RESCUE ME

"Immortal"

Episode #109

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Production Draft - White (DL) 8/09/04
1st Revised - Blue Pages 8/17/04
2nd Revised - Pink Pages (DL) 8/18/04
3rd Revised - Yellow Pages (DL) 8/20/04
4th Revised - Green Pages (DL) 9/01/04
FADE IN:

INT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tommy sleeps peacefully on the couch. Slowly, someone's shoulder enters the frame. Can't see his face. He carefully and quietly starts to pour some kind of fluid onto Tommy's leg, then circling Tommy completely. He stands aside. It's Jimmy. He kicks Tommy hard.

JIMMY

Hey!

Tommy stutters awake.

TOMMY

Wha-

Jimmy lights a match.

TOMMY (CONT’D)

Jimmy - wait!

JIMMY

So - yer bangin' my wife hah?

TOMMY

Jimmy, lemme explain.

Jimmy puts out the match. Tommy catches his breath.

JIMMY

G'ahead. Explain away.

TOMMY

Okay - okay. Look-

JIMMY

(can tell Tommy's lying)

Ahh!

TOMMY

What?

Jimmy lights another match.

JIMMY

Kiss my ass.

TOMMY

Jim-

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Heard it in yer voice Tom saw it in yer eyes I know you like you know you only better 'cause I always got ta see yer face when you were lyin' which you are most definitely doin' right now you goddam - unh!

TOMMY
(exploding)
Lemme explain Jim!


TOMMY (CONT'D)
She was - she wanted ta-

The third match gets lit.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You won't let me-

Ahhh!

TOMMY
-explain Jimm-

JIMMY

He tosses the match -

TOMMY
No Jimmy-

BOOM! Tommy's leg erupts as he is encircled in flames.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
AHHH!

JIMMY
Burn in hell, asshole.

Jimmy sits down and lights a cigarette, calmly watching his cousin scream in agony and attempt to put out the fire. There is furious knocking on the front door.

(Continued)
SHEILA (O.S.)
Tommy! TOMMY!

TOMMY
Help me Sheila! HELP ME!

Tommy rolls on the floor in a furious attempt to put his leg out. Sheila keeps screaming and banging. Jimmy just watching the entire affair as it builds to a crescendo and:

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Unh!

BANG! He slams into some furniture and comes up to his knees to find he's not on fire and Janet is staring at him from the kitchen. The dog is barking like a maniac.

JANET
What're you doing?

TOMMY
(collecting himself)
I - I had a bad dream. What-

JANET
I was knocking and you said you were on fire so-

TOMMY
In the dream I was.

JANET
Jesus.

TOMMY
(to the dog)
S'okay Asshole. S'okay.

He bends down to pet it and the dog relaxes.

JANET
Asshole?

TOMMY
He likes it.

The dog skitters off to play with his favorite toy, which Tommy has just handed him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Ya want coffee?

(continued)
JANET
No. Look I went to charge something at the mall last night and not only did they refuse my Mastercard they also refused my American Express and this morning I get a call from the bank saying that you missed two car payments and last month's mortgage payment.

TOMMY
(caught)
Shit.

JANET
What's going on?

TOMMY
I was - I had to finish rebuilding this place after the fire and I was floatin' everythin' until - uhh. I screwed up. Shit.

Janet lets him drink some orange juice. Now:

JANET
I need at least four thousand dollars just to make the mortgage the car and American Express.

TOMMY
Four grand? Where the hell'm I gonna get four grand?

JANET
What about your side jobs?

TOMMY
I got nothin' on the schedule til next week - next week I got two roofs'n a swimming pool to install next week I'm golden but-

Janet sighs deeply.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What?

JANET
(meaning something)
Nothing.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

TOMMY
Y'know - the kids're at school from what eight in the mornin' til - with soccer'n baseball'n blah blah blah at least four thirty'n you can't get a job?

JANET
I suppose I could hire a housekeeper to clean up after them and vacuum and do the laundry and a cook to make all the lunches and breakfast and dinner but by then whatever salary I earned would already be spent on my two new probably Mexican employees who would really just screw up the entire foundation of my household system because they wouldn't be able to speak a word of goddam English.

TOMMY
(dripping with sarcasm)
The foundation of yer household system?

She stares right into him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Goddammit. I told you we should've bought a smaller house for you.

JANET
You wanted the big house.

TOMMY
Bullshit. I wanted ta keep the kids close so it would be easier for you when it came ta sharin' 'em 'n drivin' 'em around - you chose the biggest house on the goddam block.

JANET
I wanted enough space for three kids to run around and each have their own room and grow up nor-
CONTINUED:

TOMMY
Hey! When I was growin' up we had eight kids and three bedrooms I slept with-

JANET
-your three brothers in one bedroom
I know this poor ass Irish speech by heart-

TOMMY
It's true!

JANET
Who cares? I ended up across the street you ended up spying on me and ruining my relationship with Roger and-

TOMMY
Roger was an asshole'n I saved you from-

JANET
You had no right! You had no goddam right!

She pushes Tommy hard and slaps at his arms in frustration.

JANET (CONT'D)
It was a relationship! Even - even if it was going nowhere it was my life, my mistakes - my lesson to learn! Goddam you!

She collects herself. Turns to leave.

TOMMY
(closest he'll come to an apology)
I thought I was helping.

She stops:

JANET
Ya wanna help? Get me my four grand. Fast.

She turns to leave again. Tommy stops her with:

TOMMY
Typical.

(CONTINUED)
JANET
(stopping)
What.

TOMMY
Cash. That's all I mean to you.

JANET
At this point? Pretty much. Yeah. Then again - thank God we bought the biggest house on the goddam block because I could put it on the market this afternoon and make a profit of at least two hundred grand. No regrets, right?

She is done and on her way out.

TOMMY
Hey. Hey!

She stops. Hangs for a second.

JANET
(tight)
Yeah.

TOMMY
What - uhh. What would you do if I got killed at work today? I dropped dead five seconds from now.

Janet sighs again. Turns back. Steps up to him.

JANET
One Mississippi, two Mississippi-

TOMMY
Very funny.
   (he gets pissed now)
What would you do? For money.
CONTINUED:

JANET
(quick and true)
Sell your truck and this house for
starters.
She said it so quickly that Tommy is thrown.

JANET (CONT'D)
You have an unhealthy obsession
with leaving this life Tommy.

TOMMY
No I-

JANET
Yes you do. You have some kind of
death wish going on?

TOMMY
I ain't afraid ta die, if that's
what yer askin'. 'Cause wherever
it is we're goin', I know I'm gonna
see Jimmy'n Billy'n-

JANET
Yeah yeah yeah. Keep it up and
you'll get there pretty goddam
fast. Because just like Billy's ex
said at his service - you are not
immortal.

TOMMY
No. But apparently my wallet is.

She's leaving.

JANET
Get me the cash.

TOMMY
Or else.

JANET
I could always call Roger.

She slams the door. Tommy almost explodes - instead throwing
his coffee cup across the room where it smashes into a
million pieces.
EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Tommy drives in anger. Speeding. Muttering to himself about Janet. Now he notices a yellow light at a very busy intersection up ahead. He eyeballs the situation and there's no way to skip through. Suddenly - he guns it. Barreling toward a certain crash:

FLASHBACK - Billy, one second before his death:

BILLY
See ya on the other side, brother.

BACK TO PRESENT: Tommy slices through the intersection swerving past one car and barely avoiding two others coming in the opposite direction. Horns blare and brakes screech but Tommy jubilantly keeps going. Lets out a war cry. And then - he hears the siren. Rearview mirror check reveals: cop.

EXT. CITY STREET - CURB - SAME

As Tommy and the cop car pull over. The cop gets out and walks up to Tommy's window. Tommy takes out his wallet - which also holds his shiny firefighter's badge.

TOMMY
(recognizing him)
Hey - Collins. What's up?

COLLINS
Better have a good excuse Gavin.

TOMMY
Look-

COLLINS
That was daredevil shit back there.

Tommy realizes he's not getting off easy on this one.

TOMMY
(thinking fast)
My mom. She had a heart attack about twenty minutes ago and-

COLLINS
Bullshit.

TOMMY
She had a heart attack Col-

(CONTINUED)
COLLINS
Gimme yer license'n reg.

TOMMY
I gotta get to the hos-

COLLINS
Now! The honeymoon's over Gavin. Tell yer friends all the hero worship you cocksuckers got after 9/11 ain't gettin' paid any due from us no more. No more lookin' the other way. We lost guys downtown too but nobody talks about us. 343 firemen. Hey - there were almost a hundred cops!

TOMMY
Yup. S'true.

Collins doesn't know how to read that response: sympathetic? sarcastic? ironic? He decides it wasn't good.

COLLINS
Guess what - you drive drunk you speed you get in a bar brawl you so much as look at a cop the wrong way - yer payin' the price. The firehouse ain't no sanctuary anymore asshole.

Tommy lets that sit inside his head for a second.

TOMMY
You know this is just gonna come back'n haunt you Collins. We got another hockey game comin' up.

COLLINS
What was the final last time? Cops eight firefighters two? Ya - I'm real concerned about the payback.

He takes the paperwork and heads to his car.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Hope ya Mom don't die while I'm writin' this up.

INT. FIREHOUSE - APPARATUS FLOOR - DAY
Laura's walking in. Chief checking the board.
JERRY
Yer early. Tour starts in half an hour.

LAURA
I wanted to get acclimated. Listen, I um - in my last house they gave me my own sleeping quarters.

JERRY
Not a problem.

LAURA
And they also gave me my own bathroom.

(off his reaction)
You can't expect me to shower and shave - with the guys.

JERRY
Okay - listen. You expect ta fight fires with these guys - life'n death - side by side right?

LAURA
Yeah.

JERRY
That was yer choice.

LAURA
Yeah.

JERRY
Then you figure out when ta take a shit'n when not to.

He goes back to his work, turning a cold shoulder.

LAURA
Okay. Now - you listen. You were brought up on charges recently for beating a gay ex-fireman who ended up in a coma. Right?

JERRY
(tightly)
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LAURA
That and a few other nefarious bits of behavior put this house in the spotlight and that's what led me getting assigned here after Billy Warren's death. Right?

JERRY
(real tight)
Um-hmm.

LAURA
So just think how quick the response would be if I called headquarters and reported that I was getting the cold shoulder from Chief Reilly over something as trivial as a personal hygiene request.
(off his look)
Thank you.

EXT. FIREHOUSE - SAME
As Tommy's truck pulls up. He parks and his cell rings.

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

TOMMY
Yeah.

COLLEEN
Dad - Jennifer still won't call me back.

TOMMY
Honey - give it some time.

COLLEEN
(crying now)
It's been two whole weeks Daddy! I see her in the hallway at school and she turns and heads in the other direction.

TOMMY
Honey-

(CONTINUED)
COLLEEN
(heavy sob)
I - I think I'm in love Dad.

TOMMY
Okay okay. Gimme her cell number.

COLLEEN
She doesn't have a cell phone.

TOMMY
Awright - gimme her home number.

COLLEEN
What're you gonna do? What if her mother answers?

TOMMY
Is her Mom a lesbian?

COLLEEN
No. She's separated. Just like you'n Mom.

TOMMY
And does her Mom hate the idea of her daughter dating another girl?

COLLEEN
Omigod - she like, hates my guts.

TOMMY
Perfect.

EXT. FIREHOUSE - SAME

Wider angle as the probie steps out, drinking a cup of coffee and stretching - he just got up. And guess who's coming down the sidewalk?

ANDREW
Hey, Mike!

Mike turns and jumps back at the sight.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Hey - hey. Don't start any shit
Andy, the guys are right in-

ANDREW
No no - I came to apologize.
MIKE THE PROBIE
Don’t start any shit.

Several Firefighters step out of the house and back Mike up.

ANDREW
Guys! Guys! I’m here to -

FIREFIGHTER #1
You okay, Mike?

ANDREW
I’m here to apologize.

FIREFIGHTER #2
You want me to kick this guy’s ass?

ANDREW
(to Firefighters)
Guys, can I just get five minutes.
(to Mike)
Mike, I’m here to apologize... I just need five minutes. I’m not here to start any trouble.

Off Mike’s nod the firefighters walk back inside.

ANDREW (CONT’D)
Mike, I’m - I was way outta line
Mike. I was wrong to do what I did to you.

He punches himself in the chest.

ANDREW (CONT’D)
I’m such an asshole. God!

MIKE THE PROBIE
I’m not gonna argue with you on that front.

ANDREW
Mikey, Geneva freaked out about this whole thing’n, she - moved out.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Shit. Really?

ANDREW
(tearing up)
(MORE)
ANDREW (CONT'D)
I was totally in love with her. I loved that chick. But she totally twisted my head around. I've never been in a three-way before. I've never hit anyone. I'm a pacifist, man. I'm a conscientious objector.

MIKE THE PROBIE
What?

ANDREW

MIKE THE PROBIE
And your own.

ANDREW
I know.
(hits himself)
Unh! Asshole!

TOMMY
(passing by)
Still sleepin' here hah?

MIKE THE PROBIE
Yeah. Can't find a cheap new place.

TOMMY
Find another forty-year-old broad with a nice apartment and start bangin' her. Her - not her daughter.
(off Andrew)
Everything cool here?

MIKE THE PROBIE
Yeah. Thanks. Tommy.
Tommy's gone inside. An awkward pause between Andrew and Mike. Now, Mike starts to explain:

ANDREW
(holding up his hand)
Dude - I get it.
(a revelation)
I was meant to come down here this morning and do this. Yer movin' in with me.

MIKE THE PROBIE
What? No no-

ANDREW
Dude - yes, dude, yes! I take the bedroom you take the couch in the living room-

MIKE THE PROBIE
No, I couldn't, I-

ANDREW
Dude, It's free of charge. We are totally doing this.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Bro.

ANDREW

MIKE THE PROBIE
Bro

ANDREW
(a beat)
Dude.

A long pause as the idea plays across Mike's face.

MIKE THE PROBIE
You gotta let me pay for-

ANDREW
You're not paying for anything.
MIKE THE PROBIE
Well, maybe just until -

ANDREW
Til you get back on yer feet - dude, I get it I get it.
(putting a hand up)
Go high bro!

Mike slaps him a high five. Andrew heads off smiling.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Dude - we are gonna get laid like
crazy! It's gonna be a pussy
palace - that's the new name of our
pad! The pussy palace! A
firefighter and a welder - Jesus
Christ it's like some kinda insane
kinda weird - French goddam foreign
film. See ya tanite! Roomie!

INT. FIREHOUSE - APPARATUS FLOOR - SAME

Lou at his locker. Tommy comes over.

LOU
Goddam Jets. It's like they've all
got vaginas.

TOMMY
Yeah. Hey - you gotta rooﬁn' job
this weekend?

LOU
Shit. I awready got Garrity'n
Franco'n my brother-in-law.

TOMMY
Awright - keep me in mind?

LOU
Yeah. Need some cash?

TOMMY
I need four g's.

LOU
Whoa.

Lou's cell' rings - he and Tommy both glance down and see the
name 'Sondra' pop up. Lou doesn't make a move to answer it.
He looks at Tommy, then reaches over and turns his cell off.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TOMMY
(blunt)
Did it just say Sondra on your phone?

LOU
What if it did?

TOMMY
Billy's ex? THAT Sondra?

LOU
We're just friends.

TOMMY
You know the rules about widows.

LOU
Listen to me - she's only a widow in the most technical of terms. They were married for six weeks fifteen years ago. Okay Columbo?

TOMMY
(walking away)
Okay.

LOU
Not that it matters to me.

TOMMY
Of course not.

INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Franco enters from the t.v. room as Sean eats.

SEAN
S'up?

FRANCO
One guess.

SEAN
Um-

He's really trying to come up with something.

FRANCO
(sighing)
Twins.

(CONTINUED)
SEAN
The Minnesota Twins?

FRANCO
Twins! Twins Seano! Both of whom saw a sneak preview of the calendar on some weird Internet site in one of whom is very attracted to - guess who?

SEAN
Whom?

Franco thought for a second Sean might be making a little joke. He's not. He was trying to sound smart.

FRANCO
You.

SEAN
Really?

FRANCO
Really

SEAN
Wait - these are women we're talkin' about, right?

FRANCO
Hell yeah. Hot blooded American twin women.

SEAN
'Cuz the Internet man - I been readin' the papers 'n the Internet's like a - hotbed 've, gay sex 'n transvestites 'n chicks with dicks 'n men with tits - it's bad.

FRANCO
(taking in that last statement)
These are chicks goddamnit! Chicks with tits. Chicks with vaginas. Trust me - the only dicks involved in this equation would be ours.

SEAN
Yer sure.

(continued)
FRANCO
Yes. Remember I met 'em in that
bar after the chief's acquittal
Heather and Brittany'n I gave them
my number'n they saw the calendar'n
they called me last night Heather
wants me'n Brittany wants you!

SEAN
Brittany. She's cute.
FRANCO
A five foot eleven inch blue-eyed raven-haired hottie with an ass like Elizabeth Hurley's yeah I'd say she's cute.

SEAN
Jesus Franco - sounds like you wanna bang her.

FRANCO
I do. They're identical twins. I don't care which one I get - they're both unbelievable.

SEAN
Okay but - let's just make sure early on that they don't have Adams apples, okay?

FRANCO
Okay.

SEAN
Or cocks.

LAURA (O.S.)
Sorry to interrupt.

They turn to see Laura - who probably entered the kitchen early enough to have heard that last exchange.

SEAN
(coversing)
We were just talking about-

LAURA
Cocks. I heard.

SEAN
Not our cocks. These girls we're -

FRANCO
(very quickly)
They don't have cocks.

LAURA
I don't care.

TOMMY
(entering)
Hey.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

FRANCO
Hey.

Tommy crosses to the counter and starts to assemble the most rudimentary sandwich imaginable.

TOMMY
Anyone got any side jobs this week - roofs, decks, landscapin'.

FRANCO
Lou's got a roof-

TOMMY
Talked to him. Full up.

SEAN
Hey - Donny Keough over at 71 Truck's puttin' up a garage fa someone - he was lookin' fa guys.

TOMMY
Maybe I'll give him a call.

LAURA
(off the sandwich)
Whaddaya doin'?

TOMMY
Makin' a sandwich.

LAURA
That is not a sandwich. It's an introduction to colon cancer. Here-
(she takes it away)
I brought some stuff. May I?

TOMMY
Sure.

She delves into the fridge and starts to pull out various items she brought herself - all in very organized Tupperware containers. She's even got some fresh baguettes. As the guys watch her work from behind, they engage in fake conversation while making eyeballs and hand gestures about her ass, face and tits.

FRANCO
Jets look like shit this year.

TOMMY
Give 'em some time.

(CONTINUED)
Lou enters.

FRANCO
Giants look great though.

TOMMY
Manning's a bum.

LOU
(getting it)
He's young. These rookie QB's they gotta get beat up for a couple seasons.

SEAN
(head in the paper, unaware)
You see this shit Bush said about Kerry?
(off the others looks)
What?

TOMMY
I'm stickin' with my Packers.

FRANCO
Farve. He's like an animal.

LAURA
(back still turned)
I know you guys're talkin' about my tits and my ass.

They all freeze. Long beat as she keeps working.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Just in case yer wondering - I'm a 34 C cup my left tit is a little bit bigger than my right I have slightly larger than normal size nipples which stand up like tophats at the slightest hint of arousal my ass is as tight as a snare drum but still soft to the touch and I don't believe in a full Brazilian bikini wax so my pussy is that of a normal happy 30 year old woman - and it matches the hair on my head.

She drops a magnificent looking sandwich in front of Tommy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LAURA (CONT'D)
Any other questions?

SEAN
Um -
(off the sandwich)
- can I get one a those?

LAURA
Nope.

She exits.

SEAN
(off the sandwich)
Look at that thing.

TOMMY
Did she say tophats?

FRANCO
Yes she did.

LOU
I've always been a big fan a formal wear.

The alarm sounds. On their way out:

TOMMY
(indicating the sandwich)
Told ya she wanted me.

FRANCO
Hey - she gave you a sandwich asshole. Not a blow job.

TOMMY
The sandwich is not a sandwich. The sandwich is a - a symbol.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER
The trucks speeding along.

INT. 62 TRUCK - SAME
Tommy munches on his sandwich.

TOMMY
This is one of the best sandwiches I've ever had. Seriously.
CONTINUED:

LAURA
Thanks. Yer not worried about an upset stomach?

TOMMY
From what?

LAURA
We're on our way to a fire.

TOMMY
Baby - I'm golden right now. I could eat an entire pizza five plates fulla shrimp tempura'n sixteen red hot hot dogs'n still run right into the goddam bitch.

LAURA
Superman, huh?

FRANCO
He's close.

A beat as they watch Tommy eat: for Laura it's almost like watching an endangered species. She's studying him closely.

SEAN
Bitch means fire, by the-

LAURA
(quick and curt)
I know what bitch means.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Black smoke pouring from the windows ten stories up as they jump off the truck. The Chief barking orders.

Tommy gets ready to head in with the others when they all hear a child screaming at the top of her lungs. They look up to see a small girl hanging out of a window, flames and smoke right behind her - she obviously is in trouble. Tommy looks up:

TOMMY'S POV: he sees first the little girl with the kitten, then the Asian girl and now returns to the actual girl.

BACK TO REALITY: Tommy drops his tank.

TOMMY
Get that ladder up!
JERRY
We're gettin' it up.

TOMMY
Now goddammit! NOW!

Tommy starts to climb the back end of the truck. The chief starts to say something when Laura steps in.

LAURA
Yer not gonna stunt jump that ladder.

TOMMY
Yes I am.

LAURA
That move was outlawed almost a decade ago.

TOMMY
Get outta my way!

LAURA
There's plenty of time to-

TOMMY
Get yer ass in the building and off this goddam truck!

He pushes her aside and climbs onto the very end of the ladder - he's gonna ride it straight up ten stories - an incredibly dangerous and illegal tactic.

JERRY
Tommy!

Everyone else is heading in.

LAURA
He's insane Chief.

JERRY
(to Laura)
Never mind him! Get inside!

The ladder rotates to the right off the back of the truck and simultaneously shoots straight up into the sky with Tommy hanging on for dear life. The girl is screaming at the top of her lungs.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

TOMMY'S POV: he sees the little girl with the kitten and the Asian girl and now -

BACK TO REALITY as he reaches the actual girl and she jumps into his arms and bear hugs him - he almost falls off.

DOWN ON THE STREET: The Chief loses his breath.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Holy Christ.

BACK IN THE AIR: Tommy rights himself, secures the kid and signals down. The ladder starts to lower a little.

TOMMY
Anybody else in your apartment sweetie?

KID
No. My mommy was at the store and my brother made it out before the wall came down.

TOMMY
Are you sure?

KID
Yes. (looking down, pointing)
That's him there.

TOMMY
Don't point honey - hang on tight. The one with the orange shirt? That's yer brother?

KID
Yes.

TOMMY
Good girl.

DOWN ON THE STREET: people cheer at the sight. The Chief exhales.

JERRY
That is one lucky sunuvabitch.
INT. UPPER WEST SIDE BUILDING - SAME

Franco and Laura run down a smoky hallway - she's out of breath and lagging way behind. Franco stops at a door.

FRANCO
Gimme that halligan! C'mon!
C'mon!

LAURA
I can do it.

FRANCO
Be my guest.

She drops the halligan. Picks it up. Tries to pop the door. Once. Twice. Franco pushes her aside.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Gimme that.

BANG! he pops it and smoke blasts out. He closes it and puts on his mask. She starts to.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
You stay here.

LAURA
I'm coming in.

FRANCO
I said stay here!

In he goes. She coughs a couple times. Pissed off at herself - her first time with this crew and she fucked it up.

LAURA
(to herself)
Goddammit.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE BUILDING - HALF AN HOUR LATER

The fire is out, everyone is safe.

JERRY
(to Franco)
Everythin' go awright in there?

FRANCO
She was worse than a goddam probie. Droppin' tools, outta breath.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JERRY
Welcome to the new FDNY.

LOU
(passing by)
She screwed the pooch, right?

The Chief reacts, reaches into his pocket and pulls out cash.
Lou takes it and leaves. Off Franco’s face:

JERRY
I went with the underdog fa once.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK:

Tommy gets ready to jump back on the truck. Laura’s got a long face.

TOMMY
You pass the physical test at the academy?

LAURA
I don’t believe the physical test includes pulling illegal stunts.

TOMMY
Yeah - well I didn’t pass the bar exam sweetheart I passed the physical fire test with flying goddam colors’n the next time you get in my way while there’s a person who needs to be saved - through legal means or illegal means - yer gonna find yerself on yer tight snare drum little ass. Ya follow?

He jumps in. She collects herself.

INT. FIREHOUSE - APPARATUS FLOOR - LATER

Tommy and the guys post-fire.

LOU
No offense Probie Wan Kanobi but today that broad made even you look like you knew what you were doin’.

FRANCO
If I got stuck in a real jam up there I woulda been on my own.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Tommy's cell rings.

SPLITSSCREEN WITH:

INT. LINGERIE STORE - SAME

Sheila trying on lingerie and talking.

TOMMY
Yeah.

SHEILA
Hey foxy.

TOMMY
Whassup?

SHEILA
I'm buying lingerie. Thinkin' you.

TOMMY
Oh really.

SHEILA
Wanna come over tonight?

TOMMY
Yeah.

(remembering his dream)

No.

SHEILA
What?

TOMMY
Not to your place. Let's - y'know, do sumthin' different.

SHEILA
Oh. Should I come over to yer-

TOMMY
No no. Um-

SHEILA
What's goin' on?

TOMMY
(lower, as a cover)
I'm at work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(thinking quick)
How 'bout a hotel?

SHEILA
Oooh. Which one dream lover?

TOMMY
It's called the Gaansevort. It's a
hip new place down on 14th. I'll
meet you there around eight-thirty.
Order up some Dom Perignon, caviar-
the whole nine yards.

SHEILA
What should I wear?

TOMMY
Yer at the lingerie store?

SHEILA
Yup.

TOMMY
Bring four different outfits.

INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Laura sits at the table drinking coffee and thinking about
the fire. Lou enters. Says nothing. Grabs a donut.
Regards her. Leaves. Franco enters. Sees her. Leaves
empty-handed. Sean enters. Sees her. Leaves. After a beat
- he sticks his head back in.

SEAN
Um - so, there's really no
chance've me, um - gettin' one a
those-

LAURA
Sandwiches?

Sean nods yes. She grabs an ashtray off the table and starts
to throw it - Sean disappears. She puts the ashtray down.
INT. FIREHOUSE - THE CAGE - SAME

Tommy’s punching a number from a piece of paper into his cell.

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

INT. JENNIFER’S HOUSE - SAME

Jennifer’s Mom answers the phone.

MOM
Hello.

TOMMY
(disguising his voice just a little bit)
Could I speak with Jennifer please?

MOM
Who’s calling?

TOMMY
Um - this is Bobby Timilty from her Science class?

MOM
(to Jennifer)
It’s a Bobby Timilty?

Jennifer makes an ‘I don’t know him’ face.

MOM (CONT’D)
It’s a boy - talk to him.

JENNIFER
(totally disgusted)
Hello.

TOMMY
Jennifer it’s Colleen’s Dad don’t say a word don’t hang up look - yer mom hates you being a lesbian I understand how you feel about Colleen and the Murphy kid but Colleen was telling the truth nothing happened and she’s totally in love with you-

JENNIFER
She-

(continued)
CONTINUED:

TOMMY
-don't say "she" just say oh how ya
doin' Bobby so yer mom thinks yer
talkin' ta Bobby Timilty okay.

A beat as Jennifer thinks.

JENNIFER
Oh - how ya doin' Bobby?

Her mom smiles.

TOMMY
Yer Mom just smiled didn't she?

JENNIFER
Yup.

TOMMY
Perfect.

INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Laura alone. In comes the Chief. Regards her. Sits down.

JERRY
How ya doin'?

LAURA
(funny)
Fantastic.

JERRY
Look - I gotta ask ya. You know
the routine.

LAURA
(been there)
I can do this job. I was nervous -
new crew, takin' shit from the
guys, all eyeballs on me. I shit
the bed Chief, but believe me I've
done this all before.

Jerry lets that sit there.

JERRY
What about bein' outta breath ten
stories up.

(no response)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)
I can call around 'n find about ya rep but that would just embarrass ya. Worse than already I mean.

LAURA
(giving in)
Franco's a lot faster than the last couple guys I worked with.

Off the Chief's reaction.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'll increase my cardio.

The Chief puts up a finger.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Let me work with Lou. I know-

JERRY
Ah ah ah - that's the last thing you want.

He lights up a cigar. Leans in close.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Bathroom or no bathroom - I gotta know the real deal with you. Otherwise - you don't have sumthin' positive ta add ta this crew they're just gonna squeeze you out. Fat skinny tits're no tits - you gotta have some special skill.

He gets up and fetches two cups of coffee.

JERRY (CONT'D)
After 9/11 there was this chick I worked with years ago never passed the physical test got grandfathered in because she sued the city anyways she says to the New York Post that she looked at the list've the 343 heroes who gave their lives that day'n she was disgusted - disgusted - because not one've the names was a female.

He brings both cups back. Sits down. Offers her one.
JERRY (CONT'D)
Think about that. Insteada thinkin' 'bout the kids'n the widows'n - all the rest - she was thinkin' about - broads. Herself - 'n other broads. Ya believe this shit?

LAURA
Actually - I heard about that.

JERRY
Yeah well - point bein' this: the mayor the governor the courts Jesus Christ himself can dictate that you have a right ta be here but unless you can help the team - you ain't got a chance. S'life 'n death sweetheart. You think about that 'n get back ta me. Awright?

LAURA
Alright.

The Chief gets up and crosses toward the door.

JERRY
I'll have yer bathroom set up in two days, by the way.

LAURA
Thank you.

JERRY
Ya welcome.

He exits. She sits there and considers her situation.

INT. TOMMY'S TRUCK - DUSK

Tommy makes a call as he drives.

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

EXT. STREET - SAME

TIMO
D.A. Detective Squad - Detective Gavin.

(CONTINUED)
TOMMY
S'me. I got stopped by a cop named Collins this mornin'. Prick. I tried everything - even told him ma had a heart attack and I was on my way to the hospital -
Timo

Red Collins?

Tommy

Yeah. Can you-

Timo

Not a chance. Collins'ze the number one cop railin' against the Fire Department right now - didn'cha beat his ass black'n blue in some hockey game last year.

Tommy

(thinking)
Goddam it yeah. Yeah I did.
(thinking more)
Hey - didn't you tell me some story about how you fixed a problem with the night manager over at that new hotel? The Gansevort?

Timo

Yeah. Little problem with the rooftop club and a couple a punks in a brawl. Why?

Tommy

So he owes you a favor, right?

Timo

Yup. Couple favors.

Tommy

I need one.

Timo

What?

Tommy

Timo.

Timo

Tommy.

Tommy

I need you ta call him'n get me a room for the next three hours.

Timo

No.
CONTINUED:

TOMMY

Timo.

TIMO

Those're MY favors Tommy. For me.

TOMMY

It would be terrible if that nightclub got closed down tonight because I've a violation I've fire safety rules.

TIMO

Prick.

TOMMY

Douche bag. 'N make sure all the booze'n food is comped too.

TIMO

No way Tommy, that's ridic-

Tommy already hung up.

INT. HIP MANHATTAN CAFE - NIGHT

Franco and Sean and one've the twins are dying laughing at something. The second twin smiles - she doesn't get it. As the others just begin to stop laughing:

HEATHER

I don't get it.

FRANCO

See - ____________.

SEAN

(suddenly, he doesn't really get it)

Oh. Ohhh.

The girls signal each other.

HEATHER

Excuse us?

FRANCO

(having the greatest time)

Yes yes yes m'lady.

(continued)
SEAN
(as Brittany gets up)
There you go you -
(into her ear)
- sweet sexy girl.

As the girls head down the hallway, Franco and Sean smile and wave like the two happiest guys in the world.

FRANCO
Yer twin has a great ass.

SEAN
So does yers man. Wow.

FRANCO
Yeah, but - yer twin's is, it's just - perfect.

SEAN
Did you notice the eyes on yer twin - how they're kinda a little darker than my twin's.

FRANCO
(he doesn't like them)
Uh-huh.

SEAN
That's hot. Plus those lips.

FRANCO
Yeah. They're a little - small.

SEAN
See - I like that.

They stand in silence for a beat - staring at each other.

FRANCO
We gotta switch.

SEAN
Yup. Oh yeah.

FRANCO
You gotta take Heather' n-

SEAN
You gotta have Brittany.
CONTINUED:

FRANCO
Yup. Absogoddammitely.

SEAN
But - how?

FRANCO
(truly stuck)
I dunno.

INT. TOMMY'S TRUCK - NIGHT
His cell rings.
SPLITSCREEN WITH:
INT. TOMMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

TOMMY
Yeah.

DAD
S'me.

TOMMY
Hey Dad - how's it goin'.

DAD
Good. Good.

SUBTITLE: "Horrible."

TOMMY
How's Ma?

DAD
She went out ta the grocery store.
She's makin' her famous chicken casserole tanite, God help us.

SUBTITLE: "First peace and quiet I've had all week."

TOMMY
Yah. Whaddaya need?

SUBTITLE: "I'm a little busy right now."

(CONTINUED)
DAD
I want some a them shooters'n a little mini-fridge like Teddy had - ya could stick it down the basement'n ya mother'd never know the difference.

TOMMY
Dad.

SUBTITLE: "You're nuts."

DAD
Tommy.

SUBTITLE: "So what."

TOMMY
Aright - I'll see what I can do.

DAD
Shit - here she comes. Thanks Tom.

They both hang up as Tommy shakes his head - 'my life'.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andrew is helping Mike settle in with his stuff. They're both drinking beers.

ANDREW
Here's yer key. Take it.

Mike takes the key and puts it onto his key ring.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Dude - this is gonna rock.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Yeah.

ANDREW
You want a fluffy pillow - small, tight pillow - what?

MIKE THE PROBIE
Um - fluffy's good.

ANDREW
Omigod - I'm fluffy, too. Go high bro.

(CONTINUED)
They high five.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Now tanite - first night in - ya wanna go out someplace're just hang. S'completely up ta you.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Well - I had a long day plus, I been sleepin' in the firehouse'n I got the rookie bed which is like sleepin' on concrete, so-

ANDREW
Dude - no problem. The Mickey Mantle documentary is bein' repeated on Fox Sportsnet tanite.

MIKE THE PROBIE
The hour-long version?

ANDREW
The hour-long version.

They both can't believe it.

MIKE THE PROBIE
You go high, bro.

They do.

ANDREW
Now go low.

They high five low. Andrew crosses to the fridge, opens it up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
'N ta top it all off? Guess what?

MIKE THE PROBIE
What?

ANDREW
(pulling something out)
Jello shots!

MIKE THE PROBIE
Jesus! You think've everything!

ANDREW
We got lemon, raspberry and grape.

(Continued)
MIKE THE PROBIE
You don't scare me. Bring it on.

SFX: Loud POP!

INT. GAASEVORT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Sheila pops a bottle of Dom Perignon - there are several in a large bucket of ice, plus a spread of caviar and cheeses and fruit along with whipped cream and ice cream. Tommy's already at the ice cream and Sheila hands him the bottle of champagne which he immediately starts to chug. She takes it from him - kissing him wildly - and chugs some herself.

She's dressed in one of her lingerie outfits and is now beginning to open Tommy's shirt. He laces some ice cream and whipped cream around a couple of his fingers and sticks it into her mouth and - they're off:

QUICK CUTS AND PANS: wild sex as Tommy takes her on the couch while he kneels on the floor - he carries her across the room and takes her up against the wall - he sprays whipped cream on her tits and licks it off - (she's in a different outfit now) - he takes her from behind against a piece of furniture - he lies on the floor while she pours champagne down his throat and sits on top of him - he sprays whipped cream down her belly and licks it off, ending up in her crotch.

INT. HIP MANHATTAN CAFE - NIGHT

The conversation continues as another eruption of laughter occurs. We are many drinks in now. The girls seem nice and loose. Each of them leaning into and toying with the boys.

FRANCO
Excuse me Heather - I gotta use the little boys room. Sean?

SEAN
(oblivious)
Yeah?

Franco gives him a head nod.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What?
(off Franco's eyes)
Oh yeah yeah. Be right back ladies.
They head down the hallway and turn a corner, pretending to be in the Men's Room they are just gaining a vantage point.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You don't have ta piss?

FRANCO
No. Now look. Here's what I think. We get the check here'n go to another place - at the other place you sit down on the side of the table where Heather sits'n I'll do the same with Brittany.

SEAN
Think they'll get the hint?

FRANCO
How could they not?

SEAN
What if they get pissed off?

FRANCO
Well - then we'll just act like we got - confused'n - we'll have ta try'n have sex with - our original assignments. Although I don't know how I'm gonna get around that little mole Heather has on her cheek.

SEAN
Once again - makes me hot. S'like - a Cindy Crawford tribute.

FRANCO
(heading back)
C'mon.

(heading off Sean's face)
What?

SEAN
I really gotta go now.

Just as he turns toward the Men's room door, someone goes in and he has to start doing a little dance to hold it.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Shit.
INT. GAANSEVORT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Sheila's in her third outfit and Tommy has her in some unbelievably acrobatic position on the couch:

MORE QUICK CUTS: alternating at first between her third and fourth outfits and then superfast between all four outfits in various positions and places in the suite and different kinds of food and sexual positions including oral - at one point she seems to be blowing Tommy while he eats and drinks stuff off the table full of food and drink.

It all comes to an end with various shots of her moaning and moaning over food and coming in several different positions intercut with various shots of Tommy screaming and moaning and moaning over food and coming in an operatic crescendo of sex, food and booze.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A narrator's voice is taking us through the powerful highlights of Mickey Mantle's early great years. Andrew and Mike are downing jello shots and sucking back beer.

ANDREW
Goddam! What a physical specimen he was hah?

MIKE THE PROBIE
Look - his forearms're the size a my legs!

ANDREW
Unbelievable. He's like a rock - like he was made outta granite.

As they concentrate on the t.v., Andrew smoothly pulls out a pot pipe and lights up. Holding it in. Mantle hits an amazing home run. Andrew exhales.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Holy shit! Look at that power.

He offers the pipe to Mike.

MIKE THE PROBIE
No thanks. Department policy.

ANDREW
Oh right - Dude, sorry. You don't mind if I-

(CONTINUED)
MIKE THE PROBIE
No no. Knock yerself out.
(off the t.v.)
Holy shit - d'you see that catch.

ANDREW
Wow.
(picking up a shot)
Here's to the Mick bro.

Mike picks up a jello shot - they toast.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Mickey Mantle!

INT. GAANSEVORT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Sheila and Tommy lay on the carpet. She's curled up in his arms - both sated and exhausted.

SHEILA
Oh my God. My legs are like rubber.

TOMMY
My legs. My arms. My-

SHEILA
Cock?

She kisses his neck. He loves it. He's got a big smile on his face as she plays with his chest hair. His eyes close.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
So - I was talkin' ta Lisa last night, my friend the psychic.

TOMMY
Mm-hmm.

SHEILA
'N she said when she first met you that time in the supermarket when she touched yer hand.

TOMMY
Mm-hmm.

SHEILA
She said she - she thinks you might be a ghost magnet.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Tommy's eyes snap open.

TOMMY
What?

SHEILA
She's really really empowered Tommy
she is almost never wrong'n she
said she got a vibe from you that-

TOMMY
What vibe? I don't have a vibe. I
can't afford a vibe. Jesus Christ.

He stands, pulls up his pants, zips them shut.

SHEILA
Take it easy.

TOMMY
I'm fine.

SHEILA
Look - she said people like you are
- open vessels, yer-

TOMMY
Yeah yeah - I'm a vessel. I'm a
boat! I'm a goddam ship fulla
-goddam ghosts.

SHEILA
She said you are prone to - visits.
Visitations I think she said. She
felt like Jimmy was close to you.

This shit is really freaking Tommy out because it's so right
on the goddam money.

TOMMY
When?

SHEILA
Now.

TOMMY
I - I dunno what she's - she's
smokin' sumthin' cause I - I'm a
magnet I'm a vessel I'm a mess is
what I am Jesus Christ.
(off Sheila's face)
What?

(CONTINUED)
SHEILA
(dead straight)
Have you seen Jimmy?

TOMMY
(unprepared)
No.

SHEILA
Tommy - don't lie ta me. You know how much it means ta me. Look me straight in the eye 'n tell me you haven't seen him.

Tommy takes a long pull of champagne - this is gonna take some acting. He kneels down in front of her, takes her face in his hand, kisses her deeply. Then, right in her eyes:

TOMMY
I have not seen Jimmy. You know how much it would mean ta me if I could. I am not a magnet I am not a ship-

SHEILA
Vessel-

TOMMY
-whatever. I'm me. Just me.

SHEILA
(accepting it)
Okay.

TOMMY
(double-checking)
Okay?

SHEILA
(she's sure now)
Okay.

TOMMY
Now let's get goin'.

He walks away and her look on his back lingers - she eyeballs him closely in slo-motion as he puts on his shirt and grabs his coat. She's in love. Trouble with a capital T.
INT. ANDREW’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The narrator is leading us through the last beats of Mickey Mantle’s life, when he had become such a drunk that they had to give him a liver transplant. It didn’t take and he died a terribly young and painful death. Our boys, meanwhile, have tears running down their cheeks as they watch and listen - still consuming jello shots and beer, although much more slowly than before. Andrew takes another hit of pot and then something really sad on the TV makes them both sniff very loudly. They look at each other and then very slowly - very somberly - high five each other and wipe away the tears.

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK CAFE - NIGHT

As they are seated by a hostess, Sean and Franco take pains to make sure Franco sits next to Brittany and Sean sits next to Heather. They pull it off. Settle in. And the girls don’t seem to mind.

FRANCO
Another round a vodka tonics for everyone?

Agreement all around.

FRANCO (CONT’D)
(to the hostess)
Four vodka tonics - all with a lemon wedge on the side? Thank you.

The hostess heads off.

FRANCO (CONT’D)
So.

SEAN
This is - this place is nice.

FRANCO
Yeah. It’s new. So...

SEAN
So...

HEATHER
What?

Sean and Franco look at each other.
BRITTANY
What guys? What is it?

FRANCO
You guys don't mind?

HEATHER
Mind what?

Sean and Franco look at each other again.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Spit it out guys.

Sean and Franco try to decide who should go first.

SEAN
You go.

FRANCO
Um - we switched up the seating arrangement for a reason.

HEATHER
Really.

SEAN
(talking to the twin next to Franco)
No offense Brittany - I mean yer really really cute but I just - I have a thing for not tiny but slightly smaller than yer sister's - than yer lips'n - well, the mole - jesus the mole is just-

FRANCO
(talking to the same twin)
'N I just fell in love with your ass Mel - it just, sorry -
(to Heather)
Heather - you have a great ass too but Mel's - her ass was just - right up my alley.

BRITTANY
I'm Heather.

A beat.

FRANCO
What?

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER
She's Heather. I'm Brittany.

Sean and Franco panic for a second - then they quickly glance and we see close-ups of: the mole, both girls eyes, both girls lips - Franco and Sean's POVs. Then, the guys realize the girls are joking and they start laughing. The girls laugh along with them. It was a joke. Then:

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Check Brittany's mole.

SEAN
What?

BRITTANY
Check my mole.

They do. She's got the same one as Heather only on the other side.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Look at our lips.

Quick shots of both sets of lips - the same.

FRANCO
Shit.

The girls suddenly stand up. Turn around.

HEATHER
Check out our asses.

The guys do. They seem to be exactly the same.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
This is our standard operating procedure on a double date. We pull a switch before the guys ask us to. That way we know first who the assholes really are.

BRITTANY
You blew it guys.
(to Sean)
Too bad, too. 'Cause I was gonna bang yer brains out.

They turn and storm off. Franco and Sean are speechless as they watch them go. The drinks arrive. They forlornly take huge gulps of vodka and tonic. Don't speak for a beat.

(CONTINUED)
Some kind of unwritten guy code: too early in the night to admit defeat - even after such a large landmine has gone off.

FRANCO
(staring off in one direction)
There’s a really hot redhead comin’ up behind you at six o’clock.

SEAN
(staring in the opposite direction)
Smokin’ dark-skinned Hispanic chick approaching you at the three o’clock position.

FRANCO
Flex?

Sean smiles back at him.

SEAN
Flex.

They both try to act natural while flexing their muscles a little as they sit there – big, unbothered smiles.

FRANCO
Fake laugh on three.

SEAN
One two-

They both throw their heads back in fake laughter and flex. Sad, really. But both girls are approaching.

INT. ANDREW’S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Mike is in bed on the fold-out couch. Drunk. Andrew is making sure he’s all set. He’s drunk and high.

ANDREW
Okay, bro. Like I said - su casa is mi casa. Ya want sum-

MIKE THE PROBIE
Yup. Su casa?

ANDREW
Hah?

MIKE THE PROBIE
I got it.

(CONTINUED)
ANDREW
Okay. The Mick!

MIKE THE PROBIE
Mickey Mantle!

ANDREW
G'night bro!

MIKE THE PROBIE
Night.

Andrew disappears into his room. The light goes off in Andrew's room. Mike turns off the light next to the couch. Total darkness. For a long, long beat.

ANDREW
I gotta say bro - how awesome was that speech about how 'I screwed up my life I'm not a hero kids don't be like me' hah?

MIKE THE PROBIE
Awesome.
(an afterthought)
Dude.

Total silence again.

ANDREW
Awright. Night.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Night.

Another long long beat. In total darkness. Mike is almost completely gone. Now: BANG! The kitchen light snaps on.

ANDREW
Awright alright - this ain't what it looks like dude.

Andrew is completely naked and has a huge hard on.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Holy shit bro - what-

ANDREW
I'm not gay Mike.

He's right on top of Mike.

(CONTINUED)
MIKE THE PROBIE
Hey!

ANDREW
(as Mike scrambles away)
Bro - I'm not gay I'm tellin' ya, honestly dude yer the only guy I've ever had a hard-on for - literally.

He's got his hands on Mike and is overpowering him now.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Andrew! Hey bro! Stop!

ANDREW
Dude. I just wanna thank you bro.

He's banging Mike against the wall.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Hey! HEY!

ANDREW
Just pretend I'm the Mick Mike. Just pretend-

BAM! Mike hits him with all he has. Andrew takes it - then laughs.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Dude - you got nuthin'.

He punches Mike and Mike falls to the floor.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Now I'm gonna be Mickey Mantle'n, you can be - um, whoever the hell ya wanna be. Nomar. Cam Neely. Bobby Goddam Orr. Yer A Red Sox fan right?

He starts dragging Mike by the hair toward his bedroom.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Yer gonna spend the night with a true fan ve the New York Yankees my friend.

Mike is half-dead, unable to fight back.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ANDREW (CONT'D)
It'll be fun. Tell ya what - ta
make it easier on ya bro? I'll be
the broad, awright? I'll take it
in the ass'n you can be the guy?
Awright?

BAM! Andrew didn't realize that Mike had grabbed a nearby
baseball bat and has just planted it into his face. Andrew
goes down like a ton of bricks. Mike stands up. Looks down
at Andrew - who's out but alive. Glances at the bat.
Squints in at the autographed logo.

MIKE THE PROBIE
(totally straight)
Hah. A Mickey Mantle model.
That's funny.

He tosses the bat aside. Takes the key off his key ring and
sticks it into Andrew's mouth. Andrew coughs it up.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy comes in the door and tosses his keys on the sideboard.
Starts to take his jacket off when he hears a voice. Someone
muttering to himself. Tommy freaks - shit. Is it Jimmy? He
turns the corner to look in the living room and - surprise -
there's a drunk and high Uncle Teddy. On the couch.
Surrounded by weed and booze.

TOMMY
Hey!

Teddy looks as surprised to see Tommy as Tommy is to see him.

UNCLE TEDDY
Tom. I was just talkin' about you.

TOMMY
Ta who?

UNCLE TEDDY
Myself.

Uncle Teddy's lighting the small end of a cigar with a giant
snap-lighter you would normally use to light a pilot light or
an outdoor grill. He's wiping the sweat off himself with a
giant FDNY handkerchief.

TOMMY
What's goin' on?

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

UNCLE TEDDY
I got - I got no place ta go T. I
lost the house.

TOMMY

How?

UNCLE TEDDY
Atlantic City.

TOMMY
Jesus.

UNCLE TEDDY
I was on a roll’n next thing I know
- I got no house. Called yer Aunt
Peg’n - you’ll never believe this.
She met somebody. Another broad!

TOMMY
She’s a-

UNCLE TEDDY
Dyke! Makes total sense ta me now.
Forty years a marriage with no sex -
I knew she had ta be a dyke. How
could a woman live with a hot-
blooded heterosexual like me - a
fireman ta boot - ‘n not wanna have
sex?

Tommy doesn’t wanna answer that.

UNCLE TEDDY (CONT’D)
Don’t answer that question! Anyway
- I got nowhere ta go T. Ya mind?

TOMMY
Awright. But I usually sleep on
the couch.

UNCLE TEDDY
C’mon T - I’m fat. I’m gonna hit
four hundred long before anyone in
major league baseball does again.
Don’t make me walk upstairs.

TOMMY
Awright awright.
(off a gym bag he sees)
What’zat?
It's got money in it. A lot of money.

UNCLE TEDDY
S'all I got left. I knew Peg was gonna screw me one day so I put aside a little cash. Six grand.

Tommy's eyes won't leave the money.

TOMMY
Holy shit.

UNCLE TEDDY
Look - if anythin' happens ta me give half a this ta ya cousin Mick for his church'n give the other half ta ya kids.

TOMMY
What about yer kids.

UNCLE TEDDY
My kids're assholes.

TOMMY
Ya want me ta put that someplace safe for ya.

UNCLE TEDDY
Na na - this stays right with me.

TOMMY

UNCLE TEDDY
Thanks kid.

TOMMY
See ya in the mornin'.

UNCLE TEDDY
Hey T?

TOMMY
Yeah.

UNCLE TEDDY
(unusually serious)
Love ya.

TOMMY
Love you too.
INT. TOMMY’S GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

The side door opens - bursting in with moonlight. Teddy is silhouetted against it. He hits a light. He’s carrying a stretch of lawn hose.

QUICK CUTS: he slices through the hose with a hacksaw - making a separate length for himself. He sticks one end in the tailpipe of his own car. Takes the other end around and into the driver’s seat with him. Puts up the window high enough to hold the hose in place. Lights up a cigar. And now he starts the engine. Puts the seat back into the ultimate reclining position. Closes his eyes. Takes a puff off the cigar.

UNCLE TEDDY
(quiet, ironic)
Goodbye cruel world.

He settles in really really comfortable now.

UNCLE TEDDY (CONT’D)
(side of the mouth)
Tell my wife she can kiss my ass.

As Teddy starts to leave this world - FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TOMMY’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Tommy comes down dressed to leave. It’s dead quiet. He tiptoes quietly toward the couch. He can see the bag of cash. Tiptoes even more carefully: that 6 grand could change his life. He arrives at the bag. Opens it - it’s empty. Looks up at the couch: Teddy’s gone. The phone rings.

TOMMY

Shit.
(_answering_

Yeah.

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

INT. JANET’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

JANET

How we doin’ on the money front?

Tommy can’t believe the timing - it’s as if the devil is literally on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
TOMMY
Jesus Christ Janet.

JANET
Yer never home. I saw the truck I
saw ya moving around upstairs.

TOMMY
Look-

JANET
I need the money Tom.

Tommy heads into the kitchen. Gives the dog some food.
Looks out the window into the back yard.

JANET (CONT'D)
Listen - ya can't get it, ya-

TOMMY
I'm tryin' okay? I called Lou I
called this guy Keough nobody's got
any openings this week - I'm short
til my next check from the city.

JANET
Great.

TOMMY
Jesus. How fast d'ya need it?

TOMMY'S POV: Uncle Teddy's giant FDNY handkerchief lies on
the grass just a few feet from the side door of the garage.

JANET
Gotta get the garage done before
December. The ground gets hard?

TOMMY
(sarcastic)
Didn't know that. Guess it's a
good thing I didn't die last night.

JANET
Depends on how ya look at it.

TOMMY'S POV: he notices the windows on the front end of the
garage - they are fogged up.

TOMMY
I'm just say-

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JANET
Actually if you had died last night between your truck the house and the tiny little life insurance plan you were able to get-

TOMMY’S POV: his eyes go back to the handkerchief.

JANET (CONT’D)
because of your occupation I would have at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in my hands within two weeks.

Tommy hangs up. Runs out the door.

INT. TOMMY’S GARAGE - SECONDS LATER

As Tommy arrives inside to find a Uncle Teddy - half a smile on his face, cigar burned out - dead in the front seat of the car, which has stopped running. The smell of the air makes Tommy grimace. He pulls the hose out of the window, opens the door and starts slapping Uncle Teddy in the face over and over again.

TOMMY
Teddy! TEDDY!

Again and again he slaps him. Finally he hauls off and punches Teddy in the face as hard as he can and IMMEDIATELY Teddy’s body coils and he punches Tommy in the face so hard it sends him off the nearby side wall and down onto the garage floor. Slowly Tommy climbs back up. Teddy seems surprised to see him.

UNCLE TEDDY
Jesus Christ - whaddayou doin’ here?

TOMMY
Whaddaya mean?

UNCLE TEDDY
(low, tell me a secret)
Where's Elvis?

TOMMY
What?

UNCLE TEDDY
Is this heaven?

(continued)
TOMMY
No - it's my garage.

UNCLE TEDDY
Oh goddammit! I'm alive! Shit.
(off the gas gauge)
I only had an eighth of a tank - I
thought I could make it. Shit!
Plus I woulda had ta drive ta that
goddam towelhead's gas station'n
the goddam gas is almost three
bucks a gallon. Christ!

Tommy doesn't know what to say.

UNCLE TEDDY (CONT'D)
(change of plans)
Screw it.

He climbs out of the car.

UNCLE TEDDY (CONT'D)
This is a sign T. My luck is
changan'. Big time.

Teddy opens the side door.

TOMMY
Where ya goin'?

UNCLE TEDDY
Ta the track! I'm golden, brother!

TOMMY
Where's all the cabbage?

UNCLE TEDDY
(indicating all of his
pockets)
Right here. I was takin' it with
me. See ya later.

And he's gone. Tommy nurses his face. SFX: Sirens.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

As the ladder roars up to a scene full of cop cars and
spectators, everyone pointing and talking about two people
trapped way high up in a tree; one in a thong and halter top
the other in just his underwear. The two of them are
screaming bloody murder at the cops. Everyone hops off the
truck.

(CONTINUED)
JERRY
Never gonna believe this one.

LOU
Try me.

JERRY
The one on the right’s a seventeen-year-old from Brooklyn - ran away from home two days ago. Mother reported him missing. Last seen with the one on the left - his boyfriend slash girlfriend.

(off the reactions)
He’s got fake tits ’n he’s savin’ up ta get a vagina.

TOMMY
Who isn’t?

JERRY
They been up in the tree for over an hour gropin’ and blowin’ each other-

TOMMY
Jesus.

JERRY
Yeah, it’s ugly. Traumatized a couple Roller bladers. But every time a cop gets brave enough start climbin’ up, the lovebirds climb even higher.

FRANCO
Two fags and a tree.

LOU
It’s a treesome.

COP
(walking over)
Who’s goin’ up? The one in the thong’s afraid a heights so ya know he/she it’s gonna be a real hugger onna way back down.

Jerry looks at the crew. The crew turns to the probie.

MIKE THE PROBIE
Please guys - no. Please?
Laura steps forward.

LAURA
I’ll go.
(to Jerry)
This might be one’ve my skills.
The guys watch as Laura calmly climbs up the ladder. Meanwhile the two lovebirds have resumed screaming and ranting at her. Not realizing she's a woman.

LOU
I got a double sawbuck says she don't bring 'em down. All the way down. On the ground.

FRANCO
I'm in. No way she can do it.

SEAN
In.

MIKE THE PROBIE
In.

Tommy's cellphone rings.

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

INT. RACE TRACK HALLWAY - SAME

TOMMY
Yeah.

UNCLE TEDDY
Good news kid. I'm on a roll! I turned 3 grand inta 12 large!

TOMMY
(nods yes on the Laura bet)
Holy shit.

UNCLE TEDDY
Now look - that other 3 I said was fa ya kids? Still got it. If ya want, I could play it for ya.

LOU
Chief.

JERRY
I dunno Lou. Y'know I'd like nuthin' better'n ta have her screw up'n give us one more reason ta get her outta the house but... shit. I got a gut feelin' on this. Purely on a gamblin' level.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LOU
Whatever. Chief's odd man out!

UNCLE TEDDY
Tommy, you still with me? Make the call now kid - window's closin'.

TOMMY
(fuck it)
Let it ride.

UNCLE TEDDY
Good boy.

A42  EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Laura is there and the two lovers have started to climb even higher -

LOU
Yeah Daddy.

FRANCO
Get ready to pay up Chief.

- until Laura takes off her helmet and shakes out her hair. The lovers stop climbing. Laura starts talking.

LOU
Shit.

SEAN
Isn't that unfair? The hair thing?

The lovers are really listening to Laura. She beckons them to come closer. They do.

JERRY
Yeah baby yeah. Come ta papa.

Now the lovers are climbing onto the ladder. The seventeen-year-old goes first, Laura helping him off the tree and he starts to climb down the ladder on his own. The one with the thong is the scared one - clinging to Laura as she brings him/her/it back to safety. The crowd applauds.

LOU
(off Jerry's smile)
On the ground. That's the bet.

Tommy pops a couple a pills. Then a couple extra.
FRANCO
(noticing)
Pain pills?

TOMMY
Superman pills.

FRANCO
Better watch that shit Gav. They
can lead to errors a judgement.

TOMMY
(try me)
Yeah?

FRANCO
(tight, hard)
Yeah.

Laura's down - the crowd erupts again. She hands off the
thong grab and heads over to the truck as:

LOU
Goddam broads.

JERRY
(big smile on the payoff)
She pulled it off Lou.
(turning to see her)
Hey.

LAURA
Hey.

JERRY
Nice job.

LAURA
Thanks.

JERRY
Whad'ja say up there?

LAURA
I said look I already have a vagina
- I know at least one've you two is
hoping ta get one so let's get our
feet back on the ground and talk
about this like girlfriends do. I
promised I'd buy 'em a drink'n make
sure no charges were pressed.
SEAN

'N why would they buy that?

LAURA

Because two of us already had tits.
(to Jerry)
Did I prove I could bring sumthin' to the team here?

TOMMY

Oh yeah. Two fags need ta be talked out 've a tree - we get six're seven a those calls a week.

LAURA

Kiss my ass Gavin.

FRANCO

You'd love that wouldn't ya?

Jerry separates Laura and Franco. The fact that she had the balls to step up to him gets Franco a little hot.

JERRY

(calming her down)
Hey. Got yer Irish up hah?

LAURA

Goddam assholes - you think one a them coulda brought those two-

JERRY

Hey hey hey - no, no I don't. But this ain't a sprint sweetie. Ya won this battle but the war goes on. Tuck this one under yer belt'n let's move on'n win the next one.

LAURA

Tommy Gavin - he's dangerous Chief.

JERRY

Listen - stay outta Tommy's way.

LAURA

He's crazy, Chief.

JERRY

In the fire department there's crazy good'n there's crazy bad. Right now - Tommy's crazy good.
Jerry makes her walk away. She glances back at Tommy over Jerry's shoulder. Tommy smiles and waves at her. His cell phone rings. [NOTE: these previous scenes should have been REAL TIME SCENES meaning that since he placed the bet with Teddy, the audience should be able to believe that just now he's hearing the results. Pretty much - smudge smudge - for real].

TOMMY (V.O.)
Honey I'm home!

SMASHCUT INTO:

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tommy's already in and pouring himself a large vodka. Janet enters. Frowns at the sight.

JANET
So - you ARE drinking again.

TOMMY
Yup.

He downs a healthy slug.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Ahhh.

He takes another wallop. She winces. Now:

JANET
There's been a lotta talk. That you've been seeing Sheila. A lot.

TOMMY
Mm-hmm.

Janet gives up. Moving on:

JANET
(sighing)
Uhh. Colleen hooked back up with Jennifer and I - I couldn't deal with it so-

TOMMY
Ya sent 'em over ta my house I know I was just there.

He takes another hit of vodka. Not funny to Janet.

(CONTINUED)
JANET
I really really disapprove of that
situation and I would greatly
appreciate it if you would help me
to get it under control.

TOMMY
(off the vodka)
Mm-mmm-mmm.

JANET
(trying to ignore that)
It's obviously just a phase that
I'm really gonna need yer help to-

TOMMY
You call Roger?

She is stopped solid in her tracks.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(sucking on some ice)
Did ya hear what I-

JANET
(quick and hard)
Yes.
(no lie)
Yes. I called him.

TOMMY
'N did he come through?

She hates that he's got her in this position. Tommy still
cherishing on his ice - which is rattling Janet's nerves. Now:

JANET
(repeating what Roger's
secretary probably told
her)
He's, travelling right now - on his
way to - Philadelphia. I was -
just expecting him to call,
actually - when you, barged in.

Tommy digests that. Smiles to himself. Chuckles. Reaches
into his jacket and pulls out something. Flips it up and:

(CONTINUED)
A GREEN RAIN OF DOLLAR BILLS flourishes across the kitchen sky - tens and twenties and fifties and hundred dollar bills twisting and turning and above all twirling and floating and falling and lingering only seconds before they land on top of the counter and the toaster and the fridge and the telephone and the stove and the clean, crisp surface of Janet's perfect hardwood floor.

TOMMY
You wanted - what was it? 4 grand?
(off the money)
I think there must be almost - around six're seven grand here.

He turns to leave. Janet knows he's passed a test tonight - a test she thought he had no chance on.

JANET
(very very clear)
Where'd you get it Tom.

Tommy turns. Smiles.

TOMMY
Harder I work?
(right into her eyes)
Luckier I goddam get.
(dripping with sarcasm)
G'night!

He's gone. She stands there staring at what she asked for. And then some. As she starts to frantically pick up the money and organize it:

SMASHCUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.