

**NY-70**

**Pilot Episode**

**by  
Rand Ravich**

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**TEASER**

INT. CAR - DAY

CAMERA in the back seat, only one person in the car, THE DRIVER, we see only the back of his head and a little bit of his face in the rear view mirror. BUT HE DRIVES FAST.

Out the windows New York City WHIPS BY. His radio is on.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER

Four more soldiers killed today  
when their convoy was ambushed.

The Driver slows enough for the blur outside the window to focus. There is a MAN in a SANTA SUIT running down the sidewalk, pacing the car.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER

In the Rose Garden, the President  
restated his resolve to see the  
conflict through. And here on...

SANTA looks into the car, screams something WE CANNOT hear through the noise, window and white beard and then POINTS for the driver to speed up and go faster. The Driver does.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER

the streets of New York, expect  
massive tie-ups as two days of  
scheduled anti-war protests begin.

OUT THE WINDOW now, another man running down the sidewalk, 19 year old LESTER. This is who Santa is chasing.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER

You give us 22 minutes, we'll give  
you the world.

ON THE SIDEWALK, Lester sprints down an alley, the Driver swerves after him BUT THE ALLEY is blocked by a GARBAGE TRUCK. The Driver stomps on the brakes, jams the car into a park and jumps from the car onto...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The garbage truck blocking the alley, Santa still half a block down and all around, New York but...

## DRIVER (V.O.)

The Rose Garden is the same but the President's name was Nixon, the "conflict" was Viet Nam. And this is New York, 1970.

Santa is running fast, screaming as he goes.

## SANTA

Get him! Get him!

"Him" being Lester who ran down the alley. The Driver, SONNY, runs after him. The guy in the Santa suit, POPEYE, just behind him. Sonny chases Lester down the alley.

## SONNY (V.O.)

The guy in the Santa suit was the second youngest man ever to be made Detective First Grade in the New York City Police Department...

Lester is up on a dumpster and then from there to the fire escape. Lester is fast. Sonny is up on the dumpster and then to the fire escape. Lester a flight above Sonny as Popeye rounds the corner into the alley and draws his .38

Sonny climbs after Lester as, down in the alley, Popeye lets off a few "WARNING SHOTS" from his .38 ... Bam, Bam...

## SONNY (V.O.)

Popeye used his gun as a noise-maker...

## POPEYE

STOP! POLICE!

ONE MORE WARNING SHOT from below... Bam...

## SONNY (V.O.)

On the range, he couldn't shoot for crap... but out here...

TWO MORE WARNING SHOTS from Popeye. This time they both ricochet off the fire escape JUST MISSING SONNY.

## SONNY (V.O.)

It was because of Popeye the department would soon see fit to outlaw the use of warning shots.

LESTER  
(whispering)  
Mr.... Mr. Doyle.

POPEYE  
What'd you say?

LESTER  
Mr. Doyle. You're Mr. Doyle.

Popeye sees the heroin bundles in Sonny's hand.

SONNY  
(to Popeye)  
You almost shot me out there on the  
fire escape.

POPEYE  
Not even close.

Popeye has his cuffs out and begins to put them on Lester.

LESTER  
It was close, man, you almost shot  
the both of us.

SONNY AND POPEYE  
(to Lester)  
Shut up.

Lester is cuffed and Popeye drags him toward the door.

LESTER  
Where you taking me?

POPEYE  
Well, Lester, we found this here  
heroin in your apartment which  
under New York law constitutes  
possession.

LESTER  
That the truth, Mr. Doyle?

What does Lester know?

POPEYE  
Yeah, that's the truth...

LESTER  
But it ain't my apartment, so it  
ain't my possession.

SONNY  
(not liking this)  
Yeah, whose apartment is it?

LESTER  
It's my mothers.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE  
Lester?

They all turn to see the little old woman, LESTER'S MOTHER, standing terrified in the bedroom doorway.

LESTER'S MOTHER  
Lester? What's going on?

Lester smiles at Popeye... "gotcha".

POPEYE  
Not your possession?

LESTER  
No, sir, Mr. Doyle, it sure ain't.  
Seeing how it ain't my apartment.

Lester's Mother has come out of the bedroom doorway. Sonny looks from her to the hallway, more on-lookers now.

Popeye uncuffs Lester but still holds onto him.

POPEYE  
(to Sonny)  
Cuff her.

SONNY  
What?

POPEYE  
Cuff her, Sonny. It's her apartment. It's her junk.

LESTER'S MOTHER  
Lester?

LESTER  
They wouldn't do it, Ma...

POPEYE  
CUFF HER, SONNY.

Sonny takes out his cuffs and moves to the old woman. She begins to tremble and cry.

LESTER'S MOTHER

Lester?

SONNY (V.O.)

This is the part I hated. Like if we had to serve a warrant, I'd take the guy on the street. But Popeye, he'd wait until the guy gets home.

Not happy about it, Sonny cuffs the crying old woman. Lester tries to go for her but Popeye bashes him against the wall.

POPEYE

Her apartment. Her junk, Lester.

SONNY (V.O.)

Popeye would take the guy in his apartment, every time, with the kids crying and the wife pulling her hair because the neighbors would watch. Make them afraid, Popeye would say. Make them think you're crazier than they are. Mr. Doyle will come for you in your apartment, make your wife and kids cry. Mr. Doyle will cuff your mom.

Sonny begins to lead Lester's cuffed mom toward the door.

LESTER'S MOTHER

Lester! Lester they are arresting me. They're taking me away. LESTER!

LESTER

Ma!

POPEYE

Her apartment, her junk, Lester.

LESTER

MA!

The poor old woman is crying hard, the neighbors are looking, the hall packed with them. Sonny nearly to the door.

LESTER

It's mine. It's my junk.

And Popeye smiles. Sonny uncuffs Lester's Mother.

SONNY (V.O.)

Mr. Doyle.

Popeye slaps the cuffs on Lester and leads him to the door. The neighbors look at Popeye with anger but they GET OUT OF HIS WAY as he leads Lester past them.

SONNY (V.O.)

The second youngest man ever to be made Detective First Grade. I was the first.

Sonny takes a last look at Lester's Mother.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

Popeye and Sonny stand on the steps in the cold night. Popeye is back in street clothes, suit and tie.

POPEYE

Where you headed?

SONNY

Home.

POPEYE

Home? It's early still. Let's go get a drink.

SONNY

Popeye, we've been going 23 straight hours.

POPEYE

One drink.

Sonny thinks about it.

POPEYE

Come on, it's early.

Popeye digs into his pocket and comes out with a piece of paper, SOME KIND OF LIST, he runs his finger down it.

POPEYE

Swiss Air lands at 8:15, they'll be at the Hotel Roosevelt by 9:30.

The partners look at each other. Popeye mouths "Swiss Air".

CUT TO:

## INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT - NIGHT

Popeye and Sonny on stake-out in the lobby. Popeye sees something through the door, looks at Sonny and says...

POPEYE

Here we go.

Sonny looks to the door as it opens and in they come... five SWISS AIR STEWARDESSES, go-go boots, little skirts, with their cute little flight bags and perfect skin.

As they move across the lobby Popeye walks over to intercept them, he has his jacket open so his .38 and GOLD DETECTIVE'S SHIELD are plainly seen.

He stops before the Lead Stewardess and smiles at her.

POPEYE

Excuse me, Miss, I'd like to talk to you about those boots.

She sees his badge and gun. She smiles.

LEAD STEWARDESS

You're a policeman?

POPEYE

That's right.

It is on.

SONNY (V.O.)

Cop groupies.

CUT TO:

## INT. CROWDED CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Popeye and four Stewardesses packed into a booth. The table strewn with empty cocktail glasses, a champagne bottle, a full ashtray. Everyone is VERY DRUNK AND HAPPY.

Nearby, Sonny slow dances with the other Stewardess.

Popeye has a stewardess on each side of him and one on his lap. He talks to the one on his left...

POPEYE

The Yankees? The New York Yankees?

STEWARDESS

They are a sports team, no?

POPEYE

Yes. Yes. So they call me up from  
the farm team, along with some  
other fellas...

THE CAMERA DROPS BELOW the table. The Stewardess on Popeye's  
lap has taken his hand and placed it on her thigh. It does  
not interrupt his story, he can do both these things.

POPEYE

One of these other fellas they  
called up was a guy named Mickey  
Mantle...

UNDER THE TABLE she moves his hand higher, up under her  
skirt. Clearly he enjoys this, almost as much as his story.

POPEYE

I was good but... I take one look  
at that fella Mantle, put my bat  
down, walk off the field, next day  
I take the cop test.

UNDER HER skirt she moves his hand higher. Up to where it is  
better than his story. He turns from the girl on his left and  
whispers into the ear of the girl on his lap.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT - STEWARDESSES SUITE - NIGHT

More champagne, more cocktails, more full ashtrays. One of  
the Stewardesses is passed out in a chair. One drinks  
champagne and watches the TV.

Popeye under the sheets with two of the Stewardesses, his  
pants on the floor. One of girls reaches out from under the  
sheets and snakes Popeye's handcuffs from his pants, brings  
them back under the sheets.

POPEYE (FROM UNDER THE SHEETS)

Is this the Swiss way?

STEWARDESS (FROM UNDER THE SHEETS)

But of course.

Sonny in his shirt and boxers, slow dancing with the same  
girl from the bar, who now wears just panties and a bra. She  
whispers something to him and leads him to the couch.

BLACK OUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT - STEWARDESSES SUITE - NEXT MORNING

Daylight streams through the windows. No one moves. Everyone passed out, including Sonny who is under a bedspread on the floor, that girl next to him. PAINFULLY, Sonny opens one eye because he hears something.

SONNY'S HUNG-OVER POV: Popeye gets out of the bed, untangling himself from the sheets and the two girls.

BLACK OUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT - STEWARDESSES SUITE - SECONDS LATER

SONNY'S HUNG-OVER POV: Popeye, wrapped in a sheet, walks across the room.

BLACK OUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT - STEWARDESSES SUITE - SECONDS LATER

SONNY'S HUNG-OVER POV: Popeye reaches for the phone.

BLACK OUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT - STEWARDESSES SUITE - SECONDS LATER

SONNY'S HUNG-OVER POV: Popeye speaks into the phone.

POPEYE

It's Popeye, what's going on?

ON SONNY - hearing this he closes his eyes and prays but...

BLACK OUT:

INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT - STEWARDESSES SUITE - SECONDS LATER

Popeye, standing over Sonny, whispers...

POPEYE

Sonny... Sonny...

Sonny feigns sleep so Popeye leans down and, not too hard, slaps Sonny across the face. Sonny opens his eyes.

POPEYE

Reggie 3 is dead. Let's go.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

EXT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT - STEWARDESSES SUITE - DAY

Popeye and Sonny come out the door into the hall, still buttoning buttons and tying ties, IT HAS BEEN A LONG NIGHT.

As they head for the elevator they pass a ROOM SERVICE WAITER bringing breakfast on a tray to someone. Popeye sticks his hand into the glass of ice water and pulls out two ice cubes. He puts them over his eyes and keeps moving for the elevator.

Sonny has taken a small piece of paper from his pocket, he reads what is written there, smiling a little as...

POPEYE

What the hell is that? Is that a phone number?

Sonny tries to hide the scrap of paper. The elevator comes.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - NEXT MOMENT

POPEYE

What are you going to do with that?

SONNY

Call her?

POPEYE

And...?

SONNY

...talk to her?

Popeye grabs for the paper but Sonny holds him off.

SONNY

She was nice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT LOBBY - NEXT MOMENT

Popeye and Sonny cross the lobby.

POPEYE

You going to talk to her about how she likes being Swiss? What's it like to be from a neutral country? How she feels about the Heidi Bowl?

SONNY (V.O.)  
The Heidi Bowl. Like a lot of New  
Yorkers, Popeye took that one hard.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT BUNK ROOM - 1968

A shabby room for rest between shifts, bunk beds, coffee pot and a crappy TV. A group of uniformed cops and detectives, including Popeye and Sonny watch the Jet-Raider game on TV.

SONNY (V.O.)  
November 17, 1968. Our Jets had the  
Raiders 32-29 with 50 seconds to  
go. But it was the end of the hour  
and even though the score was  
close, the network switched over to  
the scheduled movie... the one  
about the Swiss girl... Heidi.

CLOSE ON THE TV as the image of Joe Namath, Daryle Lamonica,  
Fred Biletnikoff, Don Maynard and others is replaced by...  
THE TECHNICOLOR MOVIE HEIDI. The LITTLE SWISS GIRL in braids.

The COPS GO BALLISTIC, screaming and yelling in fury.

SONNY (V.O.)  
In the next 42 seconds, Oakland  
scored two touchdowns to win 43-32.

Popeye grabs the TV and hefts it. He looks at the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NEXT MOMENT

And from a few dozen windows, TV sets are ejected, they sail  
through the air and smash on the pavement.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOSEVELT LOBBY - DAY

Popeye and Sonny push through the doors into...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NEXT MOMENT

The anti-war protest is here, the street clogged with signs,  
chanting and rage, like a river of long hair and rhetoric.

Popeye scratches his head and looks at Sonny.

POPEYE

Where'd you park the car?

SONNY

You drove.

POPEYE

Oh yeah.

They go down the steps and wade through the protest.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

A crime scene. A BLACK MAN SHOT DEAD ON A STOOP, COPS keep on-lookers away. Popeye and Sonny pull up, park on the sidewalk.

They walk to the body. A pool of blood around the head.

SONNY (V.O.)

That was Reggie 3. A street dealer. There were two other Reggies dealing on this corner. Reggie 1 is in Attica doing 15 years. Reggie 2, no one knows what happened to him. And this is Reggie 3.

A UNIFORMED COP gives them the preliminary report.

UNIFORMED COP

He took two to the back of the head. No one saw a thing. The Widow Reggie 3 is in mourning over there.

He points to a 22 YEAR OLD BLACK WOMAN with an 8 month old baby in her arms. Mother and child both are crying.

Sonny looks to the mother then back to the dead body.

SONNY (V.O.)

Street dealers are either Black or Puerto Rican, work 11th and 5th or 117th and Madison. And like Reggie here, they deal to support their habits and not their families. Street dealers buy from their Local Connections...

CAMERA WHIP PANS FROM REGGIE'S BODY to ANOTHER BLACK MAN sitting in an apartment on a VELVET COUCH.

SONNY (V.O.)

Again, these guys are mostly Black or Puerto Rican and actually take in more than their habit costs. The Local Connection buys from the...

CAMERA WHIP PANS FROM THE LOCAL CONNECTION to a FIVE MEN IN THE BACK BOOTH OF A BAR. NOTICE ONE SKINNY BALD BLACK MAN.

SONNY (V.O.)

Major Connections. Here you get an Italian or two and no one with a habit or at least not for very long. The Major Connection buys...

CAMERA WHIP PANS FROM THE BAR TO A GROUP OF WHITE MEN IN SUITS. THEY STAND AT A TABLE IN A WAREHOUSE. ON THE TABLE IS ABOUT 5 KILOS OF HEROIN AND STACKS OF CASH.

SONNY (V.O.)

from the Italian Connection, which is to say, the Mob. These guys never use and they never see the people who do use. To them it is all business. The Italians bought from the French...

CAMERA WHIP PANS FROM THE WAREHOUSE TO THE PORT OF MARSEILLES.

SONNY (V.O.)

Though we couldn't figure out how they were getting it in. And the French bought it from the Turks.

CAMERA WHIP PANS FROM MARSEILLES TO A POPPY FIELD IN TURKEY.

SONNY (V.O.)

Which you think would get the attention of our President.

CAMERA WHIP PANS FROM THE POPPY FIELD TO NIXON WHO HAPPENS TO BE SHAKING ELVIS PRESLEY'S HAND IN THE OVAL OFFICE.

SONNY (V.O.)

Who might lend us a hand, seeing as it was, as Popeye puts it...

CAMERA WHIP PANS TO POPEYE, LOOKING RIGHT INTO CAMERA...

POPEYE

A declaration of war on my city.

SONNY (V.O.)  
But it didn't. What got the  
attention of this man...

CAMERA WHIP PANS BACK TO NIXON AND ELVIS.

SONNY (V.O.)  
Was this man.

CAMERA WHIP PANS TO JOHN LINDSAY, STANDING IN FRONT OF A  
GROUP OF REPORTERS, SMILING HIS 1000 WATT SMILE.

SONNY (V.O.)  
John Lindsay, our mayor. Was a  
Republican, just became a Democrat  
and was now gearing up to run for  
President against that guy shaking  
hands with Elvis. What Lindsay had  
going for him, other than his movie  
star looks, was the fact that there  
hadn't been a race riot in New York  
City. America's cities were burning  
to the ground and New York remained  
unscorched. This is what Lindsay  
was running on. In fact, around  
Lindsay, you were not even allowed  
to say the word "riot".

CAMERA WHIP PANS BACK TO REGGIE 3, DEAD ON THE STOOP.

Sonny questions the Widow Reggie 3. Standing close are a  
bunch of young Black men, Reggie 3's age. Reggie's crew.

POPEYE  
Did you see who shot your husband?

REGGIE 3'S WIDOW  
No, but that Spic GiGi been  
threatening him cause he says  
Reggie 3 been poaching GiGi's  
valued customers. He come around  
here with an automatic and said  
he'd shoot Reggie 3's ball off.

SONNY  
Ball?

REGGIE 3'S WIDOW  
He had but the one you know.

Popeye is going through the dead man's pockets. Nothing.

POPEYE

Pockets are empty. Someone took his  
junk and cash.

VOICE DOWN THE STREET

Hey Doyle! You helping yourself to  
our dead brothers belonging?

Sonny and Popeye see CLEON WATERS just getting out of his  
Monte Carlo. He is the BALD BLACK MAN WE NOTICED IN THE BAR.

SONNY (V.O.)

Cleon Waters. A major connection. A  
major pain in my ass.

POPEYE

You got business here, Waters?

CLEON WATERS

My business is the death of this  
brother Reggie 3. My business is  
the illumination of this tragedy.

SONNY (V.O.)

Waters was what we called "cute".  
We knew that he was dealing but we  
couldn't nail him. Yet. That drove  
Popeye crazy and that made Cleon  
Waters a happy man.

CLEON WATERS

(to the crowd)

MY BUSINESS IS TO SEE THAT THE  
POLICE DON'T EMPTY REGGIE'S POCKETS  
AND CART HIS BODY AWAY TO THE DUMP.  
MY BUSINESS HERE IS JUS-TICE.

Popeye takes a step toward Cleon but Sonny puts a hand on his  
arm, stopping him. People looking on, LISTENING TO CLEON.

SONNY (V.O.)

Call it what you want, but this is  
how it starts. Drug war. Race riot.

CAMERA WHIP PANS TO A CLOSE UP OF MAYOR JOHN LINDSAY.

MAYOR LINDSAY

I do not want to hear the word  
"riot". No one says it. NO ONE.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF GIGI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 5TH FLOOR - DAY

Popeye and Sonny walk down the hall.

POPEYE

I should have busted that hump  
Cleon Waters right there.

SONNY

For what?

POPEYE

For being a Class A scumbag.

SONNY

That's what he wants. Stir up  
trouble and while we chase our  
tail, he just moves more junk.

They knock on a door. It opens and a large, muscular Puerto Rican man stands there.

POPEYE

What's happening, GiGi?

GiGi looks at the two cops, then looks back over his shoulder at something in the apartment then GiGi slams the door.

Popeye kicks the door open, he and Sonny rush into...

CUT TO:

INT. GIGI'S APARTMENT - NEXT MOMENT

GiGi has grabbed something off the kitchen table and is sprinting for the bathroom. Popeye and Sonny are after him. Popeye leaps over the couch and grabs GiGi by the shoulders BUT IT DOES NOT SLOW THE BIG MAN DOWN.

Sonny grabs GiGi by the legs. GiGi has a big bag of heroin in his hand and is trying to get to the toilet with it. He drags the two cops with him as he heads toward the bathroom.

Popeye pulls GiGi by the shoulders as Sonny punches the big man right between the legs. GiGi doubles over in pain, drops the bag of heroin on the ground.

Sonny punches him in the balls again. GiGi backs away, then turns and PUNCHES SONNY REAL HARD in the stomach.

GIGI

You shouldn't have hit me there.

Popeye comes at GiGi now but GiGi blocks Popeye's punches and unloads with a flurry of his own, sending Popeye back.

SONNY (V.O.)

GiGi was a nickname. It stood for Golden Gloves. He won it twice.

Popeye and Sonny look at each other then attack at the same time, throwing themselves on GiGi, but the boxer is too much for them and sends Popeye crashing into the table and Sonny smacks into the fish tank, taking it to the floor.

GiGi moves to get the bag of heroin but stops when he hears the Hammers of TWO GUNS being pulled back. He looks to see Popeye and Sonny, breathing hard, aim their .38's at him.

POPEYE

You shoot Reggie 3 in the head?

Popeye goes to GiGi and kicks him to his knees.

POPEYE

Hands in front.

GiGi puts his hands in front of him and Popeye cuffs him.

GIGI

No. Who said that? I said I'd shoot his ball off but not in the head. I'd never shoot a man in the head.

Sonny picks up the bag of heroin.

SONNY

Yeah, why's that?

GIGI

"Thou shalt not murder" you break that one man, you wind up in hell.

Popeye grabs GiGi by the cuffs and pulls him to his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - SOON AFTER

Popeye drives. The bag of heroin on the passenger seat. Sonny and GiGi in the back seat.

They stop as the war protest goes by in the cross street.

GIGI

...ungrateful commies...

The protest passes and they drive on.

SONNY

I got to tell you, GiGi, you look real good for the Reggie 3 thing.

POPEYE

We all like you for it.

GIGI

I don't shoot no one in the head.

POPEYE

A lot of people say you threatened him. That, plus this junk you were trying to flush, I'd be looking to cut a deal if I were you.

SONNY

This is America, GiGi, if it was a business dispute, a jury can understand that.

Sonny looks over at GiGi but all GiGi does is GROWL AT HIM.

POPEYE

What the hell was that?

SONNY

He growled at us.

POPEYE

You growl at us, GiGi?

Sonny looks over at GiGi and the big man, eyes wide, stares straight at Sonny and GROWLS AT HIM AGAIN.

SONNY

You're giving me the creeps with that crap. Cut it out.

GiGi growls again and then... real fast, GiGi reaches over from the back seat, loops his cuffed hands around POPEYE'S NECK and begins to CHOKE HIM WITH THE CUFF'S CHAIN.

POPEYE'S EYES BULGE OUT, HIS HANDS JERK THE STEERING WHEEL AND HIS LEGS KICK OUT, JAMMING ON THE GAS.

CUT TO:

EXT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - NEXT MOMENT

The car accelerates and then swerves, VIOLENTLY SIDE-SWIPING cars up and down the block.

CUT TO:

INT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - NEXT MOMENT

GiGi pulling tighter, Popeye arched back in the seat. Sonny leaning over and hitting GiGi but his grip does not loosen.

SONNY (V.O.)

This was when the department regs had us cuff our perps with their hands in front. They changed that.

Popeye struggling for air, SONNY PUNCHING GIGI, the car smashing into cars on its left and right. HORNS BLARING.

Sonny looks at Popeye who is turning blue. Sonny takes out his .38 and begins to PISTOL WHIP GIGI with it.

Sonny smashes his gun against Gigi's head. The ex-boxer loosens his grip THEN GRABS SONNY'S GUN WITH ONE OF HIS SHACKLED HANDS. Sonny and GiGi both have a hold on the gun.

They look each other in the eye as Gigi turns the gun so that soon it will BE POINTED RIGHT AT POPEYE'S HEAD. GiGi's MASSIVE hand on the gun.

GiGi's PINKY SLIDING INTO THE TRIGGER GUARD with Sonny's finger. Soon, Gigi will be able to shoot Popeye in the head.

Sonny struggles as he looks GiGi in the eyes. Sonny has no choice. Sonny PULLS THE TRIGGER as GiGi JERKS THE GUN.

CUT TO:

EXT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - NEXT MOMENT

From inside the car a FLASH OF LIGHT, the BANG OF THE GUN and a SPRAY OF RED BLOOD AGAINST THE WINDOWS.

The car ROARS out of control, PLOWS up onto the sidewalk and SMASHES INTO THE POLICE STATION PRECINCT HOUSE.

The brick facade crumbles on the car as it shudders to a halt. Cops and civilians come running as...

The driver's door opens and Popeye stumbles out. He has gotten his head loose from the cuff chain but there is blood all over his neck. He puts his hand there and HOWLS IN PAIN.

Sonny, gun still in hand, clambers out after his partner. The two look at each other and then Popeye says...

POPEYE  
You shot me?

SONNY  
What?

POPEYE  
JAYSUS, SONNY, YOU SHOT ME!

More cops run from the station house as Sonny goes to Popeye.

SONNY  
Popeye, ah, Popeye, I'm sorry.

POPEYE  
YOU SHOT ME!

Sonny takes his handkerchief and begins to stem the blood flow on Popeye's neck. Sonny is distraught.

SONNY  
Hold on, Popeye. Just hold on.

But something is not right. Sonny begins to wipe away at the blood on Popeye's neck until he finds.... NO GUN SHOT WOUND.

SONNY  
You're not shot.

POPEYE  
I AM SHOT.

SONNY  
I DIDN'T SHOOT YOU!

POPEYE  
IT HURTS LIKE HELL. I'M SHOT.

SONNY  
It's a muzzle burn, Popeye.

The two look to the back seat of their car. A lot of blood back there, but the door is open and Gigi is gone.

UNIFORMED COP DOWN THE STREET  
He's down here! We got him!

Popeye and Sonny look down the street where a group of Uniformed Cops and Detectives surround a body on the ground.

They push through the cops and see GiGi on the ground, still cuffed and bleeding, SHOT IN THE FACE and SCREAMING IN PAIN.

The sight UNNERVES Sonny but Popeye just says...

POPEYE

Someone call a bus for this guy.

Behind them, COPS AND ON-LOOKERS surround their wrecked car. Sonny looks at Popeye, A WICKED MUZZLE BURN on his neck.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Popeye sits on the table as a YOUNG INTERN cleans and dresses his neck wound and burn. Sonny stands by looking on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SOON AFTER

Sonny walks down the hall. Popeye, bandaged, running after him. Sonny gets to the elevator and pushes the UP BUTTON.

POPEYE

Where are you going?

SONNY

Don't start with me.

POPEYE

I asked you a question.

SONNY

I'm going to see GiGi.

POPEYE

I don't think he's in any condition to answer questions, Sonny.

SONNY

I don't want to question him, I just want to...

POPEYE

Want to what?

SONNY

I just want to see him.

POPEYE

He's up there with his family. You think he wants to see you? You think his family wants to see you?

SONNY

You wouldn't understand.

The elevator opens and Sonny tries to step inside but Popeye grabs his arm AND PULLS HIM BACK OUT.

POPEYE

You better explain it to me.

SONNY

I shot him, Popeye. I shot him in the face and he's probably going to die and then I'll have killed a man and I have to go look at him.

POPEYE

What you think he deserves that from you? He almost killed me. He almost killed us. He deals drugs for a living. And you're going up there to drop off some human kindness? Screw that and screw him.

Sonny tries to pull away. Popeye won't let him.

SONNY

I'm going. I have to see him.

POPEYE

You're not going.

The two begin to push at each other. Hard.

SONNY

I'm going.

POPEYE

You. Are. Not. Going.

Popeye grabs Sonny again and now SONNY PUNCHES POPEYE and POPEYE PUNCHES SONNY BACK and within a matter of moments the TWO PARTNERS ARE BRAWLING in the hospital corridor.

Like brothers, they fight hard, punching and kicking until THREE UNIFORMED COPS rush over from the emergency room and pull the two apart. Two cops on Popeye. One on Sonny. Then...

UNIFORMED COP

Damn, you know who these guys are?

POPEYE

That's right, Porkchops, so unless you want to write parking tickets in Staten Island for the rest of your twenty, I'd run along.

And they do. The cops let go and back away from the partners. We hear them whispering "Holy shit, that was Popeye Doyle"...

Popeye and Sonny breathing heavy, look at each other then...

FEMALE VOICE

Detectives...

They turn to see a VERY PRETTY WOMAN, MID 20'S. Bright eyes, thick curly hair. She is RACHEL ABROMOWITZ. She is also..

SONNY

Assistant District Attorney.

POPEYE

You here on the GiGi shooting?

ADA ABROMOWITZ

GiGi killing. They just pronounced.

This news gets to Sonny. Rachel sees this.

ADA ABROMOWITZ

Sorry, Sonny, I thought you knew.

POPEYE

It certainly is a loss for us all.

Rachel looks to Popeye.

POPEYE

All I can say is he'll be missed.

She dismisses Popeye with a look, then... to Sonny.

ADA ABROMOWITZ

Was it a clean shoot?

POPEYE

What kind of question is that?

SONNY

The right kind of question, Popeye.  
 (to Rachel)  
 Yeah, it was a clean shoot.

ADA ABROMOWITZ

OK. Get me your statements and get  
 that heroin to the property clerk.

Sonny nods "yes". Another moment, a LOOK BETWEEN Rachel and  
 Sonny. Tenderness? Then she moves off down the hall.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Popeye and Sonny stand quiet, not saying anything then...

SONNY

Popeye?

Slowly, Popeye turns and looks at his partner.

SONNY

I don't know where the drugs are.  
 That junk we took off GiGi, it was  
 in the car but after the crash when  
 they took you and GiGi to the  
 hospital I went back for it and it  
 was gone. There were so many people  
 in and out of that car, anyone  
 could have walked away with it.

A MOMENT as the two partners look out at the night.

SONNY

Without that bag of junk...

POPEYE

It will be there.

SONNY

...Popeye...

POPEYE

The junk, Sonny, it will be there.

Popeye walks off, into the night. Sonny watches him go.

SONNY (V.O.)

Mr. Doyle.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

CLOSE ON - SONNY'S FACE

SONNY (V.O.)

You shoot a man in the face. You kill him. Now, they take your guns and put you on the couch. But then, you blow the smoke off your .38, and never talk about it again.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSMAN FARIO CARDINALE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A large plain room with rows of metal folding chairs. 100 of them. Nearly 75 filled with neighborhood people, young, old, men, women... all Italian. It is a waiting room. They wait.

Sonny waits in a chair too. VERDI plays somewhere nearby.

The door to the INNER OFFICE opens and CONGRESSMAN FARIO CARDINALE steps out. Six feet tall, thick hair, Italian good looks. Even in his 50's he exudes strength. Cardinale stands talking quietly in the door with A LITTLE OLD ITALIAN MAN.

SONNY (V.O.)

Fario Cardinale. Had been a New York cop for 28 years, the most highly decorated officer... ever.

Cardinale bids good-bye to the Little Old Italian Man and motions for Sonny to come to him. Sonny walks toward him.

SONNY (V.O.)

He goes to Congress. His people come to him for everything. No heat, potholes, bad landlords, dead beat dads. He fixed all of it. They were his people. He was their man.

They greet in the Italian fashion. A kiss on each cheek. Fario has an OLD BULLET SCAR ON HIS NECK, he talks in a RASP.

SONNY

Ciao, Fario, Come stai?

CARDINALE

Non c'e male, non c'e male...  
(re: old Italian man)

(MORE)

CARDINALE (cont'd)

He says someone is stealing his Playboys outta the mail box, three months running now. I'll call the publisher, get him the back issues.

SONNY (V.O.)

As a cop if you want to get ahead, you need a hook, a Rabbi. Fario Cardinale had been mine. He got me in the detectives bureau. Maybe he thought I was worth it. Maybe it was because we were two Italians in a sea of Irish.

Cardinale ushers Sonny into his inner office.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSMAN FARIO CARDINALE'S INNER OFFICE - NEXT MOMENT

The walls lined with plaques and photos, a lifetime on the job and a second lifetime in politics. The .38 SERVICE REVOLVER STILL resides on the Congressman's belt.

Regally, Cardinale sits and motions for Sonny to do the same.

SONNY (V.O.)

He had his own shooting, years ago.

SUDDEN STROBED FLASH: Of a YOUNGER CARDINALE standing tall in blue uniform, .38 in hand, BLEEDING BADLY from A GUNSHOT TO HIS NECK. A dead GUNMEN at his feet. The image FLASHES out...

BACK TO SCENE IN CARDINALE'S OFFICE:

CARDINALE

When it was over, I could hear the leaves turning in the trees, I could smell the electricity in the wires. I could feel every thing.

SONNY (V.O.)

The only thing I could feel was the weight of my gun and I wasn't sure if it was too heavy for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NYU - DAY

The anti-war protests in full swing. A throng of ANGRY STUDENTS face off against a line of UNIFORMED COPS.

Popeye stands behind the cops, eats a pretzel, enjoys the show. He scans the crowd of students. Looking for something

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSMAN FARIO CARDINALE'S INNER OFFICE -DAY

Cardinale looks at Sonny and then...

CARDINALE

It was a clean shoot, Sonny. You got those chain marks on your partner's throat and you got the junk. I poked around downtown, no one has a problem with it.

But it looks like Sonny might have a problem with it. He doesn't say it but Cardinale goes and sits next to him.

CARDINALE

You need to cry. Do it here. You need to scream. Do it now. Puke, piss, crap, whatever it is, do it now and get it out. Then you get yourself in shape or they will flop you back into uniform and there's squat I can do about it.

(beat then...)

Truth is that worthless dirtbag you shot is going to be in you for the rest of your life, and that's that.

Sonny nods yes. "That's that". Cardinale goes to his desk.

CARDINALE

New business. I got a call from a Fed wants to talk to you.

SONNY

What's a Fed want to talk about?

CARDINALE

I didn't ask. He knows I'm your Rabbi, asked me to set it up.

SONNY

Have him come by the station.

CARDINALE

He can't do that, can't be seen there. Wants to talk to you, alone. No Popeye. Just you. Understand.

SONNY

You want to tell me why a Fed wants  
to talk to me and not my partner?

CARDINALE

Why is it always a discussion with  
you? Just listen to what he says.

Sonny nods OK. Cardinale gives him the Fed's number. Sonny  
stands and the two embrace good-bye. A moment then...

CARDINALE

Work the case, go to church, spend  
time with family. Family helps.

(they separate)

Your partner, Popeye, he didn't  
pull the trigger but he was there  
too. How is he dealing with it?

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.U. DORM - CORRIDOR - DAY

LED ZEPPELIN, anarchy, pot smoke and sex in the air. Raggedy  
students and protest signs litter the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

A STOP THE WAR sign on the floor, Zeppelin on the TURNTABLE  
and in bed, 19 year old CINDY on Popeye. As she finishes...

CINDY

...My bourgeoisie daddy wants me to  
come to the Country Club dance. I  
should bring you, that would blow  
his mind. "Dad, this is Popeye, the  
fascist cop I'm banging".

She finishes riding him then she climbs off, scampers out of  
bed and goes to the electric kettle in the corner.

CINDY

I'll make us some tea.

POPEYE

Make me coffee.

CINDY

No coffee. I'm boycotting the  
international coffee cartel.

POPEYE

Coffee cartel. Why do I come here?

Cindy turns back to face Popeye and shows him why.

CINDY

Because I'm a 19 year old... with a  
19 year old body.

POPEYE

Mmm...19... Come back here...

CINDY

No. Tea and talk first, then that.

CAMERA FOLLOWS CINDY as she bends to the electric kettle.

CINDY

I want to ask you something. The  
Weatherman say that if you think  
what you're doing is morally right,  
you can justify any act. Isn't that  
how you feel about what you do?

FROM behind Cindy the SOUND of a door closing. She turns to  
see POPEYE IS GONE. Cindy pouts for a second then...

CINDY

PIG!

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIST - DAY

Popeye picks out an ENORMOUS BOUQUET of flowers from the very  
ATTRACTIVE SALES GIRL. He lets her help him choose flowers.

CUT TO:

EXT. SONNY'S HOUSE - QUEENS - BACKYARD - DAY

A brick blue collar house in a blue collar neighborhood.

A PARTY IN PROGRESS, about 50 people. Italian Americans.  
Families, a few Priests, a few nuns, a few guys who look like  
they might be Jr. Wiseguys or just neighborhood wanna-bes.

Hot sausages cook on the grill. A big banner hangs between  
two trees: GIVE THEM HELL, VINCENT. COME BACK SAFE.

VINCENT, just 19, in his DRESS ARMY UNIFORM stands surrounded  
by a a bevy of dewy eyed girls. He is going to Viet Nam.

Sonny stands talking with his LITTLE ITALIAN MOM.

SONNY'S MOM

Maybe later, you get your nephew  
Vincent alone and talk with him.

Sonny looks over at Vincent and the dewy eyed girls.

SONNY

Vincent looks like he's doing okay  
for himself, Ma.

SONNY'S MOM

He's scared, Salvatore, he looks up  
to you. I want you to talk to him.  
Can't you ever just say "yes, Ma"?

SONNY

Yes, Ma.

She smiles but then sees something behind Sonny that makes  
her look as if she has just eaten something bad.

SONNY'S MOM

What's he doing here?

Sonny turns and sees Popeye walk into the backyard, grab a  
beer from the cooler and a sausage sandwich then come over to  
Sonny and his Ma. Popeye's smile does not charm Sonny's Ma.

POPEYE

Mrs. Russo...

SONNY'S MOM

(re: his sandwich)

I suppose you want ketchup on that.

POPEYE

That would be grand, Mrs. Russo.

She walks off to get Popeye his ketchup. Popeye sees Vincent.

POPEYE

Little Vincent going to war.

SONNY

The kid enlisted.

POPEYE

So did you.

Members of Sonny's family look at Popeye, then look away. No  
one is happy to see him or says hello. Not even the nuns.

Popeye trades looks with a COUPLE OF CHUBBY GUYS in the corner, they look at Popeye then quickly look away.

POPEYE

I thought those two were currently  
guests of the state.

SONNY

They got weekend passes to say good-  
bye to Vincent.

POPEYE

What did that cost?

SONNY

Don't start with me today.

The chubby guys look back at Popeye. He blows them a kiss.  
Popeye sees a pretty 17 year old girl.

POPEYE

Your niece Marie's growing up.

SONNY

I will knee-cap you.

(Pause. Here it is...)

We have to talk to GiGi's crew. See  
if GiGi did do Reggie 3.

POPEYE

I know where they are right now.

SONNY

I'll get my gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. SONNY'S HOUSE - QUEENS - FRONT YARD

Popeye and Sonny head to the car. Sonny's Ma comes out on the  
porch, ketchup bottle in hand and shouts after them.

SONNY'S MOM

Sonny. Sonny! Salvatore!!

SONNY

I gotta work, Ma.

SONNY'S MOM

If he had a family he wouldn't  
always take you away from yours!  
It's not right! It's not natural!

SONNY

I love you, Ma.

As Popeye and Sonny get in the car, Sonny's Ma curses in Italian, then she throws the ketchup bottle at them.

SONNY (V.O.)

Popeye grew up in an orphanage, from there it was the Marines, minor league ball then the Job. No family? The NYPD was his family.

CUT TO:

INT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - DAY

Popeye drives off as the ketchup bottle bangs off the car.

SONNY (V.O.)

People asked me how I could like a guy like Popeye. I'd tell them "If I didn't like Popeye, who would?"

In the back seat is an enormous bouquet of flowers.

SONNY

What's with the flowers?

POPEYE

We're going to a wake, it would be impolite to show up empty handed.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM STREET -DAY

Sonny and Popeye's car cruises through Spanish Harlem. Up ahead their destination, The San Juan Social Club.

CUT TO:

INT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Popeye drives. Sonny sees out the window...

A 25 year old black man, LINK (one of Reggie's crew) heading down the sidewalk toward the San Juan. Link does not see them, his head is down, his right arm tight against his body.

SONNY

Is that Link?

POPEYE

Yeah, check out his right arm.

SONNY (V.O.)

On the street, no one has a holster. So you see a kid like this, arm tight against his body, he's got a gun in his waistband.

Link has passed them, they turn their heads to see him heading closer to the San Juan. Popeye shakes his head then JAMS THE CAR IN REVERSE AND STOMPS ON THE GAS.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SAN JUAN SOCIAL CLUB - NEXT MOMENT

The TIRES SQUEAL as the CAR JUMPS INTO REVERSE. Link hears it and looks up to see the car ROARING BACKWARDS DOWN THE STREET toward him. He runs down the sidewalk but...

Popeye JERKS THE WHEEL, the CAR JUMPS THE CURB and, in reverse, POPEYE'S CAR CHASES LINK DOWN THE SIDEWALK. Link sprints around the corner into the alley and Popeye just whips the wheel and, still in reverse, chases after Link...

Until Link HITS THE WALL AT ALLEY'S END and turns to see the rear end of the car SCREECHING TO A HALT inches from him, pinning him in place. Popeye and Sonny get out, guns drawn.

SONNY

Hands up! Hands up!

Link puts his hands up, the partners move in from both sides. Sonny reaches out and pulls a .45 from Link's waistband.

POPEYE

What the hell is that, Link? You looking for a little payback for what GiGi did to Reggie 3?

SONNY

Water's tell you to do this? You buy that crap Cleon's selling?

LINK

They come after us, we go after them. It's what a man does.

POPEYE

It's what a cop does. It's my job. You're job is drug dealing.

SONNY

What'dya want to do with him?

POPEYE

We book him that's hours of paper work. We don't have that time.

LINK

So I can go?

POPEYE

Yeah, you can go in my trunk.

Sonny opens the trunk and before Link knows what hit him, Popeye pushes him and slams it shut.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SAN JUAN SOCIAL CLUB - GIGI'S WAKE - DAY

A WAKE IN PROGRESS. A PHOTO OF GIGI on the bar with a pair of boxing gloves draped over it. Music blasts from the JUKEBOX.

About twenty Puerto Rican men in here. Drinking hard.

The door opens and there's Popeye, the bouquet of flowers obscuring his face. He lowers the flowers and...

POPEYE

(over blasting music)

POPEYE'S HERE!

One of the men moves to him but Popeye throws the flowers in his face, strides to jukebox and pulls out the cord. SILENCE.

POPEYE

Popeye's here. Hands on the bar.

A few run for the door but SONNY STANDS THERE NOW, arms crossed, shaking his head "NO".

POPEYE

Hands. On. The. Bar.

There is a moment now. Popeye and Sonny outnumbered. One of the Puerto Rican men recognizes Sonny.

PUERTO RICAN MAN

You're the one shot GiGi.

They all look at Sonny. Popeye looks at Sonny too.

PUERTO RICAN MAN  
 You're the one shot Gigi.

The Puerto Rican Man steps toward Sonny. POPEYE DOES NOTHING.  
 The Man is right up in Sonny's face now. POPEYE DOES NOTHING.

PUERTO RICAN MAN  
 You're the one shot Gigi.

Now Sonny leans in to the Man's face and says very quietly...

SONNY  
 Right in the face...

A MOMENT and then...

POPEYE  
 OK, any one of you cub scouts think  
 they can stand a toss? I doubt it.

Popeye begins to push them against the bar.

POPEYE  
 Let's go. Let's go.

Popeye pushes them and goes through their pockets, throwing  
 what he finds on the bar. He finds... guns, knives, heroin,  
 pot, pills, brass knuckles and cash.

SONNY  
 Hey, Popeye. Look at that.

Sonny points to a shelf. On it are TWO VOODOO DOLLS stuffed  
 with pins. A sign under them says MR. DOYLE, MR. RUSSO.

Popeye grabs the dolls and throws them on the bar. Now he  
 grabs a a metal cocktail shaker and as he talks he begins to  
 load a few handfuls of the drugs into the shaker.

POPEYE  
 As you fellas know, your class  
 mate, GiGi, was being looked at for  
 the shooting death of Reggie 3.

Popeye has the shaker full of drugs, he grabs a bottle of  
 Bacardi and pours the rum in until it overflows.

POPEYE  
 Now, I could care less you junkies  
 kill yourself but I got vacation  
 time coming up and an open file  
 might keep me off the beach.

Popeye puts the top on the cocktail shaker full of drugs and rum and begins to shake it like a professional bartender.

The men with their hands on the bar look at Popeye like they want to kill him. But they don't. They don't even move.

POPEYE

So who's talking? GiGi do Reggie 3?  
Take his cash and stash?

Done shaking his concoction, Popeye pours the drugs and rum on top of the voodoo dolls. Sparks a match and lights it up.

As the pile burns, Popeye points to the still prolific quantity of drugs left untouched on the bar.

POPEYE

That's enough to put you all away  
but being the guy I am, I am going  
to let you all go, except one...

As the FIRE GROWS, Popeye moves his finger from one man to the other, eenie-meanie-minie-moe. Each sighs with relief as the finger passes over them, Popeye goes back over some and then... he lets it settle on the YOUNGEST, MOST NERVOUS MAN, ARMANDO, so jittery he looks about to piss himself. So...

POPEYE

Winner! Now tell your friends that  
in accord with the Rockefeller drug  
laws you have to say good-bye now.

Sonny grabs Armando by the collar and drags him to the door. Popeye pushes the remaining drugs on the bar into the fire, scoops up the guns and knives and heads out.

POPEYE

We're leaving now. Have a nice day.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SAN JUAN CLUB - NEXT MOMENT

Sonny "helps" Armando down to the car. Popeye close behind.

POPEYE

You look about to squirt yourself,  
fella. You got something to say?

Armando nervously looks around and then says...

ARMANDO

John Paoloti.

They stare back at him.

ARMANDO  
 Detective John Paoloti. Know him?

SONNY  
 Keep talking.

ARMANDO  
 I'm his registered confidential informant. I'm his C.I. Me and GiGi both were. You want to bust me? Talk to him. Talk to Paoloti.

Popeye and Sonny look at each other.

LINK (FROM TRUNK)  
 I gotta take a piss, Man.

POPEYE  
 You piss in my trunk and you will be a very unhappy man.

LINK (FROM TRUNK)  
 I already am a very unhappy man.

ARMANDO  
 There's someone in your trunk?

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER THE TRI-BOROUGH BRIDGE - NIGHT

Two cars parked under the bridge. Popeye and Sonny stand facing DETECTIVE JOHN PAOLOTI, Armando stands behind Paoloti.

DETECTIVE PAOLOTI  
 I can vouch for Armando here and GiGi too. They were with me making buys when Reggie 3 went down.

POPEYE  
 You can vouch for both of them?

DETECTIVE PAOLOTI  
 You can talk to my back up team too. And I guess if you want, you can interview the skulls we booked.

ARMANDO  
 GiGi didn't shoot no Reggie 3.

Sonny looks at Popeye but Popeye is staring at Paoloti.

DETECTIVE PAOLOTI

GiGi's not the guy. He was an extra large bag of crap but he didn't do Reggie 3. I've been working Armando here for months and now with GiGi gone... Help me out, let him walk. They'd throw his case out anyway.

Paoloti sees that Popeye is just staring at him.

DETECTIVE PAOLOTI

Something bothering you, Doyle?

POPEYE

Look, I know about that house you got upstate Paoloti, and the boat.

Paoloti lunges for Popeye but Sonny gets in the way.

POPEYE

And I know you make a bust, all the cash doesn't get to the precinct.

DETECTIVE PAOLOTI

You and your buddy here think you crap bars of Ivory Soap. I heard Knapp is looking at you, Doyle.

POPEYE

And I heard in Japan they eat raw fish but I couldn't give half a damn about that either.

(soft and scary)

But I need to know if your vouching for GiGi on this is square. Think real slow and answer. You follow?

SONNY (V.O.)

Every cop knows, to uphold the law, you have to break the law. This is why me and Popeye did what we did. But Paoloti... he wanted a boat.

Popeye staring at Paoloti... who BACKS OFF AND BACKS DOWN.

DETECTIVE PAOLOTI

It's square. GiGi was with me.

Sonny looks to Popeye who nods his head "OK". Sonny uncuffs Armando.

SONNY

Take him. Take him and leave.

Paul and Paoloti takes the C.I. back to his car,

SONNY (V.O.)

If he was dirty would we turn him in? If I'm sitting in church and a guy farts, I don't point it out. I move away. But you never rat...

LINK (FROM THE TRUNK)

It's stanky in here. What you been doing in this car? I got rights. This is the United States of America. Not Russia.

Popeye goes to the car, JERKS open the trunk, pulls Link out.

POPEYE

You do not live in the United States of America.

LINK

I don't? Where do I live?

POPEYE

The United States of Popeye. Now say it. Where do you live?

LINK

The United States of Popeye.

POPEYE

GiGi didn't do Reggie 3. So you cool out and back away from this.

Leaving Link there, Popeye and Sonny get in the car.

SONNY (V.O.)

You never rat. I knew that. Popeye knew it too. But with him it was something more. It was that Irish thing. For the Irish, to be an informer meant selling your soul to the English. Popeye would never inform... Knapp Commission or no Knapp Commission.

Popeye stomps on the gas, leaving Link coughing in dust.

LINK

UNITED STATES OF LINK! YOU HEAR?

CUT TO:

EXT. SONNY'S HOUSE - QUEENS - NIGHT

Popeye lets Sonny off. Sonny walks to the porch. It is a quiet, dark night. Cars in the distance. Crickets.

Sonny stops. He hears something, something in the bushes. He takes his .38 out and quietly goes down the porch steps.

Staying in the shadows, he moves along the front of the house. His GUN UP in front of him. FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

To the corner now. He takes a breath, moves fast around the side of the house and SHOVES HIS GUN AGAINST THE HEAD OF...

His nephew Vincent. Still in his dress uniform, his cheeks stained with tears. He has been crying. Sonny lowers the gun.

SONNY

Jesus, Vincent, I almost shot you.  
What are you doing out here?

VINCENT

I didn't want anyone in the house  
to hear me. I've... been crying.  
I'm real scared, Uncle Sonny.

Sonny opens the chamber of his revolver and TAKES OUT A SINGLE BULLET. He puts this in Vincent's hand.

VINCENT

I don't think they use .38's over  
there, Uncle Sonny.

SONNY

I know that. But you hold onto this  
bullet for me. It's mine. You hold  
onto it and you bring it back. It's  
mine and I want it back. *Capice?*

And Sonny holds him as the boy in uniform cries in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT POPEYE'S CRAPPY STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Popeye, sits in a lazy-boy, eats a TV DINNER, watches Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In. Popeye does not laugh. The reception goes FUZZY and Popeye adjusts the TV's RABBIT EARS.

The room is without character. No photos. No mementoes. Just a man, eating by himself, watching TV.

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

THE SCREEN IS BLACK BUT THE DARKNESS CRACKLES AS WE HEAR...

**DISPATCH ON RADIO**

All units. 10-13. Officer needs assistance. All units. 10-13...

INT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

LIGHTS ON. SIREN OFF. They drive fast through the streets of Harlem responding to the 10-13. Anxiety on both their faces.

**SONNY (V.O.)**

10-13. Officer Needs Assistance. Everyone flies to this one. Pedal down. Screw the stop signs and lights. Rookies get all jacked up and use the sirens but you want to keep yours off so you can hear the patrol cars running the red lights. You want to get there in one piece.

Sure as shit they get to an intersection and a BLACK AND WHITE, sirens blazing, blows through the red light. Popeye swings out behind and follows. 75MPH THROUGH HARLEM.

**SONNY (V.O.)**

10-13. Officer Needs Assistance. All year the Black Liberation Army had been calling in false 10-13's and machine gunning the responding officers, both black and white.

Instinctively, Popeye and Sonny rest a hand on their guns.

**SONNY (V.O.)**

10 dead cops in 10 months and even though it might mean an ambush you hear a 10-13 and you go. Because 10-13 means Officer Needs Assistance.

The patrol car in front of Popeye slowing. They are there. More traffic outside. More flashing lights. PEOPLE CROWD THE SIDEWALKS and what appears to be a BONFIRE somewhere in the street ahead. Popeye jams the car in park. They step out.

CUT TO:

EXT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - HARLEM STREET - NEXT MOMENT

Popeye and Sonny step onto the street already crowded with COPS CARS, UNIFORMED OFFICERS and DETECTIVES. A FIRE TRUCK tries to push through. They step aside to let it pass.

Popeye and Sonny head toward the blaze until they see the flames comes from a PATROL CAR that BURNS IN THE STREET.

TWO PATROLMAN stand by their burning car, covered in soot, shaken but unharmed. They give their report to a DETECTIVE.

Popeye and Sonny pass an EMERGENCY SERVICES TRUCK, the back door open enough to see ONE DOZEN HEAVILY ARMED COPS inside. RIOT GUNS, BULLET PROOF VESTS, HELMETS. But the freaky thing is, they all just sit there so quietly. SILENT. WAITING.

The Emergency Services Sergeant, MALCOLM CAMBRIDGE, leans against the truck, surveying the crowd. Cambridge is a black man, 30. Solid muscle. SOFT voice. Something VERY SAD in him.

SERGEANT CAMBRIDGE

Detectives...

SONNY

Sergeant Cambridge.

POPEYE

Nice fire.

SERGEANT CAMBRIDGE

Sector car responded to a report of a shooting. They pull up and someone air mails a soda bottle full of gasoline at the car.

SONNY

Air mail, huh...

They look up at the rooftops. Shadows. People looking down.

SERGEANT CAMBRIDGE

Both patrolmen got out fine. There's about fifty men searching the buildings but...

POPEYE

They'll never find that guy.

SERGEANT CAMBRIDGE

No, Detective, they won't. Went across those rooftops and was gone.

SONNY

The shooting for real?

Cambridge points to two BLEEDING MEN being loaded on stretchers. LINK on one. A Puerto Rican man on the other.

Though wounded, THE TWO SHOT MEN STILL TRY TO GET AT EACH OTHER. Paramedics and Cops keep them on their stretchers.

Suddenly, FROM THE BURNING CAR, GUN SHOTS EXPLODE IN THE NIGHT. Sonny and Popeye both duck. Cambridge does not duck.

SERGEANT CAMBRIDGE

(re: gunshots)

Must have been some extra ammo in the patrol car. Fire lit it off.

Sonny looks at the sidewalk lined with ANXIOUS CIVILIANS. The street full of NERVOUS COPS. Whispers and looks all around.

SONNY

You going to keep your boys in the truck there off the street?

SERGEANT CAMBRIDGE

I surely hope so. The dozen men back there and the 600 more I got on call with riot guns and helmets. I'd like to keep them all off the street. But if this place goes, the brass wants it over fast and hard.

POPEYE

I wouldn't want to be them.

SERGEANT CAMBRIDGE

I wouldn't want to be us either.

THE FIREMEN EXTINGUISH THE BURNING CAR. It hiss and steams as Popeye, VERY MAD, goes to Link, struggling on his stretcher.

POPEYE

Didn't I tell you this was my job?

LINK

How could I face my people I don't do this? It's what a man does?

POPEYE

It's what a man does?

LINK

I told you that, Mr. Doyle.

POPEYE

And I told you, and you tell Cleon,  
Gigi didn't do Reggie 3.

LINK

But you're the police, Mr. Doyle?  
Why should I believe you?

Link is loaded into the ambulance. The Paramedic has a syringe, about to inject a GRATEFUL Link with painkiller but Popeye GRABS THE PARAMEDIC'S HAND, TAKES THE SYRINGE.

PARAMEDIC

What the hell are you doing?

POPEYE

Not for him. This jackass got  
himself shot and I want him to feel  
shot. No dope for him. You follow?

Popeye SLAMS THE AMBULANCE DOORS CLOSED and WAVES GOOD-BYE.  
And now he SEES Cleon Waters, across the street, addressing a  
small crowd. Popeye can hear what Cleon is saying.

CLEON WATERS

You think the cops let this happen  
on Central Park West? To protect  
and to serve? Maybe it's time we  
protect and serve ourselves.

Popeye restrains himself from going over to Cleon. Turns his  
back on Cleon as Sonny comes up to him.

POPEYE

Who put us on to Gigi?

SONNY

Reggie 3's widow put us on to Gigi.

POPEYE

Let's put a wire on her phone.

SONNY

I'm with that.

POPEYE

OK, let's wake up a judge.

They head back to their car but WINCE as they see a NERVOUS  
MAN in a SUIT AND BOW-TIE scuttling across the crime scene  
toward them. SILVERS.

SILVERS

DOYLE! RUSSO!

(in a breathless rush)

Now we have Blacks and Puerto Ricans shooting at each other, all because of this dead guy Reggie 3 so I am here when I don't want to be here to find out what you know about who shot Reggie 3? What do you know? You need to tell me.

Popeye and Sonny stare at Silvers, who breathes very fast.

POPEYE

Silvers, if you're here, who has his nose up the mayor's ass?

SILVERS

The Mayor? You know how sensitive he is to... this kind of thing.

SONNY

You mean shootings? Poverty?

SILVERS

You know that's not what I mean.

POPEYE

Drugs? No social services? Or...

SILVERS

I'm not going to say it. You will not get me to say that word.

CUT TO:

EXT. REGGIE 3'S BUILDING - HARLEM - NIGHT

Dressed as DWP EMPLOYEES, Popeye and Sonny enter through a back door and head down the basement steps.

CUT TO:

INT. REGGIE 3'S BUILDING - HARLEM - SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Telephone connections here. Popeye identifies the right ones and hooks the Widow Reggie 3's phone up to a tape player.

SONNY (V.O.)

That's it. Check it once a day. Everything she says, we know.

POPEYE

Why did we need a judge for that?

SONNY (V.O.)

But all this time I'm still thinking about what Cardinale said. Why would a Fed want to talk to me? You have to understand, the NYPD is like the Feds poor relations. They have all the money, all the equipment, all the personnel. So why's he want to talk to me, alone?

They go, leaving the recorder to do its work.

POPEYE

Something you want to say?

SONNY

No. Why?

POPEYE

You just look like there is something you want to say.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER WEST SIDE - ON THE WATER- LATE NIGHT

DESOLATE. Over head the TWIN TOWERS just going up. Each about forty stories high so far.

Sonny looks at the buildings for a moment and then a MAN walks out of the shadows. AGENT RAUCH

AGENT RAUCH

Russo?

Rauch extends his hand. Sonny shakes it.

AGENT RAUCH

Rauch. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

SONNY

You want to tell me why I'm here?

Rauch about to talk but stops. Whatever it is, it is hard to say. He looks up at the massive construction project instead.

AGENT RAUCH

Gonna be big, huh?

SONNY

That's what you want to talk about?

AGENT RAUCH

What I say here, stays here.

(beat then...)

We got a couple of informants over at the Bureau who've been hinting about something big.

(BEAT, then...)

The pipeline. They say they can get to the French who bring it in.

SONNY (V.O.)

We'd only gotten as high as the Italian connection, the guys over here. Now this Fed was talking about the pipeline from overseas. The French Connection. But...

SONNY

You're the damn BNDD. Why tell me?

(beat, then figures it...)

You don't trust your own guys?

AGENT RAUCH

I'd rather not say.

SONNY

You guys incompetent or... corrupt?

AGENT RAUCH

I'd rather not say. If they knew I was here, losing my job would be the best thing that happens. I could be looking at jail for this.

SONNY

Then why do this?

AGENT RAUCH

I think we can stop hundreds of kilos of junk hitting the streets. Isn't that why we do this?

SONNY

Yeah... it's why we do this.

AGENT RAUCH

They say you're the best narcotics cop in the city. So I'm asking you to take this here and do something.

SONNY

I need to think about this.

AGENT RAUCH

You do this? You might want to think about not using Doyle. These aren't junkies in Harlem that he can strong-arm into a confession.

SONNY

I go with my partner.

Rauch nods and walks off. Leaving Sonny in the night with those two huge skeletal buildings looming above.

Sonny heads back to his car when he sees a MAN begging in the night. Skinny, dirt on his face, scabs on his arms. A JUNKIE.

JUNKIE

Can you help me out?

The Junkie so sick, stares at Sonny with wet, wounded eyes.

SONNY (V.O.)

One ounce of heroin is 440 grains.  
Hit that nine times with milk sugar, that's about 4,000 grains.  
One grain per shot? An ounce of heroin gets 4,000 junkies high.

SUDDENLY, in front of Sonny, there are 4,000 junkies. They stand ten deep in the night. Each and every one of them stares at Sonny with WET, WOUNDED EYES.

SONNY (V.O.)

One pound of heroin and you're talking 64,000 shots.

The junkies multiply again. 64,000 of them. Sonny can see them out there in the night, filling the West Side Highway. All so quiet, all staring at Sonny with WET, WOUNDED EYES.

SONNY (V.O.)

This Fed was talking 200 pounds of dope. There are 300,000 junkies in New York City. That's enough to keep them all high for six weeks.

The junkies multiply again. They fill the cross streets. Sonny turns. So many packed onto the banks of the river that many of them stand knee deep in the dirty water. They are all quiet and they all stare at Sonny with WET, WOUNDED EYES.

SONNY (V.O.)

Of course, some won't be here in six weeks.

The ranks of the junkies thin out.

SONNY (V.O.)

But others will take their place.

The ranks of the junkies fill out again. And this time one speaks. He looks right at Sonny and says...

JUNKIE

Can you help me out?

And they are all gone. All 300,000 of them. Just that one junkie, arms outstretched and Sonny alone in the night.

Sonny gives the junkie a few dollars and the sick man shuffles off into the night. Sonny watches him go.

SONNY (V.O.)

200 pounds of pure heroin. What would Popeye do to get his hands on the people moving that much junk into his city? Would I be able to control him?

(pause)

Would I even want to?

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - QUEENS - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Sonny's Ma and his sister the Nun sit on the couch watching a very young JOHNNY CARSON. The door opens and Sonny comes in.

SONNY'S MOM

I put a plate in the oven for you.

He nods yes then Sonny sees... The phone is off the hook.

SONNY

Ma, why is the phone off the hook?

SONNY'S MOM

You know why, Salvatore.

SONNY

When did he call?

SONNY'S MOM

Which time? Why can't he leave you alone? Let you have a life?

SONNY

He's my partner, Ma...

Sonny hangs up the phone. It RINGS. His Ma crosses herself.

SONNY'S MOM

Santa Maria... don't he ever sleep?

Sonny picks it up. Popeye on the other end.

POPEYE (ON THE PHONE)

Get down here.

CUT TO:

EXT. REGGIE 3'S BUILDING - HARLEM - SUB-BASEMENT - 1 AM

Sonny enters carrying a plate of chicken in plastic wrap. Popeye is here, has been for some time. There is a sleeping bag, some magazines, a flask next to the tape recorder.

Sonny hands Popeye the plate of chicken. As Popeye eats, Sonny picks up the flask, looks at it, then takes a drink.

POPEYE

I love your Ma's chicken.

SONNY

You should tell her sometime.

POPEYE

Wouldn't want to spoil her. (BEAT)  
You go bowling tonight?

SONNY

Not exactly. I thought we were going to check the tap once a day.

POPEYE

My date cancelled. I had the time. Turns out there was discord in Reggie's marriage. He was doing a little Cassius Clay on her face.

SONNY

Muhammad Ali.

POPEYE

Yeah, he stops dodging the draft  
I'll call him whatever he wants.

SONNY

So she does Reggie 3 to avoid the  
fists then points the finger at  
Gigi knowing we'll eat that up.

POPEYE

What I thought until I heard this.

Popeye plays a recorded call of a MAN and a WOMAN.

REGGIE 3'S WIDOW (ON TAPE)

*That's just the way Reggie 3 was...*

POPEYE

That would be the widow...

MAN'S VOICE (ON TAPE)

*You're better off without him,  
something you should have gotten  
away from years ago.*

SONNY

We know who this is?

POPEYE

In a rare move, they're smart  
enough to not use names.

MAN'S VOICE (ON TAPE)

*Truth is, I hated seeing you like  
that, treated like that. You're  
such a beautiful person, you know?*

POPEYE

This fella called the Widow five  
times today. Full of sympathy.

SONNY

He seems very protective.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM STREET - NEXT MOMENT

The Widow Reggie 3 comes out of a building. Reggie's crew  
with her. Sonny and Popeye get out a car and step to her.

REGGIE 3'S WIDOW  
 (to Sonny)  
 Heard you shot that GiGi in the  
 face. I guess I owe you for that.

SONNY  
 Where's the little one?

REGGIE 3'S WIDOW  
 I got a sitter.

SONNY  
 How's business?

REGGIE 3'S WIDOW  
 I don't know what you mean.

POPEYE  
 I heard he made you Sonny Liston.

The partners tag team her. Sonny asking questions. Popeye in  
 her face, SHADOWBOXING, DUCKING and BOBBING.

SONNY  
 You running the corner now?

POPEYE  
 I heard it was jab, jab, jab...

SONNY  
 You sent us to GiGi...

POPEYE  
 Uppercut, uppercut. Left hook,  
 right hook. Wicked combinations.

SONNY  
 But GiGi didn't do it. Did he?

She doesn't know which one to look at. They have her dazed.

POPEYE  
 Sonny Liston! He just sat there  
 after six rounds, but you, YOU, you  
 came back with a .22, didn't you?

Popeye right in her face. She begins to cry.

POPEYE  
 JAB, JAB... BAM, BAM... didn't you?

One of the crew speaks up, softly at first. He is LEFTY.

LEFTY

Leave off her.

Popeye leans in closer to the Widow. She cries harder.

POPEYE

Sonny Liston had a .22? He might be champ today instead of that draft dodging poet. JAB, JAB... BAM! BAM!

LEFTY

Leave off her.

POPEYE

And now you got Reggie's corner? It's not Reggie's corner. It never was. This is my corner. My street.

LEFTY

LEAVE OFF HER!

Popeye turns. Lefty points a gun at him with his left hand.

LEFTY

I said leave off her.

Sonny reaches for his .38 but nervous Lefty swings the gun back and forth between the two partners.

POPEYE

That a .22 you got there?

LEFTY

I asked you to leave off her.

POPEYE

Sonny, wasn't it a .22 that did in Reggie 3?... And this fella here, he don't like the way we're treating the widow.

The partners step closer to Lefty, he nervously swings the gun back and forth. Aimed at Popeye, then Sonny...

POPEYE

What do you think he'd do to someone who was beating on her?

The partners closer to Lefty. Now the Widow looks at him.

SONNY

You didn't like the way he treated her, did you?

REGGIE 3'S WIDOW

Tell me you didn't do Reggie 3?

SONNY

You just had to sit and watch it.

REGGIE 3'S WIDOW

TELL ME YOU DIDN'T SHOOT REGGIE 3?

LEFTY

For you. I shot him for you.

Popeye and Sonny look at each other, then they move as one. Lefty does not know who to aim the gun at but HE IS GOING TO SHOOT SOMEONE. Popeye gets there first and GRABS THE GUN, CLAMPING HIS HAND ON THE CYLINDER. Looks Lefty in the eye.

SONNY (V.O.)

In the academy they teach you that you grab a revolver hard enough by the cylinder you can keep the perp from firing. They teach it to you as a last resort, seeing how sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't... This time it worked.

With his free hand, Popeye KNOCKS LEFTY OUT. Reggie's crew looks down at Lefty but Sonny looks at REGGIE'S CREW.

SONNY

It ends here. Reggie 3 is dead.  
GiGi is dead. Two other guys shot.  
And for what? For what? I'm telling  
you all right now. It. Ends. Here.

One of REGGIE 3'S CREW LAUGHS.

POPEYE

You got something to say?  
(no one answers)  
SO GET OUT OF HERE. GO.

They do, slowly back away. Popeye looks at Sonny.

POPEYE

Sometimes I think you'd be better  
with a collar instead of a shield.

SONNY

Don't be a heathen.

CUT TO:

## INT. POPEYE AND SONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Popeye drives. Sonny in the passenger seat. Lefty, his hands cuffed behind him, in the back seat. Popeye pulls the car over, jumps out, runs to a phone booth.

LEFTY

Who's he calling?

SONNY

You're going to be in the papers.

CUT TO:

## EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

Popeye and Sonny pull up and lead Lefty from the car. There are a few REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS waiting there.

SONNY (V.O.)

Popeye loved the press. Said people wanted to read about cops keeping the streets safe. He wanted it too.

REPORTER

Popeye! Why'd he do it?

POPEYE

This guy here? He did it for love.

Popeye winks at Sonny and they lead Lefty into the station but they stop as they hear the RUMBLE of TWO COP MOTORCYCLES leading an UNDERCOVER CAR. Someone VERY IMPORTANT is here.

A FEW SUITS get out of the undercover car, protecting the VIP who follows them. Popeye and Sonny CAN'T SEE who the VIP is.

A small crowd gathers around the VIP, cops and onlookers.

PEOPLE IN THE CROWD

...it's Sinatra... Hey, Frank....

And then the crowd parts and out of it steps FRANK SINATRA. 55 and SWINGING. One of his BODYGUARDS whispers to Frank and POINTS AT POPEYE. Frank nods and heads over to Popeye.

FRANK SINATRA

You're Doyle?

POPEYE

That's right.

FRANK SINATRA  
Frank Sinatra.

THEY SHAKE HANDS. Which is the bigger star, Frank or Popeye?  
THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS snap photos, FLASHBULBS go off.

SINATRA AND SONNY  
(at the same time)  
I want a copy of that.

POPEYE  
(introducing)  
This is my partner, Sonny Russo.

FRANK SINATRA  
Yeah, good to meet you Sonny.  
(to Popeye)  
I'm shooting my new detective flick  
in town. These fine policemen who  
been body guarding me keep saying  
you want to talk to the best cop in  
New York, talk to Doyle. Twice the  
arrests of any other cop? I just  
had to meet you.

SONNY (V.O.)  
Sinatra just had to meet Popeye.

POPEYE  
I gotta tell you, I'm a big fan of  
that song your daughter sings.

FRANK SINATRA  
The one about the boots...

POPEYE  
That's the one.

FRANK SINATRA  
You know I sing a little too.

Sinatra, Popeye and the eavesdropping crowd LAUGH. Then...

FEMALE REPORTER  
Mr. Sinatra, you've played cops in  
several of your last movies. How do  
you feel about talk of brutality  
and corruption in the NYPD?

FRANK SINATRA  
Listen, baby, if you don't like  
cops, next time you're in trouble  
call a hippie. You dig?

A Bodyguard whispers to Frank, leads him off. Sonny stares. Popeye takes Lefty into the station. Sonny catches up.

SONNY  
That was Sinatra.

POPEYE  
I know. I was there.

SONNY (V.O.)  
This is no job for grown-ups.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Lefty alone in the room. Cuffed to a chair.

CAMERA TRAVELS THROUGH THE ONE WAY MIRROR TO...

INT. INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Sonny in here with A.D.A. RACHEL ABROMOWITZ.

The two look through the mirror as Popeye enters the interrogation room and tosses the .22 on the table.

CUT BACK AND FORTH FROM VIEWING TO INTERROGATION ROOM.

POPEYE  
We got a match of this .22 here to the one that put two bullets into Reggie 3's head. That plus what you said in the street puts the stamp on you. Anything you'd like to add?

LEFTY  
He hit her, all the time.

POPEYE  
And you had to stop it. Stop him.

LEFTY  
That's right.

VIEWING ROOM:

ADA ABROMOWITZ  
That's enough for me.

She moves to the door but she and Sonny both see Popeye does not get up from the table in the other room.

ADA ABROMOWITZ  
 What's he doing?

INTERROGATION ROOM:

POPEYE  
 That's a murder rap, fella. That's a long time. With your record, twenty... twenty-five years... You think you can do that, no need to listen to what I'm about to say.

VIEWING ROOM:

ADA ABROMOWITZ  
 Is he dealing? I have a matching gun with his prints. I have a confession. I have the killer. What else does he want?

SONNY  
 The real bad guy ... narcotics...

INTERROGATION ROOM:

POPEYE  
 You know who's behind that glass?

Lefty shakes his head "no".

POPEYE  
 ADA Rachel Abromowitz. She's real pretty, if you like that kind of thing. Soft skin... business suit.

Popeye leans in closer to Lefty.

POPEYE  
 But she's real smart. I'll bet she's got Yale written on her panties. You know what Yale is?

LEFTY  
 They make locks?

POPEYE  
 Yeah, they make locks. She's going to get you in that courtroom and make it look like you're the one responsible for everything that's wrong with this city. She's going to have the jury so scared of you they are going to crap their pants.

VIEWING ROOM:

ADA ABROMOWITZ

I'm not bargaining down a murder beef because he's got a hard-on for Cleon Waters. That's not happening.

INTERROGATION ROOM:

POPEYE

ADA Abromowitz has a thing for me. She's always after me for a pony ride. So I can talk to her for you.

LEFTY

If...

POPEYE

You talk to me about Cleon. You get out on bail you could even work for us. Sometimes trials take years.

VIEWING ROOM:

ADA ABROMOWITZ

He can't promise him that.

SONNY

Well, he can promise it.

She moves to the door but Sonny TAKES HER ARM AND STOPS HER.

INTERROGATION ROOM:

Lefty and Popeye stare at each other and then Lefty puts his RIGHT HAND on the table and for the first time we see that the FINGERS OF HIS RIGHT HAND ARE MANGLED.

LEFTY

A few years ago, one of your cop buddies asked me the same question. When I didn't talk, he broke every finger on my right hand. I didn't rat then, I'm not going to rat now.

Popeye looks at Lefty then Popeye pushes himself away from the table and heads for the door.

END OF ACT THREE

**ACT FOUR**

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside interrogation room. Popeye comes out of one door. Abromowitz and Sonny come out of the other door.

ADA ABROMOWITZ  
What's going on?

POPEYE  
That's it. He's all yours.

Uniformed cops lead Lefty away as Popeye and Sonny watch.

SONNY (V.O.)  
That was the one thing he could  
have said to get Popeye to back  
off. The only thing. You don't rat.

A UNIFORMED COP comes up to Popeye and gives him a note. Popeye reads it then...

POPEYE  
This person asked for me?

The Uniformed Cop nods "yes". Popeye looks at Sonny...

POPEYE  
We gotta go.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE TOMBS" - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

It is bedlam and hysteria down here. All the cells packed to capacity with angry, stinky, stoned protesters. Uniformed cops and detectives try to process the mob.

Through this chaos strides Popeye, followed by Sonny. A Uniformed Cop with a clipboard tries to keep up. Popeye rants, more to himself, as he pushes through the crowd.

POPEYE  
Yeah, Ms. Anarchy. Ms. Tear-down-  
the-system. Until she gets pinched  
and doesn't want her Daddy to know.  
Then what does she do?

SONNY  
...She calls you...

POPEYE

She calls me. (IMPERSONATING CINDY)  
"You have get me out, Popeye. This  
will look bad on my record, Popeye.  
My Daddy will kill me, Popeye"

SONNY

It's tough being you.

POPEYE

It really is. There she is...

Popeye has stopped in front of a packed holding cell. He points Cindy out to the Cop with the clipboard.

UNIFORMED COP

That one?

Popeye nods "yes". The Cop unlocks the cell and calls out...

UNIFORMED COP

Cindy Kingwood!

Cindy looks up and sees Popeye, smiles and runs to him. There is grumbling in the holding cell from the other protesters

Cindy gets to Popeye and is overwhelmed with gratitude. She throws her arms around him, kisses his face, saying whispers something obscene in Popeye's ear. Popeye happy until he hears a SULTRY VOICE from a holding cell.

SULTRY VOICE

Hey Popeye...

Popeye sees another girl protester step to the front of the cage. Very pretty. After a moment he remembers her...

POPEYE

Sharon?

SHARON

Hey, Popeye...

Cindy stops kissing Popeye and looks from him to Sharon.

CINDY

Popeye? Who is that?

But Popeye looks to the Uniformed Cop and nods...

POPEYE

That one too.

The Uniformed Cop steps to Sharon.

UNIFORMED COP  
What's your name, please?

SHARON  
Sharon Daley.

Sharon saunters out of the cell, winks at Popeye and walks off for freedom. Cindy looks from her to Popeye then Cindy walks away as well. Sonny thinks this all IS VERY FUNNY.

POPEYE  
Hey! I drove all the way down here!  
(jogs after Cindy)  
Cindy! Come on... Cindy...

Cindy stops and turns to Popeye. He gives her his best heartfelt pout, holds out his arms. Cindy smiles. But then...

GIRL'S VOICE FROM INSIDE CELL  
Popeye?

Both Popeye and Cindy both turn to see yet another good looking co-ed in there recognize Popeye. Cindy walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMBS - DAY

Popeye and Sonny stand on the steps and watch as Cindy, Sharon and that THIRD GIRL head off. Popeye calls after them.

POPEYE  
Come on, Ladies! Can't we come to some understanding here? What about free love? Isn't this exactly what you're fighting for?  
(they do not look back)  
HYPOCRITES!

And the girls are gone. Popeye and Sonny head down the steps. They pass an impromptu news conference. MAYOR LINDSAY SURROUNDED by REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS. Silvers is here.

REPORTER  
Mayor Lindsay, is there any fear these student protests might escalate into a riot?

MAYOR LINDSAY  
Who said that? Do not print that word. These were peaceful protests.

Popeye sneaks up behind Silvers and in a fake voice says...

POPEYE

Excuse me, what word can't we say?

It is out of Silver's mouth before he can stop himself.

SILVERS

Riot.

There, out loud. Lindsay looks over at Silvers as Popeye sneaks away. He and Sonny keep going.

POPEYE

You want to get a drink?

SONNY

I got something to do.

POPEYE

What do you have to do?

SONNY

I have something to do.

POPEYE

It's that little Swiss Miss.

Sonny heads off, away from Popeye. Popeye calls after him.

POPEYE

I knew I should have torn up that phone number! How'd you ever make detective anyway?

Sonny is gone. Popeye sees a cute girl in go-go boots come down the steps. He smiles, pulls back his coat so his gold shield and .38 are visible and approaches her.

POPEYE

Excuse me, Miss, I'd like to ask you a question about those boots.

She looks at Popeye, at his shield... AND THEN SHE SMILES.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER WEST SIDE - ON THE WATER - DAY

Sonny and Agent Rauch stand with the skeletal Twin Towers glinting above. Rauch SLIPS Sonny a B.N.D.D. FILE FOLDER.

CUT TO:

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS STATION - DAY

A BUS chartered by the U.S. Army idles as uniformed fresh face Army recruits, duffle bags over their shoulders, get on board. A SERGEANT checks them off as they get on the bus.

ARMY SERGREANT  
LET'S GO, LADIES. LET'S GO. ALL  
ABOARD. NEXT STOP VIET NAM!

Sonny is there with Vincent. No other family members.

VINCENT  
Thanks for coming, Uncle Sonny.

SONNY  
Sure, kid.

VINCENT  
I didn't want no one else to be  
here. Said my good-byes at home.

The two look at each other then...

ARMY SERGREANT  
LET'S MOVE IT LADIES! GOT A WHOLE  
MESS OF CHARLIE NEEDS KILLING.

Vincent hugs Sonny.

SONNY  
You bring my bullet back.

Vincent nods "yes" then turns and gets on the bus. The Sergeant follows him on board. The door closes and in a hiss of exhaust, the bus and those young men roll away.

As the bus slides past, Sonny sees Popeye, leaning against his car, waiting for him. Popeye waves at Sonny.

Sonny shakes his head and then smiles, walks toward Popeye. Sonny gets in the passenger seat. Popeye gets behind the wheel and cranks the engine, puts the car in gear.

CAMERA STAYS HERE as the car pulls out of the Port Authority and heads down the street, into New York City, 1970.

POPEYE (O.C.)  
I'm going to call in. See if  
anything's going on.

END OF PILOT