

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH, SOHO/NYC - DAY - 1990

A shitty gray day.

Church bells toll for a funeral in drab St. Anthony's Church.
A hearse and several limos wait at the curb.

UP THE STREET -

A hip BUSINESSWOMAN hurries toward the church, then skips
down the stairs and into the church basement.

CHAIRMAN (O.S.)
The guy's dead, right?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK - 1985

A Community Board Meeting in full swing. A POLICE CAPTAIN
sits up front alongside the BOARD CHAIRMAN, the local baker.

The room is jammed with a mix of older Italian-American
women, slick gallery owners, and scruffy artist-types. BEAT
COPS - the 'Community Policing' squad - stand at the back.

CHAIRMAN
So if he's dead, it's safe to say
that he ain't got the parking
permit no more. Right? You with me
here?

A frustrated ITALIAN MAMA stands at her seat. She sorta gets
it, nods slowly. The Chairman bangs his gavel. Case closed.

CHAIRMAN
Listen, you done your best for the
guy.
(to crowd)
Anything else?

CAPTAIN
One more thing. Tommy! You still
back there?

Everyone swivels to look at the row of cops, who single out --

TOMMY McNALLY, 30's, a good-looking cop with dreamy bedroom
eyes.

CAPTAIN

I think that most of you know Tommy McNally.

A murmur of appreciation from the older women in the crowd.

CROWD

Ohhhh, we know Tommy... Everyone knows Tommy... Hey-ya Handsome...

Tommy bats those baby blues and lets a sly smile slip out. This is a guy that women love to love. And doesn't he know it.

Someone blows a kiss. Everyone laughs.

CAPTAIN

Yeah, yeah, all right-already. We all know Tommy's everybody's favorite cop - and we're going to miss him.

CROWD

No/Where ya goin?... Come on back... My window's always open...

More laughter.

CAPTAIN

Tommy got promoted and will be re-assigned to plainclothes work sometime in the next two weeks.

CHAIRMAN

Yo - 'bout a hand for Tommy

Applause, whistles, laughter. Tommy modestly waves it off.

CAPTAIN

We'll introduce you to his replacement at the next meeting.

CHAIRMAN

Okay, that's it. Meetin' adjourned.

A throng of little old ladies surround Tommy. He gives them that *smile*, those *eyes*...

AT THE DOORWAY -

The Businesswoman stops on the way out; catches Tommy's eye.

Tommy's got a special smile for her. She blushes, then slips out the door.

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FADE IN: ← visual transition

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH, SOHO/NYC - DAY - 1990 ← slug line

A shitty gray day. ← 12pt courier

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UP THE STREET ← sub-header

A hip BUSINESSWOMAN hurries toward the church, then skips
down the stairs and into the church basement. ← action

CHAIRMAN (O.S.)
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DISSOLVE TO: ← visual transition

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← dialogue

A frustrated ITALIAN MAMA stands at her seat. She sorta gets
it, nods slowly. The Chairman bangs his gavel. Case closed.

CHAIRMAN
Listen, you done your best for the
guy.
(to crowd) ← parenthetical dialogue notes
Anything else?

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back there?

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character → TOMMY McNALLY, 30's, a good-looking cop with dreamy bedroom
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