

**AMERICAN GANGSTER**

Written by  
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**FINAL SHOOTING**

**SCRIPT**

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2006

**1 EXT. JAZZ CLUB - DAY**  
**1**

A tall, handsome man in a dark suit emerges from a Lincoln Towncar and enters a small, basement R&B/Jazz club.

**2 INT. JAZZ CLUB - DAY**  
**2**

He approaches a booth, says something in the din to the men there, then calmly shoots them and exits.

**AMERICAN GANGSTER**

**3 EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY (NOVEMBER)**  
**3**

Bumpy Johnson, an elderly but still sturdy black man, elegantly dressed - cashmere overcoat, gloves, Homburg - stands in falling snow atop a flatbed truck - as he does every Thanksgiving - tossing down turkeys to the poor - like a benign king.

Legend: Harlem

A younger man, the gunman from the club - Frank Lucas - Bumpy's driver/bodyguard/collector/protege - watches from below.

4 INT/EXT. STREET / DISCOUNT EMPORIUM - DAY (NOVEMBER)

4

Whispering gunfire from a television set veiled by foreground snow: Soldiers in the jungles of Vietnam in 1970. A rich, cultured, authoritative voice offers:

**BUMPY O/S**

This is the problem. This is what's wrong with America.

The war footage multiplies by twenty: a stack of TVs with price tags dangling from the knobs behind a display window.

**BUMPY O/S**

It's gotten so big you can't find your way.

People on the sidewalk, out of respect or fear, part to let Frank and Bumpy and Bumpy's German shepherd pass.

**BUMPY**

The corner grocery's a supermarket. Candy store's a MacDonal'd's. And this place.

**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

2.

4 CONTINUED:

4

**BUMPY (CONT'D)**

Where's the pride of ownership here?  
Where's the personal service? Does anybody work here?

Inside, the emporium is vast, with aisles that seem to stretch off into infinity. The TVs give way to a display window full of Japanese stereo componentry.

**BUMPY**

What right do they have cutting out the suppliers, pushing all the middlemen out, buying direct from the manufacturer - Sony this, Toshiba that, all them Chinks - putting Americans out of work?

He's not really asking Frank, so Frank doesn't answer.

**BUMPY**

What am I supposed to do with a place like this, Frank? Who am I supposed to ask for, the assistant manager?

(pause)

This is the problem. This is the way it is now: You can't find the heart of anything to stick the knife.

Bumpy stops before a display of cameras and stares in. They're all pointed at him as a pain grips his chest and he sinks to his knees. Frank kneels down.

**FRANK**

What is it?

Bumpy seems unable to speak, looks to Frank confused.

**FRANK**

Somebody call an ambulance!

But the store suddenly seems empty. Frank yells into the emporium but can't be heard above the Muzak and the cash registers ringing up sales Bumpy will never see a piece of. Looking up at Frank, Bumpy manages weakly -

**BUMPY**

Forget it, Frank. No one's in charge.

**5 EXT. BUMPY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

**5**

Limousines from the funeral disgorge mourners: family, friends, celebrities, politicians. Cops on horseback move through the enormous crowd that has gathered to watch. FBI agents in cars snap pictures with long lenses of Italian mobsters like Albert Tosca.

**(CONT)**

**3.**

**5 CONTINUED:**

**5**

**REPORTER**

- whose passing has brought together a who's who of mourners on this chilly afternoon. The Governor has come down. The mayor of New York - its Chief of Police and Commissioner - sports and

entertainment luminaries -

A white Bentley pulls up, disgorging Jackie Fox - the original Superfly - and his entourage. With his trademark tinted Gucci glasses on, he happily poses for anyone with a camera - including the Feds - before going inside.

**6 INT. BUMPY'S APARTMENT - LATER**

**6**

The report continues on a TV no one's really watching here: a March of Time-like history of Bumpy Johnson, famed Harlem gangster, Robin Hood and killer.

**REPORTER ON TV**

He was a Great Man, according to the eulogies. A giving man. A man of the people. No one chose to include in their remembrances the word most often associated with Ellsworth Bumpy Johnson: Gangster.

Sitting off by himself in Bumpy's elegant garden apartment, heretofore his private sanctuary, Frank surveys the mourners circling the place like vultures:

Tango Black, a huge brute, scavenging the catered food and tended bar ... Jackie Fox, surrounded by his ever-present coterie of sycophants ... Albert Tosca, an elegant Italian capo, and an underling, Rossi, at the bar.

**TOSCA**

White wine, please.

A white man who looks like a banker - and is - sits down next to Frank.

**BANKER**

How you doing, Frank?

**FRANK**

All right.

**BANKER**

What a loss.

(Frank nods)

How are you otherwise? Things okay financially?

**(CONT)**

6 CONTINUED:  
6

Frank doesn't say. It feels unseemly to him to be talking about money here. He watches Tango carelessly set a watery glass of ice on an antique inlaid chess table.

**BANKER**

Bumpy set something up for you?

Frank excuses himself without an answer, crosses to where Tango left the glass, and sets it on a coaster.

**TANGO**

Hey, Frank, get me an ashtray while you're at it.

Bumpy's German shepherd watches as Frank reaches into his jacket, revealing a gun nestled in its shoulder holster. He takes out a handkerchief, wipes the condensation dry, opens a drawer and removes an ashtray. He holds it out to Tango - who isn't sure it's not a dare and decides to wander off.

**CHARLIE**

I know you're hurting, Frank. So am I.

Frank sits back down with Charlie Williams, an older dope man.

**CHARLIE**

You going to be all right?

**FRANK**

Yeah.

**CHARLIE**

I'm sure Bumpy never told you, but he made me promise, anything ever happened to him, I'd make sure you didn't go without.

**FRANK**

I'll be fine, Charlie. Half the people here owed Bumpy money when he died. A lot of money. If they think I'm going to forget to collect, they're wrong.

**CHARLIE**

That's the spirit. Go get them.

On the TV, over archive film and photographs of crime figures from the 1940's and `50's, the opinion is offered that Bumpy's death "marks the end of an era ..."

5.

**A7 INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT**

**A7**

A figure, his back to us, walks slowly toward a blackboard like a man to the gallows.

**RICHIE V.O.**

I live in fear of hearing my name called.

**PROFESSOR**

Mr. Roberts, Give us U.S. vs. Meade -

**RICHIE V.O.**

Of walking up there, turning around, knowing every one of them knows more than I do -

**PROFESSOR**

Subject, issues, what the determination was and what it means to us today.

Richie Roberts turns and faces his classmates, all of them a decade or more younger than him.

**7 EXT. MOTEL - NEW JERSEY - DAY**

**7**

Harlem's jagged teeth skyline juts across the river at the other end of the George Washington Bridge. On this side - a sledgehammer gripped in Richie's fist, on the move, suddenly fills the frame.

**RICHIE**

You know the Number 1 fear of most people isn't dying; it's public speaking. They get physically ill. They throw up.

**RIVERA**

And that's what you want to do for a living.

**RICHIE**

I don't like being like that. I want to  
beat it.

Armed with the sledgehammer, Richie and his partner - Javy  
Rivera - come past a seedy motel office where a TV shows  
another report about Bumpy Johnson.

Legend: New Jersey

A motel clerk looks up, glimpses the sledgehammer -

**(CONT)**

6.

7 **CONTINUED:**

7

**CLERK**

Hey -

Rivera flashes a New Jersey detective's shield without  
breaking stride. Takes a subpoena out of another pocket.

**RIVERA**

Who's going to do this?

**RICHIE**

He knows me, he'll take it from me.  
I've known him since high school.

**RIVERA**

Just throw it in, he doesn't take it.  
That's good service.

They reach a particular motel room door. Rivera knocks.  
The door opens the length of a chain, revealing a wise guy  
in an undershirt, who, when he sees the subpoena, start to  
close the door -

**RIVERA**

Throw it -

As Richie flings the subpoena in, the door slams on his  
hand. He wails in agony, tries to shoulder it open, hears  
the dead bolt lock on the other side, feels Campizi's teeth

bite into his fingers, watches his blood run down the frame.

**RIVERA**

Down -

Richie hangs down from his hand as the sledgehammer swings past his head shattering the door -

**8 INT/EXT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**8**

The door rips from its hinges and the detectives crash in. The wise guy - Campizi - hurries for the bathroom, slams the door. This one's hollow and the detectives more easily break through it -

Campizi tries to climb out the bathroom window. Richie grabs him, throws him into the shower stall, taking the plastic curtain down with them, smearing it with blood as Richie beats at him before Rivera can pull him off.

**9 INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - DAY**

**9**

A male paramedic attends to Campizi's bloodied face while a female paramedic cleans Richie's bloodied hand.

**(CONT)**

**7.**

**9 CONTINUED:**

**9**

**CAMPIZI**

I swear to God, Richie, I didn't know it was you. I would never slam a door on your hand. Knowingly.

**RICHIE**

You bit my fuckin hand -

Richie lunges at him, hits him again with his injured hand - which hurts Richie more than it does Campizi. The paramedics manage to pull him away.

**CAMPIZI**

What can we do, Richie? You don't want to do this. For old times sake, what can

we do? Who do you want? Who can I give you? You want Big Sal's bookie? You want his accountant? I'll give him to you.

Richie regards him a moment. A policy ring's accountant wouldn't be bad. He glances back to his paramedic dabbing at his bloody hand, and notices she's not bad-looking. She smiles back.

10 INT. NY POLICE HQ - ENTRANCE/STAIRS - DAY  
10

Four men in long black leather coats stride toward like they own the city. It's impossible to tell if they're cops or gangsters.

Legend: New York City

11 INT. NEW YORK POLICE ANNEX - PROPERTY ROOM - DAY  
11

One of the same undercover cops - Detective Trupo - scribbles a signature and badge number different from the one on his gold shield lying next to the voucher requesting evidence needed in court.

He pushes the voucher under a sign - "All Handguns and Narcotics Before 10am Next Window" - to a clerk who takes it past floor-to-ceiling shelves covered with files, plastic bags bulging with handguns, knives and gambling receipts. Bulkier items - like shotguns and baseball bats - lie unwrapped with dangling tags.

The clerk reaches a chain-link cage where the most valuable items are locked up - narcotics, pornography, cash - checks the voucher against tags, takes down an old green suitcase.

8.

12 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY  
12

Trupo's car - a Shelby Mustang - roars up. He climbs out, crosses to a warehouse with the suitcase as the other three SIU Princes of the City follow from another car, cradling grocery bags.

13           **INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**  
13

Trupo snaps the suitcase open revealing five half-kilo bags of uncut heroin in clear plastic bags. The other cops pull from the grocery bags: a Pyrex mixing bowl, flour sifter, boxes of milk-sugar, latex kitchen gloves, a medical scale, and yellow baggies.

Hands peel back the distinctive black and green "evidence" tape on the clear plastic bags. Dump the heroin into twenty yellow baggies. A half-kilo of lactose is poured into each of the now-empty property room bags.

**TRUPO**

Now just enough for the reagent test.

He removes one tablespoon of heroin from each of the baggies, and the now-almost-heroin-free powder is mixed through the flour sifter, poured back into the clear bags, the tape resealed, the bags returned to the suitcase.

14           **INT. NY COURTROOM - DAY**  
14

The suitcase and "heroin," and some weapons and money, have been arranged on an evidence table with the care of a Macy's display window. Trupo - the officer in charge of the case - watches the jury files in -

15           **EXT. UNDER EXPRESSWAY - DAY**  
15

A Lincoln Continental pulls up. Trupo climbs out of his Shelby with a sports bag, crosses to the Lincoln, climbs in back where an Italian wise guy - Rossi - sits. Trupo unzips the bag revealing the recut heroin - in the yellow plastic.

**ROSSI V/O**

This is the French Connection dope.  
The same dope Popeye Doyle and Sonny  
Grasso took from us.

16 OMIT  
OMIT

16

9.

17 INT. ITALIAN BAR - NY - DAY  
17

Frank comes into an empty bar, chairs up on tables. A middle-aged man mopping up glances up at him as he crosses to a back room.

**ROSSI V/O**

They seize it, arrest everybody,  
whack it up and sell it back to us.  
Our dope. They been living off it for  
years, these New York cops.

18 INT. ITALIAN BAR - BACK ROOM - NY - DAY  
18

Several ounces of the dope sits in foreground on a table.

**ROSSI**

They basically control the market with  
it. What the fuck has happened to the  
world, Frank?

**FRANK**

Fuckin crooks.

Rossi, who looks more like a middle-aged accountant than the Italian dope supplier he is, makes two espressos.

**ROSSI**

Sad about Bumpy.

Behind Frank, a TV airs a report by Walter Cronkite on the heroin problem among GIs in Vietnam.

**ROSSI**

Things are never going to be the same in  
Harlem. The girls, the clubs, the music -  
walk down the street, nobody bothers you  
because Bumpy's making sure of it.

(hands Frank one of the  
espressos)

How bad is it there now?

18pt FLASHCUTS TO HARLEM  
18pt

Guys barge into a room, steal money from a crap game at  
gunpoint - Cops push guys against a bar, empty their pockets

- A dealer shoots another dealer in an alley -

18pt BACK TO THE HOTEL ROOM  
18pt

**FRANK**

It's chaos. Every gorilla for himself.

**(CONT)**

10.

18pt CONTINUED:  
18pt

**ROSSI**

Who can live like that? There has to be order. That would never happen with Italians. More important than any one man's life - is order.

19 **EXT. HARLEM - DAY**  
19

A street sign on a corner: 116th and 8th Avenue.

20 **INT. DINER - HARLEM - DAY**  
20

As is his custom, Frank eats breakfast alone. A middle-aged waitress appears when he's done, picks up his plate and refills his coffee.

**FRANK**

Thank you, Charlene. Last one.

**CHARLENE**

It's all right with me, Frank, you can stay all day if you want, but I wouldn't. It's nice outside.

**FRANK**

Then maybe I'll have to go for a walk. Just cause you said so.

She smiles and leaves. Frank pours some sugar in his coffee. Someone taps on the window and he looks up, sees two servicemen - one in uniform - one he recognizes.

21 INT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY  
21

Frank leads the servicemen up the stairs of a building.

22 INT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT - DAY  
22

Corner apartment above the street. A girl sits smoking at a work table covered with drug-cutting apparatus. Another - Frank's cutter and sometimes-girlfriend, Red Top - sets a couple of packets of heroin in front of the servicemen.

**RED TOP**

On the house for our men in uniform.

**SERVICEMAN 1**

Why, thank you, sugar, that's very kind.

**RED TOP**

Thank Frank.

(CONT)

11.

22 CONTINUED:  
22

Frank nods, you're welcome before the man can thank him. The servicemen start cooking up the dope.

**FRANK**

How's Nate? You seen him?

**SERVICEMAN 1**

All the time. Nate is everywhere. He's good. Got himself a club now.

**FRANK**

Where, Saigon?

**SERVICEMAN 1**

Bangkok.

**SERVICEMAN 2**

I don't think he's ever coming home.

Regarding the dope as the servicemen shoot it up -

**FRANK**

You're gonna have to boot it a couple times. Cops keep cutting it, selling it, cutting it -

**SERVICEMAN 1**

I don't want to say anything cause the price is right - but the shit in Nam is way, way, way, way, way -

He begins to nod out before he can finish the sentence.

23 OMIT

23 OMIT

24

**EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - NEWARK - LATE AFTERNOON**

24

Across the river, Richie, Rivera and Campizi sit in the car parked across from a closed social club. A man carrying a grocery bag comes out and Campizi ducks lower in the seat.

**CAMPIZI**

That's him.

Newsboy Moriarty's mob accountant puts the grocery bag in the trunk of a car, climbs in behind the wheel.

25

**EXT. NEWARK - SCRAP METAL YARD - LATE AFTERNOON**

25

From the parked car they observe the accountant putting another bag in his trunk.

12.

26 **EXT. STREET - NEWARK - LATE AFTERNOON**

26

He comes out of another place with another bag. To Campizi

-

**RICHIE**

All right. Get lost. Get out.

Campizi slinks out of the car. Richie and Rivera follow after Newsboy Moriarty's accountant's car.

27 **EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON**

27

They tail the car into a lot, park and watch the accountant leave his car and get into another car that's parked there.

**RIVERA**

We gonna stay with him or the car?

Whatever they do, they'll have to decide quick.

**RICHIE**

Let's see who comes for the car.

**28 EXT. PARKING LOT - NEWARK - NIGHT**

**28**

All the other cars are gone. Rivera climbs into Richie's with coffee and a Coke in a bag, hands him the can.

**RIVERA**

Think he made us?

Richie doesn't know. Glances at his watch. Cranes in his seat to look behind them.

**RICHIE**

You called for the warrant? Where are they?

**RIVERA**

I just called. I called and walked back here and ten seconds has gone by.

Richie watches an attendant lock up, listens to the street lamps buzz, grows impatient. Indicating the other car:

**RICHIE**

We saw him with the slips, Javy.

**RIVERA**

You saw policy slips? You saw grocery bags. You don't know what's in them.

**(CONT)**

**13.**

**28 CONTINUED:**

**28**

**RICHIE**

Yes, I do, and so do you, don't give me that bullshit -

**RIVERA**

What's the rush? Half an hour the warrant'll be here -

**RICHIE**

I got night school.

**RIVERA**

Guess you're going to miss it.

(Rivera sips at his coffee;  
then:)

You know, what you were saying before - about throwing up in front of people - money will take that feeling away.

**RICHIE**

Not when it's less.

**RIVERA**

Less than what.

**RICHIE**

Than what I make now.

**RIVERA**

No lawyer on earth makes less than a cop.

**RICHIE**

They do in the Prosecutor's Office.  
Three thousand less.

**RIVERA**

You're fuckin kidding me.

Richie isn't kidding. Rivera stares at him like he's crazy. Richie checks his watch. He's waited long enough.

**RICHIE**

Fuck this -

**RIVERA**

Richie -

Richie gets out, opens the trunk, grabs a Slimjim and bolt cutters, cuts through a gate chain and strides to the accountant's car, Rivera following. Richie trips the passenger door lock and pulls at the trunk release, and, as he comes around back to search it -

(CONT)

14.

28 CONTINUED:  
28

**RICHIE**

Check inside.

Rivera may as well; the damage to the case, if there is one anymore, is done. He crawls inside the car to look under the seats and in the glove compartment. Gravely -

**RICHIE**

Javy ...

Richie's staring into the trunk like there's a body inside. Rivera comes over, takes a look, sees it's money: stacks of it rubber-banded together, spilling from grocery bags - more than either of them has ever seen. As the trunk closes -

29 EXT. PARKING LOT / RICHIE'S CAR - LATER - NIGHT  
29

Richie and Rivera sit in their car in silence, staring out at the car with the money in it. Eventually -

**RICHIE**

This isn't a couple of bucks.

**RIVERA**

It's the same thing. In principle.

**RICHIE**

We're talking about principle?

**RIVERA**

Richie, a cop who turns in this kind of money says one thing: He'll turn in cops who take money. We'll be pariahs.

**RICHIE**

We're fucked either way.

**RIVERA**

Not if we keep it. Only if we don't. Then we're fucked, you're right. But not if we keep it.

**RICHIE**

(more to himself)

Yes, we are.

**RIVERA**

Goddamn it, did we ask for this? Did we put a gun to someone's head and say, Give us your money? Cops kill cops they can't trust. We can't turn it in.

They regard each other again in silence ...

15.

30 INT. NEWARK POLICE STATION - LATER - NIGHT

30

As a police captain counts the stacks of money, Lou Toback, Richie's superior from the prosecutors office, walks in, his night out interrupted by this emergency. He crossed to where Richie and Rivera sit alone in a corner. Quietly:

**TOBACK**

How much.

**RICHIE**

Nine hundred and eighty thousand.

**TOBACK**

What happened to the rest?

It's a joke but isn't funny, not even to Toback. He regards his men who turned it in, then the other cops in the place - who are watching them and the money being counted. Toback walks over to the captain, and, quietly:

**TOBACK**

What're you doing counting this in front of everybody? Are you out of your fuckin mind? Take it into a room. Now.

Richie's glance to Rivera says, You're right, we're fucked.

31 INT/EXT. NEWARK POLICE STATION - PRE-DAWN

31

As Richie leaves alone, he's aware of all the eyes on him - knowing the other cops' looks don't signify awe or respect, but contempt and fear, like Rivera predicted. Neither will ever be trusted again. He climbs into his car, drives off.

Tango and his bodyguard come in and approach Frank's table where he reads the morning paper as he eats breakfast.

**TANGO**

Didn't you see the jar, Frank?  
I think you walked right past it.

Frank ignores him, forks at his eggs, eats. Tango sits.

**TANGO**

The money jar. On the corner. What I  
got to do, put a sign on it?

Frank indicates that he would answer if his mouth wasn't full. He swallows finally, but then only reaches for his coffee cup to take a sip, further irritating Tango.

(CONT)

16.

32 CONTINUED:

32

**TANGO**

Bumpy don't own 116th Street no more,  
Frank. Bumpy don't own no real estate in  
Harlem no more. I'm the landlord now and  
the lease is twenty-percent.

Frank dabs at his mouth with a napkin and gives Tango a look that says that won't be happening.

**TANGO**

Then don't sell dope, Frank. Get a  
fuckin job. You need a job? You can be  
my driver, drive me around, open my door,  
yes, sir, no sir, where to, sir, right  
away, Massa Johnson, sir.

Right now Tango is dead. No doubt about it. On the  
surface, though, Frank remains cool.

**FRANK**

Twenty percent?

**TANGO**

Of every dollar. Every VIG, every

truckload, every girl, every ounce. In  
the jar.

**FRANK**

Twenty percent's my profit. If I'm  
giving it to you then what am I doing?  
Twenty percent puts me, and everyone you  
know, out of business, which puts you out  
of business.

(reaches for his breakfast  
check)

There are ways to make money  
legitimately, and then there's this way.  
Not even Bumpy took twenty percent.

**TANGO**

Bumpy's fuckin dead.

Frank regards Tango a moment, gets up, takes out his money  
clip, covers the check on the table with a five, peels off a  
\$1 bill from the clip, tosses it down in front of Tango.

**FRANK**

There. That's twenty-percent.

As he turns and leaves, Tango watches after him ...

17.

**33 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 33**

Stitched-up, black and blue hands dump a can of soup in a  
pot, put it on the stove.

**34 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - INTERCUT 34**

A pencil clutched by long fingers scribbles figures. But  
no matter how many times Frank does the arithmetic, there's  
not much left, he calculates, after he pays the Italian  
suppliers and, if he were to, Tango.

**35 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUED 35**

Richie has moved to a small desk cluttered with law  
textbooks. He cracks one open to study for the New Jersey  
Bar exam as he eats the soup out of the pot he heated it in.  
Above him on the wall is a framed photograph of Joe Louis  
standing over a sprawled-on-the-mat Billy Conn.

36 EXT. CONEY ISLAND - BEACH - DAY - INTERCUT 36

A bleak day. Seagulls fighting over scraps on the sand as others hover overhead, flapping and cawing. Alone near the water, Frank tosses a stick for the German shepherd he inherited.

37 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - INTERCUT 37

Richie opens a small wooden box in his bleak apartment, revealing an ounce of marijuana, rolling papers and clips. As he rolls a joint -

**BUMPY V/O**

A leader is like a shepherd -

38 EXT. CONEY ISLAND - BEACH - DAY - CONTINUED 38

The sounds of the gulls and surf and roller coaster begin to fade as Frank throws the stick again.

**BUMPY V/O**

Sends the fast nimble sheep out front,  
and the others follow as the shepherd  
walks quietly behind -

The dog retrieves the stick, but this time - somehow - it's to Bumpy's hand he returns it. Frank listens attentively.

**BUMPY**

He's got the stick - the cane - and  
he'll use it if he has to.

**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

18.

38 CONTINUED:

38

**BUMPY (CONT'D)**

But most of the time he doesn't have to.  
He moves the whole herd - quietly.

Bumpy smiles and tosses the stick.

39 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - INTERCUT

39

The smoke from the joint rises to the ceiling as Richie

studies.

40 **EXT. CONEY ISLAND - BEACH - DAY - CONTINUED**  
40

The dog trots back to Bumpy and Frank with the stick.

41 **EXT. BOARDWALK - CONEY ISLAND - LATER**  
41

Hot dog stand. Bumpy hands a hot dog to Frank, holds out another to the shepherd. To camera:

**BUMPY**

What right do they have cutting out the suppliers, the middlemen, buying direct, putting Americans out of work ... This is the way it is now, Frank.

Frank nods. The vender hands him a napkin. The shepherd is still with him, but Bumpy is gone, and the gulls and the people on the roller coaster squeal as Frank comes out of his meditative trance with an idea.

42 **CLOSE-UP: (DOCTOR'S OFFICE)**  
42

A needle pierces the crook of Frank's arm. Slight grimace.  
A cotton ball is pushed onto the puncture. Malaria shot.

43 **CLOSE-UP: (PHOTOGRAPHY SHOP)**  
43

A strobe lights up Frank's face: a passport photo.

44 **CLOSE-UP: (POST OFFICE)**  
44

The photo and a duplicate are stapled to a passport application.

45 **INT. CHEMICAL BANK - SAFETY-DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY**  
45

Keys turn the locks of a safety-deposit box. The lid lifts revealing decks of cash. Frank takes it all out, slips one slender packet into Bumpy's banker's jacket pocket.

**FRANK**

Get yourself a new suit.

46 INT. CHEMICAL BANK - VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

46

Under portraits of bank Vice Presidents before him, the man types out a Chemical Bank check for Frank for \$400,000.

47 - 48 OMIT

47 - 48

OMIT

49 EXT. PARK - NEWARK - DAY - SAME TIME

49

The sound of the plane growls and fades overhead as Richie's ex-wife keeps an eye on their son playing on a grassy area.

**RICHIE**

I'm sorry.

**LAURIE**

I don't know, Richie.

**RICHIE**

It couldn't be avoided. Next weekend I'll be able to take him.

She regards him with a weary look, but he's looking over at one of the other - better-looking - moms in the park.

**LAURIE**

I'm moving.

He looks back, not sure he heard right.

**RICHIE**

What? Where?

**LAURIE**

To the St. Regis, what do you care.

(pause)

My sister's.

**RICHIE**

Your sister's. In Vegas?

He glances away to a sound: shattering glass. Some  
teen- agers breaking bottles on the ground.

**RICHIE**

You can't move to Vegas. Not with Michael anyway.

**LAURIE**

What am I supposed to do with him? Leave him with you? There's a picture.

(CONT)

20.

49 CONTINUED:

49

**RICHIE**

(to the vandals)

Hey, you want to shut up over there?

The teenagers ignore him. He tries to ignore them, but it's hard with the constant noise.

**RICHIE**

No court will allow it for one thing. I won't allow it.

**LAURIE**

You?

**RICHIE**

When am I supposed to see my son?

**LAURIE**

Last weekend!

Their son glances over at them. Richie looks over at the teenagers again breaking bottles, then back to Laurie.

**RICHIE**

Laurie, you can't raise a kid in Las Vegas.

**LAURIE**

Oh, like this is a good environment. Around your friends. There are less creeps in Vegas.

**RICHIE**

What's he going to grow up to be in a mobbed up place like that? What are you thinking?

**LAURIE**

I'm thinking - Richie - of him!

**RICHIE**

Goddamn it -

The noise of the glass is driving him crazy. He strides over to the teenagers, who look at him like, What are you gonna do, old man, it's four against one.

**RICHIE**

I told you nice to shut the fuck up.  
Now I'm gonna kill you.

He pulls out his gun and aims it at one of them, then the others. All instinctively try to cover their heads.

(CONT)

21.

49       **CONTINUED:**  
49

**RICHIE**

Pick up the fuckin glass!

As they dive to their knees to do what they're told, Laurie walks away with her son, who looks back over his shoulder at his father with his gun out.

50       **EXT. BANGKOK - NIGHT**  
50

Frank sits in the back of a motor samlor.                   Bicycles dart  
around it like flies.

51 - 52 **OMIT**  
**OMIT**

51 - 52

53       **INT. SOUL BROTHERS BAR - NIGHT**  
53

The clientele is almost exclusively black servicemen on R&R and Asian women. A trio of ex-GI's plays authentic Southern

blues on a small stage. Ham hocks and collard greens come out of the kitchen. Smoke chokes the place.

Frank, one of the few men not in uniform, and not drunk or stoned, sits alone at a table with a Coca-Cola and surveys the activity: Dope being rolled. Dope being smoked. Dope being shot. GI's and prostitutes climbing a staircase.

His eyes follow an Army Master Sergeant, moving among the tables as if checking on the GI's well being. But at some, his hand takes money, leaves in its place packets of powder.

The Sergeant feels eyes on him and glances up, catching Frank watching him from across the room. He squints through the smoke at the figure at the table in the shadows, and, in a kind of shock, more to himself -

**NATE**

Frank - ?

Frank half-lifts his glass to wave, and Nate beams.

**54 INT. SOUL BROTHERS BAR - NIGHT**

**54**

Frank has guests at his table now: his cousin Nate the Sergeant, and two young Asian wise guys. They talk about him in Thai (subtitled):

**THAI**

He say how much he wants?

**NATE**

He said "a lot." What that means, I don't know. Four or five keys?

**(CONT)**

**22.**

**54 CONTINUED:**

**54**

The Thais regard Frank a moment, size him up.

**THAI**

He's your cousin.

**NATE**

My cousin-in-law. My ex-wife's cousin.

**THAI**

Ask him how much he wants.

**NATE**

How much you gonna want, Frank?

**FRANK**

A hundred kilos.

Nate blinks like there's something in his eye ...

**55 EXT. BANGKOK - STREET VENDER - DAY**

**55**

Steam and neon. Frank and Nate at a crowded stand.

**NATE**

No one I know can get that much. It'd have to be pieced together from several suppliers and none of it's gonna be 100-percent pure.

**FRANK**

That's not what I want.

**NATE**

I know that. But that means dealing with the Chiu-Chou syndicates in Cholon or Saigon - if they'll deal with you -

**FRANK**

No, even then it's too late. It's been chopped. I want to get it where they get it. From the source.

Nate stares at him ... then laughs. Frank doesn't.

**NATE**

You're gonna go get it.

**FRANK**

Why not.

**NATE**

You're gonna go into the fuckin jungle -

**(CONT)**

55 CONTINUED:  
55

**FRANK**

I've lived in jungles all my (life) -

**NATE**

No. This is the jungle. Tigers.  
Vietcong. The fuckin snakes alone will  
kill you.

**AA56 INT. NEW JERSEY BOARD OF BAR EXAMINERS - DAY**  
**AA56**

A room of student-type desks and no character. Richie,  
and fifty others, have been here for hours taking the exam  
less than half of them will pass.

**A56 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY**  
**A56**

A motley bunch of Thai thugs and black American soldiers  
with automatic weapons ride mules through the dense jungle  
with Nate and Frank, who - armed with a pistol, a rifle and  
ammo bandolier like Pancho Villa - is enjoying himself.  
From his POV, the jungle canopy suddenly opens up on a poppy  
field the size of Manhattan. Frank stares down at it.

**B56 EXT. JUNGLE RISE / OPIUM FARM - DAY**  
**B56**

On the ground now with their small private army, Nate speaks  
with one of the Thais, then translates for Frank.

**NATE**

He says this whole area's controlled  
by the Kuomintang - Chiang Kai-Shek's  
defeated army.

Some of whom they can see down below on the opium farm -  
Chinese soldiers with outdated weapons. Frank tips his head  
to Nate at some other figures below -

**FRANK**

They ain't Chinese.

A handful of better-armed American sentries at the perimeter  
of the farm. CIA. Frank, Nate and the others hang back as  
one of the Thais steps ahead to speak to the guerillas.

C56 EXT. OPIUM FARM - LATER  
C56

The processing center for the entire region. The Thai translator is with Frank to negotiate with a vanquished Chinese general. Other Americans and Thais guard them while the Chinese with their CIA advisors guard them.

24.

D56 INT. BAMBOO DWELLING - LATER - DAY  
D56

The Chinese general examines Frank's papers - passport, visa, bank receipts - and lots of cash - then studies Frank.

**GENERAL**

How would you get it into the States?

**FRANK**

What do you care?

**GENERAL**

Who do you work for in there?

**FRANK**

What do you care?

**GENERAL**

Who are you really?

**FRANK**

It says right there. Frank Lucas.

**GENERAL**

I mean, who you represent?

**FRANK**

Me.

The man doesn't believe it, but lets it go.

**GENERAL**

You think you're going to take a hundred kilos of heroin into the US and you don't work for anyone? Someone is going to allow that?

Frank shrugs. The general regards one of his men. In  
Chinese, subtitled:

**GENERAL**

I don't believe a word of this.

The general regards the cash and paperwork again for a moment. And, to Frank:

**GENERAL**

After this first purchase, if you're not killed by Marseilles importers - or their people in the States - then what?

(CONT)

25.

D56 CONTINUED:  
D56

**FRANK**

Then there'd be more. On a regular basis. Though I'd rather not have to drag my ass all the way up here every time.

The man regards Frank for a long moment. Glances back to the cash and paperwork again. Finally -

**GENERAL**

Of course not.

E56 EXT. JUNGLE ARMY LZ - VIETNAM - DAY  
E56

Torrential monsoon rains. Dripping camouflage. Nate and Frank climb down from the Huey. Frank no longer wears the bandolier. Now a press card dangles from his neck.

F56 INT/EXT. TENT / JUNGLE ARMY LZ - LATER - DAY  
F56

Stripes on the uniform of a black colonel with Nate under a canopy. Outside, in the distance, in the rain, Frank hangs out with some other black servicemen.

**COLONEL**

Where's it now?

**NATE**

Bangkok. I can bring it here or anywhere in between.

**COLONEL**

A hundred kilos.

(Nate nods)

I never seen that much dope in one place.

**NATE**

It's bigger than an Amana refrigerator-freezer.

**G56 INT/EXT. JUNGLE ARMY LZ - LATER - DAY**

**G56**

Nate and Frank watch the colonel emerge from the tent and cross through the rain on duck-boards to another tent to speak with a white officer, a 2-star general.

**NATE**

Fifty grand. In advance. That'll cover them, the pilots and the guys on the other end.

**FRANK**

Give them a hundred.

(CONT)

26.

**G56 CONTINUED:**

**G56**

**NATE**

Fifty, to cover them all.

**FRANK**

A hundred. And it's all I got left. So if that dope doesn't arrive, for whatever reason -

(embraces Nate and whispers)

Cousin or no cousin - don't let me down.

He holds out a business envelope fat with money. Nate hesitates, knowing Frank has just said he'll kill him if things don't go right, then takes it.

**NATE**

I'll let you know when it's in the air.

56 **INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NEWARK - DAWN**  
56

The nurse/paramedic who stitched up his hand is in Richie's bed making so much noise he's worried someone will call the cops. The phone rings. And won't stop. Neither will the nurse as Richie answers it -

**RIVERA V/O**

Richie? Richie, I'm in trouble. This fuckin' guy "made" me - I don't know how but he did. He went for his gun. I had to do it, I swear to God. Now they're going to kill me.

Richie can hear in Sander's voice how serious it is and manages to disentangle himself from the woman.

**RICHIE**

Who.

**RIVERA V/O**

There's a hundred people out there heard the shots. You gotta help me. You gotta do something.

**RICHIE**

Is he dead?

**RIVERA V/O**

He's dead. I'm dead. They're gonna kill me.

**RICHIE**

Where are you? Javy, where are you?

(CONT)

27.

56 **CONTINUED:**  
56

**RIVERA V/O**

That's the problem.

**A57 INT. RICHIE'S CAR - MOVING - EARLY MORNING**  
**A57**

Richie on his police radio, which cuts in and out -

**DISPATCHER**

There are no cars in that area,  
Detective Roberts.

**RICHIE**

Bullshit. I got a man in trouble and I  
need back-up.

**DISPATCHER**

I missed that - you're breaking up -

**RICHIE**

I said, put the fucking call out again -

**DISPATCHER**

I just did. No one responded. I'll try  
again, but -

**RICHIE**

Fuck you, too.

He slams the mic down.

**57 EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING**  
**57**

As Richie's car turns a corner, the Stephen Crane Projects -  
the most foreboding place on earth - rises up: three dark  
30-floor towers planted on war-torn grounds where a long-ago  
torched and abandoned patrol car sits like a monument.

He parks and moves through an agitated all-black crowd, past  
an ambulance outside one of the towers, through oppressive  
heat. It's riot weather.

**58 INT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING**  
**58**

Drugs on a coffee table. Body on the floor. Rivera,  
despondent, on the couch. The male paramedics, scared.  
Richie on the phone -

**RICHIE**

Sergeant, I'm not asking, I'm fuckin  
telling you: Get some patrolmen over  
here now.

(CONT)

28.

58 CONTINUED:  
58

Dial tone: the police sergeant has hung up on him.  
Richie  
throws the phone. The paramedics stare at him.

**PARAMEDIC**

You got no back-up? Why is that?

The only other person who would know the answer to that is  
Rivera, who just shakes his head in despair.

**RICHIE**

Bandage his head.

**PARAMEDIC**

Detective ... he's dead.

**RICHIE**

I know he's fucking dead. Bandage his  
head, clean him up, put him on a gurney  
and prop it up so he's sitting. And open  
his eyes.

59 EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING  
59

Richie comes out ahead of the gurney, moving quickly like  
it's a matter of life and death (which it is), motioning at  
the crowd to allow a path to the ambulance.

**RICHIE**

Step back, injured man coming out. Let  
them do their job and he'll be all right.  
Ma'am. Excuse me. Step back. Sir.  
Please.

The people step back when they see the victim on the gurney:  
tubes in his nostrils, IV in his arm, eyes open. Before they  
can look any closer, he's put in the ambulance. As it pulls  
out, siren wailing, Richie leads Rivera safely away -

**A60 EXT. ALLEY NEAR STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING**  
**A60**

They cross through an alley near the Projects and Rivera finally breathes a sigh of relief.

**RIVERA**

Thank you -

The words aren't out of his mouth before Richie shoves him up against a car.

**RICHIE**

You robbed him, didn't you.

**(CONT)**

**29.**

**A60 CONTINUED:**  
**A60**

**RIVERA**

What? What are you talking about?

Richie rips Rivera's jacket pockets. Money spills out.

**RICHIE**

This. Where'd this come from?

**RIVERA**

What. That's my money. I've never taken dirty money in my life.

**RICHIE**

You lying piece of shit -

**RIVERA**

Maybe the occasional gratuity. Like anybody else. You're going to tell me that's wrong?

**RICHIE**

Yeah.

**RIVERA**

No, it isn't. It's part of the salary for getting shot at. For that, certain

courtesies are shown. In gratitude -

Richie, disgusted with him, lets go of him. Rivera is  
embarrassed, almost crying, pleading -

**RIVERA**

A discount on a TV, a Doughboy in the  
backyard, a new dress for your girlfriend  
maybe once a year. I'm talking about not  
living in fucking poverty. You want to  
call that wrong, call it wrong.

**RICHIE**

It's wrong.

**RIVERA**

Then goddamn it, pay me fifty grand a  
year, you son of a bitch. Pay me what I  
deserve for getting shot at. No? Fine.  
Next time four guys come into your place  
with sawed-off shotguns, you take care of  
it.

**RICHIE**

You robbed him, and then you shot him,  
and I helped you get out of there. How  
many more you shot?

(CONT)

30.

A60 CONTINUED:  
A60

Rivera suddenly tries to get tough -

**RIVERA**

You know what, Richie? Fuck you, you  
make that kind of accusation against your  
own kind. And you know why.

He takes out his car keys, turns to leave. Comes past  
Richie who grabs his arm and pushes the sleeve up exposing a  
line of puncture scabs and scars.

**RICHIE**

You're a disgrace.

**RIVERA**

I'm a leper. Because I listened to you  
and turned in a million fucking dollars.  
You know who'll work with me after that?  
Same as you. No one.

Richie squeezes Rivera's hand around the car key.

**RICHIE**

Don't look down there. Look here.  
(at Richie's eyes)  
You ever fuckin threaten me again, I'll  
kill you.

Richie squeezes Sander's hand so hard the car key cuts  
through the skin, drawing blood.

60 - 69 OMIT  
OMIT

60 - 69

70 **EXT. ARMY BASE, NEW JERSEY - DUSK**  
70

Silence. Marshland. A beat-up Chevy parked alongside a  
perimeter fence. Frank waits by the car as a military Jeep  
with its lights out comes across a firing range. It slows,  
stops. In it, the silhouettes of three servicemen, black,  
armed with M-16's. Silence again, before:

**ARMY CAPTAIN**

Open the trunk.

Frank does it, then stands aside as the other servicemen  
drag four large taped-up duffel bags from the Jeep to his  
car, lift them into his trunk and slam it shut.

71 **INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT**  
71

The duffel bags, still closed, on a table. Frank regards  
them, nursing a drink, putting off the moment of discovery  
that he has perhaps spent his life's savings on nothing.

(CONT)

31.

71 **CONTINUED:**  
71

The German shepherd watches as Frank removes the tape from  
one of the bags. He pulls it open - has almost no reaction -

except to breathe again - then opens the next, and the next.

And we see: Several brick-like packages of No. 4 heroin wrapped in paper marked with Chinese writing, stamped with a label: two lions on their hind legs, paws on a globe, and, in English: DOUBLE UOGLOBE BRAND 100%.

**A72 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LATER - DAWN**  
**A72**

The duffel bags are elsewhere. The only evidence of any drugs is the small amount Frank has given a chemist - who looks like a Harvard student - to test. It responds instantly. The young man looks at Frank.

**CHEMIST**

Typically what I see is 25 to 45 percent pure. I've never seen anything like this. No alkaloids, no adulterants, no dilutents. It's a hundred percent. May I?

The chemist opens a leather travel syringe kit to shoot up, but Frank gives him some to take home instead.

**FRANK**

Take it with you. I don't want to have to call the coroner.

The chemist gathers his things to leave, offering a last piece of advice -

**CHEMIST**

Store it in a cool, dark place.

**72 EXT. GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA - DUSK**  
**72**

A clapboard house set down on a piece of land that was probably once worked by sharecroppers. An elderly woman framed in a lit kitchen window, doing dishes.

Dark yew trees and scavenged, discarded cars and car parts like patches of rusty snow. Crickets and bullfrogs. From a mound of dirt, a young man hurls a baseball to another with a catcher's mitt exactly sixty feet away. The kid's got a major league arm.

Legend: Greensboro, North Carolina

A glow spills out from a detached shed where a short man in his early 30's works on a stock car.

(CONT)

32.

72 CONTINUED:

72

A greasy phone on the workbench rings and another disreputable-looking man, thumbing through a magazine, answers.

**JIMMY**

Yeah ... for you.

**TEDDY**

Who is it?

Jimmy doesn't know, sets it down. Teddy comes over wiping his hands on a rag, takes the phone.

**TEDDY**

Yeah.

**FRANK V/O**

Teddy.

**TEDDY**

Who's this?

**FRANK V/O**

Frank.

**TEDDY**

Frank who?

**FRANK V/O**

Frank your brother.

73 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

73

Divorced couples in custody battles wait with their attorneys in a packed courthouse. An lawyer carrying papers clipped with a \$10 bill, comes past Richie, who's sitting with his lawyer, a woman he's probably slept with.

**SHEILA**

I'm not talking about your proclivities, Richie. Those I only know too well. I'm

talking about being a cop.

**RICHIE**

About taking money? I don't care about money. I don't do that.

**SHEILA**

Because it'll come out. You're going to have to sit down with shrinks and social workers, her lawyers, the judge, lots of questions.

(CONT)

33.

73 CONTINUED:

73

**RICHIE**

What's going on there?

The judge's assistant rearranging the pre-trial cases in order of the amount of gratuity clipped to each - \$5, \$10, \$20 bills.

**SHEILA**

Scheduling.

**RICHIE**

No, the money.

**SHEILA**

Scheduling. What about your friends from the neighborhood? You still hang out with them?

**RICHIE**

I play softball on Sundays with some guys.

**SHEILA**

Wise guys. That's going to look good.

**RICHIE**

I grew up with them, big deal.

**SHEILA**

What about Anthony Zaca?

**RICHIE**

What about him?

**SHEILA**

Richie, I'm just trying to understand things your wife has said. If they're not true, tell me.

**RICHIE**

Yeah, Tony's one of them.

**SHEILA**

Is he also your son's godfather?

Richie nods. Sheila glances over to where Richie's ex-wife sits with her own lawyer across the room.

**SHEILA**

Do you really care about this? Or do you just not want her to win - ever. How often do you see your son as it is?

(CONT)

34.

73 CONTINUED:

73

**RICHIE**

Not enough. But she wants to make it never.

**SHEILA**

Yeah, all right. Give me a twenty.

(Richie doesn't reach for his wallet)

Well, I'm not going to sit here all day.

She takes a twenty from her purse and carries it up to the judge's assistant clipped to their paperwork.

**BAILIFF**

All rise -

74 EXT. HOUSE - TEANECK, NEW JERSEY - DAY

74

Frank and the dog in the back yard of a suburban house. His neighbors - those he can see - are white. He hears a sound - cars arriving - and crosses toward the house where a sold "For Sale" sign leans against a half-built kennel.

Out front, a caravan of cars and pickup trucks - North Carolina plates - loaded with boxes and suitcases - has just arrived. Exhausted from the drive but excited to be here, the travelers climb out: Frank's five brothers, their wives and kids, and their mother.

Teddy thinks it's the right place. The others aren't as sure. The house is too nice. There's a new Lincoln Towncar parked outside the garage. They'll probably be shot for trespassing.

The front door opens and Frank comes out, trailed by his dog. He first gathers his mother in an embrace, then each of his startled brothers.

75 INT. FRANK'S TEANECK HOUSE - LATER - DAY  
75

The house is alive with the noise of family and scent of home-cooked food as the extended Lucas clan - there's more than twenty of them - sits around a big dining room table passing the platters around. Frank, at the head of the table, clearly loves having them all here.

**TURNER**

He got an arm on him. Major League arm,  
ain't that right.

Everyone agrees as Turner's son - Frank's nephew - the 18-year-old boy seen pitching in the North Carolina back yard - tries to shrug.

(CONT)

35.

75 CONTINUED:  
75

**FRANK**

You show me after supper.

**TURNER**

You can't catch him. He'll take your head off. We're talking 95-mile-an-hour. You know how fast that is? You see the

ball leave his hand, and that's the last  
you see it before it knocks you down.

**FRANK**

(smiling; happy)  
Is that right.

76 **INT. FRANK'S TEANECK HOUSE - LATER - DAY**  
76

The wonderful noise continues downstairs as Frank leads his  
mother on a tour of the upstairs. The place is a showroom  
of traditional Americana.

**FRANK**

This is your room.

Mrs. Lucas is in awe of the splendor of the bedroom and its  
furnishings. It's unlike anything she's used ever seen -  
not Graceland exactly - but not far off. Her eyes settle on  
an old vanity dotted with French perfume bottles.

**MRS. LUCAS**

How did you ...

**FRANK**

I had it made. From memory.

**MRS. LUCAS**

You were five when they took it away.  
How could you remember it?

**FRANK**

I remember.

She's stunned. Touches the reproduction of the vanity her  
son last saw more than thirty years ago.

**MRS. LUCAS**

It's perfect.  
(looks at the room)  
It's all perfect.  
(she looks at him)  
I'm so proud of you.

36.

77 **EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY**

77

The Statue of Liberty against the New York skyline.

**FRANK V/O**

The man I worked for ran one of the biggest companies in New York City for almost fifty years.

**78 EXT. HARLEM - DAY**

**78**

As Frank leads his brothers down the sidewalk, the Towncar that was parked at the Teaneck house, driven by Frank's bodyguard, Doc, follows alongside at the same pace they walk.

**FRANK**

I was with him every day for fifteen of them, looking after him, taking care of things, protecting him, learning from him.

The brothers can't help but notice the storekeepers who wave to Frank, the women who smile, the men who step out of his path like there's a red carpet under his polished shoes.

**FRANK**

Bumpy was rich, but never white man rich.  
Why? Because he didn't own the company.  
He thought he did. He didn't. He only  
managed it. Someone else owned it. So  
they owned him.

**79 INT/EXT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HARLEM - DAY**

**79**

Frank leads his brothers up the stairs and down the hall.

**FRANK**

Nobody owns me. Because I own my company.

INTERCUT: Feminine hands stamp small packets of blue cellophane with the words 'Blue Magic' -

**FRANK**

And my company sells a product that's better than the competition's at a price that's lower.

Frank stops outside an apartment door.

**TEDDY**

What are we selling, Frank?

**(CONT)**

37.

79 CONTINUED:  
79

Frank pushes the door open, revealing -

80 INT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY  
80

Five naked women at work tables, their faces veiled by surgical masks, cutting heroin with lactose and quinine in a precise mixture of controlled purity. The Lucas brothers stare as the supervisor of the activity - clothed, with red hair - comes over.

**REDTOP**

Hi, Frank.

**FRANK**

Honey, these are my brothers.

81 EXT. HARLEM - LATER - DAY  
81

Tango strolls down the street like he's the Godfather of Harlem, girl on his arm, bodyguard at his side.

82 INT. DINER - SAME TIME  
82

As his brothers eat lunch, Frank - who can see Tango outside - uncaps a glass sugar container.

**FRANK**

What matters in business is honesty, integrity, hard work, loyalty, and never forgetting where you came from.

For reasons his brothers can't imagine, Frank empties all sugar from the container onto his plate.

**FRANK**

You are what you are and that's one of two things. You're nothing ... or you're something. Understand what I'm saying?

The brothers nod tentatively, stare at the now-empty glass container. Frank wipes his mouth with a napkin, gets up.

**FRANK**

I'll be right back.

83 **EXT/INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER**  
83

He comes out of the diner, crosses the street toward Tango, who's buying fruit. Greets him cheerfully -

**FRANK**

Hey, Tango, what's up. I was just thinking about you.

**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

38.

83 **CONTINUED:**  
83

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

I was looking at the jar and you know what? I didn't see nothing in it.

**TANGO**

The fuck you want, Frank -

Before the last word is out of Tango's mouth, Frank's got a gun pressed against his forehead. Silence. Everyone backs away - the bodyguard, too. Tango's girl pulls her arm from his and takes off. Eventually -

**TANGO**

What're you going to do, boy? Shoot me in broad daylight? In front of everyone?

It's as if life on the street has stopped. No one moves; everyone is looking at Frank; maybe that's what he wants. As Tango laughs at the thought -

**FRANK**

Yeah, that's right.

Frank pulls the trigger and the big man falls back like someone hit with a board. Frank stands over him and empties the gun in his chest, the shots echoing down the street.

Then it's quiet again. Everyone's still looking him, but Frank doesn't run. Instead, he calmly reaches into Tango's suit pocket, takes out a money clip thick with cash, drops it in the "jar" and sets it next to the body.

**FRANK**

For the cops. Should be enough.

Frank returns to the diner and sits back down, ignoring the astonished stares from his brothers and everyone else in the place. Tries to remember where he was in his lecture as he tucks the napkin back in his shirt collar.

**FRANK**

That basically's the whole picture right there.

**84 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

**84**

A cadaver drawer slides open revealing - not Tango - but Rivera, staring up lifeless, his arms, stomach, legs and toes dotted with the scabs of a longtime addict.

**DETECTIVE**

Did you know his girlfriend? Good-looking girl. One of his informants.

(CONT)

**39.**

**84 CONTINUED:**

**84**

**RICHIE**

Beth.

The medical examiner slides open another cadaver drawer containing her body. Richie stares at it.

**DETECTIVE**

Should've seen their place. Like animals lived there.

**RICHIE**

I have seen it.

**DETECTIVE**

(to the examiner)  
Chose a good night, huh? Grand Central Station in here.

**MEDICAL EXAMINER**

It's been like this. I'm lucky I get home before midnight; lots of carelessness.

Richie regards Rivera's personal effects resting on his chest in a plastic bag: few bucks, the Corvette key, a half-empty packet of heroin in blue cellophane. Richie takes the blue cellophane from the bag and, as the drawer closes entombing Sanders, holds it in his hand ...

**REPORTER V/O**

Heroin addiction is no longer exclusive to big city neighborhoods; it's epidemic -

**85 TIME CUT. A TELEVISION:**  
**85**

The reports shows lawmakers on Capitol Hill juxtaposed against images of inner-cities, junkies, homicide victims and, perhaps most telling, white suburbia.

**REPORTER ON TV**

Since 1965, law enforcement has watched its steady increase and with it a rise in violent crime. Now unaccountably, it has exploded, reaching into cities as a whole - our suburbs and towns - our schools.

**INT. POLICE GYM - DAY**

The TV is in a small police gym where Richie lifts weights, very much aware of his pariah status as out-of-shape cops come in, only to leave again when they see him.

**(CONT)**

**40.**

**CONTINUED:**

**REPORTER ON TV**

Someone is finally saying: enough. Federal authorities have announced their intention to establish special narcotics bureaus in Washington, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston, Newark and other major cities -

Toback comes in, watches Richie, alone, working out.

**RICHIE V/O**

It's a dog and pony show.

**TOBACK V/O**

It's not being advertised as one.

**86 INT. POLICE GYM - LATER - DAY**

**86**

Richie's changing into his street clothes.

**RICHIE**

But it's federal. I'd have to answer  
to who? FBI?

**TOBACK**

Me and the U.S. Attorney. No one else.  
No FBI. Hoover knows better than to mix  
his men with dope. Too much temptation  
for the feeble-minded.

Though he's not in much of a position to refuse the  
assignment, Richie still isn't convinced it's a good idea.  
Toback levels with him -

**TOBACK**

Richie, a detective who doesn't have  
the cooperation of his fellow detectives  
can't be effective.

**RICHIE**

You know why I don't have it.

**TOBACK**

Doesn't matter.

**RICHIE**

No, they're all on the take and I'm not  
and it doesn't matter to anyone. Instead  
of giving you a medal for turning in  
money, they bury you.

**(CONT)**

**41.**

86 CONTINUED:  
86

**TOBACK**

It's fucked up. You're right. Maybe  
this's an opportunity away from all that.

They regard each other. Eventually -

**RICHIE**

I'll do it, but only like this: I  
don't set foot in a police station again.  
I work out of a place of my own. And I  
pick my own guys. Guys I know wouldn't  
take a nickel off the sidewalk.

**TOBACK**

Done.

87 **EXT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**  
87

An old building that was once an Episcopal church.

88 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**  
88

The place has been long abandoned. The city maintenance  
worker who let Richie in watches him move through the debris-  
strewn church.

89 **INT. PENTHOUSE - NEW YORK - DAY**  
89

A real estate broker watches Frank consider the high-  
ceilinged spaciousness of a grand, unfurnished 50's modern  
Upper East Side penthouse -

90 **INT. BASEMENT - NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - DAY**  
90

Richie regards the colored light thrown down by the stained  
glass windows -

91 **INT. PENTHOUSE - NEW YORK - DAY**  
91

Frank regards light streaming in from the garden terrace -

92 **INT. MAIN FLOOR - NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - DAY**  
92

Richie picks up a faded photograph of a priest in a broken frame. To the maintenance man:

**RICHIE**

This is the only floor we'll be using.

93 **INT. PENTHOUSE - NEW YORK - DAY**  
93

Frank distractedly opens and closes a 12' high curtain in one of the rooms -

(CONT)

42.

93 **CONTINUED:**  
93

**FRANK**

No loan, no contingencies. Cash sale.

94 **EXT. SMALL'S PARADISE - NIGHT**  
94

Wet streets and neon. Well-dressed crowd behind a velvet rope outside the club. The Apollo in the background: James Brown on the marquee.

95 **INT. SMALL'S PARADISE - NIGHT**  
95

A still-powerful older man in a nice suit rises from his chair to wild applause. From the stage -

**SINGER**

Mr. Joe Louis, ladies and gentlemen.

Joe bows graciously, gives a little wave to the crowd, and sits back down as the band starts up again.

At another table, Frank sits with Charlie Williams and Rossi, slightly older dope men. Like Frank, they favor expensive tailored suits. Their dates, too, are nicely dressed - not too much make-up or jewelry. Frank's glance moves from Joe Louis and his wife to a beautiful young woman at the table.

**FRANK**

Who's the beauty queen?

**CHARLIE**

She is a beauty queen. No kidding.  
Miss Puerto Rico.

Her glance crosses Frank's briefly but is yanked to the entrance of the club when Frank's brothers come in with their wives and girlfriends. Teddy's in a parrot green suit, gold chains, hat, acting like he owns the place.

96 **INT. BACK ROOM - SMALL'S PARADISE - LATER**  
96

Frank hustles Teddy into an empty back room.

**FRANK**

What is this?

He turns Teddy so he's facing a mirror.

**TEDDY**

What. These are clothes. This is a very  
nice (suit) -

(CONT)

43.

96 **CONTINUED:**  
96

**FRANK**

I'm wearing clothes. These are clothes.  
Those -

(Teddy's in the mirror)  
- are a costume. With a sign on it that  
says Arrest me. You look like fuckin  
Jackie Fox.

**TEDDY**

What's wrong with Jackie. I like Jackie.

**FRANK**

You like Jackie? You want to be  
Superfly? Go work for him, end up in a  
cell with him.

Teddy pulls himself from Frank's grasp. Smooths his shirt,  
adjusts his hat. Frank tries to explain to him:

**FRANK**

The guy making all the noise in the room is the weak one. That's not who you want to be.

**TEDDY**

He wants to talk to you by the way. I told him I'd tell you.

Frank stares at his brother's reflection in the mirror.

**FRANK**

You and Jackie were talking about me?

**TEDDY**

Not about you. We were talking. He said he wanted to talk to you about something.

Frank clearly wants nothing to do with Jackie Fox.

**FRANK**

I'm taking you shopping tomorrow.

**TEDDY**

I went shopping today.

**FRANK**

You go shopping every day. Like a girl.

**97 EXT. SMALL'S PARADISE - LATER - NIGHT**

**97**

A creme Bentley pulls up and out pour Jackie Fox and his entourage.

**(CONT)**

**44.**

**97 CONTINUED:**

**97**

He's got an armful of New York Times Magazines -with him on the cover, flaunting Gangster Chic. He starts handing them out to the crowd on his way into the club.

**98 INT. SMALL'S PARADISE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

**98**

Joe Louis has come over to speak to Frank at his table.

**JOE LOUIS**

It's a tax thing. It's a mistake my lawyers will straighten out, but for the time being it's a headache -

**FRANK**

How much you owe?

**JOE LOUIS**

It's nothing, like - fifty grand.

Frank isn't sure if it's an honor or a curse to have a celebrity like Joe Louis asking to borrow money, but nods.

**FRANK**

Sure. Don't worry about it.

**JOE LOUIS**

Thank you. I'll pay you back soon as -

**FRANK**

Joe. It's a gift. Not a loan. You don't owe me nothing.

Jackie glides into the club with his magazines and entourage. Frank watches him make the rounds, lingering at Miss Puerto Rico's table and holding her hand longer than he should with his girlfriend on his arm. Frank glances to Teddy wearily, then to Doc, alone at the next table like a sentry. Frank doesn't have to say he's ready to leave. Doc knows the look. Gets up.

**99 INT. SMALL'S PARADISE - LATER - NIGHT**  
**99**

Frank comes into the coat check area where Doc waits with his overcoat. As Frank slips into it, Miss Puerto Rico - returning from the ladies room - comes through.

**ANA**

Hi. I'm Ana.

**FRANK**

I'm Frank.

**(CONT)**

45.

99 CONTINUED:  
99

**ANA**

You're Frank and this is your place.  
(he doesn't say whether  
it is or not)  
Why's it called Small's? Why don't you  
call it Frank's?

**FRANK**

Because I don't have to.

He smiles, and it's hard to tell which is more enchanted  
with the other.

100 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NEWARK - SAME TIME - NIGHT  
100

A club across the river. Not nearly as nice as Small's -  
much louder - but like Small's, almost all black. Richie  
shares a booth with a black undercover detective.

**RICHIE**

I'm reluctant to bring anyone in I  
don't personally know.

**SPEARMAN**

You know me, and I vouch for them.

Richie nods, Yeah, he knows that, but remains unconvinced.

**SPEARMAN**

Richie, we work together. You want me,  
you got to take them, too.

**RICHIE**

Where are they?  
Spearman looks out across the crowded dance floor.

**SPEARMAN**

That's Jones. With the skinny white  
woman.

Richie's glance finds a young black man dancing wildly with  
his skinny white date.

**SPEARMAN**

That's Abruzzo, with the fat black one.

Richie sees a young Italian with tatoos - the only other white man in the place - dancing with a heavy black woman. Both Jones and Abruzzo look more like criminals than cops.

(CONT)

46.

100 CONTINUED:

100

**SPEARMAN**

Both are good with wires. Have good informants. They're honest. And they're fearless. They'll do anything. They're insane, Richie, like you.

101 INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - NEW YORK - DAY

101

Frank sits in back alone. Peers ahead through the windshield. His face relaxes as he sees -

102 EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

102

Ana waiting on a corner, dressed nice, handbag. The Towncar pulls to the curb.

**FRANK**

I got it.

Frank gets out before Doc can, and escorts Ana to the car.

**FRANK**

I hope you weren't waiting long. A woman as beautiful as you shouldn't have to wait for anything.

He opens the door for her like a perfect gentleman, slides in after her.

103 EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY

103

Outside the house, Doc sits in the car reading a newspaper.

104 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY

104

Ana considers some family photographs on a mantle.

**ANA**

This is your father?

Frank shakes his head no. It's a picture of Bumpy.

**FRANK**

You really don't know who that is?

(she doesn't)

It's Martin Luther King.

**ANA**

It is not.

**FRANK**

You're right. He was as important as Dr. King, though.

(CONT)

47.

104 CONTINUED:

104

**ANA**

What'd he do?

**FRANK**

A lot of things. He had a lot of friends. He served New York and it served him.

**ANA**

What was he to you?

Frank has to think. Bumpy was more than his employer.

**FRANK**

Teacher.

**ANA**

What'd he teach you?

**FRANK**

How to take my time ... how if you're going to do something, do it with care ... do it with love.

And it's working here.           It's seductive.

**ANA**

Anything else?

**FLASHCUTS -**

Sudden bursts of violence - guys beat up - others shot - one being poured with gasoline as Bumpy looks on calmly -  
**BACK TO FRANK'S LIVING ROOM**

The same calm, benign face in the photograph.           Frank nods.

**FRANK**

How be a gentleman.

**ANA**

That's what you are?

Ana smiles like she knows better. Any second now, like every other guy she's ever met, she's sure he'll try to take her upstairs.

**FRANK**

I got five different apartments in the city I could've taken you to. I brought you here instead -

(CONT)

48.

**CONTINUED:**

Ana glances to the stairs which Frank's mother is coming down.

**FRANK**

To meet my mother.

**MRS. LUCAS**

Is this her? Oh, she's beautiful, Frank. Look at her. She's an angel come down from heaven.

Mrs. Lucas embraces Ana like family.

105 OMIT

105 OMIT

106 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY  
106

A single, half-empty packet of heroin, the same one from the morgue, in distinctive blue cellophane, tacked to a bulletin board. Richie, perched on a desk in front of it.

**RICHIE**

Our mandate is to make major arrests.  
No street guys - we want the suppliers -  
the distributors.

Spearman, Jones and Abruzzo sit in the back, looking like delinquent students. Of everyone in the open ground-floor that's been only slightly renovated - and there are about fifteen of them - they're the most disreputable-looking.

**RICHIE**

Heroin, cocaine, amphetamines. No  
grass under a thousand pounds. Less than  
that, someone else can waste their time.

Jones nudges Abruzzo to pay attention. Abruzzo elbows him back. Richie just waits like a teacher for their attention.

**RICHIE**

We'll be handling big shipments, big  
money, big temptation.  
(Jones raises his hand)  
Yeah.

**JONES**

There's a story about you. About  
turning in some money. A lot of money.  
Is it true?

Jones isn't the only one here curious to know.

Simply:

(CONT)

49.

106 CONTINUED:  
106

**RICHIE**

It's not true.

107 INT/EXT. CAR / STREET - NEWARK - DAY  
107

Abruzzo, looking like a junkie, dirty jeans, wool cap, approaches a dealer on the corner. The perspective shifts to Richie, Spearman and Jones in a car, watching as Abruzzo chats briefly with the dealer before the exchange takes place: \$10 for a blue-cellophane packet.

108 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - LATER - DAY  
108

Richie and the others watch Jones tests the heroin.

**JONES**

Stuff's ten percent pure. Strong enough to smoke for all those suburban white kids afraid of needles.

The other detectives are exchange a glance. None has ever heard of anything on the street that pure.

**RICHIE**

You paid ten bucks for it?

**JONES**

And it's all that's out there.

**RICHIE**

Now, how is that possible? Who can afford to sell shit twice as good for half as much?

Richie glances to a Table of Organization: Surveillance photos haphazardly thumb-tacked to a bulletin board - known dope men in the hierarchies of their individual crime families - almost all of them Italian.

**WOMB TO TOMB SEQUENCE:**

An R & B song begins and continues over -

109 **CLOSE-UPS:**  
109

A poppy bulb being pierced, the white liquid oozing, changing into filthy liquids in wooden bowls, and finally a gray paste ...

110 **INT. BANK VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - CHEMICAL BANK - DAY 110**

Frank sits with the bank Vice President who wires a transfer to:

50.

111 **INT. BANGKOK BANK - DAY** 111

Where Nate sits with the same Thai bank president as before who converts the transfer to cash.

112 **INT. SOUL BROTHERS BAR - BANGKOK - DAY** 112

Nate slides cash across a table to a couple of Chinese gangsters.

113 **EXT. JUNGLE ARMY BASE - VIETNAM - DAY** 113

A tent: Nate hands more cash - the military brass's cut - to the 2-star general from before.

An airstrip: Slicing propellers. Wounded soldiers on stretchers, helped onto a transport plane. Nearby, four large crates - Japanese TVs - under cargo netting. The pilot stuffs more cash in a pouch and salutes Nate.

114 **TV IMAGE:** 114

General Westmoreland returns a salute (archive).

115 **EXT. ARMY BASE - NORTH CAROLINA - DUSK** 115

The same plane on the tarmac here, taxiing. A pile of discarded TV boxes outside a supply warehouse.

At the perimeter of the base, black servicemen transfer heavy taped-up duffel bags from an Army Jeep to a station wagon, hoisting those that won't fit inside onto a roof rack. Two Lucas brothers tie them down with twine.

116 **INT/EXT. CAR / HIGHWAY - NEAR WASHINGTON DC - DUSK** 116

The station wagon heading north on a rain-slicked highway, the canvas tarpaulin on top flapping. In the distance, the spire of the Washington monument glows.

**117 EXT. DISCOUNT DRUGSTORE - HARLEM - DAY 117**

A black woman pushes a shopping cart containing a baby, Pampers, and cases of milk sugar across a parking lot.

**118 INT. RED TOP'S APARTMENT - HARLEM - DAY 118**

Empty milk sugar boxes. Redtop and her five table workers - clothed now, the surgical masks dangling from their necks - wiping down table surfaces, scales and apparatus. Tens of thousands of blue-cellophane packets of heroin neatly cover two of the folding tables.

51.

**119 EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY 119**

August. Hot. Kids wrench open a fire hydrant and with an empty soda can direct the water into a fountain. The water sprays down onto the windshield of a beat-up Chevy coming slowly through, revealing when it clears, Frank behind the wheel. He parks. Glances at his watch.

**120 INT. NYPD 23RD PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 120**

Clock on the wall of a locker area: 3:58. Shift change. Cops in t-shirts. Fans blowing the humid air around.

**121 INT/EXT. NYPD 23RD PRECINCT GARAGE - DAY 121**

Blue and whites arriving and leaving, shirts coming off as the cops alight.

**122 INT. BUS - MOVING ON 116TH STREET - DAY 122**

The driver checks his watch: 3:59. Turns his almost-empty bus up 8th Avenue.

**123 INT/EXT. FRANK'S PARKED CHEVY - HARLEM - DAY 123**

Air conditioner full blast. Radio announcing the time: 4 o'clock. Frank glances out the wet windshield of the Chevy and watches 116th Street transform:

It's as if an outdoor market has just opened its stalls. Junkies and dealers emerging from the alleys, storefronts, tenements and side streets - from the street itself it seems - snarling the cars and delivery trucks caught unaware. Small blue cellophane packets - and only blue - are pulled from pockets and change hands. In alleyways it's cooked up and sucked into syringes, and in dank, grim, indescribably filthy rooms, plunged into veins -

**124 AND THE REVERSE: 124**

10 and 20 dollar bills changing hands - decks of cash rubber-banded together - put into envelopes and delivered to the Lucas brothers, to:

- 125 LESTER at his metal door shop. 125  
126 EUGENE at his dry cleaners. 126  
127 TURNER at his tire service shop. 127  
128 EARL at his electrical shop. 128

**(CONT)**

**52.**

**123 CONTINUED:  
123**

129 TEDDY at his body shop.  
129

**130 INT. REDTOP'S APARTMENT - DAY  
130**

Piles of cash. The brothers try counting it all, but it's just too much. It's actually tiring.

**TEDDY**

We're going to be here all night if we count every bill.

TIME CUT: A money-counting machine flips through the bills, its counter flying. The brothers rubberband it all in \$100,000 decks. Jot down the numbers. Put the money in newly-assembled file boxes. Tape them shut.

131 INT. CHEMICAL BANK - SAFETY-DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY  
131

Alone in the room, Frank transfers stacks of \$100's from the file boxes into several open safety-deposit boxes.

132 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT  
132

The penthouse is now richly decorated. The R & B music playing through a state-of-the-art stereo system. It's a kind of office party for Frank's brothers, cousins, wives and girlfriends, distributors like Rossi and other East Harlem guys, Charlie Williams, couple of cops on Frank's payroll, and the Chemical Bank Vice President.

**BANKER**

You got a stockbroker, Frank?

**FRANK**

I deal with enough crooks as it is.

The banker jots down a name and phone number on the back of one of his business cards.

**BANKER**

This one couldn't be more honest. Ask around. He's got a lot of clients in the business. You can't leave all your money in safety deposit boxes; give him a call.

The banker hands him the card and moves on. Frank's trying to have a good time, but the level of noise and revelry is beginning to make him uncomfortable.

**CHARLIE**

Frank. This is Mike Sibota.

Sibota tries not to look as nervous as he feels.

(CONT)

53.

132 CONTINUED:  
132

**FRANK**

Mr. Sibota. What can I get you?

**SIBOTA**

A left-hander from what Charlie tells me.  
Your nephew?

Frank points to his nephew, Stevie, across the room.

**FRANK**

It's been his dream all his life to play  
for the Yankees - and he's good enough.

**SIBOTA**

So I hear. You have him come see me.  
We'll give him a try-out.

As the scout hands his card to Frank, we whip over to where  
Teddy, his driver Jimmy Racine and their girlfriends, coked  
up, are laughing as a black cop, flashing his detective's  
shield, pretends to frisk Jimmy.

**DETECTIVE**

What's this?  
(taking a .45 from Jimmy's  
pocket)  
Oh, that's it, I'm taking you in.

**JIMMY**

(joking)  
You can't take me in for that, I got a  
license for that, motherfucker.

**DETECTIVE**

(gives the gun back)  
This then -  
(the pile of coke on the  
coffee table)  
But first -

The cop sucks up a line before pretending to cuff Jimmy.

**DETECTIVE**

All right, now I'm arresting you.

Everybody laughs. Teddy peels \$100's from a money clip.

**TEDDY**

Let him go. This is for you.

**DETECTIVE**

What is that, a bribe? Oh, now you're  
all under arrest.

(CONT)

54.

132 CONTINUED:  
132

The cop pretends to arrest them all, but what he doesn't pretend is the hand he puts on Jimmy's girlfriend's breast as he frisks her.

**JIMMY**

What is that?

It was quick but Jimmy saw it, even though his girlfriend didn't react. The cop, oblivious, is cuffing Teddy now.

**DETECTIVE**

I'm taking you all in.

**JIMMY**

I said, what the fuck was that?

**DETECTIVE**

What was what?

The room explodes with a boom and the detective crumples to the floor, clutching at his leg, blood running through his fingers onto the carpet. Frank stares.

**JIMMY**

Oh, he's all right. I just shot him in the leg. You got a health plan, what are you complaining about. He's fine. Here -  
(peels off some money)  
Five hundred all right? Six? Look, he's feeling better all the time.

Suddenly, Frank grabs Jimmy and throws him against the wall.

133 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT  
133

As Ana tries to clean the blood stain on the rug with salt and soda water, Frank sits with his five brothers in the debris-strewn aftermath of the party. Silence before:

**FRANK**

I can't have this kind of stupidity.

**TEDDY**

It was an accident. He feels terrible

about it.

**FRANK**

He doesn't feel shit, coked up all the time. Get rid of him.

(CONT)

55.

133 CONTINUED:  
133

**TEDDY**

Frank. He's your cousin. What's he gonna do? Go back home? I'll talk to him. I'll straighten him out.

Frank looks at Teddy in his tinted Jackie Fox-like goggle glasses - like he's going to straighten anybody out.

**FRANK**

Gimme those glasses.

**TEDDY**

What? Why?

Frank pulls them from Teddy's face and crushes them.

134 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY  
134

Richie sifts through the morning mail at his desk. Stops on an envelope from the New Jersey Bar Association. As he works up the nerve to open it, Spearman, Jones and Abruzzo organize the Italian wise guys' photos on the T.O.

**JONES**

Ice Pick Paul goes here -

**ABRUZZO**

No, he's under Benny Two-Socks -

**JONES**

No, you're thinking of Benny the Bishop. Benny Two-Socks is Tosca's deadbeat son-

in-law.

**SPEARMAN**

Jonesy's right.

Richie comes over, studies the Table of Organization a moment, then begins untacking the photos from the top down -

**JONES**

What're you doing?            We just -

**RICHIE**

For a cop the uppermost thing is the arrest. For a prosecutor, the arrest is nothing without the evidence to convict. We don't have any real evidence on anyone on this board, so they're coming down. We're starting over from the street.

(CONT)

56.

134    **CONTINUED:**

134

**ABRUZZO**

What are you, a prosecutor all of a sudden?

Richie tacks his exam results onto the T.O.            He passed.

135    **EXT. STREET - NEWARK - DAY**

135

Richie and the Amigos observe a buy from a parked car, the blue cellophane changing hands. Ignoring the buyer as he walks away, they keep watching the seller.

136    **EXT. GAS STATION / CAR WASH - NEWARK - DAY**

136

The seller is observed coming out of a mechanics garage. Richie ignores him as he walks away, watching instead the garage. Eventually, a mechanic wiping his hands on a rag steps out, and Richie raises a camera. The image of the mechanic - a supplier - freezes -

137 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY  
137

A slightly-blurred photo of the mechanic goes up on a new, almost bare Table of Organization.

138 EXT. GAS STATION / CAR WASH - NEWARK - DAY  
138

Atop of a telephone pole, Abruzzo, dripping with lineman equipment, works to attach a 'slave' to the lines -

139 INT. STOREFRONT APARTMENT - DAY  
139

Bare room. Richie, Jones and Spearman eating take-out food as tape recorder reels turn.

**PHONE VOICE**

Those snow tires you give me last time come in yet? I'm going to want some more of them, gimme one and a half more of them.

The detectives laugh.

140 INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY  
140

Toback has Richie sign a voucher for \$20,000 cash.

**TOBACK**

This is more than a year's salary, Richie. If it disappears, I won't be able to get it for you again.

(CONT)

57.

140 CONTINUED:  
140

**RICHIE**

It'll never be out of my sight.

141 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY  
141

Jones tapes a tape recorder the size of a pack of cigarettes to Richie's bare chest.

142 INT. GAS STATION GARAGE - DAY  
142

Undercover in a wise guy's cashmere sweater and slacks, Richie watches the mechanic count the \$10,000 he's given him.

**RICHIE**

It's got to be `Blue Magic.'

**MECHANIC**

Yeah, yeah, it's `Blue.' You can pick it up here tomorrow. Where's the rest of the money?

**RICHIE**

That's half. I'll give you the other half tomorrow when you give -

**MECHANIC**

No, no, no, I don't do that. Go fuck yourself.

Richie rather reluctantly hands over the rest of the 20K.

143 INT/EXT. SPEARMAN'S CAR - MOVING - NEAR GW BRIDGE - DAY 143

Spearman watches the pickup truck driven by the mechanic change lanes up ahead - heading for the George Washington Bridge - and glances over concerned to Richie, who is changing the cashmere sweater for an old t-shirt.

**SPEARMAN**

He's going into New York. Are we?

**RICHIE**

What are they going to do, arrest us?

**SPEARMAN**

They could. New York cops. They can do worse than that.

**RICHIE**

We're not losing that money. Go.

(CONT)

58.

143 CONTINUED:  
143

As Spearman follows the truck, the George Washington Bridge, linking Jersey to Manhattan, looms in the windshield ...

144 EXT. EAST HARLEM STREET - DAY  
144

The pickup pulls to the curb outside a Pleasant Avenue grocery store. As the guy enters the place, Spearman's car stops long enough for Richie to climb out, and continues on.

Richie crosses the street, tries to see who the guy is talking to inside, but he's just buying a cup of coffee to go. Spearman's car turns the corner to circle around the block. As soon as it's gone, the man emerges from the restaurant with the coffee and walks straight at Richie who has to double back quickly not to be seen

Richie sees a delivery truck double-parked, guys unloading crates. Hears a horn and knows it's must be Spearman stuck on the side street. The mechanic starts his truck. Desperate not to lose him (and his money), Richie hurries over to a taxi stopped at a light, flashes his badge.

**RICHIE**

Get out.

**TAXI DRIVER**

What?

**RICHIE**

Get the fuck out of the car!

The driver realizes the man outside his taxi is crazy and tries to get his window rolled up. Reaching in, Richie gets his arm stuck, pulls at the lock, yanks the door open, drags the driver out, breaking the cabbie's arm, and jumps in.

He swings the cab into opposing lanes to get around traffic, screeches around the corner, glimpses the truck far up ahead - guns the engine, flies through a red light, glances at his mirror at the cars that just missed him almost colliding -

The truck turns up ahead, and Richie barrels through another red light, turns the corner and keeps the truck, a couple car-lengths ahead - in sight.

145 EXT. EAST HARLEM - DAY  
145

Richie curbs the cab as the guy goes into a dingy pizza parlor. Richie climbs out, crosses the street. Coming past the place, he tries to look inside without breaking stride.

(CONT)

59.

145 CONTINUED:  
145

From around a corner, striding toward him, come four men looking like Gestapo thugs in leather coats, manicured hair - the Princes of the City. Richie detours into an alley as they enter the restaurant.

Richie peers in at the restaurant kitchen through a grimy basement window. Watches Trupo and his SIU detectives burst in, guns drawn. They rough everybody up, get some down on the floor. One detective gathers the money and stuffs it in a bag. Another gathers the dope. The mechanic tries to protest and Trupo slaps him down with his pistol.

Richie keeps watching as the NY cops arrest no one - but take the dope and the money (Richie's money) - and stride out as abruptly as they appeared, like bandits. As they come past Richie -

**RICHIE**

That's my money.

**SIU DET 1**

The fuck are you. What money?

Richie shows them his Bureau of Narcotics ID.

**RICHIE**

The bills are sequenced and registered with the Essex County Prosecutors Office. All begin with CF3500. Take a look.

One of them checks some of the bills and sees he's right.

**SIU DET. 2**

Goddamn it, I thought we had a score.  
I thought I had a fucking Chris-Craft  
sitting in my driveway.

**RICHIE**

Honest mistake. Just give it back to me.

**SIU DET. 1**

This time.

Three of the four cops laugh. It's an affable gang of  
thieves. The one who doesn't laugh hangs back as the others  
start off. He examines Richie's New Jersey ID.

**TRUPO**

When's the last time I was in Jersey?  
Let me think. Never. What're you doing  
coming over here without letting anybody  
know? You don't know you can get hurt  
doing that?

**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

60.

145      **CONTINUED:**  
145

**TRUPO (CONT'D)**

(Trupo smiles; Richie smiles)  
You got your money. Now, never, ever,  
come into the city again unannounced. You  
come in to see a fuckin Broadway show you  
call ahead first to see if it's okay with  
me.

Trupo pats him on the back and leaves with the others.

**TOBACK V.O.**

What do we hate most? Isn't it the  
transgressions of others we fear we're  
capable of ourselves?

147 - 148 OMIT  
OMIT

147 - 148

149      **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - LATER - NIGHT**  
149

It's very late. Richie and Toback are alone.  
Eventually -

**TOBACK**

Richie - cops are like -

**RICHIE**

Yeah, I know, like everyone else.  
Some of them will steal no matter what.  
There can be a camera on them they'll do  
it. Some'll never do it. The rest are  
capable of either, depending how their  
department leans ... Only theirs isn't  
leaning, it's fallen over. The patrol  
cars don't even stop in Harlem, just roll  
down the window so the dealers can throw  
the money in. I saw drops made on  
precinct steps.

**TOBACK**

What were you doing there?

**RICHIE**

It's where this dope is coming from.  
Blue Magic. Out of New York. What am  
I supposed to do, ignore it?

**TOBACK**

The cab driver's filed aggravated assault  
and grand theft charges -

**RICHIE**

He wouldn't stop. Motherfucker almost  
ran me over.

(CONT)

61.

149 CONTINUED:  
149

**TOBACK**

- which he may reconsider depending on  
the amount the State of New Jersey offers  
to settle -

**RICHIE**

I told him I was a cop. I showed him my identification.

**TOBACK**

You stole his cab and broke his arm.

**RICHIE**

I was chasing your 20 thousand dollars.

**TOBACK**

I don't want to hear about you going into New York anymore.

**RICHIE**

Then my investigation's over.

**TOBACK**

You're not listening to me. I said:  
I don't want to hear about it ... You do whatever you have to do, go wherever you have to go to find out who's bringing this shit into the country ... Just don't tell me.

(turns to leave)

Get some sleep.

**A150 - 152 OMIT**

**A150 - 152 OMIT**

**AA153 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

**AA153**

Richie - in robe and underwear - opens the door to find a woman in the hall holding a briefcase.

**VIDA**

Mr. Roberts? I'm here for our appointment.

He has no idea who the black woman is. An old girlfriend he's forgotten maybe. Behind him, Vida can see a stewardess buttoning up her uniform by a little travel case on wheels. The apartment itself, she can also see, is a mess.

**VIDA**

From Child Social Services?

**A153 - 155 OMIT**

**OMIT**

**A153 - 155**

156 EXT/INT. TONY ZACA'S BACKYARD & POOL HOUSE - DAY  
156

Barbecue after their Sunday softball game. Richie and his O.C. friends - wise guys - still in their brown and orange Weequahie jerseys, drinking beer, cooking hamburgers.

**TONY**

When you asked me to be your son's godfather, I took it very seriously.

**RICHIE**

I know.

Richie and Tony Zaca relax in the den-like pool house.

**TONY**

I said yes, I'd take on this responsibility, take care of your son, God forbid something happened to you -

**RICHIE**

Tony, the things she's telling Child Social Services make me look very bad: Out all night. Lowlife informants hanging around. Women -

**TONY**

Old friends like me.

Richie feels horrible doing this. Silence. Then:

**TONY**

It's all right. I understand. They ask me, I'll tell them what you want me to tell them. I'll lie for you.

**RICHIE**

Thank you.

Tony nods, You're welcome. Can tell there's something else on Richie's mind.

**TONY**

What.

**RICHIE**

You don't have to talk about it, you don't want. What do you hear about Blue Magic? Anything?

**TONY**

A lot of sorrow and misery from guys  
being put out of business. That's all.

(CONT)

63.

156 CONTINUED:  
156

**RICHIE**

Nothing about who's bringing it in?

**TONY**

Guys down south is all I heard.

**RICHIE**

Down south, Florida? Cubans? What.

**TONY**

I don't know. All I can tell you is  
whoever it is, they're upsetting the  
natural order of things.

Among the framed family photos around them, is a picture  
of Tony's uncle, Albert Tosca.

157 EXT. LIVINGSTON, NEW JERSEY - DAY  
157

A Napoleonic statue of the same man on horseback in a  
fountain outside a castle-like mansion. Next to it "ride"  
three others on marble horses - a woman and two children.

**TOSCA**

Pull -

A clay pigeon sails out across the manicured garden. A  
shotgun blast shatters it. The man with the gun - Albert  
Tosca - hands another to Frank. As Frank sets to shoot, Ana  
can be seen behind them, with Tosca's wife in the opulent  
house, looking uncomfortable.

**MRS. TOSCA**

The whole place was imported brick by  
brick from Gloucestershire.

**ANA**

It's very nice.

Mrs. Tosca nods. Ana nods. A strained silence thicker than the tapestries settles over them until -

**FRANK**

Pull -

The shotgun booms -

**158 INT. TOSCA'S MANSION - LATER - DAY**  
**158**

As servants stand by, Tosca and his wife and their only guests - Frank and Ana - finished with lunch, get up from the table in the formal dining room.

**(CONT)**

**64.**

**158 CONTINUED:**  
**158**

As Mrs. Tosca leads Ana off to give her a tour of the house, the men head off the other way.

**TOSCA**

She's a lovely girl. You should marry her.

**FRANK**

Too many things to look after right now to think about that.

**TOSCA**

Frank. That's a mistake. If I may say. Don't take her for granted, girl like that.

They enter a rich, wood-paneled study lined with books.

**TOSCA**

You interested in history, Frank? The events that have brought us to where we are today? You know who was? Bumpy.

**FRANK**

Bumpy was interested in a lot of things.

**TOSCA**

I always wonder if people know when history's being made. And what they're doing at the time. This, for instance, could be a historic moment, and you're sipping a glass of ice water.

Droplets snake down Frank's glass. He senses Tosca has finally gotten around to why he was invited here.

**TOSCA**

Bumpy and I did a lot of business together, as you know. Whatever he needed, he'd come to me and I'd do my best to provide it. He came to me, I didn't go to him, is the point I'm trying to make. You know why?

**FRANK**

He didn't have what you needed. You had what he needed. We've always had to come to you.

**TOSCA**

Yes. Until now.

Tosca studies Frank, who is a study in inscrutability.

(CONT)

65.

158 CONTINUED:  
158

**TOSCA**

Monopolies are illegal in this country, Frank, because no one can compete with a monopoly. If they let the dairy farmers do that, half of them would go out of business tomorrow.

**FRANK**

I'm just trying to make a living.

**TOSCA**

Which is your right. Because this is America. But not at the unreasonable expense of others. That's un-American.  
(he studies Frank)  
You know the price you pay for a gallon

of milk doesn't represent its true cost of production. It's controlled. Set.

**FRANK**

I set a price I think is fair.

**TOSCA**

It's very unfair, in fact. Your customers are happy, but what about your fellow dairy farmers? You're not thinking of them.

**FRANK**

(very calmly)

I'm thinking of them as much as they ever thought of me.

**TOSCA**

All right. I can see you're getting excited. Don't get excited. That's not why I invited you to my home. To get excited.

Frank doesn't look excited at all. He's the picture of calm. Tosca smiles benignly and gets up.

**TOSCA**

Here, I got something for you.

159 INT. TOSCA'S SMOKING ROOM - LATER - DAY  
159

Tosca opens a humidor, takes out a couple of Cuban cigars.

**TOSCA**

Now what if - I'm just thinking out loud - you sold some of your inventory wholesale and I helped with the distribution.

(CONT)

66.

159 CONTINUED:  
159

**FRANK**

I don't need it. I already got everything from 110th Street to Yankee Stadium, river to river.

**TOSCA**

Which is a little mom and pop store compared to what I'm talking about. I could make you bigger than K-Mart. L.A., Chicago, Detroit, Vegas. I'm speaking nationwide. And I'd guarantee you peace of mind. You know what I mean by that.

Frank does. It's a backhanded threat. Tosca clips the cigars with a gold guillotine

**TOSCA**

Frank. You can see I'm a Renaissance man. Unfortunately not all my people are as enlightened. Ask them, What is civil rights, they don't know. They're not as open to change from the way things are done and who's doing it. But I can talk to them so there won't be any misunderstanding. That's what I mean by peace of mind.

Frank knows, in truth, he's not being given any choice in this matter. Still, maybe it's not so bad.

**FRANK**

You pay what a kilo now, 75, 80? I'd consider 50. And I can get you as much as you want.

Tosca slips on his best poker face. Fifty thousand a kilo would be an extraordinary coup for him.

**TOSCA**

You see, I was right. This is a historic moment. You're going to be bigger than Bumpy himself.

He hands Frank one of the cigars, expertly prepared.

**TOSCA**

Can't smoke it here, unfortunately. Grace doesn't like it. Take it with you.

67.

Doc waits by the car as Frank and Ana walk toward him. The Toscas wave goodbye from the front step of the mansion. Frank slips the cigar into his top pocket as they climb in.

**ANA**

Why would you trust these people, the way they look at you?

**FRANK**

They look at me like it's Christmas and I'm Santa Claus.

**ANA**

They looked at us like we're the help.

**FRANK**

(kisses her cheek)

No. They're working for me now.

**161 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**  
**161**

A TV: Muhammad Ali, the black man's black man, and Joe Frazier, the white man's black man, at their 1971 Madison Square Garden press conference where Ali says as much.

Most of the guys watching it. Richie isn't. He comes over to Table of Organization. Tacks his Bar Association notice to it. Regards the photographs, like tentacles of octopus yet to have a head.

Only the lowest section is made up of blacks (including Charlie Williams and Jackie Fox, but not Frank Lucas). The rest of the faces are white and stop about midway up. They've hit a wall they can't get past.

**162 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - DUSK**  
**162**

Another TV here: Howard Cosell, ringside at the Garden as the first early fans arrive, pointing out that the fight, because of the political stand Ali's taken, is less about boxers than war versus anti-war.

Frank chooses a linen jacket from his extensive color-coordinated racks of Phil Cromfeld suits as Ana, in her lingerie, puts on make-up at a vanity. He comes up behind her and sets down a small jewelry box.

**163 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - SAME TIME**  
**163**

The TV in the background as Richie puts a camera with a long lens in a sports bag and reaches for his coat -

(CONT)

68.

163 CONTINUED:  
163

164 OMIT  
164 OMIT

165 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUED  
165

Ana's reflection in the vanity mirror as Frank slips the engagement ring on her finger. She wipes at a tear, then gets up and hugs him.

**ANA**

Yes.

She kisses him. Admires the ring. And -

**ANA**

I bought you something, too.

She crosses past the TV, takes a garment bag down from her side of the closet, lays it on the bed next to Frank's suit jacket. She takes hold of the zipper but doesn't immediately pull it, hoping perhaps to create some dramatic tension.

**FRANK**

What is it?

She unzips the bag like she's unveiling great art. But instead of seeing what's inside, we're allowed only Frank's reaction: his smile of anticipation slowly changing to chagrin.

166 INT/EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT  
166

Richie observes celebrities and gangsters arriving in limousines - Sammy Davis Jr. and his wife, Joe Louis and his, Tosca and some of his guys - then enters the arena as another limo pulls up. Ana climbs out.

**ANA**

Come on. You look great.  
(no one else emerges)  
You want to miss the fight? Come on.

Finally, a patent leather shoe pokes out, sets down on the curb. Then its mate beside it. The shoes step away from the limo and -

167 **INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT**  
167

Pre-fight. Richie, blended in with the a group of press photographers, regards the organized crime figures ringside.  
He takes a few pictures with the long lens camera as -

(CONT)

69.

167 **CONTINUED:**  
167

The owner of the gleaming patent leather shoes is shown to his second row ringside seat just behind the sports writers, and we move up the full-length chinchilla coat to Frank's uneasy expression -

Richie's camera roams the faces of the prime ticket holders ringside: organized crime figures, celebrities, politicians, women with plunging necklines and platinum hair -

**JOE LOUIS**

Excuse me -

Richie can't believe it's Joe Louis brushing past him -

**RICHIE**

Mr. Louis -

Joe looks back as Richie approaches him -

**RICHIE**

I'm sorry, but I just have to tell you, sir, you were a hero to me growing up. I still push elevator buttons eight times

for the rounds you beat Billy Conn in.  
For luck.

Louis acknowledges Richie only slightly more than not at all. Turns away to join his friends. Richie watches after him, stung by Louis's disregard.

He snaps a picture of an Italian wise guy he doesn't recognize ... sifts the camera's view past Frank in the chinchilla coat ... then returns to him, watches as Tosca and his guys sit down behind Frank. Richie can't hear - but can see - their good-natured exchange -

**TOSCA**

Hey, Frank, you keep that hat on, I'm  
gonna miss the fight -

The odd thing to Richie is, Chinchilla's seat is better than all the Italians'. Detective Trupo notices this, too. Richie focuses on the Chincilla's date, a stunning girl, a beauty queen, then shifts back to her boyfriend who's now shaking the proffered hands of other Italians, then Don King. Joe Louis himself - who barely acknowledged Richie's existence - comes over and playfully exchanges "punches" with the man in the chinchilla coat.

A sudden roar from the crowd as the lights go out except for the spot on the ring. Ali and Frazier are coming down the steps through the crush of fans and reporters, preceded by soldiers carrying flags -

**(CONT)**

70.

167 **CONTINUED:**  
167

Richie tries to find the guy in the chinchilla coat, but he's hidden by a flag. Then he glimpses him again just as Ali shakes his hand before climbing into the ring -

Flashbulbs pop throughout the arena as Robert Goulet begins the National Anthem. Ali pointedly doesn't sing along. Richie frames the shadowy figure in the chinchilla coat, focuses as sharp as he can in the bad light, and snaps the shutter -

168 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**  
168

Richie tacks the photograph of the man in the chinchilla coat to his Table of Organization - low and off to the side by other pieces of the puzzle that don't fit, other new faces with no names. Spearman holds a scrap of paper -

**RICHIE**

That's is the plate number on the limo.  
Check with the company, who rented it.

**SPEARMAN**

He's a supplier at most. Or just a pimp.  
We'd've heard of him otherwise.

**RICHIE**

No, he's bigger than that. His seats  
were phenomenal; better than Al Tosca's.  
Joe Louis and Ali shook his fuckin hand.

They look from Tosca's high position on the board to Frank's low one, and a wedding march played in traditional fashion on organ begins and carries over:

169 **INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY**  
169

From above, a sea of ladies' hats, all coral and pink.  
Below, Frank stands at the altar, waiting for his bride.

**RICHIE V/O**

His name is Frank Lucas ...

170 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**  
170

Toback sifts through documents Richie has gathered:  
limousine company records, Frank's thin arrest record, mug shots of him years younger, the photograph from the fights and some more from subsequent surveillances.

**RICHIE**

Originally from Greensboro, North  
Carolina. Couple of arrests years ago.  
Gambling, robbery, unlicensed firearm.

**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

71.

170 **CONTINUED:**  
170

**RICHIE (CONT'D)**

For fifteen years he was Bumpy Johnson's collector, bodyguard and driver. He was with him when he died.

171 **INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUED**

171

Ana's family and friends on one side of the aisle, the extended Lucas family - on the other. Frank's mother looks at her eldest son at the altar with pride.

172 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED**

172

**RICHIE**

Five brothers, he's the oldest, lots of cousins, all living here now, spread out around the boroughs and Jersey. The brothers are -

173 **INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY**

173

A Lucas brother hands some dry cleaning to Spearman -

**RICHIE V/O**

Eugene Lucas in Brooklyn -

174 **INT. ELECTRICAL SHOP - DAY**

174

Another Lucas brother examines a lamp with a frayed cord brought in by Jones.

**RICHIE V/O**

Earl Lucas in Newark -

175 **INT. METAL DOOR SHOP - DAY**

175

Another brother at the register, hands Abruzzo a receipt -

**RICHIE V/O**

Lester Lucas in Queens -

176 **EXT. TIRE SERVICE SHOP - DAY**

176

Another brother is photographed by Spearman from a parked car as he changes tires on a car up on a hoist.

**RICHIE V/O**

Turner Lucas, the Bronx -

177 **EXT. STREET - NEWARK - DAY**  
177

Richie kicks a dent into the fender of his old car.

72.

178 **EXT/INT. BODY SHOP - DAY**  
178

As an appraiser writes up an estimate, Richie observes  
Teddy, attending to paperwork inside.

**RICHIE V/O**

And Teddy Lucas, in Bergen County.

179 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED**  
179

A photograph of Teddy goes up on the T.O. next to Frank and  
the other brothers and some cousins -

**RICHIE**

Except for the chinchilla coat, which  
no one can explain, Frank's life seems  
orderly and legitimate.

180 **INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUED - DAY**  
180

Best Man Teddy standing next to Frank at the altar as the  
bride is escorted down the aisle by her father. Tight on  
Frank in a beautiful tuxedo -

181 **EXT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE BUILDING - DAWN**  
181

A light goes on in a penthouse window. Down below, by his  
parked car, Richie shivers in the early morning cold.

**RICHIE V/O**

He gets up early. Five a.m.

182 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED**  
182

**RICHIE**

Has breakfast at a Midtown place,  
usually alone.

183 INT/EXT. DINER - MORNING  
183

Richie tosses a glance inside a restaurant as he passes the window to where Frank sits eating at a table, Doc nearby.

184 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED  
184

**RICHIE**

Then goes to work. Meeting with his accountant, or lawyer, dropping in on one of the several office buildings he owns.

185 OMIT  
OMIT

185

73.

186 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED  
186

**RICHIE**

Nights, he usually stays home. When he does go out, it's to a club or dinner - with his new wife - friends, celebrities, sports figures - never O.C. guys.

187 EXT. SMALL'S PARADISE - NIGHT  
187

Richie sits in his car across from Small's where bouncers keep out people like him. Frank, Ana, Wilt Chamberlain and his wife emerge from the restaurant together.

188 OMIT  
OMIT

188

189 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED  
189

**RICHIE**

Sundays he takes his mother to church.

Then drives out to change the flowers on Bumpy's grave. Every Sunday, no matter what.

190 **INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUED - DAY**  
190

Frank's mother tearfully watches her son slip a ring onto Ana's finger next to the fat engagement diamond - before Ana, in turn, puts a gold band on Frank's. The minister pronounces them husband and wife, the veil is lifted, and they kiss to great applause -

191 **EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY**  
191

As a photographer takes the official photograph of the wedding party on the steps of the church -

192 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED**  
192

Lou Toback looks from a surveillance photo of the wedding party in his hands, to Richie's Table of Organization: The Lucas brothers and cousins - in the streets of New York and New Jersey, arranged in some imagined hierarchy.

**TOBACK**

Not your typical day in the life of a dope man, Richie.

**RICHIE**

Neither was Bumpy Johnson's and he owned Harlem.

(CONT)

74.

192 **CONTINUED:**  
192

**TOBACK**

You think Frank Lucas took over for Bumpy Johnson? His driver? That's a little far-fetched.

**RICHIE**

Is it? Everything he does, he does like

Bumpy.

**TOBACK**

Bumpy never wore a chinchilla coat in his life.

**RICHIE**

We haven't seen that again. That apparently has been retired to the closet.

193 **EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY**  
193

Frank and Charlie look on as Ana throws the bouquet.

**CHARLIE**

She's the most beautiful bride I ever saw, Frank.

**FRANK**

I wish Bumpy could've met her. I wish she could've met him.

194 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED**  
194

Looking at the Lucas Table of Organization -

**TOBACK**

What do you got on him you can use in court? Because this isn't it. You try this without informants and powder, no one's going to jail.

**RICHIE**

Won't get any informants. Not inside. It's like a Sicilian family. Like he's structured his own family the same way to protect himself.

195 **EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUED**  
195

Exactly like one, like a scene from The Godfather as Frank dances with Ana before the reception guests.

196 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED  
196

**RICHIE**

Being with Bumpy long as he was, he  
would have been around Italians a lot.  
Enough to learn that much.

197 EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUED  
197

Rice rains down on the bride and groom as they climb into  
the back of the Towncar. Doc comes around to the driver's  
side, gets in and slowly pushes through the crush of guests  
waving and throwing kisses.

198 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - CONTINUED  
198

**RICHIE**

But it's not even Frank Lucas I want. I  
want to know who he's working for: Which  
Italians are bringing the heroin in.

199 INT/EXT. TOWNCAR / NEW YORK - TWILIGHT  
199

Flanked front and rear by Frank's security, the marriage  
car moves along a rain-slick street. The newlyweds cuddle  
in back. Another car pulls up alongside - Trupo's Shelby -  
and Doc's right hand instinctively comes off the steering  
wheel to settle on his holstered gun. Trupo smiles and  
shakes his head, no.

200 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER - TWILIGHT  
200

The Lincoln and security cars and Trupo's Shelby parked.

**FRANK**

(to Ana)  
Stay in the car

As Frank and Doc climb out, Frank motions to his other  
security men to remain calm, he'll handle this.

**TRUPO**

Hello, Frank.

If Frank is surprised Trupo knows his name, he doesn't show  
it, or anything else except an air of professional courtesy.

**FRANK**

Detective.

Trupo looks in at Ana in the back seat, smiles at her. She turns her head away and closes the door. Trupo leads Frank away for a private conversation -

(CONT)

76.

200 CONTINUED:  
200

**TRUPO**

You sure you done the right thing?  
She's a beautiful girl - there's no  
question - but she's got an attitude  
on (her) -

**FRANK**

Listen to me. Before you say another  
word - about her - or me - remember that  
you're saying it on the most important  
fuckin day of my life.

**TRUPO**

Man walks around in a fifty thousand  
dollar chinchilla coat and he never even  
bought me a cup of coffee? Something  
wrong there.

**FRANK**

I don't know what you're talking about.

**TRUPO**

You pay your bills, Frank?

**FRANK**

You want to keep talking, talk to my  
lawyer, here's his card. You call him,  
because we're done here -

**TRUPO**

Do you pay your bills, I asked you.

**FRANK**

If you're not getting your share, it's  
not my fault, go ask the chief of police.

**TRUPO**

What's my share? You don't even know me.  
Maybe I'm special.

**FRANK**

No, you're all the fuckin same.

**TRUPO**

(shows his shield)  
What does that say?  
(Frank ignores him)  
Special - Investigations - Unit. See  
that word there? "Special."  
(he takes out a restaurant  
business card)  
Ten grand, first of each month, delivered  
here.

**(CONT)**

77.

200 **CONTINUED:**  
200

Frank ignores the card, stares at Trupo like he's a fool.

**FRANK**

Detective ... There are some things you  
don't do. This is one of them. Not on a  
man's wedding day.

Frank's resolve throws Trupo off his rhythm. He  
manages:

**TRUPO**

Have a nice honeymoon.

201 **INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT**  
201

Frank doesn't carry Ana across the threshold. He strides in  
leaving her at the front door, throws a match in the gas  
fireplace, comes back from the bedroom a moment later with  
the \$50,000 chinchilla coat and throws it on the flames.

202 **TELEVISION IMAGE:**  
202

A march on Washington, protesting the war (archive).

**INT. JIMMY RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The report continues on a TV here as Teddy's driver, Jimmy Racine, yells at his girlfriend -

**JIMMY**

Where is it?

**DARYLYNN**

Fuck you, I'm not telling you.  
She comes past the TV and into the kitchen past a table covered with dope paraphernalia.

**JIMMY**

Where is my fuckin dope? You and your girlfriends take it again? I'll fuckin kill you.

She yanks open a drawer, grabs a knife and slashes it at him. He grabs a gun and she runs for the stairs -

**203 EXT. JIMMY RACINE'S - APARTMENT - NIGHT**  
**203**

He chases her into the street, yelling, raises the gun and fires, and she goes down, clutching at her butt, moaning -

**78.**

**204 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT**  
**204**

Moaning here, too. Richie's lawyer-ex-girlfriend, in bed with him.

**SHEILA**

Richie, yes, fuck me like a cop, not a lawyer -

(the phone rings)

Oh, God, Richie, no - don't answer it -

(he reaches to pick it up)

No, no, no -

**RICHIE**

Yeah -

**SPEARMAN V/O PHONE**

Richie. Newark just picked up one of the

celebrities on our Wall of Fame: Teddy's driver. For attempted murder.

205 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - NIGHT  
205

Richie's had Jimmy Racine brought over. Sits with him as the Three Amigos watch from the shadows. Just coming off his high, and the attempted murder, Jimmy looks disoriented as he sits in cuffs in the dungeon-like basement.

**RICHIE**

Because it's an attempted homicide, that's Grand Jury. Now, that Grand Jury could come in very favorably. Might turn out to be Attempted Manslaughter. Self Defense even. She had a knife. Depends on how I want to deal with you. You see where this is going.

Jimmy looks around at the basement dungeon with concern.

**JIMMY**

The fuck is this place?

**RICHIE**

Let's say you beat it somehow. What do you think Cousin Frank'll think of that? He knows you had to sit here listening to something like this. And then you beat an attempted murder? Is he stupid? He'll assume you talked.

Jimmy can easily imagine that scenario and it frightens him.

(CONT)

79.

205 CONTINUED:  
205

**RICHIE**

You fucked up, Jimmy. But nobody knows. Frank doesn't know. Yet. Do you want him to read about it in the paper? Or do you want to walk out of here - no bail, no trial - just walk out, now.

206 **EXT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAWN**  
206

Jimmy has thought about it all night and walks out of the building into the chilly morning air.

**RICHIE V/O**

Jimmy? Look at me -

Jimmy looks over his shoulder as if Richie just called to him from it, which he didn't. There's no one in sight -

**RICHIE V/O**

Any time I want to change my mind? I don't like the quality of your work? I can find a witness saw you shoot your girlfriend. It just took me a while. I even know what he'll look like. He'll look just like you.

207 **EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - DAY**  
207

Teddy's car comes around a corner and down the street.

208 **INT. TEDDY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY**  
208

Jimmy Racine, wired, looks in the rear view mirror at Teddy in the back seat, and, behind him, Richie's car following.

209 **INT. RICHIE'S CAR - SAME TIME**  
209

Richie keeps Teddy's car in view ahead. Glances in his mirror at the cars following him. His detectives.

210 **EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - LATER - DAY**  
210

The detectives' cars parked behind a warehouse. Richie peers into binoculars at: Teddy's car parked by Frank's outside another warehouse loading dock. Frank gets out, discusses something with his brother, comes past Jimmy to some men in bloody white coats.

He talks to them, returns to his car, takes a valise from the trunk. He snaps it open revealing stacks of cash, hands it over and walks to a semi-truck, glancing once in Richie's direction. Though he can't see anyone there he gives a wave to them - or is it to the truck driver to pull out -

211 EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY  
211

Like Bumpy used to do every Thanksgiving, Frank and his brothers, from the back of the truck, hand out hundreds of freshly-butchered turkeys to the poor.

212 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY  
212

Frank, in an apron, carries in a huge cooked turkey as the extended Lucas family gathers around the table. It's like Norman Rockwell painting -

213 INT/EXT. ALLEY / ROOMS HARLEM - SAME TIME - DAY  
213

Another Thanksgiving picture: addicts shooting up and nodding out in alleys and dingy rooms. Tight on needles, veins, spoons, filth -

214 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - DAY  
214

Richie alone at his kitchen table with a sandwich and a beer. The Macy's parade plays silently on his TV.

A215 INT/EXT. TRUPO'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY  
A215

A doorbell summons Trupo. He comes through his entry. Opens the front door. Finds no one there - except a large live turkey on the doorstep. He stares at it nonplussed, then looks up to a sound - a whoosh - as flames engulf the interior and spit out the windows of his Shelby Mustang ...

B215 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY  
B215

The big knife in Frank's hand slices into the turkey and lifts meat onto a plate that's passed from hand to hand, the family engaged in several conversations at once, laughing -

215 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY  
215

Bathroom. Jimmy Racine, shirt off, wired, changes the batteries of the little tape recorder.

216 **EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY**  
216

Jimmy comes out, tries to take a chair not too far from Frank who's watching his nephew toss pop-up flies for the younger kids to catch.

**FRANK**

Stevie. Come over here.  
(the nephew comes over)  
I heard you didn't show up.  
**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

81.

216 **CONTINUED:**  
216

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

You're too busy to meet with Billy  
Martin? After I set it up?

Stevie shifts around, not wanting to make Frank mad ...

**STEVIE**

I don't want to play pro ball, I decided.

**FRANK**

What're you talking about? This is your  
dream since you were their age -  
(the younger kids)  
Maybe I can set it up again.

Stevie just stands there, uncomfortable. Finally -

**STEVIE**

It's not what I want. I want to do what  
you do, Uncle Frank. I want to be you.

Frank stares at him unhappily. Teddy comes over but Frank  
barely notices.

**TEDDY**

We got a problem.

217 **INT. TEDDY'S CAR - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON**  
217

Jimmy Racine behind the wheel. Frank and Teddy in back,  
speaking quietly.

**TEDDY**

He's been cutting it so much it's down  
to two, three percent pure.

**FRANK**

You tested it. You're sure.

Teddy nods. Frank notices Jimmy looking at them in the rear  
view mirror.

**FRANK**

The fuck you looking at?

**218 EXT. JACKIE FOX'S CLUB - NEW YORK - DUSK**  
**218**

The car pulls up in front of a building in the clothing  
district. Jimmy stays while Teddy and Frank go inside.

**82.**

**219 INT. JACKIE FOX'S CLUB - DUSK**  
**219**

Jackie's club looks like a set from a blaxploitation film.  
Frank and Teddy, led by a bodyguard, come past some turkey  
carcasses and other remnants of Thanksgiving to where Jackie  
and a couple friends cavort with some naked girls.

**JACKIE**

Frank. Welcome.

**FRANK**

We need to talk.

**JACKIE**

Great. Girls, get out.

The girls gather their things and leave. Frank wipes at a  
modern leather chair with his handkerchief, throws it away,  
sits. Jackie lays out a couple lines, offers Frank a rolled  
up hundred dollar straw. Frank shakes his head, no thanks.

**JACKIE**

You talked to Charlie. You want to hear

more about my Black Coalition. Let me explain it to you -

But first, let me suck up a line of coke -

**FRANK**

That's not why I'm here.

(Jackie glances up from the powder. No?)

Everybody's happy, Jackie. Charlie, Baz, the cops, the Italians, everybody. Everybody except you.

**JACKIE**

I'm happy.

**FRANK**

Then I don't understand. Why do you have to take something that's perfectly good the way it is, and wreck it?

Jackie doesn't seem to understand.

**FRANK**

Brand names mean something, Jackie. Consumers rely on them to know what they're getting. They know the company isn't going to try to fool them with an inferior product. They buy a Ford, they know they're gonna get a Ford.

**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

83.

219 CONTINUED:

219

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

Not a fuckin Datsun.

(his look says, right?)

Blue Magic is a brand name; as much a brand name as Pepsi. I own it. I stand behind it. I guarantee it and people know that even if they don't know me any more than they know the chairman of General Foods.

**JACKIE**

What the fuck are you talking about, Frank?

**FRANK**

What you're doing, as far as I'm concerned, when you chop my dope down to five percent, is trademark infringement.

That. That's what this is about. Jackie nods, but -

**JACKIE**

With all due respect, Frank, if I buy something, I can do whatever I want with it.

**FRANK**

That's not true. That's where you're wrong.

**JACKIE**

If I buy a car, I can paint it, God damn it.

**FRANK**

Jackie, you don't need to. You don't need to make more money than you can with Blue the way it is. No one does. At a certain point it's just greed.

**JACKIE**

What do you want, Frank? You want me to call it something else?

**FRANK**

I have to insist. You call it Blue Magic, that's misrepresentation.

**JACKIE**

Fine. I'll call it Red Magic, even though it doesn't sound as good.

**FRANK**

That's all I'm saying. Wrap it in red cellophane and -

(CONT)

84.

219 CONTINUED:  
219

**JACKIE**

Pink Magic. Black Magic -

**FRANK**

Whack it down to nothing, tie a bow around it and call it Blue Dogshit if you want, just don't let me catch you doing this again.

Jackie regards Frank for a long moment ...

**JACKIE**

Catch me? Insist? Infringement? I don't like these words as much as please - thank you - sorry to bother you, Jackie. These are better words to use you come into my place without an invitation.

Jackie waits to hear a kinder word but Frank doesn't offer one. Jackie nods, Fine, okay, but it's more like a warning.

220 **INT. JACKIE'S CLUB - DUSK**  
220

Frank pulls a girl off Teddy's lap and points him toward the door. Jackie watches them leave.

221 **EXT. JACKIE'S CLUB - DUSK**  
221

They emerge from the building to where Jimmy waits.

**TEDDY**

Give me the keys; take a cab home.

222 **INT. TEDDY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**  
222

Frank and Teddy driving in silence. Eventually -

**FRANK**

You don't go over there any more.

Teddy doesn't like it, but nods. Suddenly his face is illuminated by light reflecting in the rear view mirror, an unmarked police car behind them, flashing its brights.

**FRANK**

It's all right, pull over, what are they going to do? Give us a ticket?

But Teddy isn't as calm as he begins to pull over.

85.

223 EXT. GARMENT WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NY - LATE AFTERNOON  
223

As Trupo and his partner climb out of their car and approach  
Teddy's -

**TEDDY**

Frank? Some of it's in the trunk.

Frank regards him with utter disbelief. Teddy shies as if  
he expects to get hit. The SIU detectives arrive.

**TRUPO**

Hello, Frank.

**FRANK**

Detective. How's it going? You have a  
nice Thanksgiving?

**TRUPO**

I did not, as a matter of fact. Get out  
of the car.

The Lucases climb out.

**FRANK**

Where's the Shelby?

**TRUPO**

The Shelby's gone, Frank.

Trupo reaches in the driver's side window, takes the keys  
from the ignition and comes around to the trunk. Frank and  
Teddy exchange a glance as it opens. Silence. Then -

**TRUPO**

Want to come over here a minute, Frank?

Six kilos of heroin are illuminated by the trunk light.  
Frank and Trupo regard it in silence. Then -

**TRUPO**

Now what are we gonna do about this?

**FRANK**

We're gonna shut the trunk and say good

night, forget you pulled us over.

**TRUPO**

I got a better idea.

Trupo reaches into the trunk, picks up two of the heroin bricks, tucks them under his arm and looks at Frank -

(CONT)

86.

223 CONTINUED:

223

**TRUPO**

Or would you rather I took it all and threw you and your brother in the fuckin river?

**FRANK**

I don't know, would you rather it's your fuckin house blows up next time?

They hold each others' stare for a long moment.

**TRUPO**

I loved that car.

**FRANK**

I know.

Trupo closes the trunk and walks away with his cut of the heroin, calling to his partner -

**TRUPO**

Let's go.

As the SIU cops walk to their car, the perspective shifts, through binoculars: Richie watching.

**A224 INT. TEDDY'S CAR / STREET - LATER - NIGHT**

**A224**

From outside the driver's side, Teddy's head, inside the car, suddenly smashes against the window, cracking it. His groan is interrupted by Frank's muffled voice -

**FRANK**

Don't you ever put me in a car with dope  
in it.

224 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
224

Richie comes in, opens the fridge and stares in, his mind  
elsewhere. A ringing phone pulls him out of it.

**RICHIE**

Yeah. Tony. How's it going?

225 INT/EXT. TONY ZACA'S HOUSE - DAY  
225

Tony's wife and daughters can be seen in the suburban  
backyard. Here in the kitchen Tony and Richie watch kernels  
of popcorn bounce off the inside walls of the first Amana  
microwave oven. It's noisier than modern ones.

**RICHIE**

The fuck is a 'micro' wave?

(CONT)

87.

225 CONTINUED:  
225

**TONY**

It's a scientific force like atomic  
energy. It rearranges the molecules.

**RICHIE**

Of what.

**TONY**

Of anything. Of popcorn. You don't  
want to put your head in there.

Tony rakes out the plain, 'pre-microwaveable' popcorn,  
using his hand. Gives some to Richie. Half of it's burnt.

**TONY**

I can get you one of these. Just like  
this, brand new. I'll have it delivered.

**RICHIE**

No, thanks. I don't want one.

Tony hands Richie some snapshots: The Zaca family on the slopes of a resort, and in and outside a beautiful snow-dotted cabin.

**RICHIE**

This is nice, where's this?

**TONY**

Aspen. Just got back. Had a great time.

**RICHIE**

I'd like to ski Aspen some day.

**TONY**

Know who we met? Burt Reynolds. I'm not kidding. Lot of people from Hollywood go up there now, buying up everything.

**RICHIE**

This is your place?

**TONY**

Are you kidding? You know what it's worth? Ski-in-ski-out, five bedrooms, sauna, everything. We were guests.

(pause)

No ... No, that's your place.

Everything seems to stop. Richie becomes aware of the sounds around them, the girls splashing around outside ...

(CONT)

88.

225 CONTINUED:

225

**TONY**

Isn't there something we can do - about leaving the big guy alone? You know who I mean.

What Richie knows is that no matter what he does or says at this point he's got a problem.

**RICHIE**

If I don't report what you just said

to me, you know I could be in a lot of trouble. If I do, then it's you.

**TONY**

I'm hoping you won't do that.

Richie considers the room itself, measuring the odds of microphones and a recorder being in it somewhere.

**TONY**

I'm not taping it. How do you know? Because we're friends and I'm telling you. This is a real offer.

**RICHIE**

From who, your uncle?  
(Tony doesn't say)  
Why would you do this? Why would you risk our friendship?

**TONY**

Because I care what happens to you.

**RICHIE**

You shouldn't have done it.

**TONY**

I had to. I had no choice. Neither do you. Leave Frank Lucas alone.

**RICHIE**

He's not important enough for you to do this.

**TONY**

Yes, he is.

Richie stares at Tony, then puts the pictures in his hand.

**RICHIE**

Tell Marie I'm sorry I had to leave. You can tell her why.

89.

226 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - LATER - NIGHT  
226

Alone in the empty building, he stares at the T.O.: The higher echelon Italians like Tosca; lower echelon Harlem guys like Charlie Williams and Frank Lucas.

He gets up then, untacks Frank's photograph from its lowly position and moves it to a place no black has ever occupied - to the top of the pyramid - above the mafia.

227 - 230 OMIT

227 - 230 OMIT

**A231 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - DAY**  
**A231**

Toback regards Frank's picture at top of the Lucas T.O.

**RICHIE**

INS, FBI, IRS - I can't get anything out of them. Nothing on his travel, his bank accounts, property holdings - nothing.

**TOBACK**

That's because they all think you're on the take and you think they are.

**RICHIE**

They don't want this to stop. It employs too many people. Cops, lawyers, judges, probation officers, prison guards. The day dope stops coming into this country, a hundred thousand people lose their jobs.

Toback isn't as sure the corruption of the official world is that complete.

**SPEARMAN**

Richie. Excuse me.

Spearman gestures to a couple of men in suits who want to talk to him.

**B231 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - LATER - DAY**  
**B231**

Richie and Tobacke regard the two stone-faced FBI agents -

**RICHIE**

Who took it out?

(nothing from the agents)

If there's a contract on me, it would be

nice to know who took it out.

(CONT)

90.

B231 CONTINUED:  
B231

**FBI AGENT**

We can't say without compromising our source. You understand.

**RICHIE**

No. I don't. Not when it's my life.

**FBI AGENT**

If you want, we can assign someone to you.

**RICHIE**

Who? FBI? You're going to protect me?

In fact, none of this is funny.  
Richie almost laughs at the thought, looks to Toback.

C231 EXT. STREET - NEWARK - NIGHT  
C231

Walking toward his apartment down its dark street, bag of groceries in arm, Richie becomes aware someone is following him. He slows to let the figure get closer, closer, then turns fast, drops the guy and puts a gun to his head.

**MAN**

Don't shoot! For God's sake.

Richie keeps the gun pressed against the guy's forehead.

**RICHIE**

Talk.

**MAN**

Are you Richard Roberts? I got a subpoena.

231 INT. COURTROOM - NEWARK - DAY  
231

Richie and Laurie sit with their respective lawyers, waiting for the judge to appear. He leans over -

**RICHIE**

Laurie. I'm sorry I couldn't give you the kind of life you wanted. I'm sorry it was never enough. But don't punish me for being honest. Don't take my son away.

She stares at him in disbelief. Then responds in a louder voice than his -

**(CONT)**

91.

231 **CONTINUED:**  
231

**LAURIE**

What are you saying? That because you were "honest" and didn't take money like every other cop, I left you?

The bailiff looks over, but she doesn't care.

**LAURIE**

You don't take money for one reason: to buy being dishonest about everything else. And that's worse than taking money nobody gives a shit about - drug money, gambling money nobody's gonna miss.

(more people look over)

I'd rather you took it and been honest with me. Or don't take it, I don't care. But don't then go cheat on me. Don't cheat on your kid by never being around. Don't go out and get laid by your snitches and secretaries and strippers. I can tell just by looking, she's one of them.

His lawyer. Which is true. Everyone's watching them now.

**LAURIE**

You think you're going to heaven because your "honest." You're not. You're going to the same hell as the crooked cops you can't stand.

**BAILIFF**

All rise -

232 INT. COURTROOM - LATER - DAY  
232

The same judge who sends a collection plate around sits before Richie and Laurie and their attorneys.

**SHEILA**

Your honor, a lot has been said here today about how unsavory Mr. Roberts' environment is for a child. How dangerous it is. I'm sorry, but this is our world. This is where we live and we tell him, Protect us. We give him that responsibility, and then say, Oh, but we don't trust you to raise a child. We don't think you're fit for that.

**RICHIE**

I'm not.

(CONT)

92.

232 CONTINUED:  
232

Silence. Sheila looks at him, but he's looking at Laurie, and speaks to her like they're alone in the room:

**RICHIE**

You're right. This is no place for him. Around me. Take him. The further away the better. For him.

233 OMIT  
233 OMIT

234 TV IMAGE (ARCHIVE):  
234

The lights on the Rockefeller Christmas tree blink on to

applause. A carol begins and continues over:

A235 OMIT

A235 OMIT

235 INT/EXT. FRANK'S CAR / FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

235

Seats covered with Christmas presents. Doc, driving, sees Trupo's car parked out front Frank's penthouse.

DOC

Frank -

FRANK

Yeah, I see them.

Doc pulls to the curb outside Frank's building. As the doorman helps Doc with the big Christmas tree tied to the roof of the car, Frank crosses to Trupo's car with a couple of bottles of Crystal tied with holiday bows.

FRANK

Here you go, boys. Merry Christmas.

236 OMIT

236 OMIT

237 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

237

Charlie has come to visit. A Christmas carol plays as Frank strings the tree with some lights.

FRANK

Paying cops is one thing, I understand that. I been paying them since I was ten - put more of their kids through college than the National Merit Award. This is different, this Special Investigations Unit. They think they are special.

(CONT)

93.

237 CONTINUED:

237

**CHARLIE**

They're fucking crooks. No code of ethics.

Frank plugs the cord in and the tree lights up.

**FRANK**

Someone's been following me. Besides cops. I see cars where they shouldn't be. Guys I don't know -

**CHARLIE**

Me, too.

They regard each other. The carol continues over:

**238 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT**  
**238**

Ana hangs tinsel on the tree as Frank gives the shepherd some dog toy presents he's bought. More to himself:

**FRANK**

Bumpy hardly ever went out at a certain point. He stayed in - read - watched TV - played chess. I thought he chose to lead a quiet life. He didn't. He couldn't go out without something happening.

**ANA**

We can still go out.

**FRANK**

Where? With who? Everyone I know is under surveillance. I can't even be with my family at Christmas anymore.

He gets up, pets the dog, and looks out the window at Christmas angels stretched across the street, at people on the sidewalk, wondering perhaps which of them are undercover cops, at Trupo's car, still parked outside.

**ANA**

Why don't you just pay who you have to pay?

**FRANK**

I do pay them, I pay them all. Cops, accountants, lawyers, who don't I pay? Everybody. I pay them a fortune, it

doesn't matter. It doesn't satisfy them.  
The more you pay, the more they expect.  
**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

94.

238 **CONTINUED:**  
238

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

You can't start with them because they  
can't stop. It's like dope. They  
always want more.

Ana looks vulnerable. Frank almost feels bad that it's his  
life and problems that have put them here. Eventually, to  
try to turn it around -

**FRANK**

Put on something nice, we're going out.

239 **INT/EXT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT**  
239

Frank and Ana emerge from a service elevator, come down a  
dark hall and out the back door to an alley to where Doc  
waits with the car in the falling snow.

240 OMIT

240 OMIT

241 **EXT. SMALL'S PARADISE - LATER - NIGHT**  
241

Frank's car approaches Small's just as Jackie, with a  
Santa Claus hat on, climbs out of a sky blue Bentley with  
his entourage. Frank groans to Doc -

**FRANK**

Keep going.

**DOC**

Around back?

**FRANK**

Fuck that. I'm not going to sneak into  
my own club. Just drive.

242 OMIT

242 OMIT

243  
243

**INT. CHINESE TAKE-OUT PLACE - NIGHT**

Waiting for a take-out order under harsh fluorescent lights

-

**ANA**

I'm going to wait in the car.

**DOC**

Go ahead, Frank. I'll wait for it.

**FRANK**

You can carry it all? We ordered a lot.

Doc nods, go on, go with Ana. Frank hands him a couple twenties. Ana's already outside.

(CONT)

95.

243  
243

**CONTINUED:**

**FRANK**

Don't forget the yellow sauce.

244 OMIT  
244 OMIT

245  
245

**EXT. STREET - CHINATOWN - NIGHT**

Ana's half a block ahead, waiting outside the locked car by the time Frank arrives and realizes -

**FRANK**

Doc's got the keys. Let's go back.

**ANA**

The lights give me a headache, you go.

**FRANK**

I'm not leaving you on the street.

**ANA**

Get the keys, Frank, it's cold.

coming He starts back through cascading snow. Notices a car  
slowly down the street -

**246 INT. CHINESE PLACE - CONTINUED**

**246**

container The cook dumps sizzling vegetables into a take-out  
and puts it in a bag -

**247 EXT. STREET - CHINATOWN - CONTINUED**

**247**

The car passes, continues to the end of the block, turns the  
corner.

**248 OMIT**

**248 OMIT**

**249 INT. CHINESE PLACE - CONTINUED**

**249**

Doc hands over money, waits for his change -

**DOC**

Gimme some of that yellow sauce.

**250 EXT. STREET - MIDTOWN - CONTINUED**

**250**

Frank sees the car again, coming around the corner, walks  
briskly back to where Ana waits. The car is almost upon  
them as he grabs her by the wrist and pulls her hard along  
the sidewalk. The car guns its engine -

**251 OMIT**

**251 OMIT**

**96.**

**252 INT/EXT. CHINESE PLACE - CONTINUED**

**252**

As Frank pushes in past the doors with Ana, the windows  
explode. They dive to the floor, bullets ripping through  
the place.

Doc draws his two guns and fires back at the car, hitting

it a couple times as it screeches off. He gathers Ana and Frank off the floor like a presidential bodyguard, hustles them out to the car. Frank's shoulder is bleeding.

**DOC**

You hit?

**FRANK**

What the fuck was that?

They pile in and Doc screeches away from the curb.

**253 OMIT**  
**OMIT**

**253**

**254**  
**254**

**INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Heavy security in the hallways: Frank's own men and some cops he's got on the payroll. Ana steps from the elevator and hurries past, early edition New York paper in hand.

**255**  
**255**

**INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

The brothers watch as a private doctor attends Frank's wounds. He seems all right fine except for the fact that someone had the fucking nerve to take a shot at him - and Charlie he sees in the newspaper - gunned down, dead, lurid Weegee-like photo of him on the front page.

**TEDDY**

Was it Jackie?

(Frank doesn't say)

I'll fuckin kill him whether it was or not, you tell me to.

(nothing from Frank)

What do you want us to do, Frank? We can't just sit here and -

**FRANK**

Who didn't like Charlie? Everybody liked Charlie ...

**ANA**

Who shot at us?

(Frank can't tell her)

It doesn't matter. We're leaving.

**(CONT)**

97.

255 CONTINUED:  
255

She pulls a drawer open. Takes out their passports.  
Begins packing. The brothers watch, not sure what to do,  
or say. To them -

**FRANK**

Go home. Go see your kids.

He obviously wants to talk to Ana alone. Pulls away from  
the doctor. They all leave. Ana keeps packing.

**FRANK**

What are you doing? Where've you been?

**ANA**

We're leaving from here. Money's in  
the car.

**FRANK**

What money?

**ANA**

Everything from your mother's house.

**FRANK**

In your car?

**ANA**

Yes.

**FRANK**

Where's the car?

**ANA**

Out front.

**FRANK**

With ten million dollars in it?

**ANA**

I didn't count it.

**FRANK**

Are you crazy? Take it back to Teaneck.  
What are you doing driving around without  
security? Doc'll take you back.

**ANA**

We're not going there, we're going to the airport. We're leaving the country.

**FRANK**

To go where? No, we're not.

(CONT)

98.

255 CONTINUED:

255

**ANA**

Frank, Charlie's dead. They tried to kill us. What else has to happen - ?

He grabs her and holds her to calm her down.

**FRANK**

Shhh. Come on, now. Shhh.

He holds her close, waits for her breathing to slow before:

**FRANK**

Where are we going to go? Spain?  
China? Which fuckin place is it going  
to be?

**ANA**

We can go anywhere we want. We can live  
anywhere.

**FRANK**

We can run and hide is what you're  
saying.

He slowly shakes his head: that's something he'll never do.

**FRANK**

This is where I'm from. This is where  
my family is. My business. My mother.  
This is my place. This is my country.  
This is America.

256 - 263 OMIT  
OMIT

256 - 263

264       **EXT. HUDSON RIVER - MORNING**  
264

The Statue of Liberty in morning light and mist rises from the waters of the Hudson River.

**A265       INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - MORNING**  
**A265**

Richie, at his desk, looks up to see Trupo walking through the squad room, followed by Spearman.

**SPEARMAN**

Said he'll only talk to you.

**B265       INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - LATER - MORNING**  
**B265**

Trupo's attitude has completely changed from the first time they met. He talks to Richie now like a fellow conspirator -

(CONT)

99.

**B265       CONTINUED:**  
**B265**

**TRUPO**

From what I hear, it was the Corsicans. The French Connection, Fernando Rey, the exporters Frank has put out of business. Now, I can take care of him in New York, but I don't want to have to worry every time he drives across the bridge to Jersey someone's gonna take another shot at him.

Richie gives nothing away even as it stuns him that Trupo would speak to him this blatantly.

**TRUPO**

We need to start working together. We need to step up our efforts. Next time their aim could be better. We need to keep this cash cow alive.

Jimmy Racine comes in - sees Trupo - and leaves - but not

before Trupo has seen him. And now he sees the Lucas Table of Organization he didn't notice when he came in. Gets up and walks over to it now and takes a closer look. Sees Frank's picture at the top, like Enemy Number 1.

**TRUPO**

Jesus. What the fuck you doing here?  
You actually going to arrest Frank Lucas?  
What's the matter with you?

**RICHIE**

I'm crazy. Can't you tell that? I'm  
crazy enough to shoot someone and make it  
look like an accident next time he comes  
over the bridge without my permission.  
Get the fuck out of New Jersey.

They regard each other a moment before Trupo turns to leave.

**C265 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - DAY**  
**C265**

A large TV shows chaotic scenes in Saigon. The US is pulling out of Vietnam. Tosca has come to see how Frank is recovering, and finds him, agitated, too long in bed even though it's only been a day, changing into a nice shirt, putting on his shoes -

**FRANK**

"I can guarantee you peace of mind,"  
you said. Do I look like a man with  
peace of mind to you? They shot at my  
wife. Who does that?

**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

**100.**

**C265 CONTINUED:**  
**C265**

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

Who was it, which one of your people?  
I'll take that gun away and shove it up  
their ass.

**TOSCA**

I don't know that it was any of them,  
Frank. Neither do you.

**FRANK**

Then maybe I'll kill them all just to  
make a fuckin point.

Tosca seems more philosophical about it - like Bumpy might  
have been - but it wasn't him who was shot at.

**TOSCA**

You want to know who it was? I can  
tell you. It was a junkie. Or a rival.  
Or some dumb ass kid trying to make a  
name for himself. Or someone you forgot  
to pay off. Or slighted without  
realizing it. Or someone you put out of  
business by being too successful.

(pause)

Success has a lot of enemies. Your  
success is who took a shot at you. How  
you gonna kill it? By being  
unsuccessful? You can be successful and  
have enemies, or unsuccessful and have  
friends. It's the choice we make.

**265 INT. MASSAGE ROOM - SOUL BROTHERS BAR - NIGHT**  
**265**

A call has interrupted Nate's massage (and later activities)  
with a bevy of Thai girls. He wraps himself in a robe,  
takes the phone.

**NATE**

Hello?

**266 INT. REGENCY HOTEL - SAME TIME - DAY**  
**266**

Frank on a pay phone in a comfortable alcove with a stack  
of quarters. Other guests are gathered around a TV in the  
lounge that shows images of helicopters plucking diplomats  
off the roof of the American Embassy in Saigon.

**FRANK**

I'm watching the news. Where the hell's  
everyone going?

**NATE**

Home. The war's over.

**(CONT)**

**101.**

266 CONTINUED:  
266

**FRANK**

Just like that? We're going to leave the fuckin country to the communists?

**NATE**

We been here since 1961, Frank.

**FRANK**

I haven't!

**HARD CUT TO:**

267 **EXT. JUNGLE - DAY**  
267

Frank and Nate and their "army" of black servicemen and Thai thugs wind through the jungle with pack mules.

268 **INT. BAMBOO DWELLING - OPIUM FARM - DAY**  
268

The same farm and hut as before. Frank and the Chinese General sip tea. The four million dollars in cash Frank brought sits on the table.

**GENERAL**

Opium plants are hearty enough to outlive any war. They'll still be here long after the troops are gone. But what are you going to do for transportation when the last US plane goes home?

**FRANK**

I'll figure something out. You'll see me again.

The General seems fond of Frank, and not only because of all the money on the table.

**GENERAL**

It's not in my best interest to say this, Frank ... but quitting while you're ahead is not the same as quitting.

**FRANK**

That's what my wife thinks.

**GENERAL**

But you don't think she's right.

Frank doesn't say.

102.

269     **EXT. OPIUM FARM - DAY**  
269

Mules are loaded up with burlap bags containing 3,000 kilos of heroin.

A270     **EXT. OPIUM FARM / JUNGLE - DAY**  
A270

The mule train approaches the jungle that surrounds the opium farm. Nate's Thai thugs, left behind in sniper positions in the trees, stand ready to open fire if they have to as Frank, Nate, the soldiers and mules pass below.

B270     **EXT. JUNGLE - LATER - DAY**  
B270

They seem to have made it, winding back down through the jungle with the mules. Suddenly a barrage of gunfire erupts from the trees - a couple of Nate's men are hit as the rest dive for cover, shouting "Vietcong," and returning the fire. Frank drops down from his mule, gets a pistol out and shoots into the trees. Bullet-severed palm fronds rain down.

**FRANK**

Give them half!

Nate, pinned down by the mules, can't hear him over the noise.

**FRANK**

Cut half of them loose!           The mules!

Nate cuts the mule-train tether in the middle, slaps at the animals. As the freed mules disappear into a wall of trees the shooting subsides, then stops altogether. Smoke from all the gunfire rises like mist around the half dozen Thais and Americans lying dead on the ground.

270     **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**  
270

Teddy makes out with a girl in the back seat of his car.  
The pay phone just outside on the corner rings, and he gets  
out, steps past Jimmy, answers it -

271 **INT. SOUL BROTHERS BAR - BANGKOK - INTERCUT - DAY**  
271

A Thai singer attempts Otis Redding on the little stage.  
Frank, at a table here, with a drink and a phone.

**FRANK**

Newark. Short Term Parking Lot 3.

**TEDDY V/O**

When you need it? Today?

(CONT)

103.

271 **CONTINUED:**  
271

**FRANK**

Tomorrow will be fine.

272 **EXT. STREET - CONTINUED**  
272

Jimmy loiters close enough to the open pay phone, to hear  
Teddy's side of the conversation.

**TEDDY**

Short Term Lot 3. This the Mustang were  
talking about ... Camero? ... What's the  
plate number?

(writes on a napkin)

Yeah, I got it ... I got it, Frank ...

(sighs; reads from the  
napkin:)

**KA 760.**

273 **INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**  
273

Jimmy's come over to share his news with the detectives.  
But Richie isn't pleased with it - or with Jimmy.

**ABRUZZO**

There's no Short Term Lot 3 at Newark.  
They're lettered, A, B, C, D -

**JIMMY**

I'm just telling you what I heard -

**ABRUZZO**

Then you heard wrong!

Jimmy shies back a step in case Abruzzo takes a swing.

**SPEARMAN**

Maybe he means the time? 3 o'clock?

**JONES**

And this isn't a Jersey plate. Or New  
York. Not with just two letters. It's  
three and three, not two and three -

**JIMMY**

It's what he said -

**JONES**

Then what the fuck is it -

**JIMMY**

The fuck should I know -

(CONT)

104.

273

CONTINUED:

273

**ABRUZZO**

You're fuckin lying -

**JIMMY**

It's what he said. I'm sure.

**SPEARMAN**

KA 760 -

**JIMMY**

Yes!

Silence. They all look at each other. After a moment -

**RICHIE**

None of you ever been in the service?  
It's an Air Force tail number.

**274 EXT. SKY - DAY**  
**274**

The plane, with that tail number, descends through clouds.

**275 EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - DAY**  
**275**

Richie's entire staff of detectives, along with Toback, the DA and several customs agents, stand on the tarmac, watching the military plane taxiing toward them -

**276 EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY**  
**276**

Quiet sounds of suburban domesticity - chirping birds, a distant lawn mower -

**277 EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - CONTINUED**  
**277**

The cabin door slides up, the passengers begin emerging: Military officers, embassy personnel and families. Richie's detectives and Toback watch him with concern as the official passengers, met by a bevy of assistants, file past -

**278 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED**  
**278**

The kitchen. Frank's mother shows Ana some old photographs of Frank as a boy as they sip coffee. There's a tap on the glass French door. The women look up and see Trupo just outside it, and other police moving past. He waves.

**279 OMIT**  
**279 OMIT**

**280 EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - CONTINUED**  
**280**

An Army captain approaches Richie's law enforcement group.

(CONT)

105.

280 CONTINUED:  
280

**RICHIE**

Captain, I'm Richard Roberts, Director of  
the Essex County Narcotics Bureau.

281 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED  
281

Front door. Trupo sort of waves a search warrant at Julie  
as invites himself in. The NY cops follow, fan out. Trupo  
and his detectives head upstairs -

282 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - LATER  
282

The plane has been brought into a hangar where it's being  
taken apart like a car stripped by thieves. Inside the  
cabin, seats are removed and inspected, carpeting pulled up,  
panels unscrewed, lavatories dismantled.

283 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED  
283

Downstairs - Ana and Frank's mother, guarded, can hear  
Trupo and his detectives, upstairs, ransacking a bedroom.

Upstairs - the SIU detectives pull open drawers, throw  
clothes from the closets. Trupo picks up an invitation to  
a United Nations ball, tosses it down again. Finds a safety-  
deposit box key in a sock drawer, puts it in his pocket.

284 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED  
284

The engines and landing gear are disassembled, the tires  
opened up and searched. A nozzle plunges into a toilet and  
pumps out the contents into barrels detectives fish through  
with gloved hands -

285 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - LATER - DAY  
285

Ana is taken upstairs, brought before the SIU detectives  
who wait for the NYPD cops to leave the room. The place  
has been torn apart.

**TRUPO**

Your husband's illustrious career is over. The Feds are going to come in and take it all. Everything. But not before I get my gratuity. Where's the money?

**ANA**

There was some on that dresser, but it's gone now so I guess you (took it) -

**TRUPO**

The money! The getaway money Frank and every other gangster keeps in his house!

(CONT)

106.

285 CONTINUED:  
285

**ANA**

If you leave now, there's a chance Frank might not kill you -

Trupo slaps her hard across the face -

286 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - LATER  
286

Richie, off by himself, watches with a growing sense of panic as the mechanics, detectives and customs agents begin removing the metal skin from the plane. Coffins are being off-loaded.

287 INT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - LATER  
287

Downstairs, Mama Lucas puts washcloth on Ana's swollen cheek. They can hear the search continuing upstairs: things being ripped from the walls, the walls themselves splintered apart with sledgehammers, glass breaking. To Mama Lucas -

**ANA**

I'm sorry.

288 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - LATER  
288

They've looked everywhere and found nothing. The plane,

in fact, hardly resembles a plane anymore - no panel left that hasn't been removed, no cavity not probed - except -

Richie's glance settles on the military caskets as they're loaded onto a truck, armed soldiers standing guard -

289 INT/EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY  
289

Frank's bedroom has been destroyed. Trupo, standing at a window glances out at the sound of a barking of a dog to see Frank's German shepherd down in its kennel.

290 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED  
290

Richie gets up slowly and approaches the coffins as -

291 EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - DAY  
291

Trupo crosses the lawn toward the kennel and barking dog -

292 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED  
292

Richie stands over the nearest coffin -

**RICHIE**

Open it.

(CONT)

107.

292 CONTINUED:  
292

The army captain regards the detective for a long moment.

**RICHIE**

The warrant permits me to search the plane and its cargo.

The captain doesn't comply. Richie moves to open the coffin himself and every soldier's shouldered rifle immediately comes into firing position, aimed at him.

**ARMY CAPTAIN**

But you don't have my permission.

Richie stares at the weapons and the uniformed men holding them, safeties off, fingers on the triggers; all they're waiting for is their commander's order to fire.

**RICHIE**

I don't need it.

**293 EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED**  
**293**

Trupo regards the shepherd snarling at him from behind the kennel fence. Comes around back. Pushes at the frame. It moves a little, like it's levered -

**294 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED**  
**294**

With the rifles still pointed at him, Richie kneels down, pulls the latches of the coffins, half expecting to hear an accompanying barrage of gunfire. He lifts the lid. Sees a long black body bag inside -

**295 EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED**  
**295**

Trupo comes around to the front of the kennel again with his gun out and aims it at the dog. As he fires -

**296 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUED**  
**296**

Richie pulls at the zipper, parting the plastic body bag, revealing the remains of a young soldier -

**US ATTORNEY**

That's enough.

**297 EXT. MAMA LUCAS'S TEANECK, N.J. HOUSE - CONTINUED**  
**297**

The dead dog slides against the fencing as Trupo overturns the kennel to reveal Frank's stash of cash.

108.

**298 INT. AIRPORT HANGER OFFICE - MINUTES LATER - DAY**

**298**

Richie and Toback sit before the Federal Attorneys and

customs agents. The US Attorney hangs up a phone ... then:

**US ATTORNEY**

That was a military transport plane. If there was heroin on board then someone in the military would have to be involved. Which means that even as it fights a war that's claimed 50,000 Americans lives, the military is smuggling narcotics.

Richie's in serious trouble and knows it. As does Toback.

**US ATTORNEY**

That's how these events are being interpreted by General Easton in that call to me. That someone employed by the this office believes the United States Army is in the drug trafficking business - and is trying to prove it by desecrating the remains of young men who've given their lives in the defence of democracy.

**RICHIE**

There are drugs on that plane -

**US ATTORNEY**

Shut the fuck up.

Richie does, but can't conceal the contempt he feels for these men who've never spent a minute on the street but act as if know more than him, and who are, in the unfortunate organization of his world, his superiors.

**US ATTORNEY**

Is it any wonder then, because of your actions, the entire federal narcotics program is now in jeopardy of being dismantled as completely and enthusiastically as that fucking transport plane? That's what you've accomplished Mr. Roberts. Single-handedly.

**RICHIE**

I had good information the target of my investigation was bringing dope in on that plane.

**US ATTORNEY**

And that target is?

(CONT)

109.

298 CONTINUED:  
298

**RICHIE**

Frank Lucas.

No one in the room, except Richie and Toback, has ever heard the name. The federal men regard one another blankly.

**US ATTORNEY**

Who? Who's Frank Lucas?  
(no one seems to know)  
Who's he work for? Which family?

**RICHIE**

He's not Italian. He's black.

Now there's a longer, even deeper silence, before -

**US ATTORNEY**

Is that supposed to be some kind of joke?  
You're this close to the end of your  
career in law enforcement, you're making  
jokes?

**RICHIE**

I believe Frank Lucas is above the mafia  
in the dope business. I believe he buys  
direct from the source in Southeast Asia,  
cuts out all the middlemen, and uses US  
military planes and personnel to bring  
pure No. 4 heroin into United States.

Richie is looking at faces that are still trying to make sense out of his ridiculous theory. Toback tries to come to his defense -

**TOBACK**

Richie has a lot of experience -

**US ATTORNEY**

Does he. And how many arrests has he  
made in his so-called investigation?

**RICHIE**

I was promised when I took this job, it  
was about real arrests.

**US ATTORNEY**

Does that mean `none?'

**RICHIE**

I have cases against most of Frank's organization. Not him -

(CONT)

110.

298

**CONTINUED:**

298

**US ATTORNEY**

(more to the others)

Frank's organization -

**RICHIE**

That's right.

**US ATTORNEY**

No fucking nigger has accomplished what the American Mafia hasn't in a hundred years!

**RICHIE**

Yeah, you'd know, sitting here, having never been on the (street) -

**US ATTORNEY**

Lou, get this fucking kike out of here -

Richie goes for him and lands several punches before Toback and the others can pull him off.

299 OMIT

299 OMIT

300

**INT/EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR OFFICE - DAY**

300

Richie and Toback walk briskly across the lobby -

**TOBACK**

He was out of line, Richie.

Richie isn't really listening. Strides past his detectives

on his way out of the building. To Spearman -

**TOBACK**

It's over. You're shut down.

Toback watches as the detectives follow after Richie striding toward his car.

301 - 302 OMIT  
302 OMIT

301 -

**A303 INT/EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT**  
**A303**

Frank comes out with an airline representative to find Doc waiting for him. He can tell immediately something's wrong.

**B303 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**  
**B303**

Frank slaps a cartridge into the butt of a pistol.

**FRANK**

Ten million dollars means nothing to me.

(CONT)

111.

**B303 CONTINUED:**  
**B303**

Ana stares at the floor. It all just seems to get worse and worse. They had their chance to get out and missed it.

**FRANK**

This - is his death warrant.

He lightly touches his wife's bruised face and walks out.

**C303 INT. FRANK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**  
**C303**

He comes down the stairs to where Doc waits. As they  
head for the door -

**MRS. LUCAS**

Frankie -

Frank glances to where his mother sits in the living room.

Nods to Doc to say, Get the car, I'll be out in a minute.  
Goes over to his mother.

**MRS. LUCAS**

Sit down.

He sits. She studies him in a way she hasn't since he was little. Eventually -

**MRS. LUCAS**

If you'd have been a preacher, your brothers would be preachers. If you'd been a soldier, they'd be soldiers. Do you know that?

(he doesn't say)

They all came here because of you. You called and they came running. They look up to you. They expect you to always know what's best.

(pause)

But even they know you don't shoot cops. Even I know that. Ana knows it. You seem to be the only one who doesn't.

**FRANK**

Is that where I'm going?

**MRS. LUCAS**

I never asked you where all this came from because I didn't want to hear you lie to me. Don't lie to me. Don't do that, too.

She's not pleading, she's telling.                      Silence.                      Then -

(CONT)

112.

C303            CONTINUED:  
C303

**MRS. LUCAS**

Do you really want to make things so bad for your family they'll leave you? Because they will. She will -

(points upstairs)

I know I will.

Frank has some trouble looking at her. But then gets up. Walks toward the front door to leave. Hesitates near it a long moment. Then turns and walks upstairs. Trupo will live, at least for now, because of her.

**D303 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT**  
**D303**

Down in the basement, the body bags are lifted from the wooden coffins. Set down on tables. The bags unzipped and the bodies removed.

A rack of clean uniforms is brought in. The morticians begin dressing the corpses and applying make-up on the dry gray skin.

New white military caskets are trundled in. Gold handles lifted. The bodies, clothed and painted now, are deposited on the silk linings. The lids of the coffins come down and cellophane bags containing folded flags are taped on top.

**303 - 309 OMIT**  
**OMIT**

**303 - 309**

**310 EXT. ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT**  
**310**

The white caskets are taken to a loading dock, put in a military truck. Papers are signed, copies exchanged. As the truck drives off -

**311 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT**  
**311**

Two black privates on janitorial duty come into the room where the original plain wooden coffins have been discarded. They remove the lids, then the finely-crafted false bottoms, revealing in 4-inch cavities of each, tightly-packed bricks of Double UO Globe heroin. As they take them out, a gospel choir begins and continues over:

**312 EXT. ARMY HOSPITAL - MORNING**  
**312**

A laundry truck idles. Stevie, the Lucas nephew who could have played for Yankees, jumps down, helps the two privates toss several laundry bags into the back of the truck.

**113.**

**A313**            **EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING**  
**A313**

A minister on the steps welcomes the congregation which includes Frank, his mother, and Ana -

**313**            **EXT. PERIMETER OF THE ARMY BASE - MORNING**  
**313**

The laundry truck comes past a guard gate, leaves the base, drives past a stand of trees. As it passes, Richie, parked by his detectives' cars, recognizes the young driver -

who's

wearing the same Yankee baseball cap in his T.O. photo.

As Richie and his detectives climb into their cars, two Lucas cars fold in behind the laundry truck. The detectives follow at a distance -

**A314 OMIT**  
**A314 OMIT**

**314**            **INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING**  
**314**

The sea of ladies' hats from above move in time with the gospel choir. As always, no matter what else is going on in his complicated life, Frank sits with his mother and Ana in their usual pew. The gospel music continues over:

**A315**            **EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING**  
**A315**

Frank emerges from the church, kisses his mother and Ana and

put them in a car with a driver. He climbs into Doc's alone. His mother watches, wondering perhaps if he intends to go kill Trupo after all. As Doc's car leaves, so does another.

**315 - 318 OMIT**  
**OMIT**

**315 - 318**

**319**            **INT/EXT. RICHIE'S CAR - MOVING - NEAR GW BRIDGE - MORNING****19**

**3**

The laundry truck approaches a ramp leading to the George Washington Bridge. Richie, a couple of car lengths behind, follows. The truck continues straight.

320 OMIT  
320 OMIT

321 EXT. NEWARK - MORNING  
321

From overhead, the laundry truck, the gun car and the van - and the detectives' cars following them all - converge from different directions -

114.

322 EXT. NEWARK - NEAR STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING  
322

Red Top's van makes a turn. As Abruzzo's makes the same turn behind it, the infamous Stephen Crane Projects rise up in his windshield.

His foot comes off the gas. As the gun car passes, he sees Jones's car slow. Teddy's car approaches from another direction into the Projects, and Abruzzo sees Spearman pull over. Then the laundry truck turns in, and Richie's slows to a stop, like Abruzzo's, outside the grounds of the foreboding towers. The gospel music ends.

A323 EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING  
A323

Doc waits in the car while Frank buys some flowers at a cemetery flower stand. The surveillance car cruises past.

323 INT. TOBACK'S HOUSE - MORNING  
323

Toback, in his bathrobe, glass of milk in one hand, phone in the other ...

TOBACK

Where is it?

RICHIE V/O

Somewhere in the South tower.

TOBACK

You know that it's there.            You're sure.

**RICHIE V/O**

Positive.

**324 EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - SAME TIME**  
**324**

Richie, on a pay phone across down the street from the Projects, looks up at the dark South tower.

**RICHIE**

Lou. We're ready to go in there knowing there's a good chance we won't all come out. That's what we're willing to do. All I'm asking you to do get me a warrant.

Silence on the other end of the line ...

**RICHIE**

We don't have a lot of time to fuck around -

**(CONT)**

**115.**

**324 CONTINUED:**  
**324**

**TOBACK V/O**

I'll call in the warrant. And some backup. Don't go in before either gets there.

This call disconnects.

**325 INT. APARTMENT, THE PROJECTS - MORNING**  
**325**

The girls spread and tape plastic sheeting to tabletops, then begin changing for work, which means undressing.

**326 EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING**  
**326**

Richie and his guys wait for the warrant by their cars.

**JONES**

How long we gonna wait for it?

327 INT. APARTMENT, THE PROJECTS - MORNING  
327

Pharmaceutical scales balance to their counterweights as the five naked, masked women cut the heroin with quinine to Frank's exacting standards. Red Top puts on some coffee.

328 EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING  
328

Richie stares down the street, waiting for whatever it is they're waiting for. Spearman looks at his watch.

**RICHIE**

It'll be here.

329 INT. APARTMENT, THE PROJECTS - MORNING  
329

A paper-cutter blade slices a sheet of blue cellophane. The girls at the tables, with the expertise of Cuban cigar makers, wrap pieces of the cellophane like tobacco leaves around precisely-measured 1/4-ounce drifts of Black Magic.

A330 EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING  
A330

Frank's car winds up the road of the cemetery. The surveillance car comes through the main gate and parks.

330 EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING  
330

Several black and white and undercover cars approach, sirens off. Toback himself climbs out of one of the cars and hands Richie the search warrant.

116.

331 EXT. STEPHEN CRANE PROJECTS - MORNING  
331

The tall buildings cast long shadows of dread on every activity below, no matter how routine: A woman pushing a stroller, guys shooting hoops, a couple arguing, kids on bikes, old men resting on a graffiti-covered bench.

The unmarked cars drive slowly through it all. The place teeters on the brink of violence you can feel as gangs move

under the shadow of the towers.

**332 INT. GROUND FLOOR, SOUTH TOWER, THE PROJECTS - DAY**  
**332**

Richie removes the cover plate of an elevator, cuts the wires, disengaging it, then leads the Amigos, followed by more detectives to a stairwell. The place is like Beirut. Debris-strewn, graffiti-covered.

**A333 EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUED - DAY**  
**A333**

Frank walks past graves to Bumpy's. Replaces some dried flowers with fresh ones. Looks around for something to sit on. Sees some wooden folding chairs around a fresher grave nearby. Doc waits by the car in the distance.

**333 INT. STAIRWELL - FLOORS - SOUTH TOWER - DAY**  
**333**

Floor by floor, they work their way up the tower like commandos, the squalor and decay and hopelessness somehow intensifying the higher up they go.

Reaching the 17th floor, they listen to a strange sound before easing the fire door open enough to see a kid on a Big Wheels pedalling straight at them. He passes and the sound fades.

**334 INT. 17TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**  
**334**

Half the apartment doors are gone. TVs and radios echo, voices argue, infants wail. The detectives come around a corner and see at the end of it: a couple of guys with a sawed-off shotguns sitting outside a closed door.

They step back. Consider one other. Spearman volunteers with a nod, continues on alone as the others wait. He walks up to the guys with the guns.

**SPEARMAN**

I got to talk to Teddy.

**GUY WITH GUN**

Get the fuck out of here.

**(CONT)**

117.

334 CONTINUED:  
334

**SPEARMAN**

What the fuck is that? I got business with Teddy and it's none of your fuckin business except to knock on the fuckin door and get him.

As the guy stands, pumping the shotgun, Spearman yanks it hard against his throat like a garrote, forcing him to the floor. The shotgun explodes, showering plaster and pellets. Jones and Abruzzo are instantly all over the other guy as Richie swings the sledgehammer into the door -

335 INT. APARTMENT, THE PROJECTS - CONTINUOUS  
335

The door splinters - the room already in chaos - Teddy, panicked, runs for the bedroom - the detectives crash in yelling at the girls to get down - a shot from somewhere inside wings Abruzzo - Jones and Spearman firing back - crawling across the floor like an infantrymen -

Richie comes into the darkened bedroom leading with his pistol. But Teddy's gone. He sees a tapestry of a tiger on a wall. Pulls at it, finds a big hole knocked into another dark apartment, climbs through, sees an open door -

336 INT. THE PROJECTS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS  
336

As Richie rushes out to the hallway he can hear footfalls echoing in the stairwell. He starts down, taking the stairs five at a time, chases Teddy down two flights -

Teddy yanks open a door, runs down a corridor, bangs into an apartment. Richie reaches the apartment just as Teddy is goes out onto an exterior balcony -  
Richie continues along the interior corridor, running parallel to Teddy on the balcony, who trips over some debris and garbage, looking over his shoulder for Richie -

Richie cuts through another apartment to head him off, but the door to the balcony is nailed shut. So are the windows. Richie looks around, grabs a small portable television and, just as Teddy runs past, hurls it through a window at him, hitting him in the head.

He falls hard, dazed. Richie hurries through the broken window. Teddy comes to and fights back, until Richie breaks his femur with his bare hands. Teddy howls in excruciating pain -

**337 INT/EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY**  
**337**

Police cars outside. Eugene Lucas is cuffed and led away.

**118.**

**338 EXT. METAL DOOR SHOP - DAY**  
**338**

More police outside Lester's place. They cuff him.

**339 EXT. TIRE SERVICE SHOP - DAY**  
**339**

New Jersey troopers cuff Turner Lucas and lead him away.

**340 EXT. ELECTRICAL SHOP - DAY**  
**340**

Cuffed, Earl Lucas is put in the back of a patrol car.

**341 EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUED - DAY**  
**341**

Frank, on a wooden folding chair at Bumpy's grave, hears the gunning of engines and barking of cops. He turns to see Doc being handcuffed on the ground by the Towncar. Glances to a lone figure walking toward him over a rise. Richie.

Richie arrives at the grave. Regards the monument to Ellsworth Johnson, and Frank sitting calmly regarding him. Richie glances around the peaceful surroundings ...

**RICHIE**

What kind of trees are these?

Frank looks at the trees, then at Richie, with equal serenity.

**FRANK**

You think you got Frank Lucas.            You  
got nothing.

**A342    INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**  
**A342**

Richie cuts the tags off a new, inexpensive suit. Slips the jacket on, which seemed somehow to fit a little better at the store. Cuts the tags off a tie.

**B342    INT. COURTHOUSE MENS ROOM - DAY**  
**B342**

Someone throwing up in a stall. The toilet flushes, the door opens and Richie steps up to a sink, regards his face in the mirror. Under the fluorescent lights - maybe under any kind - his skin is a shade of death. He splashes water on it and tries to gather himself.

**342    INT. COURTROOM - DAY**  
**342**

At the prosecutors table, Richie steals glances at the battery of expensive attorneys over at the defense table.

(CONT)

119.

**342    CONTINUED:**  
**342**

The courtroom doors swing open and Richie sees Frank Lucas, in a tailored suit, escorted in without cuffs by an amiable-looking federal marshal.

As Frank moves through the gallery, Richie sees it's full of the gangster's friends, many of them celebrities, who smile and greet and fawn as if the Pope has arrived.

Richie has evidence tables covered with cash, weapons, stocks, bonds, property deeds, pictures of Frank's holdings, heroin in blue cellophane.

Frank has celebrities, community leaders, Joe Louis himself who will testify to Frank's benevolent character. The Champ hugs the heroin trafficker warmly in front of everyone and Richie wonders if he should just give up now.

Richie sees it in slow motion: the hands reaching out to Frank, the pats on his back, lipsticked mouths of beautiful women offering kisses and words of encouragement, his old mother giving him a hug.

He watches Frank's head turn slowly, his eyes passing his phalanx of attorneys, the jury, finally settling on Richie in his cheap suit seated at the prosecutors table.

Frank's eyes smile as they regard Richie, and seem to ask, Can you see this - can you see what you're up against - can you see how insignificant you are?

Reaching the end of the welcoming line finally, Frank brushes by Richie and disappears from view somewhere within the protective husk of his multi-million-dollar legal team.

**JUDGE**

Mr. Roberts -

Richie slowly lifts himself from his chair, steps forward, turns to look at the jury that's studying him, finally finds his voice:

**RICHIE**

Thank you, your Honor. Ladies and gentlemen -

**343 INT. COUNTY JAIL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**  
**343**

Wire mesh separates Frank from his battalion of lawyers. He glances over them to Richie being led through the large Visiting Room.

**FRANK**

Here he is, let me talk to him alone.

**(CONT)**

**120.**

**343 CONTINUED:**  
**343**

The attorneys get up and leave. Richie takes their place. Frank regards him a moment, offering the same knowing smile from the courtroom. Richie offers nothing.

**FRANK**

I just heard something. I said it

couldn't be true. You didn't really turn in a million dollars you found in the trunk of a car, did you?

Richie doesn't say. Frank searches his face for some clue to where on earth he's from.

**FRANK**

Want me to tell you what happened to it? It ended up in cops' pockets.

**RICHIE**

Maybe.

**FRANK**

Maybe? No. It did. All you did was give it to them for nothing in return. Not nothing: You got their contempt.

Frank studies him.

**FRANK**

Why'd you do that? What're you trying to prove, you're better than them? You're not better than them. You are them.

**RICHIE**

I don't have the time or interest to listen to (this) -

**FRANK**

You did it because it was right. That's all. Why's that hard to say? The question is would you do it again? That was a long time ago. It'd be very easy to find out. Tell me you want to find out, tell me the address, and a car will be there, the trunk loaded.

Richie knows Frank isn't kidding ...

**RICHIE**

No, thanks.

Frank suddenly explodes -

(CONT)

343 CONTINUED :  
343

**FRANK**

Who the fuck are you to say no to that? You think that impresses me?

Guards look over, then glance away once it's clear the outburst is through. Richie remains serene. Eventually -

**FRANK**

Let me ask you something. You think by putting me in jail, you're going to stop even one junkie from dying? Because you won't. If it isn't me, it'll be someone else. With me or without me, nothing's going to change.

**RICHIE**

Then that's the way it is.

**FRANK**

You have any sort of case? Or just that idiot drives for my brother. Is he your case? Because if it's just him and the powder, it's not enough.

**RICHIE**

Then you got nothing to worry about.

But Frank is worried, most of all by this cop who doesn't take money sitting placidly in front of him.

**FRANK**

My brothers won't talk to you. My cousins. None of my family. No one but that mother fucking driver.

**RICHIE**

I got more than that. I got a line of people wanting to testify that stretches out the door and around the block.

**FRANK**

Bullshit.

**RICHIE**

Is it? Tony the Bug. Benny Two-Socks.  
Carmine Camanetti.

**FRANK**

Who the fuck are they? I don't know  
them and they don't know me.

(CONT)

122.

343 CONTINUED:

343

**RICHIE**

They sell dope for the Mazzano crime  
family. Which you all but put out of  
business.

**FRANK**

This is who you're going to put on the  
stand? Guys who don't know me? Who got  
nothing to do with me?

**RICHIE**

They have everything to do with you.  
And the only thing they hate more than  
you is what you represent.

**FRANK**

I don't represent nothing.

**RICHIE**

You don't? Black businessman like you?  
Of course you do. But once you're gone,  
things can return to normal.

**FRANK**

Look at me. You looking? Can you tell  
by looking it would mean nothing to me if  
tomorrow you turned up dead?

**RICHIE**

Get in line. That one stretches around  
the block, too.

Frank has never been so frustrated by anyone in his life.  
He wants to work something out with Richie obviously, but he  
can't figure out how. Frank studies him.

**FRANK**

What can we do?

**RICHIE**

You know what you have to do.

Frank does, but doesn't like it, and doesn't know if he can do it.

**FRANK**

I could give you cops, but that's not who you want, is it. You want organized crime names.

**RICHIE**

I'll take them, too. I want them all.

(CONT)

123.

343 CONTINUED:  
343

Frank isn't sure he heard right.

**FRANK**

You'll take them, too? You'd go after cops? Are you serious? You'd do that? Lock up your own kind?

**RICHIE**

They're not. Not the ones in business with you. They're not my kind any more than the Italians are yours.

They regard one another in silence. Richie can tell Frank sees daylight.

**FRANK**

What can you promise me?

**RICHIE**

I can promise you if you lie to me about one name, you'll never get out of prison. Lie about one dollar in one offshore account, you'll never get out. You can live rich in jail the rest of your life, or poor outside it, that's what I can promise.

Frank is silent for several moments. Finally -

**FRANK**

You know, I don't care if the feds take all my buildings, my stocks, my off-shore accounts. They can take it all, I don't care - use it to build battleships, paint bridges, whatever the fuck they want. Fight another war. But those other motherfuckers - the cops - put my money in their pockets. Millions.

**RICHIE**

I believe it.

Frank debates with himself the step he's about to take ...

**RICHIE**

I want to know everyone you've met for the last twenty years. Everyone you sold to. Every cop you ever paid off. Every one who ever stole from you. Every one you remember.

(CONT)

124 .

343 CONTINUED:  
343

**FRANK**

Oh, I remember them all. That's not the problem.

**RICHIE**

What is?

**FRANK**

The jail's aren't big enough.

344 INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL / STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY  
344

Surveillance photographs of cops seen earlier taking envelopes of money on 116th Street and other drops go up

on a new, elaborate Table of Organization - of cops.

**345 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**  
**345**

Richie dismantles the Lucas Table of Organization here,  
taking down the photographs. As it collapses -

**346 INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - CONTINUED**  
**346**

Frank puts up photographs of detectives -

347 QUICK CUTS of the same detectives, in handcuffs, led through  
police stations past other cops watching with dread like  
maybe they're next - **347**

A surveillance photograph of the four Princes of the City  
striding down a sidewalk goes up on the cell wall -

348 FLASHCUT as three of the four SIU cops are led away in cuffs  
from a golf course - **348**

349 A surveillance photograph of Trupo in a black hand -  
349

**FRANK**

You go up here. Your "special."

As Frank tapes the picture of Trupo at the top of the  
pyramid of corruption -

**350 INT/EXT. TRUPO'S GARAGE - MORNING**  
**350**

Trupo, coffee in hand, comes into his garage from his  
kitchen. Opens the garage door and sees two squad cars  
parked outside ...

351 A TV: A report on the indictments handed down by the  
Manhattan DA's office against 53 NYPD and SIU detectives - **351**

**125.**

**352 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (YEARS LATER)**  
**352**

Frank gathers his few personal belongings and puts them in a box. Stands with the box and waits for the cell door to open. The Table of Organization and files are gone.

Legend: Frank Lucas was convicted of Conspiracy to Distribute Narcotics and sentenced to 70 years. He served 15 of them.

Legend: Federal authorities confiscated over 250 million dollars from him in real estate, equities and cash in US and foreign banks.

**353 INT. NARCOTICS SQUAD HQ - NEWARK - DAY**  
**353**

Richie, too, is packing, putting personal items into boxes.

Legend: The day after he convicted Frank Lucas and 30 of his Country Boy relatives, Richard Roberts borrowed \$400 from his credit union to help pay for a 3-day vacation to the Bahamas.

Richie, carrying the box, switches off the lights and closes the door behind him on his way out.

Legend: Six months later, he quit the Prosecutors Office to become a defense attorney. His first client was Frank Lucas.

**354 EXT. PRISON - DAY (1990)**  
**354**

Frank steps out into sunlight, free but owning nothing but the cardboard box in his arms. Looks out across the parking lot to see if anyone has come to pick him up. Sees Richie by his car, hand raised above his head like a flag.

**355 EXT. 116TH STREET, HARLEM - DAY**  
**355**

The two of them stand outside Richie's car on the same corner Frank shot Tango. Frank looks up at the street signs that used to say 116th Street and 8th Avenue. Now they say 116th Street and Frederick Douglass Boulevard.

**FRANK**

Frederick Douglass Boulevard? What was wrong with just plain 8th Avenue?

He considers the street itself. It too has changed. The corner groceries, as Bumpy prophesied, really are gone now.

(CONT)

126.

355 CONTINUED:  
355

**FRANK**

I used to sit here with Ana in my old car. She hated it. Now I don't even have a car. Or her.

Frank glances to where his favorite diner used to be, and across the street to where he shot Tango. It isn't a fruit stand any more.

**FRANK**

Just do what?

**RICHIE**

What?

**FRANK**

The fuck is that? Just do what?

It's a Nike store with huge paintings of Michael Jordan and the admonition "Just Do It."

**RICHIE**

Sneakers. Expensive ones.

**FRANK**

Who the fuck would buy those?

A car equipped with sub-woofer bass comes booming past. Frank stares at it with the same pained look Bumpy had at the discount emporium.

**RICHIE**

Your brothers know you're out?

**FRANK**

I haven't talked to them in years. It's better that way. For them. I don't know where they are. Went back to Greensboro when they got out, I guess.

Richie nods. Frank looks back at the new storefronts.

**FRANK**

What am I going to do now, be a janitor?  
What do I know how to do? How am I going  
to live?

**RICHIE**

I told you I wouldn't let you starve.

**FRANK**

You told me but you can barely take care  
of yourself.

**(MORE)**

**(CONT)**

127.

355 **CONTINUED:**  
355

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

(glances to a pay phone on  
the corner)

You know, one phone call, Richie, I could  
be back in business.

The look Richie gives him calmly assures Frank if he did  
that it'd be the last phone he made outside prison - ever.

**FRANK**

I won't. I'm just saying I could.

He buttons the cuffs of the fake Members Only windbreaker  
Richie bought him off the street.

**FRANK**

Thanks for the clothes.

**RICHIE**

You're welcome.

Frank glances away to three young hoods coming toward them  
like they own the sidewalk and everything around it - baggy  
pants, bandanas tied around their heads.

**FRANK**

Uh-oh. Look out. Here come the  
gangsters.

Frank's right in their path but doesn't move, forcing one  
of them to squeeze between him and a parking meter. The

gangsta looks back, is about to say something, or do something, but, examining the expression of quiet menace on Frank's face, thinks better of it. The others stop.

**GANGSTA 2**

What.

The first one is still staring at Frank, but finally has the good sense to let it go.

**GANGSTA 1**

Nothing.

They move on. Frank glances to Richie.

**FRANK**

Every idiot gets to be young once.

Frank zips up his Members Only jacket, props up the collar and points himself in the other direction.

**FRANK**

Let's get out of here.