

Boss
by
Farhad Safinia

10.21.10

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
King Lear, 1.1

FADE IN ON a single continuous shot. An empty chair, square on. Behind it, a wide open, dilapidated space.

DOCTOR (O.C.)
Take a seat.
(beat)
Please.

A man enters frame, sits. THOMAS KANE (mid 50s). **Continuing the same shot, we stay tight on him throughout.**

DOCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(beat)
It's called Lewy Body. Abnormal microscopic amounts of protein depositing themselves in the nerve cells of your cerebral cortex and substantia nigra, here...

Stay on Kane. We hear the flap of an x-ray being held up.

DOCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
... and here, destroying them over time, atrophying the frontal and temporal lobes. It's rare. It's not Alzheimer's, it's not Parkinson's, but like them, degenerative progression is slow, irreversible and there is no known cure.

Nothing gives on Kane's face. Another flap, the x-rays are put away. A shuffle. Silence.

DOCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
First, your higher mental functions will deteriorate. Orientation, reasoning, intelligence, insight. Your behavior and personality will change, lack of inhibition, confusion, lack of concern about your surroundings. Your speech will become unusual, nonsensical at times, with unconscious repetition, loss of words. You will experience increasingly severe visual hallucinations, paranoia, delusions. Depression is common. Anxiety more so. Later, as the disease advances, you will see dystonic postures, muscle rigidity, tremors, loss of language, memory, prominent grasp and sucking reflexes.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Eventually you will not be able to carry out simple daily tasks. The damage to your temporal lobe so severe that you will have difficulty with balance, your body movement reduced drastically with fluctuating levels of unconsciousness lasting days to weeks... until death.

KANE
 How long?

DOCTOR (O.C.)
 It's hard to say. Three, maybe five years.

KANE
 I can't shake.

DOCTOR (O.C.)
 We can try to mitigate some of that with antiparkinsonian drugs but...

KANE
 What drugs?

DOCTOR (O.C.)
 They may acutely worsen the hallucinations and delusions, precipitating psychosis.

KANE
 What drugs?

DOCTOR (O.C.)
 (beat)
 L-DOPA. Combined with Rivastigmine, maybe haloperidol for the neuroleptic side. We'll have to see what works for you.

Silence. Kane, still immutable.

DOCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 You'll need legal advice. Advance directives, power of attorney, determining the course of certain ethical decisions. If, for instance, your behavior becomes aggressive, dangerous to yourself and to others, do you want to be medicated or restrained?

(MORE)

DOCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 When your sensory functions
 deteriorate are we to rectify
 through surgery, or leave be? You
 need to make these decisions now,
 while you still can. Eventually you
 will need twenty four hour care,
 somewhere comfortable where your
 needs can be met. I assume this
 could be at home?

The last word, "home", triggers something inside Kane.

DOCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 You might want to talk to your
 family?

The flicker gone, Kane's face resumes its cold control...

DOCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 There are also support groups...
 elder care...

KANE
 (interrupting)
 Thank you, Doctor.

Continuing the same shot, pulling out wider: Kane rises and
 waits as the DOCTOR, (female, 40s) collects her things. His
 gaze turns to the derelict factory floor around them.

KANE (CONT'D)
 20,000 men worked right here, in
 this place, slaughtering hundreds
 of thousands of hogs and cattle a
 day... "Life, with all its cares
 and its terrors, is no such great
 thing after all"... Laborer or hog.

DOCTOR
 Sinclair.

KANE
 Yes.

Continuing the same shot: We follow them to the door, pushed
 open to the blinding light and out to...

... The desolate expanse of the STOCKYARD INDUSTRIAL PARK,
 the famed meat packing *Yards* of a bygone era now pocked with
 ghost ridden factories, long emptied warehouses and a handful
 of struggling, smaller industrial projects. Windswept rail
 tracks to the south and east. Smatterings of South Side slum
 housing in the far distance. The place could not be more
 complete in its isolation.

We follow them to a parked SUV. The Doctor unlocks it. Kane holds the door for her, could be out of politeness, but it's a beat too long for that.

KANE (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming all the way out here. I hope you understand.

DOCTOR

I understand.

He closes the door and she takes off. Watching her go, he reaches for his cell, speed dials a number...

KANE (INTO PHONE)

I'm ready.

He puts the phone away, and now alone, he relents suddenly, his mask finally dropping, his breaths quickening, he has to loosen his tie. He reaches out to steady himself against the nearest wall, the wave not abating he sinks lost for air, sliding down the distinctive red bricks of the old Union Stockyards Bank. He wills himself to control his breathing...

KANE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Bareheaded... bareheaded...
shoveling, wrecking...
bareheaded...

He straightens, regaining control. A town car approaches. He begins toward it and we follow, **and continuing the same shot**, we climb into the rear with him. We stay tight on him throughout as the car takes off. Around him the buildings shift and change as streets swish by. He sits in silence. The driver, not revealed.

KANE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Bareheaded... shoveling, wrecking,
planning, building, breaking,
rebuilding...

(beat)

What have you done? What have you done?

A sound begins to grow, drawing closer, a CROWD CHEERING, clapping...

Staying on Kane, we see people outside the car windows rushing about their work, equipment in hand, two way radios, clipboards, a frenzy of activity. The car comes to a stop, Kane takes a moment, composes himself then gets out and **continuing the same shot**, we get out with him.

The roar of the crowd is now loud, just beyond. A handful of people rush up to him, make up touches, adjustments to his collar, brushes to his shoulders. KITTY O'NEIL (Female mid 30s) marches with them, next to KANE, toward a set of high scaffolding...

KITTY

They're ready. Turnout about six hundred. Podium is stage right. You'll walk across. Friendlies behind for the cameras and packing the first 3 rows in the pit. Hayes, Rosen, Cullen and his wife sit stage left. In that order...

... continuing the same shot, the others peel away, only Kitty remains, marching with Kane through the scaffolding to the bottom of makeshift stairs, and up toward an opening, the crowd's noise now deafeningly close...

KITTY (CONT'D)

... When you announce him, she'll come first, then Cullen. Kenny Williams is doing your intro.

... Kitty stops on the very last possible step, Kane continues alone, but suddenly stops too, looking back at her.

KANE

(searching)
Williams... what's the-

KITTY

Stealth Bomber.

With that he's up and out, taking us with him in the same continuous shot onto a stage, a sea of people suddenly stretching out before us on the grass of MILLENNIUM PARK.

KENNY WILLIAMS

... the mayor of this great city...
Tom Kane.

Cheers erupt from the crowd, the front three rows with huge vigor, the rest not as enthusiastic but following suit. Banners flutter, all uniformly and simply reading: "**McCALL CULLEN. GOVERNOR.**" We follow Kane across stage toward the podium, as he smiles, waves, points at various people in the crowd. Reaching WHITE SOX GENERAL MANAGER KENNY WILLIAMS with a big handshake and hug, he takes to the microphone...

KANE

Thank you Kenny.

(leaning into mic,
conspiratorially)

Who're you after for left-hand bat?

Laughter from the crowd. WILLIAMS, now taking his seat on stage next to the other DIGNITARIES gives a big laugh...

KANE (CONT'D)

Cliff Lee?

(gesturing at the crowd)

Oh come on. Don't mind them. Just tell me.

WILLIAMS waves him off. Kane smiles...

KANE (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

Never see him coming... *Stealth Bomb...*

Another burst of cheers. Kane waits for them to calm. His eyes find the monitors showing the TV feeds, and continuing the same shot, so do we, seeing how they make the event look ten times larger and now slowly they push in past the crowd, tightening in on Kane. He waits for the right moment. The angles are good, the crowd ready...

KANE (CONT'D)

180 years ago, a 29 year old man arrived in town by boat. His name was Jeremiah Porter. A Presbyterian minister. What he found was a settlement numbering no more than 300 people, the majority of whom were soldiers stationed at Fort Dearborn, along with some French trappers, and pockets of Potowotomie Indians. But among the lot of them, vice was rampant. Corruption, an accepted way of life. Prostitution, boozing, horse racing, cards, dice and all forms of gambling were common occupations. Not far from here, on the Southwest corner of Clark and Lake, on a patch of land that was at the time, nothing more than a prairie bog, Jeremiah Porter set about to change that.

(MORE)

KANE (CONT'D)

Through dead of night and stifling heat of summer day, he worked with volunteers, by hand, by horse and by tool and by winter, they had built themselves a church, the first in the city. The First Presbyterian Church of Chicago. And it was only then that Reverend Porter's work truly began. Eradicating gambling, stamping out vice, raising arms against corruption. Today the first Presbyterian stands on a new site on the South Side at 64th and Kimbark. And despite having weathered many troubles over the years, the congregation still holds daily services, 180 years after Reverend Porter first began his crusade. It stands as a testament to an abiding truth about the nature of this great city. This, most American of all cities. That, always, its darkest elements, have given rise to its greatest crusaders of light. Its grafters and gamblers, sinners and corrupters, mob bosses and crooked aldermen have been met face on by those who could not, would not, be corrupted, with their cleansing, galvanizing force for good. These men, *and women*, seized the imagination of their time and did right by the people to bring about better tomorrows. Men like Jeremiah Porter. Men of moral muscle, men of backbone and unimpeachable integrity. Men who bareheaded, shoveling, wrecking, planning, building, breaking and rebuilding, made this city, and this state, what it is today. My friend...
 (beat, points for effect)
 ... Governor McCall Cullen is such a man.

The front three rows know when to play their part, they explode into cheers, banners waving wildly. Kane looks toward Cullen. Cullen smiles back, wide, but also leans slightly toward an AIDE behind him and through the fixed smile...

CULLEN

What the fuck is this?

KANE
 (over the cheers)
 And with your help, Mac is going
 back to Springfield!...

The crowd's cheers double and are sustained. Cullen and his wife are up, making their way to Kane...

KANE (CONT'D)
 ... Again and again and again!

Kane, Cullen, his wife. Hugs. Smiles. Arms aloft. Cheers.

End of the shot. FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PROPOSED O'HARE EXPANSION SITE, BENSENVILLE - DAY

In the near distance we see the main buildings of O'Hare Airport, the runway clotted with waiting planes. Before it, a vast construction site, fenced in. Caterpillar excavators, articulated trucks and concrete mixers all lie idle between piles of rubble and dirt. It's clear the place has not seen any construction activity in a while. A tent offers shelter from the beating sun.

GARZA (O.S.) (IN SPANISH)
 What do you think?

Inside the tent. Two construction workers, GARZA and ORTIZ sit amongst boxes and untouched equipment. Around them, at least a dozen other workers also laze, waiting...

ORTIZ (IN SPANISH)
 If we work, we work. If not...

Ortiz is carefully constructing himself a very elaborate burrito, reaching into small containers he's laid out before him for carnitas, onions, cilantro... Garza watches him.

GARZA (IN SPANISH)
 It's ten AM.

ORTIZ (IN SPANISH)
 So.

GARZA (IN SPANISH)
 So what are you going to eat for lunch?

ORTIZ (IN SPANISH)
 Lunch.

GARZA (IN SPANISH)
What's this?

ORTIZ (IN SPANISH)
This... is breakfast...

Ortiz carefully reseals all his containers first, cleans his fingers then grabbing his burrito with relish, takes a big bite. His eyes light up. His cheeks puffed...

ORTIZ (CONT'D) (IN SPANISH)
... number two.

FOREMAN (O.C.)
Alright everyone listen up.

They spin around. Everyone in the tent hopping to attention at the approaching FOREMAN.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
Pick up your things. Salva,
Miguelito, bring the 360 trackhoes
and the hydro. We're working
today...
(turns, pointing)
... over there.

We see, across the way, the large tombstone-covered grassy stretch of the St. Johannes Cemetery, butting right into the shadow of the airport. Ortiz swallows his mouthful. Looks from the graveyard to his burrito...

CHIEF EXHUMER (O.S.)
We've got one thousand three
hundred and seventy two plots to
get through. And for every single
one of them I want the same thing.

EXT. ST. JOHANNES CEMETERY, BENSENVILLE - DAY

The construction crew, gathered at the center of the cemetery, listen to a man covered head to toe in white rubber protective wear, the CHIEF EXHUMER, talking to their Foreman.

CHIEF EXHUMER
Six inches. That's half a shovel
length. Yes? Not an inch more. When
your guys hit that depth they stop.
Stop. And they call one of my guys
over. Most of these plots are pine
boxed, so you'll feel it. Like a
thud, a thump. Yup?

FOREMAN

Yup.

CHIEF EXHUMER

I don't know who the hell cooked up this contract division bull shit, but we can't touch the top soil and you can't touch the coffins so we have to work this together.

FOREMAN

We'll make it work.

CHIEF EXHUMER

(showing a document)

Alright, you sign this...

(the Foreman signs)

I sign here... ok, let's go.

CUT TO: The bucket head of an excavator churning up the earth before a tombstone. Around it, other excavators are doing the same. GARZA, ORTIZ and other workers stand by with shovels. ORTIZ nods toward the sour faced EXHUMER TEAM waiting a way off, all covered in their head to toe white rubber getups.

ORTIZ (IN SPANISH)

(to Garza)

Hey, hey... check it out...

Ghostbusters.

He cracks himself up laughing.

GARZA (IN SPANISH)

Not funny, man.

Garza stares at the upturning grave. Ortiz quietens, crosses himself.

GARZA (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

We're up.

They jump in, their shovels taking to the loosened earth.

INT. 5TH FLOOR, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - DAY

The city's century-old seat of power - the Office of the Mayor. Kane exits the elevator and makes his way through the open floor buzzing with the mayhem of city management. On the walls all around hang portraits of the old Bosses - Cermak, Kelly, Kennelly, Daley, Washington.

Kitty O'Neil walks with Kane, cell phone glued to her ear...

KITTY (INTO PHONE)
 No dinner. He's out at eight PM.
 Sharp... What kind of gifts?

Spotting them, a JUNIOR AIDE rushes up and hands Kitty a batch of notes. She sifts through them as they continue to walk, lands on one in particular...

KITTY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Yup... ma'am, ma'am, I'll have to
 call you back.
 (hangs up, to Kane)
 Cullen. Called 3 times since we
 left.

KANE
 Get him. And tell Stone to come in.

Kane enters his personal office, a sanctuary of calm away from the bustle on the floor. He removes his jacket. His desk phone rings. He hits the speaker button.

KANE (CONT'D)
 Put him through.

Click.

JUNIOR AIDE (ON THE PHONE)
 Governor, you're on with the Mayor.

CULLEN (ON THE PHONE)
 Tom.

KANE
 Mac.

The office door opens. IRA STONE (male, 50s) enters quietly, lean and fit, Kane's "grey suit" (senior advisor) is grey in demeanor, greyer in moral outlook.

CULLEN (ON THE PHONE)
 Hell of a speech.

KANE
 Thanks.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. CAR, INTERSTATE 55 - DAY

Cullen sitting in the back, holds an iPad showing the Tribune's latest front page - a picture of himself on stage at the rally earlier, arms victoriously aloft.

The headline reads: "**CRUSADER OF LIGHT**". The sub: "**Moral muscle, backbone and unimpeachable integrity**".

CULLEN

... Hit the Times and the Tribune already.

KANE

How does it look?

CULLEN

Good...

Cullen tosses the iPad to his Aide. He couldn't be angrier about it. Hates even more having to pretend he's not with Kane.

CULLEN (CONT'D)

We're going out wide for the next two weeks. Back in town a couple days before the primary.

KANE

What's the temperature?

CULLEN

It's a toxic shit storm. Anywhere across the fifty where there's a vote. Two-, sometimes three-, termers, wily old sons of bitches with smooth operations, cashed up, good messaging and plenty of grit getting their behinds handed to them on a sandwich platter.

KANE

With Walsh's ties to D.C. you just run the adds and watch her self implode trying to explain them.

CULLEN

Yeah, Walsh. Walsh, I know how to take. It's not the main event I'm worried about, it's this primary...

KANE

Primary's yours, Mac. You've got Cook County, you don't need anything else.

CULLEN

Yes. Of course. Thank you, Tom.

Long beat. Close on Kane... Close on Cullen... neither man speaking, each reading into the silence... then...

CULLEN (CONT'D)

Well, I guess that's it.

KANE

If there's anything else I can do.

CULLEN

I'll be sure to ask. Thanks again, Tom.

KANE

Mac.

Click, they hang up. In the car, Cullen turns to his Aide...

CULLEN

Alright. I need to know exactly how he's coming after me. When, who, what, fuck.

CULLEN'S AIDE

Is this about O'Hare?

CULLEN

Don't fucking ask questions. This isn't some fucking learning moment.
(beat)
Fucking moron.

In Kane's office.

KANE

How's the kid looking?

STONE

He'll be here in an hour.

KANE

Is he ready?

STONE

He's ready. His attacks on Cullen are gaining some serious balls.

KANE

Anyone putting him up to it?

STONE

No. He either really gives a shit or he's the most ambitious son of a bitch I've ever seen.

KANE

Personals.

STONE

Solid. He's straight. Goes to church. Family. Kids. Camera loves him. He's young but the game has changed, no one cares about that anymore.

Kane leans back in his chair. Swivels to look out the window.

KANE

Stoney... I need five minutes.

STONE

(rising)

Sure.

KANE

Can you tell them out there? No calls.

Stone exits, leaving Kane alone. He is still, lost in thought. Slowly he turns to face his desk, reaches for his phone, thinks better of it, reaches into his pocket for his cell phone and slowly dials a number...

EXT. ANEX BUILDING, CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHICAGO - DAY

The church stands tall in the background. Before it, a low, squat anex building carries a sign: "**Calvary Episcopal Church. Free Clinic**". We hear a phone ringing...

INT. ANEX BUILDING, CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHICAGO - DAY

A small waiting area packed with the old and young, Black, White and Hispanic, seated and standing. All around, there are signs showing the understood transaction of the set up - the health care is free because God loves you.

A simple folding table operates as receiving desk. A phone on it is ringing... A VOLUNTEER seated at the desk ignores it, focused on some form. A young woman appears from behind a set of curtains, leans in next to the VOLUNTEER, finger running down an impossibly long waiting list. Her name is ALICE KANE (female, 30). No fuss, small, simply attired, she seems tired but gives the sense of unending determination...

CLINIC PATIENT

(calling out)

Sixty two.

Alice looks up...

CLINIC PATIENT (CONT'D)
We're at sixty two.

ALICE
(calling out)
Sixty two.

CLINIC PATIENT
Yup, let's move it along.

Alice crosses off the number on the list. The reception desk Volunteer finally answers the ringing phone.

CLINIC VOLUNTEER (INTO PHONE)
Clinic... Just a moment...
(motioning to the
receiver)
Alice...

Alice shakes her head: not now.

CLINIC VOLUNTEER (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Can I take a message?

Alice pulls the curtain and waits for patient sixty two to step forward. A frail looking old man (black, mid 70s) approaches, helped by a young man (black, early 20s).

YOUNG MAN
Can I come in with him?

ALICE
Are you family?

YOUNG MAN
I'm his nephew.

She nods them in. They walk slowly past rows of curtained cubicles. All full. Medical. Dental. Eyes. Second hand equipment, donations, stacks of generic drugs. Alice holds a clipboard, filling out a questionnaire as they walk...

ALICE
What's your name, sir?

OLD MAN
Morrison. Edward Morrison.

ALICE
Date of birth?

OLD MAN
Two Five. Oh Five. Three Five.

ALICE
Address?

The old man has trouble talking, wheezing as he draws breath. The younger man, seeing his uncle's discomfort, takes over.

YOUNG MAN
He lives in Englewood. Do you need more than that?

ALICE
A zip?

YOUNG MAN
60621.

They reach an empty cubicle.

ALICE
Mr. Morrison just take a seat here.
(to the Young Man)
Medicaid? PCA? CHIP?

YOUNG MAN
No.

ALICE
What's your name?

YOUNG MAN
Darius. D. He has emphysema, he's been on inhalers but he's started to feel a lot of pain...

ALICE
A doctor will be with you in a minute.

DARIUS' cell starts to ring. He reaches into his pocket. Checks the number. Doesn't answer it. It stops. A beat. Alice continues filling out the form. DARIUS' cell rings again...

DARIUS
Ma'am? Can I take this?

She looks at him: what do you want me to do?

DARIUS (CONT'D)
It's private.

ALICE
 (pointing at the equipment
 and medication)
 I can't leave you in here alone.

DARIUS is momentarily stunned by such a direct insinuation, but he has to take the call. He ducks out, just to the other side of the curtain, answers the phone...

DARIUS (INTO PHONE)
 Yeah... I can't right now... Later,
 yeah... How much...

As he talks Alice glances at him through the curtain. His muscular bare arms and neck are covered in tattoos. His jewelry is minimal but if it's real, it's expensive. Suddenly he catches her staring at him. She immediately looks away.

DARIUS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 ... Alright... Later.

He hangs up. Enters the cubicle. His eyes on her, hers glued to the form, scribbling. There's a long silence. She looks up, connects directly with him again. Hold.

A doctor in overalls swishes in, breaking the discomfort...

CLINIC DOCTOR
 OK. What have we here?

Alice hands the doctor the form and leaves. On the other side of the curtain, the front desk volunteer intercepts her...

CLINIC VOLUNTEER
 It was your dad.

ALICE
 My dad?

CLINIC VOLUNTEER
 On the phone?

ALICE
 (beat)
 What did he say?

CLINIC VOLUNTEER
 Just to call him.

Alice is silent. The Volunteer shrugs, hands her the note: "Dad. 555-1212". Close on Alice, staring at it, shaken.

EXT. NOBLE SQUARE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, 24TH WARD - DAY

Low brick buildings. An empty school playground. A sign above the main entrance: "**Noble Square Elementary School**".

MEREDITH (O.S.)

Not long ago, financial shortages
had placed Noble Square Elementary
on a list of imminent school
closings...

INT. MAIN HALL, NOBLE SQUARE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, 24TH WARD - DAY

A handful of faculty hover expectantly at the entrance. The place is full of kids, seated cross legged in rows on the floor, buzzing with excitement. On the walls hang their art and craft work and a large sign put up specially for this occasion - vivid in its branding it reads: **A Scientia School**.

MEREDITH (O.S.)

... But through its partnership
with Scientia, Noble Square's
faculty, staff and students have
improved this school to become one
of the most successful in the city.

MEREDITH KANE (female, late 40s) enters. She's suited, immaculately groomed, smiling, with a minimal entourage of EXECUTIVES and an AIDE. Press photographers move in, clicking. A WBBM-TV local crew covers for TV. She shakes faculty hands. A group of kids come up together and proffer various hand made gifts. She crouches down to them.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Did you make this?

(a kid nods)

For me?

(another kid nods)

Well, thank you.

She hugs them. They hug back. Cameras click away.

CUT TO: The main hall. The adults clapping, children excitedly following suit. Meredith at a podium...

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Grades are up. Attendance is up.
Parents and students are satisfied.
(MORE)

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Scientia, working with local government, provided the critical technology, textbooks, supplies, maintenance and financial planning required to help turn this school around. Today, right at this moment, Scientia specialists are at work at schools across Chicago.

(turning to one of the
execs in her entourage)

Scientia CEO, Mike Bosovic, is a Noble Square alumnus himself, so I know how saving this particular school has been of personal importance to him.

CLAPPING. BOSOVIC (male, 60s) humbly nods...

CUT TO: A WBBM-TV REPORTER wrapping up to camera. In the background Meredith sits with kids, reading to them...

WBBM-TV REPORTER

Mrs. Kane read with students, met the faculty and staff at Noble Square and is scheduled to continue meetings with Scientia staff, at their headquarters, later this afternoon.

(beat)

Ok... lets get some B-Roll.

SAM MILLER (male, 30s) a Tribune reporter standing next to the TV crew leans in toward them.

MILLER

You guys want something with a bit more bite?

(extending his hand)

Miller. Tribune.

WBBM-TV REPORTER

(shaking his hand)

What do you have in mind?

CUT TO: P.O.V. of the TV camera, from the back of the hall, capturing the dilapidated and disintegrating back wall and ceiling, clumsily covered by felt drapery and kids' collages.

WBBM-TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Get that... get all that... and swing it to her...

The camera pans from the dilapidation to Meredith, where she was, at the front of the hall, reading to the kids.

SCIENTIA EXECES notice it, murmur to themselves in discomfort. MEREDITH'S AIDE quietly approaches her and whispers in her ear. She nods, still smiling at the kids and continues on as though nothing was happening...

Back of the hall, Miller, the Tribune man, smiles to himself, impressed with her cool.

We hear the LOUD BEEPING of a VEHICLE REVERSING...

EXT. ST. JOHANNES CEMETERY, BENSENVILLE - DAY

A TRACKHOE backs up BEEPING to the edge of a dug out grave. Down inside it, two white-coated Exhumers hook straps wrapped securely around a coffin to a hook on the trackhoe's crane and climb out of the grave. The crane operator throws a lever and the coffin starts to lift, mud and dirt clinging to it.

Garza and Ortiz stand by, shovels in hand, watching as the coffin rises... upwards... past their faces... Suddenly there is a loud shudder. The Exhumers motion to the crane operator. He stops the lift. A crack. They bend to see the underneath of the coffin, rotten and wet, starting to give, the remains inside seeping out. Another crack. Its about to come apart. Ortiz drops his shovel, scrambles down into the grave, under the coffin, and reaching up, pushes on its underside, keeping it intact...

ORTIZ

(shouting)

Spin it around. Place it down.

The crane head turns, guiding the coffin slowly down to the side of the grave, Ortiz pushing up, holding it intact for as long as he can. It comes to a rest, relatively in one piece, finally revealing Ortiz from under it, covered in mud, breathing hard. He rests for a moment against the hole's side. Garza crouches down to give him a hand.

GARZA (IN SPANISH)

You OK?

Ortiz reaches up. Their hands connect. Suddenly there's a loud rumble. Ortiz slips, dropping down further into the grave, disappearing from view. Garza scrambles to the edge, looks down. The loosened earth is giving away fast, getting swallowed into an expanding sinkhole, Ortiz sinking in it. He grapples, trying to hold onto something. Garza reaches for him. Shouts go up.

As suddenly as it started, it stops. The mud and earth settling into stillness. Ortiz buried waist deep but OK. His eyes connect with Garza. Both breathe a sigh of relief. Then something else - Garza's eyes focusing past the stuck Ortiz, on something behind him. Ortiz twists as best as he can to see, revealed, the facade of a wide and slanted stone wall covered in heavily elaborate carvings - Native American of sorts. And jutting out of the churned earth around it, bones, skulls, tools... a tomahawk...

CUT TO: Ortiz sits by a utility truck, hands and face still covered in mud. Garza hands him a soft drink.

GARZA (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

Here.

He looks back toward the grave they were digging, now swarming with perplexed Exhumers, then across to the front of the cemetery where other white coats and a small team of local law enforcement are establishing a safe perimeter...

GARZA (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

You know, I think that might be it
for work for today...

He takes out his cell, dials a number...

INT. APARTMENT, LITTLE VILLAGE, WEST SIDE, CHICAGO - DAY

Sunk deep in a Lazyboy, a sports T and shorts clinging tightly to his rotund figure, ALBERTO "MOCO" RUIZ (male, 30s) is utterly engrossed by a daytime repeat of the telenovela "*Hasta Dinero Separe*" blaring from the widescreen TV before him. A ringing phone is only a stretch away...

RUIZ (IN SPANISH)

(hollering)

Mama!

(no answer, louder)

Mama!

(nothing)

For the love of God... MAMA!!

Nothing. Ruiz grabs the phone. Pissed off.

RUIZ (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

Yes.

INTERCUT WITH...

Garza on his cell at St. Johannes Cemetery.

GARZA (IN SPANISH)
Alberto, it's Checo.

RUIZ (IN SPANISH)
(still engrossed by the
TV)
Checo...

GARZA (IN SPANISH)
(beat)
Garza.

RUIZ (IN SPANISH)
What do you want.

GARZA (IN SPANISH)
You said to call if anything
happened at the site.

RUIZ (IN SPANISH)
Yes... Yes... are you going to draw
this out a lot here? Because I'm in
the middle of something.

GARZA (IN SPANISH)
Something happened.

RUIZ (IN SPANISH)
Hey man, I'm serious, talk.

CLOSE ON RUIZ, the receiver to his ear, slowly losing all
interest in the TV because of what he hears on the other end
of the line... he clicks the remote, turning the TV off...

RUIZ (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)
Under the graves?
(he hears a muffled "yes")
Natives... like Redskins?...
(he hears a muffled "yes")
Who is there?

GARZA (IN SPANISH)
The exhumers, some cops...

RUIZ (IN SPANISH)
Alright, listen, Don't... do...
anything... I'll be right there.

Ruiz hangs up, stands, his mind racing, turns hollering...

RUIZ (CONT'D)
Mama!

Nothing.

KANE (O.S.)
 Why did you enter public service?

INT. 5TH FLOOR, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - DAY

Elevator doors open to reveal ALEX ZAJAC (male, 40), impeccably handsome. Kitty waits for him. They shake hands.

ZAJAC (O.C.)
 Because I believe in the role of government to do what the private sector cannot. To provide the safety net necessary for private businesses to thrive...

CUT TO: Inside Kane's private office. Kane at his desk. Stone in his usual spot. Kane's phone buzzes. He answers it.

KANE
 Yes.

JUNIOR AIDE (ON THE PHONE)
 Treasurer Zajac is here, sir.

KANE
 Send him in.

Zajac and Kitty enter. Zajac shakes hands with Kane. Then with Stone.

CUT TO: Close on Zajac, seated, mid speech...

ZAJAC
 Because I believe in the power of ordinary people doing extraordinary things.

(beat)

I was born here, South Chicago, in the Bush. My father worked steel at E.C. Tin every day of his life. The only thing he ever expected from me was that I would never do the same. So I'm sure you've heard it before. Stanford undergrad. Law at U of C. Straight to Holland and Dunn in the city. Call it the path of least resistance. One day I realized I could see the whole thing. Not just the steps I'd taken to where I was, but every step from there on out as well. The rest of my life in its entirety. It made me feel miserable.

(MORE)

ZAJAC (CONT'D)

So I left, took a job at the housing authority. I was overqualified and underpaid, but everything changed. My worst day was always better than my best in the private sector. From there I ran for State Treasurer. And I won. And every moment has been nothing but exhilarating since. Because everything I do, every decision I make, in a small, practical way, affects the lives of every citizen in this state. All 12,910,409 of them. And that matters.

Kane slowly looks from Zajac to Kitty, then Stone.

KANE

This fucking kid.

He laughs. Zajac isn't sure how to react.

KANE (CONT'D)

(rising)

Come with me.

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - DAY

Kane and Zajac walk along the grid-like paths that cut through garden patches on the expansive roof of the classical revival building. Around them sky scrapers shoot upward, encasing them in. The sounds of the city beneath are loud and insistent. Kitty and Stone hang back waiting at the roof top door. Kane reaches for a basket of oranges, placed along the path, throws one to Zajac and begins to peel his own...

KANE

When Cermak was mayor he'd come up here almost every day. He was a Bohemian, an immigrant, working-class. Like you, except he utterly lacked charisma. But he had a gift. He understood people. He was the first to force the Irish into sharing power with the other ethnicities. He called it his "house for all peoples" and from here, he had an uninterrupted view of it. All fifty wards...

(turns, pointing north)

North Side, Lincoln Square, the Germans...

As Kane points, the sky scrapers in that section quietly vanish and instead we see the old, low buildings that populated the city 80 years ago. City sounds go mute leaving only his voice. He points to a different section...

KANE (CONT'D)
Northwest, Division and Ashland,
your lot, the Polonia Triangle. As
well as the Czechs, the Jews...

He pivots and points to different sections, and one by one the sky scrapers in each disappear, leaving only the old city.

KANE (CONT'D)
... West Side, Taylor and Grand,
the Italians... South Side, the
Blacks... And everywhere else and
in between, the Irish...

... pivoting, pointing, sky scrapers vanishing, only the old city remaining... until the tallest building standing is theirs. We see it, square down from above, the 11 stories of City Hall at the center of the city's web of power.

KANE (CONT'D)
These were tribes. Each controlling
their neighborhoods like fortress
enclaves. They hated each other,
fought, maimed, killed and rioted
against each other.

Close on Kane, looking out, transported as he speaks, as if he is standing there on top of the roof 80 years ago...

KANE (CONT'D)
Cermac weaved a thread through the
lot of them and pulled them in,
forming the first truly dominant
political force this country had
seen. He did it because he
understood something basic about
all people. That they want to be
led. They want their disputes
settled, their emergencies decided,
their treaties negotiated, their
jobs dispensed, their fears and
attachments inspired, their
mutinies punished, their loyalties
rewarded. And in return, to those
who lead them to all that they
want, they give power. It's a
covenant. Unspoken and elemental.
(MORE)

KANE (CONT'D)

And if a part of it fails, it needs to be fixed.

Kane breaks out of his spell, takes a section of his peeled orange, pops it into his mouth...

KANE (CONT'D)

I want you to run for governor against Mac Cullen. In the primary. I want you to come at him from his wing and hammer him with all that you've got.

ZAJAC

What makes you think I'd want to.

KANE

You've been chewing at him for three months straight. 2 Sunday Op-Eds, one in the Tribune, one in the Sun Times. 6 appearances on local TV. 3 on cable. And your speeches at Northwestern, Archer Daniels Midland, and Lou Mitchell's diner.

Kane looks straight at Zajac.

KANE (CONT'D)

If I didn't know better I'd say you've been contriving this face to face even before me because the only thing you're missing is heft.

(beat)

Here I am.

ZAJAC

What do you want from me?

KANE

When it comes up, you'll know. You won't need to ask.

ZAJAC

Am I just supposed to damage him or go for the whole thing?

KANE

There are no degrees. This isn't precision surgery. You go after him because it's time to take him out.

ZAJAC

His numbers are high. Only 3 weeks left until the primary.

KANE
It's an eternity. 3 days would be.

ZAJAC
What about Walsh in the general?

KANE
One step at a time.

Beat. Zajac looks away, pondering the moment...

KANE (CONT'D)
Don't tell me you want to think
about it, because I know you don't.

Zajac looks back at Kane. Beat. Then his arm slowly extends, their hands grip and they shake. Kane takes him by the shoulder, turning him to face out toward the re-appearing sky scrapers that surround them once again.

KANE (CONT'D)
Smile.

ZAJAC
(through his smile)
Why?

KANE
Sometimes it's necessary to let the
other guy know you're coming.

Wide on Kane and Zajac as they shake hands before the multitudes of windows looking down on them.

With Stone and Kitty. Spotting Kane and Zajac's handshake, Stone motions to Kitty to look too.

Kane's Junior Aide comes rushing out the roof top door, face ashen.

KITTY (O.C.)
Sir?

Kane turns from Zajac to see Kitty approaching in a hurry.

KITTY (CONT'D)
Something urgent.

INT. KANE'S OFFICE, 5TH FLOOR, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - DAY

Kane, Stone, Kitty and Junior Aide watch a TV tuned to the local news.

On it, Alberto "Moco" Ruiz, changed hastily from his sports T and shorts into a flashy, ill-fitting suit, is being interviewed in front of the St. Johannes Cemetery. He holds a muddied Tomahawk preciously in his hands. Garza and Ortiz are in the background watching him...

RUIZ (ON TV)

My company...

(can't help but throw a
glance at camera)

... the Moco Construction Company,
our job today was to clear the
graves here at the, uh, cemetery.
Some of my workmen were uh, uh,
exhuming this grave and that's how
they came across it. Ostensively.

Kane is a study in delaying explosive rage.

KANE

Who is that?

STONE

Alberto Moco Ruiz. 30th ward, South
Lawndale. One of Lalo Mata's guys.
Got the contract to work O'Hare and
St. Johannes.

KANE

What is he doing in front of a
fucking camera?

RUIZ (ON TV)

There seems to be a whole big site
here, under the cemetery, and for
all intensive purposes we believe
it's an... *old*... Indian site of
some great archeologic importance.

KANE

(not a question)

Where is Mata.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF NEUROLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MEDICAL
CENTER - DAY

Head of neurology, DOCTOR ELLI HARRIS enters her consultation
room, a file in hand. We recognize her as Kane's doctor from
the opening scene. A patient sits, already waiting for her.

DOCTOR HARRIS
 (reading off the file)
 Mr. Miller... Sorry to keep you
 waiting.

The patient too we recognize - Sam Miller, the Tribune reporter we met earlier covering Meredith Kane's photo-op school visit. Doctor Harris takes a seat behind her desk.

DOCTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)
 Doctor Singh referred you, but I'm
 a little short here in my notes as
 to why.

Silence, her eyes still scouring the file, waiting for him to answer. But he doesn't. Finally, she looks up. Beat.

MILLER
 I'd like to apologize. Dr. Singh is
 an old friend and I have grossly
 manipulated that friendship to get
 here to see you.

Harris takes a moment. Rests the file on her table - go on.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 I'm a reporter, with the Chicago
 Tribune. I'm doing a story, taking
 kind of a deep look... at Tom Kane.

Miller pauses, gauging her bit by bit. Harris is still.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 I know he's been to see you. And
 given what you... specialize in, it
 seems that maybe there's
 information here that might be of
 serious interest to the public.

Harris rises, moving swiftly for the door.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 I know you are bound by
 confidentiality but -

DOCTOR HARRIS
 Thank you, Mr. Miller.

Harris has the door open, waiting for him to leave. It is absolutely clear that she is not going to even entertain speaking another word. Miller stands, makes his way out.

MILLER
 If you change your mind...

Harris does not speak. The moment Miller's out she closes the door on him. She returns to her desk, collects Miller's file and dumps it in the trash. When she sits again her eyes catch something else on her desk. She collects it. A business card: **Sam Miller. Chicago Tribune.**

INT. KANE'S OFFICE, 5TH FLOOR, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - DAY

Kane and Stone seated. Kitty enters bringing in Alderman LALO MATA (male 50s-60s), political boss of the 30th ward and his guy, HAIME (male 30s).

MATA

Mr. Mayor.

Mata shakes hands with Kane, motions toward Haime...

MATA (CONT'D)

My nephew, Haime. Hope it's OK if he sits in. Thought he could learn a bit about the context of things.

KANE

Take a seat.

CUT TO: Kane at his desk. Mata before him. Stone and Haime, on the couch. Kitty, by the door.

MATA

It was a mistake. Tom, you know we appreciate, *I appreciate everything that you have done...* If this *poca madre*, if Moco had even spent a moment to think about it he would not have rushed over there, with the cameras and... *hijo de* that he is. And let me tell you, *I know his mother...*

Mata searches for the hint of a break. None is forthcoming. As he goes on, Kane rises, makes his way to the front of his desk and sits on the edge, boring down into him...

MATA (CONT'D)

... He's not the brightest. But he has his uses. Right? His guys are cheap. He's never in trouble with ICE. We have this saying, you know, we say *no le pidas peras al olmo*, don't ask for pears from the elm tree. Moco, he doesn't *think*, he *can't think* -

KANE

Stop.

Immediate silence. Kane keeps his eyes pinned on Mata.

KANE (CONT'D)

Kitty.

KITTY

6 new parallel runways, 2 new terminals, the entire estimate for the O'Hare Modernization Program - 15 billion. Total lifespan of the project to date, twenty two years. 16 million dollars paid by the city of Chicago to the city of Bensenville to drop its opposition to the expansion and agree to the demolition of 500 homes in its municipality. 630,000 dollars paid to St. John's United Church of Christ to acquire the 5.32 acres of the St. Johannes cemetery which stands in the way of the planned expansion and begin land condemnation, grave relocation and family compensation program...

As Kitty continues, Kane slowly hangs his head, closes his eyes and seems to be mutter something repeatedly to himself, hard to discern... "*Heroes of the Underground Railroad...* *Heroes of the Underground Railroad*". It's unnerving...

KITTY (CONT'D)

... 374 state court arguments brought before DuPage Circuit Judge Merriam, 182 in federal court, all pertaining to alleged assaults on the religious beliefs of the families of the interred, all fought and won - cost to the city, over 10 million. 87 articles of court ordered "respect and dignity" etiquettes in dealing with the buried, contractually agreed. Fine for breaking each article - 1000 dollars, per breach...

KANE

(head still hung)

Heroes of the Underground Railroad.

That one they all heard. Silence.

MATA

Tom?

KANE

(instantly nuclear)

22 fucking years! Do you think this is easy? Does *Moco*? I have been accused of bulldozing the First Amendment. Trashing people's constitutional right to rest in peace until Jesus Christ's redemptive resurrection at the world's fucking end. And I've only been dealing here with your average Heroes of the Underground fucking Railroad, Veterans of the Civil fucking War and families that hosted Abraham fucking Lincoln, lying in graves that happen to be lined up east-west because they believe that Christ will return on that axis - which also happens to cut right smack fucking bang across two of *my new runways*! *Do you think this is easy?*

(beat)

ANSWER ME!

MATA

No.

Kane's breaths are hard. Pure venom in his face.

KANE

They don't fucking listen, your people, do they? Do they fucking listen?

Suddenly, Kane grabs Mata's ear and tugging the living shit out of it, pulls him upward... Haime's jaw drops...

KANE (CONT'D)

(even louder somehow)

Fucking *LISTEN!* I have been called everything from sacrilegious to vile to a fucking grave robber. And I am doing it all, browbeating, finessing, pleading, threatening, on my goddamn knees fucking debasing myself for what? For the contracts, the jobs, the greater fucking glory of this glorious fucking city. For the likes of you and Mr. fucking Moco fuck.

(MORE)

KANE (CONT'D)

Do you think he can hear me? Can he
fucking *HEAR ME!*?

Mata's ear is now stretched up beyond recognition. Haime finally stands knocked out of his stupor, ready to do something for his boss. But he stops. Mata's own hand is aloft, struggling to balance against the excruciating pain, but holding Haime back...

MATA (IN SPANISH)

Sit, Haime...

Kane, never turning his eyes away from Mata...

KANE

Pay attention, son. This right here
is *the context of things*.

Stone is inscrutable. Kitty carries a perverse animalistic satisfaction at the political mauling going on.

Outside. Angle on the working floor craning to hear the continued muffled shouting coming from inside Kane's office.

Suddenly his door slams open, Kane appears, face fuming, and waits in the doorway forcing Mata and Haime to cross so close to him as they leave that they can feel his breath.

KANE (CONT'D)

(still apoplectic)

THANK YOU FOR COMING!

As they hurry away, Kane watches them go, making sure they continue to hear every syllable of his (now hoarse) shouting.

KANE (CONT'D)

Somebody... get me... some *WATER!*

He turns back into his office slamming the door with such force it bounces off its frame and swings slowly open again. Junior Aide comes rushing in with a bottle. Kane drinks, breaths still hard, but calm.

KANE (CONT'D)

Next.

STONE

The Potawatomi.

KANE

How long?

STONE

Moretti's getting them.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SCIENTIA OFFICES, CHICAGO - DAY

Various angles on Scientia's offices. The height of modern opulence in corporate decor meets posters of smiling children in warm school playgrounds, science labs, sport centers...

SCIENTIA EXECUTIVE (V.O.)
 ... by mandating annual testing of children in Grades 3 to 8, providing tutoring for children in persistently failing schools,...

Wide on a glass-walled conference room, dark inside except for the flicker of a Powerpoint presentation.

SCIENTIA EXECUTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ... and setting a twelve-year timetable for closing chronic gaps in student achievement, we believe we can meet these goals.

Inside the conference room. Lights go up. At a conference table, Scientia executives sit facing Meredith Kane and her Aide. The Executive giving the presentation sits.

MEREDITH
 Thank you.

Meredith looks across at Mike Bosovic, CEO of Scientia.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
 I wonder if I could have a private word.

Beat. The room begins to empty, execs and assistants all clearing out. Meredith nods to her own Aide who also leaves. Bosovic and Meredith are alone. He smiles awkwardly.

BOSOVIC
 I had my start in your father's administration. Transportation Authority. So I'm honored to be working with you now... and your husband.

MEREDITH
 Mr. Bosovic, I hope it's OK if we bypass idle chatter...

BOSOVIC
 Yes, of course.

MEREDITH

The conditions in that school today were a disgrace.

BOSOVIC

(beat)

I know. I apologize. We try, but sometimes we come across odd forms of intransigence, particularly from faculty. I assure you that our goal always is to strive for what is best for the children.

MEREDITH

My husband's administration has allocated 2 billion dollars over 5 years to be dispensed to joint public-private enterprises targeted expressly at servicing the city's schools. Companies like Scientia. But there are others, as you well know. He ushered the funds through the City Council with no public hearings, and he put my hand on the spigot. Please do not mistake my concern for today's mishap as a tell for a bleeding heart. We are interdependent. What reflects poorly on you, reflects poorly on me and on the mayor. There is a minimum standard across all your company's line of services that will be enough to keep prurient eyes away. Please meet it. I do not care how you do what you do. I care about how it looks.

(beat)

Yes?

BOSOVIC

Yes.

INT. CAR, 59TH STREET, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO - DAY

The ghetto. The worst part. Alice Kane drives alone. Her eyes glance searchingly left and right.

Approaching a corner she spots a group of young black men hanging out, loudly joking, whiling time away. She thinks she recognizes one of them from behind, she slows right down, pulling up close. These guys aren't doing anything, but given where we are, her nearing them like this is quite bold. She looks at them all from inside her car.

Slowly, they notice her staring and they turn to her, inquisitive at first, but becoming aggressive when she does not respond. *"What lady? What do you want?"*

Finally the last to turn is the one she thought she'd recognized. When she sees his face she realizes she was mistaken. She takes off, fast.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, 5TH FLOOR, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - DAY

Cameras clicking. The PRESS crammed in, fighting for the best angle on a face to face summit at the long conference table.

MORETTI (O.C.)

Mayor Kane and Chief English of the Potawatomi Nation have had good talks. They are excited about the possibility of a major archeological discovery...

Kane and his administration on one side. Representatives of the Potawatomi Nation on the other, all stone-faced and dressed in identical Armani suits. Their leader, CHIEF BILLY ENGLISH, (male 60) is the only one wearing traditional garb, his long grey hair cascading down both shoulders.

MORETTI (O.C.) (CONT'D)

... Mayor Kane believes very strongly that any and all elements of the find should be housed in a museum, for safekeeping and proper preservation...

RONNIE MORETTI, Kane's press spokesman reads a statement out to the reporters as the cameras click away...

MORETTI (CONT'D)

We have already had contact with the Field Museum as well as the Smithsonian. Mayor Kane prefers a local museum so people can come to Chicago to see the treasures of our country's past.

KANE

And maybe stay in a hotel, buy a cup of coffee, a commemorative mug.

Laughter.

REPORTER 1

Does this call the ownership of the land into question?

MORETTI

Guys. No questions. Please.

REPORTER 2

How does this affect O'Hare, sir?

KANE

I don't know.

(to the Potawatomi)

What's it going to take fellas? An airport casino?...

More laughter in the room. Kane knows exactly how to play to the "no questions", B-roll only crowd. The Potawatomi smile too. But not Chief English... he waits for it to subside...

CHIEF ENGLISH

Kami agilan pinakamalaking gumagana kasaysayan, na ma isang salita.

Apparently Chief English also knows how to handle the B-roll only crowd. All the cameras have swung onto him, soaking up his gravely solemn gibberish. Silence. He shows his hands...

CHIEF ENGLISH (CONT'D)

Proud builders.

English rises. All his men rise with him. Kane stands, reaches across and shakes his hand. Camera clicks go crazy.

MORETTI

(ushering the press out)

Alright everyone, that's it. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you...

CUT TO: Kane, Stone, Kitty and Moretti, sitting in the same conference room. The press and the Potawatomi, gone.

STONE

That guy was two years ahead of me at Yale Law. Now he's dropping his pronouns and wearing sacks.

MORETTI

It works.

KANE

Find out what that was with his hands and... *builders*. If he wants a contract on O'Hare, we'll make him bid against Mata's guy. Fuck them both.

Kane get's up, walks to the door...

KANE (CONT'D)

What I need is the maggots on the council off my back. Find me something they can't vote against. Something today.

Kane's out. Stone and Kitty look at each other.

KITTY

Nurses, cops, firemen?

STONE

How about trash?

EXT. TEE BOX, LINKS, COLUMBUS PARK, WEST SIDE, CHICAGO - DAY

Alderman Lalo Mata, at the tee, prepping his swing. With him, his nephew Haime, Moco Ruiz and two of Mata's ASSOCIATES who even in these refined surroundings, sporting understated golf Ts and slacks, cannot veneer over their true thug selves.

MATA

You know, for almost all of its history, golf has been associated with...

Mata swings, connects perfectly with the ball...

MATA (CONT'D)

... with the most phenomenally stupid clothing ever conceived for a sport.

They all stand watching the ball fly... and land... beat.

MATA (CONT'D)

Well, tee off.

Moco Ruiz steps up, nervous. He keeps practice-swinging...

MATA (CONT'D)

Tail coats, bow ties, argyle stockings, and those baggy pants... the... uh... the...

ASSOCIATE 1

(heavy Hispanic accent)
Knickerbockers.

MATA

Yes... No...

ASSOCIATE 2
 (heavier Hispanic accent)
 Plus-fours.

MATA
 Plus-fours, right.
 (beat)
 Moco, hit the ball.

Ruiz connects... they watch his ball lift...

MATA (CONT'D)
 Good shot.

CUT TO: Up the fairway. Mata comes to a stop next to his ball. The others, around him...

MATA (CONT'D)
 Today, in the age of Nike, Calloway and Tiger, the biggest flourishes you see are no more than a funny sweater here or a, you know... pinks, oranges, yellows...

ASSOCIATE 1
 Pastels?

MATA
 ... exactly, a pastel there. You see, all sports, when they first come on the scene, have idiotic clothing. That's because they want attention, credibility, they want to grow. But as they become established, they become more austere...

HAIME
 What about ice dancing?

Beat.

MATA
 That is the exception. But the rule still holds. And you see, this is also the exact same trajectory that new ethnicities take when they first come to this country. At first they're all flash and dash, hair greased, hot wheels, pimp jewelry, pimp clothes. But the more established they become, the more austere in their tastes.
 (MORE)

MATA (CONT'D)

Look at the Italians, the Irish,
the Greeks, the Jews...

(beat)

Except Blacks. The Blacks are the
exception. Like ice dancing. But
with everyone else, this is the
truth. As time passes, they begin
to understand the value of modesty,
of organized strength, of the power
of groups making *collective*
decisions...

(looks straight at Ruiz)

... Of keeping your mouth shut and
checking up the ranks.

RUIZ

Perdóname, Lalo. (Forgive me).

MATA

Do you understand, though?

RUIZ

Si.

MATA

Good.

Mata puts his foot on top of his own ball, barely making an
effort to conceal it. He looks around.

MATA (CONT'D)

I don't know where I've landed.

(points behind him)

You know, I think I must have
floated into those trees there. You
guys think you can find it for me?

Mata's two Associates, in unison: "Jyes, sir."

MATA (CONT'D)

Moco?

Long beat.

RUIZ

(terrified)

Por favor, Lalo...

MATA

I'm fourth generation, Moco. You'll
speak to me in my language.

RUIZ

Please.

MATA

Oh come, come. Let's go. Otherwise
we're going to have to yield the
field of play here.

Mata's two Associates crowd in on Ruiz and all three begin toward the trees, past Mata. Mata practices his swing, without looking back at them...

MATA (CONT'D)

And whoever finds my ball, please,
try to contain your excitement...
nothing vocal...

WE STAY ON MATA, pushing in on him calmly swinging, as deep behind him Ruiz and the Associates make it to the tree line and are swallowed from view. REMAIN ON MATA, swing, breath, swing, breath, the silence from the woods behind him unbearable... then just as we hear the very first note of a scream, we go to BLACK.

We hear TINNY SOUNDS of DOWNTOWN TRAFFIC and ACTIVITY...

A black screen pops to life... An iPad plays back a handheld shot of Kane and Zajac, captured from a distance, when they were on the roof of City Hall, shaking hands and smiling...

Reverse angle. Close on Governor Mac Cullen watching the video on the iPad...

EXT. GAS STATION, SOMEWHERE ON THE I55, MACOUPIN COUNTY - DAY

Cullen and his Aide at a pit stop. Behind them, a vast field of wheat stretches as far as the eye can see. Cullen looks up from the iPad to his Aide's grave and intent face...

CULLEN

You and your furrowed brow. You
think you *unearthed* this? He's
toying with us.

Cullen's Aide stays mute. Cullen looks at the iPad...

CULLEN (CONT'D)

And this fucking thing. Every time
you show me something on it, it's a
God damn...

Boiling over suddenly, Cullen smashes the iPad repeatedly against the car's roof. His Aide flinches, terrified.

Cullen makes an almighty dent in the car, but the iPad remains intact. Stymied, he turns, tossing it like a discus as hard as he can. It goes spinning far into the wheat field.

Beat. Cullen bent over, huffing. His Aide, just staring...

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Doesn't that thing have all kinds
of private shit on it?

CULLEN'S AIDE
Yes, sir.

CULLEN
Well, go get it then.

CUT TO: Cullen getting into the car in a huff as his Aide gingerly wades through the chest high wheat...

CULLEN'S AIDE
(low)
Ow. Ow. Ow... fucking... wheat...

INT. CAR, STATE STREET, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO - DAY

Alice Kane, driving. She sees a lone man walking along the road. As she shoots past she checks his face in the rearview mirror. We recognize him - Darius "D", the young man who brought his uncle to the clinic earlier. She pulls over, takes a breath, looks around the street, no one coming, throws the car in reverse and backs up, pulling up next to him. He stops. Carefully, he looks down into the car, slowly recognizes her and approaches. She lowers the window.

ALICE
Hey.

Darius nods.

ALICE (CONT'D)
I was just driving here... and I
saw you...

DARIUS
(beat)
Yeah... Yeah... I walk here...

ALICE
How's your uncle?

DARIUS
He's alright.
(beat)
(MORE)

DARIUS (CONT'D)
They said you organized for the
breathing device.

ALICE
He needed it.

DARIUS
Thank you.

There's a long awkward pause.

ALICE
Can I give you a lift somewhere?

Beat. Darius looks at her...

DARIUS
You looking for something?

She looks away, then back at him.

ALICE
Yes.

He looks up and down the street, gets in, and they take off.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER, 2ND FLOOR, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - DAY

WIDE ON the city's grand council chamber. ALL FIFTY ALDERMEN
at their seats. Kane at the Mayor's dais, presiding.

KANE
Chair recognizes Alderman Mata.

Kane bangs his gavel. Mata rises, leans into his mic...

MATA
Thank you Mr. President. The matter
now before the council. Ordinance
PO2011-3. To extend city trash
collection services for a period of
12 months from this date and to
appropriate the necessary funds to
continue said services.

KANE
(gavel bang)
The ordinance has been heard.

MATA
Mr. President, I'd like to read out
a proposed amendment.

KANE
 (gavel bang)
 You may read the amendment.

MATA
 Amendment to the ordinance. To designate any and all potential archeological finds at the grounds collectively known as St. Johannes Cemetery O'Hare Adjunct under the sole and exclusive authority of his honor the Mayor...

ALDERMAN ROSS
 (rising to object)
 Mr. President? Mr. President?

MATA
 ... to determine all decisions and actions affecting said archeological find.

ALDERMAN ROSS
 Mr. President, on the merits. On the merits of the amendment...

Mr. President, if I may, the language of the amendment contains all that there really needs to be said or known -

-- Without oversight? Without oversight? Just hand the authority over?!

If my colleague has an actual objection -

-- You're damn right I do. Hoodwinkery. We are being hoodwinked.

I don't think that that's an actual objection per the...

-- Tying this to *trash collection!* Hood. Wink.

...municipal code

ALDERMAN ROSS (CONT'D)
 (taking command)
 Mr. President, this is outrageous. I respectfully ask that we debate the merits of the amendment *alone*. We have had neither the opportunity nor the time...

Kane does not respond. His silence is seized upon, a shouting match flooding in to fill it. His allies calling for an immediate vote with cries of "*Roll Call!*" Opponents shouting objections, "*Debate the amendment!*"

As he observes, Kane calls over the City Clerk's Assistant and whispers something into his ear.

The Clerk's Assistant takes off, out a side door. Kane's eyes shift to the press boxes overlooking the chamber - one by one they are being emptied by the clerks and start to go dark. From them, Kane looks down to the chamber floor where other clerks are quickly ushering all floor press and nonessentials out and shutting the grand doors.

Back on Kane, watching. He is suddenly aware of a faint knocking sound... He looks down, under the dais table... one of his hands is involuntarily shaking, knocking. He reaches with the other, steadies it, looks to his immediate right - RACK TO KITTY, sitting at the back of the dais in her usual place. She's the only person with an angle to have seen it, but her look seems pressed firmly on the chamber floor.

Placing both hands on the table, Kane rises, leaning over the entire place it seems, and waits. WE STAY ON HIM as the chamber quickly falls to a complete hush. Then...

KANE

Hand over the hardware.

The Aldermen twist, looking up and around the chamber, realizing for the first time that they have been locked in. With outside eyes no longer on them, they all seem to have suffered a sudden collective loss of spine.

KANE (CONT'D)

Laptops, Blackberries, phones, iPods, all of it...

They reach into their jackets, pant pockets, holsters, briefcases, grabbing all their gizmos. Some have multiples, like weapons concealed in all sorts of places. They hand them up the aisles to Clerks waiting with boxes and dump them in.

KANE (CONT'D)

No word in, no word out. No Twitter, no Facebook, nothing.

(beat, boring into them)

The amendment to the ordinance stands. Each of you will remain here until you decide what it is that you wish to do. I expect a simple up or down vote. If the motion loses, I will make every single vote publicly known. You can explain your decision to your constituents on your own.

(grabs his gavel)

Let the streets run with shit.

Bang. He walks off the dais and out of the chamber leaving it in utter silence.

INT. 5TH FLOOR, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

Through the wrap around windows of the open floor, we see the city outside bathed in dusk light. Staff is draining away...

STONE (O.C.)

Zajac's news will hit in the morning. We're looking at lukewarm in the opinions, and nothing in the polls. As anticipated.

Inside Kane's office. Kane sits with Stone.

STONE (CONT'D)

You'll stay with Cullen for now. We have a statement, if needed, confirming your ongoing support. The wording is taken from your own speech, *crusader of light*, and so on. Do you want to see it?

KANE

Who wrote it?

STONE

Kitty.

KANE

No.

STONE

The drop on Cullen, when it comes, and your pivot away, we think the best way the handle it is to go with a single source. Exclusive. Anonymous. That way the rest of the media will devour each other either trying to out do it or debunk it.

KANE

Good. Who?

Stone places a picture of Sam Miller in front of Kane.

STONE

Sam Miller. Tribune. We've kicked his tires. No known political affiliations. Not a beat guy. Not one of ours either. Did an exposé on City Hall last year. Ruffled some feathers.

KANE

Remind me.

STONE

A handful of Aldermen ran their mouths off to him for a month, forgetting who he is, and he printed it all. Stupid shit they and their asshole aides usually say. Only surprising if you believe them to be paragons of intellect in the first place. But a council press consultant got canned for it and Miller got to ride two or three news cycles on it nationally. Left him with a reputation for not being afraid to burn bridges. Truth is, he doesn't have any, but that's his brand, so he's perfect for this.

KANE

Where are we with the ward captains?

STONE

They'll wait for instructions. For now they're crunching their numbers for turnout alone. When we tell them which way to go, they'll do their thing.

KANE

Anything else?

Beat. Stone reaches into his folder...

STONE

There's one more thing. These were taken today...

He places new pictures on the table. Taken long-lensed through windows, they show Miller meeting with Doctor Harris. Kane betrays nothing.

STONE (CONT'D)

He was asking her about you. She threw him out.

KANE

Who took these?

STONE

One of my guys. Like I said, we were kicking his tires.

KANE

How much do you know?

STONE
All I've told you.

KANE
Keep it to that.

Stone nods.

STONE
And her?

KANE
What do you think?

STONE
I think a gentle reminder of
certain oaths...

KANE
(beat)
Remind her.

Stone begins to collect his things...

KANE (CONT'D)
I need some medication. Quietly.

STONE
What do you need?

KANE
No, I want to do it alone.

Without skipping a beat, Stone writes a number on a scrap of paper, no name, and passes it to Kane.

STONE
He's quiet.

EXT. HOUSING ROW, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

As rough a spot as you can get. Though the neighborhood avoided the massive mid century housing projects that made Chicago's other poor neighborhood's infamous, to say this place is still untouched by prosperity would be an understatement. Alice and Darius pull up in her car.

DARIUS
This is it.

He looks out at a row of houses, some boarded up, all dilapidated. Beat.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
 You want to wait here?

She looks around. People mill in groups under street lamps.

ALICE
 No. I'll come with you.

DARIUS
 Alright.

He gets out first. She steals herself then also gets out.
 Both head toward the houses.

INT. KANE'S OFFICE, 5TH FLOOR, CITY HALL, CHICAGO - EARLY
 EVENING

Kane sits on the couch by himself in the dark. Long beat.
 Slowly he looks down at his hand, the one that wouldn't stop
 shaking earlier. It's very still now. He turns it, flexes his
 grip, releases, watching it as if it were not part of him.

There is a knock on the door. He does not answer. The door
 opens throwing in a shard of light. Kitty enters carrying a
 pressed suit. She hangs it by his desk. When she turns to
 leave, she catches him sitting in the dark and is startled.

KITTY
 I'm sorry. I thought there was no
 one in here.
 (off his silence)
 It's your suit. For tonight's
 dinner.

KANE
 Is it just a speech?

KITTY
 No, I couldn't get them to back
 down. They'll be giving you the
 Latino Business Association
 Chairman's Award.

KANE
 Can't phone-monkey out there bring
 that in for me?

KITTY
 Yes. He can.

Beat.

KANE

You are where you are. I've always liked that you're unencumbered with excuses about it. Don't undermine yourself with shit like this.

KITTY

Yes, sir.

She makes her way to the door, pauses...

KITTY (CONT'D)

Sir, I hope you don't mind my asking, is everything alright?

KANE

How long have you been working for me?

KITTY

Eight years.

KANE

Eight years.
(beat)
Don't ask me that again.

The threat hits just as intended.

KITTY

Yes, sir.

KANE

Please leave the light off.

Kitty steps out, pulling the door behind her. Outside, she takes a breath.

INT. HOUSE, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

A large, old town house, split between multiple families. Alice follows Darius up the stairs. Graffiti scratching on the walls. Crappy fluorescent lighting. One floor up they reach a door. Darius makes his way in, Alice behind him.

DARIUS

Wait here.

He disappears into the apartment. A TV blares loudly. She steps in a little. The place is a cramped mess. More people live here than should.

Down a hallway, through a door slightly ajar, she spots some men in a room. She sees some money change hands. One of them catches her looking and closes the door. She backs off, growing anxious.

Just beyond, she sees other people watching the loud TV. Young and old, men and women. They eye her but say nothing. She recognizes old uncle Edward, the breathing assistance device gripped to his face. She smiles. He nods back. But continues to stare - a piercing, quizzical stare: *what are you doing here?*

CUT TO: Darius, re-emerging from the bedroom, making his way down the hallway to the entrance where he left Alice. He finds the spot empty, the apartment door wide open...

EXT. HOUSING ROW, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

Alice rushes to her car, hurries in and drives off.

EXT. CITY HALL, CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

Kane and Kitty exit the building. Kane, wearing his pressed suit, makes his way to a waiting town car. Kitty to the tail car waiting just behind it.

Inside Kane's town car, Meredith is already waiting.

KANE

Meri.

MEREDITH

Tom.

(beat)

How long is this thing going to be?

KANE

Forty five minutes.

She doesn't show any reaction. The car takes off.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO - EVENING

Flood lit soccer practice is over. KIDS aged 8 to 12, still run around passing and dribbling, squeezing every available minute out of their time with each other while they wait to get picked up by their parents.

In the parking area, right before the field, Doctor Elli Harris steps out of her SUV and calls out for her son...

DOCTOR HARRIS

Max!

She motions for him to come. On the field, 8 year old MAX notices her, makes a big pleading gesture for "5 more minutes..." and resumes running with the others...

Harris climbs back into the SUV, shaking her head.

A GREY HAired MAN, white, collared shirt, khaki slacks, is approaching her car. Before she has a chance to realize what's happening, the man has hopped in on the passenger side, grabbed her shoulder, planted a syringe into her arm and injected her with it. Instantly she goes still.

Gently, he turns her head to face forward. He holds the syringe up to her line of sight...

GREY HAired MAN

This is a neuromuscular blocker.
It's temporary. Please try to pay attention.

As he speaks, he places her hands on the wheel, clears the hair from her face so she can see out the windscreen.

GREY HAired MAN (CONT'D)

(dry)

Hippocrates, in part. "Whatever, in connection with my professional service, I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken of, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such knowledge should be kept secret."

Through the windscreen, we see Max playing right there, yards away. He notices his mother sitting so casually with the Grey Haired Man. He's not alarmed but decides to abandon his game, waves goodbye to the others and starts to approach the car...

In the car, Harris sees Max coming, her breathing speeds up.

GREY HAired MAN (CONT'D)

I know you can't nod. I will assume you do understand the content of this message.

Max is there. Hops in. The Grey Haired Man is gone.

MAX

Who was that?

Harris remains frozen, trying to still her breaths. One of her hands loosens, she removes it from the steering wheel and places it gently on Max' lap. A tear crawls down her face. She clears her throat, it's loosening too...

DOCTOR HARRIS
Just give mommy a moment.

We hear the sound of rapturous applause...

INT. PALMER HOUSE HILTON, MONROE STREET, CHICAGO - EVENING

Wide on the breathtaking beaux arts lobby of the Palmer House Hilton. Kane and Meredith make their way across. Kitty follows.

KANE (O.S.)
You are the new energy.

CUT TO: Outside the open doors to the magnificent Empire Room, a sign announces the event: **The Latino Business Association Annual Gala Dinner. In honor of his honor the Mayor Thomas Kane. Recipient of the Chairman's Award.**

KANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The rest of us are the sediments,
the layers beneath.

CUT TO: Inside the Empire Room. Kane and Meredith seated at the high table. Dinner is being served - extravagantly presented Chile Relleno, cascades of cream, stuffings of meat. Meredith eyes hers, a grin covering her dread.

CUT TO: The CHAIRMAN of the LBA at the podium mic...

CHAIRMAN
Our friend. Thomas Kane.

Ovation in the room. Kane makes his way to the podium, smiles, receives his award, shakes the Chairman's hand...

CUT TO: Kane, mid-speech...

KANE
You're the top soil. The good stuff. Toiling, striving. It's your time. Because achievement does not frighten you... You know, there's something we say, we talk about pulling yourself up by your bootstraps. I think the closest you guys have to it is... here I go...
(MORE)

KANE (CONT'D)
*Quien quiera peces, que moje el
culo.*

Laughter erupts in the room. Claps. We find Alderman Mata at a table with Associates and nephew Haime, heartily clapping.

KANE (CONT'D)
(riding the wave)
Am I right?

More laughter. We find Zajac, leaning toward the guy next to him for a translation, already pre-empting it with a laugh.

KANE (CONT'D)
*He who wants fish, needs to get his
ass wet...*

Explosions of laughter. We find Meredith, her permanent half smile, changeless.

KANE (CONT'D)
My friends. As long as you get
yours wet, I will get mine wet
right with you.

They're on their feet. Everyone. Clapping. Laughing.

KANE (CONT'D)
(holds award aloft)
Thank you.

CUT TO: Kane and Meredith walking through the throngs of tables, shaking hands, exchanging smiles. Gifts are offered, plaques, bottles of mescal, tequila, a man gives Kane a faux Mexican moustache and a huge sombrero. He clips on the moustache, turns to Meredith. She does a "not bad" motion. It brings the house down.

Approaching them, we see the head of a man from behind, heavily bandaged around, early-80s McEnroe style, his greased up black hair jutting out on top. He holds a gift box, distinctively wrapped. The man moves through the crowd right up to Kane and stops... It's Moco Ruiz.

RUIZ
Mr. Mayor...
(hands Kane the gift box)
When you speak. We listen.

Big smiles. Kane pulls Ruiz in, posing for the cameras. Clicks away.

EXT. PALMER HOUSE HILTON, MONROE STREET, CHICAGO - EVENING

Kane and Meredith emerge and make it to their waiting car. Kitty holds the door for them, shuts it and the car takes off. The tail car follows.

Kitty is on the sidewalk alone. She buttons up her coat, turns and is about to leave when through the hotel's street windows, she sees Zajac in the lobby holding court with a group of much shorter Latino business people. They are in his thrall. She takes a moment, removes her coat, lets it hang over her arm and enters the hotel again.

Inside. Kitty slowly walks across the lobby, past Zajac, never once looking at him. He notices her through the corner of his eye, watches her disappear through a side door, into a stairwell. A sign above it reads: "**Fire Escape**"...

INT. KANE'S TOWN CAR, STREETS, CHICAGO - EVENING

Silence. Meredith's look firmly out the window. Kane looks at her. Long beat.

KANE

Thanks for doing that.

The slightest flinch in her eyes betrays her startlement at his overture. But she keeps quiet, looking out.

KANE (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll stay at the house tonight.

MEREDITH

You do want you want, Tom.

Beat. Kane gives up.

KANE

(to the driver)

Frank, you have your Sox cap?

DRIVER

Never go without it, sir.

KANE

Hand it over, will you.

The cap comes over. Kane puts it on.

KANE (CONT'D)

And pull over, please.

The car comes to a stop. Meredith could not be less interested in the reason why. Kane gets out.

KANE (CONT'D)

I won't need you for the rest of the night.

DRIVER

Yes, sir.

Kane shuts the door. The car takes off. Kane walks back to the tail car, also pulled over, opens the door...

KANE

Fellas, I'm going to need this car.

His two security guys hop out.

SECURITY MAN 1

Sir...

KANE

Give me your jacket.

Security Man 1 hands it over. Kane puts it on, zips up, gets into the car.

KANE (CONT'D)

Pick it up later at the house. No one follows.

Kane drives off.

CUT TO: Kane, driving. He reaches for the scrap of paper with the number Stone gave him, dials it on his cell. It's answered.

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)

Hello?

KANE

I got this number from Ira Stone.

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)

Do you know how this works?

KANE

No.

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)

You tell me what you need I tell you when and where we meet. Come alone. Turn off your phone.

(MORE)

VOICE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Not standby, off. Do you have a GPS
 in your car?

KANE
 No.

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)
 Good. Hold on...
 (long beat)
 Alright. Tell me what you need.

EXT. MILTON OLIVE PARK, LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO - EVENING

The place is quiet, empty. Kane waits, alone. Behind him, the vast buildings of the Jardine Water Purification Center, ghostly lit against the black void of Lake Michigan at night.

Before him, his city, twinkling with life. His eyes gaze across it. From Soldier field to the John Hancock Center, 311 South Wacker, the Wrigley Building, the Dan Ryan Expressway... On each image we hear him whisper a name...

KANE
 Kelly... Daley... Dever...
 Washington...

Close on Kane, silent.

The sound of distant footsteps. Kane peers into the darkness. A figure is approaching him... he readies himself... Just then his phone rings. He scrambles to get it from his pocket. The number on it is BLOCKED. He takes a chance.

KANE (CONT'D)
 Hello?

ALICE (ON THE PHONE)
 Dad?

KANE
 Alice?

Kane sees the approaching figure slow down...

ALICE (ON THE PHONE)
 (beat)
 You called me?

KANE
 Yes. Yes...
 (seeing the figure turn
 around)
 How are you?

ALICE (ON THE PHONE)
What is it, Dad?

Kane covers the receiver.

KANE
(calling out to the
figure)
Wait...

The figure starts away. Kane goes after him...

KANE (CONT'D)
Alice, I'm sorry, I... Can I call
you back? 5 minutes. No more.

ALICE (ON THE PHONE)
(beat)
Sure.

KANE
Can you give me a number? The only
one I have is at the church.

ALICE (ON THE PHONE)
You know, I'll call you, Dad.

KANE
No, Alice -

ALICE (ON THE PHONE)
I'll call you.

KANE
When?

CLICK - the line goes dead. Kane, puts his phone away.
Reaches the figure.

KANE (CONT'D)
Wait. Wait...

MAN
(not looking, still
walking)
I said no phones.

KANE
I'm sorry. Please. Stop.

The man stops, his back still to Kane. Kane stops too.

KANE (CONT'D)
Please. It's off. It's off.

MAN

(beat)
Wait here.

The man walks off, 20 yards or so and stops. Kane watches him wait, looking around for a long beat. Nothing coming. He returns, reaches into his jacket, hands Kane a paper bag...

MAN (CONT'D)

Atamet. Exelon. Aloperidin.

KANE

(beat)
Do you know who I am?

For the first time, the man looks at him, instantly recognizes him.

MAN

No.

Kane nods. Hands him an envelope.

KANE

It's all in there -

Before he has had a chance to finish the man has taken the envelope and is already fast away... leaving Kane alone.

INT. PALMER HOUSE HILTON, MONROE STREET, CHICAGO - EVENING

In the stairwell. Zajac, back against the wall. Kitty, one leg up, pinning him back. His suit pants down, hers dangling around her ankle. Her grunts, aggressively loud. He covers her mouth. She stops, removes his hand from her mouth and resumes, grunting up the concrete and metal stairwell.

CUT TO: They're done. His pants up again. He straightens his hair.

ZAJAC

Kitty... what's your real name?

KITTY

That is my real name.

He shrugs. Smiles.

ZAJAC

Wait five minutes.

Out he goes. She, still panting, continues to adjust her clothes.

We hear church bells ringing, calling the beginning of evening service...

INT. RECTOR'S ROOM, CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHICAGO - EVENING

Continued sound of church bells ringing. Alice holds her cell phone along with the note she got earlier that says "Dad. 555-1212" in her hand. She stares at them then places them down on a coffee table and collects a stiff white clerical collar off it, adjusting it to her neck.

INT. CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHICAGO - EVENING

The main church hall. Alice in full liturgical vestment, at the altar leading service. She holds her arms wide...

ALICE

We break this bread to share the body of Christ.

CONGREGATION

We are one in spirit. We are one in Christ.

The organ plays an Agnus Dei. The congregation file up to receive communion. Alice hands out a wafer to each in turn.

ALICE

(repeated)

The body of Christ...

Back of the hall, the church door edges open and Darius enters quietly. He crosses himself, takes a seat in the back most pew. From the altar, Alice's look momentarily finds him, but she does not skip a beat, continues giving communion...

EXT. CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHICAGO - EVENING

Service is over. Outside, people are leaving, Alice saying goodbye to them. Darius waits for his turn... steps up...

DARIUS

Missed you earlier.

ALICE

Yes.

DARIUS

Thank you again for what you did for my uncle.

Alice nods. Darius extends his hand, shakes hers. We catch a quick glimpse of something small wrapped in plastic he slips into her hand. If it startled her, she covers it well.

ALICE

Thank you for coming.

Darius steps away. Alice is already onto the next goodbye...

EXT. KANE HOME, GOLD COAST, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Kane pulls up to his grey stone, turn of the century townhouse, hops out and tosses the car keys to his two security men, pacing on the sidewalk.

SECURITY 1

Good night, sir.

KANE

Fellas.

He enters the house.

INT. KANE HOME, GOLD COAST, CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Cold. Quiet. The only light comes from the kitchen. Kane heads for it.

On the kitchen table he finds a pile of gifts from the Latino Business Association. A note reads: "**A selection. Kitty**".

Next to them, a stack of single sheet newspaper front pages. Another note, same handwriting, reads: "**Tomorrow's proofs**". All of them, the Sun-Times, the Tribune..., carry the same story. Kane picks up the Daily Herald - Headline: "**ENTER ZAJAC! State treasurer takes on Cullen in the primary**".

Kane reaches into his paper bag, takes out his newly acquired medication, gets himself a glass of water and downs a pill.

He grabs his cell, finds a number: "**Alice. Church**". He ponders. Hits dial. It rings...

INT. RECTOR'S ROOM, CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHICAGO - SAME

The phone rings. No one there to answer it...

INT. ANEX BUILDING, CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHICAGO - SAME

The phone in the clinic reception rings... not a soul in the whole place... except...

Inside a curtained examination cubicle. Alice sits by herself palming the note that says: "Dad. 555-1212". The phone rings insistently. Finally she rises, steps up to a large disposal can marked: "Hazardous and Medical Material Only". She dumps the little plastic bag of white powdery crystals that Darius gave her, crunches up the note, dumps that too and walks out of the cubicle turning the light off. The phone continues to ring unanswered...

INT. KANE HOME, GOLD COAST, CHICAGO - SAME

Kane hangs up. Takes a moment. Suddenly his phone rings. He answers.

KANE

Alice?

STONE (ON THE PHONE)

It's Stone.

KANE

(beat)

Yup.

STONE (ON THE PHONE)

The ordinance. We're still 4 years shy of a majority.

KANE

Who's holding out?

STONE (ON THE PHONE)

Ross and his Gang of Six... The South Side Nine... The entire Googoo Block...

As stone talks we see the inside of the council chamber.

ANGLE ON each dissenting faction as he names them. Blood shot eyes, some nodding off in their seats, others trying to get on with paperwork, still others whisper-plotting with their gang leaders...

STONE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Carmona. Brown. Sallstrom. Dasgupta. Riche and Solomou. None of them can afford to vote no so they're sweating it out hoping someone else will crack first.

(MORE)

STONE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
It's a fun little game of chicken
they're playing in there.

Back on Kane in his kitchen. Phone to ear...

STONE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
All city waste management operators
have already been warned. Starting
in the morning, nothing's getting
picked up. Looks like we'll have a
fight on this one.

KANE
So be it.

STONE
Yeah.
(beat)
You got what you were looking for?

KANE
Yes. Thanks.
(beat)
'Night Stoney.

STONE
Boss.

They hang up. Kane's eyes go back to the pile of gifts from the Latino Biz people. In the middle of them, he spots the distinctively wrapped box he received from Moco Ruiz. He unwraps it, lifts the lid and finds, resting centered on a bed of cotton, a pair of severed human ears. Moco Ruiz' very own.

He takes them out, looks at them impassively then heads to the sink. He dumps them down the drain, runs the water and hits the garbage disposal switch. It runs then suddenly sputters, clunks and dies on him.

His shoulders drop.

CUT TO: Second floor. Kane reaches the top of the stairs. To his right, down the hall, he sees a sliver of light under a closed door. He goes to it, waits a beat, then knocks.

MEREDITH (O.S.)
Yes.

Kane opens the door. Meredith is on her bed busily fast-reading and annotating a document, paperwork spread all over.

Kane remains at the threshold. Beat.

KANE
You're awake.

She continues her work, does not look up.

MEREDITH
Yes.

KANE
We need a plumber.
(off her silence)
Garbage disposal, it's broken.

MEREDITH
OK.

KANE
I'll get someone from the office to
send someone.
(beat, then)
Meri...

Something in the way he said that has her look up at him finally. She puts her document and pen down.

MEREDITH
Tom.

He looks at her for a long beat. Nothing gives in her. Finally...

KANE
Good night.

MEREDITH
Good night.

He pulls the door closed on her. Turns and leaving us behind, heads to the other end of the corridor. He opens the door to his bedroom, flicks the light on, hesitates for moment looking back at us, then disappears into the room closing the door.

FADE OUT.