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American Gangster

By Steven Zaillian

Happy Thanksgiving!

- Here!

- Right here!

Here you go, fellas!

Come! Come here.

This is the problem.

This is what's wrong with America.

It's gotten so big

you just can't find your way.

The grocery store

on the corner is a now a supermarket.

The candy store

is a MacDonal'd's.

And this place...

a super fucking discount store.

Where's the pride of ownership?

Where's the personal service?

See what I mean?

Shit...

What right do they have

of cutting out the suppliers?

Pushing out all the middlemen.

Buying direct from the manufacturer.

Sony this.

Toshiba that.

All them Chinks...

put Americans out of work.

...plans to take place

in Quang Tri Province.

From Laos...

That's the way it is now.

You're all right ?

You can't find the heart of anything...

to stick the knife.

Anybody here?

- Can I help you?

- Call an ambulance.

Forget it, Frank.

There's no one in charge.

Call an ambulance!

Some say Bumpy Johnson

was a great man,

according to eulogies,

a giving man.

A man of the people.
No one chose to use
in remembrances
the word most often associated
with Ellsworth Bumpy Johnson :
Gangster,
whose passing has brought
a Who's Who of mourners
on this chilly afternoon.
The KC mob boss,
Dominic Cattano.
Harlem crime figure,
Nicky Barnes.
From the political arena,
the Governor has come down.
The Mayor of New York,
the Chief of Police and Commissioner.
Sports and entertainment luminaries.
Bumpy Johnson,
age 62 when he passed
was a folk hero among Harlem locals
for over four decades.
Regarded by some as
the Robin Hood of Harlem,
by others as a ruthless criminal.
I would've thought that Warnfield
put out a better spread.
- Want some ?
- No, thanks.
I want chicken wings on mine.
Who is that ?
He didn't know what hit him.
I just kept poppin'
him in the face.
You got a light?
That's very good.
Hey, Frank !
Get me a light while you're at it.
Appreciate it.
Don Cattano.
How you doing, Rossi?
- Good.
- A drink, Sir?
Give him a scotch.

Come on.

I know you're hurting, Frank.

So am I.

I'm all right.

- You going to be all right?

- Yeah.

I'm sure Bumpy didn't tell you,

but he made me promise

if anything happened to him...

I should make sure

that you're want for nothing.

I appreciate that.

Half the people here

owed Bumpy money when he died.

They think I'll forget to collect,

but I'll get that money.

Well... that's the spirit.

Go get them.

Mr. Roberts!

Taking the prosecution side,

give us U.S. vs. Meade,

subject, issues,

what the determination was

and what it means to us today.

Class shall be critiquing,

Mr. Roberts, so pay attention.

I hate hearing my name,

ya know ?

Means I gotta get up

in front of the class,

I gotta turn around,

and I know everyone in there,

they know more than I do.

The N1 fear of people...

it ain't dying.

It's public speaking.

I get physically ill.

Wanna throw up.

And you wanna do that

for a living.

I don't like being like that.

I want to beat it.

- Should I do this?

- No, he'll take it from me.

He knows me since high school.

- High school?

- Good morning.

He doesn't take it, just throw it in.

- That's good service.

- Throw it in?

- What's up, Suzie?

- Hi, Jay.

- How you doing, baby?

- All right.

You, punk !

You bit me, asshole !

I swear to God, Richie.

I didn't know it was you.

I'd never slam a door

on your hand, knowingly.

You bit my fucking hand.

What you doing

serving subpoenas anyway?

- We're on loan to County.

- County?

- How's that working for you?

- Fuck you.

I'm sorry.

Consider me served.

Can we leave it there?

Assault on a police officer?

I don't think so.

For old time's sake, what can we do,

what do you want, what can I give you?

What do you get for assault

with a deadly weapon, Jay?

- 5 years minimum.

- 5 years.

Guys, c'mon ! No.

Guys, what do you want?

Who do you want?

- Who do you got ?

- You want...

Big Al's bookie, his accountant?

I'll give him to you.

Stop, stop.

There he is.

That's him. The bookie.

All right. Get lost.

- Right here?

- Right here. Get out of the car.

- This is nuts.

- Come on.

Let's go.

Take it easy.

We stay with him or the car?

Let's see who comes for the car.

Think he made us?

You called in a warrant, right?

So where are they?

I just called, man!

I called and walked back here,
and ten seconds has gone by.

We saw him with the slips, Jay.

You saw policy slips?

You saw grocery bags.

- You don't know what's in them.

- I do, and so do you.

Don't give me that bull.

What's the rush, Richie?

- Half an hour, the warrant'll be here.

- I got night school.

Guess you're gonna miss it.

- Fuck this. Come on!

- You sure?

Yeah, let's go.

Fuck!

Fuck!

- It's not just a couple of bucks.

- It's the same thing, in principle.

We're talking principles?

A cop who turns in
this kind of money...

says one thing.

He turns in cops who take money.

- We'll be fucking pariahs.

- We're fucked both ways.

Not if we keep it. Only if we don't,
then right, we're fucked,
but not if we keep it.

Goddamn it, man!

Did we ask for it?

Did we put a gun to someone's head

and say :

Cops... kill cops

they can't trust.

We can't turn it in, man.

You believe that?

How much is there?

Nine hundred

and eighty seven thousand.

What happened to the rest?

What the hell are you doing counting it
in front of everybody. Are you nuts?

Get it back in the bags, seal'em up,
and down it to the property room.

Fucking boy-scouts.

So nice to see you here this evening.

What?

What?

Detective Trupo.

Sign here.

You guys ready

to make a lot of fuckin money?

- Always.

- Hell yeah.

Here you go!

All right. Look at this.

- Fucking dealers.

- Here's three more boats.

Hey, don't lose any of that shit.

- I know.

- Be careful.

Just enough for the reagent test.

A little less.

This is the French Connection dope.

Kilos of the same dope Eddie Egan

and Sonny Grasso took from us!

The cops seize it, arrest everyone,
and they start taking it out

of the evidence room,

whacking it down to nothing

and selling it back to us.

They basically

control the market with it.

Mr. Rossi.
A surprise.
They've been doin this for years.
They live off it.
- Our dope.
- Many thanks.
What the fuck is happening
to the world, Frank?
Fuckin crooks.
Sad about Bumpy.
Things are never gonna be the same
in Harlem.
You walk down the street.
Nobody bothers you
cause Bumpy was making sure of it.
Here, Frankie.
How is it there now?
It's chaos.
Every gorilla for himself.
Who can live like that?
There has to be order.
That would've never happened
with Italians.
More important than
any one man's life...
is order.
Frank.
Come on in.
Sit down.
- How y'all doin?
- Good.
- So, you seen Nate over there?
- Yeah, all the time.
Nate is everywhere.
- He's good.
- He's still over there.
Got himself a club now.
Where, Saigon?
Bangkok.
I don't think he's ever comin home.
Come on.
On the house
for our boys in uniform.
Thank you, sugar,

that's very kind.
Thank Frank.
Thanks, Frank.
Just relax.
You gonna have to boot this,
shoot a couple times.
Cops keep cutting it.
Selling the shit.
I won't say anything
cause the price is right.
But that shit in Nam
is way...
way...
heavy...
Didn't you see the jar, Frank?
I think you walked right past it.
The money jar.
What I gotta do?
Put a fuckin sign on it?
What are you thinking?
You know,
Bumpy don't own 116th no more.
He don't own no real estate
in Harlem right now. I'm the landlord,
and the lease is 20 %.
Well, don't sell dope then, Frank.
Get a real job.
Need a fuckin job, Frank?
Is that what you need?
You come work for me.
You can drive me around.
You open my doors.
Yes sir, no sir, right away sir.
Anything you want, Master Johnson.
I give you that, what do I got left?
Nothing.
out of business.
There are legitimate ways
of doing things,
and there's this way.
Not even Bumpy took 20 %.
Bumpy's fuckin dead.
My man.
Doc! Let's go.

The drug problem in Vietnam
is more
than marijuana.

At this point,
it is estimated that one third
of American troops are experimenting
with opium and heroin.

The authorities say they've confiscated
large quantities of marijuana,
heroin, and pills.

Every person and every vehicle
going through the gates
is subject to a thorough shakedown.
Soldiers have access to the drugs
at many rest and relaxation spots
in Bangkok, Saigon, and other areas
throughout Vietnam and Thailand.
Officials say the easy availability
of relatively cheap cost
of high purity heroin
throughout Saigon and the Far East
is leading to an epidemic
of heroin addiction
among U.S. soldiers.

- Operator.

- Yeah, international.

- What city?

- Bangkok.

You know the country code?

Yeah, 376.

- For the first 3 minutes, it'll...

- I got it, I got it.

- Sawadeekap.

- Hello?

"Soul brothers".

Can I help you?

Nate!

- Do I know you?

- It's me.

- Who?

- Me, Frank! Your cousin, negro.

Go get yourself a new suit.

Look, I'm sorry.

Please, Richie.

Couldn't be avoided.

I'll take him next weekend, OK?

We're moving.

What? Where?

The St. Regis.

What do you care?

My sister's.

Your sister's. In Vegas?

- Yeah.

- You're not moving to Las Vegas.

Not with Michael.

What am I supposed to do with him?

Leave him with you?

There's a picture.

Hey, guys!

Be cool.

Laurie, Las Vegas

is not the kind of place

to raise a kid.

Oh, like this is a good environment?

And around your friends?

When am I supposed to see my boy?

This weekend, last weekeend.

I asked you nice to shut up, right?

Now I'll have to kill you.

I swear

I'll pull out my gun

and put a bullet in your fuckin head!

Stop what you're doin,

and pick up the glass!

Calm down, man. Be cool.

He's fuckin crazy.

You don't have a gun.

You sure?

You're crazy, Richie.

You don't have room for us.

I'll see you in court.

Come on, Michael!

Say bye to your dad.

Hey, kiddo!

See you next week.

We'll do something.

Let's get you an ice cream.

You have 10 minutes remaining.

Girl, don't talk.
I wanna do a little funk.
How much you want?
Tell him I want a 100 kis.
Ain't nobody I know
who can get you that much.
You have to piece it together
from different sources.
And it's not gonna be 100 % pure.
I don't want that.
I know what you don't want.
But you'll need to get
to the Chi-Chou syndicate, all right?
In Cholon, Saigon.
If they'll deal with you at all.
I understand, but
by then, it'll be too late.
It'll be already chopped up.
I want to get it where they get it from.
The source.
- And get it yourself?
- Why not?
I came this far.
- You'd go into the motherfuckin jungle?
- I'm in it. Look around,
They're eating these roaches,
whatever that is.
Nigga, I'm talking about snakes.
Tigers, Vietcongs, mosquitos
that'll fuckin kill your ass.
- You wanna go into the jungle?
- We're going.
- Fuck it, let's go.
- We're going.
Why not?
Hey, Frank.
This whole spot's locked down
by the Kuomintang.
General Chang Kai Chek's
defeated army.
How would you get it into the States?
You ain't got to worry about that.
- Who do you work for in there?
- Don't worry about that either.

Who are you really?

Frank Lucas,

like it says on my passport.

- I mean, who you represent?

- Me.

You think you're going to take
a 100 kilos of heroin into the U.S.

and you don't work for anyone?

Someone's going to allow that?

That's right.

After this first purchase...

if you're not killed

by Marseilles importers...

or their people in the States...

then, what?

Then there'll be more, much more.

I guarantee you.

And if it's all the same to you, I don't
have to drag my ass here no more.

Of course not.

My man.

- Soul brothers?

- Soul brothers.

Fifty grand. It'll cover them,
the pilot and the boys on the other end.

Give them a hundred.

Fifty will cover it.

Give them a hundred, the whole thing.

And look.

That's all I got.

If that dope don't arrive,
for any reason...

Listen.

Cousin or no cousin,

I'm a busy man, all right?

I got no time to go

to nobody's funeral.

I'll let you know

when it's in the air.

My man.

Richie?

Fuckin guy made me,

don't know how he did,

but he did.

He went for his gun!
I had to do it, man!
A hundred people out there heard
the shot. You gotta help me,
you gotta do something!
Where are you, Jay?
That's the problem.
Dispatch, I got a 10-13.
I got a 10-13.
Copy that. What's your 20?
Tower 2.
Floor 1G.
Canton West, in the projects.
- Identify yourself, please.
- Detective Richard Roberts.
Negative, I got no units in that area.
Bullshit.
Please put the call out again.
I'll need assistance.
Det. Roberts, I got no units
in that area, that's a negative.
Why you goin' thru, motherfucker?
Be cool!
Be cool, all right?
I'll find out what's going on in here.
Richie.
Open the motherfuckin door!
Where's your backup ?
You got no backup?
Why is that?
Bandage his neck.
- Richie, he's dead.
- I know he's fuckin dead, right?
Bandage his neck, clean up his head.
Prop him up on the gurney
so he's sittin,
and open his fuckin eyes.
- All right? Let's go!
- Fuck.
OK, clean him up.
Give me your gun.
Your gun!
You have your badge?
You guys ready?

Just keep moving forward.
- You all right?
- Yeah.
It's OK!
Injured man coming out.
Step back.
Let them do their job.
He'll be all right.
Step back.
That's fine.
That's it.
He's alive.
What happened inside?
Thanks, man.
Fuck.
The asshole pulled a piece on me.
Can you fuckin believe it?
He pulls a piece on a cop?
Had to do it, man.
Kill or be killed.
Fuckin crazy world, right?
What the fuck were you doing
on the projects?
Investigating stuff, man,
you know.
Just like you taught me.
Checking on guys,
following things up,
putting the pieces together.
The guy was a fucking dealer.
Scum of the earth!
That guy
didn't pull a gun on a cop, Jay.
That guy pulled a gun on a junkie.
The junkie was trying to rob him.
What the fuck you sayin?
What the fuck you doin, man?
- What the fuck is that?
- That money's mine, man!
I earned this shit!
It's mine!
I earned it doing good cop work.
- I got it doin good cop work!
- You murdered him!

- And gettin shot at!
- You murdered the guy!
You murdered him,
you robbed his money,
then you called me to get you out.
Makes me an accessory after the fact.
I'll tell you the facts,
just write the report
the way i see it happened.
And then that's the way it is.
And that's how it'll all be.
I can't do that.
I'm a leper because I listened to you
and turned in a million bucks.
No one will work with me after that.
I can give up this shit, Richie!
That's easy.
Just write the report.
Between us.
As partners.
I can't do that.
Stop!
Open the trunk.
Get out!
Get out of Vietnam!
As loud as we can
that the Vietnam war should stop,
and that the best way to stop it
is for the United States
to simply pack up
and get out of Vietnam right now!
How are we looking?
Typically what I see
is 25 to 45 % pure.
There are no adulterants, no alkaloids,
no dilutents.
It's a hundred percent.
- May I?
- Take it with you.
Thank you, Frank.
I'll take it.
No contingencies, no loan,
no nothing.
Cash.

Fabulous.

Im not talking

about your proclivities.

Those I only know too well.

Im talking about being a cop.

You talking about taking money?

I don't do that.

Not my thing.

And your friends from the hood,
still hang out with them?

Yeah. Play baseball on the weekends.

Wise guys?

It's gonna look good.

Guys I went to school with, so what?

What about Joseph Sadano?

What about him?

Im just trying to understand
things your wife has said.

- If they're not true, tell me.

- Yeah, hes one of them.

Is he also your sons godfather?

He's definitely fucking her.

Do you really care about this?

Or do you just not want her
to win ever?

You know there's an interview room?

On the second floor.

- That's what I thought.

- Door locks from the inside.

All rise!

Fuck me like a cop, not a lawyer.

Don't answer!

- Richie Roberts.

- Hey, Norm!

- Richie Roberts.

- Hi, Det. Norman Riley.

- Hi, Norman. How are you?

- Good.

- Is that him?

- Yeah.

Nice night to come out, huh?

It's like Grand Central around here.

It's been like this.

I'm lucky if I get home by midnight.

It's like nothing we've seen before.
Something I gotta sign?
Yeah, this way.
I'm taking this with me.
I'll register it, all right?
America's public enemy number one
in the United States
is drug abuse.
In order
to fight and defeat this ennemy,
It is necessary to wage
a new all out offensive.
Federal authorities
have announced their intention
to establish special
narcotics bureaus in Washington
New York, Los Angeles, Chicago...
A detective without the support
of his fellow detectives
really can't do much.
You know why I don't have it.
Doesn't matter.
You do what you have to do.
The greatest city in the world
is turning into an open sewer.
Everybody's stealing.
Dealing.
You can't work
because you did your job!
Good news is you're not
the only honest cop in town.
This special narcotics bureau
in Washington
is not a dog and pony show.
They're sincere.
I know it because
they want us to orchestrate it
and I want you
to head up things here on our end.
If it's federal,
who do I answer to?
- Post office?
- You answer to me.
Me and the U.S. Attorney,

nobody else.

You never step foot
in a police station again,
work out at your own place.
You pick your own guys,
Guys that you know wouldnt
take a nickel off the sidewalk.

- Huey.

- Huey!

- What of what?

- Who's this?

Who you think, boy?

- Frank!

- Frank who?

Your brother, negro.

- That's right.

- Marvin!

- Where's Ma?

- What?

Where's...

Frank's on the phone!

How you doin, Frankie?

Frank, on the phone!

- Say what?

- Ma, Frank on the phone!

Oh, my Lord!

Yo, when?

You just say it, man.

I'll call you back

at 6 o'clock.

Get everybody together, all right?

Mama, everybody.

How you doin, Uncle Frank?

Get out of the car!

It's here.

Look at this!

My Lord!

So glad to see you, boy.

I'm telling you,

some piece of land you got here.

- I wonder what the Boro people'd say.

- And whose house is that?

That is your house, Mama.

- Mine?

- That's yours.
And who else?
Listen!
I wanna tell you how happy I am.
Seeing all my children at the table,
and the grand children
at the same time.
I'm so happy!
- Right on, Grandma!
- Enjoy yourselves.
I hope you got a job,
the way you eatin all this.
That boy, he got an arm on him.
A Major League arm.
- Oh yeah?
- Right?
Right on, Pop.
After dinner,
let's see him throw around a bit.
You can't catch him, man.
I'm telling you,
he throws harder than Gibson.
We're talking 95 miles an hour.
Can you catch him?
He'd go catch the grass.
He might have catched that thing
when I was about 5 years old.
Since then, he can't keep up.
This is your room.
Perfect.
Look at this.
It's beautiful.
Real beautiful, this.
How did you...
I had it made.
From memory.
You were 5 when they took it away.
- Right.
- How could you...
How could I forget, Mamma?
I thought you did.
It, it... is perfect.
It's all perfect.
I can't tell you

how much I love you.
I love you too, Mother.
It's okay.
Both these guys, good with wires.
They got solid informants.
They're honest.
And fearless.
They're insane, Richie,
like you.
Where are they?
That's Jones,
with the skinny white broad.
Best I've ever seen on the street.
He knows dope,
but he's together.
He's a stand up guy, all around.
That's Abruzzo
with the two black fat ones.
He loves a big ass, man.
He's a bulldog.
He don't fuck around,
he got a bit of a temper yeah, but,
you could trust this guy
with your grandma.
Listen.
We work together. You want me,
you got to take them, too.
When do we start?
The man I worked for
ran one of the biggest companies
in New York City for more than 50 years.
I was with him every day,
protected him, looked after him.
I learned from him.
Bumpy was rich,
but wasn't white man rich.
He wasn't wealthy.
He didnt own his own company.
He thought he did.
He just managed it.
White men owned it,
so they owned him.
Nobody owns me though.
- How you doin, babe?

- Good.

Cause I own my own company,
and my company sells a product
thats better than the competitions.

At a price thats lower
than the competitions.

What are we selling here?

How you doin, Red?

My brothers,

just got here from North Carolina,
Guys, this is Redtop.

- How you doin?

- And the ladies.

Nice family.

What? Ya'll niggas

never seen hoochie before?

Why they all naked?

So they can steal nothin.

Most important thing in business
is honesty.

Integrity, hard work.

Family.

Never forgetting

where we came from.

Thank you, Charlene.

See, you are what you are
in this world.

That's either one of two things.

Either you're somebody.

Or nobody.

I'll be right back.

I need this fresh,

cause if I come back here,

you'll know what it is.

- You don't play that.

- I hear you,

you won't have to come back.

There will be no problem.

Where's my money?

Redtop gave you the package,

you supposed to hand me my money.

Here's a jar right here.

- You got the jar?

- That's right.

Get the fuck outa here...
What you gonna do?
What the fuck you gonna do?
What you doin?
You wanna shoot me,
in front of everybody?
Huh? Come on!
Shit.
Here you go.
So, what was I sayin?
This is the newly formed
Essex County narcotics squad.
Our mandate is to make major arrests.
No street guys.
We're looking for the suppliers
and the distributors.
Heroin, cocaine, amphetamines.
No grass under 1,000 pounds.
No powder under 40 kilos.
Less than that,
someone else can waste their time.
We'll be handling big shipments,
big money,
and big temptation.
I heard a story about you.
That you found
a million \$ in unmarked cash.
And you gave that shit back.
Is that true?
Yeah, I did.
Anyone got a problem with that?
So do I.
I think about it everyday.
I should be down in Florida with
a 68 full cruiser dual, fishing sharks.
- You and me both.
- But you know...
I didn't, so here I am, and...
We'll try to land
some other kinda sharks.
- All right?
- Bingo.
See that?
And this stuff is everyday's stuff.

But this Blue Magic,
twice the potency.
The purest thing
I've ever seen in the street.
Strong enough to smoke.
That's for those suburban
white kids scared of needles.
You paid 10 bucks for that?
And it's everywhere,
on every corner.
So how's that possible?
Who can afford to sell shit
twice as good for half as much?
Hey man, good to see you!
- Doin good?
- Yeah, just got back
from a trip to the south of France.
Know what I'm sayin?
Here you go!
Who is that?
Ladies and gentlemen.
The Proud Bomber, the champ.
Mr. Joe Louis!
Who's that with Joe?
Miss Puerto Rico.
Puerto Rico?
- She a beauty queen.
- Real. The beauty queen.
My main man.
Excuse us for a minute, please.
Sure, Frank.
Thank you.
What's goin on?
What you smiling about?
- I dunno.
- What is this?
What's what?
- What?
- Come here.
What's that you wearin?
What's what?
That, what you got on?
A very, very, very nice suit.
Very, very nice suit, huh?

That's a clown suit,
a costume, man,
with a big sign that says:
"Arrest me".
Understand? You too loud,
you're making too much noise.
Look at me.
The loudest one in the room
is the weakest one in the room,
I tell you that.

- You tryin to be like Nicky Barnes?
- What's the problem with him?
- I like him.
- I got no problem. You like him?
You wanna be like him?
You wanna be Superfly?
You wanna work for him?
Share a jail cell with him?
Cook for him?
- He wants to talk to you.
- So, you talkin to him about me now?
What about?
- It ain't like that.
- Then what is it?
- Your name came up.
- About what?
I don't know, I told him I'd tell you.
You know, boy...
If you wasn't my bro', I'd kill you.
You know that?
I'd blow your fuckin brains out.
- Don't be like that.
- I'm taking you shoppin this week.
- I can do it alone.
- I can tell.
You still owe me that dance.
Doc, come on.
Frank.
Check this.
- How you doing?
- Hi.
- Frank Lucas.
- Eva Jendo.
Nice to meet you, Eva.

Nice to meet you, Frank.
You're Frank,
and this is your place.
That's right, I'm Frank
and this is my place.
Why is it called Small's?
Why not Frank's?
When you own something,
you call it what you want.
Small's.
Or Frank's.
Frankie Small's.
Small's Frankie.
That's right.
You want to let my hand go?
Okay.
You're leaving?
No, I was going to my table.
You need someone to go with you?
Yes?
Wash your hand?
I got one print of that.
You'll smudge it.
- Here you go.
- What about him?
- Who's that?
- Joey Sadano.
Don Cattano's nephew.
- Put him up there by the big man
- He looks like you, Abruzzo.
- Not as handsome.
- Looks more like your sister.
- Where's Ice Pick Paul?
Funny. You guys should
take that show on the road.
So we need...
Ice Pick Paul.
There you go.
He goes near the top.
No, Ice Pick Paul is a soldier,
this guy is a lieutenant.
"...you have passed the
New Jersey Bar Examination."
That guy is a soldier.

This guy's a lieutenant.
No way he's on top.
You're thinking Benny the Bishop.
Benny Two Socks,
- Cattano's deadbeat son-in-law.
- Jonesy's right.
Which one of you has actually seen
Ice Pick Paul selling drugs?
Actually,
- seen it go down?
- Yeah, seen it go down,
been in his place,
seen him handle drugs?
That rat Rickie has told us.
He's fuckin dead!
About 4 weeks ago.
He's dead.
Well, we can take him
off the fuckin board.
I don't think
we got any solid evidence
on anybody on that board.
What you saying?
This is weeks and weeks of work, man.
I say take it down.
We start again from the street.
That's considerably more
than one year's salary.
If it disappears...
we'll not be able
to get it for you again.
That's yours.
Sign on my life for you again?
For a lousy twenty grand?
It has to be Blue Magic, OK?
It's gonna be Blue.
- Pick it up here tomorrow.
- \$ 20,000.
Just leave it there.
- How did it go?
- Good.
Here he comes.
- That's him?
- Yeah.

He's quick.

- He goes into the City. What do we do?

- Stay with the fuckin money.

We stay with the money, all right?

- We can't go there!

- Yes, we can.

That's 20 grand in there
that I'm responsible for.

- I ain't losin it, follow the money!

- It's out of our jurisdiction!

- Follow the money!

- All right!

He's pulling over.

All right, here we go.

Let me out here.

- Don't disappear, all right?

- I'll circle the block.

Sit down!

Happy birthday, gentlemen.

How you doin'?

You're up to something, huh?

He's going bowling.

Look at that.

Right between the legs.

- What's in the bag?

- Nothing.

Get the fuck up!

- It's my bag.

- Shut the fuck up! What did I tell you?

- Keep your your head down!

- What you doin'?

- Sit down and shut up!

- Don't you move!

Hey guys!

Guys! Officers!

I'm Richie Roberts.

Newark.

That's... my money.

What the fuck?

What money?

The bills are sequenced,
they're registered with the Essex
County Prosecutors Office.

Check them up.

They all start with CF3500.
Have a look.
Fucking registers.
I thought I had a fucking Chris-Craft
sitting in my driveway.
Honest mistake.
I'll just get the money.
This time.
When's the last time I was in Jersey?
Let me think.
Never.
What're you doing coming over here
unannounced?
You know you can get hurt
doing that?
You got your fucking money.
Richie.
And never ever
come into this city again unannounced.
You come in to see
a fuckin Broadway show?
You call ahead first to see
if its okay with me.
No problem.
- Go hit some ball.
- Great suits.
Is that your car?
Fucking great car.
Have a nice fuckin trip
back to Jersey.
All right.
Come on, I got a tea time.
Let's go.
This is your father?
That's Martin Luther King.
- It is not.
- Yes, it is Martin Luther King.
- You know, "I have a dream".
- Of course.
No, that's...
He was just as important
as Martin Luther King.
- To me.
- What did he do?

A lot of things, he was a...
friend.
Served New York,
New York served him.
He was my boss.
My teacher.
What did he teach you?
He taught me a lot of things. He...
Taught me how to take my time.
That if I was going to do something,
to do it with care, love.
Anything else?
Taught me to be a gentleman.
That's what you are?
That's what I try to be.
Come here.
Come sit here.
Look at me.
I own about five apartments
in Manhattan.
Homes all over the East Coast.
Could've taken you to anyone of'em,
but I didn't.
I brought you here.
- I was looking for you, boy.
- Cause I want you to meet my mother.
How you doin, Ma?
- Is this her?
- Eva,
- this is my mother.
- Hi, Eva.
Nice to meet you.
She's beautiful.
Look at her.
She's an angel
come down from Heaven.
Thank you.
Mr. Roberts.
I'm here for our appointment.
- Morning.
- Morning.
Sorry, our appointment?
Child Social Services.
She did mention your name though.

- The stewardess?

- No, not her.

The lady from Social Services,
she mentioned your name.

Right after she asked me
if I associated with any criminals.

- All right, go!

- You want to see this?

Hey, boys!

Joey!

Get in the pool.

Come on!

How'd she get my name?

Laurie.

She's been saying a lot lately.

A lot.

When you asked me to be
your son's godfather,

- I took it very seriously.

- I know.

And I appreciate that.

And I said yes, I would take on
that responsibility

to take care of your son, if God forbid,
something happened to you.

Jo, the things she said
to Child Social Services
make me look really bad.

You know.

All kinds at the house at night time,
low life informants around.

Women...

Old friends like me.

Old friends like you, yeah.

Uncle Joey!

Watch me!

I understand.

They ask me, I'll tell them
what you want me to tell.

- I'll lie for you.

- Don't lie.

You don't have to lie.

Just... omit certain details.

Sure, all right.

I have something else to ask you.

You don't have to answer

if you don't want.

Blue Magic.

Anything?

A lot of sorrow, misery from guys
getting put out of work. That's all.

What, your guys?

His guys.

You know where it's comin from?

Guys down south,
that's all I heard.

- Cubans?

- I dunno.

Or Mexico?

Don't know.

You're telling me
it's from South America?

I don't know!

Whoever it is, they're upsetting
the natural order of things.

That's all there is.

- What's up?

- My man.

How's it lookin?

I want you to meet Mike Sobota.

- How're you doing?

- How're you?

- What can I get you?

- A left hander, Charlie told me

- about your nephew.

- Oh, Mr...

- Yankees.

- Yeah, yeah! Hey, Steve!

- Come here.

- Excuse me.

He's good. Put him in the team.

You're good enough, right?

I'm a Lucas.

Good enough on a bad day.

So don't make it a bad day,
make it a good day, you understand?

Excuse me. Police department.

Now back out, baby.

I'll take your ass in, Jimmy.
You can't take me in for that.
I got a licence for that, motherfucker.
You got a licence for this?
Excuse me, all right?
Shit, all right!
I got to arrest you.
Shit's too good to be on the street.
- What you doin, man?
- You ain't arresting nobody.
You bribing me now?
I tell you what,
I'm arresting everybody. All of you.
You first!
- How can that be?
- What was that?
Get this fuckin...
what's the matter with you?
- What was that?
- What?
- What the hell's wrong with you?
- What's your fuckin problem?
I just shot him in the leg.
Damn, Jimmy!
Get up!
Everybody, get out!
Get out!
- Frank, it was an accident.
- Wasn't no goddamn accident.
He don't feel shit cause he's coked up
all the motherfuckin time!
He's your driver,
get rid of him.
He's your cousin!
He ain't shit to me,
he means nothin.
- What'll he do, go back home?
- I don't give a damn!
Send his ass home!
Don't rub on that.
You'd block that.
You understand?
That's alpağa, \$25,000 alpağa.
You'd block that shit.

Don't rub, put club soda on it.
Listen, from now on,
don't nobody talk to me directly,
understand?
You got business with me,
you talk to Huey,
Huey talks to me, got it?
- All right.
- Never on the phone, got it?
And take them
goddamn sunglasses off!
- Take the goddamn sunglasses off!
- Damn it, man!
Simple-minded ass motherfuckers.
The whole place was imported
brick by brick.
Gloucestershire.
- Who?
- Quite famous.
Yours.
Here you go.
Pull!
Come, Eva.
I'm sure you're dying to see
the rest of the house.
Of course. Excuse me.
Thank you for a wonderful lunch.
It was delicious.
What do you think of monopolies?
- You mean, like the game?
- No, I just think
monopolies are made illegal
in the country, Frank,
cause no one wants to compete.
Nobody wants to compete,
not with a monopoly.
Let the dairy farmers do that,
half of them'd
go out of business tomorrow.
- Im just trying to make a living.
- It's your right.
Everybody's right. It's America.
We just can't do it
at the unreasonable expense of others.

Cause it becomes un-American.
That's why the price we pay
for that gallon of milk
never represents the true cost
of production
cause it's gotta be controlled.
It's gotta be set.
It's gotta be fair.
Controlled by who?
I set a price I think is fair.
- I don't think it is.
- You don't?
I don't.
I know your customers
are happy, Frank.
Bunch of fuckin junkies
that they are.
What about your fellow dairy farmers?
Are you thinking of us?
You thinking of them?
The dairy farmers?
I'm thinking of them, Dominic, about
as much as they've thought about me.
I'm just thinking out loud.
If you took some of your inventory,
and you sold it wholesale.
Sit.
We could work.
You could use some distribution.
I dunno, I'm pretty good.
I got 110th to 155th,
river to river, I'm all right.
It's kind of a mom and pop store
next to what Im talking about,
and that's bigger than K-Mart.
I'm talking about L.A.,
Chicago, Detroit, Las Vegas.
Let's go nationwide.
I'm gonna guarantee you
peace of mind here.
You don't want that?
You gonna need it.
I don't know how you feel me.
I'm kind of a Renaissance man.

The people I deal with on a daily basis,
they're not enlightened.
You talk to them about civil rights,
they don't know.
They're not open to change.
Not from the way things are done,
and who's doing it.
I can talk to them,
so there's no misunderstanding.
That's what I mean
by peace of mind.
Here
You're paying what,
I'm a Renaissance man too.
I'd consider 50,000.
Why would you trust these people?
And the way they look at you.
They look at me like it's Xmas
and I'm Santa Claus.
They look at us like we're the help.
They work for me, now.
I predict it when I meet Joe Frazier,
this will be like a good amateur
fighting a real professional.
This will be like a kid
out of the Olympics...
That's gonna be Ali in three.
C'mon, cat, you dig it?
- You're fightin Joe Frazier.
- It's no depth, and besides the point.
He's on pot, man.
- Look at Frazier.
- Ali's craftsman, baby.
- I'll stop you.
- Stop me? You?
How soon? What round?
- No, don't let him obligate you.
- 1 to 10.
You'll be out. I'll win.
Time out.
March 8, 1971.
Here we are at Madison Square Garden
for the fight of the century.
And by anybody's definition,

this is a happening.
There are handshakes, and of course,
there are utterly beautiful women.
But behind the smiles
and the handshakes,
you can feel the atmosphere
so heavy with tension
it's almost unbearable.
Everybody's who's anybody is here.
Like Sinatra, like Graziano.
David Roth and Diahann Carroll.
Woody Allen and Diane Keaton.
The celebrities are pouring in.
The way you all build it up,
Life Magazine cover,
Time Magazine,
everybody gives their opinion.
Joe Louis here says I'll lose.
When Joe Louis says I'm gonna lose,
I know I feel wonderful.
Joe Louis always picks the wrong man.
Float like a butterfly,
sting like a bee!
Not watching the fight, Bob?
I'm not into boxing.
It ain't boxing, kid.
It's politics.
I got something for you too.
A coat? For me?
Do you like it?
The coat? Yeah, it's nice.
What do you think?
- Yeah.
- You sure?
Over here, Sammy!
Hey, Sammy, get'em up!
Joe Louis, over here!
How's it goin, Frank?
Ladies and gentlemen,
we have quite a list of introductions.
We are now going to introduce people
from all endeavors of life.
And not just show people,
because everyone's in here tonight.

Let's go, take your seats now.

C'mon!

Main event.

- Here they come!

- Ali!

Fifteen rounds for the undisputed

Heavyweight

Championship of the World!

Go, Ali!

From Louisville, Kentucky,

- he's wearing red trunks.

- Champ!

- This is Frank Lucas.

- He weighs 213 pounds.

Here is Muhammad

Ali!

His opponent

from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,

he's wearing green trunks.

Who's that laughing with Cattano?

How'd he get

so fuckin close to the ring?

The heavyweight

champion of the world,

Joe Frazier!

You gonna keep that hat on all night?

I'll miss the fight.

You paid for it.

Joe, over here!

This guy's a supplier at most,

or just a pimp.

- Otherwise we'd know about him.

- His tickets were phenomenal.

Better seats than Dominic Cattano.

Joe Louis shook his hand.

Who the fuck is this guy?

What's this?

That's the plate of the limo.

Check with the company

who rented it.

Right there, Mr. Lucas!

Right there.

Picture here!

Looking good, Frank!

Congratulations!
She's the most beautiful bride
I've ever seen.
That's my sunshine right there,
Mr. Williams.
I wish Bumpy couldve met her.
Get a picture.
Now come here, baby.
- What's happening?
- Sit tight.
Congratulations, Frank.
Detective.
You're sure you did the right thing?
I mean, she's a beautiful
- girl and all. Don't get me wrong.
- Hey, listen.
Before you say anything
about me or my wife,
understand this is
the most important day of my life.
I understand,
a man walks around in a \$50,000
chinchilla coat
and never even bought me
a cup of coffee...
there's something wrong there.
You pay your bills, Frank?
- Don't know what you're sayin.
- Pay your bills?
If you're not getting your share,
you should go talk to your chief.
What's my share?
Cause you don't fuckin know me.
- Maybe I am special.
- You are special.
Do you see that right there?
Special Investigations Unit.
Special.
Get it?
Ten grand, first of each month,
deliver right here.
- Are you done?
- Yeah, I'm done.
Don't forget your card.

Have a fuckin nice honeymoon.
Let's go.
His name is Frank Lucas,
originally from Greensboro,
North Carolina.
Couple of arrests years ago,
gambling and unlicensed firearm.
For fifteen years,
he was Bumpy Johnson's driver.
Bodyguard and collector.
He was with him when he died.
He's got five brothers.
He's the oldest.
And a lot of cousins.
They all live up here now,
spread throughout
the five boroughs in Jersey.
The brothers are Dexter,
- What can I do for you?
- In Brooklyn, a dry cleaner.
Picking up.
Melvin in Queens has a custom
furniture and fire door business.
- This one here?
- Right there.
Terrence in Newark
has a hardware store.
Turner in the Bronx has a tire shop.
And Huey Lucas in Bergen County
has a body shop.
Is there a manager here?
- That's my price.
- I'll take it somewhere else.
These businesses are the distribution
and collection points
for Frank's dope,
and Frank's money.
Everything about Frank's life
seems unpretentious,
orderly and legitimate.
Starts early, gets up at 5 am.
Has breakfast in a diner in Harlem
every morning
usually by himself.

Then starts work.
Takes a meeting with the accountant,
or his lawyer.
At night, he usually stays at home,
and if he does go out,
it's to one of two clubs, or a handful
of restaurants with his new wife.
Ball players, friends
musicians, never, never,
organized crime guys.
Sundays,
he takes his mother to church.
Then he drives out
and he changes the flowers
on Bumpy's grave.
Every Sunday no matter what.
Not your typical day in the life
of a dope man, Richie.
Bumpy's life wasn't typical either,
and he ran Harlem for years.
You're saying that Frank Lucas
replaced Bumpy Johnson?
- Yeah.
- His driver?
Sounds a little far-fetched.
But is it?
Because everything he does...
Handing out turkeys.
He does the same
as Bumpy would've done.
Who was Bumpy most likely to teach?
The guy he sees every day.
It's like a Sicilian family.
He structured his organization
to protect him in the same way.
And if he was with Bumpy for so long,
that means he would've spent
a lot of time with Italians,
definitively long enough
to learn that much.
But here's the thing.
I don't think it's Frank Lucas
we're after.
Who we want

is whoever Lucas is working for.
Whoever is bringing the heroin in.
Okay.

So, what do you have on him
that'll stick in court?

Because this isn't it.

Without powder,
without informants,
no one's going to jail.

That's understood, Sir,
I don't think we'll get
informants,

not from inside the family.

Unless we get very, very lucky.

That's it down there.

Let's all join hands.

Lord, we thank you for this food

we're about to receive

the nourishment of our bodies.

Fill our souls with heavenly grace,

in Jesus' name, and for his sake.

- Amen.

- Amen!

It's OK.

Come on.

It's OK.

- Better ready yourself.

- C'mon, big man, throw the ball.

- C'mon.

- Get yourself ready, ol' man.

C'mon, now.

C'mon, now.

I'm going to set your ass
in the grass, Uncle Melvin.

Watch your mouth, boy,
and throw the ball.

Damn, Uncle Melvin,

I gonna pitch that out field.

Come here.

Sit down.

Uncle Frank.

What's happenin'?

How you doin'?

Cool.

Want a drink?

- You know better than that.

- Just checking.

Why didn't you show up
for that meeting?

I set it up with the Yankees
and Billy Martin.

Why didn't you show up?

Don't lie to me.

I don't want to play ball no more.

- I decided.

- What you mean, decided what?

- I don't want it.

- What you talkin about?

You play since you was little,
you're ready for the pros,
what do you...

We got a problem.

What do you want?

I want what you got, Uncle Frank.

I want to be you.

My man!

- Welcome, Frank.

- How you doin, Nick?

It's all great, welcome.

- I need to talk to you.

- Right, c'mon.

Yeah, everybody's good,
everybody's happy,
Charlie, Baz, the Italians,
johnny law,
everybody's happy except you.

I don't get why you have
to take something that's
perfectly good,
and mess it up.

See, brand name,
brand name means something,
you understand?

Shut the fuck up!

Go ahead.

Sorry about that bullshit.

Blue Magic.

That's a brand name.

Like Pepsi, that's a brand name.
I stand behind it, I guarantee it.
They know that even if
they don't know me
any more than
the chairman of General Mills.
- What the fuck you talkin about?
- What I'm talking about is when you
chop my dope down
to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 %,
and then call it
Blue Magic,
that's trademark infringement,
understand?
With all due respect,
if I buy something I own it.
That ain't true.
I buy a car,
I can paint the motherfucker.
But you don't have to,
that's what I'm saying to you,
it's good enough the way it is.
You can make enough money of it
the way it is
just by calling it Blue Magic.
More than that is greed, son!
What you want?
That I change the name?
I'd have to insist
that you change the name.
Fine by me,
I'll call it Red Magic.
- Even if it don't sound as good.
- Name it what you want.
Put a choker on it, motherfucker,
and call it Blue Dogshit,
know what I mean?
Just don't let me
catch you doing this again.
"Catch me",
"infringement", "insist" ?
I don't like these words
as much as "please",
"thank you, sorry to bother you Nicky,"

these are better words to use
when you come to my club uninvited.
Hear me?
My man.
Shit.
Fuck, is that cops there?
It's all right.
What the hell they gonna do,
give us a ticket?
Stuff's in the car, Frank.
- What?
- Some of it is in the trunk.
- How you doin, Frank?
- Good, how was your Thanksgiving?
Not so good as a matter of fact.
Get out of the car.
- Give me the keys.
- Where's the Shelby at?
It's gone. Stay right there.
Yes, sir, right here.
Got anything worth lookin at?
That's the Trupo guy.
- Is that him?
- Yeah.
Fuckin prick.
Come here a minute, Frank.
What we gonna do about this?
Nothing, close it up, throw it back in,
everybody go home.
Have some pumpkin pie,
warm apple cider.
I got a better idea.
Or would you rather me
throw you and your bro in the river?
Or would you rather
your house blows up next time?
- I loved that car.
- I know.
What's he doin?
Shakedown.
Somebody's getting some money
for the benevolent funk.
Sorry, Frank.
Go on, get in the car.

All right, you call me back.
INS, IRS, FBI,
can't get a damn thing out of them.
Cause they all think
you're on the take.
And you think they are.
I don't think they want this to stop.
He employs too many people.
Judges, lawyers, cops,
politicians, prison guards,
probation officers.
His dope stops flowing in, a hundred
thousand people lose their job.
What the fuck is a microwave?
It's a scientific force,
like atomic energy.
It rearranges the molecules.
- Of what?
- Of what...
Of popcorn.
Of your head.
Stick it in, go on.
I can get you one of those.
Brand new, just like this.
I'll have it delivered.
No, thank you.
- Where is that?
- Aspen, we just got back.
- Great time. You know who we met?
- Who?
Burt Reynolds.
I'm not kidding.
Hollywood people go up there,
they're buying up everything.
This is your place?
You know what its worth?
Ski in, ski out,
five bedrooms,
sauna, everything.
We were guests.
It's your place.
Isn't there something we can do
about leaving the big guy alone?
You know what I mean.

I dont report what you just said,
then I can get in a lot of trouble.
I do report it,
and the trouble is yours.
Hoping you won't do that.
C'mon, I am not taping it.
How do you know?
Because we're friends.
- I'm telling you, this is a real offer.
- From who?
Your uncle?
Why would you do this?
Why risk our friendship?
Because...
I care what happens to you.
You shouldnt have done it.
I had too, I had no choice,
neither do you, Richie!
You don't have a choice!
Just leave
Frank Lucas alone!
Frank Lucas?
Tell Maria I had to leave,
I'm sorry.
Tell her why.
- Talk!
- Don't shoot!
- Are you Richie Roberts?
- Yes, so what?
It's been served.
Sorry.
Laurie.
I'm sorry I never gave you
the kind of life you wanted.
I'm sorry it was never enough.
Don't punish me for being honest.
Don't take my boy away.
What? Are you saying...
that because you were honest
and didn't take money
like every other cop, I left you?
No, you don't take money
for one reason.
To buy being dishonest

about everything else.
It's worse than taking money
nobody gives a shit about!
Drug money, gambling money
nobody's gonna miss.
I'd rather you took it
and been honest with me!
Or don't take it, I don't care,
but don't go cheating on me!
Or on your kid
by never being around.
Don't go out and get laid
by your snitches,
and your secretaries and strippers!
I can tell by just looking
she's one of'em.
You think you're going to Heaven
cause you're honest.
But you're not!
You're going to the same hell
as the crooked cops you can't stand!
All rise!
Please, be seated.
Ms. Dickerson.
Before the court renders its opinion,
is there anything else
you'll like to be heard on?
Yes, your honor.
Your Honor, a lot has been said here
today about
how unsavory Mr. Roberts
environment is for a child.
How dangerous it is.
We tell him to protects us.
We give him that responsability
but then
say "Oh, we dont trust you
to raise a child."
- "We don't think you're fit for that."
- I'm not.
You're right.
Being around me
is no place for a kid.
You take him to Vegas.

I'll come see him when I can.
Your Honor, I want to apologize
for wasting the court's time.

Doc.

I see him.

Here he is.

What's going on?

Champagne?

- Merry Xmas, detectives!

- For us?

Yeah, enjoy that.

Fellas, have a good time.

Good stuff.

The South Vietnamese troops
conducted airstrikes
on communist positions inside the city.

Paying all of johnny law,
that's one thing.

I got no problem with that,
I've been...

paying off the police since I was ten,
putting more of their kids to college
than the National Merit Award.

Give me one of them rounded.

This is different though.

This Special Investigative Unit,
that's their problem,

- they think they're special.

- Fucking crooks.

- No code of ethics.

- What do you think?

Looks great. It's beautiful.

Good.

The police, that's not what
I'm worrying about.

I'm seeing cars
where I never seen 'em before.

- People I don't know.

- Yeah, me too.

- Merry Xmas, Charlie.

- Thank you.

- I love you.

- I love you too.

Take this.

A quick toast and I'll be off.

- We're gonna have a great time.

- That's right, chica.

Mr. Lucas.

Enjoy your evening.

It's all clear.

- Who is that?

- It's Nicky. You see him?

Yeah, I see him.

Just keep going.

- Around back?

- Hell, no,

I ain't sneaking in my own club.

Incredible.

Increhible.

Come on.

Hold on.

What?

I want to wait in the car.

I got it, I'll wait for this.

- Get that yellow sauce.

- Yellow sauce.

And the chicken,

the Kung Pao chicken.

Can you turn the heater on?

Shit.

I'm gonna go get the keys.

- Doc, give me the key.

- Here you go.

Doc!

Get out!

You're okay?

Shit!

- Come on.

- Are you all right?

Let's go.

Was it Nicky?

We'll go right now fuckin kill him

whether it was or not,

you say the word, Frankie.

We got to do something.

- We can't just sit here.

- We're leaving.

- Everybody, get out.

- You all right?
Go on home. It's Xmas time,
you gotta be with your family.
Go on, be with your kids.
Where we gonna go?
Spain? Somewhere in China?
Sit down,
tell me where you want to go.
We can go anywhere we want.
- We can live anywhere.
- Where?
And do what? Run? Hide?
Frank Lucas don't run
from nobody, baby.
We ain't going nowhere,
we stay here, this is my home.
This is where my business is,
my wife, my mother,
my family, my country.
I ain't going nowhere.
I am running from nobody.
This is America.
And you ain't going away either.
A ceasefire,
internationally supervised,
will begin at 7 pm
this Saturday, January 27,
Washington time.
Call you back.
Within 60 days from this saturday...
What are you doing?
So...
From what I hear, a Corsican mob
took a shot at Frank.
The French Connection, Fernando Rey,
the exporters
that Frank has put out of business.
I can take care of him in New York.
I just dont want to worry every time
he drives across the bridge to Jersey
someones gonna take
another shot at him.
You and I gotta start
working together.

We need to step up our efforts.
Next time, their aim could be better.
We need to keep this cash cow alive.
What the fuck you're doing here?
You actually gonna arrest Frank Lucas?
- What's the matter with you?
- What, you don't know?
Everybody in New Jersey is crazy.
You know what we do here?
Cops arrest bad guys.
Before you get on that bridge again,
you should call me first.
To make sure it's safe.
"I'm gonna enlighten some of my friends,
I can guarantee you peace of mind."
That's what you told me, Dominic.
"I can guarantee you peace of mind!"
I don't feel so peaceful!
They tried to kill my wife!
Who was that?
Maybe one of your people.
- I don't know yet.
- You don't?
You don't know.
I'll tell you what I know,
maybe I should just...
put 500 guns out there on the street,
start shooting up people
just to make a point.
It was a junkie,
or it was a rival.
Some dumb ass kid
trying to make a name for himself.
Someone you forgot to pay off.
Someone you slighted
without even realizing it.
Could be someone
you put out of business.
For being so successful.
Look at you!
Success,
it's got enemies.
Lots of enemies.
The success took a shot at you.

What you gonna do?

Kill it?

You gonna become unsuccessful?

We can be successful

and have enemies, right?

Or be unsuccessful too,

and have friends.

That's the choice we make.

The final evacuation of military

and diplomatic personnel

continued throughout the night

as North Vietnamese troops

marched on Saigon.

The imminent fall of the city

has brought chaos

and a growing sense of desperation...

- Operator.

- Bangkok 367, international.

One moment, please.

Sawadeekap.

- Nate.

- Hey Frank, what's up?

What's going on over there?

- It's all over.

- Yeah, I'm watchin the news.

- What the hell's going on?

- The game's over, Frank.

It's done. Everybody going home baby.

Give peace a chance.

Well now, I'm not... Listen to me.

I want two thou'.

I want 2,000 kis in the air.

It's impossible, Frank.

- All our resources are going home.

- Tell you what. I'm on my way there.

- Right now?

- Yeah.

Spear, wake the fuck up!

What?

- Where do you think you're goin?

- Don't hurt me, Jimmy!

- Jesus, fuck!

- Police!

- Drop the gun, Jimmy!

- Drop it!
- Let me see your hands!
- Drop the fuckin gun!
I'm not playing,
I'll blast your fuckin head!
Don't shoot!
I got your gun,
and I got your prints.
You know what you got?
You got attempted murder.
Eighteen fucking years!
Attempted murder is the same as murder,
thats Grand Jury.
Now the Grand Jury
could come back favorably.
It could be reduced to manslaughter.
Maybe even self defense.
Depends on how we want
to deal with you.
You see where this is fucking going?
Lets say you beat it.
What do you think
your cousin Frankll think?
He'll know that at some point in time,
we sat you down
and talked to you like this.
And then you go to court
and you beat attempted murder?
What he's gonna think?
Is he stupid?
- Is your cousin Frank stupid?
- Answer him!
No, he's gonna assume that you talked.
But right now, Frank doesn't know.
You want Frank
to read this in the papers?
Or you just wanna walk out of here?
No bail, no trial,
no jail,
just walk out of here today.
Your choice.
Opium plants are hearty enough
to outlive any war.
Theyll still be here

long after the troops are gone.
What are you going to do
for transportation
when the last US plane goes home?
I'll figure something out.
You'll see me again,
that's for sure.
It's not in my best interest
to say this, Frank...
but quitting while you're ahead
is not the same as quitting.
Go get him.
- Whenever you want to, baby.
- A second.
It's Frank.
Newark.
short-term
parking lot 3.
Short-term lot 3.
It is the Mustang, right?
OK, what's the plate number?

K:

- A.
- KA.
76
0
All right.
There's no short-term lot 3 in Newark.
- They got letters, A, B, C, D.
- I know!
Maybe he means a time, 3 o'clock?
This is no Jersey plate.
Nor a New York one.
KA 760.
Kilo Alpha?
A plane tail number?
Kilo Alpha 760.
You check commercial planes,
you guys private planes.
Everything, from a little Cessna
to the biggest fuckin jet, alright?
Check the military planes.
Where you going? Stay there.

Sit down!

Captain?

Richie Roberts, Essex County.

I know you're expecting us.

Here's our warrant.

We're looking on the plane.

- Wait.

- Scotty, stop all these soldiers,
check their bags, everyone of'em.

No knock, warrant.

Go ahead, start upstairs.

- Where are they going?

- Step this way.

M'am, please sit down.

What is this?

Hold it! Stop!

Nothing leaves this area, all right?

Slow down with this.

- Stop these trucks.

- Hold on.

Everything off the walls,
pull it all down.

That thing's a monster.

- What is this?

- Nothing goes out til we've checked it.

All right, Captain? Nothing.

We're gonna take the plane down,
look at the trucks.

Every man here gets searched.

Read the warrant, Sir.

Your husbands

illustrious career is over.

The Feds are going to come in
and take everything.

They gonna take it all.

But not before I get my gratuity.

So, wheres the money?

What money?

What money, you ask?

The getaway money

that Frank and every other gangster
keeps in his house.

If you leave now, there's a chance
Frank might not kill you.

Shut up! Sit down!

Sit down!

...plan the evacuation of all remaining
US combat forces from Vietnam.

News that come too late for some,
as here on the solemn tarmac
at Dover Air Force Base,
this C-130 loaded down
with its sorrowful cargo,
a cargo of America's bravest and best,
en route to their final resting places.
You guys, take this coffin down.

- Open it.

- I'm not doing that.

Great barking dog, huh?

You stop this. Right now!

My warrant gives me permission
to examine this plane.

The plane and its cargo.

But you don't have my permission.

I don't need it, Captain.

Easy! Easy!

Move out of the way.

Damn!

That's enough!

Stay with the coffins.

Don't let'em out of your sight.

Got it.

Help me out with this.

That was a military transport plane.

If there was heroin onboard,
someone in the military would have
to be involved, which means
that even as it fights a war
that's claimed 50,000 American lives,
the military is smuggling narcotics.

That is how this event today
will be interpreted.

That someone employed by this Office
believes that the US Army
is in the drug trafficking business,
and is trying to prove it
by desecrating the remains
of young men who've given their lives

in the defense of democracy!

- There's dope on that plane.

- Shut the fuck up!

Is it any wonder then,
because of your actions,
the entire federal narcotics program
is now in jeopardy of being dismantled
as completely and enthusiastically
as that fucking transport plane?

That's what you've accomplished
Mr. Roberts. Single-handedly.

I had good information
the target of my investigation
was bringing dope in on that plane.

- And that target is?

- Frank Lucas.

- Who?

- His name is Frank Lucas.

Who's Frank Lucas? Who's he work for?
Which family?

He's not Italian. He's black.

Is that supposed to be
some kind of a joke?

You're this close to the end
of your career in law enforcement
and you're making jokes?

My investigation indicates
that Frank Lucas is above the mafia
in the dope business.

My investigation also
indicates that Frank Lucas
buys direct from a source
in Southeast Asia,
he cuts out the middlemen,
and uses US military planes
and personnel to transport pure No. 4
heroin into the United States,
and he's been doing so,
on a regular basis, since 1969!

I have cases against every member

- of his organization.

- His organization?

No fucking nigger has accomplished what
the American Mafia hasn't

in a hundred years!
And you'd know that how?
Cause your head is stuck up
your fuckin ass?
Lou, do me a favor,
get this fucking kike out of here.
Kike?
Make it stick.
Spearman's with the coffins,
about a quarter mile away.
Doctor!
What?
Fucking Trupo came by the house.
It's bad.
I need to speak with you
a minute, please.
- Sit down just a minute.
- I have to go.
Would you come back a little later?
- Thank you.
- Ma, I gotta go.
- Just a few words.
- Listen to me, I got...
Please sit down.
Just a few words.
I've been thinking about some things.
If you had been a preacher,
your brothers
would have been preachers.
If you had been a soldier,
they'd be soldiers, you know that.
They all came here because of you.
- You called and they came, right?
- Right.
That's because they look up to you.
They always expect you
to know what's best.
But even they know...
you don't shoot cops!
Even I know that.
- Heaven knows it.
- Right.
The only one who doesn't
seem to know is you!

- All right, Ma.
- It's...
I promise you
I won't shoot anyone.
I never asked you
where all this came from.
- cause I didn't want to hear you lie.
- Don't you worry about it.
- I gotta go.
- Don't lie to me!
Don't do that.
- Come on.
- Do you want to...
make things so bad
for your family
that they'll leave you?
- Cause they will.
- I understand.
She will leave
- you.
- All right.
I will leave you.
Coffins on the move, Richie.
We want the transport coffins,
not the ceremonial ones.
Who are these guys?
What does it say?
- Bayo Custodial Services?
- Bayon?
Bayon Cleaning Services?
Looks like that.
Get it on camera, Al.
Bingo.
Holy shit, that's the baseball kid.
- Oh yeah, that's Stevie Lucas.
- So, what you wanna do?
Follow the trucks?
No, I want to stay here
with the Lucas kid.
We'll follow that van.
You guys better eat up,
we'll have a long night.
More precious than gold, man.
This is more precious than gold.

A couple more, let's go.
Stack that up!
Take it.
- Take it.
- Give me a second.
Hey yo, we got four caskets left.
Let's make some money here.
- They're loading in there.
- What the fuck they're loadin?
- That's the dope.
- That's gotta be it.
That's gotta be.
Let's go.
Let's move.
Lou, it's Richie.
Get everybody in place.
- Everybody.
- You're sure this is it?
I'm positive, OK?
They're cutting and bagging
in the south tower of the Stephen Crane
projects right now.
Are you sure this is it?
You're positive?
Positive, Lou,
I'm positive, okay?
Everything's ready to go,
all the guys are ready to go,
just push the button,
gimme the warrant, okay?
Okay, you got it.
- I got the warrant.
- All right.
Let's go!
Move.
- M'am, what's your name?
- What's going on?
Get down!
Down, motherfucker!
Let's go, Al.
C'mon.
C'mon, move it.
All set.
Roger.

Here you go.
C'mon!
At target.
Spearman, stand by.
I got civilians on the target floor.
What?
Fuck, here you go.
Hey, Tim.
Girl, put some clothes on.
You'll catch a cold out here
walking like this.
What's happenin, Suzie?
Where you goin?
Come on.
I'll get it.
Where's Tim?
Quiet, kid.
Yo, some sandwiches
for the boys, man.
Where is Tim?
Tim's always playing around.
Hey man!
You got some Blue Magic?
Fucking junkie.
Yo, handle that!
C'mon, I got money, man!
You know me, baby!
C'mon, I need that Blue Magic, man!
It's me, baby!
You know me, I got money.
Get outa here.
Fuckin junkie!
Police!
- Drop it!
- Get down!
- Drop your gun!
- Don't do it!
- Drop your gun!
- Don't do it!
Scotty!
- Freeze!
- Police!
Fuck you, motherfucker!
Nobody moves!

Don't let 'em get away!
Fuckin move!
I wanna see your hands!
All the hands!
Police!
Down! Get down!
Stay the fuck there!
What the hell?
Stay down!
Down, motherfucker!
Hands!
Out of home, baby.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
You all wait right here.
Lucas,
please step back inside.
Please, step inside.
Respectfully, please,
step inside. Thank you.
Stay back!
Yo, the pigs.
NYPD, everybody stay still.
Turner! Go!
"Dead servicemen..."
"Dead servicemen
trying to defend our country..."
Ladies and gentlemen, at this stage
of the proceedings, the counsels
are ready for their opening statements.
For the prosecution,
Mr. Roberts will proceed
with his opening statement first.
Mr. Roberts!
Are you ready to proceed?
Yes, your Honor.
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury.
The State will show,
and you will hear
that Frank Lucas
is the most dangerous man
walking the streets of our city.
You all get on out.
Let me

talk to Mr. Richie alone.

C'mon, I pay you by the hour,
not by the minute.

Thank you.

You ain't wearin a wire?

I was talking to my lawyers,
they said something I can't believe.

Did you really
find a million \$ in the trunk of a car
- and then turn it in?

- Yeah.

You did that for real, huh?

My man!

Good for you.

Shit...

You know johnny law
got the dough, right?

- Maybe.

- Ain't no "maybe", Mr. Richie.

You know he got it.

You turned that money in,
he took it, and you ain't
gettin nothin for it, did you?

Why did you do that?

- It was the right thing to do.

- It's true.

Good answer, it was the right thing.

The question I have
that I've been asking myself
is would you do it again?

That's a lot of money
and a long time ago.

Many car payments ago.

Many child support payments ago.

So I said to myself the only way
to find out is to find out.

Bribery,
extortion, murder,
racketeering...

If you would give me an address,
I'll make sure the car's there,
and the money's in that trunk.

No, thanks.

You sure?

C'mon now,
what you think, that impresses me?
You think you're better than them,
you're no better than them other cops,
You're the same as them.
You are them.
Let me ask you this.
Do you really think
that putting me behind bars
will change anything on the streets?
Them dope fiends are going to shoot it,
steal from it, and die for it.
Putting me in or out
won't change anything.
- That's the way it is.
- Right, so what we got, Richie?
We got me and you sitting here.
You got that snitch ass
driving for my brother,
you got a little bit of powder.
You gonna need more than that.
I got possession, supply,
conspiracy...
bribing a law officer.
I got people attesting
to seeing you kill in cold blood.
I got your offshore bank accounts,
your real estate, your businesses.
All bought with money from heroin.
I got hundreds of parents
of dead kids
addicts who o'ded on your product,
and that's my story for the jury,
that's how I make it all stick.
This man murdered thousands of people.
And he did it from a penthouse,
driving a Lincoln.
besides that,
you got nothing to worry about.
That's pretty good,
but that's why we go to court, right?
Cause I got witnesses too.
I got celebrities,
I got sport figures,

I got Harlem, Richie.

I took care of Harlem, so it's gonna take care of me, you can believe that.

- I got more than that.

- What you got?

I got a line of people wanting to testify against you that stretches out the door and around the block.

- Bullshit.

- You damaged a lot of lives, Frank.

I got the Mazzano crime family.

You put them out of business.

I got nothin to do with 'em.

They got nothin to do with me.

They got everything to do with you.

Know why?

Why?

Because

apart from the fact they hate you,

- they hate what you represent.

- I don't represent nothing

- but Frank Lucas.

- You sure?

A black businessman like you.

You represent progress.

The kind that's gonna see them lose a lot of money.

With you out of the way, everything can return to normal.

My man.

You know what normal is to me?

I ain't see normal

since I was 6 years old.

Normal is seeing the police

ride up to my house,

dragging my 12 year old cousin out and tying him to a pole.

Shoving a shotgun in his mouth so hard they bust his teeth.

Then they bust two shotgun shells in his head, knocking it off.

That's what normal is to me.

Didn't give a fuck about no...

police then. Don't give a fuck
about no police now.

Shit.

You can do whatever you wanna do.

So it don't mean nothing to me
for you to show up tomorrow
with your head blown off,
you understand?

Hey, Frank.

Get in line,

That one
stretches around the block, too.

All right.

What you wanna do?

You know what you gotta do.

What you want me to do ?

Snitch?

I know you don't want no cops.

What you want? Gangsters?

Pick one.

Jew gangsters, mick gangsters,
guinees?

They been bleeding Harlem dry
since they got off the boat.

I don't give a fuck
about no crime figures.

You can have them.

I'll take them too.

You'll take them too?

No you didn't.

You talkin about police?

You want police?

- You want your own kind?

- They're not my kind.

They're in business with you,
they ain't my kind.

They ain't my kind
like the Italians are not yours.

What can you promise me, Richie?

I can promise you,
you lie about one name...

You'll never get out of prison.

You lie about one dollar,
one offshore account.

You'll never get out of prison.
You can live life rich in jail
the rest of your boring days,
or be poor outside for some of them.
That's what I can promise you.
I want them cops, Richie.
That's what I want,
I want them cops
that took money out of my pockets.
Him too.
All right.
Hey, Spearman.
These guys are all connected
on the grid.
This guy here, he's in uniform.
Police officers were arrested
today on charges of taking bribes
- from drug traffickers.
- Well done, Jimmy!
The investigation into police corruption
has swept through New York
drug enforcement ranks,
broadened today with the arrest...
You're under arrest.
You have the right to remain silent.
In what's being called the city's
largest police corruption scandal,
32 more officers were indicted today
in federal court on bribery charges.
These police officers
will face stiff prison terms
say federal prosecutors,
if found guilty.
A report by federal investigators
into New York's
ever widening
police corruption scandal
claims that more than half
of the city's officers
assigned to drug enforcement
have engaged
in some form of corruption.
...narcotics squad,
S.I.U.,

has led to the arrest
of 4 New York detectives today.
Convicted of extortion,
members of New York City's
Special Investigations Narcotics Unit
will face sentencing today,
in federal court.

McNamara, Vendazzo,
Trupo.

You are special.

It's good work, Frank.

You know...

You don't want a drink or somethin'?

To celebrate.

You got any holy water?

Check your property.

Sign right here.