

APRIL 15, 1989

DRAFT

HOMICIDE

a screenplay by
David Mamet

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by David Mamet

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FADE IN

TENEMENT HALLWAY NIGHT

A GRAFFITI-FILLED WALL. A MAN'S BACK COMES INTO THE FRAME AND HE BEGINS TO MOVE ALONG THE WALL. CAMERA BEGINS PANNING WITH HIM, PAST THE BACKS OF SEVERAL MORE MEN, ALL MOVING SLOWING DOWN THE WALL. ON THE BACK OF THE JACKET OF TWO MEN "F.B.I." IS STENCILLED IN LARGE LETTERS.

ANGLE

A MAN IN A BASEBALL CAP, LOOKING DOWN AT HIS WATCH. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE POV

ANOTHER MAN, BEHIND HIM THE LINE OF F.B.I. AGENTS AGAINST THE WALL IN THE HALLWAY. ANOTHER MAN IS SETTING CHARGES OF EXPLOSIVE AGAINST THE DOOR. THIS MAN RETREATS. THE FIRST MAN NODS.

ANGLE

THE MAN IN THE BASEBALL CAP NODS BACK. LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH, LOOKS UP.

ANGLE

ONE OF THE AGENTS, CARRYING AN ASSAULT RIFLE, EASES BACK THE BOLT TO CHECK THAT HIS WEAPON IS LOADED.

ANGLE

THE MAN IN THE BASEBALL CAP. LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH.

ANGLE INS

THE WATCH, SECOND HAND, COMES UP ON THREE SECONDS TO TWELVE.

ANGLE

THE MAN WITH THE WATCH LOOKS UP. HOLDS HIS HAND UP - "GET READY"

ANGLE

ONE OF THE AGENTS HOLDING AN ELECTRONIC DETONATOR.

ANGLE

THE MAN WITH THE WATCH, HIS HAND UP. SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION. THE MAN WITH THE WATCH POINTS TO THE MAN WITH THE DETONATOR. THIS MAN PRESSES THE BUTTON.

ANGLE

THE DOOR BEHIND BLOWN OFF THE HINGES.

ANGLE

TWO HEFTY F.B.I. AGENTS BATTER THROUGH THE DOOR. CAMERA FOLLOWS INTO A SMOKE-FILLED ROOM.

ANGLE

A BLACK MAN ASLEEP ON A COUCH IN THE CHEAP ROOM, A LIGHT COVERLET OVER HIM. HE COMES AWAKE.

ANGLE XCU
HIS FACE, AS HE LOOKS TOWARD THE DOOR.

ANGLE
THE MAN REACHES BENEATH THE COUCH.

ANGLE
ONE OF THE F.B.I. ASSAULT TEAM PUSHES ANOTHER OF THE TEAM OUT OF THE WAY AND FIRES AT THE MAN ON THE COUCH WITH A SHOTGUN.

ANGLE INT
TENEMENT BEDROOM. A YOUNG BLACK MAN STRUGGLING INTO HIS BLUEJEANS. A YOUNG BLACK GIRL SOBBING, STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, HOLDING THE COVERS TO HERSELF.

ANGLE
THE DOOR TO THE ROOM IS THROWN OPEN, AN F.B.I. AGENT STEPS THROUGH.

ANGLE
THE MAN IN JEANS PUSHES THE YOUNG GIRL ASIDE, STEPS UP TO THE F.B.I. AGENT AND SHOOTS HIM IN THE HEAD.

ANGLE
THE ROOM. BEYOND THE YOUNG GIRL, A SWAT OFFICER ON THE FIRE ESCAPE FIRES INTO THE ROOM.

ANGLE
THE YOUNG GIRL FALLS, THE MAN IN JEANS PICKS UP THE FIRST OFFICER'S ASSAULT RIFLE AND SPRAYS THE WINDOW.

ANGLE
THE MAN IN JEANS TURNS BACK TOWARD THE DOOR AND FIRES AT THE DOOR.

MAN IN JEANS (SCREAMING)
You'll never get me. You'll never get me, I can not be killed. I curse you all. You try to kill me? I can not be killed. I curse all who come after me!!!

A SMOKE GRENADE IS THROWN THROUGH THE DOOR, THE ROOM BEGINS TO FILL UP WITH SMOKE.

ANGLE
THE MAN IN JEANS KNEELS, STRIPS THE JACKET AND THE MASK OFF OF THE FALLEN SWAT OFFICER, PUTS THEM ON, SHOULDERS THE RIFLE, STEPS THROUGH THE WINDOW OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE.

ANGLE EXT
THE FIRE ESCAPE, SEEN THROUGH A NIGHTVISION SCOPE, THE CROSS HAIRS ON THE MAN COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW. THE MAN, DRESSED IN THE SWAT ATTIRE, WAVES HIS RIFLE.

ANGLE

THE SNIPER. HE TAKES HIS RIFLE OFF OF THE TARGET.

ANGLE

THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING. THE MAN IN JEANS (DRESSED IN THE SWAT UNIFORM) SWINGS UP ONTO THE ROOF, LOOKS AROUND, TAKES OFF HIS MASK, MOVES DOWN THE ROOF AND LOOKS DOWN AT THE STREET BELOW HIM.

ANGLE

MANY CARS AND SPECIAL PURPOSE VEHICLES IN THE STREET BELOW.

ANGLE

THE MAN IN JEANS MOVES DOWN THE ROOF AND JUMPS ONTO THE NEXT ROOF.

INT POLICE STATION ASSEMBLY ROOM DAY

XCU

A LOVELY BLONDE WOMAN, BLINKING.

NEWSCASTER (BLONDE WOMAN)

I've got something in my eye...I've got something in my eye...

T.V. TECHNICIAN (OFF CAMERA)

In Five...

NEWSCASTER

I've got something in my eye!!!

SECOND TECHNICIAN

...going live, and we're going to the Net.

TECHNICIAN

...three, two...

ANGLE

THE NEWSCASTER, THE CAMERA, IN THE B.G., A PODIUM, UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS FLANKING IT, OTHER NEWSCASTERS STANDING IN FRONT OF IT.

NEWSCASTER (AS SHE SPEAKS INTO THE CAMERA)

Chicago was electrified today by the brutal murder of two F.B.I. agents in a protracted gun battle on the City's South Side. The F.B.I. had staked out and approached the home of Robert Randolph, reputedly the power behind the largest drug-ring in the Middle West. And, as they attempted the arrest, Randolph who has just become the F.B.I.'s Public Enemy Number One, opened fire on...

ANGLE

A HALLWAY BEHIND THE ASSEMBLY ROOM. WE SEE THE NEWSCASTER AND THE TELEVISION LIGHTS SET UP IN THE ROOM WHICH IS NOW IN OUR B.G. A VERY LARGE BLACK MAN IN A VERY EXPENSIVE SUIT CROSSES INTO THE FRAME, FOLLOWED BY AN ASSISTANT CARRYING A LARGE FILE.

ANGLE INT

SMALL FILING ROOM, FULL OF OLD FILES, SEVERAL MEN IN PLAINCLOTHES WAITING IN IT. DISHEVELED, DRINKING COFFEE. THEY TURN TO FACE THE DOOR AS WE HEAR THE DOOR OPEN. THEY ALL STUB OUT THEIR CIGARETTES AND STRAIGHTEN UP.

ANGLE POV

THE LARGE BLACK MAN (DEPUTY MAYOR WALKER) AND HIS ASSISTANT AND A UNIFORMED OFFICER, ENTER THE ROOM.

WALKER (SOFTLY)

Close the door.

THE DEPUTY MAYOR RUBS HIS FACE. SIGHS.

WALKER

I've got every black citizen group in Chicago on my ass today. I got a black man who the F.B.I. is out to lynch and I got my Concerned Citizens yelling "Black Panthers" and Government Assassination squads. I got a file here of racially motivated crime...

HIS ASSISTANT HOLDS UP THE FILE.

Thick as your arm. Every fucking group in this city is trying to break my ass, and the F.B.I. comes here, the middle of a heat wave and starts killing two-bit drug peddlers, because they happen to be black, n'I got the City up in arms, n'I don't blame 'em. N'I want some help. I need your help. I need this man. Robert Randolph.

ANGLE

TWO OF THE POLICEMEN, SLOUCHING IN THE CORNER. ROSS, AROUND FORTY, AND HIS PARTNER, SENNA, SAME AGE. SENNA LOOKS OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE AT ROSS, WHO DOES NOT RESPOND.

WALKER (VO)

Do you have anything? Can you give me something? I've got to bring this man in, Randolph. I've got to bring him in, and I've got to bring him alive, and give him a fair trial.

SENNA NUDGES ROSS, WHO SHAKES HIS HEAD.

Can you help me?

BEAT

SENNA

Sir: we were specifically warned off this case.

ANGLE

WALKER AND THE ROOM FULL OF MEN.

The Lou passed it down, this case did not exist. The F.B.I.

WALKER

I'm saying give me something, man, I know. They stuck it in your eye, the Feds in here. Can you give me something? Can you bring the man in...? Do you have a lead...?

LIEUTENANT CURRAN

If you got it, give it up...

ANGLE

SENNA AND ROSS, SENNA NUDGES ROSS.

ROSS (SOTTO)

Well, so now he needs us, so now we're s'posed to Do Our job, we kick in, they take the case away, give it to the F.B.I.

SENNA SHAKES HIS HEAD, STANDS UP.

ROSS

Lou, Sir, we were torn off this case.

CURRAN

You were told to stand down...

ROSS

We were torn off it, a Homicide on Our Beat, and the F.B.I. says we should Go Home.

ASSISTANT

The Man needs your help. You want him to Suck your Cock?

BEAT

CURRAN

Ross?

ROSS

I wanna know...I wanna know, Sir, I got to be frank about it, we go out and do our job, like we're paid to do, then we can go do our job.

WALKER

The mayor needs this Randolph. Can you pull him in? If you got something...? You got something, I'll take the F.B.I. off, you bring the guy in. You do it, and we ain't going to forget. (BEAT) I'm asking you...

ROSS (SOTTO)

You tell him.

SENNA

Sir. My Partner, we had this guy, his broth-in-law, s'ex
broth-in-law a guy, Willie Sims. Him and Randolph always were
tight, Old Days, n'I think we use this guy, Sims, takes us to
Randolph.

ASSISTANT

...and you didn't come forward with this information...? (TO
CURRAN) Who is this man...?

CURRAN

Robert Ross, Detective...

BEAT

ROSS

Sir...

ASSISTANT

(TO CURRAN)...we're hanging in the Breeze...(TO ROSS) where
does your loyalty lie...?

BEAT

ANGLE CU
ROSS THINKING.

ROSS

My loyalty...

ANGLE
THE GROUP. SENNA STEPS UP.

SENNA

This is Bobby Ross, Sir, due respect, nobody's gonn'a call, go
ask him 'bout his loyalty...

ROSS

My loyalty lies...with the P'lice Department.

ASSISTANT

Is that true, Ross?

ROSS

Yes, sir. (PAUSE) Yes, sir, it is. (PAUSE) Yes sir, that's
what I signed on for. I'm gonna' go where I'm sent, and do
what I'm told when I get there...

SENNA AND ROSS WALK AWAY.

ANGLE
THE ASSISTANT MAYOR, TALKING TO CURRAN. ROSS AND SENNA WALKING AWAY
IN THE B.G.

CURRAN (TO THE ASSISTANT)
...a fine record...

ASSISTANT
...."Ross"...

CURRAN
...a fine d'tective, highly decorated, 22 citations for valor, sir, an exemplary...

ASSISTANT
...well, bear with me here, where is this "attitude," this "attitude," y'understand, the City's Burning, all that your man cares about, it seems...

ANGLE
SENNA AND ROSS, WALKING. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

ROSS
...fuck call has he got to go questioning my loyalty...?

THE ASSISTANT DEPUTY MAYOR COMES AFTER ROSS.

ASSISTANT
...the Man's gonna go with you, I think he's out of his fucken mind...

ROSS
I can't say that I follow you.

ASSISTANT
Go with a man, s'not on his side on Monday, s'posed to be on his side on Tuesd...

ROSS
...Uh huh...I don't get you...

THE GROUP KEEPS WALKING. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

ASSISTANT
I'm sain', the Mayor's Bettin' on you...

ROSS
Yes, sir, I understand what you're saying, I just don't understand why you're saying it...

SENNA (SOTTO)
...Bobby...

ASSISTANT

Uh huh...Uh huh...'parently you got a "reputation," Mr. "Ross"...

ROSS

Is that so. What is it?

ASSISTANT

You're the Main Charce Guy...

ROSS TURNS, THE GROUP TURNS.

ROSS

Mister, I'm trine' a do my job...

ASSISTANT

...n'you got an answer for everything, smart guy, s'zat it? You're the Barracks Room Lawyer...

ROSS

...you're full of shit.

ASSISTANT

I'm what? How would you like to be suspended?

ROSS (WALKING AWAY, UNDER HIS BREATH)

How would you like to be Queen for a Day...

THE ASSISTANT TURNS AWAY FROM ROSS, WALKS BACK TO HIS GROUP.

ASSISTANT (UNDER HIS BREATH)

...sheeny motherfucker...

ROSS TURNS BACK TOWARD HIM, ENRAGED.

ROSS

What did you say...?

ROSS STARTS AFTER THE ASSISTANT, BEING HELD BACK BY SENNA...

What did you fucken say...?

SENNA (HOLDING HIM BACK)

Bobby...

ASSISTANT

...you want to step out in the Alley...?

ROSS

Step out in the alley? You fucken Faggot, I'll kill your ass right here. I'm trine' to do a job...

ROSS IS PULLED AROUND THE CORNER BY SENNA, AND CURRAN, WHO JUMPS IN. CAMERA FOLLOWS. HOLD ON SENNA, CALMING ROSS WHO IS BREATHING HARD.

ROSS
"Take me out in the alley..."

SENNNA
Fuck 'em, Bobby.

ROSS
He Pulled Us Off The Case...

SENNNA
Fuck 'em, Babe...He had any self'respect, he'd be workin' for a living...fuck 'em...Huh? Huh?

BEAT

Les' go to work...

INT ASSEMBLY ROOM DAY
A SEA OF CONTROLLED BLACK FACES. MEN FROM THEIR LATE TWENTIES TO THEIR SIXTIES, LISTENING.

ASSISTANT TO WALKER (VO)
...to serve as he said "all the Community, and to Heal the breach which divides us"...

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY PAST THEM, TO THE FACE OF THE BLONDE NEWSCASTER WHO IS JUST LIGHTING A CIGARETTE. SHE MAKES A NOTE ON A PAD.

ANGLE
THE PODIUM. TELEVISION LIGHTS. THE ASSISTANT TO THE DEPUTY MAYOR IS FINISHING AN INTRODUCTION.

ASSISTANT TO WALKER
...Deputy Mayor, Walker.

WALKER WALKS TO THE STAND. AS HE DOES SO, CAMERA PANS PAST HIM TO HIS ASSISTANT, WHO IS STANDING TO HIS SIDE.

WALKER
The Mayor's office has, of this moment, made a decision to relieve the F.B.I. of the responsibility for the Robert Randolph Case.

THE ASSISTANT MOTIONS SOMEONE FORWARD. CAMERA PANS PAST HIM TO LIEUTENANT CURRAN, WHO USHERS FORWARD OLCOTT, SENNA, ROSS, AND THE REST OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD. THE SQUAD, TENTATIVELY, WALKS FORWARD ONTO THE PLATFORM, STANDING BEHIND WALKER.

ANGLE

SENNA AND ROSS, CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM AS THEY TAKE THE STAGE.
SENNA ADJUSTS HIS TIE.

WALKER (VO)

...and place the case where it belongs, with the Homicide Department. I cannot overstress the importance of this case to the Mayor's office. That it should be solved quickly, fairly. By professionals, by the Law Enforcement of this City, so that not only...

ROSS LOOKS TO THE SIDE, SENSING SOMETHING.

ANGLE POV

A NEWSMAN, GOING DOWN ON ONE KNEE, ADJUSTING HIS CAMERA. A FLASHBULB POPS.

ANGLE

ROSS AND SENNA, SENNA TURNS SLIGHTLY TO THE SIDE, BOTH THEN TURN AND FACE FRONT, STANDING A LITTLE TALLER.

WALKER (VO)

...the Law, but the cause of Justice...

INT HALL POLICE STATION DAY

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD PASSING THROUGH THE HALL. A REPORTER FOLLOWING THEM.

REPORTER

So. How does it feel, huh, the Mayor calls you out?

JAMES

We're his Bulldog.

REPORTER

He's got to go back to the Heavy Duty Guys.

CAMERA AND THE GROUP PASSERS THROUGH A SET OF DOORS, THE REPORTERS STAY BEHIND.

ROSS

Yeah. We're the "Heavy Duty" guys.

SENNA

This world, I've noticed, you're either Heavy Duty, or you're Howdy Doody.

ROSS

Ain't that the truth...?

A UNIFORMED COP COMES UP TO THEM.

UNIFORMED COP

Jilly...you got the Case?

OLCOTT

Bobby got the case, Man, pulled it from the F.B.I.

ROSS

...that's right...

OLCOTT

You want an Idea, then you got to see the Jew...

SENNNA

That's right. That's why Darkies Was Born.

ROSS

You got it, Baby.

SENNNA

Yeah, we Got the Case.

ROSS

Case? It ain't even a case...nickel bag dope pusher, 'til the F.B.I. waltz in here, tells us that he's Young John Hitler the whole time...

SENNNA

...the man's Het Up, cause the Mayor's Nigger, done gone questioning his loyalty...

FRANK

We...how the fuck can the motherfucker be "loyal"...

SENNNA

What, cause he's a Jew and all that...

OLCOTT

That's right, cause he's a fucken Christ killer, maan, he's gonna kill Christ, who is the sucker gonna side with...?

SENNNA

Yeah, you got a point there.

ROSS

What is this, more Racial Hatred?

OLCOTT

That's right.

FRANK

You want the guy, send in two Serious Irish Cops, cigars in their mouths.

OLCOTT

That's right.

ROSS

The Mayor's Man, that cocksucker's Eating with One Chopstick. He thinks some fucken politics, gone' bring this guy in...?

OLCOTT

...that's right...

ROSS

What's he, going to pick the People's Choice, the guy's gone' come in and surrender...?

FRANK

Uh huh...

ROSS

Gimme' send, in two serious cops, cigars in their mouths...

FRANK

...uh huh...

ROSS

N'spare me the F.B."I"...course of events, the F.B.I. d'even put you, the Most Wanted List, 'lest they know where you are, how long you're gonna "be" there...

OLCOTT

Thass right, Baby...

ROSS

And you shouldn't ever kiss an F.B.I. agent.

JAMES (ANOTHER HOMICIDE DETECTIVE)

Why is that, Man?

ROSS

Because then you got to take him to dinner.

SENNA

Bobby, I know you paid for that information in pain.

ROSS

Yeah. I been hurt so Many Times...

SENNA

Uh huh.

ROSS

And then this motherfucker got me off, a Bad Fucken Foot. "Question my Loyalty..."

SENNA

So, thass right, loosen it up. We got work to do, this Criminal, Randolph, that we got to find, we got to loosen it up. You know why?

ROSS

Yeah.

SENNA

Why?

ROSS

Because.

SENNA

That's right. That's my Little Porkchop. You gone' solve this mystery?

ROSS

No such thing, s'a mystery. Women are a mystery. This is Police Work.

SENNA

Tell 'em, Baby. Le's go find this guy.

INT HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM DAY
THE SQUAD ENTERS THE ROOM, STILL TALKING.

CURRAN

Jilly...? (HE POINTS AT SENNA)

SENNA NODS TO ROSS WHO GOES TO THE PHONE.

ANGLE

ROSS ON THE PHONE, SENNA IN THE B.G. ADDRESSING THE GROUP.

SENNA

Robert Randolph. The Man of the Hour.

ROSS (INTO THE PHONE)

Jacket on Robert Randolph...that's the guy, and Willie Sims, we had him, nineteen senny-five. You'll have to go to Central, gimme Central Records...Well, open it up, what are they, Bankers, open it up...Open it up. Check with the Lou, check with Downtown.

ANGLE

SENNA TALKING.

CURRAN

S'your plan?

SENNA

We get the broth-in-law, Sims, we sic the Mouthpiece (INDICATING ROSS) on him, turn him around, give his brother up. (ROSS ACKNOWLEDGES HIM) Who could charm a bird off a Fig Tree.

TO ROSS:

The file...?

ROSS

Central Records. Still in bed with the wife, they ain't up yet. Let's go get him.

SENNA

Boxing gym don't open til ten. I'll get the file. You guys check out some ordinance...Down at the Cars in Ten.

SENNA AND OLCOTT AND JAMES WALK OUT OF THE SQUAD ROOM, AS THE PHONE RINGS. ROSS ANSWERS THE PHONE.

ROSS (INTO PHONE)

Homicide. (COVERS PHONE) Oh, that's great, it's the fuckin' Tribune... (INTO PHONE, AS THE OTHER OFFICERS LEAVE) I... D'tective Ross. The F.B.I. has been taken off the Robert Randolph case? Our "plan"? Our "plan" is to serve and protect - can I get back to you?

HE HANGS UP. GETS UP TO FOLLOW THE OTHER DETECTIVES. AS HE WALKS OUT, CATHY FRANK, AND DOUG BROWN, TWO OTHER HOMICIDE OFFICERS, ARE ESCORTING A HANDCUFFED PRISONER INTO THE SQUAD ROOM. HE IS A WHITE MALE AROUND THIRTY-FIVE. BROWN HOLDS A HUNTING RIFLE.

FRANK

...you guys doing in this morning...

ROSS

Well, baby, they put us on The Big One.

ROSS SITS ON HIS DESK, REMOVES HIS REVOLVER, TAKES A BOX OF SHELLS FROM HIS DESK, AND UNLOADS AND RELOADS HIS REVOLVER. AS HE SPEAKS, HE CHECKS HIS SPEEDLOADERS AND DISTRIBUTES OTHER SHELLS IN HIS VARIOUS POCKETS.

FRANK

Whatdaya, going out to Conquer France?

ROSS

Yeah. Whada' you got?

BROWN

(WHO IS BEGINNING TO REMOVE HANDCUFFS FROM HIS PRISONER)

Aced his wife and kiddies, this A.M., this here deer rifle.

ROSS

That sounds like an interesting case, and what did you do, apprehend him...?

BROWN

Yeah. We got him. The Mighty Hunter.

TO THE PRISONER:

What'd you do, mistake them for a Deer?

ROSS

Hey, all we got to do is catch 'em, we don't got to figure them out, thank God.

BROWN

You think they were a deer?

PRISONER

Yes. I thought they were a deer.

BROWN USHERS THE MAN TOWARD THE HOLDING CELL.

BROWN

What's you shoot 'em for, Pal? What's you shoot 'em for, Pal?

PRISONER

I did it to protect them.

BROWN

To protect them. Well, they're safe now, wouldn't you say?

ROSS (SOTTO)

Hey, leave it, Frankie.

HE STARTS TO ARRANGE HIMSELF TO LEAVE.

BROWN

Wife and three kids. Four shots. Good shooting, wouldn't you say...?

ROSS (LEAVING)

See ya.

BROWN CLAPS THE PRISONER ON THE BACK.

BROWN

Fine shooting, Old Son.

ANGLE XCU

THE MAN. HIS FACE SCREWS UP, HE TURNS ON SENNA. HE THROWS OFF FRANK'S HAND, LUNGES FOR ROSS WHO HAS TURNED BACK TO THE TELEPHONE.

ANGLE INS
THE MAN GRABS FOR ROSS'S REVOLVER IN HIS HIP HOLSTER.

ANGLE
THE TWO OF THEM STRUGGLING.

ANGLE
FRANK BEHIND HIM, BROWN RUSHING UP.

MAN
Give me the gun, give me the gun...

ANGLE
THE MAN WRENCHES THE REVOLVER FROM THE HOLSTER, TEARING THE RETAINING STRAP.

ANGLE
FRANK, TRYING TO WRESTLE THE MAN OFF OF ROSS.

ANGLE
BROWN COMING UP BEHIND THEM, GRABS A BILLYCLUB OFF OF A DESK.

ANGLE
THE MAN STRIKES ROSS IN THE FACE A COUPLE OF TIMES.

ANGLE
HE TRIES TO BRING THE REVOLVER UP.

ANGLE
BROWN HITS HIM ON THE ARM WITH THE BILLYCLUB.

ANGLE
THE REVOLVER DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

ANGLE
BROWN STEPS IN AND HITS THE MAN SEVERAL TIMES WITH THE BILLYCLUB. BROWN HITS HIM IN THE STOMACH, TURNS HIM AROUND WITH AN ARMLOCK AND THROWS HIM INTO THE PEN.

ANGLE
THE DOORWAY, OFFICERS IN UNIFORM COMING IN.

ANGLE
FRANK.

FRANK
That's okay, we got him. That's okay.

SENNA

Stupid son of a bitch...

ANGLE

BROWN, PUTTING THE LOCK ON THE PEN, GOES OVER TO ROSS WHO IS SITTING DOWN HOLDING HIS HEAD.

BROWN

You okay, Bobby?

ROSS

He got me a good one in the head.

HE BENDS DOWN.

ANGLE INS

ROSS PICKING UP HIS REVOLVER AND A STRIP OF LEATHER.

ANGLE

ROSS STRAIGHTENS UP, LOOKS AT THE STRAP.

ROSS

Ah, Christ, you tore my fucking holster, what the fuck do you want to do that for...?

FRANK

You okay, Bobby...? We got a first aid kit...

ROSS

What the fuck do you want to do that for...?

MAN

I wanted the gun.

ROSS

Really. We got a first aid kit...?

MAN

I wanted to kill myself.

BROWN

We got, we had one, bottom of the "old" desk...

ROSS (TO MAN)

Whyn't you just say so...?

CURRAN COMES IN.

CURRAN

Cathy. Doug...

BROWN

Yup.

CURRAN

Come on. I'm gonna pull you off this, we need some help on this thing here. N'you take this guy down to the Lockup?

BROWN

Full up. Can we keep him here 'til he's arraigned...?

CURRAN (NODS)

You okay, Bob?

ANGLE

BOB AT THE "OLD DESK" COVERED IN DUST, IN A CORNER, OF AN OLD OAK DESIGN.

ROSS

I'm fine, Lou.

CURRAN

Somebody gettem some ice...

CURRAN AND THE TWO OFFICERS LEAVE. ROSS RUMMAGES AROUND IN THE BOTTOM OF THE DESK. TAKES OUT AN OLD BUCKRAM FILE, REACHES AROUND BEHIND IT, COMES OUT WITH AN OLD FIRST AID KIT. PUTS THE FILE AND THE KIT ON THE DESK. FEELS HIS HEAD, OPENS THE KIT, AND STARTS PUTTING ANTISEPTIC AND A BANDAID ON HIS HEAD.

ROSS

...the fuck is wrong with you man. Huh? Whad' I ever do to you...? Huh? What in the world did I ever do to you...? You stupid son of a bitch, you're gonna get the shit kicked out of you.

ROSS FINISHES PUTTING ON THE BANDAID.

ANGLE CU

ROSS, HIS EYES ROLL UP. HIS HEAD STARTS TO WEAVE.

ANGLE

THE CHAIR. ROSS SITS DOWN INTO IT.

ANGLE

ROSS LOWERS HIS HEAD ONTO HIS HAND. CLOSSES HIS EYES. TAKES A COUPLE OF DEEP BREATHS. HE SLOWLY OPENS HIS EYES.

ANGLE POV INS

THE OPEN FILE BOOK, A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FROM 1961 "DESECRATION OF A SYNAGOGUE AND MURDER OF THREE JEWISH YOUTHS" WITH ACCOMPANYING PICTURES.

ANGLE

ROSS, LOOKING AT THE PHOTOS. HIS HAND TURNS THE PAGE. WE SEE PHOTOS OF SWASTIKAS PAINTED ON WALLS, PHOTOS OF THE THREE YOUTHS ALIVE, IN YALMULKAS. A PINBACKED BUTTON MARKED "YOUTH ALIYAH." 1960. A PHOTO OF A YOUNG BOY WITH A SHOVEL OVER HIS SHOULDER. A PHOTO OF A GROUP RALLY OF JEWS BEARING A HUGE BANNER: "THE BLOOD OF THE DEAD CRIES OUT FOR REVENGE."

ANGLE

ROSS. LOOKS UP FROM THE PHOTOS, HIS HEAD STILL SWIMMING.

MAN IN CAGE (VO)

I'm sorry.

ROSS LOOKS OVER TO HIM.

I'm sorry.

ROSS

You tore my holster, man. N'I got work to do. The fuck I ever do to you?

MAN

Nothing.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE MAN.

ROSS

I fucken stood up for you. Didn't I?

MAN

Yes. You did.

BEAT

Thank you for your help.

ROSS

Um hm.

MAN

Perhaps. (PAUSE) Perhaps someday I could help you...

ROSS PUTS DOWN THE FILE, STANDS, STARTS FOR THE DOOR.

Perhaps someday I could help you...

ROSS

Now. How could you help me...?

MAN

Perhaps I could tell you the nature of Evil.

BEAT

ANGLE

C.U. ROSS

ANGLE

C.U. THE MAN

MAN

Would you like to know how to solve the problem of evil?

ANGLE

ROSS. SENNA COMES INTO THE B.G.

ROSS

BEAT

No, man, cause if I did, then I'd be out of a job.

SENNA

Bobby: let's ride.

SENNA AND ROSS START OUT OF THE SQUAD ROOM. SENNA HANDS ROSS SOME PHOTOGRAPHS.

EXT POLICE STATION DAY

A LARGE CROWD OF BLACK PEOPLE ON THE STEPS OF THE POLICE STATION.

ANGLE

A TELEVISION CREW, MANEUVERING A CAMERA, AND CABLE FROM A VAN. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM. THEY TURN ON THE LIGHTS.

ANGLE

THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. THE HOMICIDE SQUAD COMING OUT OF A SIDE ENTRANCE. AS THEY COME OUT THEY PASS A BLACK, OLDER UNIFORMED POLICEMAN ALSO WALKING OUT.

ROSS

Be careful, there's a lot of Colored people out there...

INT UNMARKED CAR DAY

SENNA DRIVING, ROSS NEXT TO HIM, LOOKING AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

ANGLE ROSS POV INS

THE PHOTOGRAPHS, WILLIAM (WILLIE) SIMS, PRINTED ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS, HIS PICTURE.

SENNA (VO)

How you feeling?

ANGLE

ROSS AND SENNA. ROSS LOOKS UP.

ROSS

Yeah, I'm fine.

SENNA

This sonofabitch is going to "Go." I feel it in my bones. You feel it?

ROSS

Yeah. Babe, I feel it, too.

SENNA

Piece of Cake.

ROSS

Either a Piece of Cake, I've noticed, or a Slice of Life.

SENNA

Ain't that the truth.

ROSS

That is the truth.

BEAT

They could of brought this sonofabitch in with a Knock on the Door.

ROSS

Well, let's us go bring him in.

SENNA

Thass right.

ROSS

Huh?

SENNA

Garner some of them "kudos" and all, that they got.

ROSS

That's right.

SENNA

And about fucken time...

BEAT

ROSS

F.B.I., maan...

SENNA

...thass right.

ROSS

F.B.I. coun'n find Joe Louis in a Bowl of Rice.

SENNA

F.B.I. could fuck up a Baked Potato. You know what's needed here, Bob?

ROSS

What's that?

SENNA

"Police" work.

ROSS

Yeah. Some of that "police" work that people talk about.

BEAT

Politics, maan, I would starve in the desert, 'fore I'd do the shit those assholes do in the Name of Service.

SENNA

They just, they fucken just, sh'd Hands Off the Cops.

ROSS

What happened to The Job?

SENNA

Mmm.

ROSS

Fucken "politics," Man, nothing but politics...Job's changed. It ain't the same Job.

SENNA

Job's the same.

ROSS

Yeah?

SENNA

People dying, people killing them. How's your Head?

ROSS NODS.

Sonofabitch whapped you a good one.

ROSS

Yeah.

SENNA

Well, that's what you get for Being Born.

ROSS NODS, REACHES OVER, TAKES A CIGARETTE FROM JILLY'S POCKET, LIGHTS IT, SHAKES HIS HEAD WOOZILY.

The gym don't open for a hour. You wan' pull over, stop, get a cup of coffee...? Hey, that sonofabitch whopped you, mean, you're genn' a bump on there.

HE REACHES ON THE SEAT NEXT TO HIM. TAKES A SANDWICH OUT OF A PAPER BAG. HANDS IT TO ROSS.

Put, the uh, put the meat on it. Put the meat on it.

ROSS

You're kidding...

SENNA

No. That'll draw it. Really.

HE TURNS TO LOOK AT ROSS.

ANGLE

ROSS. REACTS TO SOMETHING IN THE STREET AHEAD OF THEM.

ANGLE

C.U. SENNA TURNS. LOOKS.

ANGLE POV

A SQUAD CAR. SKEWED IN THE STREET IN FRONT OF THEM.

ANGLE INS

SENNA'S FOOT COMES DOWN HEAVY ON THE BRAKES.

ANGLE

THE WHEELS OF THE CAR, LOCKING, SKIDDING.

ANGLE INT THE CAR

THE TWO COPS, AS THE CAR COMES TO A REST. THEY LOOK THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

ANGLE POV

A VERY YOUNG UNIFORMED OFFICER, WAVING AT THEM, HURRYING TOWARD THEM.

ANGLE INT

THE CAR. THE PATROLMAN COMES OVER.

PATROLMAN (THROUGH THE CAR WINDOW)

My partner's pinned down in there.

ANGLE

SENNA AND ROSS GET HURRIEDLY OUT OF THE CAR, TAKING COVER, DRAWING THE YOUNG PATROLMAN BACK.

SENNA

What is it?

PATROLMAN

...ah, had a...had a shooting...the, the...

ROSS

How many are they, are there in there...?

REACHES FOR HIS REVOLVER.

Where's my piece...?

HE FEELS AROUND. LOOKS BACK IN THE CAR.

ANGLE POV

THE REVOLVER ON THE CAR SEAT.

ANGLE

ROSS TAKES THE REVOLVER, PUTS IT BACK IN HIS HOLSTER.

RADIO (VO)

3 Homicide.

SENNA (INTO RADIO)

Homicide. Hold one.

ROSS

How many are there?

PATROLMAN

It's a dog.

SENNA

What's a dog?

PATROLMAN

The broad was shot, we came in, the dog...the dog's got, fucken dog's trine' a kill him.

ROSS

Shoot the dog, Maan, we got...

SENNA IN THE B.G. IS TALKING ON THE RADIO.

PATROLMAN
It's my first day, man. It's my first day, I got a stiff in there. I...

SENNA (TO ROSS)
Bobby.

PATROLMAN
Give me a hand, man, just, just, just...

ROSS
You call your Sergeant?

PATROLMAN
Just until he...

SENNA
Bobby.

ROSS
Yeah, okay. Gimme the sandwich.

HE WALKS OVER TO THE CAR, TAKES THE SANDWICH.

Okay, cool down.

HE AND THE PATROLMAN WALK AWAY FROM THE CAR.

ROSS (OVER HIS SHOULDER)
Right back. Who's dead?

PATROLMAN
Some broad. The owner.

ROSS
For sure?

PATROLMAN
Hit her with a shotgun, thank you, Sergeant. I...

ROSS
Shut up. Anyone else? Anyone living?

PATROLMAN
No.

ROSS
You call the ambulance?

PATROLMAN
They're coming.

ROSS

How long have you been here?

PATROLMAN

Two minutes.

CAMERA DOLLIES WITH THEM OVER TO THE FRONT OF "KLEIN'S CANDY STORE"
A HALF-STORE ON A VERY RUN DOWN BLOCK OF THE GHETTO.

ROSS

Get out your fucken notebook. You write down the exact time of your arrival, you, your partner's badge number, I can't get caught here, man, you understand? I get into the record, then I caught this case, I'm spending the next year of my life, this bullshit beef of yours. You understand?

PATROLMAN

I understand. I, thank you, you were never here.

ROSS

You cordon off the fucken area, nobody in, nobody out, you wait 'til your sergeant shows up, I was never here. Where's your partner?

THE PATROLMAN GESTURES TOWARD THE CANDY STORE. ROSS WALKS TO THE FRONT OF THE CANDY STORE.

ROSS (CALLS)

What is it in there?

SECOND OFFICER (VO)

I can't move, man. Who is that?

ROSS

It's the cops. Okay. You can't move, don't move. You can't get to your piece?

SECOND OFFICER (VO)

If I move, man, the fucken dog is going to kill me.

ROSS

Does he have a collar on, can you see a collar?

SECOND OFFICER (VO)

Yeah.

ROSS

Is it a choke collar...

TO PATROLMAN:

Take off your jacket...

SECOND OFFICER (VO)
Yeah. I can see it.

ROSS TAKES THE PATROLMAN'S JACKET, WRAPS IT AROUND HIS FOREARM.

ANGLE INT
THE CANDY STORE. DARK, DUSTY. THE SECOND OFFICER PINNED AGAINST
THE WALL. SOUND OF THE DOOR OPENING.

ANGLE
A VERY LARGE GERMAN SHEPARD, THE OFFICER'S LEGS IN THE B.G., TURNS
HIS HEAD TO THE SOUND OF THE DOOR.

ANGLE
ROSS COMING IN THE DOOR, SLOWLY, ADVANCES ON THE DOG, HOLDING OUT
THE SANDWICH, TALKING SOFTLY.

ROSS
Here you go, here you go, lad, nothing to it. Here you go.

ANGLE
THE DOG, GROWLING LOW.

Here you go...very gently now. Here you go. Look what I've
got for you now.

ROSS HOLDS OUT HIS WRAPPED ARM, ADVANCING ON THE DOG. SLOWLY HE
INCHES UP ON THE DOG AND GRABS THE DOG'S CHOKE COLLAR AS THE DOG
TAKES THE SANDWICH. HE STRAIGHTENS UP.

ROSS (TO SECOND OFFICER)
Now take the dog out of here, chain him outside...

OFFICER (MOVING TOWARD PHONE)
I got to call. I...I got to call...

ROSS
Don't touch the phone. You got to call. Call from outside,
get out and seal off the area. What do you got here...?

THE OFFICER GESTURES.

ANGLE
ROSS TURNS HIS HEAD.

ANGLE POV
AN OLD WOMAN, FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR, ONE ARM OUTSTRETCHED. BLOOD
ON HER BACK.

ANGLE

THE SECOND OFFICER TAKING THE DOG OUT. ROSS KNELLING DOWN.

ANGLE

HIS HAND, FINGERING A FLASH OF GOLD AT HER NECK. A JEWISH STAR ON A CHAIN.

ANGLE

ROSS. STANDS UP, A BIT TENTATIVELY. FINGERS THE BRUISE ON HIS HEAD. BEAT. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE WOMAN AGAIN.

ANGLE

HER HAND POINTING AT LARGE BOOK ON A LOWER SHELF.

ANGLE

ROSS. LOOKS DOWN AT THE BOOK. "TRAVELS IN EGYPT." REACHES FOR THE BOX.

ANGLE INSERT

THE BOOK. HE LIFTS IT UP. IT IS HOLLOWED-OUT. BENEATH IT IS A VERY SHINY, BLUE COLT .45 PISTOL WITH STAG GRIPS.

ANGLE C.U.

ROSS. BEAT. HE STRAIGHTENS UP.

ANGLE

ROSS IN THE ROOM. HE LOOKS AROUND.

ANGLE

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM TO THE BASEMENT DOOR. HE OPENS IT, LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE POV

THE DARK STAIRCASE. HE CLOSSES THE DOOR.

ANGLE

HE STARTS OUT OF THE CANDY STORE.

ANGLE EXT

THE CANDY STORE. A CROWD GATHERING. ROSS COMES OUT OF THE CANDY STORE. A SMALL BLACK BOY COMES UP TO HIM.

SMALL BOY

I know why they waste her, man, because she had a fortune in her basement, the Jew broad. You wan' me to help you I can help you, cos' I know why they did her, man...

THE PATROLMAN STARTS TO SHOO THE BOY AWAY.

ROSS (TO PATROLMAN)

Take everybody's name, address, don't shoo anyone off, fellow hanging round could be the guy, you understand, the killer...

PATROLMAN
Yessir.

ROSS
Nobody in or out of the building. Don't touch nothing in there, hold tight until your Sergeant arrives.

THEY MOVE THROUGH THE CROWD.

OLDER BLACK WOMAN
She kept the fortune in her basement, they said, e'en when I was young...uh huh, they finly kilt her.

PATROLMAN
Thank you, uh, thank you, Sergeant, I...

ROSS
Forget it. (CHECKS WATCH) I gotta get out of here.

ROSS LOOKS UP.

ANGLE POV
A LARGE MERCEDES ARRIVES AT THE BARRIER. A MIDDLE AGED WELL-DRESSED MAN AND A WELL-DRESSED SOIGNE YOUNG WOMAN GET OUT OF THE CAR AND WALK HURRIEDLY TOWARD THE CANDY STORE.

YOUNG WOMAN (TO POLICEMAN)
Let us pass.

POLICEMAN
No one is supposed to...

THE YOUNG WOMAN TURNS TO ROSS.

YOUNG WOMAN
Please...

ROSS
...not my case.

YOUNG WOMAN
...that's my grandmother in there...can you...

ROSS
...not my case...

SHE HOLDS HIS ARM.

YOUNG WOMAN
Can you, please, can you help...

POLICEMAN

Look, Miss...We got our orders, are to...

ROSS MOTIONS HIM OFF.

YOUNG WOMAN

My grandmother...is she...what's happened to her?

ROSS

Your grandmother. Owns the candy store...?

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN COMES UP TO THEM.

YOUNG WOMAN

Is she dead?

ROSS

The woman in there is dead, yes sir.

DR. KLEIN (MIDDLE AGED MAN)

Oh, God...

THE YOUNG WOMAN EMBRACES AND COMFORTS THE DOCTOR.

BEAT

DR. KLEIN

I want to see her.

ROSS

Yessir. The, uh...This is not my case, I...

A SQUAD CAR ARRIVES. A CAPTAIN GETS OUT OF THE PASSENGER SIDE, UNIFORM AND A LOT OF GOLD BRAID. HE COMES OVER TO ROSS.

CAPTAIN

Whaddawe got...?

ROSS

Uh, Sir. We got a homicide, elderly woman shot, this man's her son?

(THE YOUNG WOMAN NODS THAT HE IS CORRECT.)

CAPTAIN

Who're you?

ROSS

D'tective Ross, Homicide.

CAPTAIN

You got here quick.

ROSS
No, sir, I...

CAPTAIN
First Officer...?

ROSS BECKONS TO THE PATROLMAN WHO COMERS OVER. THE CAPTAIN MOVES CLOSER TO ROSS.

CAPTAIN (SOTTO)
This guy is her son, his mother works in here...? (BEAT) He lets his mother work down here...? I'm asking you. Look'n at him, t'guy's worth a Fucken Fortune...

THE CAPTAIN MOVES OVER TO TALK WITH DOCTOR KLEIN. ROSS STARTS TO FIX HIMSELF UP. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE THE DOCTOR GESTURE AT ROSS. ROSS STARTS TO MOVE OFF. THE CAPTAIN COMES UP TO HIM.

ROSS
Sir...

CAPTAIN
And where are you going?

ROSS
Sir, my partner n'I, we got a special order from the Tac Force, we...

DR. KLEIN COMES OVER TO THE CAPTAIN.

DR. KLEIN
Would you...would you have this man take us in, please. To see...to see the body...?

CAPTAIN (TO ROSS)
One moment, d'tective...(TO DR. KLEIN)...Sir...?

DR. KLEIN
Would you have this man take us in, to see the Body? Please?

CAPTAIN
Of course.

THE CAPTAIN WALKS OVER TO ROSS. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

ROSS
Cap, I got to Get Out of He...

CAPTAIN
Take this guy in, hav'm I.D. the broad...

ROSS

I got to...

CAPTAIN
Hey, let me run the precinct, willya.

ROSS
...I...

CAPTAIN
Now, these are your people, they pay you, you help them.

THE CAPTAIN STARTS TO MOVE AWAY. ROSS STOPS HIM.

ROSS
Sir...

CAPTAIN
You got this case, Mister.

ROSS
...uh....

THE CAPTAIN TURNS TO DOCTOR KLEIN.

CAPTAIN
Sir. You want to, s'officer will take you in to view the body.

ROSS
Captain, I...

CAPTAIN
You caught the case...

ROSS
Sir, I believe, you call downtown...

CAPTAIN
What are you, a seabag lawyer...?

ROSS
Sir, if you call downtown...

CAPTAIN
You call downtown all you want. "Homicide," you caught the case...Do your job.

THE CAPTAIN MOVES OFF. ROSS TURNS TO LOOK AT SENNA.

ANGLE POV
SENNNA, LOOKING AT HIS WATCH, LOOKS TO ROSS.

ANGLE

ROSS INDICATES THAT SENNA SHOULD GO ON, THAT ROSS WILL CATCH UP WITH HIM LATER.

ANGLE
SENNA NODS.

ANGLE
SENNA IN THE B.G., DOES A U-TURN AND DRIVES OFF. AN AMBULANCE ARRIVES. A CRIME SCENE CAR ARRIVES AND TECHNICIANS GET OUT OF THE CAR AND START WALKING TOWARD THE CANDY STORE.

CRIME SCENE MAN
Whatdawe got...?

ROSS (TO OFFICER)
SIGHS.

Rope it off, willya, go to the store next door, they got an office, tell em we're taking it for a command post, everybody's names, and everybody comes downtown. (SIGHS) And there's a real pretty .45 colt in there. I don't want it to disappear into somebody's locker. Okay? (SIGHS) Let's go see who did what to who.

HE STOPS, LOOKS AT DR. KLEIN.

TO CRIME SCENE MAN:

Hold it a minute.

TO DR. KLEIN:

Alright. Sir, you want to come with me one minute, would you. While we're in the store, please touch nothing.

DR. KLEIN (TO THE YOUNG WOMAN)
It never stops. It never stops. Does it?

THE YOUNG WOMAN SHAKES HER HEAD SADLY.

ROSS
(TO THE YOUNG WOMAN)
It never stops. What is that that never stops?

YOUNG WOMAN
Against the Jews.

ANGLE
THE THREE START INTO THE CANDY STORE.

INT POLICE STATION LOBBY DAY

THE BLONDE NEWSCASTER, HER CREW, AND ANOTHER CREW LOUNGING AROUND THE LOBBY OF THE POLICE STATION.

ANGLE

THE DESK SERGEANT READING A NEWSPAPER. THE HEADLINE READS: "CITYWIDE MANHUNT FOR SLAYER OF FED AGENTS. WE'LL POLICE OUR OWN BACKYARD," MAYOR VOWS. THE DESK OFFICER LOWERS THE PAPER AS HE SEES SOMEONE COME INTO THE STATION HOUSE. AS HE LOWERS THE PAPER, WE SEE A DELIVERYBOY WITH A TRAY OF DRINKS AND SANDWICHES.

ANGLE INT HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM

THE MAN WHO SHOT HIS FAMILY WITH THE DEER RIFLE (HEREINAFTER REFERRED TO AS "THE GROUNDER" STILL IN THE HOLDING CAGE. ROSS INTERROGATING THE YOUNG BOY WE SAW AT THE CANDY STORE CRIME SCENE.

BOY

...because, you know, she had that shit down in her basement...

THE DELIVERYBOY ENTERS THE HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM, GOES TO A DOOR OFF THE SQUAD ROOM, KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. THE DOOR OPENS, ROSS TURNS HIS HEAD TO LOOK.

ANGLE POV

THE SMALL ROOM, THE DELIVERYBOY ENTERING. IN THE ROOM, A YOUNG BLACK MAN (WILLIE SIMS) BEING INTERROGATED BY SENNA, JAMES, FRANK AND OLCOTT.

ANGLE

ROSS C.U. LOOKING ON LONGINGLY.

ANGLE

HIS POV AGAIN. OLCOTT, LEANING INTO SIMS.

OLCOTT

You don't give him up, you're goin' inside, you know you're going...

FRANK TAKES THE TRAY OF SANDWICHES, NODS TO THE DELIVERYBOY, WHO LEAVES THE ROOM. FRANK SEES ROSS, NODS TO HIM AS HE CLOSES THE DOOR.

ANGLE

ROSS, C.U.
NODS BACK. SIGHS. TURNS BACK TO THE BOY.

ROSS

The uh...the...the Old Woman.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE BOY.

BOY

Well, thass what we talking about.

ROSS

Yeah, that's right. You were gonna tell me, you said you could help us find her killer.

BOY

I was going to tell you what they shot her for.

ROSS

Uh huh...

HE DOODLES ON A PAD.

ANGLE INS

THE DESK. THE OLD FILE ON THE DESK. A CLEAN NOTEPAD, ON WHICH ROSS HAS WRITTEN WHO, WHAT, WHERE, WHY, WHEN. HE MAKES A NOTE, BREAKS OFF THE TIP OF HIS PENCIL, OPENS THE FILE TO SHOW THE PICTURE OF THE THREE DEAD YESHIVA STUDENTS AND THE HEADLINE "RACIAL VIOLENCE FLARES", TAKES OUT A PEN HE HAD USED TO MARK THE PLACE, CONTINUES WRITING.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE BOY.

BOY

That money, that, she had, that fortune that she kepp down there...

ROSS

Uh huh...

BOY

My daddy said they knew that e'en back in his time...

ROSS

Uh huh, thirty years, she had that fortune down there, and somebody offed her.

BOY

Thass right.

ROSS

You see this guy?

BOY

No, I didn't see no one. Comin' in or going out, I was in school...

ROSS (RISING)

Okay.

HE ESCORTS THE BOY OUT INTO THE HALL, CAMERA FOLLOWS. THERE IS A ROW OF PEOPLE SITTING ON BENCHES, PRESIDED OVER BY ONE OF HIS PATROLMEN WE SAW ON THE CRIME SCENE. THE YOUNG GIRL, I.E., MRS. KLEIN'S GRANDDAUGHTER, DR. KLEIN'S DAUGHTER, COMES UP TO ROSS. LOOKS AT HIM. ROSS NODS TO HER.

YOUNG WOMAN (TO ROSS)
My...

ROSS
One moment...

TO THE PATROLMAN:

ROSS
Gimme the next one...

THE PATROLMAN NODS, STARTS LEADING ANOTHER WITNESS INTO THE ROOM. ROSS WALKS DOWN THE HALL. LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. THE YOUNG WOMAN COMES UP TO HIM.

YOUNG WOMAN
My father needs to talk to you.

ROSS NODS.

About a conspiracy. In my grandmother's death.

ROSS
A conspiracy. Miss...(PAUSE) Miss...she was shot in a holdup...in a neighborhood she shouldn't even have been in, let alone working in.

YOUNG WOMAN
My father needs to talk with you.

ROSS
Yes, I'll get to him.

YOUNG WOMAN
We need your help, Detective.

ROSS
And I swear to you that I will give it to you.

SENNA WALKS BY WITH THE REMAINDER OF THE HOMICIDE TEAM, AND A YOUNG BLACK MAN (SIMS) IN IRONS, IN TOW.

SENNA
You missed it.

LOOKS ON ENVIOUSLY.
Mmm.

ROSS

SENNA
Got him at th'gym. Just like you said...Happened to you...?

ROSS
I got pulled off the case.

SENNA
Bullshit you did...

ROSS
I'm stuck, I'm s'posed to babysit this Candy Store.

SENNA
It's Your Case...!

ROSS (SIGHS)
I don't know. Yeah.

SENNA
Baby, we need you, turn this guy over, we need the Mouthpiece to sweet talk his ass. Bob:

HE STARTS TO TAKE ROSS INTO THE INTERROGATION ROOM. LIEUTENANT CURRAN WALKS UP TO THEM.

CURRAN
Bobby...

SENNA
Lou, we're, we're about to crack this Sims.

CURRAN
Bobby, I got a call, downtown, you live with this candy store.

SENNA
Bullshit aside, Lou, we need him. We're goin' in, Mutt and Jeff, and we need Bobby. We need "The Orator."

CURRAN
I got the call, he's off the case.

SENNA
What is this, Lou, what you call this? Loyalty? His thing is going to make the case. What is this, loyalty?

CURRAN
They got my hands tied.

OLCOTT STICKS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE INTERROGATION ROOM, CALLS.

OLCOTT

Jilly!

SENNA

I don't get it. I thought we all joined the Cops together...

HE LEAVES, EXCHANGING LOOKS WITH ROSS.

CURRAN (TO ROSS)

I'm sorry, Bobby. I got a call. The Jewish guys downtown, the doctor's got this clout. He wants you, you were there, you're his "people," you're on the case.

ROSS

I'm his people...? I thought I was your people, Lou...I come up with the idea, trap the guy in...Lou...I come up with the Brother...Lou.

CURRAN

I'm sorry, Bobby.

ROSS

Lou. I'm in it from the git...

CURRAN

I'm sorry.

ROSS

You're sorry, Lou, what am I, a fucken Jumping Bean?

CURRAN

I'm sorry.

ROSS

What? I'm your "backup" girl? The thing comes down. I say, me and Jilly, go there, find your Randolph, bring him in, twenty minutes. Feds come down, "Lay off it," "Lay off it? This is my City" Blow some buck away, n'make out like this Randolph's Bonnie and Clyde, they fuck it up, Mayor sends his boy to us Save Our Ass, We Won't Forget It. Okay, I tell you how to do it. N'now I'm off again.

PAUSE

I'm trine' a follow orders, Lou, n'I'm getting whiplash. (PAUSE) Why'nt you just go send me to the Airport. What did I do to you?

CURRAN

It's nothing personal, Bobby.

ROSS

What I'm saying, Lou. P'haps it should be?

CURRAN SHRUGS. HE MOVES OFF, LEAVING ROSS ALONE AT HIS DESK. THE PATROLMAN LEADS UP A LITTLE OLD BLACK WOMAN IN A PILLBOX HAT AND SITS HER DOWN AT ROSS' DESK.

PATROLMAN

Now, you tell the detective what happened.

ROSS GETS UP, MOVES OVER TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM, GOES IN.

ANGLE INT INTERROGATION ROOM

THE YOUNG MAN, SIMS, IS SEATED IN A CHAIR. SURROUNDED BY THE TACTICAL TEAM.

JAMES

Your brother. Sims. You see this?

HE HOLDS UP A NEWSPAPER.

ANGLE INS

THE NEWSPAPER. "MANHUNT CONTINUES FOR ROBERT RANDOLPH, SLAYER OF TWO FEDERAL OFFICERS..." ET CETERA, WITH A PICTURE OF RANDOLPH, THE MAN IN BLUE JEANS.

JAMES (VO)

You see this? You know what this is? This is a death warrant, Baby.

ANGLE

SIMS BEING INTERROGATED BY THE GROUP.

You remember the Black Panthers?

SENNA

He's a dead man, Baby, you're talking about your brother, you're talking about memories. Do you know what I'm saying?

OLCOTT

I'm not going to fuck around with you, boy. This man is a cop killer, all we know, you're with him on the scene.

TO HIS COMRADES:

The kind of bullshit you come up with. (HE HITS SIMS) Fuck you, boy, fuck you. I owe you nothing, you the dead man. Now.

ROSS STEPS IN.

ROSS
Back off. Back off, Charlie. Leave the kid alone.

OLCOTT
Fuck you, I ain't leav'n him nothing...

ROSS STEPS UP TO SIMS.

ROSS
Calm down, let's just, let's all calm down a little bit..

TO SIMS:

You alright?

Who are you?

SIMS
ROSS
I'm Detective Ross. Are you alright?

TO OLCOTT:

You must back off from the kid.

TO SIMS:

Hello Willie.

SIMS
Hello.

ROSS
You remember me?

BEAT

SIMS
Yeah, I member you. You the "talkin'" man...

ROSS
That's right.

SIMS
You busted me.

ROSS
Long time ago.

SIMS
That's right. (PAUSE) You busted me.

ROSS
That's right. (PAUSE) How have you been?

BEAT

SIMS
As you see, man.

ROSS
You want anything? Anything I can get you?

SIMS
I need a cigarette.

ROSS
Alright.

GIVES HIM A CIGARETTE.

SIMS
I need a coca cola.

ROSS
Alright.

BEAT

SIMS
You trine to sweet talk me...like you can...

ROSS
That's right, Willie. But did I lie to you?

BEAT

That time we met before? I ever lie to you?

BEAT

SIMS
No.

ROSS
N'I ain't going to lie to you now. I'll get you your coca cola. Uh huh...then we'll talk a bit.

ROSS GETS UP.

Nobody touch him 'til I get back, alright, eh?

ROSS STARTS OUT OF THE ROOM. HE EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH OLCOTT.
THEY BOTH NOD.

ANGLE INT THE SQUAD ROOM
ROSS COMING OUT OF THE ROOM, AS JAMES IS COMING IN.

Kid's gonna topple. ROSS

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM ACROSS THE SQUAD ROOM.

You got the touch, Bobby. JAMES

Uh huh. ROSS

Y'always did. JAMES

Sergeant, you got two calls from a Dr. Klein, he... OFFICER

Yeah. Log it, I'll get back to him. ROSS

HE STOPS OFF AT HIS DESK, OF THE OLD FILE ON HIS DESK.

Get this shit back to Records, for me, willya...?

THE OFFICER HAS PASSED OUT OF HEARING. HE PICKS UP THE FILE, STARTS
WALKING WITH IT, TALKING WITH SENNA. THEY WALK OUT INTO THE HALL
PAST THE ROW OF PEOPLE SITTING ON BENCHES.

OFFICER (TO ROSS)

Detective...

(HE GESTURES TO THE OLD WOMAN IN THE PILLBOX HAT)

Take a statement. ROSS

CAMERA TRAVELS WITH JAMES AND ROSS.

What'sa plan, the kid caves in?

He gives his brother up, we go in. SENNA

ROSS

The five of us.

SENNA

That's right. I'm tellin' you, there's such heat on this thing: you seen the papers?

ROSS TAKES AND READS FROM THE NEWSPAPER.

"...Chicago Homicide Squad has sworn..."

ROSS

Ooooh, that just gets my Tits Hard...

SENNA

Tell me...

WE HAVE STOPPED BY A WINDOW MARKED "RECORDS". ROSS HANDS THE FILE TOWARD THE WINDOW, AS THE FEMALE OFFICER BEHIND THE WINDOW LOWERS THE GRATING.

ROSS

Take this back for me, willya?

FILE CLERK (DOES NOT HEAR)

ROSS

Just take the fff...

THEY STEP ACROSS TO THE COKE MACHINE.

SENNA (OF FILE)

What is this shit?

HE TAKES THE FILE, LOOKS AT IT.

What is this?

ANGLE SENNA'S POV
THE YOUNG JEWISH CHILDREN, LYING DEAD.

SENNA (VO)

This is forty years old.

ANGLE
THE TWO OF THEM AT THE COKE MACHINE.

ROSS

I found it in the old desk.

SENNA

Jews up the wazoos today...

ROSS
Wednesday is "anything can happen..." day.

SENNA CLOSSES THE FILE, HANDS IT TOWARD THE FILE CLERK.

SENNA
Check this back in.

THE FILE CLERK CLOSSES THE WINDOW GRATING.

FILE CLERK
Lunch.

SENNA (TO ROSS)
We get back in...

THE YOUNG MAN, SIMS, COMES DOWN THE HALL ESCORTED BY THE REST OF THE TACTICAL SQUAD. THEY STOP AT ROSS. JAMES HANDS ROSS HIS BRIEFCASE AND TAKES A BULLETPROOF VEST OUT OF IT.

JAMES
The kid just gave up his brother. He just gave us Randolph.

ROSS
You got an address?

JAMES
We got the whole thing.

TO OLCOTT:

Huh...?

ROSS
Let's go gettem...

OLCOTT (EXITING)
Yo. You want vests?

JAMES
Yeah.

THEY START DOWN THE HALL. AS THEY ROUND A CORNER, LIEUTENANT CURRAN COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE.

CURRAN
Ross!

ANGLE
ROSS WALKS BACK TOWARD THE LIEUTENANT. THE REST OF THE TACTICAL

SQUAD STAYS IN THE B.G., TURNS TO THEM AND WAVES "SEE YOU DOWNSTAIRS."

ANGLE
ROSS AND CURRAN.

ROSS

Yeah, Lou?

LIEUTENANT

I got three calls, the guy, the son of your candy store, Dr. Klein.

SENNA

...he's on top of it.

CURRAN

You got to call the guy back.

SENNA

He's on top of it.

CURRAN

The fuck he's on top of it, you want to run on the other case, it's my ass. You understand? This guy's heavy downtown. Don't lie to me. The candy store, you got it.

ROSS

I'm on it.

CURRAN

I don't believe you. I want you workin' on it. At your desk today.

SENNA

You don't believe him? Lou? The man's too good for you. You told him the candy store. He's on it. You said "get on it," he's already down at Records. (TO ROSS) Show him. Show him, baby...

ROSS OPENS THE RECORDS OF THE YESHIVA MURDER.

ROSS

Lou, as you know, the Doctor...

HE TAKES OUT THE OLD FILE OF THE YESHIVA MURDER AND OPENS IT. WE SEE:

ANGLE INSERT

THE FILE, OPENED HEADLINES PROCLAIMING RACIAL VIOLENCE AGAINST THE JEWS, MURDER OF THE YESHIVA STUDENTS, IN 1961, ET CETERA.

ROSS (VO)

The Doctor said the murder was some Anti-Jewish Thing. I already got, there's this connection to...

ANGLE

ROSS AND CURRAN.

This forty year old case, this shit's been kicking round that neighborhood for forty years. I'm on, I got a couple leads, anti-semitic actions, hate mail. Against the candy store. Historically...I've uncovered, uh...

BEAT

Alright.

OLCOTT AND THE GROUP COME AROUND THE CORNER, CARRYING ARMAMENT, ET CETERA. SENNA WAVES THEM ON. BEAT.

CURRAN

Thank you, Bob.

ROSS TAKES THE FILE AND PUTS IT IN HIS BRIEFCASE.

ROSS

Alright.

CURRAN

I'm sorry to pull you off the Flash Case. I appreciate what you're doing for me.

SENNA

You make it up to him sometime, Lou.

CURRAN

Yeah.

HE MOVES OFF.

SENNA

Fuck 'em...

THEY MOVE OFF DOWN THE HALL. CAMERA FOLLOWS THE GROUP THROUGH THE LOBBY, PAST THE NEWSCASTERS, WHO ARE REHEARSING.

WOMAN NEWSCASTER (READING COPY)

...actions of the F.B.I. in, what some are calling an unprovoked attack on the alleged drug dealer, Randolph, prompting the Mayor to intercede...here we go to the footage...

DIRECTOR

...that's right.

WOMAN NEWSCASTER

"...all Chicago, searching for..."

THEIR ROUTE TAKES THEM PAST THE FRONT DESK. THE SERGEANT OPENS HIS PAPER TO THE PICTURE OF RANDOLPH.

EXT STATUE OF A MOUNTED WARRIOR, THE MIDWAY, HYDE PARK, JAMES FRANK AND OLCOTT ARE WAITING AT THE BASE OF THE STATUE. ROSS AND SENNA ARRIVE. THE GROUP SETS OFF ACROSS THE MIDWAY.

EXT TENEMENT DAY

THE TEAM STRIDING UP TO A TENEMENT, HOLDING A SLEDGEHAMMER, A SHOTGUN, AN AXE, VARIOUSLY.

CAMERA FOLLOWS SENNA AND ROSS AND OLCOTT TO A CORNER. SENNA AND ROSS STOP. OLCOTT MOVES AROUND THE CORNER.

ANGLE

ROSS STARTS LOADING HIS SHOTGUN. LOOKS AROUND THE CORNER AT OLCOTT.

ANGLE POV

FROM AROUND THE CORNER, OLCOTT APPROACHING A YOUNG BLACK MAN LOITERING BY THE ENTRANCE TO A GARAGE. OLCOTT SPINS HIM AROUND AND DRAWS HIS REVOLVER, AND THRUSTS THE YOUNG MAN BEFORE HIM.

ANGLE

ROSS AND SENNA. SENNA NODS "LET'S GO."

ANGLE

ROSS AND SENNA, SPRINTING ACROSS THE STREET.

ANGLE

INT THE ABANDONED GARAGE. OLCOTT HAS MANACLED THE YOUNG MAN TO A STANCHION. OLCOTT POINTS UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

ANGLE

THE THREE MEN RUNNING UP A SET OF IRON STAIRS, INSIDE THE GARAGE. THEY STOP AT AN IRON DOOR ON THE LANDING. ONE OF THEM TRIES THE DOOR. IT IS UNLOCKED.

ANGLE

ROSS TAKES HIS REVOLVER OUT OF HIS HOLSTER AND PUTS IT IN HIS SPORTCOAT POCKET. HE THUMBS THE SAFETY OFF OF HIS SHOTGUN. SENNA TAKES A DEEP BREATH, REACHES FOR THE DOOR HANDLE. ROSS STOPS HIM, AND MOTIONS THAT HE, ROSS, WILL GO THROUGH THE DOOR FIRST.

ROSS

I'll go first.

SENN

How come you always wan'n to go through first?

ROSS

Uh huh...

SENNA

So brazen. You trine' to prove something...?

ROSS

That's right.

ROSS STARTS TO GO THROUGH THE DOOR.

ANGLE EXT

THE ROOF. THE TWO MEN BURSTING THROUGH THE DOOR MOVING TOWARD THE WALL OF THE ADJOINING BUILDING. THEY RUN TOWARD THIS WALL. SENNA GLANCES BEHIND HIM.

ANGLE POV

A YOUNG BLACK MAN STANDING BEHIND HIM.

ANGLE

THE THREE MEN ON THE ROOF. SENNA DROPS HIS SLEDGEHAMMER AND PULLS HIS REVOLVER. ROSS PICKS UP THE SLEDGEHAMMER AND RUNS TOWARD A DOOR IN THE WALL OF THE ADJOINING BUILDING.

ANGLE

THE DOOR. THE SLEDGEHAMMER CONNECTS WITH A HUGE PADLOCK ON IT.

ANGLE

ROSS COMING THROUGH THE DOOR, SNATCHES UP THE SHOTGUN FROM ITS RESTING PLACE BY THE DOOR.

ANGLE INT

ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL OFFICE SPACE. A NARROW HALLWAY. ONE DOOR OFF THE HALLWAY TO THE LEFT. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM DOWN THE HALL TO AN EMPTY ROOM. HE TURNS BACK AND RETREATS TO THE DOOR OFF OF THE HALL. BEAT. HE KICKS THE DOOR IN AND GOES IN THE DOOR.

ANGLE INT

THE ROOM. XCU OF ROSS COMING INTO THE FRAME. STOPS. LOOKING AT SOMETHING.

ANGLE POV

AN OLD, VERY FAT BLACK WOMAN SITTING ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM. A MATTRESS AND BLANKETS ON THE FLOOR.

ANGLE

ROSS. LOOKING AROUND THE ROOM.

ANGLE

FROM THE REAR. ROSS MOVING UP ON THE BLACK WOMAN.

BEAT

OLD WOMAN
You want to kill my baby.

BEAT

ROSS ADVANCES ON HER. GRABS THE COVERLET OFF OF HER LAP.

OLD WOMAN
You come here to kill my child.

BEAT

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS.

ANGLE CU

ROSS GLANCES OVER HIS SHOULDER.

JAMES (VO)
Comin' in...comin' in...Bobby!

ROSS
Yo.

JAMES
...Bobby...

ROSS
Yo. Come in...

ANGLE

ROSS. BEHIND HIM JAMES, SENNA AND FRANK COME INTO THE ROOM.

ROSS
...what...?

JAMES
Nobody here but her...?

SENNA GOES UP TO THE OLD WOMAN.

SENNA
Where is he?

FRANK
Where is he, Momma...?

OLD WOMAN
...I should kill my baby, that I brought into the world?
White folks? Why would that be?

JAMES

Your baby's a murderer.

OLD WOMAN

He never hurt no one, now you got him out there, runnin' for his life.

FRANK

No one is going to hurt your boy.

OLD WOMAN (TO ROSS)

You look in my eyes, Mister, comin' in here with a gun, you come in here like death, what you expect I'm going to do for you...?

ANGLE

ROSS C.U.

OLD WOMAN

What you expect I'm goin' to do with you, help you to kill my boy?

FRANK

I'll tell you.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE OLD WOMAN.

FRANK

We got to get to him. We got a few days to do it. We can bring him in. We don't find him, then they call back in the F.B.I.

OLD WOMAN

I don't believe a mother fucking word you say.

SENNA STEPS FORWARD.

SENNA

Then listen to this. Listen to this. How we found you here? His brother puked on him. His brother sent us here. Your other boy, Mamma. Now. You like children? Listen to me. Your boy killed two federal cops. He's going in. For a long time. You want to lose them both? You don't get with us, we're going, both of your sons, and we will take 'em.

OLD WOMAN

You get out of here.

ROSS

We got to find him. Don't do this the hard way. Look at me, now, don't do this the hard way. The Mayor sent his man to us, his Nigger, right, the thing is Racial Hatred. The City don't want your boy to be killed. We want him to Stand Trial. Do you get it...? We can help you...

JAMES (TO THE OLD WOMAN)
...Listen...

ROSS EASES HIM AWAY.

OLCOTT
She ain't never going to give him up. (BEAT)

ROSS
(TO THE OLD WOMAN) We can help you. It's a bad beat and you're stuck in it, n'it's gonna be some crying time but our way is the easy way. We need your son. But we don't need him dead. You want him alive, work with us. We got to bring him in...

BEAT

THE OLD WOMAN LOOKS AT HIM.

OLD WOMAN
You want to kill him.

ROSS
We need to take him, but we need him alive. That's the job we were given to do. That's why they gave it to the Cops, 'stead of the F.B.I. Our job's to bring him down alive. Listen to me. I know that it stinks. I know that there's so much death in the world. I know that it's full of hatred, Momma. I know it all turns out wrong. Here we are; here we are, we're the garbage men. You think I don't know that? I know that. Looking for something to live. You got something to love. You got your boys. That's something. To be loyal to. Look in my eyes.

BEAT

I want to save your son. Before God. I want to save your boy.

BEAT

Will you help me? Will you help me?

SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING. ROSS HALF TURNS HIS HEAD.

ANGLE POV

OLCOTT ENTERING, COMES UP TO JAMES, WHISPERS. OLCOTT COMES UP TO ROSS.

ANGLE CU
THE TWO, THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, AS OLCOTT LEANS IN.

ROSS (SOTTO)
...not now.

OLCOTT (SOTTO)
Lieutenant. Needs you on the phone.

ROSS (SOTTO)
Not now...

OLCOTT
He says right now.

ROSS SIGHS. GETS UP. HE IS REPLACED BY FRANK WHO SITS DOWN IN FRONT OF THE WOMAN.

FRANK
We need to know where he is. We take him sweet and quiet.

ROSS WALKS TO THE DOOR WITH OLCOTT.

ANGLE
THE TWO OF THEM OUT IN THE HALL. TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS IN THE HALL.

ROSS
What the fuck does he want?

OLCOTT
It's the Yids.

ROSS (STARTING BACK INTO THE ROOM)
Blow them off.

OLCOTT
The Doctor. Somebody took a shot at the...

ROSS
Somebody took a shot at...? (STOPS) Bullshit...Bullshit...

HE STARTS BACK TOWARD THE ROOM, LOOKS IN THROUGH THE DOOR.

ANGLE POV
IN THE ROOM. THE OLD WOMAN, FRANK TALKING TO HER. THE OLD WOMAN LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT.

ANGLE

ROSS. BEAT. HE MOVES OFF DOWN THE HALL, SLAMMING THE OUTSIDE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

EXT LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING DUSK
ROSS' CAR PULLS UP. THERE IS AN EMPTY SQUAD CAR AT THE CURB. AS ROSS GETS OUT OF HIS CAR, A LIMO PULLS UP AT THE CURB. A CHAUFFEUR JUMPS OUT AND OPENS THE REAR DOOR, AND A DARK WOMAN HURRIES TOWARD THE BUILDING, MOTIONING THE CHAUFFEUR TO STAY BEHIND.

ANGLE CU
ROSS. TURNS TO LOOK AT THE DARK WOMAN.

ANGLE POV
THE DARK WOMAN, HURRYING INTO THE BUILDING. AHEAD OF HER, ROSS, LOOKING AT HER, TURNS BACK.

ANGLE INT THE BUILDING LOBBY
ROSS ENTERING.

DOORMAN

May I help you, Sir?

ROSS GLANCES DOWN AT A NOTE IN HIS HAND. MOVES OFF TO AN ELEVATOR. CAMERA FOLLOWS. TO ELEVATOR MAN:

ROSS

Top floor.

DOORMAN

TO ELEVATOR MAN:

Hold on, Jimmy...

TO ROSS:

Who shall I say is...?

HE PUTS HIS HAND ON THE ELEVATOR DOOR TO STOP IT. ROSS BRUSHES HIS HAND AWAY.

ROSS

TO ELEVATOR MAN:

Top floor.

TO DOORMAN:

Get the fuck outta my way...

ANGLE
INT THE ELEVATOR. ROSS. AS THE DOORS START TO CLOSE, THE DARK

WOMAN ENTERS THE ELEVATOR. HOLD ON THEM. HE LOOKS AT HER, SHE LOOKS BACK. BEAT. THE DOOR STARTS TO OPEN.

INT VESTIBULE, DR. KLEINS' APARTMENT.
A BLACK MAID IN UNIFORM IS SETTING UP A METAL COATRACK IN THE HALL. THE ELEVATOR ARRIVES. ROSS GETS OFF, FOLLOWED BY THE DARK WOMAN. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM. IN THE B.G., WE SEE THE DARK WOMAN GETTING OFF.

DARK WOMAN (TO THE MAID)
Where are they, Lily...?

THE MAID POINTS.

INT LUXURIOUS APARTMENT. ROSS LOOKS AROUND. HE SEES A UNIFORMED OFFICER, STRIDES UP TO HIM. THE DARK WOMAN STRIDES INTO THE BACKGROUND IN THE APARTMENT.

ROSS
What is it?

OFFICER
They say a shot fired at them, some guy on the roof.

OFFICER LEADS HIM BACK TO THE KITCHEN. IN THE KITCHEN A MAID IS PREPARING PLATTERS OF FOOD. THE OFFICER POINTS OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW, AT LOW-LYING ROOFS.

ROSS
A shot fired. Yes or no?

OFFICER
I don't know. Din' hit nothing if it did.

ROSS
Who heard it?

OFFICER
The lady.

ROSS
OF THE FOOD:

What is this?

DR. KLEIN
I'll show you.

ROSS
Show me what, Sir? What are we looking at?

HE TAKES ROSS, CAMERA FOLLOWS INTO A SMALL ROOM WITH A SUITCASE ON

THE SINGLE BED. MEMORABILIA OF ISRAEL ON THE WALLS. A PHOTO OF THE OLD WOMAN AS A YOUNG GIRL ON A DESERT MOUND WITH A YOUNG TANNED MAN.

DR. KLEIN

It happened in here.

ROSS

Uh huh. Don't turn on the light, okay? What happened in here?

DR. KLEIN

This was my mother's room. My wife was back here. She was unpacking my mother's bag.

ROSS

Uh huh...

DR. KLEIN

We were going. We were leaving tomorrow. On a trip to Israel. You see, she was unpacking her bag...

ROSS

Uh huh, and she heard a shot.

DR. KLEIN

Yes, she...

ROSS

Would she know what a shot sounds like? How would she know that?

DR. KLEIN

She heard a shot....

MRS. KLEIN APPEARS WITH HER DAUGHTER, WHO IS CRYING.

MRS. KLEIN

There was a shot, there was a man, back on the, a man on...

ROSS

Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. KLEIN

No, no...I'm not, they're shooting at us.

ROSS

Ma'am, I don't know any reason why anyone...

MRS. KLEIN

That's right. You don't, do you? But I see that you feel, that, what, hysterical Jews...? I'm making it up, is that right? We're always making it up. Is that right?

DR. KLEIN APPEARS.

DR. KLEIN

It's alright, dear. She saw a man. On the roof.

HE POINTS. ROSS TURNS HIS HEAD.

ANGLE POV

TWILIGHT. DARK, LOW-LYING ROOFS. A FEW PIGEONS FLYING.

ANGLE

ROSS AND DR. KLEIN.

ROSS

Look: Doctor:

BEAT

Why would anybody be shooting at you?

BEAT

You follow me?

BEAT

DR. KLEIN

Do I follow you...?

ROSS

Look. You, you're under a lot of stress today, your "tragedy", I'm sorry for you. Happened to your mother. I'm going to station a man on the roof. You keep away from this side of the house. Okay?

DR. KLEIN

It's always a "fantasy." Isn't it?

ROSS

I don't follow you.

DR. KLEIN

When someone wants to hurt the Jews.

ROSS

I've got nothing against the Jews, Doctor.

DR. KLEIN

And I'll tell you what else. When the fantasy is true, when we've been killed, then you say "what a coincidence." What a coincidence. That at the same time they were being paranoid, someone was coincidentally out to hurt them.

BEAT

ROSS

I got nothing against your People, Doctor. I'm sorry, happened to your Mother. You say someone's on the roof, I'm putting a man there. You tell me what more you think that I can do. (PAUSE). Alright? I'm Trine' a Do My Job. (PAUSE) I'm sorry.

DR. KLEIN

Let's be frank...

ROSS

Sir: you wanna be frank? I don't get the whole fucken thing...

DR. KLEIN

It comes down to: my mother was killed, you're assigned to the case. I called Downtown, they say you're a good detective. I want you to find her murderer. I know you think this is a bullshit case. I don't care. You're paid to do a job. You do your fucken job. You got the pride for that?

ROSS

Don't get in my face, man.

DR. KLEIN

You got the pride to do the job you're given? Do your job. Or else...

ROSS

Don't tell me "or else," Buddy. Don't tell me "Or Else." I'm on the Job, I'm going to do the Fucken Job. I'm not scared your money, I'm not scared of you. And I don't need your threats. You had a "tragedy." You got some "grief," in your life, I understand. I'm trine' a do my job.

DR. KLEIN NODS AT HIM. BEAT. WALKS OFF. ROSS STARTS TO MOVE THE DOCTOR OUT OF THE ROOM. AS HE DOES SO, HE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE HALL AND LIGHT SPILLS INTO THE ROOM. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A SHOT. ROSS CLOSES THE DOOR.

ANGLE CU
ROSS, LOOKING.

ROSS

It was a backfire.

ANGLE

THE DOCTOR AND ROSS. DOCTOR TURNS TO LOOK AT SOMETHING OUT OF THE WINDOW. ROSS TURNS.

ANGLE POV
THE ROOFS. A FEW PIGEONS. A MAN STANDING ON THE ROOF. THE MAN
STARTS WALKING AWAY.

ANGLE
ROSS AND THE DOCTOR. ROSS LEADS THE DOCTOR OUT OF THE ROOM. THE
OFFICER IS OUT IN THE HALL WITH A CUP OF COFFEE.

ROSS
You hear something.

OFFICER
Yeah, whatdaya think?

ROSS
I think it's a fucken car backfiring...

OFFICER
You want back up?

ROSS
SHAKES HIS HEAD.

No. Keep 'em away from the windows. I don't want "back up" -
there's nothing to it...Where's the roof?

THE OFFICER POINTS THE WAY.

ANGLE
THE BACK SERVICE STAIRCASE. ROSS STARTS UP THE STAIRS TWO AT A
TIME. SOUND, METAL CLANKING.

ANGLE INS
THE REVOLVER FALLS ON THE STAIRCASE. ROSS'S HAND COMES DOWN AND
PICKS IT UP.

ANGLE
ROSS CLIMBING THE STAIRS TO A ROOF ACCESS DOOR. THE REVOLVER IN HIS
HAND. HE PUTS THE REVOLVER IN HIS COAT POCKET. HE SHOULDERS THE
DOOR OPEN.

ANGLE EXT THE ROOF
ROSS EMERGES ONTO THE ROOF. HE PEERS AROUND THE STAIRWELL HOUSE.

ANGLE POV
THE OPPOSITE ROOF. NOTHING THERE.

ANGLE
ROSS COMES CUT ONTO THE ROOF. LOOKS AROUND BEHIND HIM. GAZES DOWN.

ANGLE POV
BELOW, THE POLICE CAR IN THE STREET

ANGLE
ROSS ON THE ROOF. WALKS TOWARD THE BACK OF THE ROOF.

ANGLE POV
THE EMPTY ROOF ACROSS FROM HIM.

ANGLE
ROSS LOOKS HARDER.

ANGLE POV
THE SHAPE OF A MAN MOVING OUT FROM BEHIND THE STAIRWELL HOUSE ON THE ROOF OPPOSITE.

ANGLE
ROSS MOVES IN SHADOW TO THE EDGE OF THE ROOF. LOOKS ACROSS.

ANGLE POV
A JUMP OF FIVE OR SIX FEET.

ANGLE
ROSS LOOKS AT HIS SIDE OF THE ROOF. WALKS DOWN TO A LARGE GARGOYLE WHICH PROTRUDES SEVERAL FEET OVER THE ROOF.

ANGLE
ROSS AND THE GARGOYLE. HE CLIMBS UP ON IT AND PROPELS HIMSELF OVER TO THE NEXT ROOF. HE CROUCHES, GLANCES BACK AT THE BUILDING WHICH HE LEFT.

ANGLE POV
THE GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM, THE GARGOYLES ABOVE IT, A SLIVER OF THE LIGHT IN THE KLEIN'S KITCHEN AND THE BLACK MAID GOING ABOUT HER BUSINESS.

ANGLE
ROSS TURNS AROUND, MOVES TO THE STAIRWELL HOUSE. HE TAKES A PENLIGHT FROM HIS POCKET, MOVES AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

ANGLE
ROSS MOVING OUT FROM BEHIND THE HOUSE. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM. ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOF, THE SHAPE OF A MAN.

ROSS
Police. Hold it right there.

HE TURNS ON THE LIGHT AND SHINES IT TOWARD THE MAN.

ANGLE POV
THE SHAPE OF A MAN, MOVING OUT OF THE LIGHT QUICKLY. THE MAN BALLS UP SOMETHING, THROWS IT AWAY ON THE ROOF.

ANGLE

ROSS MOVING AFTER THE MAN ALONG THE ROOF. THE MAN BEHIND HIM.
THEY CROSS ONTO THE NEXT ROOF.

ANGLE
THE MAN GOES BEHIND AN OBSTRUCTION.

ANGLE
ROSS FOLLOWING. HE ROUNDS A CORNER AND COMES UP AGAINST A PIGEON
COOP AND A BOARDED-UP SHACKLIKE SHED BEYOND IT, THE DOOR TO IT JUST
CLOSING. A SIGN ON THE SHACK READS "DANGER KEEP OUT. DO NOT
ENTER"!!!

ANGLE
ROSS TAKES OUT HIS GUN AND HIS FLASHLIGHT. CHECKS THE LOAD OF HIS
GUN, TURNS ON THE LIGHT. BEAT. KICKS IN THE DOOR, SHINES THE
LIGHT, STEPS INTO THE ROOM.

ANGLE INT THE ROOF
SEVERAL PIGEONS FLY OUT PAST ROSS. HE SHINES HIS LIGHT. THE ROOM
IS EMPTY. HE STEPS TOWARD THE BACK OF THE ROOM. HE HITS HIS HEAD
ON A LOW BEAM. HE RECOILS. PUTS HIS HAND ON HIS HEAD, TO THE
BANDAID ON HIS BRUISE. STEPS BACK ONTO A SMALL ROTTEN SPOT IN THE
ROOF.

ANGLE
THE ROTTEN FLOORBOARDS BREAK BENEATH HIS WEIGHT.

ANGLE
ROSS FALLING THROUGH THE FLOOR.

ANGLE EXT THE BUILDING
THE SHED, CANTILEVERED OUT OVER THE ROOF. ROSS' LEGS COME THROUGH
THE FLOOR.

ANGLE INT THE SHED
ROSS FLAILING, PULLS HIMSELF BACK UP ONTO THE FLOOR OF THE SHED. HE
STARTS PULLING HIMSELF TOWARD THE DOOR. HE PULLS HIMSELF BACK ONTO
THE FIRM ROOF. REACHES BACK FOR HIS GUN AND HIS FLASHLIGHT.

ANGLE
HE STANDS. BEAT. LOOKS AT THE SIGN "DANGER, KEEP OUT." HE KICKS
AT THE DOOR. HE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

ANGLE
ROSS COMING BACK ACROSS THE ROOFS. STARES AT THE KLEIN'S BUILDING.

ANGLE POV
THE GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM, THE KITCHEN, ETC.

ANGLE
ROSS LOOKS DOWN AT THE JUMP, TURNS BACK, WALKS TO THE STAIRWELL OF

THE BUILDING WHOSE ROOF HE IS NOW ON. HE TUGS AT THE ROOF DOOR. THE DOOR OPENS. HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE INS

THE LIGHT FALLS UPON THE CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER LYING ON THE ROOF.

ANGLE

ROSS KNEELS, PICKS UP THE PAPER, SMOOTHES IT OPEN.

ANGLE POV

THE PAPER ON WHICH IS WRITTEN, QUITE LARGE, "GROFAZ."

ANGLE

ROSS, HOLDING THE PAPER. HE PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET. HE TURNS AND GOES TO A LADDER AND STARTS CLIMBING BACK TO THE ROOF OF THE KLEIN'S BUILDING.

INT KLEIN'S APARTMENT NIGHT

INT KITCHEN

ROSS

Some guy on the roof. Far as I can see. No evidence of "shooting," some guy, fe'en the pigeons, I don't know.

TO OFFICER, SHRUGS.

Put a man up there. Keep away from the back of the apartment. Put a guy on the street. City wants to pay to put a show on, put on a show.

OF FOOD:

What is this?

OFFICER

For the wake. For the old lady. Your partner's looking for you.

HE HANDS HIM A NOTE PAPER.

ROSS

TO MAID:

Can I get a cup of coffee?

HE TAKES A TOWEL, MOISTENS IT AT THE SINK, CLEANS OFF HIS FACE. DR. KLEIN WALKS INTO THE HALL. CAMERA FOLLOWS. PEOPLE ARRIVING, THE CHAUFFEUR IN THE BACKGROUND, BEING GREETED BY THE KLEINS. PEOPLE CRYING. THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER, LOOKING AT ROSS. HE WALKS TO THE SINK. THE DARK WOMAN WE SAW EARLIER COMES OVER TO HIM, TAKES A TOWEL, MOISTENS IT, AND STARTS CLEANING OFF HIS FACE. HE FLINCHES AWAY FROM HER.

DARK WOMAN
It's alright. Let me help you.

ROSS
Why?

DARK WOMAN
BEAT
Aren't you helping me...? (BEAT)

ROSS
Whatdaya, showing Kindness to a Cop?

DARK WOMAN
Stranger things have happened.

ROSS
Yeah, but not around here, and not lately.

BEAT
Thank you.

SHE NODS.

ANGLE CU
ROSS. SHE WASHES HIS FACE WITH THE TOWEL. HE LOOKS AT HER. SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING. ROSS TURNS AWAY.

ANGLE
ROSS AND THE DARK WOMAN. SHE TURNS TO THE DOOR WHERE WE SEE IN THE BACKGROUND PEOPLE ENTERING, BEING GREETED AND EMBRACED BY THE KLEINS. PEOPLE CRYING. SHE TURNS BACK TO ROSS, HANDS HIM THE TOWEL, STARTS TOWARD THEM.

ANGLE
ROSS CU LOOKING AFTER HER.

ANGLE POV
THE DARK WOMAN. THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER, COMES INTO THE FRAME, LOOKS AT ROSS.

ANGLE INT
A DARK WOOD STUDY. ROSS CHECKS THE NUMBER. DIALS.

ROSS (INTO PHONE)
D'tective Senna...

BEAT

Yo. She did. Fanfuckingtastic. Well, I wish I could of too. I'll be there. 8A, at the house. I'll be there. Some bullshit, somebody's taking "shots" at them. Eight A.M. with the old lady at the Station House.

A HEAVYSET MAN STICKS HIS HEAD INTO THE STUDY.

HEAVYSET MAN (BODYGUARD)
Officer. There was some disturbance.

ROSS
Excuse me?

HEAVYSET MAN (BODYGUARD)
There was some disturbance...?

ROSS
There's no disturbance. Everything is fine.

BEAT

Everything is fine. There's policemen all over this building and the next - everything is fine.

THE MAN NODS, MOVES BACK THROUGH THE DOOR.

ROSS (INTO PHONE)
Fuck 'em. Don't tell me, don't send the old lady work down there, and tell me "how you're so surprised." Fuck 'em, and the taxes that they pay.

THE MAN NODS, MOVES BACK THROUGH THE DOORS.

ROSS (INTO PHONE)
Naaah, a buncha fucken bullshit. Couple high-strung rich Jews. They're hysterical over here. "All the money that we spend in taxes..." The hell, the old lady, working in the Ghetto, any case...the fuck is she doing down there? You tell me. Ten more bucks a week, they're making? Not..."my" people, Baby, live like this...Fuck 'em, and their "grief." We'll bow to them a couple times and let 'em go on with their life. Fuck the lot of 'em. Let's go find this goddamn Randolph, like you say, get our names revered. Okay. Yo, Jil. I see you then.

HE HANGS UP. HE STRAIGHTENS HIS TIE. HE SENSES SOMETHING, LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

ANGLE POV
THE YOUNG WOMAN, THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER, SITTING QUIETLY ON THE COUCH, CRYING QUIETLY, LOOKING AT HIM.

ANGLE
C.U. ROSS

ANGLE
C.U. THE YOUNG WOMAN

YOUNG WOMAN
My grandmother was killed today.

BEAT. SHE WALKS OVER TO HIM.

She stayed down there because she wanted to stay there. She was a fighter. She wanted to die there. She died there.

BEAT.
You're a Jew.

BEAT

And you talk that way. In the house of the dead.

BEAT

WE HEAR THE TELEVISION, WHICH HAS BEEN MURMURING SOFTLY IN THE ROOM.
IT IS THE FEMALE NEWSCASTER.

NEWSCASTER (ON T.V.)
...continues for Robert Randolph, as the Eyes of the Country...

ANGLE
ROSS WALKS OVER TO THE T.V. AND TURNS IT OFF. HE TURNS TO THE
DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

YOUNG WOMAN (SOFTLY)
Do you have any shame?

BEAT

ROSS
I'm sorry what happened to your family.

YOUNG WOMAN
No one asked you to be sorry.

BEAT

No one asked for your sympathy.

SHE WALKS TO THE DOOR.

All we asked for was respect.

BEAT

Do you hate yourself so much.

BEAT

ROSS

I...

SHE TURNS AWAY.

I'll find the killer...

BEAT

I'll find the killer.

THE YOUNG WOMAN LOOKS AT HIM, GOES TO THE DOORS, GOES OUT.

ANGLE

ROSS, COMPOSES HIMSELF. TAKES OUT A HANDKERCHIEF, WIPES HIS BROW. FINDS A PIECE OF PAPER IN HIS HANDKERCHIEF, LOOKS AT IT.

ANGLE INS

THE PIECE OF PAPER SAYS "GROFAZ."

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKING AT THE PIECE OF PAPER. THE MAID ENTERS WITH A CUP OF COFFEE.

ROSS

What was this rich old lady doin' in that store down there?

MAID

I don't want to talk about the family.

ROSS

Just tell me that.

MAID

She made the money down there, put the kids through school. She always stayed down there.

SHE MOVES OFF. ROSS GOES TO THE DOORWAY TO THE HALL. HE DRINKS HIS COFFEE. TO THE PATROLMAN:

ROSS

What was that on that guy on the roof?

PATROLMAN

They got nothing. (SHRUGS) It was just some "guy on the roof."

ROSS NODS.

Maybe fee'n the pigeons.

THE PATROLMAN MOVES OFF. ROSS MOVES TO THE DOORWAY TO THE HALL. HE DRINKS HIS COFFEE. A LOVELY DARK WOMAN MOVES OVER TOWARD HIM.

ROSS

Everything's alright now.

DARK WOMAN

There was a man on the roof.

ROSS

It was nothing. Everything's alright. Really. We've got men all over. It was nothing. There was a man on the roof. But there was no threat. Everything is fine.

THE DARK WOMAN NODS. MOVES AWAY. ROSS GOES AFTER THE PATROLMAN. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

ROSS (TO PATROLMAN)

Call the station house. Tell 'em to tell the Squad I'm "on" this thing. I'll check in in the morning.

THE PATROLMAN NODS. ROSS MOVES DOWN THE HALL. HE SEES THE DARK WOMAN WHO IS TALKING ON A TELEPHONE. SHE SEES HIM, FINISHES HER CONVERSATION AND HANGS UP. TURNS TO HIM.

ROSS

What do you know about the family? What do you know about the Old Woman?

DARK WOMAN

A simple Old Woman, a good Old Woman.

ROSS

Can you think of any reason anyone would want to harm them?

SHE SIGHS.

DARK WOMAN

What a life.

ROSS

Yes. Isn't that true.

DARK WOMAN

Sorrow everywhere...isn't that so...

ROSS

I suppose so.

ROSS LOOKS INTENTLY AT HER. BEAT.

ROSS

And how do you know that?

THE DARK WOMAN SHRUGS. SHE TURNS HER HEAD TO THE DOOR, AS SHE HEARS SOMETHING. ROSS DOES LIKEWISE.

ANGLE POV

THE HEAVYSET MAN, COMING BACK INTO THE APARTMENT, LOOKS AROUND. TWO YOUNGER, VERY FIT MEN, FOLLOWING HIM. THEY SPREAD OUT. THE HEAVYSET MAN NODS AND AN OLDER, VERY WELL TAILORED, AND IMPRESSIVE MAN ENTERS FOLLOWED BY A BODYGUARD OF HIS OWN AGE. HIS ENTRANCE CAUSES A STIR AMONG THE MOURNERS AND THEY COME OVER TO GREET HIM. HE EMBRACES THE KLEINS.

ANGLE

THE DARK WOMAN LOOKING ON. ROSS NEXT TO HER. ROSS LOOKS TO HER FOR AN EXPLANATION OF THE IDENTITY OF THE NEW VISITORS. SHE MOTIONS HIM, GENTLY, TO BE QUIET. SHE LISTENS. WE HEAR THE DISTINGUISHED OLDER MAN SPEAKING IN A FOREIGN TONGUE. THE DARK WOMAN BECOMES VERY ATTENTIVE AS DOES THE CHAUFFEUR.

ANGLE POV

THE MAN SPEAKING, FEELINGLY, GRIEVING. HE POINTS TOWARD ROSS AND THE DARK WOMAN. ONE OF THE MOURNERS WALKS TOWARD THEM.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE DARK WOMAN. ON THE WALL, PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE KLEIN FAMILY. THE OLD LADY, THE DOCTOR AND HIS WIFE AS A YOUNG COUPLE, ET CETERA. THE MOURNER WALKS TOWARD THEM AND TAKES DOWN A PHOTOGRAPH, TWO BRONZED YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE DESERT, DRESSED IN KHAKIS, LAUGHING.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE DARK WOMAN. THEY LOOK TOWARD THE DISTINGUISHED MAN. HE TAKES THE PHOTOGRAPH, REFERS TO IT AS HE CONTINUES SPEAKING IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE. EVERYONE SIGHS.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE DARK WOMAN WHO STARTS TO CRY.

ROSS

What is he saying? You speak Hebrew?

DARK WOMAN

It's not Hebrew. He's speaking Yiddish.

BEAT

He's...he says the years they spent working together, his time with her, and with...and with her husband, were the closest ties he ever had with...with any living being. He calls her a great woman...he's, he's praising her courage...In the years the Formation of the State of Israel, when he saw her...

ANGLE

THE DISTINGUISHED MAN, SPEAKING YIDDISH, TEARS IN HIS EYES, GESTURING TO THE PICTURE VEHEMENTLY.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE DARK WOMAN.

ROSS

What they what...?

DARK WOMAN

BEAT

It's you know, it's a Slaves Language, Yiddish. I don't speak Yiddish that well.

THE MAN HAS FINISHED SPEAKING. THE DARK WOMAN MOVES TO THE DISTINGUISHED MAN, EMBRACES SEVERAL OF THE MOURNERS. THE DARK WOMAN TAKES THE PHOTOGRAPH.

ANGLE

ROSS POV

THE MOURNERS IN THE ROOM. THE YOUNG WOMAN (THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER) WHO HEARD HIS ANTI-SEMITIC REMARKS, LOOKING AT ROSS FROM ACROSS THE ROOM. THE DARK WOMAN TAKES THE PHOTOGRAPH, WALKS PAST ROSS.

ANGLE

ROSS, LOOKING AT THE DARK WOMAN, AS SHE TAKES THE PHOTOGRAPH BACK TO THE OLD LADY'S ROOM TO HANG IT ON THE WALL. ROSS AND THE CAMERA FOLLOW BACK TO THE OLD LADY'S ROOM. THE DARK WOMAN HANGS UP THE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKES HER COAT FROM THE BED. STARTS PUTTING IT ON.

ROSS

How can I see you again?

SHE LOOKS AT HIM, SHAKES HER HEAD, NOT UNKINDLY.

BEAT. SHE LOOKS AT HIM. THINKS. SHAKES HER HEAD AGAIN. LEAVES THE ROOM.

ANGLE

HE LOOKS AWAY. SIGHS. STRAIGHTENS HIMSELF UP PREPARATORY TO LEAVING. HE LOOKS AT THE CROOKEDLY HUNG PICTURE AND STRAIGHTENS IT. AS HE DOES SO, ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH, WHICH WAS STUCK BEHIND IT, BEGINS TO FALL OUT. ROSS CATCHES THE SECOND PHOTOGRAPH. HE LOOKS AT IT.

ANGLE INS

THE SAME YOUNG WOMAN. IN THIS PHOTO, SHE IS HOLDING A SUBMACHINE GUN AND GRINNING.

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKING AT THE PHOTOGRAPH. PUTS DOWN HIS COFFEE CUP. THE MAID COMES BY CLEANING UP. PICKS UP THE COFFEE CUP.

ROSS

She used to work in Palestine...

MAID

That's right.

ROSS LOOKS DOWN AT THE PHOTOGRAPH. LOOKS CLOSER. PICKS UP A MAGNIFYING GLASS FROM THE TABLE, HOLDS IT UP TO THE PHOTO.

ANGLE INS

THE PHOTO, THE YOUNG WOMAN WITH A RIFLE. IN THE B.G. A BUILDING WITH A SIGN OVER THE DOOR. THE MAGNIFYING GLASS COMES INTO THE FRAME OVER THE PHOTO. ROSS MOVES IT TO A BOX NEAR THE FEET OF THE WOMAN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH. IN MAGNIFICATION IT IS SHOWN TO BE FULL OF RIFLES. ROSS MOVES THE GLASS TO THE SIGN OVER THE DOOR. IT READS "LAUGHING PINES, ELKHART, WISCONSIN."

EXT CANDY STORE STREET NIGHT

CRIME SCENE BARRIERS UP ALL AROUND. ROSS WALKS INTO THE FRAME. COMES UP TO A UNIFORMED OFFICER STAMPING HIS FEET, ON POST OUTSIDE THE CRIME SCENE.

OFFICER

D'tective...

ROSS

Yeah. How are ya'?

OFFICER

Aw'yas colder just b'fore dawn.

ROSS

Yes, I remember that.

OFFICER

You goin' in...?

ROSS

Yeah.

ANGLE

THE DOOR TO THE CANDY STORE. A LARGE STICKER: CRIME SCENE. DO NOT

ENTER. ROSS' HAND COMES INTO THE FRAME, WITH HIS FLASHLIGHT, RIPS THE STICKER.

ANGLE INT THE CANDY STORE

ROSS ENTERING, SHINES THE BEAM OF LIGHT. ROSS APPROACHES THE BACK OF THE COUNTER, SHINES THE LIGHT ON THE OUTLINE OF THE BODY ON THE FLOOR.

ANGLE POV

THE OUTLINE OF THE BODY, IN THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM. HE TURNS ON THE LIGHT.

ANGLE

ROSS, STANDING BY THE COUNTER, HAVING JUST TURNED ON THE LIGHT. LOOKS DOWN AT THE COUNTER.

ANGLE POV

THE OUTLINE OF THE .45 PISTOL, WITH .45 PISTOL CHALKED IN THE OUTLINE.

ANGLE

ROSS.

OFFICER (VO)

The neighborhood kids said she had a treasure in her basement.

ROSS TURNS.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE OFFICER.

OFFICER

Kids told me, that was what they always said.

ROSS

What kind of treasure?

OFFICER (SHRUGS)

That was what they always said...he said, back to their father's day.

ROSS NODS, MOVES DEEPER INTO THE STORE.

OFFICER (VO)

Hey, I don't know. I think she's just some poor old lady. What she's still doin' here, this neighborhood, I dunno.

ROSS STOPS.

Gossip had it, the old broad had a fortune in her cellar.

ROSS
...in her cellar. Look down there...?

OFFICER
Look for yourself. Dust on the stairs. No one's been down there ten years.

ANGLE
ROSS LOOKS DOWN AT THE CELLAR TRAP.

ANGLE
ROSS STEPS DOWN, OPENS THE TRAP. HE SHRUGS, STARTS DOWN THE RICKETY LADDER.

ANGLE
HIS FEET ON THE RICKETY STEPS. LEADING DOWN. THICK DUST, HIS FEET LEAVE LARGE FOOTPRINTS.

OFFICER (VO)
Everything's a mystery. You ever notice that? She doing here, example...?

ANGLE INT
THE CELLAR. ROSS' FEET COMING DOWN THE STAIRS. SLOWLY, CAMERA PANS DOWN TO REVEAL ONE STEP MISSING.

OFFICER (VO)
Rich Jewish lady, you see her car, that her family had...?

WE SEE ROSS' FOOT HESITATE. SKIP THE BROKEN STAIRS. HE HAS TO JUMP DOWN.

ANGLE
ROSS, COMING DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT. HE LOOKS AROUND.

ANGLE POV
A SMALL ROOM WITH AN EARTHEN FLOOR. EMPTY CARDBOARD BOXES. ROSS MOVES INTO THE FRAME. HE PICKS UP A BOX, LOOKS AT IT, FULL OF CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS. KICKS OPEN THE OTHER BOXES. THEY ARE EMPTY. HE MOVES TO A BROKEN TRUNK, OPENS IT.

OFFICER (VO)
You know, the other hand, you look at it, the hell she doin' here, tryin' to prove...?

ROSS LOOKS AROUND, SIGHS. MOVES TO START BACK UP THE STAIRS. LOOKS DOWN AT THE BROKEN STAIRS, LOOKS AROUND. TAKES A WOODEN BOX FROM UNDER THE STAIRS AND UPENDS IT AS A STAIR.

OFFICER (VO)
She's gonna get took off, living down here, she's gonna get popped...

ROSS CLIMBS UP ON THE BOX.

ANGLE

ROSS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, THE OFFICER STANDING UP ABOVE HIM.

OFFICER (VO)

It's human nature, it's the Law of Averages, she's gonna get
took off.

ROSS LOOKS DOWN, SHINES HIS FLASHLIGHT TO FIND THE STEP.

ANGLE POV

THE FLASHLIGHT SHINING OVER THE BOX AND UP ONTO THE NEXT STEP.

ANGLE

ROSS STARTS UP THE STAIRS, STOPS.

OFFICER (VO)

Not that I wish her ill, but think about it...

ANGLE

ROSS COMES BACK DOWN THE STAIRS. LIFTS THE BOX INTO THE LIGHT OF
THE STEP SO THAT THE LOGO ON THE SIDE OF THE BOX READS: "AUTO-
ORDINANCE COMPANY. HURLEY, N.Y."

ANGLE C.U.

ROSS LOOKING DOWN AT THE BOX. THE OFFICER ABOVE KEEPS TALKING.
ROSS LOOKS AT THE SIDE OF THE BOX WHICH FEATURES THE LOGO AGAIN AND
THE DESCRIPTION "MANUFACTURERS OF THE TOMMY GUN..." ROSS RE-OPENS
THE BOX, AND, AGAIN, UNWRAPS THE CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS, SPREADS OUT
THE WRAPPING PAPER. THEY ARE CHRISTMAS TREE STANDS.

ANGLE INS

IT IS THE GREASEPAPER, WITH THE AUTO-ORDINANCE STAMP ON IT, AND AN
EXPLODED VIEW OF THE TOMMY GUN. HE UNWRAPS ANOTHER CHRISTMAS TREE
STAND AND FINDS THE SAME THING. HE GOES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CASE
AND COMES UP WITH A SHEET WITH YIDDISH SCRIPT WRITTEN ON IT AND A
SMALL TOOL KIT WITH AN INSTRUCTION KIT "FIELD STRIPPING THE THOMPSON
GUN." BELOW THAT, AN INVOICE. FROM THE AUTO ORDINANCE COMPANY FOR
TWENTY TOMMY GUNS, SENT TO A CHICAGO SPORTING GOODS FIRM, "KALDOR
SPORTING GOODS, 4525 WENTWORTH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS AND THE DATE 23
AUGUST, 1948."

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKING AT THE INVOICES.

INT SQUAD ROOM HALL DAY

A POLICE OFFICER READING A TABLOID. THE HEADLINE SHOWING A PHOTO OF
ROBERT RANDOLPH AND THE SCARE HEAD "STILL AT LARGE."

ANGLE

ROSS, WALKING ACROSS THE LOBBY.

ANGLE POV

THE GROUNDER, THE MAN WHO HIT HIM ON THE HEAD, BEING ESCORTED IN HANDCUFFS, BY ANOTHER OFFICER.

OFFICER

D'tective!!!

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE GROUNDER AND THE OFFICER. ROSS KEEPS WALKING.

ROSS

...busy...

(CHECKS HIS NOTEPAD)

OFFICER

...need you to file a complaint, this man.

ROSS

A complaint?

OFFICER

CHECKS HIS NOTEPAD.

Uh, he assaulted you.

ROSS

Forget it.

OFFICER

Assault, Police Officer, Attempted Escape...

ROSS

Yeah, forget it, the fucken guy, whatdaya they gonna do...?

THE OFFICER TAKES HIM ASIDE, CAMERA FOLLOWS.

OFFICER (SOTTO)

Sir, the thing is, mak'n example the guy, hittin' on a Cop...

ROSS

...I ain't got the time...

BREAKING AWAY. TO THE GROUNDER:

Forget it. I got no fucken ill feelings toward you...

CAMERA FOLLOWS ROSS. WE SEE THE GROUNDER IN THE BACKGROUND. SPEAKING AFTER HIM.

GROUNDER

I won't forget this, Officer. Thank you. I'll make it up to you. I promise you...

ROSS

You're gonna make it up to me.

GROUNDER

Yes. I will. Your kindness. Your kindness has changed my life.

ROSS

Well, that's swell.

GROUNDER

And someday I'll repay you, I'll...

ROSS

Uh huh...my thoughts are elsewhere. You must pardon me.

CAMERA FOLLOWS ROSS UP TO THE WINDOW OF THE RECORDS OFFICE. THE WINDOW IS OPEN.

ROSS

TO RECORDS OFFICER
Commere...

THE RECORDS OFFICER, A YOUNG WOMAN IN UNIFORM, COMES UP TO THE WINDOW. ROSS OPENS HIS BRIEFCASE, STARTS TAKING OUT PAPERS.

ANGLE INS

HE HANDS HER THE TOMMY GUN INVOICE.

This sent to the A.T.F. I want a rundown on these guns...

ANGLE

THE TWO OF THEM AT THE WINDOW.

Send this to research: this word: GROFAZ. You got that...

RECORDS OFFICER

G.R.O...

ROSS

Grofaz. Run it through the computer. I need a rundown, all terrorist activity of an anti-semitic, anti-zionist nature, last five years.

RECORDS OFFICER

...Wait a second.

HE IS SEARCHING THROUGH HIS BAG, TAKES OUT THE YESHIVA FILE.

ANGLE INS
THE YESHIVA MURDER FILE, THE PICTURES OF THE SLAIN STUDENTS.

And take this back. Thanks.

HE STARTS TO WALK AWAY. THE RECORDS OFFICER CALLS HIM BACK.

RECORDS OFFICER

What is this...?

ROSS TURNS BACK.

ROSS

It's, I found it in the desk...

RECORDS OFFICER

The file's thirty years old...

ROSS

Merry Christmas.

RECORDS OFFICER

Um, how can I log it in...?

ROSS SHRUGS, STARTS TO WALK AWAY. JAMES WALKS BY CARRYING A TAPE RECORDER.

JAMES

Come on...Bobby...come on.

RECORDS OFFICER

Uh, sir. How'm I gonna log it in...?

JAMES

Bobby, come on...

ROSS (TO RECORDS OFFICER)

See ya'.

RECORDS OFFICER

Lookit, lookit...

JAMES WALKS ON.

Sir, lookit, I do for you, you do for me. One minute, just a minute...help me, will ya? You want the Terrorist Stuff. I got to sign my life away, as secret as that is, it's an afternoon. Just help me out on this...

JAMES (DOWN THE HALL)

Bobby: Come on...

HE WALKS ON.

RECORDS OFFICER
That file you want, it's eyes only...how'm I gonna...

ROSS
Get it to me...

RECORDS OFFICER
Then you gotta help me.

ROSS (TO RECORDS OFFICER)
What is it?

RECORDS OFFICER
Just sign for this. Sign for the old file.

ROSS
What do I got to sign...? Give it to me, I'll sign it...

THE RECORDS OFFICER SCRIBBLES ON A FORM AND HANDS IT TO HIM.

ANGLE INS
THE FORM. IT IS A REQUISITION FOR FILE.

ANGLE
ROSS AND THE RECORDS OFFICER.

ROSS
...It's a requisition. I'm givin' you back the file.

RECORDS OFFICER
It's a lost file. I got to log it in as lost, it's a whole day out of my life. So, you sign, you Request it, then I mark you brought it back, and pass it downtown. It's their worry...

FRANK STICKS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE SQUAD ROOM AND CALLS HIM.

FRANK
Bobby...!

ROSS SIGNS THE FORM.

ROSS
TO THE RECORDS OFFICER:

Yeah, yeah. Sure. Thank you. Get on that shit for me.

ROSS WALKS DOWN THE HALL. HE CONTINUES WALKING, THE OFFICER COMES OUT AND WALKS WITH HIM. HE HANDS HER THE TOMMY GUN INVOICE.

ANGLE INS
THE INVOICE.

ROSS (VO)
Get this to the A.T.F. Have 'em trace the guns.

OFFICER
What is it?

ROSS
Twenty tommy guns. Stole, 1948. And:

HE FINDS THE GROFAZ PIECE OF PAPER.

ANGLE
ROSS HOLDING THE PIECE OF PAPER, THE YOUNG OFFICER WRITING ON A PAD.

ROSS
Run this in the computer. "GROFAZ."

OFFICER
...GROFAZ...?

ROSS
SHOWS HER THE PAPER.

G.R.O.F.A.Z....

HE GOES INTO THE SQUAD ROOM. AS HE DOES SO, THE GRUNDER, IN CHAINS, IS BEING BROUGHT OUT.

OFFICER
Taking him. For arraignment.

HE PASSES INTO THE SQUAD ROOM.

INT SQUAD ROOM
ROSS GOES TO HIS DESK. TAKES A SHEET OF PAPER, WRITES ON IT "WHO WHAT WHERE WHEN WHY? CAMERA PANS DOWN TO SEE THE SHEET OF PAPER. ROSS PUTS THE "GROFAZ" PAPER NEXT TO IT. HE WRITES "MURDER OF MRS. RIVKA KLEIN." WE HEAR A DOOR OPEN, AND TWO VOICES ON A TAPE RECORDER.

OLCOTT
Bobby, we need you.

ANGLE
ROSS LOOKS UP. THE OLD WOMAN, THE MOTHER OF RANDOLPH, IS POINTING AT HIM. OLCOTT STANDING NEXT TO HER.

ROSS

...I'm busy...

HE GOES BACK TO HIS WORK. THE OLD WOMAN AND OLCOTT COME OVER TO HIM.

OLD WOMAN

Yes. Thass him. You the man I need.

JAMES (SOTTO)

We got her to agree to...

OLD WOMAN

Thass' the man. You. You the one, I'm going to do it, but I'm goin' to do it with you...

ROSS

...you're gonna do it...?

ROSS TAKES JAMES ASIDE.

ROSS

I, I got on to this other case. I wanna, I need to ask you about it...

JAMES

Hold on.

TO THE OLD WOMAN:

Tell him. What do you need?

OLD WOMAN

I need you, you swear to me. Swear it on your life. No harm will come to him. You the one said it, you the one goin' to take him in, my boy.

BEAT

You told me. You the man told me. My Bobby, no harm come to him. You are the man told me that.

BEAT

JAMES MOTIONS ROSS TO ASSENT.

ROSS

That's right.

OLD WOMAN

You are the man, going to take him in, you swore your life on it. You look me in the eye.

BEAT

ROSS COMES OVER TO HER. SHE HOLDS HIS EYE.

You were by Jesus, you be the one, take him in.

ROSS

I swear it.

OLD WOMAN

And should you not, the fires of hell on your head.

ROSS

I swear it. The fires of hell on my head should I fail...I'll take him in.

FRANK LEADS THE OLD WOMAN AWAY. JAMES TAKES ROSS INTO THE INTERROGATION ROOM. CAMERA FOLLOWS. HE MOTIONS ROSS TO BE QUIET. THEY AND TWO OTHER OFFICERS STAND AROUND A TAPE RECORDER.

VOICE OF ROBERT RANDOLPH ON THE TAPE)

...got to get out Momma...

SENNA

That's our man. That's Robert Randolph. The Magic of Electronics.

OLD WOMAN (ON TAPE)

Well, I took, I'm takin' care of that. I got, Jesse Beal that I'm goin' go take his passport, much as you look like him, and you take the passport and an airline ticket, I get you, in his name...

VOICE OF RANDOLPH

Uh huh...

TAPE CONTINUES, JAMES TAKES ROSS BACK IN THE MAIN SQUAD ROOM.

JAMES

We got it all set up. Eight o'clock. He's going to meet his mother.

JAMES HANDS A PHOTOGRAPH TO ROSS.

This is the guy, Randolph's friend...Beal. Run it down the Passport office, meet your partner.

INT PASSPORT OFFICE DAY

A TABLOID NEWSPAPER, A PHOTOGRAPH OF RANDOLPH, AND THE HEADLINE "CITYWIDE HUNT INTENSIFIES FOR SLAYER OF TWO FEDERAL AGENTS." SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING. SENNA PUTS DOWN THE PAPER. ROSS COMES IN, HANDS HIM THE PHOTO. SENNA TAKES IT OVER THE COUNTER.

ROSS
So then these "types" come in, heavy hitters, Israelis? I don't know.

SENNA, TO THE PASSPORT CLERK:

SENNA
How soon can we have it?

CLERK
Right away. Five minutes.

ROSS AND SENNA WALK OUT TO THE HALL, CAMERA FOLLOWS.

ROSS
Making a speech, about the woman, who was she, what did she do...? Picture of her with a Tommy gun.

HE DIGS OUT THE TOMMY GUN PICTURE AND HANDS IT TO SENNA.

ANGLE INS
THE TOMMY GUN PICTURE. AS ROSS CONTINUES TALKING, HE LEAFS THROUGH THE GROFAZ PAPER, ET CETERA.

ROSS (VO)
A guy with a gun on the roof? I don't know, but, okay? Broad, a stolen shipment...

ANGLE
ROSS AND SENNA.

ROSS (OF THE PHOTOGRAPH)
...this is taken in Wisconsin...do you? 1948. Broad with a stolen Chopper. Nice Jewish Shopkeeper. Okay? The fuck she doing with this piece? With those guns? With those Spooks from Yidland? Okay? The fucken thing's thick, it's thick Jilly.

SENNA
It's thick with fucken what? Whatdathey, been feen' you Matzoh over there? Mogen David? Even it is, let it keep. Tonight the balloon goes up. And you the lynch-in Bobby, Bibbety, Bobbety, Boo. You talked the lady down, you come take the man down, we go home the fair-haired boys. The old days, Bobby, huh? You bust a case, bottle comes out, you put your feet on the filing cabinet, hey? Ziz' a beauty? Wisht' you could of been there last night. Fucken thing's going to fall like a house of cards. Tonight. Just the squad. We lure Randolph out and we take him in. You got it? Fifty Third and Loomis.

ROSS

I'm...this other case.

SENNA

Fuck the other case...what other case? What other case?

ROSS

This, this Jewish...

SENNA

The candy store Pop? Just look busy on it.

ROSS

No, I, I, you know, I caught the case, and...

SENNA

What, it's not going to keep? (PAUSE) What is there, a broad in it? What is there? You're pissed off that they kicked you off. This is the big one, Bob, le's ruck-up on it...we need you...

DRAWS HIM CLOSER.

Bob: what is the thing Bob?

ROSS

It's just, it's something about this case...They, they think it's some sort of conspiracy...

SENNA

Some sort of Conspiracy?

ROSS

They said someone was shooting at them...

SENNA

Someone was shooting at them, the Jew family...

ROSS

Yes.

SENNA

...and was someone shooting at them...?

BEAT

Why would someone want to shoot at them? Bob, you know, the Old Whore. She says you start Coming with the Customers, it's Time to Quit.

BEAT

Huh? Huh? Bob, there ain't no fucken mysteries. Stay here. Pick up the Passport, I got to run on this airline ticket, the Mom's s'posed to get him, Costa Rica, I meet you Eight O'Clock, Fifty Three and Loomis, with the Passport and we bring the guy in. Then we go over the Pipers Kilt and close the joint. Huh? Like the old days, huh? When they had fucken Cops on the Force, huh? You remember that, Babe?

BEAT

You okay, Bobby?

BEAT

Partner?

ROSS

I'm fine.

SENNA

Whatda you need, Babe? You need something, you tell me.

BEAT

ROSS

No, I'm fine, Jilly.

SENNA

Well, see to it. Cause I love you, Babe. I love you...

BEAT

SENNA MOVES OVER TO ROSS AND CUPS HIS FACE IN HIS HAND.

ANGLE

TIGHT ON THE TWO.

SENNA

Closer than a brother, Baby.

ROSS

Ain't that the truth.

SENNA PATS ROSS ON THE SIDE OF THE FACE. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

ROSS

Fifty three and Loomis.

SENNA (WALKING OFF)

You bring the Chips, I'll bring the Cards.

HIM. BROWN WALKS BACK TO HIS DESK AND GETS THE INVOICE, WALKS OVER TO ROSS.

BROWN

Sir... (SHOWS HIM THE INVOICE) We don't usually get information that's forty years old - you spiced up the day. Because...

ANGLE INS
THE INVOICE FROM THE SPORTING GOODS STORE.

BROWN

We have here...

ANGLE
THE TWO MEN.

A very interesting artifact. Invoice for a shipment stolen in 1946. Thompson Submachine Guns, .45 Caliber Pistols. Three thousand rounds of .45 ACP. Interesting artifact...

ROSS

Thank you. A shipment of stolen guns...

BROWN

Yes.

ROSS STARTS TO MOVE AWAY. BROWN MOVES TO HIS DESK, TAKES OUT A BOX, BRINGS IT OVER TO THE COUNTER.

A little more interesting, as one of the guns in the stolen shipment just surfaced yesterday.

ROSS TURNS BACK, COMES TO THE COUNTER. BROWN LIFTS UP THE BOX TO REVEAL THE .45 PISTOL WITH THE STAG GRIPS WHICH WE FIRST SAW IN THE CANDY STORE.

EXT FEDERAL BUILDING DAY
ROSS COMING OUT OF THE BUILDING, HOLDING SEVERAL SHEETS OF PAPER. NEWSPAPERS BLOWING, A HIGH WIND.

ANGLE INS

THE SHEETS OF PAPER. ZEROXES. ONE OF THE INVOICES FOR THE STOLEN SPORTING GOODS AND THE DATE, 1946. HE EXCHANGES IT FOR ONE WHICH IS A PHOTO OF THE STOLEN PISTOL AND THE SERIAL NUMBER ENLARGED, AND THE THIRD WHICH IS A LIST OF THE PIECES STOLEN FROM THE SPORTING GOODS STORE AND A YELLOWED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING "ROBBERY OF _____ SPORTING GOODS" AND THE DATE OF 1946.

ANGLE

ROSS WALKING, LOOKING DOWN. SOMEONE BUMPS INTO HIM, LOOSENS HIS GRIP ON THE PAPERS.

ANGLE

THE PAPERS BEING BLOWN DOWN THE ALLEY. ROSS GOING AFTER THEM. HE GATHERS THEM TOGETHER.

ANGLE

SINGLE, ROSS STRAIGHTENING UP, LOOKING AT THE PAPERS. HE SEES SOMETHING OFF TO THE SIDE, RACK FOCUS. WE ARE LOOKING IN THE BACK ENTRANCE TO A SHOE STORE. A MAN IN AN OVERCOAT BUSTLING AROUND THE STITCHING MACHINES.

ANGLE

ROSS GOES INTO THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THE SHOE STORE. CHECKS HIS WATCH. SPEAKS TO THE OLD MAN IN THE OVERCOAT. THE OLD MAN IS LABORING TO CLOSE THE GRATE ACROSS THE FRONT OF HIS SHOP.

ROSS

Excuse me...

SHOEMAKER

We're closed. I'm closing.

HE LABORS WITH THE GRATING.

ROSS

Can I help you with that...?

THE OLD SHOEMAKER LOOKS AT HIM.

SHOEMAKER

Thank you.

ROSS CLOSES THE GRATING. TURNS TO THE SHOEMAKER.

Thank you.

ROSS

I'm a police officer. I tore the strap off my holster. Do you think you could...

HE SHOWS THE HOLSTER, TAKES OUT THE REVOLVER, UNCLIPS THE HOLSTER FROM HIS BELT.

SHOEMAKER

Give it to me.

ROSS HANDS HIM THE HOLSTER.

Where's the strap?

ROSS DIGS IN HIS POCKET. TAKES SOME THINGS OUT OF HIS POCKET. THE STRAP, THE CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER WHICH HE SMOOTHS OPEN, READS

"GROFAZ." HE HANDS THE STRAP TO THE SHOEMAKER. THE SHOEMAKER LOOKS AT IT.

SHOEMAKER

Someone like this, you really, you should take your time, I'm rushing out of here...

ROSS IS LOOKING OVER THE PAPERS.

ANGLE C.U.

ROSS, ABSORBED IN THE PAPERS.

ANGLE INS

THE YELLOWED SHEET OF THE ROBBERY, THE INVOICE, THE PHOTO OF THE YOUNGER WOMAN WITH A RIFLE.

ANGLE

THE SHOEMAKER, BUSTLING, TRYING TO SET UP HIS MACHINE. HE TAKES OFF HIS COAT, TURNS ON THE LIGHTS. ROSS IN THE B.G. LOOKING DOWN AT THE SHEETS OF PAPER IN HIS HANDS.

SHOEMAKER

I wouldn't do this for just anybody.

ROSS

What...?

SHOEMAKER

I wouldn't do this for just anybody.

ROSS (LOOKING UP)

BEAT

I'm sorry...what...?

SHOEMAKER

Something on your mind?

ROSS

Yeah. Something.

SHOEMAKER

I was saying...I was saying...doing this for you, a favor, the Police Department.

ROSS

I appreciate it.

SHOEMAKER

Okay. I din't ask for your appreciation, only, you know...

ROSS

What...

SHOEMAKER
...courtesy...

ROSS
Yes. Okay, I got things on my mind. You're right. Okay?

SHOEMAKER
What things?

ROSS
My work.

SHOEMAKER
What?

ROSS
What? Everyone's fuckin' nibbling me to death, you wanna know?

SHOEMAKER
You ast' a favor, mister, I did it for you. I'm makin' conversation. Fuck is wrong with you? You...

ROSS
...okay...

SHOEMAKER
...cause you can't accept a little "kindness?"

ROSS
No, I can accept a little kindness. I got things on my mind...

SHOEMAKER
...all I meant...

ROSS
Yes, yes, yes, play "policeman" with me. Okay? What does "Grofaz" mean? Okay? You know what "Grofaz" means...?

THE SHOEMAKER FINISHES STITCHING ON THE STRAP. TAKES IT OVER TO ROSS. TURNS OFF THE MACHINES, PUTS ON HIS COAT. TAKES THE SHEET OF PAPER. LOOKS AT IT. LOOKS UP AT ROSS.

SHOEMAKER
Here is your work.

HANDS HIM THE HOLSTER.

"Grofaz." Yes. I know what it means.

THE SHOEMAKER PULLS BACK HIS LEFT SLEEVE.

ANGLE INS
HIS LEFT FOREARM BEARS A CONCENTRATION CAMP NUMBER.

ANGLE
THE SHOEMAKER AND ROSS.

SHOEMAKER

It means "Hitler." It was a word they had for "Hitler."

HE HANDS THE LEATHERWORK BACK TO ROSS, TURNS OUT THE LIGHTS IN THE SHOP.

INT LIBRARY DAY
SCREEN IS TAKEN UP BY A HUGE COLORED POSTER OF HITLER, IN A TRENCH, WITH GERMAN SOLDIERS. HITLER IS POINTING TO A MAP, WHILE THE GERMANS LISTEN AWESTRUCK. ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE POSTER IS WRITTEN DER GROFAZ.

LIBRARIAN (VO)

Der. Grofaz...

ANGLE
A BLACKBOARD, A MAN'S HAND. ON IT IS WRITTEN GROSSTER FELDHERR ALLE ZEITEN.

LIBRARIAN (VO)

GROSSTER.

HE UNDERLINES GRO FROM GROSSTER.

SSTER FELDHERR.

HE UNDERLINES F FROM FELDHERR.

ALLE.

HE UNDERLINES THE A FROM ALLE.

ZEITEN.

HE UNDERLINES THE Z FROM ZEITEN.

ANGLE
THE LIBRARIAN, AT THE BOARD. A YOUNG JEWISH MAN IN A SUIT WEARING A YALMULKE.

LIBRARIAN

GROSSTER FELDHERR ALLE ZEITEN, the greatest...strategist...of all time. Der Grofaz.

HE WALKS BACK TO THE POSTER OF HITLER AND GESTURES TO IT.

Hitler.

ANGLE

ROSS' HAND WITH THE SHEET OF PAPER WITH GROFAZ ON IT.

LIBRARIAN (VO)

The acronym is not well-known.

ANGLE

THE LIBRARIAN TAKES ROSS' ARM AND ESCORTS HIM THROUGH A GALLERY FILLED WITH NAZI POSTERS.

It was used at the end of the war. The name is obviously the effort of their Propaganda Ministry. It didn't particularly "stick"...but it was used...it was used...by the...

HE LEADS ROSS TO A FILING CABINET.

By a group...the...

HE FINDS THE PIECE OF PAPER HE IS LOOKING FOR.

SonderKommando...it was adopted by the Sonder EndlosungKommando of the Division Liebstandarte Adolph Hitler..That is, the Division's Special Group for the Final Solution, which is, of course, the Extermination of the Jews...

HE HANDS A LEAFLET TO ROSS.

ANGLE INS

ROSS HOLDING THE LEAFLET, IN GERMAN, WITH THE WORD "GROFAZ" FAIRLY LARGE.

ANGLE

THE LIBRARIAN AND ROSS. THE LIBRARIAN TRANSLATES.

LIBRARIAN

In the name of Grofaz. In the name of Adolph Hitler. The Division Liebstandarte Adolph Hitler fights on All Fronts for the Salvation of Germany. The Jewish Scourge can be cleansed only in Blood...the...

TO ROSS:

This is a very rare piece...

ROSS

What do you have on the use of this word? Currently? Particularly, in conjunction with...with anti-semitic acts.

LIBRARIAN

As I say, it's an arcane usage...but we'll look...

HE CALLS TO AN ASSISTANT.

In the current file, under GROFAZ, cross-referenced Der Fuhrer, bring it all.

THE ASSISTANT MOVES OFF. THE LIBRARIAN GESTURES ROSS TO FOLLOW HIM.

...if you'd care to wait...

ROSS MOVES PAST SEVERAL PHOTOS OF JEWS BEING BEATEN OR SHOT IN FRONT OF NAZI FLAGS OR GRAFFITI. ROSS STOPS TO LOOK AT THE PHOTOS. THE LIBRARIAN MOVES OFF.

ANGLE
ROSS LOOKING INTENTLY AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

ANGLE
POV INS
THE PHOTOS. DEAD BODIES NEXT TO A MASS GRAVE. LAUGHING STORM TROOPERS STANDING ABOVE THEM.

ANGLE
ROSS LOOKING AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS. HE BLINKS HIS EYES. HE TOUCHES THE BRUISE ON HIS HEAD. HE LOOKS AROUND.

ANGLE
ROSS, AN OLD MAN. THE OLD MAN IS WRITING, KNOCKS HIS PENCIL OFF OF THE TABLE.

ANGLE
ROSS BENDS DOWN TO PICK IT UP. HANDS IT TO THE OLD MAN. ROSS GETS WOOLY. BEAT.

ROSS
Do you know where I could find a glass of water?

THE OLD MAN LOOKS UP, MARKS HIS PLACE IN THE BOOK. BEAT. HE ADDRESSES ROSS IN YIDDISH.

OLD MAN (IN YIDDISH)
You did me a mitzvah. Thank you for your help. I need to talk to you. You're Jewish. You speak Yiddish...?

BEAT

ROSS
I don't understand.

OLD MEN

Just men. That's what I'm speaking to you about.

BEAT

What you are looking for. I'm speaking to you about what you are looking for.

BEAT

Because you came here. We came Out of the World, to Come Here. It's not a Shul, but it's like a Shul. And today I was reading. About the 36 Just Men. And, something you said, I looked in your eyes, perhaps that you were one of them. Because you aided my study of them. Who can say...

BEAT

ANGLE

ROSS

ROSS

Do you know where I...

THE OLD MAN MARKS HIS PLACE IN HIS BOOK, AND MOTIONS ROSS TO FOLLOW HIM. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM AROUND A CORNER INTO A SMALL DARK ALCOVE, FILLED WITH OBVIOUSLY VERY OLD VOLUMES. BETWEEN THE ALCOVE AND THE REST OF THE LIBRARY IS A DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

ANGLE

ROSS BENDS DOWN. TAKES A DRINK, STRAIGHTENS UP.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE OLD MAN WHO HAS TAKEN A VOLUME FROM THE SHELVES IN THE ALCOVE.

ROSS

Thank you.

THE OLD MAN LOOKS UP, COMES OVER TO ROSS AND NODS. HANDS HIM THE OLD VOLUME. OPEN TO SOME PAGE. ROSS LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE POV INT

A CABBALISTIC DIAGRAM OF A "TREE OF LIFE."

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKING UP. ROSS LOOKS DOWN AT THE BOOK.

ANGLE POV INS

ON THE FACING PAGE OF THE DIAGRAM IS, IN ENGLISH, AN EXPLICATION. IT READS. "TIKKUM OLAM" THE "REPAIR OF THE WORLD" IS UNDERTAKEN CONSTANTLY AS SHOWN HERE IN THIS 1597 PLATE, BY THE "36 JUST MEN", KNOWN ONLY TO GOD, WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY IT IS.

ANGLE

ROSS HOLDING THE BOOK. HE LOOKS UP AT THE OLD MAN. THE OLD MAN NODS "THIS IS WHAT I MEANT." THE OLD MAN PATS ROSS' ARM AND DIRECTS ROSS TO LOOK BACK IN THE BOOK. THE OLD MAN MOVES OFF.

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKING DOWN AT THE BOOK.

ANGLE POV INS

THE BOOK, IT READS "WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY IT IS, TO BRING ABOUT REPAIR OF THE WORLD, BY THE RESTORATION OF..."

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKING UP.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (VO)

The material on the Anti-Semitic Acts...

LIBRARIAN (VO)

...yes. I thought we had quite a file, of the current...

ANGLE

ROSS, CLOSING THE BOOKS, WALKS TOWARD THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND.

ANGLE

HIS POV. A SHELF OF BOOKS. A SOURCE FROM WHENCE THE CONVERSATION IS EMANATING. ROSS COMES INTO THE FRAME

ANGLE

A HOLE IN THE STACK, WE SEE THE ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN WHO IS CHECKING A SHEET ON THIS CLIPBOARD, SPEAKING, EXCITEDLY, TO THE LIBRARIAN.

HE DRAWS CLOSER TO THE LIBRARIAN, SPEAKS VERY SOFTLY.

But it was requested by Two Twelve.

SIMILARLY:

LIBRARIAN

...two twelve has it...?

THE ASSISTANT NODS, SHOWS HIM THE SHEET ON THE CLIPBOARD.

ANGLE ROSS

LOOKING ON. HE REPLACES THE BOOK IN THE STACK, WALKS BACK DOWN THE ROW OF BOOKS AND STANDS AT THE SPOT WHERE THE LIBRARIAN LEFT HIM.

ANGLE

THE LIBRARIAN WALKING OVER TO HIM.

LIBRARIAN

...no, we have nothing on that.

ROSS

Nothing?

LIBRARIAN

No.

ROSS

This is official police business.

LIBRARIAN

Officer, you know I'd help you if I could, but as I said. It was rather arcane material...I'm sorry.

ROSS NODS HIS THANKS. THE LIBRARIAN MOVES OFF. ROSS STANDS, LOOKS.

ANGLE POV

THE ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, CARRYING HIS CLIPBOARD, MOVES INTO A GLASS WALLED OFFICE AND HANGS THE CLIPBOARD UP ON A PEG. HE MOVES DEEPER INTO THE OFFICE.

ANGLE

ROSS, TAKES OFF HIS SPORTSCOAT, WALKS INTO THE SAME GLASS WALLED OFFICE, AND UP TO THE CLIPBOARD, STARTS LEAFING THROUGH IT.

ANGLE POV

THE SHEETS OF PAPER ON THE CLIPBOARD. ZEROXES REGARDING OVERUSE OF PAPER, LETTERS OF THANKS. A REQUEST FOR INFORMATION ON GROFAZ, FUHRER, ET CETERA, AND THAT ALL THIS INFORMATION BE WITHDRAWN FROM GENERAL CIRCULATION.

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKING AT THE SHEET ON THE CLIPBOARD. HE LOOKS BACK AT IT.

ANGLE INS

THE LETTERHEAD. "SOCIETY FOR COMPARATIVE LINGUISTICS" AND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE, EMBOSSED, THE ADDRESS 212 W. HURON.

EXT 212 W. HURON NIGHT

ANGLE

ROSS STANDING ON THE STEPS. LOOKING IN THROUGH THE GLASS.

ANGLE POV

THE LOBBY, EMPTY.

ANGLE

ROSS WALKS AROUND THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM TO A SIDE DOOR, WHERE WE SEE THE PLAQUE OF THE INSTITUTE, AND THE WORD

"DELIVERIES." THE BUILDING IS SHUT UP TIGHT. HE HEARS A DOOR OPENING BEHIND HIM. TURNS.

ANGLE POV

THE BUILDING ACROSS THE SMALL ALLEYWAY. A SMALL DOOR SET IN THE BUILDING OPPOSITE. OPENS. A YOUNG MAN COMES OUT. CARRYING A GARBAGE CAN. THE YOUNG MAN STOPS. LOOKS AT ROSS. NODS. COMES FORWARD, PUTS THE CAN IN LINE WITH OTHER GARBAGE CANS OUT IN THE ALLEYWAY. ROSS CIRCLES AWAY FROM HIM, AS THE YOUNG MAN LOOKS DUBIOUSLY AT HIM.

ANGLE

ROSS. MOVES TO WHERE HE IS NOW BETWEEN THE YOUNG MAN AND THE DOOR, STILL LOOKING AT THE YOUNG MAN. BEHIND ROSS, WE SEE INTO A HALLWAY IN THE BUILDING, AND, AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY, A FACE LOOKING AT ROSS.

ANGLE CU

ROSS. HE FEELS SOMEONE LOOKING AT HIM, TURNS.

ANGLE POV

ROSS, BEHIND HIM THE YOUNG MAN, COMING PAST HIM, INTO THE BUILDING. CAMERA TURNS TO FOLLOW THE YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN (IN HEBREW)

He has a gun.

CHAUFFEUR

IN HEBREW, SHRUGS.

He's a police officer.

YOUNG MAN (IN HEBREW)

You want me to take it from him.

THE CHAUFFEUR SHAKES HIS HEAD - "IT'S ALRIGHT." YOUNG MAN DISAPPEARS INTO THE BUILDING.

CHAUFFEUR (TO ROSS)

You interested in the study of languages? Mr. Ross...?

HE BECKONS ROSS TO FOLLOW HIM. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM DEEPER INTO THE HOUSE. IN A SMALL STUDY, WE FIND THE DISTINGUISHED MAN FROM THE SHIVA SEATED AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. NEXT TO HIM, HIS BODYGUARD, ANOTHER MAN IN HIS SIXTIES, IN A T-SHIRT, OVER WHICH HE WEARS A LARGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL IN A SHOULDER HOLSTER. BOTH ARE EATING FRIED CHICKEN FROM A PLATE IN FRONT OF THEM. THE CHAUFFEUR SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

Welcome. Mr. Ross. Sit down. Please.

ROSS SITS DOWN. THE BODYGUARD OFFERS HIM A PIECE OF FRIED CHICKEN.
ROSS DECLINES.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

You're not hungry?

ROSS

No, thank you.

THE DISTINGUISHED MAN NODS.

YOUNG BODYGUARD (IN HEBREW)

He has a gun.

OLD BODYGUARD (IN HEBREW)

Well, I see that.

YOUNG BODYGUARD (IN HEBREW)

He shouldn't be in here with a gun.

OLD BODYGUARD (MOTIONING TO HIS OWN PISTOL)

And what am I, a helpless child? Eh? Live as long as I have,
and then talk.

THE YOUNG BODYGUARD SHRUGS. MOVES OFF.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

HE MOTIONS TO THE PISTOL IN THE OLD BODYGUARD'S HOLSTER.

You see that gun? I had one...just like it. Where is it?

OLD BODYGUARD

You gave it to that kid in Hebron.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

...we carried them...I gave it to this kid...last year? Two
years ago...?

THE OLD BODYGUARD SHRUGS.

How long did we have them?

THE OLD BODYGUARD SHRUGS AGAIN.

...forty years...forty-some years. We took them from... (HE
SMILES AT THE OLD BODYGUARD)...Koli...?

THE OLD BODYGUARD SMILES.

...these two Italian Soldiers. In Naples.

That's right.

OLD BODYGUARD

(PAUSE)

German-made.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

That's right.

OLD BODYGUARD

Nazi guns, very well-made.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

Mmm.

BEAT

They told me that it was an affectation. For me to still wear the gun.

BEAT

But you get used to it. Don't you...? (SIGHS) Eh, Koli...?

OLD BODYGUARD

That's right.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (TO ROSS)

Would you like something to drink?

ROSS

Who was the Old Woman?

DISTINGUISHED MAN

She was a Jew. She was a friend of Israel. (SHRUGS) She was a friend of mine.

ROSS

Is her family in danger?

THE DISTINGUISHED MAN, BY A NOD, REFERS THE QUESTION TO THE CHAUFFEUR.

CHAUFFEUR

We don't know. They're taking her for burial in Israel. In any case, I think they'll be safe there.

ROSS

I want to find her killer.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

Why? (PAUSE)

ROSS

Who was she? She was running guns to you, wasn't she? She was running guns to you forty years ago. Who would want to kill her now?

DISTINGUISHED MAN

So many people. She was a Jew, as we have said.

ROSS

Please help me.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

Are you a Jew, Mr. Ross?

ROSS

No.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

"No." But, of course, you are.

ROSS

Then why did you ask?

DISTINGUISHED MAN

I see. Your "parents" were Jewish?

ROSS

Yes. They were.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

And what was their name?

ROSS

Their name was Raevsky, that was their name. My name is Ross. I'm a Cop. That's not a "Jewish" job, now, is it...?

DISTINGUISHED MAN

And yet you say you want to Aid the Jews...

ROSS

I want to Do my Job.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

Yes, of course. And you have no...racial connection...as a Jew.

ROSS

I'm sorry, no.

How sad.
DISTINGUISHED MAN

Is it?
ROSS

Yes.
DISTINGUISHED MAN

ROSS
Yeah, well, I got to Get By in a World I Never Made...Okay?
Now, what can you tell me about this Mrs. Klein?

BEAT

DISTINGUISHED MAN
You are a Tough Man, Mr. Ross...what's your name...?

CHAUFFEUR (IN HEBREW)
Robert.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (IN ENGLISH)
Bobby...Bobby...you're a tough man...? We know that you are.
You don't have to prove anything to us.

TO THE YOUNG BODYGUARD:

Get him a drink.

BEAT. HE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. PASSES ONE TO ROSS. SIGHS.

You come here. A Jewish Policeman. You want to know about Mrs. Klein.

A DRINK IS BROUGHT IN BY THE DARK WOMAN. SHE PLACES THE DRINK IN FRONT OF ROSS, SITS, A BIT BACK FROM THE TABLE.

DARK WOMAN (IN HEBREW)
Tell him.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (IN HEBREW)
You, who always say, "Don't trust anybody...?"

DARK WOMAN (IN HEBREW)
I don't say "trust him." I say "tell" him.

DISTINGUISHED MAN
Indeed.

TO ROSS:

My associate says we should barter with you.

ROSS

You want something from me?

DISTINGUISHED MAN

Yes.

ROSS

If I can.

THE DISTINGUISHED MAN NODS TO THE CHAUFFEUR.

CHAUFFEUR

Thank you. We are very concerned about racial violence. In this city. About the growth of anti-Semitic attacks and incidents. Is this woman's murder part of this pattern? We don't know.

BEAT

There is a file. A secret file, your police force has. Of Racial Incidents. The true numbers. The incidents which don't reach the paper. We would like to see that file.

ROSS

I would like to help you, but I can't do that.

CHAUFFEUR

...you can't do that.

ROSS

I'm a Sworn Police Officer. I can't...I can't "pass secrets" to you.

BEAT

CHAUFFEUR

No. Of course not.

BEAT

Of course not.

BEAT

Not even to Aid Your People?

ROSS

You trying to "recruit" me?

CHAUFFEUR

Well, you're recruited yourself...haven't you...?

BEAT

You sought us out. I won't lie to you. We could use you. Very much. Someone with your qualifications. With your experience and, yes, a Jew. Yes. We could use you very much. Mrs. Klein was a woman who worked in various ways for the State of Israel. She was...many years ago, during our "War of Independence", what someone might call "a freedom fighter."

DISTINGUISHED MAN

That nice lady.

CHAUFFEUR

In our country we call her a "hero." It is possible. It's just's possible she gained the notice of a certain "faction" here in the States...those people mentioned in that file of which we spoke...

BEAT

Do you understand? That with this outgrowth of anti-semitism. Someone chose to make an example of them. Yes. Find her murderers. Find them.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (IN HEBREW)

TO THE DARK WOMAN:

Help this man. Go with him.

DARK WOMAN (IN HEBREW)

I have work I have to do tonight.

DISTINGUISHED MAN (IN ENGLISH)

So do it some other time. Now help him. And he will help us.

SHE STANDS, MOTIONS HIM TO COME WITH HER. HE STARTS AFTER HER.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

There's a saying...(IN YIDDISH) One drop of Jewishness will come through. (IN ENGLISH) She'll tell you what it means.

INT UNMARKED CAR, PARKED IN A SIDE STREET. TAKE-OUT COFFEE CUPS. ROSS IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT. THE DARK WOMAN NEXT TO HIM SMOKING CIGARETTES. GOING OVER PAPERS.

DARK WOMAN (LOOKING AT FILE)

The United Action Front...the Association of Friends of the State of Palestine...the Aryan Assembly of God...Those are the, those are the main groups we have been looking at. I think these are our prime suspects.

ROSS
Any in particular...any particularly...tied to...Hitler, this "Grofaz," this "Hitler" name...

DARK WOMAN
The first one...The United Action...I have to, I'm looking at them later...

SHE CHECKS HER WATCH.

ROSS
What do you mean?

SHE WAVES THE QUESTION OFF.

DARK WOMAN
But any of them could have killed her.

ROSS NODS.

ROSS
...any of them could have killed her.

DARK WOMAN
If they had known about her...activities...Yes, they might have. That's all I know.

BEAT

ROSS
What's it like, being in Intelligence?

DARK WOMAN
I'm not in intelligence. I'm a Commercial Attache...

ROSS
What's it like?

DARK WOMAN
It's...it's like your job, I'm sure...

ROSS
No.

DARK WOMAN
No? What I do is romantic, and what you do, what you ~~do~~...to you it's just a "job" - is that the thing?

ROSS
Yes.

DARK WOMAN (TO HERSELF)

Hmmm.

BEAT

What. What is so romantic?

BEAT

What?

ROSS

The way you spoke to each other.

DARK WOMAN

The way we spoke to each other tonight. And you saw what?

BEAT

What?

ROSS

That you would die for each other.

BEAT

Be...

DARK WOMAN

...yes...

ROSS

...because...because of your..."race."

DARK WOMAN

You can say the word.

ROSS

Because you're Jews.

BEAT

DARK WOMAN

That's right.

ROSS

I...uh...you know...you know...

DARK WOMAN

No, but you can tell me...

ROSS

They...I was a pussy all my life. They said I was a pussy, they said I was a Jew, and I was a fucken weakling. Because I was a Jew. Onna' Cops, they'd say, send a Jew, mizewell send a broad on the job, send a broad through the door...All my goddamned life, and I listened to it...uh huh...? I was gonna be...I was gonna be the "clown"...

DARK WOMAN

...you were going to be the Outsider.

ROSS

...yes...

DARK WOMAN

...I understand.

ROSS

I was going to be the fucken Donkey, eh? Pile it on. Pile it on, huh. Fucken mock me, if you need to, I can carry it, I'm gonna be the Clown...

DARK WOMAN

Doing Other People's Work for them...

ROSS

...that's right.

DARK WOMAN

...in their country...

ROSS

Yes, that's right.

DARK WOMAN

...and never working for yourself.

ROSS

Yes. Now: why would I do that?

BEAT

You have your own home.

DARK WOMAN

Yes. I do.

ROSS

Now: what can that be like?

BEAT

To have your own country?

SHE SIGHS.

DARK WOMAN
I'm gone so much of the time.

BEAT

But I think of it.

HE NODS HIS HEAD, SLOWLY.

ANGLE
CU. THE DARK WOMAN.

ANGLE CU
ROSS LOOKING AT HER.

ANGLE
CU THE DARK WOMAN. SOFTLY:

DARK WOMAN
I know.

BEAT. SHE MOVES TOWARD HIM. SHE TOUCHES HIS FOREHEAD WHERE IT IS BANDAGED. HE RECOILS SLIGHTLY, SHE TOUCHES IT AGAIN. SHE TOUCHES HIS FACE. VERY SOFTLY:

Would you like to make love to someone who looks like you?

ANGLE
CU. ROSS

ROSS
Yes. I would.

DARK WOMAN
Wouldn't we all...

SHE EMBRACES HIM.
ROSS EMBRACES THE DARK WOMAN.

ANGLE EXT THE CAR
THE TWO EMBRACING IN THE DARK CAR ON A DESERTED STREET

EXT CITY STREET CORNER NIGHT
DESERTED STREET CORNER. THE SIDE OF A TELEPHONE BOOTH. THE DARK WOMAN. THE DOOR OPENS, CAMERA PANS TO THE DARK WOMAN, IN THE BOOTH, PUTTING ON LIPSTICK, WHILE TALKING ON THE PHONE. SHE CHECKS HER WATCH, NODS, SAYS GOODBYE, HANGS UP THE PHONE. COMES OVER, CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HER TOWARD THE CAR. ROSS LEANING AGAINST THE CAR, SMOKING A CIGARETTE. SHE COMES OVER TO HIM.

DARK WOMAN

Well, it's on.

CHECKS WATCH.

You don't have to do this with me.

ROSS

I want to do it for you. I want to do it for you. I do.

DARK WOMAN

No, but this is our fight. You don't need, you don't need to involve yourself.

ROSS

I want to. I told you. Let me. Let me help you.

DARK WOMAN

No.

ROSS

I'm going to help you. I want to be part of it. I want to help.

BEAT

DARK WOMAN

No.

ROSS

Yes, I want to do something for you.

DARK WOMAN

You don't owe me anything.

ROSS

I want to help you.

BEAT

SHE THINKS.

DARK WOMAN

Alright. Apartment three. Arthur Blake, who is the Legal Counsel for the United Action Front. The information in his dispatch case...let me do this...

ROSS, WALKING AWAY.

ROSS

Apartment three. I'm going to be in and out.

ROSS REACHES IN THE BACK OF THE CAR. TAKES OUT A SMALL PRY BAR. ROSS GETS OUT FROM THE CAR, WALKS ACROSS THE STREET, CARRYING A SMALL PRY BAR. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM TO GROUND LEVEL WINDOW OF A BUILDING.

BEAT

HE LOOKS IN THROUGH THE WINDOW.

ANGLE INS
THE DARK APARTMENT OF BLAKE.

ANGLE EXT THE BUILDING
THE DARK WOMAN STEPPING BACK. ROSS TAKES THE PRY BAR AND SMASHES THE WINDOW.

ANGLE INT THE APARTMENT
ROSS GOING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW. IN THE DARK LOFT. ON ONE WALL IS THE HORST WESSEL SONG IN GERMAN AND ENGLISH, BLOWN UP ON A FIVE FOOT SQUARE POSTER "WHEN JEWISH BLOOD RUNS FROM THE KNIFE." A LARGE POSTER OF HITLER AS A TEUTONIC KNIGHT. ROSS MOVES THROUGH THE APARTMENT. PICKS UP LEAFLETS FROM A TABLE WHICH READ "ZIONISM IS RACISM. DEATH TO THE USURPERS." PHOTOGRAPHS OF NAZIS STANDING OVER NAKED BODIES. HE SEES SOMETHING, LOOKS.

ANGLE POV
A MAP WITH JEWISH STARS MARKING THE LOCATION OF SYNAGOGUES IN THE CITY. ROSS MOVES INTO FRAME, LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE POV
THE DISPATCH CASE, PEEKING FROM AROUND THE CORNER.

ANGLE
ROSS GOES OVER TO THE CASE, PICKS IT UP, PUTS IT ON THE TABLE, READS THE LEAFLETS. HE TAKES THE SYNAGOGUE MAP AND BREAKS IT OVER HIS KNEE AND THROWS IT ON THE FLOOR.

EXT DINNER NIGHT
ROSS AND THE DARK WOMAN GETTING OUT OF A CAR. ROSS CARRYING THE DISPATCH CASE.

ANGLE INT THE DESERTED DINER
THE TWO ENTER. THEY MOVE TO A BOOTH IN THE BACK OF THE DINER. THEY SIT DOWN. HE PASSES THE BRIEFCASE TO HER.

DARK WOMAN

Thank you.

ROSS

Oh yeah. We could do something together. You know. Something comes together. I needed to get out of that.

DARK WOMAN

Out of?

ROSS

It's politics." Do this because somebody says so... You know. You know, you get off the street, you get into the office, and you are a clerk. But you said it. You said it. You know, when you "break free." Yeah. Alright. I recruited myself...I went for you...yeah. Alright. You're freeing me up. You show me this new thing. This is different.

HE MOVES OVER TO HER. DRAWS HER FACE TO HIM. HE KISSES HER FIERCELY.

Alright. (PAUSE) Alright. Let's so something - take me there...I met this Old Man. He showed me a book, do you know? The 36 Just Men. They don't know who they are...

DARK WOMAN

...the Just Men...

ROSS

...sent to "Repair the World." Alright. Fine. I'll do that. I'll fight for something. Listen, you, your people, looked at me. You said, "He's a Candidate...He's a loose cannon." It's true. Looking for something to...

DARK WOMAN

...no, please...

ROSS

Looking for something to believe in? Hey, I sat with those guys tonight...with heroes...with, you know, with Jewish Guys who had Nothing To Prove. And I felt...I felt, Jesus, all my life, I got to be...the first one in the door...and...huh? Not for me, all for someone else...to "prove" it - why? Because I was no good - I was nobody and then, you know, to sit with those guys...and then to see who you're fighting for...

SHE LOOKS UP TOWARD THE DOOR. ROSS SEES HER LOOKING. HE LOOKS WITH HER.

ANGLE POV

THE CHAUFFEUR AND TWO OF HIS ASSOCIATES ENTER THE DINER.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE DARK WOMAN. HE LOOKS TO HER, HE LOOKS TOWARD THE DOOR.

ANGLE

THE CHAUFFEUR AND HIS MEN. CAMERA BRINGS THEM TO THE BOOTH. THE CHAUFFEUR SITS. BEAT. HE LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT THE DARK WOMAN.

ROSS
Give it to 'em.

THE DARK WOMAN GIVES THEM THE DISPATCH CASE. THE CHAUFFEUR NODS.

CHAUFFEUR
Thank you.

ROSS
Oh yeah. Absolutely. The shit that that guy had in his house,
fuck him. Fuck him, these people...

CHAUFFEUR
And we need you. We need you so badly. To have the Friendship
of our Friends...

ROSS
I understand.

CHAUFFEUR
To be involved in our fight. To be involved in a "real"
fight...

ROSS
...yes.

CHAUFFEUR
You understand...

ROSS
Yes. Of course. I do.

CHAUFFEUR
In a fight...

ROSS
...in a fight without "politics"...That's what I'm...Who have
been fighting for forty years...for, yes, for a homeland For
Something Which Is Theirs...

CHAUFFEUR
Yes. I know. You want it. I know. And now you have it.

(PAUSE)

Now you are with us. Now you are with your own.

THE CHAUFFEUR COMES ACROSS TO HIS SIDE OF THE BOOTH AND EMBRACES
HIM.

BEAT

CHAUFFEUR

Now: you have a set of "files." Your police has, secret files, which...

ROSS

Yes, but I told you, I...

CHAUFFEUR

...you have access to them...

ROSS

...I have access to them, but I can't give them to you.

CHAUFFEUR

Bobby: we need them. Our people need them.

ROSS

Listen, of course, I wish I could. Of course, I understand, but...

CHAUFFEUR

They are of the utmost...

ROSS

No, but I told you. I can't do it...

CHAUFFEUR

But you must. And I'm sorry to pressure you, but we need those files.

ROSS

Well, I...I can't do it. Of course, I'd like to, but...

HE GETS UP, STARTS TO LEAVE.

Look, I'm a policeman, I'm just, I'm trying to do my job, I don't, I want to help you, but I don't want to get involved in...

CHAUFFEUR

You're already involved.

ROSS

Well, then lookit, forget it. Let's forget we met. Let's forget we met.

DARK WOMAN

Help us. Give us the information.

ROSS

I've told you. I can't.

DARK WOMAN

Please.

ROSS

I can't do it.

BEAT.

ANGLE

THE CHAUFFEUR. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE POV

BEHIND HIM, ONE OF THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE INSTITUTE FOR CONTEMPORARY LINGUISTICS, ENTERING THE DINER, HOLDING A MANILLA ENVELOPE.

ANGLE

ROSS TURNS TO LOOK AT THE MAN, WHO HANDS THE ENVELOPE TO THE CHAUFFEUR. HE TAKES OUT SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS AND SPREADS THEM ON THE TABLE. THE YOUNG MAN TAKES THE BRIEFCASE AND GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE DINER.

DARK WOMAN (IN HEBREW)

TO CHAUFFEUR:

No.

CHAUFFEUR (IN HEBREW)

I'm sorry...The building you entered was under surveillance, here we have copies of you entering and leaving...

HE GESTURES TO THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

ANGLE INS

THE PHOTOS. ROSS GOING INTO THE WINDOW, TELEVISION PICTURES TAKEN THROUGH A SURVEILLANCE T.V., ROSS LEAVING THE BUILDING.

CHAUFFEUR (VO)

The briefcase contained some rather sensitive documents of Arthur Blake.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE CHAUFFEUR.

Mr. Blake, in addition to his hobby of Anti-Semitism, is a rather powerful man in this town. The loss of those documents will, no doubt, annoy him greatly. I think you'll see that...

THE CHAUFFEUR TAKES ONE PHOTO OF ROSS BREAKING IN AND SLIPS IT INTO ROSS' SHIRT POCKET.

ANGLE CU

ROSS, LOOKS OVER AT THE YOUNG WOMAN.

ANGLE POV
THE YOUNG WOMAN LOOKS AWAY.

CHAUFFEUR
...the facts here speak for themselves.

ANGLE
ROSS AND THE CHAUFFEUR.

...that nothing is gained by...

ANGLE
ROSS TURNS TO LOOK AT THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO IS LEAVING THE BOOTH.

ANGLE POV
THE YOUNG WOMAN WALKS TO THE FRONT OF THE DINER, TAKES THE BRIEFCASE FROM THE YOUNG MAN, TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT ROSS.

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS, LOOKING ON.

CHAUFFEUR (VO)
Fighting a situation which is, finally, in the best interests...

ANGLE
ROSS, TURNS, HITS THE CHAUFFEUR IN THE FACE.

ANGLE
THE YOUNG MAN COMES TO THE AID OF THE CHAUFFEUR. THE CHAUFFEUR RISES TO HIS FEET.

CHAUFFEUR (IN HEBREW)
It's alright...it's alright...out...

THE CHAUFFEUR AND THE YOUNG MAN BACK OUT OF THE DINER.

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS, LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOOR.

ANGLE POV
THE YOUNG WOMAN, CARRYING THE BRIEFCASE, IS THE LAST TO DEPART, GIVES HIM ONE LAST LOOK.

ANGLE
ROSS, STANDING STUNNED, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR. HE DRAWS OUT THE PHOTO FROM HIS SHIRT POCKET.

ANGLE INS
THE PHOTO OF HIM BREAKING INTO THE BUILDING. HE TURNS IT OVER. IT IS THE PASSPORT ENVELOPE. HE TAKES OUT THE PASSPORT WHICH SAYS

"FORGED DOCUMENT" FOR POLICE USE ONLY. HE TURNS OVER THE ENVELOPE ON WHICH IS WRITTEN 53RD AND LOOMIS, 5:00 A.M.

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS, HE LOOKS AT THE CLOCK.

ANGLE INS
THE CLOCK READS 5:40

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS.

ROSS

...Oh, my God...

EXT GHETTO STREET NIGHT
ROSS PULLS HIS CAR OVER, STARTS RUNNING FROM THE CAR. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HIM AS HE CHECKS HIS WATCH.

ANGLE
WIDE, TO SHOW ROSS APPROACHING A CORNER. HE SLOWS DOWN.

ANGLE
ROSS, ADJUSTS HIS BREATHING. STARTS TO COME AROUND THE CORNER.

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS, LOOKING ON.

ANGLE POV
TWO POLICE CARS BARRICADING THE STREET. A SWAT VAN, MEN COMING OUT OF IT. CAMERA CRANES UP TO THE TOP OF A THREE STORY BUILDING. MEN ARE COMING OUT ONTO THE ROOF. WITH RIFLES. ONE MAN HAS A LARGE PORTABLE SEARCHLIGHT WHICH HE TRAINS ON THE BUILDING OPPOSITE. MAN NEXT TO HIM TAKES POSITION BEHIND A LARGE GARGOYLE. CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO REVEAL AN ADDITIONAL SQUAD CAR ARRIVING.

ANGLE THE STREET
THE SQUAD CAR. THE OFFICER AND ROSS. THE OFFICER LEAVES THE CAR.

ANGLE
THE NEWS VAN. THE BLONDE REPORTER GETTING OUT OF THE BACK OF THE VAN AND LOOKING ACROSS THE STREET. RACK FOCUS TO: THE SQUAD CAR. THE OFFICER AND ROSS.

ANGLE
TIGHT ON THE TWO.

OFFICER (OVER HIS SHOULDER)
Shouldn't stay in there, Sir...

ANGLE

ROSS. WALKS OVER TO THE SIDE OF A BUILDING WHERE THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHER POLICE OFFICERS. SOUND OF SHOTS BEING FIRED. THE OFFICERS ALL CROUCH DOWN. A MAN ON A RADIO IS CALLING FOR INSTRUCTIONS.

RADIOMAN

We got Randolph up there, he can't get out. The detectives are...the detectives are trine' talk him down.

RANDOLPH'S MOTHER COMES OVER, ACCOMPANIED BY OLCOTT.

OLCOTT

TO ROSS:

It all went bad. Where were you...?

MOTHER

Where were you, you, you said, you swore to me...

OLCOTT

The old lady went cold, middle of the shot, she froze up...kid got hip to it...Will somebody take this broad away from it...

OLCOTT STARTS BACK INTO THE BUILDING.

He ain't going nowhere, he ain't going nowhere, now we got to go in and get him...

MOTHER

My laddy, that you got my laddy in there...

ROSS

Lemme go in with you.

OLCOTT

Too late, Ross, we needed you before.

OVER THE RADIO WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF FRANK AND SENNA, REASONING WITH THE CORNERED RANDOLPH, TRYING TO TALK HIM OUT.

MOTHER

You swore on your life. That you'd talk the boy out, that you would take him in gentle...

ROSS TRIES TO WALK AWAY FROM HER. THE OLD WOMAN HANGS ON TO HIM.

And now, now you got him killed...you got him, they going to kill him. You swore an Oath to God...

A POLICEWOMAN TAKES THE OLD WOMAN AWAY. ROSS LOOKS AFTER HER.

ANGLE POV

THE OLD WOMAN BEING TAKEN AWAY.

OLD WOMAN

...you swore an oath to God, and now I kilt my son. I had to take the word of a sheeny and I kilt my boy...

RADIOMAN (VO)

...standing by.

ANGLE CU
ROSS

...this channel is open. Standing by.

THE DEPUTY MAYOR, WALKER, GETS OUT OF HIS BIG BUICK, AND COMES OVER WITH HIS ASSISTANT. ROSS TURNS TO LOOK AT HIM.

ANGLE POV

THE DEPUTY MAYOR, BEING WHISPERED TO BY A BLACK UNIFORMED CAPTAIN. TO ROSS:

WALKER

Get this man out of here...GET HIM OUT OF HERE...WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT? YOU BLEW THE OPERATION OUT OF THE WATER...WHERE WERE YOU...WHERE WERE YOU, MAAN?

HE IS TAKEN ASIDE BY UNIFORMED POLICEMAN WHO ARE GIVING HIM NEW INFORMATION. CAMERA FOLLOWS ROSS BACK TO THE REAR OF THE STAGING AREA. WALKER SHOUTS AFTER HIM.

WALKER

...get that man out of here...

HE GOES TO THE BACK, BY A MEDICAL TRAILER. A WOUNDED POLICEMAN IS LED IN.

MEDIC

He's got some firepower in there...

WOUNDED POLICEMAN

He's got a fucken arsenal up there...

OLCOTT, SLIGHTLY WOUNDED, WALKS UP TO THE MEDIC'S TRAILER HOLDING A WALKIE TALKIE. THE NEWS TRAILER PULLS UP AND THE BLONDE NEWSWOMAN GETS OUT AND LOOKS AT ROSS.

ROSS (TO OLCOTT)

Where's Jilly?

WOUNDED POLICEMAN

He's got the fucken Springfield Armory up there.

ROSS

Where's Jilly...

OVER THE RADIO, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF SHOTS BEING FIRED. FRANK SCREAMING, SENNA SCREAMING. OLCOTT TAKES THE RADIO.

OLCOTT (INTO RADIO)

Jilly. Frank. Talk to me, talk to me, Baby...

SENNA (ON RADIO)

We, wait a...

SOUND OF SHOTS.

Oh my god. I'm hit..Can we get some...

SOUND OF MORE SHOTS. CURRAN STARTS SHOUTING ORDERS TO THE SWAT TEAM.

CURRAN (SHOUTING)

Teargas! Hitem' with the teargas, his head comes up, SHOOT TO FUCKIN' KILL, we got two men down in there...

ANGLE

THE MEN ON THE ROOF, SHOOTING TEARGAS.

ANGLE

ROSS.

ANGLE

CURRAN TURNS TO HIM.

CURRAN

SHAKES HIS HEAD. CALLS:

Medic!! Get the fucken' stretchers, pull the ambulance back here, out of the line of fire, and pointed out...

ROSS TURNS HIS HEAD. JAMES COMES OUT OF THE BUILDING.

JAMES

Ammo! Ammo! Somebody...!!! They shot Senna...

CURRAN (SHOUTING)

Send 'em in...send 'em in...UP THE FUCKEN STAIRS.

JAMES

They got Jilly, he, he's...in the doorway...wait...they...he can't move, he's got a, we can't get to him...

HE TURNS TO ROSS.

It fucked up, Bobby, I needed you. The old lady went native on us...it all went bad.

HE STARTS TO GET UP. SOMEONE HANDS HIM A BOX OF AMMO. HE SITS, WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. SOUND OF SENNA ON THE RADIO.

SENNA

Baby, I need some help. Right now...

ANGLE

ROSS. LOOKS AROUND. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM AS HE DASHES THROUGH THE LINES OF SUPPORT, PUSHING PAST POLICEMEN. DASHES INTO THE BUILDING.

ANGLE INT THE BUILDING NIGHT

SMOKE ALL AROUND. SMALL FIRES BREAKING OUT. ROSS RACING UP THE STAIRS.

ANGLE EXT THE BUILDING

A SNIPER NEXT TO A GARGOYLE COMES TO ALERT AS HE SEES THE FIGURE OF ROSS RACING UP THE STAIRS.

ANGLE INT THE BUILDING STAIRWELL

ROSS COMES TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, SEVERAL OFFICERS HUDDLING IN THE COVER PROVIDED BY THE CORNER. ROSS TURNS HIS ATTENTION IN THE DIRECTION THEY ARE LOOKING. HE PEERS AROUND A CORNER.

ANGLE POV

A DEAD OFFICER LYING IN A POOL OF BLOOD. ANOTHER MAN, SENNA, LYING BEYOND HIM.

ANGLE

ROSS.

ROSS

Jilly.

SENNA

(SOFTLY

Bobby...where were you...?

SOUND OF GUNFIRE.

ANGLE

ROSS COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THE CORNER, FIRING. MOVES DOWN THE HALL, DRAGS JILLY INTO A SMALL ALCOVE.

ANGLE

ROSS AND JILLY IN THE ALCOVE.

JILLY

...I got to get some blood...here, something...

ROSS (CALLING)
Medic, we need some help here...

TO SENNA:

I've killed you, Baby, oh, my God, I've killed you...

RANDOLPH (VOICE SCREAMING)
Come out...come out, you are going to die.

THE HALLWAY IS RAKED BY AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE.

JILLY (SOFTLY)
...I'm losing it, Bob...

ROSS
We need some help...Come get him...Medic!

ANGLE
ROSS MOVES INTO THE HALL, STARTS SHOOTING TOWARD THE OPEN DOORWAY.

ANGLE
ROSS, THE DARK OPEN DOORWAY IN THE B.G. INTO THE FOREGROUND COME SEVERAL OFFICERS WHO DRAG SENNA AWAY.

ANGLE ROSS
THE OFFICERS AND SENNA NOW IN THE B.G.

ROSS (YELLING)
Gas. Put me some gas in there...

RANDOLPH
You come out you going to die...you going to die, you motherfuckers, step up.

THE HALLWAY IS RAKED BY AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE.

ANGLE
ROSS FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL.

RANDOLPH (O.S.)
You going to die...!

ANGLE
THE HALLWAY. SWAT TEAM COMING UP IN THE STAIRWELL. THE BACK OF AN F.B.I. JACKET TAKES UP THE FRAME.

ANGLE
THE HALLWAY. ROSS ROUNDS THE CORNER. TRIES TO PULL FRANK TO SAFETY. YELLS BACK TO THE SWAT TEAM.

ROSS
Gas. Put me some gas in there.

ANGLE
A SWAT ASSAULT MAN FIRES TEARGAS, WE SEE ROSS IN THE B.G.

ROSS (SCREAMING)
You shot my partner, you fucking nigger, I'm going to kill you!!!

ROSS, RELOADING, MOVES FORWARD TOWARD THE DARK DOOR. HE COUGHS FROM THE GAS. A SHOT IS FIRED. ROSS RECOILS, MOVES THROUGH THE DOOR FIRING.

ANGLE INT THE DARK LOFT
ROSS STUMBLES AGAINST A SWITCH IN THE WALL. HE TURNS TO LOOK AT THE SWITCH.

ANGLE
THE WALL SWITCH, MARKED "DOOR" AND ON THE SIDE OF THE FRAME, A LARGE INDUSTRIAL DOOR, COMING DOWN.

ANGLE
ROSS INSIDE THE LOFT, AGAINST THE WALL. ANOTHER SHOT IS FIRED. CHIPPING THE PLASTER BY HIS HEAD. HE MOVES AWAY FROM THE DESCENDING DOOR.

RANDOLPH (SHOUTING)
I'm coming for you, white man!!!

ANGLE
ROSS INS. HIS REVOLVER. HE EJECTS THE EMPTIES.

ANGLE
ROSS REACHES IN HIS POCKETS FOR SHELLS. ONE POCKET AFTER THE OTHER. HE IS OUT OF AMMUNITION.

ANGLE
HIS HAND BY HIS SIDE. HE LETS THE REVOLVER DROP TO THE FLOOR.

ANGLE INS
HIS HOLSTER, EMPTY.

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS LOOKING AROUND.

ANGLE POV
A LOFT WAREHOUSE, BOXES, CRATES, FOG. ROSS MOVES INTO THE SHOT.

ANGLE
ROSS BY THE WINDOW, LOOKS OUT.

ANGLE POV

SNIPERS UP ON THE ROOFS OPPOSITE TAKING UP POSITIONS. A MAN WITH A SEARCHLIGHT. THE SEARCHLIGHTS PLAY OVER HIM, FOLLOWED BY A SHOT. THE WINDOW SHATTERS.

RANDOLPH (VO)

Come git me, you want me, Jim, lest' otherwise I'm comin' to get you...

ANGLE

ROSS, LOOKING FOR COVER. GOES BEHIND A LARGE CARDBOARD CONTAINER. HE LOOKS AT THE SIDE OF THE CONTAINER.

ANGLE POV

THE LABEL, IT CONTAINS GARDEN HOES.

ANGLE

ROSS TRYING TO PRY OPEN THE CONTAINER. WE HEAR RANDOLPH APPROACHING, THREATENING. ROSS PRIES OPEN THE CONTAINER, TAKES OUT THE THREE PRONGED HOE, HEFTS IT.

RANDOLPH (O.S.)

Where the hell are you...?

ANGLE C.U.

ROSS. HE SEES SOMETHING.

ANGLE POV

A SHIFT OF LIGHT AROUND THE BACK OF A STACK OF SHIPPING CONTAINERS, A BLACK HEAD.

RANDOLPH (VO)

You comin' for me, maan, you comin' for me, cause I'm comin' for you...

ANGLE

ROSS APPROACHING THE HEAD.

RANDOLPH (VO)

I kilt your buddies and I will kill you, I'll kill all of you, you cannot stop me. Nothing can stop me. Nothing can stop me for I'll kill you all...

ANGLE

ROSS APPROACHING THE HEAD.

ANGLE POV

THE BACK OF THE HEAD, SEEN AROUND THE PILE OF BOXES.

ANGLE

ROSS LIFTS THE HOE, YELLS AND SWINGS THE HOE DOWNWARD.

ANGLE
AROUND THE SIDE OF THE BOXES, ROSS, STEPPING OUT, SWINGING THE HOE
DOWN ON A STAND-UP PUNCHING BAG. SEVERAL OTHER BOXING ARTICLES
LYING IN THE AISLE.

ANGLE
RANDOLPH, IN THE FOREGROUND, TURNS. WE SEE ROSS IN THE BACKGROUND,
IN DISGUST COMPLETING HIS SWING.

ANGLE
RANDOLPH. HE RAISES A HANDGUN.

ANGLE
ROSS, LOOKING AT RANDOLPH.

ANGLE INS
THE HOE CLATTERING TO THE FLOOR.

ANGLE
RANDOLPH HOLDING HIS GUN ON ROSS.

ANGLE
HIS THUMB COCKING THE REVOLVER.

ANGLE
ROSS..

ANGLE
RANDOLPH.

RANDOLPH
You came for me. Motherfucker. What did you want to do to me.

LOUDSPEAKER (VO)
Randolph! Come out. Let the man go and come out...throw down
your arms and come out.

RANDOLPH
That's death calling. For you and for me, Pally. Isn't that
something...? How you wanna die? You walk me out of here.

ANGLE
ROSS AND RANDOLPH.

ROSS
You know that they won't bargain for me.

RANDOLPH
Then you want to tell me your last thought?

ROSS

No.

RANDOLPH
You want to beg for your life?

BEAT

ROSS
No.

BEAT

RANDOLPH
"No," man...?

ROSS
It's not worth anything.

BEAT

RANDOLPH
Where's your gun, maan...? Motherfuckers, got lucky, put me
away, hour I'd of been an airplane long gone out of here.

ROSS
No. You weren't going nowhere.

RANDOLPH
Fuck you, you know, Baby Jim...?

ROSS
I know everything. I know it all.

RANDOLPH
Where's your gun?

ROSS
I don't have one.

RANDOLPH
Then why you come in here?

BEAT

ROSS
Why do you think...?

LOUDSPEAKER (VO)
Randolph! Throw down your arms and come out. Send the
detective out before you, throw out your arms and come out.

RANDOLPH

You, motherfuckin' I don't care what I think, Baby, cause this is the end.

ROSS

That's right.

LOUDSPEAKER (VO)

Come out with your hands up or you are going to die.

RANDOLPH

I walk out that door, you know, the Cops are going to kill me.

ROSS

I know that.

RANDOLPH

"You know that"...you're One Smart Sheeny, aren't you...?"

BEAT

ROSS

Your mother turned you in.

BEAT

Randolph: Your mother turned you in.

RANDOLPH TURNS AND LOOKS AT HIM.

You know she did it. How else we find you?

BEAT

Your mother turned you in.

RANDOLPH

No, maan.

ROSS

Yes.

RANDOLPH

Lying motherfucker, you never seen my mother. You never talked to my mother.

HE SHOOTS ROSS.

ANGLE

ROSS FALLS.

ANGLE

RANDOLPH STANDING OVER HIM.

ANGLE
ROSS.

ROSS

STARTS TO CRY.

You can kill me, man. It doesn't make a difference. Doesn't make a difference, man. It means nothing. Why would I want to live? I don't belong anymore. I killed my partner.

RANDOLPH

Look at you, Maan, you a piece of shit.

ROSS

...that's right.

ROSS TAKES THE HANDKERCHIEF, STARTS TO SOP UP THE BLOOD FROM HIS WOUND. LOUDSPEAKER (VO) COMES OUT, "YOU HAVE THREE MINUTES TO SURRENDER OR WE ARE GOING TO TAKE THE BUILDING. RANDOLPH. DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU HAVE THREE MINUTES."

ROSS

That's right. I'm a piece of shit. It's all a piece of shit. Your momma turned you in, man.

RANDOLPH

Don't die with a lie on your lips, Maan.

ROSS NODS. HE TAKES OUT THE FAKE PASSPORT FROM HIS SHIRT POCKET, THROWS IT AT RANDOLPH.

ROSS

Join with me, man.

ANGLE
RANDOLPH PICKS IT UP.

ANGLE INS
THE PASSPORT MARKED "FORGED, FOR POLICE USE ONLY, NOT VALID FOR TRAVEL."

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS LOOKING AT THE PASSPORT.

ANGLE
ROSS, LOOKING AT HIM.

ROSS

It's a piece of shit world, man. We're all better out of it.

BEAT

ANGLE XCU
RANDOLPH, LOOKING AT THE PASSPORT.

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS.

ROSS
I don't know. I'm fucken glad it's over...

ANGLE
RANDOLPH, LOOKING LOST, TAKES A TENTATIVE STEP TOWARDS ROSS.

ANGLE EXT BUILDING OPPOSITE NIGHT
THE BACK OF AN F.B.I. JACKET, AS THE SNIPER MOVES INTO POSITION.
THE SNIPER'S EYE MOVES CLOSER INTO THE EYEPIECE. PAN DOWN TO HIS
TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENING.

ANGLE INT WAREHOUSE
RANDOLPH STEPPING FORWARD.

ANGLE
THE WINDOW, BATHED IN LIGHT, SHATTERING WITH THE BULLET.

ANGLE
RANDOLPH, FACE XCU, SURPRISED, DROPPING OUT OF FRAME.

ANGLE
ROSS, C.U., LOOKING UP AT THE FALLING RANDOLPH.

ANGLE
RANDOLPH'S BODY FALLING TO THE FLOOR.

ANGLE
ROSS AND RANDOLPH, WHO IS DYING.

RANDOLPH
Oh, God...oh God...Oh help me...Momma...

ANGLE
ROSS PULLS HIMSELF OVER TO RANDOLPH. CRADLES HIS HEAD ON HIS LAP.

RANDOLPH
Oh, help me.

ROSS STARTS TO COUGH.

ROSS
I know, I know, man.

RANDOLPH
Oh, Momma, I've done bad...

ROSS
It's alright, man.

RANDOLPH
What did you do to me?

ROSS
She did it to protect you.

RANDOLPH
I...

SOUND OF THE DOOR BEING BLOWN DOWN BY EXPLOSIVES. THE ROOM IS BATHED IN LIGHT, THE SOUND OF MEN SHOUTING ORDERS. ROSS LOOKS AROUND.

ANGLE C.U.
S.W.A.T. TEAM MEMBER

SWAT MAN
Don't hit him. Don't hit the white man. The white man is a Cop!!!

ANGLE
ROSS AND RANDOLPH. ROSS LOOKS AROUND.

SWAT MAN (VO)
The white man is a Cop!!! Security, now! By the Numbers!

ANGLE
THE WINDOWS BLOWN IN, MEN COMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS, SWAT TEAMS RUSHING IN THROUGH THE DOORS.

ANGLE
ROSS HOLDING RANDOLPH'S HEAD.

RANDOLPH
I just...I just...

TWO SWAT MEN ADVANCE ON ROSS.

ROSS
Don't hurt him...don't hurt him...

THE MEN ROUGHLY SEPARATE RANDOLPH, POINTING GUNS AT HIM.

ROSS
Don't hurt him.

ANGLE

WIDE OF THE SCENE IN THE ROOM, MEDICAL PERSONNEL ENTERING.
SPOTLIGHTS, POLICE OFFICERS CROWD INTO THE FOREGOING TO LOOK ON.
EVENTUALLY THEY OBSCURE THE SCENE AND IT GOES TO BLACK.

INT SQUAD ROOM DAY
TACTICAL SQUAD AT THEIR DESKS, INTERROGATING A SUSPECT.

ANGLE
ROSS COMES INTO THE SQUAD ROOM. HIS HEAD BANDAGE IS GONE, HIS ARM
IS BANDAGED AGAINST HIS CHEST, UNDER HIS JACKET. JAMES COMES OVER
TO HIM.

JAMES
Bobby...

ROSS
Yeah.

JAMES
They found...

AN AIDE COMES IN, AS ROSS AND JAMES GO OVER TO ROSS' DESK. ROSS
SITS.

AIDE
Mr. Ross.

JAMES
They found...you wanna cup of coffee...?

ROSS NODS. JAMES GOES OFF.

AIDE
Sir, we got the computer printout on that information.
HE PUT SOME MATERIALS DOWN ON THE DESK.

ANGLE INS
THE GROFAZ SHEET OF PAPER.

ANGLE
THE AIDE AND ROSS.

AIDE
We found nothing under GROFAZ, but under GROFAZT, we did find
GROFAZT.

ANGLE INS
THE ADVERTISING FOR GROFAZT, A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PIGEON.

ANGLE
THE AIDE AND ROSS.

Which is a pigeon food, it's fairly well known, to racers and so forth. I'm sorry it took so long.

THE AIDE MOVES OFF.

ANGLE
ROSS WITH THE SHEET OF PAPER.

ANGLE INS
ROSS LOOKING AT GROFAZT, ALSO HOLDS A ZEROX OF HITLER AS THE GROFAZ.

OLCOTT (VO)
Welcome back, Bobby.

ANGLE
ROSS AND OLCOTT.

ROSS
Thank you.

OLCOTT
I'm sorry about Jilly, Bob.

BEAT

ROSS NODS.

We...we found the guy did your candy store, the Jewish Lady, you know...

ROSS
...you found him.

OLCOTT
Young kid, come in this morning and confessed. No question. We just got him.

ROSS TURNS HIS HEAD.

ANGLE POV
THE YOUNG KID, BEING INTERROGATED BY THE TWO DETECTIVES, WHO GET UP AND LEAD HIM OUT. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM TO INCLUDE ROSS AND OLCOTT.

FRANK
Baby. Welcome home. He tell you...? (NODDING AT THE KID)

ANGLE
ROSS NODS.

JAMES

Well. Sometimes it goes like that.

ANGLE
ROSS AND OLCOTT.

We need you.

JAMES

Yeah. Okay. (BEAT)

OLCOTT

OLCOTT GETS UP.

Maybe I'll see you later, Bob.

AS THEY WALK PAST WE SEE IT IS THE YOUNG KID WHOM WE SAW AT THE FIRST CRIME SCENE.

YOUNG KID

I told you, Man, she had that fortune in her basement, haan't scared me off'n it, I would of got it. The old Jew Lady...

THE DETECTIVES WALK PAST ROSS, SHUNNING HIM. FRANK, TO OLCOTT:

FRANK

...we need you.

ANGLE
ROSS AND OLCOTT.

Yeah, okay.

OLCOTT

HE GETS UP.

Maybe I'll see you later, Bob.

ROSS

Okay.

ROSS NODS. OLCOTT WALKS OFF.

ANGLE
ROSS POV. OLCOTT AND THE DETECTIVES GOING OUT THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE SQUAD ROOM.

ANGLE
FROM THE DOOR. ROSS, SITTING ALONE AT HIS DESK IN THE EMPTY ROOM.
BEAT.

ANGLE

TIGHT ON ROSS. HE SITS AT HIS DESK. BEAT. PICKS UP A PENCIL. SIGHS. LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE INS POV
A YELLOW LEGAL PAD. EMPTY PAGE. BEAT. ROSS TAKES THE PENCIL AND DRAWS A LARGE RECTANGLE ON THE SHEET OF PAPER.

ANGLE
ROSS LOOKING DOWN AT THE SHEET. LOOKS AWAY. SIGHS.

RECORDS OFFICER (VO)
Sir...sir...?

ROSS TURNS HIS HEAD BACK.

ANGLE POV
THE RECORDS OFFICER.

RECORDS OFFICER
Here are the records you requested.

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS.

ANGLE
THE RECORDS OFFICER PUTS DOWN THE RECORDS.

ANGLE
ROSS AND THE RECORDS OFFICER. THE RECORDS OFFICER STARTS AWAY.

ROSS
I didn't request any.

RECORDS OFFICER
I got your requisition...

OFFICER MOVES OFF. ROSS LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE POV INS
THE RECORDS ARE THE OLD BOOKS FROM THE 1961 YESHIVA SLAYING.

ANGLE C.U.
ROSS. LOOKS UP, LOOKS DOWN AGAIN.

ANGLE POV
THE BOOK. ROSS' HANDS TURNING THE PAGES. COMES ACROSS ONE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FROM THE JEWISH DAILY SENTINEL. HEADLINE READS: "THE BLOOD OF THE DEAD CRIES OUT FOR REVENGE..." TURNS BACK TO THE BEGINNING OF THE BOOK. THE FIRST PAGE, WHICH HAS A DESCRIPTION OF THE MURDER, ACROSS THE TOP OF WHICH IS MARKED "FILES STILL OPEN. DO NOT DISCARD."

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKING DOWN AT THE BOOK. CLOSES THE BOOK. BEAT. OPENS THE BOOK AGAIN. LOOKS DOWN. STARTS WRITING ON THE YELLOW LEGAL PAD. HOLD.

ANGLE INS

THE YELLOW LEGAL PAD ON WHICH HE HAS WRITTEN WHO WHAT WHERE WHEN HOW.

ANGLE

ROSS WRITING.

BEAT.

LIEUTENANT CURRAN (VO)

Ross.

ANGLE

ROSS LOOKS UP.

ANGLE

ROSS AND THE LIEUTENANT, OVER HIM. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ASSISTANT TO THE DEPUTY MAYOR, STANDING. LOOKING ON.

BEAT

CURRAN HANDS ROSS A SHEET OF PAPER.

CURRAN

You're off of Homicide.

BEAT

You're off.

THE LIEUTENANT MOVES AWAY.

ANGLE

ROSS AT HIS DESK. BEAT. HE LOOKS AROUND. SIGHS. TAKES HIS BRIEFCASE, TAKES A COUPLE OF THINGS OUT OF HIS DESK. PUTS THEM IN THE BRIEFCASE, GETS UP, LOOKS AROUND AGAIN. MOVES TO THE DOORWAY, STOPS, LOOKS BACK. HE THEN TURNS TOWARD THE DOOR. AS HE TURNS HE STOPS, LOOKS.

ANGLE POV

THE GROUNDER; THE MAN WHO KILLED HIS FAMILY WITH A DEER RIFLE, IS BEING LED, IN CHAINS, DOWN THE HALL. THE TWO OFFICERS ESCORTING HIM (HE IS NOW IN PRISON CLOTHES) HAVE STOPPED TO CHAT WITH A THIRD OFFICER.

ANGLE

ROSS, LOOKING AT THE GROUNDER.

ANGLE
THE GOUNDER LOOKING AT ROSS.

ANGLE
ROSS STARTS, TENTATIVELY, TO LEAVE THE HOMICIDE ROOM, STOPS.

ANGLE
THE GOUNDER, LIGHTLY SHAKING HIS HEAD "NO."

ANGLE
ROSS, LOOKING AT THE GOUNDER. ROSS GESTURES, TENTATIVELY, BACK TOWARD THE HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM.

ANGLE
THE GOUNDER, NODDING HIS HEAD IMPERCEPTIBLY.

ANGLE
OVER THE GOUNDER, ROSS, GOING BACK INTO THE ROOM. OVER TO HIS DESK.

ANGLE
ROSS, IN THE ROOM, STANDING, BACK TO CAMERA, BY HIS DESK. THE GOUNDER IN THE B.G. POINTS AT THE FILE ON TOP OF THE DESK.

ANGLE
ROSS, STANDING BY HIS DESK, PICKS UP THE FILE, AND HOLDS IT, AS IF TO SAY "IS THIS WHAT YOU MEANT."

ANGLE
THE GOUNDER, NODS HIS HEAD, "YES."

ANGLE
ROSS, SLOWLY, LOOKING AT THE GOUNDER. REACHES DOWN AND PICKS UP THE SHEET OF PAPER.

ANGLE INS
THE SHEET OF PAPER, HEADED "WHO, WHAT, WHY, WHEN, HOW" IS INSERTED INTO THE BOOK, AND PICKED UP BY ROSS.

ANGLE
ROSS MOTIONING THAT HE MEANS TO INSERT THE PAPER, NOW IN THE FILE, AND THE FILE, INTO HIS BRIEFCASE, MOTIONS TOWARD THE GOUNDER "IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?"

ANGLE
THE GOUNDER, NODDING HIS HEAD, DEFINITELY "YES."

BEAT

THE OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THE GOUNDER START TO LEAD HIM AWAY.

ANGLE INS

ROSS. PUTTING THE MATERIAL INTO HIS BRIEFCASE. WE SEE THE SHEET PROTRUDING, MARKED "WHO WHAT WHERE WHEN WHY."

ANGLE

ROSS WALKS OUT OF THE HOMICIDE ROOM.

ANGLE

THE HALL, THE DOOR MARKED "HOMICIDE," ROSS COMING OUT INTO THE HALL, TOWARD CAMERA. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE GROUND, IN CHAINS BEING LED AWAY BY HIS GUARDS. ROSS WALKS TO AND PAST THE CAMERA.

FADE OUT

END

HOMICIDE

A screenplay by
David Mamet

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