

000074

YEAR OF THE DRAGON

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

1 MONTAGE CREDIT SEQUENCE

We open with Documentary Shots -- interspersed with Titles. The first shot is an overview of the thick jungle underneath which a SUBTITLE APPEARS:

THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE --  
SOUTHEAST ASIA

A shot of the poppy plant in full flower. A FARMER bleeds it. Now we see other FARMERS, men and women working in the fields.

UNIFORMED SOLDIERS arrive with their mules.

FACES talking, taking tea, negotiating -- no subtitles -- packing the mules with opium.

The mule convoy moving through jungle -- 70 mules, a THOUSAND MEN.

Fighting. Artillery shells. Smoke...PRISONERS tied and led.

A heroin processing plant somewhere in the jungle. The No. 3 and No. 4 heroin being turned out by trained CHINESE CHEMISTS, heavily guarded...The product itself, carefully packaged.

A van moving through the crowded traffic into Bangkok... a warehouse in Bangkok.

A Pan American flight taking off.

Landing in Amsterdam. Another truck moving through Dutch countryside.

A Chinese Ship sailing from the Port of Rotterdam.

In fading sunlight, the Statue of Liberty rears itself enormously over the ship's rail -- with its promise of the dream-shaped city.

Documentary footage bleeds into:

The Streets of Chinatown, New York -- as we subtitle it:

- CHINATOWN, NEW YORK -

2 EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

On this first night of the Year of the Dragon. From the Year of the Dragon.

center of Mott and Pell Streets, a frantic drumming. The whole neighborhood outlined by fireworks exploding like magnesium flashes.

Two RIVAL DRAGONS are drawing close to each other. The intensity of the drumming increases and the shrillness of the screaming intensifies. As we move through the CROWDS with RONNIE CHANG -- nineteen, a lean punk rocker type, attractive to the girls. He wears a thin-shouldered jacket over a blue tee-shirt, ultra tight jeans, running shoes.

3

INT. SOUTH WIND COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

A crowded unostentatious atmosphere. JACKIE WONG, the 85 year-old Hung-San Association leader, a boisterous vigorous man who looks like he enjoys living, is sharing a joke in the back of the coffee shop with two younger men in their sixties, HARRY YUNG and FRED HUNG. Wong orders more food almost at a shout so as to be heard over the deafening volleys of firecrackers.

The Camera now moves to a 13 year-old, thin spectacled mild-looking CHINESE YOUTH in a fatigue jacket. He walks in off the street, shuffles, bows politely to Wong, says something. Wong looks at him amazed, says something.

The youth has maneuvered closer and then with a sudden fury he plunges the butcher's knife into the old man's heart. Jackie Wong collapsing among his horrified partners. The youth tearing out of the coffee shop in sneakers. Past Ronnie Chang eating peanuts and looking in the window, unperturbed by the commotion.

4

EXT. MOTT STREET - DAY

The doors to the Flowering Virtue Funeral Home swing open and GO JOEY TAI, in white suit with a black armband, steps out first as chief pallbearer. He is a striking, gaunt, tall, Northern Chinese, almost six feet, hard smart eyes. Wearing light green glasses to shield his eyes. Nothing is ostentatious about him, but he stands out from his rivals by virtue of his size and grace.

He is followed by Harry Yung, the new chief and the other OLD MEN of the Association. A phalanx of white suits sweeping down into the streets...the coffin now coming head first, preceded by the SONS, followed by the GRIEVING WIFE and the daughter, LAURA WONG, who is also Joey Tai's wife...A MAN walks beside the coffin beating two pieces of wood together, keeping the PALLBEARERS moving in order.

CONTD

Down a crowded, crookedly narrow Chinatown street, the white suits come four abreast, almost fifty of them; wearing black armbands walking in a stately manner, old Chinese gentlemen who knew Wong. Such is the light these men look like ghosts for a moment.

We see a huge floral portrait of Jackie Wong, an amazingly accurate and extravagant likeness. Wong's icon being carried aloft like a saint in an Italian feast, the top brushing banners stretching across the street, cause petals to fall lightly on the men in white suits passing below. Paper money is thrown to pacify angry spirits.

The sidewalks are packed with CHINESE and WHITE TOURISTS photographing. MOUNTED UNIFORMED COPS are everywhere.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MCKENNA, Commander of the Chinatown Precinct, in full uniform is moving along the sidewalk on his big Morgan horse, an imposing figure of authority.

Among the mourners we now see THREE OLDER ITALIAN MEN (who we will meet later on) very sombre looking in black suits. Something about them suggests high-level mafiosi.

A shrill CHINESE MARCHING BAND marches out front playing their drums, cymbals, horns.

We pick out TRACY TZU, a young Chinese-American television reporter. Twenty-five years old, Bryn Mawr bred, cool, athletic, long legs, long black hair, energetic -- tall -- her beauty has been thoroughly Americanized into that glamorous, aggressive edge of a career professional determined to make it. Everything about her is American, manner, style, dialogue -- yet on this pure piece of Americana, like the head of a mutant sphinx, sits a truly stunning and refined Chinese face.

Now pushing her CAMERA CREW to get closer, yelling something to her CAMERAMAN.

TRACY

Get Laura Wong. That's the daughter, get the closeup. Go to her. Come on...

Laura is looking irritably at Tracy skirting around her. She turns to her husband, Joey Tai who turns to a short boxer-like, intelligent-looking black bodyguard, BEAR SIKU.

The news camera zooming in slowly on Laura. A hand comes up blocking the lens and we see a piece of Bear Siku

shutting out Tracy and her crew, yelling something at her in Chinese. She yells back, her Chinese like a burst of automatic fire.

5 EXT. MOTT STREET - DAY

CAPTAIN STANLEY WHITE wearing civillian clothes, gets out of his unmarked police vehicle.

He surveys the parade. A tough lean man, in the heart of his thirties, the face is young but the eyes are old. He walks like a bulldog, eyes leading, aggressive.

Up ahead Tracy is now filming Captain McKenna, impressive up on his horse; an old hand in front of the camera.

TRACY

Captain McKenna? Any leads in the murder of Jackie Wong?

McKENNA

Nothing at this time.

TRACY

Do you think this killing means there is some kind of war going on in the Chinatown tongs?

McKENNA

(reacts, sensitive)

No, I don't. This is basically a situation where the youth gangs are lashing out at the establishment, but the community is cooperating and the situation is under control.

6 EXT. MULBERRY STREET, LITTLE ITALY - DAY

Sounds of the funeral carry across the unofficial Canal Street boundary dividing Chinatown and Little Italy, the camera moves to a sedan pulling up at the curb, discharging Ronnie Chang and three other CHINESE BOYS dressed like him.

7 INT. CANDYSTORE - DAY

Ronnie Chang walks in the neighborhood store, goes over to the porcine, hirsute LENNY CARRANZA -- owner of the store, behind the counter, with some younger ITALIAN KIDS on their way out.

CARRANZA

Hey, kid, what's goin' on?

RONNIE

We got to talk privately.

CARRANZA

Sure. Where?

Ronnie indicates the storeroom. They go. The other three Chinese kids come into the store, glancing through magazines, they close the door.

In the storeroom, Ronnie takes off his sunglasses, circling the huge Carranza. A playful kid, he fingers the stock items, opening a bag full of peanuts, munches on them.

CARRANZA

Some funeral hunh...So what's up, Kid? No news this week but I got some pretty good uptown you should try. Give you a taste for nothing.  
(pulling out some cocaine)

RONNIE

You greaseballs don't listen so good, Lenny.

CARRANZA

(stops)

What are you talking about?

RONNIE

I thought it was loud and clear Lenny. This is our street now -- you want to stay on this street, you pay us like everybody else.

CARRANZA

(surprised)

Hey come on, Ronnie? Me? You want to extort money from me -- you must be crazy, you know who you're talking to here. You know who my cousins are?

RONNIE

Fuck your cousins. No one rides free anymore. You owe me money. It's 300 a week you operate out of here. Four weeks that's 1200 bucks you owe.

CARRANZA

(angry now)

You come across Canal Street and start throwing your weight around here, you little chink scumbag, you gonna end up with a wire around your neck. Get outta here before I kick your ass.

He is big enough to crush Ronnie but Ronnie very coolly raises a gloved hand. A gun is in it now.

CARRANZA

Hey, kid, whaddya doin'?

Ronnie shoots the big Italian without further warning, no talk, no fuss.

8 EXT. MOTT STREET - DAY

On Joey Tai -- the procession moving, discordant music, paper confetti, the huge floral portrait of Jackie Wong floating by.

Stanley White walks up on Tracy trying to nail McKenna down in her television interview -- and getting nowhere. He watches for several beats, bemused. As camera holds, we notice the monogrammed holster, silver Rolex, the Marine Corps tie-tack.

TRACY

...the rumor is that Jackie Wong was more than the unofficial Mayor of Chinatown, that he was also the head of a secret triad?

McKENNA

(smiles patronizingly)

Jackie Wong -- no question -- will be missed, he was loved -- he made money for his people -- but the head of a triad? There's no triads in New York.

TRACY

I'm sure, Captain McKenna, you've at least heard old rumors that Wong's successor now -- Harry Yung -- was a corrupt Hong Kong policeman who came here with 15 million dollars?

McKENNA

(laughs)

15 million dollars. That's a

(MORE)

MCKENNA (contd)  
 good one. Somebody should tell  
 Harry Yung that. I have no  
 further comments at this time.

Turns his edgy horse away and proceeds down to the sidewalk directing his men.

Tracy looking around for another angle -- as Stanley *plains* passes her, a smile edged with sarcasm. *out*

STAN

You're a great reporter, honey,  
 but you're talking to a guy with  
 a bag on his head, cotton in his  
 ears and a stick up his ass...  
 Stick around, you might learn  
 something.

She looks at him hard, a tension between them, all the stronger for being suppressed.

TRACY

Who are you?

STAN

Ask for Stanley White.

TRACY

Which Stanley White?

STAN

There's only one Stanley White.

He leaves, tracking after McKenna. Tracy's look lingers a beat, then she moves back into the crowd.

STAN

(approaching)

Hello, Willy. How's the view  
 up there?

McKenna looks down on him, his tone stolid, not overly fond of Stan.

MCKENNA

You can see a long way.

STAN

Still believe in keeping a high  
 police profile huh?

Tracy looking back at this from afar.



MCKENNA

If you wore your uniform once in a while, White, you'd know that police visibility is the strongest deterrent to crime.

STAN

(smiles at that)

You haven't been deterring too much around here lately, Willy.

MCKENNA

Aren't you in the wrong precinct, Captain White?

STAN

Not really. I got a new command.

MCKENNA

Oh yeah, what'd they give you?

STAN

Chinatown.

McKenna's stricken, proud look.

STAN

That's right, Will -- they just cut off your oats.

He slowly gets off his horse, shaken.

MCKENNA

Why?... 'Cause of this? How was I supposed to prevent this? How am I supposed to prevent anything around here?

STAN

(gently)

C'mon, I'll buy you some coffee.

Beep! Beep! Beep! His radio going.

MCKENNA

What the hell!

9

EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

Stan and McKenna tearing across Canal Street with some PATROLMEN. Running full out into Little Italy, snarling traffic. On the other side of Canal, the Jackie Wong show goes on.

## 10 INT. CANDYSTORE - DAY

Stan runs in, sees Lenny Carranza's huge frame propped up in a chair, head thrown back, shot -- his chest carved open -- and hundred dollar bills stuck in blood. Maybe two thousand dollars worth of bills.

## 11 EXT. MOTT STREET - DAY

The Chinese Band marches on. Harry Yung is impassive as ever, as we move to Joey Tai, alongside him, also impassive.

Jackie Wong's portrait passing into the distance as Tracy wraps up her on-camera finale.

## TRACY

...and so with the passing of Dai Jackie Wong, a piece of Chinatown history passes with him...This is Tracy Tzu. WKXT News.

The coffin moves on quietly like a ship in the night.

## 12 EXT. CATHERINE STREET - SAME DAY

Stanley, a furious look on his face, gets out of his car. RIZZO, his long time assistant, with him and two other PLAINCLOTHES COPS. Rizzo is an Italian of indeterminate age, has a moustache, usually over the top of a smile and long hair, and looks like a handsome, good natured pirate. Stanley, alone, crosses to a flight of stairs in a sleazy basement entrance.

A 12 year-old CHINESE KID, not unlike Ronnie Chang, looks at Stan from an adjacent doorway, startled to see a white man headed there, presses his beeper. Another 3 GANG KIDS appear out of the basement.

But Stan's right on top of them, flashing his badge.

## STAN

Okay police -- take it easy now, take it easy...

Stan pulls beepers off the kids' belts before they can use them.

## 13 INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Stan pushes his way to a narrow doorway, slams one teenage gang kid's face up against the door. As the door opens and one of the GAMBLERS from inside departs, Stan

shoves the kid ahead of him into a dirty little corridor. An approaching roar of voices, not unlike a crowd at a fight. Then we see it.

## 14 INT. GAMBLING CLUB - DAY

A low ceilinged, smoky basement filled wall to wall with CHINESE MEN at various pai-gow and fan-tan tables, two and three deep, betting in a loud jabber. The tables illuminated by tubes of flourescent lights hanging directly above them. The rest of the space is all in darkness, but we see no whites, blacks.

The tables covered with hundreds of bills, the faces of MENIAL LABORERS, WAITERS, LAUNDRYMEN, etc. watching the turn of a card, the drawing of stones. Intense, sweating, almost hypnotic.

Suddenly there is a silence all over the basement. The men look up, first annoyed, but there is fear in them as well. No white man has ever dared to walk in here alone.

Stan White has shoved his way into this forbidden territory. He waits a moment to be challenged, but no one else moves.

STAN

Hi, fellows...Take it easy now.  
Police. No problems. No raid.  
Keep playing. I just want to  
talk with Uncle Harry that's  
all...Where's Harry?

To the PIT BOSS who looks like he's in charge, a sullen expression, his BOUNCERS looking like they're going to tear Stanley apart.

STAN

Come on where's Harry?

PIT BOSS

(finally spits it out)  
No here. Maybe bank.

Stan pauses, looking around one more time. Then goes -- with a jaunty smile -- through a sea of suspicious, hostile faces, like sunflowers following the sun, He has made his point.

The Pit Boss going to the phone.

## 15 INT. HARRY YUNG'S BANK - DAY

Stan comes in off the street, his car with his men parked outside. He flashes his badge at the CHINESE SECURITY GUY on the door.

16 INT. HARRY YUNG'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry Yung is on the phone, slams it down angrily as Stan walks in. He is not the only one in the office. Joey Tai is off to one side of Yung's desk, standing along with Fred Hung and a new figure who looks like an old dying eagle, MILTON BIN, a face vaguely familiar to us from the funeral procession. All of them still in their white suits, partaking in a funeral breakfast. Stan takes a chair, turns it around, sits center stage. Yung remains standing behind his desk. Everywhere around him are framed, signed photos of well known local and national political figures.

STAN

I thought we should have a little talk, seeing as we're both new in our jobs.

YUNG

(icy)

Why you go gambling club? We have same arrangement always, long time go back. Policemen no touch gambling club. You foolish man. Rude man. I tell your superiors.

STAN

(smiles)

It won't be the first time, Uncle Harry.

(nodding to the others)

Glad you guys are here. Saves me some lung power. Here it is, I'll give it to you fast: There's a new marshall in town -- me. A new marshall means new rules -- the rules say no more street violence. You collar the gangs. I don't want to see their fucking faces unless they're bringing me spare ribs in a restaurant. Get 'em jobs -- catching cockroaches -- I don't care but get 'em off the streets.

The men are agitated, muttering in angry Chinese, except for Tai who makes a show of appearing impassive, his eyes on Stan. Yung hesitates, as if he cannot believe this man could speak to him in such a crude fashion.

YUNG

No one can control the gangs!  
Everyone know that! Gang too  
big problem!

BIN

(interceding)

Captain -- Chinatown behind you  
all the way on this. In favor.  
What you do, you take gang kid  
in alley. You put bag over  
their head. And you beat with  
club. Chinatown behind you 100%.

STAN

(taking him up on it)

Good. 'Cause I'm gonna need  
your help. I wanna put a stop  
to all this extortion and bribe-  
paying to the gangs, I want the  
help of all sixty family and  
merchant associations, I want  
you people to...

This is a little too much. The men astounded.

HUNG

Captain -- very difficult! Long  
history. Thousands of year Chinese  
people no go to police. Go to  
police, get in trouble. No China-  
men come to you.

They laugh behind their hands at the Captain. Tai  
speaking now in a polite, yet contemptuous tone, his  
English the best in the group. A natural, charismatic  
speaker.

TAI

No disrespect is intended to the  
police by our remarks. But if  
the citizens of Chinatown regard  
what you call extortion and bribery  
as part of the cost of doing  
business -- and have felt that way  
for thousands of years -- why  
should you be so concerned?

STAN

Yeah -- what about the ones who  
don't want to pay?

A polite pause, the echo of his naivete a cause of smiles  
between the Chinese men.

TAI

(as if to a child)

...you know, Captain, when I  
first came to New York, I worked

(MORE)

TAI (contd)

as a waiter in a restaurant, I saw something...terrible happen because my boss did not want to pay. I signed a complaint against a gang leader who was arrested. The next day he was out on the streets again. Six months go by before his trial and the police chief is transferred to the Bronx -- this is 6 or 7 chiefs before McKenna -- and the new chief drops the charges. Three months later I was stabbed here.

(indicates his gut)

...you must understand, Captain, that to us your Good Samaritan was a fool to risk the security of his family to help a stranger.

Pause. A smile. Confucius would've said a superior man.

STAN

You're too impressed with yourself, fuck you.

Joey Tai's smile changes to astonishment.

TAI

What did you say?

STAN

You heard me the first time. I'm tired of Chinese this and Chinese that. You people say gambling, extortion, corruption are kosher 'cause it's a thousand years old. Well all this thousand year old stuff's a lot of shit to me. This is America you're living in and it's 200 years old so you'd better get your clocks fixed. You're not special and you're not beyond the law, anymore'n the Puerto Ricans or the Polacks. We're all gonna obey the law, the way it says...So start doing something about it. And fast or you're all gonna suffer. Believe that.

He stalks out. Joey Tai staring after him. The others fuming, cursing emphatically in Chinese at the white devil!

17 EXT. MILTON STREET, GREENPOINT, BROOKLYN - DUSK

Stanley jumps out of his car and walks into a two story attached look-alike house on a look-alike tree-lined street in the Polish section of Greenpoint.

18 INT. STAN'S HOUSE - DUSK

The interior is cramped with inexpensive furniture but very neat and clean. In a bad mood, Stan slams the front door to let his wife know he's there.

STAN

It's me!

He crosses a spotless-looking living room into the kitchen.

19 INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Connie looks up from the floor...exasperated. Brooklyn-born, a sexy voice with grit in it, his pretty high-school sweetheart 15 years later. She's fixing the washing machine, her clothes damp with perspiration. Greasy parts all over the floor. Water.

STAN

Where have you been? I been calling you for two days, you're never here anymore...What the hell's going on here?

CONNIE

Don't ask -- it's the washing machine again. And while I was at it, I started fixing the sink.

Stanley steps over spare parts to the fridge.

STAN

Why the hell don't you ever call a repairman?

CONNIE

You're living in the past, Stanley. You find one.

STAN

Jesus Christ, look at this mess.

CONNIE

Buy me a new machine. But don't break my balls okay, Stanley, I been trying to fix this machine  
(MORE)

CONNIE (contd)  
for three weeks and I'm not in  
the mood.

STAN  
(popping a beer can)  
I didn't say anything.

CONNIE  
No, but you were going to, Stanley,  
I can always tell when you're in a  
ball-breaking mood.

STAN  
What the hell's wrong with you,  
Connie? I come home, you don't  
even say hello anymore, you don't  
smile, you say "don't break my  
balls, Stanley." What kind of  
relationship is this?

She closes her eyes, steeling herself.

CONNIE  
Don't start okay. I'm not taking  
any more shit off you, Stanley.

STAN  
Okay, you want to fix the fuckin'  
washing machine, fix it.

She drops the tools, stands.

CONNIE  
You fix it! I gotta go to work.

She crosses to the bedroom, Stan following, to her back.

STAN  
Well I'm not having a good day  
either, okay...I just thought you  
know you and I, we could...I  
thought you said you weren't work-  
ing tonight. We coulda gone out.

CONNIE (O.S.)  
They shifted me back to nights.

20 INT. BEDROOM - DUSK

Connie's putting on her white nurse's uniform, stockings  
first. Stan comes in disappointed, changing his shirt  
and pants.



STAN

Okay, what's biting your ass?  
And don't tell me it's the  
washing machine.

CONNIE

No. Nothing. Because I don't  
expect anything from you any-  
more, Stanley.

STAN

What's that supposed to mean?

CONNIE

It means you bombed out. You  
forgot. You weren't here. You  
missed target practice...

(Stan puzzled)

Wednesday! It was Wednesday.  
The day of my ovulation.

STAN

Oh Jesus! I forgot.

CONNIE

Look, Stan, don't bullshit me  
okay. I don't like it. I'm  
getting the picture okay. And  
the answer's clear as ice. If  
you wanted a kid --

STAN

(subdued)

'Course I want a kid --

CONNIE

No, No -- you'd take care of  
yourself a bit, you'd sleep  
decent hours, you'd eat regular,  
you'd take your vitamins, you  
promised me you'd take your  
Vitamin E, I paid fifty bucks  
for it -- and you'd screw me  
once in a while at the right  
time of the month. How the hell  
do we stand a chance when you  
don't even come home a week at  
a time!

She's fully dressed, now slips on her white cap and  
walks past him. He follows.

21 INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

STAN  
(coming in)  
I know. I know. I'm sorry,  
Connie, I really am sorry.  
I'm sorry.

CONNIE  
Sure you are...you said the  
same thing last month and the  
month before that.

She wheels around and starts downstairs. He grabs her.

STAN  
Next month okay. I promise.  
We'll take that weekend, go to  
that joint in the Poconos where  
they have those tubs in the  
shape of hearts; you know that  
place your brother-in-law is  
always raving about...we'll go  
for it there...

CONNIE  
(pulls away)  
Don't give me all that -- all  
right. Don't treat me like an  
idiot. It doesn't work anymore,  
Stanley...  
(screams it out)  
IT DOESN'T WORK OKAY!!!

And slams the front door in his face. Pissed off, he  
crosses back into the kitchen.

22 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stan pulls a Chung King frozen dinner out of the freezer,  
throws it in the sink, plugs it, and turns on the hot  
water to defrost it. A rumble of sound like an overhead  
subway and the faucet explodes on him, filthy water  
splashing him. His shirtfront soaked, spare washing  
machine and sink parts everywhere, he stands there curs-  
ing out the world.

23 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Stan's walking down a busy corridor. A number of  
ASSISTANT DA's and SECRETARIES glance or wave at him.  
Stan's a celebrity here and seems to take indecent  
pleasure from it. He gestures or nods to all.

He goes in an office marked "LOUIS BUKOWSKI, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES."

24 INT. CHIEF OF DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

BUKOWSKI is doing paperwork, doesn't look up. He's Chief of All Boroughs, in his fifties, hyperactive, well-barbered, well-dressed but underneath a tough, wiry Polack from the same Brooklyn neighborhood as Stan. A guy who still shoots his cuffs and gulps his coffee. And 15 years older -- a world of difference. With him is the Assistant Chief For The Borough Of Manhattan, FRANCIS XAVIER KEARNY, a classic heavy-set Irish type with hairy eyebrows who sits in the back of the room. It is very plain he doesn't approve of Stan.

BUKOWSKI

Got a complaint about you already.

STAN

There's a line around the block.

BUKOWSKI

A Harry Yung was very upset about you busting into his place of business on a day of mourning. He says you're threatening the arrangement we've always had with these people. That true?

STAN

What's this arrangement -- carved in stone, come out of a burning bush or something?

BUKOWSKI

(exploding)

What the fuck did you rush in there for? You got no respect. They were just sitting there having breakfast. What kinda evidence did you have to go in there like that?

STAN

That's the point. There's never gonna be evidence with these guys.

BUKOWSKI

You're talking shit, Stanley.

STAN

I didn't buy this job at Macy's, Lou. You gave it to me.

BUKOWSKI

And I told you to kick ass on the youth gangs. Not the old guys. You lay off them, you hear. The Fifth Precinct's a nice quiet area, Stanley -- a good springboard for promotion -- if you get my meaning.

STAN

Look, Lou -- I've been down there one goddamn day and it doesn't take a genius to figure out something is going on...There's gonna be blood running in the gutters, Lou. The Chinese are muscling across Canal, they're gonna push the Mafia out. I'm talking banks, real estate, drug money.

Kearny is looking up at the ceiling. Looking a bit amused.

BUKOWSKI

Who told you all this? The DEA? They been peddling that cock and bullshit Chinese Mafia theory for years and they never made a case in Chinatown. I wouldn't believe nothing those clowns said.

STAN

You don't know what you're talking about, Lou. The Mafia concept's not even Italian. It's Chinese! It was invented in China a thousand years ago. They call 'em Triads. That's what we got here. The offshoots of the Hong Kong Triads.

BUKOWSKI

Stanley, you're letting your imagination run away with you.

STAN

Like hell I am. They're the biggest overall importers of heroin in this country -- and everybody seems to know it but the NYPD. And the fact we don't have one single bust on one of these guys tells me one thing: They're smart! A hell of a lot smarter than you and Kearny, the Irish Sphinx back there.

BUKOWSKI

At least I didn't change my name, Wizynski! Whaddya want? You want to attack Chinatown with the 82nd Airborne? You're not in Vietnam here, Stanley --

STAN

(interrupting)

No, there the difference was I never saw the goddamn enemy. Here they're right in front of my eyes. They got no place to hide, no jungle.

BUKOWSKI

(riding over him)

Stanley, this is just like the South Bronx and Red Hook. You got a bunch of juvenile delinquents, youth gangs call 'em what you want -- snot nosed chink scumbags -- now go and kick their asses. That's what you're good at.

STAN

Youth gangs? They're midget hit men, Lou!

Bukowski sighs, weary. Kearny blows his nose. They glance at each other.

BUKOWSKI

You know what your problem is, Stanley, you move through this department like a piece of heavy machinery. Nobody likes you, Stanley, they all tell you you're a great cop but they don't like you.

STAN

(leaving)

So what. Just put my request through...

(sarcastic)

willya...Kearny -- it's always a pleasure talking to you. It's like one hand clapping.

He goes out laughing to himself. Kearny lets the insult hang for a moment. Then his voice comes, softly and very tough:

KEARNY

All of a sudden this job has  
made him an expert.

BUKOWSKI

He's got a thing for chinks.

25      EXT. SHANGHAI PALACE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The elevated train roars overhead. TOURISTS search for  
cabs, shop.

26      INT. SHANGHAI PALACE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stan is sitting at a table, appetizers in front of him,  
a pile of books on Chinese history, of which he reads  
one, underlining a passage with a red pencil. The  
place is jammed with mostly CHINESE and some TOURISTS.  
He looks at his watch, sips from a beer. Whoever it  
is, is late. His eyes go to the door.

Tracy Tzu walks in, sees him. Comes over to the table.  
Dressed with business elegance, hard television eyes.  
They don't shake hands. People recognize her, stare,  
talk. Stan feels the looks, likes it.

STAN

(rising)

I didn't think you'd show up.

TRACY

Well, I guess I had to get a  
closer look at the jerk who  
insulted me on the street. Why  
didn't you tell me who you were?

He smiles.

STAN

Hostile aren't you?

TRACY

I showed up didn't I?

STAN

Have a seat. Great spareribs  
but lousy lighting.

She sits. He dog ears the page he was reading and sets  
the book aside.

STAN

(over)

Y'ever wonder about that? Why

(MORE)

STAN (contd)

the lighting in Chinese restaurants always look like the inside of the Motor Vehicle Bureau. I feel like I'm waiting for an eye test.

(fishing for a laugh)

TRACY

(tight smile)

Well, the atmosphere's not the thing. I like Italian food better anyway...

A pause, a tension between them. A WAITER bringing them a bucket and a bottle of Chinese champagne, opening it. Tracy glancing at the history books on the table. To Stan she's everything Connie White is not. Younger, sleeker, Manhattan sophisticated, a woman with an evident appetite for power, yet spoiled in the way media people often are.

TRACY

I'm impressed...doing your homework?

STAN

Scratching the surface. You from Hong Kong?

TRACY

No. American born. San Francisco, the Bay area.

STAN

How many generations your people been here?

TRACY

(amused)

Oh, my great grandfather came, worked on the railroad, went back. Grandfather worked in a gold mine, he also went back. They all went back because the law wouldn't allow their wives to come over. Finally my father married a Japanese woman and settled here in the 40's.

STAN

Yeah, I know the story. It's a pretty sad one. You know what gets me is nobody knows about it. Thousands of you Chinese

(MORE)

STAN (contd)

died building the railroads in this country -- it says so right here --

(shows the book)

Their bones are buried all over the West, we don't even know their names. They got this one photograph here--

(indicating)

Promontory Point, Utah, 1869, where the Union and Central Pacific first met -- what do you see -- the bosses, the politicians, tycoons, bankers, Irish workmen -- but not one single solitary Chinaman. They weren't even asked to show up ...they died anonymous...god-damn people -- you keep everything a secret.

TRACY

I know the story, Captain.

STAN

Yeah, well most people don't. 'Cause no one remembers in this country. No one remembers anything...

TRACY

You sound like my father. He always talks like that...

STAN

Yeah, what's he do?

TRACY

He's in shipping. He's one of the people who stayed. In the 40's they changed the laws...

(edged with sarcasm)

I was raised very American... Marin County and Switzerland... and you? What's your story?

STAN

Oh me -- what's there to say. I'm Polish. I'm from Brooklyn. I'm a cop. But the most decorated cop in the city of New York. I mean action-decorated, no desk citations.



Stanley pulling out some old yellow clippings from his wallet. Tracy looking at him with the inherent suspicion of the media for the right-wing cop.

TRACY

(vague)

Yes, I'm sure about that.

STAN

Yeah...

(looks at his clippings,  
then to Tracy)

Well, I gotta say I saw you a few times on the tube. Don't watch much television but you're pretty good. And a hell of a lot sexier than those dogs on the other channels.

Whatever points he may have made up to now quickly vanish along with her tentative smile. The tension alleviated by Harry Yung coming over to the table directing the champagne to be poured. The cork pops. His look to Tracy, smug, full of open contempt for a young Chinese woman who sits with a quai loh (white man). Tracy rising above it. Stan noticing, liking her for that.

YUNG

Very pleased you come, Captain.

STAN

Uncle Yung, you know Tracy Tzu?

YUNG

(nods to her)

Oh yes, very happy you come too, missee. My wife Su Shin...

His WIFE, a Chinese Lotte Lenya, wearing smoked almost opaque sunglasses and dressed too young for her age, glances sourly at both of them and smiles. Then brusquely motions the waiter to pour the champagne.

YUNG

You like Chinese champagne, Captain. Very good. On the house, Captain. You try.

In his overly polite, pidgen English, we sense his patronization of Stanley. The waiter pours it.

STAN

Thanks, Harry, but no thanks.  
I pay my own way. If I didn't  
(MORE)

STAN (contd)  
 you know...a fish stinks from  
 the head, does it not?

Tracy looks at him, amused. Yung's icy reaction,  
 masked with a smile.

YUNG  
 ...Chinese people eat the head,  
 Captain. Enjoy.

Leaving with his wife...

STAN  
 (to Tracy)  
 ...it looks like champagne anyway...

TRACY  
 I think you upset him.

STAN  
 I certainly hope so.  
 (toasts)  
 ...it does have bubbles, you  
 can't deny that.

TRACY  
 Yeah, the French champagne  
 producers will be gnashing their  
 teeth. As soon as news of this  
 gets out...

They toast, laughing, the surface tension broken.

27 EXT. SHANGHAI PALACE, CAR - NIGHT

Ronnie Chang sits in a rented sedan. The PEI BROTHERS,  
 two immigrant kids about 14 years old, twins, long greasy  
 hair, sallow complexions, stringy thin suits and ties,  
 replicas of the youth who shot Jackie Wong, with him,  
 their eyes following through the windshield wipers.

28 EXT. SHANGHAI PALACE, STREET - NIGHT

FIVE BOYS and THREE GIRLS, sleek punked-up-looking Chinese  
 teenagers in the latest clothes fashion, heavy make-up  
 on the girls, violent streaks of color in the cropped  
 hair -- they are part of a rival Chinatown gang, The  
Dragon Kings -- they head into the restaurant under the  
 big electric sign proclaiming, "The Shanghai Palace."

29 INT. SHANGHAI PALACE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The eight Dragon Kings enter, immediately provoking a

lot of looks from the Chinese, the white tourists seemingly taking no special notice. Yung is brusque with them, muttering something, waves them in. He obviously knows them. Our view shifting to:

Tracy and Stan in the middle of dinner.

STAN

...Look at it this way -- Harry Yung's the head of the richest tong in Chinatown. He's got to be involved in the Chinese Mafia, even if he's not doing anything, he's got to be doing something... and if I can nail the son-of-a-bitch and he's got face, I get face, and if I get face, I can win the war in Chinatown...

Pausing to glance up as the Dragon Kings pass their table. A beat. Stan registering something. His eyes go to Harry Yung who is greeting a group of CHINESE BUSINESSMEN. Tracy looking at Stan, an air of violence about him she finds both unsettling and exciting.

TRACY

Captain, why did you call me, what do you want?

STAN

I tell you what I want. I want to make the rice boil over in Chinatown. I want to change things.

TRACY

Why, is Chinatown so bad the way it is?

STAN

It stinks. The Harry Yungs got this place locked up like a jail. You got a slave population of sweatshop women, sewing garments for 12¢ a piece, you got shopkeepers paying bribes to every punk that comes along, you got 30 people living in a room, you got the highest rate of TB and mental illness in any city neighborhood, you got a male population of...

Tracy sighs. He's naive to her.

TRACY

Look, I'm a reporter, I'm not  
a crusader...

STAN

You're an actress. But I can  
help you.

TRACY

(stung, icy)

How?

30      EXT. SHANGHAI PALACE - NIGHT

The Pei Brothers, pint-sized 90 pounders, get out of the car, carrying innocuous-looking paper shopping bags, heading towards the restaurant. Ronnie Chang remains in the vehicle. Stanley's voice continues over.

31      INT. SHANGHAI PALACE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

STAN

(to Tracy)

...I'll give you information.  
Off the record. Hard facts.  
You do one of those "exposes"  
on Chinatown. One week the  
gambling connection, the next  
week the youth gang extortion  
racket, then move up the ladder  
to the bosses who own the places,  
splash their faces on the tube...  
Take a little journalistic  
license, you know what I mean?

Her expression is narrowing, more and more incredulous,  
Stan hardly noticing caught up in his clandestine scheme.

STAN (contd)

...each week we peel another  
layer off the onion. Some white  
broad they'd say it was racist  
but with you they gotta figure  
it's on the up and up...

TRACY

(flares, furious)

This is outrageous! There's  
boundaries, Captain White!  
Ethics! The Press is independ-  
ent, it's not just another  
undercover cop! What you're  
asking is...is, it's absurd,  
it's almost criminal!

STAN  
                  (disgusted)  
Criminal? You wouldn't know  
a real criminal if one popped  
outta the toilet and bit you  
in the ass...

Tracy is rising, fuming.

                  TRACY  
I don't think there's any point  
in going on with this...

                  STAN  
Sit down! And get smart.  
                  (grabs her wrist)  
Listen to me.

                  TRACY  
Go fuck yourself!

She jerks her hand free and turns to go as Stan's angry eyes snap around and see the Pei Brothers walking in, ski masks covering faces, pulling their huge guns out of the bags.

Harry Yung crosses to say something when one of the brothers clubs him alongside the head.

Stan, in a dollop of slow motion, dives across the table at Tracy, knocking their dinner aside, slamming his shoulder into her breasts.

                  TRACY  
                  (not understanding,  
                  amazed)  
What the hell are you...!

She goes over her chair, and he's on top of her on the floor, pinning her to the ground as...

The Pei Brothers open fire, leaping on their guns trying to control these gigantic weapons with their light frames.

The eight Dragon Kings in the back trying to scatter as the Pei Brothers open up. One of the boys is hit and spun.

A CHINESE WAITER is cut down, spilling his tray all over.

A white tourist, an OLDER LADY, is shot. The noise is deafening. The whole place is in a panic, women screaming, running, etc.

Mirrors exploding, shards of glass flying all over the place like shrapnel.

Stan is lying on Tracy, staring at each other inches apart. Tracy shuddering with fear. The violence charges their intimacy with sexual tension. The barriers between them are down. They both feel it, momentarily.

The Pei Brothers are destroying the place. The submachine gun jams. Pei 1 tries to free it, slams the breech mechanism and a burst of machine gun fire jumps out and tears half of his right foot off. He staggers back, stunned. The older brother just keeps going.

One of the Dragon Kings fires back with a 9 mm. Beretta, ducking back behind a chair.

Stan moves off Tracy, pulls his .357 Magnum. She sticks out her hand. "Don't." He hesitates, surprised that she cares enough to do that. Then he raises his head, fires off a deafening series of shots. Tracy is flinching at the sounds.

Pei 2, with shotgun, is hit in the thigh, continues to fire backing off, yelling.

His brother is up, hobbling on his torn-open foot for the staircase, covered by his brother. He starts down the stairs but his timing is off because he cannot feel the distances without his toes and he takes a swan dive to the ground floor bar.

Back in the dining room, the Dragon Kings are moving crouched towards the door, yelling at each other in Chinese.

Stan moves, running past them.

STAN

Stay where you are! Police!  
Put that down!

Yelling at the Dragon King with the gun, his own gun pointed right at him. The kid puts it down.

Down at the bottom of the stairs, Pei 1 lies there in a stupor, Pei 2 slaps him across the face, starts jerking him up. Pei 1 regains his senses. They scramble out through the bar into the street.

As Stanley hits the stairs, flying down them three at a time.

## 32 EXT. SHANGHAI PALACE - NIGHT

Ronnie Chang guns the engine, spotting the bloodied Pei Brothers, hobbling into the street. They jump in.

Stanley rushes out, crouches, about to fire. Holds his fire. PEOPLE running all over the street.

The car roaring off as Stanley reads the plate number out to himself. The distant ambulance sirens rising like fire into the night.

## 33 INT. SHANGHAI PALACE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Pandemonium. On the blood spattered walls, garish jagged reflections of the five ambulances outside, lights rotating. PARAMEDICS run up and down the stairs. Everybody is yelling, screaming, begging to go to the hospital. People are lying on chairs, on the floor, running with blood, in shock. Three white tourists are dead and there must be about eight wounded. A bullet-ridden corpse of a young Dragon King kid goes by.

Stan makes his way through the bloodied crowd, looking for Tracy. Past Harry Yung, having his head bandaged, being questioned by Rizzo, Stanley's assistant.

YUNG

No see nothing. Happen very,  
very fast. Two men. Ski mask.  
Boom, boom -- over. All over.

Stan reacting to his attitude, puzzled, moves on.

## 34 INT. SHANGHAI PALACE, BAR - NIGHT

Tracy finds a pay phone in the now emptied bar, obviously shaken, her clothes in total disarray. She dials.

Stan crosses to her, gently takes the phone from her, hangs up. She trembles.

TRACY

It was horrible...horrible...  
there was a head rolling on the  
floor...

A wave of nausea sweeps over her. Stan takes her in his arms.

STAN

It's okay now, it's over...

TRACY

I feel sick...

She's crying. With a sudden tenderness that surprises him, he is brushing her tears away.

STAN

Don't cry...don't...

She looks at him, uncharacteristically vulnerable. The emotions threaten to become something else. The scene ends as they pull apart, staring at each other, both surprised as hell to be feeling this buzz between them.

35 EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

A pagoda-roofed five-story building dominates a street bustling with daytime commerce. Our view drifts up to the top-most floor bedecked with triangular flags and banners with Chinese inscriptions.

36 INT. HUNG-SAN ASSOCIATION - DAY

In sharp contrast to the noise outside, the interior is silent, the voices discreet, tendrils of incense smoke filtering by as the camera moves past the tablets and photographs commemorating past presidents of the tong, the statue of Tien Hau, queen of heaven, past smoldering joss sticks to a long table.

An OLD WAITER pours tea. We move along the faces of ELDERS, men in their seventies and eighties, they look old and somewhat senile but they're alert as sharks, their ears cocked for the slightest shift of nuance in a voice. There are six of them, two of whom, Fred Hung and Milton Bin we instantly recognize. Harry Yung is at the head of the table. During this we have been hearing Fred Hung arguing in Chinese.

The camera has drifted to Joey Tai, who sips his tea with the air of someone who is about to execute the coup of his life, and can afford an exaggerated politeness.

TAI

*6-2* ...I'm afraid, Uncle Hung, the Nam Soong has everything to do with this attack. The two kids were from Toronto, no question, they were spotted the day before, they're hiding someplace here but we're going to find them... believe me we're going to find them.

(with his eyes to Yung)



HUNG

You sound very sure of yourself,  
younger brother Tai.

TAI

I am.

Harry Yung sitting in the dominant chair, his head bandaged, turns his normally impassive eyes on Tai, boring through him with suspicion.

YUNG

And what reason would the Nam  
Soong have for attacking us,  
Go Joey?

TAI

Thailand, Uncle Yung. They're  
looking to make an arrangement  
with Ban Sung for our product.  
So they attack us here -- show  
us to be weak. Everybody from  
Hong Kong to Amsterdam will be  
impressed with the new power of  
the Nam Soong. And our throats  
will be cut like sheep all the  
way down the line.

An excited buzzing in the room. These are radical words.

TAI

Last night's attack is not just  
a serious loss of face for our  
tong but also -- I am sorry to  
add -- for our president, Uncle  
Yung. Not to retaliate is to  
lose even more face.

On Harry Yung quiet. The Elders looking from one to the  
other. We can't really be sure of any of them. Everyone  
keeps smiling. They're not even sure of each other.

ELDER 1

There is considerable justifi-  
cation in the words of younger  
brother Tai. Perhaps...

TAI

(addressing all)

There can be no success in business  
without harmony. And we are in a  
time of much disharmony. There  
has been a 30% fall-off in all

(MORE)

## TAI (contd)

restaurant business since the first shooting six months ago.

(with growing intensity)

The Italians are angry at us over this candystore incident and after all the money we've made for them over the years they still treat us like junior partners and behind our backs they call us yellow niggers. The new Korean money is putting up two more supermarkets, cutting into the profits of our shopkeepers, our banking and shipping profits are down, gold prices are slumping, our stocks are sluggish, our commodities position has slipped, there's no new money coming in, gentlemen, and it's only a question of time before the Vietnamese compete for our gambling profits and this new policeman White makes rude noises about closing down the dens. My respect for men of heaped-up years -- men like yourselves is very great. But I suggest it is time to consider a more vigorous leadership...

The unspeakable has now been spoken. Silence across the room.

Harry Yung, his head bandaged, straining to maintain his aura of impassivity. The Elders now whispering among themselves, looks exchanged. Tai seems to have several allies now. Yung rises with great dignity.

## YUNG

Since I am the subject of discussion, it would be rude of me to remain, I will excuse myself.

He walks out of the room. When the door is closed, Hung looks over at Tai.

## HUNG

(after a pause)

Go Joey, what you say about the state of our business is true but what steps would you propose to take?

TAI

(reassuring smile)

My first obligation is to smooth Uncle Yung's exit with a gift. My second obligation is to punish these people who attacked his restaurant. Then there will have to be a trip to ~~Thailand~~ to deal with Ban Sung. And then there is the matter of the Italians.

(with a pause, everybody waiting)

...It is perhaps time to consider ending the old arrangement with them. Do like they do, sell directly to the Blacks and Puerto Ricans.

Murmurs. Heads and eyes working. It is as if they never really believed in the possibility of such a change. Yet smelling the potential for huge new profits.

37

INT. SHANGHAI PALACE - DAY

A half dozen PLASTERERS fill in bullet holes on a wall. Yung is having a cup of tea. Two dozen workmen -- PAINTERS, ELECTRICIANS, GLAZIERS are at work already putting the restaurant back in shape.

Joey Tai is sitting with Harry Yung.

A WAITER pours tea for them. Yung's dark-spectacled wife circles in the background.

They sip tea. Pause.

TAI

When will you be able to reopen for business?

YUNG

There is much to do as you can see.

TAI

Yes. It was gracious of you to serve me tea.

(stands up)

I must go.

Yung stands. The ceremony is brief and private. Tai hands over a red envelope, fat as a small pillow and full of money, with both hands. Yung does not open it.

But gives a sign it has been accepted. If there is pain there is no sign of it on his face. Nothing shows. The transition of power in Chinatown is complete.

As Tai walks out of the restaurant, Yung's wife joins him. Looking at Joey Tai, she mutters in Chinese, which we subtitle.

YUNG'S WIFE

In the presence of your enemy,  
hide your broken arms in your  
sleeve.

38 INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Stan waits there standing as Bukowski and Kearny walk in. Stiff looks.

SULLIVAN -- the Police Commissioner, an intense, tall, balding Irishman in a sweater, is seated behind his massive desk, looking overworked and grim. He doesn't shake hands. He's going through piles of reports.

BUKOWSKI & KEARNY

'Morning, Commissioner.

SULLIVAN

Anything to tell me on that wild west show at the Shanghai Palace last night?

BUKOWSKI

Yes, sir, our information is that it was an East Broadway gang. We're...

STAN

I wouldn't bet on that information, sir.

Bukowski and Kearny snap their eyes around at Stan.

SULLIVAN

Why? You know something your commanding officers don't know?

STAN

No, sir. But street information in Chinatown's never been right. We're the last ones to know what's going on. The important thing here is both these punks were hit, it's gonna be hard for them to hide. And if I can get them -- which I will -- I got one hand on their balls.

BUKOWSKI

Captain White is speaking for himself, sir.

SULLIVAN

I don't care who he's speaking for. I know this. These punks are whacking out people left and right -- tourists! I just spent the last half hour on the phone getting my ass chewed out by the Mayor who's mighty pissed off. And so am I. What the hell's happened to Chinatown, it was never like this!

STAN

Sir, the causes of this run deep...

Bukowski and Kearny stiffen.

SULLIVAN

(cutting him off)

Be that as it may, I want this crap stopped and stopped now or heads are gonna roll. Am I making myself clear to you people?

A reprimanded silence from Bukowski and Kearny, they know when not to talk. Stan doesn't.

STAN

Commissioner, you want some fast results and no bullshit, give me one Chinese undercover cop and I'll penetrate these fuckers just like I did the Colombians out in Queens.

The Police Commissioner reacts as if he didn't know what to expect from Stan -- certainly not this. Bukowski and Kearny offer him sickly, reassuring smiles.

SULLIVAN

(to Stan)

Have you taken this request to your commanding officer?

STAN

Yes, sir. And it was ignored.

(a look at Bukowski)

As was my warning that the gutters were gonna run red with blood.

Bukowski and Kearny livid with anger. The Commissioner shifts his look to them.

BUKOWSKI

The request is under consideration, Commissioner. This kid he wants is a trainee. He's already got six Chinese cops...

STAN

Yeah, six too many. Nobody talks to them down there, they're lepers ...This kid, Herbert Kwong, nobody knows. He's from Kwangtung Province in China...

BUKOWSKI

And he doesn't know shit from Shinola. He needs another hundred hours minimum.

SULLIVAN

We don't have a hundred hours. Give him what he wants now -- and get some results. That's it.

Stan looks over at Bukowski, smiles.

As Sullivan shifts his attention back to his mountainous piles of reports in front of him, Stan and Company exit.

BUKOWSKI

(furious whisper as they go)

Nobody does what you did in here. Nobody!

39 INT. SWEATSHOP, CHINATOWN - DAY

Joey Tai -- accompanied by Bear Siku -- walks through a run-down fifth story factory loft where CHINESE WOMEN of every age, about seventy of them, wearing gauze masks, are sewing piecework in a frenzy.

He continues through a back door and crosses one of the many iron passageways which join two buildings.

40 INT. TENEMENT FLAT - DAY

Joey Tai crosses a tenement hallway and unlocks one of the doors. His hands are gloved throughout. A bare-chested Ronnie Chang opens it, chewing on a pizza, he's always eating something. A blast of Rod Stewart hits the corridor.

RONNIE

(friendly)

Hi, Go Joey.

Joey Tai and Bear Siku step into a filthy, small cold water flat. There are things scattered all over the floor, the television is on, sound off. SIX of the BOYS and one very punk-looking GIRL (done up with startling red hair) are playing with mah-jongg tiles, gambling for money. These are the Jade Cobras, three of them we remember from the candystore. One of them is cocking and uncocking his pistol, teaching two other GIRLS how.

RONNIE

Turn off the Rod! The Chun Ko is here!

They jump to their feet, attentive. The tape is turned off, but the throbbing racket of the sewing machines from the sweatshop can still be heard. Tai is annoyed with the filth, speaking in Chinese to Ronnie, which we subtitle.

TAI

All you guys want to do is eat and gamble. I told you to keep this place clean.

RONNIE

(straight-faced)

We just cleaned it.

TAI

Where's the Doctor?

Ronnie pointing with his chin to the other room. On closer view we see he has a flying eagle tattooed on his left shoulder, a phoenix on his right.

RONNIE

They're okay, they been on morphine.

Joey Tai stepping past him into another even smaller room.

The Pei Brothers lay on cots, still in their bloody clothes, tangled in blood-stained sheet. Tourniquets, made of clothesline rope and hangers, are fastened to their bodies. Pei 1 is obviously in worse shape, stuffing his mangled foot -- without toes into the same gruesome shoe he was shot in, looking at the world through dumb animal eyes.

With them is an OLD CHINESE MORTICIAN who looks like a tubercular opium addict. He prepares a fresh injection. They speak in Chinese.

TAI  
(to Pei 2)  
How's the wound?

Pei 2 looks at him and jumps up with a drug-induced energy and undoes his belt. His jeans collapse at his ankles, grinning with pride as he walks on it, gritting his teeth in pain.

PEI 2  
Good like new, Lord. Bullet  
still inside. No hurt.

TAI  
And your brother?

Pei 2 yells something harsh at Pei 1 in guttural dialect.

PEI 2  
Shan-Chi! Wake up! The Lord  
is here! Show him you okay.

Pei 1, through his groggy miasma, focuses enough energy to get to his feet, pushing the doctor aside and bowing to Joey Tai.

PEI 1  
Yes, Lord. Want to see?

With a display of considerable courage, he hauls himself around the room like a crippled ballet dancer, grey in the face, as anxious to please his master as a wounded dog, afraid to be cast out.

PEI 2  
(proud smiles)  
He put an extra sock in the front  
of shoe, where his toe were cut  
off. He don't feel nothing.

TAI  
(nods)  
You're good boys.

He takes a cigarette from his Benson & Hedges Gold pack, offers the remaining pack with two cigarettes to Pei 1 who distributes it to Pei 2. Pei 1 crumpling the empty pack and stuffing it in his pocket.

PEI 1 & 2  
Thank you, honored Lord.



Tai steps out signalling for the Mortician to follow. He closes the door behind him. Sotto voce:

TAI

How long before the wounds heal?

Ronnie Chang joins them, out of earshot of the others. The Mortician sighs, mutters.

MORTICIAN

Two weeks, maybe less. The one  
with the toes...  
(a negative look)

Tai deliberates a beat, walks Ronnie Chang aside, talks to him. The bored sullen eyes of the girls following them. They finish talking and Joey Tai motions the Mortician to come with him. They both leave.

In the other room, the Pei Brothers look at each other, anxious. Pause. Silence. Suddenly the door flies open and Ronnie Chang and the others fly through and drag them both down screaming off the cots and across the floor. The yelling and ad lib comments now drowned out by the girl who turns Rod Stewart up to the max.

The two Pei Brothers are held on their knees, their heads glancing wildly about.

Ronnie Chang slips a silencer on his .38, pauses, pulls one of the younger-looking boys, CHIA, about 15, over to the back of Pei 1 and hands him the pistol.

RONNIE

Kill him.

Chia holds the gun, confused. Pei 1, in the grasp of two boys, squawking like a parrot, his head swivelling all around.

RONNIE & OTHERS

You heard me! Shoot him! Pull  
the trigger! Go on!

But Chia is frightened, not able to do it. Ronnie moves on him, grabbing Chia's hand in his, steadying the gun, cursing him out in guttural Chinese.

Pei 1 trying to break free, screams. The screams cut short by the shot, pitching him forward to the floor. The relentless clatter of the sewing machines underscores the Rod Stewart still blaring.

Pei 2 watching this, horrified, his veins popping, now

trying once more to burst his bonds. Ronnie Chang pushes Chia up behind him, forces him to raise the gun.

RONNIE

Now kill him or I'll kill you --

Chia is terrified. Pei 2 straining, cursing them back. A long beat. Chia finally...pulling the trigger.

41 INT. POLICE ACADEMY FIRING RANGE - DAY

The soft pop of the silencer from the previous image is engulfed by a deafening roar of gunfire as Stan and Rizzo walk down a line of TRAINEE SHOOTERS, coming to HERBERT KWONG, in goggles, a small spry-looking fellow.

He misses the target by a wide margin, one bullet clipping the edge of the tear-sheet. Herbert pissed, tries again.

Stanley rolling his eyes at Rizzo.

RIZZO

You sure about this?

Stan taps Herbert on the shoulder. He takes the goggles off, a smart-looking college educated Chinese, long hair, glasses, a distant intellectual focus. About 25. Stan motions him to follow.

42 INT. STAN WHITE'S CAR - NIGHT

They're driving back to Chinatown. A dubious looking Rizzo in the back with Stan up front. Both look like they have their doubts. Herbert Kwong driving, his expression one of distraction and he never seems exactly sure of how the car will move next.

STAN

Where'd you ever get a name like Herbert?

KWONG

My Chinese name is too complicated. I look in phone book. I find "Herbert."

A look between Stan and Rizzo, the latter suppressing a laugh.

STAN

You know anything about Go Joey Tai? Harry Yung? Fred Hung? Uncle Milton Bin?

KWONG

No, sir.

STAN

Well, you're going to. You're gonna put them to sleep at night and wake 'em up in the morning. I want to know where they go, who they see and when you're not doing that you're gonna monitor wiretaps on these guys.

Kwong's eyes express a little concern at this sudden expansion in the scope of his activities as he cuts back into the next lane, barely avoiding a cab. He guides it as if he were impervious to mortal disaster, like a wayward cloud.

STAN

(irritated)

Watch it, willya! You drive worse'n you shoot. Stay outta the left lane okay.

KWONG

(reddens)

Yes, sir. Uh -- what hours am I working?

STAN

Hours? Forget it, you're on 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

KWONG

What about sleep?

RIZZO

Forget sleep. Nothing sleeps in the 5th Precinct.

KWONG

(unsettled)

But, I have a second job.

STAN

Quit.

(no reply from Kwong)

I'm serious. You wanna be a cop or you wanna fuck around?

KWONG

But I don't understand. What's the point of the exercise?

STAN

It's not an exercise, Herbert. We're dealing here with the Chinese Mafia, the biggest importers of heroin in this country. They eat people like you for breakfast.

Herbert. A worried look. Once again he is stuck in the middle of an intersection gridlocked behind a car in the left lane again, trying to get back to the right lane. But the traffic keeps honking him. Herbert looking confounded for a moment looking every which way for an opening, looking over at Stanley when he talks.

STAN

Jesus H. Christ, I told you to stay outta the left.

(to Rizzo)

Why is it always these Chinese guys that block traffic? Y'ever notice that -- they drive like their music. Right to left.

(Rizzo smiling)

I'm not kidding, y'ever see a Chinese Grand Prix driver?

Rizzo laughing now. Herbert, rattled, lurches the car out. Stan bumps his head. Horns blare, curses follow. Rizzo is trying not to laugh out loud in the back seat. But Herbert is blinking nervously, muttering.

KWONG

Goddamn cab doesn't know how to drive!

Before Stan can respond to that, the Dispatcher cuts in on the radio set!

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Central to 2-7 Adam Boy -- got two male Asians shot dead in a cellar at 6 Eldridge. They match the description of the suspects in the Shanghai Palace shooting.

STAN

(a sudden shift in his expression)

Oh shit!

Herbert Kwong, beset on all sides, rolls his eyes heavenward. Stanley moves into action, sliding across the driver's seat.

STAN

Far as you go, kid, you're  
undercover now...out! Out  
of the car!

Herbert, confused, gets out in the middle of traffic.  
Stanley speeds away, leaving him there.

43 EXT. ELDRIDGE STREET - NIGHT

Stanley's car roars up. He runs out with Rizzo.  
Ambulances. Cop cars. NEWS TEAMS arriving.

44 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Stan hurries down a rickety flight of stairs into a  
cellar. It beckons him like the mouth of Hades, a huddle  
of COPS waiting for him. A DETECTIVE, a good-looking  
Spanish guy presents himself to Stan.

PEREZ

(identifying himself)

Alan Perez, Captain.

(Stan nods, eyes going  
around the faces)

Nobody of course saw nothing.  
Most of the people are illegal,  
they're sweating a bust. The  
farm and the building are  
registered to one...

(checks his paper)

Tan Wan Lo. Lives in Hong Kong.  
We're checking it out but if you  
ask me he's probably been dead  
for 10 years. Building owner-  
ship down here makes a Chinese  
fire drill look organized.

While he talks, Stan runs his eyes down the faces of two  
dozen AGRICULTURAL WORKERS who are gathered along a wall  
in a tunnel leading down deeper under the building. They  
study Stan for their fate, impassive, ageless, exhausted  
faces, somewhat beautiful.

STAN

Where are they?

Perez signals one of the coolies forward.

PEREZ

Tony, come out here...

TONY HO appears out of the darker reaches of the tunnel.  
A face and body as hard and gnarled as bridge cable.

A man who's worked every day of his life, a vestigial artifact of a 19th century American coolie. Here now like a ghost from the past, imposing in his wiry strength and intensity. His eyes on Stanley, walking right up to him.

PEPEZ

(as he comes)

This is the guy that tipped us. Calls himself Tony. Say's he's been working here 40 years.

(to Tony)

Hey, Tony, you want to show the Captain what you showed me.

Tony looks at Stan hard, then turns and leads him back into the tunnels.

45 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Tony leads them down a sewage-ridden, rat-running, sub-basement tunnel -- deeper into the bowels of the building.

Stanley follows, his sense of deja vu deepening. Detectives accompanying him, flashlights beaming.

46 INT. SOYBEAN FARM - NIGHT

Tony leads them onto a soybean swamp stretched clear across a sub-cellar floor -- made visible by police spotlights. A knot of POLICEMEN and FORENSIC PEOPLE are out in the middle of the paddy. Another cluster of sallow, scared MEN and WOMEN in filthy aprons look on as Stanley tromps out into the paddy, his shoes squishing in water.

Now on Stanley's face as he looks down at the two Pei Brothers lying there, one face down, the other face up. Grotesque, gas-bloated remains of two kids. A chilling sight and for an extended moment we dwell on Stanley.

His eyes going to the mangled foot of Pei 1, making the match-up. His revulsion mixed with anger, frustration. He crosses to a BLOOD TECHNICIAN who is carefully folding miscellaneous items from the kids' pockets into a plastic bag -- broken key, rubber band, crumpled Benson & Hedges Gold pack. Stan runs his eyes over the items, not quite all there, then turns to Tony, standing there, staring at him.

STAN

Thanks, men. Tony, you're a good man. Not too many of you left.

Tony barks out his speech in guttural monosyllables, gesturing emphatically.

TONY

I know. I know. All good men gone. Long time. Change. Young people. No respect. Steal, shoot, kill. Like white man. Chinese man not afraid work hard. I work forty year here. I put every dollar in Chase Manhattan Bank. Young people no respect no more. Old men afraid. Not me. I been here long time, I see many things. I see things people don't think I see...

It sounds somewhat senile to modern ears, Stan nodding and somewhat humoring him.

STAN

I wish there were more like you, Tony.

TONY

(suddenly)

Bullshit...

He walks away, Stan watching him go. Wondering what it is he missed.

47 EXT. ELDRIDGE STREET, OUTSIDE SOYBEAN FARM - NIGHT

Tracy is doing her spot coverage for the TV camera, a background of ambulance stretchers.

TRACY

...some say an act of revenge linked to the restaurant massacre last week but no one knows and in this once quiet, tourist-oriented community, the tourists are beginning to stay away and the people here are beginning to ask the dismaying question: what is happening to Chinatown? This is Tracy Tzu on Eldridge Street, Chinatown...

They cut. The typical bullshit media coverage, Tracy no better, no worse than average -- but a contrast nonetheless to a certain integrity of spirit we just saw in Tony the coolie.

## CAMERAMAN

Here he comes. Let's get a head-shot.

Rizzo emerges from the tenement basement, Stanley following with a small knot of detectives. Rizzo glancing at his watch.

## RIZZO

(to Stan)

You're running late. Connie's waiting and you got that date with Joey.

## STAN

Jesus, not again, here I was trying to smooth things over, now she's gonna kill me for sure. Where's this place?

## RIZZO

Just up the block.

Stanley walks up the street, head down, brushing by the REPORTERS who follow. Recognizing a voice.

## TRACY

Captain White, Captain White...

He looks up, sees her. The barriers are momentarily down, their eyes back in the restaurant a few nights before -- a question mark feeling between them -- but then a microphone comes up and the voice comes at him as if he were a stranger.

## TRACY

Can you give us an idea who and what's behind this wave of violence?

## STAN

(rough)

Who? What? A thousand years of civilization, that's who and that's what -- and you oughta know that. Now turn that goddamn thing off!

Pissed off at the dumb question, he roughly pushes the camera aside and continues up the street. Tracy cuts her crew -- and after a moment of hesitation, hurries after Stanley.

## TRACY

(running up)

What's the matter with you?



STAN

(walking)

If you don't know, you don't know.

TRACY

(pacing him)

You're acting like there's something between us...

STAN

(stops; turns)

Don't flatter yourself.

TRACY

Look, I'm grateful for what you did the other night but...

48 INT. JOEY TAI'S RESTAURANT, BAR - NIGHT

Connie looks at herself in the mirror of her compact, fixing her makeup and fuming; her daiquiri almost finished.

Across the bar, Joey Tai glances at her, shifting his attention back to a worn-looking, middle-aged CHINESE WOMAN with her pretty DAUGHTER, petitioning for help. She's evidently been crying, the girl embarrassed.

WIDOW

(in Chinese)

...I have 6 children, Go Joey -- but Tina is the hope of our family; even with all of us working, we don't have enough for her college...it was my husband's only wish that...

TAI

I don't want you to worry about it anymore, Sen-ya. Tina will be at Columbia in the Fall.

(to daughter)

I hope you understand how difficult it was for your mother to come here to me. You must show your appreciation by working hard...

The Mother's expression shifts to one of gratitude.

Connie glances once more at her watch, impatient, then rises to leave, but catches a glimpse outside the window of Tracy and Stan arguing. She watches as Tracy leaves, pissed, saying something we can't hear, but with an unmistakable emotion.

Joey Tai helps the Widow out of the booth as Stanley comes in, spotting both Joey and Connie. Joey rises, comes towards him.

STAN

Hello, Joey. Congratulations -- I hear Harry Yung's out and you're in...you know my favorite lady, my wife, Connie. Connie, come here. Say hello to Joey Tai, he owns the place.

Stanley guiding Joey over to Connie. Joey somewhat aloof, nods to Stan, shakes hands with Connie.

TAI

It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. White.

CONNIE

Likewise.

They shake hands. Stan feeling her stare. Connie over the top in makeup and wardrobe, a Brooklyn girl who, we sense, made a special effort to dress up for dinner -- yet is no match for Tracy's feline ease.

STAN

I know I'm late but something just came up.

(tries a smile, fails)

Listen, I gotta talk to Joey. A few minutes. Why don't you order me some spare ribs or something and I'll be right over...

CONNIE

(a tight look)

I told you I got a late shift tonight.

TAI

We can talk after dinner.

STAN

Nah. That might disturb my digestion.

(to Connie)

Won't take a moment, promise...

(starts to walk away)

CONNIE

(sotto voce)

You're really something you know, Stanley.

STAN

(stops; turns)

Come on, go sit down willya,  
we'll call a truce. Send  
some real champagne over,  
will you, Joey?

Connie, seething, goes with the HEAD WAITER. Tai, somewhat amused, motions Stan across the dining room, towards the kitchen area.

TAI

You have an eye for beauty,  
Captain.

STAN

Yeah, she's a rock, she's the  
best...By the way, you must've  
heard we just dug up the two  
midgets that hit Harry's place.  
They were dumped in a soybean  
basement...

TAI

(feigning surprise)

Oh? No I didn't.

Stan studying for his reaction.

STAN

Yeah, my guess is somebody  
didn't want us to find 'em  
alive...

It hangs there.

TAI

...you don't think it might've  
been the friends of the boy who  
was killed?

Bear Siku, following them, closes the doors to the Kitchen.

49

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steamy, hot, not too clean. Very busy.

STAN

...if you accept the surface of  
things, Joey, which most people  
do. Why the bodyguard? Comes  
with the new title or what?

Joey Tai speaks softly, no concession to the din. Stan has to lean closer to him, reaching to catch his words.

TAI

Just a precaution. There's  
been too much violence lately.  
(smiles)

Stan looks around the kitchen, tasting morsels here and there. Frantic activity. Lobsters are being boiled to death. Squid being chopped. Boiling oils. Sauces. Milling sullen PERSONNEL.

STAN

(over)

I agree, question is what are  
you and I gonna do about it?

(tasting food)

Um...good, very good..."Enticing  
those to be conquered in coming  
to the conqueror..."

TAI

(smiles)

You should try our "exploding  
lobster." My chef does it better  
than anybody in the world. I  
brought him from Hong Kong.

STAN

What do you want, Joey. Spit  
it out.

Joey Tai laughs, lights a cigarette, looks Stan in the eyes.

TAI

Cigarette?

STAN

Sure...

Offering him a cigarette from a Benson & Hedges pack. Same as at the crime scene. Stan, noticing it, says nothing. Tai walks through a door leading to his office.

50

INT. JOEY TAI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A large empty desk with a panel of phone connections. Various photos on the wall of Joey Tai at several Chinese-American benefits, schools, association dinners.

TAI

This is not the Bronx or Brooklyn.  
It's not even New York. It's  
Chinatown, White...it can be very  
easy or it can be very hard.

STAN

Then make it easy.

Stanley walking down one wall of the office. In one shot Joey has his arm around the Mayor in a hardhat. There's a photo of his wife Laura and his 4 year old. A pattern of success -- in contrast to Stanley's existence and a comparison he might make as he runs his eyes down the wall.

TAI

(over)

We'll help you get some of these renegade youths -- witnesses, evidence, everything you need. You get headlines, your superiors'll relax, everybody happy...and then you can stay in Chinatown, no transfer and we can do business. You understand what I'm saying to you, Mister White?

Acting interested, Stan stops moving around the office.

STAN

I get the punks, whaddya want in return?

TAI

Nothing! Just work with us. Chinese people come here to make money not to change things.

STAN

These cross-eyed conversations, they get me confused, Go Joey. I'm just a stupid Polack -- a peasant. You gotta make things real clear to me.

TAI

Sure. How clear do I make it?

STAN

I don't know. I'm thinking.

Tai giggles, somewhat effeminate, something of the little boy in him at play.

TAI

Would a contract with us for security work after you retire be what you need? We've got some  
(MORE)

TAI (contd)  
 late-night clubs you could keep  
 an eye on...Could mean \$100,000  
 a year.

Pause. Stan thinking.

TAI  
 ...we could put it anywhere in  
 the world.

STAN  
 100,000's not enough.

TAI  
 (laughs)  
 How much then?

STAN  
 I'll take the same amount you're  
 going to make off your next  
 fifty kilos of heroin.

The word "heroin" sets off a huge peal of laughter from  
 Joey Tai.

TAI  
 At last the clouds part to show  
 the true sky.

STAN  
 (smiles)  
 Most drug dealers are morons but  
 I gotta give it to you, Joey.  
 Yeah, you're a silky son of a  
 bitch -- this the way you deal  
 with the Italians? This the way  
 you moved out Harry Yung? What  
 about your father-in-law --  
 Jackie Wong? There's a rumor  
 flying around says your hand was  
 on the knife that killed him.

The mention of Jackie Wong causes a cold, sealing  
 reaction in Joey Tai's face. Another level now.  
 Stanley going for the jugular. Stanley loves it.

STAN  
 (smiling)  
 You're a smart guy, Go Joey, but  
 you made one mistake already, I'm  
 not Italian. I'm a Polack. And  
 I can't be bought. I'm gonna  
 burn you down, Joey. I'm gonna  
 (MORE)

STAN (contd)  
 drag you and your dirty laundry  
 out on the street. I'm gonna  
 humiliate you.

He starts to leave. If eyes were daggers, Stanley would  
 be impaled now. As he walks out:

TAI  
 You're a very stupid Polack,  
 quai-loh, and you're not going  
 to last.

STAN  
 Long enough to piss on your  
 grave, Joey...  
 (leaves)

51      INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stan goes back to the table. A plate of cold spare ribs  
 and flat champagne. Connie is gone. Stan looks around.

52      EXT. STAN'S HOUSE, MILTON STREET - NIGHT

As his neighbors all peer at him from windows and stoops,  
 pre-occupied, irritated, Stan drives up to his house.  
 Getting out, his eyes fall on Bukowski who is just pulling  
 up -- with his WIFE on their way home from dinner -- to  
 their two story house (built on the same asbestos-sided  
 lines as Stan's). As they get out of the car, Bukowski  
 shakes his head, condemning eyes on Stan who approaches  
 the front door. Stops.

All his stuff is thrown out on the lawn, clothes, Chinese  
 history books, toothbrushes, shoes, trophies, badges.  
 In messy heaps all over the place, several suitcases  
 full and obviously thrown out in anger. He mutters sourly,  
 marches to the door. He looks up at the windows doesn't  
 see her -- he crosses back and starts picking up his stuff,  
 stops, drops it.

STAN  
 Fuckit!  
 (shouting up at windows)  
 ...How can you be so pissed because  
 I'm twenty minutes late for a date?  
 (no reply; louder)  
 Whaddya crazy?

His voice carrying all over the neighborhood. Still no  
 reply. Without bothering to pick up anything, he stalks off.

The camera drifts up to Connie looking out from behind a  
 curtain.

53 EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tracy comes out, on her way home loaded with paperwork.

Stan, in his car on the street, hesitates as if to drive past then beeps her. She keeps walking. He pulls alongside. She glares at him.

STAN

(cute)

Hey look, you're right, I thought it over, I tried hard to suppress it -- but there's definitely something between us...C'mon get in... I'll drive you home.

TRACY

(stops, turns)

I'm not some gook hooker on the streets of Saigon.

He laughs, proffers this limp looking bouquet of half-dead flowers wrapped in newspapers. They look really pathetic. Stan throws her a come-on line in pidgen Vietnamese.

TRACY

(cracks a smile)

Does this work with other girls?

STAN

Comme ci, comme ca. C'mon be a sport, it's not every day I get to meet a famous person. I won't bite you, I got a story for you...

54 INT. TRACY'S LOFT, DUMBO - NIGHT

They walk into a huge, high ceilinged space with enormous arched windows, sparsely furnished, all very tastefully put together with a lot of time, effort and money. Stanley is very impressed. Expensive high heeled shoes are all over the place, cassettes on the floor, the kind of disarray of clothing of those used to having servants or are natural slob. Tracy heading up to the kitchen area. One of the phones rings, the sound swallowed up by the latest answering machine, a computerized two bleeps, then silky silence.

TRACY (O.S.)

Want some wine? White or red?

STAN

Both. Some place.

Another phone rings.



STAN

(calling)

Look, forget what I said in the restaurant. I understand you have ethics. I respect that. But you got a great human interest story here in Joey Tai. Kid from the slums of Kowloon comes over, works his way up, marries the boss' daughter, maybe knocks the boss off, becomes the boss, the American dream, right? Shine a light on the son-of-a-bitch.

Tracy comes in with two wine bottles and lots of glasses.

TRACY

(amused)

...what if he's involved in nothing, what if he's just a successful businessman?

STAN

(not amused)

The Chinese are always involved in something, they're never involved in nothing, remember that.

TRACY

(laughs)

You're really cracked, you know that. The first time I saw you I knew you were cracked. And a racist too. Vietnam ruined you, I think.

He laughs. The green phone rings twice more. They laugh, drink up.

STAN

The first time I saw you I hated your guts...

She looks at him funny for a moment. He removes his Marine Corps tie-tack. It is obvious Stan has great pride in this possession and handles it with care. Then he suddenly starts pulling off his shirt.

TRACY

What are you doing?

STAN

I think I hated you even before

(MORE)

STAN (contd)

I ever met you. I hated you on. T.V. I hated you in Vietnam. You know what's destroying this country? Not the drugs, not booze -- T.V. Media. People like you -- vampires...

TRACY

What are you doing?

Taking his pants off.

STAN

I hate the way you make your living sticking microphones in people's faces, I hate the way you kill real feelings. I hate the way you lie every night at six o'clock. I hate everything you stand for...

His socks come off. Tracy, nervous, starts giggling.

STAN

...and most of all I hate rich kids and I hate this place.

He pins her down on the sofa.

STAN

...so why do I want to fuck you? Maybe you're right -- I got no ethics.

She giggles. He tries to wrestle her clothes off, but then she resists, pushes him off, serious.

TRACY

I can't...Stop it!

He's not a brute, gets the message, lets up. The green phone rings again.

STAN

What do you mean you can't?

TRACY

(softly)

I spent all afternoon here. Making love with my boyfriend... I can't.

It stops him cold. The green phone rings again, and the red.

STAN

So why'd you bring me here?

TRACY

What year are you living in?  
We're not in the backseat of  
some car at a drive-in. You  
don't have to get your money's  
worth.

STAN

(disengages)

What's his name? Who is he?  
Is he rich?

TRACY

(a beat)

You want to know if he's Chinese  
right, that's what you want to  
know, so ask it.

STAN

Yeah, that's the question, why  
don't you answer it.

TRACY

He's white all right and he went  
to Princeton and his name's  
Roger and he's a lawyer...

STAN

(grimaces)

Aggh! I hate lawyers. I wouldn't  
want to make love to a woman who'd  
just screwed a lawyer anyway. What's  
he got -- money? Roger Pumpernickel  
the third.

TRACY

Yes and he's not a crackpot racist  
-- he's a gentleman.

All the phones ring again.

STAN

Yeah. He play tennis and golf?  
Goes sailing with a yacht?  
What's it with all these machines  
-- you AT&T here, you got every-  
body in town jumping in and out  
of your bed?

TRACY

You're acting like a child!

STAN

(quoting)

"The great man is one who in manhood still keeps the heart of a child."

TRACY

(exasperated)

Why don't you go home. I can see this was a big mistake.

Stan dressing now, in reverse.

STAN

Yeah sure it was a mistake.  
A giant mistake...

Silence. An embarrassment to both of them.

STAN

Well, I gotta get home. To a woman who at least acts like a woman.

(thinks about it,  
switches subject)

So why don't this Roger marry you if he's so great? Doesn't he want a little slant-eyed Roger the Fourth at Princeton?

Tracy moves as if to slap him. Stan catches her wrist in mid-air, holds it there. Tracy livid, trembling with anger.

TRACY

I don't know, we never discuss it. We just meet to fuck. Now get out of here!

She tries to wrestle her arm free. Stan suddenly kisses her savagely. She struggles even more fiercely. Stan -- caught off guard by her strength -- loses his grip on her. She cracks him hard across the face with everything she has left. It stuns Stan and her. The sound of the slap hangs for a moment. Both breathing hard.

TRACY

Don't get confused.

STAN

I'm not.

He kisses her again and this time, bizarre as it all seems, she responds, kissing him hard running her hands all over his body.

He moves as if to pull away. This is no longer what Stan wants but she is all over him now, half laughing, half aroused, infuriated. What he is experiencing emotionally with her is taking him further in a direction he does not want to go. He becomes aroused in spite of himself. Both of them half naked now. Stan pulls the last of her clothes off, kisses her lightly then wildly as she responds to his movement. He looks down at her, a look that shows satisfaction, hatred, challenge.

TRACY

(catching it)

I hate you, you bastard --

55      INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

About SEVENTY COPS, men and women, have assembled. Stan addresses them, a magnified map of Chinatown behind him. He is like a man possessed.

STAN

...I want you to hit Chinatown like Ghengis Khan. I want restaurant health violations, immigration busts, gambling raids, tows on all double parked wheels, I want arrests of gang members on loitering, spitting in the gutter, anything.

RIZZO

What about their civil rights?

STAN

Screw their civil rights! I want the honchos around here to go apeshit. I want to disrupt the entire commerce of Chinatown. You understand me? -- I want chaos!

There is a tense silence, broken only by the shifting of feet on the floor, etc. The camera moving among the faces of the men. Tired, bored, cynical. A couple of men look at him sullenly. Many simply turn their gaze away.

STAN

(studying them)

...you know you people look like the Chicago Cubs. I'm not kiddin'.

(a laugh from some)

you look like you lost already

(MORE)

STAN (contd)

the world's fucked you over and you don't give a shit, I know, I been there, I got 15 years in this job and I heard all the stories, my heart's been broken a hundred times and I got scar tissue on my soul but let me tell you something -- I give a shit. And I'm gonna make you guys give a shit, I don't care what you think of me, you guys are gonna go through the numbers on this one, now get outta here...

They start shuffling off.

STAN

One other thing. New rule.

(pauses, intent)

Next cop I hear about taking money in this precinct I'm gonna personally bust in the mouth.

(pause)

Any questions?

Nothing but dead looks.

WOMAN COP

(lightly)

What if it's a lady?

STAN

(cold stare)

She'd better duck.

56 INT. GAMBLING HALL - DAY

A jackhammer drives through a metal door, the sound infernal. The 30 CHINESE GAMBLERS inside, not exactly surprised, huddle quietly in the corner as the cops run in. Tracy and her crew are right behind.

57 INT. SWEATSHOP - DAY

Pandemonium. A raid in progress.

58 EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Everywhere uniformed police are dragging gang kids into cars.

59 EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

Double-parked cars are being towed. Cops stopping honking

traffic. The street is jammed. Sirens. People. Chaos.

Six Chinese Jade Cobra members are run out of a coffee shop into a van by Perez and a handful of detectives. Tracy and crew moving through this chaos filming.

CHINESE MERCHANTS howling at POLICE about the street blockages.

FISH SHOP OWNERS and BUTCHERS are complaining vehemently to Tracy and her cameras.

60 EXT. JOEY TAI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A large CHINESE CROWD has gathered around. Tracy on camera.

TRACY

(to camera)

...Captain Stanley White, Commander of the Fifth Precinct and the most decorated cop in New York City, has declared war on Chinatown. Today there were 43 gang arrests, 3 gambling parlors raided, 6 sweatshops busted and now in an opening blow at the man who has been called the godfather of Chinatown, Joey Tai, White has padlocked his restaurant on a health violation. Needless to say a crackdown is in the works and although District Attorney Jane Katzman denies it, a major drug conspiracy case is rumored to be pending against various respected older members of the Chinatown ruling elite.

Behind her there is a rush of RESTAURANT WORKERS being pushed out by the cops. A padlock going up on the front door. A health warning posted. Stanley walking out -- a big smile on his face.

And then Joey Tai. Grim, no expression, preceded by Bear Siku and other men. He shares a look with Perez. Tracy spotting Joey, moves toward him.

TRACY

Mister Tai...Mister Tai --

His eyes fall on her. A look of sheer hatred. She feels it. As he heads for his car, she follows intrepidly.

TRACY

Mister Tai -- can you tell us if there is such a thing as the Chinese Mafia?

TAI

(smiles diplomatically)

It sounds very exciting -- like a comic book.

TRACY

The existence of triads is documented by the Drug Enforcement Agency.

TAI

Documentation without proof -- this farce is further evidence of the consistent discrimination against Chinese in this country.

Pushing his way through the mob on the sidewalk, Bear Siku trying to edge her out.

TRACY

(following, persistent)

Mister Tai -- are you saying there is no criminal element in all of Chinatown?

TAI

(a note of real anger)

Of course not, but why do you media people insist on emphasizing this sinister Charlie Chan image? Why don't you talk about the chair in Chinese History our Association has endowed at Yale University or our 12 million dollar loan fund for our 10,000 members, our free meals for the aged and unemployed, free burials...things like that, positive things?

Joey climbs into his Mercedes, the window rolling up to seal her off. One withering glance -- past Tracy, at Stanley at the curb, grinning back, waving to him, as if to say "I told you I'd humiliate you." In Joey's eyes, Stanley is a dead man.

61 INT. MARIO'S RESTAURANT, BRONX - EARLY MORNING

A window looking out on Arthur Avenue, double and triple parked with trucks delivering fresh produce. Joey Tai sits in his big Mercedes, waiting with Bear Siku as we



pull back to reveal:

Fred Hung and Milton Bin sitting with three other Italian men we recognize from Jackie Wong's funeral, all three distinguished, sipping coffee. The one who talks, the frail one known as TEDDY TEDESCO, talks with great difficulty and effort through a little metal hole in his throat, his words rasp through the hole in short harsh puffs of breath.

HUNG

I am very happy you could make it, Teddy. I'm happy you're okay.

TEDDY

My doctor would kill me if he knew I was here. They took out my voice box last week. They keep taking things out. I got nothing left, Fred -- but my brain and my brain says...I'd rather do business with a smart thief than an honest man who's stupid. A stupid man is dangerous, like a defective time bomb, you never know when it's gonna go off on you. But a thief you can control what he steals.

HUNG

I think, Teddy, you're going to find Joey's a very smart young man. Not very cautious like Jackie or Harry, but aggressive and he wants power.

A constant stream of DELIVERY MEN -- some of whom are Chinese -- carrying crates of vegetables, meats move past them in and out of the kitchen. An ITALIAN WAITER, still in civies moves deferentially around the three Italian men, expertly refilling their coffee with a flourish.

TEDDY

(over)

A young man always wants power, Fred. That's what it means to be young...

(this last wonderingly,  
almost as a question)

...I want to see his face, his

(MORE)

TEDDY (contd)

eyes -- I want to know if he's reckless. One look in his eyes and I'll know. Bring him in. But leave the nigger outside.

Camera moving back to Joey Tai.

62 EXT. ARTHUR AVENUE - EARLY MORNING

We cut across the street to Herbert Kwong in a commercial truck, watching. A TECHNICIAN, wearing earphones is now with him pointing a sensitive shotgun mike toward the restaurant. As Joey Tai is introduced to the three Italian men in the window, sits down.

Kwong takes a picture with a telephoto lens. The technician trying to pull in the conversation. Kwong gets out of the car approaching for a closer shot, eyes Bear Siku in the car.

63 INT. MARIO'S RESTAURANT - EARLY MORNING

Camera slides across Kwong moving in the street to get a closer angle across Teddy Tedesco to the other Italians, LAGNESE and SCHIRO -- both their expressions radically different, anger seething as we glide past Hung and Bin to Joey Tai who smokes a cigarette, expansive.

TAI

My esteemed friends are being very diplomatic...the point, Mr. Tedesco is we're happy to let you continue the distribution of our software but with a 50% reduction in volume and at a reduced fee...something like 17-18%. The rest stays with us till we weigh other offers.

Silence. The other Italians on the verge of exploding. Teddy quiets them down. He smiles almost warmly and we feel the enormous power of his control -- then very tiredly but as determined as before:

TEDDY

Jackie Wong made this arrangement with me. We were pioneers. When you were still sucking your mother's tit. I don't see why anything should change now.

A sharp look to Hung and Bin.

TAI

Because Jackie Wong is dead and Harry Yung has stepped down and I'm the Chun Ko now. And I say we can't afford to sell to old men the old way.

The Italians are stunned. Tedesco clears his esophagus and Lagnese and Schiro are livid with anger.

HUNG

(concerned)

Teddy, please, why can't we...

TEDDY

(straining his voice  
to the maximum)

You know -- Fred -- in all my years nobody -- and I mean nobody -- has ever talked to me like that. Nobody.

Hung and Bin are very concerned now but silent.

TAI

(very cool)

No insult was intended, Mister Tedesco, but you people don't control Canal Street anymore, we do...I think when you think through my offer to you, you'll see that it's not unprofitable to both sides.

64      INT. UNDERCOVER TRUCK - EARLY MORNING

The technician finally pulls in the voices, faint and full of interference, not quite decipherable.

TEDDY (O.S.)

Who you gonna sell to -- the Niggers, the Spics?

65      INT. MARIO'S RESTAURANT - EARLY MORNING

TEDDY (contd)

You people don't have that kinda weight. Who you kidding. They'll bury you so fast it'll be like you was never here. And if they don't, I will.

Joey Tai pauses, says nothing.

Lagnese, the second in command, starts talking in Italian to Teddy. Joey Tai waits a beat and not to be outfaced, starts talking in rapid Chinese to a very worried Hung and Bin -- about nothing -- two parallel conversations.

66. EXT. MARIO'S RESTAURANT - EARLY MORNING

As Kwong walks in playing the dumb Chinaman tourist with a camera looking for directions. He glances over to Joey Tai in the corner. Joey looking directly at him for a moment rattles him. The waiter shooing Kwong out of the door. The camera on his hip clicking away as Tai and Tedesco stand to leave, a scraping of chairs, coughing, no handshakes. Teddy Tedesco suddenly looks very dignified but his eyes murderous.

TEDDY

...you're flying too high, kid.  
The air's thin up there...

67 EXT. BOWERY, CHINATOWN - DAY

Stanley and Rizzo carrying bags of food, hurry past broken down tenements, dangling fire escapes, PEOPLE in windows fanning themselves, etc. They cut up a flight of stairs, step into a hallway, illuminated by a single bare light bulb.

68 INT. WIRETAP WALK-UP, THE BOWERY - DAY

The undercover walk-up is an empty room, suffocatingly hot with a few dirt-grey mattresses around. TWO NUNS, one an ancient Caucasian, the other a younger Chinese woman with an elfin face, monitor a wiretap rig as Stan comes in.

STAN

Anything?

The Sisters are listening intently to the monitor. We recognize Joey Tai's voice on the line with a Chinese man talking Hakka.

69 INT. JOEY TAI'S CAR - MOVING - CITY - DAY

Bear Siku in front, Joey is alone in the back on a briefcase phone, talking in fast Hakka dialect.

70 INT. HERBERT KWONG'S CAR - MOVING - CITY - DAY

We move to Herbert in a non-descript sedan with a DRIVER, following Joey's vehicle, his electronic rig intercepting the signals and transmitting them back to the Sisters.

It's obviously not an easy dialect for the Sisters who have to concentrate very hard, beads of perspiration on their faces from the stifling close quarters.

SISTER 1

...it seems to be mostly financial talk, Captain. There is mention of some problem in Thailand. A man in Bangkok is saying something about...I'm not quite sure about what but he's very angry about a group from Toronto that calls itself the Nam Soong.

STAN

Sister, you got to be more precise.

Sister 2 continues to monitor earphones as Sister 1 mops her brow. She sniffs with obvious distaste the food Stanley has bought. They've spread a clean white linen across the table and eat sparingly from tiny apple slices, some raisins and thin bran crackers as they work.

SISTER 1

(over)

That's going to be very difficult, Captain, it's been many years since we've heard the Hakka dialect spoken. They're talking around things, not about them.

STAN

(frustrated)

Dammit, Sister, that's the point! They're not gonna spell it out for you -- that's drug talk. Use your imagination!

She's offended. He realizes it, and by way of apology offers her a bulging greasy wrapper full of hot food.

STAN

Listen, you don't eat enough to keep a bird alive. Why don't you try some real food?

SISTER 1

Captain White, I've managed to live 75 years without your help, eating precisely what I'm eating now. My body fat is 12%, my

(MORE)

SISTER 1 (contd)

blood pressure is 120 over 80,  
my lymphocyte count 22% and if  
you want to compare white blood  
cells and red blood cells, I  
might even outlast you, Captain  
-- red meat eater that you  
obviously are...

SISTER 2

(playing the detective)

Shhh...The perpetrator is saying  
he's going to fly into Bangkok...  
Next week!...he's flying under  
another name...

(listening, writing)

Tai hangs up. Stanley takes the slip of paper with Tai's  
travelling name from Sister 2 and turns to Rizzo excited.

STAN

Okay, he's making his move!  
Let's get the DEA on his tail,  
the Bangkok police, whatever the  
hell it takes to eyeball this  
scumbag over there.

(to Sisters)

Sorry, Sisters!

(to Rizzo)

Fuck, I wish I could go myself.

The Sisters look at him, then at each other. Rizzo looks  
at his shoes.

Stanley's half out of the door, incognizant.

STAN

(to Rizzo)

Back on the street.

(to Sisters)

You guys are doing great!

Keep it up!

Sister 1 looks aghast, Sister 2 a little more tolerant.

72

INT. FIFTH PRECINCT, GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

The place is mobbed with SCREAMING BODIES, LAWYERS,  
CLIENTS, GANG MEMBERS, arresting cops. Pandemonium.

Ronnie Chang is being bailed out by his ATTORNEYS.

RONNIE  
 (menacingly in Chinese)  
 ...this clown White's gonna be  
 walking on his elbows tomorrow.

73 INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

They've been going at it for a while, Sullivan -- the Police Commissioner -- Bukowski and Stan. All of them groggy, ruffled, unshaven, annoyed beyond endurance with each other.

BUKOWSKI  
 You were only meant to shake up  
 the gang kids, not turn the  
 whole goddamn city upside down.

SULLIVAN  
 Let me make this real clear to  
 you, White, here and now -- Joey  
 Tai goes to the Manhattan Borough  
 President, who he contributes  
 \$100,000 a year to, right? The  
 Borough President goes to the  
 Mayor and the Mayor says to me:  
 LAY OFF. That's the way it  
 works, okay, Captain. No more  
 wiretaps on Joey Tai. And you  
 don't go to the Drug Enforcement  
 Agency. Going to outside agencies  
 isn't your job, it's Lou's job.

STAN  
 (quietly)  
 Right -- and the dead tourists,  
 I guess they don't add up to a  
 can of sardines, now do they?  
 You change your tune fast,  
 Commissioner, just 'cause this  
 slimebag's having tea with the  
 Mayor.

BUKOWSKI  
 You can't link Joey Tai to that  
 and you know it. The point here  
 is you cease and desist!

STAN  
 And what if I don't! What are you  
 gonna do -- suspend me? What's that  
 gonna look like in the papers?...  
 first you suspend the most decorated  
 cop in the city, two -- you call off  
 an investigation into the Chinese  
 Mafia. Three --...

BUKOWSKI

(interjecting)

What investigation! What Chinese Mafia? The investigation's in your mind.

STAN

(ignoring him)

...you know what that's gonna look like, Commissioner. You tell me. Your department's gonna look like shit that's what!

Sullivan is white with a repressed anger.

SULLIVAN

You trying to blackmail me, White?

STAN

Call it what you want, Commissioner. I swallowed the bullshit ten years and I'm choking on it.

SULLIVAN

You ever think about your pension, White...

STAN

Fuck the pension! -- that's what's wrong with this whole goddamn police department -- everybody's thinking about their pension.

BUKOWSKI

Never in the history of the department have I...this is a fucking disgrace!

STAN

No, Lou -- this is a fucking war! And I'm not gonna lose it! No way! None! No, not over politics. It's always politics. Like Vietnam all over again. Nobody really wants to win this thing -- just flat out win this thing...do they?

SULLIVAN

(wearily)

You go to the Press again, White, you know what you're doing to me ...you're putting a gun to my head, Stanley...



STAN

Yeah, that's where we are -- three guys in a room with a gun to our heads.

BUKOWSKI

I can't listen to this crap no more, Stanley, I can't watch a good man piss his career down the drain like this! You never had any respect for anything, did you? First you throw away your loving wife Connie...

STAN

Shaddup, Lou -- you don't know what you're talking about.

BUKOWSKI

...and now you're turning on us 'cause you got delusions of grandeur or something -- sucking up to this Chink reporter to get your face all over the tube. What is it with you? You gone Chink on us? She do it sideways or something?

Stan explodes out of his chair, Bukowski shoots up to meet him.

STAN

(grabs him)

Take that back, Lou!

BUKOWSKI

(jerks away)

Don't touch me!!! You got no shame! Connie was the best thing you...

Stan bangs him one right in the face. Bukowski stumbles sideways, falls against the wall, absorbing the blow. Sullivan has jumped up. A moment of shock. Blood seeps down Bukowski's shirt collar.

STAN

That wasn't between cops, Lou, that was between two guys from the old neighborhood.

The tension has dissipated. Stan walks over to him, extends a hand to help him off the floor.

STAN

Sorry, Lou...

Bukowski pulls himself up. A silence. All three men now feeling very tired from the adrenaline rush.

BUKOWSKI

(rasping)

Look, I don't know why we're fighting. I love you, I love Connie, but when things aren't working at home, you start over-reacting to things on the street ...we all had flings when we were young, I'm not a prude but why don't you at least sit down with Connie and try to straighten this out, hunh...Even if you walk away, you walk away friends... because nobody's gonna care when your lyin' in your grave but Connie and me...

Stanley paces, says nothing. Bukowski paces the other side of the room, shaking the numbness from his jaw. Stan adjusts his Marine Corps tie-tack, carefully.

SULLIVAN

(conciliatory)

Well, what are you gonna do, Stanley?

STAN

(looks up)

I don't know what I'm gonna do...  
(heads for the door; turns).  
...all I know is when I give up,  
the system gives up.

He leaves. Sullivan and Bukowski share a look.

74

INT. TRACY'S LOFT - NIGHT

There's a pounding at the door that brings Tracy running across the loft in a towel, hair wet, coming from the bathtub, annoyed.

The big door swings open. Stan steps across the threshold, a broken-down suitcase and a bulging army duffle bag in one hand, some shirts and a jacket under the other arm, an exhausted demeanor.

TRACY

Who do you think you are? What are you doing with that...  
(indicating the bags)

STAN  
(dropping everything)  
Those are my Chinese books. I'm  
moving in.

TRACY  
You what?

STAN  
Did I misinterpret what you were  
saying when I was lying on top of  
you the other night?

He's eye to eye with her.

TRACY  
Fuck you!

STAN  
What is it with you Chinese, why  
don't you ever come out and say  
what you're really thinking?

She slaps him across the face, whirls and stalks toward  
her bedroom area.

TRACY  
I'm going to call Roger!

STAN  
Go ahead. I got something to  
say to him too.

He follows her up into her bedroom area.

TRACY  
Go away, will you, Stanley.  
You're cracked, you're crazy!  
You ever listen to yourself?

She reaches for the phone, dials.

STAN  
C'mon. There is no Roger, tell  
me the truth.

She hangs up, heads toward the bathroom section.  
But he follows. Relentless. Tracy swearing at him.

STAN  
(undaunted)  
You know how I know? Your eyes.  
When you talk about him. They're  
not real.

TRACY

There is a Roger!

STAN

(sits on bowl)

Then tell me what you see in  
the guy! Go on tell me!

She takes refuge in the sunken tub. Stanley following her there, his pants sinking in a foot of soapy water.

STAN

Come on, look me in the eye  
when you say it.

Tracy starts to laugh nervously, it's so outrageous a situation.

TRACY

What do I have to do, Holy God,  
to get you out of here?

STAN

Nothing! It's hopeless. Surrender!

They're both laughing now.

TRACY

Why am I laughing? I'm becoming  
a crazy like you.

They kiss. He suddenly slumps, his energy strangely dissipating. He steps out of the big tub, muttering to himself. Looks down at his wet shoes.

STAN

I think I need some sleep...Every-  
body's right, I'm chasing something  
don't even exist...I oughta stop...  
Jesus, I'm tired...

He walks over to the bed, dripping wet, flops down on it. Tracy follows, tentatively, then concerned. Stan appears emotionally drained and physically exhausted. He seems very troubled.

STAN (contd, over)

(voice worn and sorrowful)

...same thing happened in Nam --  
we lost cause you're smarter  
than us. And you can't even have  
a decent parade -- fuckin' Chinese  
parades -- they come at you from  
15 different directions...it's a  
joke.

He closes his eyes. Tracy watches for a moment, there seems to be absolutely nothing she can do. Then she tentatively touches him, leans closer.

TRACY

(softly)

Stanley, you can't stay here.  
Don't you have a friend or some-  
body I could call, a place you...

STAN

(opens eyes)

...you're the only friend I got  
left.

She sits alongside him, drawn to his hurt.

STAN

(stroking her hair)

...I just need somebody to stay  
with tonight and I don't know  
anybody. Ain't that a helluva  
note? I don't know anybody...

(realizing perhaps he  
has said too much)

God, I feel like such an asshole...

His voice progressively sadder and sleepier. She stares at his face a beat, then moved, leans down to kiss him. Very gently on the lips.

75

INT. TRACY'S LOFT - DAWN

Stanley and Tracy are entwined in an embrace from head to toe. They are both drenched in sweat; hair limp and wet. Neither of them seem able to move. The bed linen is completely demolished.

TRACY

(in a husky whisper)

You were fantastic.

STAN

I can hardly move.

TRACY

I think I love you.

Silence.

TRACY

Did you hear what I said?

Stan nods. They stare at each other.

STAN

I thought there was no Chinese  
word for love?

Stan begins disentangling himself; with exaggerated effort. Tracy gets out of bed and heads for the bath. Her legs almost crumple; she swears softly and moves gingerly. Stan watches her limp walk and admires her figure. At the door, she stops and turns to face him.

TRACY

I'm serious.

STAN

(troubled)

I know you are...

She looks at him. He avoids her look.

76      EXT. VERANDA, RIVERFRONT RESTAURANT, BANGKOK, THAILAND - DAY

On the Chao Praya River, Buddhist temples in background, Joey Tai sits with Bear Siku. Their eyes roving among the crowded other tables. We sense nothing but business going on here. CHINESE MEN in western suits chatting in earnest, sipping tea or beer, moving among the tables.

BEAR SIKU

(acridly)

...it was bad enough doing business with the old general -- that double-dealing slime -- but Ban Sung's even worse.

(chuckles)

He's got the general grovelling at his feet like a dog -- he never forgave him for blowing up his house. You lose all face by going up there to deal direct; he's got an ego like a fuckin' octopus.

TAI

I know but I don't trust his agent here...

Joey Tai's eyes wandering to an unusually big, burly Chinese with a cigar, WHITE POWDER MA, who is stepping off a longtailed boat onto the restaurant's floating dock. Following him is a bevy of businessmen. His eyes cross briefly with Joey's.

BEAR SIKU

(indicating Ma)

That motherless fuck, White Powder

(MORE)

## BEAR SIKU (contd)

Ma knows Ban Sung's got a bumper crop. 150-200 tons. Ma offered him 6000 a key plus a shipment of Kalashnikov assault rifles.

Tai's eyes on Ma who passes the table, a formal little bow.

## WHITE POWDER MA

A pleasure to meet you at last, younger brother. I must pass on my personal regrets on the death of your esteemed father-in-law, Jackie Wong...We are all poorer without his wise guidance. Even we in the Nam Soong think that whoever is responsible for assassinating him is no better than a crow that flies up the ass of a dead animal to reach the gut without work.

Close on Tai's eyes.

## WHITE POWDER MA (contd)

...we also have reason to believe this fucking crow is behind some recent problems in Toronto. But we ain't gonna worry about a crow...  
(pregnant pause)

Joey Tai keeps the anger off his face.

## TAI

Now that you've enlightened me, older brother, perhaps I can share some information of my own -- so that together we can tear the wings off this crow.

A diplomat's seductive hint of things to come. Ma picks up on it.

## TAI

...I'm leaving in the morning but it would give me great pleasure, honorable Dai Ma, to have you as my guest at dinner tonight, if you can spare the time.

Ma, his shrewd face considering.

77 EXT./INT. KITCHEN, STAN AND CONNIE'S HOUSE, GREENPOINT - NIGHT

We see the kitchen window framed from the inside. It is

open. There is the sound of ships leaving the harbor heard very faintly. Connie is standing at the window but she is so still and shrouded in shadow that at first we don't see her -- she looks down and notices black soot on the window ledge and touches it, making an imprint with her finger. Then she bends back across the sink and blows it away.

78 EXT. STAN'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

A man crosses a neighbor's yard, shoulders through the hedge, as inside, Connie picks up around the darkened kitchen. The man goes to the kitchen door, bangs furiously on glass. Alarmed, Connie backs away. Then she sees (and we see) that it is Stan. He knocks again, hard.

STAN

Open the door.

Connie makes no reply.

STAN

You heard me. Open the door.  
(rattles knob)

Silence.

STAN

What do I have to do...kick  
it in?

79 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Connie finally unlocks the door. Stands there barefoot, wrapping her light robe tighter around herself. We sense she is making a special effort to control herself.

STAN

(steps in)  
I gotta clear the air between  
us -- talk it out.

CONNIE

So talk.

A pause. Then as if to say something else he says instead:

STAN

Look, I don't know what got into  
me with this Chinese girl...I care  
about you more'n anybody else in  
the world, if you don't know that  
Connie...



CONNIE

(cuts him off sharp)

What do you want me to say? You want me to forgive you, is that what you want?

Stan is serious with her for once.

STAN

Truth is, I don't know what I want.

CONNIE

You want to marry her? You want to have babies with her?

STAN

Look, I didn't plan for things to happen this way...they just happened.

CONNIE

...and how do you think that makes me feel? It makes me feel pretty low, Stanley.

STAN

I feel pretty low myself.

CONNIE

(rising anger)

It's about time. You used me up and you burned me down, Stanley. And I was a rock. I carried the cross with you in Brooklyn and Queens. I lived in a fucking war zone with you. And now you're gonna go off and have babies with a woman 10 years younger than me? I got no pity for you. I hope you feel bad.

She starts to crack, fighting back the impulse to cry.

STAN

Can't we just let this ride for a while...let a little time pass? I need time to think...

CONNIE

(fiercely)

I don't have time, Stanley. I'm outta time! I'm 35 and sliding into 40...

STAN

So what do you want me to do --  
walk away, just like that?

CONNIE

Stanley -- it's over. Don't you  
get it? We're not playing from  
the same sheet music anymore...

(starts to cry)

Now will you get outta here 'fore  
I start crying and I don't wanna  
do that -- not in front of you.  
I got my pride...

(voice cracks)

She's crying. Stan, moved, raises his hand for an instant  
as if to touch her. Instead she moves away and goes into  
the bathroom off the hall.

80 EXT. FRONT STOOP - NIGHT

Stan comes out for a breath of fresh air, a cold beer in  
hand, popping it, drinking, casting his eyes around the  
old neighborhood, the big church at the end of the street.  
Depressed about everything he turns back inside.

81 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Connie's running water, sobbing.

STAN (O.S.)

(calling)

You okay?

CONNIE

I'm washing my face...

82 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stanley is approaching the bathroom door, contemplating  
his beer.

STAN

...look, Connie, I'd feel a whole  
lot better if you keep the house.  
Whatever's in the bank account,  
what's mine is yours...I don't  
really need the place anyway...

CONNIE (O.S.)

You never did, Stanley...

We can hear the sound of her sobbing now.

STAN

Connie, you okay?

He eyes the door knob, hesitates. As he starts to turn it, Ronnie Chang rises up behind him slipping a garotte wire around his neck.

Stan reacts instinctively, blocking the wire with the tips of his fingers. He elbows and punches the face of his shadowed assailant. A second figure now lunges at him with a knife. For several moments everything is a raging blur, Stan ferocious in action, twisting loose from the grip of the garotte wire.

83 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Connie rushes for the door.

CONNIE

(panicked)

...Stanley!

84 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Connie bursts into the hallway, she opens her mouth to scream. Ronnie spins on her fast plunging the wire around her neck, cutting off all sound. She's gurgling, choking on wire, kicking with her bare feet being dragged back into the bathroom as:

Stan, struggling to get her, kicks the second Chinese assailant in the groin, the man's fingers dig into his eyes, Stan getting hold of a chair and smashing the assassin down. The killer is no match for him.

Stanley gets to his Magnum. Just as the large figure comes at him with his knife, Stanley pumps three rounds into him, crashing down with the body on top of him. Stan rolls up. But a beat too late. Ronnie crashes out through the front door onto the stoop.

Stanley standing there in silence, panting, still wild with fight. He lurches for the bathroom. Blood spattered everywhere.

85 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bukowski running from his house down the block, mouthful of food, Invicta riot gun in hand...

86 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stanley's eyes horrified on Connie.

Extreme close up on Connie -- lying on the floor. Dead.

Stan cannot howl or make any sound, it is not just that he is out of breath -- he is empty from his great effort and too full of grief to speak. Remembering he lunges for the front door.

87 EXT. MILTON STREET - NIGHT

Ronnie Chang, blood running from his face, curses and steps on the gas, shooting his car forward, and firing a volley back at Stan's front door.

Stan flinches from the shower of splinters bursting around him. As he raises his weapon --

BUKOWSKI

(shouting)

What the hell are you doing?

He is running full out.

STAN

(frenzied)

They got Connie!!!

He squeezes off two shots at Ronnie's car.

Ronnie shudders, hit through the neck and the head the bullets smash the windshield into a myriad of cracks obscuring the road. He loses control, his car squealing down a side street, bursting iron rails, sailing into a tugboat moored along the dock and explodes like a bomb.

Stan rushes toward the flames. Bukowski screaming at him, grabbing him. Stan tears free, lunges over the torn railing, jumps down into the flames. His outline is completely black.

Bukowski watching awed, as Stan climbs back up through the flames, Ronnie slung over his shoulder both of them smoking.

BUKOWSKI

Are you crazy!

STAN

(dumps him)

He's evidence!

BUKOWSKI

He's dead!!!

There is a second explosion as the boat's tanks ignite over the sound of oncoming fire engines. Bukowski ducks.

Stan looks at the corpse, realizing -- the full effect of Connie's death now coming into his face.

88      EXT. MOVING VIEW, RANGE ROVER, DIPT ROAD, JUNGLE, BURMESE BORDER - DAWN

In the cold sunlight before sunup, Joey Tai sits in the passenger seat, impassive as the wind mussing his hair, Bear Siku drives. A bumpy dusty road. They're already covered in dust and grime.

Past a high lake. FISHERMEN stand one-legged like storks on long flat barques, poling themselves with their other legs, manipulating their nets.

89      EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The range rover bumps to a stop at the edge of a small river, which is at the bottom of a deep gorge, trees as tall as towers all around them.

Joey climbs out. Bear Siku looking around warily. Joey strips down, wades into the river. The sound of rushing water, sounds of the jungle. Suddenly Bear Siku snaps around, reaching for his gun, freezes in the middle of his move.

Joey looks up and sees -- everywhere around them -- Ban Sung's SOLDIERS, a motely assortment of weapons levelled at them. An OFFICER comes down the stream on horseback towards Joey.

90      EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

We see, dwarfed by distance and altitude, Ban Sung's camp on a mountain top across the border in Burma.

91      EXT. BAN SUNG CAMP, BURMA - DAY

From the mountain top, we are now looking down a very steep, narrow horse trail, horses approaching.

92      EXT. BAN SUNG CAMP, BURMA - DAY

The camp looks like any other high mountain village except for a field with hundreds of horses and pack mules and hundreds of armed SOLDIERS busy around the camp, now looking as BAN SUNG -- with FIVE OFFICERS in uniform trailing him with AK-47's and M-16's casually hung over their shoulders -- walks onto centerground, waits. His face is a track of hardness, big, strong, peasant stock, along the lines of a young Mao Tse Tung, in a uniform of his own devise. The essence of a Chinese warlord.

His point of view. His horse soldiers ride into the village clearing, preceding Bear Siku, looking dusty and sweaty from the climb. A pause. Ban Sung puzzled. Then we see Joey Tai ride over the rise into view -- dressed to the nines like a New York fashion plate. Tie, white suit, white shirt, polished shoes, face washed, spotless from head to toe as if he had just flown in for a meeting of the board.

Ban Sung's jaw drops. As do the five others who mutter in amazement. For the first time since we have met him, Bear Siku smiles for a moment -- but only a moment. Joey Tai approaches, Ban Sung's soldiers falling in alongside him from all directions. Joey reins up, dismounts.

TAI

An honor and a pleasure to see you again, General. Time looks like it's been good to you.

BAN SUNG

(recovering)

And to you too, honorable cousin. The last time -- as I remember -- both of us were taking orders.

His eyes and ears tuned to every nuance in Joey's voice.

TAI

And now we give them. And how is the health of our old friend, the great Sao Mong Khawn, who paved the golden road of our success together?

Making a point not lost on Ban Sung who smiles, up to something, the smile a cruel one, the brusque manner of a peasant.

BAN SUNG

Truly he is one of the great ones. He will be happy to see you, Go Joey. I think so. Come, I think we'll surprise him.

INT. STRAW SHACK - DAY

The two leaders and the five accompanying men enter a small shack made of wattles and straw. All eyes turn, smirking, on Joey Tai as he sees his old friend -- A SHRIVELLED OLD MAN, a toothless grin at nothing, sitting alone in the dark. Joey Tai is angered by this sight, the feeling almost perfectly suppressed, only his eyes suggest that he has been hit, but it is enough for Ban Sung to read him.

BAN SUNG

Perhaps the General doesn't recognize you...The General likes heroin in his soup. It keeps him happy. Thank all gods, he feels no pain...

The Old Man laughs idiotically and the chorus of men join in the laughter. At Joey Tai and his revered relationship with the General. Ban Sung doesn't have to laugh, as he steps back into the sunlight. Tai steps out.

BAN SUNG

Come.

94      EXT. SHADED PAVILION - DAY

They're eating. Ban Sung at one end, Joey Tai at the other, their men in between, passing around new videotapes of American movies that Tai has brought them, eating and nodding over the titles. Roast pork, fishes, Coca-Colas, beers, whiskey bottles. In large quantities. In background we notice a color television showing one of the taped American movies. Eating sounds. Ban Sung fondling a Soviet Kalashnikov.

BAN SUNG

A Kalashnikov -- best rifle ever made. The Russians used to give them to us to fight the Burmese but now it's hard to get. They want dollars. Everybody wants dollars. One bullet -- by the time it gets to me -- costs me one American dollar.

TAI

Dollars are like small fish -- difficult to catch and not to be thrown back except as bait for something bigger. I'll make it 4500 a kilo.

BAN SUNG

(laughs)

...you give me 6500 and I'll refine it to Number 4 right here, myself. You'll have 200 keys in Bangkok in two weeks.

Joey Tai eats some more, deliberating. A SOLDIER comes in, whispers something in Ban Sung's ear.

BAN SUNG

(to Soldier in Chinese)

...show him in now.

(Soldier goes)

TAI

You know we can't control the quality unless we refine it to stage 4 ourselves, we've always bought stage 3 from you.

BAN SUNG

You don't think my Dragon Pearl is good! I have the best chemist in the world -- better than your people in Hong Kong. Lin Shin Sao!

Pointing to him.

TAI

Maybe -- but then we would be forced to unemploy our chemists. We...

The Old General is suddenly kicked into the room, his hands bound behind his back, a scared old man, he falls to his knees and in some jibberish begs for his life from Ban Sung who pointedly ignores him, continues to eat.

Joey Tai, watching this with his eyes over the rice bowl as he continues to eat at a typically Chinese pace -- wondering what the game is going to be this time around.

Ban Sung looks at Joey Tai who shows only indifference, smiles -- passes his weapon down the table, pointing with his chin. Man by man passing it down.

BAN SUNG

(to Tai)

Go Joey, I offer you the chance of putting your old friend out of his misery -- he was going to betray us to the Americans.

(to Soldier)

Hold him!

The Soldier grabs the old man and forces him to kneel alongside Joey Tai who continues to eat, still saying nothing. Everybody watching him. Bear Siku tensed for action.

As the gun is placed in front of Joey, he finally puts the rice bowl down, takes the gun and casually levels it



point blank at the cringing old man's head. The old man pleads for mercy, burping with fear.

But then Joey Tai suddenly puts the gun back down on the table.

TAI

You don't have the bullets to spare. Each bullet can kill one Burmese soldier.

Ban Sung smiles warily.

BAN SUNG

Then you don't have to use a gun...

He casts a look and two soldiers start dragging the helpless general toward a massive bamboo stake. The old man is to be clubbed to death, waiting in stark terror. A soldier presents Joey with a club.

TAI

(to Ban Sung)

I'll buy him from you...Five thousand dollars.

Surprised looks and words all along the table. Ban Sung looking at Joey hard. Unaccustomed as he is to resistance of any kind, his mind works slowly, confused.

BAN SUNG

Buy?

TAI

U.S. Dollars. Cash. Now.

BAN SUNG

Why?

TAI

(shrugs)

Why not?

Making his point, he peels out his billfold, starts counting out hundred dollar bills. Ban Sung looking at it. The terrified old man open-mouthed. Silence.

BAN SUNG

(grumbles)

...if you think this shit-faced old worm is worth 5,000 dollars -- you can have him.

Laughs raucously. The others laugh along, even Bear Siku laughs, in release of tension. But Joey Tai only smiles.

TAI  
(unperturbed)  
Good.  
(to Soldier)  
Take him out.

Bear Siku passes the money down the table.

TAI  
The food's been good and your hospitality has left an impression, General, but time is pressing and I must be in Hong Kong before the banks close on Friday. My final offer is 4900 a key for Number 3 Dragon Pearl. I'll take 200 kilos deliverable in Bangkok early next week. Another 800 kilos over the next 3 months...Beyond that I'm not prepared to go,

Ban Sung scoffs at the offer.

BAN SUNG  
White Powder Ma's offer makes yours insignificant.

TAI  
(hot)  
Piss on him! Nam Soong Triad is dog shit, littering the streets -- they'll be extinct in 2 years.

Ban Sung chortles at this sudden expression of emotion. Showing his true feeling, Joey Tai has lost some face.

BAN SUNG  
(cooly)  
I think perhaps I put my money on White Powder Ma. I think so.

A murmur from the men around the table. A clear signal negotiations are broken off. Joey Tai smiles and calmly reaches under his chair.

TAI  
I think White Powder Ma will be pleased to hear this. Tell him yourself, General.

He empties the cloth sack. The decapitated head, bruised and bloody with matted hair, and the two hands of White Powder Ma roll out on the table alongside the meats. The grinning fat jowls of the head immediately recognizable to the horrified cabal of bandits.

Ban Sung has been hit a hard blow to his ego. He is angered and shocked and silent, the eyes of the others looking to Joey Tai with renewed respect for his greater cruelty.

TAI

...My gift to Ban Sung -- in honor of our association. Let no motherless fuck ever raise his hand between us again...

Immediate signals of approval and assent fly from the lips of the bandits as we settle on Ban Sung, judging the reaction of his men. He too looks back at Joey Tai with wary laughter breaking from his mouth.

95

INT. ST. STANISLAUS, GREENPOINT - DAY

Twelve thousand miles away, in a brightly lit old church in Greenpoint, A CATHOLIC PRIEST -- about Stan's age -- is intoning a prayer. Sullivan gives Stan a reproachful glance as he and Bukowski and Bukowski's wife move through the CROWD OF MOSTLY COPS in full dress uniform, a few MARINES and OLD NEIGHBORHOOD FRIENDS. They shake his hand murmuring timeworn condolences with pronounced Brooklyn accents, some in Polish as he searches for Tracy's face in the crush of reporters and news crews jostling for position in the entrance beyond the police barricades. Suddenly --

Tracy's there, with her crew, the camera slowly zooming in on him. He looks to her, desolate. She meets his look, compassionate but compelled to record his grief, watching the enlarging face of Stanley on the video monitor.

He appears too emotionally drained and physically exhausted to react. Each breath an effort as if the air had suddenly thinned too much for him to breathe.

Unable to stand it, Tracy looks away. As --

The room is filling up. Down front the first row of seats is taken by UNIFORMED DEPARTMENTAL BRASS. Bukowski seeing the look between Stan and Tracy, pushes to him, starts to shake his hand, but overcome with grief, embraces him. The two men hug each other for a moment. We sense the enormous effort they are making to control their emotions. Then Stan leads Bukowski to the front where they genuflect together briefly before the bank of flowers.

Connie is laid out -- hair back -- very little make-up, white dress, wild flowers in her hair and her hands. She looks radiant and beautiful.

Stan rises and rearranges a stray flower in her hair. Bukowski clears his throat, rubbing tears out of the corners of his eyes. Stan turns, and as he does, the sight of his friend crying, cracks his composure. He turns away to greet another mourner so that Bukowski cannot see him. Just then his attention is caught by a commotion at the door.

A Chinese man is struggling with Rizzo and other cops to get in. Stan motions to Rizzo, who lets the man pass.

It is Tony, the old Chinese man from the soybean cellar. He is coming toward Stan, wearing an ancient suit and tie. The emotion in Stan is so strong, he has to cough as Tony approaches and shakes his hand. Stan almost bows to him.

Tracy noting it, puzzled.

Stan straightens meeting Tony's look. The dignity in his tough old face is finally too much for Stan to bear. He abruptly turns away and pushes out through the crowd. Tracy watching him go. Her face full of conflicting emotions.

96

EXT./INT. RANGE ROVER, BURMA - DAY

As Joey Tai, driving now, makes his way back into the Thai jungle away from the Burmese Mountain Encampment of Ban Sung -- Bear Siku alongside. Between them, lurching, from side to side, is the still terrified old general. He blinks his eyes rapidly at Joey, his mouth opens, he barely manages to speak. Heroin withdrawal symptoms wracking his shuddering body.

OLD GENERAL

I am...forever in...your debt,  
honed Lord. I owe you my life  
...Bless all gods.

Joey Tai looks at him, accelerates the range rover.

TAI

(cold)  
Fuck all gods. You owe me a  
twenty percent increase on the  
old price of opium.

The Old General bouncing around like a cheap float in a rough sea, Joey looks at Bear Siku who grabs the old man and throws him out of the speeding range rover. The Old General bounces down the hillside like garbage.

97 INT. GREENPOINT Diner - NIGHT (RAIN)

In a cramped, neon lit bar-section of a diner, Stanley and Bukowski sip dismally at their drinks. The two of them look like worn out survivors of some terrible struggle. In their raincoats with the backdrop of the diner and the COOK and the WAITRESS, they look like two forlorn figures in an Edward Hopper painting.

BUKOWSKI

...if it makes you feel any better, she said it wasn't just that Chinese girl. Connie was a bigger person than that. She knew, Stanley. She knew what was gonna happen...you shoulda listened to her once in a while.

STAN

You were talking to Connie behind my back, Lou?

BUKOWSKI

Yeah, I was talking to Connie behind your back. I know Connie even longer than you -- why shouldn't I talk to her if I want to...

STAN

You and I don't agree on anything anymore...

BUKOWSKI

That's your problem, Stanley. You're fighting the whole world all the time. I'm sick and tired of Vietman as an excuse for everything you guys do. You act like everybody in World War II and Korea came home to a picnic. Well it wasn't! We lost 50 thousand men in Korea too. We came back and nobody gave a shit either! But we fitted in. Why can't you fit in -- what is it that's so different?

STAN

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

BUKOWSKI

You know what I'm talking about! I know you're not one of them belly-aching professional Vietnam veterans

(MORE)

BUKOWSKI (contd)

who's making a career out of piss-  
ing and groaning about the war,  
you made something out of yourself  
but you're still acting like you're  
on a fuckin' crusade, Stanley. You  
think you got the right to trample  
over anything and everything. We  
got an arrangement -- a treaty --  
with these Chinese and however  
tarnished it is, it works! Life is  
arrangement, Stanley, life is gett-  
ing along, that's why this neighbor-  
hood is what it is, that's why 8  
million people every day in this  
city...

Stanley gets up in the middle of it, puts a few dollars  
down on the table, a definite gesture.

STAN

(cuts him off)

I don't want to argue with you  
anymore, Lou, honest...

He pauses, bends over, kisses Bukowski.

STAN

Take care of yourself.

He walks out, the weight of desolation on him.

BUKOWSKI

(as Stan goes)

You need anything, you call  
me, you hear? You want a bed,  
there's always a bed at my  
place...

STAN

(turns)

Thanks --

98 INT. CUSTOMS, INT'L ARRIVALS BUILDING, JFK - DAY

Herbert Kwong watches from a phone booth as Joey Tai  
and Bear Siku emerge from Customs with a small briefcase,  
his eyes going to Tracy and her CAMERA CREW as they  
advance on Joey.

Joey sees them, looks for a fast exit somewhere, sees  
none. So he brazens it out, Tracy coming at him in an  
obviously combative mood, mincing no words.

TRACY

Mister Tai, people in Chinatown are saying Ronnie Chang was your protege and his involvement in the murder last month of Captain White's wife implicates you. Do you have a comment?

TAI

Of course that was a terrible tragedy but I hardly knew Ronnie Chang. Ronnie Chang represents much of what is bad in Chinatown and we are trying hard to get rid of this element.

He strides away.

TRACY

(following)

Mister Tai -- my sources say you just returned from Bangkok. Was there a business purpose for this trip?

TAI

(pause)

I have interests there. I import foods from the Far East. I also have a company that distributes films in Thailand. Why do you ask?

TRACY

And would this business take you into the jungle 500 miles north of Bangkok -- to meet with a reputed drug lord by the name of Ban Sung?

This is territory he never expected from her. His eyes flicking to the camera, wanting to cancel the interview, but he thinks better of it. He continues walking out the exit. Tracy right behind.

99      EXT. INT'L ARRIVALS BUILDING, JFK - DAY

Joey looks at Tracy coming alongside.

TAT

(quietly)

Do you know there are ethical boundaries, Miss Tzu -- even for the Press?

TRACY

(ignoring)

...then does the name "White Powder Ma" ring a bell?

His look. Poison. He walks past camera. She follows. He gets into a car, Bear Siku blocking the Cameraman from any further filming.

TRACY

All right, cut it.

Joey Tai eyeing her from the backseat. Quiet venomous eyes. Like a King Cobra. The window rolls down.

TAI

I know your sources, Miss Tzu -- and I'm going to raise the issue with your legal department...

100      INT. TRACY'S LOFT - DAY

Tracy's loft has been transformed into a clandestine command post. Ashtrays filled, food plates and bottles strewn about. Stan's papers and notes are everywhere, stuck to Tracy's \$25,000 Infinity speakers, his books all over the place. He's on one phone, looking haggard, worn. Rizzo on another phone simultaneously typing out a letter on a portable. Herbert Kwong walks in with a new batch of pictures and notes, sorts them out. Spread all over the floor in front of Stan are photos of Joey Tai, Ronnie Chang and other Chinese faces.

STAN

(into phone)

I don't give a shit! I got that new lady District Attorney behind me on this now...I don't care. You think the NYPD is ever gonna lift a finger for me!...no, I'm not gonna tell you where I am. I'm gonna make this case with the DEA, Customs and Immigration if I have to!

Slams receiver down, furious.

STAN

(to Rizzo)

Goddamn Internal Affairs is sniffing around again. I bet it's that fuck Kearny. Get me Scappy Peck over at Customs. He owes me a few favors.



Phones ringing. Tracy walks in, still in her interview clothes, briefcase in hand, furious -- flabbergasted.

STAN

(fierce)

What'd the son-of-a-bitch say  
when you hit him with White  
Powder Ma?...

TRACY

(waving her hands)

What is all this? What's happened?

STAN

(grins)

I can't work in my office anymore.  
The walls have ears...

TRACY

I let you use the place but this  
is ridiculous! You get off the  
phone and get these people out of  
here. Right now!

RIZZO

Scappy Peck's on the line.

TRACY

No! No more calls! Look at this  
place! Give you an inch and  
you take a mile. You don't even  
say thank you. You get these  
people outta here, Stanley. I  
mean it!

STAN

So do I! -- I don't have time to  
write thank-you notes. I'm going  
for Joey Tai's throat -- and  
nobody's gonna stop me! Don't  
break my balls, just hang in  
with this a little longer, you'll  
be famous, that's what you want,  
isn't it?

TRACY

(fairly screaming)

You ungrateful overbearing self-  
centered son-of-a-bitch, you...

STAN

That's it, let me hear it, ignorant  
Polack.

TRACY  
Everybody get out!

She stalks out of the room upstairs to her bedroom area. Herbert, his body sagging with fatigue, manages to heehaw at Stan.

STAN  
What's so funny?

KWONG  
You drive everybody crazy, Captain. Not just me. But she aristocrat, you can't push her around too easy.

STAN  
What do you mean "aristocrat"?

KWONG  
She from north. Mandarin. They like that.

STAN  
(to Rizzo, a sidelong glance to Kwong)  
Call Wainright back...Okay, look, this is all bullshit. We're not getting anymore. That dope is somewhere between here and Thailand and it's on the move. We gotta get a tap into Joey's office at his restaurant.

RIZZO  
A white face'd never get in there.

Stan turning his gaze on Kwong who immediately shakes his head.

KWONG  
Impossible, Captain.

STAN  
Oh come on, Herbert -- you could get in there as a busboy or something. It'd be your last job. After that, plenty of sleep, paid time off, promotion...

KWONG  
No way, Captain.

STAN

(derisively)

Tough kid from Kwangtung? The kid whose ancestors used to hang in baskets in the Sierras poking dynamite sticks in cliff faces -- all I'm asking you to do is be a fly on the wall. Your ancestors are probably rolling in their graves.

Herbert more and more agitated, blinking, exhausted from weeks of nonstop pushing by Stan, finally blows.

KWONG

Goddamn bullshit, Captain! You pushing too much. I no slave. I give up security job. I give up chauffeur job. I send less money home, I tired all the time, I don't eat too right, I getting sick, I die, I fucked, my family fucked! For what!

STAN

For what!

KWONG

You don't care nothing for people. You make us all die for you -- and let me tell you something. When your ancestors were scrabbling for coal in Poland, the Chinese were sailing ships across the Pacific.

STAN

What do you know about my ancestors?

KWONG

What do you know about mine? We were the traders, shipbuilders, explorers. We taught you agriculture, we gave you the orange, the grape, your irrigation system, we dug your gold and silver, Stanley. We taught you how to fish and still we were barred from American citizenship. We worked so hard to build your railroads that when our opium didn't come on time we were so desperate we'd help each other kill ourselves. But I'm not going to kill myself for you, Captain White. I'm not Chinaman Joe anymore. Those day are over!

He walks out of the room, quietly, with dignity. The door closes behind him. A pause. Rizzo and Stan looking at each other. Stan subdued. Then he says with a humor he does not feel.

STAN

He'll be back. He loves me.

RIZZO

Look, Stan, that kid's pushing the limit, maybe you should take him off the case, there's never been an undercover lasted more'n a month in Chinatown.

STAN

Don't kid yourself, that kid's tough as nails. I'll make it up to him.

Tracy suddenly comes to the edge of the balcony and throws a huge bag of laundry down.

TRACY

...and I'm not a Chinese laundry!  
And I'll never be a housewife!  
Never...I want them out, Stanley!  
NOW or I'm calling Roger!

STAN

You don't have to! He already called. I talked to him!

TRACY

You talked to Roger?

STAN

Yeah, I told him you were tied up the next few weeks.

She whirls around, slams the door. A silence.

RIZZO

...you spread sunshine wherever you go, Captain.

STAN

(at some level serious)  
I'd like to be a nice guy, but I don't know how to be nice.

101 INT. JOEY TAI'S RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

The SUB-CHEF motions to a dismal looking Herbert Kwong

in greasy work clothes over to a giant vat of spare ribs where two scrawny washed out MEN work at basting them. Herbert pausing to catch a glimpse of:

Joey Tai and three elders, Harry Yung, Fred Hung and Milton Bin move from the dinner table to Tai's office. The door closes.

102 INT. WIRETAP WALK-UP - NIGHT

The tape's whirring. Moving to Stan, Rizzo and the Nuns, making notes quickly and listening intently. Men, whose voices we can recognize speak Hakka softly but tough. The tone is hot and heavy, filled with recrimination. Subtitles flash across the screen.

HUNG (O.S.)

...this interview is awkward, very awkward. Publicity can only embarrass all of us. What's next? Our faces in the white newspapers?

BIN (O.S.)

How this reporter found out about Thailand is a serious question. It worries me that the Nam Soong are very upset about White Powder Ma!

HUNG (O.S.)

...and our old friends, the Italians are angry.

103 INT. JOEY TAI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Now we see Harry Yung and the other men sitting around with Joey Tai, wreathed in cigarette smoke, Joey Tai, calm but angry. We continue to subtitle:

YUNG

(lifting chin to Tai)  
It was a very serious mistake to make that attack on this policeman and not succeed. I think our younger cousin has overemphasized the Thailand end of the business -- at the risk of endangering all our other enterprises.

TAI

(voice almost rising to anger)  
With great risk comes great  
(MORE)

TAI (contd)  
 reward, Uncle Yung. What I am  
 hearing in this room is the  
 cackling of crows.

There is visible consternation among all present.

TAI  
 Our friends in Toronto are a small  
 bunch of adventurers who can be  
 dealt with. The Italians are a  
 separate issue and you'll see --  
 they'll do business once we start  
 moving with our new friends. The  
 stink in the Press is coming from  
 this shit Captain and like any  
 fly's bite on an elephant's ass,  
 he too can be dealt with...

104 INT. WIRETAP WALK-UP - NIGHT

On Stanley trying to read over Sister Theodosia's shoulder  
 as she makes quick notes on paper. Subtitles tell us  
 what she's writing.

TAI (O.S.)  
 ...The new shipment arrived in  
 Bangkok Tuesday, and it was in  
 Amsterdam by Saturday. No problems.  
 I spoke to our chemist in Hong  
 Kong and he guarantees us one  
 load every two weeks, the finest  
 quality yet. It took Jackie Wong  
 a year to make what I'm going to  
 make for all of us in 3 months --

We hear murmurs around the table. The speech has been  
 effective.

HUNG (O.S.)  
 ...and when is it due in New York?

TAI (O.S.)  
 Less than a week. Our new friends  
 will have the balance of the  
 payment in our banks by...next  
 Monday. How much faster can you  
 go than that?

We hear approving sounds.

YUNG (O.S.)  
 It might be wiser considering  
 the dangers if you did not take  
 (MORE)

YUNG (O.S.)  
 delivery at this time. Perhaps  
 in a month...

TAI (O.S.)  
 (contemptuously)  
 I cannot agree. To send it back  
 to Holland would only compound  
 the risks, honorable uncle, I have  
 complete confidence in our couriers.

HUNG (O.S.)  
 I assume we're working with Rising  
 Sun Lines?

TAI (O.S.)  
 No, it's a new courier. One of  
 my own choosing. I think for your  
 own protection it's best if...

There's a knock at the door on the tape. Tai's voice  
 cuts back. Stan's frustrated, clenches and swears. A  
 whispering. Bear Siku's voice.

TAI (O.S.)  
 Excuse me...

STAN  
 Oh shit -- the ship! The goddamn  
 ship!

A pause on tape. Shuffling bodies, doors.

105 EXT. JOEY TAI'S RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

A nervous Herbert Kwong, on a cigarette break, edges to  
 the lip of the rear alley behind the kitchen watching --  
 with stunned surprise -- as Joey Tai talks with a man  
 just outside the door. He is recognizable as Perez.

Herbert hesitates, then intersects them carrying some  
 garbage out, overhearing a snatch of conversation.

PEREZ  
 (low)  
 White has a wire in your office.

TAI  
 (stunned)  
 How! Who?

PEREZ  
 I don't know, but I'll find out.  
 (goes)

Herbert empties garbage, making enough noise so that he doesn't attract attention. Joey calls Perez back.

TAI

Perez -- I don't want anything to go wrong with this shipment, it's important to me.

PEREZ

Don't worry --

TAI

I want you at the Pier.

PEREZ

All right. Where?

TAI

The "Kazimierz Pulaski." Polish. It docks Tuesday. Pier 11.

PEREZ

...I'll be there.

He goes. Tai watches him go, his eyes briefly flickering over Herbert, his head practically buried in the garbage. Tai turns back inside.

106 INT. JOEY TAI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The staff -- waiters, washers, cooks -- have all been assembled in the kitchen area, jammed to one side -- Herbert Kwong in the middle of 30 faces wreathed in steam.

Joey Tai with Bear Siku and the MANAGER of the restaurant, walks down a line of faces, looking at each face.

Kwong tries to look down but when he looks up he sees Joey Tai's eyes on him. They move past him. Kwong is sweating, almost pissing in his pants.

Joey steps back, consults with the Manager.

Herbert Kwong looks over again -- reluctant.

Sure enough, Joey Tai's eyes are on him. He knows right away he's in trouble, looks away.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

All right. Back to work, let's go.

They break up -- Herbert Kwong wondering.



## 107 EXT. JOEY TAI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Herbert Kwong, finished for the evening, slips out of the service entrance, checks the street. Normal. Walks nervously past the head of the thinker in Confucius Square, glancing behind him.

Herbert Kwong continues to walk. His eyes alert, going now to his destination -- the walk-up apartment over on Bowery where Stan waits.

He stops at a red light, looking around. A cab roars by. The lone passenger inside, a CHINESE WOMAN, looking out at him with a startled expression. Herbert sees a reflection glancing off the window of the cab and spins. A very punk-looking Jade Cobra is standing there. A bullet takes Herbert through the face as he turns. He staggers and runs, throwing up his elbow.

The Jade Cobra -- who we recognize as Chia, the boy Ronnie Chang ordered to execute one of the Pei Brothers, fires off another round, smashing into his upraised elbow.

Herbert Kwong tears across the avenue, Chia chasing him pumping out bullets as he runs.

Kwong is hit again and again but keeps running like mad yelling for help.

## 108 INT. WIRETAP WALK-UP - NIGHT

Stan hears the screams the same time as the others.

SISTER 1

Captain!

He's already tearing out of there.

## 109 EXT. BOWERY - NIGHT

Herbert Kwong goes down in a cluster of tin garbage cans and plastic bags.

Chia scooting away, across the wide street.

Stanley tearing out of the building.

STAN

Hey! Hey!

Chia runs off, through an alley, vanishing. Stan running fullout cuts across traffic. Sees Herbert Kwong trying to crawl. His eyes bugged out, legs unable to move;

clawing at the pavement with his hands and elbows. His spinal cord hit.

STAN

Oh shit! Shit! Shit!

Runs to him. Kwong's going fast, hit maybe five times, the first one having turned his face into a bath of blood. His eyes wide as saucers. Two question marks. As Stan lifts him off the pavement.

KWONG

(furious)

Look at my jacket -- it cost me 200 dollar...

Rizzo runs up with his gun drawn. Heaving for breath.

RIZZO

(yelling up at nuns  
in wiretap window)

Get Beekman! Jesus Christ,  
Stan, Jesus.

Herbert is in deep pain, fighting for air, confused, stunned, muttering incomprehensible things. The nuns run up, shocked.

STAN

Take it easy, kid, take it easy,  
you're gonna make it, just take  
it easy!

(staunching the blood)

KWONG

(focused again)

No way...All over...I fuck up...

STAN

Bullshit! You're one of the  
best fucking cops I ever worked  
with, kid! I'm proud as hell  
of you!

KWONG

Joey talks to man about ship...  
(fading)

STAN

(pumping him)

What ship! What man!

KWONG

ll...ll...

STAN

What!

KWONG

Dock...

He throws up. His face grey.

SISTER 1

Oh my dear God in Heaven.

STAN

Herbert -- the name of the ship.

KWONG

Kazimer Polki...

He gurgles something in Chinese, struggling for a life which now goes out of him in a rattling of his entire body.

STAN

(deadly look, to Rizzo)

Find Joey Tai!

110 EXT. TRACY'S LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

Tracy steps out of a cab, crosses to her entryway. Noticing one flashy, punk-looking CHINESE TEENAGER smoking a cigarette nearby.

111 INT. TRACY'S BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Tracy presses the elevator button. The Chinese kid comes in quickly after her. She's nervous. An atmosphere of pounce. The door opens. Tracy steps in. He steps in. As the elevator starts to close, he stops it with his arm. It bangs noisily and repeatedly.

Tracy waiting. Her stomach churning. Sure enough, ANOTHER KID appears in the entryway -- and steps in with her. The doors close.

112 INT. TRACY'S FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Tracy's alone with the two of them, terrified but desperately trying to keep the fear off her face. They smoke cigarettes and press against her in the narrow elevator. Their eyes. Her eyes. She says nothing. But the fear builds and builds in her eyes. They're speaking to each other in Chinese, laughing.

The elevator door opens. She has to force her way out --

though the boys do nothing actually to restrain her.

## 113 INT. TRACY'S LOFT - NIGHT

Tracy hurries into her loft, turning to see if they follow. They don't. The big freight door closes behind her. She rushes to lock all locks.

Exhausted with tension, she stumbles back over her high heeled shoes on the floor. She steadies herself, goes into her bathroom and starts to run a bath. A sound freezes her. She races across the floor of the loft.

Listens at the door to the freight elevator. Silence. She double checks locks, her heart in her mouth, she whirls around. What starts as a scream ends as a tiny animal-like whimper. Yet one more CHINESE TOUGH is there staring unblinking at her nakedness. In his hand a razor knife.

TRACY

(terrified, mind racing)

Please don't hurt me...I'll let you do what you want.

Silence.

TRACY

Don't hurt me please. I won't give you any trouble. I promise, I won't scream...

(tears coming)

I won't. I promise...

(in Chinese)

...please...

Just then a loud grating of metal on metal. In the background we see the freight door slide open as the other two boys come in now spreading across the loft. Tracy can no longer speak or think. Her mind goes numb.

## 114 INT. THE CAT CLUB, TRIBECA DISTRICT, NEW YORK - LATE NIGHT

Stanley storms into the crowded late-night club, a predominantly CHINESE PUNK CROWD hanging around with that seedy just-before dawn look as a HONG KONG PUNK BAND wails out some earsplitting lyrics. The club and its denizens have the air of something out of science fiction.

Stan walks by Rizzo who points with his chin in the direction of Joey Tai who's speaking to the MANAGER of the Club, then moves over to a table full of Jade Cobras with their chicks, all tricked up like whores from outer space, drinking brandy and cokes.

Stan signalling Rizzo to keep an eye out, walks over to Joey and the Cobras.

They all look at him surprised. Joey looks up startled, forces a semblance of a smile. Everybody at the table is tense, seeing the bloodlust in Stan.

STAN

You and me gonna have a little talk. About Herbert Kwong. Let's go...

Stan grabs him out of the chair, jerks him to his feet.

All the kids come out of their chairs, Tai motioning for them to stay put.

Stan walks him towards the bathroom, Rizzo covering him nervous as hell.

A CHINESE CHICK WITH FLAMING RED HAIR watches. Joey gives her a dead pan look as Stan pushes him in the direction of the bathroom. She moves towards it.

115 INT. CAT CLUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Inside the huge toilet, which is unisexual with GUYS and GIRLS floating in and out, smoking dust and doing coke, along the bathtub-shaped urinals, Stanley shoves Joey into a stall. There are FIVE or SIX TRENDIES in the stall snorting coke. Stan pushes Joey into another stall... two CHICKS freebasing there. Stan slams Joey into yet another stall, bangs the door shut. You have to strain to hear Stan shouting over the music even here.

STAN

Come on, Joey...start hollering about how I'm gonna beat the shit out of you!

He punches him full in the face, Joey flies back hurt. Stan is all over him, filled with the desire for revenge.

STAN

Come on, press charges! I'm begging you.

Another punch. Another. Joey freaking, his nose broken.

STAN

Come on, call a cop! Let's go to court...

Another punch. Rizzo is on him now.

RIZZO

Come on, Captain, don't blow it  
now!

STAN

Get outta the way!

Punches Joey again. Rizzo yanks him off.

RIZZO

Captain, No!

At that moment, the door of the stall slams open. The Red Haired Chick is there, a piece trained on Stan, gets off the first shot tearing a hole through the wood of the door and catching Stanley, off balance, through the side of the neck -- grazing him and spinning him. The second shot takes Rizzo through the side. Commotion in the tiny stall, bodies falling over each other.

Stanley, recovering, fires off a series at Red Hair who sprints out of there. Stanley chases her out of the stall. Hysteria. Everyone trying to get out at the same time. Some of them hit the floor -- others running back into stalls for cover.

116     INT. CAT CLUB, DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The Red Haired Chick flies out of the bathroom door, followed several beats later by Stan, who tries to fire, but doesn't -- too many people around. Stan rams into the pulsating mass of DANCERS on the floor, elbowing and butting his way through them. The music is so loud, most people don't notice.

As Red Hair breaks free running up the stairs of the club. Stan lurches to the bottom of them, fires. Other CHICKS around the door screaming.

The round takes Red Hair in the hamstring but she keeps going, out of the club. A small crowd bursts into the street -- watching.

Meanwhile Joey holding his face, slips out with the crowd.

Rizzo is wounded, but okay, a crowd attending him.

117     EXT. CAT CLUB, CHAMBERS STREET - NIGHT

Stan, his face a mask of rage and blood, is running, dodging traffic. Red Hair fires a wild round at the pursuing figure of Stan who fires another shot and hits her in the chest...she still doesn't go down. She runs

into the back door of a boxing gym, runs through and out between cars in the middle of the street, firing another shot at Stan. Stan blasts her again -- she finally goes down. Skidding, sliding across traffic. Cars veering all over the place. Horns blowing. A sickening thud as Red Hair carooms off the side of a speeding cab flipping onto her back. Lies still.

Stan walks over, breath rasping in his lungs, leans down, eyes close to Red Hair, lips close to her ear -- under the street sounds, the dream-like commotion of an EMERGENCY AMBULANCE CREW arriving, unfolding a stretcher on the run.

STAN

You look like you're gonna die,  
beautiful.

RED HAIR

(hoarsely)

Oh yeah? Don't count on it.

STAN

You are -- you're not gonna make  
it. Was it worth it?...you wanna  
tell me anything before you go,  
sweetheart?

Waiting. The Red Hair's cool, sleepy-lidded eyes in a beautiful artist's model's face, drifting up to Stan. Dying.

RED HAIR

Fuck you.

They lift her body into the ambulance, Stanley is silent, sighs, staggers up.

118 INT. HUNG-SAN ASSOCIATION - NIGHT

The elders have assembled once more, the meeting agitated, smoky, the common composure has been rattled. Everyone smoking too much and drinking Remy from paper cups, their eyes all on Joey Tai who sports bruises on his face from Stan's beating, now clutching at a semblance of dignity. It all takes place in Chinese: which we subtitle:

YUNG

(looks at Joey)

...You run too fast, you fall down  
...We look back with fond memories  
to the peaceful days of Jackie Wong  
when the earth was earth, heaven  
heaven and man had his two feet on  
the ground...

(MORE)

YUNG (contd)

(pause for effect)

I think in the interest of all Chinatown, the White Press, our relationships with City Hall and the Italians -- we must consider a return to an older and more stable leadership...

Whispered murmurs, eyes turning on Joey Tai. A sweat breaking on his brow, obviously rattled as he senses the shift of mood against him.

HUNG

I think Harry's proposal has merit.

BIN

I think so but perhaps Joey's youth has caused Harry to color the situation with personal animosities.

(a look between all)

YUNG

I will be more than happy to be proven wrong cousins but in this case, I think we've all been put in great jeopardy by Joey's youth.

TAI

(deflecting the attack)

We've always survived by not turning on each other in the face of the white demon.

(to Yung)

You've questioned my honor. If for no other reason, I will personally guarantee everyone's share.

(murmurs all around)

I will be there myself at the dock to ensure the success of this venture.

Yung is surprised, the others all amazed. But their greed overcomes their surprise. Their money insured, there is a perceptible easing of tension in the room.

119 EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - DAY

Stan, Rizzo, one of the other detectives are walking with THREE CUSTOMS OFFICIALS, SCAPPY PECK, the chief, a little rat-like man now in a towering frenzy, spitting out his words. Stan now has a bandaged neck with an ugly purple



discoloration framing it. Rizzo looks stiff as if every movement sharpens the pain in his side. He walks, numbed and silent.

STAN

...I'm talking about one ship from Rotterdam -- "The Kazimierz Pulaski," what the hell's the problem, Scappy?

PECK

You know how big that ship is, Stanley! We can't go running 'round ripping up floor plates, cutting boilers open, poking through 10,000 edam cheeses or drilling in a shipment of Danish furniture on your say so, Stanley! A lot of money's involved. You got waiting time, you got passengers...

2ND CUSTOMS MAN

...plus it's a flagship of a foreign government.

STAN

All I'm asking you to do is search one ship. I got a death bed confession...a cop died for it...

PECK

You're pissing in the wind, Ace. Get a live informant.

120     INT. BATHROOM, NEWSROOM - DAY

Tracy is in the executive bathroom, crying, distraught, trying to fix her makeup, yet the more she tries, the harder it is to put some sort of face on. She takes a tranquillizer bottle, drops it in the sink, finally takes one. As ANOTHER FEMALE comes in the bathroom, she draws herself up and putting on the best face she can, she walks out of the bathroom -- the old Tracy.

121     INT. WKXT NEWSROOM - DAY

A hectic scene, phones, NEWS STAFF, CAMERA CREWS going in and out. Tracy walks towards her office, stops. Stanley is there waiting for her, looking dishevelled, dangerous, advances on her.

TRACY

Stanley, you shouldn't have come here...

STAN

Why, you embarrassed -- your friends gonna see me?...Tonight's the night, honey. Get your people to Pier 11 in Red Hook, you're gonna see the rice boil over in Chinatown.

She looks oddly pale and depressed to see him. We sense her effort to mask conflicting emotions.

TRACY

(in a small voice)

Stanley...I have to talk to you.

She walks him aside to the nearest editing room.

STAN

(follows)

What is it? What's happened?  
You gonna weasel out on me?

122 INT. TAPE EDITING ROOM - DAY

People beginning to stare at them through the glass door.

TRACY

(closing door)

Stanley...

STAN

(misunderstanding)

C'mon, spit it out!

TRACY

(controlling)

Stanley, look, I can't go there...  
I've been told not to do any more stories on this.

STAN

What do you mean "been told"! By who?

TRACY

By...by the network.

STAN

What are you feeding me that crap for? There's a war on in Chinatown

(MORE)

STAN (contd)  
and you're not gonna cover it!  
(indignant)

Tracy's PRODUCER, a cynical-looking aging preppy type, coming closer, watching them in dumbshow through the glass. Tracy looking around distraught, embarrassed, rising anger. Waves him off.

TRACY  
Look, Stanley, I don't think this  
is the time or place!

STAN  
Then you tell me where the place  
is and we'll go to that place  
and discuss it!

TRACY  
(sighs)  
There's times you're right you've  
got to go for it but there's times  
you've got to know when to quit.

STAN  
Yeah, did Herbert quit! What's  
wrong with you! He's dead,  
Connie's dead, I'm putting my  
whole life on the line and you're  
playing games like some phony  
white bread cunt. You're not  
white. You're Chinese! Those  
are your people down there.  
What the hell's got into you --  
you a reporter or a whore?

The entire newsroom watching them through the glass,  
Tracy seething, icy anger.

TRACY  
...you're a sonofabitch, you're  
a sonofabitch...

STAN  
...yeah, one day your gonna put  
your ass on the line, kid! That's  
the day you're gonna be a real  
reporter!

TRACY  
My ass on the line? Goddamn you,  
you selfish prick! Goddamn you!  
I WAS ALMOST KILLED FOR YOU! I  
WAS RAPED!

She smashes the editing table with her fist, stunning Stanley.

TRACY (contd)

...and I'm not gonna die for you, Stanley! I'm not gonna be pushed like Connie and Herbert, no! They're dead because you pushed them till they were dead!

STAN

What do you mean raped, what did you just say?

TRACY

...you're like a poison, Stanley. Everything around you...

He grabs her, pounds the wall alongside her head. Tracy flinching.

STAN

Who! Who did this?

TRACY

Rape, Stanley! Rape is Rape! 3 boys, 3 Chinese boys...

It brings it all back, her voice trembly.

STAN

...How can he do that! That fucking Joey, he don't know when to stop. That cocksucker, I'll kill every...

TRACY

(cuts him off; fierce again)

It didn't happen to you, Stanley, it happened to me! You really don't give a shit about me, do you! Goddamn you! Leave me alone! Go away!

STAN

Tracy, I...

TRACY

(cutting him off)

You should take a look at yourself, Stanley -- you're callous, you're selfish, you're indifferent

(MORE)

TRACY (contd)  
to suffering...your wife was  
right, Stanley. You still  
don't get the message. How  
many more people you gonna  
kill before you do!

A pause. Stanley has listened.

STAN

I'm...

TRACY

(cuts him off again)

Don't say anything, okay. Just  
leave me alone. And go away.  
That's what I want you to do.  
I want you to go away!

He looks at her, starts to say something, but then for  
once, doesn't. He turns and walks out, subdued. On Tracy  
a beat. We sense she too is, unhappy not only with  
Stanley, but with herself.

123 INT. STAN'S BEDROOM, GREENPOINT - DAY

Stan moves through the quiet house. He pauses in the  
bedroom -- an unmade bed. The room is still crammed with  
his trophies. An old NYPD warm-up jacket is thrown over  
his exercycle. Connie's photo's all around -- nylons,  
shoes, nurse's stuff. He picks up a nylon, smells it,  
crosses to a chest -- vitamins laid out, with a heart  
shaped note. "Take vitamins today or else!"

He stares at it all a moment, perhaps moved more than he  
cares to admit. Suddenly he is crying. Glimpsing him-  
self in the mirror, he is surprised. It is as if watching  
a stranger. And his grief passes from Connie to all the  
others, to Herbert Kwong, to the history in Vietnam, the  
cop stories, the children he and Connie never had, the  
failures and the regret of all lost things -- the emotion  
flooding out of him now all at once, bottled up so long.

124 INT. HALLWAY, LIVING ROOM, STAN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Bukowski steps inside, the front door swinging open --  
cardboard covering the broken window panes. Kearny fol-  
lows. They walk over shards of glass. Nothing's been  
cleaned, dried blood still all over the walls. Bukowski  
shaking his head, sadly.

He crosses to the lip of the kitchen where we first met  
Connie, looks inside.

## 125 INT. STAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Stan is pulling a beer from the fridge, his back to Bukowski.

Bukowski walks to the center formica dinette table, an official looking envelope in his hands, his eyes fixed on Stan, Kearny stepping in behind him.

Stan turns, his face still full of the effect of Connie's things.

BUKOWSKI

Hello, Stan...you weren't in your office.

STAN

Hello, Lou...

(to Kearny)

Francis, you disappointed me.

I thought you'd show for Connie's funeral.

(no reply)

KEARNY

(pauses, doesn't answer)

You were warned about Joey Tai. Clean out your desk, you're going back to Brooklyn.

Stan and Bukowski share a look. Bukowski shrugs, helpless. Hands envelope over.

BUKOWSKI

(low)

Sorry, Stash, you were told to lay off...

STAN

(throws envelope back)

You think I'm going along with this! You got another thing coming.

KEARNY

You don't like it? Resign.

You're through anyway -- it's all over for you, White. Your balls are cut off...Friday.

Kearny leaves, Bukowski following slowly.

STAN

You're not cops, you're lies -- both of you.

BUKOWSKI

(stops; turns)

You don't bend, you break,  
Stanley.

STAN

Then I'll break.

BUKOWSKI

You care too much, Stanley.

STAN

How can anybody care too much?

Bukowski walks out. A beat. Stan slams the fridge door in frustration, flinching at a spasm of pain seizing his neck. He holds the side of his neck but the pain doesn't go away.

126 EXT. DOCKS, RED HOOK - NIGHT

Joey Tai drives his gleaming Mercedes up a dark corridor of grain elevators that leads to an auxiliary gate.

He is with Bear Siku. It is not easy for him to find the auxiliary gate he is looking for. Bear Siku shines a flashlight across the fence, listening.

On the other side of the fence footsteps follow a flashlight. Its beam leads someone to a gate. Alan Perez, ←  
the Hispanic Detective, appears, unlocks it.

127 EXT. PIER 11, RED HOOK - NIGHT

The Kazimierz Pulaski is in port. LONGSHOREMEN are working the night shift, unloading lights -- cranes, winches.

In the background, across the river, we see the icy glow off the towers of downtown Manhattan, a million lights.

Joey drives up in his newly polished Mercedes to an acre full of gleaming new Mercedes being offloaded from the boat. It looks like a bumper to bumper parking lot.

A 500 model, identical to Joey's, is being lowered in the hoist and driven off to join the other cars.

Perez watching, pulls out his beeper, presses it twice, waits, then twice again.

A TEAMSTER behind the wheel of the duplicate Mercedes hears the signal, takes out his own beeper, sends a signal in reply, then drives over to where Joey is parked.

The Mercedes pulls alongside Joey's. There is a fast transfer of decals, plates.

Joey and Bear Siku slip out from the old car and cross quickly, quietly to the new car. They get in.

As the Teamster whips Joey's car around and over into the parking lot of Mercedes.

Alan Perez disappears into the darkness.

Joey drives out. It's all very smooth, and fast.

128 EXT. SERVICE STREET, DOCKS - NIGHT

Joey's Mercedes powers out the gate.

Joey, inside driving, breathing easy, shares a look of relief with Bear Siku. He accelerates.

A car whips out of practically nowhere, and bashes head-on into the new Mercedes.

Joey and Bear Siku bounce off the windshield. Almost cold-cocked by the crash, stunned.

Gas, water are running in the street. Smoke is coming from the two cars that are mashed together.

Stanley White appears, coming out of his car, yanks Joey's door open, and pulls Joey out by the neck, the gun trained on Bear Siku.

STAN

You! Out -- on my side!

He slams Joey against the side of the car. Bear Siku obeying, slides across the seat, Stan backing up, releasing Joey, his gun covering both of them.

TAI

(turning)

What is this, White?

Stan pushes his face back, not letting him turn.

STAN

You're driving without headlights.

Indicating the already-smashed headlights. Bear Siku and Joey's eyes flickering to each other.

TAI

What do you want?



STAN

I want the heroin. Tell me where it is on the ship and you walk outta here with a head start.

Simultaneously he's reaching for Joey's ankle holster, but he's too late. At that very instant a car roars up, coming directly at him.

He hears it, whips around...

Perez is driving it. He's just about to sideswipe Stanley.

Stanley spins, slams backwards against Joey and Bear Siku, levelling his gun at Perez speeding by, almost clipping his toes off.

He squeezes off two shots.

We see a piece of Perez's head flying off, his car swerves out of control and sideswipes a wall tearing the doors off.

Bear Siku has grabbed Stanley around the neck. Stan chops him with an elbow.

Simultaneously Joey whips a 9 mm. Beretta out of his ankle holster.

Stan has his left hand up, shielding his face, his gun-hand in the grasp of Bear Siku.

Joey's pointblank shot goes right through Stanley's hand and slams into Bear Siku's face, stunning him. He crashes down, dead, carrying Stan with him.

Joey leaping into the smashed Mercedes, flooring it, flying back down the street in reverse.

Stanley, bleeding from one hand, runs after him, blasting away.

Joey takes the shots in the windshield and squeals forward on two wheels, trying to get onto an intersecting street. His door flies open, the hubcap pops off, Stanley closing on him, running full out.

The Mercedes climbs the curb, and careens off a light pole into a flat lateral spin, plunges out of control, and bounces off another light pole like a pinball. The car stops halfway onto the middle of the tracks at the entrance to the Pulaski Railroad Bridge.

Sirens screeching in the near distance.

Stan running like a maniac but Joey keeps going and bolts onto the bridge against the direction of railroad traffic, with Stan in pursuit.

129 EXT. PULASKI RAILROAD BRIDGE - NIGHT

Joey banging, crashing and ramming the Mercedes across the railroad ties.

Suddenly a freight train looms in sight.

Joey jams brakes, hammers his horn, cuts left too late and flies out the door, losing the Beretta.

The Mercedes bounces off the front of the locomotive, then is dragged by it for several moments until the locomotive clears the bridge and spits out the car onto the street, a twisted, gnarled, smoking wreck.

Stan charges towards Joey who is scrambling to his feet, dazed, almost unrecognizable. He hesitates, as if to run away, then gathers his breath. The hesitation passes, he pulls a gold engraved Smith and Wesson .38 from his shoulder holster and he charges at the onrushing Stan. They are like two warrior knights shouting as they run, firing.

Two oncoming cops and several LONGSHOREMEN break off their run to watch the charge.

Joey firing, screaming.

Stanley firing, screaming.

Joey stumbles, his kneecaps shattered. His gun falling between the ties into the dark water below. He shakes his head violently.

On Stan, holding his bleeding hand, coming over to look down at his enemy and nemesis. Holding his gun on him, a look between them.

Joey is on his knees, blood all over the place, his eyes on the ground. He knows he is beaten. He raises his face to Stan. Blood runs into his mouth as he speaks --

TAI

(begging)

Your gun...for pity's sake!

Stan looks at him a moment, looks back over his shoulders to see the policemen and others barrelling towards them.

TAI  
(urgent)  
Please!

Stan turns back to Joey. He knows what Joey wants.

STAN  
(hoarse)  
All right, but tell me where  
it is.

Joey blinks, looks. The cops are getting closer.

TAI  
(turns back to Stan,  
indicates the wreck)  
...the Mercedes  
(weaker)  
please...

STAN  
...take it.

Tai's face suffuses with gratitude. He grabs Stan's gun. Stan lets him wrestle it out of his hand. Tai now has the gun. There is a moment -- however brief -- when Tai and Stan lock eyes, both knowing that if Tai wanted he could blow Stan away. But he doesn't. In one last act of grace, he rams the barrel of the pistol underneath his chin, pressing it into his flesh -- and pulls the trigger. The blast reverberates off the buildings, fades.

130    INT. FLOWERING VIRTUE FUNERAL PARLOR, CHINATOWN - DAY

Joey's remains, like Lenin's, are on view.

TRACY (O.S.)  
...there are those who liken  
Chinatown to a skating pond --  
on the surface we see a lovely  
picture postcard landscape of  
snowflakes and skaters -- but  
underneath -- the cannibal fish  
(the gangs), the sharks (those  
who control the gangs), the  
whales (the big bosses) all  
move in deadly swarms.

Lines and lines of PEOPLE have come to pay their last respects, overflowing down the street outside the funeral parlor.

We see Milton Bin and Fred Hung, we see Harry Yung. We

see the other Elders in their white funeral suits, with black armbands. We see Tedesco, Lagnese and Schiro. All of them as they were in the beginning of the film.

We see Laura Tai and her three children, a sad sight as they pass the coffin.

131 EXT. FLOWERING VIRTUE FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

Outside is a PRESSING CROWD.

We see a large turnout of policemen. We see Bukowski moving through them keeping his eyes out.

We now see Tracy on camera. There is a decided change in her. She is firmer, stronger, more her own person than ever before -- pushing to the edges of editorialization in the best Stanley White tradition.

TRACY (contd, over)

These bosses, some people are beginning to say, are tied into an international crime network with its headquarters in Hong Kong. Everyone denies it but in the wake of the shootings of Joey Tai and Ronnie Chang, questions are mushrooming left and right. Although charges of illegal wiretapping have been levelled by H.J. Yung, head of the Hung-San Association, resulting in the removal of Captain Stanley White, one wonders if this is not a smokescreen to distract from the main issue -- which is what part the Hung-San plays in this Chinese Opera...

A commotion now coming down the street. People pointing, recognizing someone; starting to yell things.

Stanley appears, cutting right through them like a knife, no-nonsense, hard eyes. He intersects Tracy on his way to Joey Tai's Flowering Virtue Funeral Home.

They share a look. Stanley embarrassed. He knows she has made a special effort to be here. He gives her the barest nod of acknowledgement and starts to walk away.

TRACY

(calling)

Okay -- so my ass is on the line. Now what?

He turns, manages a smile.

STAN

It looks good out there...

They share a look.

STAN

You were right, I was wrong...  
I'm sorry.

Tracy is a little nonplussed, Stanley has never apologized before.

TRACY

(a murmur)

...we were both wrong.

Down the street, a huge floral portrait of Joey Tai now passes out of the funeral parlor. Stanley's attention is immediately diverted, the anger rising.

The portrait moves down the street, carried aloft, reminiscent of Jackie Wong's funeral at the beginning of the story. The men in white suits once again accompanying it. Nothing has really changed in Chinatown.

Tracy senses the tightening in Stanley, apprehension and foreboding in his face. He looks back at her, understanding her concern but making light of it.

STAN

...but don't expect me to change  
my spots.

Before she can say anything, he is lunging into the crowd, towards the portrait, everything forgotten, his instincts in control, totally compelled. Tracy runs after him.

Bukowski spots them, charges after Stan, amazed he's at it again.

BUKOWSKI

White! Goddamnit, White...!

The Widow, the children, Harry Yung, Milton Bin, Fred Hung, their flunkies all look over stunned as Stanley marches right up to Harry Yung and grabs him by the collar.

STAN

Let's go, you're under arrest!

An uproar. Joey Tai's portrait sways unsteadily. ANGRY YOUNG PEOPLE throwing themselves between Yung and Stanley, cursing him in Chinese. But Stanley shoves them aside and pushes Harry as Bukowski grabs him.

BUKOWSKI

What the HELL is going on here!

STAN

I'm arresting these cocksuckers for conspiracy in an ongoing criminal enterprise. They were in business with Joey and we're gonna pin that heroin on 'em.

Stanley shoves Harry Yung into Bukowski.

STAN

You wanna do something they're gonna remember in Chinatown, Lou -- book 'em. Be a cop again!

He goes after Milton Bin and Fred Hung and the others, grabs them both.

We see Tracy pushing closer with her crew, trying to film snatches of this, torn between her fear for Stanley's safety and her professional instincts.

Stanley shoves the Six Elders down the street towards the police vans. He's physically shoving them, kicking them, prodding them, jeered at by the CROWD, things thrown at him. Stanley pushes one of the hecklers off, all the time yelling at these old men, pushing them, trying to make as big a splash as possible.

More cops arriving, sirens. Pandemonium.

Tracy cutting through to Bukowski.

BUKOWSKI

(more to himself than her)

He's a great fucking cop but he won't stop! He won't stop!

Stanley kicking these old guys in white suits into police vans.

Suddenly a group of CHINESE TOUGHS and BODYGUARDS surge up and around Stanley beating him with fists, feet, objects. Cops trying to help him. Whistles, sirens...a full scale riot.

An old Chinese man appears out of the crowd helping to beat

the toughs off. Stanley is amazed to see Tony, the old Chinese man from the soybean cellar who came to Connie's funeral fighting alongside him valiantly. Other Chinese people are joining in, turning on the toughs. Stanley is incredulous and in that moment is blindsided by a blow and goes down.

Tracy tears towards Stanley, scared, his figure disappearing from view, head bobbing like a float in a stormy ocean of Chinese faces.

Joey Tai's portrait begins to fall, pitching the toughs anger even higher.

As Tracy fights her way through the outskirts of the crowd, she glimpses Stanley -- in the throes of rage, alone in this maelstrom of flying fists and feet, duking it out with one good hand, oblivious to his wounds, taking people out right and left, raging.

Tracy struggling to reach him, screaming. Sirens drowning out her voice.

TRACY

Stanley!!!

Lost in a crowd...

For a moment everything is a blur. We catch a glimpse of Stanley stretched beyond his limit, enobled...in the midst of war, Stanley White seems almost at peace with himself.

Tracy's POV -- across the tops of heads, Stan's suddenly not there. She yells something out and pushes on...

At the spot of the fighting, there is still confusion. No one quite seems to realize that Stanley White has been knocked down. The Old Men he was pushing notice it first, look back. Then others. Then the cops...

Stanley lies there in the gutter, struggling to get up but suddenly unable to think. He is totally, utterly exhausted from the weeks of strain.

A sky. Steam. Carts. Blinking Chinese signs. Faces. Hostile, puzzled, angry Asiatic faces in a tight circle around him. Pressing staring down at him...

Stan doesn't quite know where he is anymore...

Until the face of Tracy fights her way through the crowd.

She's down on her knees, leaning over him, eyes wide with terror...

TRACY

Stanley! Stanley! Thank God!

She's relieved. His eyes on her, somewhat bemused but calm -- never calmer...

A pause. His breath is rasping, coming in little bursts...

STAN

...I think the war's over.  
(tries to laugh, coughs)

TRACY

I think it is too.

STAN

Yeah...how 'bout giving an old man a hand?

She helps him up. He staggers, gets his weight.

The bulk of the crowd and the police have pushed on to the police vans where the Hung-San leaders are being carted away.

Stanley shares a look with Tracy.

STAN

You know you fight a war long enough sometimes you end up marrying the enemy...

She looks at him, surprised.

STAN

What do you say?

TRACY

Is that the Stanley White way of proposing?

STAN

Yeah, I guess it is.

TRACY

I accept.

STAN

Terrific...but you got to do my laundry.



As he kisses her. Our view moves back to encompass the two of them, the crowd, Chinatown, the bridges, and the city.

TRACY

Forget it. I changed my mind.

THE END