PUBLIC MORALS

Pilot Episode

"A Fine Line"

Written by

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INT. MULDOON'S CAR - DAY

New York City 1967

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

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

MULDOON (V.O.)
There are the laws and there are the rules. And while the laws of the land are always evolving and changing, the rules of the street remain the same.

They pull up and park.

EXT. 51ST STREET - DAY

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

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

INT. PRE-WAR DOORMAN BUILDING - DAY

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

DOORMAN
Gentlemen. What can I do for you?

Muldoon flashes his shield.

MULDOON
Anybody up in 4J right now?

The doorman tries to play it cool.

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

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

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

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

Muldoon takes the doorman by the shirt and tosses him against the wall. Gets in his face.

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

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

Meanwhile, Bullman watches the elevator.

BULLMAN
Muldoon! Somebody is coming down from 4 now.

Muldoon grabs the doorman and drags him back toward the elevator as it stops and opens. Out steps MARC FORD, 35, a short man in a cheap suit.

MULDOON
That him?

The doorman nods.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Grab him.

Bullman approaches Ford.

BULLMAN
You're coming with me pal.

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

BULLMAN
Get the hell in there.

Bullman pushes the little man into the elevator.

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

Muldoon steps into the elevator.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
And what about you little man? You want to cooperate or you want to get locked up?

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

The elevator doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Ford argues his case to Muldoon and Bullman.

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

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

FORD
You got it guys. I'll do whatever you need. I just can't have anybody find out about this.
(then)
You're sympathetic, I'm sure.

MULDOON
Sympathetic? Yeah sure, we're plenty sympathetic.

The elevator opens and Muldoon kicks him in the ass out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

FORD
And then what?

BULLMAN
Just do it.

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

FORTUNE (O.S.)
Hello.

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

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

FORTUNE
Yeah, come on in honey.

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

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

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

MULDOON
Let's not make this more difficult than it has to be.
(to Bullman)
Close the door.

Bullman checks the hall before he closes the door. A man, PULASKI, 30'S, watches from his apartment.

BULLMAN
What the hell are you looking at?

Pulaski closes the door. *We'll meet him in later episodes.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FORTUNE
(through the tears)
Yes. That's exactly what happened.

Muldoon laughs.

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

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

INT. FORTUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

Fortune drops her robe, stands before him naked.

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

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

FORTUNE
You must be married, hunh?

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

BULLMAN
That's none of your business.

She moves to the closet and begins to get dressed.

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

BULLMAN
You're right. Most cops would.

FORTUNE
So why won't you?

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

FORTUNE
So I'm going to jail?

BULLMAN
That's how it works.

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

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

FORTUNE
No.

BULLMAN
I find that very hard to believe.

FORTUNE
It's the truth.

BULLMAN
Who do you work for?

FORTUNE
Nobody. I work alone.

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

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

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

FORTUNE
But I'm telling the truth.

Bullman rolls his eyes. He's heard enough.

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

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

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

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

Bullman laughs.

INT. MCMANUS TAVERN - DAY

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

A man sitting at a corner table, PAT DUFFY 28, stands, arms outstretched. Duffy is trouble, a guy you just know not to trust. He talks a mile a minute.

DUFFY
Look who's back in town!

O'BANNON
Paddy D! Good to see you, man.

The men shake hands.

DUFFY
Oh man. It's so good to see you two. Come on, take a seat. Let me get you a couple of beers.
(to the bartender)
Doreen, a few beers for my boys.
(then)
Hey. Before I forget, I wanted to tell you guys that the Big Man is having a little welcome home party for me at the Rose tomorrow night. Be a ton of broads there. So you got to come.

O'BANNON
And my father, no doubt.

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

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

DOREEN drops a round of beers at the table.

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

The men toast.

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

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

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

DUFFY
A man's got to make a living.

O'BANNON
You talk with Patton about this?

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

PETEY MAC
We'd help you out no matter what. You know that.

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

O'BANNON
What do you have in mind?

DUFFY
Thursday nights. Up at my girl's place on 48th street.

O'BANNON
And who's this broad?

DUFFY
Just some new chick I know.

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

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

PETEY MAC
How'd you manage that?

DUFFY
She wrote me letters.

O'Bannon rolls his eyes.

O'BANNON
And you cleared this with Patton?

DUFFY
Jimmy, come on. You can ask the Big Man yourself tomorrow night. I mean, the guy is throwing me a party, of course he's gonna help me get back on my feet.

O'BANNON
OK. We'll see what we can do on our end.
(then)
But if you're lying about the big man, you know you're gonna end up floating in the river.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FORTUNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bullman confers with Muldoon while Ford sits in the kitchen. They speak in hushed voices.

BULLMAN
You're not gonna believe this. This kid is a school teacher.

MULDOON
And you believe that horse shit?

Bullman shows the ID card.

BULLMAN
She's a renegade. No pimp, no madam. And never been collared before.

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

BULLMAN
Can't fault anybody for that, can we?

MULDOON
We still need the arrest.

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

MULDOON
(sarcastic)
And your sob story doesn't need to go to jail.

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

MULDOON (CONT'D)
You're too soft for this job, you big Kraut.
(then)
Alright, but now it's *your* collar. You do whatever you want as long as we cover the sheet.
(then)
I'll take care of the mope.

Muldoon exits the kitchen and grabs Ford.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Come with me.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Muldoon throws Ford out into the hallway.

MULDOON
Today's your lucky day jerk-off. You were on your way to court and the only reason you're not is she won't testify against you even after you gave her up. If it was up to me, I'd haul you off right now but instead, I'm gonna let you go. But if I ever run into you again I will lock your ass up. You got me?

FORD
Yes. Thank you so much officer. Can I go now?

Muldoon nods. And with that, Ford is gone.

EXT. MANHATTAN EAST PRECINCT - DAY

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

INT. MANHATTAN EAST PRECINCT - DAY

Shea approaches the DESK SGT.

SHEA
Officer Shea reporting for Plainclothes.

The DESK SGT doesn't even look up.

DESK SGT
Third floor.

INT. PUBLIC MORALS DIVISION OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

DUKOWSKI
That must be the new man. Word is he's some kind of super cop. Real cowboy.

Latucci ignores Dukowski.

DUKOWSKI (CONT'D)
And his father is an Inspector out in Brooklyn. Real hooked up, this guy. What do you think Vince?

Latucci glares at Dukowski, then continues typing.

INT. INSPECTOR FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

SHEA
I just turned 30 sir.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
Take a seat.

Shea sits.

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

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

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

SHEA
Yes sir, I am.

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

SHEA
Yes sir.

INSPECTOR FLYNN
And you were good with that?

RYAN
Yes sir.

The Inspector regards Shea for a moment, then stands and walks toward the door.

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

SHEA
Yes sir. A baby boy. James Jr.

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

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

INSPECTOR FLYNN (CONT'D)
King! This is your new man, Shea.

Lt. King steps from his office and waves Shea over.

LT. KING, 50, African American, a little slicker than the other cops, dressed in a turtle neck and leather jacket.

INT. LIEUTENANT KING'S OFFICE - DAY

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

LT. KING
You can sit right there.

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

LT. KING (CONT'D)
(reading)
The laws governing the mores of the people are known as the laws relating to public morals. These are restrictive laws designed to control the actions of the people of this city to establish a peaceful and harmonious order of social living.

King tosses the book down.

LT. KING (CONT'D)
So what that means is -- it's our job to curb all kinds of vice. That includes any game of chance, gambling on sporting events, poker, black jack, four card monte, dice, bird cage, banker and broker, chuck a luck, roulette and any other similar game. It also includes prostitution, degeneracy and blue laws.
(he looks up at Shea)
You got that my man?

SHEA
Yes sir.

LT. KING
You now work for the Manhattan Plainclothes Command. We work everything from 59th Street south to the Battery, river to river. That's the heart of this great city, my man. Can you dig that?

RYAN
Yes sir.

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

King opens his office door and looks to Shea.

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

SHEA
No sir.

LT. KING
Then move it.

Shea is up and out the door.

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

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

LATUCCI
You know how to drive, kid?

SHEA
Yes sir.

LATUCCI
Good. Then you drive.

Latucci throws a set of car keys at Shea.

As Latucci and Shea walk out, Bullman and Fortune enter the Public Morals office. Shea gives Fortune a look over and whistles.

SHEA
(to Latucci)
That's some good looking broad right there.

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

They exit the office as Bullman leads Fortune to his desk.

BULLMAN
You OK?

Fortune nods.

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

FORTUNE
And I won't have to go to jail?

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

FORTUNE
Thank you.

BULLMAN
OK. So give me your full name.

FORTUNE
Stacy Goldenhirsch.

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

BULLMAN
Date of birth.

FORTUNE
December 7, 1941.

BULLMAN
Pearl Harbor Day?

FORTUNE
That's right.

BULLMAN
My partner was there.

FORTUNE
Were you in the service too?

BULLMAN
No. I got a bum heart. Some kind of murmur.
(then)
Home address?

FORTUNE
345 West 51st St.

BULLMAN
Occupation?

He shoots her a look. She smiles.

BULLMAN (CONT'D)
School teacher.

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

FORTUNE
So that's it?

BULLMAN
You're free to go.

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

Bullman looks around, careful to make sure no one is listening. Dukowski is watching. Bullman stands and leads her into the hallway.

BULLMAN
Next time I'm in the neighborhood, maybe I'll do that.

FORTUNE
You have my number now. So please use it. For anything.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./INT. LATUCCI'S OLDSMOBILE - DAY

Shea drives. Latucci shotgun.

LATUCCI
You hungry?

SHEA
Yeah, sure. I guess.

This noncommittal answer infuriates Latucci.

LATUCCI
Are you some kind of shithead?

SHEA
What? No.

LATUCCI
Because we don't let just any shithead into this division. We asked around about you. The other guys in the division called your old partners, talked to other cops you worked with and everybody said you're a smart kid and good cop. And your old man is a boss. I'm sure he didn't become a boss by being a dumb shit, did he?
(then)
So let me ask you again. Are you hungry?

SHEA
Yeah. I'm hungry.

LATUCCI
Very good officer Shea. Then let's go eat.
(then)
Park over here on the right.

SHEA
Where? There's no spot there. I'll go up a little further.

LATUCCI
Stop the god damn car!
(then)
(MORE)

LATUCCI (CONT'D)
Kid, if this is how we're gonna start, you're not gonna last long with me. When I tell you to do something, you don't question it, you do it.

Latucci reaches over, turns the car off, grabs the keys and exits the car.

EXT. TEDESCO'S GRILL - DAY

Latucci enters Tedesco's as Shea steps from the car which is now parked in the middle of the street.

INT. MULDOON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

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

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

JAMES
Alright, I'll be right there.

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

INT. MULDOON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Small Queens apartment. The two boys enter the hallway toward the kitchen.

MICHAEL
I want to come with you guys too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MULDOON
(to Michael)
Oh, yeah. Something is very wrong. You. Stay here and do your homework.
(to James)
You. Follow me.

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

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S RC SCHOOL - DAY

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

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S RC SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Muldoon and James head down a second floor hallway.

MULDOON
Which one is yours?

James points. Muldoon approaches a classroom and knocks.

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

MULDOON
Get your ass in there.

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

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

INT. TEDESCO'S GRILL - DAY

Nice little Greenwich Village Italian restaurant. Latucci and Shea sit at a table in the back. They have finished eating. Latucci holds court with a glass of wine in his hand.

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

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

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

SHEA
Yeah. The colored Lieutenant gave me the talk.

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

SHEA
Yeah, sure. Lt. King.

LATUCCI
Your old man tell you anything else?

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

LATUCCI
He's right. And the reason is the people of our good city like to have a lot of fun. Sex, drinking, gambling, you name it, they want it. However, a lot of that shit is illegal. After hour joints, prostitution, fag bars, crap games, numbers, every one of them is against the law. So there is really no way for us to police it all.

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

LATUCCI (CONT'D)
Besides, you want to lock up some old timers for drinking on Sunday? What about the hard working guy who wants to play cards on a Friday night? Or some poor broad who finds herself hooking because life has dealt her a shitty deck? What about the queers? You want to collar these poor bastards because they want to hang out and have a few beers together?

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

LATUCCI
We manage it.

Latucci finishes his glass of wine and stands to exit. Shea follows.

Latucci stops at the bar to shake hands with the owner of the place, VIC TEDESCO, 60's. Vic is clearly a WISEGUY, dressed in a great suit and wearing a pinky ring.

LATUCCI (CONT'D)
Victor. I want you to meet my new partner. James Shea.

VIC TEDESCO
Oh yeah? What do you think of him so far, Vince?

LATUCCI
So far? I'm not impressed. But we'll give him some time.

Latucci and Vic shake hands as Latucci moves to exit.

LATUCCI (CONT'D)
Thanks again for the meal.

VIC TEDESCO
We'll see you at the end of the month.

EXT. TEDESCO'S GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Latucci and Shea get into the car which is still parked in the middle of the street. Latucci now in the driver's seat.

LATUCCI
Certain relationships we have in this division and the things that are done are long standing. Some go back to Prohibition days. And they're done that way because they've been proven to work. So as I explained to you before, your job is not to question it, your job is to do it. Capice?

Shea nods. Latucci puts the car in drive and pulls off.

INT. MULDOON'S PLYMOUTH - DAY

Muldoon drives. His son James sits silently next to him. The kid is terrified. Muldoon glares ahead as he drives through Queens.

EXT. BOULEVARD GARDEN APARTMENTS - DAY

Muldoon pulls his car up outside their apartment building. James' brother Michael and Conner are hanging out on the stoop.

INT. MULDOON'S PLYMOUTH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

James starts to tear up.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
You can't imagine the joy I felt in that classroom, talking to your teacher, hearing stories about what a fool you are. You're the school fool. The class ass.
(MORE)

MULDOON (CONT'D)
The moron who’s job it is to interrupt the teacher and the class with your asinine jokes and comments. I’m just so proud. I was hoping I was doing a good job raising a jack ass and you’ve shown me that my hard work has paid off. And I want to thank you for that.

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

MULDOON (CONT’D)
Now get the hell out of my car so I can get back to work.

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

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MULDOON APARTMENT - MORNING

Muldoon enters the small kitchen, putting on his tie.

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

MULDOON
Good morning everybody.

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

MULDOON (CONT'D)
I said good morning.

JAMES
Good morning.

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

James nods.

MULDOON
He feels bad? How do you think I felt getting a call from his teacher while I'm at work? How do you think I felt having to sit in that classroom and hear about this class ass and his antics.
(then)
Why don't you give us a joke, funny man? Give us one of your one liners that gets the class all riled up.

James just looks down at his food.

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

MICHAEL
He does a really good John Wayne dad.

MULDOON
Does he? Well, I hope it serves him well.
(to James)
But listen to me young man, you and I, from this day forward, are done. Until you earn back my respect.

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

MULDOON (CONT'D)
I'll call you later.

Christine follows him out into the hallway.

INT. MULDOON'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Muldoon stops as Christine calls after him.

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

MULDOON
You think I'm being too tough on him?

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

MULDOON
Please don't start with that again. We are not moving to Long Island.

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

MULDOON
Chris. This is a critical moment in his life. He's going to be a teenager next year and it's going to get harder and harder for me to get through to him.

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

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

CHRISTINE
I think you're overreacting Terrence.

MULDOON
Am I? Look at your brothers.

CHRISTINE
Leave them out of this.

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

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

MULDOON
But James does. So let me do my job.

EXT. LITTLE MAGGIE'S PLACE - DAY

Small bar/restaurant off Seventh Ave. O'Bannon and Petey Mac exit their car and enter.

INT. LITTLE MAGGIE'S PLACE - DAY

O'Bannon and Petey Mac nod to the owner/bartender, MAGGIE, a tiny little woman. They then head to the back booth where Muldoon sits with Bullman.

MULDOON
Hey fellas. Have a seat. You eating or drinking or both?

O'BANNON
I'm starving.

PETEY MAC
And I'm thirsty. As usual.

Muldoon waves CLARE the waitress over.

MULDOON
You oughta get the prime rib special. Maggie says a bunch fell off the truck last night.

O'BANNON
OK Clare, I'll have the steak.

PETEY MAC
And I'll take a shot and a beer.

CLARE
You two good?

MULDOON
We'll do another round.

Clare walks off.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
So what do you guys got?

O'BANNON
Do you remember Pat Duffy? He was hooked up with Bill Patton?

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

O'BANNON
No. He screwed up, that's all.

MULDOON
And you want to help him out?

O'BANNON
He's an old friend.

MULDOON
But he's trouble. And he's always been trouble. How many times have you had to get his ass out of a jam?

O'Bannon shrugs.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
He nearly killed that guy, Sean.

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

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

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

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

MULDOON
OK. Where?

O'BANNON
On the West Side.

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

O'BANNON
He says he's good with the big man.

MULDOON
And you think it's serious money or is it bullshit?

O'BANNON
The old game was pretty serious.

MULDOON
When does he want to play?

O'BANNON
Once a week game. Tuesday nights.

MULDOON
(to Bullman)
What do you think?

BULLMAN
If it's good enough for Patton, then it should be good.

MULDOON
OK. We'll add it on to Patton's nut. Start it at 500 and we'll see if it's a real game.

O'BANNON
I'll let him know.

MULDOON
You also let him know we want it up front. And if he can't swing it, he doesn't play.

From behind the bar, Maggie calls over.

MAGGIE
Hey Bull, you got a phone call.

Bullman gets up to grab the phone.

MULDOON
You know your mother is still staying at my Mom's place?

O'BANNON
I know. But I'm looking for a new apartment for her.

MULDOON
So she's not going back?

O'BANNON
Not if I can help it.

AT THE BAR - Bullman picks up the phone.

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

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - DAY

Bullman hurries down the floor past the nurse's station.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bullman enters to find Fortune sitting in a hospital bed, her face badly beaten.

BULLMAN
Jesus Christ, who the hell did this to you?

FORTUNE
Who do you think?

BULLMAN
I want a name.

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

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

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

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

FORTUNE
305.

BULLMAN
And what's he look like?

FORTUNE
He's big and fat. And he has long brown curly hair.

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

BULLMAN
What did the doctors say? Are you going to be alright?

FORTUNE
Yeah. My face will be fine. Except for the teeth. And two of my ribs are fractured where he kicked me.

BULLMAN
OK. I'm going to go take care of this.

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

BULLMAN
(cutting her off)
I said I'm going to take care of it. I didn't say anything about arresting him.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. LANDMARK HOTEL - DAY

Midtown hotel, nothing fancy but not a dive. Bullman enters the lobby, approaches the MANAGER at his desk.

MANAGER
Hey Charlie, what can I do for you? You need a room?

BULLMAN
I need to know if the guy in room 305 is still checked in.

MANAGER
Let me check. I know he's here for the jewelry convention.

The manager checks the book.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Yeah, he's still here.

BULLMAN
Thanks. And Joe, you never saw me.

The manager nods as Bullman heads to the elevator.

INT. LANDMARK HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Bullman is knocking on the door.

SMITH (O.S.)
Who is it?

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

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

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

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

INT. SMITH'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bullman throws the door shut and attacks SMITH, 30'S, tall and fat, long hair.

Bullman goes to work on Smith's face, then begins to kick him in the ribs.

BULLMAN
How does this feel you lousy scum bag!? You get your kicks beating up girls? Is that it? You touch that girl ever again, I'll come back here and I'll kill you, you got me?

Smith, his face now a bloody mess, lays on the floor.

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

BULLMAN
Where's your wallet?

SMITH
My wallet?

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

SMITH
Are you crazy buddy? I already paid her.

Bullman wails on him again, kicking him a few more times.

SMITH (CONT'D)
OK, it's in my jacket.

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

SMITH (CONT'D)
Oh come on man. Don't take all of it.

Bullman turns to move toward the door. He stops. Sitting on the couch is an opened briefcase. It's filled with jewelry.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Oh please man, you can't take that too!

BULLMAN
Like hell I can't.

Bullman slams the briefcase shut, and walks out the door with it.

INT. PUBLIC MORALS DIVISION ROOM - NIGHT

Muldoon enters and finds only Latucci sitting at his desk.

MULDOON
What do you hear Vince?

LATUCCI
All quiet on the East Side tonight.

Muldoon checks in Inspector Flynn's office. It's empty. Muldoon crosses and sits with Latucci.

MULDOON
So how'd it go with this new guy?

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

MULDOON
But he's alright?

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

MULDOON
Why? What's wrong with him?

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

Muldoon laughs.

MULDOON
But you think he's cut out for it?

LATUCCI
I don't know. Too soon to say. But you can tell, he's one of these guys who's too far ahead of himself. He's gonna walk down a blind alley and he's gonna get hurt. Or get one of us hurt.

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

Latucci nods.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
So be careful how you treat this kid. And what you tell him.

LATUCCI
Why did I have to end up with this headache?

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

LATUCCI
Some god damn honor.

INT. THE IRISH ROSE - NIGHT

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

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

O'BANNON
What do you say Timmy?

TINY TIM
Same ol, same ol, Seany O.

O'BANNON
Looks like a nice turn out for Duffy's homecoming.

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

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

PETEY MAC
Get me a beer. I’m gonna hit the head.

BACK ROOM:

O’Bannon enters and spots Duffy drinking with a group of west side Irish mob thugs including JOEY “JC” CONWAY, 28, a slick hood from Queens.

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

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

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

AT THE BAR:

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

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

O’BANNON
And who’s that?

DUFFY
My sister Dee.

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

O’BANNON
There’s no way in hell that’s Deidre?

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

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Petey Mac is taking a leak when an old timer steps into the urinal next to him. It's MR. O.

MR. O
Be careful not to piss on those expensive shoes officer.

PETEY MAC
Mr. O'Bannon. How are you?

MR. O
I'm good Peter. In spite of what my son did to my face. How's your old man doing?
(re: his beaten face)
You treat him better than this I hope.

PETEY MAC
He's a stubborn old donkey pain in the ass.

MR. O
Still won't sell the bar, is that it?

PETEY MAC
And he's gonna get nothing for it if he doesn't unload it soon.

Both men finish taking a piss and wash their hands.

MR. O
Listen Peter. I need you to talk to my boy for me.

PETEY MAC
That's not a good idea, Mr. O. I don't want to get involved in your family business.

MR. O
It's not about that. It's about Duffy.

MR. O leans in to whisper.

MR. O (CONT'D)
You two should not be getting involved with him.

PETEY MAC
I got no idea what you're talking about.

MR. O
What kind of schmuck do you take me for? You think something can happen in Hell's Kitchen and I won't hear about it?
(then)
So I'm warning you. Walk away from him. Because it will not end well.

PETEY MAC
Meaning what?

MR. O
Meaning some people are none to happy to see him back here again.

PETEY MAC
Who's gonna touch him if he's got Patton protecting him?

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

MR. O
If he was really interested in protecting that good-for-nothing thieving shit, then why isn't he here?

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. THE IRISH ROSE BAR - NIGHT

Establisher.

INT. THE IRISH ROSE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

O'Bannon and Duffy at the bar.

DUFFY
So what's the word on the game?

O'BANNON
As long as you have this cleared with Patton, then we're OK.

DUFFY
Of course it's cleared.

O'Bannon then looks around the bar for Patton.

O'BANNON
Then why isn't he here?

DUFFY
I don't know. He said he would try to show up. But it doesn't matter. He gave me the OK.

O'Bannon gives a look, "you bullshitting me"?

DUFFY (CONT'D)
You think I'm that stupid.

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

DUFFY (CONT'D)
Alright. I've done some stupid shit in the past. But I'd never do something *that* stupid.

O'BANNON
I hope not. The nut's gonna be 500. And we got to get the money up front. If there's no money, there's no game.

DUFFY
I'll have it Tuesday night.

O'BANNON
No. You'll have it Sunday. I'll meet you for lunch at the Starlight and make sure you're alone.

DUFFY
Of course. I'll have it then. No problem.

DEIRDRE (O.S.)
Excuse me, but were you going to ignore me all night?

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

DUFFY
Hey, we were talking business.

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

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

Deirdre strikes a playful pose.

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

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

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

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

INT. THE IRISH ROSE BAR - LATER

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

The place has cleared out. Petey Mac slow dances with Barbara, one of Deirdre's friends we met earlier.

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

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

PETEY MAC
Come on, let’s get out of here.

BARBARA
I can’t. I got to wait for Dee.

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

PETEY MAC
Don’t worry about them. You’re coming with me.

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

INT. THE IRISH ROSE MEN’S ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. THE IRISH ROSE BACK ROOM - SAME

O’Bannon and Deirdre are mid conversation in the booth. O’Bannon is cock-eyed drunk, slurring his words.

DEIRDRE
Is that really how you see it?

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

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

O’BANNON
You see it another way?

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

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

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

O'BANNON
You really think they're bad guys?

DEIRDRE
They break the law, don't they?

O'BANNON
They're not hurting anybody.

DEIRDRE
Maybe when they're playing cards but what about the rest of the time?

O'Bannon studies Dee through hazy eyes.

O'BANNON
What are you worried about?

DEIRDRE
I'm worried about my brother. He's not out of jail 48 hours and he's already right back into the life. And you're helping him!

O'BANNON
No. I'm protecting him.

Deirdre rolls her eyes.

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

DEIRDRE
And I blame your father for that.

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

DEIRDRE
Well then you should do something about it.

INT/EXT. BULLMAN'S CAR - DAY

Bullman and Fortune sit in the front seat of his car parked outside her apartment. Her face is still bandaged.

FORTUNE
This was very nice of you to pick me up and take me home.

BULLMAN
It's the least I could do.
(then)
I have something else for you.

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

FORTUNE
What's this?

BULLMAN
I paid a visit to Mr. Smith. He wanted to help with your hospital bills.

Fortune opens the envelope. Her eyes go wide.

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

BULLMAN
He was very apologetic.

FORTUNE
What did he say?

BULLMAN
Not much actually.
(then)
(MORE)

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

FORTUNE
Yeah. Maybe.

BULLMAN
Come on, I'll help you in.

EXT. FORTUNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Murphy the doorman holds the door open as Bullman helps Fortune enter the building. They escort her to the elevator.

BULLMAN
(to doorman)
You make sure she gets up there OK.

DOORMAN
Absolutely. I'll make sure she's OK.

Bullman turns and exits the building. Fortune watches him go.

EXT. ELEVENTH AVENUE - DAY

Duffy rounds the corner with a buddy, JC Conway, *the man who sat with MR. O at the Patton party*. They walk the seedy sidewalk toward the diner.

INT. STARLIGHT DINER - DAY

O'Bannon sits at a booth having a cup of coffee when Duffy and JC Conway enter.

JC Conway takes a seat at the counter near the door. O'Bannon fumes as Duffy approaches and sits.

DUFFY
You eat yet?

O'Bannon glares at Duffy.

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

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

EXT. WEST 45TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Duffy runs up behind O'Bannon.

DUFFY
Sean, wait up.

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

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

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

O'BANNON
Well, you're working on it without me.

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

O'BANNON
This is why you always get into trouble Duff. You don't use your head. I'm sticking my neck out for you and you don't think about that. You just think about what's good for you! And that ain't gonna work anymore.

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

INT. MULDOON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

MULDOON
I'm sure he's already asleep.

Christine gives him a look. Muldoon gets up.

INT. MULDOON APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

MULDOON
There is a certain percentage of assholes in this world. And that's never gonna change. Some people can't help themselves. Like your Uncle Sean's daddy. They're born stupid. But you weren't. You were born with a good head on your shoulders.

James rolls over to look at his dad.

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

Muldoon softens.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
You're at a major fork in the road right now kiddo. And you're going to have to make a big decision.
(MORE)

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Are you ready to put being an asshole behind you and start being the person I know you can be?

JAMES
I can be a good person.

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

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

EXT. HELLS KITCHEN STREET - LATE NIGHT

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

MR. O
What the hell do you want?

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

A sedan pulls up quickly. The shooter, *who we will not see*, throws MR. O into the trunk of the car and jumps in up front. The car speeds off.

EXT. 10TH AVENUE - LATE NIGHT

The sedan turns the corner onto 10th Ave and speeds off into the night.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT SIX