

PUBLIC MORALS

Pilot Episode

"A Fine Line"

Written by

Edward Burns

November 8, 2013

INT. MULDOON'S CAR - DAY

New York City 1967

TERRY MULDOON, 40's, and CHARLIE BULLMAN, 30's, ride in the front seat of a 1964 Plymouth on East 51st Street.

These guys dress sharp, don't look much like cops.

MULDOON (V.O.)

There are the laws and there are the rules. And while the laws of the land are always evolving and changing, the rules of the street remain the same.

They pull up and park.

EXT. 51ST STREET - DAY

Period cars line the residential street. The two cops step from the car and cross the street.

MULDOON (V.O.)

And if you want to survive on the streets of New York, you better learn to play by those rules. Besides, they make a hell of a lot more sense anyhow.

INT. PRE-WAR DOORMAN BUILDING - DAY

Muldoon and Bullman enter the modest lobby and approach the DOORMAN, a heavy set guy, thinks he's slick.

DOORMAN

Gentlemen. What can I do for you?

Muldoon flashes his shield.

MULDOON

Anybody up in 4J right now?

DOORMAN

What? No. 4J? Why would anybody be there?

Muldoon immediately grabs the doorman by the back of the neck and tosses him down the hallway out of sight from the street. Bullman turns and stands watch.

MULDOON

You think we're jerking around here, asshole? We're not here to play some game!

DOORMAN

I'm not playing any game, I just mind my own business. I don't want any trouble.

Muldoon tosses him against the wall. Gets in his face.

MULDOON

I don't give a shit what you want. Unless what you want is for me to knock your teeth in. Now let me ask you again shit for brains. Is anybody up in 4J?

DOORMAN

Yeah. He's been up there over an hour so he should be coming down any minute.

BULLMAN

Muldoon! Somebody is coming down from 4 now.

Muldoon grabs the doorman back toward the elevator as it opens. Out steps MR. FORD, 55, a short man in a good suit.

MULDOON

That him?

The doorman nods.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Grab him.

Bullman approaches Ford.

BULLMAN

You're coming with me pal.

FORD

Who are you? I don't have to talk to you.

BULLMAN

Get the hell in there.

Bullman pushes the little man into the elevator.

MULDOON

(to the doorman)

Listen to me you fat shit, you call up to that apartment before we get there and I will beat your lard ass all over this lobby! You got me?

Muldoon steps into the elevator.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

And what about you little man? You want to cooperate or you want to get locked up?

FORD

Locked up? Whoa fellas. Let's talk about this. I didn't realize you were cops.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Ford argues his case to Muldoon and Bullman.

FORD

Officers. Please, listen to me. I got a wife, I got a family. I can't be caught up in this kind of thing.

MULDOON

Good, then you'll do exactly what we tell you.

FORD

You got it guys. I'll do whatever you need. I just can't have anybody find out about this.

(then)

You're sympathetic, I'm sure.

MULDOON

Sympathetic? Yeah sure, we're plenty sympathetic.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The two cops lead Ford to the door of apartment 4J.

MULDOON

Knock on the door and say you left your keys somewhere in the apartment.

FORD
And then what?

BULLMAN
Just do it.

Ford knocks. A woman's voice is heard on the other side of the door. Muldoon and Bullman tuck against the wall.

FORTUNE (O.S.)
Hello.

FORD
Hey sweetheart, it's me -- Mr. Ford. I think I must of left my keys somewhere.

Multiple locks are heard being opened, followed by the door. FORTUNE, 23, young and sexy, dressed in nothing but a skimpy robe stands before Ford.

FORTUNE
Yeah, come on in honey.

As she steps aside for Ford, Muldoon and Bullman step in behind him.

MULDOON
Alright miss, bad news, you're under arrest.

FORTUNE
What? Are you kidding me? Billy is just a friend. Is there a law against having a friend come over?

MULDOON
Let's not make this more difficult than it has to be.

FORTUNE
But I haven't done anything wrong. He's just a friend. Tell them baby.

FORD
I got kids Fortune. I can't get involved in this.

FORTUNE
Oh you son of a bitch! How could you?

FORD

What could I do? They grabbed me in the lobby.

MULDOON

Don't blame him. We've gotten a number of complaints from your neighbors. Now come on, go put some clothes on and we'll take you down to the station house.

Fortune starts to break down, tears welling in her eyes.

FORTUNE

Please. Can't we do something here, work something out? I can't be arrested. This isn't something I do all the time. It's just once in a while. I have a real job too. If this gets out, I'll get fired.

MULDOON

I don't doubt it. You're probably just a regular sweet kid, new to Fun City, and had to turn a couple of tricks to make ends meet. Am I right?

FORTUNE

(through the tears)

Yes. That's exactly what happened.

Muldoon laughs.

MULDOON

Charlie, take her to the bedroom, settle her down and have her get dressed. I'll deal with this mope.

Bullman takes Fortune by the arm and throws a look over his shoulder to Muldoon. Muldoon shrugs.

INT. FORTUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Doesn't look like a whore house. Just a single girl's bedroom. Bullman closes the door behind them.

FORTUNE

What do you want? If I give you a blow job, can we forget about this?

BULLMAN

I'm sorry miss. Doesn't work like that. Please put some clothes on.

Fortune drops her robe, stands before him naked.

FORTUNE

I'll do whatever you want. You can come by any time for a freebie. Any time you or your partner want a party I can be your girl. Just please don't arrest me.

BULLMAN

Miss, please put some clothes on and then maybe we can talk.

FORTUNE

You must be married, hunh?

Fortune picks up the robe from the floor and covers herself.

BULLMAN

That's none of your business.

She moves to the closet and begins to get dressed.

FORTUNE

I heard most cops would work out some kind of deal if you got busted.

BULLMAN

You're right. Most cops would.

FORTUNE

So why won't you?

BULLMAN

Because like my partner told you, we've had a lot of complaints from your neighbors and our boss wants an arrest.

FORTUNE

So I'm going to jail?

BULLMAN

That's how it works.

Again, she starts to break down. Now dressed, she crosses over and sits down on the bed.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)
You've never been locked up before?

FORTUNE
No.

BULLMAN
I find that very hard to believe.

FORTUNE
It's the truth.

BULLMAN
Who do you work for?

FORTUNE
Nobody. I work alone.

BULLMAN
You don't have a madam or a pimp?

FORTUNE
No, like I said I just do this part time. Just to make some extra money. I send it to my mother and my sister and her kids upstate. I swear it's the truth. It'll kill them if they find out about this.

BULLMAN
You know how many times I've heard that bullshit story. You don't think every hooker lays the same line of shit on us. If you're not gonna level with me, how am I going to help you?

FORTUNE
But I'm telling the truth.

Bullman rolls his eyes. He's heard enough.

BULLMAN
Sure you are. Come on. Let's go.

FORTUNE
You want proof. Here's my UFT card.

Fortune digs an ID card out of her wallet and hands it to Bullman. He examines the card. It's from the United Federation of Teachers.

BULLMAN

Holy shit. You are a school teacher? That's a first.

Bullman laughs.

INT. MCMANUS TAVERN - DAY

West Side working class bar. The front door opens and SEAN O'BANNON, 32, and PETEY "MAC" MCKENNA, 28, enter. These two cops are younger and hipper and dress accordingly.

A man sitting at a corner table, PAT DUFFY 29, stands, arms outstretched. Duffy is trouble, a guy you just know not to trust. He talks a mile a minute.

DUFFY

Look who's back in town!

O'BANNON

Paddy D! Good to see you, man. You remember Petey Mac.

The men shake hands.

DUFFY

Of course. Oh man. It's so good to see you. Come on, take a seat. Let me get you a couple of beers.

(to the bartender)

Hey beautiful, a few beers for my boys.

(then)

Hey. Before I forget, I wanted to tell you that the Big Man is having a little welcome home party for me at the Rose tomorrow night. Be a ton of broads there. So you got to come.

O'BANNON

And my father, no doubt.

DUFFY

Yeah. I saw what you did to his face. Why? What happened there?

O'BANNON

Nothing, other than the fact that he's a piece of shit. But you knew that already.

DOREEN, the waitress drops a round of beers at the table.

DUFFY

Let's raise a glass boys. Been a long time.

The men toast.

O'BANNON

So what else is going on? You said you had something you wanted to talk about?

DUFFY

What do you think is going on? I'm looking to get back to work. Looking to set up a new game. And I want to take care of business so we don't have any trouble.

O'BANNON

Already? You're not even out 48 hours Duff.

DUFFY

A man's got to make a living.

O'BANNON

You talk with Patton about this?

DUFFY

Yeah, he gave me the OK. That was my first order of business. And the second was I was hoping my old pal would still be willing to help me out.

O'Bannon studies his old friend's face. He looks to Petey Mac. Petey nods.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

You tell him Petey, I'm his oldest friend in the world. Since first grade we been thick as thieves.

O'BANNON

What do you have in mind?

DUFFY

Thursday nights. Up at my girl's place on 68th street.

O'BANNON

Uptown? Who's this broad?

DUFFY

Just some new chick I know.

O'BANNON

And you already trust her enough to
have a game at her place?

DUFFY

Yeah, she's a good girl. I got to
know her in the joint.

PETEY MAC

How'd you manage that?

DUFFY

She wrote me letters.

O'Bannon rolls his eyes.

O'BANNON

OK. We'll see what we can do on our
end.

(then)

But if you're lying about the big
man, he'll see to it that you end
up floating in the river.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FORTUNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bullman on the phone. He hangs up, then confers with Muldoon while Ford sits in the kitchen. They speak in hushed voices.

BULLMAN

The local guy in the precinct never heard of her. Did a name check and there is nothing on her, never been collared before. This kid might really be a school teacher.

MULDOON

You believe that horse shit?

BULLMAN

She's got no pimp, no madam.

MULDOON

Just a sweet kid trying to make a couple of extra bucks?

BULLMAN

Can't fault anybody for that, can we?

MULDOON

We still need the arrest.

BULLMAN

(whispering)

So let's just grab her for loitering with the purpose of prostitution. Say we picked her up outside the building. That way it covers the complaint for the Inspector.

MULDOON

(sarcastic)

And your sob story doesn't need to go to the Tombs tonight.

Bullman shrugs and throws a look over to Fortune who stands in the bedroom doorway. Now dressed, she actually looks like a school teacher.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You're too soft for this job, you big Kraut.

(then)

Alright, but now it's *your* collar. You do whatever you want as long as we cover the sheet. But for the record, I don't believe she's a virgin. And I guarantee you we'll see her again.

Muldoon exits the kitchen and grabs Ford.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Alright mope, come with me.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Muldoon leads Ford out into and down the hallway.

FORD

Officer, I beg of you, I will do anything if we could just forget this. I can't be arrested. Anything at all.

MULDOON

Then what were you thinking going with a hooker in the first place?

FORD

I'm in from out of town and had a little too much booze at lunch and I just got carried away.

MULDOON

Well, sometimes we have to take responsibility for our actions.

Muldoon nods and opens the stairwell door.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Come on, we'll take the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

They step into the staircase.

FORD

Please, Officer. I'm a good man. Back in Michigan I'm the president of the Rotary Club, my wife is on the school board. And my kids... If they find out about this, I'll be ruined.

MULDOON

Pal, I'd like to help you out but the hooker is on her way downtown. You're the only loose end.

FORD

Listen, I have over three hundred dollars in my wallet. And can get more from the bank.

MULDOON

I'm sorry sir. We don't work that way. There's too much to risk for us by cutting you loose.

FORD

(panicked)

But I wouldn't say anything to anyone. Please, you have to let me go. This can't be happening to me.

Muldoon then stops on the second floor landing. Ford looks nervously at Muldoon, not sure what's going to happen next.

MULDOON

Let me see your wallet.

Ford pulls out his wallet and hands it to Muldoon. Muldoon regards Ford for a moment, making him sweat. Muldoon pulls the cash out of the wallet. Counts it.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

OK Mr. Ford. Here's the deal. Because I'm a sympathetic man, I'll take \$200 with the understanding that you take the other \$120 and get on a plane today back to Michigan.

Muldoon hands the wallet back to Ford.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

And I hope you learned your lesson not to screw around with whores in New York. Now get your ass out of here.

And with that, Ford takes off down the stairs.

EXT. MANHATTAN EAST PRECINCT - DAY

JIMMY SHEA, 30, clean cut and handsome, looks more like a cub scout than a cop, enters the precinct.

INT. MANHATTAN EAST PRECINCT - DAY

Shea approaches the DESK SGT.

SHEA
Officer Shea reporting for
Plainclothes.

The DESK SGT doesn't even look up.

DESK SGT
Third floor.

Shea heads up the staircase past a UNIFORMED COP questioning a PERP in handcuffs.

INT. PUBLIC MORALS DIVISION OFFICE - DAY

Twelve desks. Four windows. The INSPECTOR AND LIEUTENANT'S OFFICES are off the main room.

Another two plainclothes cops, PAUL DUKOWSKI, 35, a schlep, poorly dressed and VINCE LATUCCI, 50's, tough and mean, looks more like a wiseguy than a cop, sit at their desks.

Dukowski looks up as Shea heads to the Inspector's office.

DUKOWSKI
That must be the new man. Word is
his father is an Inspector out in
Brooklyn. Real hooked up, this guy.
What do you think Vince?

Latucci glares at Dukowski, then continues typing.

INT. INSPECTOR FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Shea enters. INSPECTOR FLYNN, 55, off the boat Irishman, easy charm, speaks with a brogue.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
You look like a god damn altar boy
son. How old are you?

SHEA
I just turned 30 sir.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
Take a seat.

Shea sits.

INSPECTOR FLYNN (CONT'D)
Your CO up in the 15th says you're a good cop? That true? You a good cop or you some kind of mutt I got to worry about?

SHEA
No sir. You don't have to worry about me.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
I better not. Because this is a choice assignment. I hope you're aware of that.

SHEA
Yes sir, I am.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
You did two years in the gambling car up there?

SHEA
Yes sir.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
And you were good with that?

RYAN
Yes sir.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
I had a drink with your father last night. He says you just had a baby.

SHEA
Yes sir. A baby boy. James Jr.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
Good for you. Lt. King will explain what we do here. Be smart out there but not too smart.

The Inspector opens the door and leads Shea out to the main office.

INSPECTOR FLYNN (CONT'D)

King! This is your new man, Shea.

LT. KING, 50, African American, a little slicker than the other cops, dressed in a turtle neck and leather jacket steps from his office and waves Shea over.

INT. LIEUTENANT KING'S OFFICE - DAY

Shea enters. King leans against his desk smoking a cigar.

LT. KING

You can sit right there.

Shea sits at King's feet. King is an imposing figure. King then picks up a book entitled, "PLAINCLOTHESMEN - A HANDBOOK ON VICE." He begins to read.

LT. KING (CONT'D)

(reading)

The laws governing the mores of the people are known as the laws relating to public morals. These are restrictive laws designed to control the actions of the people of this city to establish a peaceful and harmonious order of social living.

King tosses the book down.

LT. KING (CONT'D)

So what that means is -- it's our job to curb all kinds of vice. That includes any game of chance, gambling on sporting events, poker, black jack, four card monte, dice, bird cage, banker and broker, chuck a luck, roulette and any other similar game. It also includes prostitution, degeneracy and blue laws.

(he looks up at Shea)

You got that my man?

SHEA

Yes sir.

LT. KING

You now work for the Manhattan East Plainclothes Command. We work everything from 72nd Street south to the Battery, river to river.

(MORE)

LT. KING (CONT'D)
That's the heart of this great
city, my man. Can you dig that?

SHEA
Yes sir.

LT. KING
Good. You're going to partner with
Vince Latucci. He's a big old hair
bag and an even bigger pain in the
ass. But he's a great cop. He also
killed more Japs in the Pacific
than we got skulls in Spanish
Harlem, so don't piss him off. You
two will work the East Side, south
of 14th Street. He grew up in
Little Italy, so that's his domain.
Anything else you need to know,
he'll explain. Or maybe he won't.
Depends on his mood.

King opens his office door and looks to Shea.

LT. KING (CONT'D)
You waiting for an invitation?

SHEA
No sir.

LT. KING
Then step lively young man.

Shea is up and out the door.

LT. KING (CONT'D)
Latucci. Come meet your new
partner. Dukowski, you'll ride with
Woody from now on.

King closes his door behind Shea. Vince Latucci stands from
his desk.

LATUCCI
You know how to drive, kid?

SHEA
Yes sir.

LATUCCI
Good.

Latucci throws a set of car keys at Shea.

INT. MULDOON'S PLYMOUTH - DAY

Muldoon and Bullman up front. Fortune in the back seat.
Muldoon passes a hundred bucks across the seat to Bullman.

BULLMAN

The mope?

Muldoon nods. Bullman smiles.

EXT. MANHATTAN EAST PRECINCT - DAY

Muldoon pulls up and parks. They exit the car. Bullman leads Fortune into the station house as Latucci and Shea walk out.

LATUCCI

Muldoon, you got a call from the
kid's school. Somebody's in
trouble.

Shea gives Fortune a look over and whistles as they head to the car.

SHEA

(to Latucci)

That's some good looking broad
right there.

LATUCCI

I'll let you know when I want your
opinion. Until then, keep your
mouth shut.

INT. MANHATTAN EAST PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Muldoon, Bullman and Fortune enter the front room.

BULLMAN

I'll take care of this.

Muldoon smirks and picks up a phone to make a call as Bullman leads Fortune upstairs.

INT. PUBLIC MORALS SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Bullman leads Fortune to his desk.

BULLMAN

You OK?

Fortune nods.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not going to book you.
What I'm going to give you is
called a Desk Appearance Ticket.
It's kind of like a traffic ticket.
A summons. You're not going to get
finger printed and photographed but
you will have to go before the
judge in a few weeks. OK?

FORTUNE

And I won't have to go to jail?

BULLMAN

No. You just pay the ticket. But if
you get caught again, you're gonna
have to do some time.

FORTUNE

Thank you.

BULLMAN

OK. So give me your full name.

FORTUNE

Stacy Goldenhirsch.

Bullman begins to type as Fortune watches him. She spots a
PHOTOGRAPH on his desk of *his son and daughter*.

BULLMAN

Date of birth.

FORTUNE

December 7, 1941.

BULLMAN

Pearl Harbor Day?

FORTUNE

That's right.

BULLMAN

We have two guys here in the office
who were there.

FORTUNE

Were you in the service too?

BULLMAN

No. I got a bum heart. Some kind of
murmur.

(then)

Home address?

FORTUNE
345 West 51st St.

BULLMAN
Occupation?

He shoots her a look. She smiles.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)
School teacher.

Bullman finishes typing and hands her the D.A.T.

FORTUNE
So that's it?

BULLMAN
You're free to go.

FORTUNE
Would you ever let me buy you a
drink as a way of thanking you?

Bullman looks around, careful to make sure no one is listening. Dukowski is watching. Bullman stands and leads her into the hallway. He hands her a piece of paper.

BULLMAN
Take this number. You can usually
reach me there. And feel free to
call. For anything.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./INT. LATUCCI'S OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Shea drives. Latucci shotgun.

LATUCCI

You hungry?

SHEA

Why? Are you hungry?

LATUCCI

Never answer a question with another question, stupid.

SHEA

I don't know. I mean if you are, I guess I am.

This noncommittal answer infuriates Latucci.

LATUCCI

Are you some kind of shithead?

SHEA

What? No.

LATUCCI

Because we don't let just any shithead into the unit. We asked around about you. The other guys called your old partners, talked to other cops you worked with and everybody said you're a smart kid and good cop. And your old man is a boss. I'm sure he didn't become a boss by being a dumb shit, did he?

(then)

So let me ask you again. Are you hungry?

SHEA

Yeah. I'm hungry.

LATUCCI

Very good officer Shea. Then let's go grab a bite at Tedesco's.

(then)

Park over here on the right.

SHEA

Isn't Tedesco's on Sullivan? Let me drive around the block. I'm sure we'll find a spot.

LATUCCI

Stop the god damn car!

(then)

Kid, if this is how we're gonna start, you're not gonna last long with me. When I tell you to do something, you don't question it, you do it. Now pull the god damn car over.

Shea nods, pulls the car over and parks.

LATUCCI (CONT'D)

Now I'm well aware that Tedesco's in on Sullivan. But the reason I want you to park here is that I don't need the whole friggin neighborhood to know my business. Capice?

INT. MULDOON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Two young boys, MICHAEL, 12 and JAMES, 13, dressed in Catholic school uniforms climb the stairs with another friend CONNER, 13. Conner has longer hair. Michael and James, the Muldoon boys, have crew cuts.

CONNER

Hurry up and put your street clothes on and meet me outside.

JAMES

Alright, I'll be right there.

Conner continues up to the next floor as James and Michael head down the hall to their apartment.

INT. MULDOON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Small Hells Kitchen apartment. The two boys enter the hallway toward the kitchen.

MICHAEL

I want to come with you guys too.

JAMES

You're not coming with us. Go hang out with your own friends.

MICHAEL

Then I'm going to tell Dad about what happened at school today.

James twists Michael's arm behind his back, taking Michael down.

JAMES

You better not say anything to him about that, you little faggot.

MULDOON (O.S.)

And you better get your hands off him right this second unless you're looking for a trip to the hospital.

The boys freeze. They turn to find Muldoon sitting at the kitchen table.

MICHAEL

Hey Daddy. What are you doing home from work? Is something wrong?

MULDOON

(to Michael)

Oh, yeah. Something is very wrong. You. Stay here and do your homework.

(to James)

You. Follow me.

Muldoon stands and grabs James by the back of the shirt and tosses him down the hall toward the front door.

INT. HOLY CROSS RC SCHOOL - DAY

Muldoon and James enter the front doors of the school. Muldoon is pissed. James walks behind him, terrified.

INT. HOLY CROSS SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Muldoon and James head down a second floor hallway.

MULDOON

Which one is yours?

James points. Muldoon approaches a classroom and knocks.

MRS. MCCULLUM (O.S.)
Come in please.

MULDOON
Get your ass in there.

James enters in front of his father. MRS. MCCULLUM, 60's,
sits behind her desk.

MRS. MCCULLUM
Thank you for coming on such short
notice Mr. Muldoon. Please take a
seat.

INT. TEDESCO'S GRILL - DAY

Nice little Greenwich Village Italian restaurant. Latucci
holds court with Shea, a glass of wine in his hand.

LATUCCI
So, tell me Shea, why'd you want to
get into plainclothes?

SHEA
My dad thought it would be a good
idea. Got to do it if I'm gonna
make Detective one day, right?

LATUCCI
It certainly helps. And you know
what we do here?

SHEA
Yeah. The colored Lieutenant gave
me the talk.

LATUCCI
Let's call him Lt. King. OK?

SHEA
Yeah, sure. Lt. King.

LATUCCI
Your old man tell you anything
else?

SHEA
Yeah. He said I was gonna have a
lot of fun.

LATUCCI

He's right. And the reason is the people of our good city like to have a lot of fun. Sex, drinking, gambling, you name it, they want it. However, a lot of that shit is illegal. After hour joints, prostitution, fag joints, crap games, numbers, every one of them is against the law. Which has never made much sense to me anyhow. And is there really any way for us to police it all? No. Wouldn't you agree?

SHEA

Yeah, I guess.

Latucci pours himself another glass of wine. He doesn't offer anything to Shea.

LATUCCI

Besides, you want to lock up some old timers for drinking on Sunday? What about the hard working guy who wants to play cards on a Friday night? Or some poor broad who finds herself hooking because life has dealt her a shitty deck? I know I don't want to and I'm sure you don't want to either because you've already explained to me that you're not a shithead.

SHEA

(somewhat disapprovingly)
So then what exactly do we do here?

LATUCCI

We do what's been done for the last hundred years. We manage it for the city.

(next)

Now go sit with the car while I settle up the bill.

SHEA

You want me to pull it around up front?

LATUCCI

I'm going to pretend you didn't just ask me that. Now go!

Shea stands and exits.

Latucci waves over the owner of the place, VIC TEDESCO, 60's. Vic is clearly a WISEGUY. Vic sits.

VIC TEDESCO
Who's the kid?

LATUCCI
New guy in the office. So how's
business Vic?

VIC TEDESCO
Well, that's what I wanted to talk
to you about. I don't know if I'm
going to be able to make the nut
next week.

LATUCCI
Victor, how come it's always the
same poor-mouth song and dance with
you?

VIC TEDESCO
That's not true. Business has been
slow.

LATUCCI
I'm sure you'll figure it out. Like
you always do.

Latucci moves to exit.

LATUCCI (CONT'D)
Thanks again for the meal and give
my best to the family.

INT. MULDOON'S PLYMOUTH - DAY

Muldoon drives. His son James sits silently next to him. The kid is terrified. Muldoon glares ahead as he drives up 10th Ave.

EXT. MULDOON'S WEST SIDE APARTMENT - DAY

Muldoon pulls his car up outside a five story walk-up apartment building. James' brother Michael and Conner are hanging out on the stoop.

INT. MULDOON'S PLYMOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Muldoon puts the car in park. James watches him from the corner of his eye. Finally Muldoon looks at his son.

MULDOON

I want you to know, I'm proud of you. When you were born, my hope, my goal, was that you, my oldest son, would grow up to be an asshole. And you've done that and it makes me proud.

James starts to tear up.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You can't imagine the joy I felt in that classroom, talking to your teacher, hearing stories about what a fool you are. You're the school fool. The class ass. The moron who's job it is to interrupt the teacher and the class with your asinine jokes and comments. I'm just so proud. I was hoping I was doing a good job raising a jack ass and you've shown me that my hard work has paid off. And I want to thank you for that.

James can't look at his father. Muldoon glares.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Now get the hell out of my car and right up into the apartment so I can get back to work.

James exits the car and heads toward the front door. Muldoon pulls off.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MULDOON APARTMENT - MORNING

Muldoon enters the small kitchen, putting on his tie.

His wife, CHRISTINE, 40, is making breakfast for their four children, all dressed in their school uniforms. Michael and James are joined by the girls KATE, 8, and KAREN, 7.

MULDOON

Good morning everybody.

Muldoon goes around and kisses the tops of his kids' heads. All the kids, except James, say good morning. Muldoon leans down into James' face.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I said good morning.

JAMES

Good morning.

CHRISTINE

Don't start with him Terrence. He feels bad enough already. Don't you Jimmy?

James nods.

MULDOON

He feels bad? How do you think I felt getting a call from his teacher while I'm at work? How do you think I felt having to sit in that classroom and hear about this class ass and his antics.

(then)

Why don't you give us a joke, funny man? Give us one of your one liners that gets the class all riled up.

James just looks down at his food.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

What? All of sudden you're too shy? How about one of your funny voices? Apparently our boy can do impressions.

MICHAEL

He does a really good John Wayne dad.

MULDOON

Does he? Well, I hope it serves him well.

(to James)

But listen to me young man, you and I, from this day forward, are done. Until you earn back my respect.

Muldoon gives his wife Christine a kiss as he heads out to work.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I'll call you later.

Christine follows him out into the hallway.

INT. MULDOON'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Muldoon stops as Christine calls after him.

CHRISTINE

Don't run out of here so fast. I want to talk to you.

MULDOON

You think I'm being too tough on him?

CHRISTINE

Yes. He's going through a hard time. All his friends from school have moved away except for Conner.

MULDOON

Please don't start with that again. We can't afford to move to Long Island.

CHRISTINE

I'm not talking about that. But try a softer touch with him.

MULDOON

Chris, he's got to start to learn to take responsibility for his actions because those actions are what's gonna define him.

CHRISTINE

He's not that bad a kid.

MULDOON

But he might be headed there. This is a critical moment in his life. He's going to be a teenager next year and it's going to get harder and harder for me to get through to him.

CHRISTINE

And you think you're getting through to him like this?

MULDOON

I know what I'm doing. That line between the good guys and the bad guys is very thin. And those decisions about what kind of man you're going to be are made at this age.

CHRISTINE

I think you're overreacting Terrence.

MULDOON

Am I? Look at your brothers.

CHRISTINE

Leave them out of this.

MULDOON

They went off the tracks when they were about his age. Did they not?

CHRISTINE

That was a different time. And we didn't have a father around.

MULDOON

But James does. So let me do my job.

EXT. DONOHUE'S TAVERN - DAY

Small bar/restaurant on the East Side. O'Bannon and Petey Mac exit their car and enter.

INT. DONOHUE'S TAVERN- DAY

O'Bannon and Petey Mac head to the back booth where Muldoon sits with Bullman. CLARE, the off-the-boat Irish waitress, is taking orders.

MULDOON

Hey fellas. You eating or drinking?

PETEY MAC

I'll take a ball and a beer.

CLARE

I'd also recommend the prime rib special. The boys here just had it.

O'BANNON

Prime Rib? Off the truck last night?

CLARE

I don't know nothing about that officer.

O'BANNON

OK Clare, I'll go with the special too. And so will he.

PETEY MAC

I'm not hungry.

O'BANNON

Don't listen to him. Two steaks.

Clare walks off.

MULDOON

So what do you guys got?

O'BANNON

Do you remember my friend Pat Duffy? He was hooked up with Bill Patton?

MULDOON

Yeah, of course. You went to school with him. He was a jerk off.

O'BANNON

No. He screwed up, that's all.

MULDOON

But he's trouble. And he's always been trouble.

(MORE)

MULDOON (CONT'D)
How many times have you had to get
his ass out of a jam?

O'Bannon shrugs.

BULLMAN
And he nearly killed that guy,
Sean.

O'BANNON
The guy was cheating. What else was
he supposed to do?

MULDOON
He could have been a hell of a lot
smarter about it. But that might
be asking too much given he's
always been a dumb shit.

O'BANNON
I know, but he did his time and now
he's back and he wants to set that
game up again.

MULDOON
We're not running a social service
here Sean. And we don't do favors
for ex cons.

O'BANNON
Terry, what am I supposed to do.
He's my oldest friend in the world.
I got to help him out.

Muldoon shakes his head. He doesn't like this.

MULDOON
You think it's serious money or is
it bullshit?

O'BANNON
The old game was pretty serious.

MULDOON
On the West Side?

O'BANNON
Yeah.

MULDOON
When does he want to play?

O'BANNON
Once a week game. Tuesday nights.

MULDOON

Is he looking to be a cowboy or has he taken it to Patton?

O'BANNON

He says he's good with the big man.

MULDOON

And you believe him?

O'BANNON

He wouldn't lie to me about something like that.

Muldoon thinks it through.

MULDOON

OK. But he's your responsibility. We'll add it on to Patton's nut. Start it at 500 and we'll see if it's a real game. And you let him know we want it up front. If he can't swing it, he doesn't play.

From behind the bar, Clare calls over.

MAGGIE

Hey Bull, you got a phone call.

Bullman gets up to grab the phone.

AT THE BAR - Bullman picks up the phone.

BULLMAN

Hello? Yeah. What? OK. Yeah, I'll be right there.

INT. FORTUNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Bullman hurries past the Doorman and into the elevator.

INT. FORTUNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bullman knocks.

BULLMAN

It's me. Open the door!

Fortune opens the door. Bullman enters to find Fortune's face badly beaten.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, who the hell did this
to you?

FORTUNE
Who do you think?

BULLMAN
I want a name.

FORTUNE
He was from out of town. He got my
number from a friend.

BULLMAN
Fortune. You don't need to protect
this guy. After I have a word with
him he'll never bother you again.
Now give me his name.

FORTUNE
He said his name was Mr. Smith. He
was staying at the Landmark on Lex
and 44th.

BULLMAN
That's not gonna help me. What room
was he in?

FORTUNE
305.

BULLMAN
And what's he look like?

FORTUNE
He's big. Bigger than you. And fat.
And he has long brown curly hair.
He said he's here for the jewelry
convention.

Bullman takes this in. He's ready to pounce. Settles himself.

BULLMAN
Come over here and sit down. Let me
take a look at your face.

Fortune and Bullman sit on the couch. She starts to cry.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)
I know a doctor who I can get over
here to stitch up your lip.

FORTUNE

And he chipped one of my teeth. And
threw me to the ground and kicked
me.

BULLMAN

OK. Let me call my doctor friend.
His name is Dr. Baker. I'll send
him right over. And I'll be back
after I go take care of Mr. Smith.

FORTUNE

But if you arrest him, won't I have
to press charges and then...

BULLMAN

(cutting her off)

I said I'm going to take care of
him. I didn't say anything about
arresting him.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. LANDMARK HOTEL - DAY

Midtown hotel, nothing fancy but not a dive. Bullman enters the lobby, spies the MANAGER at his desk and quickly heads up the stairs.

INT. LANDMARK HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Bullman appears in the hallway looking for room 305. He finds it, then knocks.

SMITH (O.S.)
Who is it?

BULLMAN
Maintenance. We got a leak coming from your bathroom.

SMITH (O.S.)
I don't see how that's possible. Everything seems fine here.

BULLMAN
It's the pipes in the walls. Please open up, sir.

SMITH opens the door a crack giving Bullman all he needs. He bursts through the door knocking Smith ass over heels.

INT. SMITH'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bullman throws the door shut as SMITH, 30'S, tall and fat, long hair gets back to his feet.

SMITH
Who the hell are you?

Bullman hits him with two quick rights to Smith's face that send him flying over the bed. Bullman approaches and gives him a good kick to the ribs.

BULLMAN
How does this feel you lousy scum bag!? You get your kicks beating up girls? Is that it?

Bullman gets down in Smith's face and grabs him by the neck.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)

You touch that girl ever again,
I'll come back here and I'll kill
you, you got me?

SMITH

OK, OK. Just please don't hit me
again!

Bullman lets go of his neck and stands.

BULLMAN

Where's your wallet?

SMITH

My wallet?

BULLMAN

That's right. You're going to pay
that girl's doctor bills.

SMITH

Are you crazy buddy? I already paid
her.

BULLMAN

I thought you said you didn't want
to get hit again.

SMITH

OK, it's in my jacket.

Bullman goes over and grabs the wallet and pulls out all his
cash.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Oh come on man. Don't take all of
it.

BULLMAN

You're gonna pay for the doctor and
you're going to compensate her for
the two months work she's gonna
lose while her face heals.

Bullman tosses a few bucks back on the desk and turns to move
toward the door. He stops. Sitting on the couch is an opened
briefcase. It's filled with jewelry.

SMITH

Oh please man, you can't take that
too!

Smith tries to stand to stop Bullman. Bullman turns and gives him another kick, sending Smith back on his ass.

BULLMAN

Consider this an apology gift.

Bullman pulls a necklace from the briefcase and walks out the door with it.

INT. PUBLIC MORALS DIVISION ROOM - NIGHT

Muldoon enters and finds only Latucci sitting at his desk.

MULDOON

What do you hear Vince?

LATUCCI

All quiet on the East Side tonight.

MULDOON

So how'd it go with this new guy?

LATUCCI

He's a step up from Dukowski but that ain't saying much.

MULDOON

But he's alright?

LATUCCI

Let's just say he's not exactly my kind of guy.

MULDOON

Why? What's wrong with him?

LATUCCI

He's everything that's wrong with too many of these young cops now. He went to college and lives on Long Island.

Muldoon laughs.

MULDOON

But you think he's cut out for it?

LATUCCI

I don't know. Too soon to say. But you can tell, he's one of these guys who's too far ahead of himself.

(MORE)

LATUCCI (CONT'D)

He's gonna walk down a blind alley
and he's gonna get hurt. Or get one
of us hurt.

MULDOON

It doesn't surprise me. You know
who his old man is?

Latucci nods.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

So be careful how you treat this
kid. And what you tell him.

LATUCCI

Why did I have to end up with this
headache?

MULDOON

That was the Inspector's call. He
wanted the senior man.

LATUCCI

Some god damn honor.

INT. THE IRISH ROSE - NIGHT

West Side Irish bar. O'Bannon and Petey Mac enter and make
their way through the crowded bar and head to the back room.

One of Patton's thugs, TINY TIM, a moose, stands at the
entrance to the back room. O'Bannon and Petey Mac approach.

O'BANNON

What do you say Timmy?

TINY TIM

Same ol, same ol, Seany O.

O'BANNON

Looks like a nice turn out for
Duff's homecoming.

TINY TIM

Word gets out the Big Man is
picking up the tab, people show up.
(with a smile)
Even the cops.

O'Bannon laughs as he and Petey Mac enter the back room.

BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BARBARA, 25, neighborhood girl, comes running forward at Petey Mac.

BARBARA

It's about time you got here. I've been waiting an hour.

Petey Mac shrugs as Barbara throws her arms around him and pulls him into the crowd.

O'Bannon spots Duffy drinking with a group of west side Irish mob thugs including JOEY "JC" CONWAY, 28, a slick hood from Queens.

O'Bannon gives a small nod to Duffy and signals Duffy to meet him at the bar.

O'Bannon's eyes then find his father, MR. O, 60's, thin and dapper, with a busted lip and black eye, sitting at another table with a crew of older hoods.

MR. O tips his hat. O'Bannon gives him nothing back.

AT THE BAR:

O'Bannon gives Duffy a hand shake. Duffy is already pretty well drunk. They are packed in against a very crowded bar.

DUFFY

Seany. Glad you could make it. Great party. And I told you there'd be tons of broads here too. And one in particular is very excited to see you.

O'BANNON

And who's that?

DUFFY

My sister Dee.

Duffy points to a group of girls sitting at a corner booth. DEIDRE, 23, a knockout, but she's dressed different than the other women. She's a beatnik.

O'BANNON

There's no way in hell that's Deidre?

DUFFY

Sure as shit is. And all grown up too. But don't get any ideas. She's still my little sis.

PHONE BOOTH -

MR. O sits down and closes the phone booth door and dials a number while watching his son and Duffy at the bar.

MR. O
 Hey, it's your Uncle Joe. I was wondering if you could meet for a quick drink.

INT. MULDOON APARTMENT - CROSS CUT:

Muldoon is on the kitchen phone while his wife Christine tries to wrangle their two daughters. James and Michael sit at the kitchen table doing homework.

MULDOON
 You know it's a school night Joseph.

MR. O
 It won't take long. Just give me five minutes.

MULDOON
 Alright. Meet me at the corner of the park in 20.

INT. THE IRISH ROSE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

O'Bannon and Duffy at the bar.

DUFFY
 So what's the word on the game?

O'BANNON
 I don't know. Where's Patton?

DUFFY
 He said he would try to show up. But what does that matter? He gave me the OK. Would he be throwing me a party otherwise?

O'BANNON
 If you're bullshitting me on this Duff, you and I will be done. I don't care how far back we go.

DUFFY
 Seany. Come on. You think I'm that stupid.

O'Bannon gives another look, "you know I do".

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Alright. I've done some stupid shit in the past. But I'd never do something *that* stupid.

O'BANNON

I seriously hope not. Because I'm vouching for you.

DUFFY

So are we OK?

O'BANNON

The nut's gonna be 500. And we get the money up front. If there's no money, there's no game.

DUFFY

I'll have it Tuesday night.

O'BANNON

No. You'll have it Sunday at the diner and make sure you're alone.

DUFFY

Of course. No problem.

DEIRDRE (O.S.)

Excuse me, but were you going to ignore me all night?

O'Bannon turns to find Deirdre standing in front of him.

DUFFY

Hey, we were talking business.

DEIRDRE

That's still no excuse Mr. O'Bannon. After all, it's been over five years.

O'BANNON

Yeah, and a lot has changed in five years too.

Deirdre strikes a playful pose.

DEIRDRE

I'm glad you noticed. So, are you going to buy me a drink?

O'BANNON

I've got to get your brother's
permission first.

These two can't take their eyes off of one another.

DUFFY

Sure. He can get you a drink, but
that's all he can get you.

EXT. DEWITT CLINTON PARK - NIGHT

MR. O waits by the old steps. Muldoon appears at the top
step.

MR. O

How are you Terrence?

MULDOON

Better than you by the look of your
face.

MR. O

I'm sure you heard what happened.

MULDOON

Yeah. And you're lucky he only gave
you a beating.

(beat)

Is that what we're here to talk
about?

MR. O

No. It's about this moron Pat
Duffy.

MULDOON

What about him?

MR. O

You shouldn't let Sean get involved
with him again.

MULDOON

I got no idea what you're talking
about.

MR. O

What kind of schmuck do you take me
for? You think something can happen
in Hell's Kitchen and I won't hear
about it? So I'm warning you --

MULDOON
(cutting him off)
You're warning me?

MR. O
I'm sorry. I don't mean it like
that. I'm only offering my advice.
(then)
Sean needs to walk away from him.
There are too many people who are
none to happy to see him back here.

MULDOON
Hey Uncle Joe, I'm one of them. But
who's gonna touch him if he's got
Patton protecting him?

MR. O gives Muldoon a look, "don't be a fool".

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. THE IRISH ROSE BAR - NIGHT

Establisher. Hell's Kitchen bucket of blood.

INT. THE IRISH ROSE BAR - NIGHT

A needle drops on a record in the jukebox. A psychedelic tune sets the mood for the room.

The place has cleared out. Petey Mac slow dances with Barbara.

Petey Mac gropes Barbara and kisses her neck. They are both very drunk, laughing and giggling.

Behind them at the bar, a pushing match breaks out between two drunks. The bartender breaks it up.

PETEY MAC

Come on, let's get out of here.

BARBARA

I can't. I got to wait for Dee.

They look over to O'Bannon and Deirdre sitting in a booth, deep in conversation.

PETEY MAC

Don't worry about them. You're coming with me.

Petey lifts Barbara up by her ass. She straddles him as he carries her into the men's room.

INT. THE IRISH ROSE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Petey Mac and Barbara barely make it into a stall and start ripping one another's clothes off. It's drunk and sloppy sex.

INT. THE IRISH ROSE BACK ROOM - SAME

O'Bannon and Deirdre are mid conversation in the booth.

DEIRDRE

Is that really how you see it?

O'BANNON

No, that's the way it is. If his game is not on the pad, then there's a very good chance he goes back to jail. At least this way I can keep an eye on him. Keep him safe.

DEIRDRE

Oh, so you're doing this for him? Out of the kindness of your heart?

O'BANNON

You see it another way?

DEIRDRE

Is that why you became a cop? To do shit like this?

O'BANNON

I became a cop because I needed a job. I did not become a cop because I had some holier than thou view of doing the right thing and making the world a better place. I got no delusions about riding into town with a white hat and shooting it out with the bad guys.

DEIRDRE

Well, that's no surprise seeing as all of your childhood friends became bad guys.

O'BANNON

Come on, they're not that bad, are they?

DEIRDRE

They break the law, don't they?

O'BANNON

They're not hurting anybody.

DEIRDRE

Maybe when they're playing cards or running numbers but what about the rest of the time?

O'BANNON

What are you worried about?

DEIRDRE

He's not out of jail 3 days and he's already right back into the life. And you're helping him!

O'BANNON

No. I'm just watching out for him.

Deirdre rolls her eyes.

O'BANNON (CONT'D)

Dee. What else is he going to do? He didn't finish high school, he's been in and out of jail a few times already and he's wanted to be a part of Patton's gang since we were in the first grade.

DEIRDRE

And I blame your father for that.

O'BANNON

(laughing)

That prick is responsible for every other rotten thing that ever happened to me, why not blame your brother's plight on him too.

DEIRDRE

Well then you should do something about it.

INT. FORTUNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bullman and Fortune sit at her kitchen table. Fortune's lip is stitched up.

BULLMAN

You'll have a scar for sure. But he's good, Dr. Baker, it won't be too bad.

FORTUNE

Thank you for helping me.

BULLMAN

It's the least I could do.

(then)

I have something else for you.

Bullman reaches into his jacket and pulls out an envelope. He hands it to Fortune.

FORTUNE

What's this?

BULLMAN

When I paid my visit to Mr. Smith he insisted on compensating you for the time you're going to be out of work.

Fortune opens the envelope. Her eyes go wide.

FORTUNE

Oh my god. There's over two thousand dollars here.

BULLMAN

He was very apologetic.

FORTUNE

What did he say?

BULLMAN

Not much actually.

She smiles. They share a moment.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)

So it might be a good idea for you to take some of that money and get a new apartment. Given the number of complaints we've had it might be time for a new address. Who knows, maybe even get out of the business all together.

FORTUNE

Yeah. Maybe.

BULLMAN

OK, I should get going.

Bullman stands and walks to the door. Fortune follows. They share another moment but Bullman isn't going to act on it.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)

I'll see you around kid.

Bullman exits.

INT. MARKET DINER - DAY

O'Bannon sits at a booth having a cup of coffee when Duffy and JC Conway enter. JC takes a seat at the counter near the door. O'Bannon fumes as Duffy approaches and sits.

DUFFY

You eat yet?

O'BANNON

You're a god damn shit for brains, you know that. And your game is done.

O'Bannon is up and out the door. Duffy gives chase.

EXT. WEST 45TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Duffy runs up behind O'Bannon.

DUFFY

Sean, wait up.

O'Bannon turns and grabs Duffy by the shirt and throws him up against a building.

O'BANNON

You stupid cocksucker. What did I tell you? I told you to come alone. And you bring some guinea greaseball I don't know. What the hell is wrong with you?

DUFFY

What? He's not a wop, he's a good guy, I met him in the joint. We're working together on this.

O'BANNON

Well, you're working on it without me.

DUFFY

I'm sorry Seany. I just thought you'd want to meet him if I was bringing him in.

O'BANNON

This is why you always get into trouble Duff. You don't use your head. I'm sticking my neck out for you and you don't think about that.

(MORE)

O'BANNON (CONT'D)
You just think about what's good
for you! And that ain't gonna work
anymore!

O'Bannon lets go and heads off down the sidewalk.

EXT. CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART - EVENING

O'Bannon sits in his car. Muldoon's car pulls up behind.

INT. MULDOON APARTMENT - EVENING

O'Bannon approaches and gets in the passenger seat.

O'BANNON
You were right. Duffy screwed up.

MULDOON
Of course I was right. What did you
tell him?

O'BANNON
I told the game is done.

MULDOON
And from this moment forward I need
your word that you're *done* with him
too. Or I'm done with you.

O'Bannon nods.

EXT. HELLS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Overhead shot as night falls on the West Side. Establisher of
blocks and blocks of tenements.

INT. MULDOON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Muldoon sits with his wife watching a black and white
television on the couch. They lay arm in arm.

CHRISTINE
Why don't you go in and say good
night?

MULDOON
I'm sure he's already asleep.

Christine gives him a look. Muldoon gets up.

INT. MULDOON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Muldoon heads down the small hallway and peaks into his children's bedroom. Four kids in three beds.

James, the oldest, in his own bed, still awake reading.

He rolls over when Muldoon enters. Muldoon sits on the edge of the bed. He looks over at his two daughters and Michael who are fast asleep.

MULDOON

There is a certain percentage of assholes in this world. And that's never gonna change. Some people can't help themselves. Like my Uncle Joe. They're born stupid. But you weren't. You were born with brains.

James rolls over to look at his dad.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

It's such a fine line James, and it's hard to see sometimes. You and your friends are just out raising hell, having a few kicks, then the next thing you know, you wake up on the wrong side of that line.

Muldoon softens.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You're at a major fork in the road right now kiddo. And you're going to have to make a big decision. Are you ready to put being an asshole behind you and start being the person I know you can be?

JAMES

I can be a good person.

MULDOON

Yeah, I know. That's why I'm so hard on you.

Muldoon gives James a kiss on the forehead and exits the room.

EXT. HELLS KITCHEN STREET - LATE NIGHT

MR. O stumbles down the sidewalk toward his tenement. MR. O climbs the stoop, then suddenly stops. Someone is standing in the shadows.

MR. O
What the hell do you want?

A GUN enters the frame and MR. O is shot in the head. He falls. Dead.

A taxi pulls up quickly. The shooter, *who we will not see*, throws MR. O into the back seat of the cab and jumps in up front. The cab speeds off.

EXT. 10TH AVENUE - LATE NIGHT

The cab turns the corner onto 10th Ave and disappears into the night.

INT. MULDOON APARTMENT/BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Muldoon and Christine in bed asleep. Phone rings. Muldoon answers.

MULDOON
Muldoon.

DETECTIVE AMANDOLA (O.S.)
Terry. It's Amandola. Looks like your Uncle Joe washed up under the Brooklyn Bridge. You better get over here.

MULDOON
I'll be right there.

Christine sits up.

CHRISTINE
What is it?

MULDOON
Uncle Joe is dead.

EXT. EAST RIVER - DAWN

Uniform cops and two Detectives stand on a small sandy beach under the Brooklyn Bridge. A body lays on the water's edge at their feet.

DET. AMANDOLA, 60, looks up and spots Muldoon walking toward him. Amandola approaches and greets Muldoon.

DETECTIVE AMANDOLA

I'm pretty sure it's him. He has no identification on him so I figured you'd want to ID him.

MULDOON

Thanks Billy.

The cops make room as Muldoon approaches. He kneels down next to the body. It's Mr. O. Single shot to the forehead.

Muldoon looks up at Amandola and nods.

DETECTIVE AMANDOLA

You got any ideas?

MULDOON

I got a few.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT SIX