

American Gangster

by

Steven Zaillian

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
(AG 16) July 27, 2006

CONTINUED:

BUMPY (CONT'D)

Where's the pride of ownership here?
Where's the personal service? Does
anybody work here?

Inside, the emporium is vast, with aisles that seem to stretch off into infinity. The TVs give way to a display window full of Japanese stereo componentry.

BUMPY

What right do they have cutting out the suppliers, pushing all the middlemen out, buying direct from the manufacturer - Sony this, Toshiba that, all them Chinks - putting *Americans* out of work?

He's not really asking Frank, so Frank doesn't answer.

BUMPY

What am I supposed to do with a place like this, Frank? Who am I supposed to ask for, the assistant manager?

(pause)

This is the problem. This is the way it is now: You can't find the heart of anything to stick the knife.

Bumpy stops before a display of cameras and stares in. They're all pointed at him as a pain grips his chest and he sinks to his knees. Frank kneels down.

FRANK

What is it?

Bumpy seems unable to speak, looks to Frank confused.

FRANK

Somebody call an ambulance!

But the store suddenly seems empty. Frank yells into the emporium but can't be heard above the Muzak and the cash registers ringing up sales Bumpy will never see a piece of. Looking up at Frank, Bumpy manages weakly -

BUMPY

Forget it, Frank. No one's in charge.

EXT. BUMPY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Limousines from the funeral disgorge mourners: family, friends, celebrities, politicians. Cops on horseback move through the enormous crowd that has gathered to watch. FBI agents in cars snap pictures with long lenses of Italian mobsters like Albert Tosca.

(CONT)

REPORTER

- whose passing has brought together a who's who of mourners on this chilly afternoon. The Governor has come down. The mayor of New York - its Chief of Police and Commissioner - sports and entertainment luminaries -

A white Bentley pulls up, disgorging Jackie Fox - the original Superfly - and his entourage. With his trademark tinted Gucci glasses on, he happily poses for anyone with a camera - including the Feds - before going inside.

6 **INT. BUMPY'S APARTMENT - LATER**

6

The report continues on a TV no one's really watching here: a March of Time-like history of Bumpy Johnson, famed Harlem gangster, Robin Hood and killer.

REPORTER ON TV

He was a Great Man, according to the eulogies. A giving man. A man of the people. No one chose to include in their remembrances the word most often associated with Ellsworth Bumpy Johnson: Gangster.

Sitting off by himself in Bumpy's elegant garden apartment, heretofore his private sanctuary, Frank surveys the mourners circling the place like vultures:

Tango Black, a huge brute, scavenging the catered food and tended bar ... Jackie Fox, surrounded by his ever-present coterie of sycophants ... Albert Tosca, an elegant Italian capo, and an underling, Rossi, at the bar.

TOSCA

White wine, please.

A white man who looks like a banker - and is - sits down next to Frank.

BANKER

How you doing, Frank?

FRANK

All right.

BANKER

What a loss.

(Frank nods)

How are you otherwise? Things okay financially?

(CONT)

Frank doesn't say. It feels unseemly to him to be talking about money here. He watches Tango carelessly set a watery glass of ice on an antique inlaid chess table.

BANKER

Bumpy set something up for you?

Frank excuses himself without an answer, crosses to where Tango left the glass, and sets it on a coaster.

TANGO

Hey, Frank, get me an ashtray while you're at it.

Bumpy's German shepherd watches as Frank reaches into his jacket, revealing a gun nestled in its shoulder holster. He takes out a handkerchief, wipes the condensation dry, opens a drawer and removes an ashtray. He holds it out to Tango - who isn't sure it's not a dare and decides to wander off.

CHARLIE

I know you're hurting, Frank. So am I.

Frank sits back down with Charlie Williams, an older dope man.

CHARLIE

You going to be all right?

FRANK

Yeah.

CHARLIE

I'm sure Bumpy never told you, but he made me promise, anything ever happened to him, I'd make sure you didn't go without.

FRANK

I'll be fine, Charlie. Half the people here owed Bumpy money when he died. A lot of money. If they think I'm going to forget to collect, they're wrong.

CHARLIE

That's the spirit. Go get them.

On the TV, over archive film and photographs of crime figures from the 1940's and '50's, the opinion is offered that Bumpy's death "marks the end of an era ..."

A7 INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A7

A figure, his back to us, walks slowly toward a blackboard like a man to the gallows.

 RICHIE V.O.

I live in fear of hearing my name
called.

*
*

 PROFESSOR

Mr. Roberts, Give us U.S. vs. Meade -

*

 RICHIE V.O.

Of walking up there, turning around,
knowing every one of them knows more
than I do -

*
*
*
*

 PROFESSOR

Subject, issues, what the determination
was and what it means to us today.

*
*
*

Richie Roberts turns and faces his classmates, all of them a decade or more younger than him.

7 EXT. MOTEL - NEW JERSEY - DAY

7

Harlem's jagged teeth skyline juts across the river at the other end of the George Washington Bridge. On this side - a sledgehammer gripped in Richie's fist, on the move, suddenly fills the frame.

 RICHIE

You know the Number 1 fear of most
people isn't dying; it's public speaking.
They get physically ill. They throw up.

*
*
*
*

 RIVERA

And that's what you want to do for a
living.

*

 RICHIE

I don't like being like that. I want to
beat it.

*

Armed with the sledgehammer, Richie and his partner - Javy Rivera - come past a seedy motel office where a TV shows another report about Bumpy Johnson.

*
*

Legend: New Jersey

A motel clerk looks up, glimpses the sledgehammer -

(CONT)

7

CONTINUED:

7

CLERK

Hey -

Rivera flashes a New Jersey detective's shield without breaking stride. Takes a subpoena out of another pocket.

RIVERA

Who's going to do this?

RICHIE

He knows me, he'll take it from me.
I've known him since high school.

RIVERA

Just throw it in, he doesn't take it.
That's good service.

They reach a particular motel room door. Rivera knocks. The door opens the length of a chain, revealing a wise guy in an undershirt, who, when he sees the subpoena, start to close the door -

RIVERA

Throw it -

As Richie flings the subpoena in, the door slams on his hand. He wails in agony, tries to shoulder it open, hears the dead bolt lock on the other side, feels Campizi's teeth bite into his fingers, watches his blood run down the frame.

RIVERA

Down -

Richie hangs down from his hand as the sledgehammer swings past his head shattering the door -

8

INT/EXT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

The door rips from its hinges and the detectives crash in. The wise guy - Campizi - hurries for the bathroom, slams the door. This one's hollow and the detectives more easily break through it -

Campizi tries to climb out the bathroom window. Richie grabs him, throws him into the shower stall, taking the plastic curtain down with them, smearing it with blood as Richie beats at him before Rivera can pull him off.

9

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - DAY

9

A male paramedic attends to Campizi's bloodied face while a female paramedic cleans Richie's bloodied hand.

(CONT)

CAMPIZI

I swear to God, Richie, I didn't know it was you. I would *never* slam a door on your hand. Knowingly.

RICHIE

You bit my fuckin hand -

Richie lunges at him, hits him again with his injured hand - which hurts Richie more than it does Campizi. The paramedics manage to pull him away.

CAMPIZI

What can we do, Richie? You don't want to do this. For old times sake, what can we do? Who do you want? Who can I give you? You want Big Sal's bookie? You want his *accountant*? I'll give him to you.

Richie regards him a moment. A policy ring's accountant wouldn't be bad. He glances back to his paramedic dabbing at his bloody hand, and notices she's not bad-looking. She smiles back.

10

INT. NY POLICE HQ - ENTRANCE/STAIRS - DAY

10

Four men in long black leather coats stride toward like they own the city. It's impossible to tell if they're cops or gangsters.

Legend: New York City

11

INT. NEW YORK POLICE ANNEX - PROPERTY ROOM - DAY

11

One of the same undercover cops - Detective Trupo - scribbles a signature and badge number different from the one on his gold shield lying next to the voucher requesting evidence needed in court.

He pushes the voucher under a sign - "*All Handguns and Narcotics Before 10am Next Window*" - to a clerk who takes it past floor-to-ceiling shelves covered with files, plastic bags bulging with handguns, knives and gambling receipts. Bulkier items - like shotguns and baseball bats - lie unwrapped with dangling tags.

The clerk reaches a chain-link cage where the most valuable items are locked up - narcotics, pornography, cash - checks the voucher against tags, takes down an old green suitcase.

18pt

CONTINUED:

18pt

ROSSI

Who can live like that? There has to be order. That would never happen with Italians. More important than any one man's life - is order.

19

EXT. HARLEM - DAY

19

A street sign on a corner: 116th and 8th Avenue.

20

INT. DINER - HARLEM - DAY

20

As is his custom, Frank eats breakfast alone. A middle-aged waitress appears when he's done, picks up his plate and refills his coffee.

FRANK

Thank you, Charlene. Last one.

CHARLENE

It's all right with me, Frank, you can stay all day if you want, but I wouldn't. It's nice outside.

FRANK

Then maybe I'll have to go for a walk. Just cause you said so.

She smiles and leaves. Frank pours some sugar in his coffee. Someone taps on the window and he looks up, sees two servicemen - one in uniform - one he recognizes.

21

INT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

21

Frank leads the servicemen up the stairs of a building.

22

INT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT - DAY

22

Corner apartment above the street. A girl sits smoking at a work table covered with drug-cutting apparatus. Another - Frank's cutter and sometimes-girlfriend, Red Top - sets a couple of packets of heroin in front of the servicemen.

RED TOP

On the house for our men in uniform.

SERVICEMAN 1

Why, thank you, sugar, that's very kind.

RED TOP

Thank Frank.

(CONT)

Frank nods, *you're welcome* before the man can thank him.
The servicemen start cooking up the dope.

FRANK

How's Nate? You seen him?

SERVICEMAN 1

All the time. Nate is everywhere.
He's good. Got himself a club now.

FRANK

Where, Saigon?

SERVICEMAN 1

Bangkok.

SERVICEMAN 2

I don't think he's ever coming home.

Regarding the dope as the servicemen shoot it up -

FRANK

You're gonna have to boot it a couple
times. Cops keep cutting it, selling it,
cutting it -

SERVICEMAN 1

I don't want to say anything cause the
price is right - but the shit in Nam is
way, way, way, way, way -

He begins to nod out before he can finish the sentence.

23 OMIT

23 OMIT

24

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - NEWARK - LATE AFTERNOON

24

Across the river, Richie, *Rivera* and Campizi sit in the car
parked across from a closed social club. A man carrying a
grocery bag comes out and Campizi ducks lower in the seat. *

CAMPIZI

That's him.

Newsboy Moriarty's mob accountant puts the grocery bag in
the trunk of a car, climbs in behind the wheel.

25

EXT. NEWARK - SCRAP METAL YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

25

From the parked car they observe the accountant putting
another bag in his trunk.

RICHIE

Yes, I do, and so do you, don't give me that bullshit -

RIVERA

What's the rush? Half an hour the warrant'll be here -

RICHIE

I got night school.

RIVERA

Guess you're going to miss it.

(Rivera sips at his coffee;
then:)

You know, what you were saying before - about throwing up in front of people - money will take that feeling away.

RICHIE

Not when it's less.

RIVERA

Less than what.

RICHIE

Than what I make now.

RIVERA

No lawyer on earth makes less than a cop.

RICHIE

They do in the Prosecutor's Office. Three thousand less.

RIVERA

You're fuckin kidding me.

Richie isn't kidding. Rivera stares at him like he's crazy. Richie checks his watch. He's waited long enough.

RICHIE

Fuck this -

RIVERA

Richie -

Richie gets out, opens the trunk, grabs a Slimjim and bolt cutters, cuts through a gate chain and strides to the accountant's car, Rivera following. Richie trips the passenger door lock and pulls at the trunk release, and, as he comes around back to search it -

(CONT)

RICHIE

Check inside.

Rivera may as well; the damage to the case, if there is one anymore, is done. He crawls inside the car to look under the seats and in the glove compartment. Gravely -

RICHIE

Javy ...

Richie's staring into the trunk like there's a body inside. Rivera comes over, takes a look, sees it's money: stacks of it rubber-banded together, spilling from grocery bags - more than either of them has ever seen. As the trunk closes -

EXT. PARKING LOT / RICHIE'S CAR - LATER - NIGHT

Richie and Rivera sit in their car in silence, staring out at the car with the money in it. Eventually -

RICHIE

This isn't a couple of bucks.

RIVERA

It's the same thing. In principle.

RICHIE

We're talking about principle?

RIVERA

Richie, a cop who turns in this kind of money says one thing: He'll turn in cops who take money. We'll be pariahs.

RICHIE

We're fucked either way.

RIVERA

Not if we keep it. Only if we don't. Then we're fucked, you're right. But not if we keep it.

RICHIE

(more to himself)

Yes, we are.

RIVERA

Goddamn it, did we ask for this? Did we put a gun to someone's head and say, Give us your money? Cops kill cops they can't trust. We can't turn it in.

They regard each other again in silence ...

30

INT. NEWARK POLICE STATION - LATER - NIGHT

30

As a police captain counts the stacks of money, Lou Toback, Richie's superior from the prosecutors office, walks in, his night out interrupted by this emergency. He crossed to where Richie and Rivera sit alone in a corner. Quietly: *

TOBACK

How much.

RICHIE

Nine hundred and eighty thousand.

TOBACK

What happened to the rest?

It's a joke but isn't funny, not even to Toback. He regards his men who turned it in, then the other cops in the place - who are watching them and the money being counted. Toback walks over to the captain, and, quietly:

TOBACK

What're you doing counting this in front of everybody? Are you out of your fuckin mind? Take it into a room. Now. *

Richie's glance to Rivera says, You're right, we're fucked. *

31

INT/EXT. NEWARK POLICE STATION - PRE-DAWN

31

As Richie leaves alone, he's aware of all the eyes on him - knowing the other cops' looks don't signify awe or respect, but contempt and fear, like Rivera predicted. Neither will ever be trusted again. He climbs into his car, drives off. *

32

INT. DINER - HARLEM - DAY

32

Tango and his bodyguard come in and approach Frank's table where he reads the morning paper as he eats breakfast.

TANGO

Didn't you see the jar, Frank?
I think you walked right past it.

Frank ignores him, forks at his eggs, eats. Tango sits.

TANGO

The *money jar*. On the corner. What I got to do, put a *sign* on it?

Frank indicates that he would answer if his mouth wasn't full. He swallows finally, but then only reaches for his coffee cup to take a sip, further irritating Tango.

(CONT)

TANGO

Bumpy don't own 116th Street no more,
Frank. Bumpy don't own no real estate in
Harlem no more. I'm the landlord now and
the lease is twenty-percent.

Frank dabs at his mouth with a napkin and gives Tango a look
that says that won't be happening.

TANGO

Then don't sell dope, Frank. Get a
fuckin job. You need a job? You can be
my driver, drive me around, open my door,
yes, sir, no sir, where to, sir, right
away, Massa Johnson, sir.

Right now Tango is dead. No doubt about it. On the
surface, though, Frank remains cool.

FRANK

Twenty percent?

TANGO

Of every dollar. Every VIG, every
truckload, every girl, every ounce. In
the jar.

FRANK

Twenty percent's my profit. If I'm
giving it to you then what am I doing?
Twenty percent puts me, and everyone you
know, out of business, which puts you out
of business.

(reaches for his breakfast
check)

There are ways to make money
legitimately, and then there's this way.
Not even Bumpy took twenty percent.

TANGO

Bumpy's fuckin *dead*.

Frank regards Tango a moment, gets up, takes out his money
clip, covers the check on the table with a five, peels off a
\$1 bill from the clip, tosses it down in front of Tango.

FRANK

There. That's twenty-percent.

As he turns and leaves, Tango watches after him ...

38 CONTINUED: 38

BUMPY (CONT'D)

But most of the time he doesn't have to.
He moves the whole herd - *quietly*.

Bumpy smiles and tosses the stick.

39 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - INTERCUT 39 *

The smoke from the joint rises to the ceiling as Richie studies. *

40 EXT. CONEY ISLAND - BEACH - DAY - CONTINUED 40

The dog trots back to Bumpy and Frank with the stick.

41 EXT. BOARDWALK - CONEY ISLAND - LATER 41

Hot dog stand. Bumpy hands a hot dog to Frank, holds out another to the shepherd. To camera:

BUMPY

What right do they have cutting out the suppliers, the middlemen, buying direct, putting *Americans* out of work ... This is the way it is now, Frank.

Frank nods. The vender hands him a napkin. The shepherd is still with him, but Bumpy is gone, and the gulls and the people on the roller coaster squeal as Frank comes out of his meditative trance with an idea.

42 CLOSE-UP: (DOCTOR'S OFFICE) 42

A needle pierces the crook of Frank's arm. Slight grimace. A cotton ball is pushed onto the puncture. Malaria shot.

43 CLOSE-UP: (PHOTOGRAPHY SHOP) 43

A strobe lights up Frank's face: a passport photo.

44 CLOSE-UP: (POST OFFICE) 44

The photo and a duplicate are stapled to a passport application.

45 INT. CHEMICAL BANK - SAFETY-DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY 45

Keys turn the locks of a safety-deposit box. The lid lifts revealing decks of cash. Frank takes it all out, slips one slender packet into Bumpy's banker's jacket pocket.

FRANK

Get yourself a new suit.

The Thais regard Frank a moment, size him up.

THAI

He's your cousin.

NATE

My cousin-in-law. My ex-wife's cousin.

THAI

Ask him how much he wants.

NATE

How much you gonna want, Frank?

FRANK

A hundred kilos.

Nate blinks like there's something in his eye ...

EXT. BANGKOK - STREET VENDER - DAY

Steam and neon. Frank and Nate at a crowded stand.

NATE

No one I know can get that much. It'd have to be pieced together from several suppliers and none of it's gonna be 100-percent pure.

FRANK

That's not what I want.

NATE

I know that. But that means dealing with the Chiu-Chou syndicates in Cholon or Saigon - *if* they'll deal with you -

FRANK

No, even then it's too late. It's been chopped. I want to get it where they get it. From the source.

Nate stares at him ... then laughs. Frank doesn't.

NATE

You're gonna go get it.

FRANK

Why not.

NATE

You're gonna go into the fuckin jungle -

55 CONTINUED:

55

FRANK

I've lived in jungles all my (life) -

NATE

No. This is the jungle. Tigers.
Vietcong. The fuckin snakes alone will
kill you.

AA56 **INT. NEW JERSEY BOARD OF BAR EXAMINERS - DAY** AA56 *

A room of student-type desks and no character. Richie,
and fifty others, have been here for hours taking the exam
less than half of them will pass. *

A56 **EXT. JUNGLE - DAY** A56

A motley bunch of Thai thugs and black American soldiers
with automatic weapons ride mules through the dense jungle
with Nate and Frank, who - armed with a pistol, a rifle and
ammo bandolier like Pancho Villa - is enjoying himself.
From his POV, the jungle canopy suddenly opens up on a poppy
field the size of Manhattan. Frank stares down at it.

B56 **EXT. JUNGLE RISE / OPIUM FARM - DAY** B56

On the ground now with their small private army, Nate speaks
with one of the Thais, then translates for Frank.

NATE

He says this whole area's controlled
by the Kuomintang - Chiang Kai-Shek's
defeated army.

Some of whom they can see down below on the opium farm -
Chinese soldiers with outdated weapons. Frank tips his head
to Nate at some other figures below -

FRANK

They ain't Chinese.

A handful of better-armed American sentries at the perimeter
of the farm. CIA. Frank, Nate and the others hang back as
one of the Thais steps ahead to speak to the guerillas.

C56 **EXT. OPIUM FARM - LATER** C56

The processing center for the entire region. The Thai
translator is with Frank to negotiate with a vanquished
Chinese general. Other Americans and Thais guard them
while the Chinese with their CIA advisors guard them.

D56

INT. BAMBOO DWELLING - LATER - DAY

D56

The Chinese general examines Frank's papers - passport, visa, bank receipts - and lots of cash - then studies Frank.

GENERAL

How would you get it into the States?

FRANK

What do you care?

GENERAL

Who do you work for in there?

FRANK

What do you care?

GENERAL

Who are you really?

FRANK

It says right there. Frank Lucas.

GENERAL

I mean, who you *represent*?

FRANK

Me.

The man doesn't believe it, but lets it go.

GENERAL

You think you're going to take a hundred kilos of heroin into the US and you don't work for anyone? Someone is going to *allow* that?

Frank shrugs. The general regards one of his men. In Chinese, subtitled:

GENERAL

I don't believe a word of this.

The general regards the cash and paperwork again for a moment. And, to Frank:

GENERAL

After this first purchase, if you're not killed by Marseilles importers - or their people in the States - then what?

(CONT)

D56 CONTINUED:

D56

FRANK

Then there'd be more. On a regular basis.
Though I'd rather not have to drag my ass
all the way up here every time.

The man regards Frank for a long moment. Glances back to
the cash and paperwork again. Finally -

GENERAL

Of course not.

E56 **EXT. JUNGLE ARMY LZ - VIETNAM - DAY**

E56

Torrential monsoon rains. Dripping camouflage. Nate and
Frank climb down from the Huey. Frank no longer wears the
bandolier. Now a press card dangles from his neck.

F56 **INT/EXT. TENT / JUNGLE ARMY LZ - LATER - DAY**

F56

Stripes on the uniform of a black colonel with Nate under a
canopy. Outside, in the distance, in the rain, Frank hangs
out with some other black servicemen.

COLONEL

Where's it now?

NATE

Bangkok. I can bring it here or anywhere
in between.

COLONEL

A hundred kilos.

(Nate nods)

I never seen that much dope in one place.

NATE

It's bigger than an Amana refrigerator-
freezer.

G56 **INT/EXT. JUNGLE ARMY LZ - LATER - DAY**

G56

Nate and Frank watch the colonel emerge from the tent and
cross through the rain on duck-boards to another tent to
speak with a white officer, a 2-star general.

NATE

Fifty grand. In advance. That'll
cover them, the pilots and the guys on
the other end.

FRANK

Give them a hundred.

(CONT)

NATE

Fifty, to cover them all.

FRANK

A hundred. And it's all I got left. So if that dope doesn't arrive, for whatever reason -

(embraces Nate and whispers)

Cousin or no cousin - don't let me down.

He holds out a business envelope fat with money. Nate hesitates, knowing Frank has just said he'll kill him if things don't go right, then takes it.

NATE

I'll let you know when it's in the air.

56

INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NEWARK - DAWN

56

The nurse/paramedic who stitched up his hand is in Richie's bed making so much noise he's worried someone will call the cops. The phone rings. And won't stop. Neither will the nurse as Richie answers it -

RIVERA V/O

Richie? Richie, I'm in trouble. This fuckin' guy "made" me - I don't know how but he did. He went for his gun. I had to do it, I swear to God. Now they're going to kill me.

*

Richie can hear in Sander's voice how serious it is and manages to disentangle himself from the woman.

RICHIE

Who.

RIVERA V/O

There's a hundred people out there heard the shots. You gotta help me. You gotta do something.

*

RICHIE

Is he dead?

RIVERA V/O

He's dead. I'm dead. They're gonna kill me.

*

RICHIE

Where are you? *Javy*, where are you?

*

(CONT)

56 CONTINUED:

56

RIVERA V/O

That's the problem.

*

A57 INT. RICHIE'S CAR - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

A57

Richie on his police radio, which cuts in and out -

DISPATCHER

There are no cars in that area,
Detective Roberts.

RICHIE

Bullshit. I got a man in trouble and I
need back-up.

DISPATCHER

I missed that - you're breaking up -

RICHIE

I said, put the fucking call out again -

DISPATCHER

I just did. No one responded. I'll try
again, but -

*

RICHIE

Fuck you, too.

*

*

He slams the mic down.

57 EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING

57

As Richie's car turns a corner, the Stephen Crane Projects -
the most foreboding place on earth - rises up: three dark
30-floor towers planted on war-torn grounds where a long-ago
torched and abandoned patrol car sits like a monument.

He parks and moves through an agitated all-black crowd, past
an ambulance outside one of the towers, through oppressive
heat. It's riot weather.

58 INT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING

58

Drugs on a coffee table. Body on the floor. Rivera,
despondent, on the couch. The male paramedics, scared.
Richie on the phone -

*

*

*

RICHIE

Sergeant, I'm not asking, I'm fuckin
telling you: Get some patrolmen over
here now.

*

*

*

*

Dial tone: the police sergeant has hung up on him. Richie throws the phone. The paramedics stare at him. *

PARAMEDIC

You got no back-up? Why is that? *

The only other person who would know the answer to that is Rivera, who just shakes his head in despair. *

RICHIE

Bandage his head.

PARAMEDIC

Detective ... he's dead.

RICHIE

I know he's fucking dead. Bandage his head, clean him up, put him on a gurney and prop it up so he's sitting. And open his eyes.

EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING

Richie comes out ahead of the gurney, moving quickly like it's a matter of life and death (which it is), motioning at the crowd to allow a path to the ambulance.

RICHIE

Step back, injured man coming out. Let them do their job and he'll be all right. Ma'am. Excuse me. Step back. Sir. Please.

The people step back when they see the victim on the gurney: tubes in his nostrils, IV in his arm, eyes open. Before they can look any closer, he's put in the ambulance. As it pulls out, siren wailing, Richie leads Rivera safely away - *

EXT. ALLEY NEAR STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING

They cross through an alley near the Projects and Rivera finally breathes a sigh of relief. *

RIVERA

Thank you - *

The words aren't out of his mouth before Richie shoves him up against a car. *

RICHIE

You robbed him, didn't you.

RIVERA

What? What are you talking about? *

Richie rips Rivera's jacket pockets. Money spills out. *

RICHIE

This. Where'd this come from?

RIVERA

What. That's my money. I've never taken dirty money in my life. *

RICHIE

You lying piece of shit -

RIVERA

Maybe the occasional gratuity. Like anybody else. You're going to tell me that's wrong? *

RICHIE

Yeah.

RIVERA

No, it isn't. It's part of the salary for getting shot at. For that, certain courtesies are shown. In gratitude - *

Richie, disgusted with him, lets go of him. Rivera is embarrassed, almost crying, pleading - *

RIVERA

A discount on a TV, a Doughboy in the backyard, a new dress for your girlfriend maybe once a year. I'm talking about not living in fucking poverty. You want to call that wrong, call it wrong. *

RICHIE

It's wrong. *

RIVERA

Then goddamn it, pay me fifty grand a year, you son of a bitch. Pay me what I deserve for getting shot at. No? Fine. Next time four guys come into your place with sawed-off shotguns, you take care of it. *

RICHIE

You robbed him, and then you shot him, and I helped you get out of there. How many more you shot?

Rivera suddenly tries to get tough - *

RIVERA *

You know what, Richie? Fuck you, you make that kind of accusation against your own kind. And you know why.

He takes out his car keys, turns to leave. Comes past Richie who grabs his arm and pushes the sleeve up exposing a line of puncture scabs and scars. *

RICHIE

You're a disgrace.

RIVERA *

I'm a leper. Because I listened to you and turned in a million fucking dollars. You know who'll work with me after that? Same as you. No one.

Richie squeezes Rivera's hand around the car key. *

RICHIE

Don't look down there. Look here.

(at Richie's eyes)

You ever fuckin threaten me again, I'll kill you.

Richie squeezes Sander's hand so hard the car key cuts through the skin, drawing blood.

60 - 69 OMIT

60 - 69 OMIT

70 **EXT. ARMY BASE, NEW JERSEY - DUSK**

70

Silence. Marshland. A beat-up Chevy parked alongside a perimeter fence. Frank waits by the car as a military Jeep with its lights out comes across a firing range. It slows, stops. In it, the silhouettes of three servicemen, black, armed with M-16's. Silence again, before:

ARMY CAPTAIN

Open the trunk.

Frank does it, then stands aside as the other servicemen drag four large taped-up duffel bags from the Jeep to his car, lift them into his trunk and slam it shut.

71 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT**

71

The duffel bags, still closed, on a table. Frank regards them, nursing a drink, putting off the moment of discovery that he has perhaps spent his life's savings on nothing.

(CONT)

71 CONTINUED:

71

The German shepherd watches as Frank removes the tape from one of the bags. He pulls it open - has almost no reaction - except to breathe again - then opens the next, and the next.

And we see: Several brick-like packages of No. 4 heroin wrapped in paper marked with Chinese writing, stamped with a label: two lions on their hind legs, paws on a globe, and, in English: *DOUBLE UOGLOBE BRAND 100%*.

A72 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LATER - DAWN

A72 *

The duffel bags are elsewhere. The only evidence of any drugs is the small amount Frank has given a chemist - who looks like a Harvard student - to test. *It responds instantly.* The young man looks at Frank. *

CHEMIST

Typically what I see is 25 to 45 percent pure. I've never seen anything like this. No alkaloids, no adulterants, no dilutents. It's a hundred percent. May I? *

The chemist opens a leather travel syringe kit to shoot up, but Frank gives him some to take home instead. *

FRANK

Take it with you. I don't want to have to call the coroner. *

The chemist gathers his things to leave, offering a last piece of advice - *

CHEMIST

Store it in a cool, dark place. *

72 EXT. GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA - DUSK

72

A clapboard house set down on a piece of land that was probably once worked by sharecroppers. An elderly woman framed in a lit kitchen window, doing dishes.

Dark yew trees and scavenged, discarded cars and car parts like patches of rusty snow. Crickets and bullfrogs. From a mound of dirt, a young man hurls a baseball to another with a catcher's mitt exactly sixty feet away. The kid's got a major league arm.

Legend: Greensboro, North Carolina

A glow spills out from a detached shed where a short man in his early 30's works on a stock car.

(CONT)

A greasy phone on the workbench rings and another disreputable-looking man, thumbing through a magazine, answers.

JIMMY

Yeah ... for you.

TEDDY

Who is it?

Jimmy doesn't know, sets it down. Teddy comes over wiping his hands on a rag, takes the phone.

TEDDY

Yeah.

FRANK V/O

Teddy.

TEDDY

Who's this?

FRANK V/O

Frank.

TEDDY

Frank who?

FRANK V/O

Frank your brother.

Divorced couples in custody battles wait with their attorneys in a packed courthouse. An lawyer carrying papers clipped with a \$10 bill, comes past Richie, who's sitting with his lawyer, a woman he's probably slept with. *

SHEILA

I'm not talking about your *proclivities*, Richie. Those I only know too well. I'm talking about being a cop.

RICHIE

About taking money? I don't care about money. I don't do that. *

SHEILA

Because it'll come out. You're going to have to sit down with shrinks and social workers, her lawyers, the judge, lots of questions.

RICHIE

What's going on there? *

The judge's assistant rearranging the pre-trial cases in order of the amount of gratuity clipped to each - \$5, \$10, \$20 bills. *

SHEILA *

Scheduling. *

RICHIE *

No, the money. *

SHEILA *

Scheduling. What about your friends from the neighborhood? You still hang out with them? *

RICHIE

I play softball on Sundays with some guys.

SHEILA

Wise guys. That's going to look good.

RICHIE

I grew up with them, big deal.

SHEILA

What about Anthony Zaca? *

RICHIE

What about him?

SHEILA

Richie, I'm just trying to understand things your wife has said. If they're not true, tell me.

RICHIE

Yeah, Tony's one of them.

SHEILA

Is he also your son's godfather?

Richie nods. Sheila glances over to where Richie's ex-wife sits with her own lawyer across the room.

SHEILA

Do you really care about this? Or do you just not want her to win - ever. How often do you see your son as it is?

(CONT)

RICHIE

Not enough. But she wants to make it
never.

*
*

 SHEILA

Yeah, all right. Give me a twenty.
(Richie doesn't reach for
his wallet)

*
*
*
*
*

Well, I'm not going to sit here all day.

She takes a twenty from her purse and carries it up to the
judge's assistant clipped to their paperwork.

*
*

 BAILIFF

All rise -

EXT. HOUSE - TEANECK, NEW JERSEY - DAY

Frank and the dog in the back yard of a suburban house.
His neighbors - those he can see - are white. He hears a
sound - cars arriving - and crosses toward the house where
a sold "For Sale" sign leans against a half-built kennel.

Out front, a caravan of cars and pickup trucks - North
Carolina plates - loaded with boxes and suitcases - has just
arrived. Exhausted from the drive but excited to be here,
the travelers climb out: Frank's five brothers, their wives
and kids, and their mother.

Teddy thinks it's the right place. The others aren't as
sure. The house is too nice. There's a new Lincoln Towncar
parked outside the garage. They'll probably be shot for
trespassing.

The front door opens and Frank comes out, trailed by his
dog. He first gathers his mother in an embrace, then each
of his startled brothers.

INT. FRANK'S TEANECK HOUSE - LATER - DAY

The house is alive with the noise of family and scent of
home-cooked food as the extended Lucas clan - there's more
than twenty of them - sits around a big dining room table
passing the platters around. Frank, at the head of the
table, clearly loves having them all here.

 TURNER

He got an arm on him. Major League arm,
ain't that right.

Everyone agrees as Turner's son - Frank's nephew - the 18-
year-old boy seen pitching in the North Carolina back yard -
tries to shrug.

(CONT)

FRANK

You show me after supper.

TURNER

You can't catch him. He'll take your head off. We're talking 95-mile-an-hour. You know how fast that is? You see the ball leave his hand, and that's the last you see it before it knocks you down.

FRANK

(smiling; happy)

Is that right.

The wonderful noise continues downstairs as Frank leads his mother on a tour of the upstairs. The place is a showroom of traditional Americana.

FRANK

This is your room.

Mrs. Lucas is in awe of the splendor of the bedroom and its furnishings. It's unlike anything she's used ever seen - not Graceland exactly - but not far off. Her eyes settle on an old vanity dotted with French perfume bottles.

MRS. LUCAS

How did you ...

FRANK

I had it made. From memory.

MRS. LUCAS

You were five when they took it away. How could you remember it?

FRANK

I remember.

She's stunned. Touches the reproduction of the vanity her son last saw more than thirty years ago.

MRS. LUCAS

It's perfect.

(looks at the room)

It's all perfect.

(she looks at him)

I'm so proud of you.

79 CONTINUED:

79

Frank pushes the door open, revealing -

80 **INT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

80

Five naked women at work tables, their faces veiled by surgical masks, cutting heroin with lactose and quinine in a precise mixture of controlled purity. The Lucas brothers stare as the supervisor of the activity - clothed, with red hair - comes over.

REDTOP

Hi, Frank.

FRANK

Honey, these are my brothers.

81 **EXT. HARLEM - LATER - DAY**

81

Tango strolls down the street like he's the Godfather of Harlem, girl on his arm, bodyguard at his side.

82 **INT. DINER - SAME TIME**

82

As his brothers eat lunch, Frank - who can see Tango outside - uncaps a glass sugar container.

FRANK

What matters in business is honesty, integrity, hard work, loyalty, and never forgetting where you came from.

For reasons his brothers can't imagine, Frank empties all sugar from the container onto his plate.

FRANK

You are what you are and that's one of two things. You're nothing ... or you're something. Understand what I'm saying?

The brothers nod tentatively, stare at the now-empty glass container. Frank wipes his mouth with a napkin, gets up.

FRANK

I'll be right back.

83 **EXT/INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER**

83

He comes out of the diner, crosses the street toward Tango, who's buying fruit. Greets him cheerfully -

FRANK

Hey, Tango, what's up. I was just thinking about you.

(MORE)

(CONT)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I was looking at the jar and you know what? I didn't see nothing in it.

TANGO

The fuck you want, Frank -

Before the last word is out of Tango's mouth, Frank's got a gun pressed against his forehead. Silence. Everyone backs away - the bodyguard, too. Tango's girl pulls her arm from his and takes off. Eventually -

TANGO

What're you going to do, boy? Shoot me in broad daylight? In front of everyone?

It's as if life on the street has *stopped*. No one moves; everyone is looking at Frank; maybe that's what he wants. As Tango laughs at the thought -

FRANK

Yeah, that's right.

Frank pulls the trigger and the big man falls back like someone hit with a board. Frank stands over him and empties the gun in his chest, the shots echoing down the street.

Then it's quiet again. Everyone's still looking him, but Frank doesn't run. Instead, he calmly reaches into Tango's suit pocket, takes out a money clip thick with cash, drops it in the "jar" and sets it next to the body.

FRANK

For the cops. Should be enough.

Frank returns to the diner and sits back down, ignoring the astonished stares from his brothers and everyone else in the place. Tries to remember where he was in his lecture as he tucks the napkin back in his shirt collar.

FRANK

That basically's the whole picture right there.

A cadaver drawer slides open revealing - not Tango - but **Rivera**, staring up lifeless, his arms, stomach, legs and toes dotted with the scabs of a longtime addict. *

DETECTIVE

Did you know his girlfriend? Good-looking girl. One of his informants.

RICHIE

Beth.

The medical examiner slides open another cadaver drawer containing her body. Richie stares at it.

DETECTIVE

Should've seen their place. Like animals lived there.

RICHIE

I have seen it.

DETECTIVE

(to the examiner)

Chose a good night, huh? Grand Central Station in here.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It's been like this. I'm lucky I get home before midnight; lots of carelessness.

Richie regards Rivera's personal effects resting on his chest in a plastic bag: few bucks, the Corvette key, a half-empty packet of heroin in blue cellophane. Richie takes the blue cellophane from the bag and, as the drawer closes entombing Sanders, holds it in his hand ... *

REPORTER V/O

Heroin addiction is no longer exclusive to big city neighborhoods; it's epidemic -

The reports shows lawmakers on Capitol Hill juxtaposed against images of inner-cities, junkies, homicide victims and, perhaps most telling, white suburbia.

REPORTER ON TV

Since 1965, law enforcement has watched its steady increase and with it a rise in violent crime. Now unaccountably, it has exploded, reaching into cities as a whole - our suburbs and towns - our schools.

INT. POLICE GYM - DAY

The TV is in a small police gym where Richie lifts weights, very much aware of his pariah status as out-of-shape cops come in, only to leave again when they see him. *

CONTINUED:

REPORTER ON TV

Someone is finally saying: enough.
Federal authorities have announced their
intention to establish special narcotics
bureaus in Washington, New York, Los
Angeles, Chicago, Boston, Newark and
other major cities -

Toback comes in, watches Richie, alone, working out.

RICHIE V/O

It's a dog and pony show. *

TOBACK V/O

It's not being advertised as one.

86

INT. POLICE GYM - LATER - DAY

86

*

Richie's changing into his street clothes.

RICHIE

But it's federal. I'd have to answer
to who? FBI?

TOBACK

Me and the U.S. Attorney. No one else.
No FBI. Hoover knows better than to mix
his men with dope. Too much temptation
for the feeble-minded.

Though he's not in much of a position to refuse the
assignment, Richie still isn't convinced it's a good idea.
Toback levels with him -

TOBACK

Richie, a detective who doesn't have
the cooperation of his fellow detectives
can't be effective.

RICHIE

You know *why* I don't have it.

TOBACK

Doesn't matter.

RICHIE

No, they're *all* on the take and I'm not
and it doesn't matter to anyone. Instead
of giving you a medal for turning in
money, they bury you. *

(CONT)

86 CONTINUED:

86

TOBACK

It's fucked up. *You're right.* Maybe
this's an opportunity away from all that.

*
*

They regard each other. Eventually -

RICHIE

I'll do it, but only like this: I
don't set foot in a police station again.
I work out of a place of my own. And I
pick my own guys. Guys I *know* wouldn't
take a nickel off the sidewalk.

TOBACK

Done.

87 **EXT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY** 87

An old building that was once an Episcopal church.

88 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY** 88

The place has been long abandoned. The city maintenance
worker who let Richie in watches him move through the debris-
strewn church.

89 **INT. PENTHOUSE - NEW YORK - DAY** 89

A real estate broker watches Frank consider the high-
ceilinged spaciousness of a grand, unfurnished 50's modern
Upper East Side penthouse -

90 **INT. BASEMENT - NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - DAY** 90

Richie regards the colored light thrown down by the stained
glass windows -

91 **INT. PENTHOUSE - NEW YORK - DAY** 91

Frank regards light streaming in from the garden terrace -

92 **INT. MAIN FLOOR - NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - DAY** 92

Richie picks up a faded photograph of a priest in a broken
frame. To the maintenance man:

RICHIE

This is the only floor we'll be using.

93 **INT. PENTHOUSE - NEW YORK - DAY** 93

Frank distractedly opens and closes a 12' high curtain in
one of the rooms -

(CONT)

93 CONTINUED:

93

FRANK

No loan, no contingencies. Cash sale.

94 **EXT. SMALL'S PARADISE - NIGHT**

94

Wet streets and neon. Well-dressed crowd behind a velvet rope outside the club. The Apollo in the background: James Brown on the marquee.

95 **INT. SMALL'S PARADISE - NIGHT**

95

A still-powerful older man in a nice suit rises from his chair to wild applause. From the stage -

SINGER

Mr. Joe Louis, ladies and gentlemen.

Joe bows graciously, gives a little wave to the crowd, and sits back down as the band starts up again.

At another table, Frank sits with Charlie Williams and Rossi, slightly older dope men. Like Frank, they favor expensive tailored suits. Their dates, too, are nicely dressed - not too much make-up or jewelry. Frank's glance moves from Joe Louis and his wife to a beautiful young woman at the table.

FRANK

Who's the beauty queen?

CHARLIE

She *is* a beauty queen. No kidding.
Miss Puerto Rico.

Her glance crosses Frank's briefly but is yanked to the entrance of the club when Frank's brothers come in with their wives and girlfriends. Teddy's in a parrot green suit, gold chains, hat, acting like he owns the place.

96 **INT. BACK ROOM - SMALL'S PARADISE - LATER**

96

Frank hustles Teddy into an empty back room.

FRANK

What is this?

He turns Teddy so he's facing a mirror.

TEDDY

What. These are clothes. This is a very nice (suit) -

(CONT)

FRANK

I'm wearing clothes. These are clothes. Those -

(Teddy's in the mirror)
- are a *costume*. With a sign on it that says *Arrest me*. You look like fuckin Jackie Fox.

TEDDY

What's wrong with Jackie. I like Jackie.

FRANK

You like Jackie? You want to be Superfly? Go work for him, end up in a cell with him.

Teddy pulls himself from Frank's grasp. Smooths his shirt, adjusts his hat. Frank tries to explain to him:

FRANK

The guy making all the noise in the room is the weak one. That's not who you want to be.

TEDDY

He wants to talk to you by the way. I told him I'd tell you.

Frank stares at his brother's reflection in the mirror.

FRANK

You and Jackie were talking about *me*?

TEDDY

Not *about* you. We were *talking*. He said he wanted to talk to you about something.

Frank clearly wants nothing to do with Jackie Fox.

FRANK

I'm taking you shopping tomorrow.

TEDDY

I went shopping today.

FRANK

You go shopping every day. Like a girl.

A creme Bentley pulls up and out pour Jackie Fox and his entourage.

97 CONTINUED:

97

He's got an armful of New York Times Magazines -with him on the cover, flaunting *Gangster Chic*. He starts handing them out to the crowd on his way into the club.

98 **INT. SMALL'S PARADISE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

98

Joe Louis has come over to speak to Frank at his table.

JOE LOUIS

It's a tax thing. It's a mistake my lawyers will straighten out, but for the time being it's a headache -

FRANK

How much you owe?

JOE LOUIS

It's nothing, like - fifty grand.

Frank isn't sure if it's an honor or a curse to have a celebrity like Joe Louis asking to borrow money, but nods.

FRANK

Sure. Don't worry about it.

JOE LOUIS

Thank you. I'll pay you back soon as -

FRANK

Joe. It's a gift. Not a loan. You don't owe me nothing.

Jackie glides into the club with his magazines and entourage. Frank watches him make the rounds, lingering at Miss Puerto Rico's table and holding her hand longer than he should with his girlfriend on his arm. Frank glances to Teddy wearily, then to Doc, alone at the next table like a sentry. Frank doesn't have to say he's ready to leave. Doc knows the look. Gets up.

99 **INT. SMALL'S PARADISE - LATER - NIGHT**

99

Frank comes into the coat check area where Doc waits with his overcoat. As Frank slips into it, Miss Puerto Rico - returning from the ladies room - comes through.

ANA

Hi. I'm Ana.

FRANK

I'm Frank.

(CONT)

ANA

You're Frank and this is your place.
 (he doesn't say whether
 it is or not)
 Why's it called Small's? Why don't you
 call it Frank's?

FRANK

Because I don't have to.

He smiles, and it's hard to tell which is more enchanted
 with the other.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NEWARK - SAME TIME - NIGHT

A club across the river. Not nearly as nice as Small's -
 much louder - but like Small's, almost all black. Richie
 shares a booth with a black undercover detective.

RICHIE

I'm reluctant to bring anyone in I
 don't personally know.

SPEARMAN

You know *me*, and I vouch for them.

Richie nods, Yeah, he knows that, but remains unconvinced.

SPEARMAN

Richie, we work together. You want me,
 you got to take them, too.

RICHIE

Where are they?

Spearman looks out across the crowded dance floor.

SPEARMAN

That's Jones. With the skinny white
 woman.

Richie's glance finds a young black man dancing wildly with
 his skinny white date.

SPEARMAN

That's Abruzzo, with the fat black one.

Richie sees a young Italian with tatoos - the only other
 white man in the place - dancing with a heavy black woman.
 Both Jones and Abruzzo look more like criminals than cops.

100 CONTINUED:

100

SPEARMAN

Both are good with wires. Have good informants. They're honest. And they're fearless. They'll do *anything*. They're insane, Richie, like you.

101 **INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - NEW YORK - DAY**

101

Frank sits in back alone. Peers ahead through the windshield. His face relaxes as he sees -

102 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY**

102

Ana waiting on a corner, dressed nice, handbag. The Towncar pulls to the curb.

FRANK

I got it.

Frank gets out before Doc can, and escorts Ana to the car.

FRANK

I hope you weren't waiting long. A woman as beautiful as you shouldn't have to wait for anything.

He opens the door for her like a perfect gentleman, slides in after her.

103 **EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY**

103

Outside the house, Doc sits in the car reading a newspaper.

104 **INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY**

104

Ana considers some family photographs on a mantle.

ANA

This is your father?

Frank shakes his head no. It's a picture of Bumpy.

FRANK

You really don't know who that is?
(she doesn't)
It's Martin Luther King.

ANA

It is not.

FRANK

You're right. He was as important as Dr. King, though.

(CONT)

ANA

What'd he do?

FRANK

A lot of things. He had a lot of friends. He served New York and it served him.

ANA

What was he to you?

Frank has to think. Bumpy was more than his employer.

FRANK

Teacher.

ANA

What'd he teach you?

FRANK

How to take my time ... how if you're going to do something, do it with care ... do it with love.

And it's working here. It's seductive.

ANA

Anything else?

FLASHCUTS -

Sudden bursts of violence - guys beat up - others shot - one being poured with gasoline as Bumpy looks on calmly -

BACK TO FRANK'S LIVING ROOM

The same calm, benign face in the photograph. Frank nods.

FRANK

How be a gentleman.

ANA

That's what you are?

Ana smiles like she knows better. Any second now, like every other guy she's ever met, she's sure he'll try to take her upstairs.

FRANK

I got five different apartments in the city I could've taken you to. I brought you here instead -

(CONT)

CONTINUED:

Ana glances to the stairs which Frank's mother is coming down.

FRANK

To meet my mother.

MRS. LUCAS

Is this *her*? Oh, she's beautiful,
Frank. Look at her. She's an angel
come down from heaven.

Mrs. Lucas embraces Ana like family.

105 OMIT

105 OMIT

106

INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY

106

A single, half-empty packet of heroin, the same one from the morgue, in distinctive blue cellophane, tacked to a bulletin board. Richie, perched on a desk in front of it.

RICHIE

Our mandate is to make *major* arrests.
No street guys - we want the suppliers -
the distributors.

Spearman, Jones and Abruzzo sit in the back, looking like delinquent students. Of everyone in the open ground-floor that's been only slightly renovated - and there are about fifteen of them - they're the most disreputable-looking.

RICHIE

Heroin, cocaine, amphetamines. No
grass under **a thousand pounds**. Less than
that, someone else can waste their time.

*

Jones nudges Abruzzo to pay attention. Abruzzo elbows him back. Richie just waits like a teacher for their attention.

RICHIE

We'll be handling big shipments, big
money, big temptation.
(Jones raises his hand)
Yeah.

JONES

There's a story about you. About
turning in some money. A lot of money.
Is it true?

Jones isn't the only one here curious to know. Simply:

(CONT)

106 CONTINUED:

106

RICHIE

It's not true.

*

107 **INT/EXT. CAR / STREET - NEWARK - DAY**

107

Abruzzo, looking like a junkie, dirty jeans, wool cap, approaches a dealer on the corner. The perspective shifts to Richie, Spearman and Jones in a car, watching as Abruzzo chats briefly with the dealer before the exchange takes place: \$10 for a blue-cellophane packet.

108 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - LATER - DAY**

108

Richie and the others watch Jones tests the heroin.

JONES

Stuff's ten percent pure. Strong enough to smoke for all those suburban white kids afraid of needles.

The other detectives are exchange a glance. None has ever heard of anything on the street that pure.

RICHIE

You paid ten bucks for it?

JONES

And it's all that's out there.

RICHIE

Now, how is that possible? Who can afford to sell shit twice as good for half as much?

Richie glances to a Table of Organization: Surveillance photos haphazardly thumb-tacked to a bulletin board - known dope men in the hierarchies of their individual crime families - almost all of them Italian.

WOMB TO TOMB SEQUENCE:

An R & B song begins and continues over -

109 **CLOSE-UPS:**

109

A poppy bulb being pierced, the white liquid oozing, changing into filthy liquids in wooden bowls, and finally a gray paste ...

110 **INT. BANK VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - CHEMICAL BANK - DAY** 110

Frank sits with the bank Vice President who wires a transfer to:

123 CONTINUED: 123

129 **TEDDY** at his body shop. 129

130 **INT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT - DAY** 130

Piles of cash. The brothers try counting it all, but it's just too much. It's actually tiring.

TEDDY

We're going to be here all night if we count every bill.

TIME CUT: A money-counting machine flips through the bills, its counter flying. The brothers rubberband it all in \$100,000 decks. Jot down the numbers. Put the money in newly-assembled file boxes. Tape them shut.

131 **INT. CHEMICAL BANK - SAFETY-DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY** 131

Alone in the room, Frank transfers stacks of \$100's from the file boxes into several open safety-deposit boxes.

132 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT** 132

The penthouse is now richly decorated. The R & B music playing through a state-of-the-art stereo system. It's a kind of office party for Frank's brothers, cousins, wives and girlfriends, distributors like Rossi and other East Harlem guys, Charlie Williams, couple of cops on Frank's payroll, and the Chemical Bank Vice President.

BANKER

You got a stockbroker, Frank?

FRANK

I deal with enough crooks as it is.

The banker jots down a name and phone number on the back of one of his business cards.

BANKER

This one couldn't be more honest. Ask around. He's got a lot of clients in the business. You can't leave all your money in safety deposit boxes; give him a call.

The banker hands him the card and moves on. Frank's trying to have a good time, but the level of noise and revelry is beginning to make him uncomfortable.

CHARLIE

Frank. This is Mike Sibota.

Sibota tries not to look as nervous as he feels.

(CONT)

FRANK

Mr. Sibota. What can I get you?

SIBOTA

A left-hander from what Charlie tells me.
Your nephew?

Frank points to his nephew, Stevie, across the room.

FRANK

It's been his dream all his life to play
for the Yankees - and he's good enough.

SIBOTA

So I hear. You have him come see me.
We'll give him a try-out.

As the scout hands *his* card to Frank, we whip over to where
Teddy, his driver Jimmy Racine and their girlfriends, coked
up, are laughing as a black cop, flashing his detective's
shield, pretends to frisk Jimmy.

DETECTIVE

What's this?
(taking a .45 from Jimmy's
pocket)
Oh, *that's* it, I'm taking you in.

JIMMY

(joking)
You can't take me in for that, I got a
license for that, motherfucker.

DETECTIVE

(gives the gun back)
This then -
(the pile of coke on the
coffee table)
But first -

The cop sucks up a line before pretending to cuff Jimmy.

DETECTIVE

All right, *now* I'm arresting you.

Everybody laughs. Teddy peels \$100's from a money clip.

TEDDY

Let him go. This is for you.

DETECTIVE

What is that, a bribe? Oh, now you're
all under arrest.

(CONT)

The cop pretends to arrest them all, but what he doesn't pretend is the hand he puts on Jimmy's girlfriend's breast as he frisks her.

JIMMY

What is that?

It was quick but Jimmy saw it, even though his girlfriend didn't react. The cop, oblivious, is cuffing Teddy now.

DETECTIVE

I'm taking you all in.

JIMMY

I said, what the fuck was that?

DETECTIVE

What was what?

The room explodes with a boom and the detective crumples to the floor, clutching at his leg, blood running through his fingers onto the carpet. Frank stares.

JIMMY

Oh, he's all right. I just shot him in the leg. You got a health plan, what are you complaining about. He's fine. Here -
(peels off some money)
Five hundred all right? Six? Look, he's feeling better all the time.

Suddenly, Frank grabs Jimmy and throws him against the wall.

As Ana tries to clean the blood stain on the rug with salt and soda water, Frank sits with his five brothers in the debris-strewn aftermath of the party. Silence before:

FRANK

I can't have this kind of stupidity.

TEDDY

It was an accident. He feels terrible about it.

FRANK

He doesn't feel shit, coked up all the time. Get rid of him.

TEDDY

Frank. He's your cousin. What's he gonna do? Go back home? I'll talk to him. I'll straighten him out.

Frank looks at Teddy in his tinted Jackie Fox-like goggle glasses - like *he's* going to straighten anybody out.

FRANK

Gimme those glasses.

TEDDY

What? Why?

Frank pulls them from Teddy's face and crushes them.

INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY

Richie sifts through the morning mail at his desk. Stops on an envelope from the New Jersey Bar Association. As he works up the nerve to open it, Spearman, Jones and Abruzzo organize the Italian wise guys' photos on the T.O.

*
*
*
*

JONES

Ice Pick Paul goes here -

ABRUZZO

No, he's under Benny Two-Socks -

JONES

No, you're thinking of Benny the Bishop. Benny *Two-Socks* is Tosca's *deadbeat* son-in-law.

*

SPEARMAN

Jonesy's right.

*

Richie comes over, studies the *Table of Organization* a moment, then begins untacking the photos from the top down -

*
*

JONES

What're you doing? We just -

RICHIE

For a cop the uppermost thing is the arrest. For a prosecutor, the arrest is nothing without the evidence to convict. We don't have any real evidence on anyone on this board, so they're coming down. We're starting over from the street.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

134 CONTINUED:

134

ABRUZZO

What are you, a prosecutor all of a sudden?

*
*
*

Richie tacks his exam results onto the T.O. He passed.

*

135 EXT. STREET - NEWARK - DAY

135

*

Richie and the Amigos observe a buy from a parked car, the blue cellophane changing hands. Ignoring the buyer as he walks away, they keep watching the seller.

136 EXT. GAS STATION / CAR WASH - NEWARK - DAY

136

The seller is observed coming out of a mechanics garage. Richie ignores him as he walks away, watching instead the garage. Eventually, a mechanic wiping his hands on a rag steps out, and Richie raises a camera. The image of the mechanic - a supplier - freezes -

137 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY

137

A slightly-blurred photo of the mechanic goes up on a new, almost bare Table of Organization.

*

138 EXT. GAS STATION / CAR WASH - NEWARK - DAY

138

*

Atop of a telephone pole, Abruzzo, dripping with lineman equipment, works to attach a 'slave' to the lines -

*
*

139 INT. STOREFRONT APARTMENT - DAY

139

Bare room. Richie, Jones and Spearman eating take-out food as tape recorder reels turn.

PHONE VOICE

Those snow tires you give me last time come in yet? I'm going to want some more of them, gimme one and a half more of them.

The detectives laugh.

140 INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

140

Toback has Richie sign a voucher for \$20,000 cash.

TOBACK

This is more than a year's salary, Richie. If it disappears, I won't be able to get it for you again.

140 CONTINUED:

140

 RICHIE

 It'll never be out of my sight.

141 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**

141

Jones tapes a tape recorder the size of a pack of cigarettes to Richie's bare chest.

142 **INT. GAS STATION GARAGE - DAY**

142

Undercover in a wise guy's cashmere sweater and slacks, Richie watches the mechanic count the \$10,000 he's given him.

 RICHIE

 It's got to be 'Blue Magic.'

 MECHANIC

 Yeah, yeah, it's 'Blue.' You can pick it up here tomorrow. Where's the rest of the money?

 RICHIE

 That's half. I'll give you the other half tomorrow when you give -

 MECHANIC

 No, no, no, I don't do that. Go fuck yourself.

Richie rather reluctantly hands over the rest of the 20K.

143 **INT/EXT. SPEARMAN'S CAR - MOVING - NEAR GW BRIDGE - DAY** 143

Spearman watches the pickup truck driven by the mechanic change lanes up ahead - heading for the George Washington Bridge - and glances over concerned to Richie, who is changing the cashmere sweater for an old t-shirt.

 SPEARMAN

 He's going into New York. Are we?

 RICHIE

 What are they going to do, arrest us?

 SPEARMAN

 They could. New York cops. They can do worse than that.

 RICHIE

 We're not losing that money. Go.

(CONT)

143 CONTINUED:

143

As Spearman follows the truck, the George Washington Bridge, linking Jersey to Manhattan, looms in the windshield ...

144 **EXT. EAST HARLEM STREET - DAY**

144

The pickup pulls to the curb outside a Pleasant Avenue grocery store. As the guy enters the place, Spearman's car stops long enough for Richie to climb out, and continues on.

Richie crosses the street, tries to see who the guy is talking to inside, but he's just buying a cup of coffee to go. Spearman's car turns the corner to circle around the block. As soon as it's gone, the man emerges from the restaurant with the coffee and walks straight at Richie who has to double back quickly not to be seen

Richie sees a delivery truck double-parked, guys unloading crates. Hears a horn and knows it's must be Spearman stuck on the side street. The mechanic starts his truck. Desperate not to lose him (and his money), Richie hurries over to a taxi stopped at a light, flashes his badge.

*
*

RICHIE

Get out.

TAXI DRIVER

What?

RICHIE

Get the fuck out of the car!

The driver realizes the man outside his taxi is crazy and tries to get his window rolled up. Reaching in, Richie gets his arm stuck, pulls at the lock, yanks the door open, drags the driver out, breaking the cabbie's arm, and jumps in.

He swings the cab into opposing lanes to get around traffic, screeches around the corner, glimpses the truck far up ahead - guns the engine, flies through a red light, glances at his mirror at the cars that just missed him almost colliding -

The truck turns up ahead, and Richie barrels through another red light, turns the corner and keeps the truck, a couple car-lengths ahead - in sight.

145 **EXT. EAST HARLEM - DAY**

145

Richie curbs the cab as the guy goes into a dingy pizza parlor. Richie climbs out, crosses the street. Coming past the place, he tries to look inside without breaking stride.

(CONT)

From around a corner, striding toward *him*, come four men looking like Gestapo thugs in leather coats, manicured hair - the Princes of the City. Richie detours into an alley as they enter the restaurant.

Richie peers in at the restaurant kitchen through a grimy basement window. Watches Trupo and his SIU detectives burst in, guns drawn. They rough everybody up, get some down on the floor. One detective gathers the money and stuffs it in a bag. Another gathers the dope. The mechanic tries to protest and Trupo slaps him down with his pistol.

Richie keeps watching as the NY cops arrest no one - but take the dope and the money (Richie's money) - and stride out as abruptly as they appeared, like bandits. As they come past Richie -

RICHIE

That's my money.

SIU DET 1

The fuck are you. What money?

Richie shows [them his Bureau of Narcotics ID](#).

*

RICHIE

The bills are sequenced and registered with the Essex County Prosecutors Office. All begin with CF3500. Take a look.

One of them checks some of the bills and sees he's right.

SIU DET. 2

Goddamn it, I thought we had a score. I thought I had a fucking Chris-Craft sitting in my driveway.

RICHIE

Honest mistake. Just give it back to me.

SIU DET. 1

This time.

Three of the four cops laugh. It's an affable gang of thieves. The one who doesn't laugh hangs back as the others start off. He examines Richie's [New Jersey ID](#).

*

TRUPO

When's the last time I was in Jersey? Let me think. Never. What're you doing coming over here without letting anybody know? You don't know you can get hurt doing that?

(MORE)

(CONT)

145 CONTINUED:

145

TRUPO (CONT'D)

(Trupo smiles; Richie smiles)

You got your money. Now, never, ever,
 come into the city again unannounced. You
 come in to see a fuckin Broadway show you
 call ahead first to see if it's okay with
 me.

*

Trupo pats him on the back and leaves with the others.

*

TOBACK V.O.

What do we hate most? Isn't it the
 transgressions of others we fear we're
 capable of ourselves?

*

147 - 148 OMIT

147 - 148 OMIT

*

149 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - LATER - NIGHT

149

*

It's very late. **Richie** and **Toback** are alone. Eventually -

*

TOBACK

Richie - cops are like -

*

RICHIE

Yeah, I know, like everyone else.
Some of them will steal no matter what.
 There can be a camera on them they'll do
 it. **Some'll** never do it. The **rest** are
 capable of either, depending how their
 department leans ... Only theirs isn't
 leaning, it's fallen over. **The patrol
 cars don't even stop in Harlem, just roll
 down the window so the dealers can throw
 the money in. I saw drops made on
 precinct steps.**

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

TOBACK

What were you doing there?

RICHIE

It's where **this dope is** coming from.
 Blue Magic. Out of New York. What am
 I supposed to do, ignore it?

*

TOBACK

**The cab driver's filed aggravated assault
 and grand theft charges -**

*

*

RICHIE

**He wouldn't stop. Motherfucker almost
 ran me over.**

*

*

*

(CONT)

TOBACK

- which he may reconsider depending on the amount the State of New Jersey offers to settle -

*
*
*
*

RICHIE

I told him I was a cop. I showed him my identification.

*
*
*

TOBACK

You stole his cab and broke his arm.

*
*

RICHIE

I was chasing *your* 20 thousand dollars.

*
*

TOBACK

I don't want to hear about you going into New York anymore.

*

RICHIE

Then my investigation's over.

TOBACK

You're not listening to me. I said: I don't want to hear about it ... You do whatever you have to do, go wherever you have to go to find out who's bringing this shit into the country ... Just don't tell me.

(turns to leave)

Get some sleep.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

A150 - 152 OMIT

A150 - 152 OMIT

AA153 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

AA153

Richie - in robe and underwear - opens the door to find a woman in the hall holding a briefcase.

*
*
*
*
*

VIDA

Mr. Roberts? I'm here for our appointment.

*
*
*

He has no idea who the black woman is. An old girlfriend he's forgotten maybe. Behind him, Vida can see a stewardess buttoning up her uniform by a little travel case on wheels. The apartment itself, she can also see, is a mess.

*
*
*
*

VIDA

From Child Social Services?

*
*

A153 - 155 OMIT

A153 - 155 OMIT

156

EXT/INT. TONY ZACA'S BACKYARD & POOL HOUSE - DAY

156

*

Barbecue after their Sunday softball game. Richie and his O.C. friends - wise guys - still in their brown and orange *Weequahie* jerseys, drinking beer, cooking hamburgers.

TONY

When you asked me to be your son's godfather, I took it very seriously.

RICHIE

I know.

Richie and Tony Zaca relax in the den-like pool house.

TONY

I said yes, I'd take on this responsibility, take care of your son, God forbid something happened to you -

RICHIE

Tony, the things she's telling Child Social Services make me look very bad: Out all night. Lowlife informants hanging around. Women -

TONY

Old friends like me.

Richie feels horrible doing this. Silence. Then:

TONY

It's all right. I understand. They ask me, I'll tell them what you want me to tell them. I'll lie for you.

RICHIE

Thank you.

Tony nods, You're welcome. Can tell there's something else on Richie's mind.

TONY

What.

RICHIE

You don't have to talk about it, you don't want. What do you hear about Blue Magic? Anything?

TONY

A lot of sorrow and misery from guys being put out of business. That's all.

(CONT)

156

CONTINUED:

156

 RICHIE

Nothing about who's bringing it in?

 TONY

Guys down south is all I heard.

 RICHIE

Down south, Florida? Cubans? What.

 TONY

I don't know. All I can tell you is whoever it is, they're upsetting the natural order of things.

Among the framed family photos around them, is a picture of Tony's uncle, Albert Tosca.

157

EXT. LIVINGSTON, NEW JERSEY - DAY

157

A Napoleonic statue of the same man on horseback in a fountain outside a castle-like mansion. Next to it "ride" three others on marble horses - a woman and two children.

 TOSCA

Pull -

A clay pigeon sails out across the manicured garden. A shotgun blast shatters it. The man with the gun - Albert Tosca - hands another to Frank. As Frank sets to shoot, Ana can be seen behind them, with Tosca's wife in the opulent house, looking uncomfortable.

 MRS. TOSCA

The whole place was imported brick by brick from Gloucestershire.

 ANA

It's very nice.

Mrs. Tosca nods. Ana nods. A strained silence thicker than the tapestries settles over them until -

 FRANK

Pull -

The shotgun booms -

158

INT. TOSCA'S MANSION - LATER - DAY

158

As servants stand by, Tosca and his wife and their only guests - Frank and Ana - finished with lunch, get up from the table in the formal dining room.

(CONT)

As Mrs. Tosca leads Ana off to give her a tour of the house, the men head off the other way.

TOSCA

She's a lovely girl. You should marry her.

FRANK

Too many things to look after right now to think about that.

TOSCA

Frank. That's a mistake. If I may say. Don't take her for granted, girl like that.

They enter a rich, wood-paneled study lined with books.

TOSCA

You interested in history, Frank? The events that have brought us to where we are today? You know who was? Bumpy.

FRANK

Bumpy was interested in a lot of things.

TOSCA

I always wonder if people know when history's being made. And what they're doing at the time. This, for instance, could be a historic moment, and you're sipping a glass of ice water.

Droplets snake down Frank's glass. He senses Tosca has finally gotten around to why he was invited here.

TOSCA

Bumpy and I did a lot of business together, as you know. Whatever he needed, he'd come to me and I'd do my best to provide it. He came to me, I didn't go to him, is the point I'm trying to make. You know why?

FRANK

He didn't have what you needed. You had what he needed. We've always had to come to you.

TOSCA

Yes. Until now.

Tosca studies Frank, who is a study in inscrutability.

TOSCA

Monopolies are illegal in this country, Frank, because no one can compete with a monopoly. If they let the dairy farmers do that, half of them would go out of business tomorrow.

FRANK

I'm just trying to make a living.

TOSCA

Which is your right. Because this is America. But not at the unreasonable expense of others. That's *un-American*.

(he studies Frank)

You know the price you pay for a gallon of milk doesn't represent its true cost of production. It's *controlled*. Set.

FRANK

I set a price I think is fair.

TOSCA

It's very unfair, in fact. Your *customers* are happy, but what about your fellow dairy farmers? You're not thinking of them.

FRANK

(very calmly)

I'm thinking of them as much as they ever thought of me.

TOSCA

All right. I can see you're getting excited. Don't get excited. That's not why I invited you to my home. To get excited.

Frank doesn't look excited at all. He's the picture of calm. Tosca smiles benignly and gets up.

TOSCA

Here, I got something for you.

Tosca opens a humidor, takes out a couple of Cuban cigars.

TOSCA

Now what *if* - I'm just thinking out loud - you sold some of your inventory wholesale and I helped with the distribution.

FRANK

I don't need it. I already got everything from 110th Street to Yankee Stadium, river to river.

TOSCA

Which is a little mom and pop store compared to what I'm talking about. I could make you bigger than K-Mart. L.A., Chicago, Detroit, Vegas. I'm speaking nationwide. And I'd guarantee you peace of mind. You know what I mean by that.

Frank does. It's a backhanded threat. Tosca clips the cigars with a gold guillotine

TOSCA

Frank. You can see I'm a Renaissance man. Unfortunately not all my people are as enlightened. Ask them, What is civil rights, they don't know. They're not as open to change from the way things are done and who's doing it. But I can talk to them so there won't be any misunderstanding. That's what I mean by peace of mind.

Frank knows, in truth, he's not being given any choice in this matter. Still, maybe it's not so bad.

FRANK

You pay what a kilo now, 75, 80? I'd consider 50. And I can get you as much as you want.

Tosca slips on his best poker face. Fifty thousand a kilo would be an extraordinary coup for him.

TOSCA

You see, I was right. This *is* a historic moment. You're going to be bigger than Bumpy himself.

He hands Frank one of the cigars, expertly prepared.

TOSCA

Can't smoke it here, unfortunately. Grace doesn't like it. Take it with you.

163 CONTINUED: 163

164 OMIT 164 OMIT

165 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUED** 165

Ana's reflection in the vanity mirror as Frank slips the engagement ring on her finger. She wipes at a tear, then gets up and hugs him.

ANA

Yes.

She kisses him. Admires the ring. And -

ANA

I bought you something, too.

She crosses past the TV, takes a garment bag down from her side of the closet, lays it on the bed next to Frank's suit jacket. She takes hold of the zipper but doesn't immediately pull it, hoping perhaps to create some dramatic tension.

FRANK

What is it?

She unzips the bag like she's unveiling great art. But instead of seeing what's inside, we're allowed only Frank's reaction: his smile of anticipation slowly changing to chagrin.

166 **INT/EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT** 166

Richie observes celebrities and gangsters arriving in limousines - Sammy Davis Jr. and his wife, Joe Louis and his, Tosca and some of his guys - then enters the arena as another limo pulls up. Ana climbs out.

ANA

Come on. You look great.

(no one else emerges)

You want to miss the fight? Come on.

Finally, a patent leather shoe pokes out, sets down on the curb. Then its mate beside it. The shoes step away from the limo and -

167 **INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT** 167

Pre-fight. Richie, blended in with the a group of press photographers, regards the organized crime figures ringside. He takes a few pictures with the long lens camera as -

(CONT)

The owner of the gleaming patent leather shoes is shown to his second row ringside seat just behind the sports writers, and we move up the full-length chinchilla coat to Frank's uneasy expression -

Richie's camera roams the faces of the prime ticket holders ringside: **organized** crime figures, celebrities, politicians, women with plunging necklines and platinum hair -

JOE LOUIS

Excuse me -

Richie can't believe it's Joe Louis brushing past him -

RICHIE

Mr. Louis -

Joe looks back as Richie approaches him -

RICHIE

I'm sorry, but I just have to tell you, sir, you were a hero to me growing up. I still push elevator buttons eight times for the rounds you beat Billy Conn in. For luck.

Louis acknowledges Richie only slightly more than not at all. Turns away to join his friends. Richie watches after him, stung by Louis's disregard.

He snaps a picture of an Italian wise guy he doesn't recognize ... **sifts the camera's view** past Frank in the chinchilla coat ... **then returns to him, watches as Tosca** and his guys sit down behind Frank. Richie can't hear - but can see - their good-natured exchange -

TOSCA

Hey, Frank, you keep that hat on, I'm gonna miss the fight -

The odd thing to Richie is, Chinchilla's seat is better than all the Italians'. Detective Trupo notices this, too. Richie focuses on the Chinchilla's date, a stunning girl, a beauty queen, then shifts back to her boyfriend who's now shaking the proffered hands of other Italians, then Don King. Joe Louis himself - **who barely acknowledged Richie's existence** - comes over and playfully exchanges "punches" with the man in the chinchilla coat.

A sudden roar from the crowd as the lights go out except for the spot on the ring. Ali and Frazier are coming down the steps through the crush of fans and reporters, preceded by soldiers carrying flags -

(CONT)

167 CONTINUED:

167

Richie tries to find the guy in the chinchilla coat, but he's hidden by a flag. Then he glimpses him again just as Ali shakes his hand before climbing into the ring -

Flashbulbs pop throughout the arena as Robert Goulet begins the National Anthem. Ali pointedly doesn't sing along. Richie frames the shadowy figure in the chinchilla coat, focuses as sharp as he can in the bad light, and snaps the shutter -

168 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY

168

Richie tacks the photograph of the man in the chinchilla coat to his Table of Organization - low and off to the side by other pieces of the puzzle that don't fit, other new faces with no names. Spearman holds a scrap of paper -

 RICHIE

 That's is the plate number on the limo.
 Check with the company, who rented it.

 SPEARMAN

 He's a supplier at most. Or just a pimp.
 We'd've heard of him otherwise.

 RICHIE

 No, he's bigger than that. His seats
 were phenomenal; better than Al Tosca's.
 Joe Louis and Ali shook his fuckin hand.

*
*
*

They look from Tosca's high position on the board to Frank's low one, and a wedding march played in traditional fashion on organ begins and carries over:

169 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

169

From above, a sea of ladies' hats, all coral and pink. Below, Frank stands at the altar, waiting for his bride.

 RICHIE V/O

 His name is Frank Lucas ...

170 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY

170

Toback sifts through documents Richie has gathered: limousine company records, Frank's thin arrest record, mug shots of him years younger, the photograph from the fights and some more from subsequent surveillances.

 RICHIE

 Originally from Greensboro, North
 Carolina. Couple of arrests years ago.
 Gambling, robbery, unlicensed firearm.
 (MORE)

(CONT)

- 170 CONTINUED: 170
RICHIE (CONT'D)
For fifteen years he was Bumpy Johnson's collector, bodyguard and driver. He was with him when he died.
- 171 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUED 171
Ana's family and friends on one side of the aisle, the extended Lucas family - on the other. Frank's mother looks at her eldest son at the altar with pride.
- 172 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED 172
RICHIE
Five brothers, he's the oldest, lots of cousins, all living here now, spread out around the boroughs and Jersey. The brothers are -
- 173 INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY 173
A Lucas brother hands some dry cleaning to Spearman -
RICHIE V/O
Eugene Lucas in Brooklyn -
- 174 INT. ELECTRICAL SHOP - DAY 174
Another Lucas brother examines a lamp with a frayed cord brought in by Jones.
RICHIE V/O
Earl Lucas in Newark -
- 175 INT. METAL DOOR SHOP - DAY 175
Another brother at the register, hands Abruzzo a receipt -
RICHIE V/O
Lester Lucas in Queens -
- 176 EXT. TIRE SERVICE SHOP - DAY 176
Another brother is photographed by Spearman from a parked car as he changes tires on a car up on a hoist.
RICHIE V/O
Turner Lucas, the Bronx -
- 177 EXT. STREET - NEWARK - DAY 177
Richie kicks a dent into the fender of his old car.

192 CONTINUED:

192

TOBACK

You think Frank Lucas took over for Bumpy Johnson? His driver? That's a little far-fetched.

RICHIE

Is it? Everything he does, he does like Bumpy.

TOBACK

Bumpy never wore a chinchilla coat in his life.

RICHIE

We haven't seen that again. That apparently has been retired to the closet.

193 **EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY**

193

Frank and Charlie look on as Ana throws the bouquet.

CHARLIE

She's the most beautiful bride I ever saw, Frank.

FRANK

I wish Bumpy could've met her. I wish she could've met him.

194 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED**

194

Looking at the Lucas Table of Organization -

TOBACK

What do you got on him you can use in court? Because this isn't it. You try this without informants and powder, no one's going to jail.

*
*
*

RICHIE

Won't get any informants. Not inside. It's like a Sicilian family. Like he's structured his own family the same way to protect himself.

195 **EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUED**

195

Exactly like one, like a scene from The Godfather as Frank dances with Ana before the reception guests.

TRUPO

You sure you done the right thing?
She's a beautiful girl - there's no
question - but she's got an attitude
on (her) -

FRANK

Listen to me. Before you say another
word - about her - or me - remember that
you're saying it on the most important
fuckin day of my life.

TRUPO

Man walks around in a fifty thousand
dollar chinchilla coat and he never even
bought me a cup of coffee? Something
wrong there.

FRANK

I don't know what you're talking about.

TRUPO

You pay your bills, Frank?

FRANK

You want to keep talking, talk to my
lawyer, here's his card. You call him,
because we're done here -

TRUPO

Do you pay your bills, I asked you.

FRANK

If you're not getting your share, it's
not *my* fault, go ask the chief of police.

TRUPO

What's my share? You don't even know me.
Maybe I'm special.

FRANK

No, you're all the fuckin same.

TRUPO

(shows his shield)
What does that say?
(Frank ignores him)
Special - Investigations - Unit. See
that word there? "Special."
(he takes out a restaurant
business card)
Ten grand, first of each month, delivered
here.

(CONT)

200 CONTINUED:

200

Frank ignores the card, stares at Trupo like he's a fool.

FRANK

Detective ... There are some things you don't do. This is one of them. Not on a man's wedding day.

Frank's resolve throws Trupo off his rhythm. He manages:

TRUPO

Have a nice honeymoon.

201 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT**

201

Frank doesn't carry Ana across the threshold. He strides in leaving her at the front door, throws a match in the gas fireplace, comes back from the bedroom a moment later with the \$50,000 chinchilla coat and throws it on the flames.

202 **TELEVISION IMAGE:**

202

A march on Washington, protesting the war (archive).

INT. JIMMY RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The report continues on a TV here as Teddy's driver, Jimmy Racine, yells at his girlfriend -

JIMMY

Where is it?

DARYLYNN

Fuck you, I'm not telling you.

She comes past the TV and into the kitchen past a table covered with dope paraphernalia.

JIMMY

Where is my fuckin dope? You and your girlfriends take it again? I'll fuckin kill you.

She yanks open a drawer, grabs a knife and slashes it at him. He grabs a gun and she runs for the stairs -

203 **EXT. JIMMY RACINE'S - APARTMENT - NIGHT**

203

He chases her into the street, yelling, raises the gun and fires, and she goes down, clutching at her butt, moaning -

204

INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

204

Moaning here, too. Richie's lawyer-ex-girlfriend, in bed with him.

SHEILA

Richie, yes, fuck me like a cop, not a lawyer -

(the phone rings)

Oh, God, Richie, no - don't answer it -

(he reaches to pick it up)

No, no, no -

RICHIE

Yeah -

SPEARMAN V/O PHONE

Richie. Newark just picked up one of the celebrities on our Wall of Fame: Teddy's driver. For attempted murder.

205

INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - NIGHT

205

Richie's had Jimmy Racine brought over. Sits with him as the Three Amigos watch from the shadows. Just coming off his high, and the attempted murder, Jimmy looks disoriented as he sits in cuffs in the dungeon-like basement.

RICHIE

Because it's an attempted homicide, that's Grand Jury. Now, that Grand Jury could come in very favorably. Might turn out to be Attempted Manslaughter. Self Defense even. She had a knife. Depends on how I want to deal with you. You see where this is going.

Jimmy looks around at the basement dungeon with concern.

JIMMY

The fuck is this place?

RICHIE

Let's say you beat it somehow. What do you think Cousin Frank'll think of that? He knows you had to sit here listening to something like this. And then you beat an attempted murder? Is he stupid? He'll *assume* you talked.

Jimmy can easily imagine that scenario and it frightens him.

(CONT)

211 **EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY** 211

Like Bumpy used to do every Thanksgiving, Frank and his brothers, from the back of the truck, hand out hundreds of freshly-butchered turkeys to the poor.

212 **INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY** 212

Frank, in an apron, carries in a huge cooked turkey as the extended Lucas family gathers around the table. It's like Norman Rockwell painting -

213 **INT/EXT. ALLEY / ROOMS HARLEM - SAME TIME - DAY** 213

Another Thanksgiving picture: addicts shooting up and nodding out in alleys and dingy rooms. Tight on needles, veins, spoons, filth -

214 **INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - DAY** 214

Richie alone at his kitchen table with a sandwich and a beer. The Macy's parade plays silently on his TV.

A215 **INT/EXT. TRUPO'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY** A215

A doorbell summons Trupo. He comes through his entry. Opens the front door. Finds no one there - except a large live turkey on the doorstep. He stares at it nonplussed, then looks up to a sound - a whoosh - as flames engulf the interior and spit out the windows of his Shelby Mustang ...

B215 **INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY** B215

The big knife in Frank's hand slices into the turkey and lifts meat onto a plate that's passed from hand to hand, the family engaged in several conversations at once, laughing -

215 **INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY** 215

Bathroom. Jimmy Racine, shirt off, wired, changes the batteries of the little tape recorder.

216 **EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY** 216

Jimmy comes out, tries to take a chair not too far from Frank who's watching his nephew toss pop-up flies for the younger kids to catch.

FRANK

Stevie. Come over here.

(the nephew comes over)

I heard you didn't show up.

(MORE)

(CONT)

216

CONTINUED:

216

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're too busy to meet with Billy
Martin? After I set it up?

Stevie shifts around, not wanting to make Frank mad ...

STEVIE

I don't want to play pro ball, I decided.

FRANK

What're you talking about? This is your
dream since you were their age -
(the younger kids)
Maybe I can set it up again.

Stevie just stands there, uncomfortable. Finally -

STEVIE

It's not what I want. I want to do what
you do, Uncle Frank. I want to be you.

Frank stares at him unhappily. Teddy comes over but Frank
barely notices.

TEDDY

We got a problem.

217

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

217

Jimmy Racine behind the wheel. Frank and Teddy in back,
speaking quietly.

TEDDY

He's been cutting it so much it's down
to two, three percent pure.

FRANK

You tested it. You're sure.

Teddy nods. Frank notices Jimmy looking at them in the rear
view mirror.

FRANK

The fuck you looking at?

218

EXT. JACKIE FOX'S CLUB - NEW YORK - DUSK

218

The car pulls up in front of a building in the clothing
district. Jimmy stays while Teddy and Frank go inside.

219

INT. JACKIE FOX'S CLUB - DUSK

219

Jackie's club looks like a set from a blaxploitation film. Frank and Teddy, led by a bodyguard, come past some turkey carcasses and other remnants of Thanksgiving to where Jackie and a couple friends cavort with some naked girls.

JACKIE

Frank. Welcome.

FRANK

We need to talk.

JACKIE

Great. Girls, get out.

The girls gather their things and leave. Frank wipes at a modern leather chair with his handkerchief, throws it away, sits. Jackie lays out a couple lines, offers Frank a rolled up hundred dollar straw. Frank shakes his head, no thanks.

JACKIE

You talked to Charlie. You want to hear more about my Black Coalition. Let me explain it to you -

But first, let me suck up a line of coke -

FRANK

That's not why I'm here.

(Jackie glances up from the powder. No?)

Everybody's happy, Jackie. Charlie, Baz, the cops, the Italians, everybody. Everybody except you.

JACKIE

I'm happy.

FRANK

Then I don't understand. Why do you have to take something that's perfectly good the way it is, and wreck it?

Jackie doesn't seem to understand.

FRANK

Brand names mean something, Jackie. Consumers rely on them to know what they're getting. They know the company isn't going to try to fool them with an inferior product. They buy a Ford, they know they're gonna get a Ford.

(MORE)

(CONT)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Not a fuckin Datsun.

(his look says, right?)

Blue Magic is a brand name; as much a brand name as Pepsi. I own it. I stand behind it. I guarantee it and people know that even if they don't know me any more than they know the chairman of General Foods.

JACKIE

What the fuck are you talking about, Frank?

FRANK

What you're doing, as far as I'm concerned, when you chop my dope down to five percent, is trademark infringement.

That. That's what this is about. Jackie nods, but -

JACKIE

With all due respect, Frank, if I buy something, I can do whatever I want with it.

FRANK

That's not true. That's where you're wrong.

JACKIE

If I buy a car, I can paint it, God damn it.

FRANK

Jackie, you don't need to. You don't need to make more money than you can with Blue the way it is. No one does. At a certain point it's just greed.

JACKIE

What do you want, Frank? You want me to call it something else?

FRANK

I have to insist. You call it Blue Magic, that's misrepresentation.

JACKIE

Fine. I'll call it Red Magic, even though it doesn't sound as good.

FRANK

That's all I'm saying. Wrap it in red cellophane and -

(CONT)

JACKIE

Pink Magic. Black Magic -

FRANK

Whack it down to nothing, tie a bow around it and call it Blue Dogshit if you want, just don't let me catch you doing this again.

Jackie regards Frank for a long moment ...

JACKIE

Catch me? Insist? Infringement? I don't like these words as much as please - thank you - sorry to bother you, Jackie. These are better words to use you come into my place without an invitation.

Jackie waits to hear a kinder word but Frank doesn't offer one. Jackie nods, Fine, okay, but it's more like a warning.

220 **INT. JACKIE'S CLUB - DUSK** 220

Frank pulls a girl off Teddy's lap and points him toward the door. Jackie watches them leave.

221 **EXT. JACKIE'S CLUB - DUSK** 221

They emerge from the building to where Jimmy waits.

TEDDY

Give me the keys; take a cab home.

222 **INT. TEDDY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 222

Frank and Teddy driving in silence. Eventually -

FRANK

You don't go over there any more.

Teddy doesn't like it, but nods. Suddenly his face is illuminated by light reflecting in the rear view mirror, an unmarked police car behind them, flashing its brights.

FRANK

It's all right, pull over, what are they going to do? Give us a ticket?

But Teddy isn't as calm as he begins to pull over.

223

EXT. GARMENT WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NY - LATE AFTERNOON 223

As Trupo and his partner climb out of their car and approach Teddy's -

TEDDY

Frank? Some of it's in the trunk.

Frank regards him with utter disbelief. Teddy shies as if he expects to get hit. The SIU detectives arrive.

TRUPO

Hello, Frank.

FRANK

Detective. How's it going? You have a nice Thanksgiving?

TRUPO

I did not, as a matter of fact. Get out of the car.

The Lucases climb out.

FRANK

Where's the Shelby?

TRUPO

The Shelby's gone, Frank.

Trupo reaches in the driver's side window, takes the keys from the ignition and comes around to the trunk. Frank and Teddy exchange a glance as it opens. Silence. Then -

TRUPO

Want to come over here a minute, Frank?

Six kilos of heroin are illuminated by the trunk light. Frank and Trupo regard it in silence. Then -

TRUPO

Now what are we gonna do about this?

FRANK

We're gonna shut the trunk and say good night, forget you pulled us over.

TRUPO

I got a better idea.

Trupo reaches into the trunk, picks up two of the heroin bricks, tucks them under his arm and looks at Frank -

(CONT)

223

CONTINUED:

223

TRUPO

Or would you rather I took it all and
threw you and your brother in the fuckin
river?

FRANK

I don't know, would you rather it's your
fuckin house blows up next time?

They hold each others' stare for a long moment.

TRUPO

I loved that car.

FRANK

I know.

Trupo closes the trunk and walks away with his cut of the
heroin, calling to his partner -

TRUPO

Let's go.

As the SIU cops walk to their car, the perspective shifts,
through binoculars: Richie watching.

A224

INT. TEDDY'S CAR / STREET - LATER - NIGHT

A224

From outside the driver's side, Teddy's head, inside the
car, suddenly smashes against the window, cracking it. His
groan is interrupted by Frank's muffled voice -

FRANK

Don't you ever put me in a car with dope
in it.

224

INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

224

Richie comes in, opens the fridge and stares in, his mind
elsewhere. A ringing phone pulls him out of it.

RICHIE

Yeah. Tony. How's it going?

225

INT/EXT. TONY ZACA'S HOUSE - DAY

225

Tony's wife and daughters can be seen in the suburban
backyard. Here in the kitchen Tony and Richie watch kernels
of popcorn bounce off the inside walls of the first Amana
microwave oven. It's noisier than modern ones.

RICHIE

The fuck is a 'micro' wave?

*
*
*
*
*

(CONT)

TONY

It's a scientific force like atomic energy. It rearranges the molecules.

RICHIE

Of what.

TONY

Of anything. Of popcorn. You don't want to put your head in there.

Tony rakes out the plain, 'pre-microwaveable' popcorn, using his hand. Gives some to Richie. Half of it's burnt.

TONY

I can get you one of these. Just like this, brand new. I'll have it delivered.

RICHIE

No, thanks. I don't want one.

Tony hands Richie some snapshots: The Zaca family on the slopes of a resort, and in and outside a beautiful snow-dotted cabin.

RICHIE

This is nice, where's this?

TONY

Aspen. Just got back. Had a great time.

RICHIE

I'd like to ski Aspen some day.

TONY

Know who we met? Burt Reynolds. I'm not kidding. Lot of people from Hollywood go up there now, buying up everything.

RICHIE

This is your place?

TONY

Are you kidding? You know what it's worth? Ski-in-ski-out, five bedrooms, sauna, everything. We were guests.

(pause)

No ... No, that's your place.

Everything seems to stop. Richie becomes aware of the sounds around them, the girls splashing around outside ...

TONY

Isn't there something we can do - about leaving the big guy alone? You know who I mean.

What Richie knows is that no matter what he does or says at this point he's got a problem.

RICHIE

If I don't report what you just said to me, you know I could be in a lot of trouble. If I do, then it's you.

TONY

I'm hoping you won't do that.

Richie considers the room itself, measuring the odds of microphones and a recorder being in it somewhere.

TONY

I'm not taping it. How do you know? Because we're friends and I'm telling you. *This is a real offer.*

*

RICHIE

From who, your uncle?
(Tony doesn't say)
Why would you do this? Why would you risk our friendship?

*

*

*

*

*

TONY

Because I care what happens to you.

*

*

RICHIE

You shouldn't have done it.

*

*

TONY

I had to. I had no choice. Neither do you. Leave Frank Lucas alone.

*

*

*

RICHIE

He's not *important* enough for you to do this.

*

*

*

TONY

Yes, he is.

*

*

Richie stares at Tony, then puts the pictures in his hand.

RICHIE

Tell Marie I'm sorry I had to leave. You can tell her why.

226 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - LATER - NIGHT 226

Alone in the empty building, he stares at the T.O.: The higher echelon Italians like Tosca; lower echelon Harlem guys like Charlie Williams and Frank Lucas.

He gets up then, untacks Frank's photograph from its lowly position and moves it to a place no black has ever occupied - to the top of the pyramid - above the mafia.

*

227 - 230 OMIT 227 - 230 OMIT

A231 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - DAY A231

*

Toback regards Frank's picture at top of the Lucas T.O.

RICHIE

INS, FBI, IRS - I can't get anything out of them. Nothing on his travel, his bank accounts, property holdings - nothing.

TOBACK

That's because they all think you're on the take and you think they are.

RICHIE

They don't want this to stop. It employs too many people. Cops, lawyers, judges, probation officers, prison guards. The day dope stops coming into this country, a hundred thousand people lose their jobs.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Toback isn't as sure the corruption of the official world is that complete.

SPEARMAN

Richie. Excuse me.

Spearman gestures to a couple of men in suits who want to talk to him.

B231 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - LATER - DAY B231

*

Richie and Tobacke regard the two stone-faced FBI agents -

RICHIE

Who took it out?

(nothing from the agents)

If there's a contract on me, it would be nice to know who took it out.

(CONT)

B231 CONTINUED:

B231

FBI AGENT

We can't say without compromising our source. You understand.

RICHIE

No. I don't. Not when it's my life.

FBI AGENT

If you want, we can assign someone to you.

RICHIE

Who? FBI? *You're going to protect me?*

Richie almost laughs at the thought, looks to Toback. In fact, none of this is funny.

C231 **EXT. STREET - NEWARK - NIGHT**

C231

Walking toward his apartment down its dark street, bag of groceries in arm, Richie becomes aware someone is following him. He slows to let the figure get closer, closer, then turns fast, drops the guy and puts a gun to his head.

MAN

Don't shoot! For God's sake.

Richie keeps the gun pressed against the guy's forehead.

RICHIE

Talk.

MAN

Are you Richard Roberts? I got a subpoena.

231 **INT. COURTROOM - NEWARK - DAY**

231

Richie and Laurie sit with their respective lawyers, waiting for the judge to appear. He leans over -

RICHIE

Laurie. I'm sorry I couldn't give you the kind of life you wanted. I'm sorry it was never enough. But don't punish me for being honest. Don't take my son away.

She stares at him in disbelief. Then responds in a louder voice than his -

(CONT)

LAURIE

What are you saying? That because you were "honest" and didn't take money like every other cop, I left you?

The bailiff looks over, but she doesn't care.

LAURIE

You don't take money for one reason: to buy being dishonest about everything else. And that's worse than taking money nobody gives a shit about - drug money, gambling money nobody's gonna miss.

(more people look over)

I'd rather you took it and been honest with me. Or *don't* take it, I don't care. But *don't* then go *cheat* on me. Don't cheat on your kid by never being around. Don't go out and get laid by your snitches and secretaries and strippers. I can tell just by looking, she's one of them.

His lawyer. Which is true. Everyone's watching them now.

LAURIE

You think you're going to heaven because your "honest." You're not. You're going to the same hell as the crooked cops you can't stand.

BAILIFF

All rise -

The same judge who sends a collection plate around sits before Richie and Laurie and their attorneys.

SHEILA

Your honor, a lot has been said here today about how unsavory Mr. Roberts' environment is for a child. How dangerous it is. I'm sorry, but this is our world. This is where we live and we tell him, Protect us. We give him that responsibility, and then say, Oh, but we don't trust you to raise a child. We don't think you're fit for that.

RICHIE

I'm not.

232 CONTINUED: 232

Silence. Sheila looks at him, but he's looking at Laurie, and speaks to her like they're alone in the room:

RICHIE

You're right. This is no place for him. Around me. Take him. The further away the better. For him.

233 OMIT 233 OMIT

234 **TV IMAGE (ARCHIVE):** 234

The lights on the Rockefeller Christmas tree blink on to applause. A carol begins and continues over:

A235 OMIT A235 OMIT *

235 **INT/EXT. FRANK'S CAR / FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT** 235

Seats covered with Christmas presents. Doc, driving, sees Trupo's car parked out front Frank's penthouse.

DOC

Frank -

FRANK

Yeah, I see them.

Doc pulls to the curb outside Frank's building. As the doorman helps Doc with the big Christmas tree tied to the roof of the car, Frank crosses to Trupo's car with a couple of bottles of Crystal tied with holiday bows.

FRANK

Here you go, boys. Merry Christmas.

236 OMIT 236 OMIT

237 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT** 237

Charlie has come to visit. A Christmas carol plays as Frank strings the tree with some lights.

FRANK

Paying cops is one thing, I understand that. I been paying them since I was ten - put more of their kids through college than the National Merit Award. This is different, this Special Investigations Unit. They think they are special.

CHARLIE

They're fucking crooks. No code of ethics.

Frank plugs the cord in and the tree lights up.

FRANK

Someone's been following me. Besides cops. I see cars where they shouldn't be. Guys I don't know -

CHARLIE

Me, too.

They regard each other. The carol continues over:

Ana hangs tinsel on the tree as Frank gives the shepherd some dog toy presents he's bought. More to himself:

FRANK

Bumpy hardly ever went out at a certain point. He stayed in - read - watched TV - played chess. I thought he *chose* to lead a quiet life. He didn't. He *couldn't* go out without something happening.

ANA

We can still go out.

FRANK

Where? With who? Everyone I know is under surveillance. I can't even be with my family at Christmas anymore.

He gets up, pets the dog, and looks out the window at Christmas angels stretched across the street, at people on the sidewalk, wondering perhaps which of them are undercover cops, at Trupo's car, still parked outside.

ANA

Why don't you just pay who you have to pay?

FRANK

I do pay them, I pay them all. Cops, accountants, lawyers, who don't I pay? Everybody. I pay them a fortune, it doesn't matter. It doesn't *satisfy* them. The more you pay, the more they expect.

(MORE)

238 CONTINUED: 238

FRANK (CONT'D)

You can't start with them because they
can't stop. It's like dope. They
always want more.

Ana looks vulnerable. Frank almost feels bad that it's his
life and problems that have put them here. Eventually, to
try to turn it around -

FRANK

Put on something nice, we're going out.

239 INT/EXT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT 239

Frank and Ana emerge from a service elevator, come down a
dark hall and out the back door to an alley to where Doc
waits with the car in the falling snow.

240 OMIT 240 OMIT *

241 EXT. SMALL'S PARADISE - LATER - NIGHT 241

Frank's car approaches Small's just as Jackie, with a
Santa Claus hat on, climbs out of a sky blue Bentley with
his entourage. Frank groans to Doc -

FRANK

Keep going.

DOC

Around back?

FRANK

Fuck *that*. I'm not going to sneak into
my own club. Just drive.

242 OMIT 242 OMIT *

243 INT. CHINESE TAKE-OUT PLACE - NIGHT 243

Waiting for a take-out order under harsh fluorescent lights -

ANA

I'm going to wait in the car.

DOC

Go ahead, Frank. I'll wait for it.

FRANK

You can carry it all? We ordered a lot.

Doc nods, go on, go with Ana. Frank hands him a couple
twenties. Ana's already outside.

(CONT)

243 CONTINUED: 243

FRANK

Don't forget the yellow sauce.

244 OMIT 244 OMIT *

245 **EXT. STREET - CHINATOWN - NIGHT** 245

Ana's half a block ahead, waiting outside the locked car by the time Frank arrives and realizes -

FRANK

Doc's got the keys. Let's go back.

ANA

The lights give me a headache, you go.

FRANK

I'm not leaving you on the street.

ANA

Get the keys, Frank, it's cold.

He starts back through cascading snow. Notices a car coming slowly down the street -

246 **INT. CHINESE PLACE - CONTINUED** 246

The cook dumps sizzling vegetables into a take-out container and puts it in a bag -

247 **EXT. STREET - CHINATOWN - CONTINUED** 247

The car passes, continues to the end of the block, turns the corner.

248 OMIT 248 OMIT *

249 **INT. CHINESE PLACE - CONTINUED** 249

Doc hands over money, waits for his change -

DOC

Gimme some of that yellow sauce.

250 **EXT. STREET - MIDTOWN - CONTINUED** 250

Frank sees the car again, coming around the corner, walks briskly back to where Ana waits. The car is almost upon them as he grabs her by the wrist and pulls her hard along the sidewalk. The car guns its engine -

251 OMIT 251 OMIT *

252 **INT/EXT. CHINESE PLACE - CONTINUED**

252

As Frank pushes in past the doors with Ana, the windows explode. They dive to the floor, bullets ripping through the place.

Doc draws his two guns and fires back at the car, hitting it a couple times as it screeches off. He gathers Ana and Frank off the floor like a presidential bodyguard, hustles them out to the car. Frank's shoulder is bleeding.

DOC

You hit?

FRANK

What the *fuck* was that?

They pile in and Doc screeches away from the curb.

253 OMIT

253 OMIT

*

254 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

254

Heavy security in the hallways: Frank's own men and some cops he's got on the payroll. Ana steps from the elevator and hurries past, early edition New York paper in hand.

255 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

255

The brothers watch as a private doctor attends Frank's wounds. He seems all right fine except for the fact that someone had the fucking nerve to take a shot at him - and Charlie he sees in the newspaper - gunned down, dead, lurid Weegee-like photo of him on the front page.

TEDDY

Was it Jackie?

(Frank doesn't say)

I'll fuckin kill him whether it was or not, you tell me to.

(nothing from Frank)

What do you want us to do, Frank? We can't just sit here and -

FRANK

Who didn't like Charlie? Everybody liked Charlie ...

ANA

Who shot at us?

(Frank can't tell her)

It doesn't matter. We're leaving.

(CONT)

She pulls a drawer open. Takes out their passports. Begins packing. The brothers watch, not sure what to do, or say. To them -

FRANK

Go home. Go see your kids.

He obviously wants to talk to Ana alone. Pulls away from the doctor. They all leave. Ana keeps packing.

FRANK

What are you doing? Where've you been?

ANA

We're leaving from here. Money's in the car.

FRANK

What money?

ANA

Everything from your mother's house.

FRANK

In your *car*?

ANA

Yes.

FRANK

Where's the car?

ANA

Out front.

FRANK

With ten million dollars in it?

ANA

I didn't count it.

FRANK

Are you crazy? Take it back to Teaneck. What are you doing driving around without security? Doc'll take you back.

ANA

We're not going there, we're going to the airport. We're leaving the country.

FRANK

To go where? No, we're not.

ANA

Frank, Charlie's dead. They tried to kill us. What else has to happen - ?

He grabs her and holds her to calm her down.

FRANK

Shhh. Come on, now. Shhh.

He holds her close, waits for her breathing to slow before:

FRANK

Where are we going to go? Spain?
China? Which fuckin place is it going to be?

ANA

We can go anywhere we want. We can live anywhere.

FRANK

We can run and hide is what you're saying.

He slowly shakes his head: that's something he'll never do.

FRANK

This is where I'm from. This is where my family is. My business. My mother. This is my place. This is my country. This is America.

256 - 263 OMIT

256 - 263 OMIT

264 **EXT. HUDSON RIVER - MORNING**

264

The Statue of Liberty in morning light and mist rises from the waters of the Hudson River.

A265 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - MORNING**

A265

Richie, at his desk, looks up to see Trupo walking through the squad room, followed by Spearman.

SPEARMAN

Said he'll only talk to you.

B265 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - LATER - MORNING**

B265

Trupo's attitude has completely changed from the first time they met. He talks to Richie now like a fellow conspirator -

(CONT)

B265

CONTINUED:

B265

TRUPO

From what I hear, it was the Corsicans. The French Connection, Fernando Rey, the exporters Frank has put out of business. Now, I can take care of him in New York, but I don't want to have to worry every time he drives across the bridge to Jersey someone's gonna take another shot at him.

Richie gives nothing away even as it stuns him that Trupo would speak to him this blatantly.

TRUPO

We need to start working together. We need to step up our efforts. Next time their aim could be better. We need to keep this cash cow *alive*.

Jimmy Racine comes in - sees Trupo - and leaves - but not before Trupo has seen him. And now he sees the Lucas Table of Organization he didn't notice when he came in. Gets up and walks over to it now and takes a closer look. Sees Frank's picture at the top, like Enemy Number 1.

TRUPO

Jesus. What the fuck you doing here? You actually going to arrest Frank Lucas? What's the matter with you?

RICHIE

I'm crazy. Can't you tell that? I'm crazy enough to shoot someone and make it look like an accident next time he comes over the bridge without my permission. Get the fuck out of New Jersey.

They regard each other a moment before Trupo turns to leave.

C265

INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

C265

A large TV shows chaotic scenes in Saigon. The US is pulling out of Vietnam. Tosca has come to see how Frank is recovering, and finds him, agitated, too long in bed even though it's only been a day, changing into a nice shirt, putting on his shoes -

FRANK

"I can guarantee you peace of mind," you said. Do I look like a man with peace of mind to you? They shot at my wife. Who does that?

(MORE)

(CONT)

C265

CONTINUED:

C265

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who was it, which one of your people?
I'll take that gun away and shove it up
their ass.

TOSCA

I don't know that it was any of them,
Frank. Neither do you.

FRANK

Then maybe I'll kill them all just to
make a fuckin point.

Tosca seems more philosophical about it - like Bumpy might
have been - but it wasn't him who was shot at.

TOSCA

You want to know who it was? I can
tell you. It was a junkie. Or a rival.
Or some dumb ass kid trying to make a
name for himself. Or someone you forgot
to pay off. Or slighted without
realizing it. Or someone you put out of
business by being too successful.

(pause)

Success has a lot of enemies. Your
success is who took a shot at you. How
you gonna kill it? By being
unsuccessful? You can be successful and
have enemies, or unsuccessful and have
friends. It's the choice we make.

265

INT. MESSAGE ROOM - SOUL BROTHERS BAR - NIGHT

265

A call has interrupted Nate's massage (and later activities)
with a bevy of Thai girls. He wraps himself in a robe,
takes the phone.

NATE

Hello?

266

INT. REGENCY HOTEL - SAME TIME - DAY

266

Frank on a pay phone in a comfortable alcove with a stack
of quarters. Other guests are gathered around a TV in the
lounge that shows images of helicopters plucking diplomats
off the roof of the American Embassy in Saigon.

FRANK

I'm watching the news. Where the hell's
everyone going?

NATE

Home. The war's over.

(CONT)

266

CONTINUED:

266

FRANK

Just like that? We're going to leave the fuckin country to the communists?

NATE

We been here since 1961, Frank.

FRANK

I haven't!

*

HARD CUT TO:

267

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

267

*

Frank and Nate and their "army" of black servicemen and Thai thugs *wind through the jungle with pack mules.*

*

268

INT. BAMBOO DWELLING - OPIUM FARM - DAY

268

The same farm and hut as before. Frank and the Chinese General sip tea. The four million dollars in cash Frank brought sits on the table.

GENERAL

Opium plants are hearty enough to outlive any war. They'll still be here long after the troops are gone. But what are you going to do for transportation when the last US plane goes home?

FRANK

I'll figure something out. You'll see me again.

The General seems fond of Frank, and not only because of all the money on the table.

GENERAL

It's not in my best interest to say this, Frank ... but quitting while you're ahead is not the same as quitting.

FRANK

That's what my wife thinks.

GENERAL

But you don't think she's right.

Frank doesn't say.

271 CONTINUED:

271

FRANK
Tomorrow will be fine.

272 **EXT. STREET - CONTINUED**

272

Jimmy loiters close enough to the open pay phone, to hear Teddy's side of the conversation.

TEDDY
Short Term Lot 3. This the Mustang were talking about ... Camero? ... What's the plate number?
(writes on a napkin)
Yeah, I got it ... I got it, Frank ...
(sighs; reads from the napkin:)
KA 760.

273 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**

273

Jimmy's come over to share his news with the detectives. But Richie isn't pleased with it - or with Jimmy.

ABRUZZO
There's no Short Term Lot 3 at Newark. They're lettered, A, B, C, D -

JIMMY
I'm just telling you what I heard -

ABRUZZO
Then you heard wrong!

Jimmy shies back a step in case Abruzzo takes a swing.

SPEARMAN
Maybe he means the time? 3 o'clock?

JONES
And this isn't a Jersey plate. Or New York. Not with just two letters. It's three and three, not two and three -

JIMMY
It's what he said -

JONES
Then what the fuck *is* it -

JIMMY
The fuck should I know -

(CONT)

273 CONTINUED:

273

ABRUZZO
You're fuckin lying -

JIMMY
It's what he said. I'm sure.

SPEARMAN
KA 760 -

JIMMY
Yes!

Silence. They all look at each other. After a moment -

RICHIE
None of you ever been in the service?
It's an Air Force tail number.

274 **EXT. SKY - DAY** 274

The plane, with that tail number, descends through clouds.

275 **EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - DAY** 275

Richie's entire staff of detectives, along with Toback, the DA and several customs agents, stand on the tarmac, watching the military plane taxiing toward them -

276 **EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY** 276

Quiet sounds of suburban domesticity - chirping birds, a distant lawn mower -

277 **EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - CONTINUED** 277

The cabin door slides up, the passengers begin emerging: Military officers, embassy personnel and families. Richie's detectives and Toback watch him with concern as the official passengers, met by a bevy of assistants, file past -

278 **INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED** 278

The kitchen. Frank's mother shows Ana some old photographs of Frank as a boy *as they sip coffee*. There's a tap on the glass French door. *The women look up and see* Trupo just outside it, and other police moving past. *He waves.*

*
*
*
*

279 OMIT 279 OMIT

280 **EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - CONTINUED** 280

An Army captain approaches Richie's law enforcement group.

(CONT)

280 CONTINUED: 280

RICHIE

Captain, I'm Richard Roberts, Director of
the Essex County Narcotics Bureau.

281 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED 281

Front door. Trupo sort of waves a search warrant at Julie as invites himself in. The NY cops follow, fan out. Trupo and his detectives head upstairs - *

282 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - LATER 282 *

The plane has been brought into a hangar where it's being taken apart like a car stripped by thieves. Inside the cabin, seats are removed and inspected, carpeting pulled up, panels unscrewed, lavatories dismantled.

283 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED 283

Downstairs - Ana and Frank's mother, guarded, can hear Trupo and his detectives, upstairs, ransacking a bedroom. *

Upstairs - the SIU detectives pull open drawers, throw clothes from the closets. Trupo picks up an invitation to a United Nations ball, tosses it down again. Finds a safety-deposit box key in a sock drawer, puts it in his pocket. *

284 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED 284

The engines and landing gear are disassembled, the tires opened up and searched. A nozzle plunges into a toilet and pumps out the contents into barrels detectives fish through with gloved hands -

285 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - LATER - DAY 285

Ana is taken upstairs, brought before the SIU detectives who wait for the NYPD cops to leave the room. The place has been torn apart. *

TRUPO

Your husband's illustrious career is over. The Feds are going to come in and take it all. Everything. But not before I get my gratuity. Where's the money?

ANA

There was some on that dresser, but it's gone now so I guess you (took it) -

TRUPO

The money! The getaway money Frank and every other gangster keeps in his house!

(CONT)

285 CONTINUED:

285

ANA

If you leave now, there's a *chance*
Frank might not kill you -

Trupo slaps her hard across the face -

286 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - LATER

286

Richie, off by himself, watches with a growing sense of panic as the mechanics, detectives and customs agents begin removing the metal skin from the plane. Coffins are being off-loaded.

287 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - LATER

287

Downstairs, Mama Lucas puts washcloth on Ana's swollen cheek. They can hear the search continuing upstairs: things being ripped from the walls, the walls themselves splintered apart with sledgehammers, glass breaking. To Mama Lucas -

ANA

I'm sorry.

288 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - LATER

288

They've looked everywhere and found nothing. The plane, in fact, hardly resembles a plane anymore - no panel left that hasn't been removed, no cavity not probed - except -

Richie's glance settles on the military caskets as they're loaded onto a truck, armed soldiers standing guard -

289 INT/EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY

289

Frank's bedroom has been destroyed. Trupo, standing at a window glances out at the sound of a barking of a dog to see Frank's German shepherd down in its kennel.

290 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED

290

Richie gets up slowly and approaches the coffins as -

291 EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY

291

Trupo crosses the lawn toward the kennel and barking dog -

292 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED

292

Richie stands over the nearest coffin -

RICHIE

Open it.

(CONT)

292 CONTINUED:

292

The army captain regards the detective for a long moment.

RICHIE

The warrant permits me to search the plane and its cargo.

The captain doesn't comply. Richie moves to open the coffin himself and every soldier's shouldered rifle immediately comes into firing position, aimed at him.

ARMY CAPTAIN

But you don't have *my* permission.

Richie stares at the weapons and the uniformed men holding them, safeties off, fingers on the triggers; all they're waiting for is their commander's order to fire.

RICHIE

I don't need it.

293 **EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED** 293

Trupo regards the shepherd snarling at him from behind the kennel fence. Comes around back. Pushes at the frame. It moves a little, like it's levered -

294 **INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED** 294

With the rifles still pointed at him, Richie kneels down, pulls the latches of the coffins, half expecting to hear an accompanying barrage of gunfire. He lifts the lid. Sees a long black body bag inside -

295 **EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED** 295

Trupo comes around to the front of the kennel again with his gun out and aims it at the dog. As he fires -

296 **INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED** 296

Richie pulls at the zipper, parting the plastic body bag, revealing the remains of a young soldier -

US ATTORNEY

That's enough.

297 **EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED** 297

The dead dog slides against the fencing as Trupo overturns the kennel to reveal Frank's stash of cash.

298

INT. AIRPORT HANGER OFFICE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

298

Richie and Toback sit before the Federal Attorneys and customs agents. The US Attorney hangs up a phone ... then:

US ATTORNEY

That was a military transport plane. If there was heroin on board then someone in the military would have to be involved. Which means that even as it fights a war that's claimed 50,000 Americans lives, the military is smuggling narcotics.

Richie's in serious trouble and knows it. As does Toback.

US ATTORNEY

That's how these events are being interpreted by General Easton in that call to me. That someone employed by the this office believes the United States Army is in the drug trafficking business - and is trying to prove it by desecrating the remains of young men who've given their lives in the defence of democracy.

RICHIE

There are drugs on that plane -

US ATTORNEY

Shut the fuck up.

Richie does, but can't conceal the contempt he feels for these men who've never spent a minute on the street but act as if know more than him, and who are, in the unfortunate organization of his world, his superiors.

US ATTORNEY

Is it any wonder then, *because* of your actions, the entire federal narcotics program is now in jeopardy of being dismantled as completely and enthusiastically as that fucking transport plane? That's what you've accomplished Mr. Roberts. Single-handedly.

RICHIE

I had good information the target of my investigation was bringing dope in on that plane.

US ATTORNEY

And that target is?

(CONT)

RICHIE

Frank Lucas.

No one in the room, except Richie and Toback, has ever heard the name. The federal men regard one another blankly.

US ATTORNEY

Who? Who's Frank Lucas?

(no one seems to know)

Who's he work for? Which family?

RICHIE

He's not Italian. He's black.

Now there's a longer, even deeper silence, before -

US ATTORNEY

Is that supposed to be some kind of joke? You're this close to the end of your career in law enforcement, you're making jokes?

RICHIE

I believe Frank Lucas is above the mafia in the dope business. I believe he buys direct from the source in Southeast Asia, cuts out all the middlemen, and uses US military planes and personnel to bring pure No. 4 heroin into United States.

Richie is looking at faces that are still trying to make sense out of his ridiculous theory. Toback tries to come to his defense -

TOBACK

Richie has a lot of experience -

US ATTORNEY

Does he. And how many arrests has he made in his so-called investigation?

RICHIE

I was promised when I took this job, it was about real arrests.

US ATTORNEY

Does that mean 'none?'

RICHIE

I have cases against most of Frank's organization. Not him -

US ATTORNEY
(more to the others)
Frank's organization -

RICHIE
That's right.

US ATTORNEY
*No fucking nigger has accomplished what
the American Mafia hasn't in a hundred
years!*

RICHIE
Yeah, you'd know, sitting here, having
never been on the (street) -

US ATTORNEY
Lou, get this fucking kike out of here -

Richie goes for him and lands several punches before Toback
and the others can pull him off.

299 OMIT

299 OMIT

300 **INT/EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR OFFICE - DAY**

300

Richie and Toback walk briskly across the lobby -

TOBACK
He was out of line, Richie.

Richie isn't really listening. Strides past his detectives
on his way out of the building. To Spearman -

TOBACK
It's over. You're shut down.

Toback watches as the detectives follow after Richie
striding toward his car.

301 - 302 OMIT

301 - 302 OMIT

A303 **INT/EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT**

A303

Frank comes out with an airline representative to find Doc
waiting for him. He can tell immediately something's wrong.

B303 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

B303

*

Frank slaps a cartridge into the butt of a pistol.

FRANK
Ten million dollars means nothing to me.

(CONT)

B303 CONTINUED:

B303

Ana stares at the floor. It all just seems to get worse and worse. They had their chance to get out and missed it.

FRANK

This - is his death warrant.

He lightly touches his wife's bruised face and walks out.

C303 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

C303 *

He comes down the stairs to where Doc waits. As they head for the door -

MRS. LUCAS

Frankie -

Frank glances to where his mother sits in the living room. Nods to Doc to say, Get the car, I'll be out in a minute. Goes over to his mother.

MRS. LUCAS

Sit down.

He sits. She studies him in a way she hasn't since he was little. Eventually -

MRS. LUCAS

If you'd have been a preacher, your brothers would be preachers. If you'd been a soldier, they'd be soldiers. Do you know that?

(he doesn't say)

They all came here because of you. You called and they came running. They look up to you. They expect you to always know what's best.

(pause)

But even *they* know you don't shoot cops. Even I know that. Ana knows it. You seem to be the only one who doesn't.

FRANK

Is that where I'm going?

MRS. LUCAS

I never asked you where all this came from because I didn't want to hear you lie to me. Don't lie to me. Don't do that, too.

She's not pleading, she's telling. Silence. Then -

(CONT)

C303 CONTINUED:

C303

MRS. LUCAS

Do you really want to make things so
 bad for your family they'll leave you?
 Because they will. *She* will -
 (points upstairs)
 I know *I* will.

Frank has some trouble looking at her. But then gets up.
 Walks toward the front door to leave. Hesitates near it a
 long moment. Then turns and walks upstairs. Trupo will
 live, at least for now, because of her.

D303 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

D303

Down in the basement, the body bags are lifted from the
 wooden coffins. Set down on tables. The bags unzipped and
 the bodies removed.

A rack of clean uniforms is brought in. The morticians
 begin dressing the corpses and applying make-up on the dry
 gray skin.

New white military caskets are trundled in. Gold handles
 lifted. The bodies, clothed and painted now, are deposited
 on the silk linings. The lids of the coffins come down and
 cellophane bags containing folded flags are taped on top.

303 - 309 OMIT

303 - 309 OMIT

*

310 EXT. ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

310

The white caskets are taken to a loading dock, put in a
 military truck. Papers are signed, copies exchanged. As
 the truck drives off -

311 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

311

Two black privates on janitorial duty come into the room
 where the original plain wooden coffins have been discarded.
 They remove the lids, then the finely-crafted false bottoms,
 revealing in 4-inch cavities of each, tightly-packed bricks
 of Double UO Globe heroin. As they take them out, a gospel
 choir begins and continues over:

312 EXT. ARMY HOSPITAL - MORNING

312

*

A laundry truck idles. Stevie, the Lucas nephew who could
 have played for Yankees, jumps down, helps the two privates
 toss several laundry bags into the back of the truck.

322 **EXT. NEWARK - NEAR STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING** 322

Red Top's van makes a turn. As Abruzzo's makes the same turn behind it, the infamous Stephen Crane Projects rise up in his windshield.

His foot comes off the gas. As the gun car passes, he sees Jones's car slow. Teddy's car approaches from another direction into the Projects, and Abruzzo sees Spearman pull over. Then the laundry truck turns in, and Richie's slows to a stop, like Abruzzo's, outside the grounds of the foreboding towers. The gospel music ends.

A323 **EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING** A323

Doc waits in the car while Frank buys some flowers at a cemetery flower stand. The surveillance car cruises past.

323 **INT. TOBACK'S HOUSE - MORNING** 323

Toback, in his bathrobe, glass of milk in one hand, phone in the other ...

TOBACK

Where is it?

RICHIE V/O

Somewhere in the South tower.

TOBACK

You *know* that it's there. You're sure.

RICHIE V/O

Positive.

324 **EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - SAME TIME** 324

Richie, on a pay phone across down the street from the Projects, looks up at the dark South tower.

RICHIE

Lou. We're ready to go in there knowing there's a good chance we won't all come out. That's what we're willing to do. All I'm asking you to do get me a warrant.

Silence on the other end of the line ...

RICHIE

We don't have a lot of time to fuck around -

(CONT)

324 CONTINUED:

324

TOBACK V/O

I'll call in the warrant. And some backup. Don't go in before either gets there.

This call disconnects.

325 **INT. APARTMENT, THE PROJECTS - MORNING** 325

The girls spread and tape plastic sheeting to tabletops, then begin changing for work, which means undressing.

326 **EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING** 326

Richie and his guys wait for the warrant by their cars.

JONES

How long we gonna wait for it?

327 **INT. APARTMENT, THE PROJECTS - MORNING** 327

Pharmaceutical scales balance to their counterweights as the five naked, masked women cut the heroin with quinine to Frank's exacting standards. Red Top puts on some coffee.

328 **EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING** 328

Richie stares down the street, waiting for whatever it is they're waiting for. Spearman looks at his watch.

RICHIE

It'll be here.

329 **INT. APARTMENT, THE PROJECTS - MORNING** 329

A paper-cutter blade slices a sheet of blue cellophane. The girls at the tables, with the expertise of Cuban cigar makers, wrap pieces of the cellophane like tobacco leaves around precisely-measured 1/4-ounce drifts of Black Magic.

A330 **EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING** A330

Frank's car winds up the road of the cemetery. The surveillance car comes through the main gate and parks.

330 **EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING** 330

Several black and white and undercover cars approach, sirens off. Tობack himself climbs out of one of the cars and hands Richie the search warrant.

334 CONTINUED:

334

SPEARMAN

What the fuck is that? I got business with Teddy and it's none of your fuckin business except to knock on the fuckin door and get him.

As the guy stands, pumping the shotgun, Spearman yanks it hard against his throat like a garrote, forcing him to the floor. The shotgun explodes, showering plaster and pellets. Jones and Abruzzo are instantly all over the other guy as Richie swings the sledgehammer into the door -

335 INT. APARTMENT, THE PROJECTS - CONTINUOUS

335

The door splinters - the room already in chaos - Teddy, panicked, runs for the bedroom - the detectives crash in yelling at the girls to get down - a shot from somewhere inside wings Abruzzo - Jones and Spearman firing back - crawling across the floor like an infantrymen -

Richie comes into the darkened bedroom leading with his pistol. But Teddy's gone. He sees a tapestry of a tiger on a wall. Pulls at it, finds a big hole knocked into another dark apartment, climbs through, sees an open door -

336 INT. THE PROJECTS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

336

As Richie rushes out to the hallway he can hear footfalls echoing in the stairwell. He starts down, taking the stairs five at a time, chases Teddy down two flights - *

Teddy yanks open a door, runs down a corridor, bangs into an apartment. Richie reaches the apartment just as Teddy is goes out onto an exterior balcony - *

Richie continues along the interior corridor, running parallel to Teddy on the balcony, who trips over some debris and garbage, looking over his shoulder for Richie - *

Richie cuts through another apartment to head him off, but the door to the balcony is nailed shut. So are the windows. Richie looks around, grabs a small portable television and, just as Teddy runs past, hurls it through a window at him, hitting him in the head. *

He falls hard, dazed. Richie hurries through the broken window. Teddy comes to and fights back, until Richie breaks his femur with his bare hands. Teddy howls in excruciating pain - *

337 INT/EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

337

Police cars outside. Eugene Lucas is cuffed and led away.

The courtroom doors swing open and Richie sees Frank Lucas, in a **tailored** suit, escorted in without cuffs by an amiable-looking federal marshal. *

As Frank moves through the gallery, Richie sees it's full of the gangster's friends, many of them celebrities, who smile and greet and fawn as if the Pope has arrived.

Richie has evidence tables covered with cash, weapons, stocks, bonds, property deeds, pictures of Frank's holdings, heroin in blue cellophane.

Frank has celebrities, community leaders, Joe Louis himself who will testify to Frank's benevolent character. The Champ hugs the heroin trafficker warmly in front of everyone and Richie wonders if he should just give up now.

Richie sees it in slow motion: the hands reaching out to Frank, the pats on his back, lipsticked mouths of beautiful women offering kisses and words of encouragement, his old mother giving him a hug.

He watches Frank's head turn slowly, his eyes passing his phalanx of attorneys, the jury, finally settling on Richie in his cheap suit seated at the prosecutors table.

Frank's eyes smile as they regard Richie, and seem to ask, Can you see this - can you see what you're up against - can you see how insignificant you are? *

Reaching the end of the welcoming line finally, Frank brushes by Richie and disappears from view somewhere within the protective husk of his multi-million-dollar legal team. *

JUDGE *

Mr. Roberts - *

Richie slowly lifts himself from his chair, steps forward, turns to look at the jury that's studying him, finally finds his voice: *

RICHIE *

Thank you, your Honor. Ladies and gentlemen - *

Wire mesh separates Frank from his battalion of lawyers. He glances over them to Richie being led through the large Visiting Room.

FRANK

Here he is, let me talk to him alone.

The attorneys get up and leave. Richie takes their place. Frank regards him a moment, offering the same knowing smile from the courtroom. Richie offers nothing.

FRANK

I just heard something. I said it couldn't be true. You didn't really turn in a million dollars you found in the trunk of a car, did you?

Richie doesn't say. Frank searches his face for some clue to where *on earth* he's from.

FRANK

Want me to tell you what happened to it? It ended up in cops' pockets.

RICHIE

Maybe.

FRANK

Maybe? No. It did. All you did was give it to them for nothing in return. Not nothing: You got their contempt.

Frank studies him.

FRANK

Why'd you do that? What're you trying to prove, you're better than them? You're not better than them. You are them.

RICHIE

I don't have the time or interest to listen to (this) -

FRANK

You did it because it was right. That's all. Why's that hard to say? The question is would you do it again? That was a long time ago. It'd be very easy to find out. Tell me you want to find out, tell me the address, and a car will be there, the trunk loaded.

Richie knows Frank isn't kidding ...

RICHIE

No, thanks.

Frank suddenly explodes -

FRANK

Who the fuck are you to say no to that? You think that impresses me?

Guards look over, then glance away once it's clear the outburst is through. Richie remains serene. Eventually -

FRANK

Let me ask you something. You think by putting me in jail, you're going to stop even one junkie from dying? Because you won't. If it isn't me, it'll be someone else. With me or without me, nothing's going to change.

RICHIE

Then that's the way it is.

FRANK

You have any sort of case? Or just that idiot drives for my brother. Is he your case? Because if it's just him and the powder, it's not enough.

RICHIE

Then you got nothing to worry about.

But Frank is worried, most of all by this cop who doesn't take money sitting placidly in front of him.

FRANK

My brothers won't talk to you. My cousins. None of my family. No one but that mother fucking driver.

RICHIE

I got more than that. I got a line of people wanting to testify that stretches out the door and around the block.

FRANK

Bullshit.

RICHIE

Is it? Tony the Bug. Benny Two-Socks. Carmine Camanetti.

FRANK

Who the fuck are they? I don't know them and they don't know me.

RICHIE

They sell dope for the **Mazzano** crime family. Which you all but put out of business.

*

FRANK

This is who you're going to put on the stand? Guys who don't know me? Who got nothing to do with me?

RICHIE

They have everything to do with you. And the only thing they hate more than you is what you represent.

FRANK

I don't represent nothing.

RICHIE

You don't? Black businessman like you? Of course you do. But once you're gone, things can return to normal.

FRANK

Look at me. You looking? Can you tell by looking it would mean nothing to me if tomorrow you turned up dead?

RICHIE

Get in line. That one stretches around the block, too.

Frank has never been so frustrated by anyone in his life. He wants to work something out with Richie obviously, but he can't figure out how. Frank studies him.

FRANK

What can we do?

RICHIE

You know what you have to do.

*

Frank does, but doesn't like it, and doesn't know if he can do it.

*

*

FRANK

I could give you cops, but that's not who you want, is it. You want organized crime names.

*

*

*

*

RICHIE

I'll take them, too. I want them all.

*

*

Frank isn't sure he heard right. *

FRANK *

You'll take them, too? You'd go after
cops? Are you serious? You'd do that?
Lock up your own kind? *

RICHIE *

They're not. Not the ones in business
with you. They're not my kind any more
than the Italians are yours. *

They regard one another in silence. Richie can tell Frank
sees daylight.

FRANK

What can you promise me?

RICHIE

I can promise you if you lie to me about
one name, you'll never get out of prison.
Lie about one dollar in one offshore
account, you'll never get out. You can
live rich in jail the rest of your life,
or poor outside it, that's what I can
promise.

Frank is silent for several moments. Finally -

FRANK

You know, I don't care if the feds take
all my buildings, my stocks, my off-shore
accounts. They can take it all, I don't
care - use it to build battleships, paint
bridges, whatever the fuck they want.
Fight another war. But those *other*
motherfuckers - the cops - put my money
in their pockets. *Millions.*

RICHIE

I believe it.

Frank debates with himself the step he's about to take ...

RICHIE *

I want to know everyone you've met for
the last twenty years. Everyone you sold
to. Every cop you ever paid off. Every
one who ever stole from you. Every one
you remember. *

343 CONTINUED:

343

FRANK

Oh, I remember them all. That's not the problem.

RICHIE

What is?

FRANK

The jail's aren't big enough.

344 **INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL / STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY** 344

Surveillance photographs of cops seen earlier taking envelopes of money on 116th Street and other drops go up on a new, elaborate Table of Organization - of cops.

345 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY** 345 *

Richie dismantles the Lucas Table of Organization here, taking down the photographs. As it collapses -

346 **INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - CONTINUED** 346

Frank puts up photographs of detectives -

347 **QUICK CUTS** of the same detectives, in handcuffs, led through police stations past other cops watching with dread like maybe they're next -

A surveillance photograph of the four Princes of the City striding down a sidewalk goes up on the cell wall -

348 **FLASHCUT** as three of the four SIU cops are led away in cuffs from a golf course -

349 A surveillance photograph of Trupo in a black hand - 349

FRANK

You go up here. Your "special."

As Frank tapes the picture of Trupo at the top of the pyramid of corruption -

350 **INT/EXT. TRUPO'S GARAGE - MORNING** 350

Trupo, coffee in hand, comes into his garage from his kitchen. Opens the garage door and sees two squad cars parked outside ...

351 **A TV:** A report on the indictments handed down by the Manhattan DA's office against 53 NYPD and SIU detectives - 351

FRANK

I used to sit here with Ana in my old car. She hated it. Now I don't even have a car. Or her.

Frank glances to where his favorite diner used to be, and across the street to where he shot Tango. It isn't a fruit stand any more.

FRANK

Just do what?

RICHIE

What?

FRANK

The fuck is that? Just do what?

It's a Nike store with huge paintings of Michael Jordan and the admonition "Just Do It."

RICHIE

Sneakers. Expensive ones.

FRANK

Who the fuck would buy those?

A car equipped with sub-woofer bass comes booming past. Frank stares at it with the same pained look Bumpy had at the discount emporium.

RICHIE

Your brothers know you're out?

FRANK

I haven't talked to them in years. It's better that way. For them. I don't know where they are. Went back to Greensboro when they got out, I guess.

Richie nods. Frank looks back at the new storefronts.

FRANK

What am I going to do now, be a janitor? What do I know how to do? How am I going to live?

RICHIE

I told you I wouldn't let you starve.

FRANK

You told me but you can barely take care of yourself.

(MORE)

(CONT)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(glances to a pay phone on
the corner)

You know, one phone call, Richie, I could
be back in business.

The look Richie gives him calmly assures Frank if he did
that it'd be the last phone he made outside prison - ever.

FRANK

I *won't*. I'm just saying I *could*.

He buttons the cuffs of the fake *Members Only* windbreaker
Richie bought him off the street.

FRANK

Thanks for the clothes.

RICHIE

You're welcome.

Frank glances away to three young hoods coming toward them
like they own the sidewalk and everything around it - baggy
pants, bandanas tied around their heads.

FRANK

Uh-oh. Look out. Here come the
gangsters.

Frank's right in their path but doesn't move, forcing one
of them to squeeze between him and a parking meter. The
gangsta looks back, is about to say something, or do
something, but, examining the expression of quiet menace on
Frank's face, thinks better of it. The others stop.

GANGSTA 2

What.

The first one is still staring at Frank, but finally has the
good sense to let it go.

GANGSTA 1

Nothing.

They move on. Frank glances to Richie.

FRANK

Every idiot gets to be young once.

Frank zips up his *Members Only* jacket, props up the collar
and points himself in the other direction.

FRANK

Let's get out of here.