

“Last of the Ninth”

Written by

David Milch

&

Bill Clark

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - 86TH FLOOR OBSERVATION AREA - 1
MORNING

False dawn, January, 1972. NYPD Detective John Giglio makes his way in the biting wind toward a furtive, solitary figure in an overcoat. This is Sidney Ratner, shitbird trafficker in electronic surveillance services whom Giglio had arrested last year. Giglio doesn't hide his repeated lookings-around to see if they're watched --

RATNER

Thanks for coming.

GIGLIO

What's going on?

RATNER

You saw the New York Times?

GIGLIO

I saw the Daily News.

RATNER

The Times is three columns above the fold.

GIGLIO

Tomorrow it's fish-wrap on Fulton Street.

Ratner looks out at Manhattan beginning to define itself --

RATNER

This'd be the building to jump from, wouldn't it Detective? It's the Empire State that's fucked me.

GIGLIO

'You notice it's a little chilly up here?

RATNER

Strong-armed into doing that Commission's dirty work, and my
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RATNER (CONT'D)

reward's to be dragged through the
mud

GIGLIO

You ain't making the trip alone.

RATNER

(suddenly on guard)

What trip?

GIGLIO

Through the mud. My whole job's
going with you.

RATNER

You're not saying the Police
Department hasn't needed cleaning
up.

GIGLIO

I'm saying what the fuck did you
want?

RATNER

Last year Detective Giglio, when I
was the subject of that complaint,
you treated me like a human being.

GIGLIO

You did the right thing, making
restitution.

RATNER

Usually I don't.

GIGLIO

Putting you in the System
wouldn't've got the other guy his
money back.

Ratner's produced a sealed manila envelope --

RATNER

I'm leaving town. This is a going-
away present.

(CONTINUED)

Giglio considers him carefully --

GIGLIO

I don't want any presents.

RATNER

You mentioned when you were working on my case, you'd been getting hang-up calls at home.

Giglio reacts with equivocal unease --

GIGLIO

So what?

RATNER

I found occasion a few months ago to set up a trap on your phone-line.

Giglio's pained --

GIGLIO

Are you kidding me?

Ratner indicates the envelope --

RATNER

That's the subscriber data on the hang-up calls.

Giglio ignores the envelope --

GIGLIO

Is my phone still up?

RATNER

No.

GIGLIO

State I didn't take the envelope.

RATNER

I'm not wearing a wire, Detective.

GIGLIO

State I didn't take the fucking envelope.

Ratner's forlornly restoring the envelope to his coat --

RATNER

You didn't take the envelope.
Detective John Giglio.

Giglio starts away. Ratner calls out --

RATNER (CONT'D)

Josephine Pellegrino, Las Vegas Nevada.

Giglio stops, turns, points --

GIGLIO

One more word, I'll throw you the fuck off 'the building.

Ratner raises his hand in placating acknowledgement. Giglio again starts away --

RATNER

Do you want to know where I'm going?

GIGLIO

What do I care where you're going, you shkeevy fucking twitch.

Giglio says this to himself. Ratner talks to himself as well --

RATNER

London.

As the camera pans to the Brooklyn Bridge --

CUT TO:

2 INT. SUBWAY - MORNING 2

Beneath the East River a tough, cherub-faced, 28 year-old rides the Canarsie Line train into Manhattan. Joe Dalton wears a suit new-bought for thirty-nine dollars, a six dollar white shirt and a three dollar tie. His hair is shorter than anyone else's in the crowded car. Seated near where Joe stands, a mentally ill man wearing a frayed, stained sport-coat and dirty pants indicts the passengers as a unity --

NUT-JOB

Hippie freak! Peacenik Commie
douchebag!

His eyes fix on Dalton, who looks away sheepishly, as if the irrational imputation might be credited by his fellow passengers --

NUT-JOB (CONT'D)

Welfare cheat!

The car's come to a stop. Dalton among others makes for the train's opened door --

CUT TO:

3 INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING 3

A man in a business suit, mid-forties, sitting in a booth, nods acknowledgment of Dalton's approach --

DALTON

Morning Lou.

MULLIGAN

Morning.

As the younger man seats himself --

DALTON

'Don't let me come up to the
office, I guess you guys don't
trust me anymore.

Mulligan's voice is level --

(CONTINUED)

MULLIGAN

That Office is gone Joe. That
Unit's gone. That Unit never
existed.

Dalton sips some water --

DALTON

Anyways, first off, I wanted to
thank you, everybody, 'coming
through on what you said --

The waitress has come with a coffee pot --

DALTON (CONT'D)

(to the Waitress)

Please, yeah thanks. I won't be
having nothing else.

-- fills the empty cup Dalton's turned rightside-up on the
table. As she moves off --

MULLIGAN

'You got your assignment?

DALTON

Ninth Detective Squad, I start in
forty-five minutes.

MULLIGAN

(mild ball-breaking)

That's the East Village, you can
grow your hair out long again.

DALTON

I ain't ever growing my hair long
again.

He resumes his rehearsed presentation --

DALTON (CONT'D)

So, plus, I was hoping for some
advice.

Mulligan only studies him --

(CONTINUED)

DALTON (CONT'D)

With these corruption hearings going on Sir, and no record in my file 'what my duty was before the Academy, I'm concerned 'guys might wonder if I could be a rat.

MULLIGAN

Definitely.

Mulligan would convey he can offer no remedy --

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

You can't talk about what we did, Joe. The Job can't admit we existed.

DALTON

Could I say I wasn't working on corruption, that wasn't what our Unit was up to?

MULLIGAN

You can say that but not any more, and 'only saying that much, you've got to decide if you'd really be helping yourself.

Dalton looks away --

DALTON

Eighteen months hanging with scumbags, I come out from under looking like a rat.

MULLIGAN

How things are on this Job now Joe, if not the blank-spot on your file, guys 'looking for reasons not to trust you'd come up with something else.

Dalton puts two quarters on the table --

(CONTINUED)

DALTON

I guess I ought to get going.

MULLIGAN

Handle yourself so the guys
'willing to give you a fair shake
can see what kind of cop you are.

DALTON

Alright, thanks for meeting me.

MULLIGAN

Thank you for what you did for us.

Off Dalton as he heads for the door --

CUT TO:

4

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - STAIRS - DAY

4

Dalton ascends the stairs to the second floor of the 9th
Precinct Station House in lower Manhattan, hearing as he
reaches the landing --

MCCARTHY (O.C.)

This dirty fucking rat.

FOLLOW Dalton as he enters --

5

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

5

-- where two Detectives peer at a small black-and-white
portable television showing the testimony, before the Knapp
Commission Investigating Police Corruption, of Patrolman
William Phillips. The Detectives, Kennedy and McCarthy, in
their early forties, wear ties loosened at the collar, the
sleeves of their shirts rolled up --

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG (O.S.)

So even after leaving the
Plainclothes Division, these
patrolmen would be kept on The Pad.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIPS (O.S.)

For two months after the transfer,
correct.

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG (O.S.)

Sort of a bonus Severance Bribe.

The Detectives, including Giglio, whose eyes have been on the
phone at his desk, have become aware of Dalton's presence in
the catching area --

KENNEDY

What do you want?

DALTON

I just got assigned here.

During which may be heard --

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG (O.S.)

To your certain knowledge,
Patrolman Phillips, what percentage
of the Plainclothes Division was in
on this arrangement?

Which prompts Mccarthy's attention to recur to the television
set --

MCCARTHY

(to the set)

Go ahead cocksucker, tell 'em what
they want to hear.

KENNEDY

(to Dalton)

From where?

DALTON

Borough Detectives Office.

PHILLIPS (O.S.)

To my knowledge, everybody.

(CONTINUED)

MCCARTHY

(re the set)

Listen to this miserable rat.

KENNEDY

(to Dalton)

I'm asking where you worked before.

DALTON

I just graduated the Academy.

GIGLIO

(re White's office)

Report to the Lieutenant.

HOLD ON Kennedy and McCarthy, watching Dalton's progress across the Squad, then looking to Giglio for guidance on what to think about the new arrival --

MCCARTHY

How about this shit Gigs?

Giglio's tone is non-committal --

GIGLIO

Yeah.

KENNEDY

The Job didn't waste any time.

GIGLIO

No.

Kennedy and McCarthy find reason to stay afraid in looking back to the television. Giglio keeps watching Dalton. Even as the older Detective's features show him care-worn and, if not defeated, at least an exile from hope, in his eyes are instinctive curiosity and engagement and suspension of judgement. If Giglio were a dog, unknown to himself he'd be wagging his tail --

CUT TO:

6

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LIEUTENANT WHITE'S
OFFICE - DAY

6

At Dalton's knock the Lieutenant quickly turns down the sound on the TV and covers the mouthpiece on the phone --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

What do you want?

Dalton opens the door --

DALTON

Police Officer Dalton, Lieutenant,
I just got assigned here.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(into phone)

I'll call you back.

(listens)

Yeah a fucking disgrace, I'll talk
to you later.

He hangs up, looks at Dalton, who hands the Boss a personnel folder which White examines with an expression impatient and unfriendly and at some deeper level afraid --

LIEUTENANT WHITE (CONT'D)

Do I want to know who your Hook is
-- 'get sent straight to a Squad
from the Academy?

DALTON

I haven't got a Hook.

The Boss doesn't try to hide his disbelief --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Yeah? You must've wrote some
fucking marks on your courses.

Even as his features flush with temper Dalton's voice stays level --

DALTON

I did all right.

(CONTINUED)

The Lieutenant studies him a further beat, then --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Find yourself a locker and a desk.

Dalton lets himself out. A haunted look is in the Lieutenant's eyes, which stay on Dalton as he feels for the knob to restore the sound on the television --

CUT TO:

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

McCarthy and Kennedy pretend to ignore Dalton's return, giving their attention to the television --

ANGLE - DALTON

guesses which door will get him to where he wants to go --

DALTON

Is that one ours?

GIGLIO

Yeah.

The Kid heads for the locker room. McCarthy, ostensibly talking to himself, in fact means for Dalton to hear --

MCCARTHY

No, ours is at the Waldorf.

KENNEDY

Yeah, it's up in the Penthouse Suite.

Dalton enters the locker room. The door closes behind him. Giglio gets up. He heads for the locker room. McCarthy, who would construe this as Giglio's taking on the role of scout, registers his approval --

MCCARTHY

Get a read on this fuck-nut Gigs.

(CONTINUED)

As Giglio goes inside --

CUT TO:

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Dalton collects several gum wrappers and a squeezed-out tube of toothpaste and puts these in a paper bag he's found within one of the empty lockers in the row. Giglio comes in, starts working the combination on his locker --

GIGLIO

That's Jimmy Clerkins' old locker,
he hung it up last month.

DALTON

Is that right?

Dalton's produced a combination lock from his pocket, puts it through the hasp of Clerkins' old locker. Giglio holds his hand out --

GIGLIO

John Giglio.

DALTON

Joe Dalton.

They're shaking hands --

GIGLIO

'They call you anything special?

DALTON

Just Joe.

GIGLIO

Gigs, you could call me.

DALTON

Okay Gigs.

GIGLIO

'Straight from the Academy to a Squad -- you should be showing me the ropes.

Dalton's looking away evades this invitation to explain himself. He indicates the portion of a set of military bunks disclosed by the L-shaped room --

DALTON

'Feels like I'm back in the Army.

GIGLIO

Where were you stationed?

DALTON

Twenty-fifth Infantry in Vietnam.

GIGLIO

Seventh Infantry in Korea.

DALTON

No kidding.

GIGLIO

We didn't get no parades, but how they're treating you guys is a disgrace.

DALTON

That's life I guess.

GIGLIO

Come on, we'll grab you a desk.

About to move for the door, they hear from the direction of the bunk beds a cough and gag followed by a growled collection of phlegm --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

Paul Reilly, he did a night tour --

Dalton takes a step to get a fuller view of a disheveled, fully-clothed Reilly asleep on one of the bottom bunks --

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

-- 'guys 'live on the Island, if they're doing a quick turnaround the drive out and back don't make sense.

Reilly sucks mucus down his throat. Giglio and Dalton exit --

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- to find the Lieutenant castigating McCarthy and Kennedy --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

When did this TV wind up in the middle of the Squad?

MCCARTHY

'Reception's better out here.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Put it back in the coffee room, and let's keep focused on the police work.

McCarthy and Kennedy exchange looks attributing this display to the Boss' anxiety about what Dalton's assignment to the Squad portends --

ANGLE - GIGLIO

having led Dalton to a desk --

GIGLIO

This one's good. All the shifts use 'em, don't put nothing in you ain't prepared to lose.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Giglio, c'mere.

Giglio moves toward the Lieutenant, who looks to Dalton --

LIEUTENANT WHITE (CONT'D)

'You set up?

(CONTINUED)

DALTON

Gigs got me squared away.

The Lieutenant nods for Giglio to follow him --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(to McCarthy, re Dalton)

Put him in the catching order.

Giglio follows the Lieutenant toward his office --

ANGLE - MCCARTHY, KENNEDY AND DALTON

where Kennedy's unplugging the television --

MCCARTHY

(to Dalton)

The shift's divided into however many guys. Four guys, you'll catch the first two hours. Anything comes in except a homicide, that's your case to work up.

DALTON

What do I do with the homicides?

MCCARTHY

Come get one of us -- homicide's a different catch-order.

McCarthy heads for the coffee room with the unplugged portable TV; Kennedy lingers for the parting shot --

KENNEDY

And you ain't on it.

Dalton watches Kennedy move to catch up with McCarthy --

DALTON

(mutters)

Frick and fucking Frack.

Off which --

CUT TO:

10 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LIEUTENANT WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY 10

Giglio and White looking out at Dalton --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

How is he not a plant from Internal Affairs?

GIGLIO

Only thing, you'd expect he'd have a better story.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

They're rushing rats into the field, trying to one-up that Commission. I'm telling you Gigs, anyone 'stays on this Job who's got his time in, if he's locked up and loses his pension he gets just what the fuck he deserves.

They've noted the entrance into the Squad of a man wrapped in facial and head bandages, and Dalton, as catching Detective, rising from his desk to approach the man --

GIGLIO

(re Dalton)

'You want me to take him?

The Boss is gratefully relieved --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

You're the best Gigs. Tight fucking leash.

Giglio moves for the door, watching Dalton as he shakes hands with the new arrival --

CUT TO:

11 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - COFFEE ROOM - DAY 11

Kennedy, framed in the doorway, observing Giglio's exit from the Lieutenant's office, is also on the ear for what passes between Dalton and the complainant --

12 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS 12

As a nervously business-like Dalton examines the complaint form (the 61) provided him by the man we'll come to know as Williams --

WILLIAMS

'Pick up my car from this place
last night --

DALTON

(off the 61)
DiMonti Auto Body.

Which words draw the attention both of Giglio and Kennedy --

WILLIAMS

-- 'ran rough all the way home,
this morning it don't even turn
over.

ANGLE - KENNEDY

looking back to McCarthy, who's plugging the television set in beside the coffee maker --

KENNEDY

Mike.

Red-faced from the exertion of squatting, McCarthy rises --

ANGLE - GIGLIO

watching Dalton and the complainant --

WILLIAMS

I told him he had guaranteed the
work --

(CONTINUED)

DALTON

Mister DiMonti, this is, this morning --

WILLIAMS

(nods)

'Took the bus to his place. He wants four hundred more just to tow it in and look at it. "I ain't paying four hundred more dollars, you said the work was guaranteed."

Kennedy's wandered out from the coffee room to Giglio's desk, indicates the complainant and Dalton with low-voiced seeming casualness --

KENNEDY

That's Augie Maurina's contract Gigs, DiMonti Auto Body.

RADIO DISPATCH (V.O.)

Report shots fired, Saint Marks and B, units to respond.

The radioed information, because general and unverified, is not actionable by the Detectives. McCarthy's come out, joining Kennedy near Giglio --

WILLIAMS

(to Dalton)

Now it's "nigger" this and that --

Kennedy's nod to his partner portrays Williams' imputation of racism as inevitable --

KENNEDY

(to McCarthy)

Here we go.

WILLIAMS

-- 'beat on me 'til I thought they was gonna kill me.

SECTOR CAR (V.O.)

Sector Boy's on the way Central.

(CONTINUED)

MCCARTHY

(to Kennedy and Giglio)

He'll have DiMonti raping him in a second too.

DALTON

(off the 61)

The mechanic was in it by then? --

WILLIAMS

(nods)

That had "Gino" on his shirt.

MCCARTHY

(to Giglio)

Augie Maurina's gotta catch that complaint Gigs. 'DiMonti keeps Augie's whole family's piece-of-shit cars on the road for him.

GIGLIO

Augie's doing a four-to-twelve --

RADIO DISPATCH (V.O.)

On report of shots fired "Boy," caller advises people down.

The radioed information draws McCarthy's and Kennedy's and Giglio's more overt attention, adding a guilty undertone to Kennedy's persistence --

KENNEDY

(to Giglio)

Stall the fucking sixty-one.

SECTOR CAR (V.O.)

Boy will advise, Central.

WILLIAMS

(to Dalton)

Bloodied up, I couldn't get no bus to stop, 'had to walk all the way to Bellevue --

(CONTINUED)

DALTON

We're gonna look into this for you
Mister Williams.

WILLIAMS

(to Dalton)

-- now I got medical bills and a
car that don't run.

SECTOR CAR (V.O.)

(shouting)

Sector Boy! Two M.O.F.'s shot at
this location!

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(shouting)

All units, Saint Marks and B,
officers shot!

This brings Dalton to his feet, as the other Detectives grab
up their jackets and Giglio heads for the Lieutenant's office
--

DALTON

(to Williams)

Something's jumping off here Mister
Williams --

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LIEUTENANT WHITE'S
OFFICE - DAY

As Giglio throws the door open --

GIGLIO

Confirmed cops shot Boss.

The Lieutenant's coming around his desk --

CUT TO:

14 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM - DAY 14

ANGLE - DALTON AND WILLIAMS

as the Detectives and the Boss cross the Squad toward them --

GIGLIO
(calling to Dalton)
Come on.

Dalton's already moving to join them --

WILLIAMS
(to Dalton)
What about me?

DALTON
I've got your information Mister
Williams, don't go back to that
shop 'til you hear from us.

Under the last of which Dalton and the others are gone.
Williams, alone in the Squad, rising painfully, looks around
to find the source of the voice which now urges --

SECTOR CAR (V.O.)
Cops down, Saint Marks and B, rush
the bus!

Off which --

TIME CUT
TO:

15 INT. GIGLIO'S DEPARTMENT CAR - DAY 15

ANGLE - DALTON AND GIGLIO

the backs of their heads framing the onrush of buildings and
traffic seen through the windshield as the unmarked police
car, siren wailing, speeds toward Saint Marks Place and
Avenue B --

(CONTINUED)

SECTOR CAR (V.O.)

R.M.P.'s transporting to Bellevue,
Central --

GIGLIO

(to Dalton)

These guys are hurt bad -- sector
car ain't waiting for the
ambulance.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Boy, we'll cancel the bus and
notify Bellevue E.R.

Giglio swerves around a car double-parked in the street --

GIGLIO

(to Dalton)

'You ever worked a shooting scene?

DALTON

No.

GIGLIO

(voice flares)

These are cops shot -- don't make
me lead you by the hand if you know
your way around.

It pains Dalton not to be able to defend himself against the
implications of this --

DALTON

I've never worked a shooting scene!

Something further escapes from the Kid --

DALTON (CONT'D)

Get it straight! I'm not a fucking
rat! I just want to learn this
job.

The sector car transporting the wounded cops flies past them
in the opposite direction --

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (2)

15

GIGLIO

All right, stick with me.

Off Dalton's silent gratitude --

CUT TO:

16

EXT. SAINT MARKS PLACE AND AVENUE B - DAY

16

ANGLE - GIGLIO'S DEPARTMENT CAR

fifty to seventy-five yards from the scene of the shooting,
on approach --

GIGLIO

Any closer we'll get blocked in --
the whole world's gonna show up.

They're getting out --

17

EXT. CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

17

Giglio and Dalton cross paths with a uniform Patrolman as
they approach the crime scene --

GIGLIO

Who is it?

PATROLMAN

Two rookie footmen, Thompson and
Layne.

As Giglio and Dalton continue their progress --

GIGLIO

(to himself)

I don't know those guys.

Giglio and Dalton close on what comes to be recognizable as
two pools of blood, the larger also containing brain matter
and bits of skull --

CLOSE ON DALTON

staring at the blood in recollection --

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Can we get the crime scene sealed
Boss? --

WIDEN TO INCLUDE GIGLIO

whose calling to a uniform Sergeant, one of many uniform and Plainclothes officers arriving, seems to release Dalton into activity --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

-- 'we 'got shell-casings all over
getting walked on.

Dalton's started toward the uniform Sergeant to help implement Giglio's request, stops almost immediately as he hears --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

Dalton.

Dalton follows as Giglio heads for a Puerto Rican man, early twenties, covered in blood. Dalton notes, behind them, the Sergeant directing the sealing down of the crime scene as Giglio has requested. As they reach the blood-covered man --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

Anyone talk to you?

DANNY GONZALEZ

My wife, I talked to.

GIGLIO

What's your name.

DANNY GONZALEZ

Danny Gonzalez.

GIGLIO

I'm Detective Giglio, what do you
know about what happened here?

Gonzalez indicates a nearby bar --

(CONTINUED)

DANNY GONZALEZ

I was drinking in there, 'started hearing some shots. 'Come outside, this guy's shooting in the air and dancing. 'Sees me, he smacks me in the head, 'jumps in a cab 'already got a woman fare --

GIGLIO

Had you seen the cops down by then?

DANNY GONZALEZ

(shakes his head no)

That's when I seen 'em, I went down where everyone was pointing. They were all fucked up. The one guy's eyes were shot out of his head, I gotta figure he was dead. I was trying to help the other one when the cops came.

GIGLIO

'He say anything to you, the one 'you tried to help?

DANNY GONZALEZ

He wasn't saying anything, he was just looking at me. I helped the cops load the both of 'em in their car.

GIGLIO

Can you describe the dancing guy so we can get it over the air?

DANNY GONZALEZ

Black, five-ten, maybe twenty-five years old.

Giglio's writing --

GIGLIO

Was he heavy? Thin?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY GONZALEZ

No.

GIGLIO

"Medium build" I'm going to put.
Hair on his face?

DANNY GONZALEZ

No.

GIGLIO

What kind of hair style?

DANNY GONZALEZ

Big afro, no beard.

Giglio's hailed a nearby uniform Officer Wilson --

GIGLIO

Do me a favor Wilson, get this over
the air --

-- tears the page he's been writing on from his notebook as
the cop approaches, during which Dalton, afraid he's
overstepping, pursues further details from the witness --

DALTON

(to Danny Gonzalez)
What was he wearing?

DANNY GONZALEZ

I don't know.

GIGLIO

(to Officer Wilson, re his
hand-writing)
Can you make it out?

WILSON

Yeah I got it.

DALTON

(to Danny Gonzalez)
Was his shirt like a t-shirt or a
shirt with a collar?

(CONTINUED)

Hearing which, and realizing he's dropped a stitch which Dalton's taken up, Giglio calls to Wilson --

GIGLIO

Hang on a second.

DANNY GONZALEZ

(to Dalton)

I think with a collar, yellow, and jeans.

DALTON

(writing)

'Ever see him on the street before?

DANNY GONZALEZ

No Sir.

Dalton tears the piece of paper from his notebook and gives this to Wilson, who begins to radio in the description as Giglio and Dalton are joined by Lieutenant White, who's arrived with McCarthy and Kennedy, these latter, during what follows, commencing the canvass for witnesses b.g. --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(to Giglio, re Gonzalez)

What did he see?

They've moved a few steps from the witness --

GIGLIO

'Didn't see the shootings, but he wrestled with a guy down the block 'you gotta like for one of the perps.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Any good on the description?

GIGLIO

(shakes his head no)

Black, twenty-five, five-ten.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Your catch Gigs.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

McCarthy's up if they go out of the picture.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(emphatic)

Your catch --

(re McCarthy and Kennedy)

-- those guys'll run the crime scene. Follow me to the hospital, try for statements, and you and me run it for the Brass.

Even as he acknowledges these instructions, Giglio's primary attention has gone to the temporarily unaccompanied witness --

GIGLIO

(to Danny Gonzalez)

Can you give us some time at the Station House Danny?

DANNY GONZALEZ

Yeah, alright.

Giglio's look prompts Wilson, who's finished radioing in the witness' description, to offer Gonzalez a ride --

OFFICER WILSON

Jump in, I'll take you over.

White's gaze has fallen on Dalton --

GIGLIO

(to Danny Gonzalez)

You want a paramedic to look at you?

Gonzalez shakes his head no, indicates his bloody shirt --

DANNY GONZALEZ

That's the officers' blood, all's I got's the bump on my head.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

Thanks for your cooperation, I'll
be seeing you at the House.

As the patrol car pulls away, the Lieutenant addresses Giglio
with anxious insistence --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Would you get to the fucking
hospital Gigs?

GIGLIO

(nods)
We'll meet you over there.

Giglio's "we" prompts White's dissatisfied glance at Dalton
as the Boss moves off. Giglio and Dalton are moving away --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

(to Dalton)
I caught it.

WIDER ANGLE - GIGLIO AND DALTON

heading back for Giglio's car. Their passage crosses
McCarthy and Kennedy receiving information from a man we'll
come to know as the manager of a greasy spoon called The
Shrimp Boat --

SHRIMP BOAT MANAGER

They'd just been in my place asking
about a car 'was double-parked
across the street.

Giglio calls to McCarthy --

GIGLIO

Bellevue.

MCCARTHY

Yeah.

Follow Giglio and Dalton as they move off, diminishingly
audible b.g. --

(CONTINUED)

SHRIMP BOAT MANAGER

Maybe a minute after they walked
out I start hearing "pop, pop,
pop."

MCCARTHY

Do you remember anything about the
car?

SHRIMP BOAT MANAGER

I'm so fucking shook up, I banged
my head when I ducked --

CLOSER ANGLE - GIGLIO AND DALTON

after several more silent beats --

GIGLIO

'Cops get shot, usually they're
trying for the collar, the shooters
are trying to flee. Where was the
crime getting perpetrated 'these
cops interrupted? Where's the
store-owner screaming "they just
robbed me?"

DALTON

Yeah.

GIGLIO

Plus, the attack's vicious, and the
one perp dances in the street
'stead of beating feet to get away.
What was in these guys' minds?

DALTON

Yeah.

Dalton now recognizes Giglio's glance in his direction as an
unstated invitation for the Kid to opine --

DALTON (CONT'D)

Would you be thinking 'maybe
'militants?

(CONTINUED)

Giglio seems privately pleased --

GIGLIO

You don't fucking say it. 'Soon as the papers hear "militants," it's front page every day, we got Headquarters and the Mayor up our asses, and the witnesses head for the hills. You rule out the other possibilities.

They've made their way through the clusterfuck of police vehicles to Giglio's unmarked car. As they climb in on either side --

DALTON

We'd've been completely blocked.

Off which --

TIME CUT
TO:

18

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

18

The passage of Giglio's department car reveals, coming up a perpendicular side street, a solitary pedestrian not seen by the cops and who does not see them. The bandaged complainant Williams is making his way home --

TIME CUT
TO:

19

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

19

Heading for the E.R. Receiving Area and Nurse's Station, Giglio and Dalton navigate a hallway crowded with uniform and plainclothes cops. To one side, at the margin of a cluster of Bosses, Lieutenant White notes Giglio's and Dalton's approach; White's relief becomes impatience as a distraught, blood-covered cop interrupts Giglio's progress --

OFFICER ADAMS

Stephens and me transported 'em Gigs.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

Could they tell you anything Mikey?

OFFICER ADAMS

Thompson, no way he makes it, they
blew the whole back of his head
off. Layne's eyes were open at
least but he couldn't talk, the
blood was pouring out 'his neck --

GIGLIO

Alright.

OFFICER ADAMS

A Puerto Rican guy helped us lift
'em in -- he gave me his name and I
can't fucking remember it.

GIGLIO

I think we talked to him --

OFFICER ADAMS

'Covered in blood, 'said one of the
bad guys pistol-whipped him --

DALTON

Danny Gonzalez.

OFFICER ADAMS

Danny Gonzalez! -- I'm so glad he
stayed to talk to you, I forgot to
write down his name.

GIGLIO

My partner Joe Dalton.

OFFICER ADAMS

(to Dalton)

Hi Joe.

DALTON

Hiya Mike.

Under which Giglio's noted White's approach in company with
Chief of Patrol Hawley --

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER ADAMS

They took our guys' guns Gigs, I know that much. Both 'our guys' holsters were empty.

The two Bosses have reached them --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(to Chief of Patrol)

This is Giglio, Chief, that caught the case.

CHIEF OF PATROL

(to Officer Adams)

Give us a second Officer.

Adams is moving off --

OFFICER ADAMS

Yes Sir. Sorry.

Giglio takes a private burn at the Chief of Patrol's brusque dismissal of Adams --

GIGLIO

(to the Chief)

My partner Joe Dalton.

Emulating the Chief's dismissive tone, the Lieutenant forestalls Dalton's participation --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(to Dalton)

Give us a second Dalton.

DALTON

Sure.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(re Officer Adams)

See how he's doing.

As Dalton moves towards Adams --

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF OF PATROL
(to Giglio)
What've we got?

ANGLE - DALTON

coming beside Adams --

DALTON
'You want to sit down Mike? --
'want a drink of water?

Adams appears not to hear --

OFFICER ADAMS
It was fucking horrible man.

ANGLE - GIGLIO AND THE BOSSES

GIGLIO
The cops were on a foot post. If
they interrupted the bad-guys up to
something we don't know what it is
yet.

CHIEF OF PATROL
This is going to be about a drug-
thing.

Giglio attempts to ignore both the portentous assertiveness
of this and its useless generality --

GIGLIO
Our guys' guns were taken. One bad-
guy commandeered a cab, if he was
acting in concert we don't know yet
how the others fled.

The Lieutenant quickly acts to forestall the Chief of
Patrol's inferring that the lack of information owes to
incompetence --

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(to Chief of Patrol)

They're putting all that together
at the crime scene --

They've noted the coming out from the Operating Theater of a
Surgeon in a blood-soaked gown --

LIEUTENANT WHITE (CONT'D)

-- I wanted Gigs to try for
statements.

GIGLIO

Let me see if I'm going to get to
talk to 'em.

As Giglio moves toward the Surgeon at the Physicians and
Nurses Center --

ANGLE - DALTON AND ADAMS

observing Giglio's moving off, Adams trying to find
reassurance in Giglio's being their emissary --

OFFICER ADAMS

Gigs'll find out how they're doing.

Dalton's watching his partner --

ANGLE - GIGLIO

having reached the Physicians and Nurses Center, positions
himself to converse privately with the Surgeon, handing him
his card --

GIGLIO

I know how busy you are Doc, could
you give me an idea if you think
I'll get to talk to these guys?

The Surgeon's frustration in the aftermath of futile efforts
shows as patronizing preoccupation --

(CONTINUED)

SURGEON

Their condition's very grave, it's not likely 'you're going to get to talk to them.

GIGLIO

Neither guy. 'Cause they've got me investigating the shooting.

SURGEON

It's not likely. Their condition's very grave.

In positioning himself to converse with the Surgeon, and now taking in his turning away, Giglio's failed to observe the approach of Paul Reilly, who is less disheveled than when seen asleep but makes no more reputable an impression --

REILLY (O.C.)

You got balls on you Giglio, leaving me sleeping in that crib.

The Surgeon has moved away. Reilly has reached Giglio who is glad to see him --

GIGLIO

We ran out to answer the call, Fucko, I forgot you were in there.

REILLY

How're they doing?

GIGLIO

(re the Doctor)

He says 'they're going out of the picture.

REILLY

Any collars?

GIGLIO

We ain't got shit.

(CONTINUED)

Giglio notes a Nurse's exit from the operating area wheeling a cart on which are two blood-soaked pillow-cases containing the shot cops' uniforms and possessions --

ANGLE - DALTON AND ADAMS

also noting the Nurse's appearance --

OFFICER ADAMS
(irrationally fearful)
What's on that cart? -- is that
their property?

DALTON
Alright Mike.

ANGLE - GIGLIO AND REILLY

whatever sorrow they feel deflected by reaction to the arrival of the Police Commissioner --

REILLY
Look, our Fearless Leader.

GIGLIO
Yeah.

As the Commissioner joins the Chief of Patrol and the Lieutenant to be updated --

ANGLE - DALTON AND ADAMS

OFFICER ADAMS
I'm going to catch up with my
partner Joe, he was looking to
donate blood.

DALTON
Okay Mike.

OFFICER ADAMS
I guess I'll see you back at the
House.

(CONTINUED)

DALTON

Yeah, good.

As Adams moves off --

POV - GIGLIO AND REILLY

REILLY (O.C.)

(re the Commissioner)

Does he seem shorter than usual?

RESUME - GIGLIO AND REILLY

where the information the Commissioner receives prompts his look in Giglio's and Reilly's direction --

REILLY (CONT'D)

Did I say that too fucking loud?

Giglio accounts for the Commissioner's look, and now the three Bosses' approach --

GIGLIO

I caught it.

REILLY

Good.

GIGLIO

Get away before they smell you.

REILLY

That happens to be fucking mouthwash.

Giglio provides a destination for Reilly --

GIGLIO

I'm working with that Kid, Dalton.

As Reilly starts in Dalton's direction --

REILLY

Where's he from?

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

Will you get the fuck away from me?

ANGLE - DALTON

watching Reilly as he moves toward him, and noting, behind Reilly, the Bosses reaching Giglio --

DALTON

(to Reilly)

How's it going, Joe Dalton.

REILLY

Paul Reilly.

They shake hands --

REILLY (CONT'D)

What was your last command?

DALTON

This is my first assignment, I just got out of the Academy.

Reilly takes it in --

REILLY

Is that so? Isn't that wonderful.

Off Dalton's look of resignation --

ANGLE - GIGLIO AND THE BOSSES

where the Commissioner pep-talks Giglio --

POLICE COMMISSIONER

I know you'll spare no effort, realizing this will be a delicate and complicated investigation.

GIGLIO

Yes Sir.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE COMMISSIONER

I know you'll keep your supervisors apprised.

GIGLIO

I will Commissioner.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Thank you Detective.

Accompanied by his chauffeur and guards, the Commissioner leaves Giglio with the Chief of Patrol and Lieutenant White. As, b.g., the Commissioner is seen joining a surpliced police Chaplain, Lieutenant White recurs to the information from the Surgeon which Giglio has already reported --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(re the Surgeon)

Has he pronounced 'em?

GIGLIO

I don't know, he walked away before I could ask.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

But 'definitely they're going out of the picture.

As Giglio nods --

CHIEF OF PATROL

(re the Commissioner)

The P.C agrees 'you got to look at the drug-angle.

Giglio can't completely dissemble his irritation --

GIGLIO

Is there something I should be told about these guys? -- were they under investigation?

CHIEF OF PATROL

Their names had come across my desk.

(CONTINUED)

The Chief of Patrol has by now given Lieutenant White some background about the Chief of Patrol's "drug-thing" theory --

LIEUTENANT WHITE
(to Giglio, confidential)
Unauthorized buy-and-busts, off-
duty.

The Boss' quickness to impeach the shot cops' integrity offends Giglio --

GIGLIO
I 'got to see what we 'got at the House.

As Giglio starts away --

CHIEF OF PATROL
These were cowboys 'got 'over their heads.

Giglio keeps moving, giving no sign he's heard --

ANGLE - DALTON AND REILLY

as Dalton watches Giglio's approach, Reilly's muddled alcoholic impulse to show his willingness to believe Dalton isn't a rat prompts his leaning over to address the Kid's lapel --

REILLY
How 'bout this weather?

Dalton flushes; his voice flares --

DALTON
I can't help what you think about me, but I ain't taking any shit.

Giglio's reached them --

GIGLIO
(to Dalton and Reilly)
So you guys 'met.

They hear a scream from the just-arrived wife of Thompson, one of the victim cops, as she is approached by the surpliced Chaplain and a policewoman assigned to offer solace --

TIME CUT
TO:

INT. GIGLIO'S DEPARTMENT CAR - DAY

Giglio and Dalton in the front seat, Reilly in the back. After several beats, Giglio glances at Reilly in the rear-view mirror --

GIGLIO

They pissed in my ear 'these guys were making off-duty drug collars.

Several beats as Reilly digests this, then --

REILLY

That quality of thinking Dalton is what it takes to be a Boss on this Job. Cops bleeding out in the hospital, 'you hear they were making collars off-duty, 'stead of the benefit of the doubt that they were wet behind the ears, 'didn't know yet how not to show initiative, you decide they were shakedown artists and that's what got 'em shot. 'Course for that to make sense, 'stead of paying five hundred dollars buying out of a street-weight beef, the dealers got to decide to murder these guys in uniform, on patrol, in broad daylight, 'get the whole Job turned loose looking for 'em and the streets locked down so 'they can't sell their dope, and every other dealer in the City wanting to kill 'em.

A beat, then --

REILLY (CONT'D)

(to Giglio)

How ain't it going to be running-
buddies of those crazy fucks
'killed the cops in the Bronx last
year?

GIGLIO

Dalton was thinking militants too.

Reilly nods. Dalton's proud. They ride several more beats
in silence --

CUT TO:

21

EXT. NINTH PRECINCT - DAY

21

The street outside the Station House is just about blocked,
in large part by the cars of off-duty cops from other
precincts who've come to be of use, and by these cops
themselves, some in uniform, most in civilian clothes, their
badges pinned to whatever outer garment they wear. A few
among the pockets of print and television reporters make
tries at eliciting information from the fast-moving Giglio,
Dalton, and Reilly --

REPORTER #1

Any word on their condition?

REPORTER #2

Any suspects?

The Detectives ignore them, making their way inside --

REILLY

(mutters)

Yeah, Tom and Jerry
Youscangofuckyourselves.

Off which --

CUT TO:

22 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - FIRST FLOOR - DAY 22

The cops from other precincts mill on the first floor too. Giglio approaches Desk Lieutenant Alongi with Dalton and Reilly staying a step behind --

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI
These motherfuckers, huh Gigs?

GIGLIO
How've we got it set up?

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI
'Guys 'Uniform snatched up to be looked at we're processing in the Sitting Room -- witnesses are up in the Squad.

REILLY
(to Giglio)
I got the Sitting Room?

GIGLIO
Thanks Paulie.

As Reilly moves away --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)
(to Desk Lieutenant Alongi)
They made drug arrests off-duty, Thompson and Layne?

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI
(nods)
Last week. Narcotics took over the collars.

GIGLIO
Can I get those Narcotics guys' names?

(CONTINUED)

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI

They're upstairs, they responded when they heard about the shootings.

Dalton, recognizing in Alongi's uneasy sidelong glance the Desk Lieutenant's reluctance to confide further in his hearing, turns his attention to some minor shouting match between a cop and a detainee. Alongi addresses Giglio in a low voice, leaning forward --

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI (CONT'D)

'D.C.P.I.'s upstairs too --

GIGLIO

Doing what?

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI

'Had me take the bolt-cutters to these guys' lockers, now he's interviewing the witnesses.

GIGLIO

Thanks Lou.

Giglio rejoins Dalton. As they move for the stairs --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

'Pain in the balls when he was a reporter, the D.C.P.I., now the fuck thinks 'he's Dick Tracy.

-- and climb to the second floor --

DALTON

Who was he a reporter for?

GIGLIO

The Times. The P.C. looked to kiss their asses 'making him the Job's mouthpiece.

Giglio's features suddenly cloud; he stops and turns to Dalton --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

'Case like this, the bullshit never stops. You can't let it get in the way, and believe me it's fucking happened. Your job's to clear the case. You don't let nothing stop you. You're answerable to these guys and their families. 'You understand me?

DALTON

Yeah.

They resume their climb --

GIGLIO

We need copies of their other arrest reports and stop-and-frisks too, if you could remind me.

DALTON

Sure.

LOIS DABROWSKI (O.C.)

Detective Giglio!

Lois Dabrowski, a Police Administrative Aide, mid-forties, trundles up the stairs to join Giglio, carries a message slip in her hand --

LOIS DABROWSKI (CONT'D)

I took this message for you. I was waiting for you to get back and now when you came in I was in the Little Girls' Room.

GIGLIO

All right. Thanks alot.

LOIS DABROWSKI

It's from your mother.

(CONTINUED)

Rather than turn over the message slip to Giglio, the P.A.A., to enhance the chance of this being the very moment Giglio recognizes in her the woman capable of helping him to navigate the currents and rapids of a middle-aged son's relationship with his mother, retains possession of the slip herself. Giglio's nod invokes this fact --

GIGLIO

Is there something in it or does it just say "call?"

LOIS DABROWSKI

Just call.

GIGLIO

All right, thanks a lot.

They resume their climb --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

(to Dalton, re Dabrowski)

'Out of her mind.

Off which --

CUT TO:

Giglio and Dalton enter to find the Squad's phones and beaten-down desks manned by Detectives Phil Hogan (mid-forties, bulky, black), Dudley Barker (mid-forties, slight, black), and Eddie Martinez (mid-forties, Puerto Rican) of the Squad's four-to-twelve shift, along with Augie Maurina, the Detective earlier referred to as holding the DiMonti "contract," who stands apart from the others. Toward the rear of the Squad, Detectives Kennedy and McCarthy are in proximity to the Coffee Room, where congregate the four Narcotics Squad Detectives mentioned by Desk Lieutenant Alongi as having taken over the arrests made last week by the cops shot down this morning. All of these Detectives are attentive to the arrival of Giglio in company with the newcomer Dalton. Giglio goes to the phone at the nearest desk; as he dials --

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

(to Hogan)

Where's the D.C.P.I., Philly?

Hogan indicates the door to the Locker Room --

HOGAN

Fucking up the witnesses for
testimony.

Augie Maurina's coming forward coincides with the completion
of Giglio's dialing --

MAURINA

(re Dalton, with mock-
enthusiasm)

Oh, Gigs, would this be the numbnut
I'll want to thank tomorrow when my
brother-in-law's car's sitting on
the street outside DiMonti Auto
Body with the transmission in the
fucking back seat?

Giglio's heard a busy signal, hangs up --

GIGLIO

Easy, Augie.

DALTON

(to Maurina)

What's your problem?

MAURINA

You, and we ain't even met.

GIGLIO

Augie Maurina, Joe Dalton. Both of
yous calm down a fucking minute
'til I get the D.C.P.I. away from
the fucking witnesses.

As Giglio moves for the Locker Room several of the other
Detectives come forward to forestall anything irremediable
transpiring in his absence --

(CONTINUED)

MAURINA

(to Hogan, re Dalton)

Babe Ruth. Asks nobody nothing
'first time up to the plate.

Giglio, pausing at the door, watches Dalton move to answer a ringing phone --

MAURINA (CONT'D)

(re Dalton)

Mickey fucking Mantle.

Hogan moves to answer another phone, in passing addresses Dudley Barker as if Barker were Dalton and Hogan the resentful Maurina --

HOGAN

Elston fucking Howard.

ANGLE - DALTON

answering the phone --

DALTON

Ninth Squad.

ANGLE - GIGLIO

deciding it's safe to leave the scene moves for the Locker Room --

CUT TO:

Giglio, entering, addresses Alan Wells, late thirties, Deputy Commissioner for Public Information --

GIGLIO

Excuse me Commissioner, could we
get the witnesses out in the Squad?

Wells, whose suit-jacket is draped over the chair he'd turned backwards while interviewing three of the witnesses collected at the crime scene canvass, and who are now arrayed facing

(CONTINUED)

him on the lower bunk-bed which was formerly Reilly's place of repose, has come to his feet --

COMMISSIONER WELLS

Sure. I was just getting a quick impression of what had happened.

Giglio, holding open the door to the Squad Room, waves the witnesses forward --

GIGLIO

(to Danny Gonzalez)

How's your head?

DANNY GONZALEZ

Ringin in my ears.

COMMISSIONER WELLS

(to the witnesses)

Thanks for your cooperation folks.

The witnesses approach and exit past Giglio; as the last of them clears, Giglio himself steps out of the Locker Room --

-- calls to Hogan, indicating the train of witnesses --

GIGLIO

Philly.

HOGAN

(to the witnesses)

Could we get you over here please.

(to Giglio, aside)

You want 'em kept in a little circle or is it okay to split 'em up?

Giglio ignores this jibe at the Boss who's remained in the Locker Room --

GIGLIO

Joe Dalton, Phil Hogan.

-- to which, after a brief glance at Dalton, who, with the phone at his ear, is receiving and transcribing information. Giglio now returns to the Locker Room --

27 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS 27

-- where Wells is putting his suit coat on --

COMMISSIONER WELLS
(re the shot cops)
Terrible, terrible thing.

GIGLIO
Yeah, it's a tough one. Could I ask why you had the Desk Lieutenant break these guys' lockers open?

COMMISSIONER WELLS
I advocate for the Department in the court of public opinion Detective. While the Knapp Commission's busy telling them how corrupt the Job is, my responsibility is to remind people what cops live with and die for --

GIGLIO
I was asking about breaking into their lockers.

28 INTERCUT - INT. NINTH PRECINCT - FIRST FLOOR - THE SITTING ROOM 28

Male black suspects are being interviewed and processed, as Lieutenant White, returned from the hospital, walks in looking for Giglio, and Reilly points to indicate Giglio is upstairs --

COMMISSIONER WELLS (O.C.)
Knapp's got the Job playing defense. People close to the P.C. are afraid 'these cops were corrupt, that these shootings were some kind of payback. If that possibility doesn't come off 'the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

COMMISSIONER WELLS (O.C.) (CONT'D)
table this story can't be properly
shaped.

29 INTERCUT - INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LOCKER ROOM 29

Giglio and Wells --

GIGLIO
'Going into their lockers don't
dispel suspicion, you encourage it.

An evangelical fervor comes into the Commissioner's voice --

COMMISSIONER WELLS
Never mind drugs, or cash -- there
wasn't a pin-up in either of those
lockers. Those cops' lockers are
clean. These shootings were
political. Drugs had nothing to do
with it. These guys were shot by
the same fanatics who killed those
cops last year.

Giglio gives no sign he shares the D.C.P.I.'s suspicion --

GIGLIO
Them guys're locked up.

30 INTERCUT - INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM 30

Lieutenant White enters, clearly on the eye for Giglio --

COMMISSIONER WELLS (O.C.)
You don't believe for a minute
'they're all off 'the streets.

-- and Hogan points in the direction of the Locker Room. As
he starts in this direction, the Boss notes across the Squad
the four Narcotics Detectives congregated at the entrance to
the Coffee Room --

31 INTERCUT - INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LOCKER ROOM 31

Giglio, striving for patience, addresses the D.C.P.I. as if
he were a very intelligent being from another planet --

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

'Not saying I disagree with the direction Commissioner, 'opinions are like assholes. These guys are owed a clearance, which I can't get for 'em with a thousand people trampling on my case.

The Lieutenant looks in --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

The Hospital just pronounced 'em.

GIGLIO

The both of 'em.

COMMISSIONER WELLS

The P.C.'ll tell the press.

The Deputy Commissioner aspires to a somber tone, but his voice cannot conceal a purposive excitement. He exits through the door which gives on the hallway leading to the stairs. The Lieutenant's noticed the seals on the two lockers, interrupts Giglio's progress as he heads for the Squad --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(low)

'Chief of Patrol says 'one of these cops got picked up on a rat's wire, 'why the Job's shitting little green apples.

GIGLIO

If it ain't to do with what got 'em shot 'I don't want to fucking hear it Boss.

White comes closer, menace compounding with his fear --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Hey Gigs, I 'got four Narcotics fucks outside my Coffee Room right now 'took over these dead guys' collars last week. 'You want to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (2)

31

LIEUTENANT WHITE (CONT'D)

bet 'it ain't one of them who's wearing the machine? Which means exactly the direction the Chief of Patrol told me to take is what he's going to hear you checking out when he's listening to you on this rat's wire.

GIGLIO

Yeah, alright.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

I ain't holding the bag for not taking the direction this prick said to.

GIGLIO

I understand.

Giglio starts for the door --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

What's your impression on that Dalton? Are you smelling fucking cheese?

GIGLIO

Yeah, I don't know.

Giglio's gone. HOLD ON White, realizing he has to piss --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

What a fucking horror.

As he unzips his fly, moving toward the urinal --

CUT TO:

32

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM

32

Dalton, on the telephone, covers the mouthpiece at Giglio's approach --

DALTON

Sector Car called in a Buick abandoned with its motor running by
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DALTON (CONT'D)

the Union Square Station Gigs, the Buick came back reported stolen last night in Brooklyn --

GIGLIO

(urgently)

Tell 'em to safeguard for prints, and are they searching the subway station.

DALTON

(hand over mouthpiece)

Yeah, he says they're doing a search.

(into mouthpiece)

Please safeguard the car for prints Sarge --

GIGLIO

No one goes inside the car, and please have it towed to the House here so 'we can get it processed.

During which Giglio, having picked up another telephone, is dialing a call --

DALTON

(into mouthpiece)

Can we get it towed here please Sarge, so Crime Scene can process?

Giglio gazes across the Squad toward the Narcotics Detectives lingering at the margins of the Coffee Room, who, stare at him in open expectation that their status as heavy-hitters dictates they will now receive his attention --

GIGLIO

(into mouthpiece)

Yeah Ma.

He notes too, wistfully, as he listens to his mother, the four-to-twelve Detectives interviewing witnesses at their desks: Detective Barker and the manager of the greasy spoon known as The Shrimp Boat; Hogan with Danny Gonzalez; and Martinez with a Hispanic male, a bodega owner, the Detective

(CONTINUED)

removing for examination the contents of a cheap canvas bag visible on the desk between them --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)
(into mouthpiece)
How long ago was his last one?

Augie Maurina's come beside him, needing to be heard on the subject of Dalton --

MAURINA
(low)
I don't like that Kid's attitude.

GIGLIO
(covers the mouthpiece)
Your pal put some beating on that complainant Augie.

MAURINA
Yeah he's got a hand-problem, fucking DiMonti.

GIGLIO
(into mouthpiece)
What's his temp'?
(covers the mouthpiece)
DiMonti's gonna fix that complainant's car, and pick up the guy's doctor bills --

MAURINA
Let me see 'can I get him to go for it.

GIGLIO
(covers the mouthpiece)
You're telling him 'he's going for it Augie, or I'll lock him the fuck up.
(into mouthpiece)
'You want to call Doctor Lombardo?

Maurina, after waiting for White, who's come from the Locker Room, to pass them, nods in Dalton's direction --

(CONTINUED)

MAURINA

'Kid'll be on the right page? --
'how he writes the complaint?

Giglio covers the mouthpiece as he nods. B.g. Lieutenant White can be seen pausing beside the desk where the contents of the canvas bag, some gun parts and newspapers, are displayed --

MAURINA (CONT'D)

(re Dalton)
'Cause no one knows nothing about his background, and I ain't sitting down with the fuck.

Giglio turns his back on Maurina, who moves off during --

GIGLIO

(all into mouthpiece, eyes shut, even-voiced)
Ma, we just had a double cop-homicide --
(listens)
Alright, thanks an awful lot. And if you want, you know, call Doctor Lombardo. Alright Ma, keep me posted.

As he hangs up --

LIEUTENANT WHITE (O.C.)

What the fuck does this say?

Which draws Giglio's attention to --

ANGLE - WHITE, MARTINEZ AND WITNESS

where Martinez, peering over Lieutenant White's shoulder, reads from his notebook what the Boss, in custody of the book, has been unable to make out --

MARTINEZ

"Two meatball heroes and a chicken parmesan, and two Pepsis and an
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

orange soda" -- 'what he says these
guys ordered to go.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

(re the bag's contents)

The gun stocks and the militant
shit in these newspaper articles
are what I want to know about.

ANGLE - GIGLIO

as if the note of suppressed excitement in White's voice has
carried to him some scent, Giglio moves toward the Boss and
Martinez and the Puerto Rican bodega owner. As Giglio
closes, from across the Squad is now heard --

WONG (O.C.)

'My ear with 'gun in it,
cocksucker! 'The fuck 'you whisper
'him for?

POV - GIGLIO

of the Catching Area where a Chinaman, Wong, whose uniform
escort had been whispering to Dalton, can be seen on the
other side of the low partition separating the catching area
from the Squad --

DALTON

(to Wong)

Sir, come on in and just relax, I'm
just finding out from the Officer
what your problem is.

WONG

'Drive 'taxi with gun in 'fucking
ear 'big 'nough fucking problem for
you?

DALTON

He was just telling me about it.

Dalton's indicated the Uniform, opened up the catching area
gate; as Wong enters --

(CONTINUED)

WONG

(to the Uniform)

So what 'you got to fucking
whisper?!

ANGLE - GIGLIO, WHITE, MARTINEZ AND WITNESS

where Giglio has joined White and Detective Martinez, who refers to the contents of the travel bag the Puerto Rican witness has provided --

MARTINEZ

His bodega's like two blocks from
the crime scene. He made these
guys hero sandwiches, a female
Korean customer brings him the bag
maybe ten minutes after they walk
out, 'says she found it by the ice
cream freezer --

Giglio can't restrain himself, steers the Boss and Martinez to one side --

GIGLIO

(re the bodega owner)

Those were the shooters 'forgot it
there Boss.

MARTINEZ

-- he never looked inside 'til he
heard about the cops getting shot.

GIGLIO

(to Lieutenant White)

This guy can I.D. 'em. If they
like anyone downstairs 'we 'got to
throw 'em in a line-up and let this
guy take a look.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Yeah, go down and find out.

As Giglio starts away Lieutenant White restrains him --

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT WHITE (CONT'D)

And here's your time to keep me
right with the Chief of Patrol.

-- which invokes, though the Boss hasn't looked in this
direction, the approach of Narcotics Detective Jimmy
"Babyface" Leone, who has come away from the other Detectives
at the margin of the Coffee Room --

LEONE

Hey, Lieutenant. You caught it,
huh Giglio?

Leone moves to catch up with Giglio, who's started away.
Babyface's expression and tone and manner become more
insinuatingly confiding once they are out of the Lieutenant's
hearing --

LEONE (CONT'D)

These fucks, huh? Revolutionary
'yams, you figure?

GIGLIO

(barely looking at Leone)
'Just trying to put it together.

Giglio notes plainclothes cop Mary Byrne, mid-twenties,
dressed down, attractive, coming toward him from the Catching
Area where she has arrived in company with an informant and
street dealer, Slick Rick, twenties, handcuffed --

BYRNE

(re Slick Rick)
That's this guy's spot Gigs, where
these cops got shot.

GIGLIO

Was he out there?

BYRNE

(shakes her head no)
We were up at Bryant Park, I was
tightening him up for something he
gave me last week. 'You 'got a
direction for him when he's out
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BYRNE (CONT'D)

there, or descriptions? He's been good for me.

GIGLIO

We're getting some things to look at, can you hang here with him?

BYRNE

Sure.

GIGLIO

Thanks an awful lot.

Dalton has come forward from the desk where he had taken Wong, and where Wong now can be seen sullenly seated --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

Mary Byrne, Joe Dalton.

BYRNE

Hi Joe.

DALTON

How 'you doing Mary.

(to Giglio, re Wong)

That cabbie drove the shooter who pistol-whipped our witness Gigs --

Dalton indicates Danny Gonzalez seated with Hogan --

DALTON (CONT'D)

Description's the same -- yellow shirt, jeans, big 'fro --

Giglio turns irritatedly to Leone, who's been on the ear for all of this --

GIGLIO

'You need something?

LEONE

No, take your time.

Leone barely takes a step back. Giglio turns to Dalton --

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

(low, re bodega owner)

We 'got another eyeball over here --

DALTON

Oh yeah?

GIGLIO

-- 'these pricks bought heroes in his place, 'forgot a bag there.

Wong calls to Dalton --

WONG

When the fuck?

DALTON

Just a second Mister Wong.

GIGLIO

I'm going downstairs, 'see if there's anyone 'they like 'we want thrown into a line-up.

(off Dalton's glance at Leone)

Yeah, me and my fucking shadow.

Giglio's gone. Leone's two steps behind, has a big smile in passing for Dalton --

LEONE

How's it going?

SLICK RICK

Yo, Babyface, how 'you been Man?

LEONE

Who the fuck're you?

Leone's gone too. As Dalton heads back to Mister Wong, Byrne pats the seat in the Catching Area beside her --

SLICK RICK

(to Byrne)

Yo, Mary, I could use a Coke.

(CONTINUED)

Which is prompted less by thirst than Slick Rick's wish to cover the ignominy of Babyface's dis. Off Dalton's and Byrne's glance in each other's direction as they prepare to go back to business --

CUT TO:

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - STAIRS - DAY

Giglio stays ahead of Leone as they descend --

LEONE

'Me and my partners took over a buy-collar from these cops.

GIGLIO

I heard about it.

LEONE

Lightweight mutts, they wouldn't've been up to shooting 'em. Anyways, they're still in Rikers.

What Giglio asks next, in obedience to Lieutenant White's instruction, he can barely bring himself to say --

GIGLIO

'General impression, could these cops've been up to no good?

LEONE

Nah, Giglio, they seemed like fucking schoolboys. And I probed at 'em a little, you know? --
'finding out their fucking act.

They've reached the first floor --

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The descending Giglio's initial attention is to the D.C.P.I., the P.C., the Chief of Patrol, Lieutenant Mulligan, two or three other suited Headquarters types in huddled discussion in a corner area (or sequestered in the 124 Room) of the First Floor --

(CONTINUED)

LEONE

Look at the nest of fucking Bosses
-- one hand grenade 'we could do
our jobs in peace.

Giglio's gaze goes to Desk Lieutenant Alongi's worried
scrutiny of the confabulating Brass, and he recognizes
Alongi's relief, as their eyes meet, at the prospect of
sharing with Giglio whatever it is that concerns him.
Alongi's eyes invoke a lingering grey-haired half-a-vagrant --

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI

Oh, Gigs --

Giglio's eyes warn Alongi against whatever he's about to say
because Leone, behind him, is on the ear --

GIGLIO

Are they doing any good in the
Sitting Room Lou?

Alongi, recognizing Giglio's heads-up, reluctantly falls in
with the change of subject --

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI

They think 'they got a couple 'guys
worth looking at.

Giglio looks back at Leone --

GIGLIO

Thanks for stopping by.

LEONE

Listen Giglio, we're off-duty,
'we'll take down some doors if you
want.

GIGLIO

Yeah, I don't know.

LEONE

Anything we get, nobody goes
hungry.

(CONTINUED)

Giglio moves close to Leone --

GIGLIO

Shut your fucking mouth with that
"nobody goes hungry" shit.

The famous Babyface smile seems less animating expression
than ornamentation on a mask --

LEONE

What, nothing, everyone's in this
together.

GIGLIO

Yeah, why'n't you and your partners
take off.

Giglio heads for the Sitting Room. Off Leone, whose glance
is first toward Alongi, seemingly busy with paperwork, then
toward the Bosses aggregated in the corner, finally making
his way toward the stairs to the second floor to get his
partners --

CUT TO:

Giglio has entered the chaos of fifteen Detectives including
Reilly and plainclothesmen organizing the interviewing and
photographing of the thirty or more male blacks brought in
from the street. One of those still in custody reacts to
seeing a few being uncuffed and released --

MALE SUSPECT #1

What did they do? -- pay you guys
off?

REILLY

The guys you see walk, their alibis
have verified.

MALE SUSPECT #2

And how am I s'posed to verify
myself when I was alone at the
movies!

(CONTINUED)

POV - GIGLIO

watching Reilly's effort to control his shaking --

REILLY

Whether you threw away the stub
like you're telling me, or you're a
lying cocksucker like I believe, we
cannot fucking exclude you yet --

Giglio's come behind Reilly --

GIGLIO

(low)

We want to throw some line-ups
together --

MALE SUSPECT #3

(to Reilly)

Fuck a bunch of excluding me, I'm
getting the fuck out of here.

As Male Suspect #3, although still handcuffed, struggles to
break free toward the door, Giglio reaches over Reilly and
jams the suspect back in his seat --

GIGLIO

Relax!

Giglio now makes and holds eye contact with all the detainees
--

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

(loud)

Listen up. We're working off
general descriptions. Be patient
and don't do nothing stupid that'll
get you time in jail while we do
what we have to to exclude you and
get you released.

Reilly, doing his best to ignore his shaking and sweating,
reaches for irony as he too addresses the room --

(CONTINUED)

REILLY

(re Giglio)

What he said.

GIGLIO

(low)

Alongi says 'you got a few guys
worth looking at?

REILLY

Three so far.

GIGLIO

Hold some of these other guys to
fill the line-ups, 'we'll give 'em
a pound apiece.

Reilly's looked to Plainclothesman #1 --

REILLY

(re Giglio)

I gotta piss, did you hear him?

As Plainclothesman #1 nods, Reilly heads out with a glance
for Giglio --

REILLY (CONT'D)

Or I can go on your fucking shoes.

Plainclothesman #1 hands photos to Giglio --

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

'Polaroids and pedigrees of guys
collared on other charges --

Giglio's taken them --

GIGLIO

Okay.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

(indicates separate piles)

Guys 'we cut loose. Drug collars.
Gun collars.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

Get the guns to ballistics, I 'got
to set up the line-ups.

Giglio heads out with the photos, working to counter his fear
that complications of event and motivation have begun to over-
master him --

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

He observes the exit for the press conference outside of all
the top Brass excepting Lieutenant Mulligan -- with whom the
Brass had been consulting -- and several similarly suited
colleagues of Mulligan's, these three remaining in the corner
(or the 124 Room). The Brass' exit for the press conference
crosses the entering into the Station House of a Detective in
"soft clothes" who carries a cardboard box labeled "NYPD,"
and who joins another soft-clothed Detective already at the
front desk in custodial proximity to another similarly
labeled cardboard box. Alongi, having noted Giglio's exit
from the Sitting Room, once again and with an increment of
urgency invokes the presence of the nearby half-a-vagrant
grey-haired civilian --

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI

Gigs, here's Mister Stugots, ask
him the fuck about it.

Alongi would convey to Giglio that the presence of Mulligan
and his cohorts or of the soft-clothed Detectives in custody
of the boxes precludes his own communicating to Giglio
whatever useful information it is that the grey-haired man is
in possession of. Giglio, approaching the man, adopts a
harried, authoritative air --

GIGLIO

Yeah, c'mon, give it up before I
have another fucking birthday.

The grey-haired man studies Giglio with some confusion --

STUGOTS

(re Desk Lieutenant
Alongi)

I told him.

GIGLIO

And now you're gonna tell me, and
hurry the fuck up.

STUGOTS

(emphatic and a little
afraid)

He came up to me on the Avenue. He
give me the letter, 'told me 'take
it here and bring it in.

GIGLIO

Don't make me ask you again who the
fuck 'you're talking about.

STUGOTS

Some colored guy --

(re Alongi)

-- I told him.

(still re Alongi)

What was in the fucking letter 'got
him so upset?

GIGLIO

Yeah, don't worry about it.

STUGOTS

I'm just asking, I don't know, 'the
fuck's everybody pissed off at me
for?

GIGLIO

No, okay, thanks a lot.

STUGOTS

'Least the colored guy gave me
money for a six-pack.

Giglio's reached into his pocket, gives the grey-haired man
two dollar bills --

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

Have a seat over there 'til someone
can take down what the guy looked
like.

STUGOTS

Alright, I'll be over there.

Giglio has observed during his exchange with the grey-haired man the arrival one by one of three more soft-clothed Detectives carrying the labeled boxes; something gives in his nerves as he notes yet another soft-clothed Detective's entrance carrying yet another box, and his gaze swerves to Alongi --

GIGLIO

'The fuck is all this?

Soft-Clothes Detective #1 takes the question for being directed to him --

SOFT-CLOTHES DETECTIVE #1

I think 'they're putting us on the
third floor.

GIGLIO

To do what?

SOFT-CLOTHES DETECTIVE #1

They're folding these into the
Three-Two shootings last year.

Giglio's doing a burn --

GIGLIO

Yeah? I caught these, I wonder
when someone was gonna tell me.

(to Alongi, re the grey-
haired man)

And what the hell letter is he
talking about?

(CONTINUED)

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI

(low)

Militant group claiming they did it, the George Jackson Squad.

GIGLIO

Did you ever hear of them?

DESK LIEUTENANT ALONGI

No.

(re grey-haired half-a-vagrant)

Some guy in the street handed him the letter to deliver here.

Alongi's chief fear in confiding appears to be --

ANGLE - MULLIGAN

who has been prompted forward by the exchange between Giglio and Alongi --

MULLIGAN

Detective Giglio.

GIGLIO

Yeah.

MULLIGAN

Lieutenant Mulligan, Intelligence Division. You caught the case?

GIGLIO

Yeah.

MULLIGAN

Your case is going to fold in with the Three-Two Task Force working on the shootings targeting cops.

GIGLIO

I just heard. Will you Intelligence guys be moving in on the third floor too?

(CONTINUED)

MULLIGAN

(nods)

You didn't think you'd get away
with just the Task Force?

Giglio's nod acknowledges Mulligan's try at friendly irony
but doesn't yield the ground of his reservation --

GIGLIO

'Far as Task Forces and sharing
information, Lieutenant, it ain't
my experience I get as good as I
give.

MULLIGAN

(wry)

Whereas working with Intelligence
has been share-and-share alike.

GIGLIO

No, you guys hold back pretty good
yourselves.

MULLIGAN

Not as good as the F.B.I. holds
back from us.

Mulligan's gaze having gone to the head of the stairs to the
second floor, his eyes show a recognition, quickly
dissembled, of --

POV - MULLIGAN

where Joe Dalton, who first averts his gaze, then,
involuntarily, looks toward Giglio --

ANGLE - GIGLIO

in turn taking in Dalton, then Mulligan --

ANGLE - MULLIGAN

poker-faced --

(CONTINUED)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

I expect there'll be some sort of coordinating sitdown once they're done with the press conference outside.

GIGLIO

Yeah, good.

Giglio notes the coming in from the garage-side entrance to the Station House of a Patrol Sergeant who carries the blood-stained pillow-cases containing the uniforms and possessions of the murdered cops --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

`Scuse me.

Off Mulligan, watching Giglio a beat with private approval as Giglio moves away --

ANGLE - GIGLIO

joining the Patrol Sergeant --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

(re the Locker Room)

Up here Sarge.

Giglio takes one of the pillow-cases from the Sergeant as they move to the stairs, avoids looking up to where Dalton may be as they climb, thereby failing to see Leone's and the other Narcotics Detectives' descent. Noting the pillow-cases, Leone and one of the other Detectives cross themselves --

LEONE

This fucking Job.

Giglio won't look at Leone. He and the Patrol Sergeant near the waiting Dalton, who tries not to credit his sense of the change in Giglio's attitude toward him --

DALTON

That cabbie said if we could do it fast he'd view a line-up.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

I'll be with you in a minute.

The coldness goes from Giglio's voice --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

In there Sarge.

HOLD ON - DALTON

looking back to where Mulligan had been but is no longer --

CUT TO:

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As the locker room door opens, revealing Giglio and the Patrol Sergeant, Paul Reilly, at his locker, hurriedly secretes a pint of Seagram's Seven from which he'd been about to drink --

GIGLIO

Could you inventory and voucher their property for me Paulie?

REILLY

Sure.

Giglio turns, goes. As the Patrol Sergeant hands off the bags to Reilly --

PATROL SERGEANT

I need their shields and I.D.s when you're done.

REILLY

Yeah, okay.

Off Reilly, as the Patrol Sergeant leaves --

CUT TO:

38 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LIEUTENANT WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY 38

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN OF A TELEVISION SET

where a crowd of reporters and cops are listening to a briefing from the Police Commissioner with the D.C.P.A. at his side on the front steps of the Ninth Precinct Station House. B.g., radio cars are arriving and officers can be seen removing handcuffed suspects from the backseats --

LIEUTENANT WHITE (O.C.)

Yeah, okay.

The Commissioner's already announced the death of the cops and begun fielding questions about the investigation --

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Some descriptions but no suspects as yet. We're interviewing witnesses, we're beginning to get an idea of what happened, and as that clarifies we'll keep you apprised.

COMMISSIONER WELLS

The Commissioner's returning to the hospital to meet now with the officer's families --

A knock off-camera --

ANGLE - WHITE

behind his desk, waves Giglio in, speaks into the mouthpiece of the telephone as Giglio enters --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

All right, yeah.

He hangs up, indicates the television set --

LIEUTENANT WHITE (CONT'D)

They're showing the press conference outside.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLIO

They're about to take this fucking case away from us Boss.

Under which --

COMMISSIONER WELLS (O.C.)

My office will update the investigation from Headquarters.

The Boss would have Giglio construe as resigned professionalism his secret relief at the case being taken over --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

I just heard from the Borough, they're folding us in with the Three-Two Task Force.

GIGLIO

The fucking Task Force is already downstairs.

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Are they, already? Hold off on the line-ups 'til them guys are unpacked --

ANGLE - TELEVISION SET

where the Commissioner's ascetic features register pained disapproval, as, b.g. a male black suspect who is being steered by a Uniform shouts for the press' hearing --

MALE SUSPECT #1

Black man on a white man's street!
Dragged in walking home from work!

RESUME - LIEUTENANT WHITE AND GIGLIO

where some portion of Lieutenant White's attention having remained on the television set, he barely conceals his pleasure at what is transpiring --

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT WHITE

Check the P.C.'s mug, 'looks like
he's trying to swallow dogshit.

Giglio watches the Lieutenant lean forward for a closer view
of the set --

GIGLIO

If we delay the line-ups Boss, we
'got witnesses 'liable to book.

White looks at Giglio with near-open resentment --

LIEUTENANT WHITE

We wait 'til the Task Force sets
up. I ain't getting second-guessed
on the skin-shades of the fillers
and the sizes of their fucking
afros.

Giglio's gone. White's attention goes back to the television
--

CUT TO:

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Dalton covers the mouthpiece on the telephone receiver as he
notes Giglio's approach --

DALTON

Your Mother.

Giglio takes the receiver, covers the mouthpiece --

GIGLIO

(to Dalton, re witnesses)
We're putting together the line-
ups, we appreciate their patience.
Ask if they're hungry, tell 'em
we're buying.

Wong, who's tried to overhear but has not been able to make
out the exchange, issues a general denunciation of the
proceedings --

(CONTINUED)

WONG

'Dis bullshit.

Giglio defers taking his hand from the mouthpiece, points at Wong --

GIGLIO

Hey Einstein, we issue you your taxi license, shut your fucking mouth.

(into the mouthpiece)

Yeah Ma.

Maurina, approaching Giglio, indicates Dalton by way of inquiry if Giglio's made arrangements to settle the complaint against DiMonti. Giglio turns his back --

ANGLE - DALTON

watching Giglio, in turn observed by Byrne, who is embarrassed for Dalton --

RESUME - GIGLIO

eyes closed --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

All right. All right, Ma. Okay.

He hangs up, turns to see Barker come beside him --

BARKER

Transit's on the line. Bunch of shells from a thirty-eight on the Brooklyn-side platform Gigs.

GIGLIO

I've got to go Dudley, my kid's sick.

BARKER

Go ahead, go ahead, I didn't know he was sick.

(CONTINUED)

HOGAN

We got it Gigs.

Giglio looks to Dalton --

GIGLIO

Come on with me.

Giglio reacts with something close to fury as Dalton looks to Wong --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

They'll take care of him, you fucking come with me.

(to Byrne, re Slick Rick)

Sorry Mary.

BYRNE

Don't worry about it.

Giglio and Dalton are gone --

ANGLE - SLICK RICK AND BYRNE

where Byrne's unlocking his cuffs --

SLICK RICK

I got plenty to watch out for, I cover the waterfront.

BYRNE

Just be quiet.

CUT TO:

40 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY 40

Giglio stops still for a beat, then goes into the Locker Room. HOLD ON Dalton --

CUT TO:

41 INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - SQUAD ROOM - DAY 41

ANGLE - BARKER AND HOGAN

(CONTINUED)

watching Dalton wait --

BARKER

(to Hogan, low)

Motherfuckers reload the guns they took off our guys waiting for the Brooklyn train.

HOGAN

(to the witnesses generally)

Pizza, folks, on us, who wants what on 'em?

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - SECOND FLOOR - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Giglio's found Reilly on his knees, having taken up two bed sheets from a stack on one of the cots and spread these on the floor and separately on each sheet emptied the contents of the two pillow-cases -- pistol belt, shoes, socks, uniform, hat. Giglio takes it in appreciatively; his voice is tremulous --

GIGLIO

I 'got to go check Nicky, Nicky's fever's a hundred-four.

REILLY

Go ahead John.

GIGLIO

I don't know about this thing here Paulie, this thing's getting away from us. They're giving it to the Three-Two Task Force --

REILLY

You'd figure that'd be coming.

GIGLIO

Our fucking Boss don't even want
it, 'this Kid may be a plant from
some fucking Intelligence unit

REILLY

'You want a drink?

GIGLIO

No, no.

REILLY

Good 'cause I don't share.

Reilly, glancing up, is surprised to recognize how close
Giglio seems to tears --

REILLY (CONT'D)

Find concrete residue from the
bullets bouncing back up off the
sidewalk, that'll point to them
militants shooting our guys after
they're down.

GIGLIO

I forgot to fucking tell you, a
letter just came to the desk, some
of them fucks claiming credit. The
George Jackson Squad.

REILLY

I 'got all 'their albums.

Reilly's found concrete powder around a bloodied hole in one
of the uniforms --

REILLY (CONT'D)

See, here.

GIGLIO

You think clearer with half-a-
shitter on than I do sober.

(CONTINUED)

REILLY

Thanks, Scout. Go see how Nicky is, then come back and we kick their ass.

Giglio leaves. Off Reilly, on his knees, glad for the redemptive locus of going over the uniforms --

TIME CUT
TO:

INT. GIGLIO'S DEPARTMENT CAR - DAY

Giglio and Dalton. They drive several beats in silence --

DALTON

How old is your kid?

GIGLIO

You want to tell me who the fuck you are?

DALTON

What do you mean?

GIGLIO

Don't bullshit me. I seen that look Mulligan from Intelligence threw you. Either tell me who you are or get out 'the fucking car. The shit going down on this Job now, I at least can have a partner I can trust.

A beat, then, without hope it will be accepted, Dalton offers explanation --

DALTON

Before the Academy I had a special assignment. I'm not allowed to talk about what I did.

Several seconds pass before Dalton looks over --

GIGLIO

No good.

As Dalton's gaze goes forward again --

TIME CUT

TO:

44

INT. TWO STORY WOOD-FRAME SHINGLED HOUSE

44

Linoleum floor, wallpapered, tin ceilings, double-hung window, venetian blinds. An inexpensive chest of drawers. Dim illumination from wall sconces. Picture of the Virgin. Twin bed with safety rails. An eight year old boy, pale, a hectic flush in his cheeks, open-eyed but unseeing, smiles joyously, arms reached out --

NICKY

Pop-pop.

ANGLE - GIGLIO

coming forward with an accustomed loving resignation --

GIGLIO

Hey Nicky.

NICKY

Pop-pop.

GIGLIO

Hey buddy.

He's reached his son, embraces him --

WIDEN TO INCLUDE GIGLIO'S MOTHER

appearing beside Giglio, the back of her hand to her grandson's forehead --

NORA GIGLIO

Almost cool now.

She holds out to Giglio a handkerchief which would reveal if unfolded a dark yellow bolus of mucus --

(CONTINUED)

NORA GIGLIO (CONT'D)

Brought it up, his fever started going right down. Thank God I caught Doctor Lombardo.

GIGLIO

All right Ma.

NORA GIGLIO

A hundred four point eight.

GIGLIO

Was he pissed off, Lombardo?

NORA GIGLIO

No, he's so sweet.

A German Shepherd, eight years old like Nick, appears beside the bed --

GIGLIO

Hey Mox.

Still holding and rocking his son, Giglio reaches out a free hand and scratches Mox's ears --

NORA GIGLIO

Should you try some minestrone, with your fever down Nicky?

GIGLIO

(to his mother, re the dog)

Let me walk him before I go back.

Giglio kisses his son as he lays him down. Hold on Nora Giglio smoothing Nicky Giglio's hair --

GIGLIO (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Any of them hang-up calls?

NORA GIGLIO

One. Maybe ten minutes past eleven.

(CONTINUED)

Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DUSK

Dalton stands looking to the street. Behind him, Giglio emerges from his house with Mox the German Shepherd on a leash. It's not clear if Dalton's aware of Giglio's approach. Giglio watches him a beat or two, then --

GIGLIO

I got to walk my dog a minute.

Dalton turns, looks at Giglio and the dog --

DALTON

How's your boy?

GIGLIO

He's better, thanks.

(beat)

You want to walk the dog with me?

Dalton nods, falls in besides Giglio --

DALTON

What's his name?

GIGLIO

Mox. He's eight. Boy did you need to piss, huh Moxie?

DALTON

What's your boy's name?

GIGLIO

Oh, Nick, Nicky.

Mox's finished peeing and they resume walking --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

He's disabled, gets a lot of transient fevers.

(CONTINUED)

A beat, then Dalton reaches down and scratches Mox's ears --

GIGLIO (CONT'D)

There's a fucking first.

DALTON

I was in the service with one of them.

GIGLIO

Yeah, huh.

DALTON

We trained together at Fort Benning. Then over there, we walked point and did the ambush patrols and village searches.

GIGLIO

Good dogs, ain't they?

DALTON

They gave us all kind of reasons we couldn't bring 'em back. Every scheme I thought of to sneak him I'd've jeopardized guys' careers.

GIGLIO

I got the breeder's number where this guy came from, maybe he's got puppies for sale.

DALTON

Nah, I wouldn't want another one.

They're starting back toward Giglio's house. A beat, then --

GIGLIO

Anyways, maybe we can work everything out.

Off which --

FADE OUT.