

BROOKLYN'S FINEST

by

Michael C. Martin

THUNDER ROAD PICTURES
4000 WARNER BLVD.
Burbank, CA 91522
(818) 954-3130

Representation:
ICM/Lars Theriot
ROAR ENTERTAINMENT/Ben Tappan

PITCH BLACK

VOICE

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

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A plain black car parked in a dark urban alley.

INT. BLACK CAR - SAME

The voice belongs to CARLO, tough looking, Italian, holding a
garbage bag filled with MONEY.

With him, SAL PROCIDA, 30's, ruggedly handsome, usually
charming and upbeat, but now, face a mask of emotions.

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

So what else he say?

CARLO

Something about... People'll protect
their lives no matter what. But he
said it in that fancy legal talk.

(looking out the window)

Where are these guys already? Been
bullshittin' here long enough.

(then)

You hear what happened to me?

Sal shakes his head "no".

CARLO (cont'd)

I'm on the Belt Parkway, by sixty-
fifth street, you know by the pier.
And I'm driving like a bastard. So
the cops pull me over. They give me
the breath test and I'm drunk off my
ass. I get locked up. So now I
gotta go before the judge.

(MORE)

CARLO (cont'd)

My lawyer tells me I was so drunk that it's considered a felony. Which means I broke parole. So I'm looking at seven years! No lie Sal, I almost shitted a bowling ball! 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 and kicked me in the face. So to save myself, I ran out the bar, got in my car, drove off."

SAL

He bought that?

CARLO

Bought nothing. That's a true story. I owed every bookie in town. Couldn't pay up, so they sent some guys to kick a hole in my head. You could see the 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 bowling 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, cause the defendant had to break the law to save himself." Unfuckin' believable right!

SAL

So what happened to the cops who arrested you?

CARLO

Nothing. 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?

With LIGHTNING SPEED, Sal grabs the garbage bag while pulling out a .45 MAGNUM from under his shirt. BANG! Sends a bullet straight into Carlo's skull.

EXT. VIRGINIA INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dark. Deserted. Until a black BMW speeds by, oblivious to the speed limit and STATE TROOPERS behind it.

Red and white lights FLASH and the SIRENS ring out.

INT. BMW - MOVING - NIGHT

K-ROCK and BEAMER, tough looking black men, frantically wave marijuana smoke out of the car.

The driver is TANGO, a flashy guy, gold chains around his neck, gold caps in his mouth. More menacing than the other two and much more calm despite the obvious danger.

K-ROCK

I told you to slow da fuck down!

BEAMER

Fuckin' twenty bricks in da trunk,
and this nigga wants to do ninety!

Beamer punches a code into the CD player, opening a secret compartment. He stashes his weed and a gun.

Tango pulls over. Lights a cigarette.

BEAMER (cont'd)

Tango, put dat out before they come.

TANGO

It's a Newport you bitch. Just shut
up and let me quarterback this.

EXT. VIRGINIA INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

STATE TROOPER 2 runs the plate number on the patrol car computer. STATE TROOPER 1's glossy black boots pound the wet pavement as he gets closer to the car.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

State trooper 1 shines his flashlight on the guys inside -- Beamer sweats profusely. K-Rock a nervous statue. Tango a final pull of his cigarette before lowering the window.

TANGO

Is there a problem officer?

STATE TROOPER 1
License and registration.

Hands his registration and license to the trooper.

STATE TROOPER 1 (cont'd)
Place your hands on the dashboard.

TANGO
(over-dramatically putting
hands on dash)
Maybe you didn't hear me earlier,
your helmet looks kinda tight. I
said is there a problem officer?

Beamer and K-Rock share a look of complete shock.

STATE TROOPER 1
(closer)
Take your keys out of the ignition
with your right hand, and with your
right hand, drop them outside.

Tango complies. K-Rock waits for the Trooper to take the
keys and walk away:

K-ROCK
Mutha fucka are you crazy!

BEAMER
I ain't goin' back to jail.

Beamer opens the CD player, grabs his gun. Tango stops him.

TANGO
I told you I was gonna quarterback
this. Just co-sign to the shit I
say and don't do shit, 'till I do
shit. We gonna be back in the city
in an hour. Aight?

FOOTSTEPS heard. They play it cool before the Trooper
returns.

STATE TROOPER 1
You were clocked at eighty-eight.
Did you know that?
(sniffing inside the car)
I can tell by your New York plates.
And from the smell of things...
That you boys were bringing some
trouble to our fine state.

TANGO

We dunno what you're talkin' bout.
The only thing we been doin' in
your fine state, was a little bit
of fishing.

STATE TROOPER 1

You boys don't look like fisherman
to me. Where's your bait and rods?

TANGO

In the trunk.

STATE TROOPER 1

Really? Show me.

TANGO

Hell's fuckin' no. What's in my
trunk is my business.

STATE TROOPER 1

(restrained anger)

Step out of the car please.

Tango turns to the guys and gestures for them to 'be cool'.
As he steps out, the chrome 9mm Glock in his back waist is
visible. He pulls his shirt down to conceal it.

EXT. VIRGINIA INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tango walks to the back of the car. Trooper follows.

STATE TROOPER 1

Listen smart ass --

State trooper 2 HONKS the horn MADLY. State trooper 1 bolts
to the squad car, talks to his partner.

State trooper 1 returns. Unable to look Tango in the eyes as
he hands him his license, registration, and keys.

STATE TROOPER 1 (cont'd)

(sheepish)

Go ahead. And slow down.

Tango carries a smirk on his face back to the car.

INT. BEDROOM - BROOKLYN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Small. An unmade twin bed. Dirty mirror. Scattered
clothes. You wouldn't want to live here.

EDDIE DUGAN, late 40's, Irish, stubble beard, dressed in a white undershirt and dark uniform pants. Stares down his lifeless blood-shot eyes in the mirror. Hold.

Eddie pulls out a .38. Nonchalantly SHOVES the barrel in his mouth. Closes his eyes. Pulls the trigger -- SNAP. Squeezes again and again. Knows the barrel is empty. Time for the real thing. He fishes out a single bullet, loads it.

Barrel back in his mouth. Anyone else this would be serious... The pitiful attempt goes on long enough, Eddie throws in the towel. Defeated. Finishes dressing. Puts on a vastly undecorated NYPD uniform.

A note is passed under the door.

NOTE: My sister is getting married on the 24th and she will need a gift from us.

INT. KITCHEN - BROOKLYN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Elegant and posh. Hard to believe this is the same house. A WOMAN, mid 40's, also elegant walks in and makes breakfast.

Eddie arrives. He and the Woman avert eyes from each other, refusing to acknowledge the other. Eddie scribbles a message on the note, leaves it. Grabs a bite to eat and walks out. Now the woman will read the note.

INT. 65TH PRECINCT - DAY

Lavish compared to most New York precincts. What they call a C house (light work precinct).

A few OFFICERS conducting paper work while most horse around. Eddie steps in. No greeting from his fellow officers.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Eddie enters. Gets noticed by a group of his fellow OFFICERS.

OFFICER 1

Whoa! It's Eddie-clean badge.

OFFICER 2

Whaddya doin here? Bars close early?

The officers laugh. Eddie shrugs it off. It's obvious that he is used to this kind of treatment.

OFFICER 1
Heard you let another perp in cuffs
escape. What is that six now?

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

Officer 2 moves toward Eddie. The other guys hold him back.

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

Carried out of the room by the officers, leaving Eddie alone.
He digs into his locker. A complete mess. Grease stained
papers, an old calendar dating back to 1999.

MAJOR GERACI appears in the doorway.

GERACI
Dugan, come see me in my office.

INT. MAJOR GERACI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Geraci behind his desk, talking on the phone:

GERACI (PHONE)
We'll save that for her sweet
16...I'll talk to you when I get
home...Love you too.

Geraci hangs up. Eddie sits.

EDDIE
(worried)
I didn't forget to fill anything
out, did I?

GERACI
The retirement went through.
Eddie, relax -- So how've you been?

EDDIE
... You know.

GERACI
The wife.

EDDIE

... You know.

Eddie's uncomfortable tone ends the small talk.

GERACI

The commissioner wants seasoned officers to take out the rookies for their first taste of fieldwork. And since you're the oldest here, your name came up first.

EDDIE

I'm no teacher or role model.

GERACI

(slight chuckle)

I know you're not, but your name came up in the computer.

Eddie hangs his head down. Geraci gets serious again.

GERACI (cont'd)

Won't be that bad. You'll probably like it. Who knows. You get the kid tomorrow. We're supposed to whip these kids in shape before they work those projects next door.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS, EAST NEW YORK BROOKLYN - DAY

Arguably the most dangerous crime ridden housing development on the east coast. And true to form -- there's been a murder. POLICE tape off the crime scene. A CROWD forms.

A BMW pulls up. Beamer, K-Rock, and Tango get out. K-Rock retrieves gym bags filled with drugs from the trunk.

BEAMER

Home sweet home! I should kiss the concrete.

TANGO

Yo Beam, kiss that shit stain right over there.

BEAMER

Fuck you, and fuck Virginia. I ain't neva' leaving Brooklyn again.

They collect bags and head to a building near the crime scene.

K-ROCK
(stops, turns around)
FUCK!

TANGO
What you doin'?

K-ROCK
(whispering)
You see that DT over there?

Beamer and Tango look THROUGH the crowd at a row of
DETECTIVES on the scene.

K-ROCK (cont'd)
The one with the bald head. He the
one that bagged me with an ounce
last summer. Mutha fucka was at
the trial, at my parole hearing.
He know I get down.

BEAMER
He right in front of the building!

Beamer and K-Rock mutter in anxiety. Tango, calm as usual,
sizes up their dilemma. He lives for these moments.

TANGO
He seeing our faces, he ain't
seeing the bags. Drop 'em.

Beamer and K-Rock hold a look, know to listen. Drop the bags.

TANGO (cont'd)
We gonna walk up to him and
somebody else gonna bring the bags.

K-ROCK
How the fuck we gonna do that?

Tango LOOKS around the crowd for a potential drug courier...

TANGO
(sly grin)
Quarterback, remember.

Search coming up empty, nobody acceptable.

K-ROCK (O.S.)
Little man, you wanna make a yard?

Tango turns to see a pair of YOUNG TEENS being recruited.
He's taken aback. Didn't want kids involved.

The kids share a look, quickly nod their agreement.

BEAMER

Yall gonna take these bags to the
laundry building.

CRIME SCENE

The BALD DETECTIVE eyes the guys as they get closer. Finally makes his move.

BALD DETECTIVE

My main shit stain K-Rock. You got
your boyfriend Beamer with you. You
know the drill. All of you.

The Detective searches, which allows the Teens to pass by with the BAGS. Unnoticed. Beamer and K-Rock flash smiles at Tango, who doesn't share their joy. His face is stone.

INT. WINDOW - PINK HOUSE BUILDING - LATER

Tango watches Beamer and K-Rock pay off the Teens. Then they leave together discussing future business.

Off Tango, guilty over what he's Quarterbacked.

INT. CONFSSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Sal sits, nervous. A beat. Eventually slides the screen door exposing PRIEST SCARPITTA. A silence, until --

PRIEST SCARPITTA

Hello.

SAL

I don't wanna make a confession.
Can I just talk? I really need
someone to talk to.

PRIEST SCARPITTA

Tell me what's troubling you.

SAL

... Can good people do bad things,
or do bad people sometimes do good
things?

PRIEST SCARPITTA

Sounds like you need to make a
confession.

SAL

I've done a bad thing to a bad person but for a good reason. I guess, I rationalized it to myself enough so that I could go through with it. But it wasn't enough. I still need more.

PRIEST SCARPITTA

We are all imperfect creatures who are lead to sin. That is why we must surrender our souls to God.

SAL

... And then what?

PRIEST SCARPITTA

Do you pray my son?

SAL

No, no, no. I can't. I'd feel like a hypocrite.

PRIEST SCARPITTA

I can sense the pain in your voice. Tell me what's troubling you. Confess your sins.

SAL

(ashamed)

I can't. I'm too far-gone.

(pause, then confident)

I don't want forgiveness. I hope God understands why I have to do what I have to do -- I guess, I just wanted to say that out loud. I'm sorry father.

Sal closes the shade and steps out.

PRIEST SCARPITTA

(calling out)

My son, my son...

EXT. ALLEY - CRIME SCENE - DAY

DETECTIVES gather clues and the AMBULANCE WORKERS pull Carlo's DECAPITATED corpse from the black car.

DETECTIVE PAT MONROE scans the CROWD behind the POLICE TAPE, asking for info. He locks eyes with Sal. Approaches.

PAT

Fuck are you doing here?

Sal crosses the tape. A UNIFORM OFFICER tries to stop him. Sal exposes his TASK FORCE SHIELD and the officer backs off.

PAT (cont'd)

Thought you were taking off. You went to the Credit Union already?

SAL

Yesterday.

PAT

They give you the brush off?

SAL

Look at my arrest report 'stead of my credit report to see if I'm reliable. That's all I'm sayin'.

PAT

Don't wanna give you a raise, think they're gonna give you a loan -- Remember "Carly?" Bobby's old CI.

(Sal nods)

Rip and run. He waits outside the Heroin spot. Shooter caps him, takes either the drugs or the money.

The gurney carrying Carlo passes. Sal struggles to avert his eyes from what he's done.

PAT (cont'd)

(sarcastic)

Look. Sleeping with his eyes open. Wherever the fuck they are! You believe the warrant just came out on this prick. Two counts of Murder one, and then this happens. Don't matter. Once we get his DNA it'll clear our cases. Somebody just saved us a ton of paper work.

EXT. BETTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

A crummy old school Diner on the outskirts of Brooklyn. Before going in, Tango removes his gold caps, tucks in his chains, fixes his clothes. With every item concealed and removed his rough exterior melts away.

INT. BETTY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Tango steps to a back booth and sits. A MAN, well groomed, unknown to us but familiar to Tango, joins him.

MAN

What the fuck Clarence. I been nursing this seat for 15 minutes.

TANGO

Stop calling me Clarence, it confuses me -- You order for me yet? I'm starving.

MAN

Pancakes, eggs and bacon.
(before Tango can protest)
I remembered. Its turkey bacon. I know you don't like the swine.

TANGO

(holding the syrup)
I'm a start bringing my own. These are sticky for the wrong reason.

MAN

Again with Virginia. I'm tired of these calls at two in the morning.

TANGO

Fuck them assholes, they deserve it. C'mon, Dan. You know how they do. Black man in a black car. What I'm a do? Cave in to them.

DAN

It's called tact. Use it. Maybe some professional courtesy too.

TANGO

Anyway. The brass get back to you about that thing for me?

DAN

(playful)
What do I keep telling you? You're my Mariano Rivera. You know? Ninth inning, bases loaded. We bring you in to guarantee the game. You never fail.

TANGO

Yeah, well. My arm is getting tired.

With that, the mood becomes all business.

DAN

I ran it up the chain of command.

TANGO

(hopeful)
What'd they say?

Dan narrows his eyes, studies Tango a beat.

DAN

Why do you keep pushing for this?

TANGO

You tellin' me the city doesn't think I'd be a good Sergeant?

DAN

I'm saying, why are you pushing for this now? What's the rush?

The question weights heavy, it melts away Tango's cool facade.

TANGO

... Some days it feels like too much, too long. I don't wanna end up some basket case. I need an out. Something to get my mind right.

DAN

Is that what Sergeant is?

Tango nods his yes.

DAN (cont'd)

(hint of doubt)

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

TANGO

What about...that...other thing?

Can tell from Tango's uneasiness that it's important. Dan jogs his memory. Remembers he forgot.

DAN

Been backed up with these Lieutenant meetings. I forgot to meet her.

He pulls out a few PAPERS. Tango appears to be shaken.

DAN (cont'd)
Alicia mailed these. She said you sign. Then your lawyer signs.

TANGO
Couldn't do this one thing for me?

Tango SNATCHES the divorce papers.

DAN
I know man. You want to hold on to something. I know that when you --

TANGO
Fuck do you know about it?
Whaddya' you know about being on this side of the table. You, you get to clock out. You go home. You deal with this with paperwork. So when you wanna donate four years of your life, then come tell me --

The WAITRESS interrupts with the food. She leaves.

DAN
When you're done feeling sorry for yourself, you should remember that you asked for this. Nobody put a gun to your head. So check that homeboy shit at the door like you're supposed to.

An uncomfortable beat.

DAN (cont'd)
In the meantime, we need more info on this Pink Houses crew. The chief has a hard on for the Brooklyn...

Continues, but Tango's heard enough bullshit, tunes him out.

INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - MOVING - DAY

Eddie behind the wheel. Ready for another redundant workday.

MONTAGE - indicating Eddie's dull police work: writing parking violations, speeding tickets, directing traffic, eating lunch alone, finally changing in the locker room while other cops joke around. Eddie performs all of these tasks with an attitude of indifference.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Giddy banter between MRS. DUGAN (Woman) and FRIENDS. Eddie enters, kills the mood. Awkward. Eddie disappears into...

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie lets out an exhausted sigh, the kind that comes from doing nothing. We HEAR the laughter start up again. Eddie's too used to this to have a reaction.

He pulls out a fishing rod and a bottle of 'Wild Turkey' from under the bed. He'll nurse both for the rest of the night.

EXT. SAL'S HOUSE - CONEY ISLAND, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A row of lower middle class houses. A station wagon pulls up to the shabbiest one. Sal emerges, NYPD duffel bag in hand.

VITO (10) and VINNY (12) come up the block on their bikes.

VITO

Dad's home!

VINNY

Hey dad, can I get a turtle?

SAL

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

VINNY

Yeah right. C'mon Dad.

SAL

Where we going?

(playfully manhandles

Vinny)

When you get your own room you can have turtles, snakes, rabbits, whatever you want.

Sal lets go. Vinny gets serious.

VINNY

So can I have a turtle?

SAL

What'd I tell you?

Vinny gives up. Rides away with Vito. Sal reacts with dismay, carries it on his face as he goes into...

INT. SAL'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Covered with newly washed laundry. Sal can barely walk in.

VICKY (7) dashes into his arms, hands him a drawing.

VICKY
That's you daddy.

He kisses her. Takes in the drawing: a clunky crayola sketch of himself. The kind only a father could love.

SAL
Is my head really that big?

VICKY
Yes.

SAL
Where's your sister.

VICKY
(running away laughing)
Which one?

SAL
The tall one.

Sal heads down the hallway to...

INT. SAL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LYNETTE (5) and MARGARET (3) are seated at the kitchen table.

ANGELA has her back to us as she washes a mammoth pile of plates. Sal CREEPS up behind her. Kisses her neck.

ANGELA
You better leave before my husband
comes home.

SAL
Very funny.

Angela turns around. She is modestly attractive, late 30's. She is also eight months pregnant.

SAL (cont'd)
Wait. You've got too much stuff in
your room. Go to your sisters'.

CYNTHIA
Which one!

INT. SAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Just enough light to see this broken-down room. Sal opens
the duffel bag: BLOODY money, Carlo's bag. Stashes the bag
under his bed. When he comes up, notices blood on his hands.

INT. SAL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sal thoroughly washes his hands. Takes a long look at
himself in the mirror, fully realizing what he has done.

CLOSE ON PHOTO OF

UPSCALE SUBURBAN HOME -- white picket fence. 6 bedrooms.
The American Dream. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO...

INT. SAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sal lays on the bed staring intensely at the photo. Angela
enters. Winded from the climb up the stairs. Sal helps her
onto the bed.

ANGELA
Mrs. Vincent called. Three times.
(old lady's voice)
"Where's the deposit? Where is it?"

SAL
(stressed)
I know, I know. I'll call her back
when I have some good news for her.

She strokes his hair. Consoling him.

SAL (cont'd)
Do the kids...joke about the house?

ANGELA
Sal, they just...they don't wanna
get their hopes up.

SAL

I'm talkin' to Vinny about him
gettin' his own room, he gives me
this look like: 'I've heard this
before'. Then Cynthia --

ANGELA

You're always getting yourself so
worked up. Relax. Things will...

Her words turn to COUGHS, large and whooping. Sal consoles.

SAL

Look at me. Goin' on and on.

Her cough subsides to a wheeze, then she nods: I'm okay.

SAL (cont'd)

What'd the doctor say?

ANGELA

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

SAL

Are you gonna tell me what he said?

ANGELA

He goes on about my asthma. Induced
labor, low birth weight, C-sections.

SAL

The walls. The mold. It gets in
your lungs then you get that cough.

ANGELA

(re: pregnancy)
This times not like before. I'm
always dizzy. My ankles are
swollen. This cough.

SAL

You need fresh air. Trees. And a
lawn. Just like I promised you.

They kiss. Hold each other. There's a tender intimacy
between them, like high school sweethearts.

EXT. SAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sal creeps to a quiet area, makes a call on his cell-phone.

SAL

Hi Mrs. Vincent... Emma, I keep forgettin'. I'm callin' 'cause I only got half the money... I know, I know... I know the deadline's comin' up. Bustin' my hump to meet it. Trust me. I can't afford the house if it goes on the market... I promise you, hand to God, I will get the deposit... I know my wife and kids'll love the house too.

INT. TANGO'S BMW - NIGHT

Tango stares at a PHOTO: a young uniformed Tango hugging his wife at his police inauguration: a bright future awaits.

Suddenly, the photo is ignited on both sides. Tango looks at his past slowly burn as it reaches the middle.

INT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

A party. Decorations. Music. The CROWD dances. Tango squeezes through. People regard him with fear and respect. Passes a banner: WELCOME HOME CAZ.

LIQUOR TABLE

RED, a tall athletic black man, and a MAN in an OUTDATED-SUIT, talk over drinks.

RED

-- I'm tryin' to get it so we don't touch the product, just the money. The time is right 'cause it ain't like the cops is around us.

Tango bumps the Man, on purpose.

MAN IN SUIT

Watch where you goin' mutha fucka!

TANGO

Get the fuck out my way then!

People gather around, waiting for a fight to break out.

MAN IN SUIT

Move me the fuck out your way!

They get chest-to-chest, but their frowns turn to smiles, then they BEAR HUG. The man is CAZ. The party is in his honor.

CAZ

(joking)

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

TANGO

The mess hall? I stood on my own two, like you see me standing now.

CAZ

Don't make me blow your shit up. Only reason you got air in your lungs now is 'cause of me.

They laugh. Red stands by, playing the third wheel.

CAZ (cont'd)

Thought you was gonna pick me up.

TANGO

I seen a year of that place, I don't need to see another day.

RED

(chiming in)

Me or Tango pick you up, they start thinkin' where there's smoke there's fire. We gotta keep you off their radar. That's why we need to move --

CAZ

(interrupting, to Tango)

Let me holla at you real quick.

Caz and Tango stroll away together.

EXT. ROOFTOP - PROJECT BUILDING - NIGHT

Tango gives Caz's clothes a look over, can't suppress a laugh.

CAZ

Vintage, bitch. But you wouldn't know nothin' bout that. I'm a learn you. Watch me bring sheepskin coats and four finger rings back.

They share a laugh, their friendship hasn't missed a beat.

TANGO

You couldn't stop on Pitkin and cop
somethin at least from this century.

Caz lifts his pants leg, reveals tracking device on his ankle.

CAZ

Bodega to the gas station, that's
as far as I can go for a week.

TANGO

That's fucked up.

CAZ

(overjoyed)

I don't care. Put me in the
staircase. Lock me in the
elevator. I could sleep on this
roof and be good. I'm home!

Caz and Tango shake hands. Caz pulls him closer to hug him.

CAZ (cont'd)

But on some real shit. I known most
of them cats downstairs since I was
four, and ain't none of them looked
out for me. I wouldn't be home if
it wasn't for you. You got me that
lawyer, you dug up that evidence --

TANGO

You kept me alive on the inside. I
owe you for that. But you can't
tell nobody about the lawyer and --

CAZ

I know. I know. Shit is just
between you and me.

The door OPENS, which stops the hugging, they move away from
each other. Red at the door, a suspicious look on his face.

RED

Everybody's waiting on you.

CAZ

Be there in a minute.

Red leaves. There's a short uncomfortable silence.

CAZ (cont'd)

How's it working for you out here?

Tango lets out a long sigh. That says it all.

CAZ (cont'd)
Take a vacation. You've earned it.
Ain't your peoples in Philly?

TANGO
(tense)
... Not no more. They passed away.

Caz reacts with shock.

TANGO (cont'd)
Got a letter today...ain't no more
family back there.

CAZ
You still got family here.

Caz extends his fist out, letting Tango know he has his back.
This gesture registers more than Caz will ever know.

TANGO
Family.

They bang their fist together as a sign of brotherhood.

EXT. PROJECT BUILDING - NIGHT

Tango and Caz walk out of the lobby into the street.

TANGO
When you get off house arrest, I
got you something to whip around.

Hands Caz keys and points to a tricked out PLATINUM MERCEDES
BENZ G55. Caz shouts hysterically and jumps into the car.

INT. BEDROOM - EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Once again, Eddie starts the morning with his stoic ritual.

INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

Eddie takes a much needed sip from a WHISKEY FLASK. Hides it.
The passenger door opens, enter MELVIN PANTON, barely out of
his teens, wide eyed and ready for work.

MELVIN

Good morning sir, Melvin Panton,
Lance Corporal U.S. Marines!

Melvin extends his hand as if on a job interview. Instead of shaking it, Eddie starts the car.

MELVIN (cont'd)

Sorry sir, I couldn't sleep much
last night. Guess I'm just anxious
to get out in the field.

He shuts off the engine. Looks Melvin over.

EDDIE

The guys sent you? As a joke?

MELVIN

No sir, no sir.

EDDIE

Are you for real?

MELVIN

Excuse me, sir?

EDDIE

Forget it. And don't call me sir.

INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - MOVING - LATER

Eddie drives. Melvin shotgun.

MELVIN

Sir... I mean...

EDDIE

Eddie, Eddie Dugan.

MELVIN

How long you been on the force?

EDDIE

It'll be 25 years two weeks from
today.

MELVIN

That's my birthday! You've been a
cop as long as I've been alive.
Ain't that something.

Melvin expects a response. Never gets one.

MELVIN (cont'd)
I wanted to be on the force all my
life. I had plastic handcuffs when
I was three and every Halloween I
dressed up as a cop.

Eddie shakes his head in disbelief. Melvin tries again.

MELVIN (cont'd)
So...the Major said you were
retiring.

EDDIE
I put in my 25. Pension ain't any
better after that. I got my place
in Connecticut by the lake. And
all the bass I can bait a hook at.

MELVIN
25 years. Impressive. I'm a long
way from that finish line. What is
it they say? "Your two longest days
are when you pick up your badge and
when you drop it off."

EDDIE
It's shortest. Two shortest days.
Cause everyday in between is
supposed to be hell in comparison.

With that, Eddie pulls over.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Wait here. Don't touch anything or
do anything.

Eddie splits. Hurries into his house. Melvin anxiously
waits, dying for some police work...

MELVIN'S POV: of the tranquil block...until he spots a couple
in a car. An ANGRY MAN waves his FIST at a BATTERED WOMAN.

EXT. EDDIE'S BLOCK - DAY

Melvin steps outside to investigate. He taps on the driver's
window. The man lowers it.

MELVIN
Excuse me, but is there a problem?

ANGRY MAN
Nobody's got a problem.

Melvin notices the woman. She covers her bruised cheek. The angry man tries to put on a innocent face.

MELVIN
(opens drivers side door)
Would you mind stepping out of --

Out of nowhere, Eddie closes the car door, leads Melvin back to the squad car.

EDDIE
I told you to stay in the car.

MELVIN
Her face is bruised. I'm gonna --

EDDIE
This is the 63rd precinct, we're in the 65th.
(off Melvin's confusion)
You call it in, they're gonna ask why we're out of the precinct zone.

MELVIN
But it's our duty --

EDDIE
Stop with that academy bullshit and get in the car.

Eddie opens the drivers door, but Melvin won't budge.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Tell you what. We'll call it in. You got a cell phone?

MELVIN
No. Do you?

Eddie washes his hands of the whole situation. Hops inside and roars the engine.

Melvin can't believe they're leaving without offering help.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Melvin and Eddie, both quiet and distant, eating lunch.

MELVIN
A pay-phone. We could've used a pay-phone. Or just brought him in. How much trouble could we get in?

EDDIE

This is your first day! Your first day of the same day, for the next 20 some odd years. Trust me. Pace yourself.

MELVIN

What if you turn on the news tonight and she's dead? You want that on your conscious?

EDDIE

If a woman with a bruised up face is getting you this worked up, what about a rape? Or a murder? Worse yet, what if you arrest him and she comes in to bail him out?

(beat)

The job takes enough of you. Don't take it home with you.

MELVIN

So, what? Sit on calls? Hide out on lunch? Do nothing.

EDDIE

Do the job. No more, no less. That's how it's done around here.

MELVIN

It's wrong.

(violently packs up)

I was trained to Protect and Serve. Protect and Serve.

Melvin walks off, feeling good about himself. Eddie slams his cup down.

EDDIE

Two weeks, Eddie. Two weeks.

A few beats pass and then ARGUING is heard in the distance. Eddie investigates.

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

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, is handcuffed by Melvin. Eddie marches in.

MELVIN
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say --

EDDIE
What the hell are you doing?

MELVIN
She sold porn tapes to those kids.
(to Asian woman)
You have the right to an attorney --

EDDIE
What does that have to do with us?
Call the business bureau and
they'll issue her a fine.

A CROWD begins to gather outside the bodega.

MELVIN
If you want to make a phone call
this time, then go right ahead.
(to Asian woman)
If you cannot afford an attorney --

EDDIE
Take the fuckin' cuffs off.

Eddie grabs Melvin's arm. Melvin quickly slaps it away.

MELVIN
(to Eddie)
You have the right to remain
silent. If you give up that --

They wrestle. Eddie clearly out matched. They tackle each
other to the floor. The crowd watches in awe.

EXT. 65TH PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DUSK

Squad Car 7554 pulls into the parking lot.

INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - SAME

Eddie, bloody lip. Melvin, small scratch on his nose.

EDDIE
I'm gonna forget the whole thing.
You're lucky. I've got half a mine
to get a comp' case outta this.

Melvin considers Eddie with disgust, then starts packing.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Wait'll you see how most guys spend their eight-and-a-half in this precinct. There's a big difference. And not the way you'd like.

MELVIN

(dismissive)

Is that so.

EDDIE

They treat every call like a run to the bank. Catch my meaning? Get paired with one of those guys, see how long you'll be a supercop.

(beat)

Melvin, whaddya' think you're gonna do? 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 25 years, I'll look back and realize I did some good. And that I made a difference.

(closer)

And after 25 years, I won't be depressed and useless.

He opens the door, gets halfway out, but he isn't finished.

MELVIN (cont'd)

I don't know how you get up in the morning and put that uniform on. It must be really hard for you to look at yourself in the mirror.

Now he's finished. Slams the door. Eddie stares at himself in the rearview window -- his bruised face and dull eyes. He can't stand the sight of himself either. Turns mirror away.

INT. GERACI'S OFFICE - DUSK

Geraci and Eddie are mid-conversation.

GERACI

-- fine. I'll take the kid off your hands. You can switch with Maretti.

EDDIE
 (cautious)
 Maretti? You're gonna put him with
 that kid?

GERACI
 Wanna pick his baby-sitter too!?

EDDIE
 No, no. I just don't want the
 aggravation. I put in my time. I
 don't need this, 'cause...
 (realizing he's explaining
 to himself)
 Forget it... Thanks.

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eddie in plain clothes now. Gets in his Honda. Drives off.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

The Honda navigates the streets. Closer to its destination.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Dark and grimy. Eddie's Honda pulls up to an abandoned
 building that is anything but abandoned. Eddie walks to the
 boarded up door. KNOCKS in a STRANGE BEAT. A LARGE CLEAN-
 CUT MAN opens the door --

TWO SUSPICIOUS MEN steer a YOUNG WOMAN out the door. Her
 face is barely visible to us, but just enough that we can see
 her desperation. Eddie ignores it and goes inside.

The men place her in the back of a TINTED VAN. They peel
 off, burning rubber

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Several doors along the dank hallway. SCREAMS are heard
 behind them. Not of pain, but of sexual pleasure. A UNIFORM
 OFFICER exits a door pulling up his pants.

Eddie reaches the last door. KNOCKS. It opens, CHANTEL,
 20's, naive, childlike face and demeanor but a woman's body.

CHANTEL
 Eddie! Baby, I missed you!

INT. CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

An oddly attractive room. Chantel fixes up. Eddie drops a wad of cash on the night stand and plops on the bed.

CHANTEL

Thought you forgot `bout me. I ain't seen you in so long. You been cheatin' on me or somethin'?
(off Eddie's glum face)
You look sadder than usual. You need some cheerin' up?

She sits next to him. Runs her fingers in his hair.

CHANTEL (cont'd)

Don't I always make you feel good.

She starts kissing his neck. Slides her tongue in his ear. Eddie blankly stares off into space, his mind somewhere else.

CHANTEL (cont'd)

What's wrong?

INT. CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Eddie pours two glasses of bourbon. Chantel seductively slides her foot into his crotch. He pushes it away, rather the liquor. She rolls her eyes, suddenly very uncomfortable.

Gives her a glass. Sips. COUGHS like a lung will come out.

CHANTEL

(composing herself)
How do you drink this stuff?

Eddie musters a smile -- this is a first. Actually quite handsome when he smiles.

EDDIE

I always wondered. What are you?
(Chantel is confused)
I mean, what's your nationality?

CHANTEL

Oh. I'm mixed. Half black, half Puerto Rican. Half Dominican and half Italian. What bout you?

EDDIE

I'm all drunk. A hundred percent.

She's slightly charmed by his deadpan.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Do you like what you...do?

CHANTEL
No. I dunno. It's just what I do.
Know what I'm saying?
(pause)
You like being a cop?

EDDIE
(imitating Chantel)
It's just what I do, know what I'm
saying.

She's not used to a lighthearted Eddie. It's comforting.

EDDIE (cont'd)
But seriously... Did you think this
was how life would be?

CHANTEL
Hell no! But life beez' like that.
I thought I was gonna be the next
Lisa, Lisa when I was a little girl.
(off Eddie's puzzled face)
Lisa, Lisa! Cult Jam. "All Cried
Out", "Take Me Home". I know
you've heard "Take Me Home".

Eddie still puzzled. A shy smile flashes on Chantel's face,
gaining the courage to show him. Finally, she SINGS:

CHANTEL (cont'd)
*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*

Like a young girl who sings in the mirror, dreaming. She's
good, so good Eddie neglects his drink.

As her American Idol like performance ends, he answers with a
standing ovation.

CHANTEL (cont'd)
Now you. What'd you want to be?

EDDIE

Nothing.

CHANTEL

C'mon. What was it?

EDDIE

(depressed)

Nothing. Nothing at all.

Destroys the mood. Eddie has to sit. Returns to his drink, finishes it. Chantel curls up next to him.

CHANTEL

How bout now? Whatcha wanna do now?

EDDIE

I'm almost retired. That's it.

CHANTEL

No. You just do something else.
You just do it.

EDDIE

You can say that. You're young.
You've got your whole life in front
of you. An open road of what ifs'
and possibilities. I'm old. When
you're old, you spend the end of
your life walking backwards, looking
at the life behind you. Not knowing
when the roads gonna end.

CHANTEL

You know, you don't look like a
cop. You got honest eyes.

EDDIE

... Being a cop...just a job right?

Chantel shrugs her shoulder, basically saying "I don't know."

EDDIE (cont'd)

There's nothin' great about it.
You're not curing cancer or
anything. It's just a job. Right?

Again, Chantel answers with a shrug of her shoulders. Eddie savagely down his bourbon. Instantly makes another.

EDDIE (cont'd)

That kid. That fuckin kid. Had
this look in his eyes.

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)
 More than that rookie change the world look. It was like this was his only reason for waking up in the morning... I don't know --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAL'S DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sal's five daughters kneeling at the foot of their two beds. Eyes closed and palms together for their nightly prayers. Sal is with them, but he's pretending to pray.

EDDIE (V.O.)
 -- I guess, everybody should have something that gives their life purpose. But why put --

INT. SAL'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Converted into a bedroom. A small bed crammed between a tool bench and a water heater. Sal and his two sons kneel by the bed. Again, Sal pretends to pray.

EDDIE (V.O.)
 yourself on the line like that?
 What are you winning? I don't get it. I just don't get it.

EXT. PROJECT SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Tango and Caz walking side by side. A street pole divides them. Instead of letting anything separate them, Caz swings around it, continues side by side with Tango.

EDDIE (V.O.)
 Everybody looks out for themselves.
 If you looked out for everyone else,
 who'll look out for you? Nobody,
 right..? That fuckin' kid.

INT. CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie tries to pour more bourbon, but the bottle is empty.

EDDIE
 You're probably getting tired of
 listening to this old man talk.

Chantel, focused deep into Eddie's eyes.

CHANTEL

Not at all.

Eddie notices her. She's actually listening. No one has listened to him in years.

EDDIE

I never had kids. My wife is my roommate. We don't even talk, we just slides notes under my door.

(difficult to say)

Every morning, I go in front of that mirror tryin' to think of something. Anything, that'll stop me from blowing my head off my shoulders. And every morning, I never come up with anything. But I still don't do it. What's it called when you can't stop living, but can't start either?

She hands him some support -- her bourbon. He downs it.

CHANTEL

You gonna be okay?

EDDIE

Yeah. I just wanted to say that out loud.

INT. TASK FORCE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dimly lit to show SLIDES on a projector. LIEUTENANT JENKINS addresses the officers of the Brooklyn North Task Force.

JENKINS

Fourteen buildings. 15,000 residents. That's the Louis H. Pink Houses. The highest crime area in the highest crime precinct. Larceny, rape, prostitution, even takes the crown for kidnapping. And lastly, the heart of the East New York drug trade. An estimated 10 million moves in and out of this place a year.

Sal sits in the back row of the room, directly in front of him Detective Pat Monroe. Sal passes him a note.

NOTE: Poker at my house tells the guys.

JENKINS (cont'd)
 (calling out)
 Procida, do I have your attention?

SAL
 Sure, Lieutenant.

JENKINS
 Good. I want every soul within the
 sound of my voice to hear this.
 (earnest)
 All eyes are on this one,
 gentleman. DA, Mayor's office,
 even the Fed's are chiming in. A
 message needs to be sent that in
 every neighborhood, building, and
 block, a police presence is felt.
 That what went on in these projects
 will not continue to go on.

Couple of guys nod in agreement. Inspired.

JENKINS (cont'd)
 Operation Clean Sweep; seize dope,
 money, guns, and every skell
 that'll fit in the wagon. Go hard,
 but be safe. Bodies drop like bird
 shit in this place, and you don't
 want to be one of them.
 (pointing to slide of
 Louis H. Pink Houses)
 As soon as we get the word, this is
 our target --

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

Walking around are MOTHERS, ELDERLY, KIDS, and STREET THUGS...

THE DRUG DEAL

Goofing around on benches, STRIKE, Beamer, K-Rock -- the
 lookouts.

PROJECT CORNER

MAN-MAN, 12 maybe 13, sits on a milk crate. TWO JUNKIES
 approach him. They engage in small talk, inaudible, but
 easily understandable. Man-man looks across the street at --

BLACK SPORTS CAR

The passenger side window rolls down, exposes Red. He waves his cigarette out the window.

MAN-MAN

gets the signal. Points the junkies to a building. Man-Man refuses their money. The junkies split. Man-Man lifts his baseball cap off his head over and over again.

PROJECT BUILDING

In a sea of closed windows, one window is opened halfway, then closed and then oddly reopened and closed again. In the same motion as Man-man's baseball cap.

THE LOOKOUTS

pick up the signal. All business now. Strike heads to the building to meet the junkies. K-Rock pulls out a TWO-WAY PAGER, types a message.

INT. BEDROOM - PROJECT APARTMENT 6C - DAY

LYKID lying on a bed. His TWO-WAY PAGER beeps.

INT. BATHROOM - PROJECT APARTMENT 6C - DAY

J-MILL sits on the toilet reading the "48 Laws of Power". Lykid opens the door, flashes four fingers. J-Mill digs in the medicine cabinet -- filled with crack-cocaine. He puts the right amount in a brown paper bag. Hands it to Lykid.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PROJECT APARTMENT 6C - DAY

TWO LOOKOUTS armed with Tec-9's sitting on the couch watching TV. Lykid exits through the front door.

INT. LOBBY - PROJECT BUILDING - DAY

Strike waits by the elevators. The junkies place their money halfway inside a mailbox. They exit from the back. Strike checks the money, it's good. Places it completely in the mailbox.

INT. PROJECTS STAIRCASE - DAY

Lykid reaches the bottom of the stairs. He drops the brown bag and covers it with his feet. Waits.

EXT. STREET CORNER, OUTSIDE PROJECTS - DAY

THREE GREEN BANDANA HOODLUMS sell crack hand-to-hand to passing cars and junkies. Definitely not the covert operation like the one in the projects.

Strike is across the street watching the competition.

INT. PROJECT STAIRCASE - DAY

The junkies enter the staircase. Lykid runs upstairs, so as not to reveal his face. The junkies rush to the brown bag.

EXT. BENCHES - PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

Strike reports what he has just seen to the guys. They express their disgust. Overheard by a

PATROL CAR

passing by. TWO OFFICERS violently stare at the

LOOKOUTS

who hold the look, finally, K-Rock surreptitiously POINTS the patrol car to the street dealers. The SIRENS sound off as it SPEEDS past.

PROJECT CORNER

A RAGGED JUNKIE reaches Man-Man. He's not a regular. Man-man refuses to talk. Junkie grows irate.

STREET CORNER OUTSIDE PROJECTS

The street dealers SCATTER when the patrol car shows up.

MAN-MAN

still refusing the junkie, who throws in the towel and walks away, agitated. Red stops him, points to a building where he can score drugs. The junkie declines and walks away -- *something must be wrong.*

The Black sports car FLASHES hazard lights. Man-Man notices. Grabs the crate. Awaiting a signal.

PROJECT BENCH

K-Rock notices the flashing lights. Directs his attention to--

PROJECT BUILDING

The same window is pulled up and the shades are dropped down.

Off that, SIMULTANEOUSLY every dealer, lookout, and courier FLEE.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - ROOFTOP - DAY

TWO PLAIN CLOTHES COPS rush to the ledge, cameras out. They catch the dealers as they scatter. Share a look of disbelief.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS STREET - DAY

The ragged junkie enters the back-door of a parked van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Heavily stocked police surveillance van. The OFFICERS working the equipment are shocked at their failure. The junkie takes off his microphone and tosses it down.

INT. CAZ'S G55 BENZ - SAME

Tango and Caz watch the cops getting outsmarted.

TANGO

(cold)

Should've seen what it used to be. Like these cats had an "arrest me" sign on 'em... One day I was like, "why yall do it like this? Don't you know 5-0 is gonna look here and there" -- If you're gonna do this, do it right.

CAZ

Goddamn. How'd you put this together?

Tango looks away, the slightest hint of shame.

TANGO

Time. Just takes some time.

EXT. BENCHES - PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

They eat Chinese take-out. Caz grapples with a thought, finally comes out with it:

CAZ
You ever feel trapped?

TANGO
Don't tell me them Muslims got to you on the inside? If you pull out a bean pie I'm leaving.

CAZ
I mean like, you ever feel trapped inside. You know? Like you watching someone else living your life. Someone else being you.

A somber look comes over Tango's face. He reflects on his own life (undercover cop) and he completely understands.

CAZ (cont'd)
You ever felt like that, Tango?

TANGO
(lying)
Nah, never.

CAZ
This shit ain't me no more. Twenty years. Twenty years, I ain't even do half. Eight felt like forever.

TANGO
That's the past. Be about the future.

CAZ
From that cage to this cage. This one is worse. Ain't no bars but you still in a cage... I'm a two-time felon on parole. I can't vote, can't get financial aid for school, can't even clean the toilets at Wendy's. And the only thing I got in this world... I don't want.

Caz gestures to Man-Man, who has set up operation on another corner. JUNKIES begin to approach.

TANGO

Wait, wait. Hold up. Where's all this serious shit coming from? You wasn't talkin' like this yesterday.

CAZ

Last night. I was thinkin' 'bout it. And this whole shit is Pac-Man.

TANGO

... You gettin' all religious and philosophical over a video game?

CAZ

Think about it. You can't win at Pac-Man. You just go to the next level and the next level.

Tango starts laughing. What's this guy talking about?

CAZ (cont'd)

No matter how many ghost or white pebbles you eat, you don't win. You keep putting in quarter after quarter. And the game only ends when you run out of quarters. So after using up everything you bring, it ends. Just like these streets.

Caz points to a mural on a building: a spray painting of an eighties drug dealer. The mural reads: MAMBO 1968-1989.

CAZ (cont'd)

You walk away with nothing but your name up there. So somebody knows you was here.

Laughter stops when Tango understands Caz's analogy.

CAZ (cont'd)

I'd do anything to be in your shoes.

TANGO

My shoes? You acting like I ain't sitting right next to you.

CAZ

Ain't no tracking device on your Nike's -- You can come up with this shit, you can run a business. Go legit. You ain't stuck like the rest of us. You can walk away.

An embarrassed Tango tries to find words to dance around the reason... Can't find them.

CAZ (cont'd)

Me. If I get caught with a nickel bag, I'm back in the box for life. But, I can't get a job. I owe a hundred grand in lawyer fees -- So ain't shit else for me but hustlin'.

They look at each other, realizing the lose-lose situation.

TANGO

Pac-man, huh?

CAZ

Pac-man.

INT. SAL'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sal's poker night. Money, cards, chips, and Heinekens on the table. Seated around it, Sal, Pat, GEORGE, another Detective, and RONNY ROSARIO, a rookie cop who could pass for one of Sal's kids. Sal has just won another poker hand.

GEORGE

C'mon Sal, you've got marks on the cards or somethin'.

SAL

I would never cheat you guys... You suck too much.

PAT

You guys hear about Bobby?

SAL

What happened?

PAT

DA's gonna take his badge.

SAL

Don't tell me, it's that insurance scam with those Bay Ridge guys?

PAT

Kinda sorta. Word is, Bobby's in on this thing with these mob guys. One of the wise guys gets pinched for some gambling thing in Jersey.

(MORE)

PAT (cont'd)

So to save his ass he rats on Bobby
for robbing some dealers in
Brooklyn.

GEORGE

If you're gonna do anything wrong,
you know there's a risk. If you
can't handle the risk, don't do it.

RONNY

The bad cops make us look bad.

GEORGE

No kid, I'm talking bout the mob
guy who ratted him out.

Ronny, shocked that a cop could think like that. Pat tries
to explain:

PAT

These mob guys, they break the law
to be wise guys. Then they break
their mafia codes to get witness
protection under the laws they were
breaking in the first place.

SAL

You gotta stand for something even
if you're wrong. It's only right.

Nods around the table in agreement, except Ronny.

RONNY

(insecure)

Come on guys. We're police. We're
supposed to be better than
insurance scams and drug money.

They look Ronny over, knowing he's a naïve rookie who doesn't
know the ropes yet.

SAL

Do you know what they do with drug
money they confiscate?

Ronny shakes his head "no".

SAL (cont'd)

It ain't goin' where it's needed.
It doesn't go --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - PROPERTY CLERK'S ROOM - NIGHT

The official housing ground for all contraband (guns, drugs, etc) that comes into the custody of the Police Department.

The DESK CLERK wheels a cart through the room. Atop the cart is a large stack of money enclosed in clear plastic.

SAL (V.O.)

-- to rehab clinics. To help the junkies and their families. That money isn't goin' back to those neighborhoods that get ripped apart by drugs.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Sure as hell ain't goin' to us.

PAT (V.O.)

Haven't had a raise in six years.

SAL (V.O.)

You've got millions of dollars just sitting in a room until it gets shoved into the city's excess fund. Know what that is? City big shots gettin' to decorate their offices with Mahogany desks and Persian rugs. All with drug money --

The end of the room. Large piles of money enclosed in clear plastic are stacked to the ceiling.

INT. SAL'S BASEMENT - SAME

Pat and George nod in agreement to everything Sal says.

SAL

-- Don't we deserve that money?

At that moment, Ronny has won a hand. He feebly grabs the MONEY, as if feeling guilty for taking it.

PAT

You'll learn the ropes rookie.
This city has no respect for cops.

GEORGE

They give your family a hundred grand if you die.

PAT

A hundred grand! You're worth more to them dead than alive.

GEORGE

What I get for twelve hours, my cousin makes working eight in Suffolk County. Giving trust fund kids speeding tickets.

SAL

County guys don't see or do half the shit we do, yet they get the best pay and pension in the state.

The door flies open. Vinny and Cynthia storm in hickering back and forth. Behind them, MYEISHA, a teenage black girl.

SAL (cont'd)

You guys know you're not supposed to be down here!

VINNY

Dad, Cynthia keeps buggin me.

CYNTHIA

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

SAL

How you doin' Myeisha?

MYEISHA

Fine, Mr. Procida.

SAL

Where you two goin'?

CYNTHIA

To a school play, then some of us are goin to a diner. Mom said it was okay, but I need money.

SAL

You didn't even ask your mother. You're gonna say I said it was okay and then ask her.

Cynthia and Myeisha knowingly laugh. Sal hands Cynthia some cash. She heads for the door.

SAL (cont'd)
 See how slick she is. I think I'm
 rubbing off on her.
 (remembering, urgent)
 Wait, wait! Let me see the money.

Cynthia shows him the money. He spots a bloody ten-dollar
 bill(from Carlo). Replaces it with a clean one.

SAL (cont'd)
 Have fun sweetie. And don't tell
 your mother we're down here.

CYNTHIA
 Bye daddy.

Sal waves Vinny over. Vinny sits on his lap, watching as the
 poker game continues. The girls leave.

GEORGE
 (teasing, re: Myeisha)
 Sal, I didn't know you lived in
 Harlem.

SAL
 Lay off. That's a nice girl.

PAT
 When you gonna move out of this
hood?

GEORGE
 I heard they're renaming this
 street Malcolm X Boulevard.

Pat and George laugh. They notice Ronny isn't joining in.

GEORGE (cont'd)
 What's the matter with you kid?
 You don't find anything funny.

Ronny looks George dead in the eye --

RONNY
 My wife is black. So it's not
 funny to me.

Guilt quickly kills laughter.

SAL
 (to Vinny)
 You shouldn't be listening to this.
 Go upstairs.

VINNY
Oh! Come on Dad!

SAL
Stop talkin' back.

Sal fishes in his pocket for money. Vinny waits.

SAL (cont'd)
You got kids, Ronny?

RONNY
Not yet.

SAL
(rubs Vinny's head)
Have kids. Your life gets a second
chance. Your kids are a better
you. I got 7 better me's upstairs.

Sal unknowingly gives Vinny the bloody ten.

SAL (cont'd)
Don't tell your mom we're down here.

Vinny nods, pleased. Disappears upstairs.

RONNY
Was that your youngest?

SAL
I got two more on the way.

PAT
Angela's having twins!

GEORGE
How you gonna fit nine kids in here?

SAL
I can't. If I stay here, one of my
kids has to go live with my sister.

A dead silence. The guys don't know how to respond.

SAL (cont'd)
(intense)
How can you choose something like
that? How do you look 'em all in
the eyes, and pick one to give away?
You can't do something like that.

Sal shows the photo of his dream house. The guys react with skepticism.

SAL (cont'd)

I gotta week to pool enough for the deposit. After that, I'll be paying what I pay to rent this dump.

PAT

All due respect Sal, it's gonna take more than a couple of hands of poker to pay for that.

SAL

I got something planned.

(beat)

The only thing I've ever done right in my whole life is right upstairs. You think I'd give that away.

INT. 65TH PRECINCT - DAY

Eddie walks in. Spots Melvin about to leave with his new partner, OFFICER MARIETTI. A tense moment as all three stare at each other as they pass.

INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - DAY

Eddie waits in the driver's seat. A ROOKIE, shabby looking, even more so than Eddie, tries to enter. His utility belt clangs against the door. He loosens it. Gets in.

ROOKIE

(fixing his belt)

Hate this thing. Like I'm pregnant.

EDDIE

... So you ready to go?

ROOKIE

I guess. It's up to you.

Eddie starts the car. Checks the --

REARVIEW MIRROR

sees Melvin and Maretti get in their squad car. Looks like they're getting along. Mirror shifts. Gets his reflection. Doesn't want to see that either. Eddie looks away, struggles to face himself. When he does, a decision has been made.

BACK TO

Eddie. He shuts off the engine.

EDDIE

Maybe we should...you know. Get to know each other first.

ROOKIE

... Okay. I like long walks in the park and candlelight dinners --

EDDIE

(half smiling)

I don't mean that. I mean --

ROOKIE

I know. I was just kidding. My names Eddie, Eddie Hickey.

EDDIE

(fully smiling)

Eddie, Eddie Dugan.

HICKEY

I can't forget that.

They both start to laugh.

EXT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - DAY

Eddie and Hickey do their leg work. In the b.g. dilapidated waterfronts, rusty unused cranes, and burnt-out shipyards.

HICKEY

My ex lives near by. I should call her. Let her see me in my blues.

EDDIE

Wanna test if the uniform is Spanish fly?

HICKEY

Yeah, man! There's a kick ass bar around the corner. We can hang there on our break.

EDDIE

A bar in uniform? Sounds like a disaster waiting to happen.

HICKEY
I'm about to hear a lecture, ain't
I?

EDDIE
(as if)
From me? No.

A beat.

HICKEY
Hey, Eddie.
(whispering but still
excited)
Maretti told me some of the guys
have their own thing on the street.
Is that true or what?

Eddie gives him a look, knows Hickey's off to a bad start.

EDDIE
(shifting gears)
So Eddie, why'd you become a cop?

HICKEY
Aaah! The 64 thousand dollar
question. Honestly, I failed the
Fireman's exam. I was allergic to
fire or something. It was either
this or the post office. And a gun
is lighter than a mailbag.

EDDIE
My first duty captain, Billy
Carcietti, an old head, a real
legend. Takes me out on my first
day and he says, "Regardless of
what a guy tells you. It's the
little kid in you that makes you
sign up for the department."

HICKEY
I'm the exception to the rule.

EDDIE
You never played cops and robbers?

HICKEY
I played Atari and Nintendo.

EDDIE
Same difference. But point being,
you wanna do something at this job.

Hickey chuckles. Not taking Eddie too serious.

EDDIE (cont'd)

You're a young guy. You should start off on the right foot.

(locks eyes with Hickey)

You don't wanna be a patrolman forever.

As Eddie's mood gets personal, Hickey gets responsive.

EDDIE (cont'd)

You know what a Detective makes?

(Hickey nods "no")

Twice the pay, half the aggravation.

If I had it to do over again. I'd do it right. Take every exam out

there; Task Force, Vice, Detective.

I wouldn't have had to put up with the shady BS in this precinct.

You're starting to see it.

Hickey soaks this up. It's hitting home.

HICKEY

So what do you do all day?

EDDIE

You stay on the rover, patrol the zone. Keep your eyes open.

HICKEY

(excited)

Okay, as long as you've been around you gotta have some great stories.

Like stopping a bank heist or a shoot-out with some drug dealers.

Hickey readies to hear a story.

EDDIE

You know what my big story is...

That in 25 years, I've never done anything worth talking about.

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

TANGO

My bad, man.

EDDIE

It's okay.

Eddie and Hickey keep on walking. We follow Tango to...

EXT. BETTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Tango fixes himself up before entering, but this time forgets or neglects to hide his gold and platinum chains.

INT. BETTY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Tango walks to the back booth. Dan in his usual seat, a STRANGER, well dressed, business file in hand, next to him.

DAN

Clarence I'd like -- I mean Tango,
I'd like you to meet --

STRANGER

-- Special Agent Smith. Heard a
lot about you.

SPECIAL AGENT SMITH extends his hand to Tango, who
reluctantly shakes it. Takes a seat.

DAN

He takes over all our big cases.

AGENT SMITH

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

Agent Smith and Dan laugh. Tango doesn't join in. The
waitress serves the food, then splits.

AGENT SMITH (cont'd)

Dan tells me the bacon and eggs
here are pretty good.

DAN

He doesn't eat bacon.

AGENT SMITH

A vegetarian, huh.

TANGO

Let's cut the bullshit. You need
me to do somethin', so what is it?

DAN

Commissioner signed off on
"Operation Clean Sweep" two days
ago. Targeted at the ten square
blocks between Loring and Pine.

TANGO

You gonna hit the Pink Houses?
(joking)
What is it election time already?

No response.

TANGO (cont'd)

So whaddya need?

Agent Smith produces a photo of Caz. Tango tenses.

AGENT SMITH

Casanova Holmes. Won an appeal and
the judge granted him a get out of
jail free card. We'll, we want you
to take that card away.

They start eating. Tango's lost his appetite. A beat.

TANGO

Why? The guy did eight years and
he was innocent. And now he's
'bout to go legit.

DAN

He should've made that decision a
long time ago.

TANGO

He's an ex-con on house arrest, not
Noriega. You really need half the
force to get 'em?

AGENT SMITH

No. Just you -- Holmes' release is
an embarrassment to the bureau.
Why do you think he's on house
arrest? All set up, by us, for
you to get close to him.

Tango can't believe what he's hearing.

TANGO

Give me a month or two and I'll
link up with this crews Colombian
connection.

(MORE)

TANGO (cont'd)
We can get custom routes, couriers,
international dealers.

AGENT SMITH
This isn't "Let's make a deal". I
only want the one target.

TANGO
(flustered)
Drugs'll still get sold -- Shit's
foul. It ain't right. I don't
want no part of this.

DAN
Commissioner's looking over this
one. This could be the grease on
that wheel you're trying to turn.

TANGO
(defensive)
The time I've put in don't count
for nothin'? That why I can't make
Sergeant?

Dan refuses to respond.

AGENT SMITH
I think I understand his hesitation.
(digs into his file)
You spent a year undercover in the
Clinton penitentiary. Where, you
befriended Holmes and various
dealers. Fast forward two years
later and...

Fishes out a few documents, hands them to Dan.

AGENT SMITH (cont'd)
You've got undisclosed accounts,
well hidden, all deposits in cash.

Dan makes a face: this is news to him. He tears into the
documents. All curiosity.

Tango remains cool. Doesn't want to show a hint of guilt.

AGENT SMITH (cont'd)
They ask you to wear two jerseys
and sometimes you forget who to
pass the ball to -- it happens.
After four years in that costume
what did they expect. Am I right?

An embarrassed Tango looks to Dan for support. Never gets it.

AGENT SMITH (cont'd)

OK. Let's try it this way; I know they pay you less than shit. If you want to stash pennies from some ghetto street corner -- I could give a flying fuck. More power to you. But, I'm going to arrest a drug dealer.

(waving Caz's photo and Tango's file)

You decide which one.

DAN

We came here to work together. Let's stop point fingers --

AGENT SMITH

So what's your decision?

The weight of his worlds colliding leaves Tango speechless.

AGENT SMITH (cont'd)

(eating)

Then we're settled. The Task Force is already in motion to pressure Holmes' operation. One of our agents will arrange a buy and bust with someone in Holmes crew. Just make sure it goes through. You don't have a problem wearing a wire? No, right? I want to hear him agree to this deal three time over. No slip ups.

Tango sits paralyzed. Still unable to say a word.

EXT. 65TH PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DUSK

The squad car 7554 pulls into the garage.

INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - SAME

Eddie shuts off the engine. Hickey finishes his paperwork, gets frustrated with it.

HICKEY

It's like Deja vu. Start and finish everyday the same.

EDDIE

At your age, you should be praying
for the day to end. I bet you
cruise the bars, the clubs. Meet
chicks.

(elbowing Hickey)

Am I right? Am I right?

Hickey flashes a brash smile.

EDDIE (cont'd)

See. That's your thing. That'll
get you through the days.
Everybody has to have something.

HICKEY

What about you? What do you do?

Eddie considers what he should say...

INT. EDDIE'S HONDA - PRECINCT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eddie takes out his flask. Reconsiders. Doesn't need it.
Instead, fishes out a cassette, unwraps the plastic and pops
it in. The song is "Take You Home" by Lisa Lisa. Eddie nods
to the beat.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Honda parks in front. Eddie hops out humming Lisa Lisa
on his way to the door.

INT. TANGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A posh condo. Tango on the couch opening a small box. From
the look on his face it's not a present.

In the box: a transmitter, skin tone tape, needle thin
microphone. Tango stares at the contents, letting out a sigh
of anguish over setting up his best friend.

EXT. CORNER - PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - THE NEXT DAY

Tango rubs his chest, adjusting to his wire. Strike and
Beamer laughing as they listen to Caz.

CAZ

-- Son is it just me or do Puerto
Ricans make the best transvestites?

The laughter gets LOUDER. Tango doesn't join in. Judging from his face he's waiting for something bad to happen.

CAZ (cont'd)

That's my word son, they do. They don't make rice and beans the best, but them guys make some pretty women. Yo, when you get out the Bing you notice shit like that. Like all of a sudden, ain't no white boys on the Celtics.

Tango shifts his attention to an hallway window, leads to...

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Lykid walks. A TASK FORCE COP tackles him to the ground. Three TASK FORCE COPS take their positions next to apartment 6C, one of them with a battering ram.

Bringing up the rear, Sal and George.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PROJECT APARTMENT 6C - CONTINUOUS

TWO LOOKOUTS are lying on the couch. The door is KNOCKED off the hinges. Task Force cops, guns drawn, rush inside.

TASK FORCE COP

Police freeze!

The Lookouts rush to the back of the apartment, quickly tackled by the Task Force Cops.

INT. BATHROOM - PROJECT APARTMENT 6C - DAY

J-Mill HEARS the bust coming, locks the door. Starts FLUSHING drugs down the toilet.

INT. HALLWAY - PROJECT APARTMENT 6C - DAY

George passes a bedroom door and heads to the bathroom. Tries the doorknob -- locked. Task Force Cop 2 readies the battering ram.

Sal and Task Force Cop 3 take position at the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - PROJECT APARTMENT 6C - DAY

K-Rock stands on a table scattered with money machines, closes a trap door on the ceiling. The bedroom door BURSTS open. Task Force Cop 3 wrestles K-Rock off the table.

Sal scans the room. Realizes where the money has gone.

SAL

(on police radio)

Eagle. The apartment upstairs, they've sent money up there.

RADIO

Come back yellow team.

SAL

Looking for anybody leaving the building with a bag.

Sal sprints out the bedroom.

EXT. CORNER - PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

The guys scatter upon hearing the commotion upstairs. An escaping Tango and Caz pass Sal as he dashes out of the building. Sal pays them no attention, his only interest anyone with a bag.

SAL'S POV: of SEVERAL SHOPPERS at a grocery store watching the commotion in the projects. A DIRTY MAN, duffel bag in hand carefully walks away. Notices Sal watching.

A KOREAN GROCERY STORE-OWNER points out

THE DIRTY MAN

who takes off. The weight of the duffel bag trips him up. He's back on his feet, sees Sal gaining. The dirty man rounds the corner. Sal tackles. Then slaps the cuffs on.

RADIO

Eagle, what's your position?

SAL

(into radio, winded)

The suspect got away.

The dirty man SCREAMS. Sal opens the duffel bag: it isn't money but baby food and diapers. He desperately digs into the bag. No money. The man is a shoplifter not the suspect.

SAL (cont'd)

Fuck!

Sal takes the cuffs off. The dirty man squirms away. Sal refills the bag, until, he realizes the diapers and baby food are useful at his home. Sal crams baby food in his pocket, searches for more --

The dirty man returns. Slowly reaches for a pair of diapers. Stares at Sal, waiting for approval. Sal does nothing, and the dirty man takes the diaper.

Bit by bit, they pick up all the diapers and baby food. Both desperate fathers looking to support their families.

INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - DAY

Eddie waits. Hickey enters, fresh haircut, clean shaven and a new optimistic attitude.

EDDIE

They're putting us in East New York today. Gonna see where you're working.

HICKEY

Hey Eddie, you know I was thinking all last night... You're right.

EDDIE

About what?

HICKEY

Who's to say in five years I can't be a lieutenant or detective. I think I'd like that, Detective Hickey. Yeah. You probably get more girls when you're a detective.

EDDIE

(smiling to himself and Hickey)

Maybe. Maybe, kid.

Eddie keys the ignition and their day starts.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

A BMW pulls up. Parks next to the hydrant. Tango hops out, fidgety, a walking ball of nerves. He orders a beer at the window. A TRAFFIC squad car pulls up.

SQUAD CAR MICROPHONE
Move from the hydrant.

Tango ignores. Takes his beer and makes a phone call with the change. The pay-phone RINGS.

The TRAFFIC AGENT emerges. Walks right up to Tango.

TRAFFIC AGENT
Are you deaf? Move the car before
I give you a ticket.

TANGO
(hard)
Get your pussy ass out my face
'fore I slap the fuck outta you!

The agent walks away shaking his head, doesn't want a problem. Simply writes the ticket.

TANGO (cont'd)
Don't put shit on my windshield
neither.
(into phone)
It's Tango. That thing, you still
got it..? Nah, not for me... Aight,
good. I might have something for
that... I told you, not for me.

Hangs up. Takes the ticket and rips it apart, hurls the pieces at the traffic squad car as it passes.

INT. SQUAD CAR 7554 - MOVING - DAY

Eddie takes a turn, putting them on the outskirts of the Pink Houses. The clean up after the drug sweep is still going on.

EDDIE
This is it.

Hickey takes in the mean streets. Mouth agape. Never seen anything like this place.

EDDIE (cont'd)
When do you get assigned here?

Hickey never hears the question. Still in awe over the chaos outside the window. Eddie picks up on this.

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

EDDIE

Hey! I'm not gonna say it again.
 (to Hickey)
 I'll check this out. You keep
 everybody calm.

Hickey nods, but there is uncertainty in his face. Eddie sizes up the situation: a Rookie with two hostiles.

EDDIE (cont'd)

You take the ID. I'll stay --

HICKEY

(embarrassed)
 Eddie, c'mon. How you making me
 look? I got it. Relax.

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

EXT. BODEGA - DAY

As Eddie leaves he reconsiders again. Contemplates going back inside...but he's already outside. Decides to keep trooping it to the Squad car.

INT. BODEGA - DAY

The student paces back and forth, eye-fucking the Pakistani man who returns the look with the same disdain.

HICKEY

(to student)
 Hey man, you know, just give it
 back and nothing'll happen.

STUDENT

But I ain't take nothin'. Ask
 anybody that was here.

The students outside nod in agreement.

PAKISTANI MAN

Mr. Officer, they steal with him!

STUDENT

Yo, look at my bag! The mutha
 fucka ripped the shit off my arm!

HICKEY

Watch the language. Okay.

The Pakistani Man and Student ignore Hickey.

PAKISTANI MAN
Give back candy, you get bag back.

STUDENT
Fuck that!

The student breezes past Hickey on his way to his book bag.

HICKEY
(grabbing the student)
Hey stop!

The Pakistani man picks up the bag. The student breaks free, grabs the other end of the bag. It's a tug of war.

Hickey looks outside. No sign of Eddie. He has to deal with this. In a panic, pulls out his pistol, aims it at them.

HICKEY (cont'd)
Don't move!!

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

PAKISTANI MAN	STUDENT
All right, All right!!	What are you doing man.

The crowd YELLS. Hickey turns the gun on them. They leap back in terror.

HICKEY (cont'd)
Get back. Get the fuck back!

EXT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

The crowd empties out. Eddie notices the commotion and exits the patrol car. A sea of students blocking his way.

INT. BODEGA - SAME

Hickey turns the gun back on the student and Pakistani Man.

HICKEY
(to student)
You! Get on the floor!

The student shakes, scared to death. Hickey tosses him face down onto the floor covered with protruding candy. The student SCREAMS. The jagged candy and the weight of Hickey on his back is unbearable.

Hickey readies his cuffs. Tries to pry the student's arm from under his body. It's not working. Hickey aims his gun at the back of the student's head, hoping that will work.

HICKEY (cont'd)
Give me your arm!

Finally, Eddie enters the store...but he's too late.

Two GUN SHOTS ring out.

I/E. G55 BENZ, PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

Tango, Red, and Caz hop into the Truck. Caz is in the driver's seat checking for wiretaps.

RED
They only found --

Caz waves his hand at him: shut up. He keeps checking. Tango watches nervously, the only wire strapped to his chest.

Finally, Caz starts the car, drives off. He circles the block -- the safe distance on his tracking device.

CAZ
So what happened?

RED
No drugs, no guns, no money. Slaps on the wrist for everybody. No harm, no foul.

CAZ
(paranoid)
Projects ain't been hot in years. I been home less than a month and we got DT's raiding stash houses.

Caz slams on the acceleration. Doing well past 50 now. Dangerously weaving in and out of traffic.

RED
Yo, Caz, chill!

CAZ
Why don't I just drive myself back to the pen now --

Caz takes a wide turn. Barely misses a pedestrian.

TANGO

Slow down!

RED

Aight! Aight! Caz, I gotta solution. Since they watching us, we change shop. New whips, new stash houses, new everything.

CAZ

That's hustlin' backwards. We gonna spend more than we make.

RED

Here's the get back. We distribute to these cats I know uptown.

Tango tenses. This is the deal Agent Smith setup. Caz pulls over. A cautious look on his face, not crazy about it either.

RED (cont'd)

I know these cats. They got the clientele, they got money. They're at the table askin' for ten bricks.

CAZ

Ten bricks..?

(warming up to the idea)

If we wholesale our shit, we make our money and take half the risk.

RED

Exactly! We can shut this down right here. Let the heat cool off. Everybody wins... All you gotta do is meet these cats.

CAZ

(to Tango)

Whaddya think?

RED

I already got this worked out.

CAZ

(quieting Red)

Tango, whaddya think?

Tango's mind is reeling. This is the moment...

CAZ (cont'd)

Spit it out already. Goddamn!

TANGO
(slightly suggestive)
It's a lot for the first deal.
Besides, RICO cases start at ten
bricks. We should do it for half.

RED
(pissed)
RICO cases? What you saying? That
I run with police?

TANGO
You hear me say that?!

CAZ
Yo, yo, yall chill! Let me think.

Tango and Red back down.

CAZ (cont'd)
... Two days. Two days till I can
hit the town and I gotta deal with
this bullshit. Fuck!

He assaults the steering wheel, frustrated. Tango and Red
watch him come undone.

Caz, out of breath now, finally composes himself.

CAZ (cont'd)
Red, let me think about it first.

ON TANGO, doing a good job of hiding his emotions over this.

EXT. SAL'S DREAM HOUSE - DAY

Even more breathtaking in person. A PROFESSIONAL MAN readies
a SIGN, the kind that announces "For Sale", but the lettering
hasn't been entered...yet.

The CAMERA reveals an unmarked car in wait across the street.
An impatient George the driver, shotgun Sal, staring
intensely at the newly posted sign.

GEORGE
You done yet?

SAL
(reluctant)
Yeah. Lets go.

George starts the engine and pulls out.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - DAY

A SECRETARY behind her desk reads the Daily Paper: Rookie Mistake Leaves Teen Deaf.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS INVESTIGATION OFFICE - DAY

Cold. Windowless room. A tense Eddie in the examination chair, accompanied by his UNION REP, staring down a THREE MAN INVESTIGATION TEAM that's growing impatient:

INVESTIGATOR 1

Through Officer Hickey's own admission -- in his written report -
- you insisted that it would be best if he returned to the squad car. No one's holding you responsible. Why are you so adamant on taking blame?

EDDIE

Because I knew. I just knew.

INVESTIGATOR 2

(disbelief)

You knew that your fellow officer would pull his gun on a crowd of unarmed school kids, and then let off two rounds within inches of --

EDDIE

I knew that I should have stayed there. But I just let it go.

INVESTIGATOR 3

Your actions are not under investigation.

EDDIE

I've ignored radio calls when people really needed me. And some things worse than that, that I can't remember.

INVESTIGATOR 3

You followed the departments regulations. All we need from you is testimony on Officer Hickey's state of mind, which lead to this incident.

EDDIE

Doesn't matter. 'Cause he shouldn't have been there.

INVESTIGATOR 1

(to Union Rep)

You should remind officer Dugan that if he continues to be uncooperative this committee has the authority to bring him up on departmental charges.

UNION REP

Let me remind you that he retires in a few days.

That stops the investigators in their tracks.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - LATER

Eddie files out. As he exits down the hallway, turns, catches sight of Hickey about to enter the investigation room.

EDDIE

(calling out)

Hey, Eddie.

Hickey turns. He's in bad shape, looks like he hasn't slept in days. Too disheveled to even muster a response to Eddie. An uncomfortable beat. Both know the damage is already done.

The Union Rep ushers Hickey into the room. Eddie continues down the hallway.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The landscape of Brooklyn in the b.g. Squatted on the ledge, Chantel and Eddie. He takes a swig from his bourbon bottle, winces at the taste, for some reason it's bitter.

CHANTEL

You suck on dat bottle like its a tiddy or somethin'.

Takes another taste. Still bitter. Chantel shakes her head.

EDDIE

This, this evens things out for me. Keeps me on the edge, not over it.

One last taste, just too bitter.

CHANTEL

Ain't working no more, is it?

EDDIE

No. Not really.

The almost full bottle thumps on the ground. A silence.

CHANTEL

You should smile more. Your whole face lights up when you smile.

She tries to finger his scowl into a smile. Eddie resist. But she's playfully persistent. He caves in, lets out a slight chuckle and a warm smile. They enjoy the moment.

CHANTEL (cont'd)

I tell you I'm a be working somewhere new?

(Eddie gestures "no")

It's different. All high saditty. Like silk and that frilly lacy shit.

(a hint of grief)

It's still the same shit just... different. You need that sometimes. That's why Connecticut's gonna be good for you. You and Brooklyn ain't got no luck together.

Talk of the future has Eddie sullen faced again.

EDDIE

It ain't Brooklyn.

CHANTEL

That's not what I mean. You goin' away. That's a new start for you.

EDDIE

How can I get to see things the way you see 'em? Rose colored glasses.

CHANTEL

I ain't never seen the outside of New York. I'm just guessin' that's why people leave -- Know what I'd do if I went away? Get me a new name and everything. "Bianca Jenkins".

Eddie can't suppress a smile.

CHANTEL (cont'd)

A name like that. Doctor, lawyer, any of dem jobs -- You ever meet a Bianca that's what they are.

(MORE)

CHANTEL (cont'd)
 It's the name... "Bianca".
 (embarrassed)
 ... Not like Chantel.

A beat. Eddie fingers Chantel's embarrassment into a smile. She lights up. That gesture says more than words could.

EDDIE
 I wish change could be that easy
 for me. Know what I realized: you
 can put on the city badge, put on
 the city blue, put it all on. But
 underneath it all, it's still you.

He kicks the liquor bottle from his feet.

CHANTEL
 Eddie, what's wrong?

He formulates his thoughts. His face troubled.

EDDIE
 Only got a few more days and I got
 this feeling like... I don't know.
 Not fix everything. Just make it
 square. Even. You know? No
 regrets. No regrets.

INT. 65TH PRECINCT - DAY

Several OFFICERS conducting paperwork. Eddie sits at a desk.

POLICE RADIO
 613 at Dekalb Avenue Station. Any
 officers in the area... anyone...

Silence. No radio responses.

UNIFORM OFFICER 1
 What's a 613?

UNIFORM OFFICER 2
 Indecent exposure.

POLICE RADIO
 Suspect is... female, early
 twenties, blonde --

Several horny officers are now HEARD responding to the call. This send laughs around the precinct.

A PLAINS CLOTHES OFFICER enters the room with a PHOTO.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER
A uniform got popped in sector
Adam. He didn't make it.

The officers in the room react in shock and anger. The plain clothes officer places Melvin Panton's COP SHOT POLICE PHOTO on the already crowded bulletin board.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER (cont'd)
A new guy. Melvin Panton.

That sends Eddie rushing to the photo. Gazes in disbelief. Hoping it's a different Melvin.

Out of nowhere, Sal appears. He stands beside Eddie. Both stare at Melvin's photo and never make eye contact.

SAL
It's a shame. Young kid. Probably
just started a family.

EDDIE
(never thought of it)
Yeah. He probably did.

Sal's cell phone rings. He walks away to answer it.

EDDIE

still crushed. Gathers himself. About to turn away when his eyes catch something else on the board.

MISSING PERSONS PHOTO: a school picture of a Young Woman (we recognize from the abandoned building). She's smiling. Innocent and happy.

Eddie narrows his eyes, struggling to recall where he's seen her before.

SAL

in the middle of his phone conversation:

SAL (PHONE)
(worried)
I'll be right there...Just hold on.

Sal hangs up. George exits a back office, paperwork in hand.

GEORGE
Sal, you ready to head back?

SAL

I gotta go. It's an emergency.

Sal rushes out of the precinct.

INT. SAL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sal enters wildly. Spots Angela and Vinny in the kitchen.

INT. SAL'S KITCHEN - SAME

Vinny at the kitchen table. Angela, piping mad, hovers over. Sal enters.

SAL

What's wrong? What happened?

ANGELA

Tell your father what happened.

VINNY

It was nothing. Dad all I did --

Angela smacks the back of Vinny's head.

ANGELA

Shut up!

(to Sal)

Your son got suspended from school.

Vinny hangs his head down in shame. Sal has to sit.

SAL

What's the matter with you, huh?
Why'd you get suspended?

VINNY

I ain't do nothing --

ANGELA

(another smack to Vinny's
head)

Your son wants to be a criminal.
Show your father the money.

Vinny drops a fistful of ten-dollar bills on the table. Sal thumbs through it.

SAL

How'd you get all this? Did you
steal this?

Vinny wants to speak but fears his mother's back hand. Sal turns to Angela expecting an explanation.

ANGELA

He was caught gambling with his friends. But that wasn't bad enough. Not only is he gambling, but he's the one laying out all the odds. And when Mr. Big Shot got caught do you know what he did then?

Sal picks out a bloody ten-dollar bill (Poker night). Sal and Vinny lock eyes. Both know its origin.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Your son slips ten dollars in his pocket and tells him to keep it a secret. He doesn't want his mother to find out what's going on.

Off that, Sal and Vinny stare ashamedly at the floor. Both receiving Angela's mouth now.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Vinny, your father has to come home, miss work. Do you know how many sacrifices he makes for you and this family? This is how you repay him? I don't know where you're getting these bad habits from lately, I really don't.

(to Sal)

Don't you have anything to say to your son?

Sal looks up. Confused. Eventually steps to Vinny and plants a kiss atop his head.

SAL

I'm sorry.

Vinny nods, confused. Sal signals him to leave. He does. Angela is left baffled beyond words. Sal explains:

SAL (cont'd)

(grief)

That's on me. It's on me. I didn't know I gave it to him. Been so... It's me.

POUNDS the table in anger.

SAL (cont'd)
I'm just not seeing straight.

A pain develops in Angela's stomach, small, but enough that she has to rest.

SAL (cont'd)
Angie? Hun, are you okay?

She can't muster a response. The pain is getting intense.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

The DOCTOR talks privately with Sal.

DOCTOR
Your wife has significant traces of wood mold in her lungs.

Sal is floored. Fights to keep his composure.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
(dumbing it down)
If you have mold in your home, the particles they travel in the air --

SAL
I know all about mold!

DOCTOR
... In your wife's case, due to her asthma, her lungs have to work 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
I can't do anything right today.

DOCTOR
(delicate)
Have you considered moving?

Sal pulls his head up. Looks at the doctor -- His face tells the story -- *what do you think I've been doing!?*

INT. STRIP CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A seedy joint. You can practically see the grim and sleaze on the walls. The heavy bass MUSIC makes the floor rattle. SEVERAL MEN in line. BOUNCER checking ID.

Enter Tango and Caz. Catch the bouncers' attention.

BOUNCER
It's the Brooklyn Bully!

Respectfully shakes Tango's hand. Notices Caz.

BOUNCER (cont'd)
Look who finally got out.

CAZ
(shows tracking device
free ankle)
And staying out.

The bouncer lets Tango and Caz skip. The line groans.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

HORNY GUYS drool over the STRIPPERS, who pole, lap, and wall dance. Tango and Caz squeeze through, only concerned with reaching the back door, which leads to...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The chatter between the FULLY NAKED STRIPPERS stops when Tango and Caz enter. Instead of enjoying the view, they share a laugh when they spot a PAC-MAN VIDEO GAME in the corner. They head to another back door, leading to...

INT. GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

High class all the way. A bizarre mix of HUSTLERS, BUSINESSMEN, and HOOKERS mingle in a casino like atmosphere filled with blackjack, poker, craps, even Monopoly played with real money.

LATER

The main event is the C-Lo dice table. Caz shakes the dice. GAMBLERS make wagers. Tango places his bets.

CAZ
(kidding)
You bettin' against me Judas!

TANGO
Never son, I got a G on you.

CAZ
Aight, cuz I'm good with these.
(to the table)
Yall ready to lose yall re-ups.

Caz rolls 4,5,6 an instant winner. The gamblers whine in defeat. Caz collects their money.

CAZ (cont'd)
Four, five, six! Pay daddy!

Caz rolls, gets a four. Passes the dice.

CAZ (cont'd)
How you know 'bout this spot?

TANGO
This connect hook'd me up with the owner. You gotta meet this cat, he got spots like this all --

RED (O.S.)
I been looking all over for you.

They turn to see Red behind them, TWO GUYS in tow.

RED (cont'd)
Bout time they let you hang out --
Yo, these are them cats from uptown
I told you about, Raheem and Slim.

Tango shakes hands with RAHEEM and SLIM. Red stares coldly in Tango's direction, hasn't forgotten how he almost sabotaged this deal.

SLIM
Red says you're the man with the hook-up.

CAZ
Somethin' like that. Yo, I'm a holla at yall in a minute, aight.

RED
We gonna be by the bar.

Red, Raheem, and Slim take off.

TANGO
Thought you was thinking about it?

CAZ
I thought about it. Why?

No answer. Tango looks around for a spot to talk.

CAZ (cont'd)
If you know something I don't then
come out with it.

Finally finds a spot. Tango covertly moves to the corner,
signals Caz to trail.

CAZ (cont'd)
What you doin'? We got money on
the table.

Tango signals urgent. Caz follows. He's lead under a BASS
THUMPING speaker. Tango moves close to be heard.

TANGO
(whispering)
I don't think he here, but I wanted
you to --

CAZ
Fuck you whispering for?

Tango surreptitiously PRESSES a hand to his chest, muffling
his surveillance mic.

TANGO
I wanted you to meet the cat who
owns this spot. He's got another
club in Harlem, on 1-3-9.
Completely legit. Liquor license,
topless license. I told him you
was looking to buy it.

CAZ
(taken aback)
That I was looking to buy it?

TANGO
(gives him a business
card)
He wants to swap the Benz for the
club. Just call him and set it up.

This comes out of left field. Caz is unsure how to respond.

TANGO (cont'd)

I told him you was lookin' to make
a move...

(nods in Red's direction)

You are ain't you?

CAZ

(overwhelmed)

I don't understand you sometimes...
This should be your club. Why you
wanna hook me up and not yourself?

Tango chews on that for a beat.

TANGO

(smiling to himself)

You wanted to be in my shoes. Ever
thought maybe I'd wanna be in yours.

Tango aimlessly steps away. Caz left dumbstruck.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

For the first time we take notice of the items under the clutter: outdated NYPD Detective's exam book, wrinkled copy of "How to Start Your own Business", wedding photo of Eddie and his wife, their faces radiant and hopeful.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - SAME

QUICK MONTAGE of Eddie unearthing HIDDEN ITEMS from around the house. Making quite a RUCKUS.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie carries a cardboard box, SOUND of glass clanging all the way to the curb where it's placed with the garbage. We finally see the contents: a mass of liquor bottles.

He takes a moment to stare at his habit. As Eddie turns to return inside, he catches his Wife curiously watching from the window. For the first time in many years they share a look. Both looking for some emotion, but their expressions remain impassive. Finally, she retreats inside.

INT. GAME ROOM, LOUNGE - LATER

Tango finishes off a bottle of champagne, obviously drunk. Perched on his lap, a half naked stripper, her face hidden.

Tango flicks on a lighter and passes his finger through the flame. Finger unharmed.

TANGO

That's wild right. Took me four years to do this...

There is a feeling of isolation in his tone. As if he is the only person in the room.

TANGO (cont'd)

At first your body rejects it, and it burns. So you have to keep doing it until your body forgets what's right. You train it to know the fire. Your body can get used to anything, but then it can't do without it.

Tango looks over his shoulder, sees Caz in a booth with Red, Raheem, and Slim. All smiles and shaking hands.

Suddenly, the lighter burns him. Tango calms the pain by shaking his finger. The stripper takes the finger in her mouth. Soothes the burn. The CAMERA reveals her -- Chantel.

TANGO (cont'd)

Why you ain't worried? You sittin' on my drunk ass while I play with a lighter.

CHANTEL

I don't scare that easy. I seen worse than a little 'ole lighter.

TANGO

You ain't mad that I just wanna talk?

CHANTEL

I'm getting used to it.

INT. G55 BENZ - MOVING - NIGHT

Caz driving. Tango shotgun, drunk -- pissy drunk. Barely awake. Badly humming a tune.

CAZ
My grandmother can drink more than
you.

Tango keels over, coughs heavy, a lot of phlegm.

CAZ (cont'd)
Tango, don't throw up in my car.
(Tango keeps coughing)
Tango... Tango..! TANGO!

His cough subsides. He sits upright. Fully awake.

TANGO
That's not my name. My real name
is... Clarence, Clarence Butler.

Caz chuckles slightly, can't believe Tango is so drunk.

TANGO (cont'd)
You ain't know that did you? I was
born out here, but I grew up in
Cali. You ain't know that either..?
Did you know I always wanted to be a
cop when I was a kid.

Caz looks him over. Curious. Is it Tango or the liquor
talking?

TANGO (cont'd)
Not one of those knuckleheads,
hangin' on corners, gettin' in
trouble. But a police.
(laughing, but somber)
Instead, this is my uniform. Could
you imagine that? Me as a cop.

CAZ
Why you saying all this?

TANGO
I dunno... *I just wanted to say
that out loud.*

Tango slumps over in the seat, and falls asleep.

INT. TANGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Caz helps Tango inside, supporting his waist and securing his
arm on his shoulder. Tango's spaghetti legs give out.

CAZ

I got you. I got you.

Caz carefully lays Tango on the couch.

CAZ (cont'd)

Anybody else and I would've left
'em on the steps.

Caz makes an extra effort to assure that Tango is comfortable; puts his feet up, removes his sneakers, lays a pillow under his head. Tango mumbles incoherently, talks himself to sleep. Caz has to smile at that. He steps away and digs into the 'fridge.

The phone RINGS. The answering machine picks up:

LIEUTENANT DAN (PHONE)

Call me back land-line when you get
this. ASAP. We have to meet
tomorrow between two and three.
And yes, he'll be there too.

That gets Caz's attention. Listens closely.

LIEUTENANT DAN (PHONE) (cont'd)

Take the scenic route. I'll tell
you why when I see you in person.

Caz looks over at Tango, who has just VOMITED on himself.

CAZ

Knew I should have put your ass in
the bathtub!

A very reluctant Caz troops over. Removes Tango's vomit covered shirt. The SURVEILLANCE WIRE falls to the floor. Caz stares at it. Emotions ripple across his face as the night suddenly makes sense.

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA, OFFICE - DAY

Eddie's retirement ceremony. Mechanical. Suggesting this is the first of many retirements for the day. Few HIGH RANKING POLICE OFFICIALS. Eddie stoically listening as the standard speech is prattled off by the Police COMMISSIONER.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

-- for enhancing the quality of
life in our City.

(MORE)

POLICE COMMISSIONER (cont'd)
 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.

The words are small daggers in Eddie's heart.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (cont'd)
 We congratulate Edward Scott Dugan
 for his 25 years of valiant service
 to the City and State of New York.

Round of applause. Someone signals for Eddie to relinquish
 his badge. He obliges.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (cont'd)
 (extending his hand)
 Congratulations Edward.

Eddie pulls off a fake smile. Gives plastic handshakes and
 "Thank you" to all in the room.

Finally, for all his years of service he's awarded...a
 Retirement Certificate. Eddie can't fake his reaction.

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

Eddie hops inside his car.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

He keys the ignition. Grabs the gear shift. Never moves it.
 It dawns on him -- *I have nowhere to go.* Hold.

EXT. BODEGA, PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

A graffiti covered back door leads to the store. A van pulls
 up, doors fly open, TASK FORCE COPS in full gear march to the
 door. One readying a battering ram. Sal brings up the rear.

SAL
 Move fast and follow my orders.

INT. BACK ROOM - BODEGA - DAY

A drug stash house disguised as a supply room. A short
 hallway leads to a door and at the end a bathroom.

FOUR YOUNG MEN play a video game. CRASH. Door KNOCKED off its hinges. Task Force Cops rush inside, tackling perps to the floor. Sal brings up the rear.

SAL
We're clear. Head to the back.

Sal signals for the remaining officers to follow him, leaving TWO OFFICERS to handcuff the four perps'.

TASK FORCE OFFICER
We need backup!

SAL
Handle it!

HALLWAY

They reach the bedroom door. The battering ram KNOCKS the door down. Inside, a pile of money on a table.

SAL (cont'd)
The drugs are in the bathroom. Go!

Sal leads the cops to the bathroom door, we hear the CLATTER of the medicine cabinet, the toilet FLUSHING. They BANG on the door with the battering ram. Sal uses this opportunity to creep back to the bedroom. Checks if he's watched --

SEES the perps face down, arms behind backs. The cops busy tearing the living room apart, they never see a perp reaching in his waistband for a concealed weapon. Sal notices.

On pure impulse, he FIRES a shot at the perp' --

SAL (cont'd)
(wishing he hadn't)
Oh shit!

The perp is HIT, he recoils in pain. A cop tackles him.

The remaining cops converge toward Sal. Too many eyes on him now. His opportunity is lost.

INT. BROOKLYN NORTH TASK FORCE - DAY

Officers mill around. Sal, a glum look on his face, sits alone at his desk. Lieutenant Jenkins approaches him.

LIEUTENANT JENKINS
I'm gonna make sure you get a
commendation, that was great
thinking out there.

Pats him on the back. Sal nods blankly.

LIEUTENANT JENKINS (cont'd)
That stake-out in the projects
tonight, don't worry about it.
Klingman will fill in for you.
You'll still get paid.

He walks away. Sal's BEEPER goes off. He dials the number
on the precinct phone. A Task Force cop (unsuspecting cop
from earlier) approaches Sal.

TASK FORCE OFFICER
Thanks a lot out there! You really
saved my ass!

Sal stays focused on the phone line, no answer yet.

TASK FORCE OFFICER (cont'd)
Heard you're getting a commendation.
(still getting ignored)
Sal, I'm trying to thank you for --

SAL
Listen kid, If I'd have given it a
second thought I wouldn't've lifted
a finger for you. I would've done
what I came there for. So don't go
patting me on the back.

The cops smile fades away, he walks away confused.

The answering machine picks up. Sal covers the receiver with
both hands, so no one around can hear him:

SAL (INTO PHONE) (cont'd)
Hi Mrs. Vincent. I was going to
call but things didn't work out as
planned. I know the deadline is
tomorrow, but I just couldn't...
(long pause)
Just call me back at the
precinct... I don't think I'll be
making it home tonight. OK. Bye.

He hangs up the phone. The receiver slips off. He SLAMS it
back down. The VIBRATION knocks over a framed photo.
Officers stop and stare, then return to their work.

He sets the frame upright. It's a photo of his family. Sal stares at it -- his loving wife, the innocent smiles on his children's faces. He knows he's failed them. Sal becomes choked up. Hold.

Sal dries his eyes, glares around the room, checks if he's watched. Then, his eyes become set on something OFF SCREEN. Can't look away. Can't even blink. Long hypnotic gaze at --

MELVIN'S COP SHOT POLICE PHOTO hanging on the bulletin board.

BACK TO SAL

Finally, a look of understanding flashes across his face as if he's received an epiphany.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

Groups of housing cops doing leg work, more than usual.

CORNER

Beamer and K-Rock sit on Caz's Benz. BMW parks behind it. Tango climbs out.

TANGO

What's up?

K-ROCK

The block is hot. We kickin' back 'til 5-0 stop babysittin'.

BEAMER

(loud)

New York Pricks and Dicks.

Couple of officers react, but continue leg work. For the first time Tango notices all the cops. Grows suspicious.

TANGO

Where Caz at?

K-ROCK

Doing that uptown deal.

Tango can't believe Caz passed on the strip club.

TANGO

Where's Red?

K-ROCK
Still sleep, said he was coming
through tonight.

TANGO
So how they doing the deal?

K-ROCK
I dunno.

BEAMER
Caz came through, said he had a
quarter of a key moving uptown.

TANGO
(confused)
It was bricks not quarters.

K-ROCK
He said it in that funny talk he be
talking since he got out.

BEAMER
He said something 'bout quarters.
And how they was goin' uptown.

K-ROCK
Nah, he said he was moving his
quarters before they run out --

BEAMER
And then he said somethin' bout
quarters out of a game.

Tango's confusion turns into a smile, realizes Caz decided to
buy the strip club.

TANGO
Pac-man.

BEAMER
Yeah! Some shit 'bout Pac-man --

TANGO
Aight! Aight!

Tango rushes away. Heads to the courtyard.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS COURTYARD - DAY

Caz is standing before TWO TEENAGERS (recruited earlier) and
Man-Man. Mid conversation.

TEENAGER 1

-- What you talkin' bout, man?
They get crazy paid.

MAN-MAN

True.

CAZ

How you gonna tell me? I've
forgotten more shit then you could
ever learn.

(then)

I know yall think you're gonna
hustle and make money and be living
the life, right?

They nod "yes".

TEENAGER 2

Hell yeah!

CAZ

Nah, it looks like that from the
outside. Fast money always slows
up. Always. And when it does
you'll be staring at prison or the
grave.

The teens start to get receptive.

CAZ (cont'd)

I'm only telling yall this cuz
nobody gave me this speech. I had
to learn all this the hard way. I
know yall probably ain't gonna
listen to me, and yall still gonna
hustle, but still --

Caz notices Tango watching him.

CAZ (cont'd)

-- nobody gave me this speech, yall
do what you want with it.

Caz steps away. The teens share looks: the words hit home.

At the end of the courtyard Caz catches up with Tango.

TANGO

(joking)

You gotta get out of the game, son.
You're getting softer than a hot
box of Krispy Kreme's.

They play fight. Tango's getting the worst of it.

CAZ
Who's getting soft now.

Tango accepts defeat. Backs off. They walk along a path leading to their cars.

CAZ (cont'd)
I gotta ask you this again. Why'd you set all of this up? The club for the Benz.

TANGO
I told you man. You getting too soft. You need to go legit.

Caz stops. Tango stops too.

CAZ
(knowingly)
Nah, man. I mean, why would you set this up?

TANGO
(lighthearted)
What are you talking 'bout? This is me, man. Tango. I know you'd do the same shit for me.

CAZ
(smiling as if he knows a secret)
You right.

They start walking again.

CAZ (cont'd)
I'm dropping the Benz off now, hook me up with a ride back.

TANGO
I was thinkin' about that. As like a finders fee for hooking the deal up; you call the spot Tango's.

CAZ
Now you pushing it. I'll give you half the marquee: Caz and Tango's.

TANGO
It should be Tango and Caz, that sounds better.

CAZ

Give a man an inch he takes a mile.
Caz and Tango's, aight!

Caz pushes him playfully. They've reached their cars.

TANGO

Follow me. I know a shortcut.

They bang their fist together, celebrating. It's short lived. Out of nowhere, GUNSHOTS riddle the block. Tango ducks down. Caz is HIT repeatedly.

Mayhem breaks out. People flee in all directions. Two GUNMEN climb into a SUV, it pulls off, burning rubber.

Tango rushes to Caz's aid. Holds his head for support. Caz convulses, bleeds profusely, fighting to hold on. Tango can't stop the blood. He hopelessly looks around for help. Everyone's gone.

Caz's motions become slow. His eyes losing the fight to stay open.

TANGO (cont'd)

Hold on. Hold on!

INT. BROOKLYN NORTH TASK FORCE - DAY

Phone RINGS. A frantic Sal hurries to his desk, answers. Every word and gesture suggest he's in a nervous rush:

SAL (PHONE)

Hello... Mrs. Vincent... Okay Emma.

I was just getting a few things together, I was about to call...

No, I'm fine. I'm feeling OK.

(eyes on Melvin's photo)

Don't worry about that message...

Yes, I have the money. I don't have it now. It's kind of complicated.

An OFFICER walks by. Sal stops him --

SAL (cont'd)

Tell the lieutenant I changed my mind. I'm gonna work the stakeout.

OFFICER

They canned it. Just now.

Sal reacts with surprise.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Cancelled everything -- Thank God.
Leave those shit hole projects to
housing where it belongs.

SAL
(thinking)
Then, tell 'em, I need an unmarked
and OT. Somewhere. Anywhere.

The officer relays the message.

SAL (PHONE) (cont'd)
Sorry... I'll call you back with
the details... Okay. Bye.

Sal hangs up, quickly dials another number.

SAL (PHONE) (cont'd)
Yeah Frank, it's Sal, tell me if
this is possible, I want to...

EXT. BETTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

BMW screeches to a halt. Tango heads to the door, splashes
of blood on his face and clothes. Unlike before, he doesn't
even attempt to tuck in his chain or remove his gold caps.

INT. BETTY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Dan and Agent Smith calmly waiting. Tango spots them, madly
paces to their table.

TANGO
Yall wasn't gonna tell me anything?

DAN
Tried to give you the heads up.
Five messages I left on the
switchboard. Then your home.

AGENT SMITH
If you gave us better information
maybe we could have done something.

TANGO
CAZ IS DEAD! IS THAT ENOUGH INFO!?

The CUSTOMERS stop and stare. Dan grabs Tango, drags him
into the bathroom. Agent Smith follows.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan tosses Tango inside. Agent Smith checks the stalls.

DAN

Calm down. Holmes is in critical condition in the ICU. He lost a lot of blood. Doesn't look like he'll pull through.

Tango has to lean against the wall.

DAN (cont'd)

We tried calling to tell you what was happening. We couldn't reach you. Our hands were tied.

TANGO

Bullshit! You got uniforms posted on every corner, but you couldn't have a squad car follow Caz. Just decided, fuck it, let 'em get shot down in the fuckin' streets!

Dan shrugs indifference. Agent Smith's check comes up empty. They're alone.

AGENT SMITH

If he took the deal -- like he was supposed to -- this never would've happened.

Tango doesn't want to hear it, disgusted. Turns away.

DAN

Red put out the contract yesterday night. He wanted Caz gone after he balked on the deal.

AGENT SMITH

He smelled the blood in the water.

DAN

And fucked our case right down the toilet.

AGENT SMITH

I can't prosecute a corpse.

Tango reacts. Turns around. Looks them over. Starts figuring out what they're up to.

AGENT SMITH (cont'd)
Two fucking months right down the
drain.

TANGO
(figured it out)
You mutha fuckas. You stir up all
this shit and now you're just gonna
walk away.

No answer.

TANGO (cont'd)
You raise hell to get Caz, but Red
gets a free pass?

DAN
Our evidence against Red makes us
liable for Caz's shooting. It's a
lose-lose. No matter how we spin
it.

TANGO
What the fuck are you saying? Red
had Caz shot and you're --

AGENT SMITH
If we don't point fingers none will
get pointed at us.

DAN
The whole department'll get dragged
through the mud. And for what?

TANGO
I ain't lettin' that shit fly.
Fuck that.

DAN
The plugs been pulled already. Task
Force, local PD, everybody.
(delicate)
Including you.

Tango knows what's coming next.

DAN (cont'd)
You're off undercover. Effective
immediately.

That hits him like a ton of bricks. Four years of his life
ending in mere seconds. This coupled with the days events
leaves him utterly speechless.

An uncomfortable silence. Agent Smith uses the opportunity to excuse himself out the door. Dan finally offers support.

DAN (cont'd)

Sorry, but it has to go down this way.

TANGO

Let me back out there. I gotta fix this. Get a conviction on Red. Something --

DAN

It's too late. Your ID's are erased. Your apartment and cars are being seized.

A beat.

TANGO

(devastated)

What am I supposed to do now? You took everything.

DAN

You go to see the psych' doctor. Four weeks or more, let them check for post traumatic stress. Then, then you report to the 13th precinct as Detective Clarence Butler.

No solace. At this point the promotion is bittersweet.

DAN (cont'd)

Not sergeant like you wanted, but it's something. Something we're giving to help you walk away.

TANGO

(exposing dry blood on hands, shaky)

C'mon, man. This ain't a game for me. I ain't waking up tomorrow from a dream.

DAN

(consoling)

Clarence, take the job. Take it and go get your life back. You owe it to yourself.

The comfort is only fueling Tango's rage.

INT. CHANTEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Three KNOCKS on the door. Chantel opens it. Lights up when she sees Eddie.

CHANTEL

Baby! So today is the big day.
You nervous? I bet you can't wait.

He lazily enters. Never hears her. His mind somewhere else.

CHANTEL (cont'd)

What's wrong? Why you look like
that?

EDDIE

Nothing. I'm fine.

CHANTEL

I got something to cheer you up.

Chantel vanishes into a back-room.

CHANTEL (O.S.) (cont'd)

Close your eyes.

EDDIE

What is it?

CHANTEL

Close 'em.

Eddie closes his eyes. Chantel reappears with her hands behind her back.

CHANTEL (cont'd)

(glowing)
Okay, open them.

Opens his eyes to a gold plated Piaget watch. Way too fancy.

EDDIE

(taken aback)
You shouldn't have done this.

CHANTEL

Look, it's water resistant. So if
you fall in the lake when you go
fishin', it still works.

Eddie has to smile at that.

CHANTEL (cont'd)
 When you think 'bout it, it's
 really your money. But I picked
 out the inscription. Read it.

EDDIE
 (inscription)
 "We've got nothing but time, but
 time won't give us time".

CHANTEL
 That's from an old Boy George song.
 It reminds me of you.

She plants a kiss on his cheek. Rubs his head like a puppy.
 For the first time Eddie sees her warmth and innocence.

CHANTEL (cont'd)
 Promise to take care of yourself,
 okay. Promise?

EDDIE
 I promise.
 (after much thought)
 Wouldn't you like to get away from
 all this.

CHANTEL
 What you talkin' bout?

EDDIE
 I've got an extra room in the
 house. The one in Connecticut.

Chantel, too caught off guard to speak.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 Bills are paid for. You wouldn't
 have to do this anymore. You
 wouldn't have to do anything with
 me either. Promise.
 (beat)
 I'm sorta' used to another person
 in the house. Whether we're
 talking or not. Just like 'em
 around. I don't know why.

CHANTEL
 I can't. I just can't.

EDDIE
 Why not?

CHANTEL
I know this. I don't know
Connecticut.

EDDIE
You could get to know it.

CHANTEL
Why you wanna do this?

He digs for an appropriate answer.

EDDIE
... Because.

CHANTEL
I got everything here Eddie.

EDDIE
(desperate)
But you don't like this. You said
you didn't like it... This isn't
who you are, but it's who you could
become. Trust me.

A beat. She's still unmoved.

EDDIE (cont'd)
I really wanna do the right thing
here, Chantel.

She's been avoiding his eyes until now...

CHANTEL
It's easier to do what you know
then to do what's right.

Those words make Eddie realize: "that's how I used to live my
life." Finally... a sullen Eddie heads for the door.

CHANTEL (cont'd)
You still gonna come visit, right?

EDDIE
(barely audible)
Yeah. Maybe.

CHANTEL
Baby, don't be like that.

He opens the door, about to leave --

CHANTEL (cont'd)
Eddie! You forgot your watch.

He retrieves the watch. Shares a look with Chantel; this is the last time they'll ever see each other.

CHANTEL (cont'd)
... Take care.

He nods the same before leaving. Chantel lays on the bed, curls under the sheets.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Pink Houses reflected in the window. Ronny consumes Chinese food. Sal anxiously waits for his cell phone to ring. Checks the battery. It works.

RONNY
What are we doing here? Isn't this supposed to be over?

SAL
(lying)
They wanna make sure it is.

RONNY
(offering food)
You want any?

SAL
No.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Eddie exits. Takes in the cold lonely air.

DOOR

Two suspicious men lead a Young woman outside, right past Eddie. He takes notice, especially the Young Woman. Narrows his eyes at her...

QUICK FLASHBACK TO: When Eddie first witnessed them (first time we saw him at the building). The same trio. Never gets a good look at her face.

QUICK FLASHBACK TO: Missing Person Photo of Young Woman on bulletin board...

BACK TO SCENE

It clicks -- Same girl.

Eddie glances around -- did anybody else notice? Is anybody going to do something? -- he's the only one there. It's all on him. But he doesn't move. A breathing statue.

The trio keeps moving. Halfway down the block now. Eddie, still watching. Can't decide what to do. So he does nothing.

Now, the trio is almost gone. The urgency is rising. Forces Eddie to react. He gets the lead out his feet and follows with slow cautious steps. When they hook the corner, Eddie picks up speed. No hesitation now. Then --

A van careens around the same corner. The suspicious men in front. Eddie doubles back to his car.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tango behind the wheel of a rusty Buick -- his real car. No longer flashy, sporting a modest shirt and khaki pants.

INT. BUICK - SAME

There's an anger growing inside Tango. He produces a .45 Desert Eagle. Loads the clip. Checks the barrel. Working.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - NIGHT

The van barrels through traffic. Eddie's Honda follows.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Sal's cell phone finally RINGS.

SAL
 (into phone)
 Frank, what you got... Uh-huh.
 (to Ronny)
 I'm getting hungry. Could you get me some chicken lo mein.

RONNY
 Okay.

SAL
 (pointing)
 You got some grease on the door.

Ronny turns his head to check. Sal leans over, lowers the volume on Ronny's police radio.

SAL (cont'd)
Never mind. Just a shadow.

Ronny exits the car.

SAL (PHONE) (cont'd)
So you got the signature... Then my wife gets the house right...

Sal pulls out his police issue 9mm Glock. Releases the clip and begins discharging bullets out the window.

SAL (cont'd)
The police mortality money pays for the house, that's the point.
100,000 dollars.
(furious)
I don't care how it sounds. I don't care what you think about it. Just tell me it'll work...

Discharges the last bullet from the clip.

SAL (cont'd)
Of course on the job. Let me worry 'bout that.

Sal hangs up. Opens the chamber and takes out the last bullet. Clenches it in his hand. Anguish written on his face. *Ponders can he actually go through with this?* Hold.

Places the bullet back in the chamber.

Sal produces a police issue LOCK PICK -- size of a bat, key on one end, wheel on the other. Opens any door.

Sal climbs out the car and into --

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - CONTINUOUS

Takes in the surroundings before walking to the courtyard.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Three buildings surround -- 70, 80, 90. A concrete path leads to each.

Tango strides down the path, a robotic determination in his walk. He's barely recognized when he passes people.

MAN-MAN

at building 70, sitting on a bench. Tango approaches.

TANGO

Man-Man. Red upstairs?

MAN-MAN

(recognizing him)

Nah. The safe house in 8-0.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The van parks, three cars from the Buick. The suspicious men take the young woman. Check and double check the area. It's clear. They lead the her to building 90.

Eddie's Honda pulls in behind the van.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - SAME

Eddie secures his revolver. Checks the barrel -- one bullet.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Eddie hops out. Takes in the projects -- dark towering buildings, hulking shadowed figures passing by -- gets second thoughts. But Eddie gathers enough courage to continue.

With every step to building 90 his doubts grow. But he keeps pushing forward. Won't turn back.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Sal walks the path, passes Tango. They share a look of Deja vu. Both brush it off and keep walking to different buildings.

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BUILDING 80 - NIGHT

Tango puts his ear to 4A. Hears nothing. He pulls out a janitor size set of keys, numbered for apartments.

INT. STAIRCASE - BUILDING 70 - NIGHT

Sal makes his way up a dank staircase. His face drenched in sweat and anxiety.

INT. LOBBY ELEVATOR - BUILDING 90 - NIGHT

The suspicious men and Young woman in the elevator. The door begins to close, an arm blocks it. The door reopens, it's Eddie's arm. He joins them. The elevator goes up.

All eyes on Eddie. Easy to see he's out of place. Eddie sizes up the elevator and his odds... Both are small. The doors open. The trio piles out.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The suspicious men steer the woman into apartment 6A. Eddie creeps to the staircase. Safely watches from there.

INT. APARTMENT 4A - NIGHT

Tango moves in, Desert Eagle aimed. Ready to kill. He HEARS the bathroom faucet. Follows the sound.

INT. 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BUILDING 70 - NIGHT

Sal nears apartment 5A. Readies the lock pick. Changes his mind. Paces back and forth. All panic. Doesn't want to do this.

Finally, Sal swallows his anxiety. Drops to his knees. Exposes his police shield and crucifix from inside his shirt. 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 --

INT. APARTMENT 4A - NIGHT

Tango is outside the bathroom door. Gun ready. Patiently waiting for Red to come out.

SAL (V.O.)
 -- as it is in heaven. Give us
 this day our daily bread. And
 forgive --

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BUILDING 90 - NIGHT

Eddie considers storming into the apartment.

The apartment door swings open. Eddie retreats into the staircase. Suspicious man 1 walks out. Turns to lock the door, changes his mind. Leaves in the adjacent staircase.

SAL (V.O.)
 -- us our trespasses, as we forgive
 those who trespass against us --

INT. 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BUILDING 70 - NIGHT

Praying has put Sal at ease.

SAL
 -- and lead us not into temptation,
 but deliver us from evil. For
 thine is the kingdom, the power,
 and the glory. For ever, Amen.

He opens his eyes. Grabs his police radio.

SAL (cont'd)
 (into radio)
 Eagle 12. Officer needs assistance
 at 70 Loring Ave, apartment 5D. In
 pursuit of suspects, over.

Sal shuts off his radio. Prepares the lock pick in the key hole, turns the wheel.

INT. APARTMENT 4A - NIGHT

Red exits, heads for the bedroom. Never sees Tango or the Desert Eagle aimed at the back of his head. But senses it.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Red steps to the window, lets out a sigh before:

RED

I ain't gonna put up a fight. My Roscoe's in the living room. I figured you'd be coming. I know you and Caz was close. I always liked Caz. It was only business. I was just trying to come up. You can respect that, right?

(off Tango's silence)

Just don't get me in the head, I wanna an open casket for my mom.

Red closes his eyes. Braces for the gunfire. Accepts this fate as street justice.

The barrel is COCKED. Red flinches.

Tango fingers the trigger. A nudge away from firing, but something inside of him is holding him back. He struggles with it, finally lets it out:

TANGO

You have the right to remain silent.

INT. APARTMENT 5A - NIGHT

Beamer cleans a set of high powered GUNS. K-Rock weighs cocaine on a hand scale.

Sal breezes in, gun in hand, but it's dangling by his side. More helpless than dangerous. Beamer and K-Rock, not sure what to make of the lone cop. Beamer stands, Tec-9 ready. Sal closes his eyes. Ready for the bullets. Ready to die.

BANG!

Beamer DROPS the Tec-9. Raises his hands, signaling his surrender. K-Rock not one to be out of place, surrenders too. Sal opens his eyes. Can't believe what he's seeing.

The bathroom toilet FLUSHES. Sal heads to...

HALLWAY

Sal creeps toward the bathroom. Passes a CLOSED bedroom door. We HEAR Beamer and K-Rock flee the apartment. J-Mill opens the bathroom door, spots Sal, retreats back inside. We HEAR the clatter of the medicine cabinet.

SAL
 (swinging at the air)
 FUCK..! FUCKING STUPID!

At that moment, Sal realizes the foolishness of his half-baked suicide plan.

With no time to dwell on that, Sal desperately searches around, he's running out of options. Sees the bedroom door. The last hope. Kicks it down -- empty. Sal staggers backwards, SLAMS against the closed hallway closet. Drops to the floor. Dejected. Failed again.

We HEAR a COLLAPSE in the closet, followed by HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS protruding from the open slots. Sal opens the closet --

Filled with money. A million, maybe more.

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT 4A - NIGHT

Red opens his eyes. Tango continues reading him his rights.

TANGO
 (remembering)
 You have the right...you have the
 right...to an attorney.

RED
 What the fuck are you doing?

Tango pulls his shield out.

TANGO
 You have the right to an attorney,
 if you can not afford one --

RED
 You're a cop. You're a cop?

Tango throws Red to the floor. Scans the room for a substitute for cuffs. Finds some stereo wire. Cuffs Red.

TANGO
 If you can not afford an attorney
 one will be provided for you.

RED
 All the shit I've seen you do. You
 ain't no cop.

He picks Red off the floor.

TANGO

Do you understand your rights?

RED

C'mon, stop bullshittin'.

TANGO

Do you understand your rights!?

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BUILDING 90 - NIGHT

Eddie musters the courage to move to the door. He jiggles the knob -- unlocked. Cracks the door open every so slightly. Eddie peers inside. Spots the Young Woman squirming for help. HEARS the shower running. Other suspicious man must be in there.

Eddie tries to fling the door open -- it's stopped short by

CHAIN

rackety. Barely on the door and barely keeping it locked.

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BUILDING 80 - NIGHT

Tango escorts Red outside the apartment.

RED

All of this shit over your
boyfriend gettin' popped? Huh
officer Tango?

Tango tries tuning him out, but the words are affecting him.

RED (cont'd)

That it? Wish it was you instead
of him? What happened in the cell-
block to make yall so close?

Tango freezes. Was it really that obvious?

RED (cont'd)

Huh, what happened --

Quieted by a shove into the staircase.

INT. APARTMENT 5A - NIGHT

Sal grabs a handful of money, making sure it's real. It is.
He gathers a stack of bills.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

BLOOD SPLATTERS onto the money.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - BUILDING 90 - NIGHT

Eddie, arm in the doorway, his hand yanking on the chain. He reacts to the echoed gunshots, when it reaches him, the sounds are slight POPS. Eddie pauses for a second. Then keeps at the chain.

Finally, breaks it free. Eddie produces his revolver and readies to enter.

INT. STAIRCASE - BUILDING 80 - NIGHT

Tango and Red reacting to the echoed gunshots, stop for a beat. Must be nothing. They continue down the stairs.

INT. APARTMENT 5A - NIGHT

Sal reaches for his midsection, his hands come back BLOODY. His face turns pale. Loses his balance, drops to the floor.

INT. APARTMENT 6A - NIGHT

Eddie STORMS in, his gun leading the way. The apartment is filthy. The shower still in use. Bathroom in the back.

He slowly searches the room. Looking for the Young Woman. To his surprise, finds THREE YOUNG WOMEN(one the woman he followed), mouth gagged, handcuffed to the radiator. Letting out muffled cries for "help". Eddie looks around. The coast is clear.

EDDIE

It's okay.

Eddie rushes to the Young Woman he followed. Fishes out his keys. His hands shaking violently as he searches for the right one.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tango escorts Red outside the building.

RED

(almost pleading)

You can't do this to me son. This is street shit and you know it. I can take dying, but not no cage. That's only right. You know that shit is right, c'mon.

They stop. Tango looks around, bothered. Can't find his car -- is it a BMW? A Buick? Confusion turning into rage.

RED (cont'd)

You can't lock me up for doing the same shit you doing. That's like locking yourself up. You ain't no cop. Not anymore --

The butt of the Desert Eagle stops his words. Red COLLAPSES face first. With maniac rage, Tango sends kicks to Red's face and midsection.

Red turns over. Bloody face staring at the Desert Eagle barrel. His mouth curls into a small devilish grin. Got what he wanted.

Tango registers this. Stops. Won't let his anger take over. The Desert Eagle lowers to his side.

Tango produces his cell phone, gravely makes a call.

OPERATOR (PHONE)

Handle?

TANGO (PHONE)

Lonewolf. I have a drop. Need pickup at 80 Loring --

OPERATOR

We show no Lonewolf.

TANGO

Lonewolf 387. Sector K. Authorized under --

OPERATOR

No authorization.

His desperation pours over. He has to be let off the hook.

TANGO

I need a squad car or anybody near by on a foot-post, to take this. I'm on 80 Loring between --

OPERATOR

Your status has changed. You don't exist. No longer in the system.

That drains Tango's soul. The phone drops to the GROUND.

RED

(soft)

Tango... Do it... Come on Tango.

OPERATOR

This number will be blocked from the system. Do you understand..? Do you understand --

CLICK. Understanding on Tango's face. Conceals his badge in his shirt. No longer a cop.

Raises his weapon again. This time aimed for Red's head.

Launches a PERFECT SHOT. Then a SECOND, THIRD. Tango pauses. Witnesses Red's dead body beneath him. Fires a FOURTH shot.

INT. APARTMENT 5A - NIGHT

Sal lays atop the money, gasping for air, the floor and the money painted with his blood. His shooter is REVEALED to be Man-Man. Smoking gun still in hand, reacting to the deafening echo of gunshots. WE HEAR shot FIVE, SIX, SEVEN.

INT. APARTMENT 6A - NIGHT

Eddie and the Young Woman react to the gunshots. Startled. SOUND, loud as hell this time. Shot EIGHT, NINE, TEN. We HEAR the shower stop, someone gets out. Eddie rushes to find the right key.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tango savagely pulls the trigger but he's run out of bullets. He releases the clip on the ground, next to a mass of empty shell casings, loads a second clip. Fires the ELEVENTH.

RED

an accumulation of blood and empty shell casings cover him. We HEAR the TWELFTH shot. A shell casing drops. We HEAR the THIRTEENTH shot. A shell casing falls.

We HEAR FOURTEEN, FIFTEEN, SIXTEEN...but no shell casings hit the ground. Tango's bloody body drops. Eyes open. Not moving.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

reveal Ronny Rosario hovering over Tango. Ronny's gun barrel still smoking. His Chinese take-out scattered on the ground.

He searches the body, finds Tango's badge. Ronny makes a face: Oh shit! Searches if he's still breathing. He's not... Tango is dead.

INT. APARTMENT 5A - NIGHT

Man-Man, stands over Sal, gun aimed. Sal's eyes go wide, not in pain, he is at peace. His mind is on his family. Their happiness dull's the pain.

Finally, Man-Man notices the police shield. He panics over shooting a cop. Runs away. Sal is allowed to die in peace.

INT. APARTMENT 6A - NIGHT

Eddie finds the right key, frees the Young woman he followed. She jumps into his arms like an infant. Weeps uncontrollably.

EDDIE

What's your name?

YOUNG WOMAN

Sarie.

EDDIE

It's gonna be okay, Sarie.

Eddie uses the key on the second woman's cuff, before she can be freed, the door is flung open.

Suspicious Man 1 bolts in, shopping bag in hand. Suspicious Man 2, wrapped in a towel, also enters the room. Their anger is outweighing the shock of what they're seeing.

Eddie raises his gun.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Police. Put your hands up.

Eddie reaches for his badge, pulls out nothing. It dawns on him -- I'm not a cop anymore.

Suspicious Man 2 makes strides to the back of the apartment. Suspicious man 1, unafraid, takes a step toward Eddie.

EDDIE (cont'd)
I said freeze!

Eddie FIRES a shot into the wall. His only bullet. SARIE SCREAMS. The Suspicious men raise their arms.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Now lay down on the floor.

The suspicious men lay down. Eddie handcuffs them together. Police SIRENS approaching. The sound becomes overwhelming.

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - LATER

Police cars, Ambulances, Emergency Response Teams, and Fire trucks as far as the eye can see. The RED and WHITE lights bathing everything and everyone in PSYCHEDELIC PATTERNS.

The residents, heads out their windows, some even watching from the streets.

Tango and Red's bodies are taken off the pavement and placed on ambulance stretchers.

The ambulance carrying Sal's body is closed. It speeds away.

The Three Young woman covered in a police blankets, being led to EMS workers.

Officers escort Eddie outside. He eyes Sarie. She catches his look and whispers "thank you" over and over again. She can't be heard above all the police SIRENS and the ambulance 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.

EXT. BROOKLYN NEWSSTAND - DAY

SEVERAL PEOPLE pass on their way to work, some oblivious to the newsstand some grabbing their daily paper.

NEWSPAPERS

several editions. The headlines: "Bloody Blue", "Kidnapped Teens Found", "Bullets over Brooklyn", "Deja Blue." The last newspaper has a picture of Tango, Sal, and Eddie on the front page. The headline reads: "Brooklyn's Finest."

EXT. PINK HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

A man sits on a bench. His face hidden by the newspaper he's reading, the headline "Brooklyn's Finest".

The paper lowers to reveal Caz, head bandaged, arm in a sling, finishing Tango's obituary. He closes the paper. A melancholy smile on his face, maybe it's the loss of a good friend or the joy of having had one.

Caz hobbles over to Tango's Buick, gets in and drives off. We FOLLOW the Buick as it passes a MURAL on a building. HOLD on the mural: spray painting of Tango; half of his body in a police uniform, half wearing his street clothes. Under it reads: Clarence "Tango" Butler.

INT. BROOKLYN NORTH TASK FORCE - DAY

Officers milling around. Work as usual.

On the Bulletin board: Sal's Cop Shot photo hangs.

EXT. SAL'S DREAM HOUSE - DAY

Several moving trucks parked in front.

INT. SAL'S DREAM HOUSE - DAY

The furniture looks miniature inside this massive house. Vicky, Cynthia, Katherine, Lynette, Margaret, Vito, Vinny, and Angela, holding the TWIN BABIES, all take their first steps into their new home. Their reaction: overwhelmed.

Vinny retrieves a photo of Sal from one of the boxes. Places it on the mantle. The entire family gathers around it.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stripped bare. Eddie clutches two luggage bags. Gives the room a once over.

INT. HALLWAY - EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Locks the door. Heads down the hallway...

INT. KITCHEN - EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie enters to see Mrs. Dugan waiting at the kitchen table.

MRS. DUGAN

... Hey.

EDDIE

... Hey.

First words in years. The moment is oddly relaxed.

EDDIE (cont'd)

(drops keys on table)
Bedroom, front door, and garage.

MRS. DUGAN

Thought you were leaving tomorrow.

EDDIE

Wanted to beat the traffic.

MRS. DUGAN

Gonna take the 87 to the 5?

EDDIE

Maybe. Might take 12 all the way.

MRS. DUGAN

(getting up)
I don't wanna hold you up. Just...

Swallows her words. Readies to retreat to the living room.
Eddie readies for the door.

She reconsiders.

MRS. DUGAN (cont'd)

Eddie.

(pause, sincere)

Watch you don't hurt yourself up
there.

Eddie smiles at the thought of that.

EDDIE

You take care too, Susan.

With that, he's calmly out the door.

EXT. EDDIE'S CONNECTICUT HOUSE - DAY

A small house by the lake. Honda in the driveway.

INT. EDDIE'S CONNECTICUT HOUSE - DAY

Barely decorated. Boxes laid out.

Eddie places a plaque on the mantle. It reads: "Outstanding Valor by a Citizen of the State of New York". He takes a step back from the plaque. It's about the size of a fist but you can't measure how much it means to Eddie.

EXT. CONNECTICUT LAKE - DUSK

On a boat in the middle of the lake, Eddie sits with his fishing rod. The calm swaying of the lake has him at ease. Content in his small place in the vast lake, as he is with his small place in this big world.

FADE OUT.

THE END