

When Corruption Was King

by
Frank Baldwin

Based on the book When Corruption Was King,
by Robert Cooley and Hillel Levin

William Morris Endeavor Entertainment
Leverage Management

FADE IN.

INT. DELICATESSEN - DAY

An old-style Chicago deli. Sausages hang from the ceiling. The deli's back wall is covered with framed, black-and-white photos. OVER TITLES we travel along them... and back in time.

It's the turn of the century -- the twentieth century. A few classic shots get us started: City Hall... Soldier Field... the stockyards. This is Sandburg's Chicago: City of big shoulders, hog butcher to the world.

And now... the faces of forgotten mobsters. Their dead-eye stares bore into us. And here are the city's early street bosses: Mike "The Fixer" Kenna... John "Bathhouse" Coughlin.

A yellowed copy of the Volstead Act, which made Prohibition the law of the land, and ushered in the age of...

Speakeasies. Black jazz bands... white-gartered beauties... and liquor, liquor, liquor. Onto the next row of photos: Tommy-gun hoods... black getaway cars... and six suited men lying dead in a lake of blood. The St. Valentine's Day Massacre, which settled the beer wars and anointed...

Capone. Boss of bosses. Full of brio in his hat and shades, a Cuban stogie in his mouth. Charming reporters at the Lexington... waving to fans at Wrigley Field.

Capone in trouble now. The Tribune headline: "Capone Nabbed On Tax Evasion." In court, sandwiched between his lawyers. Jowly, bewildered, a hint of syphilitic madness in his eyes.

And finally: Woodlawn Cemetery. A simple headstone. Name, dates, and this: "My Jesus. Mercy."

A VOICE joins our picture show. A Chicago voice. Flat and hard. Not an ounce of bullshit.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You probably think the Chicago Mob ended with the fall of Capone. The truth is, they were just getting started.

(beat)

Capone's successors understood what Big Al never got -- to take over a city, you need to be invisible.

THE FINAL PHOTOGRAPH: FOUR MEN IN GRAY, 1920S SUITS sit around a table.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Recognize these guys? Of course not. That's my fuckin' point.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

We're in the 1950s now. TWO THUGS walk among the graves.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It all starts on election day. If
you can put 'em in power... then
you can tell 'em what to do.

One thug struggles to lift a fallen headstone.

THUG #2
C'mon, turn it over. He's got as
much right to vote as the next guy.

EXT. POLLING PLACE - NIGHT

A car with an "I LIKE IKE" BUMPER STICKER pulls into the
parking lot...

And a BASEBALL BAT BASHES IN THE WINDSHIELD. The terrified
driver speeds off.

INT. POLLING BOOTH - NIGHT

A CITIZEN reaches for the lever... and freezes. There's a gun
in his back.

ANOTHER CITIZEN stands at the sign-in table, frowning down at
the registration book. There's already a checkmark beside his
name. He stares at the POLL WORKER.

CITIZEN
At least tell me who I voted for.

INT. CAMPAIGN HQ BACK ROOM - NIGHT

TWO PARTY HACKS count out a ballot box. They smile up at the
ALDERMAN in the doorway.

PARTY HACK #1
Three-hundred sixty-seven to one.

ALDERMAN
And we're gonna find that fuckin'
one.

They all laugh.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The pols were the first leg of the
Holy Trinity. Next came the
robes...

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

We're in the 1960s now.

A JUDGE sits down at his desk. His morning newspaper is
waiting for him. He unfolds it to see... two envelopes.

A wad of cash in one. He opens the other: A bullet.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The judge in his chair. The DEFENDANT -- in bell-bottom jeans -- slouches at the defense table.

The PROSECUTOR is wrapping up his closing argument. He holds his palms up, side-by-side.

PROSECUTOR

On the one hand, we have: The defendant's prints on the murder weapon; the victim's body in the trunk of the defendant's car; the car in the defendant's garage, with the defendant behind the wheel... when the police arrested him.

His right palm is up high now, his left palm down low.

PROSECUTOR

On the other hand, we have the defendant's solemn oath that he, quote: "Didn't fuckin' do it." (pauses for effect) Unquote.

He smiles. A slam dunk. But his smile dies at the sight of the judge's stone face.

JUDGE

Tell me there's more, Counsellor. Because if that's all you got...

The prosecutor closes his eyes in frustration. The defendant smirks in his chair.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

We're in the 1970s now.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And finally, the badges...

INT. POLICE LOCKER-ROOM - DAY

A ROOKIE COP walks in with his PARTNER.

PARTNER

You're gonna love Vice. Lots of action.

They reach the metal lockers. The rookie opens his to see... a STACK OF CASH. He stares at it, then at his partner.

PARTNER

From the guys we can't touch.

The rookie picks up the stack... riffles it... and tosses it into a nearby wastebasket. His partner can't believe it.

EXT. STATIONHOUSE - DUSK

The rookie sits at the wheel of his squad car. A clipboard-wielding DISPATCHER walks over.

DISPATCHER
Looks like you're solo tonight. We
just sent your partner home sick.

ROOKIE
But I don't even have a beat yet.

DISPATCHER
Yeah you do. Cabrini-Green.

The rookie swallows hard. *So that's how it's gonna be.*

EXT. DIVISION STREET - NIGHT

The rookie cruises through the hood. GANG-BANGERS hang out on stoops. A LONE BALLER drains jumpers on an outdoor court.

The rookie parks. He sips his coffee and surveys the Cabrini-Green projects. A grim cluster of ten-story buildings surrounds a weedy courtyard.

BLAM! A car window explodes. The rookie stares down at a perfect double-bullet hole in his styrofoam coffee cup.

He ducks down and grabs the radio mic.

ROOKIE
Ten-one! Ten-one! Officer under
fire! Eleven-sixty Division.

Nothing but quiet static from the radio. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
The three other car windows explode.

ROOKIE
Ten-one! Ten-one! Does anyone copy?

And now he gets it. No one's coming.

EXT. STATIONHOUSE - NIGHT

The spooked rookie parks the battered cruiser by the stationhouse. All four windows and both headlights blown out.

INT. STATIONHOUSE - NIGHT

The rookie walks through the room. Not a single cop even glances up at him.

INT. LOCKER-ROOM - NIGHT

The rookie stands at his locker. He opens it to see... another STACK OF BILLS. He stares at it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Pay off the sinners and break the saints. It was a wonderful business model... and it might've worked forever.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - NIGHT

Modern times now. Chicago's skyline sparkles like a naughty jewel.

INT. ST. FELICITAS CHURCH - NIGHT

BOB COOLEY -- tough, cocky, a South Side scrapper -- relaxes in a pew, waiting his turn for the confessional. He wears jeans and an open-necked shirt.

He opens his wallet. POLICE BADGE inside. And a PHOTO OF HIS FAMILY. Dad wears a cop uniform, Mom a nice dress. Five BROTHERS AND SISTERS surrounding them.

Cooley reaches behind the photo and takes out an NFL BETTING CARD. He studies the spreads... and circles the COWBOYS GAME.

A BABE steps out of the confessional. Sweet curls and a blue batik t-shirt stretched to its limits. Cooley smiles at her. She walks past him and kneels in front of the votive candles.

She steals a glance back at him.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Cooley breathes in the babe's lingering perfume.

COOLEY
The job has its perks, huh Father?

FATHER BRADY
You won't find God under a skirt, Robert.

COOLEY
How 'bout heaven?

FATHER BRADY
(sighing)
Is it too much to hope you're here to confess?

COOLEY
I passed the bar today, Father. First fuckin' try. I'm buyin' tonight.

A long beat. Cooley stares into the dark divider. Silence.

COOLEY
That's all you gotta say?

FATHER BRADY
Just what the world needs --
another lawyer.
(beat)
You count for something out on
those streets, Robert. You make a
difference.

COOLEY
There you go again, Father --
thinkin' this is America. It's
Chicago. Nobody makes a difference.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

Cooley wakes up in bed in his tiny, street-level studio. A pretty sorry bachelor pad. Although...

There is a NAKED BABE asleep beside him. Cooley stares at her, trying to remember her name. He glances at DUKE, a black-and-white boxer lying at the foot of the bed. Duke stares back, no help at all.

The woman opens her eyes and smiles.

WOMAN
Jeanie.

COOLEY
(embarrassed)
I knew that.

She knows he didn't, but she forgives him. Cooley touches her face... and now sees the clock over her shoulder: 9:15. Late.

COOLEY
Shit.

He scrambles out of bed.

INT. COOLEY'S BEAT-UP CADDY - DAY: DRIVING

Cooley drives, Duke on the passenger seat. Cooley jabs the radio buttons until he finds a station giving sports scores.

RADIO
Boston beat Atlanta, 97-89. It was
the Pistons over Seattle, 101-96...

Cooley pulls a CRUMPLED BETTING SLIP from his jeans pocket. He checks it... groans... and punches the steering wheel.

EXT. CHICAGO COURTHOUSE - DAY

Above the courthouse, an American flag snaps in the wind.
Cooley double parks his Caddy.

COOLEY
(to Duke)
Twenty minutes, tops.

He jumps out and heads for the courthouse stairs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Cook County court system was
the wild west -- but on steroids. A
third of her judges would sell a
lawyer a verdict. Another third
would disbar him for asking. The
rest? They were somewhere in
between.

As Cooley climbs the stairs, he sees HIS CLIENT, 35, shaggy,
walking down.

COOLEY
Sorry I'm late. Let's go.

CLIENT
I'm all set. Your friend took care
of me.

COOLEY
What friend?

CLIENT
He said he was your friend. He gave
me his card.

COOLEY
(taking the card)
You told him you were waiting for
me?

CLIENT
Sure. But he said he could handle
it. And he only charged me three
hundred.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Cooley walks across the marble floor of the high-ceilinged
courthouse. He spots who he's looking for.

BRUCE WEXLER, 35, 140 pounds, sharp suit and shoes. A classic
hall rat, court slang for a lawyer who prowls the halls
poaching clients.

COOLEY
Hey. You know who I am?

WEXLER
No. But whatever you need, buddy, I
got you covered.

COOLEY
But you don't know who I am? That's
funny, because you told my client
you were a friend of mine. Is this
your card?

The look on his face says it is. Cooley throws Wexler against
the marble wall. Cops and lawyers scatter, amused.

COOLEY
Listen, you piece of shit. You're
gonna give me five hundred dollars
or I'm gonna split your head open
against this wall.

WEXLER
Five hundred? I only charged him
three.

COOLEY
But I was gonna charge him five.
And if you ever steal one of my
clients again, there's gonna be a
fuckin' problem. You let the rest
of the hall rats know that, too.
Got it?

Wexler nods. He forks over Cooley's money as the cops along
the back wall laugh.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Cooley walks into a large courthouse. The place is a zoo, the
wooden benches swarming with dozens of DEFENDANTS.

The court staff perks up at the sight of Cooley.

COOLEY
Mornin' Jerry...

Cooley shakes the hand of the COURT OFFICER, leaving a ten-
spot in it. He does the same for ED THE BAILIFF.

COOLEY
Ed...

And now Cooley tosses a donut bag to the COURT STENOGRAPHER.
She smiles wryly, but she's charmed.

Cooley walks up the aisle to the COURT CLERK. A dozen LAWYERS
jockey for position, hoping to get their cases called first.
Cooley cuts the line and slips the clerk a 50-dollar bill.

Cooley scans the wooden benches and finds his defendant:
SLOCUM, 40s, scrawny, red-eyed.

SLOCUM
You're late, Cooley. Now we're
gonna wait all fuckin' day.

COOLEY
My clients don't wait. I got pull.

As the Court Clerk steps to the microphone... Cooley leads Slocum toward the defense table.

COURT CLERK
First up, State of Illinois
versus...
(beat)
Kresge.

Cooley stops -- not his case. What's going on? He turns to see...

A FANCY LAWYER by the front door. NELLIE MOON, 55. Thousand-dollar suit, killer cuffs, spit-polished white shoes.

Moon walks past Cooley, not even deigning to look at him. He leads his DEFENDANT to the table. Cooley and the rest of the lawyers watch him, envy in their eyes.

JUDGE
Morning, Counsellor. How does your client plead?

MOON
The usual. Not guilty.

The judge nods. Moon turns and walks down the aisle toward the front door. He's got places to go.

Cooley stares after him. *Now that's a fuckin' lawyer.*

SLOCUM
I thought you had pull.

Cooley looks away. So did he.

INT. MAMA DELUCCA'S - DAY

A friendly restaurant near the courthouse. Hotspot for judges. Cheap red tablecloths and candles. Cooley sits at the counter, studying the football spreads in the paper.

BLACKIE PESOLI, a thick cop in uniform, sits a few stools down. He's reading MIKE ROYKO'S column in the Tribune.

Cooley sees a WAITRESS deliver a CHECK to a table full of JUDGES. He walks over... grabs the check...

COOLEY
Your honors... this one's on me.

... and heads for the door. Mild protestations: "Cooley"... "You shouldn't"... etc. But none of them mean it. EXCEPT...

JUDGE FRANK WILSON, 45, white-haired. Walking with a limp, he catches Cooley at the register. He hands Cooley a twenty.

JUDGE WILSON
I had the corned beef, and two
Scotch and sodas... Counsellor.

Cooley reluctantly takes the judge's twenty. As the judge starts away...

COOLEY
Poker this week, judge?

A beat. He really shouldn't, but...

JUDGE WILSON
Are Rosie's girls gonna be there?

Cooley smiles and shrugs... *only one way to find out.*

INT. COOLEY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A rowdy poker game in full swing. Six players -- lawyers, cops, judges. Judge Wilson is there. And Blackie Pesoli, still in his cop uniform. Bruce Wexler, too, the hall rat.

And waitressing tonight are: MICHELLE and CLAIRE, two smoky-eyed girls in tubetops and red, white, and blue mini-skirts.

Everyone drinks alcohol except Cooley. He drinks bottled water, which accounts for his huge stack of chips.

BLACKIE
Did you read Royko today? Says we oughtta have a new slogan: "Throw the bastards in."

He laughs. Claire brings him a beer. He pats her ass.

BLACKIE
Guy could break a tooth on that.

Judge Wilson, dry, holds up his glass.

JUDGE WILSON
Where'd the other one go?

He looks around... but Michelle's gone.

The betting moves around the table. But it stops at... Bruce Wexler. He's holding his cards, but staring straight ahead. Because... SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO HIM UNDER THE TABLE.

BLACKIE
In or out, Wexler?

Wexler tosses in his cards and grips the table, his face reddening. Blackie flips over the hand Wexler threw in -- A PAIR OF KINGS. The table roars.

JUDGE WILSON
Guess he's got something better in the hole.

As Wexler lets out a sigh and comes back down to earth... MICHELLE CRAWLS OUT FROM UNDER THE TABLE. She takes a twenty from Wexler's cash pile. Everyone roars again.

Cooley smiles. Poker night.

INT. POKER ROOM - LATER

A fat pot on the table, and only two players vying for it: Blackie Pesoli, and a very loaded Judge Wilson. Blackie tosses in a crumpled twenty.

BLACKIE

Raise.

Wilson is out of chips. A beat. He stares at the pot, and now... SLIPS OFF HIS WEDDING RING AND TOSSES IT IN. Silence around the table.

COOLEY

C'mon, Judge. Your credit's good here.

But Wilson isn't budging. He throws down two cards.

JUDGE WILSON

Gimme two.

The dealer hesitates. He looks at Cooley... who nods. He deals. Wilson looks at the new cards...

JUDGE WILSON

Fuck you.

.... and tosses in his hand without waiting for Blackie.

COOLEY

Judge... see what Blackie's got, at least.

BLACKIE

Too late.

Blackie rakes in the pot. He holds up the judge's ring.

BLACKIE

Judge, I can't take--

JUDGE WILSON

Keep it. She filed papers today. It's the only thing she didn't ask for.

(beat)

Any lawyers in here... You can fuck her, but you better not represent her.

Everyone laughs. Wilson limp-staggers to the door. Cooley pulls Claire aside and presses a c-note into her hand.

COOLEY

Give the judge a ride home, will you?

CLAIRE
Sure, Cooley.

Claire takes Wilson's keys from him. He smiles.

BLACKIE
You're one of the good guys, aren't
you Cooley?

INT. POKER ROOM - LATER

Cooley and his dog Duke. Cooley cracks his first beer of the night and counts his winnings. He sighs. A decent haul, but it's never enough. The phone rings. He looks over.

INT. STATIONHOUSE - NIGHT

Cooley walks in. Blackie Pesoli is waiting for him.

COOLEY
Don't you ever sleep?

BLACKIE
No money in it. C'mon.

Blackie leads Cooley down the hall.

COOLEY
What do you have for me?

BLACKIE
Your ticket -- if you got the
balls to punch it.
(beat)
Butchie Petrocelli's in the stir.
He's with the Rush Street group.

They reach the door to a holding cell.

COOLEY
That's First Ward business. Nellie
Moon's turf.

BLACKIE
Not anymore. Moon just retired.

Cooley stares at Blackie. He's afraid he knows what that means.

BLACKIE
It's up to you, Cooley. But this
ain't a case you wanna lose. Not to
mention...
(he rubs his fingers)
It's gonna cost you.

Cooley eyes the door. His future on the other side of it.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Cooley sits across a small metal table from...

BUTCHIE PETROCELLI. The guy's huge. He sports a jet-black mullet with a white skunk stripe down the middle.

COOLEY
What's the charge?

BUTCHIE
Robbery. They got no fuckin' case.

COOLEY
That always helps. Where were you when it happened?

BUTCHIE
Right there. I did it.
But they got no fuckin' case.
Right?

A beat. Cooley nods.

INT. COURTHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

A nervous Cooley splashes his face at the sink.

WEXLER (O.S.)
A jury trial, Cooley?

Cooley turns to see Wexler in the doorway.

WEXLER
Maloney's a money judge. You shoulda kept it simple.

COOLEY
I've been playing that game for two years. Where's it got me? You know who Butchie's with... the kinda business they could throw my way.
(beat)
Any mope lawyer can buy a Not Guilty. I'm gonna get these bastards' attention.

He wipes his hands on a paper towel and tosses it to Wexler on his way out.

WEXLER
It's your fuckin' funeral.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Cooley and Butchie Petrocelli at the defense table. Butchie sits with folded arms, glowering as he watches...

The SMUG PROSECUTOR, his closing argument in the bag, smile at the jury and walk back to his table.

PROSECUTOR
All yours, Cooley.

Sitting alone in the first row of the gallery is MARCO D'AMICO, 36, the leader of the Rush Street Group. Cagey eyes and nervous energy. This guy idles at 20 mph. He wears a button shirt, unlike...

HIS CREW in the row behind him. EIGHT OUTFIT THUGS in t-shirts or tanktops. All of them staring hard at Cooley.

Butchie motions Cooley in close. He whispers into his ear.

BUTCHIE
I walk... or you're done.

Cooley smiles, as if Butchie just gave him a quick pep talk. He walks to the jury box. A beat.

COOLEY
We've been over the facts a hundred times. I won't bore you with them again. Wanna know what this case boils down to?
(turning toward Butchie)
Stand up.

Butchie, caught by surprise, points to himself. *Me?*

COOLEY
No, Santa Claus. Yeah, you.

The jury cracks up. The gallery too... except for Marco and his guys. Butchie stands up, looking bewildered.

COOLEY
My client's a jagoff. You know that and I know that. Hell, I'll bet his Mom knows that.
(beat)
And the cops knew it, too. So when they looked up and down Rush Street after the mugging, and they saw Butchie Petrocelli, a little light went off in their heads. They said to themselves, "Who's gonna believe this guy?" And so here he is. And here we are. Ain't that Chicago for ya?

You can see it in the jurors' faces. It sure is.

COOLEY
But here's the thing, people...
(leaning on the railing)
Unless they changed the statute books this morning, being a jagoff is not against the law.

A beat. Cooley walks back to the defense table. Black death in Butchie's eyes.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The jury files back in. Cooley and Butchie stand. Cooley eyes the exits, planning his escape route.

JUDGE
Has the jury reached a verdict?

The JURY FOREWOMAN stands. She's still stifling a smile.

JURY FOREWOMAN
Not guilty, your honor.

Sweet relief. Cooley turns to hug Butchie... who grabs him by the throat.

BUTCHIE
Call me a jagoff? Insult my own
fuckin' mother?

Marco and the rest of the Rush Street Group come over the wooden divide. They pull him off Cooley, laughing.

MARCO
Butchie... Butchie... You're
fuckin' free.

Marco smiles at Cooley. *Nice work.*

INT. FACES NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

DAZZLING MODELS and decked-out A-LISTERS grace the dance floor of Rush Street's hottest club. Smoke, mirrors, strobe lights -- the works. Michael Jackson's *Wanna Be Starting Something* washes over the crowd.

The pretty people rule the bulk of the dance floor, but the far corner has been commandeered by...

MARCO'S DRUNKEN CREW. They dance with BABES, and with themselves. They're a sight. We pan slowly across them.

Two crew guys -- BOO LIBONATI and DUKIE BASIL -- pound beers on a couch just off the dance floor. Dukie has the gun-slit eyes and cruel mouth of the born sadist he is.

MICHAEL JACKSON (O.S.)
*Mama say mama-sa, mama cu sa, Mama
say mama-sa, mama cu sa...*

DUKIE
Know what that means?
(beat)
I'm a bad motherfucker from Africa.

BOO
Guy knows his roots.

We leave the dance floor and hit the booths now. Still panning slowly, really looking at these guys as they lounge with their drinks. Open-neck shirts. Cigarettes. Attitude.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The crews are the heart of the Outfit. The city's unsung heroes, working the streets day after day. Laying down the law, bringing back the bacon... and kicking ten percent up the ladder.

(beat)

For eighty years, the Outfit's been paying off the cops, electing the right politicians, and buying up the judges. And all for one simple reason: To keep the crews on the street, doing what they do best: Earning.

And now we come in on:

A wraparound leather booth. Cooley, Marco, and Butchie Petrocelli. Also: Marco's girl ANGIE -- 28, blonde.

Marco pours his own drinks from his personal bottle of vodka. He smiles at Cooley, his eyes shining.

MARCO

The fuckin' jagoff defense.

Even Butchie cracks a smile. Marco calls over to a crew guy in the next booth.

MARCO

Hey, Frankie. Cop nabs ya, what are you gonna tell him?

FRANK RENNELLA

I'm a fuckin' jagoff. Case dismissed.

More laughter. Marco clinks his glass to Cooley's beer.

MARCO

I always say, the cream's gonna shine to the top. You're what I been lookin' for, Cooley -- a lawyer with balls.

(beat)

Just remember...

He waves expansively at the crew guys surrounding them.

MARCO

Ten percent of what you make off my guys comes back to me.

DISSOLVE SHOTS OF COOLEY IN A BOOTH, one-on-one with different OUTFIT GUYS as they lay out their beefs.

CREW GUY #1

I got pinched with a gram...

CREW GUY #2

Assault and battery... I got my fuckin' money's worth, though.

CREW GUY #3
This cop starts writin' me a
ticket... so I fuckin' hit him.

CREW GUY #4
Under the influence. You believe
that shit? In this day and age?

A WAITRESS brings Cooley a fresh beer. She's lovely. Killer
eyes. Cooley smiles at her. She smiles back. He pays with a
50-dollar bill.

COOLEY
I'd say keep the change... but then
how do I know I'll see you again?

WAITRESS
(pocketing the bill)
I'll take that chance if you will.

As she heads off, she looks back over her shoulder, catching
Cooley's eyes on her ass.

AT THE NEXT BOOTH

Marco sips his vodka. He sees: His girl Angie turn from the
bar with her drink. A SHARP-SUITED YUPPIE flashes her a
smile. Angie smiles back. He pats the bar stool beside him.

Cooley notices Marco rise and look towards the dance floor.
As he walks to the bar, six crew guys -- led by Dukie Basil --
fall in behind him.

Marco pulls a 99-CENT CORKSCREW from his pocket. He eases the
jagged metal out of its plastic case. He reaches the yuppie.

MARCO
Pinch my girl's ass, huh?

YUPPIE
What?

Marco plunges the corkscrew THROUGH THE GUY'S HAND AND INTO
HIS LEG, pinning the hand to the thigh.

MARCO
How's that hand feel now?

Marco rips the corkscrew back out. The guy screams. Marco
shoves him to the floor and walks away. His crew guys take
over, three of them forming a wall that shields their buddies
from view as they...

DO A STOMP JOB ON THE YUPPIE. Five seconds of vicious kicks
to the liver and kidneys. Dukie Basil delivers the kill-shot,
a last kick to the face. As they all walk away...

Blackie Pesoli, in his cop uniform as always, walks up out of
nowhere. He grabs the yuppie by the collar and drags him off.

YUPPIE
Officer... you saw them. I wanna
press...

Blackie tosses the yuppie out the club's back door.

BLACKIE
Get the fuck outta here.

INT. COOLEY'S BOOTH - NIGHT

Marco returns, Angie on his arm. Her hero. They slide in. He raises his glass. A beat. Cooley, just starting to realize who he's now in bed with, slowly raises his own.

EXT. RUSH STREET - NIGHT: LATER

Cooley stands at a newsstand across the street from *Faces*.

COOLEY
Gimme the Bears and Saints.

As Cooley hands LOU two c-notes, he sees the screaming *Tribune* headline: "NELLIE MOON MISSING. ALLEGED MOB LAWYER LAST SEEN IN COURT. FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED."

Cooley stares at the headline. Subdued, he walks to his Caddy. He glances across the street and sees...

The cute waitress step out of *Faces* and start walking down the block. Cooley gets into his Caddy and cruises slowly along beside her.

She's even prettier than she was inside. She sees him.

COOLEY
C'mon. I'll give you a ride.

WAITRESS
You'd really want a girl who's that easy?

COOLEY
It's just a ride...

WAITRESS
I'm not going far.

COOLEY
Then how bad could it be, huh?

WAITRESS
I don't know. You were in that back booth. With all the bad guys.

COOLEY
I'm not like them. I'm a lawyer.

WAITRESS
So you just help them get away with it.

COOLEY
I didn't see you giving back any
tips.

She smiles. Touche.

Cooley pushes open the passenger door. It swings freely as he drives. She keeps walking. A lamppost is right in the door's path. She looks at Cooley... who isn't giving in.

Just before contact... she grabs the door. *You win.* She gets into the car.

INT. COOLEY'S CADDY - NIGHT: CONTINUOUS

A mess of business cards lie on the dash. She picks up one and studies it.

WAITRESS
Well, Bob Cooley...
(beat)
Here we are.

Cooley can't believe it -- they haven't driven twenty feet. But she's nodding at a corner apartment building. Cooley can't help smiling.

COOLEY
Wait a minute...

She gets out. As she starts toward her building...

COOLEY
C'mon -- You know my name. I don't
know yours.

WAITRESS
Kate.

COOLEY
How 'bout your number, Kate?

KATE
(holding up his card)
Don't worry, I have yours -- in
case I ever want to get away with
anything.

She smiles, and walks inside. Cooley might just be in love.

EXT./INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A simple one-story house on the South Side. Just like a hundred others, except that inside...

Two of Marco's crew members -- Boo Libonati and Dukie Basil -- run a booking den. Boo mans the phones.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
An Outfit lawyer works twenty-
four/seven/three-sixty-five.

BOO
(into phone)
A grand on the Giants, laying
three.

He records the bet in a black ledger. Nearby, JOHNNY D'ARCO JR., a young punk, sorts betting slips. Dukie Basil counts money and drinks beer.

BOOM!

The front door shakes, knocked half off its hinges. Johnny Jr. freezes, but Dukie and Boo spring into action, dumping all the betting slips into a metal bucket and dropping in a match. The flash-paper slips ignite instantly.

Poof -- nothing but ashes.

Boo runs to the window and chucks his black ledger out of it. Dukie Basil dials on the phone.

DUKIE
(into phone)
They found us.

BOOM! The door splinters and gives way. FOUR COPS burst in, guns drawn.

COP
ON THE FLOOR!

INT. COOLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cooley in bed. The phone rings. Cooley picks it up... listens... and starts getting dressed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And he can't afford to save his
magic for the courtroom.

EXT. BOOKIE DEN - NIGHT

Cooley pulls up in his Caddy and jumps out. A COP is loading Dukie, Boo, and Johnny Jr. -- all cuffed -- into a cruiser.

Cooley walks up as the cop slams the door on them.

COOLEY
Hey, Joe.

COP
Bob fuckin' Cooley. I shoulda
known.

Cooley has two seconds to figure out an angle.

COOLEY
Listen, Joe... the young punk?
That's Johnny D'Arco Junior, the
State Senator's kid. You really
think Senior wants to get that
phone call tonight?

COP
He shoulda raised a sharper kid.

The cop triumphantly holds up Boo's black ledger. He's got
these guys cold.

COP
See ya at the stationhouse.

The cop slides behind the wheel. Crunch time. As he slips the
key into the ignition...

COOLEY
Lotta names in that ledger.

The cop pauses, his eyes on Cooley.

COOLEY
When it lands on the D.A.'s desk...
you really want to be on record as
the arresting officer?

A beat. The cop, nervous now, glances into the rearview
mirror. The craven faces of Boo and Dukie Basil stare back at
him, burning his face into their memories.

COOLEY
Look, Joe, it's your call. You want
a shit-storm -- take 'em in. Or we
could forget tonight ever happened.
And...

Cooley holds out a slip of paper with a phone number on it.

COP
What the hell's this?

COOLEY
Rosie Armando's number. You know
Rosie?

COP
I've heard of her.

COOLEY
She's got two new girls. It'd be on
the house.

A beat. The cop takes the paper. Cooley smiles in relief.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Cooley and the perps lean against his Caddy, watching the cop
drive off. Boo holds the black ledger.

JOHNNY JR.
That was some fuckin' lawyerin',
Cooley.

COOLEY
Don't tell me. Tell your friends.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The teeming courthouse. Cooley sits at a back bench with a DEFENDANT. A hard-eyed lowlife -- unshaven, in jeans and a ripped shirt.

COOLEY
Didn't I tell you to wear a suit?

LOWLIFE
It's at the cleaners.

COOLEY
With your razor, right?

Cooley sighs... and now glares. He pulls the remnants of a joint from the guy's shirt pocket.

LOWLIFE
I got a lotta stress.

Cooley tosses the joint away and steps to the court clerk.

COOLEY
Bump us till tomorrow, will ya?

The clerk nods -- no problem. As Cooley steps back to the defendant, he sees Marco D'Amico by the door. Watching the proceedings with a smile. Cooley heads over. A beat.

MARCO
Today's your lucky day, Cooley. I'm
gonna take a chance on you.

COOLEY
Thanks, but I'm not ready to meet
your folks.

Marco laughs.

MARCO
No, I'm gonna kick open a big
fuckin' door for you.
(beat)
The door to the First Ward.

Cooley smiles, eyes shining.

EXT./INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW - DAY

An iconic restaurant dead across the street from City Hall. Marco takes a nervous swig off a small Smirnoff bottle as he and Cooley step inside.

The bustling place is packed with the City Hall crowd. Here big-time pols rub elbows with cops, lawyers, judges, and go-fers. Marco leads Cooley to the back.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The key to power is hiding it.
Never let 'em know who's calling
the shots. Let 'em think it's the
mayor, or the governor.

The FIRST WARD TABLE is tucked in the corner, surrounded by bricked-up windows adorned with framed photos of Democrats. Everyone from Richard Daley to Jimmy Carter.

COOLEY
Are we talkin' Pat Marcy?

MARCO
That's Mister Pat Fuckin' Marcy to
you.

Three men are dug in at the table. State Senator JOHN D'ARCO SR. 55. Nice suit, silk tie. A round, smiling face and thick tinted glasses. He looks like a kindly grandfather.

DOMINICK SENESE, 50s, sits beside him. A slab of a guy. A teamster's teamster. He'll speak when spoken to, if then.

But the king of this court is PAT MARCY. 65, but he looks 50. Power will do that. Steely eyes. A warlord's presence.

He sits with his back to the wall, so that he can see everything. Beside him, a private phone rests on a pedestal.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
His title was Secretary of the
State Democratic Committee. Sounds
like a PTA post, doesn't it? Not
like a man with the power to call a
strike at breakfast, lecture the
mayor at lunch, and order a hit
over dinner.

Marco and Cooley reach the table. Fear in Marco's eyes.

MARCO
Mister Marcy... Bob Cooley.

Marcy stares at Cooley, sizing him up.

MARCY
Cooley. Polish?

COOLEY
Irish.

MARCY
Too bad.
(beat)
Dominick Senese... John D'Arco. I
think you know his son Junior.

D'ARCO SR.
The little bastard wants to go to
law school now. I'm sending you the
bill, Cooley.

Cooley smiles and sits down.

A WAITRESS brings three small mugs of beer -- one for
everyone but Cooley. Marcy eyes her ass as she walks away.

The men sip their beers and chew their cigars. Eyeing Cooley.

MARCY
Marco says you got the Midas touch
in the courts.

COOLEY
Hard work and preparation wins
cases.

Everyone laughs.

MARCY
I'm gonna ask you a question --
answer it carefully. Cubs or Sox?

COOLEY
Sox.

The three men stare at Cooley. A beat. Marcy looks past him
at Marco. Marco taps Cooley's shoulder.

MARCO
Let's go.

Cooley looks at Marcy, confused. What the fuck? Marcy's
expression gives nothing away. Cooley stands and...

Follows Marco out the restaurant's side door... into a
building lobby... and over to the elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR

Marco hits the button for the 20th floor.

COOLEY
Don't tell me he's a fuckin' Cubs
fan?

Marco doesn't answer.

INT. 20TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Cooley follows Marco out of the elevator... to an unmarked
door. Marco opens it. An abandoned office. Just a few old
phone cords curled in the corner.

Cooley walks to the window. A beat. Just as he's about to ask
Marco what's going on... Pat Marcy steps in.

MARCY
I need a judge who can handle a
case.
(beat)
The Harry Aleman case. You know it?

COOLEY
Yes, of course. Outfit guy. Got
charged with killing some Teamster
who wouldn't play ball.

MARCY
Aleman needs to walk... but it's
gotta be done right. I need a
judge. Who can you get?

Whoa. This is all moving pretty damn fast.

COOLEY
Pat... I mean, Mister Marcy. Before
I could even think about doing...
anything like this... I'd need to
see the police report.

Marcy pulls out a manila envelope and hands it over. Cooley
glances inside. He's floored.

COOLEY
This is the original?

A beat. Cooley's in uncharted waters here.

COOLEY
(stalling)
Gimme a few days to...

MARCY
It's a dogshit case. And Aleman's
got a good lawyer. The judge'll
have plenty of cover.
(heading for the door)
I want a name by Monday.

COOLEY
Hold on. I never said I was in.

Marcy stops. He stares hard at Cooley. Into his soul.

MARCY
Grandpa was a White Wing -- ever
heard of 'em? They followed after
the horse-drawn carriages with
shovels. He made two dollars a day,
and he spoke three words of
English: "*Me don't know.*"
(beat)
The **Unione** taught him those, in
case he went up against a copper.
Still the most beautiful words in
our language.
(beat)
You were in, Cooley, the second you
sat down at my table.

COOLEY
Why don't you use Nellie Moon?

A beat. The look on Marcy's face says it all.

COOLEY
If I do this, I want first crack at
any First Ward case. Anything you
would've brought to Nellie... you
bring to me.

A long beat. Marcy nods... and walks out, Marco following.
Cooley closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He can't
quite believe what he just did.

INT. COOLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cooley sits at his desk, drinking a beer and reading the
ALEMAN POLICE REPORT. Duke gnaws a bone on the floor. The
phone rings. Cooley picks it up.

COOLEY
Cooley.
(beat)
Hey.

He smiles, his tone softening. Clearly not a work call.

COOLEY
Monday night? Yeah, that sounds
good.

INT. MAMA DELUCCA'S -- NIGHT

Cooley walks in. The place is winding down. RAY and DOTTIE
DELUCCA, 40s, hubby-and-wife, fold napkins near the register.
They light up at the sight of Cooley.

DOTTIE
When are you gonna take my sister
out, Cooley?

COOLEY
When she loses twenty pounds and
gets a job.

Ray smiles. Cooley walks to the bar, where...

Judge Wilson drinks by himself. Wilson drops money into the
jukebox and punches in a song. A *Jeff Beck* instrumental.

He sees Cooley and puts up his hands.

JUDGE WILSON
No more poker. What'd Duran say? *No
mas. No mas.*

Cooley smiles. A beat.

COOLEY
Listen, judge... Stop me anytime,
okay? I've been...
(beat)
Approached on a case. It's the
Harry Aleman case.

The words cut straight through Wilson's booze.

JUDGE WILSON
That's Solano's trial.

COOLEY
Not for long. Aleman's lawyer is
filing an S.O.J. It's gonna be
reassigned.

JUDGE WILSON
By lottery.

Cooley sips his beer. Moment of truth.

COOLEY
What if they could get it to you?

Wilson stares at Cooley. A beat. He closes his eyes,
communing with Jeff Beck's crystal clear guitar notes.

JUDGE WILSON
(re Beck)
Know what I like about this guy? He
keeps his mouth shut and sticks to
what he's good at.

Cooley nods -- fair enough. He starts to walk away.

JUDGE WILSON
How weak is the case?

COOLEY
Dead-bang loser.
(beat)
No weapon. Aleman didn't know the
victim. And the star witness --
some mope from Aleman's crew -- is
a junkie who was staring at twenty
years.

Wilson sips his drink. A long beat.

JUDGE WILSON
They'll never get it to me.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The usual zoo -- scores of defendants and their lawyers. A
BAILIFF answers the phone.

BAILIFF
(into phone)
Just a sec.

He walks to the back corner, where...

COURT CLERK DANA POLTER, 33, sits in front of a computer.
CLOSE ON her long, snow-white press-on nails.

BAILIFF
I need a case re-assigned.

DANA
Number?

BAILIFF
Forty-four-fifty-nine.

Dana types on her keyboard. She alone can see the computer screen.

ON SCREEN: A LONG LIST OF JUDGES. The names scramble, and now... all of them disappear except for one: JUDGE MCNAMEE.

BUT DANA SAYS...

DANA
Judge Wilson.

As the bailiff nods and walks back to his desk...

WE PAN DOWN to the purse at Dana's pretty feet. A FAT ENVELOPE INSIDE IT. Her mani-pedi worries are over.

EXT. HUNGRY HOUND BEEF STAND - NIGHT

Cooley's Caddy pulls up. He can see Judge Wilson at the counter inside. Wilson spots Cooley and gets off his stool.

INT. HUNGRY HOUND BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cooley walks in. Wilson stands at the sink, nervous as hell. Cooley hands him an envelope.

COOLEY
Three thousand. You get the rest
when it's done.
(beat)
That wasn't so hard, huh?

Wilson doesn't even know where to put the envelope. Clearly he's never done this before.

JUDGE WILSON
Listen... I don't want to see you
anywhere near the courtroom during
the trial.

COOLEY
You won't.
(beat)
It's gonna go down easy, I promise.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The BAILIFF looks out over a good-sized gallery crowd.

BAILIFF (O.S.)
The State versus Harry Aleman.

Judge Wilson on his bench. Steady as she goes.

HARRY ALEMAN stands in the docket. 35, lean, hard-eyed. A stone killer if ever there was one. Beside him stands his lawyer: FAT EDDIE GENSON, 44, as round as he is tall.

JUDGE WILSON
Your client understands that by
waiving a jury trial, he's placing
his fate in my hands?

FAT EDDIE
He does, your honor.

EXT. KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Cooley sits on the stoop in front of Kate's building. Sipping a beer, waiting to take her on that Monday night date. Kate comes up the block. She smiles.

COOLEY
Got any dinner plans?

KATE
None I can't break.

INT. PETROS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cooley and Kate sit in a...

Lively, down-home Greek restaurant with colorful walls. A Greek band plays in the corner. A sensual, black-haired BELLY DANCER moves among the packed crowd.

KATE
How did you ever find this place?

COOLEY
I helped the owner out of a jam.

KATE
Don't you know any nice guys?

COOLEY
Nice guys don't need lawyers.

She laughs. Her laugh is beautiful.

KATE
You're not like any other lawyer
I've... known.

COOLEY
I was a cop first, like my Dad. It makes a difference.

KATE
Why did you leave the police force? If I can ask...

COOLEY
Let's just say I found my calling.

KATE
Was your dad upset?

COOLEY
Nah. Ever since I was a kid, I could talk my way out of anything. Tear my communion suit, total my bike, it didn't matter. Dad would have the belt out, but by the time I finished giving my side of it, he'd be slipping me a little soda money to make me feel better. I just thought I was a good bs-er, you know? But Dad would say "You have a talent, son. A God-given talent." When I quit the force to become a lawyer he was... relieved.

KATE
Relieved?

COOLEY
This is a tough city to be a cop in.

KATE
So... who do you like better -- the good guys or the bad guys?

COOLEY
I'm still trying to tell 'em apart.

VOICE (O.S.)
Run. He's bad news.

NICK VALENTZAS, 40, the swarthy owner, stops by. He's broad-chested and self-assured, a boot-strap immigrant who's had to fight for every inch, every dollar, every break.

His wife DECO stands beside him.

COOLEY
Too late. Kate... Nickie V. Cheapest Greek west of Athens. I beat him in poker, he jacks up his prices.

NICKIE V.
So let me win, Cooley. You can eat for free.

Around the room a low, rhythmic sound starts up. Diners are softly tapping their spoons on their tables.

KATE
What's going on?

Cooley smiles. He pours the rest of his wine into her glass and hands the empty bottle to Nick.

Nick and Deco walk around the room. DINERS hand over their empty bottles. When Nick's arms are full of them, he...

Walks to the middle of the room and kneels. TWO BUSBOYS hold open the kitchen's swinging doors.

The din builds. ALCINA, the belly dancer, circles Nick, shaking wildly. The band plays faster. The spoons pound louder. Faster... louder... until finally:

Nick fires a wine bottle through the swinging doors and it...

EXPLODES ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR. The crowd roars. Catharsis. Nick throws another bottle... and another. All six of them, each crash earning another roar from the crowd.

Kate watches in wonder, loving it. Cooley smiles at her.

COOLEY'S PAGER GOES OFF. He looks down at it and frowns. He lays it on the table and stares at Kate. They both know this date's over.

KATE
And I was just starting to like
you.

But there's disappointment in her eyes. Cooley's blown it.

EXT. DIVISION STREET - NIGHT

Cooley's Caddy pulls into a run-down, self-serve carwash. He parks in one of the walled-off washing stalls. A beat.

The passenger door opens. An agitated Judge Wilson gets in.

COOLEY
What's wrong?

WILSON
Billy Logan? Our victim? He was
screwing Aleman's sister.

Cooley stares at him. Not good news.

WILSON
Beating the piss out of her too,
apparently. She says "I'm gonna
tell Harry, and Billy says "Fuck
Harry. I ain't scared of that
Ginny."

COOLEY
That wasn't in the police report.

WILSON
Puts a whole new spin on our case,
doesn't it? Gives the State a
little something called motive.
You said it was a weak case,
Cooley. A throw-out case.

COOLEY
I thought--

WILSON
And you said he had a good lawyer.
Fat Eddie Genson? What sewer'd they
drag him out of? The guy can barely
keep his eyes open during his own
crosses.

(beat)
The whole front row is press,
Cooley. Mike Royko is there. Hasn't
missed a day. Starin' at me with
those owl eyes. Christ.

(beat)
Twenty-two years on the bench and I
never took a dime. You think I'm
gonna flush all that down the
toilet for ten grand?

(beat)
I'm up for reelection, Cooley.

He pulls out the bribe envelope that Cooley gave him earlier.
He drops it in Cooley's lap.

WILSON
Three thousand -- everything you
gave me. I'm out.

COOLEY
It doesn't work that way, judge.

Wilson gets out of the car. Cooley jumps out and chases him
down. He pins Wilson against the wall, next to the foam scrub
brush. He jams the envelope into Wilson's jacket pocket.

COOLEY
Listen to me. You don't back out on
these guys. I'll talk to Genson --
straighten him out. The case'll
settle down, okay? But there's no
Plan B here. You gotta go through
with this.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

Wilson, eyes desperate, limps off into the darkness.

EXT./INT. BILLY GOAT PUB - NIGHT

MIKE ROYKO, 44, sits at the bar, where generations of ink-
stained wretches have sought inspiration... or solace.

The *Tribune's* irreverent columnist is a Chicago institution. Balding, owlish, glasses. He's sipping whiskey and writing on a yellow legal pad.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: JUDY, 22, a copy girl, standing a few feet away. Trembling. Sheer panic in her eyes.

JUDY
Mister Royko, they really need the
column now.

He keeps writing. A beat. Judy tries not to hyperventilate. He tears the pages off his legal pad. He holds them out to her... and pulls them back. She's dying.

Finally, he holds them out again. She grabs them, relieved, and races for the door.

Royko stares after her as MACK the bartender -- thick as an oak, born to pour -- serves him another double.

MACK
Think she fucks?

ROYKO
Ask me tomorrow.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Cooley walks down the hallway of a modest law office. He sees light at the end of the hall. He walks in on...

Fat Eddie Genson in a swivel chair, playing with the tits of the PARALEGAL on his lap.

She climbs off him. Flecks of coke under her nose.

GENSON
(patting her hip)
Go to the corner, huh baby? Get us
some beers? We got a long night
ahead.

She leaves, smiling at Cooley on her way out.

COOLEY
The judge says you're getting your
ass kicked in there.

GENSON
What are you talkin' about? Fuck
him. I'm doin' my job. A vigorous
defense.

COOLEY
This ain't a parking beef, Eddie.
It's a murder trial.

GENSON
Listen to Cooley. One trip to the
First Ward table and now he's king
of the courts.

A small framed photo of Cubs' great Ernie Banks sits on the
desk. Four fat lines of coke on it. Cooley picks it up.

GENSON
Best stuff in the city. That doll
you spooked? She gets three lines
in her, and suddenly everything's
gonna be on the table. If I had a
closet, I'd let you--

Cooley smashes the photo over Genson's head. He knocks over
the chair. Genson hits the floor hard. Cooley throttles him.

COOLEY
You straighten out in there, you
hear me? Give that judge some
fuckin' cover.

GENSON
Or what? Or what, Cooley? I don't
gotta do shit. You bought him. If
he don't deliver... you're the one
answering to Marcy.

Cooley stares at him. The fat bastard is right.

Genson crawls to a chunk of glass with some coke still left
on it. He dabs his finger in it and rubs it on his gums.

Cooley leaves. As he walks down the hall...

GENSON (O.S.)
Fuckin' big leagues, Cooley. They
throw heat up here.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A shuttered, one-man newsstand. A *Tribune* newspaper truck
turns the corner. A WORKER tosses down a bundle of papers.
They bounce against the newsstand.

Judge Wilson steps out of a nearby parked car. He slices the
bundle open with a box-cutter and pages through the top copy
until he finds... ROYKO'S COLUMN.

ON COLUMN: "SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DENMARK"

Wilson reads... and sinks to his knees, desolate. Hugging
himself and rocking in the empty street.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - MORNING

The red sun rises out of Lake Michigan.

ROYKO (V.O.)
 Detroit makes cars. Wisconsin makes
 cheese. And Chicago? We make
 hitmen. Damn good ones, too. How do
 I know? Because the suckers never
 get caught.

SERIES OF SHOTS OF...

Royko's column sweeping the city. COMMUTERS ON THE El are
 reading it... as are CABBIES in the taxi line at O'Hare...
 and HARDHATS on break at a construction site...

ROYKO (V.O.)
 But we've got one dead to rights
 this time. His name's Harry Aleman,
 he's on trial for a mob killing,
 and, well, let's just say the facts
 are against him. Still... one
 stupid question keeps running
 through my head:
 (beat)
 Why would a guy facing life in the
 hole take his chances with a law-
 and-order judge instead of a jury?
 I'll tell you this much: Harry
 Aleman ain't the only one on trial.

EXT. COOLEY'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Cooley stands on his small fire escape, the *Tribune* in his
 hand, staring hollow-eyed down at the city.

EXT. SEARS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cooley's Caddy turns into a lot that's empty except for... a
 black Lincoln Towncar. Cooley parks near it.

Marcy stands by the Lincoln, smoking a cigarette. Cooley
 walks over. A beat.

MARCY
 Punching above your weight, Cooley?

COOLEY
 Judge Wilson's really up against
 it. If we could--

MARCY
 A deal's a deal. Not another
 fuckin' dime.

Marcy crushes out his cigarette and opens his car door.

MARCY
 Buyin' 'em is easy, Cooley. Keepin'
 'em bought...

INT. MAMA DELUCCA'S - NIGHT

Judge Wilson sits alone at the bar. Stone drunk. *Jeff Beck* on the jukebox.

In the b.g., Dottie DeLuca wipes a table clean -- for the tenth time. She glares at hubble Ray: **Do it**. He walks over.

RAY
Judge...

WILSON
Yes. Right. That time again.

EXT. MAMA DELUCCA'S - NIGHT

Judge Wilson walks to his car. As he reaches it...

A CROWN VIC stops in the middle of the street. Marco, Butchie, Dukie Basil, and Frank Rennella step out. They stand shoulder-to-shoulder in the street, staring at Wilson.

Marco slides his trusty corkscrew out of its orange plastic case. It gleams in the moonlight.

Judge Wilson stares, frozen with fear. He jumps into his car and drives off. Marco turns and salutes...

Cooley, sitting in his Caddy across the street. Hating himself.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Judgment day. Cooley, unshaven, unslept, stands across the street from the courthouse. He sees...

A MEDIA CIRCUS. News trucks and reporters everywhere.

INT. COOLEY'S APT. - DAY

Cooley in his living room, putting a leash on Duke.

COOLEY
Come on, buddy. Let's get some air.

Cooley walks to the door. He opens it and...

ANGELO "THE HOOK" LaPIETRA, 45, thick as an ox, steps in. Tomato sauce stains on his white t-shirt. He looks like he came straight from the pizza parlor -- or the butcher.

A HENCHMAN beside him. They both hold guns. Duke growls.

ANGELO
Don't make me shoot the fuckin' dog.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Harry Aleman stands at the defense table, smirking. Fat Eddie Genson beside him. Mike Royko watches from the front row.

The whole courtroom rises as...

Judge Wilson walks in, looking like Lincoln after Antietam. He sits down and stares out over his packed courtroom. Licks his dry lips.

WILSON
In the matter of the State of
Illinois versus Harry Aleman, I
find the defendant...

INT. RUNDOWN GYM - DAY

A small cement office in a rundown gym. A broken punching bag in the corner. Some rusted weights. A desk with a phone.

CLOSE ON A BEAT-UP RADIO. Saccharine pop plays out of it.

Cooley is kneeling on a sheet of plastic. Blindfolded, his hands cuffed behind him.

COOLEY
No cigarette? No shot of whiskey?

Angelo sits on a simple metal folding chair. He holds a .45.

COOLEY
At least change the damn station.

Angelo smiles. A TELEPHONE RINGS, loud in the closed space.

ANGELO
Yeah.
(beat)
Done.

He hangs up the phone... turns off the radio... and walks to Cooley. He presses the .45 to Cooley's temple.

ANGELO
Pat Marcy says...
(beat)
Luck of the fuckin' Irish.

He clicks on the safety. He pulls off the blindfold and frees the cuffs. Cooley sits there, pale, just trying to breathe.

EXT. RUNDOWN GYM - DAY

Cooley steps outside, blinking in the sun. A CAR HORN BLASTS.

Marco is parked at the curb. Butchie, Frank Rennella, Dukie Basil inside. All whooping and banging on the car's doors.

Cooley can't help but smile.

EXT./INT. THE OLD-TIMER - DAY

Cooley steps into a classy, old-world tavern. Pat Marcy sits alone at the long brass bar. There isn't another soul in the place. Not even a bartender.

Cooley walks over and sits down. Marcy pours him Scotch from a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue. Hands him a primo cigar.

Marcy looks into Cooley's eyes. Cooley looks back, holding his ground.

MARCY
Welcome to the First Ward.

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW - DAY

The usual lunchtime mob of pols, cops, judges, etc. But today is different because...

COOLEY SITS AT THE FIRST WARD TABLE. With Marcy and his coterie: John D'Arco and Dominick Senese. And this time Cooley drinks a mug of beer, too.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Not all fifty wards were created equal. The First Ward had the downtown Loop... the Gold Coast mansions... the South Side slums and packing plants.
(beat)
Wealth... jobs... clout. You ran the First Ward, you ran the city.

John D'Arco sips his beer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John D'Arco, State Senator, was the face of the First Ward. But the real power sat beside him.

Marcy is talking on his private phone.

MARCY
Fuck eighty percent. I want eighty-five... in every precinct.

He hangs up.

RAY SODINI, a heavysset guy with a face like a bloodhound, hovers near the table, waiting for an audience. Marcy finally nods at him.

SODINI
Ray Sodini, Mister Marcy. I'm running for judge, and... I could really use your support.

MARCY
You have it.

Sodini stares at him, surprised. *That's all it takes?*

SODINI
Thank you, Mister Marcy.

He leaves, smiling. Marcy looks at Cooley.

MARCY
I made his opponent the same
promise.

COOLEY
So what do you do now?

D'ARCO SR.
Nothing. And the winner owes him.
Ain't politics beautiful?

As the men sip their beers, we MOVE UP and look down on the whole restaurant. Every diner at every table has one eye on the King's Court. A half-dozen SUPPLICANTS stand in line, waiting for their chance to approach Marcy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The First Ward was about business,
and they had a very simple
philosophy: Everybody pays.

CUT TO:

A STAMP slamming down on a DOCUMENT.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You wanted a garbage route... a
liquor license... a building
permit? It was gonna cost you.

INTERCUT FLASH SHOTS of OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS with shots of...
CASH CHANGING HANDS UNDER A TABLE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Union cards... zoning ordinances...
tax exemptions.

MORE MONEY under that table...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And for the high-rollers: How 'bout
a loan from the Teamster's Pension
Fund? Or the chance to bid on a
city contract?

A SUITCASE is traded for an envelope marked "SEALED BIDS."

The suitcase is laid on the table... and popped open. It's filled with cash. Dominick Senese closes the suitcase. He's been manning the bribe table all along...

As Marcy and Cooley watch from a back wall.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 And that was just the entry fee.
 Because what the First Ward
 giveth... it could sure as hell
 taketh away.

CLOSE ON A BADGE. PULLING BACK, we see the CITY INSPECTOR behind it. He stands in a restaurant, wiping his finger along a counter... and shaking his head.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The inspector padlocks the restaurant's front doors.

FLASH SHOTS of more padlocked businesses: A beef stand... a bowling alley... a hairdresser...

INTERCUTTING CASH PAYOFFS... With the PADLOCKS COMING OFF.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 No business was too big...

An INSPECTOR padlocks the CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE as bummed TRADERS, still wearing their trading jackets, look on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Or too small...

An INSPECTOR busts a HOT DOG VENDOR at his cart, dumping the man's hot dogs into the street.

NEARBY...

Pat Marcy watches from his parked Lincoln Towncar. Cooley sits beside him.

Marcy tosses his cigar stub out the window and drives away. CLOSE ON the CIGAR STUB in the gutter.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 They ran the city, from the trash
 in the streets...

A street sweeper sucks up the cigar stub.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 To the lights of the highest
 skyscraper.

THE SEARS TOWER at night. Suddenly all the lights go dark. A beat. We hear the KA-CHING of a cash register. THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Cooley walks into the courthouse. The same zoo we saw earlier -- lawyers jockeying for position with the court clerk, each hoping to get their cases called first.

Cooley used to be one of those schmucks. Not anymore.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 With the First Ward in your corner,
 Chicago was an easy town.

Cooley casually leans against the front wall.

COURT CLERK
 The State of Illinois versus...
 Schalm.

There's his cue. Cooley strolls up the center aisle. Just like Nellie Moon used to do. As a pack of jealous lawyers looks on, Cooley reaches his CLIENT in the docket.

JUDGE
 How does your client plead?

COOLEY
 Take a guess, your honor.

INT. COOLEY'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Cooley sits behind his desk...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But springing clients wasn't
 enough. Like his Outfit
 counterparts, a First Ward lawyer
 had to earn.

... looking across at a potential CLIENT.

CLIENT #1
 One little "incident" at one of my
 places, and they pulled the liquor
 license for the whole chain. I'm
 bleeding forty grand a day, Cooley.

COOLEY
 I'll see what I can do.

The man pulls out a checkbook.

COOLEY
 Cash.

INT. COOLEY'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

DISSOLVE SHOTS OF MORE CLIENTS. None of the riff-raff Cooley used to depend on. These people dress well. They have money.

CLIENT #2
 If you can make this one go away...

CLIENT #3
 I just need the judge to see my
 side of it...

CLIENT #4
The stop sign came out of
nowhere...

And now we're BACK IN REAL-TIME. Cooley sits across from a well-dressed CONTRACTOR.

CONTRACTOR
Here's how it works: A judge
condemns the building. We buy it
for a song... put up apartments...
everybody wins.

COOLEY
I'll see what I can do.

The contractor lays a fat envelope on Cooley's desk and walks out. As Cooley tucks away the money, he looks up to see Bruce Wexler, the hall rat, in the doorway.

WEXLER
Mister fuckin' white shoe.

INT. MARCY'S TOWNCAR - DAY

Marcy driving. Cooley sits beside him, a suitcase on his lap. Marcy pulls up to Gitel's Kosher Pastry shop. He sees the surprise on Cooley's face.

MARCY
What did you expect -- a bank?
(pats the suitcase)
It goes to the Promised Land
dirty... and comes back clean.
(beat)
I never understood what Jesus had
against the money changers.

INT. GITEL'S - DAY

Cooley and Marcy sit with... BEN STEIN. 68, Outfit moneyman. Trim, balding, with glasses and a hard glint in his eye. He looks Cooley over.

BEN STEIN
The last one knew how to dress.

COOLEY
And look where it got him.

Stein smiles. He reaches beneath the table and pulls the suitcase from between Cooley's feet... to between his own. The men sip their coffees.

EXT. SPORTSMAN'S PARK RACETRACK - NIGHT

No-frills harness racing for the masses. The stands are packed tonight. Down on the racetrack... jockeys maneuver their horses toward the starting pole.

ALONG THE INFIELD RAILING

Marco and six of his crew guys swill beers. Marco impatiently scans the crowd for... Cooley, now walking up.

MARCO
What the fuck took you so long? How much cash you got? Lemme see.

COOLEY
Up yours. Try betting on the fast ones for a change.

MARCO
You don't get it.
(beat)
We got something going down in the eighth race.

Cooley is all ears now.

MARCO
The two favorites aren't gonna finish in the money.

COOLEY
How the hell do you know that?

MARCO
The fuckin' Pope told me, all right? While I was bangin' Mother Mary. What do you care? It's gonna happen. Which means all we gotta do-

COOLEY
(truth dawning)
Is box all the other trifecta combos. Jesus, Marco. The odds...

MARCO
Through the fuckin' roof.

Cooley pulls out a huge wad of bills.

Marco waves his crew over. He divvies Cooley's dough among the six of them. Each clutches a sheet with multiple trifecta combos scribbled onto it. 8-7-2... 3-5-1... etc.

MARCO
Stick to the sheets. I mean it. If we miss one fuckin' box.... Go!

As Marco's runners head for the betting windows... Butchie walks up. He's hauling a stablehand by the arm: JUAN, 16.

BUTCHIE
We got a fuckin' problem, Marco.
C'mon.

Cooley and Marco start to follow Butchie. Marco nods at Juan.

MARCO
Who's he?

BUTCHIE
Fuckin' translator.

INT. LOCKER-ROOM

ROJAS, 31, a jockey, Mexican, sits at his locker. He's tiny: 5'1", maybe 100 pounds. He's dressed to ride. And he's pissed. Arms crossed, face sullen.

Marco walks up... and slams Rojas into a locker.

MARCO
You fuckin'...

Rojas lets loose a torrent of Spanish.

MARCO
What'd the fuck he say?

JUAN
He says you crazy. Says the
stewards are watching real close,
and all the other horses are shit.
He could lose his card. For two
hundred bucks? No way.

MARCO
Tell him this time tomorrow he'll
be ridin' a fuckin' rocking horse.

Juan translates. Rojas spits on the floor.

ROJAS
Hijo la Puta.

Marco doesn't need that one translated. He slams Rojas into the lockers again.

MARCO
Hold him, Butchie.

As Butchie holds Rojas still... Marco opens a locker door and slams it shut on Rojas' head. And again. Rojas yells in pain.

COOLEY
Jesus, Marco...

Rojas' ear is a bloody mess. The locker-room door opens. An ATTENDANT sticks his head in.

ATTENDANT
Four minutes to post...

Rojas is bleeding and dazed... but unbowed. Marco grabs his throat and starts choking him. Rojas sputters, turning blue. Juan starts to cry.

COOLEY
Marco!

He pulls Marco off of the battered jockey. Rojas falls to his knees, gasping for air. And still defiant. Marco punches the locker in frustration. Finally...

MARCO
Goddamn it!

He peels off hundreds and drops them onto Rojas.

MARCO
A fuckin' grand. Now get the hell
out there and ride.

EXT. INFIELD RAILING - NIGHT

Cooley, Marco, and Butchie watch from the rail.

Rojas sits in his buggy, pre-race. Blood on his lip, and on his blue riding shirt. Pride in his eye.

INT. PLAYBOY MANSION - NIGHT

A CHAMPAGNE CORK bursts from a bottle. It's party time, and Cooley's pouring the bubbly. Sitting with him are:

Marco, sporting TWO BABES, neither of which is Angie. Butchie Petrocelli and his BABE. And a BLONDE for Cooley.

We're pool-side at the original Playboy Mansion, the one just off Division Street. PARTIERS and HOT BABES mingle about.

BUTCHIE
Marco's throwin' him around the
locker-room, right? And the little
Spic says "Fuck you -- Pay me." So
what's tough guy do?
(beat)
He fuckin' pays him.

The guys roar. The girls are enthralled.

MARCO
Thirty seconds to post -- bastard
had me by the balls.

BUTCHIE
The guy's two feet tall, weighs
twenty pounds. And Marco opens up
his fuckin' checkbook. Anything
else you need, Senor? Can I wipe
your ass for ya?

COOLEY
Another ten seconds and he woulda
blown him.

BABE
(perplexed)
Wait a minute -- you bribed a
jockey?

The guys all look at her.

MARCO
No flies on you, huh? C'mon, drink
up.
(pours her more bubbly)
Cooley...
(hugging both babes tight)
You like this trifecta?

COOLEY
The order of finish won't matter.

Marco roars. The blonde beside Cooley rubs his leg.

BLONDE
How 'bout a swim?

COOLEY
You first.

She strips down to bra and panties... and dives in. As Cooley watches her glide underwater... HIS PAGER GOES OFF. He stares at the number -- doesn't ring a bell. He stops a WAITRESS.

COOLEY
You guys have a phone?

EXT. KATE'S APT. - NIGHT

Cooley's new sky-blue Caddy pulls up to Kate's apartment building. She sits on the stoop, nervously biting her lip. She walks to the car, gratitude in her eyes.

INT. CADDY - NIGHT: DRIVING

Kate opens her purse and looks through it as Cooley drives.

KATE
I'll pay you.

He reaches over and closes her purse. Kate stares out the window as he drives. Tears in her eyes.

COOLEY
It's okay. Don't worry, I'll handle
it.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Cooley and Kate walk in. They step to the DESK SERGEANT... who smiles wide.

DESK SERGEANT
Bob Cooley. How's the lawyerin'
biz? You know what Shakespeare
said: First thing we do...

COOLEY
I need a favor, Al...

IN THE CORNER

Cooley and Al in a heart-to-heart. Al's not psyched at whatever Cooley just proposed.

AL
It's a possession charge, Cooley.
It ain't that easy to just make it
disappear...

Cooley slips him a small wad of c-notes. Kate sees the exchange. She bites her lip... but stays quiet.

INT. PIZZA JOINT - NIGHT

Cooley, Kate, and her brother RONNIE at a table. Pizza slices and beer. Ronnie is 21, with bangs and a puppy-dog smile. A loser, but a likeable one. Brimming with nervous energy.

He wears an enormous orange mood ring on his pinkie.

RONNIE
There's no court date? No charges?

COOLEY
You're in the clear.

KATE
This time. But Ronnie--

RONNIE
Relax, I was just holding it for
someone. It won't happen again.
(re Cooley)
But this guy. Goddamn. With his Get-
out-of-Jail-Free card.

COOLEY
I know some people, that's all.

RONNIE
I'll say.
(beat)
But hey... this don't mean you get
a free run at my Sis. You make her
cry... I know some people too.

COOLEY
I'll remember that.

Ronnie gathers up their empty beer bottles.

RONNIE
I got this round.

He pilfers a twenty out of Kate's purse. She smiles.

KATE
Is it too late to take him back?

Ronnie heads for the counter. Kate touches Cooley's hand.

KATE
Thanks.... Really.

COOLEY
He seems like a good kid.

KATE
He is... deep down.
(beat)
We both went into foster care
early. I got luckier than Ronnie.

AT THE COUNTER

Ronnie smiles at two TIPSYP COEDS at a back table. He rejoins Cooley and Kate, setting down their beers. He looks over at the Coeds again. Still smiling his way.

RONNIE
You guys mind?

He takes back the beers... and carries them to the Coed's table. He sits down and flashes his mood ring.

RONNIE
See this? You two got me running
dead red. And I just sat down.

They smile and accept the beers.

Cooley smiles at Kate. Now that Ronnie's taken care of...

COOLEY
We never did finish our last date,
you know.

KATE
It's one in the morning.

COOLEY
I know a place. Unless you're
beat...

She shakes her head, eyes sparkling.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Cooley's Caddy pulls to the curb. Cooley and Kate step out of the car. He leads her to an abandoned storefront. He knocks. The door opens. A BIG BOUNCER lets them in.

INT. STORE - NIGHT

The place is empty, gutted. Nothing left on the ramshackle shelves. Cooley leads Kate to the back door.

COOLEY
 These guys were getting busted left
 and right, 'til I taught 'em a
 little trick. If the cops write out
 a warrant, it'll be for the street
 address, right?

They go out the back door into a small outdoor walkway. Open
 sky up above. They head for a door in a wall straight ahead.

COOLEY
 Different property. So anything
 they find through this door would
 be inadmissible.

KATE
 And what would they find?

Cooley knocks on the door. It opens, admitting them into...

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

A makeshift casino. A HUNDRED GAMBLERS mill about. Lots of
 Greeks and Arabs, with Outfit guys mixed in. They play cards,
 throw dice, bet the money wheel. In one corner, a huge lamb
 roasts on a spit.

Kate is the only woman in the place. She stares in
 fascination at this macho, alien world. Cooley leads her
 across the room. Outfit guys nod and smile -- only Cooley
 would have the balls to bring a broad in here.

Snatches of conversation float around them.

Cooley and Kate reach a regulation-size craps table. Dukie
 Basil runs the game.

Marco and Butchie stand nearby, capping off a perfect day by
 doling out juice loans to the losers.

And presiding over all this action...

Is Nickie V., the Greek restaurant owner last seen smashing
 wine bottles at Petros. His hawk eyes scan the room.

A BOOKIE walks up to Cooley and hands over a wad of cash.

BOOKIE
 Reamed me again, Cooley. Gimme a
 chance to win it back?

COOLEY
 Sad to say, I always do.

Nickie V. nods their way, smiling at the sight of Kate.
 Cooley lifts her onto a barstool and hands her a beer.

KATE
 Is that?...

COOLEY
The restaurant's just his day job.

Frank Rennella walks up. Another of Marco's crew that we met at *Faces*. Reed-thin, sour-faced, wearing a blue tracksuit.

FRANK RENNELLA
Cooley, I got pinched last week.
Had a piece on me.

COOLEY
Call me tomorrow. We'll work
something out.

He nods and walks away. Cooley leans back, sipping his beer.

KATE
What year of law school did you
learn all this?

COOLEY
The year I got out.

Kate laughs.

KATE
You love this world, don't you?

COOLEY
I know it -- there's a difference.

They drink side-by-side, enjoying the incredible room.

INT. KATE'S APT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cooley and Kate, outside her apartment. Cooley touches the mezuzah over the door.

KATE
First date with a Jewish girl?

COOLEY
First time I made it this far.

INT. KATE'S APT. - NIGHT

They step into Kate's neat and clean one-bedroom. She turns on the lights, illuminating...

HER WALL OF ART. It's an entire wall covered with... well, not art exactly. Postcards of art. Hundreds of them.

KATE
I get on the gallery mailing lists.
The next best thing, right?

Cooley walks along the wall. Cubists, watercolors, avant garde. Kate watches his face, to see if he really gets it.

COOLEY
It's amazing.

KATE
Wait'll I have my own gallery.
That'll be amazing.

He sits on the couch and pulls her onto his lap. Face to face now. He kisses her. A beat. She pulls away.

COOLEY
What?

KATE
All those guys you represent...

COOLEY
You either believe in the system or you don't. And our system says everybody gets a lawyer. Rich or broke, good or bad, you get a lawyer. Who fights for you. Who gives you a chance.
(beat)
I stand between those guys and hell, Kate. And all I have to work with is what I got up here.

She touches his temple.

KATE
I respect that -- really. But with Ronnie... everything he's put me through... I'm as close to that world as I want to be.

She stands and walks into the kitchen. As she washes a glass at the sink...

Here's Cooley, pressing against her. Kissing her hair.

COOLEY
Grab the counter. Don't let go.

Kate grips the counter. Cooley kisses her neck. She turns into him, her hands leaving the counter.

COOLEY
I mean it. I'll leave.

Kate turns back and grips the counter again. Trembling. Cooley eases her shirt off. He kisses her bare shoulders. She can barely stand it.

He unhooks her bra and lets it fall...

INT. GREEK CASINO - NIGHT

Closing time. Nickie V. tidies up. Marco, Butchie, and Dukie Basil drink beers in the corner.

Dukie marvels at a plastic tub full of empty ouzo bottles.

DUKIE
These guys drink this shit like
it's mother's milk.

Nick walks over. He counts out a stack of c-notes for Marco -- the Outfit's cut. But Marco keeps staring at him.

MARCO
We know you've been booking out at
the racetrack.

NICKIE V.
Booking? Pah. A few drunk cousins
like to bet on the Bears.

MARCO
You know the rules.

Nick's face reddens with fury.

NICKIE V.
What am I, a fuckin' Albanian? All
I do is pay, pay, pay, pay, pay.
The restaurant, the casino, your...
Harry Aleman defense fund. No. No
more. I pay enough.

DUKIE
Listen to this guy. Thinks we're
the fuckin' phone company.

But Marco smiles good-naturedly. Until:

NICKIE V.
I took a crap this morning -- you
want ten percent? I'll tear up the
pipes and find it.

A dark edge to Marco's smile now. He gets a good grip on an empty ouzo bottle and... SMASHES IT OVER NICK'S HEAD, driving him down to a knee.

MARCO
Fuckin' Greeks. Always gotta do it
the hard way. Three hundred's no
good? All right, let's do four.

NICKIE V.
You--

Nick tries to rise, but Butchie smashes a second ouzo bottle over his head. Nick rises again....

But it's Dukie's turn. SMASH! Nick falls onto his back, barely conscious. Blood streaming down his face.

They grab his arms and legs and... toss him into the well of the craps table. As he lies moaning...

Dukie pours lighter fluid along the raised edge of the table. He whips out a lighter and sets it on fire.

A ring of flames, with Nick trapped inside.

MARCO
See ya at the restaurant.

Marco and his guys walk out.

The battered Nick struggles to his knees. He reaches up... and burns his hand. There's only one way off the table -- through the flames. He rolls over the side, his shirt catching fire as he hits the floor.

He strips off his clothes, crying and cursing in Greek. He grabs the leather table cover and beats out the flames on the craps table.

He collapses on the floor. Burned and beaten, moaning.

INT. CHICAGO DINER - MORNING

Cooley and Kate linger over breakfast. Omelettes served right in the skillet. Election talk from the TV in the corner.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
History in the making next week as
Jane Byrne seeks to become
Chicago's first woman mayor.

Cooley poaches some bacon from Kate's plate. She smiles. Cooley sees in her eyes that she wants to say something.

COOLEY
What?

KATE
(hesitating)
It's Ronnie. He really needs a
break... something to go right for
him. I thought... since you know
everyone...

Cooley laughs. *You too?*

COOLEY
I'll see what I can do.

Kate kisses him.

INT. FANCY STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

A top-of-the-line steakhouse. Blood-red carpets, dark walls.

AT A BACK TABLE

Pat Marcy presides. Cooley and Kate sit on one side of him. Ben Stein, the Outfit moneyman, sits on the other.

Beside him sits DEBBIE, 31, blonde, cute. Stein is her doting sugar-daddy.

DEBBIE
 (to Kate)
 You have to try the tartare. It
 just melts.

Stein smiles and squeezes Debbie's thigh.

BEN STEIN
 (to Marcy)
 You should see my little girl after
 some raw meat and wine.

Kate stares at the menu, a little daunted.

COOLEY
 Don't tell me you're a vegetarian.

KATE
 No. But I may settle for the lamb.

Marcy stares hard at Ben Stein. Time for some business talk.

MARCY
 So...

BEN STEIN
 We're in good shape.

MARCY
 We better be. We've doled out a
 fuckin' fortune.

BEN STEIN
 We deliver at the polls, and all
 that and more's comin' back to us.
 But Pat, the one thing I keep
 hearin'...

Stein shoots Debbie a look. She rolls her eyes and taps
 Kate's shoulder. Kate looks at her... and gets it. The women
 are being dismissed.

Cooley smiles at Kate. The women head toward the bathroom.

BEN STEIN
 The mayor's race, Pat. We're laying
 a helluva bet on Janey Byrne.

MARCY
 The people want change. Who are we
 to stand in their way?

BEN STEIN
 Her heart ain't with us, Pat. You
 know that.

MARCY
 You don't need their hearts when
 you have their balls.
 (beat)
 Or in Janey's case...

Marcy pours more wine.

INT. BATHROOM

Kate and Debbie at the mirror. Debbie plumps her lips. She fingers the huge stone around her neck.

KATE
It's beautiful.

DEBBIE
Thanks. After two years of Thursday night dinners, I've earned it. The stuff I've heard...

KATE
What do you mean?

Debbie looks at her, contemplates, then thinks better of it.

DEBBIE
At least you have a young one. Because I'll tell you... the Pump loses its charm pretty fast.

KATE
Oh, Cooley isn't like... all the others. He's a lawyer.

DEBBIE
Pat Marcy's lawyer. Enjoy it, girl - you're golden. But my advice? Keep your ears open.
(fingering her necklace)
The more you know, the better they have to treat you.

Kate bites her lip, worry in her eyes.

INT. PETROS RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

A BOTTLE OF OUZO ON THE TABLE. FOUR GLASSES.

A chastened Nickie V., stitches over one eye, sits with the trio that beat him senseless last week: Marco, Butchie, and Dukie. Nick pours the ouzo.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
May you live in interesting times, right? The old Outfit bosses were fat and happy, dying slowly behind the walls of their Oak Park mansions. They'd made all the money they could ever count. They still took their cut, but they didn't have the stomach to run the streets anymore.
(beat)
So the young turks like Marco were hungry. And after the Aleman verdict, they felt invincible.

Marco takes a sip of ouzo and winces.

MARCO
What's this shit made outta?

NICKIE V.
Albanians.

The guys laugh. Nick counts out four c-notes to Marco.

NICKIE V.
Four hundred. From my booking at
the racetrack.

Marco nods. They all raise their glasses and drink.

MARCO
Good to have you back on board,
Nick. See ya next week.

Marco and his guys walk out.

Nick pours himself another glass of ouzo. He downs it... and starts to shake. We think he's crying, but no. He's laughing, even though it hurts to laugh.

Nick reaches under his shirt and rips off... THE RECORDER
TAPED TO HIS CHEST.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Cooley bails out Marco, Butchie, and Dukie. They're seething.

EXT. 26TH STREET - DAY

A massive block party. A thousand people eating and drinking up and down a closed-off block.

All manner of prime meat cooks on a row of grills: Ribs, hot dogs, Italian sausages. Cold beer flows from a dozen kegs. A band booms Italian songs up into the sky.

All the Outfit crews are here, mingling peacefully. City workers are out in force, too. And union guys, and low-level politicians. When the Outfit throws a block party... you buy tickets or else.

Cooley sits on a rowhouse stoop with Marco and his crew. Marco is still seething. Twisting his corkscrew in his hands.

MARCO
We're gonna whack that Greek
cocksucker.

COOLEY
The hell you are.
(beat)
Marco, it won't help the case. They
already have his grand jury
testimony. In fact, it'll hurt the
case.

(MORE)

COOLEY (CONT'D)

They can use that testimony and we won't be able to cross-examine him.

MARCO

I don't give a fuck about the case. No one wears a wire on us and lives to talk about it. We're gonna run him through the grease.

COOLEY

Marco -- he's in protective custody.

MARCO

(exploding)

Who's fuckin' side are you on?

INT. PETROS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cooley sits with Nickie V.'s wife Deco. Short glasses of ouzo in front of them. She's barely keeping it together.

DECO

They won't even tell me where he is.

COOLEY

That's the way it's gotta be.
(taking her hand)
It's gonna be okay.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

ALCINA, the black-haired belly dancer from Nickie V.'s restaurant, stands in her kitchen, chopping olives on a cutting board. The *Beach Boys* play on the radio. She smiles, thinking of the white sands of her Mykonos.

A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR. Alcina opens it the two inches the chain allows, and...

BOOM! The door explodes off its hinges. Harry Aleman bursts in. He grabs Alcina by the throat and drives her...

Back into the kitchen. Alcina grabs the knife off the cutting board and slashes at Harry's arm. He knocks the knife to the floor. She smashes a small toaster against his skull.

Aleman knocks that away too. He's enjoying this.

ALEMAN

What else you got, baby?

He drives her through the living room, still clutching her throat. Alcina, fighting to breathe, grabs a marble bookend off a shelf and cracks him with it.

That one hurt. Aleman stumbles to a knee, but recovers.

Into the bathroom now. He slams her into the bathtub. He grabs her by the hair, twisting it in his black-gloved hands.

He spins the nozzle to HOT. He turns on the faucet. STEAMING HOT WATER POURS OUT. Harry holds Alcina's face just inches from the spigot. Sheer terror in her eyes.

ALEMAN
Ready for your facial?

ALCINA
No!

He spins the faucet to cold just as he shoves Alcina's face under it. She screams. It takes her a full second to realize she hasn't been scalded. Harry turns off the water.

Alcina lies in the tub, shaking violently. In shock.

ALEMAN
You're Nickie V.'s girl, right?
(she nods, terrified)
You're gonna do us a favor.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Cooley and Kate's brother Ronnie at a table. Ronnie looks hungover -- his eyes red, his hair tousled.

COOLEY
What were you, up all night?

RONNIE
(sheepish)
From what I remember.

A WAITRESS appears. Cooley smiles at her.

COOLEY
A beer and a steak. I'll trust you
with the details.

Ronnie digs Cooley's style. He smiles at the waitress.

RONNIE
Same thing for me. I'll trust you
with... everything.

The waitress smiles. As she walks off, Cooley hands Ronnie a few stapled sheets.

COOLEY
These are the answers to the
bailiff's test they're giving
tomorrow morning at the main
courthouse on Thirty-ninth Street.
(beat)
You pass it, and I can get you a
courtroom job by next week.

Ronnie, stunned, stares at the sheets.

RONNIE
A bailiff?

COOLEY
It's steady pay... and you get to
work for the good guys.

Ronnie looks away. A slow smile spreads over his face.

RONNIE
Bailiff. I like the sound of that.
I'd get to carry a gun, too, right?

COOLEY
Maybe I didn't think this through
all the way.

Ronnie laughs, pumped now. The waitress brings their beers.

RONNIE
(waving his off)
No thank you.
(to Cooley)
I'm gonna study my ass off tonight,
man. I promise.

He's trying not to tear up.

RONNIE
Nobody ever gave two shits about
me, you know? Thanks, Cooley.
(beat)
Hey, don't tell Katie you gave me
the answers, huh? Let her think I
passed it on my own?

Cooley nods, smiling. He's really starting to like this kid.

INT. ALCINA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nickie V. sits on a folding chair. He's staring at...

Alcina, naked in the shower, her back to him. Soaping her
shoulders... her back... her amazing ass...

NICKIE V.
Turn around.
(she does)
Wash your hair.

She does. Slowly, luxuriously. CLOSE ON Nick's face as he
watches her.

NICKIE V.
I've wasted my life.

EXT. ALCINA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Nick steps out into the street. As he crosses to his car...

A SHOTGUN BLAST. Nick falls to his knees, clutching his throat. The next shot blows his ear off. He bellows, a wounded bull.

And now a shot in the chest knocks him onto his back in the street. He stares up at the stars, realizing.

NICKIE V.

Alcina.

EXT. GREEKTOWN STREET - DAY

Cooley's Caddy pulls up to Nickie V.'s restaurant. Cooley can see MOURNERS through the glass window. Nickie's wake.

He sees Deco, his widow, in her black dress. She sees Cooley. Heartbreak in her eyes. A beat. Cooley drives away.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVERWALK - DAY

Cooley walks Duke along the frosty Chicago River. A WINDED JOGGER in a DePaul sweatshirt stops and leans against the railing. Balding, thick-necked. A gold cross around his neck.

As Cooley passes...

JOGGER

Bob Cooley, right? Steve Benner.
FBI.

Cooley stares at him, instantly on guard.

COOLEY

I got office hours, you know.

BENNER

I don't think you want to do this
on the record.

(beat)

You represent Frank Rennella, don't
you?

COOLEY

You owe Frank money? I can get it
to him.

Benner smiles wryly.

BENNER

One of our agents is on the stand
in a drug case. Under cross. He
ducked and dodged like Ali today.
Made it to the bell. But he's under
oath, so tomorrow it's going to
come out that Rennella informed on
some narcotics suspects six years
ago... and got paid for the
information.

COOLEY
Frank's a snitch?

BENNER
The case went nowhere. But that's
not gonna matter to the Outfit.

COOLEY
Who says they'll find out?

BENNER
The lawyer doing the cross is Eddie
Genson.

COOLEY
Fat Eddie.
(beat)
So what?

Benner hands Cooley a piece of paper: TWO XEROXED PHOTOS OF
MANGLED CORPSES. You can barely tell they were ever human.

COOLEY
Jesus.

BENNER
Yeah. They were both informants...
and both repped by Genson.
(beat)
The guy serves up his own clients,
Cooley. You don't think he'll serve
up one of yours?

Cooley watches a scrap metal barge chug up the river. Two
tons of steel shavings, glinting in the winter sun.

BENNER
Hell of a world, huh? Lawyers doing
the Outfit's dirty work.

Cooley stares hard at Benner.

COOLEY
You don't give a rat's ass for
Rennella. Why are you here, Benner?

BENNER
Just seemed like the Christian
thing to do.

He fingers the cross around his neck and jogs away.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Kate slips into the courtroom. She stays by the back wall,
here to spy on...

Her brother Ronnie, the new bailiff. He's in uniform... and
looking good. Herding the JURY into the jury box... and now
making time with the COURT STENOGRAPHER.

Kate smiles, hope in her eyes.

INT. APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Cooley climbs to the second floor of a dingy building. He knocks. Frank Rennella opens the door. He's the reed-thin, track-suited crew member from the Greek casino. The one who told Cooley he got pinched with a piece.

RENNELLA
Cooley. Buddy. You find us a
friendly judge yet?

Cooley steps inside. Dinner on the table: Microwave spaghetti and Jim Beam. Springsteen sings from a beat-up tape player. Rennella waves at his spaghetti.

RENNELLA
I can fire up another one.

COOLEY
We got a problem, Frank.
(beat)
Tomorrow an FBI agent is gonna
testify in court that you were once
a paid informant in a drug case.

The news slams Rennella hard. He stares at Cooley.

RENNELLA
If you're setting me up...

COOLEY
I'm here as your lawyer, Frank...
and as your friend. We gotta figure
out how to play this.

RENNELLA
You got a weapon?

Cooley shakes his head. He opens his jacket to prove it. Rennella steps to the window and looks out on the street. All quiet. No double-parked cars.

He walks to the fridge... opens it... and takes out a baggie with a small five-shot gun inside. He grabs some bullets from a drawer and drops them into the baggie.

RENNELLA
If you're telling the truth, you're
gonna need this.

He tosses the baggie to Cooley.

Rennella steps to a dresser. He grabs a gun. He pulls out a FAT BAG OF PILLS... and a BASEBALL CARD. He pulls on a jacket. He motions Cooley toward the door.

RENNELLA
You go first.

Cooley steps out into the hallway, Frank's gun in his back. All clear. They move down the stairs the same way.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Out in the empty street now. A beat. No ambush. Rennella leads Cooley to a car. Rennella gets in.

He pulls the baseball card out of his pocket. A mint condition TY COBB.

RENNELLA
Rookie card. Worth ten grand, easy.
My old man would shit green to see
me sell it.

Frank pats the bag of pills.

RENNELLA
I was holding these for Marco. Fuck
that now, huh?

He tears open the bag and pops three pills.

RENNELLA
Long fuckin' drive ahead of me.
(beat)
Cooley, I took the Feds' dough...
but I didn't give 'em shit, I
swear. I ain't no rat.

COOLEY
I know, Frank. I wouldn't be here
if you were.

RENNELLA
Good fuckin' luck. You're gonna
need it.

He speeds away. Cooley stares after him.

INT. COOLEY'S APT. - NIGHT

Cooley steps inside. He sees a shadow. He drops to a crouch as... KATE STEPS OUT OF THE KITCHEN. She smiles.

KATE
I charmed the Super. If you made me
a key, I could wait in bed.

COOLEY
What would I tell my dates?

KATE
(smiling)
I got you something...

She leads him into the dark living room.

KATE
I'm helping out at a little gallery
on State Street. Just two days a
week. But hey, it's a start, right?
I saw this and thought of you.

She turns on the light, illuminating a framed painting on the wall. It's a strangely beautiful line painting, mixing every possible shade of blue.

Cooley's touched. No way Kate could afford this.

KATE
I saved my tips.

INT. COOLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cooley on his back in bed. Kate atop him, wearing only his white button-down shirt. She's undoing the buttons from the bottom up.

The phone rings. She stares at Cooley. Only one button left. Cooley's eyes hold hers... *Don't move...* as he reaches for the phone.

INTERCUTTING

Bruce Wexler, the hall rat, stands at a corner pay-phone.

WEXLER
Marco's gonna whack ya, Cooley. You
didn't hear it from me.

CLICK. Cooley hangs up the phone. A beat. Kate fingers the last shirt button, her eyes on his.

COOLEY
It was nobody.

Kate slips the shirt off her shoulders. Cooley pulls her down onto him. But he stares past her up at the dark ceiling.

INT. COOLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Cooley sits at his desk. The door shut, the lights off, the blinds drawn.

THE PHONE RINGS. Cooley lets it go to voicemail.

VOICE (O.S.)
Cooley, it's Boo. Listen... I got
that money I owe ya. Come by the
Survivor's Club tonight.

Cooley can't help but smile. *Fuckin' idiot.*

LATER

Cooley's desk phone rings again. Again to voicemail.

VOICE (O.S.)
Cooley, it's Dukie. We got a guy in
the stir. Come by the Survivor's
Club and we'll give you his bail
money.

Cooley just shakes his head.

INT. CAR - DAY: DRIVING

Al -- the cop who sprang Kate's brother Ronnie -- drives,
with Cooley beside him. He pulls up outside a diner.

AL
How do you know he's here?

COOLEY
Because it's Wednesday, and Marco's
a creature of habit.
Keep your eyes open, Al. If
something goes wrong, I could need
help in a hurry.
(beat)
I appreciate this.

Cooley gets out of the car and walks toward the diner.

INT. DINER - DAY

Cooley walks in. Marco sits at a table with his crew of
eight. Cooley walks straight to them.

Marco's eyes flash. His whole crew tenses.

COOLEY
We need to talk.

Cooley walks to the bathroom. Marco is pissed to be taking
orders... but he follows.

INT. BATHROOM

Just the two of them. Cooley eyes the gun in Marco's belt.

COOLEY
Rennella wasn't doing anything to
cause you guys a problem. The Feds
had him over a barrel, so he sold
'em some bad info. That's it. I
knew he'd get whacked, so I warned
him.
(beat)
He was my client, Marco. I owed him
that.

MARCO
You owed him nuthin'. What the hell
kind of example does that set for
other lawyers?
(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

You work for us, not your fuckin' client.

(beat)

Fat Eddie knows the score. But not you, Cooley. You gotta stick your nose where it don't belong.

COOLEY

You think Fat Eddie's a lawyer?

MARCO

He does what he's told.

COOLEY

So does my dog.

(nods at the door)

Every guy out there is gunning for you. Who's got the guts to make a move -- Butchie? Dukie?

(beat)

Know how I'd do it? Start a little rumor that Marco's singing to the Feds. Who do you want standing between you and the bosses then? Fat Eddie?

He's got Marco's attention now.

COOLEY

I took an oath that says my client's right even when he's wrong. It says I go to the wall for you, no matter what. You got a secret, I take it to my grave. What's that worth to you, Marco?

(beat)

Fat Eddie Genson's a mouthpiece... a bag man... a sewer rat who'd sell out his mother for a piece of cheese. But don't call him a lawyer. I'm a lawyer.

MARCO

We're done, Cooley. You get no more business from me.

COOLEY

Fine. But if you're looking to do something to me, it ain't gonna happen. I'm packing, and I'm packing wherever I am. I got somebody out in front with me now. He knows exactly what's going on. If I think something's gonna happen, I'll kill you right now as we stand here.

A beat. Marco nods at the closed bathroom door. *Be my guest.*

Cooley pushes it open, half-expecting a hail of bullets. Nothing. He steps out to see...

Marco's crew at the table, exactly as he left them. Classic mobsters. Take away their leader, and they're helpless.

Cooley walks toward them. As he passes the table... he tosses Boo Libonati a fat wad of bills.

COOLEY
Gimme the Cowboys for a grand.

Dead silence in the room. Respect in the eyes of the Outfit guys -- this Dead Man Walking's got some balls.

Boo looks over at Marco... who does nothing.

BOO
You got it, Cooley. Cowboys for a grand. Giving three.

Cooley walks out. Marco walks back to the table. His crew is eyeing him.

MARCO
What the fuck are you lookin' at?

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Cooley takes a breath, happy to be alive.

PAT MARCY (O.S.)
Cooley...

Cooley stares. Al's car is gone. Pat Marcy's Towncar is parked in its place.

MARCY
I sent your friend home early.
(beat)
Haven't seen you in a while,
Cooley. Where you been, Vegas?

Marcy laughs. Cooley manages a grim smile.

MARCY
Vote yet?

COOLEY
No. I had a lot going on.

MARCY
That's no fuckin' excuse. You pull that lever or you deserve what you get. Come on.

Cooley slides into the car. He looks behind him -- the back seat's empty. Marcy smiles, enjoying Cooley's paranoia.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

THREE PUNKS in the back booth of a dark dive. SAL and PAULIE TORRIO, 19, identical twins in matching blue jeans. Sal wears a white t-shirt, Paulie a black one. They're listening to...

MIKEY DESTEFANO, 21, a thick-necked bodybuilder who, sad to say, is the brains of this bunch. He passes around a bullet of coke as he talks.

MIKEY

I call him Uncle Butchie, but he ain't really my uncle. Just a guy who's been around forever. I always thought he was solid, you know... till Dad kicked off and Butchie starts in on Mom at the wake. Arm around her, have some fuckin' wine. Can't even wait till the guy's in the ground. Now he's bangin' her... and I get to hear it through the wall.

PAULIE

Mikey, you got something for us, or no?

MIKEY

I'm fuckin' gettin' there, all right? Every month Butchie leaves town for two days. And it's always a big fuckin' state secret, right? No one's allowed to ask him where he goes. Well fuck it, I tailed him. The guy drives to O'Hare -- long-term parking. Two days later, when he gets back, I'm watching his car. Sat there all fuckin' day, but boom, here he comes. Throws two big duffel bags in the trunk. He drives 'em out to a house in Oak Park.

SAL TORRIO

That's it?

MIKEY

What do you mean "That's it?" The fat fuck works two days a month and lives like a king.

(beat)

I'm gonna see what's in those bags. Who's in?

The twins look at each other. They nod. Mikey looks over at... the fourth punk in the booth: IT'S RONNIE.

RONNIE

I don't think so, man.

Ronnie tries to hit off the coke bullet, but it's spent. Mikey holds out a full one... and pulls it back. Ronnie eyes the bullet desperately.

RONNIE
All right, I'm in.

INT. MARCY'S LINCOLN - NIGHT: DRIVING

Pat Marcy drives Cooley through the hood. They pass the Cabrini-Green projects -- squat and grim.

Marcy turns down a seedy block. GANG-BANGERS on the stoops. Loud funk out of an apartment window.

MARCY
Power starts in the streets,
Cooley. Always has, always will.

Marcy pulls his Towncar to the curb. On the nearby corner, a few dozen WINOS mill about outside a liquor store.

Marcy gets out of the car. Cooley follows, glancing around nervously. Marcy lights a cigarette and leans on his Lincoln. He's completely at ease here in the untamed hood.

He nods toward the ragtag winos.

MARCY
You see a bunch of dog-ass shines.
Know what I see? Votes.

And now Cooley sees the order within the chaos. These winos are lined up. TWO OUTFIT GUYS are herding them toward vans.

MARCY
Democracy in action. Stop me if I
get misty.

Blackie Pesoli, in his cop uniform, stands by the vans, handing money to the winos as they climb in.

COOLEY
What's a vote go for these days?

MARCY
Five bucks. Then we put up a one-
night liquor stand next to the
polling place and let 'em piss
their money right back to us.

COOLEY
Abe Lincoln would've been proud.

LOW WILLIE, an arm-scratching junkie in a tattered Cubs t-shirt, paces near the van, scowling at the winos.

LOW WILLIE
Where's your pride, fools? Sellin'
yourselves for five dollars.

He points to a BILLY DEE WILLIAMS poster in the liquor store window. ON POSTER: Billy Dee, grinning beside a can of Colt .45 malt liquor.

LOW WILLIE
 Billie Dee ain't takin' no five
 dollars. Billie Dee makes the Man
pay.

BLACKIE
 Tell you what -- here's ten
 dollars. Get the fuck outta here.

Low Willie takes the bill from Blackie... and crams it into
 his mouth. He chews it... and washes it down with malt
 liquor. He dances a crazy jig down the street.

LOW WILLIE
 Fire go come, baby! Fire go come!

Marcy smiles, amused.

MARCY
 What's the point of being a shine
 if you can't act like one?

Marcy opens his door. Cooley starts to get in, but Marcy
 shakes his head. He nods at the voting vans.

MARCY
There's your ride, Cooley. After
 you vote, come by Counsellor's.
 I'll show you where power ends.

Marcy drives off. Cooley eyes the nearby gangbangers... and
 heads for the vans.

EXT. OAK PARK - NIGHT

A narrow, tree-lined residential street in this tony Chicago
 suburb. A GRAND AM cruises along it.

INT. BUTCHIE'S GRAND AM - NIGHT: DRIVING

Butchie Petrocelli listens to the Bears on Monday Night
 Football as he drives.

BUTCHIE
 Run it. Don't fuckin' throw it.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 McMahon back to pass... and he's
 hammered! Sacked all the way back
 at the fifteen.

BUTCHIE
 Fuck!

Butchie rounds a corner... and HIS EYES WIDEN. A BLONDE WOMAN
 lies in the middle of the road.

Butchie slams the brakes and swerves -- too late. He runs
 right over her. He skids to a stop... jumps out of the car
 and runs back to the body.

BUTCHIE
What the fuck?...

It's a STORE MANNEQUIN with a blonde wig glued to its head. Just as he realizes he's been played...

A TIRE IRON slugs his temple. He crumples, out cold.

Mikey stands over him. The Torrio brothers stand nearby. They all wear black ski-masks. Mikey leans down.

MIKEY
Listen to that breathing. Fat fuck.

As Mikey and the Torrio brothers drag Butchie to the side of the road...

Ronnie, deathly nervous, pops the Grand Am's trunk. TWO BIG ARMY DUFFEL BAGS INSIDE. He grabs them and runs to the nearby Mustang. Throws the bags in the trunk.

Ronnie jumps behind the wheel. The other guys pile in and he takes off.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ronnie's Mustang drives into a run-down garage.

The four punks jump out. Mikey opens the trunk. He unzips one of the duffel bags. ALL OF THEIR EYES WIDEN AT THE SIGHT OF:

MORE MONEY THAN THEY'LL EVER SEE AGAIN. Endless stacks of tightly-bound c-notes. Mikey unzips the second bag. Ditto. A beat of stunned silence.

RONNIE
We're fuckin' rich.

But Mikey, dumb as he is, knows the score.

MIKEY
No, we're fuckin' dead.

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sweet Home Chicago plays from a boombox. Ceremonial cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon line the counter. It's election night at Counsellor's, and spirits are high.

The First Ward's Old Guard -- aldermen, judges, union reps -- mill around. Drinking, smoking, even dancing with...

ROSIE'S GIRLS, including Michelle and Claire, the saucy pair we met at Cooley's poker night.

Claire is dancing with State Senator John D'Arco, who's drunk and feely.

JOHN D'ARCO
 You know my slogan? Vote for D'Arco
 and no one gets hurt.

Cooley's here, too -- dancing with Kate.

And on the wall, the source of all this good cheer: A DRY-
 ERASE TOTE BOARD that spells out the precinct results.

ON TOTE BOARD:

BARRINGTON: 88%
 OAK PARK: 86%
 PALATINE: 89%

Etc. All 30 precincts have reported, and none at under 85%.

Pat Marcy, the architect of yet another Democratic landslide,
 holds court at the First Ward table. A Cuban in his mouth,
 the first hint of relaxation we've ever seen in his eyes.

Teamster Dominick Senese, as always, sits beside him.
 GRATEFUL JUDGES, ALDERMEN, and UNION REPS hover nearby.

JUDGE
 Thanks for your support, Pat.
 Whatever you need...

ALDERMAN
 Couldn't have done it without you,
 Pat.

Dominick pours Marcy some Scotch.

MARCY
 Remember the old days, Dom? Walkin'
 through Woodlawn, turnin' over the
 fuckin' headstones?

DOM
 Death don't mean
 disenfranchisement.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Cooley and Kate step off the dance floor. They sit at the
 counter. Cooley cracks open a PBR and shares it with Kate.

KATE
 So this is politics.

COOLEY
 Chicago-style. Jesus. That's Bill
 Hanhardt. The Police Commissioner.

Kate shakes her head in surprise.

COOLEY'S POV: BILL HANHARDT, 55, stout and Irish, waits to
 pay his respects to Marcy.

Marcy catches Cooley's eye... and waves him over. Cooley glances at Kate. He does not want to take her over there.

COOLEY
Listen...

KATE
I get it. Come by my place later?
You can make it up to me.

Cooley smiles and kisses her. He watches her leave. He heads over to Marcy and Hanhardt.

EXT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW RESTAURANT - NIGHT

As Kate walks away... a three-car motorcade pulls up.

MAYOR-ELECT JANE BYRNE steps out of her car. She frowns at SCOTT, her kinetic aide.

JANE BYRNE
It's not the goddamn fifties
anymore.

SCOTT
In and out -- ten seconds. It's
important.

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW - NIGHT

Mayor Byrne steps inside. Electricity in the room. The dancers pause. The crowd parts, leaving...

Marcy and Jane Byrne eyeing each other from across the room. Neither will walk to the other. A standoff. Finally:

Marcy raises his Scotch glass... and Jane responds with the barest of nods. She turns and walks out the door.

JANE BYRNE
(to her aide)
I need a fucking shower.

REACTION SHOT OF COOLEY. Stunned. Did he really just see the mayor-elect stopping in to acknowledge Pat Marcy?

POLICE COMMISSIONER HANHARDT
(scowling)
She wants me out, Pat. Thinks I'm
dead wood.

MARCY
You are dead wood, Bill. And you're
not going anywhere.

Marcy pours out three glasses of Scotch. He raises his glass. Hanhardt and Cooley do the same.

MARCY
To the will of the people.

INT. KATE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cooley knocks on Kate's door. She opens it. Cooley steps in, but his smile fades at the sight of...

Ronnie on the couch. Strung out and scared, pounding a beer. Desperation in his eyes.

RONNIE
I'm really sorry, Cooley...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Cooley stands with Ronnie, Mikey, and the Torrio brothers. The stolen c-notes are on the floor, stacked and counted.

COOLEY
How much?

SAL TORRIO
Two million. Can you make like you found it, and there was some missing?

PAULIE TORRIO
Yeah, you found it in a dumpster. They still get like fifty percent of it back. That'll work, right?

COOLEY
You guys don't have a fuckin' clue, do you?
(beat)
You hit the skim.

Not an ounce of recognition in anyone's eyes. Cooley shakes his head. Do they make punks any dumber?

COOLEY
Christ. You've heard of Las Vegas? Little city out west? The Outfit's been skimming the casino count rooms since they built the Strip. Every month that money comes back East, to get divided up among the bosses. Enter... you fucks.
(beat)
Where did you hit Butchie?

MIKEY
Oak Park.

COOLEY
Joey Accardo lives in Oak Park.

Mikey D. and the Torrio Brothers go white. The name doesn't mean anything to Ronnie.

RONNIE
Who's Joey Accardo?

COOLEY
The boss of bosses. Only founding
member of the Outfit still alive.
Not a guy you wanna fuck with.

Paulie Torrio paces, wringing his hands. His brother Sal
rocks in place, sweating.

PAULIE TORRIO
Bobbie Abbinati stole five grand
off one of Accardo's lieutenants.
They cut off his nuts-

SAL TORRIO
And crammed them in his fuckin'
mouth.

PAULIE TORRIO
Then they melted his eyes--

SAL TORRIO
With a fuckin' blowtorch.
(beat)
For five grand.

Mikey slams the wall. *Fuck*. A beat.

MIKEY
We blow town. We take off tonight
and don't come back.

COOLEY
And tomorrow they take a blowtorch
to your mothers. Then your fathers.
Brothers... sisters... right down
the line. You leave, and you're
flat-out announcing you did it.

The punks are all freaking now. Ronnie slams two quick hits
off the coke bullet.

COOLEY
There's only one way outta this:
Accardo gets his money back, and
never knows who took it.
(beat)
Where would you guys be tonight --
if you hadn't done this?

MIKEY
Gino's. On Taylor Street.

The Torrio brothers nod. Them too.

COOLEY
Go to Gino's. Shoot pool, get
loaded, do whatever you always do.
Just make sure you hit one of the
Outfit guys up for a juice loan.
Got it? You act like the bust-out
losers you are.

MIKEY
But what about--

COOLEY
The money's gone. It never existed.
You understand?

It kills them, but they nod.

RONNIE
What are you gonna do, Cooley?

COOLEY
Give it back.

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

A small, quiet chop shop. Boo Libonati dusts the trunk of Butchie's Grand Am for prints. He smiles: **Got one.**

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A COP answers his desk phone. A beat.

COP
You got it, Boo.

EXT. ARNIE MORTON'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Cooley pulls into the parking lot. It's empty except for... Harry Aleman, standing alone. Menacing as hell. Cooley parks beside him and gets out.

Aleman doesn't say a word. He just starts walking. Cooley, carrying the duffel bags, follows him to the kitchen door.

INT. ARNIE MORTON'S - NIGHT

Aleman leads Cooley through the kitchen... into the back room. Marcy sits alone at a table. Cooley walks over... sets down the duffel bags... and sits.

MARCY
Anne Sullivan's the whore of
Babylon next to you. You're the
real miracle worker.

He pours Cooley a Scotch. A beat.

Marcy takes two big stacks of bills from one of the duffel bags. He sets them on the table.

MARCY
Finder's fee.
(beat)
Their names.

COOLEY
Pat... I'm not a stoolie.

MARCY
I'll pass that along. The rest is
out of my hands.

Cooley can't believe this.

COOLEY
Pat... I just saved them two
million bucks.

MARCY
That's one way to look at it.

COOLEY
Nobody's losin' a dime here, Pat.
I'm asking, can we just let this
one lie?

They stare each other down. A beat. Cooley stands and walks
away, leaving his finder's fee on the table.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A run-down building. Cooley walks to an apartment door. It's
open. He shakes his head and steps into...

Ronnie's pad. A tiny hovel. Empty beer bottles everywhere.
And Ronnie, pacing the floor.

COOLEY
You're leaving town, Ronnie. Right
now.

RONNIE
But you said--

COOLEY
Those other guys have ties to the
neighborhood. They check out,
they're gonna be missed. Not you.

RONNIE
But... Katie...

COOLEY
I'll explain it to her. C'mon.

RONNIE
I got nothing, Cooley. I'm busted.

Cooley breaks out a big wad of cash and hands it over.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ronnie in his Mustang. Cooley stands beside it. Tears running
down Ronnie's face.

RONNIE
I'm sorry, Cooley. I fucked up.

COOLEY
Forget it. But Ronnie, listen to me. You don't stop to piss 'til you see cactus out that window. Understand?

Ronnie nods. He speeds off.

INT. RONNIE'S MUSTANG - NIGHT: DRIVING

Ronnie snorts the last of his coke and tosses the empty bullet out the window. *Bad Company* cranking on the stereo.

He mashes the accelerator... and hears a POLICE SIREN. A black-and-white cruiser, pulling in behind him.

RONNIE
Shit! Shit! Shit!

He pounds the wheel... but pulls over. He folds a c-note over his driver's license -- this is Chicago, after all. He waits.

A flashlight shines in his face.

RONNIE
Sorry, Officer. Here...

He holds out his license, but the cop doesn't take it. It's BLACKIE PESOLI.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

The top floor of an empty, godforsaken slaughterhouse. Angelo "The Hook" LaPietra and two of his CREW...

Push Ronnie down onto his knees. He's been stripped to his white jockey shorts. His wrists are tied behind him, duct tape over his mouth.

Angelo hits a switch on the wall. A loud whirring noise. A terrified Ronnie peers into the darkness, out of which...

A gleaming MEATHOOK glides toward them on a motorized track.

Ronnie freaks. He kicks and fights, but Angelo's men hold him still.

ANGELO
Hoist him.

Ronnie chews through the duct tape enough to be heard.

RONNIE
I'll talk, I'll talk.

ANGELO
Sure you will. But first you're
gonna scream.

The two crew guys lift Ronnie high... and plant him onto the hook. A sickening crunch. Ronnie screams in agony as his body stiffens in shock.

Angelo pulls out a gun.

ANGELO
Give me the names, and I'll put a
bullet in you.

Ronnie stares at him. This is all he has left -- a chance to end his pain. He'll take it.

RONNIE
P-P-P-aullie T-t-t-t-orrio. Sal
Torrio. Mike Dest-st-st-efano.

A beat. Angelo shoots a bullet... into Ronnie's shoulder.

ANGELO
This ain't your day.

He wraps more duct tape over Ronnie's mouth. He hits the wall switch. The hook starts to move. Ronnie's eyes widen in horror as it hits him -- there'll be no easy ending.

Ronnie writhes on the hook, screaming into his gag as he disappears into the dark bowels of the slaughterhouse.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - NIGHT

The roiling water. Something splashes into it, and we go beneath the surface to see...

The TORRIO BROTHERS, naked, cuffed together, lashed to an anchor. Desperately holding their breath as they spin down toward the black depths.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mikey Destefano sits cuffed to a chair, a mass of welts, in some private world beyond pain, staring in horror at the...

BLUE FLAME OF A BLOWTORCH.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE STREET - DAWN

A banged-up station wagon sits on the street. Her blackened windows have been scorched from the inside. Through a tiny clear spot on the back window we see:

What's left of Butchie Petrocelli. Sitting up on the back seat, his mouth duct taped, his hands bound to his chest. His eyes melted away. An empty gas can beside his charred legs.

EXT. COOLEY'S BUILDING - DAY

Cooley at his mailbox. He pulls out a MANILA ENVELOPE. Sure feels like cash. There's a note clipped to it.

ON NOTE: "The bosses never forget a favor."

INT. COOLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cooley walks in. Kate is there -- he gave her that key after all. She kisses him... and smiles at the manila envelope.

KATE
Doesn't anybody you deal with own a
checkbook?

Kate steps into the kitchen. Cooley opens the envelope. As Kate comes back with a beer, he shakes the envelope out onto the dining room table.

Stacks of cash tumble out... and a gray powder, too. Bits of white mixed in. Cooley stares, confused... and now sees RONNIE'S ORANGE MOOD RING. And it hits him:

THESE ARE RONNIE'S FUCKING ASHES. Kate is staring too.

KATE
What?-- Oh God...

Shock and horror flood her face. She starts to shake.

Cooley grabs and holds her. She beats her fists against him. She breaks free and runs into the bathroom. Slams the door.

COOLEY
Kate...

She won't open it. Cooley sits down, his back against the door, staring hollow-eyed at the ashes on the table.

HOURS LATER

Cooley hasn't moved. He rises and walks into the living room. He opens the closet and takes out a box. He lifts the lid.

TWO POLICE BADGES inside. "Robert Cooley" engraved into one. "James Cooley" (his father) engraved into the other.

Cooley stares at the badges.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You're either a saint or a sinner.
If you don't choose... this city
chooses for you.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVERWALK - NIGHT

Cooley stands at the railing. Steve Benner, the FBI agent, walks up. We can see their breath in the cold.

COOLEY
I want to bring down the Outfit.
And I know how to do it.

A long beat.

BENNER
You have any family? Anybody that
you love?

Cooley stares into the dark river.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Cooley and Kate sit on the bed. We watch them MOS. Cooley's hands on her shoulders, his face close to hers. He's comforting her... confiding in her... asking something enormous of her.

Kate shakes her head -- she can't do it. He holds her face and looks in her eyes. A beat. She nods through her tears.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT: ESTABLISHING

The enormous Federal Building. It consumes a whole block along Dearborn Avenue.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Cooley sits in the chair of honor at a conference table. ASSISTANT D.A. GARY SHAPIRO -- 45, slight, a hair gel junkie - sits on one side, his aide SUNBURN SCOTTIE MCCOY -- 45, a face like a blister -- sits on the other.

Benner's partner MARIE COFFEY is there, too. She's 31, librarian chic. Stylish glasses and pinned hair.

Behind them is a MOB BOARD, a detailed flow chart of the Chicago Outfit. Color-coded, broken down into the different families, which in turn are broken down by rank. Enforcers, bookies, loan sharks, etc.

BENNER
Tell them what you told me, Cooley.

Cooley nods at the mob board. JOEY ACCARDO'S NAME sits atop the power chart.

COOLEY
You guys are chasing dinosaurs. If
Accardo ever ran the Outfit, he
doesn't anymore.

SHAPIRO
Who does?

COOLEY
His name is Pat Marcy.

Shapiro glances at McCoy: Is this guy nuts?

SHAPIRO
The First Ward pol?

COOLEY
Marcy controls the cops... the judges... the pols... and the unions. He's the one guy today's Outfit can't function without.

MCCOY
So he's a dealmaker. That's a long way from runnin' the Outfit.

COOLEY
A few weeks ago, some punks stole the Vegas skim. I... helped them give it back.

SHAPIRO
You saw the Vegas skim?

COOLEY
I had it in my hands. Two million bucks.

MCCOY
What'd you do with it?

COOLEY
I gave it to Pat Marcy.

Cooley has their attention now. Shapiro looks to McCoy -- this is going to be a long night. As Cooley launches into his story...

WE PULL BACK, and watch them through the conference room's glass window.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Pat Marcy's Towncar sits in the driveway of a posh suburban mansion. A high stone wall encircles the mansion.

We go over the wall, and find:

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

FOUR OLD MEN sitting at a table. The dinosaurs Cooley spoke of. Old-time Outfit bosses, JOEY ACCARDO among them. They sip wine out of water glasses and listen to...

PAT MARCY. Two empty duffel bags at his feet.

COOLEY (V.O.)
Marcy runs the whole show. You want to get elected? You pay Pat. Wanna become a judge? Pay Pat. Wanna do business with the First Ward? Pat.

CLOSE ON MARCY as he sips his wine.

COOLEY (V.O.)
Without Pat, the Outfit couldn't
operate. Every other piece is
replaceable. They can always find
another bad cop, or a bad judge, or
a crooked pol. But there's only one
Pat Marcy.
(beat)
Bring him down... and you kill the
Outfit.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Back with our guys. Empty coffee cups all around.

COOLEY
And with Marcy's guy Hanhardt in
charge of the cops--

Sunburn McCoy snorts. Cooley stares at him.

MCCOY
You're tellin' me Bill Hanhardt's
part of the Outfit?

COOLEY
He's in Marcy's pocket.

MCCOY
Bullshit. I've known Hannie all my
life. Grew up on his block.

COOLEY
Guess that makes you a pretty lousy
judge of character.

McCoy shakes his head and stands.

MCCOY
(to Shapiro)
Sorry, boss. If I want fiction,
I'll read Michener.

He heads for the door. Cooley jumps up.

COOLEY
Fuck you, you little--

McCoy spins, ready to go at it. Benner gets in between them.
A beat. McCoy walks out. A steamed Cooley sits back down.
Shapiro stares at him, a little unnerved.

SHAPIRO
Slow down. Let's not get ahead of
ourselves.

And Cooley realizes... Shapiro doesn't believe him either.

SHAPIRO
 Look. You walk in off the street
 and tell me half our judges are for
 sale... you had the Vegas skim in
 your hands... and Pat Marcy is Lex
 Luther?
 (beat)
 It's a lot to swallow on a Monday.

COOLEY
 I can't believe I came to you
 fuckin' jagoffs.

SHAPIRO
 Excuse me?
 (standing)
 Thanks for your time, Mister
 Cooley.

As Shapiro heads for the door... Cooley picks a *Tribune* off
 the conference table. He points to a front-page headline.

ON NEWSPAPER: "City Contractor Accused of Molestation."

COOLEY
 You probably don't even know this
 one's fixed.

SHAPIRO
 (pausing)
 You know something about Illinois
 v. Gracik?

COOLEY
 All I need to know is that Gracik
 does a load of business with the
 First Ward. Marcy'll never let him
 burn.

SHAPIRO
That's your evidence, Counsellor?
 Jordan Jefferson is the judge on
 the case. I suppose he's dirty too?

COOLEY
 No, Jefferson's clean. So they'll
 S.O.J. it. That's Substi--

SHAPIRO
 Substitution of judge. I know what
 it means, Cooley. Then it goes into
 a lottery.

COOLEY
 There's no fuckin' lottery. Marcy's
 the lottery. He'll send it to one
 of his guys... who'll toss it. End
 of story.

SHAPIRO
 Maybe in traffic court, Cooley.
 This is an ink case.

COOLEY
That's his favorite kind. He gets
to show you clowns who's really in
charge. Thanks for your fuckin'
time... Counsellor.

Cooley walks out.

INT. STATE COURTHOUSE - DAY

Dana Polter, the same well-manicured court clerk we met
during the Aleman trial, reads *Vogue* at her desk. A bailiff
walks over.

BAILOFF
Got another S.O.J. for ya.

Dana types on her keyboard.... and stares at her screen. ON
SCREEN: "Judge Pollack." Dana smiles at the bailiff.

DANA POLTER
Judge Maloney.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Judge Tom Maloney, white-haired, imperious, bangs his gavel.

JUDGE MALONEY
Case dismissed.

The DEFENDANT smiles and shakes the hand of his lawyer... Fat
Eddie Genson. Shock on the faces of the PROSECUTORS.

IN THE GALLERY

Benner and Marie Coffey look at each other, eyes shining.
We're back in business.

INT. SHAPIRO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cooley sits across from Shapiro and McCoy. Benner and Marie
are there too. A heavy silence fills the room as Shapiro lays
down...

A NAGRA RECORDING DEVICE. The open silver case is the size of
a whiskey flask. And inside are two tiny reels with thin tape
threaded through the gears and posts.

SHAPIRO
I don't think I have to tell you
the Outfit's policy toward
informants. If it weren't for
dental records, Woodlawn Cemetery
would be Potter's Field.

Cooley stares at the NAGRA. Not what he had in mind.

INT. SHAPIRO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shapiro at his desk, frowning at the stock page. Sunburn McCoy appears in the doorway.

MCCOY
You trust this jagoff?

SHAPIRO
I don't need to. There's upside here, McCoy. And all we have to lose... is Cooley.

INT. COOLEY'S APT. - NIGHT

Cooley sits on his couch, beer in hand. The NAGRA on the coffee table.

ON TV: Mayor Jane Byrne speaks from a podium at a press conference.

JANE BYRNE
Be assured that I did not become Mayor of Chicago to preside over its decline...

DISSOLVE SHOTS of Janey, hitting her high points.

JANE BYRNE
Business as usual is over...
(beat)
City employees will be hired and promoted because of their abilities -- without outside interference...

And now her big finish...

JANE BYRNE
Welcome to the new Chicago...

We leave the TV and CUT TO...

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where Pat Marcy is also watching Janey Byrne on TV. He sits in a black easy chair. Smoking a Cuban, wielding a black remote. He mutes Janey.

INT. FACES NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Cooley steps into *Faces*. He walks past the teeming dance floor to the back booths, ruled again by...

Marco and his rowdy crew. Marco stares bullets at Cooley. All is not yet forgiven.

Cooley slides into a booth with Boo Libonati.

BOO
You heard about Butchie?

COOLEY
Yeah. Jesus.

BOO
He had it comin'.

Cooley's not so sure... as Boo watches a HOT BABE shake her assets on the dance floor.

Cooley sees: Kate at the bar, loading drinks onto a tray. She turns and heads toward the booths. She sees Cooley. Her face lights up.

Cooley sips his beer, steeling himself.

COOLEY
(to Boo, under his breath)
What do you gotta do to shake some of these girls, huh?

Kate reaches the booth.

KATE
Hey... I've been calling you all day.

COOLEY
I was out.

KATE
My key didn't work. The lock... I thought... did somebody break in?

COOLEY
No. Nobody broke in. It's not working out, okay? So I changed the locks.

There's no warmth in Cooley's voice. And he's eyeing the same dance-floor babe as Boo.

BOO
It's called a fuckin' hint, baby.

Kate stares at Cooley, trying to process all this. She sets down her tray and slides in beside him. Touches his hand.

KATE
Look... let me go on break. We can talk outside in a few minutes...

Cooley glances at Marco's booth. They're all watching. He looks Kate in the eye. Here it comes.

COOLEY
I'll tell you when we can talk.
When your ass...
(nods at Dancing Queen)
Looks like hers.

Boo smiles, wide-eyed. Hoots of amusement from Marco's booth.

Kate stares at Cooley. Her heart's breaking... but she knows this has to be done. She hurries toward the door, wiping her eyes. As she passes the bar...

A drunken Dukie Basil smiles.

DUKIE
Back on the open market, baby? You
get two days to cry. Then you and
me are going belly to belly.

Cooley watches Kate rush out of the bar. He downs his drink... stands... walks to the bar...

And slams Dukie's face onto the hard oak, splitting his nose open. Blood everywhere.

Dukie sees the fire in Cooley's eyes... and stays down.

Marco watches from his booth. His men start to rise, but Marco shakes his head. They stay put.

INT. COOLEY'S CADDY - DAY: DRIVING

Cooley at the wheel. His dog Duke in the passenger seat, head out the window. Cooley strokes his fur as he drives.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Cooley and a SUBURBAN DAD stand at a backyard fence. The man's THREE KIDS romp with Duke in the yard.

SUBURBAN DAD
They love him already.

Cooley lifts a box out of his trunk. Duke's bones and toys.

SUBURBAN DAD
We said two hundred, right?

He holds out the bills. But Cooley doesn't take them. Instead, he breaks out his own wad of cash and hands it over.

COOLEY
He eats like a king, you hear me?
Nothing but the best.

Cooley heads for his car. If he looks back, he'll change his mind. He gets in and drives away.

EXT./INT. BLAND SUBURBAN MOTEL - DAY

Cooley steps into the motel lobby. Steve Benner sits on a couch, reading a magazine. He sees Cooley, stands, and walks into the stairwell. Cooley waits a beat... and follows.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Cooley and Benner, walking.

BENNER
This is Shapiro's idea. But I think
it's... solid.

He doesn't sound too sure. They reach a door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Marie Coffey is already there. And sitting on the bed is...

AGENT CHRISTENSEN. 28, but he looks 20. His wispy beard,
patched jeans, and black Hendrix t-shirt aren't fooling
anyone -- this guy's an undercover Fed.

BENNER
This is Agent Christensen. Bob
Cooley.
(beat)
Here's the setup. A cop stopped him
for speeding... saw a joint in the
ashtray... and found an ounce of
pot under his seat.
(beat)
Cooley, you'll wear a wire and
offer the judge money to knock it
down to a misdemeanor. Sound good?

Cooley stares at Christensen.

COOLEY
How many weeks out of Quantico,
guy?

AGENT CHRISTENSEN
Three.

COOLEY
Colombian or Sense?

AGENT CHRISTENSEN
Excuse me?

COOLEY
The pot under your seat -- was it
Colombian? Sense?

AGENT CHRISTENSEN
I... I don't know.

COOLEY
Have you ever smoked a joint?

AGENT CHRISTENSEN
No sir.

COOLEY
Are you packing?
(blank stare)
Are you carrying a gun?

AGENT CHRISTENSEN
You bet.

Christensen lifts his shirt to reveal his black .45.

COOLEY
Do me a favor, will ya? Blow my
fuckin' brains out. So I don't have
to take you in front of a Chicago
judge.

BENNER
Cooley...

But Cooley storms out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY: CONTINUOUS

Benner catches up with Cooley near the stairs.

COOLEY
This is what I put my ass on the
line for?

BENNER
Cooley, Shapiro wants judges first.
And we need Shapiro. He has to
approve the warrant for every
wiretap, or it's no good in court.

COOLEY
Shapiro will get his judges. But I
do it my way.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Cooley walks up to a COURT CLERK.

CLERK
Hey, Cooley. Bears gonna cover?

COOLEY
Bet the ranch on it. Where's
Maloney drinking his lunch these
days?

Cooley slips the clerk a twenty.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY

Cooley sits on the bed, bare-chested. Steve Benner tapes the
NAGRA recorder to the small of his back. Marie watches.

BENNER
The wire can't see a handshake,
Cooley... or a nod. You need to get
them to talk.

MARIE
And no euphemisms. No "We took care
of that thing," or "Make it worth
my while." Specific amounts. Quid
pro quos.

BENNER
But don't be too obvious.

Benner finishes taping the Nagra.

COOLEY
Bulky sucker.

Cooley slips on his shirt. He paces, does knee bends, getting
used to the feel. Benner is nervous as hell.

COOLEY
Relax, will ya? You'd think you
were the one going in.

BENNER
Sorry. The last guy I wired up...
was Nickie Valentzas.

Cooley looks at him, eyes grim. *Right.*

INT. JUAN MORE TIME BAR - NIGHT

Cooley steps into a low-rent Mexican juke joint. Mariachi
music playing loud. Most of the patrons are Latino, but...

Judge Maloney sits in the corner, his shock of white hair
standing out. A MEXICAN HOTTIE with striking eyes cuddles
with him. Cooley walks over. He eyes the girl.

JUDGE MALONEY
Don't worry, she doesn't speak a
lick of English. Two weeks ago she
was picking corn in Guatemala.
(kisses her)
No more white meat for me, Cooley.
What these gals'll do for a bed and
a bath...

He looks at Cooley and rubs his fingers together.

JUDGE MALONEY
You got something for me?

COOLEY
Maybe. I got a client named Chuck
Carr. He has a falling out with his
business partner, right, so Chuckie
does the All-American thing --
empties the business account into
his personal one.
(MORE)

COOLEY (CONT'D)

Two hundred grand. But the partner got wind of it. Today he filed an emergency motion to keep Chuckie from withdrawing that money.

JUDGE MALONEY

So why doesn't Chuckie jagoff just take it out before I rule?

COOLEY

Because he's outta town. Haulin' ass back, but he won't make it till tomorrow. If you sit on this motion for a day, he can get that money out.

(beat)

There's five grand in it for you.

A beat. Maloney stares hard at Cooley.

JUDGE MALONEY

Ten.

COOLEY

C'mon, Maloney. I gotta eat too.

JUDGE MALONEY

Ten... and you get a night with her sister. You'll walk sideways for a week.

INT. COURTHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Cooley stands at a urinal. JUDGE SODINI walks in... and steps to the one beside him. He's the judge who asked for Marcy's support at Counsellor's Row. Cooley hands him an envelope.

JUDGE SODINI

Feels light. We said six thou, Cooley.

Cooley smiles and hands him a second envelope.

JUDGE SODINI

Always gotta be a ball buster.

SERIES OF SHOTS OF... DIRTY JUDGES ON THE BENCH, delivering their store-bought verdicts:

JUDGE #1

Case dismissed.

JUDGE #2

The plaintiff's injunction is granted.

JUDGE #3

I hereby sentence you to time served.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

A heavy nameplate, trimmed in gold: ANTON SAGAN, STATE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

INT. SAGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

ANTON SAGAN at his desk. 52, trim and fit. Harvard diction, eyes like a raptor. He leafs through a pile of transcripts.

SHAPIRO
We're at thirteen judges... and counting.

SAGAN
Capone was right: "Ain't nobody on the legit."
(beat)
How high up the ladder can Cooley take us?

SHAPIRO
How high do you want to go?

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The bustling lobby of a federal courthouse. Cooley stands by a bank of telephones with an ALDERMAN.

ALDERMAN
Two hundred grand.

COOLEY
(skeptical)
Alderman...

ALDERMAN
We change that zoning from commercial to residential, and they'll make a fuckin' fortune. Two hundred.

COOLEY
I'll tell 'em.

The alderman walks off. Cooley smiles -- another one in the bag. He reaches into his pants pocket. We catch a quick glimpse of a black On/Off button as he turns off the NAGRA.

As Cooley crosses the lobby toward the front doors...

JOHN D'ARCO SR. (O.S.)
Hey Cooley...

D'Arco catches him in stride.

D'ARCO SR.
C'mon, there's a judge I want you to meet. A guy we can work with.

He leads Cooley toward a hallway. A metal detector, manned by a COP, guards the mouth of it. D'Arco walks through it. Cooley slows. He starts to walk around it...

COP
Sorry, sir. Everyone's gotta go through.

Cooley smiles at D'Arco -- *rookie cop*. A beat. Cooley eyes the detector again. Stalemate. And D'Arco is waiting on the other side...

D'ARCO SR.
Let's go.

COOLEY
Tell you what... see you at Counsellor's.

Cooley quickly turns and walks away. D'Arco stares after him.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Cooley rushes to his Caddy and jumps in. He rips off the NAGRA. Slams the wheel in frustration. A beat. He opens the glove box...

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW - DAY

Cooley moves through the crowd to the First Ward table. Marcy, Dom Senese, and John D'Arco Sr. are already there. Staring darkly at Cooley as he sits down.

D'ARCO SR.
What the hell was that back there?
With the detector...

Cooley meets their hard stares. He pulls up his pantleg to reveal... the little five-shot pistol that Rennella gave him. D'Arco laughs and relaxes.

D'ARCO SR.
I shoulda fuckin' known. Only in Chicago -- a lawyer with a piece.

Marcy is still staring at Cooley.

MARCY
Who are you afraid of, Cooley?

COOLEY
The IRS.

D'Arco laughs again. As he sets his beer mug on the table... WE DIP BENEATH THE TABLE'S SURFACE, to where the pole support meets the table. And we find: A small, shiny, metallic:

BUG.

INT. SHAPIRO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shapiro, Sunburn McCoy, and Steve Benner. Sitting quietly, listening to the tape recorder on Shapiro's desk. Shapiro hits the STOP BUTTON.

SHAPIRO
Marcy never says anything
indictable.

BENNER
We should tell Cooley about the
bug, sir. It's only there because
of him.

MCCOY
Remind me to pick up some panty
liners for you.

BENNER
He's the one sticking his neck out.

SHAPIRO
What Cooley doesn't know... won't
get him killed.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Cooley, Marcy, Dominick Senese, and Ben Stein at their back table. Wine all around. Stein is agitated.

BEN STEIN
She's outta control, Pat. Forget
the unions... Both papers are
writing that Hanhardt's a dead man
walking. She's gonna put in a new
police chief.

Marcy sips his wine.

BEN STEIN
Hannie's got a finger in half our
pies. If he goes down...

Marcy looks at Cooley.

MARCY
What's your advice, Counsellor?

COOLEY
If Hanhardt's an asset, he needs to
be protected.

MARCY
Whatever it takes?

Marcy stares hard at him. Cooley's on the spot.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
You pig!

Debbie, Ben Stein's girl, rushes toward them. The MAITRE D' intercepts her, grabbing her around the waist.

DEBBIE
You think you can just throw me
away?! You can't throw me away!

Ben Stein sits still, his eyes on his wine glass.

DEBBIE
You think I just sat there, Ben?
All those nights? You don't think I
know things?

The Maitre' D hustles her out of the room. A beat. Marcy and Dom Senese stare hard at Ben Stein.

MARCY
You're done with her?

BEN STEIN
She turned thirty.

Stein smiles. No one else does. Stein looks around the table. A trace of concern in his voice now.

BEN STEIN
I can handle her, Pat. I can handle
her.

EXT. CHICAGO PARK - NIGHT

A lone car sits in the parking lot of a deserted park.

INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Benner and Marie in the front seat, Cooley in the back. Cooley rubs his hands against the cold. Marie pulls a beer from under her seat and hands it back. He smiles.

COOLEY
What's the occasion?

MARIE
Shapiro grew a set of balls.

COOLEY
We're going after Marcy?

BENNER
Soon. They want some others first.
What we need from you are the crew
bosses. The killers, Cooley.

Cooley sips his beer. A beat.

COOLEY
The Superbowl.

BENNER
What?

COOLEY
Every Super Sunday, the crews throw a weapons-and-blow party. It's just what it sounds like. They'll break fifty laws by halftime.

BENNER
Which'll open them all up under RICO.

COOLEY
I'll wear a wire.

BENNER
If we raid it, Cooley... we blow your cover.

COOLEY
So send in one agent... who can testify to everything they see.

Cooley looks from Benner... to Marie. He stares at her, an idea dawning.

COOLEY
It's a party, right? They'll expect me to bring a babe.

Cooley eases off Marie's glasses... and pulls out her hairpin. Her glossy hair tumbles down around her shoulders. Who knew? The girl's a babe.

Marie smiles gamely. Benner sighs nervously.

EXT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Pat Marcy's Lincoln Towncar pulls up. Marcy steps out...
MURDER IN HIS EYES.

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW - NIGHT

Just Marcy and Dominick Senese. Neither says a word. They walk back to the First Ward table, where...

Dom hands Marcy a flashlight. He kneels and shines the beam up the steel pole... until it hits THE BUG.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marcy and Dom. Dom nods at JUAN, 45, a busboy.

DOM
He found it.

Marcy holds out a five-dollar bill. Juan just stares at him. Marcy makes it a ten. Juan takes it and walks away.

MARCY
Wait a week... then fire him.

DOM
What about the bug?

MARCY
It stays. And we find who put it there.

INT. FINNEGAN'S WAKE - DUSK

A rowdy Irish pub. *The Pogues* on the jukebox, serenading the happy hour crowd.

Sunburn Scottie McCoy drinks a Guinness at the bar. HIS POV: Police chief Bill Hanhardt across the room, drinking with Blackie Pesoli.

Hanhardt walks over. McCoy shakes his hand.

HANHARDT
How are ya, Scottie? How's yer pa?

MCCOY
Same old prick.

HANHARDT
But he put the fire in you. You made somethin' of yourself. Even if it's just the fuckin' Feds.
(to the bartender)
If I ever hear of this bastard paying for a drink in this bar...

MCCOY
(uncomfortable)
Hannie...

HANHARDT
Shut up.
(to the bartender)
You'll be dealing with me. Got it?

The bartender nods. A beat. Hanhardt claps McCoy's neck.

HANHARDT
Scottie... you know how this town works, dontcha? How one hand washes the other?

A beat. McCoy doesn't like where this is going.

MCCOY
What are you sayin', Hannie?

HANHARDT
I'm sayin' that if there's anything I should know about... any surprise comin' down the pike... and I don't hear about it?
(MORE)

HANHARDT (CONT'D)

(beat)
You could have a lot of bad luck.

INT. LIDO GALLERY - NIGHT

A small, upscale art gallery. Kate puts away her papers and locks her desk. She walks into the main room and stops short, shocked to see...

PAT MARCY. He's studying a trio of paintings on the front wall. Kate starts to shake. She steels herself... walks over... and stands beside him. They look at the paintings.

MARCY
So... Give me the hard sell.

KATE
Paintings aren't cars. You love it... or you don't.

MARCY
I love it... if it'll appreciate.

KATE
All that beauty... and all you can see are dollar signs. I feel sorry for you.

MARCY
Don't. I'll take all three.

AT KATE'S DESK

As Marcy writes her a check for the paintings...

MARCY
Cooley brought a lot of girls around. None of them had your sparkle.

KATE
I don't want to talk about my past.

His eyes bore into hers. Does he believe she and Cooley are through?

MARCY
Then let's talk about your future. I'm opening a gallery on Rush Street. I need someone to run it. (she stares at him)
Not to hang paintings and flash some leg. To run it. Do you think you have what it takes? Every business is the same -- kill or be killed. Can you play dirty, Kate?

A long beat.

KATE
No. But I can look the other way.
(beat)
I learned that from the best.

MARCY
I'll remember that.

He walks out. Kate closes her eyes. She's shaking again.

INT. MARCY'S TOWNCAR - NIGHT: DRIVING

Pat Marcy and Dom Senese. Driving in silence. Finally:

DOMINICK SENESE
Nobody's seen Cooley with her since
he reamed her out at *Faces*.

MARCY
What do you think, Dom?

DOMINICK SENESE
I think it don't pay to take
chances.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Cooley walks down an empty block. He approaches a battered van. He knocks on the back door. It opens and he hops into...

INT. VAN - DAY

An FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN, decked out with high-tech equipment. A console, chair, headphones.

Marie is there, in faded blue jeans and a white blouse tied just above her taut belly. She's hot.

MARIE
Benner's getting coffee... and
Xanax.

COOLEY
You look pretty relaxed.

MARIE
Hey, it's a party. C'mon... I'll
wire you.

Cooley takes off his shirt. Marie tapes the NAGRA to his back. Her fingers linger on his skin. She kisses his back.

They're both shocked. Cooley pulls her up.

COOLEY
Marie...

MARIE
I'm sorry. You need to keep your
mind clear.

COOLEY
You too. These guys aren't judges.

She nods, biting her lip. The driver's door opens. Benner jumps in, holding two coffees.

BENNER
Hey guys. What'd I miss?

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Mayor Jane Byrne sits behind her desk. Curt, wary... and staring at a seated Pat Marcy.

MARCY
Aren't you going to offer me a
drink?

JANE BYRNE
You have five minutes, Mister
Marcy.

He pulls out a cigar. Taking his time, he clips one end with a cutter. Jane Byrne watches the shavings fall onto her rug.

MARCY
A shopkeeper once asked Al Capone
why he had to push everybody
around. Capone said, "See, that's
the problem right there. You call
it pushing people around. We call
it business."

JANE BYRNE
Why are you here?

MARCY
To tell you that Bill Hanhardt is a
good man. And a good police chief.

JANE BYRNE
We'll just have to differ on that.
(glancing at her watch)
Three minutes.

MARCY
Janey, I'm gonna need you to stick
that stopwatch... up your ass.

Jane Byrne's face turns to stone. She reaches for the intercom button...

MARCY
Careful. You sure your faggot aide
is man enough to hear what comes
next?

Janey doesn't hit the button. Marcy's eyes bore into her.

MARCY
 I can shut down this city with
 three phone calls.
 (beat)
 The first... tells the Outfit crews
 to turn Rush Street into Belfast.
 (beat)
 The second... makes sure every cop
 in the city calls in sick that
 night.
 (beat)
 The third... well, let's hope it
 doesn't come to that.

Jane Byrne stares back at him, the blood leaving her face.

MARCY
 You're in that chair because I put
 you there. Don't forget it.

Marcy rises. He grinds the cigar cuttings into the rug with
 his heel and walks out.

INT. OFFICE FOYER - DAY

As Marcy walks away, Scott -- Jane Byrne's aide -- opens the
 office door to see... Janey pouring herself a drink.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Marcy walks across the large, empty marble lobby to the bank
 of pay phones. He steps to one... dials... listens...

MARCY
 We're good. Let's go.

He hangs up... and now dials again.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A black limo sits outside a house. Ben Stein in the back
 seat, watching the house through the open window.

BEN STEIN
 Again.

The DRIVER beeps the horn. A beat. Stein steps out of the
 limo. He holds a bouquet of roses. He walks up to the house.

EXT./INT. HOUSE - DAY

Stein walks in the unlocked door... through the living
 room... to the kitchen. He stops still at the sight of...

Debbie's body. Sitting slumped against the fridge, in a torn
 bathrobe. She's been strangled by her own lace bra, which is
 wrapped tightly around the fridge's door handle.

Ben Stein sits down hard. He looks like a very old man. There's a glass of gin beside a bottle on the table. He downs the glass, realizing that Marcy took care of his business.

INT. AMBASSADOR ARMS HOTEL - DAY

A hotel suite, all decked out for Super Sunday. Kegs of beer on ice. Pizza and foot-long sandwiches. And scores of amped-up OUTFIT GUYS who've been drinking since they woke up.

A half-dozen ROSIE GIRLS mingle among them.

Cooley stands with Marie.

Dukie Basil -- a white butterfly bandage over the nose Cooley broke for him -- is serving as M.C., in charge of running the high-stakes Superbowl box pool.

DUKIE
A grand a box. Let's go.

As Outfit guys fork over cash and sign for boxes... Dukie removes the face cards from a deck of playing cards.

DUKIE
Who wants the honors? Lady Luck -- get up here.

He points to Marie. She steps up and draws a card from the deck: 6. Dukie writes it across the top left column of boxes. Marie pulls another one: 3. We're off and running.

Boo Libonati sidles up to Cooley. He nods at Marie.

BOO
She one of Rosie's girls?

COOLEY
Wants to be. I'm test-driving her.

INTERCUTTING FBI VAN

Steve Benner in the undercover van, listening through headphones. Cracking his knuckles, a bundle of nerves.

BACK TO SCENE: SUPERBOWL PARTY

State Senator John D'Arco Sr. is here, too. Drinking a beer, digging the atmosphere. Standing with Cooley.

D'ARCO SR.
Look around the room, Cooley. Half these guys work at the Mac Center. Gets a man thinking. Those big Expos the Mac's always holding? Did you know the vendors aren't allowed to carry their stuff in?
(MORE)

D'ARCO SR. (CONT'D)

They can only take it so far, then the union guys gotta take it the rest of the way. You find some big-ticket vendor with a lot of insurance... haul his stuff in the front door... out the back door... everybody wins.

COOLEY

That's why I voted for you, Senator. You're an idea man.

D'Arco laughs.

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW - DAY

Marcy sits alone at the back table. Sipping a beer. He nods at Dom Senese, who...

Walks to the pay-phones in the back.

INT. SUPERBOWL PARTY - DAY

The party's going full-steam now. Everyone's loaded. The third-quarter score flashes on the TV, making a winner of a DRUNKEN OUTFIT THUG.

OUTFIT THUG

Yes! All me, baby!

A pissed Dukie forks over the ten-grand payout.

IN THE CORNER

Marco D'Amico is on the phone. As he listens... he stares bullets across the room at Cooley.

As Cooley and Marie walk past an open door...

BOO (O.S.)

Cooley!

Boo Libonati waves them into the...

WEAPONS ROOM.

A mountain of coke sits on a glass coffee table. Boo, some Outfit thugs, and a few Rosie girls sit around it, snorting lines off the glass.

As Cooley and Marie walk over... Marie fingers a small, pencil-thin necklace. WE CLOSE IN on the necklace to reveal: The eye of the micro-camera hidden inside.

Cooley spots the necklace. He realizes what Marie's up to. He's pissed -- nobody told him -- but it's too late now.

They reach the partiers. As Marie points the necklace at the coffee table...

Boo offers her the coke straw. His eyes roam over her. Is it just lust... or does he suspect something? A beat. Marie takes the coke straw. As she bends toward the blow...

COOLEY
You saying I can't keep her awake,
Boo?

Cooley grabs the straw and passes it along. He leads Marie over to the WEAPONS TABLE in the corner, where...

JORDY, 35, pockmarked, presides over an awesome spread of:

FIREARMS: .22s... 38s... sawed-off shotguns. FIGHTING
WEAPONS: Leaded gloves... knives... chokestrings. EXPLOSIVES:
Sticks of dynamite, plastic putty.

And for the coup de grace:

PRE-PACKAGED HIT KITS, each containing: Chloroform, surgical gloves, duct tape, handcuffs, and a .22 with anti-fingerprint tape on the handle.

JORDY
No window shoppin'. I ain't a
charity.

With Jordy eyeing Cooley, Marie gets her money shot. She tucks her necklace into her blouse. Cooley takes her arm.

COOLEY
C'mon, let's get a drink.

But as they reach the doorway... Marco D'Amico fills it. He gives Cooley a dead-eye stare.

MARCO
Cooley? Let's go. Something's come
up.

COOLEY
It's the fuckin' Superbowl. I got
a bundle riding.

MARCO
Don't worry, we'll be back for the
finish.

Cooley glances at Marie. She nods -- she can handle herself.

INTERCUTTING: FBI VAN

Benner listening in... on edge.

BENNER
Don't do it, Cooley. Don't
fuckin'...

He can't believe he just swore. He touches his cross.

BENNER
Sorry...

INT. AMBASSADOR ARMS HOTEL GARAGE

Marco and Cooley walk to a dirty Crown Vic. Just before they reach it...

MARCO
They found a bug at Counsellor's
Row.

Cooley stops and stares at Marco. *He didn't know.* Marco watches him. And now he opens the car door. Inside...

FAT EDDIE GENSON lies in the back seat. Hands tied behind him, tape over his eyes and mouth. Cooley hides his shock.

One of Marco's signature orange corkscrews lies by the back window.

Cooley and Marco slide into the car. The DRIVER turns around: Harry Aleman.

EXT. AMBASSADOR ARMS HOTEL - NIGHT

The Crown Vic drives out of the garage. Benner's FBI van waits... and now follows it.

INT. CROWN VIC - NIGHT: DRIVING

Cooley and Marco. Genson sobs into his duct tape.

COOLEY
What did he do?

MARCO
What didn't he do? Think Marcy's
gonna trust a rat with all this
heat around?

INT. AMBASSADOR ARMS HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The big game's over. ON TV: The VICTORIOUS OAKLAND RAIDERS, celebrating on the field.

A pissed Dukie pays off the final BOX WINNER. The mood in the room is sour -- a hundred boxes and four winners. The kegs are spent, too -- everyone's drinking hard stuff.

Marie looks around the room. Low lights... drunk, coked-up Outfit guys... Rosie girls giving lap dances. Nothing good's gonna happen from here on out.

Boo steps up. Hungry eyes.

BOO
Looks like Cooley got a better offer.

MARIE
I doubt that. He'll be back.

Boo smiles. *Think so?* Dukie Basil steps up. Suddenly Marie is cornered. Boo takes her arm. He pulls her to the bedroom door... and now in.

A SKIMPY RED BIKINI lies on the bed.

BOO
You're gonna put that on...

MARIE
Come on--

BOO
Or I'm gonna do it for ya.

Boo leaves and closes the door. Marie stares at the bikini, desperation in her eyes.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

The Crown Vic turns off 39th Street into a deserted alley. Pulls beside a dumpster.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Benner drives past the alley and stops down the block. He jumps into the back and dons the headphones again.

INT. CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Marco hands Cooley a gun. Cooley stares at it.

MARCO
Marcy knows how much you hate his guts.
(beat)
Gotta hear his last words. That's the best fuckin' part.

Marco rips the tape off Genson's mouth. Fat Eddie is sweating and desperate.

FAT EDDIE
Marco... Marco... what did I do?
All I ever... Cooley...

INT. AMBASSADOR ARMS SUITE - NIGHT

Boo and Dukie drink outside the bedroom door. Dukie holds a boombox: **Donna Summer's "I Feel Love"** plays out of it.

Boo pounds the door. No answer. He opens it. A terrified Marie sits on the bed. Wearing the red bikini.

MARIE
Listen--

He pulls her out into the living room.

BOO
Dance.

DONNA SUMMER (O.S.)
I feeeelllll love.....

Marie can't bring herself to do it.

DUKIE
She doesn't wanna dance. Okay...

The guys rise... and Marie starts to dance. Awkwardly, her arms crossed over her bosom.

BOO
What are you, *I Dream of Jeannie*?
Drop those fuckin' arms.

DUKIE
Show us what you got.

She drops her arms and starts to move. As she dances, terrified and humiliated...

Boo holds the deck of cards out to Dukie. They each pull one. And Marie realizes... they're drawing for her.

Dukie's king beats Boo's 7.

Marie runs for the door. But Boo catches her and wraps her up. He carries her toward the bedroom.

DUKIE
Hey! I won the cut.

BOO
Fuck the cut.

Boo pulls his gun... and Dukie backs down. Boo hurls Marie into the bedroom. He walks in... and shuts the door.

INT. CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Cooley holds the gun on the sobbing Genson.

GENSON
I got a kid, Cooley. There's a picture in my wallet. Little League. Just look at it. Look at it!

INTERCUT STEVE BENNER IN THE FBI VAN

Benner is twisting his hands together. He pulls his gun. Stay... or go? As he starts to shed his headphones...

COOLEY (O.S.)
I can't call this off, Eddie.
Sorry.

Is that Benner's answer? He rocks back and forth, torn.

BENNER
You better be talkin' to me,
Cooley.

INT. CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Cooley raises the gun... and clubs Genson in the temple, knocking him out.

MARCO
What the fuck, Cooley?

COOLEY
You wanna clean the fuckin' car?

Cooley hauls Genson past Marco... out of the car... and drags him behind the dumpster.

Marco and Aleman can see Genson's legs... and part of Cooley. Cooley raises the gun. BAM! He stares, wide-eyed. He drops to a knee. BAM! BAM!

COOLEY
Fuck!

He backs away from the dumpster. He walks back to the car and gets in, breathing hard. Blood now on his face. Marco tosses him a handkerchief.

MARCO
Blowback's a bitch.

They drive away. A beat.

Benner slips into the alley. Fat Eddie's legs sticking out from behind the dumpster. Benner walks over. He sees:

Fat Eddie curled in the fetal position. Shaking, crying... but unhurt.

INT. CROWN VIC - NIGHT: DRIVING

Cooley sits in the back seat. He reaches down and lifts his pant-leg to reveal: the puncture wound in his calf. Where he gouged himself with...

Marco's orange corkscrew. He drops the corkscrew onto the floor and eases it under the front seat.

INT. AMBASSADOR ARMS HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Cooley hurries into the suite. The place is a wreck. He looks around for Marie. Nowhere. He shakes a passed-out THUG.

COOLEY
Where is she?

The thug doesn't stir. Dukie Basil drinks in a chair outside the bedroom door. He sees Cooley. Uh oh. He splits.

Cooley opens the bedroom door to see...

Marie on the bed in the red bikini... HOLDING A GUN TO BOO'S HEAD. Sweat rolling down his face.

BOO
Cooley. Bitch pulled my own gun on me. Let's teach her a lesson, huh?

Cooley walks over... and slams Boo's head against the wall, knocking him out. Marie lowers the gun. She's shaking, ashamed for Cooley to see her like this.

Cooley wraps her blouse around her shoulders.

COOLEY
It's okay.
(beat)
You did good.

EXT. CHICAGO PARK - NIGHT

The FBI van sits in an empty park. Cooley's car pulls up. He and Marie scramble up into the van. Benner is waiting.

COOLEY
We got a problem. Fat Eddie...

BENNER
It's all taken care of.
(beat)
Genson's in an Indiana motel room, guarded by two FBI agents. And that's where he'll stay until the indictments come down.

COOLEY
But what about--

BENNER
The *Tribune*'ll run a story tomorrow. Body found in an alley off 39th Street. Name withheld until the family can be notified.

Cooley's impressed. Still...

COOLEY
The bug at Counsellor's. Did you know?

Benner's busted. And ashamed. A long beat. Finally...

Cooley breaks a beer off a six-pack and hands it to Marie. She needs it. A beat. He tosses one to Benner. Forgiven. The three of them, each worn out, pop their beers and drink.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL SAGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Anton Sagan stares at the photos from the Superbowl Party. The weapons table... the cocaine... John D'Arco Sr.

SAGAN
It's enough to shake your faith in
government.
(beat)
Well done.

Gary Shapiro smiles.

INT. ST. FELICITAS CHURCH - DAY

Father Brady serving communion. He lays the wafer on the tongue of... Steve Benner.

INT. COOLEY'S APT. - NIGHT

Cooley, beer in hand, stares at the **Blue on Blue** painting that Kate gave him. He picks up the phone... dials... and kills the call.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Fat Eddie Genson sits on his bed, smoking a cigarette. Red-eyed and sleepless, miserable in his captivity. The room is littered with beer cans and dirty take-out boxes.

He stubs out his cig in an ashtray. He stares at a sock on the floor. A beat. He picks up the sock... and slides the ashtray into it.

He looks at the door. A beat. He walks to it, twisting the sock around his wrist. He opens the door carefully and eases into the hallway, where...

A FED dozes on a chair. He starts awake, but...

Fat Eddie cracks the loaded sock across his temple. The Fed crumples to the ground. Fat Eddie waddles off down the hall.

INT. COOLEY'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Cooley, Benner, and Gary Shapiro. Emergency session.

SHAPIRO
Eddie Genson slipped our custody.
Which means you're in Witness
Protection as of right now.

Cooley can't believe it. He pounds the fridge in frustration.

COOLEY
No. We've done nothing.

SHAPIRO
Cooley, we've made history. We'll
get twenty indictments, at least.
Judges, crew bosses, aldermen. A
State Senator.

COOLEY
And what about Marcy?

SHAPIRO
It's too late for that, Cooley. I'm
sorry.

COOLEY
If we put everyone else away,
nothing changes. You know that.
(beat)
Fat Eddie won't go to Marcy. Marcy
tried to kill him.

BENNER
Cooley...

COOLEY
Fat Eddie's holed up in some
whorehouse. Or halfway to Mexico.
(beat)
Give me two days, Shapiro. Two days
and I'll hand you Pat Marcy.
Please.

A beat. Benner can't believe Shapiro's considering it.

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW - DAY

Cooley walks to the First Ward table, where Marcy sits with
Dom Senese. Cooley doesn't sit down. He looks at Marcy.

COOLEY
Cubs or Sox?

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

Cooley and Marcy stand in the same abandoned office where
they planned the Aleman fix.

COOLEY
Katz and Co. is a family jeweler.
The old man survived Auschwitz.
Came over with the shirt on his
back.

(MORE)

COOLEY (CONT'D)

Took him thirty years to build the business... and it took his son Noah two to piss it away. Coke, girls, and gambling. So Noah needs a big score.

(beat)

He's insured a million bucks worth of jewelry for two million. That's what's going to disappear from the Mac Center Expo tomorrow night.

MARCY

What's my end?

COOLEY

Twenty percent of the haul.

A long beat.

MARCY

You think I need gems to work a girl up into a lather? Cash, Cooley. A hundred grand.

COOLEY

Noah's not gonna like that.

MARCY

Then Noah will have to do what the Third Reich couldn't -- break his father's spirit.

COOLEY

You're right. He'll pay.

MARCY

Blackie brings me my cut.

(beat)

No offense, Cooley. I'm a creature of habit.

A beat. Cooley nods.

INT. BENNER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Cooley walks in, triumph in his eyes. He lays the NAGRA recorder onto the desk... but sees Benner and Marie's desolate faces.

COOLEY

What?

MARIE

Shapiro shredded the warrant for today's wire.

(touching the NAGRA)

Whatever he said, we can't use.

COOLEY

What do you mean he shredded the warrant?

A long beat. Marie can't bring herself to break the news.

BENNER
Cooley... Marcy is off-limits.

Cooley stares at him, stunned.

INT. SWANKY BALLROOM - NIGHT

A black tie fundraiser. Pols, cops, and judges mingle, sipping and smiling. Gary Shapiro and his WIFE make the rounds. Shapiro slips away to the bar.

SHAPIRO
Gin martini.

Cooley appears out of nowhere... and grabs him by the collar.

SHAPIRO
What the hell?--

As the startled bartender watches, a furious Cooley drags Shapiro to the bathroom... through the door... and pushes him against the marble wall.

SHAPIRO
Cooley--

COOLEY
Marcy's warrant.

SHAPIRO
I had no choice.

COOLEY
What the hell does that mean?

SHAPIRO
It means Sagan told me to shred it.

COOLEY
Why?

SHAPIRO
Because he's retiring.

Which hits Cooley like a shot to the solar plexus.

SHAPIRO
He's announcing the indictments on his way out.
(beat)
Sagan's headed to Jenner and Block - just like the last two attorney generals. He knows his history, too. Do you? Where do you think Jenner and Block gets half their business? The First Ward. One hand washes the other, Cooley. Like it always does in this town.

Cooley looks like he's been kicked in the liver. A beat.

COOLEY
Doesn't anybody want to win? Sixty fuckin' years they've been running this city. You can end it. Don't you want to win?

SHAPIRO
Win? This isn't New York, or Boston. It isn't even America. It's Chicago, Cooley. The good guys don't win. We survive -- if we're lucky.

COOLEY
At least Marcy knows what he is. You fuckin' guys...
(beat)
Fuck the Mac Center. I'm out.

Cooley heads for the door.

SHAPIRO
Cooley. Cooley!
(beat)
We can indict you.

Cooley turns, incredulous.

COOLEY
Indict me? For what?

SHAPIRO
For whatever we want, Cooley. We're the Feds.

Cooley rushes him... and slams his palm into the mirror behind Shapiro's head. Glass crashes down around them.

COOLEY
You do, and I'll kill you.

Fear in Shapiro's eyes. Cooley walks out.

EXT. RIVERWALK - DUSK

Cooley and Benner, back where it all began.

BENNER
You don't owe us a thing, Cooley.

Cooley stares at the river. We can see his mind working... and now the resolve rising in his eyes.

COOLEY
I got a plan.

BENNER
I'm not going to like it, am I?

INT. ST. FELICITAS CHURCH - NIGHT

Cooley sits in a pew with Father Brady. We're back where we started. Around them, a few diehard PARISHIONERS file out after midnight mass.

FATHER BRADY
Is it too much to hope you're here
to confess?

This time he is.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DUSK

Cooley rings a doorbell. A beat. The door is opened by...

JUDGE FRANK WILSON. Looking old and drawn. Staring with haunted eyes at Cooley, who's come to make amends.

INT. COOLEY'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Cooley sits on his bed... taping the NAGRA to his chest. He's wiring himself up tonight.

EXT. MCCORMICK CENTER - NIGHT

Chicago's primo convention center rises out of Lake Shore Drive. WORKERS hustle about, hauling gear to and fro, prepping for tonight's Expo.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Benner and Marie up front. Cooley in the back with... Agent Christensen, the washout Fed from the motel room. Getting his shot at redemption.

Tonight he's posing as NOAH KATZ, wastrel jewelry heir. At his feet are two big LOCK BOXES. Cooley holds a thick leather pouch -- Marcy's payoff money.

Christensen, getting in character, takes a hit off a bullet. He shudders.

AGENT CHRISTENSEN
Baking soda. Burns like a bitch.

INT. FINNEGAN'S WAKE PUB - NIGHT

Sunburn McCoy drinks Guinness at the bar. Police Chief Bill Hanhardt stands beside him. Waiting on an answer.

HANHARDT
Last chance, Scottie.

Sweat on McCoy's face. He writes something on the back of a Guinness coaster. He gives it to Hanhardt.

Hanhardt eyes the coaster... then crumples it up. He pats McCoy's shoulder and walks out of the bar.

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW - NIGHT

Marcy sits alone at the First Ward table. The phone rings. He picks it up... listens... and hangs up.

EXT. MCCORMICK CENTER - NIGHT

Cooley and Christensen carry the boxes to the UNION LINE... where Boo Libonati and TONY, 35, a thug, are waiting.

They look "Noah" over. Boo touches his nostril. Noah wipes away the "blow" under his nose.

COOLEY
Give 'em the boxes, Noah.

Noah has the shakes. Is he getting cold feet?

NOAH
These are my dad's whole fuckin' life.

COOLEY
Suck it up. We're doin' this.

Noah reluctantly hands over the lock boxes.

COOLEY
Now go inside and find your exhibit space. When your rocks don't show up, start screaming bloody murder.

Noah walks into the Mac Center.

COOLEY
Wait'll I tell him about the street tax.

Boo and Tony laugh. They carry the boxes into the Center.

EXT. MCCORMICK CENTER BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bill Hanhardt stands by the back door, holding it open for...

Boo and Tony, who walk out with the lock boxes. Easiest heist in history. They walk past Cooley... toward a van.

The van doors open. Marco and his crew inside. And a keg on ice... and two of Rosie's girls. Marco salutes Cooley.

MARCO
See you at the clubhouse...

Boo steps back to Cooley. He nods at the leather pouch.

BOO
C'mon, I'll take you to Blackie.

They get into Boo's Ford Granada.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

The FBI van is parked on a corner near the Mac Center.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Benner and Marie, scanning the street for Cooley. Benner's the calm one now. He touches Marie's hand.

 BENNER
He'll be here.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

The deserted slaughterhouse where Ronnie met his end.

Angelo "The Hook" LaPietra, Blackie Pesoli, and three CREW GUYS stand at the window, looking out at the courtyard.

They watch Boo's Granada pull up. Cooley beside him.

 BLACKIE
Just lemme have first crack.
Nothing better than watching a rat
swing.

 ANGELO
 (sneers)
You got it, Blackie.

INT. BOO'S GRANADA - NIGHT

Boo kills the engine. He nods at the slaughterhouse.

 BOO
They're in there.

Cooley eyes the slaughterhouse. He's not psyched.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

Cooley walks in. Angelo and his men stand shoulder-to-shoulder, facing him. Menacing as hell.

 COOLEY
Guys.

Cooley walks up to them and holds out the leather pouch. As Blackie reaches for it...

Angelo smiles at Cooley... grips his lead pipe tight... and smashes it into BLACKIE'S KNEE.

Blackie crumples to the floor, yelling in pain. Angelo zips a choke-string around his neck. He holds him still as the other guys lay into Blackie with lead pipes. Blow after blow.

Cooley watches in horror. Angelo releases the choke-string. Blackie gasps. He lies on his back, moaning.

ANGELO
Fuckin' stoolie. Fuckin' Fed rat.
You want first crack? You got it.

Angelo hits the wall button. He holds Blackie up by the hair, so that he can see... the GLEAMING HOOK gliding toward him out of the darkness.

INT. FINNEGAN'S WAKE PUB - NIGHT: FLASHBACK

Sunburn McCoy hands Bill Hanhardt the Guinness coaster. As Hanhardt looks at it, we see what McCoy wrote:

ON GUINNESS COASTER: "Blackie P."

BACK TO SCENE: SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

BLACKIE
No!...

ANGELO
(to Cooley)
Boo'll take you to Marcy.

Cooley stands there, staring at the swaying meathook as Boo and the crew guys get good grips on Blackie.

ANGELO
Unless you want to stay for the show...

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

A shaken Cooley walks out of the slaughterhouse and gets into Boo's Granada.

BOO
Fuckin' Blackie. If you can't trust the cops, who can you trust, huh Cooley?
(beat)
For what it's worth, my money was on you.

They drive away.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Boo's car pulls into a deserted courtyard near the docks.
Cooley sees...

Pat Marcy's Towncar parked near a rotting pier. Harry Aleman
and Dom Senese stand beside it. Cooley gets out of Boo's car.

He walks alone across the empty, moonlit courtyard.

Aleman and Senese stare at him, stone-faced. Cooley opens the
back door and slides in.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Cooley and Marcy. A beat. Cooley hands Marcy the leather
money pouch. Marcy looks inside: stacks of c-notes.

MARCY
And to think I used to wonder if
you had the stomach for this.

Marcy leans over and... rips open Cooley's shirt to reveal:
His chest. THE NAGRA IS GONE.

MARCY
Kick off your shoes.

Cooley does. No wire. He's clean. Marcy smiles. He turns the
money pouch in his hands... and now offers it back to a
surprised Cooley.

MARCY
Consider this a retainer.

COOLEY
For what?

MARCY
For the day I need a lawyer.

Cooley stares at the pouch. He doesn't take it.

COOLEY
There's something we need to
straighten out.

MARCY
Let it lie, Cooley.

COOLEY
I can't.

MARCY
I knew he was her brother.

Cooley's eyes flash. He stays steady.

COOLEY
Did he die like Blackie?

MARCY
Same fuckin' hook.
(beat)
Nobody steals from me, Cooley.
Nobody turns on me.
(beat)
That's how you run a city. You do
what you need to.

Marcy places the money pouch in Cooley's hands.

MARCY
Now go tear up the town. You've
earned it.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Benner and Marie are still watching the street. Relief fills
their eyes as...

Cooley walks toward the van. They move into the back and open
the door. Cooley climbs in. Their faces fall at the sight of
the money pouch.

BENNER
Marcy didn't take his cut?

COOLEY
I knew he wouldn't. Too much heat.

MARIE
So we have nothing on him.

COOLEY
I wouldn't say that...

Cooley opens the money pouch. He rips out stacks of cash to
reveal... the NAGRA recorder that was hidden beneath them.
Benner and Marie can't believe it.

BENNER
But without a warrant, we can't use
this.

COOLEY
Guys... give me a little credit.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL SAGAN'S OFFICE - DAY: FLASHBACK

Sagan stares across his desk at Cooley. And sitting beside
Cooley is...

Columnist Mike Royko. His owl eyes leveled on Sagan.

ROYKO
Trust me, it would go above the
fold.

A seething Sagan signs the WIRETAP WARRANT.

BACK TO SCENE: FBI VAN - NIGHT

MARIE
Marcy can claim attorney-client
privilege. Which would make this
inadmissible.

Cooley pulls out a piece of paper and hands it over. Benner
and Marie stare at... a NOTICE OF DISBARMENT.

COOLEY
Courtesy of Judge Wilson. Wouldn't
even take any money. Doing it was
payment enough.

BENNER
Cooley... this is permanent.

Cooley gives a stoic smile. Yeah.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Attorney General Anton Sagan stands in front of City Hall.
The wide steps are overflowing with media, local and
national. CNN, NBC, etc...

Gary Shapiro stands beside Sagan. Behind him: Steve Benner,
Marie Coffey, and Sunburn McCoy. No Cooley.

SAGAN
Today's indictments -- twenty-five
in all -- represent the greatest
single blow to organized crime in
Chicago since the conviction of Al
Capone. But today is not a day of
celebration. Among the indicted are
judges... policemen... elected
officials... union representatives.

INT. MAMA DELUCCA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

SIX JUDGES sit at a table. A PROCESS SERVER walks up.

PROCESS SERVER
Today's special...

He starts slapping down subpoenas.

INT. OUTFIT CLUBHOUSE - DAY

A POLICE BATTERING RAM blasts in the door. Dozens of cops
swarm in, arresting Marco's crew. Dukie Basil... Boo
Libonati... Harry Aleman.... they're all here.

Marco, cue stick in hand, gets in one good swing before he's
slammed face down onto the pool table.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

SAGAN
Still, today is a step forward, a
step toward the day when all the
guardians of our public trust will
be guided by, as a fellow Illini
once put it, the "better angels" of
their nature.

INT. CITY HALL LOBBY - DAY

A panicked John D'Arco Sr. hurries to the bank of pay phones.
He dials... listens... and drops the receiver. He falls to
his knees, moaning in shock, grabbing his head.

D'ARCO SR.
Oh my God...

He sees a pair of FEDS headed his way.

INT. FINNEGAN'S WAKE PUB - DAY

Bill Hanhardt stands at the bar in full uniform, watching a
CUTE BARTENDER pour his Guinness. With a deft twist of her
wrist, she creates an Irish clover pattern in the white foam.

A TRIO OF FEDS walk in. Hanhardt spots them. The jig's up and
he knows it. He takes a last, sweet swig of Guinness as they
close in.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

SAGAN
These indictments could not have
been secured without the tireless
work of Gary Shapiro, assistant
district attorney, and his aide
Scott McCoy. Without the
contributions of FBI agents Steve
Benner and Marie Coffey...

INT. COUNSELLOR'S ROW RESTAURANT - DAY

Pat Marcy at his First Ward table. Dom Senese beside him.

TWO FEDS step in the door. Marcy smirks -- what jagoff are
they here to roust? But the Feds head straight for him.

Marcy looks at Dom Senese.

MARCY
Call Cool--

He stops, the truth slamming into him.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

SAGAN
... and without the extraordinary
contributions of one private
citizen, who made valor much the
better part of discretion, and
whose sacrifices for our city will
now, I'm afraid, make him an exile
from it.

INT. SHAPIRO'S OFFICE - DAY

Shapiro sits at his desk, Cooley across from him. FOUR SWAT
TEAM OFFICERS in full black riot gear line the walls. Benner,
Marie, and McCoy are there too.

SHAPIRO
This morning the Outfit put a
million-dollar contract on you.

COOLEY
It's nice to feel loved.

Shapiro nods at a WOMAN IN A SUIT, 33.

SHAPIRO
Jean is with the U.S. Marshal's
office. They run the Witness
Protection Program.

COOLEY
Jean. What's a U.S. Marshal make a
year?

JEAN
About forty thousand.

Cooley smiles. He looks at Shapiro.

COOLEY
No thanks, fellas.

Cooley walks to the door. He eyes Sunburn McCoy... and now a
grudging handshake. A hug for Marie. Nothing for Shapiro.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Cooley and Benner walk toward Cooley's Caddy.

BENNER
Don't go home. We'll pack up your
stuff and send it... wherever.

They reach the Caddy. Benner hands him a parting gift: A
BIBLE. Cooley sighs. Really not his thing.

BENNER
Open it.

Cooley does. It's been hollowed out... and holds a black .32 snub-nose pistol. Cooley smiles.

BENNER
For your hour of need.

COOLEY
Thanks.

A beat. It's sinking in now -- this is really over. They shake hands. Cooley gets into the Caddy and drives away.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Cooley's Caddy pulls into a driveway. Nobody home -- good. He gets out... hops the white fence... and walks to a doghouse.

Duke lies inside. He stares at Cooley, his eyes deadpan.

COOLEY
Don't overdo it.

Duke sighs, rises, and comes out. They hop the fence together and get into the car.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Cooley's Caddy slows to the curb beside the Lido art gallery. He looks through the window at... Kate.

INT. LIDO GALLERY - DAY

She's straightening a painting on the front wall. Sensing something, she turns... and sees Cooley in his Caddy. A long beat. She smiles sadly. They both know this is all they get.

INT. COOLEY'S CADDY - DAY

Cooley drives on. He stops at the corner for a red light.

THUD! A stack of *Tribunes* hits the sidewalk beside the Caddy. Cooley sees the screaming headline: "FEDS SLAM OUTFIT -- DOWN FOR THE COUNT?"

Mike Royko commands the front page today. A small photo of the columnist beside his article.

WE PUSH IN ON THE PHOTO. Royko's owl eyes stare back at us.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
So score one for the public; for
John and Joan Q.

And now we realize that Royko's been our narrator all along.

ROYKO (V.O.)
You finally get a shot at a fair
shake. For a little while, anyway.

EXT. STEVENSON EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Cooley's Caddy hits the Stevenson... and blends into traffic.
One car among many now. Chicago's rugged skyline laid out
behind it.

ROYKO (V.O.)
But stay sharp, guys. Because that
old philosopher was right, about
those who can't remember their
past.
(beat)
The question is: Will you?

Fade out.

SUPER THE LEGEND:

"Cooley never joined the Witness Protection Program, opting
to keep himself alive. He's moved from city to city ever
since."

"His evidence, and testimony, convicted twenty-five judges,
cops, politicians, and Outfit members. Afterwards, there
wasn't another Outfit hit in Chicago for ten years."

"Pat Marcy died of a heart attack during his trial."