

FADE IN:

EXT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S HOSPITAL -- DAY

An enormous, run down hospital. It's 1975 - No huge glass additions, no bright lights - just floor after floor of small windows in a sea of yellow brick.

In one of these windows is TERRY BUCKLEY, 28, well built and sad, staring off into space.

Behind him is a hospital room, Spartan and pale green. NORA BUCKLEY, 20s, lies in bed, but made up like she's ready to hit the clubs; RAYMOND BUCKLEY, late 50s, gruff and blue collar, stands by her side.

Terry makes a decision and turns around. He speaks but all we hear is the ROAR of the city. Raymond turns red and yells back. Nora reaches out her hands to calm the men, but Terry storms out of the room.

ONE FLOOR DOWN

ABDUL MALEEK, 20s, black, slight build, looks as frightening as anyone can in a hospital gown. He has a bandage on his head. He jumps up and down and grabs his crotch; he has to pee.

NICK, 30s, an Italian-American cop, stands wearily, puts a Billy club to Maleek's back, and walks him out of the room. There's a sign for the bathroom - they head that way and out of sight.

The SOUNDS of the city swell in a fevered pitch - horns blare, electricity whirs, eight million people chatter all at once.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Terry is in a stall pulling up his pants, Maleek is at a second stall, Nick is standing by the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

A GUNSHOT rings out. NURSES jump.

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. VERRAZANO BRIDGE -- NIGHT

A freighter sits at anchor beneath the bridge on a gloomy, wintry night. A tug boat plows the water. Whistles blow, a ship's horn SCREAMS as one freighter steams up the bay.

EXT. BROOKLYN NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

Three story, vinyl sided buildings and overflowing trash cans line the narrow street. A Salvation Army SANTA rings his bell, but he's all alone except for an old GUY closing up his shop.

This is the Brooklyn waterfront - and the only reason it doesn't look dirty and dead is because of the Christmas lights and a thin layer of snow that's beginning to fall.

EXT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The nicest house on the block - it's a brownstone, with stone steps leading up to the second floor. A large picture window frames the Christmas tree.

INT. RAYMOND'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Raymond's annual Christmas party is crowded and in full swing; everyone's laughing and drinking more than their fair share. Some jazzed-up Christmas tunes play on the record player.

Terry leans against a door frame, talking to an Italian-American bombshell. This is LORETTA. She points to Raymond, who's dancing up a very old-fashioned, drunken storm.

LORETTA

Your dad hasn't lost his moves.

TERRY

He didn't have that many to start with.

LORETTA

You wish. He looks like he could still move anyone he wanted to. If you get my drift.

TERRY

He can get it up for that anytime.
The Buckley's are famous for always
being juiced.

LORETTA

More like pickled.

TERRY

Play your cards right, you might
get a bite.

LORETTA

Play your cards right, you might
get smacked.

CONNIE, who looks a lot like Loretta but not as pretty,
glides over.

CONNIE

Loretta, what are you doing wasting
time with Terry here? You should
be out there, enjoying yourself.

TERRY

(putting his arm around
Connie)

Your sister was having a great
time...busting my balls.

LORETTA

We got that talent from our mother.

CONNIE

Which reminds me - we gotta get
going. The kids are probably still
awake, waiting to see Santa come
down the chimney. Only he's gonna
come up the front steps, shit
faced.

TERRY

My kids love me the way I am.

Nora walks up to Raymond and whispers in his ear. Raymond
stops dancing and approaches Terry.

RAYMOND

You ain't driving home tonight.
Ten bucks for your keys.

TERRY

Hey, Dad, I know the car's a piece of shit, but it's worth more than ten bucks.

People laugh.

RAYMOND

This ain't no joke, Terry. Grab a cab. Come by tomorrow and pick up your car.

TERRY

It's one o'clock on Christmas Eve. Where the hell am I getting a cab?

RAYMOND

I'll help you flag one down if you're such a pussy, but you ain't driving home like this.

TERRY

All right, all right! Here.

He digs in his pocket, hands over the keys and leaves in a huff. Connie follows him, but before she gets to the door, Nora grabs her.

CONNIE

Merry Christmas, Nora.

NORA

(slurred)

My brother has a spare key in the back seat.

CONNIE

I know.

NORA

He shouldn't be driving. You shouldn't be driving with him.

CONNIE

We'll be okay.

NORA

He gets off sneakin' around behind Dad's back, that's all.

Connie sees a man in the open doorway of the bathroom, zipping up his fly.

CONNIE
Looks like he's not the only one.

Nora smiles, sheepishly.

NORA
See ya tomorrow. Get home safe.

EXT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Terry and Connie giggle and stagger down the street to their car. It's raining, and Terry puts his coat over Connie's head. He opens the back door and starts feeling around under the seat.

CONNIE
What about the ten bucks?

TERRY
What about it?

CONNIE
If he gave you ten, what am I gonna get if I drive home with you?

TERRY
You'll get yours when we get home.

Connie giggles.

Terry fumbles in the back seat and victoriously pulls out the spare key.

EXT. PARKWAY -- NIGHT

Automobiles are cruising along in the rain. Terry's car stands out.

CLOSE ON THE FRONT TIRE

as it drifts back and forth over the median line. Water sprays up as the car sloshes through puddles.

INT. TERRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Terry and Connie laugh. Rain pelts the windshield and the wipers CLACK back and forth.

CONNIE

Your dad sure throws one helluva
Christmas party!

TERRY

That's why you married me. So you
could call yourself a Buckley,
right?

CONNIE

He was pourin' beer like Niagra
Falls.

TERRY

I think I went over the Falls in
one of them kegs.

CONNIE

You alright to drive?

TERRY

(holding out his hand)
Yeah, yeah. Steady as a rock.
Besides, you still don't know how.
(he looks at her)
You ever gonna learn?

CONNIE

Someday.
(she looks out the window)
By the way, you never said a word
about your promotion.

TERRY

Nothin' to say. Dad's been askin'
around. He don't wanna push too
hard what with the way things are
goin'. East Coast shippin' ain't
what it used to be.

CONNIE

If your own dad won't push, who
will?

TERRY

Come on, Connie, put a cork in it.
Dad's just a delegate, it ain't
like he runs the union.

CONNIE

(a realization)
You haven't even talked to him.

Terry concentrates on driving.

CONNIE

Have you?

TERRY

Things have been busy.

CONNIE

Grow a pair of balls, will ya? I'm tired of living in that apartment. You couldn't fit a canary in there with the kids runnin' around.

TERRY

I'm sorry your life isn't the way you imagined.

CONNIE

Oh, come off it, Terry. It's not the way you imagined, either. Are you happy with our situation?

TERRY

(looking at her knowingly)
Yeah. You're right, I'll talk to him.

EXT. PARKWAY -- NIGHT

A car pulls out from behind Terry's car and passes him. The passing car cuts Terry off.

INT. TERRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

CONNIE

TERRY! Look out!

EXT. PARKWAY -- NIGHT

Water sprays everywhere; the car spins out. It swerves left and then right as Terry tries to regain control, but he can't and the car heads toward the abutment.

INT. TERRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

TERRY
(realizing he's lost
control)
Baby, look out!

EXT. PARKWAY -- NIGHT

The car jumps the curb and slams into a light pole. The back whips around and hits the side of an abandoned storefront. Glass shatters everywhere.

Terry stumbles out of the car and falls down in pain. He turns around...a street lamp has fallen over, crushing Connie's side of the car.

TERRY
Con? Connie?

He sees her, still in the car, slumped in her seat.

Terry tries to run to the car, but he's too dizzy and he collapses, smacking his head on the ground in the process.

EXT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A police car quietly pulls up and parks. Nick (the cop from the hospital) gets out and walks up the steps. He knocks.

Nora, still in her party dress, opens the door. She sees Nick and his cop car and knows immediately.

RAYMOND
(cleaning up)
Who is it?

Nora turns, letting Raymond and Loretta see her face and Nick's uniform. Loretta gasps.

Raymond puts his hands on his knees, as if the wind had been knocked out of him. He opens his mouth, but all that comes out is air.

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Newer and much nicer looking than St. Sebastian's.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Raymond, Nora and Nick stand stock still as the elevator goes DOWN past the first floor to the basement.

The doors open and Raymond and Nick step out into

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Long dingy corridor with a door marked: MORGUE. Nick and Raymond step into

INT. MORGUE -- NIGHT

Row upon row of silver drawers. Nora remains standing by the elevator, unable to face the task at hand.

An attendant opens a drawer and pulls out a body covered with a sheet. He draws back the sheet revealing Connie's battered face.

RAYMOND

Oh god.

NICK

I'm sorry Mr. Buckley, but we gotta go through this. Can you identify this woman?

Raymond can only wince and nod.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Like the outside of the hospital, everything inside is brand new, too.

Terry lies unconscious in his bed. His head is wrapped up, and one of his legs is in a sling - it's broken. His arm is broken, too.

Raymond and Nora burst into the room, pushing a befuddled DOCTOR out of the way.

DOCTOR

You're really, um, not supposed to visit him, um, right now. Please.

RAYMOND

Is he gonna be okay?

Terry wakes up, but no one notices.

DOCTOR

He has multiple fractures - leg,
arm, pelvis - but he'll heal.
We're not sure if he suffered brain
damage - only time will tell. He's
lucky to be alive.

Nick comes in. He goes straight to Terry's bed and

HANDCUFFS Terry to the bed frame.

RAYMOND

What the hell are you doin'?

NICK

Captain says I gotta cuff him.

NORA

What for?

NICK

Vehicular homicide, his fifth DWI,
take your pick.

RAYMOND

(lunging at him)

Where the fuck you think he's going
all busted up like that?

NICK

I got my orders.

TERRY

Where's Connie? Where's my wife?

Raymond freezes. Everyone looks away, silent.

Terry realizes what's happened, and lets out a primal scream.

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Nick and PETER OSTEROW, late 50s, his partner, walk away from
the hospital.

NICK

God damn boozers! If I have to get
involved with one more vehicular
homicide, I think I'll lose my
fuckin' mind.

PETER

Look on the bright side - if the budget cuts go through, you won't have to work at all.

NICK

Easy for you to say - you're putting in your papers next week.

PETER

Gettin' out while the gettin's good.

NICK

I'm just getting used to this job.

PETER

That's the worst thing that can happen to you, son. Get used to this shit, you get lazy. Get lazy, you get popped. Understand?

CLOSE ON Nick nodding, his mind in a million places.

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING -- DAY

The spires of the Municipal building are framed against the sky.

AMANDA (V. O.)

Thank you for arranging this meeting so quickly.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

AMANDA BAKER, 30, the Mayor's Press Secretary, pretty in a power suit, is at the head of a table surrounded by Police Brass including MURRAY SIWEK, the Budget Director, and CHIEF O'MALLEY, 50s, muscular Chief of Police Personnel.

He winks at Amanda, who tries to ignore him.

AMANDA

I know you guys in Budget have been crunching numbers day and night, but the Mayor -

SIWEK

We all know what the mayor is up against, Amanda.

(MORE)

SIWEK (cont'd)

But, if he lays off cops he goes right to the top of the shit list down at Police Plaza.

AMANDA

The numbers we're coming up with are bleak.

O'MALLEY

You know the police union is willing to give up five vacation days to save jobs.

AMANDA

I know...and that's a very generous offer. But all it does is change the numbers from four thousand layoffs to twenty-five hundred.

O'MALLEY

You gotta be kidding.

AMANDA

I wish I was, Chief. I wish I was.

O'MALLEY

The media is gonna eat you guys alive. You know that, right?

AMANDA

You got any other solutions, I'm all ears.

INT. CORNELIA STREET JAZZ CAFE -- NIGHT

A basement jazz club, filled with smoke, exposed brick, and high-end clientele. A Jazz TRIO bops on the small stage.

O'Malley sits at a corner table and sways to the music. Amanda looks very uncomfortable.

O'MALLEY

(shouting to be heard)

I swear, these guys sound like they're in '45 instead of '75, know what I mean?

AMANDA

No.

O'MALLEY

It's the way Johnny's inverting the chords, I think.

AMANDA
Chief O'Malley -

O'MALLEY
Please, just Chief.

AMANDA
Chief, bringing me to a Jazz club
isn't going to keep four thousand
cops from getting laid off.

O'MALLEY
Why can't you work something out
with the union?

AMANDA
Chief O'Malley -

O'MALLEY
Chief.

AMANDA
Chief, the city's got holes in its
pockets the size of Staten Island.
I don't know what to tell you.
(nervously playing with
her drink)
The recommendation is to lay guys
off who are about to retire anyway -
before their full pensions kick in.

O'MALLEY
That's a first class kick in the
balls. Besides, union rules: last
in, first out. I know your boss
doesn't wanna screw with the
union...

AMANDA
The Mayor has no choice. And
besides, the PD isn't exactly
winning any popularity contests
lately.

O'MALLEY
I'm workin' on it.

And with that, Captain O'Malley stands up and jumps on stage.
Amanda looks confused. He grabs a tenor saxophone from the
corner and goes to the mike.

O'MALLEY

This one goes out to a special
someone who just won't listen - The
Mayor.

The audience laughs and applauds. O'Malley and the Trio
begin wailing on "I Can't get Started with You." Amanda
can't help but smile.

INT. FAYE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A broken down tenement with cracked plaster and shattered
windows. Maleek lies in a fetal position on a disgustingly
dirty mattress in the middle of a filthy room.

FAYE, black, 40, looking 50 but sadly, desperately made-up,
careens into the apartment, laughing. Her DATE, decked out
in a bright silk shirt, saunters in behind her.

DATE

Who the hell's that?

FAYE

Who?

(seeing Maleek, she hides
her shock)

Oh, him? Don't pay him no mind.
He sleeps here sometimes.

MALEEK

(whispering and swatting
at the air)

Mumbasa mumbasa mumbasa mumbasa.

DATE

He ain't sleeping.

FAYE

(sidling up to the date)

We won't be, either.

DATE

We don't need no...interruption,
dig?

FAYE

He's fine.

MALEEK

Mumbasa!

Faye hangs her head and wills herself into her mother role.

FAYE

Maleek, honey, what's goin' down?

MALEEK

They came in the window.

FAYE

Oh, Maleek, my baby, not again.

DATE

Baby?!

MALEEK

They talkin' in my ear, they sayin' things.

DATE

You got one crazy kid.

FAYE

Who the hell are you, callin' him crazy! Get the fuck outta here.

The date leaves, slamming the door behind him.

FAYE

Maleek, you know what you gotta do if you see them spirits.

MALEEK

(rocking back and forth)
I ain't takin' no devil pills.

FAYE

They the same pills you been takin' here, baby. They just the same.
(off Maleek's silence)
You been takin' yo pills, right?

MALEEK

(looking at the wall)
Yeah.

FAYE

Look at me. You been takin' 'em, right?

Maleek curls into the fetal position and rocks back and forth on the bed.

MALEEK

Mumbasa mumbasa mumbasa mumbasa.

Faye searches frantically under the bed and finds three prescription bottles. She holds them up - they're all full.

FAYE

That's it. Get out.

MALEEK

Fuck you.

FAYE

Get out before I call the cops.
This time I mean it.

Stunned, Maleek shudders into some semblance of reality, grabs his clothes off the floor and throws on his shoes.

FAYE

Take these with you!

Maleek grabs the pill bottles and leaves. Faye, alone with the broken windows behind her, suddenly looks very old.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway morphs into a grotesque contorted tunnel. A shadowy figure appears and Maleek chases it down the stairs. Maleek bounces between the wall and the banister. He exits the tenement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Maleek runs away, frightened, as if he is being chased.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A small, middle class home in Staten Island - green carpets, a big couch, a small kitchen and kitchen table.

EILEEN, 20s, sits alone at the table, a half-eaten dinner in front of her, a full, untouched plate next to her. She's clutching the telephone, expecting it to ring at any second.

Nick trudges in from the front door. Eileen springs to her feet, runs to him and hugs him tight.

NICK

I missed you, too, babe.

Eileen doesn't let go and starts shaking in Nick's arm.

NICK

What's going on here?

EILEEN

I thought something...You're an hour late.

NICK

I got held up, some drunk in the hospital. Where's dinner?

EILEEN

It's cold.

Nick sits and immediately starts eating.

EILEEN

I can't stop worrying.

NICK

I work, Eileen. What do you want from me?

EILEEN

Quit. You don't need this. You have a college degree for Christ's sake, you could be on Wall Street.

NICK

And then I could be drafted. Look, I'm being transferred to the 10th in Greenwich Village. It's a helluva lot safer than here, or Nam.

EILEEN

Really? You saw what they did to the two cops in the East Village. And what about Garcia on the West 4th subway station?

NICK

First of all, they were careless. Second, we discussed this.

(Eileen is unconvinced;

Nick holds her)

Honey, I'm a cop.

EILEEN
You're a husband.

Eileen breaks down again. Nick looks conflicted.

MONTAGE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Terry, cuffed to his bed, stares up at the ceiling.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Terry's four KIDS run around the living room, playing. Loretta stands amongst them, staring at a photograph of Terry with a mixture of disgust and love.

EXT. FAYE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

The neighborhood's falling apart just like the building is. Maleek runs angrily down the street, knocking over full garbage cans. He passes an empty can and throws the pills into it.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Nick holds Eileen in his arms and strokes her hair. She looks calmer; Nick, on the other hand, is clearly afraid.

INT. A WOMAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Flowers and other feminine touches let us know this is an upper middle class woman's room. It's dark, but there are clearly two bodies on the bed, going at it.

The streetlight glints off of something placed on a towel - a tenor saxophone.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Nick and Maleek struggle, pushing each other against the tile walls but instead of hearing their fight, we hear...

The MOANS of the two bodies, the WAIL of the saxophone, the CRASH of the garbage cans, Eileen's SIGHS and the SCRATCH of Loretta's hand on the window.

It all crescendos as Maleek and Nick both go for Nick's gun and then we hear a

GUNSHOT, and nothing else.

TITLE CARD: THREE MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL -- AFTERNOON

Trees are in bloom, birds are singing. People dressed in lightweight clothes walk in and out the front door. Then, Terry walks out with a cane, his right leg in a short cast. Raymond holds his arm.

RAYMOND

Get the door, will ya?

NORA

He's smart enough to keep a spare key, he can open his own door.

RAYMOND

Nice, real nice.

EXT. CROSS STREET -- DUSK

Terry (and co.) limp past the International Longshoremen Association (ILA) headquarters and several buildings marked with anti-Viet Nam war graffiti.

NORA

Smart enough to get yourself outta the draft, too.

Terry just keeps walking.

EXT. SOME GRUNGY CORNER (IN GREENWICH VILLAGE) -- DUSK

Maleek walks by, mumbling to himself. He taps on the side of a building with a stick, but he doesn't look aware of what he's doing.

Nick and Peter cruise slowly down the street in the opposite direction.

They watch him walk out of sight, and then Nick stops the car because he sees Terry hobbling along in a short leg cast, with Nora and Ray by his side.

NICK

Well, look who's back in town.

TERRY

Yeah, and I got this souvenir.
Ain't I lucky?

NICK

You're lucky you're not locked up.

TERRY

Thanks for the good news.

Nick gets out of his car.

NICK

You think I'm jokin'? Your parole's no joke, either. You got that?

NORA

My brother's wife is dead, I don't think he's laughing.

NICK

You think I don't know how she died?

PETER

Nick, come on, leave the guy alone.

NICK

You got a second chance, Buckley. Don't fuck it up. Stay outta my way, I'll stay outta yours.

Nick heads back to the car.

PETER

Have a good one, you guys. And hey, I'm glad they let you out.

They peel out. Terry looks shaken.

NORA

Bastards. I hope every last one of them gets laid off.

RAYMOND

Hey, the old guy was alright. It was his young punk partner who -

TERRY

(snapping out of it)
Laid off?

RAYMOND

They hide the newspapers on you while you were in there?

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Terry hobbles in the front door. Four children - Kevin, 13, Maureen, 11, Edward, 8 and Erin, 4 - are slouched on the couch watching TV. Erin hears the door first.

ERIN

Daddy's home, daddy's home.

The kids race to the door and hug Terry's good leg and arms.

TERRY

Hey guys. How ya been?

MAUREEN

Loretta lets us watch TV -

EDWARD

She made us ravioli.

Terry looks up at Loretta who stands in the kitchen doorway.

TERRY

Is that right?

LORETTA

Somebody had to feed this pack of wild Indians, right?

The kids run around the living room like Indians.

KEVIN

Ho-o-o-o-o-o-o!

ERIN

Grandpa, look - Ho ho ho.

RAYMOND

(chasing Erin)
You got beautiful kids, Terry.
(MORE)

RAYMOND (cont'd)
Connie did a great job. No wonder
Loretta was willin' to look after
them.

TERRY
Am I supposed to say thank you?

LORETTA
Nah, I don't need nothing from you.
Besides, it was fun for a while,
playing Mommy.

TERRY
You want to keep playing?

LORETTA
I'm not into that game.

They stare at each other while Terry holds her arm (out of
Nora and Raymond's sight) with a mixture of longing and
shame.

LORETTA
Three months of this...I'm looking
to get my own life back.

TERRY
You sure?

LORETTA
Yeah.

She fidgets with her apron.

TERRY
Any more ravioli?

LORETTA
Plenty.

NORA
Loretta's an expert on leftovers.

Terry shoots Nora a look.

NORA
What?

INT. THE KIDS' ROOM -- NIGHT

A brightly decorated room with mobiles and piles of stuffed
animals. The kids are all in their beds. Terry tucks Erin
in, which is hard because of his cast.

ERIN

Are you gonna read us a story?

TERRY

A story?

EDWARD

Mommy always read us a story.

TERRY

What do you want to hear?

ERIN

Snow White. Snow White. Snow
White.

He looks around on the shelf and finds SLEEPING BEAUTY.

TERRY

How about this one? Once upon a
time, there was a beautiful
princess who fell asleep...and
didn't wake up.

Terry chokes up and can't continue.

ERIN

What's the matter daddy?

MAUREEN

He misses mommy.

Terry smiles to keep from crying.

KEVIN

I miss mommy, too.

Terry bends over gingerly and kisses Kevin on the forehead.

TERRY

Good night, kids.

He turns off the light.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Terry looks upstairs and sees the light on in Nora's place.

TERRY

Nora! Hey, Nora!

Nora leans her head out the window.

NORA

What're you doing out there?

TERRY

I'm goin' to Gallagher's ... say
hello to the guys...a quickie.

NORA

Yeah! Real quick.

TERRY

Keep an eye on the kids, okay?
They're already asleep.

Nora nods and slams her window shut.

EXT. GALLAGHER'S TAVERN -- NIGHT

The tavern is in the shadow of the ILA Headquarters.

INT. GALLAGHER'S TAVERN -- NIGHT

People are playing darts, clinking glasses. The Beatles are blaring from the jukebox and the TV is tuned to the Huntley-Brinkley report.

There's a newspaper on the bar. The front page headline reads - TWO COPS SHOT IN EAST VILLAGE.

At the bar, three burly MEN are shouting at each other.

LONGSHOREMAN #1

(pounding the bar)

We don't get our raise, we go on
strike.

LONGSHOREMAN #2

We strike, everything goes in the
toilet. New Orleans and Galveston
are getting most of our old
tonnage.

LONGSHOREMAN #3

Yeah, including the Union.

LONGSHOREMAN #2

Which is just what the city wants.

LONGSHOREMAN #1
So we're just supposed to take it?
Shit pay, busted up piers and
longer hours?

LONGSHOREMAN #2
You wanna give me your extra hours?
...That's what I thought.

Terry makes his way in from outside.

LONGSHOREMAN #1
Hey, Chooch. How's the leg?

TERRY
When you gonna stop calling me a
Chooch? I keep tellin' you I'm
Irish, not Italian!

LONGSHOREMAN #1
You're half and half, right?

LONGSHOREMAN #3
(gesturing with hand)
Yeah, the upper half's Irish and
the lower half's Italian.

LONGSHOREMAN #1
How you figure that?

LONGSHOREMAN #3
Because he drinks like an Irishman
and he makes babies like a goombah.

The bar erupts in raucous laughter.

LONGSHOREMAN #2
From what I hear, he doesn't hold
his liquor like an Irishman.

Suddenly there's total silence.

TERRY
This is my welcome home?

LONGSHOREMAN #2
This is how you spend your first
night out of the hospital?

TERRY
I don't need no reminders from you.
I came here to be with friends.

RAYMOND

(stepping in from the
front door)

Then you came to the right place.

(taking out a wad of
bills)

Hey Sean, get my son a boilermaker -
he's gonna need it.

TERRY

(pulling out his own wad)

And pour these losers another
round.

RAYMOND

Connie was always the penny-pincher
in your house. You better take
over where she left off.

TERRY

Don't lay that on me now. I'll
start the pinchin' tomorrow.

LONGSHOREMAN #3

From what I hear, that sister-in-
law of your's is pretty good at
pinching, too.

TERRY

Then why don't you give her a pinch
or two?

LONGSHOREMAN #3

Because she'd break my head.

The bar erupts in laughter again.

LONGSHOREMAN #1

So whaddaya say, Mr. Buckley? We
gonna strike?

RAYMOND

I don't think so. Right now I'm
trying to figure out who to lay
off.

LONGSHOREMAN #1

It's that bad?

Raymond nods, gravely.

LONGSHOREMAN #2

My cousin says they're talking about laying off cops. The city budget is getting smaller than a gnat's ass.

LONGSHOREMAN #3

Yeah, and the Mayor's got a brain the same size.

EXT. THE WATERFRONT -- NIGHT

Nick's car speeds down the bumpy road.

INT. NICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

Nick and Peter look edgy. Nick hits the sirens and they start WAILING.

PETER

You fuckin' crazy?

He turns them off.

NICK

What was that for?

PETER

You never use sirens for an in-progress. We wanna sneak up on the guy, not have him waitin' for us.

Nick nods, chastened. Peter makes a sharp turn and skids to a stop in front of a warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Nick and Peter alight and approach the front door with their guns drawn.

They bust into

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The warehouse is dimly lit and full of boxes and racks. Peter sees a shadow moving and motions Nick to take up a position behind a pillar.

PETER

Come out with your hands up!

(to Nick)

Cover me. I'm going around the racks, come up behind him.

Peter disappears from view. Nick looks scared. He's still for a long time - he doesn't hear anything.

NICK

I'm calling for back up.

Nick runs back

OUTSIDE to the car.

NICK

(grabbing the radio)

This is RMP car five-one,
requesting emergency back up at a
10-30 in progress, over.

RADIO DISPATCHER

Roger, back up on the way.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Peter turns a corner - no one there. He keeps his back toward where Nick was, and starts inching forward.

Behind him, THE BURGLAR steps out of the shadows. He's carrying a stick. He whacks Peter on the head, making a loud noise.

IN THE CAR, Nick, hearing the noise, turns on the headlights, and then creeps back

INSIDE.

He looks down the aisle, and sees the burglar standing over Peter, going through Peter's wallet. Nick takes a step forward, the burglar hears him, drops the wallet and runs.

Nick pulls his gun out of his holster, but he's shaking, and it takes too long - by the time the gun is out, the Burglar has disappeared into the night.

Nick then runs to Peter. Peter's head is bleeding - the blood looks black in the shadows.

Then the Police and Ambulance SIRENS approach and the flashing lights turn the black blood red.

INT. GALLAGHER'S TAVERN -- NIGHT

Raymond and Terry sit at a booth, empty shot glasses by their sides. They nurse beers as they talk.

TERRY

So, dad, about my situation - when can you get me back on the job?

RAYMOND

I'm only the delegate, Terry, I don't run the union.

TERRY

Still, you got some pull down there.

RAYMOND

Yeah, but, can you even do the job right now? You gonna climb ladders with that cast?

TERRY

I was thinking maybe you could work me into some light duty, desk stuff.

RAYMOND

I got people who put in twenty five doing that.

TERRY

So I gotta wait 'til the cast comes off? That might be weeks.

RAYMOND

Problem is, if you're not back on the rolls before the lay-offs, it's gonna be impossible to get you back your job when other guys just lost their's.

TERRY

Then you gotta put me back on now, dad. I'll go to the Doc, force him to set me right.

RAYMOND

What about the cops?

TERRY

What about 'em?

RAYMOND

I can't have anyone on the rolls
who's on parole. Even if he is my
son.

TERRY

I'll take care of that.

Raymond fiddles with his beer.

TERRY

Dad, I'm trying to do the right
thing. I need help here.

Raymond downs the rest of his beer.

BY THE BAR,

Maleek comes in and orders a drink. He then walks to

INT. GALLAGHER'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

And closes the bathroom door behind him. There's a little
blood on his hands - he washes it off. Otherwise, he looks
perfectly presentable.

What's striking is that he doesn't look at all nervous or
shaken - in fact, as he stares at himself in the mirror, he
has the same glazed look he always has. He calmly dries his
hands and heads back out

TO THE BAR. The Longshoremen nod to each other,
disparagingly. Maleek ignores them.

As Maleek gets and pays for his drink, police cars race by
outside.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

CAPTAIN LIPINSKI, 40s and paunchy, and Nick sit in the
waiting room.

LIPINSKI

Let me get this straight. You were
covering Pete, the burglar jumped
out from behind a box and hit him
from behind.

NICK

And then he took off.

LIPINSKI

He assaults an officer and you just stand there? I.A.D. wouldn't have given a flyin' shit if you shot and killed him.

NICK

(lying badly)

I fucking wanted to, but I couldn't unholster my gun. It must've jammed.

LIPINSKI

Really?

NICK

Yeah, really. Once he got away, I went to Peter and then called for the ambulance.

LIPINSKI

C.B. said you asked for back-up.

NICK

They didn't get it right.

LIPINSKI

You sure it wasn't the other way around? You called for back up first, while you were supposed to be covering Peter?

NICK

You saying I bailed out on my partner? Excuse me, Captain, but where the hell do you get off?

LIPINSKI

You know how I got to be Captain, Fazio? I was a cop first. You don't get to where I am without picking up on the little things.

NICK

And I told you, they didn't get it right.

LIPINSKI

So what you want me to believe is that you and Pete went into a dark, unfamiliar building with a possible burglary in progress and you guys didn't draw your guns? Who do you think you're bullshitting?

NICK

(sarcastic)

I wouldn't bullshit you.

LIPINSKI

(grabbing Nick, hard)

Listen to me, you dumb fuck. Right now a burglar is on the loose, your partner's in surgery, and you're sitting here without a scratch. So bullshit or not, you ain't lookin' all that pretty.

This hits Nick hard, and he looks away.

LIPINSKI

Now I don't know what part of your story doesn't add up, and we both know your partner will cover your ass, but you better change the way you're doing your job, or I'll change what job you're doing. Do I make myself perfectly clear?

Nick nods, silently. A doctor approaches.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry...

LIPINSKI

(confrontational)

What about?

DOCTOR

He didn't make it.

Nick shuts his eyes.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE -- DAY

Terry sits on one of many benches in a low-ceilinged, fake wood-panelled City Probation office.

LOUDSPEAKER

Terrence Buckley. Terrence Buckley
to window five.

Terry walks up to a scratched, plastic window. Behind it sits a PAROLE STAFFER who never looks up from a pile of paper.

PAROLE STAFFER

Looking for work?

TERRY

I got a job.

PAROLE STAFFER

Says here you're unemployed.

TERRY

(holding his cast)

My employer can't put me back on
the rolls with this on my leg.

PAROLE STAFFER

Where's your letter stating you're
taking drivers ed.

TERRY

That's great! How am I supposed to
get behind the wheel of a car with
a cast on my leg?

PAROLE STAFFER

Not my problem.

TERRY

You're all heart.

PAROLE STAFFER

Come back with a letter. NEXT.

EXT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S HOSPITAL -- DAY

The hospital looks dreary and forbidding.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM -- DAY

Terry is sitting on a table and a DOCTOR is looking at an X-Ray.

TERRY

So, what's the story, Doc?

DOCTOR
Are you doing your exercises?

TERRY
Yeah.

DOCTOR
Faithfully?

TERRY
Yeah, yeah. When does the cast
come off? I can't wait forever.

DOCTOR
You can't rush Mother Nature.
She's a fickle lady.

TERRY
I don't need no wise ass advice
right now. I need to get back to
work.

DOCTOR
It's better to leave the cast on a
little longer than remove it too
soon.

TERRY
If it don't come off, I got no
chance of gettin' my job back.
Understand?

DOCTOR
I understand perfectly. But I get
paid the big bucks to do the right
thing. And I'm thinking about the
long haul. Be patient. You're
lucky to be alive, Terry.

TERRY
Yeah, well, lucky ain't puttin'
food on the table.

The Doctor shrugs - his hands are tied.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT -- DAY

INT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

Nick and another COP are playing one on one. The cop easily
outmaneuvers Nick and goes for a lay-up.

COP
Come on , let's shower. Your head's
not in it.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Nick and the cop are toweling off in front of their lockers.

COP
Hey Nick, you gotta let it go.

NICK
I always thought, you know, if
anything happened, that it'd be
me...I never thought I'd lose a
partner. Not like this.

COP
Shit happens. What
happened...could happen to anyone.

NICK
Come on. You know as well as I do,
nine times out of ten it's
someone's fault.

COP
Maybe this is that tenth time.

NICK
That's not the tune Lipinksi's
singin'.

COP
Fuck Lipinski.

NICK
Easy for you to say - you're not on
the bubble if these layoffs go
through.

COP
That's all bullshit. They haven't
laid off a cop since 1929.

NICK
If Eileen has her way, I make it
easy on them and quit tomorrow.

COP
Can't help you there.

NICK

Thing is, I know I can do this job.

CLOSE ON NICK, wishing it were that easy.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Terry hobbles up to the front of his house - he's exhausted. From outside, he can see his kids running around and Loretta vainly trying to keep up with them.

It's too much for him to deal with. He turns around and heads out toward Gallagher's bar.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

It's three A.M., the streets are empty. Between a night at the bar and the cast on his legs, Terry has a hard time getting up the front steps.

INT. TERRY'S KITCHEN -- DAYBREAK

Loretta's up, making breakfast for the kids. Terry's passed out on the couch until the clamor in the kitchen wakes him up.

Loretta puts down the eggs, puts on her coat and heads for the front door.

Terry grabs her arm.

TERRY

Whoa whoa, where's the fire?

LORETTA

Three months in a hospital hasn't changed you one bit.

TERRY

Hey, I can't stop thinking about what happened. Why'd you think I stayed out last night?

LORETTA

I know you're scared and you got problems, but you expect other people to take care of them for you. You're turning into a wimp.

TERRY

Hey, I spent all of yesterday
trying to get my life together.
Nobody's suffering from this more
than me.

LORETTA

Yeah? Tell that to your kids -
they see Aunt Loretta more than
daddy.

TERRY

What do you want from me?

LORETTA

Tell that to Connie.

TERRY

Loretta...

LORETTA

GO AHEAD! TELL THAT TO MY DEAD
SISTER YOU FUCKING DRUNK. YOU -

Terry grabs her and kisses her. She resists, then gives in,
then pulls away. They stare at one another, ashamed and
relieved.

LORETTA

I'm not my sister.

She grabs her coat and leaves. Terry sinks down into a
chair.

The doorbell rings.

TERRY

Don't think of you like -

NORA marches in.

TERRY

My sister.

NORA

It ain't even a year since you
buried Connie and now you're
jumping in bed with her sister?

TERRY

What the hell are you talking
about?

NORA

Don't bullshit me, Terry. I just saw her leave. You got no class.

TERRY

She was watching the kids. Not that it's any of your business.

NORA

When you act like an ass it is my business.

TERRY

Oh, like you're some fucking angel with a different guy every weekend?

Nora looks away, lost in thought.

NORA

I knew you had a spare key. I don't know why I didn't tell dad.

TERRY

I didn't mean for what happened.

NORA

I've seen what happens when I trust you. I'm not doin' it again.

TERRY

Yeah, well, Loretta's not coming back anytime soon, anyway.

NORA

You're damn right she's not.

EXT. A CEMETERY -- DAY

Peter's funeral. Tons of cops. Nick, dressed in black, throws a handful of dirt on the casket. He struggles to keep it together. Eileen puts her arm around him.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM -- DAY

Maleek is at a urinal. Two TOUGHS approach him. Maleek turns around. The first Tough opens his switchblade. The second Tough unzips his pants. Maleek is terrified.

EXT. GREENWICH -- DAY

Loretta walks down the street. She sees herself reflected in a store window and looks disgusted.

INT. TERRY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Terry looks at a photo of Connie and Loretta - two sisters, young, beautiful and happy.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

We see Terry in the stall. We see Nick turn to leave the bathroom and Maleek come up behind him reaching for his gun. Terry hears a scuffle outside his stall.

TERRY

What's goin' on out there?

NICK

Stay where you are!

Only this time, Terry jumps, but his expression of fear quickly gives way to resolution. He bursts out of the stall but no one's there.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

We hear the GUNSHOT again.

Nurses cower in fear. Terry runs out of the bathroom and sees Maleek and Nick locked together. It's impossible to tell who has the gun.

CLOSE ON TERRY, frozen.

TITLE CARD: ONE MONTH EARLIER

INT. OFFICE OF CAPTAIN LIPINSKI -- DAY

Lipinski sits behind his standard issue desk. There isn't a single decoration in sight - he's all business.

VINNIE MANCUSO, 30, Italian-American and soft inside, stands. Nick comes in.

NICK
You wanted to see me?

O'MALLEY
Nick, meet your new partner,
Officer Vinnie Mancuso.

Nick sees Vinnie and shakes his hand.

NICK
Welcome.

VINNIE
Thanks.

O'MALLEY
Go introduce Vinnie to the lovely
neighborhood of Greenwich Village.

NICK
You got it.

Nick opens the door for Vinnie and is about to follow him out
when -

LIPINSKI
Oh, Nick, one more thing.

Nick steps back in the office. Lipinski leans across his
desk.

LIPINSKI
(a fierce whisper)
I.A.D. is here to investigate about
Peter, but if Vinnie gets so much
as a scratch, I'll do a lot more
than investigate, do you understand
me?

NICK
(loud enough for Vinnie to
hear)
Okay, Captain. I'll make sure he
gets the royal treatment. No
problem.
(whispering to Lipinski)
He'll never get out of the car,
alright?

LIPINSKI
What car? You're on a beat.

NICK

You're fucking kidding me. I'm back on foot patrol? I got six years under my belt.

LIPINSKI

You're lucky I didn't put you behind a desk. Now get out of here.

INT. STATION STAIRWELL -- DAY

As Nick and Vinnie leave Lipinski's office, a big COP confronts them.

COP

Hey big balls, I hear you're stamping out crime.

NICK

Yeah, Lipinski has me sweeping scum bags off the street.

COP

Watch out you don't land in the trash with them.

They walk past the cop.

VINNIE

What was that all about?

NICK

Some day I'll tell you the real story.

They head down the steps as DETECTIVE RICHARD HELLERMAN, in civilian clothes, walks up.

HELLERMAN

Hey, Pasta Fazoo.

NICK

Detective Hellerman. Meet my new partner, Vinnie Mancuso.

HELLERMAN

(shaking hands)

You do your job, we'll be on the same page.

VINNIE
Nice to meet you, too.

HELLERMAN
Nick, stop by my office. More
paperwork.

Hellerman keeps going up the stairs.

NICK
Sure thing. And Hellerman - it's
Fah-zee-oh. We're from Palermo.

HELLERMAN
Glad you told me. I'm a real
stickler for details.

He continues up the stairs; Nick doesn't move.

VINNIE
Hey, you coming?

Nick snaps to and follows him out.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Eileen lies in bed in a nightie while Nick takes off his
uniform and gets ready for bed.

NICK
And I know Hellerman. He's a hump
and he's gonna ride me like a
bronco.

EILEEN
It wasn't your fault.

NICK
You know what I mean.

EILEEN
Well, maybe you should resign.

NICK
I'm not letting them get to me.
And I'm not getting killed.

EILEEN
You trust this rookie partner of
yours that much?

CLOSE ON NICK, making a decision.

EXT. BARTON'S MUNITIONS -- DAY

A tiny gun shop - the kind of place you wouldn't even notice if you weren't looking for it.

INT. BARTON'S MUNITIONS -- DAY

BARTON, an ex-cop with a heavy Brooklyn accent and tattoos on both forearms, stands behind the glass counter. Nick is inspecting a bunch of different HOLSTERS. He picks up one in particular.

BARTON
That clamshell's new.

NICK
Looks like regular issue.

BARTON
That's the idea. But there's no thumb lock. You can draw your piece in one quick, easy motion.

He puts a dummy gun in the holster and then draws at lightening speed.

NICK
Looks good.

BARTON
Now, I'm required to tell you this is strictly a recreational holster.

NICK
(grabbing the holster)
Sure it is.

The men smile at each other.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Maleek wanders down the dark street, mumbling to himself. He raps a stick against a railing then again on a stoop making a loud noise each time.

An elderly WOMAN walks by. Maleek whirls and smacks her on the head and shoulders. She screams. Several bystanders rush to her aide as Maleek runs off into the night.

EXT. PARKSIDE - DUSK

Terry and Loretta walk along the park.

LORETTA
So, what's going on?

TERRY
Nothin'. I'm running around in circles, I still got this fuckin' cast on my leg, the layoffs are still in the works, the kids are still... we're all still...you know.

LORETTA
Yeah.

TERRY
The kids miss you.

LORETTA
They miss their mother.

TERRY
Yeah, but they also miss you. I miss you.

LORETTA
Yeah, well.

TERRY
Lemme guess: you're not your sister.

LORETTA
I'm not.

TERRY
(taking her hand)
I don't want you to be.

LORETTA
It's not like I've been jealous of her all these years.

TERRY
It's not like I've been thinkin' about her sister all these years.

They reach an entrance to the park and walk in, holding hands.

INT. DELICATESSEN -- NIGHT

Nick's buying a pack of cigarettes; Vinnie's staring out the window. They're on the neighborhood beat.

VINNIE

I don't think I'm gonna go for this neighborhood policing shit.

NICK

This is a great beat. A lot of fags, a lot of high brows, real quiet.

VINNIE

That's the problem - I'll wear out a pair of shoes before I make my first collar.

NICK

What're you, some cowboy?

VINNIE

No, but I'm not chicken shit either. I wanna climb the ladder. Make Detective, you know...

Nick looks at him with a mixture of contempt and envy.

EXT. DELICATESSEN -- NIGHT

A taxi cab pulls up to the opposite curb and a BUSINESS MAN gets out. Maleek comes up behind him and hits him over the head with the stick.

BUSINESS MAN

Ah, what the -

The man falls to the ground and Maleek continues to beat him unmercifully.

The man rolls under the cab for protection

BUSINESS MAN

Help. Help!

INT. DELICATESSEN -- NIGHT

Nick looks out the window and sees what's happening.

NICK
Looks like you're in luck.

They run out of the store.

EXT. DELICATESSEN -- NIGHT

The man is under the cab, bleeding profusely from the head and face, trying to avoid Maleek's pokes and stabs.

BUSINESS MAN
Oh god, please help!

The CABBIE cringes in the locked car; bystanders SCREAM and run away.

Nick and Vinnie run up to Maleek.

VINNIE
Put down whatever you're carryin'
and then put your hands on your
head.

MALEEK
Fuck you, mother fucker!

NICK
We got us an English major, here.

Maleek backs up to the wall of a building. Vinnie takes up a position in front of Maleek and Nick stands to his side.

VINNIE
Put down that pipe before somebody
gets hurt.

Maleek looks back and forth at each officer. He bends down to drop the pipe but then he

Lunges at Vinnie and whacks him on the face. Nick pulls his gun and shoots.

Blood spatters, Maleek sprawls to the sidewalk. People SCREAM.

Nick stares at Maleek, who isn't moving.

Nick bends down and sees blood oozing out of Maleek's eye socket..

NICK
(shaken)
I...I killed him.

VINNIE
Serves him right, the son-of-a-
bitch.

A patrol car arrives at the scene. A COP steps out and sees Maleek's body.

COP
What happened?

VINNIE
This fuck was playing drums on that
man's head. He started playing on
me, and my partner shot him.

COP
Is he dead?

VINNIE
He ain't moving.

COP
I'll call it in. We can't move him
until the M.E. gets here.

A crowd has gathered. Nick and Vinnie try to keep them back.

MALEEK
(barely audible)
Mumbasa mumbasa mumbasa.

NICK
Holy shit, he's alive.

VINNIE
What?

NICK
The mother fucker is alive. We
ain't waiting for the M.E. Let's
get him to St. Sebastian's.

VINNIE
How? The ambulance isn't even
here.

NICK
In the patrol car. Come on, give me
a hand.

They awkwardly lift Maleek and stuff him in the Patrol car.

VINNIE

I hope we're doing the right thing here.

NICK

What, you want to let him die? He didn't whack you that hard.

CLOSE ON MALEEK's wild eyes.

EXT. THE PARK -- NIGHT

A little patch of grass behind some bushes. Terry and Loretta are in a tight embrace. Terry runs his hand between Loretta's legs; she moans. They kiss passionately.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Vinnie, Nick and two EMS technicians escort the handcuffed Maleek into the E.R.. A NURSE runs up to the gurney.

NURSE

You have a present for me?

EMS

Gun shot to the back of the head, no exit.

NURSE

Take these handcuffs off.

VINNIE

You don't want us to do that, Miss. This guy is nuts.

NURSE

And how am I supposed to start an IV? Besides, no handcuffed patients - hospital policy.

VINNIE

You kidding? We always do this. All the other hospitals in the city lets us cuff the bad guys.

NURSE

We're not all the other hospitals.

A NUN working near by overhears.

NUN

In God's eyes every one has dignity
- it's not your place to take that
away.

VINNIE

Alright. But we're not leaving you
alone with this lunatic. If he's
got any dignity, we ain't seen it
yet.

He removes the cuffs. Maleek mumbles incoherently and flails
his arms, resisting treatment.

NICK

Don't say we didn't warn ya'.

NURSE

Get him on the examining table.

Several orderlies and nurses restrain Maleek and tie his
hands to the gurney.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- LATER

A DOCTOR comes out of the examining room. Nick and Vinnie
stand.

NICK

What's the story, Doc?

DOCTOR

Well, it looks like the bullet
entered the back of his head from
behind his left ear. X-Ray shows
it's still lodged under his cheek
bone. An inch to the right and
this guy would be history.

VINNIE

Can we take him to the station
house and book him?

DOCTOR

No, I'm admitting him to the
hospital. He needs to be
stabilized with antibiotics for a
few days, then we can operate to
remove the bullet. Now, excuse me.

He goes back into the exam room.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- LATER

Mancuso is reading a magazine. Nick is at the other end of the corridor, with a red-faced Captain Lipinski.

NICK

You told me to protect my partner.
I did my job.

LIPINSKI

Yeah, well, now Hellerman and
I.A.D. get to do their job.

NICK

I shot that crazy mother fucker for
attacking my partner and a civilian
and now I'm under investigation?
I'm getting fucked comin' and
goin'.

LIPINSKI

You shot a crazy mother fucker in
the back of the head and your
previous partner was killed two
months ago. That's one hell of a
streak you got going, Fazio.

Nick scoffs.

LIPINSKI

On top of that you bring him here,
in a patrol car, no less, instead
of Bellevue. You're on a desk as
of now.

NICK

What?!

LIPINSKI

Wait. I have a better idea: I want
you two on him around the clock -
eight hour shifts.

Nick has no choice. He nods.

LIPINSKI

I'll have to stick it to someone
for the third shift.

(starts to leave)

Oh, and Nick - you guys better get
your stories straight about why he
was shot in the back of the head.

(MORE)

LIPINSKI (cont'd)
And you better hope he doesn't live
to say otherwise.

He leaves.

NICK
Shit.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Nick walks in the door and Eileen throws her arms around him.

EILEEN
I heard.

NICK
Fuckin' bullet to the head didn't
take him out.

EILEEN
You said it was a safe beat!

NICK
Well, now I'm stuck with him at the
hospital all day - that should make
you happy.

EILEEN
You were on a safe beat and you got
attacked. You shot a guy in the
head and he didn't die. And you
want me to stay at home and be
happy?

They embrace. CLOSE ON NICK, thinking.

INT. BARTON'S MUNITIONS -- DAY

Barton reaches up to a high shelf behind the counter while
Nick waits down below.

BARTON
Yup, these babies will definitely
do it.

NICK
We should all be using them.

BARTON
Tell that to the politicians and the
bleeding hearts.

NICK

Fucking animals out there.

BARTON

Hey, just remember, I only sell these for hunting. Get my drift?

NICK

No sweat. Sometimes, I get this terrible case of amnesia.

BARTON

Well then, be my guest.

Barton hands him a box marked .38 SNUB NOSED.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Terry sits in a pew with the kids who are holding palms. Nora and Raymond sit with them.

A few pews ahead of them, with some women FRIENDS, sits Loretta.

The PRIEST is at the pulpit, finishing his sermon.

PRIEST

...So yes, Christ rode into Jerusalem on an ass, and his followers who were rejoicing greeted him with palms. But who would greet your return with such joy?

Terry looks at Loretta. She looks away.

PRIEST

Whose lives have you made so much better that they would throw palms at your feet?

The kids squirm in their seats. Terry has to keep them from sliding off the bench with both arms.

PRIEST

And if your answer is no one: why not? And why should St. Peter welcome you to Heaven if no one will even welcome you on earth?

CLOSE ON TERRY, letting out a deep sigh.

EXT. CHURCH -- DAY

The church bells are caroling. The front doors burst open and PARISHIONERS stream out, including the Buckleys.

Loretta comes up behind them. When the kids see her they all run and hug her legs.

ERIN
Aunt Loretta!

LORETTA
Hey, you guys. Look at you, grown up enough to go to twelve o'clock Mass on Sunday!

NORA
Well, going to church doesn't necessarily mean you're a good Christian.

LORETTA
You should know.

Raymond steps into the fray and hugs Loretta.

RAYMOND
Nice to see you, honey.

LORETTA
It's good to see you, Mr. Buckley.

TERRY
Hey, pops, leave some room for the Holy Ghost...

Raymond looks embarrassed and obliges. Terry and Loretta kiss on the cheeks.

LORETTA
Hello, junior.

TERRY
Still bustin' 'em.

ERIN
Are you going to be our new mommy, Aunt Loretta?

LORETTA
I...uh...

NORA

Terry?!

TERRY

No one said nothing about a new mommy, okay. Aunt Loretta is just... your Aunt Loretta.

KEVIN

Can she come over and play?

LORETTA

(looking hard at Nora)
Yeah, Aunt Nora, can she?

NORA

As long as she knows the rules. You don't want people in the neighborhood saying you don't play by the rules. Do you, Loretta?

LORETTA

If the kids are throwing palms that's good enough for me.

NORA

You mean it's O.K. if my brother's palms get sweaty.

TERRY

Alright you two, that's enough.

Nora stalks off. Raymond walks after her.

TERRY

Say goodbye to Aunt Loretta, kids.

Terry shepherds the waving, giggling kids in the other direction.

TERRY

I'll see you tonight?

Loretta shrugs and smiles.

MONTAGE OF LAYOFF MEETINGS

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

A room full of POLICE BRASS, including O'Malley. Everyone looks pissed.

At the head of the room, Amanda stands with three large charts, labelled - PRESENT LEVELS, BEST CASE and WORST CASE.

She points to the worst case chart.

AMANDA

Again, we're hoping our estimates are right, but if they're not, the plan calls for -

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. FIREMEN HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Exact same set up, only the audience is angry FIREMEN, and the room is in an old firehouse, complete with a pole.

AMANDA

- the implementation of hiring freezes now -

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

A cramped room, full of concerned HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATORS, only a few of them with their doctor's coats and clipboards.

AMANDA

- And the bulk of the layoffs as early as the end of the month.

She puts down her pointer and takes a deep breath.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. CITY PLANT HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

A fleet of garbage trucks is visible outside the old industrial windows. The SANITATION DEPUTIES are shaking their large heads.

AMANDA

(trying not to look too afraid)
Any questions?

SANITATION DEPUTY

You got any idea how bad the city's
gonna smell?

INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

The choice will be turn people away
or give them substandard care.

INT. FIREMEN HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

FIRE CAPTAIN

Whole blocks are gonna burn.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

O'MALLEY

The Mayor better not trim his
security detail, 'cause he's gonna
be a wanted man.

AMANDA

Look, I'm sorry, but there's just
no money. If the city were a
business... it'd be belly up by
now.

EXT. ILA HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

At night the building looks dilapidated and depressing.

INT. ILA HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

A crowded room of delegates. Raymond sits near an aisle,
deeply concerned. A UNION CHIEF stands in front of the room.

UNION CHIEF

There ain't no mystery to it - the
ships ain't comin' like they used
to. So we got two choices - keep
the rolls the way they are and risk
the whole union tankin', or take a
few hits.

DELEGATE

(standing up)

The city's got major lay-offs goin'
down, too.

ANOTHER DELEGATE

(standing)

You want me to tell my men their
jobs aren't protected no more?

DELEGATE

Your pier hasn't had a ship in
weeks.

ANOTHER DELEGATE

So what?

DELEGATE

So why don't you tell your men to
get off their asses and work for a
change?

The room erupts as people try to hold the two delegates
apart. Raymond stays seated amidst the ruckus, head in
hands.

EXT. THE PARK -- NIGHT

Loretta and Terry walk along the park, holding hands.

TERRY

Dad's at a meeting right now, but
things ain't lookin' good.

LORETTA

What would you do if you couldn't
get your old job back?

TERRY

You know, I can't even think about
it?

LORETTA

What have you always wanted to do?

TERRY

Dad started taking me to the docks
as soon as I could walk. Workin'
there with him is all I've ever
thought of.

LORETTA

Well, maybe now you've got a chance
to change things in your life.

She looks at him, meaningfully, but he's unaware.

TERRY

I don't want a fucking change. I
want my leg back to normal and my
job back to normal and -

LORETTA

And your family back to normal,
too, right?

TERRY

I didn't say that.

LORETTA

Yeah.

They reach the same entrance to the park as last time. Terry
gently leads her in.

TERRY

Come on.

LORETTA

No.

TERRY

(teasing)
What you got a headache?
(she shakes her head)
Come on. It's Sunday, and I feel
like sinnin'.

LORETTA

Yeah, well, I don't feel like bein'
your dirty little secret anymore.

TERRY

You know Nora would kill me if she
knew this was goin' on.

LORETTA

I don't care that much what Nora
thinks, and I wish you didn't
either.

TERRY

It's not just her. The kids aren't
ready for this.

LORETTA

The kids swarm me every time they see me, Terry.

TERRY

Yeah, but -

LORETTA

All these fuckin' excuses. Baby, maybe the person who isn't ready is you.

TERRY

So what? I'm not allowed to mourn for Connie?

LORETTA

Of course you are. But you're not allowed to mourn for her and fuck her sister at the same time.

TERRY

You think that's all this is?

LORETTA

Until you admit to your family and yourself that it's something more, yeah, I do. And I got a headache.

She walks away, leaving Terry alone in the dark park entrance.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Terry trudges in and there's Nora, waiting.

NORA

That was a long walk for cigarettes.

TERRY

I'm not in the mood, Nora.

NORA

Do you always meet your sister-in-law in the park when you're NOT in the mood?

TERRY

I don't know what you're talkin' about?

NORA

You couldn't spend just one whole Sunday with your kids?

TERRY

I went out for an hour.

NORA

And left them alone. Look, you may've just had them to get outta the draft, but you gotta take care of them now.

TERRY

I do take care of them. And Viet Nam just...happened to be goin' on at the same time we had them.

NORA

Nobody else in this neighborhood had kids when they were only seventeen.

TERRY

Connie had something to do with that.

NORA

And now you're hitting on her sister?

TERRY

It's not like that. We've always been close -

NORA

Were you fuckin' her while Connie was still alive?

TERRY

What kind of a question is that to ask your own brother?

NORA

(genuine)

I'm sorry.

(Terry looks away)

I'm sorry about Connie, too. But you gotta move on.

TERRY

I miss her.

NORA

So remember her, don't go tryin' to replace her.

TERRY

What if I really do love Loretta?

NORA

Do you?

TERRY

I don't know.

NORA

Well do everyone a favor and figure it out.

Nora kisses him on the forehead and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Terry sits on the couch with a beer. Erin scampers in and cuddles up next to her father.

ERIN

Daddy, can I stay up with you?

TERRY

For a little while, but then you've got to go to bed.

ERIN

Daddy, did St. Peter welcome mommy when she got to heaven?

TERRY

You were listening at church. What do you think?

ERIN

Yeah, because mommy loved all of us.

TERRY

That's all it takes to get in to heaven. Loving other people.

ERIN

Yeah, because if you love somebody then you're nice to them and being nice means you go to heaven.

TERRY
(hugging her)
My smart little beautiful
daughter.

ERIN
So when we die, do we all get to
see mommy?

TERRY
Yeah, baby. Yeah, I hope so.

Now go back to bed and I'll come tuck you in.

Erin scampers off to her room. Terry picks up a photo of
Connie, stares at it for a moment, and then heads for the
kids' room.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The halls are quiet - it's late.

INT. MALEEK'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Vinnie stands over Maleek's bed, clearly irritated. A Nurse
attends another patient in the room.

MALEEK
(agitated)
I gotta go, man.

VINNIE
You just went an hour ago.

MALEEK
I gotta go.

VINNIE
Fine. Get up.

He attempts to cuff Maleek.

NURSE
When are you going to learn, no
shackles? You don't want Sister
giving you a lecture, do you?

VINNIE
(taking out his billy
club)
(MORE)

VINNIE (cont'd)
Alright, fine. You know the drill.
Nice and slow.

Maleek gets up and walks out in front of Vinnie.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Vinnie places his hand on his gun as they walk toward the bathroom. The head nurse, GRACE, passes by.

GRACE
Why do you walk him to the bathroom
like a little kid?

VINNIE
Because of your stupid hospital
policy.

GRACE
Well, this isn't a prison or an
insane asylum.

VINNIE
Yeah, well, he outta be in both.

GRACE
Then get him out of here.

VINNIE
I wish. This clown ain't goin'
nowhere 'til he's been arraigned.

GRACE
He's been here a week already.

VINNIE
Judges don't like bedside
arraignments - cuts into their
happy hour.

Maleek looks increasingly uncomfortable.

GRACE
Shouldn't you be moving along?

VINNIE
He'll be fine. This is his
fifteenth leak on my shift - you
don't have to be a genius to know
he's Bellevue material.

GRACE

(looking at Maleek)

I'll tell the intern to get a Psychiatrist to come over and take a look at him. Maybe he can prescribe something to calm him down.

She walks away. Vinnie sighs, and nudges Maleek to the bathroom.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- LATER

The hallway is empty except for Vinnie sitting on a chair reading a book. The elevator doors open and an entourage of RESIDENT PHYSICIANS, INTERNS, and a SOCIAL WORKER get off and march into

INT. MALEEK'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

The entourage surrounds the bed. The CHIEF RESIDENT leans over to remove Maleek's bandage.

PHYSICIAN

Who can tell me why we left the wound open in this case?

INTERN

Because it's a dirty wound and we want it to drain?

PHYSICIAN

Correct. And now that it's dry we can attempt to remove the slug - that thing's a ticking bomb in there.

(to a resident)

Schedule him for surgery.

From Maleek's POV, the entourage looks menacing, maybe even monstrous.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A younger Maleek squirms on the street as a mob of teenagers pummel him.

CLOSE ON the faces of the teenagers - they're the faces of the medical entourage.

Maleek flails his arms and the teenagers/physicians run away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MALEEK'S ROOM -- DAY

Maleek is flailing his arms. The physicians try to subdue him; the social worker screams.

Vinnie runs into the room.

PHYSICIAN

Nurse, give this patient five milligrams of Thorazine. Now!

VINNIE

(tapping his billy club)
This works pretty good, too.

Just then, Faye tries to enter the room. She sees the flailing Maleek and runs toward him, but Vinnie holds her back.

VINNIE

Ma'am, you're not allowed to -

FAYE

Get yo hands offa me - I'm his mother.

Vinnie looks to the Chief Resident who nods - Faye goes to touch Maleek but when she sees his huge head-wound she recoils.

She looks back and forth between the doctors and Vinnie.

FAYE

What the hell happened to my baby?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- LATER

Vinnie sits in his chair. Faye and Hellerman sit on a bench nearby.

HELLERMAN

But it says in the file that he had nineteen prior arrests - does that sound right? And this last time, he was sentenced for six months for felonious assault.

FAYE

But he didn't serve mor'n six weeks. They say he gotta go to Bellevue for out patient.

HELLERMAN

Did he?

FAYE

He never got regular treatment and he hated the pills they give him, so...

HELLERMAN

So what, they sent him back to prison?

FAYE

Nah, they wasn't watchin' him by then. I think he went to Avenue A Half Way House after that.

HELLERMAN

Didn't the Social worker track him down?

FAYE

Nah! One night I found him sitting outside my apartment - he was with me for a few weeks.

(tearing up)

I should've let him stay but...I got scared...I didn't know he... I didn't think they would...

HELLERMAN

(at a loss, touching her shoulder)

It's not your fault, Faye.

FAYE

Yeah? Whose fault it be?

HELLERMAN

The city's, the prison's, the
hospital's - take your pick.
They're all so fuckin' stupid.

FAYE

All I knows is it ain't his fault.
He ain't right in the head.

VINNIE

I been sayin' that all week.

INT. MALEEK'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

From his bed, Maleek can see Faye out in the hallway. He
stares at her, wild.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FAYE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Maleek is getting thrown out. He grabs the pill bottle and
opens the door but the apartment hallway morphs into

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Maleek, bottles and clothes in hand, wanders through the
deserted halls. He see Faye round a corner up ahead and runs
after her.

He rounds the corner and she disappears out of sight again.

He chases her through several long corridors and finally
corners her against a brick wall that doesn't belong in the
hospital setting.

FAYE

Take the devil pills, Maleek. Take
the devil pills.

Maleek looks at the pill bottles in his hands. He grips them
tightly and

PUMMELS Faye with them. She sinks to the floor; he keeps
beating her, over and over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Faye, Hellerman and Vinnie are all where they were. Maleek lies still in his bed. The nurse holds an empty syringe.

EXT. POLICE STATION HOUSE -- DAY

Nick's car pulls up to a parking spot near the front of the station house. He takes out his uniform shirt, drapes it over his left arm and trudges up the station house steps.

INT. STATION STAIRWELL -- DAY

Nick walks up the stairs as Hellerman is coming down.

HELLERMAN

We have to stop meeting like this.

He laughs heartily, Nick is unamused.

NICK

Unless you have more bullshit paperwork for me, I really gotta get to the hospital.

HELLERMAN

No, I'm done with you. Just have to interview Officer Mancuso - people get talkative after an all-nighter alone at a hospital, you know?

NICK

Yeah.

HELLERMAN

Listen, Nick. I know I've been riding you, but be careful with this Maleek nut-job - he's got a lot of violent priors. Guy's a one man crime wave.

NICK

I already shot him once.

HELLERMAN

Lotta good that did. Just watch your back, that's all.

He keeps going down the stairs, leaving Nick alone.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Nick looks around - nobody's there. He takes the hollow tipped box of bullets from his bag, takes out six and loads his gun with them.

He puts the gun in the holster and draws. There's no safety lock, it's quick - he's satisfied.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

Nurses and patients are busy at work. Vinnie sits in his chair, nodding off.

Nick walks up to him, carrying a newspaper that reads - FORD SAYS "STATE OF THE UNION NOT GOOD."

He smacks the defenseless Vinnie on the head.

VINNIE

Hey, watch the hair. I gotta hot date tonight.

NICK

Yeah, I heard. That broad is gonna have to wait a while.

VINNIE

What the fuck you talkin' about?

NICK

Hellerman.

VINNIE

Oh shit, that's today?

NICK

Yeah, and just in case they didn't tell you in Academy -

VINNIE

They told us to tell the truth, and the truth is I was assaulted and my partner backed me up.

NICK

(relaxing)

Thanks. You're a stand up guy, Mancuso.

VINNIE

I'm hopin' to show that to my date
tonight.

NICK

(giving the hand signal
for getting laid)
Boda bing Boda boom, eh?

VINNIE

If she's lucky.

They laugh.

NICK

So how's my hot date lookin'?

VINNIE

He's fuckin' cracked, man.

NICK

Yeah?

VINNIE

He musta gone to the bathroom
twenty times on my shift. I don't
know if he has bad kidneys or if
he's just...
(makes a masturbatory
gesture)

NICK

Well, he can tie it in a knot for
all I care - I ain't gettin' up
every five minutes.

VINNIE

Grace says she's called for a
shrink, but so far he's a no show.

NICK

Alright. I'm gonna go give him a
special hello - wanna say goodbye?

Vinnie shakes his head and laughs. He pats Nick on the arm.

VINNIE

Good luck.

Nick nods and walks into

INT. MALEEK'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Maleek's curled up on his bed. Nick towers over him.

NICK

Let's get this straight. You pull
the same shit with me that you
pulled with Vinnie and I'm gonna
break your face all over again.
Capiche?

MALEEK

Fuck you!

He rolls over and lies in the fetal position. Nick walks
out.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

Nick settles down for his shift. He takes off his uniform
JACKET and hangs it on the back of the chair. The brass
buttons glitter under the florescent lights.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Terry's totally alone in the house. He sits on the couch,
which has clearly become his bed - complete with blanket and
pillows.

He looks out the window - everyone is rushing off to work,
looking harried but vibrant.

Terry sees a FATHER wave to his family and head down to the
docks.

TERRY

Fuck.

He gets up and hobbles from room to room. Soon he's standing
in front of his bedroom - he opens the door.

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

It's immaculate to the point of being unused - he clearly
hasn't slept in it for months. Connie's nightie is still
neatly folded on her side of the bed.

He looks at his bed, at the pictures of Connie, at his leg.

He turns around and heads out the front door.

INT. ORTHOPEDIC CLINIC -- DAY

Terry is on the examining table with his leg undressed. The doctor is examining an X-Ray.

DOCTOR
These films look pretty good.
Better than I expected.

TERRY
So you can take the cast off?

DOCTOR
You really know how to push.
(beat)
But, yeah, I'll put you on the
schedule for next week.

TERRY
No, you gotta do it now.

DOCTOR
I don't "gotta" do anything, Mr.
Buckley.

TERRY
Look, Doc, I got a shitload to do
before my life is right again, and
this cast is keepin' me from doin'
any of it.

The Doctor looks back and forth between Terry's face and his X-Rays.

DOCTOR
I'll probably regret this.

TERRY
No you won't. I promise.

The Doctor takes out a cast saw and turns it on. It ROARS.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Terry limps down the steps with a small restrictive boot, steely faced but clearly happy at the progress he's made.

EXT. DRIVER'S ED -- DAY

A dinky trailer with a big 1-800-DRI-VERS sign. Terry looks up at the sign and grimaces. He limps toward the front door.

EXT. CITY COURT BUILDINGS -- DAY

Terry limps up the huge stone steps.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Terry walks up to a door marked Assistant District Attorney.

INT. OFFICE OF ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY -- DAY

The ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY is seated at his desk with Terry standing uncomfortably.

ADA

Let me get this straight - you want me to petition the court to get your probation shortened...why?

TERRY

In the interest of justice, sir.

ADA

You were intoxicated, you drove your car anyway, and you killed your wife, Mr. Buckley.

TERRY

And I suffer for it plenty. But if I don't get my job back, my kids are gonna suffer, and that ain't right.

ADA

Ah yes, the four kids who touched the hearts of the grand jury enough to keep you out of jail for manslaughter. Nonetheless, the court stipulated that -

TERRY

Look, I didn't come here with a lawyer and I ain't here to talk with you about the law. I'm here, man to man, askin' for your help.

ADA
You ended someone's life.

TERRY
And I'm beggin' you not to do the
same.

This hits the ADA hard. He looks out the window, looks at Terry, and nods.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE -- DAY

Terry sits in his seat.

LOUDSPEAKER
Terrence Buckley.

Terry stands and tries his hardest not to limp up to the counter.

PAROLE STAFFER
Have you been working?

TERRY
No, my boss says I need a letter
that says I'm eligible for non-
paroled employ.

PAROLE STAFFER
Sorry, we need a letter from your
doctor -

Terry hands her a letter.

PAROLE STAFFER
And a driver's ed enrollment form
that -

Terry hands her a second piece of paper.

PAROLE STAFFER
And a letter from the court -

TERRY
(handing her a third
letter)
Stating that my parole has been
terminated.

PAROLE STAFFER
You've done your homework.

TERRY

I really wanna get back to work.

PAROLE STAFFER

Says here you've showed up on time every week.

TERRY

Yes, ma'am.

The parole staffer looks Terry up and down.

PAROLE STAFFER

Guess you won't have to be doing that anymore.

She finds a form letter, signs her name, and slides it over to Terry. He beams with relief.

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING -- DAY

Amanda walks away from the municipal building amid the traffic and noises of the city. A police car, sirens BLARING, skids to a stop in front of her.

Captain O'Malley sticks his head out the window.

O'MALLEY

Need a lift?

INT. O'MALLEY'S CAR -- DAY

Amanda sits, uncomfortably, in the passenger seat.

AMANDA

You can turn the lights off, now.

O'MALLEY

You're an important lady.

AMANDA

I'm in the spotlight enough.

O'MALLEY

Whatever you say boss.

He turns off the flashing cop lights.

AMANDA

You know, driving me home isn't going to keep us from implementing the lay-offs.

O'MALLEY

Come on, I'm not that naive. The way I see it, I drive you home, you invite me to dinner, after dinner, I get invited upstairs, then we have a few drinks, I make a few jokes, and I work my way into the sack. And it's what I do there that keeps you from laying off any cops.

AMANDA

It's a good plan.

O'MALLEY

You think so?

AMANDA

Yeah. But I just can't squeeze the numbers any harder.

O'MALLEY

Maybe you just need to be squeezed first.

(she shakes her head)

You know, even during the crash of '29 they didn't lay off cops.

AMANDA

I know. And everybody loves to see a man in uniform in their neighborhood.

O'MALLEY

More than they love seein' the sanitation guy, that's for sure.

AMANDA

You better watch what you say. You knock sanitation and next thing you know, all your empty wine bottles pile up in front of your house.

O'MALLEY

If these layoffs go through, I'll probably wanna leave town, anyway.

AMANDA

Yeah, you and the mayor.

They drive in silence.

O'MALLEY

Alright, in all seriousness now.
Is there anything I could possibly
do to keep my guys on the street?

AMANDA

Orchestrate a PR miracle. Somehow
get the whole city thinking that
cops are heroes and irreplaceable.
Short of that, not even getting the
Mayor himself in the sack will do
you any good.

O'MALLEY

Yeah, I don't think it'd do him
much good, either.

Amanda smiles.

AMANDA

I think you just got yourself
invited to dinner.

O'MALLEY

With you or the Mayor?

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- DAY

The kids are running around the house again. Nora chases
them and tries to put on make-up at the same time.

NORA

Seriously, kids, you gotta come
eat.

ERIN

I don't wanna eat 'til daddy comes
home.

NORA

But you gotta because as soon as he
gets here, Aunt Nora's gonna go
have a relaxing night out. And I
don't trust your daddy to get
anything down your throats but ice
cream and cookies.

The kids keep running. Nora gets close to catching Erin, but Erin rounds the sofa and keeps going.

Nora gets short of breath. The pasta on the stove bubbles over. She runs and takes it off the heat and drains it. A huge plume of steam hits her in the face.

The kids grab her purse.

EDWARD
Let's play catch.

NORA
No, Edward!

She puts down the pot and runs after him. He evades her grasp, she gasps for air and

FAINTS.

Her fall is half broken by the sofa, and she lands in a clump on the floor. Erin giggles. Kevin rushes to Nora's side.

KEVIN
Aunt Nora?

She doesn't respond.

EXT. PIERS -- DAY

Fork-lift trucks move cargo. Longshoremen work on the last shipments of the day. The sounds of the lapping WATERS, the SHRIEKING gulls and the heavy machinery are overwhelming.

Terry sees Raymond overseeing a crew and hobbles up to him.

RAYMOND
Hey hey, Ter! Whatcha doin' here?

Terry ceremonially hands Raymond his letter from the Parole Staffer.

RAYMOND
What's this?

TERRY
It says you can hire me; I'm off parole.

RAYMOND
That's great, Terry, but -

TERRY

When can I start?

RAYMOND

Terry...I can't just hire you, like that.

TERRY

Why not - court says I'm clean.
And I got a letter from the doctor.

RAYMOND

What is this, high school gym?
You're still hurtin'.

TERRY

I could do office work.

RAYMOND

Come on, Terry. That's a cush job
for the guys what paid their dues;
you're still wet behind the ears.
And we started firing guys, healthy
guys.

TERRY

I can do this job if you just let
me.

RAYMOND

Terry, I answer to big shots up the
food chain. And they're looking
over my shoulder.

TERRY

So a dad's not allowed to help out
his own son?

RAYMOND

Hey, you know anything you or the
kids need, I can -

TERRY

I WANT TO WORK.

A LONGSHOREMAN runs up to Raymond.

LONGSHOREMAN

Ray - telephone.

RAYMOND

Tell 'em I'm busy.

LONGSHOREMAN
It's the hospital.

Terry and Raymond look at each other, frozen.

INT. NORA'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

The same pale green room, the same configuration of people that we saw in the opening shots:

Nora lies in bed, all her make-up still on, totally conscious. Raymond stands by her side. Terry stares out the window.

Then, NORA'S DOCTOR comes in, clipboard in hand.

NORA
That was fast.

NORA'S DOCTOR
I told the lab guys you're a movie star. They moved your tests to the front of the line.

NORA
You lied for me?

NORA'S DOCTOR
I prefer the word "tricked." And don't let it go to your head - it's just something I'm good at. Anyway, it'll be about an hour, so just sit back and relax.

NORA
Like I have a choice.

Nora's Doctor smiles and leaves.

NORA
He definitely likes me.

RAYMOND
He just said don't let it go to your head.

NORA
Which means he likes me.

Raymond laughs.

Terry makes a decision and turns around.

TERRY

Dad, you gotta get me my job back.

RAYMOND

You're a real piece of work, you know that? Your sister's laid up in a hospital bed, we're trying to lighten the mood and you're thinkin' about your job?

TERRY

It's not like that. It's...it's not her job to watch my kids.

NORA

So you're gonna go back to the docks and take the kids with you?

TERRY

No. Loretta's gonna take care of them.

RAYMOND

What the fuck would she wanna do that for?

TERRY

Because once I get my job back, I'm gonna ask her to marry me.

Nora angrily turns away from him.

TERRY

Nora, you said I need to figure out if I loved her. And I did, and I do.

NORA

Great. Now you just have to figure out how to get over her and you're all set.

RAYMOND

She's not Connie.

TERRY

Aw fuck, you think I don't know that?

RAYMOND

You think you're the only one been through this? I know what it's like to lose a wife.

(MORE)

RAYMOND (cont'd)

You think it's the end of the world. You think it's the beginning. It ain't either. Give it time. You'll make a better decision

TERRY

It ain't the same, dad. You had Mom for over thirty five years. I only had Connie for twelve.

(Raymond looks away)

Loretta...makes me feel like me again. Sometimes.

RAYMOND

So will having your job back.

TERRY

That's what I've been tryin' to tell you.

RAYMOND

So how about this - I'll get you a good job, if you promise not to marry Loretta.

TERRY

I thought you liked her.

RAYMOND

I do. You want someone to fool around with, cook you a few meals, I'm not gonna get in your way. But I don't want you marryin' your dead wife's sister. It don't look right.

TERRY

Nora, what did you -

RAYMOND

She didn't do nothing.

TERRY

Then what the hell's eatin' you?

RAYMOND

The jig's up for me, Terry. I got nothing left. Never had anything to begin with.

TERRY

You're still workin', you're a delegate.

RAYMOND

Take a good look. Whaddya see? A neighborhood nobody, thirty years on the docks and I'm only a delegate. My big treat of the week is gettin' half in the bag with the guys on Sunday an' watchin' sports on TV. I want you to do somethin' more with your life than I did. You gotta want more and you gotta have courage to go out and get it. Now what's it gonna be? You want a job or not?

Terry's totally off balance.

TERRY

Yeah. Get me a job.

NORA

Good choice.

RAYMOND

I'll call some people.

TERRY

(nodding absently)
I need some air.

He stumbles out of the room.

INT. MALEEK'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Nick stands over Maleek's bed.

NICK

This is your last chance. I'm not gettin' off my ass again.

Nick jabs Maleek with his billy club, and Maleek rises.

Nick puts the billy club into Maleek's back and they walk out of the room, make a right and head toward the bathroom.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Sparsely decorated one-bedroom. Captain O'Malley and Amanda are going at it, knocking over the few things lying around.

O'MALLEY

How's that?

AMANDA

Wonderful. But budget is still giving us a royal screwing.

O'MALLEY

I'm jealous.

He kisses her neck, she moans.

AMANDA

Laying off a motorman saves the city 60 cents on a dollar. Laying off a cop saves the whole dollar.

O'MALLEY

Yeah, but what's the cost of losing all those cops, hunh? Where's that in your budget numbers?

Amanda puts her hand down his pants.

AMANDA

You really know how to set a mood.

O'MALLEY

Sorry, what do you want me to say?

AMANDA

Tell me about the part of the plan that takes place in my bed?

Captain O'Malley softens, lifts her off her feet and marches her to the bedroom.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Terry looks up and down the empty hallway. A NURSE comes out of a room.

TERRY

Hey, nurse. Where's the men's room?

NURSE

You'll have to go down one flight to the men's surgical floor.

TERRY

What? There's no bathroom up here?

NURSE

This is a gynecologic ward. Only one female bathroom. Sorry.

TERRY

(walking away)

The architect must've been on the City's payroll.

NURSE

You can take the elevator or walk down one flight.

TERRY

I could use the exercise.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Nick is pacing back and forth looking at his watch.

NICK

Hey Maleek! You finished in there?

(no answer)

Maleek! Answer me!

Nick bends down to look under the stall doors. He sees Maleek's feet.

NICK

You beatin' your meat or what?

INT. BATHROOM STALL -- CONTINUOUS

Maleek peers out through a crack in the stall door. A light flickers off Nick's badge.

NICK

The fuck you doin' in there?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Three huge PRISONERS restrain Maleek and force him to bend over his bunk. A GUARD enters the cell.

Maleek turns and looks at him - at first all he sees is shining brass buttons but then he squints through the glare - the guard has NICK'S FACE! Maleek screams.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Terry walks into the bathroom and stops short when he sees Nick. They're both surprised and unhappy to see the other.

NICK

What the fuck are you doin' here?

TERRY

Takin' a leak, you got a problem with that?

He heads for a stall. Maleek screams and thrashes in his stall.

NICK

(to Terry)

Nah, he's my problem.

(to Maleek)

Shut the fuck up and get out here now!

(to Terry)

An empty coconut. No sweat.

MALEEK

Why you rushin' me, mother fucker?

NICK

(ignoring Maleek)

You here to get your leg worked on?

TERRY

Nah, that's all done. My sister passed out - they got her upstairs.

Nick nods. Terry gives him a smile, hobbles to the farthest stall, and closes the door behind him.

Nick stares at his watch, annoyed. Maleek comes out of the stall, and Nick turns around and heads for the door with Maleek behind him.

Maleek sees Nick's gun and his eyes go wide.

His gets Nick in a choke hold. With his other hand he reaches for the weapon and pulls it out of the holster with ease.

MALEEK

Why you messin' with me, pig?

Nick reaches for his gun only to realize it's not in the holster. He panics and struggles. The two men careen toward the door.

TERRY

What's goin' on out there?

NICK

Stay where you are!

A GUNSHOT rings out, but they keep fighting.

INT. BATHROOM STALL -- CONTINUOUS

Terry jumps at the sound. He looks terrified but his expression quickly gives way to resolution. He bursts out of the stall.

But the bathroom is empty.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Nurses cower in fear.

Terry runs out of the bathroom and sees Maleek and Nick locked together. It's impossible to tell who has the gun.

CLOSE ON TERRY, frozen.

And then, Nick slips out of Maleek's arms and sinks to the floor. Blood oozes out of Nick's right side. Maleek stands over him, and spits.

He points the gun at Nick.

MALEEK

I'm gonna kill you, mother fucker.
I'm gonna kill you, pig.

Terry bursts into action. He jumps and GRABS Maleek in a choke hold from behind. They struggle.

MALEEK

I got the pig's gun, asshole. Now,
get out of my face.

TERRY
(softly)
You don't want to do this.

NICK
What the hell are you doing? Get
outta here.

MALEEK
Out of my face, mother fucker!

Maleek and Terry struggle for the gun. The nurses scream.

TERRY
Drop the gun.

He pulls Maleek back into

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They fight, pushing one another against the walls and stalls.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Several nurses drag Nick into the nurse's station.

NICK
That guy shouldn't be -

GRACE
Don't make any noise. It's going
to be O.K.

The nurses stuff Nick into a closet.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

The gun goes off.

Terry slumps to the floor. Maleek dusts himself off, kicks
Terry and runs back out into

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

MALEEK
Where's the pig?

NURSE
(pointing)
He went down those stairs.

Maleek paces about, mumbling to himself.

Then he runs down the stairs in the direction the nurse pointed.

Nobody moves.

Then, Terry emerges from the bathroom. He crawls along the floor to the nearest room.

He's shivering, so when he sees Nick's JACKET on the chair, he grabs it and covers himself with it.

He pushes his way into

INT. AN EMPTY PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Terry looks wildly for a place to hide. The only place he can get to is under the bed, in almost plain view. He gets under the bed and shivers, blood still gushing out of him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The stairwell doors fly open. Maleek, out of breath, points the gun at the nurses.

MALEEK
One more time, where's the pig?

The nurses are mute with fear.

Then, Maleek sees blood drops on the floor.

He runs through the hallways, following the blood. The hallways look like they did in his nightmare/hallucination.

He stops in front of a door where there's a large pool of blood. He pushes open the door with the gun and steps into

INT. AN EMPTY PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The beds are all empty, there's nobody there. Maleek is about to leave when he remembers the blood.

He follows it with his eyes to the far bed. He bends down and sees

Terry, cowering under the bed, wearing Nick's JACKET. The brass buttons glint like in Maleek's nightmare/memory.

MALEEK

Who's rushing who now, pig?

TERRY

What are you talking about?

MALEEK

Look what I got - your gun.

TERRY

I'm not a cop. That's not mine.

MALEEK

You ain't makin' me take your devil pills no more.

TERRY

O.K. No pills.

MALEEK

And no more billy clubs and rushing me, neither.

He cocks the gun.

TERRY

Please. Don't shoot.

MALEEK

Why the fuck not?

TERRY

I got four kids. You don't wanna mess up their lives, do ya?

Terry's near tears. Maleek thinks it over. And then, very calmly

SHOTS Terry twice.

Terry collapses.

Maleek turns around and walks back into

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

It's deserted. Maleek runs down the hallway back to the

NURSE'S STATION.

Grace is talking into a microphone - her voice booms on the loudspeaker.

GRACE
Code Ten, Seventh floor -
Orthopedics. Code Ten, Code Ten.

Everyone freezes again when they see Maleek run to the service elevator and press DOWN.

The elevator arrives and he gets in. As soon as the door closes, the nurses spring into action, pulling

Nick, bleeding and barely conscious, out of the closet.

GRACE
(to one of the nurses)
Go make sure the other guy's okay.

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

The elevator is full of hospital PERSONNEL, all frozen in absolute terror.

Maleek stands in front of the door, gun by his side.

Nora's Doctor is wedged next to him, in front of the floor buttons. The only button lit up is GROUND FLOOR.

They pass the sixth floor. Nobody breathes.

They pass the fifth floor. Nobody breathes.

They pass the fourth floor. Maleek turns and points the gun wildly.

MALEEK
NO FUCKING DEVIL PILLS!

Nora's Doctor moves slightly. Maleek spins and points the gun at him - the doctor freezes.

NORA'S DOCTOR
I hate devil pills.

MALEEK
Yeah.

The elevator dings.

NORA'S DOCTOR
(gesturing)
Ground floor, here we go.

Maleek runs out onto the empty hallway. The sign by the elevator reads: SECOND FLOOR.

Nora's Doctor pushes the CLOSE DOOR button. Above it, the GROUND FLOOR button is still lit. Maleek looks back.

As the door closes,

CLOSE ON Nora's Doctor, smiling.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Maleek sees an exit sign and runs to the doors under it, but they're locked.

LOUDSPEAKER
Code Ten, Orthopedics. Code Ten,
Orthopedics.

Maleek turns around and runs to the first open doors he sees, marked LABORATORY.

INT. HELLERMAN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Hellerman is seated in his office. Vinnie sits nervously in a chair facing him.

HELLERMAN
If all this psycho had was a stick,
how was your life in danger?

VINNIE
It looked like a pipe. He attacked
me. Nick did the right thing.

HELLERMAN
That's not what I asked.

VINNIE
How was he supposed to know it
wasn't a pipe?

HELLERMAN
He shot him in the back of the
head, explain that to me.

VINNIE

No -

RADIO MONITOR

Cop shot, cop shot at St. Sebastian's. Armed suspect still in building. All units respond, I repeat, all available units respond.

VINNIE

(grim faced)

What did I tell ya?

EXT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Hellerman and Vinnie jump out of their car and run to the main door.

Behind them, police cars, sirens BLARING, converge from every possible direction.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S LOBBY -- NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD stops them.

HELLERMAN

Is Nick okay?

GUARD

They're working on him.

VINNIE

Where's the shooter?

GUARD

Laboratory, on the second floor. We got a guard watching from a closet.

HELLERMAN

Any way out of there?

GUARD

Not unless he can fly. We secured the elevators and the fire stairs are locked down.

HELLERMAN

Good. Then we can wait for backup.

VINNIE
I want this collar. He's my
partner.

HELLERMAN
(giving in)
You got the key to those stairs?

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

The guard nervously unlocks the door. Vinnie rushes up the stairwell. Hellerman follows after him.

HELLERMAN
This is not the procedure, cowboy.
Without adequate backup -

VINNIE
Open the door!

The guard rushes past Hellerman.

CLOSE ON THE DOOR as

The guard nervously unlocks it.

HELLERMAN
Lock it behind us. When backup
gets here, let 'em in. We've got
to keep this guy contained,
understand?

The guard nods.

Hellerman and Vinnie walk into

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The door locks behind them. At the far end of the deserted hallway are the double doors below the Chemistry Laboratory sign.

The CLOSET GUARD peeks his head out of his hiding place.

HELLERMAN
(whispering)
He still in there?

The closet guard nods.

HELLERMAN

Hostage?

The closet guard shakes his head.

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention, please, attention
please: All surgical personnel
report to the Operating Room.
Repeat! All surgical personnel
report to the Operating Room, STAT.

Vinnie sees a small metal desk. He knocks it over with a loud CRASH on the tile floor.

HELLERMAN

Anybody ever tell you not to turn
on your sirens during an in
progress?

VINNIE

No.

Vinnie crouches behind the desk. Hellerman runs over to it, slips on the tiles and falls on top of Vinnie.

VINNIE

This desk ain't big enough for both
of us, and neither is this collar.

HELLERMAN

That's it. You're on your own.

Hellerman backs up and goes to the stairwell door. The guard unlocks it and lets him back in.

VINNIE

(to the Lab door)

Hey asshole, remember me? Throw
out the gun, come out with your
hands on your head.

Silence. Vinnie pushes the desk toward the lab door a few inches at a time, creeping up behind it after each push. The desk GRATES on the tiles.

A few feet from the door, Vinnie peeks his head out around the desk.

VINNIE

Maleek?!

MALEEK

Fuck you, fucking pig!

VINNIE

Throw out the gun, come out with
your hands up and you won't get
hurt!

MALEEK

I come out and you're gonna kill
me.

VINNIE

I wont. I promise.
(deliberately)
But if I have to come in there
after you, it's gonna hurt. So
throw out the fucking gun.

INT. LABORATORY -- CONTINUOUS

Maleek stands at the door. Very carefully, he nudges the
door open and sees Vinnie

FROM THE SIDE!

Maleek is actually at a second door!

Vinnie pushes the desk forward and cocks his gun.

VINNIE

Nobody's gonna hurt you if you come
out, Maleek.
(under his breath)
You little prick.

Maleek nudges the door open a little more and aims his gun at
Vinnie's head.

MALEEK

(under his breath)
Like you did me, mother fucker.

Maleek cocks the gun. Vinnie hears it and turns, shocked.

The deafening BOOM of a gunshot.

Maleek drops the gun and slumps to the floor.

Vinnie turns and sees Hellerman, off to the side.

HELLERMAN

Cuff him.

Vinnie scrambles out from behind the desk, grabs the gun and handcuffs Maleek.

COPS rush out onto the floor just in time to see Vinnie with the handcuffed perp.

INT. HALLWAY ORTHOPEDIC FLOOR -- NIGHT

Two teams of DOCTORS and NURSES are working - one team on Nick, the other on Terry. NURSES roll carts loaded with medicines and supplies.

DOCTOR #1

We're taking the cop to the O.R.
Let's get rolling.

DOCTOR #2

This one's in worse shape.

Terry's team rolls him down the corridor. They proceed to an elevator held open by security guards and police. A nurse takes his blood pressure.

NURSE

(frantic)
One hundred over sixty!

DOCTOR #2

(excitedly)
He's bleeding out. He needs more volume. Open the I.V. and get a pump on it.

INT. LABORATORY -- NIGHT

Maleek is on the floor, face down, in handcuffs. Vinnie takes a card out of his pocket and starts reading out loud.

VINNIE

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

HELLERMAN

(patting Vinnie on the shoulder)
Nice collar, kid.

VINNIE
(genuine)
Thank you.

HELLERMAN
Just don't come looking to me for
help on the paperwork.

He walks down the corridor and turns into the stairwell
doorway.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S LOBBY -- NIGHT

Captain Lipinski stands with a very unkempt looking Chief
O'Malley. They see Hellerman and run to him.

LIPINSKI
What's the story?

HELLERMAN
We collared the bastard.

O'MALLEY
Alive?

HELLERMAN
Yeah, alive.

LIPINSKI
Who got the collar?

HELLERMAN
Officer Vinnie Mancuso.

REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS are crowding around the stairwell
security guard.

GUARD
(pointing to Hellerman)
That's the guy who shot him.
That's the guy who got the collar.
That man has a big pair of balls.

Hellerman shrugs but accepts the praise.

O'MALLEY
Good work.

HELLERMAN
Thanks, just doing my job.

Vinnie bounds out of the stairwell ready to be a hero. He sees the crowd around Hellerman, and his face falls.

INT. WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Raymond, and Loretta pace, nervously. Nora lies on a couch, still in her hospital gown.

Chief O'Malley walks up to the family.

RAYMOND

How bad is it?

O'MALLEY

He was shot in the stomach, the thigh and the chest. They tell me the ones in the thigh and chest are superficial. The one in the stomach...all depends on the trajectory.

LORETTA

But he's gonna make it, right?

O'MALLEY

The doctors are doing everything they can, but...

RAYMOND

Mother of God, don't let him die.
(choking)
The poor kids. Not this too.

O'MALLEY

Mr. Buckley, I could send a couple of our best female cops over to your son's house? Maybe call your Pastor?

RAYMOND

Thanks, but they shouldn't have to hear about something like this from strangers.

LORETTA

They shouldn't have to hear about something like this from anyone.

Nora's surprised by Loretta's kindness.

RAYMOND

How's the cop?

O'MALLEY

He's pretty banged up, but he's
gonna live. Your son saved his
life.

CLOSE ON RAYMOND, taking this in.

MONTAGE, as the SOUNDS OF THE CITY SWELL...

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Raymond holds the kids. Only he's the one who's crying, not them.

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- NIGHT

Terry lies on the operating table as Doctors work furiously on his stomach.

INT. A DIVE BAR -- NIGHT

Vinnie, alone at the end of the bar, downs shot after shot.

INT. HELLERMAN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Hellerman, sits at his desk, raises a glass of scotch to himself, and sips.

INT. NICK'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Eileen sobs on Nick's shoulder. He lies still, staring up at the hospital ceiling.

INT. WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Nora and Loretta, anxious and exhausted, wait outside the O.R.

The sound CRESCENDOS, but this time, instead of ending with a gunshot, it ends with the regular BEEP...BEEP...BEEP of Terry's heartbeat.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT HALLWAY -- DAY

Nora and Loretta stand outside Terry's room. They look through the window and watch him; he's still unconscious.

NORA

It's not like him to do something like this. I never seen him stand up for nothin' before.

LORETTA

Maybe you don't know him that well.

Nora looks away, hurt. When she looks back, Loretta's gone. Nora looks in the window and sees that Terry's awake. She runs into

INT. TERRY'S INTENSIVE CARE UNIT ROOM -- DAY

Terry looks pale and tired, but he's propped himself up and holds Loretta's hand. Nora tries to smile.

LORETTA

You're lookin' good, kid.

TERRY

I don't feel so hot.

NORA

Same way after a night at Gallagher's?

Terry smiles.

NORA

Me and Loretta are gonna take you home and take care of you.

TERRY

You gonna make me ravioli like you did the kids?

LORETTA

I'll cook whatever you want.

Terry smiles and then drifts back to sleep.

NORA

I take it back.

LORETTA

What?

NORA

I have seen my brother stand up for something before.

LORETTA

Yeah, when?

NORA

In my hospital room. He stood up
for you.

She reaches out and grabs Loretta's hand. They look at one another through tears - it's not a complete reconciliation, but it's close.

INT. CHIEF O'MALLEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

O'Malley sits behind his desk, drinking coffee. Hellerman stands by the door.

HELLERMAN

The bullet tore the civilian's guts to smithereens. And Fazio's pretty messed up, too. Ballistics says the bullet went right through his chest, collapsed his lung and shattered his liver.

O'MALLEY

That's a lot of damage from a standard .38 caliber.

HELLERMAN

They're not standard.

O'MALLEY

What?

HELLERMAN

Hollow tips. Ballistics confirmed it.

O'MALLEY

Jesus Christ. What the hell was he doing with those?

HELLERMAN

Same thing he was doing with a clamshell holster.

O'MALLEY

So that's how a hundred and thirty eight pound bag a dirt disarmed him?

Hellerman nods.

O'MALLEY

(slamming the desk)

Fuck. It gets out that Fazio broke every fuckin' rule in the book, they'll lay off every cop in the city.

HELLERMAN

I can't bury the report.

O'MALLEY

Then you better come up with a fucking miracle to keep the media on our side.

INT. TERRY'S ICU ROOM -- DAY

Terry's still in bed, attached to more medical paraphernalia. Raymond, Loretta and Nora stand by his side.

RAYMOND

The kids want to see you.

TERRY

Not like this, dad. It ain't right.

RAYMOND

What am I supposed to tell 'em?

TERRY

Tell 'em daddy's real tired.

Chief O'Malley slips into the room.

O'MALLEY

Mr. Buckley.

RAYMOND

Chief O'Malley.

O'MALLEY

Can Terry talk?

TERRY

It's about all I can do.

Everyone laughs.

O'MALLEY

That's not what my men tell me. I came on behalf of the entire Police Department to thank you. We owe you, big time. You're a god damn hero.

TERRY

Don't feel that way. You know what flashed through my head, while I was looking at the wrong end of a gun?

O'Malley shakes his head.

TERRY

Ain't this ironic? I manage to keep myself outta 'Nam, and I get shot in my own neighborhood.

O'Malley smiles.

O'MALLEY

I'll let you get some rest. Thank you again. We'll see you soon.

He shakes Terry's hand, pats Raymond on the back, and leaves.

RAYMOND

Isn't this something. My Terry, a hero.

Terry falls asleep, holding Loretta's hand.

EXT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S -- DAY

Chief O'Malley's walks back to his car. Hellerman runs after him. They talk, but all we hear is

Terry's heartbeat monitor, FLAT LINING.

O'Malley hangs his head; he looks genuinely sad.

INT. POLICE CAR -- DAY

Hellerman is driving.

HELLERMAN

What do you think that prick will get?

O'MALLEY

If it was up to me ... He'll probably get no more than twenty-five to life.

HELLERMAN

He'll never get out. The P. B. A will see to that.

O'MALLEY

At least we won't have to lay off Fazio. He'll be out on total disability as soon as he can sign a piece of paper

They drive in silence and pull up to the station house.

HELLERMAN

The shame of it? A few dollars worth of pills and a dedicated shrink would have prevented the whole god-damn mess.

O'MALLEY

And what it's going to cost to keep him locked up for fifty years could keep a shit load of cops on the job.

INT. CHIEF O'MALLEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Hellerman stands while O'Malley sits behind his desk.

O'MALLEY

Terry saves Fazio's life, and all I do is shake his hand half an hour before he dies. We gotta do something more for this guy.

HELLERMAN

I'll have Mary send some flowers to his house. Tip off some reporters, maybe get a little PR out of it. Not that a bouquet is gonna stop the layoffs. Still, it's the kind of gesture that people remember when -

O'MALLEY

(it hits him)
We should bury him.

HELLERMAN

What?

O'MALLEY

We really want to honor this guy, we really want the public on our side for once, we should give him an inspector's funeral. He died for a cop; he should get buried like one.

HELLERMAN

Can you give a civilian an inspector's funeral?

O'MALLEY

You can now.

EXT. TERRY'S CHURCH -- DAY

The church bells are caroling. A priest in funeral garb is standing at the head of the steps framed by the door.

People are standing on roof tops, and hanging out of windows to get a better view. One man holds a DAILY NEWS. The HEADLINE READS:

BUCKLEY FUNERAL. FIRST INSPECTOR'S FUNERAL EVER FOR A CIVILIAN. MAYOR, CITY IN MOURNING.

Uniformed cops line the street. Bagpipes play in the background as the funeral cortege wends its way up the street.

Chief O'Malley, Hellerman, Captain Lipinski, Nick and THE MAYOR stand at attention.

The funeral car stops in front of the church. The police snap to attention as the casket is pulled out.

Terry's children with Nora and Loretta stand behind the casket, with Raymond bringing up the rear. Raymond and Loretta look around at the throngs of people - they can't believe it.

The organ music replaces the bagpipes as the procession leads into the church.

INT. THE CHURCH -- DAY

The pews are packed.

Chief O'Malley rises from a front row seat and walks to the pulpit.

O'MALLEY

Police officers are trained to respond to dangerous situations as if they were normal events. But there was nothing normal about what Terrance Buckley did for Police Officer Nick Fazio on the Orthopedic ward of St. Sebastian's Hospital.

INT. NICK'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Nick lies in his bed, wracked with guilt and pain.

O'MALLEY

His intercession saved one of our own from further harm.

INT. THE CHURCH -- DAY

CLOSE ON the Buckley family. Nora and Loretta weep.

O'MALLEY

In the process he was shot at point blank range costing him his life. He acted fearlessly and without hesitation.

He looks pointedly at Amanda.

O'MALLEY

Terrence Buckley has left his family a legacy of courage and selflessness for which they can always be proud. The other day I had fifty six thousand four hundred and four cops working to keep this city safe. But to keep the peace, I actually needed fifty six thousand, four hundred and FIVE of New York's Finest. We're proud to call New York City ours;

(MORE)

O'MALLEY (cont'd)
we're proud to call Terrence
Buckley ours as well.

The crowd begins to applaud.

It grows in intensity as the assembled crowd rises to its feet.

PULL BACK to reveal the neighborhood, and the New York skyline and finally the Statue of Liberty. The applause stops.

TITLE CARD: FIVE DAYS LATER, AS PLANNED, 2,564 COPS WERE LAID OFF.

TITLE CARD: THE GOOD SAMARITAN LAW WAS AMENDED IN NEW YORK STATE SO THAT ANYONE WHO WAS INJURED WHILE AIDING A POLICE OFFICER COULD BE COMPENSATED.

FADE OUT.