

Machine Gun Symphony
by
Michael Joseph Kospiah

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

The train rumbles over the tracks. Quiet. Several PASSENGERS keep to themselves, either buried in a book or a newspaper.

The interior facade is tagged with sloppy graffiti, probably done by amateurs. Turbulence causes newspaper pages to flutter about across the litter-covered floor.

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - 1977

NOAH TATE (37) stands at center aisle, leans against a pole for leverage as he plays the violin. A sad and dark, yet beautiful CLASSICAL VIOLIN SOLO - Brahm's 1 2nd Movement Solo.

Noah, in raggedy clothes, scruffy facial hair with an uneven Afro, finishes the piece and stops. He looks around the subway car, sees that nobody is paying attention.

Noah stuffs his violin and bow into a duffle bag, straps it around his shoulder and walks down the aisle. He holds a cup out in attempt to collect change. But no donations. The PASSENGERS ignore him.

NOAH (V.O.)
I know they see me. I know they
hear me. But they act like they
don't.

A RUCKUS breaks out at the end of the subway car. Noah turns to see a fight between TWO PASSENGERS. Like a sloppy, uncoordinated wrestling match in the aisle.

All the PASSENGERS avert their eyes to the fight. Some even stand up to get a better look.

Noah looks over all the passengers, shakes his head in disappointment.

NOAH (V.O.)
Nowadays, only way to exist is to
make noise.

Noah sits down, sets his duffle bag on his lap and watches the fight like everyone else. Sad expression on his face. Noah hangs his head, sighs.

NOAH (V.O.)
 Damn shame. Try to offer the world
 something beautiful and they just
 don't care.

A hand slowly comes into view. A one-hundred dollar bill in its grasp. Noah picks his head up, sees ADAM CURRY (42), distinguished with thick lenses and in a business suit. Briefcase by his feet.

A hint of sadness in Adam's eyes as he holds out the one-hundred dollar bill.

NOAH
 I can't --

ADAM
 Take it.

Noah reluctantly takes the money, stares at Adam in befuddlement.

ADAM
 My daughter played the violin.

NOAH
 Yeah? How old is she?

Adam looks sadly down at the floor, seems bothered by the question.

ADAM
 What's your name?

NOAH
 Noah.

ADAM
 Noah, what?

NOAH
 Noah Tate.

ADAM

Adam Curry.

The TRAIN SCREECHES, slows to a stop.

ADAM

Remember me.

The sliding doors open. Adam stands up, takes his briefcase and leaves the train.

Noah watches him curiously, thinks to himself for a moment, still a bit confused. As the sliding doors begin to close, Noah quickly rises to his feet, pokes his arm through to keep the doors open.

The doors slide open again and Noah exits the train.

EXT. HARLEM - ADAM CLAYTON POWELL BLVD. & 116TH ST. - NIGHT

The city that truly never sleeps. But this part of town is a far cry from Times Square.

CHILDREN play in a fire hydrant that spurts water. They laugh and cheer gleefully. LOITERERS hang out on corners and stoops of decrepid apartment buildings and tenements.

Bodegas and liquor stores line the block. PROSTITUTES advertise their services freely. A DRUG FIEND stumbles through a nearby alley, scratches himself vigorously as he shivers.

Noah follows Adam through the block until they reach a corner. Adam crosses the street but Noah stays put at the corner.

EXT. ACROSS STREET - WHORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Adam casually approaches the dilapidated brownstone where FOUR HOODLUMS hang out on the stoop, speak loudly amongst each other, over-animated.

One of the HOODLUMS sees Adam approach and stands up. Hoodlum walks with a cocky strut in an attempt to look tough. He stops Adam, presses his hand to his chest.

HOODLUM
What's your business here, pops?

ADAM
I'm looking for action.

Hoodlum sizes him up.

HOODLUM
Action? Who the fuck you is, man?

Adam swiftly opens his briefcase, pulls out an Uzi SMG and BRAT-A-TAT! Shoots Hoodlum in the knees. Hoodlum screams, drops to his belly and flails around in agony.

PEDESTRIANS scream, duck for cover and run. Noah hides behind a telephone pole, looks on with wide eyes.

Adam points his Uzi at the other HOODLUMS and BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! A mist of blood shoots into the air as the HOODLUMS drop like dominoes.

Adam enters the building as Noah continues to spy, frozen expression on his face.

O.S. MACHINE GUN FIRE from inside the building. RETURN FIRE from a semi-automatic pistol. Not rapid like from the Uzi. A full-on gunfight O.S.

The gunfire ceases. Brief silence. Half naked PROSTITUTES flood out the doors as the block empties out. Adam staggers out after the Prostitutes, last one to leave.

Still armed with his Uzi, Adam appears injured. Shot up pretty good. Several bullet wounds as blood gushes from his chest, soaks his suit.

Hoodlum continues to scream for help on the sidewalk, squirms around frantically on his belly. Adam points his Uzi down at him and BRAT-A-TAT! Sprays him across the back. Silences him.

Exhausted, Adam sits on the stoop, takes a breather. Elbows on his knees. Adam looks around, sees Noah across the street. They meet eyes.

Adam winces in pain as he rises to his feet, limps across the street to Noah.

Adam raises his Uzi at Noah. All Noah can do is stand there, in shock. Adam stares at him a bit with his eyes growing heavier by the second. He lowers the Uzi.

ADAM

(gasps)

I... I remember you...

Adam drops his Uzi, collapses to the street and lies motionless. Noah stares down at him, appalled and confused at the same time.

Noah slowly crouches down, touches the Uzi that lies on the curb. He picks it up, looks at it curiously, holds it into the air.

SIRENS near from O.S. Noah becomes alert, runs off with the Uzi.

EXT. BROOKLYN - BOWL-A-RAMA - DAY

SUPER: BROOKLYN

A bright, sunny day. Some TEENS shoot hoop at a nearby basketball court, chains instead of nets.

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - CONTINUOUS

Typical bowling alley. A slow business day, only a few lanes occupied with BOWLERS.

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - LANE SIX - CONTINUOUS

A bowling ball cruises along the hardwood floor, accelerates towards a full stack of pins when CRASH! A perfect strike.

Back at the foul line, JACK SOUTH (40), silver gray hair yet young facial features, grins. In a gray suit minus the jacket, sleeves rolled up, Jack glances back at the scorer's table where AL, late fifties, sits.

An unsettling, menacing stare, Jack nods at Al. Al nods in accord, jots down an X on the scorecard.

Jack walks back to the seats with a cocky swagger, mischievous grin on his face. FOUR MEN occupy the seats. One of them stands out - ANGEL TORRES, late twenties, arms covered in tattoos.

JACK
Christ, I fucking love that noise.
Like music to my ears.

Angel forces a grin, less than impressed.

JACK
Your turn.

Angel stands up, approaches the ball return, grabs a ball and sticks his fingers in.

JACK
Speaking of noise...

Angel approaches the foul line as he chews on a toothpick, glances back at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
The incident last night in Harlem?

Angel rolls his eyes as he gets into position.

ANGEL
Listen, Jack --

JACK
Who the fuck gave you permission to pull tricks in my building?

ANGEL
Jack --

JACK
I pay you to store my product,
Angel. I even give you a piece of
the action!

ANGEL
I'm a business man, Jack.

JACK
Your business is fucking with my
business. One-hundred thousand
dollars worth a guns... seized!

Angel stares down the pins, gets his back swing ready.

ANGEL
I'm good for it.

JACK
How? Pimping? Where do you plan on
pulling tricks from now, genius?

Angel lofts the ball down the alley, watches it glide towards
the pins. CRASH! Only a few pins fall. Angel turns to Jack as
he goes back to the ball return.

ANGEL
I got places.

Angel grabs his ball, turns his back to Jack and approaches
the foul line for another shot. Jack laughs ironically.

JACK
You got places.
(beat)
Tell me something else, hot shot.
The fella who shot up the joint --

ANGEL
Mother fucker's daughter used to
work for me.

JACK
Did you find that out before or
after you sold him one 'a my guns?

Angel gets into position, glances back at Jack again.

ANGEL
How the fuck was I s'posed to know?

Angel turns back to the pins.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Honest mistake.

Angel cocks his arm back, his back swing when...

BOOM! Jack shoots Angel in the back of the knee. Angel lets out a yelp, drops instantly. His face hits the floor and the toothpick pokes out from his cheek as his ball flutters down the lane, falls into the ditch. A gutter ball.

Screams followed by an awkward hush as BOWLERS in other lanes look on in shock. Jack approaches Angel with his pistol hanging from his grip.

Angel lies helplessly on his belly, in severe pain as Jack hovers above him. Angel rolls to his back, winces in pain.

ANGEL

What the fuck, man?!

JACK

Who's your partner?

ANGEL

What?!

JACK

You ain't smart enough to run this side operation solo.

(beat)

What's his name?

ANGEL

Cat named Tyrone! Tyrone Wilson!
Lives up in Harlem! Works for Nicky Barnes!

Jack's expression falls. Sheer rage in his eyes.

JACK

Nicky Barnes?

(beat)

You get me mixed up with that fucking loud mouth, low life dope pusher?!

Jack points his pistol down at Angel.

ANGEL

Jack, please don't shoot!

Jack stares at Angel for a moment, calms himself. He lowers his pistol, shakes his head in disappointment at Angel. Jack disappears O.S.

Jack returns to view, this time with a bowling ball in his hand. He stands over Angel with a cold look in his eyes.

JACK

You believe in heaven? Because I don't. I believe that when you die, that's it. There's no light at the end of the tunnel. No pearly gates. Only darkness. And all that's left is a rotting corpse.

Jack raises the bowling ball into the air with both hands.

ANGEL

No!!!

Jack slams the ball into Angel's face - blood spurts onto Jack's shirt.

Silence. Jack looks around at all the wide-eyed spectators, back at Al at the scorer's table. Al stares at him appalled.

JACK

What, Al?! You got something to say?!

Al stutters a bit, struggles to speak.

AL

How... how do I score this?

Jack looks down at Angel's mangled face, back to Paul.

JACK

I win by default.

INT. HARLEM - 125TH ST. & 8TH AVE. - SUBWAY TERMINAL - NIGHT

Noah sleeps, curled up at the bottom of the stairway, duffle bag tucked close. His violin and bow sticks out of the top.

A filthy place to sleep, litter everywhere. PEDESTRIANS simply step over Noah to get up the stairway.

A HAND slowly reaches into Noah's duffle bag. JOEY (19), greasy hair and wide-eyed, dressed in rags, keeps his eyes on Noah as he grabs the neck of the violin, slowly pulls it out of the bag.

Noah snores loudly, alarms Joey a bit. But Joey gets the violin all the way out of the bag. Success. But Joey glances into the bag and sees an Uzi SMG. His eyes widen.

Joey looks up at Noah, Noah's eyes wide open.

JOEY

Shit!

Joey jets up the stairs with the violin.

NOAH

Hey!

Noah jumps up, takes his duffle bag and chases Joey up the stairs.

EXT. HARLEM - 125TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

Joey keeps a comfortable lead, but glances back and sees Noah gain ground.

NOAH

Somebody stop that white boy!

Joey squeezes through a line of PEOPLE in front of the APOLLO THEATER, sprints across...

EXT. HARLEM - ADAM CLAYTON POWELL BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Joey cuts right, towards downtown. He looks back, sees Noah turn the corner. Joey speeds it up a notch.

EXT. HARLEM - 116TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

Joey sprints across the street to...

EXT. WHORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The site of the shoot out from earlier. Joey runs up the stoop, pounds on the door, covered in police tape.

He desperately gasps for breath as he pounds on the door. He turns, sees Noah at the bottom of the stoop, throws his hands in the air, the violin in his grip.

JOEY
Don't shoot!

Noah catches his breath.

NOAH
God damn, young'n, I ain't gonna
shootcha! I just want my violin!

Joey pounds on the front door again.

NOAH
What business you got at this
building? Don't you know some
lunatic shot the place up last
night? See the police tape?

Joey looks at the door, back at Noah.

NOAH
I just want my violin.

Noah eyes Joey curiously.

NOAH
You hopped up on that shit? You
fixin' to swap the violin for some
dope?

JOEY
I'm trying to get some money, man!

NOAH
Money?

JOEY
Tyrone buys shit off me all the
time!

NOAH
What kind 'a mother fucker's gonna
buy a violin?

JOEY
You got one.

Noah continues to catch his breath, laughs.

NOAH
What's your name?

JOEY
They call me Joey Five-Fingers.

NOAH
They?

JOEY
They call me that cause --

NOAH
You steal shit. Yeah, I get it.
What's your real name?

JOEY
It's Joey. Joey Campbell.

NOAH
All right then, Joey Campbell. I
got a proposition for 'ya.

Noah digs into his pocket, pulls out a one-hundred dollar
bill, waves it at Joey.

NOAH (CONT'D)
I'll give you a C-note for that
violin.

Joey looks at the money confused.

JOEY
You're jocking me, right?

Noah continues to hold out the money. Joey hands Noah the
violin, takes the money at the same time. Joey looks at the
bill, looks at Noah confused.

NOAH
You hungry?

JOEY
What?

NOAH
I'm starvin' like Marvin. Let's
grab somethin' to eat. Your dollar.

Noah pats Joey on the shoulder, leads him up the street.
Joey, confused, follows.

INT. HARLEM - LUCY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

A little hole in the wall diner. Noah and Joey sit across
from each other at a table. Noah watches Joey go to work on
chicken and waffles.

NOAH
If you from Upstate, what the fuck
you doin' down state?

Joey shrugs.

JOEY
More people, more shit to steal.

NOAH
You ain't but a kid, man. Where's
your Mammy and Pappy at?

A brief silence.

JOEY
Mom had cancer, pops got himself
killed in 'Nam.

Noah nods sympathetically.

NOAH
Seen a lotta good folks die there.

JOEY
You were drafted, too?

NOAH
I volunteered.

JOEY
Why'd you do that?

Noah chuckles ironically, sad expression on his face.

NOAH
Ask myself that every day.

A dead pause as Noah thinks to himself.

JOEY
You got family?

Noah stares at Joey, avoids the question.

NOAH
That building... kid your age
shouldn't be messin' round with
people like that.

JOEY
Where'd you get that gun?

Noah looks at the clock on the wall. It reads 10:30.

NOAH
I gotta make a trip downtown. You
should roll with. I'll show you how
to make an honest buck.

INT. TYRONE WILSON'S APARTMENT - (HARLEM) - NIGHT

The room dark. Silence, until...

A rustling. The front door opens, lets the light from the hallway shine into the dark room. It's TYRONE WILSON (28), in a fancy get-up and derby hat, with TWO OTHER MEN.

TYRONE
I'm tellin' you, cuz, I ain't ever
puttin' money on the Yankees again.
That muthafucka Reggie Jackson --

Tyrone flicks the light switch on. His eyes widen when he sees Jack South sitting on his couch, pistol in his lap. Behind Jack, two physically imposing BODY GUARDS.

TYRONE

Da hell?

Jack raises his pistol and POP! POP! Shoots one of Tyrone's friends dead. POP! Kills Tyrone's other friend.

Tyrone stands frozen in shock.

JACK

Those fellas weren't nobody significant, were they, Tyrone?

TYRONE

Who are you?

JACK

The name's Jack. Jack South. And before you ask what I want, lemme tell ya. That building you were running tricks outta, with Angel Torres, was my building. Because of your operation, I had a shit ton worth 'a guns seized. Lots of money went poof into thin air.

(beat)

Shut the door, please?

Tyrone quickly shuts the door.

JACK

Sit.

Tyrone sits down on the recliner across from the couch.

TYRONE

Listen, cuz, I had no idea --

JACK

I ain't here to kill you. After all, I do consider myself to be a reasonable man.

Tyrone glances down at his two dead friends.

JACK

Well, somewhat reasonable. You see, I've had my eyes on a juicy score. Five man bank job. Angel was supposed to be one of those men.

TYRONE

Where's Angel?

JACK

Oh, let's just say his name is now synonymous with his life status. Any who, I checked your record --

TYRONE

My record? What is you? Po-lice?

JACK

I know people. See, I know you did some time for armed robbery. Botched gig. Coulda squealed, but you didn't. Did the time like a man.

(beat)

Thing that makes me nervous is you got your hands dirty once, and ya got caught --

TYRONE

Listen, cuz, that was the *only* time I got caught. I done did plenty 'a work.

Jack smiles fiendishly.

JACK

Bet that one still eats at you.

Tyrone shrugs.

JACK

How about some redemption? Of course, I'd get half of your cut to make up for my losses --

TYRONE

What if I don't?

Jack scratches his head with the tip of his pistol, motions his head to the two dead men on the floor.

Tyrone thinks about it, eyes Jack's men suspiciously.

TYRONE

You know who I work for, right? If he finds out I'm working with the competition --

JACK

I don't do dope and I don't do bitches. I do guns and banks. Way I see it, me and Nicky Barnes are not in competition.

Brief silence as Tyrone continues to mull it over reluctantly. Jack stands up, walks to the door, pats Tyrone on the shoulder. Jack's men follow.

JACK

I'll call you.

Jack and his BODYGUARDS leave.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

The train rumbles over the tracks. Other than that, silence. The FEW PASSENGERS on the train keep to themselves.

Noah positions himself against a pole at center aisle, pulls his violin and bow from his duffle bag as Joey looks around the train.

NOAH

My old man sent me this violin from Germany during World War II. I was just four years old at the time.

JOEY

He died in the war?

NOAH

Yeah. I sorta felt obligated to learn to play. But once I learned, I ended up liking it.

Noah positions the violin, gets his bow ready.

JOEY

You make money like this?

NOAH

Probably not tonight. But if you catch them nine-to-fivers coming out 'a work, say them Wall Street cats, you might have yourself a good night.

JOEY

Yeah, but I don't play the violin.

NOAH

Everyone's got at least one talent. Some people recite poetry, some sing. And if you ain't got talent, you can always tell people the news or the weather forecast. Gotta offer them something.

(beat)

Or you can beg. But to me, that ain't much less pathetic than stealing from folks.

Joey grabs a seat, watches as Noah prepares. Noah sets the bow to the strings on the neck of the violin. But he stops. Looks down at the floor - a newspaper.

The front page of the newspaper has ADAM CURRY'S PHOTO on it. Above the photo, a headline reads LOCAL MAN CONSIDERED HERO.

Noah seems confused, can't seem to fathom the headline.

NOAH

Hero?

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - W. 44TH ST. - NIGHT

A quiet neighborhood in comparison to the streets of Harlem. Noah walks, remains intrigued by the newspaper article, continues to read over it. Joey tags along.

NOAH

Puerto Rican cat named Alberto pays me to walk his dog. Had a few run-ins with some Irish mother fuckers, so he's afraid to go out at night.

A RUCKUS causes loud noise across the street. Joey looks over, sees a DEFENSELESS MAN getting jumped by THREE HOOLIGANS in front of a place called THE SMITH BAR.

NOAH

There's gotta be something to this. Ain't no way some suit-and-tie nigga's just gonna go and shoot up some place just cuz they runnin' tricks and holdin' guns.

Noah glances back, sees Joey across the street in front of THE SMITH BAR.

EXT. THE SMITH BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey confronts the HOOLIGANS, all rough and tumble Irishmen, early twenties.

JOEY

C'mon, guys, leave him alone.

One of the HOOLIGANS stops, looks Joey in the eye.

HOOLIGAN

Beg your pardon?

Joey freezes a bit, perhaps regrets his choice as the OTHER TWO stop, their eyes on him.

JOEY

I mean, it's three on one. It's not a fair fight is all I'm saying.

HOOLIGAN

You wanna see fair fight, junior?

Hooligan pulls out a pistol, puts it to Defenseless Man's head and POP! Blood spurts into the air and Defenseless Man drops.

Joey jumps back a bit, eyes wide in fear. Hooligan turns the gun to Joey.

HOOLIGAN
How's that? Better?

BRAT-A-TAT! Noah comes out of nowhere and sprays bullets across Hooligan's chest. Hooligan drops to the street, dead. The OTHER TWO bolt down the street.

Joey stares at Hooligan's dead body in shock, looks at Noah in disbelief.

NOAH
What the fuck you think you doing, son? Trying to be a hero?

JOEY
Those guys, they were --

NOAH
There was a time I wanted to be a hero, too. You know what I learned, boy? Only way to be a hero is to be dead. That what you want?

JOEY
That guy, he was hurt --

NOAH
Now you got me shooting some Irish mother fucker in the middle of Hell's Kitchen just to save your short-in-the-tooth ass. They was probably Westies!
(beat)
C'mon, man, we gotta be out...

Noah runs, Joey lags behind and tries to catch up.

EXT. W. 50TH ST. & 10TH AVE. - SUNBRITE BAR - CONTINUOUS

A small dive bar in Hell's Kitchen. The two remaining hooligans, ANTHONY and PETE, rush into the front doors.

INT. SUNBRITE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Empty and quiet. A BARTENDER wipes down the bar as Anthony and Pete rush past, into a back room.

INT. SUNBRITE BAR - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Five thirty something, Irish blue-collar TOUGH GUYS sit around a table and play poker. The room filled with cigar smoke as each PLAYER shuffles through their cards.

One man sits at the head of the table. JIMMY COONAN (33), thick sideburns, wild bangs and wavy hair, looks over his cards.

Anthony and Pete rush in, barely able to catch their breaths, and rant wildly.

ANTHONY

Jimmy! They shot him! They shot Frankie!

Jimmy looks away from his cards, seems annoyed.

JIMMY

Paddy's kid?

PETE

Some nigger on 44th and 12th... he had a fucking machine gun.

All attention turns to Anthony and Pete.

JIMMY

All right, let's slow it down here, catch your breath, calm the fuck down.

(beat)

Now, what's this about a nigger with a machine gun?

PETE

We were taking care 'a that thing from earlier --

JIMMY
What thing from earlier?

PETE
You know, that thing.

JIMMY
I got a lot 'a things! What fucking thing?

ANTHONY
Fucking wetback from the poker game.

JIMMY
What happened?

Anthony and Pete share a glance.

ANTHONY
Some nigger dressed in rags came outta nowhere, guns blazing. He killed Frankie in cold blood! Fucking machine gun!

Jimmy shares a look with his fellow card players, concerned.

JIMMY
These fucking mo-mos think they can come into my neighborhood...

Jimmy leans back in his chair and thinks. He turns back towards a walk-in freezer.

JIMMY
Ay! Mickey!

The freezer opens. MICKEY FEATHERSTONE (27), short with dirty-blond hair, an edge behind his stare, steps out, covered in blood. He holds a severed head by it's hair.

MICKEY
(annoyed)
What?

JIMMY
Some jungle bunny with a machine gun killed Paddy's kid.

MICKEY

Yeah? So?

JIMMY

It don't concern you that some
black bastard with a machine gun
just killed one of our own?

Mickey shrugs.

MICKEY

I don't like Paddy.

JIMMY

I take it you don't wanna take care
'a this?

MICKEY

I'm a little preoccupied right now,
Jimmy. Why don't you call your whop
connects from the East side?

Mickey goes back into the walk-in freezer. Jimmy looks to
Anthony and Pete.

JIMMY

Besides his skin color, anything
else you can tell me?

Anthony and Pete glance at each other again.

PETE

He had a violin.

Jimmy raises his eyebrows peculiarly.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Silence as the train hums along the tracks. Noah sits across
the aisle from Joey.

JOEY

Hey, Noah?

Noah picks his head up, still a bit upset.

JOEY

Thanks. For, you know... I owe you
big time.

Noah nods, takes a deep breath. He looks at the photo of Adam
Curry on the newspaper.

NOAH

This Tyrone cat ain't listed as one
of the deceased.

Noah stares at Joey.

NOAH

You steal shit, right?

JOEY

Yeah.

NOAH

You good?

Joey shrugs, unsure, then nods his head.

NOAH

What sorta shit do you steal?

JOEY

Anything and everything.

Noah thinks for a moment.

NOAH

You think you can steal me a suit?

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Joey walks to the front doors with Noah's duffle bag and
violin strapped around his shoulder. He stops, looks back at
Noah, grins.

Noah shakes his head sheepishly, dressed in a loud, gaudy
peach-colored suit that just screams 70's.

JOEY

Not digging the threads?

NOAH
I look like a broke-ass Ron O'Neal.

JOEY
Better than a broke-ass you.
(beat)
What's the hold up, Superfly? I
didn't steal that shit for nothing.

Noah sucks it up, opens the front doors, walks in sheepishly.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

The tune from the organ only adds to the somber tone. A small showing of MOURNERS talk amongst each other softly. The open casket sits at the front of the room amid a display of flowers and framed photos.

Noah kneels at the casket, looks at Adam's lifeless face. He glances over at a framed photo of Adam with his attractive wife MABEL and their cute daughter SARAH, probably 10 or 11 years old in the photo.

Noah looks across the room, sees MABEL (41) speaking with FAMILY and FRIENDS. She seems worn down and tired, barely resembling the attractive woman she once was.

Noah approaches her, taps her on the shoulder.

NOAH
Excuse me, miss?

MABEL
Yes?

NOAH
Are you Mabel?

MABEL
We know each other?

NOAH
I'm an old friend of Adam's. Name's Noah. Just wanted to give you my condolences.

MABEL
I appreciate it.

Noah looks into her eyes, smiles flirtatiously.

NOAH
If you don't mind me saying, you're
even more striking in person.

Mabel blushes a bit.

MABEL
Well... thank you.

NOAH
Adam was a lucky man. A good man.

Mabel's disposition changes. Seems awkward.

MABEL
We divorced a few years back.

Noah seems surprised, bites his tongue.

NOAH
Oh, I didn't --

MABEL
It's fine.

Awkward silence.

NOAH
Listen, Mabel, I don't wanna be
inappropriate, but it would be an
honor if you'd let me take you for
a cup of coffee. Catch up on
things.

Mabel thinks about it, grins slightly.

MABEL
I'd like that.

INT. SAM'S COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Noah and Mabel sit across from each other in a booth.

MABEL

Let's see... we were married for eleven years. How about you? You married?

NOAH

Was.

MABEL

Then we can relate.

Noah shakes his head.

NOAH

Annabelle passed on while I was away on duty.

MABEL

Oh. I'm sorry.

NOAH

Don't be.

Noah thinks for a moment, stares off into space. His eyes become glassy.

NOAH

She was pregnant. Guess I was away so long, she needed something to compensate for my absence.

(beat)

Ended up OD'ing.

Silence as Mabel stares into his eyes sympathetically. She doesn't know what to say. Noah stares back into her eyes.

NOAH

Why would Adam just, outta the blue, go to that building and do what he did?

Mabel thinks about it, hesitates to speak.

MABEL

Wasn't out of the blue. Our daughter, Sarah... she got mixed up with some bad people. Started going steady with some boy named Tyrone.

Noah raises an eyebrow.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Knew he was bad news when I met him. Adam, too.

(beat)

Sarah was only seventeen. He took her away from us. She was brainwashed. He made her think we were the bad people. Then one day... we found out she was selling herself on the street.

Tears seep from the corners of Mabel's eyes.

MABEL

A few weeks later, we got a phone call. Saying Sarah's body was found floating in the Harlem River.

Mabel tries to hide the emotion, wipes her eyes with her sleeve.

MABEL

After that, Adam went crazy. He wasn't the same man. Always angry. Always talking about how he was gonna kill everybody involved.

Noah stands up, sits next to her, hugs his arm around her. She weeps heavily, buries her face into his shoulder.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Beautiful, sunny day. Joey sits on a bench and watches a squirrel dig into a garbage can. Noah paces, thinks deeply to himself, moves his lips but doesn't speak aloud.

Noah stops pacing.

NOAH

What else you know about this Tyrone character?

Joey shrugs.

JOEY

He's the one who gave me my
nickname.

NOAH

That's it? You never talk to him
about anything?

JOEY

Just word on the street stuff, you
know?

(beat)

He used to talk about this guy
named Nicky a lot. Think he works
for him.

NOAH

Nicky? As in Nicky Barnes?

JOEY

Something like that. Why? You know
him?

NOAH

You ain't never heard 'a Nicky
Barnes?

BEGIN MONTAGE.

NICKY BARNES (44), in flashy threads, gold chains, big
sunglasses, a WOMAN in each arm, walks down a red carpet.
Cameras flashing. Smug grin on his face. Loves the attention.

- Nicky shoots a man in the back of the head.
- Nicky watches a JUNKIE shoot heroine into ANOTHER JUNKIE'S
arm.
- Nicky dances with several LADIES on a crowded dance floor.
- Nicky watches TWO of his THUGS toss a corpse into the East
River.
- Nicky, in a fur coat with a cane, gets seated at a boxing
match.

- Newspapers fall on top of each other, each one with front page headlines about Nicky Barnes: HARLEM DRUGLORD AVOIDS TIME, DRUG EPIDEMIC, BELIEVED TO BE WORTH 10 MILLION, etc.

- A TIME MAGAZINE falls on top of the stack of newspapers. On the cover, a photo of Nicky posing, smug grin on his face, flashy clothes. The headline - MR. UNTOUCHABLE.

END MONTAGE.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Joey stares at Noah with a blank expression, shrugs.

NOAH
Mother fucker basically runs
Harlem!

JOEY
I heard of him. Didn't know it was
like that.

NOAH
Makes millions feeding poison to
black folks...

Noah thinks, looks at Joey.

NOAH
I need more bullets. Think you can
find me some?

Joey eyes him suspiciously.

JOEY
What do you need more bullets for?

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A velvet rope and red carpet affair. A long line of PARTYGOERS extends from the front doors all the way to the corner of the block.

Loud banter and scattered conversation. Swanky Cadillacs line the curb. Everyone dressed in hip threads. The BOUNCER, heavy-set, physically imposing, dressed in all black, mans the doors.

Noah walks ahead of the line, in his gaudy, peach-colored suit, duffle bag and violin strapped around his shoulder. PEOPLE waiting in line express their displeasure.

Noah tries to walk past the Bouncer into the club, but Bouncer positions himself in front of Noah, shoves him back.

BOUNCER

Get in line like everyone else!

Noah pulls his Uzi from his jacket, points it at Bouncer and BRAT-A-TAT! Mayhem breaks out. Panic. Everyone scatters instantly as Bouncer flies backwards, thuds hard to the sidewalk, several bloody bullet wounds to his chest.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Funky R&B MUSIC plays loudly. Live band on stage. Sharply dressed GUYS and LADIES, predominantly black, get busy on the dance floor.

A packed bar. Every table in the joint occupied. Everyone drunk, having a great time until...

Noah walks in aggressively, doesn't even attempt to conceal his weapon. He looks around, aims his Uzi at the ceiling. BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT!

The music immediately stops. A hush followed by screams.

NOAH

Where is Nicky Barnes?!

Loud panic ensues. Nobody hears him. All they see is a maniac with a gun. Noah becomes irritated BRAT-A-TAT! Fires at the ceiling again.

NOAH

Everyone, shut-the-fuck-up!

The noise dies down just enough for everyone to hear him.

NOAH
 Now... I need to speak with Nicky
 Barnes! Anybody?

Only blank and frightened expressions. Noah walks further into the room, all eyes on him.

NOAH
 I repeat! Nicky Barnes! Is he here?

No response.

FOOTSTEPS quickly run up on Noah from behind, O.S. Noah turns, sees a GUNMAN armed with a sawed-off shotgun pointed at him. BOOM! Noah ducks, avoids the shot as GLASS SHATTERS O.S.

More panic. Everyone scatters.

BRAT-A-TAT! Noah sprays the GUNMAN, makes easy work of him. More GUNMEN flood in. BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! They all drop like flies.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SEBASTIAN LITTLE, early thirties, feathered cap, pimped out in a white suit, snorts a line of cocaine off of his desk. A hot, scantily clad WOMAN eagerly awaits her turn.

Sebastian clears his nostrils, hands the rolled up, one-hundred dollar bill to her.

SEBASTIAN
 Candy makes you dandy...

He glances up at his surveillance monitor, sees the dance floor quickly emptying out.

SEBASTIAN
 The fuck?

He switches to a different camera, sees Noah with an uzi walking down a corridor.

SEBASTIAN
 Shit, baby, we gots to split --

BRAT-A-TAT! Bullets fly through the door. The Woman screams, hides under the desk. Sebastian jumps up on the desk as if a mouse were loose on the floor.

Noah kicks the door in and enters. He makes eye contact with Sebastian as the Woman screams frantically from the floor.

SEBASTIAN

Take the money, man! It's in the safe! It's all yours --

NOAH

I ain't here for no God damn money!

SEBASTIAN

You gon' kill me, ain't you? Please don't kill me, man! I got fo' kids!

Screaming continues. Noah rolls his eyes.

NOAH

Tell that bitch to put a sock in it!

SEBASTIAN

Baby, you heard the man!

She stops screaming, continues to whimper softly.

NOAH

Where's Nicky?

SEBASTIAN

He ain't here, man.

NOAH

What about Tyrone Wilson?

SEBASTIAN

Who?

BRAT-A-TAT! Noah shoots Sebastian in the foot. Sebastian lets out a girlish scream, quickly takes his shoe off and clutches his bloody foot.

SEBASTIAN

Fuck, man!

NOAH
Tyrone Wilson, mother fucker!

SEBASTIAN
(agony)
What do you wanna know?!

NOAH
Everything! Where he lives, what he
does, who is fucking cousins be!

Sebastian wets his pants. The stream drips down his leg.
Sebastian starts to cry pathetically.

SEBASTIAN
(softly)
Promise not to kill me?

Noah shrugs. Something else pops into his head. An idea.

NOAH
While I'm here, might as well show
me to that safe. Ain't exactly easy
times.

EXT. HARLEM - ALLEY - NIGHT

Noah walks with a bit of a limp, duffle bag heavier, cash
stuffed into the bag, almost overflowing. Joey follows him,
shakes his head, a bit on edge.

JOEY
Remember what you told me about
being a hero, Noah? What are you
trying to prove?

NOAH
Ain't trying to be no hero and I
ain't got shit to prove.

JOEY
Guess you just lost your mind then,
huh? Having flashbacks?

Noah glares back at Joey.

NOAH
Fuck you.

JOEY
These guys will kill you, Noah! You know this!

NOAH
What are they gonna do? Catch me at home?

JOEY
So, you're just doing this for fun then?

NOAH
I'm doing it because it's right. Ain't about being nobody's hero. It's about retribution. What goes around comes around.

JOEY
If you believe that, then let karma work *itself* out.

NOAH
This is karma.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

NICKY BARNES, dressed casually, walks through, watches several of his MEN clean up the mess, zip up corpses into bodybags. Mopping up blood. Sweeping.

NICKY
C'mon, people! Let's get this shit cleaned up before po-lice start knockin'!

One of his MEN bars the front doors, locks it. Nicky looks around, shakes his head in disgust.

NICKY
God damn mess...

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A PERSONAL DOCTOR wraps up Sebastian's foot. Sebastian winces in pain.

SEBASTIAN

Gentle...

Nicky stands there with his arms crossed, stern look on his face.

NICKY

I coulda bought three mother fuckin' Cadillacs with all that green.

(beat)

Didn't recognize the brother at all? Wasn't one 'a Frank Lucas', was it?

SEBASTIAN

Naw, man. Never seen him.

Nicky reviews the surveillance tape on the monitor.

NICKY

(ironically)

Hip threads.

(beat)

What's that on his back?

SEBASTIAN

Looked like a violin.

NICKY

Violin? Take it this nigga didn't like the band.

(beat)

Who does this mother fucker work for? Takin' my damn money...

SEBASTIAN

Brother didn't come for money. He came lookin' for Tyrone. Asked about you first, but he was more interested about Tyrone.

NICKY
Wilson? What he want with him?

SEBASTIAN
Sounded like he wanted to ice him.

Nicky thinks for a moment. Something dawns on him. He stares at Sebastian suspiciously.

NICKY
He came for Tyrone?

SEBASTIAN
Yeah.

NICKY
Not the money?

Sebastian shakes his head.

NICKY
If he ain't come for the money, why
the fuck is the money gone?

Sebastian freezes a bit.

SEBASTIAN
He was gon' kill me, Nicky! Had to
offer him something to soften his
disposition!

NICKY
You offered?!

SEBASTIAN
(stutters)
Well... shit, Nicky. I thought... I
mean...
(beat)
Brother comes in with a gun,
naturally, I'm gon' assume brother
wants money!

Nicky stares at him in disbelief.

NICKY
You offered him money? *My* money?!
Negro, is you crazy?!

Nicky pulls a pistol from his waist, presses it to Sebastian's face and BLAM! Blood splatters onto Personal Doctor's face.

Personal Doctor continues to wraps Sebastian's foot, awkward expression.

NICKY

Whatcha gon' do?! Nurse him back to health?! Split, mother fucker! Git!

Personal Doctor runs out. Nicky wipes his forehead with a handkerchief, shakes his head.

INT. TYRONE WILSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

A PHONE RINGS O.S. Tyrone, asleep on the couch, wakes up suddenly. As the phone continues to RING, Tyrone, groggy, wipes his eyes, sits up. He answers the call.

TYRONE

Yeah.

JACK (V.O.)

I'm out front.

Tyrone stands up, looks out his window. He sees a black sedan down on the street.

EXT. TYRONE WILSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The black sedan sits by the curb. Jack sits in the back, uniformed DRIVER behind the wheel.

Tyrone, in paint covered overalls, walks out the front door, hops in the back seat of the car.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A TAXI CAB sits parked near the intersection.

INT. TAXI CAB - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Noah sits in the back, CABBIE behind the wheel. Noah watches Tyrone get in the black sedan. The black sedan drives off.

NOAH
That's the car right there. Don't
be too obvious.

CABBIE
Listen, boss. I don't want no
trouble.

Noah hands him a stack of money.

NOAH
If we run into trouble, that should
buy your way out of it.

The Cabbie guns it, follows the black sedan.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER takes them across the 59TH STREET BRIDGE. Nice view of the city. Skyscrapers. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING on the horizon.

Jack and Tyrone chat in the back.

JACK
How's your driving record?

TYRONE
I dunno, cuz, you tell me.

JACK
Consider yourself a good driver?

Tyrone shrugs.

EXT. BROOKLYN - CASH BROTHERS JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A gated lot packed with old vehicles. The black sedan pulls into the lot. The taxi cab parks across the street from the front gates.

INT. TAXI CAB - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Noah watches the black sedan disappear into the lot.

NOAH
Just sit tight.

EXT. CASH BROTHERS JUNKYARD - SECLUDED AREA - CONTINUOUS

The black sedan sits parked.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Jack turns to Tyrone.

JACK
Time for your initiation.

Jack hands Tyrone a pistol. Tyrone looks at it confused.

TYRONE
Say, man... what's this about?

JACK
I want you to shoot him.

TYRONE
Who?

Jack motions his head to the Driver. Driver peers into his mirror.

DRIVER
What's this, now?

Jack pulls a pistol, presses it to Tyrone's head.

JACK
This bank job's a big deal, Tyrone.
I need to know I can trust you.

TYRONE
You want me to shoot the driver?

DRIVER

Whoa, just wait a God damn minute --

JACK

If I even feel the barrel swing
into my direction, I'll put your
brain in your lap.

(beat)

Do it!

BLAM! Tyrone shoots Driver in the back of the head. Blood sprays onto the windshield. Tyrone looks to Jack for approval. Jack lowers his pistol.

JACK

We gotta swap wheels. You drive.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Noah continues to eye the front gates of the junkyard. A STATION WAGON pulls out. Noah sees Tyrone behind the wheel.

NOAH

Follow that wagon.

EXT. BOWL-A-RAMA - PARKING LOT - LATER

The station wagon pulls up to the front. Jack gets out, walks into the bowling alley. The station wagon drivers off.

EXT. QUEENS - JOE'S DINER - LATER

The station wagon pulls up to the front. FOUR MEN in paint-covered overalls walk out of the diner, enter the station wagon.

The taxi cab sits parked across the street.

INT. TAXI CAB - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Noah scratches his head, confused, as he watches everything unfold.

NOAH
What are these cats up to?

EXT. MANHATTAN - MIDTOWN - LATER

Heavy traffic as the taxi cab weaves through the congested streets in pursuit of the station wagon.

INT./EXT. LIBERTY STREET - TAXI CAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Noah tries to keep the station wagon in his sights, a few car lengths ahead. But it disappears into a sea of traffic. HORNS HONKING.

CABBIE
What now?

Noah tries to get a better view, shifts around in his seat. Nothing.

NOAH
(disappointed)
Just pull over, man.

EXT. LIBERTY STREET - FEDERAL RESERVE BANK - CONTINUOUS

The taxi cab pulls over by the curb.

INT. TAXI CAB - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Noah hands Cabbie a few more bucks.

NOAH
For your troubles.

Cabbie nods. At that moment, something catches Noah's eye in front of the Federal Reserve Bank. The FOUR MEN in paint-covered overalls. They each throw on ski masks as they enter the bank.

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Quiet, yet busy. Many CUSTOMERS in line, several lines leading to transaction windows. TWO ARMED GUARDS chat amongst each other.

The doors swing open. The FOUR ROBBERS enter, pull guns. ONE ROBBER approaches one of the ARMED GUARDS, gun butts him over the back of the head, knocks him out cold. He holds the other ARMED GUARD at gunpoint.

ROBBER

Today's not the day to be a hero.

Robber snatches Armed Guard's pistol. The LEADER of the group fires a warning shot into the ceiling.

Screams. Panic. Leader jumps onto a desk while his counterparts take care of crowd control, hold the TELLERS at gunpoint.

LEADER

Listen up, people! I need everyone, and I mean everyone, to kiss the fucking floor! Cooperate and you will make it through this in one piece!

EVERYONE drops to the floor, frightened.

LEADER

If anyone dares to be a hero, you'll die like a hero! Everyone understand --

BRAT-A-TAT! Leader jerks back, takes several bullets to the chest and drops dead to the floor.

More screams. Mayhem. Noah walks in, stands out in his peach-colored suit, violin and duffle bag strapped around his shoulder. He waves his Uzi at the robbers.

NOAH

Pieces on the floor! Right now!

The Robbers show fear in their body language, drop their pistols to the floor.

NOAH
Now which one 'a y'all is Tyrone
Wilson?!

Only blank stares. Noah points his Uzi at one of the Robbers.
BRAT-A-TAT! Shoots him dead.

NOAH
Y'all gonna make me ask twice?!

Robber #2 points to Robber #3. Robber #3's eyes widen. He
shakes his head adamantly.

ROBBER #3
Hey! I'm not --

BRAT-A-TAT! Noah shoots Robber #3 dead, moves his aim to
Robber #2. BRAT-A-TAT!

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The station wagon sits hidden at the side of the alley.

INT./EXT. ALLEY - STATION WAGON - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Tyrone sits in the front seat, behind the wheel. He waits,
lets his eyes wander. He looks up, to the front of his hood.

He sees Noah insert a clip into his Uzi. It takes Tyrone a
moment to realize what's going on.

TYRONE
Oh, shit!

Noah finishes loading, points his Uzi at Tyrone. BRAT-A-TAT!
BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT!

Noah unloads what seems like an infinite array of bullets,
rips the station wagon to shreds. Shells drop to the street
by Noah's feet.

Tyrone gets lit up as bullets zip through his windshield. He
gyrates wildly from the bullets flying into his chest,
face... everywhere.

CLICK. CLICK. Noah drops his empty cartridge onto the street and walks away.

INT. SUNBRITE BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy Coonan sits at a crowded bar, talks and laughs with the BARTENDER. Mickey Featherstone sits beside him, quietly sips his beer. Loud, lots of DRUNKEN PATRONS. Big cloud of cigarette smoke over the room.

Anthony and Pete approach Jimmy, a sense of urgency. Pete slaps a newspaper on the bar, in front of Jimmy.

JIMMY

What's this?

Pete points to a headline on the front page.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

MYSTERIOUS VIGILANTE FOILS BANK ROBBER

BACK TO SCENE

A blurred surveillance photo of Noah on the cover, in his peach-colored suit, duffle bag and violin strapped around his shoulder.

PETE

It's gotta be him.

(beat)

Cops think Nicky Barnes was behind the bank job.

Jimmy wrinkles his brow, reads over the article.

JIMMY

The mo-mo who was on the cover of Time Magazine?

PETE

Mr. Untouchable himself. And listen to this. There was a story the other day on the news about some black guy who shot up a nightclub in Harlem. Nicky Barnes' nightclub. Had a violin and a machine gun.

Jimmy thinks, shakes his head, baffled.

JIMMY

Who's this guy think he is? Batman?

INT./EXT. HARLEM - WHITE CADILLAC - MOVING - NIGHT

A uniformed DRIVER behind the wheel. Nicky Barnes sits in the back, slams the newspaper into his lap in anger.

NICKY

What the fuck's Tyrone doin'
robbin' banks again for?! Dumb ass
got the po-lice thinkin' I'm part
'a this shit!

DRIVER

That's cold, man.

NICKY

I got President Carter up my ass as
it is, man! Just waitin' for an
excuse to put me away! Fuckin'
hillbilly's probably yankin' his
dick right now, readin' this shit!

DRIVER

Cat wit da violin... maybe he's got
beef with the crew Tyrone was
rollin' wit.

Nicky scratches his chin as he thinks.

NICKY

One of 'em's chillin' in St. Luke's
right now.

DRIVER

He's still hangin' on?

NICKY

By the skin of his teeth. I don't
give a fuck if I gotta give this
cracker a blood transfusion! I'm 'a
get some answers!

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A classy joint. SINATRA plays in the background. Tables candlelit. Linen table cloths. WAITERS dressed elegantly.

At a corner table isolated from the rest of the room, sits PAUL CASTELLANO (62), in an expensive suit, big nose, heavy set with a double-chin, slicked back hair. He carries himself with a sense of authority.

CHARLIE FANTASIA, early thirties, baby face, in a cheap suit, walks in, approaches the hostess's booth.

CHARLIE
Paul Castellano?

The attractive HOSTESS points to the corner of the room. Charlie nods, approaches Paul's table, sits down.

CHARLIE
Mr. Castellano.

Paul nods, casually eats his plate of pasta.

CHARLIE
Just spoke with Coonan and Featherstone. They say it's the same guy who iced that kid on the West side.
(beat)
First The Westies, then the spear-chuckers uptown. You think we're next?

Paul shakes his head, unsure.

PAUL
Either us or the Bonanno's. He'd be doing me a favor if it *was* the Bonanno's.
(beat)
Just to be safe, have Jimmy and the rest 'a those crazy Micks take care of it. There's money if they handle it in a timely fashion.

Paul wipes the corners of his mouth with his napkin.

PAUL

Last thing we need is some vigilante messing with business.

EXT. HARLEM - ALLEY - NIGHT

Noah puffs away on a cigarette as tosses his peach-colored suit into a trash can. He tosses his cigarette into the trash can.

WHOOSH! A flame erupts in the trash can. Noah watches the fire burn as Joey paces back and forth, looks at Noah on the front page of the newspaper.

JOEY

Well, you're a celebrity now. Happy?

Joey shows Noah the front page. Noah snatches the paper, looks at his photo on the cover. He smiles proudly, but quickly erases his smile when he looks at Joey. He hands the paper back to Joey.

NOAH

Ain't no thing.

JOEY

Word on the street is you got a shit storm on your hands. Everyone's after you. The police. Nicky Barnes. Fucking Westies. Even the mafia wants you dead.

NOAH

Ain't nobody gonna find me. Only a matter 'a time before everything blows over. Ain't no more killing. I did what I had to. It's over.

JOEY

They're looking for a black man with a fucking violin. How many black people do you know who carry around violins?

Noah turns around, pulls his violin from his duffle bag and hands it to Joey. Joey just stares at the violin confused.

NOAH

It's yours now. I trust you with it. Reckon they won't be on the lookout for a white boy with a violin.

Joey reluctantly takes the violin, remains speechless. He stares at Noah in befuddlement.

NOAH

Do whatcha want with it. Sell it, trade it in... I don't give a shit. You's a smart kid. You'll do the right thing.

A prolonged stare. Tense silence.

NOAH

This is where we go our separate ways, young buck.

JOEY

But --

NOAH

Ain't safe hanging with me.

Noah turns, walks away, leaves Joey behind. Joey just stands there, confused.

NOAH

Don't be like me, kid. Make something of yourself before it's too late. Streets ain't no place for nobody.

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - LANE SIX - CONTINUOUS

Closed for business. Empty on the most part, except for Jack South and two associates, Al one of them. The other, SAM, late thirties, looks tough with a thick neck and wide shoulders.

Jack sends a ball down the lane, but it skids toward the edge before it even reaches halfway to the pins. A gutter ball.

Jack shakes his head, not happy. He turns to Al and Sam.

JACK
What is it with these black bastards and MY machine guns?

AL
You sure it's yours?

JACK
Nobody in this city gets a hold of a fucking Uzi without it being one of mine.

(beat)
Al - I need you to see everyone who pedals my firearms. Anyone we've done business with. Check their books, ask questions. See if anything jumps out at you.

Jack paces back and forth, continues to brainstorm. He stops, points at Sam.

JACK
Sam - I need you take me to Manhattan.

Jack, moves with urgency, slips his jacket on.

SAM
Where we going?

JACK
St. Luke's.

EXT. HARLEM - 8TH AVE. & 137TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

Noah walks sadly down the city sidewalk. JUNKIES everywhere. PROSTITUTES. Loud for this time of night anywhere else. But normal in this neighborhood.

Noah walks across the street to...

EXT. CLEAN APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A nice place in contrast to the surrounding buildings and what is left of them. Noah reaches the front door. He digs into his duffle bag, pulls out a set of keys.

Noah sticks the key into the door, opens it and walks in.

INT. CLEAN APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Noah trudges up the stairs. The higher he gets, the slower he walks. Almost as if he doesn't want to reach the next floor.

INT. CLEAN APARTMENT BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Noah stares at the door for Apartment No. 3. He shuts his eyes for a moment, takes a deep breath. He opens his eyes and hesitates a bit as he sticks the key into the door and opens it.

INT. CLEAN APARTMENT BUILDING - NOAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A bit small, yet cozy. Noah flicks the light switch. Nothing. He walks further in, walks to a lamp. He clicks the light on.

Dusty. Everything cluttered and disorganized. Looks as if nobody's been here in years. Noah wanders around the room. As he approaches a bookshelf, his hand shakes a bit.

On the bookshelf, photos of a younger Noah with a beautiful woman. ANNABELLE. Wedding photos. One photo of Noah in a military uniform with a very pregnant Annabelle.

Noah shuts his eyes tight, becomes choked up. A single tear trickles down his cheek from his tightly shut eye.

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Noah turns a lamp on. He looks around the bedroom and almost falls apart emotionally. He collapses to the bed, but lands in a sitting position.

He takes a deep breath, wipes his tears. He digs into his duffle bag, pulls out his Uzi. Noah presses the tip of the Uzi to his own head. Shuts his eyes.

EXT. MANHATTAN - ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jack and Sam enter the hospital.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BILLY (ROBBER #2), lying down, hooked up to tubes and medical equipment, appears frail. Barely conscious. Jack and Sam stand by his bedside.

BILLY
I knew who he was. I... I
recognized him.

JACK
Who's he work for, Billy?

Billy wets his lips, weakened by his condition. He shakes his head.

BILLY
I've seen him on the train a few
times. He plays the violin. For
money.

Jack can't believe it. He shares a glance with Sam, looks back down at Billy.

JACK
He's a hobo?

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Noah, his eyes still shut, continues to sit on the bed. He exhales, gun to his head when...

FOOTSTEPS O.S. Noah opens his eyes, becomes startled, and points his Uzi at the doorway. It's only Joey. Noah lowers his weapon.

JOEY
What are you doing?

NOAH
How'd you get in here?

JOEY
I've robbed a house or two in my
day.

They stare at each other.

JOEY

Thought you were homeless.

NOAH

This place ain't my home. Not no more.

JOEY

Who pays the rent?

NOAH

Annabelle owned the building. I inherited it.

JOEY

Why are you living out on the streets?

Noah ignores the question, looks around the room with glassy eyes. He pats a spot on the bed.

NOAH

Remember when I stepped into this room after coming back from my tour of duty. Annabelle was lying right here in this spot... eyes still open.

Noah wipes his eyes.

NOAH

She was dead for four days before I found her.

Joey sits down. He seems stunned. He's never seen this side of Noah before - vulnerability.

NOAH

Thought serving my country would make me somebody.

(beat)

While I was out there killing people, watching my friends get killed...

Noah sighs with sadness.

NOAH (CONT'D)
If I hadn't left, she'd still be
alive right now.

JOEY
Would've made more sense to kill
yourself back then, you know?

Noah thinks about it, wipes his cheeks dry.

NOAH
Something didn't feel complete. I
had to do something. Thought it was
music, but ain't nobody listening.
Then one night, I met a man named
Adam Curry. Suddenly, I had
something to live for again.
Something to accomplish.

A somber silence as Noah avoids eye contact with Joey, stares
at the floor.

JOEY
The violin. I want you to show me
how to play.

Noah picks his head up, peculiar expression on his face.

NOAH
What?

JOEY
You can't kill yourself yet because
you have to teach me how to play
the violin.

Noah wrinkles his brow in confusion. He and Joey stare at
each other for a bit. Noah smiles, chuckles and shakes his
head.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Sam walk through the chaotic hallway, reach an
elevator. One of Jack's Henchmen presses a button with a
downward arrow on it and they wait.

TWO HOODS, both African American, physically imposing and dressed in flashy suits and fedoras, walk past Jack and Sam.

Jack eyes them suspiciously, watches them disappear to the end of the hallway. The elevator doors open and Jack and Sam board.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - END OF HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Two Hoods approach a room with a UNIFORMED GUARD sitting by the door. One of the Hoods slips Uniformed Guard money. Uniformed Guard nods and the Two Hoods enters the room.

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Noah sits on the couch, gets his violin ready - tucks the chinrest in his neck, under his chin and raises the bow. Joey sits in a chair across from Noah, watches tentatively.

Noah plays a CLASSICAL VIOLIN SOLO - Rossini's Sonata in B Flat Major. A piece that builds in pace as it progresses, yet maintains a positive sound throughout.

BEGIN MONTAGE.

Rossini's Sonata in B Flat Major continues to play throughout...

- Jack South's men, Sam and Al, question an MTA EMPLOYEE, show him Noah's photo on the cover of the newspaper. MTA Employee shakes his head, "No."

- Jimmy Coonan sits off to the side, watches as Mickey Featherstone shows a few severed heads to the TWO HOOLIGANS, Anthony and Pete. Anthony and Pete grimace, share a glance, look back at Jimmy and shake their heads no.

- TWO POLICE OFFICERS shine a flashlight in the face of a BLACK MAN in a gaudy, pink suit, who resists as he is arrested.

- A newspaper headline reads, IDENTITY OF VIOLIN VIGILANTE STILL UNKNOWN.

- Sam and Al stand at the front of a subway train, speak to the MTA CONDUCTOR through the window of the car. Sam mimes playing a violin. MTA Conductor shrugs, clueless.
- A police line-up, all AFRICAN AMERICAN MEN in cheesy, colorful suits. A WITNESS from the Federal Reserve Bank looks to a COP, shakes her head no.
- A newspaper headline reads, VIGILANTE BELIEVED TO BE HOMELESS MAN.
- Mickey Featherstone wakes up an African American HOMELESS GUY, lying in an alley between trash cans, and shoots him in the back of the head.
- A crime scene as police gather on a beach, look over the corpse of the HOMELESS GUY washed up on shore, minus his head.
- Mickey Featherstone shows Anthony and Pete more severed heads. Anthony and Pete shake their heads no.
- POLICE OFFICERS arrest random HOMELESS MEN, all black - on the subway, in alleys, street corners and homeless shelters.
- Another police line-up, this time with all BLACK HOMELESS MEN. The WITNESS behind the glass shakes his head, "No."

INT. SUBWAY TERMINAL - 125TH STREET - DAY

Sam and Al question an MTA employee, who stands behind a Plexiglas window in a booth. Sam shows the BOOTH GUY Noah's photo on the cover of the newspaper.

BOOTH GUY

Violin guy. Yeah, I've seen him before. Even talked to him a few times. Nice fella...

AL

So you see him around here? At this station?

BOOTH GUY

Yeah.

AL
Often?

BOOTH GUY
Used to see him all the time. But since he got famous, ain't seen him at all. Guess he's keeping a low profile.

(beat)
You know, he never came across as the vigilante type. I mean, he was friendly --

AL
He ever mention where he hangs out? Sleeps? Anything?

Booth Guy shakes his head.

BOOTH GUY
Do see his friend a lot, though.

AL
Friend?

BOOTH GUY
Little white boy. Used to follow him around all the time. Like a lost puppy. Now I've been seeing him rolling solo. Trying to be the new violin guy.

AL
What's that supposed to mean?

BOOTH GUY
Boy's been hauling around a violin.

Sam and Al share a suspicious look.

BOOTH GUY
Who are you guys again? Cops already asked me the same questions you asked. You with the FBI?

Al grins, pats Booth Guy's shoulder.

AL
Thanks for the help, pal.

Sam and Al walk away, leave Booth Guy with a quizzical expression on his face.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - LATER

A half-filled subway train rumbles over the tracks. The RUMBLING SOUND fills the silence in the train. Then an unbearable sound...

Joey attempts to play the violin as he sits at the center of a row of seats. He sounds awful, completely off key, like nails on a chalkboard.

PASSENGERS sitting nearby shift further away. Some even move to another seat completely. But that doesn't stop Joey from continuing. He maintains a focused expression, determined to learn.

The train slows to a screeching halt. The sliding doors open. Joey stands up, continues to play as he walks off the train.

INT. SUBWAY TERMINAL - 125TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joey continues to play the violin badly, stops as he gets through the turnstile.

EXT. 125TH STREET & 8TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Joey ascends up the stairs, out of the subway station into the loud, chaotic streets of Harlem.

He tucks the violin under his arm and cautiously walks up 8th Avenue.

EXT. 137TH STREET & 8TH AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Joey makes a left, approaches...

EXT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Joey digs into his pocket as he reaches the front door. He jingles keys in his hand, opens the front door and enters.

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Joey walks in, turns on the lamp. Empty. Quiet. Joey plops down on the couch, stretches out a bit. Relaxes with the violin on his lap.

He tucks the chinrest of the violin into his neck, places the bow to the neck of the violin, a few inches away from the strings. About to play when...

A CREAK from O.S. Joey immediately turns to the window, stares at the fire escape outside. Window wide open.

Silence. Joey reluctantly goes back to the violin, sets the bow to the strings. But stops. He turns back to the window, sees the curtain blow inward from a gust of wind.

Joey sets the violin on the couch, stands up, eyes on the window. He carefully approaches the window as the curtain continues to blow inward. Tense.

Joey reaches the window, does a quick peak, immediately brings his head back, away from the window. He takes a deep breath, slowly moves his head toward the window.

EXT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Joey sticks his head out. Freezes. His eyes widen. Al climbs the fire escape ladder, reaches the window. Freezes. He and Joey meet eyes. Neither knows how to react.

Suddenly, Al pulls a gun. Joey quickly brings his head back inside just as POP! DING! Al fires a shot, misses.

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Noah rushes through the living room, snatches the violin off the couch, jets out the front door.

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joey slams the door behind him, hurries down the stairs. But as he turns to the next stairway, he runs smack int the chest of the physically imposing Sam. Sam doesn't even budge.

Joey stares wide-eyed at Sam, cautiously backs away. Sam stares back with a cold expression, cocks his arm back.

WHAM! Sam clocks him right in the face. A bone-crushing punch.

Everything turns black.

EXT. BOWL-A-RAMA - NIGHT

An empty parking lot. Eerie silence.

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Joey opens his eyes. Face black and blue. Gash across the bridge of his nose. Blood drips down his face, off his chin. He moves his shoulders. Stuck. Arms tied behind his back.

He moves his knees. Stuck. Ankles bound to the chair. The chair bolted to the floor.

Joey looks around. A dimly lit, dingy basement, wooden staircase. Empty. Tense silence. A CREAK from above followed by footsteps O.S.

The door at the top of the staircase opens. A pair of feet descend down the stairs. As the feet descend further, the identity of the PERSON materializes.

Jack reaches the bottom, violin and bow in his hand. Doesn't even acknowledge Joey. Joey watches with frightened eyes.

Jack grabs a crate from the corner of the room, slides it in front of Joey. Jack sits on the crate, across from Joey. He tucks the chinrest of the violin into his neck, sets the bow to the strings on the neck of the violin.

Jack plays a solo. Sounds good. Plays very well. Joey watches in confusion. Suddenly, Jack hits a note off-key, immediately stops playing, frustration on his face.

Jack sets the violin on the floor by his feet, looks at Joey with a cold stare.

JACK

Used to play when I was boy. As you can tell, it's been a while.

Tense silence as they stare at each other.

JACK

Was gonna gag ya, but I didn't want you to suffocate in your sleep. Besides, was getting bored waiting for you to wake up. Did some paperwork upstairs. Figured when you woke up, you'd scream, let me know you were conscious.

(beat)

You didn't scream. Not a screamer, are ya?

Joey doesn't respond.

JACK

Noah Tate. The mysterious vigilante with the violin. Friend 'a yours?

Joey remains silent.

JACK

Cost me some money, that man. I hate paying for shit that don't benefit me.

JOEY

Who are you?

JACK

I'm sure your friend's mentioned my name before.

(beat)

Jack. Jack South.

Blank expression on Joey's face. Clueless. Jack becomes a bit frustrated.

JACK
Don't ring a bell? At all?

Joey shakes his head.

JACK
Nothing about a bank robbery?
(beat)
He fucked me over pretty good, kid.
He should at least acknowledge the
name of the man he's fucking over.

JOEY
Tyrone Wilson.

Jack raises an eyebrow.

JACK
Tyrone Wilson?

JOEY
He wanted Tyrone.

Jack raises his eyebrows, caught off guard.

JACK
Wilson? For what? He's a nobody.

JOEY
It was a favor... for Adam Curry.

Jack appears stunned, thinks it over. He stands up, paces back and forth, eyes Joey peculiarly.

JACK
Adam Curry? Adam Curry's dead!

Joey wets his lips, barely conscious.

JOEY
He doesn't even know who you are.
You're a nobody to him --

JACK
Hey, fuck you!!!
(beat)
A nobody?! I have clients
everywhere... people you wouldn't
even dare sit in the same room
with! You got some balls, kid!

Jack paces back and forth nervously, talks to himself.

JACK
(babbling)
Callin' me a nobody...

JOEY
The police, Nicky Barnes, mafia...
they're all after him anyway. Why
don't you just leave him alone?

Jack sits down on the crate again, folds his hands, looks
dead into Joey's eyes.

JACK
King Solomon's code. Eye for an
eye. He inconvenienced me, so I
have to inconvenience him. If he
suffers, I have to be the one
responsible. Understand?

Joey shakes his head.

JACK
Here's a more logical explanation -
The Gambino family has money on his
head. Just so happens I lost a shit
load of money. The reward should
make up for my losses.
(beat)
Two birds, one stone. That logical
enough for you?

Tense silence.

JOEY
What are you going to do with me?

Jack smiles fiendishly.

JACK

You're pal's a hard man to find. I have no choice but to have him come to me. Only way to do that is to send him a message.

(beat)

You're the messenger.

EXT. BOWL-A-RAMA - BAR AREA - LATER

Al and Sam sit at the bar, chat with VICTOR, fat guy, late thirties, tending bar. All with drinks in front of them.

Jack comes into view, covered in blood. He sits next to them, catches his breath.

They all stare at Jack, share nervous glances with each other. Jack doesn't even look at them, but feels their stares.

JACK

What?

Al looks at Sam and Victor nervously, a bit apprehensive.

AL

Christ, Jack, what you do with the kid?

Jack snatches Al's drink, sips it, clears his nostrils. He wipes blood from his face, looks at his finger tips.

JACK

I need you to check the books, get me the number for Charlie Fantasia.

AL

Who?

JACK

The fella who works with the Gambinos. Bought a shipment of AK 47's a few months back.

Silence as Al only stares at Jack in shock.

AL
For what?

JACK
Noah Tate, the violin guy. We know
where he lives.
(beat)
Time to collect that bounty.

AL
Jack... that kid didn't look a day
over sixteen. Thought you were just
gonna ask a few questions.

Jack finishes off Al's drink, sets it on the bar, glares at Al.

JACK
How long you've been working for
me, Al?

Al thinks about it.

AL
Long time.

Jack nods.

JACK
Maybe too long.

Suddenly, Jack grabs Al by his hair, yanks his head back and exposes his throat. Jack pulls out a knife, shoves it into Al's throat.

Blood spurts into the air as Al chokes, eyes rolling into the back of his head. Jack grabs the back of Al's head with both hands, slams his face into the bar, makes the tip of the blade pop out the other side of his neck.

Jack pushes Al to the floor, glares at Sam and Victor, who stare back with shocked expressions.

JACK
Any objections?

They both shake their heads, "No", with caution, perhaps a bit frightened.

JACK

Good.

(beat)

Sam, you've just been promoted.

Sam and Victor exchange unsure expressions.

EXT. SAINT MARY'S CEMETERY - DAY

Noah, bundled up in a shabby sleeping bag, sleeps at the foot of a burial.

INSERT - TOMBSTONE

Annabelle Tate, Born August 25, 1945 Died June 12, 1971

BACK TO SCENE

The LOUD ENGINE of a LAWN MOWER O.S. A riding mower comes into view. The engine stops. The GROUNDS KEEPER, late fifties, hops off the seat of the riding mower, approaches Noah.

Grounds Keeper stands over Noah, crouches down and nudges his shoulder. Noah opens an eye, looks up at Grounds Keeper.

GROUNDS KEEPER

Know the soil here is nice and cozy, but you can't sleep here.

Noah sits up a bit, wipes the cold from his eyes.

GROUNDS KEEPER

You know, this is sacred ground, right? Bad luck to do what you're doing.

Noah points to the tombstone.

NOAH

She's my wife.

Grounds Keeper glances at the tombstone, back at Noah, somewhat sympathetic.

Joey's dead body sits on the couch facing the door, on display. A gruesome sight, throat cut severely, torso covered in blood. Eyes still open, a lifeless stare, look of terror frozen on Joey's face.

A big cardboard sign is taped to Joey's chest

INSERT - CARDBOARD SIGN

Thanks for the violin. Say hi to Adam Curry for me.

BACK TO SCENE

The door continues to swing all the way open as Noah stands there in shock. Suddenly, a CLICK sound from above.

Noah looks up, sees a set of strings rigged to the door. At the end of the string, a looped piece of metal, like a clip. Suddenly, a grenade rolls out from behind the door.

Noah quickly runs out of the apartment.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Noah gets to the top of the stairway...BOOM!!! The grenade goes off and flames engulf what was once his apartment. The force of the explosion throws Noah down the stairway.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Noah thuds hard to the floor as debris and flames fly towards him. Noah shields his face with his forearm. His sleeve catches fire.

Noah quickly crawls down the other stairway, pats his sleeve vigorously, puts out the flame.

EXT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Noah hurries out the front door, looks up the fire escape and sees smoke and flames spewing from his third floor window.

Noah catches his breath, bent over with his hands on his knees. He shakes his head in frustration, tears in his eyes. He looks up again as if he couldn't believe it.

Noah looks towards the curb, sees a BLACK CAR pull up in front. Mickey Featherstone sits in the passenger's seat as Anthony sits behind the wheel, Pete in the back.

A brief stare down. Suddenly, the three men pull out guns, point them at Noah.

Noah quickly reacts, hurries back into...

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

As Noah shuts the door behind him...BANG! BANG! BANG! Rapid gunfire as bullets fly through the door, shattering the window.

Noah ducks as glass and wood chips fall on top of him. BANG! BANG! BANG! The gunfire persists, overwhelms Noah. A bullet flies into Noah's calf muscle.

NOAH

Fuck!!!

Noah crawls further into the building only to see flames spreading down the stairway, into the hallway towards him.

Noah thinks fast, realizes his duffle bag around his shoulder. He unstraps it, digs inside and pulls out his Uzi. A look of sheer anger forms on his face as bullets continue to tear apart the front of his building.

He stands up, completely dismisses the flurry of bullets as they whiz by him. He kicks open the front door.

EXT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Noah, determination on his face, points his Uzi at the BLACK CAR. The BLACK CAR peels out as...

BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! Noah returns a hail of bullets back at them, hits the rear of the BLACK CAR as it drives off.

Noah walks out onto the...

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the BLACK CAR disappears down the block, BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! Noah continues to open fire.

INT. BLACK CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Anthony steps on the gas as Mickey fires shots from a pistol out the window.

The back window shatters. Blood spatters onto Mickey's face. Pete slumps over in the back seat, bullet wound in the back of his head. Blood spurts from the back of his head, continues to spray onto Mickey and Anthony.

ANTHONY
Shit, he got Pete!

MICKEY
Eyes on the road, kid! Keep driving!

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Noah continues to unload bullets from his Uzi until *CLICK*. *CLICK*. No more bullets.

Noah stands there, fury in his eyes, watches the BLACK CAR disappear from his sight. He turns to his building and watches it burn to the ground.

INT. SUNBRITE BAR - BACK ROOM - LATER

Mickey and Anthony plop Pete's bloody corpse onto a slab. Jimmy Coonan stands in the corner of the room, puffs on a cigar.

JIMMY
I take it violin guy ain't dead?

MICKEY
He had a fuck'n machine gun, Jimmy!
(beat)
(MORE)

MICKEY (cont'd)
See, this is why I can't stand
workin' with these guineas...
gettin' our guys killed.

JIMMY
Bastard killed Paddy's kid. He
deserves to get whacked. Might as
well get paid for it.

MICKEY
Aw, fuck Paddy! Son of a bitch'll
probably turn stoolie anyway! And
fuck the Gambinos!

JIMMY
The Gambinos are the reason you and
your wife got a nice house with a
white picket fence.

MICKEY
Come off it, Jimmy!
(beat)
My point is, if Castellano wants
this guy dead so bad, why don't he
just do it with his own guys?

Anthony looks down at Pete, tears in his eyes.

ANTHONY
What about Pete?

Jimmy looks at Anthony, down at Pete. He puts his cigar out
in Pete's mouth.

JIMMY
Throw him in the furnace.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - W. 50 ST. - NIGHT

Noah limps aggressively up the block, loads a clip into his
Uzi.

EXT. SUNBRITE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy Coonan gets into a car parked out front, starts the
engine and drives off.

At that moment, Noah rounds the street corner nearby, limps to the front doors, Uzi ready. He kicks the door open.

INT. SUNBRITE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Rock music, circa 1970's, plays over the jukebox. Only a few PATRONS, probably regulars, occupy the bar. A quiet night, until...

The door slams open. Noah walks in with aggression, like a fierce wind, brings the wrath of hell with him.

Everyone stares at him. Noah looks around, makes it a point to make eye contact with every single Patron in the bar.

NOAH

I came for some Westies.

An anticipatory silence. Everyone shares a glance, look back at Noah. Noah draws his Uzi. The BARTENDER quickly reacts, ducks behind the bar.

A shared GASP as Noah points his weapon. BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! Noah unloads a hail of bullets. Each of the Patrons drops off their stools like dominoes.

One PATRON drops to the floor. A pistol falls from his waist, slides across the floor. Patron winces in pain, clutches his chest, a bloody wound. He reaches for his pistol as he lies on the floor.

Bartender cocks his shotgun from behind the bar, quickly brings his head up. BOOM! He fires a shot at Noah, catches him in the shoulder.

NOAH

Shit!

Noah jerks back, drops his Uzi to the floor, clutches his shoulder. As the Uzi hits the floor, BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! The Uzi goes off on its own.

As Patron gets a finger on the handle of his pistol, he catches a few bullets in the face, quickly becomes limp, lies still.

BRAT-A-TAT! The Uzi spins around on the floor, hits Noah's foot.

NOAH
Aw, God damn it!

Noah skips into the air, charges at the Uzi, picks it off the floor.

BOOM! Bartender fires another shot, misses, takes out a window behind Noah. BRAT-A-TAT! Noah returns fires, misses as Bartender ducks behind the bar again.

Noah limps aggressively towards the bar with wreckless abandon, thinks on his toes. He sees a lit cigarette sitting in an ashtray atop the bar, smoke rising from it. Noah eyes the many bottles of booze displayed behind the bar.

Bartender jumps up and BOOM! Fires a shot at Noah but misses and shatters a beer mug at the end of the bar. He ducks down again.

Noah aims his Uzi at the bottles of booze and BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! Shatters the bottles. Alcohol splatters all over the place.

Noah swings his forearm at the ashtray, slides it over the edge of the bar until it drops off behind the bar. WHOOSH! A burst of flames.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Awww!!!

Bartender drops his shotgun, rises from behind the bar and flails around in agony as he becomes engulfed in flames. BRAT-A-TAT! Noah puts Bartender out of his misery.

INT. SUNBRITE BAR - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Silence. The door nudges open. Noah cautiously peaks his head in, Uzi ready. Coast is clear.

Noah tiptoes inside, scans the room. He limps past the stalls, ducks and looks underneath. Nothing. Then a noise. A FART sound followed by a splash of water.

Noah follows the sound, backpedals and eyes one of the stalls. He jerks the door open.

Anthony sits on the toilet, petrified, legs in the air, pants around his ankles. Noah aims his Uzi at Anthony.

ANTHONY
Please! Not like this!

NOAH
Did Joey beg?

ANTHONY
What?! Who the fuck's Joey?!

BRAT-A-TAT! Noah sprays Anthony across the chest. Anthony slumps over as smoke rises from Noah's Uzi.

A GUN CLICKS behind Noah from O.S. Noah slowly turns around just enough to look down the barrel of a gun. Noah looks up, sees Mickey pressing the gun to his head.

Tense silence.

NOAH
You killed my friend.

MICKEY
I didn't kill your friend. But I bet the guy who paid us to kill you had something to do with it.

NOAH
Who?

MICKEY
Who else? Fuckin' Gambinos.
Castellano.

Noah thinks as sweat pours down his face.

NOAH
Where is he?

Mickey laughs.

MICKEY

You wouldn't be able to get within
a hundred feet of Castellano
without catchin' a bullet.

NOAH

Ain't gon' stop me from tryin'.

Mickey stares at Noah peculiarly, lowers his gun. Noah seems confused. Noah turns around completely, looks at Mickey, eye to eye.

MICKEY

He's got an associate who's been
handling these types 'a ordeals.
His name's Charlie. Charlie
Fantasia. Runs a car garage in the
East Village called Sonny's.

Noah remains confused.

NOAH

Why are you tellin' me this? Why
don't you kill me?

Mickey grins.

MICKEY

Never met a nigger with bigger
balls. That's sayin' a lot.

Mickey leans his head in, almost whispers.

MICKEY

You kill as many 'a those fuck'n
Ginney's you can. You hear me?

Noah nods, still a bit befuddled.

EXT. MANHATTAN - EAST VILLAGE - CITY STREET - DAY

Break of dawn. Construction noise O.S. Loud DRILLING. A WHITE
VAN sits parked at the curb.

EXT. SONNY'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A shabby looking station wagon, sputtering engine, pulls up the driveway, in front of the garage. Engine shuts off. The door opens and Charlie Fantasia steps out with a cup of coffee, cigarette hanging from his mouth.

Charlie shuts the door with his foot. He approaches the garage door, crouches down and unlocks a chain. He lifts and slides the door open.

He looks inside nonchalantly, but almost immediately freezes.

INT./EXT. SONNY'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The door slides opens, slams to the ceiling. Charlie stands there frozen still, whites of his eyes showing.

The silhouette of a MAN sits on the hood of a beat up, rusty car as the sun shines brightly in the background.

EXT./INT. SONNY'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The garage is dark in contrast to the sun light but lit just enough to see Noah's face, Uzi in his lap. Noah appears weak. Frail. Eyes heavy. Clothes soaked in blood.

CHARLIE

(wonder)

You... you're him.

Noah lifts the Uzi from his lap. Charlie flinches a bit.

NOAH

Who killed my friend?

CHARLIE

Listen to me, I was just the messenger --

NOAH

You tried to kill me --

CHARLIE

I didn't try killing nobody!

Noah raises his Uzi, points it into Charlie's direction.
Charlie throws his hands in the air.

NOAH
How'd you find me? How'd you find
out who I was?

CHARLIE
Castellano had money on your head!
He considered you a threat --

NOAH
Fuck Castellano! How'd you find
me?! Who killed my friend?!

CHARLIE
His name's Jack! Jack South!

NOAH
Who?

CHARLIE
He organized the whole thing, with
the kid! I didn't have shit to do
with any 'a this!

Noah tickles the trigger, points the Uzi closer into
Charlie's direction.

CHARLIE
C'mon, man! You have no idea what
you're dealing with!

NOAH
Where is he?!

CHARLIE
(stutters)
I don't... he's a firearms dealer!
He sells guns!

NOAH
That ain't the mother fucking
answer I's lookin' for!

CHARLIE
He runs a fucking bowling alley!
It's his cover!
(MORE)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
(beat)
That's all I know!

Noah raises an eyebrow, lowers his Uzi.

NOAH
Bowling alley?

CHARLIE
Listen to me and listen closely...
I'm not who you think I am.

Noah raises his Uzi again, points it at Charlie.

NOAH
You mother fucker's are all the
same.

CHARLIE
No!

BRAT-A-TAT! Noah sprays Charlie across the chest. Charlie drops to the ground, lies motionless. A puddle of blood expands from beneath him.

Noah stands up from off the hood, limps a few steps forward. Suddenly, a WHITE VAN bolts to the curb, screeches to a jolting halt.

The back door slides open and TWO FBI AGENTS in black suits jump out and point their pistols at Noah.

FBI AGENT
Freeze! F-B --

BRAT-A-TAT! BRAT-A-TAT! Noah unloads, catches FBI Agent in the leg. FBI Agent drops, clutches his wound.

POP! POP! The OTHER AGENT opens fire, takes out the car's head light, then windshield. Noah retreats, jumps into the driver's seat of the car.

INT./EXT. RUSTY CAR - PARKED TO MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Keys in the ignition, Noah starts the car. The engine rattles, but starts. POP! POP! DING! Bullets continue to fly at the car as Noah ducks down behind the dash.

Noah shifts the car into drive, hits the gas. The car bursts out of the garage, flies towards both FBI Agents. FBI Agent continues to fire shots while Other Agent remains on the pavement.

A THUD as Noah runs Other Agent over. Another THUD as FBI Agent smacks the front of the car, flies onto the hood and rolls into the shattered windshield.

Noah jerks a right, onto the street as FBI Agent hangs in the windshield, his face almost inside the car, by the dashboard.

They meet eyes as Noah races through the streets. FBI Agent shows his gun. Noah goes for his Uzi, presses it to FBI Agent's cheek.

WHAM! The car slams into a fire hydrant and FBI Agent flies about twenty feet off the windshield, smacks face first into the pavement. Dies upon impact.

EXT. STREET CORNER - RUSTY CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Wreckage. The front of the car crumpled. Smoke rises from the engine. Water spurts into the air from the fire hydrant.

FBI Agent lies dead, face first, on the pavement. A puddle of blood expands from beneath his face.

The driver's side door swings open. Noah stumbles out, falls to the street. Takes a breather. He picks himself up, dusts himself off and looks over the wreckage, the dead FBI Agent.

He sighs in frustration, slowly limps away. SIRENS near from O.S.

INT. HARLEM - MABEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A humble little abode. Mabel listens to mellow R&B MUSIC over her record player as she lies in bed, reads through a book.

The record skips, takes Mabel's focus away from her book momentarily. The record plays on and Mabel goes back to her book.

A loud BANG from O.S. Mabel takes her eyes away from her book again, looks to her window. Darkness. Rain pours outside.

She stands up, walks over to her window, opens it and looks out at the fire escape.

She covers her mouth in shock, gasps, when she sees Noah lying motionless by her window on the fire escape platform, engulfed by the heavy downpour.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Noah lies asleep on the couch in fresh clothes, wounds bandaged up.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
The search continues for Noah
Tate...

Noah opens an eye. He looks at the television, where a FEMALE REPORTER speaks behind a news desk.

ON TELEVISION

FEMALE REPORTER
Noah Tate was once declared a hero
by many. Now... a murderer. The
search continues after Tate
brutally murdered three FBI agents.
One of whom was working undercover
after infiltrating the Gambino
crime syndicate during a three year
investigation of the mafia crime
family...

BACK TO SCENE

Noah grimaces, shifts around on the couch. He looks around confused, unaware of where he is. He glances at the coffee table, sees a small pan with crushed bullets in it.

MABEL (O.S.)
Thought you might wanna keep those
as a souvenir.

Mabel enters the living room, looks down at Noah. Noah eyes Mabel peculiarly, finally remembers her.

NOAH
(frail voice)
Mabel...

Noah turns back to the television.

ON TELEVISION

FEMALE REPORTER

Tate has also been named as a possible suspect in the Son of Sam murders...

BACK TO SCENE

Noah flashes a look of disgust.

NOAH

You gotta be shittin' me.

MABEL

I must say, you've gotten yourself in quite the mess, haven't you?

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Noah and Mabel sit across from each other at the kitchen table, sip coffee.

NOAH

I did it for Adam... for you. For your daughter.

MABEL

You didn't even know us.

NOAH

Maybe not you, personally. But I knew you. Your situation.

(beat)

Didn't do shit about Annabelle. Wasn't much I coulda done. This was my chance... to make things right.

Mabel sighs, shakes her head.

MABEL

Noah, you can't keep blaming yourself for Annabelle. Keep doing that, you might as well stop living.

Noah curls his lip and shrugs.

MABEL
That's what happened to Adam.

NOAH
He blamed himself?

MABEL
He took responsibility for it. He thought he had to make things right. And it took over his life. Got him... well, you saw what happened to him.

Noah sips his coffee in deep thought.

MABEL
What about after Tyrone? Why keep on killing?

NOAH
Close friend of mine got killed.... all cause of a mess I got him in.

MABEL
There you go again.

Brief silence.

MABEL
Murdering people and killing. It's such an ugly thing to even think of, let alone do.

NOAH
But people do it. Sometimes, the only way to beat 'em is to become even more 'a monster than them.

MABEL
That what you tell yourself to keep a clean conscience?

NOAH
Never said my conscience was clean.

MABEL

But you find a way to live with a
dirty conscience.

Noah sees her point, nods. Almost ashamed.

MABEL

You live life like that, an anger
builds inside you until it gets to
a point where there's just too much
anger to overcome. You become
someone else. You become your own
enemy. It makes you think about
what you've lost instead of
remembering what you still have.

(beat)

Keep thinking like that and you
lose everything else. And all you
have left is that anger.

Noah looks into Mabel's eyes. A mutual understanding.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT - SARAH'S BEDROOM - LATER

Noah wanders in Mabel's deceased daughter's room. It seems as
if it hadn't been touched at all. Posters of teen idols on
the wall. Neatly made bed.

Noah walks to a bookshelf, looks over family photos. Plaques
for academic achievement.

Then Noah sees a violin and bow leaned against the wall in
the corner. He picks the violin off the floor, grabs the bow.
He tucks the chinrest into his neck, under his chin. Sets the
bow to the neck, gently upon the strings.

Noah plays a CLASSICAL VIOLIN SOLO - Bach's C Major Solo
Sonata. A sad and moving piece.

As Noah plays, he tears up a little bit, eyes glossy. He
shuts his eyes, but his emotion continues to show as he
plays.

Mabel stands in the doorway, watches. Her eyes become glossy
and a single tear trickles down her cheek. Deeply moved.

Noah finishes the piece, lets the music resonate after done playing. He opens his eyes, sees Mabel in the doorway, wiping her eyes.

Mabel smiles warmly. Noah smiles back. They share the same sadness as they share a prolonged stare. A touching moment.

Then a KNOCK on the door. A heavy KNOCK. Breaks the moment. Mabel seems caught off guard. Noah seems a bit alarmed himself.

NOAH
You expecting company?

Mabel, a sense of worry, shakes her head, "No." She disappears O.S.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mabel tiptoes to the front door, looks out the peephole. She sees Sam and Victor, both in black suits.

MABEL
Can I help you?

SAM
FBI ma'am. Open up.

MABEL
What's this about?

SAM
Just open up, ma'am. We have a few questions.

Mabel takes her face away from the door, thinks to her self, apprehensive in her demeanor. She puts her eye back to the peephole.

MABEL
You boys got some identification?

Sam looks to Victor. Victor shrugs. Sam nods.

SAM
Yeah, sure.

Sam digs into his jacket. But he pulls a pistol, presses the barrel to the opposite side of the peephole.

Mabel ducks immediately, falls to the floor. BOOM! Wood chips fly into the air as the bullet rips through the door. Mabel crawls away from the door, sheer panic written across her face.

Victor kicks the door open. He and Sam walk in, look down at Mabel, fear in her eyes. Sam points his pistol down at Mabel.

But Noah charges in from out of nowhere, wields a butcher knife. He sticks the knife into Sam's trapezius muscle, between the neck and shoulder, grabs Sam's wrist and jerks it up towards the ceiling, averts his aim away from Mabel.

BOOM! A gunshot fires into the ceiling and debris falls to the floor. Noah tackles Sam to the floor, lies on top of him. Sam screams in pain as blood spatters from his trapezius muscle, knife still stuck in. Noah snatches the pistol away.

As Victor draws his pistol, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Noah pops him three times in the chest. Victor drops his weapon then collapses dead to the floor.

Noah quickly jumps to his feet, waves his pistol down at Sam. But doesn't shoot. Sam gurgles on his own blood, squirms around. Eventually grows limp, stops struggling. He dies with his eyes open.

Silence as the dust settles. Noah looks down, sees Mabel on the floor, frightened and shocked. Noah reaches out his hand. Mabel looks at his hand, back him reluctantly.

Mabel eventually grabs his hand and he helps her to her feet. She continues to stare at him in disbelief. Noah avoids eye contact, ashamed.

They finally meet eyes. Look of sorrow on Noah's face.

NOAH

I'm sorry for gettin' you mixed up
in all this. But I gotta end this.
It's the only way to get you out.

MABEL

You don't gotta do a damn thing.
You gotta have faith, Noah...

(MORE)

MABEL (cont'd)
 that things will work itself out.
 You don't gotta do nothing.

Noah looks down at the floor, back into Mabel's eyes.

NOAH
 I done lost faith a long time ago.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry.

Mabel's eyes fill with tears. She touches his chin, kisses his cheek.

MABEL
 Don't go getting yourself killed,
 now. I'd hate to think I spent all
 that time nursing you back to
 health for nothing.

She cracks a sad smile. Noah grins sadly and nods.

EXT. BOWL-A-RAMA - DAY

A sunny day in Brooklyn, the parking lot packed with cars.

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - CONTINUOUS

A packed house. Each lane occupied with bowlers. The sounds of loud CRASHING. Bowling balls RUMBLING down the lanes, striking pins. Music. Scattered conversation. Laughing. A good time for all.

Noah walks in the front doors, duffle bag slung over his shoulder, pistol tucked into his waist. He looks around the crowded bowling alley.

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Noah approaches the bar, a few DRUNKARDS present. The BARKEEP, late twenties, average looking, approaches with a grin on his face.

BARKEEP
 How are you doing today, sir? What
 can I getcha?

Noah flashes his pistol. Barkeep eyes the pistol cautiously, throws his hands in the air.

NOAH
(whispers)
Put your God damn hands down.

Barkeep lowers his hands.

BARKEEP
What do you want?

NOAH
My violin.

Barkeep looks at Noah in disbelief. He knows who Noah is.

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dark, dingy. Dimly lit. Very quiet.

Barkeep walks down the wooden staircase. Noah follows close behind, pistol pressed to Barkeep's back.

They reach the bottom. Barkeep points to the violin and bow sitting on the chair bolted to the floor. Noah approaches the chair, glances down at the cement floor. Blood stains.

Noah picks up his violin and bow, stuffs them into his duffle bag. He looks to Barkeep.

NOAH
Now, where's Jack?

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - BAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Loud, especially in contrast to the eerie silence from the basement.

Barkeep stands behind the bar again, points out lane six to Noah. Noah nods, approaches the lane where Jack South and THREE FRIENDS occupy. Jack waits at the ball return.

INT. BOWL-A-RAMA - LANE SIX - CONTINUOUS

Jack stands at the foul line, approaches the line, winds up and hurls the ball down the lane. It rumbles towards the pins. CRASH! A few pins remain. A difficult second roll awaits.

Jack turns to his THREE FRIENDS, grits his teeth and smacks his hands together in frustration.

JACK

Fuck'n seven, ten split!

Jack's expression quickly changes to concern when he sees Noah behind the benches. Their eyes meet, a grim expression on Noah's face.

The moment lasts forever. Seems like slow motion. Noah draws his pistol, points it at Jack. Jack's eyes grow large with caution.

But at the same moment, a GANGSTER, African American, pin-striped suit, late twenties, one of Nicky Barnes' men, comes from the side, steps up to Jack.

Gangster presses a gun to the side of Jack's head. BLAM! Chaos breaks out. Screams. EVERYONE scrambles frantically as if a fire alarm went off.

Jack drops to the hardwood floor as blood leaks from his head wound. He dies before he hits the floor.

Noah remains in shock. Can't move. Pistol still aimed. Confused expression on his face as FRIGHTENED BOWLERS rush past and around him, to the exit.

Gangster spots Noah among the crowd, notices the violin, raises his eyebrows. He waves his gun at Noah and BLAM! An INNOCENT BYSTANDER rushes in front of Noah, catches the bullet and drops.

Noah aims his pistol at Gangster, but doesn't have a clear shot. Too many BYSTANDERS.

Noah blends in with the crowd, moves towards the exit. Gangster chases after him, struggles through the crowd.

EXT. BOWL-A-RAMA - CONTINUOUS

FRIGHTENED BYSTANDERS flood out the front doors. Gangster struggles his way through the crowd, has a hard time focusing.

As he exits the front doors, he finally creates some space. Gangster looks around frantically. As a SWARM OF BYSTANDERS clears out, he sees Noah.

Noah points his pistol at Gangster and BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Shoots Gangster three times, disposes of him.

A CADILLAC packed with FOUR GUNMEN pulls up, screeches to a stop along side Noah. They reveal heavy artillery - machine guns, shotguns, pistols, etc.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Noah immediately blasts holes into the passenger's side door of the CADILLAC and takes off, out of the parking lot.

The CADILLAC chases after him.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Noah huffs and puffs as he sprints with a slight limp along the sidewalk. The Four Gunmen in the CADILLAC quickly catch up, windows rolled down.

Now riding along side Noah, guns hanging out the window, they unload at him. POP! POP! POP! Noah narrowly dodges bullet after bullet. Many bullets shred through parked cars, take out windshields and windows.

POP! Noah catches a bullet to his back, by his shoulder, and lets out a yelp. Noah stops suddenly, winces in pain as the Four Gunmen speed by.

Noah aims his pistol and BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Unloads on the CADILLAC, shatters the back window.

The CADILLAC screeches to a sudden halt. Noah looks around, spots a subway terminal and rushes over to the staircase. He dips into the terminal, descends down the stairs.

INT. SUBWAY TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Noah rushes past the service window, hops a turnstile. The MTA WOMAN behind the window spots Noah, notices the violin on his back.

MTA Woman picks up the phone, dials a number.

MTA WOMAN

Police?

INT. SUBWAY TERMINAL - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Noah sprints halfway down the platform, leans over the edge as a train rumbles down the tracks, approaches.

Noah delicately reaches for his back, dabs his wound and grimaces. Blood soaks through his shirt.

The train stops at the station. Noah glances back at the turnstile entrance, sees the Four Gunmen dash through the turnstile.

Noah looks back to the train, sense of urgency. The sliding doors open and Noah quickly boards. He sees the Four Gunmen board a subway car several cars behind.

The sliding doors close.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Noah limps halfway through the seemingly empty subway car, stops and catches his breath. He glances back with frustration, grits his teeth and sighs.

Noah's breathing slows. Look of concern and frustration disappears. He nods as if accepting his fate. Noah takes a deep breath and sits, relaxes in his seat, sets his duffle bag on the floor between his legs.

He leans back into his seat, looks across the aisle. He sees a RAGGEDY MAN, homeless and elderly, sitting across from him. They share a brief stare.

NOAH
How you doin', pops?

Raggedy Man shrugs. Noah thinks to himself. Something dawns on him. Noah pulls his violin and bow out of the bag, sets it on his lap. He slides the duffle bag to Raggedy Man.

Raggedy Man seems confused.

NOAH
Take it. It's yours.

Raggedy Man curiously looks into the duffle bag. His eyes grow big when he sees it packed with wads of cash. He looks at Noah, stunned.

NOAH
You might wanna go on and git up
outta here. Trouble's comin'.
Should be here any minute.

Raggedy Man nods in thanks, stands up and takes the duffle bag with him. He walks towards the front of the subway car, reaches the door at the end.

He opens the door and boards the next subway car. As the door closes on its own, TWO POLICE OFFICERS appear en route.

Meanwhile, Noah sits somberly in his seat, stares sadly down at his violin. Senses the end is near.

A DOOR OPENS and SHUTS O.S. Footsteps. Noah looks up, sees the Four Gunmen approach with their guns out. Noah only sits there calmly and waits.

But another DOOR OPENS and SHUTS from O.S. At the opposite end of the subway car. The Two Police Officers approach from the other side.

They see the Four Gunmen aiming their weapons at Noah, immediately draw their firearms on them.

Noah shuts his eyes. Then something strange happens. The lights on the train flicker rapidly. The train slows, wobbles slightly like a mini earthquake.

The unexpected turbulence causes one of the Gunmen to drop his gun to the floor. POP! A shot accidentally goes off, hits the ceiling.

The Two Police Officers discharge their firearms as if the accidental gunshot were a cue. The Four Gunmen return fire. An endless bombardment of bullets from each direction.

As the gunfight ensues, the lights on the train shut off, everything black. Darkness. The train stops. The gunfire persists temporarily, but stops. Then... silence.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LATER

SUPER: Several Hours Later...

Darkness. Silence. Then... FOOTSTEPS O.S. A beam of light grows brighter. A DOOR OPENS and SHUTS O.S. THREE COPS board the train with flashlights.

COP #1
I dunno what happened.

COP #2
So, it's just Brooklyn?

COP #1
I heard Manhattan, too.

COP #3
City wide black out, fellas. All boroughs. Heard it on the radio about a half hour ago.

Cop #1 shines his flashlight around the train, on the TWO POLICE OFFICERS motionless on the floor, several bullet wounds, blood everywhere.

COP #1
I got two of our own down over here! Ain't lookin' good! Shot up pretty bad!

Cop #2 and Cop #3 shine their flashlights on the FOUR GUNMEN, also motionless on the floor, shot up pretty good. Buckets of blood.

COP #2
Got four more down over here!

COP #1
Ours?

COP #2
Definitely not.

Cop #3 looks over the scene, shakes his head.

COP #3
What a mess. God damn O.K. Coral in here.

COP #1
Any sign of Tate? Violin guy?

Cop #2 shines his flashlight around.

COP #2
Not yet.

He shines his flashlight around some more, stops on a completely shattered window.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

An overhead shot of New York City. The skyscrapers. Time Square. Everything dark. No light. A complete black out.

EXT. HARLEM NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Chaos. Loud yelling, hooting and hollering. RIOTERS and LOOTERS running wildly up and down the streets with televisions and other stolen appliances.

Glass SHATTERS O.S. The only thing keeping the neighborhood lit is trash cans with flames bursting out of them.

A NEWS REPORTER, distinguished forty-something male, stands in front of his CAMERA MAN. Camera Man adjusts a flashlight on top of the camera.

News Reporter speaks with urgency, worrisome expression on his face.

NEWS REPORTER

The cause of the blackout remains unknown at this point. But I tell ya, folks, what you see behind me is pure pandemonium. Mass rioting, looting... I can barely hear myself speak right now! And what's this?

News Reporter gets a feed from his earpiece.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Riot squads are being dispersed in several neighborhoods to control the chaos that has ensued in all five boroughs --

The sound of a violin O.S. News Reporter stops, looks around. He looks to Camera Man.

NEWS REPORTER

Shut that off for a second.

Camera Man lowers his camera.

NEWS REPORTER

You hear that?

CAMERA MAN

What?

NEWS REPORTER

It sounds like... it sounds like a violin.

Meanwhile, somewhere among the RIOTING CROWD, TWO BRAWLERS engage in fisticuffs, throw haymakers at each other. A street fight. But, in the middle of their brawl, they stop, their hands on each other's throats. They look up.

The SOUNDS of a VIOLIN playing becomes LOUDER, more coherent. As the VIOLIN continues to play...

LOOTERS shatter an ELECTRONIC'S STORE WINDOW, grab everything they can - televisions, appliances... everything. But as they make their way out, they stop, look up. Follow the SOUNDS of the VIOLIN.

Like a domino effect, soon the whole chaotic crowd stops what they're doing. A collective HUSH comes over the CROWD. The loud noise dissipates, slowly dies down.

The VIOLIN plays loudly. EVERYONE looking up. The silhouette of a MAN walks along the subway platform of a raised terminal, high above the street.

EXT. RAISED SUBWAY TERMINAL - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Noah, wounded and weak, limps along the platform, beside the tracks, and plays a CLASSICAL VIOLIN SOLO - Bach's Sonata for Violin solo no 1 in G minor, BWV 1001.

As Noah plays the moving solo...

INT. POLICE STATION

Nicky Barnes poses for a mugshot...

SUPER: Leroy "Nicky" Barnes was prosecuted for drug-related crimes and sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole on January 19, 1978. After finding out one of his fellow "Council" members was sleeping with one of his mistresses, Nicky became an informant. He forwarded a list of 109 names, five of which were council members, along with his wife's name, implicating them all in illegal activities related to the heroin trade. Barnes helped to indict 44 other traffickers, 16 of whom were ultimately convicted. In this testimony, he implicated himself in eight murders.

Barnes, due to his cooperation, was released in August 1998. Now in his 70s, Barnes is part of the Witness Protection Program.

INT. SPARK'S STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul Castellano walks out of the steak house with an associate when GUNSHOTS ring out. Castellano takes several bullets in the middle of the street, many SPECTATORS there to witness the assassination.

SUPER: On December 16, 1985, Paul Castellano was shot to death outside Sparks Steak House in Manhattan on the orders of John Gotti.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. RAISE SUBWAY TERMINAL - PLATFORM - NIGHT

Noah, eyes heavy, continues to play the violin as everyone watches him from below. Silence as he plays.

INSERT: PHOTOS OF MICKEY FEATHERSTONE AND JIMMY COONAN

SUPER: Bad blood between Coonan and Featherstone, in part due to Featherstone's distaste for Coonan's Italian mob connections, eventually led to Featherstone being framed for the murder a construction worker and neighborhood bar owner who refused to give the Westies "protection money.

Featherstone was convicted in early 1986 and began cooperating with the government in hopes of getting the murder conviction overturned. The information he and his wife Sissy provided, and the recordings they helped make, achieved this aim. The information provided by the Featherstones resulted in the arrest of Coonan and several other Westies on state charges of murder and other crimes. Shortly afterward, federal prosecutor Rudolph Giuliani announced a devastating RICO indictment against Coonan and others for criminal activities going back twenty years. Featherstone testified in open court for four weeks in the trial that began in September 1987 and concluded with major convictions in 1988. Jimmy Coonan was sentenced to sixty years in prison on assorted charges.

BACK TO SCENE

Noah disappears into the distance as he continue to play the VIOLIN piece. The moon shines bright in the background, the backdrop of the city's skyline only shadows.

SUPER: Noah Tate was believed to be spotted at the 125th Street Subway Station in Harlem a few months after the infamous blackout in the Summer of 1977... playing the violin. He was never seen again...

BACK TO SCENE

Only Noah's shadow remains, far in the distance...

The VIOLIN PIECE reaches its moving conclusion.

FADE OUT:

THE END