

15 Minutes

John Herzfeld

FADE IN

on the words CZECH AIRLINE. We are panning across the words on the side of the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE

ANGLE DOWN

on a tray table. Crumpled Czech bills and coins are on it. Hands are counting the money. The airline hostess announces the arrival at JFK - in CZECH. A hand reaches into a breast pocket - pulling out two passports. One is opened. Belongs to EMIL SLOVAK. The next passport belongs to OLEG RAZGUL. The hand passes the Oleg Razgul passport to the man next to him. We notice several empty airline bottles of vodka and a small disposable camera on Oleg's tray table. The passport is set down. Oleg picks it up. We hear Emil's voice in CZECH. The scene is subtitled in ENGLISH.

EMIL (V.O.)

Just do what I do. Say the same thing I say. Don't open your mouth.

OLEG (V.O.)

Okay.

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL - KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES down a long line of passengers. They are split into two lines - one for Americans, the other for visitors. CAMERA finally arrives at EMIL SLOVAK. An unshaven Czech in his mid-30's. Tall, scraggly beard. Piercing blue eyes. He's dressed in an outdated suit. His eyes are alert, cunning and smart.

OLEG RAZGUL, stands in line behind Emil. Oleg is big. Not tall - but wide. A wrestler's body. Emil looks at Oleg. (The following is in CZECH and subtitled in ENGLISH.)

EMIL

Don't fool around.

OLEG

Okay.

Oleg holds up his disposable camera - at arms length - to take a picture of himself.

EMIL

Did you hear what I said?

OLEG

I want to document my trip to America.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Next.

(Emil steps up)
Could I see your documents, please?

EMIL
Yes sir.

He hands the passport to the officer who runs it through an image swipe. Emil glances furtively back to Oleg.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
What is your intended purpose of your visit to the United States?

EMIL
Two weeks holiday.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
How much money are you carrying with you?

EMIL
I have five-hundred dollars.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Can you show me? Sir, no cameras in the FIS area!

Oleg was about to take a picture of Emil and the Immigration Officer. Oleg puts the camera away. Smiles sheepishly.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)
(to Emil)
Is he with you? Are you travelling together?

EMIL
Yes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Please join us.
(to Oleg)
Come on forward.

EMIL
Is there a problem?

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
No, you're travelling together. I want to talk to you together. Hi, how are you? Can I take a look at your documents?

(takes Oleg's passport)
Are you related?

OLEG
Yes...he's my friend.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Okay. You're a Czech national and
you're a Russian national. How do you
know one another?

Oleg starts to speak, but Emil cuts him off.

EMIL
We are both from Prague.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(to Oleg)
How long are you planning to stay?

EMIL
Two weeks.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
I'd like to speak for himself, okay?

EMIL
He doesn't speak English.

OLEG
I speak English.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(to Oleg)
Then answer my questions. Where were
you planning to stay during the two
weeks that you're here?

OLEG
New York.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Yes, we're in New York now. But where
are you planning to stay in New York?

OLEG
A cheap hotel.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
What are you coming here to do?

OLEG
I'm here for movies.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Movies...to be in the movies or to see
movies?

OLEG
Yes. No. Both. When I was a boy, I
see movie at school called "It's a
Wonderful Life" directed by Frank Capra.
Ever since I want to come to America.

Land of the free. Home of the brave. A
land where anyone can be anything. As
long as they are white.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Excuse me?

EMIL

He made joke, bad joke. First time on
airplane...

The SUPERVISOR comes over to see what the problem is:

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Well, they've got valid visas, but they
don't have much money. Uh... and I'm
not...uh, I think there's a possibility
they may be coming to live and reside.

SUPERVISOR

Look how long the line is. We gotta
move 'em out. I'll take them down to
secondary.

Emil looks at Oleg, pissed.

INT. P.B. HERMAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The place is empty except for one table at the end of the
bar. EDDIE FLEMMING, Manhattan's most famous detective, and
his savvy, black partner, LEON JACKSON are having cocktails.
Eddie is smoothly handsome, tough, smart and tired. Not only
is he the best homicide detective Manhattan has ever seen,
he's continually mentioned in New York columns and has been
the subject of several magazine articles. There's even been
a TV movie about one of his biggest cases. Leon has been
with Eddie a long time and was also featured in the TV movie.

Sitting with Eddie and Leon is ROBERT HAWKINS, host and star
reporter for the tabloid show, "Top Story." Hawkins is also
the best in the business and has dealt with them all: Joey
Buttafuoco and Amy Fisher, Lorena Bobbit and OJ.

Wait staff bustles in the b.g. doing the morning set up.
Hawkins listens as Eddie, cigar in hand, finishes a "war
story" and a vodka tonic at the same time.

EDDIE

So we're waitin' to hit this warrant -
we got Emergency Service with the heavy
weapons standin' by - ready to go. I
say, lemme get a cigar outta the car. I
go to get the cigar and BOOM! All the
sudden I turn around and a kid with a
shotgun let one go. Right where I was
standin'. That coulda been it. I
coulda had my head blown off and for

what? Some stupid kid got panicky,
takes the safety off and it's over. If
I hadn't gone back for that cigar - for
a bad habit - I would've had my head
blown off.

HAWKINS

Jesus Christ.

PAULIE, the owner, walks up.

PAULIE

Speakin' of bad habits, everybody okay?

HAWKINS

Another martini.

LEON

Coffee for me, I gotta slow down.

EDDIE

Vodka tonic.

LEON

(rethinks it)

Maybe you could just put in a shot of
Martell?

Paulie takes the drinks off the table and an empty bottle of
vodka.

LEON (CONT'D)

(of Eddie's story)

It was freaky, I'll tell you. Stupid
kid.

EDDIE

What's the kid gonna say - sorry?
Meanwhile I'm not here anymore.
Like last week - we were at the morgue
and this guy was all chopped up - spleen
here - liver there - his heart in a pan.
Six hours ago this guy was walkin' his
dog or buyin' a quart of milk. Who
knows? But some kid's robbed him for \$3
or some shit and shot him and now you
can't tell if he's a piece of beef or a
human being and I'm thinkin' that's me.
Sooner or later. That's me.

HAWKINS

Sooner or later that's everybody.

EDDIE

Not chopped up. Not chopped up like
that. I mean, what do I got left?
Coupla articles. A medal or two.

Plaque here and there and in a coupla years no one remembers me anymore.

HAWKINS

I think you're getting a little moody there, Eddie.

EDDIE

I'm not moody.

Hawkins and Leon share a look.

HAWKINS

Isn't he a little moody?

LEON

Of course he's moody. He thinks he's in love.

HAWKINS

In love? With who?

Paulie delivers the drinks and sets some cigars on the table. Takes a seat next to Eddie. Eddie asks Hawkins.

EDDIE

How old are your kids?

HAWKINS

My kids? Let's see...Susan's 15. Aundrea's 9. Don't tell me you're thinking about having a kid! How old are you? Never mind. Let me just tell you this: Every stupid cliché you hear about kids - they change your life, they make you a better person, they make you whole...

(beat)

It's all true! Before I had kids when friends talked about their kids, I wanted to vomit. Now -- I get it. Am I right, Leon?

LEON

Absomotherfuckin'lutely. You can have all three of my ex-wives. But somebody so much as looks sideways at my four girls -- I'd kill 'em.

(takes out his wallet)

You haven't seen my youngest have you?

As he hands pictures to Hawkins his cell phone rings.

LEON (CONT'D)

Yeah?

HAWKINS

Paulie, you've got kids, right?

PAULIE

My kids don't talk to me anymore but they were great when they were young.

LEON

(into the phone)

Sure it's him? Great!

(collapses the phone)

Unique's home.

They all rise from the table.

EDDIE

Paulie, I need the cure.

PAULIE

Step into my office.

Leon and Hawkins sit back down as Eddie and Paulie leave.

HAWKINS

So you got your kids listening to Opera?
You still singing in the church on the weekends?

INT. SECONDARY IMMIGRATION OFFICE - DAY

Now other officers are questioning Emil and Oleg. They've been there a while. The SECONDARY OFFICER is looking Oleg.

SECONDARY OFFICER

Okay. You work in a vodka factory. I understand that.

(to Emil)

And what kind of work do you do?

EMIL

I am butcher.

SECONDARY OFFICER

You're a butcher? What do you use pig intestines for?

EMIL

You stuff sausage in it.

SECONDARY OFFICER

And what do you do with the bones?

EMIL

Dog food.

Emil looks at Oleg. Blaming his stupid responses at Passport Control for their detainment.

SECONDARY OFFICER
Are you married?

EMIL
No. Are you proposing?

ANGLE UP

through a thousand ICE CUBES. A face plunges towards us...

INT. MENS ROOM

Eddie has his back to us as he dunks his face into a sink full of ice. He dries his face, looks into his bloodshot eyes. Presents a small black ring box to the mirror.

EDDIE
Will you marry me? Wanna get married?
What are you doin' Saturday?

Leon enters. Eddie turns.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna propose.

LEON
When?

EDDIE
Tomorrow. At lunch.

LEON
You ready?

Eddie leans back and drops some Visine in his eyes. Turns.

EDDIE
The thrill of the hunt. I love it.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Oleg and Emil stare at the bright lights - all the nonstop action. Each stands with an old suitcase.

OLEG
(in Russian)
Look. Times Square. Just like in the movies!

EMIL
(in Czech)
Don't speak Russian!

OLEG
(in Russian)
Why? Why do I always have to speak to you in Czech?

EMIL

(in Czech)

Because I don't like your ugly language.
I heard enough of it in school! Now
speak Czech or English. And don't fool
around anymore. You almost got us
thrown out!

Emil pulls out an envelope with Milos' address on it. This is who they came to see. Emil hails a CAB. Oleg is staring inside a camera store - at himself on a monitor. A videocamera's pointed out in the street.

OLEG

Look. New videocameras. Color
viewfinder. Image stabilization.
Solarization. Night vision.

EMIL

We have no money. Come on.

Oleg stares at the videocamera - dying to have one like this. Emil slides into the cab.

CABBIE

Where you wanna go, buddy?

Emil pulls out the post-marked envelope. Points to the return address on it and passes it through the slot to the Cabbie.

EMIL

Here.

Emil looks out the window - no sign of Oleg. Then, Oleg hurries out the camera store, gripping something inside his coat. He flings both suitcases in the trunk, SLAMS it shut and jumps in the back seat. He opens his jacket - pulling out the VIDEOCAMERA he just stole.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Go!

Oleg smiles sheepishly at Emil.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - DAY

Eddie's car pulls up. Eddie, Leon and Hawkins get out.

HAWKINS

So what's unique?

EDDIE

Not what. Who.

Eddie passes Hawkins a Polaroid - of a woman on a bed - covered in blood.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

He's from Antigua. His girlfriend was taking too long to put her make-up on. they were late for a party. Stabbed her with a beer bottle.

HAWKINS

That's unique.

EDDIE

Yeah. And he still went to the party.

Leon moves to a LOOKOUT - gives him a twenty.

LOOKOUT

Top floor. Back room.

EDDIE

Yeah. I make big cases, they make the news and I look good. But the problem with becoming a star is downtown. They shoot at stars. Now be quiet. Shhh.

As they reach the doorway - Eddie surprises two crackheads. Waves them off. They hurry away.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I hope this prick doesn't run. My knees are killing me. Stay behind me.

HAWKINS

You're worried for my safety. I'm touched.

Eddie flattens against the building - watches Unique descend the fire escape.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Ready?

EDDIE

Keep them out of my way.

HAWKINS

Okay. You ready?

EDDIE

Yeah, yeah. Jesus.

Eddie closes in.

HAWKINS

(into his cell phone)

COME ON! COME ON! YOU FUCKING GUYS,

LET'S MOVE IT!

Unique is climbing down the fire escape - before he gets to the bottom, Leon bursts through a door behind him and kicks the fire escape, sending Unique flying into the alley. Where he lands dropping his gun.

Eddie pulls him off the ground as Leon scoops the gun up.

EDDIE

What's your rush? Going to a party?

UNIQUE

Why you chasin' me, man?

EDDIE

I don't know. You always come outta your house that way?

UNIQUE

It's not my house, man. I don't live here.

EDDIE

Well, sounds like burglary to me.

Leon cuffs Unique who recognizes Eddie.

UNIQUE

I know you man.

An unmarked van comes tearing into the scene. Disgorges a mini-cam team that starts filming but they missed the bust.

HAWKINS

(to Eddie)

Any chance we can do that again?

EDDIE

Again? I didn't wanna do it the first time.

EXT. EAST SIDE - LATE DAY

The cab is in front of an old five-story brownstone. Oleg gets the bags out of the trunk as Emil tucks the envelope into his jacket, then steps up to the old building. He looks back at Oleg - who's VIDEOTAPING him.

EMIL

Turn that off! Get the bags.

OLEG

Why should I carry your bag? I am not a dog.

EMIL

For five years I paid for your
stupidness - you'll carry my bag for the
rest of my life if I say so.

(challenging)

Unless you refuse, Oleg.

Oleg looks at Emil. Even though Oleg is stronger than Emil,
he fears him. He picks up both bags. Emil searches the
occupant list over the buzzers to the apartment building.

EMIL (CONT'D)

There. 5RW.

Emil pushes ten of the buzzers except 5RW. A BUZZER clicks
and Emil pushes it open.

INT. MILOS' APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY

The brownstone has no elevator so Emil and Oleg climb the
stairs... Oleg cradling his camera. Emil notices a crack
pipe on the floor and picks it up. Smells the bowl.

OLEG

What?

EMIL

Smell like chemicals...for smoking
drugs.

Emil pockets the pipe and climbs to the top floor, moving
down the dirty hallway to a corner door.

INT. MILOS' APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

He KNOCKS...FOOTSTEPS approach. The door is opened by MILOS -
a 40-year-old Czech, dressed in stained plumbers overalls.
He is surprised to see Emil and Oleg in his doorway. Oleg
films him...

MILOS

Emil???!

EMIL

Surprise! Surprise!

Milos shoots a look across the tiny kitchen to TAMINA, his
comely wife.

INT. MILOS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Emil pushes his way inside. Oleg follows. Milos wears
plumbers overalls but Emil notices sports a Rolex. Tamina
has on a faded dress but despite their cheaply furnished
apartment she wears an expensive brushed gold necklace,
bracelet and big pearl earrings. The room is furnished with
kitsch from Disney World and Las Vegas. The only anomaly is

a HUGE SONY TRINITRON HOME ENTERTAINMENT CENTER. (The following is in Czech and subtitled in English.)

EMIL

Your sister said she didn't know where you were so you shouldn't write to her with return address if you're hiding.

MILOS

Did you hurt her?

EMIL

You know me...I never hurt anybody. Where's the money?

OLEG

Hello, Tamina.

Oleg is looking Tamina over. Milos - though scared - barks at Oleg.

MILOS

Take your eyes off her, Oleg!

(to Emil)

Look. It wasn't my fault you two were caught.

(of Oleg)

It's his fault. Trying to get the bank clerk's phone number?! I wasn't going to wait!!!

EMIL

Milos. Get my money!

Oleg videotapes the scene.

CLOSE ON AN AJAR DOOR

All we see behind it is a WOMAN'S FACE and her wet hair - she obviously came from the shower and we see the towel wrapped around her.

MILOS

(nervously)

We spent it!

EMIL

Ha. Ha.

MILOS

Look at the way we live. I'm a plumber. You think I'd be working if I had money?!

Emil, pissed, moves to a wood block and pulls out a KITCHEN KNIFE. He grabs Tamina roughly, putting the blade to her throat.

MILOS (CONT'D)

Emil. Put down the knife.

Milos looks at his wife - who is terrified.

MILOS (CONT'D)

Emil. I'll help you.

Milos closes the gap between him and Emil - trying to calm him by talking softly.

MILOS (CONT'D)

I can get you a job.

EMIL

A job?

MILOS

Yes, the money is good.

EMIL

As a plumber?!

MILOS

It's easy to learn.

EMIL

A job?? As a plumber??? You think I come to America to work!

MILOS

We started over, you can too.

EMIL

(furious)

You spent all the money while I was in prison? Now you tell me to get a job fixing toilets?!?

Emil pulls the knife away from Tamina - then angrily PLUNGES it toward Milos' chest!

Oleg videotapes it. Then lowers the camera - shocked that Emil killed Milos.

Blood sprays Tamina's face. She tries to run but Oleg grabs her, not noticing her brushed gold bracelet falls to the floor. He covers her mouth as he points the videocamera at Emil who STABS Tamina - absolutely enraged!

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE DOOR

flees...Emil hears NOISE in the bedroom - a window opening. Emil kicks the bedroom door open. Sees the window leading to the fire escape. He dashes to it. Sees four flights down - the WOMAN, wearing a summer dress. Barefoot. Her hair still

wet.

She looks up. She is beautiful and terrified. She runs down the alley.

EMIL (CONT'D)

She saw!

Emil hurries toward the bathroom. She just got out of the shower. Her underwear and purse are draped over a chair. Emil grabs the purse. Finds a CZECHOSLOVAKIAN PASSPORT. He opens the cover, stares at her photo and name.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Daphne Hanlova.

There's one stamp in the passport - from the U.S. when she arrived - June 16, 1998. Underneath is written - 6 MONTH STAY. Emil flips through the rest of the passport - all blank pages.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Six month visa. Still here two years later. They'll deport her if she goes to Police.

Emil pockets Daphne's passport and wallet, scoops up her shoes and jacket - enters the kitchen and dumps them on the floor. He tears through the kitchen cabinets, throwing cans and bottles aside.

OLEG

What are you looking for?

Emil finds nail polish remover - looks at the bodies.

EMIL

I'm going to make a bohemian barbecue.

Emil draws the kitchen curtains plunging the room into darkness.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A face comes from the darkness. It's an athletically handsome man, jogging out of a tunnel towards us. He's in a tie and jacket in Central Park at NIGHT. He is JORDAN (JORDY) WARSAW. A sensitive man of rugged honesty. He runs down the hill in a hurry. A MUGGER steps in his path.

MUGGER

Got any spare change? How 'bout a spare twenty?

JORDY

Look, I don't have time for you, get out

of my way!!

MUGGER

Alright, how 'bout all your fuckin' money?

The Mugger pulls a knife - and in a whirl of movement, Jordy grabs his wrist and disarms him in a deadly, professional manner - hurling him down to the pavement, twisting his arm behind his back. With his other hand, Jordy whips out a BROWNING 9MM from his shoulder holster and places it behind the mugger's head. Jordy displays his shield.

JORDY

Okay, you're under arrest! Now you happy?

MUGGER

Fire Department? Firemen don't carry guns.

JORDY

Oh yeah? Guess again.

Jordy handcuffs the Mugger and searches the Mugger's coat pockets - pulling out a handful of driver's licenses and credit cards.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Nice - how many people you ripped off tonight?! Get up!

As Jordy yanks the Mugger to his feet, his BEEPER goes off.

JORDY (CONT'D)

You couldn't listen to me, could you?

Jordy drags the Mugger to a tree. Cuffs him so his face is pressed up against the bark.

JORDY (CONT'D)

I'll send a cop back for you.

MUGGER

Hey. C'mon, you can't leave me like this. Some freak'll come by and stab me!

Jordy jogs off across the park.

MUGGER (CONT'D)

Wait! Come back!!

EXT. MILOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

FIRE TRUCKS from three battalions. Radios CRACKLE. There's a crowd growing. Jordy pushes his way through. The top

floor of the brownstone where Milos and Tamina lived has been reduced to smoking ruins. The trees are covered in debris and soot. Jordy moves to LOUIE - Battalion Chief.

LOUIE

Lieutenant - take up your line and relieve Ladder Company 60 on the top floor.

JORDY

Hey, Louie, were you first due?

LOUIE

Yeah, I radioed you guys right away 'cause you got two roasts on the top floor but you don't hafta investigate cause homicide is up there.

JORDY

Homicide? Who let them up? I didn't make it a crime scene yet.

LOUIE

Hey, it's Eddie Flemming.

KORFIN (O.S.)

Yo, Jordy!

BOBBY KORFIN - an overweight arson investigator with a quick wit and good sense of humor - comes over, pulling on a turnout coat.

KORFIN (CONT'D)

Where you been, man? We got a celebrity!

JORDY

I heard. Who the hell let them up there?

KORFIN

I don't know, you think Eddie will give me his autograph?

JORDY

You see anything in the crowd? Anybody suspicious?

KORFIN

Naw - I'm sure the suspect's not here.

JORDY

Oh yeah, why?

KORFIN

'Cause Eddie woulda locked him up by now!

INT. MILOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The roof is gone. The sky is exposed. It's charred ruins, smoked beams and watery muck. Eddie and Leon are standing by what's left of the mattress, looking at Milos and Tamina's charred bodies. Eddie grips a half-smoked Cuban cigar, listening to Leon.

LEON

So, it looks to me - from the sixty-nine position - that they were doin' each other but were so whacked out of their heads they set the pipe on the mattress, lit it up, and they got fried. What do you think, Eddie?

Jordy enters - with Korfin who's carrying a paint can.

EDDIE

I don't know. We got the experts here. Show them what you found - I hope you don't mind, we came over to see if we could help.

Korfin makes a beeline for Eddie - wanting to meet the celebrity.

KORFIN

Nah, not at all. Detective Flemming - Bobby Korfin. My Uncle Tony worked with you at 2-1 back when you were a rookie.

JORDY

Could you put out the cigar? Part of the job is picking up scents.

EDDIE

Oh, sure.

Eddie puts his cigar out. Carefully slides it into a cigar holder and pockets it to finish later.

LEON

Well, I found - check it out - crack pipe. Looks like they got careless.

Leon displays the pipe Emil found on the stairs. Korfin shines the flashlight on Leon to look at the pipe.

LEON (CONT'D)

Mind not shining that light in my eyes?

KORFIN

Sorry, bro.

JORDY

Hey, that's great you guys got it all wrapped up, but you don't mind if we go through the routine? It gives us somethin' to do.

EDDIE

No, we don't mind. You mind Leon?

LEON

No. Go ahead.

JORDY

Thanks. Appreciate it.

Jordy throws a look at Korfin. Homicide detectives have no respect for fire marshals' investigative skills. Eddie rummages through the apartment - moving into the kitchen and living room... Leon watches as Korfin sticks a pencil in a charred beam, measuring how deep in it goes.

KORFIN

Okay, Jordy - it was a fast fire, we got good patterns - about thirty minutes old.

Jordy moves to one of the corpses. He pulls on a white rubber glove. Inserts his finger in the corpses mouth. The glove comes out white.

JORDY

Mouth's clean, too.

KORFIN

Clean?

JORDY

Don't blow your nose!

Jordy's looking at Leon, who was just about to blow his nose.

JORDY (CONT'D)

The smoke'll permeate your nostrils - burn 'em out. Let it run.

KORFIN

But you knew that, right?

Leon looks at Jordy, then lowers the handkerchief. Jordy turns back to the corpses on the bed. Eddie - in the other room - has found Tamina's brushed gold bracelet on the floor.

JORDY

So the way you see it, two crack heads burned themselves up?

LEON

That's what it looks like to me.

JORDY

And while they're burning up, they're still goin' down on each other? You got to hand it to them.

LEON

(realizes he's wrong - blows it off)

Yeah, well, some people got their priorities straight.

Leon watches Jordy, quietly. With a pair of tweezers, Jordy pulls a small unburned piece of cloth from behind one of the heads. Korfin supplies the paint can. Jordy drops the cloth inside.

LEON (CONT'D)

What was that?

JORDY

Evidence. Of a homicide.

That got Eddie's attention and he comes back to the bedroom.

JORDY (CONT'D)

You know what that is, right?

EDDIE

No, what is it?

JORDY

Why don't you explain it, Bobby.

(to a fireman joking a wall)

Hey Camello! You mind punching a hole in the floor?

CAMELLO

No problem.

(to Eddie and Leon)

Excuse me, gentlemen. You might wanna back up a little more. Don't wanna get your pants wet.

Leon and Eddie move to higher ground - on top of a burnt TV set. Eddie hands the brushed bracelet to Leon. As Camello hacks at the floor with an ax, Jordy continues to examine the bodies and Korfin explains:

KORFIN

They have not soot in their mouths, which means they weren't breathin' before the fire and that usually means they were deceased - and this piece of cloth that my partner found means they were wrapped up in something, probably doused with a flammable liquid and

positioned like this on the bed. To the untrained eye, it looks like an accident.

Jordy kicks around the draining floor, reaches down for something.

LEON
What's he looking for?

EDDIE
A timer.

Jordy finds some wires attached to an outlet, pulls them up - on the other end is a timer. Korfin takes the timer from Jordy and moves to Eddie.

KORFIN
Here you go. A big double homicide.

EXT. MILOS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As Jordy and Korfin exit the brownstone, a CAMERA CREW is arriving. Jumps out. Korfin and Jordy cross toward Korfin's car. They open the trunk. Take off their muddy boots throwing them in.

KORFIN
You see Eddie's face when I gave him the timer? Wish I had a picture of it.

JORDY
He knew all along.

KORFIN
What??

JORDY
That's why he was so quiet. He was testing us.

Eddie and Leon exit - Eddie carrying a baggie with a timer inside. NICOLETTE KARAS, young and attractive, pushes her microphone at Eddie. She's smart, aggressive and respected by her peers.

NICOLETTE
Detective, does it look like a murder?

EDDIE
We don't know that yet. It's much too early. There's a lot to be done.

NICOLETTE
How many victims are up there?

EDDIE

There are two bodies found at this point.

NICOLETTE

Can we go up to the crime scene?

EDDIE

You know you can't do that. C'mon.

NICOLETTE

Is it drug related?

EDDIE

We don't know. When I have more I'll let you know.

Nicolette signals for her camera man, MIKE, to zoom in on Eddie's hand. She barrels on...

NICOLETTE

Detective...what's that you're holding in your hand? Evidence?

Mike pans up to Eddie's face. Other reporters arrive, hurling questions which Eddie easily answers. Cameras flash as we PAN BACK TO Korfin and Jordy. Jordy is about to get in the car as he notices, back behind some construction - DAPHNE HANDLOVA. She's still wearing the crumpled summer dress. She tentatively steps out to signal Jordy. He only catches a glimpse of her. He starts toward her -- knives through the crowd - but Daphne is gone.

KORFIN

What?

JORDY

There was a woman - I think she wanted to talk to us. She looked scared. Oh shit! Oh no!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER

Korfin's car SCREECHES to a stop. Jordy leaps out. Suddenly, Jordy stops...the Mugger handcuffed to the tree is now NAKED!

MUGGER

You motherfuckin' bastard! She stripped me! It was a bag lady! She touched me all over, it was disgusting.

Jordy unlocks the handcuffs.

JORDY

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

Korfin delivers a blanket. Jordy covers him.

JORDY (CONT'D)

You okay?

MUGGER

A dog pissed on me!! I'm gonna sue you for this! You violated my civil rights!

JORDY

Your civil rights?! You tried to rob me! I could arrest you right now! You're lucky you're walking away from this. Now get outta here.

Jordy gives him a push. The Mugger wraps the blanket around himself cursing - hurrying away.

EXT. 8TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Exhausted HOOKERS who have worked all night loiter outside a sleazy hotel. CAMERA PANS up to a blinking hotel sign.

INT. KING EDWARD HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The light is blinking an eerie green and yellow light into the room. Emil is at the window pulling the blind down trying to shut out the blinking light. He pulls it down twice and it pops back up both times. The third time he angrily pulls it so hard, it comes off the window completely. He sits down in a chair in frustration - adjusting a pillow behind his back. THE ROSEANNE SHOW is on TV. Roseanne has been talking to a FATHER.

ROSEANNE (ON T.V.)

So you slept with your son's wife!
What's that all about?

FATHER (ON T.V.)

I take full responsibility for sleepin' with my daughter in law. I had low self esteem, I thought I had to compete with him.

Emil reaches for his dictionary.

EMIL

(mutters)

Self-esteem? Self-esteem??

He flips through his dictionary to find the meaning of self esteem.

FATHER (ON T.V.)

Losin' my job and everything, caused my behavioral disorder.

(turns to his son)

Forgive me, Kirk. Let me hug you?

The audience boos. Roseanne mediates...

Oleg - fresh from the shower with wet hair - sits on the bed in his skivvies - staring into the videocamera's LCD screen - rewinding Milos' murder. We see it now for the first time - as he rewinds it. Oleg watches - a bottle of cheap vodka between his legs. Emil, looks up from his dictionary. He's wearing Milos' Rolex. Tamina's jewelry - her brushed gold necklace and pearl earrings - are in front of him with Daphne's wallet. Emil looks up - Oleg is holding his videocamera.

EMIL

(Czech)

Turn that fucking thing off!

OLEG

(Czech)

I'm not filming. I'm watching Milos die. It's just like a move but realer.

Emil grabs the videocamera.

(Czech)

Don't break it! Don't break it!

EMIL

Speak English!

OLEG

(English)

You said speak Czech!

EMIL

How you erase this?

OLEG

I'll do it. Don't hurt my camera!

Emil tosses the camera back to Oleg who drops his vodka bottle in order to catch the camera. Oleg, holding the camera like it's gold, goes to the dresser and puts it away. Emil starts to go through Daphne's wallet.

EMIL

Stupid, Milos. I didn't want to kill him.

(noticing)

What's this?

Emil found the last card in the wallet. It's pink with a picture of a busty globe. Printed in the middle is - WORLDLY ESCORTS - and a number.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Worldly escorts?

Emil picks up his dictionary and begins to flip the pages - finding the meaning of worldly. He gets up and dials the number. A soft, SEXY VOICE answers. Soft music in the background.

SEXY VOICE
Hi?

EMIL
Hello?

SEXY VOICE
Are you looking for companionship?

Oleg, who's listening, moves to Emil.

OLEG
Whore?

EMIL
I'm homesick. You have Eastern European girl? A Czech girl?

SEXY VOICE
Matter of fact, I have a lovely Czech girl.

EMIL
I take her. Send her!

EXT. FIRE STATION 91 - NIGHT

Korfin's car pulls up to the station - as a fire engine is returning.

JORDY
Now that you know him, maybe you can get extra work in the next movie they make about him.

KORFIN
Yeah?

JORDY
Maybe you can be his stand-in.

INT. FIRE STATION 91 - NIGHT

The men are pulling off their equipment - coming down from the high of fighting a fire. Korfin and Jordy walk toward the TV room. The TV is on in the background. We can see Nicolette interviewing Eddie. He holds up the paint can.

CHIEF DUFFY (O.S.)
What the hell is that?? You gave Eddie Flemming the evidence?!

They turn. DEPUTY CHIEF FIRE MARSHAL DECLAN DUFFY - the head of the arson squad - comes over. Duffy's tough, Irish and very political.

DUFFY
(pointing to the TV)
Who did cause and origin?

JORDY
Who do you think, Chief?!

DUFFY
Then why didn't you talk to the reporter?

JORDY
'Cause we got more important things to do, like finding out who did it.

They walk to the back of the station and start up the stairs.

DUFFY
Don't you guys understand? It's all about image. The better we look the more money I get to pay you guys overtime.

KORFIN
Yeah, right.

DUFFY
What was that, Korfin?

KORFIN
I said, yeah, you're right, Chief. As soon as we get somethin' we'll let you alert the media.

DUFFY
You do that, wise guy. Now let's solve this thing before Eddie Flemming does.

They all head upstairs.

INT. ARSON SQUAD ROOM - DAY

The Chief, Jordy and Korfin enter. There are posters of pyros, arsonists and terrorists on the walls. GARCIA - a Puerto Rican investigator - looks up from his desk.

GARCIA
Hey guys, I got your torch. He just gave a full confession.

A scruffy, unshaven white man sitting across from Garcia, turns. He is MAX, a pyromaniac in his 40's with a freshly

scratched cross etched in his forehead. He craves attention.

MAX

It's my fire! Screw homicide. I'll tell you guys everything!

Jordy moves to his desk with Korfin. They sit across from each other. Duffy keeps going to his office, not even bothering to stop.

JORDY

What's that on your forehead, Max?
That's a nice attention getter.

MAX

Yeah, I'm religious. I'm not an Atheist like you! Now, are you guys gonna arrest me, or not?

JORDY

How did you start the fire this time?

MAX

I used an accelerant.

JORDY

Yeah? What kind?

MAX

(to Jordy)
Hey, by the way, I'm really sorry about your wife leavin' you.

KORFIN

Max.

MAX

(continuing)
...Yeah, and with your old man dying last year you - what's it? Just you and the dog now?

KORFIN

Max!

MAX

Does it feel bad - I mean the new guy your ex-wife's seeing - I hear he's a big shot downtown.

Jordy pops out of his seat.

JORDY

That's it! You're outta here.

Jordy pulls Max by the collar - pushes him down the aisle.

MAX

That's it. I'm suing.

KORFIN

Get in line.

Korfin takes over - throwing him out. Jordy turns to Garcia who is laughing.

JORDY

What's so funny. How does he know so much about me? Who tells him my life story?

GARCIA

He hangs around downstairs. The guys talk to him. He's a joke...

JORDY

He's no joke! One day he's gonna graduate from trash can fires and do something big.

GARCIA

Okay. Okay. We'll ban him from the station.

INT. KING EDWARD HOTEL ROOM - TV SET - NIGHT

As the "Top Story" logo is splashed across the screen, accompanied by a catchy TV THEME, Robert Hawkins introduces America's highest rated 'news magazine' show.

ROBERT HAWKINS

Good evening, I'm Robert Hawkins and this is Top Story. Tonight we bring you an exclusive interview with Stephen Geller - who horrified the nation two years ago when he went berserk and murdered three clerks in a Manhattan shoe store. But now, Mr. Geller's claim, spoken softly and articulately, is that he is the victim. According to Mr. Geller, the events of that fateful day were not his fault but were the fault of his psychiatrist. Hard to believe...watch.

EMIL (O.S.)

Louder.

VIDEOCAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS OUT and PANS over to Emil, sitting on the hotel bed watching the TV. He looks at us.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Louder.

Oleg's hand reaches in front of the lens - turning up the volume. The scene cuts back to Stephen Geller being interviewed by Robert Hawkins and his camera crew. He's sitting on the front lawn of a mental institution in a paint stained shirt. A showing of his artwork is displayed in the background. Patients peruse the paintings of weird dysfunctional faces that avoid eye contact. One of the paintings depicts Eddie Flemming and Leon Jackson.

STEPHEN GELLER

This had nothing to do with shoes that didn't fit or my relationship with my father who, as you know, made a fortune selling penny loafers in the fifties. These people died because of the criminal actions of my doctor.

ROBERT HAWKINS

Your doctor?

STEPHEN GELLER

Yes. My psychiatrist didn't insist that I stay on my medication.

ROBERT HAWKINS

...so you feel absolutely no responsibility for killing these people?

STEPHEN GELLER

It was my finger that pulled the trigger, but I'm not morally responsible. My psychiatrist knew what I was capable of. How could I know. I'm not a doctor.

ROBERT HAWKINS

You seem very savvy for a man who's been found mentally incompetent to stand trial.

STEPHEN GELLER

Look, I'm a victim here, too. I was a year away from getting my masters in Art, now I'll never graduate. My life has been permanently disrupted.

ROBERT HAWKINS

Permanently disrupted? Aren't you selling paintings now for quite a lot of money? Hasn't this 'incident' as you call it, jump started your career as an artist?

STEPHEN GELLER

Look, I'm in here. You call this a career move?

ROBERT HAWKINS

And isn't there a movie in the works about you?

STEPHEN GELLER

We're in negotiations, that's correct.

ROBERT HAWKINS

But doesn't the Son of Sam Law prevent criminals from profiting from their crimes?

STEPHEN GELLER

That doesn't apply to me because I'm not a criminal. I'm not a criminal! I wasn't convicted.

Emil leans forward - listening. Fascinated.

EMIL

I love America. No one is responsible for what they do.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Our VIDEOCAMERA POV swings over to it. Then WHIPS back to Emil. Emil looks at us.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Get in the bathroom!

OLEG (O.S.)

Whatever we do - we fuck her, right?

EMIL

Oleg, get in bathroom, stay there and shut up!

Emil turns off the TV. Our POV backs into the bathroom, closing the door but leaving it open a crack. Emil looks down at his shoe. The POV PANS down to the kitchen knife sticking out of Emil's BOOT. Emil's hands pull his pants cuff over it. POV PANS up to Emil as he moves to the door and opens it. It's not Daphne and she's not world class.

HONEY

Hi, I'm Honey.

EMIL

Where's Czech girl?

HONEY

Baby, I'm anybody you want me to be. I'm a little schoolgirl, I'm mommy, I'm a Czech girl.

She enters. Closes the door behind her.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Now I like to get business out of the way before we get down to pleasure. Why don'tcha put my money on the dresser.

EMIL

I ordered a Czech girl. Daphne, you know her?

Oleg ZOOMS in for a CLOSE UP of Honey. During the rest of the scene Oleg films her. Honey begins to undress.

HONEY

It's an outcall service run out of an apartment. I don't meet the other girls. Aren't you gonna get undressed?

EMIL

Where is escort service?

HONEY

That's confidential. Could you put the money on the dresser?

EMIL

I like to talk to the person who runs the service. Can you give me address?

HONEY

Look. Do we have a problem here? There's no reason to have a problem. I'm gonna make you feel real good. You wanna Czech girl? After I'm done with you, you won't miss her. Now why don't you pay me?

She starts to unfasten Emil's belt.

EMIL

(stopping her)

Listen to me. I don't want sex. Just give me the address and then you go.

HONEY

(suddenly hard as nails)

Look, man, I don't give a shit if you want sex or not, but you're payin' for my time.

Emil pulls the knife out of his boot and SHOVES her against the door, PUSHING the blade against her throat - suddenly furious like he was before killing Milos and Tamina.

EMIL

Give me the address!!

HONEY

Alright, alright - don't hurt me!

Please, it's in my book, in my purse!

Emil backs off as she reaches for her purse, and comes out with a can of mace, SPRAYING Emil's face!

Emil stumbles backwards - Oleg holding him in the frame. He WHIP PANS back to Honey as she grabs her clothes, unlocking the door but Emil's HAND SLAMS it shut! Emil turns blindly, rubbing his burning eyes - guarding the door. Honey darts toward the bathroom - she pushes open the door and runs into Oleg who is VIDEOTAPING HER. Horrified, she turns around as Emil SMASHES her in the face so hard she topples backwards, tripping into the bathtub, pulling the shower curtain down on her! Like a panther out for the kill, Emil POUNCES. Oleg films as Emil lifts his hand, gripping...

THE KITCHEN KNIFE

As Emil's hand comes FLYING DOWN - then RISES UP, BLOODIED. Her screams are muffled by the shower curtain wrapped around her face. Oleg films the scene as the knife plunges DOWN INTO:

INT. FIRE STATION 91 - ARSON SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

DAPHNE, a sketch of her face.

JORDY (O.S.)

Her lips are fuller than that. You can see 'em a mile away.

WIDER

Food containers are scattered all over the place. The female COMPOSITE ARTIST looks at Jordy. Stacks of failed sketches sit beside her.

COMPOSITE ARTIST

What about her cheek bones?

JORDY

Her cheek bones are prominent and her eyes were huge. Big, blue eyes and when I saw her, she looked scared. Like she was looking to get away. But she was absolutely beautiful.

The composite artist looks at Jordy.

JORDY (CONT'D)

I gotta good look at her.

Korfin has his chair turned around from his desk and is watching the sketch evolve as he speaks on the phone to the landlord of the 7th Street brownstone. Garcia is also on the phone. The other investigators are gone. Working late into the night. Everybody's exhausted. It's almost dawn.

KORFIN

-- From Czechoslovakia? And how long
have they been livin' in your building?

(writes 4 YEARS on his pad)

Alright, I'll be in touch when we know
somethin'.

(to Jordy)

Milos and Tamina Karlova. They were
quiet and kept to themselves. Landlord
don't know who your girl is.

JORDY

How long they been livin' here?

KORFIN

You hear that question, Garcia?

GARCIA

Yeah, I got Immigration on the phone -
they've been here illegally.

KORFIN

Well, they're definitely permanent
residents now.

GARCIA

I got the owner of the plumbing company
Milos worked for.

KORFIN

Why don't we get some sleep and we'll go
see him in the morning.

JORDY

You go home. I'm takin' your car and
goin' back to the crime scene.

KORFIN

Aren't you tired?

JORDY

If I go home I won't be able to fall
asleep anyway.

Jordy takes the sketch of Daphne which isn't a bad likeness
and heads for the door. Korfin falls in behind him. As they
pass Garcia he hands Jordy the address.

KORFIN

(of the picture)

She keepin' you up? Like to meet her,
huh? She'd make you forget your ex
wife. Cure your insomnia.

INT. MILOS' APARTMENT - DAWN

CAMERA DESCENDS FROM THE SKY picking up Jordy as he enters what is left of Milos and Tamina's apartment. The roof has been burned off. He moves into the next room, trying to see through the darkness - looking through the muck and char.

EDDIE

Okay to smoke?

Jordy turns, surprised. Eddie sits on a singed chair. He pours from a half-pint bottle of vodka into his 'won ton soup' container, smoking a cigar. On the arm of the armchair is a brown legal folder and stacks of photographs of the crime scene and the burned bodies.

JORDY

It's your crime scene now. You can do what you want.

EDDIE

Watch the news?

JORDY

Nah, I musta missed it.

EDDIE

Well, just so you know. I gave you guys the credit.

JORDY

Well, just so you know, I don't care about that stuff.

EDDIE

Nah, why should you?

JORDY

I don't even watch TV.

EDDIE

Good. Good. Commendable.

Eddie knocks his 'won ton soup' back.

JORDY

Did you get a report from the M.E.?

EDDIE

Sure. But I would like to ask you something. You got a problem with me?

JORDY

If you found me steppin' on your crime scene - it might piss you off, too.

(then)

What about the report?

EDDIE

You were right, they were both dead before the fire. The male was stabbed so hard the killer broke off the tip of the knife in his spine. That's usually an indicator of something personal.

Jordy pulls out a sketch of Daphne. Hands it to Eddie.

JORDY

The Super said he'd seen her before but she didn't live here.

EDDIE

Pretty.

JORDY

(acts as if he didn't notice)

Hmmmm.

EDDIE

Maybe you don't care about that either.

(beat)

Prettiest suspect I've had in awhile.

JORDY

Who says she's a suspect?

Jordy tries to take the sketch back. Eddie holds on.

EDDIE

What would you call her?

JORDY

Look, I'm not even sure she has anything to do with this. I saw her outside after the fire - thought it was a lead. Maybe she saw something. Maybe she was visiting somebody here. Who knows?

Eddie walks up to the burnt mattress - where the bodies were.

EDDIE

Obviously they weren't having sex. As you pointed out. So why go through all the trouble of putting 'em like that?

Eddie passes a crime scene photo of the bodies to Jordy.

JORDY

Maybe it's a ritual thing or someone trying to send a message. Burial rites are taken very seriously in Eastern Europe. It could be to humiliate them. Just burning them up, no proper funeral, it's like condemning them to hell.

EDDIE

Eastern Europe. Like what? Romania?
Hungary?

JORDY

Or Czechoslovakia. The Slavs have been fighting the Germans and the Russians for a thousand years. These are very intense people and they take things personally.

Eddie's cellular rings - he grabs it.

EDDIE

Yeah? Where? You sure it was a knife?
Uh-huh. Really? Okay.

(to Jordy)

We've got another murder - in a hotel on Eighth Avenue. A stabbing. Clerk said the room was rented by a Russian...

Eddie's moving with Daphne's sketch.

JORDY

I'll come with you.

EDDIE

There wasn't a fire. There'll be nothing for you to do.

JORDY

I can watch you, Eddie. Maybe I'll learn something.

EDDIE

This isn't homicide school.

JORDY

My parents are from Poland. I can help with the Eastern European angle.

EDDIE

You're Polish?

JORDY

My folks are.

EDDIE

Stay here.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NEWS STAND - DAY

Video POV of the news stand as a hand reaches into frame and picks up a copy of THE NEW YORK POST. Eddie's photo is on the front page - holding the kitchen timer by the wires. Underneath his picture the caption reads, "DOUBLE HOMICIDE... FLEMMING'S ON IT." The videocamera widens out revealing Emil

standing in front of a Times Square news stand, reading the front page. The videocamera turns around - until focusing on Oleg himself.

OLEG

This is second day in America. First day was very exciting. Full of thrills and chills. Over there, is co-star of my new movie, Emil!

He turns the camera around - FILMING EMIL.

EMIL

(to vendor)

Who is he?

VENDOR

New York's finest. This is his case.

The VENDOR - picks up People. Stephen Geller is on the cover.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

This all you want?

EMIL

Do you know how much killer gets for movie rights?

VENDOR

(People)

In here, says he wants a million.

EMIL

Million?! The killer gets one million dollars for a television interview?

VENDOR

Hey, tabloids paid Ted Bundy - famous serial killer - half a million for his interview. And how much you think Monica got for writing book about the President coming on to her? It pays to be a killer or a whore in this country. Look, you want magazine or not?

EMIL

Yes. Both.

OLEG

And these.

Oleg picks up FILM COMMENT, MOVIELINE and PREMIERE magazine. Emil pays for everything.

EMIL

(to Oleg)

Get a taxi.

Oleg tucks the magazines in his coat, picks up the suitcases and hails a taxi. As Emil collects his change he sees an old BLIND WOMAN waiting at the crosswalk. The light's blinking WALK.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Let me help.

Emil gently takes her arm and crosses her to the other side.

BLIND WOMAN

Thank you, son.

Emil watches her walk on.

INT. KING EDWARD HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The hotel room is a hive of activity. GIL is dusting the dresser for prints. Another officer is stripping the bed and putting the bedding into a big, clear plastic bag. As Eddie enters the crime scene, a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER is standing in the doorway taking pictures.

EDDIE

Where is she?

LEON

Takin' a bath.

EDDIE

Any I.D.?

LEON

Still unknown but we're running prints.
Kid over there caught the case.

Jordy enters. Leon steps in his way.

LEON (CONT'D)

Sorry...PD only.

EDDIE

It's okay.

Eddie walks over to a young detective. TOMMY CULLEN, only 26, is excited to meet Eddie.

TOMMY

Tommy Cullen. Heard a lot about you.
Nice to meet you. Here's what we got.
A girl in there, figure her to be a
prostitute, looks like she was fighting
for her life. She's got defense wounds
on her hands. Right this way - in the
bathroom.

EDDIE

After you.

Eddie follows Tommy into the bathroom. There's blood splattered all over the walls and the floor. Honey's topless body lies in the tub tangled in the bloody shower curtain. MURPHY, an Irish medical examiner (M.E.), is examining the body.

TOMMY

Room was registered to a Francis Capra.

JORDY

Capra? That's not Czech or Russian.
Who said he sounded Russian?

TOMMY

The clerk?

EDDIE

Check the switchboard, see what phone calls were made from this room.

TOMMY

I'll do it.

Tommy heads out. Eddie takes out his cigar holder. Slides out what's left of his cigar. Re-lights it. Looks down at Honey's body in the bathtub. Gil's dusting the tub for prints.

MURPHY

Clothes were off in the other room. Tub is dry except for the blood.

EDDIE

Any of you guys take a piss lately?

Gil looks confused. Eddie points to the toilet. Seat is up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Do the seat for me.

Gil crosses to the toilet and starts to dust it. Eddie stands in the bathroom - studying the scene. Holding the unlit cigar. Looking around at the blood splattered walls.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Only one guys checked in?

LEON

Yeah.

EDDIE

C'mere. You wanna go to homicide school? Here - make yourself useful.

Eddie positions Jordy behind the tub next to the wall.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Our killer...our killer's standing here
slashing at her. She's fightin' him.
The blood is splattering this way. It's
on this wall...

(pointing to the right of
Jordy)

And there's some specks over here.

(to the left of Jordy)

There's nothing here because someone was
standing right here. Someone big. And
he's got blood on him. Lots of blood.
He wouldn't walk out of here like that.

(turning to Murphy)

Murphy, what kind of knife you think
we're talking about here?

Murphy pulls out a clear plastic ruler and walks over to the
blood-splattered wall.

MURPHY

If you look here where he missed and hit
the wall you see that the marks aren't
deep but they're kinda wide... not your
everyday kitchen or pocket knife.

EDDIE

What if the tip was broken off?

MURPHY

Could be. Then we should find it here
somewhere.

EDDIE

I think we've already found it.

Eddie exchanges a look with Jordy as Tommy, the young
detective, returns.

TOMMY

There was only one call from this room
last night. I dialed it. It's an
escort service.

LEON

Did you identify yourself?

TOMMY

Hey, I'm new but I'm not stupid.

EDDIE

Call communications and get an address
on that number.

Tommy holds up a slip of paper with the outcall service address on it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Good work.

INT. KING EDWARD HOTEL ROOM - STAIRS - DAY

Jordy hurries out - catches up with Eddie.

JORDY

You goin' to the escort service?

EDDIE

You got any better ideas?

JORDY

Mind if I ride along with you?

EDDIE

This has nothing to do with your fire.

JORDY

But what if it does? You might need my help.

As Eddie exits the hotel, a MAN approaches.

MAN

Hey, Eddie, can I get your autograph for my son?

EXT. KING EDWARD HOTEL - DAY

Jordy catches up. Eddie finishes signing the autograph using the man's back.

EDDIE

I'll let you know what happens.

JORDY

This is ridiculous. I'm not gonna be in your way - we can talk the case over.

EDDIE

Tell you what - I'll flip you a coin. If you win you can come with me. If you don't win, you don't come.

JORDY

I'll call it... tails.

Eddie pulls out a coin and hands it to Jordy.

EDDIE

Okay. I'll call it. Heads.

Jordy flips the coin and it's heads.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Heads. See, you lost twice.

(beat)

Okay. Get in.

Jordy goes for the passenger side of the car. Before Jordy can get in, Eddie starts to pull away. Jordy stands on the sidewalk - dejected. Eddie stops the car again and this time lets Jordy get in.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. UPPER EASTSIDE HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie and Jordy arrive in front of Rose's door. Eddie knocks and flips a coin to Jordy.

EDDIE

Oh here. A souvenir.

Jordy takes the quarter. Not understanding what Eddie means. He looks at the quarter.

JORDY

Two heads.

EDDIE

Better than one.

Eddie suckered him with the coin toss. Jordy reacts. Eddie laughs - squirts Binaca in his mouth. Knocks again. We hear ROSE HELLER.

ROSE (O.S.)

Who's there?

EDDIE

Police. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

ROSE (O.S.)

I have nothin' to say. If you wanna contact my attorney...

EDDIE

(commands)

Homicide, Miss Hearn. It's Detective Eddie Flemming. Open up.

Rose reacts. Immediately UNLOCKS, UNCHAINS and opens the door!

ROSE

You! I've seen you on TV!

Eddie glances self-consciously at Jordy.

ROSE (CONT'D)
C'mon in. C'mon in!

INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - DAY

They enter.

ROSE
Just a minute. Shit. And I don't have
a camera. Hold on a second.

Rose moves back to the phone - finishes up her conversation in Afrikaner. We hold on Eddie and Jordy at the door. Eddie looks around - taking in the place. FOUR GIRLS are on phones. Two girls take orders for customers. The other two work the phone sex lines. Rose hangs up the phone - turns to Eddie and Jordy:

ROSE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

EDDIE
We don't have her I.D. yet, but one of
your girls was killed last night at the
King Edward Hotel.

ROSE
Oh my G-d. Honey! Honey's dead?

JORDY
Do you remember the man who called?

Though Rose answers Jordy, she directs her response to Eddie.

ROSE
Yeah. He wanted a girl from
Czechoslovakia, but I sent him Honey
'cause once they get there, you know, it
doesn't really matter - Honey was
killed...? Poor girl...

EDDIE
Do you have any Czech girls working for
you?

ROSE
No.

EDDIE
Did you tell him you did?

A BUTCH GIRL enters. Rose speaks to her in Afrikaner.

ROSE

(Afrikaner)
Boy, she's so popular all the sudden.

EDDIE
What are you saying?

ROSE
Daphne. Another guy came in asking me
about her, too.

Jordy pulls out the sketch, unfolds it.

JORDY
This her?

ROSE
Yeah. Sort of. I tried to recruit her,
gave her my card. She said she'd think
about it but I never heard from her.

BUTCH GIRL
(Afrikaner)
Beautiful eyes.

EDDIE
Who came by looking for her?

ROSE
He said he was her cousin. I told him
where she works. They were just here.

EDDIE
Describe him.

ROSE
Tall, short-haired, scary eyes. Second
guy with him was...shorter, with a
wrestler's build. And he wouldn't turn
his videocamera off me.

EDDIE
He had a videocamera? Where is she?
Quickly!

ROSE
She washes hair up at Ludwig's - a salon
on 63rd and Madison.

EXT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

As Eddie speeds through the street, SIREN BLARING.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Jordy holds on as Eddie darts in and out of cars with
astonishing dexterity. This man can drive. Eddie picks up
his phone - dials. Jordy is on his cell phone as well.

EDDIE

Leon - meet us at 63rd and Madison.
Hair salon. Ludwig's.

JORDY

(overlapping)

I'm on my way with Eddie. Ludwig's.
63rd and Madison. The suspects might be
there already.

Eddie looks over as Jordy disconnects. Eddie picks up a beer
he was holding between his legs - finishes it.

EDDIE

You thirsty?

JORDY

I'm on duty.

EDDIE

(drinking)

So am I. Alright, I'll go inside and
you cover the back.

JORDY

Of course.

EDDIE

Hey! I always wanted to be a cop when I
was a kid. I dreamed of running up to a
door, kicking it in, pulling my gun and
yelling 'Freeze!' at the bad guy!
What'd you dream about?

JORDY

I wanted to run up to a building on
fire, kick in the door, rush into the
smoke and save a kid.

EDDIE

Then I guess we're doin' this the right
way, aren't we? If we pull up to a
burning building I'll gladly let you go
first.

Jordy looks at Eddie - can't deny he's right.

INT. LUDWIG'S SALON - DAY

We're in a moving video POV of Ludwig's, the hair salon -
it's big and spacious. The lens finds THE RECEPTIONIST.

OLEG (O.S.)

Daphne Handlova?

RECEPTIONIST

Daphne? In the back. Probably
shampooing a customer's hair.

Oleg approaches Daphne who is mixing hair dye. LUDWIG, the
owner, is with her.

LUDWIG

Why are you messing with your hair color
again? You're going to kill your hair.
You won't look good with black hair.

DAPHNE

I want to do it, alright?

LUDWIG

Well, then do it after work. A
customer's waiting.

He leaves, a customer approaches. She smiles at him - turns
on the water in the sink then sees - Oleg filming her. She
backs up...suddenly moves to the emergency door!

TO THE BACKYARD

There's a garden out there. Daphne runs toward the alley.
Oleg follows her - still videotaping. As she rounds the
corner she bumps into...Emil! He pulls out his kitchen
knife, shoving her against the wall, pushing the blade with
the broken tip against her throat.

EMIL

I...I have a temper.

She looks at him, not understanding. Oleg films the scene.

EMIL (CONT'D)

When I lose it, I lose control. I
didn't intend to kill Milos but he stole
from me. Cheated me! When I went to
prison, they beat me. I still didn't
tell he was my partner. I loved Milos
like a brother...

The tone in Emil's voice - there's an uncharacteristic
softness to it. He wants to reconcile his behavior to her.

EMIL (CONT'D)

(in English)

I'm not a killer.

The back door opens. He shoves the knife in his pocket as
Ludwig peers around the alleyway. What he sees is Emil
leaning close to Daphne, kissing her.

LUDWIG

Daphne, will you be coming back to work?

DAPHNE

In a minute, Ludwig.

Ludwig leaves.

EMIL

Smart girl. I'm glad you're not a
whore. But washing hair? This is no
job for a woman as beautiful as you.
They should be washing your hair.

Emil reaches into his pocket and pulls out SOMETHING, sticks
it in the palm of her hand, closing her fingers around it.

EMIL (CONT'D)

I don't want to kill you. But if you
talk, I will.

(whispers)

I thought you'd want these.

He taps her hand...he turns and goes out the rear exit. Oleg
follows. Jordy arrives.

JORDY

...Daphne?

She says nothing.

JORDY (CONT'D)

I'm a fire marshal. You remember me
from the other night? You are Daphne,
right?

She says nothing. Eddie arrives. Daphne turns. Recognizing
Eddie.

EDDIE

You don't have to be afraid. We're here
to protect you. Come with me. We want
to talk to you. You speak English
alright?

Eddie looks at Jordy. Takes Daphne by the arm.

EXT. LUDWIG'S SALON - CONTINUOUS

As they come out, Eddie notices Daphne clutching something in
her hand. He reaches for her hand. Opens it. It's a
brushed gold necklace.

EDDIE

Did he give you these? Was he just
here?

Eddie searches the streets. Notices Oleg and Emil on the far
corner. Oleg is videotaping him. Leon and Tommy pull up.
Korfin behind. They all pop out. Eddie grabs Leon -

squeezes his arm - quietly.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

The other side of the street. The guy
with the videocamera.

(back to Jordy)

Don't look - put her in the car.

(to Leon)

Stay this side.

LEON

(back to Tommy)

Stay with her.

They start heading down the curb - trying not to attract the
attention of Oleg and Emil.

A VIDEO CLOSE-UP

of the scene from across the corner.

EMIL

(Czech)

Put the fuckin' camera down! Let's go!

Emil starts to flee.

EXT. NYC STREETS - CONTINUOUS

What follows next is an incredible foot chase with Eddie,
Jordy, Korfin and Leon running through traffic - chasing
Emil. Eddie tries to stay in the lead but is running out of
breath.

EDDIE

Split up!

Jordy runs down one side of Madison - Eddie, the other.
Korfin continues down 62nd and Leon covers the other side.
They search for Emil, grabbing people, turning them around,
missing him. Emil seems to have disappeared.

Leon, gun raised, approaches the cafe. As he rounds the
corner, Emil darts out, cracking Leon across the face! Leon
crashes into a table, dropping his gun. Emil scoops up the
gun and PISTOL-WHIPS Leon. BEATING the detective to a pulp.
People are running from the scene. Emil takes Leon's wallet.
He is distracted by LAUGHTER. Oleg is VIDEOTAPING the scene.

OLEG

Emil, look!

Oleg swivels with the videocamera. Korfin is running toward
them - pushing through the crowd. Emil FIRES! Korfin is
blown backwards.

OLEG (CONT'D)

Perfect! Cut. Print!

Eddie arrives. Bends down to Leon, whose face is red with blood. Jordy runs to Korfin, who's laying in the street, shot in the side. Jordy cradles his partner.

EDDIE

Are you hit?

LEON

No. I'm okay.

JORDY

(to Korfin)

Bobby, Bobby! Where're you hit?!

KORFIN

It hurts. Aw, Jesus!

JORDY

Lay down. Stay down, Bobby.

Jordy looks up as Eddie steps into the center of the street. Cars screech out of the way! Eddie crouches, taking aim at Emil, who is almost two blocks away. It's an impossible shot, out of range.

But Eddie closes an eye, aims and squeezes off one SHOT. Two blocks away, Emil topples. Korfin and Jordy look at Eddie, astonished he made the shot. Emil scrambles to his feet. Runs. Eddie holsters his weapon. Pulls out a handkerchief. Dabs Leon's wounds.

LEON

He got my gun! Motherfucker was filming the whole time!

EDDIE

I know. Relax. Take it easy. Don't worry, we'll get those fuckers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EMS VEHICLE

Eddie and Jordy watch as Korfin on a stretcher, is loaded in an EMS VEHICLE and in b.g., an EMS DOCTOR attends to Leon's bloody face. Eddie and Jordy turn to go back into the restaurant, now cleared out - as Nicolette Karas arrives with her cameraman.

NICOLETTE

Detective - can you tell us what happened here?

EDDIE

I can't talk right now. We have some things to take care of.

Jordy moves off, he doesn't want to get pulled in front of Nicolette.

Daphne can be seen waiting in the back of the restaurant, maybe twenty feet away. Tommy stands next to her. This is where Eddie and Jordy are headed.

NICOLETTE

I understand, but I noticed that the Fire Marshall is here with you. Is this somehow related to the fire department?

EDDIE

I really can't give out any information right now at this point.

NICOLETTE

Okay. But I do understand that your partner, Leon Jackson's been injured. Is that correct?

EDDIE

He was hurt, but not seriously. He'll be fine.

NICOLETTE

Do you have the suspect in custody?

EDDIE

Um...now is not a good time, okay. Detective Jackson's hurt. He's fine. I've got a Fire Marshall shot, Detective Jackson is hurt but not seriously.

NICOLETTE

(to cameraman)

Alright, cut, cut, cut.

Mike the cameraman cuts the cameraman - lowers it from his shoulder.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

(to Eddie)

Eddie, are you okay?

EDDIE

Yeah. Now's not a good time.

NICOLETTE

Alright.

EDDIE

Alright?

NICOLETTE

Alright.

EDDIE

Alright.

NICOLETTE

Okay.

Eddie walks into the restaurant. Throws a look back at her, then enters.

INT. ARMAND RESTAURANT - DAY

Jordy talks to Daphne.

DAPHNE

I told your partner, I can't help. I didn't see anything.

EDDIE

C'mon, start at the beginning. You know these people?

DAPHNE

Tamina was a friend of mine. My shower was broken, she let me use theirs.

EDDIE

Go on.

She says nothing.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Whether you tell us or not, we'll find out. Better if it comes from you.

DAPHNE

If I tell you, will you arrest me?

EDDIE

Arrest you for what? Why would we arrest you?

She still hesitates.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What are you hiding? Why are you afraid

JORDY

She just saw two of her friends killed! They probably threatened her.

EDDIE

Is that all there is?

She looks at Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Are you here illegally? Don't worry about that. We'll talk to Immigration. They won't deport you.

DAPHNE

No, no, don't talk to Immigration!

She clams up.

JORDY

Why not?

EDDIE

Something back home?

Jordy leads Daphne to a table - she sits. Eddie sits across from her. Jordy crouches down next to her.

DAPHNE

...my little sister and I shared a flat - I came home one night and a man was raping her. His gun was on the chair... He came at me and I shot him.

JORDY

(optimistic)

Alright. That's a justifiable homicide.

DAPHNE

Yes, but he was a cop.

EDDIE

A cop?

DAPHNE

(beat)

I'm from a small town in Slovakia. Like the South here. The Police is right, a civilian is wrong. So I fled.

EDDIE

Look, we can help you but right now we have to deal with what's happening here. Tell us the truth...is that the truth?

DAPHNE

You're a cop - you'll never believe me.

JORDY

(to Eddie)

Can I talk to you?

Eddie steps away with Jordy. Keeping his eyes on Daphne. She tries to listen.

EDDIE
She's fucked. Even if that story is true.

JORDY
Raw deal.

Eddie tilts his head. Measures Jordy.

JORDY (CONT'D)
Look - let me talk to her. Any leads I get, they're all yours. Just let me have a first crack at her.

EDDIE
You wanna talk to her alone?

JORDY
Yeah.

EDDIE
What would your girlfriend think of that?

JORDY
I don't have a girlfriend.

EDDIE
My point exactly.

JORDY
I'm serious here.

EDDIE
So am I.

JORDY
C'mon. You intimidate her 'cause you're a celebrity. She sees me differently.

EDDIE
You're her Savior? Is she the kid you're gonna save from the burning building?

JORDY
You know what I'm saying here.

Eddie looks at his watch. Thinks it over. Measures Jordy.

EDDIE
Okay, tell you what, I'll give you a head start. You take her to the station house. Don't let her out of your sight. She's the only warm body we got left.

JORDY

Hey. I'm a professional.

EDDIE

Women like that have a way of turning professionals into amateurs.

He gives Jordy a look and heads for the door.

INT. A SEEDY BATHROOM - DAY

Emil pulls off his sock and shoe, lifts his foot into a stained sink and washes the blood away, exposing the chunk of pink flesh taken out of his ankle. Emil grabs some toilet paper, plugs the wound, then cuts the towel off the dispenser with his kitchen knife and wraps his ankle. He grits teeth in pain. The lights go out. Then Oleg adjusts the fluorescent light above the sink.

OLEG

Gotta light the scene better. Now it's more moody... like a scene from THE THIRD MAN.

EMIL

Shut up.

OLEG

Does it hurt?

Emil lifts his foot out of the sink.

EMIL

This is nothing.

Emil lifts his shirt, exposing his back.

OLEG

Oh, shit. I hate looking at that!

EMIL

Don't want to film this?

We don't see what Oleg sees - not yet - but from his expression, it's horrible.

INT. JORDY'S CAR - DAY

Daphne rides in the backseat. Jordy's watching her in the rearview.

DAPHNE

Now I become custody of police department?

JORDY

If you cooperate with the DA - maybe they'll help you with your situation.

DAPHNE

I will if they don't send me back.

JORDY

They won't until this is over.

She looks away. Out the window. Jordy sees emotion filling her eyes. She looks back at him - her eyes have teared up.

DAPHNE

Are you married?

JORDY

Divorced.

DAPHNE

Do you live alone?

(beat)

I've been in these clothes since...the killings. Could we stop at your place? I could take a shower...before I go into custody?

Jordy looks at her. Can't quite tell if she's trying to manipulate him or really just wants to get cleaned up before all the shit starts.

JORDY

I can't take you to my place.

DAPHNE

Somewhere else?

Jordy looks at her...

EDDIE

Staring right at us.

EDDIE

I want to talk to you about something serious.

He holds up the diamond engagement ring.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I want to live the rest of my life with you...I don't know you've been married before and I've never been married, but I do love you, and...

Eddie is standing in front of a mirror - rehearsing the proposal. He notices a small dab of blood on his shirtcuff. Leon's blood. Paulie enters carrying a towel and a vodka tonic.

PAULIE

She's here.

Paulie sets down the drink and begins their silent ritual. He hands Eddie the towel. Eddie wipes off his face and hands, then hands the towel back to Paulie. Paulie helps Eddie on with his coat. Eddie takes some Visine out of his coat pocket. Drops a few in each eye. HE straightens himself and looks in the mirror, taking a big gulp of the drink. Eddie sets the glass down and starts out. Paulie hands him a Binaca. Eddie gives himself a squirt as he exits. Paulie follows.

INT. P.B. HERMAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

It's lunchtime...it's crowded. Eddie takes a seat at a table. He takes the ring out of his pocket - holds it under the table. Nicolette Karas walks up to Eddie from behind. Gives him a kiss on the cheek.

NICOLETTE

Hey, honey.

EDDIE

Hey.

She orders a drink in Greek from the Greek waiter, then sits down across the table. There's a long pause - they just look at each other.

NICOLETTE

What is your problem? Why'd you snap at me? I just wanted a statement.

EDDIE

I can't...I can't answer you just because you want me to answer you!

NICOLETTE

You didn't have to embarrass me in front of my colleagues. You could give me something.

EDDIE

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I embarrass you, sweetheart? Oh...

NICOLETTE

Stop it.

EDDIE

Maybe I should just, ya know...turn to the cameras and say, do you mind if we just work something out?

NICOLETTE

Alright, alright, Eddie. Don't patronize me.

EDDIE

I'm not.

NICOLETTE

Yes you are. I'm not just some reporter. I don't just stick a microphone in your face. You could give me something.

EDDIE

Yeah, well you took the camera and put it right down on the evidence. That was...

NICOLETTE

That was good. You were holding the evidence.

EDDIE

You were merciless. You didn't give a shit if you got me or not.

NICOLETTE

Well, who was it that taught me how to do that? Huh?

EDDIE

You're ruthless.

NICOLETTE

You're not so bad yourself.

They look at each other.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

C'mere.

They kiss.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Look at this. You have blood on your shirt. Whose is it?

EDDIE

Could be Leon's.

NICOLETTE

Jesus. And last week you came over with blood on your shoes. What am I going to do with you?

Eddie takes her hand.

EDDIE

You know, I been thinkin'...these shoes might look nice with another pair of shoes next to them in the closet.

She looks at him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You know, Nicky, I've been married twice before. My first wife was a professional woman, didn't have time for children. My second wife...I never wanted to go home to her.

Nicolette's phone rings. Eddie stops - looks at the ringing phone.

NICOLETTE

What are you doing? What are you saying?

Nicolette's phone keeps ringing. Eddie stares at it.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Eddie?

Nicolette's phone keeps ringing.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about the damn phone. I won't answer it.

EDDIE

Answer the phone.

NICOLETTE

No. Tell me what you want to say.

EDDIE

Answer it.

NICOLETTE

Okay. Okay. Hold that thought just for a second. They only call me when it's an emergency. Just hold that thought.
(into the phone)
Can you call back?

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

We need you here in twenty minutes. Get in a cab.

NICOLETTE

What're you talking about?

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

Katie. We don't know where she is. We can't find her. You gotta anchor the

5:00. This is your shot. Come now.

NICOLETTE

What? Oh. Okay. Yeah.

The line disconnects. She collapses the phone. Turns to Eddie.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Oh my G-d, they want me to anchor. They want me to anchor tonight!

EDDIE

That's good.

NICOLETTE

Yeah.

EDDIE

Well, that's great.

NICOLETTE

Okay. That is great. But I can't go now, we're in the middle of something here.

EDDIE

No. Go ahead. You're gonna be great.

NICOLETTE

No. No, listen to me here. I want to know what you're talking about. You know, the shoe thing and the marriages and...

EDDIE

I'll tell you tonight. Let's do it tonight. As soon as you get back we'll talk. We'll talk.

NICOLETTE

Promise?

EDDIE

I promise. We'll talk. You'll be great. You'll be fine. Go ahead, just imagine that, uh... Just look into the lens and imagine you're talking to me.

NICOLETTE

Yeah. I'll do that. As long as you're not patronizing me.

EDDIE

Patronizing you... Nay, I love you.

NICOLETTE

I love you.

They kiss.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Okay, til tonight.

EDDIE

Tonight.

NICOLETTE

You promise?

EDDIE

Yeah. I promise.

NICOLETTE

Okay. And you know what, I'll swing by my place, grab a couple pairs of shoes and maybe just test them out next to yours...How's that... Would that be a good thing.

EDDIE

Yeah, yeah. Good thing.

NICOLETTE

Okay.

EDDIE

See you later. Good luck.

NICOLETTE

Thank you.

EDDIE

Don't be late.

She walks out.

INT. FIRE STATION 91 - DAY

Jordy unlocks the door. Enters with Daphne. The fire station is empty.

JORDY

The men are out of quarters - practicing putting out fires.

DAPHNE

So...the station is empty?

JORDY

Yeah. This way.

He gestures toward the stairs.

INT. FIRE STATION LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordy and Daphne walk through the locker room. Her eyes never leaving Jordy's.

JORDY
You considered becoming a prostitute?

DAPHNE
Yes, I considered it.

JORDY
Did you ever turn tricks before?

DAPHNE
No.

JORDY
What about back home?

DAPHNE
No.

Daphne stops. Looks at him. Stands very close.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
I came here. I had no money. I knew no one. I couldn't get a job because you have to have a green card to get work. They approached me - I could've made a lot of money. I considered it, but... it's not who I am. They pay me below the table at Ludwig's.

JORDY
So you were never a prostitute?

DAPHNE
What are you asking me?

JORDY
I'm just trying to find out who you are.

She looks up into his eyes. Searching. Thinking he's hinting.

DAPHNE
Can you let me go?

She leans in close to him - giving him the opportunity to kiss her. Jordy is tempted but...remembers Eddie's warning and backs up slightly.

JORDY
Showers are this way.

Desperate now, willing to do anything, Daphne moves in even

closer.

DAPHNE

You could shower with me.

Jordy is locked in her eyes. Almost giving in. Then breaks away. Gestures towards the showers. Daphne looks away from him - crestfallen. She heads to the showers. Jordy follows her into the bathroom. The walls are lined with shower stalls.

JORDY

I'll uh, I'll get you a towel.

He leaves her there. Alone. She quickly moves to the window. Opens it. Looks down. It's a two-story drop to the street.

JORDY

gets a towel from the locker room. His beeper goes off. He checks the number but decides not to return the call. We follow him back into the bathroom. The shower is on but he notices the window. It's open.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Shit!

He rushes over. He looks out. No sign of her. He turns - looks back at the shower. It's on but he can't see through the curtain. Can't tell if she's there. He walks over - quickly - fearing that she's left. He pulls the curtain aside. She's crouched in the corner shower stall. Holding herself. She looks up at him - her eyes filled with tears.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Jordy sits on the bench next to the shower.

DAPHNE

I'm not a whore. I'm not a whore.

JORDY

I know.

DAPHNE

You don't know. I'm sorry. I was desperate. That's not me. I shot a cop. Can you imagine what they'll do to me when I got to prison?

JORDY

They're not gonna send you right back.

DAPHNE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...I'm glad.

Actually I'm glad it's over. All this time. Hiding. Never being able to look anyone in the eyes. Always afraid that someone would find out who I was. Never trusting anyone...

He covers her with the towel, pulling her up.

JORDY

You can trust me.

She embraces him. Trusting him. He stands there for a moment. Then awkwardly holds her. Comforting her.

INT. NYC RESTAURANT - DAY

CLOSE UP

on a steak. Male hands cut a piece. Another male hand sets down a huge bottle of Extra Strength Excedrin. The hands abandon the steak and rip open the bottle. The CAMERA pulls back to include the LCD screen of Oleg's videocamera. He is taping Emil as he rips open the safety plastic with his teeth. Emil is sweating with fever and his eyes are glazed over in pain. He 'drinks' pills from the bottle and chews them up. Wincing in pain. Emil washes them down with a beer.

Emil looks down and the camera follows his gaze to the "People" magazine article he's reading on Stephen Geller. Emil laughs. Shaking his head at the article as the videocamera tilts back up to his face.

OLEG

What is it?

EMIL

The video of Milos and Tamina - I told you to erase it.

OLEG

I did.

EMIL

And the whore's murder? You didn't erase that either, did you? Don't lie, I won't be angry.

OLEG

Why not?

EMIL

Put the camera down, Oleg.

Oleg closes the LCD screen and puts the camera down. Emil removes a small address book -- from Leon's wallet - he looks up Eddie Flemming's name.

OLEG

What is that?

EMIL

What does it look like? It's an address book!

Oleg jumps up with the camera to tape the book.

OLEG

Let me get a shot of it.

EMIL

Sit down!

OLEG

This way. Hold it this way. Good.

Oleg gets a shot and quickly sits back down.

OLEG (CONT'D)

Why won't you be angry at me for keeping my movie?

Emil takes a gulp of beer - drops cash on the table and limps away. Oleg follows.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

It's quiet - Chief Duffy paces in front of the Sergeant's desk. Looking at his watch. Growing more and more aggravated as every second ticks by. Jordy enters escorting Daphne. Sees Duffy and tires to go past him. Duffy turns and sees Jordy and Daphne.

DUFFY

Hey. Warsaw.

Jordy stops and comes back. Sitting Daphne down on a bench.

JORDY

Hey, Chief, what are you doing here?

DUFFY

I came to see how the investigation was going.

(looks at Daphne)

I called and you're not here. I wait up at the station and you don't even show up!!! I beep you - you don't return my call. Where the hell have you been?!

Jordy takes a few steps away from Daphne.

JORDY

Ladder 20 was on the Rock for training.
We stopped there... so she could get
cleaned up.

DUFFY

What do you mean, 'cleaned up?'

JORDY

I let her take a shower.

DUFFY

A shower!?! Did you take one, too?

JORDY

No! Nothing happened.

DUFFY

Oh really. That's nice. You took a
homicide witness to take a shower after
your partner was shot? Are you out of
your fucking mind?? Are you having that
much trouble gettin' dates?!

EDDIE (O.S.)

I told him to take her there.

Jordy and Duffy turn. Eddie walks out. Eddie turns - Tommy -
the young detective who caught the case in the King Edward
Hotel - is coming out of the back office.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Tommy, get her outta here.

Tommy takes Daphne into the precinct.

TOMMY

This way, ma'am.

EDDIE

There was too much press hangin' around
there. I didn't want her face on the
news. So I told him to take her to a
quiet area until things settled down.

DUFFY

Oh.

EDDIE

It was my decision, not his.

DUFFY

Well, I'm the Deputy Chief Fire Marshall
and every now and then I'd like to be
included in decisions.

EDDIE

Look, after Jordy briefs me, you can do

the press conference. How about that?
The case is all yours.

DUFFY
Oh yeah...? Alright.

EDDIE
(to Jordy)
I'm ready to be briefed.
(to Duffy)
Excuse us.

DUFFY
(to Eddie)
Yeah, sure.
(to Jordy)
Beep me when you're ready for the press
conference.

JORDY
Will do, Chief.

Eddie leads the way, walking past the Sergeant's desk -
toward the back and to his office.

JORDY (CONT'D)
Eddie, I...

Eddie holds up his hand - silencing Jordy.

EDDIE
Wait.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DETECTIVE ROOM'S SQUAD - DAY

A handful of detectives talk about work over burned coffee.
Eddie enters with Jordy.

EDDIE
Guys...give me a few minutes?

They empty out.

JORDY
Look, Eddie, I'm tellin' you - I didn't
touch her.

EDDIE
Well, you shoulda because nobody's gonna
believe you didn't...including me.

JORDY
I took her there for a shower and that's
it.

EDDIE
Just a shower?

Eddie gives Jordy a questioning look.

JORDY

Yeah, just her in the shower. Nothing happened. Look, I'm sure you probably think I'm a fool and I fucked up, but...

EDDIE

No, I don't think you were a fool, I just think you were stupid about it. I mean, to say the least, you outta know better. You don't know her well enough. She's got the potential to fucking hang you even if she suggests that you made a pass at her, it's fuckin' over. You can deny it all you want, but it will not make one fucking bit of difference. You're dead.

JORDY

I told you, you know, I thought I was doing the right thing, you know, I think she's innocent.

EDDIE

Well, it's not up to you to decide whether she's innocent or not. Don't you understand, that's why you're a professional.

JORDY

But, I mean, didn't you ever go out on a limb for somebody? I mean, you shoulda heard her there. Tellin' her whole story...I believed her.

EDDIE

How you go out on a limb for somebody is by giving her a number of an Immigration lawyer. Here, here's a number of an Immigration lawyer. That's how you help her.

But you can't get involved in her like that. You're gonna jeopardize your career, your life and you're gonna jeopardize my case. And lemme give you another piece of advice. Maybe you don't watch TV but I'll let you in on a little secret - the whole fuckin' world watches television. And when you get out there, they know your face. And the little fame, the little fuckin' itty bitty fame that I get in this city makes it a lot easier for my job. And I get more done because of it.

Jordy studies Eddie for a quiet beat.

JORDY

Why'd you help me back there with the Chief? Why'd you stand up for me like that?

EDDIE

You know, I don't know. I like you. You remind me of a puppy I used to have. He pissed on the rug all the time, but I still kept him.

Eddie picks up his cigar that's going out. He sticks it in his mouth. A match is lit. He looks up. Jordy holds the match. Eddie dips the end of the cigar and puffs. The homicide detective and the fire marshal hold a look.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie walks in - carrying flowers. He closes and locks the door behind him. He grabs the phone. Dials.

EDDIE

It's Flemming...anything turn up? Did they check the hospitals? Airports? Yeah, I hit him! I fuckin' hit him! We should be all over everywhere - with dogs, choppers, everything! These guys are from fuckin' Czechoslovakia...

He looks at the flowers. Decides to put the case behind him for a moment.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'll call you later.

He HANGS up. Arranges the flowers in a vase. So they look perfect. Sets them on the coffee table. Fills out a card, writes, "Nicky, I love you. Will you marry me?" He sticks the card in the flowers - turns the lights down low. Puts a romantic Sinatra song on the stereo. Moves to the liquor cabinet. Pours himself a drink. He sets the ringbox on the coffee table - next to the flowers. There's a knock at the door.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Coming!

Eddie smooths his hair, unlocks the door. But the hallway is empty.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Nicky!?!?

No answer. Eddie steps out in the hallway with the drink in

his hand. Walks toward the elevator. Doesn't notice the shadow that passes behind him - entering his apartment. Eddie turns. No sign of anyone.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Nicky?!

He walks back toward his apartment. Turns and locks the door. A BLUR jumps out of the shadows SLAMMING him on the head with a gun. Eddie tumbles to the floor! OUT COLD!

A BLURRED VIDEO IMAGE

as it's focused - on Eddie - handcuffed and upper body taped to a chair - 20 minutes later - sobered up. Emil is sitting in front of him. On the coffee table alongside him are the flowers in a vase. They've ransacked the place. Emil has Eddie's watch, his gold shield and his money. He's smoking one of Eddie's cigars and in Emil's hand...is the diamond engagement ring and card. Oleg, 60 MINUTES-style, is positioned behind Emil videotaping Eddie. He moves to the corner of the room - bringing a light back over to illuminate Eddie's face.

EMIL

So...who's Nicky?

EDDIE

What do you want?

EMIL

Your opinion.

(leaning forward)

You see, they going to make a movie about me, too, Eddie. And write books.

EDDIE

(sarcastic)

What's your accomplishment.

EMIL

I kill someone famous.

EDDIE

Then do it, asshole.

EMIL

Good - be tough to the end. Actor who plays you will want to die like hero.

Eddie looks at the videocamera. Emil answers Eddie's look.

EMIL (CONT'D)

So tabloids don't have to do re enactments. They going to have real movie this time.

EDDIE

If you kill me and film it you're putting a noose around your neck.

Emil turns to Oleg.

EMIL

Turn it off.

Oleg obeys. Emil turns to Eddie.

EMIL (CONT'D)

No. We are insane. Who else but crazy men would film their murders?

(gestures to Eddie)

So we kill someone famous and if we are caught, we are sent to mental hospital. But what good is money there? Because once in hospital I say I not crazy. Just pretended to be acquitted. We see psychiatrists. They must certify we are sane and because of your - what is law called?

(Eddie says nothing)

Oh - I got it. Because of your Double Jeopardy law, we can't be tried for same crime twice. We come out free, rich and famous!

OLEG

Good idea!

EDDIE

You really think you'll be able to fool a jury with this bullshit? How fuckin' stupid are you?

EMIL

Smarter than Americans. You're fed cry baby talk shows all day long. Not only will Americans believe me, they'll cry for me.

(laughs)

So...Detective Eddie Flemming, would you like to say goodbye to your Nicolette? Maybe you can propose to her now?

Eddie says nothing. Just stares at Emil. Emil puffs on Eddie's cigar.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Okay. He has nothing to say.

(signaling Oleg)

Start the camera!

OLEG

Cut!

Emil looks at Oleg.

OLEG (CONT'D)

This is my project. I say 'action.' I
am the director! You are the talent.
You wait for me to say 'action!'

Emil looks at Eddie as if to say, "See what I have to put up
with." Oleg gestures from behind the videocamera.

OLEG (CONT'D)

And...action!

Oleg FILMS as Emil raises Eddie's service revolver. Eddie
suddenly KICKS at Emil's hand, but Emil pulls it away,
backing out of Eddie's reach.

EMIL

Bad last moment - I cut that out.

Emil raises the pistol again - pointing the gun at Eddie's
left temple. Emil cocks the hammer, but Eddie avoids the
gun, ducking his head to the side of Emil's arm. Standing
and following his head up Emil's arm and pushing him over
into the desk. Eddie then knocks Emil with the chair and
Emil falls off the desk and onto the floor.

Oleg still grips the videocamera. Eddie continues around
with the chair and drives Oleg back across the room - pinning
him to the wall.

Eddie comes back from Oleg to the gun at the same time as
Emil is limping for it. Eddie knocks Emil out of the way
with the chair and then stabs him with the legs of the chair
repeatedly.

Eddie comes up and around again at Oleg who is coming at him
from the wall. Eddie knocks Oleg over the coffee table and
onto the sofa. Falling on top of him, rolling over and
leaving Oleg on the sofa.

Eddie manages to get up from the sofa and position the chair
in such a way that he can fall over backward and grab the
gun. Emil limps toward the gun at the same time and it is
not clear in the darkness who has the gun.

Oleg gets up from the sofa and goes over to get the
videocamera. Eddie has managed to get the gun and comes up
as Oleg is moving in with the camera and starts shooting
toward Oleg - managing to shoot one of the blinds off the
window and one of the lampshades off the lamp.

Oleg crouches down with the camera and Eddie starts to turn
toward Emil who comes at him with the knife and stabs him in
the stomach.

Emil steps back, revealing the knife is BURIED IN EDDIE'S STOMACH.

Eddie stumbles backward, falling over but still attached to the chair - holding the gun. Eddie can't believe he got stabbed. Blood swells around his stomach. He can't be dying. This can't be happening. He looks at Emil. The pain is terrible. Oleg has knelt down next to Eddie - getting a close up.

Emil looks at Eddie.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Die. Die.

Emil looks around. Grabs a black pillow and finishes Eddie off, suffocating him.

BLACKNESS

We are moving through a tunnel - pitch black, so dark all you feel is the motion. We are travelling very fast. Finally, in the distance, a speck of light which fills the frame. We slowly pull back from the white light to discover it is a tiny pixel on a TV screen.

WIDENING

further out we see Eddie's funeral on the evening news. It's an enormous gathering - a sea of blue uniforms and dignitaries. In the upper right hand corner, superimposed over the funeral, is a picture of Eddie from his ID and in his NYPD uniform. We see Oleg's reflection on the set with the videocamera. He is filming the TV. We hear the audio from Eddie's funeral.

NEWSCASTER (ON T.V.)

..Detective Flemming was one of the most decorated NYPD detectives in the history of New York. He made several thousand arrests during his career, including the famed Stephen Geller case. Beloved by the community in which he served. His partner eulogized him...

Leon is at the mic.

LEON (ON T.V.)

...Eddie was my mentor, my best friend and my partner...he taught me the meaning of the word 'cop.' He was a man in every sense of the word. I'll miss him...

(choking on tears)

Sleep well, brother.

Leon begins to sing "Amazing Grace." Oleg PANS from the TV and focuses it on a lightbulb. Hands enter the frame - carefully pouring clear liquid into an ashtray. A long hypodermic needle slides into the ashtray - the plunger is pulled back and the needle quickly fills with liquid. Gingerly, the needle is inserted into the lightbulb. Again, the plunger moves and the lightbulb is filled and placed on a table...next to a CAN OF GASOLINE. VIDEOCAMERA ZOOMS OUT revealing...Emil sitting at a hotel desk doing this.

INT. P.B. HERMAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

It's packed with COPS drinking. Prosecutors...lawyers...many who were at the funeral, including Leon. All wear the black ribbon on their badges. There's a quality of an Irish wake - boisterous, guys cursing...many cops in uniform. A buffet has been laid out.

Hawkins enters in a black suit, wearing a black ribbon. He greets people, shaking hands, embracing Leon.

HAWKINS

Awful...what an awful day. He was New York City.

Hawkins notices a young man by the window. Teary-eyed. It's Tommy. Hawkins nods to him.

TOMMY

I never got to tell him how much I admired him.

HAWKINS

I know, son, I know. We all loved him.

Hawkins moves on...greeting others. He notices at the end of the bar - sitting alone on a stool - is Nicolette. He moves to her. Pulls up a stool alongside her. She turns, looks at him. Just stares at him for a long beat. She is bombed. Definitely drunk. She's had many. She turns to Hawkins.

NICOLETTE

You know...you know he was gonna propose to me. The crime guys found a card he'd written out to me. And a ring box...these fuckers that killed him - have my ring. They have my diamond engagement ring...

Hawkins touches her shoulder with compassion.

HAWKINS

I know.

NICOLETTE

What do you mean you know? He told you he was gonna propose to me?

HAWKINS

Well, he...

NICOLETTE

(overriding)

I want to hear everything he said.

HAWKINS

I'm trying to tell you.

NICOLETTE

Alright. Go ahead.

HAWKINS

That morning. He was talking to me and Leon about marriage.

NICOLETTE

Oh my G-d. We were having lunch here. He started making overtures - talking about little shoes next to his in his closet but I got a call to anchor - and I walked out on him. I walked out on him when he was trying to ask me to marry him!!

Nicolette is crying now. She angrily wipes away a tear.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

I'd never had a great relationship before. I'd never made great choices with men. And he wasn't easy to get to know. He was older, my parents told me I was nuts to get involved with him. But he was so great to me. Always encouraging, telling me I could do anything...

(beat)

He was the one. You know, I'd give up everything - everything - for just a little more time. I would've spent fifteen minutes with him if that's all I knew I had.

She's lost it. Hawkins consoles her. Nicolette shrugs him off - turns back to her drink. Downs the rest of it. A woman arrives, MAGGIE, Hawkins' producer - assistant in tow.

MAGGIE

Robert...?

HAWKINS

What are you doing here?

MAGGIE

(holding a cellular)

You've got a call.

HAWKINS

I can't talk to anybody right now, can't you see I'm busy! I can't talk business. Hang up. Have a drink.

(to Paulie)

Get her a whiskey.

MAGGIE

Trust me, you'll want to take this call.

Robert steps off the stool. Takes the phone.

HAWKINS

Hello? Who is this?

(listens)

How do I know this is you?

Hawkins gives Nicolette a comforting squeeze on her shoulder. Backs away from the bar. Now out of hearing distance, he looks back at Nicolette and lowers his voice.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Where?

We INTERCUT Emil on a public phone in the lobby of a movie theater. Oleg videotapes Emil on the phone, as he throws glances into the theater.

EMIL

Come to 45 Broadway. Don't bring the Police. Come alone or you'll be in my next film.

HAWKINS

(low)

Look asshole. I've been threatened by better than you.

EMIL

No. I'm the best that's ever threatened you.

HAWKINS

I'll meet you on one condition - I get exclusivity and you surrender to me.

EMIL

We'll talk about that. Four o'clock gives you time to go to bank. Three hundred thousand dollars.

HAWKINS

What? It doesn't work that way.

EMIL

(incensed)
If you don't want my film - I'll call
another show. And they will show it.

HAWKINS
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

EMIL
Come alone. Bring cash. And we'll talk
about surrendering.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Hawkins disconnects. Hands the
phone back to Maggie. She's looking at him. Excited.
Hawkins looks at Nicolette. His mind whirls.

INT. FIRE STATION 91 - KITCHEN - DAY

Daphne and Korfin are sitting at a table. Korfin's arm is in
a sling, his side bandaged. Duffy and Jordy enter in their
dress uniforms. Korfin walks over to them.

KORFIN
How was it?

JORDY
(numb)
Not good.

Jordy's quiet. Dazed. Nobody can believe Eddie's gone.

DUFFY
(nods to Daphne)
Did the D.A. videotape her deposition?

KORFIN
Yeah. He finished awhile ago.

DUFFY
(to Korfin)
Alright. Swing by her apartment. Let
her pick up her clothes and take her
straight to Hoover Street. You got
that?

KORFIN
Yeah.

Jordy looks at her. Duffy sees them hold each other's look.

JORDY
Chief - mind if I take her?

DUFFY
Okay. But not water sports.

Duffy walks out. Jordy leads Daphne out of the station.
Korfin follows. A MAN IN A CHEAP SUIT is talking to Camello

who points as Jordy walks by. The man chases after Jordy.

MAN

Excuse me - Jordan Warsaw?

JORDY

Yeah.

MAN

(shoving papers in Jordy's
hand)

Consider yourself served.

Jordy opens the papers. Korfin puts Daphne in the car.
Walks back over to Jordy and reads over his shoulder.

KORFIN

Zwangendaba??? Is suing you, the
department and the city of New York for
10 million? Who is Zwangendaba?

Jordy remembers...and gets more depressed.

JORDY

The mugger.

EXT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

It's an old brownstone - in poor condition. Jordy pulls up.
Opens the door for Daphne - takes her by the elbow - steering
her to the door. He is edgy. Jumpy. Looking around.

DAPHNE

Are you alright?

JORDY

I still can't believe Eddie's gone.

DAPHNE

I'm sorry.

He looks at her. Nods. They walk up to the stairs as the
front door opens. A NEIGHBOR exits, shocked. Jordy pulls
Daphne out of the way.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

(in Czech to the man)

Hello. How are you?

INT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jordy and Daphne make their way up the stairs. A bouquet of
flowers are outside Daphne's apartment.

JORDY

What's this?

She takes the card. Jordy looks over her shoulder. Daphne reads: "Good luck with all your troubles. I'm here if you need me...Ludwig."

JORDY (CONT'D)

Is he your boyfriend?

DAPHNE

Ludwig? He's gay - are you jealous?

JORDY

If I was your boyfriend, I might be.

DAPHNE

If you were my boyfriend, I'd suggest you find another girlfriend that isn't going to jail ten-thousand miles away.

They're staring in each other's eyes. The sexual tension strong.

JORDY

A good Immigration lawyer could stall the process. Eddie recommended one.

DAPHNE

No matter what happens...I'm glad I met you.

JORDY

I'm glad I met you.

They hold each other's eyes...then suddenly they kiss. Urgently. Passionately. Somebody is coming up the stairs. They part quickly. A tenant enters his apartment down the hall. Jordy clears his throat.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Let's get your stuff.

He opens the door. Peers inside - checking it out. Turns to her. Gestures that it's okay to enter.

INT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's very small. Almost no furniture. The bare minimum. The apartment is a hole. She looks at Jordy. Both thinking the same thought. Another kiss.

JORDY

You better get packed.

DAPHNE

Right.

She holds his look.

JORDY
Do you have coffee?

DAPHNE
In the kitchen.

JORDY
I'll make some for us.

DAPHNE
I'll get my clothes.

She heads down the hall. Jordy enters the small kitchen. He flips on the kitchen light and the LIGHTBULB EXPLODES - SETTING THE CEILING ON FIRE AND RELEASING A RAIN OF FIRE INTO THE ROOM. Jordy JUMPS BACK.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Jordy!!!

JORDY
No! Get back! GET BACK!!!

Jordy's more surprised than shaken. It's a fire - he knows the drill. He pushes her into the living room. Then notices a FIRE EXTINGUISHER hanging on the wall. Grabs it. Aims it at the FIRE spreading in the kitchen. He SPRAYS as Daphne SCREAMS!

DAPHNE
That's not mine!

WHOOOOOOOOOSH! The fire extinguisher FEEDS THE FIRE! Flames leap up from the fire - shooting toward the extinguisher because it's filled with gasoline. The handle LOCKS! Jordy CAN'T TURN IT OFF. Flames engulf the extinguisher and JORDY'S HAND.

He flings the extinguisher - BACKS OUT OF THE KITCHEN. Closes the door. Jordy takes off his jacket. Stuffs it under the bottom of the door. Blocking the smoke. He hurries into the living room. Knowing it's moments before the extinguisher will explode. Jordy pulls out his cellular. Hits the speed dial as he notices Daphne about to throw a chair through the window.

JORDY
Don't! It'll suck the flames toward us!

Too late. She SMASHES the window. There's an EXPLOSION in the kitchen. Smoke and fire rush down the hallway and along the ceiling. Jordy yells into the phone:

JORDY (CONT'D)
This is Jordan Warsaw! We got a 1075,
make it quick, we're trapped! 8th
Avenue and 44th Street.

He pulls Daphne toward the bedroom. It's locked. Jordy kicks it open. Grabs the comforter off the bed. Shoves that under the door jam. He pulls Daphne into the bathroom. Shuts the door. Runs his severely burned hand under the cold water. Daphne looks out the window - hearing the sirens. She notices someone has nailed the window shut. And on top of one nail...is Eddie's gold shield.

DAPHNE

Oh my G-d! Oh my G-d!

Jordy turns - sees Eddie's shield.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

They were here!

This freaks her out. They were in her home. She starts to panic.

JORDY

Calm down. Get a hold of yourself! Get down!

He pulls aside the curtain to the bathtub. In it is a CAN OF GASOLINE. A virtual bomb.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus!

Daphne reaches for the can of gasoline.

JORDY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DAPHNE

Pouring it out!

She grabs the can of gasoline - pours it down the drain. The FIRE is raging outside the bathroom. The bathroom door is beginning to smoke and burn. They are trapped.

Jordy turns - grabs an exposed water pipe that runs up the wall to the ceiling. He throws his feet against the wall for leverage. Pulls with all his might to break it loose. It's creaking - but he's having a hard time with it.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Jordy looks over. The gasoline she's pouring out - is not going down the drain. It's stopped up. As soon as the fire gets in the bathroom, everything will explode!

Jordy begins pulling at the rusty pipe with all his might. Daphne comes over - helps him. Both of them trying to break it off. Suddenly it snaps and water POURS into the room.

SOAKING THE WALLS. They point the pipe toward the door, soaking some of the flames which are consuming the door. Trying to stop the fire from coming in. He and Daphne are drenched. And trapped.

Jordy grabs a broken piece of pipe. Starts SMASHING the wall behind them. The wall to the adjacent apartment.

VIDEO POV

Jordy and Daphne in the bathroom - surrounded by fire. CAMERA WHIP PANS down the street as FIRE ENGINES arrive.

OLEG

is VIDEOTAPING them from the opposite rooftop. Tenants from Daphne's building are fleeing down the fire escape. Emil stands in back of Oleg - who is very excited. He turns the camera on himself.

OLEG

This is great film! You can see fire right now - Daphne is in fire - Fire Marshal is here. Everything is so messy. Everything is so crazy right here! Look at this fire! We made it! 90% of people who die in fire die from eating smoke. So most likely they all die from eating smoke.

The CAMERA PANS to Emil.

OLEG (CONT'D)

And this is the man who started the fire. Say something to your fans, Emil!

Emil waits a beat and then blows a kiss to the lens.

DAPHNE'S BATHROOM

Filled with smoke. You can barely see Jordy or Daphne. Jordy SMASHES a hole in the wall - which reveals the bathroom in the apartment next door. The smoke has a place to escape. There's a 7-year old KID in there. Standing in the bathroom. Terrified.

JORDY

Get back! Get out of the bathroom!
Run!

7-YEAR OLD KID

The hallway is on fire!

JORDY

It's okay. I'm a fireman. I'm going to help you. Get back! Now!

Jordy pushes Daphne through the wall - turns as the bathroom door catches fire. It's seconds before the whole room will blow up.

OLEG

Across the roof is videotaping the bathroom as it EXPLODES!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Fire engines have arrived. The street is filled with gawkers. Garcia and Korfin pull up just as Jordy runs from the building - holding the kid in one arm and pulling Daphne with the other. Carefully guarding his bandaged hand. A fireman grabs the kid. Another grabs Daphne. Garcia and Korfin run to Jordy.

GARCIA

Jordy! What the hell happened?!

KORFIN

Are you alright, man? Lemme see the hand!

JORDY

Where's Daphne? Daphne?

He spots Daphne on the corner as a familiar voice pushes through the crowd.

VOICE

Isn't she a beauty? She's my fire, look at that loom-up on her!

Jordy turns - it's Max. The attention pyromaniac who Jordy threw out of his office. As a news crew arrives, Max turns to the cameras.

MAX

I did this! I did this! Take my picture! I'm Max! Max Gornick!

Jordy grabs Max - pushes him away.

JORDY

Get outta here!

KORFIN

What the hell happened?

JORDY

They were inside. They booby trapped her apartment!

Korfin scans the crowd. Looking for Emil and Oleg. In the b.g., Duffy is SCREAMING.

DUFFY

What the hell are you talking about???
They're gonna do what?

Jordy and Korfin turn. The Chief has a phone to his ear and is freaked.

INT. LOBBY OF CHANNEL 12 BROADCASTING - NIGHT

JORDY'S POV

as he enters the TV station. His clothes burnt and still wet. The lobby's full of ANGRY COPS. Tommy and Leon, still in his funeral suit, SCREAMING above them all at Maggie the producer and her ASSISTANT, who are standing behind the desk.

TOMMY

Where is he?! Where is Hawkins?!

MAGGIE

He's not on the premises!

LEON

I want the tape. Go get it and bring it here this minute.

MAGGIE

Any request for the video must be directed to "Top Story's" attorney - Bruce Cutler. I'll be happy to give you his number.

Leon jumps over the desk where Maggie stands. Tommy pushes past the security guard to follow Leon. They continue toward Maggie, pushing her further back into the office. She tries to protect herself with an office door which Leon slams open.

LEON

Lady, if you put Eddie's murder on TV, I'll get a warrant for your arrest and shove it so far up your ass it'll come outta your mouth!

MAGGIE

I want your shield number!

HAWKINS (O.S.)

Viewer discretion advised!

MAGGIE

(pointing at the TV)

You want the tape? There it is!

Leon, Tommy, all the cops and Jordy - turn toward a TV set which is mounted in the lobby. The "Top Story" logo flashes on the screen, then Robert Hawkins is seen behind his desk.

HAWKINS

What we are about to broadcast is very graphic footage...

Everyone is riveted. But Jordy notices outside...a "Top Story" NEWS VAN is waiting in the alley. Robert Hawkins jumps from a doorway and into the van. Jordy backs out.

INT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

POP...a video POV of a bottle of Crystal as the cork is popped. The videocamera pans up to Emil sitting at the table. He nods at the waiter who leaves. Emil raises the glass - looking into the lens.

EMIL

America! Who says you can't be success in America? I arrived with nothing, knowing nobody - now look - I am a success story!

The videocamera is lowered. Oleg turns it off. Asks suspiciously.

OLEG

You are success story? I am success story! Why do you say I and not we?

EMIL

Oleg, don't be paranoid. You got a hundred-fifty thousand dollars, didn't you? I gave you half of what they gave me. Look - here we are!

Emil gestures toward the big television set. We are in Planet Hollywood - where diners and those by the bar can watch a huge screen hanging from the ceiling. Robert Hawkins is introducing his show.

HAWKINS (ON T.V.)

Good evening. Welcome to "Top Story". Tonight, I present to you material of a graphic and violent nature never before seen on television. And I do so with a heavy heart. You will be first-hand witness to the slaying of celebrated New York City Homicide Detective, Eddie Flemming. It would be only normal to ask, why? Why are we showing something so journalist, I must show it. A democracy survives through the freedom of its media, and if we cannot see what is happening then we don't deserve our democracy, or our freedom. Eddie Flemming was my friend. I cried when I watched this footage and vowed to fight this violence with every molecule of my

being from this day onward. Hopefully,
this will have a similar effect on you.
One final word, this material is
absolutely not appropriate for children.

The restaurant BUZZES. Emil checks his watch.

OLEG

In movie they make of us, who do you
think would act me?

EMIL

The one who got caught in the bathroom.
(beat)
George Michael.

Emil laughs. Oleg doesn't.

OLEG

I'm serious.

EMIL

Shut up. Look!

Emil points towards the TV. "Top Story" is continuing. The
scene cuts to Emil's video footage. Eddie is handcuffed to
the chair. The light illuminating his face.

OLEG (O.S.)

This is my project. I say 'action.' I
am the director! You are the talent.
You wait for me to say 'action.'
(beat)
And 'action!'

EMIL

Bad last moment - I cut it out.

Emil looks at Oleg - furious.

EMIL (CONT'D)

I told you to cut that out before we
handed in the tape!

OLEG

Be quiet. Watch.

Oleg watches the big-screen TV as Emil raises the pistol to
Eddie's temple. Eddie pushes him over the desk. Eddie then
knocks Emil with the chair and Emil falls off the desk onto
the floor. Eddie continues around with the chair and drives
Oleg back across the room - pinning him to the wall. Eddie
and Emil both go for the gun. Eddie knocks him out of the
way. Stabs him with the legs of the chair repeatedly.
Leaves him in a ball on the floor. Oleg comes at Eddie and
he knocks Oleg over the coffee table and onto the sofa. The
blinds and lamp shade are shot - bathing the room with more

light. Emil stabs Eddie in the stomach. Oleg kneels down for a CLOSE-UP.

EMIL

Die. Die.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Hawkins' van drives across Times Square. Jordy's car following. We WIDEN OUT... Eddie's murder is being broadcast on the JUMBOTRON in Times Square. People stare up - stunned.

INT. PLANET HOLLWYOOD - CONTINUOUS

The dinner patrons are watching TV. Shocked. Emil glares at Oleg.

EMIL

Why did you leave that stuff in about you being the director?

OLEG

Because I am the director. Don't you realize, if it wasn't for my film, for my talent, my idea to do this - no way would we be sitting here right now.

EMIL

Your idea? I thought it was my idea.

Oleg tenses. Emil laughs.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Aren't you just the cameraman?

Oleg doesn't laugh.

OLEG

I'm serious...this - this is a great American film. Full of violence and sex. And I want my credit.

EMIL

Credit?

OLEG

Yes. Before we hand in the next video - I put titles on it and my credit is going to read - Directed by Oleg Razgul.

EMIL

Yes. But there's only one problem - you want credit but the problem is - I don't share credit.

Oleg is pissed.

EMIL (CONT'D)

You got that?

OLEG

No, I don't get that!

EMIL

You think you are a director? You are a fucking little, small Russian piece of shit. And I hate you. I fucking hate you.

Emil slaps Oleg across the face. Oleg stands up. Emil suddenly pulls out Eddie's gun but before he can pull the trigger, Oleg STABS Emil in the arm! Emil squeezes off a shot through the crowded restaurant. Patrons SCREAM - Oleg runs through the restaurant, escaping. It's chaos. Hawkins arrives with a crew and with BRUCE CUTLER, a confident, tough criminal attorney.

Emil pulls the steak knife out of his arm, picks up a napkin - pressing it to his wound.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Oh, hello.

Cutler accesses the situation.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Are you my attorney?

(extends his hand to Cutler)

I'm Emil. I'm insane.

CUTLER

I'm not your lawyer until I see the money.

EMIL

Here. I have your money.

Emil picks up a briefcase and hands it to Cutler. Cutler opens it - inside is the cash Emil got from Robert Hawkins. Emil looks at the table, pushing the plates and silverware aside. Emil looks under the table, throwing the chair aside, freaking. He's lost the most important thing in his life.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Oh no! No! Shit!

CUTLER

(follows Emil - reaching out to him)

Emil. Take it easy. Stay with me. Sit down. What do you need? What are you looking for?

EMIL

He has the camera! He took the movie!

Jordy comes in, gun raised.

JORDY

Don't move! Don't move! Get your hands
up! Drop it!

Emil puts his hands in the air. Immediately drops the gun!

EMIL

I give up!

Jordy is disappointed! He didn't want to take Emil alive.
Hawkins signals to his camera man, who swings his camera at
Jordy as he approaches Emil, his gun aimed at Emil's head.

CUTLER

This man is unarmed, officer. He's
surrendered.

Jordy cracks Emil across the face - knocking him down.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

What are you hitting him for?

JORDY

Turn that camera off!

Jordy handcuffs him. Emil turns to the camera for sympathy,
appearing more hurt than he is.

EMIL

No. Keep filming...

Jordy realizes how media savvy Emil is and understands in
that moment why he's surrendering. Jordy yanks Emil up -
dragging him across the restaurant floor - Emil still
favoring his ankle.

CUTLER

(to Emil)

Don't say anything.

EMIL

Where are we going?

CUTLER

I'm coming with you.

EMIL

Yes. Yes, come with me!

CUTLER

(to Jordy)

I'm invoking rights - this man is
represented by counsel. I'm coming with

him.

The "Top Story" crew is all over them, filming everything. Cutler stays close to Emil. Making sure he's in the video footage.

JORDY

Turn that camera off!

EXT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

As Jordy comes out with a limping Emil, police are arriving. Tommy, Leon and Murphy run over as Jordy opens the back door to his car. Leon grabs Emil.

LEON

I'll take him.

JORDY

No way! He's mine!

LEON

(holding on to Emil, squeezing his arm hard)

We're takin' him. Don't argue!

JORDY

He's my collar!

LEON

Well, he killed my partner!

JORDY

He's yours but I take him in! I'll drive him to the precinct, you can have him but I'm walkin' him in.

Leon realizes Jordy wants to be seen on TV taking Emil into custody.

LEON

Okay, kid, have your 15-minutes. I'll follow you. Tommy, you ride with him!

Leon stares hatefully into Emil's eyes.

LEON (CONT'D)

You're goin' down, motherfucker, you are goin' down. I'll be there with a smile when they put you down!

Cutler hurries to Emil's side.

CUTLER

Don't say a word. Don't respond to his taunting!

(to Leon)

He's represented by counsel. You want to speak to someone - you speak to me!

TOMMY

Out of the way, counselor.

Tommy shoves Cutler aside.

CUTLER

Don't you put your hands on me, Detective.

Jordy pushes Emil in the back seat and slams the door. Leon turns to Hawkins, whose cameras are filming everything.

LEON

And you, you'll pay for what you did!

HAWKINS

(low)

This footage will work in your favor. When the jury sees this - no matter what Cutler tries, they'll convict him.

Leon looks at him. This man used to be his friend.

LEON

You outta be ashamed. Ashamed of yourself.

HAWKINS

If I didn't put it on somebody else would! I was his friend!

LEON

Don't give me that fucking shit.

The cameras are rolling.

MURPHY

Don't get into it on TV.

LEON

(yells to other cop cars)

Alright, let's get going!

Leon and the other cops rush to their cars. Jordy is already behind the wheel. As soon as Tommy jumps in the passenger seat, Jordy takes off. The cameras film him driving away.

INT. JORDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jordy takes a left turn, racing away. Running all the lights.

TOMMY

What are you doin'? You're gonna lose

everybody!

Jordy rips through another turn, heading toward the West Side Highway. The car speeds up the ramp and races up the left lane - having lost the police.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Where are you goin'?? This ain't the way to the station!

Jordy looks up at Emil in the rear view mirror.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Jordy pulls off on 130th Street. They are way uptown in the middle of nowhere. The car drives down a dark street. Crumbled, vacant buildings dominate the streets and there are no people around.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car slows down. Tommy watches Jordy, realizes what's going on. Jordy stops at a dead end. Pulls open the back door, yanks Emil out and starts to drag him up into the deserted tunnel.

TOMMY

Jordy...??? Listen to me. You can't do this. This isn't the way to do things.

Jordy ignores Tommy, slamming him up against the tunnel wall.

JORDY

Were you a fireman? That how you knew how to rig the apartment?

EMIL

My father was. He gave me many lessons about fire. Now it's my friend.

JORDY

Tommy, take a walk.

TOMMY

What are you gonna do?

JORDY

Don't you get it? He knew he was gonna get caught! That's why he videotaped Eddie's murder - he thinks he's gonna get off.

TOMMY

Don't stoop to his level!

Jordy tosses the car keys to Tommy.

JORDY
Take the car. Get outta here, Tommy.

TOMMY
Look, you can't shoot him in cold blood.

JORDY
(erupting)
GET OUTTA HERE NOW!! GET IN THAT CAR
AND DRIVE AWAY!!! DO WHAT I SAY OR I'LL
KILL YOU, TOO!!!

Tommy nervously backs up toward Jordy's car. Climbs behind the wheel and drives away, leaving Jordy and Emil alone in the darkness. Jordy takes out Eddie's pistol. The one Emil took from Eddie. Jordy opens the cylinder - two bullets left. Jordy snaps the cylinder shut, tucks Eddie's gun in Emil's belt. He drags Emil away from the wall, into the center of the empty space - unlocks Emil's handcuffs and throws them aside. Still holding the gun on Emil, he circles around to face him.

JORDY (CONT'D)
Get your hands up! Get your hands up!

Now facing Emil, he sticks his gun in his waistband - the same place he put Emil's.

JORDY (CONT'D)
You wanna be a real American? Go for
your gun.

Emil holds his arms out - making it clear he's not going for the gun.

JORDY (CONT'D)
Pull the gun! You want to be famous?
Shoot me, you'll get more headlines and
make more money.

Emil watches Jordy...a slow grin spreads across his face.

EMIL
You can't kill me. You're not a cop.
Just fireman with a gun. I bet you
never shot anybody in your life.

JORDY
You'll be my first.

Jordy pulls out his 9mm and pushes the barrel right between Emil's eyes.

EMIL
C'mon. Pull the trigger. Do it. Oh,
look, you're sweating. You don't have
the balls.

JORDY

Get down on your knees.

Emil gets on his knees and starts to sing in Czech. SIRENS fill the air. Police cars come flying down the street.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Where's your partner?

EMIL

The Sheraton! On Broadway! Room 210.
Go get Oleg. He'll kill you.

Leon runs up. Tommy's relieved to see Jordy didn't kill Emil.

LEON

Gimme your gun, Jordy. We all want him
dead but you can't do it this way.

Emil is still smiling. Jordy suddenly slams Emil in the face. Knocking him to the floor. He jumps in his car and speeds away.

INT. BROADWAY SHERATON - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

A room service WAITER wheels a tray with a magnum bottle of Crystal, with three glasses, toward Oleg's room. Jordy follows behind him - gun aimed at his back.

WAITER

Do you really need me?

JORDY

Keep your mouth shut. Don't mess this
up.

They reach the room. Jordy flattens himself against the wall. The waiter KNOCKS.

HOOKER'S VOICE

Who's there?

WAITER

(nervous)

R-room service.

A HOOKER, wrapped in a towel, opens the door a crack, looking out at the waiter.

HOOKER

Come in.

Jordy whips around the corner - pointing his gun and pushing the hooker back out of the room. Jordy moves to the bedroom door. Peers through the crack. Oleg sits on the edge of the

bed in his skivvies with two naked prostitutes. He's hooked up his videocamera to the TV set and is showing them his footage of the fire.

OLEG

Look at that. See that shot! Seamless.
No cuts.

(excited)

And look. Look at that transition.
That's filmmaking!! Isn't it great?!

Jordy KICKS in the door - gun raised.

JORDY

Don't move!

Oleg grabs the videocamera. Has on hooker in a head lock and picks up the other one. He rushes at Jordy - using one of the hookers for protection.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Drop the girl! Drop her!!

Oleg pushes the hookers at Jordy - knocking Jordy back into the living room and over the back of the sofa. Oleg rushes out into the

HOTEL HALLWAY

Oleg runs to the fire exit - Jordy follows, chasing Oleg down the stairwell.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

Oleg bursts out a door which opens onto Broadway. He runs through the crowd - knocking pedestrians aside! Jordy chases him, gun in hand!

Oleg runs into the street, darting in and out of traffic, cars braking to a stop. One SLAMS into another. Jordy leaps over a car, closing in on Oleg. People gawk. Even in New York, it's odd to see a man being chased in his underwear. Oleg runs, knocking people aside. He's holding the camera in his hand. It's on.

JORDY

STOP! STOP THAT MAN!

A UNIFORMED COP turns as Oleg runs right into him. Knocking him down. Oleg beats him, takes his gun and runs into:

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Oleg, gun in hand, runs past the TICKET TAKER at the door.

TICKET TAKER

Hey, come back here!

The ticket taker runs after Oleg who continues past the candy counter. Jordy rushes in the door.

JORDY

Where is he? Where'd he go?

TICKET TAKER

Middle door.

Jordy continues running through the lobby - past the middle door - and enters the theater through the far door.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Jordy enters the theater, crouches down in the aisle. It's a night scene, the theater is dark. Jordy tries to see faces. He cuts through a row of seats to the middle aisle.

DRUNK'S VOICE

Kill him! Kill the bastard!

Jordy spins toward the voice - it's a DRUNK. Others start YELLING for blood!

AUDIENCE

Shoot him! SHOOT!

A GUNSHOT! Jordy ducks! Another GUNSHOT! Jordy realizes the shots are coming from the screen.

OLEG

Look! Over here!

Jordy turns. Oleg stands up and FIRES at him - trying to film Jordy's death with a videocamera. Jordy ducks, then rises up with his gun as Oleg vaults over the seats, leaping from one to the other, mashing shoulders and heads, bounding for the screen.

JORDY

Everybody down! Stay DOWN!

Jordy FIRES as the screen villain blasts away. Some in the audience don't realize the real thing is happening. Oleg leaps on the stage in front of the screen, illuminated by it. Jordy runs down the aisle. Oleg FIRES at Jordy. Jordy FIRES back. People panic - scurrying away - Jordy can't get a clear shot. Oleg FIRES again, wounding a moviegoer. Jordy raises up as the theater lights go on...and Oleg is gone! Jordy jumps on the stage - runs backstage - Oleg has disappeared.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Shit!

SIRENS are heard from outside. VOICES of cops are heard as

they enter.

CLOSE ON TV

A REPORTER is in Times Square, reports from outside the movie theater.

REPORTER (ON T.V.)

...and the wild chase through Times Square ended with the suspect, Oleg Razgul, escaping. The fire department has identified the fire marshal involved in the failed pursuit as Jordy Warsaw.

The channel is changed. PETER ARNETT is reporting the same story.

PETER ARNETT (ON T.V.)

In a related matter, Mr. Slovak's attorney, Bruce Cutler - famous for handling sensational cases - claims his client is unfit to stand trial.

INT. JAIL CELL - WIDER - DAY

Daphne sitting on a bench in a jail cell. Watching TV through the bars. She is in the fire department's holding cell in Brooklyn.

PETER ARNETT (ON T.V.)

In fact, Cutler claimed Mr. Slovak was not the alleged mastermind behind the murders. According to Cutler, Mr. Slovak was being directed by his partner, who threatened to kill him if he didn't follow Mr. Razgul's orders. Cutler told reporters today that Mr. Razgul did in fact stab his client.

The scene CUTS TO Cutler's press conference.

CUTLER

My client, Mr. Slovak, is a victim. What's happened is not his fault. Emil was under the influence of his partner. At the trial, you'll see that my client will be vindicated...

INT. BELLEVUE - MENTAL OBSERVATION UNIT - DAY

The CAMERA WIDENS from the TV set. We are now in an interview room, a guard is posted outside the room. Emil sits at a small table - with Cutler. Emil is dressed in Bellevue clothes. He's handcuffed and his ankle is bandaged. Emil gives a complimentary nod toward Cutler.

CUTLER

I brought you some letters. It's really fan mail. Women mostly. One wants to buy you clothes, another sent a check. Another wants a check.

EMIL

You bring the cigarettes?

CUTLER

Oh, sure.

Cutler shakes a cigarette out of the pack, stuffs it in Emil's mouth and lights it for him. Emil has never smoked before.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

How're they treating you, alright
(Emil is nonresponsive)
I want to get the cuffs off... but there's a little bit of a problem. Things out there are very negative right now for us. We gotta change that around. Perception is very, very important. Perception is reality. I know you're not fuckin' crazy. But it's important that I get that message out. Cause that's our only defense in this case.

Emil leans forward. Cutler retrieves the cigarette from between his lips.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

I want you to focus on three things: fear...

He puts the cigarette back in Emil's mouth.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

...delusions and paranoia.

EMIL

I was all of these.

CUTLER

Well, you didn't appreciate the severity of it until recently. No question about that.

EMIL

What about Oleg?

CUTLER

Disappeared. They're looking everywhere. Maybe he went back to Czechoslovakia.

EMIL

No, he is here. Shit...

CUTLER

Don't worry about him. Think about yourself.

EMIL

What about my movie rights? Book rights?

CUTLER

Look, I haven't really focused on that kind of thing.

EMIL

What's your cut? How much?

CUTLER

I would say...half. Half is fair.

EMIL

(laughs)

No. No way.

CUTLER

But it's...

EMIL

Thirty-percent. No more. Or I call another lawyer. This is the biggest case of your life. Don't try to negotiate. Thirty percent. Say yes or no.

CUTLER

This is not about money, Emil. I need your trust in me.

EMIL

What else do you need?

CUTLER

I need to know about your background. I need to know about your upbringing. Why you're here.

EMIL

(indicating cigarette)

Give me another one, please.

Cutler stuffs another cigarette in Emil's mouth. Lights it.

CUTLER

Tell me about yourself. What you did as a young boy... what your parents were

like.

EMIL

My father always degraded me. Killed my self-esteem. And my mother was blind.

CUTLER

Your mother was blind?

EMIL

Yeah, she went blind giving birth to me. She went to fucking black market doctor to induce me.

CUTLER

Back in the Czech Republic?

EMIL

Yeah, yeah...bad doctor gave her bad drugs which made her go blind. And my father blamed me for her blindness...

CUTLER

Your father blamed you for your mother's blindness?

EMIL

Yeah, he hated me from day when I was born. Put it out. Can you put the cigarette out?

Cutler takes the cigarette from Emil's lips and extinguishes it.

EMIL (CONT'D)

That's what he did to me. He put cigarettes out on me.

CUTLER

Your father put cigarettes out on you?

EMIL

Out on my back when I was a small boy.

CUTLER

Can I see your back?

Emil rises. Cutler comes around and pulls his shirt up. HIS ENTIRE BACK IS COVERED WITH DISGUSTING PURPLISH WELTS FROM CIGARETTE BURNS. Cutler recoils - horrified.

CUTLER (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus.

EMIL

I'm abused. Don't you think?

CUTLER

I don't think it's abuse, I think it's torture.

INT. FIRE STATION 91 - DUFFY'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside the Arson Squad, Duffy sits behind his desk. Jordy stands across the table from his Chief. Behind Jordy we can see Garcia and Korfin outside, listening. Duffy has a subpoena in his hand.

DUFFY

The public doesn't have any idea what we do and now you're going to define our image! This is going to be our Rodney King!

JORDY

What was I supposed to do? The guy tried to mug me. I was gonna send a cop back - I just forgot.

DUFFY

Forgot? You handcuffed a civilian to a tree?!

JORDY

Chief - I know I screwed up - but this guy was no innocent civilian.

DUFFY

Well this is gonna end your career and probably mine.

JORDY

End my career?

DUFFY

How are you going to fight this? Maybe if Oleg hadn't gotten away and you'd been on the front page, as a hero, this thing would be easier to fight. You'd have the good to weight against the bad! It's unfortunate that I have to make decisions based upon your press coverage but there's nothing I can do! Gimme your shield.

JORDY

But Chief? Over this??

DUFFY

There's nothing to talk about. Get a good lawyer. You're suspended until your trial.

Jordy sighs. Dying inside. He surrenders his shield. Drops

his handcuffs, his pager and his gun. Duffy picks up the gun - looks at it.

DUFFY (CONT'D)
(pats Jordy's shoulder)
I know you got backup at home. Drop it off.

Jordy sighs and exits.

INT. IMMIGRATION & NATURALIZATION OFFICE - DAY

Jordy is talking to BILL STERN, a senior special agent. In another office we see Daphne with two 25-year old ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEYS.

STERN
(to Jordy)
Look, what don't you understand? We've got a good relationship with the Czech's and the State Department doesn't want to cause an incident.

JORDY
But the D.A. needs her as an eyewitness!

STERN
They've got her testimony on videotape. And even if they do take her to court immediately after she'll be extradited. The Czechs want her back. She shot a cop! I mean, Christ, man, what if Emil Slovak and Oleg Razgul fled to the Czech Republic? How would you feel if the Czechs wouldn't give them back to us?!

Stern looks over at Daphne sitting in another office. Lowers his voice.

STERN (CONT'D)
And just between us...I was married to a redhead. They're a jinx. Redheads are like cross-eyed priests. Stay away from both.

Jordy gives him a look.

STERN (CONT'D)
You want to see her - go ahead.

Jordy enters the other office. Sits next to Daphne. The assistant U.S. Attorneys leave.

JORDY
We're gonna fight the extradition.

Daphne takes Jordy's bandaged hand in hers.

DAPHNE

Forget about me. You have enough problems of your own.

JORDY

...Do you really want me to forget about you?

DAPHNE

I don't want to drag you down with me.

JORDY

Daphne, I...

Daphne touches her finger to his lips.

DAPHNE

Shhhh.

She leans in and kisses him. Then looks into his eyes, trying to find a smile.

EXT. FEDERAL COURT HOUSE STEPS - DAY

It's weeks later. Nicolette is looking worn, tired, frazzled. She's trying to go through her stand up. But she's unraveling. Not recovered from the loss of Eddie.

NICOLETTE

...and today with his partner who he blamed for the crimes still at large, Emil Slovak will appear in court. His lawyer will argue that he is mentally unfit to stand trial. Eyewitness News has also learned that later this month, Jordy Warsaw will himself be appearing in court. He will be arraigned on charges of violating the civil rights of...Zwangen...Zwagen...

MIKE

Zwangendaba.

NICOLETTE

Goddamn assholes everywhere.
Zwangenbobby..Zwangendaba. I got it.
I'll do it. Shit. Let's start again.
5-4-3-2-1...

She starts over.

INT. JORDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jordy's on the couch. A drink in his hand, watching TV with his dog, ZACK. Jordy's eyes are glazed. He's drunk, his eyes are as bloodshot as Eddie's were...without his job or

Daphne.
His mind miles away - the dog and drink are his only comfort.
As Nicolette reports (she got the name right), her anger
seeps through her broadcast.

NICOLETTE (ON T.V.)
Mr. Zwangendaba claims to be a direct
descendent of the African King from whom
he takes his name...

Jordy's face is flashed on screen. The phone RINGS. Jordy
picks up.

JORDY
Hello?
(listens)
No comment.

He hangs up. The phone RINGS AGAIN.

JORDY (CONT'D)
Hello?
(listens)
No!

Jordy hangs up. Changes the channel. He stops as Robert
Hawkins' face fills the screen. He is standing across from
someone - in a park - interviewing him.

HAWKINS (ON T.V.)
He robbed you?

The ANGLE CUTS to Zwangendaba, the mugger, now dressed in a
suit and tie. Clean shaven and with a fresh haircut. He
stands in the same spot where Jordy handcuffed him to the
tree. He's appearing on "Top Story".

ZWANGENDABA (ON T.V.)
That's right, I encountered him right
here. I was just askin' for change an'
he whips out his big gun an' pushes me
up against that tree, whereupon he takes
my money and handcuffs me to it, leavin'
me there all exposed...

The phone RINGS again. Jordy suddenly pulls the phone off
the table and throws it through the window:

BACK TO TV

as the channel is changed. A REPORTER is on TV. Behind him
is a picture of Emil. Emil is smiling, in a shirt and tie.
The reporter stands in front of the jail.

REPORTER
...and WBAI has learned that Mr. Slovak
won't have to worry about how he is

going to pay for his defense. He has received movie offers and been in conversations with numerous publishers concerning the rights to his life story.

REVERSE ANGLE

Oleg is at a bar watching TV. Poisoned with envy.

INT. JORDY'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Jordy stands in front of the mirror over the dresser. We see the TV overturned in the b.g. His back up gun is on it. He stares at it. Dark thoughts dancing in his head.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

Jordy sits in a taxi, wearing sunglasses. Looking inside the park where a POLICE BARRICADE surrounds a POLICE TUGBOAT. Cutler and Emil are arriving - Emil is being transferred to Rykers Island. Jordy pulls his .38 out of his ankle holster and sticks it in his pocket.

CLOSE ON METER

to \$42.00. The TAXI DRIVER looks in the rearview mirror.

TAXI DRIVER

I can't believe this guy got off.
Unbelievable.

Jordy takes out money. All he's got is fifty bucks and he crams it into the slot.

JORDY

Whatever's leftover, keep.

Jordy exits the cab. The anger rising inside his body is coming to a boiling point. He walks into the park. Leon is sitting on a bench. Just sitting there. Also filled with rage and frustration. Jordy meets his eyes. Leon gets up and walks away. Disgusted by it all. Jordy's right hand grips the gun inside his pocket as he walks on.

HIGH WIDE SHOT

Many policemen are trying to control a swarm of reporters. All are waiting for Emil. WE SEE:

HAWKINS

and his camera crew, and, not far from him - frustrated and frazzled, waits Nicolette. Still grieving her loss, she looks over at Hawkins and his crew. She shoots him a disgusted look - Hawkins shrugs it off. He checks his watch - anxious - looks at his cameraman.

HAWKINS

He said he'd be here. Pick him up as he comes through the crowd. Do you hear me? For Chrissakes don't miss this.

THE POLICE VAN PULLS UP

Cutler's car behind it. Emil - handcuffed - is unloaded from the van. Reporters swarm forward - Cutler gets out of his car, hurrying up, taking his place alongside Emil and the POLICE ESCORTS. The swarm follows - firing questions at Cutler. He answers the barrage of questions with:

CUTLER

...my client was suffering from a major illness of schizophrenic nature wherein during times of intense stress, as a result of paranoid and psychotic delusions - there was impairment of his ability to appreciate wrongfulness... This is a victory for the mentally ill!

Jordy walks alongside the moving mass. His eyes focused on Emil - his hand in his pocket. We notice in the crowd Max, the celebrity-crazed pyromaniac. What's he doing here? Max's hand is also stuck deeply in his pocket. A weird gleam in his eye. We see Korfin in the group, speaking to other cops. Nicolette and her camera crew are vying for their place in the mass. She watches Emil with quiet rage. Cutler continues:

CUTLER (CONT'D)

...before Emil boards the police boat and heads for Rykers Island where he will be checked into the psyche ward, I want to say one last word to you all... As you know, Emil was coerced by Oleg Razgul into committing these murders, yet Oleg is still out in the street, a free man, filming gruesome murders... My client and I hope he is brought to justice in the near future.

They are through the monuments, approaching the steps when Jordy passes a distracted Hawkins - who's checking his watch obsessively.

HAWKINS

Where the hell is he? Goddamn it?!

Jordy glares at Emil. Emil looks back at Jordy, gloating. Smiles. He won. He beat the system. Jordy suddenly erupts.

JORDY

You think this is funny?? What the hell are you laughing at?

Emil stares down Jordy. Jordy grips the gun inside the jacket.

CUTLER

(to a nearby escort)

Officer, keep this man back, he's assaulted my client on previous occasions.

A PATROLMAN blocks Jordy from Emil.

JORDY

This is it? This bastard kills the best cop this city ever had and we do nothing?

CUTLER

You may not like it marshal, but that's the law.

JORDY

And what about the other victims?? What about their families? He'll end up in some country club nuthouse while his lawyer sells his rights to the movies and we just stand here and do nothing? We let this scumbag walk?

Jordy moves past the officer. Emil breaks away from Cutler. Gets in Jordy's face. Laughs quietly.

EMIL

Be careful. I can kill you. I'm insane.

Jordy shoves Emil into Cutler. A scuffle breaks out as the cops separate the two - pulling Jordy back as we cut to:

A VIDEO POV

as it approaches Hawkins from behind. A hand dips into frame tapping Hawkins on the shoulder. Hawkins turns - sees who he's been waiting for. His face lights up.

HAWKINS

I thought you wouldn't show up. Where is it? Where is the tape?

IT'S OLEG

In disguise - sunglasses and a hat. Holding his videocamera.

OLEG

It's all in here. All in here.

MEANWHILE JORDY

has been separated from Cutler and Emil as Hawkins' voice cuts above the din of the crowd, announcing excitedly:

HAWKINS

Wait a minute, Bruce! We've got some interesting evidence, something you should look at!

Reporters turn as Hawkins speaks. His crew is taping as he continues introducing his broadcast:

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

I have exclusive rights to the ORIGINAL UN-CUT videotape shot by Oleg Razgul, proving Emil Slovak was not insane! Hard to believe...watch!

Reporters swing their cameras over as Oleg holds his videocamera up in the air.

OLEG (ON VIDEO)

He knew exactly what he was doing - all of this was planned! It's all here in my movie. Emil is not insane. Look. Look!

Oleg PLAYS his videocamera as lenses focus, we see excerpts of the moment where Emil explains to Eddie:

EMIL (ON VIDEO)

...so we kill someone famous and if we are caught, we are sent to mental hospital...

CUTLER

(points to Oleg)

Officers, there's your killer, do your duty, arrest him!

The police are attempting to get to Oleg, but a sea of reporters separate them. We hear the staccato calls from the press corps. Nicolette looks on in amazed outrage. Jordy notices and starts moving towards her. Before the POLICE CAPTAIN in charge of the detail can react, the rage which killed Milos, Tamina and Honey wells up inside Emil. He yells at Oleg!

EMIL

Traitor!!

OLEG

No. You are the traitor. You are murderer. I am director. Action!

Oleg pulls his gun. Emil pulls Cutler in front of him as:

BANG!

Oleg FIRES! Cutler is SHOT and goes down. Hawkins swings his camera over to Oleg - filming the would-be assassin. Oleg FIRES off another SHOT - hitting the COURT OFFICER escorting Emil. Emil grabs the down officer's gun. He swivels - rapid fires at Oleg. Oleg topples. People are screaming. It's CHAOS.

Emil darts forward - grabbing Nicolette who is closes to him. He puts his handcuffed arms over her head - points the gun at her head.

CAPTAIN
Drop the gun! DON'T SHOOT!

EMIL
I'll kill her! Back off! Everyone back
away from me!

We hear Jordy's voice above Emil.

JORDY
Let her go. Let her fucking go!!

The captain is screaming at all his men.

CAPTAIN
No one shoot! Lower your weapons! Do
not fire! No officer will fire his
weapon unless I say so!
(to Emil)
Let the woman go!

Cops reluctantly lower their weapons. But Jordy is still aiming his gun at Emil. He is the only one who hasn't lowered his gun. The captain is yelling at him.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Holster your weapons! Back away. That
is an order! No officers will fire!

Emil is screaming back at the captain as Jordy screams at Emil.

EMIL
Tell him to put his gun down!

JORDY
Let her go! Let her go!!

EMIL
If he doesn't lower his gun I'll fucking
kill her.

Jordy doesn't lower his gun. Emil tries to back away. The reporters - who have ducked and covered - are still keeping

their lenses pointed at the scene. This is great film!
Jordy follows after Emil - his gun raised.

JORDY

Let her go.

NICOLETTE

Shoot! Shoot him!!

EMIL

Shut up!

Meanwhile, the captain is still yelling:

CAPTAIN

No on shoot! No one shoot!! No officer
will follow. No officer will shoot!

Nicolette is still encouraging Jordy.

NICOLETTE

Shoot! Shoot! Shoot him!!

EMIL

Shut up!

Everyone is screaming at once. It's mass chaos. The captain is trying to keep everyone calm. Cops following along with their weapons lowered. All except Jordy - his gun still pointed at Emil. Hawkins can't believe what footage he's getting. He's pushing his cameraman to the front of the pack. Trying to get the best coverage.

EMIL (CONT'D)

I'll surrender!! I'll surrender if he
lowers his gun.

He's pointing at Jordy but he's continuing to back away towards the police boat.

NICOLETTE

Don't. Don't let him surrender. Shoot
him!

Jordy won't take his gun off him.

JORDY

Let her go. Let her go.

The captain is yelling at Jordy.

CAPTAIN

Lower your weapon. I told you - lower
your weapon!

Jordy struggles to get a clean shot at Emil. He can't. His

heart pounding. Adrenaline pumping. He suddenly lowers his weapon. Turns away. The captain visibly relaxes. Emil laughs. Jordy suddenly turns back. Quickly raises his weapon.

JORDY SHOOTS

Emil takes a shot in the leg. Nicolette ducks under the handcuffs and scurries away. Emil looks at Jordy - surprised he shot him. Jordy FIRES AGAIN. Emil is hit in the shoulder. Jordy marches forward, EMPTYING HIS CLIP in Emil's chest. Abdomen. Head. Gun fire echoes in the humid air as Emil stumbles back. Does a funny dance and drops to the ground. Dead. The captain yells.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I told you not to shoot! No officers should shoot.

Jordy quietly answers:

JORDY

I'm not a cop. I'm a fire marshal.

HAWKINS

He's still alive.

Hawkins looks down at Oleg. He is sprawled on the ground. His videocamera in hand - he's still making the movie.

OLEG'S VIDEO POV

as it ZOOMS from the Statue of Liberty and PANS to Oleg. He looks in the lens with his dying eyes, gasps:

OLEG

A film...by Oleg Razgul.

And Oleg dies but suddenly his eyes pop WIDE OPEN. Hawkins jumps back, Oleg smiles, coughing in pain.

OLEG (CONT'D)

How was that?

Oleg's head rolls to one side. Now dead. Nicolette runs over to Jordy. Composing herself. Coming together. Glad Emil is dead. Jordy starts to walk away.

NICOLETTE

Wait a minute. Where are you going?
Learn from Eddie. Talk to the court of public opinion. Take the credit, you need it.

She turns him around. Straightens his tie. Starts to push the hair out of his face but he stops her hand.

JORDY

No thanks.

Jordy puts something in her hand. She looks down. It's EDDIE'S BADGE. The one Jordy took out of Daphne's bathroom. She looks up at him. Her cameraman rolling. The lens pointed at Jordy. Jordy looks at Nicolette. Meets her eyes. He doesn't want to make a statement. He still doesn't want the fame. He did learn from Eddie. Eddie was killed because he was a celebrity. Jordy wants no part of it.

NICOLETTE

Cut.

Her cameraman lowers his leans. Jordy smiles. She nods. Jordy turns and walks away.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Get a shot of him leaving. Then pan to me.

Jordy disappears into the sea of people. The camera PANS back to Nicolette.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Well, he wouldn't talk to us, but you saw it.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from Nicolette's face and the video is now on:

THE JUMBOTRON IN TIMES SQUARE

We PULL BACK FURTHER and FURTHER. Nicolette finishing her stand up:

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

New York City has a new hero, Fire Marshal Jordan Warsaw. I hope that Fire Marshal Warsaw's heroic actions this afternoon will help with his other legal problems. WB11 has also learned that the fire Marshal has retained an immigration lawyer to help Daphne Handlova with her case. We wish her well. This is Nicolette Karas, live at Battery Park, WB11 New York. Good night.

THE SCREEN

FADES TO BLACK.