

**FIRST DEGREE BURN**

By

Peter Lance

Based on His Novel

ARSON IN THE FIRST DEGREE 1. A person is guilty of arson in the first degree when he intentionally damages a building causing an explosion or a fire and when (a) such explosion or fire is caused by an incendiary device (or liquid) propelled, thrown or placed inside such building and when such explosion or fire either (i) causes death or (ii) serious physical injury to another person.

-Section 150.20  
New York Penal Law

EVERYBODY HAS SOMETHING TO HIDE...

-Dashiell Hammett



PILOT  
NURSE  
STEVEDORE  
FARMER  
TEACHER  
MINER  
WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE, SKETCH FOR

TWO-PANEL MURAL, 1938. A. GROVESNOR

## FIRST DEGREE BURN

FADE IN:

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO. NEW YORK. - MAGIC HOUR

CLOSE ON an old Philco upright as Bessie Smith belts out:

RADIO (SMITH)  
It had to be you... It had to be  
you... I wandered around and finally  
found the somebody who...

We pullback to discover: THREE ARTISTS in their early 20's, putting  
the final touches on an enormous 10 x 20 ft. MURAL.

SUPER:

New York City May 1938

The mood is upbeat and randy. Almost sexual as they move with the  
music. The Depression is over. Happy Days are here again. The Dodgers  
are winning and these kids are young; full of heart and testosterone.

RADIO (SMITH)  
Could make me be true... Could make  
me be blue...

One artist is stunning, with black hair and blue eyes. Liz Taylor at  
20. She's finishing a part of the canvas where A CROWD OF WORKERS is  
WAVING RED FLAGS. Her name is...

ESTHER SCHINE.

RADIO (SMITH)  
And even be glad... just to be sad...

ESTHER blows a kiss to: a rugged blond painter on a scaffold above  
her. 6'3", dressed in tweeds with tortoise shell wire rims, he's  
touching up A FACTORY BUILDING at the top of the canvas. This is:

ANDREW GROVESNOR.

RADIO (SMITH)  
Others I've seen, might never be  
mean...

Just then, a short, stocky BACKGROUND PAINTER comes by and pinches  
ESTHER in the ass. She grins like a cat and rubs her hand along his  
thigh. He shrugs as if to say "not with me" then turns to finish a  
section of canvas showing: a MINER. This one is called:

JULIAN KRANE.

RADIO (SMITH)  
Might never be cross or try to be boss  
but they wouldn't do...

Suddenly, THE DOOR opens and in walks: A WASPY YOUNG BLONDE.  
She's pretty, early 20's, old money; carrying a bucket of Mumm's  
champagne. Her name is:

DOROTHEA HAMPTON.

RADIO (SMITH)  
 For nobody else gave me a thrill...  
 with all your faults I love you  
 still... it had to be you, crazy old  
 you, it had to be you....

When the music fades out we go: CLOSE ON THE CORK POPPING. Each of the artists holds up a coffee cup and Dorothea pours in the bubbly.

They click cups and stand back to admire their work. Shot wide, we now see they've just finished an enormous:

TWO-PANEL MURAL

A New York Labor Rally from the 30's. There are SIX FIGURES across the front representing American workers:

A PILOT, A NURSE, A STEVEDORE, A FARMER, A TEACHER & THE MINER.

We're so far back that we don't see their faces. But behind them, we see the crowd of workers waving banners and red flags.

Behind them: farms and factories. Social Realism in the Thomas Hart Benton style. The ARTISTS stand gazing at the mural when suddenly...

THE DOOR flies open, shattering the mood as...

A MAN RUSHES IN.

Young, dark; but we don't see his face. THE MAN storms in and throws down a newspaper. The headline on The New York World reads:

NAZIS INVADE AUSTRIA

He crosses to THE RADIO and stabs at the dial, abruptly, changing the channel to this report by Edward R. Murrow:

RADIO (MURROW)  
 This is Edward R. Murrow in Vienna...  
 It is 2:30 in the morning now and  
 young Storm Troopers are riding about  
 the streets chanting and brandishing  
 guns. Children are wide awake, waving  
 flags. Huge crowds line the Ring-  
 strasse just waiting and watching for  
 Herr Hitler to arrive... Underlying  
 all this, one senses that it could  
 be... the beginning... of the end...

Suddenly, the blond Artist, Dorothea, flashes anger. She grabs the paper and moves toward A WROUGHT IRON STOVE in the corner.

DOROTHEA

No.  
 (w/hate toward The Man)  
 You are not going to ruin this...

She throws open the stove door and tosses in the paper.

As the headline begins to BURN IN THE FLAMES, we:

PUNCH OUT TO BLACK:

SUPER:

NEW YORK CITY  
30 YEARS LATER

FADE UP ON:

The roaring, ear-piercing sound of a siren screaming through the streets of New York as the voice of EDDIE BURKE comes up under...

EDDIE (V.O.)  
You know that sound, right? You've heard it a million times. I'll bet the first time, you heard it was in your mother's belly on the way to the hospital. It means danger. Alarm. It means fear. But where's it coming from? This...

AN NYPD RADIO PATROL UNIT

Screeching up 3rd. Ave. with the rooftop rack ablaze. Two uniforms up front. A cuffed perp; bloodied behind the cage in back.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
Or this...

SMASH TO:

AN FDNY AMERICAN LAFRANCE LADDER TRUCK

Parting traffic as it blows across West 48th. Six firefighters in full turnout gear up front. A TILLERMAN slicing the corner in back.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
This is a story about fire, betrayal and a murder from out of the past... But it's also a story about tribes.

The Ladder skids to a stop in front of a Park Avenue co-op. Flames licking out of the top two floors as the firefighters jump off. Hoses get pulled; hydrants tapped. A half dozen pumpers converge for the second alarm response as we widen to find:

Three NYPD patrol units pulling up. Uniforms exit.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
See, in New York you've got the Reds...  
(angle the fire team spraying)  
And you've got the Blues...  
(angle cops directing traffic, holding the crowd back)  
Sometimes they pull together. But the rivalry between the FDNY and the NYPD is like some kind of open wound. So the rest of the time it's goddamn war.

Just then, A LINEMAN jerks back on a hose and mistakenly pushes A UNIFORMED COP. The cop jumps in his face. The firefighter drops the hose. They're about to trade blows, when:

A SPACE HEATER erupts on the top floor... BOOOOM!

and everybody rocks back.

CUT TO:

INT. A LOCKER ROOM - SOMEWHERE

As Eddie (mid 30's, square jaw, cobalt blue eyes) suits up in full navy blue assault loadout. Nomex jumpsuit. Rappelling harness. He slams a mag into a Beretta 92FS and jams it into a thigh-holster. He grabs a life line fixed with a carabiner and pulls on a navy blue assault hood. He could be either one. A cop or a firefighter.

EDDIE (V.O.)

My old man was NYPD. And his before  
him and the great grandfather all  
the way back to County fuckin' Cork.  
Solid Blue.

He pushes out through a door and we realize now that he's in:

AN ENGINE COMPANY

12 firefighters in turnout coats saddling up next to an engine.

EDDIE (V.O.)

So what the hell happened to me?

Smiles, nods, pats on the back from the crew.

FIREFIGHTERS

(various)

Say Eddie. You ready? Let's get him.

Eddie starts to jump onto the fire truck when a short, Irish pit bull  
IN A POLICE UNIFORM cuts him off...

CAPT. MIKE KIVLIHAN. NYPD.

KIVLIHAN

(pissy attitude)

Fuckin' guy better be there, Burke.

A pair of NYPD Uniforms come up behind him in assault suits.

EDDIE (V.O.)

That little rat-faced shit was Mike  
Kivlihan. Captain in the NYPD's Arson &  
Explosion Unit. On high-profile cases we  
had to work with them. And this case was  
as high as they went: the hunt for a  
serial arsonist we called Superman.

EDDIE

Relax Kivie... This ends tonight.

CUT TO:

AN AERIAL OF ALPHABET CITY - NIGHT

The camera tracks south over The East Village, down past East 4th street, veering left over the broken tenements of Avenues A, B, C, as we hear Eddie Burke in voice over.

EDDIE (V.O.)

1978. It was the coldest winter in  
decades. The start of a year full of  
contra-dictions. The Sex Pistols had  
just given their last concert.



EDDIE (V.O.) CONT'D  
 Saturday Night Fever was closing out  
 its 24th week at No. 1 on the charts.  
 Fantasy Island was about to premiere  
 on the ABC network and Ted Bundy was  
 commencing his final killing spree;  
 taking two Florida coeds in one night.

We push in on the rooftop of an Avenue C Tenement.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 Now, in Lower Manhattan another fiend  
 was at work. He was born Dagoberto  
 Rojas, but those who survived to speak  
 his name, knew him as Superman.

THE ROOFTOP OF A TENEMENT - AVENUE C - CONTINUOUS

Eddie lies on his belly, staring down (through a Night Scope) at an old Landmark BROWNSTONE across the street. Decrepit. Abandoned. It's a piss numbing, sub-zero night down in Alphabet City. Just then:

A VAN PULLS UP down below. Headlights go out; the door opens.

Out come TWO GASOLINE CANS, followed by SUPERMAN; a mid 30's Latino who looks like the evil twin of Antonio Banderas.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 I'd been tracking him now for months as  
 he wreaked havoc across the Lower East  
 Side; lighting fires and smashing  
 boilers. Landlords would hire this  
 psychopath to clean out their rent  
 controlled buildings and Superman would  
 work it like he was the goddamn Orkin  
 man, burning out rats.

ANGLE SUPERMAN as Eddie follows him with the night scope. He moves to A VACANT LOT to the left of the brownstone. Moving through the rubble. Needles crunch under his feet as he passes:

THE ABANDONED BROWNSTONE. He stops and looks up. All of the windows have been covered with tin.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 I'd spent six years in a ladder  
 company. Another four in Midtown  
 Rescue and in one out of every five  
 fires I'd smell an accelerant: kerosene,  
 naphthlene... sterno... white gas.  
 (angle Superman's cans)

He passes rancid MATTRESSES in the lot. Beds where the junkies sleep on hot summer nights. Only tonight it's freezing and Rojas almost slips with the gas cans on a patch of ice as he moves to the back and kicks in the tin on A BASEMENT WINDOW while:

Eddie moves down the stairs of the building across the street and starts to follow him.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 After gunfire, arson was the leading  
 cause of homicide in New York...  
 (angle Eddie watching)

EDDIE (V.O.) CONT'D  
 I got tired of pulling the bodies out  
 and decided to do something about it.  
 So I transferred to Manhattan Base to  
 work as a catching Fire Marshal.

INT. BASEMENT BOILER ROOM

As Rojas flicks on a light and makes his way to the boiler room.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 Superman was the Number One unde-  
 feated torch in The City. The Mozart  
 of First Degree burns. Twenty-two  
 fires; seven deaths and nobody could  
 get near the fuck... 'Til tonight...

EXT. AVENUE C

Eddie exits and starts crossing to the brownstone. He pulls out a  
 Handie-Talkie clipped to his turnout coat and transmits.

EDDIE  
 (whispering)  
 Squad four-eight to four-one.

INTERCUT:

EXT. THE CORNER OF AVENUE A & HOUSTON

Where Kivlihan paces in front of 16 Engine & 5 Truck.  
 Thirteen firefighters and a half dozen cops waiting for the word.

KIVLIHAN  
 (shivering)  
 It's fuckin' five below. You got him  
 Burke?

EDDIE  
 Yeah and it's gasoline again which  
 means a quick in and out.

KIVLIHAN  
 (defiant)  
 So what?

EDDIE  
 I asked for two blocks. You're five  
 minutes away.

KIVLIHAN  
 Who gives a shit? The place is  
 unoccupied.

EDDIE  
 A lot of crackheads use the buildings  
 down here.

KIVLIHAN  
 Look asshole. You got two pieces of  
 apparatus and they're on the clock.  
 Now you gonna do this or not?

Eddie shakes his head as he moves through the lot toward the back of the brownstone.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 Kivie was a goddamn traitor. A light-duty firefighter who'd gone out on a medical his first year in an engine company. He'd joined the NYPD and ass-kissed his way to a Captain's shield.  
 (on the radio)  
 Just be there.

Eddie punches out. He looks at the rusted FIRE ESCAPE then reaches up with the Halligan (forcible entry) tool and pulls down on the ladder.

INT. BOILER ROOM

Superman quickly goes to work. He moves to the OIL STORAGE TANK and taps it, smiling. 3/4's full. With the flashlight in his teeth, he finds an old plastic GARBAGE CAN and moves it next to the tank. He lines the bottom of the can with

TERMITE GRENADES.

Then he pulls out A 50 GALLON GLAD BAG and pushes it into the can, taping the mouth of the open bag around the rim. He opens THE 25 GALLON CANS and fills the bag with gasoline as:

EXT. THE BROWNSTONE FIRE ESCAPE

Eddie moves up the rusted fire escape toward the roof. When he gets to the top, he's about to pull himself over when: SNAP...

A rusted bolt sheers and the fire escape pulls away from the brick.

EDDIE  
 Jesus...

DOWN BELOW

Superman stops cold. Flicks off the flash. He moves out into the hall and cocks his head, listening like a predatory beast. A beat, then he flicks on the flash as A RAT scurries across the floor.

SUPERMAN  
 (smiling)  
 El raton...

UP ABOVE

Eddie pulls himself over the roof coping, hyperventilating. He stares up at THE TRADE CENTER TOWERS. Then, gets up and moves to:

THE BULKHEAD DOOR leading to the top floor of the brownstone as...

INT. BOILER ROOM

Superman pulls out a 12 volt battery. There's an EXTENSION cord wired to one contact and it's plugged into a HOUSE TIMER. The kind people use to try and fool the home invaders when they take a trip.

Another cord runs out the opposite side of the timer as Rojas takes A PEARL HANDLED STILETTO and strips away the end.

He twists the exposed ends of the wire into a "pig's tail" and tapes it directly over the garbage bag full of gas. Meanwhile...

ON THE ROOF

Eddie inserts the Halligan tool in the bulkhead door. He's about to pop it, when suddenly, HE SEES SMOKE.

EDDIE

Christ.  
(jumps on the two-way)  
Four-eight to four-one. There's  
somebody in the building.

INTERCUT:

EXT. AVENUE A & HOUSTON

Kivlihan, impatient, clicks back.

KIVLIHAN

No shit. The fuckin' torch.

EDDIE

No. I mean somebody's on one of the  
floors. A civilian. There's smoke,  
like from a cooking fire, coming out  
of a chimney.

KIVLIHAN

So maybe the maggot decided to have a  
fuckin' burrito before he blew it.

EDDIE

Unh uh. I'm going down to see.

KIVLIHAN

That's a negative, Burke. Hit the  
basement. You hear me?

Eddie smiles. Taps the TRANSMIT BUTTON. Just static.

EDDIE

You're breakin' up...

He punches out and pops the door when suddenly...

DOWN BELOW

Superman stops. Now he's sure he's heard a noise. He sets the timer for four minutes. Plenty of time to get out as...

INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING

Eddie moves down through THE DARKENED HALLWAY until he comes to a door. There's A LINE OF LIGHT underneath. He turns the knob and inches it open.

EDDIE

Christ.

INT. DESERTED ROOM

A FIRE smolders in a rusted 55 gallon drum. Across the top there's a piece of CHICKEN burned to a crisp on a crude spit and below that:

A WOMAN lying on her side.

Black. Early 20's. Eyes open. Tongue out. CRACK PIPE beside her. An O.D. Eddie moves over and touches her for a pulse. She's stiff as a board.

EDDIE

Jeezuz...

He pulls away, about to take off, then SEES SOMETHING MOVE under an old blanket. He grabs the Halligan tool, figuring it for a rat; pulls the blanket away to smash it and realizes that it's...

AN INFANT.

EDDIE

Oh God...

A baby girl lying in pink, urine-soaked "feety" pajamas. She's turning blue from the cold.

EDDIE

(jumping on the two-way)  
Burke to four-one. There's one DOA  
and one living... A little baby...  
Can't be more than three months.

EXT. AVENUE A & HOUSTON

KIVLIHAN

Leave it. Get down to the basement.  
I'll have EMS there in five.

EDDIE

Christ, Kivie no. If it blows...

KIVLIHAN

He won't risk it. He's got to get out  
of there first.

EDDIE

But the kid's gonna freeze to dea--

KIVLIHAN

(cutting him off)  
That's an order, Burke. Now do it!

Eddie hesitates. The tiny baby is trembling now. The Fire Marshal looks down below toward the basement, then.

EDDIE

Aw hell...  
(whispers to the baby)  
I won't tell him if you don't.

He rips open his Nomex turnout coat and SHOVES THE BABY INSIDE. Then he pushes out onto...

INT. THE STAIRWELL

Racing down the stairs, taking them two at a time while...

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Superman is about to exit the way he came in. But he stops... Hears Eddie coming toward him, so he runs back into the boiler room.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
I knew I had to get down there. Rojas always used timers with gasoline.

We pan across the wires from the timer and come to the "pig's tail" over the bag of gasoline.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
When the timer clicked, it would send a charge to the pig's tail that would short out, spark, and ignite the gas fumes. There was enough oil in the boiler to take down half the block.

Rojas sets the timer for TWO MINUTES now as...

Eddie races down the stairs. He turns with the baby, about to jump onto the first floor landing when...

EDDIE  
Mother of Christ.

He reaches out into NOTHINGNESS. The stairwell stops.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
Scavengers had come into the building and taken out the entire first floor wrought-iron stairwell.

THE TIMER ticks away in the basement as Rojas starts to dart into the hallway. Then, as he pans his FLASH...

UP ABOVE

Eddie sees the light through a four-foot hole on the first floor where the scavengers chopped away at the railing. He thinks fast. Pulls the life line off his shoulder and SNAPS the carabiner onto a wrought-iron second floor rung.

EDDIE  
(whispering to the baby)  
Hang on, honey.

Now, with his right arm around the baby, he SLIDES DOWN, past the first floor, through the hole and then BOOOM onto...

INT. THE BASEMENT FLOOR

Cutting off Rojas' exit. Superman stops; ducks into the shadows as:

Eddie draws his Beretta and moves down the darkened hallway.

Now 10 feet from the boiler room he hears the TICK, TICK, of the timer. He looks left, right, searching through the dark. Then sees it...

POV: THE FLASH OF SILVER as Rojas pulls out THE STILETTO.

Eddie points the 92 FS at the shadow and cocks it.

EDDIE  
Allright asshole. Come the fuck out where  
I can see you.

SUPERMAN  
(heavy Dominican accent)  
Fuck you, maricon. You got a minute to go.

Eddie looks over toward the TIMER which is ticking down with less than sixty seconds. Suddenly, he hears: SIRENS

EDDIE  
(smiles)  
That's good. You can try and get past  
me or go up the front stairs and meet  
the guys from Five Truck coming in.  
(to the baby)  
Whatd'ya think hon? If he goes up,  
Dag here's gonna get a proctology exam  
with a Halligan tool.

Rojas hesitates. Thinks it over. The timer TICK, TICKS, then.

SUPERMAN  
Fuck you and fuck your mother.

And with that, he darts out through the dark toward the front of the basement with Eddie giving chase, drawing the baby to his chest as he races after the Dominican psychopath.

Superman is almost at the foot of the stairwell going up to the front door, when Eddie lunges forward and throws out:

THE HALLIGAN TOOL... spinning butt-over-head through the dark until it make contact with SUPERMAN'S SKULL and he goes down.

Eddie lunges forward, about to pull out the cuffs when:

THE BABY CRIES: The Fire Marshal looks down at the child for a second, and suddenly...

Superman SLASHES OUT WITH THE KNIFE.

EDDIE  
Jesus. Christ.

Eddie drops in agony. Rojas has cut a six-inch slice in his thigh.

SUPERMAN  
Fuck you, maricon. You could've had  
me but you stopped for some kid that  
was dead before it was fuckin' born.  
You deserve to blow.

He grabs THE BERETTA, jams it against Eddie's head and pulls the trigger but: IT JAMS. He tries to free the round, when he hears:

THE SIRENS getting closer. So he drops the gun and BURIES THE KNIFE in EDDIE'S THIGH, pushing past him up the stairs.

Eddie is almost in shock from the pain now. The stiletto is buried halfway to the hilt. But the baby is crying and

THE TIMER is ticking down with less than 30 seconds to go.

EDDIE  
 (hugging the baby)  
 Stay with me hon... You are not gonna  
 die in this building.

With all his strength, Eddie pulls himself up by the stair railing.  
 The baby is bawling; blood pours from the thigh wound as:

THE TIMER ticks down... twenty seconds.

EDDIE  
 You're gonna grow up and become a  
 lawyer or a heart surgeon - something  
 that pays well.  
 (crawling to the window)  
 You're gonna get married, have kids and  
 none of 'em are gonna play with matches.  
 (feeling pain)  
 Arrrrrghhhhh!

The baby bawls crying as:

INT. FIRST FLOOR.

Eddie gets to A WINDOW. He KICKS OUT THE TIN with his good leg  
 and looks down POV: It's 20 feet down to the lot next door.

THE TIMER keeps ticking down... fifteen seconds as:

EXT. BROWNSTONE

Rojas scurries out through the dark and escapes, just before:

A RESCUE UNIT

screeches into the lot. They shine their lights up at the building  
 as: Eddie climbs onto the window ledge.

EDDIE  
 (to the baby)  
 Hang on, honey...  
 (looks down at THE MATTRESSES  
 in the lot below and yells)  
 Get back... it's about to blo--

And with that: THE TIMER CLICKS

The circuit is made  
 The line shorts out  
 The sparks flash and  
 The gas fumes ignite:

Blowing Eddie Burke, arms across his chest to swaddle the infant,  
 out the window and down 20 feet to the mattresses as...

THE RESCUE TEAM rocks backs from the blast and  
 THE BROWNSTONE erupts in flames.

DISSOLVE TO:



THE BLAST AFTERMATH - LATER - NIGHT

Two ladders hose down the smoldering blaze as A MEDIA MOB is held back behind police lines and Eddie wakes up on a RESCUE gurney. Fire Marshal BOBBY VASQUEZ (late 20's) comes up to him; cocks his head toward the T.V. trucks.

BOBBY  
Christ. They're all here. Pix. Seven.  
Channel Two. Everybody wants a piece of  
that Fire Marshal, saved the baby girl.  
Fuckin' hero. You know the guy?

EDDIE  
(smiles; shaky)  
How is she?

BOBBY  
ICU over at Bellevue. Hypothermic;  
lotta jaundice, but she'll make it.  
(holds up the stiletto)  
Down to the fuckin' femur. This is  
definitely gonna affect your golf game.

Just then Kivlihan, the rat-faced NYPD cop, pushes in, irate.

KIVLIHAN  
Goddamn you Burke. There's a chain of  
command here.

BOBBY  
Hey Kivie. Lighten up. He oughta get  
the Bennett Medal for this.

KIVLIHAN  
What he's gonna get is a goddamn writeup  
with IAD... Fuckin' Landmark building.  
Six alarms. Half the fuckin' block almost  
blew.  
(to Eddie)  
He was your collar asshole, but this show  
belongs to NYPD...

BOBBY  
What was he gonna do? There was a kid...

KIVLIHAN  
What? The crack baby? He shoulda done it  
a favor...

Just then Eddie pushes himself up on his good leg. He grits his teeth from the pain. The morphine's just kicking in.

EDDIE  
My old man knew you Kivie. Word was, you  
had your nose so far up your C.O.'s ass  
that if he'd stopped short, you'da been  
lickin' his balls.

Kivlihan lunges at Eddie and throws a RIGHT HOOK, but Burke ducks and comes up with a LEFT CROSS. There's: A CRACK and Kivie goes down.

THE MEDIA MOB pushes through the police lines. Video cameras slam into each other. Frezzis ignite as they all rush into the lot. KIVIE'S HOLDING HIS BROKEN JAW as: THE CAMERAS MOVE IN.

CAMERAMAN

Jesus. What the hell happened?

All eyes turn to Eddie who's leaning against the gurney. Bobby turns to the half dozen FIREFIGHTERS behind Eddie; then nods.

BOBBY

Captain here. Tripped on some rubble.

Off Kivlihan struggle to talk. Everybody turns toward the pair of UNIFORMED COPS behind Kivie. They know what kind of an asshole he is. There's a beat as we wait for their verdict, then.

UNIFORMED COP

That's a... That's how it happened.

The firefighters let out a WAR WHOOP. Throw their arms around Eddie.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Like I said. No love lost. But Kivie was long overdue. I did get the Bennett medal and six weeks suspension. But that didn't matter, 'cause Superman was still out there.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION. NEW YORK. - LATE NIGHT.

Arc light flashes from the electrified Third Rail as a South-bound IRT train roars through this abandoned station at 91st and Broadway and we go: CLOSE ON AN OVERHEAD PIPE.

SUPER

New Year's Morning 1978

The train full of REVELERS rattles down toward Times Square and the big canvas-wrapped pipe shakes for the two-millionth time. Then, finally... it begins to LEAK.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Everybody's got something to hide. The high school dope bust; the little tryst at the office party with the boss's wife... For most people it's a cheat on their income tax. For others, it's murder...

The drops get bigger and more frequent. A tear in the canvas insulation becomes A RIP and then, in the bg, we hear the sound of:

TWO PEOPLE FORNICATING.

BOY

Gonna show you my lovestick...

GIRL

Ooo Darnell... You the best.

We widen to see DARNELL GREEN, a 15 year old Black kid, banging his girlfriend SONIA CRUZ in a corner of the station.

They've come in from an open grate in the sidewalk above.

His pants are down. She's wrapped her spike-heeled legs around him and he's pounding her against the cold wall.

DARNELL  
Say it's good baby. I wanna hear  
you. Say it's good.

SONIA  
Hay que bueno, Darnell. El mejor...

As the water from the pipe covers them, their passion builds. The drops get bigger and THE SOUND of the fucking gets louder and louder until finally, the pipe bursts and DARNELL and SONIA reach climax.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME SCENE - LATER NIGHT.

CLOSE ON THE PIPE as A CLEANUP CREW hits a floodlight.

CREWMAN #1  
Christ it's a fuckin' hemorrhage.

We widen to discover: TWO CREWMEN up on a scaffold, while: a Third CREWMAN waits down below shining the light just under the pipe.

CREWMAN #2  
(checking blueprints)  
Goddamn ten-inch main. Haven't used  
that kinda stock since the Fifties.

CREWMAN #3  
Gotta get the fuckin' canvas off  
before we can get to the break.

CREWMAN #1  
(to Crewman #3)  
Throw me a box cutter.

Crewman #3 bends over a tool box and pulls out a box-cutter which he flips up to CREWMAN #1 on the scaffold. Just then:

The IRT LOCAL roars by and the station lights up.

CREWMAN #1 makes a long slit in the canvas insulation near the break. the noise of the train builds and the light in the station flickers on and off like a strobe. Finally, CREWMAN #1 finishes his incision and pulls away at the canvas revealing:

CREWMAN #1  
Unfuckin' real. Look at this...

THAT EXTRAORDINARY MURAL OF

The Labor Rally in New York City circa 1938.

Caked in plaster, it was used for pipe insulation and lost all these years in the abandoned subway station.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ART RESTORER'S LOFT. SOHO - A FEW NIGHTS LATER.

TIGHT on a bulletin board where a half dozen news clips have been posted. THE NEW YORK TIMES HEADLINE over one of the pictures reads:

SECTION OF RARE WPA MURAL FOUND  
IN ABANDONED IRT SUBWAY STATION

We pull back to discover ALEX SLOANE,

an attractive early 30's art restorer. She's wearing a smock over a black velour catsuit and five-inch heels; dressed for a night on the town as she dusts the mural with brushes.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Alex Sloane restored paintings. One of the best in Soho. But lately, life had been hard. She'd just broken up with her boy friend. A retro Johnny Rotten wannabe who made love with his fists.

We pan across photos on the wall with Alex and PHILIPPE DUPLASS, a punked out French rocker.

EDDIE (V.O.)

That was all over. She'd gotten a restraining order against him, and now that she had the mural job Alex was sure her luck was about to change...

Alex has the old canvas stretched out on a frame. It's still covered in insulation plaster and she's beginning the painstaking process of bringing it back to life, when suddenly:

A DARK FIGURE

makes his way into the loft. He hides in a corner, waiting for Alex to leave. Just then: A PHONE RINGS and she picks up.

ALEX

Hi Jen. Yeah. Just finishing up.

(beat)

He's gorgeous. I know. You sure he's going to be there?

(beat)

O.K. but if Philippe finds out I even looked at another guy, I'm dead.

(beat)

Better not. 6:30 Spring Street Bar.

ALEX hangs up and moves to a table lined with the tools of her trade: a half dozen vials of:

PAINT REMOVER; brushes & knives. She drops the brush in a jar marked AB-57 SOLVENT, then pulls cheese-cloth over the mural. She goes to a MIRROR, checks her face, grabs her purse and hits the lights.

Stabbing at THE ELEVATOR call button. A BELL goes off down on...

INT. THE ELEVATOR.

Parked four floors below. RAPHAEL, a Black body builder with a ruby in his ear, is loading a pair of canvases on board as:

UP ABOVE:

Alex pulls the metal elevator gate open and calls down to him.

ALEX  
Raphael. Send it up, will you?

He drops one of the canvases and looks up.

RAPHAEL  
I gotta get these out for a show Babe.  
Figure another ten minutes.

Alex checks her watch; worried about being late.

ALEX  
Come on Raffie. I've got a date.

RAPHAEL  
What the hell's wrong with the stairs?

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

As ALEX pushes through a large fire door onto the metal stairwell that surrounds the caged elevator shaft.

ALEX  
(down to Raphael)  
I'm twelve floors up and I'm awful  
in heels. That's what's wrong.

INT. SOHO LOFT.

The fire door slams shut and THE DARK FIGURE comes out of the shadows. Could it be Philippe? We still can't see his face as he touches the canvas with SURGICAL GLOVES. We can just make out a section of the mural labor rally. There are three figures in the foreground...

THE PILOT, THE NURSE & THE STEVEDORE.

The canvas is so badly damaged, none of the faces are visible. Behind them we see THE CROWD of workers; clenched fists and RED FLAGS.

INT. STAIRWELL

As Alex rounds the eighth floor landing, Raphael opens the FIRE DOOR from his floor and smiles.

RAPHAEL  
All right take it. Just tell that  
French shithead you date, to stop  
pissing in my stairwell.

ALEX  
He's history. It's over... Got a  
blind date tonight. Wish me luck.

Alex smiles. She gives Rafael a peck on the cheek and gets into the ELEVATOR. She stabs at the DOWN BUTTON. The elevator motor roars up above and then... The car starts TO RISE.

ALEX  
Damn it...

RAPHAEL  
 You pushed the Up button Babe...  
 Gotta go up before you go down. And  
 speaking of going down, who's the  
 date?

ALEX  
 (smiles; coyly)  
 Wouldn't you like to know...

ALEX disappears as THE ELEVATOR moves up out of frame and Raphael slams the cage door. Meanwhile, up above:

INT. SOHO LOFT.

THE DARK FIGURE takes a can of LIGHTER FLUID out of his coat and begins spraying it over the mural as we:

INTERCUT:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

THE ELEVATOR with ALEX rises past the 10th floor while...

THE DARK FIGURE saturates the old canvas with fluid.

THE ELEVATOR moves up past the 11th floor now and...

The Dark Figure takes out A GOLD DUNHILL LIGHTER. He flicks it on, then touches the flame to the canvas, whereupon...

THE ELEVATOR hits the 12th floor and...

ALEX flings open the metal cage door, horrified to discover:

THE MURAL IN FLAMES.

The labor rally is an inferno. The faces of the THREE WORKERS have been charred beyond recognition.

ALEX rushes from the elevator, screaming at the DARK FIGURE.

ALEX  
 Goddamn you... No!

She grabs A FIRE EXTINGUISHER, but before she can get to the mural: THE DARK FIGURE pulls her away and slams her savagely against a brick wall. She hits her head and goes down. The Figure checks for a pulse.

SHE'S DEAD.

Suddenly: Raphael calls out from below:

RAPHAEL  
 Alex? Alex you all right?

THE ELEVATOR motor engages as the car starts to go down.

POV DARK FIGURE: He looks from THE ELEVATOR to ALEX'S BODY and then to: A WINDOW with A FIRE ESCAPE.

INT. ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER.

RAPHAEL covers his face from the heat & smoke taking THE ELEVATOR back up to 12. When it stops, he rushes into...

INT. SOHO LOFT - CONTINUOUS

THE MURAL IS CHARRED BEYOND RECOGNITION as Raphael pushes through the smoke. He sees ALEX'S BODY.

RAPHAEL  
Sonovabitch. Alex? ALEX...

He feels along the wall, then he finds A FIRE ALARM. Hits the button. A bell sounds and the overhead sprinklers fill the loft.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO LOFT BUILDING - LATER - NIGHT.

The Crime Scene Aftermath. Assorted late 70's Green & Black patrol units, flashing lights and THE MEDIA MOB behind yellow police lines as... the ME's boys carry out ALEX'S BODY. Just then...

AN UNMARKED FORD with a SIGNAL STATE 381 "Kojak Bubble" on the roof pulls up to the scene. Eddie gets out. He's got a two-day beard and he looks like he slept in his suit.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
It was my first night back after the suspension. I'd celebrated with Jameson over Guinness. I was in a glorious mood.

Eddie walks up to A PAIR OF NYPD UNIFORMS at the door.

UNIFORM #1  
Sorry. Crime scene.

EDDIE  
(friendly)  
I know... I'm workin' it.

UNIFORM #2  
(sniffs his breath)  
Where'd you log in? A fuckin' gin mill?

Eddie decides to try humor.

EDDIE  
Come on Officer... Kelly  
(eyes the cop's nametag)  
You know why God invented alcohol?

UNIFORM #1  
(nasty)  
Unh uh.

EDDIE  
To keep us Irish from taking over the world.

Eddie winks at him and tries to pass, but the cop blocks his way.

UNIFORM #2  
Wait by the curb. When Crime Scene's finished, you can go up.

EDDIE  
(pissed now)  
Look, I said I was working this.

Pulls out ID & a badge that says: FIRE MARSHAL FIRE DEPT. NEW YORK.

UNIFORM #1  
(checks his I.D.)  
Eddie Burke.  
(looks him over)  
You're not Eddie Burke. You'll NEVER be Eddie Burke. Besides. Fire shields don't mean dick here.

EDDIE  
Is that right?

Suddenly, he grabs Uniform #1 by the balls.

EDDIE  
You know if I had one between my legs as small as yours, I'd be careful how I used the word "dick."

THE UNIFORM takes a swing, but Eddie grabs his fist and spins him around, slamming him against the loft building. A brawl is about to ensue when:

A DETECTIVE named JELKE appears. He moves in to break it up.

DET. JELKE  
Hey. Cut the shit...

UNIFORM #1  
But Cap he just...

DET. JELKE  
What? Threatened your manhood?  
Look. There was a fire. Little Eddie here's gotta go through the motions.

EDDIE gives the UNIFORM the under-the-chin Sicilian gesture for "fuck you" as he pushes past him inside....

INT. LOFT BUILDING LOBBY

Where he paces, waiting for the freight elevator. Across the hallway, a pair of DETECTIVES eye him and trade comments. One nods to the other as if to ask "What was that all about?"

DETECTIVE #1  
His old man was Chief of Detectives.

Just then, DETECTIVE #1 gets in Eddie's face.

DETECTIVE #2  
What the fuck are you doin' Red?

Eddie looks like he's going to pole ax him, when just then: THE ELEVATOR arrives. The gate is thrown back and out walks...



## A STUNNING BLONDE

in a leather skirt and silk blouse. Tall, glamorous, in four inch heels. The kind of woman men commit murder for. She stops and burns a look into Eddie. Then she moves out onto the cast iron steps.

EXT. SOHO LOFT BUILDING.

DET. JELKE  
(to the blonde)  
Thanks for your help, Doctor Drexel.  
One of my cars'll take you uptown.

Doing his best to keep his jaw from dropping, Eddie watches as the blonde clicks down the steps and gets into a PATROL UNIT. A beat and she turns to look back at EDDIE. Then the Unit roars off.

INT. SOHO LOFT - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT.

Eddie examines the jars of paint thinner and solvent on ALEX'S work table. He eyes the jar of AB-57 SOLVENT; then he squats down near the burnt-out mural and pulls out a pair of hemostat tweezers.

He picks up an inch-square section of the mural; opens a PINT SIZED PAINT CAN with a red EVIDENCE LABEL and drops the canvas inside.

DET. JELKE  
(behind him)  
You're wasting your time.

EDDIE  
(standing up)  
That right?

DET. JELKE  
Yup. It was homicide. Intent to kill.

EDDIE  
Unh uh. Try Arson One with a  
manslaughter chaser.  
(pushing past him)  
The place stinks of accelerant.

He starts to move through the loft but JELKE stops him.

DET. JELKE  
Look Burke. You can pick up all the  
little pieces of dirt you want, but  
this case is done. We ID'd the perp.

He walks to a bedroom area in the corner of the loft. In a drawer by the bed, he picks up a handful of snapshots showing ALEX (in a dog collar) with Philippe. He's burying his Satanic tongue in her ear..

DET. JELKE  
The boyfriend. One Philippe  
Duplass. Would-be punk rocker and  
dope fiend. The Black guy  
downstairs said he'd come up here  
every other night and knock the  
shit out of her. She' got an Order  
of Protection with the Two-Four.

EDDIE  
Yeah? So why the fire?

DET. JELKE  
 You kiddin? She breaks it off. The fuck  
 comes back and they fight. He slams her  
 against the wall; cracks her skull and  
 sets the fire to cover. Case closed.

Just then: DETECTIVE #1 rushes up to JELKE with a Motorola two-way.

DETECTIVE  
 We got him Captain... Rooftop, two  
 blocks away on Canal.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL STREET. - NIGHT.

Eddie rushes to the scene on foot as: Jelke pulls up in a patrol  
 unit and search lights pan the top of the building.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP.

Philippe crouches behind a standpipe, shivering. From that the angle  
 THE DARK FIGURE was shot from, it could be the same man.

EXT. CANAL STREET.

DET. JELKE  
 (down below with a bullhorn)  
 It's finished kid. Stand down.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Philippe snorts a line of coke off the back of his hand, when  
 suddenly...

A ROOFTOP DOOR FLIES OPEN and TWO UNIFORMS rush out, followed by the  
 TWO DETECTIVES who tangled with Eddie. Philippe gets up and takes off  
 across the roof like a shot.

THE POLICE draw their guns and give chase as...

Philippe comes to the edge and drops down half-a-story to...

AN ADJOINING ROOF

Where he does a broken field run across the asphalt surface.  
 THE POLICE are 20 yards behind him when one of THE UNIFORMS fires:

THE SHOT fractures a brick chimney just above Philippe's head. He  
 stumbles, then gets up and rushes to the edge of the roof.

EXT. CANAL STREET.

The search lights show Philippe balanced on the sheet metal ledge.  
 He's staring at a lower roof, ten feet across AN ALLEY.

WITH THE POLICE gaining on him, Philippe runs back to give himself  
 distance, then jumps off the ROOF. He's halfway across the alley

WHEN THE DETECTIVE FIRES... The shot catches Philippe's shoulder and  
 slams him forward against THE LEDGE of the next building. He clings  
 for a beat; then makes one more stab at a piece of ornamental coping  
 on the ledge, but the rusty sheet metal gives way and he goes...

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, six stories to his death.

EXT. CANAL STREET. - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE runs over to the body followed by Jelke. The dead Philippe Duplass stares up at them bug-eyed.. a pool of blood under his head.

DET. JELKE  
(to Eddie)  
Like I told you. Case closed.

EDDIE stares at the corpse -- still not convinced.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - NIGHT

Moving down The East River toward The Brooklyn Bridge. Five million lights twinkle in Lower Manhattan.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
There's a pecking order in this City,  
and the Blues have always come first.

INT. EDDIE'S FORD

Heading up 1st Ave. toward 13th with the red strobe light flashing.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
I'm not complaining. But it's comical.  
We don't even have our own lab to  
analyze volatiles. When we leave a  
fire scene, we have to haul our asses  
up to The 6th Precinct on 13th Street.

Eddie screeches to a stop in a space that says: NYPD ONLY. He gets out and moves inside past A DOZEN UNIFORMS.

INT. POLICE LAB. - NIGHT.

CLOSE ON a gas spectrum chromatograph, the machine arson investigators use to analyze the incendiary liquids that start fires.

EDDIE waits for the print-out with a lovable, but hard-bitten lab tech named AGGIE STEIN (late 50's).

EDDIE (V.O.)  
The only thing good about it is  
Aggie Stein. A lab tech who's been  
here forever. Her late husband Saul  
was a fire Captain and she can smell  
an accelerant eight blocks away.

AGGIE  
(turns to Eddie)  
You look like shit tonight.

EDDIE  
Sorry. I missed the session today with  
my personal trainer.

AGGIE  
Yeah. Right. I can just see you at  
Gold's fucking gym.

EDDIE  
 Hey. Check it out.  
 (opens his jacket)  
 Still got a 34 waist.

AGGIE  
 On Guinness and corned beef subs?

EDDIE  
 God gave me a high metabolism.

AGGIE  
 He shoulda given you a Norelco.  
 When's the last time you shaved?

EDDIE  
 I've been up for two days...

AGGIE  
 So go home.

EDDIE  
 So give me the printout.

When the printout spews forth, AGGIE reads it and nods.

AGGIE  
 Jeezus. You were right, Kid. Sixty  
 per cent dimethyl-bromide.

EDDIE flashes the killer smile, then nuzzles her on the neck.

EDDIE  
 I'm gonna have your children.

AGGIE  
 You're a little late, Hon.

She rips off a copy of THE PRINT OUT and hands it to him. Eddie blows her another kiss and exits into:

INT. SIXTH PRECINCT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Past a half dozen NYPD uniforms who eye him warily. He's just about to exit, when the elevator opens and CAPT. KIVLIHAN walks out. His jaw is still partially wired...

KIVLIHAN  
 Where the fuck you goin'?

EDDIE  
 I'm working the Soho arson.

KIVLIHAN  
 Unh uh. It's dead.

EDDIE  
 No way. I got six-o worth of foreign  
 volatiles on the sample.

KIVLIHAN  
 And NYPD's got a suspect with motive  
 who died in flight.

EDDIE

You don't get it. It was the mural.  
Somebody wanted it--

KIVLIHAN

Negative. I called your C.O. He's got  
a half dozen open burns right now...  
Garment District factory fire;  
tenement torch in Washington Heights.  
Not to mention Rojas.

EDDIE

I've got Bobby on that. Landlord of the  
Avenue C brownstone owns a hotel in  
Midtown. We think he's hiding out

KIVLIHAN

(flips him the middle finger)  
Yeah. Well hide this: You're Eddie  
Burke Junior, FDNY. You're not a  
homicide cop. You got a problem with  
that, go back to The Academy. Go see  
the Department shrink. Maybe chal-  
lenge the Old Man to a bar fight.

EDDIE

Listen Kivie...

KIVLIHAN

No. This case is done! End of story.

He storms out. Eddie starts to go after him, when suddenly:  
Aggie steps in front of him.

AGGIE

Don't do it.

EDDIE

Why not?

AGGIE

Cause he's only got one jaw to break and  
if you take another suspension I won't  
have anybody left around here to insult.

Eddie paces, trying to calm down. Then...

EDDIE

Let me ask you something. When Kivie  
eats his Wheaties in the morning, you  
think they get caught in those wires?

AGGIE

Go home Eddie.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S FORD - THE NEXT DAY.

Same suit. Still unshaven. He's on his way up Broadway when the TWO-WAY crackles.

RADIO  
Base to Burke.

EDDIE  
(picking up)  
Yeah, Bobby.

INTERCUT:

INT. BULL PEN - MANHATTAN BASE

Fire Marshal Bobby Vasquez is at the Radio "Board."

VASQUEZ  
The C.O. wants your location.

EDDIE  
(looks around)  
Broadway and One-One-Six. By Columbia.  
Any more on Superman?

VASQUEZ  
Got a snitch in a hotel on 47th.  
I'm gonna run uptown later and show  
him Rojas' picture.

EDDIE  
I'll go with you.

Just then, TOM MORAN, (mid 50's; Eddie's Commanding Officer) yells to Vasquez from across the BULL PEN.

VASQUEZ  
The Captain says he wants you to call  
in when you get to the Heights.

EDDIE  
Why doesn't he just jerk my leash?

He punches out on the two-way and turns on the CAR RADIO.

RADIO (ANCHOR)  
...WINS with all news all the time...  
Our top story this morning: police say  
the perpetrator of that brutal Soho-  
arson murder is now dead. Meanwhile, a  
police consultant says the mural  
burned in the fire appears to be part  
of an exhibit painted for the 1939  
World's Fair.

(Woman's voice)  
The mural had been missing for years.  
Its discovery was a major event in the  
art world. The loss now is beyond  
calculation...

RADIO (ANCHOR)  
That was Professor Caroline Drexel of  
Columbia University...

Eddie jams his foot on the brake and shuts off the radio.

EDDIE

Drexel.

He thinks about it for a beat and then, we cut wide to:

EXT. THE FORD

as Eddie does a squealing U-turn and roars back down Broadway.

CUT TO:

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY.

A 20th Century Art History class is in progress as Eddie slips into the last row of seats above the darkened lecture hall. Dr. Drexel stands down below, narrating slides on the WPA.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

To understand the full impact of the New Deal Art Projects, you have to consider America in the 1930's, caught in the grip of Depression.

(SLIDES show breadlines; men on corners selling apples)  
Fully a third of the country was unemployed. There were breadlines everywhere.

(construction crews building roads; bridges)  
When Roosevelt created the WPA, he put millions back to work building highways, bridges & dams.

(a half dozen WPA artists painting a mural)  
But he also gave jobs to artists. From 1933 to the middle of World War II, thousands of murals, paintings and statues were created for government buildings...

(murals in post offices; train stations; schools)  
Artists like Willem de Kooning and Thomas Hart Benton were paid twenty six dollars a week to produce public works of art.

ANGLE CAROLINE with a slide of the just-discovered MURAL behind her.

CAROLINE

The mural destroyed last night was one half of a two panel diptych commissioned for the Labor Pavilion. It had been missing since 1953.

(the bell rings)  
All right. Next time we'll cover Social Realism. And remember, the bluebook exam's in two weeks.

From the back row, EDDIE can see her clearly now. THE STUNNING BLONDE who walked out of the Soho building. He gets up and calls to her.

EDDIE

Doctor Drexel...

She turns to face him as he walks down the lecture hall. There's a flicker of recognition and then, without a word, she exits the class.

EXT. COLUMBIA QUADRANGLE - MINUTES LATER

It's packed with students changing classes. Caroline, moves quickly through the throng when...

EDDIE overtakes her.

EDDIE  
Can you give me a minute?

CAROLINE  
I'm late for class. I've told the police all I know.

He stops her and flashes his Fire shield.

EDDIE  
I'm not a cop, I'm a fire marshal and there's one thing I don't understand.

CAROLINE  
What's that?

EDDIE  
If that mural was so valuable, how'd it end up in a subway station?

She bites down on her lower lip, deciding whether or not to go on. A flicker of attraction. Eddie in his wrinkled suit and now three-day beard. Finally, she smiles; walking slowly.

CAROLINE  
That is a good question. Marshal...

EDDIE  
Burke. Eddie Burke.

When he pronounces his name he almost hesitates to see if she knows it. She doesn't. That's good. They move on.

CAROLINE  
What do you know about the 1930's?

EDDIE  
They came after the 1920's. Why?

CAROLINE  
(smiles)  
Back then, many of the New Deal Artists were Leftists.

EDDIE  
You mean Commies, don't you?

CAROLINE  
(slightly offended)  
It was the times they lived in. Back then people joined the CPUSA the way students joined SDS in the 60's.

EDDIE  
So?



CAROLINE  
 When the McCarthy era hit in the  
 50's, certain politicians began to  
 see things in the murals...

EDDIE  
 Like what?

CAROLINE  
 Hammers and sickles. Pictures of  
 Lenin and Stalin...  
 (she stops)  
 Thousands of murals were painted over  
 or destroyed. The sculptures were  
 smashed. At one point they literally  
 sold hundreds of canvases for three  
 cents a pound as scrap. Plumbers  
 bought them for insulation.

EDDIE  
 (figuring it out)  
 The pipes in the subwa--

CAROLINE  
 Yes, Mr. Burke. Some of the  
 greatest art of the 20th century,  
 wasted because of The Red Scare.  
 With Soviet Communism crumbling it  
 would be comical if it wasn't so  
 tragic.  
 (pulling away)  
 Now, as I said, I'm late for class.

Eddie watches her go for a beat, then lets her have it.

EDDIE  
 McCarthy died 20 years ago lady. That  
 girl was murdered last night.  
 (She keeps on walking  
 so Eddie goes again)  
 Somebody wanted that mural burned so  
 bad, he was willing to kill for it.

This time, she stops in her tracks and turns to face him.

CAROLINE  
 What are you talking about? The police  
 said there was a lover's quarrel.

EDDIE  
 The police were wrong.

He walks up to her and takes out the lab print out.

EDDIE  
 Bi-methylbromide. Lighter fluid.  
 Whoever torched the mural came in  
 with his own incendiary. He wanted  
 the canvas destroyed. The girl's  
 death was an afterthought.

CAROLINE  
 I don't underst--

EDDIE  
 If the boyfriend had killed her,  
 he could have used any one of  
 a dozen solvents she had hanging  
 around to clean up her brushes.  
 It was arson first, then murder.  
 Not the other way around.

Caroline looks shocked. She turns away from him, but Eddie goes face to face with her.

EDDIE  
 An innocent girl's dead Doc...  
 The killer's still out there.  
 (moves closer)  
 You wanna walk away or you wanna  
 skip a few classes and help me  
 find this guy?

Off Caroline torn...

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN BASE - LAFAYETTE STREET - NIGHT

The camera trucks past a half dozen RED FDNY Suburbans outside Ladder 20, a firehouse in SOHO.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 In Manhattan the Bureau of Fire  
 Investigation was housed on a  
 couple of floors above Ladder 20  
 in Soho.

INT. BULL PEN - MANHATTAN BASE - NIGHT

Eddie stares at Caroline as she goes over B&W stills of the mural after it was found in the subway.

She's matching the stills to a PICTURE of the original mural in a book entitled: A NEW DEAL FOR ART: Murals of the WPA. Caroline's at Eddie's desk. Her skirt is hiked up to her thigh and he catches just the glimpse of a garter. Christ.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 Eastside women like Caroline Drexel  
 didn't come to places like this. She  
 didn't want to be here and I had to use  
 all my charm to convince her to stay.

Uneasy, Caroline pulls out a pack of Gitanes when Eddie stops her.

EDDIE  
 Sorry Doc. No can do.

CAROLINE  
 Terrific.

EDDIE  
 It's not so much that they hate  
 cigarettes around here. It's just that  
 they hate French ones...

He's hoping for a laugh but she turns back to the stills. So Eddie pulls out A PEZ DISPENSER with GOOFY'S HEAD dressed as A FIREFIGHTER.

EDDIE  
I kicked Gitanes with these. Try one.

CAROLINE  
(eyes still on the book)  
You smoked Gitanes?

EDDIE  
Yeah. Dated a stew from Air France for  
awhile.  
(she smirks)  
Sorry. Flight attendant. Plus c'est  
changes, plus c'est la meme chose.

CAROLINE  
The more things change, the more  
they...

EDDIE  
...stay the same. Yeah.

Finally, Caroline looks up at him and makes eye contact.

CAROLINE  
You're rather knowing for a fire--

EDDIE  
Marshal... Yeah. Well, once in awhile  
I read The New Yorker.  
(She eyes him; impressed)  
Don't get me wrong. I don't buy it.  
But they sell it at the package  
store where I buy my Lottery  
tickets.

This time Caroline smiles. She picks up the Pez dispenser and eats  
one. Her lipstick covers Goofy's head. Eddie tries to stay calm.  
Finally, she locates the still.

CAROLINE  
Here it is. The original title was  
Workers Of The World Unite.

Eddie breaks his stare and checks THE BOOK. The small 3" X 5"  
picture shows the two-panel mural hanging in the hall of the Labor  
Pavilion. It's been shot from at least 20 yards back.

With both panels together we can now see THE SIX figures in the  
foreground. On the left there's...

THE PILOT, THE NURSE and THE STEVEDORE

Then, in a second panel on the RIGHT there's...

THE FARMER, THE TEACHER and THE MINER

The mural is so far back in the picture WE CAN'T I.D. FACES.

CAROLINE picks up one of the STILLS and compares a fragment of  
the stevedore's legs to those in THE PICTURE.

CAROLINE  
Here it is... the section found in the  
subway was one half of the diptych.

EDDIE

Diptych. You mentioned that earlier.

CAROLINE

It's a mural represented in two sections.

EDDIE feigns seriousness and studies the PICTURE.

CAROLINE

The original was 10 feet high by 20 feet wide... Most works of that size were frescos, painted directly on walls. But this was a World's Fair commission, designed to be moved in two sections. The canvas that burned last night was the left half.

EDDIE

What about the name of the artist?

CAROLINE

On projects this big, there were usually teams.

CAROLINE goes to another book entitled WPA ARTISTS ROLLS and begins flipping through the pages. Finally:

CAROLINE

Here... The panel was credited to two artists: Julian Krane and Esther Schi...

Suddenly, she stops short. The color just drains from her face.

CAROLINE

Esther Schine.

Caroline hurriedly packs up her books and starts to exit.

EDDIE

What is it? What's wrong?

CAROLINE

Nothing. It's late. I have to go...

Eddie can't understand her quick change in mood.

Caroline pushes past him out of the bull pen and into:

### THE HALLWAY

Where she stabs at the elevator button. Eddie's about to go after her, when suddenly, his boss, Moran steps in front of him.

MORAN

That tenement in Washington Heights. You got there an hour late today.

EDDIE

Traffic on the FDR.

He looks over Moran's shoulder toward Caroline.

MORAN  
Who's the blonde?

EDDIE  
Just a friend.

Moran eyes Eddie's desk. Sees MURAL PHOTOS.

MORAN  
I got three calls on my phone sheet  
from Kivlihan. This better not be  
about that Soho thing.

EDDIE  
Are you serious? Case is closed.

Eddie rushes out to the elevator, but when he gets there, SHE'S GONE.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET - MINUTES LATER. NIGHT.

This stretch of Lafayette south of Spring is deserted now as Caroline tries to hail a cab. We hear THUNDER and then, it starts to RAIN.

CAROLINE  
Taxi...

A cab passes, but it's full. Then, another cab with its light on, switches to Off Duty as it roars by, splashing her.

CAROLINE  
Damn it...

Drenched, Caroline starts to walk north. Suddenly, she turns. In the distance behind her, she notices:

A MAN IN THE DARK.

She picks up the pace. So does THE MAN.

INT. MANHATTAN BASE STAIRWELL

Tired of waiting for the elevator, Eddie blasts out into THE STAIRWELL and starts taking them down two at a time as we:

INTERCUT:

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET

Walking quickly, Caroline looks behind her. The Man breaks into a trot, so she takes off, running. Snap. One of her heels breaks. The rain is pouring down now.

INT. STAIRWELL

Eddie rounds TWO on his way down to the FIRST FLOOR as...

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET

Caroline kicks off her shoes and starts racing toward Broadway but...  
The Man is only 50 feet back and she's terrified as...

A TOWN CAR swerves, barely missing her.

CAROLINE  
Stop. Pleeese!

The car stops and backs up. A DRIVER leans out.

DRIVER  
Where to?

CAROLINE  
Sutton Place.

DRIVER  
Cost you fifty.

CAROLINE  
(looks back eyeing The Man)  
I'll make it a hundred if you run  
that red light.

She opens the door as THE MAN gets within 20 feet, whereupon,

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET

Eddie bursts out of Manhattan Base looking left, right.

POV: He spots Caroline getting into the car just as...

THE MAN ducks into a doorway.

The Town Car screeches off and turns the corner left toward Broadway.

POV: The Man watches as Eddie runs up to the corner looking for her.  
He sees that she's gone, so he heads back toward Manhattan Base.

The Man takes out a cigarette and sets it on fire with

A GOLD DUNHILL LIGHTER.

It's THE DARK FIGURE who burned the mural and killed Alex Sloane.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TAM O'SHANTER BAR - LATER - NIGHT

Eddie's Ford pulls up outside an Irish gin mill on 3rd. Ave. and 97th  
in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. A GREEN SHAMROCK flickers above  
the sign in the window as Eddie exits the car.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
The Tam O'Shanter was a fixture on  
Third Ave. in Bay Ridge. Wedged in  
between an OTB parlor and a Diocesan  
store. This meant that on a Friday  
night you could lose your paycheck,  
get shit-faced and pick up a statue of  
St. Jude without crossing the Street.

EDDIE (V.O.) CONT'D  
 (beat as he hesitates  
 before going in)  
 It was not a place I wanted to be.

INT. THE TAM O'SHANTER BAR -

A cop bar. Decorated with few Air Lingus posters, an Irish flag and a steam table in the back for corned beef sandwiches. No pool table. No dart board, just a drinking bar for OFF DUTY UNIFORMS.

EDDIE walks in from the rain and sits down. He looks wet. Tired. Defeated. The bartender isn't around, so Eddie reaches over the bar into a cooler and pulls out a bottle of Guinness. Just then:

A HAND shoots into frame and grabs his wrist. We widen to see AN OLDER MAN who looks like Eddie. Only he's older

OLDER MAN  
 Christ will you look at this. Fuckin' larceny. I go out for a piss and come back to find this.  
 (playing to the cops)  
 He hasn't paid his tab from the last time he was in.

Eddie reaches into his pocket and throws a twenty on the bar.

EDDIE  
 I knew this was a mistake.

He turns to go. But before he can get out the door, the older man brings the place to a hush as he bellows:

OLDER MAN  
 Little Eddieeee!

Eddie freezes. He's heard those words a thousand times before. He looks up at the ceiling, then at the cops who are eyeing him. Finally, he exhales hard and turns around to face his father...

BIG EDDIE BURKE

Chief of Detectives NYPD, Retired. He's late 60's now but he looks 55. Tall, with Eddie's eyes and a shock of white hair. A legend among New York cops. He walks up and goes face to face with his son.

BIG EDDIE  
 Six months you don't come to see me and all I get's twenty bucks? That's it? No hello Pop? Goodbye? Christ, you don't even ask how I've been.

EDDIE  
 I know how you've been. You're always the same. You're Eddie Burke.

The off duty cops trade looks. Nobody talks to the Chief this way. Not even blood.

BIG EDDIE  
 Why'd you come then? You need money? Mary Rose hit you up for more alimony?

EDDIE  
 No. No it's just...  
 (beat)  
 Christ what's the use?

He starts to go, but his father stops him.

BIG EDDIE  
 What is it, Kid?

EDDIE  
 (grinding his teeth)  
 You had to do this in public right...

BIG EDDIE  
 (looks around)  
 Oh Christ. I'm sorry.

He pulls Eddie into an alcove away from the others.

BIG EDDIE  
 What is it? What's wrong?

EDDIE  
 (looks away from him)  
 Nothing it's just... a case.

A grin crosses Big Eddie's face.

BIG EDDIE  
 Christ. Why the hell didn't you  
 say so?

Eddie has just warmed the cockles of his father's heart. He puts his arm around his son and leads him into his office.

BIG EDDIE  
 (turning to the cops)  
 Chip off the fuckin' block...

CUT TO:

INT. BIG EDDIE'S OFFICE - LATER - NIGHT.

THE CAMERA pans along the walls covered in plaques and framed headlines extolling Big Eddie's exploits: There's a mounted detective's shield that says CHIEF and a yellowed Daily News clip showing Big Eddie's picture with the headline:

KITTY GENOVESE DEAD  
 BURKE VOWS VENGEANCE

A seventy-two point New York Post front page declares:

BURKE STALKS SON OF SAM

There are a dozen B&W shots of police testimonials and "perp walks;" but just ONE PICTURE OF EDDIE JR.. A framed snapshot showing Big Eddie and his son at age 10; in A SKIFF catching Bluefish off Sheepshead Bay. Finally, a three column New York Times piece says:

CHIEF OF DETECTIVES TO RETIRE  
 MOST DECORATED IN NYPD HISTORY



Under all of this, we can just hear EDDIE finishing.

EDDIE  
 ...So when Kivlihan put the brakes on,  
 I wasn't sure what to do.

BIG EDDIE  
 That why you came to me? You want  
 me to fix it with Kivie?

EDDIE looks up at the ceiling. Anger crosses his face.

EDDIE  
 Christ no.

BIG EDDIE  
 Then why?

EDDIE  
 I want to find out if there's any  
 paper on those artists at  
 Headquarters.

BIG EDDIE  
 You want me to pull the files?

Eddie looks away and nods, almost embarrassed that he's had to make the request. Big Eddie laughs.

BIG EDDIE  
 Absolutely, son.

He fills a pair of shot glasses with Jameson.

BIG EDDIE  
 What'd you say their names were?

EDDIE  
 Esther Schine and Julian Krane.

Big Eddie writes the names down on a pad.

BIG EDDIE  
 Schine. That's S C H right?

EDDIE  
 Yeah. And Krane with a K.

BIG EDDIE  
 You'll have 'em tomorrow.  
 (downing the whiskey)  
 Anything to help you get lucky, right?

EDDIE  
 What do you mean?

Big Eddie picks up a copy of The Daily News. There's a picture inside of Caroline Drexel

BIG EDDIE  
 The blonde in the paper. What a piece.

Eddie gets up from his chair.

EDDIE  
Is that why you think I came here?

BIG EDDIE  
Christ no, Kid. I just...

Eddie storms out, as Big Eddie calls to him.

BIG EDDIE  
I'm sorry... Eddie... Christ.

He starts to go after him, then notices the Uniforms watching.  
So Big Eddie holds back as Eddie's Ford roars off.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE DREXEL'S CO-OP APT. - LATER. NIGHT.

Sutton Place. A three bedroom duplex decorated like its owner:  
expensive, with impeccable taste.

SHE'S IN BED NOW, staring at the ceiling. Can't sleep. Finally, she  
goes to the window and looks down. As she opens the curtains, we...

ANGLE THE STREET BELOW

The Man from Lafayette is under a light across Sutton Place.

He's been staring up at her window. When the curtains open, he  
steps into the shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT. - HELL'S KITCHEN - TWO A.M.

Close on a T.V. spewing white noise. We pull back to discover: an  
apartment that exists in marked contrast to the one we've just seen.  
It's the kind of place reserved for recently divorced men and serial  
killers. Full of rented furniture, empty Chinese food containers,  
beer bottles and pizza boxes. We widen further to discover:

EDDIE sleeping fitfully on a pullout couch. Then, suddenly, outside:

Somebody pounds on the door. Eddie wakes up, dazed. He grabs his  
Beretta from the night table and goes to see.

EDDIE  
Who is it?

VOICE (O.C.)  
Father O'Neil. I'm here to go over  
your Latin Kid. A Deum qui laetificat  
juventutem meum.

PEEPHOLE POV: It's Big EDDIE, half lit with a half-empty bottle of  
Jameson. There's a file under his arm.

BIG EDDIE  
You're serving your first mass in two  
weeks and you better be ready...

Eddie undoes the lock and lets him in.

BIG EDDIE  
 (handing him the whiskey)  
 I brought the wine. Thought maybe  
 we'd practice The Offertory.

EDDIE  
 You're drunk Pop.

BIG EDDIE  
 It hasn't been right since they  
 put it in English, you know that?  
 The Mass? It was meant for a language  
 you couldn't understand. The priest  
 with his back to you... Stained-glass  
 windows... Incense... There was  
 mystery then. There was fear.

He slams the bottle down and looks around. It's his first time here.

BIG EDDIE  
 The hell's my son doin' in a shithole  
 like this?

EDDIE  
 It's where I live Pop. I don't need  
 much anymore.

BIG EDDIE  
 Not since the wife ran off with that  
 ortho...what was he?

EDDIE  
 Periodontist.

BIG EDDIE  
 Yeah that tooth fairy. Christ if you  
 hadn't knocked up that little bitch,  
 you'd've made detective by now.

Eddie walks away from him and looks out a window.

EDDIE  
 You still blame Mary Rose for  
 The Academy; don't you?

BIG EDDIE  
 Why the hell not? Two weeks before  
 graduation, you wash out? First in  
 your class? Lead Cadet?

EDDIE  
 I couldn't take it.

BIG EDDIE  
 Bullshit. It's in your blood. You're  
 my son. You coulda been Commissioner.  
 Fuck. You coulda been Mayor.

EDDIE  
 Unh uh. There's only one Eddie Burke.

BIG EDDIE  
 (ignoring him)  
 It wouldn't have been so bad you  
 did something else. Anything else.

EDDIE  
We had a kid on the way. I needed work.

BIG EDDIE  
She lost it anyway... Christ, You took a gun and you pointed it right at my heart, Kid. A goddamn fireman... Shit.

Eddie moves up next to him, inches away from his face.

EDDIE  
Firefighter.

BIG EDDIE  
Sure kid, whatever...

He turns to walk out, tossing down: THE FILE. Eddie picks it up.

EDDIE  
What the hell's this?

BIG EDDIE  
Missing Persons file on that painter.

EDDIE  
Julian Krane?

BIG EDDIE  
Negative. Couldn't find a thing on that bastard... It's the girl.

EDDIE  
Esther Schine?

His father's at the door now.

BIG EDDIE  
Yeah. Too bad Kid. You won't be able to play cop and question her.

He slams the door and exits, but Eddie calls after him.

EDDIE  
Why the hell not?

BIG EDDIE (O.C.)  
(from the hall)  
'Cause she's dead.

Stunned, Eddie rushes to the door and opens up.

EDDIE  
When?

BIG EDDIE  
Nineteen hundred and thirty-eight and guess what?  
(he turns to face his son)  
It was murder.

EDDIE looks like he's been groin kicked.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEEN'S CEMETERY. - DAY.

We roll focus on the skyscrapers of MIDTOWN to discover: the headstones of a Jewish Cemetery in Queens. Eddie walks along, studying each grave site until he comes to a stop in front of a dark slab of marble with a Star of David marked:

Esther Schine: 1918-1938

The stone bears the names of a half dozen other Schines. All dead.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 I don't know why I went out there.  
 What'd I expect to find? She was gone.  
 (eyes the blackened headstone)  
 And nobody'd been there in years.

Eddie looks at a recent grave covered with FLOWERS. He walks over and grabs a pot of lilies. He sets it down in front of Esther's grave.

He blesses himself, starts to exit, then looks back:

POV: on the backside of Esther's stone there's another name:

Nathan: Loving Brother. 1932-

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE. - LATER THAT NIGHT.

He sits at his desk in front of A STACK OF PHONE BOOKS, running down a list of phone numbers for the Tri-State area. He highlights a name IN YELLOW from Queens and picks up the phone.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 Between New York, Jersey and  
 Connecticut there were forty-six  
 listings...

On a LEGAL PAD he's already crossed off a half dozen names.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

From a fixed camera showing EDDIE at the same location as the hour goes by and he runs down another two dozen names. Name after name has been CROSSED OFF on the legal pad, the coffee pot empties and Eddie starts undressing: first his jacket, then his tie and his shoes.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 On T.V. the cops put the case down  
 in an hour. They work a few  
 witnesses, roust a few snitches  
 and I.D. the perp. But, in truth,  
 this kind of work is mind-numbing.  
 (crosses off a name)  
 You sit there staring at 12 million  
 names. 99 times out of 100 you're  
 wrong. You want to quit, pop open a  
 Guinness or go to bed, but you know  
 the guy's out there.  
 (crossing off more names)  
 Sometimes you hit it on the 10th  
 call. Maybe the 20th. For me, that  
 night, it was number forty-four.

He's almost asleep when he picks up the phone for the second to last time

EDDIE

(beat as it rings)

Hello. Mr. Schine? Burke FDNY...

(beat)

No. Nothing's wrong. I'm sorry to bother you so late, but I've been trying to locate the brother of an Esther Schine and I wonder if you could... What?

(Excited. This is the guy.)

I'm aware that she died some years ago sir, but I wonder if I couldn't ask you --

(beat)

No. I don't think I could do that sir - We're not allowed to stick foreign objects in our rectal cavities while on duty...

CLICK. The line goes dead. Eddie stares at the receiver for a beat and then jumps up from his desk grinning.

He scribbles the address in his notebook, slips into his loafers, grabs his jacket and tears out of the office. A beat goes by. Then another. Then, his OFFICE PHONE starts to ring. It rings again.

INTERCUT:

INT. CAROLINE DREXEL'S CO-OP. - CONTINUOUS.

She's sitting by the fire in a silk robe, shivering; waiting for Eddie to answer.

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE.

Another ring. Then suddenly, Eddie's boss, Tom Moran, storms in and picks up on the other end.

MORAN

Manhattan Base. Captain Moran.

(nothing from Caroline.)

Hello..? Who is this?

Caroline just lets the phone fall into its cradle.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. JACOB RIIS HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT

Eddie steps off the elevator on the 18th floor of this old cinderblock project on the Lower East Side. As the graffiti-covered walls indicate, this once-proud testament to public housing is now a broken-down ghetto of welfare families and terrified senior citizens.

Eddie comes up to a door with A MEZUZAH outside. It says SCHINE in a tiny box over the mirrored peephole.

EDDIE

(knocking)

Mr. Schine.

VOICE  
 (from inside)  
 Who's out there?

INT. NATHAN SCHINE'S APT.

The old man is standing on a box and gaping through the peephole:

EDDIE  
 (from outside)  
 Edmund Burke, Mr. Schine. We just  
 talked. Remember?

SCHINE  
 I got nothing to do with the cops.  
 Not this late.

EDDIE  
 I'm not a cop. I'm a Fire Marshal,

Eddie holds up his Shield. Schine turns three different DEADBOLTS.

SCHINE  
 Huh. You work for The City don't you?

He pulls open the door, still held in place by TWO CHAINS.

EDDIE  
 Yeah.

SCHINE  
 Tell Beame to fix my radiators.

He slams the door.

EDDIE  
 He's not Mayor anymore, sir.

Eddie just stands there. He looks broken; defeated, just like he did in the Tam O' Shanter. He exhales hard, about to go, then he looks down at THE NYPD FILE he's carrying, remembering Big Eddie's dig.

EDDIE  
 Playing cop, right? Let's see...  
 (turns back to the old man's  
 door & knocks)  
 Mr. Schine... I visited your sister's  
 grave today. It looked good. They're  
 keeping the grass cut and there's a  
 beautiful view of Manhattan...

Inside the old man freezes. A long beat and three dead bolts open.

SCHINE  
 (opening slowly)  
 You saw... you went to the grave?

EDDIE  
 Yeah. You see Mr. Schine, one of your  
 sister's paintings was found and...

SCHINE  
 (eyes wide)  
 A painting... My Esther?

He opens a crack. There are tears in his eyes now. Eddie opens the file and holds up A B&W snapshot of Esther. Another beat as the door closes, but the old man pulls the chain away and opens up.

INT. NATHAN SCHINE'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER.

EDDIE is nursing a glass of Mogan David as Schine shows him a framed picture of his younger sister Esther, dead at age 20. Nathan is in his eighties and trembling from Parkinson's Disease..

SCHINE  
 A real beauty she was. Dean's List  
 at CCNY. Full scholarship to Yale  
 for the Masters... She even won this  
 award, what d'you call it? Prix de Rome...

FLASHBACK TO: The gorgeous Liz Taylor lookalike from the open.

SCHINE  
 ...supposed to have a year in Italy  
 to study. But that was '38. The  
 Panzer Divisions were moving by then.  
 I mean, what Jewish girl in her right  
 mind's gonna walk into tha--  
 (stops, rubs his eyes  
 and goes on)  
 Still, she was destined to be a  
 great painter.

He turns away; begins to weep. Eddie puts his hand on his shoulder.

EDDIE  
 What happened Mr. Schine? How did  
 she die so young?

Schine wipes his eyes and picks up the PICTURE.

SCHINE  
 No one knows. They found her body  
 on West 28th. Whoever it was, used a  
 knife. Cut her open.

FLASHBACK TO: Esther lying dead on the sidewalk.

EDDIE  
 Did they ever find--?

SCHINE  
 The animal who did it? Never. Back  
 then, a young Jewish girl was not a  
 priority to you Irish cops.

EDDIE  
 I told you. I'm not a cop.

SCHINE  
 You're Irish aren't you?

Eddie doesn't have a rejoinder for that one. He just stares at Schine as the old man puts THE PICTURE back on THE MANTLE.



EDDIE  
 What about the other painter she  
 worked with, a...  
 (checking his notebook)  
 Julian Krane. Did you ever know him?

FLASHBACK TO: The short stocky painter from THE OPEN.

SCHINE  
 (suddenly nervous)  
 Krane? Never heard of him.

Eddie can tell that he's lying, so he presses him.

EDDIE  
 You sure about that Mr. Schine? He and  
 your sister worked on that mural for  
 months. She must have mentioned...

The trembling increases. Eddie knows he can't get any more out of him tonight. Schine gets up and shuffles toward the door.

SCHINE  
 You're bringing back too many  
 memories... Just go.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TAM O'SHANTER BAR. - THREE A.M.

Closing time. The bartender is upending chairs on the tables and sweeping up. Big Eddie is at the cash register going through the night's receipts when Eddie walks in. His father looks up at him.

EDDIE  
 That file on Esther Schine.

BIG EDDIE  
 Yeah?

EDDIE  
 It just had the date of death.

BIG EDDIE  
 So?

EDDIE  
 I need one more favor.

Off Big Eddie smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - NIGHT

Eddie and his father exit his Ford and head into the skyscraper.

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Later that same night, EDDIE and his father are sitting in front of A MICROFICHE MACHINE. Hundreds of old CASE FILES roar past them in black & white, while... a few stalls away:

A young Black POLICEWOMAN sits in front of another machine going through files. She's in plain clothes; a blue blouse and slacks. She stretches and yawns, revealing a beautiful figure.

Big Eddie eyes her and nudges his son.

BIG EDDIE  
Thank God for Affirmative Action.

Eddie winces at the off-color remark, then turns back to the machine. A beat goes by. Then another. Finally, he finds it:

EDDIE  
Here it is. Schine, Esther. Eleven  
November, 1938.

BIG EDDIE puts on his glasses and checks the screen.

BIG EDDIE  
Yeah. It figures. Assailant unknown.  
That's why it was filed as a Cold  
Case. Get me the print-out will you?

CLOSE ON THE MACHINE as it spits out an ME's photo of the once beautiful girl. There's a second PHOTO of ESTHER lying on West 28th St. A white, blood-stained sheet covers the body. The POLICE REPORT comes out next. ANGLE Big Eddie going over it with his bifocals.

BIG EDDIE  
Is it me or did they make the print  
smaller then?

EDDIE  
Gotta be the print Pop. Let me see it.  
(reading)  
"The subject body show's invasive  
tears of the left and right labia  
attendant to massive arterial  
hemorrhaging..."  
(he looks up)  
Christ, she was butchered.

BIG EDDIE  
Go on.

EDDIE  
"The gravid uterus is buoyant with  
particles of conception due to an  
incomplete scrape of the uterine  
wall."

BIG EDDIE grabs his son's arm.

BIG EDDIE  
She was pregnant.

EDDIE  
I don't follow.

BIG EDDIE  
 Look. A nice girl gets knocked up  
 today, she takes a cab to a clinic.  
 Back then, they used coat hangers.

EDDIE  
 A back-alley abortion?

BIG EDDIE  
 That's it. The bastard nicks an  
 artery. She goes into shock and bleeds  
 to death on the table. He panics and  
 dumps her on West 28th. For all the  
 beat cops wanna know, it's a mugging.  
 (beat as he eyes him)  
 You just caught a manslaughter 30  
 years old.

Before EDDIE can answer, HIS RADIO SQUAWKS. He changes frequencies  
 and radios back.

INTERCUT:

INT. BULL PEN MANHATTAN BASE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby Vasquez is on the "BOARD" again. He picks up.

BOBBY  
 Fire Investigation. Marshal Vasquez.

EDDIE  
 What is it, Bobby?

BOBBY  
 I just come in, Eddie. You got a pile  
 of messages.

EDDIE  
 Kivlihan or Moran?

VASQUEZ  
 Neither one. Some woman. Been calling  
 every twenty minutes all night.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE'S SUTTON PLACE CO-OP. - DAWN.

The sun is coming up over the East River as the two Burke's enter the  
 marble lobby at 120 Sutton Place. A DOORMAN sits in a leather wing  
 chair reading the Daily News when: BIG EDDIE flashes his shield.

BIG EDDIE  
 Police business.

CLOSE ON the badge: CHIEF OF DETECTIVES. The wily doorman gets up and  
 pushes Big Eddie's THUMB away from where he's covered the word:

DOORMAN  
 Retired.  
 (sits back down)  
 The people who live here don't like  
 to be bothered.

Just then: Eddie lunges forward and grabs him by the tie.

EDDIE  
Stop pretending you live here. You're  
a working class stiff just like us.  
(lets him go)

DOORMAN  
Sure sure. What can I do for yis?

EDDIE  
(shows his shield)  
Caroline Drexel. Ring her up.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE'S CO-OP. - MINUTES LATER.

Eddie and his father enter the enormous FOYER.

EDDIE  
Wonder who decorated this place?

BIG EDDIE  
Same guy who did the Sistine Chapel.

BIG EDDIE walks on into:

THE LIVING ROOM

a neoclassical salon just slightly smaller than Bergdorf's.

Meanwhile: HIS SON waits outside in THE FOYER as:

CAROLINE makes her entrance down a long stairwell from the bedroom into the Foyer. She's wearing a silk robe and pajamas.

CAROLINE  
Thanks for coming. I haven't been  
able to sleep. Someone's been...

EDDIE  
What?

CAROLINE  
Following me. I saw him the other  
night near your office. Last night  
he was outside in the street.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM.

BIG EDDIE passes a piano filled with dozens of family pictures. He picks up one in a silver-frame. It's a portrait of a white-haired well-preserved Brahmin in his late 60's.

BIG EDDIE  
(to his son)  
You didn't tell me her old man was  
Black Jack Drexel.

Outside in the FOYER, Eddie looks surprised. He turns and burns a look into CAROLINE.

EDDIE  
That's 'cause she didn't tell me.

He leads CAROLINE into the LIVING ROOM.

CAROLINE  
(gesturing to Big Eddie)  
Who's that?

EDDIE  
My father.

BIG EDDIE looks CAROLINE up and down, almost undressing her with his eyes. Then, he sets down the picture of Drexel.

BIG EDDIE  
The Post says he's gonna buy the Yankees. Any truth to that?

She's nervous now at the mention of her father's name.

CAROLINE  
There's some talk of it. Why?

BIG EDDIE  
(with acid)  
I just want to know if he does, so I can route for the Mets.

CAROLINE  
(rubbing her throat)  
I take it you don't like my father.

BIG EDDIE  
What's not to like? He wrecks a multi-billion dollar company, busts the unions, gets bailed out by Uncle and now he's looking to sell short to the Germans. The man's a regular patriot.

EDDIE  
(defensive now)  
Hey Pop. You're laying it on a little thick aren't you?

BIG EDDIE  
Relax kid. She can talk for herself. She's got a Ph.D.

CAROLINE  
(testy now)  
Not that it's any of your business Mr. Burke, but I haven't seen my father in years. We don't speak.

EDDIE  
(changing the subject)  
So the guy following you. What'd he look like?

Before she can answer, Big Eddie takes over.

BIG EDDIE  
 First things first, Kid. I've got a few questions.  
 (to Caroline)  
 I understand the mural that burned was half of a two panel set?

CAROLINE  
 (nervous)  
 Yes but...

BIG EDDIE  
 Are you certain the same two artists, Schine and Krane, painted both halves?

CAROLINE  
 (evasive)  
 Why no, I...

BIG EDDIE  
 (aggressive)  
 Could you check it for us?

Eddie's had enough of this. He steps in between them.

EDDIE  
 She said she was in trouble.

BIG EDDIE  
 And what if the guy following her had something to do with Soho?

Caroline puts her hand on Eddie's arm.

CAROLINE  
 No Eddie. He's right. I'll do what I can. But all my research is up at school. I can meet you there later.

EDDIE  
 Why don't I give you a lift?

BIG EDDIE  
 Hey. Last time I checked, you still had a job. You're not in by nine, Moran's gonna have your ass.

Eddie eyes him, but Caroline pulls him gently toward the door.

CAROLINE  
 It's O.K. I'll take a cab straight to my office and meet you there later. Say four o'clock?

EDDIE  
 See you then.

As Big Eddie moves into THE FOYER, Caroline calls Eddie back.

CAROLINE  
 (soto voce)  
 Eddie...

EDDIE

Yeah.

CAROLINE

It was wonderful meeting your father. But later on... come alone.

INT. CO-OP LOBBY. - MINUTES LATER

The Doorman waits until Big Eddie and his son depart. Then he picks up a phone and starts to dial.

INTERCUT:

EXT. BELL JET RANGER AIRBORNE. - CONTINUOUS

A black chopper roars in toward Manhattan from Greenwich, Connecticut. There's a GOLD LOGO on its side that says:

DREXEL GROUP

INT. BELL JET RANGER.

A 1978 era RADIO MOBILE TELEPHONE rings and A BODYGUARD picks up. He's a cold, brutal looking man in a pin-striped suit named LESTADT.

The bodyguard listens for a beat and then nods across the cabin to:

BLACK JACK DREXEL; a silver-haired CEO in a \$10,000 Savile Row suit. He takes the phone from LeStadt.

DOORMAN

Miss Caroline, sir. She had visitors.

As Drexel listens to The Doorman, his jaw muscles tighten. The look on his face says "don't fuck with me and what's mine."

CUT TO:

INT. BULL PEN - MANHATTAN BASE - AFTERNOON.

Eddie's at his desk, when Bobby Vasquez comes up to him.

BOBBY

My snitch just called. Guy who owned the brownstone on Avenue C has a piece of the Edison on West 47th.

EDDIE

You think Superman's up there?

BOBBY

(flashing Rojas' mugshot)  
Let's head uptown and find out.

EDDIE

(checks his watch)  
I can't Got a meeting up at Columbia.

Bobby eyes the mural photos on his desk.

BOBBY  
Not the Soho thing?

EDDIE  
Long story.  
(leads him out)  
Look, take a couple of the guys and  
get up there. You even catch a  
whiff of that fuck, call me.

Bobby nods and exits. Eddie clips on his Beretta and grabs his shield, he's about to exit when:

Big Eddie comes in.

EDDIE  
(looking up)  
What are you doing here?

BIG EDDIE  
Three thirty. Time to head uptown.

EDDIE  
You said this was my case.

BIG EDDIE  
I thought you could use some  
backup.

EDDIE  
Bullshit. You got a load of Ms.  
Drexel.

BIG EDDIE  
What's that supposed to mean?

There's something going on between these two, but before Eddie can answer, Kivlihan storms in with Moran. He points a finger at him.

KIVLIHAN  
I wanna know what business you got  
with Jack Drexel?

EDDIE  
What are you talking about?

KIVLIHAN  
He claims you're harassing his daughter.  
Commissioner just got a call.  
(spots Big Eddie.)  
And what the hell's he doing here?

BIG EDDIE  
Since when can't a man see his son?

KIVLIHAN  
(nods to the mural)  
Yeah. Well he's off the Soho case.

EDDIE  
(in his face)  
What?



KIVLIHAN

Goddamn thing was tighter than a nun's ass 'til you started kickin' rocks.

BIG EDDIE

He made the thing, Kivie, when NYPD. was ready to tag the wrong guy.

KIVLIHAN

We don't know that. The French kid could have brought the lighter in too. Anyway, the ball's back in our court.

(turns to Moran)

You got a problem with that, let the Mayor's office call it.

EDDIE

(to Moran)

Come on Tom. We can fight this.

KIVLIHAN

Sure. 250 Livingston Street in Brooklyn vs. One Police Plaza. See who's the last man standing...

Moran swallows hard. He hates this prick too. A beat, then.

MORAN

We'll defer to Arson & Explosion.

KIVLIHAN

Good.

Triumphant, Kivlihan exits the office.

EDDIE

That's it. I'm out of here.

He throws his BADGE down on the desk.

BIG EDDIE

(stopping him)

Not now.

EDDIE

Yeah? When?

BIG EDDIE

Listen to me. You gotta pick your moments. Throw your shield down every time some empty suit breaks your balls, you'll never make it to pension.

EDDIE tries to push past him.

EDDIE

I'm not doing this for a pension.

BIG EDDIE

Hey. Wash your mouth out on that one. The pension's what got me The Tam. It's a goddamn civil servant's birth-right. You go out after 20, you get half plus your medical.

BIG EDDIE (CONT'D)

Go to 30, you get more. That's the covenant. Chipped in stone. You start takin' an attitude "pension-be-damned;" next thing you know, your palm's out for a bribe. Lot of men got rich as Chief of Detectives, Eddie... I wasn't one of them.

BIG EDDIE hands the SHIELD back. Eddie starts to calm down.

EDDIE

O.K. I appreciate that. But I've got a case to work.

BIG EDDIE

No. We've got a case.

EDDIE

Look, Pop. I needed some records. You got them. I can handle it now.

BIG EDDIE

Relax. Kivie can jerk your chain, but he can't jerk mine.

He grins and before Eddie can say anything, he splits.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE DREXEL'S OFFICE - COLUMBIA - AFTERNOON.

She's behind the desk. There's a drawer open with a MIRROR inside and she's brushing her hair when Big Eddie walks in. For a second she looks strangely vulnerable and very feminine.

CAROLINE

(putting the brush away)  
Where... where's Eddie?

BIG EDDIE doesn't say anything. He just saunters up to her desk. So she tries once again.

CAROLINE

I said, where's your son?

Still nothing from Big Eddie. She's getting mad now as he reaches into his pocket and drops: A SMALL BOX on the desk in front of her.

BIG EDDIE

I didn't have time to get it wrapped.

CAROLINE

(picking it up)  
What is it?

She opens the box to find: A POLICE WHISTLE.

BIG EDDIE

What we used to give people before they invented pepper spray. Next time you're followed, you stick it in your mouth and blow.  
(takes it from her and blows it)  
See? If the guy doesn't run, he'll think you're an ex-mental patient and leave you alone.

He blows it again and winks. Caroline smiles. He's broken the ice.

BIG EDDIE

To answer your question. My son couldn't make it. So I'm here.

He leans over her desk. For a man who's retired, Big Eddie still has a presence. She looks up and feels his power.

BIG EDDIE

You get the names of those artists?

Suddenly, Caroline looks nervous again. She checks some notes.

CAROLINE

You were right... The second half of the diptych... Two others painted it.

She hands him a paper with the names.

BIG EDDIE

(reading)  
D. Hampton and A. Grovesnor. Hmmm.

Big Eddie starts pacing. Takes one of her books off a shelf and pages through it. Examines a framed reproduction of A WPA mural. A big industrial study full of factories with smokestacks and workers bent under the force of their labor. Finally, he shakes his head.

CAROLINE

Is there something wrong?

BIG EDDIE

Yeah. You and all this...

She gets up from her desk, slightly indignant.

CAROLINE

Oh really? And why not?

BIG EDDIE

Because the art from back then was depressing. Everybody was broke. People sold apples to live. It wasn't Newport and it wasn't Palm Beach. It wasn't anything you've ever known.

She starts to walk towards him.

CAROLINE

You really think I'm a Sutton Place bitch don't you?

He sits on the edge of her desk. She expects an attack, then he surprises her.

BIG EDDIE  
No, it's just that--

CAROLINE  
What?

BIG EDDIE  
I see you studying something old and Italian. French maybe. Ballet dancers and horses. But not this.

She rubs her throat nervously.

CAROLINE  
Well it's a vocation I rather inherited. You see my mother was an artist during the WPA.

BIG EDDIE  
Is that right? Maybe I should talk to her. It might help.

Caroline turns her back to him.

CAROLINE  
That's impossible. She... drank herself to death years ago.

Caroline bites down on her lower lip. Clearly the memory still hurts her. But, instead of showing sympathy, Big Eddie comes up behind her and spins her around.

BIG EDDIE  
Then tell me the truth.

CAROLINE  
(trying to pull away)  
What do you mean? I have...

BIG EDDIE  
No! My son had to twist your arm to get the names of those painters. Now, every time somebody mentions the WPA, you seize up inside.  
(no answer)  
You know something, don't you?  
(nothing, so he shakes her)  
You're hiding something...

She looks at his big hands as they squeeze her shoulders. There's something powerful and electric about this old man.

CAROLINE  
No...

He releases his grip. She turns away.

BIG EDDIE  
All right. Have it your way.

He sticks the paper with the two painter's names in his pocket and starts to exit. She waits until he gets to the door, then calls out:

CAROLINE  
Detective Burke...

Big Eddie turns around to face her.

CAROLINE  
Those two names I gave you...

BIG EDDIE  
Yeah.

CAROLINE  
I know where one of them lives.

CUT TO:

EXT. RTE 22. NEW PRESTON, CT. - MAGIC HOUR

Caroline Drexel's vintage Mercedes 220 convertible turns onto the perimeter road surrounding LAKE WARAMAUG in Litchfield County, CT. She's at the wheel. Big Eddie is riding shotgun as they pass one lakeside estate after another. This is hunt country. Yankee country.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

BIG EDDIE  
Christ, up here even the air smells  
like old money.

She pulls up outside an extraordinary GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE at the top of a hill overlooking the lake.

CAROLINE  
He's in there.

EXT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

The stone pillar at the gate has a brass plaque that says GROVESNOR. Big EDDIE pulls out the paper and looks at the two names.

BIG EDDIE  
D. Hampton and A. Grovesnor.

He eyes the estate, then the name: Grovesnor. He looks at Caroline.

BIG EDDIE  
Not Andrew Grovesnor, the painter?  
(she nods)  
Same guy whose pictures sell for a  
million bucks? He worked for the WPA?

CAROLINE  
Twenty-six-dollars a week.

BIG EDDIE  
How the hell'd you know where he  
lives?

That nervous look crosses her face.

CAROLINE  
He was a friend of my... Mother's.  
They met on the Mural Projects.

Big Eddie exits the Benz.

BIG EDDIE  
O.K. So you know the guy. That'll help  
with the Q & A. Come on. Let's go in.

Caroline shakes her head.

CAROLINE  
No. If you want to talk to him,  
fine. I don't want any part of it.  
(she reaches across, closing  
the passenger door)  
Go ahead. I'll drive to the Inn.  
When you're finished, just call me.

BIG EDDIE turns to look at the mansion.

BIG EDDIE  
You sure about tha--?

But before he can turn back to face her, she roars off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOOR TO THE MANSION. - MINUTES LATER.

Big EDDIE rings the bell and a tall, gaunt BUTLER answers in full Morning Coat, looking for all the world like a mortician.

BIG EDDIE  
Somebody die?

BUTLER  
I beg your pardon, sir?

BIG EDDIE  
Forget it. I had a cousin once looked  
like you. Dinny Burke. Undertaker. He  
was one tenacious sonovabitch.

BUTLER  
Sir? I'm afraid I don't follow--

BIG EDDIE  
Stubborn. The man never gave up.  
See... everything he undertook...  
he carried out... Get it?

BIG EDDIE flashes a grin, but the Butler stares at him stone-faced.

BIG EDDIE  
Guess not...  
(hands him an old business card)  
Tell Mr. Grovesnor I'd like to see  
him. Detective Burke NYPD.

The butler hesitates, eying him like a bird of prey. Finally...

BUTLER  
One moment sir.

He disappears into a back room and picks up a phone, leaving Big Eddie to pace the marble foyer. Just then, the old cop hears the sound of an inboard engine. He walks to the door, looks out and sees:

POV: GROVESNOR down at A BOAT HOUSE by the lake; untying the lines to a vintage Chris Craft Algonquin. He's rushing to leave. Just then...

THE BUTLER returns.

BUTLER  
I'm sorry sir. Mr. Grovesnor is indisposed.

BIG EDDIE  
Yeah. Thanks for warning him, Jeeves.

Big Eddie takes off like a shot, exiting the mansion and out:

EXT. GROVESNOR MANSION

Down the driveway towards the boat house as:

Grovesnor (late 60's; Waspy) gets into the old mahogany runabout and casts off. He's forty feet off the dock, when...

Big Eddie gets there, huffing and puffing. He hasn't chased a suspect like this in ten years. The old cop looks around. Nothing on the dock. He rushes back to the boat house where...

POV: Inside he sees A SKI NAUTIQUE. 400 horses under the hood. A pure racing machine. The boat house is locked; but he uses his elbow and smashes a pane in the door.

BIG EDDIE  
Exigent circumstances.

INT. THE BOAT HOUSE.

BIG EDDIE jumps onto the Ski Nautique, searching for the...

BIG EDDIE  
Key. Where'd you put the goddamn key?

The Chris Craft is halfway across the lake, opened up full. Now as we

FLASHBACK TO: the handsome blond painter from the open.

We see that the fugitive in the runabout is ANDREW GROVESNOR; older now and worried as he throttles down. Meanwhile...

EXT. HOPKINS INN.

Caroline Drexel, hears the sound of the racing boat from The Inn at the top of a hill.

INT. THE BOATHOUSE.

Big EDDIE has the Ski Nautique's hood up now. He finds the two ignition wires, pulls away at the insulation and touches them together. Suddenly: The engine roars to life.

EXT. HOPKINS INN.

When she hears the second engine, Caroline Drexel jumps into the Mercedes and leaves rubber as she careens down the hill, whereupon:

INT. THE BOATHOUSE.

Big Eddie hits a wall switch; the boathouse door starts to open as:

EXT. LAKE WARAMAUG.

The Nautique tears out. Big Eddie Burke, the man who caught Bluefish in Sheepshead Bay, is out of his depth here. But he's doing his best to hold on as the twin inboard screws erupt under water.

Meanwhile:

The Chris Craft is making for a dock at THE BOULDERS, another inn across the lake near the main road, as...

EXT. LAKEFRONT ROAD.

THE MERCEDES rounds the turn from the bottom of the hill, and...

EXT. LAKE WARAMAUG.

Big Eddie opens it up, leaving a rooster tail. The Nautique slices the lake in half and he lets out a war whoop.

BIG EDDIE  
I'm on you, you bastard!

Big Eddie's back on the chase and he loves it. The adrenaline's pumping and he's gaining on the Chris. But the sun's dropping behind the hills and the ski boat doesn't have running lights. Suddenly...

EXT. LAKEFRONT ROAD.

THE MERCEDES screeches to a stop in front of Boulders Inn and Caroline jumps out just as

EXT. LAKE WARAMAUG.

The Ski Nautique pulls alongside The Chris Craft. They're neck and neck now as Big Eddie yells for Grovesnor to stop.

BIG EDDIE  
Pull over...

But the old painter ignores him. So, Big Eddie throttles down and roars ahead of the Chris, cutting him off. Whereupon...

GROVESNOR takes out A FLARE GUN and fires: WHOOSH

Big Eddie ducks as the tail of the flare misses his head by inches. He swerves the Ski Nautique into a radical arc to avoid it and:

Swamps the boat, allowing...

The Christ Craft to make it to...



EXT. THE BOULDERS DOCK

where Grovesnor jumps off, leaving the boat to A Dock Boy.

DOCK BOY  
Hey mister...

But the old painter ignores him and disappears in the night just as:  
Caroline rushes onto the dock.

The Dock Boy searches the murky water with the Chris Craft's head lamp, looking for the man overboard.

CAROLINE  
(almost frantic)  
Do you see him?

DOCK BOY  
Not yet ma'am.

For a beat, it looks like Big EDDIE's finished. But just then:  
CAROLINE sees something.

CAROLINE  
Over here.

She pans the light left as BIG EDDIE surfaces. The dock boy reaches out with a gaff and pulls him onto the dock, whereupon...

Caroline runs to the water's edge and cradles him in her arms.

CUT TO:

INT. BOULDERS INN SUITE. - LATER. NIGHT

A roaring fire crackles in one of the suites. Big Eddie sits in front of a fireplace dressed in a house robe. He's tossing down a glass of whiskey while Caroline sits across from him, sipping white wine.

BIG EDDIE  
When are you going to tell me the truth?

CAROLINE  
About what?

BIG EDDIE  
Grovesnor. How you knew him.

She moves to the fire, takes a poker and stabs at the logs. She stares at the flames for a beat, then finally, opens up.

CAROLINE  
The other artist who worked with him... the one named D. Hampton... Her name was Dorothea.

BIG EDDIE  
How do you know that?

CAROLINE  
Because she was... my mother.

FLASHBACK TO: the WASPY YOUNG BLONDE bringing in the champagne.

Big EDDIE looks stunned.

BIG EDDIE  
You mean to tell me your mother...

CAROLINE  
I told you. That's why I studied  
the WPA.

She walks to a window and stares out at the lake.

CAROLINE  
She met Grovesnor on one of the mural  
projects and fell in love. They were  
going to be married.

FLASHBACK TO: ESTHER SCHINE blowing a kiss to GROVESNOR in THE OPEN.

CAROLINE  
Her friends tried to warn her he'd  
never be faithful, but she wouldn't  
listen. She was struck by his talent.  
Even then, she could see it. The man  
was a world class painter.  
(she sits down near Big Eddie)  
Then, just before the wedding, some-  
thing happened.

BIG EDDIE  
Like what?

CAROLINE  
I don't know. Something terrible.  
Mother never told me. But what-  
ever it was, she broke off the  
engagement.  
(beat)  
She never saw Grovesnor again.

BIG EDDIE  
Enter Black Jack Drexel.

CAROLINE  
Yes. He was a lawyer back then...  
Mid 20's... cock of the walk...  
He represented some of the  
artists... Quite ambitious, but  
broke just like they were. They  
were all so poor you know. All  
except Mother. Even after The  
Crash, she had millions.

BIG EDDIE  
(figuring it out)  
So your Mother saved face on the  
rebound from Grovesnor and Drexel got  
the money to build his empire.

CAROLINE  
A marriage of... convenience.

She drops her head and turns away from him. This time, she can't  
hold it back. She's about to break down.

BIG EDDIE  
 (touching her)  
 Hey. Come on. Whatever their  
 marriage was, it wasn't in vain.  
 (lifting her chin)  
 After all... They had you...

Caroline looks at his face, reflected in the light of the fire. He looks strong and comforting. A long beat, then, she touches his hand.

Big Eddie pulls her toward him and THEY EMBRACE.

Is this a "father" figure comforting a distressed young woman or a virile old man coming on to a beautiful heiress?

At this point, we can't tell.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE'S APT. BLDG. - LATER THAT NIGHT.

EDDIE rushes into the lobby and the doorman jumps up.

DOORMAN  
 Hey. Stop. I gotta call up.

But EDDIE brushes past him and into the ELEVATOR.

INT. CO-OP HALLWAY. - MOMENTS LATER.

Eddie pounds on the door of Caroline's apartment.

EDDIE  
 Open up.

Finally, she swings back the door, dressed in silk pajamas. Eddie storms into the FOYER.

EDDIE  
 I've been calling for hours. You  
 tell me some guy's following you,  
 then you disappear...

CAROLINE  
 Eddie... We've got to talk...

He starts to move into the living room when he sees his father sitting on a sofa. Big Eddie gets up, surprised to see him.

EDDIE  
 What the fuck are you doing here?

BIG EDDIE  
 We were working the case for  
 Christ's sake. I just brought her  
 home.

Eddie turns to go, but Big Eddie rushes after him.

BIG EDDIE  
 Eddie... Come on. Will you stop?

Eddie spins around to confront him.

EDDIE  
 I'll stop when you stop, old man.  
 Now do me a favor. Go back to the Tam  
 and stay the fuck out of my life.

He throws open the front door and storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPENDERS - LATER - NIGHT

A bar for firefighters on the corner of Second Avenue and 38th. The ceiling is covered with PATCHES from the various Truck & Ladder companies around The City. There's a smoke scarred CAIRN'S HELMET over the bar and the walls are full of framed NEWS PHOTOS of firefighters working blazes; carrying victims out of burning bldgs.

We widen to find: EDDIE BURKE, half in the bag with four empty whiskey glasses in front of him. He's really down.

The FEMALE BARTENDER leans forward, worried.

BARTENDER  
 Why don't you stick to Guinness,  
 Eddie?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Make it coffee. Black.

Eddie turns to see Bobby Vasquez.

EDDIE  
 (bitter)  
 I don't want any coffee.

BOBBY  
 Better have some if you're gonna fly.

EDDIE  
 What the fuck do I want to fly for?

Bobby slams A FDNY RESCUE TACTICAL BAG on the bar.

BOBBY  
 (grinning)  
 How else you gonna catch Superman?

Eddie turns and looks outside to see POV: BIG RED (FOUR TRUCK) the largest ladder truck assigned to Midtown Rescue.

EDDIE  
 You found him?

BOBBY  
 (smiling)  
 Yeah. Let's grab this pendejo.

CUT TO:

INT. FIREFIGHTERS COMPARTMENT BIG RED - NIGHT

As it roars through the streets of Midtown, Eddie suits up next to Bobby and two other Fire Marshals HECTOR CRUZ (late 20's) and TOMMY CHANG (early 30's).

EDDIE  
How'd you get his location?

BOBBY  
Snitch I know is banging a maid at  
The Edison. I showed her the mug shot.

TOMMY  
She saw Rojas?

BOBBY  
(nods)  
He's got this girl Raquel on the  
twenty-third floor.

Hector checks the arrest warrant. Reads Superman's name.

HECTOR  
Dagoberto Rojas... So how come you  
call him Superman?

EDDIE  
Christ, you'll love this. We go to  
arrest him, right?  
(Hector nods)  
Top floor of a tenement. We kick the  
door in and he goes out the window.  
We're figuring O.K., he dropped to a  
lower roof. But no. We look down and  
he jumped five stories into an alley.  
Walked away.

BOBBY  
After that he started calling himself  
Hombre Estupendo.

TOMMY  
Good thing he's on Twenty-Three.

EDDIE  
Yeah. See if he flies this time.  
(radios the Driver up front as  
Big Red heads West on 47th)  
From here on we go quiet and dark.

The Driver taps TWICE on the radio and cuts the LIGHTS & SIREN.  
Just then, Bobby punches in on THE TWO-WAY.

BOBBY  
Vasquez to Base.

INTERCUT:

INT. BULL PEN - MANHATTAN BASE

Where catching Fire Marshal TYRONE DIGGS is on the Board.

DIGGS  
Manhattan Base. Go Bobby.

BOBBY  
We're in Four Truck en route to the  
Edison. What's the "20" on Kivlihan?

EDDIE  
Whoa. Whoa. What are you doing?

BOBBY  
C.O.'s orders. Sposed to keep Kivie in  
the loop.

EDDIE  
After we book him.

BOBBY  
(thinks it over, then)  
A... cancel that. Ten four.

After Bobby punches out, Diggs looks up at Moran, the C.O.

MORAN  
Find Kivlihan. Tell him Edison Hotel.  
47th Between Broadway and Eighth.

DIGGS  
Why the hell we cuttin' him in?

MORAN  
'Cause the case belongs to A&E. And  
Burke's off the fuckin' res.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EDISON - NIGHT

A seedy 24-story hotel with TIERED BALCONIES built in the stepped, art-deco style of the 20's. Now, severely run down, the Edison is located half a block west of Times Square.

As we push into a window on the 23rd floor, we discover:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Superman fucking his girlfriend RAQUEL from behind. Next to them on a night table is A FANNY PACK with A PIPE BOMB sticking out.

RAQUEL  
Oh fuck me... fuck me...

SUPERMAN  
I want you to say it...  
(grabs her by the hair)

RAQUEL  
I love you Papi.

SUPERMAN  
What else?

RAQUEL  
If I ever betray you...

SUPERMAN  
You'll go where?

RAQUEL  
Straight to hell.

As he leans over her on the bed we see TATTOOS OF FLAMES on his shoulders. TATTOOED on his KNUCKLES is the word FUEGO (fire).

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Big Red pulls up outside the hotel. A fifty-foot long Seagrave with a quad extension ladder capable of climbing to 20 stories.

BEHIND IT. A PUMPER TRUCK from Midtown Rescue.

Eddie exits, suited up for high-story work and radios The Tillerman PAULIE whose on the back of the huge ladder.

EDDIE  
Get her ready, Paulie.

Bobby, Cruz & Chang exit the truck with M-16 assault rifles.

BOBBY  
Room 2310. Next to the fire escape.

Eddie pulls his Beretta and a S&W "Nine." Racks the slides.

EDDIE  
Let's light him up...

INT. THE 23RD FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Where Bobby leads Hector & Tommy down the corridor. They set up on either side of ROOM 2310. Tommy pulls out a RABBIT TOOL: a door-breaching entry device. Slips it onto the top hinge. Everybody's set.

BOBBY mouths the countdown silently...

BOBBY  
On, three, two, one...

BOOM. The door explodes off its hinges and they rush...

INT. ROOM 2310 - CONTINUOUS

HECTOR/TOMMY  
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

Raquel's on the bed in a silk teddy when Chang jerks her down to the floor. Guns pan left, right. No Superman. So they train on...

THE BATHROOM.

BOBBY  
Rendise ahora. Piricauco! AHORA!

No answer as...

Superman quickly pulls on his pants. He jams the Pipe Bomb into the fanny pack and clips it on.

INT. ROOM 2310

All guns are trained on the bathroom door.

TOMMY  
You've got ten seconds, fuckhead.  
Nine, eight, seven.

INT. THE BATHROOM

Rojas throws open THE WINDOW and looks down.

POV: 3 stories down to the balcony on 20. For him it's a piece-of-cake jump; but he has to buy time. He looks around until he spots:

A SPRINKLER HEAD. CLOSE ON A BUTANE TORCH as he ignites it...

TOMMY  
Four, three, two....

But before Chang hits one, THE SPRINKLER BLOWS AND:

INT. ROOM 2310

Water drenches the tactical UNIT, giving Rojas, just enough time to:

Exit the window and jump down to...

EXT. THE BALCONY ON 20.

Pumped, hyperventilating, he jumps DOWN TO:

EXT. THE BALCONY ON 18.

He's about to smash through the window into the hotel room, when:

EDDIE BURKE COMES OUT OF NOWHERE...

Standing atop THE LADDER from BIG RED at the edge of the 18th floor. Eddie has HIS GUNS drawn, with Rojas in his sights dead to rights.

EDDIE  
Can't wait to see you take off  
from here.

Superman freezes. He looks over the balcony edge and sees

POV: THE TRUCKS and FIREFIGHTERS 18 stories below.

SMASH CUT TO:



INT. NYPD PATROL UNIT

Screaming uptown -- LIGHTS & SIRENS. On the door it says: NYPD ARSON & EXPLOSION UNIT. We tilt up to find:

Capt. Kivlihan on the radio in the shotgun seat as a Uniform drives.

KIVLIHAN

I want units on Eighth and Broadway.  
Seal off 47th.

EXT. THE BALCONY ON 18

Eddie's six feet away on the ladder, which is moving across to the edge of the balcony. As he gets closer, Rojas backs toward the opposite side of the balcony. He's laughing at Eddie.

SUPERMAN

You know you can't kill me.

EDDIE

Actually, I can. See I loaded both  
guns with Kryptonite. Green slugs...  
Nine millimeter.

EDDIE

(Rojas jumps up onto  
THE BALCONY WALL)  
Stop right there...

Rojas just laughs. He opens THE FANNY PACK. Pulls out THE BOMB.

SUPERMAN

See this? Kilo of Semtex. You hit this,  
we redo the skyline.

EDDIE

(cocks both guns)  
Then, I'll have to shoot high.

SUPERMAN

Fuck you and fuck your mother.

Rojas is about to STEP OFF, when Eddie fires BLAM BLAM BLAM

Landing three shots squarely in Superman's chest above the bomb. The arsonist is blown back and he drops DOWN to:

EXT. THE BALCONY ON 16.

Where he smashes onto A GLASS PATIO TABLE.

Eddie runs to the wall & looks down POV:

Rojas is finally done. Lying on his back, amid broken glass,  
holding THE BOMB.

But then... HIS EYES OPEN and he smiles. The Michael Myers of  
Santo Dom. He shouts up.

SUPERMAN

Jew lose piricuaco...

And with that, he rips open his shirt to reveal: A KEVLAR VEST with THREE 9MM SLUGS in a pattern above his heart, whereupon...

UP ABOVE

EDDIE  
(screams)  
Rojaaaaas!

But before he can even get the name out

Superman jumps up, shoves THE BOMB in the fanny pack and starts to climb down from the 16th balcony.

Eddie grabs A LIFE LINE from the ladder. He snaps A CARABINER onto the ladder's rung, throws it over and RAPPELS DOWN the side of the building as we begin...

THE GREATEST ROOFTOP CHASE EVER FILMED

Superman and Eddie Burke 16 stories up, with  
all of Midtown Manhattan behind them  
as they race down the tiered sides of  
The Hotel Edison toward Times Square.

The chase finally culminates on:

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE BARRYMORE THEATER

Near the corner of 47th and Times Square.

Superman climbs along the iron frame of an enormous BILLBOARD as Eddie drops down onto:

EXT. THE ROOF OF A BUILDING FOUR STORIES ABOVE.

He radios to his men.

EDDIE  
Bobby, Hector, Tommy. Anybody got him?

ANGLE TOMMY CHANG

Looking down from the 23rd Balcony with a NIGHT SCOPE.

TOMMY  
Billboard of the Barrymore

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE BARRYMORE THEATER

Superman clings to the billboard, 40 feet below Eddie who yells down.

EDDIE  
It's over Rojas. Give yourself up.

SUPERMAN  
(looks up at him)  
FUCK YOUUUUUU!

Dag pulls out HIS BUTANE TORCH and flicks it near THE BOMB FUSE.

Just then, we hear SIRENS...

Eddie looks down at 47th and Broadway where TWO NYPD PATROL UNITS screech to a stop... Then west to 47th & Eighth. Another pair.

EDDIE

Christ.

A half dozen Uniforms exit w/Kivlihan and start running along 47th.

KIVLIHAN

(on the two-way)

Stand down Burke. This is ours.

EDDIE

Like hell...

He races down the stairs of A FIRE ESCAPE as:

AN NYPD SHARPSHOOTER gets Rojas in his SCOPE:

SCOPE MATT:

He sees the torch near the fuse and radios Kivlihan.

SHARPSHOOTER (V.O.)

The subject has some kind of IED.  
Could be a pipe bomb.

Eddie hits the street now as Kivlihan rushes up to him.

KIVLIHAN

I told you Burke. We've got the scene.

EDDIE

And what're you gonna do with it? He's  
holding two pounds of Czech C-4.

Kivlihan shoots a look up at Rojas. Then down at street level.  
A BIG CROWD has gathered.

EDDIE

This time of day in Times Square, that  
means MASS CAL brother... five, maybe six  
hundred dead.

Kivlihan rocks back. Unsure what to do.

EDDIE

Come on shithead. Make the call.

KIVLIHAN

I... I don't know.

EDDIE

(decisive)

Well I do. C-4 goes inert under water.

Eddie radios across TO THE PUMPER.

EDDIE

Burke to Four Truck. Mahoney...

ANGLE THE PUMPER TRUCK

Where BUD MAHONEY, an Irish bull in full turnout coat, radios back.

MAHONEY  
Talk to me Eddie.

EDDIE  
Jump on the deck gun brother. Blow that  
prick off the sign.

Mahoney smiles. He races up a ladder and onto the roof of the truck.  
Yells down to a pair of HYDRANT MEN.

MAHONEY  
Gimme pressure.

THEY TAP a hydrant. Couple the hose. Turn the valve as:

Mahoney rotates the enormous WATER CANNON up toward the billboard.  
He let's loose and 50 GALLONS-OF-WATER-PER-SECOND shoot out...

Blowing Superman off the billboard and down onto...

THE ROOF of AN NYPD PATROL UNIT

Where Eddie rushes forward and slams the cuffs on him.

EDDIE  
(mimicing Rojas)  
Jew lose piricuaco.

Suddenly Kivlihan surrounds him with a half dozen Uniforms.

KIVLIHAN  
(to Eddie)  
No. This is our collar.

He nods and A HALF DOZEN COPS pull Rojas off the roof.

Eddie starts to lunge at Kivie, but Bobby & Hector hold him back.

BOBBY  
Eddie you already broke the guy's jaw.  
(Eddie struggles to pull away)  
Come on man, it's over...

Off Eddie, hyperventilating as Superman is pushed into  
a Patrol Unit.

CUT TO:

EXT. A FIRE-CHARRED PIER BLDG - THE NEXT DAY.

Eddie sifts through the ashes of a pier fire. He looks bad. Like  
someone he knows has just died. The Lord of The Flies is in  
custody and he's back on the job, searching for proof of arson.  
Just then...

Big EDDIE puts his hand on Eddie's shoulder.

BIG EDDIE  
I need to talk to you, son.

EDDIE  
(without turning)  
Not interested.

BIG EDDIE  
The Soho thing. I think we ID'd the  
killer.

Eddie takes a deep breath and turns around seething.

EDDIE  
No. You're the killer.

BIG EDDIE  
What are you talking about?

EDDIE  
You. You killed my mother and right  
now you're killing me.

BIG EDDIE  
Eddie, what you saw at her place...  
You got it wrong...

EDDIE  
That's just what you said the night  
Ma had...  
(he hesitates)

BIG EDDIE  
...the stroke. Go on. Say it. You're  
still hanging that over me aren't you?

EDDIE  
Why the hell not? She sat home and  
said rosaries for twenty-two years.  
All those nights you were off...  
(with quotes)  
"Working cases..." Twenty-two  
birthdays you missed. Twenty-two  
Christmas Eves and she forgave you  
'cause "Big Eddie" was on the job.  
(beat)  
Then the one night she went to the  
hospital; the one night she needed  
you, I call to find out you're shacked  
up with some chippy.

He hauls off and smashes him in the jaw. Big Eddie rocks back and  
starts to lunge at him. Then he stops; wipes the blood off his lip.

BIG EDDIE  
Was that for her or for you?

EDDIE  
Both of us... Man I needed a father,  
not just some headline in the Daily  
fucking News.

BIG EDDIE  
If you felt that way then why'd  
you join The Academy?

EDDIE  
 Because I thought I'd do better.  
 I promised myself I'd still break  
 the cases and be home for my kids.

Suddenly, Big Eddie's eyes get wide.

BIG EDDIE  
 Wait a minute. You're saying you  
 washed out of police work because  
 of me and some broad?

EDDIE  
 (with acid)  
 You're the detective. Figure it out.

BIG EDDIE  
 Goddamn you... We had cops in our  
 family for three generations.

EDDIE  
 And then came the Bad Seed, right?  
 Well you're the one who planted it.  
 Or maybe you didn't. With you it must  
 have been hard to keep track...

This time, BIG EDDIE erupts, throwing A LEFT CROSS, but Eddie side  
 steps him and lands a hard one to his father's stomach. The old cop  
 doubles over and goes down.

EDDIE  
 (taunting him)  
 Come on, get up. I've been waiting  
 a long time for this.

Big Eddie tries to stand up, but he stumbles. Then he goes down on  
 his knees and spits BLOOD. Eddie has done some kind of damage.

EDDIE  
 Pop?  
 (When he realizes what he's  
 done, Eddie rushes to him)  
 Christ. What's the matter?  
 (Big Eddie drops on his back)  
 What is it Pop?

Big Eddie is starting to shake now, going into shock. So Eddie grabs  
 the TWO-WAY.

EDDIE  
 Burke to Base. Code Three at Pier 29.  
 Send EMS. NOW!  
 (he embraces his father)  
 Come on Pop. Please. Just hold on.

Off the fear in Eddie's eyes...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT.

Big Eddie is sleeping and Eddie is at his side. A wide shot high over the bed. As we push in...

EDDIE (V.O)

In the work we do you learn to read people. You develop a kind of internal polygraph. It tells you what's real and what isn't. My father had always been real to me, but from a distance. Then he fell off his horse and I realized I didn't know him at all.

Just then, A DOCTOR walks in.

EDDIE

(getting up)  
What was it, doctor?

DOCTOR

Somehow he ruptured an ulcer.

EDDIE

An ulcer? My father?

DOCTOR

He's had it for quite some time. We had to go in and tie it off. There's been blood loss, but the old man is tough. With sufficient rest and a new diet, he'll come back.

He gestures toward a bed table where well wishers have sent Big Eddie a bottle of Jameson tied with a bow.

DOCTOR

By new diet, I mean lose the bottle.

Eddie tosses it to him.

EDDIE

I'll see to it Doctor. Thanks.

THE DOCTOR exits and EDDIE moves to the bed. He picks up his father's hand. Big Eddie is just coming out of the anesthesia. He coughs up phlegm and Eddie lifts up a plastic dish for him. It's the first time in his life he's seen his father so vulnerable.

EDDIE

Pop, can you talk?

BIG EDDIE

(feebly now)  
What was it? What'd they do?

EDDIE

You ruptured an ulcer. You never told me you had one--

BIG EDDIE

(weakly)  
There's a lot about me you don't know.

He tries to pull himself up in bed, but the pain is too much.

EDDIE  
No. You're supposed to rest.

BIG EDDIE  
I've got to say this, Kid...

There's a long beat as he stares off in the distance. Finally:

BIG EDDIE  
Ever since your Mother's stroke...  
I haven't been able to...  
(he looks at Eddie)  
I've been... impotent...

EDDIE  
You don't have to...

Big Eddie waves him off. He wants to finish.

BIG EDDIE  
The day before I retired, I caught  
a serial killer. The day after I  
retired I went out, bought a loaf of  
bread and some sliced ham and came  
home to watch the Knicks. That's  
what it's like on the shelf, Kid.  
Retirement saps your strength.  
(beat)  
I was starting to lose it so I  
opened the bar. And you know what?  
Every day I got older and weaker.  
(coughs)  
When you came along with this case  
it was like, I was back on the street.  
Maybe I got a little too pushy. But  
you've got to believe me, Son... There  
was nothing between me and that girl.  
(he starts to weep now)  
I'd never hurt you like that again.

Eddie reaches over and embraces his father as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SAME SCENE - MORNING.

EDDIE is asleep in a chair near the hospital bed. Suddenly, he's awakened by the sound of: THE IV MACHINE going off. BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. He looks up and sees that: Big Eddie has ripped the IV from his arm. He's pulled his pants on under the hospital johnny and he's struggling to put on his shoes, when Eddie jumps up.

EDDIE  
Where do you think you're going?

BIG EDDIE  
To finish the job...

He starts to walk out, but he gets weak and drops down onto to the bed. He's half sedated; the incision scar is beginning to tear.

BIG EDDIE  
Goddamnit!



Eddie rushes over to help him and stabs at the CALL BUTTON.

EDDIE  
Nurse!

But Big Eddie tugs at his sleeve.

BIG EDDIE  
Listen to me Kid. I know who did it.

EDDIE  
(eyes widening)  
You know?  
(Big Eddie nods)  
Who was it?

The old cop is having trouble talking now. He motions for Eddie to come closer. Then he whispers into his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. COLUMBIA LECTURE HALL - DAY.

Caroline is in the middle of a class in front of 50 students.

CAROLINE  
...as you know, many of the American  
Social Realists were influenced by the  
great Mexican muralists, Orazco,  
Siqueres and Rivera...

Suddenly: Eddie busts in and she freezes.

EDDIE  
I need to see you.

CAROLINE  
I'm teaching.

A few giggles from the female students.

EDDIE  
(angry)  
I need to see you, NOW!

The students trade looks. Who the hell is this guy? Caroline's face turns from red to white as Eddie grabs her and pulls her...

INT. COLUMBIA LECTURE HALL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside class, where he pins her against a wall.

EDDIE  
What the fuck's going on?

CAROLINE  
If this is about your father, you can  
relax...

EDDIE  
No. It's about murder. The Connecticut  
cops have been all over Grovesnor's  
house. It's empty.

CAROLINE

And?

EDDIE

Same with his co-op in the City. He's gone... You know the bastard. Where the hell else would he be?

There's a long beat as Caroline pushes away from the wall. She starts to walk back toward class then stops; turns around.

CAROLINE

Look. You asked me to help with this case and I did. Now it's getting ugly.

EDDIE

No shit lady. It started with man-slaughter. What the hell'd you expect?

CAROLINE

I don't know what I thought this would be. All I know is, I'm done with it.

She moves toward the lecture hall, when Eddie stops her.

EDDIE

The day I walked into that co-op on Sutton Place, I knew it.

CAROLINE

What?

EDDIE

You'd quit. You'd just go so far, then you'd stop.

CAROLINE

That's absurd. What the hell does the place I live in, have to do with it?

EDDIE

It's a ten million dollar co-op. You're rich.

CAROLINE

So what? Having money's a curse?

EDDIE

Not all money. Just inherited wealth. People like you. They don't go the distance. They don't have the edge.

CAROLINE

People like me?

EDDIE

(seething now)  
Yeah.

Caroline stands their burning, deciding if it's worth it. Then...

CAROLINE

Do you have any idea how many woman hold tenured chairs at this University? How hard I worked for it? How many years? And how I did it in spite of my looks and my wealth? My profession is dominated by a handful of effete, small-minded men. Being the daughter of Black Jack Drexel was a curse to them, not a blessing... Somehow I thought the son of Big Eddie Burke would understand... I was wrong.

EDDIE

(touched by her speech)  
Look. Sorry if I was out of li--

He starts to move forward but she holds up her hand to stop.

CAROLINE

No.

She scribbles an address on a page of her notebook.

CAROLINE

He keeps a studio in Tribeca. If he's not there, I don't know where he is. That's it. No more. I'm done.

She rips off the page, tosses it at him and turns on her heels. Eddie watches her go and then just shakes his head.

EDDIE

Fuck Burke. No wonder you live alone.

INT. TRIBECA LOFT BLDG. - DAY.

As EDDIE reaches the top floor and pounds on the door. No response. He looks up and sees a door leading to the roof.

EXT. LOFT BLDG ROOF. - DAY.

Eddie walks outside and comes to A VERTICAL SKYLIGHT facing North. He adjusts his eyes to the change in light and looks into the loft.

POV: At first all he sees down below are a half dozen unfinished CANVASES. All on easels, all in different stages of completion. Then he cups his hands to his eyes and focuses. That's when he spots it:

THE BODY OF A MAN swinging from a rope, tied to the skylight. Eddie kicks in one of the big skylight panes and drops down into:

INT. THE LOFT.

There, swinging above, is ANDREW GROVESNOR American master. Eddie looks up at him then down at THE OVERTURNED CHAIR he must have stepped off from and below that: A PICTURE in a glass frame. Shattered from when Grovesnor dropped it. It's a picture of:

EDDIE

Esther Shine....

The pregnant painter who died on an abortion table so many years ago.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOFT - LATER - DAY.

The same location. Now a Crime Scene. A half dozen Detectives and FORENSICS TECHS sift through the place as:

GROVESNOR'S BODY is lowered to the floor. Just then:

Jelke, the Homicide Detective, walks into the loft followed by Caroline Drexel. She leans over, looks at the body and breaks into tears at the sight of her mother's old lover. Eddie walks up to her. She looks at him for half a beat and starts to turn away when...

THE DOOR TO A FREIGHT ELEVATOR opens and Big Eddie hobbles into the loft. Supporting himself on a cane, he looks at Eddie with Caroline and stops in his tracks for a beat.

Then he smiles and moves towards them. Caroline gazes at Grovesnor's body as it's zipped into a body bag. She's almost numb now.

CAROLINE  
I still can't believe it. Why kill for that mural? Why take his own life?

BIG EDDIE  
Because something hit him from out of the past.

CAROLINE  
I don't understand.

BIG EDDIE  
Think back to it. Grovesnor was going to marry your mother. His life was set. Then he found out Esther was pregnant. She was carrying his child.

FLASHBACK TO: The Open. Esther Schine blows Grovesnor a kiss.

Big Eddie picks up the shattered picture of Esther Schine in its plastic Evidence bag.

BIG EDDIE  
He took her to a back-alley abortionist. He was going to take care of it. No scandal. No mess.  
(beat)  
Only she bled to death....

Jelke looks down at the old painter's body.

DET. JELKE  
And this guy went on to become an American Master. I love it.  
(to Big Eddie)  
Just tell me one thing. How's all this tie into the Soho thing?

BIG EDDIE  
Simple. When the lost mural turned up, Grovesnor figured the truth would come out. So he broke into the loft and set it on fire. The dead girl... the art restorer... just got in the way.

Jelke walks up to Big Eddie and pats him on the back.

DET. JELKE  
Christ, Cap, you've still got it.

The old cop accepts the complement. But off to the side, Caroline isn't buying it. There's fear in her face as she looks down at the body and Grovesnor's unfinished paintings.

Eddie picks up on it.

EDDIE  
(to Caroline)  
Hey... You O.K.?

But she pulls away and exits the loft.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUTTON PLACE. - EIGHT A.M. - THE NEXT DAY.

Eddie's parked in his Ford on Sutton across from Caroline's co-op. He's got another three day beard and it looks like he's been there all night. Just then...

A RED LIGHT goes on atop the awning outside Caroline's CO-OP. The doorman emerges and blows a whistle, signaling for a cab. Another beat then a taxi pulls up and...

Caroline comes out of the building, dressed in a dark business suit. She gets in. The taxi takes off.

EDDIE starts the car and creeps into traffic behind her.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN. - MINUTES LATER.

The Cab swerves in and out of traffic along 53rd Street as:

Eddie does his best to stay with it. He misses a light and LOSES THE CAB in the sea of yellow taxis roaring West across 53rd.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
Few things compare to driving in  
Midtown Manhattan. Maybe the bull run  
at Pamplona or the double black  
diamond run at Mount Snow. If you have  
an ounce of concern about the paint  
job on your Beemer, you are doomed.  
Motor vehicles move through Midtown  
like politicians move through  
Washington: with cold-blooded ambition  
and total disregard for human life.

Suddenly, Eddie swerves to avoid A BUS.

EDDIE  
Shit.

ANGLE THE ROOFTOP OF Eddie's Ford as he hits THE KOJAK BUBBLE.

THE FORD shoots through the intersection and swerves in and out of traffic along 53rd to catch up. Then finally at:

53rd & MADISON, THE FORD screeches to a halt.

INT. FORD.

Eddie looks straight ahead then right, not sure whether the cab continued West on 53rd or turned right uptown.

EDDIE  
Fifty-fifty.

He shoots ahead STRAIGHT, then he looks right out his window.

POV: Atop A skyscraper on Madison, there's a sign that says DREXEL.

So EDDIE spins the wheel and screeches right up MADISON, narrowly missing AN UPTOWN BUS. He has to cut the wheel sharply to avoid it, but he roars past the bus, finally coming along side...

CAROLINE'S TAXI AS IT PULLS TO THE CURB.

She gets out and goes into the tower marked DREXEL BUILDING.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE.

EDDIE jumps out and follows her into...

INT. THE LOBBY.

She moves past A MODEL OF A NEW SKYSCRAPER COMPLEX. A sign reads:

DREXEL PLACE. THE MADISON AVENUE OF TOMORROW.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM THE DREXEL GROUP. - MINUTES LATER - DAY.

Caroline is led into the enormous room and shown her seat at a table. The size is just slightly smaller than a carrier flight deck.

20 CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY are seated around it. All male. She's the only woman. There's a pre-conference buzz in the air. But suddenly, at the end of the room, a door opens and everything goes silent.

LeStadt, the bodyguard from the chopper, walks in and announces:

LESTADT  
John Charles Drexel.

Black Jack walks into the room and takes his position at the head of the table. He's has the regal bearing of an ambassador; but the gait of a street fighter. Clearly, this is a guy who's climbed to the 65th floor by the sheer strength of his will.

DREXEL  
All right gentlemen. Let's get to it. At the top of the agenda we have the pending merger between Drexel Limited and The Bachman Grupp. When it comes to the Germans, the only way to live with them is to known their history.

He shoots a look down to the end of the table where Caroline is sitting rock still with her eyes closed.

DREXEL  
Are you listening, Caroline?

CAROLINE  
 (coming to life)  
 Yes. Yes of course, Father.

Drexel gets up and starts walking around the table.

DREXEL  
 In Munich they have a term  
 regarding mergers: Schwatzkuten,  
 which translates literally, "black  
 curtain." The word comes from  
 Bavarian puppet theater where an  
 unseen wire-puller controlled the  
 stage by manipulating figures from  
 behind a black cloth. That's the  
 way old man Bachman operates... in  
 the dark with minimum exposure.  
 And that's the way this merger has  
 to take place.

He stops behind his daughter and puts his hands on her chair.  
 Caroline can almost feel the heat of his glare on her neck.

DREXEL  
 I expect zero press on this.  
 Everything happens behind the black  
 curtain... Understood?

All of the men at the table nod their heads. Nothing from Caroline.  
 So Drexel squeezes her shoulder. It hurts. Then finally...

CAROLINE  
 Yes father.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADISON AVENUE. - LATER NOON.

Madison is packed with lunchtime traffic as we start on Eddie's Ford.  
 A card on the dashboard says FDNY OFFICIAL BUSINESS. Next to that we  
 hear EDDIE'S radio squawking. As we widen out, we hear Bobby Vasquez.

BOBBY (V.O)  
 Base to Burke. Capt. Moran wants you  
 to contact Captain Kivlihan at NYPD.  
 (No answer. A beat and then...)  
 Come on Eddie... This time it's your  
 ass.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE crosses the street, dodging traffic. CAROLINE has just started  
 to walk up Madison when he comes up behind her.

EDDIE  
 How the hell is he, Caroline?  
 (She freezes; then picks  
 up the pace)  
 I thought you said you hadn't seen  
 him in years?

Finally she starts to slow down.

CAROLINE  
 It's true. I'm on the Board of  
 Directors. I never go to the meetings.  
 This time... I decided to go.

Eddie grabs her wrist and pulls her to a stop.

EDDIE  
 Why now?

She starts to pull away.

CAROLINE  
 It's a family matter. None of your  
 concern.

EDDIE  
 Didn't stop you when it came to my  
 family.

This time Caroline stops in her tracks.

CAROLINE  
 That's what this is about isn't it?  
 You and your father...

Eddie turns away for a beat. Then, finally...

EDDIE  
 Look, Big Eddie was wrong. Grovesnor  
 didn't burn that mural.

CAROLINE  
 (surprised)  
 What? What did you say?

She's suddenly on the defensive.

EDDIE  
 There was something about the way  
 you looked at the crime scene.  
 I started checking and guess what?  
 Grovesnor was in L.A. the night of the  
 fire. An opening in Venice. Half a  
 dozen witnesses saw him there. He  
 couldn't have done the Soho job.

CAROLINE  
 (stares at him)  
 So, the killer's still out there.

EDDIE  
 You're getting good at this...

He starts to walk away. She calls over his shoulder.

CAROLINE  
 Eddie... Wait.

He doesn't bother to turn around.

EDDIE  
 If you need help this time... call  
 your old man.



Eddie gets to his car. As he starts to open the door Caroline grabs his hand. He looks up at her. Their faces are inches apart:

CAROLINE  
I said wait....

We go wide as Eddie & Caroline get into the Ford. As the car disappears up Madison, we realize we're watching them from the POV of:

THE DARK FIGURE FROM THE LOFT standing across the street.

CLOSE ON the gold Dunhill lighter as he and snaps it closed.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - HELL'S KITCHEN - MAGIC HOUR

Caroline is staring out the window as Eddie paces behind her.

EDDIE  
You didn't believe Grovesnor's death was a suicide. Did you?

She hesitates then, shakes her head.

CAROLINE  
No.

EDDIE  
Why not?

She turns to face him.

CAROLINE  
Because of the work he was doing. There were a half dozen canvases in his loft near completion. He was prepping that show in L.A. That's why he went out of town.

EDDIE  
All right. But why'd he run from my father up at the lake?

CAROLINE  
Maybe something scared him.

EDDIE  
Or someone, like the killer.

Caroline looks confused.

EDDIE  
Christ, don't you get it? Whoever killed that girl in Soho set Grovesnor up. Even Big Eddie fell for it. Esther Schine, that abortion. Grovesnor was the designated hitter for the Soho death. But there was something else in that mural. Something worth killing for.

CAROLINE  
Nothing's worth killing for.

Eddie heads to the door.

CAROLINE  
Where are we going?

EDDIE  
Grovesnor's loft.

Caroline gets up to follow. At long last, Eddie Burke Jr. is running the show and we can see that she likes it.

CUT TO:

INT. GROVESNOR'S LOFT BLDG. HALLWAY. - NIGHT.

It's dark now outside the loft. Eddie finds the key atop the transom. He breaks the NYPD SEAL on the door and they go inside.

EXT. GROVESNOR'S LOFT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Dark Figure is standing across in the shadows near a meat packing warehouse. He watches as THE LIGHT comes on in:

INT. GROVESNOR'S LOFT.

CAROLINE  
What are we looking for?

EDDIE  
Anything we can find on that mural.

CAROLINE  
(gesturing to  
some file cabinets)  
He kept his rough work over here.  
(Caroline leads Eddie  
toward the files)  
The man was an anal retentive. He  
saved every sketch.

She opens the top drawer and starts going through the line drawings and charcoal sketches. They begin at the present and move back over time. As she and Eddie pull out the drawings, we see an extraordinary panoply of American art.

Finally, when she gets to the 1930's, she finds it: The sketch for the two panel diptych:

CAROLINE  
Here it is. "Workers of the World  
Unite." It's only a charcoal rendering, but you can feel its power.

In the left panel we see THE PILOT, THE NURSE & THE STEVEDORE. In the right: THE FARMER, THE TEACHER, and THE MINER. Because they're just sketches, the faces have not been defined.

Behind the SIX WORKERS in the foreground we see A CROWD OF WORKERS carrying red flags; fists are raised in triumph.

CAROLINE  
(pointing)  
Here... The influence of Diego  
Rivera...

EDDIE

It looks like one of those posters  
from Russia.

CAROLINE

Yes. It seems strident and prop-  
agandistic today but back then in the  
30's the labor movement was young...  
Almost... holy to some.

EDDIE

Comparing Lenin to The Pope. I love it.  
Sure you didn't go to Catholic school?

Caroline smiles as Eddie takes out one of the B&W shots of the burned mural. He compares it to the LEFT PANEL of the sketch; trying to understand why somebody'd kill for it. He can't figure it out.

Then... Eddie turns the sketch over. On the back, it has the names of the four artists who painted the final mural. Among them:

EDDIE

Hampton, Grovesnor, Schine and  
Krasnoff... I thought you told me  
the fourth artist's name was Krane?

CAROLINE

That's what it said in the Artists  
Roll Book. Maybe Krasnoff was his real  
name and he Anglicized it.

FLASHBACK TO: The short, stocky painter. JULIAN "KRASNOFF" KRANE.

EDDIE

When I mentioned the name Krane to  
Esther's brother I could see that he  
knew him. Then he stopped. Wouldn't  
say any more.

CAROLINE

(smiles)  
Maybe you didn't ask the right way...

CUT TO:

INT. NATHAN SCHINE'S APARTMENT. - LATER NIGHT.

Eddie & Caroline seated across a kitchen table from Nathan. The old man has his eyes closed. His head is tilted to one side. He looks like an old rabbi as he listens to Eddie state his case.

EDDIE

When I asked you about Julian Krane  
you knew who I was talking about  
didn't you? Didn't you?

Finally, Schine comes alive.

SCHINE

You think you can come into my house  
and shout at me Mr. Burke?

Caroline squeezes Eddie's arm and motions for him to back off.

Eddie gets up and goes into the living room while Schine blinks at her for a beat through Coke-bottle glasses. He may be 80 but this is a beautiful woman. Caroline pulls her chair next to his.

CAROLINE

(smiling)  
Tell me, Mr. Schine. Where's the piano?

SCHINE

(startled)  
What?

Caroline touches his old mottled fingers.

CAROLINE

You have beautiful hands. A two-octave reach.

SCHINE

I don't... I never play here. At the Community Center, sometimes. Not here.

CAROLINE

I studied for six years. It took me that long to realize that my hands were too small for the concert stage.

SCHINE

They look pretty nice to me.  
(He takes a beat, looks away from her and then)  
So what are you doing with this cop?

CAROLINE

I'm an art professor. I've studied your sister's work and I'm worried... People are dying because of it.

Schine let's it all sink in and then:

SCHINE

I always knew there was something about that picture...

Eddie moves into the kitchen now as Caroline keeps going.

CAROLINE

We think maybe this artist named Krane was connected. He called himself Krasnoff as well.

Now Schine gets up and starts to pace.

SCHINE

Julie had a thing about "passing." Couldn't live with his Russian name so Krasnoff became Krane.

EDDIE

How well did you know him?

SCHINE  
 You kidding?  
 (crossing his fingers)  
 He and my Esther were like this.

CAROLINE  
 They were lovers?

SCHINE  
 (shoots her a look)  
 What? No way. Julie was Feygele.  
 He was like another brother to Esther.

EDDIE  
 Any idea where we can find him?

SCHINE  
 (surprised)  
 You didn't know?

Eddie shakes his head. Nathan Schine goes to the window, opens it up and looks down the 15 stories. The curtains blow from the wind off the East River. He cocks his head toward the window.

SCHINE  
 He went out a window like this one.

EDDIE  
 What are you talking about?

SCHINE  
 I'm talking about your Irish friend  
 Mr. Burke... McCarthy. He put Julie's  
 name on a list. Pink, they called him.  
 A Fellow Traveler.

Schine stares out at the river. He's trying to bring it all back.

SCHINE  
 ...One day he's a big art director  
 on Madison Avenue. Next day pffft,  
 he can't get a job. So he goes to some  
 office building, opens a window and  
 jumps out.

Eddie shoots a look to Caroline.

EDDIE  
 Suicide again...

CUT TO.

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA. - NIGHT.

Big Eddie leans on his cane outside the entrance to NYPD HQ, when Eddie and Caroline hurry into the lobby.

EDDIE  
 Sorry to get you up, Pop. But...

BIG EDDIE  
 You don't have to say it... I blew  
 the call.

BIG EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 (to Caroline)  
 I don't know which to feel worse  
 about: calling a murder a suicide or  
 having a son that's smarter than me.

Caroline smiles at Eddie as they walk inside.

Just then, Big Eddie SEES SOMETHING out of the corner of his eye.  
 He turns and looks across Police Plaza, as...

POV: THE DARK FIGURE lights a cigarette. He looks at Big Eddie for  
 a beat, then realizes he's been made and ducks into the shadows of  
 Manhattan Borough Hall.

Big Eddie thinks about it, then limps thru the door to Headquarters.

CUT TO:

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA. THE ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Later, armed with the real name of Julian Krasnoff, Eddie Burke Sr.  
 and his son run through The Cold Case Files.

BIG EDDIE  
 (at the machine)  
 They're cross-filed under "suicides"  
 but the name will be faster.  
 Krasnoff. Krasnoff...  
 (beat)  
 Here it is.  
 (reading the microfilm)  
 October, 1953.

THE MACHINE spits out: A B&W police crime scene photo. It shows  
 A MAN'S BODY sprawled on the roof of a building.

EDDIE  
 (reading from the picture)  
 Says here. P.O. Twenty-first floor.

CAROLINE  
 What's that mean?

BIG EDDIE  
 Point of Origin. It was taken from the  
 window he jumped from.

BIG EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 (eyeing the picture)  
 Looks like he fell onto the roof  
 of the building next door.

Eddie picks up the final REPORT just out of the machine.

EDDIE  
 Yeah.  
 (reading)  
 "Subject body found on 11th floor  
 roof at 480 Madison..."

Suddenly, Caroline looks like she's going to be sick.

EDDIE

(reading)  
"...the deceased, reportedly  
despondent over the recent loss of his  
job, went to the twenty-first floor  
and leaped to his death..."

BIG EDDIE

You can get a pretty big headache  
from a ten story drop.  
(to Eddie)  
Where'd he go out from?

EDDIE

The building next door. 482.

Caroline gets up to leave, but she stumbles. It looks like she's  
going to pass out, but Eddie catches her.

EDDIE

Hey, what is it?

CAROLINE

(reeling)  
I'm... I feel sick...

BIG EDDIE

Look Kid. All this has been brutal  
for her. Get her home.

EDDIE

(eyeing his father's cane)  
What about you?

BIG EDDIE

You kidding? I'll catch a ride with  
one of the boys.

EDDIE

You sure, Pop?

BIG EDDIE

Come on. There's nothing we can do  
'til tomorrow. I'll meet you at  
Manhattan Base. Nine A.M. And if Kivie  
tries to given you any shit...  
(nods to Caroline)  
Pardon me. I'll call the Commissioner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA. - MINUTES LATER. NIGHT.

Big Eddie limps towards a line of 1978 GREEN & BLACK PATROL UNITS  
just going out on the 11-to-7 shift. He turns to one of The Uniforms.

BIG EDDIE

Hey Sal. You got time to give an old  
cop a ride?

SAL

Sure Chief.

BIG EDDIE starts to walk toward the unit then suddenly, he stops and turns around toward BOROUGH HALL.

POV: He spots The Dark Figure, stepping behind a column.

BIG EDDIE  
(to the Uniform)  
Tell you what. I'll take a rain check.

SAL  
Suit yourself Chief. Any time.

The UNIFORM gets into his PATROL UNIT and drives off as Big Eddie opens his coat and pulls out a .38 Police Special. He spins the barrel, then moves off toward:

EXT. BOROUGH HALL. - MOMENTS LATER

The old Municipal bldg. is half in shadow. The arched columns rising three stories above an open portico as Big Eddie approaches cautiously with the gun drawn.

Shadows cross the columns as headlights from cars off the Brooklyn Bridge reflect against tile. Just then:

Big Eddie hears footsteps. He catches sight of what looks like the FIGURE OF A MAN AND moves toward it when suddenly...

The Dark Figure from the Soho murder lunges out at him, kicking the gun from his hand. There's a struggle.

Big Eddie lands a punch and the guy drops. But as he does, he grabs Big Eddie's cane. He gets up and slams it into the old cop's stomach.

Big Eddie drops to his knees, spitting blood.

The Dark Figure kicks him one more time in the stomach and Big Eddie goes down. A wallet falls out with his shield. The Dark Figure picks it up and spits at him.

DARK FIGURE  
(with bile)  
Chief of Detectives... Fuck...

He grabs the shield and tosses the wallet in disgust, racing off as:

Big Eddie crawls along the floor of the portico, reaching for the gun. Finally, he gets it and FIRES OFF A SHOT:

BOOOM... But he misses his target. Then, just at that moment...

EXT. ACROSS THE PLAZA.

Eddie hears the shot, as he exits with Caroline. He yells at her.

EDDIE  
Call for help.

She rushes to One Police Plaza as Eddie tears toward Borough Hall. By the time Eddie gets to him, his father is hemorrhaging blood.

EDDIE  
Oh Christ...



He picks up his father's head and cradles it in his arms.  
Big Eddie looks up at his son and coughs.

BIG EDDIE  
You were right Kid. We tagged the  
wrong guy.

EDDIE  
Don't talk. There's help coming.

He hugs his father as Big Eddie looks up at him:

BIG EDDIE  
No. I gotta... I gotta say this...

EDDIE  
Come on Pop...

BIG EDDIE  
You may think that you're Red, Kid,  
but you're not. You're a cop. Hear me?

EDDIE  
Yeah, sure...

BIG EDDIE  
It's in your blood Eddie. Only, you're  
better than me. You always were.

Another cough and then, THE DEATH RATTLE. Big Eddie's eyes roll  
back. He's gone.

Eddie looks up to heaven with tears in his eyes.

EDDIE  
Mother of Christ...

He throws his arms around his father's body while:

EXT. ACROSS THE PLAZA.

Patrol Units and the ambulance roar to the scene. Caroline Drexel  
stands there shivering. She starts to walk toward the ambulance, then  
she stops. She steps into the street, hails a cab and takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE'S OFFICE. COLUMBIA. - LATER. NIGHT.

The room is dark, lit only by a harsh lamp over her desk. She's  
smoking frantically, poring over book after book of WPA Mural  
pictures, searching for something, when...

The door smashes open and A MAN pushes in. For a beat, silhouetted  
against the light, we can't tell who it is.

It could be The Dark Figure. Then finally...

EDDIE BURKE steps into the light.

CAROLINE  
Your father... Is he...?

Eddie nods, half in shock.

EDDIE  
I just brought him down to the morgue.  
(disraught)  
My own father.

CAROLINE  
You should be with him.

EDDIE  
Not 'til I finish this. You know who  
the killer is. Don't you?

Caroline backs behind her desk.

CAROLINE  
Of course not. Why would I?

Eddie lunges over the desk and grabs her silk blouse.

EDDIE  
It has something to do with Krasnoff.

She shakes her head but Eddie twists the blouse at her neck.

EDDIE  
DOESN'T IT?

CAROLINE  
Look I...

EDDIE  
TELL ME!

CAROLINE  
All right. Yes...

He slams her back into her chair and she breaks down...

EDDIE  
All this time. Why the fuck where you  
holding back?

CAROLINE  
I didn't know for sure 'til tonight.

EDDIE  
Well you know now. So talk.

There's a long pause. Finally, she looks up at him.

CAROLINE  
482 Madison Avenue... The building  
where Krasnoff died...

EDDIE  
What about it?

CAROLINE  
My fa... My father owns it.

Eddie reels for a second as the shock of it registers. Then he grabs her arm and pulls her out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. 482 MADISON AVENUE. - DAWN

The sun is breaking through the skyscrapers on Mad Ave when they reach the building: It's an old 21 story pre-war structure. The kind of building that lined Madison for years til the glass boxes went up.

When Eddie and Caroline exit the Ford they find: A one-story plywood wall surrounding the building.

CAROLINE

He used to have offices here. It was one of the first buildings he bought.

EDDIE

Yeah, well guess what? They're about to wreck it.

A DEMO crew is just hooking A WRECKING BALL to a crane. A two-story sign in front of the building says:

DREXEL PLACE  
THE MADISON AVENUE OF TOMORROW

EDDIE and CAROLINE start to move inside the building, but THE FOREMAN, an enormous Black man, stops them.

FOREMAN

(West Indian accent)  
No way Mon. This fucker's comin' down.

EDDIE

(flashes his FDNY shield)  
I'm here to inspect it.

He starts to pull Caroline inside but the Foreman blocks them.

FOREMAN

Bullshit. We got all our permits.  
(looks at the crane)  
That crane's costin' ten bills an hour. We got no time for delays.

Just then, one of the DEMO CREWMEN leans out of a nearby TRAILER and calls down to the FOREMAN.

CREWMAN

Call on two Boss.

FOREMAN

(to Eddie & Caroline)  
You wait here.

A beat as The Foreman goes into the trailer. Then, when he comes out: Eddie and Caroline have gone...

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The old lobby's been stripped of all marble. Only one elevator's working. Eddie & Caroline get inside. She stabs at the "21" button.

INT. THE 21ST FLOOR. - SECONDS LATER.

They get off the elevator. Eddie looks, left, then right.

EDDIE  
Krasnoff fell from the downtown  
side of the building...  
(looking around)  
Over there... Come on.

He leads Caroline down a darkened hallway as we:

INTERCUT:

EXT. MADISON AVENUE.

Down below, THE CRANE starts its diesel engine while...

INT. THE 21ST FLOOR.

Eddie and Caroline move down the hallway. Suddenly, they hear the noise of THE CRANE.

EDDIE  
We don't have much time.

Finally they come to a 1950's style glass door that says: DREXEL INDUSTRIES. It's locked. Eddie tries to open it but it won't budge. So Caroline moves past him and kicks off one of her heels. She hauls back with the shoe and SMASHES THE GLASS.

CAROLINE  
I'm on The Board, remember?

Eddie smiles as she leads him through the broken glass door and switches on the lights.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE.

The crane is just raising the wrecking ball. There's a siren, indicating that the building should be cleared as:

INT. THE 21ST FLOOR

Caroline leads Eddie through office after empty office. There are still a few phone jacks visible, but otherwise the place has been stripped clean. Finally, she takes him into what must have been:

THE HEAD OFFICE

Eddie looks at the windows and opens the Krasnoff file. Meanwhile:

INT. THE ELEVATOR.

The Demo Crewman is stopping at each floor using a BULLHORN:

CREWMAN  
All Clear.

He checks each floor, making sure it's deserted, then rides up to the next one. While in...

THE 21ST FLOOR OFFICE.

Eddie takes out THE CRIME SCENE PHOTO OF KRASNOFF. He moves to a window and looks down at POV: THE ROOF of the next building 10 floors below. Eddie eyes the "suicide" photo. The scenes are identical.

EDDIE

This is where he fell from.

INT. 21ST STORY HALLWAY

The crewman gets off the elevator and looks around.

CREWMAN

All clear.

INT. 21ST FLOOR OFFICE.

Eddie hears him and pulls in from the window.

EDDIE

We better get out of hea--

Just then, he turns to CAROLINE and sees that she's staring out the window, almost paralyzed.

EDDIE

What is it?

(no response, so he shakes her)  
What the hell is it?

She can hardly get the words out.

CAROLINE

This was... my father's office.

EDDIE

The whole office complex says Drexel.

CAROLINE

No. This was the place where he worked. Where his desk was...

THE LIGHTS GO OUT. The power's been cut. They can hear A SIREN BLARE down below. So Eddie grabs her by the shoulders.

EDDIE

What are you telling me?

(she looks away; so he shakes her)  
Come on. They're about to start wasting this place. Are you saying your father killed Krasnoff?

Caroline is silent for another moment. Finally, she nods,

CAROLINE

I'm not sure. It's... It's possible.

THE SIREN is roaring down below now.

EDDIE  
But why, for Christ's sake?

CAROLINE pulls away from him and looks out the window.

CAROLINE  
It might have had something to do  
with... the Witch Hunt.

EDDIE  
McCarthy?

CAROLINE  
(nods)  
During the 50's my father became...  
an Informant. He... gave names to the  
House Committee.

EDDIE  
What names?

CAROLINE  
I never knew 'til now.

Eddie figures it out.

EDDIE  
Christ. Your mother's friends. All  
those Leftie kids from the 30's.

CAROLINE  
(in a trance now)  
It was good for business, he said.  
It helped with the banks.

She turns away, half in shock.

EDDIE  
But why Krasnoff?

Before she can answer: THERE'S A CRASH and The building shakes from  
the first shock of the wrecking ball.

EDDIE  
Jesus.

Eddie pulls Caroline out of the office into:

INT. THE 21ST FLOOR HALLWAY.

He hits the elevator button. But the light's off.

EDDIE  
They cut the power.

The building shakes again. Caroline looks right, then left, spots:  
THE STAIRS and pulls EDDIE after her into:

INT THE STAIRWELL. - MOMENTS LATER.

They're on the 20th floor, rushing to get to the bottom when:  
The building shakes again.

DOWN BELOW:

The wrecking ball is just above them, slamming into the top floors first. Debris starts to fall past the open stairwell windows as:

INT. THE STAIRWELL

They race down the steps. They just clear the 16th Floor, when Caroline stumbles. She twists her ankle.

CAROLINE  
Oh, God.

EDDIE  
Can you walk?

She's in pain. She shakes her head "no," while:

EXT. MADISON AVENUE

FOREMAN  
(radio to the Crane Operator)  
Drop it to sixteen.

The Crane Operator lowers the wrecking ball another few stories. He's about to slam it into the side of the building on 16.

The ball rises. He turns the crane to give it momentum and the ball starts to swing. Just then...

## EDDIE APPEARS

in the 16th floor window, pulls his gun and fires a shot into the lower stairwell.

At the sound of the shot the Crane Operator hits a lever and the wrecking ball swerves, hitting the building just above:

## THE 16TH FLOOR STAIRWELL

The bldg. shakes again. Half the stairwell collapses. Plaster and debris cover Eddie as he throws his body over Caroline. We're not sure. Then, when the dust clears, Eddie moves. They're alive.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE DREXEL'S BEDROOM. LATER. DAY.

EDDIE is sitting in a chair, holding a linen napkin wrapped in ice against his forehead. He's covering a gash sustained when a piece of the stairwell came down on him.

CAROLINE (O.C.)  
Are you sure you don't want a doctor  
to see this?

EDDIE  
We don't have time.

Caroline comes up behind him with bandages and antiseptic. She's wearing the same silk pajamas she had on, that night with his father.

CAROLINE  
Close your eyes. This could burn.

EDDIE  
 (closing his eyes)  
 The story of my life.

CAROLINE  
 What?

EDDIE  
 Things that burn.

CAROLINE  
 Hold on now.

She starts to apply the antiseptic to his face. Eddie grits his teeth. Then she puts a Band Aid over the wound.

CAROLINE  
 You can open up.

Eddie opens his eyes and checks himself in a mirror.

EDDIE  
 Christ, an inch lower, I'd be wearing  
 a patch. Have to start drinking  
 Captain Morgan...

CAROLINE  
 (smiling)  
 What is it with you people?

EDDIE  
 What people?

CAROLINE  
 The Irish. You've got a line for  
 everything.

Eddie starts to get up.

EDDIE  
 What are we supposed to do? The glass  
 is either half-full or half empty. You  
 either laugh or you cry.

He starts to walk out when she stops him.

CAROLINE  
 Wait. Ever since you found me here  
 with your father, you've been  
 different... Apparently there was  
 something between you.

EDDIE  
 Yeah, well we talked it out before  
 he... You know...  
 (heads to the door)  
 I have to go.

He tries to exit, but this time she spins him around.

CAROLINE  
 No! You've been pushing me in and out  
 of buildings now for three days. You  
 asked for my help and I gave it.



CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
 Now I want to say something...  
 (Eddie stops)  
 You may think you know what's going on  
 here but you don't.

EDDIE  
 (cynical)  
 Is that right?

CAROLINE  
 Yes. There was something in that mural  
 and now four people have died for it.  
 Esther Schine, Krasnoff, your father  
 and Andrew Grovesnor. If you count  
 that poor girl in Soho and her  
 boyfriend, that makes six.

EDDIE  
 So what are you trying to say?

CAROLINE  
 I was frightened that night up at the  
 lake. I needed somebody strong.  
 (beat)  
 I'm frightened now.

Eddie just stares at her. She looks beautiful and vulnerable at the same time. She wants him badly. And he finally admits to himself that he wants her too. He starts to retrace his steps, slowly. Then, when he gets a few inches away, she reaches out and runs her index finger along his lower lip.

He burns a look into her, deciding whether or not to do this. Then, he opens the front of her silk pajamas. Slowly at first, he undoes each button.

Then, before he can get to the last button, she drops down in front of him and undoes his belt. But Eddie pulls her up by the shoulders and kisses her hard on the lips. He pushes her down on the bed...

They make love like it's their last day on earth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAROLINE DREXEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

The same location. It's dark now. Caroline wakes up to find the bed empty. She throws on a robe and rushes out.

CAROLINE  
 Eddie. Where are you?

She runs out of the bedroom onto...

INT. THE UPPER STAIRWELL.

CAROLINE  
 Eddie...

EDDIE (O.C.)  
 Down here.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He's on the couch, leaning over a coffee table. The file on the lost mural is sprawled in front of him when she walks in.

EDDIE

It still doesn't fit. We've got a ton of circumstantial pointing to your father for Krasnoff. But we don't know why. Why would he kill him? What the hell did Krasnoff threaten him with?

CAROLINE leans over him. He's staring at KRASNOFF'S PICTURE from the autopsy file. Unconsciously, Caroline picks up one of the B&W shots of the lost mural before it burned.

EDDIE'S POV: He looks from the mug shot of Krasnoff to the picture of the mural. Then back again. Suddenly, it hits him.

EDDIE

Wait a minute. They used each other as models.

CAROLINE

What did you say?

EDDIE

Look. Here.

Krasnoff is one of the figures in the lost mural: THE PILOT from the LEFT PANEL. His face is there, staring out from under the plaster.

EDDIE

When they painted the murals with all those figures, the artists posed for each other. Right?

CAROLINE

Sometimes. But what does that mea...?

He grabs the framed picture of Black Jack Drexel.

EDDIE

Don't you get it? Your father's face was in that diptych. The captain of industry, the Witch Hunt informant, on canvas forever with all those Pinkos. Red flags and all. Workers of the World Unite....

FLASHBACK NOW TO: THE OPEN: and reverse from the POV of THE MAN who rushed in with the newspaper. We see now that it's none other than:

THE YOUNG JOHN CHARLES DREXEL. We pan from his face to:

THE MURAL: Sure enough. There he is, THE MINER, standing amid: the clenched fists and red flags.

RESUME SCENE:

as Caroline sits almost paralyzed.

CAROLINE  
 You're saying my father had the mural destroyed... That girl in Soho was killed because he was embarrassed about his friends in the thirties?

EDDIE  
 No. He was worried about Julian Krane.

CAROLINE  
 But that happened in the fifties.

EDDIE  
 No statute of limitations for murder.  
 (gets up and starts pacing)  
 Think about it. Krasnoff gets fingered during the Red Scare...

FLASHBACK TO: the death scene as Eddie describes it.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 He goes to your father. Asks for help with the House Committee. Your father refuses, so Krasnoff threatens to rat him out for all the artists he knew back in the day.  
 (Caroline turns away, unable to face the truth of it)  
 I mean, how would it look to The Committee? The banks? John Charles Drexel, a staunch anti-Communist, up on the wall with all those Fellow Travelers?

Caroline is almost in shock as it starts to sink in.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 Your father and Krasnoff argued. There was a struggle and Krasnoff went out the window.

Her eyes fill with tears now as Eddie goes on.

EDDIE  
 No one knew until that mural turned up. That's why he had it destroyed. He was covering up for a murder that happened before you were born....

There's a beat as he sits down, defeated.

EDDIE  
 And now, with the mural gone, there's no way to prove it. It's over.

He stares up at the ceiling. A long beat goes by. Then another. Finally, it hits him.

EDDIE  
 Unless...  
 (Caroline eyes him)  
 What if the wrong half got burned?

Eddie picks up the B&W of the burned mural. Points at Krasnoff...  
 THE PILOT.

EDDIE  
 This was the left half of a two  
 panel diptych. Krasnoff's face was  
 the only one you could see. Whoever  
 burned the mural figured your  
 father's face must have been here  
 under the plaster.

He points to The Stevedore.

CAROLINE  
 Yes but...

EDDIE  
 What if it wasn't? What if your  
 father's face was in the other half?

He jumps up and quickly exits the apartment.

CAROLINE  
 Eddie...

INT. CO-OP LOBBY - SECONDS LATER.

As EDDIE rushes out with CAROLINE behind him.

CAROLINE  
 Where are you going?

EDDIE  
 The subway station.

CAROLINE  
 But why?

EDDIE  
 You said it yourself: they sold the  
 canvas as scrap for three cents a  
 pound. If I can find the second half,  
 I can break this.

Caroline stands frozen. Eddie stops and turns to face her.

EDDIE  
 Look. Do you understand? Your  
 father's behind all this death...

He turns & exits. Caroline stares after him for a beat. As if she's  
 deciding which side she's on. Finally, she rushes after him and we:

ANGLE THE DOORMAN

who's taken it all in. A beat goes by as he makes sure they're gone,  
 then he picks up A PHONE and dials.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE 91ST ST. SUBWAY STATION. - NIGHT.

A floodlight flashes as Eddie opens the sidewalk grate and leads  
 Caroline down the passenger escape stairs into:

INT. THE ABANDONED STATION.

But then, when they get to the bottom of the stairs they hear:  
THE HAMMER cocking back on a gun.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Who the fuck's there?

Eddie lowers the floodlight to see: A GUARD, early 30's. Haitian.  
Black. Wearing the uniform of Bell Security. JEAN-CLAUDE POUSSAINT.

EDDIE  
(showing his shield)  
Fire Marshal. Who are you?

POUSSAINT  
Poussaint. Bell Security.  
(He checks a clipboard)  
Didn't say nothin' about no Fire...

EDDIE  
It's not on your sheet. Unannounced  
inspection.

POUSSAINT  
(eyeing Caroline)  
Who's she?

EDDIE  
Consultant on a job we're investiga-  
ting. Have they had security here  
since the main break?

POUSSAINT  
Yeah man. Fuckload of City equipment  
down here. First tour comes on at six  
every night when the plumbers leave.

He holsters the gun and shows them the plumbing tools. The scaffold  
is below the break. Eddie trains the flood light along the overhead  
pipe. Finally, he comes to a section of insulation that looks new.

EDDIE  
We won't be long.  
(handing Caroline the light)  
Do me a favor. When I get up on  
the scaffold, shine it along the pipe  
(climbs up on the scaffold)  
Along here. O.K.?

CLOSE ON THE PIPE as Caroline pans the light across it. EDDIE picks  
up A BOX CUTTER, makes a slit across the underside of the pipe and  
scores it around. Just then, they hear:

FOOTSTEPS on the stairs.

EDDIE  
What's that?

POUSSAINT  
My relief's due any minute  
(calling upstairs)  
Jimmy, that you?

There's no answer so Eddie makes another cut in the canvas insulation and then pulls. All he gets is a handful of MILDEWED WHITE CANVAS. He moves along the scaffold down the pipe another ten feet. Another cut.

Another pull. Nothing. Then one more time.

Finally, Eddie moves down another ten feet of pipe and makes a fourth cut. Caroline pans the light over it as he pulls and...

EDDIE

Sonovabitch. This is it.

THE RIGHT HALF OF THE MURAL: Workers of the World Unite.

Eddie moves a few feet on either side to make sure that he doesn't cut into the mural itself, then starts to pull.

POUSSAINT

What the fuck's that, man?

As the mural comes out, we begin to see the faces of the THREE WORKERS. First... GROVESNOR's face appears on the body of THE FARMER, then comes the figure of THE TEACHER and Caroline sucks in hard.

CAROLINE

Oh God...

EDDIE

What is it?

CAROLINE

That's my mother.

Eddie pulls more of the mural out, revealing the face of: THE MINER. It's been forty years and his hair was jet black then, but sure enough, it's the young: John Charles Drexel.

EDDIE

We've got him.

Eddie pulls the rest of THE MURAL free from the pipe and rolls it up carefully, handing it down to Caroline as: They hear FOOTSTEPS again. Poussaint rushes over toward the STAIRS.

POUSSAINT

Hey Jimmy. You gotta see this.

Suddenly: A SHOT RINGS OUT

and a 9 mm bullet tears through his throat. Poussaint is thrown back by the blast and a fragment of brain matter touches Caroline's shoe.

CAROLINE

Oh God...

EDDIE reaches for his Beretta but before he can get to it, he's confronted by:

THE DARK FIGURE standing on the stairs with a RUGER NINE. CAROLINE spins the floodlight and we see now that it's...

LESTADT, HER FATHER'S BODYGUARD.

A beat and then: BLACK JACK DREXEL steps out from behind him.

DREXEL  
My compliments Mr. Burke.

There's a beat as LeStadt burns a look into Eddie, then he reaches into his pocket and throws down: BIG EDDIE'S SHIELD.

LESTADT  
Fucker was way past his prime.

That's when Eddie gets it. The guy who killed his father.

EDDIE  
You prick...

He jumps down from the staging and lunges at him, pressing the box cutter against LeStadt's neck.

EDDIE  
The man bled to death. Twenty-two years on the job and he had to die on the pavement. You goddamn...

He makes a pinprick incision with the box cutter and a small trickle of blood starts to run. But then, LeStadt jams the Ruger up against Eddie's neck and cocks it.

EDDIE  
Go ahead. The muscle reflex'll slit your throat. Come on, fuck face. Do it!

Just then, Drexel pulls a .44.

EDDIE  
It bothers you, doesn't it Drexel? The blood... It spills out in ways that you can't control.

DREXEL  
Shut up.

EDDIE  
So your boyfriend here did the girl down in Soho? How about Grovesnor? I mean he was the only other living person who really knew what was in that mural. You had to kill him. A bullshit suicide, just like you used with Krasnoff.

Drexel shoots a look at Caroline who's half in the shadows now, almost paralyzed by the truth of all this.

EDDIE  
When the mural came out you were afraid there'd be questions. Maybe someone would tie you to Krasnoff's death. The German's would love that... Their new partner, charged with manslaughter or was it intent-to-kill?

DREXEL  
 I didn't come here to debate with a  
 goddamn fireman. I came for my mural.  
 (to LeStadt)  
 Get it.

LeStadt pulls away and goes for the mural as Drexel screams at Eddie.

DREXEL  
 Drop the box cutter. NOW!

Eddie smiles and lets it go.

DREXEL  
 Now up with your fucking hands.

Eddie complies, backing toward the edge of the subway platform.

EDDIE  
 What're you gonna do? Kill me?  
 (looks at Caroline)  
 Then what? She's a witness. You gonna  
 cap your own daughter?

Drexel hesitates, then shines the light in Caroline's eyes.

DREXEL  
 Kill her? I wouldn't think of it.  
 (turns toward her)  
 Take the gun from him, Darling.

Eddie shoots a look at Caroline. She can't seem to face him.

DREXEL  
 (brutal now)  
 Caroline! I said, take his gun.

A long beat, then she starts to walk towards Eddie. He can't believe it as she opens his jacket, reaches inside and takes out his Beretta. There are tears streaming down her face...

EDDIE  
 Oh, Christ no...

DREXEL  
 Of course you don't understand  
 Mr. Burke. What would you know of a  
 child's love for a parent?

Eddie looks at Caroline, trying to find some denial in her eyes.

EDDIE  
 Is it true? Are you with him on this?

Nothing from Caroline. She just stands there frozen.

DREXEL  
 With me? Hell, I sent her to school  
 for it. She wrote her dissertation  
 on the WPA. You see Mr. Burke, that  
 piece of canvas was always out there.  
 A filthy reminder of a rather embar-  
 rassing youth. I raised her to find it  
 and now she has.



Eddie looks at Caroline. Her betrayal is overwhelming. He walks up as if to slap her. Drexel aims the .44 at his head. But just then, Eddie spits in her face.

EDDIE

Fuck you...

She stands motionless, unable to wipe the spittle away. Finally...

DREXEL

Come Caroline.

He's at the top of the stairs now with the mural under his arm, motioning for her to join him. Caroline seems like she's in a trance; unable to move until Drexel screams out.

DREXEL

I said COME!

She flinches at the sound of his voice. Clearly, she's been brutalized by this man all her life. Caroline starts to walk away from Eddie, when Drexel calls down to LeStadt.

DREXEL

Kill him.

Then, just before she gets to the stairs, THE IRT LOCAL lights up the station roaring downtown. LeStadt turns toward the train and...

Eddie jumps off the platform down onto:

THE TRACK AREA.

LeStadt rushes forward with the light, shining it down along the track, but Eddie hides in a crawl space under the platform overhang. LeStadt can't see him. Finally, Drexel rushes back onto the platform.

DREXEL

He can't move uptown or he'll run into the next goddamn train. We'll wait down at 86th... Find him and make sure this ends.

With that, he pulls Caroline back up the stairs to:

EXT. THE STREET ABOVE - CONTINUOUS.

When they hit Broadway, Drexel slams down the sidewalk grate and pushes Caroline into his Bentley. He locks THE MURAL in the trunk and jumps into the driver's seat as we:

INTERCUT:

INT. SUBWAY TRACKS.

Down below, Eddie makes his way out of the crawl space. He CROSSES THE TRACKS and starts running downtown along THE UPTOWN SIDE as LeStadt jumps off the platform after him.

When EDDIE sees the light behind him, he ducks into: A CURVED INDENT along the wall. A safety space track workers use when oncoming trains approach. Eddie is pressed against the tunnel wall now as...

LeStadt stalks him, crossing to the UPTOWN TRACKS, panning the light.

EDDIE  
So what's your deal? Ex-Company?  
Rangers? Maybe Delta Force? Guys like  
Drexel hire guys like you to take out  
the garbage.

LESTASDT  
Just keep talking...

He moves toward Eddie's voice.

EXT. BROADWAY ABOVE.

Drexel & Caroline in the Bentley, roaring downtown toward the 86th Street Station. There's fire in his eyes, a cold dull stare in hers.

INT. SUBWAY TRACKS - SECONDS LATER.

LeStadt moves forward, a few feet at a time, panning the light, getting closer to Eddie who's pressed up against the wall.

LESTADT  
(calling to him)  
You're a Catholic right? The Irish  
love wakes, so I'll make a deal with  
you, Burke. Are you listening?  
(nothing from Eddie)  
If you show yourself now I won't use  
a head shot. That way they'll be able  
to keep the coffin open and all your  
fucking firemen friends can spill  
whiskey on you while they tell lies  
about your miserable life...

Finally, LeStadt reaches him. He shines the light into Eddie's eyes.

LESTADT  
Get ready to die, fucker.

Just then, they hear THE SOUND of an oncoming UPTOWN train roaring into the station at 85 m.p.h. Worried, LeStadt jumps back and stumbles onto the track, dropping the gun, whereupon:

Eddie lunges at him; but LeStadt sidesteps and throws a kick.

EDDIE  
Limey accent. Just a hint. Ex-SAS...

The two of them slam each other against the TRACK WALL in a brutal free for all as...

THE TRAIN bears down on them and:

INT. IRT TRAIN - CONTINUOUS.

The Train Operator squints forward. He sees something on the track 200 yards ahead. He hits A WHISTLE, sending a deafening whine through the tunnel. He stabs at a control, trying to slow the train as:

LeStadt and Eddie spot THE GUN at the same time. It's wedged between two of the tracks.

THEY BOTH lunge for it. But LeStadt gets it first. Eddie instinctively pushes back into A CURVED INDENT as:

THE TRAIN screams by. As it does, we hear a loud screeching sound and there's a lightening-like

ARC OF LIGHT

When the train is gone, EDDIE looks out across the track. There's just DARKNESS. He drops down and feels around for THE LIGHT.

A beat, then another and he finds it. Cautiously he picks it up.

Any second we expect to see LeStadt lunging out of the dark with the gun blasting. Eddie pans the light left, then right. All he can hear is a dull HUMMMMMM. Finally, he sees it:

LESTADT'S BODY, slumped over the electrified THIRD RAIL. He's dead.

THE RUGER, now frozen in his hand, is welded to the steel of the rail as 100,000 volts pass through it.

Eddie bends down for the gun, then realizes it's hot and backs away. Finally, he moves down the tunnel toward 86th:

CUT TO:

EXT. 86TH STREET - MINUTES LATER.

THE BENTLEY screeches to a stop. Drexel grabs the .44 and jumps out, rushing down into the station as:

Caroline sits in the car, staring into space. Meanwhile:

INT. SUBWAY TRACK. - CONTINUOUS

Eddie crosses the track and runs downtown through the dark towards the 86th Street station. He's exhausted by the time he reaches THE STAIRS at the top of the platform. But just then, he sees:

Drexel coming down into the station. It's long after midnight now and the station's deserted as Eddie faces the old lion across the platform. Drexel approaches slowly, the .44 in his jacket as:

EDDIE moves forward, expecting a fight with his fists. Then when Drexel is 30 feet from him, he whips out the gun. Eddie freezes.

DREXEL

Did you really think she'd betray me?

Drexel aims at his heart and Eddie echoes his father's last words.

EDDIE

I guess it's in her blood...  
There's just one thing I don't understand.

DREXEL

(confident now)  
And what's that?

EDDIE  
Why did you have her followed?

DREXEL  
(coldly)  
Insurance. See, the bitch has some  
of her mother's blood too.

Drexel cocks the gun about to kill him, when, suddenly: BOOOOM!

A BULLET roars through the station, tearing 150 m.p.h. as it rips  
into Drexel's BACK.

He's blown forward by the force of the 9 mm round.

Then, when the body hits the platform, Eddie sees Caroline double-  
handing his Beretta as HER FATHER lies dead. There are tears steaming  
down her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CEMETERY MIDDLE VILLAGE QUEENS - DAY

AN HONOR GUARD of New York's Finest stands on either side of a flag-  
draped coffin as the final remains of Big Eddie Burke are lowered  
into the ground. The mourners include THE MAYOR, THE CARDINAL, and  
THE POLICE & FIRE COMMISSIONERS. EDDIE sits next to Aggie Stein.

PRIEST  
I am The Resurrection and The Life.  
He who dies and believes in Me  
shall live and he who lives and  
believes in Me shall never die...

As the priest spreads incense over the casket, Eddie looks around,  
searching for Caroline, but she hasn't shown.

AGGIE  
Forget her Eddie. She's not worth it.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CEMETERY - LATER

Eddie walks out, shaking hands and receiving the comfort of friends  
when, just then: A FIREFIGHTER comes up and hands him a note. Eddie  
looks around for a beat and opens it. It says:

All I knew was, he wanted the mural.  
I had no idea about the killing.  
Please believe me. - Caroline

Eddie looks up towards the exiting crowd. Then he sees her.  
Caroline Drexel is in black. She stares at him for a beat from under  
dark glasses. Then ducks into a waiting limo and takes off.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

with Eddie voicing over.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
It took me a year to get over her.

## FLASHBULBS IGNITE

as Caroline, protected by lawyers and bodyguards is led into 100 Center Street, Manhattan Criminal Court.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
The night after the funeral, she was arrested for homicide and murder-conspiracy

## MORE FLASHBULBS...

## LURID HEADLINES:

Sutton Place Heiress Kills Dad  
Art Doc In Mural Murder Web  
Drexel Daughter Held  
In First Degree Burn

EDDIE (V.O.)  
It was a D.A.'s wet dream. A scandal involving abortion, manslaughter and the bloody homicide of a tycoon by his Ivy League daughter.

Caroline is led into a GRAND JURY ROOM. She holds her hands over her face to shield herself from the media mob.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
But I stopped all that. I testified that Caroline saved my life. That she had no idea of her father's plan. And in one day the tabloids turned her from Lady MacBeth into Mother Teresa. The twisted victim of an abusive father. A daughter who sacrificed all for love.

Caroline exits the Grand Jury room and makes eye contact with Eddie who's waiting in the hallway. There's a beat between them and her handlers whisk her away.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
I never expected to see her again.

CUT TO:

INT. ATRIUM DREXEL PLACE

A string quartet plays Vivaldi's The Four Seasons as a hundred of New York's beautiful people crowd into the four-story glass Atrium for the grand opening of Drexel Place.

## SUPER:

One Year Later

As the camera moves through the crowd of champagne-sipping GLITTERATI it comes to:

AN ENTRANCE DOOR where two women in cocktail dresses are checking names behind a table against an INVITATION LIST.

CLOSE ON THE LIST as a man drops AN INVITE on the table and we hear:

WOMAN  
(eyeing the invitation)  
Name please?

MAN (O.C.)  
Burke. Edmund. Somebody sent me  
this.

We pan up to discover Eddie, a year older and considerably more polished. He's in an Italian cut suit and silk tie. His hair is combed back straight and he's clean shaven.

He looks like a young congressman. As he stands at the table there's a new bearing about him; a confidence.

WOMAN  
Yes sir. We've been expecting you.

Eddie nods and enters the atrium. As he does, people turn and seem to notice him, whispering.

Just then, Kivlihan, comes through the crowd.

KIVLIHAN  
Heard you made Lieutenant. The old man  
would be--

EDDIE  
Yeah.

KIVLIHAN  
So, Rojas pulled Thirty to Life. They're  
taking him up to Attica tomorrow.

EDDIE  
What kind of security?

KIVLIHAN  
Don't worry. We've got it covered.

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE  
Yeah... right...

THE MUSIC STOPS

ANGLE A DAIS set up in front of an enormous PAIR OF DOORS. The platform is crowded with DIGNITARIES. Someone taps a microphone.

EDDIE'S POV. He tries to see who's up there, but his view is blocked by the crowd as the Master of Ceremonies goes to the microphone.

M.C.  
 Welcome to Drexel Place. We don't  
 want to interrupt the flow of Mumms,  
 so I'd like to introduce the person  
 most responsible for this splendid new  
 space. Dr. Caroline Drexel.

Eddie lifts his head to get a look at her over the applauding crowd.  
 She looks like a hundred million dollars.

CAROLINE  
 Thank you. Thank you all for being  
 here... It is the nature of beauty  
 that it doesn't last. Perhaps that's  
 why we covet it so much. For ten years  
 in this country there was a fragile  
 experiment in the arts. A Government  
 program in which thousands of artists  
 were given a chance to create. Sadly,  
 much of their work has been lost. This  
 is the first step in our quest to  
 preserve what is left.

The M.C. Hands her silver-plated scissors.

CAROLINE  
 I hereby open The Dorothea Hampton  
 Museum of WPA Art.

SHE CUTS A RIBBON and the doors behind her open onto:

A MUSEUM SPACE built into the Atrium;

It's filled with WPA murals and sculpture. The dignitaries applaud.  
 The quartet starts to play.

CAROLINE hesitates on THE DAIS for a beat, searching the crowd for  
 someone... Then, just below the platform, she makes eye-contact with

EDDIE BURKE. She smiles and walks down from the dais to face him.

CAROLINE  
 I'm glad you came.

EDDIE  
 I'm glad you asked me.

CAROLINE  
 You look different.

EDDIE  
 I am.

There's a long beat as they trade looks, trying to find each other  
 again. Then finally, Caroline reaches for Eddie's arm. He hesitates,  
 but she tugs at him gently, pulling him into:

THE NEW MUSEUM SPACE.

As they pass through the doors, there on a marble wall of the museum,  
 EDDIE sees it POV: The right half of a two-panel diptych.

There's a sign under the newly restored mural that says:

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

We go close on the face of THE MINER, the late John Charles Drexel. Then we pan right across the faces of the other artists now deceased. Finally, we pullback over the assembled dignitaries as:

CAROLINE and EDDIE

walk into the museum arm in arm and the music of Antonio Vivaldi fills the space.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYPD VAN - MAGIC HOUR

As it exits Rikers Island jail and moves over the CAUSEWAY toward The TriBorough Bridge and Upstate N.Y.

INT. NYPD VAN

Superman sits rock still as Two COPS eye him warily. One is older and Black. The other's a rookie Hispanic. A beat, then, the older Cop, looks out and sees The Causeway.

OLDER COP

Uncuff him.

ROOKIE

Are you serious?

OLDER COP

Regulations. Have to do it over water.  
(taps the wire mesh windows)  
Don't worry. This box is locked.

The rookie bends down and unlocks Rojas' leg irons. He comes up and hesitates as Superman lifts his cuffs. Finally, he unlocks them. Rojas rubs his wrists and smiles. Charming. A choir boy.

SUPERMAN

You hermanos are O.K.

He turns to the rookie and holds up two fingers to his lips indicating that he wants a cigarette.

SUPERMAN

(Spanish w/subtitles)  
How about a smoke?  
(the rookie eyes the older cop)  
Come on. Like you said.  
(slams the side of the truck)  
It's a lock.

A beat, then the older cop nods. The rookie pulls out a pack of Marlboros and a cheap plastic LIGHTER.

Superman (a study in charm) puts the cigarette in his lips as the rookie cop flicks on the lighter.



Rojas leans forward, cupping the cop's hand for the light, then suddenly...

HE GRABS THE LIGHTER IN HIS MOUTH and crunches down, filling his mouth with LIGHTER FLUID.

OLDER COP

What the hell?

He starts to knock for THE DRIVER to pull over when just then...

SUPERMAN FLICKS THE FLINT. The lighter sparks and

HE BLOWS THE IGNITED FLUID through the spark.

THE BURNING LIQUID covers the two cops, SETTING THEIR UNIFORMS ON FIRE.

They panic, trying to put out the flames.

But before they can recover, Rojas lunges forward and slams his elbow against The Rookie, BREAKING HIS JAW. He then JAMS A PIECE OF BROKEN PLASTIC from the lighter into The Older Cop's face.

He then grabs their keys, unlocks the back door and rolls out onto:

EXT. THE BRIDGE

Whereupon he jumps up onto the bridge railing and screams out toward Manhattan.

SUPERMAN

Muerte a los bomberos...

LOWER THIRD TRANSLATION

Death to the firefighters...

With that, he plunges down into the waters off Rikers Island and:

DISAPPEARS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHORELINE - RANDALL'S ISLAND - LATER NIGHT

A BATTERED VAN screeches to a stop along the shoreline of this nearby Island in the East River. SPIKE HEELS hit the ground.

We pan up black nylons to reveal: RAQUEL, Superman's girlfriend, holding A BLANKET and a flashlight. She stops. Pans the water, searching until she comes to: AN ORANGE JUMPSUIT.

RAQUEL

Berto...

She rushes over to where Superman is sprawled half dead from the swim. He's shivering, almost hypothermic as she picks up his head and cradles him in the blanket. Finally, he looks up at her.

SUPERMAN

You get it?

RAQUEL

Yeah baby. Everything you wanted.  
Gasoline. Thermite grenades. I even  
found out where he lives. Brownstone  
in Hell's Kitchen. Here's the address.  
(she hands him A PAPER)  
I just want to make you warm.

Rojas gets up and pulls the blanket over his shoulders. A beat as he wills himself to stop shivering.

Finally he straightens up, the old psychopath we once knew, as Raquel leads him to the van.

SUPERMAN

Remember what I told you? If you ever  
betrayed me, where you'd go?

RAQUEL

(stops; shows fear)  
Sure baby. But I never...

SUPERMAN

Hey come on. That time in the hotel...  
How the fuck, you think he found me?

RAQUEL

(terrified)  
No Berto. Please... I swear...

Suddenly, Rojas lunges forward and SNAPS HER NECK. She drops like a sack of bones as he bends down.

SUPERMAN

Don't worry. You'll like hell... I've  
been there. It's a very hot place.

He rips open his jumpsuit revealing the back full of TATTOOED FLAMES.

ANGLE THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Tires squeal and rubber burns as Dagoberto Rojas (aka Superman) roars up to the Triborough Bridge past a sign that says

MANHATTAN

We pan up to THE SKYLINE, back-lit as the sun sets in the west. It's a red sunset. Bright red. The color of fire.

FADE OUT:

THE END