

THE KING OF NEW YORK

**Original Screenplay By
Nicholas St. John**

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INT: SING SING PRISON

NIGHT

THUNDER. Lightning. SOUND OF HEAVY RAIN.

PAN down to long corridor of cells. A trio of guards walks approaching last cell on block. Cat calls. Obscenity. They arrive.

One guard night-sticks the bars,

GUARD

Let's go, White...you're out of here.

They open the cage.

Inside, amid squalor of books posters and pamphlets, FRANK WHITE, hip, young blonde with wire-rimmed glasses framing intellectual but vibrant eyes, reading. He looks up from hardcover. On desk next to him, books: Engles, Feuerbach, Fanon, Marinetti, Lenin. White puts his volume down.

GUARD

Grab your shit...move it.

White looks then picks up a pack of cigarettes from writing table. He puts them in prison-shirt pocket; he turns to other side of cell. On cot, in tee shirt and sweat, a reticent BLACK.

White regards the man a beat then approaches and extends his hand in tight grasp of a power-shake. The eyes lock a moment and the man says,

BLACK

Make it happen, man...

White smiles quietly,

FRANK

Yeah, I will...

A beat then he turns away. He moves past the guards without a word and exits.

IN CORRIDOR the Guards form a triangle around and behind him.

Frank walks slowly, regarding behind the steel bars, one face after another looking out; many of the BLACK INMATES give him the power fist, shouts of encouragement. Frank's eyes in

union with theirs. Solidarity.

One prisoner begins a solid call to his comrade, 'FRANK, FRANK, FRANK...'

Frank regards the man quietly and moves down corridor.

Chant grows louder as another then another inmate adds his voice; thunderous, repetitive, 'FRANK, FRANK, FRANK...'

The fever rises. Many of the prisoners join in. Gates are rattled, bars shaken. Guards review the uproar in growing consternation.

Voices thunder in cavernous hall; the long, riotous walk finally peaks as

CAMERA LIFTS

and the four pass beneath arch of block seal-gate. Chant echoes and the doors slam metallically.

EXT: STREETS

NIGHT

MUSIC: ROLLING STONES: 'EMOTIONAL RESCUE'

A rain-streaked road sign flashes up from the dark,

WELCOME TO NEW YORK, desecrated to read, WELCOME TO HELL.

Wide shot reveals a black Camaro speeding down RAIN-SOAKED highway.

UP TITLES

INT: CAMARO

Frank White looks up as sign flashes by. His eyes register the message and the sign disappears into the dark.

Next to him, in back seat, a lush, steel-silent blonde, MELANIE.

At wheel, sensual, dark-skinned beauty, RAYE. She looks up into rear-view mirror.

White's eyes turned outward. His POV:

WRECKED and twisted automobile frames, abandoned furniture, the squalor and poverty of the Barrio section. Frank's face drawn in recognition.

ON CORNER, trio of Hispanic teenage hookers, one not eleven years old steps out into cone of rain-streaked light and lifts skimpy mini-dress to the passing traffic.

WHITE sees the pale legs bordered by frilly lace panties. Girl smiles. Frank watches a beat then turns away in disgust. Tacit.

Melanie opens pocket book and takes out CIGARETTES. She lights one up. Offers it to Frank.

FRANK

Thanks.

Frank takes the cigarette and pulls heavily on it. Out his rain-soaked window he sees

Puerto-rican JUNKIES standing in porticos, DRUNKS rain-drenched and nodding out on curbs, BAG-PEOPLE sitting silent over heat grates. He asks Melanie,

FRANK

Where're they meetin'?

MELANIE

Airport Sheraton...the other guy's bein' watched at home.

White looks back to his window. He watches the passing panorama of ruins.

Melanie taps another cigarette firmly on its pack and lights. Her features flare yellow as she lights up.

Out window, 'POBREZZA ES LA ESCLAVITUD DEL PUEBLO' sprayed red across abandoned facade behind caddies.

Raye looks into rearview at Frank,

RAYE

You want to go by the old neighborhood?

Frank looks into rear-view mirror and and nods. She TURNS OFF HIGHWAY and enters side street.

They drive south and through the rain, Frank's neighborhood arises.

SOUTH BRONX NEIGHBORHOOD: Blue-collar quarter with little evidence of affluence. OLD MEN on crates, KIDS playing in front of old apartment houses, YOUNG ADULTS hanging about on corners smoking and drinking beer from bags. Quiet resignation of economic stoicism evident in poorer sections of New York.

Raye maneuvers through the familiar area and Frank stares in silence.

Mid-block, people notice the fancy car. Some point in recognition. Some of the HIPSTERS clap, joints between lips, in recognition as the car passes. Raye regards him again though the rear-view,

RAYE

You wanna stop?

Frank smokes and shakes his head,

FRANK

No.

The ten and twelve year olds playing before run-down housing. Raye watches him through the rear-view mirror.

On corner, a HIP BLACKSTER sees Frank. Frank looks as the man raises thumb and forefinger in imitation of gun and fires. Frank looks back unemotional.

Ahead, in the dark, rises the silhouette of Manhattan across the Harlem River.

The trans-am reaches the outskirts of the neighborhood and through back-window the kids etc. playing.

The Car approaches the Willis Avenue Bridge. A sign indicates: MANHATTAN. Frank looks out at the city sitting in sinister granduer. He looks at his watch: 9:02 p.m.

He looks at Melanie and after a beat, grins.

CREDITS END

EXT: AIRPORT SHERATON/JFK NIGHT

Sound of JET ENGINES STRAINING against the rain. Hotel sits soaking beneath storm.

INT: SHERATON SUITE NIGHT

Looney Spanish cartoons in expensive airport hotel suite, drapes drawn, television on and at table, major coke deal.

On one side of table, the Colombians- a heavy, fish-eyed man, KING TITO, and to the side two sharp, sallow-faced THUGS, watching the tube and occasionally throwing a glance at the dealing.

Opposite Tito is good-looking, hiply dressed twenty-five year old with unmaskable energy: JAMES (JIMMY JUMP) BRUNO.

Next to Jump, TEST TUBE, slight, nervous type with drug verification kit.

On sofa, two suitcases, loaded with polyethylene bags of coke.

Jimmy, sitting impatient, looks to watch then turns to Tube with his chemicals.

JUMP

How much longer?

TUBE

A few more minutes, take it easy.

JUMP

Shit, I got things to do...

Jump pushes Tube aside and leans over the specimen bag on the table and scoops out some white. He snorts it. Tito watches exposing rotten teeth.

TITO (In Spanish)

Hecho en Paraguay; ciento por ciento puro.

JUMP

Yeah, yeah...this one's fine...
(To one of the Thugs) Hey, you got any orange soda? I got a headache.
(He takes out a tin of Bayer glancing at the television) Fuckin' cartoons...

The man doesn't move. Jump turns to Tito,

JUMP

Hey, tell laughing boy, I need something to drink an' to turn down the idiot box.

TITO (To Thug)

Abajala y vada a tomar una cocacola.

JUMP

Make sure it's cold.

Test tube has finished working the drug in his chemistry set.
Color true.

TUBE

Yeah, it's unstepped.

Tito looks confidently,

TITO

Now maybe you're satisfied?

JUMP

Now maybe I want to test another, amigo.
Trust ain't one of my stronger qualities.

Tito scowls as Jump reaches for another plastic sack of blow,

TITO

You fuckin' disrespect me, man.
I guarantee the shit; now to hell with
testing and let's get to the large
plus ten percent.

JUMP

What ten percent?

TITO (Smirking)

Transportation costs, querido. I
got expenses.

JUMP

Greed's an ugly habit, Tito.

TITO

Fuck the sucking greed; that's our
price. No-one else even talks to
you conos. Take it or leave it.

Jump thinks a beat, eyeing the Colombian king quietly.
The thugs sit dourly looking over. Jump's eyes clash with
the men and more time passes.

Then after some thought, Jump muses,

JUMP

You guys been fuckin' everybody for years; why should tonight be any different?...Pack the shit up.

TITO

El' verde, Rubio?

Jump reaches down under chair and lifts a briefcase from the floor. He calmly places it on the table. Tito goes for it, Jump slams his hand down on the case. Tension. After a beat,

JUMP

Where's my soda?

Tito looks a beat then smiles: tension dissipated; calls out,

TITO (ALoud)

Apresurate con la coca.

Tito looks at Jump and pulls on the case. Jump sits back, eyes confident. Tito opens the lock and his eyes go wide.

TITO

You some kind of comedian?

Jump looks and grins. Tito holds up a bulging fistful of tampons.

TITO

What the fuck is this?

JUMP

They're for the bullet holes, puta.

Tito gets the message; moves. Jump, like lightning, double-draws a pair of Rugers and unloads; Tito blown explosively out of seat.

FROM THE HALL shots ring out. Test Tube pulls a piece.

THE FRONT DOOR is exploded off its hinges and the DOOR GUARDIAN is plastered to it: crashes to the ground.

THE GANG OF FOUR, Jump's crew of black hitmen, enter, their rods blazing.

One thug, rising enraged, draws gun but is blown into TV set.

Other thug, half-way out the kitchen with can of cola, is blasted to shit. The soda can bursts aluminum shrapnel all over..

Room explodes from the onslaught and in seconds rests in shambles.

The Gang moves quickly over the corpses to grab the drugs on the sofa.

Jump scowls and looks to the decimated soda can,

JUMP

Shit, my soda...

He turns then to the corpse of Tito and takes out large handful of cash and throws it loosely at the body,

JUMP

Here's your ten percent...
Frank White says hello.

HOLD on the money fluttering down as Jump turns away.

EST: BROWNSTONES- EAST SIDE NIGHT

Lucred neighborhood.

INT: EXPENSIVE UPTOWN APARTMENT NIGHT

Thunder cracks within moody, evocative, pad as over-weight Colombian mobster type, .45 strapped to his chest, EMILIO EL ZAPA, readies to leave.

He moves to briefcase on table as slight, almost naked Oriental BEAUTY watches in silent confusion.

Large diamond ring spells his name ZAPA in stone. He locks suitcase,

ZAPA

...bien...

He indicates his coat,

ZAPA

A mi me da la chaqueta.

She grabs the garment and helps him on with it. Zapa looks at her and goes to the door; unlocks it. Gravel voiced,

ZAPA

Telefonare' quando llegare' al aeropuerto.

She tip-toes and kisses him deeply on his thick lips. He turns and opens the door leaving; she double locks after him.

INT: STAIRWAY NIGHT

Zapa comes down steps, heavy foot fall, adjusting his cashmere coat and as he reaches the landing, he extracts a silk handkerchief and wipes his mouth. Pushes door opened.

EXT: BROWNSTONE NIGHT

Zapa comes out into the night rain and after looking cautiously, hurriedly begins walking south. He puts one hand into a pocket and searches for a coin.

Under deluge, Zapa moves toward PHONE BOOTH and finding money, enters and closes door behind him. Lightning, thunder.

He deposits quarter and dials. On other side phone begins to ring.

Zapa waiting ire growing when

Suddenly someone outside, behind him, wedging a screwdriver into the upper runner of the door, jamming it shut: CHILLY.

Zapa looks up.

FROM OTHER SIDE steps a dark-skinned tough in long, rain-soaked coat: LANCE. Shotgun in hand, he looks in at Zapa.

ON THIRD SIDE, another young man, MUSTA steps close, drawing an automatic pistol.

Zapa reaches for his .45; the ominous trio unload.

BEDLAM. Glass, metal, pieces of phone thrown wildly; Zapa detonated, slammed against glass, expensive coat popping under hits and in moments, it's over.

Eyes wide, the Colombian begins to slide slowly down wall.

FROM OUTSIDE Chilly attempts to unlock door but the massive form of Zapa blocks the hinge.

The dark youth steps back and KICKS the bottom glass in with his foot. He reaches in and as he grabs briefcase from the dying Spaniard's hand,

LANCE steps closer as if to say something through glass.

Zapa's dying eyes lock on him. Lance presses a newspaper up against the glass: ZAPA'S POV OF NEWSPAPER:

FRANK WHITE RELEASED FROM PRISON.

Hold on rain-soaked, blood-splattered and bullet-holed glass pressed against paper. From dangling phone, sound of ringing.

INT: PLAZA HOTEL BATHROOM- DULL, YELLOW GLEAM FROM GOLD SHOWER HEAD spraying steamy grey into lens.

SHOT: hands reach out to adjust ornate baroque faucets.

FRANK, naked, dripping, stands eyes closed in shower. Thick mist swirls around him. Stands moments motionless, absorbing the gentle massage of the liquid. After beats he turns water off.

INT: BEDROOM NIGHT

Lowlit corner by mirror; a pair of delicate, chocolate skinned hands load clip for the 17 oz. Llama Airlite .380 automatic pistol. The clip is snapped into butt.

A long leg is exposed: nylons, underthings and inside the thigh, the Airlite's holster. Gun saddled. Swank.

RAYE looks up into mirror: hot, ruffled, lethal; behind her, in reflected background, half naked Melanie changed from street garb to ultra silk clothing laid out.

Raye watches a beat through reflection then lifts diamond earrings. Dresses.

OS SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING.

INT: PRESIDENTIAL SUITE-NIGHT- FRANK passing through massive complex of suites. In one corner, an enormous bouquet of red roses with note: WELCOME BACK, FRANK.

There's untouched champagne in ice bucket.

FRANK enters dusky twilight, black slacks and suspenders without any shirt, and turns to night table to open gold cigarette case: JOHN PLAYER SPECIALS. He takes one out and lights up. On wall, clock reads 11:20.

At balcony, doors stand wide open and from below EMOTIONAL RESCUE reprised. White listens; eyes dark and pensive.

Some beats then he draws toward exit.

EXT: BALCONY

NIGHT

All of New York lies soaking beneath the storm as Frank enters frame and pauses, gazing out. Horns from snarled traffic.

Below, a young girl's laughter amid sound of song, '...you will be mine, you will be mine, you will be mine all mine...'

White looks out quietly at the pulsing city. He inhales on cigarette and listens to the lyrics, '...you will be mine...all mine...'

From behind, the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS.

The light of the room is shadowed by the dark forms of men, one after another in group entering. Lead figure stops some distance behind Frank: on feet, Gucci Snake Skin Boots in Silver.

White turns around, HIS POV:

At fore of group, the hitman, Jimmy Jump, face half hidden in shadows, .44 Ruger in belt, a cigarette in one hand, and a white styrofoam coffee cup in the other.

Behind him the other hitmen from the previous scenes. They stare at Frank in silence. Jump swishes the drink inside the styrofoam cup he has in his left hand. Frank looks,

FRANK

What's in the cup?

JUMP

Root beer. You want some?

Frank looks at Jump a beat and shakes his head. Jump looks at his guys then back to Frank,

JUMP

Them greedy Colombian shits're all eatin' supper in hell, Frank; they ain't gonna extort nobody no more...Congratulations...

Frank takes a long beat then finally,

FRANK

I musta been in there too long, I don't even feel sorry for the bastards.

Jump sips his soda and says with a grin,

JUMP

Yeah, I heard jail does things like that
to you...here I got you a present...

Throws down a pair of gloves,

JUMP

They're King Tito's...he don't need 'em
where he is...I figured you could donate
'em to some clothin' drive or somethin'...

The hitmen laugh. Frank grins and comes close. He picks them
up and looks at them,

FRANK

You're havin' a good time,
ain't you, Jimmy...

JUMP

Yeah; I been waitin' years for this...

Jump drinks then dumps the cup. He looks at Frank a beat
then comes close and kisses Frank warmly; they embrace,

JUMP

It's good to see you, man...

Frank returns the embrace with some emotion. Then the others
come forward and greet their leader. 'Welcome home', 'Good
to have you back' etc.

Frank embraces them all warmly then steps back and looks
toward Jump.

FRANK

Is the meeting set with the go-between?

JUMP

He's waitin' downtown...

FRANK

You gonna come say hello to everybody?

JUMP
(Sarcastically)

I had enough fun for one night; you
hob-nob with them homos yourself.

Frank grins. -

FRANK

The nights not over...the Italian's
still gotta put his two-cents in...

JUMP

Yeah, that's all I been prayin' for...

Frank looks at him and Jump moves to leave. Frank watches him
a beat then calls,

FRANK

Stay by a phone...(Jump nods walking away)
Hey Jimmy,...
(Jump turns and waits)
How come you never came to see me?

Jump takes a beat then says,

JUMP

Who wanted to see you in a cage, man?

Frank looks back in silence as Jump and his guys leave.

EXT: PALLADIUM NIGHT

ROCK AND ROLL, WALLA, THE STREETS. Traffic halted by the immense line of New York's hippest waiting on line in hopes of being selected to enter. Rockers, Punks, Chic Jet-setters: glitter of Manhattan social life. Jags, Mercedes, Ferraris dumping the haute societe.

INT: PALLADIUM NIGHT

The place in an uproar. Girl in transparent dress boasting a perfect bust, dances amid New York's elite. Laughter, drinking, place packed with best dressed New York society; jet-set, millionaires, divas.

Amid the white sheets and chic women; Manhattan's movers and shakers in expensive suits carousing with ritzy femmes fatales. Drinking, flirting, constant walla of conversation. QT drugs, liquor, abandon.

Beats pass and from the front movement; whispers, 'Frank White is here...Frank's here...' Some people turn: their POV:

At entrance: doors open and half hidden in packed crowd Frank White enters in a silk Armani suit, flanked on either side by the female bodyguards.

Friends gather around to greet him. Frank comes down into central area where JET-SET continue to welcome him back warmly.

Amid the din, a very distinguished and middle-aged man, ABRAHAM COTT, one of New York's premier attorneys, steps from the side and touches Frank's arm gently,

COTT

Frank...

Frank turns and there's a warm pause. Lawyer smiles,

COTT

Welcome home...

The two men hug sincerely a beat then break and Cott looks his client over,

COTT

Everything satisfactory?

FRANK

Yeah, Counselor, everything's great...

Frank smiles in gratitude,

FRANK

Thanks...

The Barman, meanwhile, are lining bottles of Dom Perignon on the bar. Cott smiles and takes a glass for Frank and one for himself,

COTT

(Looks at Frank sincerely)
To freedom...

The men lift the glasses and drink cordially. Finished, Cott says,

COTT

Come on, I want to take you around.

In corner, AT FAR TABLE, Frank sees crowd of people: His eyes rest on a very pretty blond woman: JENNIFER POE.

FRANK

Gimme a minute; lemme say hello to your junior partner, first.

Frank turns to Barman,

FRANK

A bottle of Cristal for the party at the back table.

SHOT: JENNIFER'S TABLE: Talk, drinking... BIANCA, JIMMY BRESLIN, ENGLISH ROCKERS, and a dark-skinned, handsome man, JOSEPH DALESIO (Joey D.).

Dalesio looks up, as from behind, Frank leans in and touches Jennifer gently on the arm,

FRANK

You ought to be more selective of the affairs you attend, Counselor; you're judged by the company you keep.
(Looks to Dalesio) Ain't that right, Joey?

Joey's eyes meet those of Frank: grins. Jennifer turns and looks; smiles,

JENNIFER

Hello, Frank...

She embraces him sincerely. He looks at her a long moment; then he turns from her to Dalesio. Joey offers his hand to Frank,

DALESIO

Welcome back, Frank.

FRANK

Thanks.

The two exchange handshakes. There's a "You know everyone" intro and Frank turns to the others and greets them with usual charm, exchanging grips with the men and sophisticated kisses with the women.

Then Frank turns to Breslin,

FRANK

Hello, Jimmy...

BRESLIN

Hello, Frank, how are you?

FRANK

Like somebody who just got out of hell after five years...an' you?

Breslin looks up. One BRITISH FEMALE smiles seductively, slushing her drink,

FEMALE

Frank White; I've heard so much about you; (Pregnant pause) it was all bad...

Everyone laughs. Frank turns to her smiling,

FRANK

Don't believe everything they put in the papers. I been reformed.

DALESIO

Alot of people'll be glad to hear that...

Everyone laughs. Frank looks at Joey; grins confidently and lifts his glass. He drinks. Dalesio salutes back and sips as well. Frank steps by Bianca. She looks up,

BIANCA

And what can we expect from the reformed Frank White?

FRANK

I wanna be mayor.

Laughter and Frank smiles. From behind a voice suddenly calls,

VOICE

HEY FRANK; N.Y. POST, PAGE SIX!

Frank looks up, next to Bianca and Breslin; the FLASH goes off.

Bianca laughs and turns to Frank and KISSES him. More flashes and laughter. Frank enjoying the notoriety.

Frank moves to Dalesio nearby. He sits between Joey and Jennifer and leans to Dalesio, sottovoce,

FRANK

I wanna see Artie Clay, Joey.

Dalesio's eyes look up,

DALESIO

Relax, Frank...you're supposed to be havin' a good time...

FRANK

Tell him I got alot of things on my mind I wanna talk over with him...

Dalesio looks at Frank then says quietly,

DALESIO

He's not gonna meet with you, Frank... maybe I can get one of the lieutenants...

Frank's eyes serious,

FRANK

You tell Artie that Frank White wants to sit an' talk business. Tell him the only thing I want to hear is where an' when.

Dalesio looks at Frank but says nothing. He drinks then turns subdued to Jennifer,

DALESIO

They did a good job with him, Counselor; he's better'n ever.

She smiles not knowing the context of the remark and looks coolly at Frank. Frank smiles back and says nothing. He turns to Dalesio,

FRANK

Just give him that message, alright?

Beats on a silent Dalesio who sips his drink and shrugs unapprovingly. He rises.

Frank turns to Jennifer, his eyes watching with a sparkle,

FRANK

What's the matter? Not happy to see me?

JENNIFER

You belonged where they put you...

She looks and smiles,

JENNIFER

...maybe this time you'll stay out of trouble...

FRANK

Depends on how good my lawyers are...

JENNIFER

I thought people like you didn't believe in the legal process...

Frank looks away suppressing a smile. Her eyes follow his:

out over floor; some of the Executives are putting the moves on the 'Beautiful People' of Manhattan. Joey Dalesio moves out the door.

Frank looks back at her,

FRANK

We're the legal process, Counselor...

EXT: LITTLE ITALY NIGHT

Dark, late night streets. Heavy atmosphere. Snatches of Italian from OS and traditional music from somewhere far in the night. Lincoln Continentals parked outside neighborhood social hall. A black cat slinks beneath one and disappears.

From north, Dalesio, smoking, tosses cigarette onto street and enters club.

INT: IL TRAMONTO SOCIAL CLUB NIGHT

Smokey, italianate social hall. Ominous, heavy atmosphere. HOODS and bodyguards. Worn, ancient furniture and vacant eyes fill room. Talk, some gambling, low-throated music.

At back table, sullen crew: ARTIE CLAY, ugly, light-haired Corsican Boss whose gaze relates dull, almost insidious insanity; JOHNNY CHICK, balding, but long haired maitre d' of the club; PAUL CALGARI, a dark-eyed, sinister man and two silent, brooding BODYGUARDS sit over a table of liquor, cards and cigars.

Dalesio says to one of the door guards,

DALESIO

Tell Artie I want to see him.

GUARD

Wait here.

Guard motions for him to wait and then goes toward the table.

Guard leans in to Clay and says something; Artie looks at his guys and at Dalesio. He nods to the guard.

The man walks back to Joey. Clay calmly looks from his men to his drink and takes a long shot as Dalesio moves to the table.

At table, Dalesio leans in and greets the men,

DALESIO

Johnny, Paul...Artie...I got a message
from Frank White; he says he wants to
sit down and talk...

Clay looks at his guys a beat then stares back at Dalesio an
un-nervingly long time. Some beats and he says,

CLAY

You tell him I don't talk to nigger-lovers.

Dalesio senses the pervading tension,

DALESIO

He says he's got things on his mind
he wants to discuss with you...
he'd like to know where and when.

Clay's eyes cold as steel says emotionlessly,

CLAY

You tell him in fuckin' hell; he's
gonna wish his lawyers left him butt-
fuckin' sambos in the joint when I finish
with him...I was makin' alot of money off
them Colombians...

Dalesio looks around a beat before looking back at the man,

DALESIO

That what you want me to tell him?

CLAY

Why? It ain't clear enough? You tell
that sonofabitch he's made a big
mistake with me...
An' you tell him somethin' else;
tell him THIS is what Artie Clay says...

Clay stands up, gaze ice-cold. Place suddenly slides down
quiet. Faces watch. Tension. Clay reaches for his zipper
and exposes himself. Dalesio immobile. Then SOUND OF
URINATING. Clay looks then dead-pans,

CLAY

You tell him personally; from me...

Dalesio looks at Clay then the men watching. He turns in

silence and heads to the door. He exits. Artie's dull, insane stare follows him. HOLD.

EXT: PALLADIUM/14TH STREET LATE NIGHT

Frank, face bright, lighting cigarette, with Jennifer watching Cott and others of the haute societe piling into row of Silver Phantom's parked outside the Palladium.

Down 14th street the IRT subway station. Frank looks at it then taking cigarette from mouth says to Jennifer,

FRANK

Come on, let's take the subway...

She looks at him like he's crazy. Frank turns and with his Counsel, heads down the street.

INT: SUBWAY CAR NIGHT

DRONE OF MOVING TRAIN. Graffiti, garbage, ragged MAN sleeping on bench, then the stark contrast of Frank and Jennifer in the dusky filth of a New York train.

Frank quiet, smoking in almost abandoned car; quiet, laid-back he reads the walls covered in graffiti: HIS POV:

'WHEN THE BAD DIE, THEY GO TO HARLEM!!!'

Nearby, NO SMOKING.

Jennifer looks at him,

JENNIFER

What're you thinkin' about?

FRANK

Ten hours ago I was sittin' in jail...
now I'm smokin' Davidoff's an' drinkin'
Cristal with burrough presidents...

She smiles. She studies his features in soft silence. Draws near, sottovoce,

JENNIFER

It's gonna be different this time...

FRANK

Yeah; I learned alot of things in prison...

She looks up to him and smiles gently. She leans close,

JENNIFER

I missed you, Frank...

He looks and smiles gently, he says low voiced,

FRANK

I missed you too...

He brushes her hair with his hand. She says nothing and they kiss.

Hold the moment a beat and they lean against the vibrating glass and steel doors.

Lights flicker on and off. Jennifer breathless as Frank's hands lift her skirt then disappear between the thighs.

The lights pitching in and out finally slide to black.

THE SOUND of metal wheels clacking mixed with the buzz of the air passing.

Beneath the dark, flashed occasionally with sparks reflecting off the black tunnel walls, the couple enter closer.

SOUND OF DOOR BANGING and then SUDDENLY the glistening steel of long tungstun blade placed to Frank's neck.

Flash: three YOUNG THUGS move in and stand tough before them. They eye the richly dressed victims with contempt.

THE LEADER takes a beat then leans to Jennifer and motions with his blade for her black velvet handbag. She looks to Frank. FRANK'S eyes on the thug in cool silence.

The Leader quickly tires of waiting and grabs it from her hand. He opens it: fistful of CASH.

He takes the bread and throws the bag on the floor. The other hoods stand in icy silence. Head thug points to Jennifer's jewelry. Slowly, the woman gives up her belongings.

Emboldened, the thug turns to Frank. He looks at the man and motions,

THUG

Watch and wallet, blood.

Frank locks eyes on him. He opens his suit jacket: in

shoulder holster the butt of a large caliber automatic. Thug looks in stunned surprise.

Frank takes out his wallet and offers it in silent defiance; punk uneasy under the icy stare of the killer. His boys look up. Frank's eyes never leave those of the thug.

An air of waiting hovers in car. Head thug looks back to Frank still offering the wallet in exulted expectation. The insane eyes stare him down.

Beats and the thug turns to Jennifer; he throws her money and jewelry onto seat. Frank adds in low voice,

FRANK

Her handbag too.

Leader looks and picks the purse up in silence.

Then he and the others back off silently.

Frank, eyes never leaving the Head Thug, flips the wallet to him. Thug leader stops and looks. Frank, dry,

FRANK

Come by the Plaza. I got work for you. Ask for Frank White.

Thug looks back in silence. A beat and they turn to leave. Frank watches.

EXT: IL TRAMONTO

DAWN

HOLD WIDE SHOT OF NEIGHBORHOOD AS NIGHT FADES AND DAWN APPROACHES.

UP SWING MUSIC.

From the hazy day-break streets, LIMOS come into frame.

INT: TRAMONTO SOCIAL CLUB

DAWN

Only some exhausted mobsters still gambling, cigar smoke heavy and thick.

At bar with his back to the tables is Johnny Chick, napkin in his collar and eating a plate of linguini and veal bits. A SHARK comes to the bar and orders a drink. He says nonchalantly to Chick,

SHARK

He's just dropped another ten G's...
he won't let anybody leave...

CHICK (Eyes dilating)

Shit...the moron...

Johnny looks over his shoulder at a dour and losing, Artie Clay; Chick shakes his head and dips bread into the veal bits and sauce. Shark,

SHARK

Maybe he'll bust...

CHICK

Chase'll go under before he does...

Artie takes out another wad of hundreds thick enough to choke a horse. Ugly glances; cards shuffle.

At entrance, doors open. A MOBSTER looks up casually; jaw drops.

Everyone turns as Jimmy Jump, Ray, Lance, Musta, Chilly and Melanie come in. Frank White follows. Moment of silent disbelief. Frank studies the hall calmly then looks at Clay,

FRANK

I got your message, Artie...

Clay's eyes dilate, shooting from Frank, to Jump back to Frank. He begins to rise in rage,

CLAY

You stupid sonofabitch...

Clay's bodyguards rise pulling pieces.

In a flash Jump et. al. spin and UNLOAD into the men and their suits; one bodyguard blasted back into chair spraying blood and drinks all over cards, money, table and untouched Artie Clay. The other flies into the wall. Shouts, chaos and in a moment all is over.

White Gang stands gun-ready. Silence envelops the room.

At the bar, Johnny Chick, napkin still in shirt, face covered with red sauce, stares up in mouth-gaping awe. Frank turns to him,

FRANK

You're runnin' games here.
I wanna play.

JOHNNY

Hey, Frank...

FRANK

Just get the cards, Johnny.

Chick hesitates in fear a moment then steps forward and goes for a new deck of cards. He clears a table and puts the deck down on it.

Frank motions to Clay,

FRANK

No; I wanna play with Artie.

Chick looks in disbelief.

Frank reaches into his jacket pocket and extracts a wad of several thousand dollar bills. He puts them before Clay.

FRANK

Blackjack. Jump deals, house out...

No answer from Clay. Jimmy grabs the cards from Chick and deals. As an after thought he flips one at the face of the

dead bodyguard. Some of the Gang snickers. Clay's blood-less eyes watch in hate.

Frank looks at his card then sees Clay hasn't examined his own yet.

FRANK

Come on, Artie...

Johnny steps forward to smooth things over,

CHICK

Frank...look...if I'd known you were around, I woulda called...It woulda been different...I woulda got...

FRANK (interrupting)

I'm not interested, John.
(To Clay) Pick up the card.

Clay doesn't move.

FRANK

I said pick up the card, Artie...

Clay sits slowly looking to all around. Humiliation. He remains motionless.

Jimmy now gives a second card, face up, to both Frank and Artie. Frank has a nine of hearts showing. Artie has ten of clubs.

FRANK

I hold.

Clay remains motionless then Frank reaches forward and flips over Clay's covered card himself: eight of spades.

Clay has eighteen. Frank looks at the seething man.

Then Frank flips his own card: jack of hearts; he wins.

Frank's eyes remain cold. He exchanges long glance with Artie then addresses the whole club,

FRANK

Here it is, tough guys.
From here on in, nothin' goes down
unless we're involved. (MORE)

FRANK (CONT)

No blackjack, no dope-deals, no nothin'.
A nickle-bag gets sold in the park, we
want in. You all got fat while everybody else
starved on the streets. Now it's our turn.
We want what's ours.

Artie stares a beat as Frank lifts his winnings from the table. Artie says calmly,

ARTIE

You think you're gonna live to spend that money?

Frank hesitates and stares at Artie a long time. Two intense, domineering gazes. Moments of hate and Frank goes to leave without a word.

Then, he stops; a beat passes and he reaches into his jacket and extracts the piece he had in the subway. In absolute sang-froid he turns and aims: he pulls the trigger unloading three times into the astonished Artie.

Clay thrown back in bloody mess, his table flying over and into Calgari's. He lands in motionless heap.

All in covered silence. Frank looks to the others,

FRANK

Any of you tired of gettin' ripped off
by these jerks can come with us...
we're at the Plaza. You're all welcomed
to join.

Frank looks and turns. He walks past Jump and his bodyguards and leaves. The White Gang stands a beat and Jimmy looks in silence at Calgari and Chick then they too head to the doors.

A beat and a few Younger Italians rise to follow. The older Italians sit in silence. The Young Men exit.

EXT: O'HARE'S LOUNGE/WEST SIDE

AFTERNOON

Sun beating hot on dust covered turn of the century buildings. Garbage, traffic and pedestrians. Mid-block, O'hare's lounge and grill. Before it, for length of block, cars parked in NO PARKING ZONE. From inside, MUSIC and talk.

INT: O'HARE'S LOUNGE

DAY

TOUGH, reticent, middle-aged man in dark suit and wing-tip shoes, putting out cigarette in ash tray then going into jacket pocket for a fresh one: ROY BISHOP.

He's seated at small table amid empty glasses and bottles, plastic dishes of food, his eyes lifting occasionally to the scene which unfolds before him.

Across same small table, handsome, taciturn, Black man, with sharp eyes and features, THOMAS FLANIGAN. With him a lovely blonde, his wife, MILLY. Tommy also observing the scene says flatly,

FLANIGAN

And children ↗
She's happy now. She'll cry later
she married a stinkin' cop...

Bishop looks up and says nothing. His eyes turn toward the floor and he takes another drink.

BISHOP'S POV:

Seedy, working-class, pub. Cigarette smoke thick against ancient wallpaper and yellow sunlight eeking through filthy, moted windows.

Thin crowd, natty suits, wrinkled white shirts, Kinney shoes.

In far corner, a wet-behind-the-ears couple just married. Low-rent affair. The bride, KATHLEEN MULLIGAN and groom, TIP CONOLLY grin and give each other a kiss. Hooting and clapping erupts.

At juke box, sweaty over-50 type, MULLIGAN with long-neck Rheingold beer resting on Wurlitzer jingles handful of quarters and selects the music.

The guests are almost all cops: black, caucasian, oriental, hispanic. And from amid the turmoil, voices begin, 'kiss! kiss!' The wedding couple bashfully comply.

Slow music comes on and Mulligan moves forward for the Bride,

MULLIGAN

Come on an' give your old man one
last dance...

Kathleen blushes, modest gown, and rises. They go to floor and begin dance. The crowd watches in their almost bucolic simplicity, touched by the old man and the young daughter in their not altogether graceful movements. The old man looks at his daughter, moved, and kisses her. Girl almost breaks down and hugs him tightly. Some sighs from the women in the bar and then applause.

Bishop looks and says nothing. Milly says,

MILLY

Come on, Lieutenant, dance with me.

Bishop looks at her and inhales on his cigarette,

BISHOP

No, you go on and dance with your
husband. I'll watch.

She looks disappointed,

MILLY

Come on, I promise I'll take it easy
on you...

Bishop, shakes his head, sottovoces,

BISHOP

I'm too old for that stuff, thanks...

The black cop looks from the lieutenant to his wife. He takes a beat and straight-faced takes her by the arm,

FLANIGAN

Come on, you don't want him steppin'
on your feet anyway...

Bishop smiles toughly at his partner and winks. The couple move to the dance floor.

Bishop inhales on his cigarette and drinks deeply from his glass. He sits another beat and then goes to rise; a stab of pain flashes across his face. He gets slowly to his feet, grimacing, then masking the pain quietly, lifts his drink and carries it with him towards the john.

INT: BATHROOM

AFTERNOON

Bishop enters faded, jaundiced crapper with rust-stained urinals and smoke-darkened walls, and moves to the sink.

He arches his back forward in pain and stares into mirror, a beat of real misery and places the liquor glass on the porcelain soap stand.

He reaches into his jacket pocket; takes out a prescription bottle and opens it: DARVOSET: one every four hours for pain. Bishop looks then drops two into his hands and gulps them down. He flushes them with the alcohol. He stands a beat exhausted.

The door opens and his demeanor changes; he replaces the pills in his pocket. Mulligan comes in, mopping a sweaty brow,

MULLIGAN

Hey, what'd you say, Lieutenant?
No dancin'?

BISHOP

I'll leave that to the father of
the bride...you gonna make it through
the whole night?

MULLIGAN

Thank God she's the last...if anyone
deserves a honeymoon vacation it's me...
Shit, they spend it all in bed anyhow...

Mulligan grins and turns to Bishop, indicating the half finished drink on sink,

MULLIGAN

Come on, drink up; help me celebrate
a happy day.

Mulligan slaps Bishop on the back and turns and heads into the stall. Bishop leans forward in pain using the sink for support.

INT: LOUNGE

AFTERNOON

The bride and groom are coming back to sit again from yet another dance amid clapping when a fiery red-head in rented tux with carnation in lapel, DENNIS GILLEY stands from his place as best man at their table and lifts his Rheingold high,

GILLEY

Alright, alright...quiet down;
I got the toast here, the toast!!

There comes bottle clanging and clapping; and all, drinking
and eating club sandwiches from bar, begin to cheer. On some
men, ankle holsters barely visible, against the legs of the
stools. Gilley turns to the newly weds,

GILLEY

To the nicest couple I ever
had the pleasure to know...I wish them
all the best in health, wealth and
happiness. An' I also wish 'em lots of kids
so they can grow up to be cops just
like their old man an' their grandfather...
(Everyone laughs then he turns to Groom)
It's just what the world needs: more
degenerate Irishmen walkin' around with
loaded guns...(everyone applauds) Tip...
Kathy...God bless forever!

ALL

Here, here!!

Gilley lifts the bottle and drinks. So do the others.
Laughter, more bottle clanging, another kiss and the music
comes louder. The Bride, almost in tears, kisses Gilley and
he grabs her, hands cupping her buttocks and almost sweeping
her from her feet.

Groom Conolly watches a beat then decides enough's enough and
pulls him away. Gilley grins and holds out his hand; Tip
shakes his head, they hug and shake hands.

Then from the side, Mulligan, with another Man, brings out
the cake.

Everyone looks at the small, and modest affair; ON TOP, the
figurines show a traditional bride linked with a uniformed
policeman.

Everyone applauds. Mulligan smiles at his daughter as they
put the cake down. The two look at each other then the old
man whispers to his kid,

MULLIGAN

Your mother woulda loved to have seen this...

She looks and gives him another kiss. Guests happy. Then

together she and her husband take up the knife and, double-fisted, begin to cut through the icing.

Bishop, alone by door, watches strangely touched. He inhales on the cigarette and after a beat turns and leaves. Behind him, the cheers of the guests; no-one notices he's gone.

INT: BISHOP'S APT. NIGHT

Dark, secluded atmosphere. Smoking cigarette in foreground. A bottle of Jameson Reserve. Before it, an egg is lifted from a bowl of water and gently rolled on table top. Then raised and cracked. OS a cough. Egg is poured into tall water glass. A hand lifts the bottle and pours a healthy shot over the egg. A spoon mixes it.

Roy, jaded spectre in tee-shirt takes up the prescription bottle, cigarette in mouth, intermittent coughing and takes the top off the bottle; dumps two into his palm then places them in his mouth. He lifts the egg and gulps it down.

Bishop breathes roughly and replaces the cigarette in his mouth. He sits and looks to newspaper.

At far end of table, chair with a pistoled shoulder holster. Next to it, the white shirt and ratty tie he'd worn for the wedding.

Across entire table, computer read-outs, files, papers etc. In dark shadows the red scanning blinks of POLICE MONITOR BARELY AUDIBLE ON TRACK.

Lonely, quiet pad of career man.

Bishop reads article, FOUR SHOT DEAD AT AIRPORT HOTEL, red-lined and annotated. He smokes. A beat of studied concentration and he looks across TO OPPOSITE PAGE:

On PAGE SIX, a photo of Frank White with Bianca and others in the Palladium. Small title, 'Bianca Jagger with Friend...'

Bishop stares at the article a long time then lifts his gaze:

GUN BARREL FACING DEAD-ON EXPLODES IN FLASH OF FIRE.

INT: BROADWAY THEATER NIGHT

JONES

Man or ghost; I'll kill you again!!

STAGE: BRUTUS JONES, silver bullet dangling from neck, fires another round from his pistol,

Cop, taking the rounds in his back is blasted forward, shirt exploding. He falls into the heaped rubble surrounding the street. Jones stands in terror, smoking pistol in hand.

AUDIENCE: Haut Societe. O'NEILL'S "EMPORER JONES". Pan across the tuxedoed men, gowned women, diamond earrings and diadems sparkling in the dark. Upper class wealth.

Continue PAN: Frank with Raye and Melanie; both women voluptuous. Frank watching the show with intensity, dressed to the teeth; POV:

STAGE: The Chain Gang watches Jones a beat in silence then scatters out into the surrounding darkness of the tenements. BEAT OF THE HEART, LOUDER AND MORE VIOLENT. Jones scans the area in fear then tears off the stage into the darkness. Beat suddenly stops; curtain falls.

AUDIENCE: Lights come up. Applause. Everyone begins stretching their legs and filing out for INTERMISSION.

In the midst of the crowd, Frank and the two girls emerge with the ELITE. Behind them, talking with OTHERS are Jennifer Poe and Abraham Cott. Frank stops with one man, EDMUND TANNER and begins a conversation.

Cott spots the couple and with his entourage moves up the aisle. The lawyer smiles at everyone in greeting and approaches Frank and Tanner,

COTT

The city councilman lecturing on modern theatre for the benefit of his constituency?

Tanner greets Abe,

TANNER

Counselor, how are you?

Frank looks up,

FRANK

The city councilman's explainin' why that hospital in the South Bronx didn't survive the fiscal cut this afternoon.

TANNER

I'm trying to tell to your client there isn't any money to fund that facility.

FRANK

In a city of twelve million, I find that hard to believe. Maybe the city council just don't care about people who're too poor to contribute to election campaigns.

TANNER

You know, Frank, if you think it's so easy, why don't you fund it yourself...

FRANK

Sounds like a good idea. Maybe I will.

TANNER

Thirty-eight million by the end of the quarter.

Frank looks a long, defiant time then,

FRANK

Tell your friends they'll have the money.

Frank straight-faces the councilman. Tanner looks at Frank a long time then turns to Cott,

TANNER

You're his legal advisor, Counselor; maybe you'd better explain to him the hard financial facts of running a municipality (Looks back at Frank)...especially when it's income has to be licit.

Frank looks darkly at him,

FRANK

What's that supposed to mean?

TANNER

Why don't you think about it?

Tanner looks from Frank to Cott,

TANNER

Careful, Abe. Excuse me.

Tanner looks in contempt at Frank then turns to move off.

FRANK

Afraid if I keep it open there'll be
no need for blood-suckers like you anymore?

Tanner stops and looks,

TANNER

You got the best lawyer in the city,
Frank; listen him.

Tanner leaves. Frank looks at Cott,

FRANK

Check out that hospital, Abe; I want to
keep it open.

Cott looks at Frank in surprise,

COTT

Forget it, Frank; the city can't afford
it and neither can you.

Frank looks,

FRANK

The city don't know where
to look for the bread, man...

COTT

Let me give you some expensive legal
advice; take your money and go to
Monte Carlo or Rio
where you can stay out of trouble.

FRANK

That's what I pay you for...
Poor people got a right to medical
care too, Abe; don't they?

Cott looks away in perturbed consternation. Frank adds
softer, with a seductive grin,

FRANK

Come on, we won't get carried away...
let's just work out somethin' simple...
you know?

Frank looks at Cott. Cott asks,

COTT

What's the fascination with this hospital,
anyway?

FRANK

I was born there.

Frank smiles and moves toward exit.

INT: THEATRE LOBBY NIGHT

Doors are opened and the patrons file out. Rejoining Frank
are Melanie and Raye. Frank is lighting a John Player's when
he looks up:

WHITE'S POV: Bishop, Gilley and Tommy Flanigan stand hanging
about at bar. The latter two munching beer nuts and candy
bars, painfully obvious amid the glitter of the 'beautiful
people'. Frank's eyes glaze; he approaches the bar's counter
as if they didn't exist. Bishop dry,

BISHOP

Frank...

White ignores the man and says to the BARMAN.

FRANK

Bottle of Grand Dame...for four.

BISHOP

I want to talk to you.

FRANK

I'm busy.

BISHOP

O'Neill can wait for two old friends,
can't he?

FRANK (turning to Bishop)

Don't flatter yourself, Bishop; I ain't
your friend.

Gilley steps in sarcastically,

GILLEY

Come on, Frank, we all missed
you while you were away.

White turns on the man, minatory, ice for eyes:

FRANK

Yeah...well...I didn't forget you either...

Flanigan reaches out and takes White's arm impatiently,

TOMMY

Let's do this outside.

Frank coolly grabs the freshly poured glass of champagne on
the bar and turns quickly to Tommy; he throws the drink in
the cop's face. A beat of stunned silence then Tommy goes to
move in; Raye and Melanie alert; Roy intercedes.

BISHOP

Don't make a scene, Frank. I just want
to talk.

Frank looks fearlessly from Tommy to Roy. He calms a minute.
He looks to the Girls and the theatre patrons suddenly
staring at him. Place hushed in dead silence. Tanner amid the
spectators.

Frank straightens his ruffled jacket. His eyes scan the
crowd in search for someone. He doesn't spot them. He looks
to the detective,

FRANK

I'm makin' you famous, Bishop;
next time wear a tie.

Bishop doesn't answer. Frank moves aloofly toward the door, turning to Melanie,

FRANK

Go find Cott.

Melanie moves off and the men escort Frank toward the exit.

EXT: THEATER FRONT NIGHT

The unmarked police car waits outside the theater, many tuxedoed men with their female companions smoking and milling about.

The three cops, White, and Raye come out, the people watching, and all head toward the parked car.

Immediately, Papparazzi catch the scent; movement, voices, flashbulbs. Cott exits a moment later with Jennifer and rushes toward them through the crowd. He goes to Bishop.

COTT

What's going on here?

BISHOP

We're taking him in for questioning.

COTT (with authority)

On what grounds? Unless you're ready to show cause, you have to release him. This is harassment, Bishop.

Gilley and Tommy, without further ado, shove White into the back of the car. Tommy gets in next to Frank. Gilley goes to the driver's seat. Bishop heading around to other side,

BISHOP

We're goin' to the precinct; you're welcomed to come along. Even your client's got the right to counsel.

Bishop goes to get in. Cott threatens,

COTT

I'm warning you; I'll have the Commissioner there...

Bishop looks at him and shrugs. He gets into the car; it pulls out.

Cott, in a hurry, makes his way to the street, followed by Frank's people, and amid a long line of limos calls for his own. The driver turns over the engine.

INT: UNMARKED PATROL CAR NIGHT

Gilley driving. Frank, in back seat, turns toward the rear window. He looks out and behind them is Cott in the stretch. Frank settles back in his seat.

Gilley takes the car across block to Broadway, then suddenly jams on the gas and runs RED LIGHT. White sits up immediately. HORNS BLOW.

White looks back to see if his lawyers are still following. CUT TO HIS POV: Cott's car stuck at the crossing. Gilley at wheel, driving intensely, leaves the counselor in the dust.

FRANK

What the hell is this?

TOMMY (dead monotonic)

Shut up.

Frank looks at him. Bishop, silent in front seat. Gilley screeches around another corner and heads west.

EXT: WEST SIDE HUDSON RIVER NIGHT

Busted up dock section. Abandoned junkers, tin drums, rust, squallor and filth. The unmarked patrol car skids onto the blacktop ruins and its headlights go off. Engine shuts down.

The doors to the car open. Bishop gets out as does Gilley and White on one side and Tommy on the other. Flanigan crosses over and they stand together near the automobile. White looking tough. Bishop looks around a beat, cagey, then walks to the back of the car. He unlocks the trunk and turns to White,

BISHOP

Look inside.

Frank bemused. Looks at the others, tough,

FRANK

What is it?

BISHOP

You tell me.

Frank takes many beats then goes to the trunk. He slowly lifts the lid: trunk light goes on: incredulous: dead-white, bullet-ridden corpse of KING TITO. White in shock, turns away quickly, rage swelling,

FRANK

What the fuck is that!!? What the fuck is that supposed to mean!!?

Bishop all over him,

BISHOP

This is the only chance you get, White; what's it gonna be?

Frank uncontrolled,

FRANK

You fuckin' lose your mind??!!
You got somethin' on me, press it;
otherwise get me the fuck outta here!!
What is that?!! What the fuck is that,
you asshole?!!

Frank pushes Bishop aside. Flanigan looks and with fury, flashes out with his right hand and smashes Frank in the face. Blood gushes from Frank's nose and mouth. Frank looks up, rage in his eyes. He rockets straight at the cop.

Frank slams Tommy with a pair of shots and Tommy, reeling, falters backward. Frank is on him like a shark.

In a flash, Gilley pulls his service revolver and raises it to Frank's head, cocking the hammer back. Bishop in disbelief watches the red-head. All freeze. The young cop's eyes dart wildly at the outlaw.

Frank immobile, eyes crazed, looks up breathless and bleeding; Gilley with pistol trained in his face. A beat and White sottovoces to Roy,

FRANK

This what you had in mind, Bishop?

Roy looks at White for many beats. Absolute silence. Then he says calmly,

BISHOP

If you're lucky I'll slam your ass back
into stir before somebody blows it off. I
know what you got in mind, White; forget it;
I'm gonna make you an' your friends disappear
- long before then. You tell 'em that...
especially Jimmy Bruno.

Eyes lock a long beat then Bishop turns to Gilley,

BISHOP

Let's go.

Gilley doesn't move. His thumb plays nervously with the
hammer of the pistol. A silent debate occurs within the
younger detective. Gilley hesitates silently another beat;
his eyes communicating an uncontrollable conviction it'd be
smart to end it all right there.

Bishop stands and stares at the cop with calm. Gilley looks
to his superior and finally lowers then replaces his pistol.

Roy walks to the driver's side door. Frank watches Bishop
then turns to Gilley, eyes glazed in absolute hate,

FRANK

You shoulda pulled the trigger...

Gilley looks but says nothing. He turns to the car and
enters. Tommy wipes some blood from his own nose and gets
into the car as well. Frank stands bleeding, his tuxedo
blood-stained and ripped. The car starts and pulls away.

Frank, ragged and bloody, watches it descend into darkly lit
streets.

INT: MOVIE THEATRE

Black and White image of the original Lugosi DRACULA opening his jaws wide. OFF SCREEN A VOICE,

WONG (OS)

You can tell your boyfriend to forget about it; he ain't got enough money.

Cut to tough, lean, sullen leader of the Tongs, LAU (Larry) WONG, smoking, eating hundred year old eggs and drinking Chivas from an opened bottle in absolutely empty theatre. Next to him, Joe Dalesio.

A pair of CHINESE BODYGUARDS with STREET GIRLS, almost unconscious dragging on powder and liquor sit ahead and behind him. They watch the flick DUBBED IN CHINESE.

Dalesio responds,

DALESIO

Maybe he'll surprise you.

Wong looks,

WONG

I don't like his fuckin' surprises...
He's got alot of nerve even sendin' you here.

Wong looks at Dalesio,

WONG

My shit gets a hundred-fifty a gram
on the street...

Wong exhales from cigarette,

WONG

...an' I got two hundred an' twenty
pounds of it.

Dalesio takes a stultified beat. Wong looks at him and smiles exposing a pair of gold teeth.

WONG

Yeah...comes to fifteen mill street value,
White Boy; an' I want guarantees nobody
in this town can give. Especially him.

Dalesio takes a beat to compose his argument. He looks at Larry,

DALESIO

You set the terms I'll go back an' tell him; if you two see eye-to-eye we'll make a deal. If not, everybody goes their own way still friends.

Larry inhales on his cigarette,

WONG

That cocksucker ain't got no friends...

Dalesio looks calm, and Larry catches his gaze: eye-to-eye,

WONG

...an' before I even think o' sittin' across some table with him he's gotta know one thing...I ain't no fuckin' greaseball named Artie Clay.

He dead-eyes Joey. Dalesio looks a beat then to the screen,

DALESIO

I'll tell him.

Dalesio RISES. Wong looks,

WONG

An' you also tell him he pays for your cut; I don't give a dime toward makin' no caucasian assholes rich.

Dalesio looks down at the Oriental leader. Wong facing screen adds,

WONG

What's he think he's doin' anyway?

Dalesio begins to walk off without answering.

WONG

Why don't you stick around an' watch this with me...I got Frankenstein comin' on next.

Dalesio looks at him and just leaves. Larry reaches forward and takes more liquor.

EXT: FRIED CHICKEN PALACE

DUSK

MUSIC. Seedy, blue-collar chicken place sitting almost abandoned in dirty neighborhood. From south comes silver Jaguar which screeches to a halt and from within emerges a wild-eyed Jimmy Jump. He looks around a beat as from the car somebody shouts, laughing,

VOICE

See if they got any bologna subs...

Jump heads inside.

INT: CHICKEN HUT

Jump enters to see place hopping with low-life trade and at a large table, a small group of poor KIDS with a HARRIED MOTHER trying to gather them together. The kids complain loudly they want dessert or, at the least, shakes to share.

The Waiter at the counter sends some of the kids away,

WAITER

Get away from the counter if you're not gonna buy anything. There're other people waiting.

Jump passes and goes to the counter where WAITER stands ready,

WAITER

Yes, may I help you?

JUMP

Yeah. Gimme a super bucket of extra crispy. A quart of cole slaw, extra mashed potatoes with gravy, an' a couple dozen muffins... Make sure none of the morons drool on it, alright? An' I want all white meat... those veins an' shit in the dark stuff look like friggin' tape worms...

Jump looks at the kids standing sad-eyed at the dessert menu on the wall. Waiter asks,

WAITER

Is there anything else?

JUMP

Yeah. You sell soda? I want a two liter
bottle of root beer.

WAITER

All we have is Pepsi, Diet Pepsi and Slice.

JUMP

What about birch beer?

WAITER

Just Pepsi, Diet Pepsi and...

JUMP

Forget it...just get me my order...

Jump turns to the kids and sees the wall menu. Also
advertised: a Chicken Birthday. He tells the waiter,

JUMP

Hey, I want one o' them party hats too...
an' give some to these kids...
(To Kids) Pick whatever you feel like
for desert...it's on me.

The ecstatic kids turn to their MOTHER to see if it's alright
to accept.

Mother, at table with young baby in high chair, looks up and
smiles at Jimmy; he smiles back. She nods and mouths the
words, 'THANK YOU'. Jump grins and the kids

Give a loud cheer and ATTACK the counter, one screaming, "I
want a shake", another, 'I want cookies' another, 'I want ice
cream etc.'

The waiter finishes with Jump's order and he turns to Jump
with the bag. He tallies that up plus the kids' stuff,

WAITER

That's \$37.60 all totaled.

Jump looks at the man,

JUMP

I want some bags of ketchup, too.

The man looks at him a beat and then goes under the counter and gives Jump a handful of ketchup packets.

Jump picks up the birthday hat, the bag of food and after smugly eyeing the Waiter turns away making no move to pay.

The waiter stands in awe a beat then calls,

WAITER

Hey! Wait a minute...

Jump ignores the man and goes to the mother sitting in silent wonder and hands her a thousand dollar bill,

JUMP

Make sure they get whatever they want.

She looks eyes wide. Jump goes to leave when his eyes focus outside: jaw drops: HIS POV:

Patrol cars and COPS surround the entire area. His Jag is being emptied.

He turns to look at the back exit: cops moving in. Same from kitchen area. He turns and

Through front door Gilley, Bishop and some uniformed COPS walk in.

Bishop looks around then approaches the gangster, warrant in hand, and shoves it into Jump's chest,

BISHOP

You're under arrest for the murder of Miguel Mata, Salvador Tito, and Rafael Santo-domingo...You have the right to remain silent...You have...

Jump in incredulous contempt,

JUMP

What is this...you on drugs, Bishop?

Jump moves to push past. Gilley and the uniformed cops move in. Confusion, comments and the customers watch in awe as the mobilization sweeps heavy; cuffs are extracted, guns are lifted from beneath jackets and Jump's dinner is spilled to a recitation of the Miranda Act. Jump incredulous rips into the cops, Gilley and the others subduing him,

JUMP

Shove them papers up your ass, man!!!
You got nothin' on me!!!

BISHOP

You're history, Bruno...Your friend'll
have to walk the streets alone...

JUMP

I hump your sister, you know that,
asshole? You ain't got shit on me!!

Gilley shoves him against the wall as he cuffs him and hisses
into his ear,

GILLEY

We got a witness, Jimmy...a real,
live, talking witness...

Jump's eyes flash. He looks insanely at the cop,

JUMP

I don't leave any fuckin' witnesses...

Gilley looks a beat and shoves the gangster toward the exit.
Jump turns wild fighting and kicking as the others man-handle
him roughly, pushing him to the door. More cops come in to
help.

The kids watch in awe, hats on and eating ice cream.

INT: JENNIFER'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Jennifer coming into room with Frank just dressing,

JENNIFER

It's Enrico Mata...your friend Jimmy
left him still breathing at the airport.

Frank looks up as he puts on the Trussardi shirt.

JENNIFER

They got him recovering somewhere
with a police guard around him
day and night. He's agreed to
testify for them in court. They
got him cold this time, Frank; it's
murder one.

Frank says nothing for a long time. She adds,

FRANK

Did Abe get 'em to set bail?

JENNIFER

Two and a half million...

Frank drinks,

FRANK

I'll make a few calls. Will you go
an' sign Jump out?

His eyes to Jennifer,

JENNIFER

Paying that kind of money will raise
more problems than it solves, Frank...

FRANK

I'd also like you to get Abe to talk to
some of his friends; see if they can get
this cop transferred or
retired or somethin'...I want him
outta my way...

JENNIFER

He's chief investigating officer on
a multiple homicide...it's fatuous
to even think about it...

Frank putting on tie,

FRANK

Ask him before I blow Bishop's brains
all over his fuckin' wingtips...

Frank about to leave,

FRANK

I got business to attend to.

He smiles and straightens his jacket.

EXT: BRONX GENERAL HOSPITAL

EVENING

Old, graffitied face of turn of the century brick building. Signs identify it as Bronx General.

INT: HOSPITAL

EVENING

SOUND OF COUGHING, CRYING.

Halls darkly lit as the forms of men come into view casting pale shadows across floor. Frank, Larry Wong and a black man in ruffled suit and doctor's jacket: MICHAEL SHUTE, who comments as they walk.

Larry's bodyguards follow some distance behind:

SHUTE

This is the nursery...

They stop before the glass doors of the pediatrics ward. Wong gazes through the glass into an old fashioned and overcrowded ward with bandaged and sleeping kids. The men stare in silence. Some beats and Frank looks away. Shute says softly,

SHUTE

Without private assistance we close down on the fifteenth...I can't stress enough how much your help could mean to the thousands of families who depend on us for medical care...

Frank looks and the doctor falls silent watching the children sleep fitfully. Frank leans to Wong,

FRANK

Let me talk to you a minute...

Wong looks and the two separate. They walk a bit along the quiet corridor alone, then Frank turns to Larry,

FRANK

Larry, the most anybody's gonna give you for your shit is thirty grand a key. That makes this quintal worth six and a half million dollars on a bulk sale. Now, whoever buys it will turn around, cut it, bag it and sell it on the street for a hundred...a hundred and fifty a gram...that's a hundred (MORE)

FRANK (CONT)

and fifty-thousand a key; five times what they paid. And your quintal is now worth fifteen million. That's a profit of eight and a half mill you get no part of. I know you don't have the man power to peddle the uptown streets but I do. You put up the shit, I'll put up the men and we divide the difference, setting something aside for places like this. I take the risks and the heat if there is any. What'd you say?

Larry looks at Frank a long time,

WONG

Tell you what, Frank...I'll sell you the bulk, you pay me cash for it an' you can do whatever you want with the money you earn. That's fair enough, ain't it?

FRANK

We can help some people while we're gettin' rich, Larry.

LARRY

If I was into socialized medicine I woulda stayed in Peking Province...I want cash for my goods, you know?

Frank looks around disappointed. He takes a beat then,

FRANK

I just thought we might cultivate a few humanitarian traits in our business...

LARRY

Then join the Peace Corp; you wanna buy the shit or not?

Frank takes a long time to stare at Larry.

FRANK

How much?

LARRY

Six and a half up front...like you said...with another half mill after you unload it.

Frank looks humourless at Larry,

FRANK

That's alot of money.

LARRY

I got alot of drugs.

Frank looks around the hall. Sounds of crying in the distance. He nods,

FRANK

Okay. I'll get you the cash.

LARRY

I'll tell you now, Frank. I'm gonna want safeties. This conversation's made me realize just how fuckin' crazy you really are....

Frank looks at him,

LARRY

We'll do it at a public spot... the Waldorf...and it'll be just three of us: you, Dalesio an' me; that jerk-off Jump stays at home. Agreed?

Frank looks then nods,

FRANK

Anyway you want it, Larry.

Larry nods and walks away. Frank watches him in silence.

EXT: PRECINCT

EARLY EVENING

Office doors opened and Jimmy Jump coming out with a mob of gangsters laughing and celebrating their release. With them is Jennifer Poe.

Jump is handed a bottle of champagne by Blondy and he

whispers something in Jump's ear.

Jump grins evilly, nods and he looks up to see long line of Royce Silver Phantoms waiting to carry them off. He moves down steps.

From down the street a plain sedan pulls up and out of it exit Bishop, Flanigan and Gilley.

Jump's good humour increases diabolically,

JUMP

Hey Bishop!! Come on. The drinks're on me! We're gonna celebrate. I'll let you an' your homo friends taste champagne for the first time in your lives!!

Everyone laughing. The three cops stare in bitterness then Gilley walks up to Jimmy in defiant heat.

The two stare hotly and after a beat of mutual hate Gilley SPITS squarely in Jimmy's face.

Everyone shuts down. Jump in crazed disbelief stands in dead silence, the gob of spit rolling down the side of his face. All eyes on him. Gilley stands toughly waiting.

Jump, hate blazing in his pupils, runs his finger slowly across his cheek, gathers the spit and, gaze locked with the red-head, slides the spittle contemptuously into his mouth.

He stands insanelly then takes out a billfold and tosses a few hundreds on the street; he says to the cop,

JUMP

Buy some flowers for your witness's hospital room...

Jimmy turns and enters limo with the others.

Gilley goes to rush after him but Bishop puts a halting hand on the red-head. Jump's car leaves.

Jennifer, meanwhile, watching the incident in dead silence.

A moment and she goes to separate car, her eyes locked on Gilley's. He hisses something at her. A beat and she gets into the Rolls Royce and closes the door. It drives off in opposite direction of Jump.

INT/EXT: CHINATOWN

NIGHT

Lights, cacophony and CHINESE THUGS, smoking, sitting guard around cellar entrance of Larry's Club look up suddenly at SOUND OF ROARING ENGINE AND SCREECHING TIRES.

Eyes go wide; bearing down at breakneck speed, a black Trans Am. Inside, Frank, face drawn in insanity, bearing direct line toward them.

FROM INSIDE FRANK'S CAR: POV of Thugs lifting pieces from jacket. Aims. Car is already over the curb and onto the sidewalk...

EXT: SIDEWALK NIGHT

Boys get plowed by car. One flips over the hood, the roof and topples onto the pavement, motionless. Others just crushed between car and building facade. Pontiac screeches back toward street.

EXT: CHINATOWN NIGHT

Jump with Mach 10 and a dark green magnum of MOET-CHANDON. A rag stops up the neck.

Jump lights up Molotov. Opens the window and flings the flaming bottle through the Laundry's front plate glass. Huge explosion and flames. Frank floors the car. From inside, the street fills with Chinese hitmen; guns blazing.

Melanie and Raye in back seat answer back savagely as Frank speeds down the block and disappears around the left side of the corner.

The toughs run after a bit, shooting wildly. They curse and gesticulate in Chinese. They slow and finally give up the chase as car fades westward.

They turn and head quickly back to the decimated, burning building and the macerated comrades. Larry and his two bodyguards come out, iron in hands, cursing wildly. One takes off to pull a fire alarm. The rest in confusion return before the fire.

From the north the SOUND OF ROARING MOTOR, SCREECHING TIRES again emerges. The Chinese turn around and the headlights from A SILVER PHANTOM are bearing straight toward them.

At the same time, from behind, FRANK'S TRANS AM RETURNS having gone AROUND THE BLOCK and coming back up from behind!

Larry and his men caught between two lead-spitting vehicles.

The Tongs open fire, but Frank smashes forward sending a pair over the hood and roof of the car. The cars spray neighborhood with lead.

Larry and his men open up but, too tightly pinched, Larry SCREAMS IN CHINESE to retreat to the tenements. Frank's cars screech to a stop and the White Gang pours out.

Half race into a dark alley by the building and the other half with Frank and Jump and others, enters through door-way behind Wong and his army of hitmen.

INT: BUILDING NIGHT

Frank and the Gang pour into the dark. Asians, confusion and mayhem as they tear wildly along hall on hunt. In back of building, exit door swinging open.

EXT: ALLEYS NIGHT

The White Gang comes out into wide back alley and find Larry's men turned and firing from door-ways, fire escapes and piled garbage.

Frank, Jump and the others wild in their response. Savage fire-fight, but the Chinese dropping beneath the sheer number and fire-power of Frank's people. Larry, seeing handwriting on the wall, turns and splits. So do the surviving Tong members.

Frank and his people move after them. Chase.

ALLEYS: Wong, pistoled, running, tearing through dungeoned alleys loses his bodyman while making his way through fences and garbage. He tears sharp angle and ducks into shadowed via and runs down long, battered length until a crossing where he slips into darkened portico.

Silent, Larry stands, pistol raised, and waits. From behind the sound of running. Larry breathless waiting for the form to appear.

Time passes. Wong sweats but remains motionless.

Running very close and Wong raises his gun as the sound becomes IMMINENT.

From around corner the dark form of some one: Larry levels and unloads only to see his Bodyguard look up and take it in the chest. Wong in shock spins around.

Suddenly, from the other side, behind him, Frank steps out, pistol face-high and aimed. He stares a long time then hisses,

FRANK

Where's the shit, Larry...

Wong motionless.

INT: CHINESE LAUNDRY NIGHT

DARKNESS. Spooky steady cam through shadows, dripping pipes, faded brickwork...folded white shirts, dirty piles of laundry and kegs of soap knocked over and littering the floor. In distance, WHISPERING.

At one pile, a bit of red. Move on it and the red is more deep, more pronounced. Stop at stain's center and something drips into it.

Raise camera. Hair hanging and dripping blood. Go wider: Larry Wong's head inverted, eyes wide.

Continue reverse, going wide: Wong hanging by heels from water pipe.

Pan slightly until at far end of room, amid drums of SOAP, Lance, Jump and some of the White Gang unloading in silence two half-drums filled with white powder. Labor in subdued tones.

They move the drugs toward the camera. Powder looming larger and larger as they pass the hanging body of Larry which frames the right side of screen and they come directly toward camera. The white powder takes up more and more of the screen until it is all powdered drugs. Hold picture then

→ MATA - getting killed →

FADE IN, RAISING SOUND OF CHEERS AND APPLAUSE FROM NEXT SCENE

INT: BALLROOM

NIGHT

Glitzed-out stage where famous and tuxedoed black singer STAR stands SINGING ROUSING VERSE OF SONG amid the accolades of an opulent audience. Full band behind him, and from back drop, a large sign hangs: THE SOUTH BRONX THANKS YOU!! Next to it, large blow-up of proposed renovations for the Bronx General Hospital.

In front of stage, a sea of tables and stuffily dressed PATRONS some seated eating, others dancing and yet others cheering for the performance. Luxus, fancy clothes and money. Gala all-star affair.

And amid the dignitaries and VIP's: Frank White, Jennifer, Lance looking hipper and more radiant than anyone else; they sit secure in their glory and clap heartily for Star as he brings the song to an end.

Standing ovation and Star bows smiling. More 'bravos' and applause and finally the singer says over the PA,

STAR

Thank you. Thank you. (Takes a breath) You're all so tremendous...thank you..Now before we continue with the program, I just want to take a minute to express my personal gratitude to all who have given so graciously to help make this effort a possibility. You know, I was born in the South Bronx and as I grew up here I used to pray that once I got out, I was never gonna have a reason to come back. I'm glad those prayers weren't answered. My old neighborhood's lookin' mighty pretty lately and I have been encouraged both in public and in private (Looks to a table where Abe Cott and some obvious dignitaries sit)...that where there's a will to help, there's a way to do it. It always comes down to the unselfish concern of its citizens which makes any town worth its salt, and New York has got to be the best! On behalf of the Neighborhood Council, myself, and, of course, New York City, I thank you for what you've done and ask for your continued support until we have the kind of General Hospital this burrough needs!

Cheers and a stunning round of applause. Star claps as well and points to Abe Cott's table indicating Cott and his guests should rise for a bow. They do and the clapping increases.

Frank, grinning, applauds heartily. Jennifer looks at him as he watches Cott take the lime-light. She smiles.

Then from the side, carried by uniformed waiters, three enormous multi-tiered cakes each with a different New York symbol: Twin Towers, Empire State Building, and Statue of Liberty are brought in. More applause than music.

The tuxedoed Waiters begin cutting the cakes, the knives slicing off the glase' apples decorating the sides and lifting large pieces of torte onto fine china. Couples dance.

From table by Frank's, Lance, with Moses and a pair of Foxes, leans to Frank smiling with glass of champagne. Some of the MOLLS are reading a Spanish Magazine with Frank on the cover: EL REY DE NUEVA YORK? Laughter as Frank takes his glass up and clinks it to Lance's.

Frank's eyes gleam. They toast and drink. Fraternity, music, happiness.

The waiters come around to serve the cake to Frank's table. Jennifer takes a piece and laughing, lifts a forkful of the glase' apple and coyly feeds it to Frank. He takes a bite.

She smiles warmly at him as from OS COTT'S VOICE,

COTT (OS)

Hey, Frank...

White turns to see the lawyer coming close with Star. Frank rises as the black celebrity steps forward,

STAR

I wanted to meet you, man...
(They shake) I heard what you
done for the brothers in stir
durin' the strike an' shit, an'
I know you had somethin' to do
with all this too. I wanted to
thank you personally.

Frank grins,

FRANK

I'm a real fan of yours.

STAR

Music don't mean shit unless
- you doin' somethin' with it, right?
We gotta help where we can...
- You all ever need anything
from me, you let me know; I feel
like I owe you...

Frank takes his hand again and smiles,

FRANK

Thanks.

Star nods and begs off. After salutations, Frank turns back to the table. Cott leans to him,

COTT

Congratulations...

Frank nods and looks around; Jennifer smiles. White slushes down another drink. His eyes survey his empire.

INT: O'HARE'S LOUNGE NIGHT

CU OF scrungy Bishop, quiet, glazed eyes, sits motionless watching the eleven o'clock news on the barroom television: he too lifts a drink to his mouth:

ON T.V. FOOTAGE SHOWING THE CELEBRITIES AT THE HOSPITAL FUND DRIVE LEAVING AMID LIMOS AND FURS: ABE COTT, STAR, then visible in rear: FRANK WHITE...

He looks away. Gilley, drunk, grinning sarcastically leans in to him,

GILLEY

All hail the king o' New York...

Dennis drinks excessively from glass. Flanigan seated nearby, pulls on his beer in long silent gulps and watches the fire burn in Gilley. Other cops like Tip Conolly et. al. hang about playing pool etc. also watching in distaste.

Gilley rises and turns blood-shot eyes to Bishop,

GILLEY

This ain't the way it's gotta come
down, man.

Bishop looks up from his inebriation; Gilley stands and

totters a bit drunken, sottovoces...

GILLEY

It's over...

He lifts glass in stupor and drinks,

GILLEY

The sonofabitch shits on the courtrooms,
the judges, the legislators, on law
an' due process an' everything that's good
in our system an' we sit like assholes an'
watch it all on t.v....WE'RE the fuckin' law,
man, WE are what's right in this
country not HIM an' he ain't gonna get
away with this...

Gilley looks to the others,

GILLEY

We're wastin' our time with interrogatin'
witnesses an' liftin' fingerprints an'
gettin' court orders his Park Avenue
lawyer gets dismissed ten minutes later...
No sooner we get the paper work started
in one file, there's another dozen blood-
soaked bodies layin' all over the streets...
no more, man, there's only one way to take
care of guys like him....

Dennis guzzles the finishing swallow and tosses the glass
onto the bar. He turns to Bishop diabolically,

GILLEY

You know I'm right, Roy; come on...
before they put you out to pasture...
one last touch...one last stroke for
the law...give 'em somethin' to
remember you by...they'll all think it
was a rival gang...

Gilley stands besotted by his boss and awaits a response.
Bishop drinks then says quietly,

BISHOP

You gonna shoot everybody you can't
arrest, Dennis?

Gilley looks in disgust. He stands letting anger build a
beat then he turns,

GILLEY

Yeah, if I have to...

Bishop looks a beat then says dead-eyed,

BISHOP

Then we oughtta lock up your ass too.

Everyone silent. Gilley boiling then explodes.

GILLEY

Fuck you, asshole!

Gilley, out of control, pulls his issue and opens in rage against the rows of bottles behind the bar. BARMAN watches in disbelief as Gilley sends glass, liquor and wood splinters flying all over.

Flanigan, Tip and a few of the cop friends quickly move in to restrain him. Bishop watches the young cop incredulous. Gilley yells in his face,

GILLEY

With our without you, man!! With or without you!! I make 32 G's a year riskin' my life while he gets rich killin' people? Fuck you!! !!! I'm a cop!! I'M A FUCKIN' COP!! I'm gonna do my job!

Tip et. al. hold him, coaxing him down and then he begins to settle...Finally he cools,

GILLEY

Ok...I'm alright...I'm ok...

He calms and they release him. He fixes his jacket and then stares at Bishop.

DENNIS

Every time he dusts somebody else it's our fault, Roy...

Gilley watches a beat then reaches into his wallet and takes out a pair of twenties. He throws them on the bar. He and his friends leave.

Bishop watches the drunken cop in silence.

INT: PLAZA SUITE/BEDROOM

DAWN

Curtains drawn. MUSIC. On alabaster dresser top, a small pile of personal checks for thousands of dollars each signed over to South Bronx Hospital by feminine caligraphy.

Silk sheets, sweat, heat. Darkly veiled dresses and tuxedos.. Low pale light from picture window barely illuminating room. Music lies low on the soundtrack and outside, on balcony, stand the ombraged figures of Frank and Jennifer.

EXT: BALCONY

SAME TIME

Jennifer drinking, Frank, bottle in hand, weaving, as both stare out at the lights and occasional traffic passing far below in his kingdom.

On BILLBOARD below advertising, "BUILD AN EMPIRE: Empire State Municipal Funds" Frank reads and grins. She looks up, drawing close to the outlaw,

JENNIFER

Hey...listen...

They stand silent a beat. No metropolitan noise at all...

JENNIFER

There's no noise...

Frank listens solicitously half a beat to dead silence; then after strange moments of soundlessness city noises start up again somewhere in the distance.

JENNIFER

Did you hear that? For one second the city was totally quiet...

She looks at him and comes closer, whispers in sing-song,

JENNIFER

...the town that never sleeps...

He looks and drinks. Their eyes catch the gleam and she rises to kiss him.

JENNIFER

Next thing you do is buy a sky scraper... the White building...(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT)

put it right in mid-town...with all your
offices and financial advisors in it...

FRANK

The tallest building in the world'll
be on Webster Avenue...free elevator
rides to the top for all the kids from
the neighborhood...

She looks up and smiles. He adds,

FRANK

Local kid does good...

He looks out over the city. She watches him a beat then
takes his chin gently in her hand and draws him close,

JENNIFER

Yeah...and you did, Frank...

He looks at her and they take a beat. Then he adds,

FRANK

Everything's got a price, counselor...

She nods and they press close,

JENNIFER (whispers)

Let's go inside...

INT: PLAZA BEDROOM

Jennifer, eyes closed and febrile, making love with Frank.
Music lies low on the soundtrack. She leans forward, face
beginning to read the emotion. Teeth run against Frank's
shoulder; breathless. She holds tighter, nostrils dilate,
teeth edge against his clothes. Silence, passion.

Jennifer holds tighter; body slowly responding to stimulus.
She mumbles his name in whispered repetition...

Frank passionate draws her closer underneath. She grasps
tightly as she peaks, muscles tightening in ecstasy. White,
reaching, closes eyes and follows. In distance the muted
sounds of music.

INT: RESTAURANT

DAY

Eggs benedict amid sterling silver setting. Wall Street Journal being placed on side of plate as hand reaches for Orange juice.

Onto table is suddenly flopped a half dozen gory, color photos of murdered men: on top suspended body of Larry Wong.

Abe Cott looks up: Bishop, dusty and anomolous amid the rich decor, leans close to the lawyer and says quietly,

BISHOP

Consider advising your client to surrender himself into police custody. Do it personally with full disclosure before a magistrate so you leave nothing to chance. That way you guarantee your client due process.

Cott looks incredulous,

COTT

What the hell is this? What are you talking about?

Bishop spreads the photos all over the table, exposing Mata, Wong, Tito, Artie Clay etc. in all their sanguinary horror.

BISHOP

Salvador Tito, Miguel Mata, Emilio el Zapa, Arthur Clay, Lawrence Wong...

People at tables nearby look in disbelief,

BISHOP

Take a good look, counselor; you represent the scum that's responsible for this.

Cott pushes the stuff away,

COTT

How dare you! Have you lost your mind?

BISHOP (still close)

You're a lawyer, you're a member of the bar, you satisfied to be a part of this butchery?

COTT

I won't listen to this; I won't
tolerate it, Lieutenant!

Cott goes to rise, Bishop holds him,

BISHOP

I'm asking you to help me; I want to
find a way to keep your client from
endin' up like this...

Bishop points to the photos. Cott catches the meaning
instantly.

COTT

That's what you're paid to do, isn't it?
Protect the public from crimal viloence?

Bishop leans even closer, says sottovoce,

BISHOP

You don't understand me...
(Leans close so no-one else can hear)
There's not a cop in New York that's
gonna bring him in alive. He's not
gonna make it to the week-end, Counselor.

Cott's eyes never leaving the detective. A beat of wary
silence. Then Cott,

COTT

If what you just said is true
I'll have every department in the
police force gutted. You have my
word on it.

BISHOP

Do what your conscience dictates. But
think of your client's welfare first.

Bishop backs off.

BISHOP

You're his lawyer; let him come to trial.

COTT

There are laws against everything you've said and done here, Lieutenant; don't think they won't be brought to bear on you.

BISHOP

I'll be in my office.

COTT

I'll have your badge for this...

Bishop turns and leans back in,

BISHOP

You're welcomed to it; just get him in.

Bishop looks then leaves. Cott takes a beat then turns to the horror photos and turns them over.

INT: LAS PALMAS NIGHT

Painted mural of stylized New York Skyline. REGGAE MUSIC.

Wide shot exposes laid back, funky out, totally debauched environ of Hispanic Night-spot. Junkies shooting up in shadows, illicit sex, drugs...

Moses, Musta and females smoking jamaican cigar reefer, laughing and guzzling Moet vulgarly.

GROUPIES snorting coke from a water glass using drink-mixer straw.

Two blonde FEMALES working over red-head, half drunk and half naked.

Jump at bar, with three or four women, one of his RUGERS on bar, the girls working him over, he's reading the N.Y. POST, and drinking Old Grand Dad.

Total debauchery.

Frank at table with TWO MEN and Raye and Melanie. BUSINESS.

Jump looks up from paper and looks over toward Frank's table,

JUMP

Hey Frank, they're lookin' for people to collect old clothes for the Salvation Army...you gonna volunteer?

Jimmy cracks up. Some of the hoods laugh too.

JUMP

Brother can you spare your Gucci shoes?

Jump cracks up even more.

Amid the talk and confusion the back door opens and suddenly in step four hitmen, faces covered. Frank et. al look up. The hitmen lift their guns and without a beat lost open up at his table.

Frank spills over while Raye and Melanie draw and unoad. Everything explodes.

JUMP, in disbelief, picking up his piece off the bar,

JUMP

Fuck...

Chaos as everyone is blasted. Screams, mayhem, people hitting the exits trying to flee.

Melanie and Raye heaved into the wall but not before emptying their pistols into the attackers.

THE TORSOS OF THE MASKED MEN EXPLODE and they fly backwards but get back up; bullet-proof vests.

From the front MORE MASKED MEN COME IN AND OPEN FIRE.

The hoods getting mowed, Frank, Jump et. al. firing wildly.

Blondy, trapped by exploding walls on all sides, goes down with the Subway Toughs. Moses, Musta, all catching heat.

Jump turns on the assailants with raw hate and empties his guns into the attackers. One mask hit so hard in his head, he flies against the mural, splattering blood all over the New York skyline, his corpse nearly decapitated.

Moses et. al fires and Frank, Jump, everyone moves to the exit.

EXT: LAS PALMAS NIGHT

From behind building, Frank, Jump et. al. race out.

The MASKS turn and ravage the attack. Battle rages on city streets. Cars machine gunned, explodes from gun-fire. Gangsters scatter.

The Mobsters pouring lead from their positions, behind garbage, parked cars etc.

The MASKS answer in superior numbers. White gang fading. Slaughter ensuing.

Frank races out and dives into his car. Starts and backs up.

By the street, Jump is firing wildly as Masks really press. No place to go, double fisted unloads everything he's got in last ditch effort.

From around corner, the racing form of Frank's Trans Am.

INT: TRANS AM NIGHT

Frank, gases the accelerator and charges directly at the group attacking Jump.

EXT: LAS PALMAS NIGHT

The masks barely jump out of the way as the car sweeps by

them. Frank's bullets singing savagely against their cover.

Jimmy sees the lightning Trans Am and SCREAMS WILDLY.

The Trans Am comes swooping in, Frank, pistol poised outside window, shooting like hell. He reaches over and still speeding, opens the door of the passenger's side. He curves around and Jimmy, diving, jumps into the car. A MASK, running, grabs the opened Trans Am door. Frank jams on the gas and drags the man along the street. Jimmy kicks at the hanging man, but the guy holds on.

Frank looks up: parked car on the right side of street. He floors it.

Cut to WIDE SHOT as Frank speeds the Trans Am close enough to slam the open door against the rear fender of the parked car. Mask is decimated and door slams back from side of car. Frank speeds off down Broadway.

At Las Palmas, the remaining Masks empty into their cars and start them up. All over streets the dead White Gang.

Inside the cars the Masks rip off their facials: cops.

In super charged dodge: Gilley and Flanigan. They leave the scene, tearing after last two survivors.

EXT: STREETS NIGHT

Frank's Trans Am hot-tailing it down streets, slicing through lights, side-skidding cars.

ROAR OF ENGINES DEAFENING.

The Dodge emerges from the dark of the streets and moves up on Frank. Tommy, purse-lipped, begins to maneuver against Frank. Gilley screaming in rage, plugs non-stop at the White Car. The Trans Am fires back in retaliation.

Flanigan's windshield shatters into honeycomb.

FLANIGAN

I can't see a fuckin' thing!

Wordless, Gilley smashes the glass out with the butt of his shotgun. He turns the piece around and shoots.

From side street, a Blue and White jumps out as the Trans Am passes. It whips after the car.

Wide Angle as Trans Am rips up streets.

High and wide shot of Trans Am followed by cop car, and then

the Dodge on the right and the other cop car on the left, forming a speeding inverted triangle. The SIRENS pierce the thunder of the engines. Shooting still going on full tilt.

Frank bears down on the gas and races through the streets.

The pursuing Cop car strains to reach the side of the Trans Am and fire at Frank. Frank ducks down as his side window is blasted from its saddle. Jimmy sits up and then crawls halfway behind his seat. He sets his gun on the window frame and aiming his piece starts spraying the cops.

Frank, inside, begins to maneuver the Trans Am to ram the side of the other car. The cop driving, thrown into confusion. The Trans Am slams unmercifully against their car while Jump is shooting shit out of them. The driver of the car tries to push back but Frank keeps the pressure on and ahead there looms in the night a blockade in the left lane.

Frank guns it and keeps the car heading right for the back of the blocks. Cop car has no-where to go.

CUT TO INT. OF COP CAR as the officers shoot like hell trying to wipe out Frank before they slam into the barrack. Their luck is out. Through the windshield they watch the barricade grow gigantic. They scream.

Cut to WIDE SHOT as their car plows into the all cement guard. Huge explosion and Frank's Trans Am blazes away just missing being fireballed.

Behind him, and also just missing the fire, is the Dodge. Frank negotiates a surprise move around corner and heads cross town and then into wooded area.

PARK NIGHT

The Trans Am races swiftly along the dark roads. Behind no headlights follow for the moment. Escape.

INT. OF TRANS AM

Car blazes through the dark, Jimmy, turning from back window, satisfied they're not being followed, turns suddenly to Frank,

JUMP

Stop the car, man.

Frank looks at the crazy Jimmy uncertainly. Jump lifts pistol to Frank's face, and pulls back the hammer.

JUMP

Now!

Frank looks at his amigo. Jump's face stern, sweat-soaked. White, takes a beat then hits the brakes; car skids yards before coming to a halt. Jump reaches over and opens White's door,

JUMP

Get out.

Frank looks at Jump with blank expression. Jimmy rages and slams Frank hard pushing him half-way out the car,

JUMP

Get the fuck out, man!

He jumps into the driver's seat and throws the car into gear as Frank stands to recover,

JUMP

You owe me one...

Jimmy grins and guns the accelerator as Frank grabs for the door. Jump turns hard at the wheel. He rages the car back toward the direction whence he came brushing White aside.

EXT: PARK NIGHT

The Dodge whizzing at 100 mph.

INSIDE: Gilley and Flanigan unbelieving as out of the dark, the blinding headlights of the Trans Am are heading straight at them!

Flanigan cuts wildly to avoid a head on.

EXTERIOR: The huge dodge skidding sideways as the Trans Am bee-lines within a yard of it, full throttle.

A thunderous roar of JIMMY'S TRIUMPHANT LAUGHTER as Jump's car races into the dark.

The Dodge spins to a halt and in a flash is racing back after.

Trans Am, alone, tearing down the road and speeding along the verdant hills of the woods.

Then looming from the dark a fierce barrage of gunfire.

INT: TRANS AM

Jump hears the shots, the sparkling pings of metal against

metal, then watches in surprise as the passenger seat next to him erupts its fluffy guts all over the place.

Wide-eyed he looks into rear-view: Dodge looming up like a rocket from the dark. He shifts the stick and speeds up.

HE LAUGHS AND TURNS THE RADIO LOUD.

Then, left hand on the wheel, he takes his pistol and pointing it directly behind himself, starts returning fire at the approaching Dodge.

EXT: STREETS

Trans Am exiting park from middle of trees, crossing the onto street.

INSIDE DODGE Flanigan powershifts and suddenly the Dodge catapults forward under new force.

EXT. as Dodge zooms up against the Trans Am and crashes its front end into the black car's trunk.

INSIDE TRANS AM Jimmy is almost knocked out of his seat.

JUMP

Holy Shit.

He starts shooting in earnest at the menacing vehicle behind him.

INT: DODGE

Flanigan straight-faced and ramming the Trans Am in front of him. Gilley intense, Flanigan looks down for a moment at his speedometer: 110 and climbing. He grins and jams hard on the gas pedal: they loom forward.

INT: TRANS AM

Jump being forced into orbit. He downshifts, THE ENGINE SCREAMS IN PROTEST, and then flooring the accelerator, he jams it back into fourth. The Trans Am pulls ahead.

Jimmy gives a cheer and looks down at the speedometer: 125 mph. He laughs and looks up:

Down the block is more construction. A BLINKER is warning drivers off. Jump barely has a chance to react. He turns hard on the wheel and the car skids.

EXT: STREETS

Trans Am spinning down the street and by construction site.

SOUND OF SCREECHING TIRES.

INT. DODGE: Flanigan sees his chance and guns the engine; he rams the screeching car. The force of the impact throws Dodge out of control.

The cars skid and Jump finally smashes, tail first, into side of road.

At the same instant, the Dodge zips by, out of control and sails down the street another hundred yards and finally skids into a bank. Both vehicles now down and out.

CUT TO ANGLE OF TRANS AM as it bursts into flames.

A beat, then the door swings open and a staggering, bloody, but still conscious, Jimmy Jump emerges from the burning wreck.

A pair of pistols in his hands, he looks up, sees the Dodge in a heap. Nothing.

Jump goes to turn away and the doors to Flanigan's car fly open: Tommy and Gilley rise out, guns in hands. Jimmy fires and looking around, takes to his heels, heading into the street.

The Two Policemen follow immediately.

Jump, face blackened, clothes torn, races on foot, shooting and being shot at.

He sees Flanigan and Gilley chasing in and shoots. Then he veers into the dark by side of road.

Gilley,

GILLEY

Split up.

ANGLE: Jump racing around looking for a place to hide. Flanigan coming up, starts the search.

With caution, Tommy slows and looking, gun poised, moves ready to shoot. A SOUND OF STEPS RUNNING. Flanigan moves to it. Gun ready, he moves around corner.

Flanigan double fists his piece and straddles to fire:

HIS POV: some DOPE FIEND running blindly, looks up. Tommy freezes. At that moment, a shot rings out and Tommy pitches forward, his shoulder opening. He spins almost knocking ragman over and screaming, looks up to see Jump running away.

Tommy steadies himself and fires back then moves off after him.

ANGLE: Jump, on the run, lets a clip fall from the handle of his automatic and, extracting another from his jacket pocket, he jams a fresh nine rounds inside. He rechambers the first bullet and stops, suddenly turning round. He opens up against Tommy.

Flanigan takes a round in the neck, flies back and fires. He catches Jimmy in the upper thigh; pants rip open bleeding profusely. Flanigan shoots again, misses, then pulls the trigger another time: CLICK. Once, twice. It's empty.

Jump recovering, sees the Cop pointing the empty pistol and then raises his own piece and shoots. Tommy is knocked back but not off his feet. He screams and lurching ahead, charges the hapless Jump.

Jimmy blasts, Tommy heaves the empty gun at him. Jump fires repeatedly but Flanigan keeps coming. Vest deflecting the shots.

Jump fires again incredulously and Tommy, screeching, lunges forward and grabs Jump by the throat.

Jump totters and sticks the barrel of his pistol under the vest into Flanigan's side. Point blank, Jump fires the gun into the policeman's body.

Tommy gasps but takes Jump's throat only harder and squeezes. Jimmy's eyes bulge. He fires again and again until the gun clicks empty. Flanigan grips, hands trembling but, slowly he weakens. His eyes, hollow, glaze over. He begins to slip away.

Jimmy, being liberated, pushes Flanigan back. Tommy falls, eyes big. He looks up at his assassin.

Jimmy draws his other pistol and pointing it straight at Tommy, pulls the trigger. Cop hit. Jump shoots once more then turns to run. Flanigan lies motionless.

Jump dragging, his leg, making way down along side of street. Bloody, panting, he moves blindly.

Then mid-street, steps Gilley, gun trained.

Like lightning, Jump raises his pistol to fire. Gilley ignites.

Jump is hit, thrown backwards, his gun flying from his hand.

He totters weakly, shivering in pain and standing against the side of the road. He rubs his hands across his two wounds.

Blood pouring. He looks at the fingers with a mixture of horror and disbelief.

Gilley moves toward Jump, gun trained on the outlaw. Jimmy squints and wavers a bit in weakness.

Gilley stares at him then looks over Jump's shoulder:

Way down the street lies the bloody body of Flanigan.

Gilley looks back at Jump. He pulls back the hammer on his revolver.

Jimmy looks up, breathing heavily and Gilley lets off a round that catches him in the unwounded leg. Jimmy spins and collapses. He lies on the ground, his newly wounded leg, spasming.

He looks in hate from the leg to the Cop.

JUMP (screaming)

What the fuck are you doing!??

Gilley, eyes blank, raises the gun again and fires, this time hitting Jump in the shoulder.

JUMP

YOU SON OF A BITCH!!

Jump's head falls back against the concrete and he stares straight up at the sky, his fingers gripping blindly at a bleeding bullet hole. His eyes on fire with hate,

JUMP (Screaming in contempt)

JUST KILL ME, COCKSUCKER!! SHOOT!!!

Gilley stands over the man and points down at the face. He takes a beat letting Jump suffer then shoots. Barrel discharges. Then again and again and again. The gun empties and he continues to pull the trigger, his gaze fixed on the dead criminal. HOLD.

DISSOLVE.

EMOTIONAL RESCUE.

EXT: CRAZY EDDY T.V. STORE NIGHT

Picture window BLAZING with various television sets, everyone of them, black and white and in colour, are showing the scenes of the blood filled Palmas Club, of Flannigan, of Jump, of the decimated streets filled with blood....

People mill by, some pausing to look.

TV Announcer talking mutely behind glass: backdrop shows the faces of the four policemen killed in the raid: Tommy Flanigan and Tip Conolly readily visible.

Beneath them, the titles: OFFICERS SLAIN.

HOLD THEN PAN FROM TELEVISION SCREEN TO:

INT: ROOM

Manhattan's west side as seen from Jersey City. The lights, black silhouettes, and the Hudson stand silent against the dull night sky.

Frank alone by window, staring out at the estranged city. The t.v. is nearby, silent but with the news reports on the Palmas debacle.

Frank's face reflects thought, sorrow, silence. He stands unmoved watching the city.

From behind, the SOUND of door opening, LOW HUSHED VOICES TALKING. He doesn't turn to look.

SHOT: Jennifer stands alone backlit weakly by the yellow light behind him. She watches Frank many beats then comes in. She approaches the man and stares out window a while until Frank begins,

FRANK

I was sixteen years old when the Yankees played the Dodgers in the '77 World Series. It was game six an' Reggie slammed those three home runs to tie Babe Ruth's record an' clinch the Series. Next day everybody in New York got the bright idea to bet the numbers 639...the game number, the homer number an' his player number...like two days later 639 came up an' all them wise-guys who were runnin' the books were in so deep they just refused to pay up. They owed everybody money but (MORE)

FRANK (CONT)

nobody had the nerve to say anything;
they just stood there an' got beat.
But me, I took a baseball bat, busted into
the bookies' rooms, cleaned out the coffers
and paid off everybody on the block.
No more, no less...everybody got what
was theirs...

He looks at Jennifer,

FRANK

You think I ever heard a word from them
hoods personally? You think one of 'em
ever came up to me an' asked me about the
stolen money?

A week later the COPS are all over
my house with all this evidence
an' shit and I get two years upstate in
one of those vocation camps...

Looks at Jennifer,

FRANK

My whole fuckin' life changed because I
collected on a debt that was owed to me...
(Shakes his head)
you think I woulda learned somethin' from
that...

In distance sound of train whistle.

JENNIFER

The Palmas confrontation was self defense;
no jury in the country will find
you guilty. There are witnesses,
physical evidence, we can mount an
overwhelming case proving you were
acting purely in self-defense, Frank.

Frank takes a very long time then looks,

FRANK

An' then what?

JENNIFER

You start again.

He goes back to staring at New York many moments,

FRANK

But this ain't over.

EXT: CEMETARY DAY

Bright, sun-lit day in serene park-like setting of Rose Hill Memorial Cemetary.

Lots of uniformed Police, Troopers, Auxiliary Cops standing by grave sites.

Two coffins draped with the American Flag. Wives and their children are standing nearby, dressed in black. Bishop and Gilley, apart, stand in silence.

BAPTIST MINISTER AND ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST praying over the deceased, THOMAS FLANIGAN and TIP CONOLLY. Teams of sharply uniformed COPS step forward and grab the flag by its edges. They fold it, ala military style, and hand it to the widows.

A young BOY salutes the coffins standing by Millie, Tommy's wife.

Much crying and the newly wed, Kathy, is supported by her dad, Mulligan. She can't sustain herself through the flag ceremony and breaks down completely. A pair of POLICEMEN take her to their side speaking in whispers.

The coffins are slowly lowered into their graves. The Priest's voice drones on and people begin to file by, throwing flowers, dirt and small wreathes atop the boxes.

POLICE CAPTAIN passes then both Gilley and Bishop; they throw down red roses.

By the road, a long line of limos, black and with headlights lit, are waiting. As the people finish filing past the graves, they descend to where their cars are parked. Mulligan is with his daughter.

Gilley stands nearby, alone and shattered from the experience. Bishop watches as the old cop helps his daughter into the car. He looks at Gilley. Gilley turns away and faces the grave a beat, then he tells Roy,

GILLEY

Tell 'em I'll catch up later.

Roy looks at Gilley but says nothing. Gilley feels the cold stare and looks back; a beat, the total falling-away livid between them.

Gilley turns his back wordless to Bishop and moves toward the grave.

Roy stands quiet a beat then goes back toward the cars. He gets in. The limo pulls away followed by the others. Gilley watches a while then turns to the grave-site once more as limo after limo takes off.

Finally cars are gone. Gilley, alone, stand before Flanigan's freshly dug grave as the workers begin to prepare to bury the coffin. Finally, satisfied, Gilley turns toward his car. Face long, angered, his eyes reflect total embitterment.

He approaches his automobile and, taking out keys, unlocks the door. He waits a beat thinking, always with anger, then he enters.

He turns on the ignition but just sits at wheel and stares out windshield. Beats and leaning forward finally breaks down into tears. The grief vents itself in great sobs.

A few beats and a stretch limo, headlights on, comes into view down the road. It comes toward him then stops alongside facing opposite direction. The blackened windows reflect the sky a beat then descends slowly. Gilley looks up.

From behind the tinted glass, Frank White.

In flash, White levels a sawed-off shotgun barrel at Gilley's face, almost touching him with it as Gilley moves for his own piece.

FRANK

For Jimmy.

Before Gilley can move Frank unloads into his face and Gilley is blasted back into the car hidden out of frame. A beat and the window goes up over Frank.

INT: PHARMACY

NIGHT

Bishop, fatigued, five o'clock shadow, waiting by old-style drug counter, bag of groceries in hand, looking down at newstand.

On the rack newspapers with dead Gilley in car on front page: OUTRAGE!!

Bishop looks on in defeat a beat. War-weary face unexpressive. Moments then from behind, the PHARMACISTS'S voice,

PHARMACIST

These makin' you feel any better?

Roy doesn't hear the man. His eyes take in the picture of his partner and he reads the captions. His lips move silently forming the words. Somber.

A beat and a hand takes hold gently of his arm. He looks up. Pharmacist, bottle in hand, sees the unshaven face of the policeman,

PHARMACIST

Roy?

Bishop looks up,

BISHOP

All ready, Doc?

Pharmacist hands him the prescription. He studies the haggard face of the cop; a beat and he says quietly,

PHARMACIST

Perhaps it's none of my business Lt, but maybe you oughtta lay off a few days... get outta the city...go some place you can take your mind off all this for a while...

Bishop looks up.

BISHOP

There aren't a lot of other things I got to think about, Doc. You know?

He takes the bottle from the man and opens it. Pops a pair dry. Pharmacist watches. Bishop goes for his wallet to pay;

BISHOP

But thanks for the concern....
what do I owe you?

Pharmacist looks a beat then holds out a forbidding hand,

PHARMACIST

For the neighborhood cop? Forget it.

Bishop looks and a small grin comes to him. He hefts the bag and begins to head out. Pharmacist watches.

INT: BISHOP'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Darkness. Music off in the distance. A beat passes and then the SOUND OF A KEY UNLOCKING A DOOR. Another beat and a shard of light quickly appears, waxes as door is opened, and the silhouette of Bishop steps against the illumination of the hall. He reaches in and turns on the light. He has the bag of groceries in his hand; turns to the apartment: stops short: His POV:

Frank, gruff, stubble of blonde beard, .45 automatic in hand, sitting in easy chair,

FRANK

Bishop.

Roy looks a moment without answering then turns to the door and closes it. Bishop, still quiet, looks at his adversary. Frank has the gun trained on him. Bishop walks to the counter and puts down the bag of groceries. He looks at White.

FRANK

Sit down...over there. I got something to say to you.

Bishop, quiet, calm, watches the man then does as he's told. Frank examines the cop emotionlessly a beat then says in a consciously restrained voice,

FRANK

When the D.A.'s office investigated the death of Artie Clay they found he'd left an estate of some three and a half million dollars behind. That's a real puzzle cause Artie Clay never worked a day in his life. Around the same time, one of his 'soldiers'

turned up dead as well and on investigation it was found that this guy left a wife and two children with a fifteen thousand dollar debt. How do you explain that? Is it that Artie knew the way to make money in America is to fuck the hired help?

(A beat) An' then there was Larry Wong who owned half of Chinatown when he died; he filled his buildings with dozens of Asian refugees who had to pay three weeks wages a month to share a single bathroom on a whole floor. You think that's right? (Leans in) Artie an' Larry met up with people who weren't gonna put up with that shit; people who weren't interested in makin' money like that...and so Artie was eliminated and so was Larry Wong; and the same went for Emil Zapa and King Tito and all the rest of 'em... They were all killed. But they were never exploited like they'd done to others because the people who killed them knew what bein' fucked was like. (Leans back) All we wanted to do was make the best of a bad situation; a situation we didn't create. We weren't interested in nothing else. And you never woulda had no trouble from us, Bishop; you shoulda realized that.

Bishop takes a beat then says in low, serious voice,

BISHOP

You expected to get away with killing these people?

Frank takes a beat now that it's personal and then answers,

FRANK

I spent half my life in prison, man, I never got away with nothin'. That ain't what this was all about.

BISHOP

You and your friends kill people and sell drugs White, that's all this was about.

FRANK

You're wrong, man; it's about law an' a bunch o' politicians protectin'

the petty interest of alot of cheap thugs. They made the cops all that you are, Bishop; bodyguards for a clique of cheap hoods.

BISHOP

Their turn would have come...

FRANK

Please, at least give me credit for sweepin' the streets of that shit. We were doin' something good, Lietenant, nobody got killed that didn't deserve it.

BISHOP

You want a fuckin' medal?

Bishop looks up to White's face. He doesn't move. Frank gets up then says,

FRANK

Yeah; I do; but instead the fuckin' city coucnil slaps a reward on me for fifty grand... Well lemme tell you somethin'; I done it better; I put a twenty-five hundred dollar tag on them an' on every cop in this city. Now maybe they can all feel what it's like livin' without knowin' when some asshole's gonna step outta the dark and blow your head off to make a few bucks. I just wanted you to know what that's like...I just wanted to tell you myself...face to face... I figured I owed you one for the docks.

He takes a breath then, indicates with his automatic,

FRANK

The pistol. Butt first. Toss it on the floor...

Bishop demurs. Frank's thumb plays along the side of his pistol. Bishop's eyes never leave White's hand.

The cop waits some beats then slowly opens his jacket. He exposes his police issue. Frank stands edgy.

Bishop's eyes watch the nervous outlaw, and he moves slowly

and with great deliberation for his gun. His hand rests on the wood handle and stops a beat. Frank sarcastically,

FRANK

You wanna be the first?

Bishop remains cool and after another beat slowly extracts the weapon. Frank grins in contempt,

FRANK

Just throw it to the center of the floor;
easy.

Bishop, gun in hand sizes the man up. Pause. Eons pass. White, nervous and ready. Bishop in total silence. Then he tosses the gun lightly to the middle of the floor.

White smiles. Keeping his gun fixed on the cop, he edges forward and picks it up. He stuffs it into his belt. Bishop sits cool.

FRANK

Now the cuffs.

Bishop hesitates then does so.

FRANK

Throw me the keys.

Roy throws the keys to Frank. He lets them fall to the ground. Then, keeping the gun trained on Roy, he squats and picks them up, his eyes ever glued to the police man.

FRANK

Cuff one arm to the chair.

Roy impassively does what he's told.

FRANK

What could you expect from a kid with
my background? I'm proof your system
sucks.

Frank walks to the door and opens it. He puts his own gun away. He turns to Bishop looks a beat,

FRANK

Welcome to the circle.

White looks then exits.

INT: BISHOP'S HALLWAY NIGHT

Frank comes out, looking all ways and quickly takes off toward the stairs. He opens exit door and disappears.

INT: BISHOP'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Bishop rises in rage and pulls the chair hard to a nearby desk and impatiently opens the drawer. He lifts a massive .357 magnum. Without hesitation he turns it on the cuffs and pulls the trigger. The metal chain splatters under impact and Bishop is free. He pushes the chair aside and races to the door. Opens it and tears out.

EXT: MID SIXTIES EAST SIDE NIGHT

Streets outside Bishop's apartment house. Roy exits building and scans the block quickly. After midnight, people mull about, traffic is light.

The detective's eyes scour for the form of White. Then down a pair of streets, the dully lit sign of the IRT SUBWAY and, beneath it, the figure of a man as if hesitating then descends. Bishop bolts off.

INT: SUBWAY STATION NIGHT

TENSION. Bishop, pistol in hand, comes racing down the stairs. The station has some late night travellers who shrink back in terror as he tears by them.

Roy moves down the tunnel pushing past night voyagers, pistol swinging from fist, eyes wide with determination. He knocks over a pair of Teens without stopping. He reaches end and turns corner.

On open level, he jostles past the token booth moving toward the entrance gates. The TOKEN CLERK inside booth looks up in shock as Bishop jumps the turnstile,

CLERK

HEY YOU!!

Bishop totally ignores the man, grimacing as he reaches other side. Face twisted in pain he tries to suck it up and runs down the platform to where a train has already closed its doors and is leaving.

The cop examines the people in the place, gun still exposed; they recoil. He turns failing to see White then turns and paces along the edge of the cement and in a bolt, jumps on

the back of the last car. Train moves off. Bishop unlatches the door.

INT: SUBWAY CAR NIGHT

Bishop enters, gun raised. His eyes take in the whole car at once: Kids, Mēn, some females sitting, some standing look up in horror. Chaos.

Pistol raised, Bishop's eyes scan the face of every person in the train. Cries, screams of horror.

Forehead covered in perspiration, Bishop back in revolt, moves quickly forward. The people watch in fear.

He shoves some of the latch-hangers gruffly as he muscles his way ahead impatiently. He searches the entire car. No White.

He curses and, looking through the door leading to next car, he hustles to it.

INT: SUBWAY CAR NIGHT

Lights flickering and Bishop comes quickly into the second car: many more people in it. Bishop reacts hurriedly; men with their backs to him, teens with boxes, women who refuse to look in strangers' faces. He moves silently amid them all. TENSION. FEVER. He rushes on hampered with his back.

Girls watch him terrified as he pushes down newspaper with the barrel of the gun: UNKNOWN MAN's face exposed from behind it. Bishop turns away without a word.

People in subdued panic. Bishop moves quickly toward the next car. A man stands by door. He looks at Bishop, Bishop unblinking moves forward, the man, eyeing gun, steps aside fast. Bishop exits.

INT: SUBWAY CAR NIGHT

SOUND OF TRAIN BRAKES SLOWLY APPLIED. TENSION STRONGER. A young kid and his girlfriend are into some heavy petting as others sitting bored are waiting for their stop. The door opens and Bishop enters. He looks around. Nothing.

The lights flicker and the train begins to slow. Bishop looks up cursing. He moves quickly past the couple and heads to one of the side doors. Looks forward; outside the windows, the lights of subway stop appear. Train slows.

INT: SUBWAY STATION NIGHT

Train pulls into subway station. Few PASSENGERS waiting on platform. The train stops and from the sides, the doors all open.

Passengers immediately exit; Bishop comes out fast.

His eyes scan the people hurrying from the cars ahead. Some of the travellers see him with the gun and slide into panic. He looks around worried White will slip away amid the confusion. He moves along the platform edge quickly, pushing, shoving, looking and then the WARNING BELL SOUNDS.

The doors about to close and at last second he turns in hurried frustration to re-enter the train.

INT: SUBWAY CAR

Roy comes in alertly as train begins to roll; shifts his eyes from sides to the center of the car; he starts. His POV:

Frank White, sunglasses and with hand in jacket pocket, sitting, watching him from behind a few passengers near head of car.

They exchange loaded looks for an instant then Bishop moves forward.

THE SOUND OF THE SUBWAY fills the car. The two men stare in silence until only a few people separate them, and Frank breaks the dead-lock,

FRANK

Not too close, Bishop.

Frank motions with the hand inside his jacket. Bishop understands the gesture's meaning. He pauses.

A man reading a paperback looks up nonchalantly at Frank. Frank sits motionless. Bishop stands fevered, taut, in pain, a beat, passengers standing between him and his prey. Frank emotionless,

FRANK

I figured livin' like an outlaw'd terrify you...

Bishop looks at the people before him, his pistol down by his side, almost hidden.

BISHOP

It's over, White; let it go.

Frank sits calmly a beat. The train jostles back and forth, the two men staring each other down. Frank looks around at all the people standing unawares. He turns back to Bishop,

his voice is composed,

FRANK

You're at the disadvantage in here,
not me...

Roy looks at White, resisting the observation. Frank looks back. The train rides a while then begins to slow for the next station. The few passengers in the car all look up ready to leave.

White casually rises to his feet.

Bishop positions himself immediately by the doors to prevent White's possible escape attempt. Frank stares with stoney stoicism.

The train screeches to a halt. Frank watches in silence. As soon as the doors open, everyone begins to get out.

Bishop watches nervously as the car empties.

White stands coolly hand ever in his pocket. Then, as if to go sit, he radically steps sideways and pulls back an elderly BLACK WOMAN about to exit.

He holds her tightly to himself; turns to Bishop,

FRANK

Now...How bad you really want me?

Bishop's eyes wide, enraged, goes to move in,

BISHOP

Let her go...

Frank draws the police issue .38 and puts it to the frightenend woman's mastoid.

FRANK

I ain't makin' it easy for you...

Bishop freezes by the doors. The warning bell goes off.

FRANK

Move or shoot...

Frank holds the woman tight. Her eyes show total fear. Bishop frozen,

FRANK

What're you waitin' for? That
thing'll go right through both of us.
(Seriously) Come on; you said it
was over...end it...

The doors start to close.

Bishop pressured. He looks at the face of the terrified woman
THEN AT THE LAST MINUTE HE STEPS BACK to let the couple
escape.

Frank looks at him deeply BUT DOESN'T MOVE.

Bishop, eyes wide. Frank sottovoces,

FRANK

It ain't that simple...

The doors close and the train starts rolling. The CLACK of
the wheels begins again. Frank, challenges,

FRANK

You gotta sacrifice for what you want.
Now, you got the nerve to pull
the trigger, I'm ready to go...
I won't even return your fire...but you
gotta know if you don't, maybe she'll
die anyway, maybe you will...
You're carryin' that gun, use it.

Bishop looks in hate at Frank but remains motionless. Frank
now cocks the hammer of his .38 still the woman's head; she
looks up with bulging eyes.

The train clacks and the lights blink on and off. Roy keeps
his gun at his side. His eyes burn at White's. Eons pass.
Clacking, rocking, droning.

FRANK

Come on, Bishop; do what's smart...
you know what I'm capable of...

Bishop just stares in silence back at White. More time and
the train's brakes begin to squeal; Frank takes on a
dark expression. Train slowing. Roy whispers,

BISHOP

You can't hide behind her forever...

Frank shakes his head,

FRANK

I don't need forever.

The train settles to a stop. The men stare in absolute hate a beat then the doors open.

A frozen second then Frank shoves the woman forward, blocking Bishop's draw and, stepping to the right, pulls his own trigger; the gun goes off high into Bishop's shoulder. Blood, sound and the man flies backward.

Frank fires again and Bishop's hit again through the chest. He pitches against the side of the car, his blood splattering across the wall and window. Frank looks and moves out of the train.

Bishop wildly lifts his gun and pulls the trigger blindly.

White spins and opens up again against Bishop. The windows in the train honey-comb and shatter. The steel siding erupts in pock marks. Bishop too fires non-stop until his gun is empty.

Gun hanging in hand, the cop slides toward floor. His eyes staring in agony at the ceiling. SOUNDS RISE.

A bell goes off and the train doors begin to close. White turned toward the end of the platform. From the station, shouts of approaching transit cops.

Frank jumps down into the tunnel and runs.

Wide shot as he hustles into darkness. Screams, bells, and chaos.

Bishop crumpled, eyes wide, in corner of car, breathing weakly. Paralyzed. Waits for help.

Beats and TRANSIT OFFICERS enter frame some entering car, others racing after Frank. Bishop looks up: he sees the T.A. going after White and closes his eyes in relief.

INT: TUNNEL/DARKNESS

Frank, running, breathless, ragged. On smoke blackened walls, graffiti, railroad signs, dead lights, vermin.

Behind him the SOUND of pursuing transit cops.

He comes to dusky bulb area and panting looks about. Placard reveals 42nd Street FIRE EXIT.

In light, Frank looks down: white shirt drenched with BLOOD.

Frank wipes his hand against the bullet hole area. Grimaces. He turns and looks down the tunnel from whence he came.

SOUND OF the Transits coming closer and Frank desperately reaches up with his pistol and knocks the bulb out.

BLACKNESS. The echoed SOUND of the Transits coming. Amid the mist and darkness two forms seem to come into view. A beat and they stop to listen. Silence. One voice calls to other,

VOICE

Get on the other side...

There is walking. Cautious footsteps. The men walk some beats and underfoot the CRUNCH OF GLASS then a blow of steel against human flesh. Footstep stops. A beat and from other side of track,

VOICE

Travis?

An ominous beat. Cop's silhouette cautious in dusk. No answer from Travis. The cop's form barely seen starts to move backwards.

EXPLOSION and Frank's pistol glows red with gun-fire. A slumped Travis is illumined by the shot as the Transit Cop on other side takes two slugs and goes down.

Frank lit a second then enveloped again in dark.

Above, the sound of shouting and SIRENS.

SOUND OF STEPS CLIMBING STAIRS.

PASSAGE:

STEADY CAM with Frank as he makes his way through the labyrinth of moted passage-ways, moving ever closer to the light. His left hand glued to his stomach wound. Blood seeping through his fingers.

He stumbles up the stairs and finally comes out.

EXT: TIMES SQUARE

NIGHT

Frank greeted by the lights, sounds, crowds and police of 42nd Street.

He glances around, bloody, panting, his dazed eyes taking EVERYTHING IN: neons, marquees, cars, buses, limos.

Frank gasping stumbles a few yards and in distance hears the sirens of approaching police. He turns and staggering into street approaches an OFF DUTY cab waiting for light and draws gun,

FRANK

Open the fuckin' door.

Cabby looks up in terror. Frank, bloody mess, has gun inches from man's head.

FRANK

OPEN IT!!

Cabby reaches back and opens door. Frank tumbles in.

INT: CAB, FRANK settles in back, holding his stomach between red-stained fingers,

FRANK

Get me the fuck outta here...now!!

Cabby looks up at red light. Frank screams,

FRANK

MOVE!!

Cabby wheels out going through traffic and nearly ramming the green-light vehicles. Frank beginning to bleed from his mouth now as he sits crumpled in the back, staining the seat and staring out the window.

The lights, marquees and glitter of New York.

Cabby is racing, beeping his horn. Frank panting deeply.

Cab valiantly negotiating traffic but goes one block and the Cabby jams on breaks for red light and traffic too heavy to pass.

Frank looks up,

FRANK

Come on, man...

CABBY

Traffic, man, I can't go...

Cabby beeps savagley and on corner a TRAFFIC COP looks up and spots him trying to go through the light. Cabby nervously edging forward, eyes on traffic and on rear-view of Frank.

Legal traffic honking at Cabby to stay clear. Cop enraged approaches. Cabby looks up as Cop yells, coming near car.

COP

What the hell are you doing!!?? Pull
the car over!!

Cabby stares and the cop comes close. He looks into cab with just has time enough to see Frank lifting the .38 and putting a slug through the window. Glass shatters and cop flies backward.

Cabby freaking,

CABBY

Shit, man, shit! Don't fuckin' shoot no
more, man...please...

FRANK

Just fuckin' drive!!

Cabby jets into cross-town traffic moving through the maelstrom recklessly.

Frank's eyes glazing as pain seers across his abdomen.

His blood-soaked hands streak against the window in paroxym of torture as Cab flies down streets,

CABBY

(almost in tears)

Where you wanna go, man? Where you
want me to take you??

Frank doesn't answer. He oozes some blood from his mouth and onto floor,

FRANK

...I don't know...the Bronx...across
Willis Avenue...

Cabby driving and weaving in and out of traffic.

Frank's eyes stare out the bloodied window, seeing the bright lights and endless storeys of offices.

KIDS with Ghetto Blasters peer in at Frank, bewildered gazes, and his glassy eyes register none of it.

Cabby beeping the horn wildly at a bunch of people in middle of street. Frank looks up:

Limos, jags etc. Chic Society emerging from stretches and moving into night spot amid fanfare.

Frank stares, blood seeping from his nostrils as well, eyes unblinking as cab passes.

Cabby, nervous wreck, fumbles for cigarettes.

CABBY

I need a fuckin' cigarette, man....
You wanna smoke, man?

Frank silent as the Cabby lights up the shaking cigarette.

Man offers it back. Frank unmoving. He closes his eyes in deep pain. Cabby, looking back a fraction of a second, sees the bloody heap that Frank is becoming,

CABBY

Shit....

He turns back to the street and sees ahead, a TRAFFIC JAM. He hits the HORN and says to Frank nervously,

CABBY

Yo, man...the street's fuckin' blocked...

Frank doesn't hear. His breathing is rattled and more foamy blood comes up. He tries to sit up. His hand digs reflexively at the wound in his stomach.

Cabby stops in midst of traffic jam and looks back to see Frank almost doubled. Cabby looks cautiously a beat then in a flash opens door wide and takes off.

Frank in back of car. Horns. Paralyzed. He lifts his hands trembling, gun dangling from it. He reaches over and tries to open his door.

Outside he hears yelling about the cab. Cursing, honking.

There is the sound of SIRENS coming toward jam as well. He tries door again.

EXTERIOR HIGH SHOT showing cab sitting in midst of traffic,

driver's door wide and surrounded by sea of angry, honking automobiles.

A beat and Frank's door opens. The outlaw stumbles out of the car, pistol in hand, bloody, and he staggers himself upright in middle of lane.

Drivers panic as they see the gun. People ducking; screams; some abandon cars.

Frank, in deep pain, struggles to get to the sidewalk. He moves blindly between the stuck cars, his hand leaving blood streaked hand-prints on car trunks.

At corner, NEWSPAPER STAND with NEW YORKER magazine etc. TIME with front cover photo of FRANK with headline: PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE.

Nearby, KIDS hanging out, smoking etc. spot Frank and the party immediately suspends.

Frank stumbles onto sidewalk, gun hanging in hand, and stops a beat weaving before the kids who peer out at him. His bloodshot eyes see all kinds of kids: black, white, hispanic, asian- some extremely tough looking, others gentle-faced.

In the hands of one kid, NEW WAVE COMIC, 'VICE SQUAD' with cartoon character similar to Frank dodging bullets on cover.

White stares a long beat, ragged, bloody, then he manages a grin of bravado at the kids. They look back in stupor. He tries to take a step and his legs go out from under him. Kids watch as he collapses backward to asphalt, gun landing, in hand, with a thud.

The kids immediately run up to see.

High shot as they gather around and stare down at the crumpled, bloody body in expensive clothes.

Frank wide-eyed stares up at the young faces then glazes over. Kids look on in awe.

Hold shot of Frank a beat then FREEZE FRAME.

BURN OVER N.Y. POST Front Page Logo with B&W photo of Frank lying in street, block letters proclaim,

GUNNED DOWN!!

subtitle:

New York Gangster Frank White stopped by police bullets on East Side early this morning. Story and more pictures on page 2.

The page is suddenly crumpled by a dark hand.

Wide Shot reveals black female VOLUNTEER WORKER stuffing donated shoes with paper and lining them up on the shoe shelf. On window, 'SALVATION ARMY'.

Behind her a young black kid playing with his sister comes out and runs over to the old fashioned radio and turns it on.

REPRISE 'EMOTIONAL RESCUE'

The kids take off and continue play.

ROLL END TITLES

Volunteer stuffs a pair of silver snake skin boots and puts them on the shelf.

TITLES ROLL

FADE TO BLACK