

R O S C O E

Screenplay
by
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Based on the Novel
by
William Kennedy

May 9, 2007

ROScoe

FELIX CONWAY

sits in an Empire chair in his waistcoat and suit.
He addresses the camera:

FELIX

How do you get the money?

(glances off)

He wants to know how you get the money,
Roscoe.

The question seems to amuse Felix, the Albany Democratic Party's elder statesman. Back to the camera:

FELIX

Well ... if you run 'em for office and they win, you charge them a year's wages. Give your friends jobs - but at a price - and make new friends every day. Keep taxes low, but if you have to raise them, call it something else. The city can't do without vice, so pinch the pimps and milk the madams. If they play craps, poker or blackjack, cut the game. If they play faro or roulette, cut it double. Keep the cops happy and let 'em have a piece of the pie. Anybody wants city business, thirty percent back to us. If you build a viaduct, make the contractor your partner. If you pave a street, a three cent brick should cost thirty cents. Pave every street with a church on it. Cultivate the priests and acquire the bishop. Encourage parents to send their kid to Catholic schools; it lowers the public school budget. Start an insurance company and make sure everybody doing city business buys a policy. Open a brewery and make 'em buy your beer. Keep your plumbers and electricians working, and remember it takes three men to change a wire. Never buy anything you can rent forever ... *

The list goes on - and on - but fades along with the man like a memory into -

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 2.

A DESK RADIO

broadcasts news of the Japanese surrender as Roscoe examines two property deeds. They look identical - same State and County seals, same notary imprint - but one is a forgery with different names and signatures.

ROSCOE

Which is which?

PHILLY

That's the original. The other is the new original, as I like to call it.

ROSCOE

This is very good, Philly.

PHILLY

I paint, too, Roscoe, if you ever want a Winslow Homer in here. It would go very nice over the sofa.

ROSCOE

I'll think about that. Good work on this. Thank you.

Roscoe presses some cash in Philly's hand, who leaves, passing Joey Manucci on his way out. Joey - 6'6", 250-lbs. - with a boxer's hands - has the unlikely job of meticulously noting Roscoe's visitors on a pad. Another man who looks like a gangster sticks his head in.

BART

Patsy called. He'll be at Black Jack's in twenty minutes. Givney from the 12th Ward and Cutie LaRue are outside.

ROSCOE

Have them come back Friday. Is the war over?

BART

Cutie says you'll want to see him.

ROSCOE

All right. But not Givney.

Joey scratches a line through Givney's name, using a ruler in his big hands for neatness. Cutie LaRue comes in and gives Roscoe a packet of cash like other people shake hands.

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CUTIE

Maybe you better count it, Roscoe,
make sure there's no mistake.

ROSCOE

There's a possibility it's short?

CUTIE

Of course not.

Then Roscoe doesn't have to count it. Just wrap a
rubber band around it and take it with him to his safe,
spin the tumblers.

CUTIE

Listen, you didn't hear this from me.
I heard it from Scully this afternoon.
Straight stuff, I kid you not.

ROSCOE

Are you talking, Cutie, or are you saying
something?

CUTIE

The Governor's gonna raid you. They got
stuff they can use.

ROSCOE

Like that missing forty thousand when
they subpoenaed our books? That money
isn't missing.

CUTIE

They're tapping your lines, Roscoe.
Reading your mail. They're on you guys
full time.

ROSCOE

Is that it?

CUTIE

You know what I'm looking for. And
it's not a lot. I'm not talking Supreme
Court. Small Claims Court. Or Traffic
Court. I'd make a hell of a judge.

ROSCOE

It goes without saying.

Roscoe deposits Cutie's money in an envelope along with
other payoffs from his safe and reaches for his coat.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 4.

EXT. ALBANY - LATER - AFTERNOON

People are beginning to gather in the streets to celebrate the end of the war.

Legend: Albany, New York, August 14, 1945, VJ Day

Patsy McCall grabs hold of a couple of kids tacking flyers of the Republican mayoral candidate, Jay Farley, to a telephone pole.

PATSY

What're you doing? This is against the law. Gimme those.

The boys hand over their stack of flyers to the imposing figure.

PATSY

Now, I'm going to teach you a lesson you're never going to forget.

They look terrified. Patsy hands them a business card: Patrick McCall, Chairman, Democratic Party, Albany.

PATSY

Tomorrow, you pick up more flyers from this crook. But you also come see me and pick up mine. You throw his in the trash and you put mine up. It's how you make money twice.

He gives them a couple bucks and their flyers. They go to nearest trash can and toss them in. Patsy gives them a pleased wave and heads for Black Jack McCall's Tavern.

INT. BLACK JACK MCCALL'S TAVERN - LATER

Patsy finds Roscoe downing his blood-pressure medicine with a gin and quinine. Sits with him as the news of the Japanese surrender continues on a radio somewhere.

PATSY

Now that the Nazis and Japs are conquered, can we get on with vanquishing the Republicans?

Roscoe hands over the envelope of money. Patsy deposits into his coat pocket.

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PATSY

What's so urgent?

ROSCOE

It's not urgent to anyone but me.
I'm retiring.

PATSY

Say it again?

ROSCOE

I can't do this anymore.

PATSY

Do what.

ROSCOE

What I do.

PATSY

You do everything.

ROSCOE

That's part of it.

The bartender sets an Old Overholt Canadian rye in front of Patsy.

PATSY

You need money?

ROSCOE

No.

PATSY

Another bad love affair?

ROSCOE

When did I ever have a good one?

PATSY

Is it the ulcer?

ROSCOE

No.

PATSY

Then what is it?

ROSCOE

You know what it's like when you come to
the end of something?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 6.

PATSY

No.

They regard each other in a silence disturbed only by the news report on the radio.

PATSY

The Party can't get along without you, Roscoe. So 'no.'

ROSCOE

You can get twenty guys to take my place this afternoon.

PATSY

Not that I can trust. Not one I can trust.

ROSCOE

I'll ride out the election, then that's it.

PATSY

It's this goddamn investigation. They got something on you.

ROSCOE

Patsy, I'm tired. That's all.

PATSY

We got to talk about this.

ROSCOE

We're talking about it.

PATSY

You tell Elisha?

ROSCOE

Telling him tonight.

PATSY

This is a disaster. This is a goddamn disaster. What's gotten into you?

ROSCOE

Time.

PATSY

Time? The hell with time. Will somebody shut off the fuckin radio? Talk to Elisha.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 7.

INT. DEPOT GRILLE - THE NYCK HOTEL - LATER - EVENING

Some of the staff gather around another radio here as the news continues. Across the room Roscoe and the third arm of the Party troika - Elisha Fitzgibbon - its bank-roller - cut up steaks in their usual corner.

ELISHA

(re: the radio news)
I guess it's over.

ROSCOE

Alex will be coming home.

ELISHA

But not as rich. Doesn't take a lot of steel to make atomic bombs.

ROSCOE

So you'll make something else.

ELISHA

Like what. Refrigerators? The world just changed, Roscoe.

In contrast to Roscoe, Elisha is a Man of Distinction in his tailored suit, steel-gray hair and manners.

ROSCOE

What if I said I was quitting the Party?

Elisha regards Roscoe, looking for the angle. When he can't find one, he laughs.

ELISHA

You can't quit.

ROSCOE

Why not?

ELISHA

Because you're not suited for anything else. What on earth would you do?

ROSCOE

Haven't carried it that far. Something that engages the soul.

ELISHA

Glad to hear you think you still have one of those.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 8.

ROSCOE

It surfaces every once in a while. Or
something I mistake for it.

ELISHA

You're serious about this.

ROSCOE

I am.

ELISHA

Have you told Patsy?

ROSCOE

He said, tell you. So now I've told you
both.And now he listens to the bells of St. Peters Church
ringing up the street.

ROSCOE

We should celebrate peace in the world.
They'll call us Jap-lovers if we don't.

ELISHA

We're celebrating. We're drinking.

ROSCOE

Drinking in a hotel dining room isn't
drinking and isn't jubilant. We have to
drink in a bar.

EXT. ALBANY - LATER - NIGHT

Bells are clanging in several churches now as Roscoe
and Elisha pound on the window of a bar on Chapel Street.
Randall the Barman appears behind it.

RANDALL

We're closed.

ELISHA

Closed?

RANDALL

The war's over. Alfie says this is no
time to drink. It's time for prayer and
patriotism.Roscoe and Elisha look at each other like the world's
gone mad. Randall fades back into the darkness of the
bar.

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ROSCOE

Quinlan won't close. The bells of his cash register are the sound of his patriotism.

EXT. LODGE STREET - LATER - NIGHT

Kids throw firecrackers down from the rooftops. Crowds choke the street where Roscoe and Elisha take an alley to the side door of - *

INT. QUINLAN'S BAR - NIGHT

Mike Quinlan's cash register rings patriotically. The place is packed. Glenn Miller on the jukebox.

Quinlan pours an ale for Elisha and a gin and quinine for Roscoe, then fills, without being asked to, Roscoe's flask for later.

They regard the clientele. A lot of soldiers and sailors fooling up the women.

ROSCOE

That reminds me, you should call your wife. You call her and I'll call Trish and we'll carry on elsewhere.

ELISHA

No need to call Trish.

Elisha points his glass to a booth where Trish nuzzles a soldier, his hands roaming inside her unbuttoned blouse. Roscoe slides off his stool and walks over there.

ROSCOE

Hi, honey.

The soldier, who looks sixteen, straightens up as Trish buttons up.

ROSCOE

Carry on, soldier. That's what you were fighting for.

Roscoe returns to Elisha at the bar.

ELISHA

Trish is a very patriotic young woman.

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And she's coming over to them now, a concerto of swivels and jiggles.

TRISH

Those soldiers were at the Battle of the Bulge. They lost a lot of friends. Are you mad at me?

ROSCOE

Would I be mad if my rabbit carnalized another rabbit? Bye.

She regards him a moment, then returns to the booth. More to himself -

ROSCOE

Goodbye forever.

ELISHA

You mean that?

ROSCOE

My father used to say Irish girls either fucked everybody or nobody. Is there any doubt which Trish is?

A fight suddenly breaks out, but Roscoe and Elisha barely notice.

ROSCOE

I had a thought. Why don't we run him as an Independent? *

*

*

ELISHA

Who.

Roscoe tips his head toward Cutie LaRue wandering around with a drink, looking for a girl not already in the lap of a soldier.

ROSCOE

Cutie. For Mayor.

ELISHA

Cutie for Mayer.

ROSCOE

He's a clown who can make a speech.

ELISHA

Split the Republican vote.

*

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ROSCOE

Why not.

ELISHA

No reason why not. You're right. He's perfect. People would vote for him just to say they did.

*
*

ROSCOE

Let's get out of here.

EXT. ALBANY - LATER - NIGHT

The crowds have gotten bigger and rowdier, the makings of a mob. Vendors move through it all hawking VJ buttons and miniature flags. A tavern door bursts open and out pours a drunken conga line. Bonfires burn in the middle of the street.

Drawn by the sound of its organ, Elisha climbs the steps of St. Peters Church, with Roscoe behind him, pulling from his flask, capping it before he goes in.

INT. ST. PETERS CHURCH - NIGHT

The organist is playing a slow version of "America." Parishioners fill about half the pews. Votive candles flicker. Roscoe and Elisha stand in the shadows in back. Softly at first, to himself, Elisha begins to sing.

ELISHA

Let music swell the breeze, And ring
from all trees, Sweet freedom's song -

Roscoe stares at the silhouette of his friend, wondering perhaps what's come over him. Elisha sings louder -

ELISHA

Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that
breathe partake, let rocks their silence
break, the sound prolong -

Others are turning to watch Elisha now, as if he sings for all of them, here and everywhere else in the country.

ELISHA

Long may our land be bright, With
freedom's holy light, Protect us by thy
might, great God, our king.

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His last words echo through the grand church, followed by men and women weeping. Elisha takes no bows; just leaves.

INT. ROSCOE'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

Ensconced in Roscoe's 1941 Plymouth, they drive through the night in silence. Then -

ELISHA

Everything eventually comes to nothing.
That's the secret you don't tell the children.

Roscoe closes one eye, then the other while he drives.

ROSCOE

I'm sorry, what'd you say?

ELISHA

Nothing.

Roscoe keeps doing the eye thing, sometimes closing both eyes.

ELISHA

Why are you closing your eyes while you drive?

ROSCOE

Albany Roulette.

ELISHA

Let me out.

ROSCOE

You'll be home in five minutes.

ELISHA

Playing games with death, Roscoe. You are in trouble.

ROSCOE

I'm fine.

ELISHA

Open your eyes and listen to me. I'm the one who's quitting, not you.

As Roscoe glances over at Elisha, a trolley suddenly appears out of nowhere.

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He whips the wheel to avoid it, climbs a curb, crashes into a tree - steering wheel slamming into his stomach - Elisha's head slamming into the windshield, cracking the glass and coming back away from it bloody.

ROSCOE

Shit. Let me see that.

Elisha, dazed, looks at him. Roscoe examines the gash.

ROSCOE

Stitches.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER - NIGHT

While Elisha gets stitched up, Roscoe notices a nun waiting in another emergency room bay, holding her jaw. *

ROSCOE

Arlene? Is that you?

ARLENE

Hi, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Are you hurt?

ARLENE

Toothache.

ROSCOE

Have a swig of this. Hold it on the tooth.

He hands her his flask. As she brings it to her lips, we notice her small gold crucifix -

VIGNETTE:

The same crucifix around her neck as she and Roscoe, both 18 years old and in Catholic school uniforms, neck by the holy water fountain in the otherwise empty St. Peter's Church. *

VIGNETTE:

Arlene and some other girls take their Initiation vows. *

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VIGNETTE:

Sisters of the Sacred Heart lead Arlene and the other Initiates into the monastery. She sees Roscoe watching from the courtyard with a stunned look on his face.

ROSCOE V/O

The beginning of my control over women, Arlene.

THE HOSPITAL - CONTINUED

ROSCOE

One kiss and you become a nun.

Arlene manages a smile as she takes a swig from Roscoe's flask, holding the gin in her mouth before swallowing.

ROSCOE

Better?

ARLENE

Doesn't help a bit.

ROSCOE

(to a nurse coming by)
Excuse me. When are you going to get this holy woman a dentist?

The nurse keeps going without acknowledging him. Arlene takes another swig.

ROSCOE

How's your father?

ARLENE

Dead, Roscoe. Six months ago.

ROSCOE

Sorry to hear.

ARLENE

He hated all you politicians you know.

ROSCOE

We offered him anything he wanted when he got out, he wouldn't talk to us.

ARLENE

He wouldn't talk to you because you said he'd never go in. You and Patsy.

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VIGNETTE:

Artie Flinn, Arlene's father, in a witness box.

PROSECUTOR

How do you make your living, Mr. Flinn?

ARTIE

I'm an accountant.

PROSECUTOR

You run an illegal baseball pool for Patrick McCall. Is that what you mean by an 'accountant'?

ARTIE

Who?

PROSECUTOR

Patsy McCall. Sitting right there, looking at you, waiting expectantly to hear what you're gonna say.

Patsy is there, behind Roscoe who's at the defense table.

PROSECUTOR

Are you saying you don't know him?

ARTIE

I am vague on that.

PROSECUTOR

On whether or not you know him?

ARTIE

Yes, sir.

THE HOSPITAL - CONTINUED

where Arlene is guzzling the last of Roscoe's gin.

ARLENE

Where are you, Jesus? I'm in pain.
And the gin is gone.

ROSCOE

Come on, I'm taking you to someone I know.

ARLENE

A dentist?

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ROSCOE

Sort of.

INT. HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

A couple of prostitutes wait in the parlor while the Party's overworked abortionist, Dr. Johnny Merola, sits Arlene on his surgical table and numbs her tooth with a shot of dope.

ARLENE

You're so nice to me, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

I've never known a girl like you.

ARLENE

That doesn't surprise me.

INT. ROSCOE'S TEN EYCK MOTEL ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Roscoe, like his father Felix, has been a hotel dweller most of his adult life, and in this particular hotel room for years - decorating it - if leaving things where they fall can be called decorating - with overflowing ashtrays, bookcases, closet.

A few framed photographs hang on the walls - Roscoe with FDR, with Al Smith, with his father, Felix. One in particular shows him with Elisha and Patsy in better days - arms around shoulders, walking down the street - three young men who own the world.

The long night almost over, he pours himself a double-gin. Downs more pills. Fills a water bag with ice cubes. Unwraps a Hershey bar.

Slow in his gait and with a grimace from a pain in his gut, he carries it all to an unmade bed, lies down, puts the water bag on his chest, and closes his eyes to the dwindling sounds of revelry outside ...

INT. ROSCOE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

A ringing phone wakes him. The gin is gone, the Hershey bar eaten, the ice melted. It's three in the morning.

ROSCOE

Yeah. What.

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GLADYS V/O
It's Elisha, Roscoe.

ROSCOE
What about him?

INT. ELISHA'S OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

Elisha sits upright, and dead, in a chair.

Across from him, in another chair, sits his secretary Gladys who glances up at Roscoe as he comes in. He takes a closer look at Elisha. Dried blood clings to stitches on the dead man's forehead from the car accident.

GLADYS
He came in last night. Called me and asked if I'd come in. We worked in the file room for hours, pulling out old papers which he burned in the fireplace. When he was done, I started to leave but he asked if I could stay. He said he needed company. I called Mac and told him I was working late. And finally went to sleep.

ROSCOE
Where.

GLADYS
There. On the sofa.

ROSCOE
How'd he do it?

GLADYS
You think he did it? He didn't just die?

ROSCOE
So do you. You called me instead of an ambulance. You find any pills?

GLADYS
I didn't look.

Roscoe looks. In the drawers in Elisha's desk, the top of which is remarkably neat, no paperwork on it.

GLADYS
He told me, "The enemy is closing in." I asked him who. He said, "Roscoe will figure it out."

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Roscoe has found in an otherwise empty drawer, Elisha's marriage license, stapled to a couple other documents.

GLADYS
What enemy, Roscoe?

ROSCOE
What did he burn?

GLADYS
Medical records mainly.

ROSCOE
Whose? Company employees?

GLADYS
No. His.

Roscoe picks up the phone. As he dials, we regard a small framed photo of a 26-year-old serviceman resting next to it.

INT. O.B.'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - PRE-DAWN

A phone rings. A woman in bed wakes enough to answer it.

HATTIE
Hello?

ROSCOE O/S
It's me, Hattie. Put O.B. on.

She nudges her sleeping husband.

HATTIE
It's your brother.

She hands O.B. the receiver. Into it:

O.B.
What the fuck, Roscoe.

ROSCOE O/S
I need you at The Mill. There's been an accident.

INT. ELISHA'S OFFICE - LATER - DAWN

Roscoe sweeps up the ashes in the fireplace. Flushes them down a toilet. Puts the marriage license he found earlier in his pocket.

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He parts office drapes that look down on the small city of buildings and smokestacks that is Fitzgibbon Steel: In the dawn light, police cars are arriving.

GLADYS

He kissed me, Roscoe.

She's looking at Elisha. Roscoe isn't sure he wants to know more, but can't leave it at that.

ROSCOE

He do that often?

GLADYS

Maybe once a year. On the cheek.
Never more than that. Last night when he did it, he said if he ever told me how he felt, I'd tell him to go to hell. But you know what? I wouldn't have.

They regard each other. Roscoe manages a nod.

ROSCOE

You want to go home, get some sleep?

GLADYS

I should call the undertaker.

ROSCOE

I'll do it.

GLADYS

I should call Veronica.

ROSCOE

I'll do that, too. Once I'm done with my brother.

GLADYS

You can start over with her now.

Nothing from Roscoe ...

GLADYS

She'll expect it. So will everyone else.

ROSCOE

I don't know what you're talking about.

GLADYS

Roscoe, you don't have to pretend.
Life's too short to pretend.

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Roscoe's younger brother, Oswald Brian Conway - or O.B. - Albany's Chief of Police, comes in with a couple of his Night Squad boys and takes a look at the corpse in the chair with the stitched-up forehead.

O.B.

What happened to his head?

ROSCOE

Car accident last night, which has nothing to do with this. Who's the coroner on duty?

O.B.

Nolan. Once I call him.

ROSCOE

Don't. We'll do this alone for now. It goes down as a natural death; preserve his insurance.

O.B.

Do we know it wasn't natural?

ROSCOE

Gladys was here all night.

Roscoe notices O.B. regard Gladys askance.

GLADYS

Working.

O.B.

Patsy know?

ROSCOE

No. Send one of your boys to tell him.

O.B.

Veronica?

ROSCOE

I'm going over there now. You want a lift, Gladys?

O.B.

You go see Veronica. That's priority. I'll see Gladys gets home.

Roscoe regards them a moment, his brother and Gladys, wondering perhaps if there's something going on between them he doesn't know about.

EXT. TIVOLI - MORNING

Roscoe pulls his car up the long-winding driveway of the great Fitzgibbon estate - Tivoli - 900 acres overlooking the Hudson.

INT. TIVOLI - MORNING

Elisha's wife, Veronica, summoned by a servant, comes down a wide staircase, her long blonde hair wrapped in a knot, her long legs wrapped in a Chinese dressing gown.

VERONICA

Elisha's not here, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

I know. I need your help.

VERONICA

You need my help learning to drive.

She misinterprets his silence for guilt.

VERONICA

It's all right. He's all right. He called from the hospital and said he had some work to do at the office. That's where he is. He slept there.

ROSCOE

He killed himself, V.

She regards him like someone speaking a foreign language.

INT. STEEL MILL - LATER - MORNING

Roscoe leads Veronica past policemen to Elisha's office, lets her go in alone, watches from the doorway. She crosses to her dead husband in the chair. Stares at him. Hikes her skirt and straddles his lap. Touches the stitches on his forehead. Strokes his hair.

VERONICA

Look at you. Look what you've done to yourself.

She suddenly slaps him hard across the face.

ROSCOE

Veronica. Jesus.

Roscoe pulls her off Elisha before she can hit him again. *

VERONICA
I thought I knew him.

ROSCOE
You did.

VERONICA
No, I didn't, or I would've known he could do this.

She lets Roscoe hold her, comfort her, which feels so good to Roscoe he wishes he could do it without Elisha sitting there 'watching' him embrace his wife. *

ROSCOE
It's okay.

VERONICA
Why did he do it?

ROSCOE
I don't know.

VERONICA
What's going on?

ROSCOE
We'll figure it out.

VERONICA
I loved him.

ROSCOE
I know.

EXT. THE MILL - LATER - MORNING

Veronica, escorted by Roscoe, comes past a line of steel workers from the machine shops. *

WORKERS
Sorry, Mrs. Fitz ... sorry, ma'am ...
we're all real sorry ...

CUTIE V/O
I'm sorry, Roscoe, I'm not sure I understand ...

FLASHBACK: STANNIX BREWERY - NIGHT - 1915

A drunken midget sits at a table with Roscoe and Cutie, both thirty years younger. To Cutie -

ROSCOE

When the poll closes you shut the door. Lock it. Open the ballot box. Separate out all the ballots for Straney and put an 'x' next to anybody else's name, invalidating them. Think you could do that, Cutie?

Roscoe pushes some cash across the table.

CUTIE

I don't see why not.

Cutie takes the money. Roscoe regards the morose midget.

ROSCOE

What's the matter with you?

COLBY

Absinthe left me.

ROSCOE

Who or what is Absinthe?

COLBY

My wife, Roscoe! She took off with a dancer in Malley's Revue! Do you know what that's like? Can you imagine? What am I supposed to do now?

ROSCOE

That's rough, Colby. Sorry to hear.

COLBY

I'm giving up show business, I can tell you that. Do you think Patsy would give me a job?

ROSCOE

Doing what?

COLBY

I don't know. Anything small.

Roscoe glances past Colby to a young woman who has just come in. She looks uncomfortable being in such a place. It's Veronica.

FLASHBACK: STANWIX BREWERY - LATER

Colby, drunker now, sits at a baby piano singing You Made Me Love You. Roscoe and Veronica sit together holding hands across the table.

VERONICA

Do you know Arthur Grogan?

ROSCOE

Sure. He's a contractor. To use a polite term. Rich.

VERONICA

He came over to our house two days ago. Sent his chauffeur to the door to bring my father out.

VIGNETTE:

Veronica's father, David Morgan, comes down the steps of his house to where Grogan waits outside his touring car. Veronica and her sister and mother watch.

MORGAN

What can I do for you?

GROGAN

You know who lives in that house next to yours?

MORGAN

No.

GROGAN

The Bishop's family.

MORGAN

I look forward to meeting them.

GROGAN

You can't live here. You can't live next to the Bishop's family. You're a Jew.

MORGAN

Does the Bishop know you're speaking on his behalf?

GROGAN

And you got a smart Jew mouth. Get off this street. Go live where Jews live.

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MORGAN

We live everywhere.

GROGAN

No, you don't.

BACK TO THE STANWIX BREWERY

VERONICA

The next day he started buying up stock in my father's company. Elisha found out from his broker, quickly bought more and gave it to my father as a loan he'll never have to repay.

ROSCOE

Well, that's Elisha. He's a generous guy.

VERONICA

I'm marrying him.

Roscoe stares at her like he couldn't have heard right.

VERONICA

Not because of that. Or not only because of that.

Roscoe's hand comes away from hers. For once in his life he's speechless. Eventually -

ROSCOE

This is a mistake, Veronica.

VERONICA

I'm sure it isn't. He loves me.

ROSCOE

And I don't?

The midget falls off his piano stool mid-verse, and Veronica watches as someone props him back up and the song continues.

VERONICA

I'm trying to say something without hurting you.

ROSCOE

That's no longer possible.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 26.

VERONICA

Roscoe, it's not so much who or what
Elisha is ... can we leave it at that?

ROSCOE

No.

VERONICA

It's that I can picture what that life
will be like.

ROSCOE

So can I.

VERONICA

It's safer ... than this.

This. Where they are right now. With Roscoe and his
friends. With drunken midgets falling off piano stools.

VERONICA

Say you hate me. Can you do that?

ROSCOE

Right now, yes. Later? I don't know.

VERONICA

He feels terrible. I feel terrible.

ROSCOE

I'm happy for both of you.

He gets up, kisses her on the cheek. She kisses him on
the mouth. They look at each other. And he leaves.

FLASHBACK: INT. ST. PETERS CHURCH - DAY - 1915

As Veronica the Bride comes down the aisle with her
father, Elisha the Groom waits next to Roscoe the Best
Man.

ELISHA

Roscoe? I owe you.

Nothing from Roscoe. The wedding march music fades over -

EXT. TIVOLI - PRESENT DAY

Elisha, lying in state in an open casket. Long line of
mourners filing past.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - ss 27.

Patsy McCall, arriving late to Elisha's wake, comes over to Roscoe and his brother O.B. who's in his Police Chief's uniform now.

PATSY

What do you know I don't?

ROSCOE

Alex is on his way home. On a troopship.

PATSY

I'm talking about the autopsy.

ROSCOE

Mac's bringing it over.

O.B.

We did two. One real, one fake.

PATSY

I think, O.B., that goes without saying.
Do we know why he did it?

ROSCOE

No, but we will. He can't just kill himself and get away with it.

Everyone we've met so far, plus a hundred more Albany citizens - bankers, lawyers, lobbyists, clerics, country clubbers, aldermen, slumlords, prostitutes and bookies - have come to pay their respects.

One of them - Happy McGraw - no known occupation ever - comes up to Patsy's brother, Bindy McCall, at the buffet table, piling too much food on a little plate. Bindy's suit is too much, too; inappropriate for the occasion.

HAPPY

I need a word with your brother.

BINDY

So talk to him. I'm not his social secretary.

HAPPY

Come over with me, Bindy. He won't talk to me otherwise.

Bindy acquiesces with a sigh, leads Happy over to Patsy, who gives Bindy a long suffering look.

HAPPY

What a loss, huh? You and Eli and Roscoe were friends a long time.

(MORE)

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 28.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
You're looking grand, Pat. Think you
could spare a few minutes?

PATSY
Not here, Hap.
(to Bindy)
Got enough to eat there, Bin?

BINDY
What?

PATSY
Your fuckin fly's open.

EXT. TIVOLI - LATER

A priest leads an Episcopal boys choir in *The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done.*

ROSCOE
How you doing, Gilby?

Elisha and Veronica's 12-year-old son, standing with his mother near the casket.

GILBY
He didn't say goodbye.

ROSCOE
I know. Not to me either. But he loved you, Gil. He always told me how proud he was of you. He told everyone.

Gilby wanders off toward the stables, passing Mac, a plainclothes police detective, couple of documents in hand, trudging the other way across Tivoli's expansive pampered lawn. Suddenly there's a sound of gunfire -

VIGNETTE:

Mac and O.B., ten years younger, exchange gunfire with four guys who all wear polka-dot ties, raiding a boxcar loaded with whisky. Another cop radios for help -

COP
Mac and O.B. got the Polka Dot Gang cornered. We need back-up. Oh, Christ -

O.B., hit in the leg, goes down in the open. Mac covers him firing his gun, hits three of the four Polka Dotters before taking a bullet in the side -

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - sz 29.

VIGNETTE:

A doctor tugs at the bunched-up shirt where Mac was shot, and the bullet, held by the bloody but unpunctured silk, pops out of the small entry wound. The doctor is amazed, feels the shirt between his fingers.

DOCTOR

What is this, silk?

MAC

I don't know. Is it?

DOCTOR

The bullet didn't pierce it. How is that?

MAC

Fuck if I know.

DOCTOR

You're not going to need surgery, Mac. Just stitch up the hole.

VIGNETTE:

Mac and O.B. purchase lifetime supplies of silk shirts, including one with stripes, the same one that -

BACK TO THE TIVOLI WALK

- Mac is wearing today as he comes across the lawn.

MAC

Hi, Pina.

One of the women at a table - all of them prostitutes - waves back as Mac comes past. Roscoe comes down the hill and meets Mac to take a look at the autopsy reports he's brought.

MAC

This one, "chloral hydrate." This other one, "coronary occlusion."

ROSCOE

Is there a body goes with this one?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 30.

VIGNETTE:

Hudson River, where some cops have hooked a bloated corpse and drag it toward shore.

MAC V/O
Wino we fished out of the river we can use.

TIVOLI - CONTINUING

As Roscoe looks over the autopsy reports -

ROSCOE
Mac, you know everyone. Ever hear any threat to Elisha?

MAC
Not specifically. Hear the State Troopers are ready to move on the gambling and whorehouses.

ROSCOE
Yeah, I hear that, too.

MAC
Think you should close them down yourself first?

ROSCOE
Maybe the horse rooms.
(re: the autopsies)
Thanks.

Roscoe turns to leave.

MAC
Roscoe? Did you take Gladys home the other night from The Mill? *

ROSCOE
Why do you ask?

MAC
She said you did.

ROSCOE
You don't believe her? *

MAC
I like to keep track. *

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 31.

Roscoe's glance finds Gladys and O.B. talking together by the open bar.

ROSCOE

I offered to take her home. You sure that's not what she said?

MAC

Maybe you're right. Maybe that was it.

They turn to the sound of galloping horse hooves - Gilby riding a Thoroughbred gelding toward the crowd. He slows the horse, threads it through those closest the casket, stops next to it.

GILBY

My father didn't say goodbye to Jazz Baby.

He holds the horse for a long look at the man in the casket, then reins it away and gallops off toward the woods.

MAC

Fuckin bizarre.

INT. TIVOLI - LATER - DAY

The mourners have left. Roscoe finds Veronica in the study, standing at the window staring out. Even in grief she exudes the poise of a queen.

ROSCOE

Everyone's gone.

PAMELA

Not everyone, Roscoe dear.

Roscoe turns to the voice. Sees only now the other woman in the room, sipping a drink behind him, skirt slit a little too high, heels a little too sharp, lipstick a little too red. As she gathers her coat -

PAMELA

Roscoe will be interested in this. Roscoe's interested in everything. See what he thinks.

She hands Roscoe her drink on her way out. Roscoe listens to her footsteps fade in the entry, the front door close. Then -

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 32.

VERONICA
She wants Gilby.

ROSCOE
What?

Out the window Veronica can see her son Gilby trotting around on his horse.. Pamela appears, waves to him before climbing into her car, but doesn't get a wave back.

VERONICA
She called Elisha a couple months ago and said she wanted her son back. Elisha told her to go to hell, nobody was taking Gilby from us. Now she's filed suit.

Veronica hands Roscoe some legal papers. As he looks them over -

ROSCOE
Your sister's admitting she's Gilby's mother?

VERONICA
I guess so.

ROSCOE
Does Gilby know?

VERONICA
No. Only you and me and Elisha. But now, everybody will know. You have to handle it for me.

ROSCOE
I haven't tried a case in a hundred years.

VERONICA
I don't trust anybody else. Neither would Elisha.

As Roscoe examines the legal papers -

VERONICA
It's just a scheme to get money.

ROSCOE
What isn't.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sg 33.

INT. ROSCOE'S OFFICE - DAY

The same papers, and other documents, on Roscoe's desk. As he makes notes, Bart reads to him, a little haltingly, from a newspaper that features the same photograph Elisha had on his desk of the young soldier - his son, Alex - and another of the younger boy, Gilby.

BART

"Courtroom Drama" in caps, exclamation point. "The Mayor's kid brother may only be his cousin," exclamation point. "Mom Veronica Fitzgibbon is being sued by her socialite sister, Pamela Morgan Yusupov, for custody of the boy, who she sez is her biological son - "

EXT/INT. SENTINEL NEWSPAPER BUILDING - DAY

Roscoe strides across the street and enters the *Sentinel* building.

BART V/O

"Coming atop the sudden death of hubby Elisha Fitzgibbon, the Democratic Party's Steel Tycoon bankroller, this is doubly-troublous for Mrs. Fitz - "

Roscoe climbs the stairs to the *Sentinel*'s so-called newsroom.

BART V/O

"Speaking of grave matters, Ghost Rider hears a recent death from natural causes looks like a suicide," exclamation point.

Roscoe spots the author of the gossip column and heads for him without breaking stride.

ROSCOE

Roy Flinn. How the hell are you?

ROY

Roscoe!

Roy speaks with exclamation points, just like he writes.

ROY

What brings you here? You have news for me?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 34.

ROSCOE

What would you do with news, Roy?
I'm stunned you can use the word in a sentence.

Roscoe grabs Roy and slams him up against the wall.

ROSCOE

You were told no politics.

ROY

Get your fuckin hands off (me) -

Roscoe chokes the sentence with a hand around Roy's neck.

ROSCOE

Why'd you write it?

Roy struggles to spit out -

ROY

You people are in trouble. The Governor knows Elisha owned a block of whorehouses for starters.

ROSCOE

That's not news.

Roscoe punches him in the face three times fast. Blood runs down the hand Roy covers his nose with.

ROSCOE

Lawyer Punches Reporter. That's news.

Roscoe leaves the reporter stumbling sideways to lean on a desk, blood dripping onto his Ghost Rider column. As Roscoe crosses out past stunned secretaries -

FELIX V/O

Very important, son. Don't forget -

VIGNETTE: THE NEW YORK HOTEL

Roscoe's father Felix in the same Empire chair as before, addressing the camera again -

FELIX

Never let an enemy go unpunished.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 35.

EXT. PATSY MCCALL'S SUMMER HOUSE - LATER - DAY

Patsy's ex-boxer bodyguard, Wally Mitchell, unlocks the driveway gate for Roscoe's dented car. As he drives toward the house he passes several chicken coops.

INT. PATSY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Patsy lifts a roasting pan out of the oven, pokes a fork into one of two cooked chickens on it.

PATSY

Did you make the gravy?

HOUSEKEEPER

I did not and would not and you know it.

PATSY

Good.

(to Roscoe)

She can't make gravy.

Patsy takes down a tin of flour and sets about making gravy. His brother Bindy emerges from the bathroom with the same newspaper Bart read from.

BINDY

You see this stuff in The Sentinel?

ROSCOE

It's why I'm here. I just punched out Roy Flinn.

PATSY

Nice.

BINDY

The little prick. Just like his father.

VIGNETTE:

Artie Flinn - Arlene's and Roy's father - who kept his mouth shut on the witness stand - is rewarded with prison time, which begin now with guards locking him in a cell.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 36.

BACK TO PATSY'S KITCHEN

ROSCOE

He says we're in for a fight with the Governor.

PATSY

I'll show him a fight. Break both his legs.

Patsy mixes some flour with water and pours it on the sizzling roasting pan.

ROSCOE

You know anything about a raid on the brothels?

BINDY

Seen Troopers on Division Street. In their cars. But it don't feel like a raid.

ROSCOE

We shouldn't close them in case?

BINDY

How will anybody get laid?

ROSCOE

Their wives.

Patsy and Bindy regard that concept like it's as clear as relativity. Then -

PATSY

You're right. It's the smart thing to do. Close them for now. Yours, too, Bindy.

BINDY

I don't want to close. It's unnecessary -

PATSY

What did I just say? Close down until I tell you otherwise. End of conversation.

The phone rings. Bindy goes to answer it. To Roscoe -

PATSY

What I don't get is where Roy Flinn borrowed the balls to take us on.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 37.

ROSCOE

It's whichever way the wind blows with Roy. Which gives me pause.

PATSY

Send a fire inspector over there. Make him spend thirty grand bringing his place up to code.

ROSCOE

Harassing the press?

PATSY

That's not press.

ROSCOE

There are other ways.

PATSY

Which.

ROSCOE

Take over the block. Condemn one side to widen it for improvements. New sewer pipes. Drive him insane and make some money at the same time.

PATSY

You're beautiful, Roscoe. Do that. You want some chicken?

ROSCOE

Of course I want chicken.

PATSY

This gravy's gonna be good.

ROSCOE

Life without gravy isn't life.

Bindy hangs up the phone.

BINDY

Roy Flinn's lawyer's filing assault charges against you, Roscoe. His nose is broken.

PATSY

Nice.

ROSCOE

Have Judge Sullivan open court at two o'clock for my arraignment.

(MORE)

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 38.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Tell him to set my bail at 400 dollars to make Roy feel good.

PATSY

Two o'clock's too early. You gotta eat your chicken.

INT. POLICE COURT - LATER - DAY

The clock on the wall reads 3:00, and Roy feels anything but good with his nose bandaged up, standing next to Roscoe before the judge Roscoe hand-picked.

JUDGE

Bail is 400 dollars, Mr. Conway, in default of which you'll be remanded to Albany County Jail.

Jump Cut: Four crisp hundred dollar bills as Roscoe peels them from his money clip.

ROSCOE V/O

Thank you, Your Honor.

INT. ROSCOE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Roscoe wakes to rapping on his door. Crawls out of bed not just tired, but in pain again, opens it. It's Joey.

JOEY

Patsy called. Problem. Bindy.

INT. JOEY MANUCCI'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Roscoe has the open glove compartment set up like a little table: Napkin, bottle of Pepto-Bismol, glass, Hershey bar. As he fills the glass and drinks, Joey glances over as he drives.

JOEY

You sick?

ROSCOE

Do I look sick?

JOEY

Like a dying dog.

ROSCOE

I'm sick but not that sick.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 39.

EXT. THE NOTCHERY - DAY

Joey pulls his car up to a ramshackle three-story building. Climbs out with Roscoe while Hattie - O.B.'s wife and whorehouse property manager, still nice-looking at 51 - climbs out of another car to meet them.

INT. THE NOTCHERY - DAY

Roscoe and Joey and Hattie climb some stairs.

JOEY

You even walk sick.

HATTIE

Are you sick, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

I'm fine.

Hattie knocks on a door.

HATTIE

Open up, it's a raid.

Mame - the madam of the whorehouse - answers.

MAME

Hi, everybody.

They follow her in. A couple of girls in negligees sit around smoking.

ROSCOE

Jesus, can you turn a fan on in here?

INT. MAME'S PARLOR - THE NOTCHERY - LATER

An old electric fan pushes humid air around. Condensation snakes down a glass of iced tea.

ROSCOE

Patsy sent word out yesterday to close down last night. Did you?

MAME

No. Fuck Patsy.

HATTIE

Did you say fuck Patsy?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 40.

NAME

I did.

ROSCOE

Why didn't you close?

NAME

Because Bindy said not to. It's his place.

ROSCOE

Bindy is not in business by himself.

NAME

He knows that.

And to prove it, she hands Roscoe a deck of cash. A percentage of the night's take. He deposits it in the jacket he's taken off, but it doesn't solve things.

NAME

What's the problem, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

The problem is we think the State's going to make a move on the houses, but Bindy is too fuckin stupid to do what he's told.

NAME

I thought you got the Governor off our backs.

ROSCOE

Election coming up. They're looking for anything they can use.

NAME

But we pay off everybody. The Governor's own lawyer.

Roscoe checks his watch.

ROSCOE

I have to go. I'm late. Tell Bindy I want to talk to him when he comes in.

HATTIE

God, Mame, that fan is useless.

NAME

Ask Roscoe to ask Patsy to upgrade the appliances.

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - 52 41.

Instead, Hattie slips off her blouse, revealing her corselette.

JOEY

Looking good, Hattie.

HATTIE

I don't overeat.

EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

Roscoe escorts Veronica and Gilby up the steps of the courthouse past flashing Speed Graphics.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

They sit together at the defense table, waiting for the plaintiff, Veronica's sister Pamela, to arrive.

ROSCOE

Have you figured out what you're going to say to her?

VERONICA

That I'll cut out her heart and feed it to my dogs.

ROSCOE

What heart would that be?

The doors open and here comes Pamela in an outfit more suitable for the race track than a courtroom - lavender dress, matching hat, heels. Escorted by her lawyer, Marcus Gorman, she pauses before Gilby.

PAMELA

How handsome you look in your little suit.

She reaches to touch the boy's head but Veronica bats the hand away.

VERONICA

Leave him alone.

PAMELA

We will be together, my darling boy. I love you and will take care of you.

GILBY

I don't even like you.

Roscos (5) - May 9, 2007 - st 42.

ROSCOE

Cut your losses, Pamela.

*

*

She smiles and sits with her attorney.

INT. COURTRoom - LATER

JUDGE FINN

I've read your petition, Mr. Gorman, and your response, Mr. Conway, and it seems to me there are certain issues of fact to be determined. Do you agree?

GORMAN

No, I don't, Your Honor, for what we're dealing with here is the biological right of a mother to possess her own child. There was no legal adoption of this boy by Mrs. Fitzgibbon, only a temporary custody arrangement agreed to by a deeply troubled mother whose circumstances would not allow her to raise the child as she wanted him raised. But she has triumphed over adversity and now reclaims the right she has always possessed - to cherish her own flesh and blood.

JUDGE FINN

Mr. Conway?

ROSCOE

Pamela Yusupov, Your Honor, arranged to give her child away before he was even born, which is how I came to be present at the birth in San Juan with papers already prepared for signature.

VIGNETTE: SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, 1933

Legal papers in Pamela's hands. Propped up in bed on pillows, she only takes a moment to regard the infant in question, swaddled in Veronica's arms, and Elisha next to her. Pamela's own husband, a disinherited Russian prince of some sort, tosses a hard boiled egg to his wife's poodle as she signs the papers.

PAMELA

Thank God I'm no longer a mother.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 43.

BACK TO THE COURTROOM

ROSCOE

She couldn't wait to sign them, Your Honor. And she has remained, by choice, a stranger to the boy. But now, with the purpose of attaining money, she seeks to wrench him from the loving arms of the only real mother he's ever known.

The judge regards Gilby, who looks very uncomfortable.

JUDGE FINN

I don't want to put this boy through any more trauma than necessary. Get your facts and documents straight and we'll continue this in two weeks, in my chambers, just the attorneys.

INT. SUPREME COURT BUILDING - DAY

As the plaintiff, defendants and attorneys emerge from the courtroom, the Speed Graphics flash around them and -

FLASHBACK: ST. PETER'S CHURCH, 1930

Another flashing camera, taking pictures of a 15-year-younger Roscoe kissing his 15-year-younger bride, Pamela, just after saying, I do.

As the assembled guests and families, including Roscoe's father Felix, applaud - Roscoe lightly kisses the Maid of Honor - his Best Man Elisha's wife - Veronica.

ROSCOE

It should've been you.

FLASHBACK: TRISTANO - DAY - 1930

A steamer appears on the horizon, headed for the Fitzgibbons' lakeside lodge, Tristano. Sunbathing on the dock, Roscoe and his new bride Pamela, and Elisha and his wife, Veronica, notice the approaching boat.

ELISHA

Oh, Christ. It's my father.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 44.

FLASHBACK: TRISTANO - LATER - DAY - 1930 *

The bow line slaps down and Roscoe ties it to the dock. From onboard, Elisha's ne'er-do-well playboy father Ariel - white slacks, blazer, pencil-line moustache, drink in hand - calls down:

ARIEL

Ah, my little ones. I didn't expect to find anyone waiting for us.

ROSCOE

We're three days into our honeymoon.

ARIEL

What a pity to disturb you.

ROSCOE

We're disturbing you. Elisha didn't tell you we were out here?

ARIEL

My son and I aren't speaking.

His son, in fact, is nowhere in sight. Neither is Veronica. Ariel and his boatload of guests disembark. He introduces them all to Roscoe and Pamela - *

ARIEL

Renowned Broadway producer, Lamar Kingston. Jeremy and Ted, two fine judges from downstate. Billie, Lillie and Dolly - dancers. My chauffeur Griggs. My chef Philippe. My physician Roy Warner and his lovely wife, Estelle.

Estelle, the drunkest of them, teeters down the ramp.

PAMELA

Oh, Dr. Warner, thank God you're here. I've been in terrible pain.

DR. WARNER

Stomach acting up again?

PAMELA

It gets better, then comes back.

DR. WARNER

You have the pills I gave you?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 45.

PAMELA

Gone.

DR. WARNER

I'll get you some more when I find my
bag.

ESTELLE

I'm starving.

FLASHBACK: TRISTANO - LATER - DAY - 1930

Roscoe and Ariel come past the chorus girls who are
already sunbathing nude by the pool.

ARIEL

Excessively lush, the scenery at
Tristano. Not that you need anything
along those lines at the moment. But you
should know, these young women are very
friendly.

ROSCOE

I have a very friendly bride.

ARIEL

And also the reputation for diversity.

ROSCOE

That's in the past.

ARIEL

The past and the future, just not the
present. Take it from one who knows.

ROSCOE

Which of these girls is yours?

ARIEL

Oh, that's not how it's done. No
ownership here.

ROSCOE

We won't get in your way. We'll be out
of here tomorrow.

ARIEL

Don't be in a hurry. There's always
room for two more at Tristano. Too many
is just enough. And the time allotted to
frolic runs out, Roscoe. Take my word.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 52 46.

They come up onto the porch of the lodge where an Oriental servant tops off Estelle's gin. Veronica and Elisha are at the far end of the porch, to better avoid his father. Roscoe gives them a little wave and sits.

ARIEL

Whiskey, Lee, and - ?

ROSCOE

Same.

Lee disappears inside to fetch the drinks. Roscoe and Ariel sit with Estelle.

ESTELLE

Did you have a nice walk, Ari?

ARIEL

We did. The girls are taking the sun.

ESTELLE

I thought of doing that myself, but can't find my suit. Or anything else.

ARIEL

They're not wearing suits, Estelle.

ESTELLE

Oh, I have to, lest I break out in freckles in all the wrong places.

ROSCOE

Where's your husband?

ESTELLE

Having a session with his patient.

ROSCOE

With Pamela.

ESTELLE

They do drag it out.

ROSCOE

I know. I've taken her to his office.

ESTELLE

She takes you with her, does she?

(more to Ari)

Roy's had her in hand since she was fifteen. He's brought her along.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 92 47.

ROSCOE

(pause)

How do you mean?

ESTELLE

Oh, you know. He's taught her how it's done. Roy does like the little chickadees.

ARIEL

Estelle, Roscoe and Pamela are married.

ESTELLE

Married? Are you? How cozy. You and I should have a matching consultation then. We could have it right now, here on facing chairs. Ari wouldn't mind, would you, Ari. He could cheer us on. You know, I'd wager Roy is readjusting her pelvis even as we speak.

ARIEL

They're on their honeymoon, Estelle.

ESTELLE

Oh, that's very spicy. And the doctor having a house call from the bride.

Roscoe looks like someone hit by a 2x4. Doesn't notice Lee setting down his whiskey. Glances down the porch to see if Elisha and Veronica heard all this and can see his humiliation. They did and they can. Estelle just sips at her drink with her eyes closed.

*
*
*
*

FLASHBACK: TRISTANO - LATER - DUSK - 1930

Pamela emerges from the doctor's cottage to find Roscoe waiting outside it.

PAMELA

Walk me back to the room, Roscoe.
I feel light-headed.

She clutches his arm and leans her head against his shoulder as if nothing is wrong.

FLASHBACK: TRISTANO - NIGHT - 1930

Roscoe untethers an outboard motorboat. Climbs in next to his suitcase.

*
*
*

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 48.

Guides the boat slowly from shore, not looking back at the lights of Tristano - and his marriage - receding in the distance.

From a window of the lodge, Veronica watches the little boat and its cargo - looking like the subject of Winslow Homer's *The Fog Warning* - make its way across the water.

VERONICA V/O

You always were a malicious bitch, but this is an evil act.

EXT. SUPREME COURT BUILDING - PRESENT

Veronica, Pamela and Roscoe on the courthouse steps.

PAMELA

I only want what's mine.

VERONICA

You don't even know who the father is.

PAMELA

Oh, I do indeed.

ROSCOE

There's no point talking to her, Veronica. She's going to do what she's going to do.

PAMELA

still slobbering after her, huh Roscoe? You should know by now what you'll never have. I love how that must torture you.

ROSCOE

My torture always ends when you leave a room.

Gilby, alone in the car at the curb, watches the adults through the window ...

INT. TRISTANO - NIGHT

Roscoe and Gilby sit playing poker.

GILBY

My aunt is my mother. My mother is my aunt. My brother is my cousin. Who's my father, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

You know who your father is.

GILBY

My real father.

Roscoe throws a couple chips in the pot. So does Gilby.

ROSCOE

Gilby, I always tell you the truth. Except when we're playing poker. I don't know who he is. Your aunt had a lot of boyfriends. But this is your family right here. And I'm your friend. It's going to be okay.

Gilby discards. As Roscoe gives him new cards, he notices Veronica watching them from the doorway, grateful that Roscoe is trying.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

A tableaux: a naked fat man sprawled across a bed littered with pornographic photographs, two dozen knife wounds to his back and chest.

O.B.

The Dutchman. Proper name Vernon Van Epps. A pimp with a nightclub on Hudson Avenue.

MAC

A worthless bag of chicken guts. They should bury him in pig shit.

ROSCOE

You liked him.

Mac slips one of the photographs on the bed from under the corpse: a snapshot of a beautiful naked Italian girl who we saw briefly at Elisha's wake waving to Mac.

O.B.

He took Mac's girlfriend. Put her to work in his bar.

ROSCOE

Who, Pina? Pina's a working girl. What's the problem?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 50.

MAC

The problem is he's a sick fuck who
doesn't deserve to live.

Mac takes out a pearl-handled .38 with the intention of
shooting the dead man in the face. O.B. grabs it before
it can fire and wrests it from Mac's hand.

O.B.

What are you doing? He's dead already.

MAC

He deserves worse.

O.B.

He's fuckin dead. Look at him.

MAC

Give me my gun.

O.B.

(to Roscoe)
You see what I have to deal with?

MAC

Give me it.

O.B.

You going to shoot him?

MAC

No.

O.B.

You've calmed down?

MAC

Yes.

O.B. empties the bullets from the gun and hands it back
to Mac who starts pistol whipping the corpse's head with
it. As O.B. struggles to take the gun away again, Roscoe
looks on like he's somehow ended up in an insane asylum.

O.B.

Mac! Enough!

O.B. manages to pull Mac away from the bed, and just in
time before State Troopers arrive, led by Inspector Dory
Dixon, who wedges by Roscoe to take a look at the corpse.

DORY

Jesus Christ.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 51.

O.B.

Hello, Dory.

DORY

We'll take it from here, O.B.

O.B.

You will? Says who? You?

DORY

This is a State matter.

O.B.

This is Albany.

DORY

This man was a paid State informant.

O.B.

I don't give a shit if he's the Governor's boyfriend, he was killed in my town, so it's my investigation. My coroner. Get your troopers the fuck out or I'll arrest you.

Dory regards O.B. and his friends.

DORY

I want a copy of the autopsy.

O.B. ignores him. Dory leaves, taking his troopers with him.

MAC

That's telling him.

O.B.

He probably thinks we did it.

ROSCOE

Are you sure we didn't?

They both look at Mac.

MAC

I didn't, but hats off to whoever did.

ROSCOE

You tell Patsy about this?

O.B.

Couldn't find him.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 52.

MAC

He's up in Troy for a chicken fight.
Him and Bindy going at it again.

ROSCOE

I'll go up and tell him. See what he
wants to do. You have no idea who did
this.

O.B.

Anybody can rob and stab a pimp.

MAC

Robbed and stabbed, naked and covered in
blood ... I like it.

*
*

A BLUR OF FEATHERS

FELIX V/O

I don't partake myself -

EXT. SOUTH TROY - NIGHT

Irish neighborhood. Riverfront iron foundries. Roscoe
parks his car amidst a hundred others already here.

FELIX V/O

But I understand the allure of short-
heel cockfighting. It's like politics -

*
*

VIGNETTE: THE TEN EYCK HOTEL

Roscoe's father Felix, again in the Empire chair at the
Ten Eyck, speaking to the camera -

FELIX

The birds, bred for battle, fight for
neither God nor glory nor love -

INT. POGERTY'S - SOUTH TROY - NIGHT

Another blur of feathers -

Note: We will never see much more of the cockfight
than this. This and the cornermen and the spectators
and money changing hands.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - SZ 53.

FELIX V/O

They fight to conquer the other. To impose death before it's imposed.

Roscoe moves through the dark, insane place, illuminated for a moment as he comes past the bright pit lights.

FELIX V/O

But winners don't always win by strength alone. Winning can be had - like politics - by imaginative fraud.

*
*

Now we see close-ups of the details of the myriad of frauds -

FELIX V/O

You can put curare on your bird's spur to paralyze the enemy. Grease or drops of heated lemon skin on his head to make it slippery. You can put cocaine on his feathers so when the enemy bites, its mouth goes to sleep and precision is lost. You can also, of course, bet against yourself. Give your bird Coumadin to thin his blood, turning him into a bleeder. Outfit him with spurs a sixteenth of an inch shorter than regulation - too little to see but enough to put him at a disadvantage. Or file the spurs dull. Or misalign their angle. Or make them too loose so they slide around. When he's killed, collect your earnings.

One of the handlers carries a dead bird from the pit and drops it in a corner where other corpses are stacked. Roscoe sits with Patsy on the wooden bleachers.

ROSCOE

Somebody murdered the Dutchman.

PATSY

The who?

ROSCOE

Vernon Van Epps. A pimp. Stabbed him two dozen times. He was informing for the Governor.

PATSY

Did we do it?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 54.

ROSCOE

Apparently not.

PATSY

Informing on what?

ROSCOE

The whores. The houses. The money.
Us. Think Bindy might know something?

PATSY

Ask him. I won't talk to the stupid
bastard after he kept The Notchery open
after I said close it.

ROSCOE

My guess, the Republicans will try to
pin this on us even if they know better.

PATSY

Sounds like a passion killing to me,
hitting him that many times. Here comes
the Ruby, I gotta pay attention.

Patsy pays attention as his handler carries in his
prize bird. Bindy's handler, Emil, meanwhile brings in
a speckled one.

INT. FOGERTY'S - MOMENTS LATER

Roscoe has left Patsy and is now sitting with Bindy on
another bleacher as betting goes on around them.

ROSCOE

The Dutchman ever hang around The
Notchery?

BINDY

He came over looking for Pina when she
went to work for Mama.

ROSCOE

Maybe Pina has an idea who killed him.

BINDY

She was all done with him. Leave her
out of it. Watch the chickens. You want
some candy?

He offers Roscoe Martha Washington creams from a 2-lb.
box. Roscoe takes one, points it toward Bindy's handler
and the speckled bird before dropping it in his mouth.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 55.

ROSCOE

Your bird got a name?

BINDY

The Swiggler. You ever been swiggled?

ROSCOE

Not by a chicken.

The handlers enter the pit and prepare the birds for battle.

ROSCOE

I can't take sides, so I guess I can't sit with you or Patsy.

BINDY

Bet on the Swiggler, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

How much you got on him?

BINDY

Forty grand.

ROSCOE

Forty grand?

BINDY

I'm taking my brother's money tonight. This bird is a winner. I'm telling you, bet on the Swiggler. You'll thank me.

Roscoe finds another place to sit somewhere between the brothers.

PIT MAN

Bill your cocks, men.

The cockfight begins, but little is actually shown. We stay instead on Roscoe and glimpses of the action outside the pit - the betting, the yelling, the spectators.

The looks on Patsy's and Bindy's faces tell us Bindy's bird is winning, but Roscoe isn't watching them - or the fight - anymore.

The noise becomes deafening and seems to go straight from Roscoe's ears to his heart. The faces - the money - the blur of feathers - the bright lights over the pit -

Roscoe starts to reel, to pass out, and -

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 56.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

He's on a surgical table, staring up at lights like a chicken in a pit - *

NURSE O/S

High venous pressure. Low arterial pressure.

SURGEON O/S

Aspirating syringe. Close your eyes, Roscoe, you don't want to watch this.

Neither do we as a long syringe changes hands. The surgeon pushes the needle deep into Roscoe's chest, draining blood from the pericardium ...

FLASHBACK: ALBANY, 1932

The Armory, decked out with flags, bunting and banners and thousands of people - delegates, campaign volunteers, press - clanging cow bells and castanets. *

Many of the placards dancing in peoples' hands feature Elisha's likeness "For Governor." Many others advertise his opponent for the nomination, Herbert Lehman. *

FLASHBACK: THE TEN BYCK HOTEL LOBBY - 1932

Roscoe crosses the crowded lobby toward the elevators, but then changes direction when he sees his ex-wife Pamela arguing with the front desk clerk. *

ROSCOE

What's the problem?

PAMELA

He's trying to tell me there's no rooms.

ROSCOE

They're aren't. Jimmy Walker couldn't get a room in Albany right now. *

PAMELA

His brother-in-law isn't about to be elected governor. I want a room. *

ROSCOE

Stay out at Tivoli. Nothing but empty rooms there.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - EZ 57.

PAMELA

I want a goddamn room in town, Roscoe.
Throw out one of your crooks.

ROSCOE

How could I refuse such a charming
request?

FLASHBACK: TEN BYCK HALLWAY & SUITE - LATER

Roscoe knocks on a door that opens just enough to reveal
a sliver of Veronica.

ROSCOE

I need to talk to Elisha.

VERONICA

He's not here.

She turns away but leaves the door open for him to come
in. She's wearing a satin slip and nothing else. Sits
at a vanity to put on make-up. Roscoe comes in, closes
the door.

*
*
*
*

ROSCOE

He needs to put in an appearance.
Some delegates downstairs wanting to
pledge their allegiance.

*
*
*
*

VERONICA

Last I saw him was at the Democratic
Women of Albany luncheon. Pamela came
over and wrapped herself around him.

ROSCOE

Don't take it personally. She does that
to everyone, as you know.

He watches her line her eyes ...

*

VERONICA

What?

*
*

ROSCOE

I didn't say anything.

*
*

VERONICA

I know you didn't. But what.

*
*

ROSCOE

You don't want to know.

*
*

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 58. 58.

VERONICA

Are you sure?

They regard each other's reflections in the mirror.

ROSCOE

I was thinking this is the first time
in almost twenty years I've been alone in
a room with you looking like this. I
can't believe it.

VERONICA

Neither can I.

ROSCOE

You opened the door.

VERONICA

No, I left it open.

ROSCOE

Is there a difference?

VERONICA

I probably shouldn't have.

ROSCOE

Probably not.

Silence. Then she turns enough to let her thigh show.
He stares at it.

VERONICA

Roscoe?

ROSCOE

What.

VERONICA

I'm not sure I'm happy.

There it is. The statement Roscoe has been waiting to
hear for twenty years. And this is it. If they're going
to do something. This is the time and they both know it.
Long silence before -

ROSCOE

Tell Elisha I was looking for him.

After a moment, she manages a nod. Both seem painfully
relieved.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S5 59.

VERONICA
Okay. I will.

ROSCOE
Okay.

He leaves.

FLASHBACK - THE ARMORY - LATER - 1932

A raucous sing-aloud breaks out as The 10th Infantry Band strikes up "Sidewalks of New York." Roscoe moves through it all to where Elisha's son Alex - recognizable from the soldier's photograph on Elisha's desk - fresh from his first year at Yale - sits in an Albany aisle.

ROSCOE
I'm looking for your father.

ALEX
Haven't seen him.

ROSCOE
You learning how we elect a governor?

ALEX
Yeah, you sit around and sing.

Alex pulls out the hip flask every Eli carries.

ALEX
I like it anyway. American democracy made visible.

ROSCOE
I wouldn't go that far.

ALEX
What do you do afterwards?

ROSCOE
Depends who wins. But either way, drinking is involved.

Alex lifts the hip flask to drink.

ALEX
I'm ready to be the son of a governor now.

ROSCOE
Pace yourself.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 60.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT DAY

Roscoe's eyes open. See a row of military ribbons and medals on a uniform. Then the soldier wearing it who has a young John Kennedy look about him. It's Alex, returned from the Pacific.

ROSCOE

Alex ... you're back.

ALEX

Can the same be said for you?

ROSCOE

They stabbed me in the heart to ease my pain.

ALEX

Did it?

ROSCOE

I won't know that til the morphine wears off.

ALEX

I came straight over when I heard.

ROSCOE

(re: Alex's medals)
You're a war hero.

ALEX

They give Purple Hearts to everyone these days.

ROSCOE

No, they don't. We can use that in the election.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER - DAY

Alex and an IV-on-wheels accompany Roscoe on a slow circuit around the hallways.

ALEX

Tell me about my father, Roscoe.
Why'd he do it?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 61.

ROSCOE

Don't know yet. Could've had something to do with the Governor's investigations. Or your Aunt Pamela.

*
*
*

ALEX

What?

ROSCOE

She's suing your mother for custody of Gilby.

ALEX

Why?

ROSCOE

Why does anyone do anything? Money.

ALEX

But how would she get it?

ROSCOE

She's laying it out slowly, but I think she might try to claim Elisha is Gilby's father.

*

Roscoe watches as Alex tries to make sense of that.

ALEX

Jesus, what next?

ROSCOE

That never occurred to you? It did to me.

*

Alex shakes his head no, it never crossed his mind.

ROSCOE

Welcome home, soldier.

*

EXT. ALBANY - DAY

Alex, still in uniform, flanked by Army, Navy and Marine honor guards - and posters advertising him for Mayor - stands before a group of citizen voters gathered to commemorate Albany's sons killed in the war.

*

ALEX

Charlie Becker. Marine private from Walter Street. I used to play baseball with him. Cut down in the first wave at Saipan. Bobby Valentino.

(MORE)

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - SZ 62.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Army corporal from Mohawk Street. So fast he could outrun my dog. Killed in the battle for Salerno. Captain Ray Ergott from Bonheim Street -

Roscoe, never one to put himself near the spotlight, watches Alex campaign - for this is campaigning - from below the platform, leaning on a cane next to Veronica and Gilby. Cutie LaRue comes over with his campaign manager, bookie Eddie Brodie.

CUTIE

Since you're the opposition in the election, Roscoe, I wanted to warn you.

EDDIE

We're organizing a big assault.

CUTIE

I plan to campaign as Uncle Sam. In a suit of stars and stripes, beard and tall hat. I'm putting you and the war hero on notice I mean what I say about good government.

ROSCOE

You're going to make speeches dressed like Uncle Sam?

EDDIE

Watch out, Roscoe.

Cutie and Eddie move on. Bart wedges through the crowd to speak to Roscoe.

BART

How you feel?

ROSCOE

All right.

BART

Heart's all right?

ROSCOE

What's your point?

BART

Nobody wants to upset you.

ROSCOE

You're upsetting me by not telling me. What is it?

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - S2 63.

BART

Patsy's out of his mind mad. Bindy's handler switched birds in the middle of the fight. He had two swimmers. Twins. Twin birds. Patsy lost forty grand on that fight.

ROSCOE

How would anybody know this, if it were true?

BART

Tommy Fogerty searched Emil's truck after the fight.

*
*
*

VIGNETTE: FOGERTY'S - NIGHT

Bindy's bird-handler, Emil, lies in the alley with someone's shoe pressing his face to the pavement as shadowy figures go through his truck.

BART V/O

Found the two identical birds in a sack.

*

BACK TO THE ALBANY STREET

where Bart waits for Roscoe's instructions.

BART

Like I said, nobody wanted to upset you.

This is very bad news.

INT. QUINLAN'S BAR - DAY

Faded pictures of politicians - including the one of Patsy, Elisha and Roscoe seen in Roscoe's hotel room - look down on Roscoe sitting alone at a table.

*
*
*

Mac comes in, and with him, a sparrow. It soars the length of the bar and back, trapped. A woman drinking a martini alone at the bar comes undone.

WOMAN

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! It's bad luck when a bird flies inside the house! You've brought bad luck!

*
*
*

Mac looks embarrassed.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 64.

COLBY

He's just getting out of the sun. Buy him a beer, Mike.

Everyone watches the bird and its aimless, desperate flight. Colby the dwarf climbs onto the bar and flicks a bar towel at the bird, which only intensifies its panic.

WOMAN

Don't hurt it! That's worse!

COLBY

Just waving it toward the door, dear.

WOMAN

You're scaring it to death!

ROSCOE

Everyone, calm down. Sit still and shut up. Quiet.

No one moves or speaks. The only sound is the flutter of the bird's wings as it flies back and forth. Roscoe creeps to the door. The bird lands on a light fixture. Roscoe eases the door open and waits. Everyone waits. And the bird finally flies out.

WOMAN

Thank you, sir. You understand birds.

ROSCOE

I know what it's like to be in the wrong place.

Roscoe sits back down at his table. Mac calls to Quinlan for a drink and sits with him.

MAC

Why would Bindy do it? Cheat his own brother.

ROSCOE

Well, Mac, there's the money. Plus his lifetime second banana status to Patsy. Patsy giving orders, controlling the family purse strings. Bindy just needed to win once.

MAC

But like that?

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - S2 65.

ROSCOE

Like what? By cheating? Are you making a joke? What'd you find out? *

MAC

Patsy wants to bust the Notchery. With Bindy in it. He wants Bindy in jail.

ROSCOE

That's insane. Where'd you get this?

MAC

O.B. got it from Patsy. Last night.

ROSCOE

I talked to Patsy last night. He said nothing of the kind.

MAC

He doesn't trust you not to try to stop it.

ROSCOE

Patsy gave it to O.B. and O.B. gave it to you?

MAC

(nods)

I'm supposed to make the arrest. And I'm not supposed to be telling you. *

ROSCOE

How do you even know he'll be there?

MAC

He's there now. Saw him go in. *

ROSCOE

Who else is there?

MAC

Pina. Six or seven other girls. Mame. Some customers.

ROSCOE

You're going to bust Pina?

MAC

Would you believe? *

ROSCOE

When is this supposed to happen?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 32 66.

MAC

Now.

This is a mess. Roscoe gets up, slips his jacket on.

ROSCOE

I'll go with you. I'll talk to Bindy.
I'll get Patsy's money back. I'll work
it out.

(Mac doesn't get up)

What. There's something else?

MAC

Pina did the Dutchman. Her prints were
all over the room.

ROSCOE

You're kidding.

(Mac isn't)

State troopers know this?

MAC

Not yet.

Mac lumbers up out of the chair.

MAC

All right, let's go.

ROSCOE

You're going to behave yourself?

MAC

Why do you say such a thing? I'm doing
you a favor taking you.

EXT. THE NOTCHERY - DAY

Mac pulls his car to a side door of the Notchery.
Climbs out with Roscoe.

INT. THE NOTCHERY - DAY

An electric fan pushes hot stale air around. Four women
in negligees and high-heels sit in the path of its humid
breeze.Violin music filters down from somewhere upstairs. Down
here, a retired insurance salesman - Oke - slow-dances to
it with a topless woman. Mac and Roscoe come through.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 67.

MAC

Pina around?

OKE

Upstairs with the fiddle player.

MAC

What fiddle player is that?

OKE

Don't know his name, but listen to that.
Forty years in whorehouses, I never heard
anything like it.

It's beautiful. Plaintive. Bach.

MAC

What is he, a snake charmer? Plays for
customers can't get it up?

OKE

If he can do that, I'll kiss him. I
couldn't come if you called me.

ROSCOE

(to a bartender)

Ginger ale. Lots of ice.

MAC

How long it's been going on, this fuckin
music?

OKE

Hours. He stops playing, gets a little
action. Plays some more. Gets a little
more action.Mac doesn't like it. Especially when the music stops and
the action, presumably, starts up again.

ROSCOE

Mac?

MAC

What.

ROSCOE

Take it easy.

Mac tries to, but can't not look up at the ceiling. Mame
comes down the stairs.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 68.

ROSCOE

I need to talk to Bindy.

MAME

You can come up, but not him.

Not Mac.

ROSCOE

I'll be right back. Wait here.

MAC

I don't want to wait here, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Sit down and have a drink.

Mac stays behind. Keeps staring up at the ceiling as Roscoe and Mame climb the stairs. Wishes the music would start again.

INT. UPSTAIRS, THE NOTCHERY - DAY

Bindy, naked from the waist up, sits in front of three triangulating electric fans, pitcher of iced tea next to him, wet towel on his head. Roscoe and Mame come in.

BINDY

What's up, Roscoe? You got trouble I can help you with?

ROSCOE

We all got trouble, Bin. I'm trying to fix it.

BINDY

Iced tea?

ROSCOE

The fight at Fogerty's. Patsy wants to get even.

BINDY

He should get better birds.

ROSCOE

He's not happy with the switch.

BINDY

Wasn't any switch.

(Roscoe just looks at him)

There wasn't any switch.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 69.

ROSCOE

The way out is to give your brother back his forty grand.

BINDY

Oh, is that all?

ROSCOE

No. And give him another forty as penance. He caught you, Bin. Pay the man.

Bindy just puts a fresh wet towel on his head.

ROSCOE

He's about to close this place and arrest everyone in it. If I can't stop it, everyone loses but the Governor. It could blow the election for Alex. Is that what you want? For some stupid thing between you and your brother -

BINDY

Fuck him! He's a sore loser! He's always been a sore loser! Since he was three years old! Always telling me what to do! He's not my fuckin boss!

ROSCOE

Bindy. First Elisha, then this, then Pina and the Dutchman. I can't take it. I should be in the middle of a retirement funded by years of service. Instead I'm here with you in a fucking whorehouse in the middle of all this shit!

MAME

What about Pina and the Dutchman?

ROSCOE

She did it.

MAME

She did? If she did, it was self-defense. That bastard tied her up and tortured her.

ROSCOE

Some say she likes being tied up.

MAME

Not like that. He went too far.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 70.

The bartender comes in with Roscoe's ginger ale.

BARTENDER

Mame, that cop is gonna shoot the guy with Pina.

ROSCOE

Goddamn it - *

Roscoe and Mame hurry down the hall to Pina's room where they find Mac not quite pointing his pearl-handled .38 at the naked violinist.

ROSCOE

What the fuck, Mac? *

MAC

That's a stolen violin.

VIOLINIST

No, it isn't! This is my violin!

MAC

It's worth twenty grand. I read about it in the papers.

VIOLINIST

I bought it for two hundred dollars seven years ago!

MAC

You're a thief.

(to Roscoe)

I'm arresting a thief. He stole that violin in Chicago.

VIOLINIST

I've never been to Chicago!

Pina slips a robe on and lights a cigarette. *

ROSCOE

I think you might have this wrong, Mac.

MAC

I don't think so.

ROSCOE

(to the violinist)
Can you prove you own it?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 71.

VIOLINIST

I bought it at the Modern Music Shop downtown. Ten bucks a week for two years!

MAC

We can check that out. If you're lying -

VIOLINIST

It's my violin!

MAC

(to Pina)

I want to talk to you.

PINA

(in Italian)

Are you going to calm down?

MAC

Speak English.

*
*
*
*

Mac pulls Pina to the bathroom to talk to her in private.

MAME

They shouldn't let that man near a gun.

ROSCOE

Sometimes he's right about these things.

VIOLINIST

Is he really arresting me?

ROSCOE

I don't think so. But leave the violin. Pick it up tomorrow. Get out of here.

The guy gathers up his clothes and leaves, but soon comes running back into the room, shutting the door behind him.

VIOLINIST

Troopers!

They can all hear them downstairs, barking at Oke and the girls. Roscoe sighs. He's so tired. Of everything.

EXT/INT. THE NOTCHERY - LATER - DAY

As State Troopers lead the girls and customers to police vans, we go the other way, back into The Notchery, alongside Dory Dixon - the same State Police inspector O.B. threw out of the Dutchman's apartment - who regards Roscoe with smug pleasure.

DORY

Sorry to interrupt your fun, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

If you're arresting us, my fun is just beginning.

DORY

Tell me you weren't with a girl.

ROSCOE

Lieutenant McEvoy had a tip a priceless stolen violin was here. I refer you to the instrument on top of the piano.

Dory picks it up.

DORY

This is priceless?

ROSCOE

I couldn't say. Can you?

DORY

No.

ROSCOE

We'll have it appraised.

DORY

And you came along why? To help the lieutenant carry the violin?

ROSCOE

I was conferring with Mr. McCall about a client involved in a homicide case.

DORY

Busy afternoon. Let's go. Everybody.

INT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The whole motley crew - the girls, the customers, Bindy, Roscoe and Mac - stand before a Governor-appointed Justice of the Peace in his study. He's already dealt with the women, and now deals with the men.

JUSTICE

You're charged with consorting with prostitutes. How do you plead?

OKE

Not guilty, Your Honor. I only went there to dance. I don't consort with whores. I couldn't come if you called me.

JUSTICE

Mr. Conway.

ROSCOE

Not guilty.

JUSTICE

Mr. McCall?

BINDY

Not guilty.

JUSTICE

Lieutenant McEvoy?

MAC

Not guilty. I was investigating a theft.

Jump Cut to Bindy paying everyone's bail - thousands of dollars from a double-fold of cash.

EXT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The arrest was meant to put Bindy and Roscoe and the theme of whorehouses in the papers, so no one's surprised to see Roy Flinn and some photographers waiting outside. As the Democrats and whores come past, the cameras flash - whiting-out the screen - from which appears:

VIGNETTE: THE DUTCHMAN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK *

A stark image of Pina tied to a chair. Gagged. Blindfolded. The Dutchman pours himself a drink. Watches her. Italian opera music on a phonograph. *

PINA V/O

He tie me up two days. Play with himself. Take pictures. Bring other girls in while I'm tied up.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - PRESENT

She relates the story of the Dutchman's last night on earth to Roscoe and Bindy in the back seat.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 74.

PINA

More pictures. More girls. Then he say, okay, you ready? Ready? I'm ready to die. I can hardly walk.

ROSCOE

But somehow you killed him.

PINA

Sometimes.

ROSCOE

Once is enough.

PINA

He's no good.

ROSCOE

True.

PINA

I ask for a glass of water and he says, What am I, a maid, get it yourself. So I go in the kitchen. -

VIGNETTE: THE DUTCHMAN'S APARTMENT

Pina fills a glass with water from the kitchen tap. Takes a dirty steak knife from the sink and covers it with a dish towel. Sets the towel and glass on a tray. Carries it back to the room where the Dutchman waits for her, naked on the bed. The opera music still playing.

She lays down next to him. He touches her roughly. Pulls her on top. She takes the steak knife out from under the towel and plunges it into his neck.

INT. THE CAR - MOVING - CONTINUED

PINA

He flopped around a lot. I have trouble finding his heart. Finally he stops moving.

VIGNETTE: THE DUTCHMAN'S APARTMENT

The Dutchman sprawled across the bloody sheets, like O.B. and Mac found him.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 75.

In the kitchen Pina calmly washes the knife in the sink, puts it in a drawer, opens the fridge, finds some Swiss cheese and sits down with it and some saltines and mustard. She eats.

INT. BLACK JACK MCCALL'S - LATER - NIGHT

Mac sits with Pina at one table. Roscoe confers with Patsy and O.B. at another.

PATSY

So this is good news.

ROSCOE

No.

PATSY

Sure it is. They can't blame it on us. We didn't do it. She did it. We're off the hook.

ROSCOE

She's not going to prison, Pat.

PATSY

Of course she is. She murdered the fuckin guy. Why wouldn't she.

ROSCOE

Mac.

PATSY

Mac what.

ROSCOE

Mac says no.

PATSY

Mac says no? Who the fuck is Mac to say no? Mac has no say.

ROSCOE

Mac has feelings for her.

PATSY

I don't give a fuck.

ROSCOE

This is the situation.

PATSY

I thought Mac was with Gladys.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 52 76.

ROSCOE

He is. Doesn't matter. He likes Pina,
too.

PATSY

I don't care about Mac.

ROSCOE

Tell him, O.B.

O.B.

Tell him what.

ROSCOE

About Legs.

O.B.

Nothing to say about Legs.

PATSY

Legs? Who. Diamond?

ROSCOE

And the Thorpe brothers.

PATSY

What's that got to do with anything?

O.B.

It's got nothing to do with this.

ROSCOE

Everything to do with it.

PATSY

I don't know what the fuck either one
of you is talking about.

ROSCOE

Mac is upset with my brother for
something that happened a long time ago.
My brother owes Mac.

O.B.

I don't owe him a fuckin thing.

Patsy stares at Roscoe and O.B. Is either one of them
going to tell him what they're talking about? Apparently
not. Eventually, to Roscoe -

PATSY

Mac is upset with your brother.

(Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 77.

ROSCOE

Correct.

PATSY

And because of this, Mac has some say about this whore going to prison or not going to prison, even though she did it.

ROSCOE

We have to get her off somehow. For Mac. Because of O.B.

PATSY

OK ...

ROSCOE

Or Mac, who of course knows things about you and me and the party, says he may be forced to disclose these things.

Patsy stares at them again. Eventually -

PATSY

Will you excuse us, O.B.

O.B. leaves them to continue their talk in private.

PATSY

What are we going to do?

ROSCOE

Go for Justifiable Homicide. Self-defense. Then give it back to these Republican bastards. Push this off the front page. Go public with all we got on them.

PATSY

What do we got?

ROSCOE

At the moment? A wife-beating State cop. She might testify. A Governor's aide assaulting a bartender. And that Spanish pimp.

PATSY

What Spanish pimp?

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - S2 78.

VIGNETTE: OFFICE BUILDING

A man held by his ankles dangles upside down out a tenth floor window, begging for his life in Spanish.

ROSCOE V/O

State police tried to make him talk about Albany cops on the take. Only they weren't State cops - they were ours - dressed up.

BACK TO BLACK JACK MCCALLY'S

PATSY

That's not bad, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

It was O.B. thought it up.

PATSY

No kidding. O.B.'s idea.

Roscoe nods. Patsy glances over at O.B. yanking at a knob of a cigarette machine.

PATSY

You and your brother, it's nice how you get along.

ROSCOE

You and Bindy get along.

At that moment, Bindy comes into the place.

PATSY

Bindy, you motherfucker! Where's my money?

BINDY

Are you referring to my money?

Patsy lunges up from his chair and attacks his brother.

PATSY

Cheating son of a bitch -

Patsy and Bindy both land several punches before Mac and O.B. and Roscoe can pull them apart:-

PATSY

Give me my money!

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 79.

BINDY

You want your money? Here -

Bindy hurls a whisky glass at his brother that hits him on the ear. Patsy tries to go after him again, but Mac and O.B. manage to hold him back.

ROSCOE

For Christ's sake, can we fight the Governor?

Bindy pulls himself away from Roscoe and strides toward the door to leave.

PATSY

This isn't over.

BINDY

Welsher!

The door closes behind Bindy. Patsy stares after him, mopping a handkerchief at his bleeding ear.

INT. ROSCOE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bart, as is his custom, reads to Roscoe from the morning *Sentinel*, which carries photographs of Bindy, Roscoe, Mac and assorted whores outside their arraignment.

BART

"Upper-echelon members of the McCall political machine are said to have masked financial interest in seven houses of ill-repute -

Roscoe is already dialing his phone -

BART

"The Governor is calling this," quote, "a major crackdown on prostitution controlled by Albany democrates - "

ROSCOE

(into phone)

Frankie? Roscoe. You got a pair of gloves? I got a job for you.

QUICK VIGNETTES:

Day: Frankie and a couple other thugs wearing gloves trap rats at the city dump -

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 80.

Night: A truck driven by Frankie turns into the alley alongside the *Sentinel* building -

Night: Frankie and his boys release hundreds of rats in the *Sentinel's* basement -

EXT. SENTINEL BUILDING - DAY

The city fire inspector supervises the removal of at least some of the vermin while *Times-Union* reporters interview concerned neighbors -

WOMAN WITH A CHILD

This place is a menace to the entire neighborhood. To the health of the children -

As the Fire Commissioner slaps a 'CONDEMNED' notice on Roy Flinn's *Sentinel* building, Bart slips some cash into the woman's hand.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE - DAY

As the Governor speaks to reporters, the camera drifts from him to those around him ...

GOVERNOR

This is another attempt by the Democrats to get what they want through intimidation. And what they want is the unabated flow of smut-money from their brothels to Party coffers. I won't stand for this and neither will the people of New York -

... ending up on one of his aides.

VIGNETTE:

A flickering home movie of the same Republican aide, in hose and garters, bedded with three women -

VIGNETTE:

Three different audiences watching copies of the same home movie: Reporters in a newsroom ... Albany Catholic priests in a church anteroom ... the Governor in his Capitol office.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 81.

INTERCOM

Governor ...

GOVERNOR

Not now.

EXT. ST. PETERS CHURCH - DAY

Flanked by priests, Alex holds a Times-Union paper with a story about the Republican aide as he delivers a speech -

ALEX

This is not what I was fighting for.
This is not what our friends and brothers
and sons were fighting for. It fills me
with disgust - but also with a renewed
sense of moral purpose -

EXT. PROTESTANT CHURCH - DAY

The Republican candidate for mayor, flanked by Protestant clergymen -

FARLEY

If elected, I promise you these dens of
sin - so long not just tolerated, but run
by the Democrats - will be shuttered -

EXT. QUINLAN'S BAR - DAY

True to his warning to Roscoe, Cutie LaRue campaigns
dressed like Uncle Sam -

CUTIE

If you take away the opportunity to sin,
you also take away the opportunity not to
sin, which eliminates the opportunity for
virtue. These places should exist so we
don't have to visit them -

EXT. DOUBLE-DUTCH BAR - DAY

Roscoe, in front of the pad-locked Double-Dutch, gives
a press conference of his own, with Pina standing meekly
beside him. Mac watches from across the street.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 82.

ROSCOE

Mr. Van Epps was a depraved, degenerate informant who thought he could discover through torture a connection between prostitution and politics, which his employers hoped they could use in the mayoral election. But there is no connection. The Dutchman's victim is not a prostitute. She's a singer. A bar girl. A B-girl in the parlance. A singer of songs.

Roscoe distributes photographs of the Dutchman's ropes and chair, and others with more action from Epps's personal collection of homemade pornography.

ROSCOE

I don't expect you to print these vile photographs. I show them to reveal the life of this man, who drew his salary from the man who holds our state captive like Mr. Van Epps kept this poor young woman tied to a chair. I refer to our power-mad Governor who wants to be president. That's why we're here today. Because of the lunacy of presidential ambition. May God deliver our city from it.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Bart drives Roscoe out to Tivoli.

BART

Everybody loved your speech on Pina the whore.

ROSCOE

Singer.

BART

Right. She gonna do time?

ROSCOE

Of course not. Have you no morality? She was a victim.

BART

The Dutchman is still dead.

ROSCOE

And who's complaining?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 83.

Roscoe grimaces. The recurring pain in his gut.

BART

You all right?

ROSCOE

Yeah. Goddamn heart ...

INT. TIVOLY - MORNING

Roscoe awakes to find Veronica at his bedside with a breakfast tray.

VERONICA

You slept fifteen hours. I tried to wake you three times.

ROSCOE

Is that for me?

The food.

VERONICA

Can you sit up?

He can try, and can manage it a little, but it hurts.

VERONICA

I'll feed you.

As she does, they try to read each other, or at least he does. Eventually -

ROSCOE

Elisha would've wanted us to be happy. He knew how to be happy.

VERONICA

He killed himself, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

He did it for other people. For you and the boys. Or maybe for what he owed me.

VERONICA

What did he owe you?

He doesn't have to say it. She knows he means her. She feeds him a few more bites, drawing a little closer each time.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - st 84.

Finally, they kiss, carefully, like the first time years ago, like if they're going to do this, they have to start way back then where they left off.

She sits back up and smiles at him just before Alex appears in the doorway. He takes in the scene and the silence a moment before -

ALEX
How you feeling?

ROSCOE
I can hardly breathe.

ALEX
Should I call the doctor?

ROSCOE
Yeah. Maybe.

Alex leaves.

ROSCOE
Did we shock him?

VERONICA
He knows we're friends.

ROSCOE
Is that what we look like here?

VERONICA
Nothing happened.

Maybe it didn't. Maybe it was a dream. In any case, the spell is broken and Veronica gets up to put the tray elsewhere.

ROSCOE
I don't think Pamela's Russian prince is Gilby's father. I think Elisha's the father, V -

*
*
*

VERONICA
Shhh.

ROSCOE
I think she was blackmailing him with that. Which doesn't surprise you as much as you want me to think it does, does it.

It doesn't surprise her. She admits it.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 85.

VERONICA

She wanted money or she'd sue. She told us this. Elisha offered her five thousand dollars, but that wasn't nearly enough. It infuriated her. It insulted her, she said. And that unless it was more - a lot more - she'd name Elisha the father and scandalize the family.

ROSCOE

But she didn't foresee him removing himself as the target. That must have really infuriated her.

VERONICA

I still can't believe he'd do it because of that.

ROSCOE

A man trying to protect his family is as good as reasons get.

Alex reappears at the door.

ALEX

Doctor's on his way over. He's talking about surgery, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

I won't argue with him.

Veronica carries the tray out. Alex comes in with the self-confidence of a princely heir to power over the future - something Roscoe can only remember.

ALEX

Roscoe. How'd you let yourself get sucked into the Notchery raid? Why would you set foot in that place, knowing what you do about publicity?

ROSCOE

I averted a war by being there.

ALEX

You didn't avert attacks on your reputation.

ROSCOE

I haven't had one of those since I was seven.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 52. 86.

ALEX

The Party's reputation, too.

ROSCOE

Alex, if I wasn't there, Patsy, or Bindy, or both would be dead right now.

ALEX

Patsy and Bindy are old.

ROSCOE

They're my age.

Nothing from Alex.

ROSCOE

Look, let me worry about these things, you just -

ALEX

Don't talk to me like I'm a fucking child, Roscoe. I'm not.

ROSCOE

Sorry.

ALEX

Fix your heart, then fix everything else.

He leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL / THE EYCK HOTEL - DAY

As the surgeon opens Roscoe's chest, the anesthesia sends him back to the Ten Eyck - to his father in the Empire chair - talking to the camera -

FELIX

The cause of all wars, of every argument for and against the Empire, the reason we convert the infidels and save the pagans, why we subdue the aborigines, the barbarians, and the Republicans, why kings have divine right and why we absolutely must take the Ninth Ward ... is to get the money. How do you get the money? Well, you already know that. Why do you want it is the question. Why do you need it? You need it because money buys survival. This is what I'm telling you, Roscoe. Money is life's blood.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 87.

The scalpel cuts close to Roscoe's heart -

FLASHBACK: THE ARMORY - DAY - 1932

The Elisha and Lehman placards again, dancing in the hands of the excited crowd.

FLASHBACK: ELISHA'S CAMPAIGN SUITE - THE NIGHT - 1932

The candidate's hotel HQ, but he's not in it. Patsy is, along with other Party workers, sitting around the debris of several room service and bar deliveries, when Roscoe comes in with information:

ROSCOE

The Bronx is in Lehman's pocket. Queens and Richmond are strong for Elisha. Brooklyn's split. They'll determine it.

JOEY

Who would've thought Brooklyn would ever determine anything.

PATSY

They won't. It'll be Al. Whatever he tells them, they'll do. And Al's with us.

BART

Did you see this? What FDR said?

PATSY

Fuck FDR.

BART

(reading from a newspaper)
"The enemies of Herbert Lehman will not only be defeated, they'll be politically dead. This is the end of business as usual for Tammany."

PATSY

He says this for a Jew. A fucking Jew.

The door opens and another man comes into the room, Patsy's counterpart from Brooklyn, John McCooey.

PATSY

John! How'd you do?

Rescoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 88.

MCCOOEY

I can't keep my people in line.

PATSY

What are you talking about? Half of them are wearing signs on their shirts that say, "For Sale."

MCCOOEY

Yeah, but the other half aren't. Can I get a drink?

ROSCOE

We don't need all of them, John. Just six. Six will do it.

MCCOOEY

It might as well be sixty.

PATSY

Are you trying to tell me we're going to lose the nomination because of six fucking delegates from Brooklyn? No offense.

MCCOOEY

I'm telling you I can't get them. Only Al Smith can do that.

ROSCOE

Where is Al? Has anyone seen him?

MCCOOEY

Downstairs at the Grille. I just saw him.

PATSY

Will someone go down there, wipe the gravy off his lapels, and tell him we're waiting?

Bart sets his newspaper aside and heads out, but as he opens the door to leave, Al Smith comes in - suit a little rumpled - a little drunk.

PATSY

Al!

AL SMITH

Hello, boys.

Roacoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 89.

PATSY

We are very close with Elisha. Six votes shy.

AL SMITH

You're not close, Pat. You're all done.

PATSY

Excuse me?

Al doesn't elaborate. Pours himself a drink.

PATSY

Al, the only way we're all done is if you've converted to Judaism.

AL SMITH

Worse. I've converted to the New Deal. I'm backing Lehman.

PATSY

No, you're not. I'm sorry, but you're not. For six weeks you been telling me you're with us. Don't tell me something different now.

AL SMITH

I've been talking to Roosevelt.

PATSY

Talking? You said the next time you saw that cripple you were going to kick his fucking crutches out from under him.

AL SMITH

I just shook his hand downstairs.

Patsy is apoplectic ...

PATSY

You're joking. Are you joking? He's joking.

AL SMITH

You'll see the picture in the papers tomorrow.

PATSY

You hook-nosed son of a bitch -

Patsy hurls a room service cart at Al. It just misses him, but some of the food and watery liquor doesn't.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 90.

It ends up on Al's suit. He brushes at it, straightens his lapels, and, calmly -

AL SMITH

Patsy? You don't even belong in this room. You're still a truck driver in my book. But thanks for the fuckin drink.

And with that he leaves. The room falls silent. The camera moves past the faces to find Felix sitting in the Empire chair in the corner. Whether he's really here, or an apparition, is impossible to tell.

FELIX

Well, that's it, boys. The New Dealers are dealing out a new hand and Tammany's not invited to the table. But let's not forget. We are Democrats. We are steeped in democracy. We own the city, the county, the state and the nation. Things could be worse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREENHOUSE - TIVOLI - PRESENT DAY

Recuperating from his surgery, Roscoe has found the warmest spot on the estate, among the greenhouse ferns, sitting in a wicker wheelchair in his robe, with a visitor who is not Veronica.

GLADYS

I know you're not well, Roscoe, but there's no one else can help me. You have to talk to your brother. He's put Mac on department leave. He told him to turn in his badge and gun -

VIGNETTE:

Mac stands before O.B. leaning against his desk in his office.

O.B.

Put it on the desk.

MAC

No. How do you like that? Someone saying no to you.

O.B. doesn't like it. Grabs a paperweight off the desk and slugs Mac in the face with it clutched in his fist -

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - st 91.

BACK TO THE GREENHOUSE

GLADYS

He hit him. He broke his dentures.

ROSCOE

Why?

BACK TO O.B.'S OFFICE

to Mac, in excruciating pain, holding his jaw.

MAC

Why did you do that?

O.B.

For ignoring my orders. For going to the Notchery with Roscoe when I said close it. When Patsy said close it. For your affront to my authority.

*
*
*

BACK TO THE GREENHOUSE

ROSCOE

What authority. O.B. has no authority.

GLADYS

It's what he said.

ROSCOE

What else did he say?

GLADYS

That was it.

ROSCOE

What aren't you telling me?

GLADYS

Nothing.

ROSCOE

That you're sleeping with both of them?

GLADYS

I beg your pardon.

ROSCOE

That's what O.B. says.

ROSCOE (5) - May 9, 2007 - EZ 92.

GLADYS

Then he's a liar.

ROSCOE

He didn't take you home that night?
When Elisha died?

GLADYS

He did, but he didn't stay.

ROSCOE

Did he go int?

VIGNETTE:

O.B. comes out of Gladys's building.

GLADYS V/O

He came over a lot but I never let him stay. He told me Mac didn't deserve me. He told me Pina was Mac's girl all the years he was with me.

Mac sitting alone in his car outside Gladys's place, watches O.B. get in his own car. As it drives away, Mac climbs from his and walks toward the building.

GLADYS V/O

When O.b. left, Mac came in and screamed at me -

VIGNETTE:

Through a closed window, a glimpse of Mac and Gladys arguing, the glass muffling it.

GLADYS V/O

I screamed at him about that whore.

BACK TO THE GREENHOUSE

GLADYS

But I don't care about her. I just want him back, but he won't talk to me anymore. I call and he hangs up.

ROSCOE

What do you want me to do about it?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 93.

GLADYS

Talk to him. And to your brother. Talk to everybody. Make it right, Roscoe.

INT. O.B.'S OFFICE - DAY

A plaque on O.B.'s desk next to the paperweight reads, "The Doctor Is In." He sits behind it, drinking Scotch. Answers his phone.

O.B.

Yeah.

INTERCUT with Roscoe on a phone at Tivoli -

ROSCOE

I hear you've gone crazy. Fired the best cop you ever had.

O.B.

He doesn't obey orders. I can't have that. Neither can Patsy.

ROSCOE

Patsy won't back you when he hears you told Gladys about Mac and Pina for your own selfish reasons.

O.B.

She deserves to know what kind of guy she's screwing.

ROSCOE

Thank you, Monsignor.

O.B.

Keep out of it, Roscoe. This is my show.

O.B. hangs up.

INT. THE ELITE CLUB - LATER - DAY

Roscoe comes in. Finds Mac nursing a drink with ex-bootlegger Morty Besch. Mac's jaw is swollen; hardly moves when he speaks.

ROSCOE

How's your teeth?

MAC

Not good. Jawbone's broken.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 94.

ROSCOE
Seen a dentist?

MAC
You'll get the bill.

MORTY
He can't chew but he can drink.

Morty tops Mac's glass.

MAC
How's your heart?

ROSCOE
I don't know. Beating.

MORTY
Gin, Roscoe?

ROSCOE
Sure. You talk to O.B. since?

MAC
That bastard told Gladys about me and Pina. She says she's through with me.

ROSCOE
That's not what I hear.

MORTY
O.B. also has a thing for Pina, am I correct?

Mac knows this only too well, and doesn't like it.
Roscoe sends Morty a look to be quiet.

ROSCOE
You should call Gladys.

MAC
You know that fuckin brother of yours still says the Jack Diamond thing was all him?

MORTY
I was the last person to see Legs Diamond alive. Right here.

MAC
No you weren't.

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - 82 95.

MORTY

I poured him a drink. It was a Dewars neat.

MAC

Did you shoot him?

MORTY

No.

MAC

Then you weren't last.

VIGNETTE:

The Elite Club, back then. Morty, 12 years younger, pours Legs Diamond a Dewars neat.

LEGS

Getting shot's not so bad, Morty. I been shot in the arm, the lung and the liver. The problem is getting even.

*
*
*
*

BACK TO THE ELITE CLUB NOW

MAC

I liked Jack. He was a rat bastard.

ROSCOE

You liked him.

FLASHBACK: THE ELITE CLUB CREW

*

Jack Diamond carries his drink to a piano in the room and sits at it.

MAC V/O

He used to sing, you know. Wherever there was a piano, there was Jack.

Jack begins to play the piano and sing It Had to Be You. It fades over:

BACK TO THE ELITE CLUB - NOW

where the same piano, with no one at it, sits.

MORTY

They say he had it coming.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 96.

MAC

He had his chance to get out. We gave him that.

FLASHBACK: SIDEWALK TABLE:

As Jack plays pinochle with the Thorpe brothers thugs, he talks with Mac and O.B., standing next to the table.

LEGS

Whatever Patsy's paying it's a dollar less a barrel if he buys from me. Who doesn't like to save money?

O.B.

It's family, Jack. Patsy's brother Bindy handles all beer sales in Albany. It's that simple. You got to get out.

LEGS

You know, there was a time you could tell the difference between cops and thugs. These days I'm confused.

O.B.

Get out.

BACK TO THE ELITE CLUB NOW

MAC

But Jack ignores us and makes a deal with the Thorpe Brothers to bring their beer in, over Bindy's dead body -

FLASHBACK: ALBANY STREET - NIGHT

Two of the pinochle-playing Thorpe brothers point pistols out windows of a passing car. Gunfire sparks. Bindy dives for cover over a hedge.

MAC V/O

Only they miss. Too bad for Jack.

Bindy, behind the hedge, struggles to catch his breath as the Thorpe brothers' car speeds away.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - SZ 97.

FLASHBACK: 67 DOVE STREET - NIGHT

A hand switches on a lamp and Jack Diamond wakes to find O.B. and Mac standing next to his bed.

O.B.
We told you to leave Albany.

LEGS
Give me a break, fellas. I'll get out.

O.B.
Give you a break? Is that what you gave Bindy?

O.B. aims his pistol at Legs' head.

LEGS
Five minutes I'm in New Jersey, never to return. Hand me my pants.

O.B. cocks the gun.

LEGS
Five minutes, boys, I swear, I'm across state lines.

O.B. doesn't fire. Doesn't seem able to. Mac stares at him, stunned by his partner's cowardice. Legs sees the same hesitation in O.B. and relaxes a little.

LEGS
Thanks, fellas.

Legs crawls out of bed. Drags a suitcase out from under it. Puts it on the bed and begins throwing dirty clothes in it.

LEGS
Look, I'm packing.

Mac shoots him three times in the face. The gangster hits the floor, dead. O.B. fires three more shots - into the wall.

FLASHBACK: HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

Mac and O.B. throw their guns into the river.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 98.

MAC V/O

I didn't expect stardom. But I also didn't expect O.B. to steal it.

BACK TO THE ELITE CLUB - NOW

MAC

For twelve years, your brother goes around saying he pulled the trigger when he didn't. This is the biggest killing in Albany history and he cuts me out of it.

ROSCOE

I can imagine how you felt.

MAC

Yeah ...

The bar phone rings. Morty gets it.

MORTY

It's O.B.

MAC

Tell him to fuck himself.

Instead, Morty listens to the voice in the receiver. Then, to Mac -

MORTY

He says he's got guys outside. Wants you to come in the easy way.

ROSCOE

I'll talk to him.

MAC

I'm not going in, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

(to Morty)

Tell him I'll call him back.

(to Mac)

When he can't win, he knows it. This is one of my brother's few qualities. I'm sure he wants to apologize. I'll go in with you.

*
*

Mac thinks about it.

Roscos (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 99.

MAC

I don't turn in the badge.. I don't turn
in the gun.

ROSCOE

Fine.

INT. POLICE H.Q. - LATER - NIGHT

Roscoe and Mac come through the place. Find O.B. in his office, still behind his desk.

ROSCOE

So we're here. What do you have to say
to Mac?

O.B.

You goddamn ingrate. After all I did for
you.

MAC

Ingrate? You broke my jaw!

ROSCOE

Apologize to him, O.B.

O.B.

Put your gun on the desk. And the badge.

MAC

Let's talk about Legs.

O.B.

Ancient fuckin history.

MAC

My history! That was my history! And
you stole it!

ROSCOE

Shut up, both of you. We're here to work
this out.

O.B.

Put your gun and badge on the desk.

MAC

You want my gun? You want my fuckin gun?

ROSCOE

Calm down, Mac.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - SE 100.

MAC

Here's my gun.

Mac takes his gun out, but doesn't put it on the desk. He points it at the lower half of O.B.'s face.

ROSCOE

What're you doing -

MAC

(to O.B.)

I'm gonna break your jaw, see how you like it. Don't move.

O.B. instinctively moves his head away and the bullet, instead of hitting his jaw, goes into his brain, throwing him to the floor.

ROSCOE

Goddamn it! You fucking lunatic!

MAC

Why did he move? I said, don't move.

Roscoe kneels beside his brother, lifts his head from the blood already pooling on the floor, sets it back down.

EXT. ST. AGNES CEMETERY - DAY

O.B.'s fresh grave lies alongside his and Roscoe's father's obelisk. Everyone is there: Roscoe, Patsy, Bindy, Veronica, Gilby, Alex, half the city government and police guard.

VIGNETTE:

Newspapers coming off presses:

The Times-Union with a portrait of O.B. and the headline, "Farewell to 'The Doctor' Who Kept Gangsters out of Albany," and:

The Sentinel with a photo of Roscoe and the headline, "Whorehouse Lawyer Present at Another Homicide."

BACK TO THE CEMETERY

Clods of earth thump O.B.'s coffin like someone knocking on a door as each mourner comes past dropping a shovelful of dirt in the hole.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 101.

VIGNETTE:

Mac standing before a judge.

MAC

I plead guilty, Your Honor. I did it.
Give me the chair.

JUDGE

Sorry, Mac, you can't plead guilty to a
capital crime. You need a lawyer. But
don't ask Roscoe.

BACK TO THE CEMETERY

Roscoe stands with the widow, Hattie, as the Monsignor
says a prayer that goes on too long.

HATTIE

I married O.B. because you married
Pamala, who you married because Veronica
married Elisha. What the hell is wrong
with life, Roscoe?He shakes his head; he doesn't know; all he knows is that
it's all screwed up. Alex comes over.

ALEX

We need to talk.

ROSCOE

Now?

ALEX

Soon as possible.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Roscoe and Alex have climbed a knoll dotted with more
illustrious obelisks.

ALEX

I'm sorry, Roscoe. He was a good man.
A good brother.

ROSCOE

He was. Though I can't say I understood
him all the time.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 102.

They look down on the mourners, gathered in groups around the cars. The grave-diggers are filling the hole.

ALEX

I'm trying to understand something. Every disaster, you're somehow right in the middle of it. My father's death. Patsy and Bindy's fights. The Notchery scandal. The Dutchman and that Italian whore. Now poor O.B.

ROSCOE

What are you saying?

ALEX

You take on everyone's burden, but you can't do that without getting dirty. With Gilby's case coming up, maybe the judge won't look too kindly on you.

ROSCOE

Don't worry about that. Don't worry about anything.

ALEX

If my mother loses Gilby, it'll destroy her.

ROSCOE

I won't let that happen.

ALEX

That goddamn cunt. I'm sorry, Pamela was your wife, I shouldn't call her that, but she is.

ROSCOE

Your father trusted me to protect your family, and that's what I'm going to do.

ALEX

Me, too, Roscoe.

He says it with the kind of resolve Roscoe used to be able to put beneath words. Now Roscoe just starts down the hill, leaving Alex atop it like one of the statues -

THE CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Alex is still up on the hill as Roscoe reaches the parked limousines. He climbs in back of one with Hattie.

Roscoe (3) - May 9, 2007 - 82 103.

HATTIE

What was that all about?

ROSCOE

Nothing. He's worried about me.

HATTIE

We all are.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Roscoe is uncharacteristically quiet, listening to the hum of the engine as the limo drives along.

HATTIE

Thinking about O.B.?

ROSCOE

I was just thinking about Pamela.

HATTIE

Why on earth?

ROSCOE

That night, when Elisha lost to Lehman and everything changed, did you see her with him at all?

HATTIE

With Elisha?

FLASHBACK: THE ARMORY - NIGHT - 1932

The night in question. Elisha is called up to the platform. Roscoe watches him get up, lean back down to kiss Veronica. As Elisha then passes Pamela's aisle, she gets up and gives him a bigger hug and kiss.

HATTIE V/O

She was all over him. To irritate Veronica. Or you. Or both of you. Or everyone.

Elisha, on the stage, begins his concession speech. He's lost the nomination but pledges his support to Lehman and the Party.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 104.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - CONTINUED

ROSCOE

Joey, stop up here at the grocery.
Get me four Hershey bars; I'm not going
to have time for lunch.

JOEY

You want anything, Hattie?

HATTIE

Coca-Cola and a bottle of rum.

Joey parks and climbs out.

ROSCOE

I mean earlier. In the afternoon. I
couldn't find Elisha for a couple hours.

HATTIE

Why this now, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

I'm trying to picture Elisha as Gilby's
father, and to do that I have to first
picture him with Pamela - and I can't.

*
*

FLASHBACK: THE TEN NYCK HOTEL BALLROOM - 1932

A six-piece jazz band plays 'Walking My Baby Back Home.'
Couples dance on the dance floor. Roscoe comes away from
the bar with a fresh drink and regards the dancers, who
include Alex and his Aunt Pamela, dancing together.

ROSCOE V/O

Where did Alex stay that night?

INT. LIMOUSINE - PARKED - CONTINUED

ROSCOE

At the hotel? Or did you get him a
room?

HATTIE

He didn't stay at Tivoli?

ROSCOE

No.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 105.

HATTIE

I only remember him looking young and cute. Dancing with women. All of them older. Not too many his age there.

BACK TO THE TEN BYCK BALLROOM

and Alex and Pamela dancing closer than they should.

ROSCOE V/O

One of them was Pamela.

HATTIE V/O

That shouldn't surprise you. They're family.

ROSCOE V/O

Nothing surprises me.

BACK TO THE LIMOUSINE - PRESENT

ROSCOE

That's my problem. I can imagine anything.

BACK TO THE TEN BYCK BALLROOM

where Roscoe sees - or imagines - Alex and his Aunt Pamela sitting alone in a corner - partially obscured by a potted palm tree.

Someone else has noticed them as well, though Roscoe doesn't notice him. Elisha. Both watch as young Alex - a little too close to his aunt's emphatic bustline, and a little too drunk - offers her his hip flask ...

BACK TO THE LIMOUSINE

Joey climbs in with the provisions, hands the bag to Hattie in back.

HATTIE

Thank you, Joey.

As the car pulls away, Hattie gets the bottle of Coke open with a church key, dumps half of it out the window and sets about carefully refilling it with rum. Roscoe watches absently, his thoughts elsewhere -

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 106.

GLADYS V/O

He told me, "The enemy is closing in."
I asked him who. He said, "Roscoe will
figure it out."

FLASHBACK: INT. ELISHA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elisha, dead in the chair. Roscoe at the desk, looking
for pill bottles, finding the marriage licence.

GLADYS

What enemy, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

What did he burn?

GLADYS

Medical records mainly.

ROSCOE

Whose? Company employees?

GLADYS

No. His.

INT. ROSCOE'S HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT

The marriage license Roscoe took from Elisha's office,
Scotch-taped now to his bedroom wall. He comes in and
takes it down. Examines it and the couple of sheets of
paper stapled to it. Considers the blood tests Elisha
and Veronica had to take to get the license.

INT. HOUSE - LATER - DAY

The same house Roscoe took Arlene to when she had a
toothache. A couple of prostitutes wait in the parlor
while Roscoe confers with the abortionist, who readies
his surgical table for his next patient.

ROSCOE

What if the father is Type O and the
mother is Type AB? The child is what?

DR. MEROLA

The child could be Type A or B.

ROSCOE

A or B, or AB?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 107.

DR. MEROLA

No. Not AB. And not O. A or B.
Nothing else. I have some work to do
here, Roscoe.

INT. MORGUE - LATER - DAY

A coroner pulls a file from a cabinet, hands it over to Roscoe, who glances through Elisha's two autopsy reports made back when they weren't sure what the official cause of his death should be. But both share his correct blood type: O.

CORONER

Sorry about O,B.

ROSCOE

Thanks, Tommy. Thank you. I'll bring
these back.

CORONER

Keep them as long as you like. You paid
for them.

INT. PHILLY'S STUDIO - LATER - NIGHT

As Roscoe wanders around looking at forged paintings in various states of completion, Philly works on "new originals" of Elisha's autopsy report. The information remains the same on both documents except for the blood type, which Philly changes from "O" to "AB."

INT. JUDGE FINN'S CHAMBERS - NOW - DAY

The judge's robe dangles from a hanger on his coat rack. He sits in shirtsleeves behind his desk with the two attorneys.

ROSCOE

I have information to share with you
both before anything further goes on the
record.

GORMAN

I'll be pleased to hear it.

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - SE 108.

ROSCOE

I'm not sure you will be pleased. Your Honor, Elisha Fitzgibbon readily agreed to adopt the boy at birth and raise him as his own because he was his own. He never told this to Veronica. He also never told her that in a bout of heavy drinking and debauched wildness, he'd raped her sister Pamela.

*

Marcus Gorman stares at Roscoe completely nonplussed.

ROSCOE

He lived with this sin and shame, and thought after time he had lived it down. But then it came back to plague him. Pamela - fallen on hard times - sought financial relief through him. Not just relief, but everything he had, everything his family had. He could see only one way out. One way to put himself and his family beyond her reach. His own death. For you can't blackmail a corpse. Or so he thought. His misread his sister-in-law's perseverance. And so here we are.

*

*

*

GORMAN

Jesus, Roscoe, you are the maestro of melodrama. But I fail to see the point. The father of the boy - and this is not disputed, even by my client - is Danilo Yusupov.

ROSCOE

Nope.

Roscoe produces some papers from his briefcase and sets them on the judge's desk.

ROSCOE

These are Yusupov's and Gilby's blood tests. The boy's is Type AB. The Russian's, Type O. It's impossible for him to be the father.

*

*

*

GORMAN

Where'd you get this?

*

ROSCOE

From Yusupov's doctor in Los Angeles. Whose patient resents his ex-wife's lawsuit as much as we do. Call him if you don't believe me.

*

*

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - SZ 109.

Roscoe removes two more documents from his briefcase:
One is Elisha's (Philly's) autopsy report.

ROSCOE

These are records of Elisha's and
Pamela's blood types. Both AB. Like
the boy's.

GORMAN

And how, may I ask, did you get my
client's blood test?

ROSCOE

I married her. We took the tests
together. I kept them. Call me
sentimental.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The judge addresses the court.

JUDGE

- given that the plaintiff had twelve
years to demonstrate her willingness to
care for the child and did not, and that
his home life with his adoptive parents
has been shown to be a loving one, I
believe any change to this arrangement
would be detrimental to the boy's well-
being, and am dismissing the case.

Pamela is stunned into the same kind of silence her
attorney experienced in chambers. Veronica and Gilby on
the other hand are jubilant and hold Roscoe close to them
- like the family dog.

ROSCOE

Say goodbye to her, Gilby.

GILBY

I don't want to talk to her.

ROSCOE

Just say goodbye. It's how we do things.

Gilby reluctantly goes over to Pamela. All he can see,
standing over her, is the top of her picture hat.

GILBY

I came to say goodbye.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 110.

PAMELA

I'm so sad to be losing you.

GILBY

I'm not.

As Gilby steps away, Roscoe watches Pamela's shoulders collapse under the shadow of her hat.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

Webster the elevator man opens the accordion gate for Roscoe, Veronica and Gilby.

WEBSTER

Win one, did you, Mr. Conway?

ROSCOE

I think so.

WEBSTER

You're not sure?

ROSCOE

I'm being modest.

VERONICA

He won. We all won.

Veronica kisses Roscoe. Webster starts to close the gate. * but here comes Pamela.

PAMELA

You goddamn lying bastard.

Roscoe steps back out to talk to her in private. Has Webster take the elevator down with his clients in it. Once they're gone -

ROSCOE

What was that, my dear?

PAMELA

Rape? *

ROSCOE

Why not rape.

PAMELA

Because it's a lie! Elisha didn't rape me!

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 111.

ROSCOE

The perjurer offended by a falsehood.

PAMELA

You think you've won?

ROSCOE

I'm leaving a courthouse with a verdict
in my favor.

PAMELA

There are other ways to get the truth
out.

ROSCOE

No one will believe anything you say
anymore. Not even your own lawyer. It's
over, Pamela. Leave this family alone.

He starts to leave. Then turns back, afflicted by a
weird pang that hits him out of nowhere. He regards her,
standing alone, looking vulnerable.

ROSCOE

Do you have any money at all?

PAMELA

Sure. Millions.

He takes out his money clip, peels off two one-hundred-
dollar bills.

ROSCOE

For a train somewhere.

PAMELA

You're a bastard.

But she takes the money.

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE - DAY

Soprano Nadine Conner sings on the 7" screen of what
looks like Roscoe's desk radio from the first scene, but
is, in fact, a Viewtone "Futura" television set.

ROSCOE

We can't let the Republicans take the
moral high ground. We have to beat them
to it if we have to run.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 62 112.

Alex is nodding, but seems more interested in the image on - or the idea of - the television, to which a technician makes constant adjustments.

ROSCOE

Raid the strip clubs, padlock the brothels, take every Cuban magazine off the newsstands. Don't indict anybody but say you will. Then after the election, let everything return to normal.

ALEX

That's good, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

What did I say?

ALEX

I heard every word and I agree.

ROSCOE

We'll make the raids tomorrow and you can talk about it on the radio.

ALEX

I'd like to talk about it on this.

ROSCOE

To who? You and three other people have one of those.

ALEX

Not for long.

EXT. STREET, ALBANY - LATER - DAY

Roscoe and Alex walk toward the Capitol Grill.

ALEX

If all goes well tomorrow, Patsy wants to run me for governor in '48.

ROSCOE

How do you feel about that?

ALEX

Different from my father. I like it. Remember the Convention?

ROSCOE

I was just thinking about it.

Roscoe (S) - May 9, 2007 - S2 113.

ALEX

Six more delegates he would've won.
Tell me about your victory. In court.
How'd you do it?

*
*
*

INT. CAPITOL GRILL - LATER - DAY

Roscoe has just told Alex what he said to sway the case his way, and now they sit in a heavy silence.

ALEX

Roscoe, what have you done?

ROSCOE

I got your lovely aunt off your back.

ALEX

But rape? How could you say that?
You had no right to say it. It's the last thing my father would do. Pamela never said that.

ROSCOE

She never said they were even lovers.

ALEX

Yes, she did.

ROSCOE

No, she didn't.

Alex studies Roscoe, but he's inscrutable.

ALEX

You should've checked with me, Roscoe. This disgraces my father, and humiliates the family.

ROSCOE

Your father killed himself to protect the family.

ALEX

You say that, but I never bought it.

ROSCOE

You're right. He did it to protect you.

ALEX

What's that supposed to mean?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - BZ 114.

ROSCOE

Leave it alone, Alex.

ALEX

No, I'm sorry, but I don't follow.

Now Roscoe studies Alex, who is also inscrutable.

ROSCOE

Elisha not only got rid of Pamela by killing himself, he proclaimed himself Gilby's father. He left his blood test for me to find. Why would he do that? Because it was his last chance to say to me - to everyone - that he was Gilby's father. He wanted to make sure no one would think it could be anyone else.

Alex regards Roscoe uneasily. But only for a moment. Roscoe takes folded papers from his jacket pocket and gives them to Alex.

ROSCOE

Your speech. For the radio.

EXT. TRISTANO - DAY

Gilby guides a motor boat containing himself, his mother, and Roscoe across the lake toward Tristano.

ROSCOE

You have a girlfriend, Gilby?

GILBY

No.

ROSCOE

Why not?

GILBY

People say you have lots of them.

ROSCOE

People are wrong.

GILBY

How many do you have?

ROSCOE

I'm not under oath, so I decline to answer that.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 115.

GILBY

Do you have one at least?

ROSCOE

Maybe one.

EXT. TRISTANO - LATER - DAY

The three of them have hiked deep in the woods to a plateau, from where they can sit and look down on the dark, quiet water of the lake. Silence. Then -

GILBY

What are we doing?

ROSCOE

Waiting to see the hidden life.

GILBY

The hidden life of what?

ROSCOE

Birds. Deer. Mink. One day a long time ago we sat here and saw a fox and her four cubs come out onto the beach. They played for ten minutes. It was like watching a movie. The mother was very watchful, wasn't she.

VERONICA

Mothers usually are, but I don't think I was with you.

ROSCOE

You're right. It was Elisha and me.

They sit still and wait to see something ...

ROSCOE

I'll admit, sometimes you can't find the hidden life. But you keep looking. Or you don't have a chance.

GILBY

You have to be patient.

ROSCOE

You have to be very patient.

They hear some movement. Then see a doe emerge from the woods with two fawns.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 83 116.

Gilby watches them intently, then glances to Roscoe with a look that says, You were right, we just had to be patient.

INT. BEDROOM, TRISTANO LODGE - NIGHT

Veronica looks in on Gilby, who is asleep.

INT. TROPHY ROOM, TRISTANO LODGE - NIGHT

Roscoe and Veronica sip wine from a bottle of Margaux.

VERONICA

He loves you.

ROSCOE

I think he tolerates me more than he loves me.

VERONICA

You're wrong. You also fascinate him.

ROSCOE

My Uncle Mick fascinated me. He was a stick-up man.

They listen to the night sounds that fill up a silence.

VERONICA

Will you move in with us?

He knows he doesn't have to answer for her to know the answer. When has he ever wanted anything else? Her hand sets her wine glass down, then moves to begin unbuttoning her sweater ...

ALEX V/O

The governor has spent half a million dollars investigating our city, harassing our citizens, prying into our private lives, putting fear into the hearts of our people -

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

where Alex reads from the speech Roscoe wrote -

ALEX

And what does he have to show for it? Nothing but accusations. Nothing but rhetoric -

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - sz 117.

INT. TROPHY ROOM, TRISTANO - CONTINUED *

Roscoe raises Veronica's skirt enough to feel the nylon stockings underneath and the belt holding them tight to her thighs.

INT. THE NOTCHERY - DAY

City cops stream in, arresting Mame and her girls and customers -

ALEX V/O

We closed the brothels and padlocked them -

INT. TROPHY ROOM, TRISTANO - CONTINUED *

They've moved onto the floor where Roscoe continues to undress and explore her - *

INT. GAMBLING PARLORS - DAY

Doors kicked in revealing horse parlors and craps games. City cops cuff the owners and players -

ALEX V/O

We closed the betting parlors and dice games -

INT. TROPHY ROOM, TRISTANO - CONTINUED *

where Roscoe and Veronica begin to make love -

INT. BOOKSTORES - DAY

Cops gather up magazines as evidence -

ALEX V/O

We closed the bookstores and newsstands peddling their filth -

A cop leads the owner of one of the bookstores to a van as photographers take pictures.

COP

You want to look a little worried, Herman?

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - S2 118.

HERMAN

Sorry. Let go of me! I know my rights!
Get your fuckin hands off me!

COP

Less, Herman.

*

INT. TROPHY ROOM, TRISTANO - CONTINUED

*

Roscoe and Veronica, making love more forcefully -

ALEX V/O

We cleaned up this city while the Governor did nothing but spend our money talking about it. Money we could have used to better educate our children. To better patrol our streets. To better maintain and light them -

INT. FOGERTY'S - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Fogerty and Patsy's bodyguard Wally Mitchell stand over Bindy in the cockfighting pit, kicking him in the gut as Patsy watches from the otherwise empty bleachers, eating from a box of Martha Washington creams -

ALEX V/O

I'm sad that our former Lieutenant Governor, my father, is no longer with us -

INT. TROPHY ROOM, TRISTANO - CONTINUED

*

Roscoe and Veronica desperately make love -

ALEX V/O

But I'm relieved he isn't here to see what's happening to our city under the shadow of a Capitol building full of crooks.

*

*

INT. FOGERTY'S - CONTINUED

Bindy, beaten as bloody as any losing fighting cock, crawls slowly away from his attackers. Patsy and his men, having extracted exactly, by Patsy's calculations, forty grand in pain from his brother, leave him lying under the bright lights of the pit -

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 82 119.

ALEX V/O

It's time to take it back.

INT. TROPHY ROOM, TRISTANO - CONTINUED.

Roscoe and Veronica, lying next to each other, silent and exhausted ...

INT. FOGERTY'S - CONTINUED

After trying to struggle up to his knees, Bindy lies back down in his own blood. Suddenly the pit lights go out as someone throws a switch, and -

PATSY V/O

I have the numbers from ninety percent of the precincts. Enough to predict the results of the race -

INT. KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HALL - NIGHT

Patsy, fedora atop his head, stands before the Party faithful and press, trying to calm the applause so he can continue -

PATSY

Ladies and gentlemen, by a plurality of thirty-five thousand, you have re-elected the mayor of this great city - Alex Fitzgibbon!

The place goes wild. The band strikes up. Alex comes out of the wings and basks in the adulation. Patsy lets him have the spotlight, steps down into the crowd, past Veronica and Gilby, goes over to Roscoe.

PATSY

Now that's assuming you took care of the Ninth Ward.

ROSCOE

The voting machines in the Ninth Ward had an unfortunate problem: The Republican line somehow got soldered.

Patsy pats Roscoe on the back.

PATSY

Good work.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - SZ 120.

ROSCOE

And with that, I'm done. Like I told
you in August. *

PATSY

You can't quit politics, Roscoe. That's
like a dog says he doesn't want to be a
dog anymore.

ROSCOE

Be that as it may.

PATSY

This have to do with Veronica and all
that? *

ROSCOE

All what.

PATSY

You're not keeping any secrets. *

ROSCOE

It's no secret I can't handle this
anymore.

This life. *

PATSY

Nothing wrong with this. *

ROSCOE

I'm out, Patsy. I keep telling you. *

PATSY

You do, but you don't mean it. *

ROSCOE

I mean it.

PATSY

Then I don't like it. *

ROSCOE

We won the election. We kept the town.
We control all 52 cards in the deck. Why
aren't we at a bar drinking to our
success? *

PATSY

I don't know.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 52 121.

ROSCOE

That's why I'm done. Bye, Pat.

Patsy watches him move off toward Veronica, then claps along with the band. From the stage, Alex also watches Roscoe, close to Veronica now, talking to her - partially obscured by revelers and shadows - like Alex and Pamela were years ago when Roscoe watched them ...

INT. ROSCOE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Roscoe takes down framed photographs leaving behind discolored rectangles of paint on the walls. His suitcases are already packed.

ALEX

I know what's going on.

Roscoe looks up to find Alex in the doorway.

ALEX

I know you and my mother went out to Tristano. And now what. You're moving in with her?

ROSCOE

We talked about it, and yes.

Roscoe resumes packing.

ALEX

You're one of the best political minds ever to draw breath in this town, Roscoe. You know how to manipulate power. You know how to win. And I appreciate that.

(pause)

And you were good to me growing up. I hung on every word out of your mouth on how to gamble and drink and appreciate women. But I no longer value that kind of life. And I consider you an unfit suitor for my mother. And a bad influence on Gilby. So here it is: You can stop packing because from now on, my family's off-limits to you.

Nothing from Roscoe.

ALEX

Say something.

Roscoe (5) - May 9, 2007 - 83 122.

ROSCOE

You don't think your mother should
decide that?

ALEX

She will.

Roscoe sets what's in his hand in the box: The picture
of him and Patsy and Elisha from years ago ...

ROSCOE

It wasn't so long ago that I've
forgotten, Alex, what it's like to be
your age on a night like this and know
you're right. Even when you're wrong.

ALEX

I'm not wrong.

Alex leaves.

EXT. TRISTANO - LATER - NIGHT

Roscoe's car winds up the long driveway. He parks and
climbs out. As he walks to the door, it opens and Alex
comes out. Doesn't say a word to Roscoe. Gets in his
car and drives off.

INT. TRISTANO - NIGHT

Roscoe and Veronica alone in the vast living room.
Long silence before -

VERONICA

Gilby's going to be unhappy. He adores
you. Like a father. But what's going to
happen when Alex watches him adore you?

ROSCOE

I don't know. What.

VERONICA

You're a good liar, Roscoe. With
everyone but me. You know what I mean.
You know the truth.

ROSCOE

How long have you known?

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VERONICA

Longer than you. Longer even than Elisha. I think I knew it all along. I just didn't want to believe it.

ROSCOE

Does Alex know you know?

VERONICA

Of course not.

ROSCOE

And you don't think he will?

VERONICA

Mothers and sons can keep secrets to the grave. They do it all the time. I can keep this one. So can Alex.

ROSCOE

I can keep a secret. It's what I do.

VERONICA

Maybe. Or maybe it would come out. In an argument. Or a look. Or a silence that goes on too long. Even if it didn't we'd always be afraid it would. And it'd be the end of this family if it did. I can't take the chance. I'm sorry.

Silence. She's not sure if it means he agrees.

VERONICA

How much do you love me?

ROSCOE

Enough to do what you tell me.

VERONICA

I have to do what Alex says.

ROSCOE

Then I know what I have to do.

He also knows that when he leaves, it'll be for the last time, so he puts it off another moment.

ROSCOE

We almost made it work, v.

(she nods)

You look glorious.

He leaves.

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INT. QUINLAN'S BAR - LATEK - NIGHT

The place is in full victorious celebration, like VJ-Day three months ago, only without so many soldiers. Roscoe knows nearly everyone here, many of whom clap him on the back as he makes his way to the bar to order a gin and quinine. Hattie's there with a gentleman suitor.

HATTIE

So you won again.

ROSCOE

When have I ever lost?

HATTIE

Say hello to Ted. Ted lives in my building.

ROSCOE

Hello, Ted.

HATTIE

He loves dogs. I told him I buried my Corgi in Washington Park so I could visit his grave, and Ted wants to go see it.

ROSCOE

You'll enjoy the grave, Ted.

TED

I'm looking forward to it.

ROSCOE

As well you should.

Roscoe pecks Hattie on the cheek, takes his leave and comes past Cutie LaRue, looking disheveled in his Uncle Sam garb, explaining to some female admirers -

CUTIE

It's all rigged. They even rig the machines. You think you're voting for who you want, but you're voting for who they want. Isn't that right, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

That would be dishonest, Cutie. That would be un-American.

CUTIE

Congratulations, Roscoe. No hard feelings.

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Roscoe pats Cutie on the back and continues on. Is intercepted by an Assistant DA.

ASST. D.A.
Friend of yours wants to see you, Roscoe.
Trish Cooney.

FLASHBACK: THE SAME BAR, THREE MONTHS AGO

Roscoe's ex-girlfriend Trish in the arms of the young soldier on VJ-Day.

ASST. D.A. V/O
She was giving a guy a blow job through her car window when somebody shot him in the back.

BACK TO QUINLAN'S NOW

ASST. D.A.
We think she set him up. We're charging her with conspiracy and lewd behavior.

ROSCOE
Just go for the lewd, she's not smart enough for conspiracy and you'll never be able to prove she is. Believe me, I know.

Roscoe continues on to the end of the bar where Quinlan works the register.

QUINLAN
Another battle won, huh, Roscoe?
Where's the Mayor?

ROSCOE
Mike, I'm just passing through, but do me a favor. Keep an open bar for an hour tonight on me. Don't bill the Party. Bill me at the hotel.

Colby the midget overhears.

COLBY
You're a saint, Roscoe.

ROSCOE
Yeah. That's what I am.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - LATER - NIGHT

A Wagner overture on cellos and oboes wafts across the city streets, drawing Roscoe to a gambling boat about to shove off from the docks. He climbs the gangplank.

EXT. GAMBLING BOAT - HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

Standing at the railing as the boat glides down river, Roscoe can see the glowing lights of the Tivoli estate on the hill.

Two nuns walk past. He glances away from the lights and follows the nuns into a parlor where other nuns and priests and the Monsignor from O.B.'s funeral gamble at card tables.

He sees Arlene Flinn at a blackjack table across the room. She sees him and makes a little wave. He mouths -

ROSCOE

Winning?

She gestures, winning and losing, breaking even. He continues on, pausing at one table where cards are dealt in a game he doesn't recognize. He moves on to an area where a man scribbles horses' names and odds on a chalkboard.

ROSCOE

I didn't know you were on the river,
Johnny.

JOHNNY

Where else am I going to go after the
Mayor arrested me.

ROSCOE

That's only temporary.

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, I think I've lost my faith in
cities.

ROSCOE

I had a similar epiphany.

JOHNNY

They come when you least expect them.

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ROSCOE

They do. What's the game in the corner? *

Roscoe indicates the card-and-dice game at the table he just observed.

JOHNNY

What would you like it to be?

ROSCOE

Who are the players?

JOHNNY

Who would you like to play against?

ROSCOE

Do I have the patience to learn a new game?

JOHNNY

I don't know, Roscoe, do you?

Roscoe thinks about it, then shakes his head, 'no.'

ROSCOE

I don't think so. I think I'll pass.
I think I'll listen to the music.

As Roscoe moves on, past the nuns and priests and cards and dice, back to the deck and the night and what's left of his life, the Wagner music envelopes him.