

# Tuckahoe

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT.METRO NORTH TRAIN LINE.CITY BOUND - EARLY MORNING

April gives New York one more late night shower and now we see the morning light, bright and clear on this first day of May. The 6:16 local moves toward the station. The large soot covered wheels turn on the shiny metal tracks occasionally throwing up some sparks from the third rail, celebrating the new day. We see the train from above slithering through the early spring growth like a silver snake looking for breakfast.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

One of the amazing things about New York is the number of people who live here. More amazing is the fact that almost a million people travel on trains each day to the city.  
(beat) This is a story about one train and one man's quest to find the answer to the question 'Why?'

EXT.TUCKAHOE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Train blows whistle and slows down as it enters station. We see the station sign: TUCKAHOE. 50 people stand stretched along the platform in the positions they have memorized where their door will open to their car so they can sit in their seat. The Station Square clock clicks from 6:15 to 6:16. We see the commuters creep toward the edge of the platform. We hear the shrill squeak of the brakes and the train comes to a stop. The doors bolt open. A few people get off and then the rush to enter begins.

The conductor in the middle car of the train looks down the platform and sees people entering. Looks back inside and answers a question from an elderly lady in the car. From the end of the platform, we see two shadowy men dressed from head to toe in black. They move as if on air up the small steps at the end of the platform to the last car on the train. We see they have on ski masks and are carrying small automatic weapons. They enter the last car on the train.

INT.LAST CAR ON TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The two men greet the morning travelers with a muted but startling hello. From the middle door, one aims north and the other aims south. Without warning, while people are still trying to settle for the trip to the city, the rapid fire of the Uzi begins.

Methodically, they start with those close up and move toward those further away. The smoke from the hundreds of rounds fills the car. The silencers glow in anger as blood splatters the blue plastic seats. A man reading the newspaper is hit and slumps into his seat. His newspaper falls on his face, blood quickly gets absorbed by the paper. The headline reads MORE DEAD IN IRAQ BOMBING. Men are gasping; Women are screaming finally realizing that this is not a prank or movie. Two people try to go out the back door of the train but are nailed against the door with a hail of bullets. One woman tries to reach the door opener button, only to slump to the floor leaving a trail of blood on the stainless steel door. Back and forth we see the victims slapped around like dolls by the onslaught of destruction. We see an Asian man who closes his eyes and slumps to the floor of the train, his diminutive form able to fit between the seat and the floor.

EXT.TUCKAHOE STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The conductor freed from his consultation looks down the platform sees no one and signals to close the doors. He routinely moves back inside the train.

INT.LAST CAR ON TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The bright red blood on the blue seats and windows of the death car in that moment of silence looks like modern art still life. The two dark forms silently move out of the car a second before the doors close. We see the small Asian man's face on the bloody floor of the train, he opens his eyes and moves his eyes to see if the terror is over.

EXT.TUCKAHOE STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Their athletic bodies in tight black outfits seem to float with ballet grace to the end of the platform and down the steps that brought them to their demonic deed minutes before. The train slowly pulls out of TUCKAHOE station toward the city.

HAUNTING MUSIC UP

EXT.TRACKS BETWEEN TUCKAHOE AND BRONXVILE - CONTINUOUS

The train moves out of the station and down the tracks toward the next station. The engineer in the front of the train smiles out at the new life of spring along the tracks.

CREDITS:

EXT.BRONXVILLE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

People stand anxiously on the Bronxville platform. A man looks at his watch. A young lady pops out one of her ear buds and looks down the track. In the distance, we see the headlight of the train. People move closer to the track and jockey for position.

INT.LAST CAR ON TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

A lifeless form drenched in blood falls to the floor from the train's vibration. The small Asian man looks around again, but is frozen in fear.

EXT.BRONXVILLE STATION - CONTINUOUS

DRAMATIC MUSIC SWELLS

The train rolls into the station. The doors open. The conductor steps out.

CONDUCTOR

Local, this is the local to Grand  
Central.

The ten or so people at the end of the platform see their opportunity to enter the last car unabated. The doors open.

MUSIC STOPS

Those first few people in the cue take one step into the last car and stop. A businessman takes a deep breath and an attractive blonde lets out a blood curling scream that echoes throughout Bronxville station.

EXT.THE IROQUOIS HOTEL NYC - MOMENTS LATER

Anthony BUCK TONELLI, mid-fifties man in a cheap, worn, blue suit stops at the front door and looks at the name above it. He pushes his thinning black hair back and looks at his watch and then walks into the hotel.

INT.THE IROQUOIS HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tonelli quickly looks around and seems irritated as he approaches the concierge desk and speaks in a slight New York accent.

BUCK TONELLI  
Excuse me, did you see a gray-  
haired guy in his sixties looking  
for me?

Young, fairly feminine looking male looks up from his paper.

CONCIERGE  
And who might you be Sir?

Still looking around the room for his meeting.

BUCK TONELLI  
Tonelli, Lt. Buck Tonelli.

CONCIERGE  
Oh, NYPD Blue, how exciting.

BUCK TONELLI  
Tuckahoe Police.

Tonelli finally looks at him and the concierge gives him a big grin.

CONCIERGE  
Oh, the train stop. (beat) Are you  
sure you want the IROQUOIS, or are  
you supposed to be in the  
ALGONQUIN?

Tonelli pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket, holds it far enough away to read it and then shakes his head.

BUCK TONELLI  
Shoot, yeah, where the hell is  
that?

CONCIERGE  
Right next door Sergeant.

BUCK TONELLI  
It's Lieutenant son, thanks.

Tonelli bolts across the lobby and on his way out the front door grabs a pack of matches from a bowl on a table.

INT.THE ALGONQUIN HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli reaches out and shakes the hand of a well-dressed older man. They both sit down in the ornately appointed sitting area.

BUCK TONELLI

Leonard I'm sorry about being late.  
Why did they put two hotels with  
Indian names next to each other?

LEONARD BACHMAN

(laughs) Yeah, well I'm sure  
there's some reason. Buck, I got  
some bad news for you.

BUCK TONELLI

Bad news, I don't need any more bad  
news, Leonard.

A waiter brings a coffee for Tonelli. Tonelli opens four bags  
of sugar and dumps the motivation into the cup.

LEONARD BACHMAN

Ava wants the house.

Tonelli stops his stirring ritual and looks up with eyes  
bugging out of his head.

BUCK TONELLI

The motherfucking house? She's  
fuckin' crazy. She cheated on me!

Tonelli points at himself and takes a big gulp of the coffee.

LEONARD BACHMAN

She is going to claim that a  
policeman's salary could have never  
afforded a house in Scarsdale and  
that she is entitled to it.

BUCK TONELLI

Leonard, you gotta do something  
about this. This ain't right. You  
gotta get her out of the house NOW!

LEONARD BACHMAN

Please, Buck, we want to win the  
war, not little battles. We might  
be able to get some alimony for you  
and...

Tonelli's cell phone goes off loudly with ringtone playing  
'Take me out to the ball game.'

BUCK TONELLI

Excuse me... TONELLI

Bachman makes notes on his legal pad and then delicately  
takes a sip of coffee.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Yeah, what's up? (beat) Oh Jesus!  
 (beat) How many? (beat)

Tonelli starts to scratch his hair above his ear and then stands up.

BUCK TONELLI  
 More than twenty? Inbound or (beat)  
 Yeah, got it, I'm in the city, I'm  
 on the way.

Tonelli closes the phone with determination.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Leonard, I'm sorry, gotta run, been  
 a god damn shooting at OUR station.

Tonelli turns, walks toward the door and doesn't even wait for a response. Bachman throws up his arms in 'what can you do.'

MUSIC UP

EXT.WESTSIDE HIGHWAY NORTH - MOMENTS LATER

A speeding, unmarked, dark blue Crown Vic, blue lights and siren gets waved through the E-ZPass lane at the Henry Hudson Bridge tolls. Tonelli looks over the edge toward the river and sees the glow of the sunrise on the side of the palisades across the river. His cell phone rings and he picks it up. He shakes his head while he gets brought up to speed on the tragedy at Tuckahoe station. He continues up the parkway and gets off on the Cross County Parkway.

EXT.BRONXVILLE STATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli's car comes to a screeching halt near the steps leading to the station. Hundreds of gawking morning commuters are being held out of the station. Uniformed officers are rolling out yellow crime scene tape. Tonelli gets out of the car, flashes his shield then clips it to his jacket pocket. He moves quickly to the platform and then starts barking orders to whomever will listen.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Who's the lead on this from  
 Bronxville?

A uniform policeman points to Lt. ADAM BENRUBI, a tall burly man, who is Tonelli's equal on the Bronxville force.

ADAM BENRUBI  
 Buck Tonelli, a little out of your  
 kingdom buddy boy?

Tonelli goes toe to toe with his equal.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Benrubi, what the fuck are you  
 doing? What did you do with the  
 passengers?

ADAM BENRUBI  
 They're in the Irish Pub. We're  
 taking statements. Nobody saw  
 anything, typical.

BUCK TONELLI  
 This last car needs to be back a  
 the crime scene; Tuckahoe Station.

ADAM BENRUBI  
 Let me see if I get this right. You  
 get here late and now YOU are in  
 charge? (beat) Still pissed-off  
 about the state championship back  
 in sixty-nine?

Tonelli ignores him and looks around at the sea of blue  
 uniforms and cheap suits hoping he can find one of his own.  
 He yells so that all can hear.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Mahowski! Where's Mahowski?

ADAM BENRUBI  
 Have you checked your key ring  
 Bucky? That's where I keep "MY  
 house key."

Not amused, Tonelli turns back to Lt. Benrubi.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Back the fuckin' train up!

ADAM BENRUBI  
 Whattaya talkin' about?

BUCK TONELLI  
 You get all amped up and excited  
 about this mess. It's not your  
 mess, Benrubi. This is NOT the  
 crime scene.

(MORE)



BUCK TONELLI (cont'd)  
 Have them take the tape down and  
 tell the conductor to move the  
 fucking train back to TUCKAHOE.

ADAM BENRUBI  
 You are such a shit Tonelli. (into  
 radio) Billy! (to Tonelli) I can  
 still see your face when I hit that  
 homerun. (devilish grin)

OFFICER BILLY (O.S.)  
 Lieutenant.

Benrubi puts large black walkie-talkie to his mouth again.

ADAM BENRUBI  
 Billy, have the engineer move the  
 whole train back to TUCKAHOE.

Answers back on box.

BILLY  
 Got it. Then what?

Benrubi shakes his head at Tonelli and smiles.

ADAM BENRUBI  
 Take the tape down, open the  
 station and meet me at Dunken  
 Donuts.

Tonelli is already moving toward his car and on his cell  
 phone.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Mahowski, where the fuck are you?

Pauses for a second, looks over at Bronxville putting small  
 rather bloody Asian man in the back seat of a patrol car.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Meet me at Tuckahoe station, on the  
 double.

Closes phone and moves toward the car.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Officer, who's this?

OFFICER B  
 I believe a witness, sir.

Tonelli nods and knocks on the driver's window with his wedding ring. Looks down at the ring, while uniform rolls window down.

BUCK TONELLI

I'm Lt. Tonelli, Tuckahoe. We're taking over the investigation. Would you be so kind to drop this gentleman at the Tuckahoe Police station?

Driver nods and Tonelli turns to get back to his car.

EXT.TUCKAHOE STATION-PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Train car pushed by a maintenance engine backs into position at the station. Big crowd gathers. A few cops spread crime tape. Tonelli paces on the platform like an anxious lion in a cage. Walking down the wheel-chair ramp comes a tall, bulky man in a very brown suit. MIKE MAHOWSKI is a lovable hulk with a grin that says "What me worry?"

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Sorry Buck. First I came here and then I went to Bronxville and then I came....

BUCK TONELLI

Mike, get the M.E. here as soon as possible. Where's Rico?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

He's on the way. He had a thing for one of his kids at school and...

BUCK TONELLI

Make sure those crime scene guys get every piece of evidence from this place. See those steps, look at the chain.

He points to the end of the platform and we see a safety chain dangling. Tonelli looks over and sees the M.E. and her staff get out of their van.

BUCK TONELLI

That's where they probably came up.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

They only hit the last car, like they were looking for someone.

Tonelli wipes his face from his forehead to chin.

BUCK TONELLI  
But why kill twenty people?

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
"Thus, the last will be first..."

BUCK TONELLI  
What are you talking about?

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
From the bible, "...the last will be first and the first last, for many are called and few are chosen." Last car, first to die.

The car now in place, we see that the blood has started to darken. The doors open and Dr. MELISSA HYLAND, a tall graying woman in her fifties, with her assistants, move quickly down the ramp and enter the train. Tonelli waves to Hyland.

BUCK TONELLI  
This is a fucking mess. (beat) I gotta get over to the office. We got an eye witness.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Good ruck, missa Buck. He don't speaka da Ingrish!

Just then the Channel 12 helicopter swirls above the station. They both have to yell.

BUCK TONELLI  
I'll be back and Mike...

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Yeah?

BUCK TONELLI  
Keep the fuckin' press scum out of here.

Detective Mike Mahowski takes his service revolver out of its holster, looks up and waves the chopper out of the way. The chopper pilot sees the gun and banks out of the way quickly.

INT.TUCKAHOE POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Busy police station. Lots of uniforms in one corner being briefed by psychologist before they go on duty. Personnel on phones at every desk fielding calls. Tonelli barges his way through the crowd and into the office of SGT.

DANNY DONLAN, a short, slightly graying Irish Sergeant whose receding hairline is more from the politics of the job rather than the stress of police work.

DANNY DONLAN  
You been over there Buck?

BUCK TONELLI  
Fuckin' mess, Danny.

DANNY DONLAN  
Why don't you take this one. Have you talked to the eye witness?

BUCK TONELLI  
Not yet.

DANNY DONLAN  
Officer Chin, she can translate.  
And...

Tonelli already moving toward the door, turns back to Dolan.

BUCK TONELLI  
Yeah?

DANNY DONLAN  
The Feds are going to want in on this, so please be on your best behavior.

Tonelli laughs and shakes his head in disrespect. As he moves toward a hallway near the interrogation room we hear a staff person talking on the phone.

STAFF 1  
Neither Sgt. Donlan nor Police Chief Washington are prepared to make any statements, especially on the TODAY SHOW!

Tonelli continues his short walk to the other side of the police station. Standing in the hallway is a very attractive athletically built Asian woman YAN-FEI CHIN. In police uniform with her hat on, she is extremely focused and frantically writing on a clipboard filled with paper.

BUCK TONELLI  
Officer Chin? Lt. Tonelli. What is the name of the witness?

Startled and obviously nervous she looks up.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Yes sir. (stands at attention)  
Officer Chin sir.

Reaches out to shake his hand. Tonelli shakes her hand and pulls her toward the door of the "interview" room.

BUCK TONELLI

Relax Chin, I asked you the name of the witness?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Sorry sir, we have a witness in the room. His name is Foo Wong, he is 41 years old and works in a laundry in Flushing, sir. He was on his way to work and ...

Tonelli and Chin stop in front of the door and he looks into her exotic eyes and instructs her in a fatherly tone.

BUCK TONELLI

Chin, what is your first name?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Yan-Fei, (beat) well, that's actually two first names, sir.

BUCK TONELLI

Look, this is only going to get worse. So take a deep breath, drop the sir, Lieutenant around here and when we're one on one, call me Buck, (repeats to remember) YAN-FEI.

Yan-Fei nods and they enter the room together.

INT.TUCKAHOE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chin and Tonelli walk into the room. At the table sits a frail little man, FOO WONG, still in the blood stained clothing from the train. He starts to shake uncontrollably when Chin and Tonelli enter the room.

BUCK TONELLI

Mr. Wong, I'm Lt. Tonelli.

As Tonelli moves toward the table, he hits a red record button on the side of the wall.

YAN-FEI CHIN

(in Mandarin Chinese) Mr. Wong, this is Lt. Tonelli and I am Chin Yan-Fei. We are here to talk to you about what you saw on the train this morning.

FOO WONG

(shakes more vigorously, answers in Mandarin) I don't know, I don't know.

BUCK TONELLI

What is he saying?

YAN-FEI CHIN

He says he doesn't know.

BUCK TONELLI

He's spooked. Let's just see if he remembers the perps.

YAN-FEI CHIN

(in Mandarin) Do you remember what the men who did the shooting looked like?

FOO WONG

(in Mandarin) They were wearing all black, with masks, looked like those terrorists on TV. I could only see their eyes.

YAN-FEI CHIN

He says they were in black with masks. He could only see their eyes.

BUCK TONELLI

What kind of eyes? White man's eyes, Chinese eyes? Black man's eyes?

YAN-FEI CHIN

(in Mandarin) The eyes of what people? Asian, Black, White?

FOO WONG

(in Mandarin) Not white, Not black, not Chinese, but like Chinese. Not Korean, but not white.

YAN-FEI CHIN

(in English) This is strange, he says "like Chinese, but not Chinese." (looks at Tonelli) Maybe he is still in shock.

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah, keep talking to him. See if you can get more. Don't let him talk to the press. Get a car to take him home.

Tonelli stands and walks out of the door.

INT.DONLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The room is filled with men in suits all drinking coffee. Donlan is sitting behind his desk. Standing off to the side of the desk is SAM WASHINGTON, a large muscular black man with his long wing-span arms crossed in front of him. Washington is dressed in a gray suit which brings out the slightly gray sections of his well-trimmed hair. Sitting in front of Donlan's desk in two old-fashioned chairs are two men who seem out of place. Two well-dressed, clean-cut FBI agents in their mid-forties, BRENT COFFEY and STEVE GILDEN, look up with smug looks on their pompous white faces.

BRENT COFFEY

Make sure you get as much from the scene as possible. We can analyze everything at OUR crime lab.

There is a strong knock on the door. Donlan raises his hand requesting a pause from Coffey.

DANNY DONLAN

Please come in.

The door opens and in walks Tonelli, his eyes quickly dart to the two strangers and he gives them a once over.

BUCK TONELLI

Sgt. Donlan, you asked for me?  
Chief Washington! Good to see you,  
Sam.

Tonelli shakes Washington's hand and then turns to look at the other guys.

DANNY DONLAN

Please welcome Agent Coffey and Gilden from the FBI New York.

Tonelli changes to all cold and official. Reaches out and shakes their hands.

BUCK TONELLI

Gentlemen.

SAM WASHINGTON

Detective Tonelli is one of our best men. He'll be the point man on this investigation.

STEVE GILDEN

Let's just keep the lines of communication open. We need to know everything.

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah, sure. (dismissive) Anything else?

BRENT COFFEY

We believe terrorists are behind this.

BUCK TONELLI

Well, then, I guess you got it all figured out.

DANNY DONLAN

What Lt. Tonelli is trying to say (beat) is that we wanna keep all avenues open. You can be sure we will work with you directly. We want to solve this one as much as you do.

SAM WASHINGTON

Guys, speaking for Yonkers, Tuckahoe really doesn't seem like some "named target" for terrorism. We'll start by analyzing who was on the train. Let's find a motive.

BUCK TONELLI

Thanks, Sam. Danny, anything else?

Donlan shakes his head. Tonelli walks out without saying goodbye to anyone. Door closes behind him slightly harder than nice.

STEVE GILDEN

Is he going to be a problem?



DANNY DONLAN

Only if you consider getting the bad guys a problem.

SAM WASHINGTON

How's he doing with that divorce?

DANNY DONLAN

He's fine. He's a tough guy.

BRENT COFFEY

Was Mr. Tonelli stepping out for some strange?

DANNY DONLAN

Let's get something straight right now. Buck is a great American. His twin brother was killed in Vietnam. His godson was killed in Iraq. He has more collars than a Chinese laundry. Let's leave his divorce out of it.

Intercom buzzes. They look down at the speaker box.

STAFF 2

Sgt. Donlan, Mr. Abramson is on line one for you.

DANNY DONLAN

M.T.A. Director. (to box) I'll take it. (to men) He runs the railroad.

Donlan clicks the speaker.

DANNY DONLAN

Mr. Abramson, I have Sam Washington here with me.

GLENN ABRAMSON (O.S.)

Donlan, when can we get these trains moving again?

DANNY DONLAN

Well, we do have 20 people dead and this is an ongoing investigation.

GLENN ABRAMSON (O.S.)

Hey I don't mind cooperating. We did help you move that train back to Tuckahoe.

SAM WASHINGTON

Washington here, who told you to  
move that train?

GLENN ABRAMSON (O.S.)

Some detective, his name starts  
with a T.

Donlan's eyes dart nervously around the room.

DANNY DONLAN

Just use the northbound track until  
we get through the investigation.

GLENN ABRAMSON (O.S.)

Okay, (beat) just let me know when  
we can reopen.

Hangs up the phone abruptly. Donlan and Washington look a bit  
uneasy. Gilden's holy-than-thou look returns.

STEVE GILDEN

Tonelli moved the train?

Donlan looks to Washington for help, but realizes that he is  
on his own.

DANNY DONLAN

Sure, (beat) the crime scene wasn't  
Bronxville, it was Tuckahoe. I'm  
sure the secret service didn't  
spend all their time in Abraham  
Lincoln's hospital room. They went  
to the theater.

Gilden looks at his partner with disbelief.

INT.TUCKAHOE POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli walks up the hall toward his office and sees Yan-Fei  
leaning against the wall and talking to young casually  
dressed man DEACON BLUE. His deep blue eyes dart to his note  
pad, he writes something in it. Yan-Fei Chin appears to be  
enjoying the attention. Tonelli grabs Blue by the collar and  
pushes him into his office.

BUCK TONELLI

You, newspaper boy! Wait right  
here, I would like to have a word  
with you.

Tonelli then grabs Chin by the arm and pulls her into a small  
conference room opposite his office. Closes door behind them.

BUCK TONELLI  
What the fuck is he doing in here?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
He's... ah, a reporter.

BUCK TONELLI  
I know what he is, I asked what IS  
HE DOING HERE?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Getting the story on the  
shooting...

BUCK TONELLI  
NO PRESS! Never any press in here.

Chin swallows and takes a deep breath.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
We went to college together. Deacon  
Blue is a good guy, a good writer,  
for the Journal-Gazette.

BUCK TONELLI  
I don't care if he's from the New  
York - Fucking - Times, I don't  
ever want to see him in here again.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Yes sir.

Tonelli opens the door and walks into his office.

INT.TONELLI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In one motion, closes the door and grabs Blue around the  
collar and slams him against the wall.

BUCK TONELLI  
College boy, how did you get in  
here.

DEACON BLUE  
I walked in. Nobody said anything.

BUCK TONELLI  
Listen to me. (beat) This is a  
police station. NO PRESS!

Realizing that he has cross the line, Tonelli calmly releases  
Blue gently and then straightens the reporter's shirt.

DEACON BLUE  
I thought this was a public  
building Lieutenant? (smiles)

BUCK TONELLI  
Yeah, but today, this is my church.  
You only get in here if I say it's  
okay. You got it?

DEACON BLUE  
You don't think those FBI guys are  
right, do you?

Tonelli is rather startled by Blue's perceptive knowledge.

BUCK TONELLI  
Right about what?

DEACON BLUE  
Terrorists? Don't you think this is  
gang-related? You know, those tough  
guys in Flushing?

Tonelli opens his door and points.

BUCK TONELLI  
Out! Out! Out!

Blue walks out acting like nothing happened. Tonelli walks across the hall, opens the door and motions Chin to follow him. They walk to a desk outside of Tonelli's office. On the desk is a name on the in-box: RICARDO VILLA and in the pen jar is a Puerto Rican flag. Tonelli points at Villa, a short swarthy Latino with jet black hair and boyish grin sitting behind the desk. Villa stands at attention.

BUCK TONELLI  
Rico, you know Officer Chin?

RICARDO VILLA  
Sure, yo Yan-Fei.

Chin nods and gives Villa some skin. He touches the flag.

BUCK TONELLI  
Why don't you two go down to  
Flushing and talk to Eddie Chan?  
See if he knows anything about our  
little problem this morning at the  
train station.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Really? You really think "Hay-Boo-  
ya" has something to do with this?

BUCK TONELLI

Just do your job, find out.

RICARDO VILLA

I'm there Lieutenant. Let's go,  
chino chica.

BUCK TONELLI

Chin, one more thing. Why don't you  
get out of the uniform. We'll need  
some help on this, let's see if  
you're ready to be a detective.

A large confident smile comes over her face. Villa checks to make sure his gun is in the holster. Chin and Villa move quickly out the door. Villa touches the flag again for "good luck."

EXT.FLUSHING NEW YORK CHINATOWN - MIDDAY

MUSIC UP

The sunny streets of Chinatown are filled with shoppers bargaining with vendors with colorful Asian vegetables, fruits and bamboo plants. We see quick snaps of store signs in Chinese characters, gang graffiti symbols and a swastika spray painted on walls interspersed with close up of Chinese eyes. Unmarked dark green Crown Vic pulls into a parking space. Chin, now wearing a loose fitting gray suit, gets out of the car with Villa and they start walking.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Rico, don't you think we need to  
put some money in the meter.

RICARDO VILLA

Oh, yeah, those boys from the 1-0-9  
tend to be a little wicked with the  
ticket!

Villa steps back and pulls out a yellowed tattered paper in a plastic cover from under the visor that says TUCKAHOE POLICE INVESTIGATION. He slaps it on his dashboard and slams the door.

RICARDO VILLA

Where we goin'?

YAN-FEI CHIN

You'll see.

## INT.CHAN'S FLOWERS - MOMENTS LATER

The store is filled with elegant flowers and artistic arrangements. A thin sharp dressed Chinese man in seersucker Hong Kong tailored suit is on the phone behind desk. EDDIE CHAN screams into the phone.

EDDIE CHAN

You'll get the orchids as soon as the plane arrives from Singapore. (slams phone down) Hello, may I help you?

Chin steps forward and flashes her badge.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Eddie Chan? I'm Detective Chin and this is Detective Villa from the Tuckahoe police department.

Eddie lights a cigarette with a fancy gold lighter.

EDDIE CHAN

A little out of your area aren't you? (in Mandarin) You don't look like a cop pretty flower.

Villa appears a little uneasy not knowing the language.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Please in English Mr. Chan.

RICARDO VILLA

Are you familiar with the gang Hay Boo-ya?

Eddie Chan waves them into his office. He barks out orders in Chinese to the women working on flowers in the back.

## INT.EDDIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE CHAN

Please sit down. Would you like some tea?

YAN-FEI CHIN

No thank you. Mr. Chan, I am sure you've heard about the shooting at Tuckahoe station this morning?

EDDIE CHAN

Yeah, boy, I thought the suburbs were safe? Why are you asking me?

RICARDO VILLA

Some say you are wired into Hay Boo-ya. Some say that there is a war going on? Some say...

Eddie Chan cuts him off and then puts out his cigarette. He slams it into ash tray, sparks fly.

EDDIE CHAN

What are you trying to say? I am a respected business man in this community. (in Mandarin to Chin)  
You are on the wrong track. My people would have just blown up the whole train.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Let's go Rico, this guy is of no use to us.

Eddie opens the office door and walks them to the front door. Puts his hand on Chin's shoulder, she pulls away from him.

EDDIE CHAN

You have a good day. I hope you find your terrorists! (in Mandarin)  
Call me if you need a man.

YAN-FEI CHIN

(in Mandarin) I would die first.

EXT.FLUSHING NEW YORK CHINATOWN - MOMENTS LATER

The Police car has a ticket on the windshield.

RICARDO VILLA

Es Moy Loco, we got a ticket?

YAN-FEI CHIN

I guess the Tuckahoe Police Department gets no respect here in the city?

Villa takes the ticket from the wiper and waves it at Chin.

RICARDO VILLA

These are your people.

YAN-FEI CHIN

They ain't "my people," Rico.

INT.TUCKAHOE POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

P.O.V. Tonelli's walking through the sea of desks. Detectives are on the phones, typing reports and cable Channel 12 drones in background about the shooting. Clock on the wall: 3:11  
Tonelli moves to door of conference room that now has a crude computer printed paper sign: COMMAND CENTER. The door opens, Villa, Chin, Mahowski and Donlan look up.

INT.INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BUCK TONELLI

Okay, let's review where we are.

Tonelli walks over to a giant white board that has a time-line drawn from left to right. A diagram of the train station and enlarged reproductions of the twenty victims driver's licenses. Donlan walks over to the board and uses a laser pointer.

DANNY DONLAN

A lady who got off the train that morning confirms the perps exited the north end maintenance steps.

Donlan points to diagram of the station on the wall.

RICARDO VILLA

We got some stuff on the walk from the end of the platform, north up the track.

Holds up some evidence bags.

DANNY DONLAN

And we have a break in the wire fence here.

Points at diagram again.

BUCK TONELLI

The fence, recently cut?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

That was cut months ago, in the winter. Graffiti idiots.

BUCK TONELLI

Chin, what happened in Chinatown?



YAN-FEI CHIN

Nothing. I really don't believe that Hay Boo-ya was involved. Wrong outfit.

DANNY DONLAN

You saw the sketch we got from talking to the Wong guy?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Why did we talk to the "Wong" guy?

The room laughs, then gets serious when Donlan holds up the artist's rendering. The picture shows a man dressed in full Fedayeen uniform.

BUCK TONELLI

Oops, maybe the feds are right. Isn't that how those secret police guys dressed in Iraq?

YAN-FEI CHIN

When I talked to Wong he kept saying that the eyes were Asian in nature.

RICARDO VILLA

We did the research on all the victims.

BUCK TONELLI

Give me the short version, Rico.

RICARDO VILLA

Yan-Fei?

Chin gets up and walks to the front of the room. Takes pointer from Donlan and looks at her clip board as she talks.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Out of the twenty deceased, we have five Hispanic males, three Hispanic females. We have ten Anglo males and six Anglo females. Four...

BUCK TONELLI

Chin, do we have to go through numbers? Focus on Means, Opportunity and Motive. Anybody on that list stand out as a potential target?

Villa gets up and moves to Chin's rescue.

RICARDO VILLA

If I may, we've got a hunch on two people on this list. First, this guy Ethan Olson. 32 years old, attorney, doing work for State Senator MacDermott.

Buck shakes his head in agreement.

YAN-FEI CHIN

And I have a feeling about this one, Michael D'Angelo. Served some time for a money laundering scheme with a restaurant owner in White Plains.

Donlan smiles at Tonelli approvingly.

BUCK TONELLI

Okay, Chin, investigate the lawyer. Rico, you take the punk.

RICARDO VILLA

But we...

BUCK TONELLI

You'll be more objective chasing someone else's hunch. Come on people, let's get going while the trail is still warm.

EXT.STEPS TUCKAHOE VILLAGE BUILDING - LATER AFTERNOON

There are scores of reporters and TV crews. The street and town square are filled with TV satellite trucks. A small podium with Tuckahoe town logo on it is placed on top of steps with dozens of microphones. Sam Washington and Danny Donlan stand behind the Mayor of Tuckahoe, PETER SPANOS, a short, totally gray Greek American with a million dollar smile and District Attorney BILL WATERMAN, an overweight Perry Mason type.

PETER SPANOS

There is no question this has been a terrible day for Tuckahoe. But there is no need to panic. As your mayor, I promise you, we have things under control and along with the Yonkers Police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation we will find the cowards who did this to us.

REPORTER 1

Does the FBI think this was another act of terrorism?

PETER SPANOS

I will let D.A. Bill Waterman answer any specific questions on the investigation.

Waterman moves into position and we hear cameras click.

BILL WATERMAN

Thank you, Ladies and gentlemen of the press, we've been here since early this morning and we've met with the MTA, the FBI, the NYPD, and the office of Homeland Security. We're not ruling out anything at this point, but as long as I am the District Attorney, justice will be served.

Blue moves to the front of the group of reporters.

DEACON BLUE

Mr. Waterman, why did the Tuckahoe Police interview known Chinese gang members in Flushing today?

BILL WATERMAN

We have nothing further to comment on at this time. Thank you for your help. And people, please respect the families of those who were slaughtered so mercilessly in this tragedy here in Tuckahoe. Let's have a moment of silence (pause).

Waterman and other bow their heads.

INT.TONELLI'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Buck sits facing Yan-Fei across the desk, she sits up straight with a serious determined look.

BUCK TONELLI

Did you tell that reporter about Chinatown?

YAN-FEI CHIN

No sir. I'm pissed-off. He obviously followed us.

Talking with his hands, Tonelli shows his Italian heritage.

BUCK TONELLI

You understand, we gotta keep all this in the family. The politicians are going to bask in the spotlight and attention. We still have to figure out who did this and arrest the sons of bitches.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I understand.

The door opens, Mahowski pokes his head in.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Your wife is on line three, Lieutenant.

Yan-Fei gets up quickly.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I have a meeting set with Senator MacDermott first thing tomorrow.

BUCK TONELLI

Albany?

YAN-FEI CHIN

No, he has an office in Harlem. You know, like Clinton.

BUCK TONELLI

Okay, see me when you get back.

Chin nods and walks out of the room. Tonelli takes a deep breath and then picks up phone.

BUCK TONELLI

(mockingly)Ava Nussbaum, what a pleasure to hear from you!

Tonelli is shaking his head while he listens.

BUCK TONELLI

No, No and the answer to the last question is NO! I'm going to get that house back if it kills me.

Now breathing faster.

BUCK TONELLI

You know what? I'm done talking!

Slams the phone down. Face is flushed with blood. He picks up P.A.L. Softball trophy from the desk and throws it against the wall snapping it into several pieces. The door opens.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

You okay? I heard that crash.

Tonelli looks up and sees Mahowski closing the door behind him with his butt while studying his friend.

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah, just fuckin' women.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

(Chuckles) Can't live with them,  
can't live without them.

BUCK TONELLI

Nothing but neurotic wet sockets!

Mahowski raises eyebrows and cuts the tension.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Let's go back over to the scene,  
remember you always say, take one  
more look.

Tonelli shakes his head in agreement and walks toward the door.

EXT.TUCKAHOE TRAIN STATION - DUSK

Station inbound side is still closed with Police tape around it. Tonelli and Mahowski walking around the platform and down the maintenance steps and aiming flashlights at the ground.

BUCK TONELLI

Why Tuckahoe Mike? Why here?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Like I always say, if you're gonna  
put your dick on the railroad  
track, you better know the train  
schedule. These guys obviously knew  
the train schedule. This was not  
random.

BUCK TONELLI

Mikey, focus!

Mahowski leans down and picks up a giant feather.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 Hey, look at this. A feather. Looks  
 like it's from a big bird, like a  
 hawk or falcon.

Tonelli flashes his light at it.

BUCK TONELLI  
 That's an eagle feather,  
 (irritated) Mikey, find clues, not  
 feathers.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 Okay. (beat) Hey, I forgot to tell  
 you, procurement says my new car  
 will be here soon.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Really, what are you getting?

Mahowski sticks the feather inside his jacket pocket and  
 follows Tonelli like his pet dog. They walk toward the plaza.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 Ford, Mustang, 4.6 liter, V-8. Has  
 three-valve heads, 300 horses  
 (beat) White Mustang!

BUCK TONELLI  
 White? (beat) Why white?

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 A mustang is a horse, a white  
 horse, you know, like in the  
 movies, the Sheriff rides in on a  
 white horse. Symbolic man!

Now closer to the parking lot.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Hey Mike, come here.

Mahowski comes back toward Tonelli.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 Whaddaya got Buck?

BUCK TONELLI  
 There's a blinking light in the  
 beauty shop. (beat) Why don't you  
 pay them a visit first thing  
 tomorrow and find out if they have  
 a security camera.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Yeah, they were closed this morning. Lady said 'cause of a funeral.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - LATE EVENING

A female hand feeds a dollar into a jukebox and presses the numbers 69-02 and MUSIC PLAYS A shapely bartender walks back behind the bar. Tonelli and Mahowski sit at bar with two whisky glasses in front of them. Tonelli is pretty far gone, while Mahowski is steady.

BUCK TONELLI

What the fuck am I supposed to do?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Hey, just think about the freedom and the fact that she doesn't deserve you.

BUCK TONELLI

You're right, "polack", can I call you that?

MAHOWSKI

No, don't call me that, Tony (beat) Soprano.

BUCK TONELLI

What did you say? You muthafa... fa..(coughs) I'm shit-faced Mikey.

Mahowski pushes the drink away from Tonelli.

BUCK TONELLI

I was a good husband, but I do have a mistress. She keeps me up all night and all day, and her name is (burps) The Tuckahoe Police Department!

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Quit beating yourself up, it's not your fault. You're just a servant of the people.

BUCK TONELLI

You know, I could kill her. Why the fuckin' contractor... why me?

Tonelli almost falls off the stool. Mahowski throws down a bill on the bar and pulls Tonelli out of the place.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

I would've killed him, but then I usually deal with the solution, not the problem.

EXT.TUCKAHOE MOTOR INN PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Mahowski practically carrying Tonelli gets him out of the car and into the first floor motel room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN  
MUSIC UP

EXT.125TH ST. STATION HARLEM - EARLY MORNING

The hub of activity creates new determination. Red-trimmed Connecticut trains move through the station as the 8:18 train arrives from Tuckahoe. Chin gets off along with the students and locals.

EXT.125TH STREET SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Vendors are setting up stands, security doors are being opened. Bus stops are over-flowing with African Americans in contrast to Chin who walks west on 125th to the Adam Clayton Powell State Building Plaza.

INT.FEDERAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

P.O.V. Chin walks to a door with a name plate: The Honorable State Senator Lester A. MacDermott. She opens the door. The reception area is filled with pictures of MacDermott with well known celebrities and politicians. Receptionist looks up almost surprised by the early morning visitor.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I'm Detective Chin from the Tuckahoe Police Department. I have an appointment with Senator MacDermott.

INT.MACDERMOTT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

MACDERMOTT sits behind the desk continually straightening things on the desk as he speaks. MacDermott, a man in his mid-forties, is well groomed and dressed for a state politician. He still has a slight Brooklyn accent.



LESTER MACDERMOTT  
Is that tea to your liking  
Detective Chin?

Chin stirs the tea and takes the spoon out like drawing a sword. She gently puts the spoon down.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
The tea is good. Thank you.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
I'm sure you would prefer green  
tea.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
My parents sold tea in Chinatown  
for many years. I like many  
different kinds. But we could talk  
about tea all day, Senator. What I  
really need to know about is Ethan  
Olson.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
I'm still sick about the whole  
thing. I feel badly for his family.  
Such a senseless murder.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
And of course, the 19 other people.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
Yes, of course. This is like 9-11.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
What kind of work did Mr. Olson do  
for your office?

MacDermott pulls out a file folder almost as if he rehearsed what he was about to say. Hands it over the desk.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
This is everything. I made a copy  
for you.

Chin opens the file and starts to finger through it. From MacDermott's P.O.V., we see the attractive detective from foot to eyes.

LESTER MACDERMOTT (O.S.)  
As you can see, pretty much routine  
matters.

(MORE)

LESTER MACDERMOTT (O.S.) (cont'd)

The thing that stands out, you know, on a controversial level, would be the research that Ethan was doing on possible state taxation of the lands owned by churches. Basically, reform on taxation laws and the like.

Chin looks up with a penetrating stare.

YAN-FEI CHIN

So you think the church could be involved in the killings?

LESTER MACDERMOTT

Well, I'm not saying anything, but it seems to me that with all the Catholic schools closing in New York, taxing their land would put them out of business.

MacDermott looks at his watch, smiles a phoney smile.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Anything else?

LESTER MACDERMOTT

No, that's all she wrote.

INT.SCARSDALE COFFEE SHOP - LATE MORNING

Tonelli puts his cup of coffee on the counter, picks up newspaper and hands the clerk a dollar. Headline in paper INSERT reads TERROR IN TUCKAHOE; POLICE BAFFLED next to large surrealistic picture of a woman's bloody hand in the train window. Drop head says FBI PROBES MUSLIM GROUPS. Tonelli folds the paper, shakes his head in disbelief and picks up the coffee.

EXT.SCARSDALE COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Reaches into his pocket for keys and pulls out a pack of matches from the Iroquois Hotel. Looks at them, then juggles his load in order to get his keys out of the other pocket.

INT.COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Chin, Villa, Mahowski are sitting in front of TV monitor. Villa has remote control and is rewinding tape.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
So, what does your name mean? What  
does Yan-Fei stand for?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Swallow...

Villa stops the tape. Both men react, Mahowski's big jaw  
drops.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
SWALLOW FLIES! The Swallow flies.

Chin makes like a bird flying, the guys laugh.

RICARDO VILLA  
Swallow flies? Like a frog?

The door bangs open and a haggard Tonelli walks in.

BUCK TONELLI  
Okay people, we are running behind.  
Mike, aspirin. Chin, what happened  
with the Senator?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
He thinks that the murders have  
something to do with taxes and the  
Catholic Church.

BUCK TONELLI  
Taxes? What about the lawyer that  
was killed?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
That's what he was working on.

Tonelli gets a look of frustration, tries to rub the hang-  
over out of his forehead. Mahowski hands him two aspirin.

BUCK TONELLI  
Rico, what happened with that  
D'Angelo kid?

Tonelli swallows two pills, takes a gulp of coffee and then  
grabs the remote control from Villa.

RICARDO VILLA  
Believe it or not, he was on the  
way to a meeting with his probation  
officer. Bad luck, huh?

BUCK TONELLI  
Is this the tape, Mike?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Yeah, the lady closed the shop on Monday to attend the funeral of her aunt. She gave us the tape.

Tonelli rolls the tape. All the detectives gather around the monitor. Tonelli hyper focuses his weary eyes. CU. Screen shows a black and white tape, distant shot. We see a woman in a flowery dress waving goodbye to someone in the second to last car. As her arm comes down, we see the two men dressed in all black wearing masks appear on the platform almost like ghosts. The woman appears to freeze as we see dim flashes inside the car and before the two men get out of the car, the woman starts to move toward the parking lot, as if she is unaffected by the gunfire. The men get off the train, the doors close right behind them and they move quickly down the platform, then as they appeared, they just disappear at the end of the platform down the steps. Tonelli stops the tape, two seconds of silence.

BUCK TONELLI

Who the fuck is that? (beat) And why the fuck am I **just** learning about the fucking lady in that flowery dress?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Nobody...

He slams the remote to the table, picks up the phone and dials an extension.

BUCK TONELLI

McGuire (beat) Tonelli. You got a minute? We got something in the command center for you to see. (beat) Yeah, the conference room.

Tonelli rewinds the tape and mumbles to himself.

BUCK TONELLI

We gotta find out who the lady is!

Young officer, ELROY MCGUIRE enters the room. Tonelli doesn't look up, but motions McGuire front in center at the monitor.

BUCK TONELLI

Roy Boy, tell me everything you see.

Tonelli rolls the tape again and while it plays we see the reflection of the replay in McGuire's trained eyes.

ELROY MCGUIRE

The lady waving looks familiar. Two guys, aren't wearing shoes. Those are Uzis, Micro, with Hicap 220 round magazines, lots of bullets. With that much time, they probably emptied them. I recovered more than 300 9mm shells, so this IS the real deal.

Tonelli stops the tape as they jump off the platform.

BUCK TONELLI

What do you mean McGuire, "no shoes"?

Tonelli rewinds the tape.

ELROY MCGUIRE

Look at it again, they aren't walking like soldiers with heavy shoes. They are walking more flat footed, like ballet slippers.

All the detectives are mystified by McGuire's sharpness.

BUCK TONELLI

Anything else, Elroy?

Tonelli rolls the tape again.

ELROY MCGUIRE

Yeah, that isn't a lady in the dress. (smiles) She has a Navy tattoo on the arm she isn't waving. People always watch the one that's moving. Is that it, Lieutenant?

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah, you just made your grandfather proud.

McGuire walks out. As soon as the door shuts, Mahowski remembers.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

T-Bone (beat) T-Bone Angie!

BUCK TONELLI

What is this, word association?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

The guy in the dress. Remember last summer we had that problem with that crazy transvestite who would come and wave goodbye to her, or ah, his imaginary husband? We got complaints from the Transit Police.

BUCK TONELLI

Find her, then see what she, or he knows. And Rico, lock up that tape. NO ONE sees it, got it?

RICARDO VILLA

Yeah, we're lucky to have it.

The phone on the table rings again and Tonelli jumps it.

BUCK TONELLI

Tonelli. (beat) Yeah, okay Sergeant. Be right there.

INT. DONLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The morning sunlight cuts the room in half. Dust particles dance from the wave of air the door creates as Tonelli shuts it gently. Donlan is behind his desk with a look that a cop has when something really bad has happened.

DANNY DONLAN

Sit down, Buck.

Tonelli stops in his tracks inches from the chair but unable to move.

BUCK TONELLI

Sergeant.

DANNY DONLAN

The Scarsdale Police just called. They found your wife.

Tonelli waits what seems like forever.

DANNY DONLAN

Your wife has been murdered, Buck.

Tonelli's knees bend slightly, and then he braces his body with one arm as he slums into the chair.

DANNY DONLAN

A man, that contractor guy, was found with her. He's dead, too.

Tonelli's eyes open wide, gulps then grows pale. Looks right into Donlan's piercing glare.

BUCK TONELLI  
Danny.... I...

DANNY DONLAN  
Where were you last night Buck?

BUCK TONELLI  
I was with Mike, at Nick's, all night, then I got to the motel. (beat, blinks eyes) Believe me Danny, I would never....

Donlan cuts him short.

DANNY DONLAN  
I know. Can we drive you over there Anthony?

BUCK TONELLI  
It's only four miles, I'm fine.

Tonelli carefully lifts himself up and moves quickly out of the room. Donlan picks up the phone and pounds an extension.

DANNY DONLAN  
Mahowski, get in here right away! I gotta talk to you.

EXT.TONELLI HOME.SCARSDALE NEW YORK - MIDDAY

The beehive of activity outside the Tonelli residence in Scarsdale includes large county crime lab trucks, the medical examiner's white van with those large blue letters STAY BACK 50 FEET on the back and scores of state, county and local police cars. The yellow crime scene tape runs the whole perimeter of the property line. Tonelli must park his Crown Vic uncomfortably far from the site, making his walk more like that of someone arriving late for a large party. As he gets to the bottom of the driveway, he is greeted by his mid-fifties counterpart on the Scarsdale force, LT. JAMES TOPPING.

JAMES TOPPING  
Buck, slow down.

BUCK TONELLI  
Topping, Whatta we have?

Topping takes an extra medicinal drag on his cigarette and then throws it on the driveway and then places his hand on Buck's shoulder in a comforting, yet restrictive manner.

JAMES TOPPING

You don't wanna go in there,  
brother.

Topping blows smoke away from Tonelli's face.

BUCK TONELLI

On-going investigation. Next of kin  
to I.D. the body. It's my house and  
I'll be able to assist the police  
in knowing what is out of place.  
What part of that says I can't go  
in.

JAMES TOPPING

You didn't mention suspect  
returning to the scene of the  
crime.

With that, Tonelli grabs Topping's arm firmly. More smoke drifts of Topping's chest.

BUCK TONELLI

Listen shitface, this is my fucking  
house. I'm a fucking cop. And if I  
wanted to off the old lady for  
fucking the contractor, don't you  
think I would have used my fucking  
head and done it differently,  
(beat) someplace else.

JAMES TOPPING

Okay, okay Buck. Chief Washington  
just called me, seems your alibi  
checks out. Sorry to be such a jerk-  
off Buck.

Tonelli releases the pressure and pulls his hands away slowly.

JAMES TOPPING

Lieutenant, it's a mess in there.

BUCK TONELLI

We got 20 cold ones in the morgue  
from yesterday, don't you think we  
should first work together to see  
if they are related?



Topping looks a little miffed that he didn't even consider the possibility. They both start walking toward the house.

BUCK TONELLI

Don't you think it's kinda strange that the day after the killings on the train, that the wife of the lead detective on that case is found murdered? (beat) What do we have, Lieutenant?

Topping shakes back into his official-perfunctory tone.

JAMES TOPPING

We got a white woman in her late forties, found bound to a chair in the kitchen.

BUCK TONELLI

Bound with what?

JAMES TOPPING

Duct tape. (beat) Possible cause of death, (beat) suffocation.

BUCK TONELLI

Suffocated, how?

JAMES TOPPING

Well, that's the weird part, Buck.

Tonelli says nothing. His determined stare draws the information out of Topping.

JAMES TOPPING

They put some kind of plant thing down her throat and then wrapped her face with duct tape. You know, all around.

BUCK TONELLI

You said, "They." Why did you say that?

Topping and Tonelli reach the front door, a box of plastic gloves and surgical booties are in a box by the door. They stop and put a pair over their street shoes and enter.

JAMES TOPPING

Two different foot prints. Looks like two men wearing some kind of slippers or something.

Tonelli's P.O.V. looks right then left through the dining room into the kitchen. Sees massive amount of blood on the light colored kitchen floor. We see the crime scene as Topping narrates.

BUCK TONELLI (O.S.)  
I thought you said suffocation.

JAMES TOPPING (O.S.)  
The male victim, a Steve  
Cartwright, mid forties...

Tonelli stops and looks at Topping with this pissed off look.

BUCK TONELLI  
I know who he is.

JAMES TOPPING  
Okay, (beat) his throat was cut  
with what we believe is a large  
military or hunting-type knife.  
Then one deep thrusting entry in  
the back of the neck slicing the  
spinal column. No weapon found.

On the kitchen counter sits some kind of organ and a small river of blood trails from it to the edge of the counter and down onto the floor. We see Dr. Hyland, the medical examiner, who pulls a body bag over, ready to be zipped up. Duct tape is being picked up with tongs and systematically put into evidence bags by crime scene investigators.

JAMES TOPPING  
Let's get this over with, Doc?

Topping points at the bag. Dr. Hyland opens the zipper. Ava Nussbaum-Tonelli's face appears through the opening, her eyes bugged out and her mouth is covered with the regurgitation of the substance that was stuffed down her throat. Tonelli pulls away and closes his eyes, opens them, crosses himself and then walks over to the kitchen area where the male victim is being processed.

BUCK TONELLI  
That's her. That's my wife. (voice  
quivering) What is this?

Tonelli points at the organ on the counter.

DR. MELISSA HYLAND  
That Lieutenant, is a heart, well,  
part of a heart.

BUCK TONELLI

Part?

DR. MELISSA HYLAND

Yeah, hate to gore it up here, but we have a Hannibal Lecter on our hands.

Tonelli's P.O.V. We see the dry-erase calendar on the refrigerator with a date written in different hand-writing from the other entries. C.U. INSERT DATE: 12-29-90

BUCK TONELLI

The perp ate some of the heart?

DR. MELISSA HYLAND

Yepper. Raw bar. We need to get a bite print done up. Smitty, over here with that camera. You need to do some eight by ten glossies on the heart. (beat)

Tonelli's eyes connect with the caring eyes of the Examiner.

DR. MELISSA HYLAND

We got this one, Buck.

With reality sinking into his brain, Tonelli nods in agreement and quickly goes out the back door and throws up over the railing of the back porch. The Examiner turns to Topping.

DR. MELISSA HYLAND

Please call Donlan. That guy needs some time off. Get him out of here.

INT. DONLAN'S OFFICE - LATE IN THE AFTERNOON

The office is filled to the brim: Two FBI agents, Scarsdale's Topping, Sam Washington and DA Waterman.

BRENT COFFEY

The reason we asked you all here today is because I promised the Secretary of Homeland Security that we would coordinate the efforts involved in the Tuckahoe terrorist attack.

BILL WATERMAN

Mr. Coffey, with all due respect, why do you keep referring to it as a terrorist attack?

STEVE GILDEN

We had picked up some noise about something happening on a train. There's a cell here in the States and we know it's active.

DANNY DONLAN

Why don't you just arrest them?

Coffey looks aggressively at Donlan.

SAM WASHINGTON

What Sgt. Donlan is trying to say, is that we aren't so sure it has anything to do with terrorists. We have gangs in this part of the country that would make terrorists seem like juvenile delinquents.

BILL WATERMAN

Sam, Danny, let's put our cards on the table and work together. What about the Scarsdale murders. What is going on with Lt. Tonelli?

SAM WASHINGTON

Tonelli is off on leave. I assume everyone here knows that it was his wife and her, ah, contractor, who were murdered.

JAMES TOPPING

The male victim, Steve Cartwright had a major league dispute over a business deal gone sour in Kingston, New York. I have an appointment with the guy suing him in an hour.

SAM WASHINGTON

You better hit it. Full throttle to Kingston this time of day will take more than an hour.

He nods in agreement, Topping leaves.

BILL WATERMAN

We need some more information and time guys. Let's get back together tomorrow.

Waterman throws a stack of papers in the briefcase, closes it and looks up.

BILL WATERMAN  
When is Tonelli back?

DANNY DONLAN  
He said only two days. His wife was Jewish and you know...

BILL WATERMAN  
Yeah, got it. Gentlemen, we need to dig deeper here. I got the press all over me.

Waterman exits. Pregnant pause. Dead silence.

STEVE GILDEN  
Is Tonelli a clean cop?

SAM WASHINGTON  
What are you trying to say?

STEVE GILDEN  
I asked a question.

DANNY DONLAN  
What's your damn problem? Why is it that the local cop is always dirty? This isn't TV, Gilden.

BRENT COFFEY  
Well, then how does a cop in a small village have enough money to live in a big house in Scarsdale?

SAM WASHINGTON  
Well, you didn't do your homework. (beat) Ava Tonelli, is Ava Nussbaum, of Nussbaum and Phillips. You may have heard the name. One of the largest real estate agencies in the state of New York.

STEVE GILDEN  
Any kids?

DANNY DONLAN  
Ava has a kid, Buck's step-son. He's away at college. Princeton.

INT. BAXTER'S DINER TUCKAHOE - EARLY MORNING

Chin is checking the brown bag to make sure the order is correct. Diner clerk is cross checking order slip. Someone walks up behind Chin.

DEACON BLUE  
 What are you having for breakfast  
 officer? Got some for me?

Chin turns around defensively.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
 Oh, Deacon, you know, I'm kinda  
 pissed at you right now.

DEACON BLUE  
 What did I do wrong this time?

She nods to the clerk, picks up the bag and two cups of  
 coffee and starts to walk toward the door. Deacon moves with  
 her.

DEACON BLUE  
 Do you have a court appearance or  
 something? You're all dressed up.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
 Did you follow us to Chinatown? How  
 did you get that story?

Deacon holds the door for her and smiles as he affectionately  
 puts his hand on her shoulder.

DEACON BLUE  
 Al Twanmo, remember my roommate in  
 college? That's his beat for the  
 Daily News. Everybody in Chinatown  
 knew you went to see Eddie Chan. Al  
 even told me you got a parking  
 ticket.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
 Great source. (beat) Just give me  
 some room, Deacon.

EXT. BAXTER'S DINER. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

DEACON BLUE  
 How about dinner Saturday night?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
 I'm kinda busy right now.

Villa sits in unmarked with engine running. Deacon smiles and  
 opens the car door for Chin.

DEACON BLUE  
 And what about Tonelli?

She hands Villa the coffees and pulls her head back out.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
What about him?

DEACON BLUE  
Did he kill his wife? What do you think?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
No way Deacon, work on the train thing. Leave him alone.

Call comes in on police radio. Chin dives into the car, Villa turns on the blue lights. Chin puts on seat belt, looks out the window with intense "dragon lady" look, as they peel off with siren on.

DEACON BLUE  
(to himself) That's hot! (aroused)

EXT.SIDE STREET OFF OF LAKE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Villa and Chin's car pulls to a stop a few feet from a old green van with Pennsylvania plates. Villa radios in on his hand held.

RICARDO VILLA  
We got it. Appears to be abandoned.  
You say it's stolen.

Female voice comes back on the box.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
Don't touch it, Rico. Sgt. Donlan wants it on a tow truck.

RICARDO VILLA  
Got it.

Chin, with revolver drawn, moves around the van looking it up and down. Takes a clear plastic bag out of her pocket and picks up something from the area by the driver's door.

RICARDO VILLA  
What you got there?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Looks like 9mm shell casing.  
Something is always left behind.

INT.INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mahowski sits in the room across the table from T-BONE ANGIE, a man poorly dressed in woman's clothing.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

What do you remember T-Bone?  
(lighter) May I call you T-Bone,  
Angie?

Mahowski is trying to keep himself from laughing.

T-BONE ANGIE

Please call me Angie. And once  
again, all I remember is that they  
were wearing all black, except the  
footware didn't match.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

What do you mean?

T-BONE ANGIE

They were wearing brown leather  
moccasins, terrible fashion faux  
pas!

MIKE MAHOWSKI

I guess you know a lot about  
dressing.

T-BONE ANGIE

And undressing! (winks at him)

Mahowski slightly gags.

EXT.TEMPLE EMMANUEL CEMETARY.LARCHMONT - LATE AFTERNOON

Tonelli stands off away from the grave site, leans against a  
tree. Each family member puts a shovel of dirt on the casket.  
A young man walks toward him.

MATTHEW NUSSBAUM

Buck, thanks for coming.

BUCK TONELLI

Sure Matt. You okay?

MATTHEW NUSSBAUM

Yeah, school is good, but this...

BUCK TONELLI

Is your father coming?



MATTHEW NUSSBAUM  
I'm sure he'll be sitting Shiva.

Tonelli puts his arm around his stepson and whispers.

BUCK TONELLI  
I'm sorry I wasn't there to protect  
her, Matthew.

MATTHEW NUSSBAUM  
You've been like a father to me. I  
know, I understand. (beat) Just  
promise me one thing Buck.

BUCK TONELLI  
Sure.

MATTHEW NUSSBAUM  
Get the shit heads that did this.

Buck hugs and then kisses Matthew's forehead and releases.

BUCK TONELLI  
I will.

EXT.TUCKAHOE TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

Tonelli comes out of the diner with a coffee and slowly walks across the parking lot in front of the train station. The clock in the square says 6:16 AM; the same train, different day. Crowd is lighter. Tonelli watches the train come to a stop, take passengers, then starts again. He taps his cup for an answer.

INT.COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is acting a little pensive as Tonelli walks into the room.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Welcome back, Lieutenant.

BUCK TONELLI  
Yeah, thanks Mike. You get your new  
car yet?

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Couple of days. They're loading the  
lights, radio, computer stuff.

Tonelli looks around the room and realizes how heavy the air is in the room.

BUCK TONELLI

People, let's get to work. Let's screw our heads on right and get to it.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Yes sir!

RICARDO VILLA

We found a van. The crime scene guys are on the way over.

Tonelli dumps a large file on the table and pulls out a picture. He motions to everyone to sit down.

BUCK TONELLI

I know you understand how this works. We try to find the people who killed the other people.

The room is silent.

BUCK TONELLI

And sometimes, we share with other agencies and sometimes we don't.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

We follow your lead, Lieutenant.

BUCK TONELLI

At my house, I saw something written on the fridge calendar that wasn't in Ava's handwriting. Like a message. I know it was a sign from the killers.

YAN-FEI CHIN

What was it Lieutenant?

BUCK TONELLI

A date. 12 - 29 - 90. I don't know what it means.

Chin writes it down. Tonelli walks over to the phone and dials number, then requests his expert.

BUCK TONELLI

Show Miss Fuchs into the conference room.

Tonelli looks into the eyes of each of his loyal troops.

BUCK TONELLI (O.S.)

And here's another creepy part of this. This is what they stuffed down my wife's throat.

He points at a picture. The door opens and a young hippy looking woman, SHEILAH FUCHS, with long stringy light brown hair. Her hands are rough, the hands of a plant person. Her old jacket bears the logo of Green Thumb Nursery.

BUCK TONELLI

Sheilah, this is detectives Chin, Villa and Mahowski. As you know we would like your expertise on something we found, a clue, in a case.

Nervously she sits down at the large table.

SHEILAH FUCHS

Sure, Mr. Tonelli. Hope I can help.

Tonelli places in front of her a large photo of a strange looking plant. INSERT C.U.

BUCK TONELLI

What do you think this is?

SHEILAH FUCHS

That's Arrow Arum. It's the root of a perennial, sort of edible. Well, edible if you can cook or dry out the calcium oxalate. The Indians, ah, Native Americans, used to make breads and soups out of them.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Where do they come from?

SHEILAH FUCHS

From Virginia, but we have them along the Bronx River. They have another name, you know.

Fuchs smiles knowing she has such a captive audience.

YAN-FEI CHIN

What name?

SHEILAH FUCHS

Tuckahoe. (beat)

The phone rings. Mike, who is nearest, answers.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Hello. (beat) Yeah, okay.

Hangs up the phone.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Crimes scene guys are here.

BUCK TONELLI  
Thanks Miss Fuchs. I'm sorry we  
don't have more time. Thank you.  
That was very helpful.

Tonelli ushers her out and in comes Elroy McGuire and his  
assistant DEL PATTERSON, a young egg-head kind of guy.

ELROY MCGUIRE  
The shell casing Chin found (he  
winks at her) is the same as the  
train station, 9mm. We have a  
match!

DEL PATTERSON  
The stolen van is pretty much a  
clean machine.

ELROY MCGUIRE  
Well, sort of, no prints, some mud  
from the woods and of course, da-  
Dah!

McGuire twirls out his hands toward Patterson like a magic  
show is unfolding. Patterson holds up an evidence bag with a  
large bird feather in it.

DEL PATTERSON  
An American bald eagle feather.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Oh shit.

Everyone in the room turns to look at Mahowski. He shakes his  
head, his face gets red as he pulls out his feather from his  
suit pocket and holds it up. Everyone looks at Tonelli who  
slowly sits down into the closest chair.

BUCK TONELLI  
Fuck.

EXT.GAS STATION HAWTHORNE, NEW YORK - EVENING

A car pulls up to the pump with men inside. The driver gets  
out and fills the tank.

The other guy slowly walks toward the station. In silhouette we see him putting something over his head while carrying something.

INT.GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The now masked man, dressed in all black, walks up to the counter. Throws a large green laundry sack on the counter and as the bag hits the counter, the storekeeper sees a small Uzi machine gun. The middle-aged Pakistani immigrant knows what this means.

MASKED MAN

Put all the cigarettes in this bag.

STOREKEEPER

Please do not hurt me. I beg of you, please.

MASKED MAN

PUT ALL THE CIGARETTES IN THE BAG!!

The storekeeper, shaking wildly, opens all the plastic lock covers and starts to shovel cartons of cigarettes into the bag. The masked man looks back over his shoulder and sees his partner pumping gas.

MASKED MAN

Hurry, hurry, I don't have time.

The bag is bulging with cartons to the point the storekeeper can hardly lift it over the counter. At this point, the masked man jumps up onto the counter, grabs the bag and then kicks the man in the face, he falls to the ground. With this, the robber takes aim at the green state lottery cash register machine and unloads fifty rounds and blows it up. He lets out a yelp and jumps onto to the floor. He takes a newspaper article out of his pocket and throws it to the floor, then runs out the door.

EXT.GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The masked-man jumps into the front seat of the car, throws the bag in the back seat. His accomplice, now behind the wheel, takes off leaving a cloud of dust.

EXT.PARKING LOT OF NICK'S BAR - MINUTES LATER

Mahowski, Tonelli walk toward the front door.

BUCK TONELLI  
Tuckahoe train station. Tuckahoe  
plant. It's not a coincidence.

Tonelli's cell phone rings.

BUCK TONELLI  
Tonelli. (beat) Danny, (beat) yeah,  
yeah, okay, got it, 9A.... Yeah  
Mike's with me. Okay.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
There's the bar, but I feel like we  
are going somewhere, yes?

BUCK TONELLI  
A guy in a ski mask just shot up a  
gas station (beat) with a machine  
gun.

They quickly reverse themselves and head to their cars.

EXT.GAS STATION HAWTHORNE, NEW YORK - MOMENTS LATER

Parking lot of gas station filled with cops cars all with  
their lights on. We see the hypnotic - blinking blue lights  
against the faces of Tonelli and Mahowski. As they walk into  
the station a young local cop fills them in.

HAWTHORNE COP  
Well, here's the deal; one guy  
pumps the gas, the other one, in a  
mask comes in, takes all the  
cigarettes and then shoots up the  
lotto machine.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
I guess he didn't have the winning  
number. Did he kill the attendant?

HAWTHORNE COP  
Nope, just kicked the shit out of  
him.

INT.GAS STATION STORE - SECONDS LATER

The small storekeeper sits on a stack of boxes with a bag of  
ice on his face.

BUCK TONELLI

Sir, is there anything you can remember about him? Did he have an accent?

STOREKEEPER

No, he sounded American.

BUCK TONELLI

Did you check out the security camera?

HAWTHORNE COP

Yeah, we got the license plate, we ran it.

BUCK TONELLI

And?

HAWTHORNE COP

Stolen car. Was reported two hours before the robbery.

BUCK TONELLI

Stolen from?

HAWTHORNE COP

White Plains, the train station.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

You guys got all these shell casings. And you need to dust that counter. You can see where he stood up there.

HAWTHORNE COP

Yeah, our crime scene guy is on the way.

BUCK TONELLI

Can you tell us anything else?

HAWTHORNE COP

Yeah, this is kinda strange. We found this on the floor.

He hands Buck the newspaper clipping. Certain parts highlighted. He scans the article. He quickly sees the name Ava Nussbaum of Nussbaum and Phillips under a picture.

BUCK TONELLI

This could be important. We need to get the FBI to analyze this.

HAWTHORNE COP

Well, is it really proper for you to remove that from this crime scene?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Well, in most cases no, but you haven't put up the yellow tape yet, now have you?

Tonelli's slight smile, almost gives it away.

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah, you better get that tape up before the state cops get here. That's procedure.

Tonelli casually stuffs the article in his pocket.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Come on, I'll help you with the tape.

Tonelli shakes his head and follows them out the door.

INT.DANNY DONLAN'S OFFICE - EARLY SATURDAY MORNING

Donlan, Washington and Tonelli are in casual dress. Donlan and Washington are dressed for golf.

DANNY DONLAN

Buck, this thing appears to be a little bigger than Tuckahoe.

SAM WASHINGTON

The FBI would like us to sort of back off a little bit. It seems that the Governor would like the State Police and Feds to work on this.

There's a knock on the door.

DANNY DONLAN

Come in.

The door opens and in walks Mayor Peter Spanos, also in golf attire.

PETER SPANOS

Buckster! How are you, Bud? Sam, Dan.



BUCK TONELLI

Thank you so much for the flowers.

PETER SPANOS

How's Matthew doing?

BUCK TONELLI

Tough kid. I think he'll be okay.  
Thanks for asking.

SAM WASHINGTON

We were just telling Buck about the  
call from the Governor and how we  
should...

PETER SPANOS

Buck, I've known you since second  
grade, shit, I gave you the name  
Buck, but maybe this is bigger than  
us.

BUCK TONELLI

Peter, didn't we have a shooting at  
the train station last Monday?

Everybody shakes their head in agreement.

DANNY DONLAN

No one is saying we don't want to  
catch the guys, but they seem to be  
moving north.

BUCK TONELLI

Guys, give me some time, we have  
some new information.

PETER SPANOS

Buck, what are you doing? That's  
how that whole 9/11 thing happened.  
Nobody talked to one another.

BUCK TONELLI

It has to do with Ava. The same  
guys did the train station. All  
this is related, to Ava, to  
Tuckahoe (beat) and maybe me.  
(beat) I'm just asking for seventy-  
two hours.

SAM WASHINGTON

Then you'll give the Feds every  
thing and step aside?

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah, sure. I just want to play out  
a couple of pieces of information.

Donlan stands up.

DANNY DONLAN

Gentlemen, we have a tee time at  
Dunwoodie and our fourth is  
Guilliani's son, so we better be on  
time.

BUCK TONELLI

Thanks guys.

INT.POLICE STATION COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC UP

The wall in the conference room is now cluttered with a map,  
pieces of paper, photos that relate to the crimes. Tonelli  
walks left to right trying to pull evidence out of each snap  
shot. Music fades.

BUCK TONELLI

Where are we?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

We're dealing with someone who  
wants us to see the hidden meaning  
in what they do.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I'm there. They dress like Iraq  
secret police to create the  
illusion of terrorism.

BUCK TONELLI

Killing twenty people on a train  
isn't terrorism?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Well, I meant...

BUCK TONELLI

I'm not sure what terrorism is  
anymore either. I mean I know it's  
the use of terror and violence to  
achieve some end, but isn't that  
happening everywhere?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

But most of the murders over money and drugs don't have some political goal connected to them.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Political goal; then you think this could be terrorism?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

I didn't say that, I'm just thinking out loud.

Tonelli looks like he is drifting off somewhere else.

RICARDO VILLA

Uzi, that's a gun of international terrorism. (beat) What am I saying? I know a bunch of gangs in the Bronx who have them. The weapon doesn't matter, I can get one of the those for forty bucks on eBay.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

The feathers, they want us to think: Indian. Native Americans gave out a feather, like a medal of honor. A purple heart.

At the mention of 'purple heart' Tonelli flashes on his godson's death in Iraq.

RICARDO VILLA

And they were wearing moccasins not slippers.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Yeah, the transvestite confirmed that.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Okay, so they want us to know who is doing this. What about the gas station robbery?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Symbolism: Indians gave the world tobacco and the state took control of their crop and taxed it. Symbolism: The lottery system is a threat to their casinos.

YAN-FEI CHIN

The date: 12 - 29 - 1990? The only thing I could find in 1990 was this report that two Mohawks died in a gun battle upstate...On May 1st, same day as the massacre at the train station. But that seems rather obscure, don't you think?

BUCK TONELLI

I think they dropped this in the gas station they robbed.

Tonelli drops the article on the table.

YAN-FEI CHIN

What is this?

BUCK TONELLI

It's a clipping about Ava's firm and how they were doing business with companies and organizations all over the state.

Chin studies the picture and then opens her eyes wide.

YAN-FEI CHIN

The picture, did you look at the picture!

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah, it's Ava and her partner. It doesn't say who the other guy is.

Chin looks up.

YAN-FEI CHIN

It's Ethan Olson, the lawyer from the train. The guy who worked for MacDermott, that son of a ...

Tonelli grabs the photo and takes it to the board and tacks it next to the victim's license pictures.

BUCK TONELLI

Shit, I didn't see it. (beat) You and I will pay MacDermott a visit first thing Monday morning, Chin. He's keeping something from us.

Chin nods and makes a note of it.

BUCK TONELLI  
Rico, didn't you go to school  
upstate?

RICARDO VILLA  
Oneida State, right in the middle  
of Indian lands.

BUCK TONELLI  
Make some calls. Let's find an  
expert on Indians.

RICARDO VILLA  
Oh, I get it, send the Puerto Rican  
to talk to the Indians.

Everybody laughs, Mahowski and Villa head out of the room.  
Chin stuffs papers in the case manila folder.

BUCK TONELLI  
Detective Chin! (beat) You're doing  
great. I'm very impressed. Looks  
like all that college criminology  
stuff is paying off.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Thank you, sir. Someday you'll have  
to explain that to my parents.

She smiles and walks out the door.

EXT.EASTCHESTER LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - LATE MORNING

Tonelli in coach's garb stands at the plate with an aluminum  
bat and baseball. Field is filled with Little Leaguers  
dressed in uniforms warming up for their big game. Coach  
Tonelli hits a ball rather hard at the shortstop ENRIQUE. It  
goes between his legs into left field.

BUCK TONELLI  
Enrique, how many times have we  
practiced. Glove down, butt down.  
Keep your eye on the ball.

ENRIQUE  
Sorry, coach. One more?

Tonelli hits the ball again, Enrique picks it up cleanly this  
time, pivots, throws to second, the second baseman catches,  
pivots and throws to first.

BUCK TONELLI  
That's the way! Great job!

EXT.EASTCHESTER LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli has a group of kids out by second base. He is demonstrating the slide.

BUCK TONELLI

The key to the pop up slide guys,  
is to extend your left leg into the  
bag so that you can pull yourself  
up with your right leg and keep  
going if there's a bad throw.

Tonelli demonstrates by running to the base, sliding and getting back up and looking around.

EXT.LITTLE LEAGUE.CONCESSION STAND - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli pays for a diet Coke and starts to walk away from the stand. A weary, but classically beautiful woman in her early forties, THERESA PORTO dressed in the colors of her son's team approaches apprehensively.

THERESA PORTO

Coach Tonelli? I'm Benji's mom.

Tonelli looks up with a little bit of surprise.

BUCK TONELLI

Yes, of course, Mrs. Porto.

THERESA PORTO

Please call me Terry.

BUCK TONELLI

Terry?

THERESA PORTO

I'm so sorry about your tragedy, I  
just want to extend my sympathies,  
Mr. Tonelli.

He walks her over to the side of the stand away from the cue.

BUCK TONELLI

Please, call me Buck. Thank you  
very much.

THERESA PORTO

Benji talks about you all the time.  
He really looks up to you.

Looks into her eyes and sees real caring with the accent of pain.

BUCK TONELLI

Well, (beat) I'm trying to make sure these kids don't get all wrapped up in the front page of the Daily News. Thanks Terry, I appreciate it.

Porto digs into her pocket nervously and pulls out a shiny medal and chain.

THERESA PORTO

This may seem a little strange, but I wanted you to have this.

Tonelli reaches out and takes the medal, looks at it and then locks eyes with Porto.

BUCK TONELLI

St. Michael, the patron saint of the police. Haven't seen one of these in years.

He looks to his hand. INSERT: the shiny medal with its depiction of St. Michael slaying evil demons with his large sword.

THERESA PORTO (O.S.)

It was my husband's. He wore it every day, well, except one day.

BUCK TONELLI

What day was that?

THERESA PORTO

September 11, 2001. NYPD.

BUCK TONELLI

Your family should keep this.

THERESA PORTO

St. Michael should protect you. You're a good man Buck Tonelli.

Tonelli tries to shake the emotion from his eyes. He reaches out and hugs Porto. She smiles and then respectfully kisses his cheek.

INT.KOREAN MARKET.ARDSLEY, NEW YORK - MIDDAY

It's a brilliantly sunny spring day and Chin and Blue shop in the market for fresh vegetables. They play a child-like game of hide and seek behind large crates of multi-colored produce.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Just get it straight Deacon Boy,  
I'm only letting you cook me dinner  
because you are in hot water.

Sneaking around the corner of one aisle.

DEACON BLUE

Hot water... as in, me and you in  
the bath tub later?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Don't count your chickens...

DEACON BLUE

I thought you were a vegetarian?

Chin dashes around the corner, now a bit further from Blue but closer to the front door and the cash register. Behind the register is a round Korean woman over dressed in scarfs and sweaters because of her early morning unloading chores. She hands change to the only customer at the register and waves goodbye.

KOREAN GROCER

Thank you Miss Johnson. See you  
later.

SUSPENSE MUSIC UP

Out of the corner of her eye, Chin sees a young black boy enter the front door and walk directly up to the cash register, he pulls a silver .25 caliber Raven handgun. The light hits the gun and reflects on Chin's eyes. She pulls back out of sight to get her bearings. She looks down the aisle and sees Blue on the other side of the shop looking at the yellow squash. Chin pulls out her service revolver from the holster under her jacket and releases the safety. She moves cat-like around the edge to see the Korean grocer standing at the cash register frozen with her arms up, hands shaking. The drawer is still closed. Chin moves down the opposite side of the aisle so that she is now behind the kid at the register. She moves quickly and with considerable violence, jumps his back, slamming his wrist with her revolver and then knocking him to the ground. His gun falls into a basket of grapes and Chin plants her foot in his crouch, and aims her gun at his head.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Don't move. Don't fucking move!

The Korean woman screams and raises her arms. Blue drops the squash and comes running to the front of the store.



Chin backs away from the kid, but doesn't move her gun. Yells at the clerk.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
 Call 9-1-1. I'm a cop. (to kid)  
 Keep your hands up in the air.  
 Don't bring them down.

DEACON BLUE  
 Yan-Fei, What the....

Chin focuses on the kid who is shaking and starts to pee his pants.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
 Get out of here, Deacon.

Chin gets her apartment keys out and hands them to Blue. Korean woman (b.g.) on phone with Ardsley police.

DEACON BLUE  
 Don't you need some help...

YAN-FEI CHIN  
 I need you to be out of here. Go to my apartment. The paperwork is going to take hours. I'll bring the food.

Deacon quickly walks around the action and out the door.

KOREAN GROCER  
 (on the phone)  
 No, no she is police, she has gun.

Still focused, but responding to the phone call.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
 Please tell them, I'm an off duty cop from Tuckahoe. Nobody's hurt, got suspect under control.

KOREAN GROCER  
 Okay, okay, we stay here.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - EARLY EVENING

Tonelli still in Little League outfit walks into the bar. Mahowski sits at bar with large beer and eating nuts from the dish on the bar.

BUCK TONELLI  
You're not eating those nuts are  
you?

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
I bring my own dish.

Lifts up the dish and the bottom has crude sharpie letters  
MAHOWSKI.

BUCK TONELLI  
First pitch yet? (to bartender)  
I'll have what he's having.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Just ready to start. How'd your  
boys do today?

BUCK TONELLI  
We did okay. I hate tournaments. We  
won the first one, but lost the  
second one. I gotta feeling that  
team from the Bronx is playin'  
ringers again. This one kid was  
bigger than you.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
So, you didn't hear the excitement?

BUCK TONELLI  
No, what now?

Beer arrives and Tonelli sits down carefully, as if he pulled  
something in his back at Little League.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Seems like our little Chinese  
Detective was in the right place at  
the wrong time. Or is that wrong  
place at the right time.

BUCK TONELLI  
Mikey, what happened?

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Some black kid with a gun walks in  
that Korean grocery store, you know  
the one in Ardsley next to that  
antique gas station sign?

BUCK TONELLI  
Yeah.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Well, he pulls a gun on the lady who runs the place, one of those little Ravens, you know the silver one.

BUCK TONELLI

Oh no.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

No Buck, happy ending. She takes the perp from behind, breaks his wrist with her service piece, keeps him on the floor until the Ardsley boys get there. The kid peed his pants. Tough cop, that Chin.

Mahowski starts to laugh. Tonelli raises his glass.

BUCK TONELLI

Here's to our tremendous training!

They both drink, then turns to the screen

BUCK TONELLI

Okay, Who's pitching?

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

MUSIC UP

The apartment is modestly furnished. At the small round table set for two. Two red candles burn romantically. Blue opens bottle of red wine and Chin puts a serving dish filled with pasta on the table. Blue sits down and hands Chin a glass of wine. Chin is dressed in a sexy black and red silk Chinese outfit.

DEACON BLUE

I would like to toast the bravest cop in all the land for saving me my life today.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Please, no talking about work.

DEACON BLUE

I understand. But how can I ever repay you?

Chin smiles and looks right into his eyes.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I'm sure I'll think of something.

A little magic is in the air. Chin gets up and moves over to the sound system.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I love this song.

Blue admires her shapely figure as she bends over to turn up the music. MUSIC UP. As she returns to the table, her hips move to the beat of the music.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - CONTINUOUS

Crowd erupts in cheers as Yankees pull off a double-play, then TV station cuts to commercials.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

That's what I am talking about.

BUCK TONELLI

You gotta love A-Rod at third.  
That's textbook double play.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Pitcher's favorite play.

BUCK TONELLI

Hey, the Yankees are playing great tonight! (to bartender) Mary, pour us two shots of Irish whisky!

Mahowski throws down a twenty and grabs his friend around the shoulders indicating his treat.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - LATER EVENING

Chin puts the last dish in the dishwasher and closes the door. Takes off her apron and throws it on a hook. Walks into the living room area, sits down next to Blue who is opening the second bottle of wine. Chin drinks the last of her glass and is playfully drunk. Blue pulls the cork out of the bottle and then pours Chin some more wine. She leans over and kisses him on the cheek. He kisses her red lips.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - INTERLEAVING

Mahowski walks out of men's room and back to the bar. Several people have gathered in front of the TV screen and around Tonelli and Mahowski.

BUCK TONELLI

Okay Mike, bottom of the ninth,  
Yanks are down by one run, bases  
loaded.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

They walked Sheffield to pitch to A-  
Rod? What are they crazy?

BUCK TONELLI

Two outs. Can you believe this?

Tonelli reaches into his shirt and discreetly rubs the St.  
Michael medal he got earlier that day.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - INTERLEAVING

Blue and Chin are on the sofa now passionately embracing and  
kissing hard and breathing heavy. Deacon moves his hand down  
the front of Chin's body to the pull strings of her bottoms  
and gently pulls the string and unties her.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - INTERLEAVING

Everybody is seen looking up at TV.

BUCK TONELLI

Good one Alex, lay off that high  
heat.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Count now is two balls, one strike  
on the muscular Yankee third  
baseman.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - INTERLEAVING

We see Chin walking down the dark hallway to the bed room. As  
she gets to candle lit room, we see her take off her bottoms  
and throw them on the floor. She turns toward Deacon who is  
still on the sofa in the living room and motions with her  
finger for him to come to her and then turns around. She  
takes off her top and steps into the room. Blue takes a gulp  
of his red wine, exhilarated, he gets off the sofa and moves  
toward the room unbuttoning his shirt.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - INTERLEAVING

Same people glued to the screen. Tonelli orders more drinks  
for everyone in the circle.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

If he gets that much money, he ought to be able to deliver in this situation.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The count is now three and two, the runners will be off with the pitch.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - INTERLEAVING

We see Chin and Blue in bed. Chin's nude body is on top of Blue. He kisses Chin's neck and works his way to her left nipple, caresses her breasts with both hands then rolls Chin under him and kisses every inch of her body on the way to between her legs.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - INTERLEAVING

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Here's the pitch from the stretch, (beat) A-Rod swings there's a line drive to shallow left center. Jeter scores, Matsui turns the bend at third...

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - INTERLEAVING

Blue is now on top of Chin, she kisses his neck and breathes hard, her moans are on the edge of a scream, Blue holding her with all his might, pushing himself deep within Chin's being.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - INTERLEAVING

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

... the throw comes to the plate, Matsui slides, HE'S SAFE! Yankees win! (cheer) Yankees win!

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Chin screams and Blue lets out a deep breath of air. Chin lands a luscious French kiss on Blue's mouth, both trying to catch their breath. Chin rolls over on top of Blue and is now kissing his neck with a look of ecstasy.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Don't stop. Please don't stop.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT.MACDERMOTT'S OFFICE HARLEM - EARLY MONDAY MORNING

Tonelli, paces the reception area, liked a caged lion. Chin is sitting on the sofa reading her notes back to Tonelli. The Receptionist enters the room, takes a deep breath.

RECEPTIONIST  
You startled me. May I help you?

BUCK TONELLI  
We are here to see Senator MacDermott. Tonelli and Chin, Tuckahoe Police.

INT.MACDERMOTT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

MacDermott points to the sofa and coffee table area off to the side of his desk.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
Let's sit over here, may I get you some coffee, or perhaps Detective Chin would like some tea?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
No thank you.

BUCK TONELLI  
No coffee Senator, were here for some answers.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
When we spoke last week, you gave me the Ethan Olson file and you said that he was working on State Tax reform for you. And you said, that was everything.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
It was.

BUCK TONELLI  
(raising his voice) Senator, we didn't come all the way down from Tuckahoe for speech writer stuff, we need some REAL ANSWERS!

Tonelli rubs his face and starts to scratch his hair right above his ear. MacDermott looks alarmed and annoyed.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
What are you insinuating?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Is there anything else you would like to tell us about Ethan Olson and your office?

Tonelli leans forward and looks right in MacDermott's eyes.

BUCK TONELLI  
Tell me about Olson and his association with Nussbaum and Phillips!

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
The real estate guys? Isn't that the woman who was murdered in Scarsdale?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Yes, but Senator, do you know what dealings Mrs. Nussbaum and Mr. Phillips had with Olson?

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
Some big land deal. Olson had bought some land upstate. They were going to build a camp for kids with autism.

BUCK TONELLI  
Why didn't you mention this before?

Tonelli stands and paces again.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
Please, Lt. Tonelli, sit down. I may be guilty of not thinking that those real estate deals had anything to do with the killings, but that is it.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Senator, what...(she gets cut off)

BUCK TONELLI  
Ava Nussbaum was my wife.

Dead silence in the room for seconds.



LESTER MACDERMOTT  
I'm so sorry, my condolences.

MacDermott takes a deep breath and continues.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
Okay, I'm working on a plan to sell large tracts of land to developers upstate, in the City of Sherrill, New York. It's all a matter of public record.

MacDermott starts to squirm in his chair a bit. Chin starts to write on her pad.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Did you meet with Ava Nussbaum or her partner Mr. Phillips?

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
No, I've heard of the firm, who hasn't?

Tonelli moves toward the door and looks back dragging Chin with his eyes.

BUCK TONELLI  
Senator, if you think of any reason someone would want Olson dead, you need to tell us. I would hate it if you got dragged into this mess.

LESTER MACDERMOTT  
Is that a threat, Lt. Tonelli?

BUCK TONELLI  
Just a warning, I don't give threats. We leave the fear tactics to the politicians.

EXT.PARKING LOT IN HARLEM - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli is walking fast and Chin is trying to keep up with him.

BUCK TONELLI  
I don't like him. He's not telling us everything. Make sure you find out everything you can on the Sherrill deal and that bastard.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Would that be, "Senator" Bastard?

Tonelli stops, turns around and laughs.

BUCK TONELLI

That's funny. (beat) Hey, maybe we should go public with the MacDermott stuff, you know, smoke him out.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I don't follow.

BUCK TONELLI

Why don't you leak this story to your buddy; (to himself) maybe this time, we are on the same side.

Chin looks rather surprised and embarrassed.

BUCK TONELLI

And what kind of name is Deacon Blue? I've never met anyone named BLUE?

YAN-FEI CHIN

His mother is a big Steely Dan fan.

BUCK TONELLI

I don't even want to ask what a Steely Dan is.

Tonelli's cell phone rings and he answers in microseconds.

BUCK TONELLI

Tonelli (beat) Mike, where the hell are you? (beat) Yeah, I'm with Chin, we're in Harlem. Times Square? (beat) Okay, we'll be there in fifteen minutes. (beat) Traffic, we don't care about no stinking traffic! We're cops!

INT.TONELLI'S UNMARKED CROWN VIC - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli's car, with blue lights on, zigs and zags its way down Broadway. Tonelli has the timing down and misses all the red lights.

YAN-FEI CHIN

What hotel did he say?

BUCK TONELLI

Crowne Plaza. Mike says that Rico found some old professor of his from Oneida who happened to be in town for a lecture at some Indian council meeting.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Great, only this time, hopefully we won't get a ticket.

BUCK TONELLI

Who got a ticket? Someone got a fucking parking ticket?

YAN-FEI CHIN

I thought this might be a good time to tell you.

BUCK TONELLI

Where?

YAN-FEI CHIN

The other day in Flushing.

BUCK TONELLI

Rico should know better. You guys are on your own. That's why they call it "flushing!"

INT.CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL ROOM 333 - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli and Chin knock on the door. Chin pulls out her gun. Tonelli looks at her in amazement.

BUCK TONELLI

Put that away, Mike is in there with the guy. (beat) Maybe you shouldn't have a gun.

As Chin is putting away her gun, the door opens. A tall man with long salt and pepper hair pulled into a ponytail stands at the door. Dressed professor-like, light brown corduroy suit with those dark brown patches of leather on the elbows and trim. He reaches out to shake Tonelli's hand and both men cannot help but realize how much bigger DOUG WHITEFEATHER's hands are than Tonelli's.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Lt. Tonelli? I'm Douglas Whitefeather. I only have about an hour before my lecture. Please come in.

BUCK TONELLI  
This is Detective Chin.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
(in Mandarin) Hello, are you good?

Chin is surprised, only says 'Good' in Mandarin this clicks into English.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
You speak Chinese Mr. Whitefeather?  
I thought you were Native American.

As he closes the door,

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
Let's start there, I am IROQUOIS. I  
learned a little Chinese in  
college.

INT. ROOM 333.VIEW OF TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Mahowski is admiring the view of Times Square.

BUCK TONELLI  
Detective Mahowski, so good of you  
to get up this early.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Actually, I just got here. Terrible  
place to park a car.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
And expensive, but I'm sure you  
didn't come from your village of  
Tuckahoe to talk about traffic in  
the city? Please sit.

BUCK TONELLI  
Yeah that's right, I like your  
style.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
I'm Iroquois. We tend to tell  
things like they are. Have you read  
my book Lt. Tonelli?

BUCK TONELLI  
Ah, no, but I plan to.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Ricardo Villa, your old student,  
has it.

Whitefeather nods acknowledging the name and then smiles.

BUCK TONELLI

Are you aware of what happened in Tuckahoe?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

It's been all over CNN. And I just read about the murders in Scarsdale. You must be busy?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Yes, sir, are you a 'Sir' or a 'Chief' or what do we call you?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

(laughs) Professor, I am just a professor of Native American culture with an obvious focus on the Iroquois.

Chin opens her notebook.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Well, then Professor, I've got a few questions.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Please.

YAN-FEI CHIN

We are assuming nothing in either case. But it seems like we have some clues and evidence leading to some Native American involvement.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

It's okay with me if you use the I-word.

BUCK TONELLI

Indians. You aren't offended by that?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

It was Christopher Columbus' mistake, but it is too late to change it. After all, your government chooses to call it, U.S. Indian Affairs and you put us on, Indian Reservations.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Isn't that rather generous?  
(smiles) We give you all that land  
and let you put up all those tax  
free casinos.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

I assume by your last name  
Detective Mahowski that you are  
Polish?

Tonelli playfully rubs Mahowski's head.

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah, (trying to lighten it up)  
He's our big Kielbasa cop!

Tonelli lets out a hardy laugh and looks at Chin who is not  
amused. Mahowski is also a bit defensive.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

What's your point about being  
Polish? Are we going to do a joke  
here?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

No, I just wanted to remind you of  
how your people felt when Hitler  
marched into Poland taking your  
motherland.

BUCK TONELLI

Where are we going with this?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Or how your people felt when the  
Russians kept you under their fists  
for decades?

YAN-FEI CHIN

You're equating the settlers to  
Hitler and the United States  
government to communists after the  
2nd World War?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

You did take OUR land and then you  
gave back a portion of it and felt  
good about yourself. The casinos  
are not what the PEACEMAKER had in  
mind for our people. That is just  
your pollution, thrown back at you  
to exploit your weaknesses - your  
vices!

BUCK TONELLI

Let's assume that we can't learn everything right now.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

That's correct. It took us hundreds of years to learn it.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I have my list Lieutenant. May I?

BUCK TONELLI

Yes, that would be constructive.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Why the eating of the heart? Is that Iroquois?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

A brave out hunting admired the deer, their speed, so when they killed one, they would cut the heart out and eat it. We believe in nature, everything is connected. A brave ate the heart of the deer because he believed that he would gain speed from the deer's heart. Not really done today

Chin scribbles some notes and looks back up.

BUCK TONELLI

What about the Tuckahoe, why was the plant stuffed in the mouth of the victim?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

That sounds a bit more like Hollywood stuff than Iroquois. I think the person who did this, was trying to mess with your head.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Mess with our heads? You mean killing twenty people on a train and leaving eagle feathers around town isn't messing with our heads enough?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Well, it's your head, not mine.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I got the connection to May 1st,  
the day of the shooting upstate in  
1990.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Got what? Connection to May 1st,  
1990? Probably just a coincidence.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Well then, what happened on  
December 29, 1990?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

What are you talking about? Where  
did you get that date?

BUCK TONELLI

We got a message, a clue from the  
killers.

Whitefeather starts laughing like a silly schoolboy. Chin,  
Mahowski and Tonelli stare emotionless.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

What's so funny Professor?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

1990, You thought it was Nineteen  
Ninety? That's one of the most  
famous dates in Indian history.  
Only it's December 29, 1890! That's  
the massacre at Wounded Knee!

YAN-FEI CHIN

Of course.

Shakes her head in embarrassment.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

I wish I could spend more time with  
you, but I do have a lecture. I  
would suggest that you read my book  
and learn more about our culture.

BUCK TONELLI

So, do you think Indians were  
involved in the attack?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Many possibilities, or as you would  
say, motives. Greed, money,  
revenge, honor;

(MORE)



DOUG WHITEFEATHER (cont'd)  
the first two are your ills, not  
really Indian problems. We usually  
take care of our own.

Whitefeather gets up attempting to end the meeting. Tonelli  
motions to Chin and Mahowski to stay seated.

BUCK TONELLI  
So if you were a betting man, what  
do you think this is all about?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
We own casinos, but we are not very  
good at gambling or alcohol. You  
know, nature always wins.

Whitefeather stands, moves to pick up his briefcase.

BUCK TONELLI  
What is going on in Sherrill, New  
York?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
You need to do your research. Take  
a look at the City of Sherrill  
versus the Oneida Indian Nation of  
New York, et al. No. 03-855 in the  
Supreme Court of the United States.  
You will find your motive there.

Whitefeather winks at Tonelli. All the detectives now stand.

BUCK TONELLI  
How long are you in town?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
Only the next two days.

BUCK TONELLI  
We'll probably want to talk to you  
some more.

INT.COMMAND CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

The door opens and the pizza delivery man comes in with three  
large pizzas. Mahowski, Chin, Villa, Tonelli and Donlan are  
all sitting around the big table. Tonelli pays the kid.

DANNY DONLAN  
Put something on that table before  
you put those pizzas down. The heat  
can ruin that Mahogany table.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Pepperoni, extra cheese... they  
ought to mark it: 'heart attack.'

Just then the door opens and Police Chief Sam Washington comes into the room.

SAM WASHINGTON  
We are running out of time. And, we  
have a leak.

DANNY DONLAN  
What do you mean Chief?

Washington throws down the afternoon Journal-Gazette.

SAM WASHINGTON  
Get a load of this headline:  
SENATOR LINKED TO SCARSDALE  
SLAYING. MacDermott called me and  
was screaming bloody murder about  
this story.

DANNY DONLAN  
What's that? Let me see that paper.

Donlan starts to read intently.

BUCK TONELLI  
Bloody murder, interesting choice  
of words. (beat) Why don't we focus  
on the facts. We won't solve these  
crimes by reading the paper.

DANNY DONLAN  
Good point.

Tonelli takes front and center and starts to fire away.

BUCK TONELLI  
Mike, make sure our Professor  
friend doesn't leave town. As a  
matter of fact, let's get him to  
stop by here on his way north.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Got it, Buck. I'll call him. I can  
pick him up after he checks out.

BUCK TONELLI  
Rico, that was a good find. What do  
we know about the land deal Olson  
and MacDermott were involved in?

RICARDO VILLA

Looks like MacDermott is encouraging the selling of large tracts of land.

SAM WASHINGTON

His land?

RICARDO VILLA

No, actually, state land; state land to private investors.

YAN-FEI CHIN

That's what that Supreme Court case, that Whitefeather mentioned is all about.

BUCK TONELLI

Give us the cliff Notes version!

YAN-FEI CHIN

Sure, the Indians were here first. They owned the land, millions of acres. The white man, Europeans came here and took the land away from them.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

We know that part of the story.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Under a treaty signed in 1794, the United States agreed that no native lands can be sold without federal approval. The state of New York ignored the treaty. Just took the land.

BUCK TONELLI

How is MacDermott involved?

YAN-FEI CHIN

MacDermott plans to introduce legislation that would require all Natives, inside or outside a reservation, to pay state taxes. Maybe he wants to tax the casinos.

RICARDO VILLA

Looks like it's a case of a state senator thumbing his nose at the feds. The federal court will just reverse it, won't they?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Well, the claim by the tribe is based on the belief that their land rights are guaranteed by the Trade and Intercourse Act of 1790 and 1793.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Intercourse Act, wow, they had a law for that back then?

Tonelli stares down Mahowski.

BUCK TONELLI

Mike, get on the phone now. We need to get Whitefeather back here ASAP.

Mahowski leaves the room mumbling to himself.

SAM WASHINGTON

So, are we establishing motive here? (beat) And more importantly, if this is an Indian matter, did you give the FBI all this?

BUCK TONELLI

Sam, with all due respect, don't you see the problem?

SAM WASHINGTON

Buck, why is it that every time you precede what you're about to say with that "with all due respect" crap, I get the feeling that what comes out next is more like 'lack of respect?'

DANNY DONLAN

Sam, please hear him out.

BUCK TONELLI

The Feds are always on the other side of this mess. How can someone from the Federal Bureau of Investigation remain objective.

SAM WASHINGTON

I'm still not getting it. Why don't we just pit the feds against the state and stay out it?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Think about WACO. The government sends in ATF, the very emblem of government control and power: Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. A bunch of innocent kids get killed. Then we get Oklahoma City, more people die.

SAM WASHINGTON

Those were religious nuts and terrorists! We have Homeland Security now, we have to keep them informed.

RICARDO VILLA

And what about Wounded Knee?

SAM WASHINGTON

What happened there, again?

RICARDO VILLA

In 1890, the son of a native mystic started this thing called the Ghost Dance Religion.

BUCK TONELLI

What's that?

YAN-FEI CHIN

The earth perishes and the Indians inherit this world. And all the dead Indians come back to life. The Ghost Dance.

SAM WASHINGTON

Go on.

RICARDO VILLA

A group of radical Indians took it to a new level, preaching the elimination of whites.

SAM WASHINGTON

(smiles) That is radical.

RICARDO VILLA

They even made these Ghost Dance shirts and claimed white man's bullets couldn't penetrate; body armor!

BUCK TONELLI

You're really into this; what about the massacre?

RICARDO VILLA

The 7th Calvary got there, (beat) 150 Indians killed, 50 wounded.

SAM WASHINGTON

You said the first time?

RICARDO VILLA

Yeah, then in 1973, a group called the American Indian Movement seized control of Wounded Knee again.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Law-enforcement officials refused to take the testimony of an Indian who had witnessed a stabbing of an Indian by a white guy. That led to a confrontation.

RICARDO VILLA

I get the idea that the Indians really don't want to be governed by us. (smiles) It's a pride thing.

Chin reading from her print out.

YAN-FEI CHIN

The local natives blockaded themselves for 71 days. (beat) Two people were killed, 12 wounded, including two marshals, 1,200 were arrested.

BUCK TONELLI

Sam, all we are saying is that these guys take this very serious. So, we have a motive.

SAM WASHINGTON

Okay, we have a lawyer working on the land deal and that is why they killed him. The other people on the train were collateral damage. How do you connect the murders in Scarsdale?

BUCK TONELLI

Ava was Ethan Olson's real estate agent.

(MORE)

BUCK TONELLI (cont'd)

The deal they did involved hundreds of acres in MacDermott's district. Olson represented a group: Oneida Citizens for Equal Land Ownership. Everyone of the plots were bought by one of its 8,000 members. Don't you see the connection?

SAM WASHINGTON

I assume none of the new owners are Native Americans?

BUCK TONELLI

That's right, I guess the good Senator is trying to increase the tax base by selling off all the old Indian reserves to white people. If the Supreme Court rules against the Indians, things could get ugly.

Dead silence in the room.

EXT.WHITE PLAINS HJBC BANK ATM LOBBY - LATER EVENING

A short Central American looking woman with dark hair in her twenties inserts her bank card in the slot of the ATM kiosk, we hear a buzz and she pushes open the heavy door.

INT.WHITE PLAINS HJBC BANK ATM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

She sees a man in a long black coat standing at the desk writing out a deposit slip. She looks back to the ATM, walks up to it quickly and slides her card in/out. And then the lobby door finally clicks and closes.

INT.NICKY'S BAR DOBBS FERRY - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

MUSIC UP then (b.g.)

Tonelli and Mahowski sitting at a round table. A waitress comes over and puts two cheeseburger platters in front of them. Mahowski plows in, while Tonelli adds condiments.

BUCK TONELLI

These assholes gotta make a mistake somewhere along the way.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Mistake? (chews food) Don't you think they want to be martyrs?

(MORE)

MIKE MAHOWSKI (cont'd)  
 You know, the few, the brave,  
 caught up in the rapture of the  
 Ghost Dance Religion?

BUCK TONELLI  
 You mean like the terrorists  
 thinking they would get 72 virgins  
 by flying planes into a building?

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 More like a well thought-out plan  
 to bring attention to the red man's  
 plight. What ever that means?

Tonelli's cell phone rings. They both look at each other.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Tonelli! (beat) Rico, what's up?  
 Where? (beat) Yeah, okay, about ten  
 minutes.

Tonelli hangs up the phone. Waves for the waitress.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 What's up?

BUCK TONELLI  
 They just made their mistake. White  
 Plains. (yelling at waitress)  
 Maggie, can you wrap all this food  
 to take away? (back to Mike) Why is  
 it that every time I sit down to  
 eat a meal, the fucking phone  
 rings?

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 Good news for me; you're 'fucking'  
 driving, so I get to fucking finish  
 my dinner.

Mahowski takes another animalistic bite of his cheeseburger  
 chews hard, then chases it with his beer.

EXT.WHITE PLAINS HJBC BANK ATM LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Tonelli's Crown Vic pulls to a stop, siren peters out but the  
 blue lights continue to strobe. Villa standing at the curb  
 talking to a woman sitting in the back seat of a White Plains  
 Police cruiser.

RICARDO VILLA  
 Buck! Mike! Over here!



Tonelli walks toward Villa and scans 180 degrees around.  
Focuses on ATM door and then back to Villa

BUCK TONELLI  
Rico, short form.

RICARDO VILLA  
Ms. Fuentes here was making a withdrawal and someone put a large knife to her throat just before she was going to enter the amount.

BUCK TONELLI  
Hello Ms. Fuentes, did you see the man's face?

RICARDO VILLA  
No hablo Buck. She told me it was a man, in his late twenties, long black hair. And get this, he has a tattoo on his cheek, some gang symbol or something.

LADY IN POLICE CAR  
Lo ciento mucho.

RICARDO VILLA  
No problema, senora. (to Buck) He pushed her against the window pretty hard, White Plains wants to get her to the hospital.

Ambulance pulls up. Two uniforms walk over to the police car. Mahowski moves toward the ATM lobby door where a young nerdy-looking crime scene guy is dusting for prints. Tonelli and Villa flash badges, nod at the White Plains cops and walk toward the lobby.

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR  
Gentlemen, as much as Tuckahoe is one of my favorite words to say, please keep your distance.

BUCK TONELLI  
I'm Lt. Tonelli. Any prints on the door.

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR  
You got to be kidding, right?

BUCK TONELLI  
Yeah kid, I'm just a barrel of monkeys.

(MORE)

BUCK TONELLI (cont'd)  
 (beat) The important question; do they have a tape on those security cameras?

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR  
 (stops and looks up) Oh, really, cameras, tapes, they have those things? (beat, then looks back down) The bank manager is on the way. I assume you want a copy of the tape?

Mahowski lights a cigar and smiles at Tonelli.

BUCK TONELLI  
 Yeah, that would be great. Say son, what's your name?

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR  
 Waterman, Marshall Waterman. My uncle is the DA. So whose attention do I send that tape to?

BUCK TONELLI  
 Tonelli. How soon?

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR  
 You'll have it by first thing tomorrow. And by the way, you might be interested in this other little piece of evidence.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
 Tell me Waterman.

Crime scene investigator reaches into his kit and pulls out a clear plastic evidence bag. Holds it up to the available light, and displays a large eagle feather.

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR  
 Maybe the Birdman of Alcatraz is back?

BUCK TONELLI  
 Say hello to your uncle for me and don't let us down, Waterman.

The three detectives walk toward Tonelli's car.

INT.TUCKAHOE POLICE MAIN DESK AREA - EARLY MORNING

A small group of uniformed police officers stand around drinking coffee, eating donuts and watching TV.

The TV is on Cable Channel 12 news. It shows various shots of police doing things: helping people cross the street, keeping people back at a crime scene and finally, an Asian uniformed police officer is talking to a group of Chinese Americans. One of the rookies turns up the sound, just as Tonelli walks by the TV. He stops, sips his coffee and watches through the crowd.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...deversity is important on today's police force. And as you can see, Officer Yan-Fei Chin is better able to serve and communicate. By the way, we just learned that Officer Chin, seen here in our report, has just been promoted to Detective, Tuckahoe's first female Asian American detective. She is heading up the investigation of the Tuckahoe station massacre of a little more than a week ago.

Officers cheer, high-five each other as a super comes on the screen: MACDERMOTT LATE BREAKING NEWS. Tonelli whistles that loud coach warning.

BUCK TONELLI

Please, I wanna hear this.

Newscaster is on screen with picture of Senator MacDermott in upper left of screen.

NEWSCASTER

And this just into the Channel 12 Newsroom, according to the Journal-Gazette, on the heels of being questioned in the Scarsdale Nussbaum murders, Senator Lester MacDermott's apartment in the state capitol has been ransacked in what Albany police are saying was a robbery.

Tonelli bolts to the Command Center and bursts through the door, almost spilling his coffee.

INT.COMMAND CENTER CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chin and Villa look up, startled with nerves on edge. Tonelli puts his coffee down hard and points at Chin.

BUCK TONELLI  
Why am I seeing you on TV?

RICARDO VILLA  
Hey boss, that Channel 12 thing is  
from months ago.

BUCK TONELLI  
Rico!

Points at him, fire in his eyes, then turns back to Chin,  
brings his finger down and now just holds his hands in the  
air. He is pleading now.

BUCK TONELLI  
Why would they say you were  
promoted and you were 'heading up'  
the case?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Sir, I'm so sorry. The village sent  
a press release on the...

RICARDO VILLA  
Lieutenant, when does the press  
ever get to you?

BUCK TONELLI  
Just worried, I guess this thing  
has gotten way too personal. We  
don't need anymore targets.

Chin looks down and breathes in deeply realizing that the  
publicity was not good for her.

RICARDO VILLA  
We got the tape from the bank.

BUCK TONELLI  
Put it in.

RICARDO VILLA  
I wonder why he didn't kill her?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Maybe because the way she looked.

BUCK TONELLI  
How's that?

Chin gains her confidence back and moves in position to watch  
the tape.

YAN-FEI CHIN

The woman is a Mexican immigrant from the Yucatan and has Indian-like features.

Villa puts the tape in and presses play. We see a dark black and white video, the woman walks into the ATM lobby. We see her look away from the ATM as she quickly walks over to the panel, then inserts her card and starts clicking the buttons. From the other side of the lobby comes a dark figure brandishing a large Bowie knife. He grabs her around the upper body and puts the knife point at her neck. He tells her to keep going and she obeys. The machine turns out the bills, he grabs them with his left hand and then raises the knife in his right hand into the striking position. Then he pauses, pulls the knife down slowly and gracefully, then pushes the woman against the bank window.

BUCK TONELLI

Rico, back it up.

RICARDO VILLA

I know exactly what you are thinking.

Villa rewinds the tape and then rolls it again to the point where he first grabs the woman, the right side of his face for a split second is facing the camera and properly lit. We see a scar-like tattoo on the side of his face.

BUCK TONELLI

That little motherfucker just gave us his fingerprint. Rico can you..

Villa cuts him off and hands him photos.

RICARDO VILLA

Here are your eight by tens Mr. Tonelli. Have you seen the specials on aisle five?

Everyone cracks up and the team's solidarity re-establishes.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Mike should be back with Whitefeather at nine-thirty. Mike said Whitefeather isn't too happy, rather uppity.

BUCK TONELLI

Just what I need this morning, an uppity fucking Indian. Don't let that guy get near this room. I don't trust him.

RICARDO VILLA

Let me make sure the interrogation room is ready? I've got a feeling that our professor can tell us what that tattoo means.

The door opens. Donlan stands in the doorway with this very serious look on his face.

DANNY DONLAN

Buck, got a minute?

INT.DANNY DONLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Donlan slumps in his chair.

DANNY DONLAN

One of my golf buddies works at the New York Post and (beat) he called me in the middle of the night.

BUCK TONELLI

Yeah.

DANNY DONLAN

Late last night, someone dropped off a computer hard drive filled with child pornography.

BUCK TONELLI

Where did it come from?

DANNY DONLAN

It came from Albany, MacDermott's computer. He's in lots of the pictures with kids. (beat) It had a large eagle feather taped to it with a note.

BUCK TONELLI

A note?

DANNY DONLAN

Yeah, it mentioned the folder of photos and emails. The note asked, 'Why are you stealing our land?'

BUCK TONELLI

This is all connecting. Those guys are playing hardball. What's the Post going to do?

DANNY DONLAN  
Do? More like did!

Donlan throws the paper down, large picture of a computer on front page with MacDermott picture inset. Headline reads: SENATOR MAC PORN. Tonelli picks up the paper and looks with his eyes wide open.

BUCK TONELLI  
Oh my God! (beat) Where's the feather?

DANNY DONLAN  
Buck, that's not the actual computer, that is just a picture from their files. The NYPD has the computer.

EXT.125TH SIDEWALK OUTSIDE MACDERMOTT'S OFFICE - MORNING

MacDermott gets out of his car walking toward the Federal Building. Two detectives flashing shields overtly walk toward him and three uniformed police officers circling. NYPD Detective ALVEREZ grabs his arm, while Detective STEPHENSON stands in his way, MacDermott yields.

DETECTIVE STEPHENSON  
Senator MacDermott! I'm Lt. Stephenson from the two-six, this is Detective Alvarez. Hate to ruin your day, but you are under arrest for trafficking and distribution of child pornography. (beat) You have a right to remain silent, you have a right to an attorney ...(audio trials out)

INT.TUCKAHOE POLICE MAIN DESK AREA

The tall Native American professor stands at the front desk with a look of irritation and frustration because his trip home has been interrupted. Mahowski walks back into the lobby, still wearing his coat.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Their ready for you Professor.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
How will I get back to the Amtrak station?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

We'll get you to Croton so you can catch another train.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Thank you. I appreciate that.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

We'll try to make this as painless as possible.

Mahowski and Whitefeather walk down the hall and they stop in front of the interrogation room.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Interrogation? Am I being interrogated?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

The other rooms are messy; had we known you were coming. Beside, interrogation is only a word.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Yeah, right.

INT.INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens, we see Tonelli and Chin talking, they stop abruptly.

BUCK TONELLI

Professor Whitefeather, we appreciate you coming in.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Please be brief.

BUCK TONELLI

You remember Detective Chin?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Yes, I always remember a strong woman.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Thank you sir.

They all sit down. Whitefeather folds hands in front of him in the traditional Indian way. Chin writes something in her notebook. Mahowski nods at Tonelli as if to give him the floor.



BUCK TONELLI

We have a lead in our case. (beat)  
There was a ATM mugging last night  
in White Plains.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

And?

Tonelli pulls out one of the large pictures from a manila folder and slowly puts it on the table in front of Whitefeather.

BUCK TONELLI

We got a picture of the mugger.  
Have you ever seen this man?

Tonelli studies Whitefeather as he looks at the picture and notices that the Indian clutches his arm tightly at the first sight of the picture.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

No, never seen him before.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I tried to find the meaning of the  
tattoo on the Internet, but  
couldn't.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Could be just some gang thing?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

No, that's Iroquois. It's the sign  
of a condemned man.

BUCK TONELLI

Please continue.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

This is rather traditional and  
isn't done anymore. But there was a  
time in our law, if a man was  
accused of rape, he was brought  
before the clan mother. If found  
guilty, he was disfigured like this  
for life and banished from the  
nation.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Are there records of these trials?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

We don't write things down. We  
don't need to.

(MORE)

DOUG WHITEFEATHER (cont'd)

We remember and when we cannot  
remember, there is always a sign, a  
symbol, a way of knowing.

Tonelli stands up and slams his fists onto the table shaking  
up every one in the room. His voice is loud and harsh.

BUCK TONELLI

You know who this is! (beat) There  
is always a sign, a symbol, a way  
of knowing.

Whitefeather looks up in admiration at the white man's skills  
of observation and focus. He sees Tonelli now as a brave, a  
leader and opens up slowly and deliberately.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

There were two, two young braves  
who had all the promise. They could  
hunt like our fathers. They had the  
desire to learn about the past.  
They liked the old ways.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Real throwbacks? (smiles)

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

You would say that. Kicking Bear, I  
think he also goes by John Kicking  
Bear. He was brought before the  
council. It was a sad day for our  
people.

Chin writes down every fact.

YAN-FEI CHIN

He was accused of rape?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Yes, and found guilty. He asked  
that he be branded like in the old  
days. I wasn't there, I would have  
protested.

BUCK TONELLI

You said there were two.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Yes, the other was Yellow Bird.  
Stephen Yellow Bird, a Mohawk from  
up north. He was a bad influence on  
Kicking Bear.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Hate to be so direct, but why weren't they just put in jail? How did they avoid normal trial by jury?

Whitefeather turns and looks at Mahowski with a renewed sense of purpose.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

We don't need your justice system. What justice is there when you break your treaties and ignore the promises you made to our nations?

Tonelli looks at Mahowski with that look of back off.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Where do we find Yellow Bird and Kicking Bear?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

We threw them out years ago. I don't know where they are, but be careful.

BUCK TONELLI

Careful?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Yellow Bird is not a rapist. Yellow Bird is a warrior. He is what you might call a fundamentalist. He believes that the Mohawk nation can rise again. He truly believes in the Ghost Dance Religion. He controls Kicking Bear. He uses him.

YAN-FEI CHIN

So the one in the picture is?

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

Kicking Bear. That's all I know.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

What's your biggest disappointment with these two braves.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER

We taught them to love their land, their nation, their brothers and sisters. Maybe they loved it too much. They naively believe they are (beat) defending their country.

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
A bit confused.

DOUG WHITEFEATHER  
See what love can do sometimes?

INT.TONELLI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli holding his face, looks up from a thoughtful moment and stares at Detective Chin.

BUCK TONELLI  
Can we trust this Deacon guy again?

YAN-FEI CHIN  
I would trust him with my life.

BUCK TONELLI  
Here's a theory: Two Indians want to bring their nations back to power; real revolutionaries!

YAN-FEI CHIN  
A little late don't you think?

Tonelli continues as if he is talking to himself.

BUCK TONELLI  
And they love the symbolism and the historical aspects of their culture.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Rather romantic.

BUCK TONELLI  
But deep down inside, they will give it all up and get caught, if they think they can get their message out.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Why did you ask about Deacon?

Tonelli triggers on the word 'Deacon' and reconnects with Chin.

BUCK TONELLI  
You give him the whole story. He does a big exclusive story about who we think did the massacre. They will show us where they are. I know it.

## INT.TUCKAHOE STATION PLATFORM - LATER AFTERNOON

Chin is waiting on the northbound platform. Looks over at the other side, flashes of the massacre roll through her brain. She dials a stored number on her cell phone.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Deacon, (beat) can you come to my place tonight. (beat, smile) Yes, I will make it worth it. I got a story for you. (beat) I'll pick up some Chinese. (beat) Moo Shu Pork, how can I forget your favorite?

## INT.COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli walks slowly, looks at the evidence like a cat stocking its prey. He is agitated by the door opening behind him, he turns quickly. Villa is standing in doorway with shit-eating grin ear to ear.

RICARDO VILLA

We just got a call from a Getty Guns, a small shop in Portchester. Large purchase of 9mm MAGTECH ammo; twenty boxes on April 30 and another twenty yesterday. Both with cash, two guys, one with an unusual tattoo on his face.

BUCK TONELLI

Great. (beat) Maybe that's the way to punish a rapist. Let's go.

Tonelli grabs his coat and they run out of the door.

## INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Deacon Blue sits at the computer typing away. The door opens and Chin walks in with large brown bag of food. She smiles at Blue and moves to the kitchen area and starts to unload the white containers of Chinese food.

YAN-FEI CHIN

What are you doing on my computer Deak, stealing police secrets?

DEACON BLUE

Just checking my email. Every reader has a theory on the killers.

YAN-FEI CHIN

Oh shit, they forgot the pancakes!

Blue looks up and smiles.

DEACON BLUE

That's okay. Or maybe you can call them?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Nah, I'll just run down there and give them some Shanghai shit about doing their jobs right.

Chin kisses Blue on the lips, grabs her keys and walks out the door. P.O.V. from computer screen outward, glow of email on Blue's face, he returns to his typing.

INT.GETTY GUNS PORTCHESTER, NY- INTERLEAVING

Tonelli stands at the desk, faces a sleazy shopkeeper. Villa cases the joint. Tonelli has a seriously intense look.

BUCK TONELLI

We got more than twenty people killed asshole. You either remember where they live, or this place will be a Subway shop before the 4th of July.

GETTY STOREKEEPER

Okay, Okay, dude, they were weirdos...I think they live over there in that apartment by the Lifesaver building.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Dramatic MUSIC UP

The door opens slowly. We see a hand with a large hunting knife. We see two feet, moccasins walking over the door step. We hear fast typing on keyboard (b.g.) A shadowy figure moves toward the computer. P.O.V. the computer screen out, we see a man with a ski mask moving across the room. Blue continues to type. Another masked man falls in behind the first. The first man grabs Blue's head in a hammer lock with his left arm. His right hand brandishes the knife and fiercely, deeply cuts Blue's neck slightly above the Adam's apple. Blood sprays against the computer screen. A gurgle is heard and blood pours from his lips.

Now from the back of Blue, we see the strong arm of the invader plunge the long blade of the knife into the back of the neck of the slain typist cutting his spinal column. Blue's body falls gracefully forward, then rolls off the keyboard onto the floor. The two men walk out the door calmly.

EXT.REGENCY APARTMENTS.PORTCHESTER - SECONDS LATER

Tonelli and Villa stand on the stoop. Villa is speaking Spanish at breakneck speed.

RICARDO VILLA  
(in Spanish) Two men, yes, one with  
a mark on his cheek? Donde?

SUPER  
18A

RICARDO VILLA  
(repeats in English) Eightteen A,  
Let's go.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Chin walks in, and looks at the door. Doesn't remember that she left it open. She looks down the hallway, doesn't see Blue right away.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Deacon, Deacon, I'm back....

She looks down, sees all the blood and the slash on Blue's neck. A slight gurgle.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
Oh my God, No, No, NO, (major  
Scream)

Chin's knees buckle and she bends to the floor.

INT.REGENCY APARTMENTS. 18A DOOR - SECONDS LATER

Tonelli bangs on the door. Villa on the steps in commando position, gun aimed at the door.

BUCK TONELLI  
Open up, police. Open up or we're  
coming in.

Silence.

RICARDO VILLA  
(whispers) Search warrant?

Tonelli points at his muscular shoulder.

BUCK TONELLI  
Search Warrant.

Tonelli backs up two steps and slams the door with all his force, it opens. He reaches in and turns on the light.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Chin is on her knees, shaking, breathing heavy, holding her cell phone as steady as she can, dials 9-1-1.

YAN-FEI CHIN  
This is Detective Chin from the  
Tuckahoe Police department. I'm at  
523 Main Street in Hartsdale, we  
got a man with severe knife wounds,  
send emergency unit immediately.  
Please, he's bleeding to death....  
(cries)

INT.REGENCY APARTMENTS.18A INSIDE - SECONDS LATER

Tonelli and Villa walk through the one room apartment with guns drawn. Villa opens the closet. Tonelli looks around. Sees a Harlem line train schedule on the wall with the 6:16 AM local circled in red. T-shirts and other clothing on the floor. Two sleeping bags. Large stack of cigarette cartons and books on Indian culture. Tonelli feels the pots on the stove with the back of his hand. Looks at Villa.

BUCK TONELLI  
Cold. (beat) Let's notify  
Portchester and have them wait.

Tonelli's phone rings. He opens and answers.

BUCK TONELLI  
Tonelli. (beat) Chin, calm down,  
what, what the..? (beat) Oh, mother  
of God. Jesus mother fucking  
Christ.(long pause) We're on the  
way!

Villa looks at him with great interest.



BUCK TONELLI

The fucking Indians sliced her reporter guy, almost cut his head off. Rico, sit outside wait for them, they gotta come back there.

RICARDO VILLA

What about the Portchester Police?

BUCK TONELLI

We don't have time for that. They will go full force, the over-kill will blow the stake out.

INT.TONELLI'S UNMARKED CROWN VIC - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli beats finger against steering wheel as he races toward Chin's apartment in Hartsdale. He is on the phone.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Mike, where the fuck are you?  
 (beat) Okay, listen, our two little Indians whacked that Deacon guy, you know, Chin's newspaper friend.  
 (beat) Yeah, big knife trick.  
 (raises voice) At her apartment, meet me there. We got to get these sons of bitches.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Tonelli is looking around. EMS quickly wheels out Blue on a stretcher. Chin is on the sofa still shaking. Tonelli leans over and touches her shoulder.

BUCK TONELLI

You okay?

YAN-FEI CHIN

Why? Why did this happen? He's not going to make it.

BUCK TONELLI

They were looking for you, not him. They were just working up the list.

YAN-FEI CHIN

I just went out for the pancakes.

Tonelli has a confused look on his face. Mahowski appears at the door.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Oh shit.

Tonelli tries to comfort her.

BUCK TONELLI

We know where they live. In Portchester, Rico is there. We're gonna get them.

Tonelli turns to Mahowski with this look of desperation.

BUCK TONELLI

Mike, get her out of here. Help her into the ambulance. (to Chin) Go with him Chin.

YAN-FEI CHIN

(dazed)

Okay.

EXT.REGENCY APARTMENTS.PORTCHESTER - MOMENTS LATER

A large black Cadillac Escalade slowly pulls around the corner. It moves past the front of the apartment building. Villa watches intently. We see two young men in the front seat. They look up and see a light on in their apartment. We see the one with the tattoo point at the light. Villa runs the plate on his in-car computer. The screen blinks, stolen vehicle. Villa starts his car and slowly moves out. The Escalade turns right and starts to move faster. Villa follows in cautious pursuit.

INT.VILLA'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Villa punches in a couple of numbers, holds phone to his ear.

RICARDO VILLA

Buck, I think I got them. I'm on Boston Post Road heading toward 2-87. Looks like they are heading your way. (beat) The vehicle is stolen. I'm on them, like "white on rice" brother. Okay, let's keep talking. Let's figure out where you can pick them up.

INT.CHIN'S APARTMENT PARKING LOT - INTERLEAVING

Tonelli hurries to his car. All of a sudden he hears this big engine roar.

Mahowski appears out of nowhere in his brand new white fully-loaded Mustang. Comes to a stop at Tonelli's feet.

BUCK TONELLI  
Hang on Rico.

Holds phone to his chest. Turns to Mahowski.

BUCK TONELLI  
This is a police car? (beat)

MIKE MAHOWSKI  
Buck, get in! Let's get the bad  
guys!

Tonelli shakes his head, moves to the passenger door, then jumps into Mahowski's new Mustang.

BUCK TONELLI  
Are you still there Rico?

INT.VILLA'S UNMARKED CAR - INTERLEAVING

RICARDO VILLA  
Yeah Buck. We got a Black Cadillac  
Escalade, plate number Jackson  
Carter Pickle - Seven, One, Four.  
Got it?

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

BUCK TONELLI  
Got it, J-C-P Seven, One, Four

Tonelli clicks cell phone into speaker mode and puts it in the cup holder. We hear Villa on speaker.

RICARDO VILLA (O.S.)  
They're picking up speed. Looks  
like they are heading toward the  
Tap.

BUCK TONELLI  
Tappan Zee Bridge? What exit are  
you near?

INT.VILLA'S UNMARKED CAR - INTERLEAVING

From the dashboard of Villa's car we see the Escalade and the license plate. The Cadillac appears to be moving fast, but not aware of being followed.

RICARDO VILLA

We just passed the White Plains exit. Buck, these guys are really moving, but I don't think they know I'm here.

EXT.CENTRAL AVE. HARTSDALE HEADING NORTH - INTERLEAVING

Mahowski speeds with blue lights twirling, heads up Central toward White Plains weaving through evening traffic at breakneck speeds.

RICARDO VILLA (O.S.)

Man, this is weird. They are slowing down and getting off Exit 2, Elmsford.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

BUCK TONELLI

Okay Rico. Don't spook them. We're going up 1-19, what's your twenty?

RICARDO VILLA (O.S.)

They stopped at the little deli on the corner of Main Street and 9A. I'm gonna act like I'm parking.

EXT.DELI ELMSFORD MAIN AND 9A - INTERLEAVING

Kicking Bear gets out of the car, the street light hits his face and reveals the tattoo. Yellow Bird, is the driver. The car is running. We see Kicking Bear enter the deli while the red tail lights glow, the exhaust dancing in the early evening air. We see Villa's car pulling into the parking lot, turning around and then pulls into a parking spot near the deli and turns his lights off.

EXT.ROUTE 119 GREENBURGH ELMSFORD LINE - INTERLEAVING

As Mahowski's car passes the Bed, Bath and Beyond, he slows down, turns off his blue lights.

DRAMATIC MUSIC UP.

EXT.DELI ELMSFORD MAIN AND 9A - INTERLEAVING

Kicking Bear comes out of the deli with a six pack of beer, pulls one out, and gets back into the Escalade.

INT.VILLA'S UNMARKED CAR - INTERLEAVING

Villa puts the phone to his face to whisper.

RICARDO VILLA

They are back in the car and rolling. Where are you guys? I saw the freak, he has that war paint on his face.

Rico drops his car into gear and pulls out of the parking lot, forgetting to put his lights on.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

From inside the Mahowski's vehicle, we see the black Escalade pulling out onto Route 119 at the bottom of a hill.

BUCK TONELLI

I see them. They're heading west.

INT.VILLA'S UNMARKED CAR - INTERLEAVING

RICARDO VILLA

Okay, I'll follow you.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

BUCK TONELLI

We got them.

As Tonelli goes through the intersection, he looks over at Villa's car ready to come out of the parking lot without his lights on.

BUCK TONELLI

Turn your lights on, Rico.

EXT.ENTRANCE RAMP TO SAW MILL PARKWAY - INTERLEAVING

The black Escalade pulls into the exit passes the Elmsford Motel and Julio's Car Wash and appears to be headed down the Saw Mill, but then spins around 360 and faces Mahowski's Mustang. Mahowski hits the breaks, then the Escalade darts across the Bank parking lot, hops the curb and rips west on 119 at high speed.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

BUCK TONELLI

They see us, let's make it  
official.

Mahowski turns on blue lights and sirens and tears off after them. They head up the ramp and back onto 287 East. Then they head down the Sprain Brook Parkway. Villa is behind them.

BUCK TONELLI

We'll need a road block?

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Where?

BUCK TONELLI

Tuckahoe Road.

Tonelli picks up the police radio microphone and starts to bark orders.

BUCK TONELLI (O.S.)

Tuckahoe, Officers in pursuit of a  
BLACK Cadillac Escalade, Number  
Jig, Charlie, Peter, Seven, One,  
Four. Were heading south on the  
Sprain. Request back up and  
roadblock at Tuckahoe Road.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

We read you, let me repeat,....

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

BUCK TONELLI

Mikey, put your damn seat belt on.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Oh yeah, (grabs the belt) Isn't  
this just perfect...my first chase,  
gitty up boy. (Cheshire grin)

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

All units respond: High speed  
pursuit, need roadblock on the  
Sprain at Tuckahoe Road!

EXT.SPRAIN BROOK PARKWAY SOUTH ARDSLEY - INTERLEAVING

With sirens blaring and lights flashing, Mahowski's unmarked is 100 yards behind the Escalade and closing.

We look north and see a blue blinking spec on the horizon, that gets bigger. Villa is coming fast and joining the pursuit. The Escalade now aware of the police lights increases its speed.

INT.VILLA'S UNMARKED CAR

We see two young deer venture onto the Sprain, Villa swerves to miss them, skids off the road slightly and takes out a deer crossing sign, then regains control and continues.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

BUCK TONELLI

Get all the guns ready, Mike. These guys aren't going to roll over and play dead.

Big smile comes over Mahowski's face.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Bucky Boy, I'm ready. Just tell me when.

They hear static on the police radio and they both look down.

OFFICER PATROL CAR#1

Lt. Tonelli, we have two cars at Tuckahoe Road with roadblock.

Tonelli grabs the microphone.

BUCK TONELLI

Two cars? (into mic) Who is this?

OFFICER PATROL CAR#1

Becker, Officer Becker, sir.

BUCK TONELLI

Divert the traffic out of there. These guys are nuts. And get some help. You'll need to have the northbound lanes blocked too, You got that?

OFFICER PATROL CAR#1

Yes sir.

EXT.SPRAIN BROOK NORTH OF TUCKAHOE ROAD - INTERLEAVING

Villa has now caught up to Mahowski's car and they are running parallel at high speed. Villa looks over at Mahowski who makes the sign of a gun in the window to Villa. Villa has serious look on his face and nods he's ready.

EXT.TUCKAHOE ROAD AT SPRAIN BROOK - INTERLEAVING

One police car is blocking the northbound lane with blue lights. Two cars are blocking southbound lanes. Four cops are positioned behind the cars with rifles. As the Escalade comes into view, we see one of the uniform cops yelling orders at the other cops. The Escalade shows no signs of slowing down. Panic creeps across the young policemen's faces. The Escalade speeds up.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

BUCK TONELLI

They're going through. Those motherfuckers are NOT going to stop. We gotta alert Yonkers. Fuck!

EXT.TUCKAHOE ROAD AT SPRAIN BROOK - INTERLEAVING

The Escalade blazes toward the police cars. We see uniform officers running out of the way. The Escalade violently penetrates the small space between the two cars knocking them out of the way like small toys. The Escalade leaps and swerves then stabilizes and continues south. Mahowski, Tonelli and Villa are right behind. The space is big enough for their cars, although Villa nicks a squad car and does more damage.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - INTERLEAVING

BUCK TONELLI

You read me, Yonkers?

YONKERS DISPATCH

We got it. Help is on the way. All units respond. Cross County and Sprain Brook, black Escalade...

EXT.SPRAIN BROOK ONE MILE FROM CROSS COUNTY - INTERLEAVING

The Escalade is now up to speeds of 100 m.p.h., the engine has a thunderous moan.



## INT.ESCALADE - INTERLEAVING

We see the two young braves. Yellow Bird is driving with a stoic look and focus. Kicking Bear sits in the passenger seat methodically loading 9mm bullets into the four Hicap 220 magazines. Yellow Bird takes a deep drag on his cigarette.

## EXT.SPRAIN AND CROSS COUNTY - INTERLEAVING

The Yonkers police have set up a roadblock with only two cars. As the Escalade approaches, it slows, the driver's window comes down, we see an Uzi. Yellow Bird sprays the Yonkers' cop cars with a hundred rounds. The officers duck for their lives. Then the Escalade takes the ramp up to the Cross County.

## INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Tonelli rolls his head back in disgust.

BUCK TONELLI

Oh, those stupid shits. They're in the wrong place, they went around them.

## EXT.CROSS COUNTY PARKWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade screams down the Cross County. We see the sign, south to New York City. They connect to the Henry Hudson.

## EXT.HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

We see the sign, Welcome to The Bronx. The Escalade now is well ahead of Tonelli and Villa. As they cruise toward the city, we see the Indians light up cigarettes through the front window.

## INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Tonelli rubs his lips and chin trying to conjure up a tactic to end this insane high speed chase.

BUCK TONELLI

Mike, they are going into the city. The toll plaza, we gotta alert NYPD. We may have to let them take them.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

No way, we gotta get those sons of  
bitches.

BUCK TONELLI

We need MTA, (on radio) Henry Hudson  
tolls, officers in high speed chase  
headed your way. Black Escalade,  
dangerous.

EXT.HENRY HUDSON LOWER LEVEL TOLLS - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade goes across the lower level of the bridge. We see the sign Welcome to Manhattan. The Escalade moves to the far right lane and snaps the E-Z Pass gate like a toothpick. Mahowski and Villa race in behind them. Toll booth officer looks on in disbelief. Sirens makes a Doppler effect as they go through. Now there are a dozen cars in pursuit.

EXT.WEST SIDE HIGHWAY HARLEM - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade zigs and zags around traffic. We see the majestic George Washington Bridge to the right. The chase continues. Then, the Escalade pulls down the 125th street ramp. The car goes through a stop sign in front of the Fairway market. A shopper backs away from a full shopping cart and screams. The Escalade hits the cart sending it more than fifty feet with groceries scattered all over behind the car. Mahowski slows down because of the fear of killing innocent people and has to go around the cart.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Tonelli shakes his head.

BUCK TONELLI

NYPD, this is Tuckahoe unmarked in  
pursuit of a Black Escalade JCP  
714. Just got off the westside at  
125th, heading under....

EXT.UNDER THE WESTSIDE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade gets to 125th Street and then turns left, and another sharp left onto 12th Avenue under the overpass. They head to the light and then back up the ramp heading north on the Westside highway.

INT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

BUCK TONELLI

Check that, Vehicle in pursuit now  
back on Westside heading north.  
Request assistance.

EXT.FORT TRYON PARK THE CLOISTERS EXIT - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade skids right then speeds up the hill to The Cloister museum. As they reach the top of the hill, we see from a police helicopter that NYPD have sealed off the Corbin Drive entrance to the Cloisters with almost a dozen cars. The Escalade pulls up perpendicular to the old stone castle and the two Indians exit the drivers side and prepare for a last stand.

EXT.OUTSIDE THE CLOISTERS - SECONDS LATER

Mahowski and Villa pull up to the area and stop at a protective position. They get out of the car and stand on the passenger side with their weaponry ready. NYPD cops were standing, now assume the stand off position. Tonelli yells first.

BUCK TONELLI

Yellow Bird, Kicking Bear! Let's  
end this now! You made your point!

From across the parking lot.

KICKING BEAR

Here's the answer White Man!

A hail of bullets come from his uzi breaking all the windows in Mahowski's brand new White Mustang cruiser.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

My fucking, brand new car, what  
the....

From the other side of the parking lot on a loud bull horn we hear from the NYPD.

NYPD TACTICAL

NYPD, put down your weapons and  
come out with your hands up!

Another hundred bullets rip up the sides of the cars of New York's finest.

## EXT.MAHOWSKI'S WHITE MUSTANG CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Mahowski pulls two black objects from his coat pocket. Gently puts one on the ground. Clicks his tongue toward Tonelli to get his attention. Tonelli in squat like a baseball catcher looks over.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Hey Buck, Fast ball, or curve.

Mahowski shows him a grenade in his right hand and smiles with this mischievous grin.

BUCK TONELLI

What's that?

Tonelli looks over at the Escalade. Looks back at Mahowski. Shifts his gun to his left hand and then lowers his right hand between his legs and extends his index finger: Fastball. Mahowski pulls the pin, stands, Tonelli fires some cover, and then Mahowski reaches back and whips the grenade. It skips off the top of the roof of the Escalade then hits the castle wall and then a massive explosion. The gas tank of the Escalade explodes. Then silence. Mahowski gets back down behind the car.

MIKE MAHOWSKI

Great, didn't waste the second one.

Mahowski smiles like a kid. Tonelli pulls the chain from around his neck and kisses the St. Michael medal.

## EXT.STEPS TUCKAHOE VILLAGE BUILDING - SUNNY MORNING

The street in front of the Village Building is filled with press, TV cameras, local citizens and police. The podium for the press conference is put into place, a small PA system is turned on. Yonker's Police Chief Sam Washington stands at the microphone. Off to the right, Tonelli and Mahowski, in full uniform, stand at attention. DA Bill Waterman has a piece of paper in his hand. Washington clears his throat.

SAM WASHINGTON

I'd like to thank you all for coming today. My name is Sam Washington and I'm the Police Chief of Yonkers. And for those people from out of town, we have jurisdiction over the village of Tuckahoe. I would like to turn this press conference over to Bill Waterman, our District Attorney. Bill.

Waterman makes his way to the podium.

BILL WATERMAN

First, I would like to congratulate Sam Washington, Sergeant Daniel Donlan and Lt. Anthony Tonelli for their great police work. We had the brutal murders of twenty citizens on the train, the vicious murder of two Scarsdale people, and also the senseless killing of a newspaper reporter. Although we made never know why this terrible thing happened, we are glad it is over. We salute the Tuckahoe police department for their tireless effort.

The crowd erupts in applause. Waterman raises his hand.

BILL WATERMAN

Now, I will take a few questions.

TV REPORTER

Mr. Waterman, how do you answer critics that accuse the police department of using such brutal force? We heard that military weapons were used.

BILL WATERMAN

As we learned from the Council of Iroquois, these men were disowned, banished and disenfranchised from their nation. They were in a sense, illegal enemy combatants. They belonged to no nation. We had every right to use any and all force necessary to fight this kind of terrorism.

Another question comes from the sea of reporters. In the confusion of everyone talking at once, Tonelli slips away and walks slowly down the hill. He is confronted by FBI Agents Coffey and Gilden. Tonelli attempts to walk past them. Coffey grabs his arm.

BRENT COFFEY

Why didn't you keep us in the loop?

BUCK TONELLI

I'm not sure. (beat) Did you guys find the terrorists yet?

Tonelli pulls away and continues into the crosswalk. At the light is a bright red car. The window rolls down on the driver's side. Terry Porto leans out.

THERESA PORTO  
Lt. Tonelli, Buck!

Tonelli focuses and sees a friendly face, smiles and waves his hand, then moves to the car window.

THERESA PORTO  
Thank God that's over. Are you  
okay?

Tonelli nods convincingly.

THERESA PORTO  
Buck, I opened a new shop.

Porto quickly hands him her business card. INSERT: Porto's Pasta-Rama. Porto looks up, knowing the light is changing.

BUCK TONELLI  
Pasta, I love pasta! (smiles) Thank  
you. I'll have to check this out.  
(winks) See you around.

The light changes, Porto pulls away with a wave. Tonelli waves and watches Porto drive off.

MUSIC UP

EXT. ST. MARY'S CEMETARY - LATER THAT MORNING.

The early morning sun is moving toward high noon. Tonelli parks his car and steps out carrying two long-stemmed red roses. His face is emotionless as he walks past a large grave stone with the large etched letters: TONELLI. He places a rose on the grave of his twin brother and one on his godson's new grave. He breathes in trying to keep the tears, but he fills up with emotion and a few tears flow down his cheeks.

He stands there for a moment, then turns and looks down the hill. He sees a figure standing over a grave site. He walks toward the person. As he gets closer, we see it is Detective Chin in a conservative black suit. She stands motionless over another new grave.

Tonelli walks carefully making sure he doesn't step on any fallen heroes. Chin stands there, in another world, a stoic, but slightly angry face. The weight of thousands of years of her culture seems to rest on her shoulders. Tonelli approaches, she looks up, but doesn't change her expression.

Tonelli puts his arm on her shoulder and with this, Chin bursts into tears and gives Tonelli a full hug. We see her face on his shoulder tears running down her cheeks. We see Tonelli arms and face over her shoulder. They break the hug and he holds her arms gently above her elbow. He looks into her face.

MUSIC DOWN

BUCK TONELLI

Let's go catch some more bad guys.

Chin nods.

MUSIC UP

They both walk together toward the parking area.

FADE OUT.

THE END.