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# Carlito's Way

By David Koepp

Somebody's pullin' me close to the ground.  
I can sense, but I can't see.  
I ain't panicked. I been here before.  
Same as when I got popped  
on 104th Street.  
Don't take me to no hospital, please.  
Fuckin' emergency rooms  
don't save nobody.  
Son of a bitches always pop you  
at midnight...  
...when all they got is a Chinese intern  
with a dull spoon.  
Look at these suckers scramblin' around.  
What for?  
My Puerto Rican ass ain't supposed  
to have made it this far.  
Most of my crew got washed  
a long time ago.  
Don't worry. My heart, it don't ever quit.  
I ain't ready to check out.  
Seems like I just got out of the joint.  
Stood up in front of that judge,  
and told him what was who.  
Now I ain't sayin' that my way  
would have been different...  
...had my mother been alive when I was  
a kid, 'cause that's all you hear in the joint.  
"I didn't have a chance." No. Bullshit.  
I was already a mean little bastard  
while my mother was alive, and I know it.  
But I learned about women from her.  
Mr. Brigante, there are 56 cases  
on the court's docket for this morning.  
Why am I listening to this?  
Your Honor, Mr. Brigante  
is understandably excited...  
...having been vindicated  
after five years of incarceration.  
There's no vindication here, counselor.  
Or absolution, or benediction,  
or anything...  
...other than an incredible  
convergence of circumstances...  
...which you've exploited

to your client's benefit.  
Your Honor, these circumstances  
that you speak of...  
...include illegal wiretaps  
and tainted evidence.  
This is a classic  
"fruit of the poisoned tree" situation.  
I think after five years  
of unjust incarceration...  
...it's reasonable to request Mr. Brigante  
be indulged his right to speak.  
Okay, Mr. Brigante, I'm all ears.  
Your Honor...  
...with all due respect...  
...past and present,  
and without further to-do.  
Let me assure this court that  
I am through walkin' on the wild side.  
That's all I've been tryin' to tell you.  
I have been sick with the social ills  
known in the ghetto...  
...but my time in the sterling  
correctional facilities...  
...of Green Haven and Sing Sing  
has not been in vain. I've been cured!  
Born again, like the Watergaters.  
I know you heard this rap before.  
Your Honor, I mean it.  
This is the truth. I changed.  
I changed and it didn't take no 30 years...  
...like Your Honor thought, but only five.  
That's right, sir. Five years.  
And look at me. Completely rehabilitated...  
...reinvigorated, reassimilated,  
and finally gonna be relocated.  
And I want to thank  
a lot of people for that.  
I look over there and I see  
that man there, Mr. Norwalk.  
I want to thank you, sir,  
for making the tapes in an illegal fashion.  
I would like to thank the Court of Appeals  
for reversing you, Your Honor.  
And I want to thank...

...Almighty God, without whom  
no case gets tossed.

- I can't believe this.

- I must have forgot. How could I forget...

...my dear, close friend and lawyer...

...David Kleinfeld,

who never gave up on me...

...through everything, thick and thin.

- Why don't you just stand up?

- I'm sorry.

- Mr. Brigante!

- Davey Kleinfeld.

You're not accepting an award.

Court of Appeals' decision...

...and the District Attorney's  
unfortunate investigative techniques...

...now devolve upon me the painful duty  
of unleashing upon society...

...a reputed assassin  
and convicted purveyor of narcotics.

No. Never convicted on no dope.

The indictment is dismissed.

Prisoner is discharged. Call the next case.

- I'm indebted to you.

- Okay.

I feel like I won.

Excuse me. Congratulations.

- No hard feelings, right?

- I'll be seeing you, Brigante.

That was some line of crap  
you handed him in there.

That was no line of crap, man.

I meant every word I said.

You don't understand. You don't get it.

I'm a free man,

and I don't mean just out of jail.

"I am free at last, free at last..."

- "...thank God Almighty, I am free at last!"

- I gotta work here. Save your energy.

Wait till you see what I got  
lined up for tonight.

So what are you gonna do for money?

Hook up with Rolando again?

I told you, I ain't goin' back to the street.

Twenty-five years I worked that sucker.  
What do I got to show for it? Squat.  
You dancing with me  
or you dancing with him?  
What does that mean,  
"I ain't goin' back on the street"?  
What else do you know how to do?  
- I got plans, baby.  
- Talk to me.  
'Cause you can dance  
with him if you wanna.  
I know Dave since he was  
just out of law school.  
He was workin' as a clerk  
for a big mob lawyer.  
Kept a tire iron under the seat of his car,  
tried like hell not to look scared...  
...by all his wise guy clients.  
But Davey Kleinfeld,  
he ain't scared no more.  
So look at you.  
You really made something of your life.  
You put me in business.  
All my first clients came through you.  
As I say, you know, top drawer.  
You're top drawer, Davey.  
Man.  
Listen, I got something for you.  
You remember Saso?  
Saso. Yeah.  
Fat guy, had the Argentine place  
on Madison.  
He bought the lease on this bankrupt disco.  
Beautiful place.  
I got some investors together  
and we backed him.  
I got \$50,000 in the place.  
Problem is Saso. He's been shakin' the till,  
payin' off gambling debts.  
He says he doesn't get \$25,000,  
he's gonna lose his lease.  
I like the place. I go there sometimes.  
The money's no big deal.  
I don't mind puttin' it in...

...as long as I know there's someone there  
who's gonna run the place straight, clean.

Me?

I owned clubs. I never ran 'em.

What's the big deal?

You step in, straighten things out...

...you take a salary, a chunk of the profits.

- Please.

You've done enough already for me.

You call it a favor between friends.

No favor. I owe you.

Favor gonna kill you faster than a bullet.

You saved my life.

You saved my life, Dave.

Thirty years. You know what that is?

I was dead. I was buried.

I was under the ground.

You dug me up.

I don't know what to say to you.

I just don't know what to say.

Say you love me.

I love you.

If you was a broad, I'd marry you.

- My boy.

- I bet you would.

Who's that? Well, you know...

Look, we're going to the ladies' room.

Goodbye, you two.

- Well, somebody's got to.

- Bye-bye.

So, what are these plans?

What's the big goddamn secret?

You remember a guy named Clyde Bassie?

Got out of the joint a couple of years ago.

He went down to the Bahamas,

Paradise Island...

...and he got this car rental place.

He used to talk about it

all the time in the can.

He got out, he went down there,

put it together.

And it's doin' good. Real good.

I mean, like, it's makin' money.

Couple of months ago

he wrote me and he said...  
...I could buy in any time  
I got \$75,000 together.  
You're gonna rent cars.  
What are you laughing at?  
- You're gonna rent cars.  
- That's right. I know a lot about cars.  
I've been stealing 'em since I was 14.  
Look at him laugh.  
I'll tell you something.  
Car rental guys don't get killed that much.  
And where are you gonna get the \$75,000?  
I don't know. Maybe some rich relative  
dies and leaves it to me.  
It's a dream, Dave. You gotta dream, baby.  
You got it all worked out, Carlito.  
Here's to you.  
So here's me back on the street.  
Third Sunday in August.  
Old Timer's Day in the barrio.  
- When did you get out, papi?  
- A couple of days ago.  
Nothin' left.  
Like them old cowboy movies,  
but instead of tumbleweed and cow dung...  
...we got stripped car wrecks and dog shit.  
A lot of new faces?  
These young guys, I don't recognize 'em.  
Mi barrio ya no existe.  
Carlito, man, Death Valley out here, man.  
Mira, you know me, I take to the street  
with any of these motherfuckers, man.  
But these new kids nowadays, man,  
they got no respect for human life.  
They shotgun you,  
just to see you fly up in the air.  
'Chacho, you're better off in jail.  
I don't even go  
up to black Harlem no more.  
They're fuckin' crazy up there.  
Remember Victor?  
- Victor, with the beard.  
- He got shot right in front of the High.  
Right in front of fuckin' Patrick Henry High.

- Y Lalin, you know him.  
- Lalin Miasso. What happened to him?  
Lalin's doin' thirty years in Attica, man.  
Thirty years!  
Walberto! Check it out. Mira who's here.  
- Mira, eso. Oye.  
- Hey, Wally.  
- Heavy-duty.  
- Good to see you.  
I've been looking all over for you.  
Should have figured  
I'd find you walking around up here...  
...doing a little "memory lane."  
- While I still got one.  
- Mira, Rolando wants to talk to you.  
- Carlito, I gotta get back to the game.  
You need anything, bodyguard,  
anything, call me, okay?  
- You call me. Take care.  
- Pachanga. Good to see you.  
- Rolando?  
- S. He's around the corner.  
Guajiro, wait here for me.  
- In about five minutes, I'll be back.  
- Sure, Carlito.  
Who is that? New back-up man?  
He's my little cousin.  
I gotta visit my aunt later.  
Carlito, mi socio.  
Qu chvere!  
I said a prayer for you  
while you were inside...  
...that harm will come  
to him who harmed you.  
- Thank you.  
- Sintate. Sit down.  
- You are well?  
- Well enough.  
You look like you're doing good  
for yourself.  
Why not? Business is good.  
- Smack.  
- The coca business.  
That's all there is. Heroin is dead.



- But you know all of this, right?  
- No, I didn't know that.  
Let's speak the truth between us.  
You did five years  
and never once mentioned my name.  
I know that you could have given me up...  
...and made things easier for yourself,  
but you didn't.  
Muy bien hecho. Good for you.  
But you see I got rich  
while you were inside.  
Maybe you think I owe you?  
I don't want anything from you.  
- Who are you working with?  
- I ain't working with nobody.  
- Nobody?  
- I'm retired.  
- Retired?  
- That's right.  
Retired?  
You're serious?  
I'm serious. That's right. I'm out. I quit.  
So, Carlito Brigante got religion, right?  
That's right. I'm studying to be a priest.  
So what are you doing these days?  
Nothing much. I'm still in school.  
I got a job though.  
No kidding. Doing what?  
Just a little legwork  
for Seor Pablo Cabrales.  
- Cabrales.  
- Yeah.  
What do you want to do that shit for?  
That's not good.  
Come on, Carlito.  
I'm not making a career out of it.  
I'm a delivery boy, that's all.  
Check this out.  
That's \$30,000.  
Can I ask you for a favor?  
What's that?  
I gotta go down the block for this pickup.  
Can you come with me?  
Come on. Don't get me involved

with that stuff.  
Come on. I know these guys.  
They're friends.  
I just wanna walk in with you.  
They see my back-up  
and they'll shit in their pants.  
- They ain't gonna know me.  
- You?  
You're a fuckin' legend.  
Come on.  
All right. 10 minutes. I promised  
your mother we'd be there for dinner.  
That's no problem.  
These guys, they're real pros.  
Boom, boom, in and out.  
So the kid's walkin' in there with \$30,000.  
And the legend, me,  
I'm walkin' right in with him.  
Five minutes from now  
we'll be on the streets...  
...with \$30,000 worth of very sweet candy...  
...more than enough to put me  
right back where I just come from.  
- Cmo est?  
- Oye, Quisqueya. Qu pasa?  
Coo, Guajiro. Who's this?  
This is my cousin, man.  
Primo mo, Carlito Brigante.  
You heard of Carlito, right?  
What you need him for?  
Tranquilo, tranquilo.  
I just come along for the ride, man.  
Come on, Quisqueya, man.  
You know Carlito, right?  
I got nothing here.  
He just got out of Lewisburg, man.  
He used to be partners with Rolando Rivas.  
Carlito. I heard of you, man.  
You used to run smack  
with Rolando, right?  
Little bit.  
Little bit? Little bit, that's a good one.  
I heard you guys were the fucking kings.  
Lo siento, Carlito.

Hermanos, take care of Carlito.

We gotta do some business.

Hermanito.

- Quierejugar?

- No, I'll watch.

- We're playing eight ball.

- Good game.

- You don't mind if I count it, right?

- It's all there, man.

I'll count it anyway.

- Maybe you'll lose a game.

- Right.

- You like that shot I did, right?

- That shot ain't nothin'.

Come on.

What're you in a rush for?

I'll beat you again.

- Damn it!

- What's the matter?

- That's your bathroom there?

- That's the bathroom.

Don't work.

The toilet's backed up.

Sorry, man.

- Don't work?

- No, don't work.

I can wait another week.

Come back then, we'll have it fixed for you.

Turn it up! I love that song!

Mira, you wanna play or what?

Be cool. I'm rackin', man. Shit.

- You got a light?

- Sure, man.

- You're playin' eight ball, right?

- Yeah.

I can't resist this.

I gotta show you people a shot.

- We're in the middle of a game here!

- You're playin' eight ball.

Right before you rack. It's nothin'.

It ain't gonna bother your game.

You ain't gonna believe this.

Gonna line 'em up like this.

- You gonna show us a trick shot?

- No trick shot. This is magic time.  
After you see this shot,  
you're gonna give up your religious beliefs.  
Quisqueya, you gotta check this out.  
- Carlito's doin' one of his trick shots.  
- Guajiro.  
I ain't done counting yet.  
You want a cold beer, hermano?  
Help yourself, man.  
- Took me six months to learn this shot.  
- Six months?  
- You gotta help me though.  
- Sure.  
See this?  
- Over the 12.  
- Okay.  
- So how's your boss?  
- He's good. I saw him this morning.  
Put your finger right here,  
right on top of the 12, to hold it there, see?  
- Like that?  
- You gotta get it even with that.  
- So you didn't hear the news?  
- What news?  
There's no beer down here, man.  
Sure, way down in the bottom.  
Me and Clyde Bassie were working on this.  
You lookin' at that nine?  
Let me have your cue.  
Line 'em up.  
- They even?  
- They look even to me.  
Come on, Quisqueya. What news?  
Your boss is dead and so are you.  
I'm reloaded!  
Come on in here, motherfuckers!  
Come on, I'm waitin' for ya!  
You ain't comin' in?  
I'm comin' out!  
You're up against it now, motherfuckers!  
I'm gonna blow your fuckin' brains out!  
You think you're big time?  
You're gonna fuckin' die big time!  
You ready?

Here comes the pain!  
Oh, Jesus.  
Jesus Christ, look at you.  
You said they were friends, Guajiro...  
...but there ain't no friends  
in this shit business.  
Adis, primo.  
All right, what happened?  
Ain't no more rackets out here...  
...just a bunch of cowboys  
ripping each other off.  
I don't invite this shit. It just comes to me.  
I run, it runs after me.  
Gotta be somewhere to hide.  
So I took a look at this, Saso's place.  
It's good. It's a nice location.  
Somebody ran it right,  
it could do good business.  
Great. I'll advance you \$25,000.  
No, I'm gonna put my own money in.  
Your own money? What money is that?  
I ran into Rolando.  
He owed me from an old thing, \$25,000...  
...so, that's the only way  
I'm gonna do it, Dave.  
You got it. Terrific.  
So you'll call Saso,  
tell him I'll see him tonight.  
Done. I want to talk to you  
about something. I need a little favor.  
It's no big deal, but I need a bodyguard.  
Somebody good.  
Who's bothering you? I know 'em?  
It's no big deal.  
Just a little misunderstanding.  
If it's no big deal,  
what do you need a bodyguard for?  
Will you trust me on this?  
It's just temporary.  
I'll get someone of my own later,  
but I want someone right away.  
There's Pachanga,  
one of the old barrio crowd. He's good.  
Great.

You okay?

I got a good feeling about this club.

I think we're gonna make  
some real money.

I got a good feeling about it too...

...but as soon as I make my \$75,000...

...I'm splittin'.

That's right.

You're gonna rent Ford Pintos  
to tourists in Paradise.

That's right,  
with a big smile on my face, too.

Times have changed.

What happened to the miniskirts?

Where's all that marijuana?

Now everything is platforms, cocaine,  
and dances I don't dance.

What a man gotta come to  
when he loses five years.

But some shit never changes, like Saso.

Charlie, my friend! Charlie Brigante!

How you doing?

Hey, Saso.

No, no more Saso.

Now everybody calls me Ron.

- Ron?

- Ron from Reinaldo.

Okay, Ron, let's get to the point.

I hear you're doing good business  
with this place.

- Very good.

- So how come you need money?

- Me?

- You gamblin' again, right?

How much you owe?

I don't know, maybe \$50,000 or \$60,000.

That means about \$100,000.

Who you owe the money to?

You know, Charles, some of the boys.

\$25,000 will quiet them for now,

and you'll come in for a quarter of my end.

Okay, I'm gonna give you

\$25,000 cash tomorrow.

I'm gonna come in for half your end.

What are you trying to do to me?  
What I'm trying to do, Saso,  
I mean Ron, is save your ass.  
Right, because it's either Fat Anthony  
or Scooze you owe the money to, right?  
Either way, you're gonna end up  
in the trunk of a car...  
...somewhere on the Belt Parkway  
before long.  
May be weeks before they find you.  
Like DeeDee.  
Remember? They open her up.  
That's some kind of stink  
you're gonna make.  
"What's that smell?" Saso, man.  
That's Saso. Used to be Ron.  
Okay, okay. What time tomorrow?  
So here's me in the club  
playing Humphrey Bogart.  
Things can get very sticky after hours,  
so I bring in Pachanga...  
...little extra back-up.  
He thinks I'm gonna make him rich...  
...so he's worried I'm gonna get killed  
before he scores.  
I heard about that shit with your cousin.  
Why didn't you call me  
so I could watch your ass?  
That happened a month ago.  
You just found out?  
You got me chasin' Kleinberg  
in the daytime and then you got me here...  
Kleinfeld! I hope you're doin' a better job  
with him than you are with me.  
The guy got a lot of money.  
He got a safe in the office  
with stacks of hundreds just waitin'...  
Kleinfeld is my brother. Look at me.  
He is my brother.  
Pachanga's only fuckin' around.  
Don't fuck around.  
Just keep your eyes open.  
Watch the bar. They're stealin' money.  
I wanna try, but it's so dark in here.

What do you want me to do?  
The guy over there says  
he don't have to pay.  
- What guy is that?  
- The guy in the red over there.  
What are you doin'?  
- Shut up and kiss me.  
- Excuse me.  
- Something wrong with the check?  
- Yeah, there's something wrong with it.  
- Baby, come on...  
- Mira!  
- Benny!  
- What, man?  
Shit. Fuck. Shit, man.  
I'm sorry, Mr. Brigante.  
I'm sorry. I got no problem.  
See, Fat Man Saso there owes me money  
and he's a little slow in paying me.  
So I'm just working it off for him.  
We haven't been formally introduced.  
- My name is Benny Blanco from the Bronx.  
- You know me?  
I know you. You're Carlito Brigante,  
motherfucker-to-the-max.  
I don't know you.  
So I don't owe you. Saso does.  
My place now, new rules.  
Everybody pays. Okay?  
Okay. That's cool, that's groovy.  
What's the matter with you?  
Pay the fuckin' goddamn check, bitch.  
- To the waiter.  
- To the waiter, you dumb fuck!  
And get us some champagne,  
some of that French shit.  
Have a glass, man.  
- No, thank you...  
- I wanna pick your brain.  
Get him a chair. The man is standing!  
Get him a chair.  
Get the stupid look off your face.  
You know who this man is?  
This man here, he's the fuckin' J.P. Morgan



of the smack business.  
First time I ever heard that.  
Come on, man. You had 90, 100 guys  
on the street. Right?  
- Something like that.  
- I'm starting out small.  
I'm just building my organization.  
I'm refining it  
and maximizing my potentialities.  
I got my finger on some shit  
that's about to explode.  
If you can just give me two minutes...  
- Maybe next time. All the best to ya.  
- Two minutes of your time.  
I'll talk to you again.  
Just two minutes. That's all.  
Fucking kids.  
Move a couple of ounces,  
think they're a big shot.  
Make a few bucks while I'm in the joint,  
I gotta respect 'em.  
- Fuck that.  
- Yeah, fuck that shit.  
Talk to me about this.  
Carlito, I see you was talkin'  
to Benny Blanco before.  
Benny Blanco from the Bronx.  
- They say he's comin' up in the world.  
- Do they?  
He's got a big future...  
...if he can live past next week.  
How come a good-lookin' dude like you...  
...doesn't have a woman?  
Well, I guess I'm a workaholic.  
What's the matter?  
Don't you ever see nobody  
you like in here?  
Nobody but you, Stef.  
Jesus, she looks like Gail.  
Same color hair. The way she dances.  
I met Gail a year before  
I went into the joint.  
She was this dancer,  
this artistic ballet-type...

...was gonna be a big Broadway star.  
I guess she fell in love.  
Me too. I swore I'd never break her heart,  
but, you know, things happen.  
I miss you, Gail.  
When you're in the joint  
you spend all your time...  
...dopin' out who you're gonna see  
the first day you're out.  
The second day. The third.  
But then you get out, everybody's got  
a different face than you remember.  
Maybe you do too.  
You pray for one face that didn't change.  
One face that still knows you...  
...looks at you the same way it always did.  
I couldn't figure it out.  
I couldn't get that thing to save my life.  
- Bye, Gail.  
- See you next week.  
- I know you, lady.  
- Buzz off.  
Sure, you used to go out with that guy.  
What's his name? That good-looking guy.  
Yeah, Carlito Brigante. That's right.  
Hello, Gail.  
I was in the road company  
of this show called Songbird last year.  
I played the Governor's daughter.  
It wasn't the lead, but it was a great part.  
And I did this musical book show  
last year in Vegas.  
I hated the weather. You ever been there?  
Vegas? Yeah.  
So are you in something now?  
I can come downtown and see you.  
I'm just, you know, doing club dates  
right now, mostly one-nighters though.  
But I'm up for this play that goes this fall...  
That's great.  
You're livin' what  
you always dreamed about.  
I'm getting close.  
I am getting close.

I'm not there yet, but it's okay.  
What was it like inside?  
No big thing.  
A lot of push-ups. A lot of wasted time.  
- You're out now.  
- Yeah. Here I am.  
Am I outta line? Just poppin' up like this  
after all these years?  
You still pissed at me?  
What do you think?  
You dumped me hard, Charlie.  
Now you want to tell me  
it was for my own good, right?  
No, it was for mine. It was for mine.  
It was for my own good.  
I was doin' thirty years.  
What was I supposed to do? I knew  
you were gonna try and wait for me.  
You were gonna visit me,  
make me think about you all the time.  
Now what was I supposed to do?  
There I am sittin' in jail...  
...wonderin' all the time where you are...  
...what you're doin', who you're with.  
That'd have drove me crazy.  
It'd have killed me. Believe me.  
Best to just cut it clean, you know?  
Do my time with a clear head.  
So, now what?  
Now what? I don't know.  
I'm here. I'm out.  
For whatever that's worth.  
What about this club of yours?  
It's not my club, you know.  
I just got a piece of it.  
Just trying to make enough money...  
With my luck,  
somebody's gonna get shot...  
...the cops are gonna come  
and close it down, you know.  
That doesn't sound like you.  
It doesn't? Really?  
You never talked like this before.  
Never felt like this before.

It's a funny thing.  
This guy, this counselor at Lewisburg...  
...Mr. Seawald, once said to me:  
"Charlie, you run out of steam.  
"You can't sprint all the way.  
You gotta stop sometime.  
"You can't buck it forever.  
It catches up to you.  
"It gets you.  
"You don't get reformed...  
"...you just run out of wind."  
I'd better go.  
Can I call you sometime?  
Why don't you let me call you?  
- You know where to find me, right?  
- Yeah.  
You said you wouldn't break my heart.  
I know. I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Good night.  
Mr. Taglialucci to see his lawyer,  
Mr. Kleinfeld.  
Go ahead.  
Tony, how are you?  
- Okay, Jackson, beat it.  
- Yes, sir, Mr. Taglialucci.  
You look good.  
Don't make me do it, Kleinfeld.  
Just write this down, all right?  
It's 555-5888.  
That's my kid Frankie's  
home phone number...  
...and I'll tell you why in a minute.  
Shut up!  
I never liked you, Kleinfeld.  
Not 'cause you're a Jew.  
I know plenty of Jews.  
It's 'cause you're a lyin' piece of shit.  
Now, I give you a million bucks to make  
a simple payoff and nothin' happens.  
Look, I told your son  
I gave Nicky the money personally.  
If he decides to betray that  
and testify against you anyway...

...I can hardly be...  
- You look at my hands.  
Now, you make me raise my voice  
and I'll snap your neck like a bread stick.  
You fuckin' phony.  
What do you take me for?  
Nicky never saw dollar one of my money.  
My million bucks went straight  
into your pockets.  
- I personally...  
- Don't fuckin' lie to me, you scumbag.  
You lie to me again,  
you're gonna end up in that river out there.  
You think about this when you go out,  
and you'll take a look down...  
...and imagine what it'll feel like...  
...slidin' around down the bottom with eels  
and crabs crawlin' outta your eyeballs.  
What do you want from me?  
- I understand you got a boat.  
- Yeah.  
- You're gonna get me outta here.  
- I'm doing every...  
My entire office is devoted  
to your appeal right now.  
- I talked to the judge this morning.  
- I ain't talkin' about no appeal.  
I'm talkin' about you bustin' me outta here.  
I'm a lawyer.  
Listen, you lawyer-fuck,  
I got a million-dollar credit with you.  
My kid Frankie'll go with you  
and keep an eye on you...  
...make sure everything goes right.  
You see that guard  
that brought me in here?  
He's been taken care of, and he's gonna  
set it up to get me into the water.  
All you gotta do is be there  
with the boat to pick me up.  
This is not exactly the kind of...  
The contract's already down on you, pal.  
The guys, the guns,  
the lime pit's already dug.

You understand?

And from in here, just one button I push.

What?

Mr. Norwalk from

the District Attorney's office.

I said no calls!

No, he's here.

Mr. Kleinfeld?

Give me a second, please.

- Mr. Kleinfeld, are you there?

- Send him in.

How are you?

- Good to see you. Have a seat.

- Hope you don't mind. I was in the area.

Not at all. As a matter of fact,

I was about to call you.

Your problems aren't just  
going to go away.

Here's me in the club countin' every dollar.

On top of the \$25,000 I put in,

I already pulled out another \$14,000.

\$35,000 or \$40,000 more,

and I'm gone, daddy, gone.

Two, maybe three months.

Just gotta mark time now...

...lie low, keep outta trouble...

...and off people's minds.

Lalin is here. In the office.

- Lalin?

- You wanna see him?

- You told me he was doin' thirty years.

- I guess he got out.

- How's he doin'?

- Not as good as you, but, you know...

I don't know what that means.

Lalin was a neighborhood guy,

real good-lookin' son of a bitch.

He used to work in

this private gamblingjoint on West 87th.

He was kind of a greeter for the place,

set guys up with broads.

Now anybody ask me about Lalin...

...I have to say, he's a stand-up guy.

- Look at you, man, look at you.

- Hey, hermano.  
How you doin', man? What a place.  
What happened to you?  
What do you mean? You didn't hear?  
I took a few in the back.  
When the street's really mad at you,  
she don't put you in a box...  
...she puts you in one of these things.  
- Tu quieres?  
- No. I'm workin'.  
- How about a drink? You want one?  
- Like you wouldn't believe.  
Pachanga, tell me what's goin' on up there.  
Come on, man, tell me.  
Take care, all right?  
I seen that chick  
you used to go around with.  
The one from the Bahamas.  
You know, la rubia.  
The one that looks like my sister.  
That's Gail.  
I seen her in this show  
on 48th and Broadway.  
When was this?  
Two weeks ago.  
She was in this fantastic show.  
I mean, like artistic, you know,  
but a lot of talent.  
That girl's got a lot of talent.  
48th and Broadway?  
Let me get another drink.  
So, you back in business?  
I'm retired, Lalin. Told you that.  
No more business for me.  
Come on. All them people in Lewisburg  
and you're telling me you didn't connect?  
I did a lot of reading.  
Worked on my appeal, that kind of thing.  
What about you? What is this?  
Pachanga told me  
you was doin' thirty years.  
Yeah. Beat it.  
You beat it? How'd you do that?  
You know, like you, I did a lot of reading...

...and I worked with some guys,  
some smart guys in the joint...  
...and just beat it, that's all.  
No shit. That's good.  
Here's to you.  
To you. "Free at last."  
Listen, I'm in with some new people now.  
Unos italianos, t sabes.  
They trust you.  
They think you're a fuckin' guinea.  
- Where are they from? Pleasant Avenue?  
- Downtown.  
Anyway, they got the money.  
They got a lot of money.  
Some heavy paper. They go up to \$25,000  
for a key, if it's good shit, you know.  
They want regular street people,  
gente del barrio. Old school all the way.  
- Stand-up guys like us, right, Lalin?  
- Old school, baby.  
So what you say? You and me,  
just like old times.  
You bring the people you're with now.  
I ain't with nobody. I told you that.  
I ain't connected no more.  
Come on, man!  
You forget who you're talking to?  
- Look at this.  
- Wait a minute.  
This how you beat your thirty years,  
you piece of shit?  
- Let me explain.  
- I'll kill you, you motherfucker.  
- Fuckin' push you in the fuckin' river!  
- What the fuck is goin' on?  
Wait a minute. Wait a fuckin' second!  
You a fuckin' chivo, man?  
You a fuckin' rat? I'll fuckin' kill him!  
Let me kill him for you!  
Let him fuckin' kill me! Fuck you!  
Kill me, you motherfucker!  
Look what I got!  
I mean, look at me! You got everything!  
I mean, come on!



Look what I gotta fucking go around with:  
fucking diapers!  
I got fucking diapers!  
I shit in my pants every day!  
I can't walk, I can't hump.  
Go ahead and kill me, you cocksucker!  
They made me do it, or they send me back.  
I'm no good in the joint.  
I'm in a fucking wheelchair.  
- It wasn't even turned on.  
- Who sent you? Listen to me now.  
Who sent you?  
- Who sent you, motherfucker?  
- The D.A.  
Norwalk?  
- Norwalk?  
- He got a hard-on for you, man.  
Got a tip you were dealing again, big time.  
I was dealing? Who told him that?  
I been clean. I haven't made  
one fuckin' move. Who told him that?  
- I don't know.  
- Who told him that?  
Man, I swear to God, I don't know!  
I would never give you up.  
I would never do that.  
I was gonna give you a signal.  
It wasn't even turned on.  
It's something else, man!  
Look, let me...  
Just do it, man! Just fuckin' kill me.  
I ain't gonna kill you.  
I ain't even gonna hurt you.  
I ask you...  
...how can you fuck the only people  
who ever cared for you?  
How do you do that?  
You lost, motherfucker.  
I'm gonna get somebody to wheel you out.  
Djame explicar...  
Some fuck told Norwalk  
I was dealin' again.  
Come in.  
Do you know who it was?

All I know is he sent somebody  
to talk to me wearin' a wire.  
That son of a bitch.  
He's been leaning on me too,  
about other shit.  
I ain't dealin'. I ain't goin'  
back to prison no matter what!  
Relax. You're not dealing,  
so he can't have anything on you.  
This is the way this guy is.  
He's on a goddamn fishing expedition.  
I'll take care of it. All right? Come on.  
Fuckin' Lalin, man.  
He has nobody.  
He has nobody left.  
How about you, sir? Check it out, man.  
What's up, man? Check it out.  
What's happenin', man?  
Cool, man. Take that.  
This is a surprise.  
Big surprise.  
Diet Pepsi.  
You were really terrific.  
- I mean, really...  
- Thanks.  
...very, how do I say...  
Sexy?  
- Exactly.  
- That is the desired effect.  
- Miss, that was just wonderful!  
- Really, really wonderful!  
- Thank you very much.  
- Really, really wonderful.  
Thanks a lot.  
Fans.  
What's the matter?  
Nothin'. No, I was just...  
This situation, I think, maybe is...  
Situation?  
I didn't expect this kind of thing.  
That's all.  
I mean, you told me you was  
in a musical of some sort.  
I thought you was doin' a Broadway show.

You told me the Governor's daughter,  
whatever you were playing.  
And I come here and see this.  
Not that there's anything wrong with this.  
Wait a second. I work hard here.  
I dance. I get well-paid for it.  
I don't fuck anybody.  
I didn't say that. Now, please.  
You're sitting there judging me.  
I'm not judgin' you. Please don't say that.  
I don't judge you.  
What do you do that's so wonderful?  
You ever kill anybody, Charlie?  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that.  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have  
just busted in like this.  
My fault. I apologize.  
I better go now.  
- Where you going?  
- I'm gonna go home.  
When am I gonna see you again?  
Why don't you surprise me another time?  
- Like when?  
- I can't tell you that.  
- Why not?  
- 'Cause it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?  
You know I want to feel your ass.  
You already know my ass.  
Come with me.  
What the fuck are you lookin' at me for?  
- Benny!  
- How ya doin'?  
- Benny Blanco from the Bronx!  
- Hey, fat man.  
The fattest man.  
- Where's my money?  
- What money?  
My money, man! You play pussy,  
you gonna get fucked!  
Are you kidding?  
- Where's Steffie?  
- Steffie?  
Get me Steffie, man. I'm Ionely.  
- S. Dgame.

- Dnde est Steffie?

- Yo la vi por ah.

- Vete a buscarla ya.

Muy bien.

Madre de Dios!

After that, she got six fucking kids.

There is a problem with Mr. Kleinfeld.

- What kind of problem?

- He's in the bathroom fucking Steffie.

So, what's the problem? Good for him.

But she belongs to Benny Blanco now.

Who?

You remember Benny Blanco

from the Bronx?

- That little piece of shit from the other day.

- Not that guy. Fuck him.

He's here, and he's gonna make trouble.

- Where is he?

- Over there.

Fuck him! Don't worry

about Benny Blanco. Go ahead, it's okay.

What do I do when they tell me that?

You gotta learn to live with it.

Where've you been hiding this man?

This is one sexy man.

- He's an animal. You know that?

- Faster than a speeding bullet.

Yeah, but he got himself

a Mercedes and a yacht, all of that.

Mr. Benny Blanco says it's gonna be okay.

He wants to send

a bottle of champagne over...

...and he wants you to send Steffie over,  
when you're ready.

- Carlito, what should I do?

- No problem. Steffie's with Dave now.

But Benny said...

Fuck Benny!

This is from Benny Blanco.

Send it back!

Vete! Vete!

Please, you can't do this.

- Benny spends a lot of money here.

- He's a nickel-bagger. Come on.

What happened to you?  
What are you acting like this for?  
It doesn't make sense you should hate  
this guy. This guy is you 20 years ago.  
Never me.  
This is the second time  
you turned me down for a drink.  
- You don't like my champagne?  
- It could be.  
Maybe there's a mis-fucking-understanding.  
- Maybe you don't remember me.  
- Maybe I don't give a shit.  
Maybe I don't remember the last time  
I blew my nose either.  
Who the fuck are you,  
I should remember you?  
What, you think you're like me?  
You ain't like me, motherfucker.  
You're a punk.  
I've been with made people,  
connected people.  
Who you been with?  
Chain-snatchin', jive-ass,  
maricn motherfuckers.  
Why don't you get lost? Go ahead,  
snatch a purse. Take a fuckin' walk.  
The only problem here is that  
Steffie doesn't know where she belongs.  
- Steffie belongs here.  
- I think Steffie's makin' a big mistake!  
I'll blow your fucking head off.  
- I'll blow this cocksucker's head off.  
- Put that fuckin' gun away!  
- How does it feel?  
- Go! Go!  
How does it feel?  
Get your fuckin' hands off me!  
What the fuck is this?  
Watch the floor!  
We've got a mis-fuckin'-communication  
here, man!  
Hold it! Stop him here.  
Okay, Benny Blanco from the Bronx.  
The chick Steffie belongs to the club.

If I ever see you here again...  
...you die, just like that.  
You're over, man.  
You're fuckin' in the history books.  
So you might as well kill me now, 'cause if  
I ever see you again, I'm gonna kill you.  
Get him out. Take him out the back.  
Take him in the alley.  
Dumb move, man. Dumb move.  
But it's like them old reflexes comin' back.  
I know what's supposed to happen now.  
Benny's gotta go down.  
And if I don't do it, they're gonna say:  
"Carlito, he's flaky, man. Slacked-out.  
"A used-to-be bad guy.  
Joint got to Carlito."  
The street is watchin'.  
She is watchin' all the time.  
Hold it, hold it!  
Let's put him in the trunk of the car  
and drive him off the pier.  
- Fuck you, man.  
- It ain't that far. Down the block.  
It'd be like the old days. Be fun.  
- Let him go.  
- What?  
Let him go. Get him outta here.  
Any other time, that punk would die,  
but I can't do that shit no more.  
Don't want to burn nobody,  
even when I know I should.  
That ain't me now. All I want  
is to get my \$75,000 and get out.  
Just do it!  
Tell me he's in a fuckin' coffin.  
What happened?  
Somethin' that shouldn't have happened.  
Give me your piece, Dave.  
What?  
Give me the fuckin' gun.  
Since when are you a tough guy?  
Get yourself killed.  
I can take care of myself.  
You think I'm some law school schmuck,

I never saw a bad guy before?  
You are gonna wave that thing  
at the wrong guy...  
...he's gonna take it from you  
and bury it up your ass, guaranteed.  
Now give me the gun. Come on.  
I know you love me, kid,  
but you gotta lighten up.  
Listen...  
...I'm throwin' a big party  
out at my summer house Saturday.  
I want you to come.  
Something I wanna talk to you about.  
Why can't you talk to me about it here?  
I'll tell you Saturday. I need visual aids.  
What's the matter with you,  
pushing this guy in the pool...  
...your fucking friends knocking down  
my rented tables?  
What you doing out here by yourself?  
Sittin'.  
You sure are weird, baby.  
How come you never try to fuck me?  
You got into a big beef for me,  
and you ain't never laid a glove on me.  
- You're Dave's girl now.  
- He can't fuck me, all the coke he's doin'.  
- What are you two talking about?  
- Fucking.  
Speaking of fucking,  
look at those fucking friends of yours.  
They're a fucking embarrassment.  
- Do something. Be a hostess.  
- Fuck you, asshole!  
Yeah, fuck me.  
Your fuckin' chick's giving you  
a hand-job in front of everybody!  
I got guests here, for Christ's sake!  
People are eating!  
- Take it easy, Dave!  
- You take it easy! Got any manners?  
You wanna fuck her, fuck like a normal  
human being! Take her to the bedroom!  
People!

Okay, Dave, what's up?

- I need you to do something for me.

- What is it?

You gotta help me spring Tony Taglialucci from the prison barge at Rikers.

Are you crazy?

He thinks I stole a million dollars from him.

This is a dying man. He's nuts.

He's totally fucking paranoid.

Do you realize what you just said to me?

If I don't do it, he's going to have me killed. It's that simple.

So that means you're gonna have to bust into prison?

What do you think, I'm crazy?

He's gonna swim off the island.

- Gonna swim?

- Yeah.

He's gonna drown.

Not if you and I pick him up...

...in that.

Tony's got a guy on the inside who'll get him in the water.

I know these channels like the back of my hand.

We cross Little Neck Bay into the north corner to pick him up. There's a buoy about 100 yards offshore.

That's where he's gonna be.

This is in and out, half hour tops.

He's gonna jump off a barge...

...swim 100 yards...

...to a buoy in the East River?

Impossible. It's too rough.

He's going to die.

That's his fucking problem.

There's no point in arguing.

I have to do this. I'm asking for your help.

You're a lawyer, man.

What the fuck is happenin' to you?

I don't know.

I am so fucking shook up,

I cannot see straight.

I'm in an impossible fucking situation here.



Once I get Tony on the shore...  
...there is a distinct possibility  
that he and his goombah son...  
...have got some plans for me.  
What do you mean, "plans"?  
What kind of plans?  
How do I know he's not gonna kill me?  
This guy hates my guts.  
I'm in trouble. I am in fuckin' trouble here.  
You are the only fucking person on earth...  
...that I can trust.  
And I'll give you \$50,000 to go along.  
If I go along, it ain't for the money.  
Are you in?  
When is this...  
I don't know! His son's gonna call me.  
Are you in?  
All right, I'm in.  
Thank you.  
Surprise.  
I was asleep.  
Can I come in?  
I bought you some cheesecake.  
I don't like cheesecake.  
You wouldn't have buzzed me up,  
if you wasn't gonna let me in.  
I'm saying no, Charlie.  
What can I do?  
What are you gonna do?  
Are you gonna...  
...bust the chain?  
Chase me around the apartment?  
Get me naked?  
Take me on the floor?  
- I'm too old for that.  
- That's too bad.  
If you can't get in...  
...you don't get in.  
Where's my cheesecake?  
Can I ask you a personal question?  
Anything.  
Did you ever kill anybody?  
I'm sorry.  
Well, it's just not a simple question.

- I just can't answer it like...  
- That's all right.  
- You don't have to...  
...there it is.  
You don't have to answer.  
When I was a kid in East Harlem...  
...the wops said...  
...no spics could go east of Park Avenue.

**Spooks said:**

west of Fifth Avenue."  
That don't leave you  
much room to maneuver.  
Say you want to go to Central Park, play  
with the ducks. You're shit outta luck.  
So what do you do? You go anyway.  
I'm up on 106th Street,  
Central Park, near the lake.  
I get caught by these Copiens. Right?  
They surround me.  
So I get my blood up, pull out my blade.

**I said:**

I'll take any one of you mothers!"

**They say:**

your ass." Out come the zip guns.  
Homemade gun.  
You pull the hook back,  
catch that bullet square, ping.  
Hit you in the head, man,  
you got serious problems.  
That was the last chase on me like that...  
...because from then on  
I carried my own piece.  
Guys went down, yeah, but it ain't like,  
you know, you just...  
...decide one day, and then that's it. No.  
You just do what you gotta do to survive.  
Somehow, you know,  
you just end up where you are.  
That's how everybody ends up  
where they are.  
Everybody.

Only I'm gettin' out. I'm gonna rent cars.  
What're you laughing at?  
Everybody laughs at that. That's a dream.  
I know, I'm sorry.  
Didn't you ever have a dream?  
Of course I did.  
The Diamond Room isn't exactly  
the end of my rainbow, you know.  
It's just...  
I don't know.  
Just sometimes I hear myself talk...  
...about new agents and auditions,  
and I'm trying to be so optimistic.  
Then I think...  
...why should I be so optimistic?  
Yeah, I had a dream...  
...but now I'm awake...  
...and I hate my dream.  
Maybe it's time I started thinking  
about doing something else.  
Maybe someplace else too.  
Seems like every day I'm finding  
something new I like about Gail.  
I keep workin' my points  
about us gettin' out of New York...  
...going to live in the Bahamas together,  
permanent.  
She ain't sayin' much, but...  
...I can tell the idea is growin' on her.  
Money's comin' in steady now. It won't  
be much longer till I got what I need.  
This dream of mine, it's so close...  
...I can touch it.  
- Where you going? Wait, no.  
- I'm tired.  
- I'm an old man. I need a rockin' chair.  
- Come on! Please!  
Let me watch you.  
I love to watch you. Go ahead.  
There it is.  
I'm sorry!  
Look at that!  
Here's a bunch of us at the Copa.  
Everybody dancin', drinkin' Dom Perignon.

Everything paid for by Kleinfeld.  
Won't even let you  
put your hand in your pocket.  
Always sneakin' off, payin' the waiter.  
But he has that bad drinker face.  
His eyes are gettin' beadier  
and beadier these days.  
Should have seen it coming.  
Don't stop. Please don't stop.  
Look at that move.  
You're gonna let this fuckin' goombah  
paw your woman like that?  
They're just dancin'.  
Don't you appreciate that,  
the movement, the rhythm?  
What I don't appreciate,  
he's got his fucking hands all over her ass.  
He don't have his hands over her ass.  
I believe those are her hips.  
Look at the shithead.  
These wise guys think  
they're so hard-assed.  
I am so sick of hoods like that...  
...coming into my office, my office...  
...thinkin' they can push me around.  
You should tell him what you think.  
Why hold somethin' like that inside?  
Why not get something like that  
off your chest?  
- It's a terrible thing to carry around.  
- I will.  
- I think you should.  
- I will.  
See how interested  
he's gonna be in your comments.  
What're you doin'?  
- Are you outta your mind?  
- What's that?  
- Yeah, you, wop.  
- Me?  
- You, spaghetti-dick.  
- Wait. Okay, okay.  
- I'm talking to you. Yeah, you.  
- You're talkin' to me?

- Just ignore him. He's drunk.  
- What'd he say?  
Sit down!  
- Who does he think he is?  
- No problem.  
Come on. Let's have a drink.  
Come on, everybody.  
- Can you believe this loser?  
- Let's go back to the table.  
- People have no sense of humor.  
- Let's go.  
I was just fooling around.  
I'd never let anything happen.  
Carlito and me, we take care of each other.  
He knows. Right, kid?  
Come on.  
You're a beautiful woman.  
You don't get seasick on boats, do you?  
- No, I don't.  
- Good.  
Just asking 'cause of our little boat trip  
tomorrow night.  
Just drop it.  
Just tryin' to cover all the bases.  
It's comin' up, you know.  
You two going somewhere?  
No big deal. Just a little boat ride.  
Why don't you just let it go?  
It's dull what you're doin'.  
- What's the problem?  
- It's just fuckin' dull.  
I'm just askin' a simple question.  
What's the matter?  
You're actin' like an asshole.  
If a guy's goin' on a boat, you wanna know  
if he gets seasick. It could be important.  
What boat?  
What boat are you talking about?  
What boat, Charlie?  
If you ever talk that shit again  
in front of her, I'm gonna kill you.  
What's the matter with him?  
I don't like him.  
- Didn't like him the minute I met him.

- You're just not listenin' to me.  
All right.  
So what is this boat thing then?  
What is that asshole  
manipulating you into? Tell me.  
Just helpin' him out with something,  
that's all. I owe him.  
You owe him?  
He's a fucking cokehead!  
I can't believe you hang around  
with that guy.  
He's sick.  
He's gonna get you killed,  
or sent back to prison.  
He saved my life!  
So now you have to pay him with it?  
Jesus Christ, Charlie,  
you give me this whole song and dance...  
...about how you're out of that shit,  
but you're not.  
Song and dance? What does that mean,  
"song and dance"?  
You're not.  
Where'd you get that? From what?  
- Why'd you drag me into this?  
- Drag you into what?  
Why'd you make me believe all the crap  
about Bahamas and paradise?  
I feel ridiculous!  
'Cause you haven't changed!  
You haven't changed a bit!  
What the fuck are you tryin' to tell me?  
That my gettin' out is just some bullshit  
fantasy trip I'm layin' on you?  
Is that what you're sayin'?  
How could you say that?  
How can you say that  
when you know how close I am?  
How could you say those words to me?  
I gotta do this, just this one thing,  
and then I'm out.  
- I owe Dave.  
- You don't owe him shit!  
You think you do. That's the problem.

- That's why nobody like you gets out.  
- You're not listening.  
Everything you learned  
in the neighborhood...  
...won't do anything but get you killed!  
How do you know what I learned  
in my neighborhood?  
This is stupid what you say.  
I know how this dream ends.  
It isn't in paradise.  
It ends with me carrying you  
into Sutton Emergency Room...

**...at 3:**

And standing there...  
...crying like an idiot...  
...while your shoes fill with blood  
and you die.  
- You won't listen to me...  
- 'Cause you're bullshitting me!  
You're not listening to me!  
Dave is my friend.  
I owe him.  
That's...  
...who I am.  
That's what I am, right or wrong.  
I can't change that!  
Whatever he wants you to do...  
...don't do it.  
For me, please, don't do it.  
Please.  
Just don't do it.  
That's the last time I wipe up your blood!  
Came the big night,  
and right away I didn't like it.  
Kleinfeld was coked out of his mind...  
...the flaps of his nose, all red and swollen.  
Bad start, Jack.  
- What's with the extra guy?  
- This is one of Tony's sons, Frankie.  
- It's Frank.  
- Whatever.  
- What is with the extra guy?  
- Excuse me, is this your boat?

Then shut the fuck up.  
I thought I needed help, I brought help.  
We'll take the La Guardia side  
through the Sound.  
Take the wheel when we pick up Tony.  
Carlito, you help me fish him out.  
- It's Frank.  
- Whatever. Cast her off.  
- What's that?  
- Untie the fuckin' rope, spic! Come on!  
This guy a friend of yours?  
Yeah, he's a friend of mine.  
He's a fucking cockroach.  
All right now, take it easy.  
I see the buoy.  
You see it? Where?  
Slow. I can't see a fuckin' thing.  
- It's right there.  
- Did you hear what I just said?  
Would you slow down?  
You're gonna run him over.  
Where you goin'?  
Jesus, fuck, you passed him! You idiot!  
Frankie boy, hold on.  
You come up on the fly deck with me.  
We can't back it up from down here.  
Up here! Come on!  
Come on, follow me. This way.  
Help!  
Come here! Come back!  
Get outta the fuckin' way!  
I can't see a goddamn thing.  
Over here!  
You missed me! Over here!  
You see that light right there?  
Yeah, the light.  
Just keep the bow pointed  
straight at that light.  
- Can you manage that?  
- I got the light.  
Here!  
- Come on.  
- Over here.  
Help!



Okay, got him! Stop it!  
I got him! Stop it!  
- Hurry up!  
- Okay, come on.  
Help me!  
- You got him?  
- I got him.  
Take the wheel. We're starting to turn.  
I got him. Tony, grab a rail!  
Help me!  
Help me.  
You tell me how it feels...  
...with the fuckin' eels  
and the fuckin' crabs...  
...comin' outta your fuckin' eyes!  
What the fuck you doin'?  
- Now, drown, you guinea bastard!  
- Get the fuck off!  
Help me get Frankie.  
You killed us, Dave. You killed us.  
My God.  
Come on, Frankie.  
Your daddy's waitin' for ya.  
Come on!  
Take an end, for Christ's sake.  
We're fallin' out of position.  
We're gonna stand you up  
and say good night.  
Get him on the other side.  
One, two, three.  
There's a line you cross  
you don't never come back from.  
Point of no return.  
Dave crossed it. I'm here with him.  
That means I'm goin' along for the ride,  
the whole ride...  
...all the way to the end of the line,  
wherever that is.  
I had to do it.  
He never would've let me live.  
I know, you're pissed.  
I'm gonna throw in another \$10,000.  
I'm gonna send over the whole \$60,000  
in cash tomorrow. All right?

It's gonna look like the kid tried to spring  
the old man, boat flipped, they drowned.  
Maybe they got their heads split  
by a scow or barge just for good measure.  
This is never gonna come back to us.  
Trust me.  
- You ripped him off, didn't you?  
- Who?  
Tony T. You did take the million dollars,  
didn't you?  
Yeah.  
You ain't a lawyer no more, Dave.  
You're a gangster now.  
You're on the other side.  
Whole new ball game.  
You can't learn about it in school,  
and you can't have a late start.  
Don't worry about me.  
One more thing.  
We're even.  
- Let's get a drink.  
- Say it!  
We're even.  
We're even.  
We ain't never gonna sell these tickets...  
...whackin' a boss and his kid.  
These Italians, I work with 'em, I know 'em.  
They will read this one  
with their eyes closed.  
I gotta keep movin'.  
Most people will.  
You get old enough...  
...you remember a reason  
why everybody wants to whack you.  
You believe 'em all...  
...but you know somebody's gotta be lyin'.  
Or maybe they're all lyin'.  
When you can't see the angles no more,  
you're in trouble, baby.  
You're in trouble.  
There's a Patrolman Williams on the line.  
Put him on.  
Mr. Kleinfeld? This is Patrolman Williams.  
We're down here at your garage.

Your license plate is DK 777?  
Yeah. Is there a problem?  
Somebody tried to steal your Mercedes.  
There was an accident.  
- There was an accident?  
- Yeah.  
- Is it badly damaged?  
- I'm afraid so.  
I'll be right down.  
I'll be ten minutes. Come on.  
Mr. Taglialucci says to hold that for him!  
Wait up.  
I can't talk. I have an appointment.  
You were right about Kleinfeld.  
He's a bad guy.  
- Me and him are finished.  
- I can't talk. I'll call you, okay?  
Slow down. What is it?  
- Am I on the outs with you? Is that it?  
- Yeah.  
That's crazy. What's wrong with you?  
I have a lot on my mind.  
Can we please talk later?  
I just wanted you to know  
you were right about Kleinfeld.  
- I'm sorry if you're upset.  
- I gotta go.  
I have a doctor's appointment.  
- What's the matter? You sick?  
- No, I'm late.  
- We'll take a cab. What's wrong?  
- No, Charlie, I'm late! I'm late!  
- You mean you...  
- Not for long, okay?  
What does that mean?  
I'm not gonna have a kid  
who's not gonna have a father.  
We gotta talk about this.  
- Mr. Brigante, my name is Duncan.  
- Oh, my God.  
I'm here to escort you to Mr. Norwalk  
in the District Attorney's office.  
I got nothin' to say to him  
unless I'm under arrest.

Mr. Norwalk has a tape  
he'd like to play for you.  
Unless I'm under arrest, I ain't goin'  
anywhere, especially without my lawyer.  
Mr. Kleinfeld took a knife in the chest

**at 2:**

I advise you to come with us.  
We may be the only friends you've got.  
I'm going, too.  
Kleinfeld's lucky to be alive.  
We're holding him at East Side Hospital.  
We want his ass healthy  
when we send it upstate.  
You're sendin' him upstate? What for?  
David Kleinfeld became a very big fish  
while you were gone.  
Even bigger than you. He's dirty.  
Money laundering, jury tampering, bribery.  
We've been after him for some time now.  
I don't know nothin' about that, so...  
There's a lot you don't know.  
Bill, you got no case here.  
You know it and I know it.  
Chances are, you won't even  
get an indictment.  
Wanna try your luck?  
Look, let's not both waste our time.  
You said maybe I could help myself.  
- You're not taping this, are you?  
- Gimme a little credit.  
All right. I thought of something  
you might want.  
You get off me, I'll help you put  
Carlito Brigante back inside.  
Brigante? For what?  
After he got out, he started coming to  
my office and making a lot of phone calls.  
I found out he was back with Rolando  
Rivas, his old partner, dealin' coke.  
And I'm talkin' serious numbers.  
Would you testify to that?  
Absolutely.  
We don't believe him.

Word on the street is you've been clean  
since you came out of prison.  
Kleinfeld's the one we're after.  
He was right. I'd never get  
an indictment with what I had.  
But now, with your help...  
...we can put this filth away  
for a long time.  
Hermano...  
...we know about Tony T.  
Who's Tony T.?  
Yeah, right.  
His body popped up in the East River  
yesterday, and his kid, Frankie's.  
Somebody was trying  
to bust Tony outta prison.  
I don't know these people you mentioned.  
I don't know them.  
Tony T. had another son  
besides Frankie, Vincent.  
Seems Vincent went crazy  
after those bodies popped up.  
Let it out all over the street  
that Kleinfeld set up that prison break...  
...then killed his father and his brother.  
We aren't saying you were  
on that boat too.  
But knowing your relationship  
with Kleinfeld, that's a good possibility.  
Don't you think, hermano?  
I don't like boats.  
All right, here's the deal.  
If you were on that boat,  
and I know goddamn well you were...  
...testify against Kleinfeld  
for first-degree murder.  
You'll receive complete immunity and  
a couple airline tickets to the Bahamas.  
You wanna get even with Kleinfeld?  
Here it is on a silver platter.  
I would love to help you, but I can't.  
I don't know what you're talking about.  
I don't know these people.  
I don't know what you're sayin'...

Let me tell you somethin',  
Mr. Convicted Dope Peddler...  
...if we can guess you were on that boat,  
how long before the Italians do, too?  
What if they get to Kleinfeld?  
They can twist his arm.  
You think he won't give you up?  
Think again!  
You don't owe Kleinfeld nothing.  
The shyster tried to set you up.  
Bury you, Jack.  
That it?  
I wanna hear from you by noon tomorrow.  
You think you're gonna sail off  
into the sunset, asshole?  
Think again.  
You gotta do it.  
They're giving you no choice.  
You want out, go ahead.  
You can turn around,  
walk away, never look back.  
I would understand. But I got a plan.  
I got a way outta this.  
Pull over here, please.  
- What's going on?  
- Just wait five minutes.  
- Where are you going?  
- Wait here five minutes.  
What is that?  
Tickets on an overnight train to Miami.  
Nobody's gonna look for us on the train.  
We hit Miami, we catch a plane to Nassau.  
- What about the club? Your money?  
- Fuck the club.  
I already got \$70,000 in a safe. My friend  
in the islands can float us the rest.  
Let's do it. Let's get outta here.  
All three of us.  
We're runnin' out of time, babe.  
The dream don't come no closer by itself.  
We gotta run after it now.  
I know, it's not the way I planned it either,  
but it is how it is.  
I'm gonna go to the club, get my money,

and I'm goin' straight to Grand Central.

**Train leaves 11:**

You're gonna be there, Gail?

- You'll be there?

- I'll be there.

I love you.

- Just make sure you're there.

- I'll see you later.

Train leaves in five hours,  
and I'm angling like crazy in my head.  
Norwalk'll blow over. He won't come out  
of the country if he can't bust me here.

But he ain't my only problem.

Five hours left. Can I think of everything?

Cover everybody. Tie all the shoelaces.

Gotta listen to my instincts...

...like the one tellin' me that face  
and that uniform don't go together.

Just one last piece of business.

Gotta look in Kleinfeld's eyes.

Gotta know for sure.

Who are you?

- Kleinfeld is my lawyer.

- Hands on the wall.

Go ahead.

Relax.

It's your pal.

Scared the hell out of me.

Cop's not supposed to let anybody in.

It's you, it's okay, but...

Cops ain't gonna protect you.

The mob is looking for you.

I know. Where the fuck have you been?

What do you got here?

- Where you been?

- How do you feel?

I'm not feeling very well.

Where the fuck have you been?

I've been to Norwalk's office.

I heard the tape.

That pig.

Never give up your friends,

no matter what.

They doctor these things,  
play 'em outta context.  
I can't believe you are such a...  
Don't fuckin' do that! Fuck you!  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Would you fuckin' put that away?  
It's loaded!  
Fuck you and your self-righteous code  
of the goddamned street.  
Did it pull you out of a thirty-year stint  
in five years? Did it? No, I did.  
Did it get you acquitted four fucking times?  
No, it didn't. I did.  
So fuck you, fuck the street.  
Your whole goddamn world's this big...  
...and there's only one rule:  
you save your own ass.  
Save your own ass.  
- Save your own ass.  
- See this? It belongs here.  
Not behind a pillow.  
This way you can reach for it quick.  
They come in, you ready for 'em.  
So long. You got a beautiful future.  
Quittin' time.  
- You're early.  
- A few minutes. Finish your paper?  
- It's all yours.  
- Thanks.  
Be good.  
There's a delivery for you, Mr. Kleinfeld.  
- From who?  
- From my father...  
...and my brother.  
Adis, counselor.  
Where the hell you been?  
You know somebody tried to kill Kleinfeld?  
I heard about it. Listen, me and Gail  
are goin' out of town for a couple days.  
- You're gonna get married.  
- Listen to me.  
I want you to go to Gail's house,  
pick her up, drive her to Grand Central.  
I want you to wait with her there for me.



**Train leaves 11:**

We can't miss this train, understand?

You got me? Go ahead.

It's me, Pete Amadesso.

- Remember me?

- How ya doin'?

- Good.

- What're you doin' here?

We heard this was your joint.

Nice! Come by to say "hello."

Good to see you. How you doin'?

- Good to see you. Yeah, long time.

- Long time.

Sit down. Have a drink with us.

Come on. Sit down.

**I said:**

in what, fifteen years?"

Fifteen. Yeah, gotta be. Sure.

- Long time.

- Long fuckin' time.

- Sorry. Joe Battaglia.

- My pleasure. Good to see you.

Sonny Manzanero.

- How ya doin'?

- Carlito Brigante.

Me and Carlito used to push

a little skag back in '57, '58.

Couple of fuckin' kids.

First time I saw this guy,

I thought he was Italian!

Look at him!

Shit!

Pete Amadesso walks into my club

just like that.

Bullshit.

There's an angle here. Pete's a made guy.

His uncle's a heavy hitter

with the Pleasant Avenue bunch.

What's he doin' here?

Probably Tony T.'s people sent him.

Maybe he's watchin' me, seein' if I break.

Waitin' for me to panic.

They still don't know for sure  
if I was on that boat.  
They think, but they don't know.  
'Cause if they knew, I'd already be dead.  
Right now, they just watchin' me.  
He was always one of us.  
That was a guy. That's who he is.  
And we gotta know that.  
So anyway, so I says to the guy:  
"Tommy, Carlito ain't no fuckin' nigger.  
Look at the way he dances!"  
He dances like an Italian!  
You should see him do the tarantella!  
Waiter, get over here.  
Bring these guys the best champagne  
we got on the house.  
- Where you goin'? Stay with us.  
- I'm a workin' man.  
Let me do what I gotta do.  
I'll be right back.  
Okay, buddy.  
Motherfucker!  
Fuck.  
You seen the guy?  
Saso.  
- Where's my money?  
- What're you talking about?  
- Where's my money?  
- I don't know.  
You heard Kleinfeld got whacked,  
so you figured I was dead, too!  
- You thought you inherited my money?  
- I swear...  
Where's my money?  
I'll cut your fuckin' liver out!  
Okay. Okay.  
It's in the box, under the register.  
I was gonna tell you.  
I want you to meet a good friend of mine.  
You ever hear of Vinnie's father,  
Tony Taglialucci?  
Tony T. Yeah, he passed away recently.  
Sorry about that.  
I hear your Jew lawyer

met with an accident.  
I haven't seen him lately. What is this?  
I told you bring the best out,  
you bring me this cheap shit?  
Come on. Excuse me.  
- Vinnie, slow down.  
- "Ain't seen him lately!" The lyin' fuck!  
- Seen him in the hospital!  
- We'll take him outside. Sit down.  
Relax, we'll get him.  
Where the hell is he?  
- The little fuckin' spic bastard!  
- Where you going, man?  
- Nobody gets back here!  
- Damn it, get the fuck out of here!  
Come on, let's go. We'll get him outside.  
There he is! Come on!  
What do you want me to do?  
I can't do nothin'.  
Get the fuck off!  
Attention, ladies and gentlemen.  
Final boarding on Track 17.  
All reserved on the 11:20  
Amtrak Merchant's Limited.  
Train number 1-7-9  
bound for Washington, D. C...  
...serving Newark, Menlo Park, Trenton,  
Philadelphia, Aberdeen and Baltimore.  
All aboard!  
Get the fuck out!  
Cover the doors.  
Did you see that one? The one in the blue?  
You guys are dogs. Dogs!  
Now boarding on Track 19.  
All reserved on the 11:30 Amtrak  
Silver Star bound for Tampa and Miami.  
Maybe we should wait by the train.  
Sounds good to me.  
Come on, Charlie.  
I'm goin' to the Bronx IRT uptown.  
Which way I go for that?  
You'll take a right here,  
shoot down the alley...  
...and up the stairs. Can't miss it.

- Thanks.  
There he is!  
Vinnie, wait up.  
He ain't up here. Let's go down. Come on.  
All right.  
Attention, ladies and gentlemen.  
Now boarding on Track 12...  
...all reserved on the 11:45  
Amtrak Senator, train Number 1-7-6.  
Bound for Boston  
and serving Stamford, Bridgeport...  
...New London, Cambridge,  
Kingston and Providence.  
Attention, ladies and gentlemen.  
Last call, Track 19...

**...the 11:**

bound for Tampa and Miami.  
All aboard!  
He's not down here.  
- We lost him.  
- We didn't fuckin' lose him. He's up top.  
Did you hear me? Move!  
He's there!  
I'll kill you!  
Motherfucker! I'll kill ya!  
Stop! Police!  
The train's gonna leave! Come on, man!  
Come on!  
You made it!  
That's him!  
Police! Freeze!  
It's gonna be okay.  
Remember me?  
Benny Blanco from the Bronx?  
No hard feelings.  
But I got to think about my future, too.  
You know, it is that way sometimes, papi.  
Come on, let's go.  
No, you stay here.  
Don't try to talk.  
We're gonna get you to a hospital.  
You're gonna be okay.  
Just hold on, baby. Just hold on.

Hold on, baby. Please, hold on.  
Take this.  
Take it and get out.  
Both of you.  
You'll be okay.  
Don't leave me, Charlie. Not yet.  
Don't leave me, Charlie.  
Don't go.  
Please don't leave me.  
Don't go.  
You can't do this to me.  
Oh, God. Don't leave me.  
Sorry, boys...  
...all the stitches in the world  
can't sew me together again.  
Lay down. Lay down.  
Gonna stretch me out  
in Fernandez Funeral Home on 109th St.  
Always knew I'd make a stop there...  
...but a lot later  
than a whole gang of people thought.  
Last of the Mo-Ricans.  
Well, maybe not the last.  
Gail's gonna be a good mom.  
New, improved Carlito Brigante.  
Hope she uses the money to get out.  
No room in this city  
for big hearts like hers.  
Sorry, baby.  
I tried the best I could. Honest.  
Can't come with me on this trip, though.  
Gettin' the shakes now.  
Last call for drinks. Bar's closin' down.  
Sun's out.  
Where we goin' for breakfast?  
Don't wanna go far.  
Rough night.  
Tired baby...  
...tired.