

# **THE FRENCH CONNECTION**

**April 26, 1971**



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by

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OMIT 1

EXT: LE VALLON

2

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

Ext. Bar - Waist to full figure Pan Right to Left. Detective comes out eating pizza, looking around. He crosses street and stops against wall of impasse Michel.

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

3

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

4

Low angle from stairs Rue des Repenties and Pan Left to Right to Rue Sainte Françoise 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

5

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

6

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 Nicolli C. S. who just fired.

EXT: A BAR IN BED-STUY - DAY

7A

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

7B

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

7C

Santa Clause (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.

7D

DOYLE

(as RUSSO passes him)

The guy in the brown coat.

INT: THE BAR - DAY

7E

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

RUSSO'S POV

7F

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

7G

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

EXT: BED-STUY TENEMENT ALLEY - DAY

8

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

9

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 blurr 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

10

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

11

3-shot 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.

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?

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

12

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?

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.



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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

13

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 those". 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

14

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 though we come for a drink

INT: THE CLUB - NIGHT

15

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.

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

16

DOYLE finishing his drink, still looking at the table.

DOYLE

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

INT: CLUB - NIGHT

17

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: 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. 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 bed, 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.

OMIT 20

RUSSO

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

A long view of the Club entrance. SAL and ANGIE, 21  
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 22

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, 23  
in animated conversation. His head is turned  
toward her, his hand raised in a gesture. 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 24  
and out of the sparse traffic.

OMIT 25

OMIT 26

Close shot of the license plate on BOCA's car. 26A

Close shot DOYLE staring at license plate, 26B  
memorizing it.

EXT: RATNER'S - DAY 26C

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 27

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. 28

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. 29

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. 30

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. 31

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. 32

INT: DOYLE'S CAR - DAY 33

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

DOYLE

It's a drop!

DOYLE's face, close, light smile. 34

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. 35

EXT: BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY 36

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. 37

EXT: BROOKLYN - DAY . 38

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. 39

Close shot from rear seat of DOYLE and RUSSO glancing at each other. 40

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. 41

Close on DOYLE. 42

DOYLE

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

A series of impressionist travelling shots of the white Dodge and DOYLE's Ford moving through Brooklyn Streets, picking up street signs of areas. 43

Medium close shot of the white Dodge pulling into the curb. In near background, a candy-confectionary store. 44

INT: DOYLE'S CAR - DAY 45

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. 46



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. 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

47

CUT TO:

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

48

CONTINUED

49-50. EXT. QUAY MARSEILLE SHIPYARD

49-50

1) 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.

3) While he shows the extension, clean P.O.V. of each  
quay.

4) Dolly Left to Right with Notre-Dame in background.  
They fold the blue prints and move.

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.

49-50 Cont.

49-50

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.

50A. EXT. NUNNERY

50A

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

51

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

51A. EXT. CASSIS CROSSROAD IN FRONT OF MARSEILLE SIGN POST

51A

Lincoln passing by.

52. EXT. CASSIS HARBOUR FROM CASINO

52

Pan Right to Left with Lincoln passing by.

53. EXT. CASSIS ROAD LEADING TO VILLA

53

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

54. EXT. VILLA CASSIS

54

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

55. EXT. VILLA CASSIS,

55

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 away in arm back to us.

56. EXT. VILLA CASSIS

56

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.

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 !

57. EXT. VILLA

57

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

57A. EXT. VILLA

57A

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

58. EXT. VILLA

58

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 ?

CHARNIER

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

58 Cont.

58

MARIE

Le sommes nous ?

CHARNIER

(he kisses her)

Non !

59-60. EXT. BOAT - CAR PARK

59-60

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.

61. FROM BOAT

61

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

62. OPENING SEA SHOT

62

From the boat approaching Chateau d'If.

63-64. ON PEER

63-64

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.

63-64 Cont.

63-64

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.

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

65

Pan Left to Right with Charnier arriving on terrace.

66. EXT. CHATEAU D'IF - CHARNIER - HIS POV

66

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

67. EXT. CHATEAU D'IF - TWO SHOT

67

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

CHARNIER

Ca a marché ?

NICOLI

Au poil.

They turn around.

CHARNIER

Sale boulot.

NICOLI

Il fallait le faire.



67 Cont.

67

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.

68. EXT. CHATEAU D'IF

68

Cut on Devereau arriving. He sees them.

69. EXT. CHATEAU D'IF

69

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

69 Cont.

69

CHARNIER

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

DEVEREAUX

Enchanté.

(they shake hands)

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.

70

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.

70A

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'S NOTEBOOK

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.

70B

70C

70D

EXT: CANDY STORE - DAY

70E

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

INT: CANDY STORE - DAY

70F

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.

From front of store looking to back.

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.

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.

INT: CANDY STORE - DAY

Angle 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.

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.) 70G

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

70H

DOYLE (V.O.)

Yeah, nineteen goin' on fifty. What else?

RUSSO (V.O.)

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

DOYLE (V.O.) 70I

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

RUSSO (V.O.) 70J

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

RUSSO (V.O.) 71

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

72

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

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

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

SAL flirts with the  
BARMAID.

THROUGH RIDGEWOOD - DAY

Restaurants, stores, etc.

With SAL and his FATHER.

DOYLE and RUSSO in  
parked car.

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.

RUSSO

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

DOYLE

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

RUSSO

There's your answer ...

DOYLE

Who's the greaser?

RUSSO

It's his father.

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.

73

75

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

EXT: WEINSTOCK's APT.  
BUILDING - DAY

in the East 80's. SAL exits.

DOYLE and RUSSO in parked car.

RUSSO

Lay off with that wop stuff, will you?

76

DOYLE

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

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

77

Late day. WEINSTOCK leaving building, nodding to doorman.

DOYLE and RUSSO in parked car.

DOYLE

You're kiddin'.

RUSSO

No sir -- this is where Joel lives.

DOYLE

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

RUSSO

So I've heard.

EXT: CANDY STORE - NIGHT

78

SAL and ANGIE leaving.

DOYLE and RUSSO in parked car.

DOYLE

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

OMIT 79

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

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.

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

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. 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.

80A

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

AT TRIBORO TOLL BOOTH 81  
DOYLE  
What the hell am I drivin' for?  
I'm a first grade Detective.  
You're a second grade guinea.

RUSSO  
I'm wounded.

SAL up ahead in the  
Mercury

Oh, Oh.

DOYLE  
(at the wheel)  
What?

EXT: WARD'S ISLAND -  
BRIDGE

81A

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.

DOYLE

Or could be another drop. I  
guess he gets a free ride.

EXT: BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

82

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

83

The Young Man is thrown in, followed by DOYLE and RUSSO.  
There are about 20 or 30 PUERTO 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.

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.

84

DOYLE moving into the bar alone. He pulls  
the plug out of the Juke Box, plunging the room  
to silence.

85

DOYLE

Hands on your heads. Popeye's  
here!

DOYLE and RUSSO are in the bar.



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

What's my name?

1st MAN

Doyle.

DOYLE

What?

1st MAN

Mr.Doyle.

DOYLE

Ever pick your feet in Pough-keepsie?

1st 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.

86

Close shot of the ashcan and the little metal boxes clinking into it.

87

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. 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.

88

DOYLE leaning over the bar toward the glaring crowd, pours the mixture into the ashcan.

89

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  
Move ass when I tell you.

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

DOYLE  
Put it on the bar.

Hands of the THREE MEN going into pockets.

90

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.

91

DOYLE  
(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.

92

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

DOYLE  
Everybody goes when the whistle blows.

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

92A

RUSSO  
What's your story?

DANCER

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

RUSSO

You're in show business.

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

Your 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 (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 --

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.

93

DOYLE

What about you? Can you stand a toss?

2nd MAN

I'm clean.

DOYLE

You don't use shit?

2nd MAN

No. (he goes for his wallet)

DOYLE

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

2nd MAN

No - no.

DOYLE

Cause if I do.

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

DOYLE

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.

94

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.

95

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?

2nd MAN

Everything is everything.

DOYLE

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

2nd MAN

There's nothing around. Nobody's  
holding.

DOYLE

I got a name - Sal Boca, Brooklyn

2nd MAN

Boca?

DOYLE

B.O.C.A.

2nd MAN

Doesn't register.

DOYLE

Got a wife named Angie.

2nd MAN  
No, nothing. There's only some talk.

DOYLE  
What?

2nd MAN  
Coming in this week, week after.  
Everybody going to get well.

DOYLE  
Who brings it?

2nd MAN  
Who knows?

DOYLE  
Where do you want it?

2nd 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.

96

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

97

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.

98

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.

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.

99

EXT: WEST SIDE DRIVE - DAY

100

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. 101

EXT: DORAL HOTEL - Lincoln Pulls In - DAY 101A

INT: POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 102

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 103

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? 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 stiffs 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 nickle and diner.

SIMONSON

Your hunches have backfired before, Doyle.

DOYLE, close, no comment.

104

Back to SIMONSON

SIMONSON

(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 100 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.

106

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

107

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  
(more)

DOYLE (contd.)  
 who do we come up with? Joel  
 Weinstock. (he leans forward)  
 You gotta let us have it.

THREE SHOT - RUSSO, DOYLE, SIMONSON

108

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 di it, Walter.

They start to leave.

Close on SIMONSON

109

SIMONSON  
 Popeye ...

Close on DOYLE at the door. RUSSO beside him.

110

Back to SIMONSON

111

SIMONSON

You still pickin' your feet  
in Poughkeepsie?

WIRETAP SEQUENCE "A"

INT: BASEMENT

112

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

113

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.

WHOLESALE (V.O.)

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

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's  
be two cents on the cones,  
then two cents on the seltzer --

WHOLESALE (V.O.)

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

SAL (V.O.)

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

RUSSO

(He raps on table with  
a coffee cut. Doyle  
gets up.)

C'mere and lissen to  
your big connection.

(DOYLE comes over) 114  
He's fightin' with  
somebody about a halfa  
cent.

DOYLE

How we gonna keep Simonson  
from hearin' this?

RUSSO

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

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

115

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

116

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

117

(off camera)

Darling, may I have this one?

Medium close shot MARIE, standing next to an LTD.

MARIE

It looks so lonesome here.

CHARNIER and LA VALLE approach her.

CHARNIER

It would look even more lonesome in our garage.

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. 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

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 to 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 119

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

EXT: HOUSE - NIGHT 120

Shot of wire.

ANGIE (V.O.) 121  
(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)

SAL (V.O.)

This broad's crazy!

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

122

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.

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

122A

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)

122B

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

122C

DOYLE on phones.

CHARNIER (V.O.)

Allo ... Salvatore ...

SAL (V.O.)

Who's this --

CHARNIER (V.O.)

... Salvatore? ...

SAL (V.O.)

... Oh ... yes ... yeah

... hello ... this is

Sal ... How are ya?

CHARNIER

Very well .. you meet me  
Wednesday at the hotel ...  
Okay?

SAL (V.O.)

Good ... good ... great!

RUSSO enters with a bag 122D  
of sandwiches and  
cigarettes. DOYLE  
waves him to the phone.

RUSSO

Who is it?

DOYLE

Sounds like a foreigner ...

RUSSO

(Listening at the other phone)  
French ... It's a Frenchman ...

CHARNIER (V.O.)  
Will I expect you?

SAL (V.O.)  
What time?

CHARNIER (V.O.)  
Twelve o'clock ... yes ...

SAL (V.O.)  
Yes --

The phone clicks off.

DOYLE  
This is what we been  
waitin' for -- the  
stuff is here! It's here!

DOYLE and RUSSO ound each 122E  
other and jump up and down  
like two kids.

INT: WHIP GIRL'S APT. 123

Close shot of NICOLI's face. He's being whipped, and is caught in an ecstasy of pain and pleasure. The tempo of the strokes rises. Suddenly it reaches a crescendo and he screams out in orgasm.

Close, full-length shot of a nude BLONDE GIRL, 124  
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 125  
shrugging into overcoat.

OMIT 126

Medium close shot of NICOLI, looking at the bills 127  
with a pause to sort out the currency differences, then taking out five twenties.

Close shot of the WHIP GIRL taking the five 128  
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

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.

130

WHIP GIRL

Don't hit me. Don't. Please.

We hear the door slam as she sobs.

WHIP GIRL

You filthy faggot sonofabitch.

INT: CUTTING ROOM - DAY

131

Close shot of two pro football players smearing each  
other on the field, others falling on top of them.

132

Medium close shot of DEVEREAUX at a Movie-ola  
working out his narration (DIALOGUE IN FRENCH)

133

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 blood-  
shed and violence.

Several close shots of the violent action.

134

Intercut with faces of the crowd.

Close shot of DEVEREAUX.

135

DEVEREAUX

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: MUTCHIES BAR - NIGHT

136

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!

137

JESUS

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

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.

138

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.

PUGGY

Hey, Mutchie, give us another bullet.

MUTCHIE pours him a straight Scotch in a shotglass.

139-  
141

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 on 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 and LEE

Willie Mays?!

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.

142-  
144

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?

145

DOYLE

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

MUTCHIE

Yeh!

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

No wonder there's so many Mafia  
around. Ya couldn't find a  
Peurto 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.

148-  
150

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 1971, 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 151

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. 152

Close front view of DOYLE looking back to the light, then back to the legs. 153

Close outside view, the cyclist, of DOYLE leaning out the window with his badge in his hand. 154

DOYLE  
You got a pedaller's license?

GIRL  
What?

DOYLE  
You're under arrest.

INT: SIMONSON OFFICE - DAY 155

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. 156

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

Medium close of SIMONSON and RUSSO 157

SIMONSON  
Three

Close shot of MULDERIG. 158

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.

159

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.

160

SIMONSON

You know Doyle, don't you Bill?

Close of MULDERIG.

161

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

162

russo

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

MULDERIG, close.

163

MULDERIG

That's just my opinion.

RUSSO, close.

RUSSO

Whyn't you shove it up your ass!

EXT: DOYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

165

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

INT: HALLWAY TO DOYLE'S APARTMENT

166

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

RUSSO

Popeye.

No answer.

RUSSO

Popeye.

DOYLE

(off, weakly)

Yeah.

RUSSO

It's Cloudy. Open the door.

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

167

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

167A

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  
bwd. 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.

167B

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.

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.

168

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

DOYLE

You got the warrant?

RUSSO (sitting)

We also got Bill Mulderig and Phil Klein.

Close on DOYLE, buttoning his pants.

169

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.

171

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.

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.

172

RUSSO

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.

173

RUSSO

Drive carefully!

OMIT 174

EXT/INT: RUSSO'S CAR - DAY

175

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.

176

MULDERIG

You really know how to pick 'em, Doyle.

RUSSO turns his head in anger.

MULDERIG

Still wearing your gun on your ankle?

No answer.

MULDERIG

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

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

RUSO

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

177

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.

178

Medium close side shot of SAL turning off the bridge onto the FDR Drive, moving quickly and smoothly uptown.

179

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".

180

OMIT 181

INT: RUSSO'S CAR - DAY

181A

RUSSO is on the blower.

RUSO

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

181B

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

181C

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

181D

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

182

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.

183

DOYLE following.

184

MULDERIG keeping pace.

185

RUSSO up front.

186



SAL suddenly turning East at the Northeast corner  
of 46th Street, the block occupied by the Roosevelt  
Hotel. 187

MULDERIG yanking at his right ear. 188

RUSSO spinning around, hurrying back toward the  
corner. 189

DOYLE turning East at the Southeast corner of  
46th Street. 190

RUSSO coming around the corner looking to DOYLE. 191

DOYLE indicating the Roosevelt entrance with his  
chin while MULDERIG comes up to join DOYLE. 192

RUSSO moving quickly into the Roosevelt entrance  
on 46th Street between Madison and Vanderbilt. 193

INT: ROOSEVELT LOBBY - DAY 194

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 195

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. 196

Close shot DOYLE's face, eyes bright with  
excitement. 197

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. 198

DOYLE

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

EXT: MADISON AVENUE - DAY 199

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. 200

CHARNIER and NICOLI window-shopping at Walter's  
Electric, 49th and 3rd Avenue. 201

RUSSO looking quizzically, puzzled, from a doorway. 202

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. 203

RUSSO looking to DOYLE for a signal. 204

EXT: A CIGAR STORE - DAY 205

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. 206  
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

207

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

208

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

209

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.

210

INT: RESTAURANT - DAY

211

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.

212

EXT: STREET - DAY

213

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.

214

RUSSO

You want the red or the white?

DOYLE

Pour it in your ear.

EXT: RESTAURANT - DAY 215

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

INT: RESTAURANT - DAY 216

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

NICOLI close, looking like he's about to have an orgasm, glancing toward CHARNIER and then the tray. 217

EXT: RESTAURANT - DAY 218

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) 219

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 220A

INT: WESTBURY HOTEL - DAY 220B

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. 221

Close shot of the DESK CLERK. 222

DESK CLERK

Yes sir?

Medium close shot of DOYLE leaning on elbow on the  
counter, half-turned to keep an eye on the  
elevators. 223

DOYLE

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

Close on CLERK and DOYLE. 224

CLERK

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

DOYLE (showing badge)

He got off on six.

CLERK

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

Close of DOYLE. 225

DOYLE

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

OMIT 226

Close of CLERK. Thinks it over. 227

CLERK

There's nobody like that on six.

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.

CLERK

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

DOYLE

Names.

CLERK

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

DOYLE

Where from?

CLERK

Des Moines.

DOYLE

What's he do?

CLERK

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

DOYLE is taking down the information on a pad.

CLERK

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

DOYLE

Yeh? Who else?

CLERK

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

DOYLE  
This Charnier guy. He's in  
shipping?

CLERK  
I think so. But they're in  
Room 408. On the fourth floor.

Close of DOYLE. 229

DOYLE  
Where's he from?

CLERK 230

CLERK  
Marseilles.

DOYLE and CLERK 231

DOYLE  
(gives him a dumb look)

CLERK  
That's in France.

DOYLE  
Yèah, I know.

EXT: WESTBURY HOTEL ON MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT 232

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 233

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. 234

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. 235

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 grog 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 236

RUSSO

We put him to bed for the night.

MULDERIG 237

MULDERIG

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

DOYLE and MULDERIG - INTERCUT 238



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.

DOYLE

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

RUSSO, close.

239

RUSSO

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

Close shot, DOYLE.

240

INT: WEINSTOCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

241

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.

242

The CHEMIST immerses a capillary tube, a tiny instrument the size of a needle into an open kilo of heroin.

242A

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. 242B

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. 242C

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. 242D

With a small metal clamp he holds the rig over the lamp. 242E

We watch closely with the CHEMIST, WEINSTOCK and BOCA as the white heroin powder slowly, agonizingly dissolves into the mineral oil and 242F

The mercury rises slowly up the thermometer to 220° - 230°. 242G

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. 242H

The longer it takes for the powder to dissolve, the purer the heroin. The mercury stops at 240°. 242I

CHEMIST 242J  
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. 243

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

Medium close of the CHEMIST.

244

CHEMIST

How many kilos?

BOCA

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.

BOCA

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

Medium close of WEINSTOCK and BOCA.

245

WEINSTOCK

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

The CHEMIST packs his apparatus and leaves.

245A

BOCA

I guess we got a deal, eh?

Medium close shot of WEINSTOCK alone, appraising  
BOCA.

246

WEINSTOCK

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

SAL, whose cool is easily shattered.

247

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.

248

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

249

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

250

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.

251

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. 252

WEINSTOCK

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

Close of SAL's worried face. 253

EXT: NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT 254

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. 255

Rear close view of DOYLE leaning over the back seat, looking as he backs the car. 256

Close shot of the HOOKER looking up smiling, then the smile fading. 257

Medium close view of DOYLE and the HOOKER. 258

DOYLE

You own that lamppost?

HOOKER

No.

DOYLE

Then how come you're leaning on it.

Close shot of HOOKER. 259

DOYLE

I ever bust you? 260

HOOKER 261  
I never seen you before.  
DOYLE and the HOOKER. 262

DOYLE  
Get your ass in the car.  
DOYLE looking right and left, the form of the 263  
GIRL climbing into the vehicle. He puts  
surveillance hat on back seat.

INT: DAN'S LUNCH - DAY 264

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 264A  
doughnut, the jelly squeezing out onto his  
fingers.

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

DOYLE  
Hey!

Close shot of KID, about 16, looking up from the 266  
broom toward DOYLE.

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

Medium close shot of DOYLE and the KID, DOYLE 267  
eating and drinking.

DOYLE  
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. 268

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

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. 269

Close shot of DOYLE looking at the knife, snapping the button and watching the blade flash out. 270

DOYLE  
You clean your fingernails  
with this.

Close shot of KID. 271

KID  
Rather be caught with it than  
without it.

DOYLE, pushing button and letting the blade fall into closed position. 272

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 273

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. 274

EXT: MADISON AVENUE - DAY 275

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. 276

Westbury Hotel entrance from DOYLE's Point of View. CHARNIER steps out of hotel entrance, turns south. The two AGENTS and MULDERIG have not seen his exit. 277

Close on DOYLE in a doorway. 278

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? 279

Very quickly, DOYLE's nervous glances. 280

CHARNIER close. 281

A long view of the street. 282

CHARNIER moving along. 283

The hotel entrance. 284



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.	285
Medium close shot of DOYLE scrambling out of the doorway and moving down the street after CHARNIER.	286
Rear view of CHARNIER stopping at a newsstand, buying a copy of the <u>Times</u> .	287
DOYLE in a doorway, peering out and down the street.	288
Medium close front view of CHARNIER strolling along, glancing at the headlines of the <u>Times</u> , an umbrella hooked over his left forearm as he walks.	289
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.	290
EXT: SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY	291
Close shot CHARNIER standing on the subway platform, looking at the <u>Times</u> , glancing toward the tracks and the rumble of a train in the distance.	292
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.	292
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.	293
INT: TRAIN	294
CHARNIER getting on train toward camera.	
Close side shot DOYLE getting on train, leaning over to look after CHARNIER's movements.	295

EXT: SUBWAY PLATFORM 296

CHARNIER getting off train.

DOYLE puzzled, hesitating, then getting off his car. 297

Long shot of CHARNIER opening the Times again. 298

Medium shot of DOYLE moving quickly to phone booth against the wall. 299

DOYLE close, barking into the phone. 300

DOYLE  
I'm sittin' on Frog One.

MULDERIG in phone booth at Westbury. 301

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

DOYLE 302

DOYLE  
The Westbury? Balls. I got him down at the subway at Times Square. What the hell's goin' on? I amke 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. 303

DOYLE  
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. 304

INT: SUBWAY TRAIN 305

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 306

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 307

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

INT: TRAIN - CHARNIER's CAR 308

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 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 309

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

INT: TRAIN - CHARNIER'S CAR 310

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.

OMIT 311

EXT: SUBWAY PLATFORM 312

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

OMIT 313

INT: SUBWAY TRAIN - CHARNIER's CAR 314

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. 315

EXT: HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY - MOSHOLU EXIT 316

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.

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 317  
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.

318

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.

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.

OMIT 319  
320

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

321

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

322

SIMONSON

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

DOYLE, close.

323

DOYLE

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

Close shot of MULDERIG

324

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.

325

SIMONSON, close.

326

SIMONSON

(roaring)

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

DOYLE

327

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

328

SIMONSON  
(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

329

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

330

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.

331

Close side shot of PHIL KLEIN standing right behind SAL in the shuttle line.

332

OMIT 333-  
335

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

336

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.

337

CHARNIER

Goodbye.

UNDERSECRETARY

(off camera)

Goodbye. Good trip home.

EXT: WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

338

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.

339

Close shot of SAL, somewhat nervous about trying  
to peddle his problems to CHARNIER.

340

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.

SAL

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

CHARNIER

It's your problem.

SAL

It's your too!

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

341

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.

342

INT: AIRPLANE - DAY

343

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.

344

CHARNIER

You did find something for  
yourself, of course.

MARIE, close.

345

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.

346

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.

347

Close shot of CHARNIER and NICOLI sitting.  
(DIALOGUE IN FRENCH)

348

CHARNIER

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.

349

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. 350

EXT: SIDEWALK OUTSIDE DOYLE'S APARTMENT BLDG. - DAY 351

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. 352

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. 353

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. 354

Long shot of rifle smoke rising from NICOLI's sniper position. 355

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. 356

DOYLE

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.

357

EXT: ROOFTOP - DAY

358

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. The roof's empty. DOYLE sees NICOLI below, grabs rifle and cartridge.

359

DOYLE running to the parapet, looking over.

360

OMIT

361

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.

362

DOYLE's face. He runs to parapet, fires at NICOLI. Misses.

363

OMIT

364

DOYLE running across the roof and through the door.

365

DOYLE bursting out of the elevator at the bottom, through a crowd of WOMEN and KIDS who scream as they did in the playground.

366

Medium close view of DOYLE running as fast as he can.

367

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.

368

DOYLE going over the turnstiles in a leap, gun  
still in his right hand. 369

EXT: PLATFORM OF EL - DAY 370

Broad view of platform, DOYLE emerging looking right  
and left.

DOYLE's view across tracks. There's NICOLI,  
standing with a group of people. 371

DOYLE looking up tracks to see if he can get  
across. 372

Train pulling in on opposite side. Train pulling  
in right in front of DOYLE. 373

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. 374

INT: TRAIN CAR - DAY 375

In one corner of the train is a transit police-  
man. He's observed Doyle shouting and gesturing  
at NICOLI who sits nervously aware of the police-  
man'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. 376

INT: TOKEN BOOTH - DAY 377

Close shot of DOYLE with badge at token booth.

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

TOKEN ATTENDANT  
(glancing out in direction  
the train was hurtling)  
25th Avenue.

INT: TRAIN - DAY

377A

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.

377B

EXT: STREET - DAY

378

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 kerks it open.

DOYLE

Police!

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

379

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

380

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.

380A

MOTORMAN looks down. He follows the glance to NICOLI's .45.

EXT: STREET - DAY

381

Side close view of DOYLE screeching to a stop to avoid plunging into a panel truck. DOYLE sticks his head out the window to look up at the tracks as the DRIVER of the truck screams.

TRUCKDRIVER

Blind sonofabitch!

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

382

INT: SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

383

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

INT: MOTORMAN's CABIN - DAY

384

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

NICOLI

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

MOTORMAN

O 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

385

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

386

Side view of train roaring through the station without stopping.

INT: SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

387

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

388

VOICES

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.

389

EXT/INT: DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

390

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

391

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. That's the back of another train. It has stopped and we're hurtling toward it.

392

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:

393

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

394

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.	395
	OMIT 396
INT: SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY	397
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	398
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	399
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.	400
EXT: SUBWAY STATION - DAY	401
Medium close of DOYLE arriving at the station.	
INT: SUBWAY CAR - DAY	402
Back end of subway car looming up at high speed.	
EXT: 62nd STREET STATION - THE TRACKS - DAY	403
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	403A

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

403B

The passengers are thrown violently to the ground.

NICOLI gets to his feet and forces open one of the doors.

EXT: THE 62nd STREET TRACKS - DAY

403C

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

403D

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.

OMIT 404  
405

EXT: THE CANDY STORE - DAY

406

SAL and ANGIE emerge and get into the Mercury.

EXT: MANHATTAN STREET - DAY 408

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 409

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

INT: GARAGE - DAY 410

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. 411

RUSSO

Hey, Mac, have you seen ...?

Close shot of the man turning. It is SAL BOCA. 412

Close shot of RUSSO and BOCA in face-to-face confrontation. 413

RUSSO

.... the guy who runs this joint?

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

Close shot of BOCA. 414

BOCA

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. 415

ATTENDANT

Can I help you ...?

Medium close shot of ATTENDANT and RUSSO. BUDDY, 416  
ignoring the ATTENDANT, watching the Lincoln take  
off, then breaking loose and running toward the ramp.

Close shot of RUSSO from DOYLE's viewpoint, 417  
piling into the car.

RUSSO

He's in the brown Lincoln - foreign plates.

Close shot of DOYLE throwing the car into gear 418  
and shooting down the street.

Long view of the street from DOYLE's windshield 419  
of the Lincoln in the distance. We pick up  
speed and weave through traffic in pursuit.

EXT: STREETS - DAY 420

Impressionistic shot of Lincoln and DOYLE's car  
winding through Brooklyn streets.

Long shot of the Lincoln, SAL BOCA parking it, 421  
getting out and locking the doors, looking around  
and walking away.

The Mercury comes around a corner, ANGIE at 422  
the wheel. The car stops and SAL gets in.

As the Mercury takes off, Detective PHIL KLEIN 423  
follows in his car.

Close shot of DOYLE and RUSSO in their car parked 424  
several car lengths and across the street from the  
Lincoln.

NIGHT

Long shot of the Lincoln, zooming on on the 425  
glittering car. In the BG, eight youngsters  
are playing a game of street hockey.

INT: DOYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

426

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

DOYLE

Timezit?

RUSSO

Four.

EXT: DOYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

427

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 grown brighter and DOYLE's foreground profile turns to watch it come.

428

DOYLE

(softly)

Same car.

RUSSO

Third time around.

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

429

Long view over the hood of DOYLE's care 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 case the Lincoln.

430

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.

431

DOYLE (to car radio)

Let's hit 'em.

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.

432

VOICES

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

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

433

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.

435

DOYLE

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 PLAIN-  
CLOTHESMEN.

436



DOYLE

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

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. 437

DOYLE, medium close, hands jamming into his pockets,  
staring at the ground with RUSSO and MULDERIG. 438

INT: POLICE GARAGE - DAY 439

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. 440

MECHANIC

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

DOYLE's hand reaches out from off-camera and takes a  
cigaret 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 441

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.

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.

DEVEREAU (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 SARGEANT

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.

442-  
444.

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?

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

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.

DOYLE

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.

445

RUSSO

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

LA VALLE

This is M. Devereaux.

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

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

DEVEREAU

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

RUSO

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

INT: HOTEL LOBBY - DORAL - DAY

447

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.

448

CHARNIER

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.

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

449

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

450

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

EXT: TRIBORO BRIDGE - DAY

451

Medium shot of the Lincoln going across the Triboro Bridge.

EXT: WARD'S ISLAND - DAY

452

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

452A

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

INT: WARD'S ISLAND GARAGE - DAY

453

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

454

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.

455

Close shot of the CHEMIST taking a sniff, then a taste.

456

Close shot of LOU BOCA and MECHANICS continuing to unload packet after packet of heroin.

457

Close shot of CHARNIER as the stacks of money are loaded into the car.

458

Close shot of BOCA taking a bottle of Seagram's Seven Crown out of a brown paper bag.

459

CHARNIER extends his hand. WEINSTOCK takes it; they shake.

460

OMIT 461

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.

462

462A

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.	463
EXT: WARD'S ISLAND BRIDGE - DAY	464
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.	465
CLOSE-UP CHARNIER.	465A
CLOSE-UP DOYLE. He gives CHARNIER a little wave.	465B
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.	466
Medium shot of the Lincoln racing back across the island. The Mercury roars past WEINSTOCK's car, heading toward the bridge.	467
WEINSTOCK's car coming to a stop.	468
Close shot of the CHEMIST and WEINSTOCK in the car, turning back to the island.	469
INT: LINCOLN - DAY	470
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	471
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 LOU running off.

472

SAL  
(shouting)  
Bulls!

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

EXT: CREMATORIUM - DAY

473

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

474

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.

475

WEINSTOCK and the CHEMIST emerge from the cars. Hands in the air. They give up without a struggle.

476

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

INT: CREMATORIUM - DAY

477

Long shot, we can see somebody running, hear his footsteps, but can't tell who it is.

Shot of DOYLE entering.

478

Shot of DOYLE, gun in hand, going around corner of long corridor, looking down it.

479

Shot of MULDERIG running down one of the corridors and into a cell littered with abandoned furniture, sinks, toilets, etc.

480

Long view of the hallway. Halfway down, LOU pops out and fires wildly at the camera.	481
DOYLE close, pulling back, then leaning out and blazing away twice.	482
Long shot of LOU, staffering into the corridor and collapsing.	483
DOYLE running down the corridor leaping over LOU's body and continuing to run to bisecting corridor.	484
INT: CELLAR - DAY	485
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.	486
<p style="text-align: center;">RUSSO</p> <p>Jimmy?</p>	
Close shot of RUSSO at the head of a flight of stairs.	487
<p style="text-align: center;">RUSSO</p> <p>Jimmy?</p>	
DOYLE's P.O.V.: A shadow figure ducks into one of the rooms.	
Close of DOYLE up against a wall.	489
<p style="text-align: center;">DOYLE (a whisper)</p> <p>Cover the other side -- Frog Number One is down there.</p>	
RUSSO scrambling along the Crematorium wall.	490
DOYLE moving slowly down the opposite wall.	491
Medium shot of DOYLE approaching the end rooms. A figure slips out of one of them, shrouded with shadows.	492
Close of DOYLE firing twice into the camera.	493

Close shot of the figure. It's AGENT BILL MULDERIG spinning, dropping, his own service revolver clattering on the concrete. 494

Medium close shot of DOYLE standing over MULDERIG's body, two or three COPS coming up, including RUSSO. 495

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

DOYLE full figure, close. A long pause -- and then -- 496

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: THE CREMATORIUM 497

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

THE END