

"FORT APACHE, THE BRONX"

Screenplay by
Heywood Gould

DECEMBER 1979

JANUARY 21, 1980. REVISION 1.

FEBRUARY 22, 1980. REVISION 2.

MARCH 12, 1980. REVISION 3.

M E M O R A N D U M

TO: ALL CONCERNED
FROM: LILLIAN MacNEIL
DATE: MARCH 5, 1980

The following are the NEW NAMES of the characters.
Please correct your scripts.

CARMODY	becomes	CONNOLLY
CASTELLI	"	CORELLI
O'ROURKE	"	DONOHUE
PILETTI	"	PANTUZZI
REGAN	"	DUGAN
DWORKIN	"	APPLEBAUM
WASHINGTON	"	LOOMIS
CAMPBELL	"	SHOUP
PATTERSON	"	LINCOLN

1.

1 A BLANK SCREEN

In the darkness we hear the staticky sound of a police radio. Both the DISPATCHER and the responding PATROLMEN speak in bored, casual tones of horrific events.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Four-one King.

FORTY-ONE KING (V.O.)
King K.....

2 EXT. BRONX COURTHOUSE - DAY

The old Bronx courthouse, abandoned and gutted, except for a large statue of Justice, which remains surprisingly intact over the entrance. In the foreground a MAN has dropped to his knees clutching his stomach.....

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Respond to report of shots fired.....

The Man's ASSAILANT, pistol in hand, face contorted with fear and rage, stands over him, trembling.

FORTY-ONE KING (V.O.)
Ten-four.

3 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A shoe warehouse. A group of YOUNG HISPANICS have smashed the door in, and are taking boxes of shoes out to a waiting pick up truck.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Four-one Boy.....

FORTY-ONE BOY (V.O.)
Boy K.....

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Respond 114 Simpson. Signal 10 - 3
at the warehouse.

FORTY-ONE BOY (V.O.)
Ten four.....

4 EXT. UNIVERSITY AVENUE - DAY

A group of elderly BLACK and HISPANIC LADIES huddle together in front of a dilapidated apartment building on this broad boulevard as two Patrol cars pull up to them.

4 CONTD

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Four-one Charlie.....

FOUR-ONE CHARLIE (V.O.)
Charlie K.....

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
1635 University Avenue. Meet
Community relations officers with
complainants. Purse snatching.

FOUR-ONE CHARLIE (V.O.)
Ten-four.....

TWO PATROLMEN get out of the two cars, and help the
ladies into the backseats.

FOUR-ONE CHARLIE (V.O.)
Ten-four.....

5 EXT. CROWDED STREET - DAY

A haggard, WILD-EYED MAN in rags menaces PASSERSBY with
a huge knife.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Four-one Ed..... Four-one Ed.....

He swings wildly at a group of KIDS, who duck out of his
way laughing.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Four-one Ed.....

An ELDERLY MAN comes out of a bodega, swinging a broom
at the wild-eyed man.

FOUR-ONE ED (V.O.)
Ed K.....

The elderly man slips on the pavement in front of the
wild-eyed man.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Respond 2216 Simpson. Bodega.
Man with a knife.

As the wild-eyed man screams and brandishes the knife, a
BOY rushes out of the bodega, and grapples with him.

FOUR-ONE ED (V.O.)
Ten-four.....

5 CONTD

The boy jumps back, clutching his side, and drops to his knees.

A PATROL CAR comes speeding onto the scene.

MURPHY and CASTELLI jump out of the car, and survey the scene quickly. They advance on the Psycho, who backs up waving the knife. Murphy turns and says something out of the corner of his mouth to Castelli, who draws his pistol, and trains it on the psycho. Then Murphy flips his hat around on his head, lets his features sag into an expression of imbecility, and shuffles like the Hunchback of Notre Dame toward the Psycho, who stares at him in amazement.

Murphy comes right up to the Psycho in this manner, and holds his hand out for the knife.

CASTELLI

tenses, his finger on the trigger, ready to shoot if something goes wrong.

MURPHY

is now within arm's reach of the baffled Psycho, making impatient gestures for the knife.

A group of PEDESTRIANS watch anxiously in the background. Finally, the Psycho lets his knife hand drop to his side. Murphy reaches around gingerly and gently takes the knife away from him.

The Pedestrians cheer.

Throughout this scene we have heard the crackling signals of the radio sending units on other assignments.

6 EXT. FORTY-FIRST PRECINCT - DAY

A tired gray building that hasn't had a coat of paint or a moment's peace in fifteen years. Its architecture and atmosphere are unlike any other precinct in the city. It seems to sag with fatigue and resignation.

POLICE and CIVILIAN CARS are triple parked at crazy angles in front of the building.

PATROL CARS pull up on the sidewalk to disgorge PATROLMEN and struggling PRISONERS.

FOUR-ONE KING (V.O.)
Four-one King to Central K.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Four-one King.....

6 CONTD

FOUR-ONE KING (V.O.)

In response to that shot fired we
have a man down at the Bronx
Courthouse. Could you have the
supervisor 10-11, and if you could
get the Eighth Homicide on the air
to see if they can respond.....

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Ten-four.....

7 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

A neglected precinct in a neglected neighborhood. Not a
coat of paint has touched these walls, not a stick of
furniture has been moved or replaced since the place was
built seventy-five years ago. The walls are decorated
with Indian memorabilia--posters, tomahawks, bows,
arrows, etc.

There are memorial plaques to cops who were killed on
the premises. THREE COPS stand behind the desk handling
the incredible volume of complaints, arrests and
inquiries that flood the precinct daily.

The atmosphere is one of informal chaos. COPS with their
ARRESTEES stand at the desk waiting for the booking
procedure.

KIDS are playing in one corner of the room under the
watchful eyes of their mothers.

(CONTINUED)

OLD FOLKS sit on benches waiting to speak to the Community Relations Officers.

In another corner, CHINO, a grinning retarded man taps softly on a conga drum. Next to him sits a sobbing YOUNG WOMAN, oblivious to the world around her.

SERGEANT ANTHONY PILETTI sits at the desk writing up the arrests. He almost never looks up from his work, and manages to answer most questions with a wave of his hand.

DWORKIN, a stocky, balding sergeant with a yarmulka balanced precariously on his head is on the phone.

HEFFERNAN, a tall, red-faced Lieutenant stands by glaring at the growing line of cops and collars. Every variety of felon is represented, JUVENILES, JUNKIES, HOOKERS, even a few well-dressed NUMBERS RUNNERS.

PILETTI

(writing)

What's the charge?

MORAN

(a cop)

Indecent exposure...

HEFFERNAN

Just showin' his face is indecent exposure...

A YOUNG PATROLMAN pushes his way up to the desk.

YOUNG PATROLMAN

Hey Sarge where's the squad?

Without looking up, Piletti waves in the general direction of the squad room.

PILETTI

Next patient...

Two more cops advance with their captive.

CAPTAIN REGAN

a portly, red-faced, middle-aged man comes out of his office, and walks toward the desk shaking his head irritably.

REGAN

Goddamn intercom is out again...

7 CONTD

DWORKIN

I'll take a look at it, boss.

REGAN

Piletti, I'll need a car up from
Borough tomorrow to get my junk
outta here. Think you can arrange
that?

PILETTI

Yes sir. We're gonna miss you, boss.

REGAN

(bitterly)

In two days you won't even remember
what I looked like. Maybe on my
last coupla days up here you could
stop bullshitting me...It's alright,
though. You mutts had it easy with
me. The new guy's gonna cut you to
pieces.

Regan turns and walks angrily back toward his office.

DWORKIN

Who's the new guy?

PILETTI

Captain Dennis Connolly.

HEFFERNAN

I heard of him. He's a headquarters
guy. Been kissin' ass so long he
wipes his nose with toilet paper.

DWORKIN

Oy vay, a headquarters hero.

PILETTI

(casual)

I give him three months up here.

8 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Murphy and Castelli have THREE STONED OUT TEENAGE BOYS
lined up against the wall of an abandoned building. The
kids are so wobbly they can hardly stand in the frisk
positions (arms outstretched, palms against the wall,
legs spread). Castelli pokes THE FIRST TEENAGER in the
back of the knee.

CASTELLI

C'mon Ace, spread them rubber legs.
Spread 'em!

8 CONTD

FIRST TEENAGER

(groggy)

Hey man, don't mess my head.

Murphy takes a brown bag out of the SECOND TEENAGER'S belt. He peeks inside and grimaces.

MURPHY

Glue...

SECOND TEENAGER

Don't knock it if you ain't tried it.

CASTELLI

Glue? You dudes are lame. I mean if you want to expand your consciousness there's a wide variety of psychedelics available...

THIRD TEENAGER

Dig it pig, you gonna pop us or what?

Angrily, Castelli grabs the Third Teenager and twists his arms behind his back.

CASTELLI

I'll pop you, you...

MURPHY

Hold it Andy. We don't wanna give these guys a rep...

THIRD TEENAGER

Rep? We just out here gettin' our heads straight...

Murphy takes the cuffs off his belt, and snaps them in the kid's face.

MURPHY

I wouldn't dirty my cuffs on you, punk. These cuffs are for real bad dudes, not for jimokes like you.

Takes the bottle of glue out of the bag.

MURPHY

We collar you guys you'll go marchin' into school tomorrow with your reps ready made...

Opens the bottle and pours the glue on the Third Teenager's luxuriant Afro.

8 CONTD

THIRD TEENAGER

Hey, not on my hair...

He tries to squirm away, but Murphy grabs him in a headlock.

MURPHY

You wanna keep your head on straight.
This'll do it.

The First Teenager tries to run away, but Castelli kicks his legs out from under him.

CASTELLI

Stick around bro', you're next...

THIRD TEENAGER

(crying)

My hair, man, my hair.

He staggers away, holding his glue spattered hair as Castelli drags the Second Teenager over for the same treatment.

MURPHY

We take you turkeys in, you'll be
out in three hours, right?

He grabs the Second Teenager's head, and begins spreading glue on it.

MURPHY

It'll take you about a week to get
all this glue off your heads. And
every time you do you can be thinkin'
about how crime doesn't pay...

9 EXT. WESTCHESTER AVENUE - DAY

Under the elevated subway tracks across the street from the bodega of the earlier shot. Two young COPS sit in a patrol car drinking coffee and eating Danish pastry. One is BLACK, the other WHITE. They both have mustaches, and longish hair that sticks out from under their hats. The Black Cop is looking at the Daily News. Their RADIO SQUAWKS instructions. The White Cop, at the wheel, looks out of the window.

WHITE COP

Check this out...

POV COPS

A tall, slinky black girl in a short, purple dress with golden spiked heels and a mountainous blonde wig is coming out of a darkened storefront, primping and smoothing her dress.

BLACK COP

Ain't she cold?

WHITE COP

She's so whacked she thinks she's in the Bahamas.

POV COPS

The HOOKER sashays across the street toward the cops.

THE WHITE COP

rolls down the window as the Hooker approaches.

WHITE COP

Been partyin', baby?

The Hooker smiles seductively.

HOOKER

Partyin' all the time. I'm a party girl.

BLACK COP

Well, party on home, baby. Take a little rest.

HOOKER

Rest? Shit, I don't need no rest. I'm on the case, baby.

(with a seductive
gesture)

Y'all come party with me.

BLACK COP

Not right now, mama...

HOOKER

I got somethin' fine for New York's finest...

WHITE COP

We're on the job.

HOOKER

Well, I'm on the job, too.
Just like you.

(takes the bag off
her shoulder and
opens it)

Important job.

(reaches into
the bag)

Y'all just take a look...

She fiddles around inside, comes up with a GUN and starts SHOOTING, her face turning savage as she EMPTIES the PISTOL into the two helpless patrolmen. When she's finished shooting, the Hooker calmly replaces the gun in her bag. One of the cops is moaning, then the moaning stops.

The Hooker turns and begins walking slowly across the street toward an elaborate Cadillac with a bubble top, wire wheels, porthole windows, a "pimpillac." She gets in the car and peels down the deserted streets.

The two patrolmen lie dead in their blood-spattered car. A ragged group of BLACK and HISPANIC YOUTHS led by JOSE, a stringy-haired, wild-eyed man in his early twenties, approaches the patrol car tentatively. They look in at the cops, making sure that they're dead. Then they open the doors of the patrol car and begin to loot the bodies, moving quickly and efficiently. Jose takes the cops' pistols, angrily waving the others away from his spoils. All the while the police RADIO is SQUAWKING out signals.

10 INT. BAR - DAY

Although it seems like night in this dingy back room, MORGAN, a big, rugged Irish cop, is doing his drunken

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTD

best to keep up with a lithe, giggling Latin girl, a waitress dressed in spangles and tights, who is gyrating around him as the DISCO MUSIC BLARES. The other PATRONS call out encouragement to Morgan. "Do it to it, baby," "Get down, baby, get down..."

Morgan lunges for the girl, but she whirls away from him, teasingly.

MORGAN

All right, shake it. Shake your money maker.

LUREEN, a big, black barmaid, calls out to Morgan.

LUREEN

Hey, Morgan. Yo, twinkletoes.

Morgan waves at her in annoyance.

LUREEN

(continuing)

It's two o'clock, baby. I wanna go home.

MORGAN

So, go home. I know where the booze is.

Lureen waddles down to the end of the bar where JOHN MURPHY sits staring into a mug of beer, an overflowing ashtray at his right hand.

LUREEN

(appealing to him)

Hey, Murf, help me out with this white boy.

MURPHY

(staring into his beer)

Tell him to go home.

LUREEN

(indignant)

Well, shit, what do you think I've been doin' for the last hour...?

Murphy looks at her and shakes his head disgustedly. He gets off the stool, and walks toward Morgan.

MURPHY

I hate people who can't handle their own beefs.

10 CONTD

Morgan is hugging the girl. She's laughing, playing along with him, but trying to ease out of his grip. Murphy taps Morgan on the shoulder.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Hey, Morgan, what do you say we call it a night?

Morgan wheels around drunkenly.

MORGAN

Murf?

MURPHY

The help wants to go home.

Morgan surveying the room with drunken contempt:

MORGAN

They ain't got homes. They all live in the zoo.

Murphy grabs Morgan by the shoulder.

MURPHY

Is that a way to talk about your hosts?

MORGAN

(glowering)

Don't gorilla me...

MURPHY

(annoyed)

C'mon, stop breakin' my chops and just get outta here.

Morgan lunges and aims a drunken roundhouse swing at Murphy, who ducks under it easily.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Easy, champ, the only person you're gonna knock out is you.

Morgan loses his balance and stumbles against the bar. Murphy grabs his arms to keep him from falling.

MORGAN

(giving in)

I'm drunk.

10 CONTD

MURPHY

Don't go jumping to conclusions.

And he walks Morgan out of the bar.

11 EXT. STREET - DAY

It's two o'clock in the afternoon. Murphy and Morgan are momentarily blinded by the bright sun.

MURPHY

Maybe I oughta drive you.

MORGAN

Nah. I leave my car here they'll strip it in thirty seconds.

(walks away)

I'll be all right... And, if I'm not, it's no great loss.

Murphy looks after him, surprised by this last remark, then walks across the street to his car, a beaten-up old Chevy. He shivers and pulls his collar up. Murphy gets in the car.

12 EXT. WESTCHESTER AVENUE - DAY

The scene of the crime. Bodies of the deceased patrolmen are being photographed. Detectives and technicians are going over the area. Patrolmen have roped off the street. Other patrolmen are going through the small crowd that has gathered, asking questions, getting smiles or shrugs of cold, impassive glances in response.

12A INT. CASTELLI KITCHEN - DAY

BRUNO CASTELLI, eighteen, bespectacled, the scholarly type is sitting at the kitchen table going over a pile of slips with a pocket calculator, shaking his head in wonderment.

His older brother, ANDY, comes into the room, late twenties, dark, solid, with the confidence of a man who's been a policeman for seven years. Andy's a sharp dresser; he tries to wear his uniform as little as possible. Now he carries it over his shoulder.

BRUNO

Jesus, what a racket. Know what the number was yesterday? Four-forty-four. Except for a little single action we cleared thirty-two hundred bucks. Sometimes I

(MORE)

BRUNO (contd)
think that bookies have a patron
saint.

CASTELLI
Yeah? Well, you pray to that
saint when they bust your little
operation. Maybe he'll get you
ninety days instead of a year.

He hangs his uniform over the chair, goes to the coffee
pot on the stove. Bruno smiles and keeps counting.

BRUNO
Ah, you're just uptight 'cause
you didn't get laid last night.

Castelli turns back suddenly and cuffs his little brother
on the side of the head.

CASTELLI
Who are you, Doctor Joyce Brothers?

BRUNO
(covering up)
Leave me alone.

ANGELO CASTELLI, short, swarthy, mid-sixties, comes up
from the basement. His face and hands are streaked with
purple.

Pours himself a cup of coffee. CASTELLI looks his father
up and down.

CASTELLI
Would it be a first class piece
of detective work to assume that
you've been downstairs pressin'
the grapes?

ANGELO
I got four barrels ready for
Christmas. You know I got a guy
comin' all the way from Jersey
to buy my wine.

Castelli shakes his head hopelessly.

CASTELLI
My brother's a bookie, my father's
a bootlegger. I could make a
fortune shakin' down my own family,
(MORE)

12A CONTD

CASTELLI (contd)
and I'd never have to leave the
house.

13 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

An unmarked car noses its way to the front of the precinct.

CAPTAIN DENNIS CARMODY, a much-decorated police officer in his mid-forties, gets out of the car and surveys the area grimly.

14 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

The place is crawling with cops and their prisoners. No one notices Carmody as he enters, and takes a quick tour of the precinct.

As Carmody walks across the room, we SEE vignettes of normal precinct activity. In one corner, a scrawny PUERTO RICAN is screaming at a large black cop.

PUERTO RICAN
You flaked me, mother fucker.

In a spot near the stairs, another COP methodically slapping a WELL-DRESSED MAN in the face. He looks bored, and so does the victim.

COP
You remember now?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
No.

Another slap.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
(continuing)
I think my recollection is being
refreshed.

Carmody walks to the desk where Sergeant Piletti is writing with his head down.

CARMODY
Captain Regan's office?

Without looking up, Piletti points to the right.

14 CONTD

Carmody stands a few beats longer, looking at the Sergeant.

CARMODY

Don't you monitor the people who
ask to see the commander, Sergeant?
What if I was a lunatic with a gun?

PILETTI

(still doesn't look up)
Then you wouldn't be a police officer,
Captain Carmody. Or would you?

CARMODY

What's your name, Sergeant?

Piletti still doesn't look up; but he puts his pen down
and salutes mockingly.

PILETTI

Kickin' ass and takin' names, huh,
Captain. Well, I'm Sergeant Anthony
Piletti. I got twenty-two years on
the job, and I'm ready to retire
tomorrow if I get a hard time from
my new commander. I'll take the
half pension before I'll take any
crap from anybody. Captain Regan's
office is over on the right. As
close to the street as he can get.

CARMODY

Thank you, Sergeant.

15 INT. REGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sparsely furnished; a desk, a filing cabinet, a coat rack
on which a Captain's uniform coat and hat are hung.

CAPTAIN REGAN, a man in his mid-fifties is cleaning out
his desk as Carmody enters. He stops and looks up at him
appraisingly.

CARMODY

Captain Regan?

REGAN

Carmody?

CARMODY

Yeah.

15 CONTD

REGAN

You picked a great day to take over.
The place should be jammed with
reporters any second now. Page
One your first day up here...

Carmody looks Regan over as he fulminates.

REGAN

(continuing)

Members of the press, members of the
community, members of the PBA.
Everybody's a joiner up here. Every-
body but the commanding officer.
They always leave him out on a limb.
You like press conferences...?

CARMODY

They're part of the job...

REGAN

(looking disdainfully at Carmody)
Yeah...They're puttin' it out that you
volunteered for this job.

CARMODY

I did.

REGAN

You'd do better walkin' a beat in
Beirut than you will here.

CARMODY

You're supposed to have some background
material for me.

REGAN

Yeah, I got it. Block by block run-
downs. Ongoing investigations.
Trouble spots. Community people.
Personnel evaluation.

CARMODY

I'm interested in the ratio of rookies
to veterans...

REGAN

I didn't break it down that way.

CARMODY

Two rookies in a car is always a
mistake.

15 CONTD

REGAN

(flaring up)

Oh, so I'm gonna be blamed for those killings.

CARMODY

And I'll be blamed if they're not cleared.

(pause)

How about corruption?

REGAN

(edgy)

Anybody on the job now in my precinct is clean.

CARMODY

Your precinct has the highest absentee record in the city. It has the most disability claims, the highest percentage of men on sick call, the least convictions per arrest...and you want me to believe there are no men on the take...

REGAN

So, maybe they toss a numbers runner for a coupla dollars. Turn a pimp upside down for a little loose change. There's nobody getting rich up here.

CARMODY

Nobody's doing anything that I can see. These men aren't motivated.

Regan points angrily out the window.

REGAN

Motivated? This is Siberia, Carmody. Sixty-five percent of the men up here have been transferred. We got the connivers, the slobs, the shirkers. Guys who beat up the wrong guinea, or gave a diplomat a parking ticket, or screwed a big mouth hooker, or shook down the wrong peddler.

CARMODY

There are plenty of good police
(MORE)

15 CONTD

16.

CARMODY (contd)
officers in your command. You're
the one who's fallen down on the
job...

REGAN
(carried away by his
righteous indignation)
Sure. Let the politicians and
everybody else off the hook. Blame
Regan, that's the easy way. You
got a forty block area with seventy
thousand people packed in like
sardines, smellin' each other's
farts, living like cockroaches.
And that's Regan's fault, right?
You got the lowest per capita income
and the highest rate of unemployment
in the city. That's my fault.
Why aren't I out gettin' all these
people jobs? Largest proportion
of non-English speaking population.
Regan's fault. Why ain't he out
there teachin' em English. Four
percent Spanish speaking cops on
the force. Hey, Regan, get your
ass out in the barrio and recruit.
Families that have been on welfare
for three generations. Youth gangs,
winos, junkies, pimps, hookers,
maniacs, cop killers.

CARMODY
(coldly)
You finished?

REGAN
Yeah, I'm finished.

He goes to the coat rack, and puts on his uniform jacket.

REGAN
I'm goin' to Florida, Carmody. I'm
goin' fishing. So you can bring up
your computers and your slide rules,
and all your psychological techniques.
This neighborhood'll bury you.
There's enough dirt in this precinct
to bury every smart-assed cop in
the city.

17.

16 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

A shift is breaking and pandemonium reigns as the outgoing cops try to pull their cars off the streets, and the incoming cops try to pull in.

17 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The men are ready to go out on four to twelve tour. Murphy is slumped in a corner, nodding.

Castelli is carefully folding his jacket and trousers, and putting them in his locker. The other men are more cavalier with their clothing.

Murphy looks up as O'Rourke shoves his off-duty pistol into his belt, and straps on his holster with his service revolver.

MURPHY

(scornful)

What's this, the gunfight at the OK Corral?

O'ROURKE

As long as there's cop killers runnin' around out there I'm gonna be ready.

MURPHY

Don't make no difference how many guns you got, you still only got two hands...

PATTERSON

(strapping on an ankle holster)

Murphy don't need no hardware. All he has to do is breathe on the suckers, and they give up without a fight.

MURPHY

Yeah, well if you can't get your man with six bullets you better get out there with a tank.

Patterson and O'Rourke strap on their bullet proof vests.

CASTELLI

Anybody know those two guys?

O'ROURKE

(to Patterson)

Loomis was in the car with us, wasn't he?

PATTERSON

Yeah. Kid just got outta the Academy. The other one, too...

17 CONTD

O'ROURKE

He was a rookie, too, the other
guy. What was his name...?

MURPHY

Shoup...The squad guys said they
still had their coffee in their
hands when they got it.

O'ROURKE

Head and face, almost point blank
range...

CASTELLI

Sounds like a hit.

There is a moment of silence as the cops ponder this
speculation. Murphy looks up at Castelli, who is still
arranging his wardrobe. He shakes his head, and tries
to lighten the bloom.

MURPHY

Look at this guy. Beau Brummel
over here. They could be droppin'
A-Bombs on the Bronx, and he'd
still be figurin' out what kinda
jockey shorts went with his tie...

Castelli goes to confront Murphy, playing along with the
gag.

CASTELLI

Jealous, jealous, typical bust out
cop reaction. A man has a little
style, a man tries to rise above
his circumstances, and you gotta
knock him.

MURPHY

That's what we need up here, a cop
with style.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTD

CASTELLI

Hey, I ain't no twenty-year man
like you, baby. Look at me...

(goes to his locker)

Look at the threads, baby, I'm
dressin' for success. I got a
self image, man...

MURPHY

Here he is, ladies and gentlemen,
the million dollar mouth...

CASTELLI

Yeah, and wait'll I cruise up
here in my Bentley...

Murphy leaps up suddenly and grabs Castelli in bear
hug, throwing him against the lockers.

MURPHY

Quick, grab him. Take the needle
out of his arm.

CASTELLI

(parody Hispanic accent)

Hey, mu fuh, I ain't no yunkie...

18 INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY - DWORKIN

faces the patrolmen who are about to go out on tour.
With clipboard in hand he puts a patrolman's cap over
his yarmulka.

Slowly and with obvious emphasis Dworkin pins a black
mourning band over his shield.

(CONTINUED)

DWORKIN

(grim)

Okay, we got a heavy day here. We lost two guys on the eight to four today, I'm sure yiz all know about it. We got the reporters outside, and there's a special unit from downtown working on the squeal. But they'll all be gone in a coupla hours, and we'll still be here. Now until we clear this thing we're movin' targets, those of us that move. It's not a good idea to let the folks up here know it's open season on cops. You guys got your stoolies. Canvass your sectors, toss everybody. It's on us to get some information on this. It'll be our asses if we don't.

(takes a weary breath)

Okay, we got a rape of an eleven year old girl. Suspect described as black male six foot six, two hundred and forty pounds, still at large. The victim has provided a sketchy description. It's over at the desk ... We got complaints on a crap game in back of St. Anselmo's. The sisters called it in. Don't move it, bust it. We gotta let 'em know they leave the church and the grounds alone.

(reads from clipboard)

Track star on Brockton, a skinny dude with felony shoes and a World War I pilot's cap, snatching purses from the welfare ladies. Cock fights for the third night in a row in the basement of 843 Longwood Avenue. That's Murphy and Castelli.

(another weary breath)

Now, as you probably know, Captain Regan is retiring. He's been replaced by Captain Dennis Carmody. We were gonna throw Captain Regan a racket, but with the different tours it didn't work. So we set up a collection to buy him a present. Any of you guys wanna contribute, there's a kitty on the Sergeant's desk. Okay...

(points to the door)

...let's feed the animals.

The rank of men breaks and goes through the door of the

18 CONTD

station house. Only one patrolman fishes into his pocket and drops something in the jar for Regan's present. Another patrolman comes by, and drops an empty beer can in the kitty.

CARMODY

enters the room as the ranks break and the men file out.

MURPHY

who has been standing at the door joking with some other cops turns, and their eyes meet briefly, Murphy giving Carmody a slightly disdainful onceover before sauntering with deliberate slowness out of the precinct.

19 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

A mob of REPORTERS, CAMERAMEN, TECHNICIANS, etc. awaits the cops as they come out of the precinct, and head for their cars.

Castelli is talking to several NEWSMEN as Murphy comes out of the precinct. Murphy ignores the overtures of the reporters, and bulls his way down the steps, and toward his car. Then Castelli, noticing Murphy's displeasure, breaks off conversation, and follows him.

20 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Murphy is driving. In the seat next to him, Castelli is reading a book.

CASTELLI

(looking up)

Did you hear what that guy from the TV asked Moran? He sticks a mike in his face and says are you afraid to go out on the streets now that the two rookies bought it? Moran said: 'What street? I ain't been on the street in years. I just pull the car right up to the nearest saloon, and stay there until my tour's over.'

MURPHY

Fuckin' reporters. Watch, we're gonna have a neighborhood full of stars now with all those TV cameras. People'll be blowin' each other away

(MORE)

MURPHY (contd)
just to get on the news. Fires,
too. You always see fires 'cause
they look real good on the tube.

CASTELLI
Hey man, a cop killing is a media
event.

MURPHY
You get a black border around your
picture. They give you an Inspector's
funeral.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTD

CASTELLI

People send your ex wife money from
all over the country.

MURPHY

She'd love that. Meanwhile, there
ain't a chance of makin' a collar
on this while these hooples are
up here.

CASTELLI

Yeah, well, okay, look on the bright
side. I mean we get our names in the
papers. Maybe we can be real serious
on TV...

(mimicking a serious
cop voice)

We believe that the perpetrator was
accosted in the vestibule of the
edifice...

(normal voice)

I mean with your good looks, maybe
you'll get to ball an anchor lady.

MURPHY

Not with my luck. If it was raining
anchor ladies I'd get hit with Walter
Cronkite.

21 OMIT

22 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Carmody on a tour of the precinct with Dworkin and
LIEUTENANT HEFFERNAN, a tall red-faced man in his fifties,
desperate to please his new commander. Carmody points to
an array of tomahawks, bows and arrows, plus other Indian
impedimenta on the walls.

CARMODY

What's all this?

HEFFERNAN

(nervous)

Well, you know the precinct is nick-
named Fort Apache...

DWORKIN

The men put this up, Captain. If a
guy's on vacation he brings back some
kind of souvenir...

CARMODY

It makes the place look like a
fraternity house. Take it down,
Lieutenant.

DWORKIN

That's not a good idea, Captain...

CARMODY

(ignores him)

And let's see what we can do about getting this place painted...

HEFFERNAN

Well, that's kind of a problem. Painters won't come up here.

CARMODY

(doesn't hear him)

And we'll have to get all those civilians out from in front of the precinct.

DWORKIN

(firmly)

Can't do that.

CARMODY

(raised eyebrow)

Excuse me.

DWORKIN

It's the only place the old folks can go without getting mugged. Same thing with the mothers and the kids. This isn't a police station, Captain. It's a fort in hostile territory. Understand?

HEFFERNAN

(gently)

Fort Apache...

CARMODY

Just make sure that stuff's off the wall, Lieutenant...

23 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Murphy looks over at Castelli, who is engrossed in his book.

MURPHY

What are you reading?

Castelli holds the book up. It's called DRESS FOR SUCCESS.

23 CONTD

MURPHY

(continuing)

Oh, Jesus, another one of those self-help stroke jobs. Why don't you read an ordinary book once in a while, like the yellow pages?

CASTELLI

Hey, man, this is crucial. You see, people don't realize that they are giving out a certain kind of message with their clothing.

Murphy fingers Castelli's uniform.

MURPHY

You call this dressing for success?

CASTELLI

I'll be outta these pajamas in a coupla years, don't worry about it.

Murphy points out of the window.

MURPHY

How about that fashion plate?
What's his message?

24 EXT. STREET - DAY

A PIMP, short, slender, black wearing a white fur coat and a maroon hat has pushed a woman against the building, and is slapping her. It is the Hooker who murdered the cops in the opening sequence.

The patrol car pulls right up to the curb. Murphy and Castelli get out and approach the Pimp, whose anger has made him oblivious to their presence.

Murphy taps the Pimp on the shoulder.

MURPHY

Hey, baby, get it off the street.

The Pimp wheels around, startled.

PIMP

The bitch is treacherous, man. I put her out on the line, and she don't come back with nothin'. I mean she used to be the main whore on the set. Cars stoppin' short. Dudes always tryin' to cop her from me. But now, mean, she ain't worth nothin'.

MURPHY

You wanna run a benefit for this
guy?

Castelli approaches the Hooker, who is bleeding slightly
from the nose.

CASTELLI

You all right, beauty?

The Hooker smiles and primps. Castelli turns away,
shaking his head.

PIMP

The bitch is nuts, man...She's
smokin' that angel dust, you dig.
That shit'll make you crazy. I
mean I can't deal with her...

MURPHY

Well, just keep your problems off
the streets, blood. Understand?
We like a nice clean sector.

PIMP

Yeah, yeah, I don't know you, huh?

MURPHY

We don't sit in the same pew...

The Pimp reaches into his pocket. Murphy and Castelli
grab his arms.

CASTELLI

Easy there, Wild Bill...

PIMP

Hey, man be cool. Just lookin'
for my wallet. I mean, you know,
I just wanna show you my driver's
license...

CASTELLI

Uh huh...
(fingers the coat)
How would you like me cut this
open, and let all the rats out.

Pimp pulls away angrily.

PIMP

This coat's worth more than you
make in a year, motherfucker.

MURPHY

He knows your name.

24 CONTD

CASTELLI

I told you I was famous.

Murphy walks to the white "pimpillac," the same car we saw in the earlier sequence.

MURPHY

This yours?

PIMP

(defiant)

It's legally parked.

MURPHY

Uh huh.

He kicks in a headlight.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Defective lights.

And rips the windshield wipers off the window.

MURPHY

(continuing)

No windshield wipers.

The Pimp rushes Murphy.

PIMP

Hey, man...

Murphy grabs him by the collar.

MURPHY

You don't buy me, dirtbag. You try to grease me again, and I'll turn your head like a doorknob.

Castelli sees that Murphy is losing his head, so he steps in to calm him down.

CASTELLI

Hey, Murf, slow down.

MURPHY

(shouting)

Get your shit off the street, sucker.

But he allows himself to be taken back to the car. The Pimp stares at Murphy in amazement, then shrugs into his coat, picks up his hat, which has fallen to the sidewalk, and tries to recover his dignity.

24 CONTD

CASTELLI AND MURPHY

walk back to their car.

CASTELLI

What the hell's the matter with
you, all of a sudden?

MURPHY

That sonofabitch thinks he can
own me for a coupla bucks.

CASTELLI

Like he owns a lot of other cops.
He's just doin' business, that's
all.

MURPHY

And we are, too, right?

CASTELLI

We're livin' in a world we never
made, my man...

They turn back and watch the Pimp drag the Hooker into
an apartment building.

24A INT. PIMP'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The apartment is done totally in black and white. Even
the TV and stereo console have been painted black and
white. Two HOOKERS, one BLACK and one WHITE, are
lounging around dressed in their working clothes, all
young and with the tawdry good looks of their profession.
The door opens, and the Pimp enters, dragging the Hooker
behind him.

PIMP

Get in here, bitch. Now you
puttin' the man on me.

He throws her against the wall where she stands with a
deranged look on her face. The Pimp throws off his coat,
and the White Hooker runs to pick it up. He is wearing
black and white, it's obviously his trademark. There are
sweat stains under the arms of his white shirt. He paces
back and forth. The Hooker cringes against a wall, a
deranged, fearful look on her face.

PIMP

(continuing)

I don't know where you're comin'
from, girl.

24A CONTD

The Hooker shrieks suddenly and runs at him. He knocks her to the floor.

PIMP
(continuing)
Get her.

The two girls jump on the Hooker, twisting her arms, sitting on her legs.

WHITE HOOKER
She's flipped out, Johnny.

Pimp drops to his knees and hollers in the Hooker's ear.

PIMP
You nuts, Charlotte. We're goin' take you down to Bellevue. Down to the nuthouse, bitch. Only dope you'll get there is aspirin.
(ignoring her)
Dumb bitch. Used to be the best goddamn hustler in New York City. Nobody passed her by. I mean she could pull anybody. Pull 'em out of a goddamn Cadillac goin' seventy-five on the FDR.

BLACK HOOKER
She's crazy now...

25 OMIT

26 EXT. STREET - DAY

A JUMPER is VISIBLE on the watertower. The excited crowd is milling around. A patrol car pulls up. Castelli and Murphy come out and run to a swarthy man sitting on a rickety chair in front of the building, casually smoking a cigar, unaffected by the excitement.

MURPHY
You the super?

The man nods. Murphy takes a bill out of his pocket and slips it to him.

MURPHY
(continuing)
Watch the car.

The man gets up, takes a long lead pipe out from under

26 CONTD

the chair and walks over to the patrol car as Murphy and Castelli front the crowd.

CASTELLI
Anybody know this guy?

A diminutive Puerto Rican TRANSVESTITE, heavily made up and crying hysterically steps forward.

TRANSVESTITE
It's my roommate. I hope he breaks his stupid neck.

Murphy grabs the Transvestite, lifting him off the ground, and begins to push him toward the entrance.

MURPHY
C'mon, Raquel, don't you wanna kiss and make up?

TRANSVESTITE
He took my Donna Summer wig.

CASTELLI
(crying)
The bitch.

The two cops, carrying the Transvestite between them, run into the building.

27 INT. DARK HALLWAY - MURPHY, CASTELLI, TRANSVESTITE

The cops pushing the Transvestite in front of them.

The Transvestite sobs hysterically. Murphy bends over him, sniffs and smiles.

MURPHY
Chanel?

TRANSVESTITE
Windsong by Matchabelli.

Then back to his hysteria, as the cops head up the stairs, pushing him in front of them.

28 EXT. ROOF

Moving behind the Transvestite, using him as a kind of shield, the two policemen move toward the Jumper on the watertower. The Jumper sees the trio and bends down quickly to retrieve the wig.

JUMPER
(stooping like a diver,
ready to take off)
Stay away.

Murphy and Castelli walk slowly and carefully toward the watertower, splitting into different directions. Transvestite stands very still, biting his nails, extremely agitated.

TRANSVESTITE
(shrilly)
Carl, I hope you break your stupid neck.

JUMPER
Don't try to apologize.

MURPHY
Carl, let's see how the wig looks.

The Jumper looks strangely at him, while Castelli slowly advances from behind him.

JUMPER
Is Tom Snyder here yet?

MURPHY
He's downstairs, Carl. He's waiting for you downstairs.

JUMPER
(calling)
Tom.

TRANSVESTITE
(hysterically)
Carl.

MURPHY
(moving toward him)
Tom wants to talk to you, Carl.
He's waiting downstairs.

Castelli moves within grabbing distance of the Jumper.

JUMPER
I'm coming down, Tom...

Puts the wig on his head and stoops as if about to dive. Castelli leaps forward and clutches his ankles. The Jumper pitches forward and Murphy lunges to grab him, almost going over the roof himself, as he struggles to

28 CONTD

wrestle the Jumper down to the ground. Castelli snaps his hands behind his back to handcuff him.

MURPHY

Let's take the stairs, Carl.
Tom will wait.

29 EXT. CASTELLI, MURPHY, JUMPER

The two cops leading the Jumper, handcuffed and relatively tranquil, out of the building. His wig is askew and he is mumbling to himself. Suddenly, he stops and stiffens and stares into the curious crowd.

JUMPER

(in a high, feminine
voice, slightly
reminiscent of
Donna Summer)
Straighten my wig, please.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTD

Murphy reaches over and straightens the wig on the Jumper's head and the Jumper begins to sing as they lead him to the ambulance, or "bus," in police parlance.

JUMPER

(continuing; singing)

Bad girl, bad girl/ I'm such a
dirty bad girl.

The two officers lead the Jumper into the ambulance and the attendants close the door on him as he continues singing.

30 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

It is a small room, not especially clean. Paint is peeling off the walls, the floor is dirty, the ashtrays are overflowing. The place is crowded. Every seat is taken, and there is a motley assemblage of old, young, bleeding, moaning, police, interns, nurses, social workers, a babel of English and Spanish, an impression of total confusion. Into this enter Murphy and Castelli carrying the Jumper on a stretcher, with the two attendants, whose jobs they have usurped, following behind. The Jumper, still cuffed, is sitting up on the stretcher, singing:

JUMPER

(singing)

Last dance/Last chance/For love...

MURPHY

(singing the
same melody)

Psycho/Psycho/Over here...

A harried Puerto Rican INTERN and a NURSE, Puerto Rican and quite attractive, thread their way through the crowd.

INTERN

What happened?

MURPHY

(still singing)

A jumper. A jumper.

(sees the Nurse)

Hello.

INTERN

Jesus, we don't have psychiatric facilities.

MURPHY

So sedate him, and ship him to
Bellevue in the morning...

NURSE
Where's your medical degree?

MURPHY
(with a lecherous grin)
Come here I'll show it to you.

INTERN
(on his way out)
I don't suppose this guy has major
medical...

The attendants take the stretcher, and follow. Jumper is
still singing.

MURPHY
(to Nurse)
Oh Nurse, while you're here. I've
got a terrible pain in my...

NURSE
(to Castelli, deliberately
ignoring Murphy)
I'll send an aide in with all the
paperwork, but you'll have to wait
at least an hour.

She turns and walks down the hall.

CASTELLI
Let's eat...

MURPHY
(hollering after the Nurse)
Hey, muneca, we'll be back.

The Nurse walks on without responding.

MURPHY
(continuing)
Nice-lookin' head, huh?

CASTELLI
She really digs you, too.

MURPHY
Hey, I'm a charming guy.

31 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

CASTELLI
What'll it be, Puerto Rican, Puerto
Rican or Puerto Rican cuisine?

31 CONTD

MURPHY
Decisions, decisions.

CASTELLI
(pointing out the window)
Do you think there is a felony
in progress over there?

32 EXT. STREET - DAY

The TRACK STAR, a black youth wearing a pilot's cap, sneakers and leather jacket, is lurking under the steps of an apartment building.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

MURPHY
Oh, Jesus, I don't want to chase
this dude...

He HONKS the HORN.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The track star turns and sees the patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

MURPHY
That's right, the big, bad
policemen are here, so don't
rip nobody off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The track star waves to the patrol car. At that moment, an old black lady comes down the steps of the building. The track star grins, and rushes by the lady, ripping the purse off her shoulders.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

CASTELLI
Sonofabitch. Right in our faces.

MURPHY
Let's get him.

33 EXT. STREET - DAY

The patrol car pursues the thief, who is running with long, graceful strides down the block. Murphy jumps out and chases the boy on foot.

34 EXT. CRETONA PARK - DAY

Murphy chases the purse snatcher through the park, past bums, teenagers, lovers, old people. The boy moves gracefully, legs churning like a sprinter; Murphy lumbers after him, breathing hard, his shirt tail sticking out, his holster flopping. He hasn't got a chance. The boy dashes out of the park and crosses the street. A moment later two patrol cars roll INTO the FRAME and a tired, staggering Murphy appears; huffing and groaning, he collapses against the hood of the patrol car. Castelli gets out. FINLEY and Morgan, two mean, burly Irish cops, get out of the other car.

MURPHY

(breathing hard)

Sonofabitch... Anybody got a cigarette?

Finley hands him a cigarette, and lights it for him. The inevitable crowd of onlookers is forming.

MORGAN

Why didn't you just drop the bastard?

MURPHY

Shoot a purse snatcher, right? They'd crucify me.

FINLEY

So you say he pulled a knife. We'd back you up.

Morgan takes a switchblade out of his pocket and drops it on the sidewalk.

MORGAN

That's all you gotta do...

MURPHY

I know how to flake a guy just as well as you do...

MORGAN

You'll get a heart attack before you ever catch a nigger, Tarzan.

The two cops turn and walks back toward their car.

Murphy and Castelli look after them.

CASTELLI

What's his problem?

34 CONTD

MURPHY
He thinks I'm a liberal...

35 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY - MURPHY & CASTELLI

stand in front of a desk where the Nurse is writing.
The place is as crowded as ever.

NURSE
Here.

Hands some forms to Murphy. Murphy turns and slaps the
forms into Castelli's chest and resumes his attack on
the Nurse.

MURPHY
You wanna come out for a drink
after work?

NURSE
Two hundred cops ask me out every
day. Why should I say yes to you?

MURPHY
'Cause you say yes to all the others.

NURSE
(taken aback by this)
I guess that makes you the only cop
in the Bronx I say no to...

Turns and wheels out of the room. Castelli taps Murphy
on the shoulder.

CASTELLI
You certainly have a way with women.

MURPHY
The broad's nuts about me. Can't
you tell?

36 INT. CARMODY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Carmody is in conference with DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT DACEY,
cynical, middle-aged, mildly scornful of Carmody. At
this moment Carmody is going over a street map of the
sector in which the two rookies were killed.

DACEY

There's a drug operation in this abandoned store. We traced it to the hospital, and Narcotics has a man inside now...

CARMODY

The hospital?

DACEY

There are reports of thefts of morphine, surgical cocaine, syringes. Also sales of drugs in the hospital...

CARMODY

So these rookies could have stumbled upon a felony in progress...

DACEY

They were shot at almost point blank range. Even a rookie makes a move when he sees something going on.

CARMODY

So, it was someone they weren't concerned about. Who?

DACEY

Don't look at me. I kill with poison.

Carmody decides to ignore the wisecrack.

CARMODY

No information from the street so far?

DACEY

Nah. Anyplace else a guy sees a cop killed he runs to the phone. Here, the doors close. There could be five people out there who know who did this. In a few hours there'll be ten. Maybe more. But not us. Up here cops are like husbands, Captain. They're always the last to know.

(CONTINUED)

37 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Hooker wanders down the street singing softly to herself. O.S. we HEAR the WAIL of a SIREN. A patrol car zooms by her.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Castelli looks out of the window as they pass the Hooker.

CASTELLI

There's that hooker...

MURPHY

You mean he didn't kill her. That may be our good deed for the day.

38 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PATROL CAR

comes squealing up to the curb. There is a group of Puerto Rican MEN standing on the stoop, drinking out of beer cans and whiskey bottles, all protruding from brown paper bags. Murphy and Castelli get out and look around warily.

MURPHY

What's this an ambulance call?

CASTELLI

That's what they said.

Murphy stares at the men on the stoop. They stare back, blank, hostile.

MURPHY

(hesitant)

I don't like goin' into dark buildings with cop killers runnin' around.

CASTELLI

Decisions, decisions...

MURPHY

Ah, fuck it...

And he goes running up the steps, Castelli following.

38A INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Murphy and Castelli walk warily through the gloomy hall and up the rickety steps.

39 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Murphy and Castelli enter a gloomy tenement apartment, a railroad flat with many small rooms. A group of Puerto Ricans is huddled together on the couch, the MEN with beer cans on the floor between their legs; the WOMEN of various ages, sitting quietly in the dark corners of the room. From O.S. we can HEAR MOANS coming from another room.

MURPHY

Okay, Hermano donde esta la enferma?

The man takes them through the living room and leads them down the hall.

CUT TO:

40 INT. BEDROOM - GIRL

lying, writhing on the bed, fully dressed with the covers over her. A middle-aged COUPLE and a YOUNG BOY of about ten are standing by the bed, watching her fearfully. They rush to the policemen as they enter, grabbing them, pulling at them. The two try to disengage themselves.

CASTELLI

Okay, hold it.

Murphy goes to the bed to examine the Girl.

CASTELLI

(continuing)

Espera en la otra...

(hesitates, then

turns to Murphy)

How do you say room?

MURPHY

Calle? No, that's street; sala, I think.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTD

CASTELLI
Espera en la otra sala.

Murphy has taken the covers off the Girl. She is wearing a coat over her clothes. As he goes to open the coat she screams and twists away from him.

GIRL
No.

MURPHY
Take it easy, baby.

He opens her coat and we SEE that she is pregnant.

MURPHY
(continuing)
Hey, she's havin' a bambino.

Castelli slams the door and comes to the bed.

MURPHY
(continuing, bends over and speaks gently to the Girl)
You speak English?

GIRL
(in pain)
Yes.

MURPHY
How old are you?

GIRL
Fourteen.

MURPHY
(begins troking her face)
Well, then, you know about babies, huh? You're going to have yours right now...

GIRL
(panicky)
No...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTD

MURPHY

(soothing)

Shhh. You have to. I know. You kept your coat on in the house for four months. You didn't tell anybody. But now you can't hide anymore. We're going to help you.

He straightens up and turns to Castelli.

MURPHY

(continuing)

I gotta wash my hands. Don't let her pass out.

Castelli goes to window and leans out with the walkie talkie in his hand.

CASTELLI

How we doin' with that ambulance for 501 Wolfe?

41 INT. BEDROOM - A HALF HOUR LATER - MURPHY

in his shirtsleeves, sleeves rolled up, holster hung on the side of the bed, bending over the Girl. Bare legs are VISIBLE and she is moaning, clutching her head. The boy has slipped back into the room and is standing at the foot of the bed, more fascinated with the dangling holster than the drama taking place on the bed.

MURPHY

Push, Nina, push. You're almost there.

The door to the bedroom opens a crack and Castelli dashes over.

CASTELLI

Espera.

He slams it shut and as he does, the moaning stops and in the silence he hears a SLAP and the SOUND of a BABY CRYING erupts and a second later we HEAR the SOUND of an AMBULANCE SIREN.

42 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Attendants carrying a stretcher holding the mother and her new baby out of the bedroom. Murphy and Castelli walk out with them, Murphy putting on his coat. The family is huddled together in a corner of the room, the mother weeping softly, the father and the other men looking on, as if in shock.

42A INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The new mother is being carried down the stairs in a wheelchair-stretcher by Castelli and an ATTENDANT. Murphy follows, cradling the new baby in his arms. The Girl's younger brother hangs back, shyly. Murphy turns and tousles the boy's hair.

MURPHY

(to the Boy, slowly,
giving instructions)
You take charge here, Wilfredo.
Your sister's going to Jefferson
Hospital. You go to the Emergency
Room and ask where they've put her.
Bring your parents. Don't make
your sister feel like a puta, you
know what I mean?

The boy nods.

43 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The same chaos prevails. The same Intern who handled the Jumper is there, as is the same Nurse.

INTERN

You guys tryin' to take my job?

Murphy smiles weakly, goes and finds himself an empty chair amidst the chaos and sits down. The Nurse looks at him and turns to Castelli.

NURSE

What's the matter with him?

CASTELLI

Post-operative depression. He just
delivered a baby.

The Nurse wanders over to where Murphy is sitting.

NURSE

You all right?

MURPHY

Yeah, I've done it before. This was
my seventeenth in fourteen years up
here.

NURSE

Seventeen. You could almost be an
obstetrician.

She reaches over and touches his trembling hand.

NURSE

(continuing)
You need a drink.

43 CONTD

MURPHY

I need a nurse.

NURSE

You supply the booze, I'll supply
the nurse.

MURPHY

You asking me out?
(fingers her nameplate)
Isabella?

NURSE

Maybe.

MURPHY

Why should I say yes to you?

NURSE

Because you say yes to all the others.

MURPHY

(smiles at her)
You certainly know what to say to a guy.

NURSE

(pats his cheek)
See if you can find your way back
here at midnight.

44 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The cops are getting dressed at the end of their tour.

Castelli is primping in front of a little mirror he
has hanging on his locker door.

O'Rourke and PATERSON are watching his elaborate
preparations in disbelief.

O'ROURKE

You take more time gettin' dressed
than my wife.

CASTELLI

If that's a proposition, I'm already
engaged.

Murphy comes into the locker room, dressed in civilian
clothes.

PATERSON

The man's got a heavy date, tonight.
The man's gonna score.

44 CONTD

MURPHY

The man's seeing his fiancée
tonight -- which means the man's
gonna get shut out.

CASTELLI

Back up, Jim, you're talkin'
about the woman I love.

MURPHY

Love? You know what a nice
Catholic schoolboy means when he
says he's in love. It means he
ain't gettin' any cho cha...

O'ROURKE

(imitation P.R. accent)
No cho cha for the kid?

PATERSON

No cho cha?

MURPHY

Not even a cho...

CASTELLI

You scruffy Irish potato eater.
What do you know about style?
I'm giving out a heavy message
tonight with these clothes.

PATERSON

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CASTELLI

The message is: Take me, take me...

(kneels on the bench)

Please, take me.

(feigns tears)

Three years we been goin' out.

I'm gettin' lower back pain from

all this anxiety.

Murphy turns and pats Castelli on the shoulder.

MURPHY

Aw, the poor baby...

CASTELLI

(in mock tears)

Please take me.

MURPHY

We're gonna need a padded patrol
car for this guy.

O'ROURKE

Take it slow Casanova.

PATERSON

Don't get your zipper stuck.

They leave.

CASTELLI

Go home, peasants, home to your
ordinary little lives...

(to Murphy)

Don't drink out the whole brewery
tonight, okay?

And off he goes, leaving Murphy alone in the locker room.

45 EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - MURPHY - NIGHT

leaning against his car as the hospital shift breaks.
The Nurse comes out, sees him and breaks away from the
group she was with.

NURSE

I didn't think you would come.

MURPHY

I had to break a date with Charlie's
Angels.

NURSE

(flirtatious)

I hope ya don't regret it.

45 CONTD

He opens the car door for the Nurse.

46 INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is jammed with off-duty cops, the JUKE BOX BLARING, the TV over the bar also ON. Murphy and the Nurse enter and have to thread their way through the crowd to get to the tables in the back. Morgan and Finley are there and as the couple passes them Finley turns with a drunken leer.

FINLEY

Hey, cowboy...

MURPHY

Hey, tough guy.

They look after him as he shepherds the Nurse to a booth in the back.

MORGAN

Hangin' out with nurses now.

FINLEY

Makes sense. He catches something from her at least she can cure it.

47 INT. BOOTH - NIGHT

Murphy and the Nurse sit down in the booth. Lureen, the barmaid from the earlier scene, waddles over to serve them.

(CONTINUED)

LUREEN
Date night.

MURPHY
(ignoring her)
What are you gonna have?

NURSE
Bacardi and Coke.

MURPHY
Me, too.

LUREEN
No beer? What is it, your birthday?

MURPHY
Make 'em doubles.

NURSE
You won't get me drunk.

MURPHY
Wanna bet?

LUREEN
My money's on the lady.

MURPHY
(annoyed)
You wanna join us?

LUREEN
(a la Steve Martin)
Excuse me...

And waddles off.

MURPHY
Every night she gives me the cold
shoulder. Now, all a sudden, she
wants to talk.

NURSE
She's jealous.

48 EXT. TERESA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is a pleasant middle-class block of private houses.
Castelli is just getting out of his car, closing the
door gently behind him. He is holding a pizza box
and a half gallon of wine.

He walks across the street to a three-story brownstone

which is totally dark. Stepping gingerly up the steps he reaches into the garbage can, takes out a soda can and throws it at a second story window. It hits and falls to the street with a tinny clatter. Castelli waits a few beats, reaches into the garbage, and comes out with a discarded veal bone, and throws that at the window, a little harder this time, producing more noise. This time a light goes on, the window opens and a girl leans out.

CASTELLI
(calling in a
stage whisper)
Teresa, Teresa.
(brandishing the pizza)
I got pizza, pizza.

A few more lights go on, and suddenly, a dark-haired attractive girl in her twenties appears at the door. She opens it. She is wearing a diaphanous blue nightgown.

TERESA
Andy, it's after midnight.

Castelli drops the pizza and the wine and pushes into the doorway crushing her against the wall.

CASTELLI
Just let me come in for a minute.

TERESA struggles herself free.

TERESA
Andy, for God's sake, my parents
are sleepin'.

CASTELLI
If you don't wanna do nothin' how
come you wear outfits like that.

TERESA
You want me to wear a cop's uniform
to bed.

CASTELLI
Let me come in, just for a second,
a second.

He smiles appealingly. Her heart is melted. She tousles his hair.

TERESA
Okay, but don't get crazy on me
now.

48 CONTD

CASTELLI

We're just gonna eat the pizza,
I promise.

49 INT. BOOTH - NIGHT

Murphy and the Nurse are staring at each other across the table. They're not talking, but they don't seem uncomfortable about it. Finally, Murphy breaks the silence.

MURPHY

I can't believe it. I'm on a date.

NURSE

You don't do this all the time?

MURPHY

How about never?

NURSE

(suspicious)

Why? You married?

MURPHY

No. Well, I mean, not now...
You know I was... I don't know
why I have so much trouble with
this. I'm divorced. No big
thing.

NURSE

Kids?

MURPHY

Three girls... Now, it's your
turn.

NURSE

My turn for what?

MURPHY

To tell me something about yourself.
Isn't that what you do on a date?

NURSE

Yeah. Only, I don't like talking
about myself.

MURPHY

(defensive)

Yeah, well, I don't like talking
about myself, either.

NURSE

So, let's talk about two other people.

MURPHY

Hold it, I got an idea. I'll tell you about yourself. You tell me about myself. You understand? And the person who's right wins a drink.

NURSE

Okay, you start.

MURPHY

Square business?

NURSE

Tell it like it is.

MURPHY

Okay. Poor family. You're the oldest. A lotta brothers and sisters. You got a brother in the joint. Your mother's sick. You got a scholarship to nursing school, and you did real good, but you can't get a job anywhere else. How am I doing so far?

The Nurse shrugs and shakes her head. She's not talking.

MURPHY

(continuing)

You smoke a little reefer, fool around a little. You oughta get married, but there's not much of a selection around this neighborhood. How am I doin' so far?

NURSE

You finished?

MURPHY

Sure. You go now...

She takes a sip of her drink.

NURSE

You come from three generations of cops. Your grandfather, your father, your brothers are all cops. All your friends are cops. It's a good thing there are some lady cops, or you wouldn't have a sex life. You get drunk every night. You think all men are

(MORE)

49 CONTD

NURSE (contd)
thieves, and all women are sluts.
You don't trust anybody but your
partner.

She breaks off and looks questioning at him. He nods
slowly.

MURPHY
Looks like the drinks are on me.

He raises his hand to call Lureen. The Nurse touches his
arm.

NURSE
No, this is my round.

50 INT. TERESA'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Teresa and Castelli are sitting on the floor, drinking
wine, the remnants of the pizza in the box on the floor,
romantic atmosphere provided by the flickering light of
the muted television, where Johnny Carson is signing off.

CASTELLI
(sighing)
Jesus, I'm stuffed. You coulda at
least had one piece.

TERESA
I'd put on a hundred pounds.

CASTELLI
(grabbing for her)
We'd work it off.

He grabs for her again but she pushes him back and leaps
up abruptly.

TERESA
Andy, my parents...

CASTELLI
They're sleepin'.

TERESA
No, my father comes out every night
for Brioschi.

CASTELLI
(getting up angrily and
knocking some of the
wine over)
If your father's stomach's gonna
screw up my sex life...

50 CONTD

Teresa sits down and pats the space on the couch next to her.

TERESA

C'mere.

Castelli sits down next to her. She puts her arm around him.

TERESA

(continuing)

Don't you think I want to?

CASTELLI

(pouting)

I don't know, do you?

TERESA

(earnestly)

I do, I do. But can't it wait until we're married?

Castelli takes her face in his hands.

CASTELLI

Wait? You forget I'm a cop. Any day I go to work can be my last.

TERESA

(brimming with sympathy)

Andy...

CASTELLI

It's true. Why, today I almost...

TERESA

Don't tell me.

CASTELLI

Five guys opened fire on us in...

TERESA

Shhh.

She puts her hands behind his head and kisses him.

51 EXT. NURSE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Murphy's beaten up old car pulls up in front of an apartment house.

52 INT. MURPHY'S CAR - NIGHT

Murphy puts the car in Park and looks at the Nurse for a moment.

52 CONTD

MURPHY

The moment of truth has arrived.

NURSE

Yeah. Hey, listen, thanks for the drinks.

MURPHY

Any time.

NURSE

I guess I oughta be flattered that you're not making a move on me. Means you respect me.

MURPHY

I don't go to parties where I'm not invited.

NURSE

You want an engraved invitation?

Murphy smiles and puts his arm around her. He looks out at her building.

MURPHY

What's this a walk up?

The Nurse smile and nods.

NURSE

And I'm on the fifth floor.

MURPHY

Well, then let's get on that stairway to paradise...

He begins to move out of the car, but the Nurse stops him with a light laugh.

NURSE

I don't think Paradise is ready for you yet. Let's go to your place.

52A INT. MURPHY'S CAR - NIGHT

Murphy driving. The Nurse, leaning against the door looking at him with amused interest.

NURSE

You got any other names aside from Murphy?

52A CONTD

MURPHY
Don't get personal.

NURSE
Remember you said that when we
get to your place.

Murphy throws his arm around the Nurse, and pulls her
over to him.

MURPHY
John Joseph Vincent the Third.
Satisfied?

NURSE
Big name.

MURPHY
Big man.

NURSE
We'll see about that...

52B EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Nurse and Murphy walk away from the car toward
Murphy's building.

NURSE
How long you been a cop?

MURPHY
Too long. Eighteen years.

NURSE
You oughta at least be a Sergeant by now.

MURPHY
You sound like my ex wife. I've been
a Sergeant twice. Busted twice as well.

NURSE
Ooooh, bad boy. What did you do?

MURPHY
Nailed a Lieutenant in the bathroom.

NURSE
(amazed)
What?

MURPHY
The guy was comin' down too hard on my
men, makin' em stand inspection, switchin'
radio teams, alotta stuff, police hassles.
Anyway, one day he's workin' the desk.
He lines the tour up like they're
soldiers or somethin', chews 'em out
about their uniform buttons, real petty
crap, then he goes off to the john.

(MORE)

53B.

52B CONTD

MURPHY (contd)

There's this crew workin' upstairs.
I go and get a buncha two by eights,
a hammer and nails, and I nail the
door shut. Countersinkin' the nails
and everything.

NURSE

(laughing)
You're nuts...

MURPHY

The bastard's in there screamin' and
yellin'. 'Murphy I'm gonna bust you.
I'm gonna bust you for this...' It
took them three hours to get him out.

NURSE

And what did he do?

MURPHY

He busted me...

52C INT. MURPHY'S STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The Nurse and Murphy trudge up the stairs.

NURSE

What about the second time?

MURPHY

Captain calls me in, and tells me that
they got reports about guys on the take
in my sector. And they want me to set
a trap for them, the whole bit, run 'em
down. I wouldn't do it.

NURSE

Why not?

MURPHY

I catch crooks, not cops. Ah, that's
not the reason. Guy's takin' a coupla
bucks. I just couldn't do it.

NURSE

You'd probably be a Captain by now if
you'd acted right.

MURPHY

Nah. Captains are born, not made.

53 INT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

*A bachelor pad. Murphy's got the first TV dinner he ever
cooked - under his couch. It's a studio. The convertible
bed is unmade. The kitchen sink is full of grimy dishes.
Beer cans everywhere under foot.*

*Murphy and the Nurse enter. She looks around, shaking
her head.*

53 CONTD

NURSE

You don't need a girlfriend,
you need a maid.

MURPHY

(kidding)

Aren't they the same thing?

NURSE

Uh, huh, baby, you're in the
wrong century.

Murphy grabs her in an affectionate bear hug. She
struggles playfully.

NURSE

(continuing)

Help, police...

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTD

MURPHY

Boy, do you have the wrong
number.

She laughs as they fall back on the bed.

54 INT. TERESA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Castelli and Teresa are in bed. Castelli is lying on his stomach, his face turned away from Teresa, half-asleep. Teresa, transported by post-coital bliss is lying on her back, staring up at the ceiling.

TERESA

Andy...

CASTELLI

Huh?

TERESA

I'm glad we did it...Are you?

CASTELLI

Glad we did what?

TERESA

(slaps him gently
on the back)

Wiseguy... Andy?

CASTELLI

Huh?

TERESA

Did you enjoy it?

CASTELLI

Yeah, it was alright.

TERESA

(hurt)

Just alright?

CASTELLI

Yeah, you know, there wasn't
enough pepperoni on it, and the
anchovies tasted like shoe leather.

Teresa slaps him harder. He flinches.

TERESA

I didn't mean the pizza. I
meant me...

Castelli turns to face her.

54 CONTD

55.

CASTELLI

Oh, you...Well, you were okay,
but there wasn't enough pepperoni
and the anchovies tasted like...

TERESA

Shut up...

She rolls over on top of him, slamming the pillow down on
his face, and they wrestle for awhile until Castelli comes
out on top. He looks out of the room toward the kitchen.

CASTELLI

Got anything to eat in the house?

55 INT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Murphy and the Nurse are in bed. Murphy sitting up
against the headboard. The Nurse snuggled under his arm.

NURSE

John Joseph Vincent Murphy the Third.

MURPHY

You called?

NURSE

J.J....Yeah J.J. That's what I'm
gonna call you from now on.

MURPHY

(good humoredly)

Oh no you're not.

The Nurse laughs softly, and runs her finger over Murphy's
lips.

NURSE

(snuggles closer to him)

Murphy, Murphy...Murphy...A big
Irish cop. How can you work in
a neighborhood like this?

MURPHY

What do you think, I can't under-
stand these people? You know the
Irish are a lot like the Puerto
Ricans. Hell, they are the Puerto
Ricans of England. They like to
drink and dance and sing and make
love. I'm talkin' about the ones
on the other side. I admit some-
thing happened to them when they got
over here. They became a bunch

(MORE)

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OMIT

55A.

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55 CONTD

MURPHY (contd)
of tight-assed priests and bank
tellers. They...
 (smiles and shakes
 his head)
What the hell am I talking about?

Murphy looks down at the Nurse. She is out, her face pressed against his chest. Murphy smooths the back of her hair. She smiles and murmurs in her sleep. He takes her hand, and raises it to his lips. His glance strays down her arm, lingering at the blue veins around the forearm. There are a couple of tiny puncture marks that don't belong there. Murphy's expression hardens, then becomes inscrutable.

Murphy feels around in his jacket pocket and comes out with a pack of matches. He slides the covers off the Nurse. He lights a match and plays the match over her legs and calves. We SEE what he has been looking for: little punctures, track marks along the veins of her calf. He shakes out the match and pulls the covers over the Nurse. Then, he takes another cigarette out of the crumpled pack and lights it. For a moment his face is illuminated in the match flame. His expression is blank, unreadable. He blows smoke rings into the darkness.

56 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A station wagon with a flat tire wobbles off onto the shoulder.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

A middle-aged paunchy MAN peers over the wheel. His headlights illuminate a sign which reads: ALL DISABLED VEHICLES MUST BE DRIVEN OFF THE HIGHWAY.

57 EXT. BOULEVARD - HOOKER - NIGHT

There are at least twenty girls, Black and Puerto Rican on both sides of the street, standing under lampposts, some of which are lit, some of which aren't. Cars cruise down the street. They pull to the curb, the girls walk over to the driver's seat to talk and either get into the cars or walk back to their original positions, after which the cars pull away and stop at the next cluster of girls or just keep on going off the street. The station wagon limps through the parade on a flat tire.

58 EXT. STREET - STATION WAGON - NIGHT

The station wagon finally comes to a halt on a dark,

58 CONTD

deserted stretch of street, poorly lit, and obviously off the beaten track. The Man gets out of the car, muttering to himself.

MAN
(muttering)
Sonofabitch.
(he kicks the flattened tire)
Gotta pull off the highway into this
jungle...

Opens his trunk and takes his jack and other equipment out. As he bends down to jack up the car we catch a GLIMPSE of a dress in the darkness, the SOUND of HEELS CLICKING. But the Man, intent on his work, doesn't notice it. We HEAR the CLICK of HIGH HEELS again. The Man, oblivious to the sound, works feverishly, evidently eager to get out of the area.

HOOKER (O.C.)
Hey, lover, you wanna go out?

Startled, the Man looks up. He sees the murderess of the first sequence standing over him, smiling.

The Man rises, mesmerized.

HOOKER
C'mon, baby, let's take a little
walk.

MAN
How much?

HOOKER
If I was sellin' it honey, you
couldn't afford it. I'm gonna
give it up 'cause I like you.

The Hooker turns away and begins walking toward an abandoned building. CAMERA DOLLIES behind the Man as he follows her.

HOOKER
(continuing)
What you see ain't half what
you're gonna get.

She holds her hand out and he takes it.

59 INT. BUILDING

She walks him into one of the rooms which has an old decayed mattress in it and a chair. The Man sits in the chair and she kneels between his legs.

59 CONTD

HOOKER

(continuing)

Ain't nobody can do it like me.

CAMERA DOLLIES CLOSER TO CLOSE UP of Man looking perplexedly at the Girl. His eyes go down, obviously following her movements. There is the SOUND OF ZIPPER OPENING. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY AROUND to the back of the Man's head as the Hooker rises. Her eyes are gleaming.

Now the Hooker pulls back her lips and bares her teeth in a feral grin. Clenched between her teeth is a its edge barely protruding. The Hooker grabs the Man's head in her hands and swoops down on his neck in a vampire's embrace, slashing one way and then the other. The Man gasps.

60 EXT. STREET - STATION WAGON - NIGHT

from the rear where it has been jacked up. Suddenly the jack slips and it goes crashing to the ground.

61 INT. CARMODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Carmody is at his desk behind a mound of printouts and paper work. Dworkin, Heffernan and Dacey sit in front of the desk going over reports.

CARMODY

What's this South Bronx People's
Party that keeps coming up?

DWORKIN

(disdainful)

Disco revolutionaries, you know
what I mean? They got federal
money to set up a storefront
on Fox Street. They

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTD

DWORKIN (contd)
make alotta hate cop noises, and
preach armed revolt, but they spend
most of their time ballin' white
chicks from Scarsdale.

CARMODY
(to Dacey)
Are you following through?

DACEY
Yeah, we're gonna pay 'em a visit.
Might go to Scarsdale first...

The other men smile. Carmody doesn't.

CARMODY
You might as well for all the
production we've been getting
from you down here.

DACEY
What am I, a mindreader? You got
fifty thousand potential cop killers
in this precinct? You want me to
toss 'em all?

CARMODY
(stern)
I want you to bring the South Bronx
People's Party in for questioning.
That's what I want.

62 INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

Dworkin is addressing the tour, consulting the ubiquitous
clipboard.

DWORKIN
The boss wants production. We're
taking a few anti-crime units out of
each tour. You guys'll be plainclothes,
unmarked car. Mulhearn and Tessitore,
Lane and Baker, Murphy and Corelli.

MURPHY
Castelli don't have no plain clothes.

DWORKIN
So let him wear a tuxedo, what do I
care. The idea is make alotta felony
collars, okay...

Carmody comes walking through the room.

62 CONTD

CARMODY

May I have a moment, Sergeant?

(he moves forward
to face the men)

We're making zero progress on the investigation of the murders of our two men. This case must be cleared even if we have to take extraordinary measures to clear it. Every day that we lag is another day that we lose respect in the neighborhood.

THE PATROLMEN

shift uneasily, and look sidelong at one another as Carmody speaks. Murphy glares at Carmody.

CARMODY

(continuing)

Starting on this tour, I'm gonna want you to start making arrests. All of you know of criminal situations that exist. Up until now you've looked the other way. That's got to stop. Every suspect we bring in will be questioned by the squad. We're going to bring them in, book them, toss them and see what they spit out. And we won't quit until we get a lead.

CARMODY

composes himself.

CARMODY

(continuing)

Now I don't expect something for nothing from you men, so I'm offering a deal. You collar somebody who gives us information, and you get a week added to your vacations.

There is noticeable stirring in the ranks at this offer. Murphy can contain himself no longer.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTD

MURPHY

(acidly)

Who's gonna mind the store while
we're on vacation, sir?

The other cops look at him in astonishment; Carmody fixes
him with a hard, angry stare.

CARMODY

(slowly, with repressed
fury)

I don't follow you Patrolman.

MURPHY

If we all go around with our noses
buried in the penal code we could
make a hundred bum collars a day.
The jails would be full, the
neighborhood would be empty, and
we wouldn't be one step closer
to clearing these killings...

CARMODY

(blowing)

If you're afraid to do some honest
police work, Murphy, you can stay
in and clean out the shithouses
until your retirement.

FINLEY

(out of the corner
of his mouth)

Why don't you shut your mouth,
Murphy.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTD

CARMODY

(continuing)

As for the rest of you, my offer stands. Two leads, two weeks, and so on. Call it bribery, call it dedicated police work...Just get out in the street, and bring in those cop killers. I won't question your motives.

He turns and walks toward his office as the men stare after him.

Castelli, always the joker, shoves Murphy, who is staring angrily after Carmody.

CASTELLI

C'mon, let's go downstairs and slip into something more comfortable.

63 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

Murphy and Castelli, in plainclothes gear come out of the precinct, and head toward an unmarked van. Castelli twirls the keys cockily. Murphy is still preoccupied with the brief verbal collision he had with Carmody.

CASTELLI

Wonder what kinda wheels we're gettin'.

MURPHY

Plain wheels. Plain clothes, plain brains...

CASTELLI

Plain, plain, what are you always puttin' yourself down for?

MURPHY

Uh oh I think I feel a lecture comin' on...

CASTELLI

Well you need one. I mean I appreciate you more than you do yourself. I see your hidden potential...

MURPHY

You got good eyes.

CASTELLI

A guy like you, with all you got goin' for you. Shit, you could conquer the world. Instead you keep holdin' yourself back.

63 CONTD

They arrive at the car.

MURPHY

Okay, you gonna be my guru? You
gonna teach me how to release the
power within?

Murphy gets in on the passenger's side. Castelli goes
around to the driver's seat.

CASTELLI

I can give you some tips based on
my extensive study of the road to
success. Now the first thing you
gonna have to deal with is this
conflict you have with authority
figures.

(Castelli starts the car)
You see you have alotta trouble
taking orders, and this stems
from an unhappy relationship with
your father. The successful man
is a man who has come to terms with
the strong male figures in his life...

And the car drives out of frame.

64 OMIT

(CONTINUED)

65 EXT. STREET - DAY

Castelli and Murphy get out of the car, and walk across the street toward the only building that's still standing amidst a group of gutted tenements. Murphy walks quickly to escape Castelli's lecturing.

CASTELLI

And that's what your basic problem is. You have very low self esteem. Before you make any progress at all in your life you're going to have to get in touch with your feelings.

MURPHY

I keep trying, but the line's always busy.

They enter the building.

66 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Castelli and Murphy walk carefully through the darkened hallway.

MURPHY

Is that stoolie reliable?

66 CONTD

CASTELLI
We'll soon find out.

Murphy finds 1-A. He and Castelli set themselves, draw their guns. Murphy listens at the door. Then he rears back and kicks the door in.

Murphy and Castelli rush into the apartment, shouting "Surprise..."

67 INT. FENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

an island of luxury in this sea of poverty. The place is furnished in Sony Modern. Wall-to-wall TV's and stereos, racks of suits, radios. The FENCE, a fat swarthy man wearing suspenders sits calmly at a desk, dialing the telephone.

FENCE
I'm calling my lawyer.

Castelli leaps forward, and knocks the phone out of his hand.

CASTELLI
(screaming)
Never mind that, tons a fun.
You ain't gettin' off so easy...

The Fence falls backwards, rolls over and tries to crawl away, whimpering and trying to protect himself.

Castelli chases him, kicking him in the behind. Murphy grabs Castelli by the arms.

MURPHY
Andy, take it easy...

CASTELLI
I'm gonna give this bastard a work-out, Murf...

FENCE
(panicky)
What's the matter with him?

MURPHY
Easy Andy, c'mon...
(to the Fence)
He's upset about these murders.
You know how it is...

67 CONTD

FENCE

I didn't kill no cops. Cops are
my best customers.

CASTELLI

You ain't seein' no lawyer until
I'm finished with you, fatso...

MURPHY

We're out here trying to get
something goin' on this case,
and...

FENCE

Well, talk to the creep across the
hall. He's been dealin' guns outta
that apartment for weeks.

Castelli suddenly calms down. He walks over and pinches
the Fence on the cheek.

CASTELLI

Take it easy. You're gonna get
a heart attack.

FENCE

Don't tell him I gave him up.
He'll kill me...

MURPHY

(soothing)

Don't worry. Arrest yourself...
Go wait in the car.

They turn to leave the apartment.

FENCE

Watch it man, he's mean. He's stoned
on downs all the time. Blasts his
goddamn radio at all hours.

MURPHY

Some people have no consideration...

68 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Murphy and Castelli walk across the hall to 1-B, and
stand outside the door listening.

CASTELLI

(quietly)

Wanna go in?

MURPHY

(quietly)

I don't hear the radio. He might
be sittin' behind that door with
an M-60.

Murphy tiptoes down the hall and brings the two metal
garbage cans out from under the stairs. He empties
them in front of the door, lights a match and sets fire
to the trash, fanning it with his hands.

MURPHY

(shrieking)

Fire... fire...

CASTELLI

(in a shrill
female voice)

Fuego... fuego...

MURPHY

(admiringly)

Nice touch.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTD

The two cops keep screaming as the smoke rises from the pile of burning garbage and becomes quite thick.

The door to 1-B flies open and a nude woman comes running out.

MURPHY
(continuing)
Not her...

Another nude girl comes out screaming.

CASTELLI
This guy does alright.

And finally, a short wiry gun dealer in black bikini underpants comes out.

MURPHY
Him...

And they both grab the gun dealer.

69 EXT. STREET - CROWD - DAY

of angry young people marching and screaming down the street. CAMERA DOLLIES AHEAD of them, and we SEE a flying wedge of patrolmen pulling four young men toward a paddy wagon. In the b.g. we can SEE a storefront with the SOUTH BRONX PEOPLE'S PARTY written along the top of the store.

The young men, all Puerto Rican, all wearing some variation of the fatigue jacket, blue jeans combination, are struggling and cursing and yelling to the crowd. There is the SOUND of SIRENS; more patrol cars come ONTO the SCENE. Detective Dacey stands by a car, supervising the operation.

70 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A cockfight in progress. We SEE the two roosters being put in against one another. The excitement of the crowd. The fight and its aftermath, in which money is exchanged and the crowd begins to disperse when Murphy and Castelli come down the stairs.

MURPHY
Okay, fellow sportslovers.

71 EXT. STREET - CROWD

A ragtag assemblage of South Bronx people, mostly youths surge through the streets led by a tall Hispanic in fatigues. They are followed by a pack of curious, yelping dogs. They break car windows, and upset garbage cans as they march.

72 EXT. STREET - HOOKER - DAY

The area around the Bronx Zoo that we saw in an earlier scene. Cars are parked from one end of the street to the other. The unmarked car pulls up at the end of the line.

MURPHY (V.O.)

(loudspeaker)

Alright, music lovers, everybody out. This is a raid. C'mon everybody out on the pavement.

The doors of the parked cars burst open, front and back in some cases, and half-clothed people, white and black men. Black, white, and Hispanic hookers hit the street trying to pull themselves together.

Murphy and Castelli get out of the van and amble forward to round them all up.

73 EXT. STREET - DAY

Another part of the street where the busts are taking place. The Hooker emerges from a darkened storefront. She watches the activity down the street, then steps back into the darkness.

74 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Murphy and Castelli at the head of a veritable platoon of prisoners. The Cockfighters are chained together; the Hookers are chained together; the others handcuffed in pairs.

Castelli marches up and down the line.

CASTELLI

Alright kiddies, everybody be good. This is our class trip. No eating your lunch before we get to the Planetarium.

A New York City bus pulls up at the stop. Murphy flashes his badge to the driver.

MURPHY

Police business.

(to Castelli in a

John Wayne imitation)

Alright Corporal O'Hara, move 'em out.

74 CONTD

And Castelli marches everybody on the bus.

74A INT. BUS - DAY

Castelli has taken the wheel of the bus, and is beeping the horn with childish glee.

Alongside, we SEE the unmarked van with the bus driver at the wheel. The bus is jammed with HOOKERS, COCK-FIGHTERS and various other MISCREANTS.

Murphy at the front of the bus looking back at his prisoners with disgust.

CASTELLI

Hey, this is a ball. You know I always wanted to drive a bus.

(beeps the horn)

Too bad we're only making one stop.

(he looks up at Murphy)

Hey man, will you cheer up.

MURPHY

Sure, cheer up, we gotta bus full of cop killers. Super sleuths strike again.

CASTELLI

Hey, don't let that Carmody get to you. The guy's an empty suit.

MURPHY

He acts like we're a buncha jerk offs. Like all we wanna do is coop and drink. There ain't a man in this house who wouldn't bust his ass to get the guys who killed them rookies.

CASTELLI

Ah c'mon, I can think of a coupla guys, you could shoot their mothers and their feelings wouldn't be hurt.

MURPHY

(angrily)

What do you know? You're a kid, everything's a big joke to you.

CASTELLI

Now you're gonna get on my case?

MURPHY

You don't go turnin' this neighborhood upside down everytime somebody gets killed. Not even a cop.

74A CONTD

CASTELLI

What do you do then?

MURPHY

You wait. You keep workin' and you wait. Maybe one day you get lucky. A stoolie comes through. You pick up the guy on another charge. Maybe they use the gun again, so you can trace it. You act like a cop, not a dictator.

75 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

The city bus followed by the van pulls up in front of the precinct. Murphy gets out and all his prisoners file out with Castelli bringing up the rear. They wave their thanks to the driver and as the bus pulls away, they march their prisoners up the steps of the precinct.

76 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

The place is mobbed with cops and their arrestees. Everyone has really responded to Carmody's offer. Dworkin and Piletti are at the desk trying to keep track of the bookings.

Patterson and O'Rourke are at the desk trying to check their prisoners in. Porfiro, shyly smiling, wearing a floppy raincoat, stands behind them.

PATERSON

(shouting above the din)

That was Pignatelli we got for possession.

PILETTI

(looking down his list)

Who's he?

O'ROURKE

Jesus, Sarge, we already put him in the pen.

Patterson grabs Porfirio, who has turned suddenly in the direction of a passing POLICEWOMAN.

PATERSON

Keep it in your pants, Porfirio.

76 CONTD

Murphy and Castelli enter with their covey of prisoners.

MURPHY

Innkeeper, we need lodging for the night.

DWORKIN

(slapping his forehead)

Oy gott...

Piletti just looks up and shakes his head. Porfirio sees all the hookers and runs for them, his coat open, Paterson in pursuit.

PATERSON

Porfirio...

The angry, shouting prisoners belabor the cops who arrested them, rushing the desk, demanding lawyers. AD LIBS. "Hey, man, why you pickin' on me?" "Legal Aid, get me Legal Aid." "Get your hands off me." "I didn't do nothin'," etc. Murphy and Castelli standing by the desk as Dworkin writes down their arrest count. His hat is off and the yarmulka has come loose from its pin and is hanging from his head.

DWORKIN

We're gonna be here all night with this group.

(stands up and shouts)

All you guys book your people, then move 'em over to the squad for the detectives to talk to them. Just line 'em up, and try to keep 'em quiet.

(shakes his head hopelessly)

Jesus Christ, what a mess.

77 INT. CARMODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Carmody and Heffernan are conferring. Heffernan is harried, Carmody calm and businesslike.

CARMODY

We'll authorize overtime for all the men on the eight-to-four, so they can process the suspects...

HEFFERNAN

(upset)

It's like Grand Central Station out there Captain. How are we gonna get the next tour out?

77 CONTD

Piletti opens the door and peeks in.

PILETTI
Knock, Knock...

CARMODY
What is it?

PILETTI
(calmly)
We've got a bit of a riot building
up, Captain.

CARMODY
Where?

PILETTI
In the Bronx. I wouldn't bother
you if it was in Philadelphia.

78 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Carmody rushes through the precinct with Piletti and
Heffernan behind him, picking his way through the crowd
of arrestees.

PILETTI
Special Investigation sent some
people over to that clubhouse, and
they went to war. We've had three
10-13's. The crowd's headin' for
the precinct.

CARMODY
Call every available car in off patrol.
And get some backup from Borough...

79 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

A group of patrol cars, escorting the paddy wagon comes
into the street.

The paddy wagon is maneuvered to the front of the
precinct and about ten detectives are hustling the
manacled and struggling prisoners out and up the steps
as the prisoners shout and curse incoherently.
Occasionally words like "motherfucker," "frame" and
"pigs" come out of the stream of their invective.

Carmody stands by watching. A black detective Plymouth
pulls up in front of the precinct, and Dacey leaps out.

79 CONTD

CARMODY
What happened here?

DACEY
We went in to question them and
they started a hassle.

CARMODY
(coldly angry)
Why weren't my desk officers
informed about this?

DACEY
Why wasn't I informed about how
much of a following these people
have in the neighborhood? You
sent us out on this Captain. You
should have told us what we were
getting into.

He turns and walks angrily into the precinct. The street
is momentarily quiet. Carmody walks down the steps of
the precinct and stands in the middle of the street
looking both ways.

80 EXT. STREET - DAY

The mob has grown in size and volume. It consists mostly
of kids, going along more for the fun than the politics.

81 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Four PRISONERS, your Hispanic men, are handcuffed to
chairs while four DETECTIVES, bored, seemingly oblivious
to the noise outside and the tension in the room, begin
taking statements.

FIRST DETECTIVE
Name, please...

FIRST SUSPECT
(shouting)
I ain't tellin' you my name, man...

SECOND SUSPECT
We ain't tellin' you nothin' until
you tell us why we been arrested.

Dacey enters the Squad Room and looks the Suspects over.

(CONTINUED)

DACEY
 (ignoring the suspects;
 speaks to the First
 Detective)
 Are they cooperating?

FIRST DETECTIVE
 (shakes his head)
 They ain't even bein' sociable.

FIRST SUSPECT
 You think we shot your cops, man.
 I wouldn't waste my bullets.

Dacey walks calmly over to the First Suspect and grabs him by the collar, lifting him off the chair, stretching his arms. The First Suspect gasps.

DACEY
 (staring into the First
 Suspect's face)
 You wanna go to war with me, tough
 guy? I got seventeen assaults and
 five assassinations of police
 officers to clear. I'll nail
 your ass to the precinct wall if
 you hassle me. You understand?

FOURTH SUSPECT
 We were in a teach-in on nuclear
 power all day yesterday. At Sarah
 Lawrence, man. You wanna check it
 out? We got five hundred witnesses...

SECOND SUSPECT
 You wanna go up against five hundred
 honky college girls, man?

Dacey looks at the First Detective, who gets up and goes to the phone.

THIRD SUSPECT
 Yeah, stiff, go check it out.
 Then, you can let us out...

Dacey turns and walks angrily out of the room, slamming the door. The Third Detective turns politely to the Third Suspect.

THIRD DETECTIVE
 What did you say your name was?

(CONTINUED)

REVISION...2/27/80

OMIT 74.

OMIT 75.

OMIT PAGE NUMBERS 74 and 75

83 OMIT

84 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Dacey comes out of the Squad Room, and walks toward Carmody, who is standing in the doorway watching a jeering crowd form outside the precinct. We can HEAR them CHANTING "Let 'em out. Let the brothers out."

Women, children, and old folks have taken refuge in the precinct. A rock goes through the window.

Murphy comes out after Dacey, and walks to the door as Dacey and Carmody talk.

DACEY

(sarcastic)

N.G. on these revolutionaries
in there. The only thing they
shoot is beaver.

Murphy is standing by the door smiling bitterly at the riot scene.

Castelli moves up to join him. Murphy cups his hands to his lips, and joins the chant.

MURPHY

Let the brothers go. Let the
brothers go...

Carmody looks over at him in a fury.

84 CONTD

MURPHY

looking defiantly at Carmody, continues chanting.

MURPHY

Let the brothers go...

85 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

Carmody walks down the stairs. A row of barricades has been put up between the police and the angry crowd. Rocks and garbage are raining down on the police. Carmody is not wearing a crash helmet. On the other side of the barricades a tall BLACK MAN is leading the crowd.

BLACK MAN

Let the brothers go.

Carmody confronts him.

CARMODY

Are you the leader here?

BLACK MAN

(shouting loud enough
for the crowd to hear)
Ain't no leaders here, man. Just
one soul with a million voices.

CARMODY

You're interfering with the
operations of a police precinct.
That's a violation of the law
and if you don't cease your
activity I will place you under
arrest.

BLACK MAN

You let our brothers outta your
dungeons and we'll go.

CARMODY

(looks at his watch)
I'll give you five minutes to
disperse.

Turns and walks back up the steps where Piletti is
standing, obviously nervous.

CARMODY

(continuing)
I've given them five minutes to
disperse.

85 CONTD

PILETTI

(now really frightened)
Captain, we've had these things
before. If you just kind of let
them blow off steam a little,
they go away.

CARMODY

We'll give 'em five, and then
release tear gas into the crowd.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

The crowd moves in a wave back and forth against the
barricade while the police, their tear gas rifles at
ready, gas masks affixed, stand perfectly still. On the
roof of the precinct we can SEE patrolmen with rifles
poised down at the crowd. On the roofs across the street
we can SEE youths lobbing garbage, rotten fruit and rocks
across at the police, much of their bombardment landing
on the crowd. Carmody appears at the door with Piletti.

The noise of the crowd drowns out Carmody's voice as he
issues an order to Piletti. Piletti rushes down the
steps hollering to the men; his voice is also drowned
out. The men at the barricades FIRE their tear gas
rifles into the air. The tear gas EXPLODES in soft,
puffy clouds. People duck and scream, some of them
running, others hitting the ground, covering their faces.
A few people rush the barricades, but are beaten back by
patrolmen's billies. The tear gas EXPLODES over the
crowd and slowly floats upward until the whole scene is
obscured in a cloud of gas, which even wafts up to the
bombers on the roofs.

86 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Murphy stands at the door looking out at the crowd in
disbelief. He turns to Castelli.

MURPHY

What the hell is he doing?

CASTELLI

He's goin' to war.

Carmody rushes by and grabs Murphy.

CARMODY

Come with me.

86 CONTD

MURPHY
Dutch treat, Captain?

CARMODY
(coldly furious)
What did you say.

MURPHY
I got no beef with these people.
You're turning their goddam
neighborhood inside out.

CARMODY
Have you forgotten how to take
orders, Patrolman?

87 EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

Carmody, maskless and helmetless, vaults the barricades

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTD

in pursuit of the Black Man, followed by Murphy and Castelli, also without protection.

Murphy and Castelli lunge at the Black Man bringing him down, but slamming into each other and falling over him. They get up, coughing, force the Black Man's hands behind his arms and push him toward the barricades.

88 INT. PRECINCT - MURPHY, CASTELLI

bringing the Black Man up to the desk through throngs of arrestees, cops, etc. Carmody pushes through after them.

CARMODY

Sergeant, book this man for
incitement to riot, assault,
attempted assault, criminal
anarchy, disturbing the peace...

Murphy and Castelli look at each other in amazement.

CARMODY

(continuing)

You men give your names as
arresting officers. Bring your
prisoner to the squad room when
he's been booked.

Carmody turns and pushes his way through the crowd away from the desk. The Black Man shouts after him.

BLACK MAN

You think you can hold me here.
You think so? You jive ass mother...

MURPHY

(shaking the
Black Man)

Hey, man, we don't want you in
here. You just cool it, and let
us book you, and you'll be out
on the street in an hour. Think
the Revolution can wait that long?

BLACK MAN

It'll wait.

MURPHY

Well, alright then. Give the nice
Sergeant your name...

80.

89 EXT. STREET - DAY

A few minutes later. The crowd has dispersed. A tear gas haze still hangs over the streets. Newspapers and soda cans rolling in the gutter. Two helmeted patrolmen stand guard.

90 OMIT

90A OMIT

90B EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - BRONX - DAY

Murphy comes out of well-kept apartment house with THREE LITTLE GIRLS, ages six to ten.

The Nurse gets out of the car, looking shyly at the girls as Murphy brings them across the street to meet her. The girls, for their part, hang back timidly as well. Murphy urges them on, and the Nurse finally moves forward arms outstretched to meet them.

90C EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Murphy and the Nurse get out of his car. The Nurse looks with a bit of trepidation at a group of Puerto Ricans who are loitering a few buildings away from the bar.

Murphy comes around and offers her his hand. She takes it, tentatively, and they walk down the street. Murphy puts his arm around the Nurse's shoulders, and draws her to him. After a moment she puts her arm around his waist, and they continue on down the street, and into the bar.

90D EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

Murphy bounces down the precinct steps to the unmarked car where Castelli, dapper in his plainclothes gear, sits on the hood.

MURPHY

Let's go to work.

CASTELLI

You're in a positive mood today.

MURPHY

I'm in love...

Castelli and Murphy get into the car. As they do, we hear the radio squawking:

RADIO

Four-One K, Four-One K...

Ten-thirteen, Ten Thirteen.....

91 EXT. STREET - DAY

The Hooker is walking aimlessly, disheveled and muttering to herself. She passes people who turn to look back at her, laughing, or just registering contempt, or just looking on blandly. SHOT WIDENS and we SEE this particularly bad tenement street is mobbed with people, excited and rushing about. Three men are being hustled into two squad cars. There is the SOUND of SIRENS. People rush around the Hooker, who remains in the CENTER of the SHOT, oblivious to all that is going on around her.

On the roofs, people are throwing rocks, bricks, and garbage down at the patrol cars. Down the street, smoke is pouring out of a tenement window.

The Hooker passes Finley standing on the hood of his patrol car, his hat off, waving his pistol at a large crowd that is menacing him. On the ground is Morgan, a large, bloody gash in his head, his gun out also, holding a group of teenagers in gang jackets at bay, while he shouts into a walkie-talkie.

MORGAN

10-13, 10-13, Wolf & Pritchard.

FIRE APPARATUS AND PATROL CARS

arrive at the scene. The firemen rushing to investigate the smoke coming out of one tenement; the cops going to the aid of their trapped colleagues.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTD

Murphy, Castelli, rushing away from their car into the crowd around the trapped car. They are joined by Morgan and Finley and other cops. The crowd quickly disperses at the appearance of all these patrolmen. The cops wade into the crowd, swinging their nightsticks and AD LIBBING: "Break it up," "Move outta here," "C'mon, fatso, let's go," etc. A few resist, but the cops with their sticks, riot helmets, and saps easily overpower them.

FINLEY
(screaming)
Let's kill 'em. Kill all these
mother fuckers.

Murphy kneels by Morgan.

MURPHY
What the hell happened?

MORGAN
We came out on this fire, and they
started bombin' us from the roofs.

The shouting crowd has moved back away from the cops, but has not really dispersed. A steady rain of bricks and debris is coming down from the roofs, falling on the firemen as well as the cops and the people in the street, who now run onto their stoops and into their buildings to take cover.

More patrol cars are arriving on the street and cops in full riot regalia jump out.

Fire LIEUTENANT rushes toward the cops.

LIEUTENANT
I got a man down here. They're
blitzin' us from the roofs.

MORGAN
(obviously crazed)
What the fuck is the matter with
these animals? Even when you come
to help them, they try to kill you.

FINLEY
(also disturbed)
Why not just let them burn to
death?

91 CONTD

Murphy and Castelli look up at the roofs of the buildings.

MURPHY
(pointing up)
Over there.

And he starts across the street.

CASTELLI
Oh, shit, am I gonna get soot all
over my new coat.

But he dashes across the street after Murphy, anyway, and they enter a building.

92 EXT. ROOF - DAY

Murphy and Castelli arrive on the roof. Their vision is blocked by a water tower and various chimneys and other constructions. They manoeuver around and come upon TWO MEN in their twenties, throwing bricks and bottles on the street.

Crouching low, Murphy and Castelli begin their move toward the edge of the roof. One of the bombers turns and reaches for a brick. With precision movements, Murphy and Castelli advance on the Bombers.

CASTELLI
Freeze.

The bombers freeze in their tracks. Castelli jumps up, followed by Murphy and runs over to them, his gun sticking straight in front of him, aimed right at them. Each cop drapes his bomber over the ledge of the roof as they frisk and cuff them.

MURPHY
Enjoy the view for a second, okay.

Murphy drapes the bomber back over the ledge. He and Castelli walk over to the other side of the roof to see how the other cops are doing.

MURPHY AND CASTELLI

walk over to one side of the roof from where they can see the adjoining building. CAMERA PANS with them and we SEE TWO COPS waving the all-clear sign at them.

92 CONTD

Murphy and Castelli turn and walk in the other direction. CAMERA PANS WITH them. We SEE the two bombers lying across the roof ledge as Murphy and Castelli pass in front of them and walk toward the other building which is partially obscured in smoke.

MURPHY AND CASTELLI

try to squint through the smoke.

POV - MURPHY AND CASTELLI

On the other roof they see a boy and girl looking down on the chaos in the street below.

MURPHY AND CASTELLI

watching in amazement.

MURPHY

It's a cheap date, right? Instead of goin' to the movies, they go up on the roof and watch a few buildings burn.

CASTELLI

Ah, young love...young love.

POV - MURPHY AND CASTELLI

On the roof, we SEE the door flying open. Morgan and Finley come out, guns drawn. The girl hears them and hides against the chimney. The boy turns to see who it is. Morgan and Finley prowl the roof carefully.

MURPHY AND CASTELLI

enjoying this.

MURPHY

Look at these guys.

CASTELLI

I like their style.

MURPHY

(cupping his hands
and shouting)

Hey...

CASTELLI

They can't hear you.

92 CONTD

ON THE ROOF

Morgan and Finley turn a corner and discover the boy. He shrinks back and tries to run away, but they grab him and throw him against the wall. They begin pummeling the boy and he struggles fiercely, trying to get away.

MURPHY

runs to the edge of the roof, shouting:

MURPHY

(shouting)

Hey, Morgan... Hey, you asshole.

ON THE ROOF

Morgan slams the boy with his fist, driving his head against the wall. Now the boy is stunned. The two cops pick him up; the girl peeks around the corner again. The cops raise him up high, one holding his legs, the other grasping him from around the back. They walk him to the edge and lift him higher.

MURPHY

at the edge of the roof, Castelli standing behind him.

MURPHY

(shouting)

Hold it!

ON THE ROOF

With the boy lifted high in the air, Morgan and Finley throw him off the roof, through the smoke, into the back alley between the two buildings, while the girl, in the corner of the frame, watches and turns away, her hands covering her mouth.

MURPHY AND CASTELLI

Murphy runs to the edge of the roof and looks down.

MURPHY AND CASTELLI

Murphy turns back to Castelli.

MURPHY

Did you see that?

CASTELLI

(stony-faced, shaking
his head)

I didn't see nothin'.

93 EXT. STREET - DAY

Murphy and Castelli come out of the building, pushing their bombers in front of them. Morgan and Finley arrive from the other side of the FRAME.

They sneak furtive looks at Murphy and Castelli, wondering if they witnessed the murder.

94 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

The bombers are handcuffed in the back. Murphy drives. He looks at Castelli who stares straight ahead, expressionless. His hands clasped loosely in his lap, are trembling.

95 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Murphy and Castelli are alone. Murphy sits with his back to Castelli, smoking a cigarette. Castelli has chosen a new outfit. He squints at himself in the mirror, then slams the locker door in disgust.

CASTELLI

I don't feel very sartorial right now.

(he looks over at

Murphy with concern)

Hey, partner, you okay?

When Murphy doesn't answer, Castelli walks over and puts his hand on Murphy's shoulder.

CASTELLI

(continuing)

Murf?

Murphy turns and looks up at him.

MURPHY

What do you mean, okay?

CASTELLI

I mean, you're not gonna do nothin' crazy, are you?

MURPHY

Like what?

CASTELLI

I don't know, that's what scares me. Let's go out for a drink...

95 CONTD

MURPHY

Look at me Andy. Look! I got
eighteen years on the job, and
every minute of it's on my face.
All the beatings and the scams,
all the blood...

CASTELLI

(looking anxiously
over his shoulder)
Murf, not here...

MURPHY

I could walk into Grand Central
Station, and everybody would know
I was a cop...

CASTELLI

People only know what you tell 'em.
You can fool anybody...

MURPHY

I'm lookin' in your eyes now, but
you know what I see, Andy...

CASTELLI

Murf, this ain't the place for this...

MURPHY

I see that kid falling off the roof.
I'm looking right at you, but that's
what I see.

CASTELLI

That'll pass. You know it will.

Murphy stares at his slightly trembling hand.

MURPHY

I wonder what my face will look
like tomorrow.

96 OMIT

(CONTINUED)

REVISION...3/7/80

87A.

NOTE: FROM THIS POINT ON THE SCENES
HAVE BEEN ARRANGED IN THE
FOLLOWING CONTINUITY:-

97
107 through 114
115
98 through 106
114A
115A through to finish

ONLY THE PAGE NUMBERS HAVE BEEN
CHANGED, SCENE NUMBERS REMAIN
THE SAME TO AVOID CONFUSION IN
SCHEDULING.

97 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Murphy comes staggering out of the bar, and walks toward his car.

The passenger door is open. Someone is going through the glove compartment. At the sound of Murphy's footsteps, the person straightens up and gets out of the car. Murphy has him trapped against the car. It is the

TRACKSTAR

The purse snatcher of an earlier scene, still wearing the aviator's cap, his eyes bulging fearfully.

MURPHY

stares fiercely at the Trackstar. He's gonna bust him, get even with him for that wild goose chase through the park. Then, the anger drains from his face, replaced by a hopeless, futile expression.

THE TRACKSTAR

takes advantage of this moment. He fakes to the left, then takes off to the right into the darkness.

MURPHY

stares straight ahead. We HEAR the rhythmic FLAP of the Trackstar's sneakers.

107 INT. CARMODY'S OFFICE - CARMODY WITH MURPHY, CASTELLI, MORGAN, FINLEY, PATTERSON, AND O'ROURKE - DAY

The six cops who had gone up on the roofs after the bombers during the fire. Carmody is seated behind a table; the cops are sitting in a semi-circle in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTD

CARMODY

The body was discovered after the fire. Cause of death injuries sustained in a fall. And we have witnesses who say they saw two cops throw the decedent off a roof.

The six sit there motionless, staring at him.

CARMODY

(continuing)

Anybody got anything to say?

The six look at each other and shrug or shake their heads.

PATTERSON

I didn't throw anybody off a roof.

(turns to O'Rourke)

Did you, Eddie?

O'ROURKE

(pretending great thought)

What day was that again?

CARMODY

(sharply)

Don't try to cover this with jokes, O'Rourke.

O'ROURKE

Sorry, Captain.

Carmody looks at the other cops.

CARMODY

(briskly)

Anything else?

The cops shift uncomfortably.

FINLEY

Maybe those witnesses threw the decedent off and they're tryin' to lay it on us.

CARMODY

That's occurred to me.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTD

MORGAN

Everybody's always lookin' to
knock us anyway, Captain.

FINLEY

Especially up here. People
really don't appreciate cops
up here...

CARMODY

I'm aware of that. I just wanted
to go on record with you men.
I'll go right to the wall with
you on this. No politics or back-
stabbing. As long as I'm satisfied
that you're innocent.

(he sits back, and
looks the men over)

All right, that's all.

The cops rise, and mumble "thank you, Captain," before
filing out of the office.

CARMODY

(continuing)

Murphy... You want to hang in
for a moment.

Murphy comes back and resumes his seat. Carmody waits
until everybody is out of the room.

CARMODY

(continuing)

I didn't hear any denials from
you, just now.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTD

MURPHY

I'm the shy type, Captain. I
don't like to kiss ass in public.

CARMODY

I just want you to look me in
the eye, and tell me you know
nothing about that homicide.

MURPHY

Sure, I'll look you in the eye.
You want me to put my hand in
fire, and swear on my mother's
grave? I didn't push that kid
off the roof...

CARMODY

And you don't know who did...

MURPHY

You asking me, or telling me,
Captain?

CARMODY

(between clenched teeth)
Get out of here.

Without a word, Murphy salutes mockingly, turns on his
heels and exits.

108 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The other five cops are waiting anxiously in the locker
room as Murphy enters.

O'ROURKE

What happened, what did he say?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTD

MURPHY

Nothin', nothin'... He just took
my name off his Christmas list.

MORGAN

(agitated)
Stop clownin', will ya, and tell
us what happened.

Murphy gives Morgan a cold, threatening look, then turns
away to his locker. Morgan pursues him.

MORGAN

(continuing)
Listen, Murphy...

But Castelli steps between the men, and pushes Morgan
away.

CASTELLI

Will you go to your room. The
man don't feel like talking...

Morgan backs off. The other cops look in puzzlement at
Murphy, and leave the locker room silently.

Now Castelli and Murphy are alone. Castelli starts to
say something, but thinks better of it, continues
dressing silently.

109 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Murphy enters the bar. Morgan and a group of cops from
the precinct are getting boisterous at one end of the
bar. Murphy goes to the other end. Lureen, the barmaid,
sees him and draws a beer. She brings it down to him
just as Morgan calls:

MORGAN

Hey, Murf, join the party...

Lureen turns and begins taking the beer down to the other
end of the bar.

MURPHY

Where you goin'?

LUREEN

I'm takin' your beer down to the
other end...

MURPHY

(clenched)
Leave it...

109 CONTD

Struck by something in his tone, Lureen puts the beer down on a coaster and backs away looking worriedly at Murphy.

MURPHY

cracks a fresh pack of cigarettes, and stares expressionlessly down the bar at Morgan.

110 INT. SHOOTING GALLERY - NIGHT

A dilapidated tenement apartment where junkies gather to shoot up, and nod. The Hooker is sitting on the couch, now totally insane, although in this environment her insanity goes unnoticed.

A swarthy WOMAN enters, followed by the Dealer from the hospital scenes and another man, Jose, from the early scene. They look at the Hooker and the Woman notices their alarm.

WOMAN

She's all right. Just a little too high.

JOSE

(a cruel voice)

Got yourself a new old lady, huh?

The Woman laughs nervously.

JOSE

(continuing; to the Hooker)

Hey, baby, what's happening?

WOMAN

Don't worry about her, she's okay.

JOSE

I ain't worried. I'm interested.

DEALER

Okay, now that everybody knows you got a joint, let's take care of business.

JOSE

(still looking at the Hooker)

Yeah.

The Woman goes to a loose board in the floor and removes

110 CONTD

the chunk of plaster and takes a crumpled wad of bills out of the hole in the wall. She hands it to the Dealer who begins counting it. The Woman looks nervously from the Dealer to Jose, who goes over to the couch and sits down next to the Hooker. The Hooker remains in a world of her own and is completely oblivious of Jose's presence. He leans over and stares her right in the face, but she doesn't acknowledge him.

JOSE

(continuing)

You got this chick hypnotized?

WOMAN

(another nervous laugh)

She's all right, just a little high.

DEALER

Why don't you stop messin' with the bitch?

JOSE

(in mock protest)

Shit, man, I think I'm in love.

(leans over and touches
the Hooker's shoulder)

Hey, baby...

The Hooker turns and sees Jose, as if for the first time and smiles seductively.

HOOKER

Pretty little boy.

JOSE

(smiling)

Yeah, baby, that's me...

HOOKER

(now soft and seductive)

Dija ever see a snake, little boy?

She starts to undulate on the couch, rising slowly to her feet and wriggling smoothly in front of him.

JOSE

(giggles)

Check this number out...

HOOKER

A snake has a dance, you dig.

A snake has style.

(MORE)

110 CONTD

HOOKER (contd)
(begins to run her
hands over her body)
It'll sneak up on you every time,
baby. Give you that smile...
Little tongue comin' out...

Darts her tongue, snakelike, out of her mouth.

JOSE
Oh yeah, do it, do it.

He leans back with his hands behind his head.

HOOKER
A snake's a cold killer, baby,
but you don't care. You too busy
lookin'...

Reaches under her skirt into her stockings and comes out
with a small, glinting object, raising it high over her
head and slashing down on Jose just as the Dealer and
the Woman move forward to stop.

DEALER
Watch it!

Too late. The Hooker slashes. A thin, red welt appears
on Jose's face. He screams and leaps up.

JOSE
(hysterical)
She slashed my face. My face.

The Dealer grabs the Hooker from behind. She fights back
fiercely, snarling and trying to cut him with the razor.
Jose is standing by holding his face and screaming
hysterically. The Dealer finally manages to wrestle her
arm behind her back and slam her against the wall. Her
ferocity and strength have dissipated and the Hooker is
nothing more than a moaning, slobbering rag doll.

Jose, who has been holding his face and whimpering,
suddenly pulls a knife, now that he sees she is almost
totally defenseless, and rushes forward.

JOSE
(continuing; shrieking)
You bitch!

He slashes at her with his knife. Jose steps back,
staring at what he's done. The Woman advances on him,
screaming:

110 CONTD

WOMAN

You killed her. You mother...

Dealer pushes the Woman away. Jose cowers in a corner.

DEALER

Shut up. It's your fault for havin' her around.

The Hooker gurgles and falls forward. The Woman catches her.

WOMAN

She's dyin'. What're we gonna do?

DEALER

Get her outta here.
(points to corner)
Get the mattress.

The Woman hesitates.

DEALER

(continuing)

C'mon, it's your ass as well as ours.

The Woman takes one of the Hooker's arms, the Dealer the other, and they drag her to the mattress. Jose slits the mattress down the middle. The Dealer and Jose dump the Hooker into the mattress, and fold it over her body.

111 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Murphy, drunk and disheveled, is looking at himself in the mirror behind the bar, a glass and an overflowing ashtray in front of him. Down the bar a bit we can SEE Morgan and Finley, both in their cups, standing in a jocular crowd of men, many of whom we recognize as cops from the precinct.

MORGAN

So anyway, I just opened the door.
I tole her 'get in the car.'

There is laughter and AD LIBS: "Just the facts, ma'am," "Just doin' my duty." Murphy motions to the bartender and pushes his glass forward.

MORGAN

(continuing)

Well, why not? Jesus. Fourteen years old and you shoulda seen the knockers on her.

FINLEY

She knew the score, too.

111 CONTD

MORGAN

Whaddya expect. I tole her 'you could make three hundred a night on Lexington Avenue.'

FINLEY

I'd put her on the street tomorrow.

MARINO (A COP)

Finley the pimp.

FREED (A COP)

Somehow I just can't picture you with one of them big Stetsons, you know?

REYNOLDS (A COP)

Morgan the pimp.

MORGAN

Why not? Did you ever know a pimp who was in hock? Did you ever know a cop who wasn't?

He looks down the bar, and sees Murphy.

MORGAN

(continuing)

Hey, Murphy, come on down here, and have a drink.

Murphy gets up and goes to the jukebox in the corner. Morgan looks pleadingly after him. Murphy pushes his buttons and stands by the box. We HEAR an old-fashioned Irish rendition of "O DANNY BOY."

Morgan bangs his mug down on the bar, and chortles to himself. He looks down the bar at Murphy.

MORGAN

Hey, Murf, you gonna have a drink or what?

Murphy ignores him.

Morgan bangs the mug again. He laughs and mumbles something. Then he lurches drunkenly down the bar and drapes his arm around Murphy.

MORGAN

(continuing)

Hey, how do you like that sonofabitch?

111 CONTD

MURPHY
Which sonofabitch?

MORGAN
Connolly, who do you think? That clown they got dressed up as a cop. Fuckin' banana. Who does he think he's playin' with, some chickenshit rookie?

He slams his mug down on the bar next to Murphy.

MORGAN
(continuing)
I been on this job too long, you know what I mean? They might get me for coopin' or scorin' a little nooky on the side, you know. Or maybe for shakin' down a bodega. Hell, I never said I was the smartest guy in the world. But when he comes in with this phony witness shit...

MURPHY
(looks up at him)
They've got witnesses, Einstein.

MORGAN
(drunkenly threatening)
Deaf and dumb ones, right?

MURPHY
Real live witnesses, Morgan.
The kind that put you away.

Murphy swings off his bar stool and heads for the door.

112- OMIT
113

114 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Murphy heads for his car, walking unsteadily. Morgan comes out of the bar after him, also tottering and gesticulating drunkenly.

MORGAN
Hey, Murphy.

He catches up to Murphy and spins him around.

114 CONTD

MORGAN
(continuing)
What are you talkin' about?

MURPHY
They got that little chick, who
was hidin' behind the water tower.

MORGAN
(sobering up fast)
What little chick?

MURPHY
And they got me and Castelli, too.
(pats Morgan on the
back and screams with
drunken sarcasm)
A-l mother-fuckin' police work
patrolman. Some kid's on a roof,
not botherin' anybody, and you
throw him off...

MORGAN
(looking around)
Shuddup, willya?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTD

MURPHY

You fuckin' creep. I wish I
was man enough to turn your
ass in.

MORGAN

You...

Rears back and hits Murphy, who is too drunk to cover up and takes the blow full in the face, staggering back and almost going down, but maintaining his balance, coming back and hitting Morgan, who is also too drunk to react and falls back against a car fender. By this time a crowd has gathered. Murphy advances on Morgan and hits him again. The blows are hard and draw blood. Morgan pushes him away. Murphy pursues Morgan and the two stand on the sidewalk slugging each other, taking and giving it out. Their faces and ripped clothes provide testimony to the punishment being given. Drunken hatred gleams in their faces. Murphy pushes Morgan against a bunch of garbage cans. Morgan slides to the ground and comes up with a garbage can cover. He lunges at Murphy, misses and the can goes through a store window. There is the low MOAN of POLICE SIRENS. The two men are oblivious to this warning signal. Murphy kicks Morgan in the groin, Morgan goes down on one knee and Murphy kicks him in the face. Morgan goes down on his back. Murphy sits down on his chest.

Sergeant Clendennon and four patrolmen arrive to break them up.

MURPHY

(screaming)

I'm gonna turn your mother-fuckin'
ass in.

Clendennon shoves Murphy.

SERGEANT

Shut your mouth, Murphy.

Murphy flails in the arms of his restrainers.

MURPHY

You gonna write me up, Clendennon?

Sergeant pushes Murphy again.

SERGEANT

(screaming)

You bring me out on something
like this. I gotta keep two
cops from killin' each other,

(MORE)

114 CONTD

 SERGEANT (contd)
Huh? Write you up? You piece
of shit, you're lucky I don't
shoot you. Now get out of here.
Go run your car into a tree.

Sergeant turns to where two patrolmen are picking up the
badly battered, semi-conscious Morgan.

 SERGEANT
 (continuing)
Get him home.
 (sticking his finger
 in Morgan's face)
You call in sick tomorrow.
 (to the other patrolmen
 who have arrived)
Find out who owns the store and
tell 'em we'll pick up the window
tab. Tell him the whole store
goes if he makes a complaint.
Now let's get the hell outta here.

(CONTINUED)

115 EXT. PARK - MURPHY - MORNING

haggard, unshaven, sitting on a bench, bruised and bloodied from the night before. Castelli, in civilian clothes, appears behind him holding a paper bag.

CASTELLI
Breakfast time.

Murphy turns, startled by Castelli's voice.

Castelli sits on the bench next to him and takes two coffee containers out of the bag.

The two sip their coffee in silence.

MURPHY
How'd you get into this?

CASTELLI
Clendennon called me.

MURPHY
You like being my den mother?

CASTELLI
I'm your friend, ain't I? So I gotta look out for you. I'm glad they called me.

Murphy takes another sip of his coffee and takes out a cigarette, his hands trembling as he lights the match.

MURPHY
I'm gonna give Morgan and Finley away, Andy.

Castelli nods.

MURPHY
(continuing)
Will you back me up?

Castelli shakes his head.

MURPHY
(continuing)
Why not? They killed that kid for no reason. They're no goddamn good, anyway.

CASTELLI
I know that.

115 CONTD

MURPHY

So?

CASTELLI

I can't be a stool pigeon. The kid's dead. We can't do anything for him, and we'll just end up making trouble for ourselves.

MURPHY

So we let those two get away with murder. Another PR is dead, why worry about it?

CASTELLI

I didn't say that.

MURPHY

It's the neighborhood, it's the world. It's this or that. These people are gettin' shit on every day. A little more or less won't make any difference.

CASTELLI

I didn't say that either.

MURPHY

We're cops, right? We gotta stick together, cover each other? Meanwhile, if that kid had been Irish or Italian...

CASTELLI

He wouldn't be living up here in the first place. He'd be in Ireland gettin' blown away. Or in Italy gettin' murdered by one of his own. You read the papers? We're not going to change the world by giving two cops away.

MURPHY

That's all talk, Andy, and you know it. Both of us know what's right, but we ain't got the guts to do it.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTD

CASTELLI

(defensive)

Guts! You mean brains don't you?
Shit, I'll go through fire with
you Murf, you know I will. But
I gotta live with these guys.
You turn a cop in, and you're
finished. Even if you get
transferred your rep follows
you around. You might as well
quit the job, and move outta the
city. I mean it just ain't worth
it. Especially, when you won't
even be doin' anybody any good.
Murf. I ain't a stool pigeon,
sorry.

MURPHY

Is that what I would be, Andy?

CASTELLI

Those guys have families, Murf.

MURPHY

(persisting)

Would I be a stool pigeon to you?
Would I, Andy?

CASTELLI

You want me to say it? All right.
If you turn two cops in. Yeah,
you'd be a rat...

(looks at Murphy sadly
for a moment)

...C'mon, take a shower, and get
something to eat. You'll feel
better. C'mon, Murf, you don't
want to spend your day off in the
Bronx, do you?

98 EXT. BRONX STREET - DAY

The Nurse is walking down the street, carrying a bag of
groceries. She looks drawn, tired as if she'd been up
all night. She walks right by Murphy's car, which is
parked halfway on the sidewalk, the passenger door open.

Murphy is slouching in the front seat, holding a can of
beer, slightly tipsy and getting tipsier.

98 CONTD

MURPHY

That's right. Just pass me by
like I was a drunken bum on the
street.

The Nurse smiles, and walks to the car.

NURSE

You better move that car before
you get a ticket.

MURPHY

(drawing his off-
duty pistol)
They'll never take me alive.
(points the pistol
at the Nurse)
Alright, take your clothes off...

The Nurse laughs and kicks Murphy's leg.

NURSE

Move over.

She gets in the car as Murphy slides over to the driver's
seat, and the car pulls away.

99 EXT. PARK - DAY

Murphy and the Nurse are walking through the park eating
pizza. We SEE junkies and winos nodding, respectable
family groups promenading, young lovers strolling by
with monstrous portable radios.

Murphy and the Nurse sit down on an empty bench. Murphy
moves close to her and puts his arm around her.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTD

MURPHY

You still hungry?

The Nurse shakes her head. She shivers slightly.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Cold?

She nods, and snuggles closer.

NURSE

This your lunch hour?

MURPHY

No, I'm off today.

NURSE

Then what are you doing here?

MURPHY

I came to see you.

NURSE

Don't you have anything better to do with your time off?

MURPHY

Not really. I'm kind of a lonely guy, you know?

NURSE

Oh, poor baby.

MURPHY

It ain't that bad. I didn't really know I was lonely until I met you.

NURSE

What's that supposed to mean?

MURPHY

I'd go out drinkin' and chippyin'. Sit home and watch a ball game with a six-pack.

NURSE

Sounds like a nice life.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTD

MURPHY

Yeah, it's okay. But, you know,
I just get lonely all of a sudden
now, and I start thinking about you.

Murphy looks intensely into the Nurse's eyes. She holds
his gaze for a moment, then turns away in embarrassment.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Maybe I'm taking this thing too
seriously.

The Nurse shivers and draws closer to Murphy.

NURSE

I need a nice, hot bath.

100 INT. MURPHY'S BATHROOM - DAY

The Nurse lies in the bath, eyes closed, a contented
smile. Murphy comes in, his sleeves rolled up, with a
box of bubble bath. He dumps the crystals in the water,
and begins stirring them around with his arm. The Nurse
sits up, startled.

MURPHY

Just bubble bath. I save it for
when the girls come to visit.

The Nurse lies back in the tub as the bubbles begin to
froth around her. Murphy swirls the suds around one
more time, then steps back.

MURPHY

(continuing)

There, now you look like a Hollywood
starlet.

The Nurse lifts her legs out of the suds in a starlet
pose.

NURSE

Wanna take my picture?

She rises slightly out of the suds, showing a little bit
of cleavage.

MURPHY

I'll take your picture.

And he dives head first into the suds.

101 OMIT

102 INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Nurse dresses quietly in the darkening room.
Murphy is asleep. He stirs, mumbles and reaches out
for her, then sits up and squints into the darkness.
The Nurse smiles and mimics him.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTD

NURSE

You look like a little kid when
you do that.

MURPHY

Where you going?

NURSE

Home, man. Can't stay here
forever.

MURPHY

Sure you can.

NURSE

Then it wouldn't be as much fun.

MURPHY

Speak for yourself...

The Nurse sits down on the bed and takes Murphy's head
in her hands.

NURSE

You're sweet.

MURPHY

What's the matter with you anyway?

NURSE

Nothing. I just have to get home.

MURPHY

I know you like me...

NURSE

(with gentle firmness)

I gotta get back.

Murphy rolls over and takes a cigarette out of a
crumpled pack on the bed table and lights it.

MURPHY

If you want to get high.

The Nurse laughs and gets up from the bed, staggering
around, imitating a street junkie.

NURSE

Yeah man, I gotta get high. I
gotta get down right away, you
dig baby.

(MORE)

102 CONTD

NURSE (contd)
(laughs and becomes
herself again)
You cops are weird, you know.
It's like you see everything,
but you don't know anything.

MURPHY
If you want to get high...

NURSE
You think I'm a junkie? You
think I'm strung out? You see,
that's what I mean. You could
stay in this neighborhood for
the rest of your life, and you'd
never understand. What it is...

She sits on the bed and takes his hand.

NURSE
(continuing)
I get high once in awhile. Just
like everyone else in the hospital,
even the doctors.

MURPHY
Like everyone else in the country.

NURSE
That's right.

MURPHY
Only everyone else in the country
doesn't stick needles in their
veins.

NURSE
(defensive)
Smack's like a vacation for me,
you know. A few hours floating
on a raft in the Caribbean. I
don't take a vacation every day.
I don't need one. In other words,
I'm not a junkie. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTD

MURPHY

If you want it so bad, let me
get it for you.

NURSE

You?

MURPHY

Yeah. They keep it around the
precinct to give to stoolies.
There's tons of it, just as good
as whatever you get. Probably
comes from the same place.

The Nurse just stares at Murphy in astonishment.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Hey look, I'll carry you for awhile
until you grow out of it...

NURSE

I would think you'd give me a
lecture about cleaning up my act
or something...

Murphy runs his hand lazily through the Nurse's hair.

MURPHY

(a regretful smile)

You could be around cops for the
rest of your life, and you'd never
understand them.

The Nurse bends and kisses him tenderly.

MURPHY

(continuing)

I know what that kiss means.

He jumps out of bed.

MURPHY

(continuing)

C'mon, I'll drive you home.

103 INT. MURPHY'S CAR - NIGHT

They are driving through the streets of the South Bronx.
The Nurse is staring dismally out of the window.

MURPHY

How about we get out of the Bronx
one night.

103 CONTD

NURSE

Sounds good...

MURPHY

Go to a show downtown...

NURSE

(lost in her thoughts)

Sure...

MURPHY

A little change of scene.

NURSE

It stays in your head no matter where you go, though. Sometimes I'll be someplace, you know, and I'll turn real fast, and I think I see blood all over the walls like in Emergency. Or I'll see an old man sitting in the park, and like for a second, his mouth kinda flops open and he's dead. People pass you and they're laughing, only you think they're screaming.

MURPHY

Some things you can never get out of your mind.

They drive in silence for awhile.

MURPHY

(continuing)

You know that kid who got killed the other day. Thrown off the roof?

NURSE

You're not gonna tell me you did it, are you?

MURPHY

No...

NURSE

That's a relief. I mean because we figured it was cops...

MURPHY

You did. Just like that, huh?

NURSE

Well yeah. People were throwing garbage down on 'em.

103 CONTD

MURPHY
This kid wasn't.

The Nurse is silent, expectant.

MURPHY
(continuing)
He wasn't doing anything. My partner and I were on the next roof. Two guys from our precinct came and threw him off...

NURSE
(quiet, guarded)
Uh huh.

MURPHY
(trying to control himself)
We saw them do it.

NURSE
Uh huh...

MURPHY
You understand what I'm saying?
I know who killed that kid.

The Nurse stares out of the window, silently.

NURSE
(quietly angry)
You asking me what to do?

MURPHY
I don't know...

NURSE
(vehement)
Just make it easy on yourself because it doesn't make any difference anyway. You'll never bring that kid back, no matter what you do. If you rat out those two cops...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTD

MURPHY

Rat out?

NURSE

(flares up)

Well, that's what you're talking about, isn't it? I mean if you'd seen my brother throw that kid off the roof there'd be no problem, would there? You'd arrest him in a second. It's only because they're cops that you've got all this conscience about it...

MURPHY

(stricken by the logic of this)

Is that wrong?

NURSE

(looks out of the window)

Let me off here...

MURPHY

This isn't where you live...

NURSE

(emphatic)

Let me off, I'll walk the rest of the way.

104 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Murphy's car pulls to the curb.

INT. MURPHY'S CAR - NIGHT

The Nurse opens the door. Murphy sits watching her. She is about to get out of the car when she turns back quickly, and kisses him.

NURSE

Goodbye, baby.

MURPHY

Can I see you again?

The Nurse gets out of the car, and leans back in with a sad smile.

NURSE

Sure...Sure, if you want to...

104 CONTD

And she closes the door, and hurries off down the dark street.

MURPHY

stares after her. He lights a cigarette.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Nurse hurries down the dark, ravaged street.

105 EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

One light in an otherwise dark building. Jose stands at the window looking down into the street.

106 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Nicely furnished. A STEREO PLAYS MANTOVANI. Wall to wall carpeting. The Dealer is sitting at a table working under a red light. He has two piles of white powder, and a three-beam scale between them. He takes a spoonful of one pile, and puts it on the scale, and adds two spoonfuls of the other powder. He is concentrating intensely on his work.

Jose turns angrily away from the window.

JOSE

That bitch from the hospital.
She's with that cop again.

The Dealer scoops the powder off the scale, and into a little glassine envelope.

DEALER

(calmly)

She's really gettin' it on with him,
ain't she?

JOSE

(vicious)

Fuckin' slut!

DEALER

You're just jealous...

JOSE

Jealous? What would I want with a
slut like that?

DEALER

I'm not talking about the nurse.
The cop's more your speed, isn't
he, Joselito?

106 CONTD

Jose moves urgently toward the Dealer.

JOSE

(shrill)

I'm gonna off that bitch. I'm gonna cut her heart out just like I did that puta. Yo lo mate esta Negra sucia...y...

DEALER

Quidado, bro...Cool it. You know, you get too excited behind this shit. Now I'm gonna handle this, okay. The man's on the case. The man! So don't worry about it.

JOSE

What are you gonna do?

DEALER

I ain't gonna do nothin'.

JOSE

(getting excited)

You gonna burn her? Are you?

The Dealer smiles at him.

DEALER

No, I'm gonna let her burn herself.

Takes a big spoonful of powder from one pile, and drops it in the glassine envelope.

DEALER

(continuing)

Straight with no chaser...

(drops another big spoonful in the envelope)

This bitch is gonna get high...High.

There is a KNOCK on the door. The Dealer puts the doctored envelope on the table, goes to answer the door. The Nurse is standing in the hallway. The Dealer greets her like a long lost relative.

DEALER

(continuing)

Hey, baby, nice to see you. C'mon in out of the cold.

The Nurse enters the apartment. The Dealer closes the door behind her.

117.

114A INT. NURSE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

A neat, warm room, prints on the wall, paperbacks in the bookcase. Everything seems normal enough except for the syringe on the floor, the blackened spoon on the bed table, and the Nurse, who sits in a daze on the bed, her head lulls to the side -- she realizes she has been overdosed. She rouses herself with difficulty, and staggers across the room to stare at herself in the mirror. She steadies herself on the bureau, and starts out of the room.

115A INT. CAR - MORNING

THREE PLAINCLOTHESMEN sit and shiver in an unmarked car across the street from the Dealer's building. One of them, a PUERTO RICAN DETECTIVE, looks up at the Dealer's window.

DETECTIVE

You wanna go in now?

FIRST PLAINCLOTHESMAN

The boss wants us to wait until he goes back to the hospital. We gotta make the buys and the collar back there.

DETECTIVE

(shivers)

I'm freezin' my ass off here...

SECOND PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(points out of the window)

This looks like one of his patients.

115B EXT. BUILDING - MORNING

The Nurse is staggering rubber-legged down the street toward the Dealer's building.

(CONTINUED)

115C INT. CAR - MORNING

The three cops look out as the Nurse falters down the street.

DETECTIVE

I know her, she's a nurse...

FIRST PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Ain't she the one who's been hangin' out with Murphy over at the four-one?

SECOND PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Yeah, I seen 'em over at the Emerald the other night.

115D EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Nurse walks a few more yards, then falls to her knees, grasping at a garbage can for support.

115E INT. CAR - MORNING

FIRST PLAINCLOTHESMAN

What's her problem?

SECOND PLAINCLOTHESMAN

She's gettin' mugged by the sidewalk.

115F EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Nurse manages to get to her feet. She walks a few more feet, and collapses in the gutter.

115G INT. CAR - MORNING

The Detective opens the door and tries to get out, but the First Plainclothesman grabs his arm.

FIRST PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Where you goin'?

DETECTIVE

Help her out...

SECOND PLAINCLOTHESMAN

What do wanna do, blow the stakeout?

DETECTIVE

The chick's gonna die, man...

(CONTINUED)

115G CONTD

SECOND PLAINCLOTHESMAN

We got three moths on this squeal.
It all goes in the toilet if they
see us out on the street.

FIRST PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Get back in the car, man. We'll see
if we can get an ambulance to pick
her up...

SECOND PLAINCLOTHESMAN

No ambulances. You're as dumb as he
is. Call the four-one, and get them
to send a car over. We'll make it
look like they just found her on the
street.

DETECTIVE

The chick's gonna die, man...

SECOND PLAINCLOTHESMAN

There's nothing we can do about it.

115H EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Nurse lies motionless in the gutter.

INSERT

115HA

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Castelli and Murphy are cruising through the streets of
the South Bronx.

RADIO

(squawking)

All available units...All available
units...Proceed to Jefferson Hospital
Urgent...

CASTELLI

It's probably your girl friend. She
just can't get enough, can she?

116 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Other cars, their lights revolving, have already arrived
at the scene. A group of policemen, doctors, detectives
is standing outside the entrance. A larger group of
spectators is standing behind the police lines, watching.

117 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

A scene of chaos. Patrolmen and detectives and hospital personnel are milling around, in addition to the sick and wounded who have come to the hospital for treatment. Jorge, the Puerto Rican INTERN is also present. Police barricades have been put up around the hospital.

Murphy and Castelli run into the hospital.

Murphy draws Dworkin aside.

MURPHY

What's goin' on?

DWORKIN

(agitated)

Narcotics blew a bust. The perps caught on, and cleared out the Emergency Room. Took a bunch of doctors, nurses and patients hostage. They're up in the Administrator's office on the sixth floor.

MURPHY

(alarmed)

Nurses? Get any names?

DWORKIN

We'll get their names when we get them outta there. If we get them outta there.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTD

Heffernan turns away from the Detective and announces to Dworkin:

HEFFERNAN

We'll have to evacuate the hospital.

INTERN

(agitated)

But Lieutenant, that's impossible.
We have patients who aren't
ambulatory...

HEFFERNAN

So we'll carry them out.

INTERN

Please, Lieutenant, if those men
are desperate there's no telling
what they'll do. With all these
sick, helpless people...

HEFFERNAN

(angrily)

You got a better idea? You want
us to just let them go?

INTERN

Why not? If you know who they
are you can always pick them up...

Snorting angrily, Heffernan turns away from him. The
Intern pursues him...

INTERN

(continuing)

Lieutenant...

HEFFERNAN

Get this idiot away from me.

(CONTINUED)

118

LOUDSPEAKER

Nurses and attendants please move
all patients back into their rooms
immediately. Stay with them and
barricade the doors. Clear the
Operating Room, suspend all therapy.
Doctors and administrative personnel
report to the Emergency Room.

The corridor is suddenly filled with people dashing to
rooms pushing stretcher carts. Confusion reigns. The
LOUDSPEAKER repeats the ANNOUNCEMENT.

118A OMIT

(CONTINUED)

119 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

PATROLMEN and DETECTIVES are grouped outside a door marked administrator. Other cops posted at other doors down the hall. Heffernan, Dworkin, O'Rourke, Paterson, Detectives are the faces we RECOGNISE. Down the hall, covering the other door we can SEE Castelli and other familiar faces from the precinct.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTD

HEFFERNAN
(whispers to Detective)
What's his name?

DETECTIVE
(in correct Spanish)
Hernando.

HEFFERNAN
(mispronouncing)
Hernando, listen. You been
around. You know we ain't goin'
anywhere. So let those people
go and c'mon out...

DEALER (O.S.)
(from behind the door)
For what? To spend the rest of
my life in the joint. Uh huh
baby, you gotta come up with a
better offer.

Murphy is SEEN coming out of the door, crouching by
Castelli, then moving to Heffernan.

DEALER (O.S.)
(continuing)
Everybody's stayin' here with me.
You gonna have to kill me, baby,
and that means them too. That's
it.

Heffernan raises his eyebrows but that's his only
reaction.

DETECTIVE
(drawing Heffernan aside)
Listen, Lieutenant, if they're
all in the ante room, the
administrator's office is empty.
Maybe if we can drop two men
down. You know, take a chance.

DEALER (O.S.)
(through the door)
Everything's pretty quiet out there.
Talking things over? Okay.

The SOUND of a SHOT and SCREAMING.

119A INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A DOCTOR writhes in pain on the floor, clutching his knee.

The Dealer (Hernando) stands over him with a gun.

Jose has the other HOSTAGES bunched in a trembling group against the wall.

A NURSE runs to the aid of the wounded Doctor. The Dealer her away, and backs up to scream through the door.

DEALER

Here's one doctor who needs a doctor. The next one'll need an undertaker.

119B INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

HEFFERNAN

We're gonna have to go in.
Everybody get their vests on...

DWORKIN

We got the Hostage Squad comin' over.

HEFFERNAN

(agitated, impatient)
We're not gonna negotiate with this mutt. He's blowin' people away in there...

(shaky, but decisive)
We gotta go in.
(to Dworkin)
Get Emergency. Tell 'em to bring their harnesses.

Dworkin picks up walkie-talkie.

HEFFERNAN

(continuing to Detective)
You got any suggestions as to who we should dangle?

DETECTIVE

It's my squeal. I'll finish it off.

MURPHY

I'll go along...

Heffernan and Dworkin look at Murphy, startled by his offer.

120 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cops from the Emergency Squad are rigging harnesses on the sill of a window one floor above the Administrator's office. Murphy and the Detective are watching.

121 INT. OFFICE - DAY

Murphy checks his pistol while the Detective talks on the walkie-talkie, two Emergency Squad cops rig the harness.

DETECTIVE

You gotta give us time.

122 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Heffernan on the walkie-talkie. He is wearing a bullet-proof vest as are all the other cops, including Castelli, whom we SEE in the b.g.

HEFFERNAN

We'll give you two minutes from the time you drop. Then we're goin' in.

123 INT. OFFICE - DAY

MURPHY

(on walkie-talkie)

Right.

One of the Emergency Squad cops hands him a glass cutter.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Okay, drop us now and give us a minute, then start them downstairs.

The Emergency cops start strapping the harnesses around Murphy and the Detective.

(CONTINUED)

124 EXT. HOSPITAL BUILDING - DAY

The Detective and Murphy are lowered slowly out of the window. They claw at the sides of the building to keep away from the window. The Detective sways close to the window, gets a foothold on the ledge and shoots a quick look inside. He waves all clear to Murphy, who sways in and takes out the glass cutter, while the Detective takes out his pistol. Steadying himself on the window sill, Murphy cuts into the glass at the frame, pressing hard, his face showing the strain.

125 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Waiting, watching their watches, ready to go. All itchy and nervous, except Castelli, who has joined the group and is standing at the front of the door, talking to the men inside.

CASTELLI

Hey, talk to us, we'll talk back.
C'mon, let's make a deal.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTD

 DEALER (O.S.)
I'll talk to the Commissioner.
Not one of you street pigs.

Heffernan pushes Castelli, but he shakes his head and points to his watch.

 CASTELLI
We know that. He's on his way
up here right now. So don't go
blowing your cool. We'll get
you out of this.

126 EXT. HOSPITAL BUILDING - DAY

Murphy has just about cut through the glass at the frame of the window. He motions to the Detective and they try to ease the pane of glass out. Murphy drops the glass cutter. Finally, they are holding the pane. They have nothing else to do with it but drop it, so they do.

The glass shatters on the ground. The spectators scatter.

MURPHY AND THE DETECTIVE

slide through the window into office.

127 INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - MURPHY AND THE DETECTIVE - DAY

The door to the room where the hostages are being held is closed. The two men unbuckle their harnesses and draw their guns while moving quietly to either side of the door. We can HEAR the CRIMINALS ORDERING the hostages around.

 DEALER (O.S.)
 (through the door)
Stand right in front of that
door. When the man comes through,
you're gonna be the first to
get it.

AD LIB pleas and sobs from the hostages. Murphy gently tries to pull the door open; it doesn't give. He leans over to whisper to the Detective.

 MURPHY
You know the layout of the office?

Detective nods.

127 CONTD

MURPHY
(continuing)
Where's the door to the hall?

Detective points off to the right. Murphy looks at his watch.

127A INSERT - WATCH

Second hand ticking toward ten.

128A INSERT - ANOTHER WATCH

Second hand ticking.

128 INT. HALL - DAY

The watch is Castelli's. We SEE him looking at it, then:

129 INT. OFFICE - DAY

The hostages are a handful of terrified doctors and nurses. The dealers are the same two men who murdered the hooker. They have forced the hostages to lie in a pile in front of the door and are standing over them, guns poised. Jose is holding the gun he took from the hooker and another one. The dealer, or Hernando, is holding two guns. The hostages are trembling and sobbing as they lie on top of one another.

130 INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

huddling by the door. In pantomime, Murphy tells the Detective to open the door at his signal.

131 INT. HALL - DAY

Castelli raises his hand. Dworkin takes a position next to him at the door, Patterson and O'Rourke behind. Castelli lowers his hand, twists the knob of the door and begins to push gently. When it doesn't give, he steps back and puts his gun against the keyhole.

132 INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

There is the SOUND of a GUN SHOT. Murphy signals. The Detective pulls open the door. We SEE the door to the office being pushed open; the hostages screaming; the dealers, who have taken cover behind desk, raising their guns.

MURPHY
(screaming)
FREEZE, you sonsabitches.

132 CONTD

Jose turns and dives at Murphy. Screaming obscenities
Murphy and Detective jump into the open and begin
shooting.

The hostages roll out of the way of the door and Castelli
stumbles in, taking cover behind the prone form of one of
the nurses who has obviously fainted, and FIRING away.
Dworkin squeezes in, steps on the back of another hostage,
who is trying to crawl to safety, and begins FIRING. The
din is deafening, what with the screams and shots. Smoke
fills the room. Jose and the dealers are caught in the
cross fire.

MURPHY
(raising his head)
Hold it. Hold your fire.

Cops push their way into the room now, guns still drawn.

One of the hostages, a doctor, gets up painfully and
begins ministering to the other. The Detective, who was
standing next to Murphy, turns away from the bloody
corpses, his legs wobbly. He runs over to a waste basket
and begins to vomit.

Now that the initial excitement is over, the police who
were involved in the skirmish are showing the effects of
the fear and tension. The Detective is still retching
quietly over the waste basket. Murphy is leaning against
the wall. Castelli has sprawled into a chair next to him.
The hand of the dead Jose is about an inch from his knee,
but he hardly notices it. Murphy walks to the group of
sobbing, frightened hostages, searching for the Nurse.
When he realizes she isn't among them he turns and runs
out of the office, pushing past COPS, HOSPITAL PERSONNEL,
etc.

133 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Castelli follows Murphy out into the corridor.

CASTELLI
Hey Murf...

MURPHY
(almost delirious
with relief)
She's not there Andy. She's not there...

CASTELLI
That's great man...

MURPHY
She must have got out somehow...

133 CONTD

CASTELLI
The chick's lucky.

MURPHY
I gotta find her.

133A INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Murphy runs into the Emergency Room, which is mobbed with more Cops, Hospital Personnel and Patients. He pushes his way through the room looking for the Nurse.

Castelli comes into the Emergency Room after him.

CASTELLI
(calling)
Hey Murf...

Murphy rushes by one of the treatment rooms. He SEES the Intern ministering to the Nurse, who is lying slack-limbed and comatose on a treatment table.

134 INT. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Murphy rushes in and looks at the Nurse, whose face is practically blue.

The Intern is feeling her pulse. Murphy pushes by him, and pulls the Nurse off the stretcher.

INTERN
What are you doing?

MURPHY
Gotta keep her moving.

Murphy drags the Nurse's inert body around the room. The Intern rushes out of the room.

INTERN
Somebody come in and help me with this man.

MURPHY
(continuing)
Everything's screwed up here. Gotta get her to another hospital.

Drags Nurse out of the room.

135 INT. CORRIDOR - MURPHY

holding the Nurse from rear by her armpits, making her take steps, passes Carmody, who stares at him in stupefaction.

CASTELLI
runs out into the corridor after Murphy. He is joined by Patterson, O'Rourke and Dworkin.

135 CONTD

CASTELLI
Murf, hold it.

He catches up to Murphy and grabs his arms.

CASTELLI
(continuing)
Murf, where you goin'?

MURPHY
(dogged, in shock)
Gotta get her out of here.
(tries to shake
Castelli off)
Leave me alone.

Dworkin, Patterson and O'Rourke grab Murphy, but he shrugs them off, moving forward, now carrying the Nurse.

DWORKIN
Calm down, Murphy. Hold him back.

The other cops grab Murphy's arms. He struggles.

MURPHY
(shouting)
Leave us alone, you sonsabitches.
Leave us alone. She'll be okay if
you leave us alone...

They finally manage to get Murphy to release his hold on the Nurse. Dworkin takes her body as the others lead Murphy away.

CASTELLI
There's nothing you can do for her,
Murf.

O'ROURKE
Try to take it easy.

PATTERSON
He's in shock.

Dworkin stands in the middle of the corridor, holding the Nurse's body as the Intern comes running up.

Murphy tries to push his way through to the Nurse.

MURPHY
Let me see her. Let me speak to
her.

135 CONTD

Castelli looks back at Dworkin. The Intern has arrived with a stretcher and they are laying the Nurse's body on it, covering it with a sheet.

CASTELLI
She's gone, Murf.

Murphy looks up incomprehendingly at Castelli.

CASTELLI
(continuing; softer)
She's gone...

Murphy stares blankly into space.

MURPHY
She'll be okay if I can just get
her out of here.

136 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The hospital has returned to normal after the siege of the day before.

The place is sparsely populated due to the late hour. A young MAN paces nervously. In a corner an old WOMAN weeps softly into a handkerchief as her family tries to comfort her.

Murphy sits alone, haggard, unshaven.

Casualties of a night in the South Bronx slowly pass through the Waiting Room.

A MUMBLING WINO

staggers through the room, almost colliding with a stretcher on which a YOUNG GIRL, her sheet covered with blood, reposes.

OFF CAMERA in one of the examining rooms the shrieks of a man in pain can be heard. TWO TEENAGERS, one wearing a makeshift sling argue and shove each other as they walk through the room.

MURPHY

comes out of his mournful stupor, and looks around, seeing, as if for the first time, the futility of it all.

The argument between the two Teenagers becomes more vehement, and HOSPITAL POLICE enter the Waiting Room to restore order.

Murphy rises slowly, and walks away from it all.

136A EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Murphy walks out of the Emergency Room. The police barricade from yesterday's battle has not yet been removed. A few PATROLMEN stand by their radio cars, talking. One of them waves to Murphy. He ignores the greeting, walking on, grim and dogged.

136AA Murphy wanders through the South Bronx at dawn.

136B Murphy walks up the steps of the precinct, ignoring the jaunty greetings of the exiting PATROLMEN.

136C INT. PRECINCT - DAY

It is quieter today, as if the neighborhood had exhausted itself in the riotous exertions of the preceding days.

Dworkin and Piletti are in their familiar posts behind the desk. Dworkin looks inquiringly at Murphy as he enters. The COPS watch Murphy walk into Carmody's office. Even Piletti looks up from his paperwork.

136D INT. CARMODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Carmody is writing as Murphy enters. He looks up into Murphy's angry eyes.

CARMODY

Close the door.

Without averting his stare, Murphy reaches around behind him, and slams the door shut.

CARMODY

(continuing)

What is it Murphy?

Murphy just stares down at him with hatred.

CARMODY

(continuing, impatiently)

Well, what is it? I'm not a mind-reader.

MURPHY

Hey, I'm backin' into this slowly, so just don't rush me.

(CONTINUED)

136D CONTD

CARMODY

(biting)

You got trouble spitting it out?
Just write it on a piece of paper,
and slip it under the door.

MURPHY

You got your stoolie. I'm givin'
Morgan and Finley up.

Carmody stares at Murphy, nodding, trying to repress his
anger.

CARMODY

Morgan and Finley...

MURPHY

What I don't like is givin' them
up to you...

Carmody picks up the phone, and punches an extension
number.

CARMODY

(into the phone)

Piletti. Get the Bronx DA's office
on the phone. I want an ADA and a
stenographer up here right away.
Send a car down to get them.

He slams the phone down and stares at Murphy.

CARMODY

(continuing)

You sure took your sweet ass time
coming in with this, didn't you?

MURPHY

Not like you, huh Captain? You'd get
off givin' up two cops, wouldn't you?

CARMODY

They're not cops. They're murderers.
Right? And that's your job, you
oughta know that by now...

MURPHY

I don't know what my job is anymore.

CARMODY

Bullshit. You're here to enforce the
law, plain and simple. You don't ask
any questions, you don't cut any corners.

MURPHY

(flaring up)

You just do it by the book, huh
Captain? Just like you huh? You're
doin' real great at it too.

(MORE)

136D CONTD

MURPHY (contd)

You've made more waves up here in a month than Regan did in five years, and what did it get you? A hundred bum arrests, one more burnt out building, and a dead kid...

CARMODY

(rises to confront Murphy)

Don't give me any of that street cop crap. This precinct has to be run by the book because that's the only way to run it. I want this neighborhood to know that there are cops up here to protect them when they're in trouble, and arrest them when they're wrong. I want them to know that this precinct isn't a clubhouse or a freak show, but the house of the law. And that the law means something in their lives. You got something better than the book...

MURPHY

Bulldozers, Captain. Bulldozers and dynamite, that's the only way. Blow it all away, and shove it. Right into the East River, that's my way.

CARMODY

Great! Bail out if you want. I'm not built that way. I can't quit. I've got to keep trying.

MURPHY

(bitterly)

Good for you Captain. You keep tryin'. I'm givin' up.

He takes out his shield and offers it to Carmody, who just stares at it.

MURPHY

(continuing)

You don't want it?

With casual disdain he flips the shield into the trash can.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Leave it for the sweeper.

136D CONTD

CARMODY
Bailing out, huh Murphy?

MURPHY
That's right. I quit. I'm puttin' in my papers. I don't want no part of you, this precinct, or this goddamn job.

CARMODY
You're a good cop, Murphy, but I don't think you'd be too good at much else.

MURPHY
So I'll run for President. What do you care?

CARMODY
I care because I'm going to need cops like you if I'm going to run this precinct the right way.

MURPHY
The right way? You've run it into the ground in two fuckin' weeks. Look outside at your domain, Captain Carmody. Blood's been runnin' like sewer water in the streets. Riots and homicides and who knows what else is laying out there that we haven't found. But nothing's changed...

CARMODY
I admit I've made some mistakes...

MURPHY
(shouting)
You thick-headed sonofabitch, you committed murder...

CARMODY
(moving toward Murphy angrily)
Keep your voice down.

MURPHY
(clenched and quiet)
Who do you think killed that kid? You did with your stupid bribery. You did, by trying to jack the men up so you'd be a hero downtown...

omit

137 INT. OUTSIDE CARMODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Murphy and Carmody come out of the office. Murphy looks drained. Carmody is sympathetic. In the office we SEE the STENOGRAPHER closing up her stenotyper.

CARMODY

You'll have to go down to the Grand Jury tomorrow...

MURPHY

I know...

CARMODY

The men will know about it by then...

MURPHY

(resigned, subdued)

Hey Captain, they saw the stenographer. They didn't think I was writing my memoirs in here. They know.

CARMODY

(sympathetic)

Yeah...anyway...

(he gives Murphy
back his shield)

Hold onto this for awhile. You can always throw it back in my face. I'm not going anywhere...

(CONTINUED)

137A Murphy turns and walks away from Carmody. As he walks through the precinct, the other cops turn and stare at him.

138 INT. MURPHY'S CAR - DAY

Murphy at the wheel. Suddenly Castelli pops up from the back seat, his finger cocked like a pistol.

CASTELLI

Freeze.

Murphy starts and almost drives the car off the road.

MURPHY

Jesus, I thought it was a hit.

Castelli hops into the front seat.

CASTELLI

You ain't worth killing.

MURPHY

Don't be so sure. I gave Morgan and Finley away, Andy.

CASTELLI

So what else is new? I figured you would.

MURPHY

That means they'll subpoena you.

CASTELLI

(casual)

Yeah, I know...

MURPHY

What are you gonna do?

CASTELLI

Let's put it this way: I ain't gonna commit perjury to protect those two bastards.

MURPHY

You can always say you didn't see nothin'...

CASTELLI

And leave you hangin'? What kinda creep would I be if I did a thing like that.

(MORE)

138 CONTD

140.

CASTELLI (contd)

(puts his arm
around Murphy)

Hey man don't you know the way
I feel about you. I'll go up
against the department, I'll go
up against the goddamn world for
you. We're partners, baby...

MURPHY

Not anymore...

CASTELLI

What do you mean?

MURPHY

I'm puttin' in my papers...

CASTELLI

What? You mean you're gonna leave
me alone up here in the garden spot
of the western world?

MURPHY

I can't hack it anymore, Andy...

CASTELLI

Hey...

He points out of the window.

The speedy, black Pursesnatcher of earlier scenes skulks
around a corner and snatches the purse of another elderly
lady.

MURPHY AND CASTELLI

CASTELLI

You gonna let him get away with that?

Murphy gets out of his car and starts running. Castelli
pulls ahead of him in the car.

139 LONG SHOT - TRACK STAR

running with Murphy in pursuit and Castelli trying to
head him off in the car. Castelli pulls his car onto
the sidewalk to block the Track Star, but he merely
leaps over the hood and keeps on going. Pain and
exertion showing in his face, Murphy runs around the
car and keeps up the pursuit.

139 CONTD

LONG SHOT

of Track Star running, Murphy following close behind. Track Star running with easy, confident strides; Murphy chugging along and beginning to lose ground. Castelli behind him. Track Star coming closer to the CAMERA, a big grin on his face; Murphy and Castelli fading into the blurred b.g. and then suddenly appearing again and closing the gap, with new energy in their strides.

FADE OUT.

THE END