

CITY HALL

Bo Goldman draft

12ED
ORIGINAL

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EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A sparkling Sunday morning, ABE BAUMAN, 40, and MENDEL BROWN, 60, are crossing the bridge, harbor traffic on the East River below, cars at a minimum on the roadway. The men wear yarmulkes and business suits, it is the first day of the week.

MENDEL

...So?

ABE

So what?

MENDEL

So what have you got your head in your hands for?

ABE

What are you talking about? My head is high and my hands are --

MENDEL

Clammy.

ABE

You noticed?

MENDEL

Of course. When we shook. Normally you have a beautiful shake, Abe, dry and firm. I had to wipe this one off on my topcoat.

ABE

I want to change my life, Mendel --

MENDEL

So what else is new?

ABE

I feel this city is going to explode. The sweater of government is unraveling --

MENDEL

You know what the Talmud says? Should the sweater unravel, save the yarn.

ABE

I look for knowledge and you give me knitwear. I'm talking guns, I'm talking corruption, I'm talking 2000 shootings a year.

MENDEL

You could die from a #2 needle.

ABE

Are you my friend or are you my friend? My life is coming apart. The tissue of government tears --

MENDEL

Abe! Abe! If there is a fault in the garment, examine the cloth.

Abe pauses, considers.

ABE

It all began with a shooting.

MENDEL

I hear you, '2000 a year'.

ABE

165 a month --

MENDEL

Six a day.

ABE

This was one of them --

INT. KITCHEN, EAST HARLEM APARTMENT - MORNING

BONE, 45, Black, is frying up eggs and sausages and bread, a man who takes pride in cooking for his only child, JAMES, 6 years old, who waits patiently at the kitchen table.

ABE (V.O.)

A Black man with a six-year-old boy...

Bone rolls the frying pan's contents onto James's plate.

BONE

Now drink your milk and eat that up, we're late.

James nods obediently to his father, irrepressibly Bone smiles, ruffles his son's hair, the boy dives into his food.

INT. DETECTIVES' SQUADROOM, 25TH PRECINCT, EAST HARLEM - MORNING

Detective EDDIE SANTOS, 32, wearing the street clothes of East Harlem, jeans and a warm-up jacket, exits the squadroom, passes a couple of other plainclothesmen on a break drinking coffee.

SANTOS
I'll see yez later.

EXT. 25TH PRECINCT - MORNING

Santos trots purposefully down the steps, strides up the street to the battered, nondescript detectives' Chevys parked at the curb, jumps into one, drives away.

INT. SUBWAY, IRT LINE, BLEECKER STREET - MORNING

TINO ZAPATTI, 21, a scummy drug-dealer hustles down the steps as the RATTLE of the approaching local is heard. He leaps the turnstile with a fare-beater's expertise, strolls into a car just before the doors close.

EXT. CORNER, 117TH STREET AND PLEASANT AVE., EAST HARLEM - MORNING

The demarcation line where three ethnic and racial neighborhoods meet, Black, Puerto Rican and Italian. Lolling nervously by a lamppost is VINNIE ZAPATTI, 25, a slightly older version of his cousin, but just as scummy and practicing the same trade. Over his shoulder, Vinnie catches sight of Santos' car pulling up to the curb, jumps in the passenger side.

VINNIE
He's on his way.

SANTOS
-- All set?

VINNIE
All set.

Santos turns his motor off, his eyes are glued to the street as he and Vinnie wait.

INT. BONE'S APARTMENT HOUSE - MORNING

James hurries down the creaky stairs in front of his father, almost trips over an untied shoelace.

BONE
C'm'ere.

James stops, Bone squats on the stairs, ties the boy's shoelace, straightens the book bag on his shoulder, they continue down the stairs.

EXT. 117TH STREET SUBWAY - MORNING

Tino hurries up the steps, checks his Rolex, jaywalks across Lexington Avenue.

EXT. EAST 117TH STREET - MORNING

James hurries to keep up with his father's 36-inch-stride, his book bag bouncing on his little shoulders.

INT. SANTOS'S CAR, 117TH STREET, PLEASANT AVE. - MORNING

Santos calm behind the wheel, Vinnie beside him, as Santos waits patiently, Vinnie chews a nail.

EXT. CORNER 117TH STREET, PLEASANT AVENUE - MORNING

Tino, his eyes shifting constantly, taking in all movement in his line of sight, is passed by Bone and his son, James, hurrying towards school.

Vinnie steps out of Santos's car, approaches Tino from behind.

ON TINO AND VINNIE - MORNING

Tino senses somebody coming behind him, he glances over his shoulder.

TINO

Hey, Vinnie.

But Vinnie suddenly opens his stride, hurries past Tino.

TINO (CONT'D)

Hey -- what the fuck you doing?

ON TINO AND SANTOS

As Vinnie disappears around a corner, Santos appears behind Tino.

SANTOS

Hello, Tino --

Tino whirls, reflexively pulls his .45 from his waistband and starts firing, Santos, as he goes down, manages to draw his .38. A fusillade of bullets exchanged, a SCREAM is heard from across the street as 6-year-old James Bone, caught in the cross-fire, topples into the gutter.

SILENCE, a window OPENS, a HORN blows, three bodies laying in various positions across the sidewalk and gutter, Vinnie nowhere in sight. The only SOUND a low, desperate MOAN from Bone as he crouches over his son.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE, CITY HALL - MORNING

A beehive, four secretaries, ANGIE, the Mayor's first secretary, is on the telephone, she peers solemnly through the tumult around her, nods, hangs up and dives for the door.

INT. ON ANGIE, CITY HALL CORRIDOR - MORNING

She runs down the long hall, through sets of low gates, past a palace guard of Intelligence Detectives, Reporters, Supplicants.

MAYOR (V.O.)

...Our great but unsung Mayor Robert Wagner began this relationship some 35 years ago. We are sisters not only in spirit but in body, Tokyo and New York, bustling metropolises that are elbowing their way into the 21st century.

INT. NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - MORNING

An ornate nineteenth century hall, a replica of the U.S. Senate, each Council member seated behind a desk, his or her presence noted by a red light. A dais, manned by various factotums. Above the dais sits the Public Advocate, but presiding is the MAYOR who stands in front of the dais, beside him the Governor of Tokyo, on his other side the Mayor's opposite, Majority Speaker SEYMOUR SOLOMON.

The Mayor is JOHN PAPPAS, he is an attractive man approaching 50, looks like a leader, his hair graying beautifully behind the ears, a winning smile, a commanding presence. The Mayor is presenting a key to the city, silver and about six inches long, in an open velvet box to the Tokyo Governor.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

This key is a symbol, a symbol of the door that stands open not only to our city but to our hearts. Asia and America, the Ginza and Broadway, we are family, joined in our search for the solutions to the future, married in our understanding of the problems of the past.

As the Mayor's ceremonial speech continues, Angie steps noisily into the chamber but before she is fully inside, she is intercepted by a figure surveying the proceedings from the back of the room. KEVIN CALHOUN, 35, Chief Deputy Mayor, is a lanky, deceptively sleepy-looking man, a tall drink of water who watches and listens closely to everything, his clothes don't quite seem to fit him (he would be more comfortable in sweater and jeans), but there is an energy that radiates; sexual, dynamic, and above all, intelligent.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Please walk abroad now, my friends,
in this fair city and recreate
yourselves. And then return, and
return again and again. Goodbye for
now, and adieu...

Calhoun bends his ear to Angie's mouth. As she whispers into it, over her shoulder Calhoun eyeballs the Mayor. The rapport is perfect between them, it is as if there were no one else in this great room as Calhoun makes a sawing gesture at his throat.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Sayonara!

EXT. CITY HALL VIP PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Mayor's car speeds out of the lot, behind it the follow car, manned by NYPD Intel. In the back seat of the Mayor's car, Calhoun sits close to the Mayor. Only when the car is well distant from City Hall, and the voters do not know its occupants, does a siren SOUND and a red light flash.

INT. MAYOR'S CAR - MORNING

NYPD Intel Detectives are behind the wheel and in the front passenger seat.

MAYOR

(to Calhoun)
What have you got?

CALHOUN

Shootout, East Harlem. Detective,
dealer, six-year-old Black kid
caught in the cross-fire.

MAYOR

Go on --

CALHOUN

The kid's dead. And the dealer.

MAYOR
The cop?

CALHOUN
No good.

The Mayor falls silent.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)
(to George)
What's our ETA at Bellevue?

GEORGE
We'll be there in ten minutes.

The Mayor shifts, nods.

MAYOR
-- Okay, what are the calls?

CALHOUN
Looking good on MetroBank.

MAYOR
What's the score?

CALHOUN
No noses, but Abe gets the feeling
we're in.

MAYOR
Never mind 'feelings.'
(a moment)
What about July?

CALHOUN
Marquand says you're set for
keynote.

MAYOR
'Set'? They've pencilled me in.

CALHOUN
I see a big keynote. I see national
ink. Governor of the State of New
York, 'hello Albany,' 'good-bye
Albany' and then the biggie -- I
don't know, Mr. Mayor, what's going
to be more significant, the turning
of the century or your becoming
President.

MAYOR

Now that I'm all set, what are your plans?

Calhoun catches the Mayor's tone, smiles embarrassedly.

CALHOUN

Bullshitter Of The Year, I guess.

MAYOR

That's better.

CALHOUN

But I'm going to keep stoking you, no matter what you say.

Silence.

MAYOR

How old was the child?

CALHOUN

Six.

MAYOR

And what was our budget, as of midnight?

CALHOUN

31.7 billion.

MAYOR

It costs a lot of money to have children slaughtered in the streets.

The car slows. The Intel man leaps out, reaches for the Mayor's door.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I got it, George.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - MORNING

Elevator doors open on a hallway packed with Reporters, Police Officials, gold gleaming on Inspectors' badges and sharp-suited homicide detectives. The Mayor steps out of the elevator with Calhoun, Intel clears a path, simultaneously the doors to the Operating Room at the end of the corridor burst open and Santos is wheeled out, drips and drains, Triage Nurses, Emergency Surgeons scurrying alongside.

The Police Commissioner, GERALD COONAN, intercepts the Mayor.

MAYOR
What's it look like?

COONAN
-- Bad.

A NURSE is desperately trying to clear the way for the gurney.

NURSE
Give us room! Will y'move! Move!

The Mayor catches a glimpse of an inert Santos.

MAYOR
For Chrissake, give these people some help.

Coonan snaps his fingers at Chief of Patrol MORETTI, a spotless blue serge uniform braided with gold and a chestful of decorations.

MORETTI
Step back! Step back!

CALHOUN
(to Coonan)
Where's the widow?

COONAN
-- Not a widow yet, Mr. Deputy.

MAYOR
(to Coonan)
Introduce me.

The Mayor and Calhoun exchange looks, they have been here before, each knows what to do. Calhoun peels off and heads towards other top police officials. He engages SAWYER, a Black man, First Deputy Police Commissioner, as the Mayor moves on down the corridor with Sawyer's boss, Commissioner Coonan.

COONAN
(to the Mayor)
...Combat Cross, Medal for Merit,
Honorable Mention, Department Medal
of Honor --

MAYOR
Children?

COONAN
Two, 5 and 3, a boy and a girl.

MAYOR
How is she?

COONAN
You'll say hello. Elaine, Elaine Santos.

MAYOR
Which one?

COONAN
The pretty one. The other's the sister.

The Mayor catches sight of another woman in the corridor.

MAYOR
And who's that against the wall?

COONAN
Detectives' Endowment Association.

MAYOR
They've got a lawyer already?

COONAN
That's what her card says.

The Mayor slows, checks out MARYBETH COGAN, a broth of an Irish girl, 29, tall and tough and wonderfully open, a Gaelic twinkle wrapped in a fist, then heads on towards ELAINE Santos and her sister who are standing outside the ICU, a Security Guard with them.

ON CALHOUN AND FIRST DEPUTY COMMISSIONER SAWYER - MORNING

Their eyes on the Mayor and Commissioner Coonan, the Mayor shaking Mrs. Santos's hand, a sincerity and awareness to his movements, at the same moment he is attentive to her sister.

CALHOUN
(to Sawyer)
Which one was the shooter?

SAWYER
They're both shooters, Mr. Deputy.
They're both dead.
(a moment)
We know him. Tino Zapatti.

CALHOUN
'Zapatti?'

SAWYER

Paul's nephew. A punk, a dealer.

CALHOUN

What happened?

SAWYER

I don't know.

CALHOUN

Wouldn't it seem that Santos came up here to take Tino out of the business? And the child was caught in the cross?

SAWYER

We're not in the 'wouldn't it seem' business.

Calhoun observes the Mayor disappear into the ICU with Elaine Santos and her sister as Commissioner Coonan remains outside with his uniformed Chief of Department.

CALHOUN

Where are you going with this?

SAWYER

Don't know yet. Santos was signed out, that we do know. But he carried no radio...no vest --

CALHOUN

Any backups?

SAWYER

Zero. Not even a 'ghost.'

A moment.

CALHOUN

What was the guy doing?

SAWYER

Taking a meeting with a convicted drug dealer? You got me. All I know is we got a dead cop, a dead kid, and a dead nephew of the head of the Zapatti Family.

CALHOUN

Was Tino 'made'?

SAWYER

Are you kidding? A scumbag, a nothing. A rap sheet this long -- he belonged in Attica on a mandatory five-to-ten, copped probation which he skipped two years ago.

CALHOUN

Probation?

SAWYER

Isn't it a sentence in this town?

Silence.

CALHOUN

The Mayor's going to want to step up for the wife --

SAWYER

I wouldn't if I were him.

Calhoun measures Sawyer now.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. We can bury Santos with his glowing reputation. Good cops turn bad, it happens all the time. And we give them Inspector's Funerals to boot.

Calhoun notices Marybeth against the wall.

CALHOUN

Who's the lady?

SAWYER

A Girl-Lawyer for the DEA. I was wondering when you were going to ask.

Calhoun smiles.

CALHOUN

Now you don't have to wonder anymore.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT, BELLEVUE - DAY

The Triage team is still working furiously, the Mayor standing by attentively with Elaine Santos and her sister. A PRIEST brushes past them, pulls a scarf from his pocket, drapes it stole-like over his shoulders, pulls anointing oils from the other pocket, opens a vial, anoints Santos's forehead with the side of his thumb.

PRIEST

Through this holy anointing
May God, in his love and mercy
Give you the grace of the Holy
Spirit.

The Mayor takes Elaine's hand.

MAYOR

We're with you, Elaine...

ELAINE

Thank you.

MAYOR

...The City takes care of its own.

He squeezes her hand, nods to Elaine's sister.

PRIEST

May God who frees you from sin
Save you and raise you up.

The Mayor steps to the bedside, regards Santos, makes a
silent prayer, then rapidly leaves the ICU.

INT. MAYOR'S CAR - MORNING

Calhoun is on the car phone, the Mayor deep within himself.

CALHOUN

(phone)

...Set a press conference for 12
o'clock, make sure The Post takes
the first question...call Senator
Marquand, be cool, tell him
everything's under control and we'll
see him tonight...

The Mayor glances at Calhoun.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

(phone)

And, Abe, call Leonard Street. Get
a copy of Tino Zapatti's probation
report.

(glances outside)

We're headed for Park Avenue,
downtown in 20...What else? -- He'll
get up there for the boy's funeral -
- no, wait on the Detective --

He hangs up, the Mayor is looking at him.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

The Detective doesn't check out yet.

The Mayor waits, stares straight ahead now.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

And what was the Zapatti character doing out on probation?

The Mayor is silent, then turns back to Calhoun.

MAYOR

Kevin, if you're ever crazy enough to run for office -- and win --

Calhoun waits for him to finish.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

There is one thing you'll never get over...

The Mayor is staring straight ahead again, Calhoun watching him.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

The death of a cop.

INT. "BLUE ROOM," CITY HALL - DAY

The area reserved for Press Conferences. Five rows of seats in this small venue, every seat taken, TV cameras on a raised platform behind, up front a podium with a cluster of mikes, numbers and letters identifying local stations and in this case, networks as well.

The heat is oppressive, no matter what time of year, and the anticipation adds to it. As the still photographers load, Abe stands behind them with a small, hand-held radio open to the Mayor's car.

ABE

Two minutes! Two minutes!

Shutters are readied, reporters click off their cellulars.

ABE (CONT'D)

Heads up!

Tape recorders are balanced on right knees, notepads on the left. A group of Black clerics are led on, they take their places at the rear of the podium. One Black reporter, SADLER of The Post, makes note of them to the reporter seated beside him.

SADLER

Lining up the ducks.

A couple of reporters move to the dais to get I.D.'s from the Black clerics, Abe shoos them away.

ABE

Thirty seconds!

INT. CITY HALL, ENTRANCE - DAY

The Plainclothesmen at the entrance swing the doors open wide as the Mayor, Calhoun at his side, hustles up the steps and through the doors. As they approach a low brass gate, the Intel men drop off.

LESLIE CHRISTOS, female, 32, the Mayor's Press Secretary, appears at his shoulder as he moves down the west corridor to his "end of the Hall."

MAYOR

Who's first?

LESLIE

The Post.

MAYOR

Sadler or Marx?

LESLIE

Sadler.

MAYOR

I know what's coming, 'Is probation a sentence in this town?'

LESLIE

'...Judge Stern has a powerful record on the bench. He has served 13 years, and meted out the stiffest punishments in the history of this city. If the report recommends probation, then probation it has to be.' After that they'll start in on the mandatory crap --

MAYOR

I got it, I got it.

The brass gate swings open, the factotums and old party retainers and permanent Intels who guard the gate salute respectfully as the Mayor passes.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(to Leslie)

'What did James Bone's father say'?

LESLIE

'He is distraught, of course, we are not here on this earth to outlive our children --'

MAYOR

No good.

From inside the "Blue" Room, a YELL:

ABE (V.O.)

Lights!

INT. "BLUE" ROOM, CITY HALL - MORNING

The place comes ablaze with light at the Mayor's entrance, news photographers jump in, flashbulbs, the Black clerics blinking at the blinding flares, TV cameras rolling, the cameramen on radios with their reporters five rows below who are calling the shots.

Abe's and Calhoun's eyes lock, Calhoun makes a gesture to Abe with thumb and forefinger, "Give me a minute," Calhoun takes a position in the corner where he can survey the whole room. The Mayor shakes hands with the various clerics, embraces the last.

MAYOR

Good morning. I would like to welcome the Reverends Williams and Birch from the Abyssinian Baptist, the Reverend Spellman from A.M.E. Zion, and my dear friend, Reverend Milton Parks of the First Church of Harlem. Thank you, reverend gentlemen, for having the courage to stand here beside me.

Some photographer yells "'Beside them!'", Calhoun makes a slight inclination of his head and the Mayor steps back alongside the Black clerics for the photo opportunity. He unfolds a statement, steps back up to the podium, then arbitrarily returns the statement to his pocket.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

A six-year-old child is dead, James Bone, a life snuffed out randomly. A highly-decorated detective is dead. And a probation-jumping, crack-peddling punk is also dead.

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

A year from now this will be the incident on Pleasant Avenue. But I'm telling you this is an incident that will not go away, not as long as I am Mayor of this city...

Calhoun, having checked out the staging of the proceedings, slips out a side door.

INT. CITY HALL CORRIDOR - DAY

Calhoun crosses the hall, the T.V. sets at the Intel Station and Secretaries' Area are all tuned in to the Press Conference.

MAYOR (CONT'D) (V.O.)

...The whole city, all parts of the city, Bushwick and Greenpoint, Jamaica and Harlem, Washington Heights and Brownsville, the bodies drop, shot like fish in a barrel, and the accusation is we don't care because these are disenfranchised parts of the city. Homicide is homicide whether it's on Park Avenue or up an alley in Williamsburg, and we will find the perpetrators and we will put them away.

Calhoun, as if on signal, meets Abe outside his tiny office, they close the door behind them.

INT. ABE'S OFFICE, MAYOR'S WING - DAY

Abe turns on the T.V., it plays quietly in the background.

(As Abe hands Calhoun a battered records jacket, Calhoun opens it, a muddle of rat-eared papers. Calhoun hands it back.)

CALHOUN

Where's the probation report?

(Abe reaches in and quickly extracts a filled-out form, hands it to Calhoun whose brow furrows.)

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Looks good.

MAYOR (V.O.)

(T.V.)

Whose bullet was it, you're going to ask? We'll find out.

Important, but more to the point, who's going to give Eddie Santos back to his wife and children?

No forensic examiner. No man of the cloth. No one.

(a moment)

Questions?

ABE
Very good. But there is a conviction. Criminal possession in the fourth degree.

CALHOUN
A probational offense. A 4-C. That's practically a misdemeanor.

ABE
There are 4-C's, and there are 4-C's.

(Abe turns the probation report over and over, checking it out front and back)

CALHOUN
(to Abe)
...You keep looking at that as if it were not kosher.

ABE
A cut of meat is kosher. A piece of fish. 'Savory foods, and all kinds of dainties' are kosher. But a probation report is not kosher. It is merely a probation report.

(Calhoun measures Abe, abruptly he reaches up and MUTES the T.V.)

CALHOUN
-- I am a good Louisiana lapsed Catholic, Abe. Give it to me straight. What's wrong with that report?

(He nods to Sadler of The Post.)

SADLER (V.O.)
Why was Tino Zapatti out on probation?

MAYOR (V.O.)
I have not seen his probation report yet, and I will not speculate. I do know that Judge Walter Stern is perhaps the most reputable jurist sitting on the State Supreme Court bench. If the probation report was good, what choice did he have?

SADLER (V.O.)
What choice did James Bone have?

("Yeah, yeah, what choice?!" reporters crowding each other, interject, raise their hands, "Over here, Mr. Mayor!")

MAYOR (V.O.)
Mr. Sadler, James Bone had no choice. Nor did Detective Edward Santos. There is one thing as Mayor I will never get over - the death of a police officer. And there is one thing in life I will never get over, the death of an innocent child.

ABE

Too kosher.

CALHOUN

Translation, please?

ABE

'The virgin looks pregnant to me.'

Abe bends low over the report, examining the words as if they were lacunae in the Talmud.

ABE (CONT'D)

A Probation Supervisor signed this.
An Assistant Probation Supervisor
countersigned it.

CALHOUN

So?

ABE

That's a lot of weight for a 4-C.
Where was the original little
Probation Officer, where's his
signature?

Calhoun snatches the report from Abe, scans it, tries to fathom its meaning but can't.

CALHOUN

Surely there must be an explanation.

ABE

'The more flesh, the more worms.'

Calhoun glances at the television set above, the Mayor is now responding to a question about the city's Hospital Crisis.

EXT. FOLEY SQUARE, MANHATTAN - DAY

Calhoun and Abe briskly make their way across the wide plaza, past the denizens of Federal Court Houses, District Attorneys' headquarters, detention facilities and city offices, a maze of old, gray buildings and the canny drones that occupy them.

ABE

...His name is Schwartz.

CALHOUN

A lantsman?

ABE

Stop trying your Yiddish out on me.
You sound like a Shakespearean actor
escaped from a Savannah pogrom.

CALHOUN

Okay, okay, but do you know him?

ABE

I don't know him, the trial was
almost two years ago, I was long
gone from the Department.

They turn down Leonard Street, a dank, narrow roadway,
looming above a post-modern building gone wrong, huge
letters over the doorway 'NEW YORK CITY, DEPARTMENT OF
PROBATION.'

ABE (CONT'D)

While you talk to Schwartz, I'll
schmooze around.

INT. SCHWARTZ'S OFFICE - DAY

A bunch of partitioned-off work stations, in his own
glassed-in place is LARRY SCHWARTZ, a veteran of the civil
service wars. As Calhoun enters, Schwartz comes to a noisy,
chair-scraping attention.

CALHOUN

Please...

SCHWARTZ

You're the first Deputy Mayor to set
foot on this floor. We had a
Commissioner once -- but it was the
wrong floor.

CALHOUN

May I have a seat?

Schwartz doesn't answer, waits for Calhoun to sit.

SCHWARTZ

I know why you're here. I've logged
twelve calls already today. Mr.
Zapatti --?

CALHOUN

Yes.

SCHWARTZ

Why did he have to be my case?

CALHOUN
Exactly.

SCHWARTZ
Because sometimes we get overloaded.

CALHOUN
And the Supervisor takes the extras?

SCHWARTZ
The extra-specials.

CALHOUN
Such as a Zapatti Family member?

SCHWARTZ
Something like that. Look, Mr.
Deputy Mayor --

CALHOUN
Kevin's good enough.

SCHWARTZ
Any case comes in here that looks
like it's 'connected,' I take an
interest in --

CALHOUN
Why?

SCHWARTZ
To avoid making mistakes.

CALHOUN
You made one on this one.

SCHWARTZ
I blew it and I don't mind admitting
it. But I'd rather blow one out of
a hundred, than send ten men away on
mandatories who don't deserve them.

CALHOUN
You sound like an enlightened man,
Mr. Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ
And you sound like you're fucking
with me.

Calhoun sighs.

CALHOUN
How do these things happen?

SCHWARTZ

These things happen because we're drowning -- in criminals, in half-baked social workers, in a city that doesn't function, in a world that doesn't know right from wrong.

More silence. Calhoun finally stands.

CALHOUN

So there was no probation officer on this case?

SCHWARTZ

Wrong. You're looking at him -

CALHOUN

But you're a supervisor.

SCHWARTZ

More precisely, a Branch Officer.

A moment.

SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)

Okay, same thing. We were understaffed, I always oversee files that are flagged red.

CALHOUN

This one you handled alone?

SCHWARTZ

Yes, I'm afraid so.

Calhoun walks out, meets up with Abe in the anteroom.

ABE

Schwartz looked nervous.

CALHOUN

There's nervous and there's nervous.

ABE

Did you learn anything?

CALHOUN

He wasn't that nervous.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACIE MANSION, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The Mayor's residence, a female Police Officer waves a greeting to Calhoun as he pulls up outside the iron gates in his car, she steps out of her booth with a clipboard, makes a notation in her log of his windshield sticker and license.

In the momentary wait, Calhoun picks up his carphone.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

JAIME, an Intel Detective, part of the permanent "Palace Guard" at the mansion, grabs the phone, his female partner, TRUDY, logs in the incoming call.

CALHOUN (V.O.)

Did the P.C. call yet?

JAIME

Yeah, he said to call him back as soon as you got in.

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

The iron gates swing open now, Calhoun drives through, jumps out, lights are blazing in the beautiful old wooden frame house, he eschews the main entrance, hurries down outside steps, the "side" door.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

Calhoun waves to the chef and kitchen personnel, hurries up the steps, stops half way at the Communications Room. As Jaime holds the telephone out for Calhoun, Trudy nods a greeting, she is watching the nine o'clock news, lowers the volume, a teaser of the day's events in the city, the Mayor's morning Press Conference flashes for a moment then the show passes on to other things.

Calhoun takes the phone from Jaime.

CALHOUN

Gerry?

COONAN (V.O.)

I got good news.

CALHOUN

Shoot.

COONAN (V.O.)

One of the rounds passed through the boy, caught in the armhole of his windbreaker --

CALHOUN

What was it from?

COONAN (V.O.)

A 'four and a half.' Matches
Tino's.

Calhoun sighs.

COONAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)

What was that?

CALHOUN

I love good news.

He hangs up, makes the "okay" sign to Jaime and Trudy, dashes upstairs, when he reaches the top, he is greeted by SYDNEY PAPPAS, the Mayor's wife, a well-bred woman who has negotiated her pedigree into a position beside a powerful, active man.

MRS. PAPPAS

...I saw your lights. He was just reaching 'closure' with Senator Marquand.

Calhoun bites his lip, she notices.

MRS. PAPPAS (CONT'D)

I just thought --

CALHOUN

And you didn't want me to 'bust in'?

MRS. PAPPAS

Thank you, Kevin. It is you that gets him through the sweat of the day, but I have to carry him through this nonsense at night.

CALHOUN

The night's just as important --

She reaches out to smooth his shirt collar.

MRS. PAPPAS

I have a demi-tasse set for you. Say hello, the Senator adores you. Mention children's television to his wife -- I'll take it from there. Here we go...

She opens a set of French doors.

INT. GRACIE MANSION DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A gathering of a dozen people, no black ties, but just short of that, elegant black dresses and the men in fashionable business suits. The Mayor jumps to his feet.

MAYOR

Hey -- Kevin! We missed you --

SENATOR MARQUAND, an all-business New Englander with a young wife, smiles.

SEN. MARQUAND

Kevin's been busy today.

CALHOUN

Hello, Senator.

MAYOR

(introducing)

Liz and Maurice Warnecke, head of the Stock Exchange --

WARNECKE

I know Kevin, we talked about MetroBank.

Calhoun smiles, shakes hands. The Mayor completes the introductions quietly, Calhoun knows some, not others, heads of major brokerage and accounting firms, plus a young couple, scions of some industrial fortune, a Black couple, the chancellor of City College. Calhoun takes his place beside Mrs. Marquand.

SEN. MARQUAND

Whose bullet was it, Kevin?

CALHOUN

We don't know yet.

A flicker from the Mayor.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

But I didn't mean to interrupt you --

SEN. MARQUAND

We don't want any stray bullets around Madison Square Garden.

Calhoun downs his demi-tasse.

CALHOUN

There are stray bullets all over this world.

SEN. MARQUAND
They didn't bother you when you were
working for Hill & Knowlton.

MRS. MARQUAND
I don't understand, Jimmy.

SEN. MARQUAND
Hill & Knowlton was the PR firm
representing Kuwait. Kevin rode
point for them, he helped sell us
the Gulf War --

MAYOR
Ignore him, Kevin. The Senator just
likes to keep a little anchor to
windward.

(to Sen. Marquand)
We were talking about the Con-
vention --

Before Marquand can respond, Calhoun jumps in.

CALHOUN
We're going to turn this city upside
down for you -- we're going to stage
the right kind of Convention.

SEN. MARQUAND
What kind is that?

CALHOUN
The kind that's going to get the
President re-elected. Where are you
going to go - Chicago, always
resonates with memories of Hubert in
'68. California - still the land of
Jerry Brown and Tom Hayden, the sort
of place that nominates a Walter
Mondale. Miami? Miami's
Casablanca. We'll make you a
winner, we've got the city right
here.

Mrs. Marquand smiles.

MRS. MARQUAND
You're not a New Yorker, are you,
Kevin?

CALHOUN
Ferriday, Louisiana. Huey Long
country. 'Every man a king, but no
one wears a crown.'

Silence.

MRS. MARQUAND
Hey, I love this guy.

The Mayor beams.

MRS. PAPPAS
So do we. He's gotten John elected twice.

CALHOUN
No one gets anybody elected - but the people.

SEN. MARQUAND
What are you running for, Kevin?

CALHOUN
My life.

SEN. MARQUAND
A good line --

CALHOUN
I heard it today from a District Leader in East Harlem.

A flicker of the Mayor's eyes, Calhoun rises with him.

MAYOR
We'll be right back.

They head for the door. Calhoun waggles his fingers, "goodnights," he stops by Mrs. Marquand.

CALHOUN
Good work on the PBS thing.

Mrs. Marquand glows.

SEN. MARQUAND
Call me in the morning, Kevin, I want you to help me get some stuff in The New York Times -- an editorial lauding our choice of Convention city. The President loves a good Times editorial.

CALHOUN
You got it, Senator.

The dining room doors close behind Calhoun and the Mayor as they angle towards the Mansion's side entrance.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Tino Zappati's bullet killed the child.

The Mayor relaxes for a moment.

MAYOR

Use it.

CALHOUN

I don't need to, they'll have it on the ten o'clock news.

MAYOR

Great --

CALHOUN

But I warn you, tomorrow it's not going to go away.

They stop at the Intel niche, the T.V. news continues on the monitor.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

I saw Tino's probation report. Exemplary. But one odd thing --

MAYOR

What?

CALHOUN

It's front-loaded.

MAYOR

With what?

CALHOUN

Branch Officers. Supervisory personnel.

The Mayor grunts.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

But at least we know we've got an honest Judge.

The Mayor sighs.

MAYOR

Thank God for the Walter Sterns of this world.

With the Mayor and Calhoun lingering by the Intel room, Trudy turns up the volume on the T.V.

T.V. ANCHOR

'This just in. The bullet that killed the six-year-old boy in East Harlem this morning --'

CUT TO:

INT. GOWANUS DEMOCRATIC CLUB, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

One of the last of the Tammany Clubs but a thriving place, a mix of senior citizens from West Flatbush, gentrified couples from Park Slope, and blue collars from Red Hook.

A two-tiered place, at the entrance a check-in desk manned by CLARA, a polished greeter who makes a note of the constituents' needs and either sends them home with reassurances or upstairs to FRANK ANSELMO, 55, the Councilman for this the 38th District, and also Brooklyn County Leader for the Democratic Party. He is not a "boss" but a leader who does things the old-fashioned way. A big man with a light, graceful touch, expensive horn-rimmed glasses barely framing a squat, Neapolitan face.

Most of the pensioners and supplicants have left, it is late, Anselmo is hearing out one of the last, the elderly GUSSIE who has put on her best print dress for the occasion.

GUSSIE

...They're gonna throw me out, Mr. Anselmo.

ANSELMO

No one's gonna throw you out, Gussie.

GUSSIE

He says I'm underoccupied, can I help it if my daughter moves out? Isn't she entitled to a life of her own?

ANSELMO

Of course. How is Helene? Still working at the Navy Yard?

GUSSIE

Thanks to you. What can you do for me?

ANSELMO

Just see that Mr. Brill obeys the law. You're grandfathered in over there. And if he tells you you're not, just give me a call. A curvy landlord like Marty Brill's always looking for a way around rent control. But how would he understand a law that was meant for working stiffs like you and me?

GUSSIE

Oh thank you, Mr. Anselmo. You wanna come speak to my Club?

Clara, who has moved upstairs to Anselmo's desk, interrupts him with a whisper in his ear. Anselmo glances downstairs, sees Schwartz, the Probation Branch Officer, waiting, nervously fingering his hat, Anselmo indicates to Clara "in a minute."

ANSELMO

What Club is that, Gussie?

GUSSIE

The Terrible Tiles Mah Jong Club --

ANSELMO

How many Tiles are there?

GUSSIE

A hundred and twelve.

ANSELMO

You got it, sweetheart. Give me a call.

Anselmo trots down the stairway to Schwartz and Gussie is ushered away.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

Hello, Larry.

SCHWARTZ

I have to see you, Frank.

ANSELMO

Well, here I am. How about a cup of coffee?

SCHWARTZ

No thanks. We got to talk. You finished?

A moment's hesitation from Anselmo, he glances around, a few last stragglers seeking favors, party workers licking envelopes, someone working a phone. Paper plates and scraps of schnecken being cleaned up by elderly women.

ANSELMO

The business of government, Larry,
is never finished. Let's take a
walk.

INT. FINO'S COFFEE SHOP, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A 70's joint on Nevins Street on the Park Slope/ Flatbush border, faux-Tiffany lamps which swing out on gold chains over green tablecloths, a formica counter for the breakfast eaters, Muzak plays Broadway showtunes nonstop. Anselmo occupies his corner table, commanding a view although the place is almost empty. MILTON, the waiter, sets down water and coffees, he wears a battered green waistcoat.

MILTON

Mr. A --?

ANSELMO

How are you, Milton?

MILTON

(singing)

'I'm as corny as Kansas in August
I'm as normal as blueberry pie
No more a smart
Little girl with no heart
I have found me a wonderful guy --'

Schwartz's mouth falls open. Anselmo, who has been conducting Milton, actually sings the last line with him.

ANSELMO

Milton, speaking of blueberry pies,
bring us a couple.

(to Schwartz)

You ala mode?

SCHWARTZ

I don't want any pie.

ANSELMO

(to Milton)

Two blueberry pie ala modes.

Milton sashays away humming the bridge to "A Wonderful Guy," Anselmo studies Schwartz.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Larry?

SCHWARTZ

You know what's the matter.

ANSELMO

You look terrible, you ought to take a vacation.

SCHWARTZ

I don't want a vacation. I got 18 years in, I've saved up my time, I'm eligible for pension in six months if I put in the hours --

ANSELMO

Okay, okay, what do you want?

SCHWARTZ

Get the Deputy Mayor off my ass.

ANSELMO

Which one?

SCHWARTZ

You know which one.

ANSELMO

'Shrimp boats'?

SCHWARTZ

Him.

The MUSIC continues, Anselmo cocks an ear, a Rodgers and Hammerstein medley, Milton sweeps out from behind the counter balancing the pies and ice cream, sets the order down. But Schwartz pushes his away, stares off into the middle distance. From the area behind him, the sound of HUMMING, it is Milton, now Anselmo joins him, a beautiful baritone.

ANSELMO

'Don't throw bouquets at me
Don't please my folks too much
Don't laugh at my jokes too much --'

Milton leans over the back of the banquette.

ANSELMO/MILTON

'People will say we're in love!'

Milton scurries away to serve another table, Anselmo forks a piece of pie.

SCHWARTZ

What the hell was that?

ANSELMO

Milton and I are great Rodgers and Hammerstein fans. When you walk through a storm, keep you're head up high -- Larry.

SCHWARTZ

It's not your signature on that probation report.

ANSELMO

Watch your mouth.

Silence as he finishes his pie.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

I told you, take a vacation.

Now he reaches over and takes one bite of Schwartz's pie, then pushes it away, hums along with the Muzak, observing Schwartz as he nervously sips his coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - NIGHT

Cars funneling up to the toll booths, young Hispanics selling the bulldog edition of tomorrow's Daily News.

A hand reaches out through a front window of an anonymous Town Car, buys a paper, hands it to the passenger in the back. MOVE IN on PAUL ZAPATTI, the air of a nondescript 50's businessman, overweight, bespectacled, shielding eyes which give away nothing.

As the car enters the tunnel, Zapatti opens the newspaper, MOVE IN on the headline: 'ZAPATTI NEPHEW SLAYS HERO DETECTIVE.' Under the column-wide letters are two photographs side-by-side, one of the shootout scene, the other a smiling closeup of Zapatti.

Zapatti lowers the paper, instructs the man in the front seat who handed it to him.

ZAPATTI

Find Vinnie.

INT. CALHOUN'S APARTMENT, DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - MORNING

A 270-degree view of New Jersey, Staten Island, Long Island, but practically no furnishings. A few suits in a closet, a few books on a shelf, an anomalous interior with a breathtaking exterior.

Dawn flares brilliantly through the windows, the television set is tuned to New York City government's own channel, TV-1. The Mayor is being interviewed on an early morning radio talk show, he and the interviewer are mounted on a wagon rolling down Fifth Avenue, the stunt being covered by TV-1. Calhoun, his clothes in a heap at the front of the bed, sits up.

MAYOR (T.V.)

We have many problems in the city, but crime is the foremost. People are entitled to safety in their homes and on the streets...

As the interview continues, shots of yesterday's crime scene, then a pause for a commercial from Potamkin Cadillac. Calhoun swings out of bed, walks to the window, observes the rush hour on the Verrazano Bridge, Staten Island ferries pass each other, a garbage barge chugs past the Statue Of Liberty.

CALHOUN

Good morning.

On the T.V. behind him now, a shot of a Black ghetto mortuary.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In East Harlem this morning, a line formed early outside the Whittington Funeral Home, members of the community eager to pay their respects to the deceased six-year-old James Bone who lived alone in a two-room apartment on 117th Street with his widower father. The crowd is orderly but security is tight --

Calhoun hurries into the shower, but not before clicking on another TV set, a six-incher which has been set above the stall.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There is a sizeable police presence --

EXT. WHITTINGTON FUNERAL HOME, 119TH STREET AND PLEASANT AVENUE
- MORNING

A line around the block. Police sawhorses containing the crowd, Officers, Black and White, keeping a respectful distance as the mourners await entrance to the building.

INT. SECOND FLOOR FUNERAL HOME OFFICES - MORNING

Bone and HARRY GRIMES, an East Harlem District Leader, are at the window looking down. Grimes has a foot up on the radiator, patently pleased at the turnout.

BONE

I didn't know James had so many friends.

MR. WHITTINGTON, the undertaker, appears behind them. He waits patiently until Bone turns to him. Their eyes meet.

BONE (CONT'D)

Open the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE SANTOS'S HOUSE - BAYSIDE, QUEENS - DAY

A wake. In one room Detective Eddie Santos's body rests in a partly opened coffin, friends beside it, mourners filing by, in the kitchen relatives preparing pots of coffee and platters of coldcuts, in the living room, other mourners balance plates of food and short glasses of dark rum. Some Spanish heard, but mostly English from the mix of Detective colleagues and the conservative Hispanic community from "The Island."

Santos's wife, Elaine, composed and a little fierce, greets people in the living room. Her two children, a five year-old boy and a three year-old girl, stay close. Relatives spirit them away periodically to give Elaine relief.

Marybeth is present, she observes Elaine and the two children, waits for her opening until the children are momentarily distracted by relatives, then steps up.

MARYBETH

Good morning, Mrs. Santos. I'm Marybeth Cogan, we met at the hospital.

ELAINE

Yeah. Hullo.

MARYBETH

I'm very sorry.

ELAINE

Thank you.

MARYBETH

And that's Randy and Maria over there?

ELAINE

Uh-huh, those are my kids.

MARYBETH

Did Detective Santos leave a will?

ELAINE

I don't know.

MARYBETH

Insurance policies, savings account?

ELAINE

Eddie took care of those things.

MARYBETH

Do you need a babysitter for a few days?

ELAINE

No, I don't need a babysitter.

Marybeth steps to a window, Elaine finds herself following her.

MARYBETH

Any brass from the Department call on you today?

ELAINE

Just the guys from the Precinct, and a Captain from Homicide, Manhattan South.

MARYBETH

That's his Commander, he's required to pay a call on the widow.

Elaine blinks, waits.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

I wouldn't talk with anybody without checking with me first, okay?

Elaine doesn't answer for a moment, measures Marybeth.

ELAINE

Okay.

Marybeth falls silent, not wanting to explain any further but not wanting to leave Elaine. Her eyes land on the five year-old boy and three year-old girl, munching on Puerto Rican dulces, washing them down with soda pop.

MARYBETH

Beautiful children.

She angles for the door, her eyes checking the mourners as she goes.

CUT TO:

INT. WOERNER'S LUNCHEONETTE, REMSEN STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY

A dark place in the shadow of Borough Hall, a hangout for D.A.'s, lawyers, bail bondsmen and clients, the nuts-and-bolts of Brooklyn's official business is transacted here, the customers always within a few steps of their office or the courtroom.

A nearly partitioned-off area, a group of regulars are drinking coffee with Anselmo, MURRAY SAFIRE, a lobbyist-fixer, an above-board guy but still a semi-stooge of Anselmo's. Plus a non-regular, LENNY LEWIN, a real estate developer, and three other attendees, Lenny's cigarette smoke waved away by the others. It is clear the group is waiting for someone, nursing their coffees, breaking off ends of Danish from a platter which is kept well-stacked by a zealous waiter.

Calhoun enters, Anselmo flags him. A loud scraping of chairs as they all move to make a space as Anselmo makes introductions.

CALHOUN

I am sorry, gentlemen, to be late -- and I'm honored to be included in a regular meeting of the Borough Hall Sip 'n Schmooze breakfast set.

SAFIRE

Sit down, Tex, take a load off your feet.

CALHOUN

Loo-si-ana, Murray, for the umpteenth time.

Anselmo hits Calhoun in the arm.

ANSELMO

What's the matter, can't you take a joke? And why don't you get yourself a driver, for Chrissake? After three years, the 'clean as a hound's tooth' image is beginning to wear.

More chuckles. As if by signal, plates of eggs and breakfast meats and hashbrowns are set down. The waiter stands by.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

What'll you have?

CALHOUN

Oatmeal with skim milk and sliced bananas. If you have a few raisins, sprinkle them on, and a little brown sugar, please.

A deathly silence. The waiter shifts.

CALHOUN

What happened?

ANSELMO

Lenny just threw up.

Laughter. Lenny, a canny nerd, doesn't mind being the butt of jokes.

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

(to waiter)

Bring him 'Ham and.' -- And because he's the Mayor's boy, throw him a fish, white toast instead of a bagel.

The waiter scurries away. Calhoun smiles knowingly, the feeling he's been through these needles and pleasantries before with Anselmo.

ANSELMO

So what's new, Kevin?

CALHOUN

Today? This just in -- Standard and Poor's is going to lower the city's credit rating.

(MORE)

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

We tried to close two firehouses in the Bronx, result - a hundred and fifty residents are demonstrating in front of City Hall, the Deputy Park Commissioner has quit to run the San Francisco ballet, the Stock Exchange insists they're leaving town, and it looks like we're stuck with Rent Control forever. Plus a zillion other rancid goodies.

Calhoun notices a tabloid folded on a corner of the table, page-wide headlines, "EAST HARLEM TRAGEDY Six-Year-Old Slain in Crossfire with Cop."

Anselmo follows Calhoun's eyes.

ANSELMO

-- Plus a kid got shot.

CALHOUN

And a drug dealer.

ANSELMO

And a cop.

SAFIRE

No wonder the Deputy Mayor went to Brooklyn today.

ANSELMO

(to Calhoun)

But he's very welcome. Where's the Stock Exchange going to go, Kevin, my boy?

CALHOUN

White Plains, they mutter.

SAFIRE

They've been muttering that for years.

ANSELMO

One day they're gonna stop muttering and go.

LENNY

That's why we need MetroBank --

CALHOUN

No argument, Lenny.

ANSELMO

-- And a subway stop and an off-ramp from the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway.

CALHOUN

Infrastructure --

ANSELMO

A fancy word for the necessities of life.

CALHOUN

The city owes 25 billion dollars, Frank -- we can't build subway stops and off-ramps --

ANSELMO

How are the people going to get to MetroBank?

CALHOUN

Buses from existing subway stops, and those still fool enough to drive their cars, get off at Exit 26 or 27.

LENNY

Three thousand workers and you don't even want to build them a subway stop?

CALHOUN

Tell me, Lenny, what's your interest in this? Did you happen to buy a few options around the property?

ANSELMO

Of course he did. And so did every other developer in town. Notwithstanding that, Mr. Deputy Mayor, if you don't have a way to transport their employees, I don't know that MetroBank's gonna come up with the money.

CALHOUN

We'll take our chances. We love MetroBank, Frank, but we don't like infrastructure. Reason? The city can't afford it.

Silence.

ANSELMO

The city can't afford not to. The train's leaving the station, Kevin, don't you want to be aboard?

CALHOUN

You got the noses?

ANSELMO

Not counting yet. Why? I thought you were on our side. For a good ole boy, you're sure flying in the face of real politics. Infrastructure means votes. I thought John Pappas liked votes.

CALHOUN

We love votes, Frank. But no infrastructure. Much as we approve of the idea of a subway station and off-ramp, we can't afford them.

(to Lenny)

Don't worry, you can sell those options at a cut-rate. Just tell your tenants to take a bus -- or walk.

Lenny makes a face. A calm Anselmo checks his watch.

ANSELMO

I got an appointment in Manhattan --

CALHOUN

Can I give you a ride?

ANSELMO

No thanks, I'll make it quicker on the train.

They all rise on cue. As Calhoun puts on his coat, he picks up the tabloid left on the table, glances at the story on the Bone/Santos/Zapatti deaths.

A finger reaches over Calhoun's arm, Anselmo's, he points to a "sidebar" which is headed "What Was Detective Doing in East Harlem?"

ANSELMO (CONT'D)

That's your story.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING

JUDGE WALTER STERN parks at the curb reserved for the judiciary, hurries towards the side entrance he customarily uses. He is a judicial-looking man, a dignity about him and an address towards life which is relieved by a common touch.

Judge Stern looks up, distracted from his morning routine by a clutch of reporters unexpectedly surrounding him, "Tino Zapatti -", "Probation Report -!", "Sweetheart sentence -", he frowns, responding with "No comment"s but he can't get past the pack until he is rescued by his Law Secretary. She hails a Court Officer, they free the Judge from his questioners, he hurries in through the secured side entrance, the Court Officer holding off the Press behind him.

The Law Secretary catches up with Stern in the lobby as he is about to step into the Judges' Elevators.

JUDGE STERN

Get me the file on Tino Zapatti.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY COUNCIL MEETING, CITY HALL - AFTERNOON

Recess. The entire body present. The Public Advocate presiding but only ceremonially, the proceedings being run by Majority Speaker Solomon. On the edges of the chamber, and being restrained by the Marshals, are various interested parties. The gallery above is packed with seniors and blue collars from Brooklyn's 38th Councilmanic District. A tension in the place, a big vote coming up.

ISRAEL TORRES, the Mayor's and Calhoun's man in the Council, who is used to introduce Bills the Mayor advocates, stands in the back with a nervous Abe and a watchful Calhoun. As the chamber is called back into session, a member proposes a resolution to make a Day of Celebration marking the birth of an obscure Irish Republican hero of the 1920's.

CALHOUN

(to Torres)

...Are we okay?

TORRES

It's going to be close but we're okay.

CALHOUN

I don't like the look on Anselmo's face.

Anselmo rises from his chair, moves to Speaker Solomon, whispers in his ear, now crosses the chamber to Lenny Lewin who stands off the floor of the Council beside a side door. Anselmo's mouth goes to Lenny's ear. The Irish hero Day of Celebration resolution drones on, underneath it the gooseneck microphones on the Councilmembers' desks are bent away from earshot as intense, impromptu lobbying takes place on the floor.

Abe edges along the wall of the chamber, Speaker Solomon meets him as if by signal, whispers in his ear.

TORRES

(to Calhoun)

Hey, I've put my life on the line for this one. You know I got amigos upstairs, and I got plenty more living in those streets where you want to put up the bank. They're going to have my ass but I don't give a shit...

Abe quickly returns to Calhoun and Torres.

ABE

Seymour says we're okay.

TORRES

Arriba! Let's go on the bill! No subway, no off-ramp. Ooh, are you guys going to be in to me!

CALHOUN

How 'okay' are we, Abe?

ABE

The marriage is not made until the groom steps on the glass.

TORRES

You guys are nuts. You should be celebrating. Instead he's giving me Talmud --

(to Calhoun)

And you're sweating through your suit.

CALHOUN

That's my lunch, I ate canned red beans and chilis in oil, a Christmas basket from my mother --

ABE

Next Christmas, she can send you a new liver.

CALHOUN

Tomorrow we open up the Hog Head
Cheese and spread it on bialys.

Torres gags. A RAP of the gavel, Anselmo has the floor.

ANSELMO

With all due respect to our Gaelic
friends, could I intrude to ask the
Chair to suspend the argument for
this Resolution --

PUBLIC ADVOCATE (CHAIR)

To what purpose?

ANSELMO

To introduce an amendment to Land
Use Bill 181 which we have fully
discussed in the chamber and are on
the cusp of voting.

Seymour Solomon jumps to his feet.

SPEAKER SOLOMON

This is news to me --!

In the back, Calhoun's eyes are shifting rapidly back and
forth.

CALHOUN

What's happening?

ABE

I'm getting an infrastructure
feeling.

CALHOUN

Grab Seymour, lasso him if you have
to, tell him --

TORRES

Tell him what?!

CALHOUN

Anything -- go!

Torres makes a beeline for Speaker Solomon. As he crosses
the Council floor, Anselmo winds up his pitch.

ANSELMO

-- Therefore, I recommend we bring
to a resolution the amendment I've
proposed.

SPEAKER SOLOMON

-- May I request a recess?!

PUBLIC ADVOCATE

You're out of order, Mr. Speaker.

SPEAKER SOLOMON

I'm also out of breath. Oxygen!

Fanning himself frantically, Speaker Solomon collapses, CRIES for help, a Marshal wheels in an oxygen tank from the telephone room.

PUBLIC ADVOCATE

(gavel)

Recess, thirty minutes!

ABE

(to Calhoun)

Seymour can be counted on in a pinch.

EXT. CITY HALL, LATE AFTERNOON - TWILIGHT

Abe, Calhoun and Torres walk rapidly and nervously around the perimeter of City Hall Park. Torres smokes a cigar, Calhoun blows bubblegum.

TORRES

-- He got Dreyfus, that's what happened.

CALHOUN

How'd the hell he get Dreyfus?

TORRES

He promised him a horse.

CALHOUN

A horse?!

TORRES

A trotter. Dreyfus loves the trotters. He's at Yonkers every night. Frank's got this Ay-rab baker in his District -- makes Muslim crackers, worth a fortune -- the Ay-rab loves trotters, too. As many crackers as he bakes, he has trotters.

CALHOUN

How many votes did Dreyfus control?

ABE

More than we thought.

CALHOUN

We got horses up the ass in Louisiana. Why don't we buy him a horse?

ABE

Calm down, calm down --

CALHOUN

How much time we got?

TORRES

Ten minutes.

Torres chainlights another cigar, people scurrying this way and that, the gold dome of City Hall glistening as the sun sets. The vapor from the three men's breaths mingles, they walk on rapidly, but in no direction.

TORRES

What are we going to do?

CALHOUN

Israel, you fuck up again, me and the Mayor are gonna find us another --

TORRES

Okay, okay, I hear you. Now we've got five minutes.

Abe is a million miles away.

TORRES (CONT'D)

Frank is going to get his way as always --

ABE

Remember the Algerian Soccer League --?

TORRES

Beautiful. We're up the creek and he's playing soccer!

CALHOUN

Shut up, Israel. What about it, Abe?

ABE

Their field was too small, remember --?

CALHOUN

Yeah, they wanted to de-map a hundred yards of Prospect Park. They were taking their corner kicks from a newsstand.

TORRES

(righteously)
You can't de-map a Park.

ABE

Did you see Anselmo's blueprint? A subway stop at Ninth Avenue and Third Street?

CALHOUN

That's going to cut across a corner of Byrne Park...

TORRES

Never heard of it.

ABE

A vest pocket job, chockful of baby carriages --

CALHOUN

And mothers! What did Robert Moses, the father of all Commissioners, say?

TORRES

Who gives a shit?

CALHOUN

'As long as you're on the side of the parks, you're on the side of angels.'

TORRES

Let's get in there!

CALHOUN

Abe, gimme five!

Calhoun hits Abe's hand so hard, his yarmulke falls off.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - LATE AFTERNOON

A vote is being tallied.

CLERK

...Dreyfus?

DREYFUS

'No.' And may I add, take one foot of park space away from the populace and you amputate their soul.

Calhoun, aglow in the back, whispers to Abe.

CALHOUN

He'll get his trotters somewhere else.

CLERK

Drew?

DREW

Nay!

Anselmo rises from his Council desk, Lenny and he exchange looks, Lenny hurries out, Anselmo glances over at Calhoun. He makes a Little Lord Fauntleroy bow and exits the chamber.

CLERK

Foster?

FOSTER

No!

CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL - AFTERNOON

The Mayor is looking out the window, his back to the door as Calhoun enters, The New York Times along with other papers spread out on a table, the Times opened to the editorial page.

MAYOR

What happened?

CALHOUN

The point is what didn't happen.

MAYOR

Okay, what didn't happen?

CALHOUN

Councilman Frank Anselmo, Brooklyn County Leader and the last of a dying breed, the political boss, did not get his way.

The Mayor turns around.

MAYOR

Frank Anselmo is not dying.

A moment.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But we are. In The New York Times, in The Daily News, in The Post, soft on crime, hard on unemployment, no subway stop, no off-ramp, no MetroBank and Judge Stern is taking shots right and left and all he's done is given up a two million dollar partnership at Davis, Polk to serve the people.

CALHOUN

I wasn't his campaign manager.

MAYOR

And you're not mine anymore, either. You're Deputy Mayor and it's time you acted like one.

CALHOUN

Mr. Mayor --

MAYOR

Don't 'Mr. Mayor' me. Frank Anselmo is responsible for two million votes.

CALHOUN

And currently the sponsor of three big-time Brooklyn boondoggles, the off-ramp, the subway stop and the options on property surrounding them.

MAYOR

You tripped over the elephant while chasing a flea.

CALHOUN

Frank Anselmo is not a flea --

MAYOR

Compared to MetroBank, he is!

The Mayor points to a set of blueprints and large photographs.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

See this. What do you think this is?

CALHOUN

Looks like a meadow.

MAYOR

A meadow! How poetic! This, my friend, is not a meadow, this is a field surrounded by tenements which could be cleared to resurrect a neighborhood, create 3,000 jobs --

CALHOUN

At what price? Five million dollars for an off-ramp, 15 million for a subway stop, talk about a lulu.

MAYOR

You are the lulu! Get your feet on the ground! Do you know what it's like to push a pencil all day and then walk 12 blocks to the subway to hang on a strap an hour back to the Bronx? It's those twelve blocks that make the difference. If you don't satisfy their asses, their brains won't work! When they get in the booth, they pull the wrong lever!

CALHOUN

And I thought you were going to give me a medal.

MAYOR

No, I'm going to give Frank Anselmo his subway station. And he's going to give us the votes we need for MetroBank.

Calhoun blinks.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You've run campaigns, Kevin, you like things to work, don't you?

CALHOUN

Yeah --

MAYOR

Frank Anselmo makes things work. He's the county boss, and Young Turk or Old Dinosaur, county bosses are the oil of the machine of government.

Calhoun bites his tongue, the Mayor picks up the phone.

MAYOR

Get me Rebbe Schnayerson.

(a moment)

He is? Then get me the next Rebbe down.

CALHOUN

...God, it's a hundred brush fires a day.

MAYOR

A hundred and one.

(covers the phone)

The matzo bakers are striking.

Calhoun opens the door, suddenly turns back.

CALHOUN

Tomorrow's James Bone's funeral.

MAYOR

(covering the phone)

Get out that magic pen of yours and write me a eulogy.

(phone)

Hello Rebbe? What's new?

Calhoun goes.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK STATE THEATRE - NIGHT

A performance of Carousel, Billy is singing to Julie onstage:

BILLY

'If I loved you
Time and again I would try to say
All I'd want you to know --'

In the loge seated in the first row is Anselmo with his wife NETTIE, a blonde self-assured woman. As the baritone's, who plays Billy, voice surges, Nettie and Anselmo clasp hands.

INT. BAR, NEW YORK STATE THEATRE - NIGHT

George, the Mayor's Intel man, takes a position beside the men's room, APPLAUSE from within the theatre, the audience pours out at intermission.

INT. NEW YORK STATE THEATRE, ORCHESTRA - NIGHT

Calhoun is seated beside Mrs. Pappas, she points to something in his program, he nods, excuses himself.

INT. BAR, NEW YORK STATE THEATRE - NIGHT

Anselmo crosses toward the men's room, as he approaches the door, he sees a flash of the gold Detective's badge on George's belt. The Mayor, emerging now from the men's room, spies Anselmo.

MAYOR

I want to talk to you.

ANSELMO

I've got to take a leak.

MAYOR

You'll take a leak afterwards.

At the bar Calhoun is ordering drinks. He sees the Mayor with Anselmo, is about to join them but the Mayor makes a gesture and Calhoun stands fast. The Mayor leads Anselmo into a niche in the lounge.

ANSELMO

Do you like the Billy Bigelow?

MAYOR

Good voice, no act. How do you feel about the Julie Jordan?

ANSELMO

Good act, no voice. My Nettie could sing better. We met 25 years ago, Westbury Music Circus, she was in the chorus --

MAYOR

Speaking of performances, I don't want to hear about another one like that from you, Frank.

ANSELMO

Your boy embarrassed me --

MAYOR

You're going to have to live with him.

ANSELMO

Why --?

MAYOR

Because he's my boy.

A moment.

ANSELMO

But it's ridiculous, John. This MetroBank thing is a good thing --

MAYOR

I don't need you to tell me that. I brought these people in from Wall Street. Now show me a little respect --

ANSELMO

Of course.

MAYOR

Then I've got news for you. We'll go with it.

Anselmo brightens.

ANSELMO

Yeah? Which way?

MAYOR

My way. With infrastructure.

Anselmo beams.

ANSELMO

Okay, John, your way. You get the credit.

MAYOR

And you and Lenny get the options.

A moment.

ANSELMO

When do we break ground?

MAYOR

I'll be out on that meadow tomorrow with a silver spade. Deliver me a turnout -- the high school kids, clerks from MetroBank's back offices --

ANSELMO

Delivered.

MAYOR

And you? Find a corner.

ANSELMO

You know me, John, I love corners.

INT. JOHNNY'S FAMOUS REEF, CITY ISLAND, THE BRONX - AFTERNOON

A foggy afternoon in Eastchester Bay, the deck overlooking the water empty, inside a bar with storm windows open to the elements, a couple of hardy souls perched at it. A slip runs out into the bay, cheap sailboats are moored alongside.

Sitting at the bar is HOLLY, 40, a police officer in off-duty clothes, paint-splattered khakis and worn deck shoes, his eyes squinting as he focuses on a car coming over the causeway from the Bronx. He moves to a lonesome table.

EXT. PARKING LOT, JOHNNY'S FAMOUS REEF - DAY

Marybeth pulls her Accord in, only a couple of cars in the lot. She checks the address on a slip of paper, crumples the paper in her hand and walks inside.

INT. JOHNNY'S FAMOUS REEF - DAY

Marybeth smiles, Holly doesn't. She angles straight to him.

MARYBETH

Hello, Officer Holly.

HOLLY

What are you drinking? '

MARYBETH

Water.

HOLLY

Plain water?

MARYBETH

Plain as day.

HOLLY

Well, I'm not.

MARYBETH

I thought you were off it.

HOLLY

Today, I'm back on.

As Holly crosses to the bar, Marybeth pulls out a little ring binder, checks some notes, puts them away as Holly returns with a bottle of water for her and a dark drink for himself.

MARYBETH

Where are you working again?

HOLLY

The 4-1.

MARYBETH

Oy.

HOLLY

They sent me up here to 'heal.'

MARYBETH

Heal from what?

HOLLY

My diagnosis or theirs?

MARYBETH

Yours.

HOLLY

Tino Zapatti and his Uncle Paulie.

MARYBETH

Was that after we got you reinstated or before?

HOLLY

You got me nothing. You did your job. That's what I pay my dues for.

MARYBETH

Okay! Okay! Now I'm trying to do my job for your ex-partner.

HOLLY

Santos was a nut. He went bullshit when Tino got off. I told him 'Eddie, lay off, justice has been done,' 'Justice?!' he said -- a brave fuck.

Silence.

MARYBETH

Don't you have any loyalty to your old partner?

HOLLY

Not a smidgen. I just want to get out with my life, save my pension, and sail that piece of shit you see out there, the Mary B.

MARYBETH

'Mary B,' is that for Marybeth, my name?

HOLLY

I wouldn't know. You'd have to ask the previous owner. He's in Green Haven Prison. The chap 'left' it to me.

Marybeth finishes her water.

MARYBETH

For God's sake, man, a wife's pension, the futures of her children are at stake, tell me what you know!

Holly drains his drink.

HOLLY

The wind's changed. I can catch the starboard tack now. Run me right home. If I tarry, I'm out to sea, you know what I mean?

INT. PIERINO'S RESTAURANT, READE STREET - NIGHT

An old-time politicians' hangout around the corner from City Hall, busier at lunch than it is at dinner, trenchermen's platefuls of pasta. Seated in the raised, secluded part of the room are Anselmo, Zapatti, and Lenny.

LENNY

-- We got to pick up some more options.

ZAPATTI

No.

ANSELMO

Why not, Paul? It's a slam dunk.

ZAPATTI

I don't care what it is, don't be greedy.

ANSELMO

(pleasantly)

How can I be greedy, I'm not holding any options?

A moment, Zapatti regards Anselmo.

ZAPATTI

You're holding plenty, Frank.

ANSELMO

Of what?

ZAPATTI

Of juice. All over City Hall. What more do you want?

Zapatti inhales a fistful of rigatoni.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

(to Lenny)

What's the update?

LENNY

They're holding out on the corner of 14th Street --

ZAPATTI

For what?

LENNY

For more, Paulie, what do you think? Iranians.

ZAPATTI

Iranians? From Persia?

LENNY

Mopes. With gold chains.

ZAPATTI

(to Anselmo)

You know these people?

ANSELMO

A cigar store. They're expanding. Hosiery and chocolates.

LENNY

In the old days, there was honor --

ZAPATTI

Let it go, Lenny. Only a fool takes top dollar.

Silence as a waiter clears their plates.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

(to Lenny)

Would you excuse us, please?

LENNY

I got an appointment anyway.

ZAPATTI

Then it works out nicely.

Lenny goes.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

You're sure now, it's all set?

ANSELMO

We got it all.

ZAPATTI

Now you can get something else for me.

ANSELMO

What's that?

ZAPATTI

My name out of the papers.

ANSELMO

How?

ZAPATTI

With 40,000 dollars.

ANSELMO

What am I going to do with 40,000 dollars?

ZAPATTI

Let me ask you a question.

ANSELMO

Shoot.

ZAPATTI

Have you ever heard of a cop with 40,000 dollars --?

ANSELMO

Yes.

ZAPATTI

-- Who wasn't crooked?

ANSELMO

No.

Zapatti downs his espresso, covers the check, leaves. Anselmo glances at his chair, on the seat a folded New York Post, block headlines, 'THE ZAPATTI CONNECTION Was Cop On Mobster's Hit List?'

Anselmo picks up the newspaper, unfolds it, a manila envelope falls out, he takes a peek inside, stacks of hundred dollar bills are laid neatly between two pieces of cardboard.

CUT TO:

INT. ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH, 137TH STREET AND 7TH AVENUE - DAY

A Harlem tabernacle, the place is packed with congregation, the overflow outside behind police barricades listening to the service through loud speakers.

CHOIR

(sings)

'What then? What then?
When the great Book is opened, what
then?
And a world that rejected its Savior
Will be asked for a reason,
What then?'

The Mayor waits with the highest ranking Black officer, Chief Deputy Commissioner Sawyer, and Calhoun. There are Black police officers posted along the furthest side aisles of the church, and manning the barricades outside. A mood of unrest.

MAYOR

Will Reverend Powell introduce me?

SAWYER

With a sentence.

MAYOR

And afterwards?

SAWYER

We get out of here.

MAYOR

Which way is out?

Sawyer points to a side door.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

No, the front.

SAWYER

You think that's a good idea?
Intel's out there now, they say the
folks aren't feeling too good.

MAYOR

That's your problem.

The Choir finishes..."And we stand up before Him, what then?" Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., steps into the pulpit. On a chair behind him sits Bone.

REVEREND POWELL

Sisters, brethren...The Mayor of the City of New York, the Honorable John Pappas.

Programs flutter, bodies shift in seats, the men fan themselves with their hats. The Mayor steps into the pulpit, gazes down at the coffin in front of him.

MAYOR

'What then?' Indeed. What then when the cities run to sewers and the lights are extinguished and the people corrupt? What then when the streets are no longer safe, and when a father holds his child by the hand, and the boy is cut down and cast aside like chaff in the field, what then?

A VOICE

(from the congregation)
Say it plain!

MAYOR

People warned me, don't stand behind this coffin, why heed their warning when a heartbeat's silent --

He glances at Bone.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And a child is dead?

The Mayor steps away from the pulpit and down to the coffin of James Bone. Some congregation rise, angry murmuring from the pews, ushers move right in on them.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Don't stand behind that coffin, they said, that little boy was as pure and innocent as the driven snow -- well, I am not innocent, and by the time the snow touches the ground under my feet, it will turn as gray and gritty as the stones of hell.

A voice from the congregation calls out, "Yes!" "Go on!"

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But I am this boy! I am James Bone!
My soul is crushed, my spirit
wanting because I have let you down,
I have died on you because I have
not given you the protection you
crave, the homes you cherish, the
streets to transport yourselves.

A RUSTLE from the congregation.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But I shall! And I will! I am
Greek, and I am descended from the
caves of the Mediterranean and I
speak the language of the poets --
the first and only great mayor was
possibly my forefather, more likely
not -- Pericles of Athens -- 'All
the good things of the earth flow
into the city because of its
greatness...' Well, we were great
once and we could be great again.
This is the 'palace that was the
city,' but the city is no more when
a child's body lies before us. But
I pledge we will find our spirit
again, we will rebuild on the soul
of this little warrior -- I am with
you, little James, I am you, and I
will carry your standard forward
until the palace that was the city
rises again.

He kisses the coffin, the congregation stands, another hymn.

CHOIR

'I want to dig a little deeper
Yes, dig a little deeper
I want to dig a little deeper
In the storehouse of God's love!'

The Mayor strides up the center aisle. Calhoun loops around to meet him, the Intel men are working quietly and rapidly, earpieces and tiny mikes, the door of the church opens, SILENCE on the street. An Old Woman approaches the Mayor, Intel tries to block her, but the Mayor steps right around them.

HARLEM WOMAN

God bless you, Mayor Pappas.

He smiles, suddenly she throws her arms around him, he embraces her, moves on, hands now are extended to him. Intel tries to beat a path to the car, but more hands want to touch him. Through the doors of the church:

CHOIR

'--Dig a little deeper
In the storehouse of God's love!'

Calhoun knifes through the crowd, successfully clearing another path for the Mayor, they jump in their car, a red light flashes but no siren, and they are gone.

INT. MAYOR'S CAR - DAY

The car speeds down Lenox Avenue, the garbage and tenements of Central Harlem go by in a blur, black men congregate aimlessly on street corners along with youths in warm-up jackets and athletic shoes. Intel's radio crackles, the follow car loops around and takes the lead.

MAYOR

Nice speech, Kid.

CALHOUN

That wasn't my speech.

MAYOR

The Pericles thing came to mind and I threw it in.

CALHOUN

But the way you threw it in --

MAYOR

You liked it?

CALHOUN

I loved it.

MAYOR

Thank you.

CALHOUN

How do you come up with that stuff, the 'caves' and the 'poets'?

The Mayor smiles.

MAYOR

I am Greek, man. When I was James Bone's age I used to have to sit at Easter services for two hours, and after that the Archbishop would pass out eggs which had been dyed red for the blood of Christ -- I loved those red eggs. My dad had one, he kept it in a glass case with an ivory crucifix and a Jesus palm card for thirty years. Your ass gets hard in those pews, especially if there's no egg at the end of the line.

Calhoun reaches for The Times, opens it up to an editorial: "Judge Or Be Judged."

CALHOUN

You read this?

MAYOR

Sydney read me parts, '-- the last identifiable vestige of graft.' What the hell are they talking about? Judges get nominated like everybody else.

CALHOUN

But the Party arranges it.

MAYOR

Whose side are you on?

CALHOUN

Yours, John. And I always will be. I sense a hanging party. Maybe we should put a little distance between us and Walter Stern --

MAYOR

'Distance' is shit. Distance is what you do to your enemies. It's an invention of the 90's to make friends extinct.

(a moment)

Distance is the absence of Menschkeit.

CALHOUN

What's that?

MAYOR

Menschkeit. 'Manhood.' What it takes to be a man.

CALHOUN
You've taken up Yiddish?

MAYOR
Abe laid it on me.

He regards Calhoun.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
You're a good man, Kevin. Underneath the Loo-si-ana cane syrup, red dirt. Not all that different from the pavements of Astoria. You and me? We're sticking by Judge Walter Stern.

Calhoun nods in agreement, he feels better. He opens his case, pulls out a small jar, relish swimming in flaked oil.

CALHOUN
Want a red-hot pepper?

MAYOR
Later.

Calhoun pops a couple in his mouth.

CALHOUN
When I was a kid we used to go to Vidalia, they had a little Greek Orthodox church there. The restaurant people and shoemakers from Natchez across the river held Sunday services, but in the Spring they'd put on this Greek Festival -- and I remember one time I won a footrace, and they had this little stand they called Mount Olympus and I stepped up on it and they laid a laurel wreath on my head.

MAYOR
How'd you like that?

CALHOUN
I loved it.

The Mayor looks at Calhoun and smiles again, the oil from the peppers drops on The New York Times.

MAYOR
Me, too.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM, YALE CLUB - NIGHT

A banner hangs, "Yale Law School," embroidered across it the letterhead logo of Davis, Polk. The men in black tie, the women and wives in evening gowns, Judge Stern across from his wife who keeps a close eye on him.

Two ex-law partners, SPENCER and TRAVIS, are needling Stern.

SPENCER

Walter, the door is wide open.

TRAVIS

We shared seven figures in profits last year, this one looks like eight.

SPENCER

Come back, look at all the money you'll make.

TRAVIS

And The New York Times would have to find a new punching bag!

Stern smiles.

JUDGE STERN

Thanks for the offer.

SPENCER

Come on back, Walter --

He makes a gesture to some of the younger partners down the table, echoes "Get off that bench!", "Do yourself some good!"

JUDGE STERN

(smiling)
I'm flattered.

EXT. YALE CLUB - NIGHT

Judge Stern and Edna wait for their car.

EDNA

Everybody was so nice --

JUDGE STERN

So nice I went to the bathroom to throw up.

EDNA

Walter!

JUDGE STERN

They think I'm a crook.

EDNA

Then why are they trying to entice you back to the firm?

JUDGE STERN

To put it in their words, 'What does one thing have to do with the other?'

Their car pulls up, they get in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. MARY'S CEMETERY, FRESH MEADOWS, QUEENS - DAY

A large turnout of mourners, uniformed police commands, black strips of cloth over their badges, gravediggers, bagpipers and drummers. Elaine stands with her two children and her brother, police brass in the rows behind them, in a corner of the VIP section is Marybeth and lingering at the edges of the gathering, Holly.

Police Commissioner Coonan is concluding the eulogy.

COONAN

...We need heroes badly, but we are grateful to have had one even for such a short time. And now, because the Mayor has unavoidably been detained on city duties, Deputy Mayor Calhoun will conclude.

Calhoun steps forward.

CALHOUN

The brief professional life of Eddie Santos began in the Bronx, the 41st Precinct, Fort Apache. Last night a call came in for a local disc jockey from his old colleagues, the boys of the 4-1. They asked for a song of the pop rocker Jackson Browne and it goes like this --

'Just do the steps that you've
been shown
By everyone you've ever known
Until the dance becomes your
very own

(MORE)

CALHOUN (CONT'D)
 No matter how close to yours
 Another's steps have grown
 In the end there is one dance
 you'll do alone'

Calhoun looks down at the coffin.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)
 In the end, there is one dance
 you'll do alone.
 (a moment)
 Goodbye, Eddie.

He steps down, the bagpipers and drums strike up, THUNDER from the sky above as five police helicopters zoom overhead, one place vacant in the formation. The coffin is lowered into the ground.

PRIEST
 Man, thou art dust and unto dust you
 shall return.

Elaine turns away, the children are restless, another PRIEST hands the little boy a gold crucifix as Elaine's brother leads the children away. The mourners pass in a file past Elaine. Marybeth observes close by.

Elaine stoops now to comfort one of her children who is crying, as she rises she finds herself face to face with Calhoun.

ELAINE
 Thanks for the words --

CALHOUN
 It's the least we can do.

Marybeth, joining Elaine and Calhoun, shields the group. Calhoun looks at her inquiringly.

MARYBETH
 (to Calhoun)
 I'm Marybeth Cogan, Detectives'
 Endowment Association. Good
 morning, Mr. Deputy. Where's the
 Mayor?

CALHOUN
 He had to go to Washington this
 morning on Convention business.

MARYBETH

A Detective killed in the line of duty rates an Inspector's funeral, that includes the Mayor.

Marybeth hands Calhoun her card. Calhoun scrutinizes it.

CALHOUN

Very nice.

He reaches in his pocket for his own card.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Santos, if there's anything I can do, please call me.

He hands Elaine his card.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

And let me assure you, there's no attempt to --

ELAINE

Where do they get that stuff in the newspapers? At school they tell my little girl her daddy was a drug dealer.

CALHOUN

We're all prey to the newspapers.

MARYBETH

Never mind the newspapers, what about Internal Affairs? What are those clowns out there doing?

Calhoun follows Marybeth's gaze. As the grave is being covered and the astroturf rolled up, two anomalous laborers in crisp bluejeans, holding spades, stand by. They do no work, only observe the departing mourners closely.

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD, ST. MARY'S CEMETERY - DAY

Cars jammed up, mourners walking alongside towards a shuttle stop, crowding under a canopy, waiting for the van to carry them out to city buses on Fresh Meadow Lane.

Calhoun slows his car as he sees Marybeth striding along the road, a huge bag slung over her shoulder, erect and purposeful, athletic as hell.

CALHOUN

Where are you going?

MARYBETH

The city.

CALHOUN

I thought we were in the city?

MARYBETH

Not if you're from Queens.

CALHOUN

Let's start over. Okay, where you going?

MARYBETH

Manhattan.

CALHOUN

Hop in.

MARYBETH

Go fuck yourself.

She walks on, he pulls up alongside again.

CALHOUN

Not to be disrespectful, but don't you realize the transportation department at St. Mary's Cemetery wasn't prepared for a thousand people?

MARYBETH

Nine hundred and ninety-nine, we were expecting the Mayor.

CALHOUN

You know you're going to wait under that plastic awning for an hour, then you're going to ride a Queens bus, then slepp on the subway to Manhattan --

MARYBETH

'Schlep!' Not 'slepp!' Get the gumbo out of your Yiddish!

He revs the car, Marybeth glances at the crowd ahead of her, hopeless gridlock on the narrow frontage road, she opens the passenger door and climbs in. Calhoun's front seat is a mess, he just slides all his papers and presentations and graphs onto the floor in front of her, she rests her feet on them.

Calhoun pulls out of the cemetery.

INT. CALHOUN'S CAR, QUEENS - DAY

Calhoun and Marybeth drive along in silence.

CALHOUN

How do you feel about the L.I.E.?

MARYBETH

I hate the L.I.E. Take the Grand Central, you'll catch it at Astoria Boulevard. G'head, I'll show you.

He swerves off into the further reaches of Queens, boulevards crowded with auto parts stores, cellular telephone shops, Greek family restaurants.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Eddie Santos was a good cop, you're doing a vile thing.

CALHOUN

Nobody's doing anything.

MARYBETH

You got all the answers, don't you?

CALHOUN

No, don't even have the questions yet.

A red light.

MARYBETH

Pull over.

He angles to the curb.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

I got a question for you.

CALHOUN

(carefully)

Yes?

MARYBETH

You hungry?

CALHOUN

Hungry enough to eat a boiled sow's head and wash it down with sourmash syllabub.

MARYBETH

Would you settle for a Philly Steak sandwich? Swing by that diner over there, The Buccaneer. They make the best Philly Steak sandwiches in New York City. Or do you call them Philadelphia Steak sandwiches?

Calhoun smiles, as he jockeys towards the diner, they drift into silence.

CALHOUN

Who are we going to meet in this diner?

MARYBETH

What are you talking about?

CALHOUN

You surfaced in front of my car at the cemetery, you looked in the right direction for me to stop, and the Grand Central Parkway is the long way around. Who did you want to meet?

MARYBETH

Albert Holly, he was Santos's partner two years ago when Tino Zapatti walked.

A moment.

CALHOUN

Thank you.

INT. 'THE BUCCANEER' DINER, ASTORIA BOULEVARD - DAY

Calhoun, Marybeth and Holly are seated at a corner table, Calhoun's and Marybeth's plates empty but for bits of roll, fried onion, meat and cheese.

Marybeth smothers a burp with her fist. Silence.

HOLLY

...Eddie Santos was a pitbull.

CALHOUN

Pitbulls are ugly but they're not stupid, what was he doing without a backup?

MARYBETH

Probably looking to make a collar.
Get Tino on a probation violation.
How did he know what was going to
happen?

CALHOUN

That Tino Zapatti was armed and
dangerous? How much of a surprise
could that have been?

HOLLY

There had to be someone else there.

CALHOUN

If there were, why didn't Santos let
anybody else know?

HOLLY

Because it was his collar. He made
that case on Tino and then the judge
went south. Eddie went crazy when
he heard that sentence, I had to tie
him down in the hallway. There is
no way Tino Zapatti could've walked
two years ago...unless interested
parties had the judge in their
pocket.

CALHOUN

Walter Stern is a jurist of national
reputation --

HOLLY

I don't care if he's Oliver Wendall
Holmes! Someone got to him. Or
above him. Or beside him. I knew
it and Eddie knew it, the only
difference between Eddie and me was
he got excited and I went to the
Four-One to disappear -- no medals
for me, thank you. You got five
helicopters flying overhead, on the
other hand, you're six feet under.

He belches.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

They didn't grill the onions and
peppers first, this was less Philly
than South Jersey.

CALHOUN

I may be back to you --

HOLLY

Please don't. And don't get excited.

After a moment.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(to Calhoun)

What I'm saying is, stop looking for a speaking part.

(to Marybeth)

And you, back off. Both of yez want to stay far away from this one.

He reaches for the remains of Calhoun's Alka-Seltzer, drains it.

INT. PART 72, CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

A trial in progress. Judge Stern presides, the usual sad complement of D.A.'s and attorneys, Court Officers, his Law Secretary, a few courtroom groupies, the defendant with his head in his hands, and the Prosecutor, while facing the jury, questioning a defense witness on an obscure point.

Calhoun enters, gazes around at the nearly empty courtroom, the desultory proceedings, he reaches in his pocket, scribbles a note on the back of an envelope.

CALHOUN

Can you give this to the Judge?

A Court Officer on reading the card nods ingratiatingly, hands the note up to the Judge. Judge Stern looks out over the courtroom, sees Calhoun in his seat, Calhoun nods politely, Judge Stern turns his attention back to the droning Prosecutor.

JUDGE STERN

Where are you going with this Mr. MacKenzie?

PROSECUTOR

This witness interprets the defendant's V.A. record one way, our psychologist interprets it another --

JUDGE STERN

And another and another until the end of time. So much for expert witnesses. Let's take a break, 11:15 all right for everybody?

He doesn't wait for a response, leaves the bench, nods to the nearest Court Officer, and disappears through a door to chambers. The Court Officer beckons Calhoun.

INT. PART 72 CHAMBERS - DAY

Calhoun faces Stern in a small, battered room, an office with no identification.

JUDGE STERN

...I can only sentence in accordance with the conviction. Mr. Zapatti was convicted of Criminal Possession in the 4th Degree.

CALHOUN

They found a kilo in his car --

JUDGE STERN

Is it your intention to try the case again, Mr. Calhoun?

CALHOUN

There was a rap sheet --

JUDGE STERN

Mr. Calhoun! I am certified to the State of New York as a Supreme Court Judge, and you're sitting here re-arguing a two-year-old case. You are out of line, sir, and I am going to so inform the Mayor.

CALHOUN

I'm here on the Mayor's behalf.

JUDGE STERN

Then why didn't anyone notify me that you were coming?

A moment.

CALHOUN

I'm sorry.

Judge Stern shifts.

JUDGE STERN

Do you think I've slept the last two nights? Don't you realize I know what a mistake I made? But I do have guidelines. Have you forgotten the symbol of justice, two scales?

(MORE)

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

On the one hand there was a vicious killer, on the other a low-class first conviction accompanied by a positive probation report. The guideline says, on a first conviction I let the felon out under close supervision.

He closes the file.

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

I was wrong.

Calhoun blinks, stares at a crack on the empty wall.

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

Forgive the surroundings. Municipal Gothic permeates not only the atmosphere but creeps into the Judicial system as well. Leo will show you out.

Judge Stern re-enters the courtroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTOS HOUSE, BAYSIDE, QUEENS - DAY

A blue-and-white patrol car is parked outside the house, a police officer waits at the wheel.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, SANTOS HOUSE - DAY

Elaine emerges from a bedroom, CAPTAIN FLORIO, uniformed brass, is behind her. Elaine is agitated.

ELAINE

That's it! You satisfied?!

CAPT. FLORIO

No basement or anything --?

ELAINE

You saw it, the rumpus room.

CAPT. FLORIO

The knotty pine with the pool table?

ELAINE

That's right -- Captain.

CAPT. FLORIO

Mrs. Santos, I'm only doing my job, I really am sorry --

ELAINE

Sorry, crap! You're snooping around Eddie's house like a Nazi.

CAPT. FLORIO

Please, you know this is the last thing I wanted to do --

ELAINE

Then why don't you get the hell out of Internal Affairs, or get into a suit like the rest of the rats!

The telephone RINGS in an alcove, she picks it up.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

(phone)

Hello! -- Yeah, yeah...Two bars has been in here all morning -- he went over the place from top to bottom...

Capt. Florio waits on the landing for Elaine to finish her conversation, as he waits he notices framed photographs of the Santos's family life, one of them is of a summer place, a cottage overlooking a lake, Elaine and Eddie with their arms around each other, friends and relatives present, drinks in their hands.

Capt. Florio puts on his glasses, examines the photograph as Elaine continues on the telephone.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You've got to do something about Eddie's pension, they're going to try and reduce it. And what happened to the Police Memorial Award, the Precinct says it goes automatically to the next of kin...Well, this piece of brass wasn't here to give me any award...

Capt. Florio has learned what he wants to from the photograph, he waves an abrupt goodbye to Elaine, trots down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor presiding, Abe sitting in Calhoun's chair, all City Commissioners present including Coonan of the Police.

MAYOR

(reading)

'The issue of judicial inconsistency has not been responded to by the Mayor. Why are minority prisoners incarcerated in the Devil's Island of municipal jails, Riker's and others, while those with political and mob connections are permitted to go free? Why did such a respected bastion of the Bench, Walter Stern, fall asleep over a flabby probation report? Blood on East Harlem streets, a child rests in a coffin and a star Detective's death goes unexplained. The incident on 117th Street? When will sense be made of it?'

He throws down the newspaper.

COONAN

Is that The New York Times?

MAYOR

It's not The Irish Echo, Gerry.

Silence.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

The media are closing in. This goddamn thing in East Harlem is killing us --

(to Leslie)

-- What do you hear from Washington?

LESLIE

Rubber. I couldn't reach Senator Marquand on the phone all morning.

ABE

They read The New York Times down there while they wait for their cut-in on the Today Show.

MAYOR

Where's Kevin, for God's sake? He's point man on Washington.

ABE

Centre Street.

MAYOR

For what, Centre Street?

No one has the answer, nor is particularly interested.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Okay, bear down, everybody. More cops on the street, streamline fire, push extension of rent control for seniors, another environmental study on Kings County Hospital, paint the Queensboro Bridge!

ABE

To who do we let out the contract?

MAYOR

Call Standards and Appeals, tell them to find us a cheapie. That way we can paint it again.

LESLIE

This year or next?

MAYOR

This! It's an election year, people. Go! Go! Go!

They disperse. The Mayor hurries' down a staircase to a second office.

INT. MAYOR'S BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY

A cozy dungeon, a TV tuned to CNN plays soundlessly in a ceiling corner, Calhoun is bent over a desk, writing furiously on a legal pad.

MAYOR

Where you been?

Calhoun looks up.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You don't have to answer that.

(smiles)

I missed you.

CALHOUN

Judge Walter Stern.

MAYOR

What about him?

CALHOUN

I dropped by to say hello.

MAYOR
Hello, or hello?

CALHOUN
What do you mean?

MAYOR
An old fundraiser joke. For 500 I
wink, for 2500 I shake hands, for
5000 I kiss you on the lips!
(Calhoun smiles)
Hello isn't always hello.

CALHOUN
I checked him out this morning.
He's an impressive guy.

MAYOR
I could've told you that.

The Mayor is measuring Calhoun.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Hello isn't hello, is it?

CALHOUN
I get a funny feeling, 'this one's
not over yet --

MAYOR
Okay, ride point. But stay close to
the Police Commissioner. Don't get
too far out front. The Blue Wall is
very jealous of their investi-
gations.

Calhoun nods, grateful for the counsel.

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE, KERHONKSON, N.Y., - DAY

A tiny lakefront cottage. A media circus, T.V. cameras and reporters, print people with notebooks, state troopers milling around, Calhoun is present. The latticework has been pulled out from under the porch, technicians in orange jump suits "POLICE" emblazoned on the back, digging underneath the dwelling.

MOVE IN on Captain Florio, the NYPD officer who questioned Elaine, in plainclothes now, seated in an unmarked car, observing the proceedings.

INT. FRANK ANSELMO'S HOUSE, BROOKLYN - DAY

Anselmo is sitting in front of a T.V., scrutinizing the mid-day news, the lead story pictures from Kerhonkson.

T.V. ANNOUNCER

...Forty-thousand dollars in cash was found in Detective Santos's strong box at his summer cottage on Lake Kerhonkson in Ulster County. What was Santos doing with forty-thousand dollars? Why was the money buried? What is its connection with the deaths of James Bone and Tino Zapatti?

Anselmo's telephone RINGS, he picks it up.

ANSELMO

(phone)

I'm watching already...

EXT. SANTOS HOUSE, BAYSIDE, QUEENS - DAY

Marybeth pulls up in her car, jumps out, heads for the house, RINGS the bell, Elaine answers. Wordlessly Marybeth enters, follows Elaine into the living room, takes a seat next to her in front of the T.V.

ELAINE

Can you believe this shit? We never set foot in that dump after Eddie's father died, it's full of hornets' nests --

MARYBETH

Yeah. Busy hornets--

ELAINE

And never in our life did we see 4,000 in cash much less forty.

On T.V a microphone is thrust in front of Calhoun, he responds to a flurry of questions.

CALHOUN (T.V.)

...The Mayor understands the implications of the State Troopers' discovery in Ulster County this morning, but he would like to stress these are implications only. Moreover, until a connection can be made between Detective Santos and the 40,000 dollars --

In Bayside, Elaine's TELEPHONE RINGS, she rises.

CALHOUN (CONT'D) (T.V.)

-- Or it can be determined from
where this money issued, no
conclusions can be drawn.

On T.V. more questions from the Press, Calhoun fields them
expertly.

Elaine answers the RINGING phone.

ELAINE

Hello?

VINNIE (V.O.)

There's only two people in this
world that know that's not Eddie's
money. You -- and me.

Elaine snaps her fingers, points upstairs to the alcove,
Marybeth goes to a second phone as Elaine clicks off the
T.V.

ELAINE

Who is this?

VINNIE (V.O.)

Never mind. I can get you out of
this. I can deliver you the
pension, and the medals and
everything you've got coming to you.
You want 'em?

ELAINE

Who are you?

VINNIE (V.O.)

You want 'em or don't you?

ELAINE

Sure, sure I want them. I want
Eddie's name cleared.

VINNIE (V.O.)

I liked Eddie and Eddie liked me. I
want to help you, but you got to
help me.

ELAINE

What's that mean?

VINNIE (V.O.)

An airplane ticket and ten thousand
dollars.

ELAINE
Ten thousand dollars?

MARYBETH
(interrupting)
We're talking a lot of money. What
have you got?

VINNIE (V.O.)
Who the hell are you?!

MARYBETH
Marybeth Cogan, Detectives'
Endowment Association. What have
you got?

VINNIE (V.O.)
Nice voice. And I like the cut in
The Post. Do you always carry
attache cases to funerals?

MARYBETH
What have you got?

VINNIE (V.O.)
I made the meeting for Eddie with
Tino so he could give up what he
knew about the Judge.

MARYBETH
And what was that?

VINNIE (V.O.)
Ten thousand and a plane ticket --
I'll give you the destination later.

MARYBETH
Your information is worth nothing
unless I can bring a witness.

VINNIE (V.O.)
A who?

MARYBETH
A witness.

VINNIE (V.O.)
You're disturbed.

MARYBETH
Then goodbye --

VINNIE (V.O.)

Don't be such a smartass. I gave you a taste -- because I know you need me.

MARYBETH

You need me just as badly. Now where do we meet?

INT. MARYBETH'S CAR - HARLEM RIVER DRIVE - NIGHT

The lights from the Drive are reflected in the river, they bounce off the windshield, illuminating Marybeth and Calhoun's faces.

MARYBETH

Big Paulie has two sisters, Marie and Annette. Vinnie's Annette's boy, Tino was Marie's --

A jittery Marybeth has a near collision, Calhoun flinches, WHISTLES softly.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Don't say it, 'Where'd you get your license, in a grab-bag?'

CALHOUN

No, you drive great. But please don't get me killed before we get there.

MARYBETH

Get you killed? What about me? If I were looking to save my ass, do you think I'd be up here?

Calhoun smiles, swallows what he is about to say.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

And don't tell me 'nice ass' either.

He laughs.

CALHOUN

If you're going to pick on me, what did you bother to bring me for?

MARYBETH

Because you're the most important person I know in city government. And if Vinnie Zapatti is willing to talk in front of you, my client's home free.

Calhoun sighs, he is not impressed.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Okay, if it's such a chore, why did you come?

CALHOUN

There was a triple homicide in East Harlem, remember?

MARYBETH

Happens all the time. Just another incident.

CALHOUN

This is more than an incident.

MARYBETH

How do you know?

CALHOUN

I got a feeling.

MARYBETH

So you're following your nose?

CALHOUN

Wherever it takes me.

(a moment)

So Vinnie and Tino are cousins?

MARYBETH

Don't they have cousins in Louisiana?

CALHOUN

Down there, we're all cousins. If you've got a cousin, you've got a vote.

MARYBETH

Then why don't you run for office instead of carrying the Mayor's bag?

CALHOUN

I consider it an honor not only to carry his bag but also fill it at night with the things I think the city needs.

MARYBETH

The kingmaker, the man behind the throne --

CALHOUN

You going to be a rude bitch or are you going to help me solve our mutual problem?

Marybeth smiles.

MARYBETH

You got that marshmallow drawl but like Elaine says, you talk out of both sides of your mouth.

CALHOUN

Now wait a minute --

MARYBETH

That statement of yours today, you covered every base and the pitcher's mound as well.

CALHOUN

You don't like politicians --

MARYBETH

You're no politician. Politicians run for office. You're a walker.

CALHOUN

My Aunt Molly used to say lawyers are like teenagers. You can't do anything about either of them. But y'know what?

MARYBETH

What?

CALHOUN

Sometimes teenagers can be sexy as hell.

Marybeth blinks, doesn't say anything.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Where are we?

MARYBETH

The northern tip of Manhattan. If Peter Stuyvesant had been smart he would've franchised these corners before the Dominicans got to them.

CALHOUN

Vinnie sure picked a strange place --

MARYBETH

He's impersonating Mafia. Vinnie Zapatti's a joke to his uncle. But a dangerous joke. As far as I'm concerned, they're all dangerous jokes.

CALHOUN

I wouldn't write these folks off yet --

MARYBETH

I said they were dangerous.

EXT. DYCKMAN STREET - NIGHT

Marybeth parks at the east end of the street, they get out, lock the car. She looks around.

MARYBETH

Nada.

A quiet end of this busy thoroughfare, almost adjacent to the Harlem River. Across the street, a dimly lit outdoor stand.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

How about something to eat? Can I introduce you to a taqueria?

CALHOUN

I'm still working on the Philly Steak Sandwich.

EXT. DYCKMAN STREET TAQUERIA - NIGHT

The TAQUERIA LADY serves Marybeth and Calhoun styrofoam cups of stew.

MARYBETH

Se ve sabroso ahora.
(Looks good tonight --)

TAQUERIA LADY

Todo esta bueno con Los Hermanos Perez.
(Everything is good at Los Hermanos Perez.)

MARYBETH

Rico y picante.
(Nice and spicy.)

TAQUERIA LADY

Se va rizar el bello en los pecho de
tu novio.
(It's going to curl the hair on the
chest of your boyfriend.)

MARYBETH

No es mi novio.
(He's not my boyfriend.)

TAQUERIA LADY

Entonces porque te esta mirando de
esa manera?
(Then why does he look at you that
way?)

She laughs, Marybeth doesn't, pays quickly, presents Calhoun
with a container of the chili-looking stuff. They head back
across the street towards a slip jutting out into the river.

CALHOUN

What was she laughing about there?

MARYBETH

Never you mind.

CALHOUN

Hey, I got a little Creole in me, I
know a dirty Spanish laugh when I
hear one.

He takes a big spoonful.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

What is this -- this is good.

MARYBETH

Dominican stew.

CALHOUN

Yeah, what's in it?

MARYBETH

Cut a calf's foot in four pieces,
put it into a pan with the stomach
lining of a cow, add a little onion
and chili peppers and cover it with
water and let it simmer for four
hours...

Calhoun holds a mouthful in his mouth.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Then remove the calf's foot, strip
off the fleshy part --

VINNIE
Don't turn around.

Marybeth and Calhoun freeze, painfully Calhoun swallows the mouthful.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
(to Marybeth)
Who is this?!

MARYBETH
The Deputy Mayor.

VINNIE
Ooo, wow, you didn't have the juice, Marybeth?

MARYBETH
Don't get smart, Vinnie, we're the only prayer you got.

Vinnie, behind them, pats Calhoun down.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
I thought you said slip, one-twelve --?

VINNIE
I did, that's how I got a preview of you. It's one-nineteen. Move.

EXT. VINNIE'S BOAT - NIGHT

An ancient inboard, the deck wet from a slight leak, Vinnie proudly manning the tiller, Marybeth and Calhoun alongside as they pass under the railroad bridge over Spuyten Divil and head south down the Hudson.

CALHOUN
This a StingRay?

VINNIE
You know boats?

CALHOUN
I once worked on a shrimper like this.

VINNIE
This is no StingRay. This is a piece of shit, they call it a SeaRay. I wanted the Sting but my uncle wouldn't pop for it.

MARYBETH

Your uncle like boats?

VINNIE

He wouldn't know a cleaver from a cleat. This was my dream, you know, to get free of the goombahs - run a charter in the islands - Santos was going to help me.

CALHOUN

How?

VINNIE

Find me clients. If I'd met him earlier I would never have been in this mess.

Vinnie steers expertly past a buoy.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

There's Fort Lee over there. They buried Tino only a few feet from where Aaron Burr offed Alex Hamilton.

CALHOUN

Excuse me?

VINNIE

Yeah, Burr wanted more turf south of the Texas border, Hamilton wouldn't go for it so he took him out. The Mexicans are always causing trouble.

MARYBETH

You're quite the history buff.

VINNIE

I know every inch of this river and both shores. The things I could've done if Tino hadn't gotten the drop on Eddie. All Santos wanted was information on the judge.

MARYBETH

Was there any?

VINNIE

Who knows, it all happened so fast. One thing Santos was sure of, when Tino and his lawyer went into that courtroom, they had probation in their pocket.

CALHOUN

Who gave them that assurance?

VINNIE

Someone who wanted the five-to-ten mandatory out the window.

CALHOUN

And the 'someone' was who?

VINNIE

That you get with the 10,000 and the plane ticket. Come up with it by tomorrow. Our meeting is adjourned.

Calhoun and Marybeth look around, the boat is in the middle of the Hudson River. Vinnie makes a hard left turn, heads for a noisy waste treatment plant overhanging the Manhattan shore.

CALHOUN

Why don't you let us bring you in?

MARYBETH

We'll put you in the Witness Protection Program.

VINNIE

I've got my own Witness Protection Program.

The Manhattan shore looms up.

CALHOUN

What's this?

VINNIE

You're getting off here -- with the garbage.

EXT. 125TH AND 12TH AVENUE, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A huge garbage elevator opens up on the street level, Calhoun and Marybeth emerge onto the roadway, empty of cars and people.

Two dots in the darkness, their VOICES are heard OVER as they walk east.

MARYBETH (V.O.)

What a slimeball --

CALHOUN (V.O.)

And not a very courteous one, either.

MARYBETH (V.O.)

What was all that stuff about Aaron Burr?

CALHOUN (V.O.)

A goombah with an MBA. 'What about our car, Vinnie?'

MARYBETH (V.O.)

'I'm not running a water taxi!'

CALHOUN (V.O.)

We're lucky we didn't get compacted.

The RUSTLE of figures down the street, "wildings," a pack of West Harlem teenagers, boom boxes blaring, reversed baseball caps and baggy pants and laceless high basketball shoes, WHOOPS and HOLLERS, the flash of a knife.

Calhoun pulls Marybeth under the West Side Highway overpass, the slime of a gutter, a fat rat CHIRPS, Calhoun holds Marybeth protectively, his arms surround her.

CALHOUN'S POV - 125TH STREET - NIGHT

Down the street, one flickering light is visible, he squints, the half moons and stars of a Tarot Reader's shingle comes into focus.

But the "wildings" are closer now, looping around a corner.

CALHOUN

Let's go!

He takes her hand, they sprint towards the light. The HOLLER behind them louder now, they duck into the dim light through a curtain to the street, the GANG on the street WHOOP and HOLLER more...but then pass on.

INT. TAROT READER, 125TH STREET - NIGHT

SOPHIE, an elderly Reader, sits behind a low table covered with a cloth held down at the corners by ornaments. There is a vase of water on a side table next to a candle.

SOPHIE

Good evening.

CALHOUN

You got a phone?

SOPHIE

Only to the future.

MARYBETH

Could you call us a taxi?

CALHOUN

-- But in the present.

SOPHIE

Edward!

A dark-eyed urchin appears from behind a back curtain, she barks an order to him in Romany, he runs out into the street.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(to Marybeth)

You're in far deeper than he is.

Sophie quickly shuffles her Tarot Cards.

MARYBETH

What did you say?

SOPHIE

I said you're in far deeper than he is.

She shuffles again, presents the deck to Marybeth.

CALHOUN

Hey, wait a minute. We're looking for a taxi, not a fortune teller.

SOPHIE

A fortune could be in front of your eyes and you wouldn't know it.

She shuffles again, presents the deck to Marybeth.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Cut. Your taxi will take awhile. They disdain the neighborhood. But Edward will find one.

Marybeth looks at Calhoun.

CALHOUN

(to Sophie)

How much?

Sophie takes her watch off and her bracelets.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(to Calhoun)

That will be 25 dollars for you
and --

(to Marybeth)

Fifty for you.

MARYBETH

Hey!

SOPHIE

You're in far more danger than he
is.

Marybeth laughs.

MARYBETH

Can I write you a check?

SOPHIE

I take MasterCard, Visa and
Discovery.

CALHOUN

(to Marybeth)

I'll front you. I like' the idea of
the Detectives Endowment Association
being in debt to the Deputy Mayor.

Calhoun pays and they sit. Sophie gives the Tarot Cards to
Marybeth to shuffle. After she shuffles, Sophie passes the
deck to Calhoun.

SOPHIE

Cut three times.

Calhoun complies, Sophie deals, laying down nine cards in
three rows. She regards them very carefully. Calhoun
checks around, pairs of children's eyes peeking from behind
a curtain, the candle burning in the corner beside the
water.

CALHOUN

What's the water and the candle for?

SOPHIE

To receive the spirit of my
grandmother that resides in this
house.

Calhoun and Marybeth exchange looks.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(to Marybeth, pointing
to cards)

The King of Cups - I feel a mate
around you -- Knight of Swords -
your career not certain...the right
path has not been decided upon - the
Six of Cups - the only people you
choose to spend time with are your
friends - they keep you from falling
in love - you're afraid to move
towards what you feel --

She turns to Calhoun.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The Four of Cups - fearful of
trusting your heart, the Four of
Pentacles - but you do believe in
yourself.

Marybeth smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(to Marybeth)

Don't interrupt!

(to Calhoun)

Queen of Cups - the ideal mate is
around you now -- instills
confidence, her influence has
already begun --

Calhoun and Marybeth are looking at each other now, three
pairs of eyes, one higher than the next, now staring at them
from behind Sophie's curtain.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What is the reason you're staying
away from each other?

(to Marybeth)

You get your hopes up, then two
seconds later it's fuck off, you're
getting in my face.

(to Calhoun)

You're afraid she will come on to
you and then she will say no.

Marybeth's and Calhoun's faces are inches from each other
now. But a horn BEEPS outside.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Your taxi has arrived.

CALHOUN

There's one more card.

MARYBETH
We're going to lose the taxi --

CALHOUN
Let him go.

MARYBETH
You're crazy!

CALHOUN
I want to see that card.

Sophie barks a COMMAND in Romany to Edward outside, the SOUND of the taxi gunning away from the curb.

SOPHIE
(to Calhoun)
You want to see this card?

Calhoun waits.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Your charge is now fifty dollars as well.

MARYBETH
This is a scam --

CALHOUN
And worth every penny of it.

He pays her the additional money and Sophie turns the card over, stares at it a long time.

SOPHIE
You have been together in a past life, I want to say no -- but it keeps coming through -- yes, you've been together -- what is the reason you're staying away from each other now?

A moment.

CALHOUN
Because of what happened in the past.

MARYBETH
This is all bullshit, isn't it?

CALHOUN
Of course. C'm'ere.

Their mouths are an inch from each other's, Sophie disappears.

MARYBETH

If you come to my place, how will I get my car?

CALHOUN

I'll send somebody from the 34th Precinct.

MARYBETH

But he won't have a key.

CALHOUN

He's a cop, isn't he? If a cop can't break into a car, I'll cashier him.

MARYBETH

But how do we get to my place now? I live in Brooklyn.

CALHOUN

We got a gypsy reader. She'll call us a gypsy cab.

They kiss. The grandmother candle flickers out.

INT. MARYBETH'S APARTMENT, PARK SLOPE, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Marybeth and Calhoun kissing in the darkness hungrily, yet something keeping them apart.

CALHOUN

Why didn't you turn on the light?

MARYBETH

Because there's nothing to see.

CALHOUN

It's your apartment, isn't it?

MARYBETH

Patchouli in a goldfish bowl, a scarf over the banister, a parasol on the wall. Like every other girl's apartment in Park Slope.

CALHOUN

Miss Cogan --

MARYBETH

You called?

CALHOUN

Right now, and for a time to come,
we don't know how long --

MARYBETH

Yeah, nothing is forever --

CALHOUN

Shut up, I'm doing the talking. Now
hear this: there's no one else like
you -- in Park Slope -- in Brooklyn
-- in the five boroughs of the city
-- or in all the entire Irish
Catholic Church.

MARYBETH

Aw, you tell all the girls that.

CALHOUN

Okay, if you know my part so well,
what do I say next?

MARYBETH

Let's make love.

They fall to the floor, are at each other's clothes. When
they are nude, they kiss again.

CALHOUN

On which wall is the parasol?

MARYBETH

It's not on the wall. It's over the
bed.

CALHOUN

So I'll see it in the morning?

MARYBETH

Of course.

They make love.

CUT TO:

EXT. 79TH STREET BOAT BASIN, MANHATTAN - MORNING

The SOUND of a Man peeing over the side of his boat, the
SOUND stops abruptly, MOVE IN on the Man's face, he blinks,
stares.

MAN'S POV - VINNIE'S BOAT

Headed right for him, catching the chop of the river in the morning, but a drag on it which keeps it in control. The drag is Vinnie's body being pulled from the stern, the anchor chain wrapped around it.

The Man snatches a rubber-tipped docking pole, holds off Vinnie's boat just in time before it crashes into his own.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MORNING

An excited Calhoun hurries up the steps from the basement entrance, his forehead furrows as he senses the activity upstairs, he passes George at the Intel Police desk.

GEORGE

Good morning.

Calhoun hesitates, warned by George's expression.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The sharks are already circling...

Calhoun senses George look past him, Calhoun turns around, clusters of Reporters are pushing into the Blue Room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Another Zapatti --

Calhoun waits.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Washed up.

Calhoun swallows, hurries towards his office, meets Abe on the way, a sheaf of Press Releases in hand. Leslie and Assistant Press Secretaries, along with Police Commissioner Coonan, are on Abe's heels.

ABE

(to Calhoun)

You know what the Talmud says don't you? 'Dead men tell no tales.'

Calhoun shakes his head disapprovingly.

ABE

You want better, I'll give you better. 'Shrouds have no pockets.'

Before Calhoun can respond, Abe and his entourage have proceeded on into the Blue Room. Calhoun enters his office, presses a button on his computer, pulls up the last item on the night's police report, '5:30 a.m., male, white, 29, 79th Boat Basin, identified as Vincent Zapatti...'

Calhoun keeps reading as he picks up the phone, checks a number on his desk, dials.

MARYBETH

Hello -- ?

CALHOUN

I woke you up.

MARYBETH

Are you crazy? I've been up half the night trying to figure out how to raise 10,000 dollars. The hook is in, I'm close, Vinnie is Eddie Santos's passport to an honorable death, all I got to do is reel him in now --

CALHOUN

Vinnie's dead.

Silence, Calhoun scans the police report.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

(reading)

'Hands and feet were bound in a three-inch chain, ship's chandlery-type...'

MARYBETH

Keep talking --

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

'The preliminary forensics revealed blows from a blunt instrument...'

He drifts into silence, interrupted by the SOUND of Calhoun's printer CHATTERING with further items on the police report.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

If his foot hadn't caught in the doughnut --

MARYBETH

In the what?

CALHOUN

The life preserver, he would've floated right out under the Verrazano Bridge and back to his forebears in Sicily.

MARYBETH

Oh God --

CALHOUN

Heads up.

MARYBETH

For what?

CALHOUN

We don't know yet. Your car should've been delivered by now. When you go out, check under it.

MARYBETH

Oh, for God's sake!

CALHOUN

Not for His, for yours. I care about you, remember?

MARYBETH

I'm touched.

CALHOUN

You fucking well better be --

A moment.

MARYBETH

Then come back here and get into bed.

CALHOUN

Leave the car parked. Take the subway today. Call me when you get to your office.

Silence.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

MARYBETH

Poor Vinnie.

CALHOUN

Yeah, we were his first and last charter.

INT. 41ST PRECINCT, THE BRONX - DAY

Calhoun approaches the Desk Sergeant.

CALHOUN

Lieutenant Holly?

DESK SERGEANT

Who shall I say is calling?

CALHOUN

Deputy Mayor Calhoun.

DESK SERGEANT

Yes, sir! Through the door, up the stairs.

INT. DETECTIVES' SQUADROOM, 41ST PRECINCT - DAY

Four detectives, including Holly, around a table, cigarettes, coffee, the day's tabloids spread out. Holly glances up as Calhoun enters.

HOLLY

(to the others)
I'll see yez later.

Three detectives disappear, leaving Calhoun and Holly alone.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I don't have a lot of time today --

CALHOUN

I cleared this with Captain Ferretti, he said for you to take all the time you need.

HOLLY

You pulling rank on me?

CALHOUN

Yes.

HOLLY

Looking for a new shoe size?

CALHOUN

Cement-C.

(silence)

I know the jokes, Holly. What I need now are the straight lines.

Holly is silent.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)
I'm going to give it to you bad.
The Police Commissioner works for
the Mayor.

HOLLY
What's your point?

CALHOUN
Trust me or fuck you.

HOLLY
Stand up!

The bark of Holly's command startles Calhoun, he stands up immediately, Holly pats him down, when Calhoun shows himself to be clean, Holly's mood changes, the belligerence gone, only anxiety remains. They sit.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Eddie called me from Manhattan
South --

CALHOUN
The night before?

HOLLY
Yeah, he wanted me to come with him.

Calhoun studies Holly.

CALHOUN
You didn't go. You did the right
thing.

HOLLY
No, I didn't. He had no business
going up there without a 'ghost.'

CALHOUN
What's that?

HOLLY
The shadow that should have been me.
Plus a raft of backups. It's
Department Policy on a drug buy.
(after a moment)
But Eddie was such a hothead -- the
kind that never cools off --

CALHOUN
What did you want to tell me?

HOLLY

There was another probation report.
It set Tino up for the max, 10 to
20 --

CALHOUN

What happened to it?

HOLLY

I don't know.

CALHOUN

Who wrote it?

HOLLY

That's all I got.

Holly's eyes are wet.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm going to sell the boat, I'm
going to give the money to Eddie's
kids.

After a moment.

CALHOUN

You keep that boat, Holly, that boat
is good for you.

Calhoun heads for the door, Holly calls out.

HOLLY

Mr. Deputy!

CALHOUN

Yeah?

HOLLY

Probation Officer --

CALHOUN

Name?

HOLLY

James Wakeley. But you won't find
him on Leonard Street.

CALHOUN

Where is he?

HOLLY

Upstate. Working Parole.

EXT. ATTICA PRISON, UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

The infamous institution set in the green meadows of a rolling countryside, the towers and catwalks throwing shadows on this bright sunny day. A taxi approaches the gates.

INT. ATTICA PRISON - DAY

Calhoun and Marybeth move through a series of complicated checkpoints, are ushered into a "conference room," a dingy, cramped space with a narrow window. Another door opens, JAMES WAKELEY, 51, Black, enters, he stops to check out Calhoun and Marybeth. Wakeley wears a suit shiny with wear, a denim shirt and tie.

WAKELEY

I told you people not to come up here. You made a long trip for nothing.

MARYBETH

Do you want to tell me the truth now, Mr. Wakeley, or do you want to do it under oath?

Wakeley raises his eyebrows at Marybeth.

WAKELEY

You looking to grow a pair of brass balls, Miss?

MARYBETH

No thank you, I'm doing well enough without them.

Silence.

CALHOUN

What's your job, Mr. Wakeley?

WAKELEY

New York State Parole Officer.
Better pay, better pension --

He looks out the window.

MARYBETH

Nicer surroundings.

WAKELEY

You think so?

CALHOUN

What happened to Tino Zapatti?

WAKELEY

He's dead, isn't he?

CALHOUN

I'm talking two years ago.

WAKELEY

He got probation, but I ended up serving his sentence. When I squawked, Schwartzie made it clear if I didn't leave the Department I'd be labeled a Chronic Malcontent and they'd terminate me. I said I was going to show up in court anyway -- and then I got a visit from a guy --

MARYBETH

Who was that?

WAKELEY

I worked on the sixth floor on Leonard Street. He said he was going to show me a better way than the elevator out of my office.

(carefully)

Here, my office is on the ground floor. And it's far, far away.

CALHOUN

What sentence did you recommend?

WAKELEY

Ten to 20, I saw that rap sheet. Tino was pushing drugs to kids, not doing it himself but worse, having the kids deal for him. The weapon from a previous homicide? That got lost in the second report.

MARYBETH

A second report --?

CALHOUN

You mean the good one?

WAKELEY

Yeah. When I saw it, I almost fell over.

CALHOUN

Who ordered it?

WAKELEY

That I don't know.

MARYBETH

Why didn't you ask?

Silence.

WAKELEY

A sudden urge overcame me to move to the country, and I forgot all about it. And now if you'll excuse me, you people better get out of here. My lumbago tells me snow is coming. You better hurry -- Buffalo gets socked in pretty fast.

Wakeley goes. The SOUND of doors opening and closing. Calhoun and Marybeth turn to the window, Wakeley is moving along a catwalk, now he enters a platformed office, a sign reads "New York State PAROLE SERVICES."

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD STATION, UPSTATE NEW YORK - SNOW

A passenger train halted at the station. Calhoun and Marybeth are huddled in the vestibule of one of the cars, a blanket of white over this village a few miles east of Rome, New York. The few lights in the town blink a hundred yards away.

A CONDUCTOR sets down a lantern by the steps.

CALHOUN

How long?

CONDUCTOR

About an hour.

MARYBETH

An hour?!

CONDUCTOR

You don't want to suffocate in a tunnel, do you? They got to dig one out a few miles ahead - meanwhile, enjoy the snow.

CALHOUN

You can't eat snow.

CONDUCTOR

Try the diner.

MARYBETH

Any good --?

CONDUCTOR

It was last week when we got snowed
in. The lemon pudding's not bad -
but be back in a half.

INT. THE FLOYD DINER - NIGHT

A WAITRESS waits to take Calhoun's and Marybeth's order.

MARYBETH

I'll take a hamburger, french fries
and a Coke.

CALHOUN

Lemon pudding.

WAITRESS

You got it.

MARYBETH

Why is this called The Floyd Diner
instead of Floyd's Diner?

WAITRESS

'Cause you're in Floyd, New York.

She goes.

MARYBETH

Floyd, New York. That's like Clyde,
New Jersey. Can you imagine
spending your life in a place like
this?

CALHOUN

Yes. Grew up in one. Instead of
snow we had rain, hurricanes and
floods. Ferriday, Louisiana.
Across the river from the mossy
mansions of Natchez.

MARYBETH

(lightly)

You're really into that magnolia
crap, aren't you?

CALHOUN

My daddy said he'd rather wake up
beside the road in a sleeping bag
than in any city in the world.
There is something about small town
life.

MARYBETH

Then what are you doing in New York?

CALHOUN

I'm an aspirant. I aspired to something -- and ended up wallowing in shit.

Silence.

MARYBETH

Then why don't you get out?

CALHOUN

Not until I've finished what I've started.

MARYBETH

What's that mean? Carrying the Mayor's bag and spin-doctoring The New York Times?

CALHOUN

You do take on.

MARYBETH

Don't Rhett Butler me, Colonel. You're looking for medals, all I'm looking for is another probation report --

CALHOUN

And that's all. So you can clear your client. Triple the pension, a Medal of Honor, and a big fat notch in your Detective Endowment Association's attorney's belt.

MARYBETH

You're too holy for me, pal, you're riding a white charger, loaded with principles --

CALHOUN

We've got to find out who was behind that probation report.

MARYBETH

You don't sound like a spin-control doctor, you sound like a loose cannon.

CALHOUN

So be it!

MARYBETH

But who knows where it leads? Turn over the rock, the other side's like quicksand. And I can see a widow's pension getting sucked down into it.

A moment.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

I deal in the real. I'm from New York.

CALHOUN

And I'm not. Where I come from the Mayor still cuts hair and leads a dance band on weekends.

MARYBETH

You sound like one of those old Life magazines in my grandfather's garage in Valley Stream.

CALHOUN

Why did you make love to me?

MARYBETH

Because I was drunk with Tarot Cards and a breezy boat ride and feeding you menudo. But now I'm shivering in this goddamn upstate blizzard and I can't wait to get home to cash in for my client.

CALHOUN

I think you're -- to use one of your expressions -- fulla shit. I think it was no more menudo and Tarot Cards than it was subway tokens. What it was, was love. But you're too tough on the outside to ever let go with what's inside --

MARYBETH

Please, I can turn on Oprah at four o'clock.

CALHOUN

There you go. A Mick with street smarts. No nun is ever going to whack me with a ruler again. I've got the soul of a pit boss. But how come I cry myself to sleep?

MARYBETH

You're a mean prick, you know that?

CALHOUN

Where I come from, that's a compliment. Now I'll say it to you straight. I'm crazy about you.

MARYBETH

Okay, I'm out of here!

She gets up to go, but bumps right into the waitress.

WAITRESS

Hamburger, fries and a Coke?

MARYBETH

I'll take that.

WAITRESS

And the lemon pudding?

MARYBETH

I'll take that, too.

She grabs the dessert and balances it on the hamburger and fries. Pumps and all, Marybeth marches out into the snow. Calhoun peers through the window, watches her beat a high-heeled path to the train.

CALHOUN

(to waitress)

We need another lemon pudding.

He rubs away the steam on the window, the train WHISTLES, the Mapleleaf Express pulls out of Floyd, New York. Calhoun's lemon pudding arrives, he digs in. Suddenly he stands up, crosses to a pay phone, places a business card on top of it, 'Lawrence Schwartz, N.Y.C. Probation Dept., Branch Officer,' the card lists an office and home phone number. Calhoun dials.

SCHWARTZ

Hello?

CALHOUN

I've just met a friend of yours...

CUT TO:

INT. CALHOUN'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Calhoun loosening his tie, disheveled from the Attica trip, starts to turn on the television when his telephone RINGS. He picks up.

CALHOUN
Kevin Calhoun --

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH, CITY STREET - NIGHT

The middle of the night, Schwartz is at the pay phone, he holds a piece of paper marked in bold red, 'COPY.'

SCHWARTZ
(phone)
I've got it --

CALHOUN
Where are you?

A man appears behind Schwartz, his face not visible, he walks into frame. Schwartz, sensing someone behind him, turns, his face frozen in terror. A GUNSHOT. Then another, and another.

INT. CALHOUN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MOVE IN on Calhoun's face, his ear pressed to the receiver, the phone line still open. He leaves the phone dangling, throws on his jacket, hurries out into the corridor.

INT. CALHOUN'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Calhoun rings the bell, but now notices on the tell-tale the elevator is already ascending. He heads for the fire stairs.

INT. STAIRS, CALHOUN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

In full flight, Calhoun runs down the stairs, a door SLAMS above him, he quickens, leaping the steps three at a time, using the rail as a vault.

INT. GARAGE, CALHOUN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

He sprints for his car, unlocks the door, inserts the key into the ignition.

He halts, staring at the key, afraid to turn it on. A door SLAMS in the garage, abruptly he switches on the ignition, the motor fires normally, Calhoun drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. GRACIE MANSION, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Calhoun starts past the Intels, Jaime and Trudy.

TRUDY

Don't go up, Mr. Calhoun, the Missus
wants to see you in the kitchen.

Calhoun makes a U-turn down the steps and into the kitchen.
Mrs. Pappas is waiting by a cutting board.

MRS. PAPPAS

I saw your car coming, forgive me
for intercepting you.

She smiles, adjusts a pastry shell on a platter.

MRS. PAPPAS (CONT'D)

Try to go easy on him tonight, he's
elated but worn out.

CALHOUN

Who's here?

MRS. PAPPAS

Marquand and a bunch of others from
the Convention Committee. They were
just getting to the Keynote...Kevin,
are you all right?

CALHOUN

I just had a bad phone call.

MRS. PAPPAS

From home?

CALHOUN

You could say that.

MRS. PAPPAS

Well, relax. Loop over to the Red
Room now, I'll do the after-dinner
drinks and he'll excuse himself.
Got it?

CALHOUN

Got it.

MRS. PAPPAS

The stars are lining up in the
heavens, Kevin.

(smiles)

Give him a minute and a half.

She heads upstairs, Calhoun goes through a basement door.

INT. RED ROOM, GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

A hideaway, a table and chairs for Saturday meetings, a new addition to the historic place, decorated dark red to give it a men's club look.

CALHOUN

-- What do you think?

MAYOR

Walter Stern's a good man.

CALHOUN

'Good'?! Four people're dead.

MAYOR

Get to the point.

CALHOUN

We throw the book at this guy, and you get out of the way. Embrace the Detective and his widow, a Medal of Honor and the max death settlement -

(checks his watch)

And then make sure Leslie makes the morning editions with it.

MAYOR

You've got it all figured out.

CALHOUN

Isn't that my job?

The Mayor takes a deep breath, poised in some equivocal position.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Forgive me, I know you're old friends.

MAYOR

Be careful how you judge people, Kevin, most of all your friends. I've known Walter Stern for a long time, he was a man I could count on.

CALHOUN

But the bodies are piling up. Tell me if there's some other way --

MAYOR

There isn't. Just go easy. Give him a blindfold and have mercy. Walter Stern was tough but he was fair. We'll give him back the same.

Calhoun's about to break away, the Mayor grabs his arm.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And you, be careful. Take George
with you, let him drive.

Calhoun is about to protest but he feels the Mayor's
concern.

CALHOUN

I hear you.

INT. PART 72, NEW YORK STATE SUPREME COURT - DAY

The trial in recess, the D.A.'s, Public Defenders, Court
Officers all in varying states of boredom and depression,
the only one alert is Judge Stern's Law Secretary, she has
her eyes on the door to the chambers.

INT. CHAMBERS, PART 72 - DAY

Calhoun sits opposite Judge Stern, who is staring at a file.

JUDGE STERN

I knew James Wakeley would surface.

CALHOUN

Not of his own accord. We had to
dredge him up.

JUDGE STERN

When that bullet hit that boy, I
knew it would keep travelling...

He drifts off.

CALHOUN

And find its way --?

JUDGE STERN

To me. If only it had found me
first. If only I could have stepped
in front of him.

Silence.

JUDGE STERN (CONT'D)

Regrets are pathetic, aren't they?

Stern's lip trembles, his efforts at maintaining his judicial dignity falter, he slumps in his chair.

CALHOUN

The Mayor has the highest regard for you, Judge --

JUDGE STERN

And I for him.

Stern buckles now, his head falls into his hands, his shoulders rise and fall. He sobs.

CALHOUN

(quietly)

Your resignation in about six months would be appropriate.

Silence. Judge Stern raises his head.

JUDGE STERN

Six months did you say?

CALHOUN

Yes.

JUDGE STERN

How about six hours?

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - YALE CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON

The Rare Book corner, empty at this hour of the day. Judge Stern is seated with DEAN KERR, 70, Dean Emeritus of the Yale Law School, cups of tea between them, a plate of untouched sandwiches.

JUDGE STERN

What will I do..?

DEAN KERR

The right thing.

JUDGE STERN

And then what happens?

DEAN KERR

You will fall into the water -- and float onto another shore.

JUDGE STERN

Of the disbarred and the disgraced?

DEAN KERR

You've had a good run, Walter. You know, you were the best law student I ever had. There's no way you'll ever be a disappointment to me.

JUDGE STERN

Why are you being so kind?

DEAN KERR

You didn't know it was going to turn out this way.

JUDGE STERN

All I wanted was to do some good. I was tired of being the white-shoe litigator. Defending the arbitrageurs and the 80's go-go boys -- and all it took was \$50,000 to change my life. Fifty-thousand and the judgeship was mine. I felt honored there were lots of others out there with the same 50,000, but the one they took was mine. Ridiculous, isn't it?

DEAN KERR

Not at all --

JUDGE STERN

The law was pure, I thought. I'll go back to the law. But to get there, I paid with my blood --

DEAN KERR

As I said, Walter, it's just another shore. It won't be so strange once you set foot on it.

(a moment)

But I must ask you one question. When you went to hand the money over to Anselmo --?

JUDGE STERN

In a brown paper bag. That was the moment. How should I fold the bag? Roll the top down like my mother did for my baloney sandwich on a basketball trip? Or should I fold it neatly? Crumple it, perhaps --

DEAN KERR

Stop, Walter.

JUDGE STERN

That was what did me in. The bag was the River Styx, when I filled it I was on my way to the other side. No turning back.

DEAN KERR

'The first bite,' as they say.

JUDGE STERN

Tell me what to do.

DEAN KERR

Make a clean breast. Call the District Attorney, who is it anyway these days?

JUDGE STERN

Harry Barclay.

DEAN KERR

A Yale boy, he'll cushion things for you. Give Harry a call.

Judge Stern blinks, takes out his handkerchief, wipes his cheek, refolds the handkerchief carefully.

JUDGE STERN

I already have. I'm meeting him at his house at eight o'clock tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE ROOM, CITY HALL - MORNING

The Press assembled, waiting for the Conference to begin.

SAWYER

...They're late --

MARX

They've been in there since six o'clock.

GLORIA

Don't they know their parts yet?

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

The place crowded with aides, secretaries, Calhoun and Abe running things, but the Mayor very much in charge as he goes over a statement with Calhoun.

All three T.V.s are tuned to the local network stations, pictures of Probation Department officials being brought into One Hogan Place, the D.A.'s headquarters, for questioning.

CALHOUN

(reading)

'The recent revelations are not unprecedented. Consider Judge Wachtel of the State Supreme Court, a man of impeccable credentials who fell subject to some baser side in his nature...'

MAYOR

Take it out, it sounds like Shakespeare.

CALHOUN

The whole thing?

MAYOR

Keep the Wachtel stuff, but say it plain.

Leslie sticks her head in the door.

LESLIE

The sharks are getting hungry --

MAYOR

Okay, okay. Give them a 'one minute.'

Leslie hurries out.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(to Calhoun)

I don't need you for this, Kevin. You go to work on Senator Marquand. Tell him this is just a blip, we're all systems go for June.

(to Abe)

What else?

ABE

The New York Times, Harriet Monash.

MAYOR

Of course, what would we do without The New York Times. Kevin --?

CALHOUN

I'll take care of it. Harriet owes me one.

INT. BLUE ROOM - DAY

The Press assembled, the place packed. On a platform, T.V. cameras are rolling.

LESLIE

Thirty seconds!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The doors fly open, the Mayor's entourage hurries out and across to the Blue Room, the Mayor in the rear of the pack with his handlers, Calhoun and Abe.

CALHOUN

(to the Mayor)

You all right?

MAYOR

Of course I'm all right. Damage Control, Kevin, Damage Control.

CALHOUN

Yes, sir.

ABE

(to the Mayor)

You look good.

MAYOR

Of course I look good, I'm about to give the performance of a lifetime.

He hurries on, Calhoun right beside him.

INT. BLUE ROOM - DAY

The cameras are focused on the door.

LESLIE

Lights!

The Mayor enters, the lights flash on. Calhoun checks the set-up, then ducks out.

EXT. ANSELMO'S HOUSE, EAST FLATBUSH, BROOKLYN - DAY

Anselmo parks his plain Buick, tips his hat to a passing neighbor, enters his home. As he hangs up his coat, he hears the radio from the kitchen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...The Grand Jury is expected to return indictments of Supreme Court Judge Walter Stern and Brooklyn Democratic County Leader Frank Anselmo. Anselmo's connections to Mafia chieftan Paul Zapatti are certain to be --

Anselmo snaps the radio off, looks over the pots working on the kitchen stove, a VOICE from downstairs, Anselmo's wife Nettie, calling up from the cellar.

NETTIE (V.O.)

Honey, is that you?!

ANSELMO

I'm home.

NETTIE (V.O.)

I'll be right up! I'm having trouble with the dryer!

He crosses into a porch/den, closed up in the winter, but with a side door that opens to the street. He takes his jacket off, sits, looks into the middle distance of these familiar surroundings. Nettie appears.

NETTIE

You okay?

ANSELMO

Fine, sweetheart, I'm fine.

NETTIE

It's been on the radio all morning --

ANSELMO

I know, I heard.

NETTIE

I fixed you osso bucco.

ANSELMO

Yeah?

NETTIE

I had a feeling you might come home for lunch.

He smiles.

ANSELMO

Smells good.

NETTIE

I'll just get the clothes, the
machine's thunking again.

She goes, he rests his head against the back of the chair. As he leans back, a shadow falls across his face, he jumps, looks out, Zapatti is standing at the side door to the porch. Anselmo opens the door.

ANSELMO

Paulie!

ZAPATTI

How are you, Frank?

ANSELMO

I'm good, considering --

ZAPATTI

Of course, of course.

ANSELMO

Coffee? Nettie's just down with the
laundry. You'll stay for lunch?
Osso bucco.

ZAPATTI

Osso bucco.

ANSELMO

Nettie fixes it Piemontese -- the
peppers and everything --

ZAPATTI

I had my lunch.

ANSELMO

I'll get coffee.

ZAPATTI

No, thanks.

He takes a seat.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

So what do you think, Frank?

ANSELMO

Same old story. This time it's this
guy Calhoun. I never liked him from
day one.

ZAPATTI

A cracker.

ANSELMO

Of the worst kind. He's out of here tomorrow.

ZAPATTI

I don't think so.

ANSELMO

What are you talking about? He's a reed. You push him, he bends.

ZAPATTI

Not this one. This one's a terrier. I had a dog like him once. I went to have him put down - he jumped out of my arms at the vet's and took off for the Park. Sometimes I still think I see him out there, gnawing on an old bone.

Nettie appears with the laundry.

NETTIE

Oh, excuse me --

Zapatti comes to his feet.

ZAPATTI

Can I help you with the basket, Nettie?

NETTIE

No, no, I didn't know Frank was expecting you. Due espressi?

Zapatti smiles.

ZAPATTI

Maybe later.

She goes.

ANSELMO

Ninety-nine out of a hundred times we can beat something like this.

ZAPATTI

I don't like the odds.

Anselmo is stunned.

ZAPATTI (CONT'D)

I tried to close the door, Frank.
But I couldn't get it shut.

ANSELMO

What do you want me to do?

ZAPATTI

Take the pressure off yourself.
You're no Barry Marcus.

ANSELMO

What about Barry Marcus?

ZAPATTI

He did four years standing on his
head.

ANSELMO

You don't think I can, Paulie?
(a moment)
Give me a chance and I'll show you.

ZAPATTI

They'll tell you, you have the key
to the cell, but you won't be able
to open it, Frank. You want to do
the right thing. Make it easy for
yourself --

Nettie is outside the door again.

NETTIE (V.O.)

Frank, honey, lunch!

ZAPATTI

-- And your family.

He stands, so does Anselmo. Zapatti kisses him on both
cheeks, leaves by the side door.

CUT TO:

INT. CALHOUN'S OFFICE - DAY

Calhoun's eyes are on his T.V. as the Mayor delivers his
statement.

CALHOUN

(phone)

Senator, I guarantee you this event
is but a pimple on the ass of this
great metropolis --

(MORE)

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

(a moment)

The Party will never see that pimple in June. Only the Garden, Broadway, the Plaza and the Waldorf -- electricity, excitement, fun --

He glances up at the T.V.

MAYOR (T.V.)

...We will clean house from top to bottom, not only in our system for choosing judges which will put an end to the clubhouse system, but also the Probation Department, which has become encrusted in seniority and red tape.

CALHOUN

(phone)

You'll catch the bite on the noon news in D.C., he's only magnificent. 'Bye, Senator.

Calhoun hangs up, dials another number, still watching the T.V.

MAYOR (T.V.)

...This city is on a roll, economic recovery, reduction of the budget, better union relations, schools on the upswing, and the icing on the cake -- the Democratic Convention in June. Second Cities, take notice!

CALHOUN

(on phone)

-- Are you watching, Harriet?

(a moment)

The World Bank interests you more?

(another moment)

Do you want to read about the Democratic Convention in the Chicago Tribune --? Well, okay then. Wait 'til you see his performance on the six o'clock news. When the train leaves, Harriet, The New York Times, good and gray lady that she is, will want to be aboard --

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN-QUEENS EXPRESSWAY - DAY

The busy thoroughfare, not too crowded at midday, Anselmo's Buick rolling along.

INT. ANSELMO'S CAR - DAY

The telephone RINGS, he glances at it, it stops. He drives on, it RINGS again, he picks it up.

NETTIE (V.O.)

What happened to you?

ANSELMO

I called to you, you were down in the basement. I'm going to get a washer at Orchard Supply, it'll stop the thunk. I'll eat when I get home.

NETTIE (V.O.)

Oh? Okay, be careful.

ANSELMO

Of course.

He hangs up, puts a tape into the deck, a duet, a baritone and a soprano sing the finale to Carousel.

TAPE (V.O.)

'When you walk through a storm
Keep your chin up high
And don't be afraid of the dark...'

He drives off the BQE onto a frontage road and parks under an overpass which spans the Expressway, the noise from the cars conflicting with the song. Anselmo reaches over to the passenger seat, unwraps a package wrapped in one of today's tabloids, "ANSELMO SUMMONED Clubhouse Boss to Appear in Judicial Scandal," a .38 rolls out.

TAPE (V.O.)

'At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver strain of a
lark.'

He sets the muzzle of the gun against the side of his head, FIRES. The report is small, like that of a rimshot punctuation to the orchestration of the song.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S SLEEPING QUARTERS, GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

A dressing room, the Mayor changing his clothes as Calhoun hurries in.

CALHOUN

-- I couldn't get through to Marquand.

MAYOR

He got through to me. They're moving the Convention to Miami.

CALHOUN

Miami?! That's worse than Beirut.

MAYOR

They like Miami. Lots of glamour. Madonna and Whoopi Goldberg just bought houses on South Beach, maybe we could nominate them.

CALHOUN

But the deal was all cut --

MAYOR

Nothing is cut, Pappy, it's politics.

CALHOUN

What does that mean?

MAYOR

Smoke and mirrors.

CALHOUN

Where are you going?

MAYOR

To pay my respects to Nettie Anselmo.

CALHOUN

Do you think that's wise?

The Mayor stops dressing.

MAYOR

He was a friend of mine, what's 'wise' got to do with it?

CALHOUN

But the perception will be --

MAYOR

I don't care about perception! It's menschkeit. What happens between men. The 'there' that's there. The thousand telephone calls. The bouquets and the brickbats. The space between a handshake. What goes with you to your grave.

CALHOUN

It's right versus wrong, too --

MAYOR

No, Pappy. Think of it as colors. There's black, there's white, but in between it's mostly gray. Trouble is there's no gray in the media.

CALHOUN

What are we going to do?

MAYOR

We're going to fight the sons of bitches, we're going to come out swinging, we're going to tell them we're only human, everybody makes mistakes, Frank Anselmo is dead, he was a friend but the last of the old clubhouse bosses is gone. We'll clean the augean stables, we'll show up in Miami, we'll have them on their knees begging me to make the keynote speech.

CALHOUN

And then?

MAYOR

A short sojourn in Albany, to be followed by a long one in The White House.

Calhoun smiles, looks around.

CALHOUN

Is it just you and me here right now--?

MAYOR

You bet, Pappy!

CALHOUN

I want to tell you that if I didn't know you, I would be bursting with admiration. I thought I'd come here to find you on your knees -- instead I see you ready to turn adversity into triumph.

MAYOR

Then you still believe in me?

CALHOUN

You're Mayor, Boss and Father rolled into one.

MAYOR

Where is your father?

CALHOUN

These days? In a nursing home in Crowley. He plays dominoes with the orderlies. And fulminates over his oatmeal.

MAYOR

Don't be too hard on him. We can't dictate our finishes.

Silence.

CALHOUN

I don't like the sound of that.

MAYOR

Why should you? Because under all that need to believe, all that concrete you've poured into my pedestal, way down in the deepest reaches of your destroyed Confederate soul, something is struggling to cry out.

CALHOUN

What?

MAYOR

You know I made that phone call to Walter Stern.

More silence.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Frank called me. And I knew who had called him. But in this business, you never trade names. Then I called Walter -- he said there was nothing he could do with the probation report he had in front of him. I asked him what would happen if we got him another probation report.

Silence again.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And that's all there was to it. A little favor. I've been running caution lights all my life --

CALHOUN

But this time you ran a red. Someone cut across the intersection. A cop and a six-year-old child --

MAYOR

That's with me forever.

CALHOUN

-- Not good enough, John.

A moment.

MAYOR

It scares me when you call me 'John.'

CALHOUN

Yeah? Why?

MAYOR

Because when we were taking that trip to the White House a few moments ago, I felt you come on board. The old menschkeit.

CALHOUN

Horseshit. Menschkeit is horseshit. You ought to carry it out of the barn and spread it over the fields. And if we all cross our fingers and get a lot of rain, maybe a flower will grow.

A terrible moment, the Mayor leans towards Calhoun.

MAYOR

That's you. Out of all of this crap, maybe you'll emerge. Don't you see, you're the only voter I ever cared about? A constituency of one.

CALHOUN

I'm getting the con feeling, John, the old copping of a plea --

MAYOR

No plea. No nothing. Just a pol who kept rolling along -- until he ran into a stone wall. I don't know what it was that stopped me. What is it you said, 'Confederate honor'? An old Southern boy's sense of justice. The pain of it was, whatever it was in you, it reminded me of myself when I was young. Ambitious, a go-getter, but fair.
(after a moment)
Then somehow, one day, the line got rubbed out in me.

He opens a curtain, the room is downstairs, the trees of Gracie Park branch out over the high-rises looming above.

CALHOUN

Don't indulge yourself.

The Mayor turns back to him.

MAYOR

What do you mean?

CALHOUN

You're going to take yourself out.

The Mayor waits.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

A long vacation in Greece. Pick up the law again, maybe catch on with some international firm in Rome. Go the way of Bill O'Dwyer, he succeeded LaGuardia, fucked up, and played Ambassador to Mexico.

MAYOR

I'm not that ambitious --

CALHOUN

Then suck it up and find some other way.

Calhoun closes the window, closes the curtain, faces the Mayor.

MAYOR

Why are you doing this?

CALHOUN

Because I love you.

A moment.

MAYOR

Menschkeit.

Calhoun smiles.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I thought I'd see a son's tears, instead I feel a man's spine.

The Mayor embraces Calhoun.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You've got the stuff, Pappy. I love to see it in a guy.

He goes.

-- SIX MONTHS LATER --

EXT. BANDSTAND/PLAYGROUND, EAST FLATBUSH - DAY

A sign overhead, "Calhoun for City Council," a makeshift platform, Calhoun is addressing three elderly women, a man in a wheelchair, two Black homeless people, a supermarket basket with bottles hanging between them. A lone video camera is trained on the podium.

CALHOUN

...Not much of a turnout, the newspapers will report, but come the end of the campaign, the people of the 39th Councilmanic will be filling these benches --

INT. SOUND TRUCK - DAY

Abe watches a jerry-rigged monitor, behind him Leslie bats out a press release.

LESLIE

How do you think he's doing?

ABE

Okay, so far.

EXT. BROOKLYN BANDSTAND/PLAYGROUND - DAY

Calhoun is starting to get into it now, the scattered audience sits up.

CALHOUN

...I'm no po' country boy. And I'm no city slicker, either. A wise man wrote a long time ago there are three New Yorkers, the natives, those lucky enough to be born here, the commuters, who never know the joys of this fair city, and the aspirants, those who come to make their mark in the arts or the professions or politics. That's me. An aspirant. I aspired to something. To the making of a king. It was a lousy aspiration. Have the guts to be the leader or step aside. I'm ready. It's you guys that are the kingmakers.

The sound of two hands clapping, at the entrance to the playground behind the benches, stands Marybeth.

CALHOUN

Thank you. Will you be voting in the Primary, ma'am?

MARYBETH

You're running in the 39th District, aren't you?

CALHOUN

I am.

MARYBETH

Well, that's my District!

CALHOUN

Take a seat.

She sits down next to the elderly ladies, one of them pours her a cup of coffee from a thermos.

INT. SOUNDTRUCK - DAY

Abe and Leslie have not missed the exchange.

LESLIE
What do you think, Abe?

ABE
He's got it. Maybe not this November, maybe next one. And if not that, then the one after.

LESLIE
I don't know if I can wait that long --

ABE
As the Talmud says, 'God waits long but pays with interest.'

EXT. CALHOUN ON THE PODIUM - DAY

He directs his speech now, to Marybeth.

CALHOUN
As Pericles said, 'All the good things of the earth flow into our city because of its greatness...'

MARYBETH
How do we find that greatness?

Calhoun ponders.

CALHOUN
As Pericles said, 'You must look upon the power of your city and become her lover...'

MOVE IN on Marybeth. She smiles, stands now and approaches him.

MARYBETH
How was the lemon pudding?

CALHOUN
Great. But there was too much of it. I needed someone to share it with.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Abe is taking his customary Sunday morning walk with Mendel, the traffic sparse, the sun blazing, they wear dark lightweight suits. Abe has his yarmulke, Mendel sports a straw hat.

MENDEL

So has he got it? Or has he ain't?

ABE

He's got it.

MENDEL

You mean you really have a stomach for this all over again?

ABE

Granted I counted twelve heads in a union hall last night, it made me nauseous.

MENDEL

From little acorns, Mammoths grow.

ABE

The man doesn't get discouraged, he's got a nice smile and no longer does he linger over the pig's feet in the bodegas.

Mendel sighs.

MENDEL

I see the bug's bit you good.

ABE

And a few others. They're signing on. They asked him to speak at the firehouse tonight, tomorrow the Catholic high school, even the right wingers are taking a shine to him --

MENDEL

My boy, you've hooked your wagon to a star.

ABE

Star, schmar -- in a city where there are no men, he strives to be a man.

Silence, they walk on.

MENDEL

No small thing.

ABE

No, no small thing.

PULL BACK, FARTHER and FARTHER, they are two black dots now on the bridge, PAN UP, in the distance the gold dome of City Hall gleams.

THE END