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Raw Deal

By Gary DeVore

- Green light.

- Let's go.

How many times was John Wayne nominated
for an Academy Award?

Probably not enough.

Marcellino's still asleep.

- I'm gonna go relieve Ed.

- How the hell can one son of a bitch sleep so much?

- Fear.

- As long as he wakes up to testify.

Oh, no.

We've been looking for you.

- So you want to be a witness?

- No, no, no, no!

Witness this.

His birthday

was in two weeks.

Harry, they wanna

take him out.

Harry?

Twenty-seven years of this shit,
and I never got a scratch. Jesus Christ.

I want a list of everybody
in Witness Protection...

who knew we

were holding Marcellino...

and anybody else

who could've known...

from the district attorney

to the commissioner.

They're dead, Mike.

Whoever set this up...

whatever it takes...

they're dead.

Okay, Cullen. You're outta here.

Hey, you goddamn son of a...

- Whoa!

- Damn!

Aah!

Yes, sir. Well, a number

of the residents have complained...

though, about the trash around the Dumpster,

so I think you should do something about it.

Yes, sir. Heh! All right.

Have a good day then.

- You caught the bastard.

- In the act.

Bullshit. I was on my way
to a costume party.

He stopped somebody over at Route 74
for driving too fast.

- He was going to let them off for 50 bucks.

- They stopped me for directions.

Book him.

Impersonating an officer,
resisting arrest...

fraud, reckless driving
and lying to the sheriff.

- I'll be at home if you need me.

- Okay, Sheriff.

Come on, Deputy Dawg.

Amy! Amy!

Amy?

Amy?

- Are we having a party?

- Of course...

and I'm glad you're home early
to join in the celebration.

Is it just gonna be us,
or are we gonna have company?

Be serious. Of course it's just us.

So, what are we celebrating?

Commemorating...

our fifth year.

Five years in exile.

Five years in a town without...

having found anybody who could talk
about anything except...

crops and the weather.

- It's not gonna be forever.

- The hell it's not.

Christ, Amy, this is old news.

Let it go.

- I did the best I could.

- The hell you did.

You could still be with the bureau.

You could've fought it.

We could still be living in New York.

You did not have to quit!
They gave me a chance to resign.
If it would've gone to trial...
I would've lost
and they would've kicked me out.
I wouldn't have even had
the chance to get this job!
What are we having
for dinner?
Just this.
This is gonna make us fat.
You think because we're in shape
we're not already fat?
We're like all the cows
they raise around here.
Stuck.
Victims of circumstance.
And you know what a cow's
biggest contribution to this world is?
You should not drink
and bake.
Hello, Mark.
- Yeah?
- It's Shannon, Mark. Harry Shannon.
It's been a long time, Harry.
What's going on?
I want to talk to you, Mark.
I got trouble.
- Talk.
- No. Not on the telephone.
It's all I've got time for.
Things aren't so good,
huh, kid?
Seen better days.
If you wanna see 'em again,
meet me.
The bureau always arranges
such intriguing meeting places.
This has nothing to do with the bureau.
Mr. Patrovita,
you deny any sources of illicit income...
any connection at all
with organized crime...
yet your reported income

for this past year was \$73,000...

with which you somehow

managed to maintain...

a seven-bedroom mansion

here in Chicago...

a hunting lodge in Wisconsin...

a winter resort in California...

four Cadillacs that we know of...

and a lifestyle that makes

Ted Turner look like a derelict.

Now, can you explain

how you manage this?

I think it'd be of particular interest

to those of us...

- on fixed incomes.

- Hold it. That's Baxter.

- I know, I know.

- What the hell has he got to do with it?

- He's special federal prosecutor.

- That son of a bitch cost me a career.

You brought in a suspect with

half the bones in his body broken.

- Any prosecutor would've gone after you.

- Oh, you remember the case.

The guy kidnapped

an 11-year-old girl.

He molested, murdered

and mutilated her.

Well, the public wasn't too keen

on heavy-handed cops at that time.

Baxter was out

to nail me to the wall.

- I went to see him, tried to tell him what happened...

- What did he say?

Resign or be prosecuted.

Any way you want it.

Yeah, well,

the good news is that...

he's giving Patrovita a lot more shit

than he ever gave you.

I got a lotta debts.

Uh-huh. To whom?

- Friends.

- Like Paulo Rocca and Bill Rusman?

I plead the Fifth Amendment.
That's Lu Patrovita.
He runs the strongest
of the Chicago families.
- Mr. Rocca,
your stated source of income...
is a travel agency, yet you,
like Mr. Patrovita...
seem to, uh, have a lifestyle
that far exceeds your income.
Would you mind shedding some light
for us on what seems to be...
some extraordinary
money management here?
I'll take the Fifth on this,
on whatever you're gonna ask me next...
and everything after that.
Honest men don't have to tolerate
this kind of harassment in this country.
Thank you, Mr. Rocca,
for reminding us of our inalienable rights.
Rocca is the undertaker.
Anybody bothers Patrovita,
this one buries 'em in the gravel pit.
So we did Who's Who In Chicago. You're the one
in the bureau. What do you want from me?
Do, uh...
Do you remember my son?
Blair. Yeah. We went to
some ball games with him.
- Yeah, that's right.
- He joined the bureau, didn't he?
Yep.
How is he?
Dead.
I want Patrovita.
- He killed Blair?
- Blair was covering a government aide...
a witness who could've
put the bastard away forever.
No.
No, he had
somebody do it.
There's nothing that a small-town sheriff

can do that you can't.
Oh, no, no. The bureau
has nothing to do with this.
No, I'm financing
this myself.
I have \$45,000
in savings.
I want you to get inside the Patrovita
organization and tear it up.
Who do you think I look like?
Dirty Harry?
- I think you look like an unappy man.
- You have a cure?
Possible reinstatement.
Get back into the bureau.
- Hmm?
- How?
The bureau's been trying to get somebody
inside of Patrovita's family for over a year...
but there's
a big leak somewhere.
All our guys
keep getting nailed.
That's why no one but me
will know about you. Nobody.
Now, you do a good job, you pull this off,
and you've got a great shot.
Now, what do you say?
Do you think I'd
still pass the physical?
This is Kaminski, investigating a break-in
at the Petrolcam storage yard.
Roger, Sheriff. We copy.
I'm sorry you had to kill yourself off, kid...
but it's safer
for everybody that way.
The top slot
is Luigi Patrovita.
He's been up there for over 20 years.
He's smart.
Buried a marching band
getting where he is.
His right arm is
a guy named Rocca.

He'd kill for table scraps.
Him you watch close.
The false I.D. Corresponds
to a guy...
in the N.C.I. Computer
with a bad rap sheet.
The phone number
is a safe house...
where an answering machine
is set up to catch your bulletins.
There's \$25,000 for initial expenses;
more if you need it.
The squat-face guy is a new kid on the block.
His name is "Hammer" Lamanski.
He's been biting off
little pieces of Patrovita's pie.
Doing damage to him
is probably your quickest way...
to catch the big mars eye.
Remember, there's a leak.
He's the one
who got Blair killed.
He's the one I want.
Well, see ya in Chicago.
Big player, number eight!
Place your bets. Place your bets.
Place your bets.
Place your bets.
Place your bets.
All bets down.
All bets down.
Throw the dice!
Seven! You lose.
Come and get another number.
Come and get
another number.
I don't think the table is straight.
I want to see Mr. Lamanski.
He's not around, pal. And all losers
don't think a table is straight.
I'm still right.
Oh, shit! Yeah? So what?
Looks like the table's fixed.
This table's fixed! You scumbag! Hey, look

at that! That's bullshit! That's my money!

- Magic or magnet?

- Rudy! Rudy!

Hey, you! Get outta here!

Scram!

Who the fuck are you?

Hey! Wait up!

Guys, make sure to clean up the mess
before you knock off, okay?

I'm gonna kill
that bastard.

Excuse me. Could you move
to the side a little bit?

- Your lights.

- Thank you.

Oh, shit!

It's costing us a lot of money
to get together like this...

because now my time
is won'th as much as yours.

- Worth more.

- Hmm?

- You got less of it.

- I gave you the courtesy of this talk...
because you worked
for me a long time.

Like I said,
close down everything and get out...
or one morning you
are gonna wake up dead.

Luigi, I got employees, obligations...

There's plenty for both of us.

There's no "both of us. "

There's just me.

- You got two days.

- And then what? Back to work for you?

You don't work around here
anymore for me...

or anybody.

Auggie, let's move one out.

You got it.

Get down! Move it!

Fucking Lamanski! Who the hell
does that son of a bitch think he is?

- He thinks he can take me out just like that?

- Come on!

That bastard's crazy!

He's a fucking amateur!

He learned nothing from me!

- I'm still okay, right?

- Yeah.

Just a waste

of fucking bullets.

Tony was a good kid.

Make sure you get

a good replacement for him.

You son of a bitch!

- Hey, you got the wrong car, pal.

- Shut up.

Hey, you know

who it belongs to?

Yeah, a guy who is probably gonna be dead

before it's out of warranty.

- What are you doing here?

- Waiting for you. Drive.

- What do you want?

- Take off all your jewelry.

- Do you know who bought all this stuff?

- Martin Lamanski.

He has good taste in jewelry,

but you've a rotten taste in men.

Come on.

Gonna mess up your hair.

Attagirl. Keep going.

Fucking shit!

You took my lunch, you son of a bitch!

Good evening, sir.

Down.

- There is no down.

- Hey, I'm not a cop.

I'm a player.

- A martini on me.

- Get you a drink?

- Oh, bartender.

- Yes, sir, a Manhattan.

Yeah, another one.

What do you need?

Couple of minutes

with Mr. Rocca.

- Not possible.

- Tell him I'm the pain in Lamanski's ass.

Wait here.

- You're working for Morgan and Company, right?

- Richard's supposed to meet us.

Ladies and gentlemen,

place your bets.

Cards?

- Losing improves your character.

- Winning improves your wardrobe.

Again, place your bets,

ladies and gentlemen.

Cards?

Go on in.

What's your name?

Joseph P. Brenner...

Joey.

And you're the pain

in Lamanski's ass, huh?

Wasted one of his joints

and took down a couple of his bag men.

And this stuff

comes from his girlfriend.

What'd you bother

with that for?

Intimidation.

Let him know that nothing is safe.

What are you

trying to prove?

Joey, this is Max Keller.

Max takes care of things...

all kinds of things.

- Trying to prove that maybe you can use me.

- For what?

To take care of things...

all kinds of things.

That job's filled.

I'm sure a smart man like Mr. Rocca

is always looking to upgrade.

- I'm the best there is.

- Max...

if you're the best there is,

the wheel would've never been invented.

- How'd you know I was looking for somebody?
- I didn't.
I thought
I might get lucky.
Where're you from?
The last few years?
Miami.
- Your references?
- I'm in the computer.
I'm sure you can find a couple of cops
that can punch it up for you.
What makes you think I'd be happy
to see Lamanski's ass kicked?
You see, in Miami, we can tell everything
by the flow of the blow.
This Lamanski has been making
bigger buys every week.
Now, I know he has been
biting into someone's action.
Go see the cashier.
She'll give you a thousand dollars
in chips. Enjoy yourself.
In case you forget,
I'll be checking back with you.
I don't believe
a fucking word he said.
Girl Scouts build character...
and it's a lot cheaper.
You pester me,
I'll have you tossed out.
You have that kind
of clout around here?
- They know me.
- I envy them.
- Place your bets.
- I'm sure nobody will mind if you go home before you're broke.
Don't trouble yourself over my money.
I always get more.
Getting it somewhere else
might change your luck.
Where the hell
do you think he's going?
Taking a leak?
He's in here? Perfect!

If any more guys duck down that alley,
we're gonna start selling tickets.

- Where'd he go?

- This way.

Come on, come on!

Come on!

Forget it!

- Hurry up!

- Wait up!

- Any trouble?

- Oh, nothing special.

- All these alleys probably have rats.

- You got some I.D.?

Sure.

Saw those three guys
leave the hotel after ya.

Anything particular
or, uh, just a mugging?

They had trouble telling me
what they wanted.

Yeah, I'll bet.

Joseph P. Brenner.

What's the "P" stand for?

Pussy.

See ya around.

Harry, everything is
moving along fine.

The apartment is okay.

I'm renting a car tomorrow.

Something happened last night
that got me thinking.

I might get into a spot
where a cop is shooting at me.

Any idea how

I ought to handle it?

Three back-busters jumped me.

I have a feeling that Max Keller
had something to do with it.

Rocca is probably checking on me
as I talk. I'll stay in touch.

Hi.

When was the last time
you had a good piss?

Hey, let me in. I gotta take a leak.

- Freeze!
- Don't move!
- Hold it right there!
- In the back room! Cover me!
- We got 'em now!
- Let's get out of here!

Freeze!

- Hey, what the...
- Hold it!

Throw it!

- You got a paper?
- I got a warrant. You got your rights.

Patrovita's got
a big fucking headache.

Call the president.

I think we just fixed the deficit.

That's \$100 million
on the street.

We can make it up
in a couple of weeks.

Just what

Lamanski needed.

If he's got a lot of shit on hand,
he's gonna step in at bargain prices...
and grab a great big chunk
of the business!

Well, why don't we
just take him out?

Because he's
looking for it!

You won't get near him now,
unless you want to start a war.

Nobody needs that.

Later.

- How many got busted?
- Eight.

Nobody pulled a trigger.

They'll all make bail.

Have you found
a replacement for Tony?

I'm looking somebody over.

- I want it back.

- What?

The money. The smack.

It's mine. I want it back.
Oh, come on! What are we gonna do,
knock over city hall?
We don't even know
where they got it stashed.
But we know somebody
who can tell us.
That shit is mine.
I paid for it, and I want it back.
And I'm gonna get it back.
How the hell is it
you never did any time?
I'm smart,
unlike someone we know.
Max thinks you stink
from trouble.
- He doesn't want you around.
- I'm sure he makes a lot of mistakes.
Never the same one twice.
You're on.
But consider yourself temporary.
And if Max is right,
very temporary.
We start tomorrow.
It's nice to be
one of the family.
- Get my car, please.
- Yes, sir.
Sam, could you
get me a cab, please?
Taxi!
How'd you do
the other night?
- Your money didn't change a thing.
- And tonight?
I got out with cab fare.
Maybe you should try
a different kind of recreation.
Losing at tennis
wouldn't make me feel any better.
The exercise might.
- We don't need you.
- Thanks, pal.
Okay. Thank you.

You're a real
take-charge guy.
Hold your glass very still.
Oh!
Huh!
Oh. I don't know why they advertise
all those sleeping pills on television.
I mean, chemicals are
no good for you.
A couple of bottles of champagne
wipes you right out.
Exactly.
What are you saying?
Are you saying you're ready for bed?
- I think so.
- That sounds like a hell of an idea to me.
Gonna help you get up.
Ooh!
Uuh! God!
- Here.
- There you go.
There you go.
Come on. Hurry.
Oh, God!
- You know what I like about bedrooms?
- No. What?
You almost always
find a bed in there.
You know what?
I've noticed
the same thing.
Oh, my God.
Great.
Uuh!
I've got what there is.
Joseph P. Brenner.
Social Security number, 567-3...
567-34-5787
Dade County licence number...
48736892-R.
Passport number...
H-1032642.
Okay? He's asleep.
He's passed out.

This takes care of a thousand dollars
of my I.O.U., right?

Okay.

If there's something to say,
I'll call.

We wanted to check
your water heater today, Sarah...
but the, uh, keys werert where they were
supposed to be, so we couldn't do anything.
If you tell us where the keys have been moved,
we'll come back and take care of it.

Look, come back to me
as quick as you can.

Yeah, you don't want
to freeze to death in that water.

- Fucking little worm.

- What's his problem?

We give him a million dollars
to tell us where to hit Marcellino.

Now the son of a bitch
is pulling back.

Well, maybe he doesn't know
where the shit is stored.

How many places do you think the cops
can store that much cash and smack, huh?

Lfhe doesn't know it,
he'll find out.

Or maybe he just doesn't like
what you're planning.

I'm supposed to give a shit
what he thinks?

No, he'll come across.

What the hell's his choice?

- He's in up to his ass.

- There's no way I can talk you out of this?

If you could, I shouldn't be where I am.

When we start thinking
there's something we can't do...
something that's too big or too messy,
then we oughta get out.

This is like wrestling.

It's fixed.

And the cops are always gonna lose,
and they know it.

I wanna hear you say
you're sorry
Nobody takes advantage of me
Uuh
Over here, honey.
Jeanine! Over here!
If looks could kill
You'd be lying on the floor
You'd be begging me
Please, please
Baby, don't you
hurt me no more
- Where's Metzger?
- I haven't seen him.
- How's business?
- We're dying.
We're living on the edge
Hanging by a thread
I'm watching every move
you make
You don't wanna see my anger
So don't you make
another mistake
That's him!
That's a harmless, empty threat
Hey! Watch it!
- Stop it!
- Asshole!
- If looks could kill -
Do you mind? - Come on!
- You'd be lying on the floor
- Cut it out!
- Hey, you cretin!
- You'd be begging me, please, please
- Oh, God!
- Baby, don't hurt me no more
Uh! No, no! No, please!
Come here!
- Help me!
- Come here!
I hear you're paying off everybody
but the fucking government.
- Lamanski says pay him. He'll come back with a torch.
- So you decided to pay us both.

- Is that it? I didn't know you had so much loose cash.

- Just stay out of it.

- No. I'm gonna close down.

- Oh, yeah? You try it, all right?

You piece of shit!

- Uh!

- Ah! Do something, huh?

- Oh, my God!

- This is what you're gonna look like dead.

Don't pay Lamanski anymore.

If I torch this shit-house,
you'll be inside it.

Get in my way again,
and I'll kill ya.

I hope you're not
your mother's only child.

Ohh! Oh, Mr. Metzger,
are you all right?

Iflooks could

Kill

- I didn't think you were this twisted.

- Twisted? This is kid stuff.

We got a call. Somebody thought
there was some trouble here.

Oh, the boys were having
some trouble with their makeup.

Joey P. Brenner. You turn up
in the most damnedest places.

Trying to learn
my way around.

Well, you got a good guide if you wanna
know your way around a sewer.

Iflooks could kill

- Where do you know that cop from?

- Oh, he broke up a fight I had in an alley...

the night you sent your three assholes
to take me apart.

We don't know what his name is yet...

but he's definitely
working for Patrovita.

- I don't want his name. I want his ass.

- I'll see to it he disappears.

First you bust him up real good,
public and messy.

Everybody should know what you get
when you kick in my door.

Shit, I hate this game.

This looks like
it's going to be fun.

- That'd be different.

- Why? He's not a good host?

Some of his friends
can be a pain in the neck.

Hey, you're with
the main man.

If you have any trouble, you let me know.

- Wear that one.

- Beautiful, beautiful. Give it some sparkle.

- Such a pretty dress.

- Oh, like this?

Joey.

I was hoping
you could make it.

Monique.

- Quite a party.

- Party?

This is just a simple gathering
of the immediate family.

Luigi's parties
have to be held outdoors.

He wants to meet you.

Be right back.

Hey, you guys having fun? I'm having a lot of fun.

Let's capture the moment here,
huh? Come on.

Max, maybe you're
having too much fun.

Eat something.

- I'll get you a nice eight by ten.

- Keep it. I'm not sentimental.

I didn't think so.

Come in.

- Joey Brenner, Luigi Patrovita.

- My pleasure.

You like getting close
to our friend?

You want the job
done right, don't you?

- What have you found out?

- Nothing.

I want you.

We tried that,

remember?

You come home with me,

and you owe nobody nothing.

I'll owe you,

won't I?

Mr. Rocca thinks you would make

a won'thwhile addition...

- to our various endeavors.

- I like to think so.

- Oh, you're a thinker.

- Sometimes.

Not enough to get me

into any trouble.

From what we know,

you don't stay anyplace too long.

If you're not part of an organization

that can protect you...

- moving around is the next best thing.

- He's looking for a home.

You kill anybody, Joey?

Yeah.

More than one?

Three. You want names

and addresses?

Smart, I like.

Smart-ass, I don't.

All right. Forget it. Go back to the party.

I want to talk to Mr. Rocca.

Nice meeting you.

I don't know.

You don't let him in

too far too fast.

Give him a little time

to impress us.

If he doesn't, we'll use him for

something dirty and dump him in the pit.

Cute, huh?

What a doll.

Yes, I think it would accessorize

the outfit beautifully.

What do you think?

Does it make you drool?

I would have picked exactly
the same one. That is my taste.

Yeah? Do you like
this one better?

- What do you think? Which one do you like better?

- Try it on.

- You don't mind sitting here?

- No. I like it.

- Okay. All right. I'll see you later.

- Bye.

All right.

- Well, this goes with the color. It's beautiful.

- Something in red?

Well, I think it's something...

It's just... red.

Why don't you just pick one?

I'll never make up my mind.

- Why don't you take them both?

- I can't afford them both.

I can.

Oh. You do that

too easy.

You always buying things
for the ladies?

- No. Not in a long time.

- Kiss her good-bye, shithead.

It's a stickup.

- Call security.

- Oh, really?

Just dial, dipshit!

We're being robbed

and beaten!

Oh!

Out of my way, bitch!

I'm very hard to fit.

- This way!

- No, this way!

We're finished

shopping!

Yeah? Well, come up with something!

If it was possible, Luigi,

and I'm not so sure it is...

it's gonna take a lot of work
to pull this thing off.

- A lot of planning.

- Look. We get a floor plan.

We buy ourselves

an inside man and we go.

Our boy not only told me

where it is...

he told me they're moving it to a federal
depository for safekeeping next Tuesday.

- Oh, Jesus. This is crazy!

- Look, last week in New York...

\$10 million won'th of cocaine

walked out of a police station.

- Nobody knows where the hell it is! It can be done.

- That was inside work.

I'm talking

a major fucking job here!

It'll make Brinks

look like rolling a drunk.

There's 50 cops in that building any hour of
the day. How you gonna get 'em outta there?

Give 'em tickets

to the ball game?

A bomb.

Just blow the place up, huh?

The genius.

What are you

talking about?

Bomb threat. Whenever they get one,

they have to evacuate the whole building.

Yeah, sure.

If they believe it.

They get that shit all the time.

How you gonna guarantee they'd bite?

Make them nervous.

Make them believe someone is trying

to blow up every police station in the city.

- Hey! Where you going?

- Filling the vending machine.

- Where's Bobby?

- Ha! That's what the boss would like to know.

Hey, you guys bigger on

potato or corn chips?

The guys in the 6th don't touch the corn.

- 9th District, Sergeant Mora.

- Myself, I don't care, you know.

Okay, lady. Where are you?

Anybody hurt?

All right. Someone will be out over there in a little while.

Well, it doesn't look like they intended too much damage.

There's always the chance the guy was a bad bomb maker.

- What're you doing here, Harry?

- Oh, just hoping that some...

half-assed, pro-life,

whale-loving terrorist didn't do it...

so the bureau doesn't have to get involved, and we can leave it in your good hands.

- Hmm.

- It's crude. It's very crude.

How are ya, Harry?

Hello, Marvin. Yeah, I'm getting better.

How about yourself?

- Well, complaining doesn't make any difference, huh?

- Come get a shot of this.

So, what do you figure this was?

Well, he thinks somebody was mad at the vending machine.

Uh, look, you two kibbutz somewhere else.

- You're impeding criminal science.

- Yes, yes, right.

So, how goes your Patrovita case?

I find new angles every day.

Believe me, he'll run out of options before we run out of patience.

- I already have.

- Nobody can blame you.

Somebody said they took you off this case.

Well, they don't control all the hours of my day.

Don't mess around, Harry. We might have something working that you don't know about. My guess is that whatever you've got working... won't work. We're doing all we can. Great. So am I. I know with you it's personal, but we're both after the same thing... justice. Right, Harry? Justice. Fuck justice! Allow me. There you go. I don't really want to lose you But I don't want to go What's new on the domestic front? I don't have the report typed out yet. I can tell the way they act and their attitude Remember that horse we used to look at? I bought it. What's on your mind, Max? You. What can he do for you I can't? This was your idea, not mine. Well, I didn't expect it to go this far. How far has it gone? Does he climb into your pants five times a day? Is that what you wanna hear? Not really. I'd like to know it was me. The only way you'll ever end up lying next to me is if we're run down by the same car. I like it when you hurt me, baby. Myself... I'd rather give

than receive.

Wrong.

Ever think about
ever settling down

Max...

I don't think we're going to be
the kind of pals I hoped we'd be.

If a tear rolls from my eyes
I feel the hurt inside

As I reach out to you

I'm impressed.

I'm hungry.

I can't get out

You see, I'm tied

- The more we know each other,
the less you wanna see me.

Is this an approach you developed yourself,
or something you read in a book?

These guys from the dress shop
are going to be back...

and I don't want you around
when they do.

I like you.

Maybe more than you like me.

I don't know.

Unless you're gonna tell me you're married
or something, I'm not staying away.

You're married?

For a long time.

Where is she?

Far away from here.

Well...

that's a relief.

I thought I lost it.

All this great equipment,
and you're sitting on your hands.

I was telling myself, "He's a slow starter,
but it gets hot when he gets going. "

You're important to me.

You are a friend.

- You're more than a friend.

- "Friend. "

- You're more than that.

- We're friends.

When I wanna make friends,
I'll go to summer camp.
You wanna hear
something funny?
I was sort of flattered.
I thought you were going slow because
you thought this was real important...
and you didn't
wanna blow it.
It's gonna take me a long time to figure out
which of us is the biggest asshole.
God! They don't make 'em like that anymore.
Whoo!
The whole thing
could blow up.
- Patrovita's gonna get Lamanski.
- Mmm.
As long as they keep cutting down
the right people, I don't give a shit.
Patrovita wants the money and the dope
the cops got when they raided him.
And he's gonna try
and get it.
You're kidding.
You know what happens
if we stop this?
Yeah. Since I'm the new boy,
they must figure that I'm the leak.
Let 'em have it.
This is not the reason we're in this.
- What about Lamanski?
- Considering how we're involved in this...
I can't be of much
help to you, Mark.
You're gonna have to
watch out for yourself.
You want out?
I started to call Amy
last night.
- I wanted her to know that I'm still alive.
- Dangerous.
Yeah. But I've
put her through a lot.
But if we stop now,

the whole thing is for nothing.
And knowing Amy...
she probably
will kill me herself.
Are you gonna stick?
This Joey has
a pretty good life.
Expensive clothes,
a nice car...
lots of money
and free time.
I never had it so good.
Just don't let it go
to your head, all right?
That's kind of sudden.
You don't work good
on short notice?
Nothing works
if it isn't thought out.
They hit the 3rd District
in an hour.
We'll waste Lamanski
as a diversion.
It's my idea.
What do you think?
I'll let you know
when it's over.
We're ready.
3rd District,
Sergeant Washington.
You've got a bomb
inside the building.
It goes off in 22 minutes.
All right.
Everything's jammed.
We have a bomb.
Call Bomb Disposal.
Clear the building.
Bomb Disposal.
Evacuate and barricade a perimeter
of 300 feet from the building.
We're on the way.
We're go.
So are we.

Clear those people! Come on!
Come on. Let's keep moving.
Come on, come on, come on!
Let's go!
Let's go! Let's go, let's go,
let's go, let's go, let's go!
Watch out! Watch where you're going!
- Come on! Come on!
- Let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go!
It's right down here.
Torch!
Come on!
You see him?
Lamanski.
Take him when he's clear.
Shit! No way.
Where the fuck did all
those people come from?
Maybe they play bingo.
Do you own a calendar, Max?
I bet it's a Jewish holiday.
Yeah, well, for his sake,
it better be the Day of Atonement.
We'll follow him
and take him when we can.
All right. That's it.
He's ready. Outta here.
We're set.
Oh, shit.
That's good.
Guys, we're on the clock.
- Come on.
- Here, fill this one.
When we get to the expressway,
I'm gonna run him off the road.
Their car is much
heavier than ours.
Wort matter
if you hit the driver.
Run 'em into the wall.
Let's get outta here!
Wave your hands!
- Let's go, let's go.
- This is it. Let's make it look good.

Open the doors!

- Clear!

- What happened in there?

Stay clear!

I don't know who in the hell
this guy is.

- I've never seen him before.

- No mistake?

Come on. Three years ago,
I busted Joey Brenner twice in two weeks.
And that ain't him.

You know where he is?

Caribbean, I heard.

When do you go back
to Miami?

In an hour.

I've got a charity softball game with
Dade County Sheriffs in the morning.

Cops against cops.

You leave me no one
to root for.

So what the fuck are you
doing for the money?

- Sticking my ass out.

- Not far enough!

Somebody got somebody inside.

He's walking
all over the place.

He's even been to my house.

He could be banging my wife,
for Christ's sake!

He didn't get by me.

I don't know how the hell he got there.

What the hell's the difference?

We got him, right?

Don't give me that "we" shit!

Max turned him up on his own.

What do you want?

I can't tell you things I don't know about.

Well, what do
you know about?

You're telling me

about this bureau creep...

who's trying to take me apart

in his spare time...
because his kid got smacked
when we took Marcellino.
So what's the good news?
I had a friend at the bureau
check Harry Shannors case files.
Whatever he's doing is unofficial.
There aren't any records.
If he were killed, there could be
no direct connection to you.
Oh. That's the good news, huh?
So who's gonna do it?
You?
Brenner.
Yeah.
I think I'd better
get going.
Yeah? Where?
Canada? Mexico?
You're not getting out of my sight
until this is over and done.
If you did some serious damage
to my organization...
I wanna know where
I can lay my hands on you.
I'll be right back.
- Hey! We can't be late!
- Just a minute!
What are you doing here?
Sorry for the other night.
- Where would I learn how to deal with a friend?
- It's okay.
Let's go!
I was thinking
maybe we could talk.
I have
something to do.
- Maybe later?
- Sure.
Take my car and go home.
I'll call you as soon
as I get back. Okay?
Watch yourself.
Don't worry.

- You gonna tell me who it is?

- A cop.

Just a fucking cop.

Go straight at him.

I'll take the far side.

Wherefore my heart is glad

and my spirit rejoices...

my flesh also shall

rest in hope.

Thou shalt show me

the path of life.

In thy presence

is the fullness of joy,;

and at thy right hand

there is pleasure for evermore.

In sure and certain hope

of the resurrection and eternal life...

through our Lord

Jesus Christ...

we commend to Almighty God

our brother, William Dunne...

and we commit his body

to the ground,;

earth to earth,

ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

The Lord bless him,

keep him.

The Lord make his face

to shine upon him...

and be gracious upon him.

- Harry!

- Waste him!

Harry, I didn't know it was you.

That's all right.

- Go on and get out of here.

- I'm gonna get the ambulance for you.

It'll come.

Now you go on, beat it.

If the cops take you

and I don't make it...

you'll be years

explaining this.

Harry, don't die.

- It's not over.

- Then go on.
Go on, get out of here.
Beat it.
- I'll see you soon, okay? I'll see you.
- Go on!
- What the hell are you doing here?
- Saving your ass.
Okay. Pack whatever
you can't live without.
Go to the Rock Falls Airport
and charter a plane.
Wait a minute.
Where are you going?
To do what an old friend
asked me to do...
knock 'em dead.
Did I mention the pit?
Yeah, that's the gravel pit.
It's owned by Patrovita.
You get an invitation,
don't go.
Busting rocks is only some
of what goes on out there.
We got company.
Which way?
I don't see nothing.
I can't get no
Satisfaction
I can't get no
Satisfaction
'Cause I try, and I try
And I try, and I try
I can't get no
I can't get no
When I'm driving in my car
And a man
comes on the radio
He's telling me
more and more
- About some useless information
- Billy, outside! Let's go!
Supposed to fire
my imagination
I can't get no

No, no, no
Hey, hey, hey
That's what I say
I can't get no
Satisfaction
I can't get no
Satisfaction
'Cause I try, and I try
And I try, and I try
I can't get no
I can't get no
When I'm watching my TV
And a man
comes on and tells me
How white my shirts
can be
But he can't be a man
'Cause he doesn't smoke
the same...
What exactly happened here
is unclear.
Police speculate, based on the amount
of heroin and money found on the scene...
this may be the result
of a brewing mob war.
Mob war my ass!
Brenner!
We don't know where
the son of a bitch is.
Let's hope
he's not alive.
From the looks of that mess,
I'd say he was dead.
I think he's right.
Don't think, pray!
If he's still alive,
you're not!
Oh, shit!
- Let's get him before he gets us! The elevators!
- Give me an extra clip.
You! Stick around.
Hold it, hold it,
hold it, hold it!
Eh?

What?
Move!
Get down!
Shit!
He got me!
Oh, shit!
Come on!
Come on!
Fuck!
Damn it!
Oh, damn it!
- Come on!
- Get the son of a bitch!
Come on, man!
Just you and me!
Come on!
Show yourself!
- Now what?
- Call the cops.
- What?
- Call the fucking cops!
For God's sakes, let it...
Kaminski?
This must be what they mean
by "poetic justice. "
This is... isn't what you think.
I'm with the government.
I set every one
of these guys up, and...
So, back with the bureau, huh?
I didn't know that.
It's, uh...
You know, that whole thing
was such a mistake. You and I...
Because of you,
a lot of people are dead.
And now it's your turn.
No. No.
Resign or be prosecuted.
Any way you want it.
Excuse me.
We're coming through.
Pardon me.
Shit!

All right.

Careful. Careful. Watch it.

- Okay, Lenny.

- They said you got room for one more, right?

- Watch your back.

- What do you think Baxter was doing here?

Until I know different,

I gotta assume our leak's just been plugged.

- Pardon the pun.

- What the hell you think happened here?

I think somebody

got very pissed off.

- Who?

- I got a good idea.

Baker, just got a location on the car.

- Give it to me.

- A 1979 Oldsmobile registered to Luigi Patrovita...

moving south on Route 84.

- Should they intercept?

- No. Negative.

- Tell them to track him. Keep

me up on where he is. - Ten-four.

Where are you going?

I'm gonna see

how smart I am.

Get on the plane.

You okay?

- You're not going, are you?

- No.

Then I'm not either.

You're out of excuses,

sweetheart.

There's a quarter million dollars

in that bag.

Win or lose,

it's your choice.

Now get out of here.

You'll be okay,

won't you?

Get going.

I'm glad you didn't

make me chase you.

Too damn tired.

That doesn't surprise me. A hundred years

of police work in a single afternoon.
Always figured
you were one of us.
How many days in a row...
do I have to haul
your butt down here?
Hmm?
Just to watch you
do nothing.
I have no interest...
in becoming
an accomplished cripple.
Now you push me back to my room
or out into traffic. I don't give a shit.
Things not so good, Harry?
- I've seen better days.
- Wanna see 'em again?
Wort happen from down here.
So, you used to being back
with the bureau?
Sure.
And back with my wife.
Thank you very much.
Come on, Mark!
Stop fooling around!
Give me...
Give me my chair.
I need your help, Harry.
For what?
Where's my chair?
My reunion with Amy
was a big success.
We just found out
that she's pregnant.
That's great.
That's great.
Give me my chair.
I don't know anything
about being a father, Harry.
I want your help.
I want you to be the godfather.
All right. I'll help.
Now give me the goddamn chair!
- Then walk.

- I can't walk!

Then meet me halfway.

Come on.

I don't have to walk

to be a godfather!

You don't have to walk,

but you have to try like hell.

- I can't!

- Did you ever quit in front of Blair?