

"THE BIG EASY"

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"
(second draft)

By

Jack Baran and Jim McBride

Original Screenplay

by

Daniel Petrie, Jr.

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AERIAL SHOT -- THE GULF OF MEXICO - NIGHT

The full moon glitters on the water far below, highlighting oil rigs, tankers, shrimpers, etc. studding the vast expanse.

We hear a RADIO o.s.

DJ (O.S.)

It's two ayem on Crescent City
Radio, WWOZ, and we're stirrin'
up the gumbo...!

BEGIN MUSIC -- BEAUSOLEIL: "ZYDECO GRIS-GRIS"

An uptempo Cajun stomp that sets the syncopated beat of the coming sequence.

BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

CAMERA swoops down over the mouth of the Mississippi, and up the river, getting lower and closer. The lights of New Orleans twinkle in the distance.

Now we are on the river, moving upstream, under the Greater New Orleans Bridge, past huge container ships from all over the world, docked along an endless line of warehouses.

Now we are moving toward the river bank. A light blinks twice on shore.

We are closing in on a huge, dark warehouse. A man, FREDDIE ANGELO, 37, a sharply-dressed hard guy, waits in the shadows at the end of the dock; waves a greeting with his flashlight as we close in on him.

END TITLE SEQUENCE

Suddenly, Freddie hears a NOISE; whirls, looks up.
CAMERA pans up to reveal

TWO FIGURES framed in the warehouse doorway. They are wearing large, papier-mache Mardi Gras head-masks. They OPEN FIRE with silenced MAC 10 machine pistols.

FREDDIE goes down in a spray of bullets.

The Figures turn and FIRE two more BURSTS straight at CAMERA.

MUSIC CONTINUED OVER

CUT TO:

EXT. POYDRAS STREET - NIGHT

MARCELLINE ARDOIN, a soulful black nurse is bopping down the street to the same music on her Walkman. A toy poodle pulls her by the leash into the shadow of an archway. She turns at the SQUEAL OF BRAKES nearby.

MARCELLINE'S POV - THE STREET

A chromeless late-model Ford pulls up to the curb. Two Figures pull a THIRD FIGURE out of the back seat and stagger drunkenly into the Piazza D'Italia, leaving the car doors open.

MARCELLINE tugs the leash, dragging the poodle down the street past the Ford. She glances inside the car, pauses, noticing something we can't see, glances back toward the Figures in the piazza. The poodle WHIMPERS, tries to jump into the car. Marcelline pulls the dog away, boogie-ing on to the music in her head, then disappearing into the shadows of some fake-Roman statuary that borders the piazza.

Two Figures run out of the piazza, jump into the Ford, PEEL OUT.

Marcelline turns the corner, past the office of the "New Orleans Italian-American Society". The poodle is tugging at the leash. Marcelline stoops, unhooks the leash, and the little poodle makes a bee-line for the fountain in the center of the piazza.

EXT. PIAZZA D'ITALIA - FOUNTAIN - SAME

The poodle scampers up to the fountain, starts to YELP as it sees

THE BODY OF FREDDIE ANGELO floating in the water

Marcelline SCREAMS, looks down the street after the disappearing Ford.

EXT. PIAZZA D'ITALIA - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Marcelline picks up the phone, dials 911.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

(filtered)

Police Department. Where is your emergency?

Marcelline stares at the phone.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Hello? Hello! Police Department!

She hangs up

OVERHEAD ANGLE - PIAZZA D'ITALIA - NIGHT

Freddie's body lies sprawled, half-in-half-out of the illuminated, Italy-shaped pool. The square is deserted.

IN A SERIES OF CUTS, we SEE two SQUAD CARS arrive, ONLOOKERS gather, an AMBULANCE pull up, a FORENSIC UNIT, PHOTOGRAPHERS taking pictures of the body and the scene, hunting for clues, COPS setting up barricades, etc., etc. Finally, a beautifully waxed Chrysler LeBaron convertible pulls in through the fake-Roman arch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The LeBaron, radio blasting out WWOZ backbeat, turns into the square.

PATROLMAN

Closed, pal.

(then)

Oh, sorry, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT REMY McSWAIN gets out of the convertible and walks toward the crime scene. Remy is a marked contrast to the other detectives on the scene with their beer bellies and sloppy suits; Remy is trim, very fit, carefully barbered and -- even at this hour -- very expensively dressed. He's a dude.

KELLOM

Remy! Over here.

A uniformed Police Captain, JACK KELLOM, waves Remy over to the body. He's big, beefy, jolly; sports a big red nose. He has a doting, paternal tone with Remy.

KELLOM

Where you coming from? Don't you ever sleep?

REMY

(grins)

Only when the music stops, cher.

(walking over to the body)

What do we have here?

KELLOM

You make him?

REMY

Sure. Freddie Angelo, a wise guy. Works for "The Cannon". Handles Mexican imports for the Family.

KELLOM

Ah, Remy, you've a good eye for the cops. To me they all look alike.

Detective McCabe leaves off examining the masonry of the Piazza with a flashlight and comes over to the Captain. She's a short-haired, tom-boyish redhead, 20's. In the man's world of the Homicide Bureau she holds her own with the boys. She greets Remy with a punch on the arm.

MCCABE

Can't find any bullet hits, spent shells, nothing like that. Very little blood. We figure they smoked him someplace else, then brought his body here. He had twelve hundred cash in his money clip and a Piaget watch, all untouched.

REMY

(impressed)

Piaget?

MCCABE

Here's the wallet, they just got through lifting the prints.

REMY

The driver's license is missing.

MCCABE

I figure the killer took it for proof of the hit. Standard wise-guy procedure, right, Remy?

REMY

Standard if they were gonna wrap him in a concrete overcoat and drop him in Lake Pontchartrain. But here's Freddie in all his glory, right in the middle of the Piazza D'Italia. What does that tell us?

McCabe shrugs.

REMY

(looking around)

Given the surroundings, I'd say it was a message to the esteemed president of the Italian-American Association.

MCCABE
Vinnie "The Cannon" Di Moti

Remy pinches McCabe's cheek.

REMY

Bring Mr. Di Moti in for questioning
first thing tomorrow.

MCCABE
(gulps)
Suppose he won't come!

REMY
Arrest him as a material witness.
You'll find him at the barber shop.
He's always there around ten.

Captain Kellom puts his arm on Remy's shoulder and pulls
him away from the others.

KELLOM
Forget the Cannon: your father
never got him. I never got him,
and your're never gonna get him.

REMY
Gotta keep trying cher. It's like
a family tradition.

CUT TO:

INT. MUNICIPAL OFFICE BUILDING--THROUGH A WINDOW MARKED
"CORRUPTION STRIKE FORCE"--DAY
ON MARCELLINE ARDION.

the black nurse who was walking her poodle in the Piazza
d'Italia last night. She is talking urgently across a
desk to

ANNE OSBORNE

It's her office. She's a lawyer, 27. There's a great
looking girl in there, somewhere, but she goes out of
her way to hide it--she's all business. She listens
earnestly as Marcelline finishes her story, then rises
and ushers the nurse and her LAWYER out of the office.

EXT STREET (POLICE GARAGE)-DAY

ON REMY'S LEBARON

as it swings around the corner, past a barbed-wired-enclosed tent city of prisoners, then by the huge prison itself, and into the garage of Police Headquarters.

OMITTED

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION -DAY

ON A CARTOON CUT-OUT hanging on a wall: a grinning vulture. As the shot WIDENS, we see the vulture's perched on a blow-up of the brass, crescent-shaped shield of the New Orleans Police Department. As camera WIDENS FURTHER we see that the whole thing is hanging over the doorway of the Homicide Squad. Remy enters through the open doorway, dressed in a very well-cut business suit.

There are about a dozen desks occupied by DETECTIVES. In the back are two glassed-in offices, one small, one large. Anne sits waiting in the small office - Remy's.

In the larger office Captain Kellom is bawling out ED DODGE and ANDRE DE SOTO. They are both about Remy's age -came out of the Police Academy together, but neither has fared as well as Remy. De Soto has eaten himself into a mountain. Dodge is thin, always needs a shave, and wears a cheap toupee.

As soon as Kellom spots Remy, he bursts out into the squad room, leaving Dodge and De Soto standing there, hangdog.

REMY

What'd they do now?

KELLOM

(exasperated)

Impounded a boat...spent half their shift down at the goddam Police Dock! What am I gonna do with these guys?

REMY

Why don't we shoot em?

KELLOM

Nah, they're fun to have around for Mardi Gras.

Dodge and De Soto brighten up, saunter out into the squad room. Remy notices Anne sitting by his desk.

REMY'S P.O.V.-ANNE

REMY

Who's that in my office?

KELLOM

That's Anne Osborne. She's an Assistant D.A.

REMY

I've heard about her. She's with the strike force investigating corruption.

KELLOM

Yeah, but she's here about the Angelo murder. We got written orders to co-operate. Make nice.

REMY

(grins)

She's in good hands, cher.

INT. REMY'S OFFICE--DAY

Remy enters, all smiles, sticks out his hand to Anne Osborne, perches on the corner of his desk, hovering over her, turning on the charm.

REMY

Anne? Hi, Remy McSwain

ANNE

How do you do, Lieutenant. I've...

REMY

Remy.

Remy gives her a big smile

ANNE

Lieutenant. I'm here to find out what progress you've made on the Angelo murder.

REMY

(big smile)

What's your hurry? The guy's not even stiff yet.

ANNE
(sardonic)
He is dead, though, isn't he?

REMY
Last time I saw him.

ANNE
Is that it? No clues, leads?

REMY
(grins)
Not so far. Look, I've seen dozens of these wise-guy jobs. We usually find out why the hit went down; sometimes we find out who did it; we even make an arrest once in a while, but we never have enough to take to court.

Anne who has been writing furiously on her legal pad, suddenly breaks the point of her pencil. As Remy deftly hands her a new one from his desk top, McCabe taps on Remy's office door and opens it.

McCABE
He wasn't at the barber shop, so we had to go pick him up at his house.

REMY
Bring him in.

Remy rises as Vincent "The Cannon" Di Moti enters. A once young and vigorous capo unwilling to admit he's old--his hair is dyed, his cheeks are rouged; he wears a dark pin-striped suit: his cane is in the shape of a golf club.

REMY
Thank you for coming in, Mr. Di Moti. This is Miss Osborne with the District Attorney's office.

The Cannon lowers himself onto a chair, leaning on his cane.

THE CANNON
My lawyer is gonna get me out of here in five minutes. I got nothing to say til then.

REMY

(shocked)

Why, you're not under arrest Mr. Di Moti. Did McCabe here give you that impression? Apologize to Mr. Di Moti.

MCCABE

(plays along)

I'm sorry for the misunderstanding, Mr. Di Moti.

REMY

You're free to go anytime. Mr. Di Moti. We apologize.

The Cannon rises with difficulty, starts for the door.

REMY

We only wanted to express our sympathy about Freddie.

The Cannon stops at the door, turns.

THE CANNON

Who?

REMY

You know, Freddie Angelo, the guy they found floating in the fountain last night behind your office.

THE CANNON

Oh, yeah. He used to work for me. Terrible thing. Nobody has any respect for monuments anymore.

He turns to leave again. Anne suddenly jumps in.

ANNE

Isn't it true that Mr. Angelo worked for you for twenty years and that he was, in fact in your employ at the time of his death?

The Cannon looks at Remy as if to say "who the hell is this?" Remy shrugs.

THE CANNON

You know, kid, your father would never have dragged me down here like this. He knew a little something about respect. Can I go now?

Remy nods. The Cannon strides out of the office, followed by McCabe. Anne turns to Remy, steaming.

ANNE

I can't believe you were so obsequious with that man.

REMY

What does obsequious mean?

ANNE

It means you had a high ranking member of the Mafia in your office and you kissed his ass.

REMY

Well, first of all, nobody uses word "mafia" anymore. Down here, we call 'em "wise guys". I only mention this to save you embarrassment.

ANNE

I'll bear that in mind...
Anything else?

REMY

Actually, I learned a lot from that little interview.

ANNE

Oh yeah? You read Tarot cards?

REMY

(laughs)

I read people. For instance, after seeing The Cannon, I can probably tell you why Freddie sprung a leak last night. Hey, you like spicy food? Why don't we have dinner tonight? I know a place...

ANNE

Just tell me what you found
out from two minutes of ass-
kissing.

A beat. Remy is beginning to realize that Ms. Osborne
is quite capable of holding her own.

REMY

Freddie Angelo was one of the
Cannon's top men, see? Killing
him and dumping him in the Piazza
d'Itaila--that was a message to
Vinnie.

ANNE

And the message was...?

REMY

I think somebody's telling him
it's time to retire. Last time
I saw him he didn't have a hearing
aid or a cane, either. He's
gotton old. Some of his people
may be getting restless.

ANNE

This all sounds pretty flimsy
to me.

REMY

There's more. Normally, he goes
to his barber every morning for
a shave and a manicure. Today,
he stayed home.

ANNE

Meaning what?

REMY

Meaning the message is coming
through loud and clear.

ANNE

I suppose you know who the
killer is, too?

REMY

No, but in a week or so, I bet
we find his body.

ANNE
Then what will you do?

REMY
Nothing. We'll never get anything we can take to court. Hell, I'd close the case right now except for one thing.

ANNE
What's that?

REMY
I'll tell you over dinner.

ANNE
I'm here in an official capacity Lieutenant...

REMY
(charming smile)
Come on, everybody has to eat, even cops and A.D.A.'s

Anne smiles as well

Cut to:

EXT. K-PAUL'S - NIGHT

Remy's LeBaron pulls up to a fire hydrant in front of this funky, but world-famous restaurant. Remy flips down his sun visor so that it shows an official placard: "Police Business." Anne notes this, disapprovingly.

There is a line of people half a block long waiting outside the door which is guarded by a uniformed cop, MAURICE. He opens the door as Remy and Anne approach. The crowd whistles as they are ushered inside.

ANNE
This is embarrassing.

REMY
Nah, this is what's great about being a cop.

INT. K-PAUL'S - NIGHT

The joint is jammed and jumping, crowded with people tables packed around a small dance floor where Little Queenie and the Radiators crank out the quintessential New Orleans "Second Line" backbeat. The din is so loud you have to shout to be heard.

The bar is absolutely packed, people standing three deep. Perched on a stool strategically placed between the cash register and the kitchen door sits the gargantuan black-bearded Patron, CHEF PAUL, taking little taste from the overflowing plates the waiter carry out. He waves to Remy holding up five fingers.

REMY

(to Anne)

It'll be five minutes...

Anne looks around agog at all this activity. The music is infectious, starting her foot to tapping. Remy notices.

REMY

Dance with me...We'll work up an appetite.

ANNE

I thought we were here to discuss business?

REMY

Not at the bar...Never know who might be listening...

Anne smiles as Remy leads her out onto a dance floor filled with bouncing, sweaty people.

Anne is a little intimidated, having a hard time picking up the idiosyncratic beat.

REMY

Didn't they dance where you come from?

ANNE

They didn't dance at all.

Remy leads her into it, showing her the steps.

REMY

Well, this is New Orleans, Cher.
Down here, dancing is a way of life.

Anne does her best to pick up the beat as we...

CUT TO:

INT. K-PAUL'S -- LATER

The dancing is over, the room has cleared out a bit. Anne and Remy are seated at a table in the back, picking over the remains of a sumptuous meal crawfish etouffee, file' gumbo, blackened redfish. Anne is a little bit disheveled tipsy, sweating and flushed from the spicy food, laughing at Remy's put-on Cajan accent.

REMY

My people on my Mana's side, dey was the real Cajun, borned and deaded on the Bayou Teche. I used to pass myself down there in the summer wid my uncle Vern. A Cajun, he gets a little money in his pocket, he quits his job and spend it all--jaissuz les bons temps rouler--let de good times roll.

ANNE

I thought you came from a family of Irish cops.

REMY

That's on my Daddy's side. He was the first one to become a cop...

ANNE

(Finishing his sentence)
...followed by three brothers, a son, and four nephews...

REMY

(interrups)
Cousin Terry joined the Fire Department. Black sheep of the family.

ANNE

Your father was killed in the line of duty...You're the youngest detective to ever make lieutenant...

REMY

I had an in in the department

ANNE

(smiles)

Careful who you tell that to...

REMY

Oh, I forgot...You bust cops for a living...

ANNE

I'm not embarrassed to put bad cops behind bars.

Remy pours out the last of the wine, changes the subject.

REMY

Tell me something about your life.

ANNE

It's not as colorful as yours.

REMY

How do you know all this stuff about me?

ANNE

I investigate cops, remember? Got a file on you this thick. It even has a picture of you as an altar boy. You were very cute in your little outfit.

REMY

Is that the juiciest thing you could find?

ANNE

You were married, briefly...

REMY

Very briefly.

ANNE

You've had a series of love affairs since then, but nothing all that serious.

Remy leans toward her with a twinkle in his eye.

REMY

To me they were all serious...
(taking Anne's hand)
Would you like me to tell you why I'm not closing the Angelo case.

ANNE

(self-conscious about Remy touching her)
That's supposed to be why I'm here.

REMY

It's you.

ANNE

(skeptically)
Oh, please...

Suddenly Remy is very much a cop.

REMY

How come an assistant District Attorney on the Official Corruption Strike Force is suddenly interested in a routine Mafia hit?

ANNE

(easing her hand away)
"Wise guy". A routine wise guy hit.

REMY

What gives?

ANNE

(business-like)
Our office has jurisdiction to investigate any crime we see fit.

REMY

Is there some police corruption angle on this case?

Not for the first time Anne realizes that she's underestimated Remy.

ANNE

No comment.

REMY

Do you have any evidence at all?

Another beat. Anne doesn't answer. Suddenly, Chef Paul appears at tableside.

CHEF PAUL

How's everything? You like that gumbo?

(to Anne)

Remy's great-aunt Emmeline taught me my gumbo.

REMY

(kidding)

I don't know, Paul, Emmeline uses a lot more of dat sassafrass file' in hers.

CHEF PAUL

Watch your month, boy! You won't get no dessert. We got Cajun coush-coush. We got special dobash cake...

Remy looks at Anne

ANNE

Nothing for me, thanks. I've got to be up early tomorrow.

REMY

I guess just the check tonight.

CHEF PAUL

Waht you talking about, cher?

REMY

I want the check, Paul.

CHEF PAUL

(to Anne)

Remy pass loss his mind!
He knows his money's no
good in here.

ANNE

Then give me the check.

REMY

(deadpan)

Anne here is with the District
Attorney's office.

CHEF PAUL

Oh, really?

(then he gets it)

Hey, Remy, you want your check?
It's right here all the time.

EXT. TCHOUPITOULAS ST.-NIGHT

Remy's LeBaron turns a corner and finds the street
blocked by a group of TRANSVESTITES, staging an
impromptu "Southern Decadence" parade.

INT. REMY'S LEBARON-SAME

A portable blue police light sits in the well between
Anne's and Remy's seats, along with a two-way radio
and a box of shotgun shells. Remy takes the light,
puts in on the dashboard, flicks it on. The flashing
blue light disperses the Transvestites. Remy steers
the LeBaron through them. Anne looks disapprovingly
at the array of police paraphernalia.

ANNE

Does the police department
outfit all of the detectives'
private cars like this?

REMY

It's a "spook car"... confiscated
in a drug bust... makes for good
cover.

ANNE

Nice job--free car, free food...
You honestly don't see the harm
in any of this?

REMY

No, I don't see the harm...
these are the perks.

ANNE

But the restaurant is going to expect extra protection in return, and expect the officer to overlook any code violations.

REMY

If all the codes were enforced you wouldn't have a restaurant in this city that could stay open.

ANNE

So what you're doing here is defending corruption.

REMY

I'm not defending anything. This is New Orleans, darling. Folks have a certain way of doing things down here. People like to show their gratitude.

Anne snorts, offended by his smugness.

ANNE

So how does it work? You get free suits? An envelope from Chef Paul every week?

Remy pulls up to a red light, gives her an amused, incredulous look. He plucks open the lapel of her blouse, looks down.

REMY

You got a wire in there?

She smacks his hand away. Remy looks down the street, then drives straight through the red light. Anne rolls her eyes.

ANNE

I'm serious, you know. How far does this stuff to? Is everything for sale? What does it cost to beat a murder rap?

REMY

(genuinely insulted)
Is that what you think about
cops? You got a real bad
attitude, lady...

ANNE

This evening hasn't done much to
improve it any. I've never see
one person break so may laws in so
short a space of time.

REMY

Forget about the law for just a
minute. When you get out on the
street it's very simple--there
are the good guys and the bad
guys...

ANNE

And you're the Good Guys?

REMY

Damn right. And we're all that
stands between you and them.

INT. REMY'S CAR - PARKED

Anne gets out of the car. Then turns back for a
parting shot.

ANNE

Don't think that I'm naive.
I know the way the system
works. But things can change.

REMY

Yeah? You gonna change 'em?

She turns, starts away. Remy hops out of the car.

REMY

Is this your building?

ANNE

No, I live up the street. I just
want to get a few things.

REMY
I'll wait and drive you
the rest of the way.

ANNE
I'd rather walk.

REMY
I'll walk with you.

ANNE
Thank you for a very illuminating
evening.

Remy watches as she turns and enters the White
Hen Pantry.

OMITTED

EXT. ANNE'S STREET - NIGHT - LITTLE LATER

Anne is walking up her street burdened by two plastic
shopping bags in addition to her briefcase. Suddenly,
behind her, a woman SCREAMS:

WOMAN(O.S.)

My purse!

Anne turns around to see a MUGGER running toward her,
clutching a woman's purse. Instinctively Anne swings
one of her shopping bags at the mugger's legs, and the
mugger takes a nosedive into the pavement. But Anne
doesn't see...

THE SECOND MUGGER who plows into her, and she smashes
into the pavement with a sickening crunch. The wind's
been knocked out of her but still she grabs the Second
Mugger's ankle. He tries to twist away but...

ANNE won't let go even though he's dragging her along
the pavement, trying to kick his foot out of her grip.
But now the...

FIRST MUGGER has gotten up and has pulled a knife on
Anne, either to threaten her or to stick her, but just
then...

REMY'S LEBARON bounces up onto the sidewalk, knocks the First Mugger flying. In a flash, Remy's out of the car, gun down and shouting.

REMY

Police!

The Second Mugger tries to dodge past and Remy slams him on the side of the head with the pistol and he sinks to his knees. Remy levels his gun right at the First Mugger's face no more than four feet away.

REMY

(continuing)

Don't screw up!

The First Mugger drops the knife. Anne-- dazed-- starts to get up, but Remy stops her.

REMY

(Continuing)

Stay down for a second.

(to First Mugger)

Get down flat on your face.

Right there. That's right.

(to Second Mugger)

You, too, face down on the sidewalk there.

SECOND MUGGER

Me?

REMY

No, the Pope! Face down.

Very cautiously Remy frisks his prisoners, one at a time, his gun covering them closely. He flings the contents of their pockets out into the gutter.

Anne gets to her knees. Her dress is torn, her knee is scraped. She crawls a couple of feet to one of her shopping bags and is trying to put the contents back in the bag.

REMY

(continuing; to Anne)

Just sit there a minute. Good thing I'm such a pushy guy, huh?

A dumpy, 55-years old WOMAN, the victim of the mugging, runs up, gasping for breath. Remy picks up the woman's purse from the sidewalk and hands it to her.

WOMAN

You a cop? Thank God you were here, I just cashed my paycheck.

The Woman checks through her purse, then, satisfied that the contents are intact, starts to hobble away.

REMY

If you'll stay a moment, a patrolman will take your statement.

WOMAN

You think I'm crazy or what?

And she leaves, muttering under her breath. Remy ignores her. He handcuffs the prisoners together, running the chain of the handcuffs through his LeBaron's bumper so the prisoners can't get away.

Remy crouches close to the Muggers and pitches his voice low, so that Anne cannot hear him.

REMY

A patrol car is going to come for you in a little while. If you do anything to my car, if you even get fingerprints on the paint, they're going to beat the living shit out of you.

He raises his voice for Anne's benefit.

REMY

(continuing)

Do you fully understand each and every one of these rights as I have explained them to you?

FIRST & SECOND MUGGER

Yes, sir.

Remy turns away from the Muggers without another thought. Anne is trying to gather up her belongings; Remy helps her.

EXT. ANNE'S APARTMENT HOUSE - SAME

Anne and Remy go through the gate and into the house.

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

Remy prowls around the living room of this spacious old apartment, while Anne mechanically unloads her groceries in the kitchen.

REMY

Very comfortable.

Anne drops a jar of coffee in the sink; it shatters. She might not even see it. She begins to shake. Remy can't see this.

ANNE

(weakly)

I can't stop shaking...

REMY

I'll fix you a drink...

(a quick bear)

Where's the booze?

ANNE

In the cabinet.

He sees her shoulders shaking. She tries to wave him away. She's embarrassed by the wracking spasms that shake her whole body.

Remy takes over, pulls open some cabinets, finds a bottle of vodka and pours her a stiff shot. He holds it for her, half forces her to drink it; she gags on the warm liquor. Remy takes a stiff belt for himself straight out of the bottle.

REMY

Everything's all right now.
You're safe. Nothing's
gonna bother you.

She blunders into his arms, he holds her and rocks her back and forth. Remy strokes her hair, kisses her cheek, then kisses her lightly on the lips. She steps back from him, turns away.

REMY

Look, Anne, I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to take
advantage.

ANNE

I'm O.K. now...

She turns to face him, pulled back together, holding her hand out to shake.

ANNE

I think I'd like to be alone, now.

REMY

I'm gone.

ANNE

(as he reaches the door)
Thanks, for the rescue.

REMY

Just like to movies, huh?

He slips out the door.

CUT TO:

INT SQUAD ROOM--REMY'S OFFICE--DAY

Typewriter keys bang out the words, "ANGELO, FREDERICO" under the heading "VICTIM"--Remy is pecking out his report. Detective Foster comes in with something for Remy to sign.

FOSTER

Hey, Remy, listen to this.
remember Laverne Williams, who
...stabbed her husband last week?

Remy nods, signs the paper without looking at it. The phone rings. He reaches for it Foster stays his hand.

FOSTER

(continuing)

We go see her, see? "Mrs.
Williams, your husband just died,
and you're busted for second
degree homicide." You know
what she says? "The bastard -

They both break up, laughing. Remy grabs the phone.

REMY
(still laughing)
Homicide, McSwain.

ANNE
(off)
Hello, Lieutenant...

REMY
(straightens up)
Anne! Hey...

He waves Foster out of the room. Foster winks as he exits.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE - SAME

She's doodling on her note pad

ANNE
Tell me, what's new on the
Angelo case?

REMY
(resuming typing)
Not a thing.

ANNE
Why not? Aren't you working on it?

REMY
I got a poisoned heiress in the
Garden District, a strangled
transvestite in the Quarter, and a
suspicious asphyxiation Back o'
Town. Freddie Angelo has to wait
his turn.

ANNE
Lieutenant, I thought you were
going to give priority to the
Angelo murder. Now when am I
going to see a copy of your report?

REMY

How about tonight? The Neville Brothers are palying at Tip's. I could give it to you there.

ANNE

Look, I've been thinking that we ought to keep this relationship strictly professional.

REMY

I thought we passed a good time last night, cher. Didn't you like the music?

ANNE

The music was very nice.

REMY

Didn't you like the food?

ANNE

The food was delicious, but look Remy, please forget about last night. There's too much possibility for conflict-of-interest.

REMY

Why? Are you investigating me?

ANNE

Of course not...

REMY

Then, why don't I pick you up at eight?

ANNE

No...just please have somebody send over the report.

She hangs up, rips the sheet of notes from her yellow pad, crumples it into a ball, HUGH DOWLING her boss, enters.

DOWLING

Anne, you've got to learn to relax a little. This is New Orleans, you know. Why don't we go out tonight? The Neville Brothers are playing at Tipitina's.

She looks at him, exasperated; throws the balled-up piece of paper at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANNE'S OFFICE BUILDING--NIGHT

Anne walks briskly up the street. She doesn't see Remy's LeBaron slowing down in rush hour traffic beside her. Remy rolls down the passenger side window and shouts.

REMY

Anne!

Anne jumps, startled. Remy stops his car. The cars behind, already forced to a crawl, slam on their brakes.

ANNE

What are you doing here?

Remy slams his car into park and jumps out to join Anne on the sidewalk.

REMY

Listen, I got a large pizza in the car...pepperone, extra cheese... Here, take a look...

Remy reaches into the car, pulls out a pizza box. The MAN in the car behind Remy's leans on his HORN.

MAN

Move the goddam car, willya?

ANNE

You can't get out of this that easy. Where's my report?

REMY

(lifting the cover of the pizza box)

Right here...

Anne looks into the box, sees a steaming pizza.

ANNE

Where?

REMY

Under the pizza...you have
to eat the pie to get the
report...

Anne hesitates, tempted.

MAN

Go on, girlie, get in the car.

ANNE

Does the pizza have anchovies?

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

Remy is stretched out lengthwise on the couch, gazing at the ceiling. Anne is sitting at the table, reading the report. There are only crusts and a manila envelope left in the pizza box. Anne finishes the report, puts it down, looks over at Remy with somewhat new eyes-- she's impressed.

ANNE

You write a good report.

REMY

(sits up)

Does that mean we can go
to Tipitina's now?

ANNE

No. I want to ask you a couple
of questions.

Remy stretches back out, resigned. Anne browses through the report, going over the new information.

ANNE

He was shot at a severe downward
angle. The weapon was a MAC 10
pistol. Dope smugglers?

REMY

(shrugs)

Yeah, but a lot of your
younger wise guys use 'em, too.

ANNE

(going on)

Now, they found Angelo's car parked way out on Tchoupitoulas Street, ...but you couldn't find any evidence of a crime.

REMY

Yeah, but what it doesn't say in there is that Angelo's car was parked across the street from a wharf warehouse owned by Carmine Tandino, a well-known hit man in the family of Vinnie the Cannon Di Moti. I'm going to check out the warehouse tomorrow.

ANNE

But of course, that's not in the report.

REMY

We're not supposed to draw conclusions, you know that.

ANNE

But if someone were to ask you, what conclusions would you draw?

REMY

Well, Freddie Angelo imported heroin for a living. Tandino's warehouse is on the river. Sometimes heroin comes up the river. Draw your own conclusions.

A beat. Anne looks over at Remy.

REMY

What?

ANNE

You surprise me sometimes.

REMY

How's that?

ANNE

I'm impressed by all the evidence you've managed to accumulate in so short a time. You're doing a really thorough job.

Remy laughs, stands, starts toward where she sits behind the table.

REMY

What did you think I'd do?
A really lousy job?

ANNE

No, I didn't mean...

REMY

(moving closer)

Why don't you like me, Anne...?

ANNE

(nonplussed)

What?...I do...I do like you...

REMY

Why don't you trust me, then?

She's speechless for a second. Remy plants his hands on the table, leans toward her.

REMY

Do you think I'm a rotten, don't, give-a-shit, dishonest, dirty cop, Anne? Is that what you think of me?

He's leaning very close now. She looks up into his eyes.

ANNE

(sorry she thought
all those things)

No, no...I do trust you, I do...

They kiss

3 OMITTED

EXT. STORYVILLE HOUSING PROJECT STREET--NIGHT

A vast 1950's low-income project, now gone to ruin. Most of the streetlights have been vandalized. The street is dark. A car swings into the scene, coming toward the camera, headlights filling the screen, lurches to a stop. The headlights go out. Two shadowy figures jump out of the car and enter the projects.

A beat. Two BLACK TEENAGERS appear out of the darkness, each carrying tools. They circle the car, casing it. They're about to strip it down. Then one of them stops short, grabs the other; points to something on the front seat. The second kid's face registers fear. They turn and run away.

CUT TO:

INT. STORYVILLE PROJECT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

ON A BARE LIGHT BULB

A shotgun barrel smashes the bulb. Everything goes dark.

A sliver of light breaks from an opening door; a head pops out. A rough hand pushes the head back inside. The door shuts and bolts, fast. Darkness again.

We hear the CRACK of splitting wood, as the next door down is kicked open. Light spills out; two figures dash in. We hear ONE, TWO, THREE SHOTGUN BLASTS. There's a terrible SCREAM, then a FOURTH SHOTGUN BLAST. Then silence. A long beat. The two figures run out, blur past the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Anne's and Remy's beepers lie side by side on the night table. Anne and Remy are kissing passionately, thrashing around under the covers. Suddenly she twists away from him.

ANNE

I'm sorry. I'm too nervous.
I can't relax.

REMY

Hey, take it easy.

ANNE

I'm so embarrassed.

REMY

It's all right, there's
no hurry.

He slides closer to her and strokes her back.

ANNE

It's no use

REMY

Just relax, close your eyes,
don't pay any attention to me.

And Remy moves his hand under the covers to stroke, gently, lower and lower down her front. We can see nothing under the covers except the tiniest motions of his fingers.

ANNE

Stop that.

She says it without conviction and he doesn't stop. There's a long moment of silence and no movement except for his fingers' tiny motions. Then, very slowly, her hips begin to move to match his rhythm, then gradually take on an insistent rhythm of their own.

Now Anne makes a series of small sounds, short, tight little cries which she repeats over and over again and now louder and louder as she hits her orgasm.

Remy's hands guide her body into a good angle and he enters her.

CLOSE ON ANNE

Her face pressed up against the bed. She cries out again and again.

A BEEPER goes off from the night table. They both automatically sit up.

ANNE

Yours or mine?

REMY

Mine.

(he shuts off the
beeper and dials rapidly)
You better have a goddamn good
reason for paging me.
(a beat)
All right, slow down.

He hangs up the phone and starts to get dressed.

ANNE

What is it?

REMY

Triple murder in Storyville.
I'm really sorry.

ANNE

Oh, it doesn't matter. I never
had much luck with sex, anyway.

Remy bends to kiss her.

REMY

Your luck just might be
changing, chere.

ANNE

How long does it take to go
to a murder?

REMY

Couple of hours at least.

ANNE

Come back.

REMY

You sure?

ANNE

I'm sure.

Remy starts out the door.

ANNE

We'll talk about the Angelo case.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. STORYVILLE HOUSING PROJECT--NIGHT

Police barricades have been set up, and cops are holding back a restive crowd of PROJECT-DWELLERS. Every now and then a bottle is thrown, but the crowd isn't really violent and the police ignore them. Remy makes his way through the barricades toward a station wagon next to which Captain Kellom stands.

KELLOM

Remy, will you call your mother, for Chrissake? She hasn't heard from you in a week.

REMY

(jokes)

When the hell are you gonna make an honest woman out of her, cher?

KELLOM

You know she won't marry me 'til I retire.

REMY

That'll be the day.

(looks over the restive crowd)

Why the crowd?

KELLOM

(dismissive)

Ah, a couple of kids started a rumor that the killers were in an unmarked police car.

REMY

Jesus

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. STORYVILLE PROJECT--SCENE OF THE CRIME--NIGHT

The dead body of a black man with dreadlocks, half of his neck and lower jaw blown away, sprawls face down on the floor, shot as he was running for the hallway that leads to the interior of the apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM--SAME

Nearby, De Soto is stretched out on the sofa, his hat covering his eyes, snoring. PHOTOGRAPHERS and FINGERPRINT DUSTERS are jostling around each other in this tiny living room, packing up their equipment. Two FORENSIC TECHNICIANS are spreading a body bag beside the corpse.

Remy appears out of the hallway. He looks pensively at the body.

FORENSIC #1

Alright to roll him over,
Lieutenant?

REMY

Yeah, roll away.

They roll the body onto its back, into the body bag. Remy kneels, stares at the face. Suddenly remembers.

REMY

Jamaal Washington...

He looks up--Kellom's standing in the doorway.

REMY

Everything under control
down there?

KELLOM

Yeah. The riot's turning
into a part.

REMY

(grins)

I love this town.

Remy stands, as Kellom steps into the apartment. Remy's grin turns to surprise as he sees Anne following Kellom inside.

KELLOM

You remember Anne Osborne,
don't you, Remy?

ANNE

(shakes his hand)

Nice to see you again,
Lieutenant.

KELLOM

The D.A.'s interested because
there's an allegation that
police officers did the shooting.

REMY

Do you believe every rumor
you hear on the street?

ANNE

(business-like)

Have you found any evidence one
way or the other?

REMY

Right now all we have are two
unknown male caucasian suspects.
Not officers, suspects. And
one unsubstantiated rumor.

KELLOM

Anything on the victim?

Remy takes Anne and Kellom on a brief tour of the
crime scene. The Forensics push through them,
lugging the body bag.

REMY

This one's Jamaal Washington.

KELLOM

Daddy Mention's outfit!

Passing the couch, Kellom kicks the dozing De Soto
in the foot. De Soto's eyes blink open: Kellom
jerks his thumb in Anne's direction. De Soto jumps
to his feet and tries to look busy.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY BY BATHROOM--SAME

Remy leads them down the dark hallway; stops, blocking the doorway to the bathroom, ushering them past. One foot sticks out into the hall.

REMY

(to Anne)

You don't want to see this.
The guy's face is gone. We'll
have to wait for a fingerprint
ID on him.

He squeezes past them in the hall, leads them into the bedroom.

INT BEDROOM--SAME

REMY

Third victim I make to be one
of the Nobilier brothers, also
narcotics, also a runner for
Daddy Mention.

ANNE

Who's Daddy Mention?

KELLOM

He runs the black side of
narcotics in New Orleans.
The Cannon handles the white
action.

In the bedroom, the closet door is open and somebody is standing on a chair inside, hunting around; we only see his legs. The bed is spattered with blood. The third body is on the floor on the other side of the bed. Anne peeks over the bed, turns quickly away.

REMY

(taking note of her reaction)

Anne?

ANNE

(deadpan)

Why don't you believe the
killers were cops?

REMY

Because if they were, they would have stayed right here, and when the rest of us arrived, we would have found guns, knives, all kinds of evidence that the victims resisted arrest. It's something every cop in the world knows how to do.

ANNE

That doesn't surprise me.

REMY

You probably know how to bribe a juror, too, even though you've never done it.

DODGE (O.S.)

(suddenly)

Hey, Remy, look what I got!

All eyes turn to the closet. Dodge emerges holding up a clear plastic bag of brownish-white powder. His toupee is askew.

DODGE

(holding it up)

Feels like about a key.

Remy reaches out and adjusts Dodge's toupee. Dodge blushes, turns a panic look in the blood spattered mirror. Remy carefully checks the markings on the torn plastic package.

REMY

(to Anne)

Heroin. Mexican brown.

Kellom is at the foot of the bed looking at the body.

KELLOM

Shotguns, huh?

REMY

(looks over at him)

I figure Tandino.

Kellom nods. Anne looks up.

REMY

Carmine Tandino--hit man for
Vinnie the Cannon

Anne glances around the room spotting bits of brain and bone on the walls, bits of flesh on the floor. She struggles to keep her composure. Her upper lip is peppered with perspiration.

REMY

Will you wrap it up here Captain?
I'd like to take Miss Osborne home.

ANNE

(softly)

Thank you.

Kellom watches benignly as Remy leads her back down the hall, turns to DeSoto.

KELLOM

They make a nice couple, don't they?

CUT TO:

INT REMY'S LEBARON--NIGHT

Anne has the passenger side window down and is gulping the night air.

REMY

We'll go to my apartment, it's closer. OK?

Anne nods wanly.

REMY

You know after a while you get used to stuff like that, you get hardened. But everybody gets sick the first time, don't be embarrassed.

ANNE

I'll be fine.

REMY

Tell me if you're gonna throw up. I'll pull over.

ANNE

I'm not going to throw up.

CUT TO:

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--BATHROOM--NIGHT

Anne is sitting on the floor near the toilet. Remy hands her a washcloth.

ANNE

You think a man named Carmine Tandino killed these men tonight, right?

REMY

(laughs)

Even with your head in the toilet you still want to talk business.

(she frowns, he gets serious)

Yes, right. I do think that Tandino killed those boys.

She pulls herself shakily to her feet. He steadies her. She crosses to the sink, takes Remy's toothbrush, applies toothpaste, etc. all the while cross-examining him.

ANNE

And therefore they must have killed Freddie Angelo?

REMY

Right, again.

Remy snuggles up behind her as she brushes her teeth.

ANNE

What does that do to your theory that the Angelo murder was a message to get The Cannon to retire?

REMY

Now we know who sent it. Daddy Mention, not one of Vinnie's wise guys. Now we're dealing with something much bigger than just a family squabble.

ANNE

(sarcastically)

Sure, we are...

REMY

What's that suppose to mean?

Anne rinses out her mouth, turns to face him.

ANNE

Is Carmine Tandino the only person in the world who uses a shotgun to kill people?

REMY

No, but he's one of the few who turns a profit at it.

ANNE

(pointedly)

And of course, you don't think the police could have had anything to do with it.

REMY

Of course not. I told you cops don't do that. Even the worst ones. People are always accusing the cops of everything.

ANNE

Then how do you explain...?

Remy puts a finger to her lips, silencing her.

REMY

How do you feel now?

ANNE

Doesn't this stuff ever get to you?

REMY

(grins)

Bullets bounce off of me.

ANNE

Aren't you ever afraid.

REMY

All the time.

She reaches over and takes his hand:

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--BEDROOM--MORNING

Sunlight coming in through the drapes wakes Anne-- at first she doesn't know where she is, then, remembering she feels around the bed for Remy, but he's not there. She gets out of bed stretching like a contented cat.

INT. KITCHEN--SAME

Anne comes into the kitchen and sees Remy, naked except for a pair of jeans, bending over looking in the refrigerator. Anne can't resist tiptoeing up behind Remy--playfully, she runs her hand up into his crotch.

Remy leaps into the air, knocking things over inside the fridge; he spins around, terrified, and IT ISN'T REMY AT ALL. Anne gives a half scream and jumps back.

ANNE

Who are you?

BOBBY

(trying to get his breath)

I'm Bobby McSwain. Remy's brother. Jesus, you scared the hell out of me.

This 20 year-old looks a lot like Remy.

ANNE

Where did you come from?

BOBBY

I spent the night here, on the couch.

ANNE

Oh God. Excuse me

Anne hurries out toward the bedroom.

BOBBY

(calling after her)

I'm sorry if I embarrassed you.

ANNE

I should get over it in a couple of years.

INT. REMY'S BUILDING--STAIRCASE--DAY

Remy comes up the staircase, carrying a sack of groceries. Anne comes out of the apartment fully dressed.

REMY

Hey, I was just out getting us some breakfast.

ANNE

I have to get to work.

REMY

I'll drop you off.

ANNE

I'll get a cab.

She brushes past the bewildered Remy.

REMY

What's wrong?

But she disappears down the stairs. Bobby appears in the doorway of the apartment.

BOBBY

So what's for breakfast?

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS--INTERROGATION ROOM #1--DAY

ON A PAIR OF HANDS

counting out stacks of greasy bills. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal SGT. DUDIVIER, a middle-aged, nervous, black uniformed cop, counting out the money, while SGT. GUERRA stuffs the bills into envelopes. A lie detector sits beside them on a table.

The door opens abruptly. Guerra and Duvivier, startled, jump to cover the money. Remy's head pops in.

DUVIVIER

Jesus, Remy, you scared the shit out of me! Don't be just walking into an interrogation room without knocking.

REMY

Where are the Storyville witnesses?

Guerra jerks his thumb in the direction of the next room.

INT. HALLWAY--SAME

Remy comes out of Interrogation #1 and enters Interrogation #2.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2--SAME

The two teenaged Car Vandals we saw last night in Storyville are sitting across the table from DeSoto, silent and nervous. Empty peanut shells cover DeSoto and the floor around him. He belches, pops a Maalox tablet into his mouth.

REMY

We heard you boys saw something last night at the project. Around the time of the murders.

CAR VANDAL #1

We did't see nothin':

REMY

Somebody said you saw an unmarked police car.

CAR VANDAL #2

We didn't see nothin'.

DeSoto looks at Remy and shrugs.

REMY

Take their statements and let 'em go home.

He leaves.

INT. HALLWAY--SAME

Remy hurries past the glassed-in security booth of the Property Room, waves to SGT. DEWEY PIERSALL, behind the glass.

DEWEY
(calls after him)
Get me outa here, Remy!
I hate this job.

REMY
Soon as I got a spot, Dewey,
you're next in line.

DETECTIVE FOSTER, McCabe's partner from the Angelo murder scene, comes running down the stairs.

FOSTER
Hey, Remy! Remember the guy who lost his face last night? Look what the morgue guys found in his pocket.

He holds up a clear plastic envelope containing a driver's license. Remy takes it and looks at it.

INSERT--DRIVER'S LICENSE

It has Freddie Angelo's name and picture on it.

REMY
Freddie Angelo's driver's license!
Beautiful. Those guys killed
Freddie, just like I thought.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM--DAY

MCCABE
(to phone)
And what time did he leave?...
You're sure of that?... Thank you.

She hangs up the phone, looks up at Remy.

MCCABE
Carmine Tandino has an airtight alibi. He was at the Carousel Club with his wife and half his family until 4 A.M.

She shows him a list of names.

MCCABE

I got twelve people already who corroborate his story, the waiter, the maitre d', the stripper who...

REMY

(interrupts)

You know who owns the Carcousel Club? Vinnie The Cannon's nephew, that's who. It's a very popular spot for alibis. I'll talk to Mr. Tandino myself.

Dodge shouts to Remy from across the room.

DODGE

Remy! Anne Osborne on the line. Should I tell her you're not here?

Several people look up at the mention of Anne's name. The room quiets to a dull roar, eyes on Remy.

REMY

No, I'll take it.

Remy steps in the door to his office, grabs the phone, playing to the crowd.

REMY

(to phone)

Miss Osborne. I haven't got the forensic or ballistics report yet, so I...

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE--SAME

64

Anne is talking softly into the phone.

ANNE

I didn't call about that.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. REMY'S OFFICE/SQUAD ROOM--SAME

Remy, catching the tone of her voice, closes the door to his office. RAZZING from the boys on the outside.

ANNE

(off)

I'm sorry about this morning.
About the way I ran out.

REMY

Yeah, me too.

ANNE

I'm sort of confused.

REMY

Don't be confused, chere.

ANNE

Things like last night don't
happen to me.

REMY

Me either...

ANNE

No, I mean it.

Conflicting emotions flash across her face.

ANNE

I know too much about your
reputation to believe you.

Guerra enters the office and slips an envelope under Remy's blotter. Remy shoos him out.

REMY

(to phone)

Meet me for lunch and look
into my eyes and see if you
believe me.

ANNE

(laughs)

No, listen, I can't...

REMY

(before she can finish)

I'll reserve us a table at Antoine's
for one o'clock.

CLICK. He hangs up.

INT. SQUARD ROOM -- SAME

Dodge sees Guerra comin toward him from Remy's office.
He pulls open his desk drawer: leaves his desk. Guerra
passes Dodge's desk and discreetly drops an envelope
into the open drawer.

Remy comes out his office, pulling on his jacket.
Dodge waylays him.

DODGE

What did she want?

REMY

Who? Anne!

DODGE

Anne, he calls her! She's got
everybody around here scared.
shitless and you're callin her
Anne, f'Chrissakes!

Kellom comes out of his office, joins Remy and Dodge
as Guerra enters Kellom's office.

DODGE

I think she's using the Angelo
murder as an excuse to sniff around
here and find out something about
our little... Widows and Orphans Fund.

He says this with a nod toward Guerra who is now leaving
Kellom's office.

KELLOM

Relax, sergeant Remy's got this girl
eating out of the palm of her hand.
Any problems on the street?

DODGE

Yeah, the Toulouse Bar & Grill,
you know, down the block from
the Castle Key?

KELLOM

Yeah, I know it.

DODGE

There's a new owner in there. He's
having some trouble and he wants
to talk to you about it.

KELLOM

I don't talk to nobody. You
take care of it.

DODGE

He's got this thing about rank.
He doesn't want to talk to no
sergeant or flat foot.

Dodge turns hopefully to Remy, who's making a bee-line
for the door.

REMY

Don't look at me Eddie. I have
to go see Carmine Tendino.

DODGE

Come on, for the Widows and Orphans
Fund. It'll take five minutes. It's
on your way.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET--DAY

Remy's LeBaron pulls up to a red zone outside the
Toulouse Bar & Grill. Remy flips down his "Police
Business" visor, enters the bar.

INT. TOULOUSE BAR AND GRILL--DAY

REMY

I'm looking for George Joel.

The bartender points to a fat man at the end of the
bar. Remy flashes his badge. Joel is nervous and
sweaty, mopping his face with a soggy handkerchief.

REMY

You wanted to talk to somebody?

GEORGE JOEL

I wanted to see the Captain.

Remy shrugs, stands, starts to leave. Joel, suddenly deferential, starts to apologize.

GEORGE JOEL

Please, come back. I'm sorry if I offended you.

Remy stops, looks down at the little man; says nothing.

GEORGE JOEL

Look, there's a different cop in here every night, shaking me down. I can't stay in business this way.

REMY

If there are cops comin in here bothering you, send 'em to me.

GEORGE JOEL

Don't get me wrong, I want to pay. I just want to pay one guy one amount once a month, and not have half the cops in the city jumping all over me.

REMY

We'll set you up with a number you can call.

GEORGE JOEL

I knew you were the right man to talk to.

George Joel stuffs a white envelope into Remy's pocket.

REMY

What the hell is this?

GEORGE JOEL

I'm just saying thank you.

Remy grabs George Joel by the shirt front.

REMY

You got a wire in here?

GEORGE JOEL

Help!

Remy drops Joel and spins around. A beefy INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP appears on the balcony above.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1

Hold it there!

But Remy sprints for the door. As he does he flings the contents of the envelope up in the air - the bar's patrons dive for and fight over the fifty-dollar bills - and then Remy stuffs the envelope itself into his mouth, chewing as hard as he can.

EXT. TOULOUSE BAR & GRILL - DAY

Remy burst out of the tavern right into three internal affairs cops facing him with guns drawn.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #2

Internal Affairs, hold it there!

Remy raises his hands, his face impassive, still chewing vigorously.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #3

What's he chewing?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #2

Spit it out!

Remy ignores them. Internal Affairs Cop #1 appears with a video camera.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1

Chew all you want, asshole!

We got everything on tape.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTOINES - DAY

Anne is sitting expectantly under the huge stained-glass windows of the venerable New Orleans restaurant. She's brushed her hair out and put on a little make-up and looks excited and a little unsure of herself. The waiter brings her a rosebud and a bottle of champagne.

WAITER

Compliments of Mr. McSwain.

She flushes, takes the rosebud, sniffs it.

Just then, the MAITRE D' appears with the telephone.

MAITRE D'

Miss Osborne? Call for you.

He plugs the phone into the wall, hands the receiver to Anne, withdraws discreetly.

ANNE

(to phone)

Can't leave the office for an hour, Hugh?

CAMMERA MOVES IN tighter and tighter on Anne, as she listens, her face registering, first shock, then disbelief, then anger, shame, humiliation.

ANNE

What?....What?.....I'll be right there.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. STRIKE FORCE OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A TV monitor fills the frame. On it is a videotape of Remy taking the envelope. We PULL BACK to discover Anne, flanked by Hugh Dowling, the Internal Affairs cops, and three young LAWYERS. Anne's face is pale, over-controlled, she struggles not to show the disappointment, bitterness, betrayal she feels.

The FIRST YOUNG LAWYER is a venal, cocky little guy.

THE FIRST YOUNG LAWYER

We got the bribery conviction sewn up - it's right here on the tape.

SECOND YOUNG LAWYER

I don't know. It just skirts the edge of entrapment. If you get the wrong judge he'll throw the case out.

THE FIRST YOUNG LAWYER

Maybe he'll want to make a deal.

DOWLING

I don't think we should offer a deal now. I think we should get a conviction and then we can offer a deal. Anne, I want you to ask for a very high bail. Let him sweat a little.

ANNE

I can't

DOWLING

You have to, I don't have anybody else.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - UNDERGROUND GARAGE -DAY

The garage is scattered with all manner of police vehicles. A group of prisoners is being loaded, single-file, into a van for transport to the courthouse. Remy is among them, standing out from the rest of the low-lives in his still-natty attire.

Kellom steps out from the shadows, whispers a word to the DEPUTY SHERIFF, pulls Remy aside.

KELLOM

Jesus Christ, Remy, it kills me to see you here. What the hell happened?

REMY

They set a trap and I got caught.

KELLOM

It was supposed to be me.

REMY

I can handle it.

KELLOM

I've arranged for Lamar Parmental to defend you. He's the best. And the boys have agreed that the pad will pay his fees.

REMY

(touched)

Thanks.

The Deputy signals; Remy climbs into the van.
Kellom grabs him by the sleeve.

KELLOM

We take care of our own...
Remember that.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT

Anne sits at the counsel table, working on a yellow pad.

Remy's lawyer, LAMAR PARMENTEL, a diminutive Old World Southern character, stands at the counsel table talking casually with a group of public defenders.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF leads in a dozen prisoners - MUGGERS, DOPE DEALERS, DRUNK DRIVERS, PROSTITUTES, and Remy, still natty, trying to keep up a good front. He spots Anne; stops, shocked.

ON ANNE

Still looking down at her note pad. She knows Remy's there, won't look up. But then can't help herself, looks. Their eyes connect for a long beat, each trying to read the other.

BAILIFF

All rise!

JUDGE JOSHUA V. RASKOV Bustles in.

JUDGE RASKOV

(referring to his files)

These are the custodies? Okay,
what have we got?

(calling the first name)

Thibodeaux?

Two black men stand.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

We've got two Thibodeaux's, Your
Honor, unrelated cases.

JUDGE RASKOV

All right, sit down. We'll
get back to you both.

(spots Remy)

You! You look familiar

Remy stands. The judge shuffles through his files until he finds Remy's.

JUDGE RASKOV

Well, I'm certainly sorry to see you before me as a custody. Lieutenant.

(reading from the file)

Extortion, bribery. You have private counsel?

LAMAR PARMENTAL

I'm his counsel. Your Honor. We waive rights and plead not guilty. We petition the court for the earliest possible court date for preliminary.

Remy's eyes drift toward Anne, catch her looking at him. She looks away.

JUDGE RASKOV

The twenty-second is the earliest date I've got.

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Your Honor, we are confident that the prosecution does not have a case, but every day my client is suspended from the force does great damage to his reputation as well as to the ongoing investigations he is conducting.

JUDGE RASKOV

All right, we'll get you in tomorrow, before Judge Noland, if that's okay with the State.

Anne looks up, startled.

ANNE

Uh, we're ready, Your Honor.

JUDGE RASKOV

Do we need an O.R. report?

ANNE

The State opposes releasing the accused in this own recognizance, and submits that giving due weight to the seriousness of the charges committed by a public official, we ask bail in the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

Remy looks up, shocked. Anne glares at him.

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Your Honor, defendant has been a police officer for fifteen years and has very strong ties to the community. He has a large family all living in New Orleans.

JUDGE RASKOV

What do we usually get for extortion?

CLERK

(looking up)

Fifteen, Your Honor.

JUDGE RASKOV

Bail is set at five hundred dollars.

Remy gives Anne another one of his grins.

JUDGE RASKOV

All right, Thibodeaux, Andrew.

One of the black Thibodeaux's stands as Remy is led out of the courtroom.

INT. CRIMINAL DISTRICT COURT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Remy, still tieless and unshaven, walks through the marble lobby with Lamar Parmentel.

REMY

What the hell was that business asking fifty thousand bail? She knows I'll show for trial.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
It's a warning - they're saying
they're going to pull out all
the stops on this one. Look,
let me try and make a deal.

REMY
What deal?

LAMAR PARMENTEL
Plead you guilty to an unlawful
acceptance of a gratuity.

REMY
Is that a misdemeanor?

LAMAR PARMENTEL
A felony. You'd get maybe
three months jail time.

REMY
Look Lamar, try and understand -
I cannot do any time at all.

Remy and Lamar go through the revolving doors and out
into...

EXT. CRIMINAL DISTRICT COURT BUILDING - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT
...before Remy continues.

REMY
One felony conviction and
I'm off the force. I'm a
cop, Lamar. It's what I do.
It's what I know. It's
what I am.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
Remy, Remy, they've got a
video tape. You ever see a
jury watch a video tape?
It's like watching Mike Wallace
on "60 Minutes".

OMITTED

EXT. TOULOUSE STREET - HARDWARE STORE - DAY

A wholesale hardware outlet on a busy commercial street.
An outlandishly dress moustachoied man enters.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - SAME

The moustachioed man walks up to the counter. The middle aged PROPRIETOR comes out from the back.

MAN

I called about an alnico magnet.

The Proprietor gives him a curious look, then reaches under the counter.

PROPRIETOR

(laying the magnet on the counter)

Comes to forty-three seventy with tax.

The moustachioed man drops the money on the counter and leaves.

EXT. LEE CIRCLE - NIGHT

The man stands on the empty sidewalk in front of the First Louisiana National Bank. He looks up and down the street, hefts the magnet in both hands, then suddenly spins around and hurls it through the heavy plate glass window of the bank. A BURGLAR ALARM begins to RING at once. The man walks quickly away into the night.

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Remy's record collection is a disarray, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band is blasting from the speakers. Bobby is in the kitchen, fixing himself a "mulfaleta", the New Orleans version of a Dagwood sandwich. He lifts the kitchen knife to cut it in half, then has second thoughts, turns back to the open refrigerator.

VOICE

(off)

Hey!

Bobby whirls, startled.

BOBBY'S POV - THE MUSTACHIOED MAN

leans in the doorway. Bobby crouches, brandishing the kitchen knife. The mustachioed man flashes a bad boy grin, peels off his disguise - it's Remy!

REMY

(still in black voice)

Don't you recognize your own brother?

BOBBY
Jesus, Remy, Mardi Gras ain't
until February! What are you
doin in that get-up?

Remy steps into the kitchen, grabs some paper towels,
starts wiping off his make-up.

REMY
A little undercover work.

BOBBY
I thought you were suspended.

REMY
(suddenly serious)
Who told you that?

BOBBY
Mama. She said you were
framed.

Remy grabs a bottle bourbon, pours out two shots,
hands one to Bobby, downs his in one grip.

REMY
Look, Bobby, it's hard as
hell for me to explain...

BOBBY
You don't have to explain
anything to me.

Bobby downs his shot, chokes.

REMY
I want to be honest with
you. This particular case was
a setup, but I've been on the
take in small ways since practically
the day I joined the force.

Bobby puts his arm around Remy's shoulder.

BOBBY
I know that, Remy.

REMY
Yeah! Who the hell told you?

BOBBY
You think I'm stupid?
Nobody had to tell me.

(continued)

BOBBY (continued)

I know you give Mama the money for my tuition, and it sure as hell doesn't come out of your salary. I'm only glad I can finally thank you.

REMY

(shakes head)

I never wanted you to know.

BOBBY

Shit, I remember once - I must have been six or seven - I was looking in Daddy's pocket for a candy bar and found seventy-eight ten dollar bills.

REMY

You knew about Daddy, too?

BOBBY

Of course. And all the relatives. It was just understood.

REMY

I didn't understand it.

BOBBY

What?

REMY

I didn't have any idea Daddy was taking money until I joined the force myself.

BOBBY

You're kidding?

REMY

I swear to God. I didn't believe it at first. I slugged the first guy that told me.

BOBBY

Seriously?

REMY

I was nineteen years old and about as innocent as your average altar boy. But hell, you were all about it. I should have asked you.

BOBBY

It's not too late. You want to ask me about anything else? Sex? Drugs?

Bobby pulls out a joint, light up, offers it to Remy.

REMY

Police - you're under arrest, you have the right to remain silent...

The two brothers crack up, fall into an embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT PROPERTY ROOM - NIGHT

This big room is crammed with metal racks filled with boxes and files, pistols and knives, half-empty bottles, paint samples, blood-stained clothing, the evidence of an unimaginable number of crimes.

A PAIR OF HANDS come down the aisle, carrying the large magnet Remy threw through the bank window. Camera PANS UP to the face of DEWEY PIERSTALL (sc. 61), he's squinting at the evidence tags along the shelves, finally finds what he's looking for at the end of the rack, places the magnet alongside it.

CLOSER ON THE MAGNET

It has been placed on a shelf right beside a box of evidence marked "Internal Affairs Department".

CUT TO:

INT. CRIMINAL DISTRICT COURT BUILDING - COURTROOM - DAY

Remy is standing at the defense table, talking with his lawyer, Lamar Parmentel. His entire family is milling around the spectator area, waiting for the start of the preliminary hearing. Remy seems relaxed, confident. His brother Bobby tries his best to act that way. Remy's UNCLEs and COUSINS are all in uniform - seven policemen and one fireman - and their wives and children are dressed in their best Church clothes. (continued)

(continued)

Remy's MAMA, a formidable platinum blonde Cajun lady in her mid-fifties marches up to Remy, instinctively brushes back his hair.

MAMA

Don't you wanna introduce your Mama to your lawyer, chere?

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Ah, the renowned queen of the McSwain Clan. How delightful to finally meet you in the flesh.

REMY

Mama, this is Lamar Parmentel.

MAMA

I know all about you, Lamar-- And I know that you're going to do a fine job defending my Remy.

REMY

Mama...

MAMA

Of course, I don't have to tell you about his outstanding record, his citations, but did he ever tell you about the...

REMY

Mama, he knows all that stuff. Maybe you should sit down.

Just then, the door bursts open. Anne marches into the courtroom, angry as hell, passes Remy, staring straight ahead.

REMY

Hi.

MAMA

Who's that?

REMY

That's the Prosecuting Attorney, Mama.

Anne goes up to the COURT CLERK. Parmentel approaches curiously.

ANNE

Is the judge in chambers?
I have to see him right
away.

INT. JUDGE NOLAND'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Anne barges in, Lamar Parmentel trailing along behind her. JUDGE NOLAND, a gray-haired, sixty-year-old man with a very mild manner is on his sofa.

JUDGE NOLAND

Miss Osborne? Is there something
the matter?

ANNE

Your Honor, we have just
discovered that our key
exhibit, a video tape
supporting the information
in the case, has been erased.

JUDGE NOLAND

Erased? How?

ANNE

A powerful magnet was found
in the police property room
next to the evidence in this
case. A magnet, Your Honor,
will, if it's sufficiently
powerful, instantly erase or
damage any video tape.

JUDGE NOLAND

Do you have any indication how
the magnet came to be next to
your tape?

ANNE

The magnet had been thrown
through the window of a bank,
and therefore was being held
in evidence.

JUDGE NOLAND

A very unfortunate happenstance,
Miss Osborne.

ANNE

We don't think it was an
accident. Given the circumstances,
Your Honor, the State requests a
postponement.

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Look, Al - Your Honor - if the state could somehow link this bizarre accident to my client which of course they will not, it would still be a separate matter with no relation to this case.

JUDGE NOLAND

I'm sorry, Miss Osborne, but I'm afraid I do not see the purpose for a delay. Do you feel you can make an adequate showing without the video tape?

ANNE

Yes, Your Honor, if I have to.

JUDGE NOLAND

Very well, let's go to work.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Anne, standing at her place behind the prosecutor's table, examines the first Internal Affairs Cop. The Judge listens attentively.

ANNE

What next occurred?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1

I saw Mr. George Joel hand the defendant the white envelope. I saw it very clearly.

Remy is sitting at the right hand side of the defense table, hence, he's sitting right next to Anne, with only the narrow aisle between the tables separating them. Remy can't take his eyes off her.

ANNE

What did the defendant do?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1

He accepted the envelope.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Lamar Parmentel cross-examines.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
You testified that you were
twenty feet from the defendant
behind some crates on a
balcony, looking down at his
actions, is that correct?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1
Yes, Sir.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
And at this distance, you were
unable to hear the conversation
between this George Joel and
the defendant, isn't that the
case?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1
Yes, Sir.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
You testified that there were
eight fifty dollar bills in
the envelope.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1
That's correct.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
But you cannot produce that
money in court.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1
Sir, the defendant dropped the
money in the center of the
crowded bar. It's pretty
clear that the people in the
bar took the money but we
couldn't just search everybody
who was there.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
Move the answer be stricken.

JUDGE NOLAND
Sustained
(to the witness)
The court isn't interested in
what is "pretty clear" to you.
The fact is that you cannot
produce the money in court.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COP #1
No, Your Honor.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
No further questions.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Remy sits impassively as Anne examines George Joel, the sweating tavern owner. He's sweating here, too.

ANNE
Did the defendant promise that he would cause the uniformed officers to cease their harrassment of you?

GEORGE JOEL
If I pay him, he would.

ANNE
And what would have happened if you did not make this payment to the defendant?

GEORGE JOEL
If I don't pay, the police close me down.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Remy's lawyer cross-examines.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
Have you ever been arrested?

ANNE
Prosecution will stipulate that the witness is currently under indictment and reminds the court that clergymen and bankers are seldom witnesses at criminal trials.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
Isn't it true that you would say anything the prosecution wanted you to say in order to avoid being sent back to prison?

GEORGE JOEL
Yes.

ANNE

Objection.

GEORGE JOEL

I mean, no! I got mixed up!

ANNE

Move this all will stricken.

JUDGE NOLAND

Sustained. Strike question
and answer. Both answers.

INT. THE COURTROOM --LATER

The Judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE NOLAND

Court is adjourned until ten
o'clock tomorrow morning.

Anne, tight-lipped and serious, gets up immediately and packs her briefcase. From the other counsel table Remy watches her snap the briefcase shut and leave. She doesn't look at him or at anyone else. Remy watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANDINO WAREHOUSE--NIGHT

A corrugated metal warehouse near the river. FIRE ALARMS are RINGING. Smoke pillows through windows and garage doors; the glow of a fire inside. We hear SIRENS approaching. A few passers-by are gathering.

Suddenly, an EXPLOSION inside blows out the front doors, knocking several pedestrians off their feet.

CUT TO:

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--BEDROOM--NIGHT

The RINGING PHONE wakes Remy out of a sound sleep.

REMY

(to phone)

It's three in the goddam
morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOMBED-OUT WAREHOUSE--NIGHT

Firetrucks, police cars and TV news crews are parked in front of the bombed out building; a crowd has gathered behind the police lines. Detective McCabe is talking to Remy from a phone booth.

MCCABE

It's McCabe, Remy, sorry to bother you but somebody just blew up Carmone Tandino's warehouse--with him in it.

REMY

(off)

Jesus Christ!

MCCABE

Yeah! There's another body here - no I.D., nobody knows him; maybe you can make him.

REMY

(off)

I'll be right down.

MCCABE

You better not come here, Remy, The Deputy Supe is here talking to the TV guys. Meet us at the morgue in an hour.

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Remy is getting dressed as he talks with McCabe.

REMY

It's a free country. I'll meet you at the scene in fifteen minutes.

He hangs up and immediately starts to dial another number.

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Although it's after three in the morning Anne - dressed in a terry cloth bathrobe- is wide awake and working at her dining room table, which is stacked with papers and documents.

ANNE'S POV - TABLE STREWN WITH DOCUMENTS

Among the documents is Remy's file, and in the middle of it is a photo of Remy as an angelic altar boy. Anne is drawing a pair of horns and a devil's tail onto Remy's picture. The phone RINGS. She grabs it on the first ring.

ANNE

Anne Osborne.

REMY

(off)

Carmine Tandino was just killed at his warehouse on the Third Street Wharf. I thought you'd want to know.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOMBED-OUT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Remy's on foot, keeping in the shadows on the dark street. Reporters and TV camera are gathered around Captain Kellom. Remy slips behind the police barricades. A UNIFORMED COP starts him away, then recognizes him.

UNIFORMED COP

Hey, Lieutenant. -

Remy silences him with a finger to his lips, slips inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The warehouse is filled with MARDI GRAS FLOATS, each carrying gigantic papier mache' FIGURES of greek gods, celebrities, naked women, etc. As Remy threads his way through this phantasmagorical tableau toward the still-smoking scene of the explosion, McCabe appears at his side, punches him in the arm.

MCCABE

Hey, Remy I told you not to come.

REMY

I'm not here. Where are the stiffs?

MCCABE

This way. It looks to me like this - the killer sets a fire to destroy the bodies, the fire hits a gas tank on one of the floats, the gas tank explodes - and the explosion blows out the fire.

Remy pats McCabe on the head.

REMY

How did you identify Tandino?

McCabe smiles with relish, opens her hand: a glass eye lies in her palm.

REMY

Carmine Tandino's glass eye!
Way to go, kid.

MCCABE

Come down here a minute. This is the second stiff - we don't know who he is.

She leads him behind a charred float, where a partially burned body lies face up on the floor.

MCCABE

It looks like this guy was hiding back here when they killed Tandino.

REMY

Shit, I know who it is. It's Tandino's older brother.

MCCABE

I didn't know he had a brother.

REMY

Not many people did. Poor guy was retarded. Family kept him at home, and he did some work sweeping up the warehouse. Jesus Christ, they killed a poor retarded guy.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Anne enters at a fast pace into the darkened warehouse. Captain Kellom is puffing to keep up with her.

KELLOM

This is where they keep some of the floats for Mardi Gras. Look at this one over here. Ain't it beautiful?

But Anne isn't interested. She's barrelling her way toward the lit-up scene of the crime.

ANNE'S POV - THE CRIME SCENE

The usual Photographers and Forensic Technicians are doing their work. Someone is crouched over the body, blocking it from our view. As he rises and turns, we see that it's Remy. He grins.

ANNE
(to Kellom, outraged)
What is this man doing here?

KELLOM
(to McCabe)
What is this man doing here?

Before McCabe can answer, Remy comes up to them.

REMY
More to the point, what are
you doing here?

KELLOM
Yes, what are you doing here?

ANNE
I got an anonymous phone call.
She brushes past Remy to look at the body.

SHOCK CUT - CARMINE TANDINO'S BODY

All charred and blackened. There is a gaping hole
in the chest.

MCCABE
(with glee)
They ripped the heart right
out of his chest.

Anne starts to get dizzy. Remy catches her, tries to
put his arms around her. She angrily shoves him away.
Pulls herself together.

ANNE
(to McCabe)
Why would they do a thing
like that?

MCCABE
Voodoo.

REMY
Daddy Mention.

ANNE
Daddy Mention? The black
heroin kingpin?

REMY
(nods)
And voodoo priest.

MCCABE
Black magic. Gris-gris. That's
Daddy Mention's thing.

REMY
"The heart of your enemy makes
you strong".

ANNE
So you're saying that Daddy
Mention killed Carmine Tandino.
(Remy nods)

Supporting your theory that
Tandino killed Daddy Mention's
men in the projects the other
night?

REMY
So what we got a nice little
gang war going here.

KELLOM
(noticing Anne's
skeptical look)
Doesn't it satisfy you,
Ms. Osborne?

ANNE
Not particularly.
(to Remy)
I'll see you in court tomorrow,
Mr. McSwain.

She turns on her heel and stalks off. Remy throws an
arm over Kellom's shoulder. McCabe punches Remy in the
arm.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The spectators, almost all Remy's family, watch as Anne
cross-examines Remy on the witness stand. Mama, prominent
in the front row, is sitting on the edge of her seat, her
face registering every emotional shift as the drama unfolds.

ANNE
You have testified that you
went to the tavern to see an
informer.

REMY
Yes ma'am.

ANNE

If it is true that you were engaged in your duties as a policeman, why did you run away from the Internal Affairs Officer?

REMY

He did not identify himself as a cop. I thought he was a mugger.

ANNE

Were you armed?

REMY

Yes.

ANNE

And you ran away from a mugger?

REMY

I was trying to call for assistance, which is proper police procedure.

Mama nods with approval, nudges Aunt Emmeline beside her.

ANNE

They why did you chew up and swallow the envelope?

REMY

That's ridiculous, I did no such thing.

ANNY

Then where is the envelope?

REMY

What envelope?

ANNE

The envelope that George Joel gave to you. The envelope that contained eight fifty-dollar bills --

LAMAR PARMENTEL

(interrupting)

Objection, Your Honor! Counsel is drawing conclusions --

JUDGE NOLAND

Sustained.

ANNE

(continuing)

--the eight fifty-dollar bills
that you threw into the air!
The envelope that you ate!

Mama clutches her heart, stung by the vehemence of
Anne's anger.

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Objection!

JUDGE NOLAND

Sustained!

Anne suddenly shuts up. A murmur goes through the
courtroom.

ANNE

No further questions, Your Honor.

JUDGE NOLAND

Thank you, Mr. McSwain. You
may step down.

Remy steps down and returns to his seat, never taking his
eyes off Anne. She won't look at him. But finally, she
does. Mama, sees this.

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Your Honor, the defense at this
time moves for dismissal.

The spectators become silent; they know this is the key
moment.

ANNE

May I be heard on the motion,
Your Honor?

JUDGE NOLAND

Miss Osborne.

ANNE

Your Honor, the State has shown
that the defendant was present
at the place and time the crime
was committed and has presented
testimony by police officers
linking the defendant to the
crime, in addition to eyewitness
testimony.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
By a convicted felon.

ANNE
The credibility of the witness
is not at issue in a preliminary
hearing -- that is for a jury
to decide.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
May I be heard, Your Honor?

JUDGE NOLAND
Mr. Parmentel.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
The State has failed to establish
any crime at all. All that's
been proven is that the defendant
was present in the Toulouse Bar &
Grill which was open for business
at the time.

JUDGE NOLAND
It is the ruling of this court
that there is no prima facie
case against the defendant. The
charges are therefore dismissed.
The defendant is ordered released
and bail is vacated.

LAMAR PARMENTEL
Thank you, Your Honor.

JUDGE NOLAND
Court is adjourned.

The family engulfs Remy, Uncles, Cousins, pumping his
hand, pounding his back. Mama plants a big kiss on Lamar
Parmentel's cheek.

Remy watches Anne alone at the counsel table, packing her
briefcase, disgusted. She squeezes through the crowd,
throws a sidelong glance at Remy as she goes.

He's staring right at her. She turns quickly away,
hurrying out.

Remy is whispering to UNCLE SAL. They are both watching
the departing figure of Anne. Uncle Sal is nodding.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEVEE BY THE RIVER - LATE AFTER - DAY

Anne is running. In well-worn sweat-clothes, on top of the high levee that separates the river from the city. Running purges her demons. As she runs, all the anger and humiliation of the courtroom begin to disappear from her face.

She glances over her shoulder, notices a police car, pacing her from behind on the road below. She keeps running in long, loping strides. Then looks back again.

ANNE'S POV - THE POLICE CAR

Suddenly its flashing blue light goes on, and the car veers off the road and accelerates up the grassy incline to the top of the levee.

Anne stops, frightened. The police car pulls up beside her. Uncle Sal steps out.

UNCLE SAL

Miss Osborne, would you please
come with me?

ANNE

What? Where?

UNCLE SAL

I'm sorry, ma'am, I'm not
at liberty to say.

He takes her gently by the elbow, starts to lead her toward the car.

ANNE

What's this supposed to be,
a joke?

UNCLE SAL

No ma'am.

ANNE

Am I under arrest?

Uncle Sal shrugs.

ANNE

What's the charge?

UNCLE SAL

(looks around)

Well, you jaywalked on the way
over here.. you've been trespassing
since you went through that hole
in the fence...

She yanks her elbow from his grasp.

UNCLE SAL

(continuing)

And that could be construed
as resisting arrest.

Ann glowers at him.

ANNE

Haven't I seen you before?..
Is your name, by any chance,
McSwain?

Uncle Sal smiles, nods, guides her into the car.

ANNE

(burning)

I should have known.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAMA'S YARD - NIGHT

ON A "CAJUN SQUEEZE-BOX" (FRENCH ACCORDION)

playing, CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal an impromptu family
band on the porch -- squeeze box, fiddle, washboard,
triangle, and Remy on the guitar, singing backup harmony
to Uncle Lafayette's rendition of "Ma Negresse". People
are dancing on a big piece of linoleum spread out on the
grass.

Remy's brother, Bobby, is dancing with McCabe, who looks
like a girl for the first time. Kellom is presiding over
the barbeque, wearing a chef's toque, and a t-shirt
emblazoned with a flaming bottle of Tabasco sauce. Several
dogs watch him expectantly. The song ends. Everybody
cheers. Dodge hands Kellom a beer, and Kellom steps up
onto the porch to make a speech.

KELLOM

Boy, these Cajuns know how to
throw a party, don't they?
(cheers)

KELLOM (continued)

Lemme get serious for a minute. Those of us on the force know that injustice is often a part of a policeman's lot in life: long hours, short pay, mortal danger and never a thanks from the public which we serve. Yet there are moments like this one, where justice triumphs, and that makes it all worthwhile. So now, I invite you ladies and gentlemen, to raise your cups along with me. I give you...the Police Department of the City of New Orleans!

COUSIN NICK

And the Fire Department!

KELLOM

That's right, the Fire Department, too!

Everybody joins in the toast Kellom gives Remy a big bear hug. Remy's embarrassed, squirms out of his grasp. The band starts up again.

A pair of headlights crosses the bride and parks on the road in front of the house -- it's Uncle Sal's police car. Remy starts across the lawn toward the car. Anne comes bursting out of the back seat and storms up to him.

ANNE

So now you're adding kidnapping and false arrest to the list of your crimes.

REMY

Why you're not under arrest. Did Uncle Sal here give you that impression?

(to Uncle Sal)

Apologize to the lady, Sal.

UNCLE SAL

I'm sorry for the misunderstanding, Miss Osborne.

ANNE

And now you're going to tell me I'm free to go.

REMY

Absolutely. You're free to go anytime you want.

ANNE

Where's the phone?

REMY

(pointing)

In the house. Come on,
I'll show you.

ANNE

I can find it myself.

She brushes past him, suddenly finds herself facing a swarm of dancing, drinking cops and Cajuns. She takes a deep breath and starts through them toward the house. Familiar faces from the courtroom glance at her - - some benignly curious, others hostile.

VOICE

(off)

What's she doing here?

Remy starts to follow her, when he is sidetracked by his nephew, Justin, 7, tugging at his trousers.

REMY

Hey, Justin.

JUSTIN

The judge said you were innocent
Uncle Remy. I told everyone
you would never do what they said
you did.

REMY

Yeah, that's what the judge said.

Remy sweeps the kid up onto his shoulders and dances him through the crowd looking for Anne.

109 OMITTED

108 -

INT. MAMA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

Anne is on the telephone. Her voice is raised, her frustration evident.

ANNE

How soon can you be here!

Suddenly, Mama comes bustling out of the kitchen carrying a huge bucket of crawfish.

MAMA

You said some pretty strong things about my boy in the courtroom today.

ANNE

Yes, I did.

MAMA

He's a good boy.

ANNE

He could be a hell of a lot better.

MAMA

(a smile)

Well, Cher...you got your work cut for you on that score...

EXT. MAMA'S YARD - SAME

Remy, playing in the band, watches Anne emerge from the house. Mama follows her, and carries the bucket of crawfish to a big lawn table, where she dumps it into a bright red mound.

Anne watches from a few yards off as people gather around and dig in. Captain Kellom and DeSoto are eating voraciously, their mouths and hands dripping with sauce. Kellom spots Anne and he and De Soto carry a serving of crawfish over to her.

KELLOM

Never eat crawfish before? Here, look, you bust off the tail like this...then you pinch the shell 'till it cracks, peel it open and take out the meat...

(he demonstrates
smacking his lips)

good eatin'.

Anne looks on, a small smile creasing her face.

KELLOM

(continuing)

If you're Cajun, you suck the head. I'm Irish, so I give it to DeSoto.

DeSoto and Kellom laugh as DeSoto sucks the crawfish's head.

ON THE PORCH:

Remy, playing with the band, looks across the crowd toward Anne. He steps to the front of the porch and sings to her.

REMY

"You used to call me in the morning. You used to call me late at night...Now you don't call me anymore. Why, oh why; Why, tell me why, why don't you call me anymore?"

(to Uncle Lafayette)

et toi...

Uncle Lafayette takes a solo on the squeeze box. Remy puts down his guitar, steps off the porch.

EXT. BACKYARD-SAME

Remy approaches Anne.

REMY

Does the lady care to dance?

ANNE

No.

REMY

(taking Anne's arm)

I cut a hell of a rug, you know.

ANNE

(glaring at Remy's hand coldly)

Take your hand off me.

COUSIN NICK

(suddenly)

Come on, dance with the boy!

Anne finds herself innundated with Remy's family and friends. Her cheeks burn as all call on her to dance with Remy, literally shoving the two together. Finally, against her will, and only under the joyful pressure from those assembled does she agree. The music strikes up once again. A cheer rises from the crowd, and Remy escorts Anne out to the makeshift dance floor. Remy is at his most charming. Anne glares. When the band finishes...

ANNE

Satisfied?

REMY

Still mad at me, huh?

ANNE

You don't get it, do you.
I hate everything you stand
for...you're a cop...you're
supposed to uphold the law,
but you make a mockery of it.
You bend it...you twist it...
and you sell it. I saw
you take that bribe, resist
arrest, tamper with evidence
and perjure yourself under
oath.

REMY

And run a red light...don't
forget that.

ANNE

And you still think it is
funny. Face it, Remy,
you're not one of the Good
Guys anymore.

Anne turns and walks away. Remy watches her go.
His face frozen. A taxi comes over the bridge and
pulls up in front of the house. Anne trots toward
it, and quick jumps in. Justin appears from behind
a parked car, staring at Remy, having heard it all.

INT. TAXI--NIGHT

Tears are pouring down Anne's face, as the taxi
speeds across the bridge over the Industrial Canal.

EXT CANAL BRIDGE--SAME

This canal connects the Mississippi to Lake
Ponchartrain through a series of locks. The taxi
ROARS over the metal bridge. CAMERA PANS DOWN:
Two BLOATED BODIES float in the lock.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION--INTERROGATION ROOM #1 -- DAY

Guerra and Duvivier are dividing up the stacks of greasy bills again. Remy's head pops in the door.

DUVIVIER

Remy! Good to see you back!

REMY

Say, listen boys. I want you to do me a favor.

GUERRA

Sure, Remy. Anything.

REMY

Take me off the pad.

DUVIVIER

What?

REMY

Take me off the pad.

Duvivier and Guerra look at each other, dumbfounded.

GUERRA

What do you mean take you off the pad?

REMY

I don't mean anything, just take me off.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Remy hurries past the glassed-in security booth of the Property Room. There's a new YOUNG GUY behind the desk. He waves eagerly to Remy. Remy ignores him, keeps going. Kellom comes down the stairs, catches up to Remy, shoves some papers into his hand.

KELLOM

Look at this!

Remy looks at the papers, reacts, startled.

REMY

What is this? Retirement papers? You? You finally did it?

KELLOM

December thirty-first you become the ranking officer in the Homicide Bureau. I'm

REMY

I don't believe you.

KELLOM

Your mother didn't believe me either.

REMY

You asked her to marry you?

KELLOM

New Year's Day...and I'd be honored if you'd accept to be my best man.

Remy's speechless. He wraps Kellom in a hug.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM--DAY

CLOSE ON SIX TALL GLASSES

hands reach in, dropping Alka-Seltzer, tomato juice, Worcestershire sauce, and, finally, a raw egg into each glass. Dodge and DeSoto are mixing hangover tonic for McCabe, Foster, and two others. McCabe, in particular, looks terrible. Remy enters, as the glasses are grabbed.

DODGE

Welcome back, Remy!

Everyone raises their glasses to toast him.

REMY

All right all right, nobody ever died of a hangover!

Remy hurries across the squad room. Dewey Piersall, former property clerk, is now ensconced at a corner desk, on the phone. He gives Remy the high sign as he passes. Remy ducks into his office, picks up the phone, dials.

REMY

Anne Osborne, please.
Detective McSwain calling.

He sticks his head out into the squad room.

REMY
(continuing)
McCabe, Dodge, DeSoto, Foster--
my office. Bring everything
you've got.

(continuing to phone)
All right. Tell her I'll
call back later.

INT. REMY'S OFFICE--DAY

He hangs up the phone as the four detectives jostle into the tiny room, dumping files on Remy's desk, fighting to get to the single empty chair. DeSoto gets it. They're like a football team grabassing in the locker room. Remy flips through the files.

REMY
(continuing)
McCabe, what've you got that's
new?

MCCABE
(groans, hung over)
Foster has an interesting
angle on the Freddie Angelo
Murder.
(to Foster)
You tell him.

FOSTER
Second Division fished two
floaters out of the canal
last night. They turned
out to be Mexican "deep sea
fishermen..."

DODGE
...suffering from an acute
case of lead poisoning.

DeSoto cracks up at Dodge's feeble joke; offers
around Maalox tabs.

FOSTER
They worked out of Veracruz.
Long records of smuggling.

REMY

What's this got to do with
Freddie Angelo?

FOSTER

Turns out Mexican customs had
a wiretap on these two guys.
Guys who the last call they
got was from?

REMY

Freddie Angelo.

FOSTER

Right. And we know that Freddie
Angelo went to Veracruz three
days before he was killed.

DESOTO

Narcotics says Freddie never
dealt personally with less
than twenty, thirty keys.

REMY

Now, that could explain a gang
way. One kilo of heroin always
seemed too small-time for eight
people to get killed over. But
twenty, thirty keys makes a lot
more sense. So where's the rest
of it?

Nobody answers.

REMY

(continuing)

Did anybody talk to Daddy Mention?

DODGE

(shrugs)

What's he gonna tell us? Where
he's got it stashed?

REMY

(getting angry)

It's not what he says, it's what you hear, asshole! You're supposed to be detectives, for Chrissake. Daddy Mention is the Number One suspect in a string of murders you're supposed to be investigating, and you don't even go talk to the guy?

McCABE

Well, we all know it's a gang war. Doddy Mention's trying to move in on Vinnie's actions.

REMY

It's all very neat, but I don't buy it anymore.

DESOTO

Why not? Sounded great to me.

REMY

Anne Osborne.

DODGE

What the hell does she know about it?

REMY

I don't know what she knows. But she knows something. Which is more than you can say for yourselves. You haven't done shit since I've been gone.

DODGE

They're doing our jobs for us.

DESOTO

One creep kills another creep, that's one less creep we have to worry about.

FOSTER

Why not let 'em wipe each other out?

REMY

Because we're The Police. That's why not. The Good Guys, remember? I'm going to talk to Daddy Mention.

He stalks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASIN STREET--DAY

Anne is walking along the street bordering St. Louis No. 1 Cemetery, with Lamar Parmentel, her former courtroom rival. The cemetery is a city of above-ground tombs. We hear, in the distance, the sound of a approaching BRASS BAND playing a very fast rendition of Professor Longhair's "Goin' to Mardi Gras."

LAMAR PARMENTEL

You really should become a defense lawyer, my dear. You meet a much more colorful class of people. You're going to love Daddy Mention. He's a doctor of root, fruits, and snoots.

ANNE

Is there anybody you wouldn't represent?

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Darlin', every man is entitled to the best defense money can buy.

They turn the corner to find their way blocked by a black HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND rehearsing intricate synchronized steps in the middle of the street. Lamar Parmentel hurries Anne across the street, to Daddy Mention's "Maison des Dieux"-- an old, two-story wooden house, the bottom half of which is a "gris-gris" shop. A bunch of BLACK KIDS play on the sidewalk, under the watchful eyes of two WOMEN knitting on the porch.

ANNE

Why does he want to see me?

LAMAR PARMENTEL

(knowingly)

Actually, it was my idea. I thought you might be interested in what he has to say about the rash of killings we've had of late.

INT. DADDY MENTION'S MAISON DE DIEUX--SAME

It's a cluttered shop, crammed to the rafters with herbs, remedies, John the Conqueror roots, feathers, statuettes, potions, gris-gris, candles--voodoo paraphernalia. A beautiful mulatto woman greets Anne and Lamar Parmentel as they enter. Children play underfoot, as she elads them to the back of the store, through a beaded curtain, and into

INT. ANTEROOM--SAME

Daddy Mention, a protly, serene, middle-aged black man, greets them in extravagant splendor. His long frizzy gray hair stands on end, as if 2,000 volts of electricity are shooting through his body. Three more KIDS run, screaming, through the room.

ANNE

(to Daddy Mention)

Are they all yours?

DADDY MENTION

Twenty-one children and fourteen grandchildren. I got lost on one of the bible verses that said "Be fruitful and multiply." I didn't read no further.

(looks her over)

You're a very lovely lady. Mr. Parmentel tells me you're doing some wonderful work, rooting out corruption in the Police Department.

ANNE

Let's get down to business, shall we?

LAMAR PARMENTEL

She's not a woman who stands
on ceremony.

DADDY MENTION

Fine, fine. I like a lady
who's serious about her work.
Mr. Parmentel tells me you've
been looking into the murders
of them Italian boys.

ANNE

Freddie Angelo and Carmine
Tandino. That's right. As
well as Jamaal Washington,
Michael and Darnell Nobilier,
all of whom allegedly worked
for you.

DADDY MENTION

The police are putting out
this story that there's a gang
war going on. Do you believe
that?

ANNE

What do you believe?

DADDY MENTION

It's not what I believe, it's
what I know. I know there
ain't no gang war going on.
My people didn't kill no
Freddie Angelo or no what's-
his-name, Tandino and cut
out his heart out.

ANNE

So, who did it?

DADDY MENTION

I don't know. But they're
killing my people, too.

ANNE

Why haven't you told this to
the police?

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Daddy's had some unfortunate
experiences talking with the
police.

A small boy, RODNEY, pokes his head through the
beaded curtain.

RODNEY

Policeman to see you, Daddy.

With a speed hard to imagine in a man of his size,
Daddy Mention disappears from the room into the bowels
of the house. Lamar Parmentel steps out through the
beaded curtain.

INT. MAISON DES DIEUX--SAME

Remy is waiting impatiently in the shop. He laughs as
he sees Lamar Parmentel step through the curtain.

REMY

Lamar! Don't tell me you
represent this sleazebag?

LAMAR PARMENTEL

I only represent sleazebags,
my boy.

Just then, Anne steps out of the anteroom.

ANNE

What are you doing here?

REMY

I want to talk to him.

ANNE

I don't think he wants to
talk to you.

REMY

I didn't know you two were
so close.

FOUR SHOTGUN BLASTS resound from the back of the house; followed by SCREAMS of women and children. Drawing a snub-nosed pistol from each hip, Remy runs down the hall.

REMY

(continuing)

Stay here!

LAMAR PARMENTEL

Wouldn't have it any other way.

Anne runs after Remy, through a tide of panicked WOMEN and CHILDREN, down a long hallway, through a brightly-lit, steamy kitchen, and out into the

EXT. BACK YARD--SAME

Lush, overgrown, Daddy Mention lies dead in the doorway of a small voodoo shrine. Nearby, a wounded, BLEATING goat. We hear the second line rhythms of the BRASS BAND (OFF), leaving the cemetery. Then, we hear the SQUEAL of tires from beyond the ten-foot-high wall at the back of the yard.

Anne runs up behind Remy. He sprints to the wall, leaps, catches the top, and vaults over.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DADDY MENTION'S--SAME

Remy comes over the top of the wall, drops to the ground. The alley is T shaped--he's in the top of the T.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A four-door brown Ford is speeding toward him, up the leg of the T. Remy rolls to avoid the oncoming car. Brakes SQUEAL, the Ford swerves right along the top of the T, roars off. Remy scrambles to his feet, FIRING.

EXT. DADDY MENTION'S BACK YARD--SAME

Anne hears the shots. With surprising agility, she kicks off her high-heeled shoes, and scales the oak tree that grows by the wall. She clambers out onto a branch that overhangs the alley.

ANNE's POV--THE ALLEY

The brown Ford SCREECHES to a halt, as a garbage truck comes lumbering up the narrow alley, blocking its escape. The Ford goes into reverse and peels backwards down the alley--right at Remy.

REMY

FIRES two quick shots at the Ford that's about to run him down, then sprints toward the side of the alley. But the Ford turns, following-- an incredibly skillful move, as the Ford is speeding in reverse--and Remy jumps up the wall he just come over--dropping his gun. His fingers just catch the top of the wall.

CLOSE ON THE WALL

Remy barely manages to haul his legs out of the way as the Ford zooms by under him, scraping the wall beneath him.

REMY

drops to the ground.

THE FORD

barrels backwards, now with a clear path to the mouth of the alley.

ANNE

wrenches a birdhouse from a branch of the tree.

REMY

dives for his gun.

ANNE

hurls the birdhouse down upon the escaping Ford.

THE FORD

The birdhouse SMASHES the front window. The car speeds backwards toward the mouth of the alley, swerving left and right, banging and bouncing off the walls,

REMY

runs down the alley after the Ford.

EXT. BASIN STREET--SAME

The wounded Ford comes spinning out of the alley, scattering the Marching Bandmembers in every direction.

OMITTED

EXT. ALLEY--SAME

Anne drops down from the tree. Remy grabs her by the shoulders, shakes her.

REMY

What's the goddamn secret? No bullshit now Anne. What's this evidence you people have of police involvement in the Freddie Angelo killing?

Anne is startled by his intensity but not shaken by it; she thinks for a second.

ANNE

I gather you're beginning to think that the cops were involved.

REMY

Yes.

ANNE

Why?

REMY

That was an unmarked police car--a piece-of-shit four-door with no chrome. Besides, you know anybody that can drive like that? The only way to learn those kind of moves is years of pursuit driving... Now, what do you know?

ANNE

We have an eyewitness who saw two men in an unmarked police car dump Freddie Angelo's body in the Piazza d'Italia.

REMY

How did they know it was an unmarked police car?

ANNE

She saw the blue light and the radio on the seat.

REMY

Why did you withhold that information from the police?

ANNE

Because the police are the suspects.

Remy's face is a map of devastation, as this information sinks in.

REMY

(to himself)

There is no gang war, is there.

Remy looks around, coming out of his daze. Band members are picking themselves up. One or two people are down and bleeding. The WAILING of Daddy Mention's family pours over the wall. A police car pulls up on Basin Street; we hear other sirens approaching.

ANNE

So what are you going to do about it?

Remy rubs his eyes and forehead. The more he thinks about this, the more painful it is.

REMY

I don't know. The Police Department is my goddamn family.

ANNE

These people are killers,
Remy.

Remy looks at her intensely. He replaces his pistol in its holster. He's shaken, thinking hard. Two more police cars pull up. Remy watches the boys in blue jumping out of their cars, guns drawn throwing their weight around--all murder suspects, for the first time.

REMY

(almost a whisper)

What do you want me to do?
Go undercover in my own
precinct house...?

ANNE

I've got a better idea...

Remy looks at her curiously. A fourth police car pulls up near the mouth of the alley. A UNIFORMED COP recognizes him.

UNIFORMED COP

Hey, Lieutenant!

Remy grabs Anne by the hand, drags her back down the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE NOLAND'S CHAMBERS--DAY

Anne and Remy are already seated in the chambers when Judge Noland, the Judge at Remy's trial, bustles in.

JUDGE

Ah, Miss Osborne, I'm sorry
to keep you--

(breaking off)

Well, Lieutenant, I didn't
expect to see you two together.

REMY
You aren't half as surprised
as I am, Judge.

JUDGE
How can I help you?

ANNE
We have a rather unusual
request for a search warrant.

CUT TO:

EXT. THRID DISTRICT POLICE STATION--DAY

Remy's LeBaron pulls into the red zone in front of the station; Remy and Anne get out. Two uniformed police officers are waiting on the sidewalk for them.

A police car pulls up behind Remy's LeBaron and another pair of uniformed policemen join Remy and Anne on the sidewalk. We recognize all four officers from the party at Remy's mother's house. Remy makes the introductions.

REMY
I don't think you all met the
other night. My uncle Sal,
my cousin Joey, my uncle Frank,
my uncle Steve.

They say hello.

REMY
(coninuing)
Thanks for helping out.

UNCLE SAL
Sure thing, Remy.

INT. THIRD DISTRICT POLICE STATION--LOBBY--DAY

Remy leaves Uncle Sal and cousin Joey just inside the door.

REMY

Check everybody going in or out.
I don't care who they are.

UNCLE SAL

You got it.

The DESK SERGEANT is halfway out of his chair.

DESK SERGEANT

Hey, Remy, what's going on?

But Remy is leading his other uncles into the station house. Anne walks up to the desk.

ANNE

Are you the desk officer
on duty?

DESK SERGEANT

What do I look like-- The
King of Mardi Gras?

ANNE

Then this is for you.

She hands him a document in a blue legal cover. He looks it over incredulously.

DESK SERGEANT

What the hell?

Captain Kellom enters the station.

DESK SERGEANT

(continuing)

Hey, Captain! Some broad's
here with a search warrant!

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD DISTRICT POLICE STATION--ROSTER ROOM-DAY

A crowd of unrely UNIFORMED COPS presses into the main squad room. Guerra and Duvivier exchange nervous glances.

GUERRA

Do you believe this shit?

The ANGLE WIDENS to SHOW Remy addressing the troops. Anne stands beside him rather intimidated by the loud grumbling of the officers.

REMY

Then I want you to give me your ticket books and radio call logs, your mileage logs, and your TC 14's. Covering the dates in question.

GUERRA

I was on the day shift all week!

REMY

I don't care--I want this from all shifts.

DUVIVIER

Son of a bitch!

And other grumbles grow louder--but they are cut off suddenly as the men notice Captain Kellom walking through the room.

KELLOM

May I interrupt, Lieutenant?

REMY

Of course, Captain.

KELLOM

We have been served with a legitimate court order and even thought we may not understand it, we have to obey it. Now I want you men to remember that the lieutenant here is one of our own--he's no shoefly-- and this investigation is for the good of the department. Not only that, Miss Osborne here is an assistant D.A. and I expect you to respect her like you would me. You better be aware that any officer who does not willingly, fully and cheerfully cooperate with this investigation is going to wish his father and mother had never met. Is that clear? Any questions?

Evidently it's quite clear. There are no questions.

KELLOM

Very well.

(whispers to Remy)

I wish you'd come to me with this Remy. There are ways to handle these things.

He stalks off; there is a sigh of relief in his wake, but no more complaints.

REMY

I know this is a pain in the ass, but if it makes you feel any better once we get through here we're going to do the whole thing again with the detectives upstairs.

INT. PPOLICE STATION--LOBBY--DAY

Dodge and DeSoto are about to leave the building, when Remy's Uncle Sal steps in front of them.

SAL

Sorry boys. I got orders to pat everybody down.

They shrug, hold up thier hands. Sal kneels, patting Dodge's ankles and legs.

DESOTO

I tell ya, Sal, this lawyer is leading Remy around by his nose.

DODGE

Try his dick.

Sal frisks the inside of Dodge's thighs.

DODGE

Ooh, Sal I love it.

Sal pushes him away, turns to DeSoto. DeSoto immediately pulls up his trouser leg, revealing a small pistol in an ankle holster, and a hunting knife strapped to his calf.

He starts pulling things out of pockets and hidden recesses of his clothing; a small automatic, a tiny deringer, a sap, a switchblade knife. Sal laughs, looks the stuff over.

SAL

Not what I'm looking for.
Get outta here.

CUT TO:

INT SQUAD ROOM--REMY'S OFFICE--DAY

Remy and Anne are on opposite sides of Remy's desk, each interviewing an officer.

McCabe, Foster, Dewey Piersall and several other detectives are lined up outside the door, waiting their turns. Their faces wear expressions that range from annoyance to outrage. As we move into the room, we catch a snatch of Remy's conversation.

REMY

That's car seventeen?

DETECTIVE NAPOLION

That's right.

REMY

What is your sector?

...while across the seks, Anne talks with another cop...

ANNE

Was the car damaged?

DETECTIVE SHEXNAYDRE

It was in the shop for two days.

ANNE

What was the nature of the damage?

...and behind them, in boxes, are growing piles of evidence: record sheets, ticket books, repair orders and the like...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE GARAGE--DAY

Remy, Anne, Cousin Joey, and the GARAGE DISPATCHER, wander through the cavernous space, looking for the unmarked police car that tried to run Remy down. He spots it in a dark corner, among a bunch of disused vehicles.

REMY

There it is.

DISPATCHER

Uh-uh. Tose are all junkers.
(scans his clipboard)
That baby hasn't been outta
here in three months.

Meanwhile, Anne has gone over to inspect the car more closely.

ANNE

Look...you hit it!

Remy and the Dispatcher join her. She points to the trunk.

INSERT - THE TRUNK

It has a bullet-hole in it.

REMY

(to Joey)

I want this car impounded and
dusted for fingerprints.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION--TWILIGHT

The sun has just set. Anne and Remy come down the steps, laden with folders and manila envelopes, crammed with documents, followed by Remy's four cop relatives. A dozen other cops watch, hostilely, as Remy and Anne shake hands with the relatives; drive off in the LeBaron.

INT. REMY'S LEBARON--SAME

REMY

Eat or work?

ANNE

Work.

REMY

My place or yours?

ANNE

Yours.

Remy looks at her, startled.

ANNE

That way I can leave when I
want to.

Remy grins, steps on the gas; runs a red light.

1 OMITTED

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--KITCHEN--LATER

Remy and Anne are eating "po' boys" (New Orleans hero sandwiches) while they work. Remy frowns at the file he's looking at.

REMY

Have you come across any
pages like this?

ANNE

As if they're Xeroxed. Yes,
I meant to ask you...

REMY

What's the date on yours?

ANNE

October twenty-fourth.

REMY

Mine too.

ANNE

Freddie Angelo night.

She burrows back into her papers.

REMY

It means that they've already covered up the records; we're not going to find anything here.

ANNE

We'll go on looking just in case.

REMY

Right.

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--KITCHEN--LATER

Anne's chin is propped up on her hand, eyes are drooping. Her pencil falls from her fingers, startling her awake. She looks over at Remy

ON REMY

He's working frantically, totally absorbed, shuffling papers, comparing files, jotting down little notes-- he seems to be on to something. Suddenly he stops, lets out a deep breath. He looks ill. Then he notices Anne watching him.

ANNE

Do you have something?

REMY

(startled)

Huh? Why?

ANNE

You look strange.

REMY

Fried oysters at one o'clock in the morning. Why don't we just call it a night.

She picks up the phone, starts to dial.

REMY

Who you calling?

ANNE

A cab.

REMY
Why not stay here?
(at her look)
I'll sleep on the couch.

ANNE
Thanks, anyway...

As Anne finishes dialing, Remy reaches over and disconnects the call.

REMY
You'll be coming back here first thing, anyway. No hanky-panky. I promise. The bed is yours if you want. it.

ANNE
No, thank you. I'd rather go home.

REMY
Come on, Anne. Are you gonna be pissed off at me for the rest of your life?

ANNE
(with a smile)
Maybe.

CUT TO:

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--BEDROOM DOOR--LATER

Remy knocks on the bedroom door.

REMY
Are you decent?

ANNE (O.S.)
Sort of.

Remy sticks his head in the door, sees

ANNE

She's in the bedroom, wearing an old policeman's shirt of Remy's, bent of the sink, her mouth ringed white with toothpaste.

ANNE
I borrowed your toothbrush,
and your shirt...

REMY
Can I get you anything?

ANNE
(wiping her mouth)
No, thanks. I'll be asleep
as soon as my head hits the
pillow.

REMY
Me, too. Goodnight.

ANNE
(calling him back)
Remy. You didn't answer my
question before.

REMY
What question?

ANNE
Did you find something out
tonight that you're not telling
me?

REMY
(a beat, then)
No.

He exits, closing the door.

CUT TO:

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Remy settles into his bed on the couch, then turns
out the light.

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--BEDROOM--NIGHT

Anne is lying in bed with her eyes open.

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Remy's awake, too. He hears a soft metal-on-metal noise like a key in a lock; grabs his .38 off the coffee table and braces himself just inside the front door. The door opens and Remy hits the light switch.

REMY

Freeze.

The light catches Bobby tiptoeing into the apartment.

BOBBY

Jesus, you're gonna give me a heart attack before I'm twenty-one.

REMY

Be quiet. Anne's sleeping in the bedroom.

BOBBY

And you're sleeping on the couch?

REMY

What's it to you?

BOBBY

Where am I supposed to sleep?

Remy just picks up a single pillow from the couch and drops it onto the carpet.

REMY

I thought you college kids liked sleeping on the floor.

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT --BEDROOM--MORNING

A CLAP OF THUNDER. Anne wakes, startled. For a second she doesn't know where she is, but then Remy's shirt reminds her. She gets out of bed, glances out the window---it's pouring rain--goes to the door.

INT. REMY'S APARTMENT--SAME

Anne stumbles out of the bedroom, yawning and rubbing her eyes. Then stops, startled.

ANNE'S POV--THE KITCHEN

A male figure, naked, except for a pair of jeans, bending over, looking into the refrigerator. Then he turns, grins--it's Remy.

Bobby bursts into the room.

BOBBY

Hey, Remy is the coffee ready?
Oh, hey, Annie! How ya doin'?

Remy throws an arm around Bobby's shoulders.

REMY

As a matter of fact, we're all
out of coffee, Bobby.

Remy steers him toward the door.

REMY

(continuing)

Why don't you go out and
get some for us, Bobby?

BOBBY

It's pouring out.

Remy grabs his trenchcoat from the back of the chair, throws it over Bobby's shoulders.

REMY

Take my raincoat, Bobby.

BOBBY

I don't have any money.

REMY

Here's some money, Bobby. Take
a cab to the farthest place you
can think of. Have a large
breakfast. Take in a movie.
Then give me a call.

Remy propels him right out the door, and shuts it. Turns around--no Anne. She's not in the kitchen, she's not in the living room...He spots a cop shirt on the floor, in the doorway to the bedroom. He smiles, picks it up, steps into the doorway.

REMY'S POV.--THE BEDROOM

The bed is neatly made. Anne is getting dressed, slipping back into her all-business mode.

ANNE

We've got to get back to work.

REMY

Absolutely.

He starts toward her.

EXT. REMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING--SAME

HIGH ANGLE--THROUGH A TELESCOPIC SIGHT

We are looking down at the entrance to Remy's building, from a rooftop across the way. The rain is flooding down. Bobby comes out of the building, wearing Remy's trenchcoat hurries up the street. We follow him through our telescopic sight, the crosshairs centering on his back.

Suddenly a BLUR OF NOTION crosses in front of the lens-- a truck passing on the street. The lens searches around, finds Bobby again. The lens shakes, recoiling from the CRACK of the rifle shot.

The bullet smashes into Bobby like the blow from an ax--Bobby is spun around and thrown to the gutter.

INT. REMY'S BEDROOM--SAME

Remy is galvanized by the sound of the rifle shot; crouches at the window on his knees.

ANNE

What was it?

REMY

Step back from the window!

ANNE
What do you see?

REMY
Nothing. Dial 911, say shots
fired, this address--tell them
I'll be in the street

ANNE
Wait!

But Remy is gone.

EXT. REMY'S STREET --DAY

Gun in hand, Remy crouches in the entrance to his building. Down the block, near the Mini-mart, a crowd is gathering. Remy sprints toward the crowd of people. SIRENS are approaching. Some of the people notice Remy.

WOMAN IN CROWD
He's got a gun!

REMY
Police!

Remy bursts through the crowd and sees Bobby lying on his back.

REMY
Oh, Cher.

MAN IN THE CROWD
He's dead.

SECOND MAN
No, look he's breathing.

Remy feels for a pulse then rips away the raincoat-- even though unconscious, Bobby groans from the pain of this. Bobby's been hit just below the shoulder blade on the right hand side; there's an exit wound in front just below his ribs.

Remy tries to make a compress with his handkerchief to plug up the bleeding. Anne appears behind Remy as the first two police cars scream onto the block.

ANNE

Oh, Remy.

REMY

Anne! Reach here and hold this.
Hold it as tight as you can.

Remy guides Anne's hand so that she takes his place holding the compress. Remy hurries away from Bobby's side to flag down the police cars. The lead car comes to a smoking halt inches from him.

REMY

(continuing)

Call in a possible sniper, this location! Open your rear doors!

Remy and one of the PATROLMEN lift Bobby up and into the back of the police car--Anne goes along, deeping the compress in place. She squeezes into the back of the police car, holding Bobby slumped up against her. Bobby's blood is pumping all over Anne's dress.

Remy pushes the patrolman DRIVER across the seat, jumps in behind the wheel, accelerates away, SIREN HOWLING, as four more police cars arrive, COPS jumping out, scanning the rooftops.

INT. HOSPITAL--LATER

Remy, Anne, Mama, Uncle Sal, and Cousin Joey are waiting anxiously outside the Emergency Room Door. Nobody's talking; there are lots of crshed cigarette butts on the floor. Remy has his arm around his mother.

Kellom hurries in, looking distraught. Mama sees him, runs into his arms, crying.

Kellom holds her tight, strokes her hair. Remy walks up to them.

KELLOM

We'll get these bastards,
Remy. I don't care what
it takes.

REMY

(voice trembling)

I want to talk to you, Jack.

MAMA

What is it, cher?

REMY

Nothing, Mama. Police business.

He pushes Kellom firmly toward the door. Anne watches, perplexed. Mama turns to her, worried.

MAMA

What is it? What's going on?

ANNE

I don't know.

She puts her arm around Mama and they both watch as Remy leads Kellom out the door.

EXT. REAR OF HOSPITAL--SAME

Remy and Kellom come out the back door into the grassy grounds of the hospital complex. The lawn is studded with huge, shady live oaks, dripping with Spanish moss. Some children's playground equipment stands, unused, to one side. Remy pushed Kellom roughly.

REMY

You have something to do with this don't you, Jack?

KELLOM

(backing away)

Remy, how could you say such a thing? Bobby is practically my own flesh and blood. Just like you are.

REMY

That bullet was meant for me. Bobby was wearing my coat-- that's why he got it.

KELLOM

Remy, I swear to you, on everthing I hold dear--I had nothing to do with this shooting.

Remy stares at him.

REMY

I was going over the logs last night. Some of them have been tampered with--patrol logs, arrest logs, vehicle logs--all different departments. Only someone in command could have had access to so many different files. That's either you or me.

Kellom eyes Remy suspiciously.

KELLOM

You wearing a wire?

Remy raises his shirt, exposing his bare torso.

REMY

Just you and me. Family

KELLOM

Look, Remy, you don't know how terribly I feel about Bobby. I don't know what happened. Somebody must have panicked. I pray to God the boy's going to be all right... But as for the other stuff, why not just leave it alone?

REMY

Leave it alone? Are you crazy?

KELLOM

What harm has been done? A bunch of Bad Guys have been killed. It looks like they were killing each other off. Why not just leave it at that?

Remy gapes at him-- the scope of what Kellom's done just dawning on him.

REMY

You were behind this whole thing from the very beginning, weren't you? You had Freddie and the Mexicans killed, you ripped off the dope, made it look like a gang war -- the Storyville murders. Carmine Tandino, Daddy Mention, thirty kilos of dope. You gonna swear on my mother you had nothing to do with all of that?

KELLOM

You want me to say I did it? I did it. It was all my idea. And it was a good idea.

REMY

You taught me a lot when I first came on the force. What was okay, what wasn't. Dealing heroin is not okay. Murder is not okay.

KELLOM

Any way you cut it there's five million dollars worth of heroin sitting nice and safe somewhere. That's plenty of pie. You'd be entitled to a fair-sized slice. Take your piece, Remy. Walk away.

REMY

How can I walk away? This isn't weekly pad from the neighborhood businessmen. This is evil, Jack. You're doing an evil thing.

Kellom is hit hard by this. There is a long beat where he searches for something to say.

KELLOM

Maybe you're right, Remy. I don't know anymore. But it's over now. Let an old man retire to spend his golden years with the woman he loves.

Remy punches him in the mouth; knocks him down.j

REMY

If you ever so much as touch
my mother again, I'll kill
you. You're under arrest.

Remy reaches to his belt, pulls out handcuffs. At the same moment, Kellom rolls over, facing Remy with a gun in his hand. At the same moment the

HOSPITAL DOOR

bursts open; Mama runs out, shouting.

MAMA

He's gonna be all right!

She stops short, stunned by the sight that greets her eyes.

MAMA'S POV - REMY AND KELLOM

Kellom's on the ground, pointing a gun at Remy, blood trickling from the side of his mouth. Remy hovers, frozen, over him, holding a pair of handcuffs.

Mama starts running toward them. Remy turns, his back to Kellom, catches Mama in his arms. She looks up at him, pleading.

MAMA

Remy, what...?
(looking past Remy,
to Kellom)
Jack...?

MAMA'S POV-KELLOM

He's on his knees, picking himself up. The gun is no longer in his hand. He looks up at mama, his eyes filled with shame and regret. Then he runs. Far across the spacious lawn.

REMY AND MAMA

watch him go. Mama is crying.

KELLOM

reaches his station wagon; takes one last look back at everything he's lost.

MAMA

(calls to Kellom)

Jack!

Kellom drives off. Remy turns his mother back toward the hospital. Anne is standing in the doorway, watching them.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. ANNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING-DAY

As they enter, Remy goes immediately for the phone in the living room, dials. We follow Anne into her bedroom, where she begins to peel off her blood-stained clothes. She's talking obsessively about the case, trying to figure it out.

ANNE

We know that Kellom has alibis for every single one of the killings. Somebody else must have pulled the trigger. Don't you have any idea who it could be?

REMY

I've run out of ideas.

(to phone)

Homicide? Gimme Detective McCabe...

All right, then, gimme Dodge.

INT. BEDROOM--SAME

ANNE

But we have to keep trying. Let's take a different approach. Where do you think the heroin is? Remy?

Anne goes into the bathroom, turns on the tap.

INT. LIVING ROOM--SAME

Remy is standing on the balcony, watching the traffic on the river, as he talks on the phone to Dodge.

DODGE (O.S.)

Remy, I can't believe it.

REMY

I couldn't believe it, either.
But he admitted it to me,
right to my face.

DODGE (O.S.)

Jesus!... Did he tell you who
was in on it with him?

REMY

Wouldn't say a word.

INT. BATHROOM--SAME

Anne turns off the tap and, crossing back into the bedroom, overhears the tail end of Remy's conversation.

REMY (O.S.)

Find him. Arrest him.

INT. LIVING ROOM --SAME

Remy hangs up. He turns, sees Anne.

(CONTINUED)

REMY

You know that I fixed that case you had against me -- a guy in the Property Room owed me a favor.

ANNE

And you promoted him.

REMY

You knew that, too, huh? Before I got promoted, I was a bagman for Kellom. Just nickel and dime stuff. You figured it's the system, that it's not gonna make any difference if you take a few hundred here and there. You figure you deserve a good life, a decent living for doing a dirty job. You tell yourself you can be just as good a cop.

ANNE

I know.

She starts toward him.

REMY

But you can't.

She reaches out for him, takes Remy in her arms. They kiss tenderly for a moment, then pull away, hold onto each other, look out at the river.

THEIR POV - THE RIVER

A small fishing boat is maneuvering around a huge oil tanker.

ANNE

How did those two Mexican smugglers end up in the Industrial Canal?

REMY

(shrugs)

Floated down from Lake Ponchartrain, I guess.

ANNE

(stopping him)

How did they get there?

REMY

In a boat. How else?

ANNE

What happened to the boat?

REMY

(stunned)

Of course! The dope is on the boat!... Come on, get dressed!

CUT TO:

EXT. BISSO'S MARINE DEMOLITION - STREET

A pair of feet slip through a cyclone gate, and run across a deserted yard, dotted with the gigantic carcasses of rusting machinery. A gravel road leads down to the river, where towering industrial cranes loom over a graveyard of disused blue-collar boats -- tugs, tenders, pushboats, shrimpers, etc. The running feet turn down an offshoot of the dock.

A pair of hands, with a key, unlocks a gate, under a sign reading. "POLICE DEPARTMENT DOCK -- AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY."

The feet step through the gate, head toward a fishing boat, moored between a Cajun pirogue and a thirty-five foot cabin cruiser. As they clamber down onto the boat, we see the legend on the stern:

"LA MORDIDA"
Veracruz

At several places along the side, bright yellow stickers are affixed to the rail. They read: "SEALED BY ORDER -- NEW ORLEANS POLICE DEPARTMENT".

INT. "LA MORDIDA" - CABIN - DAY

Hands pull up the carpet, revealing a seemingly unbroken teak deck. They feel around and find a soft floorboard. Using a knife, they pry up the board. Underneath are stacks of tightly-wrapped clear plastic packets of brownish-white powder, sealed with waterproof tape.

INT. REMY'S LEBARON - TRAVELING - SUNSET

Remy's at the wheel, careening along an endless row of empty and filled warehouses that line the Mississippi.

ANNE

How do you know where this boat is?

REMY

Dodge and DeSoto impounded a boat the night Freddie Angelo was killed.

ANNE

You mean they're the killers? Those two clowns?

CUT TO:

EXT. BISSO'S MARINE SALVAGE - NIGHT

The CAMERA moves across the salvage-strewn yard, through the half-open gate, and creeps slowly toward "La Mordida".

Kellom appears in the doorway of the cabin, coming up the stairs with an armload of plastic packets of heroin. He looks up, straight at the CAMERA.

DODGE (O.C.)

Hey, Captain, you're under arrest.

The deafening BLASTS of two shotguns fire from behind the CAMERA. Kellom is knocked backwards down the stairs. Plastic packets of heroin explode, throwing clouds of white powder in the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS BY RIVER - NIGHT

The ROAR of an oncoming train, conceals the gunshots. Remy's LeBaron shoots across the tracks just before the train comes barreling through.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALVAGE-STREWN YARD - NIGHT

Remy and Anne come down the gravel road and step onto the dock.

EXT. "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY" GATE - SAME

Remy sees the gate is open, pulls his gun, motions Anne to stay there. As soon as he steps through the gate, she follows.

EXT. "LA MORDIDA" - SAME

It's deadly quiet. Remy cautiously approaches "La Mordida", slips down onto the deck, gun poised. He hears a SOUND behind him, whirls, pointing his gun -- it's Anne. He angrily waves her away, but she jumps down beside him onto the boat.

ANNE

(whispers)

Don't tell anybody, but I'm
afraid of the dark.

Remy slides along the wall of the cabin, peeks cautiously around the corner.

REMY'S POV - THE CABIN ENTRANCE

A thin cloud of white powder lingers over the entrance. Broken and shredded packets and mounds of brownish-white powder cover the deck.

Remy steals up to the doorway, kneels, scoops up some heroin, examines it. WE HEAR a GROAN from below. Remy spins, the adrenalin pumping through his veins, pointing the gun down the stairs.

REMY'S POV - THE CABIN

Kellom lies inert at the foot of the steps, covered in blood and brownish-white powder. His eyes flutter open. He sees Remy. He tries to speak.

DODGE (O.C.)

Put down the gun.

Anne turns around, her heart clenching -- Dodge and DeSoto have their shotguns trained on her and Remy. Remy puts down the gun but doesn't otherwise move. He's still staring at Kellom.

KELLOM

I'm sorry...

He dies.

DESOTO

(to Remy)

Now the other one.

Remy does exactly as he's told; takes out his second gun, drops it, rising to face them. His left fist is clenched; he's carefully holding onto the heroin.

DESOTO

(continuing)

We had a perfect situation, and you had to screw it up.

DODGE

You turned on us Remy.

REMY

Maybe we can make a deal...

Anne looks at him, shocked.

ANNE

Remy!

REMY

Shut up!

DESOTO

(laughs)

That's the old Remy!

REMY

What do you say?

DODGE

(motions with shotgun)

Climb up on the dock.

Remy takes Anne's arm to help her jump across the foot of black water between the boat and the dock. Suddenly he flings his handful of heroin into Dodge and DeSoto's faces, shoves Anne down into the water and jumps for the dock; Dodge and DeSoto recover quickly and fire into the dock just behind Remy who rolls across the dock and into the water.

DESOTO

You get him?

DODGE

I don't know. They're both in the water.

DESOTO

Shit!

IN THE WATER

Anne catches hold of the canvas cover of a dinghy hung behind a big Chris-Craft. The black water of the river is freezing cold and Anne is terrified.

UNDER THE DOCK

Remy has swum under the floating dock; he's hanging on to a line dangling from a slip on the opposite side from the point he dove into the water. Cautiously poking his head up, Remy sees...

ANGLE ON POLICE DOCK - REMY'S POV

...Dodge and DeSoto, their back to him, split up to hunt for Remy and Anne. Dodge starts down slip 11 while DeSoto takes slip 15.

ANNE

raises her head above the stern of the Chris-Craft, to see...

DODGE

less than ten feet away.

ANNE

drops down into the water just as DeSoto's shotgun blows a great chunk out of the boat's transom above her head.

SLIP 10

Remy has climbed on board a 30' sailing yacht; he freezes when he hears the SHOTGUN BLAST, then with numb fingers tries to wrench open the cabin hatch. It's no use.

IN THE WATER

Anne is trying to swim silently below the dock. She hears footsteps.

ABOVE HER

Dodge is on the dock, looking into the black water to the right and left.

EXT. POLICE DOCK - SLIP 10 - NIGHT

Remy uses a winch handle to break into the yacht's cabin -- the hatch cover lock gives way with a LOUD CRACK.

DESOTO

three slips away, spins around at the SOUND of the crack. He starts to walk in the direction of the noise.

SAILING YACHT - IN THE CABIN

Remy scrambles around in the dark cabin of the boat. His groping hands locate the radio, but there's no power. Right beside the radio Remy discovers a flare gun and a box of shells.

BELOW THE DOCK

Anne knows that Dodge is directly above her, but her teeth are chattering, she can't help it. She clamps her teeth down on the sleeve of her coat.

SAILING YACHT

Remy, armed with the flare gun, throws the winch handle onto the dock.

DESOTO

fires at the SOUND.

REMY

pops up out of the hatch and fires his flare gun carefully at DeSoto.

DESOTO

catches the flare in his stomach. He screams.

REMY

jumps from the motor-sailer to the slip and from there he jumps on board the next boat, a 35-foot cabin cruiser with a flying bridge.

DESOTO

is on his knees, screaming in agony, as the magnesium flare burns at 2000 degrees in his belly, glowing hellishly so that his abdomen is lit from within.

DODGE

sprints toward his partner, shotgun ready.

DESOTO

slumps backward, unconscious and dying; the grotesque flare still burns in his gut.

BELOW THE DOCK

Anne can't hear anyone above her now. She swims toward the side of the dock and starts to climb up onto it.

REMY

swings out from behind the bridge of the cabin cruiser and tries to get off a shot at Dodge, but...

DODGE

sees the movement and fires at Remy.

THE SHOTGUN BLAST

tears a chunk out of the lower bridge of the cabin cruiser; it just misses Remy, who climbs up...

THE FLYING BRIDGE

right at the top of the cabin cruiser. There's a movement in the corner of his eye; Remy twists and fires.

THE FLARE

ricochets off the dock and arcs up over the small boat harbor, bursting into a red star pattern before hitting the water.

SLIP 16

Dodge fires again at the cabin cruiser, and...

REMY

leaps down off the flying bridge.

DOWN THE DOCK

Anne has now crawled up out of the water onto a slip. She hesitates; should she run for help, stay out of sight, what? Then she sees DeSoto's body and crawls toward it.

DODGE

leaps on board the bow of the cabin cruiser and fires twice at the rear of the boat, where he knows Remy must be lurking. With his pump action shotgun and plenty of shells, Dodge has a big advantage over...

REMY

who tries to reload the single-shot flare gun with frozen fingers as the SHOTGUN BLASTS send splinters flying past him. As soon as it's loaded Remy jumps up and fires.

WIDER ANGLE -- THE FLARE

smashes through the windscreen of the cabin cruiser, flies over Dodge, caroms off a metal fitting and lodges in the hold of "La Mordida". A fire starts at once.

DODGE

leaps up onto the bridge, firing his shotgun.

REMY

jumps off the cabin cruiser to the slip beside it, but too

REVERSE ANGLE - REMY'S POV

Dodge's on top of the bridge, no more than 20 feet away. Remy swiftly jams another shell into his flare gun, but...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...Dodge has plenty of time to bring the shotgun up to his shoulder for a clear shot at Remy.

ANNE

fires the dead man's shotgun at Dodge; the recoil knocks her flat on her back and she misses.

DODGE

whips around, and in that instant...

REMY

fired his flare gun, and...

THE FLARE

smashes into Dodge's back, through the ribs; the white-hot metal instantly vaporizes Dodge's lungs. Dodge pitches forward off the flying bridge, bounces off the railing of the lower bridge, and falls from there into the water. He's dead before he hits it.

WIDE ANGLE.

The fire on "La Mordida" is spreading fast; flames leap up the masts, Anne stands on the dock, still holding the shotgun, water streaming off her. Remy sprints toward her, grabs her hand and they run for shore.

REMY AND ANNE

sprint up the main dock and LEAP toward the shore as
"LA MORDIDA"

EXPLODES with a low WHUMP, sending flaming debris up and out two hundred feet.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Remy and Anne fall onto her bed (as if they had leaped from the dock to here) -- roll together into an embrace.

ANNE

You really had me worried back there... when you offered to make a deal with those animals.

REMY

(grins)

I told you, chere -- we're the Good Guys!

He moves to kiss her.

Suddenly the sounds of TWO BEEPERS go off. Anne and Remy instinctively reach for theirs.

EXT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Two beepers come flying out the window. CAMERA PANS with them as they SPLASH into the river and are carried away by the current.

ROLL END TITLES

as CAMERA SWEEPS over the water, down the river, rising, pulling away from the city, to the tune of ROCKIN' SIDNEY singing "Alligator Waltz".

THE END