

INVESTIGATION

Treatment
By Paul Schrader
From a screenplay by
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WRITER'S NOTE: Everything about Investigation -- writing, directing, acting, scoring, editing -- must be brash, bold. All flash. For the moment. Nothing sitting still; nothing dipping below the surface. All to music.

This is not the style of a drama, not the style of expose. But the rules are changing: by dancing on the surface, by pretending to be about nothing, Investigation can disguise its true identity -- a political broadside in the form of a polaroid. Thomas Nash via rock and roll.

This script should be read with the music loud.

"He's a servant of the law and
eludes justice."

--Kafka

JUDE MAZZO, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, 45, trim, dark full hair. Hey, Jude. It's a name you remember. It sticks in mind. Jude the Obscure.

Jude Mazzo adjusts his suit, crosses the parking structure. The first thing you notice is the walk. The Jude walk. Something between a stroll and a strut. The balls of his feet carry his weight effortlessly; his heels follow, scrapping the pavement: precise, hypnotic. The walk of confidence. His walk presumes order in the space through which it moves, creates an allusion of order if none exists. It says: this space has purpose because I am passing through it.

This isn't the confidence of unsought arrogance. It's the considered arrogance of a leader. People want order; they crave it like bread and water. Those who provide order are avatars, above judgment and suspicion. Their bearing, their walk, their approaching footsteps are manna for the masses.

Jude sits in his Celica, cranks the stereo full blast. "Chantilly Lace" plays as the car squeals off. Eyes turn. Sometimes it's not enough to be a born leader. Sometimes you gotta flaunt it.

SEQUENTIAL BREAKDOWN

JUDE ARRIVES AT KARIN'S APT> Mazzo parks his car near 100 U.N. Plaza, a glittering Post-Modern highrise. He enters through a service entrance.

JUDE MURDERS KARIN. The 56th floor. Jude unlocks an apartment door, silently enters. Inside, KARIN, a 20ish German (possibly Dutch) girl, waits nude under the bedroom sheets. She could be a model. Jude unties his shoes, slips them off. "So, how will you kill me today?" Karin asks, teasing. "What is your plan?" Mazzo flips on the oversize TV, turns the cable dial to C-Span: Senate hearings live from Washington. "It's a political scandal," Jude replies, removing his shirt and undershorts. A moment later they are making aggressive love. Approaching orgasm, Jude playfully wraps the cable around her neck. She laughs as he tightens the cable. Her throat catches. She is suddenly choking. Karin coughs blood over Mazzo's face and chest, collapses.

MAZZO CLEANS UP. Jude walks to the bathroom, showers. Back in the bedroom, dresses. Karin lies unmoving. Jude turns off the TV. Bends to check Karin's pulse, walks to the kitchen, leaving faint red footprints. Pours himself a glass of fresh water, drinks it. Takes a bottle of champagne from the fridge. He re-enters the bedroom, pockets some jewelry from a box atop the dresser. Ignores the cash alongside. Jude phones the police, is put on hold. Waits. He tells the police a girl has been murdered at 100 U.N. Plaza. The police get the address wrong ("00 Union Square"; Mazzo repeats the address condescendingly. Jude adjusts his navy, silk tie, exits, champagne in hand.

HE PASSES RIA. Stepping outside, Jude turns into RIA, a 30ish Italian (possibly Arabic) man. Their eyes meet - in recognition? They continue without comment.

MAZZO'S NY OFFICE. Lawyers and federal employees crowd around the CNN TV in Jude's impressive Foley Square Office. The President plans tomorrow to announce the first of several responses to last week's subway terrorist attack. An ad hoc agency under an anti-terrorism "czar" will coordinate future domestic and international investigations. The new head is rumored to be Jude Mazzo, U.S. Attorney for New York, former Assistant Attorney General, celebrated for prosecutions of Mafia, drug and corruption cases. Even those opposed praise

Mazzo. CNN runs a file bio. Jude enters to a standing ovation. He pops the champagne, offers a toast - then abruptly scolds the others: "This is no time for celebration." He laughs and the conversations resume. Gossip about a murder of a foreign national at U.N. Plaza. Information sketchy. Jude asks if it falls under their jurisdiction. The NYPD as requested a background check on the victim. A young girl, apparently quite beautiful. The details are contradictory: one subordinate states the victim was oriental, another insists that the location is 1 Union Square. Mazzo asks to visit the crime site. "After all," he jokes, "I can't spend my last day drinking champagne." He instructs MILTON, his stalwart, to come along.

THE CRIME SCENE. Outside, Mazzo and Milton push their way through reporters. Inside NYPD officers label and photograph evidence. A detective removes a nay silk thread from Karin's apartment, examining the evidence as he pleases. One detective questions his jurisdiction; Jude turns on him, spewing legalese. The other defer. Mazzo asks questions, barely waiting for answers. He punches her tape deck; to Big Bopper sings "Chantilly Lace" as Jude examines Karin's body: "Hel-lo, ba-by."

FLASHBACK: KARIN PHONES JUDE. A year before. Karin, nearly nude in bed, phones Mazzo in his office. "If you know so much about terrorists, Mr. Prosecutor," she taunts, "why didn't you know the plastique you displayed in your news conference yesterday was in Grenada three weeks ago?" "Who are you?" Jude demands. "I bet you think you are very sexy," Karin continues, "with those pants hand-tailored around the crotch. I bet you ear those ugly black shoes all cops wear. With Vibram soles. I bet you think you can even figure out who I am - and by the way," she laughs, "you should lose some weight." Hangs up.

CRIME SCENE CONT'D. Jude jokes at the corpse's expense: "here's a body united by all nations." The political angle's tantalizing, Jude admits -- but suggests the crime is "more likely a routine domestic altercation." His office will monitor the case until the federal considerations are resolved. "God knows whose ass we might have to cover this time," Jude whispers to Milton. Mazzo pours himself a glass of water, drinks. He examines the jewelry box.

OUTSIDE KARIN'S APARTMENT. Mazzo and Milton are besieged by reporters. Jude poses for photos, declines comment. He motions

to a REPORTER as they walk to his car. The Reporter dials a sidewalk phone. Inside the Celica, Jude answers his carphone. "Here's a story for your readers," he says, "I don't know where it came from." "of course," the reporter replies. "there wasn't any underwear in the apartment, none, anywhere." Reporter: "Sex crime?" "No," Jude answers, "She just didn't wear any." "Great, " the reporter replies, "We'll run it in the headlines." "But, remember," Mazzo instructs him, "play up the domestic angle. Where's the husband?" Mazzo turns to Milton: "So admit it, you're happy. Think you'll fill these shoes?" "I wish you weren't leaving, boss," Milton replies.

PRESS CONFERENCE. Washington, D.C. Jude Mazzo stands out among look-alike bureaucrats. He's the star here; he knows it, knows how to play it. The ATTORNEY GENERAL announces the formation of NATA, the National Anti-Terrorist Agency. "Just as the Twenties demanded the creation of a new bureau, the FBI, so these times require the creation of a new, independent anti-terrorist agency." Jude makes a brief statement, opens the floor for questions. The press comes to life: here's a man who can sell newspapers. Asked about his "high-profile," Mazzo replies: "I don't believe the United States should hide from terrorists. We don't cower, we won't be intimidated. Terrorists know who I am and where to find me. They know I'm not afraid of them. If that's called 'high profile.' Then so be it. The better I do my job, the sooner I'll be low profile. In five years I pan to be a trivia question."

JUDE INSPECTS NATA HEADQUARTERS. Washington resembles a city under siege - concrete barriers and metal detectors at every corner. On Pennsylvania Ave., a block from the FBI monolith, a brownstone has been rebuilt inside out. CLEMONS, a CIA official, escorts Mazzo through the high security facility. Two anxious FBI honchos follow. They discuss plans to arrest several suspects under surveillance to establish an immediate profile for the agency. They pass cubicles, each with an information terminal which interfaces a supercomputer in the Crisis Room. Jude puts them at ease: he only wants to be part of the team. Clemons explains the supercomputer functions. It has access to information about every organization in the world. Every taxpayer. "Completely legal," Clemons adds, "possessing emergency selective memory hide." Jude asks for a demonstration. He submits Karin's name. The computer prints out a toilet roll: she's connected to questionable groups around the world. Jude leads Clemons on about Karin, pitting him against the FBI reps. Mazzo's tone turns ridicule: "You

got pages of schoolboy facts, but you don't even know the most important thing about this woman." "What's that?" Clemons lamely replies. "She was murdered three days ago." Jude turns to the FBI biggies: "Look, they promise me a computer expert, I get a videogame nerd."

FLASHBACK: JUDE FINDS KARIN. The previous year. Karin, nude, on the phone in bed. Nude on the phone in the bath. Nude on the phone in the kitchen. She taunts Mazzo: "Mr. Big. Such a man. Mr. Prosecutor. Can't even find a horny terrorist sympathizer." In his office, Jude tapes her conversation. She contuses: "Can't even find an obscene caller. The most ordinary thing in the world, all naked, lying here, feeling herself, thinking about the Mr. U.S. Attorney who can't get it up to find a horny terrorist threat to 225 million flag-waving God Bless American citizens." Jude enters Karin's apartment as she harangues him. Walks into her bedroom. She sees him, covers herself, hangs up. His walk, look, dress are - to be kind - undistinguished. To be unkind - dorky. No cool Jude, this. "Did you really think you could get away with it?" Mazzo asks. "What are you going to do now?" Karin replies, "Torture me? Just a little?"

JUDE IN NEW APARTMENT. His NY MAID lectures movers as they unpack cartons. Mazzo tours the 10bedroom apt, Supreme Court vu. Jude removes Karin's necklace from his jacket, places it in a drawer. 9Mini-flashback: crime scene photo of jewelry box.) Jude calls Milton in New York, asks for an update on the Karin Schreiber murder. "We got the husband coming in," Milton replies, "A real wacko." "That's it?" Jude counters. "What's going on up there? You guys been smoking the evidence again?"

MAZZO ADDRESSES NATA. Agency personnel wait in conference room. They represent all areas of the criminal system: FBI, CIA, State, Justice, local police. Jude strides in, calls for them to sit. "Loosen up," he says, "it feels like goddamn Bulgaria in here. Loosen up real tight." Jude reiterates NATA'S mandate. He called this unusual group meeting to instill an esprit de corps. "Some have criticized the decision to place a law enforcement official in charge of a political agency," Jude continues, "but the choice is not inappropriate. What is a terrorist but a common criminal hiding behind political slogans. The terrorist and the bank robber are the same. We will pursue the terrorist like the common criminal he is."

JUDE APPEARS ON DONAHUE. Phil welcomes Jude to New York, congratulates NATA for its recent arrests. Mazzo has brought his magic touch to the Capitol. "It's like a gust of fresh air from Washington," Donahue enthuses. "It makes me feel safe just sitting here talking with you." Mazzo's eyes find a pretty girl in the audience. "I never set out to be a symbol," he replies. "I only set out to be sensible."

FLASHBACK: SEX GAMES IN KARIN'S APT. A month after the previous flashback. Jude and Karin, in various state of undress, act out sensational murders Mazzo has prosecuted. He describes the crime, poses her, then takes a "crime scene" photo. For one case, Jude "gags" Karin with yarn, splits her legs; for another, he covers her nude body with dollar bills. Each enactment makes Jude and Karin more manic. They bound about the room, ecstatic, like children. Their affair surpasses passion; it approaches sexual symbiosis.

MAZZO ADDRESSES NATA CONT'D. "Selling drugs is a criminal act," Jude says, "it's also an immoral act. Terrorism is an immoral act." (Mini-flashback: sex game cont'd. Jude and Karin locked in love-making.)

MILTON MEETS JUDE AFTER DONAHUE. Mazzo has requested a progress report on the murder. "I don't want my 'last case' to go unsolved. It's like dirty underwear somebody forgot to pick up," Jude says. "Besides, I had to be in New York anyway." Milton drives Mazzo across town.

FLASHBACK: JUDE AND KARIN IN CELICA. Night. Lower Manhattan. Jude zig-zags through the oblique streets. They are dressed to the nines, fresh from a fancy occasion. "I will tell you nothing," Karin says playfully, "if you will tell me nothing. I won't ask about your sneaky little investigations, you won't ask about my political friends. Let's see who wins. Let's see who can dance closest to the flame."

AT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. Milton and a DETECTIVE review the evidence. Jude's fingerprints were found all over Karin's apartment. Milton concocts an explanation for each set of prints -- when Jude touched the glass, entered the bathroom, etc. The detective apologizes for conducting such a sloppy investigation. Milton mentions the silk thread, most likely from a navy tie -- like the one Jude was wearing the day of the investigation. The murderer must have been wearing a navy tie. "But they were making love," Jude replies, "this is your

suspect: a naked murderer in a blue tie?" Milton apologizes this time but says it doesn't matter anyway. "The husband is in custody. He's gonna confess. It's just a matter of time." "Just like you said," Milton continues, "a domestic quarrel. Too bad there's no political connection." Jude asks if he can question the husband anyway.

FLASHBACK: JUDE AND KARIN IN CAR CONT'D. "You can do anything," Karin taunts, "You're invulnerable." She dares him to run the red light ahead. A police car is parked by the curb. "Go, go!" Jude accelerates through the light. The police car pulls behind them, dome light flashing. "Just tell him who you are," Karin says. Jude shows his ID. The officer apologizes, leaves. "See," says Karin. Jude drives on. The seed has been planted in Jude's mind. Can he really do anything? How far can he go before they stop him?

JUDE INTERROGATES HUSBAND. Karin's ex is a burnt-out confused case. He's willing to confess to her murder although he remembers nothing about it. Mazzo tells him not to worry. Jude joins Milton, the detective and an officer. "You're going to have to do better than that," Jude announces. "What do you mean?" the detective replies. "He's innocent, that's what I mean," Jude says as he walks away, "Wait and see."

JUDE AT JUSTICE DEPT. Back in Washington, Mazzo tells the ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL that he knew the victim of a recent murder. He had had an affair with her. He wonders if he should volunteer this information to the NYPD. The Assistant's more impressed than upset. "I hear she was very beautiful," he says, "How was she?" Jude smiles. The Asst. Attorney doesn't feel there is any reason for Jude to involve himself in a local murder case. "They're all watching you," he tells Jude. "You've made an impression. You got the press 'like this,'" he gestures. "I'm glad you're on our side." Mazzo uses the opportunity to request additional manpower and equipment. He wants to expand NATA. The Assistant says he'll ask the Attorney General.

JUDE PASSES WHITE HOUSE. "Hel-lo, ba-by. Yea, this is the Big Bopper speakin'." The Big Bopper croons as Mazzo turns onto 17th. The north portico of the White House is bathed in white light. Prime time news. A network correspondent addresses his camera crew; alongside, another crew waits its turn. Jude drives on. "...make me feel real loose like a long-necked goose, like a girl. Oh, baby, that's what I like!"

GEORGETOWN PARTY. Political makers and shakers swap pleasantries and gossip at a cocktail reception. Every conversation revolves around power: who's got it, who's losing it, who's gonna get it. A fawning Congressman and his ATTRACTIVE WIFE corner Mazzo. The Congressman wants Jude to speak at a fund-raiser. Jude hedges as the Congressman's wife flirts. Mazzo looks to Congressman in the eye: how much does he want me? Can I get away with anything? Jude takes the wife by the hand, tells her husband he'll give him an answer in the morning. The wife looks to the Congressman; he nods his assent. Jude leaves with the flirting wife.

JUDE AND THE WIFE MAKE LOVE. Mazzo quickly bores of his conquest. (Mini-flashback: Karin says in bed, "OK, I dare you. I dare you.") Jude makes an excuse, breaks off his love-making.

THAT NIGHT IN CRISIS ROOM. Jude studies Karin's printout. He requests cross-referenced photos of potential subversives: face after face flashes across the monitor. He stops at Ria's photo, requests file. (Mini-flashback: Jude goes through Karin's correspondence while she showers.) Mazzo removes Karin's jewelry from a secure file, places it in a mailing envelope. He calls the reporter in New York. Masking his voice, Mazzo tells him the husband is innocent and will prove it with a package. He gives crime details only the murderer would know. "Don't I know you?" the reporter replies. Jude hangs up, calls Milton. He's gone through the NATA files and now feels Ria is the prime suspect. Milton says the husband has confessed. "It's Ria," Jude replies. "Trust me."

FLASHBACK: COLUMBIS CIRCLE. Jude and Karin cross from Central Park, wait on a traffic island. "If someone were to kill someone right here, in front of all these people," she asks, "how could he get away with it?" Jude looks around, thinking: "There'd have to be a diversion." Karin dashes toward a moving taxi.

MILTON IN DETECTIVE'S OFFICE. The detective points to his desk: Karin's jewelry lies in a plastic bag beside a headline boasting the anonymous scoop. "Do you Federal guys get the Post?" he cracks. The husband has been released.

JUDE GETS A CALL AT HOME. Mazzo, listens to rock, answers the phone. "Thank God you warned me about the husband," Milton

tells his former boss, "otherwise we would have made an announcement." Mazzo asks if there have been any other developments. "They're looking for Ria," Milton replies. "They've traced the tie thread to a fabric made by Missoni." Jude glances at the Missoni tie on his bed. "One other thing," Milton continues, "I'm being replaced -- temporarily." GARTH, the new prosecutor, sits in Milton's office. Jude tucks his tie in a show in the closet.

NATA STAFF MEETING. Mazzo introduces REISMAN, a White House press attaché, at the weekly meeting. "He'll be working out of NATA for the next few weeks," Jude says. "Statistic engineers" report the latest terrorist threat figures. Every category is up. They break down the stats by origin, nature, method of communication, etc. Each category is cross-referenced, each chart is more colorful than the last. A new category boosts the total: treats against NATA itself. Additional man-hours must be approved to fully process the data. "Bow we're getting somewhere," Jude says, "Now they know where we are."

FLASHBACK: MAZZO LISTENS TO WIRETAP. Jude sits in his car outside 100 U.N. Plaza, listening to a conversation inside. Ria and a Hispanic argue with Karin. "You must stop seeing Mazzo," Ria says, "he's dangerous." "He's the one who should be afraid," Karin replies, "he's the one who will make the mistake." "His type -- never," the other retorts. "Do you thin he loves you?" Ria asks. "Of course not, she answers, "he needs me."

GARTH INSPECTS CRIME SCENE. Karin's apartment is untouched. Garth paces the room, looks at his file, pages through the fingerprint enlargement.

BOMB AT NATA (STAFF MEETING CONT'D). Mazzo suggests ways to summarize the data for the White House report. "Don't go into details," he says. "The Chief of Staff just wants the gist of it. More than a half-page memo and they pass it on later claiming they weren't fully informed. He gist is that terrorist activity is up and demands an immediate response in manpower and funds. Be sure to include anecdotal material." Suddenly, an explosion rocks the building. The staff scrambles out, searching for the source. Jude leads the charge to a smoldering delivery truck behind the brownstone. No one has been injured. Jude jumps into the bombed-out truck. Reisman motions to his staff photographer. Mazzo examines charred debris as the camera clicks.

MAZZO AND REISMAN RETURN. The TV lights now flood Jude's apartment building. Reporters crowd outside, taking photos, calling questions. Jude feigns irritation, then turns to the reporters: "This is not a moment for pontification or bombast," he tells them, " This is a time for the nation to unite in common defense. The United States doesn't respond with threats. It responds with action." Reisman escorts Jude inside.

JUDE'S APT: THE POLICE HAVE COME AND GONE. The maid, upset, says NYPD reps came that morning with a search warrant. Mazzo dismisses Reisman. The press attaché reminds Jude he has a photo session and interview with Time the following day, leaves. The maid says the police asked about a navy tie. She threatened to call NATA and they left. "They should be ashamed," she says. Mazzo opens the closet, checks his shoe. The maid says she sent his tie to the cleaners. "Did you tell the police?" he asks. "Of course not," she replies.

MAZZO AT HIS COMPUTER. That night. NATA personnel crisscross the Crisis Room. Jude, alone in his office, requests the Karin Schreiber file. Access denied. File closed as of that date by order of the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

NATA PRESS CONFERENCE. Mazzo ruffles his hair in the dressing room mirror. Reisman reads the latest polls: Jude's personal popularity is even greater than the President's. Jude does a breathing exercise, enters the press room. Inside, he announces a series of arrests in connection with the car-bombing incident. Photo's, fingerprints, physical evidence and charts are displayed. All of which was accomplished, he explains, without the cooperation of the N.Y. Attorney. He leaves the press laughing. A classic Jude performance.

JUDE ON "THE TRACK." Mazzo cruises the red light district. He passes one hooker, then another. Midday pickings are particularly grim. He pulls his Celica alongside a trashy WORKING GIRL. Her vinyl boots don't even match -- not to mention the makeup straight from Mars. Jude motions to her.

FLASHBACK: KAREN DRESSES. Karin poses in outrageous hooker gear. Mazzo watches in suit and tie. "Please," she begs him, "let me come like this to your interview. I'll just sit in the corner. Won't say a word. You're so powerful no one will dare mention it. Com'on, let's see what a bigshot you really are."

TIME INTERVIEW / PHOTO SESSION. Two journalists and a photo crew wait in Mazzo's apartment. He enters with the street walker. Reisman (double-takes) but says nothing. Jude points; the hooker takes a seat across the room. She doesn't say a word. Mazzo poses at the window overlooking the Supreme Court. The journalists ask about the 'Jude Mood' sweeping Washington. "If the government doesn't stand against terrorism and organized crime, if the government doesn't stand against inhuman pornography, against drugs, who will?" Jude answers, "The Civil Liberties Union? The liberal press? The ASPCA? Of course we have legal rights. We also have human rights." The reporters mention rumors Mazzo will run for higher office. "If such rumors exist," Jude replies, "they're started by those with nothing better to do with their time. I, however, have a great deal to do." The reporters never look at the hooker; it's as if she doesn't exist. Jude tells Reisman to take her home. "What the fuck got into your head?" Reisman whispers, "Maybe they'll ignore her. Maybe you'll get lucky." "You don't know jack about luck," Jude counters, "I piss on luck."

FEBERAL PRISON. FBI and local police unload NATA subversives. Several chant anti-American slogans. Later, an INSPECTOR leads Mazzo past the detainees. Some look guilty, others confused. Most faces were in the computer cross check on Karin and Ria. Mazzo asks one man a question, moves on. He questions TOMAS, a young Hispanic; pauses. Jude fixes his eyes on Tomas, spits out one question after another: about street names, restaurants, groceries. (Mini-flashback: Jude listens to the conversation in Karin's apartment. The third voice belongs to Tomas.) The inspector is impressed. He whispers to Jude that this is the only suspect who can be directly tied to the bombing.

MAZZO ON OFFICE PHONE. He calls Milton, asks him what the hell is going on. "Why can't I get any cooperation?" Milton says he'd better put Garth on the line. Garth picks up the receiver apologizing. Jude calls him a self-righteous shit. "What's going on up there?" Mazzo continues, "One day it's the Hardy Boys, the next Abbott and Costello. You want to search my apartment? Just ask. You want me to take a lie-detector test? Just ask?" Garth admits he fucked up, says he's in hot water because of it. "It's all my fault," Garth says, "I'm sorry, but now I got me another problem. We arrested this kid Ria at your suggestion and what does he say? He says he saw you coming out of U.N. Plaza the morning of the murder." "Of

course, it's bullshit," Milton chimes in. "Can't say I'm surprised," responds Mazzo, "When trapped, attack." "But now I gotta follow through," continues Garth, "What else can I do?" "Of course you gotta follow through," Jude replies, "Bring Ria here. Let him 'identify' me. I got a little surprise for him. I'm gonna tie him into both the murder and the bombing. The welcome mat is out."

LUNCH AT JUSTICE MESS. Jude sits in impressive company: The UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE, the Attorney General, the Assistant Prosecutor, two business leaders, a defense contractor and a couple of Party officials. The contractor blathers about how beneficial his NATA contract will be for both the economy and the national security. The Under-Secretary jokes about the Time cover story: "What a puff job. I could hardly open the damn magazine, the pages were sticking together so." The SENIOR BUSINESS LEADER goes to the point: " You must know, Judi, that we've started a campaign chest in your name -- you don't have to comment. It's something we want to do. Our Party's looking for new leaders. The President is the best there ever was. I wish we could just wax him and set him in the Oval office." "We damn near have," the Attorney General cracks. "Charisma and credibility equal character," adds the Under-Secretary. Jude studies each face. "I don't care what anybody says," the businessman continues, "the press can't make leaders. Not real leaders. Not men the public simply wants to believe, no matter what screwy thing they say. The money and the media do a damn lot, maybe even 90%, but it's still the 10% that counts. And you can't buy it. I oughtta know," he laughs, "I've tried often enough!" The executive turns to Jude: "There are those of us who think you have that 10%. Who knows? Now, let's change the subject before Judi here can respond. How's pussy, boys?"

FLASHBACK: JUDE OFFERED NATA JOB. The Attorney General speaks man-to-man. "We want you for the anti-terrorist thing," he tells Mazzo, "but we got to know: is there anything in your personal life that will block this -- sex, investments, buddy-buddy deals?"

JUDE YELLS AT STREET MUSICIAN. Mazzo passes a sidewalk flutist on C Street. He stops, takes a dollar from the musician's collection box. The flutist protests. Jude explodes: "You're so fucking bad you're lucky you only owe me a dollar! What you gonna do about it, huh? Call the cops?" Jude bounces on his

feet. "You're lucky I don't take your goddamn flute too! What kind of man plays a flute anyway?"

JUDE CONFRONTS RIA. Mazzo, Garth and Ria meet in the presence of a stenographer in a D.C. interrogation room. "Speak clear full sentences," Garth instructs Ria, "Who is this man?" Mazzo fixes his eyes on Ria. "He's the head of NATA," Ria says, "the police arm of the American fascist state." Garth presses: "Have you ever seen him before?" Ria: "No." Garth: "Never?" Ria: "On TV. On Time magazine. Ted Koppel. Barbara Walters." Garth: "Never at 100 United Nations Plaza?" Ria: "Never." Garth, red-faced, storms out.

JUDE JOINS GARTH IN THE CORRIDOR. "Take my head," Garth volunteers, "Go ahead. I'll give it to you on a platter." "I don't want your head," Mazzo replies, "Just give me twelve hours with Ria. That's all I ask. He knows a lot more than he's talking." Garth nods.

FLASHBACK: JUDE ENTERS KARIN'S APARTMENT. The morning of the murder. "How will you kill me today?" she asks.

JUDE AND RIA. Mazzo leads Ria into a large, enclosed cell, locks the door behind them. Jude tells Ria to sit in a solitary chair across the room. He stands against the opposite wall, watches Ria. Pause. Dead quite. Jude breaks the silence, imitates the sound of a ringing telephone. He lifts a receiver in pantomime, puts it to his ear. "Hel-lo, ba-by," he smiles, "You kno-ow what I like." He crosses the room talking, tripping off his coat and tie. No one can see or hear them, Jude says. It's just the two of them. For as long as he chooses. "Nothing outside this room applies to us." He lifts Ria from the chair, poises him in a bent, forward position, his entire weight balanced on his kneecaps. Ria must stay in this position -- or drink salt water. Ria tips backward; Jude forces a pitcher to his lips. We see fragments from the ensuring ordeal. Jude struts around the cell, mixing stories, facts, aphorisms. Mazzo at first plays the Brahmin, speaking from an imperial distance. Coming closer, Jude grows progressively impassioned. Face to face with Ria, he speaks in dizzy evangelical cadence: poetic images in the guise of logic. Jude isn't content to degrade Ria, he wants to inspire him. Their debate digresses, always returns to Ria's relation to Karin: to what degree he knew her, to their political involvement, to their romantic involvement, and -- finally -- to why Ria was at U.N. Plaza the day of her murder. Eight

hours into this tete-a-tete, Mazzo orders Tomas, broken, defeated, whining, brought in. Tomas tearfully admits knowing Ria and Karin, admits discussing bomb plots with them, says Ria was in love with Karin. Jude escort Tomas out.

FLASHBACK: KARIN'S APT. They've been arguing; Mazzo's upset. "You will never leave me," she tells him. "You think about it, but you won't. You can't. Without me you would become the slug you were. How could you bear that? No, you won't leave me. Take your clothes off before I get bored."

JUDE AND RIA CONT'D. Mazzo returns to Ria, corrects his "posture." Ria is in excruciating pain. The concrete burns into his kneecaps like hot iron. Jude, detached, ponders Arab history, speaks about Ria's rich cultural heritage. "You were born to the womb of civilization," he says, "and what a mess you've made of it." Ria's eyes glaze; he swoons. Jude slaps Ria conscious, turns manic: "Who did you see as you entered 100 U.N. Plaza the day of Karin's murder?" he demands. "Tell me and you can rest. You'll have fresh water." Ria goes faint; Jude straightens his neck. "Tell me! Tell me!" Jude screams. "You," Ria gasps, "it was you. I saw you!" "Why won't you tell the police that?" Jude asks. "If I tell them," Ria replies, "you will turn the truth into ridicule. No one would believe my word against yours. You are above the law. Now I forever hold something over you. Something you can't take. You want to kill me now, but you can't. Hah!" Mazzo's face is blank. He pours Ria a glass of fresh water, lifts him into the chair. Then exits.

MAZZO ACOSTS GARTH AND MILTON. "Ria's innocent," Jude announces in the corridor, "He's committed no crime. He's a free man." "But the evidence," Milton protests, "Tomas' confession." "You worm!" Jude shouts, slapping Milton, "Who are you anyway?" Mazzo kicks and shoves Garth and Milton down the hall; police and official personnel watch as Jude yells, "I told you when to arrest these men and I'll damn well tell you when to let them go!" Jude notices the impromptu audience, stands up straight apologizes to Garth and Milton and walks away.

JUDE COMPOSES LETTER. He sits at his desk, addresses a letter to the Attorney General. It's a resignation and full confession.

DELIVERS LETTER. The Attorney General's office: the A.G. in conference with the SECRETARY OF STATE. Mazzo enters the office unannounced, apologizes for the interruption. The Attorney General berates him for his conduct of late. Jude hands him the letter, says it will resolve whatever conflicts have arisen. Mazzo will be at home if needed. He leaves without further explanation.

JUDE WAITS IN APT. What's taking so long? Jude plays Rolling Stones live, opens a law book to a chapter on "Capital Offenses." He removes his navy Missoni tie from its dry cleaning sheath. Ties it. Tightens the knot in the mirror.

ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS ARRIVE. Three cars pull in front of Jude's building. Eight or nine somber officials get out, gather on the sidewalk. They include the Secretary of State, the Attorney General, the Under-Secretary of State, the Assistant Attorney General, Reisman, Garth, Milton and three others. They file into the building.

JUDE ADMITS HIS INNOCENCE. The officials enter his apartment. Milton nods to Jude. The greetings are formal, curt. One of the men is introduced as the President's personal physician. The Attorney General returns Jude's letter. It has been rejected. "This statement is meaningless because it is false," the Attorney General says. "A delusion," the Assistant Attorney adds. Mazzo, upset, protests his guilt. "What about my fingerprints?" he asks, "They were all over her apartment." Garth explains them away. "Here," Jude points, "this is the tie that matches the thread under her fingernail." Milton counters that there are many others just like it. Jude pulls black-and-white photos from a drawer, hands them out. They feature Karin in various nude and semi-nude "crime-scene" poses. "Look!" Jude screams, "I knew her! I took these pictures!" The Attorney General tears up the photos one by one. "I see nothing," he says. The Secretary shushes Jude's protests, "This is a group decision, Jude. It's best for everyone. Get on your knees." "What about the public?" Jude argues, "What will happen when they find out?" "They won't believe it," the Attorney General replies. "They believe you," the under-Secretary emphasizes. "Get on your knees, Jude," the Secretary commands, "Say it! Confess your innocence." Jude looks up, says, "I am innocent." A cheer goes around the room. Someone breaks open a bottle of champagne. The Secretary pours Jude a glass. "It's over," the Secretary laughs, "Like a movie. You're a leader, Jude." Hel-lo ba-by.