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Night Falls on Manhattan

By Sidney Lumet

My name is McGovern.
Mr. McGovern to you.
I am the Assistant to the Assistant
Deputy Administrative Assistant to...
the District Attorney of New York County.
You are in training as Assistant
District Attorneys of New York County.
And my Assistant title is a hell of a
lot higher than your Assistant title.
So watch your asses you're out of here.
You passed your bar exams and 're here...
because you didn't get a decent offer
after law school...
and you got to start someplace.
I know what you got in mind. You'll do
your time here because...
you got to have something on your resume.
One or two of you figure maybe you'll
get lucky, maybe Alan Dershowitz,
maybe Bruce Cutler will see you...
in court one day waiting for their cases
to come up and your career will be made.
Most of you just want a stepping stone
to some Wall Street law office...
or a divorce firm with society clients.
You're in it for the money.
Don't give me any crap about justice...
the law, the sacredness of your duty,
blah blah, blah.
You're out of here as fast as
a decent offer comes around
you figure you can
do better chasing ambulances.
Listen, you're going to fight judges
that don't give a shit,
cops in court only to see how much
overtime they can rack up...
rapists, gonifs, teenagers who shot
a guy over a pair of sneakers...
scam artists, pimps, lunatics
who think they should be outside...
walking around Central Park
trying to diddle seven-year-old kids.
So now we know the truth.

Okay, your case load may run
forty cases at a time.
You read your entire New York Penal
Code and your ECAB manual.
There are five divisions in
the Rackets Division.
Construction Industry Task Force.
Official Corruption Unit.
Organized Crime.
I'll set bail at five hundred dollars.
- Your honor...
this woman knifed
a store security guard.
Come on, counselor.
Five hundred dollars to her is like
fifty-thousand to us. Have a heart.
You weren't just caught with a nickel,
bag, Ed. You got to help me help you.
I can get you into Rehab.
You want to die in some toilet
with a spike in your arm?
Fuck you.
I represent the law
you show me respect, do you hear me?
You want to die in some toilet with
a spike in your arm?
Why do you think you should be released,
Mr. Agonostes?
I signed myself in,
I can sign myself out...
I signed myself in
I can sign myself out.
I signed myself in,
I can sign myself out...
We cannot let these people run wild
in the streets.
I know you will do right by the people
of New York. Thank you.
Your honor...
Excuse me.
Hi. Sorry I'm late, the judge kept...
I got to cut down on the coffee.
I'm like a goddam pipe:
I drink it, piss it out

five minutes later.
I keep telling you: decaff, decaff.
- I've tried it. I'd rather piss.
You know...
I'm still not used to it.
Every time we got to hit the door.
You're a lucky son of a bitch.
You know,
I haven't slept for two nights?
Well, I think maybe
I got no imagination...
'cause I never think of
nothing going wrong.
I sleep like a baby
no butterflies.
Maybe 'cause I got you to protect me.
Yeah, yeah.
Or maybe you're just stupid.
- I'm definitely stupid.
But I'm also bigger than you, so why
don't you let me hit the door this time?
Listen, you big slob,
how many times do I have to tell you?
You're the junior member of the firm.
The little guy goes first,
okay?
That bastard could be up there now,
counting money. Listen...
if we go in tonight, you and me,
we go fast. Right?
Everybody wants this bastard.
We got all three goddam precincts
coming together...
on the four corners of this one block.
I don't want any of those pricks from
the six-four, the six-five...
horning in on this, right?
We did the fucking work,
we get the fucking collar.
What about back-up?
We got the warrant. We're the ones
sitting here getting hemorrhoids
we get the collar.
You think Shmuelie the stoolie's going

to show up tonight, or what?
He's a junkie.
How can you trust a junkie?
You going to buy one some day,
you come on me like that.
Well, fuck you, cop.
You think it's easy, huh?
I'm crawling here so nobody spots me
and you think it's easy.
You're breaking my heart, scumbag.
You just knock next time, or I'm going
to take your fucking head off.
Why you talking to me like that, huh?
Liam, why's he talking to me like that?
Because really he loves you, Samuel.
You're our favorite rat.
He's rough on you 'cause he doesn't want
the other rats we got to get jealous.
Oh yeah, well fuck you too.
- Cut the bullshit. What've you got?
Well, maybe I got nothing.
Here, dick-head.
Get the fuck out of here.
He's up there now.
He's up there now: apartment 3D.
- Alone?
I don't know.
He may have got some guiff with him.
Is he carrying?
Come on. Jordan Washington don't make
a move without a rocket in his pocket.
Get the fuck out of here.
- Hey, you guys are swell, really swell.
I hope he gives you one in the kneecap.
Huh? Boom.
Okay?
Let's go.
Liam, I want to call for back-up.
We'll have him trussed up like a deer
on a fender by the time they get here.
Seven-four. This is Allegretto.
We got a fix on Jordan Washington.
David.
We got two plain-clothes going in

with warrant. Send back-up. Come heavy.

Ten-thirteen.

- Ten-thirteen. Location?

Ten-thirteen. We got an officer down,

All right, now,

I want one man here...

You two around the back.

And you do not give orders around here.

This is my...

- Fuck you, I got a man bleeding up...

Then get the hell up there and help him.

Now.

What the fuck are you doing?

Get the fucking ambulance here.

Fuck you, I'll come there and shoot you myself. Get the fucking thing here.

Okay, where the fuck is he, huh?

- The window. Down the fire escape.

I'll go up, you go down.

- All right.

Where's the light switch.

- Shit, it's dark.

Charlie, don't go up on that roof alone.

- Got you, got you.

All right, easy.

Hit the deck.

- I think it came from up there.

Charlie.

It's all turned around.

Where the hell's the door?

We need one in the back.

It's about fucking time.

All right, get him in there.

Let's go, come on.

Come on, lock it up.

Lock it up.

E.S.U., come on.

Come on.

Take it round the back.

Round the back.

Move it.

Come on, round the back.

Over here.

- Lights, lights, I can't see.

I've got his home number,
his wife's coming.
Hey, get a radio over here.
Anybody got a radio that's working?
Come in Schneider,
Ramirez, do you read me?
God, that poor guy.
- Yeah, he should get a Police Medal.
- It's too late for that.
All the goddam tax money in this city
and we couldn't get an auditorium here?
All right. I've just had a meeting with
the Mayor and the Police Commissioner
We're going to get this son-of-a-bitch
in seventy-two hours...
or a lot of you are going to be
looking for jobs.
We got three dead cops, one cop
we don't know if he's going to live...
and the biggest dope dealer in the city
got away in an NYPD car.
We had a fuck-up
of historical proportions...
and three Precinct Captains are joining
the homeless, I kid you not. Okay...
So what is the District Attorney,
that's me...
for you new kids on the block,
doing about it?
On direct instructions from the Major,
every detective...
in our investigating division is to
drop what he is working on and...
to report to the Six-four, the Six-five
and the Seven-four to work with them.
You're supposed to be the best
the best detectives in the city and...
we're goddamn well going to see
if that is true.
For the rest of you, in the Trial
Division or on the Executive Staff,
if a cop or a detective needs a search
warrant at 3 A.M.. you're to type it up...
go to the judge's house, pull him off

his wife or whoever else he's on top of...
and get it signed.
If anybody calls for a definition of
"probable cause", "reasonable suspicion"
"stop and search",
you look it up and fax it to him in
three minutes, or your ass is mine.
And you bend the fucking rules
I don't want any goddamn civil-liberties
subtleties here.
We get this cop-killing son-of-a-bitch,
and I'll deal with the ACLU later.
Do you hear me?
Who the fuck are you? Why are you late?
- Sean Casey, sir.
I was at the hospital with my father.
- Oh, my God. Come here, kid.
First, how is he?
He's critical, but he's stable.
They think the operation went well.
How bad was he hit?
He got three bullet wounds and there
were a lot of slivers from...
you know, damage from the door
there's some in his eyes.
You gave blood?
- Yes. Twice.
You hear that, you dead asses?
This kid just gave his blood. Twice.
So, get to work. Get to work.
Now, come on.
Sean. Elihu.
In my office.
Sean, I'm Elihu Harrison.
Sorry to meet under these circumstances.
Come on, I'll show you
the way to Morgy's office.
It's down the hall.
Over here.
Right. I know.
Here, sit, sit, sit.
Have you eaten anything? It's all right.
- No.
Eileen, call downstairs.

Two eggs over light, bacon very crisp...
toasted bagel, butter and jam, and
a large pot of coffee. Get it here fast.
Does the... Oh, Eli, you want anything?
- No, thanks.

Does the hospital know how to reach you?
I think I left an office number.
Sean, nobody's going to answer
your phone, if you're not there.
Eileen, if there are any calls from
the hospital for S. Casey...
transfer them here.

So kid, tell me:

- Not yet.
But the operation,
it went well?
Well, I think that's what they said.
They use so many technical terms, I...
Eileen, call Dr. Pritzker. Tell him
I want a no-bullshit report on Sean's...
Excuse me, your father's first name?
- Liam.

Liam? Liam Casey.
And to keep me informed.
Pritzker's the head of surgery
Thank you, Mr. Morgenstern.
Morgy. Morgy to you, but not in front of
those assholes you came in with.
How old are you, kid?
- Thirty-three.

You're older than the rest of
your class. How come?
Right after college...
- What college?
St John's.
Right after St John's,
I joined the force...
but I was trying to get
my law degree at night.
I was working three shifts
it took a long time.
Do you hear that?
Not like you, Eli. No ivy walls, no cute

little co-eds with high tits, tight asses.
Eli here, his folks have a private seat
reserved for family members...
at Harvard Law School.
Morgy's still angry I didn't have to
go to City College.
You're goddamn right: in this office,
it pays to know the street.
You know the street, kid.
- I know the street.
- I'll bet you do.
Okay.
Sean, you know why you're here?
Not really, Mr. Morgenstern.
- Morgy.
Morgy, you're being very kind.
It's not in my character
I always want something in return.
Right, Eli? You don't mind if I call
you Eli, right?
Elihu, I don't know,
it's almost hard for me to say.
But Eli, it's more Hamish.
Hamish, it's a word of my people. Means...
- Cozy.
To feel at home with,
it's why your people use chintz. Sean...
When we capture Jordan, and we will,
he's going to be tried.
It's the easiest case
this office will ever have.
He left one empty gun behind
his prints are on it.
I'll bet you whatever you want...
ballistics will find bullets in one of
those four cops that came from that gun.
He's the worst dope dealer in Harlem.
A murderer of his own people. A monster.
As I say, easiest case this office will
ever have. I hope they get him alive.
'Cause I want him put on trial
by this office.
And you know who the prosecutor's
going to be?

You Sean you're going to try him.

That's right:

You're looking at me like I'm crazy.
Morgy, with apologies to you, Sean...
Morgy, this is a giant case.
Sean has never tried anything like this,
in size or importance.
Mr. Morgenstern, Morgy,
Mr. Harrinson's right.
I mean, I'm new at this.
A mistake could ruin the case.
There's no problem here
my son could win this case.
And he's not out of high school.
And is stupid.
This case isn't complicated.
Morgy, are you serious?
You can always tell when I make a joke.
I'm the guy who laughs loudest.
Sir... Morgy...

- Look, kid:

Whose father is laying up there with
tubes coming out of every hole he's got?
Whose blood is flowing in his veins,
now, this minute?
And who put him there?
Case closed.
Food is here. Shall I bring it in?
- No, put it in DiAngelo's office.
Kid, go eat. There's a couch in there.
DiAngelo's in Florida on vacation.
Eat, grab some kip. I'll wake you
if there's any word from the hospital.
You got a career-making case coming up.
- Thank you.
Why are you doing this?
He's at the top of his class.
I don't know. I got a feeling about him.
You mean that?
You bet your guy as I do.
- You realize I'll have to resign?
So? Resign.

Morgy, I'm Senior Trial Counsel.
Turning this over to anybody but me
is an insult...
that's incredibly damaging to me,
to my career.
Turning it over to an ADA with eight
months experience's more than insulting.
It's shocking, humiliating, unacceptable.
- Listen to me you prick.
You think I don't know what's going on?
The walls have ears, my friend.
Those little planted stories in
the papers? Morgenstern is old...
Morgenstern's has got heart problems.
Morgenstern's lost his touch.
That's your work, Eli.
You and that goddamn PR firm you hired.
And you thought I didn't know? I got
lots of friends, Eli. People owe me.
You're going against me in the primary.
If I whip your ass, and I'll...
you'll return to the party
of your people...
and make the run against me that way.
And you think I'm to hand you a career
making case so you can destroy me?
What do you think, I'm an idiot,
you momser?
That's a word of my people.
You want to know what it means?
Come here...
Bastard.
So, if he lives...
you've got your hero cop as a witness,
being questioned by
his heroic self-made son.
You've got Rivera, Oprah,
maybe even Charlie Rose explaining
how you made this heart-warming choice.
Do you think I'm an idiot?
Let me give you
three words of my people.
Go fuck yourself.
Up your ass.

Hey.
How you doing, Nails?
Nails?
Nails. I used to call you that,
remember? A long time ago.
Nails?
Remember?
Whenever you wanted me to do something.

You used to say:

"Nail it, son".
As long as I can remember.
You'd pitch me a ball in the park...

you'd say:

Remember?
Had a tough exam:
"Nail it, Seano"
I liked it.
Never said it to anybody else.
That's why I called you that.
I got it.
- Good, Pop.
- Remember.
I liked you calling me that.
Something terrific has happened.
When they get Washington, Pop, guess
who's going to prosecute him?
It's me, Pop.
Whole career opening up.
Guess who the chief witness is going
to be, Pop?
You.
First on the scene
First to go down. You're going to be on
the stand and am to ask the questions
My God, Sean.
Everything your mother and I worked for.
- I know that.
It's going to happen Pop.
They're kicking me out
You get some rest, okay?
- Sean,
Nail the son-of-a-bitch.

I will, Pop.

I love you.

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

- Morning, Sam.

I have an announcement to make

I have agreed to defend

Jordan Washington.

So you know where he is?

- Yes, yes, I know where he is.

I want to arrange for a quiet surrender
to the District Attorney's office.

How and when did you contact
each other?

Through an intermediary, Don.

- Talking about defense...

What possible defense do you plan to
offer in this case?

You working for the DA's office, Bill?

Your paper certainly does.

You're usually so willing to talk, Sam.

Why are you being so coy?

No, no, you're all going to have to
just wait for the trial.

And let me assure you
that we want a trial.

In fact... Emily, would you send
Mr. Washington in, please.

You've had him here the whole time?

How long?

Does the DA know that he's here?

Jordan, now's your chance to make

a statement:

What's the plea going to be?

My client will not answer
any questions.

Would you take off your shirt and
lower your trousers, please?

Notice, ladies and gentlemen,
that he is completely unmarked.

Turn around, please.

There are no bruises, no breaks of skin.

I'd like you to notice the kidney area,
which is a favorite police target...

and also the buttocks and the genitals.
Thank you very much.
We are delivering Jordan
in perfect condition.
We've a car waiting downstairs.
We're going downtown now
to deliver Mr. Washington...
to District Attorney Morgenstern.
We'd like you all to come along
as witnesses, so...
we can all be sure that Mr. Washington
shows up for his first day of trial...
in exactly the same condition
as you see him here today.
He's bringing Washington down here
to surrender.
That fucking Vigoda
just wants to rub our noses in it.
We couldn't capture him.
He surrendered voluntarily.
Well, fuck Vigoda.
Lawrence, you get your men down there
and...
when that car turns into Worth Street
you stop it,
you drag the black son-of-a-bitch
onto the street and cuff him.
I want four officers,
one on each arm, one on each leg...
to drag that man into the building,
and throw him in a fucking cell.
That's what I promised the people
of this city...
and that's what they're going to get.
I'm not going to let that little
commie shyster humiliate this office.
And if he gets in the way, arrest him.
For obstruction of justice.
Here they come.
Wave them through, guys.
Wave them through.
Lieutenant,
I'm surrendering my client.
You're obstructing justice

There is no need for that.
You are obstructing justice.
You.
Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Damn it.
Get the cameras over to the car.
This is completely unnecessary and
excessive use of force.
Channel 11's legal expert,
Joshua Field.
Well, District Attorney Morgenstern
has had a disaster.
What was supposed to be a quiet surrender
of Jordan Washington...
turned into a three-ring circus.
There could be grounds
for a change of venue appeal at minimum.
What the hell do you want?
- You've buried yourself.
I've come to gloat.
You know as well as I,
Vigoda's a great attorney.
If he's defending Washington,
you've got something to worry about.
That's beside the fact...
you'll have every black militant
and left-wing group in the city
blocking every bridge,
disrupting every highway and...
screaming police brutality
under your window every night...
when you're trying to get some sleep.
And...
he'll eat your hero-cop lawyer alive.
Fuck you.
I'm withdrawing my resignation.
Thanks for taking your time accepting it.
You, my Hebraic friend,
are in trouble on this case and...
I can't wait to see you take the fall.
Good night.
Just ran riot.
This is Liam Casey.
Please leave a message.
Hey, Pop, I hope this means you're

sleeping, not out dancing somewhere.
Tomorrow's the big day. Wish me luck.
Hey, Morgy,
this is Sean.
I just call to say how much I appreciate
everything you've done for me...
and that I won't let you down.
Mr. Casey your opening statement.
Your honor, ladies and gentlemen of
the jury, I'm going to be very brief.
This city just recently buried
three police officers.
A fourth is recovering from
three bullet wounds.
One of the dead officers was shot
by another unidentified officer...
because of the confusion created
by the defendant's actions.
The other two dead officers
and the wounded police officer...
had bullets in their bodies
that came from...
the defendant's gun.
It's that simple.
The case against the defendant
is defined by three gravestones...
and a set of crutches.
I've no doubt of our proof and
I've no doubt of your eventual verdict
Well, thank you.
Mr. Vigoda.
- Your honor,
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
Mr. Casey has stated the facts...
and we don't dispute
one word of what he said.
However, you have to be crazy
to shoot three cops...
and Jordan Washington
is not crazy.
What Mr. Casey has left out is that
my client was fighting for his life.
What my client has left out is that
my client was going to be executed.

What Mr. Casey
has left out...
is that cops from three precincts,
the six-four, six-five and seven-four,
were in business with my client and
had been for years.
And, as in so many businesses,
there was a falling out among partners.
Somebody was offering a better price
for the protection services...
that these precincts were providing...
When my client refused
to go along with that new price,
it was decided that he had to go.
Why do you think three precincts
responded to that call.
J. Washington knew what was happening
when he heard footsteps in the hall.
And he was not going to sit idly by...
and wait for his executioners
to destroy him.

Now, it is true:

Jordan Washington fired
through that door.
And it is true that bullets
from my client's gun...
took the lives of two more
New York City cops.
But their dying began well before
that tragic night.
Their deaths began on the day that
corrupt cops...
agreed to protect dope dealing
in Harlem.
Now, I grieve for
those dead policemen.
As far as I know,
they were not part of any conspiracy.
But I cannot let a man go to jail
for the rest of his life...
for doing what is acknowledged
as a man's most basic right:
the right of self-defense.

Thank you.

Vigoda's witness list includes 17 cops
from the six-four, the six-five...
and the seven-four.

What do you mean, don't worry?

- Because it's bullshit it's a theory.
Theories are crap.

He wants to confuse and divert the jury.
Don't let him divert you.

Three dead cops, one seriously wounded.
That's your case.

Cops on the take, Morgy.

- No kidding? Thanks for the information.
Washington had to be paying somebody.

Will you stop worrying about it?

That's another question. Take one.

That's another trial.

This one is about...

Three dead cops, one seriously wounded.
I know.

Oh, Eileen, I told you not spicy.

Damn.

So you were completely occupied
with Detective Casey...
and you really knew nothing...
about what was going on in the streets?

Yes, sir, that's correct.

Thank you, detective.

Your witness.

Detective Allegretto, have you ever
heard of the name Kleinhoff?

Who?

- Kleinhoff.

No, not that I can recall.

- Thank you. That's all.

The witness is excused.

Detective Liam Casey

Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth and nothing but the truth?

I do.

Good morning, Detective Casey

Morning Counselor.

You're assigned to seven-four precinct?

- Yes, sir.

How long have you been there?

- Nine years.

You've been a detective for how long?

- Twenty years.

And how long have you been a policeman?

- Thirty-six years.

Thirty-six years.

So, you're well past

your eligibility for retirement?

Oh, they'll have to carry me out.

In fact they almost did.

Can you tell us how you became involved with the defendant?

We all knew him:

I mean, the word on the street was.

kingpin, top dog, numero uno, M.M.

M. M?

- Yeah, Mean...

Yes?

Mean Motherfucker.

That's what we called him: M.M.

And how did you specifically get involved in the pursuit of him?

Well, me and my partner, that's Joey

Allegretto, we have us a snitch.

Naturally, I can't tell you his name.

- We understand.

One day, six-seven months ago...

we learned that the defendant...

if we got lucky,

we'd see him coming in or out.

So you cased that house for two and a half weeks, all day and all night?

Damn near.

Oh, I mean, a couple of times

we'd miss some hours.

Once we both got sick from

some bad-hero sandwiches.

Things like that.

Didn't you ask for help from precinct

- In narcotics, you got to be careful.

On a good lead,

you don't want too much ord out.

What did you then do?
We got lucky.
Sunday night the snitch showed.
That's Sunday 13 October?
- Yes, sir. So now, we're in business.
So then, you had absolutely no knowledge
of what was going on outside?
The next thing I saw was you...
standing by my bed
in ICU at Metropolitan.
Thank you, Detective.
Your witness, Counselor.
Good afternoon, Detective Casey.
You on sick leave now?
- Yes, sir.
What's the prognosis?

Pretty good:

I'll be as good as new.
I'm glad to hear it.
I only have two or three areas
that I'd like to cover.
You had a warrant?
- Yes.
Now, something that you said
has made me curious.
This thing about
not getting any help...
during what must have been
an arduous...
even tortuous surveillance.
You testified...
"On a good lead,
you don't want too much word out".
What did you mean by that?
- Narcotics are complicated.
The fewer people know about
what you're doing, the better it is.
Does that apply to your fellow officers?
- Objection, your honor.
The charge here is murder,
not police corruption.
The defense may tie the two together,
your honor.

A line of questioning you opened up,
cancelled, overruled.
You may answer, Detective Casey.
You have to be careful.
I don't understand. You mean narcotics
information is a two-way street?
That police officers can be informed
about dealers...
and dealers can be informed
about police officers?
I'm not sure I get the question.
Well, then...
regretfully, I must be blunt.
Were you afraid that
if you involved any other officers...
one of them might get word
to Jordan Washington?
Like I said, you got to be careful.
I'm sorry to press you, Detective,
but I must ask you to answer...
either yes or no.
Yes.
Since you didn't share this information
with men of your own precinct...
you didn't share it with officers
in any other precinct.
Am I correct?
Yes or no.
I shared it with nobody.
Except your partner.
- Except my partner.
I just have one more question.
You ever heard of the name Kleinhoff?
Not that I know of.
- He's an ex-police officer.
In fact, the records indicate that...
both of you served in the same precinct
for a period of some two weeks.
It was a long time ago,
about twenty years.
Kleinhoff,
does that name sound familiar?
No, counselor.
Like you said, a long time ago.

I understand.

Thank you, that's all.

Jordan Washington: 1-1-1...

Shall I play it for you again,
Lieutenant?

We hear Detective Allegretto very
clearly calling into the 74th precinct.
Why did men from the 64th precinct
respond?

They thought more help might be needed.
- More help.

But just a few seconds had elapsed
before your men responded. Why?

How did your men know
that more help was needed?

Did I hear you correctly, Sergeant?

Men of the six-five responded...

because

an "officer down" call had come in?

Yes, sir.

But the "officer down" call
did not go out...

until almost two minutes after
the original call came in...

and men from the six-five
were already on their way.

How do you explain that?

You drove, and I quote:

"like a bat out of hell".

Why?

It was a big collar.

We wanted in on it.

Finally, someone gives me
a straight answer.

You were how old at this point?

- Six or seven.

And this was your fifth foster home?

- I don't know, I lost count.

What about brothers and sisters,
Mr. Washington?

Five of us we got split up early.

No foster home wanted five kids.

You were the youngest?

- That's right.

Where was your mother during this time?

All over.

Mama was all over.

She was a user, an addict.

What happened to her?

- I don't know.

Father?

- I never knew him.

How old were you, Mr. Washington, when you hit the streets permanently?

Maybe ten.

- How did you live?

I became a runner.

A drug runner?

- That's right.

Could you give us a description of how you lived over the next few years?

I kind moved up

I learned where the money goes.

Then I got busted and did two and a half in Elmira.

And when you got out?

- Carved out a piece of turf for myself.

Took it, one block at a time.

Nobody's stopping me.

So now you were a full-time dealer.

- That's right.

In your experience, Mr. Washington...

What's the most important thing a full-time dealer needs?

Three different things:

a place to buy it, a place to sell it, and protection.

Protection from other dealers?

- No, see, I takes care of that myself.

Protection from what?

- All of this shit.

How do you protect yourself from this?

- Well, how do you do anything?

Money.

Who is Kurt Kleinhoff?

- Ex-cop. My bag man.

Meaning the one who pays everyone off?

- That's right.

Can you tell us how that works?

- First of the month...

Kleinhoff go out with a little black

satchel, look like a doctor bag...

stops by the bar, the precinct and

the pizza parlor and pays off cops.

So much for the patrolman,

so much for the sergeant...

lieutenant, captain...

How much?

- Six hundred grand a year.

How much?

Six hundred grand a year: fifty grand

a month, three precincts to pay off.

And those precincts were?

- Six-four, Six-five, Seven-four.

Could you give us the names

of the officers involved?

Objection, your honor. The defendant
was not present at the alleged pay-off.

We must not take his word on this,
he must not name names.

Sustained.

Who is Carlos Alvarez?

- Guy trying to take over my operation.

How did he try?

- See, he moved the ante up.

He offered the cops six hundred

and fifty grand a year.

So my police friends tried

to shake me down for another fifty.

I said "No, get the fuck out of here.

Once that shit starts, I'm finished.

So I said no, and I figured

I'd take care of Alvarez my own way.

And did you?

- No, see, I never got the chance.

Alvarez figured

I'd be coming on after him...

so he tell the cops and...

they don't want to give up that fifty

so they come on after me.

And that was the night of October 13th?

- Yeah.

But I knew what was happening
maybe a month before that.

Kleinhoff say:

"First time they find you,
they coming on after you".

We're perfectly aware that you grew up
amid conditions that were heartbreaking.

Let me ask you something. Remember
the first time you hit somebody?

No. It seems like I'm always hitting
or being hit.

Oh yes, because you say in
your testimony here, and I quote:

"I've carved out a piece of turf
for myself I took it" end quote.

That must have taken a lot of hitting,
didn't it?

Did it?

When you were expanding your drug empire

and I quote:

did you ever kill anybody?

Your honor, I am instructing my client
not to answer that question...

on the grounds of self-incrimination.

Are you pleading the Fifth Amendment,
Mr. Washington?

Yes.

- Did you ever order anyone killed?

Same instructions, your honor.

Fifth Amendment.

When you were in jail for assault with
deadly weapon, did you kill anybody?

Fifth Amendment.

- When your turf was firmly established,
when you were now numero uno, top dog,
kingpin, M.M., did you order anyone...

Fifth fucking Amendment.

- Enough of this.

We'll ask questions and wait for
responses in a civilized way.

Your honor, the prosecutor is bating...

- Sit down, Mr. Vigoda.

I'll run this courtroom with no help from you nor anyone.

Continue, Mr. Casey.

- Thanks your honor.

Let's go to the night of the shootout.

Sunday, October 13th.

Did you hear Detectives Casey and Allegretto coming up the stairs?

When you fired fifteen shots straight at the door...

did you see Detective Casey go down?

The door was there.

But by the end of your fusillade, the door was in pieces.

Did you see Detective Casey get hit?

- No.

Did you see any blood?

- No.

When you got down to the basement, did you see two policemen?

Oh, yeah.

Did you see their faces before firing?

- Yeah.

Were they young or old?

- I don't know.

You just said you saw their faces.

Not clear.

- Which is it:

I don't know.

When you fired your .357 Magnum, did you see where the bullets hit?

Where did they hit?

- One in the head and one in the body.

Was there blood?

- Oh, yeah.

Lots of it?

- Yeah.

Let me ask you something.

Did any get on your tiny white sneakers?

Motherfucker.

Remove the defendant.

Remove the defendant.
Get him out of here.
Jury's on the way.

Two hours:

- Good sign, but who knows?

Guilty on all five charges.

Can you believe this?

- Okay, everybody.

Well did I smell it,
huh?

You all thought I was nuts,
but I knew this kid had it, had it all.

Sean, come on up here. Sean Casey.

- Yeah.

Come on.

A boundless love of the truth and
an instinct for the jugular vein.

That's what makes
a great prosecutor.

And I cannot think of a better moment
to announce my run for re-election.

I'm glad that opposing counsel
has seen fit to join us here tonight.

Welcome, come on, welcome.

I may offer Sam Vigoda the chairmanship
of my fund-raising committee.

He should live so long.

All right, have a good time.

Mr. Mayor.

Sir, Sean Casey. Sean,
Mayor Williams.

Congratulations, Mr. Casey. I couldn't
imagine this is your first major case.

Brilliantly done. Brilliantly.

Where's your father?

- He's in the back.

Liam. Over here.

- Mr. Casey.

I never knew I'd be helping
the prosecution.

I'm Peggy Lindstrom.

- Yeah, I know.

We met once in an elevator.

I work for Sam Vigoda.
One of twelve irreplaceable assistants.
- I know that I saw you at the trial.
Sit.
- Hi.
How are you?
- Fine.
I don't know if you can make it erect.
- I think I can.
Classy car.

- I'm lucky:

Where are we going?
- Home.
I live in Queens.
- I don't.
You're a miracle.
I know. But only to people that
I want to like me.
How do you decide?
- Instinct.
I couldn't believe what I was seeing
when you cross-examined Washington.
I knew I was watching
the start of a great career...
I knew that, at the least,
I wanted to get you into bed.
How come you don't wait to be asked?
- I hate that coy bullshit.
I live my life as openly and
as honestly as possible.
You're completely attractive.
- I know.
So now you get 3.00 A.M.
scrambled eggs, I get ice-cream, and...
I hope I'm impressing you enough
so that we can see each other again.
I'm very impressed:
we'll see each other again.
And still...
tonight wasn't casual for me.
Well, it started casual for me.
I was a little loaded.
There's a beautiful and sexy woman,

well, what's there to lose?
Right now, it feels like
the beginning of something.
Can you spend the night?
Impelliteri is setting
the sentencing date tomorrow.
I should show up in my other suit.
See? The first heartbreak already.
I'll make up for it.
- How?
I don't know.
Good eggs.
What did you find?
- Forget about it.
Nothing left of that joker
but a skeleton.
God only knows how long
he's been down there.
Poor kids were crabbing.
One of their lines got snagged.
How do you like that?
On the first charge...
Would you stand,
Mr. Washington?
On the first charge,
the death of Patrolman Finney...
the sentence is
twenty five years to life with no parole.
On the second charge,
the death of Patrolman Katz...
twenty-five years to life, no parole.
On the third charge,
the wounding of Detective Casey...
twenty-five years to life, no parole.
On the fourth and fifth charges...
fifteen to twenty-five years each,
with no parole.
Sentences to run consecutively.
Goodbye, Mr. Washington.
You know that floater
you fished out last week?
We finally got an ID on him.

NYPD medical:

And that man is Pat Distefano.
And if we stick together,
we can win it all.
We can win it all.
We got it.
Hell of an acceptance speech.
- Oh, fuck.
Morgy, Morgy.
Turn him over.
Turn him over.
Let's stop fucking around.
Now, I'm sure you've each got somebody.
whose name you'd like to put up.
And we're only two hours away
from the six o'clock news.
Now I've got an idea.
Morgy's in ICU.
I'd like to ask you for prayers
for him tonight.
But we are a party rich in talent.
I would like to place in nomination...
and I would be proud if you accept it
by acclamation...
For the office of District Attorney,
I nominate...
Sean CASEY.
I wish she could've seen it.
I wish she could've heard it.
I sure hope she knows.
- She knows.
Yeah, I think you're right.
She's got to be as proud as I am.
Well, I hope she wasn't disappointed.
- In what?
She always had hopes of me joining
the church.
I know she wanted me to.
- Tempted?
I was.
We were blessed, Pop.
That's the word.
We were blessed.
You got to try it on. Yeah.
- Looking good on you.

Sean, Vigoda on two.
Hello?
I know you're busy,
but it's important that we meet.
Okay, what's good for you?
Well, I'll meet you anytime you want,
but Sean...
someplace where neither of us
can wear a wire.
You heard that the body they fished out
of the river turned out to be Kleinhoff.
If you win, I want you to pursue
that murder.
As soon as you can...
use the Investigation Division
of the DA's office.
Going through any precincts is not
the best way to find what you look for.
Sooner or later you're going to run
into dirty cops.
You're not telling me
you believed your defense?
You heard the tapes,
you heard the testimony.
Total chaos on the street that night.
- All right, Jordan Washington is scum.
Sometimes I just get so sick inside.
So...
so discouraged,
you know?
I feel like we have to just give up
on an entire generation.
Lock them up and throw away the key.
Am I hearing this from
the last of the 60's radicals?
Are you conning me?
Yes to the first and not to the second.
Why'd you take the case?
Because I was after something else.
- What?
Sean,
the first rule of the drug world:
"There can't be that much money around
without dirty cops".

That's what I wanted to get to.
Why?
Who appointed you?
My 15 year old daughter...
when she O.D. ed.
You know when your kid dies
before you...
it's not the natural order of things.
Your whole life changes.
When I was a cop with the 103 in Queens,
four cops got caught on the pad.
It was nothing big:
the usual C-note a month.
But I remember
I was ducking into the station house...
because I didn't want to
get cornered by the reporters.
I didn't want to get caught on camera,
because I was ashamed.
In the meantime those four cops
were being brought in by their buddies...
They had their coats over their hands
so their cuffs wouldn't show
they had their heads ducked down low,
so nobody would recognize them.
I remember feeling I wanted to
pull their heads up by their hair...
so everybody could see.
Because a cop like that...
is the scum of the earth.
You get me real evidence,
I'll follow it wherever it leads.
Wherever?
- Yeah, wherever.
- You're a romantic.
And I think you're blushing.
It's the heat.
- It's not the heat.
You're blushing.
I think I'm going to vote for you.
Your final statement, Mr. Harrison.
You have two minutes.
Though constantly taking
the high moral ground...

Mr. Casey's naivet' keeps trapping him
in the depths of, well...
to put it mildly,
questionable behavior.
He's in the midst of an affair
with someone.
No, no, no. Please, please, listen.
I don't bring this up as a smear.
It's just that...
the person he's involved with,
works for a law firm...
that has been a consistent enemy
of law and order in this city.
In two instances,
traffic was stopped for hours...
once at the Brooklyn Bridge
and once at the Queens Midtown Tunnel.
They've represented
the pushcart peddlers...
who drive away business from
legitimate, tax-paying merchants.
Welfare cheats, corrupt local school
boards, in other words...
all the elements that have made
life in this city almost unlivable.
The District Attorney's office is...
the representative of law and order
in this city.
Who do you want
sitting in that chair?
A newly graduated, naive lawyer
with one easy victory behind him?
A man who sees nothing wrong with
an involvement in a law firm...
that has, at times, brought this city
to its knees?
Or the calm, reasoned, objective
point of view of someone...
who's devoted 18 years of public service
to this city and its people?
Thank you.
Mr. Casey?
I'm not even going to respond to
the personal attack...

other than to say that
we are sort of living in sin
because she won't marry me:
I've asked.
I would like to address what I think
Mr. Harrison here's really talking about.
We are all perfectly aware of
the complete loss of respect...
that exists for government today,
particularly the law.
Well, I believe that
the system can work.
But you, all of you,
need one basic reassurance:
you need to know that
the law applies to everyone equally.
Rich, poor, black, white, yellow,
brown, witness, jury...
perpetrator, victim, cops, judges,
Wall Street, welfare...
All everyone equally.
The party ticket I am running on
may not like what I'm saying...
but I'm telling you how I feel.
There will be only one standard:
Did that person break the law?
If I am elected,
the law will exclude no-one.
All, everyone,
will be equal before the law.
Just like it says on the building.
Thank you.
Do we have to go back?
You do.
Big campaign stops tomorrow.
Right.
This place is magic.
For what it's worth, I never thought
I'd want a place like this.
Until this morning,
while making coffee for you.
It's worth a lot
you make very good coffee.
I think we should get married.

Will you marry me?
Let's not push it
marriage wasn't great for me.
You weren't married to me.
How was your meeting with
Vigoda?
It was interesting.
I can't tell you the content of it.
- I understand.
When you're the D.A.
we may wind up on opposite sides a lot.
We'll have lots of secrets
from each other.
I hate that.
- So what do you suggest.
I suggest
we tell each other everything.
We'll leave it up to the other person
to decide whether to use it.
God, you like to make things difficult.
Why not just keep quiet?
- That's also an option.
Come in.
Thanks for coming in, Mr. Casey. Of
Of course, we've seen each other around
for months, but never really met.
I'm Captain Lawrence, Head of
Investigation for the D.A.'s office.
Of course.
This is my assistant,
Lieutenant Gentile.
How are you, Counselor.
- Hi, how are you.
You did a hell of a job.
I'll be working for you after November.
This is Lieutenant Wilson, Internal
Affairs. Wilson, will you take over?
Harbor Police fished out what
was practically a skeleton...
in the East River some months ago.
Dental records identified
the body as Kurt Kleinhoff.
A few days later we obtained
a copy of a small black address book,

I can't tell you how.
The address book had the names of
fifteen police officers.
The fifteen officers were, and are
presently, in the Six-four,
the Six-five and the Seven-four.
As of yesterday at four o'clock, we've
officially taken over the investigation.
That's what we're here for
that's what our department does.
One of our first investigations is
to find out...
how many officers named in that book...
were present at
the Jordan Washington shoot-out.
Do you know if Kleinhoff was dirty?
- We don't know. Yet.
But we sort of kept tabs on him
after he left the force.
He was always around drugs,
on the fringes.
Where there was dope and dealers,
there was Kleinhoff.
We were getting close when he floated
up. No point looking for the killer
forensics can't give us a hint of
how he died.
So why am I here?
One of the names in the book was
Joey Allegretto. Your father's partner.
We have to bring him in, Sean, but we
don't want to hurt you or your campaign.
And God knows, we don't want to hurt
your father.
We thought it might be worthwhile for
you to talk to him first.,
Maybe it's something,
maybe it's nothing.
But if it's something,
maybe he'll talk to you.
Then maybe we can see if there's a way
of exercising some damage control...
on this whole mess.
And I'm supposed to report back to you,

is that it?

If I were you, I'd do it, Mr. Casey.

It's better to know than not know.

Anybody else you want me to talk to?

Not at the moment.

What the fuck, they don't give you an office? We got to meet out here?

Come here. How you doing?

What's the matter?

What's the matter with you?

I'd never wear a wire on you, Joe.

I'm sorry.

I know that, I'm sorry.

Come on, come here, I'm sorry.

It's just that ever since Kleinhoff floated up...

everybody's a little tense, that's all.

Why are they tense, Joey?

- Oh, people are talking.

What are they talking about?

- Internal Affairs getting involved.

Your office.

People are edgy.

Joey, you said at the trial you didn't know Kleinhoff.

Yeah, well, I lied.

- Why?

'Cause committing perjury's a hell easier than admitting you know Kleinhoff.

Well, what are you going to do?

You going to report me?

I'll report as little or as much of this conversation as I want to.

That's the deal

You don't know Internal Affairs.

You think that's the deal.

I'm the next D.A. of this city that's the deal.

Okay.

I'm asking, Joe:

Never.

- Why is your name in Kleinhoff's book?

Didn't know he had a book. Anyway he tried to call me a couple of times.

I always said no.

- Why didn't you go after him?

The truth?

- Yeah.

I didn't have the balls.

He meant a lot of money to many cops.

I figured I'd keep my own nose clean... and that's that.

Did he try to reach my father?

Look at me.

Did he try to reach my father?

I swear to you.

As far as I know your father's clean.

Okay?

Why here?

You swear to me on Mama's grave you're clean on this Kleinhoff business. Kleinhoff?

- Kleinhoff?

You know damn well who Kleinhoff is.

Don't look at me that way.

He had his hands all over some cops in the Six-four, Six-five and Seven-four. Swear to me right here, Pop, right here, you're clean.

I swear to you at your mother's grave.

I'm clean.

Why did you lie at the trial?

Joey's already told you.

- Joey told you about our meeting?

Of course.

What about Joe?

- He's clean.

Why's his name in Kleinhoff's book?

- Kleinhoff tried to reach him.

Joey comes to me and asks me what should he do...

I told him I didn't want to touch it, so he turned him down.

How do you know?

- How do I know what?

That he turned him down?

He's my partner.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, Pop.

He's clean, Captain Lawrence.

- Thank you, Sean. Glad to hear it.

Sean's talked to him:

says Allegretto's clean.

That's what I'd expect him to say.

It's nine o'clock: results.

Let's go.

Let's go to our correspondent Colleen H.
with our special election coverage.

With voting just ended, we've already
got our first victory of the evening.

And considering how close the polls were
it comes as a big surprise.

According to our exit polling,
Sean Casey will win easily over his...

Congratulations, Sean.

...sixty-four percent of the vote,
by our projections.

Though not quite that conclusively,
it looks by early count that...

Mayor Williams should also
waltz in comfortably.

It can't go on like this.

Can it?

One wonderful thing happening
after another.

In my experience, no.

It can't go on like this.

What's been your experience?

Oh, nothing brutal.

In fact, on the whole, I'm lucky.

It's just that I keep picking guys that
I expect to be perfect

I don't mean money and looks:
like you.

Just perfect. And then we get close and
the flaws show up.

I guess that's my flaw
expecting Lancelot.

You haven't picked wrong with me, Peggy.
I know, and it frightens me even more.

What if you're everything I hoped for
and...

What?

And what?

And it turns out

I'm not good enough for you?

If I'm not, I don't want to know that
about myself.

Will you marry me?

Maybe. I want to.

But I'm scared.

Can we at least live together?

In the same place?

Okay, your place or mine?

- Whichever.

Mine.

- Good choice.

But don't give up yours.

- Yet.

No, I don't recognize

the name Kleinhoff.

I've had over 1000 officers working
under me in my command for 32 years.

How do you expect me to remember a name?

- 'Cause he was paying you every month.

If you're clean, you got no reason
to be so nervous.

Are you kidding me?

You know what it means to even be
called in here?

You got pictures? What've you got?

- We don't have to tell you anything,
you have to tell us.

Bullshit, if you had pictures,
you'd be shoving them into my face,
so you could turn me into a rat.

I don't know nothing about knocking off
Washington.

I will not answer any questions unless
a PBA lawyer is present.

I'd like you to repeat that.

Just one time outside this room.

You'd be swallowing your teeth by now.

I swear I'm innocent.

Kill Jordan Washington?

Are you crazy?

Not a crack.

- Mr. Casey.

It always starts this way.

Everybody's innocent.

They're all lying.

If their lips are moving, they're lying.

Within a week, somebody'll come in
to make a deal for himself...

then the whole house of cards collapses.

They're going down.

Come heavy.

Barnard Street, apartment 3-David.

We got two plain-clothes going in
with warrant.

Send back-up. Come heavy.

Hi.

Sean?

- Yeah?

- One of your perks...

Well, if there's anyone you want
as your secretary...

I mean, you should have who you want.

- Eileen, I'd like you to stay on, please.

I need all the help I can get.

- I'd be honored.

Eileen, you know

where the warrant might be?

The one that Joey and my father had?

It's in that stack I just brought you.

All the documentation is chronological,
so it should be, right at the top.

That's a Xerox,

you know where the original might be?

Who signed this?

- Impelleteri.

Could have gone back to his office,

or floating around the 74th precinct.

Do you want me to locate it?

- Please.

Could take a couple of days.

- Okay.

Hi.

- Hi.

How you feeling, Morgy?

Lousy.

What else do you want to ask me?

I came to thank you.

I owe a lot to you.

Don't thank me.

I might not have done you a favor.

It'll start soon, you'll see.

What'll start?

- The pressure.

In fact, from what I heard,
it's started already.

What did you hear?

Internal Affairs, they're pressing you?

How did you hear it?

People owe me.

How bad is it?

I don't know yet.

This Internal Affairs business:

I'm afraid to go through the door.

I don't know what to expect.

Expect the worst, so prepare yourself.

Everybody's going to want a piece of you
now that you're elected.

Leaves you in a damn good position, kid.

When they grab for you,

when they go for that piece of you...

you get something back.

You always get back more than you gave.

You hear me, kid?

More than you gave.

What are you saying to me? It's going
to be one big deal I'm making?

No, a hundred little ones. A thousand.

Deal after deal after deal after deal.

It's not why I became a lawyer.

- Who cares why you became a lawyer.

Only you nobody else gives a shit.

Why? You want clean hands?

Become a priest.

Look, kid, what you're searching for,
you're not going to find it.

Not in this place, not at this time.

Maybe no place at any time.
But you'll be better than most.
That's what you're going to have
to be satisfied with.
Get the hell out of here, please.
You're depressing me.
Come on.
- Oh, God.
Please.
I'd kiss you,
but you're an ugly bastard.
So, what do you think, Lieutenant?
Can I do myself some good here?
You're the first to come forward,
I'm sure we can help.
But I'll need corroboration
for everything you tell us.
I don't see a problem.
My old partner, Estevez?
You had him in here.
For a deal, he'll talk.
Good. But that's it.
After the two of you, no more deals.
I'm saddened to announce the indictment
this morning of five police officers on
on charges of bribery and
dealing in narcotics.
Their names are in the press release
you've been given.
The indictments are the result of
a two month investigation.
by the Internal Affairs Division.
The investigation was conducted by
Lieutenant Wilson.
Any more cops to come, Sean?
It's an ongoing investigation.
You're an ex-cop, Mr. District Attorney.
How do you feel?
Lousy.
I notice that three of the five names
were in the 74th precinct.
Isn't your father
in the 74th precinct?
If there's anything I hate

as much as a dirty cop...
it's a scandal-mongering reporter
looking for a sensationalist story.
Your smear of a good cop...
a cop who almost gave his life
for this city is despicable.
You find that funny?
Having said that, I can tell you that...
this investigation will go
wherever the evidence leads.
This press conference is over.
Eileen, any word on the warrant?
- Oh, I forgot to tell you.
We can't find any trace of the original.
How come?
- Happens all the time.
I'll clear this.
- Here, let me help you.
- I got it, thanks. Just sit there.
Like you to volunteer
after all the hard work's done, right?
Making the roast beef,
that's when I could've used you.
Peeling potatoes, scraping the carrots.
Sit there and drink your Guinea Red.
I'll take care of it.
It was great, Pop.
When did you learn how to cook?
Oh, after your mom died.
Days off got so damn lonely
around here.
But people were nice.
They kept on inviting me
for Sunday dinner.
I knew I'd have to invite them back
and restaurants round here ain't great.
Also, I tend to drink a little too much
in a restaurant, I don't know why.
So I started cooking.
Made my days off go faster.
And I could repay my neighbors like
a civilized man.
Go ahead, don't wait for me.
I'll just get some milk.

I can't take credit for that pie,
I'm afraid.
It's store bought,
but Casey heated.
There we go. Want some coffee?
- Yeah.
So, Sean, you wanted to see us,
and we wanted to see you.
So what's up?
- Go ahead, take it.
You first.
Okay, we got a little favor to ask you,
Seano.
Tough one, Pop?
- For you, I guess it will be. Go ahead.
I guess the only thing to do is say it.
- Right.
Got caught with my hand in
the cookie jar.
Whose cookie jar?
- Oh, Kleinhoff.
Somebody ratted me out to Internal
Affairs and they called me in.
How long you been on the take?
About four years.
- How much?
Over the whole time, I don't know,
about sixty or seventy grand.
Grand jury?
Yeah, in about two or three weeks.
What do you want me to do about it?
- Joey's offered to co-operate.
I told them, you know, they got me.
That fucking prick Wilson turned me down.
He says he's got everybody he needs.
Talk to him, Sean. He could use Joey.
One more witness never hurt
the prosecution.
He'll listen to you. You're the D.A.
It's a personal thing with that fucking
prick he's been after me for years.
About eight, nine years ago...
- Bullshit, bullshit.
You might as well be selling

dope yourself.

Sean, don't.

- What do you mean, don't.

Don't what, Pop?

Don't tell him he's a scumbag?

That he's a disgrace?

What about it, Pop?

You tell me:

- Sean, he's my partner.

Right, hold it. Just hold it.

I don't want you two to...

I mean, that's just not right.

Yeah, I'm your partner,

but this is your son.

And I don't want to cause no bad feeling
between you two.

And you, you can stop worrying, 'cause
he had nothing to do with anything.

There is no way I'm going to talk to
Internal Affairs about him.

What if I had something new to offer?

- Something new to offer? Like what?

There were eight cops who...

- Eight cops who what, Joey?

What?

- Talked about taking out Washington.

My God.

Including you, Joey?

Yeah, including me.

That night of the shoot-out,
they all came...

And they were there the night of.

the shoot-out, weren't they?

Including the two rat-fucks that
turned me into Wilson.

The two rat-fucks? Rat-fucks?

You took money from

Harlem's biggest dealer...

you committed perjury at his trial...

you engaged in a conspiracy to kill him

when he wouldn't cough up more dough

and now you're offering to turn in seven
other cops in order to save yourself...

and you have the nerve
to call them rat-fucks?
You were a cop, Joe, and
now you're garbage, you're nothing.
I hope some crazy junky takes you out
in an alley one night.
Sean, I didn't know.
- Vigoda was right.
It's funny, you spend years with
a partner, you live...
sometimes you die together.
But you don't know him.
Was Jordan Washington
the only honest witness at the trial?
You mean, did I lie about anything?
Course not, Pop.
Did you?
The warrant.
That's what I came to see you about.
What about it?
The day of the stake-out,
I made out a new one.
The old one expired the day before.
I made out a new one...
signed Impelliteri's name.
Nobody checks a signature.
Why? Pop, why?
Well...
Nail it, son.
Remember?
We were this close...
this close to nailing
that son-of-a bitch.
Snitch said he was going to show
that weekend.
Get an extension.
- It was a Friday.
Go find a judge at 3 o'clock on a Friday
- No, you could have found one, Pop.
How many judges do you think I know?
Huh? And I don't trust half of them.
I wanted Jordan Washington.
You don't know how bad I wanted him.
Biggest fucking collar of my whole life.

And that bastard, murderer,
A man who destroys his own people
They did it to him.
Now he was doing it to others.
And there were fifteen cops helping him.
- Don't give me that shit.
Six hundred thousand dollars a year?
Six hundred thousand dollars a year?
How many can resist that?
How many doctors, lawyers...
the bastards who put the gas tanks
in the wrong place?
Those fucks that buy boats with
other people's life savings.
Tell me, who can resist six hundred
thousand dollars?
I'll tell you who: twenty-seven thousand
other cops on the force, that's who.
Or maybe it's twenty-six thousand or
twenty-five thousand.
Or maybe it's twenty thousand. But it's
more than the rest of the goddam country.
And to top it all off, two of us go in,
me and Joey.
Two of us go through that door because
we want Jordan Washington.
Only Jesus Christ stopped me from
killing him on the spot.
And you think I'm going to let him walk,
when all I got to do is go down the hall,
Make a copy, smudge it up a little.
Leave it on my desk.
I'll be sure I'd rather do time than
not do what I did.
It can happen, Pop.
You can do time and Jordan'll walk
if word gets out.
I need some wine.
I still got it. The warrant.
The original. The outdated one.
I got kind of superstitious. I wanted
the jacket around me to remind me
how close I'd come to dying.
How lucky I've been after...

you know how many years?

- Thirty-seven.

Thirty-seven.

When I left the hospital, they gave me my clothes back.

The jacket and shoes are all that's left.

The shirt, the pants, they had to cut them away. I reached in the pocket...

and there it was.

Jesus Christ, what a mess

I've brought to you.

I think I'm going to head home now, Pop.

- Listen, Sean,

If you can't live with this...

you know, just keeping a secret

about the warrant, just tell me.

I don't want you to carry the burden.

I'll go in and tell them I did it.

I don't want you to go against your feelings, because you know what's right.

I'm just an old cop who maybe should have been put out to pasture long ago.

There's so much going on

I just don't understand anymore.

Joey's dead.

He shot himself.

How did you hear?

- Morning news, driving down here.

Did he leave a note?

A note, did he leave a note?

They didn't say.

Frank?

- Yeah?

Can I use your phone?

- Sure.

Can't have Pop hear it alone.

This is Liam Casey.

Please leave a message. Thank you.

I got to get out there.

Pop. Pop.

Pop?

Pop?

Pop. Pop.

Peggy, he's not here.

I want to get to the office, come on.
Just in case he calls.
You want me to come up with you?
I'll get some work done.
Hey, whose car?
- Mine.
Then move it.
Sean, are you all right?
- Yeah.
Detective Casey, nice to see you.
I'm real sorry
I had to call you at home, your honor.
Thanks for seeing me.
- No big deal. Come on in.
Thank you.
Come in.
Is this what I think it is?
What do you think it is?
During the trial, there was
a Xerox of the arrest warrant.
As soon as I saw this
I knew this was the original...
and that there is probably
a difference between the two.
Is there?
- Yeah.
The date was changed and the signature.
You going to take it to Vigoda?
- I have to.
I can't. Hear.
I work for him and I'm in love with you.
I'm the D.A. and
I'm not to destroy evidence.
It's happened before.
It wasn't supposed to happen to me
It's not supposed to happen to any of us
That's the story, your honor.
So I came to turn myself in.
- Wow.
Hello?
Mr. Casey?
- Yes.
Impelliteri here.
Your dad's sitting here with me.

He's just told me some cock and bull story about an arrest warrant. It seems to me he's confused. I distinctly remember filling out the warrant for him on the raid day. What was that date again, Liam? October 13th.

- Right, October 13th.

I can remember it as clearly as if I were doing it now. I was so excited at the idea that we might bring in Jordan Washington, I couldn't wait to fill it out. I wished him good luck, I remember that. He told me there's another warrant floating round. Do you have it? Yes, your honor. Get rid of it. I've got the original right here. It must have been sent to the house instead of the office. I'll bring it in with me today. Thanks, your honor. Your honor, may I speak to my father, please? Your son wants you. Hey, Seano. Pop. Pop? Did you hear about Joey? No. What? It's bad news, Pop. So I'm quitting. - Why quit? Because I can see where it's going: I owe Impelliteri, I don't know who my father owes. I owe Peggy. Peggy owes you for not bringing you the warrant. It'll go on forever. Oh, goddamn it. Sean, things never work out as simply as you want them to. If Peggy had brought me that warrant, I don't know that I would have used it.

I mean it I was after dirty cops,
I got dirty cops.
Why should I let
that animal back out on the street?
What about his rights?
- Oh, I'm not perfect.
I never thought I was perfect.
Do you think you're perfect?
Not any more.
My name is McGovern.
Mr. McGovern to you.
I'm the Assistant to the Assistant
Deputy Administrative Assistant to
the District Attorney of New York County.
We're starting something new this year.
The District Attorney will be giving
the opening orientation lecture.
Ladies and gentlemen,
District Attorney Casey.
Eight months ago I was ready to resign.
It was all so much more complicated
than I imagined.
It started when I was an ADA,
just as you hope to be soon.
My first time out,
first time in Night Court...
I had eighteen cases to handle.
And as you'll soon find out,
you have to arraign your perps...
within
twenty-four hours of their arrest.
One half hour before court...
I finally got all my yellow sheets
down from Albany...
and the first guy up
I've never seen him before...
but his yellow sheet shows he's got
one prior conviction for robbery.
But I don't know if he mugged an old
lady in an alley to feed his habit...
or he stole food from a supermarket
to feed his kids.
And later I got involved in a case
where...

breaking the law was more just
than upholding the law.
And upholding the law killed a man.
I don't have to prepare you for a job
where circumstances are black and white.
I was lucky I had a case like that
to launch my career.
But you're going to spend
most of your time in the grey areas.
Out there, that's where you're to come
face to face with who you really are.
That's a frightening thing to ask of you.
It might take a lifetime to figure out.
For me, I know I have two things.
I know I still have complete faith
in the law.
And I also know I'm fallible.
And I just hope
God is not finished with me yet.
For you, it's going to depend on
who you are right now.
If you're in it for the hustle...
I guarantee you,
you're going to come across a case...
that you actually believe in
and you're going to lose it.
It's going to break your heart
and you'll be damned.
If you think you're a saint,
I guarantee you...
you're going to come across a case where
you're going to have to make a deal...
and you're going to win it.
And that'll break your heart...
and you'll be damned.
So you might as well believe in it
from the beginning.
Hurts less that way.
If you get tired, get out,
because I'll fire you.
If you find that the funny stories are
starting to matter more than the case,
get out or I'm going to fire you.
And if, God forbid, you wake up one day

and you just don't care anymore...
then please, just get out.
Because then I'm going to really
have to fire you.
But if you're ready to take
that kind of risk...
welcome.
And as an old retired cop
used to say to me:
'Nail it.'
And good luck to you all.