

035082

FRENCH CONNECTION III:

BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

by

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Revised
March 11, 1998

This time it's personal.

FADE IN:

INT. BANK -- DAY

Open on a weary, stern-faced BANKER shaking his head.

BANKER

I'm sorry, Mr. Doyle.

POPEYE DOYLE, twenty-five years down the road, battle-scarred and battle-weary in his "vintage" suit and tie, shakes his head right back at the banker --

DOYLE

Don't be sorry.

BANKER

Mr. Doyle --

DOYLE

Don't be sorry, do your job. Be a banker. Lend the money, it's no good piled up in the vault --

(stabs a finger at the banker)

Let me finish, any policy shmuck from Queens knows you can't make a dime unless you put your money on the street --

BANKER

Indeed we did that, Mr. Doyle, but you have defaulted on your loan --

DOYLE

What is that, what is that, "default", just a word --

BANKER

How can the bank, when a loan is not repaid --

DOYLE

Now is the time for action, save a valuable business --

BANKER

Mr. Doyle.

DOYLE

Small entrepreneur, lifeblood of America --

BANKER

Mr. Doyle. The numbers. The numbers don't lie.

He refers to a thick sheaf of financials and spread-sheets strewn across the desk. Doyle ignores them.

DOYLE

Meaning what?

BANKER

Meaning we really have no choice. No choice. Tomorrow at noon we will be forced to --

DOYLE

Don't say it.

BANKER

Mr. Doyle --

DOYLE

Don't say it, and don't do it.

BANKER

Tomorrow at noon, we will...

(quickly, off the look

on Doyle's face)

Accompanied by the County Sheriffs, we will padlock the premises and take possession of, of --

He shrinks back in his seat as Doyle rises, reaches across the desk, and picks up -- a pen.

DOYLE

You pinstriped assholes steal more with one of these than all the trigger-happy hoodlums I ever knew.

BEGIN CREDITS

EXT. POPEYE'S BAR AND GRILL -- NIGHT

A driving rain slants into the big buzzing neon sign over the entrance. The "O" is dark in "Popeye's."

INT. POPEYE'S BAR AND GRILL -- NIGHT

The shank of the evening, crowd is sparse. Ballgame on the TV, sound turned low. Doyle is behind the bar, packing various items into a cardboard box.

DOYLE

How much in the till?

MANNY the bartender checks it out.

MANNY

Hundred and thirty.

DOYLE

How about the secret stash under the
cigar box?

MANNY

We cleaned it out last month when we
went fishing.

DOYLE

Shit.

MANNY

(shrugs)

My mom says you die owing money, you
win.

Doyle glares at him.

DOYLE

Now you've got me one foot in the
grave.

On the wall is a framed quotation: THERE IS NO HUNTING LIKE
THE HUNTING OF MAN. AND THOSE WHO HAVE HUNTED ARMED MEN
LONG ENOUGH AND LIKED IT NEVER CARE FOR ANYTHING ELSE
THEREAFTER. ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

Doyle takes it down and drops it in the box.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Crack my back.

Doyle and Manny stand back to back and lock arms. Manny
hoists Doyle up onto his back and leans forward. Doyle
grunts, and Manny sets him down.

A group of LOCAL DETECTIVES wander in.

OLDER COP

Jimmy, I just heard. Say it ain't
so.

DOYLE

I blame you, asshole.

OLDER COP

Me?

DOYLE

Nobody tells me, not one of you smiling
motherfuckers, people in Lauderdale
rather eat their young than drink
west of the Interstate...nobody comes
here but cops.

TIME CUT -- LATER

The place is filling up as word gets out -- there are cops from Dade and Broward Counties, Miami Homicide, DEA, INS, every kind of badge and uniform available...Doyle and Manny are pouring non-stop, their arms working like pistons --

DOYLE

People said don't let it turn into a cop bar, keep out the better element...what better element? I'm a goddamn orphan, police department was the only family I ever had. I bleed blue.

But the color on the bar is green: cops laying down twenties on the bar and waving off change, their own way of "taking up a collection" for Popeye...

DETECTIVE

Hey Popeye, it's not too late to pay my tab, is it?

He slaps a c-note on the bar. Manny and Doyle scoop up the dough, stuffing the cash into the cigar box instead of the register...

OLDER COP

I planned on throwing my surprise retirement party here, now what am I gonna do?

DOYLE

Keep working, brother.
(leans forward, serious)
You know the shittiest word in the English language? Retirement.

INT. POPEYE'S -- MORNING

The place is now packed to the rafters with COPS in and out of uniform. The uniforms wear round cowboy-style hats. Sunlight bleeds through the dusty windows but nobody's leaving.

COWBOY HAT

What's next for you, Popeye?

DOYLE

Turn fag and become an interior decorator. Maybe get a Popeye's chicken franchise, cocksuckers stole my handle anyway.

(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm on the job 37 years, when I wasn't working I was in bars...What the hell do I know how to do? I'm going back.

OLDER COP

Back on the cops? NYPD?

DOYLE

Nah, my old pal Sean Riley is Head of Investigation, Manhattan DA's Office. They got all retired cops working there. They don't figure your brains turn to cream of wheat with the first grey hair.

UNIFORM

Jimmy is it too late for the Hole in the Wall Gang?

DOYLE

Be my guest, pal. Just make sure the door is locked.

The bolt is turned and the joint gets a little QUIETER. A place at the back of the bar clears, and the cops gather in front of a large neon-lit beer promo clock.

The first uniform draws his gun, takes aim and FIRES A SHOT at the clock.

Everyone CHEERS and the next man lines up. BLAM! One after another the cops riddle the clock with bullets, .38s, 45s, 9MMs -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

DOYLE

Shakes the hands of the bleary-eyed cops as they stagger out into the grapefruit-yellow Florida sun.

Then he gathers the take from the cigar box and bends it into a thick roll, wrapped in a rubber band. He jams it in his pocket.

Manny removes the bullet-riddled clock from the wall.

DOYLE

You'll take care of that?

MANNY

Just send me your address soon as you get settled.

He starts to pry out the slugs with a pen-knife.

EXT. POPEYE'S -- DOYLE -- DAY

He watches the sheriffs padlock his door. A cab is waiting. Manny hands him a battered old bag.

MANNY

The Legend Goes Home, huh? Good luck, Popeye.

DOYLE

Crack my back.

Manny does. Doyle climbs in and the cab drives off.

P.O.V DOYLE -- FROM THE CAB

Looking back he sees workmen struggle to take down the neon "Popeye's" sign. A slip, and the sign CRASHES to the asphalt lot below, shattering.

DOYLE

Winces and turns around, staring resolutely forward.

END CREDITS

EXT. ONE HOGAN PLAZA -- MANHATTAN -- DAY

Doyle gets out of a New York yellow cab, and walks into the stately offices of the Manhattan District Attorney.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Doyle approaches the receptionist.

DOYLE

Jimmy Doyle to see Sean Riley.

RECEPTIONIST

(blurts)

Today?

DOYLE

No, I'm looking to come back some time next month.

RECEPTIONIST

I just meant...fine, have a seat. I'll let him know.

Doyle sits. SEAN RILEY, military posture and a fine head of white hair, comes out looking stressed and surprised -- like he's been caught with his pants down.

RILEY

Jimmy hello, christ, did we say today?

DOYLE

Yeah, I just got in. What's the matter?

RILEY

Ah, come on, we can talk in my office.

RILEY'S OFFICE

Everything is packed up in boxes.

DOYLE

Painting? Redecorating? New office, better view?

RILEY

I'm out, pal.

DOYLE

Out?

RILEY

Transfer came in yesterday. I'm going to Traffic. Commander of Traffic, Midtown South.

(beat)

Effective immediately.

DOYLE

What about my job?

RILEY

Talk to the new guy.

DOYLE

Fuck you and your dead mother.

RILEY

Jimmy --

DOYLE

See this?

He takes out his bankroll from the bar's last night.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

This is everything I got left in the world. I'm on the street --

RILEY

You gotta talk to the new guy.

DOYLE

How is he?

Riley shrugs helplessly.

INT. ANALLY NEAT OFFICE

Of HAL WILLNER, Riley's 35 year old replacement, a smiling cobra in a Brooks Brothers suit.

WILLNER

So...You retired, opened your bar like every other red-nosed old cop, went belly up like every other old cop, now you'd like to get back on the city tit?

Doyle shifts uneasily. This sucks, but he can get through it...

DOYLE

Every civilian Investigator here in the DAS office is a retired New York City detective. I fit the bill and then some.

WILLNER

Oh yes. I know all about Popeye Doyle.

He taps a fingernail against Doyle's NYPD personnel file, stamped RETIRED across the front.

WILLNER (CONT'D)

Made detective faster than anyone in the history of the Department, over 8,000 collars --

DOYLE

I had a good run --

WILLNER

Also more brutality complaints than anyone else, more reprimands, more Internal Affairs investigations --

DOYLE

Hey wait a minute --

WILLNER

Forced to retire after contraband narcotics and weapons disappeared under your authority --

DOYLE

I was a collar man, not some pencil-neck clerk.

WILLNER

(smiles)

Like me?

DOYLE
(smiles right back)
Head of Investigation? I bet you
couldn't find a bleeding polar bear
in a snowstorm.

WILLNER
There's an old saying, the past is a
foreign country. People do things
differently there. You're a museum
piece, Doyle. We can't use you.

EXT. ONE HOGAN PLACE -- DAY

Doyle stands in the mid-day traffic, pedestrians streaming
by. Riley hustles out into the street in his shirt-sleeves.

RILEY
Jimmy, hold on. Wait a minute.

DOYLE
What for, you got a rectal probe lined
up for me next?

RILEY
Shut up and listen. Remember Charlie
Conerly from the old two-six squad?

DOYLE
Sure I remember him, we partnered
together a couple years.

RILEY
He's working over in Jersey now, Jersey
City. I heard he made captain.

DOYLE
Good for him.

RILEY
He's got a squad over there, Major
Case --

DOYLE
How fucking Major does it get in Jersey
City?

RILEY
Who cares you knucklehead, you're too
old to shoot it out with Dillinger
anymore. Jersey means a clean
slate...why not give him a holler?

DOYLE
I'm a New York cop. Fuck Jersey.

Scowling, he descends the first steps steps to the subway, then wheels back on Riley --

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You think I got no friends left? You think I don't have offers in the private sector? I don't need you or the District Attorney.

INT. SUBWAY -- DAY

Doyle pushes through the turnstile and takes his place on the platform, waiting for the uptown local. Still fuming, he yanks his collar open and loosens his tie.

Down the platform, a raggedy YOUNG BLACK MAN, early 20s, wheels himself on a makeshift wagon. His legs are bent lifelessly beneath him, his powerful torso clothed in threadbare old clothes.

PANHANDLER

Spare change, spare change, help out a gunshot victim sir...victim of urban violence, spare change ma'am.

A few people drop coins in his coffee can; most ignore him like the hard-shell New Yorkers they are. Like Doyle.

The panhandler is right beside Doyle now --

PANHANDLER (CONT'D)

Spare change, mister?

DOYLE

Beat it.

PANHANDLER

Please mister. Only a dollar, nothing to you, that's food for me...

DOYLE

Get lost, will ya?

But the panhandler is tugging on Doyle's pants leg -- and now we notice ANOTHER YOUNG BLACK, skinnier and smaller, slipping around behind Doyle --

PANHANDLER

I'm a casualty of the drug wars, I'll never walk again, I'll never live to be your age --

And the second kid is reaching out, reaching his hand into Doyle's front pocket, going for his bankroll as Doyle is occupied with the crippled panhandler and he's got his hand

in Doyle's pocket and his fingers close around the roll and he starts to ease it out of the pocket --

When Doyle catches him out of the corner of his eye and spins to his right bringing his left fist up from the floor --

DOYLE

You nigger motherfuckers!

And he belts the second kid with a Joe Frazier left hook, right on the button, and the kid goes flying across the platform --

Doyle kicks the panhandler away and starts after the pickpocket when the "cripple" miraculously recovers his powers of perambulation and leaps up on Doyle's back.

He grabs Doyle in a headlock and squeezes. Muscles bulge from his power-lifter arms.

PANHANDLER

He attacked my brother! He called us niggers!

DOYLE

My...poke!

Doyle staggers to the edge of the platform, trying to flip the panhandler off his back without success, starting to lose his balance --

The pickpocket scrambles to his feet --

Suddenly Doyle clutches his chest -- claws at his collar -- lurches backwards -- a WOMAN SCREAMS --

WOMAN

He's having a coronary!

PICKPOCKET

Oh shit! Leave him go!

The panhandler relaxes his grip and Doyle suddenly reaches up and grabs his head with both hands and drives him skull-first into the concrete pole. He crumples to the floor and Doyle wheels on the pickpocket --

DOYLE

Gimme my poke!

PICKPOCKET

I ain't got it!

He tries to run, but gets caught up in the crowd. Doyle lunges and tackles him.

They go over the side of the platform.

ON THE TRACKS

Doyle lands on the pickpocket in a heap.

The pickpocket twists free and tries to run across the tracks.

But the Downtown local ROARS in on the other side, forcing him back toward Doyle, who belts him and knocks him down on the center tracks, the express tracks.

DOYLE

Gimme my poke!

PICKPOCKET

I ain't got it!

DOYLE

(bent over him)

Give it up!

The distant ROAR of the express train thundering toward the station -- RIGHT DOWN THE CENTER TRACK --

PICKPOCKET

Let me go!

DOYLE

My money!

PICKPOCKET

I ain't got it!

DOYLE

Then we both die!

The train is hurtling towards them, closing the distance, the conductor SOUNDS HIS HORN but it's too late, there's no time to stop --

PICKPOCKET

(crying)

You crazy!

DOYLE

I am not a victim!

The train is right on top of them -- BRAKES SQUEALING HEAVY METAL SHUDDER -- The kid is clawing in his coat and we see just a flash of the bankroll and then the train has plowed them under --

-- but no, Doyle has hauled the kid out of harm's way at the last possible second and the train THUNDERS past and Doyle still has one hand on the pickpocket's throat --

The other brandishing his money --

DOYLE (CONT'D)
I am not a victim.

TRANSIT COPS swarm around them, separate Doyle from the pickpocket --

TRANSIT COP
Okay pops, what happened?

Doyle, trying to catch his breath, still glaring --

DOYLE
He mistook some grey hairs for an old man.

INT. GRUBBY HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Doyle flexes his swollen left hand and plunges it deep into the hotel ice bucket. He flops on the bed, TV tuned to COPS.

DOYLE
That's him. Black parka, he's got his head down...he's got felony eyes for shit sake.

The phone RINGS. Doyle has to grab it with his right hand, reaching awkwardly across his body.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
(phone)
Yeah? Yeah, this is Doyle. John, hey. Great. One o'clock, see you then.

INT. MIDTOWN PRIVATE CLUB -- DAY

Dark panelling, naval illustrations on the walls, middle-aged waitresses bringing out stiff drinks and hefty platters of food to a well-heeled clientele of attorneys, police brass, federal agents and their retired counterparts...

FIND Doyle and JOHN LONGO tucking into their pork chops and pot roast. Longo, with his manicure, pinkie ring and Italian suit, is as smooth as Doyle is rough; he exudes the self-satisfaction of a blue-collar stiff made good.

LONGO
Nice, huh? I come in a couple times a week, shmooze new clients...I brush them up against the Deputy Commissioner or the Chief of Detectives, they always sign by coffee.

(MORE)

LONGO (CONT'D)

(beat)

You ever been in here before, I mean as a guest or something?

DOYLE

No.

LONGO

Well anytime you're in town Jimmy, give a holler and if I'm free, so is lunch.

DOYLE

So the security business is working out for you?

LONGO

My timing couldn't be better, because the economy is booming, and people are rich and scared. And Paragon Security relieves their fears and their wallets.

DOYLE

I thought crime was down.

LONGO

Sure, shit crime, crack murders and gang hits. But for my clientele, I mean can your kids ever be too safe coming home from private school? Can your five million dollar duplex ever be too secure? Shit, I wish I went out ten years ago with you.

Longo smiles like the cat who swallowed the canary.

DOYLE

(laughs)

Your grandfather threw rocks at candy store windows. Now another guinea gets rich in the protection racket.

LONGO

We're billing twelve mil a year pal, this ain't no candy store. We've got myself, two retired FBI guys, two former ADAs and about eight investigators, all ex-New York gold shields. They're so busy we gotta turn business away, and Jimmy the perks...I could tell you stories about some of these Westport broads, net worth a hundred mil and they can

(MORE)

LONGO (CONT'D)
straighten out your corkscrew better
than a Ninth Avenue whore.

Doyle's expression says "Wow" as best he can muster.

DOYLE
You know, I'm thinking about moving
back up here permanent --

LONGO
(between mouthfuls)
'Zat so?

DOYLE
Yeah, and I was thinking, something
that would get me out of the house,
couple three days a week...get back
in the hunt...

LONGO
I figured you were out for good. The
bar --

DOYLE
I'm bored silly. Plus I'm around the
booze all day, my liver's gonna fall
right through my asshole. No, a set
up like you got going, I think that's --

LONGO
You know Jimmy, corporate work requires
a little finesse, little spit-and-
polish. You need a kind of bedside
manner, hand-holding --

DOYLE
Ass-kissing --

LONGO
Now see that's what I'm talking about,
just looking at it like that --

DOYLE
Okay, you and the FBI guys sign 'em
up, I'll do the legwork --

LONGO
Legwork? It's all computer shit now,
cyber search, databases, ECMS --

DOYLE
What?

LONGO

Electronic Counter Measures, Executive
Protection and Threat Analysis --

DOYLE

But eventually the rubber hits the
road you need someone on the street --

LONGO

Like I said I got eight guys, all
first grade New York dicks.

DOYLE

Whoever you got, you don't have Popeye
Doyle.

LONGO

You know Jimmy, this is me.

He swirls the ice cubes in his drink, signals for another.

LONGO (CONT'D)

We go back and yes, the Old Days and
how we pulled Tough Tony Tucci out of
the barber chair in East Harlem and
pistol-whipped his ass in the street
and so what? I can't use any of that.

DOYLE

Nobody could work a case, I mean work
it 25 hours a day --

LONGO

Your day, the old school, when you
can bang heads together, kick in doors
without a search warrant --

DOYLE

Hey John come on police work --

LONGO

We're a little more sophisticated
now.

Doyle's slow burn hits the red line.

DOYLE

As a cop you couldn't find Black Beauty
in a field of white mice, now you sit
here and snow the squares with "How I
Solved the World Trade Center" --

LONGO

Jimmy you're finished. Go back to
Florida, lay in the sun, write your
fuckin' memoirs --

DOYLE

Listen you greasy son of a ragpicker --

LONGO

Shanty Irish prick!

They are on their feet now red-faced and shouting and everyone in the place is staring --

LONGO (CONT'D)

You don't have two nickels to rub together you come in here and insult me, I'm pulling in 300 large a year?

DOYLE

So now you're a rich gigolo from Sunnyside.

Doyle starts for the door with Longo shouting after him --

LONGO

The wheel turns, Doyle! You're a ghost in a cheap suit, the face on the barroom floor. I wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire!

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY OFFICE -- DAY

Doyle going head-to-head with another gatekeeper:

DOYLE

You told him Doyle, D-O-Y-L-E, Jimmy Doyle?

RECEPTIONIST

I gave him the message, sir.

DOYLE

All the messages? You gave them to Mr. Lally?

RECEPTIONIST

I certainly did. And he has your number.

DOYLE

Yeah. And now I've got his. You tell him I should have left him to die in that shooting gallery in Brownsville twenty years ago.

EXT./INT. PATH TRAIN -- DAY

Doyle buys a ticket. His poke is considerably slimmer already.

He follows the sign reading PATH TRAINS TO NEW JERSEY.

INT. PATH TRAIN -- DAY

Riding beneath the Hudson, the crowd is sparse at mid-day.

EXT. JERSEY CITY POLICE HQ -- DAY

An ugly squat municipal building in a faded urban neighborhood. Doyle trudges up the steps.

INT. MAJOR CASE SQUAD ROOM

CHARLIE CONERLY, a beefy Irishman in his mid-50s, powerful and capable, comes out of his inner office shocked and delighted --

CONERLY

Jimmy Doyle, holy shit, a blast from the past. Come on in, have a seat.

DOYLE

Thanks Charlie. Nice office.

CONERLY

All this and a good paycheck, too. What's it been, at least ten years?

DOYLE

At least.

CONERLY

I tell Elaine every year we oughta get down to Florida and see you. But then something comes up... What the hell brings you to Jersey City?

DOYLE

I had some business, I heard you were over here --

CONERLY

Yeah, it's not the big town but it's where I grew up...What about lunch, the tin is still good around here.

DOYLE

Great. But this one's on me.

CHIEF

Hell no, you don't pull coin in my town. Let me grab my coat.

DOYLE

(blurts it out)

I need a favor, Charlie.

CONERLY

Name it. Soon as we get a couple
Dewars rocks in front of us --

DOYLE

I need a job.

CONERLY

What? I thought things were going so
well down there.

DOYLE

(shakes his head)

Lauderdale's all used up for me. New
York, too.

CONERLY

But...you've got your pension, right?

DOYLE

Gone. I been borrowing against it
for years.

Conerly walks over and closes the door.

CONERLY

At your age --

DOYLE

I can still do the job.

CONERLY

You mean here?

Doyle nods.

CONERLY (CONT'D)

But all I have is a driver position --

DOYLE

I'll take it --

CONERLY

Drive the evidence down the State
Lab, drive me too, it's political --

DOYLE

I'll take it.

CONERLY

Jimmy, I'd be embarassed.

DOYLE

I gotta suck your dick or what?

Conerly turns away, stares out the window.

CONERLY

I'll talk to the Chief, Jimmy. He owes me a favor or two.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE -- DAY

The walls are lined with photos of all 31 former Chiefs: 30 white guys and one black.

The current CHIEF is a bull-necked former motorcycle cop with a Marine haircut, collar loosened and tie pulled low, shirtsleeves rolled up over tattooed forearms.

He reaches into his desk drawer and comes out with Gold Shield #215 with an ID card case. He slides it across the desk to Doyle.

CHIEF

Welcome aboard, Doyle.

DOYLE

Thanks, Chief.

They shake hands and Doyle gets up to go.

CHIEF

Oh, and Doyle...I know you went out under a cloud over in New York.

DOYLE

Don't worry. I was a cop then. I'm a driver now.

CHIEF

That's all I wanted to hear.

(laughs)

Do me a favor and keep a low profile, will you?

DOYLE

No problem.

He gets up to go, the meeting is over.

CHIEF

Oh, and Charlie told you about the residency requirement, right?

CONERLY

Ah...

CHIEF

You've got to bunk in town.

DOYLE

Jersey City?

CHIEF

(laughs)

It'll grow on you.

Conerly is scribbling an address on a piece of paper...

EXT. BUS STOP -- DAY

Doyle gets off, and finds himself confronted by:

POV DOYLE -- GOLDEN YEARS RETIREMENT HOME

On the porch, GEEZERS play checkers and hobble around on walkers. The lucky ones. Some just stare blankly out from their wheelchairs.

DOYLE

Checks the address on the paper and starts to steam...

DOYLE

Very funny...you cocksuckers.

He turns back to the bus stop knowing he's being played for a fool. Then he checks the address one more time -- and it's not the retirement home, it's the apartment complex across the street --

EXT. ST JOHN APARTMENTS -- DAY

Three postwar brick towers fronted by a large NO VACANCY sign. Doyle enters nevertheless.

INT. LOBBY

A crusty DOORMAN is doing the crossword puzzle.

DOYLE

I'm here for an apartment.

DOORMAN

Read the sign. Two year waiting list.

DOYLE

Charlie Conerly sent me.

The doorman glances up for the first time.

DOORMAN

Maybe he meant across the street.

Doyle flips open his Jersey City shield.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

You're on the job?

DOYLE
Does it say Mickey Mouse Club?

DOORMAN
Okay, Pops. Don't have a stroke about it.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

The doorman shows Doyle his new home.

DOORMAN
We got plenty of cops here. We like cops. Great for security.

He glances over at Doyle, and his look says: Although you won't be much help.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)
Safest joint in town, Pops.

DOYLE
Not for you, shitbird.

DOORMAN
What?

DOYLE
Not if you call me Pops again.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE -- DAY

The Jersey City PD INSTRUCTOR walks Doyle and Conerly out to the shooting area.

INSTRUCTOR
It's just a formality, everybody gotta qualify. You gonna stay with that .38 wheel gun?

DOYLE
It gets the job done.

INSTRUCTOR
Nine has a lot more stopping power. I can qualify you today and lend you one for the time being.

DOYLE
Can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Doyle lines up on the range, extends his arm -- his hand has a slight tremor -- and FIRES. He is all over the target.

Instructor and Conerly react.

Doyle grits his teeth and reloads. His hands are shaky; he drops the cartridges.

INSTRUCTOR

Take your time.

CONERLY

(sotto)

Would you believe, he must have at least a dozen notches on that gun.

INSTRUCTOR

You know this guy, boss?

CONERLY

We went on the job together over in New York.

INSTRUCTOR

We use different targets for friends.

He takes out a new target and writes "Doyle 215" with a BIC pen. Then he pushes holes through the back of the "Kill Zone" area with the pen.

Meanwhile Doyle FIRES and misses again. Conerly gives him a friendly clap on his shoulder.

CONERLY

It'll come back. Like riding a bicycle.

Holding the new target up to Doyle --

INSPECTOR

Get outa here, you're an expert.

Doyle looks like he wishes the earth would swallow him up and spare him any further humiliation.

INT. ST. JOHN APARTMENTS -- NIGHT -- DOYLE

Putting a few things away in his new digs. He looks at the plaque with the Hemingway quote, turns it face-down on the dresser.

RAP on the door. Doyle isn't expecting anyone. He opens the door and there's ELAINE, Conerly's wife, 50, short-haired and feisty.

ELAINE

Jimmy Doyle, alive and kicking. I would have laid odds the other way.

DOYLE

Hello, Elaine.

She moves past him with an armload of towels and linen.

ELAINE

I've brought you a few things, help
you get settled.

DOYLE

You didn't have to do --

ELAINE

Oh but I did. I wanted to welcome
you to Jersey City.

DOYLE

Don't rub it in.

ELAINE

(glances around)

One more bachelor pad, Jimmy? No one
looking after you these days?

DOYLE

I can open my own can of tuna.

ELAINE

Whatever happened to that girl we saw
a few times, the Latin Quarter, Billie
Jean...?

DOYLE

Beverly.

ELAINE

No, I don't think so --

DOYLE

Billie Jean was her stage name.

ELAINE

She was an actress?

DOYLE

Stripper.

ELAINE

You always could pick them.

DOYLE

I'm surprised you remember.

ELAINE

I remember it all. I remember the
day they split you and Charlie up for
good. That was the happiest day of
my life, Jimmy.

(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I could finally sleep at night instead
of living in terror you'd get him
killed.

DOYLE

I'm not his partner this time, Elaine.
Just his driver.

ELAINE

(snaps)

Wear your seat belt. Both of you.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA -- MOVING -- DAY

Doyle at the wheel, Conerly beside him eating a bagel. (No
seat belts in evidence).

ROUTINE CHATTER on the police radio.

CONERLY

Left.

DOYLE

There?

CONERLY

Bergenline...there...you passed it.

DOYLE

(sighs)

Jersey.

EXT./INT. VIDEO ARCADE -- DAY

Doyle pulls up to the arcade. He and Conerly go inside.

They join TWO UNIFORMED COPS and a DETECTIVE. A surly TEENAGE
BOY sits on a bench, in handcuffs.

The detective approaches Conerly.

DETECTIVE

Recognize him? That's the Mayor's
son. He was in here with his buddies
playing with old subway tokens instead
of quarters. When the old Greek
catches him, he knocks Spyros right
on his ass.

Across the room, in the cashier's cage, SPYROS sits in a
chair, holding an icepack to his jaw.

CONERLY

Is the Greek pressing charges?

DETECTIVE

(grins)

Not after you talk to him, right?

A glance between Conerly and Doyle.

CONERLY

Give me a couple minutes.

EXT. ARCADE -- DAY

Doyle cools his heels by the car. Conerly walks out.

DOYLE

Major Case Squad.

CONERLY

Sure you can handle it?

INT. CROWN VIC -- MOVING -- EVENING

Doyle at the wheel once more.

CONERLY

Ready to eat?

DOYLE

Why not? I worked up a big appetite
on the last one.

CONERLY

You like Portugese?

DOYLE

I like what you like, boss.

CONERLY

Cut the crap --

Another call comes in on the RADIO, urgent this time --

DISPATCH

(radio)

Any Jersey City units in the area of
14th and Henderson, New York City
Anti-Crime unit is in pursuit of a
fugitive narcotics suspect through
the Holland Tunnel --

INT. HOLLAND TUNNEL -- UNMARKED BUBBLE CAPRICE

Siren WHOOP-WHOOPING as it changes lanes SLAMMING FENDERS
trying to keep up with --

RAMIREZ

A kid in a dark-blue hooded sweatshirt on a Japanese "organ donor" motorcycle, zipping through traffic and splitting lanes fearlessly --

INT. CAPRICE -- MOVING

RICHIE HOGAN is driving blasting the HORN, NELSON SEPULVEDA is his partner working the radio and cell phone.

Both in their 30s, both in plainclothes; Hogan is handsome hard-boiled Brooklyn Irish, Sepulveda is a "Dominican York" with an easy smile and a hair-trigger temper.

SEPULVEDA

(cell phone)

Suspect is almost to your side...

Any Jersey City units can communicate with us on cell phone Nine one seven --

INT. CROWN VIC -- MOVING -- CONERLY

Scrawling the number on a pad as he gets it over the radio --

DISPATCH

(radio)

...555-8264...suspect is believed to be armed and dangerous...

CONERLY

Come on let's have some fun. Hang a U-ie.

Doyle wheels the car around, but a lot slower than we remember from the old days --

CONERLY (CONT'D)

Punch it Popeye, punch it!

He flips open his cell phone.

EXT. HOLLAND TUNNEL -- ON THE JERSEY SIDE

UNIFORMED PATROL COPS are pulling over all legitimate traffic; they have switched all traffic lights facing the Tunnel to red.

As marked patrol cars are wheeling into place to form a roadblock --

RAMIREZ

EXPLODES out of the mouth of the Tunnel right past the uniforms and between the cars and hangs a wild left -- moments later --

HOGAN

Careens out of the tunnel and the Jersey City cops wave him after Ramirez. They scramble for their squads and --

EXT./INT CROWN VIC -- DOYLE

Slaps on the cherry top and they are moving southbound on Bergenline, moving smartly though nothing like the old Popeye Doyle --

Conerly has Sepulveda on his cell --

CONERLY

(phone)

This is Captain Conerly Major Case.
Where the hell are you, New York?

INTERCUT WITH SEPULVEDA IN HIS CAR:

SEPULVEDA

(phone)

Heading south somewhere, shit...

As blocks and street signs blur past --

SEPULVEDA (CONT'D)

Looks like Marine Ave, there's a big
park up ahead --

CONERLY

(phone)

That's Hamilton Park stay with him
New York the cavalry is on the way --
Popeye turn right and get the lead
out for crissake!

Doyle is white-knuckled on the wheel, whether from nerves or exhilaration we can't tell --

EXT. HAMILTON PARK -- DAY

Leafy-green playground surrounded by handsome red-brick Federalist townhouses. Kids play on swings, oldsters sit on park benches, mothers wheel babies in strollers --

RAMIREZ ON THE BIKE

Circles the park as squad cars converge to cut him off --

He pops a wheelie and hops the curb and guns his rice-burner through the center of the park, scattering people in every direction, past the statue of Alexander Hamilton --

Then veers off sharply and accelerates out of the park and across the street into a narrow alley between two old brownstones --

DOYLE

Meanwhile has just arrived at Hamilton Park -- he's the slowest-moving vehicle in sight -- and Conerly sizes up the situation quickly as they see --

HOGAN

Plow through park benches and stop signs staying right on Ramirez' ass but the alley is barely four feet wide and Hogan's face changes as the alley mouth rushes up to meet him and he stands on his brake but CRUNCH --

The Caprice CRUMPLES its front end into the brownstone walls at the entrance to the alley.

Hogan scrambles out the back window climbs over his wrecked car and runs after Ramirez --

Jersey City squad cars pile up behind him --

Sepulveda and the Jersey City uniforms follow and join the foot chase --

INT. CROWN VICTORIA -- MOVING -- CONERLY

Waves Doyle over to the street running parallel to the alley --

CONERLY

We'll cut him off at Sixth and Erie.

IN THE ALLEY

Ramirez throws his head back and laughs, he's leaving Hogan in the dust on his bike -- but the alley ends abruptly in a bricked-up wall --

Ramirez lays the bike down and tumbles to the dirt, the bike CRASHES into the wall and flips over, and Ramirez is taking his time getting up and --

RICHIE HOGAN

Is in some kind of world-class shape 'cause he's closing the gap, gaining ground, he pulls his gun as he gets close but now --

WIDER ANGLE

Ramirez is on his feet and climbing the wall and he looks back at Hogan, his face contorts with terror because Hogan is SCREAMING something --

Or he's trying to but it's hard to scream and run and his words are swallowed in the wind and it wouldn't matter anyway

because by now Ramirez is over the wall and now Hogan is up and over --

SERIES OF BACKYARDS

Separated by wooden fences and Ramirez is sprinting and hurdling like Carl Lewis and Hogan can't catch him but Ramirez can't lose him either --

The rest of the cops are bent over gasping for air, except Sepulveda who swings wide to try and cut Ramirez off but he doesn't know the streets --

EXT. SIXTH AND ERIE

A vacant lot ringed by a cyclone fence, lined with green metal strips that make it impossible to see into the lot from the street, or vice versa.

Doyle SKIDS up to the curb. He and Conerly climb out, Doyle trying to stretch his back as he moves.

CONERLY

He's gotta come over the top right here. We put the iron on him and take him down.

Conerly draws his pistol and after a moment Doyle does too.

CONERLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

You okay?

DOYLE

I'm good.

But his voice is tight --

CONERLY

Been a while, huh? Heart poundin' like a jackhammer, blood roarin' in your ears...feels fuckin' great, don't it?

DOYLE

(flat)

Great.

(beat)

You bring cuffs?

CONERLY

Shit. I'm a Captain.

DOYLE

I'm a driver.

They are in semi-crouches, guns drawn, flattened along the green-striped cyclone fence. Doyle's gun hand still has that slight tremor --

INSIDE THE VACANT LOT

Ramirez has put some distance between himself and Hogan again and he's almost to the fence and he leaps up and sneaks a quick look back and he sees he's okay and he's climbing up and up and starts to swing over when he looks down and --

P.O.V RAMIREZ -- DOYLE AND CONERLY

With their hand-cannons pointed right at him and they are screaming --

DOYLE/CONERLY
FREEZE MOTHERFUCKER DON'T MOVE HANDS
IN THE AIR RIGHT NOW SHITBAG WHERE WE
CAN SEE THEM DON'T YOU FUCKIN' BREATHE!

ANGLE -- FENCE AND LOT

Instead he jumps back down inside the fence but Hogan is on top of him now with his gun out and he's SCREAMING too and Sepulveda is barrelling across the lot SCREAMING IN SPANISH waving his gun and Ramirez reaches into his waistband and Hogan fires three times --

DOYLE

Registers each shot on his face but they can't see a fucking thing from the other side of the fence.

Doyle and Conerly scale the fence but they are not as young as they used to be...finally they look down from the top and they see --

Ramirez sprawled lifeless in the lot, Hogan kneeling beside him, Sepulveda standing nearby.

HOGAN
He's dead. He...I saw him
reach...reach for a weapon...

CONERLY
Where is it?

Hogan shrugs helplessly.

EXT. VACANT LOT -- NIGHT

It's a full-blown crime scene now.

The CRIME SCENE UNIT COPS examine the body, while Hogan gives a statement to the stern-faced Jersey City Chief, a grey-

haired NYPD INSPECTOR and Hal Willner from the Manhattan District Attorney's office.

HOGAN

I saw him reach for a gun. Right here.

Indicating his waistband --

WILLNER

You sticking with that? Cause we searched the body and came up empty. No gun, no knife, no weapon of any kind...

HOGAN

I saw him...and my partner will back me up.

CHIEF

Of course he will. All partners lie for each other.

INSPECTOR

Looks like a bad shooting, son.

WILLNER

You know why the Inspector is here? He's here to suspend you. Your only possible way out is to tell us what really happened.

Doyle suddenly slouches past and hunches over the body.

DOYLE

New York cop says he saw the skel reach, he reached for something. You recover drugs on him?

CSU COP

No, he was clean.

DOYLE

Pull down his pants.

CSU COP

We did that.

DOYLE

Do it again.

The Crime Scene guy does as he's told, revealing only the long tail of an oversized tank top.

CSU COP

See?

DOYLE
Pull it up.

CSU COP
I'm telling you, we...

He stops himself, does as he's told. Beneath the tank top is a pair of baggy boxers.

Willner, Conerly and the other brass all drift over to see what Doyle is up to.

CSU COP (CONT'D)
So?

DOYLE
(weary)
Pull down the shorts. Slowly. Can't you see he's wearing two pair?

Now the Crime Scene guy pulls off the boxers, revealing the briefs below.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Check the briefs.

A latexed hand goes in -- and pulls out a zip-loc with 53 vials of crack -- and a little .25 automatic.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Clean, huh?

He turns to Willner and the brass.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
He was reaching for the piece or his stash. He wanted to dump it before he was grabbed.

Willner and Hogan stare at the new evidence.

HOGAN
Nobody can say we planted that one, not under four layers of clothing.

DOYLE
Your guy saw him reach, just like he said. He was in fear for his life. It's an okay shooting.

Doyle starts to walk away.

HOGAN
Hey...hey thanks...

Doyle continues, pays no attention. Willner follows him.

WILLNER

Doyle. Hold on a second.

Doyle turns and waits.

WILLNER (CONT'D)

Would you have shot that man?

DOYLE

No.

WILLNER

No?

DOYLE

Absolutely not.

He turns and starts to walk again; the prosecutor runs to cut him off.

WILLNER

Wait a second. You waltz into the middle of my investigation, tell me it's a good shooting --

DOYLE

I said okay --

WILLNER

An okay shooting, and now you say you wouldn't have done it yourself.

Doyle regards him wearily.

DOYLE

I know something that kid hasn't learned yet. I pull the trigger and I'm standing here jammed up, talking to a jerkoff like you.

CONERLY AND THE CHIEF

Watching from off to the side.

CHIEF

This is his idea of a low profile?

CONERLY

He wasn't wrong, Chief.

CHIEF

When he is, you take the heat. Not me.

Hogan catches up to Doyle --

HOGAN

Thanks, man. I owe you big-time.

DOYLE

You don't owe me a thing.
(a gesture to include
himself and Hogan)
Same tribe. Blue.

Hogan sticks out his hand.

HOGAN

Richie Hogan.

DOYLE

Jimmy Doyle.

HOGAN

Doyle? Not Popeye Doyle?

DOYLE

I didn't think anybody remembered.

HOGAN

Nelson, get your ass over here. This
is Popeye Doyle just saved my white
ass.

SEPULVEDA

Can we buy you a drink?

DOYLE

Maybe another time.

HOGAN

Sorry, but either we buy you a drink
or we have to shoot you.

INT. SHAMROCK BAR -- NIGHT

Hogan and Sepulveda are in pig heaven, like young actors
sitting at the feet of Marlon Brando. Doyle takes a pull on
his Dewar's and water.

DOYLE

Mad Dog Eddie Jones, I chase him from
the bank 17 blocks through
Williamsburg, up two flights of an
old warehouse. Finally I get him
cornered, we both empty our guns.
Miss every shot. I throw my piece at
his head, knock him right down. And
that's how he beats the case.

SEPULVEDA

He beat the case?

DOYLE

Bump on the forehead. Brutality.

Hogan and Sepulveda laugh their asses off.

HOGAN

Some things never change.

DOYLE

I pursued a guy into a building once, supposedly he looked back and realized who was chasing him, and he was so much in fear that he jumped out of an eight story window. Takes a swan dive because he knows Popeye Doyle is chasing him.

HOGAN

That's respect.

SEPULVEDA

Fuckin' A. Didn't they used to call you Bullets Doyle, the old days, before they called you Popeye?

HOGAN

Cause he lit up more bad guys than Con Ed.

SEPULVEDA

What a fucking honor this is.

Sepulveda signals for another round.

HOGAN

They say you're about the best street cop ever put on the shield.

DOYLE

I did the job like they taught it to me. Get out there and knock their brains out and make it safe for the guy that walks to work at six in the morning.

HOGAN

Amen, brother.

SEPULVEDA

You ever need anything in the City, anything at all...

HOGAN

We know where the bodies are buried and we know all the villains.

He hands Doyle his card.

DOYLE
This is the nitecap, fellas.

SEPULVEDA
The night is young.

DOYLE
But I'm not.

HOGAN
Hey Popeye, how do you tell the
difference between Brooklyn cops and
Bronx cops?

DOYLE
Okay, I'll bite.

HOGAN
Brooklyn cop like you and me, we say
Fuck You.

SEPULVEDA
But a Bronx cop like me says Fuuuck
Yoooouuu!

Doyle's laughing and Hogan is signalling and the bartender
is pouring another round after all --

INT./EXT CONERLY'S CAR -- DAY

Doyle once more at the wheel --

DOYLE
Fuuuuck youuuu!

He's laughing so hard he rolls right through a red light.

CONERLY
Hey, pay attention.

DOYLE
They were good guys. Throwbacks.

CONERLY
The Irish kid, the way he took off
down that alley reminded me of you.
The young Popeye Doyle.

DOYLE
The young and stupid Popeye Doyle.

CONERLY
And the dealer, what's his story?

DOYLE

They said he was mixed up with some Dominican drug war they have going up in Washington Heights.

Conerly checks his watch.

CONERLY

You hungry?

DOYLE

I could eat.

CONERLY

I got a yen for Chinese.

P.O.V DOYLE -- OUT THE WINDOW

They are passing the El Floridita restaurant: "Comidas Cubanos y Creoles." As they roll past, a gold Bentley pulls up in front of the restaurant.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA

Doyle stops for the light.

EXT. EL FLORIDITA

A young Dominican heavyweight (RAY RAY) dressed in baggy, all-burgundy hip-hop gear, climbs out of the Bentley.

INT. CROWN VIC

Doyle and Conerly watch him enter the El Floridita, a big man, light on his feet, used to people moving out of his way.

CONERLY

Lookit that hump. Twenty years ago we brace him before his sneakers hit the sidewalk.

DOYLE

I had a suit that color, sharkskin suit, back in the 60s.

CONERLY

You had a Bentley too, didn't you?

DOYLE

Sure I did. I parked it next to my Lear jet in the precinct lot.

The light changes and they drive on.

INT. EL FLORIDITA -- EVENING

The front room is crowded with early dinner patrons, all Hispanic.

Ray Ray passes through an archway to a table in the small back dining room

The LUGO BROTHERS, FERNANDO and HUMBERTO, sit with their backs to the wall like fraternal Wild Bill Hickocks. Both in their twenties, wearing flashy street clothes, yet looking very serious. Their posture is rigid, their expressions tense.

HUMBERTO

(Spanish)

We've been here an hour already.

There's no food on the table, not even a basket of bread.

RAY RAY

(Spanish)

Lighten up. You guys order yet?

FERNANDO

(Spanish)

We're not hungry.

RAY RAY

(Spanish)

I am, okay? Somebody wants to meet in a restaurant, I come ready to eat. I hear the rodizio is great here.

He summons a waiter and orders in Spanish. When the waiter leaves, Fernando Lugo leans across the table.

FERNANDO

(English -- slow and deliberate)

We ain't paying no fifteen hundred dollars a week. That's our spot now.

RAY RAY

Claro. No problem.

The Lugos stare at him. Ray Ray laughs.

RAY RAY (CONT'D)

What? You think I came here to fight with you over fifteen hundred dollars?

(laughs; Spanish)

That's why you jokers been holed up in Jersey? I'm a whale. I don't fight over crumbs with minnows.

The waiter brings Ray Ray a beer. The Lugos whisper to each other. When the waiter withdraws, Ray Ray grins at them.

RAY RAY (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

Tell me true: if I said you gotta pay, what would you guys do?

Fernando Lugo opens his coat to show the 9MM pistol jammed into his waistband.

HUMBERTO

(Spanish)

We kill your ass right here, right now.

RAY RAY

Cono. You guys fo' real.

(Spanish)

I got to pay you more respect from now on.

WAITERS arrive bearing the rodizio, an entire leg of pork on a spit, and a platter with carving utensils.

RAY RAY (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

Look at that. Don't it make your mouth water?

FERNANDO

(Spanish)

Eat it yourself, fat man.

The Lugos start to get up, but Ray Ray, for all his size, is quick as a cat, on his feet first --

RAY RAY

(Spanish)

What's the hurry? Stick around.

Ray Ray wheels and yanks the spit of rodizio from the waiters' hands, pork leg and all. He drives it like a stake through Humberto's thigh, pinning him to his chair.

Humberto SCREAMS as blood geysers from his leg.

The waiters retreat pronto, their platters and utensils CRASHING to the floor.

Fernando gapes at his SCREAMING brother, caught like an animal in a trap. He fumbles for his gun -- and Ray Ray grabs the carving knife and thrusts it deep into Fernando's belly.

He wrenches the blade up and over -- "running the gears" they call it in prison -- hissing in Fernando's ear --

RAY RAY (CONT'D)
Guns don't kill people. Men kill
people.

He reaches in and yanks out Fernando's steaming intestines.
Fernando looks down. Fernando is white. Ray Ray is LAUGHING.

Humberto, still SCREAMING, is trying to pull the spit out of
his leg with both hands. Ray Ray yanks off a piece of meat
and stuffs it into Humberto's mouth --

RAY RAY (CONT'D)
Puerco para un puerco.

Then he plunges the blade through his heart.

MAIN DINING ROOM

Ray Ray, covered with blood and grease, walks calmly out of
the back room. Patrons gape. After a moment, Fernando
staggers out, clutching his open belly. Diners SCREAM.

Fernando lurches into a table of diners and yanks the table
cloth, sending the dishes CRASHING. People bail from their
tables.

He holds his guts with the table cloth and gropes for his
gun. He looks up to see it in Ray Ray's hand.

Ray Ray shoots him in the head. Fernando collapses dead on
the floor.

RAY RAY
(Spanish)
I'm sorry, everybody. I apologize
for ruining your dinner.

He takes out a fat roll of hundreds and starts peeling them
off, handing them out to everybody who hasn't bolted for the
doors yet.

RAY RAY (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
Sorry for your trouble...please, let
me pay for dinner...sorry...no no,
this is on me.

He smiles; he couldn't be more polite. He could be
apologizing for spilling a glass of wine.

EXT. EL FLORIDITA -- NIGHT

Ray Ray climbs into his gold Bentley, smearing blood on the
rich Connolly leather. He motors off, obeying the speed
limit and driving defensively.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Waiters have set half a dozen platters between Doyle and Conerly when Conerly's PAGER goes off.

CONERLY

Ah shit.

He checks the code in disbelief as Doyle heaps food on his plate.

CONERLY (CONT'D)

They gotta wrap this to go.

EXT./INT. EL FLORIDITA -- NIGHT

Outside the restaurant policemen are interviewing restaurant patrons as potential witnesses. It's a symphony of shaking heads, shrugged shoulders and "no hablo ingles."

The two DETECTIVES who caught the double homicide, BROWN and LEGROS, both under 35, wait for Conerly inside the tape.

CONERLY

Guys, say hello to Jimmy Doyle.

They shake hands.

BROWN

Dave Brown.

LEGROS

John LeGros. Nice to meet you.

DOYLE

Likewise.

LEGROS

You're our lucky charm, man. Soon as you come aboard, you bring us a double.

DOYLE

Glad to be of service.

CONERLY

What do we have here?

BROWN

(solicitous to Doyle)
It's a nasty scene inside.

DOYLE

Not my first.

Brown shrugs, leads them to Fernando's splayed corpse. Doyle doesn't recoil; to the contrary, his eyes take in the details like a series of x-rays.

LEGROS

Two Dominican brothers from New York, Humberto and Fernando Lugo. They're both wearing enough gold to make a Don King starter kit.

BROWN

Plus about nine thousand in cash in their pockets.

LEGROS

So I think we can rule out robbery, boss.

CONERLY

Why are New York drug dealers all of a sudden coming here to die?

No one has an answer for him.

They continue to the back dining room, where they are confronted by the grotesque sight of Humberto Lugo's corpse pinioned to his chair by the rodizio, carving knife protruding from his chest.

Doyle lingers behind a moment, taking in Fernando's disemboweled form. He reaches down to uncover the sheet --

FORENSICS COP

Hey old-timer, get away from there.

DOYLE

What?

FORENSICS COP

You got no gloves, you got no hair covering, you got no business. Back the fuck off from my body.

DOYLE

Sorry.

Cops are staring at him. He drops the sheet and rejoins the others.

BROWN

They let you touch the bodies back in the day, Jimmy?

DOYLE

We did it all. First-grade detective was king of the hill.

LEGROS

It's a little different now.

BROWN

Hang in there. You'll get it.

If Doyle is steamed at being patronized, he does his best not to let on.

CONERLY

Don't worry about Jimmy. He's happy to be a driver. Any witnesses?

BROWN

You kidding? Must have been a hundred people in the restaurant, every single one happens to be in the rest room at the time.

CONERLY

Ain't that the way, Jimmy? Ain't that always the way?

He turns to see Doyle is gone.

EXT. EL FLORIDITA -- NIGHT

Doyle wanders the perimeter, looking carefully in a 360 degree arc around the crime scene. He notices a boarded-up cigar store, and above it, a small apartment. There's a faint light from inside, as if from the kitchen.

Conerly comes out and joins him.

CONERLY

A little too much fun for your first day back?

DOYLE

I can handle it. That guy in the Bentley, burgundy suit...

CONERLY

Not one of the witnesses mentions him. None of the statements.

DOYLE

Exactly.

CONERLY

"Low profile," Jimmy. Tomorrow all you have to do is drive to the lab. It's down the shore, you can get some sun, get some clean air in your lungs.

DOYLE

Just get me a Jersey map, okay?

EXT. ST. JOHN APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Doyle pauses in front of his door to stare across the street at the retirement home before he goes inside.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM -- JERSEY CITY PD -- DAY

Doyle fills out forms.

CONERLY (V.O.)

You pick up the evidence at BCI.
Voucher it out of the evidence locker
from the Property Clerk. Drive it
down to Sea Girt.

DOYLE

Doyle, Major Case.

COP

Credentials.
(checks them)
In the back.

Doyle takes the evidence from the Property Clerk and walks down the hall past the clerk at the BCI desk.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE -- DAY

Popeye in the Major Case Jeep, ferrying the samples south.

GARDEN STATE PARKWAY -- DAY

Approaching the Jersey Shore...

EXT. STATE CRIME LAB -- DAY

Doyle pulls into the lot. The only empty spot is marked:
LT. WIERINGA -- DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT PARKING HERE. Doyle
pulls right in.

INT. STATE CRIME LAB -- DAY

Doyle shows his shield, is buzzed in by the desk officer.

BIOCHEM LAB

Chief Biochemist (and 40-ish brown-eyed beauty) MICHELLE
PETRO looks up from her microscope at Doyle.

MICHELLE

Hi, you're a new face.

DOYLE

This face gets called a lot of things,
but never that.

MICHELLE

Michelle Petro, I'm one of the
supervisors here.

DOYLE

Jimmy Doyle, Jersey City. Got some
blood work.

MICHELLE

(looks it over)
Thanks.

He's about to go, then --

DOYLE

You got a place down here for lunch,
where the tin is good?

MICHELLE

Rod's is okay, up the street.

DOYLE

What time are you free?

She laughs and shows him her wedding band.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

What the hell is that supposed to
mean? You took a vow of hunger on
your wedding day?

INT. MAJOR CASE SQUAD -- DAY

Doyle pours himself a cup of coffee, Legros joins him.

LEGROS

Hey Jimmy, on that double murder?

Doyle adds milk, stirs, says nothing.

LEGROS (CONT'D)

We called over to Manhattan North,
nobody knows nothing about the Lugo
brothers.

BROWN

(joining them)
Gave us that real New York hot-shit
attitude, we're small-town zeros
wasting their precious time.

DOYLE
(as he moves off)
Hang in there. You'll get it.

LEGROS
We were thinking. You must still
have plenty of friends on that job...

DOYLE
No way, kid.

LEGROS
All I'm asking is reach out on our
behalf. We hit a brick wall, me and
Davey.

DOYLE
I don't work cases anymore. I'm a
driver.

LEGROS
I'm not talking shoe leather. I'm
talking like one well-placed phone
call.

Doyle sips his coffee and considers.

DOYLE
If I did reach out it would be totally
on the QT.

BROWN
Understood.

DOYLE
I'll see what I can do.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM -- NIGHT

Doyle parks on a forbidding, tenement-lined stretch of Third Avenue. All the store signs are in Spanish. He approaches an unmarked brick storefront and RAPS on the heavy metal door. The window slides open, speakeasy-style. Doyle raises his shield to the window and is buzzed inside.

INT. STOREFRONT

But within is no stakeout or secret police operation; instead it's Cokely's Bar, the last Irish saloon in this part of the world. The BARTENDER, a grizzled ex-policeman, spots Doyle first.

BARTENDER
I believe I've seen a ghost.

DOYLE

Does the Health Department know you're still operating up here, Danny?

BARTENDER

Them Inspectors need a place to drink too, don't they?

He pours Doyle a Dewars and water and moves away as Hogan and Sepulveda come through the door and over to Doyle.

HOGAN

Popeye, how are you, what can we do for you?

DOYLE

I want to talk about the Lugo brothers.

HOGAN

Shit we can do better than that.

EXT. BROADWAY -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS -- NIGHT

The main artery for New York's vibrant Dominican community, jammed with people, buzzing with neon, and flowing with cocaine and cash. Broadway uptown jumps 24-7.

A bubble Caprice, the world's most easily recognized unmarked car, cruises the block, Sepulveda at the wheel.

HOGAN

I love working up here. I love the Spanish people, the language, the women, the whole Spanish culture.

EXT. TENEMENT CORNER -- AMSTERDAM AND 158 STREET -- NIGHT

The Caprice pulls up. The DOPE BOYS on the corner wave hello. They use their walkie-talkies to tell their stash pads the Man is here.

INT. CAPRICE

Sepulveda waves back.

SEPULVEDA

This was the Lugos' spot, right here.

HOGAN

Dominican drug team has a deep bench.

The dope boys shout "Bajando!" at the cops in the Caprice, whistle and grab their crotches. Customers melt into the shadows.

SEPULVEDA

Most of 158th Street was controlled by a fat cat called Narcisco. Narcisco Guerra.

HOGAN

Everybody wanted Narcisco. Narcotics, DEA, Homicide, but nobody ever got close to him.

SEPULVEDA

Eventually he retired down to the Dominican Republic.

HOGAN

He's got discos, hotels, Mercedes dealership...

DOYLE

The Lugos worked for Narcisco?

SEPULVEDA

He rents out his corners, everybody wires the dough south to him. Maybe the Lugos stopped paying.

HOGAN

But that hit you had over in Jersey, that's not his style.

DOYLE

No?

HOGAN

Narcisco's cool. Makes you disappear without a trace, then he sends the biggest wreath to your funeral.

DOYLE

Whose style is it?

SEPULVEDA

The Lugos were hooked up with a young buck named Omar Martinez.

HOGAN

Omar's like a vampire, he lives off the blood.

SEPULVEDA

We could give you some of his hangs --

HOGAN

Fuck that Nelson, we don't get a chance to ride with Popeye Doyle everyday. We'll take you there now.

DOYLE

Guys that's not necessary it's not my case --

He is jolted back as Sepulveda guns away from the corner.

HOGAN

Come on I told you, it's an honor.

He leans out the window and whoops:

HOGAN (CONT'D)

Vamos de paseo con El Rey! We're riding with the King!

EXT./INT. EL CUBANO POOL HALL -- NIGHT

It's a corner spot in a four-story tenement. There's a knot of YOUNG MEN in baggy clothes and brand-new sneakers hanging on the corner. Hogan and Sepulveda roll on them, jump out and brace them all --

HOGAN

Everybody against the wall. Grab the bricks!

SEPULVEDA

(Spanish)

Nice and easy. Hands in the air.

They don't bother to identify themselves as cops. Everybody knows who they are.

Doyle climbs out slowly on creaky knees and hangs back. He's played this scene a million times himself.

KIDS and TEENAGERS up on the roof holler down at the cops and taunt them in Spanish. Hogan and Sepulveda ignore them.

HOGAN

Anybody seen Omar?

SEPULVEDA

(Spanish)

Omar Martinez been around today?

The young Dominicans just smile and shake their heads.

HOGAN

(dry)

Are you aware you are in an area where narcotics are being purveyed? Possibly in this very establishment?

They move inside, line up more customers against the bar and frisk them.

SEPULVEDA
(English and Spanish)
Empty your pockets, hands on the bar.

HOGAN
Anybody with A-felony weight, take
one step forward.
(beat)
Did I forget to say Simon Says?

SEPULVEDA
You, what's that bulge in your pants?
You happy to see me, maricon? Empty
your pockets.

The kid (HECTOR) removes a roll of bills that would choke a
dinosaur.

SEPULVEDA (CONT'D)
Look at this Popeye, must be ten,
fifteen grand here.

Doyle is poker-faced.

HOGAN
You make this selling cocaine for
Omar Martinez?

Hector answers in Spanish, deadpan.

SEPULVEDA
He says he's going to buy a car.

HOGAN
Buy a car, it's 3 AM. Where you gonna
buy a car now?

Hector has lots of gold in his toothy smile, and a thick
accent when he speaks English. He turns directly to Doyle.

HECTOR
(grins; street jive)
Never be without, that's what it's
all about. Right, Chief?

SEPULVEDA
He thinks you're a boss, Popeye.

Doyle plays along noncommittally --

DOYLE
Talk to the officer, not me.

HOGAN
You got a green card, Money?
(MORE)

HOGAN (CONT'D)
Or you just another illegal asshole
with fifteen thousand dollars' worth
of coke money in your pocket?

HECTOR
Green card don't get you shit in this
country. Not like a badge.

Hogan grabs a pool cue and jabs the point against Hector's
adam's apple.

HOGAN
Don't talk crazy now. Don't be a mad
hatter.

He backs Hector to a pool table and bends him backwards over
the green felt, cue at his throat.

HOGAN (CONT'D)
Six months ago you're ankle deep in
pig shit, living in a tin shack,
sucking on sugar cane like a mountain
gorilla.

Doyle smiles.

HOGAN (CONT'D)
You sneak into this country, sell
drugs to kids, now you think you're
some kind of badass gangster?

HECTOR
(grins)
You mean like Ray Ray?

(Who? We haven't heard the name before.)

WHACK! Hogan wipes the grin off his face with the pool cue.

Doyle winces. Hogan clubs Hector again with the cue.

Hector spits blood and teeth and drops to his knees.

A couple of his buddies bolt out the side door.

HOGAN
You hear that, Popeye? What would
you do to a piece of shit motherfucks
you that way?

DOYLE
Beat the balls off him --

Hogan tosses him the cue.

HOGAN
Go ahead, Chief.

Doyle hesitates.

DOYLE
I've had 30 years rolling around on
the floor with these assholes. No
thanks.

He sets the cue down.

HOGAN
You got to be hard up here. You got
to out-macho these Latins. Right
Nelson?

SEPULVEDA
Never back down, Popeye. Never back
up. Never back off.

He kicks Hector in the ribs.

Doyle shakes his head. He looks old and tired.

DOYLE
I'll wait outside.

He walks up the steps back out to the street. As he goes
Hogan and Sepulveda stand over Hector.

HOGAN
(loud)
You tell Omar we're looking for him.
If he's smart he'll find us first.

EXT. EL CUBANO -- NIGHT

Doyle waits at the curb by the car. He looks miserable.

The kids SHOUT IN SPANISH from the roof.

Hogan and Sepulveda swagger outside.

HOGAN
Be careful, fellas. This is a
dangerous area.

SEPULVEDA
(Spanish)
There are wild maniacs with guns
running around here.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

We see the two pals of Hector who split from the pool hall approaching the edge of the roof. Then something comes flying off -- something hard and black, tumbling end over end...

It's plummeting toward Hogan and Sepulveda as they walk to the Caprice --

EXT. SIDEWALK -- CONTINUOUS

It's hurtling down at Doyle as he moves to meet them --

A SCREAM from somewhere in the street --

And a car battery plunges past Doyle and crashes onto the hood of the Caprice, buckling it. Doyle staggers and gapes up at the roof.

DOYLE

Motherf-...motherfuckers!.

Adrenaline is pumping through Doyle's bloodstream.

Hogan and Sepulveda charge into the tenement lobby. Doyle runs after them.

INT. TENEMENT -- NIGHT

Hogan and Sepulveda pound up the worn narrow stairs. Sepulveda is on the hand-held RADIO, calling in backup.

Doyle hustles too, but despite his best efforts, he falls behind. They charge up one flight, two, three -- shouts and cries in Spanish ECHO through the tenement hallways.

Doyle pauses doubled-over on the landing, out of breath, a film of sweat over his face. He's too far behind the others. He's been left behind.

EXT. TENEMENT ROOF -- NIGHT

Hogan and Sepulveda burst outside -- the beams of their flashlights slash through the darkness. FOOTSTEPS from across the roof and SHOUTS from windows and the roof of the next tenement.

Caught in the beams: Dominican kids jumping to the next roof, LAUGHING AND SHOUTING.

A sudden scuffling of feet behind them, darting for the door -- a shadow blurs past --

HOGAN

Freeze!

But he's gone. Sepulveda gets on his radio --

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Doyle trudging exhausted up the final flight. A sudden clatter above him and a BURLY KID is on top of him, blowing down the steps two at a time --

DOYLE

Hold it --

The kid stiff-arms Doyle. Doyle extends a foot and the kid spills down the steps.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Hey! Down here!

He hurries after the kid --

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Don't move.

The kid scrambles to his feet. He's big, fast, maybe 19 -- as he straightens up Doyle hauls off and belts him in the mouth.

The kid just blinks and hits Doyle a flurry of shots, real fast like Sugar Ray, boom-boom-boom-boom-boom. Doyle falls on his ass.

He reaches down for his gun in the ankle holster -- and the kid grabs Doyle by his shirt and flings him across the landing -- CRUNCH.

Doyle slams into the wall and drops his gun. He slides down the steps and grabs the railing to break his fall.

The old tenement bannister splinters in his hands and gives way. Doyle cracks his chin on the steps as he bumps down.

The kid goes for Doyle's gun. Doyle crawls up after him.

The kid gives him a boot into the broken railing, which gives way completely. Doyle goes over the side.

He's hanging by his fingers from the landing, four stories up. Legs flailing, he tries desperately to pull himself to safety. The effort takes all the air out of him, he can't even shout for help.

The kid picks up Doyle's gun, laughing, and stomps his heel down right by Doyle's fingers -- like a cat torturing a rat before finishing him off -- he's laughing and dancing around Doyle's fingers with his thick heels --

When Hogan, charging down the stairs with Sepulveda, smashes the kid from behind with his flashlight.

The kid crumples. Hogan snatches the gun.

SEPULVEDA

Hold on, Popeye!

He reaches through the broken railing and gets a grip on Doyle. Hogan locks onto Sepulveda and they heave Doyle up to safety.

SEPULVEDA (CONT'D)

Holy shit Popeye, you okay?

Doyle can't speak. He can barely breathe. They cuff the kid, giving him a few smacks for good measure.

HOGAN

We'll get the paramedics, take care of that eye.

SEPULVEDA

(to kid)

Motherfucker.

He kicks him again.

SEPULVEDA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, we'll lock his ass up good.

Getting his breath back, Doyle shakes his head.

DOYLE

No. Cut him loose.

SEPULVEDA

Cut him loose? He laid hands on you.

DOYLE

I'm here on the QT. I can't get jammed up.

HOGAN

We can handle --

DOYLE

No. No report...no nothing.

Doyle leans his head back against the tenement wall, in every kind of pain.

EXT. BACK YARD -- DAY

Barbecue at the Conerlys': friends, children, detectives from Major Case, and Doyle, sitting off by himself, wishing he were anywhere else on the planet.

Conerly extricates himself from a clutch of GRANDCHILDREN, comes over with two beers.

CONERLY

This is the life, eh Jimmy?

DOYLE

Yeah.

CONERLY

I'm glad my bouncing days are long gone.

(beat; studies Doyle)

What happened to your eye, Jimmy?
And your chin there?

DOYLE

Fell down the stairs.

CONERLY

Sure. But which stairs, and what were you doing on them?

Before Doyle can answer -- or before he has to -- the grandkids, including COOPER, age 6, chase after Conerly. They climb all over Doyle to get to him.

DOYLE

Hey...hey...easy....

COOPER

Wanna see some karate? Keeyah!

He kicks Doyle in the knee. Doyle winces. He's trying not to let on how bad he's hurt. The other kids follow Cooper's lead and kick Doyle as well.

Elaine is serving from a platter of carbonized chicken --

ELAINE

Easy, kids. White meat or dark, Jimmy?

DOYLE

No thanks. I'll just stick with my beer for now.

He rolls the cold bottle slowly over his swollen cheek.

ELAINE

You know you could have brought someone, Jimmy.

DOYLE

Sharon Stone had other plans.

ELAINE

My friend Janis over there is a terrific gal.

DOYLE

I'm sure she is --

ELAINE

Divorced, but not bitter. Go over and mingle...

DOYLE

Sure.

He gets up, but heads for Brown and Legros by the cooler instead.

BROWN

Having fun, Jimmy?

DOYLE

Like WC Fields said, anyone who hates children and dogs can't be all bad.

LEGROS

Who's WC Fields?

DOYLE

(deadpan)

President of the United States during the Depression.

LEGROS

The what?

DOYLE

Jesus christ. Any luck with that name I gave you?

BROWN

Omar Martinez? He's got a rock-solid alibi.

DOYLE

What is it?

BROWN

He's dead.

LEGROS

They fished his body out of the Dykman Boat Pier last night.

CONERLY

How long was he in there?

LEGROS

ME said at least a week. Could be more.

DOYLE

Let me get this straight. The Medical Examiner is saying Omar Martinez is dead a week?

LEGROS

That makes your New York pals wrong on him for the Lugo murders.

DOYLE

Wrong as a three-dollar bill.

He's lost in thought for a moment. Conerly comes up behind him.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You got a Moniker File over here?

CONERLY

What for? You looking to fall down more stairs?

Doyle's eyes flare but he holds his tongue. Conerly claps Doyle on the back.

CONERLY (CONT'D)

These are your Golden Years. Let the boys work the case.

The men drift back to their families, but Conerly lingers for a moment with Doyle.

CONERLY (CONT'D)

Stay out of the City, stay out of the files, stay out of the way, Jimmy.

DOYLE

I hear you.

CONERLY

I've been told, and now you have, too.

He leaves Doyle alone, a solitary figure on a lawn chair.

EXT./INT. ST. JOHN APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Doyle wearily negotiates the steps up to his place. There's a package outside his door.

INT. APT

Doyle rips it open. It's his present from Manny: a chunk of lucite with all the bullets pried from the clock and the wall at Popeye's bar. It's inscribed: TO A COP'S COP FROM THE HOLE IN THE WALL GANG.

EXT. GOLDEN YEARS RETIREMENT HOME -- DAY

Doyle walks up the steps to the porch.

ORDERLY

Can I help you?

DOYLE

You got any cops here?

ORDERLY

Private security.

DOYLE

No, I mean...patients.

ORDERLY

Longshoremen and teamsters, mostly.
We had a fella named Finnegan, I think
he was a cop...

DOYLE

What happened to him?

ORDERLY

What do you think?

(beat)

Listen you want to ask about a spot,
you got to see them at the desk inside.

Glancing at the defeated and slack faces around him --

DOYLE

Hopefully I can get myself killed
first.

EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

Doyle pilots the Major Case jeep past wide lawns, rambling Tudor homes and stately mock-Colonials. He pulls up to a sprawling two story frame home with a gleaming-wet Lexus parked in the curved driveway.

Hogan is washing the car with his son BRIAN, 12. His daughter JULIET, 9, is raking leaves on the lawn.

HOGAN

Popeye! You found us okay?

EXT. HOGAN BACKYARD -- DAY

A redwood deck, a brick patio, a matching barbecue, and a full-size pool. Hogan's wife LINDA, cute and savvy Long Island girl, brings out beers.

DOYLE

Beautiful place you have here.

LINDA

We're very lucky. My dad's a contractor, he found the lot at a foreclosure auction. Demo'd the old heap, got all the materials at cost.

HOGAN

We could never afford to buy here, a cop's salary.

DOYLE

(smiles)

Not in my day.

LINDA

(quickly)

Dad and Richie did most of the work themselves.

Hogan shrugs, as if to say: no big deal.

HOGAN

For the kids, a place to grow up nice...

DOYLE

That's the thing, isn't it?

LINDA

I'm gonna take Julie over to ballet. Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Doyle.

DOYLE

Popeye. Likewise.

After she goes --

HOGAN

I knew I was gonna hear from you about Omar Martinez.

(MORE)

HOGAN (CONT'D)

We caught up with him the next day.
(laughs)
Couldn't get a word out of him.

DOYLE

My feelings would be hurt, I thought
I was being played for Mickey the
Dunce.

HOGAN

(laughs)
Come on. You never had a bum hunch?

DOYLE

My gut was pretty good.

HOGAN

Besides, you said it's not your case.

DOYLE

It's not.

HOGAN

So what brings you two hours out here
on the Expressway?

Brian calls out from the french door of the den --

BRIAN

Dad, the Giants just scored again!

HOGAN

Great. We'll be in in a minute.

When he turns back Doyle speaks softly, and the words cost him.

DOYLE

I smelled something on that stairway
the other night.

HOGAN

Rats, piss, fuckin' cuchifritos cookin'
in the hall --

DOYLE

I smelled my own fear, and I was
ashamed.

HOGAN

Could have happened to anybody.

DOYLE

Anybody old? You two, you reminded me who I was, first time in a long time. It can't happen for nothing.

HOGAN

We'll keep our ears open, okay?

DOYLE

I'm not a patsy.

HOGAN

Would you lighten up? You're getting your balls in an uproar over nothing.

DOYLE

I'm not a victim. I jam up the other guy. I don't get jammed up.

HOGAN

Sure.

(hesitates, then)

I mean, until the end, on the job...brass had you jammed up pretty good.

DOYLE

You remember that?

HOGAN

I was a rookie, but I heard the veterans talk.

(grins)

Of course they could never pin the big stuff on you.

DOYLE

Maybe there was no big stuff.

HOGAN

Bullshit, everybody knows you were no choir boy...that's half your rep. How many years you work Narcotics?

DOYLE

I loved to work dope. I loved the hunt. But I never had my hand out.

HOGAN

Anyway, times change, right?

DOYLE

I don't.

HOGAN

(laughs)

Okay, Wyatt Earp, you made your point.
In the meantime, don't take it so
hard.

DOYLE

Easy as pie.

He gets up to go, then pauses --

DOYLE (CONT'D)

By the way, in the pool hall, the kid
with the big bankroll --

HOGAN

(laughs)

And the new bridgework --

DOYLE

Yeah, he mentioned a name, sounded
like Jay Jay, or maybe Ray Jay?

HOGAN

Did he?

DOYLE

Would that ring a bell, something
like that? Ray Ray, maybe?

HOGAN

Ray Ray? I've heard the name.
Supposed to be a big wholesaler.

DOYLE

Does he tie into the Lugos?

HOGAN

There's ten layers of people between
the Lugos and a heavyweight like Ray
Ray. That punk was just throwing
shit in the game.

DOYLE

Yeah. You guys ever run across him,
Ray Ray?

HOGAN

Not that I recall, why?

DOYLE

(smiles)

You told me you knew all the villains.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM -- DAY

Doyle takes the evidence from the Property Clerk and walks down the hall past the clerk at the BCI desk. After a few steps he stops, retraces his path and approaches the clerk.

DOYLE
Run a moniker for me?

CLERK
Shoot.

DOYLE
Ray Ray.

CLERK
Spanish Ray Ray or black Ray Ray?

DOYLE
I'm guessing Spanish.

EXT. ANTHONY'S SUB SHOP -- DAY

Doyle comes out carrying a brown paper bag.

EXT. STATE LAB PARKING LOT -- DAY

Doyle pulls into Lt. Wieringa's spot.

INT. STATE LAB -- DAY

Michelle Petro looks up as Doyle enters.

MICHELLE
Doyle, right? Sign here.

DOYLE
I brought you a present.

He hands her the paper bag. She pulls out a sloppy meatball hero, loosely wrapped in foil.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Since your husband forbids you to
take a lunch break.

She smiles, but not with her eyes.

MICHELLE
That's very sweet, but there's no
food allowed in the lab --

The lab door bangs open and Nazi Valkyrie LT. JAN WIERINGA storms in.

LT WIERINGA
Which part of NO PARKING don't you understand?

DOYLE
Sorry, L-T. I'm on my way out.

INT. ROD'S OLDE IRISH TAVERN -- DAY

Doyle having lunch at the bar, by himself. Knots of animated conversation surround him.

DOYLE
Whitey Ford. Whitey Ford?

The bartender shakes his head.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Youngest guy in the room.

BARTENDER
What's that?

DOYLE
(snaps his fingers)
Happens like that. You're the youngest guy in any room, and then one day you look around, and you're the oldest.

BARTENDER
Uh-huh.

DOYLE
Speaking a foreign language.

Doyle sees Michelle come in, apparently by herself.

MICHELLE'S TABLE

She looks up from her menu to find Doyle standing there.

DOYLE
You want some company?
(she hesitates)
You know what they say: you eat alone, you die alone.

Squinting up at him, smiling --

MICHELLE
That's the convincer?

LATER

They sit together over coffee, in no hurry to finish lunch.

DOYLE

Your husband is a Corrections Officer?

MICHELLE

Does that shock you?

DOYLE

CO is the worst job in law enforcement.

He goes to prison voluntarily.

Meanwhile you've got a what -- PHD?

(Michelle nods)

From Harvard or some place --

MICHELLE

Cornell.

(wry smile)

I didn't marry him for his big brain.

DOYLE

Beauty and the Beast.

MICHELLE

It must be that prison environment...what else would make a man say, he won't bring children into this world?

DOYLE

Beat me. Diapers...snotty noses...The Cat in the Hat...I get misty-eyed just thinking about it.

MICHELLE

(laughs)

Shut up. What about you? Wife, ex-wife, kids?

DOYLE

(shakes his head)

No, I've got a clean slate.

MICHELLE

Don't you get lonely sometimes?

DOYLE

Only when the next bar stool is empty.

She looks at him and smiles, her head cocked slightly in disbelief.

MICHELLE

You're full of it. And I miss having children every day.

EXT. EL FLORIDITA -- DAY

Doyle stands in the intersection, outside the yellow tape. His eyes sweep the area again, outside the restaurant where the Lugo Brothers were killed. They stop and focus on the boarded-up HAND ROLLED CIGARS CUBAN SEED sign across the street -- and the small apartment with plants in the window above it.

EXT. COFFEE STAND

Doyle orders two Cuban coffees to go.

INT. CIGAR STORE BUILDING -- DAY

Doyle trudges up the steps with the coffees.

APT DOOR

An OLD MAN answers, smoking a cigar.

OLD MAN

Si?

DOYLE

(holding it out)

Hi. You like coffee with your cigar?
I'd like to ask you a couple of
questions.

INT. APT

Doyle immediately confirms his suspicion by looking out the window, and seeing what a good view of the crime scene it offers.

DOYLE

I want you to understand, I'm not
investigating the shooting. Like I
said, I'm from New York.

He shows the old man his retired NYPD ID card. The Old Man looks it over and says something in Spanish.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Sorry, no hablo.

OLD MAN

...out to pasture, they put you out
to pasture, too?

DOYLE

That's right. Thirty-seven years,
they kick my ass out into the street.

OLD MAN

In my country los viejos are venerated.
Here...

He hawks into an old brass spittoon.

DOYLE

That used to be your shop downstairs?

The old man nods.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

They sold it out from under you for
some chain store, right?

(spits out cigar)

Machine-rolled piece of shit. You
don't have one of yours I could buy
off you, do you?

LATER

Doyle and the old man puffing contentedly together. He takes
out the picture of Ray Ray he got from BCI.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You will never be asked to testify.
This is strictly background.

The old man studies the picture and nods.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You saw him?

The old man nods.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You saw him leave the restaurant?

OLD MAN

How could I forget? This man..

(waving Ray Ray's
picture)

He walks out, bloody from head to
toe...parecia un carnicero... like a
butcher. Then he drives away in a
Bentley like the King of England!

He slides a piece of paper with some scrawled numbers to
Doyle.

DOYLE

What's this?

OLD MAN

The license plate.
(MORE)

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

I write it down, just in case you know.

Doyle squints at the paper, amazed at this stroke of good luck.

DOYLE

Why didn't you show this to anyone before?

OLD MAN

Nobody ask me.

INT. CONERLY'S OFFICE -- CONERLY -- DAY

Doyle drops the license plate number and a police file in front of him.

DOYLE

Positive ID on Ramon Torres, AKA "Ray Ray," for the El Floridita killings. Major coke wholesaler out of Washington Heights. Here's his sheet.

CONERLY

I told you leave it alone.

DOYLE

It's your Squad. You don't want to clear a double, so be it.

He starts to go.

CONERLY

Why?

DOYLE

Why what?

CONERLY

What are you trying to prove?

DOYLE

I'm still here, baby. I'm still Popeye Doyle.

CLOSE SHOT -- PAPER

The license plate number scrawled across it.

DISSOLVE TO:

RAY RAY'S LICENSE PLATE

On the front of his gold Bentley, being winched up onto a flatbed.

EXT. JERSEY CITY PD -- DAY

The flatbed rolls into the impound yard.

A caravan of police cars SCREAMS UP. Brown and Legros march Ray Ray inside in handcuffs.

INT. MAJOR CASE OFFICE -- RAY RAY

They throw him in the cage. Doyle passes by on his way to the coffee machine.

RAY RAY

Hey old man.

Doyle turns around slowly.

DOYLE

You talkin' to me?

RAY RAY

Get me a cup of coffee will ya? Till my lawyer shows up to spring me.

DOYLE

Coffee? Coming right up.

He continues to the coffee machine.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Anything else? How about a slice of pizza?

RAY RAY

Make it pepperoni.

Doyle pours himself a cup of coffee. He takes a sip and grins at Ray Ray.

DOYLE

I'll tell the prison chaplain. You can have it for your last meal.

EXT. IMPOUND YARD -- DAY

Brown and Legros have the doors open on Ray Ray's gold Bentley, hard at work.

INT. BENTLEY -- DAY

They cut swatches of blood-stained upholstery from the door lining and floor mats, then seal the evidence inside clear evidence bags.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Under the watchful eyes of a PROSECUTING ATTORNEY and Ray Ray's dapper DRUG LAWYER, a NURSE takes a blood sample from Ray Ray.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM -- JERSEY CITY PD -- DAY

Doyle signs the evidence log. The DUTY SERGEANT takes him into the cage and unlocks the refrigerator.

Doyle takes a number of grey-capped glass vials along with the blood collection reports on Ramon Torres, plus clear evidence bags filled with blood-stained clothing and spotted auto upholstery, and places them all in an old fishing tackle box with several bags of synthetic ice inside.

EXT/INT. STATE CRIME LAB -- DAY

The desk officer buzzes Doyle in.

BIOCHEMISTRY LAB

Doyle unpacks the fishing tackle box under the half-horrified, half-amused gaze of MICHELLE PETRO.

MICHELLE

This is a high-profile double murder, and Jersey City sends the samples down in a fishing tackle box?

DOYLE

You're not wearing your ring.

MICHELLE

You don't miss a trick. I'm getting a divorce.

DOYLE

Because of me?

MICHELLE

You've got a lot of problems, Doyle, but low self-esteem doesn't seem to be one of them.

LT WIERINGA (O.S.)

...blind asshole from Jersey City...

She bangs through the door.

LT WIERINGA (CONT'D)

This is your last warning. The next time I'll have that vehicle impounded, Doyle.

DOYLE

Uh-huh. Michelle, how about lunch?

LT WIERINGA

Say the word, Petro, and I'll write his ass up on harassment charges.

DOYLE

Charges? What are you talking about?

LT WIERINGA

I'm talking about inappropriate behavior in the workplace.

DOYLE

Inappropriate? You calling Michelle a lesbian?

Michelle tries to stifle a laugh. On his way out --

DOYLE (CONT'D)

(winks; sotto)

Talk about the pot calling the kettle black.

INT. POLICE GYM -- DAY

Doyle stretches gingerly, wearing a pair of old grey sweats. All around him, COPS are lifting weights, sparring in the ring, riding bikes and walking treadmills.

Doyle pulls an ancient jump rope out of his bag. He starts slowly, just a few skips, trying to find the remembered rhythm, his feet barely leaving the floor. He starts and stops, starts and stops...

He finally gets a good rhythm going, the rope slap-slap-slapping the floor, his knees bending, working up a good sweat...some of the younger guys turn to watch.

CONERLY (O.S.)

Jimmy!

CONERLY

Slogging towards Doyle. He's got some paperwork in his hand.

Doyle looks over, sees his mournful expression.

CONERLY

We got a problem.

Doyle stops jumping.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Doyle stares at the State Lab report in disbelief.

DOYLE

It's all fucked up? All the blood samples?

CONERLY

That's the problem. It's not fucked up. It's conclusive -- only it's not Ray Ray.

They keep their voices low; Conerly works hard to keep his temper in check.

DOYLE

What does that mean?

CONERLY

It means he walks. He beats us for two murders.

DOYLE

Whose DNA is it?

CONERLY

It's his own DNA from his own car. It doesn't prove a thing.

DOYLE

How did this happen?

CONERLY

Evidence disappear or go bad? You tell me.

DOYLE

You think I'm wrong on this, Charlie?

CONERLY

State Police do. They think you screwed up those samples somehow.

DOYLE

Bullshit. If those tests are fucked up it's on them!

CONERLY

Your reputation precedes you, Jimmy.

DOYLE

(quiet)
Which one?

CONERLY

It's happened before, can't you get that through your thick head? You were cashiered out of New York for losing evidence! That's all anyone wants to know. You take the fall!

He SLAMS a locker closed in frustration.

DOYLE

Why the hell do I go and collar Ray Ray if I'm looking to spring him? No one else gave a fuck about those murders.

CONERLY

That's right, Jimmy.

Conerly drops his bulk down onto a bench, defeated.

CONERLY (CONT'D)

Two scumbag dealers from New York, they didn't have a big fan club here. It's not exactly the Pope gets snuffed in Journal Square. You made a big stink about it, you jumped up and got everybody's attention, and now there's only two choices: you were wrong in the first place or you fucked up.

DOYLE

I'm not wrong, Charlie.

CONERLY

Let me make it easy for you. Being a driver, my driver, that don't sit well with you, no matter how hard you try. Your whole life you been The Spotlight Kid, and you miss it.

So you hunt up some skel to take the fall, you invent yourself a witness --

DOYLE

Bullshit --

CONERLY

And you try and pin it on this piece of shit Ray Ray cause who'll miss him anyway, but this DNA, it's not guesswork, this is science class. No margin for error.

DOYLE

No?

CONERLY

And now it doesn't matter. It looks bad, and the truth is, nobody wanted you here in the first place. Nobody but me.

Conerly hoists himself to his feet and starts for the door.

DOYLE

(stumped)

All I did was drive the stuff down.
If somebody got cute --

CONERLY

My hands are tied. The Chief wants your badge.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE -- DAY

Doyle steaming south at 95 MPH...

EXT./INT. NEW JERSEY STATE LAB -- DAY

Doyle skids up to the entrance and charges inside. Right past the desk and into Michelle's lab --

DOYLE

Let's talk.

MICHELLE

Jimmy I don't think you should --

DOYLE

Somebody set me up and I hope to hell it's not you!

MICHELLE

You're out of line. I think you should leave.

Instead he grabs her --

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

That hurts.

DOYLE

What the hell happened to that blood work?

MICHELLE

Let go of me. I am not the one --

DOYLE

Quit lying to me!

He is suddenly separated from her by THREE HUGE STATE TROOPERS.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Get your fucking hands off me you goddamn storm troopers...

LT WIERINGA

That's enough, Doyle. March out of here or I'll have you dragged out in shackles.

(as Doyle makes for the door)

If it was up to me you'd already be under arrest for Evidence Tampering.

INT. MAJOR CASE SQUAD ROOM -- DOYLE -- DAY

He waits outside Conerly's closed door like a kid outside the principal's office.

The door opens and the Chief walks out. He won't meet Doyle's eyes; he walks past him without a word.

Conerly waves Doyle in.

CONERLY

You're suspended without pay for five days. Subsequently you are temporarily reassigned to office detail, pending Departmental Trial. That's the best I could do.

DOYLE

That's not too fucking good.

CONERLY

And frankly that's a formality. I was you, I'd be looking for a new situation.

DOYLE

Like what, security guard?

CONERLY

(comes out of the chair in a rage)

You better get yourself a lawyer, pal, and face reality. You're looking at criminal charges!

DOYLE

You saying somebody got to me, Charlie? You saying I sprang a killer for money?

CONERLY

I'm saying I stood up for you and you
pissed all over both of us!

EXT. REST STOP -- NIGHT

An all-out thunderstorm. Doyle pulls off the Garden State
Parkway and into the lot. He gets drenched on his way inside.

INT. FAST FOOD ARCADE

Michelle is waiting at a plastic table, eating french fries.
Rain leaks in through the roof.

DOYLE

Jesus H Tapdancin' Christ. Why can't
we meet in a motel like normal people?

MICHELLE

Motel? After your last performance
at the lab?

DOYLE

What do you want, an apology? I'm
the one who got shafted.

He eats some of her fries. Rain drips on his head.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

What the hell are we doing here
Michelle? Why did you call?

MICHELLE

I have something I want to show you.

EXT. STATE LAB -- NIGHT

Doyle follows Michelle into the lot.

INT. LAB -- NIGHT

She flips on the light and moves to her work station.

MICHELLE

How much do you know about DNA testing?

DOYLE

I can spell DNA on a good day.

MICHELLE

There are only two results: positive
or inconclusive. There is no way to
make one person's DNA into another's.
What does that tell you about the
Sepulveda results?

DOYLE

Somebody screwed it up. Do the test again.

She unlocks a cabinet and shows Doyle three inch-square swatches of bloodstained cotton labeled TORRES, RAMON JESUS. LUGO, FERNANDO REY. LUGO, HUMBERTO CARRILLO.

MICHELLE

These are the swatches we make on any blood samples that come in. That way if the results are in question, we can re-test the original sample. I did it six times. Two of my colleagues did four more passes. Here are the printouts. The results were exactly the same each time.

Doyle examines them.

DOYLE

This is all mumbo-jumbo --

MICHELLE

Here are the gels themselves. Each DNA sample has two strands: one from the mother, one from the father.

CLOSE SHOT -- DNA SAMPLE GEL

A long jello-like strip banded with stripes of color: these are the DNA strands.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

The Lugo Brothers are very similar, naturally. They each have one strand at the top of the gel, and one at the bottom. But Torres' strands are both in the middle. Now here's the control from the Bentley. You tell me: whose DNA is it?

DOYLE

Stares at the stripes of color. The results are obvious, even to his eyes.

DOYLE

Ray Ray.

MICHELLE

Exactly. The Lugo strands just aren't there. There's no lab in the world that could change those strands into these.

Doyle looks at her.

DOYLE
Ray Ray did it.

MICHELLE
The scientific evidence suggests
otherwise.

DOYLE
Scientists been wrong before.

MICHELLE
So have policemen.

EXT. HUDSON COUNTY JAIL -- NIGHT

Ray Ray comes dancing out through the gate. He is met by right-hand man CHILLIE and his bodyguards in a white stretch limo with extra-dark tinted windows.

DOYLE

Standing across the street, watches Ray Ray slide into the back, hears GIGGLING FEMALE VOICES from within. The "cocaine train" pulls away.

The tinted window slides down and Ray Ray waves goodbye to Doyle, then flips him the bird. Doyle pins him with his eyes until he disappears in traffic.

INT. GREEK DINER -- DAY

Doyle sits at the counter, sipping coffee. Sean Riley (Commander of Traffic) walks in and sits several stools down.

RILEY
Coffee, regular.

He takes a thick manilla envelope from his inside coat pocket and lays it on the counter. Without ever looking at Doyle --

RILEY (CONT'D)
(mutters)
I don't know why you want these, and
I don't want to know. You 'n me are
quits. Don't ever ask me for another
favor.
(stands; louder)
If you're going after cops, I don't
know you anymore.

He walks out. After a moment Doyle slides over and takes the envelope.

INT. CONERLY'S OFFICE -- DAY -- CONERLY

Doyle walks in waving the manilla envelope, from which he pulls NYPD personnel files.

DOYLE

Take a good look before you pop a veiner, okay?

CONERLY

Take a look at what?

DOYLE

It's right here on the PRU-1, remember? You've got to list any felon in your family when you apply to the Police Dept. Ray Ray Torres is Nelson Sepulveda's cousin, for crissakes.

He slaps the files on the desk. Conerly ignores them.

CONERLY

Sepulveda works across the river. How's he gonna pull off a caper over here?

DOYLE

And Hogan? He's Anti-Crime pulling in forty-two five a year, driving a brand-new Lexus and living in a four hundred thousand dollar house in the suburbs. You telling me that's kosher?

CONERLY

Hey Jimmy, there's probably somebody stepping on his dick in Moscow right now, and some other asshole fucking up in Kalamazoo, and Lex Luthor might be running wild in Metropolis, but I don't give a personal shit. My paycheck says Jersey City.

DOYLE

The kid in the sweatshirt, that was an execution. In Jersey City.

CONERLY

You got them off the hook! What is all this, guilt? Or some Grassy Knoll conspiracy you're trying to sell?

DOYLE

I'm saying they're hooked up --

CONERLY

No! First thing a detective learns, don't go looking for some elaborate theory when a simple answer is staring you right in the face.

DOYLE

Like what?

CONERLY

Like you fucked up.

DOYLE

I fucked up. I fucked up the evidence? Don't tell me I fucked up the evidence, Charlie. Tell me I fucked up my bar. Tell me I fucked up every good run with a woman I ever had, okay. But police work? I forgot more about police work than the entire armpit state of New Jersey ever knew. I was set up.

CONERLY

How?

DOYLE

I don't know yet.

CONERLY

Keep me posted. In the meantime, I can recommend a couple first-rate criminal lawyers.

He gets up and heads into the squad room, Doyle trailing after him.

DOYLE

Charlie, you're wrong on this. This is a home run. Ray Ray is just the tip of the iceberg.

CONERLY

Nice try, Jimmy. But no sale.

Doyle KICKS a swivel chair into the wall.

DOYLE

That's why you were a second-rater. That's why you never cut it over there, you wind up here in Jersey. You don't have the heart to play in the big leagues.

CONERLY

You finished, you fucking burnt-out washed-up ingrate?

DOYLE

You belong behind a desk, Charlie.
Go back in your office and hide.

Conerly comes at him in a rage, like he's about to take a swing at Doyle:

CONERLY

Grab your fucking coat.

Doyle follows him out the door, grinning.

LEGROS

(mutters)

The over-the-hill gang rides again.

Conerly hears this, ducks back through the door --

CONERLY

What did you say?

EXT. TROPICAL BODEGA -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS -- NIGHT

The Caprice is parked in front.

UP THE BLOCK

Conerly's car is pulled in behind a bread truck.

INT. CONERLY'S CAR

Doyle has his eye on the bodega. Conerly is wolfing down take-out Indian food and washing it down with a thermos of coffee.

DOYLE

How can you eat that shit? Smells like burnt tires.

CONERLY

I love it, the hotter the better.
(beat)

Pakis, Domos...I remember when this was all Irish.

DOYLE

Vinegar Hill.

CONERLY

Hey, I got one for you.
(MORE)

CONERLY (CONT'D)

A black guy, a Dominican and a white cop all stumble on a magic lantern. Each one is granted one wish from the genie inside, whatever he wants. The colored guy wants peace and harmony for his people, poof, they're all transported back to Africa. The Dominican wishes the same for his people, shazam, they all go home to the DR and find paradise and Camelot democracy. Then the cop asks: Let me get this straight: all the African-Americans and all the Doms are gone from this country? The genie says yeah. The cop says shit, I'll have a beer.

EXT. TROPICAL BODEGA

Hogan and Sepulveda come out of the bodega with their to-go "coffee-and's" wrapped up in paper bags. Sepulveda takes out the coffees and stashes the bags in the trunk. They get into the Caprice and roll.

INT. CONERLY'S CAR

Doyle eases out into traffic as well, several car lengths behind. Conerly tries to stretch.

CONERLY

Jesus my back.

DOYLE

Tell me about it.

CONERLY

How long have we been out here?

DOYLE

Couple hours.

CONERLY

Let me drive.

DOYLE

Relax for chrissake.

CONERLY

He made us.

DOYLE

He did not.

CONERLY

I'm telling you --

DOYLE

I'm telling you we're okay ya goddamn old woman.

CONERLY

Bullshit, any closer his license plate'll be plastered on your forehead.
(slumps down, pissed)
You been away so long you could fuck up a two-car funeral.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION

A TEENAGED KID hurries up the steps with a gym bag slung over his shoulder. Sepulveda rolls up on the sidewalk to cut him off. Before he can run Hogan has him flattened on the pavement.

DOYLE

cruises past them up the block before pulling over.

SEPULVEDA

jumps out and tears the gym bag open. Inside is a pound of cocaine wrapped in blue plastic, stamped with the Nike swoosh.

SEPULVEDA

We got a winner here.

HOGAN

Who you carrying for?

GYM BAG

No hablo ingles!

They cuff him, grab the bag, and shove him into the car. Sepulveda jumps behind the wheel and they peel out.

INT. CONERLY'S CAR

Doyle follows at a distance. Conerly is getting restless.

CONERLY

So far they look like great cops.

DOYLE

That's the best cover.

CONERLY

Like I said, Hogan reminds me of you.

EXT. 30 PRECINCT -- DOYLE AND CONERLY

Climb out of the car. Conerly tries to stretch in the shadows of the barbecue joint around the corner.

DOYLE
Turn around.

CONERLY
What?

DOYLE
Crack your back. Yeah, back to back
and we link arms.

Doyle gets Conerly properly positioned, then hoists him up
on his own back. Conerly grunts and swears. Doyle puts him
down.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Better?

CONERLY
Christ. Maybe...I think so.

DOYLE
Now you do it to me.

CONERLY
I can't get you up on my back.

DOYLE
I just did it for you.

CONERLY
What is this, tit for tat? My back
goes out here --

DOYLE
Heads up.

Hogan's car pulls out onto the street. Doyle starts for the
driver's side, but Conerly intercepts him.

CONERLY
Let me drive. I turn the wheel, maybe
my back don't freeze up on me.

INT. CONERLY'S CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

Conerly is lit up with excitement now that he has a chance
to drive.

Up ahead, Hogan pulls over near the entrance to the Henry
Hudson parkway. Conerly stops well up the block.

EXT. TWELFTH AVE -- NIGHT

As a gypsy cab cruises toward the parkway, Hogan and Sepulveda
pull it over. Leaning in opposite windows --

HOGAN

How are you tonight? We pulled you over because we've had a lot of cab robberies lately.

SEPULVEDA

Everything okay?

MAN

Fine, officer.

Their flashlights play over the cab's interior and the wary faces of the passengers.

INT. CONERLY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Doyle and Conerly watch Hogan and Sepulveda question the gypsy cab driver and his passengers before sending them on their way.

DOYLE

Their shift is almost done. They're looking for a drug courier. They're looking to score.

CONERLY

Or maybe just grab a collar and some OT, like every other white shield out there.

EXT. TWELFTH AVENUE -- NIGHT

Hogan and Sepulveda make a series of cab stops, questioning the passengers and searching the cars.

INT. CONERLY'S CAR

He shifts uncomfortably.

CONERLY

One more cab and I'm going home.

EXT./INT. GYPSY CAB

Sepulveda's flashlight plays over a large shopping bag.

SEPULVEDA

What's this?

LADY

Huh? What's what?

SEPULVEDA

Step out of the car please. Put your hands on top of the hood.

Hogan reaches in and pulls out the shopping bag. Inside:
two kilos of cocaine.

HOGAN
What do we have here?

LADY
That's not mine.

HOGAN
(laughs)
Oh no? Whose is it?

LADY
I don't know, maybe the passenger
before me.

SEPULVEDA
If it's not hers, I guess we can't
hold her.

HOGAN
We'll have to keep the bag as evidence,
though.

Lady nods, runs down the street. Hogan tosses the bag in
the trunk of the Caprice and they take off.

INT. CONERLY'S CAR

DOYLE
That's a rip-off in plain sight. Did
I tell you, these two are wrong, one
hundred per cent wrong.

Conerly, excited, hits the gas. His car jolts forward, tires
SQUEALING.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Lay back.

CONERLY
You don't think I can do a tail
anymore?

DOYLE
They know my face, for fuck's sake.

CONERLY
Don't turn into a glass of milk on me
now, Popeye.

SERIES OF STREETS

Conerly attempts to keep up with Hogan, rocketing through
the streets of Washington Heights like a Formula One rally.

INT. CAPRICE

Hogan checks his mirror again --

HOGAN
They're still there.

SEPULVEDA
Who the fuck would tail us?

HOGAN
They've been there all night.

EXT. BROADWAY -- NIGHT

Hogan powerglides a hard left onto the broad boulevard.
Conerly nearly takes out the corner bodega as he tries to keep pace.

INT. CONERLY'S CAR

Doyle braces himself on the dash and glares at Conerly as they fishtail onto --

EXT. BROADWAY

Hogan leads Conerly through a bright stretch of street lamps and gaudy neon.

INT. CAPRICE -- MOVING

HOGAN
Two old white guys, I swear one of them looks like Doyle.

SEPULVEDA
No way. Popeye Doyle joins the Rat Squad?

HOGAN
I can't believe it either.

SEPULVEDA
Run the light in front of the house.
Nobody but another cop will blow it there.

EXT. 30 PRECINCT

Hogan slows down for the red light, then deliberately rockets through. Conerly does, too.

Hogan smiles. Sepulveda starts to turn around.

HOGAN

No, don't spook 'em. I'm gonna nail these cheese-eaters.

(grabs radio)

This is Sector Car Six, man with a gun in a moving vehicle, license plate...

INT. CONERLY'S CAR

They hear the SIRENS almost immediately.

CONERLY,

Something's up.

Doyle hits the dash in frustration.

DOYLE

Shit! They made us for sure.

EXT. BROADWAY -- NIGHT

SECTOR CARS converge on Doyle and Conerly. Bright lights spinning and flashing from every direction, HARSH VOICES over the PA: PULL OVER PULL OVER PULL OVER HANDS ON THE DASH.

Conerly starts to gasp --

CONERLY

What the...what the fuck did you get me into?

DOYLE

(disgusted)

Just pull over and tin them for chrissake.

Conerly reaches into his coat -- COPS ARE SCREAMING AT HIM:

COPS

Don't move! Freeze! Put your hands on top of your head!

Conerly's head slumps forward and his hands slip from the wheel.

DOYLE

Hey Charlie!

The car rolls into a parked car and stops. Cops surround the car, yank Doyle's door open.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Charlie, goddamnit...

He raises his hands.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
We're on the job!

They pull Conerly's door open, and he falls out of the car.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Take it easy on him. I think he just
had a heart attack.

EXT./INT. CAPRICE -- NIGHT

Hogan and Sepulveda roll slowly back past the scene as the
PARAMEDICS drive up, SIREN WHOOPING.

HOGAN
Fish in a barrel.

INT. COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Conerly lies all hooked-and-tubed-up in Intensive Care.

DOYLE
I'm sorry, Elaine.

ELAINE
Nothing hurts you because you don't
have a heart! You selfish bastard!

She pounds on his chest. He makes no attempt to stop her.

DOYLE
He's gonna make it.

ELAINE
No thanks to you.

Her attack stops as suddenly as it began. Backing away --

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Whatever the opposite of the Midas
touch is, you've got it.

EXT. 158 STREET PARK -- NIGHT

The ground drops sharply from the Twelfth Ave overpass down
to the bank of the Hudson.

Hogan drives down to a deserted area on the fringe of
Riverside Park, by the water's edge. He pops the trunk and
gets out.

He empties the two paper bags from the bodega onto the trunk:
instead of danish or rolls, thick stacks of bills tumble
out. He and Sepulveda count the money, then load it carefully
into a Halliburton case. As they shut the trunk, sudden
headlights pierce the darkness.

Another vehicle is RUMBLING down the hill towards them.
 They slam the case into the trunk and reach for their guns.
 A black jeep stops thirty feet away and Ray Ray leans out.

RAY RAY
 Don't shoot me Hogan, you paranoid
 motherfucker!
 (grinning and waving)
 Relax, primo, it's me.

He waves Chillie forward. The jeep pulls abreast of the Caprice.

SEPULVEDA
 Shit primo...ain't no point getting
 the payoff from the bodega if you
 gonna come up on us yourself this
 way.

RAY RAY
 I got a message for you two. He's
 back and he wants to see you.

HOGAN
 When?

RAY RAY
 Midnight. At my moms.

The jeep peels out and four-wheels back up the hill, trailing
 BOOMING RAP in its wake.

INT. TRES MARIAS RESTAURANT -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS -- NIGHT

The restaurant is closed, tables are up on the chairs, but
 Ray Ray's mom MARIA is dishing out a hearty feast to her
 boys in the kitchen.

MARIA
 Eat, Nelson. You hardly touched your
 food.

SEPULVEDA
 Please, tia. Soon I'm gonna blimp up
 like Ray Ray.

MARIA
 He's not fat.

SEPULVEDA
 He's got more chins than a Chinese
 phone book.

Meanwhile, over at the bar, Hogan huddles with NARCISCO GUERRA, 30, slim, well-dressed, bespectacled, perpetually worried. He's the brains of the operation: Meyer Lansky to Ray Ray's Bugsy Siegel.

They sip thick sweet Cuban coffee while MERENGUE plays softly on the PA.

HOGAN

Why come back now, Narcisco? They couldn't extradite you from the Dominican.

NARCISCO

The wheels are coming off up here, man.

HOGAN

I'm sorry about Doyle.

NARCISCO

You told me you could handle him.

HOGAN

We underestimated him. We tried to sell him a story but he didn't buy it.

NARCISCO

Doyle, Doyle, this one viejo cagalitroso is gonna fuck up everything we been working for?

HOGAN

No. We'll take care of Doyle, if you can handle Ray Ray.

They are both staring at Ray Ray, eating and laughing in the kitchen.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

I warned him, I begged him, I threatened him, don't do it, but he butchers the Lugos over 1500 bucks.

NARCISCO

(sighs)

He's a thug, but a loyal thug. Better than the city average.

HOGAN

How long you think he stays loyal if he's looking at lethal injection? That's why we had to make the move in Jersey.

Ray Ray pushes away from the table and wanders over to them, lighting a fat torpedo cigar.

RAY RAY

Let's get the fuck out of here. Let's hit the spots.

HOGAN

Narcisco can't go to the clubs, he's a fugitive. He's got his picture on the post office wall, moron.

RAY RAY,

Richie's problem, he ain't happy being a cop. He ain't even happy being a bought cop.

HOGAN

Watch your mouth.

RAY RAY

What you call eight large a week?

HOGAN

(edgy smile)

Not enough for your bullshit.

SEPULVEDA

Hey hey, not here in my tia's, okay?
Let's have a drink. Drink to all the money we make together.

He takes down a bottle from the back bar and pours drinks all around.

RAY RAY

Your friend the cop wants us to front him kilos off the next load.

NARCISCO

Is that right, Richie?

HOGAN

It's time to take the next step.
Time to evolve. We want to be your partners.

RAY RAY

You hear the fucking balls on this cop, Narcisco?

NARCISCO

So you want to be a real drug dealer?

He says this proudly, like a physician whose son has just told him he's applying to medical school.

He kisses Hogan on the cheek, winding Ray Ray up even more.

RAY RAY
(to Hogan)
Partners or what?

HOGAN
Omar Martinez said "Or what?", and
look where he is now.

RAY RAY
The bullets go both ways, motherfucker.

He pulls his chrome-plated .45 and brandishes it at Hogan.

Sepulveda grabs his arm and the gun goes off, riddling the
back bar. Rum and tequila bottles EXPLODE.

Everyone hits the floor.

Sepulveda manages to get the gun away from Ray Ray. Liquor
and broken glass coat the length of the bar.

NARCISCO
(Enough)
Basta! Ya no mas!

SEPULVEDA
Fellas, hey, what's going on, this is
supposed to be a party --

Ray Ray is LAUGHING --

RAY RAY
Come on Richie, give me a hug. Come
on, we kiss and make up.

Hogan's eyes bore into him --

HOGAN
Sure, why not? Let me light your
cigar, too.

He lights a match and tosses it onto the liquor-soaked bar.
It bursts into flames, singeing Ray Ray's face and hair. His
shirt catches fire.

Chillie squirts water all over Ray Ray from the tap behind
the bar.

RAY RAY
Fuck you, Richie! You're fucking
crazy.

HOGAN
Remember that.

INT. JERSEY DINER -- DAY

Doyle and Michelle at a sunny booth by a window. The waitress is pouring Doyle a coffee refill. Michelle checks her watch and covers her cup.

MICHELLE

You look tired.

DOYLE

Didn't sleep much last night.

He sips his coffee.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

I underestimated some people...and a friend of mine paid the price. Better it was me.

MICHELLE

I'm glad it wasn't you.

She covers his hand with hers.

DOYLE

Turns out all those assholes were right. I've lost a step, and then some.

MICHELLE

Do me a favor. Don't turn into a whiny vulnerable modern guy. It doesn't suit you.

DOYLE

(grins)

Okay. Too bad I didn't meet you twenty years ago.

(beat)

When you were twelve.

MICHELLE

As if. Anyway, you met me now...what do you intend to do about it?

DOYLE

Talk like that you give me ideas.

MICHELLE

(playful)

Ideas? I thought you were a man of action.

Their eyes lock and she smiles, then peeks down --

DOYLE

That's the second time you've looked at your watch.

MICHELLE

Sorry. I'm late. I'm supposed to see my lawyer.

DOYLE

Divorce lawyer?

MICHELLE

No, she's tomorrow. Today is for my adoption.

DOYLE

You don't waste any time.

MICHELLE

What was my entire marriage? I'm going to China. I'm adopting a little Chinese girl.

She rummages in her bag, pulls out a stack of papers three inches thick.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

They send you all these papers to fill out. Then you fly for days. Then you take a bus for more days to the orphanage in deepest Szechwan somewhere. And then you come home with a beautiful baby girl.

EXT. DINER -- DAY

Doyle walks Michelle to her car.

DOYLE

I, uh, I almost forgot, I did have one question. You know, about the blood work.

Michelle is already getting into her car.

MICHELLE

I thought I explained all that --

DOYLE

It's me, this stuff is way over my head. You, uh, you said nobody could change DNA in the lab.

MICHELLE

That's right.

DOYLE

But what if somebody switched the samples before they ever got to the lab?

MICHELLE

Obviously we can only test what's delivered. And you delivered them yourself.

DOYLE

Right. And they get locked up safe at night?

MICHELLE

Guarded by State Troopers around the clock.

(beat)

You don't think somebody got to those samples in Jersey City, do you?

DOYLE

I don't know where. But I've got a hunch about who.

EXT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS TENEMENT -- DAY

Hector (from the pool hall) lets himself into the lobby with a key. Hogan and Sepulveda appear from nowhere and yank him inside.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY -- NIGHT

SEPULVEDA

Remember us?

HECTOR

You pigs gonna rip me off again?

BOOM -- that gets him a fist in his ear.

HOGAN

Be careful, Money. Don't be a mad hatter.

They shove him against the wall and frisk him. Hogan takes a Glock from Hector's waistband; Sepulveda grabs some oversized star-and-crescent shaped keys from his pocket.

SEPULVEDA

Bingo. Felony keys.

HOGAN

One stash pad for the money and another for the shit.

SEPULVEDA

You still in business, Money? After
you been talked to?

They cuff Hector and propel him through the door.

INT. CAPRICE -- MOVING -- DAY

Hector, handcuffed in the back, looks out the window in alarm
as they drive past the precinct.

HECTOR

Where we going?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Conerly is out of intensive care. He has been moved to a
private room. Elaine sits by his side, knitting. The TV is
on.

Doyle walks in with a stack of papers and magazines.

DOYLE

You still milking this deal for
sympathy?

CONERLY

(weak)

I'm all right.

ELAINE

No thanks to you.

DOYLE

I brought you some stuff to look at.

(leans down, sotto)

Sports Illustrated, swimsuit issue.

Inside the Daily News.

CONERLY

I'm gonna close my eyes.

ELAINE

He's exhausted. Tests and more tests,
they poke and prod at him...

DOYLE

I'm staying on them, Charlie. We're
gonna bring these rat fucks down, you
and me -- sorry, Elaine.

ELAINE

Haven't you done enough?

DOYLE

Not yet.

He starts to go --

CONERLY

(weak)

Jimmy...Jimmy. Cops against cops.
Blood in the family. It's no good.

DOYLE

They're not cops. They're drug dealers
with badges.

EXT. TWELFTH AVE OVERPASS -- WASHINGTON HEIGHTS -- DAWN

An angry crowd has gathered outside the yellow police tape of a fresh crime scene. Shouts of "Asesinos!" and "Esquadrone de la Muerte!" echo under the highway.

Doyle drives up and makes his way through the crowd. He flashes his credentials at the uniforms and arrives in time to see Hector's face before the body bag is zipped over it.

Hogan and Sepulveda clock him and drift over.

HOGAN

Kind of a shame, isn't it? Young kid
like that.

SEPULVEDA

Put us in a position, him or us.

DOYLE

Like the other kid you chased through
the tunnel.

HOGAN

That's right.

DOYLE

How much does Ray Ray pay you to knock
off the competition?

SEPULVEDA

(evil grin)

Who's Ray Ray?

Doyle looks at him.

DOYLE

Never back down. Never back up.
Never back off.

SEPULVEDA

Maybe you took that the wrong way.

HOGAN
Keep pushin' too hard, especially at
your age...God forbid something
inevitable could happen.

EXT./INT. EL CUBANO POOL HALL -- DAY

Doyle pushes through the door and down the steps. The sun
busts through the dusty windows and turns everyone into
silhouettes.

Doyle moves to the bar.

DOYLE
Coke.
(beat; smile)
Coca cola.

He looks over, sees a group of Hector's pals hanging around
a pool table, including the two guys who dropped the battery
at him.

He smiles and wanders over.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Hey. How ya livin', fellas?

They stare sullenly at him.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Better than Hector, right?

They mutter angry curses in Spanish. One of the car battery
guys, tall, jet-black hair, round Indian face, shoots him
the finger.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Why be like that? Yesterday we're
having coffee, you're my buddy, you
tell me where Hector is gonna be...

The kid feels the eyes of his friends on him and he storms
angrily at Doyle, pointing his finger.

KID
Hey fuck you man don't be runnin' no
game on me I don't tell you shit!

Doyle slaps the cuffs on his wrist, twists his arm behind
his back -- CLICK on the other wrist -- and sticks his snub-
nose .38 in his ear.

DOYLE
I'm gonna give you another chance.

INT. SQUAD ROOM -- DAY

The kid slouches in a metal folding chair.

LEGROS

You want a soda or a smoke or something?

KID

Fuck that nice guy routine. Lawyer me up or cut me loose.

DOYLE

You heard him. Fuck that nice guy routine. What's your name, punk?

KID

Hiawatha.

DOYLE

Okay let's start again. I'm gonna ask you some simple questions, and I want simple answers. What's your real name? The one your mother gave you, first middle and last, in that order. None of this street-handle bullshit.

HIAWATHA

I just told you. Hiawatha.

DOYLE

I'm not gonna ask you again.

HIAWATHA

Hey, that's my name and if you don't like it --

Doyle picks up a metal chair and hits him in the head. Hiawatha falls to the floor, bleeding profusely.

DOYLE

Do I have your attention now? Am I getting through, you little cocksucker?

Brown and Legros get between him and the kid. Doyle flings the chair into the wall and stalks away.

Brown helps Hiawatha to his feet. Legros goes for towels. They do their best to clean the kid up. Legros pulls a wallet from his pants, flips it open.

LEGROS

It is his real name. Look: Hiawatha Vega.

Doyle returns and looks down at the license.

LEGROS (CONT'D)

I think we owe him an apology.

DOYLE

Apology? His mother owes him an apology.

Doyle tosses the wallet aside and starts back for Hiawatha again. Legros blocks his path.

LEGROS

Easy, Popeye.

Meanwhile Brown takes Hiawatha aside.

BROWN

Use your head, kid. If that crazy old bastard hit you with a chair because he thought you lied about your name, imagine what he's gonna do when you lie about something important.

Doyle gets past LeGros and looms over Hiawatha.

DOYLE

Okay, Indian Boy --

HIAWATHA

(blurts)

What you want to know?

DOYLE

Why did they kill Hector?

HIAWATHA

He got a big mouth.

DOYLE

He had a big mouth last week.

HIAWATHA

But this week they got a lot of product sitting over in the port.

DOYLE

(nasty grin)

And loose lips sink ships. Right?

EXT. PORT NEWARK -- AERIAL VIEW -- DAY

The Port Newark/Port Elizabeth complex, the main port of entry for the New York metropolitan area, sprawls for miles along the industrial hi-density north Jersey coastline.

EXT. SHIPPING PIERS -- DAY

BILLY WEBER, veteran Customs man, leads Doyle past endless stacks of freight containers being off-loaded from a huge supertanker by an enormous crane.

WEBER

You got a tip, hot tip from an informant?

DOYLE

He said there's a shipment in the port right now. It's big.

WEBER

Big in the old days, maybe. We get 500 or a thousand kilos maybe every week now.

DOYLE

Every week? That's more dope than I took off the street my whole career.

WEBER

But try and find it, it's a needle in a haystack.

INT. SUPERTANKER -- DAY

Weber takes Doyle through a vast cavernous garage-like area approaching the hold. It appears to be the size of several football fields.

WEBER

I got seven freighters calling now. Each one like this, the size of Rhode Island. You got a million rooms, compartments, whatever...a million places to stash dope.

EXT. FLYING BRIDGE

They come out overlooking the hold, the crane dipping deep to off-load more containers.

WEBER

Each freighter carries fifteen hundred to three thousand of these containers, each container is a semi-trailer.

DOYLE

Then let's get started, Billy. Let's search them all.

WEBER

With my twelve enforcement people?
Sell about two years of overtime to
my boss? He'll laugh in my face.

DOYLE

So we just go home and pull our puds?

WEBER

You go back to your informant. You
find out which freighter, which
commodity, which container number.
Then we can work with you on this.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- LONG ISLAND -- DAY

Hogan's son BRIAN plays forward for his junior high team.
Hogan, his wife Linda and daughter Juliet cheer from the
bleachers.

HOGAN

That's it Bri, attack the goal!

Sepulveda moves through the stands to join them.

SEPULVEDA

Hi gorgeous, are we winning?

He kisses Linda and spins Juliet around, tousles his hair.

LINDA

Tied.

SEPULVEDA

Can I borrow Richie a minute?

Linda has the instant antennae for trouble that every cop's
wife has.

LINDA

Something wrong?

SEPULVEDA

Strictly routine. We'll be right
back.

ALONG THE SIDELINES

Hogan and Sepulveda walk and talk while Hogan keeps one eye
on the game.

SEPULVEDA

My man at the Port says Doyle was
snooping around with Customs today.

HOGAN

Shit. We got sloppy, Nelson. We're standing right in front of The Door now, the one you dream about. The one you walk through and your life is changed forever. Defense! Get back!

He kicks the ball back to the referee. They pass a tall ponytailed man stalking the sidelines glued to his cell phone: SOCCER DAD. Hogan slaps five with him.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

(pensive)

We never should have made that move in Jersey. Your idiot cousin Ray Ray, this is on him.

SEPULVEDA

We been through this. He gotta go, he goes.

HOGAN

He's got Chillie and those bodyguards around him all the time now. It won't be easy.

A funny look from Sepulveda.

SEPULVEDA

Not my primo. Doyle.

Hogan stops and faces his partner.

HOGAN

You're talking about killing a cop.

SEPULVEDA

I'm talking about our money.

HOGAN

Maybe we took this too far, Nelson.

SEPULVEDA

Too far for two million dollars?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Conerly is looking a little better, sitting up in bed, sipping soup. Elaine is almost finished with the sweater she's knitting.

Doyle, settled into a chair, is in the midst of a war story:

DOYLE

...Kevin Moran, remember, he's so proud he learns a little Spanish, he can talk to every PR in El Barrio now? And we get a call on a domestic dispute, when we show up the guy has a meat cleaver to his wife's throat? So Moran hollers, Drop the chuleta! And the guy cracks up and we run over and disarm him. Cause Moran was really saying "drop the porkchop" or something.

Charlie chuckles.

ELAINE

That's not how I remember it, Jimmy.

DOYLE

No?

ELAINE

No, I remember that fella whacked Moran with the cleaver while he was laughing, nearly severed his arm. He had microsurgery, was in and out of hospitals for years, had to retire on disability, Kevin Moran.

A HISPANIC NURSE blunders in, looks around, apparently confused.

NURSE

Oh, sorry. Wrong room.

She's gone as quickly as she arrived.

DOYLE

What was that?

He follows her out into the hall, but she's gone. Returning --

DOYLE (CONT'D)

When do they kick you loose, Charlie?

CONERLY

I don't know, couple days...

DOYLE

Good. We're gonna grab them with the dope, put their pictures on TV for all their friends and families to see. I want you there with me when we collar them.

CONERLY

I don't think so.

DOYLE

Why not?

CONERLY

Priorities. I want to watch the grandkids grow up, spend time with them...

DOYLE

Sure you do.

CONERLY

Take Elaine on a trip, we haven't gone away in years.

DOYLE

Well, that's all nice. "The Golden Years." But these two bums, when we nail their nuts to the carpet --

CONERLY

I'm putting in my papers.

DOYLE

Retiring?

He shoots Elaine a look -- she shoots it right back.

ELAINE

You haven't heard a word he said, have you?

He gets up to go.

DOYLE

Get some rest, pal. Elaine, how are you getting home?

ELAINE

There's a bus at eleven.

DOYLE

Don't be nuts. I'll give you a lift.

She looks dubious, but Conerly nods.

CONERLY

Go ahead, honey. I'm going to sleep anyway.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Doyle pulls away from Columbia Presbyterian. A black Jeep pulls in after them.

INT. JEEP

Ray Ray and Chillie inside.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR

Elaine fastens her seatbelt and turns to Doyle.

ELAINE
Buckle up, Jimmy.

He looks at her and bites his tongue. He buckles up.

EXT. BROADWAY

The traffic is backed up.

DOYLE
What the hell is this all about?

He swerves halfway onto the sidewalk to avoid the bottleneck. Elaine gasps. He pulls back onto the road.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR

DOYLE
Sorry. You want to play the radio?
Something soothing? Maybe a religious
station?

Another look.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
I guess you'd rather be in a car with
Farrakhan right now. Am I right?

BLACK JEEP

Maneuvers through traffic, drawing close to Doyle's car. Ray Ray slaps a mag into his MAC-11 machine gun.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

Entrance looms ahead. Doyle makes a sharp left.

DOYLE
Short-cut only cops and cabbies know.

He speeds towards the bridge. The Jeep does the same, closing the gap between them.

RED LIGHT

Doyle slides through, like cops do. The Jeep does the same.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR

A quick glance at the rear-view; he sees the Jeep for the first time.

ON RAMP

Doyle has to slow down as four lanes narrow to two. He turns to Elaine. There's a red dot on her forehead.

DOYLE'S FACE

Registering, seeing the Jeep alongside and the gun barrel protruding from the back seat --

He stomps the accelerator as Ray Ray FIRES. The rear passenger side window EXPLODES. He shoves Elaine over.

DOYLE

Stay down!

EXT. BRIDGE

Doyle RAMS the car ahead of him and veers left onto the Bridge. Ray Ray keeps shooting.

The Jeep serpentines through traffic cutting over towards Doyle.

DOYLE

Is leaning on his HORN as he tries to get away.

Elaine is SCREAMING and trying to unfasten her belt.

Doyle looks to his side mirror, sees the Jeep coming up on the driver's side -- his side -- and turns the wheel hard --

WIDE ANGLE

As Ray Ray leans out to fire, Doyle RAMS the Jeep across the divider into oncoming traffic.

Chillie rights the car and swings back into Doyle's lane, but Doyle guns his car into a screaming U-turn across four lanes of the oncoming east-bound traffic and back the other direction, towards New York.

RAY RAY

Grinning from ear to ear like a big kid on a rollercoaster as Chillie executes his own two-wheel U-ie and roars after them again.

REAR VIEW MIRROR

Doyle sees the Jeep on his ass again. He reaches down to his ankle.

DOYLE

Lean back!

As Chillie pulls up on the passenger side Doyle OPENS FIRE right past Elaine. Her SCREAM GOES SOUNDLESS. GUNFIRE ERUPTS all around her.

Doyle reaches across her and yanks the seat lever so she slams back into a horizontal position.

BRIDGE EXIT

A running gun battle as Doyle and Ray Ray BLAST AWAY.

Doyle shoots out Chillie's eye. He geysers blood and falls forward onto the wheel.

The car RAMS a stanchion and spins out of control.

Doyle slams the brakes to avoid a collision.

The Jeep PLOWS THROUGH a glass storefront and CRASHES to a halt inside.

Doyle SLAMS the brakes and jumps out of his car, leaving a gasping, bug-eyed-but-breathing Elaine in the passenger seat. He runs toward the storefront as SIRENS converge from all sides.

SECTOR CARS

From all over Washington Heights bear down on the scene, including --

HOGAN AND SEPULVEDA

Their Caprice is cruising on Broadway --

RADIO

We have reports of shots fired on or near the GW Bridge from two automobiles, a black Jeep...

They both know what this means. Hogan whips the car into a U-turn.

INT. JEEP

Ray Ray hits a lever and twin Glock Nines pop up from their hidden compartments. He lurches out of the car.

EXT. STOREFRONT

Ray Ray staggers out BLASTING away on full auto.

Doyle dives behind parked cars for cover. He clutches his back in pain.

The machine gun CLICKS on empty. Ray Ray flings it to the ground and runs down the block.

Doyle hobbles after him.

Ray Ray runs up the steps to the El station, knocking people over.

Doyle follows, sweating and grimacing from the effort.

EL PLATFORM

Ray Ray running through the waiting area toward the tracks.

Doyle creeps forward, gun in hand.

Ray Ray pops out from behind a standing billboard, OPENS UP on Doyle with both handguns.

Doyle ducks behind the wall. Covers up and waits. He crabs forward along the wall.

EL STEPS

Hogan and Sepulveda jump out of their car and split up. Each runs for the steps at opposite ends of the platform.

RAY RAY

Charges Doyle, both guns BLAZING --

DOYLE

Cannonballs through the door of the waiting room and hits the floor, the row of windows BLOWING OUT above him one by one. He crawls to the end of the area, braces his .38 in the seated position --

TRAIN

Pulls into the station. People YELLING and running in every direction.

Ray Ray runs for the open doors as Doyle lurches from the waiting area, gun drawn.

BOOM BOOM BOOM -- Ray Ray sprawls to the platform. But Doyle hasn't fired.

HOGAN

Gun barrel smoking, stands at the far end of the platform.

He and Doyle both close in on Ray Ray. Doyle and Hogan still have their guns drawn...blood is pooling out from underneath Ray Ray...Sepulveda moving in on Doyle from behind...

DOYLE

Why?

HOGAN

I couldn't risk the lives of innocent people.

DOYLE

Kiss my ass. Why spring him and then kill him?

HOGAN

What? Put the gun down, Popeye.
Don't go senile on me.

DOYLE

There's no way out for you either.
You just don't know it yet.

HOGAN

We could settle it now. You and me.

Sepulveda creeping behind Doyle has the back of his head in his sights...then the world arrives. COPS, PARAMEDICS, NEWSCAMs...

Doyle moves off, kneels and scoops something up from the ground. A GURGLE AND A MOAN from nearby. He turns back to Ray Ray, two EMS workers crouched over him.

PARAMEDIC

I got a pulse here!

EXT. AMBULANCE -- NIGHT

Elaine is being loaded on a gurney into an ambulance next to Ray Ray.

DOYLE

She okay?

MED TECHNICIAN
Just hyper-ventilating. A little too
much excitement. Her vital signs are
solid, though.

When she sees Doyle Elaine starts to GASP and twitch.

DOYLE
I better ride with Ray Ray.

CLOSE -- SCALPEL

Removes a flattened 9MM slug from Ray Ray. DOCTOR PRAN drops
the bullet in a bloody pan next to another slug.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM -- NIGHT

Doyle paces on the other side of the curtain while they work
on Ray Ray. Sticking his head through --

DOYLE
How does it look?

NURSE
It doesn't look good. He took a couple
in the back, one of the bullets
collapsed his lung.

TRAUMA ROOM -- LATER

Doctor Pran steps out and removes his mask.

DOCTOR
If he lasts another hour without his
heart stopping I'll be surprised.
He's lost too much blood.

DOYLE
Is he conscious?

DOCTOR
In and out.

DOYLE
Can I talk to him?

DOCTOR
If you do I don't know about it.

DOYLE
Give me the slugs you pulled out of
him.

TRAUMA ROOM -- RAY RAY

Breathes laboriously on the gurney.

Doyle leads a CATHOLIC PRIEST behind the curtain. Ray Ray's eyes widen at the sight of the clergyman.

The priest makes the sign of the cross and administers the Last Rites in Spanish.

DOYLE

Tough break kid. At least you're going out like a gangster. No rotting your life away upstate for Ray Ray Torres.

Ray Ray sounds like a busted vacuum cleaner; his breathing is ragged and a-rhythmic.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

But I guess you never figured you'd get it in the back from one of your own, did you?

This gets Ray Ray to turn his attention from the priest to Doyle.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You know it was Hogan, don't you? Your friend shot you in the back.

Ray Ray's reply is all throat and air:

RAY RAY

Fuck you.

A look from the priest.

DOYLE

You don't believe me? Here's the bullets they took out of you.

He holds up the flattened-out 9MM rounds in a small clear evidence bag. He holds up the shell casings in another.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Those are nines, not thirty-eights. Here's the cartridges. You know I'm the last copper on earth shoots the old .38.

He shows Ray Ray his revolver as a reminder. Ray Ray's breathing gets faster, shallower...

DOYLE (CONT'D)

The truth hurts.

(glance to priest)

You don't have much time, son.

(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

But give me a dying declaration right now, and you pay back Richie Hogan from the grave.

RAY RAY

(gasps)

Chinga...

DOYLE

Don't be a chump, he put you on Boot Hill!

RAY RAY

Chinga...

DOYLE

He's the one that framed me, isn't he? Hogan and your cousin Nelson.

RAY RAY

Chinga...si.

DOYLE

How did they pull it off? How did they switch the blood?

Ray Ray struggles to answer, but only manages a croak. He's fading fast -- Doyle slaps his cheek.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Hey! Not yet, amigo. I know the shit is sitting over in Newark right now. It's payback time. They double-crossed you, but you're a master double-crosser. What ship's it on?

RAY RAY

(barely audible)

Madre de Dios...Madre de Dios...

DOYLE

Fuck His Madre! You can pray later!

Doyle slams his chest to try and revive him. But Ray Ray is dead.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/ROOM -- DAY

Doyle looks in on Conerly. His bed is empty. Elaine is stretched out on a cot next to the bed, asleep.

Conerly emerges from the john, half-dressed, buttoning his shirt.

DOYLE
 Sorry, Charlie. What are you doing up?

CONERLY
 It was no heart attack.

He continues to dress as they talk.

DOYLE
 No?

CONERLY
 No, all those tests? Turns out I had what they call an "esophogial spasm" --

DOYLE
 A what?

CONERLY
 That Indian crap I was eatin' gets jammed in my windpipe, then the nerves cross over and inflame the heart or something...I'm okay.

DOYLE
 And Elaine?

CONERLY
 She'll be fine.

DOYLE
 Good. Soon you'll both be on the Love Boat somewhere warm --

CONERLY
 Shut the hell up. You think I'm gonna retire after they come after my wife?

Doyle grins at him -- welcome back.

CONERLY (CONT'D)
 I'm not like you, Jimmy. I've never killed a man.
 (his face darkens)
 But this could mean killing.

Conerly turns away, bends to kiss Elaine goodbye with real tenderness.

INT. CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF ESPERANZA -- DAY

Conerly kneels in prayer while Doyle waits in the back. Straightening up any softness is gone from Conerly. He's a warrior.

CONERLY

Let's go.

EXT. CHURCH

Doyle trails Conerly out the door, walking with new purpose.

CONERLY

I called my buddy over at DEA this morning. He says Narcisco Guerra just came in under a phony passport on a flight out of Venezuela.

DOYLE

So?

CONERLY

So there's a thousand kilos from somewhere so. Maybe this drug kingpin and a freighter arrived from the same place.

INT. PORT NEWARK CUSTOMS OFFICE -- DAY

Billy Weber scans the Harbor Manifest on his computer screen.

WEBER

Venezuela? Yeah, I got a freighter flying the Ecuadoran flag, called in Caracas. 2700 containers.

CONERLY

(squints at the screen)

La Reina. What is she carrying?

WEBER

What isn't she carrying? Bananas, ladies shoes, handbags, religious statues, musical instruments --

DOYLE

What?

WEBER

Congas, bongos, those rattly gourd things --

DOYLE

No, before that. Statues?

WEBER

Took on twenty containers in Caracas. Statues of the Virgin Mary.

DOYLE

"Madre de Dios."

WEBER

You banging a Spanish broad or what?

DOYLE

Those were Ray Ray's last words, he died saying "Mother of God."

WEBER

Shit that's thin, he's Catholic and they used to say there's no atheist in a foxhole, even a scumbag like that --

DOYLE

Bullshit Billy he was looking for revenge. I want those fucking statues.

EXT. ECUADORAN FREIGHTER -- DAY

Doyle and Conerly trail Weber onto the ship. Weber shows the CAPTAIN a copy of the manifest and points.

ANGLE

The crane off-loads containers one by one.

EXT. THE FARM

The vast area, where containers at the port are stored until they are picked up, seems to stretch for miles.

The twenty containers of statues are trucked to an isolated spot far from the pier.

CLOSER ANGLE

CUSTOMS AGENTS break the seals on the containers. Fork lifts empty crated statues from inside.

Doyle paces to one side.

The drug dogs are loosed on the cargo, sniffing and YAPPING. They run in circles, trot, sit and scratch themselves.

DOG HANDLER

Nothing, boss.

DOYLE

Bullshit, what kind of dumb-fuck dogs you got here?

CONERLY

If they coated the stuff with grease or something to kill the odor --

DOYLE
The dogs are wrong.

WEBER
Maybe your hunch is wrong.

DOYLE
You can take my hunches to the bank,
asshole. Rip these crates apart.

The crates are dismantled by the Customs agents. The agents
line up statues at random and DRILL them.

WEBER
No powder.

DOYLE
We just started.

WEBER
"Madre de Dios." The Archdiocese will
shit if we destroy this entire load.

DOYLE
Do ten Hail Marys and hand me a fucking
drill.

EXT. PULASKI SKYWAY -- EVENING

A semi-truck roars over and turns at the sign for Port Newark.

EXT. CONTAINERS -- NIGHT

Doyle DRILLS through another statue. His hands shake; he's
coughing dust.

CONERLY
Maybe he really was praying.

DOYLE
Praying my ass. It's here!

He rubs his back, grits his teeth, and DRILLS.

EXT. CUSTOMS ENTRANCE -- PORT NEWARK GATE -- NIGHT

The semi pulls up to the shed.

CUSTOMS
Papers?

The driver hands over his bill of lading.

PAGER

On Billy Weber's belt BEEPS. He goes to his jeep to call.
When he returns:

WEBER

This could be nothing or this could
be the Fourth of July. There's a
truck at the gate with papers for one
of these containers. One we haven't
opened yet.

THAT CONTAINER

Has it's door ripped open. The agents uncrate it as fast as
they can. The crates are ripped open.

Doyle DRILLS the first statue himself. Nothing but dust.

They all pick up drills and attack the load like locusts on
a cotton field.

CUSTOMS ENTRANCE

The agent stamps the driver's bill of lading.

CUSTOMS

Go all the way down to the Port
Elizabeth side. Once you get inside,
you want Section F8.

He raises the gate and the semi rumbles through.

AERIAL VIEW -- THE FARM

The semi rolls past the piers and through the Farm, right
past the roped-off area where the trucker's container is
being furiously ripped apart.

DOYLE

Drops his drill. He sits down, exhausted, choking and
spitting.

Weber drops down next to him.

WEBER

That's it. That's every statue in
the fucking box.

CONERLY

We've drilled more Virgins than Erroll
Flynn.

DOYLE

The shit is here.

WEBER

Bullshit, Popeye. You can wipe my
ass with your hunches from now on.

THE FARM -- SECTION F8

Is deserted. The driver climbs out of his cab and looks
around. He looks down at his papers. Customs sent him on a
wild goose chase.

He SWEARS and climbs back into the cab.

DOYLE

climbs slowly to his feet and kicks statue debris out of his
way.

DOYLE

That cocksucker. Ray Ray is hooting
at me from the motherfucking grave.

He picks up a sledgehammer and swings wildly at the nearest
statue, GRUNTING in pain with the effort.

CONERLY

Take it easy. We can still follow
the truck --

DOYLE

What the hell for? Truck is useless
without the hot load.

He flings the sledghammer into the side of the container --
THUD.

WEBER

All right guys, let's start getting
this fiasco cleaned up.

Doyle stares at the container wall a moment.

DOYLE

Hey Billy --?

WEBER

What now?

DOYLE

The container, are they all a standard
size?

WEBER

Yeah, for the most part. Forty by
twelve by ten.

INT. CONTAINER

Weber wields an ultrascan beam, sort of a hi-tech measuring tape. The length of the beam produces a digital readout. Weber stands at the back of the container and aims the ultrascan to the front.

DOYLE

What the hell does it read?

Weber kills the beam and takes a second reading.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Huh?

WEBER

Thirty-eight feet.

BLOWTORCHES

Slice open the false wall at the rear of the container.

Stacked within panels of insulation within, crammed into every inch of space from floor to ceiling, each one slathered in a thick coating of axel grease (which kills the odor and defeats the dogs): 942 identical green plastic one-kilo bags stacked from floor to ceiling.

Doyle sticks a knife into one, touches the blade to his tongue. He smiles, maybe for the first time in the movie -- and his smile broadens to a major league shit-eating grin.

DOYLE

I love to work dope.

Weber embraces him. Conerly pounds his back, whooping and hollering.

CUSTOMS GATE -- DAY

The agent gets off the phone, walks back to the irate truck driver.

CUSTOMS

Sorry, pal, the computers were down.
Yeah, we got the numbers switched on
the manifests. It's all set now.

REVEAL DOYLE AND CONERLY

A hundred yards away on another stack of containers.

They watch through high-powered scopes as the semi hitches up the hot container.

EXT. PORT NEWARK

The truck RUMBLES south to Bayonne. Switches to the left lane. Three cars switch with him.

DOYLE AND CONERLY

In a big Bell chopper above, riding with Billy Weber. A crack S.O. (Stakeout) Team of many Feds and Jersey cops tails the truck.

INT. COMMAND VAN

TECHIES watch as the radar screen tracks the hot container (via a transponder hidden within).

EXT. GAS STATION -- BAYONNE -- DAY

The truck driver pulls in, and goes to the phone booth. He dials a beeper number on his bill of lading.

RICHIE HOGAN

In a dark room somewhere answers the page.

HOGAN

Take the Verrazano to Brooklyn. Then go to 1223 Driggs St in Williamsburg. Park the truck and beep code seven zero.

VERRAZZANO BRIDGE

The semi crosses to Brooklyn, the small army of law enforcement still on his tail.

INT. CHOPPER

Weber directs traffic from above over the radio:

WEBER

(headset)

Charlie and Delta teams, pick him up on the Belt Parkway. Edward and Tango cars, pull back.

EXT. DRIGGS AVE -- DAY

The driver parks his load. He walks to the corner phone and beeps code 70.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Narcisco Guerra speaks Spanish into a walkie-talkie.

SURROUNDING ROOFTOPS

LOOKOUTS with walkie-talkies scan the streets.

INT. CHOPPER -- DOYLE

Scans the area below.

DOYLE
We're too close.

WEBER
(headset)
This is TAC-ONE. All units pull to a
six block perimeter.

DOYLE
Nobody goes near that fucking truck.
Put us down, Billy.

EXT. TRUCK AND CONTAINER -- DAY

The trucker detaches his semi and drives off.

INT. TECH VAN -- NIGHT

Doyle and Conerly sip coffee and watch the screen.

CONERLY
We could be here all night.

WEBER
They'll take their time. They need
to make sure they're clear.

Conerly picks up a chicken leg from the takeout container.

DOYLE
(to Conerly)
You looking to fake another coronary?

CONERLY
(chewing happily)
Blow me.

EXT. CONTAINER -- NIGHT

A second truck cab, a blue Peterbilt, cruises up Driggs Ave
past the container.

Then it backs up to the container. TWO MEN jump out and
hook up the container in the rain.

INT. TECH VAN

The transponder starts BEEPING.

DOYLE
They're on the move.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW -- FROM THE CHOPPER

As the Peterbilt cab with the container rolls north along the Brooklyn waterfront. The chopper is buffeted by the rain.

ROOFTOPS

Lookouts REPORT IN SPANISH over the walkie.

EXT. STATUARY WAREHOUSE AND STORAGE YARD -- NIGHT

The truck RUMBLES through the yard gate and into the warehouse. Rain is falling heavily now.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Hogan, Sepulveda, Narcisco Guerra, and Soccer Dad are there waiting. Warehouse WORKERS in overalls rush to open the container.

EXT. WAREHOUSE AND YARD -- HIGH ANGLE

From the chopper as it does a flyover.

CONERLY
Nothing but windows on three sides.

DOYLE
What's that, a shed in the back there?
That's the way out to the yard.

WEBER
You don't figure they'll stand and shoot it out?

DOYLE
With the SWAT team? Would you?
(headset)
Set us down by the fence.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Forklift drivers uncrate the container.

Hogan jumps inside with the workmen. They use POWER TOOLS to unbolt the false front.

EXT. STATUARY YARD

Doyle and Conerly edge towards the rear shed. Rain glances off Conerly's slicker, streaks Doyle's trenchcoat.

DOYLE
I spent half my life waiting around
in the rain. Did you bring cuffs?

Conerly reaches behind his back to his belt but --

CONERLY
Oh fuck.

DOYLE
Christ, here we go again. Just like
twenty years ago, Captain.

CONERLY
(grins)
Nothing changes. Partner.

They check their guns. Conerly flips the safety on his
automatic.

CONERLY (CONT'D)
Maybe we won't need cuffs.

INT. TECH VAN -- MOVING

A second transponder -- an alarm unit -- is SET OFF.

TECHIE
Ka-ching. They're into the coke.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Weber waves his troops into position. SWAT TEAM in full
riot gear creeps around the perimeter.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Workers quickly separate the kilos by their stamped logo:
Terminator, Clinton, Nike...

Soccer Dad inspects his "Clinton" keys at random. He's all
smiles.

HOGAN
Okay?

Soccer Dad hands Hogan a small metal key.

SOCCKER DAD
Port Authority.

Sledgehammers SPLINTER the doors.

SWAT team with machine guns and Weber with the FEDS in raid
jackets wielding shotguns come CRASHING through, SCREAMING
"Police don't move!"

"Federal agents get down get down get down!"

Narcisco's men OPEN FIRE.

The cops BLAST them from all directions.

The command van CRASHES through the door.

Hogan grabs Narcisco and uses his body as cover as he bolts for the back door. Sepulveda covers him with a shotgun as they go.

Hogan shoves Narcisco's bullet-riddled corpse out of his way and vaults through a window out into the yard.

Sepulveda goes through the door that leads to the shed.

EXT. SHED -- NIGHT

Conerly is two steps closer when Hogan crashes through the glass and hits the ground rolling.

He levels his gun and fires -- warning shot? Are you kidding? -- but Hogan keeps moving into the yard.

CONERLY

He's mine, Jimmy!

He slogs after Hogan.

Sepulveda bursts out the shed door and Doyle clotheslines him to the ground. Sepulveda drops his shotgun and rolls over with his badge in his hand --

SEPULVEDA

Don't shoot I'm a cop!

Doyle grabs his shield and kicks him face down in the mud.

DOYLE

Not anymore.

He cuffs him and leaves him lying on the ground.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

(as he goes)

Fuuuuuck yooooo.

EXT. STATUARY YARD -- NIGHT

Rain slants down, turning the yard into mud.

Hogan runs past rows of Madonnas, St. Anthonys and St. Judes, Pietas and cupids, gravestones and crypts.

Conerly stalks after him, after his fleeting shadow, after the squishy sound of his shoes sinking in the mud...

Doyle moves out into the yard. He can't see Conerly or Hogan. Gun drawn, bent over, he moves cautiously down the aisles of statues and stone work.

Conerly creeps around a corner, zig-zags between statues, stops and listens.

Doyle turns a corner. The rain is harder now.

DOYLE

(radio)

Charley it's Popeye. What's your twenty?

Conerly crouches behind an oversized statue of St. Joseph.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

(radio)

If you can't talk key your handset.

Conerly KEYS twice. Doyle edges forward.

Hogan creeps toward the perimeter fence. One more row of statues to go.

Conerly hears something, swings around St. Jude into the open.

Hogan is waiting for him. Their GUNS BLAZE.

Doyle hears the GUNFIRE -- He's moving like a man half his age now --

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Charley! Charley where are you?

Charley Conerly is on the ground, bleeding.

CONERLY

Oh my God. Oh God.

DOYLE

Where are you hit?

Conerly's leg is hemorrhaging blood.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Femoral artery...

He rips off his tie to fashion a a tourniquet around Conerly's leg above the wound.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

(radio)

10—13, shots fired, officer down. I
need EMS right away!

A FAR-OFF CAR HORN.

HOGAN

Fuck you, Doyle! Your asshole buddy
is down! Come on and get some too!
Get some!

CONERLY

Don't...leave me.

DOYLE

No. I'm not going anywhere.

RICHIE HOGAN

Climbs the fence and runs down the street. At the first
intersection he holds up his badge and stops a car. Yanking
the driver out --

HOGAN

Police! I need this car!

STATUARY YARD

Doyle hunches with Charley Conerly in the rain.

CONERLY

I'm dying...

Doyle paws at his jacket, sees the sucking chest wound for
the first time.

DOYLE

Ah -- hit...ah Charley.

He rips off his coat and tries to stanch the bleeding as
best he can.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

(radio)

This is Doyle I need those EMS fuckers
in the yard now!

INT. CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

Hogan roars through traffic. A grin creeps across his face.
He takes the Port Authority locker key from his pocket and
the grin gets wider.

EXT. STATUARY YARD

Doyle hovers close while EMS technicians work on Charley Conerly.

DOYLE
He's gonna make it. He's gonna pull
through, right?

EMS
You did everything you could.

Doyle watches them load Conerly's body into the ambulance.
Then he stalks back into the --

INT. WAREHOUSE

Sepulveda is on his knees with the others, handcuffed.

DOYLE
Where is he?

SEPULVEDA
I don't know.

SLAM! Doyle's gun barrel splits his skull.

DOYLE
I'll beat the balls off you!

SEPULVEDA
(moaning)
I saved your life!

DOYLE
Where is he?

SEPULVEDA
I'm a cop! I can't do time. I'll
tell you anything but we got to deal --

WHACK! Doyle clubs him to the floor. Moving down to Soccer
Dad, Doyle cocks his gun and puts the barrel to his temple:

DOYLE
Where's the money?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS -- NIGHT

Hogan careens toward Port Authority.

EXT./INT. CHOPPER

Doyle roars over the East River and swoops through the canyons
of Manhattan.

DOYLE
(headset)
...Suspect is Police Officer Richard
Hogan, Badge 1162, white male 35...

INT. CAR -- HOGAN

Hears Doyle's TRANSMISSION on his radio.

EXT. 40TH STREET

Hogan abandons his car and races for the bus terminal entrance.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY -- NIGHT

Hogan sees a knot of UNIFORMED COPS moving through the crowd.
Keying his hand-held radio:

HOGAN
(radio)
This is Sector Nine, suspect Hogan
spotted outside on the corner of forty-
second and eighth...oh my God, 10-13,
man down officer down! Please God
come fast!

He slips behind a pillar and watches the cops charge past him.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY ROOF

The chopper touches down. Doyle climbs out.

HOGAN

Edging towards the locker area. He's got the key in his hand.

Two more COPS come barrelling through the door towards him, cutting him off. He FIRES, puts them both down.

DOYLE

Moving relentlessly down the stairs and into the terminal.

BUS BAYS

A Philadelphia bus closing its doors. Hogan jumps aboard.

INT. BUS

The doors WHOOSH closed again.

DRIVER
Ticket?

Hogan sticks his gun in the driver's ear.

HOGAN

Drive.

The bus pulls out.

PASSENGER PLATFORM

Doyle peers out, watching the buses move.

DOYLE

(radio)

This is Doyle, anybody have him? Any eyeballs at all?

The silence is deafening.

He turns and walks slowly back to the terminal.

40TH STREET EXIT

The bus clears the exit and turns into the street. Hogan looks down at the key in his hand.

HOGAN

Pull over.

INT. TERMINAL

Pandemonium reigns. Hogan fights his way through to the lockers. He jams his key in the lock.

Doyle walks calmly toward him like the Grim Reaper, pistol extended in an old-fashioned one-handed grip.

The tremor is gone.

DOYLE

Set the bag on the floor and put your hands on your head.

HOGAN

Play it smart, Popeye. Walk out of here a millionaire.

DOYLE

You killed my friend.

HOGAN

You fucking chump. The only friend you have is the money in your pocket.

He has one hand inside the bag of money.

DOYLE

You killed my friend.

BOOM! Doyle shoots him through the heart.

Hogan sprawls dead at his feet, blood leaking onto the floor, soaking the hundred-dollar bills that Hogan dropped as he fell.

Doyle steps over him and picks up the bag stuffed with two million dollars.

EXT. BUNGALOW -- SPRING LAKE -- DAY

It's a beautiful sunny day on the Jersey Shore. Doyle pulls in behind an airport shuttle. Michelle comes out looking smashing in a sun dress, carrying a suitcase.

MICHELLE

Hello, Jimmy.

DOYLE

You look great. I guess I haven't seen you in a --

MICHELLE

No, I never wore dresses to the lab.

DOYLE

Going somewhere?

MICHELLE

I'm going to China, remember? I'm going to get my baby girl. Look, they sent me her picture.

She fumbles in her purse, finds the photo and hands it to Doyle.

DOYLE

She looks like Charlie Chan.

She punches him playfully.

MICHELLE

She does not. She looks like an angel.

DOYLE

Yeah, that's sweet. Buy your little angel with Ray Ray's drug money.

MICHELLE

Excuse me?

DOYLE

Drop the act, Michelle. How much?

MICHELLE

Ray Ray Torres is dead, Jimmy. They're all dead or in jail. It's over.

DOYLE

Not quite.

MICHELLE

You won. You don't need me. I'll disappear. I'll never come back here.

DOYLE

I thought I was cynical.

MICHELLE

You? I've never met anybody who was so desperate to believe. Why do you think you're still wearing that badge?

DOYLE

No thanks to you. Hogan and Sepulveda switched the blood samples from the Bentley. You made new ones from the victim's control swatches. How much?

MICHELLE

One hundred thousand dollars. Enough to start a new life. A clean slate, like you.

He holds out the cuffs.

DOYLE

Put them on.

MICHELLE

Why? Why should I rot in prison when I could help bring life into the world?

DOYLE

Because Charley Conerly's blood is on your hands, too.

The bracelets CLICK onto her wrists. He waves the shuttle away and leads her to his car.

HIGH ANGLE

As Doyle's car and the airport shuttle drive off in opposite directions, one to freedom and the other to jail, we --

FADE OUT:

