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# King of New York

By Nicholas St. John

Read this, puta.  
Thanks.  
Want a date, honey?  
Money, money, money.  
Check this out.  
You want to stop?  
No.  
Tubes, my boy, what's up?  
What?  
What's taking so long?  
It's gonna take a few minutes.  
We ain't got a few minutes.  
We got to get busy.  
Why don't you do what you  
got to do so we can get busy?  
Do me a favor. Here.  
Calm down. Relax.  
I'm gonna show you  
how to do this.  
I'm gonna show you how  
to test this. Like that.  
Right. It's dope.  
It's dope, Tito.  
You ever get the feeling  
you was being watched?  
Damn.  
You got any soda, man...  
like some root beer  
or something?  
I hurt my leg playing ball.  
I got these aspirins  
I want to take.  
Now, what the fuck is he...  
Tell him to turn this shit off.  
What kind of help you got?  
Watching cartoons?  
Tell my man to turn the tv  
off and get me a soda.  
And make sure it's cold.  
I like my shit cold,  
especially when I play ball.  
You play ball, Tito?  
You don't look  
like you play no ball.

But nice gloves.  
I like those.  
Hey, Jump.  
What's up?  
It's copacetic.  
Now maybe you satisfied.  
No. Maybe now I want  
to check out another one.  
What the fuck I look like,  
Joe Neckbone?  
Trust ain't one  
of my stronger qualities.  
You know what I'm saying?  
You fucking disrespect me.  
I guarantee the shit.  
To hell with testing.  
Let's get to the large  
plus ten percent.  
Did he say ten percent?  
Wait a minute, Tito.  
We had a deal. What's up?  
What ten percent  
you talking about?  
Transportation costs, amigo.  
I got expenses.  
Well, take the train...  
if you got expenses  
in transportation.  
Why you want to be greedy?  
You fuck the sucking greed.  
That's our price.  
No one else even talks to you  
goddamn motherfucking coos.  
Now take it or leave it.  
Why you want to talk  
to me like that?  
Take it or leave it?  
Take it or leave it?  
I take it.  
'Cause I like you,  
I'm gonna take it.  
Pack the shit up.  
You in power, Tito.  
You the king.

Where's my soda?  
What the fuck is this?  
They're for  
the bullet holes, puta.  
Room service, motherfuckers!  
There's somebody  
here to see you.  
What's in the cup?  
Root beer.  
You want some?  
There's some things I don't do.  
Welcome back home, Frank.  
Check him out.  
Congratulations, Frank.  
Check him out.  
Congratulations, man.  
Them Colombian motherfuckers...  
they took permanent vacation  
in hell...  
if you know what I mean.  
Wow. I must have been  
away too long...  
because my feelings are dead.  
I feel no remorse.  
It's a terrible thing.  
I heard being in jail makes  
you feel like that.  
I got a present for you.  
Check it out.  
They were King Tito's...  
but he don't need them  
where he is now.  
I thought maybe you would  
donate them...  
to a clothing drive  
or something.  
Having a good time,  
huh, Jump?  
I been waiting years for this.  
Emilio Zapa sends his regards.  
You know how I love money.  
Well, help yourself.  
Is the meeting set with Dalesio?  
Downtown.

You need to let me  
bust a cap...  
in that moonheaded  
motherfucker's ass.  
Word!  
He's a fucking glitter boy.  
He's looking  
to get sprayed, laid...  
played, and slayed.  
Know what I'm saying?  
I heard that.  
You gonna come down, say hello?  
You hobnob with them homos,  
you want to.  
I'm going downtown,  
find me a girl...  
get my knob polished.  
Time for a real party.  
Jim.  
How come you never  
came to see me?  
Who wanted to see you in a cage?  
Of course.  
Later.  
Champagne. Let's break out.  
It's King Tito's.  
King Tito's gloves.  
It's a good thing he's dead  
'cause I'd take that glove...  
I'd wrap it right round his...  
Sex.  
And it's how much?  
Wait for the paperback,  
and you can get it.  
It's too fucking much for me.  
You should read that book, Joey.  
Why?  
Because I think you  
might learn something.  
What?  
How to be good?  
Joey, just don't say a word, OK?  
Why not?  
Because I don't want

you to say anything.  
But we're going home, right?  
I know. I'm tired already.  
Where is he?  
Welcome home, Frank.  
Good to see you.  
Nice to see you.  
Thanks for everything.  
To freedom.  
Come on.  
Bill, nice to see you.  
Bill, Charlie, you know Frank.  
How are you?  
Good of you to come.  
Judge, how are you?  
Nice to see you.  
Listen, I want to  
introduce you to...  
I'm gonna say hello  
to your junior partner.  
Hiya, Frank.  
Good to see you.  
You should  
be more careful...  
of the affairs  
you attend, counselor.  
One is known by  
the company one keeps.  
Ain't that right, Joey?  
Pete, how are you?  
Hey, Frank. Welcome home.  
Hello, Frank.  
Welcome back.  
You know everybody here,  
I think.  
Pete, how's the family...  
Brian, Dennis?  
Better than when  
you left town, Frank.  
They're all working.  
How about you?  
Back from the dead.  
Frank White. I've heard  
a lot about you...

and it's all bad.  
Don't believe everything that  
Pete writes in the columns...  
because... well...  
I've been reformed.  
A lot of people  
will be happy to hear that.  
Huh, Pete?  
What can we expect from  
the reformed Frank White?  
I want to be mayor.  
Thinks I'm kidding.  
But first, I want  
to talk to Arty Clay.  
Why don't you relax?  
We're supposed to be having  
a good time here.  
Tell him I got things  
on my mind.  
I want to  
talk them over with him.  
The guy's a fucking animal.  
He ain't gonna meet with you.  
Maybe you can do one  
of his lieutenants at best.  
Tell him...  
Frank White wants to talk  
business with him.  
Just tell him  
that all I want to know...  
is where and when.  
You know, counselor,  
they did a wonderful job...  
with this gentleman.  
He's better than ever.  
If you'll excuse me...  
I'll see you people  
in a little while...  
if I'm still around.  
Look at you.  
Look at you.  
What's the matter?  
You're not glad to see me?  
You belonged

where they put you.  
Maybe this time you'll  
stay out of trouble.  
That depends on how  
good my lawyers are.  
I thought people like you...  
didn't believe  
in the legal process.  
I thought people like me  
were the legal process.  
You know what?  
You know what  
I'd like to do to you?  
I would like to take  
you on the subway.  
What can I do for you?  
Tell Arty  
I need to speak to him.  
Wait here.  
Sure.  
There's some yarm out there  
that wants to talk to you.  
Ace is still the better.  
Arty, you're still...  
What's happening here?  
You got aces?  
Two hundred.  
Two hundred?  
I got to see your two.  
All right. One shot.  
Last ticket.  
Johnny, give me  
something good here.  
Take it easy.  
Arty. Gentlemen.  
- Who goes?  
- Arty.  
I bet two hundred.  
Go ahead.  
I got a message  
from Frank White.  
He wants to sit down.  
He wants to talk.  
You tell him I don't

talk to nigger lovers.  
Let's go. What's down?  
He says he's got things  
on his mind...  
that he wants to discuss  
with you...  
and he wants to know where  
and he wants to know when.  
You tell him in fucking hell,  
that's where.  
He's gonna wish his lawyer...  
left him fucking  
the Sambos in the joint...  
when I get through with him.  
I was making money  
off them Colombians.  
That's right.  
If that's what you want me  
to tell him, I'll tell him.  
It ain't clear enough?  
You tell  
that son of a bitch...  
he made a big  
mistake with me.  
And you tell him  
something else!  
This is what  
Arty Clay has to say.  
You tell him personally  
from me!  
Stay outta here!  
Come on, sit down.  
Let's go.  
Come on, you go.  
I missed you.  
Your watch and your wallet,  
blood.  
How about that?  
Come by the Plaza Hotel.  
I got work for you.  
Ask for Frank White.  
Come on.  
It's up to me, right?  
You guys are in trouble.

I bet two hundred.  
Hurry up, will you?  
I'm down a lot of money here.  
Let's play cards.  
I got your message, Arty.  
You stupid son of a bitch.  
You running games here?  
I want to play.  
Sure, Frank, play.  
Bring your friends.  
I want to play with Arty.  
Come on.  
Let's go, will you?  
Jump deals.  
Blackjack. House out.  
You got some balls coming here.  
Pick up the card.  
Come on.  
Pick up the card.  
Pick it up.  
From here on, nothing goes down  
unless I'm involved...  
no blackjack,  
no dope deals, no nothing.  
A nickel bag  
gets sold in the park...  
I want in.  
You guys got fat while everybody  
starved on the street.  
It's my turn.  
You think you're gonna  
live long enough...  
to spend that money,  
you fucking hump?  
If any of you...  
are tired of  
getting ripped off...  
by guys like that...  
You come with me.  
I'm at the Plaza Hotel.  
You're welcome.  
You're all welcome!  
To join!  
Man or ghost,

I'll kill you again.

Ed.

Aiesha, how you doing?

I'm very upset about  
what happened today.

I told you, Frank,  
I did the best I could...  
and you know that.

Edward.

I told you I tried  
to make it work, Frank.

Hello, counselor.

How are you?

Alisha, how are you?

Aiesha.

The city councilman  
was just explaining to me...  
why that hospital  
in the South Bronx...  
didn't survive  
the fiscal cut this afternoon.

I'm telling him  
about how disappointed I am.  
I was explaining to Frank...  
that there simply wasn't  
money in the budget...  
to fund that facility.

In a city  
of twelve million people...  
I find that hard to believe.  
I hoped we could do better.  
I hoped so, too, Frank...  
but there simply was  
no money in the budget.

If you think it's so easy...  
why don't you try  
funding it yourself?

Maybe I will.

How about sixteen million  
by the end of the quarter?

Tell your friends  
they'll have the money.

Counselor, you're  
this man's legal advisor.

Why don't you explain to him  
the hard financial facts...  
of running a municipality.  
I know what this city needs...  
and privileged districts...  
shouldn't be the only ones  
with hospitals.  
Forget it, Frank.  
I want that place kept open.  
Forget it.  
The city can't afford it  
and neither can you.  
The city doesn't know  
where to look for the money.  
Let me give you some  
very expensive advice...  
go someplace where  
you can stay out of trouble.  
I thought  
that's what I pay you for.  
Hello, Frank.  
I want to talk to you.  
I don't think so.  
Come on. O'Neill can wait  
for two old friends, can't he?  
I'm not your friend.  
Come on, Frank. We missed you  
while you were away.  
Thought about you, too.  
I heard a rumor about you.  
What's that?  
I heard you got AIDS...  
getting dicked  
up your ass in prison.  
That's what I heard.  
I thought about you every time  
I jerked off, dickhead.  
Why don't we  
just take this outside.  
Next time, wear a tie.  
Get Abe.  
Here we go.  
Excuse us, folks.  
Excuse us. Easy, easy.

What the hell is this?  
We're taking him in  
for questioning.  
On what grounds?  
This is harassment, Bishop.  
You're welcome to come along.  
Even your client's  
got a right to counsel.  
Come on. Get out!  
Look inside.  
Let's go.  
What's that?  
You tell me.  
I don't know.  
This is the only chance  
you get, White.  
What's it gonna be?  
Are you arresting me?  
Oh, fuck. Here we go.  
If so, do it.  
If not, I got people  
waiting for me.  
Shut the fuck up, motherfucker!  
Hey, Frank.  
All right, that's it.  
Come here, Frank.  
Here, Frank, meet somebody.  
Meet somebody, huh?  
Piece of shit!  
That's it!  
I'll kill the motherfucker!  
No, I'm gonna cap him.  
Let me cap the mo...  
Get in the fucking car!  
This how you do things?  
I know what you're up to, White.  
Forget it.  
I'm gonna make you and  
your friends disappear...  
long before that.  
Welcome home, fuck face.  
Gilley, get in the fucking car.  
Last fucking time, you fuck.  
We're onto your fucking ass.

Give your friends that message.  
Ladies and gentlemen...  
can I have  
your attention, please?  
The best man  
has something to say.  
First of all, I'd like  
to thank Tommy Flanigan...  
for being the only black male  
at an Irish wedding.  
Are you comfortable, Tom?  
I'm from the South.  
Are you comfortable?  
Real comfortable.  
All my buddies here,  
all my brothers.  
He's sweating.  
Joe Mulligan,  
father of the bride.  
Come on up here, Joe.  
Joe provided these  
lovely decorations for us.  
Where'd you get these, Joe,  
an A.A. Meeting?  
Not only that, he paid  
for the whole thing.  
The whole two hundred dollars.  
Joe, by the way,  
put your shotgun away.  
The test came back negative.  
Roy Bishop, do I detect  
a little Afro Sheen...  
on that unusually  
wavy hair of yours?  
Tip... Kathy...  
to the finest couple...  
I've ever had  
the pleasure to know.  
Join me, folks.  
They're the only couple...  
that's still together  
in this neighborhood.  
I wish you health, wealth...  
happiness,

a lot of babies, no cops.  
We don't need no more  
degenerate donkeys...  
running around with guns.  
All bullshit aside...  
and may I speak  
for everybody...  
we love you.  
God bless.  
Hear, hear.  
Here's to youse.  
How did I do?  
I'm proud of you.  
Hey, Father,  
thank you for coming.  
Let's get Father laid.  
Give me a real drink.  
Get Dennis  
a drink over here.  
Get the house a drink.  
The bar's not open now.  
You pay.  
That's my wife!  
It was a fucking joke!  
Would you relax?  
Virginia, come here.  
Come here. Excuse me.  
Tip, take a tip.  
Gilley's after your wife.  
It's pretty obvious, isn't it?  
Hell, it's more than obvious.  
He'll find the vampire marks  
sunk into her neck.  
Get outta here!  
What's what, my friend?  
How you doing?  
What's what? Terrific.  
Yeah? How come  
you're not dancing?  
I'm gonna leave that  
to the father of the bride.  
Are you sure you're gonna  
make it through the night?  
Aw, shit. You kidding?

I'm the one that  
needs the honeymoon.  
All they do is stay in bed  
all fucking night.  
Do me a favor.  
Give this to the kids.  
I got a million things to do.  
Wish them my love.  
You sure you won't come in?  
Nah. I got  
a million things to do.  
I'll see you during the week.  
You take it easy.  
Take care, Pops.  
You can tell your boyfriend  
to forget about it.  
He ain't got enough money.  
Maybe he'll surprise you.  
I don't like  
his fucking surprises.  
He's got a lot of nerve  
even sending you here.  
You could step  
all over that shit...  
and still get  
a hundred twenty a gram.  
And I got  
two hundred twenty pounds of it.  
Comes to fifteen mil,  
street value.  
And I want guarantees  
nobody in this town can give.  
Especially him.  
Look, Larry, why don't you  
set the terms?  
I'll go back, and I'll tell  
Frank.  
If you two see eye to eye,  
we'll make a deal.  
If not, everybody goes  
their own way still friends.  
What do you say?  
That cocksucker  
ain't got no friends.

And before I even think...  
of sitting across  
some table with him...  
he got to know one thing...  
I ain't no fucking greaseball  
named Arty Clay.  
You got it.  
And he pays for your cut.  
Why don't you stick around?  
I got "Frankenstein"  
coming on next.  
Stop fucking with my lady.  
You know what I'm saying?  
I told him, stop fucking  
with my bitch.  
And when he started  
crying like a bitch...  
he got fucked like a bitch.  
You know what I'm saying?  
We're gonna shoot the bitch!  
We'll just shoot the bitch!  
Hey, Joe. What you want?  
Don't forget the hot sauce.  
You want white meat, right?  
- No dark meat!  
- No problem.  
Don't shoot me!  
Can I help you?  
Can you help me?  
Yeah, you can start...  
by giving me fifteen pieces  
of chicken, motherfucker.  
Mix it up. I want barbecue,  
and I want crispy.  
You getting this all down?  
I want six pieces of corn...  
and I want, uh... yeah,  
give me eight spareribs...  
and give me  
twelve pieces of shrimp.  
Some onion rings.  
You want tartar sauce  
or ketchup on those?  
I want tartar sauce.

You got any potato salad?  
No, we ain't got potato sal...  
Get away from the games!  
All right?  
You ain't got no money.  
Just get away from the games.  
What the fuck  
is the matter with you...  
talking to them like that?  
They ain't got no money.  
Is that it?  
Yeah, that's it.  
Make sure you get my food,  
get it now...  
and don't be drooling on it.  
And I better not get  
none of that cat.  
I want chicken.  
Here you are.  
Y'all go play the games.  
No offense, ma'am...  
but you make sure  
they get what they want.  
Go ahead.  
Y'all go play them games. Hear?  
What's happening  
with the food?  
What's up? I ain't got  
all day, you know.  
That'll be 56.70, total.  
Did I say I was finished?  
I want something to drink.  
Maybe I want some birch beer.  
You got birch beer?  
No, we don't have  
no birch beer.  
You don't even know  
what that shit is.  
You got any root beer?  
We ain't got no root beer,  
either.  
- How much is this?  
- 56.90  
56.90? Fuck you very much.

Hey, scumbag, guess what?  
You're under fucking arrest.  
Yeah, motherfucker?  
How about that?  
Police!  
It's all over, Jimmy.  
You're under arrest  
for the murder of Miguel Mata...  
Salvador Tito,  
and Rafael Santodomingo.  
You have the right  
to remain silent.  
Shut the fuck up.  
What's this?  
Did you use this on Mata?  
Yeah, same one  
I'm gonna use on you, punk.  
Laugh now, motherfucker,  
but for the rest of your life...  
you gonna be somebody's bitch.  
Some motherfucker named Bubba.  
But you're  
a motherfucking bro!  
Don't you slap me,  
motherfucker.  
I'm gonna slap  
the black off you.  
Take the cuffs off,  
you motherfucker!  
I'm gonna finish  
his ass off!  
This is the happiest day  
of my life. You know why?  
'Cause we got a real,  
live, talking witness.  
I don't leave no witnesses!  
Oh, yeah, motherfucker?  
Well, you must be getting old.  
I'll teach you  
to fuck with my friend.  
I'm gonna fuck you up!  
Without private assistance...  
everything we've seen  
will close down.

I can't stress enough how much  
your help could mean...  
to the thousands of families...  
that depend on us  
for medical care.  
Please, just look around.  
Look, Larry...  
the most anybody's  
gonna give you for your stuff...  
is thirty grand a key.  
That's about  
three million dollars...  
on a bulk sale.  
So whoever buys it's  
gonna turn around...  
cut it, bag it,  
and sell it on the street...  
for a hundred twenty,  
a hundred fifty a gram.  
That's a hundred fifty thousand  
dollars a key...  
five times what they paid you.  
So now your quintal's worth  
fifteen million dollars...  
a markup of  
eleven million something...  
that you get no part of.  
I know you don't  
have the manpower...  
to peddle  
the uptown streets, but I do.  
You put up the stuff,  
I put up the guys to sell it.  
I take the heat  
and the risk...  
if there is any.  
We divide the difference...  
setting aside something  
for places like this.  
What do you say?  
If I was into  
socialized medicine...  
I would have stayed  
in the Peking province.

I want cash for my goods.  
How much?  
Three million up front...  
like you said...  
with another half a mil  
when you unload it.  
That's a lot of money.  
I got a lot of shit.  
Make up your mind.  
You know something, Frank?  
This conversation  
made me realize...  
just how fucking crazy  
you really are.  
It's all set up.  
I don't think you should  
go down there alone.  
I don't trust  
that crazy Chinese guy.  
Know what I mean?  
It's Enrico Mata.  
They got him recovering  
in a hospital somewhere...  
with a police guard  
around him 24 hours.  
He's agreed to testify  
for them in court.  
They got Jump cold  
this time, Frank.  
It's Murder-One.  
Did Abe get them set bail?  
A million dollars apiece.  
So go sign him out.  
Posting that kind  
of money's gonna raise...  
more problems  
than it solves, Frank.  
Also, I want you to get Abe...  
to talk to some of  
those friends of his...  
see if they can't get  
this cop transferred...  
or retired or something.  
I want him out of my way.

He's chief  
investigating officer...  
on a multiple homicide.  
It's stupid  
to even think about it.  
Ask him...  
before I blow Bishop's brains  
all over his fucking wing tips.  
Get some guys and pick him up.  
You got it, Frank.  
Hope you had a good time.  
My old man's back.  
That's right.  
Captain Crunch  
and that doughnut crew is here.  
Yo, fellas, what's up?  
Long time no see.  
Bishop, we having  
a party downtown.  
Why don't you bring Howdy Doody  
and the Chocolate Wonder?  
I hear your mother's  
gonna be there.  
We having a real  
good time down there.  
You know what I'm sayin'...  
Give me some.  
Black man.  
Some flowers for your witness.  
Jimmy, we got business to do.  
We got business to do.  
Get some cheap ones.  
And you can kiss my ass, too.  
I'll see you downtown.  
You'll be all right?  
What?  
Proud of yourself, counselor?  
If you got a problem,  
take it to the judge.  
Come on! Let's go!  
Where's the stuff, Larry?  
And now,  
ladies and gentlemen...  
Mr. Freddy Jackson.

All my life  
I've been waitin'  
For a time when I'd be free  
How I prayed  
For liberation  
And a little bit of dignity  
I heard the heartbeat  
of the city  
How it pounded and it  
sounded in the night  
The children's voices  
were so pretty  
I'm gonna reach out  
I'm gonna take it  
I'm gonna make it all right  
Dream on  
For a better day  
Where we can live  
our lives out  
And our hopes won't fade away  
Dream on  
For a better way  
We'll join our hands together  
And build a brand-new day  
Dream on  
Thank you.  
You're all so tremendous.  
I was born  
in this neighborhood...  
and as I grew up here...  
I used to pray  
that once I got out...  
I would never have a reason  
to come back.  
I'm glad those prayers  
weren't answered...  
because my neighborhood's  
lookin' mighty pretty lately.  
And I've been encouraged...  
both in public  
and in private...  
that where there's  
a will to help...  
there's a way to do it.

So on behalf of  
the neighborhood council...  
myself, and New York City...  
I want to thank you  
for what you've done...  
and I ask  
for your continued support...  
until we have the kind  
of General Hospital...  
this borough needs.  
I'm gonna reach out  
I'm gonna take it  
I'm gonna make it all right  
Dream on  
For all  
that could be right  
We can make it happen  
We can make it paradise  
Dream on  
For a better way  
We'll join our hands together  
And build a brand-new day  
Dream on  
We're reporting live  
from the benefit...  
at the Harlem Ballroom...  
where city luminaries  
are gathered...  
to celebrate  
the long-term project...  
to rebuild the Community  
General Hospital.  
As one prominent local  
politician said to me...  
"It's a proud moment  
for the city...  
"and all New Yorkers."  
Officials from state  
and city agencies...  
Roy, he's a movie star.  
Frank is  
a fucking movie star now.  
Oh, my God.  
Help me, gentlemen.

A toast.  
Come on, toast.  
Frank. He made it.  
Fucking King of New York.  
The King of New York.  
King.  
We, on the other hand...  
we waste our time  
interrogating witnesses...  
lifting fingerprints...  
my favorite and yours...  
court orders... right, Roy?  
Court orders so Frank's  
Park Avenue attorney...  
can get him out  
in ten minutes.  
Ten minutes later,  
he's on the street.  
I thought we were what's right.  
I thought the law  
counted for something.  
But this whole system  
favors the scumbag.  
We make, what, thirty-six  
thousand dollars a year?  
Thirty-six five.  
Thirty-six five. Thank you.  
I was the best man  
at your wedding...  
Thank you very much.  
36.5 to risk our lives  
every night of the week...  
and Frank gets rich  
on killing people.  
There's only one way  
to get Frank.  
We can make it look  
like a rival gang...  
if that makes you feel better.  
You gonna shoot everybody  
you can't arrest, Dennis?  
That's not your fucking...  
You know what my problem  
is with you?

I can't do my job.  
My job is to protect  
the people of this city...  
and you won't let me.  
You do anything stupid,  
I'm coming after your ass.  
With or without you,  
I'm gonna get rid of Frank.  
So now you know.  
This guy belongs  
in a fucking rubber nut squad.  
He's a nut.  
You know, Roy...  
every time Frank kills  
somebody out there...  
it's our fault.  
Can you live with that?  
I can't.  
Something that you've  
looked at all your life...  
it crosses your mind that  
you'll never see it again.  
I've lost a lot of time.  
It's gone.  
From here on,  
I can't waste any.  
If I can have a year or two,  
I'll make something good.  
I'll do something.  
Something good.  
Just one year.  
That's all.  
I want to get  
into a significant instrument...  
or a series of instruments...  
with respect to the buying  
of the dollar against the yen...  
not against the Deutsche mark...  
or against the Swiss franc  
or any other currency.  
That's Salvador Tito,  
Miguel Mata...  
Emilio El Zapa,  
Arthur Clay, Lawrence Wong.

Take a good look, counselor.  
You represent the man  
responsible for that.  
Are you out of your mind?  
You're a lawyer.  
You're a member of the bar.  
How can you be part of this?  
Part of what?  
Can't pretend you don't know  
what he's doing out there.  
I don't pretend anything.  
You got evidence, prosecute.  
By then it'll be too late.  
Bring him in.  
We're gonna go see  
Frank, all right?  
Yo, Joey D, what's up, my boy?  
You gonna dis me?  
You ain't gonna introduce me to  
your friends?  
I want to make  
a good impression on them.  
I want to know who  
I'm selling drugs to.  
Know what I'm saying?  
You don't sell drugs,  
my brother.  
You shoot people.  
I'm unemployed.  
Ain't nobody left.  
I can't help you with that.  
Where you going?  
This is Axel Carter.  
How you doing?  
How's Los Angeles?  
Hot.  
Listen, you want me to  
get you something to drink?  
If you don't mind,  
I want to get right down to it.  
You got a lot of shit to move...  
and Joey thinks I might be  
interested in pursuing it.  
Taste it.

Shit.  
Price tag's twelve million.  
Cash.  
I can get you six...  
and I'll give you another six...  
after I recoup  
from street sales.  
Half the cash,  
you get half the drugs.  
It's all or nothing.  
Tell you what.  
I'll leave Carlos here...  
to walk through  
the rest of the shit...  
and I'll be back later.  
Good.  
So, how far to the shit?  
It's right next door.  
Come on.  
I'll see you later.  
Got your stuff?  
Take him upstairs.  
Come on. Let's go.  
Let me get a light.  
Back!  
Watch out!  
Follow me, motherfucker!  
Party time, motherfucker!  
Come on, you son of a bitches!  
I'll kill you, motherfuckers!  
Die, motherfuckers!  
Get off the fucking car!  
Yeah, you motherfucker?!  
It's a motherfucking cop.  
Oh, shit!  
Nobody rides for free,  
motherfucker!  
Shit! Fuck you!  
Fuck you, motherfucker!  
Yo, what's up?  
How's your fucking paint job,  
Frank?  
Get in front of him.  
Get the fuck in front of him.

Get the fuck out of the way!  
Move your fucking car!  
Move it out of the way.  
Jesus.  
They're gone.  
I don't believe this.  
I don't fucking believe this.  
Wait.  
What's that?  
Nothing!  
Come on, Jimmy.  
Me and you, buddy.  
Where's Frank?  
Tired of being  
his fucking flunky?  
I see he left you.  
Come on, Jimmy.  
Where you at?  
Me and you, Jimmy.  
Hey, Jimmy, guess what?  
I got a piece  
of chicken here...  
you chicken-eating motherfucker!  
Be like a man!  
Just me and you.  
Jimmy, let's talk it out,  
brother.  
Where the chicken at?  
Yo, black. Get me a soda?  
Where's my soda, black?  
You know I like soda.  
What?  
Where's your girlfriend,  
motherfucker?  
Hey, scumbag!  
Shut the fuck up!  
Kill me, you motherfucker!  
Just go ahead the fuck on!  
Go on!  
All right. You're not bad.  
You got to relax.  
Just relax.  
Can you take a breath?  
Let me help you.

I got the motherfucker.  
Yo, motherfucker.  
Just kill me.  
I love you.  
I love you, Tommy.  
Daddy.  
What am I going  
to do without him?  
We extend our hands  
together...  
in prayer  
and supplication...  
You motherfucking...  
Hey. You.  
Over there!  
Bring his ass over here.  
Come on, get up!  
Get the fuck up!  
Where's Frank?  
You want to go see Frank?  
Don't touch me.  
Don't fucking touch me!  
Yo, chill.  
Shit, man. Listen.  
You gotta listen to me.  
Frank... they  
gave me some names.  
I checked them out.  
They were fucking cool.  
I had no reason to think  
they were cops.  
Those motherfuckers...  
Those motherfuckers,  
they set me up!  
They set me up  
just as much as you, Frank.  
You gotta believe me.  
It ain't like it seems.  
Just tell me why.  
Don't lie to me.  
Just tell me why.  
It was the money,  
all right?  
It was the fucking money.

Don't touch me.  
They offered me more money  
than I'd ever seen in my life.  
I'd be  
in the protection program.  
I was out. I was free.  
You can understand that.  
Where's the money now?  
We've got it.  
He was carrying it around.  
Bury it with him.  
I'm sorry, Frank!  
Frank, I'm sorry!  
When the D.A.'s office  
investigated...  
the sudden death of Arty Clay...  
they found that he left  
a \$13 million estate.  
How do you explain that?  
Then there's Larry Wong,  
who owned half of Chinatown...  
when he passed away.  
Larry used to rent  
his tenements...  
to Asian refugees, his  
own people, for \$800 a month...  
to share a single toilet  
on the same floor.  
How about King Tito?  
He had thirteen-year-old girls  
hooking for him on the street.  
Those guys are dead...  
because I don't want  
to make money that way.  
Emil Zapa...  
the Mata brothers,  
they're dead...  
because they were running  
this city into the ground.  
You expected to get away  
with killing all these people?  
I spent half my life  
in prison.  
I never got away

with anything...  
and I never killed anybody  
that didn't deserve it.  
Who made you judge and jury?  
Well, it's a tough job,  
but somebody's gotta do it.  
For the likes of Arty Clay  
and the rest of those bums...  
you slap a tag on me  
for fifty thousand dollars?  
You make me  
public enemy number one?  
Is that some kind of joke?  
I got a message  
for you and your friends.  
You tell them...  
I got a quarter-million  
dollar contract...  
on anyone involved  
in this case.  
Now we all get to know  
what it's like...  
living without knowing  
when some asshole's...  
gonna step outta the dark  
and blow your head off.  
I want you to know what  
it's like to live that way.  
You tell them what I said.  
What makes you think  
you're gonna be around...  
long enough to see that?  
Where's the fucking phone?  
We're not talking about me.  
We're talking about  
taking over drug cartels.  
You think ambushing me  
in some nightclub's...  
gonna stop what  
makes people take drugs?  
This country spends...  
a hundred billion dollars  
a year on getting high...  
and it's not because of me.

All that time I was  
wasting in jail...  
it just got worse.  
I'm not your problem.  
I'm just a businessman.  
Take out your piece.  
Be careful.  
The cuffs.  
Cuff yourself to the chair.  
It's a stupid thing  
to do, huh?  
Sit down.  
Put them on the chair.  
Now you know  
what it's like.  
Welcome to the circle.  
White.  
A man with a price  
on his head...  
shouldn't ride the subway.  
It's over. Let it go.  
You let it go.  
See this?  
You want to see something?  
How bad do you want me?  
Don't worry, but don't move.  
Frank, put the gun down.  
And make it easy?  
I've done things in my life  
you wouldn't even think about.  
Why should you be different?  
You got that gun.  
Use it. Come on.  
No more stories, Frank.  
Put the fucking gun down.  
See this woman? Nice woman.  
You have a family?  
I don't want to hurt you...  
but I will blow you away  
if I had to, understand?  
Yes, sir.  
Could you do that?  
Leave her alone, Frank.  
It's me and you.

You can't hide  
behind her forever.  
I don't need forever.  
Just drive.