

# WE OWN THE NIGHT

Written by

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FADE IN:

A PAIR OF SMOKESTACKS AGAINST AN ORANGE AUTUMN SUN SKY... THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT to REVEAL: A CEMETERY in the foreground. TOMBSTONES blend into a NEVER-ENDING SEA OF MIDDLE-CLASS ROW HOUSES in the distance, and nothing seems to separate the two. A NEWLY DUG GRAVE is in the LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER of our FRAME.

MILITARY DRUMS. HUNDREDS of POLICEMEN, in their DRESS BLUES, ENTER from FRAME RIGHT. A FEW COPS CARRY a COFFIN.

SUPERIMPOSE ON THE SCREEN'S LEFT SIDE: THE FOLLOWING WORDS FADE IN--PARAGRAPH BY PARAGRAPH:

New York, New York. 1988.

A new breed of narcotics has swept the great city, bringing with it a ferocious crime wave more terrifying than any in recent memory.

The old criminal order is gone. In its place, new ethnic groups rise up to seize control without respect for traditional rules of engagement.

Outmanned and outgunned, demoralized by cutbacks and scandal, the Police find themselves burying one of their own at the rate of twice a month...

The WORDS TURN BLOOD RED, then DISAPPEAR. The POLICE LOWER THE COFFIN when they arrive at the SITE. As we begin to ZOOM INTO a CLOSE ANGLE ON THEM, we HEAR MUSIC. A THUMPING POP BEAT. THE CLASH'S "ROCK THE CASBAH"...

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: BOBBY GREEN, thirty. He is passionate and vital and handsome, a real physical presence. His CLOTHES are stylish, expensive. A sly SMILE. He steps forward, into:

INT. STOREROOM

The camera MOVES with him to SEE: ROSARIO DIAZ, twenties, dark-skinned, impossibly gorgeous. Leaning up against the wall, biting her lower lip, eyeing Bobby with true desire.

BOBBY GREEN  
...you're so fuckin' beautiful, you  
know that...?

(CONTINUED)

2.

CONTINUED:

She beams. They kiss, PASSIONATELY. SUPERIMPOSE: "BROOKLYN". They really GO AT IT. They are ferocious; as they DEVOUR each other:

ROSARIO DIAZ  
I love you, baby...

Then we HEAR a fist BANGING ON A DOOR, a MUFFLED VOICE:

MUFFLED VOICE  
Bobby! You in there?

No ANSWER--they're too busy making out. Then, MORE BANGING. They both START LAUGHING. The voice continues:

MUFFLED VOICE (CONT'D)  
Bobby! [If] you two could just  
keep your hands off each other for  
a second--I, I think we got a  
situation brewin' out front!

ROSARIO DIAZ  
It's Jumbo... We gotta go anyway...

BOBBY GREEN

(beat; to the door)  
I'll be out in a second, Louis!

She grabs him; he moves back in, starts MAULING her again.  
She SLIDES DOWN his body, perhaps to perform fellatio...

CUT TO:

INT. EL CARIBE NIGHTCLUB - MAIN ROOM

A huge, bustling, vibrant nightclub, very '80's. Decadent, pure New York. BOBBY emerges from the back room area, straightening out his outfit. ROSARIO is behind him, fixing herself and walking toward the front of the club. Bobby enters the PULSING, VITAL HEART of the place. As he appears, everyone approaches, happily shouting out his name. He is having a blast.

Bobby is the master of this domain. An '80's version of Tony Manero from SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, but without kitsch. He is genuine cool. MUSIC: BLONDIE'S "HEART OF GLASS." Bobby waves hello to people, greets them ("Hey, baby!"), a pretty girl kisses him (the women love him). Moves with a swagger, a DANCE. As he sways, he re-buttons his shirt, claps his hands. He is the CLUB MANAGER, and HE LOVES every minute of it. He's GIDDY, ALIVE, a PERMANENT GRIN. WE WANT HIS LIFE. SENSUOUS, SEDUCTIVE, INCREDIBLE FUN.

(CONTINUED)

3.

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A MAN waves to BOBBY. Bobby SEES: seated at a table, surrounded by his gang: VADIM NEZHINSKI. Thirty-five, acne-scarred, huge black pompadour, big gut. One of his men, PAVEL LUBYARSKY, is next to him. Bobby nods back to them.

NEAR THE COAT CHECK

Rosario meets up with several of her girlfriends, and we SEE an OPERATION at work: people come get their coats, slide the coat check girls a HUNDRED BUCKS, and with their coats the patrons get JUNK put in their jacket pockets. Rosario looks to one of her girls--ALINA, a young Russian

with too much makeup--and counts the cash. Pockets some of it. From Rosario's BEHAVIOR, we SEE she's INVOLVED in the DRUG TRADE.

INT. THE FRONT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT - LOBBY

A HUGE FIGHT that's breaking out. Violent. Club patrons and SECURITY GUYS are in the melee. Girls SCREAM. ROSARIO moves past all this, to the front door. LOUIS FALSETTI, forty, backs off from the multiple struggles all around him. Louis is wearing a jacket that says "SECURITY" on it. He is the jocular type, very overweight, redfaced. Bobby arrives at the fight scene. With cheery braggadocio:

BOBBY GREEN

What the fuck's goin' on in here?

Bobby moves RIGHT IN. Grabs a struggling and drunk PATRON, puts him in a headlock. He gives the Patron a SHOT TO THE TEMPLE, just to keep him docile. Lou, Bobby's best friend, watches the imbroglio with an amused and cowardly detachment, CHORTLING with every punch and scream. He balances a drink in his hand with marvelous care, avoiding spillage. But the BATTLE GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER. Seeing his friend Bobby, who's hardly got everything in control:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Okay, Bobkes! Looks like you got everything under control here--so uh, so I'm gonna go outside, take my break!

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah--just keep that wide load of yours outta trouble, arright?

LOUIS FALSETTI

Yes, your fuckin' majesty!

The Patron is acting up again, trying to free himself from Bobby's grip. Bobby looks down at him. With humor:

(CONTINUED)

4.

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BOBBY GREEN

What're you doing?!? You gotta  
behave yourself here!

Gives the guy a shot in the head. Meanwhile: LOUIS saunters past the melee, jumping gracefully over a fallen drunk. He BOWS in triumph when others applaud his leap. Everyone laughs as he goes out the door. Bouncer FREDDIE helps clean up the mess. A GIRL SCREAMS as a GUY is flipped on his back by bouncers. A PATRON with BLOOD ON HIS FACE, acting like an eight year-old, to Bobby (who hurls his guy out of frame):

BLOODIED PATRON

C'mon, Mr. Green! I didn't do  
nothing!

BOBBY GREEN

Well now you're gonna do nothing  
someplace else!

(louder, to all  
fighters; pointing:)

Now listen--one of these days I'm  
gonna run this whole block, and I  
see any you in here again--any you--  
I'll bust your fuckin' hole!

(to Freddie)

Throw `em out on their ass. I  
gotta go upstairs, drop off my keys  
with the old man.

INT. STAIRWELL

Wood-panelled walls. Bobby walks upstairs, fixing his hair.

INT. MARAT BUZHAYEV'S APARTMENT - FOYER/LIVING ROOM

An ornate, gaudy place. The walls are covered by mirrors  
with that cheesy brown marble pattern print all over them.  
Plush couches, clutter. Bobby walks in.

We HEAR RADIO MUSIC up here, nothing like the stuff played  
downstairs. A RUSSIAN CROONER. In an EASY CHAIR sits  
MARAT BUZHAYEV (pronounced BOO-SHY'-EV). He is old,

kindly, weakened by age; sits next to his babushka wife,  
KALINA. Buzhayev watches a Russian musical program with  
the sound off, listening to his small transistor radio.

MARAT BUZHAYEV  
Bobby! Come here!

BOBBY GREEN  
Mr. Buzhayev, how are you!

(CONTINUED)

5.

CONTINUED:

Bobby leans over, hugs the seated old man. The two EMBRACE  
WARMLY--they are close. Before separating, Buzhayev  
touches his face. KALINA yells happily in RUSSIAN, grabs  
BOBBY, embraces him too. She couldn't be more motherly,  
and Bobby BEAMS at the treatment.

KALINA BUZHAYEV (SUBTITLE)  
So beautiful! Beautiful!

Bobby is moved, almost embarrassed by the loving attention.  
Then, gently dropping a set of KEYS on a side table:

BOBBY GREEN  
Listen, Mr. Buzhayev--I gotta go do  
something right now. But don't  
worry--everything's in good shape  
downstairs.

MARAT BUZHAYEV  
(warm, gentle)  
Yes, good. You take care of things  
good for us...

Marat smiles. Then, as Bobby stands:

MARAT BUZHAYEV (CONT'D)  
Next week, you come by--we talk.  
Okay? We talk about plans for you.

Bobby lights up, nods. Marat pats his cheek. Kalina tries

to give him a small care package of food. He politely refuses, and a minor and friendly AD-LIBBED argument in Russian ("He said he didn't want any food, and you keep trying to give it to him!") breaks out between the old husband and his wife. As Bobby exits:

KALINA BUZHAYEV  
(broken English)  
Bobby! Where you run off to?!?

EXT. QUEENS CATHEDRAL - SUMMER EVENING

A modern church. A big crowd in front, made up of POLICE. We HEAR MUSIC. CLOSE SHOT of a black outdoor sign, behind glass. "OUR LADY, QUEEN OF MARTYRS CHURCH, QUEENS, NY". TILT DOWN: WHITE PRESS-ON letters CROOKEDLY spelling out "NYPD PULASKI SOCIETY MTG. - 7 PM". SUPERIMPOSE: "QUEENS".

INT. QUEENS CATHEDRAL - BASEMENT

The MUSIC explodes down here. A large room with columns. Streamers, balloons everywhere. Old cops, young cops, men, women, are here. Skinny, portly, giddy, drunk.

(CONTINUED)

6.

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Many are IN UNIFORM, loosened up a bit, like they've just gotten off work and it's time to relax. Children run about. American, New York State flags. Pictures on the walls: people with plaques, portraits. ARCHIE BUNKER'S NEW YORK. A SIGN READS: "CONGRATULATIONS! TO 'CAPTAIN JOSEPH GRUSINSKY'". Cases filled with trophies. Food tables, piled high. And beer. Lots and lots of beer.

Many COPS are drinking, cavorting, smoking CIGARS, making sandwiches. And DANCING UP A STORM. Men and women FLIRT, GAB, MAKE OUT. FLASH! Pictures taken constantly. A mass of people surround TWO PEOPLE as a PHOTO is taken:

ANGLE ON: JOSEPH GRUSINSKY, thirties. Bobby's OLDER BROTHER. In uniform. Clean-cut, though not neurotically so. Sharp, tough features--the GLOW of a WINNER. He is SMILING, receiving many AD-LIBBED CONGRATULATIONS and

holding one of his children in his arms, infant PAUL. Next to him is his wife, SANDRA, thirties. Next to her, their older infant, TEDDY.

NEXT TO JOSEPH: BURT GRUSINSKY, sixty. Bobby's father, we will soon learn. Tough as nails. Unsentimental, ex-military, rough-edged, vital. In this world, he is a king.

Standing behind Burt are his two closest associates: MICHAEL SOLO ("G.Q."), fifties, somewhat urbane, and JACK SHAPIRO ("Pudge"), also fifties. A big, quiet man. Huge hands. The enforcer. Burt is beaming over his treasured son. He directs a PHOTOGRAPHER, repositions Joseph:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Here, take another one! Get another!

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Pop, they got enough! What're you doin'?!?

BURT GRUSINSKY

(in Joseph's ear)

You want your face out there--it's good exposure. The PC's gonna see this.

(to the Photographer)

C'mon. With both kids.

FLASH!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Thanks, Chief!

Burt waves to the Photographer, then leans again into Joseph's ear. Still wearing a smile for the outside world:

(CONTINUED)

7.

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT GRUSINSKY

You see your brother yet?

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
(shakes head; then)  
He ain't gonna come.

BURT GRUSINSKY  
(frowns; then:)  
He better.

INT. CAR - OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

A CLOSEUP of ROSARIO. Beat. Then:

ROSARIO DIAZ  
C'mon. What's the big deal anyway?  
We'll go in, you say hello, then  
we'll go.

Bobby seems reluctant. Then:

BOBBY GREEN  
You remember what I tol' you?

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Yeah! Course!

BOBBY GREEN  
Nobody knows about my father and my  
brother--not even Jumbo. And it's  
gotta stay that way, you  
understand?

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Yeah, you tol' me a thousand times.  
But I been with you for two years,  
Bobby--I should meet `em by now.  
We goin' in or not?

ANGLE ON BOBBY as we go to:

INT. CHURCH STAIRWELL

We MOVE past partygoers. THEN, APPEARING AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS: Bobby and Rosario--who's being eyed up and down salaciously by the men in the party. The two start to come down the narrow stairs leading to the basement. A portly,

ebullient man, RUSSELL DE KEIFER:

RUSSELL DE KEIFER  
Bobby? Bobby Grusinsky, that you?  
How you doin'?!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8.

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL DE KEIFER (CONT'D)  
It's me, Russell De Keifer, from  
across Northern Boulevard,  
remember? You still bartending  
that Russian joint, out there in  
Brooklyn?

BOBBY GREEN  
Nah. Nah, I'm managing now.

RUSSELL DE KEIFER  
Oh, big shot!

BOBBY GREEN  
Yeah. I'll see you `round, arright?

Bobby slinks past De Keifer. Rosario touches his arm:

ROSARIO DIAZ  
What'd he call you?

BOBBY GREEN  
(slightly sheepish)  
I changed my name--I use my  
mother's name now. It's better for  
business. C'mon...

INT. BASEMENT

A wiry YOUNG POLICE REPORTER, in uniform, moves to Joseph.  
Burt stands nearby, proud:

YOUNG POLICE REPORTER  
Captain Grusinsky, hi! I'm Officer  
Timpanaro from SPRING 3100, the  
police magazine--

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
How you doing...

The Reporter reads his question off a small pad. (VERY important that he come off like an amateur.)

YOUNG POLICE REPORTER  
So: um, you are now the third--

Someone hits his arm. He drops his pad, picks it up.

YOUNG POLICE REPORTER (CONT'D)  
The third youngest captain on the Force, and our P.B.A. readers'll wanna know just how that, um--  
(looks at his pad)  
--Feels!

(CONTINUED)

9.

CONTINUED:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
Feels like nothin'. Nah, it feels good! I love trying to, you know, help make the City safer for people and everything...

ACROSS THE ROOM:

Bobby and Rosario come down the stairs. Bobby immediately SEES his family, though they don't see him yet. To Rosario, quiet:

BOBBY GREEN  
That's them there. In the corner.  
Lookit `em--two peas in a pod.

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Yeah--I see `em! They don't look that bad though, you know? For cops?

(re: Michael, Jack)  
Who're those other guys?

BOBBY GREEN  
[My] Father's friends--they were  
all in Korea together.  
(with a laugh)  
Biggest bunch of fuckin' stiffs...  
(moves closer)  
Look, don't talk to nobody, we'll  
get out quicker.

ROSARIO DIAZ  
(beat; darkening)  
I ain't gonna embarrass you.

BOBBY GREEN  
N--I just wanna get out quick,  
that's all...

#### ACROSS THE ROOM

Bobby approaches, looks over to Sandra. The two nod an  
AWKWARD HELLO. Then the two brothers meet. We SEE the  
relationship between them. Strained, but a warmth deep  
UNDERNEATH:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
Bobby, hey! You, you got off work  
and everything--

BOBBY GREEN  
Yeah I did so...congratulations...

(CONTINUED)

10.

CONTINUED:

SIMULTANEOUS: Burt motions to JACK, MICHAEL. The two WALK  
UPSTAIRS. Burt steps forward.

BURT GRUSINSKY  
Hello.

BOBBY GREEN

Pop.  
(Rosario moves near)  
Everybody, this is my girlfriend.  
Rosario.

ROSARIO DIAZ

Nice to meet you!

BOBBY GREEN

This's my brother. And my father.

Burt and Joseph take one look at her and respond with subdued "hellos." She is not exactly, well, PROPER-LOOKING. And she isn't white. She picks up on this, tries to act as though she doesn't care. Burt turns to Bobby:

BURT GRUSINSKY

We gotta talk to you. Alone.

ANGLE ON BOBBY. This gives him pause, but Rosario gives him a slight nod of her head, assuring him it's okay. So:

INT. CHURCH - UPSTAIRS

Jack and Michael are walking through the seemingly empty main hall of the church. Looking for anyone who may be hanging out, ducking in and around. They spot a COUPLE, making out in one of the pews. The man is shirtless, the woman in her bra. Caught, they let out an embarrassed CHUCKLE. With offense, but also humor:

MICHAEL SOLO

In a house of God, no less? C'mon,  
get up...

The couple sheepishly exits the room, pulling on their clothes. As they do, they pass: Bobby, Burt, and Joseph coming up the stairs. Joseph pulls up the rear, standing behind his father. Bobby sees Jack and Michael, now seated several rows back. BEAT, then:

MICHAEL SOLO (CONT'D)

Hello, Bobby. Nice suit you got on.

Bobby gladly gives a nod of recognition, sits down in an

empty front pew. Burt brushes lint off his son's shoulder:

(CONTINUED)

11.

CONTINUED:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Your hair's long.

BOBBY GREEN

I know. I like it this way.

(no response, so:)

That why you got me up here? [To]  
tell me my hair's too long?

Joseph speaks up, diverting Bobby's attention:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Bobby, I asked Pop to bring you  
here.

BOBBY GREEN

Whatsamatter?

Joseph eyes his father with trepidation, then begins:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Well... I'm gonna be heading up a  
new narcotics team, starting this  
week. A Russian unit, outta PSA 2  
in Brighton.

BOBBY GREEN

(lights a cigarette)

That's a good hook for you.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Yeah, they need me over there.  
There's only eleven guys in the  
whole department that even know the  
language right now, so...

Bobby looks behind him. He's SURROUNDED. Interrogation-  
style, his brother at the fore, Bobby nonetheless remains

calm, almost cheery. To Jack, in the back:

BOBBY GREEN

You ever talk?

JACK SHAPIRO

I'm old-fashioned. I listen first.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Bobby, we need you to do us a favor.

BOBBY GREEN

(SMIRKING)

A favor? Oh, he needs a favor!

(to Burt, needling)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12.

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

You cut me off financially, and now you need the favor? `S interesting.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

PUDGE--

Jack steps forward, a PHOTO in hand.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

We're looking at this guy Vadim Nezhinski.

Puts the PHOTO in front of Bobby. MUG SHOT of an acne-scarred, dark-eyed man we've seen before: VADIM NEZHINSKI.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Served time in the Soviet Union for black market activity, come over around 1979.

BOBBY GREEN

`S good lookin' boy!

Not amused, they withdraw the photo from in front of Bobby.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
He's dealing H, cocaine, angel  
dust... Operates out of that club  
you manage. The El Caribe.

Bobby's sense of humor disappears now.

BOBBY GREEN  
I don't know nothing about that.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
No, we know that. We checked up  
and down the rest of management,  
too--his uncle, the owner--

BOBBY GREEN  
The old man?! What, you been  
watching us?!?

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
Everybody come up clean. It's just  
Nezhinski we're lookin' at.

BOBBY GREEN  
(back to Burt)  
What the fuck is this?

(CONTINUED)

13.

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
We need to track how he's bringin'  
in the product and...we were just  
hopin' you'd keep your eyes and  
ears open a little.

BOBBY GREEN  
You kidding me? Inform for you?!?  
That's what you wanted me here for?

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

No, we would never ask you to do that. Just observe, that's all. It's a closed community and you're our only way in right now--

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah well, find another way. I got a lot invested in that club and I can't let it get fucked up.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Nothing's gonna get fucked up, Bobby. All it takes is one thing, you know that! One guy to flip, we crack the whole thing!

Michael Solo pipes up from the back:

MICHAEL SOLO

Bobby, it's important. These ain't dumb guys we're talking about. We don't stop `em up front, coupla years from now, it'll be chaos out there.

(BEAT)

We'd be wishing the Italians'd come back.

Bobby is still focused on his brother, then to his father:

BOBBY GREEN

[You] Fuckin' broadsided me... Everything's about the goddamned job with you.

Burt remains stoic. (Though silent so far, he should be a HUGE presence in the scene--others look to him for reaction, approval, etc.) Joseph sharpens:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Whole city's falling apart, Bobby-- don't you got any sense of responsibility at all?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOBBY GREEN

C'mon... Get off your fuckin' high horse and bust somebody else's balls.

BURT GRUSINSKY

(finally, to Joseph)

All right, go downstairs. Lemme talk to him.

Burt gestures to Mike and Jack, and they exit. Joe doesn't respond at first. Then, begrudgingly, to Bobby:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Thanks for coming.

BOBBY GREEN

You're welcome.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Just be careful out there next coupla weeks.

BOBBY GREEN

'S that supposed to mean?!?

BURT GRUSINSKY

Joseph!

Joseph lingers, leaves. Father and son. ALONE. Then, staring straight ahead as he takes a drag of his cigarette:

BOBBY GREEN

Congratulations. You got me up here.

BURT GRUSINSKY

I knew you wouldn't help us. I told your brother, I said, 'no point even bringing him down here.'

BOBBY GREEN

Good. Then now you know.

Bobby starts to leave. Burt grabs his arm:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Hold on a second--lemme ask you a question. That girl of yours downstairs--she Puerto Rican?

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah. I like the dark meat.

(CONTINUED)

15.

CONTINUED: (5)

BURT GRUSINSKY

She hooking you up?

BOBBY GREEN

(lets out a chuckle)

Why, you want some?

BURT GRUSINSKY

Yeah, keep laughing--your mother, rest in peace, I think she was too easy on you.

BOBBY GREEN

I gotta go, Pop. I'll see you `round.

Bobby turns his back on Burt, getting up to walk downstairs. Burt remains emotional, reaching out to his son when Bobby is not looking, lowering it to no avail.

INT. BASEMENT

The music is off now. Bobby comes down, Burt follows. Joseph is getting something whispered in his ear by another cop. A squat man with a bad toupee starts to speak: NYPD Deputy Commissioner SPIRO GIAVANNIS.

SPIRO GIAVANNIS

Everyone? Everyone!

Rosario is leaning up against a post, drinking, watching the party. She stares down a GUY who OGLES HER LASCIVIOUSLY. With a sense of humor, she winks at him:

ROSARIO DIAZ

You take a picture, it'll last longer.

Bobby approaches Rosario, grabs her hand:

BOBBY GREEN

C'mon, let's get outta here,  
[we'll] go party with Jumbo.

He tugs her away. She stops him. With assurance:

ROSARIO DIAZ

We could stay if you want, baby.  
They don't like me, I don't care--  
you're better than them anyway--

BOBBY GREEN

(waves her off)  
We're goin'. C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

16.

CONTINUED:

She hurriedly puts down her drink. Joe stands near Spiro, but his attention is on his brother:

SPIRO GIAVANNIS

I'm Deputy Commissioner Spiro  
GIAVANNIS--

APPLAUSE. Bobby, Rosario move to the exit. SIMULTANEOUS:

SPIRO GIAVANNIS (CONT'D)

You know, we look around in these  
troubled times, and in moments like  
this we need leaders, men and women

who can bring order back to our great communities. We're here this holiday season to give thanks for one of these men, our Russian brother, Joseph Grusinsky.

CHEERS. Joseph smiles, waves. Filled with hubris.

SPIRO GIAVANNIS (CONT'D)

...Joseph, many of us've known your father, Deputy Chief Burt Grusinsky, for many years, and I know he wants to say a little something. Chief?

APPLAUSE for Burt, who waves, steps up:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Thank you. You know, I used to tell my kids, "work first, play later," and my son Joseph really took it to heart. He's been a real fighter over the years... He overcome his mother's passing, and the dyslexia--eventually wound up graduating John Jay as salutatorian and distinguished himself many times.

(turns to Joseph)

Anyway, you've shown yourself to be very brave and selfless, and I'm just, I'm very proud here tonight.

BIG APPLAUSE as JOSEPH STEPS FORWARD. BOBBY AND ROSARIO squeeze through the crowd, to the stairs.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Thank you everybody for coming-- happy Thanksgiving. Before I say anything else... We got some bad news this morning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

One of our Irish brothers was  
killed in the line of duty last  
night--detective Edward Conlon was  
gunned down serving a warrant on  
Northern Boulevard. The clock's  
about to strike ten, so I thought  
we might give a moment of silence  
to remember.

BOBBY STOPS. Instinctively, he turns back to the room,  
motions to Rosario to stop. Out of respect. She does.  
Then: the CHURCH BELL rings. TEN TIMES. Silence. The  
BELL GONGS. The CAMERA DOLLIES PAST: JOSEPH and his  
family, and JACK, and MICHAEL, then past ROSARIO, and BURT,  
and BOBBY. The bell stops. The SEA of BLUE, the POLICE,  
genueflect. Our characters do not. Instead, BOBBY STARES  
at JOSEPH AND BURT across the crowded room. They return  
the glare, and Bobby exits...

EXT. QUEENS STREET - FRONT OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The camera TILTS UP to an apartment window. We CUT INSIDE:

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

MUSIC UP: PRINCE'S "HOUSEQUAKE." Hot girls and flashy-  
looking guys. The men are drinking. The women make  
themselves up en masse in front of a large mirror over the  
sofa. A couple KISSES in the corner. Everyone's getting  
ready for a night of revelry on the town. They are  
SINGING, having a GREAT TIME. The decor is late '70's,  
though not exaggeratedly so. DRUGS are EVERYWHERE. We  
MOVE PAST THIS TO:

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM

PAN around the ROOM: a set of weights on the carpeted  
floor, with clothes scattered everywhere; on the wall, a  
Jets football schedule, a Led Zeppelin poster. Bobby is  
PRIMPING in the mirror. Rosario stands on Bobby's king  
bed, DANCING SENSUALLY to the music in a state of partial  
undress. She MOVES with great FREEDOM, puffing on a JOINT.

ROSARIO DIAZ

I'm gonna be like Madonna. You

think I'm like Madonna...?

Bobby sees Rosario in the reflection; his face lights up.

ROSARIO DIAZ (CONT'D)

We're both Leos, you know.

BOBBY GREEN

You're just like her, baby...

(CONTINUED)

18.

CONTINUED:

Bobby opens his top drawer to get a watch. REVEALS THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS in CASH, hidden underneath a fake drawer bottom. Traces his fingers across the money with private pride, then puts on the watch. Rosario bounces down on the bed. Reaching under the bed sneakily, she pulls out a small box. She hides it. Then:

ROSARIO DIAZ

I talked to my mother yesterday.  
She said she'd be okay by herself,  
so I could move in if I want...

BOBBY GREEN

That's cool.

ROSARIO DIAZ

(without self-pity)

Your family ain't gonna be too  
happy, though. I saw how they  
looked at me.

BOBBY GREEN

It's all right--they don't like  
nobody outside their own little  
world.

ROSARIO DIAZ

Yeah...you know, cops're fucked up.  
In my neighborhood, if they ain't  
taking money, they're beating on

you for no reason...

BOBBY GREEN

My brother and my father ain't like  
that. It's just--the whole thing  
ain't for me, that's all.

Bobby approaches her. Takes a puff of HER JOINT. Then,  
INTIMATELY:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

You know how gorgeous you are?

Bobby pushes her down on the bed. Starts kissing her on  
the neck, lips, then breasts. Caressing her hips, he leans  
back and looks at her, observing the brightness and  
kindness of her face. Her eyes--mild, calm, and truthful--  
and her smile carry him into a wave of tenderness. He  
moves in to kiss her again, and under his breath:

ROSARIO DIAZ

WAIT--

She takes out a little JEWELRY BOX.

(CONTINUED)

19.

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSARIO DIAZ (CONT'D)

I got you something.

BOBBY GREEN

What is it?

ROSARIO DIAZ

Open it up!

He opens it. A CHAIN. A SIMPLE GOLD CHAIN.

BOBBY GREEN

...it's beautiful...

She takes it out, puts it around his neck. She has a HUGE  
SMILE, EAR TO EAR. He looks at her, moved. A FLOOD OF

EMOTION. Sotto:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

...you're so good to me...

ROSARIO DIAZ

I love you... And someday we're  
gonna get a big house together, in  
New Jersey, with a lotta kids...

BOBBY GREEN

Only if you behave yourself...

Bobby gently spreads her legs, starts to rub the inside of her thighs. Then moves to her breast. Kisses her with love. Rosario clutches him, secure. The DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

A mussed Bobby ENTERS from the bedroom, passing the party. Bobby opens the FRONT DOOR: Louis, Hazel. Thrilled, he waves them in. When the rest of the room sees Louis, THEY SCREAM "JUMBO!" He holds his arms aloft, as if greeting an adoring crowd.

BOBBY GREEN

Uh oh--[The] party's really gonna  
get started now!

LOUIS FALSETTI

Yeah--let's all play Spin my  
Pickle!

As EVERYONE GUFFAWS, Freddie the bouncer yells out:

FREDDIE

Hey Falsetti! You get what we  
wanted?

(CONTINUED)

20.

CONTINUED:

LOUIS FALSETTI

(GRINNING)

Indeed I did, my friend!  
(quieter, to Bobby)  
See, I woulda been here sooner,  
'cept I hadda go across town, lose  
all the cops--

HAZEL  
There weren't no cops following us!

LOUIS FALSETTI  
Shut your mouth! You wouldn't  
recognize 'em--they were, they were  
all undercover.

Bobby laughs happily, knowing this is bullshit. Hazel  
shakes her head, joins the gals. Louis starts emptying his  
pockets. Out comes a pharmacy. DRUGS SPILL all over a  
formica endtable. Louder:

LOUIS FALSETTI (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I got a little of what  
everybody asked for here. I got  
uppers, downers, hash, mescaline,  
some blow-

BOBBY GREEN  
Any Spanish Fly in there for you?

LOUIS FALSETTI  
Yeah, you need that, not me!

Bobby laughs again, PINGS Louis on the ear. Lou grabs his  
head, but ignores the needling. Louis looks up, observes  
Bobby's clothes:

LOUIS FALSETTI (CONT'D)  
And what's with the suit anyway?  
You look like a monkey in the  
circus!

BOBBY GREEN  
I'm goin' up to see Buzhayev  
tonight. I think he's gonna ask me  
to buy into the club.

LOUIS FALSETTI

Yeah? Well, you know what you should do, you should turn it into a fag joint and then maybe they'll let ya in!

(CONTINUED)

21.

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY GREEN

I'll show you a fuckin' faggot!

Bobby starts to punch Louis in the arm, playfully but hard. Rosario enters the room, singing along with the song that's playing (YAZ'S "SITUATION"). She moves to Bobby's side, mock punches Louis' stomach too. To the gang, with CHEER:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Everybody, I gotta be at El Caribe  
in an hour, so get ready!

INT. POLICE STATION - WEAPONS DEPOT

SILENCE, except for the CLICKING of GUN MECHANISMS.

The troops gird for battle, checking their weapons. JOSEPH is here, as are Jack and Michael and a whole gang of cops. Bustling by a set of lockers. Very businesslike. Joseph cleans his piece. Michael leans over to him:

MICHAEL SOLO

The spot's got one main entrance,  
two rear fire exits. All of `em'll  
be covered.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Good. I just wanna make sure we  
take it easy in there. We don't  
want no panic.

JACK SHAPIRO

What if your brother's inside?

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
It's his day off. He ain't gonna  
be there.

Joseph clicks his weapon into place.

MICHAEL SOLO  
What if he is? We still go?

Joseph is deeply troubled by the prospect.

MICHAEL SOLO (CONT'D)  
What's it gonna be?

ANGLE ON JOSEPH.

EXT. EL CARIBE NIGHTCLUB

Mob scene. Bobby and Rosario and Louis and the gang enter.

22.

INT. EL CARIBE - CLUB ENTRANCE

Bobby gleefully shakes hands upon entering, then splits  
from the group. Rosario joins several girls as they fix  
themselves up in front of large lobby mirrors...

INT. MARAT'S APARTMENT - FOYER/LIVING ROOM

Opening the door is Kalina, who embraces him. In Russian:

KALINA BUZHAYEV (SUBTITLE)  
Bobby! Our daughter and her  
husband Eli come by for dinner.  
You want something, some tea?

BOBBY GREEN  
No no, I'm all right... Hi  
everybody...

A grown woman, Marat's daughter MASHA, waves while sifting  
through a stack of FURS on the sofa. One of her young  
children, a daughter, holds her hand.

INT. DINING ROOM

Marat sits at the head of a table with lots of FOOD (including a HUGE SMOKED FISH) on it. He waves Bobby over, ebullient. ELI MIRICHENKO, Masha's husband, is seated here, too--trying to talk to his young toddler SON. Bobby sits down, next to Marat.

BOBBY GREEN

Everything's really rockin'  
tonight. Line's halfway `round the  
block.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

Yes, it's good...

The toddler runs to Bobby. Bobby lifts the youngster onto his knee; as he bounces the child on his knee, he turns back to Marat:

BOBBY GREEN

You wanted to talk to me?

Marat nods, waves to Kalina for drinks.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

You know, maybe we open another  
spot next year. Across from  
Brighton.

(CONTINUED)

23.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN

'S a good move.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

We need someone in charge here full-  
time, then. And we think you do a  
great job.

BOBBY GREEN

I appreciate that. You know, I  
been thinking `bout it--I'd like to  
become a partner here too--buy in  
with you.

(BEAT)

I mean, I got a lot of ideas.

KALINA BUZHAYEV (SUBTITLE)

(EXCITED)

Already! He's got so many ideas!

BOBBY GREEN

Well, I just think we could do  
more. Maybe expand into Sheepshead  
Bay. I know a good spot--we add a  
restaurant there, get the spill-  
over. Like what your brother did,  
in Miami.

Marat nods, considering this. Reaches to the FISH. He  
takes the EYE out of the fish and starts to suck on it.  
Daughter Masha stands behind her seated husband, holding  
and bouncing her little girl. ELI antes up, to Marat:

ELI MIRICHENKO

That's gonna take a lot of money,  
Papa. Your fur business can  
support that right now?

Marat waves him off. Turns back to Bobby, re Eli:

MARAT BUZHAYEV

My son-in-law, he worries people  
take advantage of me.

BOBBY GREEN

I can understand that. But I got  
money to invest--we could make it  
something real special over there.  
Do what I did downstairs--you know,  
bring in name DJs on different  
nights?

(BEAT)

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

24.

CONTINUED: (2)

Marat grins from ear to ear. Excitedly, he nods. Then:

MARAT BUZHAYEV

Yes. Together we do it. You come to our Thanksgiving again, on Thursday?

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah, sure. I'll come.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

Good--we talk more, at the dinner.

The two hug. Bobby is being shown out by Kalina, and is about to depart when Buzhayev calls to his wife in Russian:

MARAT BUZHAYEV (CONT'D)

Give him, for tonight!

She reaches for her purse. But Bobby refuses graciously, waving it off as he exits:

BOBBY GREEN

Nah nah, no thank you...

INT. EL CARIBE NIGHTCLUB - MAIN ROOM

A LARGE NEON SUN is lowered from the top of the theater. Sitting on it, singing: '80's POP STAR TAYLOR DANE. The CROWD GOES NUTS. As this happens: BOBBY ENTERS, sits down at a table against the back wall. Louis is next to him.

LOUIS FALSETTI

My brother! How'd it go?  
(Bobby smiles, winks)  
Ho, well! I'm guessing it went pretty good then!

BOBBY GREEN

Listen--I get this done, I want you

to be a host. In one of our spots.

LOUIS FALSETTI

That's my specialty. I'm whaddaya call, a people person!

BOBBY GREEN

Well, just make sure you get your old co-workers from the Health Department to give us a pass on the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

25.

CONTINUED:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Yeah, no problem--half of `em got rats as pets anyway.

BOBBY GREEN

Where's Rosario?

Without a word, Louis motions:

ACROSS THE ROOM

At a large CORNER TABLE: VADIM NEZHINSKI, seated in the center. Surrounded by two YOUNG GIRLS and Slavic-featured men and dark-skinned Latinos. A LATINO MAN and one of Vadim's guys, a YOUNG DARK-SKINNED WHITE MAN, converse at the table. After a beat, the two men MOVE TO THE COAT CHECK AREA. CASH stacked on the edge of the table. ROSARIO appears, coming through the crowd. She goes to Nezhinski's table, counts out MONEY for him. Nezhinski appears affectionate with her, sticks some of the BILLS in her hands. Bobby turns away from Vadim's sight.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Goddamnit... [She's] With that fuckin' animal again.

LOUIS FALSETTI

She's a player, Bob. You know how it goes.

BOBBY GREEN

Look at him... I'll tell you,  
[when] this is my place, we'll kick his fuckin' ass right outta here--

LOUIS FALSETTI

(FLUSTERED)

Bob! You gotta watch your mouth! I mean, he don't scare me, but uh, but trust me, I know.

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah, you know a lot.

LOUIS FALSETTI

I do, I'm serious!

(moves closer)

Last year, one of his guys was gonna flip? Jesus Christ, what I saw...

The CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSE-UP on LOUIS:

CUT TO:

26.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - FLASHBACK

It's the men's room in the club. Louis is in the stall, his pants pulled down. He HEARS: Nezhinski's voice and a muffled struggle. Louis immediately pulls his feet up, squatting on the toilet seat. Looks into the crack in the stall door. We STILL HEAR:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Nezhinski dragged him into the toilet. They stood him up against the wall and held him--

We SEE exactly this. Nezhinski faces the MAN. Two associates of Nezhinski's hold him back, covering his mouth with silver electrical tape.

LOUIS FALSETTI (CONT'D)

They fuckin' pulled down his pants,  
and I swear to God, Nezhinski just  
cut it off.

Nezhinski's associates pull down his pants, and Louis sees the man's bare ass. The man is panicking, muffled cries for help penetrating even the flashback. Nezhinski pulls out his switchblade, holds it up to his face, then LOWERS IT. A GLINT of REFLECTION on the KNIFE. HORRIBLE.

INT. CLUB

Back to the present.

LOUIS FALSETTI

Worst thing I ever seen in my life,  
Bob.

(BEAT)

Anyway, cops found his head in the  
middle of Brighton Avenue the next  
day--fuckin' dick was in his mouth.

BOBBY GREEN

You sure it wasn't your dick?

LOUIS FALSETTI

Yeah, that's funny.

(BEAT)

You sure it wasn't your mouth?

Bobby laughs heartily. Just then, Vadim sees him. Pavel  
HOLDS UP HIS DRINK in acknowledgement and WAVES HIM OVER.

BOBBY GREEN

Shit... I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

27.

CONTINUED:

VADIM'S TABLE

Bobby walks to the table. There's a lot of food around Vadim--he's eating off six different plates. Bobby is really only focused on Rosario. When Rosario sees him (she'd been counting bills) she brightens, virtually getting out of her seat:

ROSARIO DIAZ

Hi, honey!

VADIM NEZHINSKI

Bobby--c'mon, join us! I wanna talk to you!

AD-LIB GREETINGS. Bobby sits between Rosario and Nezhinski. Rosario kisses him, grabs onto his arm; Vadim puts his arm around Bobby's shoulder. Turns to his people:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (CONT'D)

This is the fuckin' guy right here.  
Practically owns the place.

MUMBLED AGREEMENT. The men surrounding Vadim are "yes" men, and they seem to take their cue from him. To Bobby:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (CONT'D)

Everything all right with you?

BOBBY GREEN

(nods; then, coolly:)  
Things're goin' good.

VADIM NEZHINSKI

That's real good... `Cause you gotta be happy, you know? All my guys, I tell `em, the mind and the body, they're connected. That's how you stay sharp.

PAVEL LUBYARSKY

This's "Kid Quick" you're talking to, dude. Best fuckin' middleweight in the Ukraine.

Bobby looks at Vadim's ample waistline.

BOBBY GREEN

He don't look like a middleweight  
no more.

Everyone LAUGHS, Vadim most of all. He KISSES Bobby on the  
head. Bobby looks at Rosario as Vadim continues:

(CONTINUED)

28.

CONTINUED: (2)

VADIM NEZHINSKI

You know Bobby, my uncle upstairs,  
he, he likes you a lot. Practically  
thinks you're one of his kids.

BOBBY GREEN

Your uncle's a great man. Smart  
man.

VADIM NEZHINSKI

Yeah... Smart smart stupid. Got  
his head buried in books all day,  
'stead of the real world...

AD-LIB amusement from the "yes" men. Vadim moves closer:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (CONT'D)

Listen uh, I come to you, I tell  
you I got some friends bringin' a  
load in here, maybe something big--  
I'm just talking now--they bring it  
in, how do you feel about that?

BOBBY GREEN

Your uncle loses his license, he  
ain't gonna be too happy.

VADIM NEZHINSKI

Well, upstairs don't gotta know  
everything, am I right? Place gets  
packed every night, everybody wins.

Bobby does not respond, instead nodding to some patrons who shout out hellos. Vadim shakes Bobby's shoulder with affection. Intimate:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (CONT'D)

You know, you should think about comin' in with us. You're popular-- you could help us...expand a little. A lotta money in it.

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah...I'll think about that.  
Rosario--I wanna talk to you.

VADIM NEZHINSKI

Go ahead. We'll talk.

Bobby takes Rosario by the arm away from the table.

THE BAR

As Bobby moves with Rosario to the bar:

(CONTINUED)

29.

CONTINUED:

ROSARIO DIAZ

It go good upstairs, baby?

BOBBY GREEN

You gotta stop dealing. You hear what I'm telling you?

These words hit Rosario, and we SEE that she's troubled by her own behavior because she stares at her shoes, momentarily speechless. He grabs her:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

You hear what I said?

ROSARIO DIAZ

Yeah, I heard. But I need the money right now, Bobby. And I'm

not gonna rely on you for  
EVERYTHING--

Bobby purses his lips, frustrated. Then:

BOBBY GREEN  
Just hold off then, for a little  
while. Okay? I got my reasons.

Momentarily confused, she mutters a "kay," then kisses  
him. Bobby moves the hair from Rosario's face.

ROSARIO DIAZ  
I love you...

BOBBY'S ABOUT TO RESPOND IN KIND WHEN... All of a SUDDEN:  
BOOM! PANIC. SCREAMING. LIGHTS.

The DOORS at the club's entrance have burst open. LOUD,  
like a gunshot. COPS enter. Plainclothes and uniformed  
both. JOSEPH comes in, holds up his badge, which hangs  
around his neck. WITH COMMAND:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
Everybody! Get your hands on your  
head and don't fuckin' move!  
(to a woman)  
Turn off that music. Right now!

FOUR UNIFORMED COPS BOLT straight to the COAT CHECK AREA.  
ALL KINDS OF DRUGS and WEAPONS start falling to the FLOOR.  
The patrons are desperate to get rid of any incriminating  
evidence, and BOTH MEN AND WOMEN RUN TO THE BATHROOMS.

30.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Several patrons start DUMPING NARCOTICS INTO THE TOILET  
BOWLS when MANY COPS ENTER and, with ferocity, hit them  
with batons to corral them. The TOILETS are backing up...

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM

Some girls rush in, others are already inside. Two PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN are in the corner, FREEBASING, when COPS BURST IN. One of the Pretty Girls, out of surprise, starts to shake the small pipe flame to extinguish it. The opposite occurs, and the flame IGNITES THE ETHER. THE TWO GIRLS BURST INTO FLAMES.

COPS

Holy shit! Get the extinguishers--  
call paramedics!

INT. MAIN ROOM

The cops pin EVERYONE up against the wall or on the ground. EVERYONE IS LINED UP, SEARCHED. I.D.s are checked. Bobby turns to Rosario:

BOBBY GREEN

Gimme your shit!

Troubled, she nonetheless puts a handful of pills in his palm. Bobby quickly SWALLOWS them. A UNIFORMED COP approaches Bobby:

UNIFORMED COP

Hey! I saw that! Get your hands  
on your fuckin' head!

Bobby is brutally shoved to the floor and searched; Rosario is tossed aside. The Uniformed Cop, to someone else:

UNIFORMED COP (CONT'D)

Jessie! This one just ingested!

All patrons in the club, with rare exception, get forcibly lined up, HANDS CLASPED on the backs of their heads. PARAMEDICS SPEED to the LADIES' ROOM. JESSIE THE COP takes out a ketchup squeeze bottle--except it's black--and forcibly fills Bobby's mouth with charcoal:

PARAMEDIC

Arright, open up--a little  
charcoal, to absorb the toxin...

(CONTINUED)

31.

CONTINUED:

As Bobby gags, JOSEPH walks through the club with confidence. The place, though absolutely packed, is uncharacteristically SILENT. He turns to UNIFORMED COP #2:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Give everybody a toss. G.Q.--

This gets Mike's attention. Joseph signals something to him, he nods, moves to the back. Joseph walks over to LOUIS, pokes his gut:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Too much pizza, right there.

Several COPS laugh. Then: Joseph SEES Bobby, and vice versa. CLOSE SHOT on JOSEPH. He sobers, his brashness muted. Joe walks toward Vadim and his party. Vadim has his face to the wall. Joseph kicks his legs further apart. (Joseph takes his frustration about his brother out on Vadim.) In Russian, SUBTITLED:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Turn around... Turn around!

Vadim turns around. Joseph starts to search him. He pulls a WAD OF MONEY from Vadim's pocket:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

What is this?

(BEAT)

Want me to double your money? Huh?

Vadim doesn't answer. Joseph takes out a HUGE SWISS ARMY KNIFE he's got on his keychain. He cuts the wad in half.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Okay. It's doubled now, how's that.

Michael and Jack search the other members of Vadim's party.

They rip out pockets. Michael points to a WOMAN'S FUR:

MICHAEL SOLO  
You got anything in there?

He motions for the MINK. She hands it over. HE PATS IT  
DOWN CAREFULLY. NOTHING.

ACROSS THE ROOM

The Uniformed Cop puts handcuffs on Bobby and others.  
Rosario watches, upset but powerless. Louis is down, next  
to Bobby. Unwittingly referring to Bobby's brother:

(CONTINUED)

32.

CONTINUED: (2)

LOUIS FALSETTI  
Jesus, that cop's crazy!

UNIFORMED COP  
Hey! Fat Albert! Shut your  
fuckin' mouth!

SEVERAL OFFICERS charge through now, PULLING THE LATINO MAN  
AND THE YOUNG DARK-SKINNED WHITE MAN (in cuffs) from behind  
the coat check. Bobby is pulled up, on his feet.

BACK TO

Joseph interrogating Vadim. As he looks through I.D.:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (SUBTITLE)  
You got a cross AND a Jewish star  
on you?

VADIM NEZHINSKI (SUBTITLE)  
The cross is for good luck.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
What's the star for?

VADIM NEZHINSKI

That one's for God.

Just then, MICHAEL SOLO interjects. In Joseph's ear:

MICHAEL SOLO  
Coupla dimes on `em--cocaine, a  
little PCP.

Joseph nods, acknowledging this news. He EYES Vadim, then  
turns to the TWO MEN:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
Okay, let's go. You. And you--  
(to the Young Man)  
You're under arrest, possession and  
sale of narcotics--

Michael reads two other men, one of whom is a TALL MAN from  
near the table (a lookout, perhaps), their Miranda rights  
in a totally perfunctory manner. Almost mumbles them.

PARAMEDICS exit the WOMEN'S ROOM. Girls are on STRETCHERS.

MARAT BUZHAYEV enters the main room of the club. He is  
ESCORTED by TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS, who are very obviously  
NOT ARRESTING HIM. They are asking him questions and  
writing down his comments. He TURNS TO SEE:

(CONTINUED)

33.

CONTINUED: (3)

A HUMILIATED BOBBY, who eyes him back. Bobby is then  
quickly ushered out along with tens of others. Marat  
watches, as does Rosario. Louis and Rosario are left  
behind, not having been arrested. Neither has VADIM.  
Joseph moves close to Vadim. With arrogant brio, re: the  
Dark-Skinned White Man, in Russian, subtitled:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)  
Your boy's gonna turn. And then  
we'll come back for you.

JOSEPH EYES VADIM, virtually mocking him. VADIM EYES JOE

BACK with SILENT RAGE on his face. Then the cops push THE YOUNG DARK-SKINNED MAN out, and as they do, he turns back to Vadim. The Young Man is TERRIFIED. Bobby, too, is hauled out like a common criminal. Cuffed...

INT. POLICE SERVICE AREA NUMBER TWO - HOLDING CELLS

The station: 1980's-era, very unlike ones seen on T.V. The walls are tan brick, peppered with fallout shelter signs. Archaic, Robert Moses era-like. Lit entirely by large fluorescents overhead, noticeably free of those desks and typewriters that are familiar to us from other cop movies. A big sign above a bulletin board reads, "WE OWN THE NIGHT." Bobby is led in by a PORTLY COP. A madhouse. There is BLOOD all over the floor, forming a LAKE.

PORTLY COP

Jesus Christ, what the hell's goin'  
on in here?

The Young Dark-Skinned Man is right outside the cell, his body in spasm, covered with blood coursing from his neck. Cops huddle around him as he kicks and screams.

UNIFORMED COP

Russian guy fuckin' slashed  
himself!

After seeing this, Bobby is shoved in his cell, his nose still leaking the charcoal, blood all over his shoes. After a beat, he lies down on the cot...

EXT. STATION - DAWN

Bobby exits, walks toward the nearby SUBWAY STATION. SPOTS BURT, who's waiting for him. Bobby ignores him:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Where you going? I was the one who  
got you outta there!

(CONTINUED)

34.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN

Thanks a lot. I appreciate it.

BURT GRUSINSKY

You're a real big shot, aren't you!  
You see what happened in there last  
night? Hey--I'm talking to you!

Burt grabs his son's arm. Moves closer:

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

You know, you and your  
girlfriend're only getting off  
'cause of your brother. Up to me,  
you'd sit in there another couple  
days.

Bobby looks around. Nobody's listening. He opens up.  
With quiet but real fury, and total sarcasm:

BOBBY GREEN

Okay, I'll go thank him too then.  
He comes in, raids the fuckin'  
place--now I gotta go beg `em not  
to fire me--

BURT GRUSINSKY

Fire you?! From what? Probably  
the best thing that ever happened  
to you!

BOBBY GREEN

Fuck you, Pop. Fuck the both of  
you's.

Enraged, Burt SLAPS his SON on the side of the head:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Don't EVER speak to me like that  
again. You hear me? I'll rap you  
right in the mouth!

BOBBY GREEN

You fuckin' touch me!? You gonna

fuckin' touch me?!?

Bobby COCKS HIS FIST. BUT BURT IS READY. A STANDOFF.  
Then Bobby decides against it, bolts. On BURT as we GO TO:

INT. MARAT'S APARTMENT - DAY

BOBBY ENTERS. Packed with people. A family get-together  
for Thanksgiving. Children abound, a PARTY atmosphere.  
BOBBY is in the FOYER, holding a cake he's brought.

(CONTINUED)

35.

CONTINUED:

Several FURS laid out on a felt-covered bench. Into the  
LIVING ROOM, he sees Masha and ELI seated on the couch,  
holding the hand of their son, who is dressed in a striped  
suit. Upon seeing Bobby, ELI NODS TO HIM and Masha enters  
the foyer, greeting Bobby with a kiss on both cheeks and  
taking the wrapped present from him.

INT. DINING ROOM

Bobby enters. Sitting at the large table is MARAT, playing  
with one of his grandchildren. Bobby knocks on the  
doorframe to announce his entrance. When Buzhayev spots  
him, the child hides behind Marat's leg. Marat lets out a  
laugh at this; to the child:

MARAT BUZHAYEV

No no--it's okay. Say hello...

The boy waves perfunctorily.

MARAT BUZHAYEV (CONT'D)

Now--we go this week to the field,  
okay? To ride the horses? Go to  
Mama.

Marat addresses the boy clutching his leg (AD-LIB a Russian  
"go"), kisses him, and the child runs off. Bobby steps  
closer to Marat:

BOBBY GREEN

Mr. Buzhayev... I'm real sorry

about what happened the other  
night.

(BEAT)

[If] I was working, maybe I  
would've been able to do something,  
but... Anyway, I'm sorry.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

It's not your fault...

Marat darkens considerably. More interior tone, almost as  
much for himself as for Bobby:

MARAT BUZHAYEV (CONT'D)

You can't always control everyone  
in your family...

(BEAT)

My nephew, he don't come back to  
the club anymore.

Marat brings his hand to his head, looks pained.

(CONTINUED)

36.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN

You don't mind my saying, I think  
that's probably the right thing to  
do.

(BEAT)

Things get back to normal, I'm  
hoping we could get started on what  
we talked about.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

(shakes his head)

We need time for the bad publicity  
to go away.

BOBBY GREEN

Mr. Buzhayev, my getting arrested

ain't gonna be a problem. I don't  
got a record--

With great effort, Marat stands.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

I know. I don't worry about any of  
that.

He puts his arm around Bobby's shoulder.

MARAT BUZHAYEV (CONT'D)

I used to teach chemistry before I  
come over here, and now I have the  
fur store, and this. One thing I  
learned here, you can always start  
over. So don't worry--someday, we  
do it. Okay? Someday.

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah... All right...

KALINA BUZHAYEV (O.C.; SUBTITLE)

Food is ready!

Marat looks at Bobby with great sympathy as they walk  
toward the LIVING ROOM.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

You take some time off, everything  
will be fixed in a little bit.  
Then you come back. I pay you for  
the time. Come on...

Bobby mutters a "THANK YOU." Buzhayev touches his cheek.  
Marat then turns back into THE DINING ROOM, spreading his  
arms affectionately and wide, yelling "OHHH" to the  
children as they cheer. ANGLE ON BOBBY as we GO TO:

37.

INT. POLICE SERVICE AREA NUMBER TWO - UPSTAIRS OFFICE

Present: Joseph, Michael, Jack. Joe's seated at the head

of a long table, which is covered with coffee, deli sandwich remnants, and police reports, etc. They are working; we greet them in media res.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

He stabbed himself, he was a bundle  
guy. Mighta known how they're  
movin' it. See, that's the key--

ALL OF A SUDDEN, IN COMES BOBBY. Intense beat. Finally:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

We waited `til it was your day off.

(BEAT)

We had to go--I'm sorry.

Beat. Bobby takes a step toward him:

BOBBY GREEN

You had to hit that spot.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Nezhinski was seen there, Bobby!  
What am I supposed to do--announce  
it in advance, compromise the whole  
thing?

(BEAT)

C'mon.

BOBBY GREEN

I had plans down there.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Yeah, well, I tried. What do you  
want from me, anyway? You know,  
you're standing there feeling sorry  
for yourself, but you wouldn't be  
in this shit if you didn't fuck  
around in the first place.

BOBBY GREEN

You got real balls saying that to  
me. I made something for myself,  
and you come in and fuck it up?  
Just `cause I'm not trying to be  
like you? And Pop--

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
Bobby, you're the one acting like  
you're above it all all the time!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38.

CONTINUED:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)  
Fuckin' around with your little  
Puerto Rican all day--

BOBBY GREEN  
What did you call her?

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
You heard me. Have some fucking  
class for once.

Bobby takes another confrontational step forward. Raging:

BOBBY GREEN  
You piece of shit...

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
(ignoring him)  
[You] go around like you're a big  
shot... You're a joke! Grow up  
already! Fuckin' loser...

Bobby LUNGES forward, grabbing his brother. Joseph leaps  
up out of the chair. A FIGHT. Awkward punches are thrown.  
Messy. Jack and Mike leap in, trying to pull the two  
apart, hollering "BREAK IT UP" AD-LIBS. The two are split  
up, panting...

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)  
You come at me like that...?  
(BEAT)  
Don't come around me no more--I  
don't wanna have to look at your  
fuckin' face ever again.

BOBBY GREEN  
Fine with me, you motherfucker!

Bobby exits, slamming the door. ANGLE ON JOSEPH, distressed. Silence, then:

MICHAEL SOLO

I don't know, Joe--forgive me, but  
uh, your brother... Ever since  
your mother got sick--

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

(INTERRUPTING)

Do me a favor, don't get involved.  
(BEAT)  
We'll pick this up tomorrow. I'm  
gonna go home.

Michael is quieted as Joseph packs his briefcase...

39.

EXT. JOSEPH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joseph drives up to the house, a working-class part of Queens. He parks the car.

INT. CAR

Joseph looks at his knuckles. They are bruised and bleeding. Emotional about the fight, he looks toward his lit house, then opens the car door.

EXT. CAR

Joseph drops his keys as he exits. Reaching down for them on the asphalt, he HEARS a SOUND and LOOKS up and to his left. A MAN WITH A HOOD OVER HIS HEAD. Looks almost like an old-time Klansman, with two holes cut into the hood for his eyes. He's pointing a GUN RIGHT AT JOSEPH. Joseph's eyes pop, and he lets out a quick gasp--but he has no real time to react. The man pulls the trigger. A THUNDERCLAP slaps the silence in the neighborhood: THE GUN HAS FIRED. A FLASH OF LIGHT.

A MIST OF BLOOD plumes around Joseph's head. The bullet

hits Joseph in the face, through the CHEEK. HE snaps back spasmodically.

AN AUTOMOBILE, a MONTE CARLO, pulls up to the scene of the crime. Another HOODED MAN in the back seat throws what looks like a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL into Joseph's CAR. The AUTO starts to BURN. Joseph lies on the sidewalk, bullet in the head, his blood everywhere. He seems pretty dead to us. The Monte Carlo SPEEDS OFF.

INT. MONTE CARLO

The Shooter slumps into his seat, ducking out of sight of the street. He pulls the hood off, over his head. It is VADIM NEZHINSKI. In Russian:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (SUBTITLE)  
Get us onto the expressway... Move!

EXT. STREET

Joseph, on the ground. The car burns in relative silence. Dogs barking in the neighborhood. A beat.

INT. POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE BOXING GYM - NIGHT

The PAL gym, filled with off-duty cops boxing, jumping rope. BURT hits a large bag that swings from the ceiling. He is dressed in sweatpants and a V-neck undershirt.

(CONTINUED)

40.

CONTINUED:

As he hammers away, he is involved in some CHEERFUL BANTER with fellow cops:

BURT GRUSINSKY  
You gotta keep your hands up! Keep  
your hands up!

Then he SEES, in a LARGE MIRROR: TWO UNIFORMED COPS and the POLICE CHAPLAIN EDWIN O'CONNOR, standing near the doorway. He stops his exercise. They approach him.

UNIFORMED COP

Chief...?

After a long beat, Burt's expression changes, and he senses something bad. A long look at the men. Then:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Which kid is it?

The cops turn to each other. Burt tries to prep himself, but it's impossible; we SEE the cracks in his sangfroid:

POLICE CHAPLAIN

It's Joseph. He's at St. John's  
Hospital.

(BEAT)

It don't look good right now.

Burt does his best to stay stoic.

UNIFORMED COP

You want us to contact your other  
son--?

BURT GRUSINSKY

No. Go on, I'll be right out...

Hesitantly, they leave. He crouches near his gymbag. Closes his eyes. The color drains from his face. Then, seeing other cops eyeing him:

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

What're you lookin' at?!?

(SOFTER)

It's got nothing to do with you...

ALL OF A SUDDEN, as if he's been SHOT, he COLLAPSES.

RANDOM BOXING OFFICERS

Chief! Chief, you all right?

41.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SMOKE AND DRINK everywhere. MADONNA'S "DRESS YOU UP" plays

in the background. CROWDED. Bobby, Rosario, and Louis are at the center of a poker game. Lou sits next to Bobby, partnering with him in the game and whispering into his ear from time to time. Rosario sits next to Bobby and watches the game intently.

The poker pot seems exceptionally large. A STOCKY LATINO MAN is the main one competing with Bobby. Bobby's a mess, maybe worse than we've yet seen him. But he is HAPPILY DRUNK, his eyes BLOODSHOT. He and Louis look at their cards. Rosario turns, looks at Bobby for a BEAT. She sees a small bruise he's got on his forehead, kisses it.

ROSARIO DIAZ

Baby, you got a little bruise here--

BOBBY GREEN

That ain't nothing.

He starts rubbing her between the legs, under the table. She kisses his bruise again. Louis pokes her. Smiling and pointing to his crotch:

LOUIS FALSETTI

I got a bruise too, you know--right here!

Rosario lets out a loud laugh. Louis whispers pearls of wisdom to Bobby:

LOUIS FALSETTI (CONT'D)

So Bob, I think we fold.

(BEAT)

We fold, right?

Bobby ignores him. Instead, aloud, to the Latino man:

BOBBY GREEN

We'll see you and bump you two C's.

LOUIS FALSETTI

(whispered too loud)

We will?

Bobby turns to him, winks. The PHONE IS RINGING. A LOT. ROSARIO gets up, walks over to the phone near the sofa and

picks up with a soft "hello". Meanwhile, Bobby puts a whole lot of cash in the middle. The Latino Man looks at him like he's crazy. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

42.

CONTINUED:

STOCKY LATINO MAN

Call.

Bobby takes a SHOT OF LIQUOR. Turns over his cards. He has a pair of QUEENS:

BOBBY GREEN

Siegfried and Roy, baby! Two fucking queens!

STOCKY LATINO MAN

Goddamnit!

A pair of tens. Bobby stands, CLAPS ONCE. Lou, thrilled, jumps up and HUGS Bobby.

LOUIS FALSETTI

Bobkes, I love you!

Rosario has a slightly serious look on her face as she calls out to Bobby:

ROSARIO DIAZ

Bobby--it's for you!

BOBBY GREEN

Who is it?

She shakes her head as if to say, "I don't know." Slightly peeved that he needs to attend to the call, he leaves the table. As he does so, Louis, to some girl, proudly:

LOUIS FALSETTI

I was the one told him to keep goin'!

Then Louis grabs the pot for himself as Bobby picks up the phone, several feet away from the ruckus. He covers his free ear with his hand to hear better:

BOBBY GREEN

Hello?

MICHAEL SOLO (PHONE FILTER)

Bobby, it's Michael Solo--I got some bad news.

(BEAT)

Your brother's been shot. He's at St. John's--they're workin' on him now. I just thought you should know.

(CONTINUED)

43.

CONTINUED: (2)

Bobby, of course, is stunned. The poker table in the background is a riot, a contrast to the sober message Bobby's getting. He turns his back to the crowd; sotto:

BOBBY GREEN

Is--is he gonna be all right?

MICHAEL SOLO

Listen, your father's coming--I gotta go. But he's at St. John's.

HANG UP. Bobby waits a beat, frozen, then does the same. Rosario knows something is wrong, approaches him.

ROSARIO DIAZ

Bobby?

BOBBY GREEN

My brother was shot...they're operating on him now.

Rosario sees how remote he is, what a blow it is. She pulls him to her:

ROSARIO DIAZ

You gotta go see him--be there for him and your father.

Bobby eyes her, walks to the table. A CLOSE SHOT on him.

BOBBY GREEN

Game's over, everybody.

STOCKY LATINO MAN

What, you shuttin' it down?!?

BOBBY GREEN

That's right. I gotta go.

LOUIS FALSETTI

Bobkes--? What's wrong?

STOCKY LATINO MAN

Fuck you, man! We're in deep here!

Bobby grabs his coat. Rosario responds in kind, moves to Bobby. He spins to her. In hushed tones:

BOBBY GREEN

What're you doing?

ROSARIO DIAZ

I wanna come too. For you--

(CONTINUED)

44.

CONTINUED: (3)

BOBBY GREEN

No--it's gonna be a fuckin' scene. I'll call you later.

ROSARIO DIAZ

BOBBY--

BOBBY GREEN

Don't argue.

Bobby moves to Louis:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Louis, lock up and take her home.

LOUIS FALSETTI

(confused, he nods)

Sure, Bob. Everything cool?

Hurt, Rosario spins around and enters Bobby's room, closing the door behind her.

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah, no--I just remembered I gotta do something, that's all--

Pats Louis' arm as if to reassure him. Then the Latino Man tries to grab some of the pot. OTHER PLAYERS REVOLT:

OTHER PLAYERS

Hey--HEY! What the fuck?!?

A FIGHT BREAKS OUT. Louis moves over to the WOMEN, holding them back (odd--they weren't going anywhere to begin with):

LOUIS FALSETTI

Take it easy, TAKE IT EASY! Calm down and everything'll be, uh, non compos mentis!

PUSHING, SHOVING. PUNCHING. Bobby exits his place, leaving behind Rosario and Louis and chaos...

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Bobby walks briskly to the entrance. MEDIA are all around, but they aren't paying attention to him. They are elsewhere, with members of the police, each other, etc....

INT. E.R. WAITING ROOM

He enters. The room is jammed with officers and friends, including many faces from the opening party.

(CONTINUED)

45.

CONTINUED:

Most of the cops don't seem to recognize Bobby at all. All the NEWS MEDIA are outside, banned from the hospital's interior.

BURT emerges from the hallway. He sees Bobby, at first comforted by the sight of his son. But quickly he darkens, and starts to walk right past him. Sotto:

BOBBY GREEN

Pop?

Burt keeps walking. Bobby follows:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Pop, he all right?

Bobby touches his father's arm, and Burt spins around:

BURT GRUSINSKY

What do you want? You stayed out of it--you got what you wanted. Why don't you go somewhere and pick a fight--you're good at that!

Bobby is speechless for a moment. Burt pulls his arm away and walks on. A MUSTACHIOED COP approaches Burt:

MUSTACHIOED COP

Chief, the union sent a shrink over for you--

BURT GRUSINSKY

Nah, I don't want that crap.

ENTER: someone we recognize as the MAYOR storms in with his ENTOURAGE. The COMMISSIONER (WILLIAM RUDDY--we'll see him later) and Deputy Commissioner Spiro Giavannis are with him too. They approach Burt. Bobby moves aside.

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Hello, your honor. Commissioner.  
Thank you for coming.

MAYOR

Chief Grusinsky, an attack on an  
officer is an attack on society.  
Whoever did this, in a clean  
neighborhood like that--they gotta  
be hunted down like animals.

BURT GRUSINSKY

We'll get `em, your honor. I'm  
gonna come back in and run it  
myself--we'll get `em.

(CONTINUED)

46.

CONTINUED: (2)

Meanwhile: MICHAEL takes Bobby's arm, walks him into:

INT. SMALL PHONE ROOM

A small room with payphones. There's a window through  
which we can SEE the WAITING ROOM.

MICHAEL SOLO

The shot went in his cheek and come  
out through the jaw. It missed his  
brain, thank God.

CLOSE SHOT on BOBBY.

MICHAEL SOLO (CONT'D)

He was real lucky--considering.

BOBBY GREEN

(almost to himself)

I need to see him...

Bobby starts to exit. Michael stops him:

MICHAEL SOLO

Bobby--that ain't a good idea.

(BEAT)

I probably should've told you not to come down here--there're a lotta things going on right now.

A beat, then:

BOBBY GREEN

You guys blaming me for this? Is that it?

MICHAEL SOLO

Listen, I ain't judging you--I called you `cause I thought you had a right to know. But we're gonna be going hard after Nezhinski--and maybe some other people you're close to. Like that girl you know--

BOBBY GREEN

That's bullshit--she's clean. You fuckin' keep away from her.

Bobby realizes that NO ONE WANTS HIM HERE. He looks through the glass to SEE Burt, still speaking to the Mayor. Bobby storms out of the room to:

47.

INT. HALLWAY

He turns toward Intensive Care. SEES a CROWD DOWN THE HALL. Two GUARDS block the doors to the ward. Determined, Bobby decides to walk over.

GUARD

Sorry. Nobody's allowed in except immediate family.

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah. That's me.

GUARD

You got some I.D.?

Bobby hurriedly takes out his wallet. As he does, we HEAR a SOFT CHIME. A WOMAN'S VOICE SOUNDS on the P.A.:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Good evening. As a friendly reminder, visiting hours will be over in five minutes. Thank you.

GUARD

Says here your name is "Green."

BOBBY GREEN

Look--I'm his brother, you fuckin' hard-on!

GUARD

I'm sorry.

Bobby stares at the men for a beat, then makes his move. Charges past the Guard.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey!

The Guards stop him, and a messy struggle ensues.

All of a sudden, Joseph's wife SANDRA emerges from the ward. She looks devastated. The struggle stops. All fall silent, out of respect. Bobby steps back. Sandra turns to look at Bobby. To the Guards:

SANDRA GRUSINSKY

It's okay.

Bobby walks toward the entrance. Stops. Sandra seems to read his mind, speaks:

(CONTINUED)

48.

CONTINUED:

SANDRA GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

He's alone. Your father just left  
for the precinct.

Bobby nods subtly, mouths a "THANK YOU." The Guards step  
aside. He walks to the doors. Pauses. ENTERS:

INT. WARD

Joseph's bed is in the back of the large space. His face  
is blocked by hospital curtains. Bobby steps forward.

Slowly, he walks to his brother's bed. He peels away the  
CURTAIN. Looks at JOSEPH'S FACE. Joseph's visage is  
completely RAVAGED on the left side, covered with bandages  
that are soaked with blood. A TERRIBLE IMAGE. The emotion  
surges within him; he's HEARTBROKEN.

It is a surprisingly painful moment. We can TELL he didn't  
expect this level of destruction. His mouth drops open  
slightly. Joseph's eyes open just a bit but don't look at  
Bobby. Bobby slowly lifts his fingers, touches Joe's arm  
gently. His fingers move down to his brother's hand.  
Joseph is unresponsive but conscious. All of a sudden:

NURSE

Sir...?

Joseph's hand closes around Bobby's fingers. The  
connection is huge. Bobby's eyes well up, and he rubs  
them, almost ashamed of the emotion. It is a shocking  
OUTPOURING of FEELING from him.

He leans over haltingly, kisses his brother's forehead:

NURSE (CONT'D)

Sir, I'm sorry--I.C.U. visiting  
hours are over.

He waits a beat. The Nurse gently pulls his shoulder. He  
backs away, his eyes reddened. The camera MOVES INTO a  
CLOSE SHOT on BOBBY as we GO TO:

INT. TENEMENT - HALLWAY

A loud, active hallway of a housing project. Graffiti on  
the walls, trash on the floor, but FULL OF LIFE.

Bobby emerges from the elevator, emotionally distraught. He SEES, in one far corner of the hall, two young Latino teens smoking CRACK.

He goes to one of the apartment doors, KNOCKS. Opening the door is a LATE MIDDLE-AGED LATINO WOMAN.

(CONTINUED)

49.

CONTINUED:

Behind her, is ROSARIO. (The woman who answers the door is clearly Rosario's mother.)

INT. ROSARIO'S APARTMENT - FOYER

Rosario's mother discreetly backs away from the door. He and Rosario stare at each other for a moment. Bobby gropes for words. His emotions bubble up inside of him; then, barely audible, his voice cracking:

BOBBY GREEN

...Feels like it was my fault...

He sinks down, holding her tight, his head at her stomach. She gently strokes his hair, kissing the top of his head.

She shakes her head to reassure him, whispering "no...no...". In this moment, he needs her. In this moment, he is like a twelve year-old boy...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFE CAPPUCCINO - BRIGHTON AVENUE - NIGHT

Across from the El Caribe. It's like a scene out of Balm in Gilead here--raucous clubgoers are eating burgers and drinking coffee after their nights on the town. Bobby and Rosario and Louis sit at one of the tables. Bobby kisses Rosario on her forehead as she reaches into her purse. She looks through a small ziplock bag with a vial of cocaine. Louis, meanwhile, is unaware of Bobby's state of mind, and is busy putting on a show--as usual:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Where'd you run off to, like a Jew?  
You got outta there, it became like  
a real zoo. The spics--  
(looks to Rosario)  
'Scuse me--the P.R.s, they're goin'  
nuts for the money--picka picka  
picka picka--and the girls, they're  
screamin', and I'm keepin'  
everybody in line. I'm fuckin'  
bustin' heads, like Bruce Lee--I'm  
fuckin' bustin' heads--

He gets up and starts kicking and chopping in the air in  
the clumsiest manner possible. Accidentally kicks the  
waitress, who's bringing the check.

LOUIS FALSETTI (CONTD)  
Oh, 'scuse me, sorry about that.

Bobby picks up the check, hands Louis some cash.

(CONTINUED)

50.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN  
Hercules, do me a favor--before you  
kill a waitress, go pay the check.

LOUIS FALSETTI  
Arright. But I'll tell you Bobkes,  
nobody else could ever do for you  
what I did.

Louis smiles, walks off. Scoops up the tip from a nearby  
table.

BOBBY GREEN  
Don't tell Louis nothing about what  
happened. Far as he knows, my  
family moved away, [a] long time  
ago.

ROSARIO DIAZ

I ain't ever gonna say nothing! I  
just thought...maybe he could cheer  
you up a little.

Bobby kisses her atop her head. JUST THEN: VADIM AND HIS  
GANG enter the establishment. They create a ruckus.  
Spotting Bobby and Rosario, Vadim ambles toward them:

VADIM NEZHINSKI  
Hey, look who's here!

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Hey Vadim...  
(as Vadim approaches)  
We were just gettin' something to  
eat.

VADIM NEZHINSKI  
(nods; to Bobby:)  
You make it through that bust okay?

Bobby gives a simple nod as well. Inside, Bobby is  
extremely uneasy, though outwardly he is quietly confident:

BOBBY GREEN  
I didn't have nothing on me.

VADIM NEZHINSKI  
Glad to hear it.

Without making eye contact, Bobby shrugs; then:

BOBBY GREEN  
Your uncle's got some problems now,  
though.

(CONTINUED)

51.

CONTINUED: (2)

VADIM NEZHINSKI  
(SHRUGS)  
He does what he gotta do, I do what  
I gotta do. He don't own me.

BOBBY GREEN

(to Rosario)

Baby--why don't you go keep Jumbo company, make sure he leaves a tip.

ROSARIO DIAZ

'Kay...

Rosario leaves the table. Two GIRLS walk by:

GIRL

Hi, Bobby!

Bobby nods to them. Vadim watches them walk away. Then:

VADIM NEZHINSKI

You know--

(moves closer;

WHISPERED:)

I still got my shit coming in.

Some of us think you could help get it out there.

BOBBY GREEN

It's a little dangerous right now, don't you think?

VADIM NEZHINSKI

We got a lot of muscle behind us. Lotta muscle.

The brazenness of the comment shocks Bobby. He looks up, begins to focus. Incredulous. Softly, as the camera ZOOMS INTO a CLOSE ANGLE on BOBBY:

BOBBY GREEN

Muscle--?

VADIM NEZHINSKI

That's right.

BOBBY GREEN

A cop got hit today. They ain't never gonna sit still for that.

Another member of the gang speaks up: Pavel:

(CONTINUED)

52.

CONTINUED: (3)

PAVEL LUBYARSKY

Police are a fuckin' joke, dude--  
the Mickey Mouse ain't gonna do  
nothing.

Pavel LAUGHS, and Bobby looks at him with real resentment.  
Vadim pushes Pavel aside, motions for him to sit down  
elsewhere. Vadim pulls up a chair. Sits down. Intimate:

VADIM NEZHINSKI

Bobby, those cops--they, they ain't  
no problem.

Vadim turns over his hand. A SPIDER WEB TATTOO graces the  
palm of his right hand:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (CONT'D)

You see this? I got this on the  
inside, at Tchita. You earn these.

(QUIET)

So don't worry--we'll get `em all.  
Cut off the head, the body'll fall,  
right? You keep on doin' it `til  
they get the message.

(even quieter)

We got all their names. On a list.

Vadim leans back in his chair. Bobby's eyes widen. Vadim  
makes a "POP" sound. Bobby tries to hide his shock. Vadim  
grabs Bobby's arm, squeezes it.

VADIM NEZHINSKI CONT'D)

Just think about it. You change  
your mind, you call Pavel.

BOBBY GREEN

(nods; then)

I'll see you around...

And the men move to another table. Bobby looks at Rosario and Louis, who're standing by the register. They turn back to Bobby and SMILE, totally unaware of the conversation that's just taken place. CLOSE SHOT ON BOBBY as we GO TO:

EXT. POLICE SERVICE AREA NUMBER TWO

It's a huge municipal structure. Bobby bolts inside.

INT. POLICE SERVICE AREA TWO - ENTRANCE

The place is hopping, with police everywhere. Almost like a fraternity house. BOBBY CHARGES IN, looks around. Pushes his way through the crowd toward the main desk.

(CONTINUED)

53.

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT PROVENZANO, forties, rings a SILVER BELL, which is engraved with the words, "Homicide Bell." The room quiets down. Provenzano holds up his hands. Grinning:

SERGEANT PROVENZANO

Everybody! Our little "A" House  
got another coupla stiffs today, so  
it's time for another poem!

(catcalls; reads from  
a pad)

"The people of Brooklyn have been  
volleyed and thundered; at last the  
number slaughtered has reached one  
hundred!"

APPLAUSE. Provenzano bows. BOBBY shoves his way through the crowd. Urgently:

BOBBY GREEN

I need to find Deputy Chief  
Grusinsky.

SERGEANT PROVENZANO

Oh, uh, he's on the second floor, I

think. In the muster room.

EXT. POLICE SERVICE AREA NUMBER TWO - HALLWAY

Bobby looks down the hall. He SEES his father, talking to a CROWD of UNIFORMED COPS. Burt sees him, keeps talking. Bobby touches his arm.

BOBBY GREEN

Pop, I gotta talk to you.

BURT GRUSINSKY

I'm working.

BOBBY GREEN

It's important--I got information.

Bobby pulls his father aside, looks around to be sure the two of them are out of earshot of others. Forcefully:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

It's about you.

Burt is surprised. His attention sharpens:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

It's bad.

Burt realizes the severity. Then we HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

54.

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL SOLO (O.S.)

Jesus Christ, you gotta be kidding me!

INT. POLICE SERVICE AREA NUMBER TWO - MUSTER ROOM

A large room, lit by fluorescents. Mostly empty of furniture in the center, with vending machines against the wall and a sole IBM PC in a corner. A huge GUN RACK is on

the wall, conspicuous, a hint perhaps of the violence to come. It is Bobby and Burt, Jack and Michael. Bobby's been telling his story. He and Burt are seated--Jack looks out the small window in the door, then turns the LOCK for privacy; and a nervous Michael is pacing:

MICHAEL SOLO  
Nezhinski got a hit list? On us?!?

Bobby looks at his father, then nods. Mouths an almost INAUDIBLE:

BOBBY GREEN  
Yeah...

Michael purses his lips, then spins around to Burt.

MICHAEL SOLO  
We gotta go bust `em, Burt--right now.

ANGLE ON BURT. He betrays no hint of concern:

BURT GRUSINSKY  
No. They'll be back on the street in a day. We gotta try and catch `em with their hands full--find out where they got the real weight. Then we can move.

MICHAEL SOLO  
That could take us forever!

BURT GRUSINSKY  
Doesn't matter. It's our only play.

Uncustomarily, Jack speaks:

JACK SHAPIRO  
I say we go hit `em all. Wipe `em out, suicide-by-cop--

BURT GRUSINSKY  
What're you talkin' about?! C'mon, don't be a first-class schmuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK SHAPIRO

But we don't got the time to  
infiltrate `em--

Burt lets his temper flare; briefly, we SEE a more mature  
version of Bobby:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Then we make the time!

(to Mike, Bobby)

Look, I want you all to understand  
something--we don't ever play in  
the dirt here, okay? Not ever, no  
matter what!

(BEAT)

You piss in your pants, you only  
stay warm for so long.

MICHAEL SOLO

What about callin' in the Feds?  
They got a lot more juice than we  
DO--

BURT GRUSINSKY

Bunch of college boys from Kansas.  
We protect our own here.

Bobby sees an opening:

BOBBY GREEN

Pop, Nezhinski's been talkin' about  
a shipment he's got comin'. Maybe  
that's how you get to him.

MICHAEL SOLO

How you know about that, Bobby?

BOBBY GREEN

(somewhat sheepish)

They been wanting me to buy in for  
a while.

Michael turns to the others. Brightening:

MICHAEL SOLO

Well, maybe that's it, then. If we  
can get him--

(re: Bobby)

To set something up, maybe one of  
our uncles could move in--

(CONTINUED)

56.

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK SHAPIRO

(pointing to Bobby;  
with some ridicule)

It'd have to be him--

BURT GRUSINSKY

Forget it, both of you.

BOBBY GREEN

What do you mean, set something up?

BURT GRUSINSKY

BOBBY--

MICHAEL SOLO

You'd go set up a buy with `em,  
just like they've been asking you  
to. We follow you to the spot,  
bust `em a week later. That way,  
your name's clean, nobody knows  
you're involved--

BURT GRUSINSKY

That's too dangerous for him! We  
don't know how solid his cover is  
out there!

(to Bobby)

That girlfriend of yours, she knows about you, right? So can we just get back to the discussion please?

A beat. Bobby is dead serious:

BOBBY GREEN

Pop?

BURT GRUSINSKY

What?

BOBBY GREEN

You could trust her.

BURT GRUSINSKY

Good. I'm glad. But it's not happening. So forget it.

BOBBY GREEN

But...but you could get killed--

BURT GRUSINSKY

Don't worry about me, just worry about yourself, arright? Anything happens with your brother I'll call you. Goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

57.

CONTINUED: (3)

A beat. Bobby is still there, fixated.

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Goodbye!

Finally, Bobby exits. We GO TO:

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby enters his room, which is dark. Rosario is here, asleep. Her back to Bobby. Upon hearing him enter, she turns and looks at him (and US) in SLOW MOTION...

Bobby sits on the edge of the bed, touches her back. She senses something wrong and speaks, voice ravaged by sleep:

ROSARIO DIAZ

Everything okay?

(BEAT)

They said on the television your brother was doing better.

Bobby nods.

ROSARIO DIAZ (CONT'D)

Me and my mother, we said a prayer for him.

Something seems to dawn on Bobby:

BOBBY GREEN

Your mother's real important to you, ain't she. You'd do anything for her.

ROSARIO DIAZ

Yeah, I guess...

She looks at Bobby, who appears deep in thought:

ROSARIO DIAZ (CONT'D)

You thinking about your brother?  
About your family?

(BEAT)

There was nothing you could do...

Bobby leans over, kisses her:

BOBBY GREEN

Go back to sleep...

He lies down next to her, still fully clothed. Stares up at the ceiling. She whispers to him:

(CONTINUED)

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Bobby? It's all gonna work out...  
You'll see...

EXT. HOSPITAL - RAINY DAY

Burt and Jack and Michael. Burt is talking to the others in front of the hospital, but we are in WIDE SHOT, and we can't HEAR them. Burt shakes their hands, then walks inside. Mike and Jack walk in the opposite direction...

EXT. PARKING LOT

BOBBY stands inside an abandoned parking kiosk. (He's been watching from afar.) Jack and Mike approach their parked car. He tries to obscure himself partially inside the kiosk. They see him.

BOBBY GREEN  
You been up to see my brother...?

MICHAEL SOLO  
Yeah. Your father's still with him-  
-we were just gonna go back to the  
PSA. Try and figure out a tac plan  
on Nezhinski.

BOBBY GREEN  
...How's that been goin'...?

MICHAEL SOLO  
We don't got much yet, but we'll do  
our best.  
(BEAT)  
You all right?

Bobby hesitates, then reveals himself completely:

BOBBY GREEN  
Well I... I been thinking...if you  
could keep it confidential...?  
(BEAT)  
I'd make the connection for you.

MICHAEL SOLO

C'MON--BOBBY--

BOBBY GREEN

They trust me--we could go in  
large, use my money for the buy,  
they won't suspect anything--

(CONTINUED)

59.

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL SOLO

It's too dangerous--you heard your  
father.

BOBBY GREEN

(EMOTIONAL)

He don't gotta know anything about  
it. Does he?

MICHAEL SOLO

If anything went wrong, he'd never  
forgive us.

BOBBY GREEN

I know.

(BEAT)

It's just--I realized...

(strains to utter)

....my father dies `cause of all  
this, I couldn't live my life  
knowing I coulda done something.

(looks at both men)

I know the same is true for you. I  
know it is.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL, JACK.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

So please--can we do this...?

Jack, Michael turn to each other. Then: ANGLE ON BOBBY.

PRELAP a PHONE RINGING:

INT. "HELLO" PHONE OFFICE

A small office equipped with telephones, headsets, and fold out chairs. Lockers line the walls. Bobby's on the phone, waiting for someone to answer. REVEAL: Jack and Michael are here too, with HEADPHONES ON, LISTENING IN. Finally:

ACCENTED VOICE (PHONE FILTER)

Hello?

BOBBY GREEN

Hey. It's Bobby Green.

(BEAT)

I decided--I wanna buy in.

PAVEL LUBYARSKY (PHONE FILTER)

How much we talkin' `bout here,  
dude?

Bobby looks to the cops. They start mouthing something, but he ignores them:

(CONTINUED)

60.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN

Fifty k, to start.

Mike and Jack's hairs stand on end upon hearing this.

PAVEL LUBYARSKY

Oh, [the] man's gonna be good with  
that. How `bout tomorrow night?

BOBBY GREEN

Sounds good.

PAVEL LUBYARSKY

Arright. We'll meet at El Caribe,  
`round midnight?

(with a sly laugh)

That way, you could dance a little,

say hi to your girlfriend...

BOBBY GREEN

Okay. I'll see you tomorrow.

Bobby hangs up.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Most expensive phone call I ever  
made.

MICHAEL SOLO

We'll get it back for you.

Jack reaches into a nearby LOCKER for something, then  
approaches Bobby and hands him a small BLACK BEEPER.

MICHAEL SOLO (CONT'D)

Now listen: from now on, you'll get  
all your information through this,  
at an undisclosed location. Your  
contact with us is over after you  
leave here.

Bobby takes the BEEPER. Michael touches his shoulder:

MICHAEL SOLO (CONT'D)

Just be smart about things. Okay?  
You get burnt and we gotta put you  
in protection, it's still better  
than winding up dead. An informant  
dies, they talk about you for a  
day. A week later, ain't no one  
remembers your name.

(BEAT)

Moral of the story is, don't die.  
You understand?

(CONTINUED)

61.

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON BOBBY as he sobers. Nods. Then:

BOBBY GREEN

You need to promise me something, though. You won't investigate my girlfriend--she's, she don't know any better.

MICHAEL SOLO

She won't be a target. Just make sure she don't open her mouth.

BOBBY GREEN

I'll take care of it.

Michael grabs Bobby's shoulder, a gesture of affection.

MICHAEL SOLO

You know we know you your whole life, kid? Good luck.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Bobby enters the bedroom. Presses his answering machine button, and a message begins to play. It is Rosario.

ROSARIO DIAZ'S VOICE

Hi, Bobby. It's me. Just wanted to see how you were doing--I guess you're at the hospital now... I hope your family's doing good... Okay, I love you... Jumbo says hello too...

As her voice plays on the machine: he moves to the dresser, where he opens the top drawer. INSIDE: THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS--his SAVINGS. He begins to take the money out of the drawer and count it when: we HEAR a SOFT BUZZ. He quickly looks over, CHECKS THE BEEPER. He stares at the paged number...

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOW PARK - FOGGY DUSK

A MAN #1 stands by a bench, almost floating in the fog. He is stocky, dressed in a down vest. Bobby enters the frame, trepidatious; he and the man eye each other for a moment, then Bobby holds out the beeper. The man takes it.

MAN #1 takes out A KEL DEVICE LISTENING UNIT and its

accessories. Among them, a CIGARETTE LIGHTER. He UNSCREWS THE LIGHTER. Complex electronic innards.

(CONTINUED)

62.

CONTINUED:

MAN #1

Your wire's in here--we're gonna follow the signal. Find the stash house and make the deal, you leave the rest to us.

BOBBY GREEN

You gonna leave me all alone out there?

MAN #1

(shrugs; then)

I ain't gonna lie to you. There's always a risk.

Man #1 hands Bobby the LIGHTER. He FIRES it. It works.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Your cover's blown, call for help--don't try and be a hero. Just get outta the way--place could turn into a butcher shop. Talk about pussy--that'll be our signal to come in early.

BOBBY GREEN

You come up with that one all by yourself?

MAN #1

(ignores the joke)

Just do the deal and get out. Bear in mind, your life is in that lighter. Anything goes wrong, the department'll get word to your

father.

The Man unceremoniously turns to leave. Then, suddenly:

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

And oh--G.Q. told me to tell you--  
your brother's coming along real  
good. They reset his jaw and  
sometimes he's awake.

Bobby acknowledges that with a single nod of his head. The man departs. Bobby grasps the lighter tight, looks at the man as he virtually disappears back into the fog...

INT. CHURCH - EARLY EVENING

It is an older Catholic church, a beautiful interior. A line of young Latino women hold candles, singing as they walk toward the altars. A HEALING MASS. Rosario is here.  
(CONTINUED)

63.

CONTINUED:

She lights a candle at the altar, then walking back to the pew, she SEES BOBBY and approaches. Bobby looks around, seeming harried and paranoid...

ROSARIO DIAZ

Bobby--what're you doing here?

Bobby looks at her, his eyes filled with emotion.

BOBBY GREEN

I--I need to talk to you.

ROSARIO DIAZ

I'm coming home in a little bit.

He doesn't respond at all.

ROSARIO DIAZ (CONT'D)

Bobby?

He appears almost in tears... Finally, sotto:

BOBBY GREEN  
I--I'm gonna inform. For the  
police.  
(BEAT)  
I'm gonna help `em set up  
Nezhinski.

Rosario is shocked. Almost inaudible:

ROSARIO DIAZ  
What...?

As she steps back, he moves forward:

BOBBY GREEN  
I had to do it, Rosario. These  
motherfuckers--they were gonna come  
after my father.

Rosario tries to recover. Can barely speak. Sotto:

ROSARIO DIAZ  
But Nezhinski finds out, he'd kill  
YOU--

BOBBY GREEN  
He ain't ever gonna find out. He  
ain't ever gonna know.

ROSARIO DIAZ  
But what if something goes wrong?  
What's gonna happen to you?!?  
(CONTINUED)

64.

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY GREEN  
I don't know... I'd, I'd probably  
have to go into protection.

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Oh my God...

Rosario breaks down, tears flowing. Her hand to her mouth:

BOBBY GREEN

But that's never gonna happen!

ROSARIO DIAZ

How could you not even talk to me  
about it...?

Bobby spins around to see if anyone's listening. He pulls  
her into a dark corner of the church:

BOBBY GREEN

Rosario, listen--I had to do it.

Bobby pulls her to him, holds her tight. In her ear:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

I had to do it...

Rosario is emotional. Then:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be all right...  
Don't worry, it'll be all right...

Still fervid, she is silent. CLUB MUSIC up...

INT. EL CARIBE NIGHTCLUB - MAIN ROOM

Bobby enters the place, determined. He has A BAG tucked  
under his arm. Many CLUBGOERS say hearty HELLOS to him.  
People are dancing, having a glorious time. LOUIS IS HERE,  
THRILLED to see Bobby. He HUGS him, effusive, heartfelt:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Bobkes! My brother! I been  
calling you all week! Where you  
been?!? We missed you!!!

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah... Sorry, buddy--I got some  
legal shit to deal with, from the  
raid... But I ain't forgot about  
you--I'll be back soon.

(CONTINUED)

65.

CONTINUED:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Yeah well, without you around I  
hadda lower myself here by hangin'  
out with Freddie!

Bobby gently pats his old friend's shoulder.      Interrupting  
this, Freddie steps in:

FREDDIE

Bobby, hey! Mr. Buzhayev'd love to  
see you, I'm sure--want me to tell  
him you're here?

BOBBY GREEN

No, it's okay--I'll talk to him  
later...

He then walks by the COAT CHECK. He and ROSARIO see each  
other. He turns, SEES Pavel, in back. Pavel waves to  
Bobby, and Bobby starts walking to him.

INT. BACK OF THE CLUB

Bobby approaches a table, reserved for Pavel and the rest  
of the gang. Bobby joins them, with his bag.

BOBBY GREEN

Where's Vadim.

PAVEL LUBYARSKY

Oh, he don't come in here no more--

BOBBY GREEN

(INTERRUPTING)

Well, I got fifty grand in here.  
And it don't move `less I deal with  
the man himself.

(BEAT)

So [if] you're interested, I wanna

see your stash, right now. No  
bullshit.

Pavel thinks a moment, eyes his cohorts.      Back to Bobby:

PAVEL LUBYARSKY  
Be on the boardwalk in a hour...

Bobby turns to leave.      Pavel calls after him:

PAVEL LUBYARSKY (CONT'D)  
And dude--this don't shake out...

(CONTINUED)

66.

CONTINUED:

Pavel quickly draws his hand across his Adam's apple.  
Bobby exits, passing by ROSARIO as he does. She gives him  
a fearful look...

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

The famous Brighton Beach boardwalk. Bobby stands in the  
cold, waiting, holding his bag of money. Alone. Takes out  
the LIGHTER, the LISTENING DEVICE. He fires it--it works.  
Looks at his watch. In rummaging through his pockets for a  
smoke, he finds a little slip of paper with a phone number  
on it. He APPROACHES a nearby PHONE BOOTH. Bobby holds  
the paper in his hand, dials the number. A voice answers:

MAN'S VOICE (PHONE FILTER)  
Hello?

INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL - INTERCUT

JOSEPH on the phone, in bed.      Nearby, Sandra is folding his  
blanket around him.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
Hello?

EXT. BOARDWALK - INTERCUT

Bobby says nothing.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (PHONE FILTER)

Hello...?

Bobby SEES Pavel's CAR DRIVE UP. Bobby hangs up the phone.  
Takes a deep breath. We HEAR:

PAVEL LUBYARSKY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dude! Hey, dude!

EXT. BOARDWALK STREET

Bobby approaches the car. Pavel is in the back seat,  
calling to him with the window open.

PAVEL LUBYARSKY

Get in!

Bobby approaches the automobile. Pavel is in the back  
seat, calling to him with the window open. Another  
American sedan behind them. Bobby enters Pavel's.

INT. LIVERY CAR

Bobby takes the front passenger seat. Pavel is behind him.  
Someone we DON'T KNOW is driving.

(CONTINUED)

67.

CONTINUED:

Bobby is somewhat edgy, with Pavel behind him. The car  
pulls away from the curb. Then: Pavel throws a small towel  
over Bobby's head. POINTS A REVOLVER AT BOBBY'S TEMPLE.  
Bobby is startled by the action, blinded. Trying to stay  
calm...

PAVEL LUBYARSKY

Put your hands out, where I could  
see `em.

BOBBY GREEN

You know me.

PAVEL LUBYARSKY  
Shut your fuckin' mouth and do it!

Bobby obliges. The driver, looking anxiously in his rear view mirror, makes a SHARP LEFT, and the car VEERS. Pavel then PATS BOBBY DOWN, searching for a wire, anything incriminating. To the driver:

PAVEL LUBYARSKY (CONT'D)  
Turn at the light...

The CAR makes A SHARP LEFT. In Russian, subtitled:

PAVEL LUBYARSKY (CONT'D)  
Go left. Again.

EXT. STREET

The Livery Car makes another brutal SHARP LEFT, tires screeching just slightly.

INT. LIVERY CAR

Pavel again:

PAVEL LUBYARSKY'S VOICE  
Let's go. No one's on us.

The camera MOVES INTO a SHOT OF THE HOODED BOBBY...

EXT. STREET

The Livery Car pulls up to the curb. We are on: a strange residential street with tenements and graffiti everywhere. Dark, deserted. Many silhouetted figures stand in doorways up and down the block. They are all armed, with shotguns and machine guns slung over their shoulders. A GARBAGE CAN IS ON FIRE a few yards away. The men get out of the car. They pull Bobby out:

68.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY

They walk up the stairs, PULLING Bobby up over the steps. He stumbles. They pick him up, lead him to a door.

#### INT. TENEMENT - APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM

Someone pulls the hood off him. Bobby looks around. The room is ABSOLUTELY BARE. The driver puts Bobby's bag of money down on the floor. A TEENAGED BOY wearing a SURGICAL MASK comes and puts one on Bobby's face as well. Bobby surveys the place. Where the hell is he? With that mask on his face, we HEAR his BREATHING, loud and present, through the sequence.

It could be night or day, we wouldn't know. The windows are blocked with duct tape to obscure all light. There is VISQUINE hanging from seemingly everywhere. Parts of rooms are cordoned off with the material. SILHOUETTED FIGURES ROAM through the space like apparitions. A SLAVIC-LOOKING MAN takes Bobby's bag of money, leaves the room.

#### IN THE HALLWAY

Stands Pavel, masked as well, armed now with a Kalashnikov rifle. Without a word, he motions with a move of his head to Bobby. "FOLLOW ME," he seems to be saying.

#### INT. BEDROOM

Bobby enters the room, right behind Pavel. He SEES: a dresser with a clock on it and a small mirror. Tables set up in the middle of the room with brown jars on them. There is a television on in the corner, a Russian ethnic musical program silently unfolding.

There are other people in the room: a BROWN-HAIRED MAN; and two dark-haired SLAVIC-LOOKING WOMEN. It's an assembly line for the preparation of narcotics.

The SLAVIC MAN takes out the STACKS OF BILLS. Starts counting them methodically. Pavel motions to the Brown-Haired Man, puts up two fingers.

On cue, the Brown-Haired Man rubs his hands together, then takes two large JARS from his desk. Beneath the desk, Bobby spots what looks like an ENORMOUS NUMBER of packages

of NARCOTICS, stacked against the wall.

This is clearly THEIR STASH HOUSE. The Brown-Haired Man pours powdery contents from a jar out onto his desk blotter. He sits down, takes off his jacket, REVEALING: TATTOOS, UP AND DOWN BOTH OF HIS ARMS.

(CONTINUED)

69.

CONTINUED:

The designs combine several images--skulls, snakes, and the SPIDER WEB element that marked Vadim's own tattoo.

He takes a RUSTY LETTER OPENER--it had been sitting atop the desk--and pierces a GREEN PACKAGE. White powder seeps from the package.

Bobby watches from behind the mask as the man pushes and pulls what looks like pure cocaine in powder form. He uses two PLAYING CARDS to move the drug. Bobby eyes that RUSTY LETTER OPENER...

The Brown-Haired Man dips a measuring spoon in another powder to add to the mix. He is cutting the drug. He continues to manipulate the substance, and his hands move with a kind of grace that one expects from a seasoned chef on a cooking show.

CLOSE SHOT on some lines of COCAINE. Pavel takes a toot. He OFFERS it to Bobby as a taste. Bobby accepts. He pulls down his mask momentarily, RUBBING a RATHER LARGE QUANTITY OF THE DRUG ON HIS GUMS, HIS LIP. We HEAR:

VADIM NEZHINSKI'S VOICE

You needed to come here tonight...?

Bobby looks over to see: EMERGING FROM THE BLACK, FROM DOWN A DARKENED HALLWAY: VADIM NEZHINSKI. Everyone is wearing a surgical mask--except, of course, for him. Bobby eyes him with eyes that seem to become more BLOODSHOT by the second.

VADIM NEZHINSKI

What's the matter, ain't Pavel good enough for you?

BOBBY GREEN  
That's all the money I got. And I  
ain't gonna leave it alone.

The Slavic Youth finishes counting Bobby's cash:

SLAVIC YOUTH  
It's all there. Fifty grand.

Vadim points to the MONEY:

VADIM NEZHINSKI  
Where'd you get this?

BOBBY GREEN  
From my savings. From El Caribe  
and Rasputin.

(CONTINUED)

70.

CONTINUED: (2)

VADIM NEZHINSKI  
(nods; then:)  
That buys you three keys in here.  
(BEAT)  
With the crack on the street, it's  
worth two hundred k. Maybe more.

Vadim walks over to a stack of green packages:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (CONT'D)  
All the shit I get here is at least  
eighty-six percent pure. And we  
got a lot more comin' in--a LOT  
more. In a way nobody could ever  
trace.

Vadim steps away from the narcotics and towards Bobby:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (CONT'D)

The whole city'll be sucking our  
glass soon--you'll see. We push  
the Guineas out, the Domos'll work  
for us.

BOBBY GREEN

Sounds good.

Vadim looks at that money again, takes a step forward.  
Bobby's forehead has beads of sweat. Vadim walks up close.  
Looks Bobby in the eye for a BEAT.

VADIM NEZHINSKI

You're breathing heavy.

BOBBY GREEN

I took a little taste.

Vadim puts his hand on Bobby's chest, checking his  
heartbeat.

VADIM NEZHINSKI

You know, I seen fighters--they  
breathe like that, means they get  
nervous.

(BEAT)

You nervous?

Bobby shakes his head. He is wired, out of it, but he  
pulls himself together. His jaw clenches. With fire, an  
edge of defiance:

BOBBY GREEN

I'm clean.

(BEAT)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71.

CONTINUED: (3)

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

You wanna search me again, you go  
'head. I just wanna make this deal  
and go home.

Vadim violently pulls out Bobby's pockets. Out falls: a

WALLET, SOME CHANGE, KEYS, A CIGARETTE LIGHTER, MATCHES. He sifts through the items, lighting the lighter. It fires. Bobby gets slightly edgy. Notices that the others congregate around the objects from his pocket--all except for Pavel, who holds an AK-47 trained on Bobby.

Bobby inches ever closer to the rusted LETTER OPENER that the Brown-Haired Man had used to open a package of cocaine. Vadim puts down the lighter. And it occurs to him:

VADIM NEZHINSKI

You got both matches and a lighter.

Bobby realizes instantly that Vadim is right. Bobby shrugs, feigning innocence. He braces himself and decides to give the signal:

BOBBY GREEN

I'm gonna get pussy from this...

PAVEL LUBYARSKY

(BEFUDDLED)

What you say...?

Bobby looks around. There's NO CAVALRY TO THE RESCUE. He tries again:

BOBBY GREEN

[When] this deal goes down, I'm,  
I'm gonna get a lotta pussy...

Still NOTHING. PAVEL'S attention turns to VADIM. He moves toward NEZHINSKI, who:

Starts FRANTICALLY POUNDING THE LIGHTER against the DESK. Trying break it open. Bobby scans the joint... The MEN are trained on that lighter, and this is his chance. He slips the LETTER OPENER into his hand.

SEEMS LIKE WE CAN LITERALLY HEAR THE BLOOD RUSHING THROUGH

BOBBY'S HEAD NOW. Setting himself, Bobby looks around the room--where's that backup???--and: the camera SPEEDS PAST Pavel's and Vadim's faces, to the other side of the room. It MOVES toward the WINDOW:

VADIM HITS THE LIGHTER AGAIN. This time, it BREAKS OPEN. REVEALING A BEVY OF WIRES. It is CLEARLY NOT JUST A LIGHTER. The camera TILTS UP. VADIM IS ENRAGED:

(CONTINUED)

72.

CONTINUED: (4)

VADIM NEZHINSKI

He got a wire!

(BEAT)

Kill this motherfucker, right now!

IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S A GONER. PAVEL RAISES HIS GUN and CHARGES TOWARD BOBBY--ABOUT TO FIRE, when--

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN. COPS EVERYWHERE. Mike and Jack lead the way, but there are what seems like tens of EMERGENCY SERVICES UNIT OFFICERS with them:

MICHAEL SOLO

Hands on your heads! On the floor!

NO ONE FREEZES. CHAOS. GUNFIRE. PAVEL SWINGS BACK TO BOBBY, a TERRIFYING LOOK ON HIS FACE. But Bobby is ready, and SHOVS THE LETTER OPENER INTO PAVEL'S NECK. BLOOD CASCADES DOWN THE MAN'S CHEST. Pavel collapses on Bobby, still very much alive. His eyes are popping, and he throws his hands around Bobby's THROAT. VADIM CHARGES INTO:

INT. BACK ROOM

Where he pulls up a SECTION OF LINOLEUM, REVEALING a TRAP DOOR that leads down to the apartment BELOW...

INT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

HORRIFYINGLY--DRUG PEDDLERS, ARMED with all kinds of GUNS, POUR OUT from rooms everywhere--on the FIRST LEVEL of the building as well as the THIRD.

AND EVERYONE COMES OUT FIRING.

THE COPS ARE FORCED TO ENGAGE IN A FURIOUS GUN BATTLE, THE BULLETS COMING FROM EVERYWHERE. ABOVE AND BELOW.

SEVERAL PUSHERS ARE HIT. THE POLICE have their gear and are reasonably protected, though TWO OF THEM ARE WOUNDED.

Bullets SPLINTER the floor beneath their feet and the wall right above their heads. They have their backs to the wall as their only cover... PERCUSSION GRENADES THUNDER through the STRUCTURE...

INT. BEDROOM

A FUSILLADE OF BULLETS. CONFUSION.

BOBBY IS CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE. STILL STRUGGLING WITH PAVEL, this has become the madness of war. Pavel bleeds profusely all over Bobby's chest, and this is a fight to the death.

(CONTINUED)

73.

CONTINUED:

Bobby wrenches the LETTER OPENER out of Pavel's collarbone and desperately--and repeatedly--stabs Pavel in the base of the neck. Pavel's screams mix with gunfire to make a hell...

AT THAT MOMENT: A SHOTGUN BLAST blows the top of Pavel's head clean off, splattering Bobby's face with brain particulate. Bobby is forced to get out from under... We HEAR POLICE SIRENS. RADIOS ON--

RADIOS

1 0 - 1 3 ! 10-13! 10-13!

INT. TENEMENT - SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - BACK ROOM

VADIM slides down to the BACK ROOM in the APARTMENT BELOW. Panicked, he cocks his gun, searches for an escape route.

INT. BEDROOM

Bobby gets up, into a crouch, amidst the gunfire. Dodging

the bullets.

An ESU Police Officer does not recognize Bobby as an ally, and he trains his assault rifle on Bobby. Bobby screams, his hands raised:

BOBBY GREEN  
I'm with you! I'm with YOU!

This is INAUDIBLE, with all the ammo being dispensed, and Bobby knows it; so he dodges the Officer; the Officer begins to unload his weapon, getting CLOSER to BOBBY.

AND CLOSER.

AND CLOSER. Bobby is about to be killed when:

HE SEES HIS CHANCE. HE CHARGES BACKWARD. WITH FEROCIOUS DETERMINATION, HE THROWS HIMSELF OUT A NEARBY WINDOW.

THE PANE SHATTERS. BOBBY TUMBLES THROUGH, HIS FACE AND BODY RIDDLED WITH SHARDS OF GLASS.

EXT. TENEMENT

Bobby FALLS roughly twenty feet through the air. His body tumbles upside-down, toward a wrought-iron FENCE that surrounds the base of the apartment building's side.

Bobby HITS the FENCE. His LEG GETS CAUGHT on one of the small spikes. He SCREAMS as we GO BACK TO:

74.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Cop cars pull up by the dozen, from EVERYWHERE. Out of one comes BURT GRUSINSKY, carrying a shotgun. He charges right into the structure...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM

Nezhinski opens the window, about to go out onto the fire escape. A WARRANT UNIT OFFICER is below. Looks up:

WARRANT UNIT OFFICER  
Halt! Police!

BEHIND HIM:

JACK SHAPIRO  
Hold it right there! Hands on your  
head!

VADIM SPINS AROUND. FREEZES. His hands are in the air.

VADIM NEZHINSKI  
Don't shoot!

Officers pour in, among them BURT. Cops forcefully push  
Vadim to the ground. Start to cuff him. Burt pulls Jack  
ASIDE:

BURT GRUSINSKY  
Where's my goddamned kid?!?

Jack is speechless--he doesn't know. (We SEE that Burt's  
question--revealing Bobby's identity--REGISTERS on VADIM'S  
FACE.) Vadim mutters, aloud but sotto, in Russian:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (SUBTITLE)  
He is a dead man...

OFFICERS  
(not comprehending)  
Shut up! Get down!

Burt frantically PUSHES THROUGH THE CROWD OF COPS...

EXT. TENEMENT - APARTMENT - ALLEYWAY

Bobby is upside-down, hanging from the fence, but he is  
alert. Two members of the EMERGENCY SERVICES UNIT approach  
him.

On sheer instinct alone, he starts to PULL his LEG off the  
small SPIKE, his teeth clenched. An ARMY of ESU TROOPS and  
PARAMEDICS come to BOBBY'S AID...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY is being lowered from the fence. An AMBULANCE ZOOMS UP the STREET, to the alley. Burt rushes to his son. Jack and Mike come right behind him. Bobby looks at his father, his face nicked by many small cuts from the glass. Sheepish, he cannot say a word and averts his father's gaze.

BURT GRUSINSKY

Jesus.

EMERGENCY SERVICES GUY

He's gonna be okay, Chief.

(to others)

Clear out!

Burt eases when he hears this. They move Bobby toward the ambulance. Burt turns to Michael. Sotto:

BURT GRUSINSKY

You guys go on a bust like this and you don't tell me about it? You think I'm born yesterday?

MICHAEL SOLO

I guess we do.

BURT GRUSINSKY

You're a real comedian! He's gonna need to be in protection now!

INT. AMBULANCE

Bobby sits up on the stretcher as a MEDIC treats his leg. Burt approaches, watches for a moment. The Medic leaves the post for a moment, and the two are ALONE. Burt stares at his son, who finally speaks:

BOBBY GREEN

I'll be all right, Pop.

BURT GRUSINSKY

(shakes head; then:)

Well, I guess I don't have a say in anything anymore. Anyway... You did it. You did it and it took real balls.

(BEAT)

But now you're burnt--and we gotta get you someplace safe, keep you under wraps for awhile.

BOBBY GREEN

I need you to get my girlfriend,  
Pop. I need her to come with me.

(CONTINUED)

76.

CONTINUED:

Burt is getting emotional, aware of how close his son came to death. Trying not to show it--and failing.

BURT GRUSINSKY

I'll get them to take care of that.  
Just go get yourself fixed up--  
that's the most important thing.

With that, the Medic returns, and with a heavy heart, Burt closes the ambulance door. Bobby is alone with the Medic for a moment in the back of the vehicle; he watches through the window as his father walks to his car. Bobby sinks to the cot, lies down. AS VADIM NEZHINSKI is LED AWAY in HANDCUFFS...

BLACKNESS.

FADE IN:

A LOCAL NEWS CHANNEL: the STORY is about the BUST: MAJOR NARCOTICS SEIZURE, 40 KILOS OF COCAINE. An OFFICER is KILLED; Two PERPETRATORS (among them: PAVEL and the SLAVIC MAN) KILLED. Four others wounded.

MORE THAN A DOZEN ARRESTS. We SEE the PERPS, lined up against the walls. VADIM NEZHINSKI'S MUG SHOT. We're told he's AWAITING TRIAL. In a RELATED STORY--

CHANNEL TWO NEWS ANCHORWOMAN MICHELLE MARSH:

A news report on Joseph Grusinsky's release from the hospital. He is a hero, she says, and she tells us it's been five months since his shooting. He is GOING HOME...

EXT. JOSEPH'S BLOCK - SUNNY DAY

Several POLICE CARS line the block. There are ARMED OFFICERS perched on rooftops. As PROTECTION. Many of the houses have "WELCOME HOME" banners hanging from them. The media are here. NEIGHBORS are on their porches.

INT. JOSEPH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Packed with people and playing CHILDREN. Lively. Food everywhere. TWO ARMED GUARDS stand against the wall. A CROWD surrounds someone. Then, as the CAMERA DOLLIES CLOSER, people move away to reveal: BOBBY, seated in a chair against the wall. His leg is bandaged. AD-LIB friendly HELLOS from partygoers, who surround him and treat him respectfully. PAN OVER TO REVEAL: ROSARIO, seated next to him. She sits quietly; his arm is around her shoulder. People are STARING AT HER.

(CONTINUED)

77.

CONTINUED:

SPIRO GIAVANNIS (we saw him at our film's beginning--he's the Deputy Commissioner and he's in uniform) shakes Bobby's hand enthusiastically. He uses his hands to cup Bobby's:

SPIRO GIAVANNIS

Bobby, hi! Spiro Giavannis, Deputy Commissioner. Glad to see you made it out here today!

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah. They let me come--long as I brought these guys with me.

Bobby points to the ARMED GUARDS next to him.

SPIRO GIAVANNIS  
How's the leg treating you?

BOBBY GREEN  
Good... It's rehabbing good, for  
only nine weeks.  
(SHRUGS)  
Don't matter, I wasn't no Fred  
Astaire before.

LAUGHTER from others. Bobby's expression changes, sobers.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)  
Anyway, it ain't nothing compared  
to my brother, so...

AD-LIBBED AGREEMENT from others. A FAT LADY peeks her head  
in, calls out:

FAT LADY  
Everybody, they'll be here any  
minute!

A RUSH toward the door. Rosario leans in to Bobby:

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Bobby, I'm gonna go outside for a  
minute, have a smoke--

BOBBY GREEN  
Just hold on, `til he gets here.

SPIRO GIAVANNIS  
You got any idea what you're gonna  
be doing after the trial?

(CONTINUED)

78.

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY GREEN

I'm not sure yet... We been thinking about moving down to Miami. Guy I used to work for, his brother's got a place down there.

SPIRO GIAVANNIS

Gee, that's great. Well listen, you need any help, you give us a call. `Cause we can be part of your family too.

He gives Bobby his BUSINESS CARD. Bobby takes it, mutters a "thank you." Spiro pats him on the shoulder, leaves. Bobby turns to Rosario, knowing she's somewhat out of place here. Children run by, having fun. Bobby eyes them, then he leans closer. Sotto, tender:

BOBBY GREEN

A lotta kids here, lotta family...  
It's nice, ain't it...?

She nods. Whispered:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

You know how happy I am you're with me?

ROSARIO DIAZ

Yes...

He leans over, kisses her.

INT. FOYER

A RANDOM WOMAN, who'd been looking out the window, turns back toward the house. With a huge smile on her face:

RANDOM WOMAN

Here they are!

INT. DINING ROOM

Bobby brightens, begins to stand with only a little difficulty as he anticipates Joseph's entrance. As this happens, Rosario slips out from under his grasp:

ROSARIO DIAZ

'Be right back...

And she walks off. Bobby watches as she enters:

79.

INT. BATHROOM

Rosario closes the door on Bobby, turns on the running water. Then begins to rummage through her purse. Finds a small vial of cocaine inside. Takes it out, opens it, but DROPS IT IN THE SINK. The drug spills into the water, washing it down the drain. Frantically, she tries to finger whatever residue is left on the porcelain...

INT. FOYER

ENTERING THE HOUSE: JOSEPH and Sandra, his wife. Joe holds two bags--one filled with cards and memorabilia, the other with clothes. What seems like a ZILLION PEOPLE are here when he walks in. Everyone CHEERS. BURT moves right behind him, all smiles. Joseph is thrilled--but somehow not the same. His face doesn't look bad, but one eye is a different color from the other, and he's had reconstructive surgery on his jaw. There is, of course, a scar, and he's lost a lot of weight.

Behind him, Burt waves everyone closer. Jack and Mike and other faces we can recognize from around the precinct stand back, all smiles. AD-LIB HELLOS. An elderly NEIGHBOR comes forward, giddy:

NEIGHBOR

Wow, fella! You look great!

(pointing to his own  
EYE)

Your eye--does it hurt?

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Only when I look at you!

LAUGHTER. Then Joseph FREEZES. He NOTICES: BOBBY, next to

the ARMED MEN who haven't left his side.

The two brothers make eye contact. The crowd quiets a bit. Bobby smiles at the sight of his brother. Joseph gets emotional, too:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Hey, Bobby...

Without a word, Bobby nods, moves to his brother. As Burt looks on, pleased, Bobby takes his hand and grips the back of Joseph's neck. Joseph pulls his brother to him by his neck. A real embrace. Joseph pats Bobby's back.

BOBBY GREEN

I'm real glad you're home...

The two separate, both smiling gently. Breaking the moment:  
(CONTINUED)

80.

CONTINUED:

SANDRA GRUSINSKY

Everyone, let's, let's move inside--  
there's plenty to eat!

Soft laughter. Small talk begins. The group dissipates, moves to eat, etc. Burt moves to Joseph:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Joseph--we got some things we need  
to discuss, when you get the  
chance.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

We could do it now if you want,  
Pop. In the den.

Burt nods, reluctantly. All our men walk to the den--  
except for Bobby, who hears: ROSARIO, down the hall. She  
approaches him.

ROSARIO DIAZ

Bobby, I'm gonna go back to the

motel.

BOBBY GREEN

What're you talking about? They got a lot of food over there--why don't you go eat something?

ROSARIO DIAZ

(shakes her head)

N--I'm gonna go back.

A beat. Bobby senses she's not completely right. Looks into her eyes, then, more an accusation than a question:

BOBBY GREEN

(WHISPERED)

You fucked up?

A muttered "no" from Rosario, hardly a committed denial. Before he can say anything, from the DEN, Burt peeks his head out:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Bobby--you should hear this too, for the trial.

Burt motions for Bobby to enter the den.      Back to Rosario:

BOBBY GREEN

We gotta straighten this out later.

Bobby then moves to the den.

81.

INT. JOSEPH'S HOUSE - DEN

Burt and Joseph and Jack and Mike.      Bobby enters the room. As he does, we HEAR:

MICHAEL SOLO

Nezhinski's cache was huge, about 40 keys--yayo, some angel dust too.

BURT GRUSINSKY

We're gonna try and turn him, get him to tell us how they're bringing it in. But don't worry--we'll make sure he does plenty of time.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

He ain't gonna be reliable, Pop.

Bobby closes the door behind him softly. Joseph sees Bobby, is surprised he's here...

BURT GRUSINSKY

Well, you marry an ape, you don't complain about the stench of bananas.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Where is he?

JACK SHAPIRO

He's at Rikers. Tucked in, nice and comfy. We're taking him to the A.D.A. next week, for a meeting.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

I wanna go with you on that. See his fuckin' face.

Jack nods.

MICHAEL SOLO

I'll tell you, though--streets're dead. Junkies're waitin' out there for something big, no question.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

That's `cause we got their number one. Dried it up at the source.

All of a sudden, a VOICE from behind:

BOBBY GREEN

That don't mean nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone turns around, slightly surprised Bobby's opened his mouth here:

BURT GRUSINSKY

What's that, Bobby?

BOBBY GREEN

There's a whole network full of suppliers. The organization goes deep.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Bobby--you done a lot for us already. You don't gotta get involved in this anymore. Okay?

BURT GRUSINSKY

I asked him to come in, Joe. If he's gonna have to testify, he should know all this.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

This's police business, Pop--you gonna make him an honorary member of the Force now?

An ugly beat. Then:

BOBBY GREEN

I'll be outside if you need me.

Bobby exits, and Burt watches him depart.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The unaware crowd is having a great time. Children run around the rooms. Bobby SEES GUARD #2, approaches. Burt comes up next to him, takes him into a corner:

BURT GRUSINSKY

BOBBY--

(SOTTO)

What was said in there, he--he  
didn't mean it.

Bobby contemplates this; we SEE that he tacitly accepts his  
father's words. Then:

BOBBY GREEN

Well, why's he goin' back to work  
so soon, anyway? He ain't ready.

(CONTINUED)

83.

CONTINUED:

BURT GRUSINSKY

No--it's better this way. I don't  
want him sitting around with  
nothing to do, feeling useless--

Bobby is about to leave. Burt stops him:

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Hey, c'mere.

(Bobby returns)

A lotta people been talking. About  
how good you did.

(BEAT)

And I think maybe...considering the  
alternatives...

(BEAT)

...maybe you might wanna think  
about joining the Department.

BOBBY GREEN

POP--

BURT GRUSINSKY

I could pull some strings, get you  
through the academy with an early  
LEAVE--

BOBBY GREEN

No, come on! I don't want that!

(BEAT)

What I did, I did for you guys,  
this once. I got my own plans.

Bobby motions to his bodyguard. Burt senses he's said the wrong thing. Gently tries to stop him:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Wait--Don't go yet--

BOBBY GREEN

(to the Guard)

Take me back to the motel.

With that, Bobby leaves with his bodyguard. Burt stands there for a moment, frustrated. TEDDY, his grandson, runs past him. Naked. Sandra follows the boy. Burt turns to see the naked youngster, then to Sandra:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Can't you put some clothes on him?

84.

EXT. METS MOTEL - EARLY EVENING

It's a cheesy hotel on Queens Boulevard. TWO UNMARKED CARS pull up. Armed Guards exit the autos first, casing the area. They're followed by Bobby.

INT. MOTEL - HALLWAY

Bobby approaches his room. A Guard, we'll call him VITT, is outside the room holding his shotgun. Nods a "hello". Bobby moves past him, opens the door. The ROOM is EMPTY.

BOBBY GREEN

Rosario? Rosario!

A beat. Then Bobby spins around, furious:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

WHERE THE FUCK IS SHE?!

INT. EL CARIBE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A number of PEOPLE are HERE. It's PACKED. We are on the DANCE FLOOR. MUSIC: GRANDMASTER FLASH'S "WHITE LINES". ROSARIO DIAZ is in the center of the crowded floor, dancing up a storm. She is having a GREAT TIME, surrounded by many would-be male suitors and Louis. She is laughing and stoned, and her gyrations are wonderfully erotic and free. As she moves, she pushes the men away with a smile. All, of course, except for Louis. Louis dances a CAN CAN with two amused girls. Though fat, he's surprisingly graceful.

ALL OF A SUDDEN: COMING THROUGH THE CROWD: BOBBY. When Louis sees his friend, he lights up. Bobby's furious inside, but strangely calm outside:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Bobkes!!!

Bobby GLARES at Rosario. He takes her arm, starts to walk her out. She tries to pull Bobby toward the dancing:

ROSARIO DIAZ

C'mon, honey--let's dance!

BOBBY GREEN

The cops're right outside--let's go.

(beat; louder)

I said, let's go!

(CONTINUED)

85.

CONTINUED:

ROSARIO DIAZ

You don't gotta yell at me, Bobby.

(starts to move to

DOOR)

...[I] was just trying to have a

little fun for once, that's all...

BOBBY GREEN

Lou--no more of this for her. It's too fuckin' dangerous now.

LOUIS FALSETTI

(SINCERE)

Sure, Bobkes. I mean, she come here.

Bobby grabs Rosario by the elbow. She yanks it away:

ROSARIO DIAZ

Wait! Lemme get my coat at least!

Rosario moves toward the coat check, and Bobby follows. As he does, Louis walks with him:

LOUIS FALSETTI

You know Bob, everyone's been askin' 'bout you. We was all real surprised to hear about your family--I mean, your father's like J. Edgar Hoover--

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah--we'll talk later, buddy--I'll call you. But right now I need to get her outta here.

Louis nods, understanding.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE EL CARIBE

Rosario leads Bobby back toward the ESCORT CAR. He leans forward, grabs her arm. Sotto but intense:

BOBBY GREEN

You gotta put everything in jeopardy? Huh?

ROSARIO DIAZ

No! I was just dancing! I didn't say nothing!

BOBBY GREEN

You know, I don't think you realize  
how serious this is?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

We gotta ride this out, `til this  
fuckin' thing is over. `Til I can  
get things back on track.

Looking down at the ground, she exhales. Hits the side of  
a nearby car gently with the palm of her hand, frustrated.

ROSARIO DIAZ

Bobby, what do you want from me? I  
can't go out, I can't do nothing--  
it's like I'm in a jail--

BOBBY GREEN

I know. But I'm workin' on it, I  
am.

(looks around; then)

Soon as the trial's over and I get  
my money back outta impound--  
everything'll get better, you'll  
see.

She gets emotional. Shrugs:

ROSARIO DIAZ

It's just, I feel...I feel like  
it's just you and all those cops  
all the time. And they look at me  
like I'm a piece of shit.

Bobby tries to comfort her, reaches out to her arm. As  
tears come out of her eyes:

BOBBY GREEN

Rosario--once this's done, we'll go  
down to Miami... [It'll] be a new  
thing for us--a lotta

opportunities...

(BEAT)

I'll talk to Mr. Buzhayev about  
working for his brother down there.  
We'll get your mother to come too--  
I'll even talk to Jumbo about it.

Slight comfort. She nods. Bobby leans over, kisses her.  
He tenderly puts his hand on her face. She kisses his  
hand. Their GUARDS are WATCHING. She smiles, and that  
love returns:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

C'mon... Let's go back--this'll  
all be over soon. I promise...

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

87.

CONTINUED: (2)

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON - EARLY MORNING

Vadim Nezhinski is being led, in handcuffs, into an  
unmarked Chevy. Both JOSEPH and Jack are here. Joseph and  
Vadim exchange looks as Vadim is placed into the back seat.  
Joe's expression is pure suppressed rage...

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

I'll go in the lead car. You stay  
with him `til we get to the  
A.D.A.'s.

JACK SHAPIRO

You got it...

Joseph gets in his lead car, also an unmarked Chevy. Both  
vehicles pull away from the curb...

INT. STAIRWELL - OUTSIDE MARAT BUZHAYEV'S APARTMENT

We SEE Bobby's ARMED GUARDS waiting on the steps. TILT UP TO the closed door. Over this, we HEAR:

MARAT BUZHAYEV (O.S.)

We heard all about you in the news.  
We were all very sorry about your  
brother.

INT. MARAT BUZHAYEV'S APARTMENT - RAINY DAY

Bobby and Marat Buzhayev, inside the living room. Bobby sits down, on the couch's armrest; Marat is in an easy chair, his lunch being served on a T.V. tray in front of him by his wife Kalina. The television plays a Russian movie, and Marat seasons his food.

BOBBY GREEN

Thank you... You know Mr. Buzhayev, I come to see you today 'cause...with everything that's gone on, I don't think it's a good idea for me to stay in New York anymore. I was hoping maybe you could ask your brother if I could work with him, down in Miami. On his restaurant.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

I could talk to him. I think he would like you very much.

(CONTINUED)

88.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN

I'd appreciate it.

Marat turns to Bobby, puts his hand on his knee. Emotional:

MARAT BUZHAYEV

We're going to be very sad if you're going. Having you here in

this house meant a lot to us. You know, my wife and me, we have only daughters.

BOBBY GREEN

You always been very important to me too.

(checks his watch)

I should probably go now.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

Bobby--you'll always be welcome back here.

Bobby is moved. The two embrace.

INT. VADIM'S COP CAR

The car is moving. Jack is driving. Another cop is in the front passenger seat. Two other cops straddle Vadim. Silence, then, motioning toward Joseph's car:

VADIM NEZHINSKI

They did good. On his face.

JACK SHAPIRO

Shut your fuckin' mouth.

INT. JOSEPH'S CAR

As Joseph looks back at Vadim's vehicle, behind him:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

He makes a deal today, maybe my brother don't gotta take the stand... Least that's something...

INT. VADIM'S COP CAR

Jack puts a cigarette in his mouth, turns to the cop next to him:

JACK SHAPIRO

Give me that lighter.

ALL OF A SUDDEN:

(CONTINUED)

89.

CONTINUED:

A VAN CROSSES THE LINE OF ONCOMING TRAFFIC. COMES RIGHT TOWARD THEM, SLAMMING INTO PASSENGER'S SIDE. EXPLOSIVE. A THUNDERING SOUND, GLASS EVERYWHERE. THE COP IN THE PASSENGER'S SEAT FLIES RIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD. He's probably killed.

INT. JOSEPH'S CAR

The cops see this accident. The DRIVER:

DRIVER

Holy shit!

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Stop the fuckin' car!

As Joseph PULLS OUT HIS GUN, READYING HIMSELF TO DO BATTLE, ANOTHER CAR PULLS IN BETWEEN THEM. AUTOMATIC WEAPONS  
FIRE immediately pins Joseph and the other two police inside the vehicle.

INT. VADIM'S COP CAR

THREE MEN IN SKI MASKS emerge from the van, automatic WEAPONS IN HAND. JACK PULLS OUT HIS PIECE and immediately begins firing at them, using the wheel and dashboard as cover. He opens his door to slink out.

VADIM HITS THE FLOOR.

The other two officers are immediately riddled with GUNFIRE.

Two of the men PULL VADIM toward them. The third man in a ski mask is hit by Jack's fire, but has just enough adrenaline to get into the SECOND CAR.

IT SPEEDS AWAY.

INT. JOSEPH'S CAR

JOSEPH, DUCKED BEHIND THE CAR SEAT AND COVERED WITH GLASS, THRUSTS HIS HEAD UP.

VADIM IS GONE.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Burt, dressed in his v-neck undershirt, is reaching into a jar of B & G pickled tomatoes. The television plays "THE PEOPLE'S COURT". THE PHONE RINGS; Burt grabs the receiver:

BURT GRUSINSKY  
Hello? What's the matter? Huh?  
(CONTINUED)

90.

CONTINUED:

A beat. Burt looks disturbed, then:

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)  
Jesus! Listen to me--you and Jack  
get someplace safe. Let ESU take  
care of it--I'm gonna go get your  
brother.

Burt hangs up, grabs his jacket--which had been draped over the kitchen chair. Burt bolts out of the house...

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Bobby and Rosario, in media res. Bobby lights a cigarette.

ROSARIO DIAZ  
You know, my Aunt's in Miami. We  
probably could stay with her for a  
little bit `til we get settled.

BOBBY GREEN  
Yeah, maybe. Why don't we give `em  
all these bags to throw out--it's  
becoming a mess.

A KNOCK. BURT BARGES IN. Rosario stands. Other Cops come through the door as well, beginning a move.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

What's goin' on?

BURT GRUSINSKY

Nezhinski's out.

BOBBY GREEN

What--?

BURT GRUSINSKY

Your brother was taking him to the A.D.A. and they got ambushed. They hit three of our guys.

BOBBY GREEN

Jesus... What about--

BURT GRUSINSKY

Your brother's fine. We gotta get you moved--you've been here too long.

Bobby looks to Rosario, who's in shock. Burt looks to her:

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

You need to pack up.

(CONTINUED)

91.

CONTINUED:

The two start packing...

EXT. MOTEL FRONT - RAINY DAY

Our characters are leaving the hotel, bags and all. The RAIN comes down in SHEETS. They pause under the awning, waiting for the cars to be brought close. Burt stands under the awning, looking out at houses beyond the parking lot. Rosario is rummaging through her suitcase as Bobby stands nearby. Vitt approaches Burt:

VITT THE GUARD

Chief, we got three vehicles coming around the corner. Backup's on the way.

Burt nods, Vitt runs off. The sound of RAIN. Bobby is putting his BULLETPROOF VEST on, SEES Burt STARING OUT.

BOBBY GREEN

You see something out there?

Burt shakes his head, moves to help with the vest:

BURT GRUSINSKY

Nah, we're good. It's just, I just realized--I know this neighborhood. I used to come with my father, to work on the plumbing, for the houses--brought me along to do the talking. He only spoke Russian his whole life...

(BEAT)

Anyway, it's all changed now.

A GUARD approaches:

GUARD

One more minute, Chief.

BURT GRUSINSKY

Arright...

BOBBY GREEN

Pop? Joe come close this morning?

BURT GRUSINSKY

I don't know... I heard he did good, though. You know, with everything that's happened--who knows? Maybe all this'll bring us closer together someday.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Once this is over, you and your brother, you'll talk, you'll work things out.

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah, maybe. But you know the way he is.

BURT GRUSINSKY

Bobby--your brother, I think he probably feels a little guilty, with everything you did, with you in protection now... But he appreciates what you've done--I know he does.

Rosario is right behind them, listening. When Burt stares at her, she averts his gaze. Burt changes course:

BURT GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm just trying to keep us together here, that's all. That's all I want.

BOBBY GREEN

(relents a bit; nods)

I know, Pop.

Burt warms slightly, too. A beat, then the CARS PULL UP. Bobby looks at his father with real feeling. Burt eyes him, then touches Bobby's cheek, a truly loving gesture:

BURT GRUSINSKY

(almost to himself)

Okay...

(to an officer)

We'll move `em to Corona. I'll lead the line.

Bobby takes Rosario's hand as we GO TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT

THREE CARS: Burt in one, heading the route. Behind him is

Bobby and Rosario's car, with guard Vitt behind the wheel and the two of them in the back seat. A third car has TWO OFFICERS in it. That vehicle trails the other two. The CARS DRIVE OFF.

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE IS TO BE SHOT IN A MOSTLY SUBJECTIVE WAY, WITH THE EMPHASIS ON WITNESSING THE ACTION AS OUR CHARACTERS WOULD.

93.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR

Bobby and Rosario are in the back seat. She looks through her pocketbook for some gum, he remains focused on the view through the windshield of his father's car.

Bobby's driver, Vitt, follows Burt down the streets. RAIN is FALLING frighteningly HARD, to the point where the windshield wipers aren't moving fast enough for the water on the windshield. Upsetting. Visibility's terrible.

The cars swing onto the Kosciusko Bridge loop. The traffic is sparse this early morning. We HEAR the THUMPETY-THUMP of the bridge beams and the windshield wipers. And we HEAR the steady, haunting HUM of the bridge surface beneath the wheels of the automobiles. Bobby puts his arm around Rosario, in the back seat. Re the rain:

BOBBY GREEN

It's really coming down...

ROSARIO DIAZ

Bobby--I think I left my watch at the hotel--

Bobby does not answer, instead spots an OLDSMOBILE driving alongside his vehicle. Seems a bit suspicious, the way it's moving...

BOBBY GREEN

Hey--Vitt--I think somethin's on our right!

VITT THE GUARD  
(TURNING)

Huh--?

A FLASH!

CRACK! A BULLET punctures the windshield, but we don't HEAR the SHOT. The hole SEEMS TO APPEAR almost out of nowhere. The windshield cracks down the middle...

VITT IS HIT in the SHOULDER, and he lets out a piercing cry. Blood hits the seat. Rosario screams. Bobby pushes her head down, into the back seat.

THE CAR starts to swerve. Bobby climbs awkwardly over to the front seat. Takes the WHEEL, forcefully pulling Vitt to the side. To Rosario:

BOBBY GREEN

Get down!

(CONTINUED)

94.

CONTINUED:

Rosario crouches, covers the back of her head with her hands. THE WATER gets pushed away by the speedy wipers REVEALING: BURT'S CAR AND THE OLDSMOBILE HITTING EACH OTHER, SIDE TO SIDE; THEN, A HUBCAP--we don't know from which car it's been dislodged...

COMES SPINNING AT INCREDIBLE SPEED. AT BOBBY'S WINDSHIELD. Right at BOBBY, RIGHT AT US. WE BLINK. Bobby swerves. THE HUBCAP SKIDS OFF the front windshield. Bobby brushes up against the guardrail. We SEE THAT IT is all that protects him from spinning off into the river, two hundred feet below.

Bobby darts from lane to lane, and the THIRD POLICE CAR-- behind the Olds--has SLAMMED on its BRAKES to avoid hitting Bobby's car...

THE OLDS IS RIGHT NEXT TO BURT'S CAR. BOBBY SEES the barrel of the gun swing to Burt.

ANOTHER BIG PUDDLE--A MUFFLED THUNDERCLAP sound... The water slides away, REVEALING that the back window of Burt's car has shattered.

Bobby is startled at this, his mouth momentarily drooping open. He CAN SEE:

HIS FATHER, FIRING his WEAPON out the window at the OLDS. We HEAR BURT through the RADIO, a STATIC-RAVAGED SIGNAL:

BURT'S VOICE (RADIO FILTER)

They got a hit on! Get support,  
now!

Bobby pulls up alongside the Olds. Looks inside. He tries to get a good look but cannot. He SEES TWO people in the car, one driving and one doing the shooting--

BOOM! And it punctures a hole in the side of Bobby's rear door. Rosario is JOLTED--screams again...

BOBBY GREEN

Rosario! You hurt?

She shakes her head, her face still buried in the vinyl. She's hysterical--but physically unharmed.

The traffic gets denser now. The WEATHER is terrible, blinding. Rushes of WATER COVER the glass around the car, wrecking visibility. We ARE ON: the B.Q.E., with many trucks, big and small, on it.

(CONTINUED)

95.

CONTINUED: (2)

The Olds weaves in and out, in front of and behind, many large semis. BOBBY WATCHES AS: Burt's car is right behind the Olds. This is unbelievably dangerous.

A TRUCK starts changing lanes. The Olds scoots past it before it does, but: Burt does not. THE TRUCK CLIPS Burt's

car on the driver's side. He sneaks through, recovering and keeping up the pursuit.

POLICE CARS, SIRENS BLAZING, JOIN THE PURSUIT...

The truck starts to skid on the drenched roadway. Then: IT JACKKNIFES, spinning out. The Police Car behind Bobby's slams into the truck, making a MACABRE CRUNCHING SOUND.

BOBBY'S EYES, as he turns around and witnesses the horrific accident through the RAIN-SOAKED rear window. It is TERRIBLE:

The truck CRUSHES the Police car, its carriage flipping over and flattening the vehicle and probably the people inside.

The Olds skids ferociously, pulling off the expressway toward city streets. Burt's car follows. Burt's car and the Olds are neck-and-neck. Bobby pulls up beside Burt. Into the radio:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Pop, lay back!

But Burt does not. Burt has a clear shot at the hooded man in the back seat. HE FIRES.

A HIT! We can see the BLOOD spatter the perp's automobile. The man's head jerks back spasmodically. We HEAR:

BURT'S VOICE (RADIO FILTER)

I got him! I got the sonofabitch!

AND THEN, CLOSE SHOT ON BOBBY: THREE QUICK CUTS, CLOSER AND

CLOSER...SILENCE... He sees, through the rain: a LONG SHOTGUN BARREL come out of the window from the rear passenger's seat area.

His eyes pop. The OLDS SPEEDS UP. THE BARREL OF THE SHOTGUN turns:

WATER covers the windshield, BLINDING the driver (and us). The water slides off the glass.

THEN: A TERRIBLE THUNDERCLAP.

(CONTINUED)

96.

CONTINUED: (3)

BOBBY WATCHES as BLOOD COVERS BURT'S FACE. He's been HIT. He loses control of the automobile... Bobby freezes, IN DISBELIEF. IN HORROR. HIS FATHER HAS BEEN SHOT...

EXT. STREET

Through the RAIN, we SEE: a patch of parochial school children, ASIAN CHILDREN, on the streetcorner.

Bobby's car peels off, away from danger. Burt's car IS HEADED RIGHT FOR THEM. In what seems like his dazed last gasp, he SLAMS on the BRAKES. The car skids out, spins. The motion is DIZZYING...

THE OLDS is uncontrolled. The vehicle moves through a traffic light, HITTING another car.

STARTS TUMBLING, NOT ON ITS SIDE, BUT HEAD OVER TAIL.

It is one intense image. The car is upside down now. It slides for tens of feet before stopping. Smoldering...

The rain falls, making an oddly serene sound. We HEAR SIRENS. The Police are approaching.

Burt's car stops slowly. He gets out of the car, his face a mess. He stumbles for a few feet in the rain. BOBBY'S CAR ARRIVES on the SCENE...

BURT'S EYES ARE RED, filling with blood. His JAW is open. He gasps for air, a vacant stare on his face. His body spasms. Then he collapses, on his knees. FALLS. FACE DOWN. IN A POOL OF BLOOD. The Police are in the background...

WIDE SHOT of the BLOCK as BOBBY MOVES TO HIS FATHER, WHO IS LYING ON THE STREET. Bobby bends down, turning his father

over. His father's blood is all over his hands now.

Burt is dead.

Other cops surround them. Bobby looks up at all of them, they at him. Broken, he pushes the others away. As water drips off his face:

BOBBY GREEN

Don't fuckin' look at him! I said  
don't--back up! Don't look at  
him...

(CONTINUED)

97.

CONTINUED:

Bobby eyes his father, spent, crestfallen--but not histrionic. The CAMERA TILTS DOWN. The BLOOD from BURT'S BODY flows into the street, along the curb, into the gutter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bobby and Rosario, outside an office. Armed cops are up and down the hall. We HEAR conversation through the walls. Bobby is standing, smoking a cigarette, holding back tears. Rosario is seated on a nearby bench--wet, shivering, stunned. Rosario looks to Bobby:

ROSARIO DIAZ

Bobby? Could I call my mother...?

Speechless, Bobby nods. Jack emerges from the office, approaches Michael:

JACK SHAPIRO

No I.D. on the guys in the car.  
Probably illegals. But Mike--  
(pulls M. closer)

--We had that place locked up tight. How they knew where they were, I go no idea.

MICHAEL SOLO  
(turns to Bobby)  
We gotta get you to a secure location, Bobby--

Bobby, emotional and glassy-eyed, interrupts:

BOBBY GREEN  
Does my brother know yet?

MICHAEL SOLO  
(beat; then:)  
He's taking it very hard.  
(BEAT)  
They had to sedate him.

These words hit Bobby. His eyes close, forcing tears down his cheeks.

BOBBY GREEN  
Then you gotta take me to him...  
(SOTTO)  
I wanna go see him...

Michael turns to an OFFICER, motions. The officer leaves.  
The camera DOLLIES INTO a CLOSE SHOT of Bobby and we GO TO:

98.

INT. JOSEPH'S HOUSE - DEN

Sitting on the couch is Joseph. He is trying to be stoic, but appears wan and tired. Alone. We HEAR the crowd in the house, but they are in the living room. A KNOCK: Bobby enters.

BOBBY GREEN  
Joseph?

Joseph eyes him, seems heartened by the sight of his

brother. But he is out of it, emotionally bludgeoned:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

...I'll catch `em, Bobby. Don't  
worry...

Bobby walks over to Joseph, stands close to him. Searches  
for words. Before he can speak:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

They're gonna need us to identify  
the body...

Then, as emotional as we've yet seen him, Bobby strains to  
get the sentences out of his mouth:

BOBBY GREEN

I don't know if I can do that. I  
MEAN--  
(BEAT)  
I saw him die...

Bobby breaks down. Joseph responds by CLUTCHING him  
tightly. The brothers rock back and forth gently.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

I wanna stay close to you from now  
on, Joe...  
(into J's ear)  
I wanna stay with you...

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The shot is of a small and bare room in a Queens funeral  
home. In the center is a COFFIN. The camera DOLLIES  
TOWARD IT. Entering the room is an UNDERTAKER, with Bobby  
and Joseph right behind.

UNDERTAKER

We know mere words cannot suffice  
in this time of tragedy. We're so  
very sorry about your loss...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Undertaker unhinges the coffin. Inside is Burt, eyes closed, clothed in a suit. We don't see the body; what we DO see are the reactions of his two sons. Bobby's grief is obvious, but he's already seen him dead. This is new territory for Joseph, who though he does not break down, seems overwhelmed. Both young men nod in acknowledgement, and the Undertaker closes the coffin.

UNDERTAKER (CONT'D)

Now I'm told you're going to be  
handling the arrangements for  
tomorrow's service--?

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
(DEVASTATED)

That's right...

UNDERTAKER

Could you come with me please?  
(to Bobby)  
We'll be right back.

As the Undertaker leads Joseph away, Bobby enters an:

INT. ANTECHAMBER

Where waiting are Jack and Michael. Bobby gives a fiery stare to the two cops. He approaches them. Sotto but intense, his teeth clenched in a simmering anger:

BOBBY GREEN

You gonna fuckin' catch these guys?

A nod. Bobby senses uncertainty:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

You ain't got nothing, do you.

Michael looks to Jack, who steps forward:

JACK SHAPIRO

All our uncles on the street been  
hearing about a big deal, goin'

down maybe Monday or Tuesday.

(BEAT)

They don't know where yet, but...we  
got a feeling--[now that]  
Nezhinski's out, he's gonna be  
there.

BOBBY GREEN

(growing emotional)

You gotta find that spot...

(CONTINUED)

100.

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL SOLO

You and your brother don't gotta  
worry about any of that. Just take  
the time you need--

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

MIKE--

The men all turn around. Joseph stands there, wounded but

COMMITTED:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)

I'll be ready to come back and head  
it up. I'll be ready and, and  
we'll get `em.

(BEAT)

After the funeral.

Joseph turns and reenters the room with the coffin. Bobby  
WATCHES him from behind, as his hand runs along the top of  
the casket. We HEAR:

BRRRRRRRUUMMM...BRRRRRRRUUMMM...BRRRRRRRUUMMM...

EXT. INTERBORO CEMETERY - DAY

A LIMOUSINE pulls up against the backdrop of thousands of  
tombstones. Emerging are Bobby and Joseph. They are both  
wearing dark sunglasses. Rosario and Sandra and the

children get out behind them and are led away by funeral coordinators to another place in the coming processional. In the distance, many many people and a long line of cars move toward the two brothers.

The Undertaker walks away briefly, to direct some traffic. Bobby slowly puts his arm around Joseph's waist, prompting:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
Bobby... I'm real glad you're with  
me now...

BOBBY GREEN  
Course...

Joseph grows more emotional, adjusts his sunglasses. Leans to Bobby, clears his throat. Sotto:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
You know, I was...I was jealous of  
you, [for a] long time.

Bobby is surprised to hear this admission, and is taken aback by the honesty of it--especially in this moment. Joseph grabs his brother's arm, his voice cracking:

(CONTINUED)

101.

CONTINUED:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY (CONT'D)  
...I always did what Pop wanted.  
And you were free...

Bobby tears up, his voice breaking too; he shakes his head:

BOBBY GREEN  
No.... I did it to hurt him... I  
disappointed him...

Interrupting the moment, the Undertaker approaches:

UNDERTAKER  
Gentlemen?

The Undertaker guides the two men toward the procession.  
Just as the drums reach a THUNDEROUS VOLUME, we GO TO:

MINUTES LATER.

A line of cars files into the cemetery, led by the HEARSE.  
The procession is PHENOMENALLY LONG. The New York skyline  
is in the distance.

UNIFORMED POLICE LINE the narrow road. The COFFIN is  
removed from the HEARSE, put on WHEELS for the move to the  
gravesite. Bobby, Joseph approach. The DRUMS CONTINUE:

BRRRRRRRUUMMM...BRRRRRRRUUMMM...BRRRRRRRUUMMM...

People get out of their cars. Many of them we recognize  
from elsewhere in the film but don't know by name. One of  
the people to emerge from a Town Car is MARAT BUZHAYEV and  
his ever-present BABUSHKA WIFE, KALINA.

The walk begins, with everyone saluting Bobby and Joseph.

Behind them, the Mayor, the Commissioner, all the rank and  
file of the Force. The turnout is enormous. Rosario is  
here too, though several rows back. She is with the women.

Bobby peers at the procession, which is made up of hundreds  
of SALUTING COPS, others. AMONG THEM, we SPOT:

LOUIS FALSETTI.

At that moment, BOBBY SEES his old friend, and the two make  
EYE CONTACT. Bobby is greatly moved by his appearance, and  
nods subtly to Jumbo. Louis salutes gently, a slight and  
sympathetic smile coming across his face...

SIMULTANEOUS: Joseph takes a look at the COFFIN, grows more  
distraught. He breaks down. Bobby is there to catch him  
and does.

(CONTINUED)

102.

CONTINUED: (2)

Several WHITE-GLOVED COPS move to help, and then, trying to  
recompose himself, he squeezes his brother's forearm for

support. Tries to straighten:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

...It's all right... I'll be all  
right...

Bobby is devastated by seeing his brother like this and is momentarily rendered speechless. He tightens his own grasp around Joseph, leads him on the walk behind the COFFIN.

FURTHER DOWN THE PROCESSIONAL

Rosario. Walking. Eyeing the Cops, the Cop Wives. She does not fit in. Cops are staring at her. She SEES COP WIVES looking at her, leaning over to each other and TALKING ABOUT HER. Though she can't hear what they're saying, she is made to feel terribly uneasy...

Rosario quickens her pace away from them, and the MARCH MOVES ON...

EXT. GRAVESITE

The line of police and relatives now heap dirt onto the coffin, which is in the ground. BOBBY and JOSEPH silently lead the line, shoveling dirt and moving on. Rosario moves behind them. Bobby SEES: BEYOND THE CEMETARY GROUNDS: TEENAGERS have climbed the trees. And they're LAUGHING at the spectacle. Michael stands next to Bobby.

A beat, then Bobby speaks in a way that's preoccupied. Almost as if the words are more for himself than for Mike:

BOBBY GREEN

I can't live like this no more,  
Mike... They destroyed my family.

(BEAT)

There's a deal going down, I... I  
wanna help...

MICHAEL SOLO

You're a civilian, Bobby. Ain't no  
way.

Bobby leans closer, more focused:

BOBBY GREEN  
I, I could join you.

Michael turns to him, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

103.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)  
My Pop tol' me you pull guys outta  
the Academy, guys with special  
knowledge, [and] make `em cops?  
You could do that.

MICHAEL SOLO  
Bobby, come on--you got your own  
life to live--

BOBBY GREEN  
(INTERRUPTING)  
No. I can't do nothing else now.

A beat, as Mike ponders. Then:

MICHAEL SOLO  
Then you gotta understand--this  
ain't something you do just for a  
vendetta. You gotta go back to the  
Academy when you're done, you gotta  
commit yourself.

Bobby looks at his brother, then back to Mike.

BOBBY GREEN  
I know.

MICHAEL SOLO  
Gimme a couple days--I'll talk to  
the P.C.

Bobby again eyes Joseph, who stands over the grave wiping

his eyes with a handkerchief. He WALKS OVER to him, puts his arm around him. Into his ear:

BOBBY GREEN

Joe, I'm gonna join you. I just decided...

(BEAT)

Okay?

Joseph looks at him for a moment, nods subtly. Then he looks back into the grave.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

This is where I belong...

ANGLE BACK on Bobby, as he spots ROSARIO, who stares right back at him. He's GOING TO HAVE TO TELL HER HIS DECISION. A LINE OF POLICEMEN in white gloves begins to FIRE RIFLES into the AIR. FIVE SHOTS...

104.

EXT. PAN AMERICAN MOTOR INN - DAY

A fairly run-down place, on the way to Kennedy Airport.

INT. PAN AMERICAN MOTOR INN - SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bobby is still in his funeral suit, standing near the sofa. Smoking a cigarette, holding a drink in his hand. An ARMED GUARD accompanies Rosario into the hotel room--they've arrived home from the funeral separately. She turns her back to him, puts her handbag down on a dresser.

Bobby eyes the Guard, who promptly leaves the room. He places his drink on the coffee table.

BOBBY GREEN

I wanna talk to you about something.

She turns. He starts to take off his tie.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

I'm thinking of...maybe joining the Force.

No response from Rosario yet. Surprised and not surprised.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

I mean, I help find Nezhinski, we don't gotta live like this the rest of our lives--moving every three fuckin' days...

She looks at him for a moment, then stares at the floor. Shakes her head. She gets emotional:

ROSARIO DIAZ

Bobby, I don't know if I can be here no more.

BOBBY GREEN

What're you talking about? I just got through telling you--

ROSARIO DIAZ

No, I think maybe it's time I leave then--go down to Miami on my own, with my mother.

BOBBY GREEN

(struggling to stay CALM)

I can't let you do that. That ain't safe for you.

(CONTINUED)

105.

CONTINUED:

ROSARIO DIAZ

You know that's not true, Bobby. They're not after me.

BOBBY GREEN

Hold on a second--I know what I'm talking about'd be a change.

(BEAT)

It'd be a big change for us.

She is still shaking her head, still staring at the floor:

ROSARIO DIAZ  
BOBBY--

Bobby gets up, walks over to the desk. Rubs his fingers on its surface, not looking at her but resolutely:

BOBBY GREEN  
But we could make a life here.  
This'd be something we could build  
on. We could raise a family,  
and...

This seems to focus Rosario who stares at him. He moves closer to her:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)  
Pretty soon you'd fit in.

ROSARIO DIAZ  
No I wouldn't...  
(BEAT)  
They know what I was--what I was  
DOING--

BOBBY GREEN  
They'll accept you if we're  
TOGETHER--

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Bobby!

She halts him, opens up. Tearful:

ROSARIO DIAZ (CONT'D)  
I gave it all up for you and you  
changed everything!

BOBBY GREEN  
Gave it up? Gave up what?  
(beat; explodes)  
GAVE UP WHAT, ROSARIO?!?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106.

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

What fuckin' life did you have?  
You're a fuckin' cokehead--look at  
you!

ROSARIO DIAZ

(beat; deeply hurt)

And you were clean, Bobby? We were  
TOGETHER--

BOBBY GREEN

Well, maybe I was a piece of shit  
too! Wasting my goddamned time!

She is momentarily speechless.

ROSARIO DIAZ

How could you say that...? We had  
PLANS--

BOBBY GREEN

Wake up! All that was nothing!

ROSARIO DIAZ

No! Now is nothing! Look at  
what's happened to your family,  
Bobby--your father, he's dead--look  
at your brother! It could all  
happen to you!

BOBBY GREEN

My brother's gonna be all right--  
and nothing's gonna happen to me.

ROSARIO DIAZ

That's what you said before.

A moment, then she turns to walk toward the bedroom.

BOBBY GREEN

Hey--where you goin'--

Bobby grabs her.

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Get off me! Let me go!

He holds her by the wrists:

BOBBY GREEN  
What the fuck you doin'?

ROSARIO DIAZ  
Get off me!

(CONTINUED)

107.

CONTINUED: (3)

A TUSSELE. As he tries to restrain her, a torrent of emotion explodes from Rosario:

ROSARIO DIAZ (CONT'D)  
Get off me--I don't want it! It's  
not what I want!

She breaks free. Panting, tears streaming down her cheeks. After a beat, Bobby seeks to calm her.

BOBBY GREEN  
All right. Why don't you just calm  
down and think about it a little.

She looks at him, frozen.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)  
You think about it, you'll feel  
different. You'll understand. And  
in time, we'll look back on all  
this and you'll see I was right.  
Look--I love you.  
(BEAT)  
Why don't you go get some rest?

Without a word, she turns and walks back into the bedroom.

Closes the door. Bobby sinks to the couch, picks up his drink. After a beat, we HEAR a:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

We appreciate your patience, Bobby.

THE FACE OF SPIRO GIAVANNIS

As he looks into the CAMERA. We can't yet TELL where we are. He continues, backing up from us slowly, leading us somewhere not yet in focus:

SPIRO GIAVANNIS

The Commissioner is here now, and he's ready to go.

We PAN AROUND to REVEAL: BOBBY GREEN, as he steps forward, in FORMAL POLICE UNIFORM. His HAIR is cut, closely-cropped now. He is clean shaven. A REAL PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

A lavish room. Filled with photographs of important people shaking hands, receiving awards, etc. COMMISSIONER WILLIAM RUDDY, a middle-aged, balding, and yes, ruddy-faced man, is here.

(CONTINUED)

108.

CONTINUED:

COMMISSIONER RUDDY

We're all very sorry about your father--he was a great man.

BOBBY GREEN

Thank you, sir. I'm gonna try and do my part too, now.

COMMISSIONER RUDDY

Good. Raise your right hand.

Ruddy leads him to the corner of the office. Bobby is

guided into position as: the Commissioner picks up a small, leather-bound black book. With one hand, he holds the Bible upon which Bobby places his hand. With the other, he holds a manual, off which he reads an oath:

COMMISSIONER RUDDY (CONT'D)

"I hereby pledge and declare..."

Bobby repeats after him. (This process continues until the entire PLEDGE IS COMPLETED.)

BOBBY GREEN

"I, Robert Green, hereby pledge and  
DECLARE--

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Of Bobby in the POLICE ARMORY. He is RECEIVING his GUN and his BADGE. Over this, we STILL HEAR:

BOBBY GREEN

"--that I will support and defend  
the Constitution, both of the  
United States government and the  
State of New York, to the best of  
my ability..."

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

He walks down the hall, with his back to us.

BOBBY GREEN

"...I will faithfully discharge my  
duties in the rank of rider in the  
New York City Police Department.  
So help me God."

BACK TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

Ruddy and Giavannis shake Bobby's hand vigorously:

(CONTINUED)

109.

CONTINUED:

COMMISSIONER WILLIAM RUDDY  
Congratulations!

BACK TO THE POLICE STATION HALLWAY

CLOSE SHOT on BOBBY, PAUSING right before he enters the MUSTER ROOM. HE takes a breath and ENTERS:

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM

Many cops, mug shots and files strewn all over. A discussion, in media res. Many cops approach Bobby, all of whom shake his hand, AD-LIBBING WHISPERED "HEY, BOBBY" and "WELCOME TO THE FORCE." Bobby thanks them, then moves to stand behind his brother. Michael testily grills Jack on the investigative progress:

MICHAEL SOLO

...But we got our guys out there,  
working the street all over? I  
mean, they coupeing or they  
working?

JACK SHAPIRO

Everybody's out there, bustin'  
balls, left and right! What else  
you want us to do?

As Michael says the following dialog, a UNIFORMED OFFICER comes up to Bobby. Sotto, in his ear, he speaks to him:

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Bobby, a Rosario Diaz's been  
callin' for you. She says she  
needs to talk to you.

BOBBY GREEN

Thanks. I'll call her back.

MICHAEL SOLO (SIMULTANEOUS)

Well, you tell Narcotics Queens we  
got an A-1 sale hanging over our  
head and either they help us or we  
fuckin' take it out on `em later!

The Uniformed Officer leaves, and Bobby stays put to hear this exchange.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
What about Nezhinski's uncle? That clubowner--Marat Buzhayev?

(CONTINUED)

110.

CONTINUED:

JACK SHAPIRO  
Clean. We tailed him for weeks. Goes out with his grandkids, takes `em horseriding at Floyd Bennett Field... Checks on his fur business from time to time--we even looked at some of the coats and tore `em apart. Turned out to be fake sable, if you could believe it.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
It's comin' up quick, we don't know anything... We're gonna lose it...

MICHAEL SOLO  
Joe--this is still new territory for all of us. I mean, we hadda use your brother here to get any results to begin with.

Michael points to Bobby, who up until now had been focused on--and concerned by--his brother's behavior.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
I know that. And my family takes the hit--my family...

An awkward silence. Everyone's pained. Bobby stiffens:

BOBBY GREEN

Could you guys go outside for a minute? I wanna talk to my brother.

Michael hesitates, then nods. Everyone wheels around and exits the room. Jack follows Mike out the door. Bobby turns to his brother:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

You're trying to do everything-- it's gonna kill you.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

(shrugs ruefully)

We don't got much time...we lose Nezhinski, we're both dead... [The] streets'll get flooded, the whole City's gonna be on fire--

BOBBY GREEN

We could handle it. I mean, I come on to help you--

(CONTINUED)

111.

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

(INTERRUPTING)

Well, I didn't ask you to do that. I don't need your help--I could deal with it on my own.

BOBBY GREEN

I know. But you don't gotta do everything yourself. That's what I'm trying to tell you.

Bobby eyes Joseph, who looks deeply troubled. Bobby sits.

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Joe, what's wrong? Come on, you can tell me.

(BEAT)

A deal this big, something's gonna  
come up. You'll see--someone'll  
fold.

Joseph ponders for a beat, then comes out with it:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

It's not that. It's just... You  
give up what you wanted to do to be  
here, Bobby. And part of me feels  
a little responsible.

BOBBY GREEN

Nah, you didn't do nothing. It's  
meant to be. You can't fuckin'  
control it...

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

(slight laugh)

You know, I remember when Pop was  
mad at you, he always used to say  
you didn't believe in our family.  
And Mom, she'd protect you. She'd  
give you those little caramels...  
Anyway, I knew he was wrong too,  
but I didn't say nothing.

Just then: the Uniformed Officer KNOCKS and RE-ENTERS:

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Bobby, Rosario Diaz just called  
again.

BOBBY GREEN

Tell her I'm on my way back now.  
(to Joseph)  
Don't worry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

112.

CONTINUED: (3)

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

That's all in the past.  
(kisses him)

I'll see you later.

EXT. PAN AMERICAN MOTOR INN - DAY

An UNMARKED CAR with Bobby inside pulls up to the front. A GUARD steps forward to greet, protects him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Bobby enters. There are several guards in the space. Bobby scans the room, and quickly notices EVERYTHING OF ROSARIO'S IS GONE. Bobby wheels around, to a GUARD. INTENSE EXPRESSION.

BOBBY GREEN

What happened--where'd she go?!?

GUARD

She left about an hour ago. She said to give you this--

The GUARD hands Bobby a NOTE. BOBBY SEES IT, GRABS IT WITHOUT READING IT.

BOBBY GREEN

We gotta go find her!

GUARD

She asked us not to, Bobby. She's-- Bobby--we can't do that legally!

Bobby tries to charge past them. The Guards all restrain him delicately ("C'mon, calm down"), but Bobby is in no mood and instead starts a melee. He is a tour de force of energy, and it takes no less than everyone here to subdue him. The FIGHT is more a WRESTLING MATCH than anything else, and it is messy, tough:

BOBBY GREEN

DON'T--FUCKIN'--

Bobby's forehead is cut; the struggle is UGLY. The Guards rouse up enough strength to PUSH HIM into the HOTEL ROOM for GOOD. THE DOOR SLAMS. A SILENT BEAT. Bobby paces, in a rage. Then, sarcastic:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)  
Go `head! Keep me in here--KEEP ME  
HERE!

(CONTINUED)

113.

CONTINUED:

GUARD'S VOICE (MUFFLED)  
Bobby, we don't wanna have to put  
you in restraints, so just calm  
down!  
(BEAT)  
Calm the fuck down!

Bobby stares at the door.

BOBBY GREEN  
You gonna keep me here? HUH?!?

Still in a fury, he takes a lamp and HITS THE DOOR  
REPEATEDLY. Then he HURLS the lamp toward a mirror on the  
wall, AND IT SHATTERS... Exhausted, he stops. Moves to:

INT. BEDROOM

Where he sits on the edge of the bed, touches his neck.  
BLOOD on his hand. He STILL GRIPS THE UNREAD NOTE. He  
throws it to the ground; and then, perhaps motivated by the  
realization of his situation, a flood of feeling comes over  
him. Tears begin to fall down his face, and he succumbs.

It is as though all of the emotions in our story find their  
outlet here, in this moment. Bobby lets all the remaining  
feeling drain from him until he has nothing left.

After this outburst, he is exhausted. He calms, breathing  
heavily. A beat; he puts his bloodied hand to his head...

We PRELAP the SOUND of a PHONE RINGING:

INT. QUEENS BAR - PHONE BOOTH

A noisy Queens place, its blue collar patrons watching boxing on the television and cheering. PAN OVER TO: one of those old, in-the-wall phone booths, with a sliding door. Bobby is on the phone, seated in the dark space. Holds a GLASS half-full of LIQUOR. Distraught, he listens for an answer as the PHONE RINGS once more. Then:

A MAN'S VOICE (PHONE FILTER)

Hello?

A BEAT. Bobby collects himself. Then:

BOBBY GREEN

It's me, Lou.

LOUIS FALSETTI (PHONE FILTER)

HEY!!!! Bobkes!!! How you doin'?!

(CONTINUED)

114.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY GREEN

I'm okay. Listen uh, you ain't spoke to Rosario lately, have you?

LOUIS FALSETTI

No. She's holed up with you, ain't she?--God knows where.

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah--it's just, she must've gone out for a little bit and...I wanted to get in touch with her.

LOUIS FALSETTI

Well, I talk to her, I'll tell her you called.

BOBBY GREEN

Thanks... You know, things are

really changing on my end. I ain't gonna be in protection anymore.

LOUIS FALSETTI (PHONE FILTER)

Oh Bob! That's great! Whaddaya say we knock back a few in your Dad's memory tonight?

BOBBY GREEN

...I, I don't know...

LOUIS FALSETTI (PHONE FILTER)

Come on! El Caribe's got their masquerade party--every third drink's free. Be like old times!

(BEAT)

I'll be there--what more could ask for! C'mon! You comin'? Huh?

(BEAT)

You gonna be a man or not?

ANGLE on BOBBY as we GO TO:

INT. EL CARIBE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A SHOW is about to go on. The place has a darker quality to it now, and many patrons are wearing HALLOWEEN MASKS. BOBBY ENTERS, approaches a table in the back, where seated are Louis and Louis' girlfriend, HAZEL. Lou is armed with a huge grin, and he stands and hugs Bobby:

LOUIS FALSETTI

My brother! The Grand Return!

As they sit, Lou notices Bobby is alone:

(CONTINUED)

115.

CONTINUED:

LOUIS FALSETTI (CONT'D)

You ain't heard from Rosario yet?

BOBBY GREEN

No...

LOUIS FALSETTI

(moves closer)

You want Hazel here to fix you up  
with a little something? I'm only  
kiddin'--let's have a drink--

(to a waitress)

Hey Natasha, over there!

HAZEL

Why don't you slow down a little?  
You're already acting stupid!

LOUIS FALSETTI

And you're already acting like a  
pain in my ass! I can hold my  
liquor and yours!

BOBBY GREEN

Jumbo, I don't want nothing right  
now--don't worry about it.

JUST THEN, THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM. A SPOTLIGHT on the STAGE.

MARAT BUZHAYEV ambles up to the microphone with some  
difficulty.

MARAT BUZHAYEV

Good evening. My name is Marat  
Buzhayev, and I'm the owner of the  
El Caribe. We have a special  
night, tonight--the Odessa Dance  
Troop is here to perform for us. I  
know you'll enjoy it.

APPLAUSE. Marat holds up his hands to quiet the clapping:

MARAT BUZHAYEV (CONT'D)

We also have an old friend who's  
come back to us--I want him to  
stand--Bobby? Ladies and  
gentlemen, Bobby Green, who used to  
be our manager here...

MORE APPLAUSE. THE SPOTLIGHT swings to Bobby, who stands  
briefly, sheepishly. Marat waves to him, Bobby nods, sits.

The SPOTLIGHT swings back to Marat who finishes up his introduction ("Enjoy the show!

(CONTINUED)

116.

CONTINUED: (2)

Thank you.") and exits to still more applause. ELI MIRICHENKO, Marat's son-in-law, approaches Bobby. In his EAR:

ELI MIRICHENKO

My father-in-law would love it if you come upstairs later, to say hello.

BOBBY GREEN

Okay, Eli. Tell him I'll come up.

Eli nods, exits. Beat. Then, sensing Bobby's mood:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Bob, you all right?

BOBBY GREEN

(hesitates; then)

Rosario--Rosario's gone down to Florida for a little while.

LOUIS FALSETTI

Florida?

(BEAT)

Well, she probably just needed a little time for herself. She'll be back.

BOBBY GREEN

Yeah...

(more interior)

You know, I was just thinking `bout when I first met her here... Working back there...

LOUIS FALSETTI

Ah, don't worry, Bob. I have no

doubt she'll be back.

Louis turns to watch the show for a beat, takes a huge swig of his DRINK. Then turns AROUND AGAIN; close to Bobby:

LOUIS FALSETTI (CONT'D)

I mean, between you and me, that place they had you in was drivin' her crazy. The Kew Motor Inn--we used to call that the SCREW Motor Inn, with all the hookers...

(back to Hazel)

Get that waitress wouldja?

Louis turns back to the show. The camera moves into a CLOSE SHOT on BOBBY as Louis' words FREEZE him. He seems ready to EXPLODE. Then, finally:

(CONTINUED)

117.

CONTINUED: (3)

BOBBY GREEN

Louis--?

(Lou turns to him)

How'd you know where I was staying?

LOUIS FALSETTI

Huh?

BOBBY GREEN

How'd you know where I was staying?

LOUIS FALSETTI

(CAUGHT)

It was, it was in the papers...

Bobby gets up with astonishing speed and moves right next to Louis. He grabs his arm tightly and, in his ear:

BOBBY GREEN

It wasn't in no papers, Louis.

Don't make me embarrass you. Let's go outside, right now.

The camera MOVES INTO a CLOSE SHOT on LOUIS as he FRETTS...

EXT. BACK ALLEY

Still grabbing Louis's arm, Bobby wrenches him loose. Louis stumbles and falls to the asphalt. Bobby steps FORWARD. Something is different about him now. He is colder than ice, his eyes black saucers of rage.

BOBBY GREEN

Where's Nezhinski?

LOUIS FALSETTI

I don't know--

BOBBY GREEN

Don't play games with me, Louis.

LOUIS FALSETTI

But I don't kn--

BOBBY GREEN

I just said, DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH ME!

(BEAT)

Rosario tol' you where we were staying, didn't she?!? She trusted you...

Louis begins to crack. Tears come to his eyes...

(CONTINUED)

118.

CONTINUED:

LOUIS FALSETTI

Bob, we're, we're buddies--we're like brothers! C'mon!

BOBBY GREEN

You don't mean nothing to me now-- that part of my life is dead.

(beat; for himself)

Today it ended for good...

LOUIS FALSETTI  
Bobby I swear--I don't know  
nothing!

BOBBY GREEN  
You know my father is dead because  
of you?

Louis begins to sob quietly, shivering. He brings his hand  
to his mouth. Bobby takes a threatening step forward:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)  
You know I'm on the Force now? And  
I could do anything to you?

Louis' eyes widen. He holds out his hands defensively.

LOUIS FALSETTI  
No, wait! Bob, please!  
(beat; weakening)  
Don't do this to me...  
(even softer)  
Don't do this to me Bob, please...

BOBBY GREEN  
You tell me what you know right now  
or I swear to Christ I will make  
you disappear.

Louis is crying loudly, like a ten year-old. He falls to  
his knees. Shivering in fear, he moves to Bobby's feet:

LOUIS FALSETTI  
Bobby, I... I told `em where you  
were--but, but it ain't what you  
think! I was makin' a buy and  
these guys in hoods, they held a  
gun to my head--so I tried to give  
`em the wrong information!

Bobby clenches his fist. Louis grabs onto him again:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOUIS FALSETTI (CONT'D)

No, wait, listen! It's true!  
 Rosario tol' me you moved every  
 couple days, she said you was gonna  
 move--I thought you'd be gone by  
 then! It's the truth, Bobby! I  
 would never try and hurt you!  
 Never, swear to God!

Bobby stares at him for a moment, then his teeth grit. He tries to calm himself but cannot. With a ferocity, he unleashes a brutal punch across Louis' face with the brunt of his fist. Louis collapses. In Louis' ear:

BOBBY GREEN

You tell me, right now--  
 (BEAT)  
 Where's your fuckin' spot?!?

CUT TO:

THE CAMERA DOLLIES past A SHOOTING GALLERY. ADDICTS, their inert bodies both crumpled and standing in virtual trances, wander an ALLEYWAY. They RECOIL from CAR HEADLIGHTS:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING

An American sedan, a DARK BLUE car, pulls up to the building. A man gets out--we can't quite tell who it is yet...

INT. DARK AND DIRTY HALLWAY - ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING

A young AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE stands in a doorway, dressed in a green parka. The hall, covered with trash and graffiti, is illuminated by a solitary light bulb. He guards ANOTHER SHOOTING GALLERY, which is in the room right behind him.

FOOTSTEPS. The AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE is on guard. The MAN

emerges from the darkness, his back STILL TO US. Upon seeing him, the African-American Man smiles, reaches into his pocket. Hands the unseen man a small yellow envelope:

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN

I got your money man, but my shit's running low. When you get me more?

MAN'S VOICE (SLIGHT ACCENT)

(as he counts the \$)

Just hold on a little while longer-- we get more for you soon.

(CONTINUED)

120.

CONTINUED:

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN

Yeah? When's that gonna be?

MAN'S VOICE

Tomorrow.

We CUT TO the over-the-shoulder of the man, and leaning out of the DARKNESS and into the LIGHT: ELI MIRICHENKO, Marat's son-in-law. He continues:

ELI MIRICHENKO

After tomorrow, everybody's gonna get well.

The African-American Man nods. Satisfied with the cash, Eli turns around, walks back down the hallway. ANGLE BACK ON AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN as the camera zooms past him, into:

INT. SHOOTING GALLERY

In the darkness, among the addicts: BOBBY GREEN. His face illuminated only by the sliver of light from the crack in the door. He's witnessed the whole thing... We HEAR:

COP'S VOICE (O.S.)

We got your boy Eli completely

covered, Bobby.

INT. JOSEPH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The group is all together. Cops we don't know pack the room, standing around the table. Seated at the table: Michael, Jack, Bobby, and at the head, Joseph. A TOUGH-LOOKING COP we've seen before but not met:

TOUGH-LOOKING COP

He just turned in for the night.

(BEAT)

Can't move an inch without us up his ass.

BOBBY GREEN

Well, he said tomorrow and that's what matters.

TOUGH-LOOKING COP

And we'll be right there with him-- you can be sure of that.

MICHAEL SOLO

They're movin' serious weight, we might be talkin' major league firepower. Maybe we call in the Feds.

(CONTINUED)

121.

CONTINUED:

JACK SHAPIRO

The Feds?

MICHAEL SOLO

Each one of `em's got 25 years on the job with this kinda thing, Pudge.

BOBBY GREEN

They got one year of experience, repeated 25 times.

EVERYONE LAUGHS. Bobby turns to Joseph:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Pop would never bring `em in, Joe.  
We gotta see this through  
ourselves...

JACK SHAPIRO

Bobby's right.

Joseph's back stiffens. With resolve:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Yeah, definitely... We'll get the  
TAC plan together...  
(INTENSE)  
And wherever it is, we'll be ready  
for `em...

MICHAEL SOLO

Arright, guys. That's it for now.

The troops get up to leave. Jack approaches Joseph.  
SOTTO:

JACK SHAPIRO

JOE--

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Yeah?

Bobby looks at Jack--who leans in, to Joseph's ear:

JACK SHAPIRO

You know, they're laughin' at us,  
out there on the street. Now when  
we get there, it'll be up to you  
what we do. But I hope you think  
about droppin' the hammer on `em.

Joseph contemplates this briefly, then Jack pulls him  
CLOSER:

(CONTINUED)

122.

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

I mean--after your father and everything? These people're like fuckin' lice.

(BEAT)

Just think about what I'm saying to you.

Bobby senses the pressure being placed upon his brother, and he moves Jack away from Joseph:

BOBBY GREEN

All right, c'mon. Enough...

ANGLE ON BOBBY, JOSEPH as we GO TO:

EXT. FLOYD BENNETT FIELD - LATE NIGHT/DAWN

SERIES OF SHOTS of:

1. WIDE SHOT of A MARSH AREA, with tall wheatlike weed growth that is extremely dense.
2. MEDIUM SHOT of a STRUCTURE, in the middle of this. An old, small, abandoned stone building, built as a WPA project in the 1930's. It is a men's/ladies' bathroom, probably a Robert Moses project, but long since abandoned.
3. WIDE SHOT of the STRUCTURE. The CAMERA BOOMS DOWN, from high above the STONE BUILDING, and PANS to REVEAL the TALL WEEDS AROUND IT.
4. MEDIUM SHOT of ELI'S DARK BLUE AUTOMOBILE, arriving. Eli emerges from the car. A bodyguard behind him, armed with an AK-47. He prepares to GREET:

AN ARRIVING LIVERY CAR.

Out steps: A HOST of men in suits, grasping suitcases--presumably filled with money.

THEN ANOTHER TOWN CAR. And yet ANOTHER.

The men all congregate like it's a legal business

transaction. HANDSHAKES, SMILES.

We PAN AROUND, MOVING THROUGH THE WEEDS NOW. And we SEE: Bobby and Joseph, as they arrive, MOVE INTO POSITION. The camera MOVES LATERALLY and we SEE: Michael and Jack and other COPS, doing much the same. All carrying SHOTGUNS. One COP POINTS A SHOTGUN MICROPHONE at the ACTIVITY, and our guys can HEAR perp conversations in their EARPIECES...

(CONTINUED)

123.

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER CAR ARRIVES. APPEARING out of it is VADIM NEZHINSKI. Joseph bristles at the sight of him. Bobby grabs his brother's arm, squeezes:

BOBBY GREEN

We're gonna get all of `em today.

JUST AT THAT MOMENT, a WHITE VAN PULLS UP: two men get out. They open the back, FILLED WITH FURS. They take a number of coats out of the BACK OF THE VAN, bring them to the shack...

ALL THE COPS appear confused. What the hell is this? ANOTHER TOWN CAR. A CROWD OF PEOPLE stand around the auto. Helping someone out of the vehicle. Whoever this is, he's the EMPEROR...

EMERGING: MARAT BUZHAYEV. Stepping up behind him, Eli, helping King Marat. MARAT and VADIM greet each other. They KISS WARMLY. ANGLE ON BOBBY. A beat. We SEE the devastation. Almost to himself:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Lookit the two of them...they're so fuckin' close...

Then the cops spot: TWO YOUNG GRANDCHILDREN, sitting in the back of the car. They do not get out. They seem clueless.

STANDING GUARD over all of this is a LOOKOUT, who is armed

with an AK-47. Several other ARMED MEN take positions closer to the structure as the FURS ARE BROUGHT IN.

BUSINESSMEN make some banter, then enter the shack--led by NEZHINSKI. MARAT BUZHAYEV and ELI follow him in. Many other men pour into the structure, BRIEFCASES in hand.

MICHAEL SOLO

Okay--when they complete the sale,  
that's when we move. ESU'll grab  
the kids.

A TRANSACTION BEGINS inside the shack, and the COPS are WATCHING. They SEE the action through BROKEN WINDOWS...

INT. SHACK

NEZHINSKI and MARAT, with the Businessmen. He looks behind him, to MARAT, who steps forward. In Russian:

MARAT BUZHAYEV (SUBTITLE)

This's what we've been planning for  
for so long. My nephew has stayed  
just to see this through.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

MARAT BUZHAYEV (SUBTITLE)

When this is done, we'll control  
almost the whole market.  
(motions to Man)  
Each load is completely  
untraceable. It's my own method.

The Man places a FUR on a distressed countertop. Rips it apart. Nezhinski steps forward:

VADIM NEZHINSKI (SUBTITLE)

The rest of the product is in the  
van--total weight, 75 kilos.

Places one of the lengths of fur into: A BASIN filled with fluid... The CAMERA ZOOMS into A CLOSE SHOT on the FUR in that basin...

The FUR IS POKED a COUPLE OF TIMES. A beat. Then: WHITE PLUMES RISE from the coat's fabric to the top of the liquid, and Eli begins to skim the substance off the surface.

DUMPING OUT some of the substance (now in crystalline form) onto a pad, MARAT BUZHAYEV hands it to a BUSINESSMAN, who TASTES it. THE BUSINESSMAN nods, pleased with his product... He reaches for a SUITCASE. It is OPENED. Filled with MONEY.

EXT. FIELD

Bobby and Joseph. Joseph has his earpiece, HEARS. Then:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY  
The deal's closing--let's go!

Bobby gets up, out of the weeds, SHOTGUN aimed:

BOBBY GREEN  
You're surrounded by the police!  
Come out now, with your hands on  
your heads!

INT. ABANDONED STRUCTURE

Vadim and Marat SNAP TO ATTENTION. SHOCKED. RUSSIAN WORDS ARE EXCHANGED, and everyone starts to PANIC...

EXT. FIELD

The COPS begin the assault, EXPLODING FROM EVERYWHERE. SIRENS, the whole thing. Bobby and Joseph get up, stand into a crouch and move slowly toward the structure. A GROUP OF ESU COPS charge MARAT'S CAR, GOING FOR THE CHILDREN--who watch this with fear and incomprehension...

(CONTINUED)

125.

CONTINUED:

An ARMED GUARD, standing outside the shack, begins to fire

at the cops. EVERYONE OPENS FIRE.

ALL OF A SUDDEN: A COP, that TOUGH-LOOKING COP we saw at Joseph's house but a few moments earlier, is HIT by the Armed Guard's fire. HIT IN THE FACE, he falls down near Joseph and Bobby. DEAD, his visage a bloodied pulp.

CLOSE SHOT ON JOSEPH. HE FREEZES. We momentarily FLASH CUT back to his OWN SHOOTING... He cannot bear reliving the terror of his moment...

As the COPS move in: Bobby spins around to look for his brother. He finds him still on the ground. Joseph seems unable to move, holding onto his shotgun for dear life:

BOBBY GREEN

Joe?!

Joseph looks at his brother, shakes his head. Completely shattered in the moment. STILL. SHOTS RING OUT. Bobby pushes his brother down on the ground. In his ear:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Arright, just stay down!

Chaos begins. All of the men inside the small building have aimed their guns into the WEEDS. But instead of stopping because of the shooting, Bobby progresses inexorably toward the structure, his shotgun poised to fire.

NOW MICHAEL and JACK and OTHER MEMBERS of the NARCOTICS TEAMS come out of the WEEDS. THEY FIRE their WEAPONS.

MARAT'S GRANDCHILDREN are DRAGGED OUT OF THE CAR, CRYING LOUDLY...

FIFTY YARDS AWAY

A LINE of UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS forms. They move in unison. Seems like a hundred men. Bobby and Jack and some of his men are coming from one side, the line from another.

SIRENS. A GUN BATTLE. The LOOKOUT with the AK-47 is hit--fatally. Bobby SEES several people FLEEING out a back entrance toward another section of the weeds. Joseph

remains in the grass, his head down, his hands on his head.  
We cannot SEE his face...

INT. ABANDONED BATHROOM STRUCTURE

Vadim Nezhinski is frazzled by the approaching FORCE he  
sees through the window.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

Moving with tremendous speed, he begins to light the FURS  
on FIRE... SMOKE... Vadim BEGINS TO COUGH, taking a  
suitcase of money with him. He backs out of the STRUCTURE.

EXT. FLOYD BENNETT FIELD

BILIOUS CLOUDS OF SMOKE. BOBBY is MOVING TOWARD THE  
BUILDING.

VADIM SCURRIES INTO THE WEEDS... THE SMALL STRUCTURE  
REALLY STARTS TO BURN. It is an odd flame, BLUE and  
SILENT.

BOBBY RUNS OFF, into THE WEEDS, following VADIM. ELI  
CHARGES TOWARD HIS CAR. JACK is RIGHT BEHIND HIM:

JACK SHAPIRO

Stop! Halt!

Jack ruthlessly pumps Eli full of bullets, and the man  
falls down dead. Jack approaches, mercilessly FIRES  
ANOTHER SHOT into the corpse...

INT. WEEDS

The WIND HOWLS... Tall, tawny-colored weeds, marsh. BOBBY  
moves through the DENSE WEED GROWTH. Pushing his way  
through the brown plants.

We HEAR POLICE DOGS. BOBBY starts THRASHING. The CAMERA  
is HAND-HELD, MOVING TO AND FRO WITH FEROCIOUS and  
VERTIGINOUS SPEED. ANGLE ON BOBBY as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CAR - IN THE RAIN

It is Bobby, SEEING, through the WET GLASS: BURT, AS HE IS SHOT. DURING THE CHASE IN THE RAIN. We GO BACK TO:

EXT. WEEDS

Bobby raises his shotgun as he RACES THROUGH THE PHRAGMITES GRASS. The WEEDS PART. It is TRICKY. HEAVY BREATHING. BOBBY SEES other MEN running through the weeds, but he can't tell who's who. CONFUSION...

BOBBY STOPS. FEET CRUSHING THE TWIGS... A GUNSHOT, FROM WHERE, GOD ONLY KNOWS... A RUSH OF IMAGES--SHADOWED FIGURES, OBSCURED BY THE WEEDS, APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR LIKE PHANTOMS...

BOBBY'S HEARTBEAT THUMPS ON THE SOUNDTRACK... A MAN backing up toward him; each man has his back to the other...

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

BOBBY DOESN'T SEE HIM YET. BUT WE CAN. THE CAMERA ZOOMS INTO BOBBY, WITH THE FIGURE BEHIND HIM. BOBBY SEES THE SHADOW ON THE GROUND. He turns, SLOWLY...raises his weapon, about to FIRE when he realizes:

It's MICHAEL SOLO, who, in profile to Bobby is unaware he's almost been killed. He stops when he feels the barrel of Bobby's shotgun against his ribs. SLOWLY TURNING AROUND, he sees BOBBY. WHISPERED:

MICHAEL SOLO

This's too dangerous. We'll all wind up killing each other--

BOBBY GREEN

Vadim is in here with us. Radio our guys, tell `em to get into the clearing.

ALL OF A SUDDEN, we HEAR, SHOUTED:

MAN'S VOICE

Bobby! We got the old man!

Bobby looks at Michael, points to his earpiece. Michael nods, and as we HEAR Mike's words into his radio ("Our guys, outta the brush!") Bobby starts to back up, toward the clearing...

EXT. CLEARING

Bobby is greeted by the boys. Other POLICE, including Michael Solo, emerge from the weeds, quietly. Jack APPROACHES:

JACK SHAPIRO

We got the old man--Buzhayev. Up by the cars. His grandkids are safe--they're in the van.

Bobby acknowledges this, turns to another OFFICER:

BOBBY GREEN

Are all our guys out?

The Officer looks, counts. Then nods. Bobby looks toward the weeds and says:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Burn it.

SEVERAL COPS BREAK FLARES, ROLLING THEM INTO THE WEEDS.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

All the officers back up--all of them except Bobby. Who stands, shotgun in hand, waiting for VADIM NEZHINSKI to emerge from the now-burning brush.

TWO OTHER MEN come out of the fire, coughing. They are

carrying their guns and thus killed by POLICE GUNFIRE. NO SIGHT OF NEZHINSKI AS BOBBY WAITS. AT LAST, HE DECIDES TO GO IN.

MICHAEL SOLO  
Bobby? What're you doin'--

BOBBY GREEN  
I'm not gonna let him get away...

AS the other POLICE panic around him, Bobby ENTERS THE FIRE...

INT. FIERY WEEDS

Bobby walks through the FLAME. It is OTHERWORLDLY. The ORANGE-BLUE, the SMOKE, it all seems to blow from left to right...

CHAOS of HEAT, SMOKE... We HEAR ONLY THE RUSHING WIND... BOBBY seems INCONCEIVABLY DRIVEN. Methodically stepping forward, past the FIRES, PEERING THROUGH SMOKE. NOTHING... JUST TUFTS OF SMOKE...

Then he spots an area in which the SMOKE FLOWS UNNATURALLY, AGAINST THE BREEZE, as though it SURGES AROUND SOMETHING... SOMETHING COVERED IN SMOKE, STANDING...

A GUST OF WIND PASSES--REVEALING--A SILHOUETTED FIGURE, WITH HIS ARM RAISED, POINTING, RIGHT AT BOBBY.

VADIM NEZHINSKI, POISED TO SHOOT.

Within what seems like a split second, Bobby raises his SHOTGUN and FIRES it. VADIM CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND. A DIRECT HIT to the chest.

Bobby lifts his shotgun and approaches. The weeds separate, REVEALING NEZHINSKI, with a look on his face that registers a kind of shock, a shock that he's been hit. Nezhinski sees Bobby standing over him. With all the energy he has in the world:

VADIM NEZHINSKI  
Don't...don't let me die in here...

Bobby stands over him for a BEAT. Then Bobby turns his back on Vadim, walks through the fires around him. As Vadim calls after him ("BOBBY!

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

PLEASE, DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!"), the flames begin to engulf the area where Nezhinski lies...

EXT. FIELD

BOBBY EMERGES FROM THE FIRE... HE WALKS TOWARD THE POLICE CARS. THE POLICE ARE ASSEMBLED around: MARAT BUZHAYEV. BOBBY WATCHES HIM FOR A MOMENT, HIS FACE filled with CONTROLLED RAGE. BEAT. EACH MAN STARES AT EACH OTHER. THEN:

MARAT BUZHAYEV

Bobby--I, I didn't know it would be your family--

BOBBY TAKES A THREATENING STEP FORWARD. Bobby's expression seems unmatched in its ferocity; Marat sees in Bobby's eyes a horrible determination, begins to cry... Bobby's emotions are a CAULDRON:

BOBBY GREEN

Get down! On the ground!

Marat gets on his knees. WHIMPERING. Bobby puts Marat's hands on his head, starts PATTING HIM DOWN. CLEAN.

BOBBY PUTS THE SHOTGUN AT MARAT'S TEMPLE. We HEAR the DOGS, the FIRE, the WIND, the SIRENS...

The police see the unforgiving expression on Bobby's face and the reality of the old man in front of them. Bobby turns to the others, particularly JACK. He looks at him, dark-eyed. Then he turns away and starts walking, making eye contact with none of them. He utters a command, to all of them and none of them in particular:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

Put him in the fuckin' van...  
Don't touch him...

Bobby walks past the small building, which CONTINUES TO BURN SILENTLY--with that eerie BLUE FLAME... Other cops watch him with awe and respect. They back away from him. He proceeds on toward the cars.

HE SEES: Joseph inside one of them, still. Staring at him.  
WE DOLLY WITH HIM as he moves to his brother. CROUCHES DOWN, stays by JOSEPH...

CLOSE SHOT OF AN ANNOUNCEMENT BOARD, SURROUNDED BY FLOWERS:

"ONE P.M.: N.Y.P.D. EVENT - ACADEMY GRADUATION."

130.

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - FOYER - OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

HUNDREDS OF POLICE OFFICERS, all dressed up to the nines, are HERE. White gloves and all. Milling about in a white plaster walled room. Upbeat chatter. Then: Bobby emerges through the DOORS in his DRESS BLUES. Upon seeing him, the others smile, CHEER. People touch him, shake his hand. Eye him with respect. AD-LIB GREETINGS.

RANDOM OFFICERS

Bobby! Hey! Lookit you--six months in the Academy and already you look like a chief!

BOBBY GREEN

Hey everybody...

Bobby moves toward the AUDITORIUM DOORS. Now Michael approaches. In Bobby's ear:

MICHAEL SOLO

I just saw the commissioner. A lotta people're gonna wanna talk to you--important people. About maybe settin' you up with your own unit.

BOBBY GREEN

All right. We'll talk about that  
after.

Bobby sees: JOSEPH, STANDING nearby with his hand on his  
child's shoulder, the rest of his FAMILY SURROUNDING HIM.  
The brothers embrace. Then:

BOBBY GREEN (CONT'D)

They're getting started--we should  
probably go in now.

INT. AUDITORIUM

The ceremony is getting underway. As Bobby and Joseph move  
past the seated crowd toward their chairs in front:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

You know, I think Pop would be real  
happy to see you like this.

BOBBY GREEN

(slight ironic laugh)  
I don't think he'd believe it...  
But I guess things don't always go  
the way you think they will.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Ah, the Force'll treat you good.  
I'm sure you do very well.

BOBBY GREEN

You definitely gonna leave? Ain't  
no way you change your mind?

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

(shakes head; then:)  
It's the right thing. It's over

for me--I'm out.

BOBBY GREEN

Listen, we'll spend some more time together from now on. Okay? I'll come over next week.

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

Arright, yeah. Sounds good.

Bobby approaches the POLICE CHAPLAIN, hands him a note.

BOBBY GREEN

Chaplain? I'd like you to introduce me this way. If you don't mind.

The CHAPLAIN looks at the paper, nods. He then walks to the podium. Bobby sits as the Chaplain begins:

POLICE CHAPLAIN

Ladies and gentlemen: we shall begin today's ceremony with the traditional invocation, moving then to the valedictorian address to be given by...Robert Grusinsky. Son of the late Deputy Chief Albert Grusinsky, brother of Captain Joseph Grusinsky.

ANGLE ON BOBBY as his REAL NAME is SPOKEN:

POLICE CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

You know, as I look at this fine young man seated here, I can't help but think about all the young members of our department. I get filled with such pride.

(BEAT)

Men like him are the great future of our Force...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As the man speaks, Bobby SCANS the room. HE SEES ROSARIO, standing in the crowd behind the seated audience. Her face is partially obscured. BOBBY CANNOT BELIEVE THE FLOOD OF EMOTION that overwhelms him, the happiness he feels upon catching a glimpse of her.

But just as quickly as this thrill grabs him, it disappears when she becomes completely visible; for he realizes that IT IS NOT HER but rather a young woman who bears merely a faint resemblance... Joseph interrupts this, leans over:

JOSEPH GRUSINSKY

I love you, Bobby.

BOBBY GREEN

(back to reality)

Love you too, Joe.

Police line up on the stage. Everyone's seated, Bobby and Joseph in front. The POLICE BAND begins to play the drums. Bobby straightens up, raises his hand--along with the sea of blue--in a SALUTE as the flag is carried to the front.

THE END