's a done deal.

PAT

How's that?

WALTER

Ravino's got boarding passes with your name on it. We're gonna say you were with me, sitting at a nearby table and overheard it. We're gonna say they doctored the tape. I was approached by Fuentes. He solicited me to bribe him. I was playing along to see if he was being paid by IAD to entrap me. I refused to bribe him and they edited that out of the tape. You'll testify to my prior intent and hearing my refusal.

PATRICK

(long pause)

Remember John Doyle?

WALTER

Forget John.

PATRICK

You destroyed him. His sister, the woman I wanted to marry? That's gone. And now you want me to throw my life away by perjuring myself in this goofy scheme of yours which cannot possibly work?

(pause)

I'm listening to you for her...

(his mother)

...but I am not, I am not goin' down with you.

(pause)

I am not doin' this. You are on your own, here.

Patrick rises. Walter's frozen. Patrick turns to his mother.

PATRICK

I'm sorry...

Marie winds up and slaps Patrick across the face. Patrick looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Father's are not supposed to eat their young...

Patrick walks out.

MOVE IN ON WALTER COX

and see the affect of total abandonment. After the glitch plays across Walter's expression, his face recomposes: total stone.

CUT TO:

116 INT. PROBATION HEARING - PROBATION BOARD - DAY

A 55-year old female PROBATION OFFICER looks through Walter's files. An anorexic man with a slight palsy is on her right. An overweight civil servant is on her left. She looks up at...

WALTER COX

at the table. Stuart Margolin is present. Marie is in the background. Other cases wait behind him.

PROBATION OFFICER

Mr. Cox, is there trauma, a medical or psychological condition that the Probation Board ought to take into account in our recommendation to the judge prior to your sentencing...?

MARGOLIN

Mr. Cox was in the Marine Corps in World War II. At Guadalcanal. He is a war hero, a wounded combat veteran...and in recognition of that and a persistent heart condition...

WALTER

(interrupts)

Actually, I have a question of my own.

PROBATION OFFICER

Yes, Mr. Cox...what is it?

WALTER

I wanna know if it's true that you urinate standing up.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

Deathly silence. The woman stares at him. The woman writes into her report. Margolin deflates. Marie gets up and walks out of the room...

CUT TO:

117 INT. CRIMINAL COURTS, CORRIDOR - STUART MARGOLIN WITH
SPECIAL PROSECUTOR FISCHETTI - DAY

are huddled in the hallway. Crowds walk by. They talk in undertones.

MARGOLIN

What is this? Why are you asking for that? You can't ask for that...

FISCHETTI

Hey, the judge sentences him. I don't.

MARGOLIN

Oliver Wendell Holmes up there would give him anything you told him to from nine days to ninety-nine years. This guy can't do hard time. For Chrissake, he's an old man. Are you nuts? What the fuck is going on here?

FISCHETTI

Stuart. You're a good guy. Even Patrick's a good guy. The father's a complete asshole. After a few months, he'll soften up. Maybe, then, he'll play ball. Understand what I'm saying? Onorato's looking for him to play ball. The D.A.'s looking for him to play ball. Walter told all of 'em to go fuck themselves. He gets a taste of his bit? When he's looking up at the rest of his time, maybe he'll start seeing the light of day. You wanted to know what it's about? That's what it's about.

Fischetti walks away.

118 INT. COURTROOM - JUDGE - DAY

JUDGE

Mr. Cox, I'm going to give you an opportunity to express any thoughts you want me to take into consideration before passing sentence...do you have anything to say?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

WALTER COX

sits. Erect. Still as a stone.

JUDGE

I take your silence as no response.

(beat)

This court sentences Walter Cox to seven years imprisonment in Riker's Island Penitentiary with a parole review in not less than five years.

A gavel slams.

WALTER COX

consigned... Marie is not present. He is alone.

CUT TO:

119

INT. LIBERTY ST. DA'S OFFICE - WIDE: FISCHETTI, ASSISTANT DA GOLDBERG + COURT REPORTER JANICE.

Except Janice, all stand behind the DA's desk as the door opens.

FISCHETTI

(smiles)

Hey, Patrick, come on in...

REVERSE: PATRICK COX IN A BASILE SUIT,

looking like the big city player he's becoming, sits next to JANICE. Time's passed. Patrick looks different.

FISCHETTI

Do you mind if Janice, here, takes notes of our conversation...?

PATRICK

Fine by me.

All the men sit.

FISCHETTI

How's your father doing?

PATRICK

I have no idea.

FISCHETTI

I understand you passed the bar.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

PATRICK
That's right.

FISCHETTI
Have you spoken to him in the last three months?

PATRICK
No.
(beat)
I have an appointment, so if we can get to whatever you wanted to see me about...

FISCHETTI
If there was a willingness on your part to cooperate, any cooperation would go towards a consideration of re-empanelling the Probation Review Board and revisiting the sentence imposed upon your father...

PAT
That means you approached him and he turned you down.

FISCHETTI
But I assume that's something you're interested in...
(no answer from Pat)
In your position in Mr. Hartman's law firm you have knowledge of its financial operations?

PATRICK
(to Janice)
What are you wearing...?

JANICE
(looks up)
Huh...?

Patrick gives her a blinding smile.

PATRICK
That perfume...what perfume is that...?

Janice brushes the hair back from her face. She can't help but respond. She kind of shrugs and...

JANICE
It's a Chanel fragrance...

(CONTINUED)

FISCHETTI

Can we get back on track here... We're interested in financial transactions between Mr. Hartman and a Mr. Lee Kwan. And between Mr. Hartman and a Mr. Gary Melius...we're interested in cash and real estate transactions that may evidence money laundering activities and/or influence peddling...that's what the Special Prosecutor's office is focusing upon... Are you aware of any such transactions?

Patrick turns to Janice...

PATRICK

I don't see a ring on your finger ...you busy tonight...?

JANICE

Actually...I don't have any plans...

FISCHETTI

(explodes)

Janice! Shut up!

(to Patrick)

Who the fuck do you think you are, turning this into a goddamn carnival?! This is the office of the Special Prosecutor for Official Corruption for the State of New York. Cut the fucking charade.

Janice transcribed all the above.

FISCHETTI

(to Janice)

Don't write that!

(to Patrick)

You have any idea what weight is coming down?

Pat stands.

PATRICK

I don't think we have anything else to talk about.

CUT TO:

120 INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO - WIDE: PAT + RICHIE - NIGHT

at a craps table. Richie looks at Pat. This table is cold. Richie gestures. They collect their chips and cruise the casino. Two Chinese girls, who are giggling and talking Cantonese, tag along...

PATRICK

Come here, baby.

One girl folds under Patrick's arm. They wander.

RICHIE

(at new table)

...right here, here we go.

Richie gives the Chinese girls chips and indicates they should go entertain themselves. As they laugh and run towards the slots...

PAT

(resuming from earlier)

...Fischetti's hard-on for you, which is not of the "I-love-you" kind, is unabated. And he still thinks he's got leverage with me because of Walter.

(beat)

The point is I don't want to make a wrong move anywhere and draw down more heat on you.

RICHIE

Pat. First, quit worrying about taking care of me. I'm great at taking care of me. Second, I one time told you you're like a bright light that entered a dark room?

(beat; drinks)

Nothing's changed.

Pat stares at Richie. It's from Richie that he receives the unconditional support a son would normally receive from a father. Richie knows what Pat's feeling.

STICK MAN (O.S.)

New shooter coming out...

RICHIE

(excited)

Here comes a roll. Watch this!

Richie puts \$5,000 on the "pass" line. Pat puts down \$500.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

STICK MAN
What's up, Mr. H!

SHOOTER

is an old man with two tubes inserted in his nose coming from twin oxygen tanks on the back of his wheelchair. A Scotch on the rocks and a pack of unfiltered Camels are in front of him. Feebly, he throws the dice.

DICE

roll across a table and come up seven.

PAT + RICHIE
Yes!!!

CUT TO:

121 INT. ATLANTIC CITY TWO BEDROOM SUITE, BALCONY - PATRICK -
NIGHT

A towel is wrapped around his waist. He's looking out at the ocean. He glances over his shoulder...

PAT'S POV: SUITE INTERIOR AND CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR

moans and groans and laughter from Richie and his girl. The bathroom door opens and the second Chinese girl enters the balcony with Patrick. She snuggles under his arm. She's wearing only panties.

CHINESE GIRL
You...like me...?

PATRICK
Huh?

CHINESE GIRL
You like me...? ...I fine? You like...?

Patrick puts his arm around her and looks down into her face as if she was the true love of his life:

PATRICK
Baby...you and I are the center of the universe. And there's no one but us in it...

CUT TO:

122 INT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - DIRE STRAITS CONCERT - NIGHT

MASSIVE AUDIENCE. In the center three rows back from the stage is Richie and an Asian girl and Pat with his date, a tall black model. The music roars over them.

MARK KNOPFLER

You get a shiver in the dark
It's raining in the park, but meantime...
South of the river you stop and you hold
everything.
A band is blowing Dixie, double four
time...
You feel alright when you hear that music
ring.
We are the Sultans, we are the Sultans of
swing...

123 INT. BACKSTAGE, DRESSING ROOM - PAT, RICHIE + THE TWO
GIRLS

move through the crowd. A Security Man guides them through people to the dressing room door, moving other hangers-on out of the way.

While they're waiting Pat motions Richie to an opposite wall.

PAT

I'll back up the reservation half an
hour.

RICHIE

Okay. I saw Gary today.

PAT

Yeah?

RICHIE

I swear. I think he and Sam are going
through a gender identity crisis. Once a
month they both go on the rag. "Is
Walter cool? Did Walter know this? Did
he know that...?"

PAT

The one thing he is not...

RICHIE

I know. He's a stand-up guy. What do
you hear from him?

PAT

I don't. He calls. I don't talk to him.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

RICHIE

You know...

PATRICK

(cuts in)

Remember with Eleanor Bumpers? He told me, it's bothering you? After awhile you'll forget about it. Second time? Third time? A thing like that won't bother you at all. Well, that's where I am with him, Richie. He's not part of my life.

The door opens and the PA beckons Richie, Pat and the girls into a dressing room. Richie pauses for a second. He looks around.

RICHIE

I understand, but hear me. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea...to find out how he's holding up is all...

Pat looks at Richie as Richie and the two girls enter the dressing room.

CUT TO:

124 INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - PAT - DAY

on the cellular phone. His secretary, FRANCINE, is next to him.

PAT

(into phone)

...what are your visiting times?

(beat)

Walter Cox. Number 437 526.

(beat)

When?

(beat)

Why did they transfer him?

(ends call; to Francine)

When did my father get transferred to Bellevue?

FRANCINE

A week ago. He was sick...

PATRICK

Why didn't you tell me?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

FRANCINE

You told me you don't want to hear about
it when he calls. You told me you don't
even want messages...

CUT TO:

125 INT. BELLEVUE - PATRICK - DAY

walking down the corridor in a new pale grey suit. Grey,
institutional. Barred windows. He approaches a security door.

126 INT. SECURED ANTEROOM - DOOR

opens. Patrick enters. There's a UNIFORMED GUARD.

UNIFORMED GUARD

Name?

PATRICK

Patrick Cox.

127 INT. BELLEVUE WARD - STEADY CAM: BEHIND PATRICK'S HEAD

walking down the aisle past beds where men are chained by their
feet. Some bodies are cocooned in sheets. Others are twisted
in states of drug withdrawal. Delirium. A short black man is
ranting about cockroaches, scratching lacerations onto himself.
It distracts Patrick. He keeps walking. Farther down to his
right he and we SEE a long and emaciated, ashen figure on a bed.
It is Walter Cox.

PATRICK

is shocked. Still walking...he reassembles his composure.
Patrick sits next to the bed in a chair and looks at the pale
reduction of what once was his father.

PAT

(low)

Dad...

WALTER COX

blinks and slowly turns to see him.

WALTER

Pat...

(labored breath)

PAT

What happened? Why you in here?

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

WALTER

...I wanted you to know...

PAT

What happened?

WALTER

(shrugs)

...heart...myocardial throm... Wrong medication...

PAT

What medication?

WALTER

Listen...

PAT

I'm listening.

WALTER

I called... 'cause I wanted you to know these things... things I have to tell you...

He pauses, tries to organize his thoughts.

WALTER (CONT'D)

...I haven't been a father...

(beat)

...stepped off an LST... a mortar round
...shrapnel. I fall down... big war
hero... I am only...

PATRICK

Dad. What medication?

WALTER

(running on)

I am only... a reflection of myself... I
lived only in the eyes of others...

(beat)

For what? They see?

PAT

I don't know.

WALTER

I'm a joke... a fucking joke. That's what
it was for?

(beat; breath)

A big shot?

(beat; breath)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER (cont'd)

And I made you hate me.

(beat)

Your mother lives in a cloud. I put her there. The Depression. The war. A lousy husband...put her there. I did not take care of my family.

(pause; catches breath)

The worst is I broke your heart... 'cause I didn't...back you. I didn't do for you. I used you.

(catches breath)

...the time I wasted...

PATRICK

Why you tellin' me this?

WALTER

'Cause I am never gettin' out of here alive.

PATRICK

Yes, you are getting out.

WALTER

(interrupts)

...this one life is over.

(beat)

And I understand, clearly, and I want you to know, Patrick. It's very important. Maybe you forgive me later...maybe not. Whatever. Do not blame yourself. What happened to me...none of it was your fault. It is mine. For all that's happened, here...that's why I called...I wanted you to know, whatever happens...it's not on you.

At this moment they are father and son, truly, as they may never have been before. Patrick holds his dad. He embraces his father.

PATRICK

(softly)

I'll get you out of here...I'll get you out of here...

His father's hands are light on Patrick's back.

CUT TO:

128

INT. RICHIE HARTMAN'S APARTMENT - PATRICK - NIGHT

following Richie into the kitchen. Sam Lozano is there, too.

(CONTINUED)

128

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

(agitated)

...they're calling it congestive heart failure. He's on medication. He isn't making it. He's falling apart. And he's different...

RICHIE

How?

PATRICK

He sees his whole life in front of him...

(following into kitchen)

Who do we have in Corrections? How do I get him into Sloane Kettering? If Corrections doesn't come across, I need an Appellate Judge?

And a sea change comes over Richie. No response. Richie turns and looks at Pat.

RICHIE

Pat. There's nothing that can be done, here.

PATRICK

What...?

RICHIE

He's gonna have to do his time...

PAT

What are you talking about?

SAM

No one can do anything for him.

PAT

(to Richie)

You're the man. The Miracle Man. You can do any fucking thing in this state! Let's get on it.

RICHIE

Take some time off. Clear your head. Give it a rest.

PAT

Why are you stiffing me? You can't stiff me like this, Richie!

SAM

Patrick, take some time off.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

PAT
 What the fuck is this?! After all this?
 After all I've done for you? After what
 he did for you, Sam?

RICHIE
 Patrick.
 (pause)
 I think this meeting is over.

Mitch Wasserman and another lawyer have entered the kitchen behind Pat. Pat looks at them. Looks back at Richie.

CLOSE: RICHIE

There's nothing there. Ice cold. Impersonal as death. A large steel door closed.

PAT

walks out, knocking into Mitch on the way. A door SLAMS.
 Richie and Mitch look at each other for a long moment. The look speaks volumes. They say nothing.

CUT TO:

129 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - PATRICK - NIGHT

PAT
 When will he call me back?
 (beat)
 I left 13 goddamn messages! Tell
 ..."Senator Al"...I want him to return my
 motherfucking phone call.
 (beat)
 Please...

He SLAMS the phone into the receiver. He looks around.

PAT'S POV: BOXES

He never unpacked all the way. Barbara's possessions are long gone. Containers of old take out food litter the floor.

PAT

picks up the phone to call...call whom? He hesitates. Then he winds up and throws the phone against the wall.

CUT TO:

130 INT. RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON, CELL BLOCK - TRUSTEE - NIGHT

hands medication out from a cart. Moves to the next cell. Nothing for this guy. Moves to the next cell and hands something to.

131 INT. CELL - WALTER

takes the pills and looks at them. He's been moved back to Riker's Island from Bellevue. He looks at the pills

PAPER CUP + PILLS

emptied into the palm of Walter's hand.

WALTER

looks up.

MEDICAL ORDERLY

His face was dehumanized into a robot decades ago. He moves on.

WALTER

takes the pills.

132 INT. ADJOINING CELL - MIGUEL

is Walter's Puerto Rican next door neighbor. He's reading Spinoza. Nude women are pasted all over the walls of the cell. He hears something fall.

MIGUEL

Hey, Walter...?

No answer. Miguel uses his mirror and extends his arm beyond his bars...

MIGUEL

Walter?

(no answer)

Hey, Walter...?

DOLLY RIGHT. Discover Walter on the floor. Fluid is coming out of his mouth. He starts to convulse.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Walter!

DISSOLVE TO

SAME - MIGUEL - DAY

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

MIGUEL
 (shouting out of his cell)
 C'mon! There's a man down! Fucking do
 something!

OVER MIGUEL: TWO GUARDS

walk by Miguel and Walter's cells. They don't stop. They don't
 pause. They don't respond. An Hispanic trustee walks to his
 cell block.

MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 Hey, compa: call a medic! C'mon, man...
 Call the medic. This man is down. The
 man is sick.

Other noise in the cell block as other convicts start banging on
 their bars.

133 INT. WALTER'S CELL - WALTER

on the floor. No breathing. Then a slight breath and a hacking
 sound. Then a shallow breath. Then no breathing...

DISSOLVE TO

SAME - MIGUEL - NIGHT

Miguel is now sitting at the adjoining wall by the bars, talking
 to Walter as if Walter can hear him...

MIGUEL
 Walter, man. You been there and back.
 You hang in there, Walter...you hang in
 there. You're a tough, old guy, Walter.
 They ain't invented the hard time you
 can't handle! Ese, mano! Yeah, hang in
 there...

DOLLY

over to Walter's cell. He's dead.

CUT TO:

134 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - CASKET - DAY

It is not framed by a forest of expensive bouquets. The flowers
 here are few and inexpensive.

REVERSE: WIDE

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

Patrick Cox and his mother sit in the front row. There's some distant relatives from Baltimore. No Richie Hartman. No Sam Lozano. Nobody from the office. None of them have shown up. As Patrick turns over his shoulder...

PATRICK'S POV: HENRY GOODMAN, BROTHEL DEAN

and their families are there with their kids. There's three uniformed policemen sitting in the back. Lopez is there with his wife and two kids. They are walking forward to say something to Patrick and his mother... J.J. Perez sits in the back with the lady in the tight dress. The people who've shown up are underclass, disabled, broken; the walking wounded of the city. They're all there. As Lopez leans in to whisper something into the ear of Patrick's mother...

CUT TO:

135 EXT. GARY MELIUS ESTATE - PATRICK'S MUSTANG - DAY

drives up to the gate. Patrick pushes a button.

INTERCOM

Yes?

PATRICK

It's Patrick Cox to see Gary Melius.

INTERCOM

(after a beat)

If you'll take the first turning on the left, Mr. Melius will meet you at the driving range.

The massive gates of the Otto Khan estate open. Patrick drives the Mustang up the gravel road and disappears into the distance. The massive house is off to the right. Patrick turns left onto a side road.

136 GOLF COURSE DRIVING RANGE - IN THE DISTANCE: A DOT

becomes a golf cart heading our way.

REVERSE: PATRICK

has been waiting, leaning against the fender of the Mustang. Now, he rises and walks forward.

GOLF CART + GARY MELIUS

drive right up to him.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

GARY

Get in.

Patrick sits next to Gary in the golf cart as they slowly motor across the green lawn.

MASSIVE OVERHEAD SHOT: GOLF CART

small against the emerald green, nine hole, private golf course.

CLOSE: OVER GARY ONTO PATRICK

GARY

You know what this is?

PATRICK

What is it Gary? You're gonna tell me how much?

Gary reacts and looks at Pat, then looks away.

PATRICK (CONT.)

You gonna try and buy me off, you know, by telling me you're gonna do this or that for my mother. That what this is?
(pause)

My father didn't leave a thing. I don't know what he did with it. Maybe he gave it away. She got his \$10,000 GI policy. That's it. So the answer is, yes. She'll take it...

GARY

That's not what this is about. We're not talking about money. There's no money for you. What we're talking about, here, is this. A long time ago I thought you were into things and seeing things you should not have been seeing. I was right.

(beat)

I'm driving you all the way out here so that you can have a long walk back to your car and think about what I am going to say to you.

Melius looks at Patrick. Patrick is holding his eyes.

GARY

What this is about is: you keep your fucking mouth shut. Or the same thing that happened to your father is gonna happen to you.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

The golf cart stops. That's it. Patrick looks at Gary and gets out. Gary Melius does a slow sweeping U-turn and drives away in his golf cart.

PATRICK

stands alone on a gigantic lawn. Alone and by himself in the desert of green wealth of which neither he nor any member of his family will ever have a piece.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - MUSTANG - DAY

blasting down the freeway with the same aggressive driving style we saw Patrick evidence at the beginning of the film. Jumping Jack Flash BLASTS:

MICK JAGGER (V.O.)

I was drowned. I was washed up and left
for dead.
I fell down to my feet and I saw they
bled.
I frowned at a crumb of a crust of bread.
I was crowned with a spike right through
my head.
(instrumental)

138 INT. MUSTANG - PATRICK

double clutches, matches revs, slams it down into third. The 351 Cleveland's screaming at red line. The Mustang's shot from a gun...

LOW + WIDE: MUSTANG

rocketing past traffic like it's standing still.

CUT TO:

139 INT. WALTER COX'S BASEMENT - PATRICK - NIGHT

frozen. He sits immobile behind Walter's desk. Patrick looks around the basement office. It is a collage of the totality of Walter Cox's life. On the walls are pictures of Guadalcanal with Walter smiling with other bare-chested Marines. A purple heart. Images of his mother. Wedding pictures. Walter as a young man. Newspaper clippings. Pictures from Patrick's confirmation. More newspaper clippings of Walter as the great vindicator of the downtrodden.

PATRICK

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

opens filing cabinet drawers. They're loaded with reports, transcriptions, tapes of witnesses, junkies, informants. Mountains of the stuff. Patrick starts taking all of it out and piling it on the desk. He starts looking at some of the tapes.

PAT
(to himself)
Who the hell didn't you tape...?

SAME - PATRICK - LATER

ejecting one tape from the beaten up tape player and inserting another. It's Fuentes from Miami...

WALTER (V.O.)
...make this arrangement, then it's going to be a bond between us, and then we gotta stand up...each of us...and do what...

Patrick ejects this tape too. He inserts another tape...

140 SAME - PATRICK - MORNING

Patrick's been at it all night. The place is transformed. Patrick is going down one sheet. He flips it over. Then he comes to another list. It's got red magic marker all around it. It's a sequence of numbers. They don't mean anything to Patrick. He starts copying the numbers. Over on the top left he sees written "dime."

PATRICK
Dime. Dime Savings Bank...?

Patrick notices at the bottom of the page a reference...

PATRICK POV: "8/4/85 NUMBER 2 OF 3. SIDE B"

It's a log for a specific tape.

PATRICK

starts rummaging through tapes and comes up with the right one. He inserts it in the tape player. Patrick pushes play. The tape...

MITCH WASSERMAN (V.O.)
I shouldn't be doing this, Walter...

WALTER COX (V.O.)
I look out for my people...I am always on the case. That's why I gotta be sure these accounts are secure...

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED:

MITCH WASSERMAN (V.O.)

I dunno...

WALTER COX (V.O.)

Mitch? You got the list? Give me the
fucking list.

(CLICK)

Patrick grabs the sheet with the list of numbers. They're for
bank accounts. He hits play and HEARS...

WALTER (V.O.)

Conversation with Mitch Wasserman
recorded 9/8/86 in Hartman office.
Encoding and copying list to files.

CLOSER: PATRICK

looks at the list of numbers in red Magic Marker. What code?
Patrick looks at the mountain of personal effects in front of
him. It's hopeless. Idly, he picks up his father's dog-eared
wallet.

ECU: WALTER'S WALLET

Pinned inside is a worn Marine Corps markman's medal. A blue
enameled silhouette of a rifle with an oak leaf cluster. Walter
carried it his whole life. Pat pulls out his father's driver's
license.

MACRO ECU: DRIVER'S LICENSE

His father's birthday in giant numerals: 9/9/1927.

PATRICK

writes..."9/9/27." Then "9...9...9 (x3)..."

PATRICK

grabs Walter's list of bank account numbers. He puts a nine on
top of each number and subtracts the number Walter wrote. He
gets a new set of numbers... It looks like this:

999999 99

652713F88

347286F11

Patrick looks at his watch. It's 9:45AM. He dials a phone.

OPERATOR

Dime Savings Bank.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK
Who do I call about getting a balance on
one of my accounts...?

OPERATOR
Personal or corporate?

PATRICK
Corporate...

OPERATOR
Checking, deposit accounts...?

PAT
Deposit.

Some clicks.

MR. BROYLES (V.O.)
This is Mr. Broyles...

PATRICK
Hi! It's Ralph Haim. I want to check on
the balance in account number 347 286-
F11.

BROYLES
(after a beat)
I'm sorry, sir. Your name is not one of
the co-signers on that escrow account.

Pat's just learned they're escrow accounts.

PATRICK
...you know what? I'll have to get the
people who are co-signers on that account
to fax a written request. Is Mr.
Hartman a co-signer...?

BROYLES
Yes, sir, he is.

PATRICK
Okay. ...so I don't have to bother you
all morning and do these things more than
once, do you also need a fax from Hartman
for escrow account 47 25 C416?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (3)

BROYLES
PBA Escrow Account 416...yeah...Mr.
Hartman could do the written request on
that one too...

CUT TO:

141 INT. STRIP BAR - SOME GIRL - AFTERNOON

is taking off her clothes. There's almost no one there. DOLLY
RIGHT. Lenny Levitt enters. He struggles to accustom his eyes
to the low light.

PATRICK (VOICE)
...over here.

He joins at the bar, Patrick Cox.

PATRICK
Why d'you pick this dump?

LENNY
...anybody watching writes it off to mid-
life sexual crisis...
(beat)
So what's up?

PATRICK
I went out to see Gary Melius...?

LENNY
Let me give you one word of advice...
(reflects:)
You know, I always felt you didn't like
me. But your dad was one of the most
interesting men I ever met. He was
misguided as hell. But he could make
shit happen the way nobody could make
shit happen. On his worst day he was
better than 95%...
(beat)
So out of respect to him I will give you
one word of advice...
(pause)
Stay away from those people. They are
not your friends.

PATRICK
Tell me something I don't know...

Levitt looks at Patrick.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

LEVITT

So?

PATRICK

Walter kept numbers of PBA escrow accounts. I don't know their significance. But he wouldn't have kept 'em if they weren't significant...

LENNY

Do you have any idea why he kept them?

PATRICK

(shrugs)

Only that he had a general operating procedure. Insurance. Take out insurance. Against everybody...

LENNY

Why don't you take 'em to the DA? Take 'em to Morgenthau?

PATRICK

I can't do that.

LENNY

You the only support your mom has?

PATRICK

That's right.

LENNY LEVITT

So what do you want me to do? You want me to give these to the DA and tell 'em to start looking at these escrow accounts...check the activity...?

PATRICK

That is exactly what I want you to do. There's backup on all these. Transaction numbers, dates...

Lenny nods.

CUT TO:

142 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - DOOR - NIGHT

142

It CRASHES open. Four very heavyweight Men come through the door. Two have hands on guns in their waistbands. They enter 15 or 20 feet and stop. All four fan out and look around.

WIDE OVER THEIR BACK: EMPTINESS

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

No one's there. No furniture. No Patrick. No nothing. The men pause...cranking down...and starting to fan out and search through the empty place, anyway...

CUT TO:

143 INT. CHINESE GAMBLING DEN - RICHIE HARTMAN - NIGHT

playing Pai Gow. Everyone's screaming in that hot blooded, Cantonese way of gambling. Richie wins. It's one of the first times in the film we've seen him win a pile of money. The two Asian chicks on his arm jump up and down.

RICHIE
(tips croupier)
...save my spot! Don't let anyone stand
there! No one!

He collects his chips and dashes through the crowd.

144 INT. MEN'S ROOM - RICHIE HARTMAN

urinating. It's dirty. He finishes and walks into a booth. He opens a vial and spills cocaine onto his thumbnail. He snorts it into his right nostril. He goes to spill more onto his thumbnail and the little vial slips in his hand and falls to the floor. He picks it up and dumps all of it on his thumbnail and does his left nostril. He wipes off his upper lip. He shakes off the blast.

145 INT. GAMBLING DEN - MEN'S ROOM DOOR

opens. Out trots Richie. Suddenly he stops and looks around. He's surprised.

RICHIE'S POV: THE PLACE

is emptying out...

RICHIE HARTMAN

doesn't understand it. He looks to his right and discovers waiting against the wall is Special Prosecutor Fischetti with plainclothes detectives.

FISCHETTI
Are you Richard Hartman?

RICHIE
Who wants to know?

FISCHETTI
Are you or are you not Richard Hartman?

(CONTINUED)

145

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

Yeah! Yeah!

FISCHETTI

Mr. Hartman, you're under arrest. We're charging you with grand larceny for your invasion of the New York City Police Officers Housing Escrow Fund. If you'd like to turn around, we are going to handcuff you.

RICHIE

You can't handcuff me. I'm Richie fucking Hartman!

(to cops)

You can't let them do this! You cannot...you cannot arrest me...

FISCHETTI

Mr. Hartman. If you do not turn around and present your hands to the officers to be handcuffed, we will restrain you forcibly and handcuff you that way.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: RICHIE HARTMAN

Something inside of him comes crashing in. Certainly, all the ebullience. What's left is a strange robo-pathic disconcert towards fate. It's the look he has on his face when he loses in Atlantic City. He has just lost.

CUT TO:

146

EXT. PCH - PALE YELLOW RENTAL CAR - DAY

heads north on PCH towards the Colony. It passes shops on the right and then swings through a broad U-turn and parks in front of a three-story apartment building from

the early '60s. It's distant. We don't see who's driving, but we SEE a figure get out of the car.

A HAND

pushes down the button, holds the door handle and locks the door. The figure wipes across the frame as it approaches the front entrance. We see it from the back. The man is wearing jeans and a zippered sweatshirt against the fog that the sun is trying to burn off in the early morning...as the man walks up the stairs.

147

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR - DOORBELL

The man's hand enters and rings the doorbell. We hear a chime.
We hear a voice from inside saying...

VOICE

...just a minute.

There's a beat. Then...the door opens. It's Barbara Doyle.
The look on her face is surprise...but then it submerges into
something else. Curiosity...

BARBARA

What are you doing here?

REVERSE FROM INSIDE THE DOOR: PATRICK COX

standing in Barbara's doorway.

PATRICK

...looking for you. Wanted to see you.

BARBARA

Why didn't you call?

PATRICK

I was afraid I call, you'd tell me "don't
come." If you tell me you don't want to
see me...I wouldn't have the balls to
show up, here, like this...

(beat)

So I didn't call...

BARBARA

I'm sorry about your father.

PATRICK

Yeah.

(beat)

BARBARA

Come on in.

148

INT. BARBARA'S APARTMENT - PATRICK + BARBARA

Patrick walks to the window and the balcony overlooking the
ocean three stories below.

BARBARA

Coffee?

(CONTINUED)

148

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
(over his shoulder)
Yeah...

Patrick opens the sliding door and goes out onto the balcony.

BARBARA

...her white silk blouse hanging loose over her black skirt, getting ready for work...pours two cups of coffee. She picks up the cups to bring the coffee to Patrick on the balcony. For a moment she looks at him. A feeling crosses her face. It's not resentment. She stares for this lingering moment at Patrick as...

PATRICK,

his back towards her is leaning over the balcony watching the sea. Then, as if he senses her gaze upon him, turns and rests his back against the balcony.

BARBARA

breaks the look and walks towards us with the coffee. PAN around with her as she stands to Patrick's right and puts the coffee on the edge. They don't say anything for a beat. Then her left hand comes up and she rests it on top of Patrick's shoulder. Patrick pulls her head under his arm. And they stand there like that, framed against the Pacific Ocean, as pieces of sunlight start breaking through the marine layer, igniting the white foam on the breaking waves...

CUT TO:

149

INT. SPECIAL PROSECUTOR'S OUTER OFFICE - DOOR - DAY

opens. Out comes Gary Melius. He's shadowed by two attorneys. He leaves behind him in the inner office a half dozen prosecutors. Waiting for him, are massed media.

REPORTER
How do you respond to testimony today in which you were quoted detailing your organized crime connections?

MELIUS
That's...inaccurate stuff. Stuff I made up to impress people. Inventions intended to impress people.

REPORTER
What's your relationship with Mr. Hartman?

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

MELIUS

We went to the movies. We went to the
race track. We went to Nathan's. We
used to hang out...
(shrugs)

CUT TO:

150 INT. US SENATE PRESS CONFERENCE - SENATOR AL RUDOLPH -
DAY

takes questions.

REPORTER

Senator Rudolph, there are allegations in
the Village Voice about the multiple
millions of increased PBA legal and
administrative costs in the Hartman years
with little increase in the take-home
benefits to working police officers. How
do you...

AL RUDOLPH

Mr. Hartman's been a friend to working
police officers his entire career. He
improved the lot of police officers
throughout New York state. The pension
fund's richer than it's ever been. We do
fine. Next question.

REVERSE: REPORTER

in amongst 30 or 40 members of the press.

REPORTER

Do you expect to be implicated in the
State of New York indictments being
brought against your supporter, Richard
Hartman?

AL RUDOLPH

Richard who...?

Laughter.

REPORTER

Richard Hartman.

Rudolph looks the reporter squarely in the eyes and says with
supreme self-confidence that makes us believe this will be true:

AL RUDOLPH

Of course not.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

- THE END -