

36

(ANIMALS)

by

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1985

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - TWILIGHT

The bad old days; dope, guns, affordable housing.

Five young anti-crime cops cruising in an unmarked van.
These five are FRANK BRUNO, the brothers EDDIE AND TITO
RIVERA, DENNIS KLINE, ERIC KOWALSKI. Street soldiers, tight
friends.

FRANK'S POV - YOUNG LATINA HOOKER (NORMA)

making eye contact.

FRANK
(to Kline)
Denny, go around...

Van turns the corner; Norma follows. She leans in the
window.

NORMA
(distinctly scarred)
See those two Jhericurl dudes
standing by the corner store? They
both heeled, got the pieces in the
back over they ass.

FRANK
Thank you, Mami. You doing OK out
here?

NORMA
Doing what I got to be doing.

FRANK
Be careful alright? Still got my
card?

NORMA
I got everybody's card.
(flirting)
You still got mine?

EXT. 7TH PRECINCT STATION - 30 MINUTES LATER

The five of them escorting two Jhericurled gun collars into
the house.

KLINE
Anybody for the Plug?

EDDIE
You gonna behave this time?

KLINE
If you're buyin'.

INT. PLUG UGLIES BAR - BRONX - 2 HOURS LATER

The five drinking, everybody horsing around except for Dennis Kline; a mean drunk; stony, glaring at A GROUP OF ALBANIAN BANGERS. One of them picks up on the look.

ALBANIAN
Fuck's you problem?

That's all it takes; Dennis launching himself across the bar at the guy, Frank, the Rivera brothers and Kowalski immediately defusing; used to this with him.

EXT. - PLUG UGLIES - LATER

The five cops exit. The Albanians are on the sidewalk; a momentary staredown. Frank and Co. hustle Kline away before he can start again.

KLINE
I'm good, I'm good.

His friends relax, walk a few steps then Kline wheels and charges the Albanians before anyone can stop him.

But they're ready, and they all start kicking his ass. And his friends have no choice now but to wade in and it becomes a free for all.

Everybody is loaded and things get out of hand; vicious; the cops mainly pounding the crap out of the others; Kowalski and Tito Rivera especially going bughouse; kicks, rabbit punches, Kowalski pulling a lead sap.

In a short moment all the Albanians are down, Tito stomping someone unconscious until his brother Eddie pulls him off. The only cop down is Dennis Kline, the drunk.

FRANK
(hauls Kline to his feet)
Give me your goddamn keys, you
idiot.

They all pile into Kline's car, Frank driving off.

ALBANIANS' POV - SIDEWALK LEVEL

The retreating car; license plate seen through dimming eyes.

PRESENT TIME

EXT. DARKENED OFFICE BUILDING - BRONX - 10:00 PM

In silhouette, two men, DANNY and BIG BOY, enter from the street.

INT. DESERTED HALLWAY INSIDE

Elevator groans open. And here they come: Danny (wiry, antsy, 30) and Big Boy (a bear, 35), both in jeans and leather jackets, walk towards a glass door decaled with the NYPD CRIME SCENE UNIT logo, underneath which someone has handwritten: WE SEE DEAD PEOPLE.

INT. CSU OFFICE

A sea of mainly empty desks - a few detectives on phones as Danny and Big Boy cross to

A SIDE ROOM

where a near-elderly detective, LUMPKE, stands hunched over a draftsman's table. The walls are hung with schematic diagrams of murder scene apartments and crime scene photos. Lumpke nods to them; nervous.

DANNY

You got it?

Lumpke reaches for a package hidden beneath a pile of in situ murder snaps on a table. Big Boy slips the package under his jacket and they start to leave.

LUMPKE

Hey...

They stop, turn, Danny slips Lumpke a roll of cash

EXT. MUSIC CLUB/LOUNGE, "CHINAMAN'S CHANCE" ON HOUSTON STREET (L.E.S.) - 11:00 PM

A line stretching 2 blocks. Everyone in their 20's.

At the door are two mammoths; AFRICAN FREDDIE, (fatigue jacket, dreads), and WHITE BERNARD, (shaved head, leather jacket). They're taking 20 bucks a head, stamping hands, a few ghetto hugs for familiar faces.

Behind them in the window is a sign:

THE MOPES
2NIGHT ONLY

EXT. A SMALL BAR - "DOS PALMAS" ON DELANCEY STREET - SAME

Only 3 blocks away. Its funkier, clientele mostly locals, Danny and Big Boy carrying the package.

INT. DOS PALMAS

Danny and Big Boy walking through the dark front bar, a few kisses for the girly-girls, for Norma, (now 42), and CINTA, 40, both working behind the stick.

They head to "PRIVATE PARTY" sign, enter a back room with twenty half-hammered cops; liquor and cold cuts.

Frank Bruno, (early 40's now, an Lt.) intercepts them.

FRANK

You get it?

Big Boy hands the package to Frank who unwraps just enough of it; grins..

FRANK

Oh slap my ass and call me Mary.

Frank turns, keys in on Eddie Benitez (40's now).

FRANK

He's gonna freak...

EXT. CITY OF INDUSTRY, BKLYN - SAME

Dead mini-city of mostly abandoned factories between NY Bay and the Gowanus Parkway. No sign of life.

CLOSE ON GARAGE DOOR

INT. GARAGE - CLOSE ON A WORK TABLE

laid out like a still life of promised mayhem; handguns, a shotgun, latex gloves, gaffers tape, packs of hosiery.

We see tattooed hands slipping on gloves, ripping up the hosiery, ditching cigarettes, wrapping the stock of the sawed off with gaffers tape.

All movements are brisk and practiced.

INT. DOS PALMAS - 12:00 AM

80's music piped in. Cops are loud, a little sloppy.

DANNY

(a little bombed)

Ey, yo! Turn the music. C'mon.
Let me... Eddie!

He raises his glass to Eddie, sitting on a couch with Frank, the two elder statesmen in here.

DANNY

Eddie, Eddie.. You're.. How can you hang it up man... How,
(teary)
what about me. You ever think about me? Who's gonna break my balls now whenever I fuck up..

ALL

I will! Me! Danny right here!

DANNY

I'm trying to, to say something here..

ON Eddie and Frank, laughing.

DANNY

Eddie, ever since I was a white shield and you took me under your wing..

A chorus of bird chirps.

DANNY

Eddie, I never had a father...

MILANO

(30, mohawked
weightlifter)

Danny, you want one of mine? I had *three*.

This time the laughter is too much and Danny sulks off. But Eddie intercepts him, gives him a hug, everybody cheering.

Frank gets his hands on the package again.

FRANK

Here you go, Pops..From us to you

Eddie unwraps it and we finally see that it's a framed montage of headlines from over the last twenty four years; every big arrest Eddie has ever been part of, bordered by his academy photo from 1984, and a shot of him being promoted to Detective First Grade in 2006.

EDDIE

(choked up)
C'mon, crank the freakin' music,
it's like a funeral in here.

Some homegirls wander in from the front bar. They jam on.

EXT. GARAGE, CITY OF INDUSTRY - 1:00 AM

Riot gate rolls up and THE MEN, wearing identical hoodies, faces in shadow, exit, two carrying duffle bags. They pile into a BLUE VAN.

INT. CHINAMAN'S CHANCE - 1:30 AM

A zoo - jam-packed. Money and booze flying back and forth in a rainbow arc across the six deep bar.

Bartenders periodically clean out the four tills, stash cash in bank bags beneath the bar

The line from outside runs right through this madhouse and up the stairs to the performance space.

INT. DOS PALMAS - 2:00 AM

Eddie and Frank taking a break at the front room bar. Norma and Cinta still working the stick.

FRANK

Campus cop.

EDDIE

You always say that, ya prick.
It's assistant to the head of
investigations for New York
University. 65 g's on top of my
tax-free 60 a year from this, and
free tuition for my kids of which I
got *three*. At 50 g's a year that's
a 150 thousand dollar free ride.
Per year. Are you *kidding* me?

FRANK

(winking at Norma)

Campus cop.

EXT. GOWANUS PARKWAY - 2:00 AM

That BLUE VAN heading west into the city. We see the night lights of Manhattan

INT. UPSTAIRS PERFORMANCE LOFT - CHINAMAN'S CHANCE - SAME

Mobbed. THE MOPES playing something anarcho-sensitive with a side of rueful irony.

EXT. DOS PALMAS - 3:00 AM

The party has staggered out onto Delancey where Danny and Big Boy are having a race up the fire escape ladders that extend from the street to the roof.

Danny still on the sidewalk, is watching Big Boy ponderously lumber half way up the four story building.

DANNY

Ready?

BIG BOY

I'm ready, I'm ready.

WOMAN

(sticking her head out
third floor window)

Hey asshole get off my goddamn
building!

Danny leaps to the lowest rung and starts to effortlessly clamber up the rungs just using his hands as the cops on the 3:00 AM sidewalk cheer and Big Boy struggles upwards.

WOMAN

I'm serious! I'll call the goddamn
cops, yah morons!

BIG BOY

(winded, on eye level)

Lady, you gotta be shittin' me.

Everybody on the street is howling, now.

FRANK

(laughing, but the boss)

Alright, fellas.

EXT/INT. BLUE VAN - SAME

Rolling down Delancey, slows to a crawl in order to take in all the bombed cops on the street and on the fire escapes.

The hooded men look at each other for a beat.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE CHINAMAN'S CHANCE - 4:00 AM

House Manager and White Bernard transferring a mountain of cash from the show into a duffle bag.

INT. MAIN ROOM OF CHINAMAN'S - SAME

Only fifteen or so people left; half passed out drinkers and some staff. African Freddie sees someone out, locks the front door.

INT. DOS PALMAS - 4:15 AM

Everyone back inside as CURTIS, a young black detective, serenades Eddie with an old Irish ballad of farewell.

CURTIS

*I wish I had you in Carrickfergus,
only for nights in Ballygrand, I
would swim over the deepest ocean,
the deepest ocean to be by your
side But I'll sing no more
now, till I get a drink I'm
drunk today and I'm seldom sober, a
handsome rover from town to town...*

CLOSE ON – EDDIE

CURTIS (OS)

*but I am sick now and my days are
numbered, come all ye young men and
lay me down ...*

Rapt with Curtis's high sweet voice, the room remains utterly silent, broken by...

INT. CHINAMAN'S - 4:15 AM

BOOM. African Freddie blown backwards by the sawed off right through the glass door, the sound of the shot partly muffled by loud piped-in music.

The men in hoodies and hosiery-smeared faces charge in and *BOOM* there goes the surveillance camera; remaining drinkers and staff screaming, scrambling.

HOODIE 1

GET FLAT! STARFISH DOWN!

Most people understand and drop face down, spreading their arms and legs wide – except for one panicked girl who goes down and sobbing, starts wagging her extremities as if she's making a snow angel. Hoodie 1 steps on her back. She screams.

HOODIE1

Starfish, you dumb bitch!

Hoodie 2 vaults the bar starts rifling the cash registers, then turns to the remaining bartender

HOODIE 2

Where's the overflow

BARTENDER

The what?

He gets pistol whipped for the hesitation; *once, twice, thrice*; savage; then staggers to get the overflow bags.

HOODIE 3
(pulling up a waitress by
her hair)
Where's the gate.

WAITRESS
The what?

At which point White Bernard comes upstairs from the office with the duffle bag of cash from the show.

The music had drowned out the gunshots so he's momentarily stunned by the tableau but quickly gets it and does the right thing, lowering the duffle to the floor then backing away.

Hoodie 3 steps up, hoists the duffle and starts to turn to the door, when...

BERNARD
Just don't hurt anybody.

This freezes Hoodie 3, turns him around.

HOODIE 3
What?

He puts down the cash-stuffed duffle and walks back to Bernard.

Pull back to see Hoodie 3 is very short compared to Bernard; literally has to look up at him; a little man's rage building here.

BERNARD
You got it all bro'. Just go.
(then he notices dead
African Freddie)
Aw, Freddie...

These are Bernard's last words as Hoodie 3, under the hard rock beat, attacks him with his bare hands, chewing him up in a viciously expert manner, dropping him to the floor then stomping him into oblivion, the others in the crew tensely watching.

And then -like that - they're gone, leaving the survivors face down and whimpering under the driving music.

EXT. DOS PALMAS - SAME

The cops, wasted, half-dead, finally exiting into the first hint of dawn. After a last embrace with Eddie, most stagger off to their cars, leaving the hard-core squad: Frank, Eddie, Big Boy, Danny, Curtis, MILANO, IRMA and BANNERMAN.

EDDIE

I'm telling you, put in your papers and come in with me. We're talking a four year free ride for that kid of yours. And no offence but you're gettin' a little too long in the tooth to keep rolling in the dirt with the bad guys. In fact it's embarrassing.

FRANK

C'mon, I'll take you home.

EDDIE

I'll take you home.

The not-too distant sound of sirens, Frank's cell goes off, then Eddie's, then some of the others

FRANK

(into phone)

Yeah...

(sobering)

Yeah.

FRANK'S POV - HALF HIS SQUAD ON THEIR CELLS,

getting the oh-shit news from the dispatcher.

FRANK'S POV - HE CAN SEE THE REVOLVING MISERY LIGHTS

of patrol cars bouncing off the upper floors of the tenements nearest Chinaman's Chance only a few blocks away.

FRANK

Be right there. Get Night Watch to send over some bodies.

Hanging up, he quick-scans the faces of his squad, in various states of inebriation, everybody struggling to strap their game heads on. Keys in on Bobby Bannerman, so hammered he can't even stand up straight.

FRANK

Bobby, why don't you go back to the house and start the victimology. Well call in the info as we get it

Bannerman nods and steps into the street, nearly getting mowed down by a cab, the squad wincing.

FRANK

Anybody need to work with Bobby?

CURTIS
(a little shaky)
We're good, Lieu.

ON Frank - hopes so.

EXT. CHINAMAN'S CHANCE - 4:45 AM

Ambulance just leaving - siren screaming. A few patrol cars, a few uniforms, crime scene tape roping off shattered front door, more tape rigged to corral a dozen drunk and freaked witnesses, penning them in on the sidewalk next to the club, a uniform wading through notepad in hand, taking down info.

Frank steps to JIMMY LEVINE, the harried looking Patrol Sergeant.

FRANK
(shaking hands)
Jimmy, what you got.

LEVINE
Looks like a robbery went south, one bouncer dead, the other took to Cabrini, three four perps maybe five, stocking masks, gloves, hoodies, came in blasting, got everybody on the floor had a big concert here or whatever, got the take from that, cleaned out the registers...

Nodding to Frank, Eddie quietly heads inside the bar.

FRANK
What kind of artillery?

LEVINE
Shotgun by the hole in the guy

FRANK
(re: roped off witnesses)
What's with the corral?

LEVINE
Shits off the rails tonight. I got 2 cars 4 guys, ninety traumatized drunks, I'm trying to preserve the scene, keep the wits from wandering off..

FRANK
I hear you. The vic went to Cabrini, what's his name?

LEVINE

Bernard something, I'm not sure we even got it, I'm telling you, Frank...

FRANK

No problem, no problem.

He turns to Danny and Curtis, assessing their sobriety.

FRANK

Head over to Cabrini, stay with this Bernard guy, try not to breathe on him.

The young uniform that was with the roped off witnesses comes over

UNIFORM

(to Levine)

Sarge, somebody should go inside pull the blinds, guys laying right in the window, the girls are getting hysterical.

ANGLE - THE WINDOW

Eddie inside, pulling down the blinds.

FRANK

So what are they saying?

UNIFORM

I don't know, everybody's fucked up drunk crying puking talking rifles bazookas shotguns, spears, I'm not even asking, just taking down vitals before they Houdini.

MALE PATRON

(behind the rope)

Other than the shotgun, which was a sawed off, I saw a Ruger and a Glock, didn't catch the others.

FRANK

Oh yeah? Know your guns?

PATRON

Yes, sir. Two tours' worth and a boyhood.

UNIFORM

I was gonna say, this guy here's pretty sharp.

At which point the gun expert just passes out drunk. More patrol cars pull up.

FRANK

(to Levine)

Get some of these incoming to ferry
the wits to the house,

(to Irma and Big Boy)

You and you go back and start
banging them out.

(to Levine, re: parked
cars)

I need all these plates taken down.

Eddie comes to the shattered door, beckons to Frank.

FRANK

(shaking Levine's hand)

Sarge, you did great.

As Frank walks past the penned in witnesses just now starting to be escorted to the patrol cars he overhears:

GIRL

(sobbing)

Make like a starfish, how do you
make like a starfish? I didn't
understand! I didn't understand!

INT. CHINAMAN'S CHANCE

African Freddie in his own blood, EMT detritus.

EDDIE

Shell casing in the doorway.

FRANK

(re: shot up camera)

We should get TARU down here, maybe
some film made it into the digital
bank

KLINE (OS)

Knock knock.

Frank and Eddie look up to see Dennis Kline, (early 40's) Now a Lt. in the Manhattan Robbery Squad. Subdued, wary and cautiously ironic- for the moment.

EDDIE

(loudly)

The fuck's he doing here?

FRANK

(to Eddie)

Wait for me outside.

As Eddie leaves he doesn't look at Kline directly but he comes within a hair of shoulder-knocking him back. Kline is aware of this animosity but bears it.

KLINE
(mock-cordial)
Eddie.

FRANK
What are you doing here, Dennis?

KLINE
I saw all the lights.

FRANK
I'll ask again.

KLINE
I'm working a pattern. I got two robberies in pocket this could make three.

FRANK
No kidding.

KLINE
No kidding.
(shift)
So Eddie's putting in his papers, I hear.

FRANK
Next week.

KLINE
You have a racket for him?

FRANK
Yeah. Last night.

KLINE
(a little pained)
Good. That's good.

FRANK
(brusquely)
Tell me about your two.

KLINE
Bars, one in Harlem, one in Inwood,
3 or 4 perps, wee hours, armed,
masks.

FRANK
or 4, you're not sure?

KLINE

Are you?

FRANK

They came in, what did they do with the vics.

KLINE

In Harlem they got everybody down, Inwood it was hands on the bar.

FRANK

Guns?

KLINE

s, and 45's.

FRANK

We got a shotgun and two automatics. They wear gloves?

KLINE

On one.

FRANK

On one. How did they get the money.

KLINE

Going through pockets and raking the register on one, got to the office safe on the other.

FRANK

Ours was waiting for the take on a show. Got everybody down but didn't bother to take anything off them. Any casualties?

KLINE

Harlem they beat down some drunk got all chesty with them. Inwood they pistol whipped the manager.

FRANK

Inwood, huh? You know what? Not only don't I think this one has anything to do with your two but I don't think your two have anything to do with each other.

KLINE

Let me ask you. When they got everybody down on the floor, did any of them say anything about a starfish?

FRANK

A starfish?

(not even blinking)

I don't believe so.

(changing subject)

So I hear you're getting fast tracked again. What's it this time. Captain, Commissioner, Star Fleet Commander.

KLINE

Rumor mill.

FRANK

Right.

KLINE

And how you been, Frank?

FRANK

Good.

KLINE

Dana?

FRANK

(walking out)

Never better.

KLINE

(alone)

Give her my love.

EXT. CHINAMAN'S CHANCE

EDDIE

(on a cell)

Guess who just showed up. That scumbag Kline. Alright, I'm just waiting on Frank.

EVE SAMUELS (OS)

Next time before you start cursing people out maybe you should look to see who's around.

EDDIE

You Robbery Squad too?

EVE

Yup.

Two SATELLITE TRUCKS pull up, cameras coming out.

EDDIE

You know what a pattern is for you people? As soon as they [media] show up, all of a sudden it's a pattern.

EVE

(dry)

Gee, aren't we all on the same team?

EDDIE

What cabbage patch are you from under?

Kline exits the crime scene, heads directly to a white haired boss, DEPUTY INSPECTOR ALLEN and after shaking his hand, starts pitching his case.

EDDIE

(bitterly)

There he goes, there he goes..

ANGLE - KLINE AND ALLEN

KLINE

Maybe it is maybe it isn't, but my gut says yeah it's the same crew. Now. If you say it isn't a pattern and me with my experience says it is and it turns out to be? People look back, I'd hate to be you explaining why I was told to walk.

Frank exits the bar. Eddie nods to Kline and Allen; i.e., get in there.

Frank hustles up, gets involved.

THROUGH TV CAMERA

The three men powwow, caught on film.

INT/EXT. CAR

Eddie AND Frank going back to the precinct.

EDDIE

No way Kline's in on this.

FRANK

He'll be working his two over at 1PP, we work ours in house, share information.

EDDIE
Share shit.

FRANK
Maybe he's got something for us.

EDDIE
How can you even talk to that prick.

FRANK
Got to learn to pick your battles, Eddie.

EDDIE
You know what my brothers doing now? Doorman at a titty bar. His boss is half his age, some steroid freak got a head the size of a light bulb. That's his *superior*.

FRANK
At least I got him back downtown, you know? As long as I don't have to see him every day

EDDIE
He's not getting in on this one

FRANK
Not if I can help it.

INT. 7TH SQUAD - 6:30 AM

Hellszapoppin' - a madhouse of half-dead detectives, distraught still-wasted witnesses. And D.I. Allen.

FRANK
(hustling in with Eddie)
I want you to run everybody working there. Start with the manager then work your way through the payroll. And tell Bannerman to start the paperwork for the Mayors Fund, then call the Merchants Association see if they'll pony up on the reward too.

As Eddie splits off Frank walks past half a dozen interviews and we get a panoramic eye/earful of RASHOMON 101.

WITNESS 1
One black, two Puerto Rican, and I think a Dominican.

WITNESS 2

Three white guys, Aryan Nation I'm pretty sure.

DETECTIVE MILANO

I thought they were wearing masks and hoods?

WITNESS 2

It was the shoelaces, red shoelaces.

WITNESS 3

I'd say six of them, maybe more.

DANNY

How much did you have to drink last night?

WITNESS 4

How much did you?

IRMA

Where were you exactly.

WITNESS 5

In the bathroom.

CURTIS

Tell me what happened.

WITNESS 5

The Mopes sucked.

ANGLE - DEPUTY INSPECTOR ALLEN BRACING FRANK

D. I. ALLEN

You get video? Plates on cars?

FRANK

Videos on its way, were running the plates as we speak.

D. I. ALLEN

I hear CSU found a glove.

FRANK

Yeah, two blocks away.

D.I. ALLEN

You send it to the lab?

FRANK

It was black wool and child sized.

D.I.ALLEN
Just send it to the lab.

FRANK
Okey doke.

D. I. ALLEN
(fretting)
I don't know, I don't know, maybe
Kline's right. You and Robbery
should -

FRANK
Don't. Please, We got it all
worked out. Were good.

D.I. ALLEN
(walking off)
There's a presser at 1 PP this
afternoon. Mancini wants you
there.

TECH FROM TARU
Got the tapes from the club.

FRANK
(reaching for phone)
Give me a minute
(dials, then)
Hey, it's me.

INT. FRANK'S WIFE DANA IN THEIR KITCHEN,
wearing nurses whites.

DANA
Hey.

FRANK
Hey..I got a red ball here.

DANA
I know. I saw you on TV. You
looked like hell. You good for
this?

FRANK
Yeah but I'm gonna be humping all
day.

DANA
I got my shift.

FRANK
Can she go to your mothers after
school?

DANA
My mother's in Atlantic City.

FRANK
Maybe she's old enough to be in the house on her own.

DANA
She's 9.

FRANK
So. What do you think?

DANA
I'm sure she'd go for it but no.
I'll call my sister.

FRANK
The kid there?

DANA
Hang on. LOLA! Daddy!

LOLA
(9, repulsively ugly
child)
Hey daddy!

FRANK
Hey baby. Let me ask you. How
would you feel about going to NYU,
if I can get you all four years on
the arm?

LOLA
What's NIU?

CLOSE ON VIDEO SCREEN

We see African Freddie walk to the door, wave someone off
i.e., we're closed, then watch the door explode inwards and
Freddie literally fly backwards, landing in a pool of blood.

The HOODIES burst in, one takes aim at the camera then SCREEN
GOES BLANK.

ON Frank's squad, watching impassively.

TARU TECH
The street camera runs a little
longer.

CLOSE ON VIDEO SCREEN

Street outside Chinaman's Chance. Deserted. Then the
hoodies come into frame. Rap on glass door. Wait.

African Freddie coming into view. The blast of the shotgun, reverse angle, the hoodies charging in.

Then speeded up nothing.

Then they're leaving with the cash bags from the bar and the duffle bags. Walking quickly but not running until they're out of frame. Pros.

ON Dennis Kline's Robbery Squad (at ONE POLICE PLAZA).

(This is a very different Dennis Kline than from the crime scene; driven, intimidating, a raging bull.)

KLINE

That's it?

EVE

That's it.

KLINE

Let me see the video from the Inwood hit again.

WHALEN

Boss, you seen it. It's a herd of snowmen running in a blizzard.

KLINE

(flaring)

Did I not tell you to send it in for enhancement?

WHALEN

That's *with* the enhancement.

KLINE

I don't give a shit what anybody says, these are the same guys who did our money jobs.

(opens up the case files,
rifling pages)

We never got the blood back on this?

DOBLER

We did boss. It's no good. Belongs to the vic.

KLINE

And the partial print on the Harlem job?

EVE

Still waiting on the lab.

KLINE
Still... Get the lab on the phone.

HUMBLE(OS)
Hey boss...

Humble has turned on the squad TV and we see:

PRESS CONFERENCE

POLICE COMMISSIONER COYLE at the podium, flanked by CHIEF OF
MANHATTAN DETECTIVES ROBERT MANCINI, 60, and Frank Bruno.

COYLE
(mid-rundown)
...by four or more masked
perpetrators, races unknown, fled
to parts unknown.

KLINE AND HIS SQUAD

gathered around the television.

REPORTER #2 (TV)
Chief Mancini, I know the
Commissioner stressed we're only a
few hours in, but so far NYPD's not
issuing any names, photos, license
plates - can we assume you guys are
in the dark here?

MANCINI (TV)
You can assume that right now we've
got a lot of people pulling
information together...
(hesitating as he catches
a look from Frank)
Excuse me, one thing we forgot...

FRANK (TV)
Just want to add that there's a
fifty-thousand-dollar reward being
offered by the Lower East Side
Merchants Association. We've got a
phone number and a website, we're
gonna be handing that out.

REVERSE - KLINE

getting up, walking to his office, closing door on his squad.

INT. KLINE'S OFFICE

KLINE
(on phone)
I'm gonna be at Winnie's in an
hour. We should talk.

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - PRESS CONFERENCE AFTERMATH

LARRY CELONA, a reporter from THE NY POST, catches Frank's
eye, tilts his head.

INT. WINNIE'S - CHINESE BAR ON BAYARD STREET - HOUR LATER

Kline at a back booth, nursing his now-strictly club soda.

MICHAEL DALY enters, reporter for THE DAILY NEWS, takes a
seat.

DALY
I'm supposed to be filing on
Chinaman's as we speak.

KLINE
Yeah? Maybe I can help.

INT. ABBEY TAVERN - SAME

Frank sits with Celona (NY Post) at a booth.

CELONA
Words going around these guys have
hit before; Harlem, Inwood.

FRANK
Hey, listen. A deer never travels
more than a mile from where it's
born and always walks in the paths
of its ancestors.

CELONA
Meaning...

FRANK
Meaning write what you want but I
can pretty much guarantee you, you
go with that 'they've struck again'
shit, you'll be looking like a
horse's ass when we make the
collars.

EXT. FRANK'S QUEENS HOME - NIGHT

ESTAB. SHOT.

INT. LOLA'S BEDROOM

Pink. Glitter. Stuffed animals. Lola Bruno sleeping peacefully.

Frank pulling up the blankets. Lingered there, staring at her, then coming into

INT. MASTER BEDROOM,

where Dana in a strapped tee and silk pajama bottoms is reading in bed.

DANA

She made a tape of you today on TV.

FRANK

(getting in bed)

Dana, it was a murder. Don't let her do that.

DANA

Was that Dennis Kline at the scene with you this morning?

FRANK

Yup.

DANA

You working together?

FRANK

Not exactly.

DANA

Watch your back

FRANK

(a caress)

Rather watch yours.

DANA

(a caress)

Do both.

FLASHBACK:

1985 (PART 2)

FRANK driving away from that bar fight in Dennis Kline's car.

Kline's license plate, as seen through dimming eyes.

CLOSE ON — SAME PLATE — IN SUNLIGHT. PULL BACK TO SEE:

EXT. HOUSE IN QUEENS - MORNING

A young hungover Kline being escorted out by IAB.

INT. IAB INTERVIEW ROOM - HOUR LATER

Kline sitting there, frightened.

IAB 1

It's very simple. You or them.

IAB2

A bar fight's a bar fight, but two of your so-called pals put people in the ICU. So. You can either tell us who they were and save yourself or you can take the fall for everybody. Assault 2. Lose the job, go to jail.

IAB 1

These aren't cops were talking about, Dennis. They're animals.

KLINE

No, you don't understand. They were just...

IAB 2

Do the right thing here, you can dry out at the farm, come back, land on your feet like nothing happened.

KLINE

(bitter, knowing)

Like nothing happened?

IAB 1

Keep your mouth shut and you're fucked.

IAB 2

(rising)

Well give you two minutes. Be smart.

They leave the room.

ON Dennis Kline - in hell.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. DENNIS KLINE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Kline is silently raging, pacing the room as his wife LORI watches from bed. Restless, roiling, he drops to the edge of the mattress. Lori dutifully reaches over and starts to knead his shoulders but he's instantly up and pacing again.

KLINE

I'm going out and get the papers.
I need to see something.

LORI

Denny, it's midnight.

KLINE

That's why they call it the
midnight edition.

EXT. DOS PALMAS - 3:00 AM

Norma is locking up, her back to the street. A hand on her shoulder. Startled, she wheels to see MAQUETUMBA, 20's, runs a Bloods subset from the Baruch Houses; two confederates, POPEYE, NESTOR.

MAQUETUMBA

Mami, one last drink...

INT. DOS PALMAS

Norma a prisoner in her own bar, serving them.

NORMA

Look, I just work here. I know you
know that.

(they stare at her)

I mean why you need to use this
place to sling that shit anyhow.
We got only viejo stumblebums come
in here.

MAQUETUMBA

Is perfect.

NORMA

Well then like I told you and these
other cabrons three times already.
No.

MAQUETUMBA

Mami, this time I'm not asking.

NORMA

You was a piece of shit when you
was little and you're a piece of
shit now.

(MORE)

NORMA (CONTD)

You and your maricon drogeros. Get the fuck out my place.

Maquetumba sits up looking a little taken aback by the hostility, then simply grabs her by the hair and bangs her face into the bar, once twice three times.

MAQUETUMBA

I'm trying to be a *gentleman* you old whore!

NORMA

(slumped up on the
duckboards)

Yeah, you would know. It was me and your mother out there 24/7 back then.

Maquetumba smashes his beer glass then vaults the bar to work on what remains of her face as Nestor and Popeye casually start to break the place up.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - 7:00 AM

Frank sleeping, his daughter Lola poking him with the phone. Frank rousing, sees his daughter staring at him stares back a staring contest until she grins.

LOLA

Uncle Eddie...

FRANK

(on phone)

What's up.

EDDIE

Mancini wants a meet at 9. 7th Squad and Robbery.

FRANK

That's not good.

EDDIE

Nope. And Bernard White? The other bouncer? Just got a call. He went out of the picture an hour ago.

INT. POLICE PLAZA CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chief Mancini at the head of the table. He drops a copy of THE DAILY NEWS on the table.

MANCINI

"POSSIBLE UPTOWN CONNECTION TO LOWER EAST SIDE SLAUGHTER."

He drops a NY POST on the table.

MANCINI
"MYSTERY CREW KILLS TWO IN DOWNTOWN
ROB/SLAY."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a big oval table Frank and the 7th Squad to the left. Kline and Manhattan Robbery to the right.

MANCINI
One. The media game ends now.
Next time I read or see something
about this case that didn't come
out of my office, I'm gonna source
it down and I'm gonna take scalps.

Frank and Kline avoid Mancini's eyes.

MANCINI
Two. 7th Squad and Robbery are
gonna marry up. This is now a task
force. There's more than enough
evidence to suggest a pattern here.
Venues, time of night, guns, masks,
violence.
(beat)
We can't wait around to be wrong on
this.

Kline meets Frank's eyes; i.e.: *one for me.*

MANCINI
Three. The 7th has the homicides
and the manpower. You're gonna
base out there, Robbery will bring
everything they've got and 7th
Squad will welcome them with open
arms.
(beat)
Any questions?
(nothing)
Get to work.

Twenty people on the move. Frank glaring at Kline as they stand.

MANCINI
Frank. You got a minute?

Kline lingering. Clocking Frank and Mancini as they head back toward the office. Not liking this at all.

INT. MANCINI'S OFFICE

Frank takes a seat. Mancini closes the door.

MANCINI

You going to give me any shit about working with Kline get it out of your system now.

FRANK

Feeling the heat?

MANCINI

This whole building's a sauna

FRANK

We'll do what we have to do

MANCINI

No.

(beat)

I want something more.

(Frank waits)

The kid who died this morning? Bernard White? He was the son of my first partner in patrol back in '81, Teddy White, died himself a few years back. When Teddy was in the hospital I told him I'd always look out for his family and now his kid's dead. On my watch. So. I want these animals caught, but I don't want them coming to trial.

(Frank simply absorbs this)

You're the only one I can say this to. And here's the deal. You take care of this for me. You take care of this... I know you have no interest in going up the ladder but the next open Captain's slot is right in your backyard, Zone Commander for the First Division. I'm not talking about slapping on the chevrons and getting stuck behind a desk in Queens, you'll still be working with all your people but have some real power for a change. A nice kick in your pension too.

FRANK

John, you ask me for something like this well see how it plays out.

MANCINI

You saw what they did. You know damn well how its gonna play out.

(MORE)

MANCINI (CONTD)

Plus I'm thinking you're gonna want this because the guy they have lined up for the job right now is Dennis Kline. He's got more juice in this building than Con Ed but you do me right on this I'll have just enough muscle to swing it your way.

(beat)

Somehow I can't see you reporting directly to Kline the rest of your days.

FRANK

My age, those days are numbered.

MANCINI

How would you feel about hanging it up and leaving all your people in Kline's hands? You worked to make a good squad there in the 7th, he takes the reins no way is he going to let guys loyal to you stay put. He'll scatter them to the winds.

ON Frank - this hits him.

MANCINI

You do this for me and Division Captain is yours. You don't, it'll go to Kline and I won't lift a finger to stop it.

Frank rises, heads to the door

MANCINI

(pained)

Frank. I'm the one that got Teddy's kid that job.

INT. FRANK LEAVING MANCINI'S OFFICE

Eddie standing there, grim-faced, holding out his cell.

FRANK

Who is it?

Eddie won't say. Handing him the phone, as we

EXT. CABRINI HOSPITAL - DAY

Estab. shot.

INT. WARD WAITING AREA - DAY

Frank, with Eddie in tow, coming down the hall, sees:

CINTA

Paco...

INT. WARD ROOM - DAY

A dozen curtained-off beds. Frank and Eddie getting the debrief from:

DETECTIVE ROENIG

We'll go back tonight, ask around,
but if she's not gonna talk...

(resigned)

It never happened.

FRANK

Let me see what I can do.

INT. NORMA'S BEDSIDE - DAY

Norma. Slashed. Swollen. Drugged up. But not so high she can't see Frank standing beside her, and not so damaged she won't try to wave him away.

FRANK

Who did this?

(takes her hand)

You think I'm gonna let this go?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Frank huddled up with Cinta.

FRANK

It's not gonna take care of itself.

CINTA

She made me promise.

(trapped)

She said if I tell you it's gonna
go on and on. You know how she
is...

FRANK

I'll make it stop. Whatever it is,
Cinta, I promise it stops.

CINTA

Paco, she's got Christo's gun.
This cabron comes back...

FRANK

Just give me his name and I promise
it ends.

FRANK'S POV - CHRISTO,

Norma's middle-aged ex-gangbanger boyfriend is marching down the corridor towards them, wild-eyed with rage and distress.

FRANK

Give me his name and you won't have
to worry about giving it to him

INT. 7th SQUAD - HOUR LATER

Task force coming together fast. It's a shotgun marriage and there's no time for a honeymoon. The local team dominates numerically. Danny, Big Boy, Milano, Eddie, Curtis, Irma, Bannerman - spread around the room, working phones, etc. Their counterparts from Robbery - Eve, WHALEN, PINK, DOBLER, HUMBLE - pitching in amidst unfamiliar surroundings.

KLINE

(poring over reports)
Oh. And where the hell is this
Marquis clown. Anybody ever bring
him in?

PINK

Who?

KLINE

The alleged CI *this* guy's [Whalen,
flinching] been blowing up my ass
for a *month*. Marquis Willis, the
all seeing all knowing walking
wikipedia of crime that you said
you got on a *leash*. So where is
he?

WHALEN

I called him a dozen times, he
never got back to me.

KLINE

I'm sorry... You're waiting for him
to return your call?

Frank, returning from the hospital with Eddie enters the room catches 7th Squad eyes. Silent communion; Robbery Squad oblivious except for Kline.

EXT. UPTOWN DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Maquetumba walking a dark corridor. He's alone. Fucking with his phone as he steps past kegs and glass racks. Distracted, as he pushes through a fire door and into

THE SERVICE ALLEY

Two steps out. He stops. What the fuck? A BROWN VAN hogging the alley. But look quick, because the SIDE DOOR IS FLYING OPEN and - Behind him - TWO GUYS IN HOODS -

MAQUETUMBA

What the fu-

CHUNK - CHUNK - two baseball bats into his back and he's down and they're already bum-rushing him into the van, as the doors close and engine revs and... they're gone.

EXT. STATE PARK TRAIL - NIGHT

THE BROWN VAN off-roading through thick woods.

INT. MOVING BROWN VAN

Eddie driving. Frank riding shotgun. Danny, Milano and Big Boy in back. The only person wearing a hood now is Maquetumba. In fact, that's all he's wearing - handcuffed and naked on the cold, bouncing floor. He's also the only one talking -

MAQUETUMBA

You motherfuckers! - you hear me?
You got any idea who you're playing
with? Whoever the fuck you are,
you better straighten this shit out
right now or I swear on my mother's
eyes, I will fuck you up if it's
the last thing -

Big Boy kicks him hard in the gut and -

EXT. STATE PARK TRAIL -

THE VAN stops. Doors fly open. Danny and Big Boy dragging Maquetumba, naked and hooded, through the woods. Frank and Eddie behind them.

MAQUETUMBA

WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO ARE YOU?
TELL ME WHO YOU ARE OR -

Until suddenly they stop - because -

RIGHT THERE - AN OPEN GRAVE

Ten feet deep and raw. Danny and Big Boy forcing Maquetumba to his knees at the edge. A huge tattoo inked across his back: A crowned gothic-styled "M".

Frank and Eddie behind him. Frank pulling a pistol, checking the clip, making sure Maquetumba hears it.

MAQUETUMBA

Shit, man, please, whoever you are,
please, man, don't kill me!
Please, just tell me what you
want...

Danny rips the hood from Maquetumba's head, grabbing a handful of hair at the same time, forcing him to stare down into the grave as Frank puts the gun barrel to his ear.

MAQUETUMBA

Oh, God... Jesus, please... I don't
want to die... please...

When suddenly - BOOOOMMMM.

Frank - the gun - Maquetumba lurching forward - this gasping sound - falling - handcuffed - down onto his face in the dead leaves and dirt below...

But not shot. They punked him. Frank tucking the pistol away.

FRANK

You ever go near Norma Almonte
again and I swear, I'll stuff you
with your mother's head.

THE BOTTOM OF THE GRAVE

Maquetumba in spasming shock. Fetal curl. Listening to footsteps disappear into the woods.

INT. THE MOVING BROWN VAN - NIGHT

Mission accomplished. Vibe loose. Danny in back going through Maquetumba's coat pockets.

DANNY

Holy shit. Look at this...
[Maquetumba's flash roll]

FRANK

How much?

DANNY

Gotta be five, six grand.

Sounds like a party, Boss.

FRANK

Yeah, for Norma. Pass it up.

Danny hands it forward; digging back into Maquetumba's coat.

DANNY

Okay, this I'm keeping...

A gorgeous, pearl-handled switchblade. Unique to begin with; then there's the ebony engraving - that same crowned gothic-styled "M" that was tattooed on Maquetumba's back.

Danny flipping it open and closed. THE BLADE glinting in the sun, as THE VAN speeds along the highway.

INT. ROCKLAND CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAY

NELLO CASTRO, (24), an inmate, is signing out through a grilled window cage

CO

(behind grill)

You're back a ball-hair late come
Friday, you can kiss work release
goodbye.

CASTRO

You got to say that same shit to me
every time I sign out?

EXT. BUS STOP OUTSIDE FACILITY - 20 MIN. LATER

Castro, carrying a cheap overnight bag, boards for the city.

INT. DIMLY LIT TENEMENT HALLWAY - SAME

Frank knocks on a door, waits. Christo opens. Tatooed, scarred, paunchy now; had a hard-knock life.

CHRISTO

Paco.

FRANK

Christo. How's she doing?

CHRISTO

(shrugs)

She's laying down. I'll tell her
you're here.

FRANK

No no no. Let her rest.

INT. LIVING/DINING ROOM

Old, beat-up, cramped but neat; house-proud. Frank and Christo sit at the table; a bottle, two glasses.

CHRISTO

You still hunting the crew shot up
that club?

FRANK

If I wasn't, you'd've read about it
in the papers.

CHRISTO

I don't read papers. Street's my
paper.

FRANK

Yeah? You hear anything?

CHRISTO

You go somewheres else with a
question like that.

FRANK

I'm just saying.

CHRISTO

I never dined in my life and all
due respect you *still* a police.

Frank nods; won't push.

CHRISTO (CONTD)

(after a pause)

One thing though... You do come up
on them? Word is, you best shoot
first, Miranda second.

FRANK

Alright. I appreciate that.

CHRISTO

(choked up)

Who did that to her.

FRANK

Christo...

CHRISTO

I'm 46 years old, been locked up
for half my life.

(trembling with fury)

She's the best thing that ever
happened to me. And someone *hurts*
her like that?

FRANK

Listen to me. You so much as dent
somebody's car you're back inside
and never coming out. She *needs*
you. If you go down she goes right
down with you.

(Christo mute)

Anyways, it's been dealt with.

ANGLE - NORMA,

in a neck brace, standing in the shadows.

FRANK
(Maquetumba's roll)
By way of amends.

Norma steps into the light.

NORMA
Like my face wasn't messed up
enough already, right?

Wincing, Frank rises, steps to her. She walks him to the door.

CHRISTO
Frank.
(Frank turns)
Thank you.

INT. DIM HALL

NORMA
I'll never forget this.

She steps out, closing the door behind her and embraces him, her lips in his ear.

NORMA (CONTD)
A name Cinta heard at the bar.

She slips a scrap of paper in his pocket, then softly kisses the side of his face.

EXT. BRONX STREET OF BEAT UP TWO-FAMILY HOUSES - EVENING

Pink and Whalen of the Robbery squad walk up to a house, two women smoking on the stoop.

WHALEN
Hey how you doing. Marquis here?

WOMAN'S POV - MARQUIS

Skinny jumpy hustler coming up the street behind the cops; oblivious

WOMAN
(a little loud)
Marquis Willis?

Marquis hears his name, sees the two cops and face averted, walks right past his own house, keeps going.

PINK
No. Marquis de Sade.

WOMAN
Yeah, I mean, he was here... But
now he ain't.

INT. TASK FORCE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

See Robbery humping, working phones laptops.

FRANK(VO)
So what kicked out?

CLOSE ON A MUGSHOT AND RAP SHEET

PULL BACK TO SEE - we're in another smaller office.

MILANO
Jaycee Drayton. He's got an Armed
Robbery conviction, two felony
assault arrests, weapons charge...

EDDIE
Tell him the punchline.

MILANO
Jaycee works in a cafeteria three
blocks from Chinaman's.

A moment. Frank thinking it over.

EDDIE
You want to go loud with this?

FRANK
No, let's go talk to him ourselves.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY/STAIRWELL - DAY

A woman, SHI, 30, pulling her coat on as she leaves her
apartment.

It's a small building. Drab and dark, but quiet. Nothing
going on as Shi makes her way down the murky stairs, so
focused on not tripping, she's surprised to see:

MILANO
Easy.

And he's not alone. Curtis, Danny, Eddie, Big Boy and Frank
all huddled up there waiting. Flak jackets and guns.

SHI
Oh no. Oh no.

MILANO
(passing her back down the
stairs)
Sssh...

SHI
You can't be doin' this right now

FRANK
Anybody else in there?

SHI
Jaycee's child.

FRANK
Is he armed?

SHI
His child?

They give her a 1000-yard stare.

SHI
Jaycee keep something in the
hamper, I think.

They pass her back and back.

SHI (CONTD)
Can't you like, come back, do this
later?

Frank and Eddie sharing a look.

SHI (CONTD)
Shit, now he's gonna think it was
me.

INT. DRAYTON APARTMENT - SAME

We're looking at THE DOOR, hearing the sound of A VIDEO GAME
in the BG. And then - CRASH - THERE GOES THE DOOR - Curtis -
Milano - Danny - guns drawn - flooding in.

CURTIS
POLICE! - FREEZE! - NYPD!

REVERSE TO SEE JAYCEE DRAYTON

sitting at a wobbly TV table. A huge man, hands in mid-air,
caught literally in the midst of cutting down a two-ounce bag
of cocaine. A felony tableau.

THE BOY is eight. He's staring at the cops that have just
materialized in his living room as if they're just another
chapter in the video game playing out behind him on the TV.

MILANO
Jaycee Drayton?

DRAYTON
She do this?

CURTIS
Put your hands up, sir.

DRAYTON
(calling past him)
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, SHI?

Eddie moving to the boy. Frank circling back by the window.

CURTIS
Just put your hands up, Jaycee.

DRAYTON
THIS MEANS I'M GONE FOR GOOD,
BITCH!
(standing now and raising
his hands)
THIS A GUARANTEED FIFTEEN YEARS,
SHI! THAT'S MANDATORY! THAT'S THE
FUCKING BASELINE, SHI! THAT'S IT
FOR ME!

FRANK
You know the drill, Jaycee. We can
cuff you hard or easy.

Drayton turns. Like he didn't realize Frank was back there.
Like suddenly all the air just went out of him.

DRAYTON
Can I hug my son?

MILANO
We'll make time for that later.

DRAYTON
There's no later for me, bro.

FRANK
I say yes, we got no problems,
right?

DRAYTON
No, sir.

Frank nods. Drayton moving slowly to THE BOY, taking him in
his arms.

FRANK

Get a drug unit up here. This has
nothing to do with us.

SUDDENLY DRAYTON IN MOTION

Explosive - no time to react - SLAMMING INTO FRANK -
linebacker hard - lifting him off his feet - total forward
motion, but there's nowhere to go except - THE WINDOW...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME (CONTD)

CRASH - glass splintering - this DRAYTON/FRANK cannonball
blasting out of A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW - falling and... THUD.

Frank coughs. Opens his eyes. He's alive. Drayton's body
beneath him like a mattress. But Drayton's not moving.
Frank - horrified - rolling away - looking back up to the
window - TO SEE:

THE BOY

staring down.

EXT. SIDEWALK - 45 MIN. LATER

Loitering cops. An ambulance. Nothing but aftermath.

INT. BAR ACROSS FROM THE DRAYTON APARTMENT - SAME

Frank, Eddie and Danny are recuperating.

EDDIE

I swear to God, Frank, I saw you go
out.

Kline, quietly seething, walks in.

EDDIE

Ah Christ...

KLINE

Club soda.

EDDIE

(mocking)

Club soda...

(to Frank and Danny)

See, most cops, most decent cops.
Anybody done what Denny here did
would've quit the job the same day.
But no. Not Denny. No, Denny, *he*
spends the next twenty years ass-
kissing his way up the ladder. One
kiss at a time.

FRANK

Eddie.

EDDIE

You know what's that about? After what he done the bosses are the only ones who'll have anything to do with him. So what else is there but to be a boss yourself. The higher up you go the less you see of the *real* cops below.

KLINE

(quietly)

Control your man, Frank.

EDDIE

You know when it'll be OK to stop climbing, Denny? When everyone who knows about you on this job is *dead*.

KLINE

Or retired.

Before Eddie can go for him Danny and Frank have him restrained, Danny hustling him out into the night.

Kline, despite his fury, hasn't moved a muscle. Frank settles in front of his drink.

KLINE

From what I hear you're gonna be awful sore tomorrow.

FRANK

We've all been there.

KLINE

Where's that? Where we've all been?

FRANK

What're you talking about?

KLINE

I'm just trying to figure out if you're talking about going out the window or fucking up our case.

FRANK

It was a shit lead. It was going nowhere.

KLINE

You were just saving me the trouble.

FRANK

There you go.

KLINE

What did Mancini say, get in front on this one maybe we can cut Kline off at the knees?

FRANK

That's a little paranoid, don't you think? Even for you.

KLINE

You don't even want Division Captain. I know you.

Frank's cell rings. He steps out of earshot.

NELLO (OS)

Hey Frank? It's Nello Castro. Freddy's kid?

FRANK

How'd you get my number.

NELLO (OS)

That shoot-out in the club the other night? I got somebody for you to talk to.

Frank glances back at Kline, brooding over his club soda.

EXT. PAY PHONE IN FRONT OF BODEGA - CLINTON STREET - SAME

Nello Castro on the line, manic pacing.

FRANK(OS)

Yeah? Who's that?

CASTRO

Guy I know.

FRANK (OS)

And what're you? His agent?

CASTRO

It's a big case, right? So you put one in the bank for me. Maybe I need a favor later on.

INT. BAR

FRANK

And your friend, what's he looking for?

CASTRO (OS)

Settle a score. Only, he's a jumpy type individual so it's got to be now. I'm in front of my father's store. Can you pick me up?

CLOSE ON KLINE

at the bar.

THEN BACK TO:

1985 (PART 3)

INT. 7TH PRECINCT

Tito Rivera and Eric Kowalski being escorted out of the station by IAB detectives. Everyone stares silently except Eddie RIVERA, who's flipping.

EDDIE

(re: Tito)

What do you want with my brother!
He didn't start nothing!

Frank restrains him; nothing to be done.

As Eric and Tito leave the building, never to return, all eyes land on Dennis Kline. Everyone knows he's the rat.

And his life will never be the same.

THEN BACK TO:

FRANK OFF THE PHONE,

rejoining Kline at the bar.

FRANK

Got to go.

KLINE

I never did nothing to you, Frank.

FRANK

They never asked you to.
(low, in his ear)
But what if they had.

Frank leaves. Kline alertly brooding; knows something's up.

KLINE
 (into his cell)
I'm heading to the house. If
Marquis Willis isn't waiting for me
in the box when I get there, you
and every other deadbeat in the
squad are getting shit-canned on
the spot.
 (beat)
No. Fuck the 7th. Our house.

EXT. PAY PHONE CLINTON ST. - 30 MIN. LATER

Castro still pacing like a caged cat as Frank pulls up.

INT/EXT. CAR

Castro hopping in, Frank not happy.

 CASTRO
 (grinning, antsy)
Paco, Paco Rabanne. Paco hold the
Taco.
 (offers his hand, ignored)

FRANK'S POV - THE BODEGA

 FRANK
Let me go in, say hello to your
father.

 CASTRO
He took off tonight.

 FRANK
I thought you were still locked up.

 CASTRO
I am. I'm on work release but I'm
out for good next month.

 FRANK
For good huh?

 CASTRO
Hey. All's I can do is do my best.
Let's just go, 'fore this guy gets
high or cold feet or something.
You know the type.

 FRANK
Yeah, I know the type.

Frank pulls away from the curb.

EXT. IN THE SHADOW OF SHEA STADIUM - 20 MIN. LATER

Deserted, save for Frank's car.

INT. CAR - FRANK AND CASTRO

FRANK
So where is he?

CASTRO
Guys always late. Like clockwork.
He'll be here soon. I wouldn't
drag you out for nothing.

FRANK
(settling in)
I saw your brother the other night.
I think he's using again. He gave
me a hug, it was like grabbing a
bundle of sticks.

CASTRO
Jesus, I'll straighten him out.

FRANK
Yeah? Who's gonna straighten you
out?

CASTRO
You know, I know everybody says
this, but this last bid I'm doing?

FRANK
You were railroaded.

CASTRO
No. I'm not saying totally, but I
was a lamb. A sacrificial lamb.
Give us Barabbas, and the guy did.
Served me up like a tv fuckin'
dinner. I am just finishing up
three years of someone else's time,
time I can't get back.

FRANK
You and Gino... What did your old
man ever do to deserve kids like
you two?

CASTRO
Hey. It wasn't so easy in that
house.

FRANK
Poor you.

ANOTHER CAR PULLS UP BEHIND OF THEM

CASTRO
(suddenly hyper)
Nah, I'm just sayin'...

FRANK
That's him?

CASTRO
What? Yeah.

FRANK
So?

CASTRO
Yeah, OK...

Castro exits the car.

Frank, bushed, slides down a little, watches via the rear view mirror through heavy lidded eyes.

FRANK'S POV - REAR VIEW MIRROR - CASTRO

walks up, leans into the driver's window, steps back produces a hand cannon and BLASTS OF LIGHT, one, two,

then shifting angles,

TWO MORE BLASTS INTO THE BACK SEAT

Frank half rises out of the car, fumbling for his own gun, but before he can get himself together Castro is first GONE, then, RIGHT BEHIND FRANK, his gun to his head.

FRANK
THE FUCK YOU DO!

CASTRO
(taking Frank's piece,
tossing it)
JUST GET IN THE CAR! GET IN THE
CAR!

FRANK
(has no choice)
You little motherfucker.

CASTRO
(sliding in)
DRIVE!

Frank peels out.

INT. FRANK'S CAR- DRIVING FAST AND BLIND

Castro still has his gun to Frank's head. Frank is coldly livid; silent.

CASTRO

...Three years I did for that rat bastard cono motherfucker! Three years he's out here eatin' and ballin' and partyin' and getting high 'cause *I'm* in the stinking joint... Every night dealin' with another...

(Frank's silence freaking him out)

Are you *listening* to me? I know I abused you here but I got a *deal* for you, okay? I got a deal where everybody gets to win -

(never finishing because)

Frank just locked up the brakes as he slammed HIS FIST INTO CASTRO'S FACE and

EXT. THE CAR

SKIDDING TO A STOP - DOOR FLYING OPEN - Frank and Castro wrestling for the gun.

Frank gets his hands on it but Castro kicks him in the ribs, already bruised from his earlier flyer out the window, Frank gasping in pain. Castro stepping back with the gun as Frank struggles to his feet.

FRANK

YOU STUPID FUCK! - YOU GOT A *DEAL* FOR ME? - EVERYBODY'S GONNA *WIN*?

CASTRO

Wait! Frank! Wait!

FRANK

WHAT DO I WIN, *HUH*?

CASTRO

STOP! You gotta - I got what you want - I know who you're looking for! The hitters from the club - *I'm* the guy who knows!

(please)

I swear, Frank. I will make this *right*.

FRANK

Are you outta your *mind*?

CASTRO

You cover me, I cover you. You want these names, I need an alibi.

(freaked but determined)

But you try and take me in for this — tomorrow, the next day, whenever, I got nothing to lose. I'm gonna give you up, say you knew what was going down the whole time tonight 'cause you wanted those guys so bad. Please. Don't make me do that. But! You let me walk, I'll give you them on a platter. Is good for *everybody*.

Frank is speechless.

CASTRO

Please.

(starts backing away)

You're like my second father to me.

(into the shadows)

Please.

And he's gone.

In shock, Frank just stands there breathing, wide-eyed. Then coming out of it, he slides back in the car, grabs his cell.

CLOSE ON — DIALING 91...

Frank can't bring himself to dial 911.

Frank pulling out.

EXT. DEATH CAR STREET — 5 MIN. LATER

Frank rolling by. Scans telephone and power poles for surveillance cameras. Nothing. Frank hobbles out to retrieve his tossed gun. Takes off again.

EXT. STREET CORNER PAYPHONE

Frank dialing.

OPERATOR

What's your emergency.

Frank hangs up.

INT/EXT. FRANK IN CAR — MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

Frank dials.

EDDIE (OS)

Hello.

FRANK

Eddie.

EDDIE

Frank, what's up?

(Frank can't talk)

Frank, you there?

Frank hangs up. Sits glassy for a beat. Then flips, tearing and pounding anything he can get his hands on.

EXT. DEATH CAR STREET - SAME

Just the death car with its bullet shattered windows; nothing stirring.

A rear door kicks open. No one exiting for a beat.

Then a young flashily-dressed woman, sobbing, crawls out on her hands and knees. Rising on shaky pins, she runs away. She seems to be limping, but she's just hoofing it, wearing one high-heeled shoe.

INT. DEATH CAR

Two dead, one in back, one in front; young street players staring off unblinking through blood-masked eyes.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM ROBBERY SQUAD - SAME

Marquis Willis sits hunched in a chair, worried. Pink, Whalen and Eve, leaning against the walls.

Kline strolls in a circle around Marquis, who twists and twists to keep his bug eyes on Kline.

Kline produces an arrest warrant which he holds over Marquis' head as he continues to circle.

KLINE

Here's how it's been working. You jerk *him* [Whalen] off with your bullshit nowhere tips, buy yourself more time on the street, he jerks *me* off for the overtime, maybe buy that new sander he's been wanting at Home Depot and IM THE HORSE'S ASS GETS STUCK WITH THE TAB.

KLINE drops the unexecuted warrant into Marquis' lap, as his squad stares.

KLINE (CONTD)

You got 24 hours to come back to me with something *solid*. Harlem, Inwood, Chinaman's.

(MORE)

KLING (CONTD)

24 hours to earn your *keep* or next
time I drop this warrant it's on
the DA's desk and you are *gone*.
Three time loser worthless piece of
shit *gone*.

(stalking out, to Whalen)
And so are you...

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Frank exiting his car; bracing.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Frank sitting there, glass of scotch; fucked.

Dana, in a bathrobe, comes in behind him, slides her hands
inside his shirt, down his chest. Stops.

DANA

What's wrong.

FRANK

(turning)
Rough day.

DANA

(re: his face)
Jesus, Frank...

Dana moves her hands to Frank's shoulders, his back, and he
flinches. Startled, she gently takes off his shirt. Traces
the bruising, the abrasions.

DANA (CONTD)

Let me get something.

FRANK

Wait...

Frank struggles with wanting to tell her about the jam he's
in; can't.

DANA

What happened.

FRANK

No.

Dana doesn't press, he's been a police as long as they've
known each other. Still, she at least wants to patch him up.
But Frank just won't let go of her.

She gives up fighting him. Misreading his physical vibe as just some post-close call sexual ardency, she takes his hand and slides it inside her bathrobe; lightly covers it as he gently roams beneath the cotton, his face on her breast.

INT. BATHROOM, SHOWER GOING

Frank holding her under the stream as they have slow standing sex; no need to race through it. They have all the time in the world. Or do they.

ON Frank – his chin over her shoulder, haunted.

INT. SOME BEDROOM – SAME

Kline is fucking like he's on train tracks and the Dixie Special is barreling down the line. Ardent; a rutting bull; the woman beneath him holding on for the ride. He comes and collapses as if punctured. He rolls off the lucky lady.

It's Eve Samuels.

Kline sits on the edge of the bed staring off; whatever had been chasing him is still there in his eyes. He gets up and gets dressed; Eve watching him, her own expression unreadable. She's used to his post-coital silence.

KLINE
(leaving)
See you tomorrow.

The door closes. Eve reaches for a cigarette.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM – 7:00 AM

On his back, face in the pillow. Lola comes in. Climbs up, studies him. She stands on the mattress, lifts a foot.

FRANK
(facedown, motionless)
Don't you dare.

ON Lola, expressionless, and there she goes, first one foot then the other, tottering on his back like she's in a log-rolling contest.

LOLA
Mom says to get up.

FRANK
(wincing; the bruises)
Couldn't you just say that?

LOLA
I like this way.

FRANK
(turning over, catching
her)
Do you now...

She's squealing and laughing pretending to try and get away.
Frank is in momentary heaven.

Lola finally rolls away, grabs the bedroom remote to find her
shows.

THE SCREEN

Channels passing quickly: Cartoons, NY 1 News shot of the
death car in Queens, cartoons, gameshows, cart...

Frank grabs the remote flips back to the death car.

REPORTER (TV)
Pablo Guzman in the shadow of Shea
Stadium. Back to you, Connie.

INT. KLINE'S DINING ROOM - SAME

Kline sitting silently at the table with his wife. Watching
the small kitchen counter TV. Same footage of the death car
but on another channel. Sipping coffee, expressionless;
don't mean shit to him.

INT/EXT. CAR

Frank driving to work. Freaking.

WINS RADIO
The two men, identified as Raymond
Rivera, 24, of Whitestone and Raoul
Targer, 26, of Cambria Heights both
had extensive criminal records.

His cell rings.

FRANK
Yeah.

DANNY
Hey Frank? There's a detective and
a lieutenant here waiting for you.

FRANK
What? From where.

DANNY
The one ten.

FRANK
What do they want.

DANNY
 Something about that double header
 out in Queens.

FRANK
 I'm on my way in. Find out more
 call me back.

EXT. 7TH PRECINCT - 15 MIN. LATER

Frank, walking from his car to the building. Sees the Queens
 DETECTIVES on their cells in front of the building.
 DONNELLEY, a fellow Lt. Frank's age, shabbily dressed, and
 SISK, a younger stocky kid in a sharper suit.

FRANK
 (to Lt. Donnelley)
 Hey, Billy Boy. How's the kid?

BILLY
 (shaking hands)
 Superb. Just got into Bronx
 Science. Saved me a bundle on a
 private school.

FRANK
 Fantastic. Congratulations.

BILLY
 Frank. This is Jimmy Sisk.

FRANK
 Hey, how you doing.
 (shaking hands, Sisk alert
 and unsmiling)
 So fellas, what's the what?

BILLY
 You want to talk upstairs?

FRANK
 (no prying eyes)
 You like Cuban coffee?

INT. CAFÉ FLORIDA - PITT ST.- 15 MINUTES LATER

Frank, Billy and Sisk sitting with café con leches.

BILLY
 So we pick up this kid Castro,
 seems he went away on the testimony
 of the body in the front seat.
 This Raoul Targer.

FRANK

Nello. I know the kid since he was little, a real piece of work, been my CI on and off for years.

BILLY

Well, that's what we need to square. Castro says he was with you last night?

FRANK

(careful now)
With me doing what...

BILLY

Setting up a meet with a snitch?

FRANK

He claimed he had somebody with a name for me on that club murder were working. The guy never showed. Two hours of my life I'll never get back.

SISK

Where were you two waiting?

FRANK

(careful now)
Where? Where'd he say?

Sisk doesn't answer, just stares at him.

BILLY

He claims City Island.

FRANK

(whew)
Can you believe he had me drive all the way up there for nothing?

Sisk continues to stare.

FRANK (CONTD)

So what's happening with your thing, got any other leads?

BILLY

The vics were animals, no shortage of possibles, but for the moment it's a whodunit.

FRANK

I hear you.

BILLY

Only good news is we think there's
a witness out there.

FRANK

Yeah?

BILLY

Guy in the back seat had his pants
around his knees and lipstick on
his johnson. Got a high-heeled
shoe and an earring back there too.
I'm thinking some pross was down
low when the fireworks went off,
snuck away after the shooter
booked.

FRANK

(dying)

No kidding. Got a line on her?

BILLY

Not as yet.

FRANK

(cell goes off)

One sec, fellas... Hello...

CASTRO(OS)

Frank? Hey Frank, it's me.

FRANK

(dying)

Hey there, where are you?

CASTRO (OS)

Yeah, right. But I'm a man of my
word. Got a pen? The dudes you
looking for? I know two. Plus I
got a number.

FRANK

(dying)

Shoot...

As Frank takes the names... Sisk continues to stare at him.

INT. 7TH SQUAD TASK FORCE ROOM - SAME

SQUAD interviewing kitchen staff from Chinaman's. Kline and
company working the phones.

WHALEN

(to Kline)

My man Marquis?

(drops paper)

(MORE)

WHALEN (CONTD)

Two names on the Harlem job. I told you. All he needed was that little goose.

KLINE

(we'll see)
You run them?

WHALEN

Just about to.

Whalen goes to his desk, his computer. Frank enters the room, makes eye contact with Eddie, then leaves again. A beat later Eddie rises, follows him out. Kline watching their every move.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - 7TH SQUAD - DAY

Frank washing up. Alone in here. Then the door opens.

EDDIE

We're pretty much done with the Chinaman's staff, got six undocumented, a waiter with an old coke collar but no one's jumping out at us.

Instead of responding, Frank's checking the stalls. Making sure they're the only ones in here, before -

FRANK

Go for a sandwich. Head over to the 66. I want you to run a couple names. There's a phone number too. See if you can hustle up the cell sites. Start with the day of the robbery.

EDDIE

You want fries with that?

FRANK

I want a cherry on top.

EDDIE

You OK?

FRANK

What do you mean.

EDDIE

You called me last night then hung up.

FRANK

It was nothing.

Eddie knows not to push.

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM

Kline watches Frank return then looks up to see...

WHALEN

(fuck me)

No good. Both these guys been in
lockup since before the Flood.

KLINE

And now your boy Marquis can join
them.

WHALEN

Boss, just let him work a little.

KLINE

Get out of my sight.

Kline leaves the room in frustration and disgust.

INT. HALLWAY

Kline alone starts a silent meltdown, ready to punch a wall

D I. ALLEN

Hey, Tommy... How's it going?

KLINE

(high positive)

Plugging away.

D. I. ALLEN

Excellent.

KLINE

Just trying to get everybody to
pull together.

(good soldier)

We'll get it.

Allen smiles. Kline salutes. It's all good. Allen moves
on, Kline looks insane.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE GIN MILL - NIGHT

Booth at the back. Frank huddled with Eddie, Danny, Irma,
Big Boy, Milano and Curtis. Everyone amped and trying to
keep it in check. Paperwork - MUGSHOTS - RAP SHEETS getting
passed around.

CURTIS

Donald Hodes... Robert Flemmi...
they do time together...

(MORE)

CURTIS (CONTD)

lift weights together... deal some X together. We think they ripped off and killed their connection together. Flemmi, when they went to talk to him about it, he didn't like the way he was being spoken to and had a little steroid meltdown which resulted in a nineteen-month incarceration at Downstate...

(turning it over to)

IRMA

Hodes made a friend inside - Phillip Higgins. Mr. Higgins has lot of paperwork with his name on it. Armed robbery, Ag assault, Manslaughter - he's sort of Mr. Flemmi's guidance counselor up there.

FRANK

How did you get to him?

Irma waves Danny the floor.

DANNY

The phone number you gave us? It belongs to Mr. Flemmi's sister. We picked up two cell sites at the scene last Wednesday morning.

FRANK

Alright, that's three. Anybody else?

EDDIE

I guess we'll find out soon enough.

They all take a moment, contemplating what's to come

EXT. 7th PRECINCT - NIGHT

Kline's phone ringing as he hits the street.

KLINE

(on phone)

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT/YONKERS - NIGHT

Eve at the kitchen table. Her husband sitting across from her, wolfing down his supper.

EVE
I'm sitting here with Mark.

KLINE (PHONE)
Okay...

EVE
He just got home and he's telling
me Frank Bruno's name came up today
on that double in Queens.

KLINE (PHONE)
Came up how?

EVE
As an alibi.

EXT. QUEENS PRECINCT - MORNING

Estab. shot.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - SAME

Kline is sitting with DETECTIVE SAMUELS, Eve's husband.

KLINE
I don't understand, it's your catch
but you didn't go?

SAMUELS
I had a shitload of paperwork plus
our boss wanted to go. You know, a
lieu to talk to a lieu.

KLINE
And Lieutenant Bruno said he was
with this guy, what's his name?

SISK (OS)
Castro... Nello Castro...

Kline turns, gives Sisk the onceover.

KLINE
And where'd he say the two of them
were last night?

SISK
He didn't.

SAMUELS
I thought you said he said City
Island.

SISK
That's what he was told.

Once again Kline gives Sisk the onceover.

KLINE

(to Sisk)

So how are you doing tracking down
your pross eye-wit?

SISK

Talk to him.

SAMUELS

Were backed up the yin yang here.
Besides, those two? We're talking
misdemeanor homicides.

Kline nods, clocking the expression of disgust on Sisk's
face.

SAMUELS (CONTD)

Hey, by the way, my wife says she
loves working under you.

KLINE

No kidding.

(fighting down a guffaw)

I enjoy having her under me.

(cell goes off)

Excuse me. Yeah...

Kline's face drains.

INT. TASK FORCE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kline rushing us in, and then stopping cold. We see it as he
does - it's another shabby space, but prepped for a meeting:
banquet tables, easels against the wall, maps and diagrams
taped up for display.

Frank alone here. Seated at the table. Waiting for Kline to
absorb the materials.

PICTURES - blow-ups of the mug shots on the table - tell us
all we need to know - Hodes, Flemmi, Higgins and a new face,
we'll call Beckley.

FRANK

We got a location for them out in
Brooklyn, got eyes on it as we
speak.

(beat)

I'm telling everyone we couldn't've
done it without you.

KLINE

Fuck you.
(getting a grip)
When does Mancini get here?

FRANK

About an hour.
(standing now)
Thought you might want to get up to
speed.

Frank walks. Kline standing there. Fighting the panic.

INT. TASK FORCE CONFERENCE ROOM - 1 HOUR

Mancini addressing the combined 7th Squad and Robbery teams.

MANCINI

Surveillance has anywhere from
three to five individuals arriving
and leaving the factory garage at
443 37th Street, always separately,
between the hours of 9am and
noon...

EXT. CITY OF INDUSTRY - BROOKLYN - NEXT DAY

KEY IN ON that garage mid-block, silent, gate down as we
hear:

MANCINI (VO)

*Given their pedigrees and the
likelihood of resistance,
tomorrow's game plan is simple.*

CLOSE ON DANNY

on loading dock across the street, sipping a beer and eating
a sandwich, dressed like a forklift operator on break.

MANCINI(VO)

*Wait until they're all inside, then
pick them off one by one as they
leave. Throw an interview into the
first guy we grab and hopefully
we'll get some intel on exactly who
and how many are behind that
door...*

EXT/INT. FRANK RIDING SOLO IN CAR,

checking the positions of the two teams, 7th Squad and
Robbery; 8 cars, 2 vans, all on side streets 3 to 6 blocks
running east and west of the target and out of the sightlines
of whoever's in there.

FRANK
(on radio)
Team 1.

EDDIE
(in parked car, solo)
Set up...

MANCINI (VO)
*Robbery will cover the east side of
the factory, 7th Squad the west.*

FRANK
Team 2.

MANCINI (VO)
*And Frank Bruno will be team
leader.*

This last landing on -

KLINE
(in car w/Humble, pissed)
Set up.

ANGLE - LOADING DOCK

Danny sees two men emerge from the garage.

DANNY
(into radio)
Uncle Dan to team leader. I got
Hodes and Higgins walking out
getting into the blue van, rolling
northbound on 37th street.

FRANK
Together?

DANNY
What do you want to do.

FRANK
(fuck it)
Let's take 'em.

FRANK'S POV - BLUE VAN PASSING HIM

FRANK
(on radio)
Got an eyeball on 35th.

EDDIE (ON RADIO)
Car 2 on the air, just passed me
heading towards 33rd street..

BIG BOY (ON RADIO)
 (w/Milano)
 Car 3. Passing us heading towards
 31st.

FRANK
 Alright, Car 4 make your move at
 29th and Third, cars 2 and 3 give
 'em some room, then come up behind.
 All Robbery Squad cars hold your
 positions.

BACK TO:

KLINE - PARKED,
 smoldering over this second banana inactivity.
 INT. CAR 4 - (BLACK VAN - CURTIS, BANNERMAN),
 on side street.

THEIR POV - THE BLUE VAN

approaching 29th and Third. They start to roll, ready for
 the intercept, then abruptly stop. TWO TEENAGERS WITH A
 BASKETBALL are sauntering through, then stopping to hang.

CURTIS
 CAR 4 on the air, we got 2 kids
 here.

FRANK
 (calmly)
 Where at.

CURTIS
 Right at 29th and Third.

FRANK
 (calmly)
 Alright, just stay on them, take
 'em at 26th.

EXT/INT. SHOOTER VAN, SITTING AT 28TH ST. RED LIGHT

HODIES
 (yawning, singing)
She's a rich girl.
It's a bitch, girl.

HODIES' POV - THRU REAR VIEW

Sees Eddie's car. Doesn't react other than to stop singing.

INT. CAR 2

EDDIE

CAR 2 on the air, I think they're
raised up. What do you want to
do...

FRANK

(calmly)

Fall away, 2. Car 5, pick it up
for Eddie. 3, 4 and 5 take them at
26th.

BACK TO:

KLINE,

listening in - fuming, glaring now at that garage door.

BACK TO:

FRANK'S POV - CAR 5 (IRMA)

zooms past him to get in position, then, at 26th street...

FRANK'S POV - A BLOCK AWAY - IT GOES DOWN

The BLUE VAN is cut off in a squealing pincers, 7th Squad
flying out of three cars with drawn guns.

FRANK SEES/HEARS:

RADIO VOICES

GET OUT OF THE CAR! NYPD! GET OUT
OF THE CAR! POLICE! GET OUT OF
THE CAR!

FLASHCUTS TO:

DANNY ON LOADING DOCK

KLINE AND ROBBERY SQUAD, PARKED

All momentarily glued to radios; then...

RADIO VOICES

FUCK! GUN! DROP THE GUN! DROP
THE GUN! GUN!

THEN BACK TO:

FRANK'S POV - as we SEE/HEAR:

GUNSHOTS - LIGHT BLASTS going out of and into the car.

Milano flying backwards.

Big Boy, Curtis, Bannerman, Irma bellowing and firing into the car.

And then it's over - calm to chaos to aftermath in 5 seconds.

ANGLES:

Frank - flying to the scene.

Eddie - flying to the scene.

Remaining 7th Squad cars and all Robbery Squad cars -(EXCEPT KLINE) flying to the scene.

DANNY(ON RADIO)
TEAM LEADER, EVERYBODY'S GOING!
EVERYBODY'S GOING!

FRANK
(barking thru radio
madness)
ROBBERY SQUAD MAINTAIN YOUR
POSITIONS - ROBBERY SQUAD MAINTAIN
YOUR POSITIONS. ROBBERY SQUAD C.O.
ON THE AIR! ROBBERY SQUAD...
DENNIS, HOLD YOUR PEOPLE, MAINTAIN
YOUR POSITIONS. DENNIS! CHECK AND
ADVISE!

KLINE
(eyes on garage door)
10-4.
(through his teeth)
All robbery squad cars return on
your posts, return to your posts.

ANGLE - CARS FLYING TO THE SHOOTING

Then three Robbery cars come to a sharp stop, turn around.

ON Kline as

FRANK (OVER RADIO)
I'LL CALL YOU IF I NEED YOU. HOLD
YOUR POSITIONS.

SHOOTOUT INTERSECTION
All of seventh squad there now.
Milano flat on his back.

FRANK
(kneeling over him)
YOU HIT?

MILANO
(gasping)
I'm good.

FRANK
YOU SURE?

BACK TO:

KLINE'S CARS BACK IN POSITION,
everyone amped, hyped, tethered dogs.

KLINE
glaring at that fucking garage door.

BACK TO:

SHOOTOUT INTERSECTION

Squad cops dragging dead bodies out of the van, everyone
cursing, yelling.

MILANO
(sitting up now, staring
at his shredded Kevlar
vest, elated)
YEAH, BABY!
(then lays back down)

BACK TO:

KLINE STARING AT THE GARAGE DOOR,
Radio chaos-chatter from the shootout deafening, his crew
frustrated, starting to lose it. Kline starting to lose it.

KLINE'S POV - THE GARAGE

Some ambiguous stirring in there, maybe, or some sharp noise -
could be over the radio, a truck backfiring on the Gowanus,
or...

KLINE
(to Humble)
You hear that?

HUMBLE
What..

KLINE
From in there...

HUMBLE

Yeah?

(heart pounding)

Yeah, I did.

KLINE (ON RADIO)

All Robbery Squad members 85 me
forthwith at north side of
location.

Kline takes off.

ANGLE — ROBBERY SQUAD CARS PULLING UP TO SEE

Kline on foot around the corner from the garage entrance.

PINK

What's up.

KLINE

You and you swing back and approach
the garage from the east end, you
and you from the west, you two are
the hospital car, sit tight, were
taking the door.

Everybody looking at each other, surprised but amped.

KLINE

C'MON, LETS GO! LETS GO!

(then)

Radios off.

CLOSE ON KLINE

turning off his radio

DANNY'S POV — ROBBERY SQUAD

approaching the front door on foot.

DANNY

What the fuck...

BACK TO:

SHOOTOUT INTERSECTION

DANNY(OVER THE RADIO)

Uncle Dan to team leader, Robbery
Squad's on the move, heading for
the garage.

FRANK

The hell...

(into radio)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONTD)
 ROBBERY SQUAD C.O. ON THE AIR,
 ROBBERY SQUAD C.O., ROB... DENNIS
 PICK UP YOUR FUCKING RADIO!
 DENNIS! MAINTAIN YOUR...

DANNY'S POV — THE BIGGEST GUY IN ROBBERY

produces a battering ram.

DANNY
 Aw shit...
 (radio)
 Uncle Dan to team leader. Uncle
 Dan.

SHOOTOUT CORNER

DANNY (RADIO)
 They got the ram, they're hitting
 the door, they're hitting the door.

EDDIE
 That motherfucker... I *knew* it.

Eddie looks beseechingly at Frank like a chained pitbull —
 EVERYBODY reduced to dog states.

FRANK
 (to Eddie)
 OK. GO, GO!

Eddie tears off in his car to stop the assault on the garage.

BACK TO:

KLINE AND SQUAD ON FOOT

Kline, gun drawn — his ear to the garage door, then gestures
 for the RAM.

BACK TO:

EDDIE — IN CAR

EDDIE
 I'll fucking *kill* him.

BACK TO:

GARAGE DOOR — THE RAM

BLAM — NOTHING. BLAM — NOTHING. Then,

BLAM - BREAKTHROUGH

As soon as the door is down, from the shadows there comes automatic fire; two shooters in there lying in wait.

Pink goes down, everyone else takes cover, then with Kline leading the way, return fire; a withering fusillade that overkills one shooter and sends the second diving into A SECOND VAN inside the garage.

THE SHOOTER floors it directly at Kline who sidesteps like a matador. And along with the rest of Robbery forms a gauntlet of fire as this second van barrels through.

KLINE'S POV - THE VAN,

past them now, rolls a few hundred feet - then gently comes to a stop.

As Robbery Squad attends to PINK, KLINE stands there retroactively terrorized, victorious.

Then Eddie comes flying at him from the sidelines; livid, swinging two-fisted.

EDDIE
HOLD YOUR FUCKING POSITION!

Eddie and Kline start trading blows. Frank comes running out of his car to break it up. Eve, tending to the injured Pink, sees:

EVE'S POV - THE DARK MAW OF THE NOW-DOORLESS GARAGE

Beyond the dead guy in plain sight there's a FIFTH MAN no one knew existed.

EVE
SHOOTER!

And fires; others firing; the fifth man returning fire; more chaos... Smoke clears.

WHALEN
(in garage)
WHERE THE FUCK HE GO!

BACK TO:

EDDIE,

just standing there, looking calm and somewhat bemused.

FRANK'S POV - EDDIE,

blooming red; shot below his vest.

EDDIE
(casually)
I'm OK.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

A wall of BLUE UNIFORMS guarding the far end of an empty corridor. The hum of a busy ER muffled in the distance. Just this awful empty hush, as

THE CAMERA FINDS THE 7TH SQUAD,

Dana and Eddie's wife JEAN and THREE SONS. Tears flowing freely. Danny pacing mindlessly; his grief souring into rage.

ANGLE
Big Boy out in the EMPTY CORRIDOR.
Motioning to Frank.

BIG BOY
Take a look...
(eyes down the hall)

FRANK
Make sure Danny doesn't get out
here.

THE CORRIDOR ENTRANCE

Kline just past the police cordon, when suddenly he stops.
Frank is coming down the hall. Kline walking to meet him.

KLINE
How's Eddie.

The look on Frank's face says it all.

KLINE (CONTD)
(ashen)
No...

FRANK
(quietly raw)
Everything in my power, Tommy.

KLINE
What?

FRANK
I'd rather burn beside you than see
you walk away from this.

KLINE

What the hell are you talking about...

FRANK

What I oughta do is just shoot you right now and get it over with.

KLINE

I'm gonna chalk that up to the situation.

(but he's definitely rattled)

I have a wounded guy here. I'm gonna see about that.

(beat)

Please give my condolences to his family.

(turning away, and...)

FRANK

Watch your back, Tommy.

KLINE'S FACE

as the threat lands - he just keeps walking as he pretends it means nothing.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FUNERAL PARADE - DAY

MONTAGE SHOTS:

BOOTS MARCHING ON ASPHALT - FIFTY UNIFORMED OFFICERS getting off AN NYPD BUS - LOCAL RESIDENTS lining the sidewalk.

A RIDERLESS HORSE, skittish on the pavement - BAGPIPERS MARCHING, instruments held quietly at their side, still nothing but THE DRUM.

STOIC COP FACES - A LINE OF BLACK CARS rolling slowly.

THE DRUMS - A BLUR OF MARCHING UNIFORMS.

THE CHURCH STEPS - a mass of dress blues, standing at ease, waiting for the cortege to arrive.

THE CHURCH STEPS - Frank, Danny, Big Boy, Irma, Bannerman, Milano, Curtis.

And directly behind them, the Robbery Squad.

That drumbeat GETTING CLOSER and...

THE Mayor and Commissioner Coyle getting out of a limo, just in time - the DRUMS ONLY A BLOCK AWAY.

CHURCH STEPS - Kline arriving late, moving for his spot with the Robbery Squad when...

Danny sees him coming - stiffens - and then turns his back. And then Big Boy turns away... then Milano... now Irma... until THE ENTIRE 7TH SQUAD has turned its back on Kline as he takes his position, and...

The CAMERA FINDS the Mayor and Police Commissioner standing with Mancini and seeing this.

P.C.

What the hell's going on here?

Mancini staring daggers at Frank, as the DRUMS PEAK and...

The ABOUT-FACED 7th Squad is now nose to nose, eyes into eyes with the FRONT FACING Robbery Squad; every face rigid; unreadable.

MASTER AT ARMS

ATTENNN-HUTTT!!!

TWO HUNDRED COPS straightening instantly as the BAGPIPES BEGIN THEIR DIRGE and the CORTEGE rolls in and...

KLINE'S POV - DOWN THE STAIRS

Eddie's wife, kids, and brother Tito emerging from a black sedan.

Then walking up the church steps, TITO (who was ratted out by Kline in 1985) glaring murderously as he passes Kline.

Kline staring stoically ahead. Head high. Mortified but unyielding.

INT. IAB INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A small, cold room. LT. NEELE is 40, a tightly wound guy in the right job. His #2, SGT. MARCY, running the tape recorder. Dennis Kline across the table with his DBA ATTORNEY.

NEELE

...this interview will be logged as Internal Affairs Bureau investigation number 6217-07. Lt. Kline is represented here today by DBA attorney, Mr. Eric Gordon...

TIME CUT:

THE IAB INTERVIEW ROOM

Everything the same, except:

FRANK

We had a game plan in place. Lt. Kline knew that game plan. No one was ever supposed to take that door because these guys were too violent.

How could any experienced detective go into a factory where we had every reason to believe that an unknown number of people were armed right after a police involved shooting 6 blocks away.

After that incident I intended to call ESU and have them take over the operation but all efforts to contact Detective Kline went nowhere because he shut off his radio.

TO -

KLINE

I instructed my people to turn off their radios because I didn't want to be standing in front of that door and suddenly hearing chatter.

Things seemed totally out of control in the street. Lt. Bruno took off to handle that and I was concerned because I heard Detective Benitez say earlier that he thought the two in the car were raised up and I didn't know if at that point they had communicated a warning to the two...

(swallow)

the three perps still in the factory. I then heard what I believed to be a shot in there, and I felt I had no choice but to enter that location because I feared someone's life could be in danger.

TO -

FRANK

I wanted that place secured and held. They weren't going anywhere and we had all the time in the world to be as safe as we needed to be.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONTD)

In my opinion Detective Kline had every intention to go in there despite anyone's game plan, he knew exactly what was going to happen if he tried to take that door, he did it anyhow and as a result a highly decorated veteran of the force, Detective First Grade Edward Benitez... is dead.

ON Kline.

INT. 7th SQUAD LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Frank cleaning out Eddie's locker. Looking up,

MANCINI

Need a hand?

FRANK

Look.

Shows Mancini a framed photo of Eddie and his family, his wife, those three young boys, Eddie's explosive smile...

MANCINI

Breaks your heart.

FRANK

Uh-huh [say your piece]. So...

MANCINI

You gotta lay back on Kline. That's the word from upstairs. We dropped the bad guys.

FRANK

Except for the one that did Eddie.

MANCINI

Nets closing in. That's the story they want to tell.

FRANK

And Eddie?

MANCINI

He's a hero.

FRANK

So fuck him twice, right?

MANCINI

I'm the messenger, Frank.
(flat out)
(MORE)

MANCINI (CONTD)

Pull down Kline, you're going with him.

FRANK

What. You're still talking about Division Captain?

MANCINI

They'll go another way.

FRANK

With Kline out of the picture who gives a shit.

MANCINI

(beat)

None of this is gonna bring Eddie back.

FRANK

I want Kline's badge.

Mancini nods. He tried.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Kline huddled with Lt. Neele. Utterly off-the-record; they'd both get crushed for this.

NEELE

(incredulous)

It's a dead cop Tommy, it's too big...

KLINE

Don't tell me that.

NEELE

What're you talking about? You think we could ignore you, if this was going the other way?

KLINE

You owe me, Pete. I want it now.

NEELE

The fact I'm here is a favor.

(not about to be bullied)

I've got no civilian complaints and four dead scumbags that don't need to go to trial. I could issue a report next week and put this thing to bed for good. What I *can't* do, is push back a well respected lieutenant who lost a man.

(MORE)

NEELE (CONTD)
 You want this to disappear? Get
 Frank Bruno to shut up.

KLINE
 He's killing me, isn't he?

NEELE
 He's sure trying.

INT. PHONE AREA - RIKER'S ISLAND CC - SAME

Sporting a prison jumpsuit, Marquis Willis, looking as twitchy as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs, is dialing

MARQUIS WILLIS
 (down low)
 Yeah, Teddy, Marquis. Fi' got
 something real good for you could
 you like, maybe kindly try an' get
 me the fuck up out of here?

EXT. QUEEN'S PRECINCT - NIGHT

Estab. shot.

INT. QUEENS PRECINCT DAY ROOM - NIGHT

Sisk pulling on his coat. Turning for the door...

KLINE
 So how's your doubleheader?

SISK
 Whoa... Scared me there, lieu.

KLINE
 Where you at with it?

SISK
 Nowhere.
 (embarrassed)
 It's really Samuel's case...

KLINE
 Yeah? Where's he?

SISK
 Last two days he's been out. Lyme
 disease, I believe.

KLINE
 He's dead weight, isn't he?
 (wary, Sisk shrugs)
 How'd you like to get out of this
 shithole precinct?

SISK
 (hell, yeah)
 What do I have to do.

KLINE
 You still have the earring that
 pross left behind?

EXT. QUEENS STREETS - NIGHT

AN UNMARKED TAURUS tearing through the night and...

MONTAGE - QUICK SHOTS - THE NEXT FOUR HOURS

Kline and Sisk searching for the hooker-witness.

NASTY QUEENS CORNER - TWO RUGGED HOOKERS looking bummed as
 Kline flashes his badge and...

DONUT SHOP - THREE HOOKERS warming up over coffee, looking up
 as Kline sits down at their table and...

PARKING LOT - FAT HOOKER leaning in the window of the Taurus
 and freezing as she sees the badge and...

DIFFERENT CORNER - Sisk standing with a RED LATEX HOOKER as
 Kline tears through her purse and FINALLY TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN LIVERY CAR STOREFRONT - NIGHT

The TAURUS parked outside.

INT. RUSSIAN LIVERY DISPATCH OFFICE - NIGHT

A foul, one-room office. Sisk observing BORIS, the
 dispatcher, pissed-off and terrified because...

KLINE
 (putting his badge away)
 - Not another word outta you -

BORIS
 - But I'm telling you what's true -
 She's my girlfriend! -

BAM! - Kline's FIST - slamming down on the counter so hard it
 breaks. Now it's quiet.

Kline turning now to MARTINA - young, in fishnets and
 leather. Hard, nervous eyes watching Kline come toward her.

KLINE
 You have a date last week over in
 Flushing?
 (when she hesitates)
 DON'T LOOK AT HIM!
 (MORE)

KLINE (CONTD)
(in her face)
Week ago Wednesday. In a car, back
seat, some hermano Dominicano,
right?

MARTINA
No! It's not me...

But something's shaky. She's too freaked.

KLINE
Little problem that night?

MARTINA
I don't know...

KLINE
Cause I found your earring -
(from his pocket)

MARTINA
- no - it's not mine! - not me -

BORIS
(Russian)
- don't tell him anything! -

KLINE
I TOLD YOU TO SHUT THE FUCK UP!
(back to her)
You never lost an earring?
(beat)
I never met a woman hadn't lost an
earring.
(suddenly)
ANSWER ME!

MARTINA
(smaller and smaller)
I don't know...

KLINE
I don't even show it to you and you
know it's not yours?

MARTINA
It's not me.

KLINE
This isn't yours?
(dangling it)

MARTINA
(near tears)
- No - I swear - is not mine -

KLINE
Then who? WHO'S IS IT?

BORIS
She doesn't know!

KLINE
(dead certain now)
Yes, she does.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dinner table. Frank, Dana, and Lola. All three of them going through the motions. Frank's cell rings.

FRANK
Yeah.

INT. ROBBERY SQUAD OFFICE - SAME

WHALEN (ON CELL)
Lieutenant, this is this Teddy
Whalen from Robbery.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

ON Frank - stony silent.

INT. ROBBERY SQUAD OFFICE

WHALEN
Sorry to disturb you, but I got a
street tag for that, that fifth
shooter.
(beat)
I figured you'd want to be on point
for this.
(beat)
And I never got a chance to say how
sorry I am.

INT. QUEENS DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

LOUD, crazy and crowded. JOELLE at the edge of the dance floor, trying to negotiate with A POTENTIAL CUSTOMER over the music, when - OUT OF NOWHERE

Kline - like a falcon - SNATCH! - already has her arm - already hustling for the door - Joelle's struggling uselessly under the techno beat.

INT. THE UNMARKED TAURUS - NIGHT

Sisk up front. Kline in the back with

JOELLE
(freak-out sobbing)
You can't do this...you won't get
away with it...people saw me!

KLINE
Get away with what?

She's so terrified and inconsolable she can barely answer.

JOELLE
They're gonna know...my friends!
They're gonna know... they're gonna
look for me...

KLINE
Wait. Slow down. HEY!
(grabbing her)
What the hell do you think I'm
trying to get away with?

JOELLE
...you're gonna kill me...

KLINE
Why would I do that?

JOELLE
Because he's your friend, right?

KLINE
Who?

JOELLE
The one driving the shooter.

KLINE
Who?

JOELLE
The other cop.

Kline hesitates. Bingo. Victory. Self-disgust. Back in
the cop-fucking business.

KLINE
Yeah, well...
(breathe, then)
Give me your purse.
(she does, Kline
rummaging)
This where you live?

JOELLE
Yes. With my sister.

KLINE
 (to Sisk)
 Give her your card.
 (he does)
 From now on you work for him. Any
 problems? Give him a call. But if
 he reaches out for you and you're
 not there? The problem's gonna be
yours, do you understand?

Joelle still terrorized nods like a bobble-head doll.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TAURUS - NIGHT

Sisk not quite sure what's going on.

KLINE
 Keep her on a leash for the next
 24. I'll be in touch. Things work
 out you'll be in Manhattan by this
 time next week.
 (starts to walk away,
 then)
 But if I ever hear my name come up
 on this I will bury you in the
 Property Room.

EXT. THREE-STORY MOTEL BY JFK - NIGHT

Facade - Three levels of external doors and balconies
 connected by crisscrossing stairs.

Stillness; then we see ESU cops silently clamber up those
 cross-hatched stairs like Busby Berkeley dancers with
 automatic weapons.

EXT. THIRD FLOOR DOOR

COP, backed by that silent army, threading a fiber-optic
 camera under the door.

CLOSE ON - GRAINY VIDEO

NUDE WOMAN smoking on bed, watching TV. NUDE TATTOOED MAN
 emerging from bathroom.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The nude man; it's the short psycho that beat the bouncer to
 death in the Chinaman's robbery. He laughs at something on
 the TV.

The DOOR EXPLODES INWARDS - A FLOOD OF COPS.

Screaming, the woman tumbles off the bed. The Psycho however
 is another story.

BALLS UP NAKED, he starts FIGHTING his way through those heavily armed police; bug-eyed, TRAINED, crazy-fearless; four/five ESU COPS going down before he's finally stopped by the preponderance of guns; then just stands there snarling; still thinking about it...

Frank, impassive, armed with an assault rifle, slowly emerges from the crowd to stand toe to toe with the guy who killed Eddie.

They eyeball each other for a beat, the psycho looking like he wants to tear out Frank's throat with his teeth. THEN..

Frank abruptly SMASHES him in the face with the butt of the rifle.

EXT. 7TH PRECINCT - 30 MIN. LATER

The psycho, cuffed, bloody-mouthed, wearing only a filthy pair of sweatpants, is being hustled into the station.

He passes Frank on his way in, grins wolfishly at him through blood-rimmed teeth as Frank's cell rings.

FRANK

Yeah.

INT. BAR - SAME

Kline fiercely off the wagon, barely coherent.

KLINE (PHONE)

Frank... Frank...

EXT. 7TH PRECINCT

Frank with his cell to his ear but silent, his face stony.

INT. BAR - SAME

KLINE

Step off... I'm begging you... Get off my back... Get off... Or I swear you'll live to regret it.

FRANK (PHONE)

Or what?

KLINE

(near-reeling)

Don't make me do this.. Please.
Just back off, back off.

EXT. 7TH PRECINCT

FRANK (PHONE)
Enjoy your cocktail, Dennis. Then
blow your brains out.

He hangs up.

INT. BAR

Dennis looks like he's contemplating Frank's suggestion.
Then hardening, he dials Sisk.

KLINE
It's me. Bring that whore in now.

EXT. QUEENS SCHOOL - DAY

Morning drop-off. Frank's car parked in the scrum.

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank at the wheel. Lola unbuckling.

FRANK
You got everything?

LOLA
Yah.

FRANK
Yah?

LOLA
Yah.

He's waiting. She smiles, relents. A kiss on the cheek and
there she goes. Frank just about to pull away, when he
stops...

HIS WINDSHIELD POV - MANCINI

stepping off the curb. TWO SENIOR DETECTIVES right behind
him - guys Frank knows.

FRANK
What happened?

MANCINI
We gotta talk.

FRANK
About what?

MANCINI

There's a place about ten blocks up.

(one of the guys)

Bunky's gonna ride with you.

(the tough part)

You gotta give me your phone.

That takes a moment to digest.

FRANK

And my gun?

MANCINI

Just till we get there.

Frank knows. Knows it all. Knows it's bad. Knows there's no good in arguing.

FRANK'S POV - SISK,

the arresting officer of record, standing against a second sedan, staring back at him in that unblinking way of his, then, as if having second thoughts about taking this Kline-like road to the top, looking away.

INT. EMPTY GARAGE - DAY

Couple chairs. Frank in one of them. Mancini and another guy, CAPT. ZUNIS across from him. Half-a-dozen senior NYPD FACES and Sisk at the fringes.

MANCINI

We need to talk about that night.
You want to tell me your side of it?

FRANK, knowing it's too late now, knowing, as any cop does, that saying nothing is better than saying anything, shakes his head.

ZUNIS

For crissake, Frank, let's get the details and put this thing to rest.

Still nothing.

MANCINI

We're trying to get a handle here.
Once this gets official...

FRANK

(as close as he can to
pleading his case)
Chief, you be me right now.

MANCINI

I can't imagine being you right now. Where's Nello Castro. Do you know?

Frank shakes his head. Could mean "No, I don't," or "I'm done talking."

ZUNIS

Frank. We can't help you after this.

FRANK

I want a lawyer.

INT. MOVING UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Frank in the backseat with Capt. Zunis. Sisk driving. Some other CAPTAIN up front. No joy in this for anyone. Vibe tightening as they near the Queens courthouse.

INT. VARIOUS SHOTS/BOOKING AREA QUEEN'S COURTHOUSE - DAY

A line-up. Frank one of ten guys in chairs facing a one-way window, as we begin to hear:

A.D.A. BARNES (OS)

...I'm A.D.A. Barnes, this is Lt. Neele from Internal Affairs.

Frank getting fingerprinted as...

A.D.A. BARNES (OS)

...You need to know that you've been positively identified as the driver of a vehicle used in the commission of a First Degree Murder...

Frank getting a mugshot as...

A.D.A. BARNES (OS)

...the Murder One charge will include special circumstances, as we believe the homicide was carried out for the purpose of retribution for prior testimony...

Dt. Sisk leading Frank (still uncuffed) through the booking area - COPS silent as they pass - no one really sure how to react, as...

A.D.A. BARNES

Nello Castro is also being charged with Murder One, there's a warrant out for his arrest, and an active investigation as to his whereabouts.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - DAY

Dana at work. She's just been called to the nurses' station - A phone call.

DANA (PHONE)

Hello?

(listening a moment)

Where are you?

(beat)

For what?

(jumping in)

- Wait, Frank, slow down -

(impatient now)

I am - I just -

(longer beat)

I don't understand...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK - Just watch her stand there and try to make sense of what we know he's trying to tell her.

INT. QUEENS COURTHOUSE - DAY

COURT OFFICERS keeping the crowd of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS cordoned back. The normal retail clients of this building - junkies, dealers, and car thieves - are all slouched around the room, waiting their turn as

THE CAMERA FINDS DANA

on an empty bench near the front. She's in shock. Mancini, ZUNIS and several other cops doing their best to shield her from the room.

AT THE BENCH

JUDGE FREEMAN presiding. Frank listening to his attorney, MR. OTT argue it out with A.D.A. BARNES.

A.D.A. BARNES

...it's a Capital Case, Your Honor. Mr. Bruno's accomplice, we believe, has already taken flight.

MR. OTT

Lieutenant Bruno...

A.D.A. BARNES

The defendant, Your Honor, is charged with being both chauffeur and alibi in a Capital Murder Case. Until The State has apprehended and charged Mr. Castro, we think the defendant needs to remain in custody.

Frank meeting Dana's gaze.

MR. OTT

Frank Bruno's put over twenty-five years of his life on the line for the people of this City. He's been a tireless public servant, a credit to the department, and pillar of this community. The State's demand for custody is absurd -

JUDGE FREEMAN

I'm afraid, Mr. Ott, I couldn't have said it any better. The defendant's been a beneficiary of the public trust all these years, and there's strong evidence that our faith was misplaced. I'm denying bail and setting a court date on October seven...

(gavel down and)

Shock around the room. Audibly. Frank just staggered...

MR. OTT

Hang in. Just hang in, Frank. We'll work it out.

Frank turning back and

There's Dana, completely confused - Mancini crouched beside her, trying to explain it before she starts crying.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Kline hammered, alone at the short end of the bar, watching news coverage of Frank's arrest on the wall-mounted TV.

SAME TV FOOTAGE

Playing in a darkened motel room, the shifting silvery castings of the screen illuminating the foot of a bed littered with take-out debris, moving up to prone legs, tin-foil vials, a scorched glass pipe.

NELLO CASTRO
at the headboard. Stark staring at
the TV.

A RADIO flares from some other room and Castro jumps - GUN IN HAND - a freak spasm of speed-fueled, fugitive paranoia. Standing there in his underwear, heart pounding, trying to push that crazy shit down.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND INTAKE UNIT - NIGHT

Gateway to hell. Frank with A NEW BUNCH OF PRISONERS, all of them waiting to be processed,

EXT. FRONT OF KLINE'S QUEENS HOME - NIGHT

Kline, drunk in the shadows of the front yard, as if screwing up the courage to enter his own home.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND PROTECTIVE UNIT - NIGHT

Frank in a jumpsuit. Waiting with TWO CORRECTIONS OFFICERS for A SERIES OF STEEL CAGE DOORS to swing open and reveal a narrow, airless cell block.

INT. KLINE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kline at the dining table, smoking. His wife, Lori stands against the counter staring at him; hasn't seen him drunk in years.

LORI
Dennis, were you involved with this
Frank Bruno business?

With the careful gestures of a drunk too drunk to know how obviously drunk he appears:

KLINE
No.

LORI
Then why... *Look* at you...

KLINE
I'm nowhere on that.

LORI
Try again.

KLINE
(surrenders)
It's gone too far. I just
wanted...

LORI

What. You wanted what.

Kline struggles to his feet, goes to a cabinet; and pulls out a bottle.

KLINE

I'll stop tomorrow. I did it once,
I can do it again.

LORI

You know, Dennis, you're always in
such pain...

He turns to her, the wifely tenderness of her voice.

LORI (CONTD)

But after twenty years? It's all
so goddamn uninteresting.

She walks out of the room.

INT. RIKER'S ISOLATION CELL - NIGHT

A six-by-nine, cinderblock tomb. Frank perched on the sleeping slab. Sitting there, trying not to lose his mind. Trying and failing, as the LIGHTS go out.

INT. DANA AND FRANK'S BEDROOM - 3:00 AM

The trill of the phone slicing through the murk.

DANA

(torn from sleep, Lola in
bed with her)
Hello... Hello...
(crackling)
Who *is* this.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

Nello Castro on his bed; glassy-eyed, his cell phone upright and open in his slack palm.

DANA (OS)

(coming through tinny)
Hello! Goddamnit!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IAB HEARING ROOM -DAY

Kline is standing there with Mancini, IAB investigators filing past them into the hearing room. Big day.

MANCINI

You want it from the horse's mouth?
(Kline impassive)
(MORE)

MANCINI (CONTD)

They're gonna clear you today.

(silent relief)

Without Frank to raise a stink...

(Mancini shrugs)

But you know what I think of you,
don't you?

KLINE

(inured to slings and
arrows)

So, this thing I'm lined up for...

You're going to fight it?

MANCINI

Me?

(disgusted)

With what's happening around here
these days? Sometimes this
department gets the bosses it
deserves.

Mancini walks.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND VISITORS UNIT - DAY

Frank across the table from Mr. Ott and Dana. A CORRECTIONS
OFFICER by the door.

OTT

The problem isn't people wanting to
believe - we're not gonna have any
trouble with that. Will it cost
you your badge? Yes. And the
financials? The pension? That we
can argue about.

(beat)

Earlier, you could've possibly
gotten out of this just by telling
what you knew. But now that you're
in the system, we've passed the
point of no return and it's all
predicated on having Mr. Castro
with us to confirm the story.

FRANK

I was screwed either way. And what
cop with more than two minutes on
this job would ever open his mouth
in a situation like that. For
Christ's sake, I brought the lead
in the next day! Where else do
they think it came from? Why else
would I do this?

MR. OTT

You're not listening, Frank.
There's no desire to go after you
for this, but without Castro on the
record there's a limit how far they
can go.

FRANK

What's the offer?

MR. OTT

Without Castro, Manslaughter One.
It's five to ten, you'd do three
and change.

DANA

You mean years?

Confirmation in the silence.

FRANK

Guess somebody damn well better
find Castro.

MR. OTT

The offer's not going anywhere.

Dana fighting tears now.

FRANK

(to Ott, re: the guard)
Can you...

Mr. Ott will walk to the door and get the guard to bend the
rules and look the other way, as Frank takes Dana's hands.

FRANK

Dana, they're gonna find him.

DANA

Oh Jesus, what do I tell Lola?

FRANK

Castro's gonna turn up. I know it.
But until he does, you've got to
hang in. Not just for Lola, for
me. Because I can deal with this.
I can handle this, as long as I
know you're okay. I need you to be
okay.

She nods. Trying. Tears coming no matter what she does.

INT. KLINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kline buried in paperwork. Eve Samuels knocks, comes in.

EVE
I hear your Zone Command came
through.

KLINE
First Division. I'll be running
the 7th, 5th, 9th squads.

EVE
Congratulations.

Awkward silence, then...

KLINE
You did well on the sergeant's test
this year, am I remembering that
right?

EVE
I did.

KLINE
Because the word is Irma Rivera's
putting in her papers over in the
7th, and they're gonna need...

EVE
(quickly)
I think I had my fill of the 7th
for a while.

KLINE
(beat)
Alright.
(back to his paperwork)
It's on you.

EVE
Hey, Dennis? You and I?
(he looks up, knows what's
coming)
We had a pretty a good run, but I
think...

KLINE
Again, it's on you.
(paperwork)

Eve stands there. Wow, *that* was easy.

EVE
Well, like I said.
Congratulations.

CLOSE ON KLINE,

unreadable, as we hear her exit the office.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND MESS HALL - DAY

TWO HUNDRED INMATES on this breakfast shift. Frank watching his back. Forcing himself to eat.

INT. STEAMTABLE BAR - DAY

Robbery Squad eating lunch together - Whalen, Humble, Pink, Eve.

Kline enters. His squad quiets up as he walks towards them

WHALEN
Cop a squat, boss?

KLINE
I'm good.

Takes a seat at the bar.

ANGLE - EVE,

still some sympathy for him if nothing else.

KLINE
Dewars, beer back.
(cell rings)
Yeah...

INT. QUEENS SQUADROOM - SAME

SISK
Lieutenant, just thought you'd like to know, I been shaking the tree on Castro? Finally got some Smackaho ex-girlfriend gave up his cell.

KLINE (PHONE)
You dump it?

SISK
Yes indeed, and you're not gonna believe. I got three calls to Frank Bruno's house since he went inside. Only a few seconds each, 3, 4 in the morning. What do you think.

KLINE
I think you should hang a wire in that house, maybe catch yourself a fish.

SISK
Should I ask the missus first?

KLINE
(thinking then drinking)
No. She's been through enough.
Anything shakes out, you call me.

WHALEN
Boss. We're all going to that
racket tonight. You coming?

Kline blinks, i.e.: What racket.

EXT. UKRANIAN SOCIAL HALL - EVENING

Second Avenue, Alphabet City. Three men at the door. Two bouncers and Detective Mohawk Milano. Handmade sign: "FRIENDS OF FRANK BRUNO"...

AT THE DOOR

Cops, detectives, bosses, neighborhood people forking over a thirty-dollar donation.

WHITE-HAIRED BOSS
Fuck it, take another thirty too.

MILANO'S POV - AN UNMARKED CAR

across the street, two detectives getting out.

MILANO
(to bouncers)
No way...

He walks inside to avoid the faceoff.

IAB
(showing ID)
This party is unsanctioned.

BOUNCER
It's also private, fucknuts. And
you ain't getting in.

INT. UKRAINIAN CLUB - SAME

It's mobbed; and run by Frank's squad to help out his family.

A PAN of the joint shows us:

Danny, drinking as much as he's pouring, running the cash bar.

Big Boy hawking lottery tickets. And through an open door...

THE BACK ROOM

A makeshift CASINO. Irma and Curtis running POKER GAMES, Bannerman the CRAPS TABLE.

Throughout we see familiar faces; the Robbery Squad, Mancini, Norma and Christo, Cinta, the reporters Celona and Daly, any and everybody whoever had dealings with Frank. People drinking, eating, gambling, dropping shekels right and left.

And in the midst of all this is Dana, the guest of honor and recipient of this fundraiser.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Kline standing there holding out his thirty bucks as if daring them not to take it.

The bouncers look to Milano, who shrugs; fuck it, take his money.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB

When Kline makes his entrance, there's a low-key ripple in the front room – not a melodramatic silence but an instant peripheral wariness, a glitch in the party vibe.

Kline toughing it out (like he did at Eddie's funeral) just walks on in.

ANGLE - THE CASH BAR

DANNY
(the drunk bartender)
Fuck's he doing here...

Kline heads to the bar. Still livid over Eddie's death, Danny just walks off, stranding him.

WHALEN
(strained)
Hey boss, glad you made it.

KLINE'S POV - DANA,

talking to Norma and Christo.

NORMA
(pressing cash)
You take this, from us.

Dana is distracted by Kline standing there waiting his turn.

BIG BOY'S POV - KLINE, DANA

BIG BOY
Somebody should get him away from
her.

DANNY
(drunk)
I'm on it.

KLINE
Dana... If there's anything I can
do...

Danny comes up alongside Kline, stands unnervingly close,
looking up at him but silent.

KLINE
(tries to ignore him)
...anything you need...

Dana - at a loss for words.

BIG BOY
(steering her away)
Dana, come over, they want you for
the lottery draw.

DANA
(to Big Boy re: Kline)
What does he want from me?

Kline standing there alone now except for Danny, still
looking up at him, still unnervingly close.

DANNY
Eddie Benitez says hello.

Then we see: Danny is taking a leak against Kline's leg.
Kline's first reaction is mortified paralysis.

His second is to HAUL OFF AND BELT DANNY halfway across the
suddenly silent room.

KLINE
YOU'RE FUCKING FINISHED!

DANNY
(from the floor)
What. You're gonna take me out
too? Fuck you and fuck this job.

Everything stops now, everyone staring impassively at Kline,
who glares back defiantly, then with as much pissed-on
dignity as he can muster, heads for the door.

CLOSE ON KLINE - WALKING ACROSS THE ROOM

A terrible transformation - all ambivalence and guilt erased from his features; I AM WHO I AM. I WILL BE WHO YOU WANT ME TO BE. The door closes behind him.

COP (OS)
Clean up in aisle three.

Some laughter and then the festivities resume as if Kline had never been there.

INT. HALLWAY/MASTER BEDROOM - FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dana coming up the hall. It's late and she looks tired.

She can hear Lola crying and...

There she is in Dana's bed, where she's been every night since Frank was arrested.

DANA
Honey...

LOLA
I can't stop...

Dana crawls into bed gathers her up.

LOLA (CONTD)
I want dad.

DANA
It's midnight, baby. Look at you.
Look at your pretty face...

LOLA
What if you just can't stop being
sad?

Dana about to try and answer, when the PHONE RINGS.

DANA
Hello?

CASTRO (PHONE)
Mrs. Bruno?

DANA
Who's this?

CASTRO (PHONE)
You don't know me...

LOLA
(picking up the anxiety)
Who is it?

Dana, waving her quiet...

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Castro's just scored. He's loaded and sloppy.

CASTRO
...I needed to tell you, 'cause
there's a lot of negativity going
around right now, but Frank's a
good guy... very excellent guy, and
I'm sorry how this went down.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dana stunned and frantic and trying to hide it.

DANA
Are you Nello?

The silence is a confirmation.

DANA
It's you, isn't it?

CASTRO (PHONE)
I'm sorry to call so late...

DANA
You're sorry? My husband's in jail
because of you! They're talking
years!
(turning)
Honey, please...

Lola is now SOBBING - the tension - the call...

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE PAYPHONE - NIGHT

CASTRO
(confused, paranoid)
Who're you talking to?

DANA (PHONE)
My daughter! You want to talk to
her? You want to explain to her
why her father's not here?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Sisk and another Queens guy - both wearing headphones:

CASTRO (PHONE)
- Wait! - hey, just hang on -

DANA (PHONE)
- All you have to do is tell the truth and her father comes home! -

CASTRO (PHONE)
- I'm not going back to prison for anybody - Frank knew the deal.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lola still weeping.

DANA
- We're ruined because of you! -
we're losing everything!

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE PAYPHONE - NIGHT

CASTRO
(anguished)
- I swear, it wasn't supposed to be this way -

DANA (PHONE)
- Where are you? - I need to talk to you! - I'm begging you! - you've gotta help us out!

CASTRO
(pleading)
- I gotta go now, I gotta go -

INT. MASTER BEDROOM FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DANA
- Wait! - hang on! -

Suddenly there's nothing but dial tone and Dana with the phone in her hand, Lola weeping on the bed.

INT. KLINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kline on the phone, listening to a playback of:

DANA (PHONE)
- Where are you? - I need to talk to you! - I'm begging you! - you've gotta help us out!

CASTRO
- I gotta go now, I gotta go -

DANA
- Wait! - hang on! -

And then it stops. Replaced by:

SISK (OVER)
It's a payphone, we're mapping it
now, we should have it-

KLINE
Forget it. Either he's gone or
he'll be watching. You don't want
to spook him.

SISK (PHONE)
You sure?

KLINE
Put a tail on her 24/7. Work,
home, the kid's school. I want to
be informed the minute you even
think something's up.

SISK
I got to tell you, it's good we're
doing this, you know? Because I
hated having to collar Frank
Bruno...

ON Kline - Silent, i.e., Fuck Frank Bruno.

SISK (CONTD)
Boss? You still there?

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - DAY

Dana just ragged. Jumping as THE PHONE RINGS.

DANA
Six East...

CASTRO (PHONE)
You got a car?

DANA
(blink, blink, then)
Yes.

CASTRO (PHONE)
Coney Island. There's payphones at
the corner of Cropsey and Neptune.
You go there and wait for me to
call. You *bring* anybody - *tell*
anybody -
("click" and)
Dana already grabbing her coat.

INT. THE MOVING EXPLORER - DAY

Eve driving the BQE. Kline beside her on THE RADIO

KLINE
Got it - But they've gotta hang
back - we're on our way -

EXT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

SOMEONE'S BINOCULAR POV - DANA,
walking quickly toward A WHITE CAMRY -

EXT/INT. THE WHITE CAMRY - DAY

Dana rushing to open the door. And then she freezes, because
INSIDE THE CAR,

Castro huddled down in the passenger side.

CASTRO
Get in.
(when she hesitates)
Get in and close the fucking door.

INT. GOLD BUICK - DAY

Sisk parked across the street.

DOBLER (RADIO)
You seeing this?

SISK
What was that?

DOBLER (RADIO)
Is there somebody else in the car?

INT. THE WHITE CAMRY - DAY

Dana starting to pull away as -

CASTRO
(still hiding)
Take the right towards Ocean
Parkway.

DANA
Is that a gun?

CASTRO
Shut up, and drive.

EXT. OCEAN PARKWAY - DAY

THE WHITE CAMRY moving quickly and -

EXT. BROOKLYN-QUEENS EXPRESSWAY - DAY

THE EXPLORER speeding like crazy now and -

INT. THE EXPLORER - DAY (CONTD)

Eve driving hard, as -

KLINE

(working the radio)

- What do you mean, you're not
sure? - Get sure! -

DOBLER (RADIO)

- She looked spooked -

KLINE

- You can't lose them, but you
can't get too close - both of you -
you hear me? -

INT. GOLD BUICK - DAY

Sisk and Humble pulling out in pursuit.

SISK

- Copy that -

INT. THE WHITE CAMRY - DAY (CONTD)

Dana driving, looking over as Castro sits up. And is he a
mess... hopped up and confused at the same time. Add THE GUN
and the fact that he can't stop looking out the rear window
and -

CASTRO

How much gas you got?

DANA

Half a tank. Why?

CASTRO

I help you, you help me.

DANA

If you're helping me, put the gun
away.

CASTRO

Just drive.

INT. BLUE CHEVY - DAY

Pink/Dobler tailing her, fifty yards back and -

PINK(RADIO)

- There's someone in there, he's
already... I can see him! - She's
heading for the Expressway -

INT. THE WHITE CAMRY - DAY

CASTRO

(twitching and turning)

- That's a letter from me, it's my
handwriting -

(an envelope)

- I put my fingerprint on there and
I signed it - it's got the whole
story in there. You get me to
Jersey and give me the car, I'll
give you this and we're done, okay?

DANA

Okay.

CASTRO

(suddenly)

What the fuck is that?

(eyes out the back)

Speed up.

(when she hesitates)

DO IT!

INT. FORD EXPLORER - DAY

Kline and Eve. Eve weaving through traffic.

PINK (RADIO)

- He made me -

KLINE

(calm)

Alright, swap out - Switch the
lead.

EXT. PROSPECT EXPRESSWAY ON-RAMP - DAY

PINK'S BLUE CHEVY falling back as HUMBLE/SISK'S GOLD BUICK
speeds past him.

INT. THE BLUE CHEVY - DAY

Pink watching Sisk fly by -

PINK (RADIO)
Sisk! Slow down! Slow the hell
down!

INT. THE WHITE CAMRY - DAY

Castro freaked - eyes out the back - meth-switch flipped -

CASTRO
- WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO? -

HIS POV - THE GOLD BUICK

weaving into position and -

DANA
- Nothing! - what're you talking
about? -

CASTRO
- THAT'S A COP! - YOU CALLED THE
FUCKING COPS! -

DANA
- I DIDN'T - I SWEAR IT! -

CASTRO
- YOU STUPID...
(turning around too fast
and-)

- THE GUN GOES OFF - into the floor but - Dana SCREAMING -
jerking the wheel and - THE CAMRY out of control - INTO A VAN
- a glancing blow! - DANA - THE BRAKES - THE CAMRY SKIDDING -
HIT BY ANOTHER PASSING CAR - SPINNING INTO THE ONCOMING LANES
and - A GAS TRUCK - can't stop and - THE CAMRY DISAPPEARING
INTO THE CHASSIS OF THE TANKER AND - FIREBALL -

Total annihilation.

INT. THE EXPLORER - DAY

WINDSHIELD POV - HALF A MILE AHEAD, THERE IT IS

Smoke already pluming and

SISK/ DOBLER/PINK/HUMBLE
(panicked radio chaos)
- That's them! - it's her! - Oh,
man - You seeing this?

EVE
- Omigod -

KLINE

Turn off the siren! Turn off the lights!

(doing it himself as he
grabs the radio)

LISTEN UP! - CLEAR THE AIR! Get out of there! You hear me? Get out now! Don't stop and don't respond! I'll check back over the phone in five.

PINK (RADIO)

Just bail?

KLINE

You heard me. Sisk?

SISK (RADIO)

Ten-four, Chief. I'm gone.

And the radio goes dead.

KLINE

Make the exit.

EVE

You're serious?

Kline just glares at her until she folds beneath his ferocious will. Slowing the truck and turning for the exit.

EXT. RIKER'S ISLAND HOUSING UNIT - DAY

LONG HOLD IN SILENCE. THEN A HOWL OF GRIEF FROM INSIDE.

EXT. 1 POLICE PLAZA (ROBBERY SQUAD HQ) - DAY

Kline standing outside talking to a few BOSSES, the conversation sober, muted; most likely about Dana.

KLINE'S POV - EVE

exiting 1PP with a cardboard box.

EVE'S POV - KLINE

excusing himself from the power kabal, handshakes all around, heading her way. She reluctantly stops, but won't put down her stuff.

KLINE

Monticello PD, huh?

EVE
 (not looking at him)
 We have a summer place around
 there. Now it'll be our year-round.

KLINE
 (nodding in acceptance,
 then tilting his head to
 the bosses,)
 You're so outraged you're uprooting
 your whole life, why didn't you
 open your mouth to them?

EVE
 Because none of *them* ever wants to
 know anything like this.

EVE
 (staring at him now)
 You know the new guy, Sisk? Locks
 up Frank Bruno all of a sudden he's
 Robbery Squad?

Now it's Kline's turn to look away.

EVE
 Eddie Benitez, Dana, Frank...
 Someday Dennis, their ghosts will
 drag you away.

EXT. BROOKLYN CEMETERY GROUNDS - DAY

DANA'S CASKET being lowered into the ground.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Frank at the graveside. A flower in his
 cuffed hands. Stepping forward as he gets the a nod from his
 PRISON ESCORT. Dropping the flower into the grave.

FORTY STUNNED PEOPLE trying to deal with complexities of the
 moment. A hungover Danny and the rest of the 7th Squad,
 their wives... Mancini... and Lola standing with DANA'S
 PARENTS. A wreck.

FRANK
 (to his Escort)
 Can I just... Without the cuffs.
 Please.

ESCORT
 I'm sorry, Frank.

Catching this, Mancini comes over and just stares at the guy
 until he relents.

FRANK
 Thank you.

Mancini nods. Backing away as Lola rushes into Frank's arms... Mourners turning away to rein it in.

FRANK

You just have to wait for me.

LOLA

I don't want to. I *can't*.

FRANK

You have to. We have to wait for each other.

LOLA

I just want to go back...I want to go home...
(sobbing now)

FRANK

(losing his mind)
I know. I know. I know.

Holding her until they make him stop -

EXT. BROOKLYN CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

Frank being led back to THE CORRECTIONS VAN. Waiting for THE ESCORTS to unlock the door, when he notices -

Eve Samuels standing beside a car. Like she's been here the whole time. Like she's been afraid, or ashamed to join the other mourners.

ESCORT

Let's go, Frank.

FRANK pondering that, as he climbs into the van.

EXT. DOWNSTATE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

The door opens. Frank emerges with a duffel bag. Standing there waiting, as THE BUS rolls in, and WE SUPER:

FIVE YEARS LATER

EXT. PROSPECT EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Frank standing beside the highway, traffic whipping by. This is where Dana died.

A CAR HORN SOUNDS from behind him. A GYPSY CAB waiting impatiently in the service lane.

Frank not to be rushed. And not just here to say goodbye. Something a bit more calculating about the way he's looking around. Once a detective...

INT. NORMA'S CLINTON ST. WALKUP - NIGHT

Frank rings. The door opens.

NORMA

Paco, what are you doing here?
Cinta was going to drive up for
you.

FRANK

I got the boot a few days early.
They needed my room.

They embrace deeply.

NORMA

What do you want, what do you need,
just say...

FRANK

I could use a bath, a real bath.

NORMA

Yes. Sure. You know where it is.

FRANK

Thank you, Mami.

NORMA

A cop in his tub.
(beat)
Christo would turn over in his
grave.

FRANK

I'm so sorry.

NORMA

You should have seen him at the
end, Paco. My big guy. Couldn't
have weighed more than a hundred
pounds.

Frank kisses her on the forehead. She smiles. Watches him
head back down the hall, as -

INT. KLINE'S OUTER OFFICE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

New office. New sign on the door: DEPUTY INSPECTOR KLINE -
Sisk hustling in - new Sisk - Captain Sisk.

INT. KLINE'S NEW OFFICE - DAY (CONTD)

Kline behind a huge desk as Sisk enters.

SISK

They cut him out two days early.

KLINE

Where's he staying?

SISK

Clinton Street. Some woman.
(reading)
Norma...

KLINE

Norma Almonte.
(beat)
Alright just keep an eye on him.

INT. CHELSEA NIGHT CLUB - DAY

Frank and Danny at the otherwise deserted bar. The place is being swabbed from the night before.

Danny rocked out - long hair, inked up - but the eyes are shot. Something whipped about him.

DANNY

I hung for about half a year but
Kline pretty much good and hounded
me out. And this? It's alright.
I mean the hours suck. They close
out the registers at 3:45. You get
a ragged crowd in here some nights,
it takes a jackhammer to get them
out.

FRANK

You staying healthy?

DANNY

(looking away)
Sure.

FRANK

This guy Sisk. The guy from Queens
who brought me in? I hear he's a
Captain now.

DANNY

Yeah, talk about fast track. He's
gotta be the greenest Captain in
the history of the Department.

FRANK

Whalen - Sisk - Pink - they all
just took off, didn't they?

DANNY

What're you thinking?

FRANK

The same shit I've been chasing in my head for five years. Why would Castro come back for Dana if he wasn't gonna help her? Why would they be speeding up the Expressway if there wasn't someone chasing them?

DANNY

I don't know, Frank, I went that way for a while. Everybody's telling me I gotta move on. If I dwell on things...

FRANK

No, I hear you.

DANNY

I miss those times. I can't even tell you how much. Eddie... you... I loved the job. Really loved it. I mean, this...

FRANK

Forget it. I'm sorry I brought it up.

DANNY

You gotta look ahead, right?

Frank nodding. Letting him off the hook, rising to leave, then...

FRANK

How about Samuels, whatsit, Eve. She go straight up the ladder too?

EXT. MONTICELLO NY POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Eve coming out of the building for a smoke. Like Danny, she seems kind of beat down by the last few years. She lights up. Looks up to see... Frank standing there.

EVE

I was wondering when you'd come.

FRANK

Got a minute?

EXT. BUS- BACK TO MANHATTAN

Frank through the filmy window. He knows now what happened to Dana. What happened to him. The pain he's been carrying has suddenly been given direction.

INT. CHELSEA NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Loud, crowded, and late. Music banging. Lights strobing.

Danny with his leather jacket and earpiece, taking a bouncer pit-stop at THE SERVICE BAR. Slugging down two quick vodka shooters. Not his first two.

Danny turning away. Muscling through the crowd. Almost stumbling as he pushes back toward the door and -

EXT. CHELSEA NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A CROWD clotted around a velvet rope. Some minor beef in progress. FOUR LATIN DUDES off to the side, don't like the way they're being treated. THE DOORMAN and A HUGE BOUNCER just trying to ignore them -

HUGE BOUNCER

- Guys, please -

LATIN DUDE #1

- you ain't gonna let us in, you shoulda told us twenty minutes ago, you fucking asshole!

DOORMAN

It's not your night, guys. We'll see you later.

LATIN DUDE #2

I'll see you with that clipboard up your ass -

But here's the last thing anybody needed -

DANNY

Hey. Step the fuck off. Now.

LATIN DUDE #2

Check out *this* little bitch.

DANNY

(closer)

What're you, a badass? Is that it?
This your badass crew?

HUGE BOUNCER

Lighten up, Danny.

LATIN DUDE #1
 Yeah, lighten up, *sweetie*.
 (laughing at him now)
 Wrong. Cause there goes Danny
 right at him - out onto the
 sidewalk - out of the zone and -
 CHAOS -

PUNCHES FLYING - DANNY GETTING IN A FEW GOOD SHOTS, HE'S MORE
 OF A SLUGGER THAN THEY EXPECTED, BUT THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM
 - CROWD scattering - LATIN DUDES all over DANNY - HUGE
 BOUNCER wading out - CLIPPED FROM BEHIND - THE DOORMAN
 CALLING FOR "BACKUP!" and -

DANNY ON THE SIDEWALK - jacket pulled over his head -
 surrounded -

TWO MORE BOUNCERS - out of the club - charging into the
 street - THE LATIN DUDES running toward TENTH AVENUE -
 laughing and YELLING -

Danny helped to his feet. Mouth bloodied. Pants ripped.
 And his leather jacket is gone.

DANNY
 - Fuck - MY JACKET! -
 (about to give chase-)
 Going nowhere, because huge bouncer
 is holding him back.

HUGE BOUNCER
 What the hell, Danny?

Danny looking back. Everyone staring. Like it's his fault.

INT. NORMA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frank heading out. Norma having coffee.

NORMA
 You sleep okay?

FRANK
 Pretty good, yeah.
 (pause)
 Let me ask. Do you still have
 Christos piece?

NORMA
 Christo didn't have no piece.
 (Frank stares at her)
 He swore off all that nonsense
 years ago, you know that.

Frank keeps staring at her until she just has to look away.

INT. VACANT PUBLIC HOUSING APARTMENT - DAY

THE KNIFE. Maquetumba's knife. The stolen switchblade with the CROWNED GOTHIC "M".

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Maquetumba staring at it. LATIN DUDE #1 standing at attention, proud to be making this offering.

MAQUETUMBA
Where'd you find this?

DANNY'S WALLET lands next to the knife. His driver's license photo smiling back behind a plastic liner.

EXT. WHITE PLAINS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

End of the day. KIDS swarming out.

Key in on one girl standing there flirting with a boy in a car - the girl absently straightening up from the driver's window, looking around, then stooping back down to the boy then slowly straightening up again; - STUNNED - At first she can't move then - She's trance-walking. Then running -

REVERSE TO FRANK

standing with Lola's grandmother. Watching Lola come - opening his arms and gathering her in - both of them overwhelmed, until -

LOLA
(breathless)
They told me tomorrow. I was gonna stay home tomorrow.

FRANK
I couldn't wait.

EXT. WHITE PLAINS RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Frank and Lola walking alone.

LOLA
Grandma said you can stay. She wants you to. There's a room downstairs and everything.

FRANK
I can't. Not yet.

LOLA
(stopping in her tracks)
What? Why?

FRANK

I'm not ready yet. To be around people.

LOLA

I'm 'people'?

FRANK

No. No. Of course not. Baby, listen... So many things happened that I never understood. I just need a little more time to...

LOLA

More time?

FRANK

I messed up so bad for you, Lola. And you're *good* now, I can *see* it. Just let me... I need for it to be, I need for me to be *right* with you.

LOLA

Why didn't you let me visit you more?

FRANK

I couldn't stand to see you go. Every time you left it was like the first time all over again.

She stops. They're near the house.

LOLA

You're gonna come and live with us. You just are.

FRANK

I will. Very soon. Then I'll never leave you again.
(trying not to break)
I gotta get the train.

He pulls her toward him. Embracing her deeply. Finally, she pulls away. Frank watches her go.

INT. KLINE'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

Kline wearing a tuxedo, stares solemnly into the mirror as he adjusts his tie.

SISK

He went up and saw his daughter.
Took the train back...

KLINE
How's he look?

SISK
Older. Tired.

Kline nods grimly. What did he expect?

SISK (CONTD)
I'd say, don't we all but some more
than others, you know what I mean?

Kline silences him with a stare.

INT. APARTMENT PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Danny getting out of his car. Makes his way toward the
elevator, when -

THREE GUYS jump him hard and -

INT. GUEST BEDROOM/NORMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank with Christo's GUN. Slapping the clip.

NORMA
There's two cops downstairs.

FRANK
I saw that. The roof still open?

NORMA
I guess. I don't go up there.
(re: the gun)
Maybe you should think about your
daughter.

Frank nods. Gives a kiss goodbye. He's leaving.

INT. VACANT PUBLIC HOUSING APT.- DAY

Barren. Danny strapped to a chair, taking a brutal beating.
(Note: this sequence will remain day, even as we flash ahead
to night.)

MAQUETUMBA
Who, asshole? Who ordered it?
(circling slowly)
'Cause I know it wasn't you.

Danny staring ahead. Giving nothing.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Kline in back with his new wife CARLA, both dressed for some
formal affair.

INT. VACANT APT.- DAY

CRACK - DANNY'S HEAD snapping back from the blow and -

EXT. CLINTON STREET ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Frank jumping down to A FIRE ESCAPE and -

INT. VACANT APT. - DAY

Danny bloodied beyond recognition. Just aware enough to hear the SOUND OF THE SWITCHBLADE FLICKING OPEN beside his ear.

MAQUETUMBA

You wanna be a hero? Let's see if
you're a hero without your balls.
One more chance, hero. Tell me who
put that shit together or I'm gonna
stuff your nuts in your mouth.

INT. HILTON HOTEL PROMENADE - NIGHT

Formal charity event. Must be eight hundred people in the ballroom nearby. And there's Kline coming through with new wife Carla.

INT. VACANT APT.- DAY

Maquetumba closing in. The knife disappearing below frame.

MAQUETUMBA

Last chance, hero...

Danny mumbling... teeth shattered...

MAQUETUMBA (CONTD)

I didn't hear you...

And now Maquetumba leans in close - so close that we can't hear what Danny's saying. But he's saying something... saying enough that Maquetumba nods grimly in satisfaction...

INT. HILTON HOTEL MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kline alone in here washing his hands. Looking up, into the mirror to see -

FRANK

(gun right on him)
Don't move. I want you to see your
head explode.

Kline frozen. No fear, though, just watchful.

FRANK

I know everything. I know you were behind my arrest. I know you used Dana as bait for Castro. And I know it was you and your people who drove her into that truck.

KLINE

We all fucked up.

FRANK

No. I fucked up. You? You're something else. You're a monster. Eddie. My wife, my *daughter*, my *family*...

KLINE

Things went too far.

FRANK

Is that what you tell yourself?

KLINE

All you had to do was ease off of me.

FRANK

(gun to his head)
I don't think you'll be back at this party next year, Tommy.

Kline silent almost waiting for it.

FRANK

I'm taking all this to the papers but here's your out.

(lays down the gun on the sink)

Nine rounds.

(walking away)

Do yourself a favor and use one of them.

As Frank walks to the door Kline picks up the gun.

KLINE

(explodes)

YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DO MYSELF?
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD BLOW HIS OWN BRAINS OUT.

(Frank pauses, one hand on the door)

IT WAS YOU THAT PUT ALL THIS IN MOTION! IT WAS YOU WHO KILLED HER! All you had to do was take your foot off my throat.

(MORE)

KLINE (CONTD)

I *begged* you to! I begged you stop forcing my hand. And even then all you had to do was play ball with them, just tell them what happened that night. But no. Not you. So you killed her just like you've been killing me every day for the last twenty years, you and Eddie and *all* of you. Day after day cutting me up, cutting me out.

(pleading)

I was a *kid*, Frank and they were going to take it all away from me. All I ever wanted. You have no idea. But you wouldn't let up. None of you. All you had to do was say it's enough, say Dennis, you paid in full, offer me your hand and say, *enough*.

(hellish musing)

You know what those bastards said to me that day? "Do the right thing here and you'll land on your feet like nothing happened."

(beat)

Like nothing happened... Can you imagine that?

Frank, with his back to Kline, momentarily falters, Kline's words under his skin, then walks out of the bathroom.

INT. BALLROOM PROMENADE - NIGHT

Kline striding out of the men's room. And he's got the gun, chasing Frank -

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kline jogging down - eyes scanning - pushing wildly through THE CROWD.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Clogged with cars and guests and partygoers. Kline rushing out with the gun at his side and -

HIS POV - FRANK

walking away up darkened 56th St.

KLINE

(pursuing)

YOU THINK I'M GOING TO *KILL* MYSELF?

(MORE)

KLING (CONTD)
 (then just standing there,
 halfway up the side
 street, shouting at
 Frank's diminishing
 silhouette)
 I DIE EVERY DAY!
 (turning suddenly,
 because)

A MOTORCYCLE has just pulled up beside him. TWO RIDERS, both
 in black, head to toe.

GUY IN BACK
 Kline?

KLING
 (seething)
 What!

GUY IN BACK
 Remember me?
 (raising his hand and)

Kline blinks.

ONE SHOT - THE MOTORCYCLE ENGINE REVVING - WINDING OUT as we

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. VACANT APT. - DAY

Danny mumbling... teeth shattered... mouth all fucked up ...

MAQUETUMBA
 I didn't hear you...

And now Maquetumba leans in close -

DANNY
 ...Kline... Tommy Kline...

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - DAY

Frank walking to A NEWSSTAND. Pulling chocolate from the
 display. Handing it to the COUNTER GUY -

HIS POV - NEWSPAPER - "POLICE HONCHO GUNNED DOWN IN MIDTOWN."

Frank stalled there for a moment, until -

COUNTER GUY
 You want a paper?

FRANK

(haunted; was Kline right?
In part, yeah)

No.

And he pays. And he walks. And the camera follows him into the terminal...

And there's Lola waiting.

The two of them heading off toward the train that will take them to White Plains, as we...

FADE OUT.