

UNTITLED JEAN MARIE GILL PROJECT

by

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INT. OFFICE - SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

JEAN MARIE GILL, late 20s, stands in front of a mirror studying her cropped Steve McQueen haircut and slim build in an immaculate Pierre Cardin men's suit.

SUPER: Pittsburgh, 1979

Disco music thumps from a nightclub above. The basement office is filled with velvet furniture and gold tchotchkes. A *Pittsburgh Steelers* "Steel Curtain" banner hangs on the wall. Exotic BIRDS flutter around a big cage.

Jean stuffs a SOCK down her pants and appraises the bulge. She adds a second sock and adjusts the bigger bulge.

The door opens and in walks CYNTHIA BRUNO (25), beautiful, clad in a fur coat, diamonds, and a thick Texas accent.

CYNTHIA

Baby, honey, sweetheart, they're singing the anthem. We gotta get up there!

Jean continues to study her bulge.

JEAN

What do you think? Bigger than Terry Bradshaw's?

CYNTHIA

The quarterback? Oh yeah, for sure.

JEAN

What about Lynn Swann?

CYNTHIA

Definitely bigger. He's a skinny little wide receiver.

JEAN

Franco Harris?

CYNTHIA

Mmm. Maybe bigger.

JEAN

Mean Joe Green?

CYNTHIA

Mean Joe Green, no. He's like six-foot-eight. Don't be silly. Can we go now?

JEAN

I'll meet you up there.

CYNTHIA

No, no, no. We gotta go together.
Everyone's waiting for us. C'mon.
They're singing the anthem!

JEAN

Gimme five minutes.

CYNTHIA

(crosses her arms)
You're doing it again.

JEAN

What am I doin' again?

CYNTHIA

Breaking your word, not making an
effort, not doing what you
promised the therapist--

JEAN

--I promised your psychic, not
your therapist--

CYNTHIA

--Whatever. Venus is rising and
you're in retrograde. I need you
rising, baby.

Jean wraps her arms around Cynthia.

JEAN

I just gotta do a thing first.

CYNTHIA

You always gotta do a thing first.

JEAN

Let me tell you about tonight:
we're gonna watch my Steelers beat
your Cowboys in the Super Bowl--

CYNTHIA

Nooooo.

JEAN

Yessss. And then we're gonna celebrate with a bottle of that pink champagne you like and I'm gonna put on Ella and make you a bubble bath with the cinnamon candles from Morocco.

CYNTHIA

Are you joining me in this bath?

JEAN

What do you think? Now I need five minutes. Wait for me, ok?

CYNTHIA

Wait for you here?

JEAN

Wait for me here. Five minutes. Then we'll go up together and watch the kickoff.

Cynthia devours Jean in a kiss. Jean pulls away and strides out of the office...

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

...She comes to a door at the end of the hall, enters...

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Two HENCHMEN in SUITS bookend a SCHLUBY GUY TIED TO A CHAIR, pants around his ankles, arm hooked to a LIE DETECTOR. A rusty CAR BATTERY on the table beside him.

SCHLUBY GUY

What -- what -- what's happening?!

Jean approaches silently. There is real power in her silence. She grabs a pair of JUMPER CABLES.

SCHLUBY GUY (CONT'D)

Fuck you gonna do with those?!

The henchmen yank off his underwear.

SCHLUBY GUY (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey--

She CLAMPS the JUMPER CABLE to his COCK.

SCHLUBY GUY (CONT'D)

--Fuuuuuuuck!

Jean holds the other end over the car battery terminal.

JEAN
Are you going to lie to me?

SCHLUBY GUY
No! Fuck no!

JEAN
Are you sure?

SCHLUBY GUY
I swear to Jesus Christ on the
cross I'm not gonna lie!

The dial JUMPS on the lie detector. Jean cocks an eyebrow.

SCHLUBY GUY (CONT'D)
--No! No! NO! Don't, don't, don't--

JEAN
Ok, I'm gonna give you a second
chance.

SCHLUBY GUY
--Thank god, thank you--

JEAN
Don't make me hurt you. I don't
wanna see you hurt. I just want
the truth. Are you gonna tell me
the truth?

SCHLUBY GUY
Christ almighty, fuckin-A yes!

The dial JUMPS again -- a lie!

JEAN
It's gonna be a late night, boys.

Before Schluby Guy can protest, Jean SNAPS the cable to the
battery -- ZZZZZ! He lets out a blood-curdling scream AND
WE FREEZE on Jean's look of glee/his look of blinding pain.

CUT TO BLACK:

"Based On A True Story"

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - LATER - NIGHT

The hottest nightclub in Pittsburgh. Filled with POLITICIANS, LAWYERS, JUDGES, COPS, and WISE GUYS decked out in the height of 70s fashion. The 1979 "Steelers vs Cowboys" Super Bowl plays on a projector against a wall.

Everyone's head turns as Jean and Cynthia make their entrance. A crowd quickly forms around them. Cheeks are kissed, words whispered, respect given.

Jean's the alpha dog in this room of gangsters and power brokers; Cynthia her queen.

MIKE SCHNABLE (V.O., PRE-LAP)
 Good evening. I'm Mike Schnable
 with Channel News 7 and tonight
 I'd like to introduce you to an
 extraordinary young woman...

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

1970S ARCHIVAL NEWS FOOTAGE: a reporter, MIKE SCHNABLE, holds a microphone inside the now-empty club. Sunlight peeks through blacked-out windows.

MIKE SCHNABLE
 Her name is Jean Marie Gill and
 over the past six years she's
 enjoyed a remarkable rise to
 success.

A PHOTO APPEARS IN THE CORNER OF FRAME: Jean in her Pierre Cardin suit and Gold Cazal sunglasses.

MIKE SCHNABLE (CONT'D)
 In addition to this nightclub, Ms.
 Gill owns a trucking company.

FLASH ON: A fleet of big rigs.

MIKE SCHNABLE (CONT'D)
 A water park.

FLASH ON: A kid going down a water park slide.

MIKE SCHNABLE (CONT'D)
 A race track.

FLASH ON: Greyhound dogs chase a carrot stick.

MIKE SCHNABLE (CONT'D)
 A chain of Mister Softee's.

FLASH ON: Soft ice cream swirls into a cone.

MIKE SCHNABLE (CONT'D)
 Ten laundry mats, five newsstands,
 two car dealerships, a dozen
 health clubs...

FLASH ON: New cars under rippling flags.

MIKE SCHNABLE (CONT'D)
 ...Seven nightclubs, six
 restaurants, and twenty massage
 parlors.

FLASH ON: Rapid fire pops on a twenty storefronts.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - SMOOTH - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

ARCHIVAL NEWS FOOTAGE: Jean sits behind her desk -- relaxed, charming, cool in her gold sunglasses -- as Schnable interviews her.

MIKE SCHNABLE
 Some people call you the Queen of
 Pittsburgh.

JEAN
 Do they now?

MIKE SCHNABLE
 Others call you the king.

JEAN
 Who calls me that?

MIKE SCHNABLE
 (hands her a newspaper)
 The Gazette. Last week.

JEAN
 Those naughty boys.

MIKE SCHNABLE
 So, Jean, king or queen, the sixty-
 four thousand dollar question:
 how'd you'd do it?

He holds the microphone out for her. Jean pauses. A thin, devious smile starts to form on her face... and we PUSH IN CLOSE. CLOSER. CLOSER...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - PITTSBURGH - NIGHT

An overflowing dumpster JOSTLES.

SUPER: Six Years Earlier

Behind the dumpster, Jean (now in her early 20s) gives a HANDJOB to a COLLEGE KID. Her hair is long and unkempt, her frayed jacket too thin for the cold.

The college kid comes and quickly zips up. Jean wipes her runny nose on her sleeve.

JEAN

...Twenty bucks, man.

He pulls two crumpled tens out of his pocket. Jean adds the cash to a SMALL WAD.

INT. MOMMA'S BAR - LATER - NIGHT

A gay bar filled with lesbians, homosexuals and transvestites. Jean, at the bar, rocks in place -- eyes alive and furious -- as she hustles a HIPPIE LESBIAN.

JEAN

You can finish off most of these hard-on's inside a minute. Count it down like the moon launch. Three, two, one... Neil Armstrong's in fuckin' orbit!

HIPPIE LESBIAN

I don't gotta use my mouth?

JEAN

No, sweetie. Save that pretty little mouth for me. Way we do it: I supply the boys, you do the jerking. Five goes in my pocket, fifteen in yours.

HIPPIE LESBIAN

What happens if they want more than my hand?

JEAN

They'll go home disappointed and bloody.

Hippie Lesbian laughs, unsure if Jean is serious. Jean laughs darkly.

JEAN (CONT'D)

There's a fortune to be made on the streets.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Every fella's on strike or unemployed and they're all hard up. This city is primed to get fucked--

SEVERAL COPS barge into the bar, blowing WHISTLES.

BARTENDER

Fag raid!

Everyone scatters. A COP slams Jean against a wall. Enraged, she KNEES him in the nuts.

He curls into a ball to the floor. Jean CACKLES -- BAM! -- COP #2'S NIGHTSTICK SLAMS INTO HER FACE.

EXT. MOMMA'S BAR - LATER - NIGHT

Police march the gays, lesbians, and transvestites through a gauntlet of NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS and into POLICE VANS. Most cover their faces in shame except for...

...Jean. She emerges, nose-bloodied, with her cuffed hands raised defiantly high and shoots the cameras a lethal grin.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

A week or so later. Jean sits in the back of the bus as it passes through the heart of dystopian 1973 Pittsburgh:

Burnt-out buildings. Dumpster fires. Trash-strewn sidewalks. Skid row for blocks. The streets are filled with JUNKIES, PIMPS, and STREET HOOKERS.

The bus passes several factories where STRIKING STEEL WORKERS hold up signs, march, and fight with STRIKE BREAKERS.

A BUSINESSMAN sits down next to Jean. Her eyes roam covetously over his SUIT. He misinterprets her gaze for flirtation. She forces a thin smile and looks away.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Jean gives a SHY COLLEGE KID a handjob behind the dumpster.

SHY COLLEGE KID

Don't look at me... turn the other way... don't look at me...

He comes in her hand and takes his time zipping up. Jean snaps her fingers, waiting to get paid -- the kid hesitates, then BOLTS away without paying.

JEAN
Oh you little shit.

She chases him through the alley, past a few STREET HOOKERS (whom we'll meet soon) working the boulevard.

STREET HOOKER #1/BIG AMY
Get 'em, honey!

EXT. SIDE STREETS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jean's losing ground. The kid disappears down an alleyway. She begins to head back when something catches her eye: a storefront with ASIAN LETTERING.

A BLUE COLLAR GUY brushes past her and enters. Jean peers in the window: a THAI GIRL escorts Blue Collar Guy through a beaded door curtain. MAN #2 trots out of the parlor. He gives Jean a wink and moves off. Jean enters.

INT. THAI MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

A sign behind the counter reads:

MEN ONLY
30 minute \$5
60 minute \$10

Another WELL-DRESSED MAN is whisked into a room. A THAI GIRL in a kimono appears in front of Jean--

THAI GIRL
Men only.

JEAN
What are ya'll selling here? What is this place?

THAI GIRL
Massage. Men only.

JEAN
(looks around)
Massage huh?

THAI GIRL
Men only.

Two more BUSINESSMEN enter the parlor. Jean continues looking. An idea beginning a form. A fuse has been lit.

INT. PITTSBURGH PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Jean leans against a bookshelf, reading "How To Start A Small Business." She looks around, slips the book in her bag. She stalks the aisles, stealing more BOOKS. A suspicious LIBRARIAN begins to follow her--

LIBRARIAN

Ma'am?

Jean makes a run for the exit AND WE CUT TO:

EXT. THREE RIVERS BANK - DAY

Jean paces outside the bank, looking uncomfortable in a dress. A tattered briefcase dangles by her side. She works up courage and strides inside.

INT. THREE RIVERS BANK - LOAN OFFICE - LATER - DAY

Jean, out of her element, fidgets across from GEORGE HERZFELD, a balding loan officer on a power trip.

HERZFELD

A massage parlor? Downtown?
Downtown Pittsburgh?

JEAN

Yeah, yes sir, that's right.

HERZFELD

Have you ever been downtown? It's
full of bums and whores.

JEAN

I live downtown.

His skeptical look morphs into a smile as SALLY MAITE (25) -
- a wholesome apple pie secretary -- brings him coffee.

HERZFELD

Thanks, babe. Something different
with your hair? Curls? Yeah?
Let me see that smile.

She forces a smile and walks away as he lights a Merit.
Jean swallows her disgust.

HERZFELD (CONT'D)

So where's your prospectus?

JEAN

My what?

HERZFELD
 Business plan?
 (off her befuddled look)
 About yay big? It'd be in your
 briefcase.

JEAN
 I don't have one of those.

HERZFELD
 (scanning her paperwork)
 See you left your education blank.
 College?

Jean slowly shakes her head, no. He checks a box--

HERZFELD (CONT'D)
 ...High School?

Jean just looks at him. He checks another box--

HERZFELD (CONT'D)
 Gonna take that as a "no."

JEAN
 So listen, I've done about every
 job in the want-ads, right?
 Pushed a mop...

FLASH ON: Jean mops the floor of a steel refinery.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 ...served greasy food to greasy
 assholes...

FLASH ON: Jean edges past tables with an armful of plates
 in a greasy spoon diner.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 ...whatever it took to survive,
 believe me, I've made a dollar
 doin' it.

FLASH ON: Jean rips out asbestos from a dust-filled attic.

HERZFELD
 Mhmmm.

JEAN
 But you can't work for the man,
 you gotta be the man. I don't
 have your "plans" and
 "perspectives," but I got a nose
 for people and--

HERZFELD
I'm afraid the answer is no.

Jean leans back in her chair.

JEAN
No? No what? You ain't even
heard my ideas for this parlor.
(reaches in her pocket)
--few written down here--

HERZFELD
I've heard enough, Miss Gill.
Thank you.

EXT. THREE RIVERS BANK - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Jean dejectedly crosses the parking lot.

SALLY MAITE (O.S.)
Miss Gill?

The wholesome secretary, Sally Maite, holds up Jean's tattered briefcase she left inside. Jean takes it -- the latch slips and several stolen library books tumble out.

JEAN
Your boss is a fuckin' asshole.

Jean turns to go. Sally feels sorry for her.

SALLY MAITE
You can try the city.

JEAN
How's that?

SALLY MAITE
The city revitalization program.
They're giving away old buildings
to new businesses.

JEAN
Givin' away? For free? Just
"here you go?"

SALLY MAITE
If you qualify. If your business
is a morally-upstanding addition
to the community.

ON Jean, thinking...

JEAN (V.O., PRE-LAP)
Praise the lord!

INT. COURTHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Jean, holding a KING JAMES BIBLE, sits across from a bow-tied CITY OFFICIAL looking over an APPLICATION.

CITY OFFICIAL
Praise the lord, indeed. A new congregation would be a welcome addition to the northside.

JEAN
We'll be taking a real *hands on* approach to the word of god.

CITY OFFICIAL
That's wonderful. All I need is your ordination materials and I can submit your application.

JEAN
My what?

CITY OFFICIAL
Your ministry certificate. You're an ordained minister, correct?

Jean purses her lips...

SMASH TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A PREACHER dunks Jean's head into a baptismal pool.

INT. CHURCH - BACK OFFICE - LATER - DAY

The preacher stubs out a cigarette and signs a ministry certificate. Jean counts out \$100 in cash.

JEAN
This will square me with the city?

PREACHER
And the lord, ma'am.

She slides over \$100, he slides over the certificate.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Jean holds court in a back booth, surrounded by several street hookers dressed in skirts and faux fur: SWEET MARIE, LADY BIRD, LITTLE JANE, BIG AMY, SMOKEY, THREE TUG MARY and the confused-looking wholesome bank secretary, Sally Maite.

SWEET MARIE

I suck cock, Jean, I don't rub backs.

LADY BIRD

Yeah I don't wanna rub a buncha' strangers. That's gross.

JEAN

Gross? You stick your tongue up five assholes a night and massaging a guy's back is gross?

LADY BIRD

I don't do the tongue thing anymore.

BIG AMY

Sure you don't.

SMOKEY

I make two hundred a night on the boulevard.

JEAN

You're gonna make four a night workin' for me, Smokey.

SALLY MAITE

(puts up a hand)

Excuse me. Jean, you said this was a massage parlor.

JEAN

Yeah.

SALLY MAITE

(low)

These women are...

JEAN

Pros. To a gal. And I want you to join us.

SALLY MAITE

(incredulous)

I'm sorry?

JEAN

You're gonna be our -- what do they call it -- CFO.

SALLY MAITE

CFO? You're talking about a brothel; I'm a secretary.

JEAN

I'm third generation hillbilly. Everyone starts somewhere. And we are not a brothel.

SMOKEY

We're not? Jean, no man is gonna pay more to get their shoulders rubbed than their balls sucked.

JEAN

What if they got both?

LITTLE JANE

Then we are fuckin' them?

JEAN

Oh yeah.

SALLY MAITE

This is immoral.

JEAN

So's workin' for that grab-ass at the bank. You wanna keep smiling pretty for him or run a real business with me?

Sally thinks. Jean turns back to the girls--

JEAN (CONT'D)

Ladies, it's like this: every fella wants to get laid. But alot of these fellas are too embarrassed to go to a whorehouse or the boulevard. These fellas will come to us because *no one's* too shy to get a massage. Understand?

Some nods in the group. Others remain on the fence.

SWEET MARIE

What if they *just* want a massage? We still hafta fuck 'em?

JEAN

Everyone's gonna leave my parlor
happy one way or another.
Including all of you. What's your
split with that greasy pimp,
thirty seventy? I'm gonna make it
fifty fifty.

The girls nod amongst themselves, that'll work.

INT. HEALING HANDS - JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jean, watches a 1950s B/W massage tutorial (a muscular CREW CUT man massages another MAN) on an 8mm projector.

NARRATOR (V.O., ON 8MM)

Work your way to the center of the
shoulder blades and then proceed
lower.

Jean pays more attention to the man's crew-cut hair than the massage. She leans forward, staring AND WE CUT TO:

INT. HEALING HANDS - MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Jean's girls stand in a semi-circle around her.

JEAN

Our standard massage will end with
a six minute stroke and go.

FLASH ON: Lady Bird giving a rapid fire handjob to a GUY under a blanket. An EGG TIMER ticks down from six minutes.

JEAN (V.O.)

They don't squirt in six minutes,
it's an extra five bucks a minute
until they do.

INT. HEALING HANDS - JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Jean watching the 8mm tutorial.

NARRATOR (V.O., ON 8MM)

Knead your knuckles into the knot
with just enough pressure to
loosen the muscle.

Jean, still studying the muscular man's crew cut, runs a hand through her own hair.

INT. HEALING HANDS - MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Back to Jean laying down the law to her girls.

JEAN

We serve all comers. White, black, yella, brown, and everything in between. If their pecker works, they get the works. Pencil dicks, beer cans, baby arms, candles, beanpoles, egg rolls, mushroom heads, stack of dimes. Whatever they got, we'll make it hot.

FLASH ON: Smokey giving a handjob to a small penis.

JEAN (CONT'D)

If he's light in the pants, make him feel like he's the sexiest thing since James Dean.

FLASH ON: Big Amy giving a handjob to a well-endowed man.

JEAN (CONT'D)

If he's packin' heat, say an amen and send him home happy.

The girls chuckle.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Now most of these fellas are gonna want more than your hand, but they don't see a nipple without forking over more dollars: twenty for head, thirty for pussy, forty for ass. *Per go*. And nothing freaky deaky. Any sick fucks try to piss in your mouth, shit on your tits, ask ya to stomp on *their* nuts, shove a carrot up your ass or theirs, they get tossed. I'm running a parlor not a freak show.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: Day One

INT. HEALING HANDS - DAY

The place is EMPTY. Jean's girls sit around smoking. Jean paces.

SWEET MARIE

We're thinking of hittin' the boulevard, Jean...

Some others mumble in agreement.

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE - HEALING HANDS - MOMENTS LATER

Sally Maite does her nails behind a desk with a name plate that reads: Sally Maite, CFO. Jean blows into the room--

JEAN
We papered half the town with
flyers. Where the fuck is
everyone?

Sally pushes a newspaper forward: "*Steel Mill Closed!*"
Three Thousand Out Of Work".

SALLY MAITE
The unemployment line. Third Mill
closed this year.

Jean studies the newspaper. Thinking.

JEAN
...I need cardboard.

INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - PITTSBURGH - DAY

A drab, low ceiling office filled with smoke. A long line of UNEMPLOYED STEEL WORKERS waiting for their unemployment checks. Eyes move to the exits -- Jean's girls holding up signs: **CASH YOUR CHECKS AT HEALING HANDS.**

EXT./INT. HEALING HANDS - DAY

A line snakes out the front door of the parlor. Two dozen STEEL WORKERS with unemployment checks in hand.

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE - HEALING HANDS - SAME TIME

The line ends at Sally's desk. She cashes a check--

SALLY MAITE
Fifty, sixty, seventy dollars,
there you go.

WORKER #1 exits the office with his CASH. Little Jane puts an arm around him... leads him through the FOYER...

LITTLE JANE
Follow me, darling.

...and into a MASSAGE ROOM as... Jean exits the COUNT ROOM with a shoebox full of \$10s and \$20s, and walks into...

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...Jean dumps the cash in a drawer. Sally hands her a bundle of SIGNED UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS. Jean exits the room, and opens a side door...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HEALING HANDS - CONTINUOUS

...Big Amy carries in a bank sack filled with cash. Jean trades the signed unemployment checks for the cash and Big Amy hustles back to the bank up the block as...

INT. HEALING HANDS - CONTINUOUS

...Jean strides back through the parlor -- into the COUNT ROOM -- deposits the CASH into a SAFE. She gathers herself, looks out the window, and marvels: the line of customers is now wrapped around the building.

FADE TO:

INT. COUNT ROOM - HEALING HANDS - DAY

A few months later. The safe is filled with so much cash it won't close. Jean and Sally Maite count money by hand and add figures to ledgers. Suddenly, a SCREAM. Coming from the foyer.

Jean grabs a LOUISVILLE SLUGGER from under the desk -- strides out to find...

INT. FRONT DESK - HEALING HANDS - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia Bruno (now 20 years old) -- black eye, big fat rock on her finger, crazed expression -- WAVING A .45 at several of Jean's girls, all of whom have their hands in the air.

Elton John's "Your Song" plays on a RADIO. TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL AS WE PUSH in on Jean. Transfixed. She can't take her eyes off Cynthia. Love at first sight.

ELTON JOHN

*...How wonderful life is while
you're in the world...*

BIG AMY

(loud whisper)

Jean? Jean?

Jean snaps out of the moment--

CYNTHIA

I said which one of you whores is
fuckin' my husband?!

The room remains silent. Cynthia suddenly FIRES -- a bullet blasts out a window. The terrified girls scream.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

That was a warning shot, next one
I put between someone's eyes!
TALK!

Jean moves toward her. Cynthia wheels, gun poised.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Is it you? Are you fuckin' my
husband?

JEAN

Depends. What's his name?

CYNTHIA

Artie Caione.

JEAN

5'5, bad breath, worse toupee?

CYNTHIA

That's him.

JEAN

Can't say I have. But I'd be
lying if I told you he wasn't in
here every night.

Cynthia paces in a circle, unhinged, muttering to herself:

CYNTHIA

Lying fucking bastard sonofabitch
asshole motherfucker--

ELTON JOHN

*...Hope you don't mind, hope you
don't mind...*

CYNTHIA

--WILL SOMEONE TURN OFF THIS
GODDAMN SONG! I HATE ELTON
FUCKING JOHN!

JEAN

(flicks off the radio)
I don't blame you for coming in
here gun blazing. If it was my
fella, I'd be just as pissed. We
all would, right ladies?

The terrified girls mumble in agreement.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Now I can make sure Artie never steps foot in this parlor again, that's not a problem, but you gotta do something for me. Two things, actually.

CYNTHIA

(confused, but curious)
What -- what two things?

JEAN

First thing, put that .45 down. Second thing, come have a drink with me.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - HEALING HANDS - LATER - NIGHT

Cynthia throws down her third shot of whiskey. Jean watches her, absolutely smitten.

CYNTHIA

I was born a Bruno, that's a name carries a lotta weight in Dallas but don't mean shit anywhere else.

JEAN

Cynthia Bruno from Dallas.

CYNTHIA

Then Artie brought me to Pittsburgh and made me a Caione.

JEAN

Artie the one give you that shiner?

Cynthia doesn't answer, but of course he did. She pours Jean a shot of whiskey.

CYNTHIA

Where you from, Jean Marie?

JEAN

Oh, here and there. Started out in Bucks County.

CYNTHIA

Farm country. Your daddy a farmer?

JEAN

Horse breeder.

INT. BREEDING SHED - 1965 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jean's DADDY props a MARE'S foreleg onto a breeding board. Jean, 17, face full of sweat and mud, yanks the reigns of a bucking STALLION.

JEAN'S DADDY
Hold 'em, Jean, hold 'em
goddamnit.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - HEALING HANDS - NIGHT

It's now Jean's turn to pour a shot for Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
Was he a good daddy to you?

JEAN
He wasn't so bad. Threw me out
when I was 16, but I had that
coming.

FLASH ON: Jean, 16, giving a BOY a BLOW JOB on the bathroom toilet. The door opens and Jean's DADDY walks in.

CYNTHIA
What about your momma?

JEAN
Oh she was a good momma. She let
me back in...

FLASH ON: Jean going down on a GIRL. Jean's MOMMA walks in this time. Jean looks up from between the girl's legs.

JEAN (CONT'D)
...before she threw me out for
good.

They share a laugh. Jean's eyes never leave Cynthia's.

CYNTHIA
You look at me funny.

JEAN
What's funny about how I look at
you?

CYNTHIA
Well, it ain't normal. So it's
funny.

JEAN
You like normal?

CYNTHIA
Sometimes.

JEAN
What about other times?

The two ladies meet eyes. Hold. Cynthia laughs. Jean laughs.

CYNTHIA
You're a Scorpio. I can tell.
Scorpio all the way. Am I right?
I'm right. Me, I'm a Gemini.
That makes me a talker. I do like
to talk.

Little Jane appears in the doorway, still scared of Cynthia-

LITTLE JANE
Her husband's here.

CYNTHIA
Sonofabitch.

Cynthia goes to stand but Jean puts a hand on her shoulder:
I'll take care of this.

Jean grabs her baseball bat and exits the office.

STAY on Cynthia.

ARTIE/CYNTHIA'S HUSBAND (O.S.)
Where is she? Get her out here.
Cynthia? Where is that bitch?!

Cynthia rises and crosses the room. More VOICES -- an argument -- YELLING -- an audible CRACK -- a SCREAM.

She peeks down the hall: Jean slams the bat against Artie's knees. Again and again...

Artie screams in pain. Cynthia takes a swig from the Jack. Artie CRAWLS out the front door on two busted kneecaps.

Jean returns to Cynthia. The bat dangles from her hand. Cynthia fixes a loose strand of Jean's hair and walks out of the parlor. Jean watches her go.

EXT. HEALING HANDS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Cynthia steps out into the cold night air, moves past her husband, who's hobbling in agonizing pain back to his car.

CYNTHIA
I want a divorce.

ARTIE
...Cynthia?!

Cynthia keeps on walking.

INT. DATE-A-DOLL - NICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

NICK LAROCCA -- (27) brash, confident, wearing two gold necklaces that disappear into thick chest hair -- is getting a blowjob from a RED-HEAD under his desk.

A thin envelope dropped in front of him. Nick looks up at a RAT-FACED PIMP with rings on his fingers. Nick lifts the envelope, it sags over.

NICK
Why is this limp?

RAT-FACED PIMP
I had to bring in some new girls this month.

NICK
What happened to the old girls?

RAT-FACED PIMP
They all quit.

NICK
What do you mean, quit? Whores don't quit, you quit them--

Nick notices something. It's quiet in here. Too quiet. He stands. Zips up. Walks out of his office...

INT. DATE-A-DOLL - BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

...looks around. A few GIRLS are playing cards. Other than that, NO CUSTOMERS, the place is EMPTY.

NICK
What am I looking at here?

EXT. HEALING HANDS - DAY

Another busy day at Jean's parlor. The line of customers extends out the front door. A BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR with tinted windows rolls by ominously.

INT. HEALING HANDS - LATER - DAY

Polished shoes step into the foyer. FOUR WISE GUYS IN PIERRE CARDIN SUITS. They cut the line and waltz inside. Jean turns to see them, does a slow burn--

JEAN

Can I help you boys?

INT. BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Jean sits in the backseat between TWO WISE GUYS. Equal parts nervous and fascinated. Her eyes scan their flashy suits, polished shoes, confident masculinity. The Wise Guy on her right--

TOM CLIPP (30), stoic, muscular, meticulously tailored and manicured -- meets her look. She nods in respectful approval of his suit.

EXT. SUDS CAR WASH/INT. LAROCCA'S CADDY - DAY

SEBASTIAN LAROCCA (75) -- grandfatherly, spry -- sits behind the wheel of an immaculate Cadillac Seville dressed in a sweater and Jeans.

The Town Car pulls alongside of his Caddy. Tom Clipp escorts Jean into the passenger seat. He closes the door behind her. She's now alone with LaRocca. Hold.

LAROCCA

Do you know who I am?

Jean does. LaRocca's the most powerful man in Pittsburgh. She swallows her fear--

JEAN

I seen you in the papers.

LAROCCA

I'm told too much press is bad for business. So be it. Having my picture in the papers allows me to shine a light on the injustice against Italian Americans. No other people have been as persecuted by the government than Italians. No one.

Jean just nods, ok. Larocca puts the Caddy in drive and rolls into the car wash. Time to talk business.

LAROCCA (CONT'D)

Six months ago you were jerking
off college kids in back alleys,
Jean, now you've got the most
profitable whorehouse in town.

JEAN

Massage parlor. We're doin' ok.

Soapy suds black out the windows.

LAROCCA

Do you know anything about wolves?

Jean isn't sure how to respond.

LAROCCA (CONT'D)

The forest can't survive without
the wolf. Key to everything.
It's true, it's science. You kill
the wolf, you got chaos. The deer
run wild, graze the land to a nub.
The squirrels, the beavers, the
monkeys, zebras, they all move
out. And soon the forest becomes
a desert.

Leather tongues shimmy and sway over the Caddy.

LAROCCA (CONT'D)

My nephew is a wolf. The natural
order of these streets begins with
him. Because he has one job:
clear out the deer, which allows
the grass to grow and the river to
flow and nature is harmonious.
It's just science, Jean.

The Caddy clears the leather tongues.

LAROCCA (CONT'D)

I'd like you to turn over your rub
parlor to my nephew and come run
my faggot spas.

The high-pitched WHINE from the car wash dryers kicks in.

LAROCCA (CONT'D)

None of my guys will touch this
business. But if it makes a
dollar, who am I to question how,
what, or why?

As they emerge from the wash, LaRocca hugs her. Jean's expression is blank.

LARocca (CONT'D)
Welcome to the family. Alright...

Tom Clipp opens the passenger door and escorts her out.

EXT. HEALING HANDS - LATER - NIGHT

Jean steps out of the Town Car, flanked by LaRocca's wise guys. A CLOSED sign now hangs in the window.

INT. HEALING HANDS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Nick Delucia is sitting behind the front desk with his feet up, smoking, talking on the phone as they enter.

NICK (CUPS THE PHONE)
Box your things up, honey, I gotta hit the road in ten.

Nick smushes his smoke out on the carpet. Jean, still expressionless, disappears into her office.

NICK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
...Back on the boulevard, where do you think? They'll get over it. Date-A-Doll's got a full house tonight, and--

Behind him, the BARREL OF A 12-GAUGE SHOTGUN emerges from the darkness of Jean's office. Nick turns in mid-sentence--

JEAN HAS THE 12-GAUGE AIMED DIRECTLY AT HIM.

NICK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Call you back.

Nick hangs up. Considers Jean without too much concern:

JEAN
You got ten motherfucking seconds to get outta my parlor.

NICK
How about you calm down, sweetie?

JEAN
Nine...

She is suddenly GRABBED from behind by Tom Clipp. He WRESTLES the shotgun away from her.

Nick LEAPS OUT from behind the desk. The crew descend on Jean like hyenas, PUNCHING and STOMPING and KICKING.

Nick grabs a LAMP and SMASHES it over her head. One of the men sets fire to the curtains with a Zippo. The gangsters rain down a few more blows, until Jean is numb and motionless. They stride out of the parlor...

Tom Clipp looks over his shoulder at her for a brief moment -- is that a look of regret? -- before he follows the others out.

Jean is dazed, face-bloodied, ribs broken, couple teeth missing. She summons all her strength and rises to her knees as the BLAZE grows around her.

INT. BATHROOM - CYNTHIA'S APT - LATER - NIGHT

Cynthia is soaking in the tub -- no longer wearing her wedding ring -- a JOINT in her mouth, cold rag over her eyes -- the doorbell BUZZES -- she pulls the rag off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CYNTHIA'S APT - SECONDS LATER - NIGHT

Cynthia opens the door to reveal: Jean. Blood caked to her face and neck, hair full of ASH, eyes swollen, lip split.

CYNTHIA

Oh my god.

Jean's legs buckle and she collapses into Cynthia's arms.

INT. BEDROOM - CYNTHIA'S APT - LATER - NIGHT

Jean lies unconscious. Cynthia cleans her wounds with a pot of ice water and a sponge. Blood swirls in the water.

INT. BATHROOM - CYNTHIA'S APT - DAY

A HAND pushes the ajar bathroom mirror in place, revealing Jean. It's a few days later. Her face is horribly bruised but the swelling has gone down.

She sheds her robe. Now completely nude, she grabs a pair of SCISSORS and begins cutting off her hair.

INT. BEDROOM - CYNTHIA'S APT - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia enters with a tray of food. The bed is empty. Jean comes out of the bathroom: NUDE, HAIR CHOPPED SHORT.

She crosses to Cynthia -- leans in to kiss her -- Cynthia shies away. Jean pushes her against the wall. The tray of food crashes to the floor.

Cynthia stops resisting and lets herself be kissed... softly at first, then harder. Jean tears off Cynthia's dress and presses her body against her AND WE CUT TO:

EXT. STOREFRONT - DOWNTOWN - DAY

The mob is now in the rub parlor game. WORKERS are tacking up a sign "GOOD SPA" as Nick Delucia tours the building with his uncle, Sebastian LaRocca, and a few other WISE GUYS. Nick puts Tom Clipp into a headlock, horsing around. Clipp begrudgingly plays along.

JEAN (V.O., PRE-LAP)
They gotta fear you. There ain't no other way. You can't be free until you're feared...

INT. BEDROOM - CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jean and Cynthia lie in each other's arms. Jean's bruises have now mostly healed.

JEAN
...And the more you're feared, the more free you are... to do *what* you want, *who* you want, when you want, how you want... free to *be* anything you want.

Cynthia just listens quietly.

INT. BATHROOM - CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jean pulls on a pair of men's pants -- a leather belt slides around her waist - dress shirt is buttoned -- black tie snakes around her collar -- feet step into dress shoes - - a comb moves through her short hair -- .38 pistol is wedged into her waist band.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - DAY

Jean steps outside dressed as she was at the start of the movie: Pierre Cardin suit, Steve McQueen haircut.

She takes one unsteady step forward. People brush by her on the sidewalk. She takes another step. And another. She gains more confidence with each step.

INT. ROADSIDE BAR - NIGHT

A gay bar just outside Pittsburgh. Dimly lit, shades drawn. Closeted HOMOSEXUALS drink and converse in hushed tones. Tom Clipp drinks alone at the end of the bar.

Jean sits down next to him. Clipp doesn't react. He lights a Camel. Beat.

JEAN

I knew what you were the moment I laid eyes on you.

CLIPP

A bookie from the northside once sat down in that stool. The police found his body in a scrap yard the next morning.

WIREY GUY (O.S.)

Who's this?

Jean turns around: a WIREY GUY wearing mascara and a handlebar mustache stands behind her.

CLIPP

She's the broad, the one I was telling you about.

WIREY GUY

The *dead* broad?

(looks at Jean)

I thought you were dead.

Jean looks from the Wirey Guy to Clipp.

CLIPP

This is Miss Frank.

MISS FRANK

Frank *Cocchiara*. No one calls me Miss Frank, understand? I'm no faggot.

CLIPP

Ask him why he isn't a faggot.

MISS FRANK

Because I always ask for money.

CLIPP

He always does.

MISS FRANK

And you always pay.

Clipp suddenly EXPLODES -- grabs Jean by the THROAT -- lifts her off the barstool -- slams her against a wall!

The bar clears out. It's just the three of them now.

JEAN
 You can't hide in this bar
 forever. Some day, some how
 they'll find you out!

This is the fear Tom Clipp lives with every day of his
 life. He releases her neck.

CLIPP
 Why are you here?

JEAN
 I need a friend, and so do you.
 (beat)
 LaRocca's the only swinging dick
 in this town that matters, and
 he's 75 fuckin' years old.

MISS FRANK
 What is she saying? What are you
 saying?

JEAN
 I'm saying it's time he stopped
 mattering.

MISS FRANK
 You told me this broad was dead,
 Clipp, you didn't tell me she was
 crazy.

But Tom Clipp is listening.

JEAN
 He'd never see us comin'.
 (beat)
 We could run things. No one else.
 Just us. You'd never hafta look
 over your shoulder in here again.

Tom Clipp is still listening.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - DAY

Sebastian LaRocca holds up a sign: "BEING ITALIAN IS NOT A
 CRIME." THIRTY ITALIAN AMERICANS at a rally holding up
 signs, protesting outside the FBI offices in Pittsburgh.
 LaRocca works up the cheering crowd with a BULLHORN:

LAROCCA
 They think we're just some Guineas
 they can push around! They messed
 with the wrong wops!

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME TIME - DAY

Nick Delucia enjoys the girls with his BODYGUARD GOON (300 lbs). TWO low rent STRIPPERS dance on the stage. More STRIPPERS work the tables in the crowd.

...Jean steps inside, unseen. Eyes go straight to Nick.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - SAME TIME - DAY

LaRocca presses flesh with the crowd of STEEL WORKERS, WIVES, and BABIES. Poses for photo-ops. Cameras FLASH.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY - SAME TIME

Nick weaves through the tables -- swaying to the music -- pinching asses -- on his way to the bathroom...

INT. BATHROOM - STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

He sidles up to the urinal. In the closed stall beside him...

...Jean waits with her .38. It trembles in her hand. She is on a precipice. Her eyes are wide and unblinking. She clutches her hand to stop it from trembling.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - SAME TIME - DAY

LaRocca is now surrounded by several older ITALIAN AMERICANS. He hugs an OLD BALD GUY...

LARocca

Can I rub this head for luck? How long we known each other, sixty years? Gimme that head...

VOICE

Hey, Sebass?

NO ONE calls LaRocca that. He turns around--

LARocca

Alright, who's the comedian?

It's Miss Frank. LaRocca almost chuckles at his eye liner, until he sees Miss Frank's gun -- BOOM!

LaRocca clutches his throat, stumbles face first into a fountain. Blood blooms in the fountain water.

LaRocca's BODYGUARD, slow to catch, draws a GUN from his pocket when... Tom Clipp steps out from behind a pillar and SHOTS him in the temple.

Clipp and Miss Frank race away into the scattering crowd.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MENS ROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

Jean, still in her stall. Heart pounding. Fighting back panic. She pushes open the stall door with a shaky hand...

Nick -- back to her -- is drying his hands at the sink. The panic races up Jean's throat. She raises the .38.

Nick turns around. Jean FIRES. ONCE. TWICE. Nick slumps to the floor. The bathroom door suddenly opens.

NICK'S GOON, all 300 pounds of him. He sees his boss on the floor. Sees Jean. Sees Jean's gun.

Jean pulls the trigger again. The GOON is shot in the chest. But he doesn't go down. He lumbers forward...

Jean gets off a second shot: the bullet BLOWS the top of the Goon's head off.

He pitches forward, into her. They both go down. Hard. Jean is now pinned under three hundred pounds of dead, bleeding goon. A WAIL and a GROAN...

NICK DELUCIA IS STILL ALIVE. Two feet away on the floor. Bloody. Weak. But alive.

Jean pushes against the dead goon with all her strength but he won't budge.

Nick props himself up onto his elbow.

Jean's arms are pinned, but she can lift her wrist three inches, which means she can lift her gun three inches.

With considerable effort, Nick pulls a REVOLVER out of his jacket pocket.

Jean squirms with all her might but the big dead goon isn't going anywhere. She lifts the gun three inches in her pinned hand...

Nick points his revolver at her. Struggling to breath...

Both straining to aim... BAM!!! Nick is shot between the eyes. Blood and bone splat against the wall.

A fresh scream. From the doorway where... A NUDE DANCER now stands - hands over mouth -- horrified.

JEAN

Get this tub of shit off me!

The dancer pulls on the dead goon. Jean squirms out from under him. She stands. Covered in blood. The dancer shrieks again. Jean points the gun at her--

JEAN (CONT'D)

Shut up.

The dancer stops screaming. Jean pushes the door open...

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

She moves through the terrified customers cowering behind tables. At this moment, she is the most feared person in Pittsburgh. A smile spreads across her face as she exits the darkness of the club and emerges into daylight.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE on a FACE. Sleeping alone in bed: PATTI TRULESKI (35), an overworked single mother of two.

The sound of GIGGLING. A tiny HAND lifts Patti's eyelid.

Patti's eyes fly open and she HISSES LIKE A CAT at...

SAM (3) and WENDY (5) -- her children -- standing bedside. They SCREECH and race out of the room.

Patti looks at her alarm clock 6:22am.

INT. PATTI'S KITCHEN - LATER - MORNING

A modest, two-bedroom townhouse cluttered with toys and mismatched furniture.

Patti, curlers in her hair, flips french toast in a frying pan while bacon sizzles in another.

PATTI

You don't get the good stuff until those vitamins are all chewed up. Chew, chew, chew...

The kids chew their vitamins and go "aaaaah" to show they're finished. Sam knocks a carton of MILK into her OPEN BRIEFCASE.

SAM

Sorry, mommy.

Patti shakes milk off AFFIDAVITS, FILES, COURT BRIEFINGS. Sam giggles.

PATTI
You're not really sorry, are you?

Sam shakes his head, no. Patti plugs in a hair dryer and starts blow-drying the documents.

A BABYSITTER (19) enters through the back screen door.

BABYSITTER
Morning, Ms. Truleski.

PATTI
How are ya, hon? Sit, eat. I'm already late. Wendy's got her little friend coming over in an hour and Sam needs a bath pronto.

BABYSITTER
We can take care of that.

She scoops up Sam and looks at Patti expectantly.

BABYSITTER (CONT'D)
So, Ms. Truleski, it's already Wednesday.

PATTI
Oh, right.

Patti reaches into her purse for cash. It isn't much.

PATTI (CONT'D)
This is for last week, and I'll get you caught up this week tomorrow.
(points to the cash)
Can you use some of that for milk?
(to her kids)
Give momma a kiss, love muffins.

Wendy farts.

PATTI (CONT'D)
That's my girl.

Patti hustles to the hall closet, grabs a JACKET and GUN HOLSTER, removes a COLT .45 from a SAFE, holsters it...

INT. PATTI'S HONDA CIVIC - LATER - MORNING

Patti speeds across town, curlers still in her hair, cigarette in her mouth, singing at the top of her lungs to the Allman Bros on the car radio.

PATTI (SINGING)
*My father was a gambler down in
 Georgia / He wound up on the wrong
 end of a gun / And I was born in
 the back seat of a Greyhound bus,
 Rollin' down highway forty-one...*

She begins taking out the curlers while she drives.

INT. PITTSBURGH CIY GOVERNMENT BUILDING - LATER - MORNING

Patti hurries through the entryway in heels. Clack.
 Clack. Clack. Flashes her ID to the SECURITY GUARD:

PATTI TRULESKI ASSISTANT DA

INT. OUTER OFFICE - MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Patti crosses the office to a ruddy-faced D.A. CHARLIE W. DUGGAN (40), who wears a corduroy suit almost as well as his world class comb-over.

PATTI
 Sorry, I'm here, sorry!

DUGGAN
 Patti.

PATTI
 ...Hell of a morning.

Duggan notices a kid's drawing is half sticking out of her briefcase. She yanks it free, puts it in her purse.

DUGGAN
 I thought Joe had the kids this week?

PATTI
 Don't even get me started.

DUGGAN
 I never liked that guy. Did the McCormick brief get filed?

PATTI
 Last night. Come here.

Patti pulls off a couple pieces of tissue stuck to shaving cuts on Duggan's neck.

DUGGAN
 ...Thanks.

A typing SECRETARY looks up--

SECRETARY
You can go in now.

Patti moves to the door to the mayor's office, but Duggan blocks her.

DUGGAN
So... he, uh, he asked me to ask you to wait out here.

PATTI
Wait out here? Why?

DUGGAN
He's in a mood.

PATTI
I'm in a mood, we're all in a mood, we live in fucking Pittsburgh, so what?

DUGGAN
He's also worried about leaks to the press.

PATTI
He's worried about leaks because I told him he should be worried about leaks. Are you going in?

DUGGAN
I'm going in.

PATTI
Then I'm--

DUGGAN
--We'll talk after.

But Patti doesn't budge. They bottleneck at the door, mumbling at each other.

Duggan slips inside past her, closes the door in her face.

PATTI
(to the secretary)
You see what just happened?

The secretary keeps on typing. Patti paces a few beats. *Fuck this.* She opens the door and ENTERS--

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with smoke. RICHARD CALIGUIRI (50) -- the old school, shameless political opportunist Mayor of Pittsburgh -- heads a round table.

On either side of him: two AIDES, D.A. Duggan, and the police chief, JAY MCBRIDE (50s) mustached, corrupt.

Duggan gives Patti a "what the fuck?" look. She drags a chair over, sits down.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI

...I ran on this shit. I was the law and order candidate. That means I gotta deliver some law and fucking order, people.

He throws a newspaper down on the table.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI (CONT'D)

You can't walk past a newsstand in this city without seeing dead guineas on the front page of the Gazette. That's not law and order. That's anarchy.

Grumbles of "no" around the room.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI (CONT'D)

Sebastian LaRocca was gunned down in broad daylight. There were -- how many witnesses?

MAYOR'S AIDE

--Hundred--

MAYOR CALIGUIRI

A hundred witnesses. Why aren't his killers in custody *right now*?

JAY MCBRIDE

We're putting together a list of suspects, local mob figures--

MAYOR CALIGUIRI

--This better be a short fucking list.

PATTI

They won't be hard to find.

Everyone turns to Patti. Duggan shoots her daggers.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI
How's that, sweetheart?

Patti gives them all a look: isn't it obvious?

PATTI
Whoever killed the king is now on
the throne.

EXT. STOREFRONT / GEMINI SPA - DAY

WORKERS remove a "Good Spa" sign and replace it with a "GEMINI SPA" sign. This is the parlor Nick and LaRocca were about to open before being gunned down. Twice the size of Healing Hands.

INT. GEMINI SPA - DAY

The front entrance opens and Jean's girls flood inside. Jean is the last to step in. She's wearing a flashy velvet suit and a cashmere scarf. She glances around, pleased, this is all hers now.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - GEMINI SPA - NIGHT

Jean's lying on a massage table as TRUDY, a beautiful new girl, massages her nude body. Tom Clipp and Miss Frank enter the office.

Clipp has shed his gangster attire. He's now dressed ala Jon Voight in Midnight Cowboy. Miss Frank wears a sleeveless leather jacket and Jeans, sans shirt.

JEAN
You boys want a massage? Trudy's
got the magic touch.

CLIPP
We need envelopes.

MISS FRANK
Two of 'em. Thick with cash.

JEAN
Kinda soon for a shakedown, ain't
it?

CLIPP
Price of doing business in
Pittsburgh. One envelope for
downtown. One for City Hall.

JEAN
What am I buying?

MISS FRANK
 Peace of mind. Every week you pay
 is a week the boys in blue don't
 come down here for a visit.

Jean thinks. The wheels begin turning.

JEAN
 Tell me again why we don't want
 them coming down here?

EXT. PARLOR - NIGHT

A "CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTY" sign is hung in the window.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

A banner over the front desk reads "BLUE NIGHT." THIRTY OF
 PITTSBURGH PD'S FINEST. A drink in every hand and a lady
 in every lap. Jean escorts TWO BUXOM GIRLS over to Chief
 Jay McBride, whom we met earlier at the mayor's office.

JEAN
 I found a couple ladies in need of
 a search and seizure, Chief.

JAY MCBRIDE
 Oh, is that right?

JEAN
 Even brought their own cuffs.

The buxom girls lead McBride into a room.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - GEMINI SPA - LATER - NIGHT

McBride, handcuffed to a bed, is being serviced by both
 girls. In the ceiling a/c vent, WE SEE A RED DOT. A CCD
 CAMERA RECORDS THEM.

INT. COUNT ROOM - GEMINI SPA - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Jean enters. Tom Clipp and Miss Frank watch three
 SURVEILLANCE MONITORS of POLICEMEN in various sex acts.

MISS FRANK
 You're a bad, bad girl.

CLIPP
 We still gotta pay every week.

JEAN
 But now we got some insurance on
 that payment.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I want a list of every councilman,
judge, and D.A. downtown.

CLIPP
Why?

JEAN
Cause we're throwing another party
next week.

INT. GEMINI SPA - NIGHT

Another party. City Hall bigwigs: ASSEMBLY MEN, JUDGES,
STATE CONGRESSMEN, and DISTRICT ATTORNEYS. Jean sits with
FRANK SPIRO (50ish), a CITY COURT JUDGE. He kisses her
hand, notices her bare ring finger.

JUDGE SPIRO
You don't have a fella, Jean?

JEAN
No, sir, but I am up to my
eyeballs in pussy.

JUDGE SPIRO
Not a bad place to be.

SWEET MARIE
Come with me, Judge.

He heads off with Sweet Marie into a room.

TIME CUT - LATER

Jean, arm in arm with two lovely LADIES, approaches
District Attorney Charlie Duggan sitting alone.

JEAN
'Evening, Mr. Duggan.

Duggan looks at the lovely ladies, shifts uncomfortably.

INT. COUNT ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Jean finds Clipp and Miss Frank watching the CCD monitors:
*Duggan sits on the bed, fully dressed, meekly conversing
with the two girls, also fully dressed.*

MISS FRANK
This dog don't hunt.

JEAN
We threw him the wrong bone.

INT. D.A. DUGGAN'S OFFICE - CITY HALL - DAY

Monday morning. Back at work. Duggan, wearing a mustard-colored suit, gazes out the window, big smile on his face.

PATTI (O.S.)
How was your weekend?

Patti Truleski in the doorway. Duggan looks over at her
AND WE FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PITTSBURGH PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Duggan is getting plowed by a GAY STUD. An empty bottle of DOM in a bedside bucket with a CARD attached: *Enjoy, Jean.*

INT. DUGGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Duggan and Patti. He smiles--

DUGGAN
Terrific.

PATTI
Where'd you guys go, Poconos?

DUGGAN
Trudy went with the kids. I stayed here, caught up on, you know, things, work.

PATTI
Good, good. While I have you, where are we on the LaRocca hit?

DUGGAN
It's been quiet.

PATTI
Quiet?

DUGGAN
Real quiet.

PATTI
What about all those witnesses? Nothing?

DUGGAN
I'll let you know when somethin' comes in. Close the door on your way out, will ya?

Patti leaves, confused.

NEWSCASTER (V.O., PRE-LAP)
*The counter-culture movement has
 done away with the more puritan
 aspects of previous decades...*

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cynthia is watching the nightly news on the couch. Jean is in the bedroom stuffing CASH BRICKS into a brand new SAFE.

NEWSCASTER ON TV
*...And it seems that everyone has
 gotten in on the action. Whether
 watching a pornographic film at
 the local theater or flipping
 through a sex advice manual in
 line at the grocery store,
 Americans are breaking many sexual
 taboos. Interracial dating, open
 homosexuality, communal living,
 casual nudity, and dirty language
 all seem to indicate a profound
 change in sexual behavior.
Welcome to the Decade of
 Decadence.*

CYNTHIA
 Honey?

Jean emerges from the bedroom.

JEAN
 Yeah, babe.

CYNTHIA
 You gotta expand.

INT. AL'S DINER - NIGHT

An empty, greasy spoon diner. Jean, Tom Clipp, and Miss Frank step inside. The hard luck owner, AL, looks up at them. Jean plops down a PAPER BAG STUFFED WITH CASH. Al looks from the cash to Jean, it's his lucky day.

INT. MODEL INC. - OFFICE - DAY

An oily modeling agent, SAAR LOMAX, sits between Clipp and Miss Frank. Jean across from them. A VALISE between them. Saar eyes the valise with disappointment.

SAAR LOMAX
 It looks kinda small.

JEAN
It's a good-sized bag.

SAAR LOMAX
It's small, look at it.

MISS FRANK
I think you're right. But I bet
if we tried real hard, we could
stretch this bag open and cram
just about anything we wanted in
there.

CLIPP
You wouldn't want anything else
crammed in there, would you?

They have Saar boxed in on the sofa. His voice is dust:

SAAR LOMAX
I'll just, ah, take it as is.

INT. SMOOTH - NIGHT CLUB - DAY

LOU GERSON, a burly club owner, arms folded and a look of
disdain for the three homosexuals standing in front of him.

LOU GERSON
No.

JEAN
No?

LOU GERSON
Huh-uh.

JEAN
Why?

LOU GERSON
Not interested.

JEAN
Why?

LOU GERSON
Don't matter. I ain't selling.

CLIPP
Maybe you should think about it.
Go 'head. Take a moment.

LOU GERSON
Don't need a moment. Answer's no.

MISS FRANK
 (holds up a bag of cash)
 This is a generous offer. Feel
 how heavy this bag is.

LOU GERSON
 I don't wanna feel it.

MISS FRANK
 Maybe you should feel it anyway.

LOU GERSON
 Maybe you should shove it up your
 ass.

JEAN
 What's with the hostilities, Lou?
 We're just trying to put money in
 your pocket.

LOU GERSON
 I don't want your faggot money in
 my pocket. Now get the fuck out.

MISS FRANK
 Is that any way to talk to a lady?

LOU GERSON
 She don't look much like a lady.

MISS FRANK
 I was referring to myself.

Jean SHOTS Lou Gerson in the head. BLOOD sprays her tie.

Lou Gerson tumbles to the floor. His legs KICK as he
 bleeds out. Tom Clipp and Miss Frank are shocked by Jean's
 moment of sudden violence.

JEAN
 Too much?

MISS FRANK
 Little bit.

JEAN
 Well, fuck.
 (to Lou)
 Sorry.

MISS FRANK
 (to the boys)
 We should get him off the floor
 before he ruins the hardwood.

They dump Lou Gerson's lifeless body into the bar ice.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Candlelit. Incense. Cynthia, wearing an open robe, lies on the sofa as Jean goes down on her. Cynthia's about to climax when... Jean stops, looks up.

CYNTHIA
Why'd you stop?

JEAN
I wanna meet your family.

CYNTHIA
Baby, you're telling me this *now*?

Jean nods innocently.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
It's a bad idea, Jean.

JEAN
Why's it a bad idea?

CYNTHIA
Buncha' reasons. Momma only knows oil derricks, needlepoint, and Jesus. She won't understand this.

JEAN
She don't gotta understand it.
(quiet, vulnerable)
...I wanna know your people.

Cynthia sighs, relents.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'm good with mommas.

Jean returns to the business at hand.

CYNTHIA
You ain't met mine. Mmmm...

Cynthia climaxes LOUDLY and WE ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

INT. BRUNO HOUSE - DINNER TABLE - DALLAS - DAY

Silence. The clink of fine china and throats being awkwardly cleared. The dinner table consists of Cynthia's MOMMA, DADDY, AUNT SALLY, AUNT BOBBI, NANA (hearing-aid), Jean, and Cynthia.

The walls of the stately house are covered with bucolic paintings and taxidermy. Momma's already on her second Sherry and eyeballing Jean.

JEAN

Fine house you have here, Mrs. Bruno.

MOMMA

That's a dinner fork, dear. We're having salad now.

CYNTHIA

Momma.

JEAN

No, no, she's right.

Jean picks up the correct fork. Daddy turns to Cynthia--

DADDY

So how do you know Jean?

MOMMA

They're roommates, haven't you been paying attention?

NANA

I had a roommate once. A real nice gal from Tuscaloosa.

CYNTHIA

Jean's got her own business in Pittsburgh, Daddy.

DADDY

Is that right? You're a business lady then?

JEAN

Yes, sir. I own a massage parlor and I'm opening a nightclub soon.

NANA

Massage? Oooh-la-la.

AUNT BOBBI

You want a massage, Nana?

Nana chuckles. Momma eyes Cynthia's hand.

MOMMA

You didn't tell me you took your ring off.

CYNTHIA
I most certainly did.

NANA
What happened to her ring?

CYNTHIA
It's off, Nana.
(wiggles her fingers)
See?

MOMMA
Artie called me.

CYNTHIA
Did he? Where from? A
whorehouse?

MOMMA
The hospital. He was all beat up.

CYNTHIA
Ain't that a shame.

Cynthia discreetly squeezes Jean's hand under the table.

JEAN
I hear you're in the oil business,
Mr. Bruno?

DADDY
Oil, yes--

MOMMA
He's retired. We're retired now.

DADDY
Well--

MOMMA
Hush and let us ladies talk.
(pours more Sherry)
Where'd you meet my daughter,
Jean?

Jean thinks before answering, decides the truth is best:

JEAN
I met Cynthia in my parlor.

MOMMA
She come in for a massage?

JEAN
No, ma'am.

MOMMA
Well what'd she come in for?

JEAN
She was looking for her husband.

MOMMA
Did she find him? In your parlor?

CYNTHIA
--We came here for turkey, Momma,
not a trial--

MOMMA
Jean, did she find him?

JEAN
She did.

MOMMA
Then what happened?

Jean looks from Cynthia to Cynthia's Momma.

FLASH TO: Jean swinging her bat down on Artie Caione's knee.

JEAN
I beat the ever-loving-shit outta
him with a baseball bat.

Silence. Finally:

MOMMA
...I see.

CYNTHIA
He had it comin'.

More awkward throat clearing at the table.

MOMA
Do you have a fella, Jean?

JEAN
A fella?

The aunts snicker knowingly at the end of the table.

CYNTHIA
 What's so goddamn funny down
 there?

AUNT BOBBI
 Nothing, dear.

MOMMA
 A fella, you know, a boyfriend?

JEAN
 No, ma'am, I do not.

More snickers. Jean shoots the aunts a lethal smile.
 Momma downs her Sherry.

MOMMA
 Are you sleeping in my daughter's
 bed?

CYNTHIA
 Momma!

MOMMA
 Is she?

CYNTHIA
 Momma!

Momma gives Jean an even look.

MOMMA
 Jean: you're sitting at my table,
 eating my food, in my house. I
 deserve the truth. Are you
 sleeping in my daughter's bed?

JEAN
 ...Only when she ain't sleeping in
 mine.

Momma swallows. Then:

MOMMA
 Get out. Both of you.

DADDY
 Margaret--

MOMMA
 This does not hold! We're a
 wholesome family.

NANA
We're what?

MOMMA
Wholesome!

CYNTHIA
(stands)
Goodbye, Momma.

DADDY
Cyn--

MOMMA
Don't come back until that woman's
out of your bed.

DADDY
Margaret--

MOMMA
Do you hear me?

JEAN
It was nice meeting ya'll.

NANA
You too, dear.

Cynthia drags Jean out of the house.

MOMMA (O.S.)
You're not welcome back until
she's gone!

JEAN
Your momma's a rascal.

CYNTHIA
Let's get fuckin' married.

INT. BEACH - HAWAII - NIGHT

A 4-person wedding. On the sandy shores of Waikiki, Miss Frank marries Jean and Cynthia.

MISS FRANK
In the power, well, *no one's*
vested in me, you may now kiss the
bride.

The girls kiss. Tom Clipp fiddles with a camera, trying to capture the moment. He can't get it to work.

JEAN
It's the button on top.

CLIPP
--Something wrong the flash--

MISS FRANK
Lemme see it.

JEAN
--Oh for chrissakes--

THE CAMERA FLASHES. FREEZE on Jean and Cynthia gesturing to the men to hurry up.

INT. HOUSE - PITTSBURGH'S BRENTWOOD SUBURBS - DAY

A palatial house in a Tony suburban neighborhood. Jean covers Cynthia's eyes with her hands as they cross the threshold of the front door.

JEAN
Open your eyes.

CYNTHIA
Holy shit.

JEAN
Biggest house on the block. Feel the floor. Feel it. That's real stone.

Cynthia wanders into the enormous entryway.

CYNTHIA
This really ours?

JEAN
Yes, ma'am.

Cynthia jumps into Jean's arms and they fall to the marble floor, groping and kissing.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I want you to make us a home here, Cyn. A real home. Can you do that for us?

CYNTHIA
Hell yes! Look at this place. We'll throw parties every night--

JEAN
 No parties. Not here. I want
 this to be our thing. Just you
 and me. I want this to be a real
home.

CYNTHIA
 Well, alright then...

SMASH TO:

INT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

Jean at the dinner table, fork in hand, chewing
 distastefully. Cynthia, wearing an ill-fitting apron,
 watches her like a hawk across the table. A home-cooked
 meal between them.

CYNTHIA
 How is it?

JEAN
 (tastes like shit)
 It's pretty good.

CYNTHIA
 It's not pretty good.

Jean spits the food out into a napkin.

JEAN
 You don't know how to cook?

CYNTHIA
 (with an edge)
 I guess I don't.

JEAN
 So we'll order in. No big deal.

Jean takes in the messy house: Cynthia's clothes are strewn
 everywhere. Empty wine bottles and overflowing ashtrays.
 Pots and pans stacked in the sink.

CYNTHIA
 What?

JEAN
 Maybe we could keep the place a
 bit tidier?

CYNTHIA
 You want it *tidy*?

Jean nods. Cynthia gives her a withering look:

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

When exactly did you get the impression I was a homemaker? I'm built for fun and fuckin', that's it.

JEAN

We have our fun, but when we come home we're a family.

CYNTHIA

"Family" to you means I cook and clean?

JEAN

We each got a role.

CYNTHIA

What's your role?

JEAN

I provide.

Cynthia starts to giggle.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Why are you laughing at me?

CYNTHIA

Honey, you ain't Ozzie and I ain't Harriet. If I wanted to be a housewife I would've stayed with Artie.

JEAN

Who said housewife? I'm asking for just a little bit of normalcy in this house.

CYNTHIA

Tough. You ain't getting it!

Cynthia stalks away.

JEAN

Cyn?

The bedroom door slams. Jean takes another bite of dinner.

JEAN (CONT'D)

C'mon out, the meatloaf isn't so bad.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 (spits it out)
 Goddamn...

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Lou Gerson's old club has been transformed into the hottest nightclub in Pittsburgh.

As decadent as *Max's Kansas City*. Decorated in pink nude sculptures and a gold ceiling. White smoke fills the room.

Topless women, leather fetishists in spiked dog collars, drag queens, politicians, lawyers, and businessmen dance to thumping disco under a spinning globe.

Patti Truleski, the A.D.A. we met earlier, is dancing her ass off as her date, SPECIAL AGENT JEFF CONKLIN, awkwardly shuffles his feet.

PATTI
 We're not in court anymore,
 Howard, you can let loose a
 little.

CONKLIN
 (over the loud music)
 What?

PATTI
 Let loose! Woooooo!

TIME CUT - MOMENTS LATER

Patti and Conklin move through a throng of people to the bar. Patti's attention is drawn over to...

...Jean Marie Gill. Dressed in a silk scarf, velvet suit, large sunglasses, and a ten thousand dollar gold Rolex watch. Jean is the center of attention in a booth stuffed with DRAG QUEENS, POLITICIANS, and HOMOSEXUALS.

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - BATHROOM - LATER

Patti fixes her makeup in the mirror. Jean sidles up next to her. Patti steals a couple looks. Jean notices.

JEAN
 Hi.

PATTI
 Hello.

A PARTY GIRL does a line of coke next to them.

JEAN
What precinct are you with?

PATTI
I'm sorry?

JEAN
You're a vice cop?

Coke Girl, overhearing, quickly scoots out of the bathroom.

PATTI
You think I'm a cop? Do I look
like a cop?

JEAN
You look like you're trying not to
look like a cop.

PATTI
Maybe that's why I'm not getting
anywhere with my date tonight.

The ladies share a laugh. Jean likes her already. She thrusts out a hand:

JEAN
...I'm Jean.

PATTI
Patti. I'm an attorney, actually.
A.D.A.

JEAN
Ahh. I was close.

PATTI
You were close.

JEAN
Lady prosecutor. I didn't know
they had those.

PATTI
Just one. Hear they might hire
another gal next year--
(attentions shifts to
Jean's Rolex)
--Whoa, that's a nice watch.

JEAN
You like it?

PATTI
 (examines it)
 It's a knockoff? Nope, damn, it's
 real, look at that thing.

JEAN
 I'll get you one.

PATTI
 You'll get me one? This watch?

JEAN
 Sure. I'll send it over to your
 office.

Patti pauses. Cocks her head:

PATTI
 What do you do, Jean?

Jean gestures the club.

PATTI (CONT'D)
 You manage this place?

JEAN
 Manage, own, operate. Whole
 shebang. This place and a few
 others.

Patti looks at Jean with fresh eyes. Who the hell is this
 woman? Several BACHELORETTE PARTY LADIES burst into the
 bathroom. Jean winks mischievously--

JEAN (CONT'D)
 Nice meeting you, Counselor.

Patti, fascinated, watches her go.

EXT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - LATER

A DRAG QUEEN does a strip tease on Jean's table as her
 entourage throws money at him. Jean cheers him on. Across
the room, Patti leaves with Conklin. Her eyes move to Jean
 for one final glance before she exits.

Sally Maite, Jean's accountant, approaches her table.

JEAN
 Sally, Sally, Sally... Siddown,
 have a drink.

Sally scooches in next to her.

SALLY MAITE
You cleared a million dollars this
month. Congratulations.

JEAN
I guess I'm rich now.

SALLY MAITE
You would think. Except you're
spending...

She pulls out a black book filled with Jean's finances.

SALLY MAITE (CONT'D)
...fifteen thousand a month on
Cristal champagne...

JEAN
Worth every penny.

SALLY MAITE
--twenty thousand on flowers--

JEAN
--dandelions and roses, Cyn's
favorite--

SALLY MAITE
--A hundred thousand in mink
coats.

JEAN
Gotta stay warm, it's cold
outside.

SALLY MAITE
You bought the End Street movie
theater...

JEAN
That's a business.

SALLY MAITE
It was until you instructed the
staff to play only one movie.

FLASH ON: Jean and Cynthia in an empty theater with a tub
of popcorn enjoying the hell out of *Dog Day Afternoon*.

JEAN
When something comes out that's
better than *Dog Day*, we'll change
it.

SALLY MAITE
 Just promise me you'll try to take
 it easy on the spending.

JEAN
 I'll promise you something better:
 I'm gonna make a lot more money.

CUT TO:

8MM HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE:

--Jean showing off a new enormous wall safe filled with
 CASH floor-to-ceiling.

--Several famous paintings are hung in her various rooms
 and offices: Warhol, Jackson Pollock, Dali, Picasso.

--Cynthia follows deliverymen carrying several NUDE GODDESS
 SCULPTURES into her house.

--Rooms are transformed with leopard-printed furniture,
 silver coffee tables, gold ashtrays, and outrageously
 garish finishings.

--Crates of EXOTIC BIRDS, LIZARDS, PYTHONS, a POT-BELLIED
 PIG, are delivered to her house. A dozen CATS roam free.

--Jean shows off her huge walk-in closet filled with
 endless racks of designer suits.

--Jean and Cynthia pull up in twin BRAND NEW PINK CADILLACS
 and wave to the camera/us.

END 8MM FOOTAGE.

INT. PATTI'S OFFICE - DA'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Patti is swamped with paperwork. An intern hands her a
 small package. She opens it, a short note from Jean,
 "Enjoy, Counselor." Underneath the note: a GOLD ROLEX.

PATTI
 Sonofabitch.

Patti tries the watch on. She admires it for a beat and
 then slides it off and tosses it back in the box. She
 looks at the box, thinking.

EXT. MUSCLE BUSTLE - DAY

A hardcore bodybuilders' health club in downtown
 Pittsburgh. Jean and Tom Clipp stand out front, looking
 over the building.

JEAN

This could be good. We put a parlor in the front, dance bar in the back.

CLIPP

Or we could leave it as is, y'know?

(off her look)

Fitness is the future.

They walk inside to REVEAL:

INT. MUSCLE BUSTLE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The place is packed with GAY BODYBUILDERS. Jean and Clipp wander through the club, looking around.

JEAN

These guys pay to come in here every day?

CLIPP

It's like a membership. They pay monthly. The joint's makin' cash hand over fist.

They enter the...

INT. MUSCLE BUSTLE - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and pass several NUDE MUSCLE HEADS, who look at Jean sideways.

JEAN

Relax, you ain't got nothin' I'm interested in.

Jean sees a BODYBUILDER shooting up in a bathroom stall.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I thought this was a health club? Guy's doing smack in the john.

CLIPP

It's not smack. That stuff makes you strong.

JEAN

Strong? What do you mean, strong?

CLIPP

Strong. Like *Superman*.

The guy in the bathroom drops a NEEDLE and a VIAL on the floor and begins SMACKING HIMSELF IN THE FACE IN A RAGE.

Jean walks over and picks up the empty vial, reads the label: ANABOLIC-ANDROGENIC STEROIDS.

JEAN
 Ok, we'll keep the health club.
 (holds up the vial)
 Now tell me where this came from?

INT. ROADSIDE BAR - OUTSIDE PITTSBURGH - DAY

A briefcase filled with STEROID VIALS on a pool table.

POP WIDE ON THE ROOM:

Jean looks over the vials with a leather-clad biker -- NEAL KIRBY (40) leader of the Pagan biker gang. A few of his CREW stand behind him along with Tom Clipp and Miss Frank.

JEAN
 How much?

KIRBY
 For how much?

JEAN
 All of them.

KIRBY
 You can't have all of them.

JEAN
 Who says I can't?

KIRBY
 I've got other customers.

JEAN
 You *had* other customers. Now
 you've got me.

Kirby gives his guys a look: can you believe this broad?

KIRBY
Half is the best I can do. Half a
 case, that's it.

JEAN
 If I wanted half I would've asked
 for half. Half's not enough.

KIRBY
That's too fuckin' bad, darling.

JEAN
Alright. Keep the product. I'll
buy the club instead.

The bikers look at each other and chuckle.

KIRBY
We aren't for sale.

JEAN
I'll pay you more in a month than
you make in a year...

The bikers go quiet. She has their attention.

JEAN (CONT'D)
And if that doesn't do it for you,
I got an endless supply of the
tastiest pussy you fellas will
ever get your mouths on.

Kirby's crew offer grunts of approval.

INT. MUSCLE BUSTLE - MAIN FLOOR / LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A LONG LINE of BODYBUILDERS snake through the gym -- into the locker room -- and ends at a table where Miss Frank is selling steroids for fifty bucks a vial.

INT. MUSCLE BUSTLE - LATER

WE MOVE THROUGH a steroid-fueled world:

--NEEDLES plunge into beefy arms.

--A massive BODYBUILDER deadlifts 600 lbs. Baby powder flies off his hands.

--A row of GUYS are benching 300 lbs - 400 lbs while screaming at the top of their lungs.

--Blood vessels turn purple, on the verge of popping.

--Huge DUMB BELLS bounce to the floor with a BOOM.

--A collage of baby powder, spittle, IRON, and 'roided-up MUSCLES.

INT. MUSCLE BUSTLE - GYM FLOOR - DAY

Tom Clipp is doing curls in the mirror. He is RIPPED. Jean enters and approaches with a gym bag of cash -- his weekly cut. Next to them, several WEIGHT-LIFTERS are watching an enormous HOMOSEXUAL BODYBUILDER.

JEAN
Who's that?

CLIPP
Football player. NFL.

JEAN
(eyes light up)
No shit! The Steelers got a fag
on their team?

CLIPP
Shhh. Don't tell anyone.

Jean thinks. She pulls out a VIAL, walks over to the homosexual NFL player, AND WE CUT TO:

EXT. THREE RIVERS STADIUM - DAY

The Pittsburgh Steelers practice. Full pads. They go at each other hard. Our homosexual player, a defensive lineman jacked on roids, bull-rushes the OFFENSIVE LINEMAN and SACKS Terry Bradshaw.

Coach CHUCK NOLL turns to an ASSISTANT--

CHUCK NOLL
What's gotten into him?

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - GEMINI SPA - DAY

Jean studies her suit in a mirror. Specifically her flat crotch. She has a rolled-up sock in hand. She's about to put it down her pants, WHEN--

A knock at the door. Big Amy enters.

BIG AMY
Some guys out here looking for
you.

Jean steps into the LOBBY TO FIND: the entire starting defensive line for the Pittsburgh Steelers.

JEAN
Hey, fellas?

EXT. THREE RIVERS STADIUM - DAY

Fifty thousand screaming fans! Opening day of the season. Steelers Vs Jets. Joe Namath walks to the line of scrimmage. The Steelers defensive line, now all jacked on roids, snort and growl at him. He hikes the ball...

The linemen MANHANDLE the Jets offensive line and sack Namath. The crowd goes wild!

INT. GEMINI SPA - NIGHT

An epic party. A STEELERS' PLAYER throws Sweet Marie over his shoulder. He runs around the room, holding her in one arm like a trophy.

The parlor is packed with PLAYERS and PAGAN BIKERS partying with the girls. Jean finds Neal Kirby, the gang leader, with a girl in his lap.

JEAN

We've got the playoffs coming up.
I'm gonna need more juice.

NEAL KIRBY

How much more?

JEAN

Much as you can get your hands on.

CUT TO:

INT. PITTSBURGH STEELERS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A dozen PLAYERS sit in front of their lockers, smoking, drinking, and chatting with COACHES and REPORTERS off the record. TRAINERS move through the lockers, INJECTING EACH OF THEM WITH ANABOLIC STEROIDS.

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The room is packed with local politicians, cops, judges, underworld types. A Super Bowl party. Jean moves through the room with Tom Clipp.

CLIPP

He reached out again.

JEAN

Who?

CLIPP

New York. Carmine Sozzi. Boss
out of New York.

JEAN
He called us?

CLIPP
Twice now.

JEAN
What's he want?

CLIPP
What do you think?

JEAN
I think we're doing ok without any
bosses from New York or anywhere
else.

CLIPP
I'll pass the word along.

On the projector TV, the Steelers are seconds away from winning Super Bowl IX against the Vikings.

EVERYONE IN THE ROOM
Three, two, one...

The guests blow party horns, wave "Terrible Towels", and pour champagne. The Steelers are world champions.

Jean gets up on the bar and holds up a Terrible Towel like Norma Rae. Everyone cheers.

In the corner of the room, Patti Truleski leans against the wall, drinking a club soda, eyes on Jean.

Jean is surrounded by the room full of Pittsburgh power brokers. They treat her with reverence and respect.

PUSH IN ON Patti. A moment of revelation: Jean is the boss of Pittsburgh.

INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Wearing goggles and protective headphones, Patti takes target practice with her Colt .45. BAM. BAM. BAM.

INT. POLICE STATION - CUBICLE - DAY

Patti stands, hands on hips, looking at a cork board with twenty mug shots and surveillance photos of MOB FIGURES.

MARCON, a Pittsburgh PD lifer, appears behind her. She doesn't notice. He clears his throat.

MARCON

Uh, ma'am?

Patti turns, flashes her A.D.A. credentials.

PATTI

Dt. Marcon?

MARCON

That's right. You're that lady lawyer keeps calling over here.

PATTI

The one and only.

(re: the board)

Suspects in the LaRocca slaying?

Marcon takes a bite out of a meatball sub.

MARCON

Uh-huh.

PATTI

Got a lead on any of these humps?

MARCON

Not yet. But we're hopeful something breaks soon.

Marcon wipes sauce off his tie. Patti reaches out and yanks a photo off the board.

PATTI

This guy's *dead*.

MARCON

You sure?

PATTI

Mm.

MARCON

I'll, ah, take him off the board then.

More sauce drips from Marcon's meatball sub. Patti starts to head out, stops, and turns around.

PATTI

While I'm here...

Patti pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH of JEAN coming out of Smooth Nightclub.

PATTI (CONT'D)
Do you know this woman?

Marcon looks at the photograph, narrows his eyes--

MARCON
Is that the Rub Queen?

PATTI
...the what?

INT. MADEMOISELLE LINGERIE SHOP - NIGHT

Jean and Cynthia browse an aisle of beautiful, flowing nightgowns and lingerie.

JEAN
See anything you like?

Cynthia continues to move through the silk garments, her fingers sliding across each. Jean holds one up?

JEAN (CONT'D)
Can I buy you this one?

Cynthia just shakes her head "no."

JEAN (CONT'D)
What about this one?

Cynthia shakes her head "no" again.

CYNTHIA
You can't pay for everything,
Jean. I need my own money. I
need a job.

JEAN
Can I buy you one last thing?

CYNTHIA
...Ok, one last thing.

Jean grabs Cynthia by the waist, draws her into a kiss -- they lose balance -- and tumble into a bed of luxurious silk and satin garments. The STORE OWNER appears.

STORE OWNER
Ladies, please.

Cynthia and Jean are tangled on the floor, laughing.

JEAN
We'll take it!

STORE OWNER
Which would you like, madam?

JEAN
All of it. The whole shop!
(off Cynthia's look)
You said one last thing.

INT. MADEMOISELLE LINGERIE SHOP - DAY

A week later. Cynthia now runs the shop. She shows off all the lovely nightgowns and lingerie to CUSTOMERS.

CYNTHIA
This lace line is straight from Europe, made from the finest silks in Belgium. Feel how soft that is. Feels like heaven, don't it? You can't get lace this soft anywhere else in America.

INT. MADEMOISELLE LINGERIE SHOP - BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME

Sally Maite and Jean look through the shop's books.

SALLY MAITE
This shop is fifteen hundred a month in the red, Jean.

JEAN
At that rate, I'll go bankrupt sometime in 2027.
(looks out at Cynthia)
It makes her happy, that's all I care about.

Jean's POV: a HANDSOME DELIVERY GUY carries in three boxes of lingerie. Cynthia signs for the order and SMILES at him. They converse for a moment. Cynthia's smile lingers.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jean lies on her side, looking at Cynthia coming out of the bathroom, dressed in an amazing silk nightie.

CYNTHIA
How do I look?

JEAN
Gorgeous...

CYNTHIA
Say it like you mean it.

Cynthia snuggles up to Jean.

JEAN

You were making eyes with that delivery boy today.

CYNTHIA

In the shop? He was cute.

JEAN

I couldn't tell by the way you were slobbering all over him.

CYNTHIA

Are you jealous?

JEAN

I've just never seen you look at anyone that way before.

CYNTHIA

I look at you just fine.

JEAN

Not like that.

CYNTHIA

Well, he's a man. It's different.

JEAN

Why's it different?

CYNTHIA

Just is. It's fuckin' biology. What do they call it -- *hormonal*.

JEAN

Hormonal?

CYNTHIA

Yeah, hormones. Chemical reaction. My body feels one way about you -- *a real good way* -- and it feels another way about a man.

JEAN

I want it to feel the same way.

CYNTHIA

I just told you it can't because of biology!

JEAN
I don't give a fuck about biology.

CYNTHIA
That makes no sense. Biology exists whether you give a fuck about it or not. Jean, you ain't a man.

JEAN
What if I was?

CYNTHIA
What are we even talking about now, baby? Where is this coming from? I give you plenty.

JEAN
I want *more*.

CYNTHIA
I don't give no one else what I give you. That should be enough.

Jean puts her hand between Cynthia's legs.

JEAN
I want more.

CYNTHIA
(arches her back and
moans)
You want more?

JEAN
I want more.

CYNTHIA
You want more?

They begin to make love.

JEAN
I want more. I want more. I want more. I want more. I want more...

INT. GEMINI SPA - NIGHT

Another "Blue Night." Patti wanders the room full of OFF-DUTY (and on-duty) COPS, taking in everything. She finds Jean telling a joke to SEVERAL OFFICERS.

JEAN
...Welcome to Jamaica, have a nice
day!

The officers cracks up. Jean wheels to see Patti behind her. The two women regard each other for a moment.

JEAN (CONT'D)
...Excuse me, gentlemen.

Jean and Patti walk through the spa.

JEAN (CONT'D)
You're not wearing your watch.

Patti draws the WATCH from her purse, hands it to Jean.

PATTI
It looked better on your wrist
than on mine.

JEAN
That's a shame.

PATTI
You're a busy woman, Jean.
Aquarius, Scorpio, Libra, Gemini,
Spartacus, the Lion Den...

JEAN
Who knew massage was so popular?

A DETECTIVE, flanked by TWO GIRLS, moves past them and disappears into a room. Jean smiles mischievously.

JEAN (CONT'D)
We're just having a little bit of
fun, Counselor.

PATTI
Men do like their fun.

JEAN
Women don't?

PATTI
Of course we do...

JEAN
...You just don't pay for it.

PATTI
Right.

JEAN

One day you will. Ladies are selling and men are buying for one reason only: they run things and ladies don't. The day the shoe's on the other foot, this place will be full of shirtless fellas and a line of ladies out the door ready to pay for their services.

Patti laughs.

JEAN (CONT'D)

It's the truth.

PATTI

I'm sure. But I'm not laughing about that, Jean.

JEAN

No?

PATTI

No. C'mere.

Jean leans in.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Closer.

Jean, intrigued now, leans in closer. Patti locks eyes with her. Her lips an inch from Jean's. She whispers:

PATTI (CONT'D)

I'm coming after you.

Jean cocks her head, genuinely surprised. Did she hear Patti correctly? Patti nods, she did.

JEAN

Just you?

PATTI

Just me.

Now it's Jean's turn to laugh.

JEAN

Lemme know if you want a room, Counselor. My girls would be happy to oblige.

Jean wanders off, completely unworried. A crowd of cops close in around her. She owns the room.

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Low-ceiling, coffee-stained, 70s era office. Special Agents Conklin (whom we met earlier as Patti's stuffy date at Jean's nightclub) and MORRIS (40s) are laughing their asses off. Patti sits across from them, file in hand.

PATTI

You all done? Not yet? How about now No? Ok.

Once the men finally calm down--

CONKLIN

How many of these establishments did you say the suspect owns?

PATTI

Six parlors--

CONKLIN

Six?

PATTI

--Yes, and more on the way.

CONKLIN

Alright, sure, we'll look into it.

Patti gives them a wary look.

CONKLIN (CONT'D)

Because it sounds like you could use a *hand* here.

Morris snorts. Conklin giggles.

CONKLIN (CONT'D)

You want us to give you a *hand*?

PATTI

We're doing this again?

They stifle giggles.

PATTI (CONT'D)

She owns several other properties, including the Smooth nightclub--

CONKLIN

--That the club you took me to?--

PATTI

--Yes--

MORRIS
 (gestures, surprised)
 You two?

Conklin winks at Morris.

PATTI
 ...several other bars, health
 clubs, salvage yards -- a few of
 which the previous owners are now
 dead.

Patti shows them crime scene photos. Conklin looks them
 over. His bemused expression fades.

CONKLIN
 So she's someone's girl. This is
 mob M.O. 101. They find a
 gullible young woman, put her name
 on some deeds, and when things go
 south, they let her take the fall.

PATTI
 Jean is no one's girl, I can
 assure you.

CONKLIN
 Jesus, Patti, you could throw a
 rock in this town and hit a bent
 cop or councilman. This broad is
 a nobody. Bring us something we
 can sink our teeth into.

PATTI
 I brought you the goddamn
 Christmas turkey. This woman has
 taken over Pittsburgh.

Conklin and Morris exchange glances.

MORRIS
 Ok. Here's what we gotta do.

Finally they're getting serious. Patti leans in--

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 This case, we gotta *massage* it.
 We gotta get our hands in there
 and *rub* it out.
 (cracking up)
 Rub it right out!

Patti doesn't respond. She gathers her file and leaves.

CONKLIN
 Patti. Come back. We were only
 kidding. C'mon. We want to hear
 more about the Rub Queen!

CUT TO:

SUPER: 1979

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jean and Cynthia, dressed in designer men's and ladies wear -- sunglasses, scarves -- sit with a DR. KELLY, a kindly-looking therapist with a beard, bowtie, and a wool sweater.

JEAN
 We're just like any other couple.

CYNTHIA
 That hardly says it.

DR. KELLY
 Why do you say "hardly," Cynthia?

CYNTHIA
 Because there's not a thing normal
 about us. Never has been.

DR. KELLY
 So what makes you ladies abnormal?

CYNTHIA
 Well, take last weekend for
 example.

JEAN
 You're gonna bring up last weekend
 here?

CYNTHIA
 Why wouldn't I bring it up here?
 This is where you come to talk
 things out. Isn't it?

JEAN
 Alright.
 (to the doc)
 She wants to talk, we'll talk.

DR. KELLY
 What happened last weekend?

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Loud music and strobing light fills the crowded club. Jean and Cynthia dance and dance under the spinning globe.

INT. BATHROOM - SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - LATER (FLASHBACK)

PARTY GIRLS in halter tops doing blow on the counters. A bathroom stall door shakes as TWO PEOPLE HAVE SEX INSIDE.

Cynthia and Jean tumble into the bathroom, sweaty from dancing. Cynthia pushes Jean against the wall and kisses her. They do a bump of COKE off each other's fingers.

Jean eyes a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE. The blonde responds with a quick smile. Cynthia clocks it AND WE CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to the session with Dr. Kelly...

JEAN

One little smile and she lost her head.

CYNTHIA

I didn't lose my head.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A plate SMASHES against the wall. Jean ducks out of the way as a second plate comes whizzing at her. Cynthia's cheeks streaked with massacre and tears.

CYNTHIA

You fucked that girl!

JEAN

Baby, don't be crazy!

She hurls another plate -- it hits Jean.

CYNTHIA

IknowitIknowitIknowit!

Jean wraps her arms around her. They stand there hugging.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You promise it ain't true?

JEAN

I promise now.

Elton John's *Your Song* starts on the radio.

ELTON JOHN
*It's a little bit funny this
 feeling inside...*

JEAN
 Do you hear that? Listen.
 They're playing our song.

CYNTHIA
 You know I hate this song, Jean.

JEAN
 You don't hate it, you love it, we
 love this song! C'mon, dance with
 me...

They giggle and begin to slow dance to Elton John on the
 broken plates.

ELTON JOHN
*Hope you don't mind, hope you
 don't mind.*

CYNTHIA
 (whispers in her ear)
 I know you were with her.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The CUT from music to silence is abrupt.

JEAN
 I wasn't with her.

INT. GEMINI SPA - JEAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jean sits behind her desk, hands folded behind her head, as
 the Beautiful Blonde from the club is on her knees under
 the desk GOING DOWN ON HER.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to the session...

CYNTHIA
 Of course she was.

JEAN
 That's Ode talking.

CYNTHIA
 No. Maybe. So what if it is?

DR. KELLY
--Who's Ode?--

JEAN
Cyn's psychic.

DR. KELLY
(to Cynthia)
You have a psychic?

CYNTHIA
...Sometimes.

QUICK FLASH ON: Cynthia sits with ODE -- a cross-dressing bald psychic turning over tarot cards.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Big deal! I got a psychic. Lots of people got psychics! Psychics know things. People wouldn't have 'em if they didn't. Ask Jean. Ode's never wrong.

JEAN
You wanna tell this nice man who actually caught who cheating this weekend?

CYNTHIA
(shrugs theatrically)
If she's gonna get some, I'm gonna get mine too.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Cynthia having sex with a SLEAZY GUY in a WHITE LEISURE SUIT in the back seat of her parked car. The door opens...

Cynthia screams. Tom Clipp yanks the poor guy out. Jean leans in, glares at Cynthia. Cynthia mouths "oops."

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to the session...

DR. KELLY
What happened after you, uh, caught Cynthia with this gentleman?

Jean and Cynthia exchange knowing looks.

JEAN
We sorta made up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jean SHOTS White Leisure Suit in the KNEE-CAP. He howls in agony. BLOOD blooms through his white leisure pants.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Kelly senses something unspoken between the girls. Cynthia mouths "I love you" to Jean AND WE CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - JEAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

The house is now filled with bird cages. Parrots and other exotic birds flutter noisily around the cages.

Jean reads an article about herself in The Pittsburgh Gazette: "The New King of Pittsburgh" Her finger moves over the word "king." She likes it. Her finger moves to a word she doesn't understand. "UNCOUTH."

JEAN

Honey?

Cynthia is cooking breakfast and doing bumps of COKE off the back of her hand.

JEAN (CONT'D)

What's this word mean?

CYNTHIA

(looks at the paper)

Uncouth? I think it means uncivilized.

JEAN

Uncivilized? What's that, like I don't have any manners?

CYNTHIA

More like *style*, I think?

JEAN

He's saying I don't have any style?

CYNTHIA

You got a lotta style, baby, don't worry about it.

Jean stews. Her eyes flick to the journalist's byline.

FLASH TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - GAZETTE OFFICES - DAY

A bearded journalist, ANDY KAMMER, fiddles with a key in his car door. Miss Frank taps him on the shoulder.

MISS FRANK

Excuse me, are you Andy Kammer?

The man turns around. Miss Frank PUNCHES him in the face.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - JEAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jean turns her attention from the word she doesn't like to the accompanying photo she does. A b&w snapshot of a masculine-looking Jean walking down the street in one of her tailored suits.

JEAN

It's a good picture, don't you think?

CYNTHIA

Sure, but...

Jean grabs a pair of scissors and cuts out the photo.

JEAN

...But what?

CYNTHIA

Last thing you want is attention, baby. You should stay outta the papers.

Jean smiles at the "King of Pittsburgh" caption.

JEAN

Yeah I guess you're right.

SMASH TO:

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - DAY

A MAKEUP ARTIST powders Jean's nose as a CAMERAMAN moves around her with a light meter. The reporter, Mike Schnable (whom we met in the opening), sits across holding a mic.

JEAN

I just talk in that microphone?

MIKE SCHNABLE

When I hold it out, yes.

JEAN
 (to the makeup artist)
 I don't wear lipstick.

INT. CITY HALL - PATTI'S OFFICE - DAY

Newspaper clippings of Jean on the wall, including the same photograph Jean cut out of the paper. Patti watches the Schnable interview on her small B/W office TV. It's a REPLAY OF THE SCENE IN ACT ONE:

MIKE SCHNABLE
Some people call you the Queen of Pittsburgh.

JEAN
Do they now?

MIKE SCHNABLE
Others call you the King.

JEAN
Who calls me that?

MIKE SCHNABLE
(hands her a newspaper)
The Gazette. Last week.

JEAN
Those naughty boys.

MIKE SCHNABLE
So, Jean, King or Queen... the sixty-four thousand dollar question: how'd you'd do it?

Patti leans forward: the camera moves in on Jean as she smiles deviously. Closer... Closer... CLOSER...

INT. CLOSET - JEAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The King of Pittsburgh shoulders into a new suit jacket -- slides a .38 in her waist band -- drops a thick wad of CASH in her pocket -- shoves a rolled-up SOCK in her underwear -- admires her bulge in the standing mirror.

PRE-LAP the sound of a SNARLING PANTHER...

JEAN (V.O., PRE-LAP)
 Fear makes her angry!

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - GEMINI SPA - NIGHT

A five hundred pound PANTHER snarls and lunges!

It's stopped short by a CHAIN. Jean, Miss Frank, and Cynthia cower behind a desk, screaming and laughing. Jean holds two RAW STEAKS.

MISS FRANK
I just shit myself.

JEAN
Don't show any fear, she can sense it!

The panther ROARS. They all scream again.

CYNTHIA
Why do you have a fucking lion in your office?!

JEAN
She's a panther, not a lion. Her name's Casey.

The panther ROARS. Everyone screams again. Jean moves closer to the animal.

CYNTHIA
Don't don't don't--

Jean throws Casey a steak. The panther devours it.

JEAN
Isn't she a sweetheart? See? Just a kitten. Frank, go pet her.

MISS FRANK
Fuck you, Jean. I'm not going near that beast.

JEAN
(drags Cynthia over)
--Cynthia, c'mon, give Casey some love--

CYNTHIA
--Stop!!!--

JEAN
--Don't be a baby.

The ferocious panther SWINGS a huge PAW at them. They scream and SCRAMBLE out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They all spill into the hall, laughing. Tom Clipp approaches with bloody knuckles. Jean stops laughing, looks at him expectantly--

JEAN
Is he ready?

Clipp nods. Cynthia snorts COKE off her pinky.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Enough with that junk.

CYNTHIA
It's just a little bit, not a lot,
just a little.

She holds some out for Jean. Jean declines, hands her the raw steak--

JEAN
Go feed Casey. She loves you.

CYNTHIA
I'm not going near that thing.

Jean and Miss Frank follow Clipp into another--

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - GEMINI SPA - CONTINUOUS

A bruised and bloodied NUDE GUY is tied to a chair, head down, toupee askew. A rusty CAR BATTERY next to him.

JEAN
Wake him up.

Miss Frank revives him with a smack across both cheeks.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Hi. We need to talk.

NUDE GUY
Ugh.

JEAN
Soooooo...

Jean's eyes land on his exposed COCK.

JEAN (CONT'D)
What's goin' on down there?

NUDE GUY
Down...?

JEAN
Y'know.

NUDE GUY
I don't know.

JEAN
You know...
(off his confused look)
The dick. The dick department.

NUDE GUY
What about, what about my dick?

JEAN
Is it dirty? You got a dirty
dick?

NUDE GUY
Dirty? No.

JEAN
You sure?

NUDE GUY
Yeah.

JEAN
You sure?

NUDE GUY
...Yeah.

JEAN
You don't sound sure. Three of my
girls -- one, two, three -- caught
the clap this weekend. We checked
the books, you were the only one
with all three--

NUDE GUY
--No, no, no--

JEAN
Did you clap-out my girls with
your dirty dick?

NUDE GUY
--No, no, no--

JEAN
I think it was you.

NUDE GUY
It wasn't me, I swear.
(looks down at his cock)
My dick isn't dirty.

She leans over, grabs his COCK--

JEAN
This looks like a dirty dick, even
smells like a dirty dick...
(turns to Frank and Clipp)
What do you think, boys?

MISS FRANK
Looks pretty dirty to me.

JEAN
You would know--

NUDE GUY
--It ain't dirty, it's fuckin'
clean--

JEAN
--It's dirty, look at that thing--

NUDE GUY
It's clean! I swear on my
mother's eyes!

A KNOCK at the door. Big Amy steps in. Jean looks over
her shoulder at her--

BIG AMY
You need to see this.

JEAN
(to the Nude Guy)
To be continued.

NUDE GUY
(sobbing now)
It's not dirty! It's clean!

Jean and Miss Frank follow Big Amy out...

INT. STAIRS - GEMINI SPA - CONTINUOUS

They climb a quick flight of stairs...

INT. HALLWAY - GEMINI SPA - CONTINUOUS

...walk down a hallway, pass several working girls and customers, and enter the...

INT. COUNT ROOM - GEMINI SPA - CONTINUOUS

...They find the safe OPEN and completely EMPTY.

BIG AMY

I left for lunch at five, when I came back at six it was empty.

MISS FRANK

How much?

BIG AMY

Forty-two thousand six hundred and eleven dollars.

MISS FRANK

So someone walked in, picked the safe, and walked out the front door with forty-two thousand dollars?

BIG AMY

Or they had help.

Jean turns and looks out at her girls in the main room. Suspicion blooms in her mind...

A SCREAM. Coming from a massage room. They step into the--

INT. HALLWAY - GEMINI SPA - CONTINUOUS

Another SCREAM. Jean and Miss Frank, head-cocked, follow it a few doors down...

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - GEMINI SPA - CONTINUOUS

They enter to find APRIL (19) a chubby new girl with her ass cheeks covered in gruesome BITE MARKS. A beefy SECURITY GUARD has a PERVERT'S face mashed down on the massage table. Blood pours from the pervert's nose.

APRIL

Fucker bit me!

JEAN

(to the pervert)
What'd you do, mistake my girl for a Big Mac?

Bones crunch, teeth fly.

Jean stalks out of the room, blood speckled on her suit--

INT. HALLWAY - GEMINI SPA - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of GIRLS and CUSTOMERS staring at her, shocked.

Jean moves through them silently with Miss Frank -- swipes an empty COKE BOTTLE on a table -- and heads back down the stairs...

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia is sitting on the floor. The sound of the panther GROWLING from behind Jean's office door.

CYNTHIA

Is that blood on your suit, baby?

Jean doesn't respond. All three of them enter--

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - GEMINI SPA - CONTINUOUS

Clipp turns around, jumper cables in hand. The other end of the jumper cable clamped on the terrified Nude Guy's cock. Jean approaches him.

NUDE GUY

No, no, please no. I swear I didn't do it.

Jean holds out the coke bottle.

JEAN

Fill 'er up...

Clipp unties him. Nude Guy pisses in the bottle.

JEAN (CONT'D)

We'll see what the doc says. If it comes back dirty, we'll find you.

Nude Guy hands Clipp the coke bottle of piss.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Now get out of here.

NUDE GUY

Can I get my clothes?

MISS FRANK

Get the fuck outta here!

Miss Frank kicks his nude ass as he runs out naked...

JEAN

We're closin' up shop. No one leaves. I want every broad down here.

CYNTHIA

Why? What happened?

MISS FRANK

Someone robbed us.

CYNTHIA

Don't hurt none of these girls, Jean.

JEAN

I'm not going to hurt no one.

CYNTHIA

You promise?

JEAN

I promise, baby.
(to Miss Frank)
Frank, take Cyn home.

Miss Frank puts his arm around Cynthia and leads her out. Jean's warm smile vanishes. She turns to Tom Clipp--

JEAN (CONT'D)

Get those bitches down here now.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia lies on her side in bed, feigning sleep. Jean, just home, climbs into bed and throws an arm around her. Cynthia's eyes open and fall on Jean's scraped-up knuckles. She knows Jean roughed up at least one of her girls. Hold.

CYNTHIA

...You're no better than them.

JEAN

Who?

CYNTHIA

The assholes who used to run all the things you run now.

JEAN

They gotta fear you. It can't go any other way. Remember when I said that?

CYNTHIA

I remember. It was about being free then, but it's not no more. This is about doing whatever you want cause you can.

JEAN

...Same thing.

CYNTHIA

You don't really believe that.

Cynthia sighs, rolls over, and goes to sleep.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CITY HALL - DAY

A meeting in progress with Mayor Caliguiri. D.A. Duggan and several of the Mayor's aides huddle around the mayor.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI

It's a corruption case and you start pulling that thread, who knows where it ends...?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Can't go in there!

Everyone's head turns as the door opens and Patti enters, a breathless SECRETARY behind her.

PATTI

(to the secretary)
Thank you...

The Mayor puts up a hand to his secretary: it's ok. Patti strides to the Mayor and Duggan.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI

(to Duggan)
Why the hell does this woman keep crashing our meetings?

Patti lays a crime scene photo of a muddy corpse in front of them.

PATTI

Owen Dell. U.S.W. delegate. Ran a local on the west side.

Patti drops a new crime scene photo of the DEAD NUDE GUY.

PATTI (CONT'D)
 Irving Stein. Another delegate.
 Found in a downtown dumpster
 yesterday. Both were regulars at
 Gemini Spa.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI
 What's a Gemini Spa?

More photos...

PATTI
 Lou Gerson. Sam Petway. Rowan
 Grover. Terry Mikos.

QUICK FLASH ON: JEAN, MISS FRANK, TOM CLIPP executing each
 of these individuals in various ways (knife to chest, piano
 wire, bullet to the head, etc.).

PATTI (CONT'D)
 We've got seven bodies tied to
 Jean Gill and her crew this year
 alone.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI
 Jean who?

Patti drops a photo of Jean in front of the Mayor.

PATTI
 Jean Marie Gill. She's
 responsible for the death of
 Sebastian LaRocca and his nephew,
 Nick Delucia.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI
This woman?

PATTI
 This woman.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI
 You're telling me this woman is
 running organized crime in
 Pittsburgh?

PATTI
 I am.

Patti drops a surveillance photo of Tom Clipp.

PATTI (CONT'D)
Her crew consists of Tom Clipp, ex
mob enforcer for LaRocca...

Another photo of Clipp walking with Miss Frank.

PATTI (CONT'D)
... and Clipp's partner and,
sometimes lover, Frank Cocchiara.
He goes by Miss Frank.

The Mayor gives Patti and Duggan a "you gotta be kidding
me" look. Duggan purses his lips.

PATTI (CONT'D)
We can continue to not take these
people seriously if you're ok with
finding fresh bodies in every
Thursday's trash pick up.

The Mayor grinds his teeth, trying to wrap his head around
this. He picks up the photo of Clipp and Miss Frank.

MAYOR CALIGUIRI
These two are lovers, you said?

SMASH TO:

INT. GEMINI SPA - DAY

The front doors open... Patti, WARRANT in hand, marches in
with FIVE PLAINSCLOTHED COPS. Little Jane, working the
front desk, gives them a warm smile--

LITTLE JANE
Todd, Curtis... you guys come in
for the usual?

Patti glares. The embarrassed cops avert their eyes.

PATTI
Ma'am, this is a warrant. Come
out from behind that desk, please.

Jean appears, coffee in hand, completely unworried.

JEAN
Counselor...

PATTI
Jean. This is for you.

JEAN
 (leafs through the
 warrant)
 Oh my.

A plainclothed cop, FERGUSON, offers--

FERGUSON
 If you could have a seat, Jean, we
 won't be too long.

PATTI
 Actually, we'll be here all night.
 Where's the count room?

JEAN
 Second door on the right.

Patti makes a beeline to it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - GEMINI SPA - LATER - NIGHT

Jean smiles with her hands folded behind her head as Patti -
 - sour look on her face, the search was obviously
 unsuccessful -- exits with the cops, one by one, empty-
 handed.

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Another night. Party in full swing. Suddenly, the lights
 turn on. Instant buzz kill. Patti and several Pittsburgh
 COPS enter, holding a warrant.

INT. MONEY ROOM - SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - LATER - NIGHT

Patti and the cops stand outside the room with the MANAGER.
 She gestures for him to open it. She enters. The shelves
 are barren, dust outlines of where papers once lined the
 shelves. The money room is COMPLETELY EMPTY.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ding-Dong. Cynthia opens the door: Patti, warrant in hand;
 THREE COPS behind her.

CYNTHIA
 Are you fucking serious?

INT. KITCHEN - JEAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Cynthia and Jean sit in the kitchen quietly as Patti and the cops turn over her house, ripping into pillows, mattresses, sofa cushions.

JEAN

She isn't going to find anything,
don't worry.

CYNTHIA

I'm not sure she cares. Looks
happy enough tearing the place
apart.

(beat)

Can't you give her some cash to
get lost?

JEAN

She ain't interested in money.

CYNTHIA

Then give her *more* money!

They both turn to see Patti standing outside the kitchen,
eavesdropping on their conversation.

JEAN

What do you say, Counselor, would
a suitcase of green send you on
your merry way?

CYNTHIA

You could always try and find out?

The question hang in the air like a dangling carrot, but
Jean doesn't bite. Cynthia slides a mug of tea to Patti.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I made you some tea. Ain't no rat
poison in it or nothin'. Promise.

PATTI

(to the cops)

Let's go, boys.

Patti and the cops leave, but not before Patti gives Jean
one last lingering look.

CYNTHIA

Ok, that was scary.

JEAN

Calm down.

CYNTHIA
Did you see that look?

JEAN
I saw it.

CYNTHIA
That's a "I'm never gonna stop
comin' after you" look. This
woman's trouble, Jean.

Jean thinks. She picks up the mug of tea. Looks at it:

JEAN
You really put rat poison in this?

CYNTHIA
Maybe a little bit.

INT. GEMINI SPA - DAY

Jean enters the lobby with Tom Clipp and Miss Frank. Not a customer to be found. Big Amy crosses to Jean, worried.

BIG AMY
Jean.

JEAN
I know...

BIG AMY
They came again last night. Threw
all the customers out. We're down
sixty percent this month.

JEAN
I'll handle it.

BIG AMY
Everything on the block is getting
killed.

JEAN
Yeah...

INT. DUGGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

D.A. Charlie Duggan looks up from his paperwork as Patti enters his office.

PATTI
We need more warrants.

DUGGAN
How many more?

PATTI
Every bar, restaurant, health
club, rub parlor, all of it, every
piece of property in Jean Gill's
name.

Patti leaves. Duggan waits until she is out of earshot.
He picks up the phone and dials a number.

INT. GEMINI SPA - JEAN'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

Charlie Duggan huddles with a concerned Jean in her office.
The panther, Casey, growls in the dark corner of the room.
Duggan throws concerned looks toward it--

DUGGAN
Is that, is that a--

JEAN
She's looking to make a name for
herself.

DUGGAN
(distracted)
--Who?

JEAN
The A.D.A. broad in your office,
who do you think?

DUGGAN
Did you really try to give her a
watch?

JEAN
Who doesn't want a Rolex? What
kind of asshole sends that back?

DUGGAN
Patti's a crusader. Always been
that way. She's a true believer.

JEAN
How could you hire somebody like
that?

DUGGAN
I know, it was a bad call.

JEAN
We need to get rid of her.

DUGGAN
Get rid of her?

JEAN
Not like that. *Fire* her.

DUGGAN
That would be a problem.

JEAN
Why? You're the DA. You can hire
and fire anyone you want.

DUGGAN
She's the first female A.D.A. in
the city. I fire her, it would be
news, and attract a lot of
unwanted attention.

JEAN
--Cause she's a broad? Jesus
Christ!

Casey ROARS. Duggan twitches. Jean grabs a steak from a
small pile of raw beef on her desk and lobs it into the
dark corner of the room.

DUGGAN
She's going after your health
clubs next.

Jean slides over a briefcase of cash.

JEAN
Get her off my ass, Charlie.

Duggan scoops up the case and gets the hell out of there.

EXT. GEMINI SPA - DAY

TELEPHOTO: Duggan steps out into the parking lot, case in
hand, looks around, heads to his car. FREEZE-FRAME.

INT. CONKLIN'S OFFICE - FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

A pair of FBI AGENTS drop two surveillance photographs in
front of Conklin: Charlie Duggan enters Gemini with no
briefcase; he exits Gemini with a BRIEFCASE.

CONKLIN
Sonofabitch. Patti's rub queen.

Conklin leans back in his chair thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. DUGGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie Duggan is cooking dinner for his wife, TRUDY (50ish), DAUGHTER (12), and SON (10). He's showing his son how to make chicken parmesan.

DUGGAN

We roll the chicken it in the flour and then it goes in the egg and then back in the flour again... like so.

The door bell rings.

DUGGAN (CONT'D)

You get that, honey?

His daughter hops up, walks through the house, opens the front door to see: SIX FBI AGENTS.

DUGGAN'S DAUGHTER

...Dad?

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Duggan has his head in his hands, deeply ashamed. A stack of HOMOSEXUAL MAGAZINES, FILM REELS, and Jean's suitcase of cash on the table. Conklin and Morris across from him. Morris slides a fingers down the stack of magazines.

CONKLIN

You're a good man, Charlie. No one wants to embarrass you.

MORRIS

You give us things, we give you things. It doesn't have to be anymore complicated than that.

DUGGAN

What do you want?

CONKLIN

Not much. Few dirty cops, maybe a councilmen, judge or two...

MORRIS

...and of course, the rub queen. You do that...

(gestures the evidence)

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 ...none of *this* ever gets made
 public.

Charlie Duggan puts his head back in his hands.

EXT. GEMINI SPA - NIGHT

Jean and Clipp step out of the building and walk around the parking lot, hands in pockets.

CLIPP
 Charlie Duggan walked into a federal building at nine am this morning.

JEAN
 He's the D.A., I'm sure he goes there all the time.

CLIPP
 He's *still* in there. Twelve hours.

JEAN
 How do you know that?

CLIPP
 You pay me to know that.
 (beat)
 No one spends twelve hours talking to the feds unless they're *talkin' to the fucking feds*.

JEAN
 Shit.

Clipp pursues his lips. There's something else.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 What?

CLIPP
 New York called again. Carmine Sozzi's people. I told them we weren't interested, again.

Jean thinks.

JEAN
 Set it up. A meet. Let's hear what he has to say.

Clipp nods, but his expression is noncommittal.

CLIPP

It's New York, Jean. That's a leap for us. They're no joke.

JEAN

Neither are we.

Clipp nods, ok. He'll set up the meet. Then:

CLIPP

So what do you want to do about Duggan?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER - NIGHT

Charlie Duggan drives home from the federal building in his Oldsmobile. Classical music turned up loud on his radio. His face is a blank slate.

In the rearview mirror, a pair of headlights appear.

INT. MISS FRANK'S CAR - SAME TIME

Miss Frank tails Duggan a few car lengths behind. Disco music pumps from his car radio.

INT./EXT. DUGGAN'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Duggan pulls his Oldsmobile into his garage. The classical music still plays.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - SAME TIME

Miss Frank sits in his parked car, watching Duggan's Oldsmobile. He pulls a .38 from the glove box.

INT. DUGGAN'S GARAGE - SAME TIME

Duggan gazes at himself in the rearview mirror. His expression distraught, hopeless. The classical music build and builds.

EXT. DUGGAN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Miss Frank strides up Duggan's driveway. A dog BARKS from behind the fence. Miss Frank pulls out his .38--

INT. DUGGAN'S OLDSMOBILE - SAME TIME

Duggan pulls a .22 from the glove box. The classical music hits a crescendo. He puts the gun into his mouth...

EXT. DUGGAN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Miss Frank is halfway up the driveway when--

BAM!

Blood and brain splat the back window of the Oldsmobile.

Without breaking stride, Miss Frank slides the gun back in his pants, turns around, and walks back to his car.

The sound of Charlie Duggan's SCREAMING wife fills the air as Miss Frank drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

The glass door is KICKED open. Patti moves inside, furious. AGENTS look up from cubicles.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONKLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Special Agent Conklin in the middle of a meeting, surrounded by three FBI AGENTS...

CONKLIN

...Make no mistake, gentlemen,
this is a cancer and we're going
to surgically remove it, piece by
piece...

The door BANGS open.

CONKLIN (CONT'D)

--Patti--

Patti cross the room and PUNCHES him in the face.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: 1980

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - GEMINI SPA - DAY

Tom Clipp and Miss Frank stand outside Jean's office with FOUR NEW YORK GANGSTERS who are clearly uncomfortable in the presence of homosexuals. Miss Frank gives one of them a wink. The disgusted gangster quickly looks away.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - GEMINI SPA - SAME TIME

Jean, dressed in a camel hair trench coat with a shirt collar on the outside, in a closed-door meeting with...

CARMINE SOZZI (50ish), a refined New York underboss donned in a cashmere trench coat, Rolex, and gold pinkie ring. Casey, Jean's panther, snores in the corner of the room.

CARMINE SOZZI

There comes a point in every successful person's life where they have to make a decision. Is it enough, this success, or do you want more? It's a question that separates the rich from the wealthy, from the guy who started McDonalds to the guy who sold 10 billion McDonalds hamburgers. The question for you, Jean, are you satisfied with one city, or do you want ten? Or twenty? Or the whole goddamn country? Because if you make a deal with us, you will be giving up this tiny shit-kickin' pie for a slice of pie the size of Manhattan island. We can bring your anabolics pipeline national. Every NFL player, every olympian, and every nut in America who wants to look like Lou fuckin' Ferrigno.

JEAN

Gill.

CARMINE SOZZI

Pardon?

JEAN

Call me *Gill*.

CARMINE SOZZI

Sure, whatever you like.

JEAN

Gill.

CARMINE SOZZI

Gill. So are we taking you national or not, *Gill*?

PUSH IN ON JEAN.

JEAN

Let's do it.

They stand and hug. Suddenly -- shouting -- footsteps -- more shouting.

CARMINE SOZZI
What's happening? What is this?

The door flies open. Patti Truleski and SEVERAL COPS flood the room.

PATTI
Get those hands up, up, up.

Carmine and Jean put their hands against the wall. The cops frisk them both.

PATTI (CONT'D)
Jean, you're under arrest.

COP #1
Holy shit, is that a lion?

JEAN
What's the charge?

No one answers her. The cop who frisked Carmine hands a money clip with a thick wad of cash to Patti. Patti leans in close to Carmine, hands him the money clip--

PATTI
Get the fuck out of my town.

CARMINE SOZZI
Yes, ma'am.

Carmine takes the money clip and ducks out of the room with his crew.

INT. PITTSBURGH JAIL CELL - DAY

Jean sits in a cell, alone. Clacking high heels give way to Patti, who appears on the other side of the bars in a brand new perm and power suit. Jean regards her for a moment and starts to clap slowly.

JEAN
Congratulations. The first lady D.A. in Pittsburgh.

PATTI
You made the top of the fed's crime pyramid. That's a first too, Jean.

JEAN
Gill. No one calls me Jean no more...
(beat)

JEAN (CONT'D)

It feels good to be the boss,
doesn't it?

PATTI

I've got a door to my office now,
a girl who brings me coffee and
another one who answers my phone
and I still can't put you in front
of any judge in this county.

JEAN

Those boys do like to party.

PATTI

But I brought you down here
anyways because *it doesn't matter*.
You're going in this cell every
week. I don't care if it's for
two hours or ten minutes. I'm
going to haul your ass down here
because I fucking can. Because it
makes me feel good. We're going
to do this dance every week, *Jean*.

Jean just smiles at her. The sound of a door opening down
the hall. Footsteps--

JEAN

...My lawyer's here. Guess I'll
be seeing you next week.

A GUARD opens Jean's cell. Jean walks past Patti...

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jean feeds her birds fluttering around a giant bird cage in
the middle of the living room. Cynthia nervously paces
behind her.

CYNTHIA

What did I tell you? What did I
say? I said trouble. I said this
crazy ass bitch was trouble. It
was true when I said it and it's
even more true now.

Jean remains silent, feeding her birds.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I can be packed in an hour.

JEAN

What for?

CYNTHIA
 "What for?" "What for?" Honey,
 it's over. We gotta go.

JEAN
 Go where?

CYNTHIA
 Anyfuckingwhere but Pittsburgh!
 We can leave tonight. Right now.

JEAN
 You wanna leave?

CYNTHIA
 I want us to get in the car and I
 want us to drive and I want us to
 never look back and I want us to
 do that right now.

JEAN
 You really wanna leave all this?

CYNTHIA
 What'd I just say?

JEAN
 Then go. The door's right there.

CYNTHIA
 That's your answer? Really?

Jean doesn't respond. Cynthia looks at her, hurt. She stomps away.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 Fuck you, Jean!

Cynthia slams the bedroom door. Jean sighs, walks over to the door. It's locked.

JEAN
 Cyn... I'm sorry. C'mon, open up.

Something heavy slams on the floor in the room.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 What's that sound? What are you
 doing in there?

The door opens. Cynthia blows past her with a small suitcase, dresses sticking out the sides.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Stop, stop, stop.

CYNTHIA

--No, no--

Jean hugs her. Cynthia stops fighting her and drops the suitcase.

JEAN

I can't let this woman run me out of my own town. I just can't--

CYNTHIA

It's fucking Pittsburgh, baby. We ain't nowhere special.

JEAN

It's *my* town.

CYNTHIA

We don't need this place. It's a big fuckin' world out there, and we got a dump truck of cash to live like kings anywhere in it.

Jean lets go of her and walks over to the mirror. Looks at herself. Cynthia comes up behind her and hugs her.

HOLD ON JEAN LOOKING AT HERSELF IN THE MIRROR.

JEAN

I can't leave.

CYNTHIA

Why, baby, why?

JEAN

(looks at her reflection)

This. This don't work nowhere else. I walk down the street, no one laughs, no one snickers, no one would dare. They respect me. They fear me. I *mean* something here. Maybe one day soon I'll mean something somewhere else. But that's not today. You take this town from me, I'm a punchline in a suit.

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

It's a slow night. Jean holds court with a table of drag queens, homosexuals, and a few other hanger-ons. A worried-looking Tom Clipp slides in beside her.

CLIPP

The Lady D.A. arrested another councilman.

INT. COUNCILMAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A distraught CITY COUNCILMAN tries to climb out a window while TWO COPS and Patti drag him back in.

PATTI

Grab his damn legs.

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

BACK TO: Jean and Clipp. She pours him a drink.

CLIPP

Every time she takes someone down, it gets harder to do business.

JEAN

The world's not running out of greedy councilmen anytime soon. Find a new one. Where are we with Carmine?

CLIPP

First shipment is Super Bowl Sunday. He wants to double the delivery.

JEAN

Double? Can we handle that?
(off Clipp's nod yes)
Great. Now go find us some new friends in City Hall.

INT. STEEL MILL - NIGHT

An abandoned steel mill turned anabolic steroids lab.

SUPER: Jan 20, 1980. Super Bowl Sunday.

Crates and crates of steroid vials are loaded by PAGAN BIKERS into the back of CITY GARBAGE TRUCKS.

Clipp and Miss Frank oversee the loading. Miss Frank picks up a crate, groans under the heavy weight.

MISS FRANK
You need juice to *move* the juice.

CLIPP
Gotta get you in the gym, Frank.

MISS FRANK
And wreck my girlish figure?

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

Jean and Cynthia hosting the 1980 "Steelers vs Rams" Super Bowl party. Terry Bradshaw throws deep to John Stallworth for the go ahead touchdown. The club goes apeshit! Jean high-fiving everyone.

She finds Cynthia sitting glumly in the corner of the room.

JEAN
Come to the table, come on, what are you doing over here?

CYNTHIA
It was fun for the first three Super Bowls. They're just showin' off now.

Jean gives her a peck on the cheek and resumes cheering.

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

The two trucks filled with steroids fly down a dirt road. Clipp and TWO PAGAN BIKERS in one truck. Miss Frank and TWO MORE BIKERS in the other.

INT. TRUCK #2 - SAME TIME

MISS FRANK
How about some tunes in here?

He pops in a tape -- disco music plays. The bikers give him a sour look.

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

The game is over. The party's hit the dance floor. Jean and Cynthia slow dance under the disco ball to Roxy Music's cover of "Jealous Guy." Both song and dance bittersweet.

JEAN
What do you think of New York?

CYNTHIA
New York's nice.

JEAN
I'm thinking New York soon.

CYNTHIA
A trip?

JEAN
More than a trip. I'm thinking
for good. Get ourselves set up
right. A big penthouse
overlooking the park. Near that
zoo you like. Casey can live
there.

CYNTHIA
...Really?

JEAN
Would you like that?

CYNTHIA
You know I would.

JEAN
Gill and Cynthia take on New York.

CYNTHIA
...When?

JEAN
Soon, baby, soon.

Cynthia puts her head on Jean's shoulder. She's heard these promises before. Her face filled with doubt.

Jean's eyes flick to club entrance -- Cynthia turns...

TWO GUNMEN IN SUITS HAVE ENTERED THE CLUB. SHOCK RACES THROUGH THE CLUB-GOERS AS THE GUNMEN RAISE MACHINE GUNS.

Jean shields Cynthia, pushing people out of the way as--

Bullets fly. The room fills with gun smoke. The spinning globe CRASHES to the floor, smashing into a million pieces.

Jean and Cynthia drop to the floor in a hail of glass, smoke, and bullets.

Jean's BODYGUARDS fire back at the gunmen.

Several CLUB-GOERS and a COCKTAIL WAITRESS are wounded in the crossfire. The gunmen are killed.

INT. TRUCK #1 (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Clipp's truck. County Music plays softly from the radio. Headlights appear on the horizon. A HORN honking loudly.

The headlights are driving in the wrong lane directly at the trucks.

CLIPP

What's with this guy?

The headlights SCREECH to a stop, BLOCKING BOTH LANES. Clipp and Miss Frank stop to avoid a collision.

HEADLIGHTS flood from the fields on either side of them.

MEN WITH MACHINE GUNS STEP OUT OF CARS.

INT. TRUCK #2 - SAME TIME

Miss Frank looks at the gunmen.

MISS FRANK

Oh, fuck.

INT. TRUCK #1 - SAME TIME

Clipp tries to open the door...

CLIPP

Frank!

The night air is filled with MUZZLE FLASH. The interior of both trucks are riddled with bullets.

Tom Clipp is killed instantly. So are the bikers.

Miss Frank crawls out of his truck, bleeding from several bullet wounds.

He hits the asphalt with a thud but keeps crawling to the shoulder of the highway.

Men from the field -- NEW YORK WISE GUYS -- Carmine Sozzi's crew -- appear. They climb into the trucks and push the bodies out.

Tom Clipp is unceremoniously tossed onto the shoulder of the road.

One of the killers stands over Miss Frank and puts a bullet in the back of his head.

They hop into the trucks and drive away.

INT. SMOOTH NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

The club has cleared out. The distant ring of approaching police sirens. Jean lies atop Cynthia on floor, surrounded by broken glass from the fallen globe.

JEAN

Are you ok? Are you ok?

CYNTHIA

I'm alright. Baby, you're bleeding.

Jean feels her neck. Blood. She was grazed by a bullet.

Cynthia covers her mouth in horror. Another inch and Jean would be dead. She goes to hug her but Jean is already climbing to her feet in a rage.

Cynthia watches as Jean walks over to the dead gunmen and FIRES A ROUND OF BULLETS INTO BOTH OF THEM.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - GEMINI SPA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jean, neck still bleeding, hair covered with dust and glass, sits in the quiet of her office, phone to her ear.

PATTI (V.O., VIA PHONE)

...They're gone, Jean. Carmine Sozzi hit the trucks the same time he hit the club. Highway patrol's scraping what's left of them off the 302.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Highway Patrol unspool yellow crime tape. Tom Clipp and Miss Frank are zipped into body bags.

INT. PATTI'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Patti, phone to ear, shouldering into a parka.

PATTI (INTO PHONE)

You got played.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - GEMINI SPA - SAME TIME

Jean listening silently.

PATTI (V.O., VIA PHONE)
Once Carmine finds out you're
alive, he'll come back to finish
the job.

Jean doesn't respond.

PATTI (V.O., VIA PHONE) (CONT'D)
Could be in a week. Could be
tomorrow. Could be tonight.

Jean hangs up. Stewing. She picks up the phone cradle and smashes it against the wall.

EXT. GEMINI SPA - LATER - NIGHT

Jean steps out of the closed spa into the deathly quiet night. Looks around for possible mob hitmen. Sees no one.

A horn. Distant. Coming from a freight train. Jean peers out at the parking lot.

Not a soul out here. Jean walks to her car. Her shoes crunch audibly on gravel. Every sound amplified.

The freight train growing louder as it nears.

Jean looks up -- a lone MAN appears across the street, bathed in light under a street lamp. He doesn't move.

Jean's heart begins to pound. She keeps walking to her car while throwing glances at him.

The man shifts from one foot to the other. Jean walks faster. The sound of the freight train now very loud. Keys hit the lock.

She quickly starts her car and drives away as the sound of the freight train hits a deafening roar.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER - NIGHT

Cynthia sits on a gurney behind a curtain in the ER. Patti, wearing a parka, standing across from her. Cynthia's hands shake. The nightclub shooting still fresh in her mind. She downs a couple pills.

PATTI
It's all over, Cynthia. Not even
a question of when. Just a
question of *where*: Allegheny
cemetery or Allenwood Federal Pen.

Cynthia covers her face and starts to cry.

INT. JEAN'S CAR - PITTSBURGH - MORNING

Morning light shines on Jean's sleeping face. She awakens with a start. Parked under an overpass.

INT. GAS STATION - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jean splashes water on her face. She looks at herself in the mirror. Hold. She decides on a course of action.

JEAN

Alright...

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

She leans against a pay phone, talking:

JEAN (INTO PHONE)

Get your suitcase packed, honey, cause we're leaving.

CYNTHIA (V.O., VIA PHONE)

For real? New York?

JEAN (INTO PHONE)

No, I'm thinking out west somewhere.

CYNTHIA (V.O., VIA PHONE)

Baby...

JEAN (INTO PHONE)

Whatever you got to say, save it for the road. I'll pick you up outside Gemini at five o'clock.

CYNTHIA (O.S., VIA PHONE)

Five O'clock?

(beat)

Is this for real?

JEAN (INTO PHONE)

This is for real. I love you.

CYNTHIA (O.S., VIA PHONE)

...Love you too.

Jean hangs up.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Cynthia hangs up. She takes a cigarette out. Her hands tremble as she tries to light it.

Across from her: Patti and two LOCAL COPS. Patti is thumbing through BUSINESS LEDGERS IN LEATHER BINDERS. JEAN'S BUSINESS LEDGERS.

PATTI
You're saving her life, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
Go fuck yourself.

INT. CYNTHIA'S LINGERIE SHOP - LATER - DAY

Jean strides inside the closed shop. She unlocks a heavy deadbolt on a steel door and steps inside--

INT. BACK OFFICE - CYNTHIA'S LINGERIE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A bookkeeper's office. This is where all of Jean's illegal books are kept here. She moves to a big safe -- enters a combo -- STACKS OF CASH INSIDE. Most of it loose. She starts stuffing it into her duffel bags.

Sally Maite appears in the outer room with takeout lunch.

SALLY MAITE
Gill?

JEAN
(distracted)
Sally...

SALLY MAITE
Did you get the ledgers?

Jean's not really paying attention as she stuffs a duffel.

JEAN
Ledgers?

SALLY MAITE
Cynthia came by earlier, said you wanted the ledgers.

Jean stops stuffing on "Cynthia." Dread washes over her.

JEAN
Cynthia was here? Today?

SALLY MAITE
Came by first thing in the morning.

JEAN
She took the ledgers?

SALLY MAITE
She said you asked for them?

JEAN
(ashen)
Goddamn.

Jean slumps to the floor. Closes her eyes.

SALLY MAITE (O.S.)
Jean...?

Jean opens her eyes. Sees something odd: Sally Maite has her hands in the air because--

A DOZEN FEDERAL AGENTS LEAD BY SPECIAL AGENT CONKLIN AND SPECIAL AGENT MORRIS ARE FLOODING INTO THE STORE WITH BADGES AND GUNS OUT.

MORRIS
FBI!

CONKLIN
Ladies, I need you on the ground,
hands behind your head.

Jean doesn't put her hands behind her head or lie on the ground. She simply hands Conklin the duffel of cash.

JEAN
Just take me to fuckin' jail.

INTO. GEMINI SPA - DAY

FBI and LOCAL POLICE raid the spa. MALE CUSTOMERS run out of rooms nude. Some are tackled, others make it out the front door. The GIRLS are robed and handcuffed.

INT. COUNT ROOM - GEMINI SPA - SAME TIME

AGENTS use crowbars to pull the safe from the wall. They find something hidden behind the: a small anteroom FILLED with boxes and boxes of BETA CAM TAPES.

AGENT #1
What do we have here?

We see some of the labels: CHARLIE DUGGAN DA; JUDGE ALLAN SPIRO; POLICE CAPTAIN JAY MCBRIDE. These are the sex tapes Jean made of her powerful clientele.

INT. PITTSBURGH POLICE DEPT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Patti strides through the station with two INTERNAL AFFAIRS AGENTS flanked on either side of her. They stop at the office of Chief Jay McBride, which is empty.

McBride is coming up behind them, coffee in hand. Patti turns around. Smiles. Waves to the McBride.

PATTI
Morning, Chief.

McBride stops short, drops the coffee, takes off RUNNING.

PATTI (CONT'D)
(into a walkie-talkie)
We got a runner.

Patti and the agents jog after him.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - CITY COURTHOUSE - LATER - DAY

Two detectives walk a CUFFED Judge Spiro out of his chambers as Patti leads the way.

PATTI
I sure do appreciate you not making us chase you, Judge. We've done enough running today.

JUDGE SPIRO
Go fuck yourself.

PATTI
Everybody keeps telling me to do that.

INT. PITTSBURGH COUNTY JAIL - PROCESSING ROOM - DAY

Jean is brought into processing. She is marched over to a GUARD holding a cardboard box and a yellow jail uniform.

GUARD #1
Clothes go in the box.

Jean looks herself over one last time and begins to shed her suit...

Jacket.

Tie.

Belt.

Shirt.

Shoes.

Pants.

Rolled-up sock.

Underwear.

She stands before us completely naked, stripped of her power and identity. The guard hands her a grey jumpsuit.

FADE TO:

INT. BABY FURNITURE STORE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A timecard -- "GILL" typed across the top -- is PUNCHED and dropped into a slot.

Super: 1990

WIDER:

Jean Marie Gill steps out onto the main floor. Her work uniform is not terrible different from her old suit. She approaches a family checking out a child's play house.

JEAN

Afternoon, folks. Can I help you?

LITTLE GIRL

Does it come in pink?

JEAN

Pink, green, yellow. Any color you like, sweetie. And this slide is adjustable...

Jean detaches the slide and snaps it on the other end. The kids giggle at the funny-looking lady behind her back. Jean pretends not to notice.

FATHER

I think we'll take it.

JEAN

My five favorite words.

TIME CUT - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jean rings up the sale. Once the family's gone, she heads over to a PREGNANT COUPLE looking through the CRIBS aisle.

JEAN (CONT'D)
See anything you like?

The couple turns to respond -- it's Cynthia and her new HUSBAND, a button-downed accountant-type. Cynthia's 7 months pregnant. Sober for years. Healthy. She freezes at the sight of Jean. Jean disarms her with a smile.

JEAN (CONT'D)
That wasn't a trick question.

CYNTHIA'S HUSBAND
(laughs)
We need wallpaper and a crib,
right honey?

CYNTHIA
...That's right. Can you grab me
an Orange Julius next door while I
look through the stock?

CYNTHIA'S HUSBAND
Win, win.

Cynthia's husband winks at Jean and heads out. The two ladies regard each other for a moment.

JEAN
...Picked out a name yet?

CYNTHIA
Aaron Jr. if it's a boy, Millie if
it's a girl.

JEAN
It's a boy, I can tell.

Beat.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(re: her husband)
He make you happy?

CYNTHIA
(smiles)
He does.

JEAN
All that matters.

An awkward beat of silence...

CYNTHIA
You gave up the life.

JEAN

Wasn't a life to come back to.
The whole world stopped fuckin'
while I was away. Who'd a thought
that? Gemini is now something
called TGIFridays.

FLASH ON: TGIFRIDAYS.

JEAN (CONT'D)

The hell does that even mean?
Lotus Root is an Applebees.

FLASH ON: APPLEBEES family-style restaurant.

JEAN (CONT'D)

They turned Aquarius into a video
store don't even sell dirty
movies.

FLASH ON: BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO STORE.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Smooth is a Pentecostal church if
you can believe it.

FLASH ON: NEW WORLD CHURCH.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Only thing still standing are my
health clubs. They're now open
twenty-four hours a day...

FLASH ON: 24 HOUR FITNESS GYM.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Even if no one fucks anymore,
guess they still like to sweat.

Cynthia chuckles. Muzak plays in the background. Elton
John's "Your Song" comes on. Cynthia just shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

I always hated this song.

Jean starts to sing. Cynthia blushes at first, then
becomes more emotional.

JEAN

"It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside / I'm not one of those who can easily hide / Don't have much money but boy if I did I'd buy a big house where we both could live / Hope you don't mind / Hope you don't mind / Hope you don't mind / How wonderful life is when you're in the world..."

Cynthia's eyes well. The two ladies regard each other once more for a long beat.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You gotta go.

Cynthia nods and wipes her eyes. She leaves.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

...Goodbye, Cyn.

Cynthia meets her husband at the entrance. She steers him out the door, fighting back tears.

Jean wanders back through the store, humming to herself.

INT. JEAN'S TOYOTA - PITTSBURGH - NIGHT

A somber, quiet drive home through the old neighborhood. Jean suddenly hits the brakes, stopped cold by *something*.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Jean gets out of her car and stands in the middle of the sanitized strip that was once her empire of clubs, parlors, and adult theaters.

She's hit with an epiphany: the sidewalks are filled with openly gay, lesbian, and transgendered people. This neighborhood belongs to them now. The spirit of Jean's empire is alive and well and thriving.

CUT TO BLACK