

RESCUE ME

"Cruise"

Spec Script

RESCUE ME

"CRUISE"

CAST LIST

TOMMY GAVIN.....	DENIS LEARY
FRANCO RIVERA.....	DANIEL SUNJATA
LOU (A.K.A. LT. KENNY SHEA).....	JOHN SCURTI
MIKE SILETTI (A.K.A. MIKE THE PROBIE).....	MICHAEL LOMBARDI
SEAN GARRITY.....	STEVEN PASQUALE
JANET.....	ANDREA ROTH
SHEILA.....	CALLIE THORN
TOMMY'S DAD.....	CHARLES DURNING
RICHARD.....	CORNELL WOMACK
JOHNNY.....	DEAN WINTERS
JIMMY.....	JAMES MCCAFFREY
UNCLE TEDDY.....	LENNY CLARKE
LUIS.....	MANNY PEREZ
CHIEF PEROLLI.....	MICHAEL MULHEREN
DAMIEN.....	MICHAEL ZEGEN
COLLEEN.....	NATALIE DISTLER
KATY.....	OLIVIA CROCICCHIA
UNCLE RED.....	PETER MALONEY
NATALIE.....	SHERRI SAUM
THERESA.....	SUSAN MISNER
MAGGIE.....	TATUM O'NEAL

COUSIN EDDIE..... TERRY SERPICO
BENNY.....(*WRITTEN FOR: JOHN ORTIZ)

30 YEAR OLD COLLEEN

ANGEL

BILLY FARMER

BLACK WOMAN

BLONDE CUTIE

COLLEGE AGE CONNOR

COLLEGE AGE KATY

CRYING STUDENT

CRYSTAL

DIEDRE

DENISE

DOMINIC

DR. FEELGOOD

DRUNK STUDENT

ERIC ROMANO

FELLOW DETECTIVE

MELINDA

TERRENCE DESHAWN

PASSING WOMAN

SIMONE

WAITRESS

RESCUE ME

"CRUISE"

LOCATION LIST

INTERIORS

TOMMY'S APARTMENT

LIVING ROOM

BEDROOM

TOMMY AND JANET'S APARTMENT

BEDROOM

LIVING ROOM

KITCHEN

FIREHOUSE (62 TRUCK)

APPARATUS FLOOR

KITCHEN

NYU DORMITORY

DORMITORY ROOMS

HALLWAYS

TWO FLOORS UP

RECREATION HALL

DAMIEN'S ROOM

NYU PARTY

CRYSTAL AND DIEDRE'S ROOM

DR. FEELGOOD'S ROOM

RESTAURANT

EXTERIORS

OUTSIDE NYU DORMITORY

NEXT TO RIG

AMBULANCE

OUTSIDE FIREHOUSE

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

CENTRAL PARK

MANHATTAN STREET

BROOKLYN NEIGHBORHOOD

DECK OF PARTY BOAT

GROUND ZERO MEMORIAL WALL

TOMMY'S ESCALADE

SHEILA'S CONDO

LIVING ROOM

BEDROOM

EDDIE'S CAR

HOUSE IN STATEN ISLAND

FRANCO'S APARTMENT

DINER NEAR NYU

LOU'S APARTMENT

BEDROOM

PARTY BOAT BAR AND DANCE HALL

ANGEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM

UNCLE RED'S HOUSE DEN

NATALIE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

SEAN AND MAGGIE'S APARTMENT KITCHEN

COLD OPEN:

BLACK SCREEN. Inane late night programs on television.

1 INT. TOMMY'S LIVING ROOM - LATE, LATE EVENING 1

Tommy lies on the couch and channel surfs, can barely keep his eyes open. He gets up and immediately hits the floor.

TOMMY

Ah - Jesus!

(paralyzed)

Hey - Janet! Can you - Janet! I'm stuck. A little help out-

Tommy notices empty beer cans, wine and pill bottles all over the place. He soldier crawls towards the bedroom. Smoke pours out from under the bedroom door. He tries to reach the handle but is still paralyzed from the waist down. The door opens on its own-

2 INT. BEDROOM - SAME 2

Jimmy grills steaks on a barbecue grill.

JIMMY

Hey, asshole. I figure - since we won't be grilling on the Island - we might as well make the best of it here in the Boroughs.

TOMMY

Jimmy listen-

JIMMY

(smells meat)

-Top sirloin. You think you'll be able to afford to eat this good every night on your fireman's pension? I'm thinking - no. And you'll probably piss it all away on cheap booze and expensive whores.

TOMMY

Hey I gave up the booze, pal. And I don't need whores. Okay, asshole.

JIMMY

No. No. You'll just keep bangin' some other guys' wives.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(gets down low)
Well here's a look into your future. You're not getting that golden parachute or the Viagara express train that never ends. Your kids won't come to visit and Janet will have drained whatever's left of your measly savings - along with your manhood.

Jimmy sticks the slab of meat in Tommy's face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
So here. Your last supper, asshole.

The sirloin goes over Tommy's eyes-

Tommy wakes up on the couch from his nightmare with a damp towel over his face. A baby crib is right next to the couch and the baby starts to wail and scream.

LOU (O.S.)
(shouts)
Tommy! Open up!

Tommy tries to quiet the baby and deal with the commotion at the door.

TOMMY
Aw'right! Would you - stop screaming! You woke the baby!

The front door opens to Lou, bogged down with grocery bags and a set of keys in his mouth. Tommy removes the keys.

LOU
Thank you. That's very thoughtful. Now grab a bag and make yourself useful.

TOMMY
(rummages through bags)
Did you get the NyQuil?

LOU
Yes. And three cartons of OJ. About a truck load of Pepto-Bismol. Excedrin P and A-M. A partridge and a pear tree. And I even managed to secure a bottle of echinacea.

TOMMY

Echinacea? I've got the flu, Lou.
Not some kind of - y'know - strand
of hippie virus you get from
banging a granola waitress in the
East Village.

LOU

Yeah well, now you know who my
dealer is.

Tommy continues to rummage through the bags, totally
oblivious to Lou.

LOU (CONT'D)

Mind if I come in, Tom? Kind of
nippy out here in the hallway.

TOMMY

(finds steaks)
Steaks? You - you got steaks?

LOU

Yes. Those are for me. And if you
feel up to it - my little soldier.
Maybe I'll share some of my grown
up food with you.

TOMMY

I'm just - I had this bad - never
mind. Are they top - top sirloin?

LOU

No. They're imitation Omaha
Steaks. I order them from my Amway
distributor. Back away from the
door now, Tom. These steaks don't
cook themselves.

(pushes past Tommy, sotto)
Unbelievable.

Lou disappears inside the apartment.

TOMMY

Thanks Lou. Lou. Thank - thank
you. Hey - you see Janet out
there? Lou?

Tommy contemplates the sirloin in his hand and starts to
close the door.

Janet - with bags of groceries - appears at the door that's
closing in her face.

JANET
Come on, Tommy.

TOMMY
Hey, hon.

He goes in for a kiss - she not having it.

JANET
Seriously?

LOU (O.S.)
Hey, Janet.

JANET
Hi, Kenny.
(notices steak)
Unbelievable.

BABY CRIES. Janet pushes past Tommy to play mommy as Tommy continues to hold on to the package of frozen steak. He sneezes hard and violently wipes his nose.

3 INT. FIREHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 3

Sean and Mike slurp soup - both equally mopey. Franco - who's in perfect health - reads "*The Post*." Sean sneezes and doesn't cover his mouth. Franco punches Sean in the arm.

SEAN
(recoils)
Ah, Je-sus!

Mike sneezes but holds his nose. Franco stands and threatens a punch. Mike flinches-

MIKE
Doesn't count.

SEAN
(sneezes)
Oh. No. No.

Franco punches Sean. Mike sneezes. Franco punches Mike, then punches Sean again. Sean stands.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I didn't sneeze that time.

Sean sneezes and flees from Franco's punch.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)

Okay. That one was out of fear.
(false start sneeze)
Nope. I'm done.

FRANCO

I'm telling you two idiots right
now that if I get sick because of
the both of you - so help me god.

Sean attempts to sit down again as Franco stalks him.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Why is it that white people never
cover their mouths when they
sneeze?

SEAN

I never noticed-

FRANCO

-Do all guinea and mick mothers
just skip over common courtesy
lessons? Is that it?

Franco stalks Sean around the table.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

I'm shopping in a grocery store the
other day. Little blonde kid just
sitting on the floor in the middle
of the vegetable section like she
owns the joint. Little blonde
mother doesn't do shit about it.

SEAN

Well if - I mean when - when I have
kids I will make sure that they-

Sean sneezes once more and forgets to cover his mouth.

SEAN (CONT'D)

-oh. I am so - okay. That one
just snuck up on me.

FRANCO

Cover your goddamn mouths!

Lou and Tommy enter. [**Chief Jerry Reilly is out of commission
and Chief Pecker has taken his spot while Chief Perolli is,
unfortunately, back in action**].

(CONTINUED)

LOU

This fall flu thing has taken its toll. We have now reached critical mass. Chief Frozen Pecker boldly suggested a quarantine. It's getting ugly.

TOMMY

Tell me about it. I've rubbed my nose so many goddamn times I'm starting to look like David Lee Roth after a bender.

SEAN

(amused)

David Lee Roth. Whatever happened to him?

TOMMY

He replaced Stern on the radio and got sober. Now his career's even deeper in the shitter. So much for staying sober.

Mike and Sean share a coughing jag - a pathetic display.

LOU

Wow. It really is that bad.

Lou reaches into the cabinet and grabs some packets of the product: Airborne. He throws it at Sean and Mike.

SEAN

What's this?

LOU

It's called Airborne.

(condescending)

It was developed by an elementary school teacher who was sick of getting sick from all the spoiled brats she has to deal with-

They cough some more and don't cover their mouths.

FRANCO

-Who don't cover their friggin' mouths! See what I have to put up with? My god, Lou. Something has to be done here.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

(whiny)

We can't help it if we're sick.

FRANCO

Take some time off then, asshole!

SEAN

No way. Can't afford it. Maggie and I are looking for a house.

TOMMY

Yeah. That'll happen.

SEAN

Well it's time we found a nest of our own where we can settle in. Y'know. Raise a family.

TOMMY

A family? Let's get something straight, Garrity. As much as I thought it was a bad idea for you to marry my sister in the first place - the thought of you two actually breeding really makes me wanna puke. In fact - I think I just did a little.

LOU

Could you imagine the kind of Satan spawn those two would have?

SEAN

Hey, guys. You're talking about my wife here. Okay?

TOMMY

Who also happens to be my sister. And if anybody knows the kind of disaster it is waiting to happen if you two pound out a couple of mini-Maggies - it's me.

SEAN

Oh I get it. So it's fine for you to have kids, but not Maggie. You know what, Tommy. Maybe if she got a little more support from the men in your family she'd be a little less - y'know-

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

(in Sean's face)

-What? A little less what? Evil?
Manipulative? Conniving? Hah?
Which, by the way, are all Gavin
family values.

SEAN

I was gonna say less confused about
how to truly love someone. But at
least she's trying.

FRANCO

Hey Oprah - Gail! I know your
vaginas hurt and all. But we got a
serious problem here if you're all
sick and Lou and I have to pick up
the extra slack should - god forbid
- we have to actually do our job.

ALARM SOUNDS.

Tommy grits his teeth.

LOU

(to Tommy)

Satan works in mysterious ways.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. FIRE TRUCK - DAY

4

Truck drives through Greenwich Village. Lou hands a flyer back to Tommy.

LOU
You see this?

TOMMY
(reads)
Booze cruise. In September?

SEAN
Oh yeah. The cruise. The widows
are hosting it.

MIKE
It's for a 9/11 charity.

TOMMY
It's a pussy-fest is what this is.

FRANCO
I had a quadruple at a booze cruise
in Jersey a few years back.

SEAN
Quadruple? Is that like a chick
with a prosthetic-

FRANCO
-Christ. You amaze me, Sean.

LOU
I believe it's a *menage* plus one.

FRANCO
Thank you, Lou.

SEAN
Four chicks at once. Wow.

FRANCO
Three, idiot. We all know booze
cruises are a guarantee you'll get
more tail in one night than most
guys -
(to Sean)
married men - get in a year.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Yeah - I don't have that problem.

Tommy glares at Sean.

TOMMY

(to Franco)

You gonna go?

FRANCO

Afraid I'm gonna pass this time.
Things are getting pretty serious
with Natalie. I really don't wanna
mess this good thing up.

TOMMY

What about you, Mikey?

MIKE

Well. It is for charity.

LOU

Doubt they'll be a lot of guys-

MIKE

-That's over with!

LOU

I'm just saying.

TOMMY

You in Lou?

LOU

It's on a boat, Tom.

TOMMY

That's right your whole - boat -
fear - thing.

LOU

Plus, the good Lord has blessed me
with the woman of my wildest
dreams.

SEAN

Yeah, me too. I'll pass.

TOMMY

You're goddamn right you will.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Maybe I'll take Maggie with me.
It's something we could do as a
couple.

FRANCO

For charity.

SEAN

Exactly.

FRANCO

You in a charitable mood, Tommy?

TOMMY

(sneezes)

The way I feel right now - I might
jump off that goddamn boat. Put me
out of my goddamn misery.

SEAN

Well it is for charity.

Tommy glares at Sean some more.

EXT. OUTSIDE NYU DORMITORY - WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY 5

NYU STUDENTS scattered everywhere.

LOU

(to Tommy)

We need to clear this entire area.
One of these windows blows - I
don't wanna have to scrape the
dean's list off the concrete.

Tons of Female Students check out Franco, Sean, Mike-

FRANCO

Talk about the temptation factor.

SEAN

Yeah. Tell me about it. Off the
chart.

LOU

(into megaphone)

We need everyone to move away from
this area, immediately. Time to
take a walk in the park. Let's go!

6

INT. NYU DORMITORY STAIRCASE - SAME

6

Smoke everywhere. STONED STUDENTS barrel down the stairs. One of them knocks into Tommy who grabs him and pushes him against a wall.

TOMMY

Hey! Where the hell did you come from?

Stoned Student covers his mouth and looks down.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

How many more of you are in the building?

(a beat)

Answer me, goddamnit!

Stoned Student takes off down stairs. Franco's at the top of the stairs.

FRANCO

Tommy! Hallway's full of 'em!

7

EXT. OUTSIDE NYU DORMITORY - SAME

7

A girl, CRYING STUDENT, approaches Lou. She's hysterical.

CRYING STUDENT

My friend... she's... there's a bunch of-

LOU

-Calm down, honey. Nice and slow.

CRYING STUDENT

They're still in the building!

LOU

Oh, Jesus Christ.

(into walkie)

We got civilians in the building.

8

INT. NYU DORMITORY HALLWAY - SAME

8

Students filter through the smoke filled hallway. The Guys check room after room.

FRANCO

(into walkie)

Way ahead of you, Lou.

(to Mike)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Start getting all these kids out of here!

MIKE
There's too many. They're coming out from everywhere.

FRANCO
Just do it, Mike!

Sean hears loud MUSIC inside one of the rooms. He bangs on door as Tommy approaches.

SEAN
(loud)
Is there anybody in here?

Tommy moves in front of door as Franco and Mike approach.

TOMMY
On three. Ready. One... two...

They smash open door-

INT. NYU DORMITORY ROOM - SAME

HALF NAKED STUDENTS engaged in an orgiastic romp. Girl's head is on a lucky Male Student's crotch-

THE GUYS
(off blowjob, in unison)
Whoa!

Girl looks up, embarrassed, and runs for cover. They all grab their clothes and rush out into hallway.

TOMMY
(to Male Student)
Nice, Nero. Glad she took the time to play your violin. But Rome is definitely burning!

FILM MAJOR creeps out of bathroom with a video camera.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(notices camera)
Hey, Scorsese. Get out of here with that!

Film Major gets nervous and runs out into-

10 INT. NYU DORMITORY HALLWAY - SAME 10

Grad students, mid-20s - pint-sized guinea ERIC ROMANO
[director] - preppy WASP BILLY FARMER [digital camera
operator] - kinky-haired black hipster TERRENCE DESHAWN
[sound guy] film the action guerilla style.

Fleeing Film Major rushes past them.

ERIC

Dude! Did they see you?

He nods his head. The three file into-

11 INT. NYU DORM ROOM - SAME 11

[DIGITAL CAMERA RECORDS THE GUYS]

ERIC

(sotto)

Perfect! This is the money shot
baby!

TOMMY

What the hell is this? The goddamn
Sundance Film Festival!

FRANCO

Get that camera out of here! We
need everybody to clear the
building - now!

ERIC

You guys are in the wrong place.
The fire was up stairs. But it's
mostly out by now.

TOMMY

How the hell would you know that?

Tommy moves in on Grad Students.

ERIC

There was a slight mishap with some
pyrotechnics.

Tommy grabs Eric and throws him against a wall.

SEAN

Whoa, Tommy. Relax. He's just a
dumb kid.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

(slams harder)

Oh yeah, Sean? So's okay they blow up the entire block because they wanna make some bullshit student film?

(to Eric)

You think you're Tarantino? Hah?

ERIC

(scared shitless)

No - I - what?

TOMMY

Good! Because Tarantino sucks!
And so does your pyrotechnics guy!

Tommy throws Eric to the ground and heads out-

INT. NYU DORMITORY HALLWAY - SAME

BLONDE CUTIE runs up to Tommy. She's hysterical.

BLONDE CUTIE

Up stairs! The fire - they put it out - but there's something else. My friend - she needs help!

TOMMY

Where is she?

BLONDE CUTIE

Two floors up. Hurry. Please!

TOMMY

Aw'right. Get out of here. I'll find her.

The Guys head out as Tommy hurries off.

FRANCO

Where you going, Tom?

TOMMY

Two flights up. There's a girl trapped. Get the rest of these numb nuts out.

FRANCO

Sean. Mike. Follow Tommy for back up.

(into walkie)

(MORE)

12 CONTINUED: 12

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Lou. We're clearing out now.
There's a situation two floors up.

13 EXT. OUTSIDE NYU DORMITORY - SAME 13

Lou's still dealing with the street activity.

LOU

Copy that.

A group of girls stare at Lou and smile.

14 INT. TWO FLOORS UP - MINUTES LATER 14

Tommy's in a darkened, abandoned dormitory recreation hall with some fire damage on the furniture. Fire's mostly out. He uses his flashlight to look around.

COLLEEN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Daddy!

TOMMY

Colleen?

COLLEEN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Daddy. I'm scared. Help me, Daddy.

Tommy spins around and catches Colleen's face in spotlight. He jumps back. Behind Colleen - COLLEGE AGE CONOR holding a helmet.

COLLEGE AGE CONOR

Hey, Dad. I found my helmet. I was afraid I'd never find it.

TOMMY

Conor?

[NOTE: WHEN THE OLDER VERSION OF CONOR, KATY AND COLLEEN SPEAK TOMMY HEARS THE VOICE OF THE ACTUAL CONOR, ETC. AL.]

COLLEGE AGE KATY stands next to Conor.

COLLEGE AGE KATY

Sorry I haven't come to see you in a while, Dad.

30 YEAR OLD COLLEEN stands next to her.

30 YEAR OLD COLLEEN

What with the kids and my divorce pending. It's hard to get away.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY
Colleen? Katy?

Tommy, spooked, drops his flashlight and backs away. He stumbles over the furniture.

15 INT. TWO FLOORS UP - DORM ROOM - SAME 15

The Guys enter a room filled with drug paraphernalia - enough to resemble a meth lab. Video equipment, computers and recording devices everywhere. Sean turns on a computer screen - ["GIRLS GONE WILD" STYLE VIDEO].

SEAN
Wow! Hey, Franco. Check this out.

FRANCO
Oh, Jesus! This is some homemade
"Girls Gone Wild" action.

SEAN
(in awe)
No shit?

Mike comes across ANGEL - beautiful college senior, early 20s - passed out on the floor under a desk.

MIKE
(awe struck)
There's a girl on the floor.

FRANCO
Oh shit. How is she, Mike?

MIKE
(checks vitals)
She's still breathing.

FRANCO
Get her out of here.
(into walkie)
Lou. We found a kid in here.
She's breathing but we'll need an
ambulance.

16 EXT. OUTSIDE NYU DORMITORY - SAME 16

Lou's on the walkie-

LOU
Copy that. Let's wrap this up.

Crying Student approaches Lou.

(CONTINUED)

CRYING STUDENT
Did you find her?

LOU
We found someone.

CRYING STUDENT
Oh, thank God!

Minutes later. The Guys appear. Mike carries Angel in his arms. Applause and screams abound - they're rock stars!

EXT. NEXT TO RIG - SAME

Tommy has a smoke and puts gear away. Sean walks over to him.

SEAN
You okay, Tommy? You disappeared for a while.

TOMMY
Don't worry about me, Sean. I can take care of myself.

SEAN
You know - you don't have to be such a hard ass all the time. We're family after all. We're brothers.

TOMMY
(beat, sniffles)
It's this - head cold. It's a real - pain in the balls.
(beat, hard to get out)
Look. I'm - I'm sorry about what I said. About - y'know - you and Maggie-

SEAN
-Sure. Yeah. Okay.
(extends hand)
We cool?

Before Tommy can shake - Eric and his buddies approach.

ERIC
You're right about Tarantino. He's kind of a hack. Thinks he's Kurosawa. You guys are heroes.

TOMMY

Don't bullshit me with that hero worship crap, kid. That stunt you pulled in there could have gotten a lot of people killed.

ERIC

It wasn't really us. There's a lot of crazy shit that goes on inside those hallowed halls.

SEAN

No kidding. There's practically a functioning meth lab in there.

TOMMY

A what?

SEAN

Yeah. Bongs and drug stuff everywhere. Tons of video equipment. Oh, and they had this "Girls Gone Wild" style video-

BILLY

-The video stuff is ours.

Eric gives Billy the "shut the hell up" look.

ERIC

(rapid fire pitch)

Truth is: we're grad school students working on a project about real fire fighters. FDNY 9/11 survivors. Not that "Third Watch", "Back Draft" fake Hollywood bullshit. Hero worship? Absolutely. We want to show the real men who are truly New York's finest.

(re: Tommy)

Especially you. You look great on digital. You're perfect for what we're looking for!

TOMMY

(flattered)

You're right about one thing. "Third Watch." Total bullshit. But let me tell you something. I got contacts in the NYPD.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I find out you had anything to do
with putting the life of one of my
brothers at risk-

ERIC

-See! He's perfect. It's
unbelievable.

Tommy shakes his head and flicks his cigarette.

EXT. AMBULANCE - SAME

Angel, on stretcher, opens her eyes and sees Mike-

ANGEL

My hero.

MIKE

(smiles)
You doing okay?

ANGEL

(smitten)
I am now. You're cute. What's your
name?

MIKE

(bashful)
Mike.

EMTs place Angel in ambulance.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What's yours?

ANGEL

Angel.

They close ambulance doors.

MIKE

Angel. Figures.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

19

Uncle Teddy [**released from prison with the help of Mother's Against Drunk Drivers and now is trying to get out of his marriage to Ellie**] rushes inside as Cousin Eddie orders lunch.

EDDIE

You're late.

UNCLE TEDDY

I thought I was being tailed. I'm telling you she's got surveillance on me.

EDDIE

This is getting crazy, you know that.

UNCLE TEDDY

She's like a cobra. I'm in her clutches and I can't get out. I can barely breathe for chrissake. I can't even pinch a loaf without my sphincter vibrating like the E train!

EDDIE

You have to relax. It's just a divorce.

UNCLE TEDDY

I'm safer back in the pen at this point. I gotta get back in there.

EDDIE

Okay, as your counsel, I am not hearing this right now.

UNCLE TEDDY

I swear I'm gonna go postal if Ellie doesn't sign papers! I will rob this joint right now! I'll do a Jack Nicholson number-

EDDIE

-Teddy!

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS, 20s, walks over and Uncle Teddy instantly settles down and smiles at her.

WAITRESS

What can I get you?

UNCLE TEDDY

Just a regular cup of Joe and some tap water. No ice. That'd be great, sweetheart.

INT. FIRE HOUSE - DAY

Franco jumps off the rig as Perolli approaches.

PEROLLI

Rivera. A word.

Tommy and Lou walk by and shrug their shoulders.

FRANCO

Yeah, Chief.

PEROLLI

There's a guy outside says he's your cousin. He looks a little - suspicious.

FRANCO

Suspicious, huh?

PEROLLI

Just wanted to clarify so's we don't have any kind of larger concerns.

FRANCO

That being a spic comes by don't look user friendly you think I'm suddenly dealing with a shady element. Yeah. I understand.

PEROLLI

Just so's we're clear. Last time a relative of yours shows up unannounced it caused a bit of a complication for you. If I recall.

FRANCO

I hear you, Chief. You mind letting me go outside find out who this relative is?

20

EXT. OUTSIDE FIREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

20

BENNY joyously greets Franco with his arms out. Franco is immediately standoffish.

BENNY

Hey! *Mi hombre*. You know me, cuz.
(extends fist)
Give me a pound, dawg.

FRANCO

I'm fine right here on this side of
the sidewalk - cuz.

BENNY

So that's how it's gonna be. I see.
You in your big fire *casa* here.
Don't wanna be seen conversing with
a reformed brother seeking
redemption.

FRANCO

When did you get back from PR,
Benny?

BENNY

Been back home for a minute now.
Did a whole nine in my own personal
version of rehab and got myself
rehabilitated.
(earnest)
Seriously, bro. Clean for quite
some time. Even grew new wings and
I'm ready to fly right. Straight
up.

FRANCO

Yeah. Heard that before.

BENNY

For reals this time, Franco. Got a
new game plan and everything. Got a
goal, bro.

FRANCO

Oh yeah - bro. What's that?

BENNY

Started taking these EMT classes.
Hitting the gym. Pumping up - know
what I'm saying.

(beat, sincere)

I wanna do what you do, man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BENNY (CONT'D)

I wanna fight fires. Y'know. Save lives. Give a little back to the community. Do something unselfish for a change. You feel me - bro?

Franco shakes his head in disbelief as Eric, Billy and Terrence pass by and head into-

INT. FIRE HOUSE - DAY

Film Crew follow Tommy (their new subject) as he gives them a tour.

TOMMY

This is where the magic happens, boys.

Members of the engine [CAUGHT ON DIGITAL] watch with scepticism as Tommy passes by with his new film crew.

LOU

Tommy.

TOMMY

Yeah.

LOU

Can I talk to you a minute?

[DIGITAL CAMERA TURNS ON LOU]

TOMMY

Sure. What's up?

LOU

Without the Ken Burn's Experience.

TOMMY

(to crew)

Take a five. Have a sandwich.

Film Crew follows Mike and Sean into the kitchen.

LOU

So, what? You're doing a little project for You Tube now?

TOMMY

What? This? These kids wanted to see what a real firehouse looks like and - y'know - talk to some real FDNY guys.

LOU

Heroes.

TOMMY

Guys who were there on 9/11.

LOU

And we haven't had enough of these little projects already. It's not like after 9/11 any asshole with a camcorder and a dream wasn't cluttering around every engine from here to 42nd Street.

TOMMY

Yeah - well it's years later and they're - doing a follow up project. They have a unique angle.

LOU

That being you. The Pride of the 62 Truck. And all your infamy.

TOMMY

Something like that. My street cred is apparently far reaching.

LOU

All the way to Washington Square Park. You're a legend, Tom.

TOMMY

Look, I know you don't like college punks-

LOU

-Hate 'em, Tom. Always have. It goes deep. A long standing beef. You know this.

TOMMY

I got it and I gave them specific instructions to not bug you. Aw'right. Scout's honor.

LOU

You think Perolli and Pecker and the host of other stand-ins we got coming in here since Jerry's absence will let Mickey, Judy and the whole gang put on a show in our barn?

22

INT. FIREHOUSE KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

22

Sean and Mike get their 15 minutes of fame [CAUGHT ON DIGITAL CAMERA].

SEAN

Bravery. That's a word we use often around here.

ERIC (O.C.)

Any special perks that come with being a New York City firefighter?

SEAN

Well - we do get treated special in the community. Breaks on drinks - some times. People walk by and thank us for how - brave we are-

MIKE

-My mom's real proud of me.

SEAN

Pride, yeah. Sure. That's - that's another word we throw around. Of course-

ERIC (O.C.)

-And the women love you?

MIKE

Yeah! That's the best perk!

ERIC (O.C.)

That true, Sean?

SEAN

I wouldn't know, actually. I'm married. Happily. Love my wife. Most firemen love their wives.

MIKE

Yeah but you got plenty of chicks before you were married. This guy was a pussy-

SEAN

-Mike. Not really appropriate for these young men doing a documentary. Right? I mean-

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (O.C.)

-No. Don't censor yourself. This isn't PBS, Sean.

SEAN

(drops the act)

Oh yeah. Right. You guys are more edgy. Indie guys. Got it. Chicks. Yeah. I had tons. All the time. Twice a night sometimes. In fact. There was this one time-

Tommy walks in [CAUGHT ON DIGITAL CAMERA].

TOMMY

What the hell is going on in here, Sean? I told you to get these guys a sandwich.

23 INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S BEDROOM - DAY

23

Janet has found one of Tommy's soft core mags; more "Maxim" than "Hustler." She's about to throw it away, but decides to sit on bed and flip through. She rocks the baby's cradle at the same time. She comes across women in sexy lingerie.

Janet continues to flip through the magazine, until she comes to the sex toys section at the back. She sees advertisements for penis enlargements, vibrators and a swing. The swing interests her.

24 INT. FIREHOUSE - DAY

24

Tommy walks with Film Crew near the rig. He sees Perolli in the distance with Lou and ducks for cover.

TOMMY

(sotto)

Aw'right. That's enough for today.

ERIC

Shit. We wanted to get more-

Tommy looks around for Perolli.

TOMMY

(sneezes)

-Yeah well - we have a lot of activity going on here and you'll just get in the way.

(sneezes)

ERIC
That's a pretty bad head cold you
got there.

TOMMY
No shit, Sherlock.

ERIC
We can get you stuff to take care
of that.

TOMMY
Stuff? Like, cold medicine -
stuff?

ERIC
Good stuff. We'll hook you up.

Perolli starts to walk over and Lou stares at Tommy.

TOMMY
Aw'right, I'll - find you. But,
that's a wrap for today.

ERIC
When can we come by?

Tommy hustles them out without Perolli seeing them.

25 INT. TOMMY'S ESCALADE - DAY 25

Tommy drives through Greenwich Village. SFX: CELL PHONE
RINGS. Cell name recognition: Sheila.

TOMMY
What?

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

26 INT. SHEILA'S LIVING ROOM - SAME 26

Sheila lounges in her new SOHO condo on a plush leather sofa.

SHEILA
Hey, asshole.

TOMMY
I'm the asshole? Yeah. That's
cute. Who tried to get who killed?

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

I'm sorry. Who drank whose self into oblivion and didn't remember starting a fire, hmmm?

TOMMY

Still don't buy this story.

SHEILA

Are we gonna go over this every time we talk?

TOMMY

No. So let's not-

SHEILA

-Tommy wait! You gonna see Damien? He's expecting you.

TOMMY

Uh - yeah. And I don't need his mommy calling, checking up seeing whether or not I'm doing my godfather-ly duties.

SHEILA

I'm sorry. I just - is that even a word? Anyway. I just wanna-

TOMMY

-What? Sheila. I'm losing patience with this whole routine-

SHEILA

-I wanted to talk to you about something, is all.

Incoming call. Cell name recognition: Janet.

TOMMY

Oh, Christ. Hold on.

SHEILA

Tommy!

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

Janet walks around apartment with baby in her arms.

TOMMY

Hey.

JANET
Where are you?

TOMMY
I'm actually meeting our daughter.

JANET
Oh so she decided to finally make contact. Ever since she turned 18, I can't keep up with her and who she's dating. Which really worries me.

TOMMY
I know. I'll have a father daughter talk with her.

JANET
(looks at magazine)
Good. You're getting better at that.
(coy)
I have something I'd like you to assemble for me.

TOMMY
Assemble? Something for the baby?

JANET
Not exactly - possibly. More for us - me. I require your skills.

TOMMY
Is it complicated? 'Cause I haven't been in the best frame of mind lately with this head cold thing and I'm-

Incoming call. Cell name recognition: Damien

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Hold on, babe.

JANET
I'll see you when you get home.

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

Damien sits in front of his desktop computer.

TOMMY

Hey, kid.

DAMIEN

Looked up the info on those guys.

TOMMY

Really?

DAMIEN

You have no idea how much shit they've done since they've been here. They're like cult celebs. They got this whole bootleg girl-on-girl action going-

TOMMY

-Yep. Know all about it. Any of them do any time?

DAMIEN

Time?

TOMMY

Jail. Prison. A county record.

DAMIEN

They're grad students, Uncle Tommy. One of them's Italian. But I don't think he's connected.

Incoming call. Cell name recognition: Eddie.

TOMMY

I'll call Johnny's old partner. See if he can dig up anything. I gotta get this call. We still on for Friday night?

DAMIEN

You sure you wanna come to a college bash?

TOMMY

My way of keeping an eye on you for your old man's sake. See you then.

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

Cousin Eddie drives through Manhattan.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

Yeah.

EDDIE

Thanks for sending Uncle Teddy my way, asshole. The guy's driving me nuts.

TOMMY

You're the one who's playing lawyer, pal.

EDDIE

I'm not playing anything! I am a lawyer! You owe me big time for this, Tommy.

TOMMY

Teddy's family. I'd take ten Teddy's for one of you any day, my friend.

EDDIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Tell him he has to relax or he'll be looking for a new lawyer.

TOMMY

Well as soon as he finds a real one, I'll give you his number. Maybe he could direct you to a real lawyer school.

EDDIE

Blow me, Tommy.

TOMMY

That'll cost you plenty - mega mo.

Tommy hangs up and jumps back over to-

SPLITSCREEN WITH:

TOMMY

Still there?

SHEILA

I don't know why. It's very rude to put someone on hold for so long.

TOMMY

I don't really have time for a
phone etiquette lesson from a
goddamn arsonist whore!

SHEILA

Says the crazy alcoholic with the
violent Irish temper and limp dick!

TOMMY

You're lucky you're on the other
end of this phone or I swear to
Christ-

Tommy grits his teeth.

SHEILA

-Enough! I don't wanna fight with
you. I just - I wanted to talk to
you. I miss you a little bit.

Tommy hangs up.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

This new kid I'm dating. He's
nice. He's good to me. But he's
really young. I don't know what I
was thinking going for a younger
guy. Y'know, I thought it would be
fun - and he - he calls me his
cougar mistress. Which I kind of
like. Tommy? Tommy?

(realizes he's hung up)

Shit. Asshole!

Colleen walks on the sidewalk closest to the monument.
Tommy's Escalade pulls up.

WIDER ANGLE - Tommy leans out the window.

TOMMY

Get in.

COLLEEN

No thanks. Feel like walking.

TOMMY

I'll buy you a cone and a foot
long.

COLLEEN

That worked when I was twelve,
Daddy.

TOMMY

What's on the menu for a college
student?

COLLEEN

Louis Vuitton.

TOMMY

A lower middle class junior college
student?

Colleen gives in and climbs inside.

They drive off. Silence for a beat or two.

TOMMY

Your mother's been wonderin' who
you've been seeing lately - y'know,
relationship wise.

COLLEEN

Mom's been wondering?

TOMMY

Well, yeah. She's worried sick on
account of your track record-

COLLEEN

-My track record? Let's talk about
track records in the Gavin family.

TOMMY

Aw'right. I know it's been tough
with me previously seeing my dead
cousin's widow. Not to mention
your mom sleeping with your now
dead uncle and a new baby brother
being raised by the two of us who
are technically separated on
account of my - y'know, things I
may or may not have done. But
aside from that - you're interested
in going to college now and there's
gonna be a lot a guys - and girls -
wanting to get in your jeans and
now that you're legal age, we-

COLLEEN

-Can we not have this conversation?

Tommy shuts up. Silence for a beat or two.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I wanna go to NYU.

TOMMY

What? No way. Out of the question.

COLLEEN

Why? NYU's a great school.

TOMMY

For one thing it's too goddamn expensive. Pardon my-

COLLEEN

-I can get student loans. And don't you have some kind of special firemen fund for your kid's college education?

TOMMY

It's called: "The Community College Fund."

COLLEEN

You want me to go to a community college? My cousin goes to NYU-

TOMMY

Yeah - Damien's got a different - situation. His mother has - on account of Jimmy... and 9/11-

COLLEEN

(sotto)

-So it worked out well for him.

Tommy's surprisingly hurt by this.

TOMMY

Well, Colleen. Sorry a building didn't fall on me so's you could go to a better college-

COLLEEN

-I didn't mean that, Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

Yeah well - I've fantasized about taking out my own old man on occasion-

COLLEEN

-You fantasized about killing Grandpa?

TOMMY

(rethinks)

Not - I wasn't serious - y'know, I get pissed off sometimes and I - this is totally off the subject. Look, Colleen. You know that I'm - I want you to know that when I'm Grandpa's age - god willing I live that long - I hope we'll still be able to spend quality time-

COLLEEN

-Dad. Are you having a mid-life crisis?

TOMMY

Uh-no. Okay. First off all, I'm an angry, Irish, New York City firefighter. Aw'right. I'm not some pussy, WASP accountant from Connecticut. Pardon my - y'know. That asshole - did it again, sorry - that guy Roger that your mom used to date. Guys like him have mid-life cris-ez. Guys like me get drunk and pick fist fights with the NYPD. Which, I know does not set a great example. But it beats having some bull... some mid-life crisis.

COLLEEN

I understand, Daddy. And I don't want you to die in some collapsed building.

(looks out window)

And I'll come visit you when you're old - and wrinkly.

They sit in silence for a beat or two.

Typical, tacky Italian-American household with plastic on the sofas. Maggie and Sean talk to MRS. TRIGLIANA, age 70.

MRS. TRIGLIANA

Any kids?

SEAN

We're discussing.

MAGGIE

That's not on the plate at the moment.

MRS. TRIGLIANA

(to Sean)

A little problem in that area. I understand.

Maggie looks around the house: the plastic on the furniture, the kitschy decor. A look of horror on her face.

SEAN

What? No. I - work long hours. My job's-

MAGGIE

-How long you live here?

MRS. TRIGLIANA

45 years. Raised eight children in this house. They all moved to Jersey. Do they call?

(to Sean)

See if you'll do any better.

SEAN

Wow eight kids.

MRS. TRIGLIANA

What do you do again?

SEAN

(proud)

I'm a New York City firefighter.

MRS. TRIGLIANA

(unimpressed)

You got insurance? My husband was union. Knew people. Know what I mean? God rest his soul.

Maggie further inspects the house.

MAGGIE

You got a basement?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. TRIGLIANA

A little water issue down there.
Been waiting for the plumber for
fa'ever.

(to Sean)

You good with your hands? My Vito,
rest his soul, had great hands.

Maggie, back turned, gags a little as Sean examines the
cabinets - not exactly sure what he should be looking for.

SEAN

Okay. There's a lot of cabinet
space. That's good. Wood's in
good condition.

Off Mrs. Trigliana's shoulder: Maggie sits on the sofa in the
living room. She glides around and then - slides off of the
sofa onto the floor.

MAGGIE

Son'uva-

MRS. TRIGLIANA

-You okay in there?

A dog runs in the room and starts YAPPING at Maggie.

SEAN

That's great. You have a dog to
keep you company.

MRS. TRIGLIANA

I can throw in some of the
furniture if you want. But the dog
goes with me to Boca.

Maggie stares with an insane amount of intensity at the dog.

MAGGIE

Rascal? That you?

The dog moves in closer to her. She suddenly panics.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Oh my god!

Confused, the dog suddenly starts BARKING at her. Maggie
jumps up and runs around the living room table.

MRS. TRIGLIANA

Madonn'. She not a dog person?

(CONTINUED)

Maggie runs for cover behind Sean.

SEAN
Honey. I thought you liked dogs?

MAGGIE
I can't stay in this house!

SEAN
But we still need to see-

The dog moves in closer.

MAGGIE
-No! Take me away! Take me away!

Maggie runs out of the house.

SEAN
So - the ceiling looks in good
shape.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY 34

Mike and Angel enjoy a great date in the park. They laugh, eat hot dogs and ice cream, watch kids and dogs at play - two dopey overgrown kids crushing on each other.

35 INT. FRANCO'S APARTMENT - DAY 35

Richard sits next to Benny on the couch, as Franco paces the room on his cell phone with Natalie.

RICHIE

You smell like Asian people. But you're not Asian.

BENNY

No, man. I ain't Asian.

RICHIE

You have an Asian girlfriend?

BENNY

Uh, no. Do you?

RICHIE

If I did, you couldn't have her.

BENNY

I don't want your girlfriend, dude.

FRANCO

So you're cool with going on a cruise? No... it's just... there's a lot of drunk girls that... I know you'll be with me.

RICHIE

I could beat you at arm wrestling.

BENNY

Franco, man. You about ready to talk to me about this shit?

FRANCO

Alright, baby. Then we'll go. See you in a bit. Okay... yeah... you too.

(hangs up)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(to Richard)

Don't hassle Benny, Richie. He's not as sharp as you.

BENNY

Hey thanks, *hombre*. Look I know you don't respect me and all and I'm cool with that. But I'm taking this here shit seriously and I'd appreciate-

FRANCO

-What, Benny? You wanna know how hard it is to become FDNY? It's goddamn hard. Takes some guys years to join a truck. You gotta take tests, there's a wall you gotta climb - literally. There's physicals and interviews, and they want upstanding goddamn members of the community.

RICHIE

Goddamn right!

BENNY

So, what? I'm not as upstanding as you? Or your boy Tommy? You're a bunch of priests or some shit?

FRANCO

It's not like that! But I haven't shot up anything-

BENNY

-I told you I'm done with that! Damn! You with your moral superiority judging me like you're above it all. Don't matter that I wanna do something good for a change?

FRANCO

It's not that simple!

BENNY

I'm willing to try, dude! I'm just asking for a little support!

RICHIE

I think you should arm wrestle him.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCO

Back off, Richie. This is a family thing.

BENNY

That's right. *Somos familia*, cuz.

INT. DINER NEAR NYU - NIGHT

Mike and Angel sit at a booth and share a chocolate shake.

ANGEL

You could totally take classes, Mike.

MIKE

School's not really my thing. I'm not really into books and studying and stuff.

ANGEL

Yeah, neither am I. I'm just there to get laid.

Mike's eyes widen.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I so had you going there, didn't I? But you totally remind me of this character from a Jack Kerouac book. You'd so dig Kerouac.

MIKE

(clueless)

Yeah.

(beat)

I read Pooh.

ANGEL

As in the Tao of?

MIKE

Yeah.

ANGEL

OMG. That's so my favorite book!

MIKE

Really?

ANGEL

You are so Pooh!

MIKE
I know! That's what I said.

ANGEL
My ex, Stephanie. She was so Pooh too.

MIKE
Stephanie?

ANGEL
Uh - yeah. I dated girls. That doesn't, like, freak out your total Brooklyn Italian sensibil-

MIKE
-No! I dated guys!

ANGEL
Shut up!

MIKE
Yeah. I mean, I'm not gay. But-

ANGEL
-No. I'm not either. I am so bi. You are too. OMG. You're so frigging rad!

MIKE
I know! Right!

Colleen sits on a bed with two NYU students in their 20s, CRYSTAL and DIEDRE - both equally lithe and sinewy.

CRYSTAL
So you told your parents you wanted to go here?

COLLEEN
Well I told my dad. But it didn't go over so well.

DIEDRE
The firefighter. He is so hot.

COLLEEN
Ew! That's so gross.

CRYSTAL

He is hot, Colleen. Firefighters
are just so hot.

COLLEEN

Okay. Enough about firefighters.
They're hot until you get to know
them and then the thrill is gone.

Party rages out of control. Eric and his crew are on hand to
film the action. Tommy and Eric scream over the MUSIC as
DANCING STUDENTS continuously slam into Tommy.

ERIC

We think we have some really great
footage. But we want to follow you
guys to a few locations.

TOMMY

I told you already that you're not
getting anywhere near an actual
fire again, kid. So you can forget
about it. Not to mention the shit
I've been getting 'cause of you
Scorsese wannabes filming in our
house to begin with.

ERIC

Tommy, it's cool. We wanna get you
guys in a more low key atmosphere.
Off duty. With the friends and
fam.

TOMMY

You wanna come over to my place and
film me with the baby? Uh-no.
Don't think so.

ERIC

No. Like a barbecue or a strip-

TOMMY

-It's the middle of goddamn fall-
(remembers)
Wait. There's this thing.

ERIC

A thing? Do tell.

TOMMY

There's this booze cruise that the widows of 9/11 are hosting-

ERIC

-Perfect. A cruise. Alcohol. Drunken horny women looking for some firefighter cock. That's the money shot, baby.

TOMMY

Aw'right. Relax, Ron Jeremy. I'll do you this one favor. Now - about that head cold - stuff.

ERIC

The feel good pills. I'm way ahead of ya, Tom.

TOMMY

It's Mr. Gavin to you. Okay, pal.

DRUNKEN STUDENT slams into Tommy.

DRUNKEN STUDENT

Hey professor! Party on! Woo-hoo!

TOMMY

Yeah. And Colleen wants to go here? Over my dead-

Tommy spots Damien walking towards him-

TOMMY (CONT'D)

-Shit. That's my cousin's kid. Don't say a word about the - cold medicine stuff.

ERIC

Way ahead of ya, Tom.

TOMMY

Again with the Tom?

DAMIEN

Uncle Tommy. You made it!

Damien goes up for a high five and outs himself as a geek.

TOMMY

You wanna maybe tone that down a notch, kiddo.

(CONTINUED)

DAMIEN

Excuse me. You're a fifty year old
at a college-

TOMMY

-I'm forty... five! And I'm - I'm
working on a documentary-

DAMIEN

(to Eric)

-Dude! You guys kick ass. Your
girl-on-girl stuff is amazing.
Classic cinema verite.

ERIC

Thanks, bro.

Eric grabs a hot college girl MELINDA - who dances nearby.

ERIC (CONT'D)

This is Melinda. Melinda-

DAMIEN

(enamored)

-Da - da - Damien.

MELINDA

Hey.

DAMIEN

Hey.

ERIC

Good. Damien's your new dance
partner. Mr. Gavin and I have some
unfinished business to attend to.

Tommy's impressed by Eric's game. Damien stares at Melinda,
who's completely hammered!

INT. NYU DORM HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Eric and Tommy walk down a darkened hall past Students making
out against walls and smoking pot - completely oblivious.

INT. DR. FEELGOOD'S ROOM - SAME

A rastafied white kid, mid 20s, they call DR. FEELGOOD blows
out a long drag from a crazy bong as Tommy enters. A few
sultry, hot young chicks writhe around on his bed.

DR. FEELGOOD

Yah, mon.

TOMMY
Oh, you gotta be kiddin' me.

ERIC
This is the doctor.

TOMMY
Aw'right. Whatever. I got this
nasty head cold thing. It's been
going on for about a-

Dr. Feelgood tosses a bottle of pills to Tommy.

DR. FEELGOOD
-Prescription. First bottle on me.
Mr. Cinema Man vouched for you.

TOMMY
And these work on-?

DR. FEELGOOD
-Everything. They make you feel -
good. Makes the aches and pains go
way. Yah, mon.

Tommy pops open the bottle and downs a pill - immediately
feels the effect.

TOMMY
Say hi to Ziggy for me, Doctor.
(one last look)
Get a haircut.

41

INT. NYU DORM HALLWAY - SAME

41

Tommy strolls by STUDENTS - all feeling good. As he slowly
passes by, a GIRL TRIPPING on ecstasy grabs him and kisses
him on the mouth.

Eric nods to Billy to turn digital camera on him and they get
a good - [SHOT OF TOMMY MAKING OUT WITH A COLLEGE STUDENT].

42

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

As Lou walks inside, only the flickering of candles can be
seen from the bedroom.

LOU
Honey. I'm home.

Lou walks towards his bedroom and sees the door slightly
open. He slowly opens the door-

43 INT. LOU'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 43

Catholic candles lit all around the room. Theresa wears a full on dominatrix outfit, and holds a whip.

THERESA

Uh... On your knees and serve your mistress.

LOU

Sweet mother of Jesus H Christ on a popsicle stick. Honey, when I told you to branch out-

THERESA

(cracks whip)
-On your knees!
(clears throat)

Lou obliges, and holds his hands in prayer mode.

44 INT. TOMMY'S ESCALADE - NIGHT 44

Tommy - parked outside dorm and feeling good - dials cell.

45 INT. CRYSTAL AND DIEDRE'S NYU DORM ROOM - SAME 45

SFX: CELL PHONE RINGS.

Colleen ignores his call. She's sandwiched between Diedre and Crystal. She drinks straight from a vodka bottle and passes it to her friends - then makes out with both of them.

46 INT. TOMMY'S ESCALADE - DRIVING - NIGHT 46

Tommy's on his cell-

TOMMY

Yeah. I thought more about the NYU idea and - the answer's still no. But - come home soon 'cause I - we worry about you.

47 INT. CRYSTAL AND DIEDRE'S NYU DORM ROOM - HOURS LATER 47

Eric and his buddies walk in on the sight of Colleen passed out on the bed.

ERIC

She gone?

Diedre and Crystal shrug their shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (CONT'D)
Shit. No money shot tonight boys.

Diedre and Crystal smile and take off their shirts. Billy turns on the digital camera.

[ON COMPUTER SCREEN - VIDEO CAPTURES THE TWO GIRLS GOING AT IT WITH COLLEEN COMPLETELY PASSED OUT]

INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tommy enters a darkened apartment.

TOMMY
Janet?

JANET (O.S.)
In here.

Tommy follows her voice.

INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S BEDROOM - SAME

Janet wears her trench coat. He's seen this routine before. She holds a power drill in her hand - that's new.

TOMMY
Honey. I understand getting a little kinky, but-

She motions to the bed.

JANET
-Assembly required.

Tommy walks over to see - aside from the swing - a variety of sex toys, gels and massage oils.

TOMMY
Well - you definitely have all the bases covered.

Janet moves in on him, kisses him and grabs his crotch.

JANET
Uh-huh.

TOMMY
The baby.

JANET
Finally sleeping.

TOMMY
And you want to wake him?

JANET
I'll take my chances. But let's
see how sound he sleeps.

50 INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER 50

Tommy wheels in the crib and places a baby monitor inside.

TOMMY
Okay, buddy. I'll come back for
you in-

Tommy sees someone's image dart down the hallway. He slowly
moves towards-

51 INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S KITCHEN - SAME 51

Tommy arrives and flicks on the lights. Johnny faces Tommy -
arm out stretched, his fingers form a gun pointed at Tommy.

JOHNNY
Bang!

Tommy runs out of the kitchen and into-

52 INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S LIVING ROOM - SAME 52

He slips on a rug and practically knocks into the crib as he
darts into-

53 INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S BEDROOM - SAME 53

He arrives, out of breath and sweating.

JANET
Is something wrong?

TOMMY
No - I was - there was this - I'm
just so goddamn turned on.

He charges over and grabs her. He strips off her trench coat
to reveal that sexy black number, turns her around, presses
her against bed and works out his nerves.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

54 INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 54

Tommy and Janet - naked and drenched in post-coital sweat - dangle in the swing that now hangs from their ceiling - big Cheshire grin on Janet's face.

55 INT. FIREHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY 55

Lou and Tommy sit at the table.

TOMMY

I'm telling you - since the baby was born - she's become this sex crazed animal. She's become experimental.

LOU

Even with the baby around. Huh?

TOMMY

It shuts him up! We start banging our brains out and not a peep from the little pooper.

LOU

Well I'll tell you one thing Tom. Whatever Janet comes up with - Theresa has her beat in the freaky flag flying department.

TOMMY

No shit?

Sean, Mike and Franco enter. Lou and Tommy shut up.

FRANCO

Yo Tommy. Your boys just got the boot from Pecker and Perolli.

TOMMY

They came here again?

SEAN

Something about needing a permit to film. Tough break.

Lou gets up in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

LOU

You know, thank god somebody did something. I swear Tom, the situation was getting out of hand.

SEAN

Geez, Lou. What do you have against a bunch of kids making a student film anyway?

LOU

You mean pretentious, trust fund babies with a wad of daddy's cash and handheld cameras. I know their type. Back in the '70s - when I was just out of high school busting my balls earning a living - these NYU assholes were in the Village watching art house films like *Breathless* and *the 400 Blows* by faggy Frenchmen named Truffaut and-

MIKE

-I think my ex dated that guy.

FRANCO

Which one: the guy, the gargantuan vet or the fat chick?

MIKE

The fat chick.

SEAN

400 Blows. Was that with Ron Jeremy or John Holmes?

FRANCO

I think it was back in the '70s with a younger Nina Hartley and Ginger Lynn.

MIKE

Wasn't that the one where Ron Jeremy blew himself on camera?

FRANCO

You'd know better than any of us, Mikey.

SEAN

No. I think it was actually John Holmes. Talk about a monster-

(CONTINUED)

LOU

-No you idiots! It was a French film from the '50s that ushered in a new wave of cinema influencing every major American filmmaker from the '70s on. But that kind of cultural knowledge is wasted on you three mental retards so why do I even waste my goddamn breath?

TOMMY

Apparently, Lou feels passionate about these faggy, pretentious French filmmakers. But I think Franco was right. Except it was older Nina Hartley with Jenna Jameson and a very fat Ron Jeremy.

SFX: ALARM SOUNDS.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

The Guys walk back to rig after fighting a fire.

TOMMY

So, tonight's that cruise. Who's in?

SEAN

Thought you weren't going?

TOMMY

Changed my mind.

SEAN

I talked to Maggie and she wants to go.

MIKE

I'm dating this awesome girl and she really wants to go.

FRANCO

Way to make progress, Mike.

TOMMY

Franco?

FRANCO

Natalie's down. But, I'm still a little apprehensive.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

No problem, Franco. Totally got your back. Any of your former conquests approach, you give us a sign and we'll move in on defense.

FRANCO

Thanks, bro. That's actually a good idea. Surprisingly enough.

They jump in rig as Tommy pulls Sean to the side.

TOMMY

How's it going with the - nest hunting thing?

SEAN

Well - good. Good. Actually - no. That's a lie. Every place we see she hates or she gets cold feet and runs away. Literally. There was this incident with a dog the other day-

TOMMY

-A dog?

SEAN

Yeah. She called it Rascal-

TOMMY

-Oh, Jesus.

SEAN

What? What, Tommy?

TOMMY

It's - childhood stuff. Deep, like, psychological bullshit. I'm telling you Sean. You got your hands full. Well - good luck.

Maggie and Sean walk in front of a for rent sign.

SEAN

Now before we do this, you have to actually attempt to like it.

MAGGIE

You know, Sean. Maybe we're just apartment people. Some people are like that. I read in a magazine-

SEAN

-C'mon, Mags! What's with you? And what was with that dog-?

MAGGIE

-Do not mention the dog! I swear to Christ - just the thought of it-
(turns to walk away)
I'm not going in there!

Sean grabs her arm and pulls her back.

SEAN

Hey. I'm your husband. You can share anything with me.

MAGGIE

Goddamn it, Sean. Don't make me do this! What do you want to know?

SEAN

I think you're using the dog, and the fear you had of that trash compactor, and seeing giant spiders-

MAGGIE

-Okay! I may be a little scared to make the leap to a big house and domestic life and all that bullshit because I never thought I'd be some goddamn housewife. But I swear, my dead dog Rascal possessed that dog. I saw it in his eyes, Sean! In his eyes! His eyes!

SEAN

So that's what this is about.

MAGGIE

I love you, babe. I really do. But it's all moving way too goddamn fast for me. Can't we just slow it down just a bit? Please.

Sean folds his arms and fumes.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(flirty)

Let's just go out on that boat and
get sloppy drunk and have crazy sex
and I promise I'll be ready to look
again in, like, a week - or two.

SEAN

Promise?

MAGGIE

Promise.

They kiss. Maggie crosses her fingers behind her back.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SUNSET

Mike and Angel walk near a wooded area eating hot dogs.

ANGEL

I am so stoked about the boat ride
tonight!

They sit on a nearby bench and finish their hot dogs.

MIKE

I was thinking afterwards we could,
like, go back to my place and -
read and stuff.

ANGEL

I'd rather do something more -
visual. I have a very visual mind.

MIKE

Oh yeah?

ANGEL

Uh-huh. I'm visualizing you now.

MIKE

Really?

ANGEL

Wearing a cowboy get up. Me in an
old west, 19th Century bordello
night gown.

MIKE

I love Westerns!

ANGEL

And we ride off into the sunset.
(in his ear)
You ride me into the sunset.

She suddenly gets up and starts to run.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

You ready to catch me, cowboy?

As Mike goes after her, Angel's eyes roll back into her head. She hits the ground convulsing. Mike, stunned, doesn't move.

A fit BLACK WOMAN, late 40s, jogging by rushes over to her.

BLACK WOMAN

Oh, sweet merciful Jesus!
(to Mike)
Don't just stand there!

Mike slowly walks over to her as she accesses the situation.

BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)

Grab a stick!

MIKE

What do you need that-

BLACK WOMAN

-I'm a nurse. This girl is having a seizure! Hurry.
(sticks finger in Angel's mouth)
It's okay, darling. You're gonna be just fine.

Mike runs off into the woods to look for a stick. He's completely lost and confused.

A band plays. Dozens of drunk babes dressed to the nines cavort with firefighters as Eric and his crew film the event. Tommy - feeling no pain - talks to dozens of hot women.

Maggie, beer cup in both fists - surrounded by guys with dollar bills in hand - dances on top of bar. She starts to take her top off as Sean tries desperately to pull her off.

61

EXT. DECK OF PARTY BOAT - SAME

61

Franco stands off to the side with Natalie - they enjoy the beautiful evening.

FRANCO

You cold, baby?

NATALIE

No. I'm fine. How's everything with your cousin?

FRANCO

Fine. If I could only trust him farther than I could toss him.

Women pass by and give Franco the eye.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(to women)

Hey. How's it going. Nice night.

PASSING WOMAN

Hey, Franco.

Natalie looks up at him.

FRANCO

What? They're widows.

NATALIE

Mr. Popularity.

Franco sees Sean drag Maggie outside from dance hall.

MAGGIE

I was just dancing!

SEAN

And offering lap dances at twenty bucks a pop!

Franco laughs. SIMONE - hot model, late 20s - approaches.

SIMONE

Hi, Franco. Haven't seen you in a while.

FRANCO

Yeah - hey girl. How you been?

(CONTINUED)

SIMONE

This your date for the evening?
She into girls?

NATALIE

Excuse me?

FRANCO

This is Natalie. She's my steady
girl.

SIMONE

Get out! I don't see no ring on her
finger.

NATALIE

Okay. I see where this is going.

Natalie starts to leave. Franco stops her.

FRANCO

Look - whatever your name is. I'm
actually here with the woman I - I
love. Okay.

Natalie looks up at him in shock. More women surround them.
Sean sees the women move in on Franco and Natalie.

SEAN

Shit. Franco's in trouble.

Sean leaves Maggie - who's completely wasted.

MAGGIE

Uh - Sean!
(fumbles with cigarette)

NATALIE

You love me?

FRANCO

Yeah baby. I love you something
awful. I'm done with all - this.
I wanna be with you - and only you.

He kisses Natalie. Women applaud and Sean joins in.

Tommy dances with a bunch of women - [CAUGHT ON DIGITAL
CAMERA].

As Eric directs the scene, DENISE - a Long Island cutie, mid
20s - walks over to him with her huge firefighter boyfriend
DOMINIC - 6'4, late 30s - his arm draped around her.

(CONTINUED)

DENISE

Eric. What the hell are you doing here?

Eric spins around to see Denise.

ERIC

Well - look who it is. The Cheater. Hey, Cheater. I see you brought your monkey with you.

DOMINIC

I kicked your ass once, dude. Don't make me-

Eric gets crazy-

ERIC

-Don't make me what?! Huh, bitch?!

Eric tries to push the mountain that is Dominic, as Tommy sees the action and rushes over.

TOMMY

What the hell's going on here, kid?

DOMINIC

This little shit got fresh with my girl. I told him to shut his goddamn mouth!

ERIC

Make me!

Tommy pulls Eric to the side.

TOMMY

Hey stupid! You got a death wish? That gorilla could kill you with his breath alone.

DENISE

Hey, Eric. Why don't you tell your boyfriend how you followed us around with your camera for weeks and made that video of Dominic-

TOMMY

-What?

ERIC

Why don't you choke on his dick and die, bitch!

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIC
All right! That's it!

Dominic rushes in on Eric. Tommy, gut reaction, punches Dominic and knocks him to the ground. Tommy holds his fist and flinches in pain.

TOMMY
Ah - goddamnit!
(to Eric)
Your little project is over! I'm
shutting down production!

62 INT. TOMMY'S ESCALADE - DRIVING - NIGHT 62

Tommy's on his cell phone-

TOMMY
Luis. It's Johnny's brother,
Tommy. I need you to do a
background check on someone for me.

63 INT. TWO FLOORS UP DORM ROOM - SOME TIME LATER 63

Same dorm room from the fire that resembled a meth lab.
Tommy enters with Damien.

DAMIEN
This is the place.

Tommy looks around the room.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Look at this place.

Damien messes around with the computer until he comes across-

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Check this out, Uncle Tom.

SEAN (ON VIDEO)
*Chicks. Yeah. I had tons. All
the time. Twice a night sometimes.*

[ON COMPUTER SCREEN: SEXY, SLOW MOTION SHOTS OF THE GUYS -
SHOT OF TOMMY MAKING OUT WITH TRIPPING GIRL AT NYU PARTY]

ERIC (V.O.)
Meet the studs of the FDNY. See
these true heroes slutting it up
and getting hot with young hotties.

(CONTINUED)

Tommy, pissed off, rushes out of the room as Damien continues to watch. He comes across-

[ON COMPUTER SCREEN: COLLEEN PASSED OUT ON BED NEXT TO CRYSTAL AND DIEDRE]

DAMIEN

Oh - shit. This is not good.

EXT. GROUND ZERO MEMORIAL WALL - NIGHT

Tommy stands in front of the huge poster size images of the days events, as Eric approaches him from behind.

ERIC

Hey - Mr. Gavin. You told me to meet you here. So-

Tommy keeps his back turned-

TOMMY

-Thought you were pretty smart. Young kid with something to prove. Chick dumps you for a firefighter and you're thinking: they got it coming to 'em.

ERIC

Something like that - maybe. Seriously, you guys play the nobility card-

Tommy spins around, grabs Eric and rams his face up against the wall. He slams him repeatedly as he speaks-

TOMMY

-See these photos. You wanna make documentaries. But you'll never make anything as meaningful or as painful as these. Thing is - I don't need these goddamn photos because I have the images of my brave, fallen brothers that sacrificed their lives on that day-

ERIC

-You don't think I know this? I lost my only brother! Son of a bitch! You think you're the only one who hurts? Huh, Tommy?

Tommy throws him off the wall and cools off.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I watched bodies fall out of those goddamn towers and wondered if my brother was one of them. You don't think I have that image burned into my brain? Huh? Your brothers - they were brave - they did rush in. But it was too late. Too late for my brother. And then I get betrayed by one of you brave, brave men. And she - they laugh at me-

TOMMY

-It's not my goddamn fault!

ERIC

I know that! But - you pushed me!

TOMMY

What?

ERIC

In the dorm. The fire...
(sotto)
You... you pushed me.

Tommy moves in on Eric.

TOMMY

You're out of your goddamn mind.

Tommy decides he's had enough and walks off.

WIDER ANGLE - Ground Zero construction site.

Eric arrives to the sight of police cars. Luis and a FELLOW DETECTIVE are there to meet him.

LUIS

Eric Romano. You're under arrest for intent to distribute crystal-methamphetamine, destruction of private property, and for generally being a very, very bad apple.

Luis handcuffs Eric. Billy and Terrence are placed in patrol cars. Doctor Feelgood is escorted out of building in handcuffs.

DR. FEELGOOD
This is bullshit, mon. I wanna
speak to my lawyer.

FELLOW DETECTIVE
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Get in the car,
Rasta Ricky.

Eric - head pressed against police car - sees Tommy leaned up
against a brick wall. Tommy smirks at him and walks away.

CLOSING MONTAGE: EVENING

66 INT. ANGEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM 66

Mike holds Angel. She cries softly in his arms.

67 INT. UNCLE RED'S DEN 67

Uncle Red, Uncle Teddy and Tommy's Dad sit in the dark in
their boxer shorts, tee shirts and wife beaters and black
socks [Uncle Red wears a bathrobe] and play video games.
Uncle Teddy is kicking both their asses.

68 INT. SEAN AND MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM 68

Sean arrives home with a puppy for Maggie - she's elated.

69 INT. LOU'S BEDROOM 69

Lou, shirtless, is chained to his bedpost with furry
handcuffs as Theresa, in sexy lingerie, gently tickles him
with a feather.

70 INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT 70

Richard helps Benny go over FDNY study material. As Natalie
and Franco nuzzle each other, Benny looks on with a jealous
stare.

71 INT. SHEILA'S BEDROOM 71

Sheila's in bed next to her young stud boyfriend. He talks
but she's not listening - she's thinking about Tommy. She
turns her back on him and begins to softly weep.

72 INT. TOMMY AND JANET'S BEDROOM 72

Tommy and Janet, naked and sweaty, sit on the edge of Tommy's
bed next to crib and stare with wonder at the baby inside -
the ceiling swing still gently sways in the background.

73

INT. CRYSTAL AND DIEDRE'S DORM ROOM

73

Colleen is back at it with the two lithe beauties - only this time she's wide awake.

CLOSET

Someone hides inside with a video camera pointed at the three as they get down to business.

[FROM CLOSET: DIGITAL CAMERA RECORDS COLLEEN IN THREE-SOME ACTION WITH CRYSTAL AND DIEDRE]

SMASHCUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE