

The French Connection

by

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&

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Based on the novel by Robin Moore

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FADE IN:

EXT. LE VALLON - DAY

Opening shot - High angle on Lincoln along small bay with boats.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Waist to full figure Pan Right to Left. Detective comes out eating pizza, looking around. He crosses street and stops against wall of impasse Michael. He looks O.S. left,

His POV - L.S. of Lincoln behind fishing nets. Waist shot of Detective looking and eating. M.S. of Lincoln. C.S. of Detective looking O.S. Left. Pan Right to Left with Charnier coming out from Fonfon with three friends and they walk to the Lincoln. Pan Left to Right with Lincoln passing in front of the Detective.

EXT. CAFE LA SAMARITAINE - DAY

High angle from balcony. Zoom on Detective seated at the cafe, reading a newspaper. Cut on Lincoln along sidewalk of the cafe, then zoom back to discover Detective seated.

EXT. MARSEILLE STREETS - DAY

Low angle from stairs Rue des Repenties and Pan Left to Right to Rue Sainte Francoise following the Detective. Pan Left to Right with Detective from Rue des Repenties to Rue Baussenque. Low angle between Rue des Moulins and Rue des Accoules with Detective passing by. Ext. Rue du Panier - The Detective comes out from the bakery camera Right and starts to climb up Rue des Moulins with his bread.

EXT. STREET - DAY

High angle - on No. 50 Rue des Moulins. Pan Left to Right with Detective coming up the street with his bread and going inside his house, starting to open his letter-box.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

High angle - complete reverse. As the Detective starts to open his letter-box in B.G. a hand pointing a gun moves in foreground and blows off half of the French Detective's head with the first shot. Cut to Nicoli C.S. who just fired.

EXT. A BAR IN BED-STUY - DAY

A large man in a Santa Claus suit and white beard is entertaining a group of black children.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leads them in the singing of a Christmas Carol (Hark the Herald Angels Sing). The man is DETECTIVE FIRST GRADE JIMMY DOYLE. His attention is split between the children and the activity inside the bar.

INT. THE BAR - DOYLE'S POV - DAY

The place is crowded with mid-day drinkers. Dimly outlined at the far end of the bar are TWO BLACK MEN involved in some kind of transaction in which a package is exchanged for money. As the transaction seems to be completed, cut to

EXT. THE BAR - DAY

Santa Claus (DOYLE) starts to ring his big Christmas bell, above the singing. The bell is a signal to DETECTIVE SECOND GRADE BUDDY RUSSO. At this moment RUSSO is in the clothes of a hot dog vendor and is in fact working behind a hot dog wagon. At the ringing of DOYLE's bell he takes off his apron, leaves the wagon, and runs toward the bar.

DOYLE
(as RUSSO passes him)
The guy in the brown coat.

INT. THE BAR - DAY

RUSSO enter the bar on the run. He stops and looks over the room.

RUSSO'S POV

There are TWENTY or THIRTY MEN at the bar, at least TEN are wearing brown coats! The TWO MEN involved in the deal see RUSSO and start to run. One (THE BUYER) takes off out of the back door. The other (THE PUSHER) jumps over the bar and heads for the front entrance.

EXT. THE BAR - DAY

THE PUSHER dashes out past Santa Claus (DOYLE). RUSSO follows him and all three give chase.

EXT. BED-STUY TENEMENT ALLEY - DAY

THREE FIGURES running down a New York tenement alley, the first in flight, the others in pursuit. We pick up the incredible clutter of such an alley, mounts of rusting beer cans, paper bags of garbage bulging and ripping open, old bed springs, burned out mattresses, etc.

EXT. BED-STUY TENEMENT ALLEY - DAY

Close shot of BLACK PUSHER tripping on the tangle of trash going up against the wall in his stumble, face toward the camera, and the figures of RUSSO and DOYLE leaping upon him from off-camera. There is a blur or fast struggle as DOYLE and RUSSO try to get his arms and put him against the wall. BLACK PUSHER writhes loose and we close in on a knife in his hand, plunging rapidly into RUSSO'S left forearm.

RUSSO
Son of a bitch!

The words are both warning and a grunt of pain. As RUSSO takes the blade and utters the words, we simultaneously go to DOYLE crouching and snatching his .38 out of the right ankle holster.

EXT. BED-STUY TENEMENT ALLEY - DAY

Close shot of DOYLE and the BLACK PUSHER, DOYLE pistol-whipping him into submission with three lightening chops of the gun to the PUSHER'S head. DOYLE continues to beat the man mercilessly into submission.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

of BLACK PUSHER sitting between DOYLE and RUSSO. DOYLE is at the wheel. BLACK PUSHER is sitting on his hands, wrists manacled behind him, his head down and dripping blood onto the jacket and the canary-yellow turtleneck. All three are breathing hard.

DOYLE
What's your name, asshole?

BLACK PUSHER
Fuck you, Santa Claus!

DOYLE hits him across the face.

RUSSO
Your name is Willie Craven.

BLACK PUSHER doesn't look up.

DOYLE
Who's your connection, Willie?
What's his name?

No response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSO
Who killed the old Jew in the
laundromat?

BLACK PUSHER's brow furrows, looks up just a little.

BLACK PUSHER
I don't...

DOYLE
Ever pick your feet in
Poughkeepsie?

BLACK PUSHER
What?

DOYLE
Did you ever pick your feet in
Poughkeepsie?

BLACK PUSHER
I don't know what you're talkin'
about.

DOYLE
Were you ever in Poughkeepsie?

BLACK PUSHER
No... yeah...

DOYLE
Did you ever sit on the edge of the
bed, take off your socks and stick
your fingers between your toes?

BLACK PUSHER
Man, I'm clean.

DOYLE
You made three sales to your
roaches back there. We had to
chase you through all this shit and
you tell me you're clean?

RUSSO
Who stuck up the laundromat?

DOYLE
How about that time you were
picking your feet in Poughkeepsie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The BLACK PUSHER'S eyes go to RUSSO in panic, looking for relief from the pressure of the inquisition.

RUSSO

(in pain)

You better give me the guy who got the old Jew or you better give me something or you're just a memory in this town.

BLACK PUSHER

That's a lot o' shit. I didn't do nothin'.

The BLACK PUSHER'S eyes are on DOYLE, frozen in confusion and fear.

DOYLE

You put a shiv in my partner. Know what that means? All winter I gotta listen to him gripe about his bowling scores. Now I'm gonna bust your ass for those three bags - then I'm gonna nail you for pickin' your feet in Poughkeepsie.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS NARCOTICS BUREAU OF THE NYPD 12 OLD SLIP AND SOUTH STREETS - NIGHT

DOYLE and RUSSO standing side by side on the front steps of the old First Precinct on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. RUSSO has his overcoat over his shoulders as a cape. The sleeve of his left arm is rolled up over a blood-stained bandage on the left forearm.

DOYLE

Havin' trouble? You're a dumb guinea.

RUSSO

How'd I know he had a knife.

DOYLE

Never trust a nigger.

RUSSO

He coulda been white.

DOYLE

Never trust anybody. You goin' sick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSO

Not a chance.

RUSSO nods in acceptance of the remark. The easy, synical rapport between them is obvious: they are partners in a business where somebody is always getting hurt and pain is part of the inventory.

DOYLE

Let's popeye around the Chez for a half hour, catch the end of the show and a couple drinks.

RUSSO

Some other time Jimmy, I'm beat.

DOYLE reaches into the right side pocket of BUDDY's suitcoat for a cigarette and matches. He lights up two in the pause, sticks one in RUSSO's mouth.

DOYLE

Come on -- one drink. Whatta you say?

RUSSO

Drink this.

DOYLE

Whip it out.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

THE TITLES COMMENCE

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

Titles over a close shot of a chorus line, with lots of tits and ass and lean, long legs in a brassy blare of music. We zoom back to the area where DOYLE and RUSSO are beginning to occupy a table. RUSSO takes the seat on the right, eyes immediately on all that ginch, while DOYLE standing, gives their order.

We do not hear the dialogue but DOYLE asks RUSSO what he wants BUDDY looks up and says "Cinzano." DOYLE turns and says "Two of these." DOYLE slips into the chair opposite RUSSO and the titles roll on. Unlike RUSSO who is concentrating on the girls, DOYLE is digging the room and the people who occupy the tables in it, as if he is the sort of man who cannot relax until he knows who is around him, why they are there.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

A long view from DOYLE's position of the room, a quick certain survey that stumbles twice; on laughter that seems too raw and then over a flurry of activity by WAITERS and CAPTAINS serving a table on the main floor. DOYLE's attention is apprehended by the noise and activity that emanate from the same large table.

DOYLE

I make at least two junk connections at that table in the corner. The guy is the stripe combo, I know him too.

RUSSO

Hey, I thought we come for a drink.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

A long view of the table with DOYLE and RUSSO very close foreground, left and right. DOYLE is leaning on an elbow.

DOYLE

Who is that guy?

RUSSO

Policy man in Queens.

DOYLE

What about the last of the big-time spenders. You make him?

RUSSO's eyes come off the show. It is a direct line from DOYLE's gaze to the round, ruddy and arrogant face of SAL BOCA, the apparent host of the table of EIGHT MEN AND WOMEN, the Men in dinner jackets with ties tucked under the collars of blue or white lace-trimmed shirts, the Women in a mixture of pant suits and Catskills cocktail party dresses, their hair coiffed towers.

RUSSO

No, you?

DOYLE

Hunh-uh. Check the bread. He spreads it like the Russians are in Jersey.

RUSSO

He probably sells insurance. Owns a chicken farm in Hackensack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zoom in slowly on SAL as he deals tips and orders. Through DOYLE's eyes, we go from Guest to Guest at SAL's table, taking apart their manners and styles as they talk and laugh, lost in the show chatter.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

DOYLE finishing his drink, still looking at the table.

DOYLE
Dig who's just come over. The
creep on the end.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

The camera pans down the table to dig the "creep on the end."

RUSSO (VO)
Jewish Lucky from the Bronx... He
don't look the same without a
number across his chest.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

DOYLE close in right profile, SAL's table in the far blurred background.

DOYLE
Whatta you say we wait and give him
a tail?

RUSSO
Give who a tail?

DOYLE
The greaser with the blonde.

RUSSO
What for -- you wanna play Hide the
Salami with his old lady?

DOYLE
Come on -- just for fun --

INT/EXT. DOYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

The view from the back seat of DOYLE's car. DOYLE is at the wheel, RUSSO packed uncomfortably into the corner at DOYLE's right. Seventy-five yards away on the other side of the street the canopied entrance of the Club. A Continental is parked in front of the club. The DRIVER leaning on a fender talking with the DOORMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE frisks his own pockets for a cigarette, coming up with a collection of laundry slips, crumpled notes, toothpicks and matches.

One of the slips of paper catches his eye as he is going through the ritual of the cigarette mooch, a slip bearing the name of a girl. His attention is really on the entrance of the Club and both his conversation and the cigarette business are detached and incidental to the art of waiting through the stakeout. He stuffs the cards back into his pocket.

DOYLE
Monica? Who's Monica?

RUSSO
(handing him a cigarette)
A and A, that's all you're
interested in -- Arrests and Ass.

As soon as DOYLE has finished lighting the cigarette SAL and his PARTY come bubbling out of the Club noisily, a little drunkenly. SAL waves to the attentive DOORMAN. DOYLE close, leaning forward over the wheel to put his hand on the ignition key. He does not turn it. He is waiting for the cover of noise from the starting of SAL's car. RUSSO is turning the opposite corner of the car into a bend, his head back, arms across his chest.

DOYLE
Cloudy, I'll lay odds he takes us
to Little Italy.

DOYLE reaches under his seat for the straw surveillance hat - throws it up to read ledge of car.

RUSSO
I'm telling you, Popeye, he owns a
bagel mine in the Bronx.

A long view of the Club entrance. SAL and ANGIE, a well-built "classy" blonde with good legs, get into their black Mercury sedan. The Mercury takes off towards First Avenue. We hear DOYLE's car start and we move off after them on the last blink of tail-lights at the corner.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

Cabs, Daily News and Times delivery trucks, bakery vans and a few cruising cabs, one or two passenger cars and a coasting green and black police cruiser -- this is the 4:30 a.m. traffic through which DOYLE moves. A rear-window view of SAL and ANGIE BOCA, in animated conversation. His head is turned toward her, his hand raised in a gesture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE is sitting in a corner with her back to the door, in profile to the back window.

Her blonde head bobbles with laughter over some remark SAL has made. A long overhead view of the two cars wheeling in and out of the sparse traffic. Close shot of the license plate on BOCA's car. Close shot DOYLE staring at license plate, memorizing it.

EXT. RATNER'S - DAY

BOCA and ANGIE exit restaurant, get into their car and drive off. Hold for DOYLE's car as it passes through after them.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET - DAY

Side close view of SAL turning south into Mott Street panning to pick up the Italian names on the candy stores, funeral parlors, bars, grocery stores, social clubs. A long view of SAL's car from the DOYLE-RUSSO auto, over the shoulders of the two cops.

DOYLE is leaning on the wheel of his car. He's against the curb about 100 yards behind SAL. Medium close view of SAL in the middle of Mott Street, walking quickly toward the opposite side of the street, hands in the pocket of his white raincoat.

He glances over his shoulder in the direction of DOYLE's car. Close of RUSSO who has come awake. The smart-ass demeanor has dropped away. DOYLE turns to him and smiles. This district is the heart of every illegal activity in New York. Close rear view of DOYLE and RUSSO ducking down to the level of the dashboard, a reflex action.

He couldn't see them at that distance, although SAL, lighted by his own headlights, can be seen in the background walking around the cars, across the sidewalk and stopped at a recessed doorway.

Medium close shot of SAL and partially visible FIGURE at the doorway. With another glance up the street, SAL takes something out of his raincoat pocket and steps up and into the doorway.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Close from the front of DOYLE and RUSSO low against the dashboard.

DOYLE
It's a drop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE's face, close, light smile.

Long view of SAL walking down the sidewalk quickly for about a quarter of a block while the headlights of his car, with ANGIE apparently driving, move up with him. At another doorway, he looks back and then steps inside.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Long view of SAL's Mercury moving over Brooklyn Bridge. Close shot of the DOYLE-RUSSO car from RUSSO's side. BUDDY now interested, watching.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

Overhead view of cars circling block, first Mercury turning corner, then DOYLE's Ford. Long shot of the Mercury pulling up beside line of parked cars (as seen from DOYLE-RUSSO car) stopping and parking. Hold on Mercury as SAL and ANGIE get out of it.

SAL locking it up, and starting to walk toward a line of parked cars. Close shot from rear seat of DOYLE and RUSSO glancing at each other. SAL and ANGIE stop in the street beside beat-up white Dodge. Without a word they get in. Hold as they get in, SAL starts and they begin to drive out of the spot. Close on DOYLE.

DOYLE

It's startin' to cook, Cloudy, my
man is cookin'...

A series of impressionist traveling shots of the white Dodge and DOYLE's Ford moving through Brooklyn Streets, picking up street signs of areas. Medium close shot of the white Dodge pulling into the curb. In near background, a candy-confectionery store.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Close shot of DOYLE and RUSSO in profile driving past the candy store as SAL and ANGIE open door and go in. Close shot of DOYLE and RUSSO parked. DOYLE is looking in the rear-view mirror while BUDDY is turned around on the seat, looking out the rear window.

A long shot, from the DOYLE-RUSSO viewpoint of the candy store. The door is open, the street is deserted. Lights are going on in the little shop.

Hold on the storefront as SAL appears, this time in a candy store operator's smock over a white undershirt, baggy slacks. He's carrying a stack of newspapers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zoom in on SAL stacking the Sunday Times and the Daily News on the rack in front of the store as ANGIE appears in the doorway. She's blackhaired now, the blonde wig gone, also wearing a grey cotton smock over a plain skirt and sweater, holding a cup of coffee. We hold on them for a beat, then

CUT TO:

DOYLE and RUSSO close just looking at each other. The look says everything about the freak case they have stumbled into.

EXT. QUAY MARSEILLE SHIPYARD - DAY

Tight two shot then, 2) cut into blue prints.

CHARNIER

En prolongeant les quais d'une trentaine de mètres on pourra recevoir des unités d'une cargaison de 500 tonnes.

While he shows the extension, clean P.O.V. Of each quay. Dolly Left to Right with Notre-Dame in background. They fold the blue prints and moves.

FOREMAN MARCEL

Et combien d'hommes supplémentaires?

CHARNIER

Ca fera environ 10 hommes de plus par équipe.

MARCEL

Le Syndicat exigera un minimum de 12.

CHARNIER

Quelle importance. Ce qui compte pour moi c'est d'avoir un chantier qui puisse recevoir les plus grands bateaux du monde.

MARCEL

Dis moi vieille branche? Comment fais tu pour rester si jeune avec la vie que tu mènes?

CHARNIER

Quelle vie Marcel? J'ai plus rien foutu depuis que je suis descendu de ces cabines.

EXT. NUNNERY - DAY

EXT. CORNICHE - HI-WAY (BERGER) - DAY

Pan Left to Right Lincoln driven by Jean with Charnier behind.

EXT. CASSIS CROSSROAD IN FRONT OF MARSEILLE SIGN POST - DAY

Lincoln passing by.

EXT. CASSIS HARBOUR FROM CASINO - DAY

Pan Right to Left with Lincoln passing by.

EXT. CASSIS ROAD LEADING TO VILLA - DAY

Pan Right to Left with Lincoln arriving from main road to Villa.

EXT. VILLA CASSIS - DAY

Camera in front of garage where the Lincoln stops. Charnier comes out with gift and walks Right to Left.

EXT. VILLA CASSIS - DAY

Pan Left to Right with Charnier walking along terrace with Cassis bay in B.G., and we discover his wife, Marie. She gets up. Dolly back.

CHARNIER

Bonjour chérie.

They kiss each other and walk arm in arm back to us.

EXT. VILLA CASSIS - DAY

Close 2-shot favouring her. He gives her the gift.

CHARNIER

Tu sais j'ai réfléchi longuement à ton cadeau pour le voyage. Je l'ai choisi moi-même. Tiens.

MARIE

Je peux l'ouvrir tout de suite?

CHARNIER

Si tu veux.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

(opening the gift)
Oh Alain! C'est merveilleux! Tu me gâtes. Je t'aime. Attends, je vais te montrer moi aussi ce que j'ai acheté.

CHARNIER

Encore du sho ping!

EXT. VILLA - DAY

L.S. Pan Right to left from under the trees following her as she leaves Charnier to enter in the house.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

C.S. of Charnier along the terrace. He throws a fishing pole in the sea.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

PAN RIGHT TO LEFT with Marie coming back with a new coat.

MARIE

Regarde mon pêcheur de baleine...
Tu sais il va faire très froid cet hiver.

CHARNIER

Avec ça tu pourras le supporter.

MARIE

Mais non, c'est pour toi.

CHARNIER

Pour moi?

MARIE

Regarde, il te va parfaitement bien!

CHARNIER

Formidable! Sans toi je m'habillerais encore en docker.
(then, taking off coat)
Je suis passé voir Françoise.

MARIE

Comment va-t-elle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARNIER

Je n'ai jamais vu tant de sérénité.
Elle m'a demandé de tes nouvelles
et si nous étions heureux.

MARIE

Le sommes nous?

CHARNIER

(he kisses her)

Non!

EXT. BOAT - CAR PARK - DAY

Complete Pan Left to Right with Lincoln passing in front of Samaritaine cafe. Driver pulls out. Charnier comes out from Lincoln and we follow him as he crosses Left to Right and jumps into the boat which moves out.

FROM BOAT

Back shot. Charnier standing in the moving boat and smoking as Marseille diminishes in B.G.

OPENING SEA SHOT

From the boat approaching Chateau d'If.

ON PEER

Pan Right to Left as Charnier gets out of boat and starts to climb up.

High angle thru first stone door with sea in B.G. Charnier comes up and turns Right to Left. High angle -- Pan Left to Right -- Low angle, with Charnier coming up from 2nd arch to 3rd arch thru which we see the tower in B.G.

EXT. CHATEAU D'IF - 1ST PLATFORM - DAY

Pan Left to Right with Charnier arriving on terrace.

EXT. CHATEAU D'IF - CHARNIER - HIS POV

Nicoli back to us. He turns left shoulder as we approach to him.

EXT. CHATEAU D'IF - TWO SHOT

Dolly back preceding Charnier and Nicoli after they meet and Pan Left to Right to the Rotonde.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 CHARNIER
Ca a marché?

 NICOLI
Au poil.

They turn around.

 CHARNIER
Sale boulot.

 NICOLI
Il fallait le faire.

 CHARNIER
Il est en retard.

 NICOLI
Je crois qu'on fait une erreur de
le prendre avec nous.

 CHARNIER
Une erreur! C'est génial. C'est
une vedette à la télévision. Il
peut aller partout sans être
soupçonné... En plus il a besoin de
fric.

 NICOLI
J'ai pas confiance en lui.

 CHARNIER
Sois gentil avec lui. On ne sait
jamais. Il peut te faire
travailler à la télévision.

EXT. CHATEAU D'IF - DAY

Cut on Devereau arriving. He sees them.

EXT. CHATEAU D'IF - DAY

Pan Left to Right bringing Charnier and Nicoli towards
Devereaux to finish in 3-shot.

 CHARNIER
Henri c'est gentil d'être venu. Je
vous présente mon associé, Pierre
Nicoli. Henri Devereaux.

 DEVEREAUX
Enchanté.
(they shake hands)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
Alain, j'ai réfléchi à votre
proposition et j'ai décidé
d'accepter.

SURVEILLANCE MONTAGE OF SAL BOCA'S

activities. From time to time DOYLE and RUSSO are visible, but their dialogue is for the most part VOICE OVER.

INT/EXT. BROOKLYN CANDY STORE - DAY

Various shots of SAL and ANGIE. Several shots of DOYLE and RUSSO in the CANDY STORE: reading magazines, having lunch separately. They are also seen in the LEATHER FACTORY across the street observing the CANDY STORE. Several CHARACTERS enter the CANDY STORE from time to time and go into the BACK ROOM. Following are a series of cuts (MOS) to be used with the V.O. dialogue of RUSSO and DOYLE.

INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

SAL counts the receipts. Two or three CUSTOMERS in the BG. SAL removes a tray of Ziti from the oven. ANGIE makes an order to go. SAL removes garbage from the back area.

RUSSO (V.O.)
Our friend's name is SALVATORE
BOCA. They call him SAL. He's a
sweetheart. He once was picked up
on suspicion of armed robbery.
Tried to hold up Tiffany's on Fifth
Avenue! In broad daylight! Could
have got two-and-a-half to five,
but they wouldn't prosecute. Also
downtown they're sure he pulled off
a contract on a guy named DeMarco.

EXT. CANDY STORE - DAY

SAL putting garbage into cans. Pan and Zoom to DOYLE and RUSSO in window of FACTORY across the street.

INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

ANGIE carries bowl of hard-boiled eggs from rear of store to the front.

DOYLE (V.O.)
His old lady?

ANGIE makes a tuna sandwich on a roll. A cigarette dangles from her lips. SAL is in BG at cash register with customer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSO (V.O.)

Her name's Angie... Fast filly... she drew a suspended for shoplifting a year ago... only a kid, nineteen according to the marriage license. From front of store looking to back.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Yeah, nineteen goin' on fifty. What else?

RUSSO is at counter eating lunch with three others... ANGIE serving. She wears a sleeveless sweater; shows lots of tit. RUSSO digs... she digs him. A wise guy comes in, goes to the back room. SAL follows.

RUSSO (V.O.)

He's had the store a year an'a half... takes in a fast seven grand a year.

EXT. CANDY STORE - DAY

POV from FACTORY window... Two Wise Guys in big coats and hats pull up in a big car. They enter store.

DOYLE (V.O.)

So what's he doin' with two cars and hundred dollar tabs at the Chez?

INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

Angie shooting from back of store towards front. The Two Wise Guys enter, go to Back Room. SAL follows. They close door. DOYLE is at the magazine counter in front. He sits down with magazine. Orders coffee.

RUSSO (V.O.)

The Merc's in his wife's name. Dodge belongs to his brother.

EXT. WARD'S ISLAND - DAY

A heavy-faced, dirty looking man in a Sanitation Dept. uniform in a group of men practising with Sanitation trucks.

RUSSO (V.O.)

Lou... he's a trainee at the Sanitation School on Ward's Island. Served time a couple of years ago, on assault and robbery raps.

SEVERAL SHOTS - DAY

EXT. CANDY STORE

LOU pulls up. As LOU picks up SAL. They drive to various buildings in Brooklyn. One or the other gets out briefly, then goes on. DOYLE and RUSSO watch from DOYLE's car.

SUYDAM STREET

DOYLE

If that's not a drop or a pickup,
I'll open a charge for you at
Bloomingdale's.

RUSSO

Make it Alexander's, I like the toy
department.

DOYLE

Toy wit' this will ya.

EXT/INT. "MICKEY'S TWO DOOR" - DAY

RUSSO

There's about a hundred years'
parole time in there night or day.

SAL arrives alone. DOYLE and RUSSO in parked car across street.

DOYLE

They treat our boy like a king.
Wonder why he don't bring his old
lady?

SAL flirts with the BARMAID.

RUSSO

There's your answer...

THROUGH RIDGEWOOD - DAY

Restaurants, stores, etc.

DOYLE

Who's the greaser?

With SAL and his FATHER.

RUSSO

It's his father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE and RUSSO in parked car.

DOYLE
I think we oughta burn him on
suspicion.

RUSSO
Suspicion of what?

DOYLE
Makin' wine in the basement.
(pause)
He looks like that wop stooge used
to drive for the Fracisi brothers.

LOU joins them. He and SAL leave together after each kisses
and embraces the old man.

RUSSO
Lay off with that wop stuff, will
you?

EXT. WEINSTOCK'S APT. BUILDING - DAY

In the East 80's. SAL exits.

DOYLE
That's the third time he come here
this week. You got anything on the
building?

DOYLE and RUSSO in parked car.

RUSSO
The building's clean. I checked
the tenant list -- Don Ameche, the
actor lives there -- oh, and
somebody else. Do the name Joel
Weinstock ring a bell?

TIME LAPSE

Late day. WEINSTOCK leaving building, nodding to doorman.

DOYLE
You're kiddin'

DOYLE and RUSSO in parked car.

RUSSO
No sir -- this is where Joel lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE
He was the bank on that shipment
outta Mexico three years ago.

RUSSO
So I've heard.

EXT. CANDY STORE - NIGHT

SAL and ANGIE leaving.

DOYLE
Whatta you know -- he's takin' his
wife out for a change.

DOYLE and RUSSO in parked car.

INT. LEATHER FACTORY - DAY

Across street from Candy Store. DOYLE and RUSSO at the
printing machine.

DOYLE
(at leather printing
machine)
Got a job for me when this is over,
Mrs. Levene?

They have a view of the Candy Store across street. Various
people go in and out. Next to DOYLE, at a stamping machine,
is MRS. LEVENE, the factory owner.

MRS. LEVENE
What are you fellows looking for?
What do you want from that nice
candy store?

DOYLE
We have reason to believe it's a
front for the biggest
counterfeiting operation in the
country.

MRS. LEVENE
What?

DOYLE
That's right. They're trying to
steal the formula for Hershey bars -

DOYLE continues his work at the print-out machine, while
observing the candy store. We see SAL leaving the store. He
crosses to his car, near the RUSSO car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he passes it, he sees RUSSO locked in embrace with a lady in a babushka. As SAL drives off, we get a closer look at the "LADY" in the babushka: DETECTIVE JAMES DOYLE.

INT. RUSSO'S CAR ON TRIBORO BRIDGE CROSSING TO WARD'S ISLAND

DOYLE

What the hell am I drivin' for? I'm a first grade Detective. You're a second grade guinea.

RUSSO

I'm wounded. Oh, oh. SAL up ahead in the Mercury.

DOYLE

(at the wheel)
What?

EXT. WARD'S ISLAND - BRIDGE

The Mercury crossing the bridge to the Island.

RUSSO

He's goin' to Ward's Island. We'll get spotted. What the hell's he goin' there?

DOYLE-RUSSO car B.G.

DOYLE

Maybe he's goin' to see his brother. Or could be another drop. I guess he gets a free ride.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

A Brooklyn slum street on a morning in November. It is about 11 o'clock and relatively quiet. A scattering of tenement URCHINS give the street some sound and life. There are a couple of dark shops on the street and a bar, all appearing to be closed. We look down the street and pick up DOYLE and RUSSO coming down it, walking very quickly. They are heading toward the bar. A young man is coming out - they grab him and throw him back.

INT. BAR ROOM - DAY

The Young Man is thrown in, followed by DOYLE and RUSSO. There are about 20 or 30 PUETRO RICAN and BLACK MEN in the joint, a couple of BLACK WOMEN. They are in all manner of dress. Half of them are wearing shades. The bar is noisy with conversation, laughter and music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE and RUSSO standing in the doorway, DOYLE slightly to the left, RUSSO a little behind him. DOYLE's arms are at his sides. RUSSO's right hand is crossed over his belt, under his jacket and on the butt of his .38, ready, waiting to back his partner's play or respond to any move within the bar. DOYLE moving into the bar alone. He pulls the plug out of the Juke Box, plunging the room to silence.

DOYLE
Hands on your heads. Popeye's
here!

Twenty men raise hands to their heads as one. The raggle-taggle swarm plays a kind of human chicken, refusing to move until the last moment then stepping out of his way. One of the customers doesn't.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
What's my name?

MAN
Doyle.

DOYLE
What?

MAN
Mr. Doyle.

DOYLE
Ever pick your feet in
Poughkeepsie?

MAN
What?

DOYLE raises his left arm and pushes the MAN aside. The MAN's eyes go to RUSSO, off-camera at the door, and back to DOYLE. He doesn't resist; he gets in line with the rest of them, a line formed about four or five feet from the bar, running the length of it.

Close of DOYLE at the bar, holding an ashcan and skimming the metal underrailing with one finger, knocking off the magnetized key boxes into the ashcan. He isn't even looking at them. His eyes are across the bar, staring down the customers. Close shot of the ashcan and the little metal boxes clinking into it.

Close shot of DOYLE, the ashcan now on the bar, opening one of the boxes, taking out the ten dollar bill, putting it on the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Then, opening another, taking out the glassine deck of heroin. Then another, containing a glassine deck. He empties the glassine envelopes on the bar into a cocktail mixer which he proceeds to shake. The shaker is half-filled with tomato juice. DOYLE leaning over the bar toward the glaring crowd, pours the mixture into the ashcan.

DOYLE
Milk shake anyone?

He wiggles his finger. It is a command for THREE MEN to step forward. The MEN do not move at first.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Move ass when I tell you.

They move, shuffling, hesitatingly. But they move -- TWO BLACKS and A PUETRO RICAN.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Put it on the bar.

Hands of the THREE MEN going into pockets. Close of a miscellany of keys, coins, cigarettes going onto the bar -- with two hypodermics, six or eight marijuana cigarettes, a small plastic vial of barbiturates.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
(collecting the works)
All right, you three clowns step into those phone booths, you're goin' in. Go on. Stand in there till I'm ready for you.

The three men turn and enter the individual phone booths. They stand, waiting, like contestants in the \$64 Question.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Everybody goes when the whistle blows.

RUSSO is with another man from whom he's just taken a set of works.

RUSSO
What's your story?

DANCER
Gimme a break, Mr. Russo. I'm in show business.

RUSSO
You're in show business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANCER

S'right.

DOYLE

What do you do in show business?

DANCER

I'm a dancer.

RUSSO

All right, get up on that bar and dance.

DANCER

What?

RUSSO

Get up on the bar and show me how you work. If I like it you don't have to go in.

DANCER

You're for real?

JERRY LEON

Hey man, why don't you let the fella alone.

RUSSO

(a shout)

Am I talkin' to you -

JERRY LEON

No, but I'm talkin' to you.

RUSSO

I'm tellin' you to shut up and stand over there.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

(to Dancer)

Get up there.

The man climbs up on the bar.

DANCER

I got no music!

RUSSO

Fake it.

The man goes into a fast tap dance. But he only gets in a few steps --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOYLE
All right, that's enough, you're
under arrest.

RUSSO pulls the man off the bar, sends him into one of the
phone booths. DOYLE coming down the front of the bar. He
stops before another man, who has just come out of the
toilet.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
What about you? Can you stand a
toss?

MAN
I'm clean.

DOYLE
You don't use shit?

MAN
No.
(he goes for his wallet)

DOYLE
Did I say you could move that hand -
- I'm not gonna get stuck am I?

MAN
No - no.

DOYLE
Cause if I do.

DOYLE frisks the man. Comes up with vial of pills and two
roaches.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Wise guy, huh? Let's see what else
you got.
(to RUSSO)
- Buddy!

He collars the man and shoves him towards the toilet. RUSSO,
eyes moving everywhere, hand on the gun.

RUSSO
If I see any shit on the floor,
it's yours, so keep your eye on
your neighbor.

Inside the toilet of the bar. The MAN is up against the
wall. DOYLE is only inches away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The MAN is an AGENT and this is the only way DOYLE can get immediate information from him without destroying the man's cover. Their conversation is in whispers. And very fast.

DOYLE
How's everything?

MAN
Everything is everything.

DOYLE
How come there's nothing out there?
That stuff is all milk.

MAN
There's nothing around. Nobody's
holding.

DOYLE
I got a name - Sal Boca, Brooklyn.

MAN
Boca?

DOYLE
B.O.C.A.

MAN
Doesn't register.

DOYLE
Got a wife named Angie.

MAN
No, nothing. There's only some
talk.

DOYLE
What?

MAN
Coming in this week, week after.
Everybody going to get well.

DOYLE
Who brings it?

MAN
Who knows?

DOYLE
Where do you want it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MAN

This side.

Door of toilet. There is a hell of a crash and slamming behind it. Door opens and DOYLE steps out over the crumpled prostrate form of the INFORMER. He has just decked the man to continue the protection of the cover. He pauses halfway down the line as if he's speculating on beating up another one because he didn't get any information. But he decides that would be futile too.

DOYLE

I'm goin' check on this address in the Bronx, if you're bullshitting me, it's your ass.

RUSSO

Tell everybody we'll be back in an hour.

DOYLE

(to all)

We're goin' now! Goodbye.

EXT. PASSENGER SHIP - DAY

Close shot of DEVEREAUX, New York harbor in the background, being interviewed by television reporters on his arrival in the U.S. aboard a passenger ship. He is smiling, jovial, charming.

REPORTER 1

How long will you be here?

DEVEREAUX

Not long enough. Two... perhaps three... weeks at most.

Medium close shot of DEVEREAUX and THREE TV REPORTERS, as they talk, a crane moves into action behind them and lifts out of hold. LA VALLE is with DEVEREAUX as Translator and Interpreter.

GIRL TV REPORTER

Why did you come by ship, Mr. Devereaux?

DEVEREAUX

The next several weeks will be very difficult and the middle of the ocean is the only place where the telephone isn't ringing all the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER

What will be the viewpoint of your documentary.

DEVEREAUX

To make a Frenchman feel what it is like to be a New Yorker.

LA VALLE

That's enough now, ladies and gentlemen. M. Devereaux is due at his hotel in half an hour.

Overhead the Lincoln comes down from the hold of the ship.

EXT. WEST SIDE DRIVE - DAY

A long view of the pier from the opposite (east) side of West Street, beneath the steel trusses and girders of the West Side Drive and through the forest of cars that are parked there, the jam of traffic that develops around every unloading vessel. It is a view that takes in the front end of the Lincoln inching off the pier. HENRI DEVEREAUX at the wheel, turns to his right. We watch until the point of view on the sidewalk. ALAIN CHARNIER and PIERRE NICOLI are standing there watching. When the car (off-camera) turns east on the way to the garage, NICOLI glances to CHARNIER. CHARNIER does not look back.

EXT. DORAL HOTEL - LINCOLN PULLS IN - DAY

INT. POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Close shot of WALTER SIMONSON at desk in the large square office he occupies as a Lieutenant of Detectives in charge of the Manhattan Narcotics Bureau. He is the immediate superior of RUSSO and DOYLE, head of the 200-man narcotics squad that polices Manhattan.

SIMONSON

(with coffee cup)

All that is great -- but you guys work Bed-Stuy. You're not supposed to be in Ridgewood.

DOYLE, RUSSO and SIMONSON

DOYLE

Detach us. Let us have a shot at it, at least until we see if there's anything here or not. Everybody wants Weinstock, right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE (CONT'D)

So maybe here's a lead. We deserve it.

SIMONSON

You couldn't burn a three-time loser with what you're bringing in here. You know you stiff's could run yourselves an entrapment rap. The guy has done nothing -- Brooklyn is full of Candy Store guys with two cars who like to go to nightclubs.

RUSSO

Put this little candy hustler together with Joel Weinstock and it could be we stumbled into a big score.

SIMONSON

(moves to window)

Big score! He's dealin' a few bags here and there on the side.

DOYLE

Simonson, I wouldn't be infringing on your coffee break if I thought he was a nickel and dimer.

SIMONSON

Your hunches have backfired before, Doyle.

DOYLE, close, no comment. Back to SIMONSON.

SIMONSON (CONT'D)

(moves back to stand at desk)

Jimmy, what the hell's happening with you lately?

(pause)

You got more collars than any Narc in the bureau. What was it. Over last year? Terrific. But who? You stop and shake down a bellboy because he's got three joints in his sock. You hit a high school kid in short pants who looks like he's got a twitch.

RUSSO. Getting it back on the track.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSSO

(moves in to desk)

We got information that there's no shit in the street -- it's like a desert full of junkies with a big score coming in to make everybody well.

DOYLE

This could be it, Walter. This Candy Store guy, putting on a big show in a fancy nightclub with known connections all over him. Then on our own, after working the whole day and night, we tail him out to Brooklyn and sit on him for a week practically, and who do we come up with? Joel Weinstock.

(he leans forward)

You gotta let us have it.

THREE SHOT - RUSSO, DOYLE, SIMONSON

SIMONSON

(pause, he turns to RUSSO)

You really believe all this crap?

RUSSO

I go with my partner. A pause.

SIMONSON

What'll it take?

RUSSO

First a wire.

DOYLE

Two wires. One on the store and one on his house.

SIMONSON

You know I have to get a court order for wiretaps.

RUSSO

Try... okay?

DOYLE

We know you can do it, Walter.

They start to leave.

Close on SIMONSON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMONSON

Popeye...

Close on DOYLE at the door. RUSSO beside him. Back to SIMONSON

SIMONSON (CONT'D)

You still pickin' your feet in Poughkeepsie?

WIRETAP SEQUENCE "A"

INT. BASEMENT

RUSSO on phones -- checking notes on SAL. DOYLE reading comics on cot. Tape machine clicks on -- tape is activated. RUSSO sits attentively.

EXT. CANDY STORE - DAY

Shot of wire.

SAL (V.O.)

What's this crap. I just spoke to my wife and she says you're raisin' me a halfa cent on the cups.

RUSSO

(He raps on the table with a coffee cup Doyle gets up.)
C'mere and lissen to your big connection.
(Doyle comes over.)
He's fightin' with somebody.

WHOLESALE (V.O.)

Yeah, well you know I shoulda raised this here a long time ago. We got a inflation period...

DOYLE

How we gonna keep Simonson from hearin' this?

SAL (V.O.)

I got your inflation. I can get the same cups on Delancey Street for what I been payin' you for the last year -- That's all I gotta do with you guys -- next time it'll be two cents on the cones, then two cents on the seltzer --

RUSSO

If he does, we'll be back in Bed-Stuyvesant tomorrow.

WHOLESALE (V.O.)

C'mon Sal, I got my orders, too --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL (V.O.)

Well, if you can't do better than that, you can stick the cups.

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD (HUNTS POINT AND EAST RIVER) - DAY

HIGH ANGLE: Close shot of CHARNIER, MARIE and LA VALLE walking slowly together toward the camera. They are at the auto graveyard and the scene of an auction of cars towed off New York streets by the Police Department. About twenty other men are walking around, looking at the cars. A POLICEMAN blows a whistle and the prospective car buyers gather around the auction trailer in the b.g.

LA VALLE

There are four auto graveyards like this one in the other boroughs, handling about a thousand vehicles a month. Those that aren't claimed are auctioned here once a month.

MARIE

Just for mistakes of parking?

LA VALLE

No. Many are involved in crimes and confiscated... or just abandoned. This is, as you know, your prime source of scrap metal, M. Charnier.

MARIE

(off camera)

Darling, may I have this one?

Medium close shot MARIE, standing next to an LTD.

MARIE (CONT'D)

It looks so lonesome here.

CHARNIER and LA VALLE approach her.

CHARNIER

It would look even more lonesome in our garage.

INT. THE AUCTION TRAILER - DAY

Within the large trailer, about TWENTY MEN are seated at two long benches to each side. Some are standing to the rear. At the front, an AUCTIONEER stands at a lectern. To his left sits a CLERK at a small table. The AUCTIONEER wears a sweater and hat. The buyers are tough types, young and old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All have inventory lists. The atmosphere is informal. The CHARNIERS and LA VALLE enter the trailer at the back.

AUCTIONEER

Every car sold today must be removed at the purchaser's own expense. We have no keys or anything to start the vehicles with. You buy 'em as you see 'em and where you see 'em. All right, the first car offered is Number 24398. A Plymouth sedan. Do I hear fifteen dollars?

The bidding goes up to forty dollars. A large BURLY MAN wins the bid. He goes up to the CLERK and accepts the bill of sale.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

We go to 24399 -- A Pontiac Station wagon. Do I hear ten dollars?

LA VALLE

(aside to CHARNIER)

Notice he will never mention the year of the car.

AUCTIONEER

I got a fifteen dollar bid going... Do I hear anymore... Eighteen... who'll say Eighteen? Twenty... Twenty-three... Anymore... Twenty-five. Twenty-five once -- Do I hear twenty-eight... All right, last call for twenty- five...

Close shot of CHARNIER

CHARNIER

(aside of LA VALLE)

And these are the cars we're buying for shipment?

Close shot of CHARNIER, MARIE and LA VALLE. They are facing the AUCTIONEER.

LA VALLE

Yes, sir. That man in the dark jacket is our buyer.

Close shot of THE BUYER, LOU BOCA. He is very active and wins the present bid.

WIRETAP SEQUENCE "B"

INT. BASEMENT

DOYLE and RUSSO playing Gin Rummy, listening at each end of one phone - breaking up.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Shot of wire.

ANGIE (V.O.)
(sleepy)
Where are you?

SAL (V.O.)
Takin' care o' business, honey.

ANGIE (V.O.)
Takin' care o' business -- it's
after midnight.

SAL (V.O.)
You know I hadda meet some people
tonight --

ANGIE (V.O.)
-- Well finish all your meetin'
people and get back here now -- and
bring a pizza with you.

SAL (V.O.)
Where'm I goinna get a pizza this
time o' night?

ANGIE (V.O.)
Well try, okay?

SAL (V.O.)
I don't know where I'm gonna find a
pizza joint open.

ANGIE (V.O.)
Sal --

SAL (V.O.)
Yeah?

ANGIE (V.O.)
Don't forget anchovies.
(she hangs up)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL (V.O.)
This broad's crazy!

EXT. WARD'S ISLAND (UNDER WEST ABUTMENT OF THE HELLGATE BRIDGE)

Pick up CHARNIER, MARIE and MAURICE LAVALLE As the camera plays over the bridge: (in French)

CHARNIER (V.O.)
It's beautiful.

LA VALLE (V.O.)
It was built in 1917 - and was one of the two heaviest bridges in the world. The arch is still the largest in the world.

CHARNIER
Who financed it?

LA VALLE
Two railroads as part of a connecting railway which provided passage from New England to the South. It was actually the first railroad through New York City.

MARIE
Why is it called Hellgate?

LA VALLE
The river at this point is the most dangerous on the East Coast. Years ago, hundreds of ships went down here.

CHARNIER
If this bridge were in Europe, it would be on every tourist's sight-seeing list.

LA VALLE
Most New Yorkers never notice it - most Americans have never heard of it.

CHARNIER
Look how gracefully they conceived that arch. Like a bowstring. It was built from both ends. With no support in the middle. Beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LA VALLE

Mmm.

MARIE

Alain is the only man I know who can become as enthusiastic about a bridge as he can about a woman.

CHARNIER

Not any woman, Marie. Just one.

EXT. OLD ROAD IN WARD'S ISLAND

CHARNIER, MARIE and LA VALLE walking.

(NEAR GARAGE)

LA VALLE

I'm afraid the rest of Ward's Island isn't nearly as romantic - a pollution plant, a hospital, a training school for garbage men and that area over there, where the old cars are kept, prior to being processed for shipment to, among other places, The Charnier Shipping Company, of Marseilles, France.

(NEAR CREMATORIUM)

MARIE

What is that old building?

LA VALLE

Oh, it's been abandoned for years.

MARIE

What was it?

LA VALLE

It was a crematorium.

MARIE

For garbage?

LA VALLE

For dead bodies.

WIRETAP SEQUENCE "C"

INT. BASEMENT

DOYLE on phones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Close, full-length shot of a nude BLONDE GIRL, wearing only black boots and silk panties. She's walking away from the camera, throwing aside a small cat-o-nine-tails flagellant whip. We can hear NICOLI's heavy breathing until the girl speaks as she moves toward a couch.

Medium close shot of NICOLI, tying his tie shrugging into overcoat. Medium close shot of NICOLI, looking at the bills with a pause to sort out the currency differences, then taking out five twenties. Close shot of the WHIP GIRL taking the five then moving up to the look of annoyance and disappointment on her face.

WHIP GIRL
You're Fifty Dollars short.

The look of anger turns to one of consternation as NICOLI reacts to her.

WHIP GIRL (CONT'D)
M'sieru - the tab for this scene is
a hundred and a half.
(he moves to door)
Hey Frenchie - if you don't come up
with the scratch, you're gonna run
into my man downstairs.

Medium close shot of NICOLI advancing on the WHIP GIRL as she backs away and begins to cringe. He grabs her and hurls her back across the couch. Close shot of the GIRL.

WHIP GIRL (CONT'D)
Don't hit me. Don't. Please.

We hear the door slam as she sobs.

WHIP GIRL (CONT'D)
You filthy faggot sonofabitch.

INT. CUTTING ROOM - DAY

Close shot of two pro football players smearing each other on the field, others falling on top of them. Medium close shot of DEVEREAUX at a Movie-ola working out his narration (DIALOGUE IN FRENCH)

DEVEREAUX
This is the new American religion,
professional football. It is where
everybody goes instead of church on
Sunday to express that peculiar
American taste for bloodshed and
violence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Several close shots of the violent action. Intercut with faces of the crowd. Close shot of DEVEREAUX.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

These men, playing a "game" - make more money each year than many important business leaders, artists or government officials.

(zoom out)

It tells us something about this country and how its men live, or go to war with a smile, and sometimes die without a cause.

The phone rings - it is CHARNIER.

EDITOR

It's for you - Alain Charnier.

Hold close up of DEVEREAUX.

INT. MUTCHIE'S BAR - NIGHT

In Lower Manhattan. There are SIX or EIGHT MATRONS still there, stevedores and truck drivers. Most of them are clustered at the far end of the bar, where MUTCHIE, a gray-haired gone-to-paunch Irishman with spectacles as thick as pop-bottle bottoms stands behind the mahogany bar. The cluster of customers is involved in a typical New York saloon argument. DOYLE is ignoring the debate and watching the television. He is approached by a small MAN in a long coat and baggy suit with suspenders. This is JESUS THE BOOSTER.

JESUS

Hey, Bo.

DOYLE

Hiya, Jesus.

JESUS

Can you use a new suit for Christmans?

DOYLE

Whatta you got?

JESUS reaches into his trousers and pulls out three suits (jackets and pants). They are of the latest style and color, and still on hangers!

JESUS

Whatta you?... a 44... 46?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE examines one of the jackets.

DOYLE
Where'd you get this fag shit?

JESUS
This is what the tough guys are wearin'. You know I only steal from the best. It's Bonwit Teller.

DOYLE
Pass.

JESUS
Forty dollars -- was \$250.

DOYLE
Whyn't you get it dry cleaned and burned.

JESUS blends into the crowd and we pick up the dialogue of MUTCHIE and his cronies, BAD EDDIE, LEE and PUGGY.

MUTCHIE
A big man could alluz beat a little man. That's why Wilt Chamberlain could murder Jim Brown if they ever fought.

BAD EDDIE
No chance. Brown'd kill him.

MUTCHIE
Chamberlain's seven foot tall, right? He's got a twelve-foot reach. It's geophysics. He's punchin' down on you with leverage. He cave your chest in.

BAD EDDIE
Best I ever seen was The Rock. He was the calmest and the meanest. Guys like Sugar'd be pukin' before a fight. Jake LaMotta'd be pukin'. Marciano was calm like he was goin' to church. What about the night he fought LaStarza? He hit him so hard he broke the blood vessels in LaStarza's arms. He was the strongest meanest bastard ever lived.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PUGGY

Hey, Mutchie, give us another bullet.

MUTCHIE pours him a straight Scotch in a shot glass.

MUTCHIE

Blackjack Burns could's been the greatest ever --

PUGGY

-- He was a stone tanker.

MUTCHIE

That's right, he couldn't fight legit. One night at the Garden about 1950, '51 -- he fought either Jake LaMotta or Gus Lesnevich, I think it was -- he took one o' those cream puff punches in the sixth -- the laziest left you ever seen -- missed him entirely. Down goes Blackjack without even workin' up a sweat and the whole Garden gets up in its feet and I swear to Christ, everybody starts singin' "Dance With Me Henry."

LEE

I fought a guy in Cleveland once. I knew he was a dirty fighter so I stick a crowbar in my crotch. Right here. Second round he gives me a shot -- Boom -- he breaks his hand, the fight's over.

PUGGY

Fuck it, I like nitroglycerin, that's my game.

MUTCHIE

What about you, Doyle? Who's the best fighter you ever seen?

DOYLE

(a few drinks behind him)
Willie Mays.

BAD EDDIE & LEE

Willie Mays?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOYLE

With a baseball bat! One swing!
Knock your fuckin' head off.

TIME LAPSE.

The DRINKERS are gone. MUTCHIE is at the bar cleaning up. DOYLE is in the open adjoining kitchen area cooking breakfast.

MUTCHIE

What ya doin' out so late? Hidin'
from the cops?

DOYLE

I hear the health department is
going to close this joint for
selling dirty beer. I come by to
help you carry out your money.

MUTCHIE

They'll close you down if they ever
get a look at those busted-valise
broads you run with.

DOYLE

You want some eggs.

MUTCHIE

Why not?

DOYLE

(looking around for bacon)
Hey, Mutch! You want bacon?

MUTCHIE

Yeah!

DOYLE

(rattling pans, looking
around)
Where the hell is it?

MUTCHIE

Where the hell do you think it is,
potato head?

DOYLE opens the door to the icebox.

MUTCHIE (CONT'D)

No wonder there's so many Mafia
around. Ya couldn't find a Puerto
Rican in Spanish Harlem.

TIME LAPSE.

Almost morning. Close on DOYLE and MUTCHIE eating bacon and eggs. MUTCHIE is standing behind the bar as he eats, DOYLE is sitting in front of it. They both have a bottle of beer.

MUTCHIE

I got this little chick I'm tryin' to hit on. She's about 20, 21... I take her to Jilly's last night and she's tellin' me about how she wants to settle down one day, get married... I says, "Hey, this is baby, I'm just a dirty old man lookin' to score with some pussy."

DOYLE

Strike out, eh?

MUTCHIE

Yeah. In the late innings. Ya look like a night's sleep wouldn't kill ya.

DOYLE

A piece of ass wouldn't kill me.

MUTCHIE

When ya go back on?

DOYLE

Morning. Sometime.

MUTCHIE

Whyn't ya stretch out on the pool table for a couple hours. The kid comes in at six will wake ya. A couple eggs and a beer is cheaper than keepin' a dog around the joint.

EXT. MUTCHIE'S BAR - DAY

Close of DOYLE going to his car. He stops for a light. DOYLE is red-eyed and in need of a shave. He fidgets through his pockets looking for a cigarette but doesn't find one. As he drives along a GIRL CYCLIST comes into view alongside. Our view is DOYLE's view of her long, lean tapered legs. If he looks further, and DOYLE always looks further, he will see there is a bra-band sweater covering her well-formed breasts. The pendulous swing is there as she bends over the handlebars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Close front view of DOYLE looking back to the light, then back to the legs. Close outside view, the cyclist, of DOYLE leaning out the window with his badge in his hand.

DOYLE
You got a pedaller's license?

GIRL
What?

DOYLE
You're under arrest.

INT. SIMONSON OFFICE - DAY

Medium close shot of RUSSO and SIMONSON. PHIL KLEIN, a federal narcotics agent, is reading aloud from an article in the New York Daily News. MULDERIG is listening and sipping coffee. Close shot of BILL MULDERIG, a Fed narcotics agent.

MULDERIG
Whatta you got -- four more years,
Walter?

Medium close of SIMONSON and RUSSO

SIMONSON
Three.

Close shot of MULDERIG.

MULDERIG
Christ, by the time you get out all
this shit'll be legal.

Wide shot of room, taking in SIMONSON, RUSSO, MULDERIG and PHIL KLEIN. SIMONSON hands BUDDY a stack of warrants.

SIMONSON
(rises, to RUSSO)
The judge gave you ten days on
these. Klein and Mulderig will be
sitting in for the Federals. Tell
Doyle they'll make all the buys,
and that they're to be kept
informed of everything that goes
down.

SIMONSON turns to MULDERIG.

SIMONSON (CONT'D)
You know Doyle, don't you Bill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Close of MULDERIG.

MULDERIG

(rises)

Sure, I know Popeye. The Master of undercover, whose brilliant idea of disguise is to limp into a room on his left foot and limp out on his right. Whose brilliant hunches cost the death of a good officer --

Close of RUSSO

RUSSO

If that's how you're coming in, why not stay home and save us all a lot of grief.

MULDERIG, close.

MULDERIG

That's just my opinion.

RUSSO, close.

RUSSO

Whyn't you shove it up your ass!

EXT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Long shot of RUSSO approaching housing project group of buildings. This is where DOYLE lives.

INT. HALLWAY TO DOYLE'S APARTMENT

RUSSO rings the bell. No response. He knocks. Again nothing. He hears a shower working inside the apartment.

RUSSO

Popeye.

No answer.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Popeye.

DOYLE

(off, weakly)

Yeah.

RUSSO

It's Cloudy. Open the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE
(off)
I can't.

RUSSO
Why not?

DOYLE
(off)
Let yourself in.

RUSSO reaches into his jacket pocket and gets a celluloid card, his PBA card, which he slides into the door at the lock. He gives it a juggle and the lock is free but the door moves grudgingly.

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door to DOYLE's apartment, a close view from inside. There's a bike propped against it and BUDDY RUSSO is trying to push it open from the outside.

RUSSO
(behind door)
What the hell you got holding the door?

The bike teeters and falls with a crash and RUSSO comes into the room puzzled, exasperated.

INT. APARTMENT - RUSSO'S POV - DAY

DOYLE is anklecuffed to the bedpost at the foot of the bed.

RUSSO
What happened to you?

DOYLE
(sleepy)
The crazy kid handcuffed me to the bed. With my own cuffs.

The shower goes off. RUSSO puts the bike upright on its stand and squeezes the horn, which makes a loud beep. The BIKE GIRL appears in the bathroom door, wrapped in a towel.

BIKE GIRL
Oh!

RUSSO sees key on dresser - tosses it to DOYLE. There are clothes all over the place, the GIRL's cycling outfit, DOYLE's pants and shoes and socks. The decor is completely impersonal. RUSSO looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSO
(looking at scrapbook on
dresser)
You oughta get plastic covers for
this stuff like I did - your
scrapbook's a mess like everything
else in your life.

RUSSO goes to chair.

DOYLE
Gimme my pants.

RUSSO, who is half sitting on them, pulls the pants loose and
hands them to DOYLE.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
You got the warrant?

RUSSO
(sitting)
We also got Bill Mulderig and Phil
Klein.

Close on DOYLE, buttoning his pants.

DOYLE
What do we need those pricks for?

Medium close on RUSSO picking around through the clothes,
coming up with a pair of panties. He holds them out.

RUSSO
Because by actual count our bureau
has exactly nine hundred eighteen
dollars and fifty-four cents to
make buys and Mulderig's Feds can
get all of Uncle Sam's money he
wants by just asking.

DOYLE sitting on bed, strapping the holster on his ankle. He
checks his gun.

DOYLE
Throw 'em in the bathroom, will
you? How good are the warrants?

RUSSO
(on the move down hall, at
bathroom door)
Sixty days. Here. Don't mention
it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOYLE is checking various items that go in his briefcase - notebook, handcuffs, book of laws, field reports, pencils, binoculars, candy bars, etc. Medium close shot of RUSSO looking toward the bathroom door.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Hi!

RUSSO looks back to DOYLE. There is the sound of a kickstand being kicked back in place, the door opening and the GIRL leaving. Medium close shot of DOYLE tying the shoes, wincing. Looking up to the departing GIRL.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Drive carefully!

EXT/INT. RUSSO'S CAR - DAY

Close shot of BILL MULDERIG in back seat. BUDDY is in front, next to DOYLE at the wheel.

MULDERIG

Strictly small potatoes.

We can see DOYLE working to keep up with the black Mercury as they cross the Brooklyn Bridge in fairly heavy traffic. The Mercury cuts around in and out, DOYLE plunges after him.

MULDERIG (CONT'D)

You really know how to pick 'em,
Doyle.

RUSSO turns his head in anger.

MULDERIG (CONT'D)

Still wearing your gun on your
ankle?

No answer.

MULDERIG (CONT'D)

Somebody told me the reason you did
that was so's when you met a chick
and rubbed against her she wouldn't
know you were a cop.

No answer.

MULDERIG (CONT'D)

I said that was bullshit. It must
be some kind of fast-draw gimmick
or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSO
Knock it off, Bill.

MULDERIG
He's gettin' too far ahead. You're
gonna lose him.

DOYLE cuts into the next lane to a lot of horn-blowing and comes to a dead, screeching stop. DOYLE sits up sharply erect in the seat, craning to see where SAL is going. He throws open the door and hurls himself out.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Rear medium close shot of DOYLE climbing up on the side of the car to look ahead, then jumping down and running off. DOYLE running as hard as he can. Medium close side shot of SAL turning off the bridge onto the FDR Drive, moving quickly and smoothly uptown. DOYLE running to a stop, and staring ahead. Breathing hard, horns are blowing on the bridge and they drown out the words as he curses, "Dirty Sonofabitch."

INT. RUSSO'S CAR - DAY

RUSSO is on the blower.

RUSSO
Phil -- it's Cloudy -- we lost him -

Static comes over the two-way radio.

EXT. BOCA'S CAR COMES OFF RAMP, PAN TO

INT. KLEIN'S CAR - DAY

KLEIN is parked on Pearl Street below the Brooklyn Bridge.

RUSSO (V.O.)
He just got off the Bridge - He's
all yours if you can find him.
Sonofabitch!

KLEIN starts his car.

EXT. A PARKING GARAGE IN THE EAST 40'S - DAY

SAL emerges from the garage and heads toward Madison Avenue. He passes a man looking in a store window, PHIL KLEIN. KLEIN follows him.

EXT. A STREET IN THE EAST 40'S - DAY

SAL stops abruptly at the corner and turns around. KLEIN is forced to pass him and cross the street. SAL crosses the street to his left, at a right angle to KLEIN.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - LATE DAY

SAL moving north on Madison Avenue. He is walking in a triangular trap of foot surveillance. We begin to learn this when we fall back twenty feet behind SAL and pick up the figure of JIMMY DOYLE, moving at exactly the same pace.

While he keeps looking forward after SAL, he also looks regularly to the left, across to the West side of Madison where we quickly zoom in on the figure of BILL MULDERIG, who is on an even line opposite SAL and moving almost precisely in step with the subject of their surveillance.

MULDERIG keeps an eye on SAL but is also glancing north ahead of SAL to BUDDY RUSSO, who is 20 or 30 feet ahead of SAL, thus forming the triangle of the A-B-C tail. SAL bobbing along. DOYLE following. MULDERIG keeping pace. RUSSO up front. SAL suddenly turning East at the Northeast corner of 46th Street, the block occupied by the Roosevelt Hotel.

MULDERIG yanking at his right ear. RUSSO spinning around, hurrying back toward the corner. DOYLE turning East at the Southeast corner of 46th Street. RUSSO coming around the corner looking to DOYLE. DOYLE indicating the Roosevelt entrance with his chin while MULDERIG comes up to join DOYLE. RUSSO moving quickly into the Roosevelt entrance on 46th Street between Madison and Vanderbilt.

INT. ROOSEVELT LOBBY - DAY

Roosevelt lobby stairs with ALAIN CHARNIER, PIERRE NICOLI, SAL greeting.

CHARNIER

Excuse me.

RUSSO

(he is moving through the
jam they form on the
stairs)

Excuse me.

We move into the lobby of the Roosevelt and then spin around quickly, to watch CHARNIER, NICOLI and SAL moving upstairs and out the door.

EXT. DAY

A distant view from the Northeast corner of 46th Street and Madison Avenue of the Roosevelt Hotel marquee and the three men under it, CHARNIER, NICOLI and SAL.

They are in animated conversation. DOYLE and MULDERIG on the point-of-view corner across Madison, MULDERIG with his back to the camera, DOYLE talking and watching over Mulderig's shoulder.

Close shot DOYLE's face, eyes bright with excitement. Long view of CHARNIER, NICOLI and SAL under the marquee from DOYLE's view, zooming in on CHARNIER, who continues to talk, look up, then look back to SAL.

DOYLE

You take Sal. I'll stick with the beard if they split.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

Rear view of ALAIN CHARNIER and PIERRE NICOLI strolling slowly down Madison Avenue in the Forties. An overhead view of the pair, CHARNIER and NICOLI, including DOYLE 20 or 30 yards behind, RUSSO across the street, even with him. CHARNIER and NICOLI window-shopping at Walter's Electric, and 3rd Avenue. RUSSO looking quizzically, puzzled, from a doorway.

CHARNIER and NICOLI are engaged in a running conversation that we cannot hear. But what CHARNIER is saying is simply that he wants to get a pack of cigarettes before they turn back and stop for dinner. RUSSO looking to DOYLE for a signal.

EXT. A CIGAR STORE - DAY

DOYLE already beginning to feel the cold, rubbing his hands together, at the front of the place CHARNIER and NICOLI have entered, trying to figure it out as CHARNIER and NICOLI emerge, CHARNIER ripping the cellophane off a pack of cigarettes, and they turn back in DOYLE's direction.

DOYLE, face to face with CHARNIER and NICOLI. Straining to hear, he picks up a few words of French. Without losing stride he steps off the curb and cuts across the street, moving south, away from them, as they come north. But halfway across the street, we pick up RUSSO coming in his direction, sharp enough to pick up the tail where DOYLE had to drop it.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Medium close view through window of ALAIN CHARNIER and PIERRE NICOLI sitting at a table near the front windows of a small restaurant.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A long shot of street zooming in on JIMMY DOYLE who is freezing his ass off in the shadows of a doorway across the street from the restaurant. He is dancing from one foot to the other, his shoulders hunched, occasionally cupping his hands to his ears.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A medium close shot of WAITER holding a bottle of Sainte Emillion out for CHARNIER's inspection. CHARNIER looks, frowns, shakes head negatively. DOYLE's feet. He's standing on one foot, the other raised and he's squeezing it with a chapped hand, as if trying to get circulation back into it.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Medium close shot of NICOLI watching the WAITER scoop coq au vin onto his plate. Close shot of CHARNIER taking a large forkful of food into his mouth, chewing and nodding at NICOLI.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Medium shot of DOYLE looking up to RUSSO who comes bearing a paper bag which he hands to DOYLE.

Medium close shot of RUSSO standing in front of DOYLE while DOYLE fishes a piece of pizza out of the bag and lets it fold into his mouth, then licks his fingers.

RUSSO
You want the red or the white?

DOYLE
Pour it in your ear.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Medium close view of CHARNIER through the window of the restaurant, sipping espresso.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Close shot of the pastry tray, rows of Napoleons, strawberry and peach tarts, a frothing-frenzied rum cake, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLI close, looking like he's about to have an orgasm, glancing toward CHARNIER and then the tray.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Close shot of RUSSO peering at the restaurant. DOYLE's face right behind him, peering over RUSSO's shoulder, trying to drink coffee from a paper container and also moving slightly against the cold and the pain of the shoes.

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - DAY (EXT. COPAIN)

Rear long view of CHARNIER and NICOLI on Madison in the Forties strolling to a corner where NICOLI is splitting for the Edison Hotel (West 46th Street) while CHARNIER goes on to the Westbury on upper Madison. They part with a wave and a nod. Hold on them as BUDDY RUSSO comes into view, moving off after NICOLI. DOYLE follow CHARNIER.

EXT. WESTBURY HOTEL - CHARNIER ENTERS - DAY

INT. WESTBURY HOTEL - DAY

Close shot of the elevator floor indicator rising from 1 to 6. Medium close shot of DOYLE turning away from the elevator doors and walking toward the registration desk. Close shot of the DESK CLERK.

DESK CLERK

Yes sir?

Medium close shot of DOYLE leaning on elbow on the counter, half-turned to keep an eye on the elevators.

DOYLE

That guy just walked in. What's his name?

Close on CLERK and DOYLE.

DESK CLERK

I'm sorry, I don't know who you mean.

DOYLE

(showing badge)
He got off on six.

DESK CLERK

We have four rooms and six suites on six. There's a man in almost every one of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Close of DOYLE.

DOYLE

Little shorter than me. Well-dressed. About forty-five or fifty with salt-and-pepper hair, a beard.

Close of CLERK. Thinks it over.

DESK CLERK

There's nobody like that on six.

DOYLE AND CLERK

DESK CLERK

Perhaps he's visiting a guest.

DOYLE

No, I figure he stays here. Where's your registration?

CLERK gets out registration log book, goes through list as DOYLE waits.

DESK CLERK

There may be two... no, three who could fit it.

DOYLE

Names.

DESK CLERK

A Mr. Paul Ganapolos, he's here alone.

DOYLE

Where from?

DESK CLERK

Des Moines.

DOYLE

What's he do?

DESK CLERK

Businessman. Owns a department store in Des Moines, I think.

DOYLE is taking down the information on a pad.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. Alain Charnier, would be another. He's in shipping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE
Yeh? Who else?

DESK CLERK
And a Mr. Michael Lowenstein, I
don't know what he does.

DOYLE
This Charnier guy. He's in
shipping?

DESK CLERK
I think so. But they're in a room
on the fourth floor.

Close of DOYLE.

DOYLE
Where's he from?

DESK CLERK
Marseilles.

DOYLE AND CLERK

DOYLE gives him a dumb look.

DESK CLERK
That's in France.

DOYLE
Yeah, I know.

EXT. WESTBURY HOTEL ON MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT

Medium close shot of DOYLE standing in another doorway, this one in Madison Avenue, opposite and a little up the street from the Westbury. It is about 2 o'clock in the morning and there's not much traffic. DOYLE looks like a man almost too tired to stand. We hear a car pull up (off camera).

INT. RUSSO'S CAR - NIGHT

View from the front seat of a sedan of DOYLE falling into the corner of the back seat. RUSSO reaches across the seat from the camera to hand DOYLE a brown paper container of coffee. He opens it between his knees and scalds his mouth with it. RUSSO hands over another gift, a pint of Canadian Club. DOYLE takes a big swig. Rear close view of BILL MULDERIG at the wheel of the car, looking at DOYLE in the rear-view mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDERIG

You about ready for a break?

A view of MULDERIG at the wheel, RUSSO twisted around in the seat, looking back at DOYLE and putting the cap back on the bottle. When DOYLE isn't sipping at the coffee-whiskey, he's looking out the window of the car at the entrance of the hotel. He looks beat.

DOYLE

The guy's a frog -- I'm pretty sure. Also he made me. Stayin' on four but went up to six -- cute.

RUSSO

The other guy's a frog too. Checked in at the Edison. Had a hooker sent up.

MULDERIG

Christ you should o' collared him right there.

DOYLE

Who's on him?

RUSSO

Phil Klein.

DOYLE

What about Sal?

RUSSO

We put him to bed for the night.

MULDERIG

Why don't you do the same, Doyle? You look like shit.

DOYLE AND MULDERIG - INTERCUT

DOYLE

(to MULDERIG)

Look. My partner and I found this case and I don't want no Feds screwing it up.

MULDERIG

Case? So far I haven't seen a damn thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

Bill, keep shootin' your mouth off
and I'll knock you into the middle
of next week.

RUSSO, close.

RUSSO

Jimmy, cool it. Nothin's goin'
down tonight. Cop a few zzz's
while you can.

Close shot, DOYLE.

INT. WEINSTOCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Close shot of CHEMIST with a small lab layout spread in front of him -- burner, test tubes, etc. The MAN's wearing an ordinary business suit and both the table and the background indicate that this is not a lab, but somebody's library or den -- and a fashionable one, with photos, a signed picture of Lyndon Johnson, etc., on the panelled walls. The CHEMIST is running a Thiele test on a small mound of powder. Heroin from CHARNIER's shipment. Medium close shot of JOEL WEINSTOCK and SAL BOCA sitting opposite the CHEMIST.

SAL has a glass of beer in front of him, WEINSTOCK a brandy snifter containing a splash of amber cognac. Both are interested; SAL quite nervously.

The CHEMIST immerses a capillary tube, a tiny instrument the size of a needle into an open kilo of heroin. He pours a small quantity of mineral oil into a burnmeister test tube and preheats the oil over the open flame of a tiny alcohol lamp.

He removes a 15-in thermometer from its leather case, fastens the capillary tuve (now totally immersed in the heroin) to the bulb of the thermometer with a rubber band. He places the bulb, with capillary attached, into an open rubber stop and inserts the entire apparatus into the burnmeister tube, about three inches in. With a small metal clamp he holds the rig over the lamp.

We watch closely with the CHEMIST, WEINSTOCK and BOCA as the white heroin powder slowly, agonizingly dissolves into the mineral oil and The mercury rises slowly up the thermometer to 220° - 230°. The faces of the three men are filled with wonder and anxiety. As the mercury continues to rise they become a cheering section, rooting the hometeam home. The longer it takes for the powder to dissolve, the purer the heroin. The mercury stops at 240°!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEMIST

Absolutely dynamite! 89.5 proof!
Best I've ever seen! If the rest
is like this, you'll be dealing for
two years on this load.

Close on WEINSTOCK, relaxed, smoking a large cigar.

WEINSTOCK

Retail is not my end of the
business. Are you telling me it's
worth the half million?

Medium close of the CHEMIST.

CHEMIST

How many kilos?

SAL

Sixty.

CHEMIST

Six kilos at eight big ones a
kilo...

(he nods)

I'd say it should be able to take a
seven to one hit in the street.

SAL

By the time it gets down to nickel
bags it's at least thirty-two
million!

Medium close of WEINSTOCK and BOCA.

WEINSTOCK

Thank you, Howard. Take what's
left there with you and goodnight.

The CHEMIST packs his apparatus and leaves.

SAL

I guess we got a deal, eh?

Medium close shot of WEINSTOCK alone, appraising BOCA.

WEINSTOCK

We got a test. A deal for half a
million dollars, maybe.

SAL, whose cool is easily shattered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAL

Joel, the man is in a hurry. He wants the bread and he wants to go back to France. He ain't gonna hang around and play games. He's one o' the shrewdest cats I ever run across.

WEINSTOCK, close.

WEINSTOCK

What am I, a shmuck? What's the hurry? He could see a couple of shows and visit the top of the Empire State Building.

INTERCUT SAL, WEINSTOCK

SAL

Joel, don't jerk me. I spent a lot o' time settin' this one up.

WEINSTOCK

So whatta you want a badge? It's your first major league game Sal. One thing I learned, move calmly, move cautiously. You'll never be sorry.

SAL

I been damn careful up to now.

WEINSTOCK

Which is why your phone lines are tapped and the Feds are crawlin' all over you like flies.

SAL

I'm straight, Joel. They haven't got shit on me. Look, I'm tellin' you, he'll take the deal somewhere else.

WEINSTOCK

He could go someplace else with his sixty kilos of heroin and see how easy it is to pull together a half million cash. He wouldn't find there was any hurry to do this kind of business.

SAL, a little desperate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL

Look, the stuff is here. We could set up the switch in an hour. I'm tellin' you, Mr. Weinstock, he'll split if we don't move. This guy is everything they say he is.

WEINSTOCK taking SAL apart with his eyes over the cigar.

WEINSTOCK

What about you, Sal? Are you everything they say you are?

Close of SAL's worried face.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Close side view of DOYLE driving; popeyeing right and left, looking for everything and nothing.

View over DOYLE's right shoulder through windshield of a young Black HOOKER leaning against a lamppost, smiling at a passing PEDESTRIAN. Hold on her as the car moves on, DOYLE's head turning as he continues to move with the traffic. Rear close view of DOYLE leaning over the back seat, looking as he backs the car. Close shot of the HOOKER looking up smiling, then the smile fading. Medium close view of DOYLE and the HOOKER.

DOYLE

You own that lamppost?

HOOKER

No.

DOYLE

Then how come you're leaning on it.

Close shot of HOOKER.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

I ever bust you?

HOOKER

I never seen you before.

DOYLE and the HOOKER.

DOYLE

Get your ass in the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE looking right and left, the form of the GIRL climbing into the vehicle. He puts surveillance hat on back seat.

INT. DAN'S LUNCH - DAY

DOYLE is standing at an island counter in a coffee-doughnuts joint. The COUNTERMAN is paying no attention to him but is instead emptying coffee from a large dispenser into a pot.

DOYLE
You gonna wait on me or am I gonna
sit here all day?

The COUNTERMAN responds quickly to DOYLE's voice. Close shot of DOYLE biting into a huge jelly doughnut, the jelly squeezing out onto his fingers.

A kid pushes a broom past, getting rid of a collection of cigarette butts, etc.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Hey!

Close shot of KID, about 16, looking up from the broom toward DOYLE.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
(off camera)
C'mere... C'mere!

Medium close shot of DOYLE and the KID, DOYLE eating and drinking.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Can you stand a toss, Hector?

KID
What you mean?

DOYLE
You still dealin' shit?

KID
Jesus, no, Doyle. I'm clean. I'm
working twelve hours a day here.

Close shot of DOYLE talking around a mouthful of doughnut.

DOYLE
When they going to make you
chairman of the board?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Medium close shot of DOYLE and the KID. DOYLE puts down the coffee cup. Waves the KID closer. The KID moves closer, DOYLE frisks him quickly, expertly, then rips up the kid's jacket and takes a 12-inch toadsticker out of the kid's waistband. Close shot of DOYLE looking at the knife, snapping the button and watching the blade flash out.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
You clean your fingernails with
this.

Close shot of KID.

KID
Rather be caught with it than
without it.

DOYLE, pushing button and letting the blade fall into closed position.

DOYLE
Yeah, I guess so.

DOYLE hands the knife back to the kid. HECTOR goes back to work. DOYLE eats.

EXT. DAN'S LUNCH - DAY

DOYLE climbing back into his car, knees on the seat, reaching over into the back. Close shot over the rear seat of DOYLE picking up the straw hat, which has been jammed into the corner by the contours of the Hooker's tail. He straightens it as much as possible and throws it under the driver's seat.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

Medium shot of DOYLE on foot popeyeing up Madison Avenue in the vicinity of the Westbury. As unobtrusively as possible, he's looking for the tail that should be there covering CHARNIER.

DOYLE is on the East side of the street, and the Westbury is on the West. He pokes his head into a couple of doorways, checks the cars parked at the curb, looks up to a couple of the mezzanine shops along the street. He sees PHIL KLEIN and ANOTHER AGENT talking together totally oblivious to the front entrance.

MULDERIG in a cigar store looks to his wristwatch, then goes inside the store. Close shot of DOYLE frowning, puzzled. There doesn't seem to be anybody alert. He looks over to the hotel. Westbury Hotel entrance from DOYLE's Point of View.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARNIER steps out of hotel entrance, turns south. The two AGENTS and MULDERIG have not seen his exit. Close on DOYLE in a doorway. CHARNIER, carrying an umbrella, strolling blithely down the street, in DOYLE's direction but on the opposite side of the street. Zoom in on his face, reflecting no concern, no problems, then zoom back to DOYLE's position.

Pan to the hotel entrance as DOYLE looks for somebody else. Where the hell is CHARNIER's surveillance? Very quickly, DOYLE's nervous glances. CHARNIER close. A long view of the street.

CHARNIER moving along. The hotel entrance. Close shot of DOYLE going through the glancing movements, his eyes showing CHARNIER getting farther and farther down Madison Avenue. But there's still nobody following him. Medium close shot of DOYLE scrambling out of the doorway and moving down the street after CHARNIER.

Rear view of CHARNIER stopping at a newsstand, buying a copy of the Times. DOYLE in a doorway, peering out and down the street. Medium close front view of CHARNIER strolling along, glancing at the headlines of the Times, an umbrella hooked over his left forearm as he walks.

Close shot of CHARNIER's polished shoes, moving quickly down subway entrance stairs. Hold on the empty stairs. Then DOYLE's painful, scuffed shoes, follow.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Close shot CHARNIER standing on the subway platform, looking at the Times, glancing toward the tracks and the rumble of a train in the distance. Side rear view of CHARNIER close in the foreground, DOYLE moving into view in the background, not looking toward CHARNIER, keeping his face turned mostly away from the Frenchman. Long shot of the platform. DOYLE right, CHARNIER left as the train pulls in. CHARNIER is folding up his paper to board. DOYLE is moving toward the train.

INT. TRAIN

CHARNIER getting on train toward camera. Close side shot DOYLE getting on train, leaning over to look after CHARNIER's movements.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

CHARNIER getting off train. DOYLE puzzled, hesitating, then getting off his car. Long shot of CHARNIER opening the Times again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Medium shot of DOYLE moving quickly to phone booth against the wall. DOYLE close, barking into the phone.

DOYLE
I'm sittin' on Frog One.

MULDERIG in phone booth at Westbury.

MULDERIG
Yeah, we got the Westbury covered like a tent.

DOYLE
The Westbury? Balls. I got him down at the subway at Times Square. What the hell's goin' on? I make him coming right out of the hotel free as a bird. Not a soul awake.

Close shot of CHARNIER strolling past the telephone booth, DOYLE looking down.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
I don't care how many bartenders are sick. I don't work in that joint. What the hell kind of a union are you running down there?

Long view of CHARNIER and DOYLE about thirty feet apart on the platform, a second train approaching.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

A close view of DOYLE just inside the doors of the car sneaking a peek at the platform. We can see that CHARNIER is not there. He's on the train. Suddenly CHARNIER reappears on the platform. DOYLE steps off.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

Long view from DOYLE's vantage point of CHARNIER standing with his back to the train, looking up like a man who can't make up his mind, then turning to his left, away from DOYLE and getting back on the train.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

View from interior of DOYLE car of JIMMY DOYLE nipping back onto car.

INT. TRAIN - CHARNIER'S CAR

Close view of subway doors hissing shut and an umbrella being raised at the last moment by an off-camera hand (CHARNIER's). The doors jerk open in the safety spasm. There is a blur of the a fabric moving across the camera, blocking the view of the doors. It is only a moment. When it clears, the doors are closed again, the umbrella is gone. But we don't know what happened and the train isn't moving.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DOYLE'S CAR

Rear close view of DOYLE peeking into the forward car to see where CHARNIER is sitting.

INT. TRAIN - CHARNIER'S CAR

Quick, shocked close view of that car, revealing that CHARNIER isn't there among the twenty passengers dozing or moping in their seats. There is a blurred flash as if DOYLE's own eyes are spinning frantically back to the windows of his own car.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

Medium shot of DOYLE jumping out of train, CHARNIER jumping back on - train takes off.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CHARNIER'S CAR

A close view of CHARNIER's face. He is smiling directly at DOYLE. He gives him a little wave. A view from CHARNIER's position of DOYLE chasing the train, anger and hatred and frustration storming across his face.

EXT. HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY - MOSHOLU EXIT

A long view from the bottom of the steep embankments above Harlem River Drive in Washington Heights. Sprayed along the face of the cliff is a disaster -- an overturned city bus and a car with which it apparently collided. The scene is lighted with flares.

Police rescue WORKERS and FIREMEN are scrambling up and down the face of the cliff. They are carrying BODIES out of the bus and the car, COPS pulling them out through the windows, leading them on stretchers. There are shouted orders and some moans and cries from the wreckage.

In the foreground is LT. WALTER SIMONSON, involved in the operation, but also involved in a hassle with DOYLE, MULDERIG and RUSSO who are standing with him. An officer approaches SIMONSON with a set of heroin works.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER

(to SIMONSON)

This belonged to the kid who was drivin' the sports car. 17 years old. His girlfriend OD'd in the car. We found this set of works in her arm.

Medium close shot of DOYLE and SIMONSON. DOYLE couldn't care if Rome was burning on the hill; he's only interested in his case.

DOYLE

(to MULDERIG)

Where the hell was the surveillance? "Go to bed." That's all you could say. You couldn't keep track of a bleeding elephant in a snowbank.

SIMONSON, eyes on the hill, glancing to DOYLE with irritation.

SIMONSON

Jimmy, it doesn't matter anymore. If there was a deal it must have gone down by now. We blew it! We blew our cover and we blew the warrants --

MULDERIG

Charnier and his wife checked out of the Westbury. Nicoli checked out of the Edison --

RUSSO

This fella Nicoli's got a record in France, Walter. He's wanted for questioning in the murder of a French cop.

DOYLE

I say we keep sittin' on Boca.

MULDERIG

That's crazy. You lost the Frog in the subway and you blew our cover. If they haven't moved already they're not gonna move now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOYLE

Walter, I can make this case if the
Feds will get the hell out of my
way.

MULDERIG

With pleasure -- it's all yours.
Walter, if anything develops outta
this charade give me a call.

Medium shot of SIMONSON, DOYLE, MULDERIG and RUSSO. Lights
flashing around them; stretchers going by with bodies.

RUSSO

(to MULDERIG)

My ass. The only reason you're in
this is because you've got a big
expense account for buying junk and
you like to see your picture in the
papers.

DOYLE

(to SIMONSON)

This is my case. Get these guys
off my back and let me handle it.

SIMONSON

For chrissake, will you come off
that "my case" bullshit. This has
been a whore's dream from the
start.

DOYLE, close.

DOYLE

The deal hasn't gone down yet
Walter -- I know it, I can feel it.
Close shot of MULDERIG

MULDERIG

The last time you were dead certain
we ended up with a dead cop.

A fist, DOYLE's, comes from off-camera and connects with
MULDERIG's chin. As his head flies back. DOYLE and MULDERIG
slugging and grappling with each other, RUSSO leaping in to
yank them apart. SIMONSON grabbing MULDERIG's arm and
holding him back. SIMONSON, close.

SIMONSON

(roaring)

That's enough. Get the hell out of
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Shot of SIMONSON, MULDERIG, DOYLE, RUSSO, in a cluster.

SIMONSON (CONT'D)
(on way up hill, turning
back)

Jimmy, you wasted two months - no collars are comin' in while you two been out jerkin' off. Now go back to work, you're off Special Assignment.

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

Medium close side view of SAL BOCA's Mercury pulling to the Washington-Boston shuttle parking lot at La Guardia airport. SAL takes his ticket from the automatic vendor and drives in. We hold for the next car driven by PHIL KLEIN, a federal narcotics agent who is on his tail.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Medium close shot of SAL BOCA writing out the ticket order form. Close shot of the form; SAL filling it out in an almost illiterate scrawl. Under destination SAL fills in Washing... and the camera raises its eye to a close shot of PHIL KLEIN on the opposite side of the counter, filling in his form. Close side shot of PHIL KLEIN standing right behind SAL in the shuttle line.

EXT. DEPT. OF COMMERCE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

CHARNIER and an UNDERSECRETARY on the steps of the building, shaking hands. Two other OFFICIALS are on hand and while we don't hear their conversation, their manner is extremely attentive to CHARNIER.

CHARNIER

It has been highly informative and a personal pleasure to see you again.

UNDERSECRETARY

I only hope we cut through to some meaningful proposals in the next month or so. The pleasure was mine, Mr. Charnier. When will we see you again?

CHARNIER

Soon, probably in the Spring.

Close shot of CHARNIER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARNIER (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

UNDERSECRETARY

(off camera)

Goodbye. Good trip home.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

Medium long shot of CHARNIER walking across street, diagonally toward the camera, removing the identification card from his lapel. Rear close shot of CHARNIER joining SAL BOCA on the sidewalk and the two of them moving off together. Close shot of SAL, somewhat nervous about trying to peddle his problems to CHARNIER.

SAL

Everything's smooth. Beautiful. I will need a few more days though, the boys think we oughta cool it for awhile -- make sure there's no heat.

CHARNIER

(manner outwardly pleasant)

You must take me for an imbecile. Why do you think I asked you to meet me in Washington? I haven't spent five minutes in New York City without the company of a gendarme.

SAL

Look, I'll level with you -- I need a little more time -- I got to shift gears.

CHARNIER

Are you having trouble raising the half million?

SAL

Hell no -- my end is covered -- my associates just feel we ought to wait for a more opportune time to make the switch.

Stop, Cover.

CHARNIER

It has to be by the end of this week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL
Look, Mr. Charnier, you got to be reasonable.

CHARNIER
It's your problem.

SAL
It's yours too!

Full length shot of CHARNIER and BOCA, CHARNIER leaning over to shake his hand.

CHARNIER
So nice to have seen you again.

CHARNIER turns and walks off, leaving SAL looking after him as we zoom back to a Point of View about a hundred yards down the street.

Close of PHIL KLEIN, just watching.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Close shot of MRS. CHARNIER, sitting by the window of two seats on the shuttle, looking out and babbling at CHARNIER. (DIALOGUE IN FRENCH).

MARIE
Look, darling, they sell these at the Smithsonian.

She extracts a necklace and bracelet of shark's teeth from an elegant alligator bag. Camera moves back to take in CHARNIER looking from the Wall Street Journal to the native craft bracelets.

CHARNIER
Are you sure it is dead?

MARIE
I'm going to put them on the cat.

CHARNIER
That's a relief.

Close shot of CHARNIER, tenderly, lovingly.

CHARNIER (CONT'D)
You did find something for yourself, of course.

MARIE, close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

Of course. But I am not going to tell you what it is until we are back in Marseilles.

CHARNIER and MARIE. He folds up the paper, smiling at her.

CHARNIER

Excuse me a moment, darling.

CHARNIER's view of the plane interior, walking back toward the rear of the cabin. The seats are occupied by military-business-government TYPES making the shuttle run. Not every seat is filled. We come to an empty one on which someone has deposited an attache case. It is the seat next to PIERRE NICOLI, whose hand reaches out to remove it and we follow the arm to NICOLI's face. Close shot of CHARNIER and NICOLI sitting. (DIALOGUE IN FRENCH)

CHARNIER (CONT'D)

I'm afraid they've become a bit... over-cautious. Our American friends.

NICOLI

What happens to the schedule?

CHARNIER

We must follow it.

NICOLI

But will they?

CHARNIER shrugs.

CHARNIER

I don't know. Boca is scared. He's not strong enough. He sees policemen in his soup.

NICOLI

He is not wrong.

CHARNIER

Mmmmm. That bastard who followed me on the subway, he's the eager one.

NICOLI

Let me take him out.

Close of CHARNIER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARNIER

There'll be someone else.

NICOLI

What difference does it make? We'll be out of the country Friday.

Close shot of CHARNIER alone.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE DOYLE'S APARTMENT BLDG. - DAY

A complex of buildings similar to Lefrak City. A medium close view of a LITTLE GIRL about to run DOYLE down with a two-wheel bicycle. Two shots ring out in quick succession and tear up the concrete at a point where he would have been walking a moment earlier. DOYLE diving for the cover of a tree. The rifle goes off a third time and MOTHERS begin to scream on the benches of the playground area.

DOYLE

(yelling)

Everybody, down! Get down on the ground!

DOYLE behind the tree, pulling his gun out of the ankle holster. He holds the gun ready and tries to look around. Ping, another shot that drives him back. Long panning view, DOYLE's view, from the ground, of all the rooftops in the area. A blank.

The background sound is still screaming crying. "Call the police." "The man's got a gun." "Help! Help!" The view is still slow, careful under the pressure of the panic.

There's another shot. Long shot of rifle smoke rising from NICOLI's sniper position. Exterior view of the concrete tunnels, DOYLE running from them toward the building, dodging and ducking behind playground equipment and benches as he does. He's shouting as he runs.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Get down! It's a sniper. Get down!

Medium shot of DOYLE dashing into the lobby of his building to a Spanish kid in the window of building.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Exterior shot of rooftop door opening slowly, DOYLE coming through the opening, gun at the ready. Panning shot of the rooftop, DOYLE's view, stopping for a beat at the rifle and box of cartridges lying beside the parapet, moving on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The roof's empty. DOYLE sees NICOLI below, grabs rifle and cartridge. DOYLE running to the parapet, looking over. Shot of the street, traffic, elevated tracks in the distance. Long searching look of the streets and the people.

The view, which is DOYLE's, passes over one man in a dark suit, stops and goes back. Zap! It's NICOLI walking quickly but not in any panic toward the El. DOYLE's face. He runs to parapet, fires at NICOLI. Misses. DOYLE running across the roof and through the door.

DOYLE bursting out of the elevator at the bottom, through a crowd of WOMEN and KIDS who scream as they did in the playground. Medium close view of DOYLE running as fast as he can. Medium close shot of the entrance to the El.

DOYLE coming into view from off-camera, running to a stop deciding which to take. He runs across the street to the downtown side from which he saw train approaching. DOYLE going over the turnstiles in a leap, gun still in his right hand.

EXT. PLATFORM OF EL - DAY

Broad view of platform, DOYLE emerging looking right and left. DOYLE's view across tracks. There's NICOLI, standing with a group of people. DOYLE looking up tracks to see if he can get across. Train pulling in an opposite side. Train pulling in right in front of DOYLE.

DOYLE

Stop that guy. He's wanted by the police!

Side medium close shot of DOYLE turning and plunging back through the doorway of platform exit.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

In one corner of the train is a transit policeman. He's observed Doyle shouting and gesturing at NICOLI who sits nervously aware of the policeman's presence. Long looks between them. Finally, the officer decides to approach

NICOLI.

NICOLI panics and runs. The officer goes after him and traps him against the door between cars.

INT. TOKEN BOOTH - DAY

Close shot of DOYLE with badge at token booth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

Where's the next stop? Going into
the city?

TOKEN ATTENDANT

(glancing out in direction
the train was hurtling)

Avenue.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

NICOLI and the TRANSIT POLICEMAN struggle, as the handful of passengers watch. NICOLI pulls his .45 and clobbers the officer on the side of the head. Close of NICOLI going from one car to another, opening doors on the rear, moving through yet another crowd.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Medium close shot of DOYLE running into the street, forcing a driver to stop. DOYLE moving so hard he falls against the hood of the car then dashes around to the door and jerks it open.

DOYLE

Police!

Medium close shot of DOYLE dragging MIDDLE-AGED MALE DRIVER out from behind the wheel as he shouts.

DRIVER

What the hell?

DOYLE

(diving behind the wheel)

Police! Emergency!

DOYLE has a pistol in his hand. The man falls back sputtering. DOYLE jams car into gear and it roars off.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN CAR - DAY

NICOLI pounds on the door of the Motorman's cab with his gun. After a long moment - the door cracks open. Close shot NICOLI pushing his way into the cab of the subway MOTORMAN, sixtyish, worn and frail looking. MOTORMAN looks down. He follows the glance to NICOLI's .45.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Side close view of DOYLE screeching to a stop to avoid plunging into a panel truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE sticks his head out the window to look up at the tracks as the DRIVER of the truck screams.

TRUCK DRIVER
Blind sonofabitch!

Overhead view of the tracks, train roaring along them.
DOYLE's view.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

The tracks racing by from the view of the train. We're approaching a station.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CABIN - DAY

NICOLI's close view of the MOTORMAN, the gun on the man.

NICOLI
Don't stop! Continue on to the next station!

MOTORMAN
I got to stop.

NICOLI
Touch the brake and I'll blow you in half.

MOTORMAN
The signal lights are automatic. If I go through a red I'll be automatically braked.

The MOTORMAN pales, his hand goes to his left side in a gesture of anxiety, possibly pain.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Side close view of DOYLE screeching to a stop, the car bumping up on the sidewalk and DOYLE plunging out the door which he leaves hanging open. He races around the car for the steps to the El.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Side view of train roaring through the station without stopping.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Medium close shot of CROWD on train pushing toward the MOTORMAN's cab. They are upset over the missed stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CONDUCTOR seems to be the most annoyed. He's pushing hardest toward the camera to complain.

VOICES

Didn't stop. Went right through there... Hey, man, that's my station... Where the hell's he going? Hey, stop the car...

Close shot of NICOLI's back, half in the MOTORMAN's cab, as he faces the CROWD. Now the cries turn to:

VOICES (CONT'D)

He's got a gun... The motorman's gone crazy... Oh my God!

NICOLI

Get back.

CONDUCTOR

Hey, you can't...

Side view of NICOLI, the MOTORMAN in the background the CONDUCTOR leaping at NICOLI. NICOLI burns him; one gut shot. The car turns to pandemonium of screams. The CONDUCTOR is hurled back into the crowd by force of the blast. The MOTORMAN throws back his head in fright, and the beginning of a coronary.

EXT/INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Close shot of DOYLE from back seat, twisting, turning the car in a wild demonstration of pursuit driving around cars, braking, roaring ahead.

We move out through the windshield for a lurching, spinning, twisting view of the tracks overhead, the street signs and lights flashing by in a reeling montage of movement, the train roaring above it all.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Close side shot of NICOLI turning to cover the MOTORMAN, who is clutching in pain, slumping toward the controls.

MOTORMAN

(gasping)

I can't breathe.

NICOLI glances quickly to his left, out the window to the next station. Long, low view of the tracks, partially NICOLI's view. There are red blinkers on the side of the tracks. Red lights up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That's the back of another train. It has stopped and we're hurtling toward it. Wide shot of screaming pack of subway riders, fighting their way back from NICOLI, succeeding only in turning themselves into a tightly contained mob. Now the words they cry are:

VOICES

We'll crash. Won't somebody please help me. Murder He's a killer. Crash. We'll crash! Stop. Stop the train.

EXT. DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Side close view of DOYLE driving while he's looking up. He skids through a red light, narrowly missing a pedestrian and an oncoming group of cars. Long, low view of the train from DOYLE'S position.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Close shot of cord dangling above a sign that says "Pull for Emergency Stop Only." It just dangles, wobbles, forgotten in the panic.

EXT. DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Close side shot of DOYLE driving, skidding on streetcar tracks, panning upward to show the car pulling ahead of the train.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Close shot of NICOLI from behind, looking out the window of the car where we see ourselves hurtling toward the other train, now only about 100 yards away. Hold on the train ahead. The MOTORMAN collapses over the throttle. Rear close shot of NICOLI plunging into the panicky riders with gun in hand, trying to get out with them to some rear car.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Medium close of DOYLE arriving at the station.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Back end of subway car looming up at high speed.

EXT. 62ND STREET STATION - THE TRACKS - DAY

The leader train sits waiting about twenty yards out of the station. As the onrushing train approaches, it passes through the yellow signal light at the rear of the station.

EXT. CLOSE SHOT THE TRIP LOCK - DAY

As the onrushing car pulls equal to the red signal light at the front of the station, the tiny trip lock on the track springs up, activating the safety brake. The trains avoid collision by a few feet as the front car screeches to a halt.

INT. THE ONRUSHING TRAIN - DAY

The passengers are thrown violently to the ground. NICOLI gets to his feet and forces open one of the doors.

EXT. 62ND STREET TRACKS - DAY

NICOLI makes his way out of the train and runs along the tracks for a few yards, narrowly avoiding the third rail. He climbs onto the station platform, to the shock and amazement of several onlookers. He is dazed and disheveled, no longer a hunter.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE 62ND STREET STATION - DAY

NICOLI staggers down the stairs to the street, unarmed. DOYLE is waiting at the foot of the stairs. NICOLI sees him, turns in desperation to run back up.

DOYLE has his .38 drawn. He fires three shots into NICOLI's back. NICOLI stiffens and falls backward coming to rest at DOYLE's feet. DOYLE collapses next to him.

EXT. CANDY STORE - DAY

SAL and ANGIE emerge and get into the Mercury.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Long shot of the Mercury stopped. SAL gets out and walks quickly to the garage entrance and down the ramp as ANGIE drives off in the Mercury. Pan to

EXT/INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Close shot of DOYLE and RUSSO from the front. DOYLE looks after ANGIE's car.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Medium close shot of RUSSO from the rear as he walks down the ramp toward a glass attendant's booth in the background. We pan around the garage looking for SAL but don't find him. As RUSSO approaches the booth, we see the figure of a man partially obscured by the door and the entrance framework. Close shot of RUSSO from the front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSO
Hey, Mac, have you seen...?

Close shot of the man turning. It is SAL BOCA. Close shot of RUSSO and BOCA in face-to-face confrontation.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
...the guy who runs this joint?

There's a tense pause as BOCA looks at RUSSO. Close shot of BOCA.

SAL
Yeh. He's over getting my car.

Medium close shot of GARAGE ATTENDANT holding the door of the Lincoln open for SAL, shutting it and taking the ticket from the windshield. As BOCA puts car in gear and drives off, we pan to BUDDY RUSSO standing there watching. The ATTENDANT walks up.

ATTENDANT
Can I help you...?

Medium close shot of ATTENDANT and RUSSO. BUDDY, ignoring the ATTENDANT, watching the Lincoln take off, then breaking loose and running toward the ramp. Close shot of RUSSO from DOYLE's viewpoint, piling into the car.

RUSSO
He's in the brown Lincoln - foreign plates.

Close shot of DOYLE throwing the car into gear and shooting down the street. Long view of the street from DOYLE's windshield of the Lincoln in the distance. We pick up speed and weave through traffic in pursuit.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Impressionistic shot of Lincoln and DOYLE's car winding through Brooklyn streets. Long shot of the Lincoln, SAL BOCA parking it, getting out and locking the doors, looking around and walking away. The Mercury comes around a corner, ANGIE at the wheel. The car stops and SAL gets in. As the Mercury takes off, Detective PHIL KLEIN follows in his car. Close shot of DOYLE and RUSSO in their car parked several car lengths and across the street from the Lincoln.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Long shot of the Lincoln, zooming on the glittering car. In

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the BG, eight youngsters are playing a game of street hockey.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Close shot through windshield of DOYLE and RUSSO. MULDERIG and KLEIN in their car.

DOYLE
Timezit?

RUSSO
Four.

EXT. DOYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Long view over the hood of DOYLE's car to the street. We can see the Lincoln. The lights of a car appear on the left and come down the street past the Lincoln, slowly, like a man looking for a place to park. We can make out, but just barely with the help of the street lights, four people in the car.

DOYLE in close profile, the foreground, picking up a corner of the Lincoln in the background. While we are looking in silence, there is a glimmering flow in the far corner, the beginning of approaching headlights again. They grow brighter and DOYLE's foreground profile turns to watch it come.

DOYLE
(softly)
Same car.

RUSSO
Third time around.

RUSSO and MULDERIG straightening up, leaning close to window to peer out.

Long view over the hood of DOYLE's car of the approaching vehicle, which suddenly switches off its lights and turns on its parking blinkers.

It comes abreast of the Lincoln and stops. The men get out and chase the Lincoln. View through windshield at the four men. DOYLE is now up straight and at the wheel. He's leaning forward, his hand on the key of the car. He glances back to MULDERIG.

DOYLE
(to car radio)
Let's him 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

View of the hood. All hell breaks loose, headlights, including DOYLE's flash on and form a spotlight on the Lincoln and the figures around it. Frozen in the headlights, confused, startled, and disbelieving are FIVE PUERTO RICANS with a variety of auto-stripping tools in their hands: lug wrenches, tire irons, pinch bars, monkey wrenches, etc. DOYLE drives right up to them. The camera leaps out of the car with him and runs toward the men. We hear voices shouting.

VOICES

Police! Don't move... get you...
hands up... you're under arrest...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Close view of DOYLE holding his gun on one of the terrorized-looking Puerto Ricans. The KID's hands are rising tentatively. He's too scared to move.

DOYLE

Up! Up, you sonofabitch!

In the background, the scene is being duplicated by two or three others.

Overhead view of this headlight and flashlight arena of about 10 or 12 DETECTIVES forming small clusters, throwing these guys up against cars, pulling their arms around behind them and throwing cuffs on them while others rapidly frisk them for weapons, taking away one pistol, a couple of knives. MULDERIG and DOYLE looking at their MAN up against the Lincoln as RUSSO finishes snapping handcuffs on him.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Of all the goddam cars they had to
pick to steal hubcaps.

Close shot of the front end of the Lincoln, upended on a hoist attached to a police tow truck. The area is less brightly lighted by headlights now. Some cars have departed with the Puerto Rican AUTO STRIPPERS.

DOYLE's interest focuses on the car. We pick him up as we pan to him sitting on the running board of the tow truck, talking with its DRIVER, who is making a report on a clipboard. MULDERIG and RUSSO are standing nearby, talking to TWO PLAINCLOTHESMEN.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

(looking up and around)
A bunch of lousy little spic car
thieves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDERIG

Nothing in there except a New York street map.

DOYLE

Tumble it. One end to the other.

RUSSO jotting in his note pad, then glancing up to the off-camera DOYLE.

DOYLE, medium close, hands jamming into his pockets, staring at the ground with RUSSO and MULDERIG.

INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

A montage as the Lincoln is being disassembled. First it is weighed. We then see the MECHANIC drain the gas, pull apart the transmission and check through the brake drums, rip out the seats. MECHANIC ducking out from under the car, moving toward off-camera DOYLE.

MECHANIC

Nobody's been under there with anything but a grease gun since if came off the line.

DOYLE's hand reaches out from off-camera and takes a cigarette package out of the MECHANIC's pocket.

DOYLE

I don't buy it. The stuff is on this car.

MECHANIC

Then you find it. I can't.

INT. POLICE SERGEANT'S OFFICE AT GARAGE - DAY

Shot of DEVEREAUX and LA VALLE.

LA VALLE

The car was lost sometime this evening. First they send us to Pier One -- then they send us here -

DESK SERGEANT

I don't understand why you had it parked on the waterfront. You're staying at the Doral and you lose your car somewhere out by the Brooklyn Bridge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LA VALLE

In point of fact, M. Devereaux is scouting locations for a film for French Television. He left the car to look at some point of interest.

DEVEREAUX

(moving, excitable)

We were told by the Police Commissioner's office that the car was brought to this garage. I demand its immediate return.

DESK SERGEANT

If you'll be patient, Mr. Devereaux.

DEVEREAUX

(moving)

I have been patient enough. There is no reason I should have to waste time with this red tape.

LA VALLE

Mr. Devereaux is an extremely important guest of this country. He is working with the absolute cooperation and participation of your government. Here are his credentials from the French Consulate.

(showing them)

Unless you wish to see this episode portrayed in his film I suggest you locate his car immediately.

Shot of DOYLE and RUSSO near the Lincoln, now up on hoists. Police MECHANIC in background.

MECHANIC

What are you looking for? Is it as big as an orange or an elephant's ass? I've been over every inch -- top to bottom. If you could give me a club -- to the size...

RUSSO

(doing rough figures on a piece of scratch paper)

What was the weight of the car when you got it, Irv?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MECHANIC
(consulting his notes)
4,839 pounds.

RUSSO
(consulting Lincoln
Specification Book)
You're sure?
(he does quick addition)
The manufacturer's spec says it
should weigh 4,719 pounds. This
one's carrying roughly 120 extra
pounds somewhere.

He produces a copy of a ship's manifold.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
When it was booked in at Marseilles
it weighed the same. 120 pounds
overweight. Jimmy has to be right.

The THREE MEN turn again to stare at the Lincoln. The
MECHANIC lowers the hoist, thoughtfully.

MECHANIC
I ripped everything out except the
Rocker panels.

DEVEREAUX
What's that?

They look at each other for a long moment. MECHANIC starts to
undo the side Rocker pans. JIMMY pulls the pan off and
sticks his arm into the enclosure. Feeling around inside he
pulls out the first kilo-sized plastic container as several
others start tumbling out after. BUDDY and DOYLE are smiling
at each other as they continue to pull the bags out. Several
of the other MECHANICS in the garage are gathered around the
happy moment. They repeat this action on the other side of
the car. RUSSO enters garage sergeant's bullpen. DEVEREAUX
and LA VALLE are still arguing with the SERGEANT.

RUSSO
Got it for you, Randy -- it just
came in from downtown. Who's
Devereaux?

LA VALLE
This is M. Devereaux.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RUSSO

I'm sorry, Mr. Devereaux, but we get reports on a couple hundred vehicles a night. Sometimes it's a little tough to keep track.

DEVEREAUX

You mean the car's here now?

RUSSO

Yeah -- fine -- it's okay -- not even a scratch. You're all set.
(handing DEVEREAUX keys)

RUSSO walking with DEVEREAUX and LA VALLE.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Someone stole it right off the street, huh? You're gonna have to pay the tow away charge.

DEVEREAUX

I was told these things happen in New York -- but one never expects it.

RUSSO

Yeah. Well, it's in perfect shape. You must lead a charming life.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DORAL - DAY

Medium close shot of DEVEREAUX striding through the lobby toward the camera. (DIALOGUE IN FRENCH)

CHARNIER

Henri...

Medium close shot of DEVEREAUX turning to face CHARNIER, who has been waiting for him.

CHARNIER (CONT'D)

Did you pick up the car?

DEVEREAUX

It is waiting for you in the garage.

CHARNIER

Did they follow you?

DEVEREAUX

I wasn't looking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARNIER

Henri... I need one more favor from you. I know I am imposing...

DEVEREAUX

My friend, I am not sure about what is going on -- but for me, I am finished.

CHARNIER

Not quite -- you are in it whether you like it or not. The police know you brought the car into the country. This makes you an accomplice.

DEVEREAUX

An accomplice to what?! What have you gotten me into, Alain? You asked me to do you a favor -- and I did what you asked -- but you've taken advantage of me. I have my reputation --

CHARNIER pulls DEVEREAUX further aside.

CHARNIER

Calm down -- Henri! You must trust me -- this is an extremely complicated situation to which there is a simple solution if you do exactly what I tell you. It's worth more money to you.

DEVEREAUX

Goodbye.

DEVEREAUX turns and walks into the crowded lobby leaving ALAIN standing alone.

EXT. HOTEL STREET - DAY

Medium close shot of the Lincoln. We can't see the driver immediately. As we follow the car, it hesitates; horns sound and it moves ahead with a jerk.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Close shot of CHARNIER at the wheel of the Lincoln, trying to make out street signs and directions.

EXT. TRIBORO BRIDGE - DAY

Medium shot of the Lincoln going across the Triboro Bridge.

EXT. WARD'S ISLAND - DAY

CHARNIER's view through the windshield as he drives along the new road and turns left on the old service road.

EXT. OLD SERVICE ROAD - WARD'S ISLAND - DAY

Hellgate Bridge overhead in BG. Lincoln drives along old road and into abandoned garage.

INT. WARD'S ISLAND GARAGE - DAY

View from CHARNIER's POV out the window of the building. Faces appear beside the car. First BOCA's, then WEINSTOCK's, then LOU BOCA and two MECHANICS.

BOCA

Keep going. Right in there.

FIRST MECHANIC

Over there. On the right.

SECOND MECHANIC

The clear spot.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Medium close shot of the Lincoln. The Rocker panels are open and the junk is being unloaded. CHARNIER is standing by two suitcases of cash. He takes a bundle out of the suitcase, riffs the deck of bills with his fingers to make sure it's money all the way through; puts it in a separate stack that will go into the rocker panels of a nearby junk car. WEINSTOCK is standing next to the CHEMIST, with his testing equipment.

The MECHANICS are under the Lincoln and passing out the kilos of heroin, BOCA is helping them. The kilos are concealed in the floor boards of the old garage. Close shot of CHARNIER's hands, working on the money. Close shot of the CHEMIST taking a sniff, then a taste. Close shot of SAL BOCA and MECHANICS continuing to unload packet after packet after packet of heroin.

Close shot of CHARNIER as the stacks of money are loaded into the car. Close shot of BOCA taking a bottle of Seagram's Seven Crown out of a brown paper bag. CHARNIER extends his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEINSTOCK takes it; they shake. CHARNIER close, looking back at the car as the rocker panels are restored to the Lincoln. The junk car with the money secreted is removed. Medium shot of SAL BOCA and CHARNIER getting in the Lincoln. In the b.g. a tow truck hauls the battered junk car out to await shipment.

EXT. WARD'S ISLAND BRIDGE - DAY

Long view from the bridge of the Lincoln coming toward the camera over a small rise. View from Lincoln, between SAL and CHARNIER, over the hood of the car and to the entrance to the bridge. There is a police blockade. Standing in front of it are DOYLE, RUSSO, MULDERIG and PHIL KLEIN.

CLOSE-UP CHARNIER.

CLOSE-UP DOYLE. He gives CHARNIER a little wave. Long view of the Lincoln stopping in the middle of the bridge. Zoom in on it as SAL hurriedly turns it around, smashing into the side of the bridge as he does. Medium shot of the Lincoln racing back across the island. The Mercury roars past WEINSTOCK's car, heading toward the bridge. WEINSTOCK's car coming to a stop. Close shot of the CHEMIST and WEINSTOCK in the car, turning back to the island.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Close shot of CHARNIER and SAL. SAL driving, CHARNIER looking out the back window. The police cars, slowly, begin to gun engines and start the pursuit. The sirens begin to wail.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The Lincoln roaring into the asylum toward the camera, screeching to a stop. SAL and CHARNIER leaping out. They run toward Crematorium Building. Medium long shot of SAL running off.

SAL
(shouting)
Bulls!

CHARNIER hesitates. Then runs into the darkness of the Crematorium.

EXT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

Police cars screeching to a halt around the building. Some circling to the back to cut it off. DOYLE, RUSSO, MULDERIG, KLEIN and others getting out and running toward the entrance, taken by the Lincoln.

EXT. JUNK GRAVEYARD - DAY

Close shot SAL BOCA and the two MECHANICS at the auto graveyard. The MECHANICS start to run and are pursued by KLEIN and TWO OTHER COPS. SAL decides to shoot it out. RUSSO in pursuit.

After a chase around the graveyard RUSSO burns SAL who dies among the wrecked cars. WEINSTOCK and the CHEMIST emerge from the cars. Hands in the air. They give up without a struggle.

RUSSO
Phil, you take that side, Bill, go
around the other way.

INT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

Long shot, we can see somebody running, hear his footsteps, but can't tell who it is. Shot of DOYLE entering. Shot of DOYLE, gun in hand, going around corner of long corridor, looking down it. Shot of MULDERIG running down one of the corridors and into a cell littered with abandoned furniture, sinks, toilets, etc.

Long view of the hallway. Halfway down, LOU pops out and fires wildly at the camera. DOYLE close, pulling back, then leaning out and blazing away twice. Long shot of LOU, staggering into the corridor and collapsing. DOYLE running down the corridor leaping over LOU's body and continuing to run to bisecting corridor.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

DOYLE comes down the stairs and into the cellar. In the foreground, behind a pile of ripped-out wall and floorboards, there appears to be the crouched silhouette of a man. DOYLE exits. DOYLE's view down second corridor. At far end of it a figure flitting past.

RUSSO
Jimmy?

Close shot of RUSSO at the head of a flight of stairs.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
Jimmy?

DOYLE's P.O.V.: A shadow figure ducks into one of the rooms.

Close of DOYLE up against a wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE
(a whisper)
Cover the other side -- Frog Number
One is down there.

RUSSO scrambling along the Crematorium wall. DOYLE moving slowly down the opposite wall. Medium shot of DOYLE approaching the end rooms. A figure slips out of one of them, shrouded with shadows. Close of DOYLE firing twice into the camera.

Close shot of the figure. It's AGENT BILL MULDERIG spinning, dropping, his own service revolver clattering on the concrete. Medium close shot of DOYLE standing over MULDERIG's body, two or three COPS coming up, including RUSSO.

RUSSO
(leaning over the body)
He's gone, Jimmy. Bill is dead.

DOYLE full figure, close. A long pause -- and then --

DOYLE
The sonofabitch is in here
somewhere. I saw him -- I'm gonna
get him.

DOYLE exits down the corridor. The others staring after him.

EXT. CREMATORIUM

Within the building no one is visible. Overhead, the Hellgate Bridge, sounds of New York, jets, auto traffic, and an approaching Penn Central train.

FADE OUT.