

Mike drives, sipping his large coffee, rubbing his tired eyes. A Nets basketball game broadcast on the radio:

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tip's controlled by Lopez and we're underway here at the Barclays Center.

Mike GLANCES UP at the rearview mirror. KUJOVIC and GORAN are sitting in the backseat.

MIKE

Where we headed, fellas?

KUJOVIC

Columbus Circle. But we have a stop to make first.

Sc. 1  
Start

A smoky cave. Jimmy sits in a booth, smoking cigarettes and watching the Nets game. He pops a few more pills and downs them with a bottle of beer.

~~MAN (O.S.)~~

~~Look what the cat dragged in.~~

Jimmy looks up at DETECTIVE JOHN HARDING, 50s. Hard-nosed, seen-it-all, inured to the lonely, god-awful-shitty life of a homicide detective; and his partner, DETECTIVE JOSE FLORES, 35, fresh-faced, just promoted. Harding motions to sit down.

JIMMY



I'm expecting someone.

HARDING

Bullshit. You don't got friends, Conlon.

Harding and Flores sit across from Jimmy.

HARDING

Detective Flores, meet Jimmy Conlon. Jimmy and I used to spend a lotta quality time together back when he was killing people for Shawn Maguire.

FLORES

(offering his hand)  
Nice to meetcha, Jimmy.

Jimmy ignores him.

HARDING

We used to have a name for him on the Homicide Task Force. Jimmy The Gravedigger.

JIMMY

What happened to the other guy? That ginzo you used to follow around?

HARDING

Tornetta?

JIMMY

Yeah, the ginzo.

HARDING

Retired. Lives down in Atlantic City now. Got tired of working with a D.A. on Maguire's payroll. Tired of seeing murderers like you walk free.

JIMMY

Maybe you shoulda taken a bite outta that pie, Harding. You wouldn't still be wearing suits like that.

HARDING

What? You don't like the suit?

JIMMY

When's the last time you sniffed some pussy?

HARDING

Last night actually.

JIMMY

(re: Flores)

I mean, other than the one between his legs.

Jimmy and Harding stare at each other a long moment. Lots of history here. All of it unresolved.

HARDING

What's the number, Jimmy? Tornetta had you at sixteen, but I always thought it was more. I made a list once. All the names.

JIMMY

How'd that work out?

(CONTINUED)

2/12

HARDING

Seventeen. Tornetta left off Ernest Hayes. Hayes had to be yours. .45 slug in his frontal lobe. Always to the forehead so you could look 'em in the eyes before blowing 'em to kingdom come, right?

JIMMY

Name doesn't ring a bell.

HARDING

His widow sends me a letter every year. Handwritten. Asking if I got any new information on where her husband's body is. Twenty-five years later and she still needs closure. I got stacks'a those letters crowding my desk. That get under your skin at all?

JIMMY

That your desk is crowded? Excuse me if I don't give a fuck.

HARDING

(beat, then)

Come on, just whisper it in my ear. Hand to God it never leaves this table. What's the number?

Jimmy appears to be coming to a decision. It seems as if he's ready to relieve himself of some long-held burden. He exhales a large stream of smoke then leans forward. Harding, too.

JIMMY

Your partner's got his foot in my crotch and he's ticklin' my balls.

Harding looks at Jimmy: some assholes never change.

HARDING

Let's get outta here. I lost my appetite all of a sudden.

Harding and Flores slide out of the booth. Before Harding leaves, he sets his card in front of Jimmy.

HARDING

When the nightmares get so bad you can't stand to look at yourself no more, gimme a call.

Sc 1

STOP

(CONTINUED)

3/12