

YOU CAME ALONG

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

LONG SHOT, buses crossing the high ramp over other buildings and into the bus terminal. CAMERA PANS toward one bus as it crests the arch and starts its descent.

EUGENE (VO)

My son is on that bus.

(Eugene's delivery is always flat, expository, never emotional; almost Dragnet.)

The bus enters the dark cavern of the terminal.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

MATT BAILEY, 30ish, a battered rock in peacoat and jeans, canvas duffelbag over his shoulder, rides down the escalator with other arriving PASSENGERS.

EUGENE (VO)

He's coming to see me.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Matt, with different PASSENGERS, rides down a second escalator toward the subway. His expression is inward, unengaged.

EUGENE (VO)

We haven't been in touch in five years. More.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Matt boards a train. The doors close. CAMERA PANS to watch it rush into the dark tunnel.

EUGENE (VO)

We never were close.

INT. FERNAL BOULEVARD SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

CAMERA LOOKS along the platform, along the stopped train on the right side of FRAME. Matt steps out onto the platform. He stops, looking around at what is clearly familiar to him. He's trying to find pleasure in the familiar, but it isn't working. The train moves, past CAMERA and gone. Matt is framed against the black tunnel at the end of the platform. He steps forward.

EUGENE (VO)  
We never even liked each other much.

EXT. FERNAL BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Dusk. Color drained from the day, but not yet night. Matt emerges from the subway station and walks off, away from CAMERA. He doesn't hesitate; he knows this area.

EUGENE (VO)  
Now he feels he needs me.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

Matt comes around the corner, looks diagonally across the street past CAMERA, stops dead, bewildered and unbelieving.

EUGENE (VO)  
But I'm not there.

MATT'S POV: The block is a row of narrow apartment buildings, mostly the width of two small apartments. They're five or six stories high, built at different times in the last fifty years in various styles. Toward this end of the block, the focus of Matt's attention is on two very modern buildings of the same sort, side by side; clearly the most recently built on the block.

PREVIOUS SHOT. Matt crosses the street. He stands in front of the building on his right, looks up at it, at the other one on the left, then up and down the block. He's stymied. He can't go forward. He looks at the rightward building again.

CU: The building number. "19-45"

PREVIOUS SHOT. Matt looks at the twin building.

CU: The building number. "19-47"

WIDE SHOT. Matt turns away, walks diagonally back across the street toward the corner he came around. There's a deli on the corner. He enters.

INT. DELI - NIGHT

A narrow deep store, bright-lit. Two HISPANIC MEN work behind the counter, one making sandwiches, the other at the cash register. Four male CUSTOMERS wait on line. Matt enters, approaches the sandwich maker.

MATT  
Those new buildings. When'd they go up?

The sandwich man glances up indifferently, shrugs, goes back to the sandwich. Two of the customers frown at Matt, at the question. Matt moves toward the cash register man. A customer, a burly tough guy, SPEAKS to Matt. He's one of the ones who reacted to the question.

CUSTOMER

There's a line here, pal.

MATT

I've just got a question.  
(louder, to clerk)  
Those new buildings. How long  
they been up?

The cash register man shrugs, concentrating on his work.

CUSTOMER

They don't know nothing. They're  
not from here.

Matt focuses on the customer.

MATT

Are you from here?

CUSTOMER

All my life.

MATT

Those two new buildings across  
the street. When'd they go up?

CUSTOMER

(thinks it over; then)  
Ten years ago, maybe.

MATT

(definite)

No.

The other customer who'd reacted to Matt's first question  
SPEAKS.

CUSTOMER 2

Twelve years ago. Definitely.

MATT

No.

CUSTOMER 2

Listen, I remember it, I sub-contracted  
some of the plumbing. Last construction  
around here.

MATT  
(simple statement)  
Five years ago, I was in a different building over there.

CUSTOMER 2  
(aggressive)  
You calling me a liar?

Matt doesn't get this. Why the hostility? The first customer also looks ready for a fight. Matt looks around, sees there's nothing to be gained, shrugs.

MATT  
I'll let you know.

He shoulders through them and outside. They frown after him, angry, maybe upset.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

Matt stops on the sidewalk, at a loss. On the corner across 163rd Row is Dave's Bar, dark, topped by a dim red neon sign. Diagonally across is a dry cleaner's. SOUND of gate rattling shut. Matt looks toward the dry cleaner.

MATT'S POV: The OWNER is just closing up.

WIDE ANGLE, as Matt crosses to the dry cleaner.

TWO SHOT. The dry cleaner, finished with the hasp locks on the gate, straightens, is a little scared to see Matt suddenly there. Matt puts up a hand to calm him, speaks gently.

MATT  
I just have a question.

OWNER  
(relaxing)  
Sure. If I can.

MATT  
(pointing)  
Those new buildings down there.  
When did they go up?

OWNER  
(waffling)  
New buildings?

MATT  
Forty-five and forty-seven down there.

OWNER  
 (jovial)  
 Those aren't new. Not new. They  
 gotta be a dozen years old.

MATT  
 (positive)  
 That can't be.

OWNER  
 Excuse me. The wife worries.

He ducks around Matt, hurries away down the street. Matt looks after him, dissatisfied. He turns away.

AN ANGLE on the deli. Customer 2 comes out with a small bag, stops to look across the street.

CUSTOMER POV: Matt crosses the street to enter Dave's.

PREVIOUS SHOT. The customer looks troubled, worried. He walks away slowly, thinking.

INT. DAVE'S - NIGHT

A square dark joint, bar on one side, booths on the other. A few REGULARS at the bar, no one at the booths. Matt crosses to the pay phone, looks in the directory, shuts it, crosses to sit at the bar, near no one. The BARMAN, 60ish, heavy, probably an ex-cop, leaves his conversation at the far end of the bar and comes down to Matt.

BARMAN  
 Yes, sir.

MATT  
 Draft.

The barman draws a beer.

MATT  
 I got a question, but I'm almost  
 afraid to ask it.

BARMAN  
 Those are the questions I'm here  
 for.

MATT  
 I don't even get to the question.  
 I ask the question in front of it,  
 and the answer doesn't make any  
 sense.

BARMAN  
(jocular)  
This the first bar you been in today?

MATT  
(lifts beer glass)  
This is the first bar I've been in  
in five years.  
(drinks)

BARMAN  
Maybe you waited too long.

MATT  
So let me turn it the other way  
around. I'm looking for my father.

BARMAN  
Okay.

MATT  
He's supposed to live on this block.  
I visited him, five years ago, on  
this block. I left something with him.

BARMAN  
Okay.

MATT  
I come back, the building's gone.

BARMAN  
(interested)  
You mean, just a space?

MATT  
No, there's another building there.

BARMAN  
Okay.

MATT  
I want to know what happened. I  
ask a couple people around here, and  
I start, I say when did that new  
building go up, they say ten years  
ago, twelve years ago. Five years  
ago, I sat in my father's living  
room it's gone.

BARMAN  
Maybe you got the wrong block.

MATT

It's not the wrong block. It's this block.

BARMAN

Look in the phone book.

MATT

He isn't in there.

BARMAN

Maybe you shoulda wrote first.

MATT

Maybe I should. But the question is, where's my old man?

BARMAN

Not in here. You want another?

MATT

Yeah. You got anything to eat?

BARMAN

I could microwave you something. I'll get you the menu.

He goes off. Matt looks at himself in the mirror.

MATT (VO)

Just hold onto it. That's all I ask.

INT. EUGENE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

EUGENE BAILEY, 60ish, scrawny, irritable, sits in a saggy armchair, holding a small white envelope as though he'd rather not have it. Matt stands in front of him, urgent, pressing. The living room is nondescript, except that over the sofa is a strong head-and-shoulders portrait of a beautiful black-haired woman.

EUGENE

You're gonna be a bum all your life.

MATT

Not with that. Not if you hold on to that. And don't talk about it to anybody.

EUGENE

I never talk about you to anybody. What would I say?



MATT  
I'll see you in five, six, seven  
years. Whenever.

EUGENE  
(flat, fatalistic)  
Oh, I know you'll be back.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE, straight at the two new buildings. No traffic  
or pedestrians.

EUGENE (VO)  
(repetition, fading)  
Oh, I know you'll be back.

Matt ENTERS FRAME from left, crossing toward the buildings.  
He stops in front of 45, looks up at its windows, some lit,  
then goes up the steps and into the vestibule.

INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Matt looks at the rows of doorbells, finger moving down  
them, stopping.

INSERT: The bell, and the card: "3 B Romero"

Matt thinks about pushing the bell, then realizes it's  
pointless. He turns to exit as a woman enters. This is  
VIVIAN ROMERO, 30ish, sharp, sure of herself and beautiful.  
She gives Matt a surprised look.

VIVIAN  
Looking for somebody?

MATT  
Nobody here.

VIVIAN  
Then you should look somewhere else.

She turns to the inner door, dismissing him.

MATT  
Could I ask you a question?

VIVIAN  
(cool look)  
I doubt it.

MATT  
How long you lived here?

VIVIAN  
(surprised)  
What kind of a question is that?  
Three and a half years.

MATT  
Do you have any idea when this place  
was built?

VIVIAN  
(amused)  
It never even occurred to me to  
wonder.

MATT  
(giving up)  
You're right. I should go somewhere  
else.

He turns toward the outer door. She looks at him, attention caught, interest piqued.

VIVIAN  
You in some sort of trouble?

MATT  
I didn't think I was. I came  
here to see my old man. He's gone,  
the whole building's gone.

VIVIAN  
When was the last time you saw him?

MATT  
Five years ago.

VIVIAN  
You don't keep in close touch.  
Were you gonna crash with him?

MATT  
I don't know. Yeah, I guess so.

VIVIAN  
This your first day out?

MATT  
(startled)  
What do you mean?

VIVIAN  
Oh, come on. You've got prison  
written all over you.

Matt's surprised, but laughs.

MATT  
Thanks for the warning.

VIVIAN  
You aren't a sex offender, are you?

MATT  
(grin)  
Never had any complaints.

VIVIAN  
(ignoring that)  
What's your name?

MATT  
Matt Bailey.

VIVIAN  
(extending her hand)  
Vivian Romero.

MATT  
(taking her hand)  
Oh. Three B.

She pulls her hand back, gives him a suspicious look.

VIVIAN  
And?

MATT  
That was my old man's apartment  
number. I looked on the bells there.

VIVIAN  
Oh. Same apartment, that's nice.  
Kismet. Come on up, let's see if  
we can connect you with your old  
man.

MATT  
I'd like that.

She unlocks the inner door, and they enter.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Very modern, but lower middle class. Matt studies everything as they cross to the elevator, which is at this level. Vivian opens its door and they enter.

## INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They stand side by side, facing front, as the elevator starts up. Then he looks at her profile.

MATT

You aren't as cautious as most women.

VIVIAN

(facing front)

I'm meaner than most women.

He absorbs that, nods, faces front. The elevator stops.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Black. The hall door opens, letting in light, and then Vivian switches on lights as she and Matt enter. The room is very stark, underfurnished, angular.

VIVIAN

Have a seat. You want a drink?

MATT

If you got beer.

VIVIAN

I think so.

As she leaves the room, she calls back to him.

VIVIAN

What does your father do?

MATT

(calling)

He used to be in oil exploration. Central America, South America mostly. Now he doesn't do anything.

VIVIAN (OC)

(calling)

Be with you in a minute.

Matt puts his duffel in a corner, then wanders the room, looks out at the street, wanders, stops to look at the side wall. There's nothing on it, just a white wall.

MATT'S POV: Slowly the portrait we saw in Eugene's apartment materializes on the wall.

AN ANGLE on Matt, looking at the wall, a sense of loss strong on his features.

TWO SHOT, as Vivian comes in to see Matt staring at the blank wall. She's changed into something more casual and provocative, and she's carrying a tray on which are two pilsner glasses of beer. He turns, sees her, and grins.

MATT

You aren't a beer drinker.

VIVIAN

Depends who I'm with.

He takes a glass, she the other, putting the tray down. She sits on the sofa, gesturing for him to sit beside her, but he takes the armchair near her instead.

VIVIAN

Maybe he's dead.

MATT

Maybe. But then he'd have, uh, effects.

VIVIAN

An estate.

MATT

(sour laugh)

Not even a leanto.

(glance at blank wall)

But there were a few things . . .

She considers him.

VIVIAN

Maybe you can answer a question I've always had.

MATT

Yeah?

VIVIAN

Is there such a thing as a sentimental value?

Matt grins and nods and holds up his glass toward her.

MATT

Depends who you're with.

She laughs, then gets to her feet.

VIVIAN

I'm a working girl, I need my sleep. You can bunk on the sofa tonight, if you want.

MATT

Thanks.

VIVIAN

(pointing)

The kitchen's there, the bathroom's there. You don't need to go down that hall.

MATT

Got it.

VIVIAN

See you in the morning.

She exits. He sits holding his glass in both hands, brooding.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT, 45, as the last few lit windows go dark.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS toward the sofa, where Matt lies under a throw. His coat, pants and shirt are on the armchair. His eyes are open, moving with his thoughts. The room is very dark.

EUGENE (VO)

Construction and demolition, Sunny Jim. It's all construction and demolition.

Matt's eyes close. SLOW FADE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

AN ANGLE on the window, bright with hazy light. CAMERA PULLS BACK to find Matt waking up, sitting up. He yawns, sees a note on the coffee table, picks it up, reads it. He looks around, shrugs, drops the note back onto the coffee table, gets to his feet. He's wearing shorts. He crosses to look out the window.

EXT. 163RD ROW - DAY

MATT'S POV. A bright but hazy day. No pedestrians, little traffic. Diagonally across the way, a black car is parked. Exhaust comes from its tailpipe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt moves away from the window, PAST CAMERA.

LATER. Room empty, SOUND of shower.

LATER. In different shirt, same trousers, toweling his hair, Matt crosses to look out the window.

EXT. 163RD ROW - DAY

MATT'S POV. The car is still there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt moves away from the window.

LATER. Carrying coffee cup in one hand, toast in the other, Matt crosses to look out the window. He nods at what he sees, stands there drinking and eating.

LATER. Matt finishes repacking his duffel. He looks around the room, shoulders the duffel, leaves.

EXT. 163RD ROW - DAY

CLOSE on the black car, 45 in bg. Matt exits the building, crosses toward the car. Before he reaches it, its streetside rear door opens and DETECTIVE JOHN WYGAND gets out. He's beefy, 40ish, bad-tempered. Matt keeps walking toward him.

TWO SHOT, as Matt reaches him.

MATT

You wanted to talk to me?

WYGAND

Like to see some ID.

MATT

So would I.

Wygand smirks, already a little angry, and holds up his shield case beside his face.

WYGAND

Wygand, Detective Second Grade.

Matt puts the duffel on the ground, reaches for his wallet.

MATT

Bailey, parolee.

WYGAND

You report to your case worker yet?

Matt extends his driver's license; Wygand takes it.

MATT

I got till five o'clock today.

WYGAND

This is an expired license.

MATT

It's still the same face. I'll get the license renewed.

Wygand gives back the license, gestures at the car.

WYGAND

Let's sit and be comfortable.

Matt shrugs. Wygand opens the door and Matt slides in, Wygand following.

INT. WYGAND'S CAR - DAY

Two men in the front seat. The driver is ZACK FIELDS, black, wiry, snaky, twenties. The passenger is CHARLIE GUSTAFSON, 50ish, lazy, very overweight. Both are cops in plainclothes. Matt slides over behind Charlie as Wygand gets in and shuts the door.

WYGAND

Why not let Charlie hold onto that duffel, give us some room back here?

Matt shrugs and gives the duffel to Charlie, who immediately opens it and searches through it. Zack starts the car moving forward.

EXT. ST. CRISPIN - DAY

At the far corner from the deli, there's a small Catholic church, brownstone. FATHER BREEN, gaunt, 40ish, in cassock, stands smoking by the front door. He looks down the street.

EXT. 163RD ROW - DAY

BREEN'S POV: The black car moving this way.

INT. WYGAND'S CAR - DAY

Breen can be seen in bg.

WYGAND

Give that license to Zack, will you?

MATT

Sure.



He struggles his wallet out and gives the license to Zack. Then he looks out the window and catches Breen's eye as they go by. He looks at Breen.

EXT. ST. CRISPIN - DAY

Frowning slightly, Breen looks after Matt until the car goes on into the next block.

INT. WYGAND'S CAR - DAY

Zack, in fg, while he drives, punches information from Matt's license into the on-board computer. Matt and Wygand are visible behind him.

MATT

Where are we going?

WYGAND

You tell me. To see your parole officer, keep you out of trouble.

MATT

I'll get to him.

WYGAND

That's what I'm saying. Which office?

MATT

World Trade Center.

WYGAND

(surprised)

Manhattan? What are you doing down here?

MATT

I came to see my father.

WYGAND

How was he?

MATT

I don't know. Gone.

WYGAND

He moved?

MATT

The whole building moved.

WYGAND

How long were you in?

MATT  
Five years.

WYGAND  
Your father ever visit?

MATT  
No.

WYGAND  
Send you any letters?

MATT  
No.

WYGAND  
You ever write to him?

MATT  
No.

WYGAND  
So maybe he doesn't want to see you.  
Moved away, doesn't want to see you.

MATT  
He wants to see me.

WYGAND  
For five years, he knew where you  
were. If he wanted you to know  
where he was, he could have told  
you. He moved, he didn't tell you.  
He doesn't want to see you.

MATT  
I told you, the whole building moved.

WYGAND  
I don't know what you mean by that.

MATT  
Neither do I. Not yet.

Wygand frowns at Matt. He knows he doesn't have the  
handle yet.

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

Wygand's car crosses toward Manhattan.

ZACK (VO)  
Okay.

INT. WYGAND'S CAR - DAY

Matt watches the outside world.

WYGAND  
(to Zack)  
Tell me about it.

ZACK  
Fifteen to twenty-five grand larceny.

WYGAND  
(to Matt)  
You got out in the minimum. You  
must be a good boy.

Matt shrugs, still looking outward.

ZACK  
Bank, outside Rochester.

WYGAND  
(to Matt; smirk)  
Bank. Cause that's where the money  
is, right?

MATT  
Some of it.

ZACK  
A hundred forty thousand still  
missing.

Matt looks at the back of Zack's head.

MATT  
It burned up in the car. I told  
them.

WYGAND  
A hundred forty thousand, five years.  
Under thirty thousand a year. You  
could make that in wages.

MATT  
It burned up in the car.

WYGAND  
Maybe that's why your father doesn't  
want to see you, huh?

Matt shrugs and looks out the window. Wygand grins at the  
back of his head. He thinks he understands now.

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

Wygand's car pulls to a stop at the curb.

INT. WYGAND'S CAR - DAY

As before.

WYGAND

Charlie, give Mr. Bailey his duffel.

Charlie extends it over the seatback. Matt takes it.

WYGAND

Mr. Bailey.

Matt looks at him.

WYGAND

Your father's gone. Maybe he doublecrossed you, maybe he didn't. Maybe he's dead, I don't know. He isn't there, and he didn't tell you where he was moving. Your parole officer is in Manhattan. I don't want you in my precinct again.

Matt waits to find out if there's going to be any more, then opens the car door.

WYGAND

Did you hear me?

MATT

I heard you.

Matt gets out of the car.

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

AN ANGLE above the car, toward the building. Wygand and Zack are visible in the car. Matt walks across the broad sidewalk, Wygand and Zack watching him. Wygand turns to SPEAK to Zack, who puts the car in gear. The car moves OUT OF FRAME. Matt walks on into the darkness inside the building.

EXT. FERNAL BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The subway entrance. Matt comes out of there, duffel over shoulder, as last night. He pauses, looks around, moves off.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

Matt crosses to 45, enters the vestibule.

INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

CLOSE on the button for 3 B. Matt's finger presses it.

AN ANGLE on Matt, waiting at the door. BEAT. He rings the bell again. BEAT. He exits.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

Matt comes out to the sidewalk, looks up at the building.

MATT'S POV: Vivian's windows, dark.

PREVIOUS SHOT. Matt hesitates, then goes back up the steps.

CLOSE on a plaque, low to the right of the door. It reads; "MANAGING AGENTS - SHIPFER, HALLOWS, CRESCENT". Matt leans INTO FRAME to copy that into a notepad.

WIDE SHOT, as Matt comes down to the sidewalk, walks to the left corner of the building, looks at the low part of the wall there.

MATT'S POV: Large plain brownstone blocks make up the corner.

PREVIOUS SHOT. Matt walks back past the entrance to the right corner of the building, studies it the same way.

MATT'S POV: Identical to the other corner.

PREVIOUS SHOT. Matt looks around, unsure, looks off to his right.

MATT'S POV: The dimly lit church at the far corner.

INT. RECTORY - NIGHT

Breen sits in a Victorian living room, comfortable but dark and crowded, watching a garden show on TV. SOUND of doorbell. He reacts like anyone at work; duty calls. He switches off the TV, rises, leaves the room. CAMERA HOLDS on doorway. SOUND of front door opening. SOUND of CONVERSATION. Matt enters, followed by Breen.

BREEN

Why don't you sit there?

They sit facing one another.

BREEN  
You were with the police this morning.

MATT  
Their idea.

BREEN  
(amused)  
It usually is.

MATT  
I'm Matt--Matthew Bailey.

BREEN  
Father Joseph Breen. What can I do for you?

MATT  
Can I ask, how long have you been here?

BREEN  
This parish? Just over two years.

MATT  
My father-- He'd go to church sometimes, I wonder if you knew him.

BREEN  
What's his name?

MATT  
Eugene Bailey. He used to live over there in forty-five.

BREEN  
Before my time, then. Are you looking for him, is that it?

MATT  
He's just gone.

BREEN  
How long since you've seen him?

MATT  
Five years. I've been away.

BREEN  
Tell me about him.

MATT

We never got along too good. He was away a lot, oil exploration, Central America, South America.

BREEN

Did he strike it rich?

MATT

(bitter)

He should have.

BREEN

(intrigued)

Really?

MATT

He found a very good field. In Belize. Small but a deep producer. It should have made him rich, but he got cheated out of it.

BREEN

There was nothing he could do?

MATT

They had the money, the lawyers . . . It was a long time ago, it's all over. Rich people don't want anybody new to join their club. May they rot in hell.

BREEN

(laughing)

Oh, no. Rich people never go to hell, don't you know that?

MATT

What do you mean? I thought it was easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than a rich man get into Heaven.

BREEN

Nonsense. The rich are welcome anywhere. Don't you know what hell is?

MATT

Maybe not.

BREEN

Hell was constructed for people who break the rules. Poor people break the rules, out of necessity. Rich people don't break the rules. They go around the rules, or bend the rules, or go under the rules, or get a boost over the rules, but they don't break the rules.

MATT

What kind of priest are you?

BREEN

(smile and shrug)

The priest for this parish. Why do you want to see your father now?

MATT

I want to know what's going on. Father, there's something screwy here.

BREEN

There is?

MATT

I'm gone five years, I come back, my father's gone, the whole building's different, everybody in the neighborhood says that building's been there ten twelve years, I know that isn't right. And there's no cornerstones.

BREEN

Cornerstones?

MATT

Most of those buildings, they got a cornerstone, tell you what year they were built.

BREEN

Ah, of course.

MATT

The other thing, I'm here one night, there's cops waiting for me in the morning, drive me to Manhattan, tell me don't come back to this precinct.

BREEN

(amused)

Yet here you are.



MATT

I gotta find out what happened.  
Where's my old man?

BREEN

I'll help if I can. Do you have  
a place to stay tonight?

MATT

I thought I did, but now I don't  
know.

BREEN

We have a small dormitory downstairs  
here. There's no one in it now.

MATT

Sounds good.

Breen picks up the phone, buzzes for an interior call.

BREEN

Janine, we have someone for the  
dormitory. Oh, good. Yes, fine.

He hangs up, stands. Matt also stands.

BREEN

Janine will show you down. We  
can talk again in the morning.

MATT

Fine. Thanks for this.

BREEN

What we're here for. Matthew?

MATT

Yes?

BREEN

From what you've said, I'm surprised  
you care so much about seeing your  
father. About seeing him at all.

MATT

He's holding something for me.

Breen is pleased to have this motivation cleared up.

BREEN

Ah.

JANINE enters. Mid-twenties, good-looking, very pale, conservatively dressed, both demure and aloof.

BREEN

Janine, this is Matthew Bailey, he'll be staying with us for a day or so.

JANINE

All right, Father.

BREEN

Matthew, Janine actually runs this establishment.

She's pleased at the compliment, but doesn't look at Matt.

MATT

(best behavior)

How are you?

She still doesn't look at him.

JANINE

Fine, thank you. Nice to meet you.

BREEN

Would you show Matthew down?

JANINE

Yes. Then I'm off.

BREEN

Fine. Good night, Matthew.

MATT

Good night, father.

Janine leads Matt out. Breen ponders.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Dim lit, furnished with benches and tables and unlit lamps and religious paintings. Janine leads Matt.

MATT

What are you doing here?

JANINE

(facing forward)

I'm the housekeeper. I don't live here, I live over in the halfway house.

MATT  
(kidding)  
Halfway between what and what?

JANINE  
(considers; then)  
Between good girl and bad girl.

MATT  
Which way you moving?

She looks sideways at him. She's not friendly.

JANINE  
Away from men like you.

He laughs, and raises defensive hands, admitting defeat.

MATT  
O-kay.

JANINE  
It's down here.

She opens a door. She reaches in, switches on a light, and a simple staircase, with wooden walls, leads downward. She starts down, he follows.

INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

Pitch black. The door opens, so that Matt and Janine are silhouetted in the rectangle of light. She hits a light switch and very bright ceiling fluorescents come on. It's a fairly large room, Spartan, with six single beds widely spaced. Each bed comes with a low dresser, a table lamp atop it, and a metal folding chair.

JANINE  
(pointing)  
The bathroom's through there.  
You're the only one here now.

Matt dislikes the coldness and the whiff of institution.

MATT  
I'm surprised. You'd think there'd  
be a run on this place.

JANINE  
(deadpan)  
The price is right. Good night.

MATT  
Good night.

She leaves. He looks around in distaste. He moves through the room, selects the bed nearest the middle, switches on the lamp there. He goes back to the door to switch off the overhead fluorescents. Now the room is dim, except for the cone of amber light around that one bed. He crosses back to it, sits on the side of the bed, looks around at the other beds in the gloom. Very faintly, COUGHING, SNORING and muttered CONVERSATIONS can be heard. They fade away. He keeps looking around, grim.

EUGENE (VO)

He doesn't like this. It wasn't supposed to be like this. He was supposed to be in the Florida Keys by now, with all the money in the world. Now he feels like a charity patient. I know my boy; he won't take this for long.

Matt looks around at the empty beds, eyes glinting. SLOW FADE.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

In the rectory. A small fussy room with three two-person tables laid for breakfast, and a sideboard with juice, coffee, rolls, little boxes of cereal. Standing at the sideboard is BUSTER FLYNN, 60ish, a ruined big man with heavy round shoulders, heavy forward-thrust head. An ex-boxer, punchdrunk, he steadily bobs and weaves as he considers his breakfast. He could be grooving to inner music, or he could be evading punches.

Matt enters, reacts cautiously to Buster. Buster sees him and starts at once to TALK. Buster's speech is rhythmic, like his movements, but almost spastic, out of control.

BUSTER

Oh, yes. Oh, yes. You were here.  
Last night.

Matt crosses to the sideboard, not too close to Buster.

MATT

That's right.

BUSTER

Not me. Not me. I couldn't come.  
(confidential; quiet elation)  
I saw the lady.

MATT

Is that right?

Buster is ecstatic. Huge smile, tears in his eyes, he gazes skyward.

BUSTER  
She's so beautiful.

Matt pours juice and coffee and chooses a roll.

BUSTER  
(down a little)  
Not like the first time, though.

MATT  
That's probably true.

Buster's ecstatic again, remembering the first time. He gazes upward, opens his arms like a flower opening.

BUSTER  
In the sunlight! Up in the air!  
With all the smoke and the noise,  
and she was so beautiful.  
(confidential; beaming)  
She smiled at me.

MATT  
That's good.

Matt crosses to a table with his breakfast, sits.

BUSTER  
Sometimes I see her. Never like  
the first time. That was real.  
Now it's like ghosts.

Janine enters, smiles impersonally at them both.

JANINE  
Good morning.

BUSTER  
Oh, Janine. You know.

JANINE  
(indulgent smile)  
Yes, I know, Buster. Have you two met?

MATT  
Informally.

JANINE  
Matthew Bailey, Buster Flynn.

Buster points at Matthew, happy to have his name, as though it's a nut he's going to carry away and store.

BUSTER  
Matthew.

MATT  
(polite, uninterested)  
How are you, Buster?

JANINE  
Buster stays here sometimes. He helps around the church.

BUSTER  
(mimes it)  
Heavy lifting.

MATT  
Buster's been telling me about the beautiful lady.

BUSTER  
(happy; pointing out)  
She's there.

MATT  
I thought he might be meaning you.

Janine ignores the compliment in that, responds seriously.

JANINE  
No, I think he means the Virgin Mary.

BUSTER  
She smiled at me. In the sun.  
With all the smoke.

JANINE  
Buster, Father Breen wants you to ride with him to the co-op this morning. Can you do that?

Buster's happy to have a job.

BUSTER  
Oh, yes.

He moves toward the door, happily pointing at Matt.

BUSTER

Matthew.

He exits.

JANINE

Mind if I join you?

MATT

Be my guest. I've been yours.

She crosses to get coffee.

JANINE

You slept well?

MATT

(dismissive shrug)

When I slept. I wonder if you could help me with something.

JANINE

If I can.

She sits across from him. He takes the slip of paper from his pocket.

MATT

The management firm over at forty-five, they're an outfit called Shipfer, Hallows, Crescent. I need an address.

JANINE

Why?

MATT

I want to talk to them, find out when my father moved, did he leave an address.

JANINE

(reaching)

Give me that, let me see what I can find.

MATT

(handing her slip)

I appreciate it.

JANINE

(rare touch of humor)

Part of the service.

She rises and leaves the room. He eats his breakfast.

EXT. COURT ST. - DAY

Brooklyn. The County Court House faces office buildings across the broad street.

EUGENE (VO)

Court Street, Brooklyn, where all the real estate sharks in New York come to swim. The owners, the lawyers, the managers, the agents, they're all here, and they're all hungry. There's always blood in the water on Court Street.

Matt walks around the corner INTO VIEW. He comes partway down the block, enters an office building.

INT. JULIUS'S OFFICE - DAY

A mid-level executive office, spacious but not a corner, sofa but not a seating area. At his desk, reading a printout, is JULIUS, black-haired, balding, shadow-bearded, 40ish, muscular, mean. SOUND of knock on door. He looks up as a SECRETARY enters. She looks upset.

SECRETARY

Mr. Julius . . .

JULIUS

(impatient)

Yes.

SECRETARY

Sir, there's a man out here, we think, maybe you should deal with him.

JULIUS

Why? Who is he?

SECRETARY

Apparently, his father's a former tenant. But he's asking questions-- We're not supposed to give out that information.

JULIUS

Tell him so.

SECRETARY

(hushed)

Well. He's rather . . . intimidating.



Julius takes this as a challenge.

JULIUS

Oh, he is, is he? Send him in.

SECRETARY

Thank you, sir.

She exits. Julius girds himself, shifting in his chair, touching objects on the desk. Matt enters, closing the door behind himself.

MATT

Mr. Julius?

JULIUS

(tough)

That's right. I'm told--

With a friendly smile, Matt marches toward the desk, hand stuck out for a shake.

MATT

I'm Matt Bailey. I appreciate you taking the time for me.

Julius automatically puts his own hand out. Matt stops just short of the desk, his hand not quite close enough. Julius is already in the motion, and has to awkwardly rise to lean forward and grasp his hand. Both shake firmly but briefly, and Julius drops back into his chair as Matt takes the chair facing him.

MATT

Your people out there were very good, they do their job, they're right to be cautious. I need to speak to someone like you to find out what I want to know.

Julius is wary, hostile and impatient.

JULIUS

And what is that?

MATT

My father, Eugene Bailey, used to be a tenant in a building you manage, nineteen dash forty-five One Sixty-Third Row.

JULIUS

One minute.

Julius turns to his computer terminal, types in, studies.

JULIUS

Yes. It's been our account for four years.

MATT

That's what they told me outside. I think what I want is older.

JULIUS

Apparently the owner managed the property before then.

MATT

That's what I want, that's what I need. The name of the owner.

Julius doesn't know why he had to handle this.

JULIUS

That's no problem.  
(reading from screen)  
Narcissus Associates.

MATT

Not a corporation, the owner.

JULIUS

There's a post office box number here, you can write--

MATT

I can't talk to a post office box. I need a person. Like you.

JULIUS

Then that's why they couldn't help you outside. That's the sort of information we--

Matt abruptly stands. He paces slowly in front of the desk. Julius watches him, warier.

MATT

You know, I used to be a violent guy, but then I learned, most of the time violence doesn't help. Most of the time, violence makes it worse. But every once in a while, violence is the only thing that will do the job.

Matt moves quickly around the desk. Startled, Julius lunges for his phone. Before he gets to it, Matt chops down, edge of the hand, into the corner where Julius' throat and shoulder meet. Julius jerks backward, paralyzed by pain, staring. Matt moves the telephone farther away, stands over Julius.

MATT

It's amazing, really, how much pain the body can take and not show a thing. This, for instance.

Stepping to the side, hand rigid, he gives a short hard jab into Julius's kidney. Julius arches his back, eyes bulging, mouth open in a silent scream. Matt considers him, nods his approval, goes back to sit down.

MATT

You'll be able to talk in a minute or two. While we're waiting, let me explain the situation. What we're doing is confidential between the two of us. I won't tell anybody where I got the information you give me, and you won't mention to anybody that I was here.

Matt frowns at Julius, who's breathing now in short gasps.

MATT

There, it's better already. The only thing I've got to mention, if you ever tell anybody about this meeting of ours, we're just gonna have to have another meeting. You ready now?

JULIUS

I-- I can't--

MATT

Sure you can. Take it slow and easy. You followed what I said so far?

Julius nods.

MATT

Good. The owner's name.

JULIUS

(hoarse)

Alec Oberman.

MATT

Alec Oberman. And his home address.

Julius hesitates. Matt leans toward him, questioning: Do we have to start again?

JULIUS

You won't find him at home. If I tell you--

MATT

I'll never repeat a word you say. No one will know it's from you.

JULIUS

And you won't--

MATT

(smile)

That's right, I won't have a reason to come back.

Julius considers a second longer, breathing hard, then nods.

JULIUS

He's part owner of a nightclub, the Blue Narcissus, in the Park Avenue Hotel. The word is, he loves it there. That's the one place you're sure to find him. At night.

MATT

Blue Narcissus in the Park Avenue Hotel. Alec Oberman.

(stands)

Mr. Julius, I appreciate it. You've been a great help. Don't get up, I'll find my way.

Matt leaves, Julius's eyes on him. Julius leans forward, pressing both forearms on the desk, easing some of the pain. He breathes a bit, looking at the phone, then reaches for the phone, and the movement gives him a new spasm. Shocked, he pulls the arm back. His breathing is more ragged, he's staring; then he calms down. He looks at the phone; the desk; the phone; the desk. He hates it, but he knows he isn't going to make the call. Moving cautiously, he draws the printout closer, leans over it, determinedly goes on with his reading.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Matt comes walking up the avenue. He's dressed as well as possible, out of the duffel. A gray workshirt and a dark thin tie. Dark slacks, a wrinkled dark sports jacket. He looks ahead.

MATT'S POV: Marquee of the Park Avenue Hotel. Cabs pulling up, GUESTS moving in and out, DOORMAN and BELLBOYS at work.

WIDE SHOT, the hotel, as Matt arrives and enters.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Beige marble, dully gleaming. Vast low overstuffed sofas. Persian carpets. Many elaborate floor lamps. Matt moves through it, looking around.

AN ANGLE to show Matt in fg. In bg is a high wide oval doorway in the side wall, topped by a blue neon sign: BLUE NARCISSUS. The corridor beyond the doorway is a blank wall at an angle to the left, so from the lobby you can't see far down it. Matt turns, sees the sign, crosses to go through the doorway.

INT. BLUE NARCISSUS - NIGHT

At the maitre d's station. Four separate middle-aged COUPLES wait for tables. Beyond the station, the place is large, irregularly shaped, low-ceilinged, dark, with small faux-candle lamps at every table. It's pretty full.

AN ANGLE on Matt, reaching the station, moving around behind the waiting couples, passing on the side, stopping at the chest-high wooden wall where the club begins. He looks out at the place. MUSIC plays; gentle jazz.

MATT'S POV: Centered in the far wall is a stage, thrust out into the club space, surrounded on three sides by tables. A TRIO plays on one side of the stage -- piano, bass, guitar -- illuminated by low spotlights. A microphone on a stand is at the front of the stage.

AN ANGLE on Matt, looking the place over.

ANNOUNCER (VO)  
(over PA)  
Vivian Romero!

Scattered APPLAUSE. Surprised, Matt looks at the stage.

AN ANGLE on the stage, as a spotlight hits the microphone. Vivian walks out, in a floor-length red gown, acknowledges the applause. She speaks into the microphone.

VIVIAN

I hope you're all feeling fine.

Positive RESPONSES from here and there.

VIVIAN

(smiling)

Good. And I hope you're still feeling fine after this number.

She nods to the trio, then SINGS "Lush Life". She's good, appropriate to this place.

AN ANGLE on Matt as the song ends, and an ASSISTANT MAITRE D' approaches. He's proper, but firm.

MAITRE D'

Yes, sir? May I help you?

MATT

Yes. I'm looking for Alec Oberman.

MAITRE D'

He'll be in his office, sir.

MATT

Okay. In that case, I'm looking for Alec Oberman's office.

MAITRE D'

You can't get to it through here, sir. You go back out to the lobby and turn right, and it's the second door. It's marked Narcissus Associates.

MATT

Thank you.

Vivian has started to SING "Love For Sale". About to turn away, Matt stops and nods toward her.

MATT

She's very good.

MAITRE D'

Thank you, sir. We're very happy to have her.

MATT  
I can understand that.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Matt comes from the nightclub, turns right to the second door, a solid wood in the lobby's style, with Narcissus Associates on it in gold. Matt turns the knob, but the door is locked. He looks, sees the small white button, presses it.

RECEPTIONIST (VO)  
(through intercom)  
Yes?

Matt sees no grid. He speaks to the door.

MATT  
For Alec Oberman.

SOUND of buzzer. Matt pushes the door. It opens. He enters.

INT. RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Small, quiet, tastefully decorated. Framed photographs of performers on the walls. The RECEPTIONIST is a beautiful pouty girl meant to be a model. She's more formal than her appearance.

RECEPTIONIST  
Is Mr. Oberman expecting you?

MATT  
I don't think so. Tell him it's Matt Bailey. It's about nineteen dash forty-five a Hundred Sixty-Third Row.

RECEPTIONIST  
(picking up pen)  
Again, please?

MATT  
Nineteen dash forty-five a Hundred Sixty-Third Row.

She writes it, then reaches for her phone.

RECEPTIONIST  
Please have a seat.

Matt crosses to the seating area as she MURMURS into the phone. He sits, and pokes through the magazines on the coffee table.

RECEPTIONIST

He'll be with you in a moment.

MATT

Thank you.

Her phone BUZZES. She SPEAKS into it, listens, hangs up. She rises and goes through the inner door.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A wide room, expensively furnished. We SEE the left half of it. ALEC OBERMAN, 50ish, Ivy League plus tough guy, stands at a large plate glass window looking into the nightclub, where the customers are now dancing. It's obviously a two-way mirror. He draws a drape closed across it as the receptionist crosses to him.

OBERMAN

What's he like?

RECEPTIONIST

(indifferent shrug)

Construction worker.

OBERMAN

(to himself)

Construction and demolition.

(to her)

Angry? Tense?

RECEPTIONIST

As calm as Sunday school.

He nods, dismissing her. As she crosses to the door, he crosses to his desk, picks up the phone.

INT. RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

She comes out, gives Matt a meaningless smile, sits at her desk.

MATT

Going to be much longer?

RECEPTIONIST

Only a minute or two. He's finishing a call.

The outer door buzzes. Without asking who it is, she buzzes it open. Matt gets to his feet, expecting something.



DANNY enters; a very big guy, in a tux, a thug with a veneer. He offers a friendly smile as he walks toward Matt.

DANNY  
Hi, I'm Danny, you must be Matt.

MATT  
That's right.

DANNY  
(still smiling)  
I'm sorry about this, but I'm gonna have to frisk you now.

Matt returns his smile, and lifts his arms to the sides.

MATT  
The apology makes all the difference.

DANNY  
(patting him down)  
I found that to be true. Okay, you're very clean, that's nice.

MATT  
Thank you.

DANNY  
Come on in.

He leads the way to the inner door, Matt following. They step through.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We still SEE the left side of the office, where Oberman is now seated at his desk; he rises when they come in. The drape is closed over the plate glass window.

OBERMAN  
Mr. Bailey?

MATT  
Mr. Oberman.

OBERMAN  
I won't offer to shake hands, I'm not sure we're going to be friends. Have a seat.

MATT  
Thank you.

Oberman sits behind his desk, Matt in one of two comfortable chairs in front of it, Danny off to the side.

OBERMAN  
You've been making confusing moves,  
I'm not sure what you're about.

MATT  
I'm looking for my father.

OBERMAN  
Sounds like the start of an old  
joke. Not a very good one.

MATT  
If I know where he is, if I know  
what happened to him, if I know  
where his . . . things are, that's  
all I want.

Oberman sits back, frowning, studying, thinking about Matt.

OBERMAN  
Can it be possible you're legit?

MATT  
Anything's possible.

OBERMAN  
I know you're a career criminal. I  
know you're just recently out of  
prison. Naturally, I assumed somebody  
hired you to make waves, but I just  
couldn't figure out the scheme.

MATT  
Scheme?

OBERMAN  
(intense)  
What you're up to, just tell me. Does  
it have something to do with the  
election?

MATT  
What election?

OBERMAN  
(looks at Danny)  
Jesus Christ, I believe him.  
(to Matt)  
You've walked into somebody else's  
game, my friend. Seven months from  
now, we're going to have a mayoral  
election.

MATT

Is that right.

OBERMAN

Happens every four years, whether we like it or not. And every four years, along around August, we get the real estate scandal.

MATT

I don't think I'm following you.

OBERMAN

Listen harder. In New York City, politics and real estate are one and the same. So the question isn't, does this politician take money from the developers? The question is, how many developers have a leash on him, and which one of those leashes is gonna be this election year's August scandal. We had a couple doozies last time around.

MATT

None of this has anything to do with me.

OBERMAN

Let me get used to that idea. It might even be true. You know, you walk in here with some agenda of your own, I figure you're here to make ordinary trouble. But maybe you're here to make extraordinary trouble, that's a new idea.

MATT

No trouble at all.

OBERMAN

You don't listen like you should. What I'm telling you is, you aren't alone here. There's people out there now would love to meet you, find out what your problem is, buy you a suit, use you to fuck me over, and my friends in real estate and politics. Not everybody around here is jolly campers all together. Some people got enemies in this town.

MATT

Not me.

OBERMAN

Fuck you. I'm talking about me.

MATT

Then you know best.

OBERMAN

That's right. And I know better than to leave you wandering around, a loose cannon.

MATT

You're going to stop me?

OBERMAN

(exasperated)

I'm not a gangster, Mr. Bailey, I'm a businessman. There are perfectly legal ways to deal with a bum like you, believe me.

MATT

I'm sure there are. Are you gonna go on threatening me a while longer, or can I get to my question now?

OBERMAN

You cannot get to your question now. Or later. I don't give a shit what your question is. I only know you're drawing attention to yourself in a neighborhood where I don't want trouble, and that's all I need to know. You want to look for your father next year, that's fine with me. This year, I can't have anomalies. So I'll offer you one solution.

MATT

(apparently happily surprised)

A solution.

OBERMAN

I've got friends in Chicago, in banking mostly, there might be a job for you. A little travel money from me, an introduction to my friends, and if you want to come back next year, then I'll shake your hand and look at pictures of you in the back yard with your father and your dog Shep and see what I can do to help. But not this year.

MATT  
You don't want to hear my question.

OBERMAN  
Next year.

MATT  
Or.

OBERMAN  
Or we do something else that doesn't involve me talking to you again, but you're out of my hair just as well.

MATT  
Can I think this over?

OBERMAN  
How long?

Matt considers the question, smiles absently at Danny, nods.

MATT  
Tomorrow night. That soon enough?  
If I come in here tomorrow night,  
I want to see Chicago.

OBERMAN  
And if you don't?

MATT  
I want to see New York.

OBERMAN  
Not an option. But all right, fine,  
take tomorrow, keep a low profile,  
I'll have tickets and money and  
names for you tomorrow night.

MATT  
(rising)  
You're a generous guy, Mr. Oberman.

Oberman leans back in his chair. He's relaxed now, he believes he's got Matt figured out.

OBERMAN  
Money, I've found, answers most  
questions. A lot of times, it's  
better than an answer.

MATT  
I'll think about that, too.  
See ya, Danny.

Danny smiles, gives a half-salute.

DANNY

We'll see you, Matt.

AN ANGLE for the first time to show the right side of the room, which has been behind Matt. Centered on the wall, in pride of place, is the portrait of the woman we've seen before. Matt turns, sees it, stops dead.

AN ANGLE close on Matt, startled, emotional, disconcerted.

WIDE SHOT. Oberman frowns at Matt's back, sensing something has happened.

OBERMAN

Bailey?

AN ANGLE with Matt in fg, Oberman and Danny in bg, as Matt gets himself under control, manages a smile, turns back.

MATT

I was surprised by . . . by that picture there. That's really a wonderful picture.

OBERMAN

You're an art lover? That surprises me.

MATT

(waving that off)

No, no, no I'm not. It's just that picture. It really grabs you.

Oberman smiles. He's proud and pleased to have that picture.

OBERMAN

I agree. It's one my favorite possessions. A good friend gave it to me.

Matt studies the picture. He's re-familiarizing himself with it, and he's also immunizing himself, so he won't show the wrong emotions.

MATT

That's some friend.

(nods back at them)

See you around.

He exits. Oberman and Danny look at one another. Oberman reaches for the phone.

INT. DAVE'S - NIGHT

Same barman, usual regulars. Matt enters, crosses to the bar. Conversation STOPS. The barman walks down to Matt.

BARMAN  
Evening.

MATT  
Hi. Draft, please.

BARMAN  
Comin up.

The barman draws a beer, puts it in front of Matt.

MATT  
Could I take a look at that menu again?

BARMAN  
I don't think so.

MATT  
(surprised)  
You don't think so?

The barman folds his arms, observes Matt dispassionately.

BARMAN  
People been talking about you.

MATT  
Yeah? What've they been saying?

BARMAN  
You upset them. It's like you're a loud noise and they don't like it.

MATT  
I'm sorry to hear that.

BARMAN  
What they're saying is, you oughta move on. Take all that noise with you. Better for you, better for everybody else.

MATT  
I suppose that's possible.

The barman is not hostile, he's just delivering the news. He unfolds his arms, pats the bar beside Matt's beer.

BARMAN

Tell you what. This is on the house,  
and then, you know, the subway goes  
everywhere.

MATT

Thanks.

The barman returns to his other customers. Conversation  
BEGINS again. Matt slowly drinks his beer.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

Matt comes out of the deli eating a sandwich, carrying a  
small white paperbag. He reacts when he sees Wygand's  
black car stopped at the curb there. The three cops are  
in it, as before. None of them look at Matt, who walks  
down the block, eating his sandwich.

AN ANGLE near the church as Matt walks toward it. Behind  
him, the car moves along the curb, pacing him, staying  
well back. Matt finishes his sandwich as he turns in at  
the rectory. He doesn't look back.

AN ANGLE on the rectory door as he rings the bell. The  
car stops at the curb out front.

Janine opens the door. She's a little surprised.

JANINE

Good evening. You want to stay  
again?

MATT

(entering)  
Maybe.

She looks past him, frowns at the car at the curb.

JANINE

What's that?

INT. HALL - NIGHT

She closes the door and turns to him.

MATT

I must smell bad, I'm drawing cops.

JANINE

Those are police? Why are they  
following you?



MATT  
(waving that away)  
Janine, don't ask me about official  
motivations, I've never understood  
why they do what they do.

She nods, accepting that.

JANINE  
Did you find what you wanted today?

MATT  
I found something. Mostly, I'm  
more confused than I was before.

JANINE  
In what way?

MATT  
(looking around)  
Let's sit somewhere.

JANINE  
Sure. Come on.

She leads the way down the hall.

AN ANGLE to include the open doorway where Breen is watching  
a garden show on TV again. Janine and Matt pass.

MATT  
Evening, father.

BREEN  
Evening, Matthew.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - NIGHT

Janine switches on lights as she enters. In addition to  
the tables and sideboard, there's a sofa against one wall.

JANINE  
We can sit here.

MATT  
Fine.

They sit a distance apart, half-turned toward each other.

MATT  
Let me just tell you the situation.

EXT. 163RD ROW - DAY

Five years ago. The street is the same except that the buildings at 45 and 47 are different. 45 is a somewhat older apartment building, the same size as the one there now. 47 is a wreck of a building, with concrete block covering the door and windows on the lower floors, broken glass above, a prominent FOR SALE sign nailed to the front. Matt, dressed as in the scene with his father, crosses the street, moving AWAY from CAMERA, and enters the dark vestibule at 45.

MATT (VO)

I came here once, five years ago. My father lived in forty-five. The place next to it, forty-seven, was a complete wreck.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - NIGHT

MATT

My father and me, we weren't ever very close, so okay, this is the first time I come to see him since then. No phone calls, no letters. He isn't there. Okay, I can accept that, he moved away. Maybe he died. I'll go look, see what I can find out, but I'm stopped before I start, because every goddam body in this neighborhood swears that building that's there now was there five years ago, and it wasn't.

JANINE

But why would anybody say that?  
It doesn't make any sense.

MATT

The minute I got here, two guys in the deli wanted to fight with me because I said those were new buildings. That's crazy. I got cops following me around, leaning on me, telling me to go away, get out of the precinct. The barman down at Dave's -- on the corner? -- just told me to move away, he won't serve me any more.

(holds up paperbag)

I got a sandwich and coffee at the deli. I think the only reason they don't tell me get lost is, they don't speak English.

JANINE

What are you going to do? Are you going away?

MATT

I can't. I got to have an answer. That's it. Nothing else.

JANINE

You went to see the building owner today, didn't you? Did you find him?

MATT

(ironic)

Oh, yeah, I found him.

JANINE

He couldn't give you any answers?

MATT

He wouldn't even listen to the question. There's some kind of election coming up, somebody running for mayor, that's all this fellow Oberman wants to think about. But he gave me more things to think about.

JANINE

He did?

MATT

I finally found something that belonged to my father, and he's got it. Oberman. In his office. How does that happen? I think, okay, maybe my father died in the apartment, when they're cleaning it out for another tenant, they find the picture, he likes it, takes it for himself.

JANINE

Picture?

MATT

An oil painting of my mother. My father paid for it one time when he thought he was flush. My mother died when I was a kid, so that's what we had of her. The beautiful lady up on the wall. And now it's on Oberman's wall.

JANINE

Did you ask him about it?

MATT

I told you, he didn't want to be asked about anything. But if it was as simple as that, if it's just my father died in the apartment and that's why Oberman's got the picture, why doesn't somebody say so? Oh, sure, Eugene Bailey, died three years ago, heart attack, stroke, whatever. Why have a whole community telling lies about a building, why have everybody leaning on me to go away?

JANINE

It doesn't make sense. I know you're sure of the address and everything--

MATT

I'm sure. And I'm sure about that picture. That's the only mother I ever had, I'm not gonna forget what it looked like. So I could be stupid and mistaken and crazy a hundred different ways, but there's still a link of some kind between my father and Alec Oberman, and the picture proves it.

JANINE

So you want to find out what the link is.

MATT

Yes. Is there any way out of here except the front door?

He takes his coffee out of the paperbag, starts to drink it. She smiles at him, understanding.

JANINE

You want to avoid the police.

MATT

Let them think they've tucked me in.

JANINE

But where are you going? What are you going to do?

MATT

Break into an apartment.

She's startled; then worried for him.

JANINE

But-- What if you get caught?

He leans toward her, with a confidential smile.

MATT

Janine. I'm a career criminal, remember? That's my career. So is there a back way out?

JANINE

Through the graveyard.

MATT

(amused and pleased)

Graveyard? I didn't even know you had one.

JANINE

It's small, and very old. All nineteenth century. It hasn't been used for a hundred years.

MATT

But there's a way out.

JANINE

Onto the side street.

MATT

Perfect.

(finishes coffee)

Just let me get a couple things, and then you can show me.

JANINE

I'll take that.

He hands her the empty styrofoam cup, and leaves the room.

INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

Buster is on the floor beside the bed nearest the door. He's doing very tough exercises. The ceiling fluorescents are on. Matt enters, moving fast. Buster sits up, grinning.

BUSTER

Matthew.

MATT  
(moving toward his bed)  
How you doing, Buster?

BUSTER  
(pointing)  
You need a friend.

Surprised, Matt pauses in opening his duffel bag. He grins and nods at Buster.

MATT  
You may be right.

BUSTER  
Heavy lifting. Let me know when.

MATT  
I will.

From the duffel, Matt brings a piece of gray felt in a roll, maybe five inches long, tied with an attached lace. He puts it in his pants pocket, then changes into black shirt and dark jacket. He puts a black cloth cap in the jacket pocket.

MATT  
Thanks, Buster. I appreciate it.

BUSTER  
Sure.

MATT  
And you'll be here?

BUSTER  
Sometimes. Sometimes I got demolition.

MATT  
Demolition?

BUSTER  
Construction and demolition. I don't do the construction. I do the demolition.

MATT  
Where?

BUSTER  
These days, a hundred fifty-ninth street.

MATT  
In the neighborhood.

BUSTER  
Walk there.

Matt has a new thought to chew. He closes and stows away his duffel while thinking it over.

MATT  
That's right, isn't it? Those other buildings had to be torn down.

BUSTER  
Demolition. Everything gets demolition. Sooner or later, everything gotta go.

MATT  
You're right about that.

He crosses the room, pauses to pat Buster on the shoulder.

MATT  
Thanks, Buster. I'll see you around.

Matt leaves. Buster smiles after him.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Janine waits in the hall. Matt comes up the stairs.

MATT  
All set.

JANINE  
This way.

She leads him down the hall.

JANINE  
I think it's just as well if Father Breen doesn't know about this.

MATT  
I couldn't agree more.

## EXT. RECTORY - NIGHT

The rear of rectory and church, seen in pale moonlight and distant streetlights. The church is on the corner and is deeper than the rectory, so the area behind is an L, enclosed by a six foot brick wall. Most of the space is the old graveyard; small leaning stones, maintained lawns, neat gravel paths. Janine comes out of the rectory, followed by Matt.

JANINE

This way.

As they walk through the graveyard, Matt looks at the stones.

MATT

I see what you mean. These are old.

JANINE

Eighteen-forties, some of them.

She stops, points.

JANINE

There's whole families. And babies, too, they didn't all get to grow up in those days. But they were born here and lived and died here, and it was just a little village. Before the city spread out this far.

MATT

Farmers.

JANINE

That's right.

MATT

(ironic grin)

Not many farms left around here.

JANINE

Or families, either. The door's over here.

In the middle of the wall separating the graveyard from the side street is a heavy wooden door. Janine leads the way to it.

MATT

Where's your family?

For a second, she thinks she might not answer, but then she does.



JANINE  
Michigan.

MATT  
I take it you don't keep in touch.

JANINE  
Oh, no. They made that perfectly clear.

She unlocks the door in the wall, opens it, leans through the opening to look around outside.. She leans back in, turns to Matt.

JANINE  
(whispered)  
There's no one there.

MATT  
(low)  
Thanks.

JANINE  
I'm sorry, there's no key, there's no way to unlock it from outside.

Matt bends to study the lock, then straightens and smiles.

MATT  
Don't worry about it.

JANINE  
You mean, you're going to break in here.

MATT  
The farmers won't mind.

She's holding the door open. He steps through, turns back, puts his hand on her hand on the door.

MATT  
Janine. Thanks.

She's startled by the touch, and afraid of it.

JANINE  
It's nothing.

He exits. She closes the door, stands with both hands touching the door, looking at the door. When she speaks, she is forcefully ordering herself.

JANINE  
No.

She turns away, walks back through the graveyard.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

AN ANGLE straight ahead at Dave's bar. No one in sight outside, windows too small and cluttered to see in. Matt comes around the corner onto the block, jacket collar turned up, wearing the cloth cap, hands in pockets. He walks briskly down the street, a night-worker, in a hurry to get home.

AN ANGLE from behind him, seeing Wygand's car still in front of the rectory.

AN ANGLE close on Matt's profile as he walks, keeping an eye on that car. He turns at 45.

MEDIUM SHOT straight at 45, as Matt trots up the steps and into the vestibule.

AN ANGLE on Wygand's car, the three in slow CONVERSATION. They seem bored.

INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Matt takes the felt package out of his pants pocket, goes to one knee, unrolls the felt on the floor, reveals a set of picklocks. He chooses two, works the door, it SNICKS open. Workmanlike, unexcited, he holds the door ajar with one foot while putting the picklocks away and rerolling the felt. He stands, puts the felt in his pocket, steps through into the building.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark; some lightspill from outside. SOUND of SNICK; the hall door eases open, letting in more light and Matt. He rolls the picklocks in the felt, ties the lace, puts it in his pocket, then shuts the hall door.

AN ANGLE to include the two front windows as Matt crosses to them. He looks out.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

MATT'S POV: Wygand's car can just barely be seen down at the end of the block.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt draws the shades, moves away from the windows.

## INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Efficient, impersonal, small. It's very dark until Matt enters, switching on the light. He starts opening and closing drawers; stops.

INSERT: He's opened the drawer where Vivian keeps tools; hammer, screwdrivers, pliers.

Matt takes two screwdrivers -- flat and Phillips -- and leaves the kitchen.

## EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

AN ANGLE with Wygand's car in fg, the rectory in bg, as Janine comes out. She walks to the sidewalk, ignoring the three in the car, turns and walks past the church and around the corner. They watch her, COMMENTING.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt is making do with light from the kitchen. He unscrews the lightswitch face plate, takes the face plate off, puts it back.

## EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

A grim-looking place, with bars over the lower-floor windows. Half a dozen bicycles are chained to a rack near the entrance. A sloppy-looking uniformed PRIVATE GUARD sits on a wooden chair at the top of the steps, outside the open door. Inside, in harsh light, we SEE a bulletin board full of notices. Janine comes down the block, goes up the steps, enters. The guard is glad to see her; she's one of the bright spots in his day.

GUARD

Hi, Janine. Night.

JANINE

Night, Murray.

She goes on in and out of sight. He nods, smiling faintly, looking out at the street. When he SPEAKS, he's saying what he's not at-ease enough to say directly to her.

GUARD

Don't let the bed bugs bite.

## INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Matt dismantles the shower curtain rod, looks inside it, puts it back.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

AN ANGLE on Wygand's car. They're yawning and stretching in there. Zack starts the engine and the car drives away around the corner.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Small, neat, impersonal. Matt removes every drawer from the dresser, looking at its back and bottom, feeling in the space where the drawer goes. One drawer has a letter-size envelope taped to the back. He peels it off, opens it, takes out ten one-hundred dollar bills. He fans them, counts them, puts them back in the envelope, tapes the envelope back onto the drawer, puts the drawer away.

LATER. AN ANGLE on the closet. Matt is taking every piece of clothing out, frisking it, tossing it on the bed.

LATER. The bed piled with clothing. Matt is in the closet, rapping on the walls, listening.

LATER. The clothing gone from the bed, closet door closed. Matt has the shade down from the window, is using a screwdriver to pop the spring-works out of the shade's inner tube. He shakes it over the bed; nothing falls out. He starts putting it back together.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt has the TV, VCR and answering machine apart and is putting them back together, restoring them where they were, the TV last. He switches on the TV, mutes it, and carries the screwdrivers to the kitchen. The picture comes up on the TV: a cooking show. Matt comes back into the living room, turning off lights, so that now only the light of the TV illuminates the room. He sits in front of it, finds the remote, surfs, finds a soccer game, and watches.

EXT. 163RD ROW - NIGHT

A cab pulls up in front of 45. BEAT. Vivian gets out, walks to the building as the cab goes. She's in a suit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still the soccer game, still mute. Matt HEARS the distant sound of the elevator door closing. He switches off the TV, sits in the dark.

CLICK of key in lock. Vivian enters, switches on the light, stops dead, staring at Matt.

MATT  
Good crowd tonight?

She looks from him to the door she's still holding open, back to him.

VIVIAN  
(outraged)  
You broke in here!

MATT  
(calm)  
Nothing broken.

She hasn't decided if she's coming in or going out. She looks at the doorlock, absorbs what he's said, frowns at him.

VIVIAN  
Good crowd? What do you mean,  
good crowd?

MATT  
At the Blue Narcissus.

She steps further in, shuts the door.

VIVIAN  
Get me a drink, will you?

Matt stands, smiling lazily at her.

MATT  
Beer?

VIVIAN  
I think vodka on the rocks.

She exits toward the bedroom. Matt moves toward the kitchen.

MATT  
Coming up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Matt moves with easy familiarity; he knows this kitchen now. First he opens a bottle of beer for himself, drinks from the bottle. Then he gets down a glass, puts in ice, gets out the vodka, pours, puts the vodka away, picks up glass and bottle, and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt crosses to put the bottle and glass on coasters on the coffee table, as Vivian comes in from the bedroom. Again, she's changed into something more casual and provocative.

VIVIAN  
(controlled anger)  
Did you search this place?

MATT  
Sure.

He picks her glass up and carries it to her.

VIVIAN  
Why? What were you looking for?

MATT  
You.

He extends the glass toward her. She glares at him.

MATT  
(easy)  
If you throw this one in my face,  
you'll make the next one yourself.

She takes the glass. She considers throwing it in his face. He smiles at her, waiting. She gulps vodka instead, marches around him toward the sofa. He turns to watch her.

VIVIAN  
(angry bafflement)  
Me.

She sits on the sofa, erect, like a queen on a throne, to deal with this serf.

VIVIAN  
Did you find me?

MATT  
Some of you.

He sits in the armchair near her.

MATT  
I know you come from California.  
I know you don't keep in touch.  
You must have the smallest phone  
bill of anybody in New York City.

VIVIAN  
(defensively angry)  
I'm at work.

MATT  
I know you lived for a while on a  
boat. In the Caribbean, it looks  
like. With a guy with a little  
goatee, kinda reddish.

VIVIAN  
 (remembered sadness)  
 Jerry. He's dead.

MATT  
 I didn't know that part.

VIVIAN  
 I don't like you going through  
 things like that.

MATT  
 Sorry. That was the only thing  
 that-- What did you call it?  
 Sentimental value, is there any  
 such thing as sentimental value.  
 I guess for you that picture of  
 Jerry is it.

She tries to dismiss it, make it meaningless.

VIVIAN  
 I forgot I still had that.

MATT  
 You used to travel a lot up until  
 a couple years ago, mostly South  
 America, but you never kept any  
 souvenirs. I'm wondering if maybe  
 you were a mule.

VIVIAN  
 (cold dignity)  
 I don't even know what that means.

MATT  
 Maybe Jerry got you into that.  
 Then he's dead, and maybe you got  
 scared, decided to change careers.  
 I know you get migraines.

VIVIAN  
 What does that prove?

MATT  
 Nothing. I know you keep a thousand  
 dollars tucked a--

Vivian jumps in her seat, scared and really furious.

VIVIAN  
 You found that?

MATT

Sure. Not enough for a stake, just enough to vanish. I figure you figure you don't need a stake. Your looks are your stake.

VIVIAN

(sarcastic)

Oh, really? Good looks are supposed to be an asset?

MATT

That's what I always heard.

VIVIAN

You heard wrong. All good looks does is make you a target.

MATT

That's a new one on me. You feel sorry for yourself because you're beautiful.

VIVIAN

(curt dismissal)

I'm not beautiful. I'm passable.

MATT

Right. With straight As.

She frowns at him, irritated and confused.

VIVIAN

If that's what you think, why do you treat me this way?

MATT

I went to the Blue Narcissus last night.

VIVIAN

What? For God's sake, why?

MATT

I wanted to see your landlord. Imagine my surprise when I saw you. I like your singing, by the way.

She brushes that aside.

VIVIAN

What do you mean, you wanted to see my landlord?



MATT

Alec Oberman. He would have been my father's landlord, too.

She's taken aback that he even knows the name.

VIVIAN

Alec isn't-- That isn't-- There's corporations.

MATT

A corporation is a tent. You ever try to have a conversation with a tent? You gotta open the flap, step inside, say 'How you doin?'

VIVIAN

No one could get to Alec from the corporations, they're designed to keep you from reaching through to anybody real.

MATT

Vivian, I was motivated. And the point is, I went there to see him, which I did, but I also saw you.

VIVIAN

You saw him? You talked to him?

MATT

He's a difficult fellow. I'm going to have to talk to him again.

VIVIAN

He won't like that.

MATT

What that asshole likes or doesn't like doesn't bother me at all.

VIVIAN

If you think Alec Oberman is an asshole, you've got some surprises coming.

MATT

I like surprises. You, for instance, you were a surprise.

VIVIAN

(wary)

How do you mean?

MATT

You worked at the club tonight.

Vivian isn't sure where this is going, and is watchful.

VIVIAN

Yes.

MATT

You worked there last night I saw you there.

VIVIAN

(impatient)

I know you did, I understand that. So what?

MATT

The fella at the club there says you're there every night except Monday and Tuesday. But the night before last, you weren't there. You just happened to be coming home in time to accidentally bump into me, start a conversation.

VIVIAN

I thought I was coming down with something, I was getting laryngitis.

Matt smiles at her, waiting. She fidgets, irritated.

VIVIAN

Think what you want to think.

MATT

Alec Oberman knew my father.

VIVIAN

(challenging)

Did he say so?

MATT

He has something that belongs to my father, that my father wouldn't give away.

VIVIAN

What?

MATT

Where does Oberman live?

VIVIAN  
 I don't know. I don't think anybody  
 knows where Alec lives.

MATT  
 (mild surprise)  
 You don't?

She looks at him, then smiles in relief.

VIVIAN  
 Oh, I get it. You want to know if  
 I'm sleeping with Alec.

MATT  
 I do?

VIVIAN  
 Because you want me to sleep with  
 you.

MATT  
 (try for irony)  
 I do?

VIVIAN  
 That's part of why you're here.  
 The search, all that. Trying to  
 find me?

Matt considers her. He's attracted, but repelled.

MATT  
 I've met softer women.

VIVIAN  
 What'd you use them for? Pillows?

Matt nods, and gets to his feet.

MATT  
 Good night, Vivian.

He turns away toward the door, as she stands, distressed.

VIVIAN  
 (more honest)  
 Matt.

He stops, looks at her.

VIVIAN

First of all, it isn't just Alec. You can find him because he's in love with that club.

MATT

Who are the others?

VIVIAN

You'll never get near them. Matt, no one of them owns anything all by himself. It's all partnerships. Alec is one of half a dozen partners in the club. He's a partner with some other people that own this building. He's in business all over New York, with these partners, those partners. They're all connected together, business and politics, they've all got pieces of the different pies.

MATT

Like the mob, you mean.

VIVIAN

Not gangsters, they're businessmen. They get into companies together, to make a profit. They know each other, they trust each other, nobody's too greedy, nobody's gonna break a lot of laws and embarrass everybody.

MATT

That's them. What about you?

VIVIAN

(shrug)

I'm a useful girl. So I've got a good job at the club, it's getting me exposure. I don't pay much rent for this place. I don't sleep with Alec Oberman, I don't sleep with any of the partners, I never have, it's not that way. But from time to time, I can be helpful.

MATT

Like with me.

VIVIAN

Of course. Alec said, 'This guy's coming around where we've got a sensitive situation. Why is he there? To make trouble in the election?'

MATT  
What sensitive situation?

VIVIAN  
I don't know. That's not the kind  
of question I ask.

MATT  
Okay.

VIVIAN  
So I was supposed to come find you,  
talk to you, find out what was going  
on. Yesterday, I talked with Alec  
again, I told him I thought you were  
for real, you were just a guy looking  
for his father and nothing to do  
with the mayor. I don't think he  
believed me.

MATT  
He does now.

Vivian steps closer to him, puts a hand on his wrist.

VIVIAN  
Matt, they're all very nervous now,  
because of this election. They  
aren't gangsters, but they'll protect  
themselves.

MATT  
Meaning?

VIVIAN  
That cop Wygand. If you're still  
here in a day or two, how hard would  
it be for him to hit you with a  
parole violation?

MATT  
You mean find a gun on me.

VIVIAN  
Or drugs. Whatever's easy.  
And what happens then?

MATT  
I go back inside. And some other  
day, I come out again.

VIVIAN  
(tense)  
I shouldn't give a damn about you,  
but--

MATT

Is this part of the spiel?

VIVIAN

No! If you're so busy searching for me, can't you see that?

He starts to shake his head. She yanks him closer, staring intently at him. He focuses, puts his arms around her, kisses her. He pulls back slightly.

MATT

Why do you have to be so damn tough?

VIVIAN

The same reason as you.

She kisses him. He responds. SLOW FADE.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

There's a bench by the brick wall. Matt sits on it, holding a coffee mug. He broods at the graves.

EUGENE

He's starting to figure it out now.  
He's starting to know where he should look for me.

Janine comes out, looking for something -- looking for Matt. She sees him, smiles, crosses the graveyard to him. He doesn't react.

JANINE

Good morning.

He comes out of it, realizes she's there.

MATT

Janine. Good morning.

She gestures at the door in the wall.

JANINE

Did you get in all right last night?

MATT

(distracted)  
Yeah, fine.

She sits beside him.

JANINE  
What is it, Matt?

MATT  
Construction and demolition. I'm  
thinking about where those old  
buildings went.

She laughs slightly, as though he's joking about something.

JANINE  
Where they went? They'd be torn  
down.

MATT  
That's right. Is Buster around?

JANINE  
He's at that job he has. Demolition,  
what you were talking about.

MATT  
A hundred fifty-ninth street. I  
should walk over.

He stands, distracted, not really with her. She also stands,  
puts her hand out for the coffee mug.

JANINE  
I'll take that.

MATT  
Thanks.

He gives her the mug, walks off. She looks after him, then  
sits again, holding the mug in her lap.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

Matt comes out, starts down the street.

EXT. 163RD ROW - DAY

Wygand's car comes down from the end of the block facing  
Matt and stops short of him. The rear door opens and  
Wygand climbs out.

WYGAND  
Bailey. Climb aboard.

Matt stops in front of him, but doesn't get into the car.

MATT  
Detective Wygand. Let's take a  
walk together.

WYGAND  
(astonished)  
Take a walk together!

MATT  
So we can talk just the two of us.  
Come on, do us both good.

Matt starts to continue along the sidewalk. Wygand steps in front of him. Matt takes a leisurely look at the buildings all around.

MATT  
It's so peaceful here. Nice day  
for a walk.

Wygand can't follow this, doesn't know how to react, decides to go along with it, but only as a tough guy. He points a menacing finger at Matt.

WYGAND  
Don't move.

Matt agrees by spreading his hands. Wygand steps around him and bends to SPEAK to the two in the car. Then he shuts the car door, turns to Matt, jabs a thumb in the other direction.

WYGAND  
We'll walk that way.

Meaning; so the car can follow us. Matt shrugs agreement, and they start to walk, the car trailing.

TRAVEL TWO SHOT, car occasionally in bg. As they talk, Wygand usually watches Matt, Matt usually faces front.

MATT  
In your pocket, right now, you got something that you could find in my pocket, that would violate my parole.

WYGAND  
You were supposed to see a fella last night.

MATT  
I got busy. But I am definitely going to see him tonight.

WYGAND  
Oh, yeah?



MATT

Unless that thing in your pocket winds up in my pocket. In that case, I won't see him for three, four, five years. But I'll see him, whenever it is.

They go around the corner.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

They walk past the church and the wall concealing the cemetery.

WYGAND

Three, four, five years without you. That sounds like a good deal.

MATT

Forever without me is a better deal. Leave me alone today, I'm out of your hair forever tomorrow.

WYGAND

And what mischief are you gonna get into today?

MATT

No mischief. Just see a couple people. Come along. Nothing healthier than a good walk.

Wygand puts a hand on Matt's arm to stop him. Matt looks at the hand holding him. Wygand releases him.

WYGAND

I'll tell you what's healthier than a good walk. Staying out of my sight is healthier than a good walk. Keeping your nose clean today, seeing the man tonight, and being a thousand miles from here tomorrow, that's healthier than a good walk.

MATT

(mild)

You may be right.

WYGAND

(savage)

Enjoy your walk.

Wygand signals the car to come get him. It slides forward. Matt half-salutes a greeting to the other two, who give him blank stares. Wygand gets in the car. Matt turns around and walks the other way, back on his original route.

## EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Demolition, at this point. Two or three old apartment buildings are being torn down -- mostly gone, now -- with MEN in hardhats scurrying over the rubble. Dumpsters painted blue, marked B N DEMOLITION, spaced here and there. A blue wooden fence around the site, a steep temporary dirt road down to basement level where part of the old construction has been removed completely.

A dumpster hauler backs laboriously down the steep road, guided by several SHOUTING MEN, bringing a fresh empty dumpster. It unloads it with a great deal of shrill NOISE.

Matt comes to the break in the fence where the road goes down. He watches, then starts forward. A GUARD in a hardhat steps forward to intercept him.

GUARD

Sorry, mister. No entry.

MATT

A friend of mine works down there, said I should come by, he'd show me around.

The guard is neutral, merely doing his job.

GUARD

What's his name?

MATT

Buster Flynn.

GUARD

Hold on, lemme check.

MATT

Sure.

The guard SPEAKS into his walkie-talkie, while Matt watches the work below.

ANGLES on the demolition.

AN ANGLE on the dumpster hauler as it hooks onto a full dumpster. The straining cable drags it up onto the hauler.

AN ANGLE on SMITH, site manager -- hardhat, white shirt, khaki pants, workboots -- coming up the road, carrying a second hardhat.

TWO SHOT, Matt and the guard.

GUARD  
He'll be right with you.

MATT  
Thanks.

AN ANGLE on Smith, joining Matt, as the guard moves off.

SMITH  
Yes, sir?

Matt smiles, extends his hand.

MATT  
Matt Bailey.

They shake hands.

SMITH  
Smith, site manager. You're a  
friend of Buster's?

MATT  
From the church. He said he'd  
show me around.

SMITH  
That church does a lot of good.  
(extending hardhat)  
You'll have to wear this.

MATT  
Sure.

He puts on the hardhat, starts down the road with Smith.

MATT  
Big job.

SMITH  
About par, for us. We don't do  
the really big ones, mostly this  
residential stuff.

The dumpster hauler, loaded, starts up the slope.

MATT  
Well, it looks big to me.

SMITH  
We gotta move over here.

They step out of the way of the dumpster hauler, moving very slowly upward. Matt reads the side.

MATT

I've seen these around the neighborhood.

SMITH

Oh, sure. This is our turf.

The hauler finishes going by. They walk again.

MATT

Turf?

SMITH

All the companies, they got their own areas, they don't look for jobs in each other's territory. Makes it easier.

MATT

No competition.

SMITH

No cutthroat. We don't try to do it on the cheap, get people killed.

MATT

Okay.

AN ANGLE at the top of the road, Wygand in the opening, frowning down after Matt, unable to figure out what he's up to. He has to move out of the way of the hauler.

AN ANGLE on Matt and Smith, reaching the bottom.

MATT

So this company does all the work around here.

SMITH

If it's bigger than a two-family house and smaller than Madison Square Garden, we're your team. Buster will be over this way.

They walk into an area where building parts jut two stories up. A CREW above breaks off debris, drops it into a chute, it slides down to a half-full dumpster. Buster and another MAN stand in the dumpster with long-handled shovels, moving the debris as it comes down, stowing it, packing it so no space is wasted.

Buster sees Matt, smiles big, waves, gestures he'll be down in one minute.

SMITH  
You okay here?

MATT  
Sure.

SMITH  
Holler if you need anything.

Matt nods his thanks. Smith leaves, and Matt watches the work. Buster is somehow gawky but agile, which he has to be, with all this heavy debris crashing down around him. The dumpster rapidly fills, Buster and the other man moving around on top of the trash. When it's full, they climb down the outside. The other man walks off. Buster comes over to Matt.

BUSTER  
Heavy lifting.

MATT  
You're good at it.

BUSTER  
Ten years.

MATT  
Is this a union job?

BUSTER  
Oh, yes. You could join.

MATT  
Maybe so.

Buster becomes more confidential.

BUSTER  
Sometimes it's not the union.  
Wetbacks. Shitty job. You could  
get killed.

MATT  
Sure.  
(gesture at dumpster)  
Where's this stuff go? The dump?

BUSTER  
Special place. Not with the garbage.  
Cee and Dee. Construction and demolition.

MATT

What, like a landfill? Its own place?

BUSTER

Jamaica Bay. You could ride along.  
You want to?

MATT

Sure.

BUSTER

Wait.

Matt waits. Buster crosses to talk to a DRIVER seated on the running board of his hauler. The driver stands, listens, agrees. Buster waves to Matt.

Matt approaches. The driver's a wiry easygoing guy.

DRIVER

Buster says you want to be stuck in traffic for a while.

MATT

If it's okay with you.

DRIVER

It's fine with me. Give me somebody new to listen to. By now, I know all my jokes.

MATT

You probably know mine, too. Matt Bailey.

DRIVER

Joe Burgess.

They shake hands.

EXT. FLATLANDS AVE - DAY

The hauler rolls along in moderate traffic.

INT. HAULER - DAY

The driver has a mixture of family pictures and girlie pictures all over everywhere; visors, dashboard, panels. He drives with calm competence.

MATT

Buster says this stuff gets its own dump.

DRIVER

Yeah, it's toxic, stuff coming out of these old buildings. Gotta go into a sealed landfill or you got all these chemicals leaching into the water supply. Everybody gets two-headed babies, and some politicians lose their job.

MATT

Wouldn't want that.

DRIVER

So it's nice, a good job, I get to visit the ocean three times a day.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

A very large operation, filling in part of Jamaica Bay. At the outer end, dumpsters and garbage trucks and dump trucks empty their loads over the face of the dump, incrementally moving it farther into the bay. Behind them, bulldozers and rollers smooth and compact fresh earth over the trash. Behind them, grass is planted and watered. At the rearmost is a field, flat, with nothing but new grass and a few weeds.

A two-lane dirt road cuts through from the shoreline road out to the face of the landfill. The dumpster with Matt comes rolling out, Matt looking around at it all. Seagulls SCREAM overhead.

EUGENE (VO)

Welcome, Sunny Jim. Welcome to the end of the line.

INT. HAULER - DAY

MATT

So this is the ocean.

DRIVER

Jamaica Bay. That's Kennedy Airport over there. The real ocean's out past all those islands and things.

MATT

Kids don't get to swim around here, I guess.

DRIVER

Not for years.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

It's the driver's turn at the face. He swings the big rig around in a circle, backs to the face, the big tires crunching down on raw demolition trash; beams, window frames, chunks of plaster wall, banisters. The rear tires reach the edge, so the end of the dumpster overhangs the drop. The driver works the hydraulics so the dumpster lifts upward from the front to a 45 degree angle; then he pulls the rod that opens the back, swinging outward. The load crashes down out of the dumpster, sliding rapidly over the tilted steel floor. In addition to building pieces, there are sinks, mattresses, chairs, a bathtub.

Matt opens his door, steps out onto the upper step, looks back, watching the operation. There's too much NOISE here for conversation.

The dumpster's empty. The driver reverses the hydraulics; the dumpster drops back down onto the hauler with a CLANG, the door swinging, not quite closing. Matt gets back inside the cab.

WIDE SHOT, the hauler heading back for the mainland, other vehicles moving in both directions.

AN ANGLE at a parking area off to the side, where the access road meets the city street. The hauler pulls over there and stops.

INT. HAULER - DAY

DRIVER

I gotta close my door.

MATT

Right.

The driver gets out. Matt watches traffic.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

MATT'S POV, focusing on the brand names on the trucks and dumpsters going by. Two of them are also B N, painted blue.

AN ANGLE at the rear of the hauler, as the driver shuts the dumpster's back wall, then heads back for the cab.

INT. HAULER - DAY

The driver boards.



DRIVER  
Now we go back and start over.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

The hauler pulls away.

EXT. FLATLANDS AVE - DAY

The hauler rolls along in traffic, the opposite way from before.

INT. HAULER - DAY

MATT  
How long you been doing this?

DRIVER  
For this company? Seven years.

MATT  
Do you remember a job, four five years ago? On a hundred sixty-third Row.

The driver laughs; you've got to be kidding.

DRIVER  
Remember one job? From years ago?

MATT  
This'd be two buildings.

DRIVER  
They aren't buildings at all, when I see them.

MATT  
(gives up)  
Okay.

The driver frowns, thinking as he drives. BEAT.

DRIVER  
Four years ago.

MATT  
Yeah?

DRIVER  
You mean the election disaster?

MATT

I don't know. Do I?

DRIVER

If that's the one you mean. It was a rush job, all of a sudden, we're pulled off jobs all over the neighborhood, we gotta go to this one address-- Yeah, a hundred sixty-third, maybe so. Court, Street, Row, something.

MATT

A rush job.

DRIVER

Clean this out today. And what's meeting us, right along here on Flatlands Avenue?

MATT

What?

The driver laughs at the memory.

DRIVER

An election rally! It's like two weeks before the election for mayor, the streets are clogged. Nothing is getting through. But we got to get through, we got to get back and get more of this crap, there's six of us lined up, six big monsters like this, all full up, in a row, we're like the elephants in the circus, we can't get through, we're driving all over the fucking burough of Brooklyn, we're lost, we're like in some sort of maze, some sort of labyrinth--

MATT

I know the feeling.

DRIVER

We finally find the landfill, now we gotta get back, get the rest of the stuff, we gotta go around the rally again, get lost all over again, we're on streets nobody's seen since the Second World War, when we get back the bosses are there. You believe it?

MATT

The foremen, you mean?

DRIVER

No, the owners. You never see the owners, and there they are, in the suits and the limos and the chauffeurs, and they're jumping up and down, get this shit out of here, and we're saying, tell the mayor to move his goddam rally. What a day that was.

MATT

You got it all? That day?

DRIVER

Cleared the site, one day. You never saw so many people working, crawling all over the wreckage, moving that shit. Union, non-union, all together, nobody cared, just get it done. It was like a, you know, in the movies where they show it backwards. It was like building the pyramids, only backwards.

MATT

That must have been something to see.

DRIVER

Out of a whole lot of days that are pretty much one like the other, that one stands out. That one stands out.

He laughs, pleased to be reminded of the outlandish day. Matt watches the traffic, nodding, thinking.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

ANGLES on the work, including Buster, as the hauler backs down the road.

The hauler stops. Matt gets out, CALLS his thanks to the driver, waves, and walks away across the site as the hauler slides the empty dumpster onto the ground.

AN ANGLE on Buster, just climbing down from a full dumpster as Matt arrives. He grins at Matt.

BUSTER

Was it fun?

MATT

A lot of fun. What time do you get off here?

BUSTER

Four.

MATT

Would you have some time, come up to Manhattan with me afterward? You could help me out.

BUSTER

Sure. Heavy lifting?

MATT

I don't know yet. Maybe so. You got any other clothes, you know, more dressed-up?

BUSTER

I could wear what I wear to Mass?

MATT

Sounds perfect. I'll see you over by the church, a little after four.

INT. PARK AVENUE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

A WAITER carries a poster on an easel out of the Blue Narcissus and sets it up in the lobby near the club entrance. Vivian, in her day clothes, follows him out. The poster is an advertisement for her, singing here 'nitely.' The waiter adjusts it, angling it to be seen from the lobby, while Vivian watches critically.

WAITER

Okay, Miss Romero?

VIVIAN

Very nice.

The waiter goes back into the club. Vivian looks at the poster, very pleased with it. She walks away, halfway across the lobby, and looks back at it, and is still pleased. She starts back toward the club, then stops, startled by something she sees.

AN ANGLE to include Vivian in fg, Matt and Buster entering from the street in bg. Matt is dressed as the last time he was here, Buster is in an old black suit, white shirt with curling collar, thin black tie. He looks like a very large pallbearer. Vivian moves to intercept them.

VIVIAN  
What are you doing here?

MATT  
Hello to you, too. Vivian Romero,  
I'd like you to meet Buster Flynn.

VIVIAN  
(to Buster; impatient, dismissive)  
Hello.

(to Matt)  
I thought, last night, we agreed  
you weren't going to make any more  
trouble.

MATT  
Me? I said that?

VIVIAN  
You know you did.

MATT  
Vivian, I'm not making trouble. I'm  
supposed to see Alec Oberman, that's  
all, so here I am. Buster came  
along.

VIVIAN  
Alec is never here now, you know  
that. He never shows up before nine.

MATT  
That's okay, we'll wait.

VIVIAN  
There's nobody at all there now,  
Matt, the office is locked up.

MATT  
Not a problem, don't worry about it.

VIVIAN  
Matt, you really can't do this.  
These are serious people, they won't  
put up with you.

MATT  
Yeah, I know. Hey, that's a terrific  
poster. Is that new?

Vivian doesn't like the change of subject, but reluctantly  
goes along; for the moment.

VIVIAN  
Yes. It just got here.

MATT  
I didn't think it was here the other night.

He walks toward the poster, Buster happily following, Vivian reluctantly following.

MATT  
Buster, see? This is Vivian, this is Miss Romero. She sings here. She's got a terrific voice.

Buster's pleased by this. He speaks to Vivian.

BUSTER  
Could I hear you? Some time?

VIVIAN  
(curt)  
Sure. Why not?

BUSTER  
Maybe you'll sing in church.

Matt laughs. Vivian gives him an angry look.

VIVIAN  
(glaring at Matt)  
Maybe so. It's possible.

MATT  
You'll have to change your repertory.

VIVIAN  
Matt, I know all kinds of songs. I know songs you've never heard in your life.

MATT  
I'd like to hear some of them.

VIVIAN  
I doubt you ever will. Go away, Matt, come back after nine o'clock, try to smooth things over with Alec.

MATT  
That's what I mean to do. But, listen, we're holding you up. I know you gotta get ready back there. Maybe we'll see you later.

VIVIAN  
What are you going to do?

MATT  
Like you said, smooth things over.  
Don't worry, Vivian, everything's  
gonna be all right. We'll talk  
later on. Come on, Buster.

BUSTER  
(to Vivian)  
Nice to meet you.

VIVIAN  
(distracted)  
Yeah, you, too.

Matt and Buster move away toward the center of the lobby, then deeper into the lobby out of Vivian's sight. She looks fretfully after them, then frowns at the poster. It doesn't give her as much pleasure as before.

AN ANGLE on the lobby gift shop, as Matt and Buster enter.

INT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

One CLERK, one CUSTOMER. Matt leads Buster to the back, where the newspapers and magazines and paperbacks are. He stands looking at the magazines. Buster looks at the magazines, then at Matt.

BUSTER  
What are we lookin for?

MATT  
Nothing. We're waiting for  
Vivian to go away.

He looks over his shoulder.

MATT  
Okay. She's gone.

They leave the gift shop.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Matt leads the way across the lobby.

BUSTER  
She's very pretty.

MATT  
Yes, she is.

BUSTER  
She likes you.

MATT  
(ironic grin)  
Sometimes.

BUSTER  
So does Janine.

Matt stops and confronts Buster, who looks sheepish.

MATT  
Buster. Don't give me advice.

BUSTER  
Not me.

They start walking again.

MATT  
We have to wait for a man in his office, but we don't have the key, but it's okay, I can get in anyway, only I need your help.

BUSTER  
Sure.

AN ANGLE on the door to Oberman's office suite. Matt and Buster arrive.

MATT  
You stand here. We're talking together, all right?

BUSTER  
Sure. We're talkin together.

Matt takes out the felt package, unrolls it, takes out the lockpicks. Buster watches, interested, uncomprehending. Matt puts the felt away in his pocket, palms the picklocks.

MATT  
What you're really doing is, you're keeping anybody from seeing what I'm doing with this lock.

BUSTER  
(deeply impressed)  
Can you do that?



Matt stands straight, profile to the door, and works the picks. Buster leans forward slightly, fascinated. By a combination of obedience to Matt's request and his own overwhelming curiosity, he's perfectly blocking the view.

LONG SHOT, the two by the door. They seem to be in quiet conversation, heads close together. Beyond them, the door opens inward.

AN ANGLE close on the door as Matt steps through.

MATT

Come on.

Buster follows him in.

INT. RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Empty. As Buster enters, Matt closes the door.

BUSTER

Can we do this?

MATT

No, but we're doing it anyway.

He sees something on the wall near the door, reacts.

MATT

Uh oh.

INSERT. MATT'S POV: The keypad of an alarm system. The red light is on.

PREVIOUS SHOT.

MATT

Well, we don't have much time, but that's okay, we don't need much time.

BUSTER

Are we gonna get in trouble?

MATT

You won't, Buster, you're just along. And if I know what I'm doing, I won't, either. Let's see if Mr. Oberman locks his inner office.

Matt crosses to try that door, and it opens.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Matt and Buster enter, Matt leaving the door open.

MATT  
Look around, take it easy. We'll  
have visitors in a minute.

BUSTER  
(admiring office)  
It's beautiful.

MATT  
Yeah, it is.

AN ANGLE to include Buster, with the painting behind him,  
as he turns around and sees it.

BUSTER  
(as though he'd been shot)  
OH!

AN ANGLE on Matt, looking sharply from Buster to the picture.

AN ANGLE on Buster, ecstatic. He spreads his arms wide.  
He drops to his knees.

BUSTER  
The lady!

WIDE SHOT, Matt looking at Buster, then the picture.

MATT  
I thought so.

Danny and two ENFORCERS in suits run into the room. Danny  
has a pistol in his hand.

DANNY  
Stop right there!

MATT  
(easy)  
Hi, Danny, come on in. I want you  
to meet a couple people.

Danny aims the pistol at Matt.

DANNY  
Hands on your head.  
(to enforcer)  
Call the precinct.

Matt's hands don't move. He stays calm.

MATT

Danny, you don't know what the fuck is going on. Calm down. There's a couple people I want you to meet.

Danny's seen by now that this is an odder situation than he was prepared for. He looks at Buster, still on his knees. The enforcer pauses near the phone, looking at Danny for instructions. Danny shakes his head at him, turns back to Matt.

DANNY

A couple people? Whadaya mean, a couple people?

MATT

Get up, Buster.

Matt helps Buster to his feet. Buster is dazed by this return of his vision.

MATT

Danny, I want you to meet Buster.

DANNY

Yeah? And?

Matt points at the painting.

MATT

And I'd like you to meet my mother.

Danny doesn't know if this is a joke, or what it is. He blinks, out of his depth. Buster, following Matt's pointing finger, beams at Danny.

BUSTER

The lady.

MATT

Call Oberman, Danny. Tell him I know what happened. Tell him the picture's my mother, and he got it from my father's apartment the day of the disaster. Tell him to get here very fast, because there's another election coming along.

Danny's at a loss, but thinks he should stall.

DANNY

I don't know if I know where he is.

MATT

Then you're looking for a job.  
Come on, Buster.

Matt starts for the door. Buster reluctantly follows, looking back at the painting.

DANNY

Wait!

MATT

For what?

Danny doesn't like to be rushed, but he's afraid to call Matt's bluff.

DANNY

Let me see can I find him.

EXT. PARK AVENUE HOTEL - NIGHT

A limousine pulls up. Oberman gets out, looking angry and worried.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Oberman enters. He sees the poster, pauses, looks at it, keeps going.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Matt, Buster and Danny sit, Buster where he can gaze at the painting. The enforcers stand, leaning against the wall.

MATT

Getting late, Danny.

DANNY

He'll be here.

On Danny's line, Oberman strides in. He glares at Matt, frowns at Buster, frowns in uncertainty at the painting.

OBERMAN

What is this, Bailey?

MATT

That picture is my mother. My father had it done a long time ago.

OBERMAN  
Bullshit.

MATT  
The artist signed it on the back.  
Kleeman. A big tall skinny K, and  
all in red paint.

Oberman doesn't like this. He looks to Danny for help.

OBERMAN  
Did he look on the back of that?

Danny's surprised his boss doesn't remember this:

DANNY  
Mr. Oberman, it's screwed to the wall.

Oberman reacts. He shakes his head, walks around his desk,  
sits down.

OBERMAN  
Tell me about it.

MATT  
My father lived in forty-five, I  
told you that. When I saw him, five  
years ago, the place next door was a  
wreck, and for sale. You bought it.

OBERMAN  
A corporation bought it. I'm one  
of the principals. The same  
corporation owns forty-five.

MATT  
It was a teardown. You were doing  
it quick and cheap, using unskilled  
labor.

Matt turns to Buster.

MATT  
You worked that job. Were they all  
regular crews, construction guys?

BUSTER  
Oh, no. They had guys, they  
couldn't talk a language.

MATT  
(to Oberman)  
Non-union, illegal immigrants, don't  
know what they're doing, they went  
through the party wall.

EXT. 45 AND 47 - DAY

Most of the demolition of 47 is done. WORKMEN scurry around. LOUD cracking NOISE. The side of 45 nearest 47 sags downward, as though morphing. Then the whole building collapses to the left, falling into the demolition site.

ANGLES on workmen, running, cowering, fleeing the falling debris.

AN ANGLE on Buster, hunkered down but looking up.

BUSTER'S POV: A jagged upright sword of interior wall, three stories high, jutting up into the sunlight, surrounded by swirling plaster dust, in the NOISE of the collapse. The painting is on the uppermost part of wall, gleaming in sunlight.

AN ANGLE on Buster, staring up, ecstatic.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MATT

For Buster, that was like a vision. He still can't get over it. The first time he saw me, he told me about it, but I didn't get it. It sounded like a religious thing, a miracle vision or something.

OBERMAN

(looking at painting)  
It was almost like that.

EXT. 45 AND 47 - DAY

WIDE SHOT, furious activity, workmen clearing debris into dumpsters. Two limousines are already there, OWNERS standing beside them, looking in shock and panic at the wreckage. A third limousine arrives; Oberman gets out, joins the other two. They start a serious intense CONVERSATION, planning, scheming.

AN ANGLE on the driver who rode with Matt, as he drives his dumpster onto this site, and looks over at the owners.

DRIVER'S POV: The three owners huddling together. Then Oberman steps away, looks toward the destruction.

AN ANGLE on Oberman, gazing.

OBERMAN (VO)

It was a beautiful thing.

OBERMAN'S POV: The painting on the upthrust wall, from this different angle.

OBERMAN (VO)

I wanted it, the minute I saw it.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE on the painting. CAMERA PANS BACK to show everyone looking at it. Matt looks away, toward Oberman.

MATT

One or more of your partners was very close to the mayor. You could skip around the regulations because of that. But now you had a disaster. The mayor's cronies demolished the wrong building. Would the papers like that? Would the local TV news? And two weeks before the election. The debris even got held up by a rally for your guy!

OBERMAN

(exasperated)

How do you know all this crap?

MATT

What do you care? I know it, that's the point. And I know what you did, to keep it out of the papers and off the TV. You cleared the whole thing off in one day. You paid off everybody who used to live in forty-five, found them new places to live, furniture, clothes. You bought off anybody in the neighborhood that might have a big mouth. It wasn't Manhattan, it was just a little outer borough neighborhood nobody ever looks at, so you could make it work. Nobody ever knew. But why does everybody say the buildings are twelve years old? What difference does it make?

OBERMAN

Certificate of occupancy. We couldn't request a new certificate of occupancy because we had no building permits, nothing, no right to put the building up. So we had to pretend it was the old building, with the old certificate of occupancy.

MATT

I can see why you didn't like me showing up.

OBERMAN

Four years later. We took care of everybody, we solved all the problems. Some people lost their photo albums, stuff like that--

MATT

Sentimental value.

OBERMAN

We paid extra for the sentimental value. We put the lid on it. Thank God it happened when it did. Everybody was at work.

MATT

My father was retired.

Oberman looks at him, and realization sinks in. He's been avoiding this thought.

OBERMAN

I don't believe what you're saying.

MATT

It's true.

OBERMAN

(rising emotion)  
We didn't find a body!

MATT

You weren't looking for a body.

EXT. 45 AND 47 - DAY

AN ANGLE on a large bulldozer with a very wide scoop lifting a great load of debris. We see kitchen chairs, piles of clothing, TV sets, in among the wood and plaster. The bulldozer drops the load into a dumpster.

MATT (VO)

You were looking to clear that place, fast, and that's all.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Oberman acknowledges the truth.



OBERMAN

I didn't know. Nobody ever suspected. Your father couldn't have had a lot of friends, nobody ever came around . . .

MATT

He was a sour old bastard, but he was alive.

OBERMAN

Four years later, you show up, the very first one. And even you didn't like him.

MATT

He was holding something for me.

Oberman suspects the bite is coming.

OBERMAN

And it's missing, you mean.

MATT

(grin)

Oh, no, he's still got it. I know exactly where it is.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

MOS. Empty, no traffic or people, only the seagulls.  
CAMERA PANS over the trash, the dirt, the new grass, the field.

MATT (VO)

In his pocket, if he's still got a pocket, is an envelope, and in that envelope is a key.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MATT

And that key is the only way in the world for me to get at my hundred forty thousand dollars.

OBERMAN

(resisting)

Hundred forty thousand dollars.

MATT

I set it up that way. Without that key, nobody is ever going to get at that money.

OBERMAN  
That's a lot of money.

MATT  
Ask your cop friend, Wygand. That's the amount of money missing from the bank job. I always said it burned up in the car. You could be the first person ever to believe that story.

Oberman thinks it over.

OBERMAN  
That's what you want.

MATT  
My money. Now. I've been in this town too long.

OBERMAN  
I don't know about this. I have partners.

MATT  
I'm not one of them.

OBERMAN  
I have to make some calls. I'll tell you what. You and your friend go into the club, take in the show, listen to Vivian. I'll make my calls, work something out, and then you'll come back. Will you give me half an hour?

MATT  
Sure. Buster, you want to hear that pretty lady sing, don't you?

BUSTER  
Sure.

Oberman picks up his phone, makes an internal call.

OBERMAN  
Enrico, I'm sending two gentlemen out. Is table twenty-three open? Good. It's our tab.

He hangs up, gets to his feet.

OBERMAN  
 Enrico will take care of you.

Matt and Buster rise.

OBERMAN  
 (this is difficult for him)  
 Bailey, one thing.

Matt waits.

OBERMAN  
 I am sorry about your father.  
 Whether you got along with him or  
 not, whether he was a prince or  
 whatever he was, I wouldn't  
 knowingly treat anybody with such  
 disrespect.

MATT  
 Good. Thank you.

Matt and Buster exit. Oberman sits, makes another phone call.

OBERMAN  
 Detective Wygand, please.

INT. BLUE NARCISSUS - NIGHT

Vivian SINGS "I'm In The Mood For Love."

ANGLES on the singer and the audience.

ANGLES on Matt, enjoying it but also waiting it out, and  
 Buster, rapt.

Vivian FINISHES, audience APPLAUDS, she bows.

VIVIAN  
 Somehow, I'm always in the mood for  
 love when I sing for a great crowd  
 like you.

Matt looks off to his left.

MATT'S POV: The darkish mirror on the wall. It seems to  
 shimmer.

VIVIAN (OC)  
 It's a good thing we're all civilized  
 people.

## INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Oberman, Danny, Wygand and Charlie Gustafson (the fat white cop) stand at the two-way mirror. Vivian can be SEEN talking into the microphone, but this room is soundproof. Matt is SEEN looking this way, then facing front.

OBERMAN

He knows this is a window.

Matt SPEAKS to Buster, who nods. Matt rises and leaves the table, as Vivian STARTS another song.

WYGAND

That's it, go to the little boy's room.

CHARLIE

I'll give back-up.

He leaves the room.

## INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sleek, black and silver. Empty. Matt enters, steps to the side of the door, against the wall. BEAT. Zack (the snaky black cop) enters, cautious, right hand in pocket. As the door is closing behind him, he sees Matt from the corner of his eye. His hand starts out of his pocket, he starts to duck away, and Matt kicks the side of his knee. Zack staggers, lamed, and Matt grabs his coat by the shoulders from behind and runs him headfirst into the wall. Zack drops.

CLOSE on the two as Matt goes to one knee and frisks him. He takes the small pistol from that pocket, puts it in his own jacket pocket. He takes wallet and shield holder and pockets them both. He finds the handcuffs, cuffs one of Zack's wrists.

WIDER SHOT, as Matt drags Zack over to the stalls and into one.

AN ANGLE at the stall. Matt props Zack onto the toilet, cuffs his wrists together behind him and through the pipe.

AN ANGLE on Charlie, entering, seeing only Matt's back.

AN ANGLE on Matt, stuffing much of Zack's tie into his mouth, HEARING the door behind him close.

TWO SHOT, Charlie moving forward, not sure what he's seeing, Matt swinging around, Zack's pistol in his hand, lunging forward to shove the pistol into Charlie's gut.

MATT

I think all that fat would make a perfect silencer. What do you think?

CHARLIE

I think you'll never get out of this hotel alive.

MATT

Then think how much trouble you must be in. Let's go see Oberman.

Charlie sees Zack past Matt.

CHARLIE

Maybe you could make a run for it.

MATT

We'll never know. Do I drop you here, or do you walk?

CHARLIE

Have it your way.

Matt pulls Zack's stall door closed. Pistol in jacket pocket, he stands close to Charlie.

MATT

Just stroll. Pretend you're walkin the beat.

They exit.

INT. OBERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Danny is seated to one side again. Oberman and Wygand watch Vivian SING.

WYGAND

(edgy)

Come on, let's get this over.

WIDE SHOT, as the door opens and Charlie enters, followed by Matt. They all turn to him.

CHARLIE

He's got Zack's gun.

Danny pulls a pistol from a shoulder holster.

DANNY

(shouted at Charlie)

Down!

As Charlie dives to the carpet, Matt shoots Danny in the chest. Everyone freezes at the sound of the shot. Through the window, Vivian can be SEEN, still SINGING.

Keeping his eye on the people in the room, Matt steps backward through the doorway to the receptionist's office. He does not look to the side.

MATT

Put the phone down. Walk in here with the rest of us.

BEAT. The receptionist appears, scared and sheepish. She enters the office, Matt following.

MATT

(to receptionist)

Go over and see if Danny's alive.

She crosses to Danny.

MATT

(to Oberman)

So you decided to make a mistake.

OBERMAN

I considered you dangerous.

MATT

Armed and dangerous. I'll take my hundred forty thousand now.

OBERMAN

I don't have that kind of cash here.

MATT

That's too bad, cause that means I kill you, and go to one of your partners. And he'll pay me, because you'll be dead and that means I'm serious.

Matt swings the pistol toward Oberman, who's shocked.

OBERMAN

Wait!

MATT

For what?

OBERMAN

(collapsing)

All right. Luann, open the safe.

The receptionist (Luann) comes to the middle of the room.

RECEPTIONIST  
Danny's alive.

MATT  
Good. The sooner I leave, the  
sooner you can call the ambulance.

She crosses to the wall near the painting, where there's a  
bas relief Roman bust. It's hinged on the side. She opens  
it, and the wall safe is behind it. She works the combination.

MATT  
And a bag to carry it in. Not some  
shopping bag, something decent.

Oberman is now defeated, and only wants this over with.

OBERMAN  
All right. I have to reach here.

MATT  
Go ahead.

WYGAND  
We will follow you.

MATT  
Don't bother. Just stay in your  
precinet.

Oberman brings a small briefcase up from behind his desk,  
turns it upside down, dumps out papers, folders and an  
automatic, then puts the empty case on the desk and pushes  
it toward Matt.

MATT  
That's nice.

He picks up the automatic and puts it back in the case.  
The receptionist comes over.

RECEPTIONIST  
It's open.

OBERMAN  
Give him . . . a hundred forty  
thousand?

MATT  
Make it a hundred fifty. Ten for  
aggravation.

Oberman nods to the receptionist, who carries the case over to the safe, starts pulling out stacks of bills.

OBERMAN

I suppose you want the picture, too.

MATT

I don't have a wall. But I don't want you to have it, either. Give it to Buster.

OBERMAN

Fine. God knows I don't want it any more.

The receptionist brings the full case to Matt. He takes it with his left hand, pistol in his right. He looks quickly around at everybody, steps backward through the doorway into the receptionist's office, kicks the door shut.

Wygand pulls a pistol, runs for the door. Charlie, huffing, gets to his feet, pulls his own pistol, follows. The receptionist runs after.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll call the ambulance!

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Wygand runs out from the office, staring around the lobby.

ANGLES on the lobby. Normal, no Matt.

AN ANGLE on Wygand as he runs for the exit. Charlie appears behind him.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Normal. Pedestrians, traffic NOISES. No Matt. Wygand runs out, looks up and down the street, turns back as Charlie comes out. Wygand shoos Charlie back inside.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Wygand and Charlie run back into the lobby.

ANGLES on Wygand and Charlie and the lobby, until they become aware that other people are becoming aware that there are two men in the lobby with guns in their hands. They stop, defeated. They put the guns away. FADE TO BLACK.



INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

BLACK CONTINUES. Janine opens the door, creating a rectangle of light. She enters, switching on the ceiling fluorescents. She carries folded sheets, and she starts remaking a bed.

CLOSE on Janine as she turns her head slowly to look.

AN ANGLE on Janine in fg, the painting on the wall by Buster's bed. It's far too big for the space.

AN ANGLE on Janine. She wants to ask, "Tell me about Matt. Tell me what you know about Matt." But she knows it's useless.

VO, Vivian starts to SING, "Where Or When."

INT. BLUE NARCISSUS - NIGHT

Vivian SINGS.

EXT. KEY WEST MOTEL - NIGHT

AN ANGLE to show an identifying sign. Vivian CONTINUES to SING VO. It's raining slightly, a drizzle. Matt comes out of a motel unit, gives the rainy sky a dirty look, turns, walks down the sidewalk away from CAMERA.

FADE OUT.

FIN