

"SERPICO"

6/18/73

SCRIPT DATED: 6/18/73

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1 INT: POLICE CAR MOVING SHOT - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

FRANK SERPICO lies slumped, half conscious, in the back seat, his long hair and beard bloody, a bullet wound visible on his face and bleeding. A uniformed cop, kneeling on the front seat steadies Serpico's body as the car careens through the city streets. Another uniformed cop is at the wheel.

2 INT: POLICE STATION - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

The uniformed Desk Officer is on the phone, his face hard and tense. A patrolman and a plainclothesman stand nearby.

DESK OFFICER
(into phone)
Jesus Christ!

A beat or two and he hangs up, looks over at the other two policemen, who are now watching him intently.

DESK OFFICER
(strained)
Guess who got shot!
(pauses)
Serpico.

A few beats -- while the three men adjust to the jarring information.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN
(finally)
You think a cop did it? ...

DESK OFFICER
(after a beat)
I know six cops said they'd like to.

3 INT: POLICE CAR MOVING SHOT - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

Serpico slumped in back seat, held by cop in front seat.

COP AT WHEEL
How's he doing?

KNEELING COP
Lousy.

The car continues speeding through the dark street.

4 INT: SIDNEY GREEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

The room is dark. The phone rings. DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR SIDNEY GREEN, balding, kindly, vigorous, turns on a table lamp, picks up the phone.

GREEN

Hello.

5 INT: NEW YORK TIMES CITY ROOM - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

DAVID BURNHAM, a wiry, intense man, mid-thirties, is on the phone.

BURNHAM

Sidney ... David. Frank's been shot. They're taking him to Greenpoint.

BACK TO GREEN

5A INT: GREEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

GREEN

(overlapping)

Oh my God! I'll see you there.

He hangs up, already reaching for a bureau drawer.

6 EXT: GREENPOINT HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

The police car pulls up to the entrance. Attendants come out, lift Serpico with extreme care onto stretcher, wheel him into the hospital.

7 EXT: SERPICO FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

A police car waits outside, one cop at the wheel. Another holding the door open. MR. AND MRS. SERPICO come hurrying down the steps of the house, get into the car. The policeman closes the door, gets in the front-seat. The police car takes off, lights flashing.

8 INT: POLICE CAR - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

In the back seat, Mr. Serpico holds the hand of his wife who looks stricken. CAMERA moves in on her face.

9 INT: POLICE ACADEMY AUDITORIUM - DAY (3/5/60)

The graduation ceremonies are in progress. Mr. and Mrs. Serpico, looking solemn and proud, Pasquale, Salvatore and Tina, Serpico's two brothers and sister, sit together in the audience -- listening to the Police Commissioner speaking. At first we hear the

9 CONTD

Commissioner off-screen then later we see him as the CAMERA moves to a wider angle. On stage are the top brass of the New York Police Department -- a dozen or so officials in and out of uniform as well as the Commissioner. U.S. flags and New York City flags and banners, police insignia and shields are everywhere. The auditorium is packed with the families of the graduating cops -- parents, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters -- all dressed in their Sunday best. The faces, the clothes -- all bespeak middle-American and lower-middle American, New York variety, preponderantly Italian and Irish. In one area, all the new young police officers in uniform sit together. The CAMERA leaves the Serpico family, moves about the room, picking up the stage, the flags, the brass, inspecting the audience.

COMMISSIONER

... to be a police officer means to believe in the law ... and to enforce it impartially ... respecting the equality of all men and the dignity and worth of every individual. Every day your life will be on the line ... and also your character. You will need integrity and courage, honesty and compassion, courtesy and perseverance and patience ...

10 INT: EMERGENCY TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

Serpico lies on a stretcher table. Two nurses are removing his bloody clothing while an interne examines him. One of the nurses picks up a loose gold earring. The nurses exchange a glance as they slip a hospital smock onto Serpico. A policeman comes through the door. The interne waves him out. The policeman exits.

11 INT: HALLWAY OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

The two cops who brought Serpico in stand talking quietly, anxiously with several other police officials outside the emergency room door. Green enters, nods in passing, goes to door, opens it. He stops, getting the same treatment from the interne as the policeman. He turns to the other policeman.

GREEN

(shows badge to officer)
Inspector Green. Lt., who was with Serpico?

11 CONTD

LIEUTENANT
(sensing his meaning)
Heinemann and Julio.

GREEN
I want them interrogated. I want
this conducted as an official
departmental investigation. Trans-
cripts by 9 a.m.

12 INT: EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

Serpico is strapped into a glucose drip and a tube to measure central venous pressure. The intern walks to the door, opens it, nods to Green outside who enters. Green walks to Serpico, gazes at him, takes his hand. Serpico seems to respond for a moment. Green looks at him a second or two longer, then turns toward the door.

13 INT: HALLWAY OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT (FEB. '71)

Green comes out of the emergency room.

GREEN
Another thing. I want a twenty-
four-hour guard on Serpico.

14 INT: POLICE ACADEMY AUDITORIUM - DAY (3/5/60)

The end of the graduation ceremonies. A graduating rookie is leaving the stage, certificate in hand.

COMMISSIONER
Frank Serpico ...

Young Serpico -- short hair, beardless, rises from his seat in the audience, walks towards the stage and onto it, receives his diploma, shakes hands with the Commissioner, starts to walk off. His parents, watching, beam with pride.

14A EXT: POLICE ACADEMY - FRONT STEPS - DAY

The graduating cops, their families and friends throng the steps and sidewalk, chatting, introducing people, waiting for rides. Serpico, shaking hands with other new rookies, stands near Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Serpico and his two brothers while his sister Tina takes pictures. Serpico turns back to his family as Mr. Serpico takes a black, ugly Italian cheroot from his pocket, gives it to Serpico.

(DIALOGUE TO BE REVISED)

14A CONTD (DIALOGUE TO BE REVISED)

15 EXT: 82ND PRECINCT SIDE STREET - DAY (W - '60)

Serpico juggles garment bag and satchel as he locks the Lark and starts down the block. He examines everything carefully as he walks -- the city is now his responsibility. He views a battered door in a run-down building, standing open, its pane broken -- a broken street lamp -- a license plate hanging by a wire from the car frame. As he turns the corner he pauses to watch cops in uniform and out entering and leaving the precinct house.

16 INT: 82ND PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY (W - '60)

DESK LIEUTENANT CASEY scratches himself while he studies the Civil Service Tutor for Promotion to Captain, N.Y.P.D. Serpico enters with his gear, walks to the desk.

16 CONTD

SERPICO
Patrolman Serpico reporting, Sir.

LIEUTENANT CASEY
(without looking up)
Upstairs. See the roll-call man.

Serpico waits, expecting some sort of recognition, a glance from Casey, something. He drops his satchel, picks it up flustered. He looks at Casey who hasn't noticed -- still immersed in his booklet.

SERPICO
What's your name?

Serpico starts toward the door, with a curious glance back at Casey, who was totally oblivious to the glory of the event -- reporting for duty his first day as a policeman.

17 INT: 82ND PCT. ROLL-CALL OFFICE - DAY (W - '60)

HANSEN, the roll-call man, is briefing Serpico, who listens, intently, solid satisfaction in his face.

SGT. HANSEN
Take a map of the precinct.
Memorize the posts and sectors.
This week your squad's four to
midnight ... next week, midnight
to eight. Grab an empty locker.
Any questions, the older guys'll
fill you in.
(pauses, kindly)
Good luck.

Serpico fairly beams.

17A INT: LOCKER ROOM - 82ND PCT - DAY (W - '60)

18 INT: 82ND PRECINCT WAITING ROOM - DAY (W - '60)

Patromen drift into the room -- pour coffee, gather round the radio, polish shoes on the automatic shoe-shiner, check themselves in the full-length mirror. Serpico, in uniform, examines the circulars for wanted criminals, the precinct TARGET OF THE MONTH, bulletins

18 CONTD

describing lost property and missing persons. He straightens one of the notices which hangs at an askew angle, one of the thumb tacks having fallen out. He sees the teletype, looks at the list of stolen cars on it, copies it down. Hansen enters, clapping his hands, snaps off the radio.

HANSEN

Okay ... line up. Just a few announcements today ... and two new men ...

The cops start to fall into line-up formation. Serpico finds himself standing next to PELUCE, an older cop - solid, friendly -- with a chestful of citations. Serpico's eyes rivet on the citations in admiration and awe.

19, 20, 21, 22, 23 OMITTED

28 EXT: TENEMENT - DAY (W '60)

There is a crowd of people outside the tenement doorway. Serpico arrives, notices their hostile glances. The CITY MARSHALL, a portly man in his fifties, comes up to him. He carries a sledge hammer.

MARSHALL

You assigned this eviction?

SERPICO

Yeah.

(uneasily -- looking around)

There's always a crowd like this?

The marshall leads Serpico into the building. The two men who are to move the furniture out, follow them.

29 INT: TENEMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY (W '60)

The four men climb the stairs. The marshall and Serpico in the lead. The Marshall takes a five dollar bill from his wallet, holds it out to Serpico.

MARSHALL

Here.

SERPICO

What's that for?

29 CONTD

MARSHAL
You a rookie?

SERPICO
Right.

MARSHAL
Standard five bucks. You do
whatever's necessary.

SERPICO
All I'm here for is crowd control.

They approach a woman standing on the landing. She holds a baby. Two other small children stand near her.

WOMAN
(sobbing)
Please.

Serpico stops, compassionate, hating the scene.

MARSHAL
Come on, officer.

Serpico, confused, torn, passes the woman and children, follows the Marshal and the two other men to the apartment door. The Marshal tries the door. It is locked. He looks back to the woman.

MARSHAL
Open it.

WOMAN
(screaming)
No. No.

The Marshal turns to Serpico, hands him the sledge hammer.

MARSHAL
O.K., Officer, knock it down.

SERPICO
That's your job, Marshal.

MARSHAL
For Christsake, take the five
bucks and do it.

29 CONTD

SERPICO

Do it yourself.

Serpico looks back at woman, sympathy and pain on his face as the Marshal smashes the door open.

24 INT: 82ND PCT CAFETERIA - DAY (W '60)

Serpico and Peluce push trays along the counter. CHARLIE, the Boss, steps in to serve them himself.

CHARLIE

I'll help the boys, Florence.

PELUCE

This is Frank Serpico, Charlie.

Serpico and Charlie nod and smile to each other.

CHARLIE

Hello Frank.

(to Peluce)

How about some creamed chicken today?

PELUCE

Sounds good to me.

SERPICO

I'll have a roast beef sandwich on a roll.

CHARLIE

(frowning for some reason)

Yeah ... okay. You go through the line. I'll bring it over.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico and Peluce are sitting at a table, food and soft drinks on trays in front of them. Serpico takes a bite of the sandwich, makes a face, opens the sandwich and looks at the meat.

SERPICO

This is 85% fat!

He starts to get up.

SERPICO

Hell, I saw some real lean beef over there.

24 COMTD

Peluce grabs him by the arm.

PELUCE

Take it easy. Don't be so fussy.
It's free. Listen, Charlie's an
okay guy. We give him a break on
double-parking on deliveries.

Serpico is disconcerted. He senses there's a kind of
protocol here that he should not defy -- and he
doesn't want to offend Peluce. He sits down.

SERPICO

(diffidently)

Couldn't I pay for it ... and
get what I want?

PELUCE

You pay for yours ... I'd look
pretty dumb.

(pause)

Frank, generally ... you just
sort of take what Charlie
gives you.

He looks somewhat sheepish. On Serpico's face
there is surprise and then a look of disgust.

25, 26 OMITTED

30 EXT: 82ND PRECINCT CALL BOX - NIGHT (W '60)

Wind lashes rain across the streetlight. Serpico in
slicker, hangs up the call box phone, wipes rain
from his face. A radio car pulls up next to him.
SERGEANT HINES makes a notation on his clipboard,
looks out from the car at Serpico.

SERGEANT HINES

Okay, you're covered. See you
in the morning.

The police car drives off.

30A EXT: 82ND PRECINCT CALL BOX - NIGHT (ONE HOUR LATER)
(W '60)

Sergeant Hines car approaches.

SERGEANT HINES

What the hell are you still doing
here? Go on in and dry off.

30A CONTD

SERPICO

Where?

SERGEANT HINES

The factory. See you at six.

Serpico looks unsure about what Hines is talking about, salutes as Hines drives away.

31 EXT: 82ND PRECINCT PARK - MAINTENANCE SHACK - NIGHT
(W '60)

Serpico jogs through the rain toward the sound of police radio calls. He halts in front of the shack, views with surprise two empty police cars parked nearby. He starts to enter.

32 INT: MAINTENANCE SHACK - NIGHT (W '60)

It is packed with policemen -- some on cots, others stretched out on benches with their heads on inflatable plastic pillows. And others propped against milk crates. Most of the cops have small alarm clocks next to them. There is a smoking oil stove at one side. On top of it are a pair of shoes drying and several pairs of socks. Sandwich remains and empty coffee containers litter the place. Serpico enters, stands in the doorway, amazed at the scene.

VOICE (OS)

Close that goddamn door.

Startled, Serpico slams the door closed, looks around, blank with astonishment. He watches one cop blow up an inflatable pillow. Then he sees another policeman give the man next to him a shove.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Christ, you're worse than my wife.
Get the hell over.

An alarm clock goes off. Serpico looks over toward a policeman waking up, shutting off the alarm.

SECOND POLICEMAN (OS)

What motherfucker shut off my alarm
clock!

Serpico looks over to see the irate policeman take his nightstick and begin to pound on a metal wastebasket making a deafening din.

32 CONTD

SECOND POLICEMAN

Okay! Everybody suffers.

The other cops stir, wake up, gripe.

VOICES

Jesus, cool it!
Knock it off!

One cop sits up, sniffs.

THIRD POLICEMAN

Jesus! The next man who farts --
gets it stuffed with a wet sock.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A shoe hits Serpico on the side of the head. He looks
down at it, then looks in the direction it came from.

He sees a fourth policeman picking up the other shoe
from the stove.

FOURTH POLICEMAN

Who the hell put these stinking
shoes near the furnace?

He flings the shoe. Serpico ducks this time. He
sees Peluce in one corner, goes to him.

SERPICO

All these guys are on duty?

PELUCE

They wouldn't be here on their
own time, kid.

34 INT: 82ND PRECINCT CAR - DAY

KIMMEL listens to race results on his own radio as
Serpico drives past a park showing signs of Spring.
Ahead of them Serpico spots a sedan racing a red light.
Serpico glances at Kimmel who shrugs. Serpico hits
the light and steps on the gas.

35 EXT: 82ND PRECINCT BOULEVARD - DAY

Serpico's car overtakes and flashes down the sedan.

35A PRECINCT BLVD. - DAY

Serpico stands next to the sedan door. Parked ahead of the sedan is the precinct car with Kimmel inside. MAURER, the driver, gives Serpico his license and registration.

MAURER

(pleading)

... another ticket, I lose my license, officer. Christ, I'm a salesman, I can't make a living without it. Gimme a break.

(pause)

Look, all I got is forty bucks on me, but ... it's yours ...

36 INT: 82ND PRECINCT CAR - DAY

Kimmel watches Serpico return to the radio car, still holding the man's license and registration.

SERPICO

I was going to let him go. He tried to bribe me. Come on. I need a witness.

KIMMEL

Get in the car. I'll handle this.

SERPICO

What?

KIMMEL

I said I'll handle it.

Kimmel gets out of the car, takes the license and registration from Serpico, walks toward the sedan. Serpico watches, puzzled, gets into the car behind the wheel.

SERPICO'S POV -- THE SEDAN

Kimmel speaking to Maurer. Kimmel returns the license and registration, takes something from Maurer's hand.

37 INT: 82ND PRECINCT CAR - DAY

Serpico is grim, silent, as Kimmel gets back in the car. Serpico starts the car. Kimmel hands him twenty bucks.

37 COMTD

KIMMEL

(smiling)

Your share ... fifty-fifty.

SERPICO

No, it's all yours, Kimmel.

KIMMEL

You sure ... we always split?

SERPICO

(uncomfortable)

You made the score, keep it.
I don't need the money.

KIMMEL

(pleased)

You're okay, kid. This'll buy a
lotta milk for the kids. About
traffic money, kid, you gotta be
careful ... you only take it
when ...

Serpico drives on, distressed, as Kimmel discourses.

39 INT: 82ND RADIO CAR MOVING SHOT -- NIGHT

Serpico is at the wheel. BECKER is thin, bald, tired.
The radio directs cars to a schoolyard to investigate
screaming, a possible rape. Serpico looks at Becker.

SERPICO

(wondering at
Becker's inaction)

Aren't you gonna take it?

Serpico, irritated, testy, reaches for the car phone.
Becker takes it out of his hand and puts it back on
the hook.

BECKER

That's not our sector, kid.

SERPICO

It's right on the borderline.

BECKER

(contemptuously)

Rape! Half the time they holler
rape, they asked for it. Then
they go chicken, won't sign the
complaint.

39 CONTD

SERPICO

(stubbornly)

We're right around there.
I know that school.

Serpico turns a corner sharply, accelerates.

40 EXT: 82ND SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

Serpico and Becker spot the action behind a baseball backstop -- three youths holding a woman. Serpico and Becker start running towards them. The youths see them, scatter in panic, leave the woman sprawled on the ground, stripped naked. Serpico and Becker split to chase the youths, disappearing in different directions. JAY and HOWARD TAYLOR crawl through a hole in the fence, then outrun Becker. Becker gives up the chase. Serpico catches JOEY, leaping to grab his leg as he tries to climb the fence elsewhere. He pulls Joey to the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Becker is handing MRS. FLAGG a blanket. She is moaning, hysterical. He picks up her torn panties. Serpico comes back with Joey in handcuffs.

SERPICO

(acidly)

They got away?

BECKER

(unpleasantly)

That's right.

He aims his flashlight at Joey's crotch.

BECKER

Hell, his fly ain't even open.

41 INT: 82ND DETECTIVE SQUADROOM - NIGHT

Becker and a MATRON stand with Mrs. Flagg still wrapped in the blanket. Serpico guards Joey who looks defiant, contemptuous. MUSCLES MALONE and another DETECTIVE look on.

MRS. FLAGG

The other one put his ... put
his thing ... up to my mouth.

(MORE)

41 CONTD

MRS. FLAGG (Contd)

(looking at Joey)

He held me. They said they'd
kill me ... they'd kill me ...
if I didn't.

MUSCLES

(sagely)

She'll make a hell of a witness.

The AMBULANCE MEN enters. Becker helps Mrs. Flagg to
her feet.

BECKER

I'll call you from the hospital.
Muscles, he's all yours.

Becker leaves with Mrs. Flagg and the ambulance men.
Muscles takes out his blackjack, gripping it with
two inches protruding ... and turns to Joey.

MUSCLES

Okay, hard-on. Who were your
playmates?

Serpico watches as Muscles rams the blackjack into
Joey's stomach. Joey crumbles with a groan.

MUSCLES

Don't make up your mind too fast.

He and the other detective pick JOEY up and lift him
into a chair. Then Muscles hefts a telephone book
and slams it against Joey's ear. Joey shakes his head
in dazed pain. The phone book slams his other ear,
spinning his head around. Blood spurts from his nose
... and stains the wall. Muscles pauses, looks at the
wall, shakes his head.

MUSCLES

You fuck! Look at that! Blood
all over my new suit! Shit! I
spent 85 bucks for this suit.

He hits him again, then turns to Serpico.

MUSCLES

You want a piece of this?

SERPICO

(shaking his head)

I'll fill out the arrest cards.

41 CONTD (2)

CAMERA follows Serpico as he leaves the room. He hears offscreen the crunch of another sickening blow -- and grimaces.

42 EXT: 82ND PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - MORNING

Police vans wait to transport prisoners. Serpico comes out of the station with Joey who is handcuffed. Serpico looks at the bruises on Joey's face.

SERPICO

Muscles worked you over pretty good last night? How do you feel?

JOEY

How come you didn't stay for the fun?

SERPICO

Not my kind of party.

JOEY

Yeah ...

SERPICO

Listen, I'm going to take you over for some coffee. Without cuffs.

He pulls out the handcuff key to unlock the cuffs.

SERPICO

Just don't try anything. You take off on me -- I'll put one in your back.

43 INT: COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Joey is eating eggs and bacon. Serpico is drinking coffee. Joey winces every time he raises his arm to bring the fork to his mouth, moving his arm in an eccentric way to avoid the pain.

SERPICO

Why should you take the whole rap? You never even got your coc! out.

JOEY

(sarcastic)

Put it in the report.

43 CONTD

SERPICO

(smiling)

It's in the report.

Joey drops the fork, bends down to pick it up, groans.

SERPICO

Hurts, huh? I got to hand it
to you. You can take it.

Joey looks at him, faintly pleased by Serpico's comment.

SERPICO

You know, Joey, you don't owe
those other fucks nothing. They
left you holding the bag ...

Joey thinks this over. A beat or two.

JOEY

Did you get me the cigarettes?

SERPICO

(kidding)

Oh, shit!

He snaps his fingers as though he's forgotten. Joey's
face darkens. Then, Serpico reaches into his pocket,
takes out an unopened pack of cigarettes, gives Joey
the pack. Joey almost relaxes, smiles.

SERPICO

What the hell. Twenty years go
by fast. You can do that on your
nose.

Joey opens the pack, takes out a cigarette. Serpico
lights it for him.

SERPICO

Use your head. Talk to me.
Save your ass.

Joey puffing his cigarette, looks at Serpico thought-
fully.

44 EXT: 82ND PRECINCT - YARD NEXT TO YOUTH CENTER - DAY

Open on tight shot of basketball swishing through hoop.
CAMERA pulls back to reveal basketball game in pro-
gress and Serpico approaching from distance.

44 CONTD

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico, in uniform, comes up to Russo and motions him away from the game. We see Serpico say something to Russo.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Russo and Serpico talking. He glances over to the bench.

SERPICO'S POV - JAY TAYLOR SITTING ON BENCH

BACK TO SERPICO

He looks over in the direction Russo is indicating.

SERPICO'S POV - HOWARD TAYLOR STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE YARD

45 EXT: PHONE BOOTH NEAR YOUTH CENTER YARD - DAY

Serpico is in the phone booth. He can see the ball game in the distance while speaking into the phone.

SERPICO

(astonished)

You won't send someone over! McCoy!
... I get one ... I can lose the other!

46 INT: 82ND DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE MCCOY, a cigar chewer, is on the phone.

MCCOY

Look, Serpico, it's Muscles' case.
He's off for a couple of days.
I can't cut it.

SERPICO (OS)

(furious)

They're here now, goddamit!

MCCOY

It'll keep.

47 EXT: PHONE BOOTH NEAR YOUTH CENTER YARD - DAY

SERPICO

No, it won't.

47 CONTD

He hangs up, leaves the phone booth. CAMERA follows him towards the yard. He sees something, pauses a moment.

SERPICO'S POV

HOWARD TAYLOR walks over to the bench and sits down next to his BROTHER.

BACK TO SERPICO

He quickens his pace toward the yard.

48 EXT: YOUTH CENTER YARD - DAY

The Taylor brothers are sitting on the bench, watching the game. Serpico comes up behind them.

SERPICO

Okay ... which of you got the blow job!

They freeze, afraid to run.

49 INT: 82ND DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Serpico is finishing printing the Taylors. Detectives PENELLA and MOONEY lock them in the cage.

McCOY

(to Serpico)

We'll take it from here, kid.
You don't have to hang around.

SERPICO

(puzzled)

It's my collar?

He gets a cup of coffee, walks toward McCoy who scrutinizes him, figuring how to clue Serpico in.

McCOY

(gently --- but firmly)

We take the collar, kid. A collar like this ... it don't look good ... a patrolman takes it ... the boss would bust our chops.

49 CONTD

SERPICO

(uncomfortable but
standing firm)No. No. I broke my ass on this.
I did the work. No.

Mooney walks over to Serpico.

MOONEY

(nasty smile)

You really want the collar, kid?
You know, kid ... you could be
brought up on charges. You were
off your post. You left the
street, entered the schoolyard
without permission. That's for
openers, right, Penella?Serpico looks at him incredulously. Penella nods
agreement, with a malicious smile. He takes Serpico's
memo book from Serpico's rear pocket.

PENELLA

(looks through
memo book)No memo entry. Shit, kid, you'll
be lucky to end up with a reprimand ...

McCOY

We'll give you an assist on the
arrest, kid.

Serpico starts to speak, his face flushing anger.

McCOY

Don't push it, kid. You're get-
ting a reputation. Maybe you'll
be happier at another precinct.Serpico capitulates -- a touch of bitterness in his
face. He takes his memo book from Penella, looks
at the three men -- one at a time -- and leaves.

58 INT: NYU CLASSROOM - DAY

A PROFESSOR writes on the blackboard with squeaky
chalk -- DON QUIXOTE: ACTOR OR MADMAN? CLOWN OR
SAINT? speaking in Spanish as he writes. Serpico
keeps looking over at LESLIE LANE, a pretty, long-
legged ballet dancer, a row ahead of him and a few
seats down.

58 CONTD

PROFESSOR

(in Spanish)

... these questions take us to
the heart of Cervante's theme.
For background reading I recommend
Unamuno's Private Life of Don
Quixote and Sancho Panza ...

59 OMITTED

60 EXT: VILLAGE COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Leslie turns into the coffee house. Serpico hesitates, then follows her inside.

61 INT: VILLAGE COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

The room is quiet, uncrowded. ONE COUPLE plays chess. OTHERS read or meditate over coffee. LESLIE has disappeared. Serpico looks uneasy, feeling out of place. But he resolutely sits down at a table. Leslie appears in a waitress apron, goes over to him.

LESLIE

Hi.

SERPICO

Hi.

(he sits)

LESLIE

(crosses to his
table)

You want a menu?

SERPICO

No, I'll just have coffee.

LESLIE

American?

SERPICO

Espresso.

61 She crosses to get his Espresso, returns to the table, and starts to leave again.

SERPICO

Wait ... I want to tell you something.

LESLIE

What?

SERPICO

I don't know. Oh yeah, I remember now. What would you say if I told you I was a Fuller Brush man who lost all his brushes?

LESLIE

I wouldn't believe that.

SERPICO

Well, then, would you believe I'm a Good Humor salesman who lost his humor?

Leslie laughs.

SERPICO

What would you believe?

LESLIE

That you're strange, but interesting - and a guy who follows girls on the street. Would you believe it if I told you that I'm an actress, a singer, a ballet dancer and a Buddhist?

SERPICO

I'd believe it.

55 INT: BCI OFFICE - DAY

The atmosphere is informal. Everyone wears civilian clothes, although there are a number of uniform trousers and gray shirts. Serpico, wearing jeans and sandals, is examining fingerprints through a microscope. He has started to let his hair grow long -- and he's sprouting a goatee. BARTO, a slow, sour individual in his fifties, comes up to Serpico.

SERPICO

Hot enough for you?

DETECTIVE #1

It's not the heat, it's the humidity.

SERPICO

I had a feeling you'd say that.

BARTO

You know how long you're taking on
(MORE)

61 She crosses to get his Espresso, returns to the table, starts to leave again.

SERPICO

Wait. I want to tell you something.

LESLIE

What?

SERPICO

I don't know. (Pause) How's this? Would you believe I'm recruiting beautiful American girls who speak Spanish for the Playboy club in Madrid?

LESLIE

(Laughs) I wouldn't believe it.

SERPICO

How about this? Your mother called and asked me to come over and help you with your Spanish homework.

LESLIE

(Playing the game) She called you all the way from Tampa? Nope, I don't believe it.

SERPICO

(Getting a response; relaxing) Well, then, help me. What would you believe?

LESLIE

That you're a non-matriculating student in Spanish Lit who follows girls in the street. (They both laugh) Would you believe I'm an actress, a singer, a ballet dancer and a Buddhist?

SERPICO

I'd believe it. (They both laugh)

LESLIE

Want a menu?

SERPICO

Yep.

55 INT: BCI OFFICE - DAY

The atmosphere is informal. Everyone wears civilian clothes, although there are a number of uniform trousers and gray shirts. Serpico, wearing jeans and sandals, is examining fingerprints through a microscope. He has started to let his hair grow long -- and he's sprouting a goatee. BARTO, a slow, sour individual in his fifties, comes up to Serpico.

SERPICO

Hot enough for you?

DETECTIVE #1

It's not the heat; it's the humidity.

SERPICO

I had a feeling you'd say that.

BARTO

You know how long you're taking on

(MORE)

55 CONTD

BARTO (CONTD)
that one. Check one print category,
two ... that's plenty.

SERPICO
(looking up from
microscope)
I'm not gonna give out a "no record"
... when the guy might have a record.

BARTO
How long you been in the BCI now,
Serpico?

SERPICO
Eleven months.

BARTO
That's long enough to know how
we do things.

SERPICO
(facing him)
Barto, it's not just that. You
just don't like me.

BARTO
The BCI never had a weirdo cop
before.

SERPICO
(losing his temper)
Stop bugging me, Barto.

50 INT: SERPICO'S KITCHEN IN FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

On the walls and atop tables and bureaus are the pictures and objects of boyhood and adolescence. Two packed suitcases stand on the floor. Serpico is about to close the third suitcase lying on the bed. Mrs. Serpico enters.

MRS. SERPICO (in Italian)
Frankie ...

She reaches into her dress pocket and hands him a savings account passbook. He takes it, looks through it, wondering.

MRS. SERPICO (in Italian)
All the years, the money ... for
the house, the food ...
(MORE)

50 CONFID

MRS. SERPICO (Contd)

(nods)

the allotment ... Korea ... I put
it in the bank for you.

SERPICO (in Italian)

It's yours ... Ma, I don't need it.

MRS. SERPICO (in Italian)

It's not to need ... to keep.
Never to touch. With savings
in the bank ... a man is stronger
... can be himself.

SERPICO (in Italian)

Ma, I got my own money.

MRS. SERPICO (in Italian)

Then ... for your new apartment ...
buy furniture. To remind you ...
so you remember ... your mother.

She smiles. Serpico laughs. He kisses her.

51 INT: SERPICO'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Opera music follows Serpico across the Williamsburg
Bridge towards the sunset skyline of Manhattan.

52 EXT: VILLAGE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Serpico parks, starts taking his things into a con-
verted brownstone. CHLOE, a long-haired girl, sits
on the steps next door with a sheep dog and a litter
of puppies on a blanket. She smiles at Serpico.

CHLOE

Want to buy a puppy? They have
to be weaned. If you can't
afford to pay, just take one.

SERPICO

Yeah ...

The idea delights him. He juggles cartons to give
her money, squats and waits to see which puppy will
crawl to him. He takes that one.

56 INT: BCI COMMUNICATIONS - DAY

Serpico hands a file to Prussian-necked LIEUTENANT
STEIGER. In the background, something catches
Serpico's eye.

56

CONTD

SERPICO'S POV - MILLAND

MILLAND, the perfect model of a bowery bum with matted hair and beard, talks to MISS SHANK, the Inspector's secretary.

BACK TO SERPICO

SERPICO
Undercover cop?

STEIGER
(repelled)
Yeah. Christ, what a job ...

SERPICO
(fascinated)
Yeah.

57 EXT: BCI BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Serpico overtakes Milland in the rush hour crowd.

SERPICO
Hey, can I talk to you for a minute? I saw you upstairs.

MILLAND
Stupid fucking fuzz! Can't you leave people alone.

He shuffles off. Serpico watches him go admiringly. Serpico calls after him.

SERPICO
Hey -- that was terrific ... terrific!

62 EXT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Leslie and Serpico, carrying two huge sacks of groceries and leading the dog, approach the building entrance. DUNCAN, a very attractive black Village hippie neighbor goes by.

DUNCAN
How you doing, Paco?

Serpico waves, smiles.

SERPICO
Hi.

62 CONTD

Leslie and Serpico enter the building.

63 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

The place is shaping up. A bed in the alcove, a couch, an oak bureau and dining table, a stereo, a Japanese mask on one wall. Leslie and Serpico enter.

LESLIE

Why ... Paco?

SERPICO

You know ... it's Frank ... in Spanish.

She looks at him curiously.

LESLIE

Well, what'll I call you? Frank or Paco?

He pauses, looks thoughtfully at her.

SERPICO

(finally)

Paco.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Leslie stands watching Serpico expertly slice mushrooms, drop them into a salad bowl, reach for various spices, move to the stove, add them in differing amounts to the pots cooking there, stirs them, take a cup with a prepared sauce, pour it into a frying pan.

LESLIE

You cook like a conductor ... the way you move.

SERPICO

The menu this evening is one of my more sophisticated programs. Clams oreganato, spinach salad with feta cheese dressing, veal piccata with eggplant parmigiana, a little sherbert, coffee with nutmeg and cognac.

LESLIE

Fantastic! And without a passport!

She waits for a laugh, doesn't get it.

63 CONTD

LESLIE

You didn't laugh. Dammit, my jokes never work. When I subbed in the Met's corps de ballet I was famous for bad jokes. But bad jokes make people like you, you know that, better than good jokes. I did Traviata, Carmen, Aida -- I like all the corny supermelodic stuff best, Bizet, Puccini. Though I loved my costume in Traviata ... this lacy blue gown with ...

She stops, looks at Serpico with a puzzled expression.

LESLIE

You know, I still don't know what you do.

SERPICO

I told you. A Fuller Brushman who lost all his brushes.

LESLIE

Come on.

SERPICO

Okay, I'm a professional wine taster.

LESLIE

You make it such a mystery.

Serpico gives her a quick, considered glance as he continues with his cooking chores.

SERPICO

All right. I'm a cop.

LESLIE

(laughs)

You're impossible.

SERPICO

I'm a cop. That's the truth.

LESLIE

You're serious?

SERPICO

Reach into my back pocket, take out the wallet.

63 CONTD (2)

She does, opens it, sees the shield pinned to it. Serpico now watches her carefully, waiting for her reaction.

LESLIE

My God! You are a cop!

(pauses)

A real cop? With a gun and a uniform and everything?

SERPICO

Everything.

(then uncertainly)

Well?

LESLIE

Well what?

SERPICO

Does it impress you -- or depress you? Does it turn you off -- or turn you on?

LESLIE

It's ... it's kind of exciting and scary and peculiar and intriguing ... all at the same time.

(pause)

I sort of like it.

68 EXT: LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

Serpico and Leslie, on a brand new Honda, rocket toward Lincoln Center. Both are wearing crash helmets.

He slows down, stops across the street from Lincoln Center. They start to get off the motorcycle.

69 OMITTED

70 EXT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Serpico is locking up his Honda parked at the curb. Leslie is pirouetting. He looks at her.

SERPICO

Those leaps he made. What'd you call them?

LESLIE

Jetés.

70 CONTD

She does a grand jete, dares him.

LESLIE

You try it.

He braces himself. For a moment he looks as though he might, but he changes his mind.

SERPICO

Me, a dancer? Next life.

71 INT: VILLAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A lively party is underway. The Beatles blare from the stereo. TWO COUPLES are dancing in one corner -- but everyone else is sitting, standing or circulating around, talking. On a table against the wall are half-gallon jugs of wine and cans of beer, potato chips and pretzels. Leslie and Serpico enter. She seems completely at ease, but Serpico looks apprehensive. She leads him toward LARRY and SALLY, a young man and woman.

LESLIE

Hi. This is Paco. Larry, Sally. Larry's a poet but he works in an advertising agency. Sally's an actress but she works for a photographer. Paco's a policeman.

Larry and Sally make an attempt to handle the information casually, nod, smile -- but Serpico observes they were startled. Leslie leads him off.

SERPICO

I work for the police department. Christ, you could almost see their pulse rate go up.

LESLIE

I did what you said. I told them.

Pat comes over to them.

LESLIE

Pat! Pat ... Paco. Pat's a novelist but she works for an insurance company.

SERPICO

Everybody's on their way to being somebody.

71 CONTD

 LESLIE
Paco's a policeman.

 PAT
 (off-balance)
Really? How exciting.

 SERPICO
Not very. Right now, I'm filing
fingerprints.

 PAT
Listen, I file insurance policies.

She laughs. Leslie and Serpico head toward the beer-
and-wine table.

 LESLIE
Well, that was an improvement.

Leslie catches sight of someone, waves, moves off.

 LESLIE
I'll be right back.

Serpico stands looking around uncertainly, then goes
to the table and gets a can of beer. He turns, surveys
the party, wanders over toward a corner of the room,
stands alone. Larry comes over to Serpico.

 LARRY
You really a cop?

 SERPICO
That's right.

 LARRY
 (sincerely)
And a superbrain, besides?

 SERPICO
Me!

 LARRY
Leslie's a mindfucker.

 SERPICO
A mindfucker?

71 CONTD

LARRY

A girl who only turns on to intellectual types and super-bright guys.

SERPICO

(smiling for the first time)

She's very perceptive.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico stands alone watching two couples dancing the Twist or the Frug or whatever the dance of that year was. He moves his body and feet tentatively, then stops. Sally comes up to him, starts dancing in front of him. He starts to dance, gets the knack of it, begins to enjoy it, letting go.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico is now drinking wine, flushed and happy, talking to Sally.

SERPICO

I've got a sheep dog. There have been sheep dogs in my family for sixteen generations going back to the Borgias. The family crest is a sheep dog pissing into a gondola.

SALLY

I thought you looked aristocratic.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico having a serious discussion with Pat.

SERPICO

In the Army ... before I joined the Department ... I spent a lot of time in Japan ...

PAT

Japanese culture -- theater, painting -- I've never really liked. Too rigidly stylized.

SERPICO

Stylized?

(MORE)

71 CONTD

SERPICO (Contd)

(then understanding)

Oh, yes ... But I think when you accept that -- then you start appreciating ... the ... the clarity ... the ... authority ...

Leslie comes up to him, throws her arms around him, kisses him, drags him away.

LESLIE

Hey, everybody likes you. You're a hit.

72 EXT: VILLAGE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Serpico and Leslie come out of the building, smashed, and laughing.

SERPICO

I think ... I think ... I'm ready.

LESLIE

For Nirvana?

SERPICO

For one of those ... jetes.

She stops, waits.

LESLIE

Well ... do it.

He looks at her doubtfully for an instant, then turns and makes a grand leap. Then another. He stops, looks back at her, then does an entrechat. Then another jete. She watches him go leaping away down the block.

64 INT: BCI CORRIDOR - DAY

Serpico -- in beard, jeans and sandals -- carrying several files, walks toward the men's room. Barto sees him, stops.

BARTO

What are you reading?

SERPICO

My Life -- by Isadora Duncan.
About a dancer ... a ballet dancer.

64 CONTD

BARTO

A belly dancer?

SERPICO

No, a ballet dancer. Look ...
I'll show you.

Serpico dances his way into the men's room, enters.

65 INT: BCI MEN'S ROOM - DAY

The room is dark. Serpico turns on the light, sees POTTS at a window with binoculars. Potts glances around to see who came in.

POTTS

Turn off the light!

Serpico turns it off, faces the urinal in darkness. Potts returns to his observations.

POTTS

Positions. Positions. Positions
like that you don't see in a
pretzel factory. She's gotta be
a nympho with positions like that.
(moralistic)

She better be a nympho with
positions like that. SERPICO!

Serpico is still at the urinal.

POTTS

Which comes first? Does a nympho
invent all those positions? Or
do all those positions turn a
nice girl into a nympho? SERPICO!
How can you piss at a time like
this?

Serpico, laughing, comes over to Potts, who hands him the binoculars. Serpico looks through them.

SERPICO

She just pulled down the shade.

Potts grabs the binoculars away from Serpico, looks for himself.

POTTS

You're a jinx, Serpico.

65 CONTD

Disgruntled he leaves, almost colliding with someone in the doorway. Steiger snaps on the light. Steiger seems possessed, out of his mind.

STEIGER

What were you two doing ...

SERPICO

Sir?

STEIGER

In the shithouse ... in the dark
... were you sucking his cock?

SERPICO

(overlapping;
incredulous)

... Sir?

STEIGER

(sarcastic)

... you gonna tell me you were
just doing a little Peeping Tom?
YOU WERE SUCKING HIS COCK,
WEREN'T YOU!

Serpico is speechless. Finally, he finds words.

SERPICO

What are you crazy, Lieutenant.

STEIGER

(wildly)

CRAZY! Last week I found a pair
of shorts with semen on them!
THERE!

He points to one of the stalls.

SERPICO

(slowly)

Are you really accusing me of this?

He looks at Steiger in total disbelief.

66 INT: BCI CORRIDOR - DAY

INSPECTOR FRANCIS McCLAIN, solemn, white-haired, wearing a fedora and carrying a briefcase, comes down the hall. Serpico waits to approach him.

66 CONTD

SERPICO

Inspector McClain -- I'd like to talk to you, sir. The word is I could come to you directly sir.

McCLAIN

Certainly, son.

67 INT: MC CLAIN'S BCI OFFICE - DAY

Serpico and McClain walk into his office. McClain seems unimpressed and unshocked by Serpico's story.

McCLAIN

... no, he won't write a report, if I know him. He's too concerned with the image of his Department. However it could affect your future in the BCI.

SERPICO

What future? Frankly, sir, I think its all bullshit about BCI being a career path towards detective. Guys are there seven, eight years going nowhere. I've been there two years now ...

McCLAIN

You want a transfer?

SERPICO

Yes, I want a transfer, but not back to uniform.

McCLAIN

All right, Frank.

McClain nods thoughtfully.

McCLAIN

(a beat, then)

Francis, do you know about my weekend retreats for Catholic officers?

SERPICO

I don't believe so, sir.

He looks surprised by the sudden turn in the conversation. McClain hands him a brochure.

73 EXT: 21ST PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - MORNING

Serpico takes his uniform garment bag and satchel from his Rambler. Slightly trimmed, his hair is still long. He has no beard, only a huge, bushy moustache.

74 INT: 21ST PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - MORNING

Patrolmen stand around the switchboard, picking scores for a baseball pool. Two or three of them glance back at Serpico, amused. Serpico reports to the Desk Lieutenant, MC GRAW.

SERPICO

Patrolman Serpico reporting for duty.

McGRAW

(after a long, studied examination)

That fucking thing on your lip -- it goes. And get a haircut.

SERPICO

(protesting)

Sir!

McGRAW

That's an order. You look like an asshole with dentures.

SERPICO

Do I have the right of appeal?

McGRAW

(laughing unpleasantly)

Sure. Go see Captain Tolkin. You got one foot in shit already. Put the other one in.

Serpico turns away, walks over to the most-wanted notices. Serpico smiles a long-suffering smile.

75 INT: 21ST PRECINCT COMMANDER'S OFFICE - MORNING

CAPTAIN TOLKIN, imaginative, humorous, smiles unexpectedly at Serpico.

CAPTAIN TOLKIN

That is one helluva moustache. I wish I had the guts.

75 CONTD

SERPICO

I have what I consider to be good reasons for wearing it, Captain ...

CAPTAIN TOLKIN

You don't have to tell me ...

SERPICO

I'd like to ...

CAPTAIN TOLKIN

I thought so.

Tolkin gestures for Serpico to sit down, leans back listening.

SERPICO

I think it's really important for us to try and find ways to make communication in the street ...

CAPTAIN TOLKIN

Goddamn right. But I'm not sure it'd help if we all looked like Keystone Cops.

SERPICO

The way it is ... I live in the Village and take classes at NYU -- we're isolated, completely out of touch with what's happening. An undercover cop walks around in disguise wearing black shoes and white socks. Everybody knows who he is.

CAPTAIN TOLKIN

You've made your point. I want you to keep your moustache. I've had a rash of burglaries and I'd like you to patrol in your own car on your midnight to eight tour. Wear a sport jacket, whatever you want. How does that strike you?

SERPICO

I like it. A lot, sir. To be honest, I'm bucking for Detective ...

CAPTAIN TOLKIN

No shit?

75A EXT: 21ST PRECINCT BUS STOP - NIGHT

An elderly MAN climbs carefully off the bus, slouch hat hiding his face, leaning on his cane as he shuffles along a dark residential street. Suddenly four young MUGGERS appear from the driveway. ZACH shows a knife. BIFF kicks away the cane. Serpico whirls, losing his hat, as he kicks the knife out of Zach's hand, draws his revolver and watches them freeze.

SERPICO

I'm a police officer. Against the wall, feet out!

ZACH

Shit, man, he can't take us all ...

Serpico puts the revolver to Zach's head.

SERPICO

Anyone moves -- he gets it.

BIFF

Fuck him ...

Biff and the other two muggers take off, racing towards a family of ONLOOKERS, standing on their porch. Serpico, grabbing Zach with one hand, wheels, trains his gun on the fleeing muggers.

SERPICO'S POV - FAMILY OF ONLOOKERS BEHIND MUGGERS

The CAMERA picks up the muggers with the family in the background and ZOOMS in tight on the family.

BACK TO SERPICO

He lowers the gun, turns back to Zach.

ZACH

Hey, man, you let them go ...
how 'bout me.

SERPICO

They escaped.

He presses the gun to Zach's head.

SERPICO

You want to escape?

76 EXT: STAIRWAY TO SUBWAY SURFACE PLATFORM - EARLY MORNING

Serpico, wearing a shabby topcoat and hat and assuming the posture and shuffling gait of an elderly man, slowly climbs the stairs.

77 EXT: SUBWAY SURFACE PLATFORM - EARLY MORNING

The platform is deserted except for the GRAY MAN, in sweat suit and sneakers, who stands at the railing casing the street below. Serpico walks past him, stops a dozen feet away, watching him surreptitiously. The Gray Man walks to the stairs, disappears down them. Serpico goes to the railing, looks down the street, waiting for the Gray Man to come into view.

78 EXT: SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

A burglar alarm is screaming. Serpico comes racing down the street, sees the Gray Man run from the gas station with a metal cash box. At the same moment, a radio car rounds the corner beyond the gas station. The Gray Man sees it, turns, runs crazily toward Serpico. WATERMAN and BLOCK jump from the car. Waterman raises his revolver to fire.

SERPICO

Hold it, you assholes!

Waterman, not hearing him, shoots. The bullet smashes through the windshield of a car and imbeds itself in the upholstery. Serpico dives toward the ground. The Gray Man stumbles over him, goes sprawling on the ground -- as a second shot is heard. The metal box crashes on the sidewalk.

SERPICO

It's me ... Serpico! Stop shooting, you dumb bastards!

Waterman and Block reach Serpico.

WATERMAN

Jesus, Frank, how the hell was I supposed to recognize you?

Block picks up the metal box. Serpico rises, dragging the Gray Man to his feet, pushing him against a parked car to frisk him, still raging at Waterman.

SERPICO

You fire without warning, without looking, without a fucking brain in your head!

78 CONTD

Serpico handcuffs the Gray Man, walks him toward the radio car. Waterman follows him.

WATERMAN

(into his own problems)
Holy shit, look at that mess. I'll be filling out forms till next month. Jesus, I guess he's your collar. I'm going to have to go through all that ballistics crap. It's gonna look like hell if I don't have anything to show for it.

Serpico looks at him, looks at the smashed car, starts to take off his cuffs from the Gray Man.

SERPICO

Okay, he's yours, take the collar.

WATERMAN

(brightening)
You're a buddy.

SERPICO

Yeah -- I'm a buddy. But I want Tolkin to know I gave it to you.

Waterman nods eagerly, relieved.

79 INT: SERPICO'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Leslie and Serpico in a bubble bath. The room is lit by candles. There is incense burning. Music can be heard from the other room. Leslie scrubs Serpico's back.

LESLIE

This is a good place to tell you, Paco. That guy in Texas I was telling you about -- I'm going to marry him in two months.

Leslie climbs around him in the tub, faces him, smiles.

LESLIE

Unless ... you marry me.

SERPICO

What about the theater, your dancing?

79 CONTD

LESLIE

A girl has to get married sometime.

SERPICO

You're a long way from sometime,
Leslie.

He gets out of the tub, starts to dry himself.

SERPICO

I thought you were committed.

LESLIE

I am but ...

SERPICO

(cutting her off)

You are ... but ...

LESLIE

I can keep working, studying there.

SERPICO

In Fort Worth?

LESLIE

Amarillo.

SERPICO

Am I invited to the wedding ...

LESLIE

I'll ask Roy.

80 INT: 21ST PCT. RECEPTION ROOM & LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Serpico is undressing for a shower. TOM KEOUGH, a plainclothesman, is across the room, talking on the phone.

KEOUGH

(into phone)

Que hora? Si-si, Baby.

(hangs up, getting
off phone)

Hooker - Spanish - little kid -
I'm a sucker - Busted her once -
I can't stay away from her. You
know, since I've been in "clothes",
I gotta beat them off with a
stick.

He laughs.

80 CONTD

SERPICO

No kiddin'? Hey, Keough, you
been in clothes a long time, right?

KEOUGH

Yeah.

SERPICO

Well, do you think there's any-
thing I should know -- cuz I got
Tolkin's recommendation if I
want it.

KEOUGH

Great, what's to know? Go ahead.

SERPICO

You know, you hear all this bull-
shit about "clothes". Like I've
been in BCI now-how long-I mean-
there're guys been in here six-
seven years -- going nowhere --
thinking all the time it's gonna
lead to Detective -- then nothin'
-- Is it the same in "clothes"?
Am I wasting my time?

KEOUGH

You're not wasting your time --
"clothes" is good -- "clothes"
is better than detectives. You
make your own time -- get paid
for mileage -- expense accounts,
good booze, broads -- Stay in
"clothes" as long as you can.
Who wants to be a detective?
What the fuck you worried about?

SERPICO

Oh -- I hear these stories.

KEOUGH

What? The pay-off -- the pad?

SERPICO

Right.

KEOUGH

(laughs)

Jesus -- worry about it when it
happens to you, Frank ... if it
happens to you.

83,84 INT: PLAINCLOTHES CLASSROOM - DAY

The INSTRUCTOR has written lists on the board -- opium, morphine, heroin, marijuana, hashish, cocaine, amphetamines, barbiturites -- but at the moment he is passing out sample marijuana cigarettes, one to a row.

INSTRUCTOR

And, of course -- general miscellaneous. I am passing out these marijuana cigarettes for you to sample so that you will be able to identify its pungent aroma and recognize the disorienting effect of the drug when you observe them in narcotic suspects ...

He returns to the blackboard, staring another series of Spencerian lists -- reefer, stick, roach, joint -- droning on while the class lights up. Serpico still has no matches. BLAIR offers him a light.

INSTRUCTOR

Among users of the drug, such a marijuana cigarette is referred to as reefer, stick, roach, joint. The drug itself is referred to as pot, tea, boo, stuff, grass ...

Blair inhales, whispers to the next man as he passes the joint.

BLAIR

Hey, this is real good shit.

Serpico and Blair exchange a grin, reacting similarly to the manifest absurdity and hypocrisy of the situation.

85 INT: SUBWAY STATION - AFTERNOON

Blair and Serpico run down the subway, unconsciously racing each other to catch a train that isn't there. The platform is more or less deserted. Blair moves directly to a candy machine to buy a chocolate bar. Serpico buys a soft drink, takes a long swallow, offers it to Blair and buys himself peanuts.

SERPICO

Do you smoke?

BLAIR

Grass? No. I smoked in college but I'm a cop, I mean, why fuck around?

85. CONTD

SERPICO

We grew our own in Korea. But
not here ...

They both stop at the ice cream machine.

SERPICO

You know, you're pretty fucking
weird for a cop.

Blair explodes laughing, almost choking on a bite of
ice cream. Serpico slaps him on the back, starting to
laugh with him. Blair catches his breath, points.

BLAIR

You!

SERPICO

I didn't go to Princeton ...

BLAIR

Fucking hippie ...

They walk along the edge of the platform, unconsciously
playing chicken, leaning out to see if a train is
coming.

SERPICO

It's beautiful though.

BLAIR

The two of us.

SERPICO

Right.

BLAIR

Right.

SERPICO

The times they are a changing.

They turn back to a candy machine, hunting for change.

BLAIR

Where do you go from here?

SERPICO

Nine-three precinct Plainclothes
Squad. Where do you go?

85 CONTD (2)

BLAIR

Well, I'm scheduled to go on special assignment with the Mayor's Department of Investigations. Detective Squad.

SERPICO

Gold shield?

BLAIR

Well, yes.

SERPICO

No four years in Plainclothes?

BLAIR

No. Fuck that.

SERPICO

You must know people.

BLAIR

Let's say, I make it my business to know people. To know people who can help.

SERPICO

Shit, that's so fucking unfair ...

BLAIR

Life's unfair. You were born with a feel for the streets. I was born with a feel for the politics, I guess ...

Serpico vents some of his anger on the candy machine, which has taken two quarters and given nothing in return. He kicks it, hits it, shakes it.

BLAIR

I'm not at liberty to say too much right now, but I may have a chance to blow the lid off all the whole corrupt set-up in this town. To get to the core.

Blair presses the coin return and the two quarters fall into the cup. He tries, as unsuccessfully as Serpico.

85 CONTD (3)

BLAIR

What they should do, they should give you and me our own car to prowl the city in -- I'm serious, that's the ridiculous part of it, it's not that hard -- the two of us and one Batmobile could clean the city up in no time.

Blair and Serpico both attack the machine. Even the coin return has stopped working. A Subway Guard -- on the opposite platform -- strolls toward them, raps on the metal pillar with his night stick.

SERPICO

A fucking syndicate machine steals fifty cents from us and that fuck is ready to charge us with malicious mischief and vandalism.

Blair leans out to watch a train arriving.

BLAIR

Listen, let's keep in touch, no shit, let's keep this together, what we've got going. We might need each other ...

Blair steps onto the subway. Serpico gives him a peace sign.

87 EXT: 93RD PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

Serpico watches plainclothes SERGEANT BROWN, fat and friendly, sweating as he changes a tire on his unmarked car.

BROWN

Usually -- it's a nine-to-five day -- the best time for policy and bookmaking.

Brown struggles getting the wheel off.

BROWN

Third flat this month. Fucking Mayor. Can't even afford tires.

With a snort, Brown finally pulls the wheel off. It falls to the ground.

87 CONTD

BROWN

How 'about giving me a hand,
Serpico.

Serpico lifts the wheel, rolls it to the trunk,
reaches in for the spare, removes it. Brown lights
a cigar, leaving the job to Serpico.

BROWN

If you have to work nights --
like a liquor violation, just call
in. Don't worry about quotas
right now ... a couple of hooker
collars will keep it cool.

88 EXT/INT: 93RD PRECINCT CELL & CATWALK AREA - DAY

Serpico walks toward his car. He is not aware of the
footsteps approaching until KIRBY, a black cop, stops
him.

KIRBY

Serpico? I've been holding this
for you. It's from Jewish Max.

Kirby hands Serpico an envelope and walks swiftly away
before Serpico has a chance to react. Serpico looks
down at the envelope.

SERPICO'S POV - THE ENVELOPE

A tiny "300" is pencilled in one corner, otherwise it
is blank.

BACK TO SERPICO

He glances up, sees that Kirby is already a distance
away from him. He looks bewildered, irresolute. He
opens the envelope uncertainly, peers inside, then
looks around nervously. He shoves the envelope into
his pocket abruptly, walks to the Rambler, gets in.

89 INT: SERPICO'S RAMBLER - DAY

Inside the car he takes out the envelope, unwittingly
locking the door at the same time. He removes the
money from the envelope, hunches down toward the dash.
He counts it, then stuffs it back into the envelope.
He sits numbly for a moment, switches the radio on,
then off. He puts the envelope in one pocket, then
the other, starts the car and drives off.

90 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Alfie -- full grown sheepdog now -- leaps on Serpico as he enters. He pats the dog reassuringly, goes to the telephone. He takes out the envelope, looks at it, puts it back. He picks up the telephone, starts dialing, thinks better of it, hangs up.

91 EXT: VILLAGE PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH - LATER AFTERNOON

Alfie waits outside as Serpico talks on the phone.

92 EXT: LEWISOHN STADIUM - DAY

Serpico and Blair are walking swiftly outside the stadium heading toward the spot where they parked their cars. Their words are quick with a subcurrent of hostility. They haven't been seeing eye-to-eye.

SERPICO

This is what I get my first day
in the precinct.

BLAIR

This is it -- This is great --
exactly what I wanted. I can
open up a whole can of peas
with this, Frank.

SERPICO

Bob -- forget about the peas.
I don't want to start anything.
I don't know. I figure maybe
someone's trying to set me up.

BLAIR

Nobody's trying to set you up,
Frank. You're not that important.

SERPICO

I want to protect myself. It's
too fucking scary.

BLAIR

I know what to do -- we'll talk
to Inspector Kellogg.

SERPICO

(doubtfully)

Inspector Kellogg? Didn't he used
to be in "clothes"?

92 CONTD

BLAIR

He's the second highest ranking cop in the department of Investigation.

SERPICO

So what!

BLAIR

I happened to be instrumental in getting him his job. He owes me. All I can tell you, he's the most honest cop I know. Trust me, Frank.

93 INT: KELLOGG'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN KELLOGG -- handsome, middle-height, conspicuously composed -- holds Serpico's envelope, toying with it gingerly. Serpico looks apprehensive, Blair confident and aggressive.

KELLOGG

(professorial)

Things like this were common practice in the bad old days. It's hard to believe it's still going on.

He hands the envelope to Blair who passes it to Serpico. Kellogg clips the tip of a fine cigar, borrows Blair's lighter and chars the end of the cigar evenly before he twirls it on the tip of his tongue and lights it.

KELLOGG

Serpico, wasn't it stupid to take an envelope from somebody you didn't know.

Kellogg's statement is so astonishing to Serpico it throws him.

SERPICO

(defensive)

If I didn't take it, how would I know what was in it?

KELLOGG

(seeming not to have heard him)

You have two alternatives. You can force me to take you to the

(MORE)

93 CONTD

KELLOGG (Contd)
Commissioner of Investigations
... he'd drag you in front of a
grand jury ...

SERPICO
No -- I don't want that.

KELLOGG
I can understand that -- word would
leak out ... by the time it was all
over ... they'd find you face down
in the East River.

BLAIR
What's the other alternative?

KELLOGG
 (pauses)
The other alternative is ...
forget it.
 (pauses)
My recommendation is the latter.

Kellogg rises, returns Blair's lighter. They're
dismissed. Serpico looks down at the envelope.

SERPICO
What the hell am I going to do
with this?

94 INT: 93RD PRECINCT GYM - DAY

Brown is shaving with an electric razor as Serpico
approaches him.

SERPICO
Sarge ... got a minute.
 (looks around --
 checking to see
 if they're alone)
It's important.

Brown snaps off the razor. Serpico hands him the
envelope.

SERPICO
 (anxious)
I don't know what to do with
this. A colored cop gave it
to me.

94 CONTD

Brown, with a glance around, checks the cash and stuffs it in his pocket, tosses the envelope in a trash can and turns the razor back on.

BROWN

You know your trouble, kid? You push too hard. You don't check with anybody. Causes a lot of bad feeling. Maybe you shouldn't work alone.

SERPICO

I work better alone.

BROWN

It's more dangerous that way, kid. You know, kid, did you ever think -- maybe you weren't cut out to be a cop.

Serpico has nothing to say to this, waits a beat or two for Brown to continue, then turns away.

94A SERPICO SITS ON MORTON STREET PIER - NIGHT

94B EXT: MINETTA STREET - NIGHT
MONTAGE

95 INT: SERPICO APT - DAY/NIGHT

96, 97 OMITTED

98 SERPICO LYING ON HIS BED fully clothed, smoking a cigarette, tense, distracted.

99 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Still wearing the clothes of the night before, he flips on an opera record. Carrying a cup of coffee, he walks out into his courtyard in back.

100 EXT: SERPICO'S COURTYARD - DAY

He sits down, sipping his coffee, listening to the record from inside.

LAURIE (OS)

Is that Bjoerling?

He looks up and around for the source of the voice.

101 SERPICO'S POV - LAURIE AT A WINDOW

She's looking out of a rear window of a building that fronts on the next block. LAURIE PERLO is a serious dedicated young woman, a nurse, intense but capable of moments of antic hilarity -- physically delicate and lovely.

SERPICO
No, it's DiStefano.

LAURIE
(disappointed in
herself)
I was sure it was Bjoerling.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Wide angle covering both Serpico and Laurie.

SERPICO
You could hear it better over here.

LAURIE
That's an invitation, right?

SERPICO
Right. With coffee.

102 OMITTED

103 EXT: SERPICO'S COURTYARD - DAY

Laurie and Serpico drinking coffee, seated at a patio table. He starts to pour another cup for her.

LAURIE
I'll have to take a rain check.
I'm due at the hospital.

SERPICO
Perfect place to call in sick.

LAURIE
Not me.

SERPICO
(mock criticism)
Whaddya, dedicated or something?

LAURIE
That's me ... dedicated. Most
men can't stand it.

103 CONTD

SERPICO

(ironic)

What do you know, a dedicated nurse.

But he really is pleased by it. She starts to re-enter her apartment, stops, looks back at Serpico.

LAURIE

(looking around)

I really like your garden.

SERPICO

(an order)

Love my garden.

LAURIE

Okay, I love your garden.

SERPICO

If you love a man's garden, how can you help but love the man.

LAURIE

If I didn't hate the word so much I'd say ... WOW.

SERPICO

Say it anyway.

LAURIE

(deliberately flat)

Okay. Wow.

They laugh.

104 EXT: BCI BUILDING - DAY

Serpico and McClain are walking toward Serpico's Rambler in parking lot. We see several double-parked police cars.

SERPICO

All I can tell you -- is I gave it back. I've got to get out of the Nine-Three.

McCLAIN

What happened with your Narcotics application?

104 CONTD

SERPICO

I went there. It looked like it was all set -- until I told them I was in Plainclothes. That was like the kiss of death. Christ, they think everyone in Clothes is on the take.

(pause)

Inspector, do you know anything about the Bronx-Seventh Division. I can go there. But if it's the same shit, screw it ... I'll take a job in the new Spanish Communications Unit. And go nuts answering phones.

McCLAIN

Frank, did anybody ever tell you you have a tendency towards self-pity?

SERPICO

You're the first.

McCLAIN

(after a beat or two)

All right. I've got a friend up there. Roy Palmer ... he's administrative officer. I'll speak to him.

105 INT: SERPICO'S APT - NIGHT

Serpico and Laurie lie in bed, arms around each other talking, listening to records.

SERPICO

It's a weird feeling. Sometime I feel like I'm a criminal. A suspect because I don't want to take money.

LAURIE

You get tense when you talk about it. Turn over.

Laurie expertly massages his shoulders and neck. Serpico allows himself to be relaxed briefly, then speaks up from the depths of the pillow.

SERPICO

Do you like cops?

105 CONTD

LAURIE

You're my first.

SERPICO

I mean, all this shit I'm telling you -- does it shock you?

LAURIE

Not much.

SERPICO

You believe it?

LAURIE

Why not?

SERPICO

Well, it shocks me.

LAURIE

Why? Everyone knows about cops.

SERPICO

I remember -- when I was a kid -- when I first started I remember -- how going to school didn't mean much to me -- anything -- I never -- sports and stuff like that -- all I know is -- I remember that when anything exciting happened in the neighborhood that I can remember -- a specific example -- when there was some problem -- some domestic problem -- and everybody was going over to see what happened -- I don't know -- somebody stabbed somebody or something -- I don't know the exact details -- it's like the whole neighborhood converged on this one spot -- all these people around -- I might have been ten -- and I couldn't see what was happening because everybody was around -- and everybody was asking everybody else -- "Well, what do you think? Do you know what happened?" All I can remember is this one car -- with the red light going round and round and round and suddenly the whole crowd parted and here were these

(MORE)

105 CONTD (2)

SERPICO (Contd)

men in blue coming right through
-- And I'll tell you something ...
they knew --

(Laurie laughs)

... And I said -- "What do they
know?" and I said -- in a way that
was something that I wanted to
know -- there was something there
... that ... I -- it seems as
though they always knew.

LAURIE

And that's what you're still look-
ing for? Did you ever hear the
story of the Wise King? Well --
there's this very Wise King who
ruled over his kingdom -- and
there was a well in the middle
of the kingdom -- and everybody
drank from it -- and one night
a witch came by and she poisoned
the well -- and the next day --
all the people drank from the well
except the King -- and they all
became mad.-- and they all got
together on the street -- and they
said, "We've got to get rid of the
King because the King is crazy."
And the King sat in his castle
and he thought and thought and
thought -- And that night -- he
went out and he drank from the
well -- and the next morning, all
the people rejoiced because their
King had regained his reason --

SERPICO

Well -- I think you're trying to
tell me something.

The phone rings: Alfie starts barking in the court.
Serpico goes to the phone, switches on the tape
recorder before he answers it.

SERPICO

(into phone)

Hello

106 INT: MC CLAIN APARTMENT - NIGHT

McClain on the phone.

McCLAIN

Frank, I saw Roy Palmer tonight.
He assures me that the Seventh
Division is as clean as a hound's
tooth ... his words ... clean as
a hound's tooth.

107 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Serpico on the phone, Laurie watches him, concerned.

McCLAIN (OS)

I told him he's getting a hard-
working officer who wears a beard,
speaks Spanish and would make a
superb undercover man. He was
delighted.

SERPICO

Thank you, sir ... goodbye.

McCLAIN

Good-bye Frank. God bless you.

He hangs up, snaps off the recorder, returns to
Laurie.

LAURIE

(looking at the recorder)
When did you start doing that?

SERPICO

(skeptically)

Palmer says ... the Seventh's
as clean as a hound's tooth.

LAURIE

If it's true, your problems are
over.

He kisses her.

108 INT: 49TH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - DAY

Serpico enters, nods to STRASSER on the switchboard,
walks toward the bulletin board.

108 CONTD

KEOUGH (OS)

Hey, Frankie!

Serpico turns to see Tom Keough, who claps him on the back heartily. Serpico is surprised, not having known Keough was now in the Seventh.

SERPICO

(delighted)

Hey, Keough!

KEOUGH

I heard you were coming.
Goddamn! You're gonna love
it here.

Keough holding Serpico by the arm, leads him to the door.

KEOUGH

Come on, let's take a little
ride -- I gotta make a collar
-- Get a feel of the Division.

They go out the door.

109 EXT: HUGO'S BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Keough leads Serpico into the bar.

110 INT: HUGO'S BAR AND GRILL - DAY

TROLLO, a squat, swarthy gambler with thinning hair, sits at the bar, sipping coffee, and makes notes on paper. A pay phone rings. Trollo answers it. Serpico and Keough enter. Keough goes to Trollo speaking on the phone.

KEOUGH

You dumb fuck!

He takes the phone away from Trollo and hangs up.

KEOUGH

You know goddam well this location is hot. We told you to stay the fuck out of here.

TROLLO

Keough, no one told me. Honest to God!

KEOUGH

Bullshit.

He gives Trollo a shove toward the door. They start walking out. Trollo glances at Serpico, turns back to Keough.

TROLLO

Listen ... a C-note apiece.

KEOUGH

No ... we got a complaint.

TROLLO

Two ... two hundred each.

111 EXT: HUGO'S BAR AND GRILL - DAY

The three men emerge from the bar.

KEOUGH

(playing with him)

You're getting cheap, bambino.
Three.

TROLLO

It's all I got on me.

KEOUGH

Three.

TROLLO

Okay, three.

111 CONTD

KEOUGH

(laughs)

No can do. Complaints gotta be covered. But I'll write it up nice and light. Courtesy arrest.

They approach Keough's car.

TROLLO

How light?

KEOUGH

So light ... even your fathead lawyer will get the case thrown out of court.

112 INT: 49TH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - DAY

Serpico and Keough bring Trollo in. Serpico looks distressed, preoccupied.

KEOUGH

You want to write it up, Frank?

Serpico shakes his head glumly

KEOUGH

What's the matter? Take the collar. Get on the sheet.

SERPICO

(evasive)

I better check in ...

Keough scrutinizes Serpico, annoyed by his reaction, comes to some decision.

KEOUGH

(ominously)

We gotta have a little talk, Frank ...

113 EXT: 49TH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE GARAGE - DAY

Keough is waiting in the garage when Serpico comes out of the station.

INT: 49TH PRECINCT GARAGE

Keough offers Serpico one of two folded bills, eyes him quizzically.

113 CONTD

KEOUGH

That fuck only came up with two bills because I booked him.

SERPICO

It was your collar. Keep it.

KEOUGH

I had a hunch you wouldn't take it.

He starts the car.

KEOUGH

We got a call about you. From downtown. I ain't sayin' who. They said you can't be trusted.

SERPICO

Why? Because I don't take money.

KEOUGH

(laughs)

Who can trust a cop who won't take money?

(laughs)

You are pretty weird, kid ... and with that call ... the guys were worried. But I told them you were okay ... I knew you in the two-one.

(pause)

You wouldn't hurt another cop? Right?

SERPICO

(after several beats)

Why should I hurt another cop? That would depend on what he was doing.

KEOUGH

(icy)

Wrong answer.

(then ingratiating)

Frankie ... there's nothing bad. We skin a little gambling money. It's not dope. It's clean money, hurst nobody. Gamblers are gentlemen, men of their word. Frank, they're gonna operate anyway.

113 CONTD (2)

He looks over at Serpico, sees him frowning.

KEOUGH

You worried about your record,
getting in trouble.

SERPICO

(lying)
That's right.

KEOUGH

(a laugh)
No sweat ... We don't go over-
board. We're not greedy ...
we're careful. Niggers, spics,
we bust most of them. They operate
so sloppy, dumb, they'd get your
ass in hot water. The Italians --
they're reliable. But when the
heat's on, we make the arrest.

SERPICO

You really got it analyzed.

KEOUGH

Right, it's worth it. Right now
the nut's running about eight
hundred a month. That's eight
hundred clams for you, every time
your girlfriend's got the curse.

SERPICO

(softly)
Eight hundred!

KEOUGH

Tax-free! You don't draw it the
first six weeks ... until the guys
are sure you're okay. But you don't
lose. You get that when you leave
the division -- like severance pay.
(laughs)

Think it over, Frank. In or out?

114-115 OMITTED

116 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frank paces the room, smoking, starts for the door.
At the door, Alfie tries to go out with him. Serpico
shoves him back inside.

116 CONTD

SERPICO

Uh ... huh ...

He goes out. ,

117 EXT: VILLAGE STREET - DAY

He walks aimlessly, stopping now and again, looking around blankly.

118 EXT: ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - DAY

He walks to the entrance, hesitates, then goes in.

119 INT: ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

He goes to the receptionist.

SERPICO

Can you see if Laurie Perlo
can come down.

120 INT: HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Serpico and Laurie sit at a table, drinking coffee. Serpico stares into his cup, then looks up at her gravely, lowers his eyes again. She watches him, concerned, silent.

121 EXT: VILLAGE STREET - DAY

He walks the length of the block, enters a phone booth.

122 EXT: ROTTING PIER - DAY

MC CLAIN

... you're sure of your facts,
Farnk? That's pretty hard to
believe.

SERPICO

(restraining himself)

I'm telling you Captain, they came
to me with the eight hundred --
I was there ... I wasn't dreaming.

MC CLAIN

(what Serpico has told
him finally sinks in)

My God ... it's a bucket of worms.

(MORE)

122 CONTD

MC CLAIN (Contd)

(vaguely)

I could ... I could ... go to
the Commissioner.

(pauses)

Frank, I'll have to know the
name of the officer.

SERPICO

I don't ... I don't think I
can reveal that ... right now
... Inspector, I don't want to
do that.

MC CLAIN

(irritated)

All right. All right.

SERPICO

The point is -- with all due
respect to Inspector Palmer --
it isn't what we thought it was
-- It's not as clean as a hound's
tooth. I don't have much time.
In six weeks they're going to
hand me an envelope -- I'm not
going to take it. Then I'm
going to be in trouble.

MC CLAIN

Francis -- one of the great
temptations in our business is
despair. Just because you find
a few patrolmen who are human --
humans are frail. You mustn't give
up hope Frank. You might consider
a period of prayerful retreat
for your own peace of mind. Think
about it.

SERPICO

Sir, in six weeks they're going
to come to me.

MC CLAIN

I'll get back to you, Frank. God
bless you.

123 OMITTED

124 INT: SLEEPING ROOM AND STAIRWELL

DON RUBELLO thinks he's the Borgnine type. He follows Keough to a desk where Serpico is reading bulletins.

KEOUGH

Frank, shake hands with your new partner, Don Rubello. Don, if you don't want to work with this nut ... some reason or other ... I'll buddy with him.

RUBELLO

Go through that crap changing assignments? ... Nah. We'll be okay ... we're paisanos.

125 INT: DIVISION UNMARKED CAR - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Serpico at the wheel. Rubello rolls up his window as they drive through the crowded street, yelled at by kids who resent the interruption of their stick-ball game. Rubello keeps surveying the neighborhood.

RUBELLO

This guy I'm looking for ... Vernon ... he's a numbers collector who ain't been meeting his obligations. He won't be hard to spot. He's a mover and this is prime time.

Rubello observes Serpico's taut face, laughs.

RUBELLO

You look a little puzzled, Frank.

126 EXT: BRONX GHETTO STREET - DAY

Serpico and Rubello leave the car and start strolling along the block.

RUBELLO

Straight off, since we're partners, you gotta know the situation. I collect for the division ... me and two other bagmen. That's what Keough was sort of hinting at.

(sees Vernon)

There he goes. Watch! That guy moves!

126 CONTD

Across the street, VERNON -- a huge black man -- races down the steps of a tenement and into another building.

RUBELLO

We'll grab him when he comes out.

They stroll to the front of the building.

RUBELLO

The three of us pick up the payoff twice a month ...

Vernon comes out of the building, sees Rubello, spins, rushes back into the building. Rubello races in after him.

127 INT: BRONX TENEMENT STAIRWELL - DAY

Serpico is behind Rubello, chasing Vernon's heavy footsteps up the stairs.

128 INT: TENEMENT TOP FLOOR - DAY

Serpico arrives at the landing to see Rubello kick open the hall toilet door, drag Vernon out.

RUBELLO

You been jerking me around, fuck!

VERNON

I'm on the balls of my ass, man.

Rubello slams Vernon against the wall, finds only a handful of policy slips in his pocket. Serpico sees an old black woman watching them through a crack in the door. She closes it noiselessly.

RUBELLO

Three times you never showed.

VERNON

I'll have it tonight, man. I swear. Tonight for sure ... you can bust my ass ...

RUBELLO

(after a moment)

The last time, Vernon. You fuck me you're going. I'll be at the Domino ... midnight.

128 CONTD

Rubello bounces Vernon's head on the wall, starts downstairs. Serpico follows, sickened, deeply disturbed.

129 INT: DIVISION UNMARKED CAR - DAY
EXT: SUBURBAN HOUSE

Through windshield -- LOPEZ, a prosperous gambler, crosses the lawn of his suburban home, hands Rubello an envelope.

RUBELLO

Bad news, Manny. The precinct got warrants on a couple of your locations. The candy store and the tailor shop.

LOPEZ

(nodding)

I close them today.

Rubello seems surprised as Lopez turns and walks to his house. He looks at Serpico indignantly.

RUBELLO

Nothing! Nothing! A tip like that's worth a double sawbuck apiece. Nothing!

130 INT: VOZAKS BAR - DAY

Serpico sits at the counter. In the mirror, he can see Rubello in a booth with Keough and Sarno. While he watches, RAMOS, a stocky racketeer, takes a gun and two boxes of ammunition from the table and puts them in his pocket. Rubello sees Serpico watching in the mirror, rises, goes to Serpico.

SERPICO

You give these guys guns?

RUBELLO

Ramos ... he's our top informant. Any new policy operation -- he clues us in.

He motions with his head to go out. Serpico rises and they start for the door.

131 OMITTED

132 INT: RUBELLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rubello opens the door, turns on a light. It is a studio with a Pullman kitchen.

RUBELLO

I keep this joint for socializing.
One day we'll get a couple broads,
have a little party.

He starts stacking and dividing the cash from the take, stuffing it into payroll envelopes.

RUBELLO

Make some ice. The booze is
under the sink.

Serpico goes to the refrigerator, opens it. It is filled with delicatessen, beer and soda.

RUBELLO

You made your mind up, Frank?
About the money?

Serpico stops in the middle of what he's doing, walks over to Rubello.

SERPICO

(under pressure)

Look -- you do what you got
to do -- If I was broke --
If I had a family -- Shit, I
don't know what I'd do --
But I've been lucky -- or
dumb -- I don't want to get
involved. That's all. Okay?
Why the fuck stick my
neck out.

RUBELLO

It's already out, Frank --
not taking the money. Better
the other guys don't know that.
I'll tell you what ... I'll hold
your share. If you change your
mind, it'll be right up here.
Right to the penny.

Serpico watches Rubello place an envelope on the top shelf of a tall cabinet with glass doors.

RUBELLO

How about a little gin? Penny
a point. Next thing I want to do
-- put in a color TV for the games.

133 EXT. CAR SOUTH & BROAD AT GOVERNOR ISLAND FERRY - DAY

Blair and Serpico in Serpico's Rambler. Serpico, driving, heads for an exit, circles off the expressway, turns into a side street where McClain, waiting in his car, is parked. Serpico parks a few feet behind, gets out alone.

134 EXT: CAR SOUTH & BROAD AT GOVERNOR ISLAND FERRY - DAY

McClain frowns, watching Serpico leave Blair in the car. Serpico walks to McClain's car, gets in.

MC CLAIN

My God, Frank ... this is confidential!

SERPICO

He's a police officer. Can he sit in?

MC CLAIN

No.

(warily)

Have you been talking to him?

SERPICO

What in hell am I supposed to do? I have to talk to someone.

MC CLAIN

(quiet self-righteousness)

You've been talking to me, Frank.

But he's intimidated by Serpico's intensity -- and moves on to the matter at hand. He continues to glance at the other car with uneasiness.

MC CLAIN

I've notified Commissioner Delaney of everything you told me.

(as though delivering good news)

He wants you to stay where you are and continue to collect information. You'll be his eyes and ears. He said he was delighted that ... quote a man of integrity has surfaced unquote.

SERPICO

When do I see him?

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134 CONTD

MC CLAIN

He said he would reach out
to you -- when the time comes.

SERPICO

Reach out to me ... ? My
situation is so fucking sticky
-- I'm supposed to sit back
and wait!

MC CLAIN

Have faith, Frank ... and be
patient. If a man like the
Commissioner says he'll be in
touch with you, he'll be in
touch with you.

Frank looks distressed, it doesn't add up.

135 EXT: CAR - SOUTH & BROAD AT GOVERNOR ISLAND - DAY

Blair watches Serpico climb out and cross over.
McClain drives away without glancing at them. Serpico
gets behind the wheel.

BLAIR

Well!!!!?

SERPICO

You know ... I'm not sure ...
I guess I'm supposed to be sort
of ... an undercover man for
Delaney.

BLAIR

Hey, that's terrific. Delaney's
a ball-buster. The Harry Gross
scandal -- he blew the department
wide open. If there's anything
honest left in the department,
it's all fucking Delaney.

Blair's enthusiasm is contagious. Serpico brightens,
a sense of hope and possibility.

SERPICO

Yeah ... yeah ... it could be
something ...

(smiles)

... it could be something ...

He starts the car, drives off.

136 INT: VOZAK'S BAR - MORNING

Keough is sitting talking in a booth with several other plainclothesmen. There is danish and coffee on the table.

KEOUGH

... okay now, Miranda ...
Miranda's too hot. We lay
him off for a couple of
months. Al, better check
out Falco ... he's got new
runners he isn't paying for ...
the new operation by ...

He sees Serpico entering the luncheonette.

KEOUGH

Hey, Frank.

Serpico comes over, remains standing.

KEOUGH

Rubello's being transferred,
Frank. You're gonna have to
break in a new bagman.

Keough laughs, Frank looks stunned, frightened, but nobody notices. Keough returns to his briefing.

KEOUGH

... the new operation by
Hunt's Point, that's Charlie's
baby.

137 INT: UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Serpico waits at the wheel. SARNO, bespectacled, balding, comes from a candy store, carrying a paper bag. As he climbs in, two street kids, about eleven, put their faces at the car window, grinning at Serpico and Sarno with knowing eyes. One STREET KID sticks his hand out.

STREET KID

(ironic)

Gimme a piece of candy, sir?

Sarno shoots the kid a dirty look, glances at Serpico. They take off, rolling up their windows to pass an open fire hydrant gushing water across the street. Sarno takes a roll of bills from the paper bag, adds it to a larger bankroll.

137 CONTD

SARNO

You know, Frank, sometimes I
ask myself, what the fuck I'm
doing. If it ever came out ...
Christ, my family ...

He shakes his head, takes out his wallet, takes out
a picture.

SARNO

My daughter just started with
the San Francisco Opera. Chorus.
Took a lot of money ... lessons,
training.

He hands Serpico the picture. Serpico glances at it,
hands it back.

SERPICO

Beautiful girl.

SARNO

I once tried to pull out.
Christ, they were all over me ...
so you go along.

(pause)

Unless you're willing to go
back in uniform.

He trails off, looking at Serpico as though he expects
an answer.

138 EXT: POOL HALL ALLEY - DAY

Serpico, alone in the car, pulls up in the rear of
the pool hall. An old woman, wearing many sweaters
despite the heat, moves from garbage can to garbage
can, adding various items to her shopping bag,
occasionally feeding a tidbit to a scrawny dog.
Sarno comes out, climbs into the car.

139 INT: DIVISION UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Sarno's bankroll has grown almost too large to handle.

SARNO

Shit, how the money rolls in.
Here. Let me give you yours now.

SERPICO

(after a beat or two)
I'm not on.

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139 CONTD

SARNO

(jarred)

Whaddya mean -- you're not on?

SERPICO

Just what I said. I don't take money. I never did.

SARNO

(worried)

Some gag. Here.

SERPICO

No. I told you straight.

SARNO

What were you doing with Rubello?

SERPICO

Ask Rubello.

SARNO

Your nut, where's it been going?

SERPICO

Ask Rubello.

Sarno stares, his face ashen, at Serpico for a moment, eye to eye, then he abruptly gets out of the car, walks around it, opens the driver's door.

SARNO

Move over.

He shoves Serpico over, gets behind the wheel, guns the car and takes off like a rocket.

140 INT: MC CLAIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

McClain on phone.

MC CLAIN

I'm sorry, Frank. I refuse to be considered an intermediary anymore.

141 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Serpico is on phone. Blair and Laurie, with Alfie, are there.

141 CONTD

SERPICO

(into phone)
I'll go to Delaney myself.

MC CLAIN (OS)

(coldly)
That would not be advisable, Frank.

SERPICO

It's been weeks ... not a word.
(urgently)
You don't understand, Inspector ...
now they know I ...

MC CLAIN (OS)

I understand perfectly, Frank.
I've done all I can ... goodbye.

The sound of a disconnect. Serpico hangs up, comes out of the phone booth, makes a thumbs-down gesture.

SERPICO

He's out. Won't do another
fucking thing. Nothing is
going to happen from the inside.
Blair. The top guys have been
cops too long.

BLAIR

You haven't heard from Delaney?

SERPICO

Not a fucking word.

BLAIR

Would you be willing to go outside
the department?

SERPICO

Where could I go?

BLAIR

Would you believe City Hall?

SERPICO

YOU mean the mayor ...

BLAIR

His right hand. Jerry Berman.
From Princeton. You knew I knew
someone. He's the someone I knew.
And he cares. He really cares.

141 CONTD (2)

SERPICO

You know what we're doing?

BLAIR

Yeah.

SERPICO

We're going outside the department.

BLAIR

That's right.

SERPICO

So fuck it! If we could get to the mayor --that'd really be something.

142 INT: JERRY BERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

JERRY BERMAN -- elfin, horn-rimmed glasses, hyper-active, 27, sits with his feet on a cluttered desk, jotting notes, toying with the pencil, adjusting his glasses. Sometimes he seems to be talking to himself in the middle of a conversation. Serpico and Blair sit across from him.

BERMAN

Dynamite! Every plainclothesman in the Division. One, maybe two lieutenants ... dynamite. Incredible!
(figuring something with his pencil and paper)

Hundred-fifty -- two hundred thousand a year. And that's just one precinct! Amazing.

SERPICO

(tentatively)

What's really needed -- is a full-scale investigation.

BERMAN

I'm sure the mayor will see that immediately. McClain ... Delaney ... they've done nothing. Amazing.

SERPICO

The point is -- I don't have much time -- They're scheduling a meeting of the whole pad in a couple of days.

142 CONTD

BLAIR

Frank's position is very dangerous right now, Jerry.

BERMAN

I can see that. Rumors -- I've heard rumors, but never touching it directly. An on-the-line cop coming forward like this ... beautiful!

(reaches for the phone)

Frank, you have my respect. My sympathy ... for what you've been going through ... Wow!

He dials a number.

BERMAN

Jerry Berman, is he there?

Serpico looks very impressed; Blair very pleased with himself.

143 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laurie is changing out of her nurse's uniform when Serpico enters. He has a gleam in his eye, is bursting to tell her the news -- but holds back.

LAURIE

Well? Well? Tell me!

Serpico makes a show of being dejected, disappointed.

LAURIE

(concerned)

What happened, Paco?

SERPICO

He's going to the Mayor!

144 INT: JERRY BERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Berman is extremely nervous, apologetic, paces the room. Serpico and Blair watch him grimly.

BERMAN

I couldn't be more embarrassed.

It's like a personal defeat.

(then recovering)

But there are priorities. Priorities.

144 CONTD

BLAIR
(pointedly)
What are the priorities, Jerry?

BERMAN
The mayor says ... the mayor
says ... we can't upset the cops.

SERPICO
Upset the cops!

BLAIR
(overlapping)
That's the priority.

BERMAN
The priority is along, hot
summer ahead. Riots are
expected. The mayor cannot
alienate the police force.
Now, in the fall, then it might
be possible to ... to ... take
another look at the situation.

Serpico leaps to his feet and storms out. Blair
calls out after him.

BLAIR
Frank!

145 EXT: PARKING LOT - DAY

Blair comes running through the parking lot towards
Serpico's car. He reaches it as Serpico starts the
motor. Serpico gives him a glance and drives off.
Blair watches him go.

146 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - DAY

He enters, throws himself on the bed. Laurie comes
in from the court, smoking a joint.

SERPICO
Goddamit, put that goddam
thing out.

Silently she stubs out the cigarette, turns back to
look at him, waits.

SERPICO
Another chicken-shit cop-out,
they're all scared ... rotten,
the whole system's corrupt.

146 CONTD

There is a knock on the door. Laurie moves toward it, Serpico grabs her arm, stops her.

SERPICO

Who's there?

BLAIR (OS)

Me, Frank ...

(pause)

... I've got to talk to you,
Frank ... you're behaving like
a fucking infant, Frank.

LAURIE

(gently)

Let him in, Paco.

SERPICO

You let him in.

She looks at him. He doesn't seem to object. She goes to the door and admits Blair.

BLAIR

Frank ... I'm sorry ... I'm
sorry I got you into this.

Serpico, rising to his feet, cuts him off.

SERPICO

(imitating Berman
in cold fury)

Horseshit! I got me into this.
Wow ... amazing ... incredible ...
amazing ... beautiful ... dynamite
... priorities ... wow ... amazing ...
dynamite ... priorities ...
PRIORITIES ... You and your big-
deal friends. Your contacts.
Big bullshit names. Bob Blair,
the big operator from Princeton,
the mystery man with connections,
the hotline to the Mayor.

BLAIR

Listen, you son of a bitch! Who
the fuck do you think you are!
You come looking for help, whining,
mealy-mouthed, with your humble-
pie act. The Saint. The injured
innocent. Whoever told you the
department, the fucking world was
a Boy Scout camp?

146 CONTD (2)

Serpico seems a bit chastened. Blair pauses, studies him, proceeds somewhat calmer.

BLAIR

Whaddya expect ... a magician
... a big daddy ... a white
knight ... snaps his fingers and
the dirty world turns virgin
white ... while the Pope's
choir sings Ave Maria.

(pauses)

I tried to help. You gonna
blame me because those fucks
won't get involved? I try to
help ... and I get my head
handed to me.

He sits down, watching Serpico who paces sullenly.

BLAIR

You don't look so good ...
sulking.

(pauses)

Okay, get ready to blow up
again. I got another idea.

SERPICO

You and your ideas are as
full of shit as you are.

BLAIR

Right on cue.

(pauses)

Ready? We can go see Foreman,
the Commission of Investigations.
We can talk to the guy I know on
the New York Times.

SERPICO

Everytime I talk to you, twenty
more people hear about it --

Serpico begins to laugh wildly, a laughter of despera-
tion of near-hysteria. Blair waits until Serpico
subsides.

BLAIR

Or we can stop right here ...
it's safe ... trust me.

146 CONTD (3)

SERPICO

It's safe. Tell the world
with my ass on the line.

Blair sees the mocking, contemptuous look on Serpico's face.

BLAIR

You don't trust me, fuck you!

A last glance at Serpico and he walks out. Laurie goes to Serpico, touches him gently.

147 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laurie stirs in bed, looks up to see Serpico dozing in a chair.

LAURIE

Honey, come to bed.

Serpico doesn't move or respond. She waits, then turns to go back to sleep.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MORNING

Laurie pretends to sleep, watching Serpico prepare for work -- face drawn, circles under his eyes, awkward with tension, strapping on his gun. Alfie follows him moving about the room. Laurie's eyes are closed when Serpico leans over to kiss her gently, not wanting to wake her. He pats Alfie, arranges the police lock so that it will close behind him. Alone, Laurie starts to cry.

148 EXT: BRONX COURTHOUSE PARK - NOON

Serpico is late. Half the division plainclothesmen including a Lieutenant wait under a tree, across from the courthouse, ready to discuss the pad openly while judges, politicians, lawyers, crooks pass by. Serpico arrives, says nothing. Keough nods.

KEOUGH

We all know what this is about --
so without any bullshit, Frank ...
what happened with you and Rubello?

SERPICO

Simple. I didn't take any money.
I don't take money. Don said he'd
hold my share in case I changed my
mind. I didn't change my mind.

148 CONTD

SMITH

That conniving bastard.

MORALES

I'll cut his balls off. That's my money he was stealing.

KEOUGH

I'll handle Rubello. We'll get it back. This ain't gonna happen again. No more three bagmen. Starting today, everyone of you fucks makes his own collections. No stops, no bread.

He pauses, looks about at the other men, sees they're in agreement.

KEOUGH

Okay.

(turns to Frank)

How about you, Frankie?

We'll make up what Don took.

SERPICO

Why should I start now?

SARNO

Everybody'd feel alot better about you, Frank.

MORALES

Hell, you could give it to charity.

KEOUGH

What about ... say ... a hundred a month? For expenses.

SERPICO

For my secretary? Business lunches? Entertaining?

KEOUGH

Okay. Okay. From now on we split Frank's share.

(to Serpico)

You're a shmuck, Frank. You know that?

149 INT: SERPICO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laurie is washing the dishes. Serpico cleans a pistol.

SERPICO

If they could put their energy into straight police work they could have the city cleaned up in a week. If I could work alone ... they don't want you to work alone ... they want to suck you in.

LAURIE

Paco, you go over the same thing ...

SERPICO

It's so fucking corrupt, everything, everybody, nobody giving a shit. There's got to be a way to wipe it out, goddamit.

She walks over to him.

LAURIE

Let's get out of here for a while darling. A movie, a walk, something.

SERPICO

FOR CHRIST SAKE, WILL YOU STOP HANDLING ME!

She recoils, walks away from him, goes back to the kitchen counter. He rises, begins to pace.

SERPICO

You know, they'd kill me ... they'd kill me if they knew I talked to anybody. You think that hasn't happened??

Laurie comes over with a drink. He takes it, throws it furiously against the wall.

SERPICO

FUCK IT, WHO ASKED YOU!

She sits down on a chair, hurt, cringing.

LAURIE

If you're not exploding, you lie around like a catatonic. I can't stand it, Paco.

149 CONTD

SERPICO

You don't give a shit, right.

LAURIE

You know that's not true. I don't care about your big crusade. You know I do. That's why it hurts so much, seeing you scared, miserable, dreading to go to work. It tears me apart. Then I get sick of listening to it -- and I start hating myself..

SERPICO

You don't like the whole idea -- me being a cop. You never did.

LAURIE

I love you, Paco. I want to marry you. I want to have children by you.

Serpico seems tuned out to her last words, back into his obsessional thinking. Suddenly he erupts.

SERPICO

(screaming)

GODDAMIT ... I ... HATE ... IT!

LAURIE

(icy)

If you hate it so much, why don't you get out?

SERPICO

Why don't you!?

LAURIE

It's crossed my mind.

SERPICO

DO IT!

She starts to cry. Serpico, now guilty and sorry, goes to her.

150 EXT: WHOLESALE MEAT MARKET - MORNING

Serpico, wearing a ragged, padded Army jacket, could be taken for a vagrant day-laborer. He spots HARLAN, a young black informant waiting at a trash basket fire.

150 CONTD

SERPICO

You got anything?

HARLAN

(a mocking challenge)

Would you bust whitey?

SERPICO

Try me.

HARLAN

This dude's heavy. Italian.
Mobbed up.

Harlan looks quizzically at Serpico.

SERPICO

Keep going.

HARLAN

He's a loan shark. Plus he
runs a big numbers operation.
This mother's so cocksure, he
picks up his own slips when
he's collecting his loans ...

151 EXT: GUMPER'S WAREHOUSE - MORNING

A black collector removes a loose brick, hides a slip of paper. He does not notice the bearded laborer walk past him, carrying two cartons. As the collector leaves, Serpico quickly removes the loose brick, initials the slip of paper and returns it to its niche.

152 EXT: GUMPER'S WAREHOUSE - NOON

Serpico sits with a lunchbox on a loading platform watching RUDI CORSARO step out of his Cadillac and stroll to the loose brick. He the betting slip into his topcoat pocket and returns to the car.

SERPICO (OS)

Hold it ...

Corsaro tenses at the wheel. One hand moves down out of sight as Serpico appears, digging for his badge, shows it.

SERPICO

Police officer ...

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152 CONTD

CORSARO

(relaxes)

Hell, I thought you were some
fucking junkie.

Serpico opens the door, pushes Corsaro down the seat.

SERPICO

Move over ... I'm getting in.
I'll take that slip of paper
in your pocket.

Corsaro laughs, hands Serpico the slip. His wallet
is stuffed with betting slips.

CORSARO

You're a riot, kid.

Serpico runs his hand under the seat, finds the gun
hidden there. Corsaro, now worried, produces a
money clip, starts counting hundred dollar bills.

SERPICO

Put that away ... or you're
in more trouble. Give me the
keys.

He takes the keys, starts the motor.

CORSARO

Where they been hiding you, kid?

152A EXT: 49TH PRECINCT - DAY

Serpico leads Corsaro into precinct.

153 49TH PRECINCT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Serpico leads Corsaro to Desk Sergeant WEBB. Two
junkies wait on a bench -- one trying to help the
other, doubled over with dry retching.

SERPICO

Hold this guy for booking --
and get a rap sheet on him.
I'll be searching his car.

154 EXT: 49TH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Serpico completes his search, locks the Cadillac,
takes a sheaf of betting slips into the station.

155 INT: 49TH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Webb is inspecting the evening shift as Serpico enters. Corsaro has disappeared. Serpico interrupts.

SERPICO

Where's Corsaro?

WEBB

The lieutenant took him upstairs.

156 INT: 7TH DIVISION PLAINCLOTHES OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Serpico looks in, sees the room empty, leaves.

157 INT: BRONX DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Corsaro sits laughing with Smith, Keough and the detectives as Serpico enters. He sizes up the situation silently then motions to Corsaro.

SERPICO

Hey, you.

CORSARO

Hey, who?

SERPICO

Get over here and empty your pockets.

CORSARO

I don't do that.

SERPICO

You're my prisoner, you do what I tell you to do.

CORSARO

(to the other plain-clothesmen, amused)
He's gonna get nasty about it.

SERPICO

Goddam right! Fucking nasty!

Serpico lifts Corsaro by his silk shirtfront. Corsaro's hands jerk up defensively.

KEOUGH

Hey, Frank ... cool it!

157 CONTD

Serpico spins Corsaro around, slams his face into the wall till Corsaro's nose streams blood.

SERPICO

Lean! ... motherfucker ...
spread!

The others stand immobilized by Serpico's violence. He kicks Corsaro's feet apart and frisks him, ripping Corsaro's pockets inside out, dumping everything he finds. Finally Keough tries to restrain him with a hand.

KEOUGH

Take it easy, Frankie. Rudi's
on ... he's good people.

SERPICO

Stay out of this, Keough! It's
my arrest.

Serpico throws Corsaro into the four-foot detention cage in the corner with two junkies.

SERPICO

New experience, Corsaro. Find
out what it's like in the can.

He leaves the cage, looks at the other men viewing him with open hatred, walks out.

158 INT: 49TH PRECINCT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Webb calls out to Serpico as he enters the room.

WEBB

Serpico, I got the record check
on Corsaro.

He holds out two teletype sheets. Serpico comes over, takes them, reads them. Webb watches him with curious interest. Suddenly Serpico explodes. He storms toward the Detective Squad room.

159 INT: BRONX DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Serpico tears into the room, throws the teletype sheets at the detectives.

159 CONTD

SERPICO

Read that. Your pal Corsaro served 15 years! You know for what? FOR KILLING A COP! HE'S A FUCKING COP KILLER!

He looks contemptuously at their stunned faces for a moment, then turns and goes out.

160, 161 EXT: QUEENS TRESTLE BRIDGE DAY

Serpico has parked his car on the overpass where he met McClain. He leans on the wall, watching the traffic below. McClain parks his car, walks to meet Serpico. McClain's attitude is wary, not sure what to expect from Serpico.

MC CLAIN

Hello, Frank. How have you been, Frank? It's been a long time....

SERPICO

Yes. It has. Captain, I've had it. I'm up to here with the filth up there. I can't take it. I have to get out. If I have to go back in uniform, that's fine with me. I can't wait anymore for Delaney to call. I can't play their games anymore ...

MC CLAIN

Frank, I had no idea. You mean you never heard from the Commissioner?

SERPICO

Not a peep. No, sir. Directly or indirectly. No sign of any kind of undercover investigation. Nothing.

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160, 161 CONTD

MC CLAIN

I didn't know.

SERPICO

Captain, I think it's only fair to tell you, I've been to outside agencies.

MC CLAIN

(suddenly
alert)

What outside agencies?

SERPICO

Well, I don't know, I don't really think I should discuss it with you ...

MC CLAIN

You can get into trouble for that, Frank. We wash our own laundry.

SERPICO

I always thought so. But the reality is, we don't. It just gets dirtier. I'm not holding back anymore. I don't care who gets it, including myself. I've been to outside agencies and I'll go to more if I have to ...

MC CLAIN

Let me see what I can do.

163 INT. 49th PRECINCT STATION HOUSE DAY

Strasser calls to Serpico as he passes the switchboard.

STRASSER

Serpico, see Inspector Palmer.

164 INT. 7th DIVISION PLAINCLOTHES OFFICE DAY

The room seems ominously silent as Serpico enters. Keough and the others stare at him. Palmer is checking a chart with Smith. He glances up to see Serpico.

PALMER

Come to my office, Serpico.
Deputy Chief Inspector Daley
and Inspector Gilbert are wait-
ing to see you.

Serpico is stunned. As he leaves the room with Palmer, he can't help but observe the open hostility and suspicion of the other men.

165 INT. PALMER'S OFFICE DAY

Two inspectors wait, as if to interrogate Serpico. DALEY is tall and lean. GILBERT is short, heavyset. They eye Serpico with cool mistrust. Palmer closes the door.

PALMER

Captain McClain called me. I've
briefed Inspector Daley and
Inspector Gilbert on your allega-
tions. The obvious question is
-- in all these months -- why you
didn't come to us?

SERPICO

Well, this is the first time I've
ever met these gentlemen, sir.
And you didn't -- you told Captain
McClain the divion's as clean as
a hound's tooth...

DALEY

You think you're the only honest
cop on the force, Serpico? My
record's clear. Inspector Gilbert's
just come from the Commissioner's
confidential investigating unit.

SERPICO

(to Gilbert)

Then you must have heard something.
Commissioner Delaney has known
about this from the beginning.

165 CONTINUED

GILBERT

(the good guy)

I understand your frustration. Sometimes it's like punching your way out of a paper bag. What outside agencies have you been to, Frank?

SERPICO

I don't see how that's pertinent, Inspector. To my allegations.

DALEY

I think we should ask Serpico directly if he's going to cooperate or not. So we'll know whether there's any real basis for an investigation or not.

SERPICO

I'd have to think that over.

DALEY

What is there to think about?

SERPICO

I don't see how the division can investigate itself.

Another silence. The point is obviously well taken.

GILBERT

You'd cooperate with an impartial investigation, though?

SERPICO

I suppose, up to a point, if I don't have to get involved. I just want to get out. Go someplace where I can do my job...

PALMER

Fair enough. We'll get back to you.

SERPICO

Inspector Palmer, was it necessary to let everybody in the station house know I was seeing Daley and Gilbert?

He goes.

166 INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE DAY

Gilbert, Daley, Palmer and CHIEF GALLAGHER, white-haired factotum, sit waiting for COMMISSIONER DELANEY to speak. Delaney, beetle-browed and usually impassive, ruminates, his jaws working as though chewing food.

DELANEY

(finally)

You believe -- from what you now know -- that a full-scale investigation is warranted?

DALEY

Yes, Commissioner.

DELANEY

Go to it.

Daley seems to be thrown by this.

DALEY

But, sir, shouldn't headquarters handle something like this?

DELANEY

No...You're all experienced men, Chief Gallagher here will be available for consultation.

Delaney appears to have closed the matter. Daley, Gilbert and Palmer all seem disturbed that the investigation's been dumped into their hands. They rise silently, start for the door. Gilbert pauses a moment, turns.

GILBERT

(hesitant)

Commissioner Delaney...Serpico claimed that Inspector McClain talked to you concerning this... some time ago.

DELANEY

Oh, yes...I seem to remember something about it...

167 EXT. BRONX COMMERCIAL HOTEL NIGHT

A garish marquee flashes outside. The blare of a jukebox is heard as people enter the ground-floor bar.

168 INT. BRONX HOTEL NIGHT

The marquee flashes directly outside. The rundown hall has been taken over by the investigative team.

168 CONTINUED

Folding chairs are stacked at one end. There is a service bar on wheels, an upright piano, a lattice room divided with plastic flowers. Secretaries alternate shifts as the investigation-interrogation develops. Daley with earphones, is monitoring a tape. Gilbert and Palmer question Serpico who is dressed in turtle-neck and leather vest.

GILBERT

We can't set up surveillance on "somewhere over by Crotona Park." We need the address, Frank!

SERPICO

I've given you thirty-six locations that were paying off! You want the whole package signed, sealed and deliver. You're supposed to be investigating this, not me.

PALMER

Lieutenant Smith. Get back to him.

SERPICO

After the pad meeting, he said if I was worried I could stash my bread in his attic.

PALMER

I'll have him transferred in the morning!

GILBERT

Transferred hell! I want his ass.

SERPICO

Fuck him. How about transferring me?

GILBERT

That can be arranged...after this is over.

169 INT. 49th PRECINCT LOCKER ROOM DAY

Smith, Sarno and Morales stand outside the entrance talking as Serpico approaches. As he nears them, BURNS, a young, anxious plainclothes cop, comes out of the station house, sees Serpico.

BURNS

Serpico...I heard you're vouchering pad money...over to a confidential investigation squad.

169 CONTINUED

SERPICO

How can I -- when I'm not taking any?

SMITH

That's right, he's clean. You won't find a thing on him.

Grinning, he pats Serpico on the chest, under the arms. Knowingly, Serpico lets him do the number.

SERPICO

You practicing your frisk?

SMITH

Nah...I'm looking to buy a used tape recorder.

He shoots a glance at the other men, who view Serpico suspiciously.

170 INT. BRONX HOTEL MEETING ROOM DAY

A secretary in earphones is transcribing a tape. A sound truck can be heard from the street. Serpico, wearing a poncho, seems bored, annoyed.

SERPICO

Wear a wire...with everybody practically feeling me up every day?

DALEY

Come on, Frank.

SERPICO

Wearing a wire means testifying to verify the tape, right? Right. And I'm not testifying.

(glances at watch)

I gotta put a dime in the parking meter.

DALEY

(yells)

Raglin, put a dime in the parking meter for Serpico.

The secretary removes her earphones and starts out, stands aside as Palmer and Gilbert enter with theatrical, red-haired Bronx D.A., BURT ROBERTS, and staff.

170 CONTINUED

PALMER

Frank, you know Burt Roberts, the District Attorney?

Serpico smiles.

SERPICO

Yeah, I watch television.

ROBERTS

Frank, I want to compliment you for coming forward. Unique. Uniquely unique. You should be proud of yourself. There's going to be a Grand Jury on those shit-heels -- with Frank Serpico as my star witness...

SERPICO

(deadly calm)

Mr. Roberts, you -- and everybody else in this room -- can go to hell! I'm not testifying.

ROBERTS

(a syrupy manipulation)

Frank, you have nothing to fear. You won't be singled out. Every plainclothesman in the division will be called -- and your testimony will be confidential.

SERPICO

I'm not afraid -- you don't understand, Mr. Roberts -- I don't give a fuck who knows. It it meant something. But this is bullshit. This investigation. It's not going after corruption in the Department. Or the Bronx. Or even the Division. A few flunky cops, that's all, thrown to the wolves to protect Delaney and those guys. They've known about this shit for years and won't do a fucking thing about it. That's why I won't testify...

171 INT. SERPICO'S APARTMENT DAY

Serpico enters, looks around for Laurie, sees a sheet of paper scotch-taped to the mantel. He reads it, rushes out.

172 EXT. VILLAGE STREET DAY

Serpico running furiously down the street, towards Felix's Coffee House, enters.

173 INT. FELIX'S COFFEE HOUSE DAY

Serpico enters, looks around for Laurie, sees her seated at a table, storms over, waves the note at her.

SERPICO

What the hell does this mean?

LAURIE

Exactly what it says. I'm splitting.

SERPICO

I never read anything so ridiculous.
(reads)

I'm leaving. If you want to discuss it I'll be at Felix's.

LAURIE

I didn't want another blood-and-guts scene. I figured you wouldn't be able to shout here.

SERPICO

(shouting)

I CAN SHOUT ANYWHERE.

He sees the other customers looking at him.

SERPICO

I don't shout.

LAURIE

It's going to go on and on. It won't get better. And if you ever quit, somehow I'd be blamed.

SERPICO

(trying to make a joke of it)

How can you leave the man you love, the future father of your unborn children?

LAURIE

You never said anything like that before, Paco. And if I come back, you wouldn't again. You want to stay free, unattached -- to fight your Crusade. And to keep torturing yourself.

173 CONTINUED

They sit down on a bench.

LAURIE

Oh, Paco...I felt so safe with you.
So loving.

She begins to cry. Serpico tries to kiss her.

SERPICO

Stay with me, Laurie.

She shakes her head, doesn't let herself be kissed, rises and walks out of the restaurant.

174 EXT. RESTAURANT DAY

Laurie comes walking rapidly out. Serpico follows and reaches her. She stops and turns.

LAURIE

Do you want to walk away -- or
should I?

SERPICO

You.

She rises silently and starts to go. Four steps away, she turns for a moment.

LAURIE

You didn't fight very hard.

Serpico watches her go.

175 INT. BRONX HOTEL MEETING ROOM DAY

Chief Green, at this time Bronx Commander, holds a coffee container and eats a sandwich as he stands looking down at Serpico who lounges in a chair. Serpico wears tie-dyed jeans and a dashiki.

GREEN

Who in hell do you think you are --
trying to pull that no testifying
bullshit on me?

SERPICO

...I know your reputation, Chief
Green. Maybe -- if you had been
Borough Commander when this thing
started -- and run the investigation,
I'd feel different about testifying.
But the truth is -- you've come on
after the fact.

175 CONTINUED

GREEN

CUT THE CRAP, SERPICO! You're like a dame who says she won't, then maybe she will, then she won't....

SERPICO

Right. I'm a dame...who's been fucked over for a year and a half by guys like Kellogg and McClain and Delaney.

ROBERTS

Frank, I promise you. It won't be just flunky cops. This is just the beginning. This can be the biggest thing since Harry Gross. After the Bronx -- comes Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens.

GREEN

And all the way to the top.

SERPICO

Yeah. And meanwhile I'm out there... all alone...by myself. Who gives a shit about that?...about me? I'm totally isolated in the department. I don't have a real friend in the Department.

GREEN

FRIENDS! DON'T BULLSHIT ME ABOUT FRIENDS! I've been putting cops away for thirty years. My name's an obscenity on every shithouse wall in every precinct in the city.

SERPICO

I've observed that, sir.

GREEN

Friends! I fought my way up as a Jew in the department in the days when you were supposed to have an uncircumcized shamrock between your legs. I have this nightmare. I'm on Fifth Avenue watching the St. Patrick's Day parade and I have a coronary. And nine thousand cops march happily over my body. Friends! I don't have a friend on the force, either, Serpico.

175 CONTINUED

SERPICO

Tell you what, Chief, I'll be your friend.

(offers to shake hands)

GREEN

(like a rifle shot)

I'm not looking for any -- but I'll make an exception in your case.

ROBERTS

Frank, you're a good cop. Don't try to be a character. Stop being a prima donna. Cut out the shtiklach.

Serpico doesn't seem to have heard Roberts; his eyes have stayed on Green.

SERPICO

Prima donna? All I want is to protect myself.

GREEN

Frank, if we're going to get the indictments, you're going to have to testify.

SERPICO

(after several beats)

All right.

176 INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE DAY

Keough and Serpico alternate shots at the target.

KEOUGH

What are you going to tell the Grand Jury, Cheech?

SERPICO

Who knows? That depends on what they ask me.

KEOUGH

Suppose they ask you about taking money?

SERPICO

I'll tell them I don't take money. For the rest of it -- what I don't know, I don't know.

176 CONTINUED

Keough doesn't fire on his turn, looks Serpico straight in the face.

KEOUGH

Frank -- I like you. Just remember. A lot of people could get hurt, including you.

(pause)

I'm not saying it would happen, but it could happen. There are a lot of ways. Nobody has to take a shot at you. They can just not be there when you need them. Look the other way, when a guy comes at you with a gun. Let you go in first enough times -- until one day you walk in the wrong door.

Keough turns to the target.

KEOUGH

Think about it.

176A INT. SERPICO FAMILY HOUSE DAY (THANKSGIVING '68)

The family is eating Thanksgiving dinner. Serpico has come alone. He is explosively tense, in the middle of an argument with Pasquale.

PASQUALE

Big deal! I stay open on Sunday. People need groceries, I need money. The cops wink. The wink costs two dollars a week. Big deal. You know what it would cost me to go to court? It's cheaper to pay the two dollars.

SERPICO

That's how it happens. Now I understand those dumb schmucks in the Bronx. A man can't corrupt himself...someone has to corrupt him.

MRS. SERPICO

(in Italian)

Not your brother, Pasquale.

SALVATORE

Everyone does it, Frank.

176A CONTINUED

PASQUALE

Suddenly I'm responsible for all corruption in New York.

SERPICO

You are. All of you. Your gamblers. Your real estate crooks and dope pushers, all the whores and pimps that pay the money...

MR. SERPICO

(in Italian)

There are women and children present.

SERPICO

I'm sorry. But anyone can excuse anything by saying, "pay the two dollars." My own brother. My own family sits nodding. I'm making a fool of myself.

PASQUALE

What do you want me to do?

SERPICO

Stand up like a man!

Pasquale pushes his chair back and stands up.

PASQUALE

Come outside.

MRS. SERPICO

(in Italian)

Sit down. Both of you. Right now. This is Thanksgiving. You are at my table. You will please behave like grown men.

SERPICO

I'm sorry, mama.

PASQUALE

I'm sorry, mama.

Pasquale sits. Mr. Serpico forestalls argument.

177 INT. BRONX LUNCHEONETTE DAY

The counterman watches Serpico enter and sit at the counter. The place is empty except for Ramos. The informant pauses on his way to the cash register.

177 CONTINUED

RAMOS

Hey, baby, I hear you been making
some important enemies.

(low)

I hear someone might do a job on
you. Your own kind.

SERPICO

Who's my own kind? Italians?

Ramos shakes his head.

RAMOS

Cops.

178 OMITTED

179 INT. MANHATTAN GUN SHOP DAY

Serpico buys a fourteen shot 9mm Browning Automatic.

GUN DEALER

That takes a fourteen shot clip.
You expecting an Army?

SERPICO

Just a division.

180 INT. BRONX GRAND JURY ROOM DAY

Serpico wears a suit. His hair and beard have been
trimmed. CHAIRMAN KNOWLES glances around. The strain
of the past months show clearly in Serpico's face and
manner.

KNOWLES

I have nothing more. Does any-
one have further questions?

MRS. CRIST, a jurywoman, speaks without looking up.

MRS. CRIST

Yes. If I may, Mister Knowles.
I have a note here -- Officer
Serpico came to the Seventh
Division more than a year and a
half ago. All during that time,
the things he's told us were
taking place. Now why didn't
Officer Serpico report....

Serpico looks at Roberts who is suddenly very alert,
watching and listening to Mrs. Crist intently.

180 CONTINUED

MRS. CRIST

...these criminal activities long before...when he first encountered them.

Serpico starts to rise from his seat.

SERPICO

I'd like to answer...

Simultaneously, Roberts pulls him back down by the arm and drowns Serpico's words.

ROBERTS

Mr. Chairman -- I believe Mrs. Crist's question is not material or relevant to the present inquiry although...

SERPICO

I want to answer that, Mr. Roberts.

ROBERTS

...I want to make clear that Officer Serpico can in no way be considered derelict in his duty or guilty of any infraction of the law. Quite the contrary. The District Attorney is not prepared to say more than that at this time.

KNOWLES

Very well, Mr. Roberts. Thank you, Officer Serpico, for your testimony. This hearing is adjourned until ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

Serpico cannot believe the whole thing is over. He stares at Roberts in confusion and anger.

181 INT. ROBERTS' OFFICE DAY

Roberts opens his collar, pours a drink and offers the bottle. Serpico shakes his head. He is bitter, exhausted, his rage spent.

SERPICO

Why didn't you let me tell them about Delaney...Kellogg...?

181 CONTINUED

ROBERTS

(sternly)

Frank, this was a Grand Jury about police officers actively involved in corruption. You don't implicate people without sufficient evidence.

SERPICO

That's crap, Mr. Roberts. Even a dumb cop like me knows a Grand Jury can go anywhere the Prosecutor wants to lead it. You never led me anywhere near the real problems.

(pauses)

Nothing about the brass, the bosses, how corruption like that could exist without anybody knowing.

He rises, wanders around the room.

SERPICO

Just a few flunky cops in the Bronx. None of the shit in Queen, Brooklyn, Manhattan...

ROBERTS

While you're at it, why don't you mention Los Angeles, Chicago, Kansas City...

SERPICO

The biggest thing since Harry Gross, you said.

ROBERTS

I do -- at times -- exaggerate.

(pauses, scrutinizes him)

Look, Frank. The guts, integrity you've shown -- there's a Detective's Gold Shield in it for you.

SERPICO

A Gold Shield. That's good. Maybe I should settle for a Gold Shield and forget it. Maybe that's what it's all about.

ROBERTS

I know it's been an ordeal.

Serpico slumps listlessly in a chair.

181 CONTINUED

SERPICO

(almost to himself)

I'm a marked man in the department
...for what?

ROBERTS

I'm arranging a transfer for you,
Frank.

SERPICO

To where? China?

182 EXT. VILLAGE STREET NIGHT

Serpico is walking Alfie. A car backfires and Serpico spins around, reaching for his gun. Then he sees it's a car which backfires a second time. He grimaces, his body seems to go slack with relief -- and he walks on, toward his apartment, enters.

183 INT. SERPICO'S APARTMENT NIGHT

He looks haggard, depressed. He goes to the kitchen, shakes the coffee pot. It's empty. He puts it down, starts for the courtyard, turns, goes to the phone, dials.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico on phone.

SERPICO

I'm just going to have to quit,
Captain Tolkin...I don't want to
be a fucking martyr anymore...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico dialing another phone number.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico on phone.

SERPICO

He gives me all this crap about the
Shield. I don't give a fuck about
it, Blair...What do I do with the
Shield? Where am I going to work?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico dialing again.

183 CONTINUED

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico on phone.

SERPICO

I just feel like...I don't know,
Chief Green. I just want to get
away from the whole damn thing...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Serpico hangs up the phone, begins pacing the room. There is a sound in the courtyard of a bottle crashing. Serpico freezes, then relaxes, sighing.

184 EXT. MANHATTAN 8th PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - MORNING

Two radio car cops stare at Serpico as he approaches the modern building. He nods, smiles uneasily. They ignore his greeting, stare after him until he enters.

185 INT. MANHATTAN 8th PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - MORNING

The patrolmen near the desk stare at Serpico, also ignore his greeting and stare after him. The officer on the switchboard plugs in to call someone.

186 INT. MANHATTAN 8th PRECINCT PLAINCLOTHES OFFICE - MORNING

The men in the office, a dozen or so, are prepared for Serpico's entrance. They shun him as if he were invisible. He pauses in the middle of the room, glancing around. COSTE, a stocky, hard-looking plainclothesman, saunters over to him.

COSTE

You know what everybody is saying
in the Bronx, Serpico? That you
spilled your guts to the Grand
Jury. Say it isn't so, Serpico.

SERPICO

It isn't so.

REAGAN, a young plainclothesman with watery blue eyes, approaches Serpico, taking out a knife.

REAGAN

We know how to handle guys like
you...

(flips blade out)

I ought to cut your tongue out.

186 CONTINUED

The others are watching now. The blade flashes in the light -- perhaps only a playful threat -- but Serpico doesn't wait. His left forearm chops Reagan's wrist and the knife falls. He twists Reagan's right palm back, forcing his hand around, helpless, doubled over in pain. Then Serpico releases the hand, shoves with his knee and Reagan lands face down on the floor, the knife only inches from his fingers. Serpico presses the Browning 9mm to Reagan's skull.

SERPICO

Move and I'll blow your brains out.

In silence, Serpico studies the faces around him. CATTAN, a black cop, clears his throat.

CATTAN

Christ, how many rounds does that mother hold?

SERPICO

Fourteen.

CATTAN

What you need fourteen rounds for?

SERPICO

How many guys are in this office?

Serpico crosses toward the administrative offices.

187 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOMBARDO'S OFFICE DAY

Serpico pauses before the door, composes himself, takes a deep breath. Then he knocks and enters without waiting.

188 INT. LOMBARDO'S OFFICE DAY

INSPECTOR LOMBARDO is short, powerful, deceptively soft-spoken. As Serpico enters, he sizes him up swiftly -- the shaggy hair, the army shirt, dungarees and sandals.

SERPICO

Inspector Lombardo...

LOMBARDO

(smiling)

Who in hell are you?

SERPICO

(guarded)

Officer Serpico, reporting for duty, sir.

188 CONTINUED

Lombardo rises, walks around the desk.

LOMBARDO

Any relation to that Serpico in
the Seventh Division?

SERPICO

That's who I am. Frank Serpico.

LOMBARDO

I want to shake your hand, Frank.
I'm Inspector Lombardo. I'm
lucky to have somebody I can rely
on. You're like a breath of fresh
air. Anyone in the command you
want to work with?

SERPICO

It's not who I want to work with.
It's who wants to work with me.

LOMBARDO

(after a moment)

Well, if we can't find anyone
I'll work with you myself. How
about it?

Serpico looks surprised, realizes he's serious, begins
to smile.

189 EXT. WEST HARLEM BLOCK DAY

High wide-angle of a store front with windows painted
green. Lookouts with walkie-talkies stand at each end
of the block. A third LOOKOUT patrols the store front.

LOMBARDO (OS)

Can we get past that security set-up?

190 EXT. WEST HARLEM ROOFTOP DAY

Lombardo and Serpico, with binoculars, from a rooftop.
Both look disreputable. Lombardo carries a wine bottle
in a paper bag.

SERPICO

If we could get to that roof...
we could rush it.

Lombardo grins. Serpico stows the binoculars in his
knapsack. They start across the rooftops.

191 EXT. ALLEWAY & ROOFTOPS DAY

The gap between the two buildings is almost too wide to jump. Serpico looks at Lombardo.

SERPICO

You want to try it?

Lombardo nods, his face taut. Serpico jumps to the next roof, turns, waits for Lombardo. Lombardo braces himself, makes the jump.

SERPICO

You okay?

LOMBARDO

Fine. I feel like a cop all over again.

SERPICO

Yeah, me too.

192 EXT. WEST HARLEM TENEMENT DAY

They climb down a metal ladder, scan the staircase, continue on down. From behind closed doors, they hear a radio gospel preacher pleading for contributions, a man and woman fighting over her paycheck, a television soap opera, a musician running scales on a trumpet. Halfway down a door opens and a housewife sets a bag of garbage in the hall. She sees them, closes her door swiftly. Serpico, looking at Lombardo, shrugs. They move on.

193 EXT. WEST HARLEM BLOCK DAY

Serpico slips from the building to find himself facing the lookout, who yells...

LOOKOUT

Close up!

He dashes into the store. Serpico runs across the street but the door is bolted when he reaches it. In his frustration, he hurls an ashcan through the store window, charges inside.

194 INT. WEST HARLEM STORE DAY

It is a large operation. A collector and three assistants are already burning records. Several numbers players, stunned by Serpico's entrance, move toward each other protectively. Lombardo follows Serpico inside.

194 CONTINUED

SERPICO

Police! Hold it.

LOMBARDO

Everyone...back against the wall!

As they start gathering the evidence, JOHNSON, the controller, steps through the shattered window, yelling as if they were prowlers robbing his store. He sees Lombardo's gun.

JOHNSON

Who are you?

LOMBARDO

Police. Who the hell do you think we are?

JOHNSON

Let's see your shield.

Serpico shows him his shield.

JOHNSON

Where you from?

SERPICO

The Borough. Manhattan Eighth.

JOHNSON

(losing control)

NO, GODDAMNIT, NO! YOU'RE NOT FROM THE BOROUGH! I JUST PAID THE BOROUGH.

LOMBARDO

Who'd you pay in the borough?

JOHNSON

WHAT KIND OF SHAKEDOWN IS THIS?

LOMBARDO

Who'd you pay in the Borough?

This time the question registers on Johnson. He pulls himself together, regards Lombardo coolly.

JOHNSON

Nobody. I didn't pay nobody.

195 INT. GALLAGHER'S OFFICE DAY

Gallagher listens, frowning, as Lombardo reports. Serpico is moody, silent.

LOMBARDO

...we followed up -- and there's no question about it. The pad in Manhattan is bigger, more sophisticated than the one in the Bronx. Pickups are made, get this, by retired cops...so no plainclothesmen are directly involved. We need investigative help, Chief.

GALLAGHER

Well, Inspector, if you need investigative help and you don't trust your own men, why don't you requisition some recruits from the Police Academy.

Serpico snickers.

LOMBARDO

You can't be serious?

GALLAGHER

(coldly)

I'm quite serious, Inspector.

LOMBARDO

Sir, with all due respect -- backing us up is the only hope of the Department. There are lots of good cops out there who'd come forward -- if they had any encouragement from the Department and thought it would do any good. But they don't and they won't.

GALLAGHER

I've done a whole lot more than most people to defend and preserve the image of this Department and protect Commissioner Delaney against reckless and irresponsible assaults from outside agencies -- and, God willing, I'll continue to do so.

SERPICO

Is that what you really want to know? Is that what this really is about? What outside agencies I've been to?

195 CONTINUED

GALLAGHER

You're turning into a neurotic,
Serpico.

SERPICO

No, in this department only a
psychotic wouldn't.

196 EXT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Serpico walks into phone booth, dials.

BLAIR (OS)

Hello.

SERPICO

I'm ready to go to the Times,
Blair.

BLAIR

Where are you?

SERPICO

Outside headquarters.

BLAIR

Stay there!

197 EXT. UNDER WEST SIDE HIGHWAY DAY

Blair and Serpico walk the esplanade overlooking the
yacht harbor.

BLAIR

It's a Goddamned serious step.
Christ. I just don't know if
the timing is right.

SERPICO

At least we can get it on record.
I don't want all this wasted in
case something happens to me.

BLAIR

I don't know if we carry enough
weight. The Times isn't going
to listen to us -- just two flunky
cops.

SERPICO

I know. But suppose a full inspec-
tor went with us? Suppose Lombardo
would go along?

197 CONTINUED

BLAIR

Would he? That's a lot to ask...

SERPICO

I'll ask him. What have we got to lose?

198 INT. LOMBARDO'S LIVING ROOM EVENING

A teenage daughter is watching the news on TV at one end of the room. Lombardo sits at the other end with Serpico and Blair. His wife herds two curious smaller kids from the living room, upstairs to bed.

LOMBARDO

Well, I have twenty years in the Department. We just bought this place...and signed a five hundred year mortgage.

The kids scream upstairs. His wife yells. Lombardo crosses to bellow. The TV is suddenly very loud.

LOMBARDO

(to the daughter)

Turn that down...

He turns to Serpico and Blair.

LOMBARDO

You know, it's against regulations. They could throw the book at me, if they wanted. If I had to leave the Force, I don't know what else I could do...

(grins, shrugs)

Well, I made my little speech. I'll back you up a hundred percent.

199 EXT. VILLAGE NEWSSTAND NIGHT

CAMERA follows a New York Times truck rounding a corner, approaching the newsstand where Blair, Serpico and Lombardo are waiting with two or three other people for the Times. The truck loader throws two bundles of wire-bound papers on the sidewalk. The newsdealer clips one bundle. Serpico takes three copies, pays the dealer, hands copies to Blair and Lombardo.

CLOSE ON FRONT PAGE HEADLINE

It reads: GRAFT PAID TO POLICE HERE SAID TO RUN INTO MILLIONS.

199 CONTINUED

BACK TO SERPICO, BLAIR, LOMBARDO

They walk down the street reading the papers.

BLAIR

You can almost predict the numbers they're gonna do. Delaney will make some phoney denial. Then someone from the mayor's office will say something noble. Then Delaney will change his tune. And finally, the mayor will appoint a commission.

SERPICO

It really looks good in print -- like it really happened.

200 INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE DAY

The room is crowded with TV camera men, reporters, police officials. Delaney is standing, three microphones held up to his face.

DELANEY

The Times report smells of the familiar smear tactics of McCarthyism. It is based on the word of prostitutes, addicts, gamblers and disgruntled policemen.

201 EXT. CITY HALL DAY

Jerry Berman stands on the steps in front of three reporters, notebooks in hand.

BERMAN

This government -- our city government -- must and will root out corruption with every means at its command.

202 INT. BAR NIGHT

The TV set is full screen. On the screen, Delaney is sitting at his desk making a statement. As Delaney speaks, the CAMERA PULLS BACK and ANGLE WIDENS to show drinkers at the bar watching the set.

DELANEY

I have issued a statement to be read at roll call lineups in every station house, urging policemen to come forward without fear of reprisal.

203 INT. CITY HALL PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM DAY

The mayor's press secretary enters, goes to the rostrum, addresses the overflow audience.

PRESS SECRETARY

The Mayor has this day appointed a Special Investigation Commission to investigate police corruption -- to be headed by Whitman Knapp.

204 INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE DAY

ROBERTS

I thought your statement -- encouraging men to come forward -- was very impressive, Commissioner. A Gold Shield for Serpico would convince a lot of people you mean business.

DELANEY

He's a psycho.

ROBERTS

He earned it. He should get it.

DELANEY

Not while I'm Commissioner...

Roberts turns away angrily but Delaney calls him back.

DELANEY

Roberts...there's one old story about Serpico being a fag. Used to hang out in the BCI bathroom.

ROBERTS

That's bullshit -- and you know it, Commissioner.

(looks at Delaney's shocked face)

Nobody's spoken to you like that in years, have they?

He laughs.

205 EXT. MANHATTAN 8th PRECINCT STATION HOUSE DAY

As Serpico approaches and enters the Station House, he passes Coste, Reagan, Cayton and other plainclothesmen. Now there are no nods, no stares. They don't even bother to look at him.

206 INT. LOMBARDO'S OFFICE MORNING

Serpico enters. Lombardo tosses a document on the desk.

LOMBARDO

(sardonic)

You got your reward. A transfer
to Narcotics, Brooklyn South.

SERPICO

Jesus Christ!

LOMBARDO

And you're still in Clothes. Tin
shield ... not Gold.

Frank nods knowingly, as though he expected no better.

LOMBARDO

Hell, Frank. I miss you already.
(pauses)

Frank, be careful. Narcotics...
it's so easy to get hurt...to be
set up...

207 EXT. GLOVER'S MEETING AT CARMINE STREET DAY

Serpico is strolling past a noisy schoolyard. An
unmarked car stops. DETECTIVE GLOVER opens the oppo-
site front door, calls out to Serpico, showing his
badge.

GLOVER

Serpico...get in.

208 EXT. GLOVER'S MEETING AT CARMINE STREET DAY

Serpico gets in warily. Glover pats him down.

GLOVER

You're not wired, are you, prick?
(satisfied)

Okay, Serpico...maybe you could get
by in the Bronx...with your kind
of shit. But down here, eight
hundred a month is chicken feed.
Last week one dope dealer had these
guys making pickups, forty thousand
each. We let him collect it all,
then hit him. A hundred and twenty
thousand split four ways. That's
serious money. With that you don't
fuck around.

208 CONTINUED

SERPICO

(incredulous)

Why are you telling me this?
You wired?

GLOVER

We just want everything clear.
You make a lot of people nervous,
Serpico. We don't want any mis-
understandings.

(pauses)

We know where you live...Perry
Street. Where your mother and
father live...your brothers,
their families. Tina and her
kids. We even know your dog's
name...Alfie.

SERPICO

I got the message.

GLOVER

Good. Now get out.

Clenching his jaw, controlling himself, Serpico gets
out of the car.

209 INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE DAY

Serpico fires his 9mm until his fury abates, then pulls
on his padded army jacket and starts out.

210 EXT. PANCHO'S BUILDING AFTERNOON/DUSK

A Division car waits outside a rundown building.
AUBREY, at the wheel, has tainy raisin eyes. Serpico
sits in back with darkly-handsome JULIO. HEINEMAN,
lean and gray, comes out with PANCHO, very young in
gold-framed glasses. They climb into the front seat.

211 EXT. DIVISION CAR AFTERNOON/DUSK

Riding along Driggs Avenue, Pancho talks nervously.

PANCHO

The guy's name is Limbo. He just
uses this place. It's his girl-
friend's brother's place. He's a
pusher...heroin.

HEINEMAN

We'll park on the corner. You keep
in sight out front. When you spot
someone who's dirty, take off your
glasses and wipe them.

212 EXT. DRIGGS AVENUE BUILDING AFTERNOON/DUSK

They pass the large five-story building, turn the corner and pause to let Pancho out. He walks back to the building entrance, leans on a street lamp so he can be seen in the dimly-lit street.

213 INT. DIVISION CAR AFTERNOON/DUSK

Heineman is watching Pancho through binoculars, swinging them away occasionally to inspect a passing woman. Aubrey leans back, talking to Julio.

AUBREY

Julio, do you think Serpico is as full of shit as they say he is?

JULIO

Ask the expert.

HEINEMAN

(swinging binoculars)

No brassiere.

AUBREY

(to Serpico)

Serpico, are you as full of shit as they say you are?

SERPICO

Yeah. And when did you take your last crap?

AUBREY

There's gotta be something wrong with you, Serpico. Maybe you got impetigo under your beard. Or the Dago's itch.

SERPICO

No. I got crabs. From your mother.

HEINEMAN

(looking through binoculars)

This one's got three tits. Vertical.

Serpico looks through his binoculars.

SERPICO

I got something.

214 EXT. DRIGGS AVENUE BUILDING AFTERNOON/DUSK

Through binoculars, Pancho is seen wiping his glasses. A young woman leaves the building with a shopping bag.

215 INT. DIVISION CAR AFTERNOON/DUSK

Heineman, Julio and Aubrey pile out of the car.

216 EXT. DRIGGS AVENUE AFTERNOON/DUSK

Midway between the building and the car, they wait for the young woman. They surround her, search her shopping bag, dumping the groceries on the ground, find nothing. They leave her to repack the bag, return to the car.

217 EXT. DIVISION CAR AFTERNOON/DUSK

Julio reaches the car first; the other two a couple of paces behind.

AUBREY

You were a lot of help, Serpico.

SERPICO

Three of you couldn't handle one woman?

JULIO

She was clean on the outside.
Heineman didn't want to pull her in for a pussy-probe.

HEINEMAN

It've been a lousy collar.

They get in the car.

SERPICO

We're gonna be spotted if we hang around much longer.

HEINEMAN

Frank, why don't you go up there and check it out?

SERPICO

Why don't you?

HEINEMAN

I got the wrong clothes.

SERPICO

I'll take you shopping.

Serpico, annoyed, gets out of the car.

218 EXT. DRIGGS AVENUE BUILDING AFTERNOON/DUSK

Serpico buys a beer at the bodega, drinks it as he saunters toward the building. As he turns in, he raises his eyes to tell Pancho he's going to the roof. HENRY, a teenager sitting on the steps, glances at Serpico briefly, continues talking to a teenage girl.

219 INT. DRIGGS AVENUE BUILDING AFTERNOON/DUSK

Climbing the stairs, Serpico rearranges his guns, drops the .38 into his jacket pocket for faster action.

220 EXT. DRIGGS AVENUE ROOFTOP AFTERNOON/DUSK

Beyond the filthy rooftop, the Williamsburg Bridge lights a stretch across to Manhattan. Serpico walks to the edge of the roof, looks down at street.

221 EXT. DRIGGS AVENUE BUILDING AFTERNOON/DUSK

From the roof Serpico sees two men studying the building, then cross abruptly toward the entrance.

222 EXT. DRIGGS AVENUE ROOFTOP AFTERNOON/DUSK

Serpico runs to the stairwell.

223 INT. DRIGGS AVENUE STAIRWELL AFTERNOON/DUSK

Serpico watches -- through bannister -- as the men rap on 3-G. Muffled voices. The door opens. Money is passed inside. The door closes, opens. A package is handed out. The two men start down. Serpico follows.

SERPICO

I saw the buy.

HEINEMAN

Okay, let's get Limbo. You speak Spanish -- you get the door open.

Serpico decides not to argue. Aubrey stays with the prisoners. Heineman, Julio and Serpico start for the building.

225 INT. DRIGGS AVENUE STAIRWELL AFTERNOON/DUSK

Serpico grips the .38 as he raps on 3-G. Julio flattens himself against the wall, two steps down. Heineman presses back against the next apartment door. A peephole opens.

SERPICO

(in Spanish)

Limbo. I need something.

225 CONTINUED

The door opens slightly. Serpico sees the chain lock, lowers his shoulder and lunges. The chain snaps, but the door is pushed back by someone behind it.

SERPICO
Police! Open up!

Serpico is pinned between the door and the jamb, half in and half out, his head and right shoulder inside the room, his right arm jammed, unable to draw his gun. He twists his neck, yelling.

SERPICO
What the fuck are you waiting
for? Give me a hand. Push!

Heineman and Julio seem transfixed as Serpico wrenches frantically to free his gun. Suddenly, he sees a pistol in his face -- looming huge, only eighteen inches away -- exploding in an enormous flash of red and yellow. Serpico fires. Sound and image recede into flashing light and the screams of sirens.

226 INT. EMERGENCY RECEPTION AREA NIGHT

The space is crowded with departmental brass. Palmer, Daley and Gilbert are in one corner. Blair and Lombardo in another. Mr. and Mrs. Serpico enter, followed by one of the radio car cops. Mrs. Serpico looks around frantically, recognizes no one. Then she sees NURSE MARTIN crossing to her.

MRS. SERPICO
Where is my son?!

NURSE MARTIN
They're bringing him down from
X-Ray.

MRS. SERPICO
I want to see him!

She starts toward an inner door. Nurse Martin restrains her gently.

NURSE MARTIN
Just a few minutes.

227 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OBSERVATION ROOM NIGHT

Serpico is wheeled down the hall by an orderly and into the observation room. Two policemen follow.

228 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM NIGHT

Two nurses are connecting tubes to a vein in Serpico's chest. Mr. and Mrs. Serpico are led in by Nurse Martin. Mrs. Serpico sees the tubes, chokes a scream. Mr. Serpico puts his arms around her. She breaks away, goes to Serpico, lifts his hand, kisses it.

229 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OBSERVATION ROOM NIGHT

Green and DR. METZ come down the hall as Mr. and Mrs. Serpico emerge from the room with Nurse Martin. Metz is carrying a sheaf of x-rays.

DR. METZ

Mr. and Mrs. Serpico. The news is better than we expected. The bullet didn't enter the brain... or strike the spinal cord. He's on the critical list, but his condition seems to be stable.

330 EXT. GREENPOINT HOSPITAL ENTRANCE NIGHT

Two cops sit in a radio car. The sound of the radio is subdued. A second radio car is empty.

231 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OBSERVATION ROOM NIGHT

Two other cops relieve the first two on guard duty.

232 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM NIGHT

A nurse sits watching Serpico. He stirs, moans. She goes over to him, looks at his face, dips a washcloth in a basin of water and wipes his face.

233 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR MORNING

Serpico is wheeled into a private room. The two policemen follow.

234 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM DAY

Serpico seems improved. His bandage, beard and battered face give him a piratical appearance. The shock and pain in his eyes remain. Tina, his sister, sits next to the bed, takes a folded paper out.

TINA

It's sort of a poem...I wrote it last night...

(reads)

To you right is right
wrong is wrong
and there is no other way.

234 CONTINUED

Serpico smiles weakly, closes his eyes. She rises, starts to go.

235 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

WOOD, one of the two guards, opens the door, starts to peer in. CONNELL, the other guard, pulls him back.

CONNELL

Stay out of there. Didn't they tell you?

He closes the door.

WOOD

What?

CONNELL

The word is -- don't talk to him. He's no fucking good.

236 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM MORNING

Serpico, in bed, opens an envelope, reads the card inside.

SERPICO'S POV -- THE CARD

The message -- RECUPERATE QUICKLY -- has been crossed out and someone has scrawled -- DIE QUICKLY.

BACK TO SERPICO

He studies the card tensely as Green enters.

SERPICO

Want to read my fan letters?

He gives Green the card, picks up another. Green reads the card without expression, takes the second card from Serpico.

GREEN'S POV - SECOND CARD

The printed words WITH SINCERE SYMPATHY are followed by a scrawl -- THAT YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR BRAINS BLOWN OUT, YOU RAT BASTARD! HAPPY RELAPSE.

BACK TO GREEN AND SERPICO

Green drops the two cards in the wastebasket.

236 CONTINUED

SERPICO

I want you to get those two fuckin' cops away from my door.

GREEN

Did anyone tell you about the thirty-five fuckin' cops who offered to give blood the night you were shot?

SERPICO

Thirty-five -- out of thirty-two thousand.

GREEN

Well, the Knapp Commission likes you. They want you to appear.

SERPICO

Naturally.

GREEN

We got the guy who shot you.

SERPICO

Who gives a shit?

GREEN

Heineman and Julio are clear. The three of you are up for Exceptional Merit Awards.

SERPICO

That's a laugh.

GREEN

Let's see what you do with the punch line.

(takes out a shield)

Your Gold Shield's come through.

SERPICO

For what? For being an honest cop? Or being stupid enough to get shot in the head? Tell them to shove it.

Serpico turns away, making no move to take the shield. Green places the shield on the dresser, leaves. As the door closes, Serpico begins to cry.

237 INT. DR. METZ' OFFICE DAY

Serpico sits across the desk from Metz.

237 CONTINUED

DR. METZ

Well, Frank, the facts are these. You'll have to stay on leave-of-absence for a few months. In all probability, the hearing in your left ear won't come back. Two bullet fragments are still lodged there in the bony portion. One is very close to the carotid artery -- you'll have to be checked from time to time. Once in a rare while, you may experience dizziness -- but generally you'll be okay -- just don't get into any fist fights.

238 EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE DAY

Serpico walks carefully, leaning on a cane. Blair, carrying Serpico's suitcase, and another patrolman escort him to a police car.

239 EXT. SERPICO'S APARTMENT DAY

The police car parks in front of the building. Serpico and Blair get out of the car, walk to the entrance. At the door Blair says something to Serpico. Serpico shakes his head, takes the suitcase and enters the building alone.

240 INT. SERPICO'S APARTMENT DAY

He enters the apartment, surveys the room, puts the suitcase down. He wanders over to the courtyard, looks out, returns. He snaps on the television set.

CLOSE ON TV SET

MICHAEL CARSON is interrogating Commissioner Delaney who sits at the witness desk, eight microphones arrayed before him.

CARSON

...to rephrase the question...
(pauses)

...can you explain why you did not order an investigation after you were informed of the bribe and Captain Kellogg's statement?

DELANEY

I...that might have been done...
I...don't know exactly why it wasn't...I had no real knowledge of...

240 CONTINUED

BACK TO SERPICO

He snaps off the television set in disgust, starts to make himself a drink. The phone rings. He lets it ring. Finally he answers it.

SERPICO

Hello.

GREEN (OS)

Frank, Sid Green...about tomorrow...

SERPICO

Yes, I said I'd be there!

He hangs up, sits down in a chair, stares into space.

241 INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

A huge, ornate, brilliantly-lighted auditorium. The witness table faces eleven TV cameras and a battery of microphones. The hearing hasn't been called to order yet and the room reverberates with the din of conversations and movement. Most of the audience is seated -- and the few empty seats left clearly won't be sufficient for the number of men milling in the aisles talking, a few arguing. Serpico enters with his attorney and Green. He pauses at the door, his eyes sweeping the hall. He sees Delaney and Gallagher seated. As he starts to walk to his seat, he passes Kellogg and Berman. Across the hall he sees McClain. A Commission members ushers Serpico and Green to their seats in the reserved first two rows.

242 INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE GREAT HALL DAY

CLOSE on Serpico at the witness table.

SERPICO

...of my attempt to report corruption, I was made to feel by my superiors that I had burdened them with an unwanted task. The problem is an atmosphere in which the honest police officer cannot act without fear of ridicule or reprisal from fellow officers -- an atmosphere in which the honest officer fears the dishonest officer. The most important result that can come from these hearings is a conviction by police officers that the department will change. And

(MORE)

242 CONTINUED

SERPICO (Contd)

it is just as important for police to change their attitudes toward the public -- to realize their first obligation is to be responsible to the needs of the community they serve...

243 EXT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING DAY

Serpico and Green come down the steps, walk along the street.

SERPICO

It's incredible...after all the crap I've been through -- you get up there and despite yourself, you start to hope and believe again...

GREEN

Maybe there's something to hope for. Gallagher and Delaney are resigning, Frank.

SERPICO

Window dressing. Let's see what happens.

GREEN

Frank, don't you have a sense...a sense...you...you made all this happen. Because of you...people know.

SERPICO

People always knew.

244 EXT. DOCK DAY

Serpico and Green walk along the dock. Serpico has suitcase and Alfie follows them.

GREEN

While you're away, Frank, reconsider.

Serpico does not answer.

GREEN

Look, no, you can't be the kind of cop you want to be.

Serpico seems about to answer, but something Blair is saying catches his attention.

244 CONTINUED

SERPICO

Sid, I don't want to be a cop --
I don't want it any more.

GREEN

Then what the hell are you going
to do with your life?

Serpico shrugs. There is a long silence.

GREEN

Then what the hell was the point
of it all? What did you do it
for?

SERPICO

I did it for me.

Serpico seems to go deep inside himself for the answer,
touching another part of himself.

245 OMITTED

246 EXT. SHIPBOARD DAY
TIGHT ON SERPICO

PULL BACK, Serpico wearing a slouch hat, poncho, meer-
schaum pipe in mouth, Alfie at his side, leaning over
the railing of an ocean liner alone, pulling on pipe,
gazing out at the receding sky line. PAN BACK....

THE END