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Befriend and Betray

By Michael Amo

Alex:

When it comes to crime,
most people
keep their distance.
Staying out of trouble
is human nature.
It's the smart thing to do.
(Muted chatter)
(Man speaks cantonese)
But if you're like me
and you infiltrate
criminal gangs for a living,
doing the smart thing
is not always possible.
(Sirens wail in the distance)

Alex:

doesn't have its perks -
going new places.
Meeting new people.
It's like a clubmed
for guys with a death wish.
(Door smashes open)

Alex:

the best part of this job?
You are never, ever bored.
A week ago,
helping the law dismantle a gang
was the furthest thing
from my mind.
I was starting a new life,
teaching part-time,
and getting to know...
Very good.
Melanie Meadwell.
Now, when it comes to women,
you tell them
you did a little time
for a disagreement
with a drunk off-duty cop,
and they tend to dance
in the opposite direction.

This is safe, right?

We'll see.

Alex:

Not Mel.

Are you okay?

Alex:

(Pained grunt)

For her,

the past was exactly that
and the future was something
we would discover together.

So I was thinking,

after I finish

this research proposal,
maybe we could go somewhere
together.

You know,

have a little adventure.

Nothing expensive just...

Broke grad student

and her boyfriend on a budget
gone wild!

Any place you've never been
before

that you'd like to go?

Your house.

I prefer your place.

Alex:

Yeah.

While Mel was pursuing
her studies,

i was continuing

my own education after hours,
which is how

i became reacquainted

with winstead P.C. Lau.

P.C. was a 49 -

a soldier for

the Kam Tin Triad -

who earned his nickname

for settling an argument

with a polo mallet,
just like Prince Charles.

P.C. and Alex:

(Fighting grunts)

Alex:

We met in prison
and, well, you couldn't
exactly call us friends.
H-unit, right?
How long you been out?

Alex:

about becoming an infiltrator.
You don't go looking
for the job,
it finds you.
And you don't see it coming
until it's already there.
Sorry. Didn't mean to put you
on the spot back there.
No disrespect.
None taken.

P.C.:

kiddie karate business?
It's, uh, doing okay.
Doing okay?
Guy with your moves...
Did your time like a man,
not a bitch...
You should be doing
a lot better than okay.
Listen. I wanna move
some weight into quebec.
Trouble is bikers hate us.
Frogs are such racists.
(Smarmy chuckle)
I here you grew up there.
You know the streets,
you know the people.
I make you my middleman
and they'll never see

a Tong Yan, all right?
It's just one Gwai Lo
doing business with another.
Listen,
hanging with those guys,
it's, uh...Not something
I do anymore.
Oh yeah. You're...
You're "Alex Caine" now.
(Laughs)
Listen.
I'll talk to my four two six,
all right?
And we'll check you out -
hei dai...
Make sure we can trust you.
Think it over.

Mel:

Are you coming up?
Yeah.

Mel:

I know where we'll go!
Skydiving in Newfoundland.
What?
Apparently,
Gros Morne National Park
is spectacular
from 13,000 feet.
I love you.
Good night.
(Muffled footsteps)

P.C.:

Wakey, wakey!
I needed something
for the bagels.
Mornin'.
Don't worry.
I waited, uh... till she left.
Hey, listen.
My four two six is cool
with us doing business,

all right?
But only on a trial basis.
So, we take it slow,
build the trust.

Alex:

Won't work.
Why not?
'Cause I've been gone too long.
All my contacts are either dead
or in jail.
So make some new ones.
I'm not your man.
Except you already know
my business, which...
(Whispers) Puts me
in an awkward position.
Deal with it.
Deal with it.
She studying psychology?
Must be handy with a nut
like you, hmm?
Say "no" again,
try to leave town,
I'll be her new teacher.
(Door opens)
(Door closes)
Hi.
So, I've been doing
a little bit more thinking
about the best way
to introduce you to my parents.
Did you already eat?

Alex:

Uh, just a snack.
So, we take those aspects
of your past
that might be considered
negative
and we turn them
on their heads.
So, uh, prison.
That is, um...

A big fat negative.

Mel:

, you made a mistake
and now you're turning
your life around,
and that is a brave
and noble thing.

What's wrong?

The, uh...

The martial arts
and the criminal record:

Interesting.

The stoic silences?

Not so much.

Promise me that every time
I tell you something
that might make you freak out,
you'll count to three.

Okay.

Just now, this guy I knew
from prison dropped by...
P.C. Lau, a real bad ass -
and he wanted to talk.

So why did he drop by?

He wants me to go
into business with him.

Obviously, I said "no"
and then he threatened
to hurt you

unless I changed my mind
and then he left.

(Frustrated sigh)

Don't worry about it.

I will deal with him.

No, you'll go to the police.

(Half laughs)

No. I don't think so.

We're going to the police.

Alex:

and you go to the police,
no matter how pure
your intentions,

they see only one thing.
"P. C. Lau."
Never heard of him.
So what exactly did P.C.
do to you
that you needed to come in here
to rat him out?
Is this how you protect people?
He threatened to hurt me
unless Alex agreed to help him
sell his heroin.
Last time I checked,
extortion and trafficking
were against the law.

McBradden:

I appreciate you coming in.
We'll keep your complaint
on file.
Thank you.

Mel:

What does that even mean?
"We'll keep your complaint
on file."
Alex what it means is that
taxpayers get a pat on the head
and ex-cons get the door.

Bottom line:

P.C. Lau is a businessman.
Once he understands
I'd be bad for business,
he will change his mind
and the problem will go away.

P.C.:

You and me, Alex...
The only thing we like more
than a good fight's
a cheap movie.
Had time to think it over?

Alex:

Very bad for business.
My product, your friends...
Perfect for business.
You say you know me
and my friends.
What do I know about yours?
Hop in.
(Cacophony of chatter
and music playing)

P.C.:

Huh? Meet my friends.
Not bad, huh?
(Laughs)
(Loud chatter and music)

Man 1:

Man 2:

Fold.

Man 2:

Woo!
(Man speaks cantonese)

Man 1:

Argh!
I just want one more hand.
We both know you're broke,
Bunny.
Look. 15-years-old,
wants to be a model.
Sweet.
And since you guys are friends,
you guys can get first crack.
Thousand dollars a night.
Ehn. 500.

Shades:

Come on, let's see.
Ooh.
Hmm?
This is for me,
this is for my friend.

Bunny:

P.C.:

P.C.:

(Grunts)

(Low hum of chatter,
sirens wail in the distance)

Morning.

Forgot your book.

Mel:

(Exhales, freaked out)

What? No moat?

Mel:

(Nervously) Yeah.

I thought you said
you were broke.

Well, yeah, me, not my parents.

No kidding.

How's the research proposal
coming?

Uh... slowly.

Uh, shall I, um,
lower the drawbridge
and get you a coffee?

(Exhales, nervous)

Mel:

Why do I get the feeling
this is one of those
count-to-three situations?

That guy I was talking about
from prison...

The one I said I would
take care of?

Oh. Wow.

Alex, uh, my sister Zoe.

Zoe. Alex.

How long has he been
in the house?

Not long.

So this is Alex.

Hmm.

He teaches martial arts.

He's a secret.

Oh, cool!

You know, I always wondered,
any of that Jackie Chan stuff
actually work?

'Cause in a street fight,
let's face it,
all that classroom crap
just goes out the window,
right?

Mel:

cradle raider and go.

Oh, good morning!

Uh, dad, this is Alex.

Alex. Dad.

Oh, so friend from school?

No.

Uh, well, yes.

Uh... karate class.

Ah. Well.

I'm off to work.

It's nice to meet you, Alex.

(Awkward breath) I lied.

I understand.

I'm not ashamed of you.

I just...

You wanna protect your dad
from guys like me.

(Exhales guiltily)

So what was it
that you wanted to talk about?

It was nothing.

I wanted to see you
and meet the family and say hi.

So, that guy,
you sorted it out?

Yeah. No worries.

I'll call you.

(Alex's cell rings)

Alex:

Yeah?

Alex Caine?

Sergeant guy Poirier.

Criminal intelligence services.

Criminal what?

Poirier:

Criminal intelligence services.

We make sure that

law enforcement agencies

share resources

so the bad guys don't slip

through the cracks.

That's how I know about

your beef with P.C.

Sgt. McBradden and I

already had that conversation.

Poirier:

have 50,000 members worldwide.

You take care of P.C.,

that's still 49,999.

Meet at the Novatel hotel,

the Brookdale room,

and, uh, make sure

you're not followed.

There will be snacks.

(Motorcycle rumbles)

Poirier:

My daughter made them.

They're great.

Alex:

Interesting fact about crooks -

even retired ones -

you can always smell

another ex-con a mile away.

It's like radar for bad guys

and almost never wrong.

Poirier:

Recognize him?

Alex:

P.C. Lau.
Did some time at Kent
the same time I was there.
And then he threatened
your girlfriend
if you wouldn't help him
sell his heroin.
So then you must know Bunny Ho.
Tried to sell a table
of poker players,
including myself,
sex with a 15-year-old
named Bao li.

Poirier:

When?
Last night.

McBradden:

For a guy trying to go straight,
you know more than your share
of bad guys, Mr. Caine.
For the head
of the Asian gang squad,
you don't.

McBradden:

C.'S immediate boss,
his red pole.
Donald's taken over
most of the Kam Tin's
criminal operations,
which makes him
our prime target.
It was his idea
to bring in girls like...
Bao li.

McBradden:

...On modeling contracts.
He sets up bogus agencies
in Shanghai,

Hong Kong, Guangzhou,
and the girls come to him.
No kidnapping.
No snake heads.
Some of them even pay
their own way.
So why not just arrest him
and P.C.?

Poirier:

, she needs a way in.
Trouble is, that although
the Kam Tin have friendlies
operating inside of her house,
she doesn't have anybody
operating inside theirs...
Until now.
P.C. is what's known

as "the gunk":

A bonafide bad guy
who's so desperate
to do business
that he greases the wheels,
allowing you inside.
You want me to be an informant.

Poirier:

rats out his friends.
You would be an infiltrator,
a member of my team.
Think about what it means
to have P.C. on the street.
Think about Bao li.
With your help, we can save her
and a hundred other girls
just like her.
So, what do you say?
Yeah.

Poirier:

Good.
Saying yes
is only the first step.

Before you go,
my second in command has just
a few more questions for you.

Yuen:

your time in Iraq.
(Rattle of machine guns)
(Distorted chatter
over radio comms)
(Soldier shouts,
sound of heavy artillery)
(Explosions,
machine guns rattle)
(Soldiers shout)
(Fighter jets zooms overhead,
machine guns fire)
(Soldier shouts)
You okay?
Yeah.
I'm just a little dehydrated.
(Exhales)
Definitely the red.
(Hangers clank)
Take care, motorcycle man.
(Metallic clank)
Hey, Alex.
Hey, not to worry.
Okay?
We scare because we care.
Donald's orders.
And now it's time to go.
Donald said check him out.
We check him out.
(Hard slap)
Yo.
When I was a ghost eagle,
I never talked to a 49
like that.
Doesn't matter
if you're following orders,
you show respect, right?
Hey, brother,
if that doesn't get
your heart pumpin',

you don't know how to have fun.

(Delighted laugh)

Happy?

Yeah?

Alex:

Fun gangster fact:

Mafia cops only stakeout

Italian restaurants,

while triad cops

stick to China town.

This might explain

why good fellas enjoy Szechwan

while P.C. loved his capicola.

Stripper:

Hey, motorcycle man.

P.C.:

hear about you passing out

on the street today?

You on drugs or what?

Low blood sugar.

P.C.:

I thought you were dehydrated.

Just wanna make sure

I'm not getting into business

with a junkie.

Alex:

glucose level with strangers,

not even naked ones.

I keep it above 70,

i can kick anyone's ass,

including yours.

(Laughs)

(Dance music plays)

Who's that?

Alex:

P.C.:

Nobody.

Seems to know you.
He a friend?
No.
He's just some rich kid
who ripped me off a million
years ago.
No big deal.
Really?

P.C.:

out wannabe gangster
at the card game
the other night?
Bunny Ho?
Borrowed 20 g's from me,
blew it at cards,
and now he thinks
because he's working for Donald,
he can stiff me.
So let's get the prick.
The guy's stupid.
Just not stupid enough
to show up in places
where I wouldn't lose face
by beating on him.
Let me get him alone,
away from friends.
Every rat's got a nest.
Let's dig.
Still hungry?

Alex:

past her bed time.
Oh, faithful.
That's cute.
(Titters)
Guess I'll have to find
another way
to say thank you.
(Cars rumble by)
(Flame crackles)

Alex:

a debt this afternoon

from none other than Bunny Ho.
He wants me as backup.
P.C.'s not gonna trust you
with his heroin
until you both have
the same blood on your hands.

Alex:

looking for a killer,
he's got the wrong guy.
But what I don't get
is why he's after Bunny
when they both work for Donald.
Bunny used to run
the ghost eagles
and he's now a blue lantern,
an as of yet uninitiated member
of the Kam Tin.
So if Bunny's in debt,
doesn't matter how far up
Donald's ass he is,
he's not yet a brother
and gives P.C. the right
to collect
by any means necessary.

Alex:

C. Get the money?
Then you piss off
the ghost eagles,
you impress P.C.,
but you get one step closer
to Donald.
Your people keep an eye
on my girlfriend,
they make sure she's safe,
and I will dig up enough
evidence to bury Donald wong.
Then we'll put him
and P.C. away
and we send that little girl
Bao li home.
Brian!
Not so high.

You remember what happened
last time.
McBradden's phone number.
You need to talk her
or to me, use this.
No SIM card;
that way there's no record
of incoming or outgoing calls.
\$2000 dollars a week
will be deposited
into a private account.
If you live long enough
to testify,
I'll buy you a steak dinner.
(Laughs)
(Mel's cell rings)

Mel:

Alex:

It's me.

Mel:

me back in an hour?

Alex:

What's wrong?
The er is at Mike's called.
Zoe's boyfriend Phillip.
He claims he fell down
a flight of stairs
but Zoe thinks someone
got sick of the attitude
and beat the crap out him.
I'll call you back.
(Phone beeps off)

P.C.:

What did you do to that kid?

P.C.:

next time bay street sees you,
he won't owe you money.
I'll be at your place

in an hour.
Time to go Bunny hunting.
(Phone rings)

McBradden:

Alex.

Alex:

P.C.'s coming in an hour.
We're going after Bunny.
I need a wire.

McBradden:

You need to delay the meeting
until you can tell me
where it is you're going
so your team can get in there
and check the place out.
You wanna nail P.C.
or not?
I want evidence
that will stand up in court.
But I don't want anyone to die,
including you.
Stall him.
I'll try to make sure P.C.
doesn't kill anyone.
The rest is up to you.

Alex:

notice when you wear a wire,
your surveillance team
never parks close enough
to save your life.
Which makes it a good idea
to stay near the exit.

P.C.:

is Bunny's bar, okay?
He's had this place for...
Right, see that guy
at the far table:
That's Kevin ho.
Bunny's cousin.

He'll know where to find him.
What about the other guys?

P.C.:

Friends of Bunny's.
You handle them,
I'll take Kevin.
Hey, how you doing, Kevin?

Kevin:

Huh?! Ungh! Ungh!

P.C.:

Where the hell is Bunny?
Hmm? Huh?
Right. I'll buy you a drink
while 49 finishes his chat.
No one dies.
Just go
and head over to the bar.
(Radio feedback squeals
and crackles lightly)
What's wrong?
Some new BVB-t receivers
use the same frequency
as a uhf wireless mic.
English.

Willy:

needed a tech survey.
Round for my friends.
I gotta say,
you belong
in front of a camera,
not behind a bar.
You know my friend Bunny Ho?
He's a modeling agent.

Barmaid:

That creep never stops
hitting on me.
"I'll buy you dinner,
take some test shots of you
at my new studio."

How'd that go?
Place is out in ajax.
His aunt and uncle's house.
What is wrong
with this stupid tv?
This is the sound of my cover
going into the toilet.
Go.
Hey, idiot doesn't know
where he is.
Come on, let's go.
According to the barmaid,
Bunny's in ajax
at his uncle's house.
Keep walking, wonder woman.
You know, if he's staying
at uncle's house,
he's probably feeding himself.
We wait till supper,
chances are he'll probably
be there.
No, we go now.
No signal, no evidence.
He needs backup.
He needs to understand
the consequence of disobeying...
He's the rabbit;
Our job is to follow.
Not this time.
(Chatter over comm-link)
No guns.
What? You do it my way,
you'll still get your money
and the cops'll never know
we were here.
54 edge park way?
54 edge park court.
I got their mail again.
(Laughing, tv show plays)
Nanny, aunt and uncle:
(Laughing)

Bunny:

Oh man...

(Tv personality
speaks cantonese)
(Laughing)
(Alex grunts forcefully,
Bunny gasps)

Alex:

P.C.:

(Grunts)
Huh?!

Bunny:

I pay when I can.
Hey.
What's your name?
Bao.

P.C.:

Bao.
Why did you come
to the golden Mountain, Bao?
To... to be a model.

P.C.:

To be a model.
Except Bunny here's
gonna sell your ass,
not your face.
Stay there.

P.C.:

selling your little ass
until it's so worn out
even old men won't pay.
Right, Bunny? Hmm?
(Scared whimper)
Or you can walk out right now
and tell the cops
all about Mr. ho,
your modeling agent.
Then you can explain to Donald
how this one got away.
(Agonized cry)

Hey, auntie!
Whoa!
(Bunny grunts forcefully,
P.C. screams)
(Heavy bataths)
Shoot him!
Shoot him!

Bunny:

Give 'em the money.
Give 'em the money!
To him!
I'm gonna take
this red snapper crap,
i want that ring too.
Come on, I don't have all day!
All right.
The girl went out the back.
Go get r.R.
Go get her!

Aat:

(Screams, rigged)

Bao:

Let me go, please!!
(Pleading in cantonese)
Shhh! Shhh!
Listen, listen!
You are gonna go that way.
You are gonna run
and you are not gonna stop,
okay?

P.C.:

Let's go.
Now!
I am so sorry.

Bao:

(Screams wildly)
I order you to shoot
and you can't pull the trigger?
We kill Bunny,

and we gotta do 'em all.
That is four dead bodies.
I don't care how much money
you bring in for Donald,
you bring down that much heat
and we are finished.
You're checking me out?
I am checking you out
and your psycho bullshit
is gonna get us both killed.
(Hammer clanks)
(Pained) Ungh!
(Tight breaths)
I have a message.
It's my wife.
Says she's gonna bring us
a nice bottle of wine
to go with that pickle
up your ass.
Hmm.
(Thermometer clatters)
You drive.

Daisy:

Dad, you're bleeding!
And mom's gonna make
the boo-boo all better.
Okay.
Hey.
Psychology student for you.
Er nurse for me.
(Hanging beads clatter)
Ha!
Hooah! Hoah!

P.C.:

Here's to Jenny,
the best mommy in the world.
Sherman and Daisy:
Ewww!

P.C.:

(Laughs)
And here's to Sherman

and Daisy,
the best children
in the whole world.
(Gives two kisses)
Mm! Mm!
And here's to uncle Alex.
We may have different styles,
but when the swords come out
we bleed together.
Cheers.

Daisy:

kiss him, daddy?
No.
But, uh...
Whoa...
That's from that kid
who ripped you off.
This is from me.

Alex:

There was no backup.

McBradden:

give your team time to set up.
You wanna live,
learn to control the situation.
Just like you gave the order
not to have me followed
after we left the bar?
Explain to him the difference
between a scripted meet
and a smash-and-grab,
and make sure
he writes some notes
that work better
than that microphone.
Oh what?
You have plans?
Cancel them!
Case notes.
Crash course.
After you.

Rule number one:

Juries love a show and tell.
Written notes on the right,
physical evidence on the left.
Now, you claim you're with P.C.
and family at your place
between 4 and 6 P.M. today?
Prove it.
Suppertime.
Kids get hungry.
What did they eat?
Take-out.
Okay. Who paid?
P.C.
Next time, you pay.
Keep the receipt.
Without a camera or a wire,
whatever happened today
is hearsay.
But the more you can
create a paper trail
that demonstrates
an intimate knowledge
of P.C.'s habits,
the more a jury will believe you
when you tell them about stuff
that you do manage to log
into evidence.
Questions?
Yeah. What happened
to the last guy?
The one who took these notes?
(Alex's phone rings)
Yeah?

P.C.:

That girl, she escaped.
You have to get her.
What do you mean?

P.C.:

her, we're all dead.
(Clips click)
(Phone rings)

Alex:

I'm at Donald's place.
You need to get over here
right now.
Hey. You there?

Alex:

I'm on my way.

Mel:

You all right?
Yeah. I'm fine.
Were you having
that same dream as before?
No. I just...
I needed to get some air.
I was...
You're lying.
Please,
tell me what's going on.
Remember when I said
I was in this unit
looking for any soldiers
still loyal to Saddam?
Our job was more specific
than that.
We were given particular files,
high-value targets.
Like...
Like Abu Musab Al-Zarqawi.
One of the leaders
of the insurgency.
Alex, it's the middle
of the night.
Where the hell are you going?
Just wait here
and I'll explain
when I get back.
(Phone rings)

McBradden:

Leave a message.
(Keypad beeps, phone dials)

(Phone rings)

(Phone beeps on)

Alex.

Yeah, I'm on my way to see P.C.
and Donald.

McBradden's not picking up.

Poirier:

Just don't talk any business.

I'll track down McBradden.

Just a word of advice?

In the drug squad,

McBradden was a rock star.

And then she took over

Asian crime

and two years later,

she can't crack the Kam Tin.

Then along comes this ex-con

and he's a handshake away

from Donald wong.

She didn't want you

on this case,

which is why she wants

to keep you on her leash.

It's not my style.

Poirier:

So I hear.

Play safe.

Alex:

it's all about the handshake.

Others, tone of voice.

(Hearty laughter)

Alex:

definitely the eye contact.

Hey, Donald.

He's trying to hire someone
to kill you.

Because he offered me

\$50,000 if I did it myself.

(Stunned gasp) What?

Doesn't he know

you're my red pole;
that we grew up together?
Well, that's why he called me.
He's been washing our money
for years;
he knows we're close
and that I can get to you.
Crazy old bastard.

Donald:

the idiot who walked in
while everybody was watching.
Now, I told him
it was your right
to collect from Bunny.
You just took things
a little too far,
as per usual.
He said if I didn't okay
your murder,
he'd go ahead and do it anyway.
(Laughs)
Bunny's a good kid.
I don't want anymore bad blood
between you guys.
So wear masks.
Make it look like a robbery.
Just make sure uncle dies.
Okay.
(Speaks cantonese)
(Computers keys clack,
mouse clicks)

McBradden:

Let's go.

Boy:

That's no fair!
You said if I made my bed
I could play Andkon.
I made my bed,
so you're a liar!

McBradden:

Come here.

Girl:

He's addicted.

McBradden:

have a full hour of screen time.

Just get in.

Don't fight.

Stay here.

Morning.

Donald's ordered P.C.

to kill Bunny's uncle ho.

So we get P.C. trying kill

Bunny's uncle,

confront him with the evidence

and flip him for Donald.

Trying to kill him?

Mr. Hong will get a call

before you go in.

He'll slip out

and we'll have Donald

on conspiracy to commit murder.

Ho, not Hong.

You wanna save his life,

call him by the right name.

And you wanna leave a message

when you call at two

in the morning.

What're you doing

about the girl?

You get us Donald,

we get the girl.

You wait any longer,

she's gone.

Never come near my kids again.

Okay, guys!

(Phone keypad beeps)

Operator:

Crime stoppers.

Yeah, I think my neighbors

cooking meth in his basement.

Operator:

Why do you say that?
There's always this smell
like cat pee,
and I keep seeing cans
of paint thinner in the garbage.

Operator:

Anything else?
Yeah, the guy who lives there
right now, Bunny Ho,
he told me
he was a ghost eagle.

Aunt:

(Shouting in cantonese)
Get out! Off of my property!
Out of my sight!
My neighbours
are gonna see this!
(Shouting in cantonese)
Are you listening to me?!

Mel:

Alain Tremblay?
(Keys jangle)
You didn't trust me enough
to tell me your real name?
Who the hell was
"alain Tremblay"?
He was, uh...
24-years-old.
He was bored,
he was stupid,
so he joined the army.
Are you proud
of everything you did
when you were 24-years-old?
No, but nothing I did back then
causes me to wake up
in a cold sweat
six years later.
Then you are lucky.
Where did you go last night?

Alex,
what the hell is going on?
Mel, I'm working for the cops.
You remember my acquaintance
from prison?
If I can get close enough
to him and his boss,
I can gather enough evidence
to put them away.
What?
The cops are paying me
to infiltrate a Chinese triad...
The Kam Tin.
When were you planning
on telling me this?
You were the one who told me
to go to the cops.
I am just trying to do
the right thing.
By infiltrating a gang?
Yes.
Are you crazy?
No!
Yes.
I don't know.
You know what?
Maybe this is a chance
for you to do the right thing,
or maybe it's just a way
for you to feel like you did
when you were kicking down doors
in Baghdad.
I'm not a killer,
if that's what
you're trying to say.
Then who the hell are you?
(Keys jingle)
(Door opens, traffic rumbles,
horns honk)
(Hard kick, objects clatter)
(Alex's phone rings)
(Phone beeps on)

P.C.:

Hey, time to pay uncle a visit.
Spadina and dundas.
Bring masks.
(Phone snaps shut)
(Traffic whirs)

Alex:

According to the criminal code,
if you want to prove conspiracy
to commit murder,
you don't need a body,
just proof of intent.
Trouble is, crooks don't use
words like "murder"
or "kill".
So you learn to pick
your moments,
push their buttons
and hope for the best.
So, listen.
I was thinking
maybe there's a better way
to deal with uncle ho.

P.C.:

Alex:

P.C.:

Stupid machines.

Alex:

uncle, we give him a choice:
Either give us ten grand
and leave town, or die?
Well, I sure as hell
am not gonna park
in that lot over there.
Those pricks are thieves.
Come on, make the call!
Make the call! Make the call!
Make the call!
You're worried about a buck?
When we can go in there,

we can make ten grand?
Because if Donald wants us
to kill uncle,
we kill uncle!
And if I get a ticket, you pay!
I think we have a bingo.
And such a clear signal.

P.C.:

Hey! Where's your boss?
(Cell phone rings)
(Gunshots pop, uncle screams)
(Pained grunts and cries)

P.C.:

doesn't call the cops!
Hey!
Have a seat.
(Phone rings)
(Speaks cantonese)

McBradden:

Alex:

McBradden:

Get out now.
You're about 20 seconds
too late,
but thanks for getting
the name right.
Hey! Hey!
Come on.
Hey!
(Gunshots fire rapidly)
Hey.
Give me that!
You move the car
before the cops come.
What?
Go!
(Pants heavily)
(Dumpster lid squeaks
and slams shut)

Alex:

Let's talk.

Yuen:

Nice work.

Thank you.

She's, uh, expediting
an arrest warrant for P.C.
Mommy's happy.

McBradden:

on my desk, all right?

Alex:

so long to make that call?

Easier to prove conspiracy
if P.C. actually takes
a shot or two.

Well, lucky for uncle
someone else called first.
Who else knew about the hit?
Me, P.C., Donald.

That's it.

Someone else tipped him off.
Well.

Bunny's a ghost eagle.
Makes sense he'd have friends
close to Donald.

Look, bottom line,
P.C. used Donald's

name on the wire
which means we've
got both of them.

Which means I'm done.

So what about Bao li?

The girl?

Under control.

I've got eyes on uncle's house.

If they try and move her,
I'll know.

Yeah, about P.C.'s gun.

I don't have it.

What?

We saw him give it to you.
Yeah. He came back
after I left,
he took it.
What can I say?
Dude really loves that gun.

McBradden:

gun, we can't prove
P.C. put those bullets
in the wall,
allowing some clever lawyer
to claim it wasn't P.C.
under that mask.
Guess that means we don't
get Donald either, right?
That sucks.
Let's write some notes.
Your kite is
an unreliable head case
who can't be trusted.
Metro cops got a tip
about a meth lab
in uncle ho's basement.
They did a search.
No meth lab, no girl either.
Bao Li's gone
and P.C.'s gun disappears.
So I refuse to give some tart
with training wheels
a ride to the airport
and Alex ditches evidence?
He wants to stay in the game
and find the girl
because he no longer trusts us
to honor our deal.
Best thing about that deal?
Alex gets too creative,
slips the leash,
takes a bullet.
That's on you.
I wonder how long
your team will last
after yet another

of your prison prodigies
ends up in a garbage bag?

Alex:

Hey. It's me. Again.
Just please call.
(Phone beeps off)

Willy:

picked something closer
to the subway line?
Well, I mean, I could have,
but I usually don't
get to talk to people
on the Russian mob's hit list.
Made a few calls,
I heard about that bank job
that blew up in calgary.
Yeah, that was a smokescreen
generator.
I told them it was there.
Also told them that gas masks
don't work
with airborne particulates
of that kind of velocity
and density.
So, you know.
So now you got a price
on your head.
I tell you what,
you watch my back
with the crooks and the cops
and I'll return the favour.
Make sure your kid's
got something to celebrate
on father's day.
Hey, if I was wearing a wire,
you'd be the one
who put it there, right?
Yeah. So what...
What do you need?
(Phone keypad beeps)
Someone other than
sergeant McBradden

called uncle ho on this phone
to warn him about the hit.
Here's the number.
I need that name.
That's evidence.
Yeah, and it proves
someone's playing me,
which is why I plan to keep it.
You got it.
(Clicks tongue)
I'll, ah, call ya.

Mel:

message after the beep.

Corporal:

, this is corporal yuen.
Criminal intelligence services.
I'm calling in regards
to Alex Caine.
Have a seat.
I don't usually insert myself
into the private lives
of my team members,
but in Alex's case
I've decided to make
an exception.
Team member?
Alex saves lives.
Saves the lives of policemen,
taxpayers,
of little girls who think
they're going to be models.
To do his job,
he needs clarity of mind
and he doesn't have that
right now
and neither do you.
Well, how could you
without adequate information.
I'm gonna leave this with you.
You can read it
at your leisure,
or not.

But either way,
for Alex's safety,
you have to make up your mind.
(Engine rumbles loudly)
(Alex's phone rings)
Yeah?

Willy:

number on uncle's phone?
Most likely a burner
bought in the last six months.
Which means,
unless you're homeland security...

Alex:

to trace the call.
Yet they didn't spoof
the number?
Maybe they didn't know how.
Or maybe they thought uncle ho
was smart enough
not to call back.
(Phone snaps shut)

Willy:

Hello?
You ready?
Yeah.

Alex:

given an order to kill someone,
he either succeeds
or becomes the next target
(country music plays,
pool balls clack)
Which made me wonder
why Donald chose this place
for a sit down.

P.C.:

If Donald wanted us dead...

Alex:

But look around, p. C..

It's not him I'm worried about.

P.C.:

There he is.

Look him in the eye, okay?

Hey, tai lo.

(Laughs)

Didn't know

you liked cowboy music.

I wanted you to feel safe,

so I could tell you

in person...

The dragon head is not happy.

You sprayed bullets

like rice at a wedding

and not one hits uncle?

Donald:

The only message you sent

is that you're totally

out of control.

No!

No more chances.

Four eight nine

wants you to find a hole,

crawl in...

Guys, look around.

So not Chinatown.

Right.

I have an idea.

We let Alex do it.

Uncle ho's not gonna expect

a Gwai Lo coming in.

He does the job,

I'll cut you a piece

of my new business.

I have a piece.

That's five percent.

You front the money

for the first shipment,

I'll cut you 33 percent.

In return, I get 10 percent

of your "modeling" business.

I mean, come on.

You can do a whole lot better
than Bunny for muscle, right?

Donald:

looking for uncle ho.
They find him,
he finishes the job.
Then we have a deal.
Ho ma.
Ho ma.
Ho.

Alex:

and a club soda, no ice.
I gotta take a leak.
Speak English,
try not to kill each other.
Yeah, yeah. Yeah.
(Beeping, phone dials)
(Donald's phone rings)

Donald:

Wai?
Hello?
(Country music plays,
patrons chatter)
Cheers, huh?
Cheers.
(Salutation in cantonese)

Alex:

33 percent?

P.C.:

of his modeling business.
Do you have any idea
how much those bitches make?
They're like VLT's
with two extra slots.
I don't know about you, man,
I'm in a wicked mood.
So whatever you want, I'll pay.
Who was that girl
that Bunny was banging?

The one that almost got away?
Bao? Oh, she put up a
fight; I like that.
You think you can find her?
"I'll get you, my pretty,
and your little dog too!"
(Growls playfully)
(Soothing music plays)

Woman:

(Calls for Alex in cantonese)
Hey.
Huh!
I'm gonna help send you home.
No... no...
Listen, listen...
(Screaming in cantonese)
Shhh! Shhh!
(Shrill screaming)
Be quiet!

Bao:

(Screaming)
(Hip hop music plays)

Ghost:

(Pained grunt)
(Scared whimper)
(Pained grunt,
police sirens wail)
(Sirens bleep)

Police:

Don't move! Everyone on the floor!
Don't move! Don't move!
Stay down!

Officer:

Come on, against the wall!
You turn a triad rub and tug
into a rodeo
and now your little friend's
the whore
with the John who wants

to take her away from it all.
You just put a bull's eye
on her back.

Wanna do some real good?
Maintain your cover
and help me get their heroin
off the street.

Donald wants me to redo
the hit on uncle ho.

I get the job done,
Donald pays for P.C.'s
first shipment
and takes a piece
of his heroin business.

You sat down with Donald?
Why the hell didn't you call?
I forgot.

Now I have a question.
The guy Donald took over for,
what'd you call him?
Deputy dragon head.

Doing time for?
Drunk driving, third offense.
You see, I don't see why
we're after Donald
when this guy's gonna be out
and back on the streets
calling the shots
in less than three months.

He was extradited to China.
Donald's our guy.

Get him, I'll put that girl
on a plane myself
and get you out of my life
for good.

(Alex's phone rings)
Yeah?

Donald:

uncle to an alley off huron,
in Chinatown,
across from the school.
Hang on one second.

Donald:

go to aqua fitness?

Mrs. wong:

Yeah.

Donald:

around the corner...

Sullivan.

Meet me there in an hour.

(Phone rings)

Alex.

Donald wants to me to redo
the hit on uncle ho.

Poirier:

Alex:

Poirier:

You call sergeant McBradden yet?

Alex:

Poirier:

Because I don't want anyone
to die,
including yours truly.
Describe uncle ho.

Alex:

Sixties. Buzz cut.
Five eight, a 170 pounds.
The left side of his face
is all cut up.
Location?

Alex:

on huron street in Chinatown,
across from the school.
What shed exactly?
I don't know.

Poirier:

Ta o one shot in the chest.
He'll be wearing a vest.

Alex:

you can extract my guy,
insert yours,
and set up surveillance
in the next...
59 minutes?

Poirier:

You don't.
(Phone beeps off)
(Alex's phone rings)
Yeah?
You feeling good?

Alex:

Feeling great.

P.C.:

Fantastic.
Don't miss.
(Phone beeps off)

Alex:

week as an infiltrator
and you're trying to nail
a bad guy.
You could do a whole lot worse
than capturing him on camera
overseeing a hit.
It makes for great
courtroom theater
and almost always
gets a conviction,
or so your handlers tell you.

Donald:

with the blood on it.

Alex:

no surveillance,
no backup,

no agent standing in
for the victim,
it stops being evidence
and starts being murder.
(Kids shout playfully
in the distance)
(School bell rings)
(Kids chatter and shout)
(Gun clicks twice)
(Gunshot pops loudly)
(Four shots pop)

Man:

We clear?
Hey, killer, are we clear?
We're clear.
(Groans wearily)
Red one.
All clear.
(Groans)
Good job.
(Lively chatter
and music rock plays)
Yuen and McBradden:
Mmm!

McBradden:

Wait a minute.
Picture.
Picture.
Say "cheese!"
(Camera beeps)
Just want to let everyone know
uncle is on his way
to Hong Kong
where he will stay
until Donald is tried
and convicted on conspiracy
to commit murder.
Great work, everybody.
Thank you.
Thank you.

Man:

Woo!
Steaks are on
sgt. Poirier,
drinks are on me.
You know that if I could
acknowledge your team
in my official report, i would.
But I can't, so...
Thanks.
You're welcome.
Why didn't Donald
make the kill shot?
Pardon me?
Why didn't Donald make sure
uncle was dead?
Because he saw you put
a bullet in his head.

Alex:

bullet near his head.
It's not the same thing.
Donald wanted uncle dead.
So he gave you the job
because he knows
you're the kind of guy
who can get the job done.

Alex:

gun if it didn't shoot?
Seems out of character
for such a careful man.
He was in a hurry.
He didn't have time to test it.
Or maybe Donald wanted
to see what would happen
if it was Alex
pulling the trigger.
Because if Alex
is working for us,
we'd have to swap out uncle
for one of our own.
All Donald has to do
is to watch the alley,
and wait for the switch

and then he'd know for sure
that Alex was an infiltrator.
If he knew Alex
was an infiltrator,
why go through with the hit?
Good question.
I checked the the gun.
The firing pin was missing.
Donald's way of proving
he had no intention
of killing anyone.
(Sighs)
(Phone beeps)
20 seconds before
you made your call,
uncle ho got a call from Donald
on his cell phone
telling him to clear out,
saving uncle's life
and once again making P.C.
look like he screwed the pooch.
(Dishes and utensils clatter)
Sergeant McBradden.
(Chuckles)
You had us believing
that you had no way
into the Kam Tin,
and all along
Donald was your c.I.

Alex:

backs against the wall
so he made you an offer.
"I help you take out my rivals,
you turn your back
on my racket."
Just like Bao li
and the rest of the girls.
Now he's out there
running wild.

Poirier:

Donald didn't want uncle dead.
He just wanted to test Alex

to see who he was working for
and to send you a message:

"You can't touch me."

Would you excuse us?

Yuen:

Mm-hmm.

One phone call...

And you'll be back in harness,
cavity-searching drunks
on fogo.

But that would just get Donald
back on the street
and that's not why
I do this job.

So how do we fix this?

Lab tests on the gun
will take at least a week.

We hold him
on conspiracy charges
until we can find something else
to hang him with.

He has no priors.

He'll be out in 12 hours.

Now if you wanna hang him,
you'll have to show me
the rope now.

McBradden:

a camera in Bunny's car.

This happened after
the coming-out party
you threw for Bao
at Mrs. Kong's.

You have any idea
where this is?

Mcbradden:

No. Could be anywhere.

But my guess is Bunny's
taking her to see his boss.

Donald has no priors
in this country,
but back in Hong Kong,

he made his name as a pimp.
Someone who had a reputation
for taking matters
into his own hands
when his girls got out of line.

Willy:

her Toto see Donald...?

McBradden:

testimony can bury him.
You go home
and get your bearings
and then you go and find Bao.
(Shredder whirs)
(Shredder whirs)
Jees!
What the hell!
How did you get in here?
Same way your dad got out.
You should lock the door.
Well, since you won't
return my calls,
I thought I at least owed it
to tell you in person
that I'll be leaving town.
Why?
Safer for everyone,
including you,
if I leave.
So I was thinking Newfoundland.
Yeah. So, um...
I was wondering,
since that's somewhere
you wanted to go,
if you'd wanna go there
with me.
You know, you can transfer
your credits,
I'll buy a parachute.
We could take the plunge,
talk about whatever you want.
If the answer's "no,"
you know, I get it.

What normal person
would want this for a life?
If the answer's "yes,"
then come by in the morning.
We'll head off
to the airport from there.
(Keys jingle)

Poirier:

Thank you.
Hey, boss.
Hey.
Here's the psych assessment
on Alex.
(Sighing) Ugh!
Abandoned by his mother,
placed in Foster care
by his father.
He's been looking for
a surrogate family ever since.
He's damaged but driven
and, in my estimation,
dependable.
If he doesn't face-plant
in the first month on the job,
I think he'll be exceptional.
Anything stand out?
Just one red flag.
In my background search,
I came across something
about Alex's commanding officer
in special ops.
A colonel Nathaniel Lundy.
Right, right.
The guy who thought
his Iraqi liaison
was selling intel
to the insurgents.
Lundy puts the pistol
in the Iraqi's face,
gets some names, an address,
goes Rambo.
Then the red cross
finds the body of a teenager

in a vacant lot.
Lundy told the judge advocates
that he was under fire,
he saw someone
run out the back door,
thought the kid hostile,
so he ran him down
and shot him.
Yet, according to
the other soldiers,
Lundy never left the house.
So anybody running
out the back door...
Would've been pursued and shot
by another member of the team.

Auntie:

Sit.
You didn't pay a debt
and now your uncle is dead.
This man killed him
on your boss's orders.
Now he's looking
for his reward.
Give him the girl's passport
and her location
and he promises
he will leave you alone.
Speak up!
Let's just say he got real sick
of the sound of her crying.
So he asked me to shut her up.
Hard to turn tricks
if you're dead.
Even harder to sell them
when they won't stop
begging to go home.
Sell them? To who?
Russians,
Jamaicans, whoever.
Always a market
for young girls.
Must be useful...
Being so scary.

You tell me.

Bao:

(Frightened whimpers)

(Sharp exhale)

(Fearful breaths)

(Chatter throughout station)

Anything else?

No. Thank you.

Alex:

your boarding pass.

It's a direct flight

to Hong Kong.

You've got an hour

before your connecting flight

to Guangzhou.

Call your parents,

let 'em know you're coming.

What do I say?

You tell 'em

you did a few assignments,

it was fun,

and then you got homesick.

How will they believe me?

We can't change the past,

but we can make up for it

by doing better in the future.

Am I right?

(Tight stressed breaths)

(Gunshot pops,

assailant pants heavily)

(Horrorified, shaky breaths)

(Beep)

McBradden:

coming in, Mr. Wong.

Always a pleasure,

sergeant McBradden.

McBradden:

D. And a written statement

from a 15-year-old girl

who will testify

that you raped her.
We put her in front of a jury
and let them in
on your priors for rape,
assault and racketeering
back in Hong Kong?
Forget the rigged gun,
forget our deal.
All those friends
you helped put away
will very soon be throwing you
a welcome home party.
This is my contract
as a criminal informant,
signed by me and by you.
Now, never mind about
your career, sergeant.
How do you think
taxpayers will feel
about the entire organization
once they find out
that your c.I.,
someone you were supervising,
shot all these girls
because they tried to escape
or just asked to go home
one too many times?
How's that gonna look
on the front page?
Sergeant.
(Van rumbles to a stop)

Willy:

Alex, Poirier wants a word.
Bad timing?
No.
Perfect timing.
Sergeant Poirier
gave me your file.
I know what happened in Iraq
and I think that I know
why you need to do this.
I'm gonna go talk to them
and then we'll go.

I'm afraid if you go
with these people,
I'm never gonna see you again.
I'll come back, I promise.
(Traffic rumbles by)

Poirier:

Donald sandbagged McBradden
with the photos
of all the girls that he shot
after they got out of line.
He left RCMP headquarters
a half hour ago.
To stay alive,
Donald has to pretend
like you're the only one
working for the cops.
P.C. will be
his first stop.
A bullet in head
for bringing you into the gang.
You'll be next,
and whoever else
is in the vicinity.
So why not park
a black and white
outside P.C.'s place too?
I did.
They followed him
to an acupuncture clinic
on Spadina.
And you think
if I can get to P.C.
Before Donald tries
to do him in...?
P.C. doesn't know
that you work for us.
Not yet.
If Donald skates now,
he'll be right back
in business.
You saved one girl last night.
We both know
that there's 10 more

waiting to take her place.
Stop Donald
before he kills P.C.,
and you might just save
this case.
(Motorcycle engine rumbles)

Alex:

i wanna say about this job:
You don't do it for the money.
After all,
what other line of work
allows you
to set your own hours,
put bad guys behind bars,
and live every second
like it's gonna be your last.
Ungh!
(Blades clang)

Man:

(Shouts in cantonese)

Woman:

(Frightened whimper)
(Glass clinks)

Woman:

P.C. is upstairs!

Donald:

command in cantonese)

Woman:

(Speaks in cantonese)
(Speaks in cantonese)
(Banging against door)
(Grunts of effort)
(Grunts of effort)
(Grunts of exertion)

Ghost:

(Forceful grunt)
(Strained grunts)

(Forceful grunt)
(Banging on door)
(Anticipatory grunt)
(Gun clicks)
Kill my friend and I kill you.
(P. C. Grunts forcefully,
Donald grunts, pained)

Donald:

Kill him!
(Fighting grunts)
Aaagh! Ah!

Ghost:

Alex:

Donald:

Listen to me.
The cops,
they picked up uncle, okay?
They switched him out
with another cop.
Your friend here works
with the gang unit.
Or maybe Donald wants you
to kill me
because I paid a little visit
to that bitch Bao last night
and it turns out Donald's
selling the ones who cooperate
and killing the ones who don't.
Kind of hard for you
to turn a profit
if his girls are tricking
for someone else
or they're dead.

Donald:

It was either cut you in
on the profits
or shut me up
by offering me
half of your share

of the heroin business.

By the way,
answer's "no."

Donald:

Shoot him.
Shoot him!

Alex:

Hey, man.
If I'm right,
your "brother" is a liar
who wants you dead
so he can steal
your heroin business.
If he's right - I'm a rat -
then you're dead.
Look him in the eyes
and you see who's
telling the truth.
(Guttural scream)
(Gunshot pops)
(Fires eight gunshots)
(Exhales and breathes shakily)
(Shocked breaths)
Thank you, brother.
Thank you.
Now it's just you and me,
all right?
Let's get rich.
(Laughs)
(Shrill whoop) Ohhh!
(Hum of traffic and chatter)
You came back.
Always.

Poirier:

Kam Tin Triad after Donald.
Our wiretaps indicate that
discussions are already underway
for P.C. to take his place
as red pole.
You've got him on camera
murdering someone.

Why not arrest him?

Poirier:

Because, Alex,
there's no statute
of limitations for murder
and we can bring him in
whenever we like.
But as long P.C.'s at large,
and in business with you,
he's our door to the Kam Tin
and any other
criminal organization
they happen to be working with.

Poirier:

It's up to you, Alex.
Leave and learn to live
a "normal" life,
or you can do what
you were born to do.