M-O-N-Y

Pilot Episode:

"His Honor"

written by
Tom Fontana

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS
Barry Levinson
Tom Fontana
Jim Finnerty

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CAST

JOE CAPANELLI
FRANCINE TYSON
MARCIE COHEN
ATES KILIÇLIOĞLU

KENDALL HOLT

ROY CORDIERO
THERESA CYWIN
JASPER DICKERSON
HAMID DURRANI
SHARON FABERT
TEX GOODWIN [DHS]
BOB HANLON [OPS]
PHIL HARRIS
DAVIS KIM
MILTON MITCHELL [SAM]
GARRY PUDENZ [FBI]
SYDNEY STEWART [NYPD]

ANABELLA CAPANELLI
DOLORES CAPANELLI
ROCCO CAPANELLI
SARAH HOLT
WILLEM TYSON

CHUCK SCARBOROUGH
BOB SHEPPARD (v.o.)
REPORTER #1
REPORTER #2
REPORTER #3
AIDE
ASSISTANT
CABBIE
COP
DRIVER
FUND-RAISER
MUSLIM
OWNER
SETS

INTERIORS
Al-Shazzar’s Apartment
Ambulance
City Hall
   Bullpen
   Briefing Room
   Conference Room
   Deputy Mayor’s Office
   Hallway
   The Office of the Mayor
CTC
   Main Room
   SCIF
Dodge Stratus
Dolores’ Home
   Living Room
Durrani Home
   Living Room
Grand Central Station
Helicopter
Limousine
Masjid Aqsa Mosque
Our Lady Of Mercy
   Suite
   Waiting Area
Police Car
Taxicab
Truck
Yankee Stadium
   Locker Room

EXTERIORS
Alley
Avenue B
   Apartment Building
Brooklyn
   Sterling Place
City Hall
Ferry Pier
Fifth Avenue
First Avenue
Governor’s Island
   Castle Williams
   Fort Jay
Intersection
John Street
Manhattan
New York City
Our Lady Of Mercy
Water Street
West Thirteenth Street
Yankee Stadium
TEASER

FADE IN:

1. EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

A red Fire Engine blasts its way through mid-day traffic, SIREN blaring.

2. INT. DODGE STRATUS - DAY

JOE CAPANELLI, somewhere deep in his thirties, pulls over to avoid being steam-rolled by the Fire Engine.

JOE is the Public Advocate of the City of New York. (More on that later.) With tousled hair and wrinkled shirts, he's the antithesis of today's polyester politician. He is passionate, optimistic and handsome, though his face, on the local news, comes off as perpetually weary.

Sitting beside JOE is his Chief of Staff, ATES KILIÇLIOGLU, early twenties. ATES is Turkish by heritage, American by birth and a practicing Muslim. He's young and idealistic or naive and inexperienced, depending on whom you talk to. ATES is devoted to JOE, but not afraid to call his boss on his bullshit.

Oh, and JOE is driving with a speech propped up onto the steering wheel.

ATES
Could you please not do that?

JOE
Do what?

ATES
Read while you're driving. It's dangerous, illegal. How would it play on the six o'clock news if the Public Advocate caused a five car pile up?

JOE
I drove cross country once, from Queens to Costa Mesa, playing Tetris, listening to Pink Floyd, with a bottle of tequila between my legs -- never had an accident.

ATES
You're a regular Safety Council poster boy.

ATES snatches the speech off the steering wheel.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOE
Ates, I have to study the speech.

ATES
Speech? All you do is introduce the Mayor. Twenty-eight words. My grandmother could do this.

JOE
Is she available?
(takes speech back)
You know how crappy I am at public speaking.

ATES
Alright, you're not great at it.

TIME CUT TO:

3 EXT. FERRY PIER - DAY

JOE and ATES exit the Car and walk onto a Ferry.

JOE
I only got elected Public Advocate because I forced the city to reopen the petting zoo in Central Park. But Mary Tyler Moore and Bernadette Peters did all the talking. I was off-stage, passing out petitions.

ATES
You're a one-on-one guy. As a contractor --

JOE
I didn't hafta talk to crowds. A plumber here, a carpenter there, an architect. Now, I stare out at the audience, that ocean of expectant faces, and the tsunami hits: I forget what I've memorized, I sweat profusely and stutter like Elmer Fudd.

ATES
You've accomplished a lot in nine short months --

JOE
But not by making speeches.

ATES
Don't forget, you need to confront the Mayor about the situation in Soundview. This may be your only face-to-face with the old cretin.
JOE
Yeah, but, first, I hafta get past the Dragon Lady.

As the Ferry departs,

WORDS APPEAR, as if on a computer screen (or maybe with a VOICEOVER): "The Public Advocate is the second highest ranking elected official in the City of New York -- after the Mayor."

EXT. CASTLE WILLIAMS/GOVERNOR'S ISLAND - DAY

The dynamo that is Mayor KENDALL HOLT pumps hands. Late fifties, powerful, tough, KENDALL possesses the kind of political savvy which our boy Joe does not.

Beside him is Deputy Mayor FRANCINE TYSON, a cross between Sigourney Weaver and Scarlett Johansson. She says she's in her early thirties, but her birth certificate mysteriously disappeared from the City Records Office the day she was sworn in. Beautiful and intelligent, FRANCINE is a Virgo, which means she is also organized and single-minded. Someday she will be Mayor. Or President. Or Empress.

FRANCINE
We're still nowhere with the police union over the new contract.

KENDALL
Tell McKenzie if he and his cronies walk out, I'll have them arrested, fined and castrated.
(to CITIZEN)
Thanks for coming.

As KENDALL presses the flesh, JOE approaches FRANCINE.

JOE
Deputy Mayor --

FRANCINE
Joe. Wow. You're on time.

JOE
Has Holt read my letter about the need for more bank branches in Soundview?

FRANCINE
That's not an issue the Mayor feels comfortable inserting himself in --
JOE
Why not? The people in Soundview are his constituents, as much as mine. I have a stack of e-mails and phone messages and --

FRANCINE
This administration does not tell banks where to put branches.

JOE
But, there's only one branch of one bank in the whole area and it serves twenty-four thousand people. Some folks have to travel three miles on two buses just to make a deposit. I have a plan to --

FRANCINE's cell RINGS.

FRANCINE
Excuse me...

She answers phone, as they step up onto the platform. Red, white and blue bunting. DONORS take their seats.

KENDALL
Hello, Joe. Where have you been hiding yourself?

JOE
Pittsburgh, trade conference. Mister Mayor, I wrote you a letter --

KENDALL
So, who's gonna win the subway series?

JOE
The Mets. I'm hoping Rivera's arm falls off. About this banking thing. I don't wanna hafta go to the press --

FRANCINE touches KENDALL's elbow.

FRANCINE
I'm sorry, sir, but it's important.

She takes him off to the side, whispers in his ear. JOE looks at ATES.

JOE
He always makes me feel like my shirttail's hanging out.

ATES
It is.

(CONTINUED)
Tucking in his shirttail, JOE watches as KENDALL follows POLICEMAN off. FRANCINE approaches.

FRANCINE
Something's come up. The Mayor had to go. You'll do the dedication.

JOE
What? Wait. I'm doing the intro --

FRANCINE
You're doing the dedication.

JOE
No. N-O.

FRANCINE
What's the big deal? It's a lousy ten minute speech.

JOE
I memorized the intro. "Ladies and gentlemune... men --"

FRANCINE takes speech from briefcase.

FRANCINE
Here's what the Mayor had prepared. You might want to skip the joke about you Democrats.

She heads off, leaving JOE open-mouthed, sputtering.

ATES
Oh geez.

FUND-RAISER
(approaching)
We need to begin.

On JOE, frantically studying the Mayor's speech,

CUT TO:

WORDS APPEAR: "The Public Advocate's job is to keep City Hall and all it's various agencies in line..." "Good luck."

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Airborne. KENDALL, on phone.

KENDALL
Yes, Bob, I'm five minutes out. What's the status?
22 December 2006

CONTINUED:

As he listens, concern riddling his brow,

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE WILLIAMS/GOVERNOR'S ISLAND - DAY   6

FUND-RAISER stands at podium.

FUND-RAISER
...The Public Advocate of the City
of New York, Mister Joseph Capanelli.

Tepid applause, as JOE goes to podium, shakes FUND-RAISER's
hand. JOE stares out. As he struggles to breathe,

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT JAY/GOVERNOR'S ISLAND - DAY   7

FRANCINE, on cell, walks to another helicopter.

FRANCINE
Marcie, cancel all the Mayor's
appointments... Yes, everything...
Him, too... No, I'll do that one...

As she climbs on board,

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE WILLIAMS/GOVERNOR'S ISLAND - DAY   8

JOE is, in theatre parlance, laying an egg, as he reads:

JOE
"...Adds a lumin -- luminous jewel
to New York's historical landscape..."
(turns the page)
"-- Disney and Rocky Graziano..."
(looks up)
I think I'm missing a page...

He reshuffles the papers. On the AUDIENCE, fidgeting,

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY   9

KENDALL looks at watch, calls to DRIVER.

KENDALL
Mike, can't we go any faster?

DRIVER walkies an unmarked Police Car.

DRIVER
Mony wants speed.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Hear CRACKLE of walkie.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

POLICEMAN, on walkie, accelerates.

EXT. JOHN STREET - DAY

The Police Car and the Limo rocket, SIREN WAILING.

EXT. WATER STREET - DAY

A large Container Truck barrels toward an intersection. The side of the Truck reads "Animal Menagerie, Inc."

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The TEAMSTER wears headset, volume on max, struggling to stay awake.

EXT. JOHN STREET - DAY

The Police Car and the Limo tear through traffic, heading for the same intersection.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE WILLIAMS/GOVERNOR'S ISLAND - DAY

JOE, at podium, still plugging along:

JOE
"We celebrate the..."
(exhales)
"...in-can-des-cent beauty of this..."

He looks at the next word, has no idea how to say it. Or what it means.

JOE (cont.)

Oh, hell.
(gives up on speech)
Have you looked around this place?
It's amazing.

As JOE stares up at the fortress,

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Truck reaches the intersection, the light is green.

The Mayor's entourage reaches the intersection, the light is red. But that doesn't stop them. The Police Car roars through -- and SMASHES INTO THE TRUCK, spinning backwards towards the Limo.
INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

KENDALL
What the f--

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The Limo, in order to avoid hitting the Police Car, swerves violently and SLAMS into the truck, which tips over.

The Limo is crushed.

A beat, as the dust settles. The back door of the truck swings open, by its own weight. A PENGUIN pops out of the truck. Then another PENGUIN comes out. Then another. On a gaggle of PENGUINS waddling around the wreckage,

CUT TO:

WORDS APPEAR: "If the Mayor becomes incapacitated or dies, the Public Advocate succeeds him..."

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE WILLIAMS/GOVERNOR'S ISLAND - DAY

JOE, unaware of the sudden turn his life has just taken, smiles at the surroundings.

JOE
Absolutely amazing...

As the CAMERA RISES, revealing a dazzling panorama of the skyline of New York,

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

20 EXT. FIRST AVENUE - DAY
Ambulance rips through traffic, escorted by police.

21 INT. AMBULANCE - DAY
PARAMEDICS work feverishly on KENDALL, who lies on gurney unconscious and bloody.

22 EXT. OUR LADY OF MERCY - DAY
As the ambulance pulls into the hospital's E.R.,

CUT TO:

23 INT. THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR/CITY HALL - DAY
Quiet for a moment, then MARCIE COHEN, thirties, the Mayor's private secretary, enters. A civil servant, she's been around since the Giuliani administration. She knows everything that's happening everywhere in the building.

She leads JOE inside. There is an odd tension between them.

    JOE
Marcie, what's this about? Why all the hush-hush?

    MARCIE
You'll see.
    (starts to exit)
    Don't touch anything.

She goes, closes door. JOE looks around the room, at the portraits of former Mayors: Fiorello La Guardia, DeWitt Clinton, Cadwallader D. Colden. There is also a portrait of Holt with the Lubavitcher Rebbe. JOE goes to an ornate desk, picks up crystal paperweight embedded with the city seal.

    FRANCINE (o.c.)
I gave that to him -- Election night.

JOE drops paperweight on the desk with a THUD. FRANCINE closes door, all business.

    FRANCINE (cont.)
Sit down, we need to talk.

JOE, obediently, sits, as she crosses to behind the desk. She does not sit.

    FRANCINE (cont.)
The Mayor's been in a car accident.
He's in a coma.

    JOE
God.

(Continued)
FRANCINE
Relax, he'll recover, we just don't have a timetable yet. So, as of now, according to the city charter, you are the Mayor, the Acting Mayor.

JOE closes his eyes, "oh, right," remembering.

FRANCINE (cont.)
I'll handle the day-to-day running of the government, but there are some official duties you are required to do... Mayor Holt was on the way to an emergency meeting at the Counter Terrorism Center.

JOE
Why? What's wrong?

FRANCINE
(calls out:)
Lieutenant.

NYPD Lieutenant ROY CORDIERO, forties, Latino, comes to door; tall, strong, you wouldn't want to fuck with him.

FRANCINE (cont.)
Roy Cordiero, NYPD. He'll be coordinating your security detail.

ROY
Mister Capanelli.

JOE
Call me Joe.

As they shake hands, FRANCINE heads out.

FRANCINE
The key to the next few days is to keep our citizens calm --

ROY follows, then JOE.

INT. HALLWAY/CITY HALL - DAY

JOE and FRANCINE trek along, trailed by ROY.

FRANCINE (cont.)
They need to know that the city will continue to function as it has. No speed bumps or potholes.

DAVIS KIM, twenty-five, Chinese-American, the Mayor's Press Secretary, joins the trek.
DAVIS
Mister Capanelli, remember me? Davis Kim, the Mayor's Press Secretary.

JOE
Oh, right, yeah, hi.

DAVIS
We've issued an initial report on Mayor Holt's condition. And the perp walk's all set.

JOE
The perp walk?

DAVIS
Our little press office joke. It's the distance between the front door and the car. The media is out there, firing a million questions. You keep walking, yell out a non-sequitur. If you don't want to answer, cup your ear like Reagan, like you can't hear over the noise --

FRANCINE
Just don't stop walking.

JOE
Look, this isn't the first time I've talked to reporters, okay?

FRANCINE
Once we're in the limo, we'll make the switch.

JOE
What switch?

FRANCINE
We can't let the media -- or anyone else -- know that we're headed to the CTC, so we've announced that you're going to visit the Mayor in the hospital. Our limo will pull away and a matching limo will head to Our Lady of Mercy --

JOE
Yeah, but, what happens when the matching limo reaches the hospital and I'm not in it?

DAVIS
I've told the press that you don't want to exploit the situation as a (MORE)
DAVIS (cont.)
photo op so you're going in, sight
unseen, through the underground
parking garage.

JOE
Okay. So, why exactly are we going
to the Counter Terrorism Center?

FRANCINE ignores him and exits to:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Media madness. JOE rushes out between FRANCINE and ROY toward
Limo. DAVIS brings up the rear.

REPORTER #1
You and the Mayor have clashed quite
often since the election, do you
intend to change any of his policies?

JOE
No. Not at this time.

REPORTER #2
Meaning, if the Mayor's condition
doesn't improve, you will?

JOE stops at open door of Limo.

JOE
Look, a terrible thing has happened.
We need to come together, not --

FRANCINE shoves JOE forward, into:

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

JOE tumbles into backseat as ROY climbs behind steering wheel.
FRANCINE slides in beside JOE.

JOE (cont.)
I had a nun like you in second grade.
She was constantly shoving me. On a
school trip to the top of the Empire
State Building, I shoved back.

FRANCINE
(takes out files)
Let's go, Roy.

The Limo drives off. She dials cell.

FRANCINE (cont.)
Rebbe Englestein, please... Francine
Tyson, returning his call.

JOE takes out cell.

(CONTINUED)
FRANCINE (cont.)
Who are you calling?

JOE
Ates, to tell him to meet us at the Counter Terrorism Center.

FRANCINE
No. He can't come.

JOE
He's my Chief of Staff --

FRANCINE
He doesn't have clearance. He can't know what's going on.

JOE
(sarcastic)
How 'bout me? Can I know?

FRANCINE
(into phone)
Rebbe?

As FRANCINE starts chatting with the Rebbe,

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM/CTC - DAY

New York's security nerve center. JOE enters, dumbfounded by the high-tech bells and whistles. It's "Minority Report" to the max. FRANCINE leads JOE to a group of MEN, various ages, various sizes; all very WASPY.

FRANCINE
Gentlemen, I'm not sure if you've met Joe Capanelli -- Sydney Stewart, Police Commissioner; Bob Hanlon, NYPD Special Ops. Over here, we have Milton Mitchell, Special Assistant to the Mayor; Garry Pudenz, FBI Joint Terrorist Task Force.

JOE
Look, I hope we'll all get to be great friends, but what's the crisis?

FRANCINE nods to BOB [OPS].

BOB [OPS]
Let's start with --

He pushes button, ARAB MALE's face appears, stats alongside.

(CONTINUED)
This man -- Abdul al-Shazzar, the leader of an Al Qaeda cell --

ASSISTANT approaches.

ASSISTANT
We have surveillance.

BOB [OPS]
Excellent.

Monitor pops on: the exterior of an apartment building in lower Manhattan. BOB turns back to JOE.

BOB [OPS] (cont.)
An Al Qaeda cell which intends to blow up Grand Central Station at rush hour today.

JOE
Sweet Jesus.

BOB [OPS]
There are three other members of the cell: Aziz al-Faisal, al-Shazzar's cousin; Mashoor al-Ghamdi and Moataz Bin Rahman, fellow worshippers at the Masjid Aqsa Mosque.

SYDNEY [NYPD]
Two weeks ago, an informant leaked the details of their plot --

GARRY [FBI]
Since then, we've been monitoring chat rooms, intercepting documents, tracing purchases, tapping calls --

MILTON [SAM] hands transcript to JOE.

MILTON [SAM]
They've been using a code, referring to the attack as a "poker game" --

BOB [OPS]

JOE squints at the transcript, as TEX GOODWIN [DHS] enters.

SYDNEY [NYPD]
Ugh, what's he doing here?
TEX [DHS]
There's a buzz in the stratosphere, something nasty's about to go down.
(to JOE)
They never invite me to their party.

SYDNEY [NYPD]
I sent you an e-mail.

TEX [DHS]
Funny, I didn't get it. Fourth time that's happened.

FRANCINE
Fellas -- Focus.

SYDNEY [NYPD] snarls at TEX [DHS], then faces JOE, pointing to surveillance screen and computerized map.

SYDNEY [NYPD]
We've surrounded the home of al-Shazzar -- here -- and we're prepped for an all-out assault.

JOE
What's that mean, "all-out"?

SYDNEY [NYPD]
The Joint Terrorism Task Force -- two hundred men, with orders to apprehend, disarm and, if necessary, shoot to kill.

FRANCINE
We've been preparing for this contingency since nine/eleven. The plan's at ready. As Acting Mayor, you simply need to give the thumbs up.

JOE
Oh. Huh.
(to BOB [OPS])
Are you absolutely sure this is the right house? I mean, remember that incident in London, where they thought --

BOB [OPS]
It's the right house... Sir...

JOE
And the threat is definitely for today?

GARRY [FBI]
That's what the chatter indicates.

(CONTINUED)
JOE
How come you waited 'til the last minute?

MILTON [SAM]
We didn't know the date and time until about an hour ago.

TEX [DHS]
So, let's kick some Islamic ass.

BOB [OPS]
Tex, only three of them are in the apartment right now. Plus, al-Shazzar's wife and six year old son. We should hold off 'til al-Shazzar he returns.

JOE
And I haven't said yes, yet.

A moment of confusion, exchanged looks, "Is this guy serious?"

JOE (cont.)
I'd like to go over the information you've collected.

FRANCINE
There isn't time.

JOE
Well, we're waiting for the leader, so we have some time.

FRANCINE
The data is complex. You don't have the expertise to interpret it.

JOE
True, but I clocked alotta hours in that neighborhood, campaigning. It's easy to misunderstand certain words, customs --

TEX [DHS]
Are you soft on terrorism?

JOE
No. God, no. I want terrorism gone. I wanna stop looking over my shoulder. I want my kids to be safe. But, before we turn the lower east side into Sadr City, I want answers to a couple questions. Like who else lives in that building? How much danger are we putting them in?
BOB [OPS]
Every precaution is being taken.

JOE
How big is al-Shazzar's apartment?

BOB [OPS]
It's a studio. Maybe four hundred square feet.

JOE
Yet, we're sending in two hundred men. In my experience, as a contractor, too many guys on a job is worse than not enough guys. They start stepping on each other's --

FRANCINE
Mayor Holt would've said yes.

JOE
We don't know that for certain. Besides, what he would've done doesn't matter, it's my decision now.

FRANCINE
You've been in the job all of twenty minutes, you think you know more than the experts?

JOE
Look, the experts, especially when it comes to this terrorist stuff, have had their heads up their asses --

(to the OTHERS)
No offense.

FRANCINE signals MILTON [SAM], who walks off, gets on cell phone. BOB [OPS] faces JOE.

BOB [OPS]
Mister Capanelli, New York City has the finest security operation in the world. It's better than the federal government's --

TEX [DHS]
Hey, I wouldn't say that --

BOB [OPS]
The city has better undercover agents overseas, better trained translators. And that's with the Feds cutting our funding by forty percent --

SYDNEY [NYPD]
Which they did because some lummox at DHS decided the Statue of Liberty isn't a national landmark --

(CONTINUED)
TEX [DHS]
Now, hold on, that was due to a clerical error on your part --

SYDNEY [NYPD]
You sent the money to Paducha, Wyoming, where I'm sure Osama is plotting to blow up a herd of cows --

JOE
Guys, there's a child in al-Shazar's apartment. There's probably twenty families in the building. Just tell me no innocent people will be hurt.

BOB [OPS]
We can't guarantee that --

JOE
Then --

FRANCINE
If we don't take this chance, a lot of other innocent people -- at Grand Central -- will be hurt, killed. A hundred thousand, maybe.

JOE hears this, bites his lower lip.

JOE
This job sucks...

MILTON [SAM] returns, gives FRANCINE slight nod.

FRANCINE
If you need time to think, Joe, there's a secure office over here.

She indicates "Secure Compartmented Information Facility". JOE enters. FRANCINE signals MILTON [SAM], who goes into:

INT. SCIF/CTC - DAY

JOE paces. MILTON [SAM] enters.

MILTON [SAM]
Mister Capanelli, my title is Special Assistant to the Mayor, but I'm going to reveal something to you that only the Mayor, the Deputy Mayor and the Police Commissioner know. I'm CIA.

(off JOE)
Although this decision is yours, there are others who have an interest...

PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MILTON [SAM] (cont.)
That's the White House.

MILTON [SAM] goes. JOE, hesitates, then lifts phone.

JOE

Hullo?... Sure, I'll hold... Mister President... Yes, we're all praying for his recovery. More'n'more as each moment passes... Yeah, it's a tough call... Well, I'd just like to know that it's the right house, the right people. I'd like to minimize the loss of life and -- You do? Well, I appreciate that, sir... Uh huh...

JOE listens and paces.

INT. MAIN ROOM/CTC - DAY

FRANCINE and the OTHERS wait.

FRANCINE

He'll do it. He doesn't have the balls not to.

JOE emerges, faces the OTHERS.

JOE

The President agrees with me... We share the same concerns... But he feels we should move forward. That in moments of crisis all the branches of government -- federal, state, city -- need to act as one. So -- (to FRANCINE)

How do I do this? Do I sign something?

FRANCINE

For now, just say it.

JOE

Okay. When this al-Shazzar guy shows up, move in... Shoot to kill.

As the CTC kicks into high gear,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

30 INT. MAIN ROOM/CTC - DAY


ASSISTANT (o.c.)
The Deputy Mayor's on the phone. She wants an update.

BOB [OPS] (o.c.)
Tell her that we're still holding.

CROSS FADE TO:

31 INT. DEPUTY MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - DAY

CU on TV screen: REPORTER #1 reports story on the Mayor, from outside Our Lady of Mercy Hospital.

REPORTER #1
...So, for now, the people of New York will have to watch, wait and pray... Lenore Jackson, WNBC, at Our Lady of Mercy Hospital. Chuck?

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL six TV screens, all on different stations; news of the Mayor: Kendall smiling, the scene of the accident, the penguins. FRANCINE, at her desk, on phone:

FRANCINE
No sign of al-Shazzar, huh? Okay.

She hangs up, focuses on TV.

CHUCK SCARBOROUGH
While the Mayor recuperates, the city's Public Advocate has taken over the reins of government. But who is Joseph Capanelli? Nell Smith gives us "A Closer Look" --

FRANCINE rises and exits, as clips of JOE appear on TV.

32 INT. BULLPEN/CITY HALL - DAY

Given the Mayor's condition and the terrorist threat, the room is even more hyper than usual. AIDES on phones, on computers, rushing around. FRANCINE addresses her secretary, THERESA CYWIN, twenty, spunky.

FRANCINE
Theresa, get me Sharon Fabert fast.

(CONTINUED)
THERESA
Labor Relations wants a pre-lim on today’s PBA negotiations.

FRANCINE
Squeeze them in.

As THERESA reaches for the phone, DAVIS approaches.

DAVIS
You ready for this? There were eleven penguins on that truck. One of them is still missing.

FRANCINE
So? Have the police put out an APB. How hard can it be to find a penguin in Manhattan?

DAVIS
It gets worse: the owner is suing the city. Six million dollars. Emotional distress. Not his emotional distress, the penguins.

FRANCINE
Why're you telling me this now?

DAVIS
That little, lost penguin is going to be a public relations nightmare.

AIDE approaches.

AIDE
Rebbe Englestein's on the phone again.

DAVIS
They're too damn cute.
(goes)

AIDE

FRANCINE
Tell the Rebbe that I'll contact Durrani and get a clarification.

AIDE
Englestein wants a meeting with the Acting Mayor.

FRANCINE
No way. Capanelli's on ice. He talks to no one.

(continues)
MARCIE crosses by, with coffee mug.

MARCIE
Francine, the MLB is wondering, since Holt was going to throw out the first pitch at tomorrow's Yankee/Mets game, if Capanelli's doing it instead.

FRANCINE
We'll get back to them.

Leaving the bustle, MARCIE exits into:

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR/CITY HALL - DAY

In contrast to the Bullpen: absolute quiet, to the point of inertia. ROY stands at door. JOE paces, as MARCIE enters.

MARCIE
Here y'go, piping hot --

JOE
Did you send for Ates?

MARCIE
Yep.

JOE
And where's that file on the members of the cell?

MARCIE
CTC says it's on its way. They're simplifying the data.

JOE
Is this stuff that hard to grasp? Or do they think I'm an idiot?

MARCIE
Both.
(off JOE)
Well, you asked.

MARCIE goes. JOE turns to ROY:

JOE
You can sit if you want.

ROY
No, thank you, sir.

JOE sips coffee -- it's too hot. He puts cup down, exhales, frustrated.

(CONTINUED)
The whole world is spinning twice as fast as usual and I'm in here playing pocket pool.

JOE eyes the liquor at a small, mahogany bar, then --

JOE (cont.)
So, Roy, what's your story? You married?

ROY
No, sir.

JOE
Good looking guy like you, what're you gay?

ROY
Yes, sir.

JOE
Yes? Oh. So much for "Don't ask, don't tell," huh?

ROY says nothing. JOE gets rocks glass from bar.

JOE (cont.)
I'm divorced. Married my high school sweetheart -- Dolores, which means "sorrow" and, boy, was she.

ROY says nothing. JOE pours bourbon into glass.

JOE (cont.)
Can't complain though, I got two great kids: Rocco, he's eighteen and --

(about to sip, stops)

Hell. Anabella.

(takes out cell, speed dials)

She uses Grand Central coming home. I gotta warn her --

ROY
Mister Capanelli, you can't. If the public finds out about the threat, there'll be mass panic --

JOE
This is my daughter, Roy.

(listens)

Voice-mail's full.

(texts her)

Her phone bill every month, it's catastrophic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

JOE (cont.)
She has more friends than Bill Clinton --
(looks at screen)
Her text messages are full?

JOE speed dials again, waits impatiently, then --

JOE (cont.)
Rocco?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WEST THIRTEENTH STREET - DAY

ROCCO CAPANELLI, eighteen, walks along, on cell.

ROCCO
Yo, Dad, I called your office when I
heard about the Mayor's accident.
You okay?

JOE
Uh, sure. This whole thing is only
temporary. Hey, have you talked to your sister?

ROCCO
Not since yesterday, the bitch.

JOE
If you do talk to her... tell her --
(eyes ROY)
I'm gonna have someone pick her up
at school, okay?

ROCCO
Dad, I know that tone in your voice,
something humongous is wrong.
(excited)
Someone trying to assassinate you?

JOE
No, no, life's peachy. You're not
going to mid-town, are you?

ROCCO
I wasn't planning to...

JOE

They hang up.

JOE (cont.)
Roy, send one of your guys to get her --
JOE reaches for his wallet, pulls out several items, including a Tom Seaver baseball card.

   JOE (cont.)
   Tom Seaver baseball card, autographed by the man himself.
   (finds a photo)
   Here's a picture of my daughter.

He holds out a photo of Anabella, but she's ten years old.

   JOE (cont.)
   She's sixteen now. She looks a little more, y'know, sixteen...

   ROY
   (takes photo)
   Where does she go to school?

   JOE
   Performing Arts on Amsterdam.
   (looks at watch)
   Classes are over. But she's usually in rehearsal.

   ROY
   Okay, I... I just have to get the Deputy Mayor to sign off on this.
   (off JOE)
   There's a policy --

JOE curses under his breath, heads out. As ROY follows,

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM/CTC - DAY

ASSISTANT monitors surveillance camera. On screen: an ARAB MALE walks to front of building, lights a cigarette.
ASSISTANT taps BOB [OPS], who studies screen.

   BOB [OPS]
   That's not him.

On ASSISTANT, nervous,

CUT TO:

INT. DEPUTY MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - DAY

FRANCINE sits with Deputy Mayor for Legal Affairs, SHARON FABERT, sixty, who holds a copy of the city charter.

   FRANCINE
   Sharon, cut to the chase. How do we get rid of Capanelli?
SHARON
(reads)
"...If the vacancy occurs prior to September twentieth in any year, it is filled at the general election of that year. If the vacancy occurs on or after September twentieth in any year, it is filled at the general election held the following calendar year..."
(looks up)
Today is October fourteenth.

FRANCINE
So, depending how long it takes for the Mayor to improve, we could be stuck with Capanelli for a year and change.
(off SHARON's nod)
Any loopholes?

SHARON
Well, if he resigns, the Comptroller becomes Mayor. But other than that, we are, as the British say, fogged.

JOE enters. ROY is behind him.

JOE
I'm told --
(sees SHARON)
Hi, Sharon.

SHARON
Joe.

JOE
(to FRANCINE)
I'm told that I hafta get you to okay me sending a cop to pick up my daughter at school.

FRANCINE
You know the rules: City employees are not permitted to use city vehicles for personal reasons.

JOE
Anabella takes the train home from Grand Central.

FRANCINE
I see...

JOE
Do you?
FRANCINE
For your information, Joe, as we speak, my husband's on the Metro-North coming back from a business meeting in Stamford. He just called, wants us to have dinner at Michael Jordan's -- when he gets off the train -- at Grand Central.

JOE
You told him about the threat --

FRANCINE
No... How could I? Because of my position, because I know about the danger, I should warn my husband? And, afterwards, what do I say to the wives and husbands, the parents and children of all the men and women who are killed? "My husband's life was worth more"?

She stares at picture of Willem, then says to ROY:

FRANCINE (cont.)
Track his daughter down.

ROY exits. As JOE stares at FRANCINE for a beat, then goes,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

As a lone PENGUIN waddles between two STOCKBROKERS, who are too busy arguing over a cab to take notice,

CUT TO:

38 INT. THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR/CITY HALL - DAY

As JOE paces, ROY talks on cell. On TV screen: REPORTER #3.

REPORTER #3
The SPCA is concerned that the penguin, whose name is Pepe, cannot survive an urban jungle filled with rats, stray dogs and taxis --

JOE
The media's obsessing about this stupid penguin. If they only knew the real danger.
(turns off TV)
No word on my daughter, huh?

ROY
She left school right after class. A friend said she was meeting someone.
(looks at notes)
"Brad Phillips"?

JOE
Brad Phillips? Who the hell is... Is she, uh, dating this guy?

ROY shrugs.

JOE (cont.)
Ates will know.

He exits into:

39 INT. BULLPEN/CITY HALL - DAY

MARCIE sits at desk outside Mayor's office, as JOE enters.

JOE (cont.)
Yo, Marcie, where's Ates? I sent for him eons ago.

MARCIE
Y'want the official version or the truth?

(CONTINUED)
M-O-N-Y
22 December 2006

CONTINUED:

JOE
Uh, the truth?

MARCIE
Francine left orders that he wasn't to be allowed on this floor.

JOE
Oh, she did, huh? Because of the terrorist threat? Because he's Muslim?

MARCIE
No. Because of politics, bobblehead. She's compelled by law to have you here. But she doesn't want your staff getting too comfy or hearing things she doesn't want them to hear.

JOE
"Bobblehead"?

MARCIE
I could call you worse.

JOE
(pause)
Look... About that night...

MARCIE
It's been six months, any regret is past the expiration date.

JOE
Still, I want you to know how much I --

MARCIE
If you say another word, I'll punch you in the head.

FRANCINE walks by, surrounded by AIDES.

JOE
Francine, I'm still waiting for that file from CTC.

FRANCINE
It's coming. By the way, how would you like to throw the first pitch at the Yankees/Mets game tomorrow night?

JOE
I'd love to. I'm a huge Mets fan.

FRANCINE
I know.

(CONTINUED)
She starts to go.

JOE
When can I expect the CTC file?

FRANCINE
Soon. Geesh. Why're you so hopped-up to get it?

JOE
In my neighborhood, when someone wants to whack ya, there's a reason. To you and me, blowing up Grand Central is crazy. But not to al-Shazzar and his pals. I'm one of those people who likes to know how my enemies think --

FRANCINE, fully aware that he means her, glares at him, continues on her way.

MARCIE
Subtle, but effective.

JOE
What's the latest on the Mayor's condition?

MARCIE
They say that he's stable, whatever that means to a guy in a coma.

JOE
You talked to his doctors?

MARCIE
No, only Francine has. On her orders.

JOE
Huh... When I was on the phone with my son, he asked what was wrong, I lied and said nothing.

MARCIE
That's what parents do to protect their kids.

JOE
Yeah, maybe not just parents... As Acting Mayor, Francine Tyson works for me, right?

MARCIE
Hypothetically. But Holt appointed her, so you'll have to use a tire iron to pry her loose.
JOE
No, I mean, does my pair trump hers? Y'know in terms of who can be on which floor?

MARCIE
Sure. Short of leaping tall buildings, you now possess all the powers of the Mayor of New York.

JOE slaps the door frame.

JOE
Get Ates up here. And get me what's-his-name, Hanlon at Counter Terrorism.

As MARCIE looks at JOE, pleased that he's taking control,

CUT TO:

40 INT. MAIN ROOM/CTC - DAY

BOB [OPS] monitors surveillance, ASSISTANT approaches.

ASSISTANT
Capanelli's on line seven.

As BOB [OPS] lifts receiver,

CUT TO:

41 INT. BULLPEN/CITY HALL - DAY

FRANCINE walks along, with AIDES, as JASPER DICKERSON, fifties, Office of Labor Relations, comes out of elevator. He is a small man, perpetually nervous.

FRANCINE
Jasper, tell me that you and the Patrolman's Benevolent Association have reached a fair and equitable labor contract, that peace and joy reigns between the city government and New York's finest.

JASPER
On the contrary. Those turdballs rejected our latest offer.

As they turn a corner, FRANCINE sees ATEI, talking to MARCIE, then entering the Mayor's Office.

JASPER (cont.)
The union thinks because of what's happened to Holt, we're going to cave.
FRANCINE
We're not going to cave. Bring McKenzie back to the table and keep negotiating until you either have a contract or you die of old age.

As she heads towards Mayor's Office,

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR/CITY HALL - DAY
ROY stands by door, talking on cell. JOE, on landline, sits behind desk.

JOE
Thanks, Bob. I'll be there shortly --
(hangs up, to ATES)
Call the hospital, get me a complete report of the Mayor's condition, every cut and scratch. I got a feeling Francine's not being straight with the public -- or us...

FRANCINE enters without knocking.

JOE (cont.)
Deputy Mayor. Evidently, the CTC file I've been waiting for has been sitting on your desk for an hour. I'll pick it up on my way out.

FRANCINE
Out? Where are you --

JOE
I'm happy to report Ates now has clearance.
(rises)
We're heading over to the CTC.

FRANCINE
To serve what purpose?

JOE
Terrorism is a high priority for the Mayor of New York, right? Bob Hanlon's gonna walk me through the whole operation.

FRANCINE
Fine. Just don't get in the way.

He takes the slap without comment, exits, followed by ATES and ROY. She goes to phone, dials.
FRANCINE (cont.)
Phil? I want everything you have on 
Joe Capanelli... Meet in the 
carport... Yes, now.

She hangs up. As FRANCINE stares at the desk, then runs her 
hand over the surface,

CUT TO:

43 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY
ROY drives, as ATES and JOE sit in back, reading CTC file.

JOE
Aziz al-Faisal got engaged last 
Saturday. So, he's gonna detonate 
himself to avoid the wedding?

On JOE, confused,

CUT TO:

44 EXT. WATER STREET - DAY
PEPE THE PENGUIN stands on corner, as another Limo drives 
through traffic, led by Police Car.

45 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY
FRANCINE sits with PHIL HARRIS, twenties, African-American, 
Republican party operative. She's reading a file.

FRANCINE
This is the entire dossier on 
Capanelli?

PHIL
Well, if you'll remember, the Public 
Advocate race was not a high priority 
for the party. We thought Jolley 
would kick Capanelli's can. Jolley 
had everything, verve, humor, he was 
a high school basketball coach, 
rippling with family values --

FRANCINE
Until he started showering with his 
players.

FRANCINE's cell RINGS.

FRANCINE (cont.)
Tyson... I'm pulling up right now.

The Limo stops. As FRANCINE scrambles out, she says to PHIL:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FRANCINE (cont.)
Find me something on Capanelli. Some dirt, some mud.

She heads into:

INT. MAIN ROOM/CTC - DAY

CU on surveillance screen: an ARAB MAN, carrying groceries enters the building. PULL BACK TO REVEAL JOE, ATES, et al.

BOB [OPS]
Positive I.D. That's al-Shazzar --

J (studying the screen)
Lemme ask ya: if he's about to die for Allah, why is he carrying a week's worth of groceries?

TEX [DHS]
For his kid, maybe? Who knows with these people...
(eyefucks ATES)
I say we deploy now.

FRANCINE (o.c.)
Not yet, give al-Shazzar a few minutes to get settled.

They turn to see FRANCINE enter. They all look at JOE, who hesitates, then nods. Like a break on a pool table, the MEN shoot off in different directions. FRANCINE faux smiles at ATES, crosses away. ROY approaches.

ROY
Still no sign of your daughter, sir. But we do know that Brad Phillips is a student at Performing Arts, he plays the cello.

J
My daughter's dating a cellist?

ATES
This is news to me.

ROY
We've tried his home and blackberry. So far, no luck.

J
We're running out of breathing space. (exhales) Okay, I'm gonna have to do something I really don't want to --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He dials phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM/DOLORES' HOME - DAY

DOLORES CAPANELLI, thirties, is your average American housewife. With a vengeance. She lifts receiver.

DOLORES

Hello?

JOE

Do you know where Anabella is?

DOLORES

Who's this?

JOE

"Who's this?" You know who this is.

DOLORES

It's only polite when calling someone to identify yourself first.

JOE

Dolores, I don't have time for --

DOLORES

It's simply good manners.

JOE

Answer my question -- do you know where our daughter is?

DOLORES

She's due home in the next hour --

JOE

I need to talk to her now --

DOLORES

Try her cell --

JOE

I tried her cell. Five times. Who's Brad Phillips?

DOLORES

I dunno, who is he?

JOE

Never mind. If Anabella calls, tell her not to take the train home --

DOLORES

Why?

(CONTINUED)
JOE
I can't tell you.

DOLORES
You can't tell me. You never told me. That was the problem.

JOE
Will you do what I ask, please?

DOLORES
Yes.

JOE
Good-bye, Dolores.

DOLORES
Joe, wait, one more thing --

JOE
What's that?

She SLAMS the phone down, hanging up on him. JOE, pissed, replaces receiver on cradle.

JOE (cont.)
And to think I used to fondle that woman.

BOB [OPS]
(approaches)
We're ready, sir, on your signal.

JOE breathes, nods. BOB talks into mic.

BOB [OPS] (cont.)
Go.

On screens; INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AVENUE B - DAY

Two hundred SPECIAL OPS appear out of nowhere, ten are wearing protective chemical suits, the rest are in combat gear with gas masks. They rush the apartment building.

JOE (v.o.)
"Twenty-eight minutes ago..."

Helicopters hover above, the THRUM of the rotary blades.

JOE (v.o.) (cont.)
"The FBI/NYPD Joint Terrorism Task Force..."

Wearing cameras on their helmets, the OPS go into the lobby, then up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOE (v.o.) (cont.)
"In conjunction with the Department of Homeland Security... um..."

They reach front door of apartment and SMASH it in.

JOE (v.o.) (cont.)
"Successfully stooped, I mean, stopped a major terrorist threat..."

GUNFIRE.

SMASH CUT TO:

49 INT. BRIEFING ROOM/CITY HALL - DAY

The PRESS listens, as JOE stands at a podium, reading speech. FRANCINE, DAVIS, BOB [OPS], SYDNEY [NYPD] and the FEDS are behind him. ATES hangs to the side.

JOE
"...On Grand Central Stazion. Station...
(looks up, then back down)
"...Three members of the cell were, captured. Its leader, Abdul al-Shazzar, was killed in a gunboat, gun battle, lasting three minutes..."
(looks up, then back down)

Oh, wait, I skipped the part where the location of the, um, cell was. Seven-two-three Avenue B.
(looks up, then back down)

So, where was I?
(reads)

Ah. "...lasting three minutes. The JTTF had the cell under investigation for two weeks, but the decision to move was predee -- predicated by a sudden ax -- acceleration by the terrorists to strike at rush hour today. The city, in collaboration with federal agencies, is doing all we can to protect our citizens. Thank you. Ask for questions."
(realizes)

Oh. Um, any questions?

REPORTERS yell, raise hands. JOE points to REPORTER #1.

REPORTER #1
Sir, as Public Advocate, had you been kept abreast of these investigations?

(CONTINUED)
JOE
Well, to be honest, no. Like with allota things, I've been kept outta the loop.

FRANCINE frowns.

REPORTER #1
But you're "in the loop" now?

JOE
Oh, yeah. God help us.

REPORTERS yell. JOE points to REPORTER #2.

REPORTER #2
Do we know if there are any more members of this particular cell?

JOE
Uh, we do. There aren't. Uh. We don't think.

REPORTER #2
You're not sure?

JOE
Sure we're sure. Well, as sure as you can be given the fact that we can't be sure of anything these days.

FRANCINE steps next to him.

FRANCINE
To the best of our knowledge, the four people identified are the only members of this particular cell.

REPORTER #1
Are there other cells?

JOE
You'd --

FRANCINE
Not that we know of, but we are being diligent in our attempts to monitor all such activity.

More questions from REPORTERS. She signals DAVIS.

DAVIS
That's all we have time for. We'll be issuing a report on Mayor Holt's status in forty-five. Thank you.

FRANCINE heads off, followed by JOE and the OTHERS.
JOE steps out of Briefing Room, exhales, as ATES meets him.

ATES
All in all, that went pretty well.

FRANCINE hears this, turns, her frustration exploding.

FRANCINE
Are you nuts? He said he's been kept out of the loop.

ATES
He has been.

FRANCINE
People don't want to hear that. They want to believe that the city government is one big harmonious hayride. He was supposed to be projecting the cool eye of calm, not the squint of indecision --

ATES
So, screw the truth?

FRANCINE
If the "truth" is: "we can't be sure of what we're sure of," yes.

JOE
That's not what I said --

FRANCINE
You are totally useless. Why don't you just go to the Central Park Zoo and pet a llama.

BOB [OPS]
(approaches)
Listen --

JOE
(to FRANCINE)
I'll admit it took me a minute or two to get my sea legs --

FRANCINE
Sea legs? You were sliding like you were on the Titanic --

BOB [OPS]
I have news.

FRANCINE and JOE both stop, turn to him.

(CONTINUED)
BOB [OPS] (cont.)
We searched the entire building,
brick by brick, didn't find any bombs.
Not even the whiff of one.

FRANCINE
How's that possible? If they were
minutes away from activating -- Did
they have 'em hidden somewhere else?

BOB [OPS]
We'll keep looking, but... We also
now believe that the man who was
killed has no ties to al Qaeda.

JOE
What?

BOB [OPS]
None of the men in the apartment do.
They were there to play poker.

JOE
We murdered an innocent man?

BOB [OPS]
I'm afraid so, sir.

JOE looks at FRANCINE, then at the floor. His cell RINGS.

FRANCINE
I want everyone in the Conference
Room, immediately.

FRANCINE and BOB [OPS] rush off. JOE answers his phone.

JOE
Hello?... Anabella, hi... Yeah, yeah,
My being Mayor is only temporary...
I can't talk now. Glad you're safe.
Love you.

He closes cell, then, in the heat of anger, heaves it against
a wall.

JOE (cont.)
This job sucks.

JOE walks off. On ATES, picking up the cell,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

51 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/CITY HALL - DAY

ATES, DAVIS, SHARON, BOB [OPS], SYDNEY [NYPD] and MARCIE wait, as FRANCINE barrels through the door.

FRANCINE
Where are Milton, Garry and Tex?

MARCIE
According to their offices -- on planes to Washington.

SYDNEY [NYPD]
Those assholes are going to try and dump the blame on us.

FRANCINE
Where's Capanelli?

ATES
I don't know.

FRANCINE
You don't know?

On ATES shrugging,

FLASH CUT TO:

52 EXT. PARK ROW - DAY

With City Hall in the b.g., JOE stands on curb, hailing a taxi. As one pulls up,

CUT BACK TO:

53 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/CITY HALL - DAY

MARCIE
Lieutenant Cordiero is searching the building.

FLASH CUT TO:

54 INT. TAXICAB - DAY

CABBIE peers into rearview mirror at JOE.

CABBIE
Y'look familiar... Were you on "Deal, No Deal"?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOE
Uh uh, I just have that kinda face.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/CITY HALL - DAY

FRANCINE
Well, we can't wait for Capanelli, we have to figure out what we can do to contain the political damage.

SHARON
First, we announce that the rules of engagement are under review.

BOB [OPS]
No. I think we have to reinforce the idea that the intelligence we had was significant.

ATES
Significant?

BOB [OPS]
Okay, "potentially" significant. Our informant told us that al-Shazzar, after the fall of Iraq, became steeped in Islam, obsessive even. He was interacting with young people at the local mosque. He grew his beard.

ATES
High crimes.

FRANCINE
Ates, you're not helping.

ATES
I'd like to know who this "informant" is. Did he have personal reasons for lying about Abdul al-Shazzar?

BOB [OPS]
His identity has to remain secret.

ATES
What a crock --

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/AVENUE B - DAY

JOE gets out of cab, approaches the yellow plastic tape of a crime scene, ducks underneath. A COP gets in his face.

COP
Hey, buddy, step back behind the tape, now.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOE
(with authority)
I'm the Mayor.

COP reacts, "Holy Shit", recognizes JOE.

JOE (cont.)
At least for today.

As COP retreats,

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/CITY HALL - DAY

SYDNEY [NYPD]
The problem is the Muslim community will turn al-Shazzar into a saint.

ATES
We Muslims don't have saints.

FRANCINE

ATES
You know what I mean, "He's a respected member of the community, a good husband, father" -- All the usual snot. We have to counter that. (takes out file)
I have an arrest warrant for al-Shazzar from nineteen ninety eight, pornography.

ATES
Why not just drag his naked body through the streets, his ankles tied to the bumper of a truck.

FRANCINE

ATES, shut up.

ATES glares at FRANCINE, then walks out.

DAVIS
If we're going to make the next news cycle, we have about fifteen minutes to get a statement prepared.

FRANCINE
Press conference, top of the hour. All of you, be there.

As they disperse,
58 INT. AL-SHAZZAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

JOE walks through the studio apartment, surrounded by the aftermath of chaos and death: chairs are toppled, a door is busted, broken glass. JOE stops to examine several bullet holes in the wall, fingering one hole as he flinches. He continues on, steps on something -- a boy's baseball mitt. As he picks the mitt up, the full horror of what occurred in front of the boy overwhelms him.

VOICE (o.c.)
Everyone's looking for you.

JOE turns to see MARCIE, standing in the doorway.

JOE
How did you know I'd be here? I mean, I guess that sez a lot about our relationship --

MARCIE
Actually, this was my third choice... Roy's outside. You ready to go back?

JOE puts the baseball mitt on a table. His face reflects a new resolve, a new fire.

JOE
Yeah.

As JOE exits, followed by MARCIE,

CUT TO:

59 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/AVENUE B - DAY

As JOE and MARCIE emerge, they are engulfed by the MEDIA. JOE pushes through the crowd, without speaking, heading to ROY, who holds car door open. On him and MARCIE getting into car,

CUT TO:

60 INT. BULLPEN/CITY HALL - DAY

JOE walks with FRANCINE.

JOE
An innocent man is dead. Why?

FRANCINE
Bad intelligence.

JOE
Oh, well, that should comfort his six year old.

(CONTINUED)
FRANCINE
We did the best we could with so little time --

JOE
Bull. We have to do better. We have to make sure a mistake like this never happens again.

FRANCINE
It will happen again. Get used to life post-nine/eleven. If we had failed to take action and bombs had gone off at Grand Central, you'd be feeling plenty worse -- Believe me, I buried a lot of firefighters in two thousand one.

JOE takes a beat, then turns to MARCIE, who's at her desk.

JOE
Do you have a list of the leaders of the Muslim and Arab communities?

MARCIE
Sure.

FRANCINE
(to JOE)
What do you want the list for?

JOE
I'm gonna call 'em, each one --

FRANCINE
We do that after the press conference.

JOE
I'm gonna invite them down, talk this through --

FRANCINE
Of course, but we need to co-ordinate your response with the --

JOE
How do I know what my response is before I hear what they have to say?

FRANCINE
We know exactly what they're going to say. Just because you've never heard it, doesn't make it new.

JOE
Okay. But I don't need your team to give me talking points.

(CONTINUED)
FRANCINE
No, you'll spew out the first thing that comes into your head.

JOE
Uh uh. What I'm gonna do is apologize, make it clear to the Muslim community that we aren't targeting them, that our methods were too extreme --

FRANCINE
Geez, that'll play great over Al-Jazeera.

JOE
So, your genius idea is, to what? Ignore community concerns --

FRANCINE
Do you ever listen to any other voice than your own? We have to balance security and safety -- the security of the city and the safety of the individual.

JOE
Balance. Right. Which is why, because of Abdul al-Shazzar's death, we should think, for maybe a second, about what we can do differently.

FRANCINE
Look, John Q may feel badly that the wrong man is dead. But he doesn't want us, as a result of this mishap, to stop protecting his wife and children.

JOE
"Mishap"?
(to MARCIE)
Place the first call.

FRANCINE glares at him, as MARCIE answers ringing phone.

MARCIE
Mayor's Office...

AIDE approaches FRANCINE.

AIDE
Rebbe Englestein's on the horn. Again. Wants the whole story on the shooting.

FRANCINE exhales, goes. MARCIE faces JOE:

(CONTINUED)
MARCIE
I have the White House on four.

JOE also exahles, goes into:

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR/CITY HALL - DAY
JOE picks up phone, as ATES stares out window.

JOE
Hullo... Sure, I'll hold... Mister President... Yes, a terrible tragedy... Well, sir, I appreciate you saying that, but at a time like this, me being right doesn't mean much... No, sir... Uh huh, I will... No, thank you for calling.
(hangs up)
I have an open invitation to sleep in the Lincoln bedroom.
(rises)
He wanted to know if I was gonna announce to the press that I was against the assault...

ATES
Maybe you should. That'd be the smart move.

JOE
I've never been known for my smarts...
(eyes the liquor)
What kinda crazy, practical joke is God playing? Making a jamoke like me Mayor of New York...

JOE senses ATES' mood.

JOE (cont.)
You okay?

ATES
I don't know. How would you feel if they shot a guy simply because he was Catholic? You know what it's been like for me, my family since September eleventh, the stares, suspicions, insults, threats --
(off JOE's nod)
I grew up watching "Miami Vice" and "Family Ties" same as everybody else. In Brooklyn, not Baghdad.

On JOE, exhaling,
INT. DEPUTY MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - NIGHT

FRANCINE, on phone. TV is on, SOUND MUTED.

FRANCINE
Rebbe, we have no intelligence connecting Hamid Durrani with the Grand Central plot... No... No, I don't think that's a good idea... Other facts have emerged since the press conference... I can't discuss them at this moment, but I'll give you a full briefing in...
(looks at clock)
About forty minutes... Yes, shalom.

She hangs up. PHIL enters.

PHIL
You wanted mud, I've got the beginnings of an avalanche.
(offers file)
A DUI, when Capanelli was sixteen. He hit an old lady.

FRANCINE
(opens file)
Did she die?

PHIL
No, damnit.

FRANCINE
This is a good start, Phil, but it's not enough to bury him. Keep digging.
(looks at clock)
I have to get to the press conference.

PHIL
Uh oh.

He points. ON TV: Penguins. FRANCINE unmutes sound.

REPORTER #3
...As the hunt for Pepe the Penguin goes on, school children are organizing search parties...

FRANCINE
How is it possible we can't find a penguin wandering the streets of Manhattan?

PHIL
Well, there are eight million people out there --

(CONTINUED)
M-O-N-Y
22 December 2006

62 CONTINUED:

FRANCINE
But only one penguin.

As she rises,

CUT TO:

63 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As PEPE THE PENGUIN hangs with a couple of HOMELESS MEN,

CUT TO:

64 INT. BRIEFING ROOM/CITY HALL - NIGHT

JOE stands reading speech before the MEDIA; FRANCINE, SHARON, BOB [OPS], SYDNEY [NYPD] and DAVIS behind him.

JOE
"...In response to the intelligence which had been gathered, we, we, um, had no choice but to take action. To do otherwise would have been failing in our doody... Duty to the people of New York."

(looks up)
The folks behind me and the folks who work with them take their jobs very seriously. In this instance, they did the best they could -- and screwed up. The President, um...

No. I blew it. I made the final decision. And a man is dead. I apologize to his family, to his community, to every New Yorker...

He's about to say more, then --

JOE (cont.)
Deputy Mayor Tyson will handle any questions --

JOE walks off the stage. As FRANCINE steps to the podium and REPORTERS yell,

CUT TO:

65 INT. THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR/CITY HALL - NIGHT

JOE stands, glass of bourbon in hand, staring at a portrait of Mayor Colden, as ATES works.

JOE
Who the hell is Cadwallader D. Colden, anyway? I mean, what did he do as Mayor that he rates a spot in here?

(CONTINUED)
I think he inaugurated voter fraud.

MARCIE enters.

MARCIE
I have confirmations on all of the Arab and Muslim leaders you invited, except Hamid Durrani. They'll be here tomorrow at nine am... And the White House is on six.

JOE
Tell 'em I'm taking a crap.

She picks up phone on Mayor's desk, says:

MARCIE
Sorry, he's indisposed... Yes, I will.

She hangs up as JOE sips bourbon.

JOE
I think I'm gonna stop drinking.

MARCIE
Yeah?

JOE
Yeah. I don't like getting up in the morning with that thing in my head.

ATES
It's called a hangover.

JOE stares at ATES for a beat.

JOE
You make me sound like a drunk.

ATES says nothing, this is a discussion they've had before.

ATES says nothing, this is a discussion they've had before.

JOE (cont.)
I'm not a drunk.

ATES
I didn't say you were.

JOE
You implied it by not saying anything. Lemme tell ya: after a day like today, with all the grief and gradue and Francine Tyson's attitude, a true alkie would've had gin pouring out of his earlobes.
ATES
You should go home.

JOE
I'm going but not home. I wanna see my kids.

As JOE exits,

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

Michael Jordan's restaurant. FRANCINE and WILLEM TYSON are devouring a juicy porterhouse for two. WILLEM, thirties, could've been a Calvin Klein model. Instead, he's a tycoon.

WILLEM
So, this fellow Capanelli, he's going to be a pain in your keister?

FRANCINE
Yeah. At the press conference, he took full responsibility. I knew he would. He's the type who leads with his gut, not his brain.

WILLEM
And God knows the Virgo in you hates that.

She looks at him for a beat, then --

FRANCINE
That's true, isn't it, Willem? I spend so much time anticipating the next move, assessing the outcome... Willem, have I... Am I...

WILLEM
You are perfect, my darling, in every way.

FRANCINE
(takes his hand)
I love you for the liar you are.

They kiss.

FRANCINE (cont.)
Let's have a baby.

WILLEM
After you run for Mayor.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He smiles. She smiles. They are the ideal match. As her cell phone rings, and she answers it,

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/DOLORES' HOME - NIGHT

ROCCO watches TV: the Mets battle the Yankees. ANABELLA, sixteen, leans in from kitchen.

ANABELLA
You're supposed to be helping me with the dishes, y'know.

ROCCO
Suck off.

DOORBELL RINGS.

ROCCO (cont.)
Mom, someone's at the door.

DOLORES enters.

DOLORES
I didn't know about the horse accident --

ROCCO
What horse accident?

DOLORES (goes to door)
Where you got paralyzed.

She opens door to reveal JOE.

DOLORES (cont.)
You son-of-a-bitch.

JOE
Lovely, as always, Dolores.

He enters, passing her. ROCCO stands. They hug.

DOLORES
You knew that some crazed terrorist was gonna blow up Grand Central and y'didn't tell me.

JOE
It was a secret. And we all know how good you are at keeping secrets.

(calls:)
Anabella?
(to ROCCO)
Who's winning?
ROCCO
The Mets, three zip.

JOE
Sweet. They asked me to throw out the first pitch at tomorrow's game.

ROCCO
Cool. Do we get free seats?

ANABELLA comes in from kitchen. He hugs her.

JOE
Who's this cellist?

ANABELLA
Daaad.

JOE
If you're gonna date a musician, at least let it be a horn player. (to DOLORES)
Can I stay and watch the game?

DOLORES
As my ex, no. As my mayor, yes. I'll make popcorn.

DOLORES exits into Kitchen.

ANABELLA
Dad, did they find Pepe yet?

JOE
Pepe? Oh. Uh, no.

ANABELLA
He's so cute. You gotta save him.

JOE
(to ROCCO)
I blame this all on that cartoon. (off ROCCO)
You know, whatchacallit, "Happy Feet".

ROCCO laughs. ANABELLA tsks. KNOCK on front door.

ROCCO
Mom, someone's at the --

JOE
Stop.

He goes to door -- it's ROY.

ROY
Sorry to disturb you, sir.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

He hands JOE cell phone.

JOE
Hullo?... Yes... Okay, be right there... Marcie, let's move tomorrow's meeting to now... Yeah, start calling. Especially Hamid Durrani. Tell Ates I'll pick him up on the way.

He hands cell back to ROY, faces his KIDS:

JOE (cont.)
I gotta go --

Whines from ROCCO and ANABELLA.

JOE (cont.)
I love you both. Tell your Mom, I -- Never mind.

He exits. On TV screen: BREAKING NEWS.

CHUCK SCARBOROUGH
We interrupt this program, for a breaking news story.

Picture switches to protests outside City Hall. Live.

CHUCK SCARBOROUGH (cont.)
Hundreds of demonstrators have descended on City Hall in response to the death of Abdul al-Shazzar, who was killed earlier today in a botched raid. Police are struggling to hold the protesters back as they march on the Mayor's Office...

On ROCCO, exhaling,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
FADE IN:

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

Two hundred Arab and Muslim PROTESTERS yell, as POLICE stand between them and the building. Limo slows down.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

ROY drives, as ATES sits with JOE. Angry FACES in window.

JOE
Don't worry. We are going to get through this.

ATES
What do you mean "we," white man?

As JOE laughs and ATES smiles,

CUT TO:

INT. DEPUTY MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - NIGHT

FRANCINE sits with SYDNEY [NYPD].

FRANCINE
Is the Riot Squad ready?

SYDNEY [NYPD]
Yep. All we need is Capanelli's okay.

THERESA
(enters)
Rebbe Englestein, on seven-three. He wants a meeting. Tonight.

As FRANCINE sighs and lifts receiver,

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR/CITY HALL - NIGHT

JOE enters, followed by ATES and MARCIE.

MARCIE
All of the Arab and Muslim leaders you asked to participate have arrived, except Hamid Durrani.

JOE
Hell. More than anyone, we need his co-operation.

(CONTINUED)
ATES
The quagmire is: he'll lose face
with his people just for being in
the same room with you. The hard-
liners say there's been too much
talking -- it's time for action.

JOE
That's why we gotta do something on
our end right away.

FRANCINE (o.c.)
First things first.

She stands in doorway with SYDNEY [NYPD]. MARCIE goes.

FRANCINE (cont.)
We need your go-ahead to move the
Riot Squad in place downstairs.

JOE
Uh, that'd be a "no" --

SYDNEY [NYPD]
It's standard procedure --

JOE
For a riot. What I saw out there
was no riot, it was a peaceful --
angry -- demonstration. No violence,
no laws being broken.

SYDNEY [NYPD]
If we don't nip this, tonight, the
disturbances will spread.

JOE
Yeah and if the Riot Squad starts
cracking heads, we'll be knee-deep
in blood by breakfast. The folks
out there are not criminals. They
have a legitimate grievance. And a
right to assemble.

FRANCINE
So does the Jewish community. I'm
about to have a meeting with my pal
Rebbe Englestein. And I'm willing
to bet every Republican vote in Staten
Island that he's organizing a counter-
demonstration for tomorrow, in support
of the Joint Terrorist Task Force.

JOE
Oh man, that's exactly what we don't
need, gasoline on an open fire --

(CONTINUED)
FRANCINE
So, what do you suggest I do? Tell him he can't?

JOE
No. I'll talk to him.

FRANCINE
And say what? For that matter, what're you going to say to the Arabs and Muslims? Regale them with your adventures as a contractor? The two-by-four as a metaphor of the conflict between Israel and Palestine? A few folksy words to settle a sixty year old, a six thousand year old hatred?

JOE
I'll tell you what I won't do -- I won't give them the same condescending crap you shovel at me. If you're not careful, lady, I will fire you, right here, right now.

FRANCINE
You can't fire me, because, one, if you do, it'll look like you're making me the scapegoat for everything that's gone wrong. And two, when Kendall Holt is back, he will fry your ass --

JOE
Kendall Holt is not coming back. You know that as well as I do.

She does, but keeps her game face --

FRANCINE
You should resign. Manny Stein will become Mayor --

JOE
And let you run my city? No chance.

FRANCINE picks up paperweight, embedded with the city seal, from the Mayor's desk.

FRANCINE
New York is like this piece of Steuben glass, beautiful, fragile. Sometimes, the Mayor has to throw it like a football, all the way across the field... And then catch it. (places it in JOE's palm) I don't think you've got the hands.
JOE heads to door.

FRANCINE (cont.)
A word of caution: when Durrani thinks he's winning, he gets a big, fat, self-satisfied smile on his face.

JOE and ATES exit into:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/CITY HALL - NIGHT

Eight MUSLIM and ARAB LEADERS sit around the table, as JOE and ATES enter.

JOE
Okay, let's get started.

MUSLIM
But Hamid Durrani isn't here yet.

JOE
I don't think we should wait --

ATES leans into JOE's ear.

ATES
They're not going to make a move without him.

JOE
Okay.

(then --)

Let's go.

MUSLIM
Go? Go where?

JOE
If he's not coming to us, we're going to him. This way, guys.

As JOE ushers the others out,

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

PROTESTERS SCREAM at POLICE. JOE, ATES and the OTHERS climb into limos, cars and vans. As a POLICE ESCORT leads the way through the streets of Manhattan,
74 INT. DEPUTY MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - NIGHT
FRANCINE types on computer, as DAVIS knocks on open door.

DAVIS
I just got off the phone with the Times, they're doing an Op-Ed piece in the a.m. lambasting Capanelli for al-Shazzar's death.

FRANCINE
(no emotion)
Huh.

DAVIS
I thought you'd be thrilled.

FRANCINE
I am.

DAVIS
Oh, and some Korean couple found the damn penguin. Alive and waddling.

DAVIS goes. FRANCINE shuts down computer, then stares at photo of her and the Mayor on election night. THERESA enters.

THERESA
Englestein is here.

FRANCINE
How's my lipstick? Too much?

THERESA shakes her head, no.

FRANCINE (cont.)
Send him in.

As FRANCINE steels herself,

CUT TO:

75 EXT. STERLING PLACE/BROOKLYN - NIGHT
The caravan of police cars, motorcycles, limos and vans pull in front of a middle-class house. JOE emerges from limo, goes to door, RINGS BELL. As the OTHERS pile out of the vehicles, HAMID DURRANI, fifties, fierce, opens the door.

JOE
Mister Durrani, Joe Capanelli, we need to talk.

As HAMID watches the horde of people climb up his steps,
INT. LIVING ROOM/DURRANI HOME - NIGHT

JOE and ATES sit with the ARABS and MUSLIMS, including DURRANI.

JOE
...These days, it feels like there are madmen hiding in every corner, every shadow. Which is why people like us -- reasonable men and women -- need to come together, need to find a common ground --

HAMID
Words, that's all I'm hearing. Empty words. The murder of Abdul al-Shazzar is an outrage. To bring peace, we must go to our communities with assurances, with deeds.

JOE
Yes, of course. There'll be compensation for al-Shazzar's family. An independent inquiry with some of you on the panel. Recruitment of more Muslims and Arabs in the police department. I've asked Ates to present the details and get your feedback. This is the start of a dialogue, not the end of one.

HAMID sits back, with a big, fat, self-satisfied smile. Francine was right. The hair on the back of JOE's neck rises.

JOE (cont.)
Lemme just add one more thing: I wanna make this right, but I will not tolerate anyone -- and I mean anyone -- using this tragedy for their own advantage.

HAMID
Mister Capaneli, City Hall is only about taking the advantage.

ATES, seeing that JOE is about to lose it, stands.

ATES
Joe would also like to meet Mister al-Shazzar's family.

On HAMID, nodding,
INT. MASJID AQSA MOSQUE - NIGHT

A room in the community center. JOE stands in doorway with AL-SHAZZAR'S WIFE, holding her hand and comforting her. She nods, indicates her son, AMAL, six years old. JOE steps into the room, approaches the boy.

JOE

Hiya, my name's Joe.

No response.

JOE (cont.)

I'm sorry about your dad.

No response.

JOE (cont.)

So, you like baseball, huh?

No response.

JOE (cont.)

Me too. The Mets. Gotta root for the underdogs, right?

JOE reaches into his wallet, pulls out baseball card.

JOE (cont.)

Do you know who this guy is? Tom Seaver?

AMAL shakes head no.

JOE (cont.)

He's like Roger Clemens, only he had even better control. He's the only pitcher to ever strike out ten guys in a row.

AMAL nods, beginning to understand.

JOE (cont.)

When I was about your age, Tom Seaver was the man. My hero. I kept hoping and hoping I'd meet him. When I finally did and he autographed this -- (points) Right there -- I was the happiest kid on planet Earth. I keep it with me to remind myself, no matter how bad things get, there is always hope. (hands card to AMAL) I want you to have it. And if you need anything, ever, you send it to me and I'll come running, okay?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

AMAL nods. On JOE, squeezing the BOY's shoulder,

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN/CITY HALL - NIGHT

REBBE ENGLESTEIN gets on elevator. FRANCINE turns to THERESA.

FRANCINE
Capanelli back yet?

THERESA
Nope.

FRANCINE
Well, I'm leaving. Turning off my cell. And my cerebral cortex.

THERESA
What if he asks where to reach you?

FRANCINE
Tell him he's not the only one who can disappear.

On FRANCINE, exhausted,

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR/CITY HALL - NIGHT

JOE enters, alone. He goes to get a drink.

MARCIE (o.c.)
How'bout a cappuccino?

He turns to see MARCIE at the door.

JOE
Is that what Kendall Holt would do -- fire up the cappuccino machine and call it a night?

MARCIE
Part of my job is never to reveal what the Mayor does in private.

JOE
Are you allowed to offer advice?

MARCIE
Fire away.

JOE
I gave Durrani and those guys a load about "finding common ground" -- but

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JOE (cont.)
I can't even find a small patch of
astroturf to share with Francine
Tyson.

MARCIE
That's because you're only seeing
the part of her you want to see or
that she wants you to see -- Super
Career Woman. But, Joe, she loves
the Mayor. He's not only her boss,
he's her mentor, her friend. He's
been like a dad since her dad died.
She's torn up about the car accident,
the coma. Blames herself. This
isn't all just cold, calculated
politics. The woman's in pain.

JOE considers her words, nods. He realizes he's holding the
Steuben paperweight.

JOE
Tell Roy I wanna take a drive...

JOE tosses the paperweight in the air and catches it.

MARCIE
That night... I'm not pissed off
about what happened... But what didn't
happen.

As MARCIE plants a big kiss on JOE's lips,

CUT TO:

80 EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT
The Limo rides along. The city in all its nighttime splendor.

81 EXT. OUR LADY OF MERCY - NIGHT
Limo pulls up. JOE gets out, waves off the MEDIA.

82 INT. WAITING AREA/OUR LADY OF MERCY - NIGHT
JOE talks to SARAH HOLT, the Mayor's wife, and their FIVE
ADULT CHILDREN.

SARAH
We've decided to remove him from
life support.

JOE
I'm so sorry, Sarah. If there's
anything you need...

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
Thank you... Mister Mayor...

JOE reacts, she's the first person to call him that -- her generosity moves him deeply.

JOE
Can I see him?

SARAH
He's only supposed to have one visitor at a time. Francine's in there now.
(off JOE)
I guess it won't matter. Go ahead.

He squeezes her hand, heads around corner to:

INT. SUITE/OUR LADY OF MERCY - NIGHT

A glass window.

JOE's POV -- FRANCINE, by the bed, praying. When she finishes her prayer, she takes KENDALL's hand, eyes full of tears.

RESUME JOE, who enters.

She sees him, struggles to compose herself.

FRANCINE
I spoke to Englestein, convinced him to hold off on the counter-demonstration. For now.

JOE
Durrani's satisfied. For now.

A beat, then --

FRANCINE
The New York Times is going to cream you tomorrow. We need to come up with a response.

JOE
Don't worry about it.

FRANCINE
I do worry about it. Especially since I'm the one who maneuvered you into approving the assault.

JOE puts his index finger to his lips, gently shushing her.

FRANCINE (cont.)
Why haven't you said "I told you so," you bastard?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She cries. He says nothing, crosses behind her. As JOE puts his hands on her shoulders, comforting her,

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

An aerial shot that PANS from City Hall, Manhattan to Yankee Stadium, The Bronx. It's the World Series.

INT. LOCKER ROOM/YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

CU on PEPE THE PENGUIN.

JOE (o.c.)
You want me to walk out there into the middle of Yankee Stadium, in front of twenty-five point four million people, with a penguin?

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL JOE, FRANCINE and ATES off to the side, as PEPE stands with his OWNER.

JOE (cont.)
No. N-O. I came to throw out the first pitch, that's it -- no speeches, no penguins.

FRANCINE
What're you, protecting your image? I hate to be the one to tell you, bud, but you don't have one. Your approval rating is a minus six.

JOE
Well, I have nowhere to go but up.

FRANCINE
And your rehabilitation starts with that penguin. NYC loves Pepe. From Wall Street to Riverdale, he's more popular than you are.

JOE
(to ATES)
What'd you think?

ATES
The owner wants a photo of you and Pepe for Pepe's website. If not, we're looking at a six million dollar lawsuit, that would tie up our legal department for months, years --
FRANCINE
When they could be doing something constructive, something for the people.

JOE
You're saying that me humiliating myself will help the city?

FRANCINE
When you're Mayor of New York, you do what you have to do. LaGuardia read the comics over the radio during the Depression. Koch'd stand at the Brooklyn Bridge, asking "How am I doin'?" Rudy Giuliani --

JOE
Look, I see what you're up to, trying to "maneuver" me again...

FRANCINE
Is it working?

JOE exhales, crosses over to PEPE and the OWNER.

JOE
Hiya.

OWNER
Hello. Pepe, say hello.

PEPE cackles, as PHOTOGRAPHER starts snapping away. HEAR "NEW YORK, NEW YORK" (the Leonard Bernstein version) on the mighty Hammond.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

A jammed packed CROWD.

BOB SHEPPARD (o.c.)
Before we begin this second game of the subway series between the Yankees and the Mets, we have two special guests -- Hizzoner Joe Capanelli --

HEAR BOOS.

BOB SHEPPARD (o.c.) (cont.)
And Pepe the penguin.

CHEERS. JOE emerges from the dugout with PEPE. The FANS go NUTS, chanting "Pepe! Pepe!" JOE looks into the stands, sees ROCCO and his FRIENDS, waves.
JOE
I gotta tell ya, Pepe, this is pretty cool.

JOE shakes PEPE's fin. More CHEERS. JOE beams. FRANCINE, in the dugout, turns to an AIDE.

FRANCINE
Bring Capanelli a microphone.

ATES
He said no speeches.

FRANCINE
Look at his face. He's dying to talk, he's a born politician.

ATES winces. AIDE runs mic to JOE, who takes it.

JOE
On behalf of Pepe, thanks. We're all glad that the little guy's safe. And why is he safe? Because of two people like you, Kevin and Amy Teng --

He indicates the TENGS, in the stands, who bow to APPLAUSE.

JOE (cont.)
They found him, protected him. They cared... Like this game today. Some people root for the Yankees.

ROAR of Yankee fans.

JOE (cont.)
Some, the Mets.

ROAR of Mets fans, including ROCCO.

JOE (cont.)
We may disagree about who's a better shortstop: Jeter or Reyes, but we all love baseball. And we all love the city, even though it's too noisy, too frantic, we're piled on top of each other and we don't get along. That is, until we need to get along. Because what we are together is better than what we are apart... Man, I sound like a Hallmark card. New York, greatest city in the world. Doesn't wanna be, just is.

(to Pepe)
Whaddayasay, Pepe, let's play ball.
PEPE cackles. CROWD cheers. JOE holds up ball, as JORGE POSADA squats behind the plate. JOE cracks his neck, then winds up -- and throws. The ball falls short. DEAFENING BOOS from both YANKEE and METS FANS. JOE puts his face in his hands, as PHOTOGRAPHER snaps away. FRANCINE, to ATEŞ:

FRANCINE
How many people did he say are watching?

ATEŞ
Twenty-five point four million.

FRANCINE
(chuckles)
Nice.

JOE mumbles to PEPE, under his breath.

JOE
This job sucks.

As he and the penguin walk off the field,

FADE OUT.

THE END