

Brooklyn's Finest

by  
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PITCH BLACK

VOICE

There's right and wrong. And then  
there's righter and wronger.

1 EXT. STREET NEAR CEMETERY - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 1

Dark, urban, rat infested. Amidst the filth, an immaculate  
Lincoln Town car idles in wait.

2 INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS 2

Voice belongs to CARLO, Italian-American, features damp with  
excitement. Garbage bag in his lap, contents important enough  
for him to grip tightly. With him SAL RUSSEIO, Italian-  
American, face younger than his 35 years. If you knew Sal,  
his lips are always curled into an inviting grin, but today  
his face is stone. Eyes locked, empty. Hands stuck in his  
pocket. The man is conflicted.

SAL

Righter and wronger? Those aren't  
even real words.

CARLO

That's what the judge said,  
"Righter and wronger." And in a  
court of law. You know, pledge  
allegiance and all that bullshit.

SAL

What else did he say?

CARLO

Somethin' 'bout... people'll  
protect their lives no matter what.  
But he said it in that fancy legal  
talk. You hear what happened to me?

Sal shrugs a no. Carlo peers outside, he's got time.

CARLO (CONT'D)

I'm on the Belt Parkway, by sixty-  
fifth street, you know, by the  
pier. And I'm drivin' like a  
bastard. So, the cops pull me over,  
give me the breath test, and I'm  
drunk off my ass. I get locked up.  
So, now I gotta go before the  
judge. My lawyer tells me I was so  
drunk, it's considered a felony.  
Meaning, I broke parole. So, I'm  
lookin' at seven years! No lie Sal,  
I almost shit a bowlin' ball!

(MORE)

CARLO (CONT'D)

So, finally, I go before the judge, and he says, "Mr. Paccione, please explain what happened." I said "Your honor, I was at a bar having a drink when these two men assaulted me. They broke bottles over my head, kicked me in the face. So, to save myself, I run out the bar, get in my car, and drive off."

SAL

He bought that?

CARLO

Bought nothing. That's a true story. I owed every bookie. Couldn't pay. So they sent guys to kick a hole in my head. You could see blood on my face in the mug shots. And somebody at the bar called the cops -- So after hearing this, the judge looks like he's gonna shit a bowlin' ball!

Carlo laughs. He genuinely enjoys telling this story.

CARLO (CONT'D)

He says, "This isn't a simple matter of right and wrong, but righter and wronger, because the defendant had to break the law in order to save himself." Unfuckin' believable right!

SAL

What happened to the cops who arrested you?

CARLO

Nothin'. They were right even tho' they were wrong. And I was wrong, only 'cause I was right. So you get it now? Righter and wronger?

Sal takes his right hand out -- SNUB NOSE .38 covered in a BROWN BAG. BANG! Sends a bullet through the bottom into Carlo's skull -- DEAD on impact.

Sal drops the gun in the bag. Leaves them both. Takes the GARBAGE BAG with his LATEX GLOVE covered hand, opens the door with the same hand.

No evidence -- during his maneuvers, Sal's POLICE BADGE drops from the chain tucked into his shirt -- he tucks it back, hint of guilt on his face as he races out into darkness. Removes his bloody jacket.

3 EXT. HIGHWAY - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

3

Deserted. Until a black BMW speeds by, going fast.

4 INT. BMW - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

4

Car thick with smoke, K-ROCK and BEAMER, tough looking Black men, pass a blunt between them, bounce to low hypnotic hip-hop. Everyone tired, zoning. The driver is TANGO. He's flashy with platinum around his neck and fingers. He's more menacing than the other two and not about the blunt or music right now. He's just about getting home.

Tango checks his REARVIEW. CAR pulls up right behind. Suddenly, RED AND WHITE TROOPER LIGHTS FLASH and a SIREN screams out.

Panic. K-Rock rolls down the windows a crack to let the smoke out. Beamer turns the radio dial to 89.9 AM, pushes a button and a SECRET COMPARTMENT opens. PISTOL inside, he stashes the weed next to it. Closes the compartment. Tango, calmer than the other two, simply pulls over, lights a NEWPORT, takes a slow, deep drag and blows the smoke around the car to mask the scent.

BEAMER

We got that shit in the trunk and  
this nigga wants to do ninety.

K-ROCK

(a panicking mess)  
Fuck! FUCK!

TANGO

Be easy. He's gonna give us a  
ticket and go back to fuckin'  
Mayberry. And we gonna be in  
Brooklyn in a hour. Aight?

5 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

5

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH'S glossy black boots pound the wet pavement as he gets closer to the car.

6 INT. BMW - SAME

6

Trooper Scarborough, typical inbred buzz-cut prick, taps on the window. Tango lowers it. Trooper shines his flashlight inside sees: three tough-looking, stone-faced black men. He assaults their eyes with the beam. Especially the nervous wreck called K-Rock.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH

(not cordial at all)

How are we doing this evening?

Silence.

TANGO

Is there a problem officer?

Trooper sends the beam into Tango's eyes. Holds it there until he has to look away. This Trooper's had a bad day.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH  
License and registration.

Tango hands his papers over. Trooper takes his sweet time looking over the license and registration.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH (CONT'D)  
You boys are a long way from home.

K-Rock flinches, edgy. Trooper's beam is right on him.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH (CONT'D)  
You alright back there?

K-Rock is about to bust. This is going to be bad.

TANGO  
(intervening)  
Officer, if I was speedin', I apologize. I'll slow down next time.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH  
If? You were doin' 89. That's a notch past speeding.  
(beat)  
I'm gonna need you to take your keys out of the ignition with your right hand. And with your right hand drop them outside the vehicle.

Tango complies. Beamer waits for the Trooper to take the keys and retreat to his squad car, then --

BEAMER  
I ain't goin' back to jail.

Beamer hits 89.9 AM on the radio. The compartment opens, but before he can grab the pistol Tango BEAR-CLAWS his hand.

TANGO  
Told you I got this. I'm a cool this mutha fucka out.

Stare down. Neither backs down.

POLICE CRUISER

Trooper on his dashboard radio:

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH (RADIO)  
Need you to run this through deck for me. The name is...

Trooper viewing the info on Tango's ID.

6A INT. BMW - NIGHT

6A

Tango and Beamer still squaring off. FOOTSTEPS coming. Tense beat. Somebody has to give in --

TANGO  
(intense)  
Listen, ain't nobody tryin' to go  
to jail. If he don't chill out --  
we on him. Just loc out. Feel me?

K-Rock and Beamer are on board. Beamer shuts the compartment door. Relaxes.

TANGO (CONT'D)  
But, don't nobody pop off unless  
you see me get it poppin'. Aight?

The Trooper returns.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH  
I've already got you clocked at 89.  
(sniffing inside)  
And from the smell of things, you  
boys were bringing trouble to our  
fine state of New Jersey.

TANGO  
Only thing we doin' in your fine  
state, was a little bit of fishing.  
That's all.

Tango, not arrogant, but not backing down either.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH  
Where's the bait and rods?

TANGO  
We rented them.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH  
You rented them?

Trooper scans the interior with his flashlight. Looking for contraband.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH (CONT'D)  
Funny. You guys don't strike me as  
fishermen.

EYES in the car move around with nervous anticipation.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH (CONT'D)  
Step out of the car.

7 EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

7

Trooper leading Tango to the trunk of the BMW.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH

Open it.

TANGO

You gonna need a warrant for that.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH

I can get a dog here in 20 minutes.

Tango gets the last cigarette from his pack. Lights up.

TANGO

Get'em to bring some Newports too.

BEAMER sets the radio to 89.9 AM. Just waiting for Tango to make a move. Hoping Tango makes a move.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH

Car KEYS about to enter the trunk, but he's really daring Tango. See some worry in him. Panic. Tango hasn't any.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH

Alright, smart ass --

-- TRUNK OPENS -- Jack, tire iron, pump, etc... a typical trunk. Tango enjoying the moment. Maybe too much.

TANGO

You're not gonna get 'Trooper of the month.'

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH

What are you smiling at you ghetto piece of shit?

Tango's eyes -- from calm to hate. He wants to kill this guy, but instead takes a long drag of his cigarette. Holds that rage in. Exhales smoke into the Troopers face.

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH (CONT'D)

Put the cigarette out.

Tango takes another drag. Defiant. Trooper puts his hand on his bolstered weapon --

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna say it again --

Another CRUISER screeches to a halt alongside the first cruiser. HONKS the horn MADLY. State Trooper ignores the honks. He's not done with Tango. Cruiser HONKS again. State Trooper, against every personal desire, goes over to the cruiser. After a lengthy chat with the OFFICER inside, he returns, unable to look Tango in the eyes as he offers him his license, registration, keys, and a TICKET.

Cold look between them. Tango reaches for his papers -- doesn't take them -- instead, takes a final pull on his cigarette. Let's the moment linger. *Keep holding my papers, bitch.* After he's satisfied with the Troopers embarrassment, Tango reaches for his stuff -- Trooper pulls it back --

TROOPER SCARBOROUGH (CONT'D)

Next time you're on my road. You watch your speed.

TANGO

Just give me my papers. *Barney.*

Tango takes the papers. Wants to rip this guy apart. Carries that anger on his face on the walk back.

8 INT. BMW - MOMENTS LATER

8

Tango gets in, watches the Troopers' vehicles pull back onto the road. K-Rock and Beamer let out their pent-up nervous laughter. Tango silent.

BEAMER

Yeah, Tango! You handled that shit, my nigga! Let's wait 'til we get to the next exit, and light that shit back up. Feel me.

K-ROCK

Shit almost got crazy. I was 'bout to let that racist mutha fucka have it. Nah mean!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

They pipe down as he starts up the car. Tango tosses the ticket out. His eyes, a storm of mixed emotion as they pull onto the highway, headed in the direction of the rising sun.

|    |                                              |    |   |
|----|----------------------------------------------|----|---|
| 9  | OMITTED                                      | 9  |   |
| 10 | OMITTED                                      | 10 | * |
| 11 | INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING                 | 11 | * |
|    | CLOSE ON ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES. Dead. Empty.  |    |   |
|    | <i>Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz...</i> |    |   |
|    | The incessant drone of a digital alarm clock |    |   |

More of a box than a room. Cross dangling crooked on the wall. Cabinet with more clothes outside than in. Unmade twin bed. You wouldn't want to live here. The eyes belong to EDDIE DUGAN, late 40's, Irish-American, shirtless and paunchy, wrinkled boxers, stubble, lays on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. Just at one spot. One imperfection in the otherwise smooth eggshell-white ceiling. Stares and stares through complacent eyes, sound of the alarm punishing him and us.

*Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.*

Grunts as he pushes himself up to a sitting position at the edge of the bed. Glances over at the messy NIGHT TABLE. In front of the obnoxiously buzzing clock alarm, a WHISKEY GLASS and a 1/3 full bottle of JAMESONS.

The glass is old, crusty, well-used. On it: a SILHOUETTE of a MAN FISHING OFF A ROW BOAT and the words BISCAYNE BAY, MIAMI - FISH YOU WERE HERE. Somewhere Eddie went once maybe. A long time ago. Eddie pours last night's backwash on the carpet. Holds two fingers against the side of the glass. Pours just that much whiskey in. Lifts the glass and holds it there.

*Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.*

Eddie brings the "two fingers" of whiskey to his lips. Doesn't guzzle it or throw it back, but closes his eyes and lets the amber liquid hit his tongue. Slide down his throat. *Bliss.* As if this is one of the few moments in his day he will savor. Ritual.

*Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.*

He opens his eyes. Holds the glass up. Empty. In several fast motions he - SLAMS IT DOWN - REACHES ACROSS THE NIGHT TABLE - SNATCHES UP A .38 (*Where'd that come from?*) Shoves the barrel in his mouth. Eyes closed. Pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Empty. Holds the gun there.

Suddenly, the PFFT sound of a NOTE passed under the door snaps Eddie back into the present. He sighs. Puts the gun down. Pushes himself up off the bed. Walks over. Bends creakily over to retrieve it. It reads: *My sister is getting married. She will need a gift from us.*

12

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

12

Elegant. Hard to believe this is the same house. MRS. ELAINA DUGAN, 40's, also elegant, enjoying her cappuccino. Breakfast plate ready on the counter, but it's not for her. Eddie enters. Heads straight for his plate. Neither will acknowledge the other's existence. Eddie scribbles a message, leaves it, disappears out the front door. Now, the woman will read the note.

13 INT. 65TH PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 13

Eddie staring at his reflection: his haggard face. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL -- his NYPD uniform, pressed and primped to perfection, but vastly undecorated for a 22 year veteran.

Eddie shrugs off the laughter from his fellow OFFICERS. Clearly, he's used to this.

OFFICER WILL SCOTT  
Eddie, whaddya doin' here? Bars  
close early or somethin'?

OFFICER 2  
Heard you let another cuffed perp  
escape. What's that, six now?

EDDIE  
(softly)  
That's funny. Your wife never gets  
out of the cuffs.

His comeback so good Officer 2 rushes toward him. Held back by remaining officers.

OFFICER 2  
Fuckin' burnout. Nobody wants you  
here! You're a fuckin' waste --

Carried out by the officers, leaving Eddie alone. Perfect opportunity to dig in his locker. Beyond the grease stained papers to a CALENDAR -- Eddie crosses another day off. Seven days away from RETIREMENT.

Eddie digs further into his locker, unearths a half finished bourbon bottle...just what he needs. Pour interrupted by the arrival of CAPTAIN GERACI.

CAPTAIN GERACI  
Dugan, come see me in my office.

Geraci leaves. Eddie sighs. *What now?*

14 INT. 65TH PRECINCT ADMINISTRATIVE HALLWAY - DAY 14

Eddie shuffles up the steps, disinterested in the hustle and bustle around him. He's bumped. Guy doesn't acknowledge or even look back at Eddie, keeps going. And so does Eddie.

15 INT. 65TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN GERACI'S OFFICE - DAY 15

Eddie takes a long look around. SEES warm FAMILY PHOTOS and every police commendation an officer can achieve.

CAPTAIN GERACI (PHONE)  
Save that for her sweet 16... See  
you when I get home. Love you too.

Geraci hangs up.

EDDIE  
(nervous)  
I forget to fill something out?

CAPTAIN GERACI  
No, relax. Retirement went through,  
everything's fine.

Signals Eddie to sit. He does.

CAPTAIN GERACI (CONT'D)  
How've you been, Eddie?

EDDIE  
...You know.

CAPTAIN GERACI  
The wife?

EDDIE  
...You know.

Eddie's uncomfortable tone ends the small talk. Geraci  
produces some department paperwork.

CAPTAIN GERACI  
Our commissioner, in his 'infinite  
wisdom', believes in this new  
program that puts rookie patrolmen  
in these high crime areas. So they  
want seasoned 'hairbags' breaking  
these recruits in. And since you're  
the oldest here --

Eddie quickly picks up on the insinuation.

EDDIE  
If it's all the same to you, I got  
two weeks left. And I'm no ones  
teacher or role model.

CAPTAIN GERACI  
God knows you're not, Eddie. But  
your name came up in the computer.

Eddie sighs: *I don't need this bullshit.*

CAPTAIN GERACI (CONT'D)  
Look, this thing has been bumped up  
by 2 months, so all eyes are on it.  
(delicate)  
Do the best you can. Okay?

Eddie sighs. *I really don't need this bullshit.*

CAPTAIN GERACI (CONT'D)  
C'mon, Dugan. Don't you wanna do  
something useful with your last few  
minutes on the job?

EDDIE  
Not really.

16 EXT. BK PROJECTS - NR GREEN BUILDING - MORNING

16

Brick and cement towers hide the sun from this crime-ridden area. And true to form -- there's been a murder. A *shooting*. Screaming, cursing MOTHER held back by FAMILY. COPS keep RESIDENTS back. Trouble brewing.

Tango's BMW passes under the ELEVATED TRAIN. A hard-looking KID ON A DIRT BIKE rolls up next to the passenger side. Car window rolls down.

KID ON DIRT BIKE  
*They out here, hard. And they bein'*  
*real extra about this one.*

Beamer nods. The Kid breaks off down a street as the BMW rounds the corner to --

17 EXT. BK PROJECTS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

17

Tango's BMW pulls up. Tango, Beamer and K-Rock jump out and THE OPERATION STARTS. Fast and furious.

MAN-MAN, 16 or 17, but looks and acts much older, approaches the guys and the car. Man-Man keys open the trunk, this is his part of the operation.

TANGO  
Thought you was goin' back to  
school?

MAN-MAN  
What they gonna teach me, I don't  
already know?

Tango playfully punches him. Then takes off with K-Rock and Beamer toward the circus of cops and residents around the murder scene as FOUR YOUNG HIGH SCHOOLERS WITH BACKPACKS PASS THEM AND SWARM THE CAR, specifically --

THE TRUNK: Man-Man pulls the ratchet from his pocket, pops the grate revealing 20 BRICKS OF YAYO where the spare tire should be. Puts on gloves and dumps several greasy Saran-wrapped bricks into each backpack as each High Schooler passes around the back. Quick and undetectable.

All of the HIGH SCHOOLERS rush back from the BMW past Tango and Beamer down a WIND TUNNEL PATH that leads to the back of the building.

TANGO, BEAMER, K-ROCK cut right through the MEDIA and PHOTOGRAPHERS. Something different about this murder. High Profile. They continue passed the embattled cops to the FRONT ENTRANCE OF BLDG. 80. No hesitation. No fear of authority. Tango locks eyes with some of the boys in blue. No love lost between any of them.

18 INT. GREEN BUILDING - APT. 1A - CONTINUOUS

18

QUICK CUTS: Bricks are dumped out of backpacks on a table. The mixing table. RECIPE: 1/8 cocaine, 1/16 of BAKING SODA, 1/20 of 'comeback' -- combined -- dumped into a PYREX POTS. BOILED until the correct chemical reaction. Pots removed. Set aside -- ice cubes dumped in -- within mere seconds the processed powder HARDENS TO CRACK COCAINE. CUTTING TABLE -- 8 WORKERS razor blade the hardened CHUNKS into small pieces and bag them into RED, BLUE, WHITE AND GREEN VIALS.

K-Rock is security. Beamer counts out six 400 dollar stacks. Each high school kid snatches up a stack. Payment.

BEAMER

Don't let me find out y'all was  
spendin' this on them hookers  
'round the way. You'll wake up with  
your dick lookin' like a trophy.  
Ask K-Rock.

K-ROCK

I ain't at the clinic 'cause I got  
somethin'. It's just that I know  
them bitches is definitely fuckin'.

Laughs. That's the kind of humor they have. Tango enters, and crosses to the bedroom in the back.

19 INT. GREEN BUILDING - APT. 1A - BACK BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 19

Goes straight to the window and stares down at the crime scene. The sounds of activity in the rest of the house starting to drown out as TANGO FOCUSES ON THE MADNESS BELOW: embattled cops, angry residents, frenzied media, and worst of all... ANOTHER DEAD BLACK KID IN THE P.J'S.

All of this seems to weigh heavy in Tango's eyes.

20 INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY

20

Sal settles on the pew, not kneeling, sitting. Slides the screen door exposing PRIEST SCARPITTA. Long silence.

SAL

I've done a bad thing to a bad  
person, but for a good reason.

(realizing that twisted  
logic)

Guess I've been rationalizing this  
for awhile now.

PRIEST

Have you prayed over the matter?

SAL

No, no. I couldn't do that.

There is a deep aversion in Sal's tone.

SAL (CONT'D)

Prayers weren't gonna get me what I needed.

PRIEST

What you needed -- Is it more important than your relationship with God?

That freezes Sal. They do know how to play that guilt button.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

No matter how you may have offended him, he is ready to forgive you.

SAL

He is?

PRIEST

We are imperfect creatures led to sin, so we must surrender our souls to God.

SAL

And then what?

PRIEST

Confess your sins. God will give you strength.

Sal searches his heart... can't find it. Can't find the faith.

SAL

I've been here before askin' for God's help and my situation hasn't gotten any sunnier. Why would it now?

PRIEST

Remember, pride denies God's goodness.

SAL

Why does he get the glory, yet I get the blame? Maybe it's God who didn't hold up his end of the deal. Not me. I'm a good person! I've helped others!

PRIEST

You walked through the door. You walked into confessional. I haven't heard your voice in a long time.

Sal tenses. Ball of fury.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

And to hear you talk now... when  
you hold sins inside of you, you've  
chosen a course that leads your  
soul into hell.

SAL

(fed up)  
'I've chosen!?' What am I even  
doing here?

PRIEST

It's weighing on your heart.  
Release it. Receive God's  
forgiveness. Confess to him.

SAL

I don't want God's forgiveness! And  
I hope God understands that, but if  
not -- I guess -- *I just wanted to  
finally say that out loud.*

Sal closes the shade and steps out.

PRIEST

(calling out)  
Sal... Sal...

21 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY 21  
Sal walks with determined steps out the door.

22 EXT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - EARLY MORNING 22  
Outskirts of Brooklyn. An exhausted-looking Tango makes his way past a stretch CADILLAC and takes a surreptitious course into the backdoor. This is a route he's taken endless times.

23 INT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS 23  
Tango comes out the back kitchen door and passes to a back booth, flops down across from a MAN drinking coffee, well groomed, unknown to us, but familiar to him.

MAN  
What the fuck, Clarence. Been nursing this seat for 15 minutes.

TANGO  
Don't call me Clarence -- You order for me yet? I'm starving.

MAN  
Pancakes, eggs, bacon.  
(before Tango argues)  
I remembered. Turkey bacon. I know you don't eat the swine.

LIEUTENANT BILL HOBARTS, face and attitude says 'I've been doing this too long'. Bill is holding Tango's look, expects an explanation. Tango shrugs ignorance.

LIEUTENANT BILL  
Again with Jersey?

TANGO  
You know how they do. That profilin' shit. Black man, black car. What I'ma do? Cave in to them?

LIEUTENANT BILL  
In all fairness, you did have 20 bricks of raw in the trunk.

TANGO  
They didn't know that.

LIEUTENANT BILL  
It's called tact. Use it. Maybe some professional courtesy too. Just remember that next time.

This topic has been weighing on Tango's thoughts.

TANGO

I want you to push the chief harder  
about me makin' grade.

LIEUTENANT BILL

(playful)

You're my Mariano Rivera. Ninth  
inning, bases loaded. We bring you  
in. Guarantees the game.

TANGO

Yeah, well, my arm is gettin'  
tired. And I hate the Yankees.

With that, the mood becomes all business.

LIEUTENANT BILL

It's not like you haven't earned it, it's just takes...

TANGO

...time. And as far as that goes, I've put in more than a fuckin' 'nough.

LIEUTENANT BILL

What's goin' on? Why all of a sudden is this so urgent?

Tango feels the need to whisper, not because anyone is close by, it's just hard to say this:

TANGO

Other night, all I wanted to do was shoot that fuckin' Trooper. Watch him bleed out on the side of the road. Then, today, I see this kid in the P's shot dead. By a cop. And I'm thinking, woulda just been one for one. Once that starts, how long before I forget I was ever a cop in the first place.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Your world really have that much gray in it?

TANGO

Desk. Suit. Tie. I need that, Bill.

LIEUTENANT BILL

I'll keep greasing the wheel and we'll see what happens.

(lighthearted)

But I gotta tell you, can't really picture you in a suit and tie.

TANGO

Well, I can't picture your "Opie-lookin" ass out on these streets.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Opie? Well, as long as you didn't say "Barney Fife," I think I'm okay.

That lightens the mood. Underneath all the posturing these two are friends.

Bill pulls out and slides over the photo of the **Graduate Student slain by cop.**

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)  
It gets worse. That dead kid in the projects; he was a grad. student. A budding Thurgood fucking Marshall. And the cop... was trying to rob him.

Tango reacts slightly. That's new.

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)  
Once the major papers get the whole story, the shit's really gonna hit the fan. Bosses want a case that will clean it up pronto. I don't know the play yet, but it's comin'. And you, you're our boy out there.

TANGO  
Your boy?

LIEUTENANT BILL  
You know what I mean.

Bill slides the photo back. Then puts another envelope in front of Tango: *Law Offices Of Bloom & Kleinfeld* on the cover. Tango glances at it, then at Bill, look of betrayal on his face.

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)  
(delicate)  
Allisa sent these over. I put a few suggestions for lawyers in there. I'll see to it that the department pays.

TANGO  
Did you at least talk to her like I asked?

LIEUTENANT BILL  
I know how it is. I'm on marriage number two -- knock on wood. You get those papers and you start retracing steps and wondering, what if --

Tango waves him off. Doesn't want Bill trying to get in his head. WAITRESS, cross dangling from her necklace, breaks the tension by delivering the food. She quickly splits. Bill starts eating. Food the last thing on Tango's mind.

TANGO  
I want my life back, Bill.

LIEUTENANT BILL  
I'm workin' on it.

LIEUTENANT BILL  
I'm workin' on it.

TANGO  
Yeah? Work harder.

They eat in silence.

|    |         |    |   |
|----|---------|----|---|
| 24 | OMITTED | 24 |   |
| 25 | OMITTED | 25 | * |
| 26 | OMITTED | 26 | * |

27 INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

27

Book club. HORS DOEUVRES spread on table. Giddy banter between ELAINA and FRIENDS. Eddie enters. Lets out an exhausted sigh, the kind that comes from doing nothing. Sight of him kills the room's mood. Silence.

Eddie crosses, sees the cellophane wrapped plate on the tables edge -- his plate. Half a second look between him and his wife is as close to a 'thank you' as they will allow. Eddie gathers his plate, retreats to his room before this moments gets anymore awkward.

28 INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

Soon as he closes the door, HEAR book club chatter start up again. His wife explaining him. He undresses down to his boxers. Settles on the bed with his food, whiskey and fishing magazines. This is Eddie's night.

29 EXT. SAL'S HOUSE, BROOKLYN - DUSK

29

Row of lower middle-class houses. Sal's CAR pulls up to the smallest, shabbiest one. Engine cut. Sal sits in the car. Looks at the rosary beads on his rearview. They seem to sit there in judgement. *Fuck this*. Takes them down. Out of sight, out of mind. But the grief is still there. Agony. Sin. Sal wrestling with all these emotions - LAUGHTER OFF SCREEN. Sal looks out the window to the source...

VITO (10) and VINNY (12) on their bikes. Doing tricks. Boys having fun. Sal soaks up the moment. Father's bliss. Sal's characteristic smile emerges. He hops out. Wants to enjoy the fun. Wrestles both kids off their bikes. Puts them in a WWE wrestling hold. He's the biggest kid there is.

SAL

Watch out for the pile driver.

VITO

Stop

VINNY

C'mon, Dad.

Sal lets them go.

VINNY

Dad, guess what? The pet store has a discount on turtles.

SAL

What'd I say? When you get your own room, you can get a turtle.

VINNY

Dad, you been sayin' that since forever.

SAL

And now I'm sayin' pick out your turtle. Pick two if you want.

VINNY

Really?!

SAL

Really

Sal loves brightening Vinny's day.

SAL (CONT'D)

Where's your sister?

VITO

Which one?

Sal rubs their heads. Noogies. Sends Vito and Vinny away on their bikes. Watching them. Loving this moment.

30 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

30

Covered with newly washed laundry. Sal can barely walk in. VICKY (7) dashes into his arms. Big hug. Big kiss.

SAL

How's Daddy's princess?

She hands him a drawing of a FAMILY OF EIGHT. Vicky points to the biggest figure.

VICKY  
That's you, Daddy.

Takes in the portrait: a clunky Crayola sketch of the family in a GARDEN. Kind of drawing only a father would love.

SAL  
My head really that big?

VICKY  
Yes, Daddy.

SAL  
Where's your sister?

VICKY  
Which one?

Sal tickles her. Carries her into the...

31 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

31

KATHERINE (14) helping LYNETTE (5), colors her princess book at the kitchen table. ANGELA has her back to us as she washes a mammoth pile of plates. After dinner. NEWS plays on a portable TV on the counter. A REPORTER interviews the victim's half-hysterical MOTHER from BK PROJECTS -- this is HEARD in the background.

MOTHER (T.V)  
*... he never hurt nobody. He wasn't involved in any trouble. I don't see how this could happen...Why my son?*

Sal CREEPS in, holds up a finger to Lynette and Katherine - *shhhh* - drops Vicky down gently. Sneaks up behind Angela. Bites her neck.

ANGELA  
I told you to leave before my husband gets home.

SAL  
Very funny, Ange.

ANGELA  
See this on the news. They're gonna make a big thing about it.

SAL  
I'll show you a *thing*.

Angela turns. She's early 30's, modestly attractive, she's also eight months pregnant. They kiss. Deep and passionate like high school sweethearts. And of course, the girls whine 'eeeeuuu'.

KATHERINE

Get a room.

SAL

(pulling away from Angela)  
"Get a room?" Where's you learn that shit?

ANGELA

One, she's fourteen. Two, check that language at the door.

She playfully punches him and then gets back to the dishes. Sal uses the opportunity to pick at the leftovers in the pot and gives it out to the girls. They crowd around. CHAOS. Food SPILLS on the counter. Angela has to clean that up. More work.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Will you calm down? Do I have to put you on a timeout?

SAL

(kissing her)  
Yes, please.

ANGELA

Your breath stinks. What'd you fall down a well? Get away from me.

(beat)

Lynette, Vicky, wash up and get ready for bed. Katherine finish your homework -- at the table! So I can see that you did it.

All the kid follow orders. Angela digs in Sal's pockets, doesn't say a word, just removes pocket change and equals out an exact amount and leaves it on the counter.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(to Sal)

And you. Stay in the corner.

Sal, hands up in surrender, does as he's told. Makes a pot of coffee on the counter. Angela winces -- *last thing he needs*. Vito and Vinny come in from the living room like a tornado.

VINNY

Johnny the ice cream man is outside. Can we have--  
(spots the waiting change)  
Thanks, Mom.

Just like that, Vito and Vinny run out the back door while CYNTHIA (16) the oldest (i.e. the tall one) makes her way in, IPOD in her ears, trying to be inconspicuous. Angela doing dishes. Sal pours coffee. She almost makes it passed them into the kitchen.

SAL

Hold it.

She stops. Turns around, revealing makeup on her face.

CYNTHIA

Daddy, I just wanted to see what I'd look like with makeup on in night light. That's all.

Sal obviously not buying her story. He looks at her with stern eyes as he stirs his coffee.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Bathroom here is always crowded. So, I put it on at Myiesha's house, then I came home. Swear on eight bibles, Daddy.

SAL

I didn't say anythin'. You're the one actin' guilty.

She knows she's busted.

SAL (CONT'D)

Go to your room.

Stomps her feet in revolt. Trips on a bad step...

CYNTHIA

I can't wait till we move!

Sal goes to the kitchen door, calling out to her. Angela takes the opportunity to pour out Sal's coffee.

SAL

We don't swear on bibles in this house. And, you've too much stuff in your room, go to your sister's.

CYNTHIA

Which one?

Sal crosses back to his coffee, gone. Knows Angela did it.

ANGELA

(looking at the plates)  
She's becomin' two handfuls,  
lately. Daddy's little girl is  
becomin' a woman.

She looks over at Sal. The tornado has stopped moving. He's still. Like a statue. Staring at his bag. Deep in thought. Something in his look worries Angela.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You okay?

Sal snaps out of his daze, but he's still deep inside his head. Gives her a peck on the cheek. Leaves.

LIVING ROOM

Sal heads down the stairs into the basement. The CAMERA lingers on a wall mantle displaying the AWARDS and COMMENDATIONS of Sal's 12 year career in the New York Police Department.

32 INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

32

Sal turns on the light. Heads down the stairs carrying the duffel bag. The word dank was invented to describe this place. Boxes, the boiler, an ancient washer and dryer, folding tables and chairs, etc. A VINYL CURTAIN hangs on a STRING strung up from one end of the room to the other. Sal pushes it aside revealing... TWO SMALL BEDS, clothes and boy things strewn around.

Sal opens the duffel bag: Carlo's bag inside, the money draped in his blood.

Sal counts the money, slow at first, and then furious and fast when he realizes it's less than expected. He counts again, and again. Paying little attention to the blood staining his hands --

SAL  
(low growl)  
Where the fuck is the rest?!

ANGELA (O.S.)  
What are you doin' down there? And  
watch that language.

Sal flinches. Piles the money back in the bag. Moves to the curtain, opens it, closes it. Turn on the industrial sink built into the wall -- BROWN WATER oozes out. Sal BANGS the pipes. Clear water eventually comes out.

Sal desperately scrubs the blood off his hands. IN A FLASH...

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
You okay? Seriously, Sal?

SAL  
Yeah, hun. Just washin' up.

She senses something is off. Something he's not saying -- OFF SCREEN, GLASS BREAKS...

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
MOMMMMM!

Angela has to rush upstairs. Another crisis to fix. Sal sighs, knowing he has dodged a bullet.

33 EXT. ALLISA'S APT. - NR PHONE BOOTH - DUSK

33

BMW screeches to a stop next to a hydrant. Tango hops out. Needs a few sips of his beer to make this call on the pay-phone. Dials. It picks up.

PHONE

(message)

The number you have reached is no longer in service. Please check --

CLICK. Tango slams the phone. FUCK. Digs in his pocket for another quarter. He spots a TRAFFIC AGENT ticketing the BMW. Waves him away. Of course, that doesn't work. Tango keeps that on file. Drops the quarter in the phone. Dials another number. RINGS.

ANSWERING MACHINE (PHONE)

You've reached Allisa. I can't come to the phone right now, but if you leave your name and number, I will call you back...

(pause, message)

This mailbox is full.

It hangs up. FUCK! Tango CHUCKS the bottle in frustration. It SHATTERS at the TA's feet.

TANGO

Get a real fuckin' job!

TA flinches, scared. Retreats to his SCOOTER. Radios help. Tango slides in the BMW, peels off.

34 OMITTED

34

35 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

35

Sal lays in bed, flipping through PHOTOGRAPHS of the ONE-STORY HOUSE from Bay Ridge, it's a middle-class family's dream house. Angela comes in, winded from climbing the stairs.

ANGELA

Room for more in there?

SAL

(sexual innuendo)

The real question is, do you have room for me?

ANGELA

I haven't said no to you so far.

Sal helps her into bed. They spoon. Relax into each other.  
Angela grabs some of the pics from him. Wants no distraction.  
They kiss over this:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

She called. Mrs. Vincent.

(old lady voice)

*"Where's the deposit? I need the  
deposit. Where is it?"*

SAL

I'll call her tomorrow.

ANGELA

I thought there was a problem with  
gettin' the house?

SAL

Every problem has a solution.

Look of doubt on Angela's face.

ANGELA

Sal, you shouldn't build this thing  
up to the kids so much.

SAL

Why not? Do you see how they light  
up over it?

(suddenly realizing)

And what's that look mean?

Tries to distract him with kisses.

ANGELA

I don't wanna get their hopes up.  
We've been down this road. The  
swimming pool. Vacation to Florida--

Suddenly, he pulls away from her. Straightens up.

SAL

Whoa. Whoa. This isn't like before.  
This is big. You think I'm not  
gonna come through with this..?

...she grabs his face. Trying to find his wild eyes.

SAL (CONT'D)

...Where's the pictures...?

ANGELA

...Sal...

SAL

...the pond for Vinny's turtles.  
And the garden for Vicky... Where's  
the picture!!

ANGELA

Sal. Sal! Look at me.

She pins him with her eyes.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Look at this face. You tell me the sky's purple, I'm believing it.

Sal calms. She always knows how to calm him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I trust you...

Her words turn to COUGHS, large and whooping. Sal consoles. It subsides, she nods: I'm okay.

SAL

You go to the doctor like we said?

ANGELA

I go to the guy so I won't worry. And I walk out in worse shape than when I came in.

SAL

You gonna tell me what he said?

She sees Sal heating up. Doesn't want to add fuel.

ANGELA

He went on and on about a few things. Nothin' big.

Sal won't budge. He has to know.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I felt dizzy. Twice. That's all.

SAL

Dizzy? Your asthma. Did you tell him about the mold in the walls? It gets in your lungs when you get a cough.

He hops out of bed. Wired. Pacing.

ANGELA

Sal. Come back to bed.

SAL

You need fresh air. Trees. A lawn. Just like I promised.

(beat)

I gotta take the garbage out. I'll be back.

Gives her a kiss. She holds him in. Tries to make him stay, but Sal can't. Heads out the door.

36 EXT. SAL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

36

Sal talks on his cellphone. El train passes, SCREECHING, the tracks about 100 feet from Sal's house.

SAL (PHONE)

I have the money for the down payment. Well, not all of it.

Train getting louder. It's a struggle for Sal to talk over it and at the same time, keep from waking up his family.

SAL (PHONE) (CONT'D)

The situation is complicated to say the least, Mrs. Vincent  
(MORE)

SAL (PHONE) (CONT'D)

I forgot, Emma. I will have the money before the deadline. Hand to God... You don't have to keep thankin' me about clearing up that ticket thing for you. I appreciate you keepin' the house off the market for me. I couldn't afford it, otherwise...

The train has passed. Sal can whisper again.

SAL (PHONE) (CONT'D)

How can I afford it?

Sal can't reveal the answer. Silence. Silence.

SAL (PHONE) (CONT'D)

There's another train coming, Emma. I have to go, but I'll call you when I have the down payment...  
(beat)  
God bless you, too.

A37 OMITTED A37

38 OMITTED 38

A39 EXT. SAL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD A39

Wide shot. Sal hangs up.

39 EXT. THE FUTURE (NIGHTCLUB) - NIGHT 39

Tango pulls up. Hops out. Heads into the back entrance.

40 INT. THE FUTURE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT 40

Music. Dance floor packed. Expensive clothes and jewelry on the CROWD. This world is sinful. Materialistic. And Tango is royalty here. Crowd opens up for him. He's that respected. Tango, eye-fucking the crowd, almost looking for a victim to bump, to fight. Take a long days aggression out on someone.

OTHER SIDE OF ROOM

Amongst the hip-hop gear and jewelry nobody does it bigger than RED, 20's, easily the most dangerous guy in the neighborhood. Beamer and K-Rock are usually buzzing around him. Along with HOT YOUNG WOMEN on all their arms.

Red is yapping away to a MAN in an OUTDATED-SUIT who is obviously feigning interest in his story.

RED

Where was we at that day, Beam?

BEAMER

We was out by Bushwick. By the "M" train.

RED

That's right. So, we up in the spot *and without fail* -- the hatin' starts. K, show 'em how they do it.

K-ROCK

(prepping his imitation)

It's always those bummy niggaz. With the *smedium* wife beaters and the little choker chain --

(hater)

Fuck them niggaz, man. I get money too. Fuck them.

The girls laugh.

RED

But that day. There was these niggaz goin' extra hard with it.

A dark intensity takes over Red when he speaks of violence. He's a stone cold killer.

Feeds off of it like a shark. It's hard not to get intimidated by him -- Man in the outdated suit, the only one who isn't.

RED (CONT'D)

Talkin' that real greasy shit. 'Bout how they was gonna get their guns and house us for our shit. Oh, they was real good with the gun talk.

(beat)

But somebody shoulda told'em, "they ain't stop making guns after you got yours." You feel me?

The group relaxes once Red cracks a smile.

RED (CONT'D)

We definitely made an example out of them.

(to K-Rock and Beamer)

When we go out now, y'all hear any talkin'?

BEAMER

Not a mumblin' word.

Like a school bully, takes two beers from a GUY. Dares him to do something. Beamer steps to the Guy.

BEAMER (CONT'D)

Fuck is you lookin' at. Go get another Coke and a smile.

Guy keeps going. Wants no part of this. Red takes a beer for himself, gives the other to Beamer. K-Rock fumes. He doesn't get one.

Tango approaches. Bumps the man in outdated-suit, on purpose.

MAN IN SUIT

Watch where you goin' mutha fucka!

TANGO

Get the fuck out my way then!

The girls back away. People gather around, waiting for FISTS to fly.

MAN IN SUIT

Move me the fuck out your way!

They're chest-to-chest, but frowns melt to smiles. They bear hug. The man is CASANOVA 'CAZ' PHILLIPS. Life-long gangster. Street instincts still sharp, it's just that his heart isn't in it.

CAZ'S SHORTY, gets back on his arm, slightly pissed that he scared her like that.

CAZ

(to Tango)

See. Poking your chest out like you tough. That's the same shit got you shanked in Clinton.

TANGO

And I survived that shit. I stood on my own two, like you see me standing now.

CAZ

You mean they were standin' on top of you. The only reason there's air still in your lungs is 'cause of me. Don't forget that shit.

They talk rough, but these guys are true friends.

CAZ (CONT'D)

(to Red and his crew)

He held it down inside, now he's handlin' things out here.

The envy is more than obvious. They don't like Tango.

TANGO

I was gonna pick you up, but --

RED

(jumping in)

Then the cops get to thinkin' that birds of a feather shit. Start thinkin' you back on the throne the first day. Which is why, like I was about to tell you, we need...

TANGO

Red, the man just came home. He ain't tryin' to hear all that...

RED

I keep forgettin'. When Tango's around we gotta 3 or 4 moves ahead before we do anything.

TANGO

It's called business.

Bad blood between these two. Caz diffuses the situation before it escalates.

CAZ

Tango, let me holla at you real quick.

Caz and Tango stroll off, leaving Red behind. He watches them go with a loaded look: *Envy?*

CAZ (CONT'D)  
I wanna get away from all this  
bullshit.

41 EXT. BK PROJECTS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

41

Perfect view of the Brooklyn skyline up here. Tango looks  
over Caz's clothes, can't suppress a laugh.

CAZ  
Vintage. But you wouldn't know  
nothin' bout that. Watch me bring  
sheepskin and four finger rings  
back.  
(beat)  
I don't care what I got on. I'm  
home, man. I'M HOME!

They share another laugh. Shake hands. This is a friendship  
that hasn't missed a beat.

CAZ (CONT'D)  
I spoke to Rodrigo about you.

TANGO  
You about the only one speakin' to  
him. I'm beginin' to think this  
connects a ghost.

CAZ  
Mexicans is cautious. Less ears,  
the less they fear. But anyway, he  
said y'all moving a lot of weight.

TANGO  
Of course. We gettin' it 90 pure.  
You can step on our shit like  
Gregory Hines and it will still  
outlast anybody elses. They had to  
change the bus route 'cause of all  
the smokers flyin' over here. It's  
monster right now. We clearin'  
fifty thou', and that's on a bad  
day. Republicans stay in office, it  
might move up to sixty.

CAZ  
My man, Tango. You was always  
smarter than the average nigga.

Caz's tone suddenly turns sincere.

CAZ (CONT'D)  
That lawyer you told me about.  
That's the only reason I won my  
appeal.

TANGO

That was nothin', man.

CAZ

Bullshit. I been runnin' with these cats downstairs since 'free lunch'. Not a letter. Not a phone call -- that was nothin'. They don't understand what it's like being incarcerated. Bein' buried alive under them walls.

TANGO

You know your ass is straight out of jail when you're sayin' shit like "incarcerated."

They share another laugh. Now, Tango gets sincere.

TANGO (CONT'D)

Real talk. I was just payin' you back. All jokes aside. You did keep the air in my lungs. I ain't forget that.

Caz extends his fist out to Tango.

CAZ

Good to know I got some family left.

In this day of constant disappointment, this small gesture registers more than Caz will ever know.

TANGO

Family.

They bang fists as a sign of brotherhood.

TANGO (CONT'D)

C'mon. Wanna show you somethin.

42 EXT. BK PROJECTS - PARKING LOT - NR CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT 42

Tango and Caz walk out. A spanking new tricked-out MERCEDES S550, with all the utilities, even a fly girl, SHONDA, leaning seductively on the hood.

TANGO  
(gives Caz the keys)  
Since your clothes ain't up to  
date, gotta have a whip that is.

Caz suddenly realizes. *His* car now. Gives Tango a pound. Caz makes his way over to the car...and Shonda.

CAZ  
I know you, right? Shonda. Ain't  
seen you since you were, like, 15.

SHONDA  
Yeah. I ain't 15 no more.

Caz hugs her. And then, CAZ'S SHORTY, comes up from behind him, hugs him from the back. Both girls share a look. They're fine with the extra company.

TANGO  
Ain't no keys to them. Hope you  
remember how to get that started.

CAZ  
(catch phrase)  
You already know.

Caz and the girls pile into the car. SEXY SHORTY, the one that noticed him earlier, approaches Tango from behind. Hugs him. But Tango is focused on the Benz as it peels off into the night.

SEXY SHORTY  
I was lookin' for you. And don't  
give me that same bullshit about...

TANGO  
(pulling away from her)  
...I got somethin' to do.

She's disappointed. Once again.

SEXY SHORTY  
You always have somethin' to do.

Tango takes off. Not about the distractions.

43 OMITTED

43

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - DRIVING - DAY

45

Eddie drives. In his own world as usual. Paying no attention to the Rookie riding shotgun, MELVIN PANTON. Melvin is early-20's, you'll never meet a guy more by the book. And more the opposite of Eddie.

He can't contain his excitement, this is his first day. Melvin lowers the window for a LISTEN -- Garbage truck GRINDS its compactor...

EDDIE

No, no, no, no! Up. Up.

Raises window from driver's console. Quiet again.

MELVIN

Kind of hot, sir. Can we turn on the AC?

Eddie sighs. *Fuck, I gotta talk to this kid?*

EDDIE

AC is bad for your skin.

Beat.

MELVIN

Captain said you were retiring.

EDDIE

What's your name again, kid?

MELVIN

Melvin Panton, Lance Corporal U.S. Marines.

EDDIE

Well, Melvin Panton, two weeks from today makes 22 years. Pension doesn't get any better after that.

MELVIN

Two weeks from today? That's my birthday. You've been a cop long as I've been alive. Ain't that somethin'?

Melvin expects a response, never gets one.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

I wanted to be on the force all my life. Had plastic handcuffs when I was three. Every Halloween I dressed up like a cop.

Silence. Melvin won't be denied his small talk.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

You must think that's pretty corny. But hey, I'm here now.

Another silence. This is turning into a battle of wills.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

So 22 years, huh? I'm a long way from *that* finish line. What do they say? "Your two longest days are when you pick up your badge and when you drop it off."

EDDIE

Shortest days. Two shortest. 'Cause  
everyday in between is hell in  
comparison.

With that, Eddie pulls over in front of a BED, BATH & BEYOND-  
type STORE.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Wait here. Don't touch or do  
anything.

Eddie splits. Hurries into the store. Melvin anxiously waits,  
waits, waits. Dying for something to do.

SHORT TIME PASSES

MELVIN'S POV: tranquil block, until, he spots a COUPLE in a  
car. ANGRY MAN screaming, gesticulating wildly, waves his  
FIST at a crying WOMAN. Then lands -- PUNCH!

46

EXT. STREET - DAY

46

Melvin JUMPS out of the car. Ready to assist --  
Out of nowhere, Eddie cuts in front of him.

EDDIE

What'd I tell you?

MELVIN

That woman's hurt. We gotta report--

Eddie leads Melvin back to the squad car.

EDDIE

This is the 64th precinct, we're  
the 65th. Was it Halloween that day  
at the academy? They didn't teach  
you, you don't make an arrest out  
of zone?

As if Melvin is finally realizing Santa Claus isn't real.

MELVIN

Eddie, it's our duty to --

EDDIE

Get in the car.

Eddie opens driver's door, but Melvin hasn't budged. He  
notices the SHOPPING BAG in Eddie's hand.

MELVIN

What's that?

EDDIE

Alright, look, we'll call it in.  
How's that? You gotta call?

MELVIN

I'm on probation. I'm not allowed.  
What about yours?

EDDIE

(as if)  
Who am I gonna call?

That ends that. Eddie holds the door open for Melvin who reluctantly gets in. Eddie puts the bag in the trunk, hops in the car, roars the engine. Melvin, broken as he watches the Man and Woman continue to argue in their car.

47 INT. SPANISH RESTAURANT - DAY

47

Make-your-own-plate buffet joint. Huge steam trays with mountains of fatty food. TWO BIG WOMEN heap seconds onto their plates.

Melvin and Eddie are seated right in front of a huge glass WINDOW -- busy avenue (JUNKIE, TOW TRUCK DRIVER argues with a DRIVER, etc.). You can see the hustle and bustle, but you can't hear it, and that's just the way Eddie wants it. He enjoys his huge plate of food and his NEW YORK POST: **Protect and Rob. Cop mistakes grad student for dealer he planned to rip off.**

Melvin, on the other hand, is in hell. Opens his brown paper bag lunch of grilled chicken and steamed vegetables. His conscious still tormented.

MELVIN

Pay phone. That's what we could of used.

EDDIE

For what?

MELVIN

For what? The woman!

Eddie puts his paper down.

EDDIE

You're still harpin' on that? They probably kissed and made up already.

MELVIN

But what if you turn on the news, and she's dead? You want that on your conscious? 'Cause I don't.

EDDIE

I don't watch the news. Too depressing.

Eddie continues eating. *Who cares.* Melvin stews.

MELVIN

You're just...you can just act like this never happened.

EDDIE

This is your first day. Your first day of the same day for the next 20 years! Today a woman gets hit, tomorrow it's a rape, then a murder. Job takes enough of you. Don't take it home with you.

Eddie starts eating again. Melvin mumbles and grouses.

MELVIN

You don't just walk away. My book, that's called a coward.

EDDIE

Yeah, well, I'm not much of a reader, either.

Melvin violently packs up his food. Through the window he sees some KIDS enter a LIQUOR/VIDEO STORE.

MELVIN

I'll eat in the car.

Melvin storms off.

EDDIE

Seven days, Eddie, seven days.

Sudden ARGUING heard in the distance. Eddie looks out at the Squad Car parked out front. No Melvin. Looks all around. Arguing getting louder. Eddie realizes --

48

EXT. LIQUOR/VIDEO STORE - DAY

48

TWO ADOLESCENT BOYS drop a porn tape on their way out. The store-owner, an ELDERLY ASIAN WOMAN, screaming at the top of her lungs, being handcuffed by Melvin. Eddie arrives. Starting to get genuinely annoyed.

MELVIN

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be --

EDDIE

You a mental case or what?

MELVIN

She sold pornography to those kids.  
(to Asian woman)  
- held against you in a court of  
law --

EDDIE

Call the better business bureau,  
they'll issue her a fine. C'mon,  
let's go.

A CROWD gathering outside the bodega.

MELVIN

If you wanna make a phone call, go  
right ahead. I'm arresting her.  
(to Asian woman)  
If you cannot afford an attorney --

EDDIE

Uncuff her.

Eddie grabs Melvin's arm. Melvin quickly slaps it away.  
Eddie seems suddenly shocked out of complacency by his  
physical act of defiance.

MELVIN

-- one will be provided for  
you by --

EDDIE

Gimme the keys. Gimme the  
goddamn keys-

Melvin continues to read rights as Eddie grabs for the keys  
on Melvin's belt. Fed up, Melvin lets go of the Asian Woman,  
starts fighting off Eddie. The fight gets serious fast.  
Eddie clearly out-matched. Crowd watches in awe as these  
uniformed officers duke it out. *Surreal.*

49 EXT. 65TH PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DUSK

49

Squad Car 7554 pulls into the parking lot. Engine cut.

50 INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - DUSK

50

Bloody lip and a bruised ego on Eddie. Scratched nose and a  
ruined first day for Melvin. Kid looks ashamed.

EDDIE

Tell you what, I'm just gonna save  
myself the paperwork, forget the  
whole thing. You're lucky. I got  
half a mind to get a comp' case  
outta this.

Melvin packs, fast. Wants out of here soon as possible.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Whaddya think you're gonna do out there? Huh? Help every old lady across the street, catch every burglar, solve every murder.

MELVIN

Maybe not, but at least I'll try. At least after 22 years, I'll be able to look back and say I did some good, maybe even made a difference.

(beat)

Instead of being depressed and useless.

They sit there in silence. Eddie knows he's right. Melvin jumps out of the car, slams the door. Impact shifts the side mirror to Eddie's reflection. Hard for Eddie to look at his bruised face and dull eyes.

51-52 OMITTED

51-52

53 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

53

Honda pulls up. The building is anything but abandoned. Eddie \* fingers the BUZZER. LARGE MAN opens it --

TWO SUSPICIOUS MEN steer a scantily clad YOUNG WOMAN with red hair out. We see her face long enough to see her desperation, and long enough to see Eddie ignore it on his way inside.

The men rush her into the back of a GRAFFITI COVERED VAN. They peel off, burning rubber.

54 OMITTED

54 \*

55 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 55 \*

Eddie lays on the heart shaped bed, moaning, naked, being straddled, fucked by CHANTEL. She's drop-dead gorgeous from heel to head. Early 20's, but she has the charm and demeanor of a 12 year old. Lovable. Playful. But right now, it's all about the fucking. And she's into it.

CHANTEL

FUCK! I'm feelin you so deep,  
daddy. So... fuckin... deep...

\*  
\*

56

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - LATER

56

\*

Eddie lays asleep in the bed. Suddenly, he opens his eyes.  
Blurry vision clears revealing his own .38 pointed at him --  
Chantel holding it.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHANTEL

Fuck me again or I'll blow your  
brains out.

\*  
\*  
\*

EDDIE

(smiles)

Didn't you already do that. Twice?

\*  
\*  
\*

CHANTEL

Don't get cute with me, Eddie. You  
might be the po-lice out there, but  
this is my house. So get fuckin.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EDDIE

Beg me. Bitch.

\*  
\*

Chantel cocks the gun.

\*

CHANTEL

How's that?

\*  
\*

Beat, then... Eddie grabs her gun hand, holds it away. Turns  
her on her back. He's on top now. And Chantel likes it. All a  
game. But he doesn't take the gun.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHANTEL (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna try to take it from  
me?

\*  
\*  
\*

EDDIE

Nah. What I'm about to do... you're  
still gonna need it.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHANTEL

(smiles)

Fuck you mean?

\*  
\*  
\*

EDDIE

I mean, there ain't gonna be any  
reason to go on after I'm done with  
your pussy, 'cause...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(beat; leans in)

You ain't ever gonna feel that good  
again in your life.

\*  
\*

She tries to hold it in, but bursts out laughing. Eddie takes  
mock offense.

\*  
\*

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

CHANTEL

Big talk for a guy whose white-ass  
cock is shaped like a question  
mark.

Eddie starts moving South.

EDDIE

You'll see. I can do the whooooole  
alphabet. Backwards and forwards.

As he starts on her O.S...

CHANTEL

Mmm... aw, shit.... Nah, nah, go  
back to "A."

She brings the gun to the top of head. Holds it pointed  
there. Through her moans...

CHANTEL (CONT'D)

Aw, yeah... don't stop... don't  
ever stop... or I'll fuckin kill  
you...

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

Dirty, sweaty, nasty shots: Tight on her orgasmic face. Eyes  
rolling back - The GUN BARREL tight against the top of  
Eddie's head in her crotch - The small of her back arching  
over the sheets - Her hand gripping the sheet tight as his  
hand reaches up to slide over hers. They're in this game  
together.

She pulls her hand out of his and in fits of ecstasy, slams  
it against the mirrored headboard over and over, until...

CRACK! She hits it too hard, and the mirror cracks, SLICING  
HER HAND. She yelps, jumps back. Stares at the gash.

CHANTEL (CONT'D)

FUCK!

EDDIE

Whatsa matter?

Notices the gash. And it's bad. Suddenly Chantel is a crying  
little girl. And Eddie takes charge.

CHANTEL (CONT'D)

Ow...shit...

EDDIE

Lemme see...

(grabs her hand)

Okay, it's okay. You got any,  
uh Neosporin or... unguent?

CHANTEL (CONT'D)

(through tears)

What the fuck is unguent, Eddie?  
No.

EDDIE

Fuck. Piece 'a glass in it.  
Tweezers?

JUMP CUT TO:

BOTH SIT AT A TABLE. Still naked. In a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS  
he tends to the wound -- Burns the tweezers with a match  
(sterilizing them) -- Carefully pulls a tiny piece of glass  
from her cut --

She watches him tenderly care for it. It's an oddly PATERNAL  
SCENE between two people who we've just seen fucking like  
beasts. Intimate in a way the sex wasn't.

He dampens a paper towel with whiskey and holds it to the  
cut. --

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hold it there. Press hard.

She does. Winces. Eddie wipes a couple tears from her eyes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

From "playing doctor" to playing  
doctor.

CHANTEL

(genuinely pissed)

I was almost "there," too.

Eddie pours whiskey from a bottle into two glasses.

EDDIE

Here. Just let it hit your tongue  
and slide down your throat. Don't  
slosh it around. G'head.

She warily tries it and... chokes on it. He laughs, pats her  
back.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Y'okay?

CHANTEL

Fuck are you laughin' at?

She punches him over and over. Hard but playful.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ow!

Chantel reaches into the ashtray. Pulls out a half-smoked  
BLUNT.

CHANTEL

I'ma stick with *stick*. I don't know  
how you drink that shit.

(off his laugh)

Can I ask you somethin?

EDDIE  
What?

CHANTEL  
Why you ain't got no bullets in the  
gun, Eddie?

Beat. He considers the question.

EDDIE  
Why you lookin?

CHANTEL  
You mad?

EDDIE  
Can I ask you something?  
(a short beat)  
What do you see when you look at  
me?

Beat. Chantel goes from crying little girl to sex goddess  
again in an instant.

CHANTEL  
I see the kindest, tallest, most  
handsomest white-boy who ever wore  
a uniform.

EDDIE  
You're so full of shit.

CHANTEL  
Why you gotta get all philosophical  
on me, Eddie? I just asked why you  
don't keep your shit loaded.  
(beat)  
Fuck this, I better put something  
in my mouth before you ask me 'bout  
my upbringing or some shit.

She moves onto her knees in front of him.

EDDIE  
(chuckles)  
... okay...

She unbuckles his belt. Gets her head going. As Eddie gets  
turned on.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Kid today. Rookie prick. With that  
bullshit look in his eyes. Like  
this was his only reason for waking  
up. (Fuck. Yeah. Work shaft) He  
dunno. It's the fuckin universe,  
y'know? I mean (My balls... yeah) I  
dunno...

57 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 57

Divider creates illusion of two rooms. The five girls kneel at the foot of their two beds. Eyes closed, palms together, nightly prayers. Sal with them, but he's pretending to pray.

EDDIE (V.O.)

... I guess everybody should have  
somethin' that gives their life  
purpose or meaning or whatever...

\*

\*

VICKY

\*

Daddy, if you don't sleep, when do  
you have time to pray?

\*

\*

Sal quiets her with a kiss.

\*

58 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 58

Half tool shed, half boys' bedroom. Sal and his two sons kneel by the bed. Again, Sal pretends to pray.

EDDIE (V.O.)

But all that energy you gotta  
invest...(yeah, lick the tip)...  
For what...?

\*

\*

\*

A59 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS A59

Everyone asleep but Sal. He scribbles on a NOTE-PAD, computing figures: **HOUSE**. Sal shudders. Number bigger than he expected. Seems impossible. But he keeps computing: **SELL MY CAR, POKER, etc.** He won't give up. Dream house photo's close by for reference.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Particles. Finite units of time.  
Which is all a fuckin illusion  
anyway. (Yeah, yeah...) Only thing  
you can ever really depend on in  
this fuckin world...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

59 EXT. BK PROJECTS - TANGO AND CAZ WALKING - CONTINUOUS 59

Street pole divides. Not letting anything separate them, Caz swings around it, continues side by side with Tango.

EDDIE (V.O.)

... is yourself. You only get so  
many in-breaths and out-breaths in  
one lifetime, anyway. So why fuckin  
bother? Who else is gonna look out  
for ya?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

60 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 60 \*

Eddie shoots his bourbon in between moans of drunken  
pleasure. Looks down at Chantel working him. \*

EDDIE  
Hey, you listening? \*

She stops a moment. Looks up at him. \*

CHANTEL  
To your bullshit? Yeah. Truth is,  
it's just a lot easier to do what  
you know than to do what's right. \*

He knows she's right and it's annoying. \*

EDDIE  
Shut up. Keep suckin' my cock.  
(she does; and he can  
philosophize again)  
Every mornin' I try thinkin' of  
something, anything, that'll stop  
me from blowing my head off my  
shoulders. Never come up with  
anything. But here I am. \*

Beat. He looks down at the top of Chantel's head in his  
crotch. Smiles. \*

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I guess I just wanted to say that  
out loud. \*

Finally closes his eyes and gets lost in the moment. \*

B61 INT. 65 PRECINCT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

B61 \*

Pre-meeting. CHIEFS lining up on the side, just observers. Pictures of the BK Projects are masking the walls. OFFICERS of the Brooklyn North NARCOTICS SQUAD, the only ones in casual gear, are finding their seats. Sal waltzes in, makes a beeline for RONNY ROSARIA, best combination of street smarts and book smarts that the department has. Ronny is fixated on a crossword puzzle, his guilty pleasure.

SAL

Hey, Ron.

RONNY

(James Cagney, "Angels With  
Dirty Faces")

Whaddya hear, whaddya say?

SAL

You hear about Bobby's old CI?

Something covert about Sal's demeanor.

RONNY

Oh, Carlo. They found him in an  
alley, half of his face blown away--  
there's an image to think about  
before lunch.

SAL

They got any leads on that?  
Anything?

RONNY

Carlo was a grade "A" scumbag.  
Everyone's a lead. Me personally,  
I'd shake the hand that smote that  
good-for-nothin' bastard.

SAL

Did you just say "smote?"

RONNY

(showing the crossword)

That's my word-of-the-day. *Smote*.

(off Sal's look)

You wanna make a federal case out  
of it?

SAL

*Smote*. Just literal is all. You can  
go back to your coloring book,  
Ronny.

They throw a couple of fake punches -- they're the best of friends. They are joined by the rest of the NARC CREW: DET. PATRICK LEARY, the loud mouth prick of the bunch. GEORGE MONTRESS, the complainer. C-RAYZ, young Puerto Rican is the oddball of the group.

The arrival of CAPTAIN JENKINS starts the meeting.

\*

CAPTAIN JENKINS

Eighteen buildings. Fifteen thousand residents. The BK Projects. Highest crime area in the highest crime precinct. Larceny, rape, prostitution, even takes the crown for kidnapping. Lastly, heart of the East New York drug trade. It's estimated that over 200,000 goes in and out every week. That's nearly a million dollars every month.

Sal paying special attention to the money figures. Pulls out his paper of scribbles. Adding numbers to the page.

CAPTAIN JENKINS (CONT'D)

Fourteen million a year these dealers are clearing. We've been unable to make a major arrest and seizure in this area, but with the media shovelin' shit on our badges over the shooting that took place here. We must remind the public that one man from this unit cannot stain the sum total of our efforts, that we are not in the business of harming the public, but in helping it--

Occasionally, the guys moan and grunt over the hypocrisy of Jenkins' speech (hand gesture; suicide, crazy, etc.), but never to the point of being noticeable.

GEORGE

This is suicide. And on straight pay. No OT. You're gonna march me straight into hell, I wanna be sure I'm gettin' somethin' out of it.

RONNY

Said the priest to the Pope.

There is a comical easiness about these guys. Nothing is off limits and nothing is ever too serious.

CAPTAIN JENKINS

We have been entrusted with the responsibility to protect those who cannot protect themselves. And here is where we accomplish that, gentlemen:

A61 OMITTED A61

|    |                                                                                                                                                             |    |   |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|---|
| 61 | EXT. BK PROJECTS - NEAR GREEN BUILDING - DAY                                                                                                                | 61 | * |
|    | Large amount of candles and flowers around a makeshift memorial. KIDS shoot hoops. MOTHERS push strollers. In this world <i>everybody knows everybody</i> . |    | * |
|    | DRUG DEAL                                                                                                                                                   |    | * |

LOOKOUTS on benches: BOOTZ, LYKID, K-Rock. Talking, goofing \*  
around, acting like they're doing nothing, but always  
watching. Putting on a knuckleheaded show for whoever may be  
watching them.

## RED'S ESCALADE

Parked across from the basketball courts, being washed by TWO  
CRACKHEADS. Red sits in the drivers seat, getting a full view  
of the entire operation. He's the General.

## THE CORNER

MAN-MAN, leaning on the gate.

A JUNKIE passes him.

MAN-MAN  
(subtle)  
80. Open.

Junkie heads to Building 80. K-Rock notices. Chirps someone  
on his TWO-WAY.

62 INT. GREEN BUILDING - APARTMENT 1A - BEDROOM - DAY 62

The money room. NAKED WOMEN ironing the crumpled bills until  
they look perfect. Then BEAMER places the fresh cash into  
MONEY MACHINES. Maybe a million in cash piled up in here.

Beamer gets the chirp. Heads out of the room, into the HALL.  
Opens the BATHROOM DOOR.

63 INT. GREEN BUILDING - APARTMENT 1A -BATHROOM - DAY 63

J-MILL, pharmacist, sitting in here, expertly BREAKING AND  
BAGGING -- dimes, 20's, and 50's. He's a Picasso.

BEAMER  
Stop wrappin' them shits like they  
Christmas presents. Just get them  
birds flyin'.

J-MILL  
Don't rush perfection.

Beamer heads off. J-Mill finishes bagging up.

J-MILL (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Uncle Jeb...

J-Mill gets up with bagged product, goes into a --

64 INT. ANOTHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

64

Right off the bathroom, where UNCLE JEB (50's), their "paid in product" delivery man, awaits. He salivates at the bagged product that's handed to him.

UNCLE JEB

Yeah, yeah, I can work with that.

Uncle Jeb takes the product into the --

65 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

65

LOOKOUTS (20's) in the KITCHEN, guns to the side while they play dominoes. YOUNG PLAYAS (18) on the couch playing playstation, dime bags on the coffee table.

Uncle Jeb goes to Wiz by the door. Wiz chirps --

K-ROCK. On the bench. From his Two-Way --

WIZ (THROUGH TWO-WAY)

Is it sunny?

K-Rock looks around. Into his Two-Way --

K-ROCK

I can see everything.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM. Wiz opens the door. Jeb exits.

66 INT. GREEN BUILDING - LOBBY- DAY

66

The ragged JUNKIE comes in the front door as Uncle Jeb comes down the stairs.

UNCLE JEB

I got it fo' ya now.

Exchange drugs for dollars. Desperate Junkie goes out the back way. Uncle Jeb goes out the front.

67 EXT. CORNER - NEAR GREEN BUILDING - DAY

67

Red in his Escalade, constantly checking his side mirror. Sees something: CAR he's never seen before. It pulls over and a RAGGED JUNKIE, a little too ragged, hops out.

The car passes Red.

RED

(to Man-Man, covert)

Those peoples out there.

Man-Man picks up the signal. RAGGED JUNKIE, once we get a better look we see it's C-RAYZ.

RAGGED JUNKIE (C-RAYZ)  
(Tony Montana like accent)  
I can't get two 17's?

Man-Man reads a magazine. Ignoring this stranger.

RAGGED JUNKIE (CONT'D)  
Fine. I'ma fuck with the sideblocks  
then. They don't gimme these kinda  
problems.

Indicates KIDS selling to cars on the corner. Man-man still ignoring him.

RAGGED JUNKIE (CONT'D)  
Why you actin like you don't know  
me?

MAN-MAN  
Mutha fucka, I don't.

Man-Man walks away. Ragged Junkie, tired of being overlooked, throws in the towel. Walks away.

RED'S RED ESCALADE'S hazard lights flash.

PROJECT BENCH

K-Rock notices the lights. He, Bootz, Lykid, walk off in the opposite direction of Man-Man.

68 EXT. BK PROJECTS - ND APT. - DAY

68

SAL and RONNY dressed as maintenance men, doing surveillance. Really, Sal is the one with the binoculars. He spots dealers walking away from the GREEN BUILDING. Ronny is busy laying the take-out order on the table. The greasiest food on the planet.

RONNY  
We're all set-up. Extra Mylanta.  
Extra toilet paper. Magazines --  
Let the damage begin!

SAL  
(re:dealers)  
This is unbelievable. These guys  
own these projects.

RONNY  
Urban decay. It's down right  
derisory, if you ask me.

Sal puts his binoculars down, gives Ronny a look - *derisory*.

RONNY (CONT'D)

I got one of those word-of-the day calendars. "Derisory" means absurd.

SAL

(focused back on the dealers)

These guys are practically printin' money, yet I can't get a loan. That sound derisory to you?

RONNY

Now that you explained it, it sounds *archetypal*.

(off Sal's look)

Tomorrow's word of the day.

SAL

Know what they said to me when I went in for the loan? That my occupational income potential didn't meet the guidelines. What the hell does that even mean?

RONNY

Means you're a New York City cop. Lower your standards accordingly.

SAL

There are topics to bullshit about, but this ain't one of them, Ronny.

Ronny changes gears instantly. Gets sincere.

RONNY

Shit, Sal. I didn't know it was that serious. How much you need?

Sal looks at him. Doesn't want to go too far down this road.

SAL

I need a lot. Alright.

Ronny looks him over. His friend's clearly hurting.

RONNY

I can scrape together five, maybe--

SAL

Ronny, I didn't ask.

RONNY

You wouldn't. We know each other twenty years. I've been at your house more than the furniture. Lemme give you somethin'.

SAL

Ronny, don't make me into some charity case, alright!? I got this covered.

Sal focuses back on the dealers, but especially the Green Building. That's where the money is.

69

INT. RAGGED JUNKIE'S CAR - DAY

69

Patrick in the driver's seat. The Ragged Junkie(C-Rayz) enters. Slams the door pissed.

RAGGED JUNKIE (C-RAYZ)

Fuckin' impossible. Everybody knows everybody out here. And you got me doin' this bullshit 'Tony Montana' shit.

PATRICK

See, I thought you were Pacino in "Carlito's Way."

RAGGED JUNKIE (C-RAYZ)

I do that one tomorrow.

VERIZON CAR

GEORGE dressed as an employee. Surreptitiously SNAPPING photos of the dealers as they leave.

70 INT. CAZ'S BENZ - NEAR EL TRAIN - DAY

70

Tango and Caz watch the cops getting outsmarted.

CAZ

What you know about IRA's?

TANGO

(fuckin' with Caz)

IRA's? Ira? Bowlegged Ira, dances at Suez Rendezous. With the big nipples look like Hershey's kisses.

CAZ

(catching on)

Money investments, you street mutha fucka!

They laugh it off.

CAZ (CONT'D)

Stocks. Shit like that. Tryin' to educate myself about that. When you know more, you do more.

TANGO

You tryin' a think long term?

CAZ

I got to. This street shit ain't me no more. Twenty years. I ain't even do half. That eight felt like forever.

TANGO

You just got home, you ain't gotta go from 0 to 60 right away. Enjoy bein' out the pen'.

CAZ

From that cage to this cage. This one's worse. Ain't no bars but you still in a cage. I've been doin' the same shit since I was thirteen. I don't even wanna do this shit no more, it's just I don't know how to do nothin' else.

TANGO

(cautious)

You keep talkin' like this, these vultures'll start thinkin' you ain't as real as the message you puttin' out.

CAZ

Forget a street rep and somebody takin' my spot.

TANGO

Somebody'll take your life, is what I'm sayin'.

CAZ

Fuck this life. Fuck these projects and all this shit!

Said that loud enough for anybody to here. Not at all concerned about his status out here.

CAZ (CONT'D)

You so wrapped up in this you can't see it for what it is? All this is, Pac-Man.

Tango thinks: *did he say what I think he said?*

CAZ (CONT'D)

This drug shit. It's all Pac-Man.

Tango can no longer suppress his laughter. But Caz has never been more serious in his life.

CAZ (CONT'D)

Think on it. You can't win at Pac-Man. You just go to the next level and the next level. No matter how many ghost or white pebbles you eat, you don't win. You keep puttin' in quarter after quarter. And the game only ends when you run out of quarters.

Laughter dies down as the analogy starts to make sense.

CAZ (CONT'D)

After usin' up everything you got, it ends. Just like these streets.

Points to a MURAL on the wall: a spray painting of an eighties drug dealer. The mural reads: MAMBO 1968-1989.

You just get your name up there. So somebody knows you was here. A high score. We all know how this shit ends, yet we still playin'.

TANGO

Who wouldn't want out of this.

Tango talking about himself (Detective First Grade).

TANGO (CONT'D)

Get themselves a family. Something solid. Real. That's the move to make.

CAZ

But how? I still gotta pay this lawyer for my appeal, and pay him to fight the court's petition to rescind my appeal. And the only way I can do that is with this. I'm playin' roulette with my life. I'm a two-time felon. A nickel bag'll put me away for life.

Tango ponders Caz's lose-lose situation.

TANGO

Pac-man, huh?

CAZ

Pac-man.

71 OMITTED

71

72 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - POKER - NIGHT

72

Money, cards, chips, *service* revolvers on the table. Seated around it, Sal, PATRICK, GEORGE, C-Rayz, and Ronny. Sal just won another poker hand.

C-RAYZ

I'm gonna head out for a smoke.

SAL

No, no. We're playin'. Go after a few more hands.

GEORGE

Sal, you got marks on the cards?

SAL

What for? You guys suck. That's why I invited you.

Sal keeps the game moving at a fast pace. Fun and games for everybody else, he's focused on the money.

RONNY

Since your wife's allowing you to work OT again, figured you'd have pesos to burn, Georgie.

George winces. All the guys 'hoot' except for C-Rayz.

C-RAYZ

What's this about the pesos?

SAL

You never heard this one? 'Bout a year back, his wife catches him full uniform *mastering-da-bait* to...what was it?

RONNY

The Telemundo.

GEORGE

It was Univision, you fucks.

SAL

So anyway. He's got a good jerk goin' and his wife catches 'em. But he's got no time to apologize, "gotta get to work." And where's he workin' OT...

RONNY

THE PUERTO RICAN DAY PARADE.

Still as funny as the first time. Even George joins in.

GEORGE

Curly hair. Those big hips. Gets me harder than a roll of quarters.

C-RAYZ

(playful threat)

I ever see you near one of my sisters --

PATRICK

All 14 of his sisters...

More laughter. Playful punches being thrown between C-Rayz and Patrick. Sal has finished his deal. Next hand begins.

SAL

Let's up the ante. Three dollars.

They WHINE. But they fall in line. Higher stakes.

RONNY

You guys hear the update on, Bobby?

That chases away the playful banter.

C-RAYZ

That sloppy fuck.

RONNY

The word is, Bobby was in on this insurance scam with these mob guys--

PATRICK

Oh, he's fucked! If his wife leaves him over this. I call first *dibs*.

RONNY

So, one of these wiseguys gets pinched for some drug thing in Jersey. So to save his ass, he rats on Bobby for robbin' dealers in Brooklyn.

PATRICK

I'll never get that. If you're gonna do something wrong, you know there's a risk. You can't handle the risk, don't do it.

RONNY

The bad cops make us look bad.

PATRICK

Ronny. I'm talking 'bout the mob guy who ratted him out.

Ronny, the lone voice of reason. Always gets teased about it.

GEORGE

Boy scout of America over here.

C-RAYZ

Girl scout.

PATRICK

C'mon, Ronny. These guys break the law to be wiseguys. Then they break their mafia codes to get witness protection under the laws they were breaking in the first place.

RONNY

I'm too good for drug money.

SAL

Come on, Ronny. There's no civilians in this room.

RONNY

You too, Brutus.

SAL

We all know where that money goes. Better still, we know where it doesn't go.

C-RAYZ

That's right.

SAL

Rehab clinics never see a penny.

That money doesn't --

73 OMITTED

73 \*

74 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

74 \*

Rest of the guys wondering how long this rant will last.

SAL

-- We risk life and limb takin' and  
givin' money to people who don't  
deserve it. Can you blame a guy  
wantin' some for himself?

The condescending CLAPPING begins.

RONNY

You can take his soapbox away now.

C-RAYZ

Brought a tear to my eye.

SAL

Fuck you guys! Don't act like you  
don't know what I'm talkin' about.

PATRICK

I'm on your side, Sal. City has no  
respect for cops. Twenty grand to  
start. Twenty grand.

C-RAYZ

Who can raise a family on that?

SAL

The worst is the hundred grand your  
family gets if you're killed on  
duty.

GEORGE

Means you're worth more to them  
dead than you are alive.

C-RAYZ

Somebody shoot me. Right now. My  
girl needs a new car.

SAL

That's what it's coming to. We have  
to start gettin' killed to take  
care of our families.

Vinny and Cynthia stomping down the stairs, middle of a  
youthful argument. Cynthia's best friend MYEISHA, a teenage  
black girl, safely behind them.

SAL (CONT'D)

Nobody plays or lifts a penny!  
(focuses on his kids)  
Whaddya guys doin'? You know you're  
not supposed to be down here!

CYNTHIA

Daddy, he keeps coming into the  
room while we're getting dressed.

Sal notices how short Cynthia's skirt is. Cynthia notices him  
noticing.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

There's a school play, then some of  
us are goin' to a diner after.

SAL

What'd your mother say?

CYNTHIA

She said for you to get some sleep.

Sal passes some money to her, but first...

SAL

Buy the rest of that skirt.  
Neighbors'll think we're only  
Catholic on Sunday's.  
(remembering)  
Wait, wait! Let me see the money.

Sal spots a BLOODY ten-dollar bill(from Carlo). *Oh shit.*  
Replaces it with a clean one. She kisses his cheek.

SAL (CONT'D)

Have fun, sweetheart.

CYNTHIA

Please get some sleep, Daddy.

Shoves Vinny before leaving with Myeisha. Before Vinny can  
retaliate Sal waves him over, sits him on his lap. Finally  
notices that the guys at the table haven't moved. Waiting for  
the moment Sal says they can continue playing.

SAL (CONT'D)

Let's play, but less talkin' and  
more playin'.

Game starts again.

PATRICK

Didn't know you lived in Harlem,  
Sal.

GEORGE

Let's get some 40's.

Sal burns. Dislike for the guy growing. Indicates Vinny. *Not in front of my kid.*

PATRICK

Take it easy. I'm havin' a laugh.

SAL

Let's just play.

PATRICK

...I like it over here on Malcolm X  
Boulevard.

SAL

(staring at Patrick)

Vin, go upstairs. Play with your  
brother.

Vinny throwing a fit. Sal, focusing on the game and Vinny, unknowingly gives Vinny the bloody ten. Just wants him to go upstairs. Now he can focus on the game.

RONNY

(lighthearted to Pat)

Don't make me come over there and  
kick your ass. My wife is black.

The game stops again. FUCK. Sal can't take this anymore.

PATRICK

Of course, I know your wife is  
Black. My girlfriend's Black. Don't  
we shop for cocoa butter together.

BAM! Sal punches him in the head. They hit the floor in a hail of back and forth blows. The Guys jump up (*Hey, Whoa!!*), pull them up off each other. George and C-Rayz hold Patrick back. Ronny stands in front of Sal.

C-RAYZ

Sal, what the hell!

SAL

Racist prick.

PATRICK

I'm just bullshittin' around.  
You're callin me a RACIST!.

GEORGE

We bullshit like this all the time,  
man. What's wrong with you, Sal?

RONNY

Get the fuck out. Everybody. Get out! Take him upstairs.

Patrick grumbles up the stairs ahead of George and C-Rayz.

RONNY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

SAL

I'm supposed to get four hundred tonight. He's throwing me off my game.

RONNY

Four hundred? Whaddya think this is, Vegas? What's gotten into you?

Looks to punch something. He can't. Vinny's stuff all over the place. Floodgates come out another way:

SAL

Angie's havin' twins.

RONNY

Twins? You lucky bastard. Congratulations.

SAL

I can't fit two more kids in here.

RONNY

There's gotta be a way to...

Ronny views the chaos in the basement. It is after all, the boys bedroom. Sees how impossible it is to fit more kids.

SAL

I stay here, I gotta have one of my kids move in with my sister...How do you choose something like that? Huh? How do you look 'em in their eyes and pick one to give away?

The thoughts that have been running wild in Sal's head for months. Sal's fighting hard to keep it together.

RONNY

Things will work out, Sal. They always do.

That falls on deaf ears. Sal is too wired. Not seeing clear. He heads upstairs leaving Ronny alone to contemplate his inability to help his best friend.

75 INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - DAY

75

Eddie spots a ROOKIE, 20's, scruffy looking, (picture Eddie before work) heading toward the car.

EDDIE

Who the hell's this now?

Somehow, somehow, the Rookie gets his safety belt stuck to the door trying to get in. After many failed attempts:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Look at this. Come on. In. In.

Rookie has to loosen belt. Now he's able to slide in. Sigh of relief, like he's conquered Mt. Everest.

ROOKIE

The fat guy, I think he's a Captain. He says the guy I went with yesterday is going with your guy, and I'm with you. I don't see why we have to do all this switching.

Eddie actually insulted now that Melvin is gone. Starts the car. Checks the --

REARVIEW MIRROR

sees Melvin with NEW PARTNER(OFFICER 2). They're getting along. Doesn't want to see that, shifts the mirror. Catches his bruised face. Not a good second option.

EDDIE shuts off the engine. Allows himself a hard thought that makes his reflection viewable.

EDDIE  
What's your name?

ROOKIE  
Eddie. Eddie Quinlan.

Irony makes Eddie smile.

EDDIE  
Eddie, Eddie Dugan.

E. QUINLAN  
Can't forget that.

Both share a nervous laugh. Moment hangs for awhile. Eddie unsure where to go from here.

EDDIE  
Listen, Eddie. I'm not sure how you did things yesterday, but today, we're gonna do things a little different, OK.

E. QUINLAN  
You're not softenin' me for the speech are you?

Eddie frowns, what speech.

E. QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
(the speech)  
"Move up, kid. Promotion.  
Detective. Sergeant. Captain."  
(then)  
Everybody's a guidance counselor  
when you're new. No offense.

EDDIE  
Trust me, I'm no motivational  
speaker.

E. QUINLAN  
How I see it, what works for  
everybody else is fine by me.

Eddie entertains a thought.

EDDIE  
Said the same thing way back when.  
Didn't know how fuckin' stupid I  
must've sounded until you just  
repeated it.

Eddie starts the car. Quinlan, mildly insulted.

76 OMITTED

76

77 EXT. MOTHER GASTON BOULEVARD - DAY

77

Slow steam rises from a VENDING CART. Remains from a busy morning. The RELIGIOUS VENDOR switches off the grill, drops his PRAYING MAT pointing East, toward Mecca, does his daily salah (prayers) in the middle of the block.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Eddie and Quinlan head down the block, approaching the Religious Vendor.

\*  
\*

E. QUINLAN  
I'm allergic to fire. And a gun's  
lighter than a mailbag.

\*

Rookie arrogance is pouring out of Quinlan.

\*

EDDIE  
(sarcasm)  
Sounds like you got it all figured  
out.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Eddie takes notice of the vendor as they pass. For just a moment, he's lost in the man's tranquility.

\*  
\*

E. QUINLAN  
How could you not? Retire with a  
good pension. What more is there?

\*  
\*  
\*

EDDIE  
Whaddya gonna do between now and  
that retirement?

\*

E. QUINLAN  
I'm gonna do "the job."

\*  
\*

EDDIE  
What's "the job?"

\*  
\*

Quinlan searches for an answer. Surprised he doesn't have one.

\*

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought. "The job,"  
like most things, is never what you  
expect. So take it one day at a  
time.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Without knowing it, Eddie has delivered the version of "the speech" that's hit home to Quinlan. He's dropped the facade.

\*

E. QUINLAN  
So what's a normal day like?

\*

Eddie starting to like this kid.

\*

EDDIE

Nice, easy, slow walks--

\*  
\*

At that moment, they hook a corner and bump into a MAN,  
flashy clothes and jewelry -- it's Tango.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

TANGO

My bad.

Eddie and Quinlan keep on walking. WE FOLLOW Tango. He  
reaches Caz, who is busy on the pay phone.

\*

CAZ (PHONE)

If my parole make me ineligible for  
financial aid, I'll pay cash...

\*

(looks at Tango, face  
saying: can you believe  
this shit)

I need proof of employment to pay  
for college... Nah, there's nothing  
else...

Hangs up. Slams the receiver down a few times, almost breaks  
it. They walk.

CAZ (CONT'D)

Now ain't that some bullshit!

TANGO

I didn't even know college could do  
that.

CAZ

They want you to stay a crab in  
that fuckin' bucket. That's what  
that shit is about! FUCK!

Caz let's out an exhausted sigh. A lot weighting on him.

CAZ (CONT'D)

I'ma head back around the way.

TANGO

Let me drop you off.

CAZ

Nah. I just wanna stretch my legs  
and clear my head.

Tango, sensing his friend is hurting, gives him a pound  
(handshake). Offers words of encouragement:

TANGO

Keep your head up, alright.

CAZ

Always.

They bang fists. Tango moves off, heads to his car. STAY ON  
CAZ. Alone, looks a bit broken. Hopeless.

78 EXT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

78

Tango takes his covert route into the back.

79 INT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

79

Tango comes out the kitchen door, passes to the back booth.  
Lieutenant Bill in his usual seat, and a STRANGER beside him.

LIEUTENANT BILL  
I'd like you to meet --

AGENT SMITH  
Special Agent Smith.

SPECIAL AGENT SMITH -- don't let the soft features on this woman fool you, she's tough as concrete. She extends a hand. Tango reluctantly shakes it and sits across.

LIEUTENANT BILL  
Smith takes over all our big cases.

AGENT SMITH  
Impressive work. It's gotten me promoted. So, I thank you, and my realtor really thanks you.

Chuckles around the table stop at Tango. Not amused.

AGENT SMITH (CONT'D)  
Bill tells me the bacon and eggs here are pretty damn good.

Tango is still stone faced. To Lt. Bill:

TANGO  
Wanna tell me what I'm doing here?

AGENT SMITH  
All business. I like him already.

Files open. Bill and Smith straight to business.

LIEUTENANT BILL  
The Commissioner signed off on "Operation Clean Up" yesterday. Target's your neck of the woods, the BK Projects.

AGENT SMITH  
When D.C. heard about the shooting up here, we had to step in. Sometimes the public forgets who the real enemy is. It's our job to remind'em.

Agent Smith produces photo catalogue of Caz. Tango frozen. Shock won't allow him an immediate reaction.

AGENT SMITH (CONT'D)  
Casanova Phillips. Judge granted him a get out of jail free card. We want you to take that card away.

A shot in the gut for Tango.

AGENT SMITH (CONT'D)

But we need evidence. You put him on a deal with my UC's, push it through, and provide us with a location Narco can hit. Raid provides the evidence, we get a high profile arrest of a dealer reclaiming turf.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Then a swarm of rookies are posted to preserve the peace. Voila. Shiny new image for the department.

Tango looks at them. Offended.

TANGO

You're kidding me, right? Caz ain't gone nowhere near drugs since he got out.

AGENT SMITH

He will. Just a matter of time. It's his nature.

TANGO

What the fuck you know about his nature? Nah, nah. Fuck that. And fuck you. And fuck you.

He stands to leave. His decision made.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Hey, just wait a minute, hear me out first.

AGENT SMITH

Sit down.

As she gets up to go after him.

TANGO

Forgive me. Sometimes I mumble. FUCK YOU! Now, you can hear it in stereo. Want the subtitles?

Agent Smith returns his rage with a simple look. Tango walks through the swinging kitchen doors.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Just let me do my job.

She ignores him and walks through the swinging doors after Tango. Bill follows.

KITCHEN

AGENT SMITH

What do you know about 75,000 dollars over 24 months lost in transfer from a New Jersey coke dealer to your evidence claim?

This stops Tango from exiting the back kitchen door.

TANGO

Man, where'd you dig up this bitch?

AGENT SMITH

Your wife -- excuse me -- ex-wife's been passing drug money all over town for the past three years now.

TANGO

*Pssss*. Bullshit.

AGENT SMITH

Ever heard of serial numbers, Clarence? We keep dirty money in circulation so we can keep tabs on who's buying and selling. Separate the big fish from the small. Eyes on all those dead presidents? They're ours.

Beat.

TANGO

(warning)

Don't.

AGENT SMITH

I'm just saying, it's tough to keep a lid on this kinda thing. Bad things happen, and not just to you.

She stares him down. She means business.

AGENT SMITH (CONT'D)

I want you wired. I want you making the introduction.

(beat)

I want Phillips.

TANGO

I'm guessing you read my file, right?

AGENT SMITH

Cover to cover.

He gets right in her face. Intimidating. But she doesn't back down an inch.

TANGO

Read the part about how I started  
undercover in the pen -- ?

AGENT SMITH

(insinuating)

Not an easy 9 months --

TANGO

Still easier than this shit you're asking me to do now. So, you know I ain't got a problem going back because then I can actually look myself in the mirror, knowing I didn't sell my soul. So please, get the FUCK out of my face.

Tango moves her out of the way and storms off out the back kitchen door toward his car.

AGENT SMITH

You better get him under control.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Look lady, you check yourself, I'll deal with him.

Bill goes after him.

80

EXT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

80

Tango heads to his car. Bill catches up to him.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Ay, ay, ay... wait a minute. This thing, I know it's a bitter pill to swallow, but she's going to be the head of the NYC field office and you talk to her like that?

TANGO

What'd they give you to be their bitch, uh? A promotion? Is it Sergeant, Bill? Captain?

LIEUTENANT BILL

I'm on your side... Look, I understand you have history with Phillips, he got you outta some... trouble inside, fine -

He get's chest-to-chest with Bill.

TANGO

You understand? 'Cause we share bacon and eggs twice a month, you think you know me? Whyn't you and Agent Snitch go back to your world, push papers, whatever it is you do, and stay the fuck out of mine. Unless you want to switch sides? Throw on some baggy gear and put on a mean face, hit these streets --- I didn't think so.

Tango heads to his car.

LIEUTENANT BILL

They offered you Detective First Grade.

This makes Tango stop. But only momentarily. He's been promised stuff before. Tango gets in the car.

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)

It's real this time. Approved yesterday. Office of your choice, shift of your choice.

Tango starts the engine.

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)

Look, Clarence, under all this...  
"street shit," you're layin' on me,  
this tough talk, whatever, there's  
still a cop who got into this game  
so he could move up. Well, this  
right here, right now, is your  
chance at a career. At a life.

Tango stops at the mention of "a life."

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)

You really gonna throw that all  
away?

Tango peels off, burning rubber. Leaving a frustrated Bill in  
his dust.

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)

(yelling after him)  
I'm trying to fucking help you!

81

INT. 65 PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - DUSK

81

Eddie and Quinlan changing from uniform to civilian.

EDDIE

...pizzerias, those Mexican fast food places, nowadays they're run by anybody. But an Irish bar, *is*, *was*, and always will be an Irish bar. Let's see 'em gentrify that. Right?

\*  
\*

E. QUINLAN

That's one way of lookin' at it.

\*

Eddie's not being rude, but at the same time he's not completely engaging. Just wants to change and go home.

\*  
\*

E. QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Eddie. You know 'bout this place, McCool's?

(off Eddie's nod 'yes')

The guys are heading there. You should come. First 'bump and a brew' is on me! Isn't that what they used to call it?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EDDIE

(trying to find the right words)

Thanks, but... I'll pass.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Quinlan a little taken aback. Thought they made a connection.

\*

E. QUINLAN

What should I do?

\*  
\*

Eddie regards Quinlan: just a rookie trying to find his way.

\*

EDDIE

Slide the money on the bar, they'll slide a drink over to you. That's how I remember it workin'.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

E. QUINLAN

Alright. Okay. McCool's it is.

\*  
\*

Quinlan heads for the door. Comes right back, almost forgot:

\*

E. QUINLAN (CONT'D)

I'll see you tomorrow, right Eddie?

\*  
\*

EDDIE

That's how it usually works, kid.

\*  
\*

Quinlan and all his youthful energy are out the door. Leaving Eddie alone. Trying to enjoy silence.

\*  
\*

Eddie considers the suitable answer.

B84 INT. TANGO'S APT. - DAY B84 \*

Tango at his PIANO. Playing. This is his peace. His sanctuary. CLUNK. He hits the wrong note. He knows this arrangement well, but he just can't perform it. He starts over. Same result. CLUNK. Again. CLUNK. Now it's a test of wills. CLUNK. Just can't play it. Tango pauses. Scans the place he calls 'home.'

TIME CUT

Tango removes a LOCKED BOX hidden inside his couch. Keys open the lock. Opens it. PICTURES: Police inauguration. Wedding. Vacation. Birthdays. This is a younger Tango (Clarence). A smiling Tango, naive. Within each picture is a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN we can only assume is his wife.

Tango comes up to the door of his house, pulls out the keys, wisely, thinks better of it, starts to knock, but before he can, the door flies open. ALLISA on her way out, looking great. She stops. They just stare at each other a beat.

TANGO

Hey..

ALLISA

Hey...

Tango holds up papers.

TANGO

Can we talk about this?

\*

Long beat. Allisa steps aside, letting Tango in.

AA84 INT. ALLISA'S HOUSE - DAY

AA84

Tango looks around the place.

TANGO

Hmm, you painted.

No response. Tango notices a shelf slightly askew.

TANGO (CONT'D)

That shelf is a little crooked.

ALLISA

I know.

Allisa watches Tango as he tries to figure out where to stand, what to say.

TANGO

Can I get some water?

ALLISA

You know where the fridge is.

TANGO

I wasn't asking you to get the...  
ok...

Tango goes to the fridge, pours some water for himself and Allisa. She watches. Tango comes back in the room, sets down the water, finds a seat across from her, puts the papers on the table.

TANGO (CONT'D)

You really want me to sign these?

ALLISA

What's the difference? It's just a piece of paper. A formality at this point, isn't it?

TANGO

Allisa...

ALLISA

What?

TANGO

I know you're mad at me and you have every right to be--

ALLISA

Well, thank you.

Best not to fight. Tango powers through.

TANGO

But I just met with Bill. Ok. He told me that I got the green light on that promotion.

ALLISA

Ohhh---

TANGO

I know, I know, you've heard it before a thousand times. Me too. But it's real. There's one more thing they want me to do, one more...

(can't find the adjective)  
Thing. Then it's mine, first grade.

Allisa gets up, walks away, has to move on this one. Tango pursues.

TANGO (CONT'D)

Nine to five, I'm a square--

ALLISA

...home for dinner, starting a family--

TANGO

Yeah... Ain't that what you want for us?

ALLISA

Oh, you're thinking about us, now. Jesus Christ, I have to serve you with divorce papers for you to... Now you want to pay attention, huh? About two, three weeks ago, Clarence, I ran out of gas on the turnpike. 10:30 at night. I was scared, I waited for that tow truck by myself. It took them an hour to get to me. *That's* when I was thinking about us.

Tango opens his mouth, but stops. There ain't really nothing to say back to that.

ALLISA (CONT'D)

Do you know how long it took to dawn on me that I only had to buy groceries for one person? I can't even tell you how much meat went bad in that fucking fridge. You want me to keep going? The girls?

TANGO

Girls?

ALLISA

Yes, Clarence, on the job, keeping  
your cover, I know what you have to-

TANGO

Come on, Allisa. You know that  
ain't me.

ALLISA

How?

TANGO

Because you know.

Beat. He's right, she knows. But still...

ALLISA

God... You keep chipping away at  
me. I swear, you're gonna come home  
one day and there's not gonna be  
any Allisa left.

TANGO

Let me make it up to you. Let me  
make it right. Just hang in there  
with me a little bit longer, baby.  
Just a little bit.

She wants to believe him so badly.

TANGO (CONT'D)

You don't even have to say "yes"  
right now, just... just don't say  
"no." Please.

ALLISA

(beat. Sighs)  
You're a piece of shit.

TANGO

I know.  
(beat)  
Look, I know you're headed out.  
Im'a go.

Tango goes to grab the divorce papers.

ALLISA

Leave'em.  
(beat. Needs him)  
Come here.

84 INT. TANGO'S BMW - DAY 84

Tango removes the SIM CARD from his cell-phone, loads it into a NEW CELL-PHONE -- it illuminates on. As he's doing this his eyes are on a DOCUMENT next to the phone.

WE SCAN WORDS ON THE DOCUMENT -- promotion. Officer Clarence Butler. Detective First Grade. Commissioner's Office.

85 INT. SURVEILLANCE SUV - DAY 85

SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT being manned by two SPECIAL AGENTS. Board lights up. They're in business.

86 OMITTED 86

87 INT. GREEN BUILDING - APT. 1A - DAY 87

KID WITH BRAIDS tosses the controller down, frustrated. OTHER PLAYERS mocking him. Kid heads out...

HALLWAY

SLAMS the door behind him.

OTHER PLAYERS

Bitch ass/Lock the door behind  
you/put them locks on the door!

Kid ignores, he's that pissed. FOUR LOCKS on the door closed from inside. Kid heads down...

A88 INT. GREEN BUILDING - STAIRCASE - DAY A88

MAINTENANCE MEN lugging a new refrigerator, block his path to the lobby. Just not his day.

## KID WITH BRAIDS

C'mon!

GUN digs into his back. Really not his day. Sal behind that gun. Six plain clothes cops(Ronny, C-Rayz, Patrick, George) behind him.

SAL

(whisper, but scary)

Keep your fuckin' mouth closed.

Maintenance men open refrigerator -- bags of equipment. TOSSED to other officers. Sal, gun on this kid as he leads him back up the stairs -- from the next floor ESU TEAM already in gear, a mountain of a police officer accurately dubbed, NARCOTICS BEAST, joins Sal and his team in the hallway door.

88 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

88

When they're safely in the hallway, they remove bags and strap on their gear. Take positions leading into apartment 1A. Sal, moving low, out of the sight of peepholes, as he takes the scared shitless Kid to the door of 1A.

SAL

Open it.

KID WITH BRAIDS

C'mon, man.

SAL

(gun to the kid's head)

I'm gonna put eight bullets in your braids, Coolio, if you don't open that door.

Kid produces his keys. Shaking. Keys the door...

89 INT. GREEN BUILDING, APARTMENT 1A - SAME

89

Door opens -- LOOKOUTS scatter in chaos -- Kid TOSSED aside -- NARCS crash in -- Shouts of 'Get down' 'Hands' as their AUTOMATICS aim the lookouts to the ground. Of course(C-Rayz) Nicky finds the BIGGEST GUY and only guy who resists. Makes a mess of the kitchen subduing him.

BATHROOM

J-Mill HEARS the bust. LOCKS the door. Flushes drugs down the toilet.

HALLWAY

George passes the bedroom on way to bathroom. Tries doorknob, locked. NARCOTICS BEAST gives George a look: I'll handle it --

#### BATHROOM

J-Mill holds the door shut with his foot while dumping the product in the toilet -- BANG -- Narcotics Beast knocks the door almost off the hinges -- Second attempt sends J-Mill and the door flying into the bathtub.

Sal and Ronny position the bedroom door.

#### BEDROOM

NAKED WOMEN against the wall. Waiting for the inevitable. Beamer closes the lock on the AIR CONDITIONER. DOOR CRASHES in -- Ronny, gun out, points them all to the ground. Sal rushes in -- sees the empty money machines -- *where is it?* Sal searches the Air Conditioner. Looks out the window -- SPOTS a DIRTY MAN with a duffel bag.

SAL (POLICE RADIO)  
Eagle. They've sent money outside.  
Look for anyone leaving the  
building.

Sal sprints out the bedroom.

90

EXT. CORNER, BK PROJECTS - DAY

90

Sal rushes out. SAL'S POV: SHOPPERS at a grocery store watching the ruckus. STOREOWNER points to the DIRTY MAN, duffel bag in hand. Dirty Man notices Sal. Sal notices him. They lock eyes for a beat....

Dirty Man takes off. Weight of the duffel bag trips him up. He's back on his feet -- sees Sal GAINING. Dirty man rounds the corner and heads up the...

#### STEPS TO THE ELEVATED SUBWAY STATION

...before he can reach the door -- Sal tackles him. Subdues him. Cuffs him.

RADIO  
Eagle, what's your position?

Sal breathes heavy, winded. Eyes the duffel bag.

RADIO (CONT'D)  
Eagle, what's your position.

Behind his eyes, the decision is made.

SAL (RADIO)  
Suspect got away.

Dirty man SCREAMS his capture. Sal opens duffel bag: BABY FOOD and DIAPERS. Sal is stunned. He desperately digs deeper. No money. Shakes THE Dirty man, brutally.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Where's the money?

Dirty Man just mumbles incoherently. He's just a shoplifter. A beat as Sal contemplates, then... uncuffs him. Dirty man unsure of his release, looks at Sal. Wants some kind of sign that it's okay to leave...

...Sal sees his desperation. Knows it all too well. Sal re-stuffs the bag. Looks around to see if anyone notices -- it's clear. Sal holds the bag out.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Take it.

Takes the Dirty Man a few beats before he can trust this cop. But he snatches the bag. Sal watches the desperate father run off with what's needed to support his family.

91 OMITTED

91

92 EXT. BK PROJECTS - ROOFTOP - DAY

92

K-Rock, Beamer, and Red getting their rocks off POUNDING out the KID WITH BRAIDS. He fucked up (let Sal in). He's being held upside down, near the ledge, it won't take much effort to toss him over.

K-ROCK  
We got this shit runnin' like  
clockwork! And you tryin' to fuck  
up our money.

Red, CIGARETTE dangling from his mouth, steps closer.

RED  
You know Pavlov's Dog?

KID WITH BRAIDS  
(through broken bloody  
teeth)  
Nah. Who Pablo? He from Van Dyke?

RED  
He a scientist. Nigga'd hold a big  
ole juicy muh-fuckin steak in front  
'a his dog. Dog get hungry, mouth  
starts waterin and shit, Pablo ring  
a bell.

(MORE)

RED (CONT'D)

Nigga did this a hundred times, til  
all he had to do was ring the bell  
and the dog's mouth would water  
even though ain't no steak in  
front'a him. See, Pablo conditioned  
his ass to salivate at the sound of  
the bell. Ya dig...Pablo's Dog.

KID WITH BRAIDS  
Yeah, Pablo.

RED  
I'm a scientist, too, nigga. And  
you? You Red's dog. So I want you  
to think about fuckin wit my money.

KID WITH BRAIDS  
They was gonna shoot me --

BEAMER  
You shoulda let'em. We'd a been  
pourin' out liquor right now.

*Sssssss*. Red strikes like a cobra, burning the Kid's arm with  
his cigarette. Kid screams.

KID WITH BRAIDS  
AHHHH! THE FUCK, NIGGA?!?!

Red pulls the Kids head back. Newport up to his eye.

RED  
Now think about what you told the  
cops or I will burn your fucking  
eyes out.

Tango and Caz arrive, expecting something, but not this.

CAZ  
Fuck is this?

K-ROCK  
Lil' faggot ain't chirp before he  
left, and --

Pow! Caz heavy hand SLAPS him. Get's in K-Rock's face:

CAZ  
Y'all switchin' names!? I thought  
your name was K-peebles or some  
shit. IS YOUR NAME RED!?

K-Rock just swallows it. Doesn't dare challenge Caz.

CAZ (CONT'D)  
(to Red)  
Red! What the fuck is up?

RED  
This the little niggaz snitchin.  
That's how 5-0 rolled up on us.

Tango is taking this all in: *what's my play here?*

RED (CONT'D)

We gon' need to change everything,  
new whips, new stash --

CAZ

That's hustlin' backwards!  
Spendin' more than we makin'.  
That, plus the product we lost,  
product I still gotta pay for.  
When do we make money, Red?

Caz makes his way over to him. Eye to eye with Red.  
Confrontational.

CAZ (CONT'D)

Answer me that. Since you're the  
brains of this shit, all a sudden!

Red backs down, but not that much, has to keep face.

RED

Aight, I jumped out a little --  
but, that's only 'cause I see what  
they doin'.  
(to Beamer and K-Rock)  
When's the last time we got raided?

BEAMER

Been a minute. Like three years. We  
don't be slackin when it comes to  
this, we got shit runnin' right.

RED

You just came home, Caz! And now  
they watchin' us. Now they breakin'  
doors down. You feel me?

Caz is taking this in. Being swayed by it. After all, Red is  
right. Tango, sizing this up to figure the right play here.

RED (CONT'D)

Caz, you gonna risk spendin' your  
life in a box over this lil'nigga?

CAZ

(to Tango)

Last time we got raided was three  
years ago?

TANGO

Caz, we make this kid a stain on  
the concrete, you know how much  
heat that's gonna bring?

RED

You ever notice how Tango always  
wanna avoid shit.

Looks to K-Rock and Beamer. They always support his theories.

RED (CONT'D)

Whenever dirt need to get done, he  
always preachin' some other way.

TANGO

You got some shit you wanna shit --

RED

Nigga, I'm sayin' it! You ain't  
grow up out here. I seen your gun,  
but I never seen you use it.

He's planting that seed, deep. Even Caz is looking at him a  
certain way. Tango is seething -- now he has to make a move.

RED (CONT'D)

For all we know, you could be the  
nigga talkin' --

WAP! WAP! Tango's PUNCHES put Red on his back -- Red reaches  
for his GUN -- Tango stomps on his HAND -- can't get it out --  
but Tango has his .45 in Red's face --

TANGO

Say that dumb shit again!

Shoves the barrel into Red's mouth. K-Rock and Beamer,  
anxious to see where this goes.

TANGO (CONT'D)

You wanna bang on your chest, go to  
the jungle. The rest of us are out  
here to GET MONEY! Somebody  
snitchin', we need to get our heads  
together and find out who. And then  
act on it --

CAZ

Yo, yo! Y'all cool out with that  
shit!

Tango holsters his .45. Red stand, adrenaline pumping. Wipes  
blood from his mouth. Spits some more out. Grins that  
devilish grin at Tango. Red feeds off violence, regardless of  
what end of it he's on.

RED

(no hard feelings)  
My man. Tango

Caz passes them, approaches the kid. Gets low. Really sees this kids face: bloody, teeth broken, crying. Caz doesn't blink an eye -- probably seen much worse.

CAZ

You been runnin' your mouth?

Red, K-Rock and Beamer giving each other pounds. Can't wait to see this. The old Caz. The legend.

KID WITH BRAIDS

....no....no....no...

CAZ

Lil' man don't fuckin' lie to me.

Tango reaches into his waist, grips his .45, might need to use it.

KID WITH BRAIDS

...no....no....

Caz, looks like he's ready to rip this kid apart for the truth. He digs into his pocket --

Pulls out -- MONEY. Shoves it in the Kid's pockets. Red, K-Rock, Beamer, even Tango -- stunned beyond words.

CAZ

Get your grill fixed, youngin'.  
Hope you can make jumpers or make  
beats, 'cause you ain't gettin'  
money on...

(to Red)

...my streets anymore.

Walks off. Red, K-Rock, Beamer in disbelief.

93

EXT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - DAY

93

Caz has been, and still is, frantically checking for wires inside his Benz. He runs an ELECTRONIC SCANNER across the interior. Tango watching him, feeling guilty because the only wire is on him. Caz satisfied with the search. Tosses the scanner aside. It's now safe to talk.

CAZ

(paranoid)

Those Mexicans wrap you in a plastic bag and burn you alive if you don't have their money. As if that shit ain't enough to worry about! Now Red with this bullshit.

TANGO

He's tired of sitting in that car. Wants to be sitting higher up.

CAZ

You think I didn't see that shit? You sayin' I don't know what's goin' on?

He's more paranoid than Tango thought.

TANGO

I'm saying you handled it, Caz. You put 'em in his place.

Uncomfortable silence for a beat.

TANGO (CONT'D)

For a minute though, I thought you was gonna toss that kid over.

CAZ

He wasn't talkin'.

Caz looks at Tango. Something about the way he does it. *Does he suspect Tango?*

CAZ (CONT'D)

You know what...I did my dirt. I ain't no angel, but I ain't the devil either. I'm tryin' to do some other shit. And they're makin' it their business to lock me back up. Like I'm some animal that don't deserve freedom.

That look, it's fear. Tango knew this would be hard, but not this hard. He has to look away, can't look at Caz while he's stabbing him in the back.

TANGO

I got a way that we can shut this down out here and still make our money.

CAZ

How?

TANGO

These cats I know uptown. They wanna buy from us. Wholesale. They're at the table askin' for 10 bricks, hard. You just gotta meet them.

CAZ

Come on. A deal?

TANGO

Yeah.

CAZ

Now?

Tango, pissed at himself that he has to keep doing this. But takes it out on Caz.

TANGO

How many bullets you gonna dodge? How much longer 'till they catch you slippin' out here? I'm only tellin' you what you already know. There's an expiration date on these streets.

The words are hitting home. And Tango hates that they are, but he keeps on going:

TANGO (CONT'D)

With this deal, you get your money, without takin' the risk.

CAZ

These people you tellin' me about, you trust 'em?

(cutting Tango off)

(MORE)

CAZ (CONT'D)

Fuck that. When I say trust, I mean  
a lot, not a little.

TANGO

...I wouldn't mention it if I  
didn't.

Caz takes a moment to think this over.

TANGO (CONT'D)

You should take the whole cut for  
yourself. And just vanish.

CAZ  
(warming to the idea)  
Just parachute outta here. Be a  
ghost.

TANGO  
Be a ghost and a legend at the same  
time.

He gives Tango a pound. Still regards him as a brother.  
Family...

CAZ  
You're the only one I can trust out  
here.

And that trust is eating away at Tango.

94 EXT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - SURVEILLANCE SUV - DAY 94  
SPECIAL AGENTS listening.

CAZ (O.S.)  
-- Set up the meeting.

95 INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - MOVING - DAY 95  
Eddie drives. Quinlan is clean cut, looks every bit the wide-  
eyed rookie today. Eddie takes a turn, putting them in the  
heart of...

THE BK PROJECTS

clean up after the drug sweep still going on. Looks more  
like occupied military territory than a community now.  
RESIDENTS eye them suspiciously, wary of any cops in the  
neighborhood.

EDDIE  
They want us patrolling these  
Operation Clean Up precincts. Get  
you guys familiar with them.

E. QUINLAN  
(fighting back fear)  
Heard it was bad. But this... these  
people are lookin' at us like... I  
could get posted here?

RADIO  
213 in progress at sixteen sixty-  
nine Kings Highway.

Eddie heats the light. They are taking the call.

96

I/E. BODEGA - DAY

96

Store a mess. Candy, magazines all over the floor. A PAKISTANI MAN holds a HAMMER face to face with a male STUDENT.

STUDENT PAKISTANI MAN  
Fuck you. Fuck you- Fuck you. Fuck you-

OTHER STUDENTS watching scatter when patrol car 7554 pulls up. Eddie and Quinlin make their way through the sea of students. Enter the Bodega.

EDDIE  
Whoa! Whoa! Everybody calm down.

Police presence ends argument. Eddie steps to the Pakistani man, Quinlin next to the student.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
(re: the hammer)  
Sir, you can go ahead 'n put that down now.

The Pakistani Man clearly wants to use it on the Student. But he puts it down.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
What happened here?

STUDENT  
Yo! Why you asking him first?

EDDIE  
Because his haircut is better than yours.  
(again to Pakistani man)  
What happened?

PAKISTANI MAN  
This guy, he come in store. He put candy in his pocket.

EDDIE  
(to Student)  
Let me see your ID, please?

Student hands it over, knows this is going against him.

STUDENT  
He's gonna pay for the strap he broke off my book-bag, right?

PAKISTANI MAN  
You pay candy.

STUDENT

I pay candy? Fuck's that even mean?

EDDIE

Hey! I'm not gonna say it again.

(to Quinlan)

I'll check his ID. Keep everybody calm.

Quinlin nods, but there is uncertainty in him. Eddie sizes up the situation: Rookie with two hostiles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You take the ID. I'll stay.

E. QUINLIN

Eddie, come on.

EDDIE

No, you go check.

E. QUINLIN

Eddie. Come on. You're embarrassin' me. I got this.

Takes a beat for Eddie to swallow his doubts, exits.

EDDIE

leaves. Contemplates going back. But he's already outside. Decides to keep trooping it to the Squad car.

BODEGA

student paces back and forth, mean mugging the Pakistani man who returns the look with the same disdain.

E. QUINLIN (CONT'D)

(to Student; reasoning)

Hey man, just give it back so we can all go home?

STUDENT

(flashes wad of cash)

Got enough to buy him, his family, and a slurpee.

PAKISTANI MAN

You see, Mr. Officer? He threaten.

STUDENT

This mutha fucka ripped my bag!

PAKISTANI MAN

Give back candy, you get bag back.

Both view the bag. Symmetrically 10 feet between them.

STUDENT

Fuck that!

The Student starts for the bag. Quinlan grabs him. He breaks free. Grabs one end of the bag. Pakistani Man grabs the other. A tug of war. Quinlan looks outside. No sign of Eddie. He has to deal with this.

E. QUINLAN

Okay. Hey! Both of you, let go.  
I'm only gonna say it once.

Neither listening to him. The situation getting crazier. In a panic, Eddie holsters his pistol, aims at them.

E. QUINLAN (CONT'D)

ALRIGHT, DON'T MOVE!!

They release the bag. Quinlan's wrist shakes violently.

PAKISTANI MAN

Okay, okay!!

STUDENT

What are you doing man?

Crowd YELLS, cursing the 'police'. Out of his depth, Quinlan turns the gun on the furious crowd. They back up, scream, start flooding out into the street.

97 EXT. BODEGA - SAME

97

Eddie notices. Exits the patrol car.

98 INT. BODEGA - DAY

98

Quinlan turns gun back on the Student and Pakistani Man.

E. QUINLAN

(to Student)

You! Get on the floor!

Student scared to death. Quinlan tosses him face down onto the floor candy-covered floor. Jagged edges plus the weight of Quinlan on his back makes the pain unbearable.

Quinlan readies his cuffs. Tries to pry the student's arm from under his body. Not working. Quinlan LEANS ON HIS GUN FOR BALANCE, a little too close to the Student's head. Suddenly, the gun slips on the linoleum under Quinlan's weight and --

BAM! BAM! TWO GUNSHOTS RING OUT --

-- as Eddie enters the store. Followed by horrific SCREAMS from onlookers.

99 INT. 65TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN GERACI'S OFFICE - DAY 99

SECRETARY behind her desk reading the New York Daily News:  
"ROOKIE MISTAKE LEAVES TEEN DEAF: BROOKLYN COPS OUT OF  
CONTROL?"

100 INT. 65TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN GERACI'S OFFICE - DAY 100

Cold, windowless room. Guilt-ridden Eddie uncomfortable in  
the examination chair. Accompanied by UNION REP. Being stared  
down by a THREE-MAN PANEL growing impatient.

INVESTIGATOR 1

No one is holding you responsible.  
Why are you so adamant on taking  
blame?

STENOGRAPHER recording to the side.

EDDIE

Because I knew I should've stayed.

INVESTIGATOR 2

You knew your fellow officer would  
pull his gun on a crowd of unarmed  
kids. And then let off two rounds  
within inches of this kids head --

EDDIE

Knew that I should've stayed there.  
But I just let it go.

Clearly Eddie is talking to himself.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I just let it go.

INVESTIGATOR 1

This student had 400 dollars and an  
ounce of marijuana in his  
possession.

(spitballin', but really  
feeding Eddie testimony)

Is it possible that Officer Quinlan  
was over-zealous in apprehending a  
known drug suspect?

INVESTIGATOR 2

(continuing the thought)

And that said drug suspect's fear  
of a felony charge lead him to  
resist arrest.

Balls in Eddie's court now...

EDDIE  
Officer Quinlan shouldn't've been  
there.

Panel exhausted by his lack of cooperation. Investigator 3  
signals the stenographer to cease the recording.

INVESTIGATOR 3  
You've been an officer long enough  
to know that Quinlan is a casualty  
of a bad shooting. A casualty  
needed to preserve our trust with  
the public. We need this to be drug  
related. We need a decorated  
officers testimony to back that up.  
While your service record is  
neither commendable or  
extraordinary, it will satisfy.

That assessment stings Eddie.

INVESTIGATOR 3 (CONT'D)  
(dumbing it down)  
So would you please, for the  
record, recount the events of the  
day in question.

EDDIE  
(fuck you)  
Quinlan should not have been there.

INVESTIGATOR 3  
(to Union Rep)  
Remind Officer Dugan this committee  
can bring him up on departmental  
charges.

UNION REP  
Let me remind you he retires in a  
few days.

That stops the investigators in their tracks.

101 INT. 65TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN GERACI'S OFFICE - DAY 101

Eddie files out. At the end of the hallway, catches sight of  
Quinlan about to enter the investigation room.

EDDIE  
(calling out)  
Hey, Eddie.

Quinlan turns. He's in bad shape, hasn't slept in days. Too  
disheveled to respond. Union Rep ushers Quinlan into the  
room. Eddie continues down the hallway.

102 INT. CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 102 \*

Chantel enters from another room. Singing. Swaying. \*

Performing for... \*

Eddie. Who lays in her bed, glass of whiskey in his hand. \*

Looks exhausted. Spent. But not in the good, sexual kind of \*

way. More like "a lifetime of pointlessness"-spent. \*

CHANTEL \*

*Baby, I know you're wondering/ Why* \*

*I won't go over to your place/* \*

*'Cause I'm not sure about how I* \*

*feel/ So I'd rather go at my own* \*

*pace/ I know and you know that if* \*

*we get together/ Emotions will grow* \*

*to work...* \*

She keeps going, swaying sensually to the music in her head. \*

Eddie watches, bemused. \*

She finishes. He applauds. \*

EDDIE \*

Bravo. Bravisimo. \*

CHANTEL \*

Not exactly a standing ovation. \*

EDDIE \*

I been walkin the beat for 20 \*

years. My feet are tired. \*

CHANTEL \*

Aright, *tired feet*, you get a pass. \*

But just for tonight. \*

She jumps on the bed. Kisses him. \*

EDDIE \*

That was really good. You got a \*

voice. \*

CHANTEL \*

(genuinely touched) \*

Really? \*

EDDIE \*

Yeah. If I'd'a known that mouth \*

was good for anything other than \*

sucking dick, I probably would've \*

wanted to manage you instead of \*

fuck you. \*

She hits him, playfully. \*

CHANTEL \*  
Asshole. \*  
(beat) \*  
Alright, your turn. You go. \*

EDDIE \*  
No-ho-ho way. \*

CHANTEL \*  
Yes way. \*

He starts to paw at her, sexually. \*

EDDIE \*  
C'mon, let's just- \*

CHANTEL \*  
(pulls away) \*  
Nuh-uh. No singy-singy, no fucky- \*  
sucky. \*

EDDIE \*  
I only know one song. And that's \*  
only 'cause my wife sang it \*  
everyday for the first four years \*  
of our marriage. \*

CHANTEL \*  
Hey, I told you, I don't wanna hear \*  
about that "other woman" while \*  
you're with me. \*

EDDIE \*  
You're not gonna like it. \*  
(mock slang) \*  
It ain't got no beatz, yo. \*

CHANTEL \*  
Quit stallin. Lady Chantel needs \*  
entertainment. \*

Eddie sighs. Goes to the foot of the bed, and as she fires \*  
up a joint... he begins to sing SOMEWHERE from West Side \*  
Story. He starts getting into it. Chantel smiles, laughs, \*  
but not mockingly. It's kind of sweet, until... \*

An ANGRY VOICE POUNDS ON THE WALL from another apartment. \*

ANGRY VOICE (O.S.) \*  
AY, SHUT THE FUCK UP WITH THAT \*  
FAGGOT SHIT! \*

They both crack up as he jumps back in bed with her. She \*  
settles into his arms as Eddie becomes pensive. Finally: \*

EDDIE \*  
Neither commendable, nor \*  
extraordinary. \*

CHANTEL  
What's that?

EDDIE  
What they said... about my service.  
(more softly)  
Neither commendable, nor  
extraordinary.

CHANTEL  
What does that mean?

EDDIE  
It means that for 20 years, I  
haven't done anything right, and I  
haven't done anything wrong. I  
haven't done anything.

CHANTEL  
You sang that song pretty good.

Eddie looks at her: *I'm being serious here.*

CHANTEL (CONT'D)  
Connecticut's gonna be good for  
you.

EDDIE  
I dunno. Place like any other.

CHANTEL  
No. I've seen pictures. Nice  
pictures. Everybody had houses.  
Lawns. Smiles like trouble don't  
reach that state.

EDDIE  
Musta' been some picture.

CHANTEL  
(admiration)  
It was a article. Bout this rich  
white couple. You know the kind?  
Look like brother and sister? Mary-  
Alice and Harley Cooper. Shit.  
Bein round people with names like  
that? Doctors, lawyers. That's  
where you wanna be. It's all in the  
name.

Beat. Eddie broods.

EDDIE  
I like the name Chantel better.

103 OMITTED

103 \*

104 INT. 65TH PRECINCT - DAY

104

Busy midday. Eddie doing paperwork at a desk.

POLICE RADIO  
613 Dekalb Station. Officers  
in the area... anyone... Indecent  
exposure on subway platform.

Silence. No radio responses.

POLICE RADIO (CONT'D)  
Suspect is... female, early  
twenties, blonde --

Several HORNY OFFICERS are now HEARD responding to the call.  
This sends LAUGHS around the precinct.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER addresses the room, photo in hand.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER  
A uniform got popped in Bed-Stuy.  
Didn't make it.

Officers angered that one of their own was cut down.

Plain clothes officer places Melvin Panton's COP SHOT POLICE PHOTO on the already crowded bulletin board.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER (CONT'D)  
New guy. Melvin Panton.

That sends Eddie rushing to the photo. Blinking from surprise. Hoping it's a different Melvin. It isn't. Out of nowhere, Sal appears, looks tired. Stands beside Eddie. Both taking in Melvin's photo, never making eye contact.

SAL  
Shame. Young kid. Probably just started a family.

EDDIE  
(just occurred to him)  
Yeah. He prob'ly did.

They continue to stare at the board.

Ronny cuffs the phone as he calls out to Sal:

RONNY  
Hey Sal, phone. Your wife. It sounds important.

Sal heads off leaving Eddie, still rocked by Melvin. Gathers himself. About to turn away when his eyes catch something else on the board...

MISSING PERSON'S PHOTO: high school picture of a YOUNG WOMAN. Naive smile, innocent happy face. If you look long enough you'll recognize her (from the abandoned building). But Eddie's struggling to recollect.

105 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 105

Sal enters wildly. We can see Ronny waiting by the car in the b.g. Sal spots Angela and Vinny in the kitchen.

106 INT. SAL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME 106

Vinny at the table. Angela, piping mad, hovers over. Sal arrives, expecting a damn good reason for missing work.

ANGELA  
What took you so long?

SAL  
What happened? Nobody's hurt, right?

ANGELA  
Tell your father.

VINNY  
It was nothin'. Mom's actin' like it's the end of the world or --

Angela smacks the back of Vinny's head.

ANGELA  
Keep talkin' like that! Get  
yourself in more trouble.  
(beat)  
Your son got suspended.

SAL  
Why?  
VINNY  
Dad, I was playin' around. I \*  
ain't do nothin' --

Another 'shut up' smack to Vinny's head.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
"I ain't?" AIN'T? Speak English.

VINNY  
(to himself, but loud  
enough for mom to hear)  
It was just a little money here and  
a little there. Why you gotta be a  
pain in 'da ass about it?

Sal has to hold Angela back. She's ready to kill Vinny.  
Angela calms -- has to cross herself.

SAL  
(in Vinny's face)  
Don't you ever talk to your mother  
like that again! Ever! Got that?

Vinny nods -- he's been straightened out.

ANGELA  
And it's not only the attitude.  
Show your father the money, Vin.  
Show'em!

She delivers an array of smacks to Vinny's head. Well  
deserved. Vinny drops a fist-sized stack of tens on the  
table. Sal thumbs through the stash. Shocked and  
disappointed. Vinny wants to speak, but fears his mother's  
back hand. Sal turns to Angela, wants an explanation.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
He was caught in a dice game. Not  
only is your son gamblin', but he's  
the one laying the odds. And when  
Mr. Big Shot gets caught, know what  
he does?

Sal picks out a bloody ten-dollar bill (from the Poker  
night). Sal and Vinny lock eyes. Knowing it's origin.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Your son slips this in the janitors  
pocket and tells him to keep it a  
secret. Where you getting these bad  
habits from, Vin?

Vinny looks at Sal -- *can't rat Dad out*. Looks away.

VINNY  
Nowhere.

ANGELA  
Talk to him, Sal. Because I've had  
enough. You talk to him.

SAL  
He's gettin' it from me, Ange.

Angela, baffled beyond words.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Go down stairs, Vin.

VINNY  
I'm sorry, Dad.  
(the tears are starting)  
I was just tryin' to get some extra  
money. Like you're always doin'--

Sal pins his son with his sincere eyes.

SAL  
Hey! I'll be the Dad. You just be a  
kid. Just for a little longer.  
Okay, Vin?

Vinny nods "okay." Sal holds his hand out -- *give it up*.  
Vinny hands over the dice. Runs away. Angela feels like she's  
been watching a conspiracy unravel before her.

SAL (CONT'D)  
That's on me, Ange. I thought I  
gave him the clean one. I never  
would have given him that one..

ANGELA  
The clean one?  
(beat)  
So help me God, Sal, what are you  
doin' with bloody money?

SAL  
It's nothin', Ange.

Never been able to lie to her. Today is no different. She's  
stalking him, mentally and physically.

ANGELA  
What did you do, Sal? Tell me.

SAL

It's money that's goin' to our future, Ange. That's all it is.

ANGELA

Bloody money!? For our future?  
(off his silence)  
What did you do to get it?

The silence. The avoiding. This is a first for them. Angela can't take it. SLAP! Right across Sal's face. He just accepts it. Knows he deserves it. But he's still silent. SLAP! SLAP! Won't answer. SLAP! SLAP!

ANGELA (CONT'D)

WHAT DID YOU DO, SAL!?

SAL

I haven't done anything that any cop would put me in jail for!

ANGELA

I'm not worried about you going to jail, Sal. I'm worried about you goin' to hell. What did you do?

This stops Sal in his tracks. Because she isn't speaking figuratively. It's in her face. She's genuinely scared for him. He takes her face in his hands.

SAL

This is hell, Ange. This is hell. Your mother pays for the girls school. My sons sleep in the basement. We don't have enough space for the twins. What am I supposed to do!? Huh? Who says my kids don't deserve the best? Just 'cause their father's nothin' more than a cop. This is hell!

She bottles all that emotion. Sits. Tears stream down her eyes. Sal melts, instantly. Rushes to her side. Consoling.

SAL (CONT'D)

Ange'. Baby. Please. Don't get mad.

ANGELA

(struggling through tears)  
I'm not mad at you, Sal. I just don't understand...Is this world so backward a man like you is driven to this--

Angela grips her side. A pain developing. Sal holds her, frightened. She screams, the pain excruciating.

107 OMITTED

107

108 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

108

Haggard-looking Sal sitting on chair. Afflicted. Ronny approaches, coffee in hand, offers it to Sal. Sal too distracted to notice.

RONNY

Sal.

Sal breaks from his daze. Accepts the coffee. Ronny sits.

RONNY (CONT'D)

Heather picked up some of Ange's clothes at the house. She'll be here any minute.

Sal nods. Glad to have a good friend.

RONNY (CONT'D)

Ange is tough as they come. She'll pull through this and be back to callin' you an asshole in no time.

That's exactly the type of support Sal needed.

SAL

Thanks, Ronny.

RONNY

Anytime, Sal. Anytime.

Sal's cell-phone rings. He checks the number. Walks away, has to take the call in private. Ronny narrows his eyes at Sal, suspicious.

SAL (PHONE)

Hi, Emma... I know the deadline is tomorrow. I'll have it all settled. And I'll call you right away... Okay. Have a good day.

Sal hangs up. Turns and runs into Ronny.

RONNY

Everything okay, Sal?

As Sal considers how to dance around that question...the Doctor arrives. Wants to speak to Sal in private.

DOCTOR

Your wife has significant traces of wood mold in her lungs.

Sal fighting to keep his composure.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(tries to explain)  
When you have mold in your home,  
the particles travel in the air --

SAL  
I know about mold.

DOCTOR  
In your wife's case, because of her  
asthma, her lungs are working three  
times as hard. That's jeopardizing  
her and your twins.  
(considerate)  
One of the babies is significantly  
smaller than the other.

Sal loses the battle. Has to take a seat.

SAL  
But they're gonna be okay, right?

DOCTOR  
For now. Mr. Russerio...  
(delicate)  
Have you considered moving?

Sal's face: *What do you think I've been doing!?*

|     |         |       |
|-----|---------|-------|
| 109 | OMITTED | 109   |
| 110 | OMITTED | 110   |
| 111 | OMITTED | 111 * |

112

INT. UNDERGROUND STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

112 \*

HORNY GUYS grinding STRIPPERS to the wall. The guys squeeze through, only concerned with reaching the back. ANOTHER BOUNCER allows them into...

#### DRESSING ROOM

Half and fully naked strippers gearing up. Not at all shocked to see the guys passing through. Caz, Beamer, Red enjoy the view. Tango, under the circumstance, can't find joy in this. They reach a back door, leading to...

#### HALLWAY

Leads to a final door and final BOUNCER.

#### GAME ROOM

High class all the way. Creme de la creme of the UNDERWORLD mingle in here. Poker, craps, Cee-lo, etc. This is where Red and Beamer have to hang back. They stand sentry at the door. Red silently fumes. Feels he should be part of what's going down.

Tango leads Caz toward two guys we can only assume are the UNDERCOVER FEDS, because they're a little overdoing it with the hip-hop clothes and the hair.

#### TANGO

Gutta. Slim. This is my man, Caz.

They shake hands(pound). Caz is sharp, there isn't a single moment where he isn't reading these guys, seeing if they are authentic.

GUTTA

Goddamn, when you Brooklyn cats go somewhere on the low, you go on the low.

No response from Caz. He's ice.

SLIM

We got a table all setup. Bottles, bitches, this, that and the third --

CAZ

Y'all can go there after we talk at my table.

GUTTA

Aight. Y'all are hosting.

113 INT. GAME ROOM - CAZ'S TABLE

113

Lined with full HENNESSEY BOTTLES. They sit. Get comfortable. Gonna be here awhile. Tango surreptitiously plants his CELLPHONE on the table.

TIME CUT

empty bottles. Empty glasses. Caz is sober. Gutta and Slim sober. Tango is pissy drunk, no, angry drunk, his low eyes staring at the cell-phone. Cell-phone stares back. (Tango spends the scene staring at his cell-phone, his POV distorted).

GUTTA

...Guiliani wasn't shit. He ain't clean up the city. Cable TV and video games did it. 'Cause y'all remember when everybody was outside. If you were 2 years old, you was 102, you was outside. Wasn't shit to do in the house. Soon as you had 100 channels, the internet, Nintendo, everybody came inside. So there was less beefin' and shootin'.

Caz nods. Starting to like these guys.

GUTTA (CONT'D)

But I miss the days when everybody was face-to-face. So that's why I only do business face-to-face. 'Cause I gotta look in the eyes of who I'm dealing with.

SLIM

See, how we like to do this is we --

CAZ  
(cutting him off)  
How y'all know my man, Tango.

Gutta and Slim laugh, know they're being tested.

SLIM  
Know how he got that name?

Caz nods a 'no'.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
He used to get down back in the  
day. Put in work with his hands.  
He was wild too. Like he was doin'  
the Tango.

CAZ  
Yeah, I seen him use his hands.

They share a laugh. It's the first.

CAZ (CONT'D)  
What you driving?

GUTTA  
I got an Audi, A8.

CAZ  
Let me borrow that. You borrow my  
whip. We give it back the next  
day. And that way, you'll get what  
you're askin' for and I'll get the  
same. Feel me?

Everyone well aware this is the deal.

GUTTA  
Price?

CAZ  
Tango talked to you about it. And  
since you're his peoples it stays  
the same.

SLIM  
(agreed)  
You set the time and the place.

Caz pours the last of the Hennessy for Gutta and Slim.

CAZ  
Tango's had enough.

They TOAST. Done deal. Glasses CLINK, LOUD. Sound hits  
Tango like a wave or maybe it's the realization of what he's  
done because he rushes into the bathroom --

114 INT. BATHROOM STALL - LATER 114

Sharp penetrating pain in his gut -- it's not liquor. It's worse, guilt. Swirling around inside him.

All the pent up rage from his predicament -- being blackmailed into setting up his friend, years of undercover -- all comes out in a fury as HE KICKS AND PUNCHES THE STALL almost tearing it off its base like an animal unleashed. Internal torment. Bloody, bruised hands, knuckles, fingers.

115 INT. EDDIE HOUSE- NIGHT 115

Eddie unearthing HIDDEN ITEMS from the closet. Making quite a ruckus.

116 EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 116

Eddie delivers a cardboard box to the curb garbage. The boxes contents: a mass of unopened liquor bottles.

Stares a moment at his habit. Turns to return inside, catches Elaina curiously watching from the window. For the first time in many years they share a look. But their expressions remain impassive. She retreats inside.

117 OMITTED 117

118 OMITTED 118

119 INT. TANGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 119

Tango, half drunken stupor, being supported inside by Caz. Tango's spaghetti legs clumsily get the rest of his body to the couch.

CAZ

Anybody else, I would've left 'em on the sidewalk.

TANGO

That's your problem...shoulda' left me...shoulda left me to bleed out.

Drops Tango on the couch. His eyes are closed, his mouth won't stop going.

TANGO (CONT'D)

You shoulda let me bleed out right -

-

Lifts his shirt -- highway of STITCHES, big, bulky, ugly. Looks like he was literally put back together.

TANGO (CONT'D)

-- there in prison. What'd they put me back together for? For this? I kept pushin' and workin' for what..? This black cloud is still following me... You shoulda let me die, man...

CAZ

No more dark liquor for you.

Tango mumbles himself to sleep.

CAZ (CONT'D)

Tango! Tango! Tomorrow at 1. Need you to do the drop with me. Tango!

He's in that deep alcohol-fueled sleep.

CAZ (CONT'D)

Fuck it, I'll just call you.

120 INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA, OFFICE - DAY

120

Room scattered with bored POLICE OFFICIALS. Eddie stands tall in the middle, stoically listening as his retirement speech is prattled off by the POLICE COMMISSIONER.

COMMISSIONER

This is a trying time for our department. Twenty-two years of service has never been more appreciated. You have enhanced the quality of life in our city. By working in partnership with the community and in accordance with constitutional rights to enforce the laws, preserve the peace, reduce fear, and help maintain the greatest city in the world. For that we commend...

Double checks the paper, has to triple check.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

I'm guessin' you're not Jamal Simpson.

GIGGLES. The only emotion the room has shown until this point. Eddie isn't laughing.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

(right paper)

Here it is. Edward Dugan.

(MORE)

## COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

We congratulate you for twenty-two  
years of valiant service to the  
City and State of New York.

Eddie relinquishes his badge. This is followed by fake smiles  
and plastic handshakes to latest police retiree.

121 EXT. DOWN THE BLOCK FROM THE BODEGA - BK PROJECTS - DAY 121

EMERGENCY SERVICES UNIT VAN slows to a stop. Back doors burst  
open. NARC COPS (lead bunker) fly out. Followed by the ESU  
TEAM (second bunker). Extra protection this time. BALLISTICS  
SHIELDS. MP-5 machine guns instead of pistols.

Sal, blood-shot eyes, stubble beard, the exact picture of a  
man not thinking straight. And he's in charge.

SAL (RADIO)

We're 84 at the location.

Sal orders both teams into single consolidated formation.  
Done. They SWARM down the block toward the bodega...

SAL (RADIO) (CONT'D)

There's two ways into the basement.

Second team standby at the rear.

First team through the kitchen.

Second team breaks formation and settles at the rear entrance  
to the basement. Ready to get the drop on whoever comes out  
that door.

Sal and the first team head for the front entrance.

122 INT. BODEGA - DAY

122

First team comes through the door FAST and LOUD. Shouts of  
'hands' 'NYPD' as they air guns. LEGIT WORKERS show their  
hands in surrender. Area secure. They head to the kitchen.

BASEMENT

DRUG CREW (6) hears the bust coming. No fear in them. Unearth  
FIREARMS. Ready to shoot it out.

KITCHEN

First team crashes through the wooden door. Knife wielding  
CHEF is taken down. Area secure. Door in the floor leads to  
the basement. Sal calls ESU BALLISTIC SHIELD HOLDERS over.  
They are first through the door.

BASEMENT

Ceiling door opens. ESU GUYS rush in -- SHIELDS taking heavy fire -- CREW shooting blindly -- SHOOTER in the bathroom shoots through the door -- STRAY BULLETS EATING EVERY WALL. ESU Guys are pinned down.

SAL

watching the mayhem. He doesn't flinch. Man on a mission. Orders Ronny down to provide cover fire--

BASEMENT

from a small opening, Ronny returns FIRE with the MP-5. Changing the tide. CREW has to retreat. Regroup. Gives ample opportunity for the rest of the First team to come down. FIRE BACK.

DRUG CREW shot down one by one. -- BATHROOM SHOOTER(door looks like swiss cheese) -- SIDE ROOM SHOOTER -- A few CREW-MEMBERS surrender. PSYCHO DEALER is too ballsy for that. He retreats to --

BACK

Goes for the door -- SECOND TEAM waiting -- FIRES -- PSYCHO DEALER is blown back. Second Team swarms down. Cuffs him.

FRONT

Ronny secures the surrendered Crew members and the shot crew members. Too much to handle alone. Sal pushes ahead. Looking for the money. *Where is it?*

RONNY

Sal, you wanna give me a hand?

SAL

Handle it.

Sal spots SIDE ROOM SHOOTER, bleeding on the ground. Grabs him:

SAL (CONT'D)

WHERE'S THE SHIT!

SIDE ROOM SHOOTER points to --

SIDE ROOM

Sal waltzes in. Looks for anything suspicious -- *phony looking sheetrock*. Sal rips at it. It peels back. WALL OF PLASTIC WRAPPED MONEY. Sal grabs one. Easily thirty thousand.

RONNY (O.S.)

Sal.

Sal turns to SEE Ronny in the main room, watching him holding the money. In the quick glance he sees the suspicion in Ronny's eyes -- sees something else as well --

-- on pure impulse Sal lifts his GUN --

Ronny flinches. *Is he going to shoot me?*

Sal fires -- POP! POP! -- wishing he didn't.

Bullets wiz passed Ronny and hit their real target -- armed CREW-MEMBER coming from a TRAP DOOR. Shots send him into the wall. Bloody. DEAD.

Remaining cops converge toward Sal. Too many eyes on him now. His opportunity lost.

123 INT. TANGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

123

Tango wakes. Hung over. Eyes crusty. Mouth dry. Feeling like hammered shit. He looks around. Looks at himself. Ripped shirt. Disfigured chest. Gives himself over to thought. A long hard thought.

TIME CUT

Tango moving fast. Body and mind. Can't find his cell-phone. Dials his house phone. It answers.

LIEUTENANT BILL (PHONE)

Hello.

TANGO

I'm out, Bill.

Pause. It doesn't rattle Tango. His mind is made up.

LIEUTENANT BILL (PHONE)

Let's meet. Just you and me. We'll talk this through.

TANGO

I got enough things keepin' me up at night. I don't need anymore. Y'all wanna go after, Caz, you gotta do it another way. Without me in it. If the Feds wanna charge me for that -- fine. Whatever else happens -- fine. I'll swallow that. But, I'm out. I'm out.

Like a weight's been lifted off of Tango. Relief. That's a new feeling for him.

LIEUTENANT BILL (PHONE)

That's your Achilles heel. You always do the right thing.

(pause)

We already anticipated that.

Tango's face: what the hell!

LIEUTENANT BILL (PHONE) (CONT'D)

This thing is still in motion and it's not going to stop.

TANGO

(urgent)

How's it goin' down, Bill?

LIEUTENANT BILL (PHONE)

Stay away from it.

TANGO

When are you guys goin' in? Is it happenin' now?

Tango grabs his jacket, keys...

LIEUTENANT BILL (PHONE)  
I'm sendin' someone over there to  
make sure you stay --

Hangs up and rushes out the door.

124

INT. BROOKLYN NARCOTICS DIVISION - DAY

124

Sal at his desk, sum total of all his failed efforts showing on his face. His beard is already thicker. His eyes redder. He's scribbling numbers on that PAPER again. Not letting that dream die.

Jenkins PATS Sal on the back for what he did. That STARTLES the shit out of Sal -- hides the paper.

CAPTAIN JENKINS  
Great thinkin' out there. Let me  
know if you want out of that  
stakeout tonight. I'll make sure  
you still get paid.

Another pat on the back. Jenkins leaves. Sal back to his scribbles. His cell RINGS. Checks the number -- can't answer - - not now. Ronny comes over, has the earnest intensity of a cop happy to still be alive.

RONNY  
(hand on Sal's shoulder)  
Guy woulda blown my fuckin' head  
off if it wasn't for you.

Cell ringing LOUDER. Everybody can hear it. Everybody seeing Sal avoiding it, lost in his own thoughts.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
Heard they're gonna pin a medal on  
you.

Sal feeling overwhelmed: RINGING PHONE -- Ronny's blabbering. He's about to boil over.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
Sal, I'm trying to thank you. What  
the fuck!

SAL  
(calm, brutal truth)  
If I'd have given it a second  
thought, I wouldn't have lifted a  
finger for you. I would've done  
what I came there for. So don't go  
pattin' me on the back either.

At first Ronny shrugs a laugh, thinks it's a joke. This doesn't sound like his best friend. That's not the guy he's known since the academy.

But Sal just looks at him like a stranger invading his space. After a few tense beats Ronny finally leaves, wondering: *Who is that guy?*

Ronny meets up with C-Rayz, George and Patrick.

C-RAYZ  
(to Ronny)  
What's with Sal?

RONNY  
I don't know.

GEORGE  
He looks like hammered shit.

PATRICK  
He needs to get laid. Your wife's that pregnant, the only way to get your dick wet is in the sink.

Ronny can't join in. He knows Sal. His behavior is no laughing matter.

SAL goes to a quiet corner to check his phone -- VOICEMAIL alert.

MRS. VINCENT (PHONE)  
It's me again. Today's the day.  
Hope everything worked out. Please  
let me know because my son *has* to  
go ahead with things from now on.  
Talk to you soon.

Hangs up. Checks a framed FAMILY PHOTO. Eyes his loving wife, adoring children. Knows he's failed them. Torment. Guilt. Ripping Sal apart.

125 EXT. BK PROJECTS - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

125

J-Mill and Wiz on the corner. Tango's BMW screeches to a stop. Hops out. Rushes over to J-Mill and Wiz, both shocked to see him. Both hesitant to talk to him.

TANGO  
Where's Caz at?

J-MILL  
Thought you wasn't comin' through today?

TANGO  
You see, Caz?

J-MILL  
He don't really talk to me like that.

Tango sensing something is off.

TANGO

Where is everybody?

J-Mill whispers in Wiz's ear. Wiz comes over.

WIZ

Cops raided us again. We takin' it  
kinda easy right now. Caz is around  
here somewhere.

Tango races back in his car. PEELS OFF.

126 INT. TANGO'S BMW - MOVING - DAY 126  
Tango, searching for Caz, can't find him. Then --  
Spots Caz's Benz. Pulls over -- in the middle of the street.

127 EXT. BK PROJECTS - DAY 127  
Tango hops out of his BMW. DODGES cars on his way to the sidewalk. Spots Caz playing Chess. He's just won. And he's not quiet about it. Caz sets up for another game. Tango makes his way over to him.

TANGO  
I gotta talk to you.

CAZ  
I called you like three times. I know you like to save money but get that free nights and weekends plan.

TANGO  
It's serious. I gotta talk to you.

Caz gets up. He and Tango walk a path. Tango slow to speak. Not easy to say all of this.

TANGO (CONT'D)  
That deal? You can't do it.

CAZ  
Why?

Harder than Tango thought.

TANGO  
It's complicated. But you gotta get everything you have -- and just go.

Caz stops. He's making less sense than he did yesterday.

CAZ  
Hold up, man. First of all, you set up this deal --

TANGO  
Forget about what I said, listen to what I'm sayin'. You gotta go --

CAZ  
(fed up)  
Stop doin' that double and triple talk shit. You got some shit you have to say, say it. What's goin' on?

There's no other way around it. Tango has to come out with the truth. As Tango is mustering the courage to come out with it -- *I'm a cop?* In that quiet moment --

POP. POP. POP. POP. POP.

GUNSHOTS riddle the block. Tango ducks down. Turns --

For a frozen moment SEES MASKED GUNMEN shooting, but not at him, their guns are aimed at --

Caz is HIT, repeatedly.

Mayhem breaks out. People flee in all directions. A glimpse of TWO GUNMEN hanging out of an SUV. It peels off quick.

Tango pulls his gun, SHOOTS at the SUV until it rounds a corner out of sight.

ANOTHER car peels off in the opposite direction. Tango aims, doesn't shoot -- *that's an UNDERCOVER CAR.*

Tango rushes to Caz's aid. Caz convulses, bleeds, fights to hold on. Tango can't stop the blood. Hopelessly looks around for help. Everyone is gone.

Caz's motions slow, his eyes lose the fight to stay open.

128 EXT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - DAY 128

BMW screeches to a halt. Tango bolts out, he's a bloody mess. Sports the undercover car he spotted leaving the scene of Caz's shooting. That pisses him off even more.

129 INT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS 129

THREE PATRONS at the bar. Place is practically empty. Bill and Smith calmly waiting. Tango hurries to their table.

TANGO

I saw the surveillance!

CUSTOMERS stop and stare. The guy is covered with blood, after all. Smith pulls her service revolver. Approaches the bar.

130 INT. JOEY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS 130

AGENT SMITH

Everyone out. Right now!

Bar patrons rush out the door.

TANGO

A city block gets shot up and you don't do shit about it. I almost got my head blown off.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Calm down. We didn't know anything until after it happened.

AGENT SMITH

And once we did, we got right on it. Word from the hospital is that Phillips is in ICU. Critical condition. Doesn't look promising.

Waves of grief hitting Tango.

AGENT SMITH (CONT'D)

This guy Red contacted my UC's and tried to steal the deal for himself. Did we know he'd shoot Phillips - no. Sorry you got shot, but it looks like you're still in one piece.

TANGO

What the fuck did you say?

LIEUTENANT BILL

Let's stay on the ball.

(to Smith, planting the seed)

This Red, he's got a few priors. He's mentioned in a couple of investigations.

Tango picks up on Bill's lead. Follows along.

TANGO

And if he wants to make this deal, I can push him into it.

AGENT SMITH

This is petty project bullshit. My target is Phillips.

Tango winces. Nothing going his way today.

AGENT SMITH (CONT'D)

He's either dead or a vegetable. That closes things on my end.

TANGO

I can't believe this shit!

LIEUTENANT BILL

Calm down --

TANGO

Red gets a free pass!? Red! Of all people?

Tango KNOCKS OVER A STACK OF DISHES. POTS. PANS.

AGENT SMITH

Get control of your guy, Bill. This is getting fuckin' embarrassing.

TANGO

(to Agent Smith)

If you're not hear to do police  
work what the fuck are you doing  
here?

AGENT SMITH

Police work doesn't involve me  
coming down to the jungle to clean  
up your monkey shit.

He LUNGES at her. GRABS her around her collar. Momentum  
sends them both into the wall. Bill pulls Tango away, holds  
him down. Smith chokes for air.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Jesus Christ! Are you fuck'n crazy?

Tango tries at her again, Bill holding him back.

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)

You're off undercover effective  
immediately. Report to the psych'  
doctor for two weeks - better make  
that two months. And you've fucked  
yourself out of detective.

The mention of his dream doesn't stop him. He just wants at  
her. Bill has to pin him to the wall.

AGENT SMITH

No. Let him keep it. You should  
have made him a Sergeant.

She locks eyes with Tango on her way out the door. Half a  
smile on her face, she enjoys this madness. Exits. Tango  
calms. But his eyes are still wild. He paces. Bill regards  
him, never thought he would see him this far gone.

LIEUTENANT BILL

Are you done? With all your self  
righteous bullshit. You're nobody's  
victim! Remember. You pushed for  
this. You wanted it.

The hard brutal truth. It overcomes Tango -- has only himself  
to blame. All of his rage turns inward. The man is inside his  
own head. Bill calms for a beat, suddenly culpable.

LIEUTENANT BILL (CONT'D)

Clarence. Go get your life back.

Bill exits. We linger on the shell-shocked Tango. This is a  
man completely off the reservation...

A131 OMITTED

A131

131 OMITTED`

131

132 INT. 65TH PRECINCT - NARCOTICS DIVISION - NIGHT

132

The guys (C-Rayz, George, Pat, Sal, Ronny) are gearing up: guns, vests, etc. Sal is like a robot. Does everything fast and to perfection. Ronny is across the room watching Sal like a hawk, waiting for the right moment to confront him -- interrupted by Captain Jenkins entering the room.

CAPTAIN JENKINS

Just got the call, plugs been pulled.

Shock. Nobody more so than Sal.

CAPTAIN JENKINS (CONT'D)

Everyone is still getting paid, so don't get too upset.

George, Pat and C-Rayz start removing gear, happy to catch a break. But Sal processes the new information for a beat. Reviews a sheet on his desk. Checks it. Double checks it. Sal wrestles with a hard thought -- feels satisfied with it. Takes his bag. Heads out the door.

Ronny, who's been watching Sal the whole time, follows. He passes Sal's desk -- Sal's CELLPHONE rings. RINGS. Ronny stops: *why would he leave his phone?* Ringing stops. The DESK PHONE RINGS. *This is getting too weird.* Ronny answers it.

RONNY (PHONE)

Hello.. Hey Ange ... No, I don't know where he went. He left his cell here...

Ronny glances at the sheet on Sal's desk.

RONNY (PHONE) (CONT'D)

(Angela is going on a rant)

Uh-huh...uh-huh...Tell you the truth, Ange, I don't know what's been goin' on with him lately...

Something on that sheet catches Ronny's attention. His eyes go wide. Worried.

A133 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT A133 \*

Eddie walks up to CHANTEL'S FRONT DOOR. About to knock, \*

but... stops himself when he hears SEXUAL MOANING coming from \*

the other side of the door. \*

Listens a moment. Turns the doorknob carefully, and... \*

B133 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS B133 \*

It actually opens. Eddie steps in. The sexual moaning much \*

louder in here. \*

He walks a couple steps in and sees -- \*

A GUY (face obscured), pants around his ankles on top of \*

Chantel, who moans with pleasure. \*

CHANTEL \*

Aw, shit... I feel you, baby... so \*

deep, so fuckin... deep... \*

Eddie notices, draped over the TABLE, a POLICE UNIFORM -- the \*

guy's SHIELD visible... \*

Face impassive, Eddie just turns, walks out the door. \*

Still moaning in character, Chantel catches a glimpse of his \*

back as he exits. \*

TIME CUT: \*

C133 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER C133 \*

Eddie leans against the wall, waiting. Suddenly, Chantel's \*

door opens and... \*

THE GUY comes out, FULL NYPD UNIFORM ON NOW. Doesn't notice \*

Eddie as Eddie watches him head on down the hall, a spring in \*

his step as he adjusts his gunbelt. \*

Eddie heads inside. \*

133 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 133 \*

No one in the bedroom. Eddie looks around. Notices the bed \*

rumpled. Hasn't been remade yet. Still A CREASE IN THE SHEETS \*

WHERE THEY WERE FUCKING. Still a bit sweaty. \*

But Eddie's face remains impassive as he continues through \*

the room into the -- \*

BATHROOM \*

Where Chantel, back turned, robe opened, cleans herself "down there" with a washcloth. Eddie stands in the doorway. Smiles softly. \*

CHANTEL  
Sorry you saw that. \*

EDDIE  
Did I say something? There's no judgement here. CHANTEL  
(beat; still justifying)  
It's your fault. You're early. \*

EDDIE  
Hey. \*

She finally turns. He reaches his hand out. \*

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
C'mere. Lie down with me. \*

She lets him lead her to the BED, but-- \*

CHANTEL  
I haven't cleaned the sheets yet. \*

EDDIE  
(pulls her gently)  
I don't care. C'mere. \*

He pulls her into bed with him. He in his clothes. She in her robe. \*

There's MONEY ON THE DRESSER. Self-conscious, she scoops it into the dresser drawer before... he pulls her into a spoon position. They settle into each other. \*

CLOSE ON HER THEIR HANDS ENTWINED as he ROLLS HIS THUMB OVER THE VERY WOUND HE TENDED. It's scarred, healing, but he can feel it without even looking at it. And it makes him smile. Closes his eyes as he nuzzles next to her ear... \*

Such perfect quiet between them. Bliss. Then... \*

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
... I love you... \*

A beat as she takes the gravity of the statement in. Her demeanor changing, until... \*

She pulls her hand from his, and we can see he senses the change in her just before... \*

She pulls herself out of bed. Starts heading out of the room; doesn't even look back. \*

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Chantel... \*

He just lays there on the bed, his heart hanging out of this chest. Seconds later, she comes back in carrying a BOX. Walks to the edge of the bed. Hands it to him, her face blank. He takes it, confused. Opens the box. It's a WRISTWATCH.

CHANTEL  
It's water resistant. So, if you  
fall in the lake when you fish,  
it'll, uh... still work...

He stares at it. At her. Knows it's a parting gift.

EDDIE  
Come with me.

CHANTEL  
(embarrassed; *you can't be  
serious*)  
C'mon. Where? To Connecticut?

EDDIE  
I don't care. Wherever. Just come  
with me.

They stare at each other. Eddie waiting for a response.  
Chantel waiting for the right words. Then:

CHANTEL  
That's... I... Eddie  
(a short beat)  
I don't know how to be... what you  
want me to be...

Eddie leans in close to her. Takes her hand, trying to draw  
her out. Smiles. Sings. Softly. That quiet Irish charm.

EDDIE  
(oh so softly)  
*Do you remember when we met/That's  
the day I knew you were my pet/I  
want to tell you how much I love  
you/Come with me, my love/To the  
sea, the sea of love/I want to tell  
you how much I love you/Come with  
me, to the sea...*

He lifts her chin. Their faces are so close now.

CHANTEL  
(hard as nails; but soft  
as a whisper)  
Get the fuck out.

BOOM. So quiet, but so devastating. They hold each other's  
unsmiling gaze. Everything they had, all their good times,  
suddenly all gone up in a puff of smoke. Eddie searches her  
eyes for some trace of hope. But they're dead eyes. Hard.  
Impenetrable.

Finally, a look of resignation crosses his face. He sighs,  
lets her hands go. Moves off the bed. Heads for the door. A  
death march.

\*  
\*  
\*

WE STAY ON CHANTEL. Standing in the exact same place when THE  
SOUND OF THE DOOR SHUTTING echoes. Eddie walking out her  
life.

\*  
\*  
\*

And suddenly, the tears come. Softly at first. Then more. And  
more. Overwhelming her. She grips her stomach. Doubles over.  
Crying.

\*  
\*  
\*

134 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

134 \*

Eddie exits. Takes in the cold lonely air.

DOOR

Two Suspicious men lead a Young Woman outside. Eddie studies them in detail...

QUICK FLASHBACK TO: Eddie's first time seeing them -- her desperate face seen for a moment.

QUICK FLASHBACK TO: Missing Person Photo on bulletin board.

BACK TO SCENE

It clicks -- Same girl.

Eddie glances around -- *has anybody else noticed? Is anybody gonna do something?* -- he's the only one there. All on him. But Eddie doesn't move. A breathing statue.

SUSPICIOUS MEN and YOUNG WOMAN halfway down the block.

Eddie musters enough courage to follow with cautious steps. When they hook a corner out of sight, Eddie picks up speed. Urgency out-matching his reservations.

Graffiti van (Suspicious Men driving) careens around the corner. Eddie doubles back to his car.

135 EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - NIGHT

135

Graffiti van barrels in and around traffic. Eddie keeping chase in his Honda passed a parked SQUAD CAR, engulfed in FLAMES. Almost burning to a crisp. FIRETRUCKS heard approaching.

136 INT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT 136

Doing a good job of stalking Sal's car. Driver unknown.

137 INT. SAL'S CAR - NIGHT 137

He drives, his face lean, hungry. Resolved. He checks the rearview -- notices a car, could be an Unmarked, maybe not. Wouldn't be too surprising around here. Squints but can't quite make out who's driving.

Light changes. Sal drives. The Unmarked stays just far enough back to not be suspicious to an untrained eye. But Sal's concerned: *Is it following him?*

He takes a HARD RIGHT down a block. The Unmarked follows. Squints to see the figure inside. Can't.

SAL  
Oh, fuck this.

Sal hits the BRAKE. He's stopped at a green light. HORNS blaring. Eventually drivers go around him, but, the Unmarked doesn't budge.

*Fuck this.* Sal jumps out of his car...

138 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT 138

...speed walks toward the Unmarked. Unmarked car door opens. - \*  
- Ronny steps out, regards Sal with accusing eyes. \*

SAL  
You wired? Is this about Carlo? You  
workin' with IA, Ronny? \*

RONNY  
(befuddled) \*  
Carlo? What are you talkin' about? \*

Ronny sees it in Sal's empty eyes. This has gone a lot  
further than Ronny could ever imagine. \*

RONNY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doin', Sal? \*  
(cutting Sal off, furious) \*  
You think you're helpin' things? \*  
You're makin' 'em worse. You're \*  
ready to risk your life over money. \*  
Drug money! Are you that fuckin' \*  
blind, Sal? \*

Rage isn't working. He lowers his tone. Pure Ronny. \*

RONNY (CONT'D) \*  
Go the fuck home. Kiss Angie. Kiss \*  
your kids. Get some sleep. \*  
(MORE)

RONNY (CONT'D)

Quit thinkin' 'bout what you don't  
have... Go home, Sal.

Sal places a hand on Ronny's shoulder. His eyes blazing.  
Mouth ready to curse a storm -- then -- something just snaps  
inside of him. Makes him shift gears. Softens.

SAL

You're right, Ron. You're right.

RONNY

Go home, Sal.

Sal looks to be an awoken man. Ronny gives him a look that  
says: *It's okay, I got you, buddy.*

RONNY (CONT'D)

I'll follow you back.

Lot of gratitude in Sal's nod. He watches Ronny climb back  
into his car. Sal turns to head toward his car -- and in that  
frozen moment, the sensibility drains from his eyes. Complete  
180 -- he unearths the .45 in his waistband. Turns, levels  
the barrel at...

...Ronny has just enough time to register the shock of his  
best friend aiming at him--

BANG! BANG!

RONNY'S FRONT TIRE SHOT OUT. Sal heads for his car. Ronny  
hops out of his car, chases after--

RONNY (CONT'D)

Sal! Sal!

Sal hops in the drivers seat. Starts the engine. Ronny reaches the door as the car peels off...

RONNY (CONT'D)  
(yelling out)  
You're not gonna make it out of  
there alive. Don't you know that?

\*

Saying it out loud makes Ronny realize Sal's plan.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God!

Ronny rushes to his car. Opens the trunk. Pulls out a spare tire, searches for the tire rod...

139 EXT. TANGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 139

Tango in his safe, puts his usual .45 Desert Eagle away, pulls out a .38, *serial numbers etched off*. Closes his safe. Puts on his jacket. Heads out. On a mission.

140 EXT. BK PROJECTS, NEAR EL TRAIN - NIGHT 140

Sal's car pulls up. Parks. He hops out. As he goes to cross the street -- GRAFFITI VAN passing by stops him. Sal stopped again as Eddie's Honda passes him. Sal finally able to continue.

Sal crosses as TANGO pulls in with his BMW. Hops out -- TANGO and SAL share a look. They've never seen each other before, but, there's a sense of Deja Vu. Sal heads in one direction. Tango in the other.

COURTYARD

Tango passes the MEMORIAL of the slain kid. He doesn't notice the crosses, flowers, and candles. Robotic determination in his walk. There is one thing on his mind. Tango reaches Man-Man.

TANGO  
Hey, lil man, Red upstairs?

Man-Man nods 'yes'. Tango heads for the Black building.

MAN-MAN  
(calling out)  
What happened to Caz was messed up.

TANGO  
(looking back)  
This ain't the place to be at right  
now.

Tango moves into the building as Man-Man's eyes wash over the projects. He spots something odd -- Sal, obviously a cop, walks into the Green Building.

141 EXT. BK PROJECTS, PARKING LOT - NIGHT 141

Graffiti van pulls in. Eddie's Honda parks across the street.

142 INT. EDDIE'S HONDA - SAME 142

Eddie just sits there. Look on his face: *What the fuck am I doing here?*

He secures his revolver. Checks. Only one bullet. Looks nervous as shit. *I'm really gonna do this, aren't I?*

Sees the suspicious men get out of the van. They check. Double check. It's clear. They lead the Young Woman from the van and down the RAMP into the building 22.

143-145 OMITTED 143-145

146 INT. GREEN BUILDING, STAIRCASE - NIGHT 146

Sal climbs up. Darkness and graffiti magnifying at every floor.

147 INT. RED BUILDING, RAMP - NIGHT 147

Eddie walks down the slope. Filthy. Graffiti. Literally looks like you are entering Hell. He reaches for the door handle. There isn't one. He pulls from the missing handle...

148 INT. RED BUILDING, BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS 148

Cold. Windowless. Barely any lights. Shadows in the far distance. Voices in the distance. Both distorted and surreal. Ugly. Dangerous. And that's where the Suspicious men are taking the Young Woman.

Eddie takes one step inside. A strong moment of doubt. He just stands there. Contemplating: *leave or stay? Go forward or go back?*

149 INT. GREEN BUILDING, 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 149

Sal nears 5A. Reaches into his WINDBREAKER and pulls out a POLICE ISSUE LOCK-PICK.

Presses it to the keyhole.....he pulls it out. Allows himself a hard thought. *Can I actually do this?* His breathing is heavy. Muscles tense. He paces back and forth. *Can I actually do this?*

Finally, Sal drops to one knee. Exposes the CRUCIFIX chain around his neck. Grasping Christ on the cross. A deep calm slowly settles into him. Inhales a deep breathe, closes his eyes, and then --

SAL

-- Our father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom  
come, thy will be done, on earth --

150 INT. BLACK BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT 150

Elevator doors open. Tango steps inside. Pulls out his .45 Desert Eagle. Rechecks it. He's a machine ready to take out anyone in his way.

SAL (V.O.)

-- as it is in heaven. Give us  
this day our daily bread. And  
forgive --

151 INT. RED BUILDING - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 151

Spark of courage growing inside Eddie. He pushes forward. Heads for the room in the back. Stepping on God knows what -- bottles, rats, dead body? Sees a DOOR.

SAL (V.O.)

-- us our trespasses, as we forgive  
those who trespass against us --

152 INT. GREEN BUILDING - 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 152

Praying has put Sal at ease.

SAL

-- and lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil...For  
thine...is...

He can't finish. Can't find strength from God, especially with what he's about to do...

SAL (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Eyes open. He stands. Prepares lock pick in the keyhole.

153 EXT. BK PROJECTS, ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 153

Ronny runs past Sal's car. Looks around for him. *Which building? Which apartment?* It's a lost cause.

154 INT. BLACK BLDG. - ELEVATOR/HALLWAY 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT 154

Red, Beamer and K-Rock heading for the elevator. K-Rock waltzes into a puddle of piss -- SHIT!

K-ROCK

I just got these shits, man.

BEAMER

(big thinker)

Either you comin' to somebody's crib or you just left it. Why you gotta piss in the hallway?

RED

You always over-thinkin' shit --

BEAMER

I'm just sayin' --

RED

Just sayin' nothin'. Y'all stay doin' that shit. Quit chatterin' like some bitches.

Silence. Red enjoying the power of the throne already. Beamer just quietly plays his part. Seeing the bigger picture...

Elevator door opens -- they're face-to-face with Tango. More like, face to gun. Because Tango let's off TWO SHOTS that sends K-Rock flying into the wall. Beamer reaches for his Glock. It's stuck in his belt. Red pulls out his .45 -- not fast enough --

TANGO FIRES as the elevator door closes on his arm -- catches Red in the thigh -- must have hit an artery. Red bleeds profusely -- falls back -- sees Tango's arm stuck in the door. Takes the opportunity to get up and run down.

Tango pushes the elevator door open. Rushes out. Beamer, fumbling with his gun, blocks Tango's shot at Red -- Fuck! Red escapes into the staircase.

BEAMER

(sizing up the situation)

I ain't got no beef with you,  
Tango...

...holsters his gun. Raises his hands. Surrender.

K-ROCK  
(mouth bloody)  
Bitch ass mutha --

Tango, crazy eyes glued onto Beamer as he maneuvers his gun on K-Rock. POW! POW! Stops the interrupting. Puts the gun back on Beamer, motions with the barrel: toss your gun out the window. Without hesitation Beamer complies.

TANGO  
(robot)  
Now you can go.

Beamer rushes into the adjacent staircase. Tango goes after Red, not running, just a calm easy stroll.

155 INT. GREEN BUILDING, APARTMENT 5A - NIGHT 155

Wiz weights cocaine. Bootz busy on the LOUD video game. Tec-9's on the table.

INSERT: CLOSE UP of the lock disengaging, slowly, silently.

Door breezes open. Sal waltzes in, gun dangling by his side. Looks scary, dangerous. Not the Sal we've seen before.

This guy's an animal come here for one purpose. Wiz and Bootz not sure what to make of the lone cop. Bootz stands.

Sal doesn't even lift his gun, just shakes his head: *Don't. Something spooky about the way he does it -- Sal, breathing heavy again -- Muscles tense again -- Can I actually do this?*

Bootz reaches for the Tec-9 -- in that split second, Sal makes his decision -- raises his gun -- it's a quick draw to see who will fire first --

POP!

PERFECT SHOT INTO BOOTZ CHEST. He drops. Wiz jumps up. Rushes passed the KITCHEN into the...

HALLWAY

grabs his gun off a table -- POP! POP! POP!

Wiz drops. DEAD. Sal steps over his body. Looks around. *Where is the money?*

SERIES OF CUTS:

Sal rips up the BEDROOM. CLOSETS. FLOORS. WALLS. Doesn't find anything.

An exhausted Sal ready to give up hope, but then, his eyes settle on an LATCH on the oven door. A latch that should never be there...

156 OMITTED 156

157 INT. RED BUILDING, BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 157

Eddie moves to the door. Jiggles the knob. Cracks the door open every so slightly, peers inside -- sees nothing. Tries to fling the door open. Stopped short by inside CHAIN.

158 OMITTED 158

159 INT. GREEN BUILDING - APARTMENT 5A - BEDROOM - NIGHT 159

Sal breaks the latch on the oven. Opens it -- FILLED WITH CASH. Sal investigates further...

SERIES OF CUTS:

Every item in the kitchen, refrigerator, cereal boxes, cookie jars, etc.

Maybe a million or more of money. Sal grabs a handful, making sure it's real. It is. He gathers a stack of bills.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BLOOD SPLATTERS onto the money.

160 INT. RED BUILDING - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 160

Eddie, arm in the doorway tugging at the chain, REACTS to echoed gunshots. Sounds like slight POPS. Eddie considers it nothing serious. Keeps at the chains. Pries it off. He holsters his revolver. Readies to enter.

161 OMITTED 161

162 INT. GREEN BUILDING - APARTMENT 5A - NIGHT 162

Sal reaches for his midsection. Hands come back BLOODY.

SAL

... no...

His face pale. Losses his balance. Drops to his knees.

163 INT. BLACK BUILDING - STAIRCASE - NIGHT 163

Red, BLEEDING from his right thigh, climbs down. FALLS. Hits the ground, limping.

164 INT. RED BUILDING - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 164

Eddie's revolver leading the way in. Searching. Cracked walls. Peeled paint. Flies. Roaches. Single light bulb dangles above. Tables and tables of HEROIN. This makes the other rooms look like paradise. Eddie keeps searching. To his surprise, finds TWO YOUNG WOMEN, heavily drugged, gagged and handcuffed, The Young Woman he followed is sober, but still gagged and handcuffed. All three women let out muffled cries for 'help'.

Eddie checks around. HEARS shower in use. The coast is clear. Rushes to the Young Women. Fishes out his keys. Hands shaking violently searching for the right one.

165 EXT. BK PROJECTS - COURTYARD - NIGHT 165

RESIDENTS scatter. Red limping. Bleeding. Heads toward his Escalade. It's down the block, under the EL TRAIN, but seems miles away.

Tango appears. No need to run. With calm steps he closes the distance between he and Red.

TANGO

You have to die, Red. There's no other way around it. You can't get off. I won't let it play that way.

Every word. Every step. Every action of Tango's seems so controlled. Almost rehearsed.

RED

(sees Tango gaining)  
I didn't shoot you. I let you live on purpose.

TANGO

That's another mistake you made.

RED

Caz was gettin' weak. Softer than baby shit. You seen that? He was fuckin' up everybody's progress. Me and you can work that deal.

TANGO

There was no deal, Red. That was a setup. I'm a cop.

Red reaches his car. Opens the door. Tango closes it, cuts in front of Red. Stops him in his tracks.

RED

You ain't the police. As much shit as I seen you do, Tango.

TANGO

It's Clarence by the way. Just so you know.

Tango reloads a fresh clip. Wants to empty on Red.

RED

Fuck you. You ain't no cop.

TANGO

Actually I got promoted today.

RED

You must be smokin' that shit! You pipin' up?

Tango trains the .45 Desert Eagle at Red's head.

TANGO

After you die. Then everything is gonna be okay. I can cover this up, I'm a Detective now. Nobody'll give a shit about you. You won't even make the papers.

RED  
(mortified)  
You a grimy, snake-ass, bitch made  
mutha fucka.

For the first time, Tango flashes a smile.

TANGO  
You already know.

BLAU! PERFECT SHOT in Red's head. A SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH...Tango's like a machine now. A soulless machine.

PASSING EL TRAIN drowns out the FIFTH...SIXTH...

166 INT. GREEN BUILDING, APARTMENT 5A - NIGHT 166

Sal lays atop the money gasping for air. His shooter is REVEALED to be Man-Man. Smoking gun still in hand. He sees Sal's badge. *Oh shit! I shot a cop.* Man-Man runs out. Through gasps for breath, Sal desperately continues to shove handfuls of bloody money into his pockets. One purpose here. Even as he lays dying.

167 INT. RED BUILDING, BACK ROOM - NIGHT 167

Eddie and the Young Women shudder at the sound of the shower CUTTING OFF. HEAR someone get out. Eddie panics to find the right key.

168 EXT. BK PROJECTS- UNDER EL TRAIN - SAME 168

SEVEN. EIGHT. NINE. Empty. Tango runs out of bullets as the EL TRAIN LEAVES -- as the SOUND comes back --

-- Tango lets out a huge sigh of relief. He did it. Closed the book on Tango. Wrapped it away nice and neat. Now he can continue his life as Clarence --

-- POP -- sound is minimal as the SOUND returns. But the BULLET WOUND is Tango's chest is unmistakable. But it doesn't register to Tango. *Probably heart burn.*

POP -- POP -- TWO WOUNDS in the chest. Tango simply feels his mouth -- *bloody.* How? He's that far gone. Doesn't realize he's dying.

RONNY (O.S.)  
POLICE! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Bell rings in Tango's head. He swings around -- Ronny doesn't think twice -- guy pointing a gun in the projects. He shoots. To kill.

Tango falls back and down. Still. Ronny looks him over. He's dead. Tango's blood leaking into the street, merging with Red's blood.

Ronny looks up: *where is Sal. No way to know. Every building looks the same.*

The FRONT DOORS of the Green building fly open. Man-Man comes running out. Spots Ronny. Runs in the opposite direction. Ronny doesn't pursue. Heads into the Green building.

169

INT. RED BUILDING, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

169

Eddie finds the right key. Frees the Young Woman he followed. TOSSES HER CUFFS ONTO THE FLOOR. She leaps into his arms like an infant. Weeps uncontrollably. As he searches for the rest of the keys:

EDDIE

Okay, it's okay... What's your name?

YOUNG WOMAN

... Sarie.

Before he can free the rest, the BATHROOM DOOR opens. Suspicious Man 1, wrapped in a towel, steps out of the BATHROOM. Enters from the hallway. Eddie notices. Aims.

EDDIE

Police! Put your hands up!

Eddie reaches for his badge, finds nothing. It dawns on him; I'm no longer a cop. A beat then... he re-aims the gun with whatever conviction he can muster. Suspicious Man 1 mean mugs him, but stays put. Raises his hands.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

On your stomach, arms out.

Suspicious Man 1 does what he's told. Eddie finds the CUFFS used on the girls. Gun still on him, Eddie secures the guy to a pipe.

At that moment, Suspicious Man 2 comes through the FRONT DOOR arms full with a couple of grocery bags. The girls shrink against the radiator, particularly traumatized by this guy.

Eddie stands, points the gun with his shaking hand. As Suspicious Man 2 shuts the door behind him with his shoulder he notices Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Freeze!

Suspicious Man 2 stops, a look of recognition in his eyes, then... starts moving forward again.

SUSPICIOUS MAN 2

I seen you before, man.

EDDIE

I said don't move! I'm a cop.

Suspicious Man 2 stops. Laughs. Eddie's gunhand shakes.

## SUSPICIOUS MAN 2

(re: the girls)

You want some 'a this? That's some  
fresh young pussy, my man.

## EDDIE

On the floor. Face down. Arms  
behind your back.

170 INT. GREEN BUILDING - NIGHT

170

Ronny YELLS out for Sal.

SERIES OF CUTS

Ronny gets to every floor, YELLS, looking for Sal.

A171 INT. GREEN BUILDING, FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

A171

This floor is crowded with RESIDENTS. Ronny quickly figures,  
this is the one. He looks in every open apartment. Spots  
the one with blood in it...

171 INT. GREEN BUILDING, APARTMENT 5A, BEDROOM - NIGHT

171

Ronny sees Sal taking his last breaths.

## RONNY

Oh fuck. Oh no.

He runs to Sal. Plops next to him. Starts tearing as Sal's  
eyes go glassy, seeing him but not.

## RONNY (CONT'D)

No! What'd you do?

Sal goes still. Ronny notices his pockets. Stuffed, bloody  
money hanging out of them. Hears footsteps running down the  
hall towards them, police walkies getting closer.

Looks at the dirty money in Sal's pockets. Starts pulling it  
all out. But there's so much of it--

-- COPS BUST IN --

They reach Ronny... It's GEORGE, PATRICK and C-RAYZ.  
Mortified to see Sal dead and Ronny ripping money from his  
pockets.

C-RAYZ

What the fuck happened?

RONNY

Help me! You gotta help me!

Like a madman the way Ronny tosses away bloody money from Sal's pockets. Takes a few beats for C-Rayz and George to comprehend this twisted situation -- and then they join in. Removing money. Keeping Sal, their friend, their dead friend, a clean cop above suspicion.

172 INT. RED BUILDING, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

172

Suspicious Man 2 notices that Eddie is shaking and drenched in sweat. Puts his groceries down then straightens back up. Smiles.

SUSPICIOUS MAN 2

I'm'a bet that shit never even been fired.

Suspicious Man 2 starts creeping toward him. Menacing. Unafraid. Unlike Eddie.

EDDIE

Freeze. FREEZE, I SAID!

From the floor:

SUSPICIOUS MAN 1

Ay yo, fuck him up.

EDDIE

SHUT -- SHUT UP!

SUSPICIOUS MAN 2

(creeping forward)

Just gimme the 'roscoe' and ain't nobody gettin' hurt today.

Eddie looks tortured, trigger-finger shaking. Suspicious Man 2 getting closer. It's now or never.

BANG! Eddie FIRES A SHOT.

The kick seems to take Eddie by surprise. *Probably hasn't fired a gun since the academy.* Suspicious Man 2 TAKES IT IN THE SHOULDER.

SUSPICIOUS MAN 2 (CONT'D)

AH! MOTHERFUCKER!

Suspicious Man 2 rushes him. Eddie fires again (*click*) forgetting... it's his only bullet.

Sarie SCREAMS.

It's a MELEE. And it ain't pretty. Eddie and Suspicious Man 2 struggle, flying and rolling around in a fury of fists and kicks. The brutality of it amplified by the tightness of the enclosed space.

Something familiar about this. *It's like the fight between Eddie and Melvin. The one Eddie lost.*

The cuffed Suspicious Man 1 yells encouragement to his friend. The Girls scream and cry. Eddie, their only link to freedom and safety.

Eddie lands some desperate punches, but is mostly getting his ass kicked. Suspicious Man 2 bleeds out from his shoulder wound which is the only reason Eddie even has a fighting chance against this monster.

A GUN falls out from Suspicious Man 2's waistband. Both see it. Suspicious Man 2 is upon it before Eddie.

In desperation, Eddie snatches up the first thing he sees -- the HANDCUFFS THAT THE YOUNG GIRL WAS SECURED TO THE RADIATOR WITH. The ones Eddie removed and tossed aside. Just laying there. He grabs them.

As Suspicious Man 2 bends to grab his gun, Eddie, hand tight around each cuff, WRAPS THE CHAINLINK AROUND SUSPICIOUS MAN 2's THROAT, and --

Holds on for dear life, squeezing with a hidden strength he never knew he had.

Suspicious Man 2 struggles madly, but somehow Eddie holds.

It doesn't take long. Suspicious Man 2 drops his gun, eyes roll back in his head and... he passes out.

Eddie lets go. Breathes fast. Looks at what he just did. Stares at his hands, bleeding from where the cuffs cut into them. Can't believe what they were capable of.

Police SIRENS in the distance. SOUND rising. Becoming overwhelming...

173

EXT. BK PROJECTS - LATER

173

Police cars, Ambulances, Emergency Response Teams, Fire trucks far as the eye can see. RED and WHITE lights bathing everything and everyone in psychedelic patterns. RESIDENTS viewing the carnage.

Young Women from apartment being led to EMS workers.

Amid this chaos, Eddie's able to find himself a quiet corner. He eyes Sarie. She catches his look and whispers "thank you" over and over again. She can't be heard above SIRENS and ALARMS, but Eddie can hear her.

He's able to muster a smile, not full, but just enough to generate a warm feeling throughout his body.

EDDIE

walks away. Toward the CAMERA. Out of focus.

174 OMITTED 174

175 EXT. SAL'S HOUSE - MORNING 175

Ronny pulls up. C-Rayz, George, Patrick stay at the car. Ronny gets out of the car and looks up at the house: *How do I do this?* KNOCKS. Angela answers the door. Knows immediately. ANGER comes out of her. PUNCHES Ronny's chest. Then she gives over to sorrow. Crying. Screaming. Ronny embraces her. Holds her.

176 INT. 65TH PRECINCT - DAY 176

C-Rayz removes Melvin Panton's 'Cop Shot' photo. Replaces it with Sal's 'Cop Shot' photo. OFFICERS gather around. Hate seeing another one of their own dead. \*

177 EXT. BK PROJECTS - ROOFTOP - DAY 177 \*

Man's face hidden behind "Brooklyn's Finest" newspaper. Paper lowers to reveal Caz, head bandaged, arm in a sling. A melancholy smile on his face, maybe it's the loss of a good friend or the joy of having had one. \*

Caz flicks a lighter. Sets the paper on fire. Tosses it over the ledge. \*

178 EXT. BK PROJECTS - DAY 178 \*

Caz steps out of the building. Strolls to his Benz. Opens the driver's side door, luggage bags in the backseat. Long road trip planned. Shonda waiting in the passenger seat. Companion for a new life. Caz starts the engine. \*

We watch the Benz leave the curb, leave the projects, leave our view. Never to be seen again. \*

179 EXT. LAKE - DAY

179 \*

Somewhere in Connecticut. A quiet, calm patch of still water in the middle of a wooded paradise.

EDDIE sits at the prow of a small wooden ROW-BOAT, fishing off the side. He sighs. Calm out here. Maybe even a little *boring*? He puts the pole into a MOUNT on the end of the boat. *Let the mount do the work.* Scoots to the rear of the boat. Reaches down and pulls out...

A WHISKEY GLASS. This one's new. Still has the silhouette of a row boat and a man fishing. But this one says "MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT KICKED MY BASS."

Eddie measures out two fingers. Pours from a bottle of Jamesons. Leans back in the boat. Sips and watches the mounted pole fish for him. Still the same Eddie. But relaxed now.

He smiles. At peace out here. With life. With himself.

Finally.