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# Out for Justice

By R. Lance Hill

What's up?  
Nothing.  
You don't work for me no more?  
Yeah. Didn't I just say I was  
going to get his money?  
Bitch, I don't work for  
the phone company.  
I don't do this shit long distance.  
Bring your ass here.  
Do I look like I just fell off  
a turnip truck, bitch?  
You know, Bobby, you been acting kind  
of strange lately. You all right?  
Just a few personal problems.  
It's taken care of.  
What kind of problems?  
I'll straighten it out.  
You sure?  
Absolutely.  
Don't worry about it, okay?  
What's he doing?  
He's beating this girl.  
We got a \$3 million hit  
about to go down over here.  
You don't like it, turn your head.  
Come on, Gino.  
Guys, we're coming in.  
Gino's blowing it.  
Let's go.  
I'm pregnant!  
You pregnant? You let some trick  
get you pregnant?  
Ain't you ever heard of a rubber?  
This motherfucker hit me.  
I'm scared I'll lose my baby.  
You wop motherfucker!  
What the fuck you doing?  
You talking to me?  
Who the fuck you think you are?  
You like to beat up on fucking women?  
Beat up on me.  
Yeah, that's right.  
You're bad.  
I know where you live, motherfucker.

I'll fuck your wife and kids...  
Gino, you son of a bitch!  
I got some unfinished business  
to take care of.  
It'll be over by the end of tonight.  
Stick by me,  
all that money's yours.  
That's a lot of money.  
We stuck with you through  
worse for free.  
How long could the night be?  
Mommy, can I get a hot dog?  
No, honey.  
Forget about it, okay?  
If you eat a hot dog now,  
you'll ruin your dinner.  
Also, do me a favor.  
Keep your sneakers clean tonight.  
No dirt, no puddles.  
We got a party tonight.  
Let's go in here to get some stuff.  
Bobby, I'll take the kids.  
How's that feel, Bobby?  
You ain't laughing now.  
How you doing?  
Good.  
Dad, can we play catch or what?  
You finish your homework?  
No? And you still want  
to play catch with me?  
Go get your stuff.  
Thank you.  
Stop the car.  
Give me the pipe.  
Doing a cop right in the street!  
- Give me the pipe, and make it hot!  
- It's already hot!  
I got news for you.  
It'll get a lot hotter  
before the fucking night's over.  
Move the goddamn car!  
What are you doing?  
Get in the car!  
What's the matter with you?

He'll do her.

- Asshole.

- Asshole?

What are you looking at?

You got the mitt. I got the ball.

Get the bat.

Let's go. Let's go.

- Gino?

- Yeah.

- Can you get down to the precinct?

- I'm with the kid. Why?

Bobby Lupo was shot on 18th Avenue  
in front of his wife and kids.

Oh, my God!

I'm sending you a car.

Vick, I gotta send Tony over right now.

Damn you and the department! He waits  
a month for one weekend with you.

I know, but Bobby just got shot.

Oh, my God!

Laurie and the kids were with him  
over on 18th Avenue.

I'll be right over.

Send Tony to my parents' house.

I'll pick him up afterwards.

Get them out of here, Vick.

Please, get them out of here.

You sure you want to see this?

Give him some room, will you?

Come on!

Check with people.

See if there are any witnesses.

All I got is this

fruit-and-vegetable guy.

I'm real sorry, Gino.

It was Richie Madano.

Laurie said Richie got out of the car  
and just stepped up. Bang!

The grocer said he tossed something,  
like a card. We didn't find nothing.

We know every Mob operation.

We'll squeeze them to give him up.

You do that. But it's me who'll

find this fucking guy. You know that.

You and Vicky...  
Forget about it.  
The divorce goes through this month.  
How'd it happen?  
Some wannabe wiseguy asshole,  
Richie Madano.  
Dope dealer, dope user...  
He's a guy Bobby  
and Gino grew up with.  
We don't know why he'd kill Bobby.  
Captain.  
Wait a second.  
- Are you all right?  
- No, I'm not! He was my best friend.  
He just pulled a woman  
out of a car...  
...and blew her brains out.  
It looks random.  
Three of his crew were with him.  
One has a tattoo on his neck.  
I know him. That's Bochi.  
He's a piece of shit.  
He's got a sheet as long as my arm.  
We got a city-wide out,  
every officer.  
We got A.L.'s at the airports,  
trains, buses...  
This guy won't run.  
He'll sneak and hide,  
but he won't leave Brooklyn.  
I'll feed you every  
dope-digging dive he's got.  
Just give me an unmarked  
and a shotgun.  
Gino, you're too close.  
Let other cops do it.  
I know this guy  
better than anybody else.  
I know the neighborhood  
better than the other cops do.  
- Be careful, will you?  
- You know me.  
- Get the son of a bitch.  
- I'll do what I can.

Why won't this man run?  
You never understood nothing  
about the neighborhood.  
No, I guess not.  
You kill a cop on 18th Avenue in front  
of witnesses, you're gonna die.  
The difference is, this guy wants  
to die in his own neighborhood.  
Why can't you all piss on a tree  
to mark your territory?  
Don't worry. I'll be at the divorce  
hearing on time, in one piece.  
I'll pick up Laurie and the girls  
and bring them to our house.  
Get it over with  
so we can finish this.  
Find Richie Madano before the cops do,  
and bring him to me here!  
What about Gino?  
Stay away from Gino.  
Leave him alone.  
Come on, go!  
Sammy, how are you?  
What are you doing here?  
You still comb your hair  
like a girl.  
- How are you?  
- Good.  
Everything all right?  
Gino, I'm sorry what happened.  
My sincere regrets.  
Comes from my heart.  
In front of a man's family.  
It's inhuman.  
Worse than that.  
He's not with us.  
You know we never let nobody  
do anything like this.  
If you or one of your people...  
...catch this guy...  
...he gets what?  
Seven to ten, maybe.  
If we're lucky.  
Gino, this man disgraced me. And you.

He spilled an innocent man's blood  
in front of his family!  
And on my sidewalk!  
Gino, you know our ways.  
He must be dealt with by us.  
But I promise you...  
...I will teach this man the price  
of our blood.  
...God forbid I find him  
before you do...  
...you know what I'll do.  
Think about it.  
All right, Gino?  
Patch me through to Doz.  
10-4. Switching over.  
- Go ahead, talk to me.  
- Ronny, listen.  
Vittorio doesn't know nothing.  
If he does, he won't tell me.  
I'm sending over O'Kelly and some guys  
from the OCCB. Keep in touch.  
- I'll keep you posted.  
- Watch your ass.  
"Kill 'em all. Let God sort them out."  
Tough guy.  
Please, God...  
...let me run into this guy someday.  
I heard what happened.  
Hope you get the son of a bitch.  
Me too. Give me a six-pack  
of seltzer, will you?  
Six dead Washingtons, brother.  
I never thought about it.  
We're gonna call him Coraggio.  
You see anything, you drop a dime.  
How's your mother?  
She's going straight now.  
Thank God.  
You wanna fuck?  
Oh, my God.  
Did you hear what she said?  
What'd she say, my man?  
What'd she say?  
I'm at Sunset Park and 3rd.

Richie's clients are all down here.  
Ain't it the truth.  
I'm looking for two hotshots for backup!  
Anybody got the balls?  
Anybody got the balls?  
How about you?  
You got the fucking balls?  
I got the balls.  
Now you got the bread.  
It's Gino!  
Get in the fucking car!  
Back up!  
Go!  
Get the fuck out of the way!  
Make a right!  
I'm trying to lose him!  
Too much weight in the car!  
If you don't lose this cocksucker,  
I'm going to pop you first.  
This guy's good.  
Having fun yet, guys?  
Lose this fucking guy!  
You want to drive this fucking car?  
Shut the fuck up, you hear me?  
Shut the fuck up!  
I'll get him.  
This is where we lose him.  
This is our break!  
Hang on!  
Holy shit!  
Get out of the way!  
We haven't lost him yet.  
Let's take him for some pork chops.  
Back up!  
Give me the merch and the bullets.  
- Do what he fucking says.  
- Let's get out of here.  
All right, here he is.  
I want you to hang this motherfucker  
on a hook, you hear me?  
I got some scores to settle.  
You three come with me.  
Let's go!  
Hang him up by a hook!

They'll cut him a new ass!  
Come get some!  
Bust his head!  
Richie's a bad guy. My friends don't  
like him, and yours don't either.  
You hang with the wrong people.  
Shit.  
This is for you, motherfucker!  
Don't be a bad guy.  
What you want to shoot me for?  
Don't be a bad guy.  
Be a nice guy, all right?  
- Have you seen the news?  
- Why?  
This fucking jerk Madano  
was on the news again.  
Made him out to be a wiseguy.  
And they connected him to us.  
That piece of shit couldn't be  
a gangster if he owned New York City.  
Get him.  
We can't stand this publicity.  
I'll get him.  
You got any puppy dog food?  
Right here.  
I got anything you want.  
I got this stuff here.  
That's good.  
Looks like he needs some of this.  
None of this is from Jersey?  
I don't want no radioactive stuff.  
I don't blame you.  
What are you doing down here?  
How you doing?  
It's okay.  
- I heard you got your license.  
- What'd I get, a dog license?  
I heard you just got your button.  
You're still the dirtbag criminal.  
You know how many cops  
make my guys look like altar boys?  
Ain't it the truth.  
Sad world we live in.  
Hey, Lucky, it's our world.

It's our system...

- What, I gotta hear this again?

- Come on, we gotta do this.

Ever since we was little...

...I never, ever tried to, you know...

...act like I was better than you  
at anything. And I never was.

You called me lucky. I wasn't lucky.

It was just deep desire.

I was always willing to do  
whatever it took to get the job done.

You know, this thing...

You think it's the department. I don't  
give a fuck about the department.

This, to me, is personal.

You'll never change.

Come on, let's get out of here.

Oh, fuck me!

Where is he?

- I don't know.

- You haven't seen or heard from him?

Come on, he's my brother.

I'll see him sooner or later.

He's out of his mind,  
sniffing that crap.

I knew this would happen.

I'll call you, on my mother's eyes.

Find him. Otherwise, next time we  
come here, you're coming with us.

I need that.

I need this shit, right?

Nicki, coffee.

He's not here.

Mr. Madano, how's your health?

I said, he's not here.

I believe you.

But if you won't mind,  
I'd like to talk to you.

He killed Bobby in front  
of his wife and kids.

What did Bobby do to him?

Bobby didn't do nothing.

What did the police do  
to make him crazy?

Two blocks over,  
he just killed another woman.  
Something make him crazy.  
Bobby's children watched Richie  
kill their father.  
You know as well as I do...  
...Richie was always into bad things,  
even as a kid.  
But never crazy like this.  
He's on drugs now.  
He's lost his mind.  
Now if you've seen Richie...  
...or you know something I don't,  
you better tell me.  
When I came here...  
...I got a job repairing the subway.  
Same house, same job ever since.  
I come home for dinner every night.  
Almost 50 years.  
And you don't believe me?  
I believe you.  
And even then,  
when I was a punk kid...  
...I believed you and you believed me.  
How can I keep you  
from killing my son?  
You tell Richie to get a lawyer.  
Have him turn himself in.  
If not...  
...I'm going to kill him.  
"Just...  
...in time..."  
Open the door.  
How you been doing?  
Rica, I ain't seen you around  
in a while, you know?  
What'd you do,  
retire or something?  
I guess you could say I retired.  
I got a job at the video store.  
- Just trying to get back to normal.  
- Normal?  
What do you mean by "normal"?  
What'd you do, Rica? What'd you do?

Did you just say no?  
What are you, what's-her-name,  
Nancy-fucking-Reabush?  
No, Rich, it's not like that.  
You wouldn't "just say no" to me,  
would you?  
How you doing?  
Hey, Officer Big Shot,  
come to bust my balls?  
This here is a detective!  
In what, narcotics now?  
- That's right.  
- I want you all to be very nice.  
Tell this mamaluke  
anything he wants to know.  
Vinnie, come over here.  
You shouldn't talk to me that way.  
We don't know each other so good.  
You were still sucking your thumb  
when Richie was sucking dicks.  
You shouldn't talk so tough.  
If Richie was here,  
you wouldn't talk that shit.  
But he's not here.  
You know why he's not here?  
Because he's a chicken-shit  
fucking pussy asshole.  
Don't go pushing my patrons around,  
you prick!  
Prick? Look around.  
Is this the setting for profanity?  
Fuck you!  
Benny the Book.  
How are you, buddy?  
You wouldn't be here using Ma Bell  
for illegal means?  
Bookmaking's an illegal activity.  
You also wouldn't know Richie owns  
this place and sells narcotics here...  
...because he's a fucking puke  
who likes to pervert kids.  
Nobody uses drugs around here.  
You don't know nothing, do you?  
Anybody seen Richie?

Anybody know why  
Richie did Bobby Lupo?  
I don't know cazzo.  
Big man with a badge and gun.  
What's the password, asshole?  
What are you doing here?  
- You're Vito's friend.  
- I got lots of friends.  
You jump around a little bit.  
Is that it?  
Who's this one over here,  
your girlfriend?  
- You know what?  
- What's that?  
Someday your mouth is going to get  
your body in a lot of trouble.  
- Where you from, finocchio?  
- Attica.  
You couldn't be from Brooklyn.  
We don't talk like that.  
Tattoo, this guy's nothing  
without that badge and gun.  
You can't come back here.  
Get the fuck out of here!  
What do we got here?  
What is this shit?  
Whose hot dog is this?  
Yours?  
Without that badge,  
they'd take your head off.  
Get the fuck out of here!  
I noticed a lot of  
boxing memorabilia.  
We got some gloves over here.  
Pictures everywhere.  
- Who's the boxer?  
- Me.  
You're the boxer? You a tough guy?  
- Tough enough.  
- Really? What could you do?  
To you?  
Vinnie, I'm starting to  
get in a bad mood.  
Maybe it's a mood swing, my hormones,

or my need to impose my will.  
I want you tell these finocchi  
to get on the fucking table.  
Tell them to get up on  
the fucking table.  
Are you totally nuts?  
You could've killed somebody upstairs!  
- Nobody's upstairs!  
- How would you know?  
Did you bust in the joint?  
I don't recall.  
The only balls he has  
is that badge and gun.  
Let me show you something.  
Here's my gun!  
Fair game now, okay?  
And here's my badge!  
This is your trophy.  
This is your trophy, okay?  
Come and get me.  
Tell your cetrioli  
to come and get it.  
I offer \$5,000 for  
that badge right now.  
Anybody see Richie?  
Anybody know why  
Richie did Bobby Lupo?  
Fuckface, you want to get by me?  
There's only two things stopping you:  
fear and common sense.  
I'll cut your fucking head off!  
Motherfucker, you knocked my teeth out!  
Hey, Sticks, come on!  
Motherfucker!  
I'm with Vittorio.  
So that means you can't touch me.  
That's right. I forgot.  
How you doing, buddy?  
- I want to talk to your brother.  
- He'll want to talk to you himself.  
What are you doing?  
You don't want to do that.  
Tell him I'll cut off his head  
and piss down his throat.

Fuck you!  
Anybody seen Richie?  
I'm gonna keep coming back until  
somebody remembers seeing Richie.  
So what's the latest?  
The cops are all over town,  
hitting every business we own.  
All my guys  
are looking for this bastard.  
Vittorio, he's killing people  
like it was free.  
When I'm through,  
I'm going to Cono's for dinner.  
You find Gino.  
Tell him to...  
Ask him to meet me there.  
And you find Richie.  
I don't care how.  
You just find him.  
I'll find him.  
- Tell Joey about the mouse.  
- What mouse?  
- Why? Is Joey an exterminator now?  
- What about the mouse?  
I got a mouse in my house.  
I pay \$800 so I can chase it around.  
Shoot this rat bastard.  
The mouse is this big.  
I'm going to shoot him?  
Shoot him through the floor,  
you kill a neighbor.  
Let's go by Chas the Chair.  
The mouse is smarter than you are.  
- Shoot this rat.  
- Shut up about the fucking mouse!  
Thanks for coming.  
- Pull up a chair.  
- Sit where I can see you.  
Why you got guys busting  
my balls all over town?  
Hurting my business.  
That ain't right, Gino.  
Well, you know, Vittorio,  
I was meaning to tell you...

...I really don't like you.  
And I never really did.  
If you fall off a cliff or get arrested,  
rot in jail for life...  
...I really don't care, all right?  
Gino, I'm sorry what happened to Bobby.  
I know how you loved him.  
But I know you don't mean  
one word you just said.  
You're one of us.  
Family.  
Let me tell you something.  
I'm not one of you,  
and I'm not with you.  
Come on, Gino. Wait up.  
Why you talking to the old man  
like that?  
Because he's your boss, not mine.  
You know?  
I want to tell you something.  
You remember Uncle Pino, right?  
Yeah. The big guy.  
One time...  
...when I was a kid, Pino was  
gonna take me to the movies.  
First, we go to the candy store.  
Mettiamo's, remember?  
Who could forget?  
We see this guy filling  
his pockets with this and that.  
Pino grabs him by the throat...  
...drags him outside,  
throws him a beating.  
Puts him in the trunk of the car,  
drives to the movies.  
He went to the movies?  
In the movies, I'm not watching.  
I'm thinking to myself...  
..."What about this guy in the trunk?"  
I think to myself,  
"He killed him. He's dead."  
I run to Pino. I says,  
"You killed the guy."  
Pino's bored, brings me around

the front, gives me the keys, says...  
..."Do what you got to do."  
I says, "Me? What am I going to do?  
I'm 9 years old."  
He gives me the keys.  
I open the trunk.  
- I see this man.  
- You must've been scared.  
I got Pino over here.  
What am I scared of?  
I says to the guy,  
"Hey you, get the fuck out of here!"  
I blink. He's in Hoboken.  
He took off like a shot?  
Like a bird.  
You scared the shit out of him.  
The son of a bitch.  
Nine years old, I'm looking at Pino,  
I'm thinking to myself...  
..."My God, what a great guy."  
I always wanted to be a wiseguy.  
Look at us now, under God.  
Who would have ever thought  
that I'd become a cop?  
Hey, Lucky, you know...  
...to me, God's a puppeteer.  
We're on the end of the strings.  
But God has a strange sense of humor,  
you got to admit.  
Yeah, maybe you're right.  
Richie, judging by your sudden  
rise to stardom...  
...I'll lay odds this one's  
got a make on it by now.  
Richie, don't!  
Don't! What are you doing?  
I'm an overnight success, baby.  
I'm gonna crib here for a couple hours.  
You got a problem with that?  
How do I know it's real?  
Don't I look like an honest guy?  
How bad do you want to find out?  
Tell her I'm here,  
then get the fuck out of my sight.

How you doing?  
How'd you get up here?  
- Where's Richie?  
- I don't know nothing from nothing.  
Is that right?  
- Here's your drink.  
- I didn't order no drink.  
Cops have been  
in and out of here all night.  
But it's you  
I've been expecting.  
Kind of figured you'd save  
the best for yourself.  
How you doing?  
I can still get it wet.  
How about you?  
Me? I can't believe you  
can still eat with that mouth.  
I feel bad about Bobby.  
You don't know what reason  
your brother had?  
Even if I knew, which I don't...  
You haven't seen your brother?  
Last time was a couple of days ago.  
He's always with a different whore.  
Who's his latest?  
Since when do I keep track?  
Yeah, it must be tough.  
- Who's this over here?  
- Which one?  
The one with nipples  
you could dial a phone with.  
Terry.  
Why?  
Let's cut the bullshit.  
I got to talk to you.  
Get your fucking hands off me.  
Don't push me around in my club!  
- What the fuck are you doing?  
- I told you to get out of here.  
You getting your rocks off?  
Is this what they teach you to do  
when you're a cop? Shit!  
Have you seen your brother?

No, I haven't.  
I've told you a million times.  
What the flying fuck are you doing?  
Have you seen your brother?  
Are you stupid?  
I told you no.  
Why don't you just destroy my office?  
If you're looking for my lipstick,  
it's in my bag.  
I've had enough of this.  
Look what I found.  
You got a gun.  
- I got a license for that.  
- Where is it?  
My dog ate it.  
Let me tell you,  
this is a year in jail.  
You think a year's a piece of cake?  
- Aren't you smart.  
- Look, it's getting late.  
All night I've been running into people  
who are deaf, dumb and blind.  
So you know what?  
I'm gonna arrest you.  
You're gonna arrest me for what?  
How does it work?  
I give you a little head,  
and you forget about it?  
I wouldn't forget.  
You were never that good.  
Go fuck yourself.  
You're under arrest.  
I'm gonna need a new go-cart.  
Something with some stomp.  
And a scanner.  
Where the fuck are your manners?  
The man's talking to you.  
There's a GNX on the top floor,  
in the parking garage.  
Bay 10. Take the scanner,  
wire it and bring it back.  
We're going to have us a little party.  
A little party, a little soiree.  
Invite over a couple of chicks.

We can all get laid, get blowjobs.  
Hey Richie, you know I haven't gotten  
no pussy since 1969.  
No pussy since 1969? What've you  
been doing? Jerking the gherkin?  
Come on, man. That's cold.  
Leave him alone.  
What've you been doing?  
Hey, Bobby Arms! Get me a beer.  
You don't have to push me.  
Usually when you're arrested,  
you can use a phone. You're kidding!  
You have not even told me  
what I've been arrested for.  
Let me see here. What could we do?  
How about 240.25?  
- What's that?  
- Prostitution, honey.  
Are you kidding me?  
Let me out now!  
I told you I was gonna do this.  
Are you out of your fucking mind?  
I told you I was not kidding.  
Now, how's your memory?  
Who is Roxanne?  
You're starting to piss me off.  
Did you ever find this one  
on the street?  
- Many times.  
- How much was she?  
- Ten bucks.  
- Ten bucks this, friend.  
Fuck you!  
I can't believe you're doing this.  
I'm disappointed.  
I thought you could get at least 15.  
Gino, you fuck! Get me out of here!  
Come on, Chas. Have another drink.  
What's the story with you and that cop?  
Who? Gino?  
The one you popped.  
Was that business?  
Or was it personal?  
It was personal business.

Holy shit!  
Why are you asking me  
about my business?  
Richie, cops! Cops!  
You rat me out?  
No, never.  
You rat bastard!  
I'd never rat you out.  
- I'll put you out of your misery.  
- Please, don't!  
- Get your hands up!  
- Nobody move!  
Why did you have to shoot him?  
He didn't rat us out.  
How you doing?  
You arrest Patricia because  
she no help you find Richard.  
Yeah, but just the same,  
maybe we could talk a minute.  
You sit down right over here.  
This is difficult for me to say.  
I'm sorry for the way  
I behaved in your home.  
It was disrespectful.  
You've always been like a father to me.  
If you tell me...  
...that you haven't seen Richie,  
I believe you. We got problems.  
I know that it's...  
No man wants to bury his son.  
And I know...  
...no man wants to admit  
that his son...  
...has become something  
the world can do without.  
But I'm very afraid...  
...every moment  
for everyone around us.  
I pray...  
...for this to end.  
I know what you're trying to say.  
I'm gonna have to  
make you stay downtown tonight.  
Jerry, that's robbery, not narcotics.

Talk to Donziger and get back to me.  
I'll talk to you.  
Does this look familiar?  
I help you, he'll kill me.  
He's your own brother!  
He's a vacuum.  
He sucks up three to four grams a pass.  
That doesn't promote  
rational thought.  
It'll get worse. I been telling you.  
I got your father under arrest.  
It won't work, Gino!  
God, why don't you understand this?  
We can't help you.  
- If he thinks we did, he'll kill Pop.  
- He's that far gone?  
Believe it, Gino.  
Anybody.  
Then I'm gonna keep you here  
tonight and keep you alive.  
Hate me tomorrow.  
In the 8-0 precinct.  
Signal 1013. Police officer shot.  
6835 Amboy Street.  
This is one night this town  
ain't ever gonna forget about.  
Ask me, I think you already  
made sure of that.  
Your wife called.  
She's at your apartment with Tony.  
Any chance you can swing over there  
for a minute?  
I could do that.  
I'm right in the area.  
Come here. Come over here.  
I almost forgot about you.  
I gotta get you  
a nice hot bath, some food.  
Maybe a girlfriend or something.  
How's Tony?  
He's fine.  
Have you eaten anything?  
A couple of dog biscuits.  
- My new dog.

- Look at you.  
- A police dog?  
- This is Coraggio.  
You gonna keep him?  
I'm thinking about it.  
Maybe.  
It depends on how brave he is.  
I better go and see Tony.  
You want to come up  
for an espresso?  
Yeah. Why not?  
You stay there and be a good boy.  
- Should we show the dog to Tony?  
- He'll never go back to sleep.  
Did you ever have a dog?  
Are you kidding? We didn't have  
enough money to feed ourselves.  
There was this old man who came  
to the neighborhood when we were kids.  
He was from the old country.  
Carried an old school bell.  
He'd pull along this little sharpening  
machine operated by a foot peddle.  
The neighbors used to come get  
their knives and scissors sharpened.  
A dime here, a quarter there.  
But it was an honest living.  
Time goes on...  
...people start buying...  
...disposable scissors and knives.  
Fewer and fewer people come out.  
I always used to think to myself...  
...how it would feel to leave...  
...before light...  
...and come back after dark...  
...with nothing to show your wife  
and family for what you've done.  
That bell was the loneliest  
sound I ever heard.  
He was your father?  
I remember one time I followed  
the old man for a whole summer...  
...every day...  
...day in, day out.

And after a while,  
it started to grind him down.  
Nobody. Nobody needs him, you know?  
You feel like nobody needs you...  
...and you feel useless...  
...you die inside.  
You let yourself go.  
We always used to tell everybody,  
"Pop died from cancer."  
I believe he died of a broken heart.  
After Pop died...  
...and the neighborhood kids wanted  
to go to Coney Island to play...  
...one of the other fathers,  
Mr. Madano...  
...used to slip me a little money so  
I could play with the kids too.  
You want to know how I repay  
Mr. Madano, how I thanked him tonight?  
I arrested him.  
Just so I could get to Richie.  
That's how crazy I get.  
Gino, these may be your streets  
and your neighborhood...  
...but there are other cops.  
I'm really proud of what you do.  
And I know how everybody loves you.  
But Tony needs a father...  
...and I need a husband.  
Are we talking  
reconciliation over here?  
No, we're talking a lifetime deal.  
All or nothing.  
I could do that.  
That I could do.  
I love you.  
- We need Tony!  
- Get down in the bathtub!  
Okay. In the bathtub.  
You're dead.  
Come on, you rat bastard!  
Drop it!  
You'd shoot an unarmed man?  
I wouldn't.

You know what I'm gonna do?  
You motherfucker!  
Angie, send me units  
over to my apartment.  
There's been a shooting  
over at my place.  
It's Richie Madano 's crew.  
They're all deceased.  
They'll take you to a hotel  
with your mother.  
I know that this is not an easy thing,  
and I know you're upset.  
I'll take care of it right away.  
Shit!  
Fellas...  
...have a drink.  
Never mind that bullshit.  
Sit down, dickhead.  
We're looking for your brother.  
Where is he?  
He ain't been around.  
I ain't seen him.  
You understand English?  
Teach this guy some English.  
You fucking bum!  
Give me the right answer.  
Where's your fucking brother?  
You cocksucker!  
I'll break your fucking head!  
You're both dead, you fucking bums!  
The two of you! Tell him that!  
Say Rusty told you you're dead!  
You're dead, the two of you!  
You asshole!  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Get the fuck out of here, man!  
I bet you're real popular  
in your neighborhood now.  
Angie, I was never too popular  
with my neighbors.  
I'm heading to l'Amore's now.  
Patti back yet?  
Can I talk to you in private  
for a minute, please? Over there.

Sit over here.  
Is this you?  
My name's Terry Malloy.  
So who's Roxanne?  
Richie's girlfriend.  
That who you're looking for?  
That is.  
Where can I find her?  
I think she lives here in Brooklyn,  
but I don't know where.  
You don't know where. What are you,  
a concerned citizen now?  
Why not?  
Who's Richie to you, anyway?  
A piece of shit.  
So how come you been crying?  
I got a fucking migraine.  
Listen, I want to ask you something.  
Do you know this girl?  
Maybe you could sit over here.  
You all right?  
Come on, Terry.  
You have to talk to me.  
Who is it?  
It's Roxanne.  
And you were fucking Bobby  
at the same time?  
Don't be that way.  
Come on. Settle down.  
She got a last name?  
Ford. Roxanne Ford.  
How you doing, Vermeer?  
How the hell did you get up here?  
Jesus Christ!  
He didn't have nothing to do with it.  
Where you been? We been waiting  
around here all night for you.  
What you been waiting on?  
What?  
Waiting on if you need us.  
What happened to your nose?  
Gino came around, playing the role.  
Busting up the place.  
What, you ain't got a piece?

You got a piece behind the bar.  
You let him do that to your face?  
Why didn't you whack him?  
All I heard was you clipped Bobby.  
Now I gotta whack a cop too?  
Nobody has to worry about you  
stepping on your dick.  
You know how wacko he gets!  
And with you doing Bobby like that!  
You're mistaking me  
for someone that gives a shit.  
If Gino and me bang heads,  
he'll be racked in a closed casket.  
You saying you won't  
let him take you?  
What are you, a clown?  
Take me? Take me where?  
You let one motherfucker take you!  
It ain't just Gino. Bulls are banging  
doors all over the neighborhood.  
Frankie's guys are back!  
Them too! Every couple of hours  
a different bunch comes slapping me.  
Stop whining like a cunt  
and get your piece.  
I can't.  
Don't let me see you again.  
Don't ever fucking  
let me see you again.  
Good evening, fellas.  
Nice to see you again.  
Never mind the bullshit.  
Where the fuck is he?  
Over here, Sal.  
You lose.  
Who's she?  
She brought me to the girlfriend.  
She just identified the body...  
...so she's a little upset.  
Did you have breakfast this morning?  
Good. Because it ain't pretty.  
- What is it?  
- They killed Allie and three of the guys.  
It's no good.

Let's find Richie.  
O'Kelly, get upstairs and make them  
photograph that thing right.  
You got it.  
This is what I found in Bobby's desk.  
Bobby was doing this one and  
the one in the car at the same time.  
From the extreme rigor mortis  
in the body, it looks like...  
...time of death, 24 hours ago.  
Before Bobby.  
I'm getting too old for this shit.  
I know what you mean.  
Keep it down.  
My sister's sleeping.  
Wake her up.  
We ain't disturbing you, are we?  
Rica, come here.  
We're wanting a little party.  
I want a little party.  
Kind of my going-away party.  
Right, Bobby?  
Right, Rich.  
You ain't got a problem  
with that, do you?  
No, Rich. No problem.  
Angie? Get me Gino.  
It's Picolino.  
Call up Willy the Pimp.  
Have him send over his best broads.  
Nobody will say you hung out  
with me just for the money.  
Richie, please. Come on.  
I'll take care of you.  
I'll take care of you.  
Hey, boys!  
We're gonna have us  
a good time tonight.  
Big time, Richie. Big time.  
It's my night! My last night!  
Who is it?  
How you doing, Laura?  
Good. Okay.  
I couldn't sleep after Vick left.

So I had a bath.  
I'm better now.  
What are you doing?  
What are you looking for?  
No! No, Gino, that's my purse.  
Give me that. Gino, stop!  
What's this?  
What is this?  
Is this what Richie threw on Bobby  
after he shot him?  
That was fast thinking.  
Just like a good cop's wife would.  
You know what I think?  
I think you found this somewhere...  
...and got so mad  
you couldn't see straight.  
And you sent one to Richie, never  
dreaming he might actually kill Bobby.  
I took it because  
I wanted to protect him.  
See, this is Roxanne, here.  
Twenty-four years old.  
Richie killed her first.  
No. You got it all wrong.  
I only took it  
so people wouldn't know.  
Bobby was dirty, wasn't he?  
Or maybe...  
...he was just doing Richie's  
girlfriend at the same time.  
I don't think so.  
I think Bobby always wanted  
to be like somebody else.  
He liked Richie's lifestyle, his money.  
And you knew he was dirty.  
Bobby's gone now.  
So are lots of others.  
I didn't want to kill him.  
I just wanted to save my marriage.  
Come here, Laura.  
I want my Bobby back.  
I want him back.  
You have an emergency phone call  
from Picolino.

Patch me through right now.  
Listen to me, Picolino.  
I know that place.  
Get out of the neighborhood. Now.  
You in or out?  
I'm in.  
Hands on the fucking table!  
What's going on?  
My buddy Gino's here.  
I gotta go play.  
Fuck you, cop!  
In the bathroom!  
What're you gonna do?  
What are you gonna do, arrest me?  
I'm out of bullets!  
That's a shame.  
Those bullets could've  
saved you a lot of pain.  
I like pain, you know.  
I'll kill you.  
That's for Bobby.  
- What happened?  
- I took one right here.  
What're you doing with my gun?  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
Jesus Christ!  
- You did the right thing.  
- I did the right thing?  
I'm sorry it had to be this way.  
Tell the boss what you did.  
Do the ritual thing.  
Are you sick?  
Just a little.  
Put him in a fucking trunk in Jersey.  
That sounds great, but...  
...can't we have dinner in the city,  
me and you alone sometime?  
I won't even bring my beeper.  
Speaking of food,  
I could go for...  
...a chili hot dog with  
cheese and french fries.  
Not for nothing. It's 9:00 a.m.  
Eat here, you'll have gangrene by noon.

I'm going to buy you  
a nice romantic...

Yo, fucknuts!

You talking to me?

You the guy who threw a puppy  
out of the car the other day?

- What's your business, anyway?

- I'm an animal lover.

Animal lover?

You don't mind your business,  
I'll stuff you in a bag...

...and throw you out a window.

- You a tough guy?

- I'll show you how tough I am.

My balls!

Oh, Vick, look over here!

Is that a police dog, or what?

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