

"BAD LIEUTENANT"

by

Abel Ferrara and Zoe Lund

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FIRST DRAFT

the
Strawberry
This story takes place during a World Series between
Mets and the A's. Canseco plays for Oakland, and
is still with New York.

DAY ONE:

GAME THREE: LT WINS

EXT: EARLY MORNING - LT'S HOME - QUEENS

This typical QUEENS HOUSE is sandwiched between other
neighboring, nearly identical HOUSES.

and
this
inside
The MORNING SOUNDS of FAMILY BICKERING, LAWN MOWERS,
SHOUTED GOOD-BYES are heard coming from many HOUSES on
close-knit block. A NEW BABY can be heard BAWLING

LT'S HOUSE.

He
LT, hurried and harried, stumbles out his FRONT DOOR.
heads for his CAR, parked askew in the DRIVEWAY.

for
hung-
over.
LT is some 40 years old. His natural swagger makes up
his lack of conventional good looks. He is obviously

SHADES,
puts them on.

DOOR of
LT's TWIN EIGHT YEAR-OLD SONS trundle out the FRONT

How many times are you gonna miss the bus? Huh? All the other kids can get up in the morning, but you guys wanna be driven around like the fucking President. I'm your goddamn chauffeur!

TWINS

(each taking alternate, overlapping lines)

Shit, man. It wasn't our fault! -- You think Sis is so perfect, well, if she hadn't hogged the fucking bathroom, maybe we -- I thought Aunt Lu was dead! She was in there so long...

LT

Shut up! Listen!

It
One
will

ON RADIO: Chatter about Mets winning last night's game. was the THIRD GAME straight that they've won so far. more game -- set for tomorrow afternoon -- and the Mets sweep the World Series. All listen.

TWIN

They're gonna win the Series in four!

LT

All the way with Strawberry!

TWINS

(in unison)

Strawberry!

their own --

The TWINS whoop and shout, celebrating LT's -- and favorite player.

a

They pass the PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BUS. It has stopped for moment taking on KIDS. LT cuts off the TWINS' tirade.

LT

Shit, man -- there's your fucking bus I oughtta make you late! Make the nuns whack the shit outa ya both.

and
balanced
The
PEDESTRIAN.

LT and the TWINS banter back and forth, poke each other
box around. The apparent hostility of their words is
by the laughter and gung-ho play of the rough-housing.
TWINS yell cat-calls as they drive past a BLONDE
LT joins in.

comes
outside.
usher

ANGLE - Through the WINDSHIELD, the PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
into view. A CROWD of UNIFORMED KIDS is gathered
SEVERAL NUNS turn the CROWD into two neat rows, and
the KIDS inside.

POV LT - THE NUNS

LT

Get going.

the

The TWINS get out. Join the line of students entering
SCHOOL.

some

The instant the KIDS have left the CAR -- LT takes out
COKE. Snorts it. He takes his GUN out of hiding.

City.

LT steers with his knees as he drives off toward the

CUT TO:

EXT: AFTERNOON - QUEENS - CRIME SCENE

The

ANGLE - A CAR WINDSHIELD. Blood-spattered and shot up.
DEAD BODIES of TWO GIRLS are in the front seat.

COPS

LT gets out of his CAR and makes his way through the
and GAWKERS.

The BET COP comes up to LT.

BET COP

Two Black kids came up out of nowhere
and shot those chicks. Then they

laughed as they walked away. The Press is gonna call it the "Giggling Man Murders." I'll tell ya. What a world.

of LT gives a cursory glance to the crime scene. A couple COPS greet him; LT keeps walking.

The BET COP digs his attitude.

BET COP

But hey -- we make the best of it, man, don't we? Huh? How about them Mets!

stays FOLLOW LT - over to a GROUP of COPS. They greet him and everyone immediately crams into a parked CAR. The CAR parked for the duration of their meeting.

CUT TO:

INT: AFTERNOON - UNMARKED COP CAR (PARKED) - QUEENS

the Now that LT, the BET COP and the OTHER COPS are inside CAR, they can do business. LT pays several COPS their WINNINGS for last night's game. CASH and congratulatory banter is exchanged.

GAME, Now LT has to take their BETS for tomorrow afternoon's the FOURTH GAME of the World Series. LT urges the COPS to bet against the Mets.

LT

No fucking way they're gonna do it in four games straight.

COP ONE

You serious, man? I wanna go Mets all the way!

LT

Go ahead, man. If you've got shit for brains. But if you wanna win the bucks, go with Oakland.

COP TWO

I thought Strawberry was gonna --

LT

I know that nigger like he's my brother. He ain't gonna let us off so easy. He'll make us sweat first. This game's going to Oakland. Not a doubt in my mind, man.

Silence. The COPS think about it for a moment.

talks
BET COP speaks up first; hands LT some CASH. When he
to LT, his fawning posture is obvious.

BET COP

I'm in. Here.

COPS
COP ONE SHRUGS his assent, gives CASH to LT. The OTHER
follow his example, place their BETS on OAKLAND.

been
care
The COP BETS total \$800 -- on OAKLAND. LT has obviously
the bookie for this precinct for a long time. He takes
of a lot of action and has these guy's faith.

COP
LT nods a goodbye, quickly gets out of the CAR. The BET
and the OTHER COPS remain inside.

CUT TO:

3RD
**EXT: AFTERNOON - PAY PHONE - MIDTOWN - 38TH STREET &
AVENUE**

the
friend --
LT pulls up alone beside a PHONE BOOTH and phones in
COPS' bets and his own to LITE. More than an anonymous
connection to the BOOKIE, LITE is obviously LT's old
and a hustler just like himself.

The
LT shouts into the PHONE and holds it close to his ear.
TRAFFIC NOISE is loud and irritating.

LT

(into the phone)

I got them all going for Oakland.
With bullshit money. We'll cover the
\$800.

LITE

(OC)

All right. What are you gonna do?

LT

I want 15 on the Mets.

LITE

(OC)

How about 7 1/2?

a
his
ACROSS THE STREET - TWO GUYS approach a BUSINESSMAN in
raincoat and flash a KNIFE. The BUSINESSMAN gives up
WALLET and his WATCH.

LT pays no mind to the robbery.

LT

Hey, man. Don't give me that bullshit.
Don't pussy-out on me. The Mets are
a fucking lock. I wanna make some
money.

LITE

Are you sure?

LT

Yeah. I'm sure.

LT hangs up the PHONE, heads back toward his parked
CAR.

By this time, the BUSINESSMAN is running into the
street,
waving his arms and screaming.

BUSINESSMAN

Police! Police! Help me! Police!

LT enters his car, drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT: EVENING - CRACK CITY

handsome
up a
over.

LT arrives, leading a BUST. Lots of COPS. LT chases a young COKE DEALER, JC, cornering him a couple flights staircase. Now they're alone and the phony pantomime is

LT

Hey, man, gimme something cooked!

CRACK.
A".

JC gives it to him with a PIPE. LT takes a drag of Then LT gives JC a large BAG of COKE, labelled "Exhibit

LT

It's good shit. From when they busted those Columbians uptown. You can cut it in half.

contrast, is
(OFF).

JC nods, bemused by LT's manic behavior. JC, in mellow and in control. LT smokes; JC doesn't.
LT COUGHS and SMOKES as he shouts to COPS downstairs

LT

I got this guy. But there's someone across the street on the roof!

The COPS (OFF) rush out of the building.

JC watches LT smoking like a fiend.

JC

That stuff'll kill you quick, man.

LT

What the fuck are you? A drug counselor or a drug dealer? And you don't even do your own product! What kind of businessman are you?

JC

The rich kind.
(shakes his head)
Jeez, man. The way you smoke that shit is suicide.

LT

Fuck you.

(takes a deep hit)

Just give me back a little something
for the road.

BILL;

LT takes a handful of the COKE and puts it in a DOLLAR
pockets it.

JC

See you in a coupla days. Have the
cash ready.

JC splits, runs up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT: NIGHT - ARIANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Religious/hip artifacts abound. It's a nice, if messy
apartment.

\$3,500

However, it is definitely not large enough to merit the
that ARIANE quotes as her rent.

ARIANE is LT's mistress.

plays

BOWTAY, her girlfriend, lounges on the COUCH. BOWTAY
the third when LT is in the mood for a menage a trois.
around a lot.

She's

BOWTAY is already zonked out on something. Maybe LUDS.

ARIANE

Got something good for us?

BOWTAY

LT gives her the COKE. ARIANE takes some immediately.
sloppily partakes.

Before LT can even sit down, the GIRLS start bitching.

ARIANE

I'm gonna need some bread, man. This
ain't fair. I'm always here for you,
and you can't even take decent care
of me. My landlord is bitching like

a motherfucker! You're two months behind on the rent, Lieutenant!

LT

Didya ever think of moving to a cheaper apartment? \$3,500 a month is crazy, man!

ARIANE

It's nothing. This is New York, man...
(beat)

Oh -- I forgot. Bowtay needs some cash to buy her new acting headshots out of the developers. It's a good investment, man. She could make serious money!

going ANGLE - BOWTAY on the COUCH. It's obvious that she's nowhere. And fast.

ARIANE

We've been rehearsing a new monologue. From Shad's Saint Joan, you know? Bowtay does it wonderfully well.

LT breaks out more COKE and some GRASS.

LT

All right, Bowtay. Show us your stuff.

the ARIANE lifts BOWTAY to her feet. BOWTAY staggers into center of the room, then falls back down on her knees. It happens to be appropriate for the scene.

of BOWTAY begins to recite the monologue from the very end the play. "When will the world be ready to receive thy saints?", etc.

in BOWTAY messes up a line; ARIANE lashes her with a BELT. BOWTAY doesn't move, continues reciting. ARIANE joins from time to time.

LT is turned on.

floor. He begins KISSING ARIANE, then goes down onto the

BOWTAY is there already.

Kinky trio sex scene.

CUT TO:

INT: LATER THAT NIGHT - ARIANE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

It's evidently an hour or so later.

The KITCHEN is very bachelorette. No FOOD or COOKING IMPLEMENTS in sight.

He LT is messing around, looking for something to DRINK.
opens the REFRIGERATOR.

for a POV LT - CU - The REFRIGERATOR is entirely empty, save
liquid few suspect and peculiar items. There is nothing in
form.

LT hears ARIANE calling to him from the LIVING ROOM.

ARIANE

(OC - calling to LT)

There's nothing!

BOWTAY It's clear from the SEX SOUNDS (OC), that ARIANE and
are still going at it.

ARIANE

(OC - calling to LT)

Go out and get some Diet Cokes.

LT obeys. He leaves the KITCHEN.

CUT TO:

INT: NIGHT - ARIANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

CLOTHING LT passes through the LIVING ROOM, putting on his
as he heads for the DOOR to OUTSIDE.

is The GIRLS don't miss a sexual beat. They continue what

gone. now a menage a deux. They won't miss LT while he's

LT splits. No good-byes.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT: LATE NIGHT - KOREAN DELI

DIET LT approaches the market where he intends to buy the

COKES.

A display of FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES extends onto the sidewalk.

LT LT notices a SQUAD CAR, parked in front of the MARKET.
picks up his pace.

standing much argues Closer now, LT sees a YOUNG UNIFORMED COP outside,
with the KOREAN OWNER, an elderly man who doesn't speak
English. The OWNER is agitated and out of breath. He
fiercely with TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS.

A SQUAD CAR is parked in front of the MARKET.

LT gets an idea. He takes command.

LT

(to Cop)

What's going on?

The UNIFORMED COP is a timid rookie.

COP

Uh, Lieutenant, Sir -- The owner
says they stole cash from the
register. He was chasing them down
the block when I caught up with them.

his same time -- The KOREAN OWNER is still agitated. He tries to give
side of the story, mixing English and Korean. At the
time --

out The TWO BLACK KIDS plead their case. They try to drown
the OWNER. It all gets rather noisy.

YOUNG BLACK KID

We didn't do nothing, man !

shockingly LT shouts in the YOUNG BLACK KID'S FACE. It's
loud.

LT

Shut the fuck up!

LT turns to the UNIFORMED COP.

LT

(to Cop)

Go get me a Bud. A High Boy. And
make sure it's fucking cold.

(indicates the
situation at hand)

I'll straighten this out.

The UNIFORMED COP looks at LT for a moment, then goes.

BLACK LT is now alone with the KOREAN OWNER and the TWO YOUNG
KIDS.

LT turns to the OWNER.

LT

How much did they take?

KOREAN OWNER

Five hundred dollars cash.

innocence. The TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS continue protesting their

YOUNG BLACK KID

We didn't --

between LT whips out his GUN and shoots a deafening BLAST
one the TWO KIDS' heads. It almost takes off the left ear of
and the right ear of the other.

The TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS are stunned. Speechless.

raised
a cop

The YOUNG UNIFORMED COP rushes out of the MARKET, GUN
in one hand, BEER CAN in the other. He's relieved that
wasn't shot, but the whole situation makes him uneasy.
LT grabs the BEER, points to the KOREAN OWNER.

LT

(orders the Cop)
Take this guy down to the Precinct.
I need to talk to him.

COP

The OWNER protests wildly in Korean as the flustered
ushers him into a waiting SQUAD CAR. They drive off.
Now LT is alone with the TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS.
LT takes the KIDS inside at gunpoint.
INT: The store appears to be deserted.

LT

Gimme the money! Now!

cool.

The TWO YOUNG BLACK KIDS have regained some of their
They are still belligerent.

YOUNG BLACK KID

We told you, man. We didn't take no --

the
the

LT jams his GUN down the PANTS of one of the KIDS. At
same time, he whips out his BADGE and thrusts it into
other KID'S FACE.

LT

Give me the fucking money, assholes!

They give LT the CASH. The KIDS stand there.

LT

What the fuck are ya standing there
for? Be gone!

The KIDS, stunned, split.

BEER,
pretends
TOILET
YEAR-OLD
terrified.

LT swaggers around the store, GUN in hand, drinking the
assessing the inventory with a proprietary air. He
to SHOOT at various products. Plays around.
In the back aisle, LT aims his GUN at a BIG BOX of
PAPER.
While he holds the TOILET PAPER at bay, a THIRTEEN
KOREAN KID rises up from behind it, his hands up,
LT LAUGHS, then puts the GUN away.

LT

Take over until your boss gets back.
Gimme a 6 of Diet Cokes and a 6 of
Budweiser.

On LT's smiling face, we --

CUT TO:

INT: DAWN - ARIANE'S APARTMENT

esoteric
COKES
doesn't

BOWTAY is curled up on the floor, asleep.
ARIANE is busy with a GOBLET, some TIN FOIL and other
stuff.
LT comes through the door with the SIX-PACK of DIET
and the SIX-PACK of BUDWEISER.
He puts them down, takes a BEER for himself. ARIANE
turn around. She's busy preparing drugs.

ARIANE

I got you a present. Better shit
then you got, cop!

LT comes and looks over her shoulder. He sees --

A PILE of BROWN HEROIN on a TIN FOIL SHEET. ARIANE is
preparing the implements for "chasing the dragon."

sexier

BOWTAY rolls over, sprawls on the floor in an even position.

On her face, an expression of utter bliss.

LT abandons the BEER.

LT

Brown Downtown... There hasn't been any smoking brown on the street in --

ARIANE

Who said anything about the fucking street. I've got more connects than you have, Lieutenant...

the

manage to

ARIANE helps LT with the thin, TIN FOIL PIPE. She burns SMACK on the TIN FOIL SHEET for him so that he can inhale the PLUME OF SMOKE in time.

He gets a nice, deep hit.

ARIANE gracefully takes a hit of her own.

They are both very high, already. Beginning to NOD OUT.

hit.

ARIANE goes back to the IMPLEMENTS and prepares another

LT

This time she catches the SMOKE in a SHERRY GOBLET and drinks it.

LT is very high now. A meditative, hallucinatory state.

ARIANE takes a DIET COKE and lies down on the BED.

closed.

She slowly sips soda through a straw. Her eyes are

LT sits in an EASY CHAIR by the WINDOW.

appears

LT NODS OUT while watching the SUNRISE. What we see to be HIS DREAM. From the melting RED SUN, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: DAWN (MEANWHILE) — CHURCH/CONVENT

NUN,
PURPLE
ripped

BLOOD! TWO KIDS are raping a NUN, attacking the SECOND
and shitting on the ALTAR. Going berserk. They steal
ROBES and the CHALICE.
From the FIRST NUN, on her back on the altar, her robes
open, a heart-rending pieta, we --

HARD

CUT TO:

DAY TWO:

GAME FOUR: LT LOSES \$15,000

INT: LATE AFTERNOON - LT'S HOME - QUEENS

sits
Various
moving

ANGLE - CARTOONS on TV.
LT has overslept, out cold on the COUCH. A LITTLE GIRL
on the floor, two feet from the TV, watching CARTOONS.
other members of LT's over-extended FAMILY can be seen
around the house, going about their business.
A CARTOON EXPLOSION wakes LT. He jumps up in a panic.

LT

Did I win? Shit! The game!

to the

LT bounds off the COUCH, Still half-asleep, he crawls
TV, turns on GAME FOUR. The LITTLE GIRL starts CRYING.

LT

(to background family
members)

What's the score? What's the fucking
score?

An ANCIENT AUNT pokes her head into the LIVING ROOM.

ANCIENT AUNT

I dunno...

She disappears again.

LT

(to himself)

Why me, man?

LT leans into the TV, transfixed, as --

drive

ON TV: STRAWBERRY makes a fantastic catch of a Canseco with runners on base. LT CHEERS.

about

DOORS SLAM (OFF). The TWINS have come home from school. They burst into the LIVING ROOM, loud as Hell. Furious something they out-curse each other.

LT

(to the Twins)

Shut the fuck up! Did you see that?

TWINS

(shrug - in unison)

It's 7-0: Oakland.

(single Twin)

That nigger could have let it drop and gone home.

move.

LT curses and stomps around. The TWINS mimic his every

mind.

All three are pissed. The rest of the FAMILY pays no

CUT TO:

INT: EVENING - LT'S CAR

LT is furious. He COKES UP. DRINKS heavily.

a

Tired of the SPORTS STATIONS, LT turns on 911. There is call for an uptown MURDER SCENE.

CUT TO:

HARD

EXT: NIGHT - 153RD/MARTIN LUTHER KING - CRIME SCENE

CU - A YOUNG BLACK DEALER, eyes open, shot dead.

He'll

LT drives up, sizes up the scene. It's fresh territory.
milk it for what it's worth.

knows

LT ignores his colleagues, the COPS ON THE SCENE. He
some of the DEALERS and STREET CHARACTERS on the

sidelines.

He heads straight for them.

LT greets an impressively beautiful, six foot tall
TRANSVESTITE. He takes her aside.

LT

Hey, Veronica baby, looking good!
What's going down?

filled

LT slips a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL into VERONICA'S well-

BRA.

VERONICA

(confidentially - to

LT)

Willie got shot by one of his boys.
(giggles)
But there's a ki under the back seat.

LT

I'll put it in my trunk.

the

LT saunters up to the MURDER CAR, DEAD WILLIE still in
front seat. LT is obviously berserk to get the KI, but
he can't show it. LT susses out the situation.

he

Around him, POLICE TECHNICIAN-TYPES are busy lifting
fingerprints and analyzing the CAR and WILLIE -- to no
apparent avail.

CAR

LT uses his Lieutenants' privilege to enter the MURDER
and begin his own investigation.

TIRE TRACKS are discovered nearby. The OTHER COPS are
distracted.

COCAINE

LT takes his shot. He reaches for and finds the KI of

emerges under the BACK SEAT. LT slips it under his COAT and
from the MURDER CAR.
Outside the MURDER CAR, LT makes to stand up. In the
act, he -- DROPS the BAG of COKE!
LT is stunned. He can't believe the KI is actually in
the shitty, gutter water, in plain view of the other COPS.
The COPS spot the KILO of COKE. Even those COPS that
were far away, somehow know what has happened. They quickly
gather round the MURDER CAR, LT, and the KI.
The PLASTIC BAG filled with WHITE POWDER floats on the
DEEP **PUDDLE.**

LT is silent wrath incarnate.

LT

(soft, sardonic)

I guess he was a bigtime dealer...

(beat)

What d'ya know... A kilo of 'caine...

Among the gathered COPS, only a SERGEANT is not quite convinced.

SERGEANT

Where the fuck did that come from?

The other COPS ignore the query.

LT walks away.

cursing LT has successfully covered himself, but he walks off
and mumbling.

VERONICA is laughing demonstratively in the background.

LT

(to himself)

I can't fucking believe it...

murder and LT is further away now from the scene of WILLIE'S

his own debacle. LT overhears something. Cuts off his muttering.

early
A group of COPS are talking about the big news from the morning.

COP A

But I still can't fucking believe they'd rape a nun, man...

conversation
cluster of
LT stops in his tracks. The erotic import of this has seized LT's imagination. He heads toward the COPS, cuts in.

LT

(to the Cops)

What's this shit about a nun getting raped?

COP B

Where the fuck have you been? It happened this morning, up at St. Dominiek's in Spanish Harlem. A coupla punks tore up the place and then gave it to the nuns but good.

LT
The COPS turn away, continue to talk among themselves. walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT: NIGHT - A CITY HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

by
LT pulls up. Parks near a group of OTHER COPS, waiting their CARS.

NURSES,
HOSPITAL
HOSPITAL fauna passes by in the background: DOCTORS, PATIENTS in all stages of recovery or relapse. The itself rises in the background. It looks like a prison.

joins
are
LT leaves his CAR, heads for the GROUP of COPS. He them, sits down on the HOOD of a nearby CAR. The COPS

all DRINKING heavily.

COPS

Present are the BET COP, and several other FAMILIAR from previous scenes.

LT

What's going on?

FIRST COP

They raped a nun and tore up the church -- they even took a crap on the altar. Up in Spanish Harlem.

SECOND COP

She was only seventeen...

A COP opens his TRUNK -- he has a BAR inside. The COPS, including LT, respond enthusiastically. DRINK UP.

FIRST COP

Who the fuck could do this?!

OLD IRISH COP

The young nun's just a kid from Ireland. Imagine having to come here to have that happen!

SECOND COP

Jesus... What's she gonna tell her mother?

OLD IRISH COP

I'm gonna kill those motherfuckers.

or

The COPS keep DRINKING. All of them lounging around on beside the CARS.

the

LT watches quietly, taking it all in. As if following motto: "He who defines himself, confines himself."

THIRD COP

The Church already put up a \$50,000 reward!

FIRST COP

Well, one of us is gonna get it. I mean -- get them.

The FIRST COP raises a TOAST.

FIRST COP

Here's to payback for the nuns!

The COPS all whoop and cheer.

SECOND COP

Anyone got any leads, at all?

FIRST COP

We got shit to go on. Only that list of inventory -- what they stole from the church.

THIRD COP

Y'know they actually stole those wacky purple robes? And they took the chalice -- with the Host still inside!

SECOND COP

What did they want with the Host?

THIRD COP

They were hungry. I dunno. They didn't want to hock the Host, they wanted to hock that golden chalice.

one COPS avoid each others' eyes. Competition has begun. No shares information, each after the reward for himself. LT bursts out, swings into high gear.

LT

Leave it to the Catholic Church, man. Girls get raped everyday, and now they're gonna pay 50 G just because these chicks wore penguin suits!

Some of the COPS laugh, others are offended.

OLD IRISH COP

(to LT)

What's your fucking problem?!

LT

The Church is a racket.

OLD IRISH COP

So what. Are you a Catholic?

LT

Sure!

OLD IRISH COP

Do you believe in God?

LT doesn't reply. He's thinking.

COPS
World

The BET COP and a couple of OTHER, FAMILIAR GAMBLER
move in. They've got nothing on their minds but the
Series.

BET COP

(to LT)

To Hell with this God stuff. How's
that Strawberry? He does what ever
you want him to, huh Lieutenant?
Even strike out!

(beat)

I bet you won a shitload on Oakland.
How much, huh?

pride in

LT comes down off the CAR HOOD. Now he has to feign
his supposed big bet on OAKLAND.

afford

LT

LT has to convince the COPS to keep betting -- he can't
to pay them all off. Unfortunately, the COPS all think
just scored big, himself.

LT

More than you did.

GAMBLER COP TWO

Well, let's see some green!

LT

If you know what's good for you,
you'll keep staying on Oakland!

BET COP

Oakland? Is that how you're going?

LT nods "yes." An outright lie.

LT

Yeah. Sure. Don't you get it? The

series has gotta last seven games. The last two did, didn't they? It's a racket. Do you have any idea how much money they make selling television-time for commercials during the series? Especially if it's a New York team? They won't close the gold mine after only four games. It'll last a full seven. Too many people wanna milk it for what it's worth. You'll see!

BET COP

All right... I'm in. After all, you're the expert. Ain't that right, LT?

hanging
OAKLAND.
SEVERAL COPS, including some of the COPS who have been out in front of the HOSPITAL, go double or nothing on LT takes their BET MONEY -- \$900.

pays
One COP doesn't go along with the deal. LT painfully him off.

LT

You'll be sorry, man. But if you wanna be a sissy, here's your bread.

toasts
STRAWBERRY?
LT sits back on top of his CAR, DRINKING heavily. He STRAWBERRY. The others are uneasy. Why toast

COP ONE

Strawberry? I thought we were going with Oakland.

LT

We are, man! That's the point! If the Mets win, it's thanks to Strawberry. If Oakland wins, it's thanks to Strawberry. Nothing can happen out there on the field that don't gotta do with Strawberry. So here's to Strawberry!

The others join in the TOAST, but are uneasy.

CUT TO:

HUNTING FOR

**INT: LATE NIGHT - CORRIDORS OF A CITY HOSPITAL -
THE NUN**

privileges;

The HOSPITAL is an inferno. LT exploits his cop
shows his BADGE to the GUARDS.

even

He wants to get into the inner sanctum. Beyond where
COPS were allowed to go. He wants to get to the NUN.
A sexy NURSE stops him.

NURSE

Can I help you?

LT can't help but check her out and flirt.

LT

I'm in charge of the investigation.
Just checking security.

NURSE

(Suspicious)
Security?

LT

Do you want those guys coming back?
For the nun? Or for you?

The NURSE looks at him, unsure, then walks off down the
CORRIDOR.

LT continues his hunt.

"QUARANTINE"

inside.

He comes upon a DOOR that is plastered with
SIGNS. One too many, perhaps. LT senses the NUN is

of
smirk,
crack.

He has to open the DOOR, but hopes he won't get a blast
disease in his face. He CROSSES himself -- wearing a
but nonetheless. Going on instinct, LT opens the door a

the

He's right. It's the NUN. He positions himself outside

without DOOR, keeping it open a few inches. He peeks inside
being seen.

CUT TO:

INT: LATE NIGHT - THE NUN'S HOSPITAL EXAMINING ROOM

while From just outside the door, LT peep-toms on the NUN
out on she is being examined. He sees her stark naked, laid
a table, her legs spread wide apart.

they The DOCTORS, NURSES, COUNSELORS work on the NUN as if
the are automatons. They don't grasp either the humanity or
Alabaster trotitism of the scene. LT does. The image of The
pathos Nun turns him on no end. Yet there is also a deeper
to the scene.

And the NUN is spectacularly beautiful. She doesn't
speak. Looks like a Pieta.

FEMALE A DOCTOR in a WHITE-COAT reads the MEDICAL REPORT to a
backed COP. The FEMALE COP writes down the details on a hard-
pad. As if it's a parking ticket.

seems to The moving contrast between the words and the image
be apparent to LT -- and the NUN -- alone.

DOCTOR

(to Female Cop)

They inserted a crucifix eleven centimeters into her vaginal aperture, breaking the hymen membrane. Then they pursued the same course with their natural organs of sexual penetration. They used a sharp object, probably a hunting knife with a curved blade, to carve a cross between her shoulder blades, entering the flesh an average of nearly one centimeter throughout the area of the wound.

They --

looks
Finally, as if she knew he was there all along, the NUN
up at where LT is hiding and boldly meets his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT: VERY LATE NIGHT - ARIANE'S APARTMENT

They've
LT has been there for some time. They are alone.
both been DRINKING and COKING.

various
LT is carrying on about the NUN. As he speaks about
subjects, his tone changes radically. From contempt and
cynicism to profound reverence. From decadence -- to
awe.
other.
ARIANE, too, manages to switch from one attitude to the

LT

Have you ever seen a naked nun? I
tell you, man, I went to school with
the nuns, I've seen hundreds since
then and I've never even seen a nun's
belly button, you understand? But
this nun, let me tell you. What a
beautiful lady...

(snaps out of his awe)

And where'd the Church get the 50 G
in the first place? The fucking Church
is the biggest scam going. You know
what's the real killer? It costs
\$8,000 per kid for them to go to
parochial school. I've got three
kids in there already, with two on
the way! Christ. That fucking reward
is my money, man! But that's Church
policy. The Pope is the world's
biggest bookie. Makes people bet on
their own salvation! Double or nothing
on Heaven. You go to Hell -- then go
to Hell. In the beginning was the
Word, and the Word was bullshit.

ARIANE can't stop thinking about the rape.

ARIANE

I can't get over what those guys did

to her. I just can't.

LT

They're alive, aren't they? Come on, man! Everyone's making such a fucking fuss, just because she's a nun. Just because she wears a penguin suit, the church puts up 50 G for the guys who dared to rape her. Do you think they'd put up a dime if you got raped? Of course not. Or even for your little sister? The virgin? Like shit they would.

ARIANE

Susie's not a virgin anymore.

LT

She's fucking nine years old! Jesus Christ.

ARIANE suddenly starts up.

ARIANE

And the nun's not a virgin anymore, either. Will they make her leave the convent?

LT thinks for a moment.

LT

Who knows? Who knows what their policy is.

(sudden dreamy
reverence)

But I'll tell you, man, that nun...
She was beautiful. Just beautiful...
Tall... Real tall... I've never seen
anything like it...

LT snaps out once again, grabs the TELEPHONE. He dials
LITE.

He's not in. LT leaves ARIANE'S NUMBER on LIMELITE'S
BEEPER.

Hangs up.

LT

(to himself)

Lite, man... Where the fuck are you?

ARIANE can't get the image of the rape out of her mind.

ARIANE

It's horrible. They burned her breasts with cigarettes. Christ.

LT

Yeah? At least she's alive! I see people get killed every day! Worse yet, tortured first and then killed! The nuns got off easy. Jeez. Cigarette burns. Everyone's all upset about fucking cigarette burns. I'll show you cigarette burns!

does
LT stubs out his CIGARETTE on the back of his hand. He
the move with intensity and bravado.

it
flesh
ARIANE responds by calmly doing the same. But she does
entirely impassively, and rubs the CIGARETTE into her
longer than LT did.

his
ARIANE comes over to LT and starts kissing and licking
CHEST.

ARIANE

Do you believe in God? Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?.

LT hesitates.

ARIANE kneels down in front of LT. As if in prayer.

She starts giving him head.

bell.
Before he can answer The Question, he is saved by the

The PHONE RINGS. LT picks up immediately. It's LITE.

head.
As LT speaks to LITE, ARIANE continues to give him

LT

(to LITE; over the
phone)

Yeah, I know, I know all about it. Enough already about the fucking nuns. Yeah. Yeah. So just take the

bet. Don't give me any hassles, man.
Just put in my bet. 30 G's. Yeah.
And I got \$900 from the cops on
Oakland. Yeah. Right. Strawberry's
gonna knock em dead. Of course he
is! You know that! Yeah. Yeah. Have
faith, man! OK. Right.

Question. LT hangs up, thinks ARIANE won't resurface the God

dialectic ARIANE does, even as she gives him head. Every time she
speaks, she pulls away and it frustrates him. This
continues throughout the scene.

ARIANE

Do you believe in God?

hotter. LT thinks about it, even as ARIANE gets him hotter and

LT

The Church is a fucking racket. I
know how they operate. I've been
part of the racket since the first
time some faggot priest spilt water
on my head. My Aunt Lu says I was
crying all the way through. Yeah, I
know their game inside out. Now I'm
free of it and I'm gonna stay that
way.

ARIANE

I'm not talking about the fucking
Church. Fuck the Church. But tell
me. Do you believe in God?

LT

What's to believe?

ARIANE

That Jesus Christ was the Son of God
and he came to die for your sins.

LT can't respond. He's distracted by his own pleasure.

ARIANE does something OC that causes LT sudden pain.

LT cries out. Snaps to attention. Looks at ARIANE.

ARIANE

Your sins, Lieutenant!

(beat)

And look around you! Where do you think all this shit came from?

than

ARIANE gives him head again. LT is more excited now before she hurt him.

LT

People.

ARIANE

You believe that man is the be-all and end-all?

LT

Yeah.

ARIANE

OK. OK. Fine. But -- do you believe in God?

CONTRITION

As if in answer. LT begins to RECITE THE ACT OF

LT

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth...

grapples

This turns on ARIANE. She stops talking. Writhes and him.

again --

LT is reaching climax. When describing Jesus rising

LT has an orgasm.

CUT TO:

EXT INT: VERY LATE NIGHT - LT'S CAR

in

LT drives, DRUNK and fired-up. He has a BOTTLE of VODKA the CAR.

the

POV LT - A CAR with only one TAILLIGHT. A Cyclops in darkness. Under a STREETLIGHT, JERSEY PLATES are

visible. So

pulls are the two inebriated, leather-clad GIRLS inside. LT
them over.

LT comes on to them. He's way out there. The GIRLS are
smashed.

them. LT notes their "Heavy Metal" CROSSES, and questions

LT

You wouldn't put some religious trip
on me, would you?

JERSEY GIRL

Uh-uh... What?

LT

Good. Show me your papers.

the LT looks at their PAPERS. Points to the name to which
CAR is registered.

LT

Who's this person? It ain't you, and
it ain't you, so who is it?

GIRL

My Aunt.

LT

So you took the car from you Aunt.
Stole it. Am I right?

GIRL

We were gonna give it back! We're on
our way home, now!

LT

Yeah, yeah.

POT. LT gets into the CAR, looks around. He finds a BAG OF

LT waves the POT in front of the GIRLS.

LT

Now why don't I just call up your
Aunt right now and tell her what's
gone down. How about that?

The GIRLS are petrified.

ROLL
LT grins. He takes out his own ROLLING PAPER, starts to
a JOINT with their POT.

LT

Well, I'm sure we could arrange
something... Unless you fancy a few
days in jail...

side
He blackmails them into humiliating sex scenes. On a
street off Eleventh Avenue, LT plays it out until dawn.

CUT TO:

DAY THREE:

GAME FIVE: LT LOSES \$30,000

EXT INT: DAWN - THE CHURCH/CONVENT

the
LT drives up erratically and parks his CAR in front of
CHURCH/CONVENT.

various
he's
LT stumbles into the CHURCH. Alone now, he notes
aspects of the DESECRATION, but can't see much because
blind drunk.

him.
The enormous, graphically bloody CRUCIFIX confronts

He collapses immediately into a PEW. Sleeps.

TIME PASSES

CUT TO:

INT: MORNING - CHURCH/CONVENT

in
UPTOWN
LT wakes up. Ruckus all around him. The COPS are there
force -- including some of the guys from the BAR, the
MURDER and the HOSPITAL PARKING LOT. They are privately

that
NUNS to
first,

checking out the Scene of the Crime, looking for leads
will give them an advantage. Everyone wants the TWO
talk. The NUNS are in a circle of interrogators. At
LT can't even see them.

The ELDERLY NUN was attacked but not raped. They carved
crosses on her.

The
heard
COPS

In the background, the questioning has already begun.
interrogators become increasingly frustrated. It can be
in their voices. They want the reward, and -- despite a
certain constipated "respect" in their attitude -- the
are willing to browbeat the NUNS to get it.

the

LT silently bums a COFFEE off a COP and staggers into
ring.

the

LT hangs back in the crowd, staring at the YOUNG NUN as
COPS interrogate both NUNS.

COP 1

Can't you tell us anything? Sisters?
Anything at all?

The ELDERLY NUN speaks up.

ELDERLY NUN

They broke my glasses. I didn't see
anything, but I did hear them. They
were young. And there were two of
them. They spoke Spanish. One of
them was named Julio.

his

LT, on the sidelines, turns to an OLDER COP. LT mutters
commentary

LT

(to Older Cop)
Julio. Great. There are 20,000 spics
named "Julio".

The ELDERLY NUN lowers her head. Shamed.

ELDERLY NUN

I would tell you more if I could. I am so sorry, Officers.

not
COPS
Now the COPS are magnetized by the YOUNG NUN. She does appear to need GLASSES. Evidently, she could give the what they want.

COP 2

What about you, Sister? Won't you tell us anything?

LT watches the YOUNG NUN as --

smile.
POV LT - The YOUNG NUN smiles a quiet, intractable

COP 2 is screaming mad, but tries to hide it.

loved
LT has observed their interaction. Though he would have to have heard some information from the YOUNG NUN, her defiance gives him even more pleasure.

stubborn
ambition --
some
The MONSIGNOR comes forward to "translate" the NUNS' silence. He is possessed by a conventional sort of this is his big chance. He would like to be Cardinal day, but never will be. He enjoys the spotlight as he pontificates.

MONSIGNOR

Listen. One nun is nearly 80 years old. I'm not from this Church, of course, but I assume they'll be getting her a new pair of glasses. Apparently she's legally blind without them. The Sister who suffered a rape is just 17. She arrived from Ireland only a couple of months ago. This -- event -- is just too much for them to take!

a
The MONSIGNOR clears his throat demonstratively, takes dicitous tone.

MONSIGNOR

Listen. The Church would like to know who did it just as much as the NYPD. These arrant criminals broke the laws of man, and the laws of God. The Church wants nothing more than to see them behind bars. That's why we're offering the \$50,000 reward to whomever brings them in. I'm sure our hero will be one of New York's Finest.

The YOUNG NUN shoots the MONSIGNOR an offended look.

contact
It appears for a moment as if the YOUNG NUN makes eye
with LT. But he can't be sure.

LT leaves the crowd, disappears out the DOOR.

CUT TO:

STREET AT **INT: LATE AFTERNOON - RUSH HOUR - LT'S CAR - 54TH**
FIFTH AVENUE

GAME
LT is driving through HEAVY TRAFFIC while listening to
FIVE on the RADIO. He COKES UP. He mumbles to himself.
listens,
GAME FIVE is close, and features STRAWBERRY. As LT
he reacts physically to the changing status of the
game.

ceiling.
He drives crazy through the streets, pounds the

VODKA
He's so COKED, he's bouncing out of his skin. LT drinks
out of a PINT BOTTLE in his COAT.

the
STRAWBERRY overthrows a sacrifice fly from Canseco and
A's WIN.

down.
LT shoots out the CAR RADIO. LT LOSES! He's \$30,000

Turns
Covering himself, he puts the LIGHTS on top of his CAR.

streets,
terror.

the SIREN on. Screaming CURSES, he drives through the
careening like a madman. PEDESTRIANS run away in

CUT TO:

**INT: AFTERNOON - "WHITE" CHURCH - HIS DAUGHTER'S FIRST
COMMUNION**

the
CU - LT'S EIGHT YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER takes the WAFER for
first time.

LT is dressed to kill. Looks like a corpse.

He watches his DAUGHTER'S First Communion and is truly
moved.

Remembers his own past.

FRIENDS,
alone at
COLLECTION
While the rest of the attendant EXTENDED FAMILY,
and SOME COPS enter the COMMUNION PARADE, LT stands
the back of the CHURCH like an usher. He holds the
BASKET and quietly watches the whole scene.

him.
LT, his betting friend who is not a cop comes up beside

LITE

OK asshole. You owe thirty grand.
Now what are you gonna do?

LT

I wanna go double or nothing on the
next game.

LITE

Double or nothing? Are you fucking
out of your mind?

LT

I'm not gonna let that bastard take
my money

LITE

Take your money? This guy will blow
up your house and everyone in it!

LT

(stoic)

There's just no way the Mets will lose this game. Gooden is pitching and Strawberry is ready to break out.

LITE looks his friend up and down as if he's lost his mind.

LITE

Fuck Strawberry. You're gonna end up owing 60 G to a homicidal maniac!

LT

That's my problem. Just put in my bet.

LITE gestures assent, but is not happy. He waits a moment, looks around.

POV LITE - LT'S FRIENDS and FAMILY. LT'S DAUGHTER in her

COMMUNION DRESS.

From the pristine interior of the "WHITE CHURCH" we --

HARD

CUT TO:

INT: AFTERNOON - THE CHURCH/CONVENT

The interior of the CHURCH/CONVENT is still desecrated. In stark contrast to the "White Church" (above, Scene 22). POLICE ROPES have cordoned off certain desecrated areas of the CHURCH. In other places, MOPS and SLOPPY BUCKETS of SHIT-

WATER wait for someone to finish cleaning up. LT appears to be entirely alone in the CHURCH. He is desperate for clues. He searches for leads and perhaps, for something else...

CU - He lights a CANDLE, gives a QUARTER --

Then LT lights his CRACKPIPE over the FLAME.

Suddenly the NUN appears.

Once
proximity --
elderly
MONSIGNOR

LT hides, watches as the NUN enters the CONFSSIONAL she is ensconced inside, LT stealthly approaches the CONFSSIONAL and from right outside -- a tantalizing he listens as she confesses to the PRIEST. (This is an PRIEST with a striking, unusual voice. Not the from the COPS' interrogation of the NUNS. Scene 20.)

NUN

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. It has been two days since my last confession. Father, my sin is a terrible sin. A sin of omission. There was another sin that happened at the same time, and in the same place, but my sin I think was graver stil.

PRIEST

Sister, we all know what happened to you yesterday morning. I expected that you would want to speak to me about it. But you could have come to my office. Your being here, in the confessional, implies that you, Sister, have done something wrong. You haven't. I assure you. I feared you might have misplaced feelings of guilt. If you condemn yourself because you experienced feelings of... curiosity or even... pleasure, you mustn't --

is a

The NUN LAUGHS. At first, it sounds like crying. But it strange, low laughter.

NUN

Father, if it was so trivial, so natural, so -- No. I have sinned. And you must listen if you are to prescribe an appropriate act of contrition, and to absolve me. Father, what would you do if you had but one day in which to use your arms to

serve God?

PRIEST

It's funny, you knew. But the first thing I think of is kneading the bread that I help bake for the soup kitchen. Maybe that's because my the muscles in my arms still hurt.

NUN

I also thought of that bread, Father. And of that night six days ago when the Mother Superior died, and I kept the cool, damp cloth on her forehead freshly moist. Father, what would you do if you had but one day in which to use your legs to serve God?

PRIEST

I think of running for help, and falling to my knees in prayer.

NUN

As I have prayed day and night since the desecration of this church yesterday morning -- and my sin. You see, Father --

PRIEST

Yes, Sister?

NUN

Yesterday morning, God gave me but one chance to use something else to serve Him. Not my arms or my legs, but something I used for the first time, for the last time, and will never use again. My vagina.

word. Outside the CONFSSIONAL. LT reacts to the explicit Shock. Titillation and fascination.

NUN

Those boys, those sad, raging boys... They came to me as the needy do. And like many of the needy, they were rude. Like all the needy, they took. And like all the needy, they needed.
(beat)

Father. I knew them; They learn in our school. And play in our

schoolyard. And they are good boys.

PRIEST

You knew them?

(beat)

Who were they, Sister? Who are these boys? What are the names of these -- good boys you knew?

the Outside the CONFSSIONAL, LT stiffens. This could be clue he needs to solve the case.

NUN

I could tell you their names now, and I know you'd be bound by a sacred vow to keep my secret. But I cannot tell you their names. For I, too, am bound. As I am bound now to confess my sins. So listen, Father Listen.

(beat)

I am a nun. What did I give those boys that they could not have found elsewhere? Nothing. Nothing at all. There were always two of us in the act. The act was half my own. It does not seem to me the act was half the act of a once of Christ.

(beat)

It is the lost chance that will remain on the ledger of my sins. Not the loss of my virginity. The rape forced upon me a choice. As a vessel of the spirit. I could have imbued my vagina with God. Or, I could have turned away from God and voided my body of spirit, so that all that was left for those boys was a lump of flesh. I chose the second path. The easier, path. The path of the material world. The path no nun has the right to take. And so, I sinned.

(beat)

My vagina spread, but spread no word. It opened, on nothingness. It gave nothing at all and left nothing behind. No trace of my act, yes my act. For I was there, too, remains in the landscape of God.

LT The NUN'S description of the RAPE is both a turn on for

His
apparent
though
tension
destiny.

and a matter of profound curiosity. Something divine.
silent reactions embody both decadence and awe. This
paradox can find unified expression in his character,
at other moments it threatens to tear him apart. The
between the two polarities will propel him toward his

NUN

Jesus turned water to wine. I ought
to have turned bitter semen to fertile
sperm -- hatred to love. And maybe
to have saved their souls. They did
not love me. I ought to have loved
them. As Jesus loved those who reviled
him. I ought to have surprised those
boys. Instead, they surprised me,
and got no surprise at all. No, they
did not rape a nun. But a nun has
been raped. And the nun must now
atone for her sin. For a God-given
part of her was wasted. A part which
other women use for procreation, for
conjugal fulfillment, for expressions
of love. I had but one chance. And I
did nothing but react in pain.

(beat)

When those boys placed their hands
upon my breasts, they had nothing
but an assortment of skin cells in
their grasp. They ought to have felt,
through me. The bosom of their
Redeemer. When they lay on top of me
and looked down into my eyes, they
saw fear. They should have met the
eyes of a lover, And felt the presence
of the Prince of Peace...

(beat)

My vagina. I shall never have again.
And never again shall I encounter
two boys whose prayer was more
legible, more poignant, more
anguished. Two young men who threw
themselves upon the altar and took
me with them. And I did nothing for
them. I can only hope that someone
will.

NUN
complete
to
hiding
holds
CONTRITION --

LT can't help but start up. As if, telepathically, the
knew he was there and cried out to him. Asked him to
her mission.

LT senses the confession is over. As the PRIEST begins
speak again, LT snaps to and returns to his original
place, near the CANDLES.

LT watches as the NUN exits the CONFSSIONAL, KNEELS,
her ROSARY BEADS, and begins to whisper the ACT OF
what LT recited as ARIANE gave him head.

The NUN does penance. LT watches her, still hidden, and
transfixed.

Cut from THE NUN to --

CUT TO:

INT: EVENING - ARIANE'S APARTMENT

CU - LT fucking a NUN.

Its ARIANE.

of
sex.
pantomime

This time LT doesn't rebel against the religious import
these last days. Rather, he incorporates it into their
He has dressed ARIANE as a NUN. Now it is silent
that expresses both decadence and awe.

CUT TO:

INT: LATE NIGHT - LT'S HOME - QUEENS

Each
the

FOLLOW LT as he walks through his home late at night.
room has several FAMILY MEMBERS in it, all asleep. Even
TWINS sleep in tandem, on matching BUNK BEDS.

LT sits down in the KITCHEN. All is silent, peaceful.

A moment passes.

takes out

LT stands up and goes over to the REFRIGERATOR. He
a CARTON OF MILK.

Sits back down. DRINKS the MILK.

LT calmly looks at what's on the KITCHEN TABLE.

These."

A PILE OF BILLS, note attached from his WIFE: "Pay

A GROUP OF PHOTOS from the COMMUNION, already quickie
developed. They are spread out all over the TABLE.

COVER.

A MORNING TABLOID NEWSPAPER, STRAWBERRY featured on the

life. He

LT finishes looking at the various artifacts of his
sighs, leans back, appears to be -- dare we say it --
peace.

at

FADE TO BLACK;

HARD

CUT TO:

DAY FOUR:

GAME SIX: LT LOSES \$60,000

THE

**EXT: LATE AFTERNOON - SHEA STADIUM - THE SIX GAME OF
WORLD SERIES**

The MASSIVE CROWD ROARS.

BUNTING

The STADIUM is decked out in the RED, WHITE, and BLUE
signifying the WORLD SERIES. A ROW OF UNIFORMED COPS is
the front row. Among them --

in

LT. He watches STRAWBERRY as --

lose

With winning runs on, STRAWBERRY takes strike three, to
the game.

As STRAWBERRY walks off the field, he and LT face off.
One on one.

is.
LT has lost the \$60,000 bet. He knows how heavy this
That his life is now in danger.

a
The CROWD vents its rage. The deafening SOUND takes on
sensuous rhythm and becomes DANCE MUSIC, as --

From EXTREME CU - the BLACK FACE OF STRAWBERRY, we --
FADE TO BLACK;

FADE

UP TO:

INT: EVENING - LIMELIGHT NIGHTCLUB

and
Half-nude DANCERS whirling in and out of sight, round
round in the strobe-flashed darkness.

nearly
The DANCE MUSIC steals one's senses, makes conversation
impossible. People communicate in pantomime.

his
LT pushes his way through the CROWD. He cranes his neck,
desperately searching for someone. At last, he spots
target.

floating
POV LT - A RESIDENT COKE DEALER. His FACE is visible,
above the writhing crowd.

LT pursues him. Finally catches him.

use.
They mime the deal. LT buys some COKE for immediate

CROWD.
LT does the COKE off his wrist as he moves through the

meeting
toward
LT trembles, frantic and manic-high, as he goes to his
with LITE. LT plows his way through the CROWD, heading

ROOM. the back of the club and the entrance to the V.I.P

on Even this state, when he sights ACQUAINTANCES. LT turns
the charm and works the room.

LT nears the V.I.P. ROOM.

a POV LT - The entrance to the V.I.P. ROOM is guarded by
PURPLE VELVET ROPE and an effete DOORMAN.

When the DOORMAN sights LT, he lifts the ROPE, nods
respectfully at the habitual patron.

CUT TO:

INT: EVENING - LIMELIGHT NIGHTCLUB - THE V.I.P. ROOM

LT arrives.

the The V.I.P. ROOM is more laid-back, less populous than
and throng-filled cave outside. The MUSIC is muted here,
more interesting.

WAITRONS PARTIERS sit at the BAR, or at COCKTAIL TABLES. CHIC
DEALERS serve the clientele: HOTSHOT BOHEMIAN REGULARS, DRUG
V.I.P.ROOM, and HOPEFUL RICH ADDICTS. In the privacy of the
drug use is hardly concealed.

taken on LT sashays over to LITE'S table, sits down. LT has
crazy an attitude of false bravado. He greets LITE with a
amused. grin. LITE is grim, doesn't respond in kind. He's not

LT orders a VODKA.

LITE

Do you have the money?

LT

(giggles)

What money?

LITE

Don't bullshit me.

LITE. LT keeps doing COKE off his wrist, even as he speaks to

LT can't seem to wipe the smile off his face.

LT

I don't got it. Not tonight. You can't get blood from a stone.

LITE

This psycho can.

LT

Oooo... Big fucking scary guy. Just put \$120,000 on tomorrow's game.

LITE

(laughs in his face)

You're a fucking joke, you know that?

(turns grim)

He's been waiting for the money since the fucking game ended. And I've been waiting here since -- forget it. Listen up. You're gonna get us both fucking killed. You know that!

LT

Uh-uh. I'm gonna win. Just make sure the bet gets in.

another the A COCKTAIL WAITRESS delivers LT's VODKA. LT orders one, flirts with her -- she's gone in a flash. LT downs VODKA in one shot.

LITE

You do know that he's gonna blow up your house, kill your wife and kids --

LT

Good. I'll give him an extra 10 grand for his trouble. I hate that motherfucking house and --

LITE

He's gonna kill you, man. Do you hear me, motherfucker? You. Dead. Get it?

LT

I've been dodging bullets since I was fourteen. No one can kill me. I'm fucking blessed. I'm fucking Catholic.

watches
moment.

This breaks LT up. He laughs until he cries. LITE the spectacle. Falls silent. They sit quietly for a

takes a
it

LT, impatient with the delivery of his second VODKA, bottle cut of his COAT and re-fills his GLASS. DRINKS down.

LITE tries changing the subject.

LITE

How's the case going?

LT

What case?

LITE

The fucking rapists, man. The punks who raped that nun. The \$50,000 reward from the Church! Remember?

LT

Yeah. Sure. Yeah. We're on it bigtime. Lots of leads. You bet.

LITE

That 50 G could help you --

Sing-

LT looks as LITE as if he's crazy. He shakes his head. songs at him as if trying to teach an impaired student.

LT

The Mets are gonna win the Series. They're a lock.

excited.

A change comes over LT. He leans in, gets seriously LT is possessed by his memory of this afternoon's game.

LT

Get this, man. I was at the game

today. Face to fucking face with Strawberry! Jesus! I saw him strikeout. And you know what? He looked at me, and I looked at him, and he laughed and I laughed and it was like we were all alone in that whole stadium and only we understood that it was all a racket, that he struck out on purpose, and that he's saving it up for the Big One. Tomorrow. Today I understood for the very first time that --

LITE

You've really got a problem.

LT shakes his head. Repeats himself in that sing-song, didactic way.

LT

-- that there was never any other way it could have gone.

(beat)

Never any other way. So you had better just put in my fucking bet. \$120,000 on the last game. The Big One. Come on! Are you a bookmaker, or fucking what?

LITE

Here. Look I'll give you the psycho's number You call him yourself and tell him what you want.

MATCHBOOK

LITE stands up. He writes the BOOKIE'S NUMBER on a and gives it to LT.

LITE leans over and gives LT a final warning.

LITE

You couldn't pay 60. You lose, you'll be in for 180. To a guy who kills people for nothing.

out

LT LAUGHS. He's already onto the next thing. He checks the GIRLS at the other TABLES.

LT's

LITE takes to go. Then decides to try once more to get attention.

LITE

I was supposed to meet him at midnight
with the 60. It's already 1:00 AM.
Be careful. I mean it.

LT is still laughing as LITE leaves the V.I.P ROOM.

time
Before going out the door, LITE turns to look one more
at his friend.

Oblivious. The
WAITRESS' LEG
the
POV LITE - LT is engaged in a clumsy come-on.
last thing LITE sees is LT grabbing a COCKTAIL
and falling out of his chair. LT LAUGHS all the way to
FLOOR.

LITE lowers his head and exits.

swaggers
LT gets up a moment later, brushes himself off, and
out of the V.I.P. ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT: NIGHT - THE LIMELIGHT CLUB

PARTIERS
LT is in the throng again. The MUSIC blasts, the
push and shove...

LT elbows his way through the crowd.

DOOR,
BOUNCER.
He makes moves on GIRLS. Banter with PATRONS. At the
he hesitates before going out, dallies with the

He's
shit-scared.
LT felt safe in the CLUB. Now he's gotta go OUTSIDE.

his
EXT. LT leaves the CLUB for the STREET, looking over
shoulder all the way.

CUT TO:

INT: NIGHT - STAIRWELL OF J.C.'S APARTMENT BUILDING

sinister

LT enters an APARTMENT BUILDING, faces a dark and staircase.

it

STRANGE NOISES come from the APARTMENTS ABOVE.

LT climbs. He hugs the wall, GUN at the ready. To LT, seems some gothic horror may await him at any turn.

pulls

On one landing, he comes upon a PIT-BULL. A GRANDMOTHER him back inside an APARTMENT by the LEASH.

out

On another landing, he sees a JUNKIE SHOOTING UP in the shadows. On another landing, a BIG GUY comes barreling

LT

of his APARTMENT and down the stairs, almost bringing down with him.

GARBAGE.

On another landing, a guy is taking out very PECULIAR

last, he
looking.

It might be body parts to an active imagination. At reaches the DOOR to the APARTMENT for which he's been

HARD

CUT TO:

INT: NIGHT - J.C.'S STRAIGHT PUERTO RICAN APARTMENT

from the

A cheerful apartment. Quite different in atmosphere STAIRWELL, above.

around

A large, multi-generation PUERTO RICAN FAMILY sits the dinner table, eating CHICKEN ON RICE AND BEANS. JC the table.

is at

RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS abound.

A CODED KNOCK on the DOOR.

JC jumps up to answer it.

It's LT. (The hideous stairs led here.)

JC lets him in.

JC

How are you doing, man?

LT

Very good. Very good. The Mets are gonna win tomorrow.

paranoid
JC notes LT's bizarre manner. Decides to humor his catatonia.

JC

I know. Here. Just a moment.

JC reaches into a bookcase, looking for something.

Meanwhile, LT looks around the room.

before
and
velvet,
BLACK.
POV LT - A SHRINE is in the corner. CANDLES are lit
PLASTER SAINTS, AFRICAN DEITIES, other icons abstruse
exotic. A large "MADONNA AND CHILD", painted on black
hangs above the SHRINE. The MADONNA AND CHILD are

LT takes this all in. JC startles him.

CASH.
JC is holding a CIGAR BOX. He opens it. It's full of

JC hands it to LT.

JC

This should be it. Oh, wait.

(to an old woman at
the table)

Mamacita?

MAMACITA takes some VIALS of CRACK out of her APRON.

SMILES. JC takes them from her, give them to LT.

JC

There. Now you've got your profit
and more. You'll have more product
day after tomorrow, right?

LT

(very spaced)

Uh - right. Sure. The Mets are gonna win tomorrow.

JC

I know.

(beat - looks at LT with concern)

Take care of yourself, man, OK? Be cool.

notices
LT nods, puts MAMACITA'S CRACK VIALS in his pocket. He that --

made of
POV LT - CU - The CIGAR BOX is inlaid with a CROSS, costume jewels. Other strange symbols surround it. It could be cursed -- or blessed.

LT turns to go. The DOOR closes behind him. He's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT: NIGHT - STREET NEAR ARIANE'S APARTMENT

LT walks through the streets on the way to ARIANE'S. He carries the CIGAR BOX.

Suddenly, a SHOT rings out.

him.
ZOOM IN ON - CU LT Horror. Doubtless it was meant for

LT panics. Freezes. As in a dream, he cannot run.

SNIPERS in
POV LT - RAPID. ERRATIC. HAND HELD - LT looks for the anonymous dark WINDOWS on the anonymous darks walls that create the mescarole canyon of the STREET.

own
LT is entirely alone. He is stock-still, victim of his terror.

himself
Suddenly. LT can move. He takes out his GUN, presses against the nearest WALL. From that position, he hears

--

darkness. A BRASH FEMALE VOICE, coming from somewhere in the

It is almost as loud as the "SHOT".

BRASH FEMALE VOICE

(OC)

Hey motherfucker! Take that backfire
up the ass!

never LT can't believe that there is no "SNIPER", there was
any SHOT. It was a BACKFIRE!

defiantly. ANGLE - The CAR in question passes by. It HONKS,

Evidently, it is the CAR that had BACKFIRED.

BRASH FEMALE VOICE

(OC)

Fuck you.

He LT is still pressed against the wall, GUN at the ready.
cannot be relieved. The terror is with him.

CUT TO:

INT: LATE NIGHT - ARIANE'S APARTMENT

immediately LT rushes in, triple bolts the DOOR behind him. He
pulls the DRAPES.

LT

Someone just took a shot at me...

Ariane laughs.

ARIANE

Sure, baby Sure And you don't do
cocaine, either.

him. LT turns on her. Adamant. Pleading with her to believe

LT

It's not the drugs, Ariane, it's --
it's someone who wants to kill me.

(beat)
You gotta believe me!

ARIANE

(shrugs)
Why?

ARIANE walks away, speaks with her back to LT.

LT

Just kick back, baby. Make yourself
at home.

(suddenly pissed)
But of course it won't be nobody's
home, if you don't come through with
the fucking rent!

MONEY
LT lays his COAT down on the BED. Puts the CIGAR BOX of
under it.

with a
BOOKIE'S
wacky
LT sits down near the PHONE. He lights his CRACKPIPE
MATCH from the MATCHBOOK on which LITE wrote the
NUMBER. Then he tries to reach the BOOKIE. Some sort of
Mob joint answers.

LT

Hello? Is LARGE there?

MOB VOICE

(OC)

No.

LT

Look, man. Lite gave ne this number.
OK? Just take a message. Tell Large
to fucking call me right away at 123-
1234. Got it?

MOB VOICE

(CO -- phony humble)
Sure, I get it...
(laughs)

LT

I'm a good friend of Lite's, man.
It's urgent that --

The MOB VOICE (CO) HANGS UP ON LT.

LT tries to strangle the PHONE.

LT REDIALS.

The line is BUSY.

LT

Christ! Shit! I could kill them all
with my bare hands.

ARIANE

Who?

LT

Those fucking Mob assholes.

LT makes the strangulation gesture again. ARIANE laughs
at
him.

ARIANE

C'mere. You got some good blow, right?

LT

Yeah.

ARIANE

Then c'mere. I got something for
you.

ARIANE pulls out a pristine NEEDLE. LT comes but
flinches
at the sight.

Apparently BOWTAY overheard that drugs are on the way.
BOWTAY
appears out of the KITCHEN.

BOWTAY sits down near by, awaiting her DOSE.

ARIANE starts preparing the DOSE. She's got all the
paraphernalia: SPOON. COTTON, a CANDLE FLAME, etc.

ARIANE

First I'll put your Uptown in the
spoon, then, to make it more exciting,
I'm gonna add some Downtown. They
call this thing a speedball, honey,
but then you must know that...

(beat -- she leans in)

First time shooting up?

LT

Nah...

ARIANE

Sure it is. You're a virgin. Just like that nun. And I'm gonna rape you.

and
COCAINE
That decides it for LT. He sits down like a little boy
lets ARIANE shoot him up with the potent mixture of
and HEROIN.

ARIANE shoots up BOWTAY, next.

They do it on the BED, exploiting all possible erotic connotations.

sounds,
When LT rushes, he gets totally paranoid. Jumps at
sneaks to the WINDOW, hears noises that aren't there.

DRAPES.
specters.
Then he flips, and becomes crazy-bold. Opens the
Sticks his head out the WINDOW, waves his GUN at

lunatic.
Then he becomes shit-scared, again. His behavior is

ARIANE LAUGHS at his antics.

with
Finally LT becomes wildly sensual. Revealing himself
total abandon. Dances. In the midst of this --

realizes
The PHONE RINGS LT is seriously startled. Then he
who it may be. He slowly answers the phone.

LT can hardly speak. He is NUDE, and communicating from another world syllable by syllable.

LT

(into the phone)

Large?

LARGE

(OC)

All right, cop. I want my money.

LT

It's still my money. If you want to have a chance at any part of it, shithead, you will take my \$120,000 and bet on tomorrow's game.

LARGE

(OC)

What about the money you owe me on yesterday's game?

LT

Fuck yesterday's game. The World Series is seven games not six. Put in my bet.

LARGE

(OC)

Let me think about it.

LT

There's nothing to think about. Either you put in my bet or you ain't getting nothing.

BIG SILENCE on the PHONE.

LARGE

(CO -- lethal)

Oh, really?

LT

Yeah, really. I'm no fucking asshole, man. I'm a fucking cop!

LARGE

(OC)

OK, cop. I want you to give yourself and your friends on the force a message. Tell them I've got my own reasons to be very interested in whomever did the job on the nuns. I'll double the Church reward if you bring those punks direct to me. 100 G cash. Get it?

LT absorbs this, then bursts out.

LT

Fuck the nuns, man! I'm talking about Strawberry! Is the bet down?

LARGE takes a moment.

LARGE

(OC)

Here's the deal: You meet me tonight across from the Garden. 33rd & 8th. At the beginning of the Ninth Inning. We'll listen to the end of the game together. You bring your cash, I'll bring mine.

LT

Yeah, sucker. You better be there!

LT HANGS UP, turns to ARIANE.

LT

Can you believe the nerve of this fucking guy? He kills people for fun, and then, he puts up 100 G to bring in some guys who raped a nun. What a sick fuck. Man...

ARIANE

Who?

LT

A wise guy. Paying 100 Grand for the rapists if I turn them over direct to him.

ARIANE'S eyes light up.

ARIANE

But you could do it, baby. We could use the bread...

LT

You mean you could use it.

ARIANE SHRUGS, waves his dig aside.

insanely
more
tongue

LT leaps up. He's on a manic roll. Conceives an captivating, impossible idea. As he speaks, he speeds and more until he seems to be reciting a rapid-fire twister perfect.

LT

I got it, man! I will find those kids. And I'll get the 50 G from the Church! Then the kids'll go to jail. I'll be in charge, of course. After a little while, I'll break the fuckers out -- and I'll turn them in to shithead I was just talking to. And pick up his 100 G. No. I'll hit him up for 200 G. Or 250 G. I can do it -- 'cause I've got the kids. Then, of course, there's the 180 G I'm gonna pick up on the Game tonight -- when the Strawberries win!

ARIANE

"The Strawberries"?

LT

The Mets. So anyway, chalk up another 180 G for the Game. Jesus Christ! That's almost half a million dollars. Ariane! Wait. That's not good enough, I'll ask the shithead for 280 G for the kids. Then it'll be a perfect 500 thousand. Yeah. Perfect. 280 G for the kids. Yeah, it's good I prepared, or I wouldn't have thought to --

problem
ARIANE has been grooving on it until now. She sees a
they've overlooked.

ARIANE

(cuts in)

How come all those guys who're looking to get 50 from the Church haven't come up with shit? You got some kinda inside track?

LT

(nods -- dead serious)

I'm a Catholic.

ARIANE LAUGHS, decides to go with it.

half of
LT, out of breath from his tirade, lets the Downtown
his dose kick in but good.

out
He sits down in the same EASY CHAIR in which he nodded

the morning of the desecration.

Nodding out, he stares out the same WINDOW. His eyes
close.

As it was that morning only four days ago, the SUNRISE
is
blood red.

As if it is LT'S DREAM, we --

CUT TO:

DAY FIVE:

GAME SEVEN: LT GETS DOUBLE OR NOTHING: \$120,000

INT: DAWN THROUGH HIGH NOON -- CHURCH/CONVENT

CU - The ALABASTER NUN. She is lying cross -- probably
has
been all night.

VARIOUS ANGLES. The still-desecrated CHURCH in all its
enduring glory. Shafts of blood-red dawn-light. The
NUN.

TIME PASSES.

VARIOUS ANGLES. Mid-morning; The NUN is still lying
cross.

TIME PASSES.

VARIOUS ANGLES. High Noon. The NUN is still lying
cross.

Suddenly --

LT appears in the doorway, a black silhouette against
the
white light of noon. For a moment, he watches her from
a
distance.

The NUN knows he is there. After a time, she gets up,
goes
to the altar, kneels. As if waiting for him.

LT staggers down the center aisle. He's carrying the
CIGAR

BOX.

LT joins the NUN, kneeling next to her at the altar.

ANGLE - The CHALICE is still missing.

LT
ROSARY

They are all alone. At the ALTAR, before the CRUCIFIX,
confronts the NUN face to face. The NUN holds her

BEADS.

offer

LT finally speaks. He thinks she'll be turned on by his
of "help".

LT

Listen to me, Sister, listen to me
good. The other cops'll just put the
guys through the system. They're
juveniles. They'll walk! Get it? But
I'll beat the system and do justice.
Real justice. For you.

The NUN turns to run.

NUN

I have already forgiven them.

LT is desperate. He lunges forward. Pleads with her.

LT

Come on lady! They put out cigarettes
on your tits, man! Get with the
program! Don't you want them behind
bars? Or away from the world for
good? How could you forgive these
motherfu -- excuse me. These guys.
How could you? Deep down, don't you
want them to pay for what they did
to you? Don't you want the crime
avenged?

NUN

I have forgiven them.

LT

Nun! These boys still have their
weapons, Sister. Your forgiveness
will leave blood in its wake. What
if they do it to other nuns? Other
virgins? Old women who die from the

shock? Do you have the rights let these boys go free? Can you bear the burden. Sister?

The NUN turns to him, simple and pure, pure and simple.

NUN

I have prayed for days, Lieutenant. I have prayed for the souls of the boys who raped me. And I have prayed for my own soul, too. I know what I must do. And I know what I must not do.

(beat)

But you -- you -- it is you who needs to pray. Now, why do you want to kill these boys? Why -- really?

LT

(takes yet another tack)

Look. Sister. No one has to get killed. We can solve this together. You and me -- as one. These boys are lost sheep. Both Catholic -- did you know that? And they're sick, Sister. With a stress of the mind and of the soul. They need help. Not just jail. Not just psychiatry. They need the help that only the Church can give. Please help me to help them. Help me find them before the others do. The night is full of evil men, chasing these boys with guns and clubs. We have charity and love on our side. I know that together, we could find them first, even in the dark...

NUN

The good reasons are not always the real reasons. Talk to Jesus, Lieutenant. Pray.

(beat)

You do you believe in God -- don't you? That Jesus Christ died for your sins?

This blows him away. He has nothing to say to that.

The NUN has finished her morning prayers.

For a moment, she looks deep into LT's eyes.

Then she gets up and leaves LT alone in the CHURCH.

LT comes face to face with the mammoth CRUCIFIX. He is transfixed.

POV - LT - JESUS on the CROSS.

Soon, LT hears a VOICE.

LT is not shocked or even surprised. He speaks to JESUS

as

to someone he's known all his life.

JESUS

(OC)

I forgive you.

LT

Me?

JESUS

(OC)

I forgive you.

LT

You can't forgive me. After what I've done.

(beat)

I've fucked up bigtime. I've been bad. Real bad.

JESUS

I forgive you.

LT

Please. Please don't forgive me. I've always hated you for that.

POV LT - The CRUCIFIX takes on an hallucinatory radiance.

Taking that aura with him, JESUS comes down off the CROSS, and moves toward LT, who is still kneeling at the ALTAR.

JESUS

I forgive you.

LT

Why? Why can't you hate me? Hate me!

Please! Help me!
(confused)
Hate me! Help me! Hate me!

JESUS

I forgive you.

LT

Why? Jesus! Why me? Why can't I wash the ashes from my forehead, year after year after year? And why am I still drunk on your blood, the taste of your flesh on my tongue? Worst of all, why can't I feel the nails in my palms, the spear in my side, the crown of thorns round my head? Why do I have to know, over and over, that it was you. You who died; died for my sins! And that I will die for nothing. Why?

JESUS kneels down, knee to knee, face to face with LT.

JESUS

I forgive you.

LT

Why do I dream every night of the whore who brought you water on your road to death? And why have I never forgotten that if she, then I --

LT averts his eyes. When he looks up again --

JESUS is back on the CROSS. Inert, and yet --

LT rises, moves around the interior of the CHURCH. He stumbles, struggles, pleads. Falls, rises, falls and

rises

again -- as if wrestling with an invisible assailant.

He collapses in a corner.

LT

Oh God, my God. it's goddamn good to be good. Forgive me. Father, for I have sinned. It's still goddamn good to be good.

JESUS

I forgive you.

EPIPHANY. BLOODY CHRIST ON THE CROSS. HALLELUJAH!

cleanly, a
the
hunched, ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN carrying something toward

ALTAR.

has the
He staggers toward her. Yes. The ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

CHALICE!

let
LT grabs the CHALICE. The ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN doesn't
go.

LT

The chalice. Tell me! Who gave it to
you! Tell me where the fuck you got
it! Take me there! Now!

Begs
plea.
At first, she doesn't speak at all. LT begins to CRY.
her to tell him. Then he wields his PISTOL, repeats his
Then breaks into TEARS.
She speaks at last.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

I can't tell you.

Gun in hand, LT gets down on his knees.

LT

In the name of God, you must.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

My husband will give me Hell, Mister.

LT

We've already got Hell, Sister.

Calmly,
She meets LT's eyes, seems to understand something.
she tells him what he needs to know.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

It's very hard. He's a -- you're not
a cop, are you?

LT

No. Not a cop.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

My husband is a fence. He got this chalice from a couple of kids. Just yesterday, I think. I stole it out of his shop so as to return it to where it ought to be. It's a holy thing, you know. A holy thing.

holds
entranced.
The ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN lets go of the CHALICE. Now LT
ten CHALICE in his hands, alone. He speaks as if

LT

A holy thing.
(beat -- snaps to)
Let's go.

the
his
outside,
Suddenly purposive, LT grabs the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN by
arm. Starts pulling her out of the CHURCH. He holds the
CHALICE with the other arm, picks up the CIGAR BOX on
way out. Manages to carry both items.
When LT and the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN reach the door to
they both pause to GENUFLECT.
Then LT grabs her again and they rush out.

CUT TO:

EXT: AFTERNOON - BARRIO STREETS - EN ROUTE TO THE FENCE

streets
toward the FENCE'S SHOP.
He still holds the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX.
PEOPLE watch them pass and make way. As if they realize
that
The
WINDOW. In
are
something is happening -- on several levels at once.
GAME has begun. It is on TV in every BAR and SHOP
both English and Spanish. Slowly but surely, the Mets

losing.

CUT TO:

INT: LATE AFTERNOON - THE FENCE'S SHOP

wielding
his
the

LT and the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN enter the SHOP. LT is the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX. He has true madness in his eyes.

POV LT - The GAME is playing on a couple dozen TV's in the FENCE'S SHOP' The Mets are still losing!

many
Or

The FENCE, and elderly Black man, is sitting in one of the EASY CHAIRS. He doesn't seem surprised to see his WIFE. Or the CHALICE. Or LT! It's as if he expected them.

FENCE

You took the chalice.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Yes.

FENCE

You brought it back to the Church. And then it made it's way back to me, again.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Yes.

Th» FENCE bursts out LAUGHING.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Are you all right, honey?

FENCE

I was gonna bring it back myself.

The ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN is obviously relieved.

FENCE

Jesus, woman! What did you think? You thought I'd get mad like I did that time you took that set of pots and pans? That was twenty years ago.

And how do you compare pots and pans
and a chalice?

LT speaks up suddenly.

LT

They both hold stuff you eat.

joins

After a beat, the FENCE and his WIFE start LAUGHING. LT
in.

FENCE

(to LT)

So what are you doing here?

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

He wants to know who brought in the
chalice.

FENCE

That's no mystery. Julio and Paolo
brought it in,

(beat)

You don't want to hurt those boys,
do you? I mean, they sure as Hell
have got something coming, but it
ain't what the Law wants to give
them. You understand?

(beat -- shakes his
head)

No. How could you understand.

The FENCE seems to study LT.

POV FENCE - LT. Wretched.

The FENCE thinks again.

FENCE

Well -- maybe you do. But I don't
know where those boys are at right
now. You'll have to ask around. Those
boys on the corner'll know. You'll
have to get it out of them. But they
know.

DRUG

POV LT - Through the WINDOW of the FENCE'S SHOP, a busy
CORNER is visible.

LT

(spaced)
Thank you. And I'll make sure the
chalice gets back where it belongs.

LT leaves. CHALICE in hand.

CUT TO:

**EXT: LATE AFTERNOON - THE STREETS IN THE BARRIO -
MONTAGE**

LT stumbles through the streets, questioning people
about "JULIO and PAOLO". No one knows anything. LT stops
people at random, getting really desperate. He shows people the
CHALICE, asks them if they've seen it before. No one has.
LT plays both ADDICT and COP as it suits his needs. By
now, he looks more like a homeless man than anything else.
But none of his play-acting or lethal threats get him
anywhere.
The GAME is everywhere, and the Mets are still losing.
Finally, LT approaches a hustling STREET DEALER. He
cops. The STREET DEALER is wearing a WALKMAN, so the deal
goes down in mime.
Now, LT speaks and wants to be heard.

LT

Hey -- Have you seen Paolo or Julio
around?

The STREET DEALER uses his WALKMAN and the resulting
"deafness" to excuse his total lack of response.
LT starts MOUTHING WORDS silently at the STREET DEALER.
No response. Then, he -- silently -- begins to shout.
The STREET DEALER's alarmed that he seemingly can't
hear at all above the WALKMAN music. He moves the WALKMAN away
from

his ears but doesn't take it off.

STREET DEALER

What the fuck you want.

LT

You know, my Uncle used to wear a walkman all the time. The walkman looked just like yours. And you look something like my Uncle. But one day he was standing in a puddle -- the puddle looked just like that one --

LT points to a PUDDLE in which the STREET DEALER is now Standing.

STREET DEALER

And what?

LT

And he got electrocuted.

has
react.
The STREET DEALER tries to consider what this crazy guy just told him, but before the STREET DEALER can even
LT leans in on him, shows his GUN and then his BADGE.

LT

Look -- I don't know you, and you don't know me, but I'm really in the mood to kill someone today and you are at the end of my gun.

(beat)

Have you ever had days like that? Yeah, you have, so now you understand where I'm coming from.

(beat)

Tell me! Where is Julio and Paolo ?

all
The STREET DEALER answers with absolute ease. That was
it was about? No problem.

STREET DEALER

They were at that abandoned building last night. Second floor. They're probably still there now. It's next to the old Convent. Downtown a ways. You know the place...

hang out
it an
the
revealing
full

CU. LT - It hits him. The CRACKHOUSE where the kids has always been right next to the CHURCH/CONVENT where began! It suddenly makes sense to him.

LT completes re transaction, pays the STREET DEALER for DRUG BAGS. He takes the CASH out of the CIGAR BOX, dozens of thousands of dollars.

The STREET DEALER stares at the wretched man with a box of cash.

CUT TO:

EXT: EVENING - EN ROUTE TO THE CRACKHOUSE

CHURCH/CONVENT.

LT, carrying the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX, heads back Downtown toward the CRACKHOUSE -- and the

city
person

In BARS, TV STORE WINDOWS, in snatches of strangers' conversation, the FINAL GAME IS EVERYWHERE. The whole has stopped to watch it. LT is practically the only in the street.

Worst of all, the Mets are seriously behind. They are definitely LOSING.

LT drags himself onward.

CUT TO:

EXT INT: EVENING - THE CRACKHOUSE

are
also

LT busts in. Fires shots, collars the KIDS. The KIDS are wearing the PURPLE ROBES from the CHURCH/CONVENT. They wear gold CROSSES. LT HANDCUFFS them.

The other CRACKHEADS race out.

GAME!

There is even a TV in the CRACKHOUSE -- playing the

will
this

The SOUND is Off. The Mets keep losing. If anything
force LT to kill/and or take the KIDS into custody,
would seem to be it.

JULIO

Who the fu--

LT

Shut up. Let's watch the game.

watches the
HANDCUFFED.

LT sits down next to the KIDS. SMOKES with them,
Game. LT must hold the PIPE for them, as they are

holds

LT gets them super-high, and himself likewise. He still
his GUN.

Game.

The KIDS go along with it. Taking it moment to moment.
All three, despite the situation, are heavily into the

LT

Strawberry...

PAOLO

Yeah...

they

After a moment, LT gets up. The KIDS understand that
must do the same.

LT

Give me the robes.

on.

The KIDS hand over the PURPLE ROBES and LT puts them

JULIO

You're not a cop are you?

LT

No.

and

LT exits. Taking the KIDS along. He carries the CHALICE
the CIGAR BOX.

CUT TO:

RENDEZ-

EXT INT: EVENING - LT'S CAR AND STREETS EN ROUTE TO
VOUS

with

VARIOUS ANGLES - LT drives toward the fatal rendez-vous
the BOOKIE. He is wearing the PURPLE ROBES from the
CHURCH/CONVENT and has the CHALICE and the CIGAR BOX.

school.)

LT has the KIDS handcuffed in the back seat. (The Scene
mirrors Scene 2. in which LT drove his own TWINS to

listening, but

The FINAL GAME (SEVEN) is on the RADIO. LT is
also not listening.

misery

LT talks wildly about Jesus Christ. And about the

punctuating

they pass in the street. He waves his GUN wildly,

the GUN

his speech with potentially lethal gestures. He aims

window,

at JULIO and PAULO, then at himself, then out the

then at the KIDS, again.

LT

Jesus died for your sins, you
motherfuckers! Not me. No. I didn't
die for your sins. No, not me. Jesus
went and did it.

(beat)

So why did you do what you did? If
you want to live, tell me now,
motherfuckers! Tell me now!

them

LT turns around and looks at JULIO and PAOLO, both of

HANDCUFFED in the back seat.

down

POV LT - CU - JULIO and PAOLO both have TEARS running

their cheeks. Silently.

LT

I forgive you.

TRAFFIC. LT starts CRYING too, at the same time CURSING at the

He drives wildly toward the Port Authority Terminal.

The Mets are coming up from behind -- but it is a long shot.

LT doesn't seem to care. He stares into space.

CUT TO:

TERMINAL

EXT:/INT: EVENING - LTS CAR - THE PORT AUTHORITY

LT stops his CAR -- next to a BUS in an underground tunnel.

LT

Get out.

The KIDS do. LT follows fast.

AT THE BUS: He makes them board at GUN POINT.

LT

If you think you're not getting on this bus, you're dead wrong. No fucking way are you gonna miss this bus, man! You were probably the kind of kids who had your father drive you to school cause you couldn't catch the fucking bus. But no more, man. You're getting on this bus and you're taking it to the last fucking stop. So get on the fucking bus, man, 'cause you're life ain't worth shit in this town.

LT uncuffs them and the KIDS get on the BUS, dumbstruck.

LT hands JULIO the CIGAR BOX. His "salvation."

The KIDS don't even know what is inside. They take it.

LT gets back into his CAR, takes off.

CUT TO:

**EXT/INT: EVENING - LT'S CAR - AT 33RD STREET & 8TH
AVENUE -
AT THE RENDEZ-VOUS WITH THE BOOKIE**

**EXT: LT PULLS UP AT THE APPOINTED SPOT. HE AWAITS THE
ARRIVAL OF THE BOOKIE.**

Suspense.
INT: STRAWBERRY is up. The GAME can go either way.

ROBES,
But not on the face of LT. He is dressed in the PURPLE
the CHALICE beside him in the CAR.

CAR --
The BOOKIE pulls up and -- without getting out of his
He SHOOTS LT in the head.

dark
The BOOKIE speeds off. (We never saw him behind the
windows,} LT is dead in his CAR.

HOME RUN
On the RADIO, the GAME is ending. STRAWBERRY hits a
and the -- Mets win, the CROWD ROARS.

END CREDITS.

FIN