

Kid 1

James Napoli

1.INT.- PAUL'S HOUSE- LATE EVENING

(In an abandoned apartment building where Paul lived, TOMMY, and seven people, six men, one woman stand and sit before Tommy, standing.)

Tommy: He's very skinny; white; his hair is black; his eyes are brown. He is 5' 6" tall, and weighs aproxametly 130 pounds. I have a picture of him I'll pass to you. (Tommy takes sevearl copies of a picture of Paul standing with Mike, and hands one to each of the seven.)

Tommy: He's the one on the left. His full name is Paul Napoli. Some of the locals refer to him as Mr. Paul. Something to do with a fight in school years ago. Are there any questions?

1st Assasin: What's the whore's name?

Tommy: His sisters name is Lori. Paul and I had an enocunter sevearl months ago, Lori was present, and apparently, fled with Paul. She's been seen with him since. There are some around here who think he's dead, think Paul died in a car accident years ago. So don't any of you come back telling me some kid told you he's dead. He's alive. For now.

2.EXT.-SCHOOLYARD-AFTERNOON

(George is playing basketball in a schoolyard with three other kids. Intercut scenes of Paul walking from a bus stop to the schoolyard. George, with the basketball, shoots, misses and hits the wall. The ball rolls away to a shaded area of the yard, and George chases after it. Before he reaches it, Paul throws the ball from sitting against a fence in the shaded area.)

Paul: Hi, Georgie.

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(Paul gets up and goes to George, in the sun.)

Paul: Been a while, I know. Sorry I have'nt come to see you.

George: I thought you were dead. Billy, he said he saw you dead. He said he saw you laying in the street, dead.

Paul: Well, Billy ran off to tell everyone a little too fast. I was just stunned, George, just down for a minute.

(Paul pulls George into the dark area, throws him against the fence pulls a gun and cocks it.)

George: What is it, Paul?

Paul: You told Tommy where I was living, in the abandoned apartment building, you told him to get Mike if he wanted to know where I was, and I'm sure a whole lot, else George, but that was all I heard.

George: Nice gun, Paul.

Paul: I'm doing some traveling soon, I need some good equipment. Only problem is, I have'nt gotten to try it out yet. You want to be my first target, George?

George: What do you want, Paul?

Paul: Well, you seem to have everybody's address available, and since I'm sure Tommy was'nt as nice I am asking for my address, I figured I should ask in a way I know I'll get a response.

George: Tommy? You know where Tommy is, everyone knows where Tommy is, except nobody touches him!

Paul: Wrong, George, I checked his old house, no one there. Now where's my old friend Tommy?

(George says nothing.)

Paul: Come on, George, you're gonna tell me anyway. Don't you know

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3. EXT.-PARK-EARLY AFTERNOON

(Mike is walking through the park. On a park bench two girls sit, one other standing, talking to them. Mike passes by, staring at the three. He goes to the third one that is standing. The girls stop talking.)

Girl: Interested?

Mike: I've seen you... I know you. Okay. Where?

4. INT.- HOTEL ROOM-

(Mike opens the door to the room. There is a bed near the window a bathroom, and a table and some chairs in a corner. Mike throws down his jacket on the back of one of the chairs, the girl goes to the bed and starts undressing.)

Girl: Got a name?

Mike: You can call me... Paul.

Girl: That's as good a name as any. Anything you want.

(Mike begins unbuttoning his shirt. She is laying on the bed, naked. He goes over to her when he has his shirt off.)

Girl: Well?

Mike: (climbing on top of her.) What's your rush ?

(He starts kissing her and holds her. Mike moves her so she is sitting up at the end of the bed, against a wall. He slips a knife out of his pocket, and opens it up.)

Mike: One more thing. Paul says hello to sister.

(He thrusts the knife into her chest, ripping it open and letting her fall to the floor.)

5. INT.- THE LAWYERS OFFICE- LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

(The lawyer is sitting in his chair behind a desk, a man sitting in front of him.)

The phone on the desk rings, the lawyer picks it up.)

Lawyer: Yes, send him in.

(Mike comes through the door.) The man in the chair rises, then the lawyer.)

Lawyer: Mike, hi, it's good to see you again. Michael, this is officer Riley of the seventieth precinct.

Riley: Hi, Mike. You're Michael Montag?

Mike: Yes, I am. What's going on?

Lawyer: Nothing, nothing, Mike. It's just... officer Riley called me and told me of some rather disturbing news. They believe Paul's body has been found.

Riley: It was found in the east river three days ago. We checked the fingerprints for positive identification. They check.

Mike: That isn't possible. Paul died three years ago, I'm sure of it.

Riley: An autopsy we had done confirms that Paul died only four days ago.

Mike: That's bullshit. He's been dead three years.

Riley: Mike, I'd like to ask you a few questions about Paul, and also would like to know where you've been for the past three days.

Mike: If you're gonna arrest me, do it right now, question me after I'm arrested and appointed a lawyer.

Riley: I'm sorry you feel that way, Mike, but I'm afraid...

Mike: I came here for you, Lawyer, I owed you one, you did me a favor, I guess this makes up for it, huh?

Lawyer: Mike, why don't you cooperate with officer Riley, and I promise you everything will be okay.

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Mike: Why don't you piss off... and you too, pig. Why don't you tell the good officer here about a certain Lawyer who was defending me a few years ago for murder, and how that lawyer withheld certain facts that could have led to me being found guilty for a murder he knew I didn't commit... why don't you two talk about that?

Lawyer: That's enough, Mike. Now you'll answer whatever officer Riley asks you or...

Mike: Fuck off.

Riley: I'll take you in right now and book you for Paul's murder, Mike.

Mike: Then do it... but I know this much from all my years in the New York city judicial system, you can't make me talk if I don't want to, so go to hell, pig.

(Mike leaves, slamming the door. Riley sits back down in his chair, sighes.)

6. INT.-A POLICE STATION-LATE EVENING

(GEORGE, an overweight cop, sitting at his desk in the squad room of a police station. He is looking over some files when JACK another cop steps up to his desk.)

Jack: Anything on that murder in Brooklyn, the hooker that got sliced?

George: Nothing. Just looking over the reports, though.

Jack: Find anything interesting?

George: I don't know, something, maybe. A few years ago, four murders, just like this one... same method, and the girls were all hookers, too.

Jack: When was the last one?

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George: I think about two years ago... then they just stopped. I don't know, there could be a connection... I'm having Andy pull the files on the four that were killed.

Jack: Knowing Andy it'll take till tomorrow. Why don't you go home and get some rest.

George: Yeah, I guess I might as well... besides, the goddamn courts ain't gonna open until tomorrow to try this guy even if I do catch him tonight.

Jack: Come on, you want to go have a drink?

George: (checking his watch) I'll give Andy another ten minutes... then maybe I'll meet you, okay?

Jack: (walking off) Okay, have it your way... but you're not going to rid the world of every criminal working yourself into a heart attack. Good night.

George: 'Night, Jack.

7.EXT.-SCHOOLYARD_AFTERNOON

(Cut back to the schoolyard, Paul talking to George.)

Paul: So where do I find Tommy?

George: I don't know. He's been hiding since you got him busted. I can give you a name to go to to find out, though.

Paul: That's bullshit. Now, come on, George, or your brains are going right through that fence.

George: Mark Middleton, he has to know, he's one of Tommy's men. I swear, Paul. I have'nt seen Tommy since he came to me... for you.

Paul: Mark Middleton... George, for your sake I hope you don't disapoint me.

8.INT.-A HIGH SCHOOL-MORNING

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(A young black boy walking down a hall in the school carrying several books. Paul is waiting, hidden, behind a door. When Mark passes, Paul pulls him into an alcove.)

Paul: (pulling his gun out) Your name Mark?

Mark: What do you want?

Paul: You're gonna answer me, nigger, or I'm gonna see how good this baby works.

Mark: Who the fuck are you?

Paul: You're one of Tommy's men? You work for Tommy?

Mark: Tommy? I don't know who you've been talking to, but that's some funny shit they've been telling you.

Paul: I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, but Tommy wants to kille me, so it don't matter much if I kill you.

Mark: I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, but Tommy killed my brother two months ago.

9.INT.-CLASSROOM- LATE MORNING

(Paul is sitting on a desk in an empty classroom, twirling his gun on his finger. Mark is sitting, facing him.)

Paul: So Tommy wasted your brother, huh?

Mark: Yeah, two months ago. My brother was a junkie who owed him some cash. And unless you don't know, junkies don't have much cash.

Paul: Yeah, that's why it's so surprising that Tommy knows so many junkies.

Mark: You know what Tommy has junkies who can't pay do for him?

(Paul nods no, stops twirling gun) He has them kill anyone Tommy does'nt like, or steal, or make collections. Or anything else.

Paul: And your brother refused to kill, or steal for Tommy?

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Mark: You're real smart for a hippie.

Paul:(pointing the gun at Mark) You're real smart for a nigger.

Mark: Who are you? Why do you think I work for Tommy?

Paul: Information from an old friend. Who I have to remember to visit real soon.

Mark: What do you want from Tommy?

Paul: Just his life, cause he wants mine. Old friend of mine, David, burned to death in his car cause he did'nt give Tommy a shipment he was supposed to pick up.

Mark: I don't know where he is, other wise I'd probably get myself a piece and help you.

Paul: (getting up, heading for the door, putting away his gun.) Oh, George, I'm gonna kill you.

Mark: What?

Paul: Nothing, (raising his arms) nothing... (two gunshots come through the window. Paul jumps to the floor as a third goes off.) Nothing?

10.EXT.-STREET- LATE AFTERNOON

Paul: you think you can get a gun?

Paul: You think you can get a gun?

Mark: Yeah, sure. Judging from back there I'll probably need one.

Paul: God, Tommy's really changed. I remember when the worst he used to do was kick little kids asses for their lunch money.

Mark: That was'nt Tommy back there. He never goes after anyone he wants dead himself. That was someone who owes Tommy a favor. And looking at you, still does. I doubt Tommy would bring in a professional killer for you.

Paul: You don't look like you rate a pro yourself. Look, let's just

find Tommy and kill him. Then we go our separate ways

Mark: Well, I'm not going anywhere, Paul. I got a future here, my family and friends are here. My future has to be here cause there ain't nowhere else in the world for a poor black boy.

Paul: That's bullshit... no one has a future here, no one.

11.EXT.-PARK-MORNING

(On a path in a park, a crowd is held back by barricades and police. A cop car coming across a field of grass stops. A man, captain ROLAND, gets out and goes to the other side of the path to George, standing near a cluster of trees, the covered body of a girl laying on the grass. George is standing, watching the body, staring.)

Roland: Something bothering you, George?

George: (turning to face the captain, surprised) Oh, I didn't know you were coming, captain. Hello.

Roland: Are there any problems, George?

George: Problems, captain? Yes, I have many problems. I'm overweight, I'm lonely, and my doctor says if I don't cut down on foods with cholesterol I'll be dead in six months, but my problem right here, right now? My problem here is that the man who committed this murder may have committed five others three years ago, and one other just a few days ago.

Roland: Are you serious? Are you sure?

George: I remember three murders, several years ago. Same method, all of them prostitutes.

Roland: Christ, not now. Why didn't you bring this to my attention before?

George: I was about to when the call came in on this one. I don't know,

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I don't know what kind of a man I'm looking for here. I looked at the same goddamn scene twice nineteen months ago, and I couldn't figure out what he was then.

Roland: Then he stopped? For nineteen months?

George: Yes sir. I'm looking for a guy that cuts up girls, and then he goes home and... what would he do? What do you do after you've taken another life?

Roland: Why don't you get to work finding out? But tomorrow, go home and take the rest of the day.

George: I doubt it would do any good. I'm gonna grab some breakfast and then go find him. Goodbye, captain..

(George walks away in the direction the captain came.)

12.EXT.-STREET-AFTERNOON

(Paul and Mark walking down a street.)

Paul: Okay, let's go get your gun.

Mark: I'd better go alone, Paul.

Paul: Okay, I have a few things to do anyway.

Mark: Here we are. (He stops in front a blue car.)

Paul: Your car?

(The car pulls up outside the schoolyard, a few kids playing basketball inside.)

Paul: I'll just be a minute. Go get your gun. But if you hear a shot don't panic.

Mark: I'm just going around the corner, I'll meet you back here.

(Paul opens his door, starts to get out.)

Mark: What are you gonna do?

Paul: Practice.

14.INT.-PUBLIC BATHROOM-AFTERNOON

(Paul comes out of one of the stalls in the bathroom, and exits. We see a trail of blood coming from the stall where Paul was and we follow it to inside the stall, where Joe lies on the seat, dead.)

15.EXT.-OUTSIDE SCHOOLYARD

(Paul goes to Marks parked car, gets in. Mark starts the car.)

Paul: So you think you know someone that can lead us to Tommy?

Mark: Yeah, maybe. We're gonna try talking to one of the dealers Tommy supplies. Since there has'nt been a shortage on the streets, it's my guess Tommy's still supplying her.

Paul: Her?

Mark: You'll see.

Paul: You gonna let me come along this time?

Mark: You finished with your practice?

Paul: All done.

16.INT.-A HOUSE-LATE AFTERNOON

(Marks car is parked out a small, two family house. Several kids are playing in the front yard. One kid, a teenager, goes around to the side door, and we see him going in. Next shot, ELAINE'S kitchen, the boy knocking on the door.)

Elaine: One second.

(She goes to the door, opens it, takes the boy's money and hands him a nickel bag, closes the door and sits back down with Paul and Mark.)

Elaine: So what can I do for you, Mark... and what was it, Paul?

Paul: Yes. I'm surprised Tommy never told you about me.

Elaine: We never talk much.

Paul: That's understandable. I want Tommy.

Elaine: So you kill Tommy. And then that kills my business.

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Paul: Your business won't matter much if we kill you.

Mark: Paul...

Paul: I want Tommy.

(Elaine rises, goes to a stove, turns the light under a coffee pot off, takes the pot and pours herself some coffee.)

Elaine: I've seen kids like Tommy come and go. But not too often. Chances are you won't even be able to get to him even if I told you where he was.

Paul: Chances are you won't finish that coffee if you don't tell us where he is.

(Two shots go off. One hits the cup Elaine is holding, another hits her in the head. She falls from her chair, to the floor.) Paul and Mark hit the floor, drawing their guns.)

Paul: Hope you know how to work that thing.

Mark: The white guy that sold me it told me how.

Paul: And then you shot him and took your money back, right?

(A long pause as both wait for the next shot.)

Mark: They must think they got you.

(Paul rises slowly. Then he bends over looking at Elaine's body. Another shot come through the window, and then Paul races out the door seeing the shooter. Mark gradually rises, looks at Elaine, follows Paul.)

17.EXT.-ALLEY

(Paul chases the shooter down an alley, and fires once, hitting him in the shoulder. The boy stumbles, hits a wall, and stops. Paul reaches the boy. He is about seventeen, tall, and light haired. Paul turns him so he is standing against the wall, holds him)

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Paul: You know, you're gonna make all the kids real mad when they hear you killed the dope dealer. But forget about them. Just think about your victim. Me.

(Mark reaches the two, and Paul and Mark pull the boy back to Elaine's house.)

18.INT.-ELAINE'S BASEMENT-

(In Elaine's basement, the boy sits under a light, Mark near the door on the left, Paul standing near the boy.)

Paul: Twice you missed. I guess Mark was right about Tommy using junkies as hitmen.

Boy: Fuck off, Paul.

Paul: He even told you my name, huh. I heard Tommy didn't talk too much. Well he won't pretty soon. Thanks to you. Now where is your master?

(A girl kicks in the door. Mark draws his gun and aims it as she enters, Paul standing still. Holding a gun, she aims at Mark, then looking at the boy.)

Girl: Drop it.

Boy: Shot him. The nigger won't shoot. Kill Paul! The nigger won't shoot!

Paul: (drawing his gun) If he doesn't, this one will.

Boy: Okay, Paul. You win. This time. It doesn't matter much anyway, Paul. You see, I can get the nigger anytime, he's not going anywhere. I can get him after I kill you.

Paul: Unless he gets you right now. Or unless I do.

(The girl drops her gun.)

Mark: Now what?

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Paul: Wheres Tommy.

Boy: You're kidding. Better kill us Paul. It's alot less painful your way.

Paul: Don't be so sure. But I'm sure you won'tstop trying to kill me. It's unfortunate but I cantt kill in cold blood. Got some rope, Mark?

19.EXT.-CITY STREET-NIGHT

(Paul and Mark walking down street.)

Mark: Now what? They'll get out of that in ten minutes, and be after us in fifteen minutes.

Paul: Maybe not, if the cops come to check out the gunshots.

Mark: Around here? Gunshots are about as common as birds singing in the trees.

Paul: Come on, let's go eat, and then we have to visit a lady I know.

Mar 20.EXT.-MARKS CAR-MID-EVENING

. (Paul and Mark, Mark driving.)

Mark: Okay, where is she.

Paul: Somewhere on those streets.

Mark: Is she that kind of lady?

Paul: She's my sister.

(A car pulls up behind them, the boy driving. The girl leans out the window pointing a rifle at Mark's car.)

Paul: Holy shit. Get ready.

(She fires at their wheels. Paul draws his gun, and fires out the window. Mark turns off the road into a parking lot, crashing through the station, the other car following.)

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Paul fires at the other car, hitting one of their wheels as Mark rounds a sharp curve. The car crashes through and falls three stories to the ground, exploding on impact.)

21.EXT.-SCHOOL-EARLY MORNING

(Paul comes from inside the high school, carrying a suitcase, going to Mark, standing in front of his car. He puts his bag down on the hood and looks around.)

Mark: Where will you go?

Paul: Good question.

Mark: You gonna try and find your sister??

Paul: I doubt it would do any good. No, I got to just keep moving, now, get away before Tommy finds me. You?

Mark: He was right, I have to stay here. Can I give you a ride somewhere?

Paul: I've caused you enough trouble. Thanks alot. Try and not get your ass blown off, okay?

Mark: I'll try. Thank you, Mr. Paul. I heard they call you that.

Paul: Yeah.

(Paul takes his bag and walks away.)

22.INT.- HOTEL ROOM-MID-AFTERNOON

(Mike going down a street, spotting a hooker, talking with her a second, then the two walking off together. Cut to Mike going into a hotel with the girl, then coming out alone a minute later. Mike crosses the street, pauses at a newsstand buying a paper, reading the headline that says: TEEN MURDERED IN SCHOOL BATHROOM, with a picture of Joey below it. Cut next to Mike's hotel room, empty, with only a table and single chair, and the bed for furniture. Mike is

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tossing and turning on the bed as if he were having a nightmare. The dream begins as Mike rises from the bed, seeing a girl at the door, closing the door and stepping closer. She comes to Mike, sitting on the bed. She unbuttons his shirt as he moves her onto the bed.

Later the two are laying on the bed, facing each other, staring at each other.)

Mike: You're really her, aren't you? You're really Paul's sister? All this time I've been looking for you, I never did it with any of those other guys, cause I knew they weren't you-Paul's sister.

Girl: That's me alright.

Mike: You know, I read the paper today... word on the street is that PAUL killed Joey.

Girl: You have something against killing?

Mike: If he's still alive, I'll have to kill your brother- again.

Girl: You never killed him the first time.

Mike: But I will this time. What can stop me? All those girls and the cops never caught on, the cops never came close.

Girl: Yeah, you were too cool for them, Mike, too cool- but not for me.

(The girl raises her left hand in the air, it now has a knife in it.)

Mike: All those girls... what a pity-

(The girl thrusts her hand down as Mike stabs her with his own knife. She falls to the floor as Mike gets up.)

Mike: -I have to kill you too.

(Mike puts his knife away and stares at the girl as the scene fades into Mike, just still sleeping, asleep all the time.)

Mike:(v.o.) And that's the way I'll do it. I know for sure now she's

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out there, now I'll find her, and that's how it will end for her.

.INT.-ABANDONED BUILDING- EVENING

(In the abandoned building where Paul lived, Tommy sits in a chair. One of the assassins comes in, standing at a doorway with no door.) Tommy jumps up suddenly and stands facing him.)

Tommy: I told you, you never come here.

Assasin: It's about boy and girl, they're dead. Paul killed them.

Tommy: He's still alive?

(The assassin doesn't answer, just looks away.)

Tommy: They don't matter. The rest of you just keep looking for Paul.

Assasin: Okay Tommy. (turns to leave)

Tommy: Wait. Tell the others, that the time is coming when I take care of Paul myself. And tell them that if that time comes they'll end up like the other two. And Paul when I get through with him.

(The assassin leaves.)

(Tommy goes over to a table and picks up a glass. Tony enters then with Mark.)

Tony: Here's what you wanted, Tommy.

Tommy: Hi, Mark. How's the family?

. EXT.-STREETS- EARLY AFTERNOON

(Scenes of Paul's sister, Lori, walking the streets looking for business. After passing several that refuse her, one goes with her. Half an hour later, outside of a hotel, Lori exits and walks to the curb to look for a taxi. Paul is leaning against a wall behind her.)

Paul: Still doing this stuff, sis?

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Lori: Heard you were around. I'm surprised you're still alive.

Paul: And that, no doubt, fills your heart with joy. Where's your boss, sister?

Lori: Been looking for you. (laughing) He got real mad when he heard we were together that time.

Paul: And I'll bet you even loved it when he kicked the shit out of you. Is that what happens with things we get used to? We start enjoying them, liking them? Just cause we know it's part of our daily routine?

(Lori starts to walk across the street.)

Paul: Just tell me where he is, Lori.

Lori: Cause why? Cause you're my brother?

Paul: No! (grabbing her just as she reaches the other side of the street, turning her around.) Cause I'm your killer if you don't.

Lori: Okay, Paul. He's right behind you.

(Paul spins taking his gun out. Tommy is sitting in a small car on the other side of the street, holding a gun.)

Paul: Hi, Tommy. (Paul fires twice at the car, Tommy dropping his gun, frightened by the shots.)

Paul: Get out of the car. (turning to Lori.) Get in.

(Tommy gets out, Lori gets in the passenger side.)

Tommy: Heard all about the fun you've been having. Mark told me. Heard you were looking for your sister, so I made sure you found her.

Paul: Don't be my friend, Tommy. I may just find the guts to kill you yet. (Paul crosses the street, waving to Tommy to move away from the car. Paul picks up Tommy's gun, puts away his own, gets in the car.)

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Paul: See you around, Tommy. (Paul aims at Tommy's leg, fires once, the car speeds away as Tommy falls to the ground in the middle of the street.)

(In the car as it speeds away, Paul turns to Lori, stares at her, raises his gun, then puts it down on the seat beside him.)

James: I should just get rid of you now. Set me up for Tommy, huh? Guess I can't really blame you...

(Fade to James leaning against the car, parked in an outdoor parking lot of a supermarket. Lori sits on the hood of a car parked opposite theirs.)

Lori: Why don't you just get rid of me now, Paul?

Paul: I'm doin' some traveling, I need some company.

Lori: Well Tommy's gonna be real pissed at me Paul, and that's something I don't need. I had a three o'clock appointment. So, if you'll just drop me off at the hotel...

Paul: No tricks for Lori today... except maybe me, we'll see.

(Fade to the car going down a street in the neighborhood. There is a boy walking on the sidewalk to the left.)

Lori:(v.o.) I'd just take that gun and kill myself now if I were you, Paul. Tommy's gonna do alot worse than that.

Paul: That's why we're going out of town, my dear. To prolong my suffering in this cruel world.

Lori: If it's so bad I'm surprised you have'nt killed yourself already.

Paul: It's just that I know hell's got to be worse than this.

(Pan left to the sidewalk and Mike walking down the street. He goes into a hotel. Inside the hotel there is a small lobby with

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a front desk directly in the back, man sitting behind the barred
opening. Mike steps up to it, looks through, the man is leaning
on his hand, the man asleep. Mike rings the bell twice and he