

cop land

a screenplay by james mangold

SHOOTING SCRIPT 6.3.96

Well it's Saturday night.
You're all dressed up in blue.
I've been watching you awhile.
Maybe you been watching me too.

- Bruce Springsteen
"tougher than the rest"

1 INT: FOUR ACES TAVERN - GARRISON, NJ - NIGHT

The walls of this suburban bar are lined with NEW YORK CITY POLICE PARAPHERNALIA and FRAMED NEWSPAPER STORIES - tales of police heroism clipped from the major New York Dailies.

A SCOTCH AND BEER MUG upon A 'LETHAL WEAPON' PINBALL MACHINE. Danny Glover and Mel Gibson leap about a blinking triptych of high octane police action. The score tallies into the millions. Strips of tape line the side of the machine, noting high scores, almost all of which are attributed to - Freddy.

FREDDY HEFLIN (42) EYELIDS HEAVY, LEANS LOW OVER THE MACHINE. Fingers on the buttons, he paddles the silver ball skillfully. A belly hanging over his belt, he is a slump-shouldered man, puffy, wilted. Dull with booze, HIS EYES ARE FOCUSED ON -

A NEARBY TABLE WHERE - A HARD-JAWED WOMAN (BERTA, 38) AND A BALDING BRIGHT-EYED MAN (GARY 'FIGS' FIGGIS, 44) sip drinks. Both have the peculiar posture, gestures, and vocabulary of N-Y-P-D, though they are in civilian clothes.

BERTA

- but this Armenian guy, he's from the other side over there. 'Told her she's dead - that she'll be dead by morning -

FIGS

uh huh.

BERTA

- so, he drops off this box at her apartment -

FIGS

- and they call bomb squad -

BERTA

(nods) - and we X-ray it - on-scene. But I can't see anything. So I cut a little hole. And there's something in there.

Freddy nimbly holds the ball on the flipper, straining to listen in. SENSING FREDDY'S STARE, BERTA GROWS UNCOMFORTABLE.

BERTA

Some white fuzz - and something pink. But I can't figure what it is. And suddenly I realize I'm looking at a tongue. A fat pink tongue - sticking out at me.

FIGS

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

BERTA

The guy put a goat's head in there.

Freddy sends the ball back into play.

Figs sighs and takes an NYPD ATHLETIC BAG from beside Berta's chair. Though unimpressed by her story, Figs is always happy to pontificate - and he does so - as he rummages through the bag:

FIGS

This in nineteen ninety six. H.G. Wells'd roll over in his grave to think at the end of the twentieth century - some Iranian -

BERTA

- Armenian.

Figs snaps the bag closed, putting it down beside his chair.

FIGS

- some Armenian be delivering a goat's head to the door of the woman that he loves.

BERTA

'From a backward culture.

FIGS

Berta. We're all backward. Our machines are all modern and shit - but our minds - our minds are primitive -

AN ATTRACTIVE PUERTO RICAN WOMAN (32) emerges from the rest room, sniffing. From a distance, she is sexy. But as she sashays behind FIGS, kissing his ear, we see her vacant eyes.

FIGS

Come on, Monica. Sit down.

MONICA

I want to go home. We gotta go to your place - and I still gotta drive back to -

FIGS

I waiting on the call, baby.

FREDDY'S PINBALL DROPS INTO THE GUTTER.
The LED's blink "DEPOSIT QUARTER TO CONTINUE"
Freddy searches his pockets for quarters.

Berta's eyes meet Freddy's eyes, watching.

BERTA

Excuse me - Do you mind?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

Beep! FIGS REACHES FOR HIS BEEPER, looking at the display. He rises, finger in the air, waving off the tension.

FIGS

Ooo. Don't worry 'bout Freddy. Can't hear from this side, anyway. Right, Freddy?

Freddy nods, stepping back from the pinball machine. Woozy.

CUT TO:

2 FREDDY STANDS AT THE BAR - HE PULLS A BILL FROM HIS WALLET.

THE BARMAID (DELORES) through the FOOD SLOT, with the COOK.

FREDDY LOOKS TO -

BERTA, who lights her cig, watching Freddy.
MONICA hovers over the jukebox. Flipping the electronic menu.
FIGS stands at the pay phone by the door, on hold.

Freddy approaches Figs, unsteadily, dollar in hand.

FIGS

Quiet tonight, huh?

FREDDY

Yeah. (Everyone's) 'At that bachelor party. Across the river.

FIGS

'You celebrating long distance?

Freddy thinks a moment, numb with liquor, then shakes his head.

FREDDY

- Today's my birthday. (beat) *
Um. You got any quarters? *

FIGS

Happy Birthday, Freddy. So - Where's your *
new girl? Your "Deputy." *

Freddy shrugs.

FREDDY

Her Mom's. I - uh - I wasn't into *
making a big deal, you know? After Ray made *
the big racket - for the ten-year thing. *

Figs nods, cradles the phone, reaching in his pockets. He pushes through some change. A voice squawks on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

FIGS
 Oh. Hey, Frankie.
 (empty palm to Freddy)
 ...sorry, Freddy.

Freddy nods, stoic. Blinks.

CUT TO:

3 EXT: FOUR ACES TAVERN - GARRISON, NJ - NIGHT

FREDDY HEFLIN fumbles with a LARGE RING OF KEYS.
 HE UNLOCKS A PARKING METER. QUARTERS SPILL OUT INTO HIS HAND.
 SOME ONTO THE SIDEWALK. Freddy kneels picking them up.

FIGS (O.S.)
 'Two kinds of people in the world -
 - Pinball people. And Video game people.

FIGS stands in the tavern doorway. He smokes a cigarette.
 Freddy looks up, bleary eyed, drunk.

FIGS
 You - Freddy - are pinball people.

Freddy blinks, smiles. Figs looks to -

A SQUAD CAR at the curb. On the side, it says -
 S H E R I F F - T O W N O F G A R R I S O N.
 Figs crosses to the driver's door, beckoning Freddy.

FIGS
 Call it a night, Sheriff. *

CUT AWAY TO:

4 EXT: GOLDFINGER'S TOPLESS NIGHT CLUB - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

WE ARE IN NEW YORK CITY.
The thumping of dance music from A NIGHT CLUB.
 COLORED LIGHT POURS OUT AS THE SEAL OF THE DOOR BREAKS.
 LOUD MUSIC RISES. WE SEE THE CLUB INTERIOR; A STRIPPER ON A
 TABLE, ANOTHER GYRATING ON A MAN'S LAP. A CROWD OF MEN, SOME IN
 UNBUTTONED NYPD UNIFORMS, HOLDING BEERS, BOTTLES OF SCOTCH.

STANDING ON THE STEPS - MURRAY "SUPERBOY" BABITCH (38), SHIT-
 FACED - confetti around his neck. He shuffles through the lot
 packed with CIVILIAN AND PATROL CARS - *the civilian cars all*
sporting Patrolman's Benevolent Association bumper stickers.

A HONDA sits in front of a hydrant. AN NYPD PARKING PLACARD
 poised on the dash. Babitch unlocks the door.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

A dull sound; muffled gagging.

Babitch looks into the darkness, groggy, squinting.
Music throbs. But there is something else, *something near*,
in the ungrouted bushes that run the perimeter of the lot.

Babitch pulls a FLASHLIGHT and PISTOL from his glove box.
He holds the flashlight, arm cocked over his ear.

THE BEAM FINDS - A BLACK COP IN UNIFORM, kneeling in the bushes.
He looks up into the light, his chin wet with vomit.

BLACK COP

Superboy.

BABITCH (SUPERBOY)

Russ? You okay?

The Black Cop (Russell) nods, waving Babitch off.

Babitch sighs. He turns off the flashlight and throws it - along
with the revolver - onto the seat of his Honda.
He starts it up, backing onto the street.

Suddenly; *SMASH!* HIS FRONT TIRE CRUSHES A BEER BOTTLE.
Babitch leans out his door, looking at the shattered glass.

BABITCH

Fuck me.

CUT TO:

5 INT./EXT. BABITCH'S HONDA - G-W BRIDGE ON-RAMP - NIGHT

MURRAY BABITCH drives, his head against the glass.
The radio dribbles sports scores.

THE BRIDGE APPROACH GLOWS blue-green under the mercury lights. A
tangle of pot-holed ramps and deserted vehicles.
Babitch slows, moving through a red light.

IN A LOT, THREE FIGURES MOVE EFFICIENTLY AROUND A CAR; ONE
STANDS WATCH BY THE BROKEN GLASS AS ANOTHER RIPS AT CABLES FROM
INSIDE, AND A THIRD PRIES THE TRUNK WITH A CROW BAR.

Disgusted, Babitch pulls onto the ramp.
SUDDENLY - *krunch!* - HIS HONDA IS SIDE-SWIPE BY A RED CAR.

Jolted, Babitch swerves into opposing traffic. He reels, glaring
out his window at the damage.

BABITCH

Mother fucker!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

Honnk! - A TAXI'S LIGHTS FLARE, HEADING STRAIGHT FOR BABITCH. Babitch twists the wheel, lurching his Honda over the shallow concrete meridian, *bottoming out*, and back into his lane.

Up ahead, THE SPEEDING RED CAR, A MAZDA RX7, SNAKES CRAZILY, MOVING OUT ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

BABITCH STEPS ON THE PEDAL.

HE PULLS UP ALONGSIDE THE MAZDA - THUMPING HOUSE MUSIC. TWO BLACK TEENS, WILD-EYED, ON A JOY RIDE.

BABITCH GLARES, ROLLING DOWN HIS WINDOW. HIS EYES MEET WITH ONE OF THE TEENS. BABITCH UNFURLS HIS BADGE.

BABITCH
N-Y-P-D! PULL IT OVER!

THE KIDS LAUGH AND THE MAZDA RIPS FORWARD. ONE OF THEM LEANS, WAVING A DARK OBJECT, aiming the barrel at Babitch. **A GUN.**

BAM! - BABITCH'S FRONT TIRE BLOWS OUT.

WIDE-EYED, BABITCH DUCKS - (assuming it was a gun shot) -

BABITCH
shit fuck piss!

HE SWERVES, SCRAPING A CONCRETE DIVIDER.

BABITCH
(voice cracking)
Motherfucker! MOTHER-FUCKER!

BABITCH STICKS HIS PISTOL OUT THE WINDOW -
FIRING - **BAM - BAM - BAM - BAM - BAM !**

THE MAZDA'S REAR GLASS SHATTERS. AND THE RED CAR SKIDS WILDLY ACROSS THE BRIDGE. IT CAREENS INTO A BRIDGE SUPPORT. **THUNK.**

SMASH.

BABITCH'S HONDA SLAMS AGAINST A JUTTING CONCRETE DIVIDER. HE HITS THE WINDSHIELD AND ROCKS BACK, HIS FACE BLOODY. Steam rises. The bridge is quiet.

CUT AWAY TO:

6 INT./EXT. A GARRISON SQUAD CAR - ALONG THE RIVER - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS CASCADE OVER A 'DEER CROSSING' SIGN.

A MOVING SQUAD CAR - ON THE SIDE - AN INSIGNIA -
S H E R I F F - T O W N O F G A R R I S O N .

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

The car stereo plays a Sibelius Piano Sonata...
 Bleary, FREDDY HEFLIN drives, straddling the double yellow.
 HIS EYES ARE NOT ON THE ROAD - he stares longingly out toward -
 THE LIGHTS OF MANHATTAN REFLECT IN THE CHURNING WATER.

Freddy turns back to the road.

A YOUNG DOE STANDS ON THE DOUBLE YELLOW - EYES GLOWING -
 FREDDY'S CAR CAREENING TOWARD IT.

FREDDY SLAMS ON THE BRAKES - BUT - SCREEEEECH!
 HE WILL NOT STOP IN TIME, THE DEER FROZEN IN HIS HEADLIGHTS.

FREDDY

Shit!

FREDDY JERKS THE WHEEL. HIS SQUAD CAR SKIDS OFF THE ROAD,
 HEADING FOR A TREE. FREDDY DUCKS DOWN.

THE SQUAD CAR SMASHES THROUGH THE BRUSH
 AND SLAMS INTO THE TREE. *Foomp*. Steam rises from the hood.

CUT AWAY TO:

7 EXT. NYC - GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - NIGHT

A chorus of honking, sirens.
 Dead traffic in both directions.
 Vapor lights spray through suspension cables.
 EMERGENCY VEHICLES, cherry topped.

THE MAZDA RX7 sits, impaled by a bridge support.
 A PAIR OF MEDICS GRAB SUPPLY BAGS FROM THEIR AMBULANCE.

A RED-HAIRED COP (JACK COTTER) pokes over the medic's shoulders
 as they tend to THE PASSENGERS - THE TWO BLACK TEENS :

THE DRIVER gurgles, his ear a sopping trench.
 THE OTHER KID sits, his forehead sprinkled across the dash.

COTTER (THE RED-HAIRED COP) TAKES SOMETHING FROM THE CAR.
 AN HISPANIC MEDIC nudges him out of the way.

HISPANIC MEDIC

Traffic incident. *Bullshit, man.*

The medic glances at the rear window of the Mazda.
 It is shattered five times, from five small holes.

OTHER MEDIC

Nobody said they were popped.

COTTER shrugs, smug, wordless.
 He drops A CRACK PIPE AND VIAL INTO A PLASTIC BAG.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER NYPD, RUSSELL (THE BLACK COP) sets flares, his eyes moving heavily from the accident to - THE GRIDLOCKED TRAFFIC.

A BARREL-CHESTED OLDER COP steps from the gridlock on the Jersey side, a cell phone to his ear. As he gets closer, we see his eyes. Deep blue. Saucy. His badge reads - LIEUTENANT RAY GLYNN. *
Cops nod as he moves, unfettered, toward -

MURRAY BABITCH (Superboy), who stands slumped behind his SMASHED HONDA, gesticulating wildly to A FAT COP (LAGONDA).

Short, pot-bellied, DETECTIVE LEO CRASKY (50) crosses, a squawking radio in his hand. He meets eyes with Russell.

CRASKY

What you're thinking, Russell - swallow it.

RUSSELL

Hey. 'he saved five babies at Red Hook.

CRASKY

That's right. Black babies.
Mashed potatoes don't mean gravy.

CUT TO:

8 ACROSS THE BRIDGE - BABITCH, LAGONDA & GLYNN - (CONTINUOUS)

CLOSE ON - BABITCH, his BADGE clipped to his jacket, a bandage on his nose, eyes wet. He gulps for air, sucking a cigarette. *

BABITCH

- a million of 'em holding candles. I'm gonna be the fuckin' poster boy for the C-C-R-B. I'm dead. My life is fucking over. They're gonna string me up by my balls, Ray - just like Durkin. *

LAGONDA meets eyes with RAY GLYNN, THE SAUCY-EYED LIEUTENANT. *
Glynn takes Babitch's head, his thick fingers in his hair.

GLYNN

Listen to me. We ain't gonna let it go down like that. I'm here this time. Suck it up. *

BABITCH

Durky didn't even get to the Grand Jury. *

LAGONDA

Fuck the G-J. You're superboy. You saved what - six black babies? That shit plays. *

DETECTIVE LEO CRASKY arrives, listening to his squawking radio.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

CRASKY

The car was hot.

Glynn nods, pleased.
Babitch stares, dull-eyed, at the sunrise.

BABITCH

Three babies.

CRASKY holds his walkie in the air. A woman's voice squawks.

CRASKY

- Miss DKNY says there's a jurisdictional question. If it began on the bridge, it's P.A. - if it began on the ramp, it's ours.

LAGONDA

- on the ramp.

CRASKY

(into his radio)
One at a time please!
(looking up)
I got I-A on another channel, the Mayor's Office, Assistant D-A, Press up the ying-yang; The only reason they're not here now is we got gridlock - from Cross Bronx to the Palisades.

GLYNN

We're lucky. We have time.

COTTER (THE RED-HAIRED COP) returns from the crumpled Mazda. He whispers something to Glynn. Babitch watches them.

Glynn looks to Crasky. Crasky hands Cotter a set of keys. *

CRASKY

In my trunk. In a Grand Union bag.

BABITCH

Guys. You don't have to.
I saw it. I heard the shot.

Cotter departs.

GLYNN

It was a semi, Murray.
Get that in your head.

BABITCH

Ray, I saw the piece -

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

CRASKY

The kid had a malt liquor in his hand.

BABITCH

I heard the shot -

CRASKY

- your tire blew. No. Listen to me. Your tire blew. You fucked up and you wasted a pair of shitbags who aren't worth the hair in the crack of your ass. So cool it with the patty-cake morality because - without me - those two stiffs'll put you in a room where you will fuck your uncle and everything we've built. *

GLYNN

Leo, easy.

BABITCH

I don't drop dimes.

CRASKY

Yeah? How much blow you do tonight?
I heard they had a fuckin' brick.

BABITCH

Fuck you.

CRASKY

Fuck you. The black van's gonna be here in a minute and I haven't done shit. What I'm doing is highly - *

GLYNN

Sympathetic. It is.

CRASKY

It looks like I been standing on this bridge popping pimples. But fuck-it, you're Ray's nephew - "superboy" - saved ten black babies - and I caught the case. I caught the case and now I want it simple cause this racial shit eats you alive -

GLYNN

- if it plays the wrong way. (to Babitch)
It could eat all of us, Murray.

Crasky's eyes meet Jack Cotter's as he passes with a CRUMPLED BROWN 'GRAND UNION' BAG. Murray Babitch's expression falls.

CUT AWAY TO:

9 EXT. GARRISON, NJ - ALONG THE RIVER - NIGHT

THE LIGHTS OF A SUBURBAN HOUSE FLICK ON.
SOMEONE STANDS ON THE PORCH, tentative.

PERSON ON PORCH

Hello?

FREDDY'S SQUAD CAR SITS THERE, steaming in the brush,
its front end wrapped around a tree, the driver door open.
The concert piano continues to play...

Off in the darkness, FREDDY sits at the river's edge.
Tears run down his cheeks. He faces the water and the lights of
the great city beyond. The water moves slowly, hypnotically.

A CAT WITH A BELL AROUND ITS NECK rubs against Freddy's leg.
Freddy pets the cat, his eyes moving again to -

THE CITY ACROSS THE RIVER. A SIREN SOUNDS and one can see the
lights of emergency vehicles on the George Washington Bridge.

Suddenly; SPIRALING RED LIGHTS MOVE ACROSS THE BACK OF FREDDY'S
HEAD, THE SIDE OF HIS FACE. THE SIREN IS HERE.
Freddy turns, wiping his cheeks.

A SHERIFF'S SQUAD CAR - WITH THE SAME MARKINGS AS FREDDY'S -
PULLS TO A STOP, ROADSIDE. A door slams.

A TOUSLE-HAIRED DEPUTY emerges. He wears a gray uniform. He
shines a flashlight on the wrecked car, and over the landscape.

DEPUTY

Freddy? It's Bill. Freddy.

FREDDY

Over here.

Bill (the Deputy) moves past the car, approaching -

Freddy, who wipes away his tears - and blood - on his sleeve.

CUT AWAY TO:

10 EXT. G-W BRIDGE - INSIDE THE CRUMPLED MAZDA - NIGHT

The 'GRAND UNION' BAG under his arm, JACK COTTER pushes his way
around the TWO MEDICS. He kneels at the feet of the dead kid,
gracelessly pantomiming - *THE FINDING OF A SEMI.*

COTTER

Ooo baby. Look at that.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

HISPANIC MEDIC

What are you *doing*?

COTTER

I found their piece.

Cotter is red-faced. A very *bad liar*.

HISPANIC MEDIC

Bullshit, man. You can't do that.

COTTER

Do what? It was sitting there.

HISPANIC MEDIC

No, it wasn't.

COTTER

Yes, it was.

Cotter moves to take the semi out of the car.
BUT THE MEDIC GRABS THE GUN BY THE BARREL.

COTTER

MOTHER FUCKER. HEY!

HISPANIC MEDIC

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

There is a moment of struggle, both men gripping the weapon.

AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE - CRASKY TURNS.
LAGONDA, GLYNN AND BABITCH stand behind him, watching the face-off. LaGonda's sleepy eyes widen.

LAGONDA

Oh, *shit*...

Crasky clips his radio to his side, moving off.

CRASKY

Jesus Christ!

He waddles toward THE MAZDA, his hands waving.

Panicking, tearful, BABITCH steps backward, to the railing.

BABITCH

I told you guys. Fuck. Fuck. I told you
guys to let it be.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE - AT THE MAZDA -
THE MEDIC JERKS THE GUN AWAY FROM COTTER. He steps out of
the car, carrying the weapon toward the railing.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

COTTER

Put it down!

THE OTHER MEDIC WAVES TO HIS PARTNER -

OTHER MEDIC

Hector! What the fuck are you doing?!

CRASKY MOVES IN, HIS HAND IN THE AIR.

CRASKY

Hey, hey, hey! Cool it, boys. Everyone should just be doing their jobs here.

COTTER PULLS HIS WEAPON ON THE MEDIC.

COTTER

Put it down, "Chico"! Now!

THE MEDIC (HECTOR) CONSIDERS THIS, GLARING AT COTTER -

HISPANIC MEDIC (HECTOR)

Why? You gonna shoot me?

COTTER SAYS NOTHING, HIS PISTOL TRAINED ON THE MEDIC.

sirens rise.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE - RAY GLYNN turns to the sound.

From Manhattan - Lurching through opposing traffic, A BLACK POLICE CHIEF'S VAN AND A DARK SEDAN APPROACH, lights swirling.

AT THE RAILING - BABITCH - faces the water, eyes wet. He looks like he might throw up - or jump...

BABITCH

I'm going down, Uncle Ray.
Just like Durk... I'm going down.

Ray Glynn turns, watching the vehicles approach, his mind racing behind his blue eyes. He tosses keys to Frank LaGonda.

GLYNN

Frankie - get me started up.

BACK AT THE MAZDA -

COTTER

PUT IT DOWN!

HECTOR SMILES SPITEFULLY AND TOSSES THE GUN -
OUT AND OVER THE EDGE OF THE BRIDGE.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

STUNNED, CRASKY RUNS TO THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.
plop. The guns hits the water below.

CRASKY

SHIT!

COTTER

You fucker!

COTTER SUDDENLY LEAPS, PUMMELING THE MEDIC WITH HIS PISTOL. The other medic struggles to break it up, Russell restraining him.

NYPD BRASS AND MEN IN SUITS EMERGE FROM THE DARK SEDAN.

CRASKY

Motherfuck.

GLYNN (O.S.)

Oh my God! OH MY GOD! LEO! JESUS!

LEO CRASKY TURNS - ACROSS THE BRIDGE - RAY GLYNN LEANS, ASHEN, LOOKING OVER THE RAILING - DOWN TO - THE HUDSON RIVER.

GLYNN

- - he just - jumped -

CRASKY JOINS HIM AT THE RAILING. Others look up. *

GLYNN

- he hit the water - and he went down.

TWO HUNDRED FEET BELOW - THE RIVER CHURNS - GREASY, SILENT.

CUT AWAY TO:

11 INT. FREDDY HEFLIN'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

THROUGH WINDOW - Birds flutter as the sun rises over the bridge. AN ABANDONED WATER TOWER ABOVE THE TREES: G A R R I S O N , N J it says in fading letters. It is oddly silent. Dead silent. *

On the porch of a nearby house, A YOUNG MAN WITH AN NYPD BAG (TONY) kisses his WIFE good-bye as - A CAR POOL OF COPS IDLES. *

PULLING INSIDE - A BEDSIDE ALARM CLOCK. The hammer strikes the bell, furiously - but silently. Beside it - A BOX OF BAND AIDS. AND SEVERAL DOG-EARED WAMBAUGH-ESQUE PAPERBACKS. *

ON THE DISHEVELED BED - FISTFULS OF QUARTERS among the sheets - FREDDY HEFLIN lies, eyes open - a bandage on the bridge of his nose, a brown stain at its center. As he pulls his head from his pillow - exposing his good ear - THE NUMB SILENCE IS FILLED BY THE RINGING BELL, THE BIRDS, THE WORLD. *

CUT TO:

12 INT. FREDDY HEFLIN'S HOUSE - MORNING *

AN ELABORATE OLD TURNTABLE AND TUBE AMPLIFIER. *
A record spins. *Piano tinkling. Hauntingly.* *

Scattered around the room - YELLOWED CLASSICAL RECORD ALBUMS. On *
many of the jackets, A BENT-EARED PIANIST - Glenn Gould. *

THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW - A UNBLEMISHED SQUAD CAR pulls in
the drive - on the side it says: *Sheriff - Town of Garrison.*

BILL GEISLER (THE TOUSLE-HAIRED DEPUTY) CLIMBS OUT.
He wears his gray uniform.

In his robe, smoking, FREDDY backs away from the window.

Bill enters the house without knocking. He holds a newspaper and
two covered coffees. He drops a grocery bag on the table.

Freddy brings spoons and two plastic bowls to the table.

BILL

(nodding to the bowls)

'don't need 'em. I got a variety pack.

Bill pulls a KELLOGG'S VARIETY PACK from the bag. He smirks as
he selects a mini 'Frosted Flakes' and cuts its face open with a
pocket knife, fashioning the box into a make-shift bowl.
He hands Freddy a mini 'Corn Pops' box.

Freddy looks at the little box suspiciously. He rips it open
from the top, and pours it into his plastic bowl. He takes
another little box - Fruit Loops - and pours that into his bowl
too. The two of them munch wordlessly.

Freddy watches as Bill pulls a DAILY NEWS from the bag.

FREDDY

How long's the car gonna take?

BILL

Lenny won't know - till the parts-guy gets
in. Take the number two. Y'told Cindy you'd
show her the new radar today. *

FREDDY

(nods)

What did you tell Lenny?
- about the accident.

BILL

(eating)

'chasing a speeder.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

Freddy looks up, touching his ear.

BILL

'Sheriff was chasing a speeder.
(pushing the paper to Freddy)
Look at this.

Freddy looks to the DAILY NEWS on the table.

HERO COP TAKES PLUNGE. Shoots teens, jumps off bridge.
Picture of Murray Babitch inset against a still of the G-W-B.

BILL (O.S.)

- isn't that Ray's nephew or something?

Freddy does not respond, reading intensely.

CUT AWAY TO:

13 INT. P-B-A ANTEROOM - NYC - DAY

A WINDOW - LOOKS FROM NYC - ACROSS THE RIVER - TO JERSEY.

A HANDSOME MAN IN A DARK SUIT checks his tie-knot in the window's reflection. He is PBA PRESIDENT LARUSO.
AN AIDE stands beside a door to a CROWDED PRESS ROOM.

AIDE

No wife. 'was from Jersey City.

LARUSO

And he's Ray's nephew? - So put the service in Garrison. Ray owns the cupcakes there. - then we own the seating plan.

Laruso, turns, smiles, and moves toward the PRESS ROOM DOOR.

AIDE

(smiles) You know, Vince, it's a good thing this hero jumped. Two black kids, unarmed - it coulda' played a whole 'nother way.

*
*

CUT TO:

14 INT. ENTRANCE / LOBBY - PBA PRESS ROOM - DAY

A POKER-FACED COP STANDS BEFORE TWO GLASS DOORS. HE CHECKS REPORTERS FOR PASSES. EACH TIME THE DOORS OPEN WE HEAR A FRAGMENT OF THE PRESS CONFERENCE INSIDE :

THROUGH THE GLASS - BEFORE THE P-B-A EMBLEM, PBA PRESIDENT LARUSO reads a statement to THE THRONG OF REPORTERS.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

LARUSO

- was a hero cop. He deserved a fair hearing. But he knew this would not happen - not in this city, under *this Mayor* -

Door closes. SUDDENLY, A REPORTER DIALING A CELLULAR PHONE EXITS the conference, *pulling the door open again.*

LARUSO

- we all learned from the Durkin tragedy that for cops in this city -

Door closes. The reporter speaks into his cell phone, pacing.

REPORTER

- No - the jumper - Babitch. 'Pulled some babies from a fire last year - in Red Hook.

POKER FACED COP

Three black babies.

The Reporter nods to the Poker-Faced Cop.

REPORTER

- they say he jumped cause of the Durkin thing. So tell Myra, she was on Durkin, right? I need a recap - Glen Durkin - three years ago - shot a kid holding a water gun, lynched in his cell waiting G-J - No, to date - otherwise I could do it myself - Well, get her off it. Fuck the asbestos.

door opens. A MAN WITH GREEN EYES exits the conference. He looks back once, weary, meeting eyes with the Reporter. The green-eyed man's look has weight. He moves off.

LARUSO

- the suicide rate is a direct result of a hostile bureaucracy, a hostile public, a hostile press. Cops have rights too.

Door closes.

POKER FACED COP

Damn straight.

CUT AWAY TO:

14B INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - A CORRIDOR - NYC - DUSK

THE HISPANIC MEDIC (HECTOR) sits, uneasy, on a wood bench. His face is bruised. He smokes a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

14B CONTINUED:

Across from him, THE OTHER MEDIC sits, stiff.
He sighs, feeling the stares of some passing Detectives. Among
them, LEO CRASKY. He holds a long look at Hector, moving off.

A SIGN ON AN ADJACENT DOOR READS:

OFFICE OF SPECIAL SERVICES - INTERNAL AFFAIRS

HISPANIC MEDIC

No way that guy jumped. No way.

Hector sighs, pushing out his cigarette. He runs his hand over
the arm of the bench. Words are key-carved into it -

YELLOW BETRAY BLUE.

CUT TO:

14C INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - INTERROGATION ROOM - DUSK
(CONTINUOUS)

RUSSELL (THE BLACK COP) sits in a wooden chair that won't sit
level. It rocks, knocking on the floor. Nervous, he looks -

THROUGH THE DRAWN BLINDS - THE MEDICS sit out in the hall.

A few feet from Russell, A BLACK DETECTIVE (CARSON, 48) sits on
the edge of a table, looking at some notes on a steno pad.

Russell's eyes drift to - AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM SITS -
THE GREEN EYED MAN - DET. MOE TILDEN. He wears a white shirt,
sleeves rolled, and a bureaucratic tie. He listens.

CARSON

And why is that?.. Everyone else on that
bridge lives there. Is that a coincidence?
Bro? Or you just be the wrong color?

RUSSELL

'Bro?' You in the 'Mod Squad'?
(nodding toward Tilden)
'might as well be talking to him.

Impatient, TILDEN STANDS, crossing into the next room -

CUT TO:

14D INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - WAR ROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

Tilden enters (from the interrogation room). He moves through
the maze of desks. OTHER INTERNAL AFFAIRS DETECTIVES look up at
Tilden, getting out of his way, deferential.

(CONTINUED)

14D CONTINUED:

OTHER DETECTIVE

Moe. Shore patrol found one of his shoes.

TILDEN snorts. He takes a cigarette from a pack on a desk. He approaches A MAP OF NEW JERSEY on a bulletin board.

IN THE HALL - RUSSELL, dismissed, walks past THE MEDICS.

CARSON enters the war room. Approaches Tilden.

CARSON

Cotter's coming at nine tomorrow. I know.
You want Glynn. He says he's grieving for
his nephew. 'That he'll come in next week.

Moe Tilden smiles. He reaches for the map, twirling his thumb and finger on - A TACK PINNED IN - THE TOWN OF GARRISON.

CARSON

I don't know. If the guy's alive - he's the
fuckin plague, y'know? - why bring him home
with you? I mean - You don't shit where you
eat, right?

Tilden turns - his green eyes bright. He speaks quietly, his jaw barely moving, smoke trickling from his lips.

TILDEN

But I do, Carsie. I live in a house -
and in it - I shit and I eat.

CUT AWAY TO:

15 INT./EXT. GARRISON PATROL CAR / SHOULDER OF ROAD - DAY

The abandoned water tower rises high above the trees.
G A R R I S O N , N J - it says in fading letters.

A TOYOTA CRUISES QUICKLY PAST A SUBURBAN SCHOOL BUILDING
oblivious to THE GARRISON SQUAD CAR at the shoulder.

SHERIFF FREDDY HEFLIN opens his puffy eyes. He wears a gray
uniform. He sits in the patrol car. He looks down as -

A FEMALE HAND withdraws from his thigh.

DEPUTY CINDY BETTS cups her newly freed hand over a RADAR
display. She clocks the Toyota at 45 M-P-H.

The school zone sign says 30.

Cindy has a round face, rosy cheeks. Bright eyes.
She looks at Freddy expectantly.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

FREDDY shakes his head, watching the car recede.

FREDDY

It's Grecco.

CINDY

Freddy. This whole town is cops.
We gotta pull someone over.

Freddy winces, pressing on the gauze taped to his nose.

FREDDY

Why?

Cindy sighs. Thick armed, she is uncomfortable in her uniform and pulls at the polyester bunched under her armpits.

Another car rips past - A BLUE OLDS DELTA 88.
THE RADAR SHOWS - SEVENTY TWO MILES AN HOUR.

Cindy glares at Freddy.

CUT TO:

16 INT./EXT. OLDS DELTA 88 / ROUTE 36 - GARRISON - DAY

Riding shot-gun, JACK COTTER sprays Dristan up his nose.
RAY GLYNN, driving, stares in his rear view at -

A MAN LYING DOWN ACROSS THE BACK SEAT, his legs sticking out,
his face obscured. He is missing one shoe...

Cotter juggles with the air conditioner, turning it on.
He finds Glynn glaring at him.

COTTER

Ray. I'm burning up here.

Suddenly, in the rear view, SPINNING RED LIGHTS.

GLYNN

Oh fuck this.

MAN IN BACK

What? - What?

Cotter smiles at the obscured Man in Back.

COTTER

Don't freak. It's our munchkins.

GLYNN PULLS THE OLDS OVER TO THE SHOULDER.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

Awkward, DEPUTY CINDY BETTS steps out of the patrol car. She shuffles toward the Oldsmobile.

THE DRIVER'S WINDOW OF THE OLDS HUMS DOWN TO REVEAL - RAY GLYNN, glaring, sweaty and red-eyed.

CINDY
Turn off the car please?

GLYNN
I got the air on.

Glynn smirks. He does not shut off the car. He holds out his wallet, unflapping it to reveal -

AN NYPD LIEUTENANT'S BADGE.
A pause as Cindy stares at the badge.

CINDY
You were on the job?

Cotter leans over from the passenger side.

COTTER
No - we're coming from Forest Hills, honey. I'm John MacEnroe. That's Jimmy Connors.

Cindy takes the wallet from Glynn.

CINDY
Is your license in here?
Can you pull it out for me? -

COTTER
Oh Christ!

Cindy hands the wallet back to Glynn.

CINDY
You know. This is a School zone.

GLYNN
(reading Cindy's tag)
Listen Miss... Betts - You're new, right?

CINDY
New here. But not on the job. I was a municipal Deputy in Elmira.

GLYNN
Freddy! FREDDY!

Freddy climbs out of his squad car, approaching the Oldsmobile.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

GLYNN

See, honey, in Garrison - when the car you're gonna tag has got a P-B-A sticker - I'd advise you to think to yourself - 'hey, that's one of the good guys, I think I'll go catch me a bad guy.'

THE MAN IN BACK pulls on Glynn's collar. Nervous.

MAN IN BACK

Christ, Ray. Don't make a scene.

CINDY

If we let every P-D go by, there might not be a single violation in this town.

GLYNN

(smiling)

'Fine by me.

COTTER

The problem in this town ain't the people who live here, honey,.. it's the element that visits.

Freddy leans in the window of the Olds, from the other side. He looks in the car at Cotter and Glynn. He notices - The Man in Back - obscured - lying still.

FREDDY

'This the new car, Ray? It's nice. I didn't recognize it.

COTTER

Come on, Freddy. I want to go home. Tell your cupcake to heel.

CINDY

Listen buddy. I'm not -

Freddy shakes his head at Cindy, cooling her jets. He backs her off with his hand. She turns and storms back to the squad car. *

FREDDY

Take care, guys. I'll see you later.

Glynn salutes Freddy. He notices Freddy's bandage.

GLYNN

Hey. What happened to you, Freddy? *

Freddy smiles, bashful.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Oh. 'Little fender bender.

The Oldsmobile lurches away and, as it does - Freddy notices - THE MAN IN BACK RISING FROM HIS "SLUMBER" - STARING OUT THE REAR WINDOW OF THE OLDS. The man wears a bandage on his nose - a mirror of Freddy's wound. Except for the gauze, it is the same face from the morning's paper - BABITCH (SUPERBOY).

Freddy touches his own bandage, thoughtfully. The Oldsmobile disappears round the bend, leaving Freddy standing on the shoulder.

Cindy stands at the squad car, disgusted with Freddy.

CUT TO:

17 INT. DAY - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON - A CLUTTERED DESKTOP :

A mass of OFFICIAL PAPERWORK.
A collection of THUMB-WORN WAMBAUGH-ESQUE PAPERBACKS.
AN OPEN TAPE CASE filled with classical cassettes.
A smouldering cigarette.

A ONE-HOUR PHOTO ENVELOPE - SCATTERED SNAPSHOTS - A party.
A banner - SHERIFF FREDDY - TEN YEARS STRONG! - Freddy with NYPD and families. A PHOTO OF RAY GLYNN HIS ARM AROUND FREDDY.
They hold water guns to their heads - wearing goofy grins.

IN SOMEONE'S HANDS - THE DAILY NEWS opened to the article on Babitch's "suicide" - THE PICTURE OF MURRAY BABITCH...

At his desk, a fresh bandage of his nose,
FREDDY HEFLIN READS THE PAPER, INTENSELY.

CINDY (O.S.)

How do I know that guy?

Freddy turns with a start, closing the newspaper, putting his hand - protectively - over the picture of Babitch.

But Cindy is looking over Freddy's shoulder at the snapshots on his desk. She refers - sarcastically - to a photo of Freddy.

CINDY

Not bad for forty-something. 'Looks like he might be a jerk sometimes. But there's hope - in his eyes.

Cindy smirks and sashays over to an outer room, sitting before the dispatch radio, paperwork piled high around her.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

We are in the Sheriff's Office of Garrison. Once a garage, it has been re-fitted, complete with jail cell in what was once tire storage. Citations and framed clippings line the walls.

Freddy looks up to see -

MOE TILDEN (THE GREEN EYED I-A DETECTIVE) peers in the window of the Sheriff's office. He moves on, flicking a butt, crossing the street - toward the DELI.

The second hand on the big wall clock sticks. Then snaps free. *It is three thirty.*

Rinnng. The dispatch phone. Cindy knocks a basket of papers, reaching for the receiver.

CINDY

Shit.

Struggling to keep the papers from spilling, she knocks the radio into a alarm mode. *Dweeep, dweeep, dweeep...*

Freddy sighs, looking out through the window -

THROUGH THE GLASS - ACROSS THE STREET - A SUPERMARKET AND A BURGER KING, under construction :

A BEAUTIFUL BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN (35) EMERGES FROM THE MARKET, PUSHING A CART. Her hair blowing, a CHILD in her arms. The child holds a PLUSH TURTLE.

The woman struggles to move several bags into her van and fasten her child in a safety seat. She takes the plush turtle and puts it on the roof of her van.

Dweeep, dweeep, dweeep...

CINDY

Dispatch. Can you hold a second?
(shutting off the alarm)

THROUGH THE GLASS - GLYNN'S OLDS PULLS UP ALONG SIDE THE WOMAN. She smiles and nods at GLYNN, COTTER AND LAGONDA as they cross into - THE TOWN DELI. *

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CLIMBS IN HER VAN, STARTING IT, UNAWARE OF THE TURTLE, STILL SITTING ON THE ROOF. *

Freddy watches it all, riveted.

CUT TO:

18 INT. TOWN DELI - GARRISON - AFTERNOON

GLYNN, COTTER and LAGONDA buy coffees, haggard, up all night.
Glynn turns - tense, as he sees -

MOE TILDEN mixing milk and sugar at the counter
Tilden smiles. Glynn smiles. But his comrades glare, uneasy.

TILDEN

Hey, Ray.

GLYNN

Hey, Moe.

TILDEN

I'm sorry about your nephew.

GLYNN

Yeah. He was a good kid.
We were up all night with it.
(crossing to mix his
coffee, beside Tilden)
Uh. I know you need to talk to me. I'll
come in next week some time, how's that?
Jackie here's comin' in early for you -
tomorrow.

TILDEN

(offering his hand to Cotter)
Hey. How ya doing? Moe Tilden.

COTTER

(wary)
Yeah. Hey.

GLYNN

Moe, here, was my partner - fresh out of
the Academy - back in the day - before he
fell in love with this red-head at I-A and
transferred. *

TILDEN

Is that how it went, Ray?

GLYNN

So. What brings you to our fair city?
Checkin' up on us?

TILDEN

'heard it was a way of life over here.
'Wanted to see it first hand.

GLYNN

What are we - like the Amish, now?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

TILDEN
 (smiles, putting the cover
 on his coffee)
 When does that Burger King open up?

GLYNN
 'couple weeks.

TILDEN
 (moving to the door)
 'gonna take a chunk outta this place.

GLYNN
 I'll still be here.

Tilden nods. Exiting.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. MAIN STREET - GARRISON - AFTERNOON
 THE SIGN SAYS - NO PARKING.

TILDEN
 Shit.

TILDEN pulls a PIECE OF PAPER from his windshield. It looks like a parking ticket. He holds it close, reading it.

*JULY 4th CELEBRATION! BRING THE FAMILY! AT BORDEN'S FIELD.
 Sponsored by the Garrison Volunteer Fire Department.*

Tilden smiles. He looks up, meeting eyes with -

SHERIFF FREDDY HEFLIN, walking up the street - THE TATTERED PLUSH TURTLE IN HIS HANDS. He moves it to his side.

TILDEN
 'thought you gave me a ticket.

FREDDY
 (moving past)
 Hm?

TILDEN
 'You the Sheriff?

FREDDY
 Yeah.
 (noticing something)
 One second. Gordon!

A GRUNGY KID sits with his friends on a low brick wall, smoking, sipping sodas from bags. They look up.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

- off the the wall. Get off.

The kids comply.

Freddy turns back to Tilden, touching his bandaged nose.
He sticks the turtle under his arm, awkward. Tilden smiles.

TILDEN

'How long you been Sheriff?

FREDDY

Hm? Oh. Ten years.

TILDEN

That's great.

(beat)

'Lotta cops here, huh?

FREDDY

Yeah.

TILDEN

It's a great gig.

(pulling out his card)

Well. I'm sure you're busy. But let me give
you my card. I'm with a special unit - in
the city. In case you know,.. - you want to
talk about something.

Freddy examines the card - *MOE TILDEN - NYPD INTERNAL AFFAIRS*

He looks up as Tilden drives off.

CUT TO:

20-22 OMITTED

23 INT./EXT. GARRISON HOUSING TRACTS - LATE AFTERNOON

FREDDY DRIVES HIS SQUAD CAR. He listens to news radio:

RADIO (V.O.)

- and our top story - a hero cop jumps off
the G-W-B after two African American
minors, reportedly unarmed, are shot in a
pre-dawn gunfight on the bridge.

On the seat beside him, THE STUFFED TURTLE. Filthy and mangled.

Split-level houses sit in rows upon manicured plots, a
basketball net above each garage door.

We pass a MAILBOX that reads - *DURKIN*.

*

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

Freddy drives on, he pulls into a driveway -

The mailbox reads: *RANDONE*. A DOBERMAN ON A CHAIN BARKS.
FOUR GARBAGE BAGS sit slumped in a RUSTED METAL TRASH BIN.

CUT TO:

24-25 OMITTED

26 EXT. RANDONE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Freddy knocks. *No answer*. Knocks again.
He stands there, slumped, holding the turtle.
There are voices inside. The Doberman continues snarling.

FREDDY

Hello!

No answer. Freddy turns, walking back down the drive.

LIZ (O.S.)

Jesus. I'm sorry.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. In sweats and v-neck tee, THE BEAUTIFUL BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN (LIZ RANDONE, 35) holds her long hair against the breeze. She smiles, warm - a tooth poking out tenderly - against her lip. *A child babbles in the bg.*

Freddy re-approaches, his eyes bright, smiling bashfully.

FREDDY

That's okay. I heard voices. I was gonna have base call you back.

LIZ

(noticing the turtle)

Oh, Freddy. Look what you found.

Liz takes the stuffed animal. She smiles.

LIZ

She's gonna be so happy. Her Daddy won her this at the fair last year. I left it on -

FREDDY

Yeah. I saw. From my window.

Liz smiles wider, infected by Freddy's dopey grin. Suddenly her smile disappears.

LIZ

That's awful about Ray's nephew, huh.

Suddenly, the child in the other room is crying. Loud.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

LIZ

Hey! Caroline! Come on, now.
Daddy's trying to sleep!

Liz is exasperated, not by Freddy, but by life in general. Despite her distracted manner, her dry smile charms; A SMALL STUDDERED CROSS HANGS AROUND HER NECK. Moving with her.

Freddy breaks his stare.

LIZ

I heard they're gonna do the service here.

Freddy nods. Liz notices his bandage, touches her nose.

LIZ

- Ouch. What happened to you?

FREDDY

Little accident. 'Chasing a speeder.

The child's crying grows louder. Desperate.

LIZ

- one second.

Liz crosses into an adjoining room with the turtle.
 "Baby, look what the Sheriff found." The child calms.

LIZ (O.S.)

Freddy. You want some coffee?!

FREDDY

No, I'm fine.

Freddy takes a timid step into the foyer.
 PICTURES ON THE WALL - A CHILD'S DRAWING - "MY FAMILY"
 AN ACADEMY PHOTO OF LIZ'S HANDSOME HUSBAND, JOEY, IN UNIFORM.
 AND A PORTRAIT OF LIZ (16) - BEAUTY QUEEN'S CROWN ON HER HEAD.

LIZ (O.S.)

So. I hope you caught him.

LIZ re-enters the room.

FREDDY

Hm? - Who?

LIZ

The speeder.

FREDDY

Oh. Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

LIZ

...you know... I was thinking of calling you. I mean - not you - but one of your -

FREDDY

Why? What's up?

LIZ

Oh. Someone's been dumping garbage. Garbage bags.

She gestures toward THE FOUR GARBAGE BAGS BY THE ROAD. Freddy eagerly pulls out his pad.

FREDDY

Uh huh. Is that them?

LIZ

There's just one. The rest are mine.

FREDDY

Okay - they threw one bag in with yours. *

LIZ

This isn't the first time. They've been pulling this shit for weeks, slipping it in. Why? That's enough isn't it?

Freddy erases something in his book.

FREDDY

Enough? Yeah. A beer bottle's enough as far as I'm concerned.

LIZ

Damn right. - I use white bags. Theirs are black. Some cheap shit.

Freddy nods, scribbling in his pad.

LIZ

I don't tell Joey - cause he thinks he's gotta take care of it. Not that he doesn't think much of the local - you guys - but...

FREDDY

I'll take care of it. He's got the city to worry about, right?

Liz nods, smiling. Freddy smiles back, his eyes sparkling.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. END OF RANDONE DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

FREDDY pushes through THE BLACK GARBAGE BAG with a pencil.

LIZ watches from a window. She stands there, then moves away.

Freddy flips through the pieces of trash.

Paper plates. Bottles of beer. He comes upon a stained envelope;
A PHONE BILL. Leafing it open:

A name: RAYMOND GLYNN
An address: 31 DALLAS DRIVE

CUT TO:

28-29 OMITTED

30 EXT. GLYNN HOUSE - 31 DALLAS DRIVE - LATE AFTERNOON

The mailbox says: GLYNN.

FREDDY STANDS AT THE DOOR OF THE SPLIT LEVEL HOUSE, the soiled
phone bill in hand. Before him, A BUSTY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, ROSE
GLYNN (46). Hand on hip, she sucks a cigarette.

ROSE

What if I said I don't know where it
came from?

FREDDY

I'd take your word for it, Rose.
Um. Is Ray home?

ROSE

'Taking care of our little visitor.

Freddy plays with the envelope in his fingers, letting this
cryptic remark hang in the air. Rose stares at the envelope.

ROSE

I get my garbage picked up every Tuesday.

FREDDY

Alright. Thanks for your time.

He walks back toward his car.

ROSE

You tell Joey to come here and talk to me
about it if he thinks I've got no right.

Freddy turns around.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Rose. I want to believe you when you tell me something.

ROSE

Oh you do, do you?

FREDDY

Did you dump these bags or not?

ROSE

This is not a law problem - if you catch my drift. You tell Joey Randone that if he doesn't like my garbage he should stop soiling my sheets.

Rose is miraculously nonchalant - her eyes riveted boldly on Freddy; relishing his discomfort.

FREDDY

Rose, you can't just dump garbage on other people's property.

ROSE

But that glamour boy - he can throw away a woman just like she was garbage and that's okay - is that what you're saying?

A pause. *The phone rings.* They stand there. *

ROSE

Are you gonna tell Ray about this?

Freddy shakes his head. Rose takes a drag of her cigarette. *The phone still ringing.* She spins around, slamming the door.

31 INT. / EXT. GLYNN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

As Freddy backs his SQUAD CAR out of the Glynn driveway,
- THE BLUE OLDS DELTA 88 PULLS IN.

RAY GLYNN, THE SAUCY-EYED LIEUTENANT - the only occupant - steps out of the driver's side.

GLYNN

What's up, Freddy?
'Decided to give me that ticket.

Freddy shifts to park, the engine running.

FREDDY

No... Uh. Someone's dumping garbage.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

GLYNN

Oh, a felony.

Freddy smiles, tense.

Glynn salutes. Freddy nods, backing out onto the street.

CUT TO:

32 INT/EXT. FREDDY'S SQUAD CAR - MEADOWLANDS - ROADSIDE - SUNSET

Driving along the marshlands. Manhattan in the distance.

The Garrison water tower against the orange sky.

Up ahead - FLASHING LIGHTS - ROADSIDE

FREDDY slows.

DEPUTY BILL GEISLER has pulled over a RUSTED IMPALA.
He stands at the driver's window.

Freddy's headlights illuminate the cab of the Impala.
A BLACK MAN AND WOMAN LOOK INTO THE FLARING LIGHT, ANGRY.

Bill approaches Freddy's window - he leans in.

BILL

'a few over. I'm checking docs.

Freddy nods. He lights a cigarette and pushes in a cassette.
A Piano Concerto.

FREDDY

I'll sit. ('in case.)

Bill smiles at the music. He crosses to his car with the
paperwork. Freddy turns and looks out his window toward -

Lights on I-80. A FADED BILLBOARD. A GARBAGE STREWN WATERWAY
sits, oil-slicked, under A GRAFFITI COVERED OVERPASS. Over the
hill that is Hoboken - THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

MOVING CLOSER ON - FREDDY - he stares at the marsh. *
The sound of heavy equipment rises. The piano continues. *

CUT TO:

33 A MEMORY : MARSH - GARRISON MEADOWLANDS - DAY (1975) *

THE SAME WATERWAY BENEATH I-80, ONLY PRISTINE.
ON THE BILLBOARD - A 70's family before a ranch house.
"A NEW LIFE IN NEW JERSEY!"

THE WATER narrows under the OVERPASS - UNDER CONSTRUCTION. *

YOUNG FREDDY (19) SITS BENEATH THE OVERPASS, eating a bag lunch. *

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

OUT THE MOUTH - IN THE DISTANCE - A CONSTRUCTION SITE -
SEVERAL YOUNG MEN MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE BIG MACHINES.
Suddenly : *screeeeech! thunk. splash!*

YOUNG FREDDY TURNS - AS - OUT THE OTHER END OF THE OVERPASS -
A GREEN FORD ROCKS IN THE WATER, NOSE DOWN.

FREDDY STANDS, AWESTRUCK. He looks back to - THE DISTANT
CONSTRUCTION CO-WORKERS, oblivious, getting back to work.

With a flurry of bubbles, THE FORD SINKS INTO THE ICY WATER.

34 PRESENT DAY - CLOSE ON - FREDDY IN HIS CAR - EYES RIVETED ON -
THE MARSH - THE MUSIC CONTINUES... BUT THERE ARE VOICES...

THE RUSTED IMPALA ROLLS SLOW AS IT PASSES FREDDY'S SQUAD CAR.
TWO ANGRY BLACK FACES SPIT WORDS :

BLACK WOMAN
We come here to watch the
sunset and you pull this -

BLACK MAN
- speeding - my ass -
fuckin' racist pigs!

Freddy receives this, unblinking. THE IMPALA LURCHES AWAY.
Freddy touches his bandage

Bill walks to his patrol car. He nods to Freddy - "all done".

CUT TO:

35 EXT. MAIN STREET - GARRISON - TWILIGHT

The bank clock blinks. 7:32, 7:32, 7:33...
The Burger King under construction. Light traffic.

In civilian clothes, CINDY BETTS crosses to the GARRISON
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, keys in hand.

CUT TO:

36 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

FREDDY sits hunched, on the phone. His collar loose.

FREDDY
Liz - All I'm saying is that I think it's
gonna stop.

LIZ (ON PHONE)
It was his little bitch, wasn't it?
Sending messages.

ka-chunk - the door opens. CINDY BETTS peers inside.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Uh. one second. Can you hold a second?

Freddy looks up, hitting the 'hold' button on the phone.
Cindy crosses to Freddy, sitting beside him.

FREDDY

I'm on the phone.

CINDY

I can see that.

FREDDY

How 'bout I meet you across the street in
fifteen minutes?

Cindy makes a face.

FREDDY

Look, I'm sorry. How 'bout tomorrow. I take
you someplace nice. Okay?

Cindy lets this hang in the air. Then she crosses to the door.
klunk - the door shuts as - Freddy pushes on the 'hold' button.

FREDDY

Liz. - - Liz?

LIZ (ON PHONE)

What?

FREDDY

- Do you want me to talk to Joey?

There is a long sigh on the phone. Freddy glances at -

A FRAMED LOCAL NEWS CLIPPING ON THE WALL, yellowing with age:

*LOCAL BOY SAVES DROWNING TEEN
HERO IN HOSPITAL WITH INFECTION FROM ICY WATERS.*

A PHOTO shows a YOUNG FREDDY standing by the waterside, a
bandage over his ear. AN INSET - a high school portrait of
A YOUNG WOMAN, a beauty queens's crown on her head.

LIZ (ON PHONE)

Talk to him? Why, Freddy? - You didn't
marry him.

FREDDY

No, - but - I'm your friend.

LIZ (ON PHONE)

Freddy. I gotta go. (*click*)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

dial tone. Hanging up slowly, Freddy stares at - *

THE FRAMED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING - CLOSE ON - THE PICTURE OF YOUNG FREDDY, standing by the water, bandage around his head, smiling wide,.. a hero... full of dreams,.. a proud hopeful young man. *

CUT TO:

37 INT. THE FOUR ACES TAVERN - GARRISON, NJ - NIGHT

A cigarette dangling from his finger, FREDDY HEFLIN sips a drink at the bar, doing crosswords. A long way from that hopeful boy. *

We are in the same N-Y-P-D-paraphenalia-decorated tavern from last night, only tonight, IT IS CROWDED. TWENTY OFF-DUTY COPS move about - crossing from the rest room, the tap, the tv, the entrance, the rear tables - engaged in loud conversations - loud enough to clear the jukebox.

Across from the tap, Freddy's equidistant to everything - but strangely marginal... and alone.

FRANK LAGONDA ENTERTAINS SOME ROOKS BY THE VENDING MACHINES -

LAGONDA

- no - *this E-M-S motherfucker* - 'thinks he's Zorro - takes the gun in his hand - state's evidence - and he's waving it -

SMOKING NEAR THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR, LEO CRASKY WITH ANOTHER COP -

CRASKY

- you're using the *short form*. Nah. *
For cops, there's tons of deductions -

Crasky loses his train of thought as -

FIGS emerges from the men's room, wiping his nose. He too is alone. Unaccompanied. He makes his way toward the bar.

AT THE DART BOARD - A THIN COP PULLS DARTS WITH JACK COTTER -

THIN COP

I heard he wanted off the job so bad, he's begging Tommy O. to shoot him in the leg.

Cotter laughs, also watching Figs shuffle toward the bar.

Figs takes a seat beside Freddy.

Freddy turns, nodding to Figs, but is distracted by -

A YOUNG COP AT THE THE BAR CHATS WITH A FRIEND -

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

YOUNG COP

- not from that height. Thirty five flights? The bone liquefies - looks like strawberry yoghurt.

Figs sips his drink sloppily. He winks at Freddy - aware that Freddy's listening to all the other conversations - avidly. *

DELORES - the bar maid - fills a mug for COP #1.

DELORES

How they gonna bury him? With no body.

FIGS

- Ray Glynn'll bury his baseball card collection if he has to. 'Don't want to delay the ceremony - you lose the media. *

COP #1

'They know who the kids were?

FIGS

Bebos. From Newark.

DELORES

Who's Bebos?

FIGS

(chuckling) It's not a guy, Del. *

FREDDY

Bebos are a drug gang, Del. Jamaicans. 'Short for "Who you be, bro?". *

Impressed, Figs winks at Freddy. Freddy smiles.

ON THE TV - THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK NEWS: - Someone turns down the jukebox...

REPORTER (ON TV)

- Cyril Brown met with the parents of the slain teens, calling for a human blockade on the bridge tomorrow -

THE ENTIRE BAR FALLS SILENT, RAPT WITH ATTENTION.

CYRIL BROWN (ON TV)

'A drunk cop jumps off a bridge, that don't erase the murder of two children.

There are hisses from the back.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

REPORTER (ON TV)

Attending the Giants-Jets pre-season finale, Mayor Farelli responded to reports of cops planting evidence on the bridge.

MAYOR (ON TV)

- Yes. We're looking into it. There were some irregularities on the bridge and we're looking into it.

There are boo's from the back.

REPORTER (ON TV)

In a moment, Chip Mackenzie with the weekend weather...

AS A COMMERCIAL COMES UP ON SCREEN, *conversations resume...*

Figs turns from the screen, shaking his head.

FIGS

The diagonal rule.

FREDDY

The what?

Figs turns away to the door as - someone calls out "Joey!"

A STRIKINGLY HANDSOME COP ENTERS THE BAR. JOEY RANDONE, 35.
[Liz's husband - we saw him in the pictures in Liz's foyer.]

FIGS

(distracted)

The diagonal rule. "Red Light? Don't Fight. Make a right." More important than the golden rule. 'If 'Superboy' knew that, he might still be alive.

Figs smiles at Joey Randone - who moves this way.

FIGS

Hey, Jo-jo...

But Joey Randone ignores Figs, crossing past him - toward a bowl of pretzels beside Freddy.

JOEY

Freddy. Heard you saved "Ollie the Turtle".

Freddy nods, smiles, playing with his stirrer.
He looks up at Joey, serious.

FREDDY

Yeah... Uh...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

JOEY

What happened to your face, Freddy?

Freddy touches the bandage on his nose.

FREDDY

Oh. Nothing. 'little accident.

(beat)

Listen. Joey. There's something - uh - we should probly' talk about.

Joey loads a napkin with pretzels.

JOEY

What's that, Freddy?

Figs grins at Joey. He speaks in a taunting sing-song.

FIGS

Pretty boy *Jo-jo*. 'against the Bulls?
What are you - some kind of high roller?

Joey turns to Figs.

JOEY

Fuck you, Figs. I got eight points.

Figs speaks louder, his eyes roaming the tavern for an audience. Some cops look up.

FIGS

Against the Bulls? Eight points is eight reasons for you to become a child. Revert to a pre-pubescent state - 'pray before bed those pussies play to a draw with the -

*
*
*

JOEY

Play to a draw with eight points?

Freddy turns to the pretzels, taking himself out of it.

FIGS

- A near draw with the N-B-A champions. You night boys, you watch too much Oprah when you should be catching z's.

There are chuckles from the back. Joey moves off toward the back tables, holding his middle finger in the air.

JOEY

I ain't the one pissing my money away.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

FIGS

That's your 'inner child' making that
wager, Joey. - little Joey with a
Supersonics poster taped above his bed. *

At the back tables, Joey spins around, grabbing his crotch.

JOEY

Figsy, why don't you unzip me and bite
my "prepubescent" state. You bite it,
baby, hard and thick.

Cops in the back react - Oooooooooo.

FIGS

Fuck you, Joey. Thick is a word
reserved for things which are thick.
(turning to Freddy, low)
'God-damned child. With a badge.

FREDDY

Huh?

FIGS

(loud - for Joey)
With a badge. That's how shitheads argue.
They point to their cock.

Jack Cotter walks out the rest room, throwing Freddy a
disdainful look for the company he's keeping - *Figs*.

FIGS

A dumb fuck like that - P-D - how does that
make you feel? With his connections -
that's a detective you're looking at -
'Four-five years. - he's a climber -

FREDDY

I don't give a shit.

FIGS

Yeah? 'You like eating donuts?

Freddy shrugs, smirks.

FIGS

I say it's okay to be jealous. It's a very -
you know - primeval - primitive emotion. I
mean - you save a chick's life. From it,
from risking yourself - from saving her
sorry ass, you go deaf - as a result.

FREDDY

In one ear.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

FIGS

In one ear. Then you have to watch as this chick you saved - this beauty queen - marries this cocksucker -
 (gesturing to Joey)
 - this child - this kumquat - who reaches for his pencil dick - the one he pokes her with - whenever his dim guinea brain seizes up. And you with your ear - you can't even get a desk on the force. You're fucked. Be jealous. Let it shine. I would. Purge. Cleanse yourself. It's fucking cleansing. I guess you did that last night, huh?

Freddy smiles, sucks his cigarette. He enjoys Figs' intensity. Voices rise from the door. Figs turns away as Freddy speaks.

RAY GLYNN enters the bar.

FREDDY

I'm not that jealous. I have a very - y'know, this is not a joke, here. I mean - sometimes it bugs me, not him, but in general -

Men at the rear offer Glynn a seat, deferential.

FIGS

Oop. Gotta go, Freddy.

Figs moves off, suddenly leaving Freddy alone at the bar. Freddy sips his drink, looking at his empty pack of cigs.

Delores wipes the bar, glancing toward the rear tables. *

DELORES

They're pretty randy -

Freddy nods, pushing out his last cigarette.

DELORES

(low) - considering one of their friends just killed himself.

CUT TO: *

38 NIGHT. THE FOUR ACES TAVERN: LATER

Popping quarters into the cigarette machine, FREDDY nods to - *

THE MEN AT THE BACK TABLE

(GLYNN, COTTER, LAGONDA, FIGS, JOEY, CRASKY AND OTHERS) *

Freddy pulls the lever. *

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

BACK AT THE BAR - Freddy lights a cigarette.

ON TV - AN 'N-Y-P-D BLUE'-STYLE CRIME SHOW - A title montage:
Cops in cherry-topped squad cars race through Manhattan.

Freddy's eyes wander back to the rear of the tavern where
voices are rising intermittently.

A shouting match breaks out between COTTER and FIGS.

FIGS

Bullshit. What is this, "Omerta"?

GLYNN

Sit down, Gary.

FIGS

If I-A's gonna hang me by my balls, it
ain't gonna be over six grams of blow.

COTTER

You bought that big ol' house. Maybe
you're lookin' to get out from under.

GLYNN

Hey. Jackie. *

FIGS

What is up your ass, Jack? You getting by
without gravy? Fuck! I was putting out
Ray's fires when you were sucking on your
Mama's tittie.

(raising his arms for a search)

Ray? What is this? You want to toss me? *

GLYNN

Sit down.

COTTER

- or even better - get the fuck out.

FIGS

Fuck you, you fuckin' child.

COTTER

'Least I'm not shackin' with a P-R whore. *

Laughter. FIGS STANDS. *

COTTER

You're supposed to fuck'em, Gary, not
open a methadone clinic.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

Cotter snickers, looking about to his peers. They are silent.

COTTER

What?

Suddenly, FIGS LEAPS ACROSS THE TABLE, PUMMELING COTTER. Everyone stands. More chairs fall backward.

FREDDY RISES FROM HIS STOOL.

HIS FACE BLOODIED, COTTER SUDDENLY DRAWS A REVOLVER, waving it about wildly. LAGONDA STEPS BACK.

STILL SEATED, GLYNN WAVES HIS HAND IN THE AIR.

GLYNN

Oh, for Christ's sake!

BUT COTTER DOES NOT PUT DOWN HIS WEAPON. AND FIGS DOES NOT BACK OFF, ignoring the gun pointed at his chest. HE TAKES COTTER BY THE SHIRT AND SHOVES HIM FACE FIRST AGAINST THE DART BOARD.

FREDDY SHUFFLES FORWARD.

FREDDY

Hey, hey. Guys.

FIGS PULLS A DART FROM THE DART BOARD AND STICKS ITS TIP UP COTTER'S NOSE, HOLDING HIS HEAD WITH A FISTED GRIP ON HIS HAIR.

COTTER

Owwwwww! Jesus Chriiist!

FIGS

You got a problem - me helping a girl in trouble? You got a problem with that?

COTTER

No. NO! You're a fuckin' humanitarian.

COTTER LOWERS HIS GUN, MOVING WITH FIG'S EVERY GESTURE, YELPING - TRYING TO KEEP THE DART TIP FROM RIPPING HIS NOSE OPEN.

FIGS

You think you're so bad, little boy.

Figs presses Cotter's face against a portrait of a young blue-eyed cop. The nameplate reads "Officer Chris Durkin". *

FIGS

Y'see that? That was my partner. *
That's a cop. *

The only man still seated, RAY GLYNN RISES FROM HIS CHAIR.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

GLYNN

Enough. Let go of him, Figsy.

Glynn takes the gun from Cotter's hand. Hesitant, Figs removes the dart from Cotter's nose. Cotter falls to the floor.

GLYNN

(glaring at Figs) Go home. *

Figs looks up, his lip bleeding, meeting eyes with Glynn.

GLYNN

Freddy, get him out of here.

FREDDY

Come on, Figsy...

Figs shakes off Freddy's hand with a spin of the shoulder.

FIGS

Ray. Don't shut me out. Okay. Yes - you're still the big man - you found us a sweet town. Got us the low interest. Finessed the Rez requirements. Hey. I was grateful - I am grateful - but don't forget who it was - two years ago - who you came to - to cover your ass - He was my partner, Ray. And what we did to him - it was a bad thing. *

Glynn's eyes are flaming. LaGonda moves to stand but - with a simple gesture Glynn keeps him in his chair. *

Figs points to the portrait of "Officer Chris Durkin". *

FIGS

It's not my fault you can't look at him. You sit in that chair. With your back to him. You want it to go away. But I'm still here, Ray. In for a penny, in for a pound. Just don't shut me out. *

Figs moves to the coat rack, donning his P-D jacket.

Freddy follows Figs to the door. Everyone else watches, frozen, until Figs, taking his sweet time, fixing his sleeves, exits.

But Figs spins around, facing Freddy through the cracked door.

FIGS

(low, smiling)

Shoulda' hit me, Freddy.
Ray woulda' liked that. *

CUT TO:

39 INT. FOUR ACES TAVERN - NIGHT - LATER

GLYNN looks toward - THE DOOR - JOEY RANDONE chats with COP #1. Pulling on his jacket. Randone breaks eye contact with Glynn. *

FREDDY carries a bottle of beer from the bar toward - RAY GLYNN at a small table with JACK COTTER, who dabs his nose. *

COTTER
 (picking up the dart)
Someone's dropping a dime..
 We just can't keep -
 (looking at Freddy)
 - it here for two weeks - waiting - *

FREDDY sits down beside them. Glynn smiles, terse. He winces as Cotter continues...

COTTER
 I mean. Freddy's new girl pulls us over -
 Tilden shows up here with that grin - I
 mean - we got some loose ends. *

FREDDY
 Cindy's cool. She didn't see nothing.

Glynn is uncomfortable with this topic in Freddy's presence.

FREDDY
 I'm sorry.

Freddy stands.

GLYNN
 Sit down, Freddy. *

FREDDY
 That's okay. I don't want to interrupt -

GLYNN
 Sit down. Freddy.

Freddy sits down. He sips his beer, taking too much. Cotter chuckles at Freddy. Freddy wipes his mouth. Glynn glares at Cotter.

GLYNN
 - Freddy - you know that polyp they took
 out of my ass? *

Freddy nods, uneasy, unsure of where this is going.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

GLYNN

Well - sometimes - when I look at
Jackie, here -

Cotter grins, proudly.

GLYNN

- who did such a masterful job on the
bridge last night - sometimes - I think -
someone planted that polyp, watered it,
gave it a badge - and now that piece of my
ass is sitting here grinning at me like a
fucking hyena.

The smiles disappears from Cotter's lips.
There is a silence. Freddy peels at the label on his beer.

COTTER

You know I'm the man, Ray.

Glynn looks up at Freddy. He smiles.

GLYNN

Freddy's my man. Unfortunately, he's on
the wrong side of the river.

FREDDY

(low) 'Don't mean you can't trust me, Ray.
With anything.

GLYNN

And I do. I do trust you, Freddy.

Freddy nods appreciatively. Glynn fingers THE DART on the table.

GLYNN

I trust you to keep the kids from killing
themselves on Prom night. I trust you to
suggest a good Opera record for my sister
at Christmas-time. I trust you to keep an
eye on my wife when I'm in the city

Glynn points the dart at Freddy.
Freddy squirms, glancing back at - Joey Randone, exiting.

GLYNN

Maybe I don't trust you with "any-thing".
But I trust you with my home and my family.
And that's everything.

Glynn rises, crossing to the dart board.
He pushes THE DART back into the cork. *The sharp tip squeaks.*

CUT TO:

40 EXT. FOUR ACES TAVERN - NIGHT - LATER
FREDDY emerges from the tavern. He sighs.
A GARRISON PATROL CAR pulls curbside.
DEPUTY BILL leans out the window.

BILL
Freddy. We got - um - a domestic.

CUT TO:

41 INT. / EXT. SQUAD CAR / RANDONE HOUSE - NIGHT
THE DOBERMAN ON THE CHAIN BARKS AS -
JOEY RANDONE pounds on the front door of his house.

JOEY
Come on, baby... Fuck!

Joey paces, then takes a seat on the porch steps, running his fingers through his hair. LIGHTS RISE. Joey looks up into -
THE HIGH BEAMS OF A LOCAL SQUAD CAR. Freddy and Bill emerge.
Freddy shines a flashlight. Joey has two cuts on his neck.

JOEY
Go home, Freddy. Everything's hunky dory.

FREDDY
Y'mind if we check up on Liz?

JOEY
Yes, I mind.

Freddy knocks on the door.
Bill kneels, examining Joey's bloody neck.

BILL
Oooo. Nasty. I'm gonna get the kit.

Bill heads back to the squad car. Freddy knocks again.

FREDDY
Liz? It's Freddy.

Joey looks up, sullen.

JOEY
Does Ray know?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

(shrugs, uncomfortable)

Liz called about some garbage being dumped.
- I follow up and it turns out it's Rose.

JOEY

She hit me with a Listerine bottle.

FREDDY

I thought those things were made of
plastic now.

Bill returns with a kit. He dabs at Joey's wound with a pad.

JOEY

She ain't opening that door.

THE DOOR PULLS OPEN A CRACK, stopping from the chain lock.

LIZ (O.S.)

God Dammit.

LIZ undoes the chain, pulls the door open. Her eyes are red.

LIZ

Hey, Freddy.

FREDDY

You okay?

Liz nods sadly.

Joey pushes away Bill's bandage. HE CHARGES THE DOOR.

BILL

Hey, hey!

JOEY STORMS PAST LIZ AND FREDDY, bolting up the steps :

JOEY

- Freddy's here to rescue you again.

A door slams. Liz sighs.

FREDDY

Maybe you and the baby need a place to stay
- let him cool down. I could take you over
to the Ramada?

LIZ

Why? He didn't do anything. I threw a
bottle at him.

Freddy writes on the back of a card.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Well. Promise you'll call me if there's a problem? 'Doesn't matter what time.

Liz takes the card. She looks up, her eyes filled with tears.

LIZ

Eight years of marriage. And he's running around with that fucking spider woman.

Freddy smiles sadly, meeting her eyes. They hold this tender gaze. Freddy wipes a tear from her cheek with his thumb.

Bill wanders about the porch, giving them space.

CUT TO:

42 INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A needle drops on a piano concerto.

FREDDY sits, slumped, on the edge of his bed, taking off his uniform. He lays his holster at the bedside - beside -

A TROPHY - FROM THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS - INSCRIBED -
TO A YOUNG HERO - FREDDY HEFLIN

Freddy lies back on his pillow, sighing. He looks -

OUT HIS WINDOW - THE OLD GARRISON WATER TOWER - and beyond -
the twinkling lights of Manhattan...

CLOSE ON - FREDDY CLOSES HIS WEARY EYES...
as the lilting music carries us into -

TRANSITION TO:

43 THE MEMORY (CONT'D) : MARSH - GARRISON, NJ - DAY (1975) *

WE ARE UNDERWATER. LOOKING UP AT THE SUNLIGHT. *
There is a big splash - and YOUNG FREDDY swims toward us. *

IT IS QUIET. We hear nothing but young Freddy's heart pounding.

FREDDY'S CHEEKS PUFFED WITH AIR, HE SEES IN THE MURK - *
THE SUNKEN GREEN FORD, NOSE DOWN. *

Freddy pulls open the door. *
A LILY WHITE HAND EXTENDING to him from the driver's side. *

A BEAUTIFUL BROWN-HAIRED GIRL sits, bent in the cab,
her head cut near the hairline, blood swirling in the water.

Young Freddy takes the girl, tight, one arm around her shoulder. *
BUT SUDDENLY, THE CAR TIPS TO THE SIDE - THE ONLY EXIT BLOCKED. *

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

FREDDY LOOKS ABOUT THE WATERY SILENCE, WILD-EYED, bubbles bursting from his mouth. He desperately pulls at the driver's door, looking for an exit. Jammed. His heart pounds louder. *

FREDDY BEATS THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD AND SHOULDER AGAINST THE GLASS TILL - CRACK - IT BURSTS UPWARD, GIVING WAY. *

HE PULLS HER UPWARD TOWARD THE LIGHT. *

CUT TO: *

Shivering on the bank, Freddy lays the BROWN-HAIRED GIRL in the reeds. He looks out. He can see - *

HIS CONSTRUCTION CO-WORKERS. Working. *

Young Freddy screams - "Help! HELLLLLLP!" - but nothing seems to come from his lips. We hear nothing but the dull thumping rumble of his heart - and the rising chords of a grand piano...

A TRUCK GUNS ACROSS THE OVERPASS. It too makes no sound. A JERSEY STATE POLICE CAR PULLS TO THE EDGE OF THE OVERPASS - lights swirling around silently.

In the distance, the construction workers react to Freddy's "silent" plea. They pause, looking out across the weeds. As does a TROOPER, peering over the broken guard rail. *

YOUNG FREDDY touches the side of his head, confused by this new silent world. BLOOD DRIZZLES FROM BOTH OF HIS EARS AND HIS HEAD (where he slammed against the roof of ice). Freddy wipes at his ears, consumed with his injury. He looks to -

THE GIRL AT HIS FEET. Her body clings to her pruned dress. Her skin is pale blue. But eerily beautiful. Twisted to the side, A SMALL STUDED CROSS HANGS AROUND HER NECK.

It is LIZ RANDONE, young, beautiful, and lifeless...

TRANSITION TO:

44 INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - DAWN

The gray light of dawn through the drapes.
A distant siren rings through the air.

FREDDY lies across his bed.
HE OPENS HIS EYES, looking about -

The bedside clock reads - 5:20 am. 5:20 am. 5:21 am.
The tv plays - a "how to play blackjack" info-mercial.
Distant; the siren rises louder.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

Freddy crosses to the window.
A BLACK CLOUD OF SMOKE SNAKES INTO THE AIR FROM THE HILL.

A SQUAD CAR SCREECHES IN FREDDY'S DRIVE.
Bill Geisler rushes out.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. A BURNING HOUSE - DAWN

AN OLD HOUSE ENGULFED WITH ORANGE FLAME.
THE VOLUNTEER FIRE ENGINE FEEBLY SPRAYS THE ROARING TIMBERS.

FREDDY steps out of his patrol car. *
The mailbox reads - FIGGIS. *

CINDY, BILL GEISLER AND A FIREMAN stand behind - *
TWO PARAMEDICS working on someone. *Bill turns to Freddy.* *

BILL *
Freddy. She's in bad shape. *
'Was in the basement. *

FIREMAN *
(nodding to the water tower) *
If that tower still held water... *
- *We got no pressure.* *

Freddy peers around the medics - *

MONICA - FIG'S GIRL - is in bad shape, burnt, bloody. Past pain. *
Her eyes flutter eerily. *

FREDDY *
Oh Jesus. Where's Figs? *

BILL *
'On his way back. Cindy beeped him. *

A CHEVY CITATION swerves to a stop in the drive. *
FIGS stands a moment in shock - taking in the spectacle - then *
noticing the crowd on the lawn, the medics - he sprints wildly *
toward them - *

Freddy steps back as - *

FIGS - TEARFUL - kneels beside Monica down in the grass... *
He looks down at her, tortured. He brushes back her blood- *
clotted hair. She looks up at him, pushing away the oxygen mask. *

Figs is choked with emotion.

FIGS *
Baby. What were you doing in there?! *

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

Monica speaks in a rasp... She smiles vaguely through the pain,
her fluttering eyes meeting Figs. *

MONICA

...hey... I came to see you...
I needed some... I wanted to see you...
...you weren't there... *

FIGS

(weeping)
I was working, baby.

The medics struggle to keep her on the oxygen,
but she weakly pushes it away from her mouth. *

MONICA

...I missed you... - went down...to listen
to the C-B... See if I could hear you...
...I fell asleep... *

They press a mask to her face. But she stops breathing.
They begin to administer CPR. They push Figs away.

FIGS LOOKS UP AT FREDDY - HIS EYES WILD, WET.

CUT TO:

46 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

FREDDY at his desk, filling out an ACCIDENTAL DEATH REPORT.

FIGS sits numb and puffy in a chair beside the dispatch radio.
He chews the rim of his paper cup.

CINDY makes a new pot of coffee.

FIGS

The bastard's getting pay-back.

Freddy looks up.

CINDY

Who's that, Gary?

Figs says nothing. He looks out the window at -

THE MAIN INTERSECTION. RAY GLYNN PATS JACK COTTER on the back.
They conclude a serious talk. LAGONDA stands by, smoking.
Glynn crosses the street, heading this way.

FREDDY

Lenny said it wasn't suspicious.
'Said it looked electrical.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

Figs snorts, his eyes still riveted out the window.

FIGS
Lenny's a mechanic, Freddy.

FREDDY FOLLOWS FIGS' GAZE TO - GLYNN WHO CRACKS OPEN THE DOOR.

GLYNN
Figsy. I heard what happened.

Figsy nods, avoiding eye contact.

GLYNN
Look at me, Figsy.

Figsy looks up, wet-eyed. Glynn's face softens.

GLYNN
Did you call in?

FIGS
I'm not on till Tuesday.

GLYNN
I'll call Laruso. Buy you a couple weeks. *

Figs says nothing.
Glynn smiles sadly at Freddy - and exits.

Freddy looks to Figs. *"See - he's not so bad"*

CUT TO:

47 INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FREDDY sits on the couch beside CINDY.
There are Chinese Food containers on the coffee table.
Cindy has her head on Freddy's shoulder as they watch tv.

CINDY
I don't know - I've been going through the
violations - and three quarters of them are
Jacksons, Johnsons, Browns, Washingtons...

On the television - A COP SHOW PLAYS...
A TV COP PUSHES A BLACK PERP AGAINST A BRICK WALL.

Freddy sighs, staring at the tv.

CINDY
These aren't moving violations, Freddy.
Seat belts - insurance - expired license;
stuff you can't tell until afterward -
after you pull'em over.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

So?

CINDY

So you and Billy just pull over black people?

FREDDY

Cindy - we got a couple of nasty neighborhoods near us. Sometimes people - certain elements - drive through, take short-cuts, through town. I try to make it clear - you know - if you cut through Garrison -

*
*
*
*

CINDY

- and you're black -

FREDDY

- and you fit a certain profile - that you're gonna get pulled over.

Cindy shakes her head. She sits up.

FREDDY

You think these guys - they come home from a hard day in the city and want to find out their front lawn has been turned into some kind of crack alley?

CINDY

Oh, come on.

FREDDY

What I'm saying is - this isn't racial.

Cindy nods, picking at her food.

FREDDY

Can we talk about something else?

Cindy looks up, smiling sadly.

Freddy sips his beer. He turns back to the television.

CUT TO:

48 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

FIGS lies face up in the holding cell. He has made it into a make-shift bedroom. *The phone rings.* Figs lies there - he closes his eyes but the phone keeps ringing. He trudges across to the dispatch desk.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

FIGS

Dispatch. uh-huh. uh-huh. Well, tell them they can't, Mam. Just cause they're T-V people, that don't mean they can park in your lawn. uh-huh. Alright then.

Figs looks out the window at -
FREDDY - STANDING AMID A MASS OF TRAFFIC IN MAIN STREET.

49 EXT. GARRISON, NJ. - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Badge on his chest, gun at his hip, scab on his nose, FREDDY directs A LINE OF CARS - headlights on - many sporting PBA bumper stickers - up the hill.

At the Burger King under construction -
A BLACK BRICKLAYER and his HISPANIC PARTNER watch warily.

DEPUTY CINDY BETTS flags the traffic onto AN ATHLETIC FIELD.

IT IS AN ELABORATE "TWENTY GUN" BURIAL IN THE TOWN OF GARRISON. Everyone in full NYPD uniforms, medals pinned to chests. A sea of navy blue. Like the Saint Patrick's Day Parade. Families makes their way to the cemetery on the hill.

DEPUTY BILL GEISLER chats with cops. Friendly. Laughing. *

A LINE OF LIMOS ARRIVE -
NYC'S MAYOR AND DIGNITARIES EMERGE; PBA PRESIDENT LARUSO, ETC.
They exchange words, surveying the scene...

CUT TO:

50 FREDDY WALKS WITH CINDY TOWARD THE CEMETERY.

QUIET CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN DECKED-OUT MEN IN BLUE.
Families mingle about in their Sunday best. Many are strangers to Garrison. But among them; GLYNN, COTTER, LAGONDA, AND OTHERS. Back-slaps. Hugs. Whispers. Notes are passed.
This is truly a secret society.

FIGS steps out of the Sheriff's office. The throng seems to sweep around him. He catches sight of someone -

FIGS

Hey, Charlie...

But CHARLIE smiles tersely and moves on. Figs looks away, hurt.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

Freddy and Cindy stroll up the hill - passing -
FRANK LAGONDA with a BOUNCY WOMAN WITH BIG HAIR.

LAGONDA

Yo, Freddy.

BEFORE A BLUE TENT - JOEY RANDONE points people to their seats,
a chart in his hand. He points LIZ AND HIS DAUGHTER to their
places. Liz moves stiffly, her eyes darting to -

Freddy, who smiles tenderly.
But Liz breaks the gaze, her eyes moving to -

ROSE GLYNN, who smokes with SEVERAL COP'S WIVES beneath a tree.
Rose adjusts her sunglasses and scarf, covering a BRUISED EYE,
dryly explaining to her peers :

ROSE

Ray kept telling me we should prune it.
I'm chasing the dog yesterday - and bam.

HALFWAY UP THE HILL - RAY GLYNN grabs FREDDY.

He pulls him away from Cindy over to -

PBA PRESIDENT LARUSO.
THE MAYOR stands only a few feet away talking to a REPORTER.

GLYNN

Vincent Laruso, meet Sheriff Freddy Heflin. *

Freddy holds out his hand, beaming.

FREDDY

Glad to meet you, Mr. Laruso.

LARUSO

You people did a nice job here. Real nice.

GLYNN

Freddy's a helluva guy - 'was trying to get
on the force for years. But he had this
thing with his ears -

LARUSO

You're not a lip reader, are you?

FREDDY

(laughing)
No. It's just one ear. When I was a kid -

AN AIDE PULLS LARUSO AWAY.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

LARUSO

- Well. You should call me, Freddy. You know. When Ray Glynn puts his thumb in the air - (moves in the crowd) - It ain't the force - but I got my own guys, you know.

Laruso moves off. Glynn throws his arm around Freddy. Grinning.

GLYNN

Freddy my boy, that is how things happen.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. GARRISON - TORO HILL CEMETERY - DAY

A big cemetery atop a rolling Jersey hill. Hundreds of stone markers with flags and emblems on stakes - a suburban Arlington - inscriptions honoring a different kind of buried veteran :

Sergeant Michael Foley NYPD - 1948-1976 "*Heart of the the 38th*"
 Tony Castanza NYPD - 1954-1981 "*sixteen years of service*"
 Officer Gary Matursky NYPD - 1951-1979 "*in the line of duty*"

And finally - A EXTRAVAGANT MARKER - surrounded by flowers -

Officer Chris Durkin NYPD - 1960-1994
 "*Martyr to the system, Hero to his peers*"

REPORTER (O.S.)

- Durkin, murdered in his cell, awaiting a Grand Jury. Two years later - Deja Vu.

A TV REPORTER stands beside Durkin's marker.
 A CAMERAMAN tilts up to a head and shoulders shot of the Reporter, THE BIG BLUE TENT in the bg.- Babitch's ceremony.

REPORTER

- Another hero cop - dubbed "superboy" - unwilling to trust the system that destroyed his friend - leaps from the -

CUT TO:

52 UNDER THE BIG BLUE TENT - THE BURIAL CEREMONY -

A LEGION OF OFFICIALS. AT THE CENTER - BABITCH'S MOTHER holds a tri-folded flag. She weeps. Flanking her - RAY AND ROSE GLYNN. Rose adjusts her sunglasses, uncomfortable with the attention her bruise is receiving from -

JOEY RANDONE - who sits with LIZ a few rows back.
 RAY GLYNN MEETS EYES with Joey. Joey looks away.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

A WINCH LOWERS THE CASKET INTO THE GROUND.

Freddy, Cindy and Bill watch the ceremony from the shoulder of the access road. Cindy leans to Freddy, whispering.

CINDY

What's in there?

FREDDY

His uniform.

CUT TO:

ON THE RECEIVING LINE - LIZ RANDONE'S eyes are filled with rage as she stands behind - GLYNN AND HIS WIFE - ROSE.

MA BABITCH solemnly accepts everyone's good wishes.
"He was a great man, Gina." "Don't you worry about a thing."

HONOR GUARDS FIRE INTO THE AIR. *Ka-boom. Ka-boom. Ka-boom.*
 And THE BAND PLAYS... drowning out the protesters...

CUT TO:

53 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

MOE TILDEN AND CARSON - THE I-A DETECTIVES - wander about
 Freddy's office. *

CARSON EXAMINES - FRAMED ON THE WALL -
 THE YELLOWED NEWSPAPER CLIPS OF FREDDY'S HEROIC ICE RESCUE.
 TILDEN sits politely on a stool beside Freddy's desk.

Freddy enters. Takes off his hat. And realizes he's not alone.

TILDEN

Sheriff. Hey. How you doing? *

CUT TO:

54 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

FREDDY - at his desk - examines A FOLDER OF PHOTOS - 8 x 10's :
 - - - A GLOSSY PICTURE OF MURRAY BABITCH (SUPERBOY).
 - - - A PICTURE OF RAY GLYNN MEETING WITH A DAPPER ITALIAN MAN.

Sitting on the nearby stool, MOE TILDEN FINGERS -
 THE TRAVEL CASE OF CASSETTE TAPES on Freddy's desk:

Handwritten with care on the spines of the cassettes :
Preludes and Fugues 1957. Sonatas I. 1958. Sonatas II. 1959.

TILDEN

I didn't think they allowed classical
 music in Jersey.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

Freddy ignores Tilden.
He holds the 8 x 10 glossy of Glynn and the unknown man.

FREDDY

Who's this?

CARSON leans against the wall, thumbing through ONE OF FREDDY'S PAPERBACK CRIME NOVELS. He looks up.

CARSON

Toy Torillo. You heard of him?

Freddy nods. He puts down the open folder.
The picture of Babitch staring up at him.

FREDDY

Look. This guy didn't live here. Sometimes he'd stop by for drinks with the boys. But I didn't know anything about him -

CARSON

You knew Ray Glynn was his uncle.

FREDDY

- other than *that* - and that he was some kind of a hero -

CARSON

(tapping on Freddy's framed newspaper article)
Like you.

Tilden crosses to the window - - lights a cigarette.

OUTSIDE - THE DISPERSING CROWD. Men in blue. Their families. Move past. TV CREWS pack up. The PROTESTERS shuffle into a van.

TILDEN

I don't know how you do it, Sheriff.
Keeping all these Hessians in line.

Carson picks up THE PACK OF PHOTOS on Freddy's desk.
He flips through them - *grinning cops and their families...*

TILDEN

- All blue. Everyone packing. All together. *
One door down from the next. Wives borrowing sugar. You're the Sheriff of "cop-land".

FREDDY

Cop-land. That's cute.

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

Tilden smiles. Carson has paused on A PHOTO OF RAY GLYNN & FREDDY. He holds it up for Tilden to see. Tilden nods.

Freddy shifts.

TILDEN

See, Sheriff. I have a sticky problem. Half the men I watch - half of them live beyond that bridge - dispersed into these little com-muni-tees. Where no one is watching.

FREDDY

I'm watching.

Tilden looks at Freddy, meeting his eyes. Respectful.

TILDEN

I can see that. You got a crime rate here -

FREDDY

- lowest in Northern Jersey.

CARSON

- yet you got Newark to the south -
and Fort Lee on top of you. *

FREDDY

We do a good job.

TILDEN

With a staff of three? No. What you have - Sheriff - is a town that scares the shit out of certain people.

CARSON

(pointing to his ear)
He thinks he's Jimmy Stewart in that movie.

Freddy spins out of his chair, pointing to the window.

FREDDY

Hey. I told you - I'm watching - I mean -
'You see these guys wearing silk shirts?
Huh? Their pools - they are above ground.
(beat)

You know - You raise your family somewhere decent - that's a crime now?

Tilden smiles. He nods to Carson - *leave the two of us alone*.
Carson grabs his coat.

55 THE OUTER OFFICE - AT THE DISPATCH DESK -

Entering with a fresh pack of smokes, FIGS looks up to find CARSON, pulling on his coat.

CARSON smiles at Figs. Figs glares. Carson exits.

Figs watches him leave, then turns back around to cracked door.

Tilden pushes the door shut on Figs.

CUT TO:

56 OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (CONTINUOUS)

CARSON leans on a Postal Box. He lights a cigarette.

ACROSS THE STREET - THE MEN IN BLUE LOOK UP, UNEASY.
GETTING IN HIS LIMO - PBA PRES. LARUSO confers with GLYNN.

At the unfinished Burger King, the BLACK BRICKLAYER looks up - meeting eyes with - Carson. *The only other black man in town.*

Figs stands on the Sheriff's office stoop - watching.

CUT BACK TO:

57 AT FREDDY'S OFFICE WINDOW - FREDDY AND TILDEN

TILDEN

So - we buried a shoe today.
And that doesn't bother you.

Freddy does not look at him.

FREDDY

He jumped off the G-W-B.

TILDEN

- but his body never hit the water.

Tilden lights another cigarette.

TILDEN

And that doesn't bother you?

Freddy watches as Laruso's Limo pulls away.

TILDEN

What does? That I investigate cops?
Being a man who always pined to be a cop.

Freddy turns. Glaring.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

I am a cop.

TILDEN

- pined to be N-Y-P-D: Three force 'apps
in ten years. Appeals of hearing tests. You
may be law enforcement. So am I.
But you are not a "cop."

Across the street - OUTSIDE THE FOUR ACES - RAY GLYNN, COTTER,
RANDONE, LAGONDA AND OTHERS converse in a huddle.

TILDEN

Now, I may watch cops. But - tell me if I'm
wrong - so do you. And because we are both
law enforcement, we share a duty. Where
there's a stink, we must investigate. We
must gather evidence. Because evidence
makes us see the truth. Is this the stink
of a criminal act? Or is it a turd in a
bag? No - listen to me, Sheriff. Everyday,
I see cops who lost their way. And I can
tell you - these lost cops - they are the
minority - but they tend to gather. They
can be family men. Heroes. They can have
their reasons. But they are also the cops
who bring cases down. Addicted cops. Cops
who look the other way. Cops who plant.
Cops who beat. Cops who take. Cops who
kill. Their ambivalence is contagious. They
infect those around them. They are like
maggots. Where you find one - you often
find a nest. Now, I don't like this. I went
to the same fucking Academy. I stood by Ray
Glynn at graduation. He was a beauty. A
piece of work. And to the cop he was - to
his memory - I am loyal. But through the
fog of my loyalty - to the men - the
evidence makes me see. And these days -
what I see - like an island - out of my
reach - I see a beautiful island - shining
through this fog - every house financed by
one of two mob banks - uh-huh, that's
right, Sheriff - what I see is your town.

Freddy shakes his head. Tilden takes a deep drag.

OUTSIDE - GLYNN AND COMPANY disperse, some climbing into cars
and driving off. Glynn and Cotter head into the Four Aces.

TILDEN

Babitch ain't dead. You know it. And I
know it. Ray got him out - alive. Before he
could talk. He wasn't so lucky last time -

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

TILDEN (cont'd)
 when the shit hit with Durkin. That one he
 had to take care of later.

Freddy turns, overwhelmed.

TILDEN
 But now what? What does Ray do now?

Tilden wiggles his fingers in the air, the answer out of reach.

TILDEN
 That's why I want your help. Because you
 are inside. Because - besides the church
 traffic and the cats in the trees - there
 isn't much here for you. To keep your mind
 busy. I look at at you and I see a man
 waiting for something to do. And here I
 stand. Here I stand, saying Sheriff, I have
 something for you to do.

Tilden pushes out his cig, moves off. Freddy turns as - slam.

Sitting on the stoop - Figs looks at Freddy, knowingly.

FADE OUT.

58 EXT. GARRISON MEADOWLANDS - NEW DAY

FREDDY sits in his squad car, the door open. He watches as -

FIGS stands, slump-shouldered, at the water's edge.
 He scatters AN URN OF ASHES into the water, looking out at -

THE GREAT CITY, GRAY ON THE HORIZON.

CUT TO:

59 INT./ EXT. GARRISON SQUAD CAR - DAY - LATER

MOVING PAST THROUGH THE GLASS - SUNDAY IN GARRISON:

GLYNN, COTTER, LAGONDA, CRASKY, RANDONE & OTHERS PLAY SOFTBALL. *

FREDDY drives. FIGS rides beside him, despondent and grubby.
 He sings a "Mister Rogers" song as the town passes his window.

FIGS
 So let's make the most of this beautiful
 day. Since we're together we might as well
 say. Would you be mine - Could you be mine -
 Won't you be - my neighbor.

Figs continues to stare - red eyed - at the scenery.
 Freddy watches him, driving on.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Um. We should stop by Caldor's. Get you -
you know - a razor - some fresh clothes.

Figs says nothing.

FREDDY

You know. You don't have to sleep at the
station, Gary. You can stay with me - 'till
you find a new place.

Figs turns, facing Freddy.

FIGS

Billy heard they're having a party tonight.

CUT TO:

60 INT. CALDOR'S DISCOUNT STORE - DAY

Musak plays as -
FREDDY stands in an aisle, perusing MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

On the other side of the store,
FIGS stands puzzling amid the TOILETRIES.

Looking up from A PACK OF "CALVIN KLEIN" BRIEFS,
FREDDY NOTICES -

THROUGH THE SHELF - LIZ RANDONE stares at merchandise on the
other side. She fiddles with a purple garment. Then moves off.

Freddy discreetly moves round the corner - where Liz had been. *

THE WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR SECTION. A collection of lacy purple, red
and black bras and panties hang from hooks.

Nearby, A STANDEE - A SULTRY WOMAN in nothing but purple
lingerie smiles, standing before a fireplace.
"passionate new colors from Maidenform"

CUT TO:

61 EXT. GARRISON - MAIN ROAD - DAY

A SUZUKI TRACKER OUTFITTED WITH THUMPING BOX WOOFERS DRIVES
THROUGH TOWN. WE PAN WITH THE SUZUKI AS IT PASSES -

GLYNN, COTTER, LAGONDA, CRASKY, RANDONE & OTHERS PLAY SOFTBALL. *

THE MEN PUT DOWN THEIR BEERS, BASEBALL MITTS, ETC.,
WATCHING THE SUZUKI THUMP AND RUMBLE PAST... *

CUT TO:

62 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Cindy watches out the window as - THE SUZUKI TRACKER RIPS DOWN MAIN STREET, FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL HONKING CARS.

She stands, concerned - she fastens her holster.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. CALDOR'S DISCOUNT - DAY

Figs and Freddy emerge as - A STRANGE CARAVAN PASSES -

THE SUZUKI, MOVING FAST NOW - TAILED BY -
GARRISON NYPD IN CIVILIAN CARS - HONKING...
AND FINALLY - CINDY'S SQUAD CAR, lights flashing.

FIGS

What the - ?

FREDDY moves to his SQUAD CAR. Figs follows.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. GARRISON - CUL DE SAC - DAY

Screeeech! THE SIGN SAYS - DEAD END.

Nearly rolling over, THE SUZUKI lurches to a stop.
TWO HOMEBOYS SIT INSIDE, terrified. *Music continues to pound.*
COPS EMERGE FROM THEIR HOMES, GUNS PULLED. They are surrounded *
by MEN WITH GUNS - COTTER, RANDONE, LAGONDA, OTHERS; in softball *
uniforms, Bermuda shorts, sweats - leaning out the doors and *
windows of their cars, SERVICE REVOLVERS COCKED.

The younger of the pair, with a backward Knick's cap, stammers:

KID #1

Jesus Christ! We ain't doing shit!
We just going to Action Park!

CINDY MOVES THROUGH THE CIRCLE OF MEN, pausing beside COTTER.

LAGONDA rifles through the glove box of the Suzuki.

COTTER

Look in their pockets.

CINDY

I can't do that. I didn't pull them over.

COTTER

What do you want, honey, a letter from the
Attorney General?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

KID #2

I told you - we going to Action Park!

LAGONDA

Action Park is in Vernon.

slam. FREDDY STEPS OUT OF HIS SQUAD CAR. Sunglasses on.
Figs stays inside. Tense. Holding his Caldor's bag.

FIGS

I'll wait.

KID #2

- we stopped to get gas. It's cheaper on
this side. They start following us, honking
their horns. They ain't got no lights - how
we supposed to know? We try to get away -
that's all. That's the story.

Freddy steps into the ring. He glances at Cindy. He turns to the
men; guns lowered. *The music continues to thump.*

COTTER

Look in their pockets, Freddy.

Freddy moves toward the kids.

FREDDY

First of all - turn off the music.
(pulling off his shades)
Do it.

One of the kids snaps off the radio.
A SECOND GARRISON PATROL CAR ARRIVES. BILL climbs out.

FREDDY

Get out of the car. Get out.

JOEY

I think I smell something.

COTTER

Look in their pockets, Freddy.

The Kid takes his place, next to his friend.

THIN COP

Search'em, Freddy!

FREDDY

Now - um - I want you to tell these men
you're sorry for messing up their weekend.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Cindy looks at Freddy - incredulous.
Bill steps up beside her, watching.

COTTER
Look in their pockets, Freddy.

KID #1
This is whack.

FREDDY
Do what I said.

The kids stand, tight-lipped.
Jack Cotter strides forward, shaking his head.

COTTER
This is very cute, Freddy. But you have
cause and I want to get on with my day.
Tell them to put their fucking hands on
the fucking car.

Freddy stands, stone-faced.

COTTER
(voice of command, to Kids)
'hands on the car. 'HANDS ON THE CAR!

The kids obediently turn and spread for a search.
Cotter rummages through their pockets.

Freddy rocks onto the other foot, brooding as -

Cotter proudly holds up - A PIPE, AND A VIAL OF CRACK.

CUT TO:

FREDDY shuffles to his car.
In bg., Cindy and Bill cross with the TWO HOMEYS - IN CUFFS.

RANDONE AND COTTER MOVE PAST, muttering, laughing to one
another, doing an "impression" of Freddy:

JOEY
"I want you to tell these men you're sorry
for ruining their weekend."

COTTER
What the fuck 'we pay him for?

Freddy stamps out his cigarette. He looks up, holding eye
contact with Cotter and Randone. He climbs into the squad car.

CUT TO:

65 NIGHT. THE FOUR ACES TAVERN: LATER

Freddy sucks a cigarette. He stares at the bar television.

The eleven o'clock news: - FOOTAGE OF BABITCH'S BURIAL.
For a moment, Freddy appears on-screen, shuffling past camera.

In the back, A FEW COPS watch. There is a festive mood about them. But GLYNN & COMPANY are decidedly absent.

MAYOR (ON TV)

- reminds us of the blue line that separates us from anarchy. That's why I'm forming a bipartisan commission to study working conditions of police in our city.

Scattered applause in the bar.

On TV, another political figure;

COUNCILMAN JONES

If that officer hadn't jumped, the Mayor'd be talking about in-creasing supervision.

Boo's from the back.

DELORES the barmaid smiles at Freddy.

DELORES

Freddy. Was that you on the tee vee?

Freddy shrugs. He turns.

Deputy Bill stands in the door of the tavern.

BILL

'got some calls about this thing up at Ray's. 'thought maybe you should come.

CUT TO:

66 INT. RAY GLYNN'S HOUSE - A PARTY - NIGHT

Lights and loud music snap off as -

JACK COTTER carries A CAKE WITH A SINGLE CANDLE through -

A SMALL CROWD OF COPS - LAGONDA, COTTER, CRASKY, AND OTHERS.
They sing 'Happy Birthday'- a *perverse* 'Going Away' party for -

MURRAY BABITCH, who sits at the center, grinning, wearing a party hat. He blows out the single candle and everyone applauds.

COP #1

Congratulations, Murray!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

COP #2 spins around.

COP #2
He's not Murray anymore.
He's Mortimer Snerd - of Tempe, Arizona!

BABITCH
Atlanta, Georgia.

COP #1
Whatever.

Everyone laughs.
Someone turns the music back on - *Sinatra plays - loud.*

Babitch leans over to a PRETTY WOMAN beside him.

BABITCH
It's kind of cool, you know?
Not many people get to live two lives.

COP #2 pats Ray Glynn.

COP #2
I didn't think you could pull it off, Ray.

Ray Glynn nods. Pained.

CUT TO:

67 INT. GLYNN'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - IN THE BEDROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Music plays loud from downstairs.
RAY GLYNN sits on the edge of his bed - on the phone. His
shoulders slumped. His head in his hand. He speaks quietly.

GLYNN
Vince. I don't want to go through this
again. I can't. I told the boys - I mean -
they're downstairs now, saying good-bye.

LARUSO (ON PHONE)
So - fine - let them say good-bye.

A shadow plays across the bed. Glynn looks up.
ROSE GLYNN stands in the doorway. Moves on.

Glynn looks to COTTER who sits on a dresser, looking uneasy,
watching Glynn. Ray shakes his head at him.

LARUSO (ON PHONE)
Ray. You tell me you're nervous. You tell
me Dark Side should lose the -

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

GLYNN

I just want Moe Tilden tied down. That's all. I want him told - he sets foot in this town again, his kids are gonna be bussed to Bed fuckin' Stuy with fresh Nikes on their feet. I want him to feel it - like I am.

LARUSO (ON PHONE)

- And I'm telling you that can happen, Ray - that can happen - if you promise me they find something in the river - this week.

GLYNN

Vince. It's my sister-in-law's kid. *

LARUSO (ON PHONE)

(beat)

Didn't you say he was adopted?

CUT TO:

68 INT. GLYNN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

ROSE GLYNN looks up - tense - as someone exits the bathroom. She is writing something ON A PARTY NAPKIN WITH A SHARPIE.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. GLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The music booms loudly from inside Glynn's house.

FREDDY slams the door of his squad car. There are many cars parked along the street.

Through the windows - *the place is packed.*

BILL also climbs out of the car - but Freddy gestures for him to stay behind. Bill sits down on the hood.

As Freddy approaches the door -

LAGONDA BURSTS OUT THE DOOR with his BIG-HAIRED GIRLFRIEND.

FREDDY

Hey, Frank. Is Ray in there?

LAGONDA

- need'm' turn it down?

FREDDY

I need to talk to Ray.

Freddy moves to the cracked door. *Music throbbing.*

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

Frank LaGonda sighs. He releases his girlfriend's hand.
He moves past Freddy -

LAGONDA

- stay here -

LaGonda moves through the cracked door -
glimpses of Rose Glynn, and other familiar faces.

Freddy shifts onto the other foot. Waiting.

AT THE SQUAD CAR - LAGONDA'S GIRLFRIEND, her finger on her lip,
eyes DEPUTY BILL. Bill nods, friendly.

GIRLFRIEND

- Your guys' guns - are they the same ones
they use in the city?

BILL

...(nods) ...Uh huh. 'Thirty eights.

BACK AT THE DOOR - RAY GLYNN emerges from the throng, haggard.
He shouts over the music. He does not look Freddy in the eye.

GLYNN

What's up, Freddy?
'You want me to turn it down?

ROSE GLYNN APPEARS OVER HIS SHOULDER, holding a drink wrapped
with a party napkin. She moves toward MURRAY BABITCH.

FREDDY

Well. It's after midnight.

GLYNN

LOU! TURN IT DOWN! No, *DOWN!*

The music goes down. LaGonda heads back out to his girl.

GLYNN

Frank. Don't go yet.

LaGonda turns around.

FREDDY

Ray. This doesn't make -

LAGONDA

- I gotta take Donna home.

GLYNN

(terse) Take her to the train.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

LaGonda receives the urgency in Glynn's eyes. He moves off shaking his head. Glynn turns back to Freddy, trying to smile.

FREDDY

- this don't make things very easy for me. I mean. This is a pretty big thing you're having - the day after - I mean...

GLYNN

What are you talking about, Freddy?

Freddy winces.

FREDDY

Ray. This guy came to see me yesterday.

GLYNN

That "guy's" had a hard-on for me for years. It's a personal thing, Freddy.

FREDDY

Well. He knows - you know - that your nephew's alive - that you got him here.

Glynn says nothing unblinking.

The tacit question being " - and what did you say, Freddy?"

FREDDY

I told'em he's dead. I told him he was wrong about you. But - Ray - I'm the Sheriff. I'm supposed to know what's going on. I mean. *How do you think this looks?*

GLYNN

Go home, Freddy. And don't think so much. I heard what happened today with Jack and the boys. I'm sorry about that. Everyone's very high strung.

FREDDY

Ray - I can't -

GLYNN

(fierce)
Go home, Freddy.

Glynn turns away, closing the door on him.

CUT TO:

70

INT. GLYNN'S HOUSE - THE PARTY - A HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cops all around - ROSE GLYNN presses A DRINK - WRAPPED IN A PARTY NAPKIN - into MURRAY BABITCH'S HAND. He resists.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

BABITCH

I'm fine, Aunt Rose. I am.

Rose wipes the faint bruise on her eye, intense.

ROSE

Murray. I want you to have this.

Perplexed - Babitch takes the drink - and the napkin.

CUT TO:

71 INT. FREDDY HEFLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Leaning on a speaker, A BEATEN-UP RECORD JACKET - Glenn Gould's "Goldberg Variations". The record spins on the turntable as fingers gently lower the needle.

FREDDY unbuttons his shirt, lying back on his couch, smoking. Headlights spray in the windows. Freddy sits up.

THE DOOR OPENS ONTO - LIZ RANDONE - mascara runny, she wears a thrown-over coat, and holds a pack of cigarettes, one lit...

LIZ

Hi.

FREDDY

Hi.

LIZ

Um.

Liz is nervous and upset. She looks over her shoulder.

FREDDY

You get in another fight?

LIZ

We were gonna have 'a big talk'.

FREDDY

Uh huh.

LIZ

(starting to weep)

I had my mom take Caroline.

- But Joey calls and says he's stuck.

That he made some arrest - and that -

Liz descends into bawling.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

LIZ

I mean - I can't believe him anymore -
when he tells me something.

Freddy looks about nervously as - a car passes.

Liz pulls herself out of it, suddenly matter-of-fact.

LIZ

- So - I decided to get drunk. And I
remembered this bottle of - that you gave
us - when we got married -

FREDDY

- Sambuca -

LIZ

- And it tasted like licorice. It made me
want to smoke. So I went out and got
cigarettes. And I was driving by -

FREDDY

Liz. You want to come inside?

Liz smiles, sadly... she nods - like a little girl.

CUT AWAY TO:

72 INT. GLYNN'S HOUSE - THE PARTY - NIGHT

The music is low, the last people leaving the party.
Uneasy, ROSE GLYNN heads upstairs to bed, looking back toward -

COPS

Take Care. Put this behind you now.

BABITCH

I will. Thanks to Ray.

MURRAY BABITCH is at the door saying tearful "good-byes" -
the drink in his hand. COP #1 and #2 offer bear hugs.

COP #2

Take care, Mur- I mean, Pete.
You have a great life.

BABITCH

You too, Mike.

COP #1

Send us some - I don't know -
what's in Georgia?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

BABITCH

Peaches.

COP #2

(exiting)

Well - send us some of those.

Babitch hugs good-bye to - OTHER EXITING COPS.

Cotter puts his arm around Babitch, interrupting.
He smiles, but appears tense.

COTTER

Ray wants to see you out back.

BABITCH

Tell him fifteen minutes.

Cotter looks firm. Babitch is tipsy. There are a few more cops waiting to wish Babitch well.

BABITCH

What? Tell him fifteen. I'm saying my good-byes here.

Cotter moves off, pissed.

ANOTHER EXITING COP

They taking you away tonight, Mur?

BABITCH

I guess so.

CUT BACK TO:

73 INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Freddy and Liz sit on the couch. Music playing.
Smoking. Sipping drinks. The tv running silently.

Liz holds the beaten up record jacket, examining it.

LIZ

This is pretty scratchy.
You can get C-D's - you know - in stereo.

FREDDY

Wouldn't matter to me.

Liz blinks, then gets it, touching her ear, smiling.

LIZ

Oh. Right.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Isn't he great? He played like that -
so fast - without even looking at the keys.

LIZ

- like Ray Charles.

FREDDY

Yeah. Everyone thought he was a genius. But
he stopped doing concerts after that. Cause
he couldn't get it perfect, you know?

The music builds. Freddy conducts with his hands.

LIZ

Oh.

Liz watches Freddy in wonder. Barely listening. Buzzed.
Fascinated by him, not the music. She touches Freddy's ear.

LIZ

Which one is it?

Freddy smiles, trying to focus on the music...
wishing Liz would do the same.

FREDDY

The other one.

(pointing to the album)

Beethoven was completely deaf at the end of -
you know - his career. Gould had this funky
ear, too - See? 'Kind of a goofy looking
guy - But he was a genius, you know?

Liz sits up. She leans on Freddy's shoulder. Freddy stiffens.
She turns, her lips close to Freddy's bad ear. She whispers.

LIZ

You smell good.

FREDDY

Hm?

Liz smiles sweetly. A bit amazed with herself.

LIZ

Nothing.

Freddy blushes, unsure what to say - unsure of what *she* said.

LIZ

You know - it's a funny thing - when you
owe someone your life.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Freddy shrugs. Nods. Liz touches his cheek.

LIZ

Why is it you never got married?

Freddy turns. He looks deep into her eyes.

FREDDY

All the best girls got taken.

Tears drop from Liz's cheeks. They make a quiet popping sound as they hit the record jacket in her hands. Freddy reaches, wiping her cheeks. His eyes drink her in. *A rumbling silence rises...*

74 WE FLASH TO - THE MEMORY : AT THE EDGE OF THE WATER. *

...the music continues...

YOUNG FREDDY leans down, straightening YOUNG LIZ'S HEAD, brushing back her hair. Lifeless, she lies in the reeds. *

He presses his mouth against hers.
He blows (so gently, the air squirts out the sides.)

No response. He blows again. Determined. And again.
Her belly swells. Her eyes flutter. She coughs water.

As the piano keys trill romantically -
Her eyes open weakly, slowly, like sleeping beauty.
Color blossoms in her cheeks.

Freddy leans away, smiles nervously, shaking. Blood drizzling from his ear. He covers her with his jacket

In the distance, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS APPROACH, tentative, soon sprinting. THE TROOPER shuffles down from the overpass above. *

THEY ENCIRCLE FREDDY AND LIZ.
They shout to one another but we do not hear them.
They look at bloody Freddy in wonder. *The music builds.*

75 BACK TO THE PRESENT - FREDDY & LIZ ARE KISSING ON THE COUCH.

Glenn Gould plays...

Freddy and Liz tenderly peck at each other.
Sweet kisses - each mirrors the last - his cheek, her cheek - his neck, hers, the hair, the forehead. The kisses quicken.
Liz and Freddy build a tender rhythm but are somehow unable, unwilling, to move further, like school kids, up against the limits of their experience.

Suddenly, Liz backs away, self-conscious.
She puts the back of her hand to her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

LIZ

Um. This is crazy.

Freddy looks at her, longingly. *The music still playing...*

CUT TO:

76 EXT. FREDDY HEFLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIZ'S VAN PULLS OUT OF FREDDY'S DRIVE.
FREDDY stands in the doorway, watching the van move off.

A GARRISON SQUAD CAR SITS, PARKED IN THE SHADOWS.
Inside, CINDY BETTS looks out sadly - watching...

CUT AWAY TO:

77 INT. GLYNN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - BABITCH'S DRINK sits upon a shelf before a bathroom mirror. MURRAY BABITCH rises into frame, splashing water on his face. He looks at himself in the mirror. Then - notices -

THE MARKED NAPKIN clinging to his drink. He peels it off the glass, reading the scrawl. He looks up in the mirror, suddenly terrified, the color gone from his cheeks.

COATS AND HOLSTERS are hanging on the shower rod.
Babitch takes a REVOLVER.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. GLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MURRAY BABITCH stands at the back door. Shaken.

IN THE SHADOWS, AT THE FAR SIDE OF AN ABOVE GROUND POOL, RAY GLYNN smokes, tense. The water tower looms against the sky.

Babitch looks at the water tower - then - nervous - stumbles down the steps, approaching the covered pool. He walks along the perimeter, pausing suddenly, talking to Glynn from the opposite side, looking about philosophically, terrified...

BABITCH

- You know, Ray. It's is a great thing you did. Making a place. Where guys could stick together, you know?

Glynn nods, grim.

BABITCH

I mean - you didn't have to do this for me -
- I mean, you could'a just - (shrugs)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

JACK COTTER stands at the back door. FRANK LAGONDA joins him.
The look at each other and then - out to -

GLYNN and BABITCH stand together -

BABITCH

I always told Ma - Uncle Ray - he doesn't
like me very much -

GLYNN

I always liked you, Murray.
You just sweat too much.

Babitch smiles, painfully.

Glynn nods. He looks to Cotter.

ON THE STEPS, COTTER looks to LAGONDA

COTTER

Everyone's gone?

LaGonda nods solemnly. Cotter nods "okay" to Glynn.

BABITCH

So. What's gonna happen? We meeting some
people? I'm pretty buzzed. I mean. I'm all
packed and everything but -
(noticing LaGonda and Cotter
approaching him from behind)
- maybe we should wait and do this tomorrow
or something.

Cotter and LaGonda smile sadly at Babitch.

BABITCH

Where's Joey?

LAGONDA

'Working tonight.

Babitch nods, nervous, standing there.
Glynn sucks on his cigarette.

COTTER

I'm sorry it came out this way, Murray.

BABITCH

(shrugs, eyelids lowering)
Oh. It's not so bad, Jack.

Glynn looks to Cotter. Cotter puts his hand on Babitch's head,
his fingers in his hair.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

COTTER

Yes, it is, Murray.

In a swift motion, COTTER PLUNGES BABITCH'S HEAD INTO THE SWIMMING POOL, HOLDING HIM UNDER. LAGONDA HOLDS HIS FLAILING ARMS AS - BABITCH THRASHES WILDLY...

HIS HAND GROPING FOR THE GUN IN HIS PANTS...

CUT TO:

79 EXT. GLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JOEY RANDONE climbs out of his car - still in uniform - walking toward the door to Glynn's House. It is locked.

There is a splashing sound... AND SUDDENLY A SHOT... BANG!

Joey moves quickly around to the back. He comes upon -

RAY GLYNN, COTTER AND LAGONDA STRUGGLING WITH BABITCH AT THE POOL. BABITCH COMES UP, HIS SMOKING GUN IN THE AIR - CHOKING - SCREAMING - **BANG, BANG!**

Cotter and LaGonda recoil from the shots.
Babitch springs from the water -

BABITCH

JESUS! YOU BASTARDS! *FUCK YOU!!*

- and runs into the woods.

JOEY RANDONE stands - horrified.

JOEY

What the fuck are you doing?!

Cotter runs off after Babitch. LaGonda follows. Glynn moves off too but is stopped, by Joey Randone's hand on his sleeve.

JOEY

What the fuck, Ray? You said Laruso was gonna set him up - with a new life.

GLYNN

Y'think I'm all that, Joey? No. You do not.
Or you would not be Milk Man-ing my wife.

Glynn moves off.

Joey Randone stands there, devastated. He looks up to -

The light in Glynn's bedroom switches off. The drapes moving.

CUT TO:

80 MOVING WITH COTTER AND LAGONDA - NIGHT - IN THE WOODS *

Out of breath, LaGonda and Cotter look about. *

Glynn joins them, puffing. They look at one another.

CUT TO:

81 OMMITTED *

82 EXT. MAIN STREET - GARRISON - MORNING

A LINE OF CARS CURBSIDE - PINK TICKETS ON THE WINDSHIELDS.

JACK COTTER comes out of the DELI, a coffee in his hands.
He finds a ticket under his wiper blade.

CINDY APPROACHES. She notices the tickets - and COTTER, fuming.
RAY GLYNN emerges from the deli, holding a paper cup of coffee.

COTTER

What the hell is this?

Cindy shrugs, pointing to the parking sign.

CINDY

A parking ticket. It's after seven.

COTTER

And what? - it's after seven - and what?

CINDY

(moving off)

Talk to Freddy. He wrote it.

Cotter yells after Cindy. Glynn's blue eyes are icy, piercing.

COTTER

You tell "Wyatt Earp" - that leg of lamb
between his ears - that's for eating - not
for thinking with.

(waving the ticket at Cindy)

He says this is a green car? Does that look
green to you. It is blue. Carillion Blue.
Tell him I don't own no green car - so I
ain't paying no fuckin' cupcake ticket.

Glynn takes Cotter by the collar. Other cops look up.

GLYNN

You pressed yesterday, Jackie - you pressed
and he went up into the attic and found his

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

GLYNN (cont'd)
 spine. (Cotter squirms) Now - you chill.
 You chill and you find my nephew.
 (moving to his car) Think "Ghandi".

CUT TO:

83 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

THE TWO HOMEYS FROM THE SUZUKI sit - heads in their hands -
 behind bars in the converted tire storage area.

KID #2
 This is total racial bullshit, man.

FREDDY ignores him. He reads THE NY POST - PROCLAIMING :
 'BIG BLUE POW WOW' - Mayor and P-B-A Prexy to Meet

FIGS
 I'm telling you. I'm doing you a favor.
 Just toss'em.

FIGS sits on the edge of the dispatch desk, sipping coffee,
 sorting through the overflowing in-basket with CINDY.

CINDY
 Gary - you can't do that.

Figs crumples A WAD OF PAPER and tosses it in the trash.

CINDY
 Sheriff!

FREDDY looks up from his newspaper.

FREDDY
 Do what he says, Cin.

Figs grins at Cindy. *She is disgusted.*

KID #2 (O.S.)
 Yo... Yo.

Freddy turns as - KID #2 gestures humbly through the bars,
 bumming for a cigarette.

CUT TO:

84 INT. FOUR ACES - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cotter approaches a urinal beside - Freddy.
 Freddy nods to him, terse, flushing the toilet. Cotter glares.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

COTTER

'stead of writing bullshit tickets, Freddy, of which I have no intention to pay - maybe y'should be looking at that fire. Y'know? With scrutiny. I mean - my girl at Chase says Figsy was missing payments - what with the his and her co-co problems and what-not.

FREDDY

Where were you that night, Jack?

Cotter's face goes numb - he zips up his pants.

COTTER

'had nothing to do with it. That'd be retrib-ution - and that, I leave to God almighty. (smiles) I'm Ghandi.

Cotter throws water on his face.

COTTER

Figs is the one getting the fat insurance check.

Freddy heads to the door.

FREDDY

Say "hey" to Superboy - if you see him.

Cotter spins around.

Freddy smiles, nervous, in the doorway.

COTTER

Superboy is dead, Freddy.
We put him in the ground.

CUT TO:

85 INT. FOUR ACES TAVERN - NIGHT

RAY GLYNN sits in back with FRANK LAGONDA, JOEY RANDONE and a FEW OTHERS. They are quiet. Tense. As Freddy passes them -

GLYNN

Freddy. *Pull up a chair.*

FREDDY shakes his head, stiff, gesturing to CINDY at the bar. COTTER returns to his seat, staring at Freddy, uneasy.

Freddy sits down beside CINDY, who picks at a shrimp salad.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

CINDY
So - where is he?

FREDDY
Hm?

CINDY
Where is he?

Hearing this question, EVERYONE IN THE BACK LOOKS UP.

CINDY
- Figs -

FREDDY
Oh - at my house.

The boys in back return to their business.

Freddy picks at a MEATLOAF SANDWICH before him.
He glances to the men in back.

CINDY
Is he just gonna 'hang around' now?

FREDDY
Hm? I don't know, Cin. Is it a problem?

CINDY
I mean - I know he's got lots of tips and
all. But when he's around - I feel like a
secretary - with a gun, y'know? *

Freddy sighs. Cindy takes a cigarette from Freddy's pack.

IN THE BACK, JOEY RANDONE SPRINGS TO HIS FEET -

JOEY
- Help find him? - so what? - so you can
finish cleaning your pool with his head?
What? - 'you got something to tell me, Ray.
Mr. Humanitarian. You tell me. *

Glynn glares at Joey, icy. Joey puts up his hands.

JOEY
I'm going. I'm in at ten.

COTTER
We all are. We got another hour.

Glynn continues staring.
Joey grabs his coat, avoiding Glynn's eyes. He walks out. *slam*.
Cotter looks to Glynn. *

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

And Glynn turns to - Freddy, watching from the bar.
Freddy turns back to Cindy - as she speaks:

CINDY

I never should've taken this job. You
were sweet back then - with your music -
and your ear. Doin' your job. I told my mom
you were like this noble turtle. 'thought I
found someone who moved at my speed.

(she laughs at herself)

But now - I mean. What am I - a door knob?
I mean - what are you doing? At least these
guys know who they are. At least they're
not sitting there staring at old newspaper
clippings. What - you gonna like me more if
I put on some fuckin tiara and let you save
me? Is that gonna make you feel better?

Cindy crosses to the coat rack.

CUT TO:

86 INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken bones and beer cans in the
sink. *"The Passion of Saint Matthew"* plays on the turntable.

Smoking, FREDDY sits at the kitchen table with FIGS.
A half empty bottle of scotch between them. And a collection of
newspaper clippings, chronicling Babitch's "suicide."

FIGS

You're lucky your ear kept you off the
force, Freddy. It's a deep and dark
motherfuck.

FREDDY

Whatever. I'd like to have discovered that
for myself, you know?.

FIGS

Well. What you're feeling right now -
friendless - angry - nervous -misunderstood
- this is it. This is the life.

(beat)

City cops ain't nothing but garbage men.
'Pick up the trash, take it away, *dump* it.
Next week, 'go down the same block, 'pick
up the same trash all over again.

Freddy sucks his cigarette down to the filter.
He stares out the window, tears welling in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

If I saw Liz - drowning in the water - if I saw that today? I wouldn't go in. I'd stand there - and I'd think about it. And that's the best thing I ever did with my life.

(pushes out the butt)

Now - I hear all these voices. Telling me I can't do anything.

*
*
*
*
*
*

FIGS

What did you hear when you saved her?

Freddy smirks. shrugs.

FREDDY

Music:

Figs smiles. He looks at - A NEWSPAPER PICTURE OF BABITCH.

FIGS

So.

FREDDY

So.

FIGS

So - you want to sit around listening to Gergen Gingleshnorts -

FREDDY

- Glenn Gould -

FIGS

- playing the "Opus to cunt hair number six in G flat major labia" ?

Freddy laughs. Shakes his head.

FIGS

Or - you want to bring the faggot in? Let him spill.

FREDDY

I wouldn't know where to begin.

*

FIGS

Y'ever see "Murder on the Orient Express"?

Freddy shakes his head. Figs smiles, eyes bright.

FIGS

They all did it.

CUT AWAY TO:

87 MANHATTAN. NIGHT. JERSEY ACROSS THE RIVER. G-W BRIDGE.

We hear a desperate voice. It feels very close.

WINCING COP (O.S.)

- ahhh - Christ! - where are you guys?!
shit - I'm down - and Joey's trying to hold
on - but this bastard - he cut me up - *

Like a bank camera, impassive, WE PAN -
across the lights, past the dark buildings between -

WINCING COP (O.S.)

- he's a fuckin' monster...

- past the loose mortar of this dark rooftop,
past a glistening POOL OF CRIMSON - to find -

WALKIE TALKIE (O.S.)

(siren in bg. - static)

On way, Tone. Hold it together.

THE WINCING COP (TONY) LIES ON A TAR PAPER ROOF, holding his
punctured thigh and neck. HE GRUNTS into a shoulder clipped
walkie. *

WINCING COP (TONY)

- I can't move. I think he cut my tendon... *

JOEY (O.S.)

I need some assist, over here!

WALKIE TALKIE VOICE

(static) - Where's Joey? -

TONY (WINCING COP)

- fifty feet - ah, shit - He's in
trouble, Jackie.

ACROSS A CHASM - ON THE ROOF OF THE NEXT BUILDING -
JOEY RANDONE IS LIFTED EFFORTLESSLY INTO THE AIR BY A HEAVY SET
BLACK MAN IN SWEATS (SHONDEL). They are nose to nose.

JOEY

You release me - cock-sucker!

Shondel smiles at Joey's feeble temper; a little boy in blue.

SHONDEL

...You got a wife?

Joey nods, looking about.

ACROSS THE STREET - PEOPLE ARE WATCHING OUT THEIR OPEN WINDOWS.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

Shondel smiles.

SHONDEL

'Got a little baby? *

Joey nods.

SHONDEL

So quit. Tell me you quit. I let go. You go home. Kiss you wife. Eat you baby's Fruit Loops. And it be tasting so good. And you thank me, motherfucker. *

Joey blinks.

SHONDEL

I can kill you with my hands. I can kill you with your gun. I can kill you with my blood. Tha's right. Or - I can let you go. You 'still be a hero to me. Cause I be re-deemed. Re-re-re-deemed -
(reading his badge)
- Officer Randon-ee

A siren rises in the distance. Lights swirl down the block. Shondel smiles, angelic, though his grip tightens. Joey tearful, wipes his mouth on his shoulder.

CUT BACK TO:

88 EXT. FREDDY'S PORCH - NIGHT - GARRISON

FREDDY sits on the porch. He watches as - FIGS TIPS A BEER CAN ON THE RAILING, letting what foam remains dribble out...

FIGS

- a brother's in deep shit - he's down - he's bleeding - and you gotta get there - but there's lights - all over the city there are red lights.

FREDDY

You go through the red lights.

Figs sucks on his cigarette, disappointed by the response.

FIGS

Sure, you fire up the roof, you wail, you go through the red lights - but it's slow, Freddy, fighting your way through traffic. The goal is perpetual motion. You want greens. But how do you insure the greens? You can't. As in life, in traffic. So you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

FIGS (cont'd)

leave yourself an out. At every corner you
leave yourself an alternative. *You follow?*

Freddy shrugs. Figs sighs, his cigarette hanging on his lip.
Figs gestures, his hands miming a zig-zag course, approaching
the tipped beer on the railing.

FIGS

Freddy. You are in pursuit of a block - not
a street name. Y'follow? If the gig is on
Madison, you don't want to get on Madison -
not until you are there. On your block. On-
scene. No. You drive diagonal - you zig,
you zag - you turn the wheel when you hit a
red light. It is about navigation. You play
each turn like an Ace in the fucking hole.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Figs rights the tipped beer can. He smiles.

FIGS

'play this right, you get perpetual motion.

FREDDY

Yeah. But. How does this apply to -

Figs spins around, impatient.

FIGS

It applies, Freddy! Jesus. It's just as
easy to tail a man walking in front of him.
Listen to me. You butt heads with these
friends of ours - You come at them head-on?
With your pink tickets.

*
*
*
*
*

Figs shakes his head, leaning on the railing, looking out at the
lights of the Garrison.

FIGS

They got lives, Freddy. Families.

(low)

No. You move diagonal. You jag. It may feel
innately wrong - but like so much in this
world, what feels wrong is innately right.

*

CUT AWAY TO:

89 EXT. ON THE STREET - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

DOME-LIGHTS SPINNING - AN NYPD SQUAD CAR LURCHES CURBSIDE.
From out the doors leap, SEVERAL NYPD, GUNS PULLED.

ANOTHER CAR ARRIVES - RAY GLYNN AND JACK COTTER EMERGE.
Glynn moves slower than the others.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

COPS RUN TO THE CORNER, ENCIRCLING - A DULL-EYED WOMAN AND HER CHILDREN. She points upward, numb, her clothing ripped...

COPS BANG ON STEEL RE-ENFORCED DOORS, pry at them with a crow bar - trying desperately to get stair access.

ANOTHER COP TRIES TO STAND ON A CEMENT BANISTER, ATTEMPTING TO PULL DOWN A DECAYING FIRE ESCAPE.

UP ABOVE : THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES... Shadows play.
There is an anguished scream from above. Joey's voice.

DOWN THE BLOCK - IN AN ALLEY - RAY GLYNN COMES UPON -
AN OPEN DOOR. It leads to A STAIRWELL THAT SPIRALS UPWARD.
GLYNN pulls the door shut as - COTTER AND ANOTHER COP arrive.

COTTER

Joey's in trouble, Ray.

GLYNN NODS, JIGGLING A PIN IN THE LOCK OF THE (OPEN) DOOR.
HE MIMES PICKING THE TUMBLER. The other cop is impatient.

OTHER COP

Let's break it in!

GLYNN

No need. I got it. Just - one - more -

Glynn looks at Cotter, placid, eerie.
He holds the door closed one more long beat,.. then opens it.

GLYNN

- second.

90 UP ABOVE :

RANDONE AND SHONDEL WRESTLE, STRETCHED PRECARIOUSLY ACROSS THE GAP BETWEEN TWO BUILDINGS. SLASHES ACROSS RANDONE'S HANDS, BLOODY FROM BLOCKING HIS SLASHING KNIFE.

From an adjacent roof, COTTER & OTHER COPS RUSH TO RANDONE, FIRING IN THE AIR, GRABBING SHONDEL, PULLING HIM OFF JOEY - but - BENEATH JOEY'S FEET - THE BRICK CRUMBLES TO DUST...

JOEY

Oh, Jesus. Jackie -

JOEY reaches his bloody hand out for JACK COTTER AS -

HE FALLS BACKWARD... PLUMMETING...
...headlong to the sidewalk
...TEN STORIES BELOW. *There is a muffled thunk.*

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

AT THE ROOFTOP STAIR-BOX - GLYNN STEPS ONTO THE ROOF, winded. He sees the men all staring downward, silent and shocked.

Cotter turns, glaring at Glynn. Glynn winces, looking off.

CUT TO:

91 INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FREDDY lies in bed - wide awake. The television droning. The bathroom door is cracked - FIGS running water inside. *There is a knock at the door.*

Freddy sits up. Checks his hair in his mirror.

HE OPENS THE DOOR ONTO - MURRAY BABITCH - WILD-EYED, UNSHAVEN.

BABITCH

You're the Sheriff, right?

Freddy blinks, stunned. He nods, touching his matching nose-scar.

Babitch speaks in a paranoid whisper, words staggering out his mouth, his red eyes darting.

BABITCH

Hey. Um. I'm the guy who jumped. The one they buried. I'm dead. Uh. I mean. I need your help. They're trying to *kill me*

*
*
*

FREDDY

Who?

BABITCH

(laughing, then weeping)

Who? Who?

*

Freddy wipes his face with his hand.

FREDDY

Okay. So. Uh. What do you want to do? You want to go to the city?

BABITCH

Go to the city?! - *Jesus!* - 'You have any idea how connected he is? Do you? Go to the city?! He's fucking everywhere!

Figs walks out of the bathroom, a towel to his face.

Babitch turns, terrified. (He sees Figs as one of "them")

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

Freddy meets eyes with Figs. He turns back -
but - Babitch is gone.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. ALONG THE ROAD - GARRISON MEADOWLANDS - NIGHT

Rounding a bend, moving into the marshland that leads to the river, FREDDY (in his robe) and FIGS (further back) struggle to keep pace with BABITCH, far ahead.

Freddy turns, slowing, looking at an approaching car.
Nobody. Just a funkified V-W VAN. *It passes.*

Freddy turns back. He looks about the moonlit reeds. Babitch has disappeared. Figs joins him. Coughing.

Nothing anywhere but reeds.
And the old water tower looming overhead.

CUT TO:

93 INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Birds sing as the sun rises.
THE ABANDONED WATER TOWER RISES HIGH ABOVE THE TREES.
PULLING FROM A WINDOW - WE COME UPON - A BEDSIDE CLOCK.
It blinks: 6:28, 6:28, 6:29. Beside it - A GUN.

Freddy lies awake in his bed. Figs sleeps on the couch.

CUT TO:

94 INT. FREDDY'S BATHROOM - DAWN

Splashing water on his face, FREDDY stands at the sink.
He looks at himself in the mirror. Suddenly, he notices -

A SPRINKLING OF WHITE POWDER on the face of a hand mirror.
Freddy runs his finger through the powder, sniffing it.

FIGS (O.S.)

'you waking up? Jesus - I feel like shit.

(sniffles)

Man. Fuckin' allergies...

Freddy looks toward the door, dread on his face.

CUT TO:

95 A FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN IS LOWERED INTO A DARK PIT

WE ARE - EXT. GARRISON CEMETERY - DAY
AS BEFORE - A SEA OF BLUE SURROUND THE CEREMONY.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

AND AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL - LIZ RANDONE
Lovely and strangely numb, she stands resolute and plain,
her hair blowing with the wind, her daughter at her side.

FREDDY watches Liz with obsessive interest as she solemnly
accepts everyone's good wishes. "He was a great guy, Liz" "Don't
you worry about a thing". She finds comfort in Freddy's eyes.

Freddy can't stop staring at Liz.
Over his shoulder, distant, the old Garrison water tower.

CUT TO:

96-97 OMMITTED

98 EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

FREDDY emerges from a PATH TRAIN STATION. He stands under the
great arch of Manhattan Borough Hall, Chambers Street behind
him, cutting through to the Hudson.

Across the plaza, COPS CRISS-CROSS before A BROWN BUILDING WITH
DARK WINDOWS (ONE POLICE PLAZA). The Brooklyn Bridge looms in
bg. Freddy checks a wad of paper.

FREDDY WALKS PAST - COPS BEFORE A BARRICADE
ONE COP WATCHES FREDDY - BERTA - THE BOMB SQUAD COP FROM SC. 1.
Their eyes meet. Freddy nods, friendly, moving on.

CUT TO:

99 INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

FREDDY takes his bag from the metal detector.
He shuffles up the steps. Wide-eyed - he's at "cop-central".

A LONG HALL - COPS BUZZ ALL AROUND - MANY WEARING BRASS -
MOVING IN AND OUT OF "WAR ROOMS" :

MISC. COPS

"Call the M - E. Mecca wants the slugs."

"Hey - is this Coke Diet?"

"And I want to see the driver."

AT THE END OF THE HALL - A DOOR.
OFFICE OF SPECIAL SERVICES - INTERNAL AFFAIRS

CUT TO:

100 INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - WAR ROOM - DAY

The War Room is subdued.
TWO I-A DETECTIVES whisper, looking back toward -

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE MOE TILDEN - through a doorway - in an ADJOINING OFFICE. He sits, a cigarette burning in his lips, his feet on his desk. He looks glum, playing with a rubber band.

I-A DETECTIVE #1
(unwrapping a lunch)
He got the call?

I-A DETECTIVE #2
(nods, taking potato chips,
looking at paperwork)
'pulled the plug. 'told him if he sets
foot in Jersey again, he's back in the bag. *

CARSON timidly approaches Tilden's door, holding a phone.

CARSON
Uh. Moe.

TILDEN
Yeah.

CARSON
The "Sheriff of Garrison, New Jersey" is
here to see you.

Tilden's face is numb.

CARSON
Y'gonna tell him we're frozen?

Tilden thinks.
He smiles, wheels turning. He stands. Picks up a computer
monitor - *still plugged in* - and throws it in an empty box.

He tosses another box to Carson, who stands, puzzled.

TILDEN
Put your files in there.

CARSON
What?

TILDEN
Throw'em in. Do it. We're done.

CARSON
Moe? What the fuck?

Tilden steps into the war room. He turns to Detective #2. *

TILDEN
Rubin? What are you doing?!
The case is closed.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

RUBIN (Det. #2) looks up, frightened.

RUBIN

Uh. Yeah, but you told me to -

TILDEN

What - I told you what? Fuck you.
The case is closed. Go to lunch.

Tilden throws Rubin's work in the trash.

TILDEN

Go - to - lunch.

RUBIN

(looking at his lunch)

But I got -

TILDEN crosses to the map of Garrison on the bulletin board.
He rips it down, stuffing in the trash.

TILDEN

GO TO LUNCH!

Stunned, Carson and the others watch as -

Tilden moves along the desks of OTHER DETECTIVES, throwing files
to the floor. Everyone looks at him as if he's gone mad.

TILDEN

The case is fucking closed!
Get the fuck outta here! All of you!

I-A Detectives shuffle out. Carson looks at Tilden, dumbstruck.
Tilden grins. Carson blinks.

TILDEN

Carsie - put your work in the box.

Carson reluctantly stuffs "Garrison" files into his box.

Tilden steps across the mess he's made, moving back toward his
office. He closes the door. He puts his feet up, checking once -
bright-eyed - over his shoulder as -

FREDDY HEFLIN enters the war room, nervous. He is taken aback by
the mess. Files on the floor. The shredded bulletin board.

CARSON turns, dumping files.

CARSON

Sheriff - what can I do for you?

Freddy looks about, bewildered.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

What's going on? You guys moving?

Carson smiles, cryptic.

He continues stuffing his box full of files.

CARSON

You could say that.

FREDDY

(nodding to Tilden)

He told me to come down if - you know -

CARSON

Uh-huh.

Freddy is confused. He furrows.

FREDDY

Look. You guys were right.
Babitch is alive.

In the back office, TILDEN LISTENS, gleeful, snapping a rubber band. Freddy moves to him but Carson steps in front.

CARSON

It's a little late, Sheriff. But -
Thanks for coming in anyway.

Freddy turns. Confused. He nods toward Tilden.

FREDDY

I want to talk to him.

Carson put his hand on Freddy, moving him to the door.

CARSON

Sheriff. Look around you.
It's out of our hands, now, you dig?

FREDDY

I gotta talk to him. It's important.

Freddy breaks past Carson - he opens Tilden's door.

FREDDY

Hey.

Tilden sits there. He refuses to meet Freddy's eyes, lighting a fresh cigarette, turning his back on Freddy, facing the window.

Freddy is perplexed. Carson crosses to Tilden's door, pulling on Freddy's sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Hey. You were right. They tried to kill him. 'Like you said. But he got away. He's running around in the woods, you know, like Grizzly Adams or something. He's scared to death. We gotta do something.

CARSON

'should be scared. His Uncle got this case closed with one phone call.

Freddy shakes off Carson's grip.

FREDDY

Look. I'm sorry - it took so long - to come around, you know? You were right. I couldn't see the truth. 'Like you said. The evidence. My loyalties - they were confused, you know? But I'm ready now.

Tilden is stone-faced.

FREDDY

What is this? What the fuck is this? You come to me - to my town - with these speeches and shit.

TILDEN

(still not looking at Freddy)
That was two weeks ago.

FREDDY

What about Babitch?

TILDEN

Fuck him.

FREDDY

What about Glynn?

TILDEN

Fuck him.

FREDDY

What about Joey Randone?

TILDEN

He fell off a building.

Freddy glares.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

TILDEN

Listen to me, Sheriff. I'm very sorry I
awoke you from your slumber. But it's over.
Hands are tied, now. You shut me down.

FREDDY

No, they're not - You can -

Tilden turns, facing Freddy. Red-faced. Intense.

TILDEN

Listen to me. I offered you a chance.
Listen to me, you deaf fuck. When there was
still room to move. I offered you a chance -
to be a cop. And you blew it.

Freddy speaks slowly, his eyes blazing with emotion.

FREDDY

- Everyone says that - "Listen to me,
Freddy, Listen to me, Sheriff" - I hear
fine - you know? - but I got one good ear -

TILDEN

Hear this. You blew it.

FREDDY

- so I listen hard - to the words - that
come out of cop's mouths - you know?
Because you guys - P-D - I figure you know
the score. But these days - what comes out
everyone's mouths - what comes out of your
mouth - it's just all this poetic diarrhea.
(beat) You people are all the same.

Tilden is silent. Carson looks to -

Some detectives have assembled in the door - from the yelling.

Freddy walks off - past them - exiting.

Carson turns to Tilden. Smoke trickles from Tilden's lips.

TILDEN

That cupcake makes a mess.
We have a case again.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. GARRISON FIRE HOUSE BARBECUE / FAIR - DAY

CARNIVAL TRUCKS PARKED ON AN ATHLETIC FIELD, SET UP WITH GAMES
OF CHANCE. A SPIDER-LIKE TILT-A-WHIRL SPINS. Cop's families roam
about. There is a GATHERING AROUND A CHARCOAL PIT.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

RAY GLYNN turns the quartered chickens on the grill.
He looks haggard, tense, as he watches FREDDY cross past. *

CUT TO:

102 A BB-GUN SHOOTING GALLERY SET UP IN THE OPEN END OF A TRUCK.

STUFFED ANIMALS hang all around the open end of the truck.
THE UNSHAVEN OPERATOR smokes, watching Freddy warily as he looks
to a BIG GREEN STUFFED TURTLE above.

FREDDY
(putting down cash)
Two shots in the center?

OPERATOR
'You a cop? 'rules are different for cops.
I'm losing my shirt here.

FREDDY
What do I gotta do?

OPERATOR
Five out of six.

Jack Cotter approaches from behind, a full plate in hand.
He slaps down two dollars. The Operator sighs.

COTTER
I know, I know. I heard ya.

The Operator hands them both rifles.

Freddy aims his rifle. Cotter does too.

COTTER
'enjoy your trip to the big city, Freddy?

Bang. Freddy misses. **Bang.** Cotter puts one in the center.

COTTER
'have to make the next five to win.

Freddy turns back to the target, raising the gun to his eye.
All sound seems to drop away as he squints at the target.

Bang. center. **Bang.** center. **Bang.** center. **Bang.** center.
Bang. bull's eye.

The operator takes a drag on his cigarette and reluctantly hands
Freddy THE PLUSH TURTLE. Cotter sneers, impressed.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. ALONG MAIN STREET - DAY

A CRANE PLACES A "HOME OF THE WHOPPER" SIGN
at the nearly finished Burger King.

Leaning on the side of the Sheriff's office, CINDY BETTS chats
with A PASSERBY. She looks up, noticing -

FREDDY - walking along main street,
CARRYING FOIL-WRAPPED CHICKEN, FLOWERS, AND THE TURTLE. *

Cindy smiles as he approaches - *assuming the gifts are for her.*
Freddy walks past Cindy, averting his eyes.

CUT TO:

104 INT. FREDDY'S PATROL CAR - DAY

The PLUSH TURTLE and THE FOOD on the passenger seat, beside A
BOTTLE OF WINE, FREDDY puts his keys in the ignition...

COTTER (O.S.)

Where you going, Freddy?

JACK COTTER and FRANK LAGONDA sit in the back seat.

COTTER

- Hm? Where you going?

Freddy tightens - tries to be friendly.

FREDDY

...none of your business, guys.

Cotter grabs Freddy by the hair on the back of his head.

COTTER

'Just cause Ray likes you, Freddy, don't
mean I'm gonna let you fuck him up the ass.

Freddy winces in Cotter's grip.

LAGONDA

Where's Superboy, Freddy?

FREDDY

You're asking me? I don't know.

Freddy slinks his hand toward - HIS GUN.
From the back seat, there is the click of a revolver.

COTTER

You think you're making the big play?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

I'm not making a play, Jack - but -
I am the Sheriff.

COTTER

So who you gonna arrest,
Sheriff - the whole town?
Huh? You going to I-A for
paint-by-numbers cop
lessons?

LAGONDA

You think we stink?
You think we have an odor?
You give jobs to Elmira
girls who open their legs?
That's not kosher, is it?

Freddy looks in his rear view mirror. Cotter and LaGonda glare.

COTTER

Everybody's watching you, Freddy.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. RANDONE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Freddy stands on the porch, arms full. *He knocks.*
Liz peers out a side window; she brightens. The door opens.

FREDDY

Hello.

LIZ

Hello, Freddy.

An awkward beat.

FREDDY

Um. I thought maybe... Have you eaten?

CUT TO:

106 INT. RANDONE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Freddy follows Liz into the kitchen. She holds her flowers.

LIZ

Beautiful. And no *condolences*.

Freddy smiles awkwardly. He puts the plush turtle on a chair.
Liz notices it.

LIZ

Did you win that?

Freddy nods, proudly. Liz smiles, queasy.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

LIZ

I had to take the other Ollie away from her
- he was leaking all over the place.

Liz takes the bottle of wine and pulls out a corkscrew.

LIZ

I haven't been very receptive to visitors.

FREDDY

Well. If you don't feel like company -

LIZ

No, no. Stay.

Liz pours two glasses of wine.

LIZ

Caroline's napping - and I was sitting
in front of the tee vee, wondering if my
life is over.

Liz hands Freddy a glass.

FREDDY

Sounds fun.

Liz turns to the chicken, unwrapping the foil.

FREDDY

It's probably cold.

LIZ

I'll heat it up.

Freddy wanders about the living room, taking it in - like he was
considering buying it - *as is*. He squeezes a couch cushion.

Back in the kitchen, Liz slides the chicken into the oven.

LIZ

So. All that... *hoop-la for Joey*.
Those ceremonies must give you a headache.

Freddy shrugs, uneasy with this topic.

LIZ

I guess you're getting used to it, huh.
'Bury one every two weeks.

Liz crosses into the living room.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

LIZ

It was like one of the Kennedy's died.
I thought, here I am, playing Jackie O.

Freddy sits down on the couch. He smiles a small tense smile.

LIZ

Is this in bad taste? You can tell me,
Freddy. It probably is. I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. RANDONE HOUSE - NIGHT

A GARRISON SQUAD CAR SLOWS. Inside, CINDY looks out at -
FREDDY'S SMASHED SQUAD CAR - in Liz's driveway.

AN OLDS DELTA 88 slows as it passes Cindy. It is JACK COTTER. He
smiles at her - following her gaze to - Freddy's car.

CINDY LURCHES HER CAR AWAY BUT - COTTER THROWS HIS IN REVERSE -
BLOCKING HER - staying even with her window. He smiles.
TWO COPS SIT IN THE BACK OF COTTER'S CAR.

COTTER

'nothing better to do than watch?

COP #1

Come on, Jack. We gotta get down there.
I want to get this done.

Cindy looks away. Cotter grins at her, intense.

COTTER

We're lookin' for a lost brother. 'Be at
the "Aces" later. 'you get tired of this.

CUT TO:

108 INT. RANDONE HOUSE - SUNSET

Freddy and Liz sit at the dining room table, eating.
The television plays quietly.

FREDDY

- Figs talks like everyone is a car and
you can just - change directions like - by
turning the wheel. It's not that easy.

LIZ

Damn right.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Sometimes I feel like a boat. A big boat.

LIZ

An ocean liner.

FREDDY

Yeah. The Queen Mary.

LIZ

The Titanic.

FREDDY

Right. Exactly. (inspired) And you see this iceberg coming - you know - but you're so enormous - you can't turn. You have to - like - you know - in the movies - you gotta alert the engine room or rudder room or whatever - and it takes so long and you're so big - you don't turn. You just hit it.

Freddy looks up from his fevered story, meeting Liz's eyes.

LIZ

I just hope you're not trying to prove anything, Freddy.

Freddy blinks, taut. Hurt.

LIZ

I mean, okay - some of them are assholes - 'think they're high priests or something. But - why would they do all this? - I mean. Maybe they're doing the right thing?

FREDDY

Liz. I saw pictures of Ray meeting with this guy - *this mobster.*

LIZ

Says who - I-A ?

FREDDY

And even you said - Joey's death was -

LIZ

Joey fell off a building, Freddy.

FREDDY'S EYES MOVE TO - THE ACADEMY GRADUATION PICTURE OF JOEY RANDONE on the wall. His medal on his chest. A big grin.

LIZ

I don't need this, you know - opened up. Maybe you need this, Freddy. But I don't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

LIZ (cont'd)

All Joey wanted was a place for us to live
I mean - who are you to judge? 'Till you've
walked in their shoes. (beat) Maybe that's
what you're trying to do with me.

CAROLINE CRIES FROM ANOTHER ROOM. Freddy stiffens.
Liz rises, smiling sadly. She moves upstairs.

Freddy sighs. Dejected, he turns to - THE MUTED TV.

On screen, A 70'S COP MOVIE - a la "PRINCE OF THE CITY" - It
plays silently as - A SMOKING COP TALKS WITH A WOMAN AT A BAR.

Freddy takes the remote, turning up the volume.

SMOKING COP (ON TV)

- Cops are nothing but garbage men. 'pick
up the trash. 'dump it. Next week, you pick
up the same trash all over again.

Freddy stares blankly at the screen. Deja vu.

CUT TO:

109 INT. EXT. FREDDY'S SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Driving along the water, FREDDY passes - A LINE OF CARS PARKED
ROADSIDE. FLASHLIGHTS SCAN THE BRUSH. A search for Babitch.
DEPUTY BILL watches from squad car. Freddy pulls up to him.

BILL

Glynn caught his wife dropping food 'round
here. 'So they figure he must be nearby.

Freddy nods, weary.

BILL

You know why they call him "Superboy"?

FREDDY

'was a hero.

BILL

(shakes his head)

'Cause he loves Campbell's "Chicken
and Stars". Soup-erboy. Get it?

Bill smiles. Freddy drives off.

CUT TO:

110 INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Taking off his coat, FREDDY stares at -

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

AN ENVELOPE lies open on the kitchen table. Addressed to Figs, it's from STATE FARM INSURANCE, a green check peeking out.

FIGS enters the room, folding clothes, putting them in - HIS N-Y-P-D ATHLETIC BAG. Slightly charred on one corner.

FREDDY

You got your check.

FIGS

Thanks to you, Freddy. 'Filing those papers in such a timely fashion.

Freddy blinks.

FIGS

'You with Liz?

Freddy nods, his mind working on something else, staring at Fig's charred athletic bag. Figs crosses into the bathroom.

FREDDY

Where you going?

FIGS (O.S.)

My leave came. So I thought I'd look around - for a new reality, you know? Anyway. You could use the 'probly use the privacy.

Freddy nods, unnerved. He takes his coat and heads back out. Figs pokes his head out of the bathroom door as - *slam*.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. CHARRED REMAINS OF FIG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

IN THE MOONLIGHT - THE ROOF BURNT AWAY - THE STARS SHINE DOWN UPON - A charred toaster. Pot holders on a wall fragment.

At the center of this box of moonlight - FREDDY HEFLIN sits, fingering a small charred device. He examines it, tears in his eyes, with a browning-out flashlight.

FIGS

What's up?

Freddy turns, startled. He smiles, sorrowful.

FREDDY

That lady cop - bomb squad, right? - 'Sold you these caps and a timer.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

Freddy holds up the device.
Figs says nothing. He shakes his head sadly.

FREDDY

'Guess you figured - with "Superboy" -
y'figured you were covered - if you could
just act like Marlon Brando - keep me busy -
ol' Freddy - he's too stupid to suspect
anything.

(needing to understand)

Y'didn't know she was coming over
that night, did you?

Figs shakes his head, beginning to weep.

FIGS

She said she was going to her friend's - to
watch pay-per-view. The thing - it was on a
timer. I didn't know she'd be there.

(beat)

She'd still be alive if that bullshit tower
still held water.

FREDDY

The "Diagonal rule" is the bullshit, Gary.

Figs turns and wanders, slumped, back toward his car.

FIGS

'till you need it, Freddy.
'till you need it.

FREDDY

I don't need traffic tips. I need help.

But Figs keeps walking toward his car.

FREDDY

- I'm gonna bring "Superboy" in - and - for
once - we're all gonna tell the truth.

FIGS

You gotta find him first. Before they do.

Figs shakes his head and opens the door to his car.
He lights a cigarette, looks at the lights of the great city
across the river and back at -

Freddy, alone in the moonlight.

FIGS

Freddy. I got - in my pocket - a check
for two hundred grand. I got a chance
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

FIGS (cont'd)
to start my life again. I do not give a
shit about this town or -
(nodding to NYC)
- that town or "justice."
Being right is not a bulletproof vest.

A light flicks on in a nearby house.
Freddy says nothing.

Figs gets in his car. *slam*.
He starts it up and drives off.

BACK TO - CLOSE ON - FREDDY He sighs, red-eyed. He looks out
the roof of the charred house into the moonlight, staring at -

THE ABANDONED WATER TOWER AGAINST THE SKY.
G A R R I S O N , N J - it says in fading letters.

Freddy squints. He stands.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. GARRISON MEADOWLANDS - THE WATER TOWER - NIGHT

A FIELD OF REEDS surrounds the BASE OF THE WATER TOWER.
There is a path - fresh - trod through the grass.

FREDDY CLIMBS UP THE LONG LADDER.
Precarious. Some of the rungs broken. He is high above the
ground. The town lies quietly below him. Asleep.

CUT TO:

113 INT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

MURRAY "SUPERBOY" BABITCH OPENS HIS EYES TO SEE - FREDDY
STANDING OVER HIM. Babitch is puffy faced, unshaven. He wears
sweats. This chamber is a mess - cans of Campbell's "Chicken &
Stars" soup popped open, all over - clothes scattered.

FREDDY

Let's go.

Babitch blinks, taking this in.

BABITCH

Where?

FREDDY

I'm taking you to the city.

Babitch laughs. They are a strange pair - Freddy and Babitch --
same age, same build, and the same healing scars on their noses.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Get dressed.

BABITCH

Who are you working with? The Feds?

Freddy shakes his head.

BABITCH

I - A?

Freddy shakes his head.

BABITCH

You're alone?

Freddy nods. He motions to a pile of clothes.

FREDDY

Get dressed.

CUT TO:

114 INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

FREDDY drives. BABITCH sits in back, staring at his cuffs.
Freddy stiffens. Babitch's eyes widen.

BABITCH

Oh, Christ.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - RAY GLYNN'S GRAND PRIX AND OTHER CARS
are assembled at THE FOUR ACES. Men mill about, heading inside.

FREDDY

Get down.

(quietly, into his radio)

Bill... You copy?

Babitch slinks down. Freddy snaps off his lights.

FREDDY

Bill? You out there?

No response. Freddy tosses down the radio.
He pulls into the back of the station house.

CUT TO:

115 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

FREDDY does not turn the lights on. He escorts BABITCH into the
HOLDING CELL. Babitch flops down on the bench. Sighs.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

BABITCH

You don't know what you're doing, do you? *

FREDDY

Shut up.

Freddy crosses to the dispatch radio. He flicks it on.

FREDDY

...Bill... You copy? ...Bill...

The second hand on the clock sticks, then moves on. *
It's two thirty. *Freddy crosses to the window. *
THE STREET IS QUIET. Everyone's in the bar. *

A GARRISON PATROL CAR is parked at the corner. Near the bar. *

FREDDY

Shit.

Freddy meets eyes with - THE NEWSPAPER ARTICLE ON THE WALL. *
Lit by a streetlamp. Liz with her beauty queen's crown. *

FREDDY GRABS THE KEYS FROM HIS DESK. He moves to the door.

BABITCH

Hey. Wait a second. You can't leave me *
alone here. Hey. Hey. *

slam.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Guns at his side, FREDDY HEFLIN walks slowly, steadily, across *
the street, toward THE FOUR ACES. He lights a cigarette. *

CUT TO:

117 INT. THE FOUR ACES TAVERN - NIGHT

GARRISON REGULARS AT THE BAR. BILL IS DRINKING WITH COP #1.

AT THE BACK TABLE - *
GLYNN, LAGONDA, CRASKY AND COTTER - WITH CINDY.FREDDY ENTERS THE TAVERN. All conversations cease. *
Freddy moves toward Bill. He pushes out his cigarette.

BILL

It's club soda.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

FREDDY

Finish it.

Freddy strides to the back table.

GLYNN

(smiling) Hey, Freddy. *

FREDDY *

Hey, Ray. Uh. I came to get Bill and Cindy -
and I came to tell you - I found him. *

The smiles wipes from Glynn's face. *

FREDDY *

I'm bringing him in. Tomorrow morning.
And I want you to come with me.
I owe you that much. *

GLYNN

Uh huh. *

FREDDY *

He's a fugitive, Ray. And he's convinced
you're gonna kill him. *

Glynn smiles, tense - lights a cigarette, glancing to Cotter.

GLYNN

He's a mixed up kid. So are you.

FREDDY

There's got to be a way out of this - for
everyone. So I say - we all go in tomorrow.
Together. As a community of law enforcement
officers. And we unravel this. With lawyers
or whatever. Together. Legal. In the city.

There is some laughter. Glynn is getting weary of this.

GLYNN

Just tell me where he is, Freddy.
'You got him at the station?Freddy wipes the sweat from his brow.
Bill and Cindy look to Freddy.

GLYNN *

What'd Moe tell you, Freddy? 'get you
so confused. 'he show you pictures?
'Me and some "bad guys"?' *

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

LAGONDA

We don't have to explain ourselves to this fucking Meter-maid.

CRASKY

He thinks he's the one kept this town clean.

GLYNN

'Moe tell you I'm out to profit? Huh?
That I get off breaking bread with the mob?
'You think I like dealing with those people, Freddy?

FREDDY

No. Ray. I don't. That's why you should come in with me - straighten this out. I know - you just wanted to keep the town clean. And - *if someone told you they'd keep the drugs and the gangs out -*

GLYNN

Damned straight, Freddy. "- I'd do them some favors." Damned straight.

COTTER

Were you gonna keep it out, Freddy?
- with your tin badge and your cupcake car?

FREDDY

That's why you should come in with me and explain it to them - tell them -

Freddy shakes his head.

GLYNN

Listen to me, Freddy. You know the difference between men and boys? Boys bet everything on everything. Boys think every hand is a royal flush. You play cards with a man - he knows his limits.

FREDDY

Ray -

GLYNN

Listen to me. I invited men - cops - good men to live here. And these men - to make a living - they cross that bridge everyday - to a place where everything is upside down - where the cop is the perp and the perp is the victim.

Cotter smiles. He's heard this speech before and he loves it.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

GLYNN

But they play by the rules. They keep their guns in their holsters and they play by the rules. The only thing they ever did was get their families out - before it got to them.

(beat)

And you come to me - Freddy - with a plan. A plan to "set things right". Everyone in the city holding hands - singing "We are the World". It's very nice. But Freddy - your plan is the plan of a boy. You made it on the back of a match book - without thinking - without looking at the cards. And you say - "come in with me, Ray - bet your life on this hand" - and I look at the cards - and I see nothing. I see Superboy crucified. I see this town destroyed. I see the death of everything we've built, Freddy. That's not what you want, is it?

FREDDY

Ray. I look at this town -
And I don't like what I see anymore.

Glynn stands, eyes flaming.

GLYNN

Who the fuck do you think you are?

FREDDY

I'm the Sheriff of Garrison, New Jersey.

LAGONDA

The grass hasn't even taken root above
Joey's grave, you fuck.

COTTER PUTS HIS GUN ON THE TABLE. Playing with it.

COTTER

'You feel like a cop now, Freddy, sticking
it inside a cop's widow?

Some of the other cops are getting uncomfortable. A few leave.

COP #1

I'm outta here, Ray.

COP #2

Yeah. This is too rich for me.

CINDY AND BILL ARE FROZEN - TORN...

FREDDY'S HAND TOUCHES HIS HOLSTER. Cindy looks away.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

GLYNN

Freddy. You got him at the station?

Freddy says nothing.

GLYNN

Just drop the keys. Maybe they fell out of your pocket. Or maybe Cindy's. And you go home and you sleep. And you wake up - and you guide that traffic through town -

Tears well in Freddy's eyes.

GLYNN

- and everything will be the way it was.

Freddy looks at the clock on the wall.

FREDDY

Um. I'm leaving at six. That's in a few hours. I'd like you to come with me, Ray.

Bill joins Freddy, hesitant. Glynn wilts.

GLYNN

There's nothing I can say?

Freddy looks up solemnly.

Glynn puts his hands in the air. Crafty.

GLYNN

Okay, then. Six it is. *It's a date.*

Freddy blinks, stunned. Cotter and LaGonda glare at Glynn.

FREDDY

Okay. I'll see you then.

Freddy shuffles, uneasily, toward the door. Bill follows.

Freddy looks to Cindy. She turns to Cotter - torn. She shakes her head, tearful.

Freddy pulls the door shut.

CUT TO:

118 INT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

BABITCH sits, pacing in his cell.

TWO SHOTGUNS on the table, FREDDY sits slumped, facing the windows of the station. BILL paces, on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

BILL

- No, honey. I'm telling you - Because I can't just leave him here.

Bill hangs up the phone. Slowly.

The second hand on the clock sticks. It is four thirty.

Bill glares out the window. A CAR IDLES OUTSIDE... watching...

FREDDY

Go home, Bill.

BILL

(tortured)

I mean. I want to be here for you, Freddy. But... Lisa's nervous. She's pregnant. I mean. There's a reason I never applied to the city, you know? This is your thing.

FREDDY

So, go on. I'm gonna be fine. (smiles)
They're not going to kill me.

Babitch mutters in the bg. Bill moves to the door. He turns.

BILL

Why don't you just go now?

FREDDY

I told him I'm leaving at six.
Besides. They're out there already.

BILL

(nodding)

Take care, Freddy.

Freddy nods, weary. Bill exits.
Babitch puts his head in his hands.

CUT TO:

119 INT. FIG'S CHEVY - NJ TURNPIKE - NIGHT

Driving, music blasting, his car piled with belongings, GARY 'FIGS' FIGGIS keeps staring at himself in the driver's mirror.

FIGS

Shut the fuck up, would you please?

But Figs looks once more and - with a sigh - hits the brakes.

FIG'S CHEVY screeches to a stop in the deserted turnpike.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

120 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAWN

Birds sing. The mud-yellow sun rises over the distant city. The second hand sticks, then moves on. *A few minutes to six.*

Freddy wakes with a start. He peers out the window.

The street is empty. Desolate. The car from last night - gone.

FREDDY

Oh, well.

He takes A SHOTGUN.

He opens Babitch's cell. Babitch is sitting there, groggy.

FREDDY

Come on. We're going.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAWN

The bank clock blinks - 5:58 am, 5:58 am, 5:59 am.

FREDDY and BABITCH exit the station.

They round the corner, walking in the alley behind the Sheriff's Office toward - FREDDY'S PARKED SQUAD CAR.

Freddy stops in his tracks. The tires have been slashed.

BABITCH

Oh God.

A HAND REACHES FROM BEHIND FREDDY, taking his shotgun. He feels the cold press of steel against his head.

COTTER

Get down.

Jack Cotter pushes Freddy down on his knees.

LAGONDA takes Babitch. Cotter pushes Freddy's back.

COTTER

I said - get down, Freddy.

Color washes from Freddy's face as he gets down on all fours.

FREDDY

Jesus. Guys. You don't want to do this.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

LAGONDA

Don't shit in your pants, Freddy.
We ain't gonna kill you.

THE MUZZLE OF A GUN TOUCHES FREDDY'S EAR.

COTTER

This is the good one, right?

Freddy nods. HE CLOSES HIS EYES. HE HEARS THE TUMBLER CLICK.
HE HEARS THE HAMMER PULL. **CRACK!**

The gun fires, not into Freddy's head, but into the ground.
Freddy rolls to the pavement, powder burns covering his ear,
blood trickling from the canal.

Delirious with pain, Freddy looks up as -

COTTER AND LAGONDA LOAD BABITCH INTO A CAR.

*Since the gunshot - all we can hear is a ringing sound.
A low distant piano, and Freddy's racing heartbeat.*

THEY ROAR UP THE ROAD, TOWARD THE HOUSING TRACTS ON THE HILL
leaving Freddy alone, deaf and bleeding on the roadside.
He struggles to stand. He collapses to his knees.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. ROAD UP THROUGH THE TRACT HOUSES - EARLY MORNING

*The rumble and piano continue to build.
Smacked with dawn light, Manhattan glimmers across the river.*

AT A NEATLY KEPT HOUSE - COP #1 - in his robe - takes his
morning paper from the stoop. He notices -

Stumbling up the center of the road -
SHERIFF FREDDY HEFLIN, blood trickling from his ear, running
down his neck, soaking his shirt. His face is pale and haggard,
the powder burn smeared over one side of his head.

SHOTGUN IN ONE HAND, REVOLVER IN THE OTHER, FREDDY LOOKS LIKE A
WESTERN GUNFIGHTER, his eyes glazed with anger, his face stone.

They meet eyes. The cop closes his door.

Freddy trudges on. Up the steep hill.
Past the mailbox that reads - *RANDONE...*

THE DOBERMAN ON THE CHAIN BARKS SILENTLY AT FREDDY...

LIZ LOOKS OUT HER BEDROOM WINDOW - SEEING -

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

Freddy, marching on... dazed and bloody... moving toward -

CUT TO:

123 EXT. GLYNN'S STREET - GARRISON, NJ - MORNING

IN THE DISTANCE - AT GLYNN'S HOUSE - COTTER, LAGONDA AND CRASKY STAND ON GLYNN'S STOOP. GUNS AT THEIR SIDES. GLYNN EMERGES FROM THE HOUSE WITH BABITCH IN TOW.

FREDDY WALKS TOWARD GLYNN'S HOUSE, SHOTGUN IN HAND.
WE STILL HEAR NOTHING BUT HIS HEART BEATING...
AND A DISTANT FURIOUS PIANO...

IN THE BG., LIZ RUNS OUT ONTO HER LAWN, DESPERATELY YELLING TO FREDDY. UNHEARD - HE KEEPS WALKING...

LAGONDA TURNS, SEEING FREDDY FIRST. HE SHOUTS TO THE OTHERS. GLYNN TURNS. STUNNED.

FREDDY STRIDES TOWARD THE HOUSE, EMBOLDENED BY THE SILENCE OF HIS INJURY. He blinks, wiping sweat and blood out of his eyes.

JACK COTTER POINTS HIS FINGER AT FREDDY - SAYING SOMETHING - SCREAMING A BARRAGE OF UN-HEARD INSULTS AND WARNINGS...

GLYNN AND CRASKY PULL BABITCH - KICKING AND SCREAMING - BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

LAGONDA RAISES HIS GUN - SHOUTING SOMETHING AT FREDDY.

BUT FREDDY KEEPS WALKING TOWARD THEM. STEADY. *HIS HEARTBEAT INCREASES - Tha-thump, tha-thump... the piano builds...*

THE MUZZLE OF LAGONDA'S GUN FLARES.
THE WINDSHIELD OF A PARKED CAR SILENTLY SHATTERS.

FREDDY DOES NOT BLINK. THE SHOT - SILENT - SEEMS HARMLESS.

LIZ RUNS BACK TO HER DOOR, WATCHING - TERRIFIED...

FREDDY RAISES HIS GUN. HE FIRES. *BUT THERE IS NO SOUND.*

LAGONDA CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND, clutching his leg.

FREDDY KEEPS WALKING. STEADY.

COTTER SHOUTS SOMETHING AGAIN, RAISING HIS GUN.

FREDDY AND COTTER FIRE AT THE SAME TIME. Muzzles flare.

COTTER FALLS BACKWARD ON THE PAVEMENT. HIT IN THE CHEST.
HIS GUN FLIES FROM HIS HANDS.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

BUT FREDDY STANDS. UNSCATHED.
AGAIN WALKING STEADILY TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE.

COTTER AND LAGONDA LIE ON THE GROUND BENEATH FREDDY, BLOODY.
COTTER'S EYES ARE WET AND RED. HE SHOUTS UNHEARD EXPLETIVES.

LEO CRASKY PEERS ROUND THE SIDE OF GLYNN'S HOUSE, CARRYING A
SHOTGUN, AIMING IT AT FREDDY...

LIZ SILENTLY SCREAMS AT -

FREDDY, WHO - OBLIVIOUS, MOVES TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR OF GLYNN'S
HOUSE. SUDDENLY - A SPRAY OF BLOOD.

CONFUSED - FREDDY TOUCHES HIS SHOULDER. He has been hit.

CRASKY STANDS AT THE SIDE OF GLYNN'S HOUSE, GUN SMOKING.
HE RAISES THE GUN TO FIRE AGAIN - AT FREDDY

SUDDENLY - A SILENT BLAST RIPS THROUGH CRASKY'S TORSO.
Crasky's gun fires into the air, He falls backward, limp.

FIGS STANDS IN THE CENTER OF THE ROAD, REVOLVER SMOKING.
His Chevy behind him.

LYING ON HIS BACK, LAGONDA FIRES A SHOT AT FREDDY - - MISSING.
BUT BEFORE HE CAN FIRE AGAIN...

FREDDY RELEASES A SHOT INTO LAGONDA'S CHEST.

FIGS SCREAMS - UNHEARD - RUNNING FORWARD AS -

RAY GLYNN FIRES AT FREDDY FROM HIS CRACKED FRONT DOOR.

DAZED, FREDDY SPINS - RETURNING FIRE - AS DOES FIGS.

THE DOOR SPLINTERS. GLYNN RETREATS INTO THE HOUSE.

CUT TO:

124 INT. GLYNN'S HOUSE - MORNING

NUMB WITH SILENCE, BLOODY, FREDDY MOVES DOWN THE HALL. Decorated
with medals, citations of heroism, headlines and
photos, there is blood smeared along the wall, and on the cream
colored carpet leading up the stairs - TO THE BEDROOM...

FREDDY FOLLOWS THE TRAIL. CLIMBING THE STAIRS.
His eyes darting left and right, wild...

Below, FIGS enters the house, shouting something as Freddy
rounds the banister upstairs, pushing open -

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

THE BEDROOM DOOR. HIS GUN TRAINED ON -
ROSE GLYNN - HUDDLED ON THE BED - AND BABITCH - HIS LEG STICKING
OUT THE WINDOW AS HE TRIES TO CLIMB ONTO THE ROOF.

A FROZEN MOMENT -
ROSE GLYNN AND BABITCH STARING AT FREDDY,.. PAST FREDDY...

AND IN THIS MOMENT - FREDDY'S EYES FOLLOW -

THE BLOOD TRAIL ON THE CARPET. It makes a loop into the room,
toward the bed, then back around and toward Freddy under his
feet... FREDDY SPINS AROUND AND FIRES AS -

RAY GLYNN LEAPS AT FREDDY, HIS FACE CONTORTED FROM THE SHOT TO
HIS GUT - WORDS SILENTLY SPEWING FROM HIS MOUTH.

FREDDY

I can't hear you, Ray.

GLYNN CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND. FIGS ARRIVES AT FREDDY'S SIDE.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. GLYNN'S STREET - MORNING

FIGS and FREDDY emerge with BABITCH.

In the golden light, A CROWD OF STUNNED COPS IN ROBES AND
SWEATPANTS. THEIR FAMILIES WATCHING FROM THE SAFETY OF THEIR
FRONT STOOPS. They are in awe. Dull-faced - but respectful of
Freddy's command.

LIZ STANDS AMONG THEM. HER EYES MEET -

FREDDY'S - AS HE DRAGS BABITCH TO FIG'S CHEVY.

CUT TO:

126 INT./EXT. FIG'S CHEVY - G-W BRIDGE APPROACH - DAY

FREDDY drives, a pool of blood welling on his lap, from the
wound to his shoulder. FIGS rips Freddy's shirt, tying a
tourniquet. BABITCH lies across the back seat, numb.

BABITCH

He's deaf. They shot out his ears, man.

Freddy pulls to a stop at the TOLL BOOTH.
Freddy hands THE TOLL TAKER three bucks.
The toll taker is nonchalant. Oblivious to the blood all over.

TOLL TAKER

It's four.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

FREDDY
(deaf; confused)

Hm?

Figs hands Freddy another single.

FIGS
FREDDY! *HERE!* IT'S FOUR, NOW!

As Freddy pulls the car through through the mechanical arm and out onto the bridge, Figs shakes his head in wonder.

BABITCH
- watchin' too much *Gunsmoke*, man. He's
crazy. He *is*. He's fuckin' nuts.

Figs turns, meeting Babitch's eyes. Figs smiles.

FIGS
No. He's a cop.

Driving across the bridge, oblivious, Freddy glances at Figs. Figs puts a spinning red light on the dash and flicks it on.

Freddy smiles a weary smile.

WIDER - THE GREAT GRAY BRIDGE - MANHATTAN TO THE OTHER SIDE -
as Figs' CHEVY weaves toward the city, red light spinning.

From somewhere - a piano rises - lilting, romantic and strong.