



EPISODE #101

"Part One"

WRITTEN BY

Peter Moffat

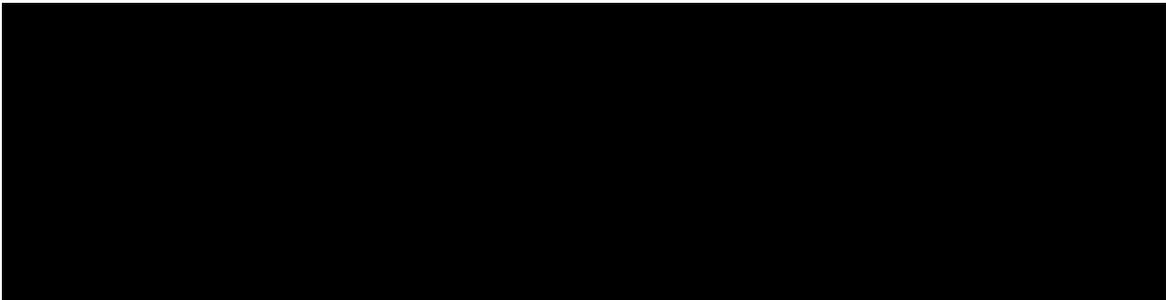
DIRECTED BY

Edward Berger

Based on the Israeli series, "Kvodo", created by Ron Ninio and Shlomo Mashiach

FINAL DRAFT

November 24, 2020





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Final Draft
11/24/20

CAST LIST

MICHAEL DESIATO
ADAM DESIATO
JIMMY BAXTER
GINA BAXTER
ROCCO BAXTER
FRANNIE LATIMER
CHARLIE FIGARO
PJ
DWAYNE
FEMALE JONES
EUGENE
GOODLUCK
SOPHIE
ROSE
DISPATCHER
BETTY
ALAN UNDERWOOD
NICKY BRIGHT
EMILY BRIGHT
GEORGE GRAHAM
AMY THE NEIGHBOR
IMPATIENT DRIVER
SECURITY
DANNY GOLD
VICTOR SMITH
OWEN GEARTY
LT. BRENDAN CUSACK
DESK COP
FRANKIE
GEORGE WILLIAMS

NON-SPEAKING:

VIETNAM VET (ELIJAH DAVIES)
CORNER CREW MEMBER
RICKY
HOMELESS MAN
ATTENDANT
DRIVER
COP
COURT STAFF



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SET LIST

INTERIORS:

DESIATO HOME
STUDY/STUDIO
KITCHEN
HALLWAY
BATHROOM
LAUNDRY ROOM
ADAM'S BEDROOM
MICHAEL'S BEDROOM
DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY
FRONT DOOR
LIVING ROOM
BAXTER HOME
KITCHEN
TULANE AND BROAD COURTHOUSE
STAIRWAY
CORRIDOR
COURTROOM 14
MICHAEL'S CHAMBERS
SHOWER
HALLWAY
POLICE STATION

ROBIN'S CAR
AUDI Q5
UBER
BAXTER CAR

EXTERIORS:

DESIATO HOME
BACKYARD
FRONT LAWN
STREET
DRIVEWAY
BAXTER HOME
BACKYARD
TULANE AND BROAD COURTHOUSE
ST. CHARLES AVENUE
LAFAYETTE CEMETERY
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
INDUSTRIAL CANAL
SHOTGUN HOME
LOWER NINTH WARD
STREET
STORE
CRIME SCENE
GAS STATION
HIGH SCHOOL
AMY'S PORCH
POLICE STATION
PARKING LOT
BRIDGE

ROBIN'S CAR
AUDI Q5
UBER
BAXTER CAR



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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

DAY/NIGHT

SCENES

DAY 1

1-5, 8-15, 21-34, 38-49, 52-70,
72-81

NIGHT 1

82-93, A96-96, 101-E102

1 **EXT. SAINT CHARLES AVENUE. NEW ORLEANS. BLUE HOUR. (D1)**

1

A HOODED MAN running. We're in close with his breathing and the intensity of his effort - but we don't see his face. He's running along one of two tram line tracks that run down the middle of the long, straight avenue. A streetcar - on the same track - coming towards him. The hooded man picks up the pace. The streetcar coming closer. He has to have seen it.

2 **INT. DESIATO HOME. STUDY/STUDIO. EARLY MORNING. (D1)**

2

ADAM DESIATO wakes up in a single bed in the former slave quarters at the bottom of the backyard that his mom (ROBIN) used as a study until her death a year ago. The second his eyes are open:

ADAM

Ssh.

Listening intently. He's not alone in the bed. FRANNIE comes up for air from under the sheets.

ADAM

Ssh.

He's listening intently for noises up at the house.

FRANNIE

(Whispered)

Okay?

ADAM

(Whispered)

Wait..

From the bed he peeks through the blind up at the house. No movement. All quiet.

ADAM

You should go.

FRANNIE

Really?

As she speaks, her hand moves down to touch him.

ADAM

Frannie..

FRANNIE

(Sexy)

Really?

For a moment he's going where she wants and then: A thump at the door.

(CONTINUED)

Adam and Frannie freeze, her hand on his cock - and the handle goes down - oh shit - her hand off his cock - but the door doesn't open - what the hell? - And then another thump - Frannie looks at Adam: Oh fuck - and this time the door opens and..

DJANGO comes in and jumps on the bed not caring (because dogs don't) about the nakedness of the humans and he's licking their faces and there's a hell of a rumpus and Adam is holding a pillow over his Mull of Kintyre and Frannie is hooting with laughter and she has rarely, if ever, been happier.

3 **EXT. SAINT CHARLES AVENUE. NEW ORLEANS. EARLY MORNING. (D1)** 3

Has he seen it? The Hooded Man and the streetcar are fifty feet apart. He ups the pace some more, not deviating. What the fuck? At the last possible moment, he steps off onto the rougher ground between the two tracks. The streetcar rattles by. The hooded man hasn't broken stride and the moment the streetcar is past he moves back to the flatter (better for running) ground along the track. Reckless? Or focused? Both?

4 **INT. DESIATO HOME. STUDY/STUDIO. EARLY MORNING. (D1)** 4

Frannie pulls on her dress and her DM's (no bra, no socks), looking at Adam all the time like she's doing a strip tease in reverse. Django on his back next to Adam, his back legs splayed open and his head in the crook of Adam's arm (best buddies, these two). Adam is still covering his not yet entirely calmed down groin. Frannie looking and failing to find her underwear. She stands right up close to the bed, takes Adam's hand, puts it between her legs and holds it there. She shuts her eyes, taking in the feeling of him on her, good and deep like a long draw of breath to set her up for the day.

FRANNIE
See you at school.

She picks up her motorcycle helmet, puts it on, and goes. He doesn't move. He's very still. There she goes - the sound of Frannie on her Vespa riding away. Django looking at Adam. What's next? Adam's face - something sad, something really very sad all of a sudden. He goes to the desk and picks up a face down framed photograph. It's a picture taken eighteen months ago but she could be in the 1940's, the woman in the picture - like Lee Miller; like maybe she knew Hemingway or climbed the Matterhorn in a sweater. Adam's heart might break. The woman in the picture is his MOM.

5 **EXT. LAFAYETTE CEMETERY/STREET. MORNING. (D1)** 5

The Hooded Man runs along the perimeter wall of Lafayette Cemetery Number One and into the cemetery.

6 OMITTED

6

7 OMITTED

7

8 INT. DESIATO HOME. KITCHEN. MORNING. (D1)

8

Adam, carrying the photograph of his mom and taking a big pull on his asthma inhaler as he comes (fast) into the kitchen. Django with him every step of the way. Adam is in the same T-shirt he wore yesterday and will wear tomorrow and the jeans he wears every day in life - he's completely unself-conscious about his appearance. At seventeen years old he's both attractive and vulnerable. A single place at the table set for breakfast. Adam pulls open and rummages in the (very ordered) drawers. He finds one of the things he's looking for in the second last drawer - SCISSORS - but (checks the last drawer) not the other thing he needs - string. He looks at the framed portrait of his mom, turns it over, snips off a section of extraneous string from the back of the frame. He picks up the phone, string, scissors, inhaler and (from the side by the door) CAR KEYS. He's about to go, when he clocks the NOTE propped up against the cereal bowl with his name on it underlined three times.

9 EXT. LAFAYETTE CEMETERY. MORNING. (D1)

9

Hooded Man slows, stops and rests his forehead against a family vault tomb. There is nobody else in the cemetery. We don't see the Hooded Man's face. He presses his head harder (almost like he's grinding it) against the damp and greening stone. Anger? Pain? He runs on. Faster. Then faster. Anger and pain, both.

10 INT. DESIATO HOME. KITCHEN/HALLWAY. MORNING. (D1)

10

Adam looks at the note: "History project. Django's meds. PTO." He drops everything, grabs a banana and cuts two thin slices. He pulls a PILL DISPENSER (a compartment for every day of the week) out of a drawer and inserts today's pills in between the two banana slices to make a meds sandwich.

ADAM

Django.

Django is there. Adam pops him the sandwich, kisses the top of his head. On the move now, heading out, he looks back at the note - "PTO" He turns the note over: "WEAR A CONDOM AT ALL TIMES." Adam is alone of course, but this last piece of parental advice (more mortifying because the parent clearly thinks it's hilarious) still embarrasses him to his core. He screws the note up in his fist, leaves it on the table.

(CONTINUED)

He leaves. Django whines at the door, sits, lies down, the last whine deepening into a low rumble-growl as he rests his chin on the floor, the sound of him settling. He spies the screwed up note. He goes to the table, picks up the note in his mouth, carries it off.

11 **EXT. DESIATO HOME. FRONT LAWN. MORNING. (D1)** 11

Adam cutting flowers - roughly, at speed, enough to make a small bunch and - finishing the banana on the way - heads for the old (1991) VOLVO Wagon parked in front of the house. AMY, the neighbor across the street (mid 40s), watches from her kitchen window as Adam gets in - scissors, flowers, picture, inhaler, banana skin and all - and drives off. Amy's porch has several piles of tied together old NEWSPAPERS on it. For the first time we see that all Adam's sense of purpose is shot through with something else - fear. A flare of early morning sun in his face takes the glimpse of this deeper feeling away from us just as it's established.

12 **INT. BAXTER HOME. KITCHEN. MORNING. (D1)** 12

Sunshine on a pile of waffles (maple syrup) in front of GINA BAXTER's two handsome children. A wholesome piece of Americana. The Baxter family at breakfast. The boy, ROCCO (17), eating steadily, like he's refueling. Pale blue T-shirt, mop of dark hair. The girl, Sophia (FIA), is a year younger. Fia intent on finishing the essay she's writing. We can't see her face because her hair is in front of it. At the other end of the kitchen, back turned to his family, is JIMMY BAXTER. In front of him, in a row, THREE KNIVES. A 12" Japanese carving knife, a small paring knife - both sharpened to within an inch of their lives; a grapefruit knife. With the large knife he slices a grapefruit in two; with the small knife he cuts round the edge between pith and fruit; the grapefruit knife he uses to cut around each segment ready for eating. He's skilled at the knife-work. He's listening to every word his family says. Fia looks up at her brother - he's wearing her T-shirt.

FIA
Take it off.

ROCCO
Where was Nanna born?

FIA
(Eliciting her help with
the T-shirt issue)
Mom..

GINA
It's okay. It's a T-shirt.

(CONTINUED)

FIA
It's my T-shirt.

ROCCO
(Wants the answer to his
question)
Mom?

GINA
Let him wear it.

FIA
Sometimes I think you prefer him to
me..

Gina doesn't respond. Fia responds to her mom not responding.

FIA
Oh my God. How could you not say..

ROCCO
(Needs the answer to his
question)
Mom?

GINA
Scotland.

ROCCO
She says she wants to take me back
there -
(remembering the city,
mispronouncing it)
Edinburgh.

FIA
That's not how you pronounce it.
It's bruh, not borow - Edin-bruh,
like the first syllable in bro-
ther.

ROCCO
(Less wrong, but still
wrong)
Edinburow..

Laughter. Bruh. Borow. Bruh - Rocco and Fia (enmity over the T-shirt forgotten) laughing and trying to get the right mouth shape, trying to say it right. Fia registers and then re-registers her father's stillness. Gina and Rocco register Fia registering. Like most charismatic people, Jimmy is good at being still.

(CONTINUED)

His shirt is deep white and brutally ironed, his dark charcoal suit is beautifully made, he wears a big but not bullshit big watch. Gina picks up a spoon to stir her coffee.

FIA

(Half a request for the last word on the correct pronunciation, half cueing him up for whatever it is his stillness denotes he wants to say)

Dad?

He takes the time he needs, he always does - power is control of time and space. Gina's spoon stops halfway to her coffee cup, stays there, waiting for him.

JIMMY

Leith.

What?

JIMMY

Separate town - back then.

He doesn't turn. The last two words take him down into deep memory. Slowly delivered, pictures summoned up:

JIMMY

A lot of rain.. a lot of hard drinking, fish suppers wrapped in newspaper.. the smell of the brewery night and day, the cobblestones on Prince Regent Street.. wet from the rain.

He slots the 12" blade into the knife stand.

JIMMY

No grapefruit.

Gina's spoon retreats three inches and down an inch.

FIA

Why did Nanna leave?

Her father doesn't move. Then he does. He turns and looks at his family. He's about to tell his children something they haven't heard before; it really matters. The look on his face? Love. The speech he's about to make is a gift. Gina knows what's coming.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Seven children under ten, one bed tenement home. The one thing she loved? Parties. But my father didn't - every party they went to he'd want to leave early so he could get her home and beat the crap out of her. He'd walk into whatever room she was in and call out from the doorway: "Mother of seven - we're leaving.." He found himself hilarious every time. We heard all the beatings - every one, every sound.. every silence before every sound. And then one night they were out and Nanna was with her women friends and she was telling a good joke and he walked in right on top of the punch-line: "Mother of seven - we're leaving.."

The family riveted. Gina puts the spoon down, carefully, quietly, respect for the story.

JIMMY

She turned.. and she looked right at him... "Father of six - I'm staying right here.."

Whoa..

JIMMY

Everybody heard it. In one sentence she'd made his life and their marriage impossible. Three weeks and several brutal beatings later - she got on a boat with the seven of us and sailed for America.

ROCCO

You never told us..

JIMMY

I was waiting for her [his mother's] cue.

Pride in his family and what he's made here.

JIMMY

(To Rocco)

She wants to show you how far we've come. As do I.

He tosses a set of KEYS across the room. Rocco catches them.

13

EXT. BAXTER HOME. BACKYARD. MORNING. (D1)

13

A beautiful green vintage MOTORCYCLE parked right in the middle of the huge lawn behind their beautiful old Metairie home. Rocco in love. Jimmy and Gina on the porch behind him.

JIMMY

Who put that there? On my lawn?

They go down the steps from the porch.

ROCCO

Oh my God. It's.. It's..

JIMMY

It's a Cafe Racer Custom is what it is.

ROCCO

Wait. It's gotta be - what? 1970-something?

JIMMY

1974. I could have been cheap and gone with red but green is a lot classier.

ROCCO

Oh my God, Dad.

JIMMY

It's a long way up from the Honda 125's we toured around Corfu on.

GINA

The gift is for you - [Rocco] not for you [Jimmy].

ROCCO

It's mine?

JIMMY

Yes.

A14

EXT. FRONT OF BAXTER HOME. MORNING. (D1)

A14

Rocco in a brown leather jacket puts on a vintage helmet. The motorcycle is on the street.

JIMMY

Your mother wanted me to wait for your actual birthday but..

Rocco sits on the bike.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

So you know how to ride this thing?

ROCCO

Yes.

Rocco having trouble getting it started.

JIMMY

(A tease, making sure Gina
enjoying..)

Are you sure?

No.

ROCCO

Yes, Dad.

JIMMY

(A lot of twinkle in the
eye)

You want me to show you?

He's got it. The engine roars into life and - with a big, hold the eye, bottom of his heart thank you of a smile - he's away. Gina's hidden anxiety surfaces a little. Jimmy puts his arm around his wife as they watch him go.

JIMMY

Beautiful.

GINA

The motorcycle or our son?

JIMMY

Sometimes two things come together..

14

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER/INDUSTRIAL CANAL. MORNING. (D1)

14

Hooded Man on the walkway - the canal on one side, the levee on the other - lengthening his stride a little. The joy of running. A low, narrow wall - the Hooded Man goes up onto it. The drop on the other side is forty feet; the width of the top of the wall twelve inches. He doesn't break stride, he doesn't look down. Risk junkie or confidence? Both? Or maybe it's control, about being in control. At the end of the wall he turns inland, away from the water and into the Lower Nine.

15

EXT. BAXTER HOME. MORNING. (D1)

15

Gina alone. She hasn't moved - like she's still listening for the long disappeared sound of the motorcycle.

16

OMITTED

16

17 OMITTED 17

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 OMITTED 20

21 EXT. STREET/STORE. LOWER NINTH WARD. MORNING. (D1) 21

Adam gets out of the car beside a just-about-surviving grocery store. A CORNER CREW OF FIVE checking Adam out - one of them, RICKY, gets on his phone. Adam pulls his hood up. PJ - bone thin, wired and wiry - is nervy, jumpy, twitchy. Adam doesn't look at them once. He places the FLOWERS on the sidewalk outside the store. Corner Crew looks on, two of them shift their weight simultaneously. PJ doesn't like it that Adam doesn't look at them/him and it's making him more twitchy. Adam places the PHOTOGRAPH of his mom next to the flowers. He takes a moment. DWAYNE, Corner Captain, the biggest of the five, his age - around 40 - makes him seem a little out of place, approaches Adam, stops, waits. Adam not looking at him.

DWAYNE

You need to step the fuck off.

PJ takes his cue from his boss.

PJ

STEP THE FUCK OFF.

Adam looks at PJ, DWAYNE and the CORNER CREW behind him. Real belligerence here - all five are locked onto his gaze, none will break eye contact. Adam gets back in the car. He tries to take a deep breath but a tightness in his chest keeps it shallow. He moves off. He has to drive by the Corner Crew. Three of the five bend at the waist and lean to look into the car, an unspoken warning.

22 EXT. STREET. MORNING. (D1) 22

Hooded Man approaches a shotgun home with steps up to the door. Painted on the side of the house: "One dog saved. 08.31"

23 EXT. STREET. SHOTGUN HOME. MORNING. (D1) 23

The Hooded Man comes up the steps. As he reaches the front door, four kids come out.

(CONTINUED)

But he can't breathe so (eyes on the road) he reaches down in front of the passenger seat for the inhaler. It's not there. His chest tightens some more. He glances in his rearview mirror. A black SUV some distance back.

27 **EXT. STREET. MORNING. (D1)** 27

Rocco opens the throttle - the increase in speed connected to impending emotion.

28 **INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. MORNING. (D1)** 28

Adam jams his hand down the side of the seat feeling for his inhaler. It's not there. He knows not to panic; panic will make it worse. Don't fucking panic. A second look in his mirror - the SUV a little closer, headlights on now.

29 **EXT. STREET. MORNING. (D1)** 29

Rocco beaming. This is happiness. The pot holes and bumps in the road - a real danger at this speed - go unnoticed.

30 **INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. MORNING. (D1)** 30

Adam leans across (eyes on the road) to the GLOVE COMPARTMENT. His seat belt prevents him reaching it. So he unbuckles. The PING PING of the automated seat belt warning. The SUV a little closer.

31 **EXT. STREET. MORNING. (D1)** 31

Rocco recklessly fast now. He ups the speed some more. Then - fuck it - he ups the speed again.

32 **INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. MORNING. (D1)** 32

Adam reaches for the glove compartment. For a moment his eye-line is below the level of the windshield. The car moves a few feet across the road. BANG. Motorcycle and car COLLIDE. ROCCO comes off the motorcycle, goes straight over the top of the car, hits the ground, slides across the road and SMACKS headfirst and hard into a nine inch high curb. It's a sickening sound, a skull CRACKING open. Inside the car, the glove compartment flies open. A BASEBALL comes out.

33

EXT. STREET. MORNING. (D1)

33

Metal ripping across tarmac - the motorcycle jammed under the car as it skids, slews and finally stops seventy five yards down the street. Just audible from inside the stopped car: Ping ping ping. Tire marks and oil on the road.

The SUV a hundred yards back, stopped. A beat. The SUV backs up, does a U-turn, DRIVES AWAY.

Fifty feet away at the top of an alleyway - a dog looks on. Nothing happens. Just the car in the middle of the road. We fear for Adam. Is he dead? Then the driver's door opens. Adam gets out. He can't breathe, he's in shock and his shoulder is dislocated - his upper arm has popped out of the shoulder socket. So he's in serious pain. But he goes to help the motorcyclist. Seventy-five yards is a long way with the kind of oxygen deficit he's suffering and the pain he's in. We're in close with him every tortured step of the way. He's shivering - the shock. He's wheezing - the asthma. He's wincing - the popped shoulder. He holds his left arm in close to his body in the sling position - provided he keeps it there the pain is just about bearable.

His POV of Rocco's broken body. Oh God. One leg from the knee down is sticking out at a grotesque angle; the knee itself smashed; his right arm hideously out of joint; his left hand twitching - which looks and feels like a prelude to death. Blood seeps from the top of his head. One shoe has come off - a stupid shoe alone in the road.

Adam kneels down beside him. Rocco's hand stops twitching. Oh Christ. Is he dead? Adam feels (hand shaking) for a pulse in the wrist. Nothing. His own breathing shallow now, very little air getting through. He feels for a pulse in the neck. Nothing. He moves his fingers a little lower. There. Yes? Yes. Faint, but definitely there. He's ALIVE. Adam shifts his eye-line up and left a fraction into:

Rocco's gaze.. locked on to Adam as though maintaining eye contact is what can keep him alive; his expression like yearning or longing or even love. The world has gone away. All that exists is the connection between these two boys, on this street, in this moment, neither of whom can breathe.

A gurgling sound in Rocco's throat. Is he trying to say something? Adam leans in close to hear. Rocco coughs up a lot of blood. It goes all over Adam. The look on the face of the dying boy is not terror or pain - it's astonishment. Blood is filling his lungs; he's drowning. This is how he will die.

(CONTINUED)

Adam tries with his fingers (of one hand - the right hand) to clear the blood from inside Rocco's mouth to create an air passage. Rocco's eyes clinging onto Adam - but the focus is softening. He's slipping away..

Adam - frantic, desperate - tries mouth to mouth. But there's no air in his lungs to pass on and the passage to Rocco's chest is clogged up with blood. It's not working; it won't work. Rocco's cell phone RINGS in his jeans pocket. Adam pulls it out. The named caller: Dad. Adam kills the call and DIALS 911. But - hand shaking, trying to do everything one handed - he gets the last digit wrong and has to dial again.

DISPATCHER
What's your emergency?

Adam can't speak.

DISPATCHER
Hello? Are you there?

He can't breathe so he can't speak.

DISPATCHER
Can you hear me? Hello?

Adam - blood all over his clothing, hands and mouth - trying and failing to form the words.

DISPATCHER
Is anyone with you?

Adam's inhaler is in the car. He has to get back to the car. He sets off. The DOG in the alley takes a half step toward Rocco, hesitates, decides against, stays where she is.

Adam halfway back to the car, losing strength. It doesn't look like he'll make it. The dog torn between moving toward Rocco and not. Adam down on his knees now trying to crawl on one hand, the other under him like a baby kangaroo tucked under its mother. Twenty yards to go. He's still holding Rocco's phone.

DISPATCHER
I'm here. I'm not going away. Please -
if you can - try to speak to me.

Adam lets go of the phone to make crawling easier. Oil on the road mixes in with the blood on his palm as he crawls forward. Ten yards from the car. So close. But he can't go on. His head goes down, his forehead touching the road surface. But his resolve is extraordinary. With a huge effort he lifts his head and sucks in one short precious intake of air - enough for him to start crawling again.

The last yards dragging himself on his belly, pulling himself forward with his one good arm. He gets there. He's made it.

(CONTINUED)

But he's on the passenger side of the vehicle - and the door is shut. He manages to reach up for the handle - blood from his hand on the door handle now - but he doesn't have the strength to get it open so he has to belly-crawl round to the other side of the vehicle. The driver side door is OPEN. Adam's eye-line level with the floor of the car. There. The INHALER under the seat. Now he has to reach it. The exertion involved in lifting his body and stretching his arm under the seat is almost too much for him. He's right at the end of his strength. His outstretched fingertips touch the inhaler.. but can't get a hold of it. The pain in his dislocated shoulder extreme. Another inch. Come on. A half inch. Jesus, the pain. COME ON. Got it. But it's not over. He has to use the inhaler and that's not easy lying face down in the road. He gets the puffer to his mouth and takes a pull. He tries to drag in some air. He needs to open his chest. He rolls onto his side and sits up a little. The DISPATCHER still audible on the phone twenty yards away.

DISPATCHER
Hello? Can you hear me? Hello?

Adam takes a second bigger pull on the puffer and then a shorter third pull brings his breathing back close to normal.

DISPATCHER
We're going to work out where you are.
If you're in the city hit one of the
keys on your phone - any key.

Adam is exhausted but he pulls himself up (using the open car door for leverage). He has to get back to the dying boy.

DISPATCHER
Okay. Is there anyone you can pass the
phone to? There must be somebody..

As Adam reaches a fully upright position three things happen: the 911 Dispatcher goes quiet, the dog in the alleyway sits down and (prompted by what the dispatcher has just said) Adam realizes something for the first time: He's alone. No-one is watching, nobody saw. He could go. He could just leave.

Boarded up homes on one side of the street and waste ground on the other side. New Orleans has these empty of people moments and this is one of them. The dog watching with dog intensity. She moves her head down and forward about an inch and a half - she knows this is decision time for Adam.

DISPATCHER
Hello? Hello?

Adam picks up Rocco's cell phone from the road. He looks at the phone. It's now or never. He ENDS the 911 call. He gets in the car. He drops Rocco's phone in the cup holder next to his own phone and starts the engine. The car won't move forward because the motorcycle is jammed under it. So Adam reverses.

(CONTINUED)

A lurching, jerky seventy-five yards dragging a big motorcycle backwards. A reprise of the hideous metal on tarmac SCREECHING. This noise from hell is not easy for Adam or us. The tires run over broken glass from the smashed brake-light of the motorcycle. The car just misses the Doc Marten. As the car draws level with Rocco, the motorcycle finally comes free. Adam looks at the body in the road. The right hand has opened and relaxed, his head has fallen to one side; his eyes, by chance, are looking right at Adam. Adam moves off, taking care to drive around the SHOE in the road. It doesn't feel right to run it over.

The dog takes a step out from the alley, hesitates, finds the courage, comes on, stops to take one more look around.. and starts to lick the blood. The first 12 seconds of The Clash, "Police and Thieves", over the dog and the blood and the licking. From 12 seconds into the song over:

34 **EXT. TULANE AND BROAD COURTHOUSE. MORNING. (D1)** 34

The Hooded Man running up the steps in front of the massive, giant columned courthouse. He runs through a throng of COPS, LAWYERS, DOPE FIENDS and into the building.

35 **OMITTED** 35

36 **OMITTED** 36

37 **OMITTED** 37

38 **INT. TULANE AND BROAD. STAIRWAY/CORRIDOR. DAY. (D1)** 38

Hooded Man runs up the stairs to the second floor. He stops on the landing, chest heaving, sucking in air. The song ends. He pulls out his ear buds, walks down the imposing high-ceilinged, chandelier-ed court corridor to the giant window at the end. It's like a cathedral, this. He puts his palms against the glass, looks out, takes a breath in, then looks down at the brutal looking jail complex below. A forty-something WOMAN heading into Court 14. She's full of purpose, energy and life.

BETTY
Good morning, Judge.

The Hooded Man pulls his hood down and lets his breath out.

39 **INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. DAY. (D1)** 39

A sponge hits the front windshield. Adam at an intersection. A HOMELESS MAN cleaning the window. Adam shaking his head, telling him no. The Homeless Man does it anyway.

(CONTINUED)

Adam fumbling with the phone. Homeless Man taps on the driver window asking for payment. Adam manages to dial the number on his cell. Homeless Man tapping on the driver side window now and looking right in at Adam. Adam drives on.

40 **INT. TULANE AND BROAD. COURT 14. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. DAY. (D1)** 40

Naked JUDGE (no coyness - he does this every day and this is his domain) steps into the shower cubicle and turns on the shower. The shower stream is powerful. He tilts his head back and puts his face into the water. On the desk in his chambers his phone RINGS. He doesn't hear it.

41 **INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. DAY. (D1)** 41

Adam driving. His father's voice.

VOICEMAIL

This is Michael Desiato. Leave a message and I'll get back to you.

ADAM

Are you there? Hello?

42 **INT. MICHAEL'S CHAMBERS. SHOWER. DAY. (D1)** 42

MICHAEL in the shower. He lowers his head so that the water is hitting the back of his neck. He doesn't hear the phone.

ADAM

(O.S.)
Dad?

CUT TO:

"YOUR HONOR" OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

43 **INT. COURT 14. MICHAEL'S CHAMBERS. DAY. (D1)** 43

Michael putting on a tie and suit jacket and whacking an espresso back. BETTY, his clerk, helps him into his gown.

BETTY

Into the phone booth, on with the gown. Superman!

He looks in the full-length mirror. ALAN UNDERWOOD, Sheriff's Deputy (late 40's, lived-in face, he's been around the block) comes in.

ALAN

How's it going, judge?

(CONTINUED)

Michael reading the data off his running watch and entering it in a running log.

MICHAEL

Nine miles this morning; sharp six tomorrow; eight on Friday with some fartlek built in, Saturday rest; twenty-miler on Sunday up around eighty percent of race pace - maybe a negative split.. Were you asking about my running?

Wholly disingenuous question (he knows he wasn't).

ALAN

Of course.

Michael back to the mirror to adjust his gown.

MICHAEL

You're the worst liar I've ever met, Alan Underwood.

ALAN

It's great, though, judge - what you're doing.

MICHAEL

It's a nightmare. I've stopped smoking, my diet is hideously healthy, I'm a turmeric fanatic..

BETTY

You're telling him you're not going to die.

Woah. What? Betty adjusting Michael's gown.

BETTY

He's lost one parent; he can't lose two.

Betty finishes with the gown. Michael looks at her, then back to the mirror - where he finds Betty looking at him.

INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. DAY. (D1)

The warning light on the dashboard is flashing now. The car is seriously low on gas. Adam might not make it home.

INT. MICHAEL'S CHAMBERS. DAY. (D1)

Michael pulling his running shoes on - he wears them in court. Betty has the docket for the day:

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

Okay the Nicky Bright sentencing..
there's press interest, so he'll milk
that.

MICHAEL

Fine.

BETTY

Then the rest of the bench trial
from yesterday..

She can see he's elsewhere.

BETTY

You know we don't have to pretend
today isn't a big day.

MICHAEL

At the end of a run - coming down
Felicity Street, there's a thing I
do. Count the number of parked cars
I go by before a moving car passes
me. The number I get to before I'm
overtaken - is the number of years
I have left to live. Lately, I've
changed it.

BETTY

To what?

MICHAEL

I run for Adam now. So it's harder -
because he's younger and I need to
go by more parked cars. I really
shift up that street.

Adam at a red light on a two lane, one way street. A POLICE
SQUAD CAR pulls up at the light alongside him. Adam focuses
on not looking at the COPS. Time seems to have slowed down.
He's conscious of the blood on his clothing, the smear on the
dash and how teary and wild he looks. 911 CALLING BACK on
Rocco's phone. Adam ignores it. He can feel he's being looked
at. A COP in the squad car looking at him. Adam has to hide
the pain he's in. The red light taking forever. Adam keeps
facing forward - acting normal, holding his nerve. Finally,
the light turns green. Both vehicles move off. Adam can't
help sneaking a sideways glance; he catches the eye of the
COP. Adam slows to allow the squad car to get ahead of him so
he is clear to wince and whimper with the pain.

47

INT. TULANE AND BROAD. COURTROOM 14. DAY. (D1)

47

Michael sentencing a pissed looking NICKY BRIGHT (white, forties, sociopathic). The court full of REPORTERS. GEORGE GRAHAM, State's Attorney, a tired looking human being in a tired looking seersucker suit with sweat stains under the armpits, in court. Bright is his case.

MICHAEL

Your wife is lucky to be alive. The violence you visited on her? It sickens me. I know I speak for all of us in this courtroom when I say we're humbled by the courage she showed in going into that witness stand and testifying against you.

EMILY BRIGHT in the public gallery sitting with a female POLICE OFFICER, moved by and grateful for this. Graham looks back at her and they exchange warm smiles.

MICHAEL

The sentence is twenty five years, no parole. Take him down.

Bright being taken away. Over his shoulder, directed at Emily Bright, filled with hate:

BRIGHT

You stupid cunt.

MICHAEL

Wait. Hold on.

The DEPUTY halts Bright.

MICHAEL

When we're done here, Mister Bright, your wife is going home to her son and her daughter who love her and for the first time in years she will feel safe and secure and she will sleep; you're going to be spending tonight in a small cell with a stinking toilet and a man you've never met before who may want to kill you if you ever dare close your eyes. Now you tell me - which one of you is the stupid cunt?

Betty loves it - proud of him; the reporters love it more.

48

INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR/GAS STATION. DAY. (D1)

48

The gas gauge light flashing. Up the road: a gas station. Adam's choice. Keep going or stop? At the last moment he swings the car into the gas station fore-court.

(CONTINUED)

Two pumps in a row, a car ahead at the first pump, the DRIVER inside buying cigarettes, so Adam stops at the second pump. He looks at the ATTENDANT inside - he's busy with the Driver from the car ahead. Adam grabs a HOODIE from the back seat and puts it on (not easy - the shoulder) to cover the blood on his T-shirt. There's a bloodstain at the top of his jeans, which isn't covered by the hoodie. He pulls the hoodie down some but it only partially covers the bloodstain. With another wipe Adam has a go at cleaning the blood off his hands - some superficial success but the blood and oil is deeply ingrained and he can't shift it.

The Attendant finishes with the Driver and looks out at Adam. Adam aware he's being looked at and that the Driver is coming back to his car - so he discards the blood-stained wipe and GETS OUT OF HIS CAR to fill up with gas. At the same time, a CAR PULLS IN behind him. An IMPATIENT DRIVER, unhappy at having to wait. Adam pulls up his hood and pulls down his sleeve. In close with Adam filling up with gas. Hands shaking, he's really uncoordinated. The Driver DRIVES AWAY. The Impatient Driver would like to move around Adam's car to the vacant pump but there isn't room. He'll have to wait. His impatience grows. Returning the handle to the pump, Adam misses the slot, the handle falls and dangles. The Impatient Driver exasperated. Adam tries not to look at him.

Rocco's phone RINGS. 911 calling back. Adam stares at the phone inside the car. He picks up. He wants to talk; he knows he should.. The Impatient Driver livid. Hurry the fuck up. He looks close to getting out of his car and attacking this dopey little fuck. Adam replaces the pump handle - ding - and ends the 911 call. Adam puts his hand up by way of apology. Raising his arm to do this lifts up the hoodie at waist level and makes visible the BLOOD STAIN at the top of his jeans. Did the Impatient Driver see? Adam can't be sure. He plunges his good right hand into the hoodie pocket to tug it down over the bloodstain. Adam gets back in the car. The Impatient Driver has his arms folded and is staring right at him. Adam DRIVES AWAY. The phone starts ringing again - 911 not giving up. Torment for Adam.

INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. CANAL. DAY. (D1)

Adam pulls up by the canal, grabs Rocco's (ringing, it's fucking ringing again) PHONE, blunders down to the water. He HURLS THE PHONE as far as he can (right-handed but hampered by pain in his left shoulder) out into the black water. In his car his own phone RINGS.

OMITTED

OMITTED

52 **EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. DAY. (D1)** 52

Frannie carrying her motorcycle helmet, walking into school, on her phone - no answer - she leaves a message.

FRANNIE

Adam, I just remembered what day it is. I'm sorry. I'm just so sorry.

A53 **EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. CANAL. DAY. (D1)** A53

Adam by the car - sees the incoming call on his phone is from "F" - he would love to answer and talk to Frannie - he really needs her now - but he doesn't trust himself to make sense; he doesn't know what he's doing or even who he is - and the moment passes.

53 **EXT. DESIATO HOME/AMY'S PORCH. DAY. (D1)** 53

AMY, the neighbor, is out on her porch as Adam arrives home. She's eating from a huge bowl of nuts placed on top of the smallest and newest pile of newspapers. She places nutshells in a big bag. She'll be keeping them. When Adam gets out the car, he shuts the door behind him using his hip. The door doesn't shut properly. Amy sees this and pops a nut.

54 **INT. DESIATO HOME. HALLWAY. DAY. (D1)** 54

Django gets up from his bed under the stairs on hearing the front door opening and heads for the door and his greeting duties. Adam comes in fast and goes straight to the bathroom. Django unacknowledged.

55 **INT. DESIATO HOME. BATHROOM. DAY. (D1)** 55

Adam washing his hands with soap. He has to get this blood off. It's torturing him; he's frenzied; his shoulder hurts like hell. The blood won't shift. Django at the bathroom door, looking on. Adam stops, the trauma threatens to overwhelm him, but he won't let it.

56 **INT. DESIATO HOME. BATHROOM. DAY. (D1)** 56

Adam (one-handed) pulling open all the drawers in the bathroom cabinet. The last drawer but one comes right out of its slot. Django retreats to his bed feeling like he's done something wrong. Adam - one-handed, picks up the drawer and slides it back in. He opens the bottom drawer and finds what he's looking for - a NAIL BRUSH.

Standing over the sink, hot water running, he scrubs his hands with the nail brush. It's painful but effective.

(CONTINUED)

The blood and oil (and some skin) coming off. But now there's blood and oil on the nail brush; he doesn't know what to do with it. He puts it in the GARBAGE CAN. A surge of pain in his shoulder. If he keeps his arm in one position - like his arm is in a sling, then the pain is manageable. Adam scrabbles around in the top drawer and finds and swallows FOUR PAIN KILLERS. He looks down at the bloodstains on his clothes.

57 **INT. DESIATO HOME. HALLWAY. DAY. (D1)** 57

Django's chin flat on his bed, eyes following Adam as he crosses the hall from bathroom to laundry room.

58 **INT. DESIATO HOME. LAUNDRY ROOM. DAY. (D1)** 58

Adam pulls his clothes off. This is really difficult, he's almost crying with the pain. We see the dislocated shoulder - the upper arm joint sticking right out. Down to his underpants and socks he looks more like a child than the grown up he's trying to be. The socks he's wearing don't match. The washing machine is full of dirty laundry. Adam tries to stuff the bloodied clothes in. This is not easy, one-handed. The drum is overloaded; he PULLS OUT some of the old laundry to make room for the new. He pours way too much detergent in. He really doesn't know what he's doing. He gets the door closed but he can't get the machine to start. He's never done this before - use a washing machine. He gets lucky and the CYCLE STARTS. Django has come in. He's sniffing Adam's CONVERSE. Adam sees there's blood and oil on the soles. The washing machine cycle has started. He needs to get the Converse in there. So he tries to stop the cycle. It won't stop. He tries to open the door. It won't open.

59 **INT. DESIATO HOME. BATHROOM. DAY. (D1)** 59

Adam comes in fast, takes the nail brush out the garbage, goes out again. Django watching as Adam crosses the hall heading back to:

60 **INT. DESIATO HOME. LAUNDRY ROOM. DAY. (D1)** 60

A big old farmhouse sink, hot water running, Adam scrubbing the soles of his Converse with the nail brush. He's still in his underwear and socks. He's cold, but he has to get this done. He pulls on his father's old sweatshirt and puts the Converse in the dryer. The THUMP of the shoes as the drum starts to turn. And then it hits him. Suddenly it hits him. What happened, what he's done. He feels desperately alone. He sits down on the floor. He can't cope. He wants to be near the ground. A physical and emotional crumple. The thump thump of the Converse tumbling in the dryer.

61 **INT. TULANE AND BROAD. OUTSIDE COURTROOM 14. DAY. (D1)** 61

Eugene, Goodluck, Rose and Sophie stand and look at the sign outside court: "No smoking, no eating, no children, no hip hop clothing, dress like you work here." Eugene peers through the gap in the double doors. His POV of Michael up on the bench. He decides they'll risk it.

EUGENE
Be like in church.

Eugene, Goodluck, Sophie and Rose all clasp their hands in front of them.

62 **INT. DESIATO HOME. LAUNDRY ROOM. DAY. (D1)** 62

Django voices (a high repeated whine) his concern, noses at crumpled Adam. Adam lifts his head and looks into Django's face, searching desperately for solace there.

63 **INT. TULANE AND BROAD. COURT 14. DAY. (D1)** 63

Eugene and his siblings sitting in a pew halfway back, all with hands clasped still. Goodluck scratches his knee and then re-clasps his hands.

ROSE
Where's mama?

Eugene signals for her to be quiet.

ALAN
Female Jones.

SECURITY
Custody.

64 **INT. COURT 14. DAY. (D1)** 64

Here comes FEMALE. George Graham packing up to leave court; DANNY GOLD, the S.A. prosecuting (he's just come in with his trolley full of files), setting up. They share an aside.

GRAHAM
Female?

GOLD
Wristband when they're born - the hospital puts the gender of the baby on the band. Some mothers think their baby's been named already.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE
(Correcting the Deputy)
It's Feh-mah-lay. Like I told you
yesterday.

Graham goes. Eugene and siblings make eye contact with their mother. Her eyes shine when she looks at them. She's trying to be brave and at the same time convey how much she loves them from a distance of sixty feet. The latter making the former tough. She doesn't take her eyes off them for a second. Michael sees all this, takes it in. VICTOR SMITH, Public Defender, comes in fast, wearing a raincoat he doesn't have time to take off.

MICHAEL
Where you been, counselor?

VICTOR
I'm sorry, Your Honor.

MICHAEL
Sure, but you were late yesterday morning too so what's the answer to my question?

VICTOR
I have a problem with..

MICHAEL
Getting outta bed in the morning?

Laughter.

VICTOR
I need to take a pee every fifteen minutes. Prostate cancer slows a man down. I'm sorry.

Michael mortified at his crass error.

MICHAEL
No, I'm sorry. We can take convenience breaks. Okay.
(To GOLD)
Call your witness.

INT. COURT 14. LATER. DAY. (D1)

The arresting officer, OWEN GEARTY, in the box. An honest face, a good storyteller.

GEARTY
Eight kids, they scatter like they always do - eight different ways. I go after one. I lose sight of him round a corner.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEARTY (CONT'D)

When I get round the corner I can't see him but I look at the first house on the street and I see the screen door is swinging. So I go to the house, up the steps to the door..

GOLD

What did you see?

GEARTY

A kid looking very like the kid I'd been chasing sitting on the floor pretending he's texting.

GOLD

How do you know he was pretending?

GEARTY

He's breathing a little harder than the use of two thumbs normally demands.

Good answer; smart cop.

GOLD

Why wasn't he charged?

GEARTY

Break in continuity on the visuals between the bust on the street and the house. He was out of my sight so I had to ID him; I couldn't do that.

GOLD

Did you see anything else?

GEARTY

Down the end of the hallway in the bathroom I see the accused lift up her dress, move her panties to one side and insert a drug wrap into herself..

Female sucks on her teeth.

GEARTY

I've got to say it was kind of an expert move, Your Honor - like she'd done it before.

VICTOR

Objection.

Michael's got it, he doesn't need Victor to help him here.

MICHAEL

"Into herself..?"

(CONTINUED)

GEARTY
Her uh.. downstairs, your honor.

GOLD
Front or back?

GEARTY
Front.

MICHAEL
You saw all that? Her vagina, the
panties, the drug wrap, the moves.

GEARTY
Absolutely.

MICHAEL
(To GOLD)
Are there pictures?

FEMALE
Of my vagina?

MICHAEL
Of the officer's view from the front
door.

GOLD
No.

MICHAEL
But impressive detail you've given us.

GEARTY
It's important to be precise.

MICHAEL
Step up, young man.

What's happening? Michael looks at Eugene, who does as he's
asked.

MICHAEL
Where's your father?

EUGENE
He busy.

MICHAEL
With what?

EUGENE
Side girlfriend. Selling shit up on
Rampart.

MICHAEL
When did you last see him?

(CONTINUED)

Eugene shrugs.

MICHAEL
What did you eat for breakfast?

EUGENE
Pickle juice.

MICHAEL
I'm asking what you ate.

EUGENE
Kinda like food - pickle juice. Green
and shit. Hot fries sometimes when we
helped out.

MICHAEL
Who helps you out?

Eugene doesn't want to say. The whole thing clear to Michael.

EUGENE
Older brother sometimes.

MICHAEL
He's affiliated?

Eugene won't say. Michael gestures for him to sit.

MICHAEL
I just wanted you to have some
context, officer. This woman is found
guilty by me, she goes to jail for a
minimum five years, her younger
children go into care, probably she
never sees them again and the Desire
Crew get their hands on the older boy
to sell drugs on the open air market
they run down there.

He looks at Gearty steadily.

MICHAEL
So let me ask you in front of the God
you've sworn by, the badge you wear
and everything you now know about this
family.. Are you telling the truth?

GEARTY
Yes, sir. I swear it.

MICHAEL
You're a very convincing witness.
Which would be good enough for me were
it not that I'm in training for a
marathon and I like running up
stairways.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Like the stoop steps at 5700 Flood Street down in the Lower Nine. You want to stick with that answer you just gave me, officer?

GEARTY

Yes, sir.

MICHAEL

It's a shotgun home, right?

GEARTY

Yes.

MICHAEL

You know why they're called that?

Michael isn't giving Gearty time to answer.

MICHAEL

You can stand at the front door and fire a shotgun right through to the back door and out.

Gearty looking at him.

MICHAEL

Right?

GEARTY

Yes, Your Honor.

MICHAEL

All the rooms - kitchen, living room, bedrooms... bathroom. All off of the hallway. A clean shot all the way through front to back. You still sticking with that answer?

Gearty looks around him as though looking for help.

MICHAEL

I stood in the doorway of 5700 Flood right where you told us you saw Female Jones inside the bathroom put a drug wrap in herself. Here's my question: Do you have see round corner eyes? Or are you a liar of the vilest kind? I don't do rhetorical questions, officer.

Gearty can't speak. Female and her children riveted by this and profoundly grateful. Michael will wait all day if he has to for the answer to the question.

66 INT. DESIATO HOME. STUDY/STUDIO. DAY. (D1) 66

Adam standing very still. Django cocks his head. Noises off. Is there somebody in the house? He creeps out of the study.

67 EXT. DESIATO HOME. BACKYARD. DAY. (D1) 67

Adam back across the yard. He pauses at the back door, then gently opens it and slips inside.

68 INT. DESIATO HOME. KITCHEN/HALL/LAUNDRY. DAY. (D1) 68

He goes through the kitchen into the hallway. The noise is coming from the laundry room. Adam pushes the door open. A flood. Water everywhere.

A69 INT. TULANE AND BROAD COURTHOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY. (D1) A69

Michael comes out of court fast, heading for the exit, heading for home, sees: CHARLIE FIGARO talking to a group of three COURT STAFF who are laughing at something Charlie just said. Charlie sees Michael.

CHARLIE

Y'all take real good care of each other now.

Charlie falls in with Michael, a fast walk and talk.

MICHAEL

When did you start sounding like a Hallmark card?

CHARLIE

This morning..

MICHAEL

What? Wait. You're running?

CHARLIE

Announcement Monday.

MICHAEL

That's great. That's terrific..

CHARLIE

I'm going to win. You should come with me. Mayor's office next year, who knows where five years from now.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

That's very generous of you.

CHARLIE

No. It's smart. You saved my life.
That's a good story in politics and
the best story usually wins. You
just do the Nancy Reagan thing.

MICHAEL

What?

CHARLIE

All demure and dewy-eyed and gazing
up at me adoringly the whole time
like I'm Mount Rushmore.

MICHAEL

Is this why you came down here?

CHARLIE

Came to remind myself. Scares the
shit out of me, this place. Busiest
public building in the city and its
job is putting brothers and sisters
in cages. I want to put you out of
work, Judge; I want you and me to
make all of this, re-fucking-
dundant.

MICHAEL

I wouldn't do this job, Charlie, if
I didn't think I could look myself
in the mirror every morning.

CHARLIE

You sure about that? Deep down?

69

EXT. TULANE AND BROAD COURTHOUSE. DAY. (D1)

69

Michael out the front of the courthouse, gets into an Uber.

70

INT. DESIATO HOME. LAUNDRY ROOM. DAY. (D1)

70

Adam barefooted, one armed - trying to mop up the flood with
towels. He takes his Converse out of the dryer and puts the
wet towels in. They're too heavy for the dryer to start. He
sees the NAIL BRUSH on the floor.

71

OMITTED

71

72 **INT. DESIATO HOME. KITCHEN. DAY. (D1)** 72

Adam puts the nailbrush in the kitchen garbage. The garbage is full. He thinks. He pulls the garbage bag out of the can.

73 **INT./EXT. UBER. DESIATO HOME. DAY. (D1)** 73

Michael arriving. His POV of Adam taking the garbage out.

MICHAEL
There's a first - my son taking the garbage out.

Adam drops the garbage into the garbage container but then stays where he is, his back to the car, left arm in the sling position. He's unaware of Michael getting out of the car and approaching with a ready-made joke about boys and chores:

MICHAEL
Hey. Are you all right?

Adam turns to go inside.

MICHAEL
Adam?

74 **INT. DESIATO HOME. STUDY/STUDIO. DAY. (D1)** 74

Adam SLAMS the door. Michael comes in. Adam has his back to him. Michael confused and close to angry.

MICHAEL
What the hell was that about?

Then he sees that Adam is upset. The anniversary.

MICHAEL
I was thinking I'd cook my dirty Carbonara then maybe *Shawshank* one more time? Or we could go out?

Adam shrugs which brings on pain in his shoulder.

MICHAEL
What's wrong with your arm?

Adam turns and looks at him. Only a kind of fierceness in what he says keeping him from tears.

ADAM
Something happened, dad..

A beat. He stands. It's going to come out now..

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

At school? What? Your arm?

Adam shakes his head. Michael waits.

ADAM

I was driving..

MICHAEL

Okay..

ADAM

I couldn't get hold of you..

A beat. This is not too bad, his son is here, standing here, and that's the bottom line..

ADAM

I hit somebody.

MICHAEL

You hit somebody? Wait. Wh wh wha what? A car?

Putting it into words, saying the words - is really hard.

ADAM

A motorcycle.

MICHAEL

My God.. Who was.. Are they..?

ADAM

He died. I think he died.

A crack in Adam's voice. Tears are coming now.

MICHAEL

Oh my God.

Michael needs to comfort his son but before he does he has to get this clear. He's a lawyer and he's a father and this isn't the first time, and it won't be the last, that the two identities compete for space at the front of his brain.

MICHAEL

Wait, wait, wait. You think? You think he died? Did you..

Adam doesn't want to be cross examined and he really doesn't want to be forced to recount what happened. He wants help and love. But Michael is grasping at the possibility the victim is not dead because Adam hasn't said he is..

MICHAEL

Where did the ambulance take him?

(CONTINUED)

Adam shaking his head. His dad isn't getting this right.
Michael gets his phone out.

MICHAEL
Adam?

Adam can't speak, he's too upset and his chest is tightening.
Fighting to keep his composure and working to keep his son
focused, Michael rewinds to an easier place in the narrative:

MICHAEL
Okay. Where did it happen?

ADAM
The Lower Ninth.

MICHAEL
So the new hospital? The ambulance
would have..

Michael starts in with the business of calling the hospital.

MICHAEL
(To Adam)
New Orleans East?
(Checking)
Right?

ADAM
(Almost angry)
I don't know.

MICHAEL
The cops must have..

ADAM
(Loud)
I drove away.
(Quiet)
I drove away.

Michael puts his phone down.

MICHAEL
Before..

Adam doesn't say - his non-answer is his answer but -
incredulous, stunned - Michael needs to confirm this.

MICHAEL
Before the EMTs arrived.. You..

ADAM
I tried to help him and I.. I couldn't
get him to breathe. He looked at me,
dad. He looked at me and looked at
me.. and I tried.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (CONT'D)

There was blood everywhere. I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry. I left him there. Oh
God.

Michael goes to hold his son but the pain in his shoulder means this is not possible. A father in turmoil and trying to think and trying to comfort his son all at the same time.

MICHAEL

Okay. Okay. When did it happen?

ADAM

I don't know..

MICHAEL

There were people there who..

ADAM

No.

MICHAEL

No-one..?

Adam shakes his head.

MICHAEL

So you called 911?

ADAM

Yes. No.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ, Adam. Yes or no?

ADAM

I tried to.

MICHAEL

Tried to..?

ADAM

Dad, please don't..

MICHAEL

You have to..

ADAM

JUST HELP ME. Help me, dad. Please.
I COULDN'T BREATHE.

MICHAEL

Okay. Sssh. Okay. I get it. I've got
you. I love you.

ADAM

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

Dad has something to go on; he can see a route into this..

MICHAEL
You were driving, you couldn't breathe..

Making Adam look at him, making him stick with and hear the construction of a narrative..

MICHAEL
You were distressed..

Adam going with it, but the image keeps coming into his mind:

ADAM
His head... His head must have.. There was so much blood.

Michael takes a hold of both his hands to get him to stay with the story.

MICHAEL
A full blown asthma attack..

Adam nods, going with this.

MICHAEL
Your inhaler..

ADAM
I couldn't find it.

Dad is helping. This feels like help.

MICHAEL
You couldn't breathe and you weren't thinking and the shock when it happened..

Adam nods. This feels good - like Dad has taken control.

MICHAEL
But you stopped, you got out of the car, you tried to help - then you panicked. Yes? Adam?

Adam nods. It's close enough. Now Michael emotional.

MICHAEL
Okay. Listen to me very carefully. I love you more than anything in the world. And I promise you it's going to be all right.

Adam nodding.

MICHAEL
You know what we have to do..

(CONTINUED)

Adam has given control of this nightmare over to his dad and for now, whatever his father decides he'll go with. It's such a relief to have passed on responsibility. Out of which comes confession and guilt:

ADAM

I killed somebody Dad and then I left him.

MICHAEL

Shock does strange things to people. Believe me. When Mom died.. Those first hours..

ADAM

I don't remember..

MICHAEL

You howled. You howled and howled like an animal in great pain.. and I thought it would never stop. And then you went to sleep. Your body shut itself down - so you could cope with the shock. Your head was on my arm and I lost all feeling in it - but I couldn't move because I didn't want to wake you because then you'd have to remember that Mom was [dead].. that Mom wasn't alive anymore.

ADAM

We're going to the police station, aren't we?

MICHAEL

Yes.

Somewhere in the house - Django barking.

INT. DESIATO HOME. KITCHEN. DAY. (D1)

Michael lets Django out. He looks at a photograph of Robin, his dead wife. God he needs her now. He pulls himself together. Be strong, stay strong. He gets on a call.

MICHAEL

Detective Nancy Costello, please. Yes, it has to be her. Can you get a message to her? Tell her I'm coming into the precinct and.. Michael Desiato. D.E.S.. Yeah, like the judge.

INT. DESIATO HOME. ADAM'S BEDROOM. DAY. (D1)

Michael comes in. Adam has his back to him - he's packing (hopeless naïveté) a small bag.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

It won't be easy, will it?

There's no answer to that.

MICHAEL

I left a message for Nancy Costello..

ADAM

Dad..?

MICHAEL

No. No, it won't. Give me a second.

INT. DESIATO HOME. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM. DAY. (D1)

Michael takes a moment to compose himself. A father holding the hand of his only son as he hands him over to a criminal justice system he knows is unforgiving, dysfunctional, unjust, frightening, unsafe and only occasionally interested in the truth, is an act of real courage and integrity. He gathers himself. Then he changes out of his running shoes into black lace ups. A slight fumble tying up the laces - he takes a breath - then a good, firm tying of a double bow.

INT. DESIATO HOME. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY. (D1)

Michael comes into the hall. He sees Adam trying to pull on his Converse with one hand and without loosening the laces - they won't go on his feet but he keeps trying to force them. He's a child, Michael is thinking, and he's going to have to go by himself into a place where he won't be able to keep himself safe. He wants to say "loosen the laces," but he doesn't; he won't be with him the next time.. Adam tries to use his other hand. Pain. Adam looks up at his father.

INT. DESIATO HOME. KITCHEN. DAY. (D1)

Adam sitting in a kitchen chair pulled back from the table. Michael helps his son take his top off.

ADAM

It's going to hurt..

MICHAEL

Yes.

Michael gathers himself. Not easy to hurt your own child. He'll use memory as an anesthetic.

MICHAEL

Remember that vacation in Rome. How old were you? I don't know - six?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We were in our cafe on the Campo di Fiori writing postcards and mom sent you all on your own to get stamps from the tabacchi across the piazza.

ADAM

Francoboli.

MICHAEL

Francoboli. You came out holding the stamps aloft and calling out - Francoboli! Your Mom took my hand. The sun went down, you walked back across the square, the heat of the day was still in the cobbles and all our lives were ahead of us.. Happy. That was happy.

He pull-jerks the joint BACK INTO THE SOCKET in one movement. Adam shouts out in agony. But it's done. And Adam holds onto his father and breathes through the shock and the pain.

MICHAEL

Sorry, sorry, sorry...

Michael gets a pack of frozen petit pois from the freezer compartment of the fridge (there are garden peas too, but he chooses the more malleable, more shapeable option) and places it - with infinite gentleness - on Adam's shoulder.

ADAM

Can we take Django? For the ride.

Michael's heart cracking open at what his son just said.

EXT. DESIATO HOME. DRIVEWAY. EVENING. (D1)

Michael on the phone while getting to the car.

MICHAEL

If you pick this message up in the next half hour call me. Call me anyway.

Here comes Adam with Django.

ADAM

Who were you calling?

MICHAEL

Lee Delamere. I want us to go in lawyered up.

ADAM

Lawyered up?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I won't not do what's smart just
because it's my own son.. who's..
Because it's my own son.

Adam lifts Django into the back of the car. He stands there
looking at his dog, loving him, imagining life without him.

81 INT./EXT. AUDI Q5. EVENING. (D1)

81

Michael and Adam in the car. Adam goes to put his seat belt
on - pain in his shoulder. Michael leans over and buckles his
son in.

82 INT./EXT. AUDI Q5. NIGHT. (N1)

82

Driving. Silence. Michael turns the radio on. The lead news
story is about a proposal to replace the street name Robert E.
Lee Boulevard.

MICHAEL

Did you take your eyes off the road?

Adam (hard to confess this) nods.

MICHAEL

This is what they'll ask you.
Why were you in the Lower Ninth? Adam?

ADAM

That's you asking, not them.

MICHAEL

What's the answer?

ADAM

I want her to know we haven't left her
for dead.

Michael doesn't know if he's moved, angry or both. And the
unnoticed (by Adam) irony of his last sentence is registered
by Michael who almost (despite everything) wants to laugh.
But it's anger that wins out.

MICHAEL

How many times have I told you I don't
want you..

ADAM

A lot. All the time.

MICHAEL

Did you speak to anyone?

Adam shakes his head. A lie.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Nobody?

ADAM

It feels like you've stopped asking,
dad. Who killed her?

Michael staring at the road.

ADAM

Why?

Michael hits the steering wheel with the soft part of his hand.

MICHAEL

You think I don't wake up every
morning and..

ADAM

Miss her? Miss her like your stomach
got ripped out? Sure. But that's not
what I'm saying.

MICHAEL

Adam..

ADAM

YOU WON'T EVEN TALK ABOUT IT. Why not?
What are you scared of?

Michael knows he's right. He can't answer. The radio news:

NEWSCASTER

A hit and run in the Lower Ninth Ward.
The victim is a seventeen-year-old
white male - his name is not being
released by police until family
members have been informed.

Michael and Adam stare at the radio like the radio is animate.

ADAM

Will I get bail?

MICHAEL

They'll say you drove away from the
scene of an accident. No. You ran down
a human being and left him to die in
the street. If you're capable of that
you're capable of skipping bail is
what they'll say.

ADAM

Orleans Parish Prison?

MICHAEL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Mom called it hell on earth.

MICHAEL

Lee Delamere's the best lawyer-lawyer I know - and a street-fighter. She'll do everything in her power to keep you out of O.P.P.

ADAM

So Mom was right?

MICHAEL

Yes.

Adam has his hands clasped together in his lap.

ADAM

Don't forget Django's meds.

MICHAEL

I won't.

They're saying goodbye. Fucking heartbreaking for dad.

ADAM

How long do you think he has?

MICHAEL

Djang? Tough as old boots.

The weather forecast on the car radio.

MICHAEL

Just keep it simple. What we said..

ADAM

It's the truth. The truth isn't so hard, dad.

Michael knows it's not like that but he's not about to say it, not now. Instead, he grips his son's hand as they pull into the police station parking lot.

WEATHERWOMAN

And the forecast for the weekend? In a word? Changeable.

MICHAEL

Stay there. Let me set this up.

Michael comes in. He looks back at his son in the car.

84 **INT. AUDI Q5. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT. NIGHT. (N1)** 84

Adam plays "Redemption Song" - the Johnny Cash and Joe Strummer version - while he waits. The song over:

85 **INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT. (N1)** 85

Michael waiting while a COP speaks with the DESK COP. Michael looks about him. Through a glass window, his POV of a WOMAN standing up as LIEUTENANT BRENDAN CUSACK comes into the room from an interior office. CUSACK has been round the block, a big beast. Michael can't hear what Cusack is saying. The woman is GINA. She turns away from Cusack, towards the glass window and Michael's POV. Her face hideously distorted with pain, she puts both hands and her face up against the glass. We can't hear her. The glass soundproof. Michael watching. Michael's POV of the MAN who comes up behind Gina, takes her by the shoulders, turns her away from the glass and into his embrace. Michael stares. Jimmy's face - pain and anger in equal measure - over Gina's shoulder. Michael knows who this is.

DESK COP
Sir? Can I help?

Michael doesn't hear. He doesn't hear because he's looking at Jimmy comforting his wife - and he thinks he knows why he's comforting her. And if he's right, the world is ending. Cusack comes into the reception area fast. Michael overhears what he says to the Desk Cop.

CUSACK
I want no leaks, nothing gets out
until we're ready to do it our way.

DESK COP
The kid died on the road or..?

CUSACK
Shut the fuck up and concentrate.
Anyone so much as sniffs at this story
you shut them down. Understand me?

Cusack goes. Desk Cop turns his attention to Michael - who isn't there.

86 **INT./EXT. AUDI Q5. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT. NIGHT. (N1)** 86

Adam, reconciled to what he must do, gets out of the car. Steels himself. It's time.

87 **EXT. AUDI Q5. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT. NIGHT. (N1)** 87

Michael hurrying back to the car. Adam coming towards him.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Get back in the car.

Adam's confusion. He doesn't do what his father says. Michael round the driver side now.

ADAM

I thought we were..

MICHAEL

Just get in.

ADAM

No, no.. Dad - you were right, we need to do this..

MICHAEL

Adam, get in the car. Now.

Adam doesn't move. Michael is forced to come round the car.

ADAM

I think I should..

Michael takes Adam by his bad arm. Adam calls out in pain. Michael scared this will be heard inside the police station.

INT./EXT. AUDI Q5. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT. NIGHT. (N1)

Adam and Michael in the car. Adam shocked by the pain in his shoulder and by his dad's violent change of mind.

ADAM

Why are you.. why are we..

MICHAEL

The boy you hit was Jimmy Baxter's son. That's who you killed.

A shattering moment. Saying it out loud brings it crashing in. Two quick breaths. He takes his son's hand - like Adam is three years old.

ADAM

Oh God.

Their POV of Jimmy and Gina moving toward the door. Michael reversing fast out of the parking spot.

ADAM

Oh God. Oh God.

89 **INT./EXT. AUDI Q5. NIGHT. (N1)**

89

Michael driving fast.

ADAM

I'm dead.

He's said it, almost involuntarily, the essential truth. And for Michael, it's the trigger. It's in this moment that he decides to fight. He's been in flight mode for the last two minutes, now he's fighting. The love for a child is unconditional; protecting your child is a moral absolute. The PHONE RINGS. Caller name: LEE DELAMERE. Michael kills the call. He's trying to think - fighting means thinking - and he can't because panic, terror and love are all in the way.

90 **INT./EXT. AUDI Q5. DESIATO HOME. NIGHT. (N1)**

90

Michael stops the car. This much he knows:

MICHAEL

Don't tell anyone. Not ever. I can do this.. I can keep you safe if no-one EVER hears about it. Do you hear me, Adam? This is the rest of our lives.

ADAM

Dad?

MICHAEL

Yes?

ADAM

I'm so hungry.

Michael doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. Seventeen-year-olds are amazing. He laughs. They laugh. Off of which (when the laughter is done) the fear deepens.

91 **INT. DESIATO HOME. KITCHEN. NIGHT. (N1)**

91

Michael chopping up bacon - prep for cooking his carbonara. Adam staring at the bacon and smelling it. In his head he's back on the roadside with dying Rocco. Flesh and meat and death.

MICHAEL

After it happened.. Did you speak to anyone?

No response.

MICHAEL

Adam?

(CONTINUED)

Adam brought out of the replayed memory by his father.

MICHAEL
Did anyone see you in the car?

ADAM
A homeless man - he washed the windshield. And I stopped for gas.

MICHAEL
You stopped for gas? Why did you.. Did you talk to anyone?

ADAM
No. A guy was staring at me. In another car.

MICHAEL
Why was he staring?

ADAM
I don't know.

MICHAEL
What color shirt was he wearing?

ADAM
Uh.. Maybe white? I don't know.

MICHAEL
Good. How old was he?

ADAM
Good?

MICHAEL
How old?

ADAM
Dad...

MICHAEL
If you can't describe him then he probably can't describe you. The Baxter family is..

ADAM
I know.

MICHAEL
Do you? Are you hearing me? They make the Gottis look like the Waltons.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

92

INT. DESIATO HOME. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT. (N1)

92

The neighbor, Amy. She's pleased to be reporting:

AMY
The door on your car. It's not shut properly.

MICHAEL
Right.

AMY
I thought you should know.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

She's not going. Adam behind him now, looking on.

MICHAEL
We're... It's the anniversary of Robin's death. Would you mind..

Michael CLOSES THE DOOR before she's turned to go.

ADAM
Using mom's memory..

MICHAEL
The oldest Baxter boy. You know why he's serving time? Stamped on the head of a fifteen-year-old kid for looking at him wrong. Stamped on his head, stomped on his spine, put him in a coma. I'm protecting you, Adam. Mom would have done the same. You hear me? We're a family on this.

93

INT. DESIATO HOME. LAUNDRY ROOM. NIGHT. (N1)

93

The TV is on in the kitchen - rolling news - visible from the laundry room. The wet towels have to be dealt with. Michael takes them - sodden - out of the dryer. He catches sight of the television. The Baxter family on the news. Jimmy and his right hand man, FRANKIE, stand slightly apart from Gina.

GINA
Who would do a thing like this? Leave a dying child? On the roadside? He was seventeen years old.

Michael, still holding the wet towels, comes into the kitchen, looking at the television. Gina fixes her gaze on the camera - and, to Michael, it feels like, on him. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

GINA

What kind of a human being are you?

Michael staring back at her. Jimmy now:

JIMMY

Whoever you are.. wherever you are..
you should know - you will be found.

Michael holding wet towels, staring at the television. Jimmy Baxter looking into his soul. Where's Adam? Michael has to be with his son..

94

OMITTED

94

95

OMITTED

95

A96

INT. DESIATO HOME. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. (N1)

A96

Michael finds Adam asleep. Kisses the top of his head. He needs to wake him; he doesn't want to; he has to. He clenches his fist. He unclenches his fist. He strokes the top of Adam's head. Adam opens his eyes. Michael watches as a half second moment on waking in which Adam hasn't remembered what's happened becomes remembering what's happened.

MICHAEL

Why were you taking the garbage
out?

B96

INT. DESIATO HOME. LAUNDRY ROOM. NIGHT. (N1)

B96

Michael collecting everything he needs to get rid of. All of Adam's bloody, wet clothes, the wet towels - all get stuffed in a linen laundry bag. Michael working at a frenzied pace.

C96

INT./EXT. ROBIN'S CAR. DESIATO HOME. NIGHT. (N1)

C96

Michael with the flashlight digging in the garbage. He finds the NAIL BRUSH and puts it in the linen bag. He looks around, spots a slab (6" x 9") of concrete, lifts it into the linen bag. He goes to the CAR and inspects the bodywork using the flashlight. Marks and scrapes on the bumper. GLASS in the tire treads. Some oil. BLOOD on the door handle. He shines the flashlight inside the car. Blood on the dash. Blood on the seat. SHIT. SHIT. He steps back from the car. Michael knows it won't be hard to match the motorcycle to the car; the car to the motorcycle; the car to the scene; the scene to the car; Adam to the victim; the victim to Adam; the victim to the car; the car to the victim.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls out a (small) wet towel from the linen bag and starts scrubbing the interior of the car. The blood is hard to remove. He drops it on the ground; grabs another towel, goes back to scrubbing.

Django comes out of the side gate (unseen by Michael), picks up the small bloody towel and heads back in.

A LIGHT comes on in the neighbor's house. Michael snaps the flashlight off, stuffs the wet towel he's just been using into the linen bag. He acts casual, like he's just been getting something. He thinks he can make out the figure of AMY at the window behind curtains.

D96 INT./EXT. AUDI Q5. NIGHT. (N1) D96

Michael slides the linen bag into the back seat, gets into the car; making himself do things slowly, normally, drives away.

E96 INT. DESIATO HOME. KITCHEN. NIGHT. (N1) E96

Django on his bed, nosing at the bloody towel.

F96 INT./EXT. AUDI Q5. BRIDGE. NIGHT. (N1) F96

Michael slows on the bridge. Looks in his rearview; checks ahead - no cars, nothing. He pulls over and stops. He jumps out, pulls the linen bag out from the back seat, DROPS THE BAG off the bridge. He takes a few seconds to watch as the bag goes into the Mississippi and disappears forever. He lets out a breath. A car coming. He turns to look. A fucking POLICE CAR. It slows and shifts into the lane his car is stopped in. Oh shit.

Michael fumbles with his fly, turns back to the Mississippi.

The cop car pulls up. An older cop, GEORGE WILLIAMS, gets out of the squad car.. and can't believe his eyes.

WILLIAMS
On the bridge? What the fuck? On a
bridge?

MICHAEL
I had to.

WILLIAMS
You had to?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Prostate cancer. When I need to go.. I need to go. I don't have a choice. I'm so sorry.

COP stares at him. Michael looks like a broken man.

WILLIAMS

What's your PSA?

MICHAEL

Uh.. High.

WILLIAMS

Higher than a hundred?

MICHAEL

Two hundred.

WILLIAMS

Gleason score?

MICHAEL

Bad.

WILLIAMS

I'm sorry, sir. Okay. Look uh.. Good luck, okay? And.. your fly.

Indicates Michael's unzipped fly.

INT. BAXTER HOME. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. (N1)

Jimmy sitting with a bottle of whisky. Frankie was thinking of checking in on his bosses' emotional condition but he doesn't because he can see that: Jimmy has a thought, checks it, checks it again, articulates it:

JIMMY

Where's his phone?

Frankie looks at him, shifts his weight.

JIMMY

An accident? An accident and they stole his phone? Who the fuck?

Gina comes in. The two men look at her.

GINA

I want to see. I want to see where he died.

Frankie looks at Jimmy, shifts his weight back.

97 OMITTED 97

98 OMITTED 98

99 OMITTED 99

100 OMITTED 100

101 INT. DESIATO HOME. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. (N1) 101

Michael comes in. Adam on the sofa watching *Shawshank Redemption*; he hasn't heard his father come in. Michael gets to look at his son for a moment. Oh God he loves him..

A102 INT./EXT. BAXTER CAR. CRIME SCENE. NIGHT. (N1) A102

Jimmy, Gina and Frankie arrive at the crime scene. Such courage to do this, be here. They get out of the car.

B102 INT. DESIATO HOME. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. (N1) B102

Michael sitting next to his son watching *Shawshank*. Django climbs onto the sofa alongside them. Adam puts his hand on Django. Michael does the same.

ADAM

Who are the Waltons?

And now Michael loves him even more.

C102 EXT. CRIME SCENE. NIGHT. (N1) C102

Jimmy and Gina being taken through police tape and led to the spot where Rocco died. Gina stumbles a little - a pot hole - Jimmy has her arm. They stop a few feet away from the spot. His blood. His blood. Their boy. Gina takes a step nearer.

D102 INT. DESIATO HOME. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. (N1) D102

Michael and Adam watching *Shawshank*. Adam says some of the lines from the movie out loud. The opera scene now. Adam turns the volume up. He wants to seal himself into the world of the movie and keep everything else out for a while. Django sees everything. Michael wants to look at his son, not at the screen, but he knows not to. "The Marriage of Figaro" kicks in. It plays over:

E102

EXT. CRIME SCENE. NIGHT. (N1)

E102

Jimmy and Gina staring at the spot where Rocco died. Frankie takes a walk up the road - he doesn't want Jimmy to see that his eyes are pricking with tears. Seventy-five yards up the road (outside the police tape) he spots something on the ground. An ASTHMA INHALER. He half thinks about it, stops thinking about it, doesn't pick it up. He looks over at Jimmy and Gina. He takes a step back towards them. Then a pause (a thought) and he turns, goes back, picks up the inhaler, looks at it. Is that a blood smear? Frankie walks back toward his boss. Jimmy watches his right hand man walk towards him. They maintain eye contact - Jimmy knows Frankie has something. Gina looks up to the heavens and then she goes down on her knees - in the road (not caring about the roughness of the ground, not caring about anything beyond the purity of her pain) A prayer? A beseeching of God? She howls. A raw, elemental, gaping mouth howl into the night. Everything stops - including Mozart.

102-148 **OMITTED**

102-148

END OF EPISODE