

GLASS HOUSES

by

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§

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for Ray

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1 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAWN

A ST. ANTHONY'S MEDALLION is being rolled over someone's knuckles. In the backseat, RAYMOND ANGELUS, late 40s, balding, bespectacled and emotionless. DETECTIVE DON BOUCHARD, 50s, a two decade veteran, keeps his eyes on the road and surveys the empty streets of NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA. DETECTIVE VINCENT CAMPO, early 60s, in the passenger seat, stares straight ahead, as he rolls the ST. ANTHONY'S MEDALLION over his knuckles. His reflection in the glass becomes razor sharp. Campo remembers.

2 EXT. FLASHBACK - ALLEY - NIGHT

Campo and Bouchard, along with a host of other police officials move around the slain body of RENE RIVIER, 17 years old. There is a feminine quality to his face and body. He is slender with long legs. Rivier hangs face down by his ankles, which are wrapped with an old extension cord tied to the upper corner of a dumpster. His blouse is half off and torn and his pants are around his knees. There is blood smeared on and around his buttocks. Campo and Bouchard scan the area. Campo is approached by the CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER, GEOFFREY JARVIS, late 60s, who hands him a see-through plastic bag, which contains a busted COKE BOTTLE covered in blood and another bag with a WOMAN'S BROKEN HAIR COMB/HAIR STIX, smeared with blood, along with a smaller bag, which contains a tube of darkly colored LIP GLOSS and a COMPACT. Campo and Bouchard exchange a look and depart the scene.

3 INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: **SUSPECT SOUGHT IN RIVIER SLAYING. WHEN MURDER'S NOT ENOUGH...THEN WHAT IS? SEE FULL STORY IN CRIME & PUNISHMENT. BY NELSON BENNET. PAGE 2A.**

4 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAWN

Bouchard adjusts the rearview mirror and checks on Angelus, who looks out of the rear passenger window. His reflection becomes sharper. Angelus remembers.

5 INT. FLASHBACK - STREETCAR - EVENING
(First of three time lapsed memories)

Angelus sits in the rear of the STREETCAR. RENE RIVIER, androgynous if not more feminine, sits up front and frequently looks back towards him. Angelus averts his gaze. Rivier gets off at his stop and as he does, he turns and looks up at Angelus.

6 INT. SECOND FLASHBACK - STREETCAR - EVENING

Angelus sits in the rear of the STREETCAR. Rivier, sits towards the front and frequently looks back over his shoulder towards him. Angelus averts his gaze. Rivier gets off his stop and as he does, he turns and looks back up at Angelus.

7 INT. THIRD FLASHBACK - STREETCAR - EVENING

Angelus sits in the rear of the STREETCAR. Rivier, sits towards the front and frequently looks back over his shoulder towards him. Angelus averts his gaze. Rivier gets off his stop and as he does, he turns and looks back up at Angelus.
(Memories end)

8 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAWN

Bouchard looks over to Campo. Campo sees his reflection in the windshield become crystal clear. Campo remembers.

9 INT. FLASHBACK - COURTROOM - DAY

Angelus rises with his DEFENSE ATTORNEY.

JURY FOREMAN

We the jury, in the above-entitled case, find the Defendant, Raymond Angelus, guilty on all 13 counts, as charged in the indictment of first degree sexual abuse against minors.

JUDGE

Raymond Angelus. I hereby sentence you to a term of not less than 20 years, to be served at the Avoyelles Correctional Center at Cottonport.

Angelus is led away by TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN. Campo looks on from the gallery, as he rolls the St. Anthony's Medallion over his knuckles.

10 INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: **EX-PRIEST RAYMOND ANGELUS CONVICTED ON 13 COUNTS OF CHILD MOLESTATION; SENTENCED TO COTTONPORT 20 TO LIFE! MORE IN CRIME & PUNISHMENT. BY NELSON BENNET. PAGE 2A.**

11 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAWN

Bouchard reaches into his jacket, pulls out a pack of CHEWING GUM/JUICY FRUIT, offers a stick of the gum to Campo, then to Angelus. Neither respond. Ritualistically, he unwraps his piece and puts it in his mouth. He then folds the empty wrapper in the same manner. Angelus looks out of the window, his reflection becomes sharper. Angelus remembers.

12 INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: **EX-PRIEST PEDOPHILE RAYMOND ANGELUS TRANSFERRED TO NEW PSYCHIATRIC PROGRAM AT CENTRAL LOUISIANA STATE HOSPITAL, PINEVILLE, LOUISIANA. SEE STORY ON PAGE 2A, IN NELSON BENNET'S, CRIME & PUNISHMENT.**

13 INT. FLASHBACK - GROUP THERAPY ROOM - C.L.S.H - DAY

DR. CAROL WYNN, late 30s, model good looks, sits along with Angelus and six other MALE INMATES.

DR. WYNN

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference. Living one day at a time; enjoying one moment at a time; accepting hardship as the pathway to peace.

The session adjourns. The other six inmates get up and disperse. Angelus and Dr. Wynn depart the room together.

14 INT. CENTRAL LOUISIANA STATE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Angelus and Dr. Carol Wynn walk down the hall.

ANGELUS

I'm still sick. The images won't leave me alone. You said...you told me that they would stop...it makes me feel funny. The medication. I don't like it...

DR. WYNN

And I told you that it was going to take time. You must continue with the medication, in order to keep yourself in check.

ANGELUS

I want to be well.

(CONTINUED)

DR. WYNN

I understand, but you know the alternative. (beat) You want to be considered for early release, Raymond.

ANGELUS

I want to be well.

The GUARD-ORDERLY, holds open the door to Angelus' cell and he goes inside and the door is shut.

DR. WYNN

You will. The results you've shown, are nothing short of...

ANGELUS

Miraculous.

DR. WYNN

Yes. Miraculous.

ANGELUS

Dr. Wynn,...miracles don't exist for me, anymore.

15 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAWN

Campo's reflection becomes razor sharp. Campo remembers.

16 INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: **EX-PEDI PRIEST RAYMOND ANGELUS PARDONED FROM PINEVILLE. STAR PUPIL, SAYS DR. CAROL WYNN. SEE NELSON BENNET'S CRIME & PUNISHMENT. PAGE 2A.**

17 EXT. FLASHBACK - THE 19TH UNIT - DAY

Campo and Bouchard descend the steps, enveloped by the PRESS.

CAMPO

Angelus should pray I'm dead, he re-offends. Count on it...the only difference this time, will be the trial.

PRESS

Can you clarify?

CAMPO

There won't be one.

18 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAWN

Angelus looks out of the window. His reflection becomes sharper. Angelus remembers.

19 INT. FLASHBACK - ANGELUS' APARTMENT - - NIGHT

Angelus sits in a chair. A lit cigarette lays in a cheap ashtray on the kitchenette table next to him. He watches his portable TV, its screen defective and only flashes intermittent snowy test patterns, as well as audio static, as the EARLY MORNING MASS attempts to bleed through it. He looks straight ahead, with both of his hands between his legs at his crotch and looks at stenciled lettering around the walls of his apartment; it reads: 5:29 quod si oculus tuus dexter scandalizat te erue eum et proice abs te expedit enim tibi ut pereat unum membrorum tuorum quam totum corpus tuum mittatur in gehennam...he drops a stainless steel instrument onto the table, next to a pile of surgical-grade rubber bands. He is in a state of both ecstasy and agony.

20 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAWN

Campo looks out of the window. His reflection becomes clearer. Campo remembers.

21 INT. FLASHBACK - YOUNG VINCENT CAMPO'S HOUSE - MORNING

1953. The house is nothing luxurious, but it is clean and orderly. VINCENT CAMPO, at 11 years old, carries a transistor radio tuned to the Baseball game and runs along the side of the house and past MRS. CAMPO, 30s, his mother, in the backyard, where she hangs wash on the CLOTHES LINE. He bounds into the house from the back door and runs down the hall. He calls out for his older brother, TOMMY.

VINCENT

Mom,...Mom...where's Tommy? I'm starving.

MRS. CAMPO

I don't know, Vincent. Check his bedroom, he's probably still sleeping and close that door...

Vincent continues his search.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Tommy!!!...Tommy!!!...Hey Tommy...I'm so hungry, I could eat a bear...C'mon Tommy...stop fooling...

Vincent pushes open the door to the bathroom at the end of the hall, bloody water gently laps out onto the floor. TOMMY, 16 years, athletic build and semi-afloat, is dead.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Tommy!

Vincent stands frozen. Mrs. Campo drops the laundry basket outside, runs into the house and towards the bathroom and shoves Vincent out of the way. She falls to the floor and cradles Tommy's head up and out of the tub. Vincent stands isolated.

22 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAWN

Bouchard pulls up and stops in front of the 19th Unit and looks over at Campo, as the car is enveloped by THE PRESS CORPS and a decent-sized CROWD.

23 EXT. THE 19TH UNIT'S BOTTOM STEPS - CONTINUOUS

The Press Corps clamor to get to Campo, Bouchard and Angelus, as they get out of the cruiser. TWO ROOKIE COPS struggle to get through the crowd and are finally able to open the way for them to pass.

24 EXT. THE 19TH UNIT'S STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Angelus is escorted up the steps by Bouchard and Campo, past a PRIEST, 40s, in a black trench coat and a charcoal grey Messina Fedora, who is quickly lost in the shuffle. NELSON BENNET, mid-60s, disheveled and wiry, columnist for THE METAIRIE MONITOR, jockeys for position.

PRESS

Campo, just tell us...is Angelus under arrest?!

CAMPO

You see any jewelry?

PRESS

Prime Suspect? Is Angelus a suspect in the Rivier case?

(CONTINUED)

Campo and Co. continue to ascend the steps, but are cutoff by PAUL BERGEN, mid-60s and smartly dressed. He is the head writer for the legit paper; THE TIMES PICAYUNE.

BERGEN

C'mon. You guys got to have something more on this. It's been 36 hours.

CAMPO

I gotta pimple my ass older than that, Bergen.

PRESS

Father Angelus,...any comment?

CAMPO (SOTTO VOCE)

Tell'em you did it.

BOUCHARD

Jesus, Vincent...sorry, Father.

BERGEN

Cut the crap, Campo...what about the Diocese, are you counting on this getting you any closer to cracking that case.

Campo ignores him.

PRESS

What do you want us to print, Campo?!

CAMPO

Toilet paper, I give a...

PRESS

At least turn around! We want to make the front page of this afternoon's EXTRA!

Bouchard turns Angelus around and Campo shoots him a look. Flashbulbs explode. Bennet slips past Bergen, knocks his note pad loose and disappears. CAPTAIN NIKOS FOTINOS, mid-50s, at the top of the steps, smokes the butt end of his three-day old cigar.

FOTINOS

Campo!...Bouchard!...You need an invitation?!

They turn and make their way up and around Fotinos and maneuver Angelus up the steps toward the landing. Fotinos surveys the Press Corps and the crowd below.

25 EXT. THE 19TH UNIT'S MID STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Bennet slides up to Campo, who doesn't notice, as they climb the last few steps before the door. Bouchard escorts Angelus through the door, as SERGEANT STEPHEN MICHAELS, mid-30s, clean shaven head, very tall and solid as a rock in stature, steps out as it shuts behind him. He towers over Fotinos. The Press Corps and crowd look up past Fotinos at Michaels, then the crowd, followed by the Press Corps descend the steps and disperse. The priest, in the trench and fedora, turns and is the last to go.

26 EXT. THE 19TH UNIT'S UPPER STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Bennet taps Campo on the shoulder.

BENNET

You,...Son of a Gun,...you. I just...I had a feeling...

CAMPO

Between your legs?

BENNET

The Diocese. (beat) So,...how close did you come to clocking Bergen?

Campo shoots him a look.

BENNET (CONT'D)

I'd've paid good money...

CAMPO

Don't you got a rag to write?

Bennet shoots him a grin.

BENNET

You were going to get him again, Angelus.

CAMPO

You genius.

BENNET

But, that's a big jump,...from twiddling teenagers, to offing a 17 year old transgender.

CAMPO

Bennet, your point. You see I'm very busy here.

(CONTINUED)

BENNET
You don't read my column.

CAMPO
Only I'm in it,...

BENNET
Angelus only likes boys who look like boys.

CAMPO
Einstein,...and Rivier had his rod.

Bennet takes a hold of the door, as Campo goes to open it.

BENNET
It's not what's between ones legs...

Campo shoots him a look, then glances down at Bennet's shoes, which are perfectly tied.

BENNET (CONT'D)
Take a picture...

CAMPO
Wondering, you still feeding that monkey on your back?

BENNET
You're a dink.

CAMPO
Yes. Bennet. But I'm no Billy Burroughs. Now beat it. Before I call the real cops, they find stuff. Bring you in here.

Campo holds the look on Bennet a moment, walks through and closes the door behind him. Bennet speaks to the closed doors.

BENNET
That's,...your gratitude overwhelms. See you over The Greek. Breakfast,...my dime.

27

INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: **EXTRA! EXTRA!!! EX-PEDI PRIEST RAYMOND ANGELUS IN FOR QUESTIONING IN RIVIER RAPE AND MURDER!!!**(PHOTO OF BOUCHARD AND CAMPO ON BOTH SIDES OF ANGELUS)**FULL STORY IN CRIME & PUNISHMENT. BY NELSON BENNET. PAGE 2A.**

28 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - BLUE COLLAR NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

MARY RIVIER, 40's, disheveled, mother of Rene Rivier, stands in front of her house, with a newspaper in her hands and weeps. GLORIA TERRABEAUX, 30s, impeccably dressed, next door, stoops down and picks up the newspaper from the sidewalk. She stands up and looks towards MRS. RIVIER, then turns and leaves.

29 INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Angelus sits at the table and smokes with methodical purpose, while Campo paces and Bouchard leans against the door.

ANGELUS

I told you, I was working at the...

CAMPO

Kitchen, El Santo Nino's, over Henican Place...then you took the 54.

ANGELUS

No, I walked.

CAMPO

11:45...You walked.

ANGELUS

It was a nice night,...check the weather...

BOUCHARD

Vince, I'm gett'n kinda...you hungry?

Campo shakes it off.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

Father?

Campo gives Bouchard a blank look.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

What?

CAMPO

How's this for an appetizer?

Campo throws the stack of gruesome crime scene photos onto the table in front of Angelus.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELUS

What kind of...

CAMPO

You're confused,...you got a boy...the editorial you...a very pretty boy,...he gets off the 54, two stops before your regular. You think...nice night, for a walk. Couple,...few blocks. He's trolling. He needs a 20 spot. But a blow job, just won't cut it. You want to fuck. Two paper bags,...a stall. Problem. No Men's room. Screw it. Behind the dumpster. The alley. You start finger fucking his hole. You think no means yes and yes means no.

ANGELUS

Stop it...

BOUCHARD

Jesus, Vincent...

CAMPO

Right. Jesus, Raymond. It gets a little extra rough. Kid panics. You panic. You're thinking, never swim against the tide. Go with it,...or it'll take you over...your twisted fuck mind...you're helping him, find his way...

ANGELUS

I didn't,...I couldn't,...

CAMPO

Right, Raymond?!

ANGELUS

I can't...

CAMPO

It goes all the way bad. You're still panicked. But not so much you don't try to cover. Kid's half-cooked. You use the cord, keep him from running and the busted bottle you find and fuck him upside down, all the way to his tonsils...

ANGELUS

(sotto voce)

Pray for the repose of his soul.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

Was that the you - you, or the editorial
you?

Campo looks to Bouchard.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

I need coffee. You're still hungry, Don.
Father?

Campo and Bouchard leave.

30 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelus, with the crime scene photos, prays.

31 INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fotinos trails after Campo and Bouchard, who carry coffee
and sandwiches.

FOTINOS

Pera Patao. (beat) He's walking.

CAMPO

We just started.

FOTINOS

DA just called down. Initial forensics
are in. No connection.

BOUCHARD

Captain, Vincent's just getting warmed
up...

FOTINOS

Campo, you got him saying? (beat) I don't
care you're my Yia Yia baking Baklava.
Bradshaw says we got nothing on this.
Catch and release.

CAMPO

Teflon. He does 3 Easy in the Joint and
another 3 Cake, the Rubber Room. Some
Pussy program. Pills. Makes your Peter
fall off. Whadda I know.

BOUCHARD

He's out...what, less than three months
and Bradshaw's not aware he's 99 percent
gonna re-offend?

(CONTINUED)

FOTINOS

First time you bagged him, it wasn't...

CAMPO

Fine...Fucking...fine! Yeah,...so he graduated. He's frustrated. He goes off his pills. Up pops his penis,...and it's been so long, he steps up and goes straight to the Head of the Class...fuck me, Fotinos.

FOTINOS

Sto Mata! Skassai! Could be he's some kinda Magikos. (beat) A magician. All I know...today he walks.

CAMPO

Don,...you release him. I do it. He's having an accident.

FOTINOS

Bouchard, get him outta here.

Bouchard goes.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)

Campo, you gonna cry about it all day, or you going to Pineville, pull his file?

CAMPO

Cry,...but only you stop with the Greek...

Fotinos heads towards his office and doesn't look back.

FOTINOS

A'dai Na Gameisou!

CAMPO

Give it a rest, will ya.

Bouchard escorts Angelus out and past Campo.

32 **INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: PEDI-PRIEST. NO PETTY CRIME. RAYMOND ANGELUS RELEASED AFTER QUESTIONING. SOURCES STILL STUMPED WITH NOTHING TO HANG ON THEIR HORIZON. FULL STORY, BY NELSON BENNET IN CRIME & PUNISHMENT. PAGE 2A.**

33 INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - DAY
 Bennet pores over files, his phone rings and he answers.

(CONTINUED)

BENNET
The Monitor. Bennet.

He listens and digs to find something on his desk.

FEMALE (V.O.)
Is this Mr. Nelson...

BENNET
Nelson Bennet. Yes.

FEMALE (V.O.)
I have,...I have to speak with,...I know
who,...I...

BENNET
Who is this,...lady? You know what,...you
want to talk with me,...drop by, I'll...

FEMALE (V.O.)
No...I can not drop...

BENNET
I'll come to,...or, we could meet. You
want a coffee? I could use...

FEMALE (V.O.)
Listen to me,...it was not Father
Raymond...I know,...

BENNET
Rivier? Rene Rivier, you know who did
this...then meet me some...I have friends
in the Department, we'll keep it...

FEMALE (V.O.)
God knows my secrets...

BENNET
Of course, but no one else will...

FEMALE (V.O.)
He knows! He told me so,...it's,...I can
not,...talk...it is not a good...time. I
must attend to...

BENNET
Wait. Lady? Don't hang,...hey, c'mon...
give,...c'mon...give me a break.

He briefly considers, then pushes a button on his phone.

BENNET (CONT'D)
Charlie, run a reverse the last number
in. Call me you got it, the Greek.

(CONTINUED)

He grabs a few things from his desk, heads out of the office and is met by a throng in the hallway. Among the group is DAMASO, a Latino, late 20s, in medical scrubs, who clutches a small brown paper bag in one hand and a stack of MEDICINE CUPS in the other. He and Bennet exchange a brief, but knowing glance, as he heads straight for Bennet's door. Bennet pushes against the current of people and continues out.

34

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Bouchard, behind the wheel, chews gum. Campo sits in the passenger seat.

CAMPO

That Fat Greek Fuck. That bastard. Always with the Greek this an that. That Fucking Greek.

BOUCHARD

Yes, Vince. I'm saying I can't talk to him. Always with those Greek curse words. I don't think I can take anymore swear words in Greek. I'm telling you, Vince.

CAMPO

Not all swear words, Don.

BOUCHARD

No?

CAMPO

No.

Bouchard offers him a stick of chewing gum. Teaberry. Campo shakes his head.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Bad memories.

BOUCHARD

Bad memories, from gum.

CAMPO

Teaberry. My grandma took care of me. After school. My mother worked. All she had was Teaberry.

BOUCHARD

You want me, ...switch back my regular?

He waits for an answer, then reaches his fingers into his mouth and tries to grab the gum to toss it.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

Don? Don. Chew...chew the Teaberry. Enjoy the gum.

35 EXT. BLUE COLLAR NEIGHBORHOOD - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Bennet goes door-to-door, but they open and slam shut before he utters the words Metairie Monitor. Kids answer the door occasionally and just stare at him.

36 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAY

BOUCHARD

I'm gonna miss you, Vince.

CAMPO

I'm dead, Don?

BOUCHARD

No.

CAMPO

Then how you going to miss me? How you gonna miss me, I'm not dead?

BOUCHARD

Who I'm gonna talk to when you've hung it up? Who they gonna put me...

CAMPO

Who you gonna talk to? Who they gonna put you with?

BOUCHARD

No. I mean who I'm gonna talk to, you're gone?

CAMPO

Who you gonna talk to? The guy they put you with. The guy they gonna put you with. That's who you're going to talk to. That guy. That one. That one guy Don.

Bouchard looks over at him.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Light years from now, Don.

BOUCHARD

But still,...

CAMPO

We almost there?

(CONTINUED)

BOUCHARD

Bout a half.

CAMPO

Good.

BOUCHARD

But, Vince,...before you're done. We're gonna get this guy. Right? Vince?

CAMPO

Oh, yes, Don. We're going to get this guy. We're going to get this fucking guy. One way, or another.

BOUCHARD

Good, Vince. Good. (beat) I was thinking. You. On the return. You wanna. I mean, you wanna drive?

CAMPO

That's what I'm gonna miss about you, Don.

BOUCHARD

What?

CAMPO

You. You think too much, Don.

37 INT. GLORIA TERRABEAUX'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

Gloria watches Bennet's movements from her window and as he approaches her walkway, she ducks out of sight. Bennet continues past, reconsiders, turns and walks straight to her door, with defined purpose.

38 EXT. GLORIA TERRABEAUX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bennet attempts a glance through the window on his way to the door, but she is no longer visible. He listens, knocks and steps back. He takes a moment and speaks to the closed door.

BENNET

Sorry to bother you. I thought. I thought I'd seen...You probably had to run. Anyway, name's Nelson Bennet. Bennet. THE METAIRIE MONITOR. I'm doing a story...my column, my,...CRIME and PUNISHMENT...You, maybe you've heard of it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BENNET (CONT'D)

You might not have ever read it...a story on the,...on the Rivier kid,...his murder and his,...That's OK. I'm leaving. I'm leaving my,...My number on my card. On,...on your door. That's alright. Maybe,...you'll think. Something. You call me any,...anytime. I'm around. Have a good day.

Bennet walks away, as Gloria appears in the window.

BENNET (CONT'D)

You look good in that dress. That's a nice dress on you.

39

INT. DR. CAROL WYNN'S WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bouchard casually paces, while CAMPO remains seated.

BOUCHARD

It's kinda funny.

CAMPO

Funny? You feel'n funny, Don?

BOUCHARD

No. I mean it's,...I'm saying,...I'm just saying, Vince. It must be funny,...for you.

CAMPO

How's that, Don.

BOUCHARD

Her having been your...

CAMPO

What? My what.

BOUCHARD

Your doctor.

CAMPO

She's not my doctor.

BOUCHARD

No. I'm,...she was your...

CAMPO

Wynn was the 19th's Psych. Once Upon A Time.

BOUCHARD

What I meant. The 19th's...

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO
Not what you said.

An extra long moment of silence.

BOUCHARD
I never had to see her.

CAMPO
No. You never did. That is good, Don.
Real good.

40 INT. EL SANTO NINO - SOUP KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Men, women and a few kids move down the food line. Toward the end of the line, Bennet chooses his meal from Angelus, who is forced to serve him and they exchange a uncomfortable acknowledgment of one another.

BENNET
Do you have a minute?

ANGELUS
I'd rather talk to Mike Wallace.

BENNET
Most people would.

Angelus stares at him, as the line backs up.

BENNET (CONT'D)
We could do this here, if you prefer.

Bennet turns and stares at the person behind him.

ANGELUS
Let me finish the line...

BENNET
Of course.

Bennet walks away with his tray, begins to sit down at a table, where a few others are seated and as he does, they pick up their trays and leave.

41 INT. OUR LADY OF FATIMA'S SANCTUARY - AFTERNOON

Gloria is down front, lights a candle and prays. Mrs. Rivier exits the confessional and turns her gaze toward Gloria. Gloria turns to go, but stops when she sees her. Mrs. Rivier turns and walks out and Gloria continues toward her, but stops at the confessional and goes in.

42

INT. EL SANTO NINO - SOUP KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Angelus excuses himself from his duties and joins Bennet.

BENNET

Not hungry?

ANGELUS

I eat when I come on.

BENNET

So you can focus on the needs of others.

ANGELUS

I've got nothing to say, Mr. Bennet.

BENNET

I didn't think so. (beat) You know, for soup kitchen cuisine, it's pretty damn good. I should be a food critic. Everybody's got their own show these days.

Angelus gets up.

ANGELUS

I've got things to attend.

BENNET

I don't think you did it.

Angelus remains up.

BENNET (CONT'D)

Could you have? (beat) May be.

Angelus sits back down.

BENNET (CONT'D)

But like the one that goes; a Priest, a Rabbi,...having lunch. Priest says, "Why do all Jews answer a question with a question?" Rabbi says, "Why not?"

ANGELUS

I've been...

BENNET

No one escapes what you have. No one. Ever.

ANGELUS

His grace.

(CONTINUED)

BENNET

Perhaps in eternity. But you're not dead yet. (beat) You quit your meds. Soon as they sent you packing from Pineville.

Angelus looks at him and then away.

ANGELUS

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

BENNET

Cessation with your court ordered therapy bears that out. Besides, you're not the type to get his meds from the street.

ANGELUS

Other ways exist.

BENNET

Prayer and fasting. Even Rabbi Shaul, the Apostle Paul to you, endured a thorn in his side his entire life. How are you dealing with yours?

ANGELUS

I'm duly impressed.

BENNET

Jesuits. Very progressive thinkers. How, Father?

Angelus takes a moment.

ANGELUS

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

Bennet rises and takes his time, as he clears his tray.

BENNET

Touche', Raymond. Touche'.

Bennet nods goodbye and goes.

43

INT. DR. CAROL WYNN'S WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON.

Campo and Bouchard are seated side-by-side.

CAMPO

She just can't be on time.

(CONTINUED)

BOUCHARD

She ran late when you were seeing her?

CAMPO

What are you talking about, Don?

BOUCHARD

Nothing wrong with that, Vince. Nothing.
Good looking broad.

CAMPO

We had a couple,...few times,...no big deal.

BOUCHARD

Some of the guys say they saw the two of you, The Greek. Having dinner.

CAMPO

Never. They hallucinate, Don. Pure Dr. Timothy Leary. I wouldn't take my dog, I had one.

BOUCHARD

Too bad. Good looking woman. Nice body. Everything.

CAMPO

She's had work.

BOUCHARD

How'd you know?

CAMPO

I know things.

BOUCHARD

No shit. I wonder, she still looks good.

CAMPO

Yeah. I'm sure she does.

BOUCHARD

You think?

CAMPO

That's it. Zip it, will you?

Dr. Carol Wynn comes in.

BOUCHARD

Hey, Doc. Good to see you.

Campo is speechless.

(CONTINUED)

WYNN

Vincent? What's the matter? That any way
to greet an old friend?

He reluctantly obliges a handshake.

WYNN (CONT'D)

So,...what's the pleasure of your visit?

CAMPO

We'd better take this inside.

They all go through the inner office door.

44 EXT. GLORIA TERRABEAUX'S STEPS - EVENING

Gloria approaches the front stoop, bends down and picks
up THE METAIRIE MONITOR.

45 INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: **EXTRA!**
CAMPO CLOSING IN. RAYMOND ANGELUS REMAINS IN RANGE. MIGHT
NOT SERVE TIME. BUT YOU SHOULD SEE HIM SERVING SOUP. FULL
STORY IN CRIME & PUNISHMENT. BY NELSON BENNET. PAGE 2A.

46 INT. DR. CAROL WYNN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Campo and Wynn sit on the sofa, with Bouchard in the
upholstered chair.

WYNN

What you're asking...

CAMPO

Yes.

WYNN

Vincent, the patient's file...

CAMPO

A sexual predator, a convicted felon. Don
and me, put away nine years ago. He
shoulda never gotten out of Cottonport to
begin with. You should be ashamed.

WYNN

It's the law.

CAMPO

Fuck-the-law!

(CONTINUED)

WYNN

We should have spent more time on your anger management.

All three sit in uncomfortable silence.

CAMPO

Don, you look hungry.

BOUCHARD

Not really. No, Vince, but thanks.

Campo shoots him a look.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

Oh. Yeah. Yes.

WYNN

Cafeteria's down the hall to the right.

BOUCHARD

You want something, Doc?

WYNN

Carol,...I'm fine, thank you.

Bouchard goes.

WYNN(CONT'D)

You were more fun when you were drinking.

CAMPO

Yes. Thirteen and change, sober. What it got me.

WYNN

It was a joke. You were a prick squared.

CAMPO

That was then.

WYNN

Now you're just a prick.

CAMPO

Yes. But this isn't about me.

WYNN

Let's stop. Now. Before we go somewhere we can't get back from.

CAMPO

Being locked up with the nutjobs has made you soft, Wynn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO (CONT'D)

I used to brag on you that you had chutzpah, take someone like me on. So, tell me, Wynn. They emasculate everyone passes through these doors, or just the certifiable? Maybe now you'll fuck me.

Wynn opens and shows him the file.

WYNN

This never happened.

CAMPO

Don't know what you're talking about.

WYNN

Right. You never did. (beat) Raymond successfully completed all levels...

CAMPO

Fuck him. Raping little boys. Little boys, is what? Extra points? How twisted this guy.

WYNN

You've got the wrong person, Campo. Angelus doesn't fit the profile.

CAMPO

That dog's always gonna go back to its vomit. You need to get out more. See the Rapidean Sun once in awhile.

WYNN

When are you going to be able to deal with what happened to Tommy?

CAMPO

We're not doing this now.

WYNN

We never did this, Vincent. I saw you for what? Seven months. Each time it came up, you'd say not now. But, not now isn't going to cut it. Ever. When you're ready to get healthy, I'll be there.

He gets up and moves towards the door.

CAMPO

Don! Don! We got to go. Long drive back to Crescent City.

Bouchard opens the door, Campo drops the file onto the table and they leave.

47 INT. GLORIA'S FRONT ROOM - EVENING

Gloria sits in the WORN GREEN VELVET CHAIR, in darkness.

48 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - EVENING

Bouchard behind the wheel, Campo looks out the window, as his image turns crystal clear. Campo remembers.

49 INT. FLASHBACK - YOUNG VINCENT'S HOUSE - DAY

1953. The house is void, but for Vincent, dressed in a black suit and tie and his mother, dressed in a black dress, who stands in the kitchen and looks out the window. Vincent stands in the living room, looks at his mother, then turns around and stares down the hall.

50 INT. FLASHBACK - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vincent crosses the threshold to Tommy's room, with his transistor radio tuned to the Baseball game. The room resplendent with every sports trophy and award imaginable. On the windowsill sit various objects, trinkets of a religious nature et. al. Vincent goes over to the window and touches each item, until his hand arrives on the St. Anthony's Medallion. He removes his earpiece, lays his radio on the sill and cradles the medallion with much purpose, and as he considers its weight, he begins to roll it over his knuckles..

51 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - EVENING

Bouchard looks over at Campo.

BOUCHARD

About a half. You...

CAMPO

Good, Don. It's no,...thing. About a half, huh? That's cake then, Don. You and me, we have done much. Many things me and you.

BOUCHARD

We have. Yes. But, Vince...

They look at each other.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

We're not done yet.

(CONTINUED)

He keeps one eye on the road, one eye on Campo and awaits his response. Campo manages a subtle grin and Bouchard turns his right eye back to the road.

52 INT. EL SANTO NINO - SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angelus writes the menu for the next day, when he spots A YOUNG TEENAGE BOY at the farthest table, alone. It is Angelus as a boy. He slowly walks over and gives him a sandwich and a drink.

53 INT. A DARKENED HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angelus and the boy stand before a darkened door, which opens to reveal 12 occupied cots in two rows. Angelus indicates the 13th cot not occupied.

54 INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelus makes the bed and nods to the boy to undress. He is impatient and struggles to control himself, as the boy resists. He touches the boy's shoulders and he complies.

55 INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boy, on his back, lies under the covers, as Angelus kneels down to tuck him in. The boy's eyes are still open, empty and full of fear. Angelus does not look at the him, but begins to pray and slowly reaches his hands under the covers, where he feels something at the boy's crotch area. He rips back the covers to find a stainless steel surgical instrument in his hands and the boy gone.

56 INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A terrified Angelus looks at the empty beds.

57 INT. EL SANTO NINO - SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angelus jerks awake and struggles to compose himself.

58 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Campo and Bouchard are parked outside the 19th. A light rain mist falls.

BOUCHARD
You want I wait?

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

Na, I'm gonna be awhile.

BOUCHARD

Vince,...you see death or someth'n?

CAMPO

You have no idea.

Campo reaches for the door handle and Bouchard reaches over and gently touches him at the crook of his arm. Campo half-way out, stops and looks straight ahead.

BOUCHARD

You need anything, you call me.

Campo nods his head.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

Middle the night. Doesn't matter.

Campo remains still.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

I'll see you the A.M. The Greek. Breakfast. Jimmy makes a good breakfast now, Vince. Not too,...you like the,...I like the potatoes,...what's he call 'em? Athenian, something...oh yeah,..."Potatoes mai Rigani". You're right, not all curse words. That Fuck'n Greek. Huh, Vince?

CAMPO

Yes. The Greek. Half Eight.

Campo exits the cruiser and walks straight up the steps. Bouchard slowly drives away and beeps the horn, as he ascends the steps. Bouchard awaits a response from him before he drives away. Campo doesn't turn around, but puts a hand up. Bouchard takes off and Campo climbs a few more steps, stops, considers, turns around, picks up his pace, descends the steps and walks away with purpose.

59

EXT. EL SANTO NINO - SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

A light rain mist falls, as Angelus locks the front door, starts to walk away, stops, considers and returns to check the lock again. He walks to the corner STREETCAR STOP, checks the faded schedule and his watch, looks again for the next running time. He considers waiting, but walks away with purpose.

60 INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gloria watches SAM, her nephew, nine years old and ALEX, her daughter, 13, as they pray at the foot of the bed. She's distracted by a noise, looks down the hall and her focus returns to the kids. Gloria remembers.

61 INT. FLASHBACK - YOUNG ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alex in pajamas and a MAN, 30's, dressed in a BLACK SUIT, kneel at the foot of the bed, pray and face the CRUCIFIX, above the headboard. The man prays the ROSARY and reaches over to Alex, who puts a forefinger to her lips, as Gloria begins to step into the room. She hesitates and exits.

62 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The light which emanates from the street, illuminates the tiny apartment, as Campo breaks in. A large water leak from the apartment above constantly drips into the already three/fourths full BATHTUB, directly off the KITCHENETTE. A SHELVING UNIT off the end of the tub holds a WATERING CAN, PLANTS, BOOKS, and a 9" PORTABLE TV, on whose screen flashes intermittent static and distorted audio of a religious nature. CAMPO walks to the sparsely equipped KITCHENETTE. A HOT PLATE and a small FRIDGE on the counter, along with TOMATO PLANTS and an HERB GARDEN in TERRA COTTA. He makes his way to the FIRE ESCAPE, which is full with more tomato plants. As he turns back in, his eyes lock onto STENCILED LETTERING, which flows like a decorative border on the walls. Faded numbers break the beginning of each of the verses...5:29 quod si oculus tuus dexter scandalizat te erue eum et proice abs te expedit enim tibi ut pereat unum membrorum tuorum quam totum corpus tuum mittatur in gehennam.

63 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gloria picks up the receiver of the circa 1960s wall phone and slowly dials the number from Bennet's card.

VO RECORDING

You have reached the offices of the
Metairie Monitor, After Hours
Switchboard. If you know your party's
extension, dial it now.

She dials as instructed.

(CONTINUED)

VO RECORDING (CONT'D)

That is an invalid extension. Please try again.

She dials again.

VO RECORDING (CONT'D)

That is an invalid selection. Please try again.

She begins to dial again, as she looks at the card.

VO RECORDING (CONT'D)

If you are calling from a rotary phone, please call back during business hours. Monday through Friday. 8 a.m. - 5 p.m. Eastern Standard Time.

She places the handset back into its cradle, dons her coat and hat and prepares to leave.

64 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Campo begins to copy the words from the wall onto his hand, when he hears noise from the hallway. He stops and listens, then turns his attention to the rest of the apartment. He opens a closet and rifles through its contents and pulls out an old worn CASSOCK buried in the back. The collar tag reads; FR. RAYMOND ANGELUS, OUR LADY OF FATIMA. A noise drives him to the window. The cassock still in his grasp, he pulls back the curtain, to see a cat run across the roof.

65 EXT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

An UNRECOGNIZABLE MALE, dressed in a black trench and fedora, looks up at Angelus' window, where the curtains were just drawn.

66 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

ANGELUS continues to walk, when the noise of a commercial vehicle from behind, causes him look over his shoulder. It's the 54 STREETCAR. He tries to focus his eyes through the light mist rain, but can barely discern the images of 13 TEENAGE BOYS, seated in rows and face towards the back. Rene Rivier seated up front, faces forward, slowly turns his head and looks out the window at Angelus. The STREETCAR begins to slow down to stop. Angelus, now at a half jog, tries to catch up, but it regains its speed and drives away.

(CONTINUED)

Angelus winded, is left to clear his glasses and focus through the rain drops, and as the number changes from 54 to 13, the STREETCAR disappears into the mist and steam.

67 INT. BENNET'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Bennet sits in a chair and looks out the window at The TIMES PICAYUNE building and New Orleans below. A Fifth of MacCallans 25, along with a Waterford crystal tumbler and an ice bucket, sit on the table next to him. He pours three fingers neat, reaches into his jacket on the back of the chair and pulls out a small black leather folder, his heroin-works kit. He cooks, ties off, bangs, nods, shakes it off and bends over to untie his shoes. He grabs the tumbler of MacCallans and takes a good slug. After he savors the initial moment from the dope, he places his works kit back into the jacket, retrieves a notebook, flips to the page which reads; 1157 Dumaine, Gloria and Alexandra Terrabeaux. He studies the note a moment, grabs his jacket and departs with much purpose.

68 EXT. OUR LADY OF FATIMA - NIGHT

Gloria approaches and ascends the steps.

69 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Campo continues to go through Angelus' things. On the table, a bottle of cheap Irish Whiskey, three quarters full. He grabs it, unscrews the cap, inhales and enjoys the aroma. He screws the cap back on, sets it back down and reaches for two short soda glasses, ala gas station giveaways and sets them on the table. The sound of footsteps increases and he leans over to the window, pulls back the curtain and sees Angelus on his way up. Campo disappears into the void.

70 INT. OUR LADY OF FATIMA - SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Gloria slowly walks to the confessional. Stops, hesitates and enters in. She sits and waits.

71 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The sound of fumbled keys turn in the lock. The door opens, as light from the hall spills in and briefly breaks across the legs of someone who sits across the room. Angelus enters, soaked from the rain and closes the door into semi-darkness. His eyes adjust, as he reaches for the light switch on the wall. He flips it on and off. Nothing. Then the lights slowly cycle on and off.

(CONTINUED)

Campo is revealed in a slow blink, as he rolls the St. Anthony's Medallion over his knuckles. Again darkness. Angelus takes off his jacket, removes his shoes, grabs the watering can from the shelf and dips it into the tub, fills it with water and starts to tend to his plants. Startled by the sound of a click, and light from the lamp, Angelus turns to see Campo.

CAMPO

Time you paid your bill, Raymond.

Campo tosses him the cassock.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Put it on. (ANGELUS hesitates) I am not fucking with you. I need you to hear my confession. Father, you should be properly attired.

Angelus reluctantly dons the cassock.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

How, Father? How you gonna give me...You don't have your costume?

72 INT. THE GREEK - NIGHT

A handful of PATRONS hang over their cups, long faces from a hard night. JIMMY KOUROMALIS, 30's, acerbic and a real know-it-all, works behind the grill and playfully barks orders. SHEILA, 50s, a lifer and waitress, commands the floor with extreme guile. Bennet sits in his regular booth. His back against the wall, with one leg up on the booth and one leg on the floor. He and Sheila exchange flirtations.

73 INT. OUR LADY OF FATIMA - CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Gloria weeps uncontrollably.

74 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Campo and Angelus sit at the table.

CAMPO

Least offer me a drink. Christ, Raymond. You. How about some of that homeless hospitality, my way?

Angelus pours two glasses of the whiskey.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Do not neglect to show kindness to
strangers, for by some have entertained
angels unawares. Hebrews 13:2.

ANGELUS

Remember the prisoners, as though in
prison with them...Hebrews 13:3

CAMPO

No kidding.

Campo brings his glass up to his nose and inhales the
aroma, raises his glass and bids Angelus to do likewise.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

SALUTE'!

Angelus throws his drink back, but Campo stops short.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Repentance, a son of a bitch, huh,
Father?

Campo strokes his glass with one hand.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

What I'm gonna do with you, Raymond.

ANGELUS

I can't do,...I didn't...

CAMPO

You Spic 'n Span, Father Dick's quarters,
they offer me, you. Diocese, couldn't
give you up fast enough. You weren't even
on my list.

ANGELUS

I needed to be punished.

CAMPO

I'm confused...they knew I wanted
him,...last one in the chain, he would've
rolled right over on the Bishop and his
boys, but Dickie Do, drops dead. Funny,
how that kinda thing happens.

ANGELUS

I have already paid. Please stop. Now.

CAMPO

Just tell me how you did it,...who was
there and maybe I'll forget Rivier.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELUS

Please, ...don't, ...they're...

CAMPO

They couldn't wait to offer you up again, so they push for your transfer. But you hoodwink 'em good, Raymond. First one gets the early out. Head of the Class. Pineville. How did you find time to study, your head so far up Wynn's rear end.

Angelus flinches.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

God Bless you, Raymond. You have single handedly opened, Pandora's Box. And though I'd like to. I do not mean, Carol's cunt.

Abruptly, FATHER JON PASCARILLA replaces Angelus. Campo blinks and catches his own image in the TV screen. His reflection turns crystal clear. Campo remembers.

CAMPO (CONT'D) V.O.

I saw you, Jon. Both times. The Cops, the Cardinals, then you were Casper.

75

EXT. FLASHBACK - ST. MARY'S STAR OF THE SEA - DAY

1953. A CHAUFFEUR polishes the side view mirror of a BLACK TOWN CAR. TWO CARDINALS exit the back door, laughing. Father JON PASCARILLA, lags behind with his luggage and is ignored, as the chauffeur attends the doors for them and then to the trunk, which allows Pascarella space for his luggage. He goes to the rear door of the car and attempts to climb over one of the Cardinals, who motions him to the other side of the car, where he is also waved off. Pascarella concedes and goes to the front door, when a tree branch breaks the afternoon silence and Vincent's earpiece from his radio dangles and the distant echo of the Baseball game is heard from the tree line. Startled, Pascarella snaps around.

CARDINAL 1

Jon! What the hell was that?!

Pascarella scans the perimeter of the lot.

CARDINAL 2

Quit acting like a school girl, Jon, and get in the car!

(CONTINUED)

CARDINAL 1

That's what got him in this mess in the first place!

They heckle Pascarella, as he slides into the front seat, shuts the door and they drive off. Vincent, once certain the coast is clear, shimmies down and darts off.

76 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angelus looks stunned, as Campo pretends to take a drink from the bottle and leans in tighter to Angelus.

CAMPO

I watched the whole dog and pony show.

Campo catches his image in Angelus' eye glasses. His reflection becomes razor sharp. Campo remembers.

77 INT. FLASHBACK - YOUNG VINCENT'S HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Campo dry mops the floor, as Vincent, out of breath runs into the house.

CAMPO (V.O.)

I run all the way home. I know I'm only 13 and change, but c'mon; this ain't rocket science either. So, I tell my mother...

Vincent tries to tell her what he's just seen.

CAMPO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tells me I got some imagination. That Pascarella's a man of God, that he looks out for his flock. Tells me to watch my mouth, I should wash for lunch.

Deflated, Vincent leans harder against the wall.

MRS. CAMPO

You're bent on bringing disgrace to our family.

YOUNG VINCENT

But Ma,...I'm not done telling you...

MRS. CAMPO

Vincent Anthony Campo. You are coming very close to a grounding.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG VINCENT

What you gave Tommy, when he tried to quit being an Altar Boy, Ma?

MRS. CAMPO

The highest honor is to serve in God's House.

YOUNG VINCENT

...for Tommy, Ma...an honor for Tommy? Like all those times when Pascarilla kept him after Mass,...just so he could get a peek at his pistone...

She grabs him by the arm and turns him around to face the CRUCIFIX which hangs on the wall. She pushes him to his knees, grabs his arms and holds them straight out parallel to the floor.

YOUNG VINCENT (CONT'D)

That kind of honor. Right, Ma?

She releases her hold, walks away and he begins to roll the St. Anthony's over his knuckles.

78

INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Campo is perched on the table in Angelus' face and both of them struggle to hold back tears. Abruptly, Campo grabs him out of the chair and down in front of the tub.

CAMPO

What'd they tell them, they vanished you middle the night? Family issues? Sabbatical? Car problems?

ANGELUS

I was never relocated.

CAMPO

You do 13 and,...who knows how many we never heard about. You get to pitch the entire game. They don't send in a Closer?

Angelus looks stunned.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

You could write a "How to...". Why do you think that is? C'mon,...we're heart-to-heart.

ANGELUS

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

C'mon, Raymond...you can do better than that. I confessed to you. It's good, confess our sins, one another.

ANGELUS

I,...I,...it just felt as if they wanted me to,...that they wanted to do things,...it...we were just talking...

CAMPO

Talking? What? World Religion?! They were 13, 15 years old! What do you mean, they wanted?

ANGELUS

The way they looked at me...I tried...to ...they needed my help, my...I gave them...I thought that's what they needed...

Campo grips Angelus by his arms, flips him into the tub and holds him under the water. Suddenly it's Pascarilla who looks up from beneath the surface and then it's Angelus, who Campo jerks up to the surface.

CAMPO

This is how I found him...

ANGELUS

Who...

CAMPO

Tommy. His name was Tommy, Raymond. Tommy took a Gillette my mother's razor and did himself length ways up his arms. What they needed was your trust.

He releases his grip and Angelus slips into the water. Campo rifles through the soap dish, finds a razor and pops out the blade.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

When I...tell me you did it,...tell me who was there at Father Dick's...

He waits for his response.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Your choice.

He drops the blade into the tub, turns to go, considers the bottle of whiskey, grabs it off the table and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELUS

Those boys never,...I never...no one ever
died...my sins, didn't cause anyone of
them to...

He feels around inside the tub with his hands, finds the
blade and accidentally cuts himself. He floats with his
eyes shut, as blood colors the water and the chants of
the Early Mass from the TV become muted and muffled, as
he slowly slips under, entirely enveloped.

79 INT. OUR LADY OF FATIMA - CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Infuriated, Gloria leaves.

80 INT. THE GREEK - NIGHT

Campo sits at the counter, alone. Other PATRONS sit
scattered at various booths, tables and the counter as
well. Jimmy Kouromalis is at the grill and acknowledges
his presence with a nod. Greek music plays from the
kitchen, a tune called ENAS ALEITIS BETHANAE: One Bad Boy
Dies.

JIMMY

Hey, Campo. Not sitting your regular...

CAMPO

Jimmy. Sheila not on...

JIMMY

She's on break, out back with
Kazantzakis.

CAMPO

The what? Christ, Jimmy. You're as bad as
your brother-in-law.

JIMMY

Bennet, she's out back with Bennet.
Dreaming he becomes great writer opos
Kazantzakis, or minimum like Bergen. The
meantime,...he's a rag writer.

Jimmy slides a copy of THE TIMES PICAYUNE in front of
Campo. The headline reads: **CAMPO AND CO. CAN'T FIND THE
KILLER...FROM FIRST BASE. WHAT'S IT GOING TO TAKE? SEE
FULL STORY, PAGE 1A. CRIME AT ITS VERY BEST. BY PAUL
BERGEN.**

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sheila! Ela! Time's up. Break's over...

81 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angelus lies submerged in the blood-tainted bathtub, as the Mass continues from above. He feels an object with his stockinged feet and struggles to slide it up the back of the tub, but it slides back down. He comes up for air, looks around, slides back under and struggles against his distorted reflection from above. Angelus remembers.

82 INT. FLASHBACK - OUR LADY OF FATIMA RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A CARDINAL, mid-60s, quietly oversees a younger Father Raymond Angelus, who holds a large garbage bag and stares into a closet at FATHER RICHARD FORTIER, who hangs at the neck from the dowel by a leather belt, naked from the waist down. FATHER ROLAND COURIER, late-40s, crouched down at Fortier's feet, unwraps an electrical cord from around his ankles and quickly tosses pornographic magazines toward Angelus.

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

It's not going to pick itself up.

Angelus continues to stare, as Courier turns around, shoves magazines into the garbage bag, eyes him, looks to the Cardinal and moves toward FIVE PRIESTS, who raze the entire room and discard other pornographic paraphernalia.

CARDINAL

What we are going to...

ANGELUS

Yes. We will say then, that we found him,...unable to live,...with his sins.

CARDINAL

Correct and then you and Father Courier will...

ANGELUS

But I have a...

CARDINAL

Yes, Raymond. (beat) You'd appreciate the company,...right Roland?

Courier looks toward Angelus and turns around.

83 EXT. THE GREEK'S BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The back door is open with a clear view into the diner. Sheila's back is against the wall, with her skirt hiked up around her waist. Bennet has one hand on her thigh and one hand on her breast. He kisses her neck and nibbles his way down onto her body. He bites into the rubber hose at the crook of her arm and pulls it off with his teeth. Spent, she falls into Bennet's arms.

84 INT. THE GREEK - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY

Sheila,...m'orea...ela ela.

Jimmy turns back to Campo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oxi V'rai,...ALEXIS ZORBAS, The LAST TEMPTATION of CHRIST kai Eilevtheria H' THANATOS. Freedom or Death. This is Kazantzakis!

Jimmy calls out towards the alley.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sheila, customers, come on...greigora, ela!

Jimmy turns back to Campo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You believe this shit, Campo?

Every image around Campo slows down, as the focus of his image sharpens in the surface of the water glass in front of him. Campo remembers.

85 INT. FLASHBACK - OUR LADY OF FATIMA RESIDENCE - DAWN

Campo crouches down in the closet and examines the ankles of the late Father Richard Fortier, when Bouchard walks over from across the room.

BOUCHARD

I'd eat off the floor, this place.

CAMPO

Don. Don...you see this?

He indicates the marks around Fortier's ankles.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO (CONT'D)
You wear garters, Don.

He reluctantly nods.

CAMPO(CONT'D)
Guess Dickie Do, liked his low and tight.

BOUCHARD (SOTTO VOCE)
I usually have them...

Campo turns out and surveys the immaculate quarters.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)
Convenient, ain't it?

CAMPO
Yes, Don. Convenient. That next in line
move up the Diocese, the guy I'm coming
for, foregoes his "get out of jail free
card", jerks himself 'round the neck and
goes permanent nighty night.

Damaso and an Assistant begin to wheel the body out, when
Campo stops them, yanks back the bottom of the sheet and
points to Fortier's ankles.

CAMPO(TO DAMASO)(CONT'D)
You tell Jarvis take a look, call me.

Damaso nods, they depart and Campo turns to Bouchard.

CAMPO (CONT'D)
Get Cardinal what's his name back in
here. These guys musta had a rolloff,
Casper the contents.

86 INT. THE GREEK - NIGHT

Campo has all he can do to sit on the stool. Sheila
attempts to straighten herself up, as she comes down the
hall and into The Greek. Bennet lags behind and futilely
tries to tie one of his shoelaces. Sheila makes it over
to Campo, slings her arms around him and gives him a long
kiss on the mouth. She lingers a moment at his side and
walks away. Jimmy continues to pontificate. Campo
abruptly bolts out onto the street.

87 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angelus lies submerged and again attempts to slide that
object out of the tub with his left foot.

(CONTINUED)

He gets it right to the top edge, when the refracted image of a MAN darkly clothed, grabs his foot, wraps a cord tightly around it, jerks him further under the surface, then grabs the other foot and does likewise. Angelus flails, as he tries to get air and then lies motionless. The man watches for a moment, then reaches over to the TV and tips it into the water. The lights cycle off and on, then off to total darkness.

88 INT. GLORIA'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Gloria sits in the worn GREEN VELVET CHAIR, on her lap is an overly thick SCRAPBOOK. Nelson Bennet's card lies on the end table next to her. She has in one hand, his column, CRIME and PUNISHMENT, perfectly cut-out. She opens the scrapbook, flips to the last blank page and secures the clipping to it. She flips back toward the front and comes to a portion that is segregated by a paper clip. She removes the clip, flips the final page open, where a clipping of Bennet's column from 1982 appears, it reads; **DIRTY DENNIS DUBOIS. LA STATE TROOPER INDICTED FOR SEX CRIMES. WHO'S LEFT TO PUT THE KLERGY IN THE KLINK? SEE FULL STORY. CRIME & PUNISHMENT. NELSON BENNET. PAGE 2A.**

89 INT. THE GREEK - DAWN

Campo sits in his regular booth, with one leg up and one leg down and his back against the wall. He nods and tries to stay awake. Bennet mirrors him in the adjacent booth and shoots the breeze with Sheila. Bouchard enters the Greek. His eyes look for Campo and he goes right to him.

BOUCHARD

Vincent. Vincent...

Campo jerks awake.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

We gotta go...

CAMPO

Don't you want the Potatoes mai...

BOUCHARD

You won't believe this.

They leave, with Bennet close behind.

90 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - MORNING

The TV bobs up and down in the bathtub, as COPS and INVESTIGATORS scour the tiny apartment.

(CONTINUED)

Lights from emergency vehicles flash from outside through the windows, as water gently laps out of the tub, with evidence of a reddish hue. The BUILDING SUPER gives his statement to one of the UNIFORMED COPS. The leak from above continues to drip down. Campo and Bouchard enter and look around. Fotinos and Michaels, already present, survey the scene and direct the others. Bennet slips in unnoticed and gives it the once over. Campo sees Angelus in the tub. Campo remembers.

91 INSERT - BLACK/WHITE PHOTOGRAPH - MORNING

1953. A black and white photograph of Tommy, semi-afloat in the bathtub, flashes in Campo's mind.

92 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - MORNING

Campo stares at Angelus.

FOTINOS

O'rea den eina? (beat) Beautiful, is it not? (beat) Campo, now what?

CAMPO

All those channels and nothing on. (beat) What? He gets points, saving us the aggravation?

FOTINOS

You got a smart mouth, Campo.

CAMPO

You,...forget...no Greek?

FOTINOS

Xipnos,...we got a scene here, tells me the Papu had another over for cocktails.

BOUCHARD

Except somebody wasn't thirsty.

CAMPO

You expect a 13 year old to 've banged back that crap?

Michaels squats down at the table and looks at the two glasses. One glass is empty. One glass is full. He notices the watermark from where the bottle had been, then gives an earsplitting whistle and everyone's head snaps around. He points to the stenciled lettering on the walls.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Michaels,...you ever speak?

(CONTINUED)

Everyone looks at Campo.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Apologies,...Jesus, Michaels, you forget to ask for a sense of humor, too? Fine.
(to Fotinos) What's it mean?

FOTINOS

You look'n at me for,...not every fucking foreign language is Greek.

MICHAELS

Try Latin.

CAMPO

See he speaks. What's it mean?

Michaels rises.

MICHAELS

I'm Protestant. You're the good Catholic, Campo.

Campo shoots him the look.

FOTINOS

Whatever Campo,...find out what it's...

BENNET

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.
Matthew 5:29...

Bennet indicates the wall.

FOTINOS

What's he do'in here?

Everybody turns to Campo.

CAMPO

You looking at me. I had something to do with, Bukowski appearing. Get him outta here...

Bennet is lost in the shuffle, as their focus is pulled to the removal of Angelus. TWO MEDICAL EXAMINERS struggle to get him out of the tub, into a body bag and they leave. Fotinos focuses on the leak above, as Dr. Geoffrey Jarvis, with gloved hands, searches the bottom of the tub for the drain stopper, locates it and begins to pull it.

(CONTINUED)

FOTINOS

Don't pull that! Drag it, like you would,
looking for your drowned dead ducky.

Jarvis quickly secures the stopper back into the drain.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)

That the Super?!

The Uniformed Cop next to the Super, nods.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)

Ever hear of a Plumber?

The Super nods.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)

Your fingers broken? Then dial one, or
I'll have Michaels, dial for you.

The Super is released. Jarvis continues to drag the
bottom of the tub and comes up with the St. Anthony's
Medallion. Campo looks stricken.

BOUCHARD (SOTTO VOCE)

I was hoping for the ducky.

Everyone else is still focused on the leak.

JARVIS

You guys,...hello...yeah, ah...one of you
guys might want to have a look at this.

Jarvis holds up the St. Anthony's Medallion. Campo's face
turns ashen and Bouchard catches his eye.

FOTINOS

You malakas, think I'm sitting my desk,
my putza my hand. Now,...now that's
interesting.

He indicates the St. Anthony's, which Jarvis places into
a plastic bag and departs. There is an uncomfortably long
moment of silence, as Fotinos and Michaels continue to
look around. Campo, Bouchard and Bennet begin to go, when
Bouchard notices a large wet spot at the front hem of
Campo's trench coat and attempts to get his attention.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)

You're gonna get him outta here. He was
never here. Katalavas.

93 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Gloria holds the phone in one hand, Bennet's card in the other, as she begins to dial.

94 INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - MORNING

LORRAINE LAVOIE, late 40s, smartly dressed, a fashion icon throwback from the 1940s, sits at her desk on the phone. Bennet's Girl Friday.

LORRAINE LAVOIE
The Metairie Monitor. Nelson Bennet's desk.

No response.

LORRAINE LAVOIE (CONT'D)
Hello,...Nelson Bennet's desk, The Metairie Monitor...

The sound of the rotary phone being dialed.

LORRAINE LAVOIE (CONT'D)
Honey, just tell me,...as many times as you've called, we're practically cousin's already.

An extended silence.

LORRAINE LAVOIE (CONT'D)
Come on...you can do it...

GLORIA (V.O.)
Crime,...Crime...and Punish...ment...

LORRAINE LAVOIE
Nelson Bennet's desk?

Another moment of silence and Gloria begins to cry.

GLORIA (V.O.)
Yes,...please...I know who killed To...

LORRAINE LAVOIE
Rene Rivier? Honey, get a hold of yourself. He's out right now. You want to leave a message?

Gloria continues to cry.

(CONTINUED)

LORRAINE LAVOIE (CONT'D)
 ...you can tell me honey, go 'head...let
 it out.

95 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Through her tears, she composes herself.

GLORIA
 It's Okay,...I'll call back.

She stares at the phone and slowly hangs up.

96 INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - MORNING

LaVoie at her desk on the phone.

LORRAINE LAVOIE
 Oh, for crying out loud.

97 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - MORNING

Bennet in the backseat. Bouchard reaches into Campo's
 coat pocket and removes the whiskey bottle.

BOUCHARD
 You were leaking.

CAMPO
 Huh?

He rolls down his window and dangles the bottle outside.

CAMPO (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

BOUCHARD
 You were leaking.

CAMPO
 What are you talking about, Don?

Bouchard points to his coat pocket.

BOUCHARD
 Nothing, Vince.

CAMPO
 Pull over then.

BOUCHARD

You wanna switch? We got company. You want to switch.

Campo gives him a look, as he continues to dangle it.

CAMPO

What are you talking about...

BOUCHARD

You're supposed to be on the Program. I pick you up the GREEK. 6:45 this morning. You stink up the..

CAMPO

Still, Don, I ask you again. What are you talking about, we have company.

BOUCHARD

You are supposed to be the Program.

CAMPO

You're a retard,...you know, Don.

BOUCHARD

Yes, but I'm your partner, Vincent,...and I got disappeared the almost empty bottle of Bush Mills wannabe...found your jacket...leaking your pocket...

He holds the bottle up.

CAMPO

That's not mine!...Fuck the Program!...I have a cocktail, a night...one! I've never fallen off...

Bouchard tosses it out and rolls up the window.

BOUCHARD

I couldn't hear you...had the window down...you're on the Program. Thirteen and a third years...you don't even...not even one. You understand.

CAMPO

Fuck you Don.

BOUCHARD

Yes,...

Campo opens his visor mirror, with Bennet in view.

BENNET

Like I'm not even here.

98 EXT. SCHOOL YARD - NEW ORLEANS - AFTERNOON

Alex walks alone outside the fence and observes a group of kids, who play; ONE, TWO, THREE...Red Light. Sam, her cousin, spots her.

SAM

Hey, Al! Alex! Over here!

ALEX

Oh, hey SAM!

He breaks away and runs over to her.

SAM

Just five more minutes,...O.K.?

She nods and he gives her a high five.

KIDS

Sam! Hey, Sam, c'mon! You playing, or what?

He runs back to the game.

SAM

Happy Birthday, Alex!

Alex gestures a half-hearted wave.

99 INT. THE METAIRIE MONITOR'S LOBBY - AFTERNOON

LaVoie spots Bennet, as he moves toward his office. She tries to catch up, but he's just out of reach.

LAVOIE

When it looks like this much fun, I see why you'd want to keep it all to yourself.

BENNET

Messages.

She holds a massive stack of messages.

BENNET (CONT'D)

Slow morning?

LAVOIE

Morning?...right, Nelson..which one? You've not been in for two days...

(CONTINUED)

BENNET

God, you look incredible, LaVoie. You've got to give classes. "How to dress to the Nines." By Lorraine LaVoie.

LAVOIE

What do you want, Bennet?

BENNET

The Old Man, looking for me?

LAVOIE

You get, Ray Milland, Lost Weekend, 48 hours, middle of the week, worth. You land and you're psychic. He's looking for his story.

BENNET

I need my Cuban.

LAVOIE

Damaso just delivered it with your usual. It's on your desk.

BENNET

Have I told you lately, how much I appreciate everything...

LAVOIE

Bullshit, Bennet,...you appreciate how much I cover your rear end every time,...you know what,...you can show me how much,...by taking me out once in a...

BENNET

Impossible. You can't hang the places I go...you're a good girl, remember?

LAVOIE

That's reassuring. Is that what you tell, Melinda?

BENNET

Sheila.

They arrive at Bennet's office, where he looks around for that which Damaso delivered. The CUBAN COFFEE sits on his desk, replete with little paper pill cups. He pours himself one and offers her one as well. LaVoie's look is enough, as she sits at her desk. The phone rings, she starts to pick up, but he waves her off.

BENNET (CONT'D)

I just need a minute,...to get straight.

(CONTINUED)

He looks for the other package Damaso delivered.

LAVOIE

You might want to try tying your shoes first.

Bennet stays focused.

LAVOIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, that was mean. Bad scene with Angelus, huh? Yeah, we've already been scooped by the Picayune. Bergen called to gloat.

LaVoie tosses a copy of THE TIMES PICAYUNE onto his desk. The headline reads: **CAMPO'S SOLE SUSPECT SLIPS IN THE TUB, ...WITH A TV? SEE STORY, PAGE 1A. CRIME AND ONLY CRIME. BY PAUL BERGEN.**

BENNET

Get outta here, you're going to make me wet my trousers. No one scoops me. No one.

LAVOIE

Tell that to the Old Man, or should I?

BENNET

Let me try again to explain the inner workings of how stuff, things...works, how it, things...happen.

LAVOIE (SOTTO VOCE)

Go ahead, this won't take long.

BENNET

Even when nothing, ...when it looks as if nothing is happening. (beat) Something, something is happening. You just can't see...

LAVOIE

You're done.

100

INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S BULLPEN - AFTERNOON

Sergeant Michaels escorts MRS. MARY RIVIER, mother of murder victim, Rene Rivier, through the maze of cops and detectives and heads for Fotinos' office. She stops and turns to Campo.

MRS. RIVIER

Detective Campo? I'm Mrs. Rivier. Rene's mother.

(CONTINUED)

Campo doesn't look up, Bouchard smiles.

MRS. RIVIER (CONT'D)
 Detective Vincent Campo, you are the one
 working on our case.

Mrs. Rivier nods, as she continues to Fotinos' office.
 Michaels knocks and opens the door for her. Fotinos
 busies himself, when she comes in.

FOTINOS
 You can go ahead and shut the door.

MRS. RIVIER
 That's alright, I need the air.

Michaels releases his hand from the knob, as Mrs. Rivier
 looks over her shoulder at Campo.

101 INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - AFTERNOON

Bennet continues to look for the package.

BENNET
 I still can't find...

LaVoie retrieves the package, a BOX of SHOELACES, from
 under a pile of papers.

LAVOIE
 Hey, genius.

She tosses him the box.

BENNET
 I love you, LaVoie. Why someone hasn't...

LAVOIE
 Cut the crap, Bennet.

The phone rings and LaVoie answers.

LAVOIE (CONT'D)
 Nelson Bennet's desk, the Metairie Mon...
 sorry sir, I didn't...yes, he's just
 proofing now...I can't put it
 through...you know...his focus...
 concen...yes, yes...sir...right
 away...I'll bring it right up...no, I
 couldn't,...thank you, I'm...flattered.
 Right. Bye, bye.

Bennet smiles.

(CONTINUED)

LAVOIE (CONT'D)

Sit on it and make it snappy. You heard the Old Man.

102 INT. FOTINOS' DESK - THE 19TH UNIT - AFTERNOON

Fotinos looks around Mrs. Rivier at Campo.

FOTINOS

Campo...

He motions for him, but Campo doesn't move.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)

Now you're embarrassing yourself.

Campo rises and goes into the office.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)

Bouchard. Hold all his calls, he's gonna be awhile.

103 INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - AFTERNOON

LaVoie begins to leave, as Bennet works on his story.

LAVOIE

Sorry, before I forget, some crying broad calls, something,...13-15 times. Looking for you, says she's got news on the Rivier case, but won't discuss with anyone, except you.

BENNET

You get a name?

LAVOIE

She wouldn't cough it up, says you've met, but you'd caught her at a bad time. I can call Charlie and have him pull the log and do a reverse look up.

BENNET

That's alright, I know where she is.

The telephone rings and LaVoie, per Bennet's OK, answers.

LAVOIE

Nelson Bennet's office. (beat) Hey, Damaso...yes, honey, he's here.

(CONTINUED)

BENNET

Tell him thanks I got it. I'll see him on Thursday.

LAVOIE

Says it's urgent.

BENNET

I can get him half by tonight and the rest on Thursday...c'mon.

LaVoie listens and is stunned.

LAVOIE

I'll tell him...sure...we know...yes...

She hangs up.

BENNET

You're killing me,...I gotta deadline...way past due...

LAVOIE

You'll be holding it for this. You'll probably be holding your own.(beat)
Angelus has no nuts.

BENNET

Cut it out. What the...give me,...no you get that,...delectable, Dominican...back on the line. Tell him,...tell him,...I'm going to kiss him right on the lips,..do you know what this...also, get Campo on the blower as well...you want to call Bergen, or should I?

104 **INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: NUTZ?!
NUTZ.! WHO'S GOT THE NUTZ?? NOT EX-FR. RAYMOND ANGELUS.
SEE STORY IN CRIME & PUNISHMENT. BY NELSON BENNET. PAGE
2A.**

105 INT. FOTINOS' OFFICE - THE 19TH UNIT - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Rivier is seated, with Fotinos behind his desk and Campo off to one side.

CAMPO

Whaddja expect?

FOTINOS

Easy...

(CONTINUED)

MRS. RIVIER

I expected you'd have more than one dead priest, as a suspect.

CAMPO

Maybe I'm not being clear,...your son was working...

MRS. RIVIER

As a sales assistant at the Poydras Street Boutique and for that one should be brutally...

FOTINOS

Mrs. Rivier, Mary? What Detective Campo...

CAMPO

C'mon,...your child, Mrs. Rivier, was working the street.

FOTINOS (SOTTO VOCE)

Campo,...apologize.

MRS. RIVIER

You have no right...

CAMPO

Maybe you shoulda paid more attention, what he wore leaving the house...

Campo walks out past Michaels, as she calls after him.

MRS. RIVIER

You should be ashamed...how dare you,...Rene was my heart,...my life,...my child...

106

EXT. BLUE COLLAR NEIGHBORHOOD - NEW ORLEANS - AFTERNOON

Alex and Sam walk down the street toward the home of Gloria Terrabeaux, who stands in the front room window.

SAM

What's your favorite kind of cake?

ALEX

Doberge.

SAM

That's Uncle Rollie's favorite,...think he'll come?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

May be.

SAM

I'm going in,...see you later?

Alex shrugs, as Gloria waits in the window. Sam runs to the front door, opens it, notices an envelope on the floor and scoops it up, looks back at Alex and waves for her to follow. Gloria and Alex lock eyes.

107 INT. GLORIA'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is decorated in party streamers. Sam runs in, hands Gloria the envelope and throws his arms around her. She looks at the envelope, which reads; "To My Best Girl, Happy Birthday! Rollie." She puts it into her pocket, turns back around, but Alex is gone.

108 INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S BULLPEN - EVENING

Campo and Bouchard sit at their desks and hold THE METAIRIE MONITOR EXTRA EDITION up in front of their faces. The front page with the "NUTZ"?...headline is clearly visible. The phone rings on Campo's desk. He uses the speaker phone.

CAMPO

Campo.

BENNET (V.O.)

Campo?

CAMPO

What I said.

BENNET (V.O.)

It's Bennet...

CAMPO

Uh, huh...

BENNET (V.O.)

I spoke with Bouchard,...said you weren't to be disturbed.

Campo looks over his paper at Bouchard.

CAMPO

Don...

He shrugs his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Let me get this right. You get a tip,...a story,...biggest, ever your career. You will never,...never, you hear me? Get one like this again. You don't move Heaven'n Hell, get to me!?

BENNET (V.O.)

I couldn't. The Old Man...he...

CAMPO

Fuck the Old Man,...I produce pictures,...him, two 12 year olds. The Old Man. I do not accept this, Nelson.

BENNET (V.O.)

I will make it right. I always do. Remember the...

CAMPO

Stop beating that dead horse. You've been in the red for,...I don't know how long.

BENNET (V.O.)

Did you,...did you at least, enjoy my column?

Campo hangs up.

109 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is decorated in conventional feminine birthday party fare, with Alex's name and HAPPY BIRTHDAY at the top of the alcove. The formica table with its vinyl chairs is set for three, replete with paper plates, cups and plastic tableware. A pitcher of fruit punch sits on the table as well. Gloria sits and is exquisitely dressed, including a pointed birthday hat. Sam sits and fidgets next to her, likewise nicely dressed, including a colorful bow tie and his birthday hat. The third place setting is empty, save a birthday hat, which awaits its anticipated occupant. A DOBERGE, with 14 candles sits in the middle of the table. Sam looks to Gloria, who lights the candles, closes her eyes for a brief moment, as if to pray, then nods to Sam, who leans over and in one breath, blows out all the candles. She then cuts the first piece onto the unoccupied plate and the second piece, she serves to Sam.

110 EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bennet stands across the street, which gives him full view access through the front room and into the kitchen.

111 INT. THE GREEK - MORNING

Jarvis, Campo and Bouchard sit in their booth and work on their half-eaten Breakfasts.

JARVIS

Relax, Campo. I'm telling you, final Autopsy will prove self-electrocution.

Jarvis sips his coffee.

CAMPO

How do you drink that shit,...what do you make of this guy taking a knife to himself?

JARVIS

He didn't,...he used two methods. Burdizzo and elastic band castration.

CAMPO

Cut the crap...talk to me like I'm seven.

JARVIS

Burdizzo, or Castration forceps, placed above the testicles, cuts off the blood flow. Takes about 20 seconds per nut, then four-to-six weeks later, they shrivel and drop down into the scrotum.

CAMPO

Jesus Christ, Geoffrey.

JARVIS

Anyway, to finish it off, he wrapped surgical elastic bands at the top 'til the bag turned black and dropped off.

Jarvis shrugs his shoulders. Bouchard reaches over with his fork, takes Campo's last sausage onto his plate and begins to cut into it, when Campo turns and looks at him.

BOUCHARD

You never eat the last one,...what, you want it back?

112 INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S BULLPEN - MORNING

Michaels heads straight for Fotinos, who stands outside his office and trades jokes with a Cop. They enter the office and close the door behind them.

(CONTINUED)

A moment later, ASSISTANT DA, WALTON RICHARDS, mid-30s, good physical shape and smartly dressed, enters and is met by an obstacle course of Cops and Detectives. Everyone he passes, clams-up and looks away. He stops short of the door and turns around.

RICHARDS

Is this,...am I in the...

Everyone just looks at him and turns away.

MICHAELS (O.C.)

Captain Fotinos will be with you shortly.

He snaps around, waits and reaches for the doorknob. But Michaels pops it open, steps out and darkens its frame. Richards slowly looks up.

RICHARDS

Thank you, Sergeant.

MICHAELS

Michaels.

RICHARDS

Sergeant Michaels.

Richards enters Fotinos' office and Michaels steps out, shuts the door and faces the dead silent Bullpen, who await his OK. He shoots them a look and they resume.

113 INT. GLORIA'S FRONT ROOM - MORNING

Gloria watches Sam, who laughs at cartoons on the TV in the kitchen. She unlocks the cabinet, then reaches into her coat pocket, retrieves the birthday card envelope, opens one of the drawers, which reveals countless cards to Alex from Rollie. She places the envelope amongst the others, closes and locks the drawer.

114 INT. FOTINOS' OFFICE - THE 19TH UNIT - DAY

Richards sits and waits, while Fotinos straightens up.

RICHARDS

Loyalty. One can never have too much...

FOTINOS

Oxi.

RICHARDS

Okee...

(CONTINUED)

FOTINOS

Oxi! Not Okee, oxi it's Greek for no.

RICHARDS

Interesting,...and the word for yes?

FOTINOS

Nai.

RICHARDS

But, that sounds like no.

Fotinos sits in behind his desk.

FOTINOS

Funny, you're funny. Richards?

RICHARDS

I'm not being funny.

FOTINOS (SOTTO VOCE)

Malakas.

A long beat.

RICHARDS

I am here, Captain Fotinos, to interview Detective Campo. I am not here to disturb you, or your universe...

FOTINOS

I'll have one of the guys take you down the Box. You can wait there. Maybe that's more like your universe.

Richards reaches for the door, which opens abruptly from Michaels on the other side. Richards heads out, but stops, turns around and is face-to-face with Fotinos.

RICHARDS

That's fine. I will wait for him here. It'll give me time to go through the files.

115

INT. THE 19TH'S BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Richards examines the name plates, then sits at Campo's desk and gives its contents the once over.

FOTINOS

Somebody clean off Campo's...

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDS

Thank you. No. Leave it. I would prefer
it that way. Thank you.

Fotinos smiles in his face and walks away.

FOTINOS

Pas na gameitheis...

Michaels stands his post, as the Bullpen looks on.

RICHARDS

You know what that means.

MICHAELS

Yes sir.

RICHARDS

You're not going to tell me.

MICHAELS

No sir.

RICHARDS (SOTTO VOCE)

Fly paper.

Richards begins to read the files on Campo's desk.

116

INT. THE 19TH'S BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Bouchard and Campo barely inside the door, when Michaels
snaps his fingers, they stop short and he gives them the
signal to disappear. Unaware, Bouchard approaches his
desk and Richards looks over his shoulder.

RICHARDS

Where's Detective Campo?

BOUCHARD

Campo?

RICHARDS

Campo.

BOUCHARD (TO MICHAELS)

Didn't you send him to check that
thing...

MICHAELS

Last night before...

RICHARDS

He doesn't drive...

(CONTINUED)

MICHAELS

He doesn't drive? Don, you do all the...

RICHARDS

He hasn't for the past 13 years.

Michaels feigns an gestured apology.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

That's fine. I will speak with you first,
Detective Bouchard, then...

Fotinos pops his head out of his office.

FOTINOS

Wynn just called, she's got her bags
packed and expecting you Bouchard, lights
flashing,...inside of two.

Bouchard takes off and Fotinos shuts his door.

RICHARDS

Sergeant Michaels, how long will it...

Michaels drops a large stack of file folders on the desk.

117 INT. STREETCAR - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Campo stands at the rear doors of the 54, as it
approaches the stop where Rivier was last seen. A handful
of passengers exit, the doors close and Campo continues
to look out the window, as the 54 pulls slowly away.

118 INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: **CAMPO
EXPECTED TO BE INDICTED FOR THE MURDER OF RAYMOND
ANGELUS. HIS FINAL BATH,...UNABLE TO WASH ALL HIS SINS
AWAY. RUN VINCENT, RUN! STORY IN CRIME & PUNISHMENT. BY
NELSON BENNET. PAGE 2A.**

119 INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - DAY

LaVoie, at her desk, touches up her nails. The phone
rings, but Bennet's preoccupied with his column and per
his OK, she picks up.

LAVOIE

The Daily Planet. Clark Kent's office.
...Sorry...Yes...He's here...Who should I
say is calling?

LAVOIE (CONT'D)

Some guy, says it's God.

(CONTINUED)

BENNET

Ask him why he's using the phone.

LAVOIE

He wants to know...easy...hang on...

She transfers the call to Bennet.

BENNET

I knew it'd be you.

CAMPO (V.O.)

Anything?(beat) C'mon, Bennet for Chris'sakes...

BENNET

It's coming.

CAMPO (V.O.)

Coming?

BENNET

Even when you can't see it, it's there.

CAMPO (V.O.)

Give me a frick'n break, will ya.

BENNET

There's no warrant as of yet, but it'd be a grand concept for you to come in and talk to the New-Joseph A. Banks, from the DA's office. I understand he's...

CAMPO (V.O.)

Spare me the B.S., Bennet. Just get me something, on somebody...and it better not be me!

Bennet yanks the phone away from his ear.

LAVOIE

God having a bad day?

120

INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S BULLPEN - AFTERNOON

Fotinos walks back towards Richards, who reads Campo's files. Michaels, off to the side, stands his post.

FOTINOS

I was down the Box, getting it ready. Camera's not working. That video guy coming today, or tomorrow, take a look?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAELS

Contractors.

Richards holds up a micro-recorder.

RICHARDS

No problem.

Fotinos snatches it away and tosses it to Michaels.

FOTINOS

Michaels get a load 'a this...

Richards tries to take it back.

RICHARDS

That's alright.

FOTINOS

It is alright. Just gotta be checked in.
Unit policy.

RICHARDS

Unit policy.

Fotinos nods to Michaels, who leaves.

FOTINOS

Nai. You want to come back inside, have a
seat?

RICHARDS

No. Thank you. I'll wait right here.

FOTINOS

Endaxi. Could be awhile...peinas?

RICHARDS

Excuse me?

FOTINOS

You hungry?

RICHARDS

No. I thought, I thought you said...

FOTINOS

Yeah, everybody does.

He goes into his office.

121 EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Father Roland Courier concludes the funeral for Rene Rivier, as the attendees are played out and led away with John the Revelator by THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND, among them Gloria, Alex and Sam, who looks back at the grave, where Father Courier consoles Mrs. Rivier. Campo passes them on his way to the grave, when Sam notices his badge on his belt and tugs on Gloria's coat.

SAM (SOTTO VOCE)
Auntie Gloria,...Uncle Rollie...

Alex grabs his hand, which snaps him around face-forward. Gloria turns and looks back at the grave and she and Mrs. Rivier exchange an uncomfortable moment.

122 INT/EXT. DA'S OFFICE TERRACE PORTICO - AFTERNOON

The PRESS, including Bennet and Bergen, hover around SAMANTHA BRADSHAW, 40s, the tightly dressed City DA.

BRADSHAW
...the results will arrive within 48 hours and it is our intention to charge Vincent Anthony Campo with Murder One, with Special Circumstances. That's it, guys.

She turns to go.

BENNET
Our intention?

She turns around.

BENNET (CONT'D)
Or the intention of the Diocese?

Wynn and Bouchard ascend the steps toward the landing.

BERGEN
You stated special circumstances. Could you clarify?

BRADSHAW
Not at this time.

BENNET
Bravo, Ms. Bradshaw.

She looks down at his shoes, which are tied.

(CONTINUED)

BRADSHAW

Mr. Bennet. (beat) When Detective Campo is charged, you'll be notified by our office.

She turns and goes inside. The PRESS continue to demand answers at the closed door. Bennet bumps into Bergen and pops his note pad loose. He looks around, but Bennet's gone.

123 EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Rivier releases her hold on Father Roland Courier's hands and turns to go, when she locks eyes with Campo, who kneels and lays a rose on the casket. She nods in gratitude and leaves. He watches her go, as Father Courier approaches.

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

Vincent, I heard you'd given up prayer.

CAMPO

Father Courier, you'd make a lousy cop.

They slowly walk away.

124 INT/EXT. THE 19TH UNIT'S PORTICO - AFTERNOON

Wynn and Bouchard walk toward the doors to the 19th's main entrance and are met by Bennet.

BENNET

Bennet. Nelson Bennet. The Metairie...

WYNN

Monitor, I love your column,...

BENNET

Crime and Punishment. Page two...

WYNN

A. Yes, ...yes, ...everyday...

BENNET

You read me.

BOUCHARD

Bennet. For crying out loud, you want something?

BENNET

He didn't do it...

(CONTINUED)

WYNN

What do you have?

BENNET

Oh, he wanted to do it? He would've taken Angelus for the L.R., Spillway, Rigolets, something. Given him a Houdini, with you as the driver, Donald.

BOUCHARD

Don't call me Donald.

Wynn looks to Bouchard.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

The long ride. Disappeared him. The swamp.

BENNET

...and we'd be having a different conversation and your jumpsuit, Donald, would be a bit tighter than you're used to.

BOUCHARD

What Bennet?

BENNET

I got called.

125

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Courier and Campo walk together on their way out.

CAMPO

I stop by for a heart-to-heart. He gives me zero. I wake up, he's taken a kilowatt bath during early Mass.

A moment of silence.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

I slipped up, dropped my St. Anthony's, the tub.

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

Now they think you did it.

CAMPO

You knew this guy.

Courier searches his vacant eyes.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER ROLAND COURIER
I knew of him,...and his circumstances.

Campo searches his eyes.

FATHER ROLAND COURIER
(CONT'D)
Vincent...

CAMPO
He was fixed,...castrated. Mortal Sin,
last time I looked.

FATHER ROLAND COURIER
Not necessarily. Some see that, as a way
to commit more fully to Him and His will.

CAMPO
What about you, Father, how far would you
be willing to go?

126

INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S BULLPEN - EVENING

Bouchard sits at his desk across from Richards, who tosses an occasional file to him. Campo enters with much purpose and heads for Fotinos' office, as the other detectives and cops try to tell him to disappear. He stops next to Bouchard.

CAMPO
Who's the perp? You get one all by
yourself, Don, so I could retire in
peace? Sleep at night?

BOUCHARD
Vince, this is...

CAMPO
I know. That son of a bitch,...shot the
shop owner, 100 bucks the register, over
Algiers Point. Nice work, Don. Nice.

BOUCHARD
No, Vincent, I'm trying to tell you.

Richards rises.

CAMPO
Don, what's wrong with you? Put some
fucking jewelry, this guy.

Michaels starts to go over to Campo, when Fotinos' door swings open, which exposes Wynn and Fotinos.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO (CONT'D)
Delicious, Don. What's she doing here?

RICHARDS
Detective Campo, I'm...

CAMPO
I know who you are,...give me a frick'n
break. We can do this. Let's do this.
Just like in the movies.

Campo walks away.

CAMPO (CONT'D)
You ever been to the Box, Richards?

RICHARDS
I was saving it up for you, Detective.

Richards follows behind, with MICRO-RECORDER in hand. Michaels stands at the far end of the Bullpen and directs traffic. Fotinos and Wynn follow as well, but Bouchard remains behind.

127 INT. CONFSSIONAL - OUR LADY OF FATIMA - EVENING

Gloria, sits still and silent. Gradually, she changes from repentant to demure. She gently brings her hands up from her lap to the top of her blouse. She slowly unfastens each button and moves toward the screen, against which she presses herself and finds the hands that await her on the other side. The hands deliberately explore her body, through the screen and her lingerie.

128 INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Richards sits across the table from Campo, the micro-recorder between them.

RICHARDS
Talk to me about February 23rd.

CAMPO
I got 19 years, two divorces, a bullet
hole my thigh. You got marbles, question
me.

RICHARDS
February 23rd. Detective.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

Me and Don, came back from Pineville. It was late. He drops me off, the 19th. I come up my office, do the report.

RICHARDS

I read your report. It was incomplete.

CAMPO

So, I didn't finish it that night.

RICHARDS

You didn't finish it at all.

CAMPO

I go to the Greek, have a coffee. I talk to Jimmy.

RICHARDS

So you're at the Greek, you get a second wind, you decide to unwind. You have a few...

CAMPO

You're a blithering asshole,...this shit happen to you, or to me?

RICHARDS

You had some drinks.

CAMPO

I'm the program, 13 and a half years. You want to talk to my sponsor? 504-424-...

RICHARDS

That won't be necessary.

129 INT. CONFSSIONAL - OUR LADY OF FATIMA - EVENING

Gloria continues being touched, through the screen by hands from the other side. She slides her hands to the back of her skirt, unfastens its button and zipper and lets it slip to the floor. Her blouse still on, but fully undone, exposes her panties, garter belt, hose and bra. She reaches with one hand onto the screen and begins to sensually rub the clothed crotch of the man on the other side, as he rhythmically moves up and down.

130 INT. THE GREEK - EVENING

Bennet and LaVoie sit at his regular booth. The place is packed, including TWO UNIFORMED ROOKIE COPS and Paul Bergen, who sit at the counter.

(CONTINUED)

Greek music blares from the kitchen. Bergen passes a note to Sheila and whispers in her ear. She saunters over to Bennet and delivers the note and a scotch. He looks at the note which reads: "Still room at The Register. PB." LaVoie grabs the note, looks at it and rolls her eyes in disdain. Sheila hangs over Bennet and flirts with all she's got. LaVoie feigns indifference, excuses herself and walks to the LADIES. Sheila begs Bennet to FIX her, but he's out. She shows him she's scored, bids him to follow her to the back alley. He follows her out back.

131

INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

CAMPO paces with purpose.

CAMPO

You want me to finish?

RICHARDS

I'm listening. You had some drinks. No big deal. That's all I'm saying.

CAMPO

So, I'm over the Greek. Sitting alone. Yeah, I saw Sheila and Jimmy, but mostly I was alone. I'm,...I nod off.

RICHARDS

Then what?

CAMPO

A noise. Sends me flying. I was in that, whadda they call it...REM,...something. I'm trying to focus. I'm outside the Greek, trying to get some air.

RICHARDS

You were dreaming.

CAMPO

What are you asking me? You asking me, I'm asleep, dreaming, then what? Sleep walking. I'm walking, my sleep? Like I'm gonna walk over Angelus', my sleep. The Lafourche defense. Guy claims he was sleepwalking. Whacks his wife, 90 blows to the head, a golf club. Buries her by the pool. Jerk. They juiced him.

RICHARDS

Focus, Detective. You decide to go in the middle of the night. Alone. You don't call Bouchard. You don't call down to the 19th to get someone else to go with you.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

No. Check the phone records. They verify what I did and didn't do. Who I called.

RICHARDS

We did, there were no calls placed to, or from your phone the entire day.

CAMPO

You're looking the wrong...

RICHARDS

Then what, when you got there?

CAMPO

I didn't get there.

132 INT. CONFESSIONAL - OUR LADY OF FATIMA - EVENING

Gloria, clothed in garter belt, panties and hose, her breasts fully exposed. She continues to manipulate the man on the other side of the screen and ultimately brings him to orgasm. Spent, he relaxes and slowly pulls away from the screen. He straightens himself, while Gloria remains pressed against the screen and looks to him for reciprocation. He quickly glances at her, sharply looks away and leaves.

133 INT. THE GREEK - EVENING.

Bennet nods and slouches, as LaVoie arrives back at the booth. She takes a moment, grabs her coat, takes a long drink from her cocktail, leans in to kiss Bennet, takes the note, returns it to Bergen and leaves. The two Rookie Cops get up from the counter, walk over to Bennet, cuff him and take him out.

134 INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Richards now up, continues. Campo now sits.

RICHARDS

The initial findings, bears out you were...

CAMPO

What? Me and Don go to pick him up for a chit chat, the 21st. We don't even go in the dump. Wind blows, puts my shit, lousy all over the place.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDS

That works, except that we found less than zero from Bouchard. Just you.

CAMPO

Wrap it up, will ya.

RICHARDS

Fabric fibers were found near the tub. The DNA will prove the rest.

CAMPO

You stink at poker. You bluff for shit.

RICHARDS

This is no bluff, Detective.

CAMPO

I am not doing this. We are finished now.

RICHARDS

Was Angelus already in the tub?

135

INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - NIGHT

The phone rings and LaVoie picks up.

LAVOIE

Nelson Bennet's desk, the...

BENNET (V.O.)

Lorraine? You didn't have to go back to pull that research, you could've...

LAVOIE

Right. What are you calling me for? You going to be late, take it up with the old man...

BENNET (V.O.)

I need you,...I hate to ask, but I need you to come down and post for me.

LAVOIE

I'm not listening...I'm not,...listen, you should sit for what you did.

BENNET (V.O.)

Was it something,...I mean did I, did...did I like the meal?

LAVOIE

Oh, yes, Nelson, it was delectable...

(CONTINUED)

LaVoie slams down the phone.

136

INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Campo paces with purpose. Richards sits.

CAMPO

I did just tell you. We are through.

RICHARDS

Detective, I'm trying to help you. Where was Angelus when you arrived?

CAMPO

You tell me, genius. Where did he get found, Mr. Richards.

RICHARDS

You made a comment a few years ago, that if Angelus re-offended, there wouldn't be another trial. Could you explain what you'd meant by that?

CAMPO

You explain that piece of turd among us, with license to work among a very vulnerable population. Wouldn't dare say anything against the good Father.

RICHARDS

A man who did his time and gets out, who kept a low profile. What was behind your drive to punish him, Detective?

CAMPO

And this last one. You see the photos? Ask Fotinos, put you in touch with Sully. He's the 19th's Mapplethorpe. The Mick's got the stomach for that kinda shit. Christ, Richards! They're so bad, we wouldn't have been able, show them a jury. That,...you need a map, a compass?! Any moron can see, either I was set up, or Angelus decides cutting off his balls, just wasn't good enough.

RICHARDS

Who wants...

CAMPO

Check with Bradshaw. The deal she made with the Diocese, locked-up. I'm done with you.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDS

I will need names,...

CAMPO

Names, that how you people operate up on the hill? On the gate! Michaels! On the gate!

Campo bangs on the door and turns back around.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

I got one for you. What'd they give you for go'n inside?

RICHARDS

I never,...I was just appointed Assistant DA, directly under Ms. Bradshaw. I...

CAMPO

Right, Richards. You like the view from under Bradshaw, admit it. Your ass is sucking wind.

Richards reaches into his jacket, pulls out the St. Anthony's Medallion, contained in a clear plastic bag and slides it across the table towards him.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

What? Your mommy still packing your lunch? That your milk money?

Michaels cracks the door and remains just outside. Campo steps back towards Richards.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Word has it...rubbed between two fingers, with extreme purpose and the impossible, ...is no longer. Sleep well, Walton.

As Michaels comes in for Campo, he places a small SCREWDRIVER onto the table in front of Richards, then follows Campo out. Richards looks at the screwdriver, checks his recorder and finds the tape is mangled.

137

INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S TWO WAY MIRROR ROOM - NIGHT

Fotinos and Wynn observe Campo and Richards. Bradshaw walks in, hands her the EVALUATION SHEET and walks out.

138 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Gloria transfixed at the stove tries to make breakfast. Sam sits at the table and watches, as she is just about to burn the bacon and eggs. The phone rings. He gets up, turns off the burner and answers the phone.

SAM

Hello. Who? No. Who? There's..., this is Sam. Sam, her nephew. Yes, she is.

Sam pulls the phone cord over and places the handset into her hands. She slowly pulls the phone up to her ear.

BENNET (V.O.)

Gloria? Nelson Bennet. The Metairie Monitor.

Gloria starts to choke up.

BENNET (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The other night, ...I was thinking I'd drop by.

GLORIA

Uh, huh...

BENNET (V.O.)

But, forgot to get a gift.

GLORIA

Yes.

BENNET (V.O.)

Embarrassing.

Gloria chokes up even more.

BENNET (CONT'D) VO

You can't do this alone, Gloria.

An extended moment of silence.

GLORIA

No, ...I can...not, ...yes, ...just tell me where and I will meet you...

139 INT. THE 17TH UNIT'S LOCK UP - MORNING

Bennet is on a pay phone, watched by a UNIFORMED COP.

BENNET

Well, ...that's the thing...

140 INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S HOLDING ROOM - MORNING

Vinyl and metal furnishings are the order of the day.
Wynn and Campo sit opposite one another.

WYNN

This doesn't look good, Vincent. You've
been in some tight corners, before...

CAMPO

Yes.

WYNN

No matter what,...you need to know that
I'm next to you on this.

CAMPO

That's good,...cause I got to tell you,
Carol, I don't remember what I...

WYNN

Did? What you did, where you were?

CAMPO

I saw him.

WYNN

Tommy? You saw, Tommy?

CAMPO

Pascarilla. I saw, Pascarilla,...next
thing, Donny wakes me for breakfast, The
Greek,...I don't remember...

WYNN

Jesus, Vincent...

141 EXT. THE 17TH UNIT - MORNING

Gloria, impeccably dressed, waits at the bottom of the
steps. Bennet comes out, spots her below, straightens
himself, descends the steps and they walk away.

142 INT. BENNET'S DESK - DAY

The phone rings and LaVoie picks up.

(CONTINUED)

LAVOIE

Nelson Bennet's, ...hey, take it easy. I don't, ...he's research, ...look Campo, I didn't post for him, ...yeah, well, ...I'm not the only broad in this town, who's got style, ...it wasn't me...

143 EXT. OUR LADY OF FATIMA - DUSK

Bennet and Gloria approach the steps.

GLORIA

I, ...I will need more time, ...to put everything in its place.

BENNET

I'll do what I can.

GLORIA

I have to go in here now.

She turns and starts to ascend the steps.

BENNET

Light a couple candles for me, would you?

She stops and turns around.

GLORIA

I do so, daily.

Bennet looks perplexed.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I've wanted to tell you, ...especially now, ...in case they don't allow me...

He listens.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

My sister, ...June...

BENNET

June?

GLORIA

17 years ago. June DuBois. Oldest daughter of Sergeant Dennis DuBois, ...Louisiana State Trooper. You remember.

Bennet is shaken, as he remembers.

(CONTINUED)

BENNET

He should've stood trial.

GLORIA

Oh, Mr. Bennet, ...he already has.

Gloria turns and walks up the steps.

144

INT. CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER'S - EVENING

Jarvis and Richards walk over to the cooler.

RICHARDS

Now you're saying, cause of death by drowning, ...and then he self-electrocuted.

JARVIS

Gris gris.

RICHARDS

I don't follow.

JARVIS

City that care forgot. N'awlins. Crap happens here, stays here. Never gets paid off.

Jarvis pulls Angelus' body from the cooler, peels the sheet back and indicates the marks on his ankles.

RICHARDS

He drowned himself by his ankles?

JARVIS

Uh-huh. Like the priest 10 years ago.

Richards looks at him.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Said they found him hung in the closet. Suicide. You Catholic?

RICHARDS

No.

JARVIS

No Limbo. No Purgatory. And the diablos from the Diocese, coulda cared less if we explained the marks around Fortier's feet, or not. Ever.

145

INT. CONFESSIONAL - OUR LADY OF FATIMA - NIGHT

Gloria struggles to give her confession.

GLORIA

...but I know where I was,...what I'd seen,...what I'd done...

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

You are ashamed. You feel remorse. Still, there is hope and much that can be done.

GLORIA

When will it,...why wasn't it ever enough?

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

I can help,...there's a retreat at Bocamb, this weekend. You could use the break. Time to reflect and pray. Some,...you time. I'll take Alex and...

GLORIA (SOTTO VOCE)

No...Hail Mary, full of grace,...

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

...and Sam...

GLORIA (SOTTO VOCE)

No...the Lord is with thee,...

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

This retreat is for the children.

GLORIA

No! Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus...

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

Gloria, get a hold of yourself and remember where you are...

GLORIA

And I remember where I was and who I am...

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

And I told you to stay home. You should have never been there to begin with, that...

GLORIA

...that God would resolve this...

(CONTINUED)

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

I will pray that He will forgive you,...
your state of mind...

GLORIA

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us
sinners, now and at the hour of our
death...

146

INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - NIGHT

Bennet digs through his desk, with frantic extreme
purpose. LaVoie walks in and dangles a small plastic
baggie by two fingers.

LAVOIE

You looking for this?

BENNET

Jesum Crow, LaVoie! Announce yourself
from the West Bank next time.,...

LAVOIE

Who did you such a favor, posting for
you?(beat) The crying broad?(beat) You
got the crying broad to,...Nelson, you
have got to get help.

BENNET

Yes. Of course. You're right. I just need
to get straight. Then I'll go in.

LAVOIE

If your life depended on it, you
couldn't...stop now.

BENNET

I just did. You startled me. That's all.
I mean it. I need a break. You're
right...

LAVOIE

Your life depended on it,...you break
my...

Campo bursts in and snatches the dope from LaVoie.

CAMPO

LaVoie, shame on you.

Bennet reaches for the bag, but Campo pulls it back.

(CONTINUED)

LAVOIE

So, God's an enabler. I'd like to say I'm shocked.

CAMPO

Cut the crap. Go make some coffee.

LAVOIE

You're pathetic. The both of you.

LaVoie walks out.

BENNET

Lorraine. I promise, I'll go in, as soon as this one's over.

CAMPO

Promises. Right. Promise deliver me, the broad.

Campo grabs and drops the phone, along with a photo of Gloria, onto the desk in front of him.

BENNET

I have to get straight first...

CAMPO

First, you get on the blower.

BENNET

I'm not kidding, Campo. I'm really on the hook this time.

CAMPO

You don't make this happen, today. Then you'll know...what "on the hook", really means. Because I will move the Mississippi, make certain your little Dominican, gets his long overdue boat ride home.

147

INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S BULLPEN - DAWN

Richards sits at Campo's desk and pores over the files. Fotinos eats a bowl of TZATZIKI, leans on the desk and offers some to Richards, who politely declines.

FOTINOS

Den eina'ki.

Richards looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

FOTINOS (CONT'D)
 Ain't in there. Cold Case, down the
 cellar, under F. Jarvis called, said you
 got all worked up.

Richards gets up to go.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)
 Michaels 'll keep you company.

Michaels leads the way and Richards follows.

FOTINOS (CONT'D)
 You don't know what you're getting
 yourself into.

148 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - MORNING

Bouchard and Campo per usual, with Bennet in the back.

149 INT. THE 19TH UNIT - CELLAR - MORNING

Richards is on the phone, with Michaels to his side.

BRADSHAW (V.O.)
 So, what do you have?

Richards just stares straight ahead.

BRADSHAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Well,...

Richards considers, as he looks at the Fortier file.

RICHARDS
 We have a murder suspect, that person now
 deceased, was drowned and then
 electrocuted post-mortem and at this time
 our only suspect is a 25 year veteran of
 the New Orleans Police Department...

BRADSHAW (V.O.)
 Tell me something I don't know.

RICHARDS
 Like Father Fortier.

BRADSHAW (V.O.)
 Mr. Richards, don't waste your time. That
 case is buried, cold and a coincidence.

RICHARDS
 Well then, I will have to waste my time.

(CONTINUED)

BRADSHAW (V.O.)
It is not yours to waste.

A moment of silence.

BRADSHAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Drop the drama, the boys from the 19th
have got you running in circles...

Richards disconnects the call and looks to Michaels.

MICHAELS
We go over to the apartment and have
another look?

RICHARDS
Sergeant?

MICHAELS
Michaels.

RICHARDS
Sergeant Michaels.

MICHAELS
No, sir. Michaels.

150 INT. THE GREEK - DAY

Bennet, propped up in his booth, with Campo and Bouchard
in the booth adjacent.

CAMPO
Sheila, dishwater for your boyfriend.
Hot'n nasty; like you.

SHEILA
Campo, you've such a way. Hearing you
talk, is like a step up, from the sewer
pipe to the toilet bowl.

CAMPO
Watch your mouth. Don's hungry. Get him a
Muffaletta,...extra olive salad. Don?

BOUCHARD
Thanks, Vince. I'm,...well yeah, I could
actually like a,...and a Debris Biscuit.

Campo just shakes his head in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

You got that, Sheila? Bring also your man here just a Red Beans. Bennet, you still with us?

Bennet stumbles out of the booth, as he steps on his untied shoelaces. He dry heaves, which knocks him to his knees. Sheila comes to his aid and assists him to the Men's. The phone rings behind the counter and Jimmy answers.

JIMMY

The Greek, Jimmy. Yes. He's busy right now, his stomaki's a little upset.

CAMPO

Jimmy, who is it?

JIMMY

Some broad, crying...wants Bennet.

Campo runs over and snatches the phone away from him.

CAMPO

Hey, Zorbas...take a hike.

Jimmy walks away.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Good day. Yes, our Mr. Bennet is indisposed. I can help you.

Campo gives Bouchard the signal to call in the trace.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

If you'd stop crying for a second, ma'am, we might be able to explain what your options are. I am speaking with the person Mr. Bennet had mentioned was with the special situation, right?

Silence.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Don't hang up. Don't hang up on me. C'mon, we are so close. Don't do this. Lady...please, I'm...this is not a game...do not play me...I will find you...

152 INT. THE GREEK - DAY

Campo at the counter and holds the phone.

CAMPO
Tell me you got it, Don.

BOUCHARD
We just missed it.

CAMPO
Fuck me!

153 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Richards, along with Michaels stand and survey the room.

154 INSERT - STILL PHOTOS

Multiple snapshots of Angelus in the tub flash through Richards' mind.

155 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Richards reaches behind the tub, comes up with the electrical cord to the TV and looks to Michaels.

156 INT. THE 19TH UNIT'S BULLPEN - DAY

Wynn almost reaches Fotinos' office, when Bradshaw enters and is stymied by the Bullpen Ballet.

BRADSHAW
Carol!

WYNN
What do you want, Sam?

BRADSHAW
Where are my eval results on Campo?

WYNN
I'm not going to dicuss that with you.
You'll have them shortly.

BRADSHAW
Yes, but Dr Wynn, you're in my house
and...

(CONTINUED)

WYNN

I'll take my chances and I'll try not to roll over on my client.

BRADSHAW

The people of New Orleans are your clients.

WYNN

As the Diocese is yours.

BRADSHAW

I'll ask you again,...

WYNN

Maybe you'll audit their books, after they elect you Mayor.

Fotinos' door pops open.

FOTINOS

Siga, siga...k'metamalako. You bet your ass he was there. Did he broil the good Brother? Get a grip Bradshaw and you really give a crap one way or the other.

BRADSHAW

Is Mr. Richards still down in the archives?

Fotinos shrugs his shoulders.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Then you'd better make room on your roster. Kids,...with cap guns, playing cops and robbers. You have covered for Campo for the last time.

FOTINOS

Den peirazi,...he's making that collar. So, put on your rubbers, cause he's about to piss on your parade.

157 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Richards and Michaels look at the looped and kinked cord.

158 INSERT - STILL PHOTOS

Images of Angelus on the slab at the Medical Examiner's, flash in Richards mind.

159 INT. ANGELUS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Richards considers for a moment, when Michaels opens the Fortier file to a photo of his marked ankles.

160 INT. THE GREEK - EVENING

Campo starts to bring Bennet to consciousness.

CAMPO

Hey, Dorothy...wake up. This ain't Kansas anymore.

BENNET

What?...Huh...I'm fine...I just gotta get up and move a bit. Get straight.

The phone rings, Jimmy picks up.

JIMMY

Bennet...for you...

CAMPO

Don't cock this up, Kerouac...

Bennet goes over to pick up the phone.

BENNET

Yes. Yes, Uh huh...I'll make sure...you have my word. Gloria, please. You're,... Yes. He will. He always does... You can count on it.

He hangs up and returns to his booth.

CAMPO

What's our next move, genius?

BENNET

She wants to get her house in order, there's kids...

CAMPO

She's jerking us, Bennet. You got till morning.

BENNET

No, Vin...

CAMPO

No, Bennet! We're not burn'n anymore daylight on this.

(CONTINUED)

BENNET

Of course,...of,...you're,...you are absolutely correct. You'll,...you will have,...get to her,...right,...shortly after the cock crows. (beat) Now,...now may I have the rest of my bag. Please.

CAMPO

Don. Just a bump. Bennet, I don't need you, O.D. on me. Sheila, keep an eye, your boyfriend. He's not well. And Jimmy, keep that swill you call coffee, coming this booth, till I get back for him. I'll tell Fotinos, deputize you.

Campo and Bouchard leave with purpose.

161 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Gloria frantically slams doors and drawers with extreme purpose and stops on one open cabinet. Gloria remembers.

162 INT. FLASHBACK - YOUNG GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gloria, seven years of age, tiptoes down the hall and passes a credenza, on top of which sits a LOUISIANA STATE TROOPER'S BADGE, a SMOKEY HAT and a NAME PLATE which reads; DUBOIS. To the left, a framed and engraved snapshot of Gloria and her older sister June, which reads; "We Love You, Daddy". Gloria hears a noise, stops at a door and peeks in, but stops short, when she sees a man; her father on top of June. He humps and fondles her aggressively. June sees Gloria and quickly puts her forefinger to her lips. Gloria slowly backs out.

163 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gloria slams shut a cabinet drawer and jerks open another with frenetic purpose. Gloria remembers.

164 INT. CHARITY HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Gloria, 15 years of age, lays on the delivery table and gives birth to a baby girl, Alexandra. The Obstetrician and Nurses are gowned, gloved and masked. One of the Nurses, swaddles the baby in a blanket and lays her into Gloria's arms. She weeps with joy and looks up at Father Roland Courier, who is also masked and stands at her side. He is fixated on the baby, with zero concern for Gloria, as he gently reaches for the baby and slowly removes her from Gloria's hold.

165 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gloria frantically continues to open and slam drawers and cabinets and stops on one. Gloria remembers.

166 INT. FLASHBACK - GLORIA'S FRONT ROOM - EVENING

Gloria, 23, sits in her worn green velvet chair. Father Roland Courier, is outside on the front steps, masked by the lace curtains and repeatedly rings the doorbell and knocks on the door.

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

This is wrong. You're making a big mistake. You're,...mistaken.

Alex, eight, walks into the front room towards the window and waves, she then leans over to Gloria and whispers.

ALEX

Mamma?

GLORIA

We'll see him tomorrow in church. Now, please close the curtains and get ready for bed.

Alex closes the curtains, waves goodbye to him and turns around.

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

I never touched her. Gloria! This is insane...crazy. Gloria...

ALEX

Are you crazy, Mamma?

167 INT. GLORIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gloria opens and shuts cabinet doors, as rapidly as she can. Sam runs after her and attempts to slow her down. He holds her with all he's got, as she is met with the cold stare from Alex, who appears in the doorway.

168 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Bouchard's on the phone and disconnects the call.

CAMPO

Don,...get on the blower. Make sure Bennet's meeting our new friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Cause tomorrow we're getting these,...
solve the Rivier case. Cake, Don. Cake.

BOUCHARD

And Vince,...after,...after that, we're
gonna finish our business with the Boys
Club?

Campo struggles to consider.

CAMPO

We were never closer to getting it
done,...to the top, huh, Don? Like cats
with more than nine lives, the bastards.
One day they'll slip up and like always,
you and me, Don.

BOUCHARD (SOTTO VOCE)

Nineteen years, you never once drop by...

CAMPO

What Don?

BOUCHARD

Nothing,...we only have two.

CAMPO

Two...

BOUCHARD

Cats. We had just one, but she got
lonely, so...

CAMPO

You kill me, Don...that phone dial
itself?

169

INT. THE GREEK - NIGHT

Bennet, on the phone at the counter, hangs up, turns
around and watches Sheila walk toward his booth, with
Bread Pudding and a large milk, which she places in front
of Richards. Bennet walks over, sits across from him and
grins.

BENNET

You know what this means, don't you?

RICHARDS

I'm having a glass of milk and Bread
Pudding with a Rum Scauce.

BENNET

OK. OK. Yes, this is what that means.
Very good Assistant District Attorney...

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDS

Richards. We've met?

BENNET

Not directly, I've been writing about you in my column; Crime and Punishment. Page 2A. The Metairie Monitor. You read it?

RICHARDS

No. OK. Ah, you called me here to...

BENNET

You don't read my column.

170

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

The phone rings repeatedly, as Wynn rolls over to answer.

WYNN

Hello?

CAMPO (V.O.)

Dr. Wynn, this is your wake up call.

WYNN

Campo,...I'm not even going to ask you what time it is.

CAMPO (V.O.)

Carol,...I'm going to need,...they,... she's going to need you for intake and she's got kids. What I promised.

A moment of silence.

CAMPO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You do the intake on this one and I'll be the subject of your next book.

WYNN

That's boiler-plate Campo. You just can't help yourself, can you?

CAMPO (V.O.)

I'll see you later today.

171

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Campo starts to end his call.

WYNN (V.O.)

Vincent, let go of the ghosts.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

Yeah, I guess 13 was his lucky number.

172 INT. GLORIA'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Gloria in her dressing gown, sits in her chair, when a loud thud outside, causes her to glance toward the door, but she remains frozen.

173 EXT. GLORIA'S FRONT STOOP - CONTINUOUS

THE METAIRIE MONITOR lays on the step. It reads; **MOTHER KNEW BEST...CAMPO'S CAPTURE OF RENE RIVIER'S KILLER. TODAY!!! SEE FULL STORY IN CRIME & PUNISHMENT. PAGE 2A. BY NELSON BENNET.**

174 INT. THE GREEK - NIGHT

Richards readies himself to go.

RICHARDS

Well, this has been real nice of you, Mr. Bennet. Thanks for picking up the tab.

Richards gets up to leave.

BENNET

Now, Mr. Richards, there's always a price to pay for everything, this life.

RICHARDS

I'm not sure I'm catching your drift.

BENNET

You will. The armed robbery, Feb. 28th. The Whitney. Corner of Tchoupitoulas and Leontine.

He sits back down.

BENNET (CONT'D)

A rookie, Frederick W. Richards, places the first call. So terrified this kid was, dispatch had to playback nine times till they got was said.

He starts to leave.

BENNET (CONT'D)

You're gonna wanna to stay for this. See this recruit makes a run for it.

(CONTINUED)

He continues to ignore him.

BENNET (CONT'D)

Hard pill to swallow, I know. Streets covered with the blood of your fellow officers, you frozen with fear, and 10 years later, gets a free ride, an Uncle, oversees Admin, the DA's office.

He turns back in and faces Bennet.

BENNET (CONT'D)

Figures, modify your name, you dissolve. Frederick.

RICHARDS

Mr. Bennet, get to the point.

BENNET

You are not now and never were a cop. But today, you get another shot.

RICHARDS

Or the headline reads; Coward Cop Resurfaces.

BENNET

You do read my column.

RICHARDS

Extortion...

BENNET

We call it,...leveraging.

RICHARDS

What do you want from me, Mr. Bennet?

BENNET

The DNA,...

RICHARDS

You're asking me to lose the DNA.

BENNET

Inconsequential.

Richards looks at him.

BENNET (CONT'D)

You got the spit and image, what you and Michaels found two very perished priests, a decade apart,...

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDS

And both, death by anoxia.

BENNET

Eloquent. But you're forgetting the Rule of Threes.

RICHARDS

So, the next one 10 years from now?

BENNET

Don't disappoint me, we're so close. The Rivier kid. Not too late to dig him up, marks'll still be visible.

Richards considers.

RICHARDS

I'll look into it, that is, if I still have a job tomorrow.

Bennet is slightly amused.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Now, again, Mr. Bennet, what do you want from me.

Bennet turns his gaze away and towards Sheila.

BENNET

The Anthony, the sole piece, puts my friend at the scene. You,...you, Houdini the coin. You understand.

Richards slaps the Medallion onto the table and Bennet slowly turns back around and looks him in the eye.

RICHARDS

Understand?

Bennet looks at him, as he gets up and goes.

175 INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Sam, fully dressed, fidgets, as Gloria does Alex's hair.

176 INT. THE GREEK - MORNING

Bouchard sits at the counter and shoots the breeze with Jimmy. Campo and Bennet sit in their respective booths per usual. Bennet slides a napkin with the address, Gloria D. Terrabeaux-1157 Dumaine, over the top of the booth to Campo and begins to turn to look at Campo.

(CONTINUED)

CAMPO

You still think the rules have changed.
Terrabeaux?

Bennet slides back down into his original position.

BENNET

Her mother's maiden. I swore to her,
you'd do right by them,...get them help,
something. DuBois.

Campo, shaken, his face turns ashen.

CAMPO (SOTTO VOCE)

Dennis's kid,...the one he raped?

Bennet shakes his head.

BENNET

The one he didn't. (beat) Was it worth
it?

Bennet and Campo lock eyes and remember.

177 **INSERT - TABLOID HEADLINE - THE METAIRIE MONITOR: KOP ON
KOP KRIME! DUBOIS KILLED IN CAR CRASH! CAMPO, I'LL CU
LATER! TRIAL POSTPONED TILL ETERNITY...SEE CRIME &
PUNISHMENT. BY NELSON BENNET. PAGE 2A.**

178 **INT. THE GREEK - CONTINUOUS**

CAMPO (SOTTO VOCE)

Son of a bitch lost his life,...all I
lost was my license.

He rises to leave. Bennet slaps his cupped hand up on the
back of the booth. Campo turns around and spots his St.
Anthony's Medallion.

BENNET

Street says you were missing this.

Campo looks around, takes it and rolls it thoroughly over
his knuckles, shoots Bennet a look of approval, turns
around, taps Don on the shoulder and they leave. Bennet
gets up to follow and the phone rings.

JIMMY

Yes? The Greek, good da...yes, just
a...Bennet, for you.

Bennet is almost out the door and turns around.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
The crying broad,...she...

Bennet comes quickly to the phone.

BENNET
Gloria,...Gloria,...Gloria...

179 INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Gloria, dressed in a full slip, stands at her closet and goes through her wardrobe with care and chooses a light blue two-piece CHANEL SUIT, dons the skirt and hangs the jacket from one of the ceiling beams directly behind the stool. She sits at her Vanity, applies her make-up and does her hair. A multi-page handwritten note lies on top of the Vanity to one side, half out of the envelope which reads; Mr. Nelson Bennet, THE METAIRIE MONITOR.

180 INT. OUR LADY OF FATIMA'S SANCTUARY - MORNING

Campo enters, followed by Bouchard, who remains inside at the doors. Campo makes his way down to the altar, lights a candle, drops his St. Anthony's medallion into the offering box and reflects. A squelch from Bouchard's radio, snaps Campo around, as Bouchard approaches.

181 INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Fully dressed, Gloria sits and stares into the mirror.

GLORIA
I would never be enough. I am empty.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
You consumed me. (beat) I
am empty. (beat) I am
ready. (beat) I am empty.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We beseech Thee, O Lord, in
Thy mercy, to have pity on
the soul of Thy
handmaidens; do Thou, Who
hast freed us from the
perils of this mortal life,
restore to us the portion
of everlasting salvation.
Through Christ our Lord,
amen.

Father Roland Courier is revealed to Gloria in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER ROLAND COURIER
My good and faithful servant.

She closes her eyes, then slowly opens them and finds him gone. Through her tears, Gloria gently takes a thick envelope, addressed to Mr Nelson Bennet, up to her lips and seals it with resigned purpose.

182 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - MORNING

The blue light flashes on the dash, with Bouchard fully focused and Campo, who has one hand on the door. They speed down the congested streets of New Orleans.

183 EXT. MRS. RIVIER'S FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Mrs. Rivier stares across towards Gloria's.

184 EXT. GLORIA'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

The street is lined with a few cruisers, a paramedic vehicle. Fotinos sits in his cruiser with the door open and smokes his cigar. Michaels is up the walkway and keeps an eye on everything. Bennet walks out of the front door with the letter in hand. Dr. Carol Wynn is in the front room window with Alex and Sam. All those outside listen in on their radios to what's going on inside. The unusually reverent PRESS CORPS in attendance.

185 EXT. GLORIA'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Campo jumps out of the cruiser before it fully stops, with Bouchard close behind. They make their way through the crowd. Campo shoves Bennet, which knocks him off balance. The envelope escapes Bennet's grasp and falls to the ground. He grabs it and quickly puts it into his jacket. Campo bounds up the steps two at a time, but stops short, as he looks down the hall into Gloria's bedroom, where a cord hangs from the ceiling. Her body is readied onto the stretcher by TWO PARAMEDICS. Other OFFICIALS move around the bedroom.

CAMPO
You couldn't get her to wait? I was
around the corner. You were supposed to
get her to hold on.

Bennet, beside himself, offers no response.

186 INT. GLORIA'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Campo forces himself into the front room with Alex, Sam and Wynn, when he hears the sound of wheels from the stretcher. He leans his head back out into the hall.

CAMPO

You move one more time...

The sound of the wheels and all extraneous noise cease. Father Roland Courier looks up and then continues to administer the Last Rites over Gloria. Campo then leans back in.

CAMPO (CONT'D)

Jesus, Wynn, get them out of here.

WYNN

Hey, Sam, let's go for a ride. We'll look at the Cruisers from outside for awhile. What do you think? You, me and Alex.

Sam looks to Alex for the OK and gets it.

187 EXT. GLORIA'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Campo and Co., push through the crowd toward their cruiser. Wynn, Alex and Sam, get into the backseat. Bouchard and Campo look at each other over the top of the cruiser and turn towards the house, as the stretcher is lowered down the steps, with Father Roland Courier behind. Campo looks over towards Mrs. Rivier, who turns away and walks inside.

188 EXT. GLORIA'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Bennet stands in the chaos of cops, et al, as they wrap it up. He reaches into his jacket for Gloria's letter.

189 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - AFTERNOON

Wynn behind Campo, with Sam in the middle and Alex behind Bouchard. Bouchard reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pack of Teaberry and offers a stick to Sam. He takes it and Bouchard offers to the rest, but they refuse. Sam just looks at the wrapped stick of gum.

BOUCHARD

Sam,...this is how I open it, so as not to disturb the powdered sugar on the stick. It's very important.

(CONTINUED)

Sam mirrors him, as he does his usual ceremony.

CAMPO (SOTTO VOCE)

Offer him a bottle of Moxie, wash it down
while you're at it, why don't you.

One beat after Bouchard, he pops the gum into his mouth.

SAM

It's kinda,...I,...but I like it,...I
guess.

190 INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - AFTERNOON

Bennet at his desk, finishes his column on his computer.
He scrolls up to the heading which reads: **GLORIA NOT
GUILTY! THE SACRIFICE AND COVER UP BY GLORIA
TERRABEAUX...NELSON BENNET.** Bennet stares at the copy.

191 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

Sam hangs over the front seat.

SAM

Hey, Mister Donny? You wanna play "I
Spy"? You can go first. Just let me know
when you're ready.

Bouchard's eyes search for how to begin and Sam leans
over more towards Campo.

SAM (CONT'D)

You wanna play too? We can do a 3'r...if
you want.

CAMPO

Naw,...that's O.K. kid, I'm sitt'n this
one out. You and Don do a double.

Campo leans back and looks straight out the windshield.

BOUCHARD

You ready, Sam?

SAM

I'm ready, go ahead.

BOUCHARD

I Spy,...something shiny, something
heavy, something gold...

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Your badge...that was too easy...O.K., my
turn...I Spy something...

Campo's phone rings, as Sam and Bouchard play the game.

CAMPO

Campo...

BENNET (V.O.)

What I'm about to tell you...

CAMPO (SOTTO VOCE)

You're gonna tell me...what,...how you
going to fix today, Bennet? You don't
have enough lifetimes left.

BENNET (V.O.)

She left me,...a,...her,...you're not...

CAMPO

You got 30 sec.

Wynn looks at Campo in his visor mirror.

BENNET (V.O.)

She was on the 54,...she saw what
happened,...saw the last person with
Rivier, that night...

GLORIA (V.O.)

That night,...I had joined him on the 54
and we were riding home,...eyes burning.

192

INT. FLASHBACK - STREETCAR - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

As the 54 comes to a stop, Rene Rivier makes his way down the aisle towards the front. The Streetcar stops, the doors open and he descends the steps and exits out onto the street. The Streetcar starts to pull away. He takes a moment, turns around and begins to walk up the street. The 54 abruptly halts. Father Roland Courier stands at the rear exit doors and sharply turns around.

FATHER ROLAND COURIER

Sit back down.

The rear doors open and he descends the steps, which reveals Gloria, who stands frozen behind him. Rene and he exchange greetings and together walk away. Numb, Gloria stares through the doors at them, as the Streetcar pulls away.

193 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

GLORIA (V.O.)
Rollie didn't want me anymore...

CAMPO(SOTTO VOCE)
Buy me time, Bennet...

Campo ends the call.

194 INT. BENNET'S DESK - THE METAIRIE MONITOR - DUSK

The phone to his ear, he stares at the screen.

BENNET
Don't tell,...I know what gets done.

Bennet closes the document on the screen which reveals the headline behind; **GLORIA GUILTY!** He begins to reseal Gloria's letter, but stops short as he pulls Gloria's SONOGRAM photo from within its pages. He considers it for an extended moment, then lays it gently on his desk. He finishes sealing the envelope and exchanges it for his works kit from inside his jacket.

195 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

Alex stares at Campo in his visor mirror. Wynn and Campo, do likewise.

ALEX
Maybe God should handle it.

Campo slowly shakes his head, shuts the visor and stares out the windshield. Sam holds onto Alex with all his might, who looks at Campo and Wynn, then turns her face in at the rear passenger window. Her image crystal clear, becomes blurry, as her eyes well with tears.

196 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Campo looks straight into the windshield at his crystal clear reflection and he struggles against all that's within him, until Wynn's hand comes rest on his shoulder. Campo silently weeps.

(CONTINUED)

et facti sumus ut inmundus omnes nos quasi pannus
menstruatae universae iustitiae nostrae et cecidimus
quasi folium universi et iniquitates nostrae quasi ventus
abstulerunt nos

ISAIAH 64:6

But we are all as an unclean [thing], and all our
righteousnesses [are] as filthy rags; and we all do fade
as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken
us away.