

THE CORRUPTOR

by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

EXT NEW YORK CITY, DAY

Credits roll over establishing shots of the city. First, primary MANHATTAN, the one tourists see on post cards. Then slowly, we drift into Chinatown. Side streets and back alleys so different you wouldn't even know your in the U.S...Eventually we stop on...

EXT WINGS BAKERY SHOP, WEST BROADWAY, CHINATOWN - DAY

CUSTOMERS move in and out when BOOOOM! The screen EXPLODES in a ball of FIRE.

The bleeding PATRONS stumble into the street as flames pour from a gaping hole that was once a bustling Herb shop.

Across the street, a young ASIAN, poorly dressed, lights a smoke. His body is undernourished and covered with the tattoo insignia of the FUKIENESE DRAGONS. But it's his eyes that get your attention.

Dark and hungry, they watch his day's work with the detachment of one who's been taught the value of life is zero. Meet BOBBY VU.

Oblivious to the chaos, he strides into the street flanked by three similarly tattooed youths who we will come to know as JACK, BLACK EYES and "THE TALL KID". Together they encircle a middle-aged TRIAD SYMPATHIZER dressed totally in his bakery whites, crawling from the rubble. The young gangsters brazenly pull pistols from their jackets.

BOBBY VU

Fukienese Dragons not funny now.

The injured man futilely pulls a gun from his coat as the Dragons execute their prey in a barrage of gunfire. Smoke drifts from their weapons when Bobby notices a frightened TOURIST lying in a puddle of her own blood. He looks into her tear filled eyes and raises his gun to finish her. But she dies before he needs to shoot.

He then climbs into a rented Ford and takes off.

A BAD DEAL FOR THE FUKIENESE

INT PHAN HO'S LAMPS, CANAL STREET, NYC - NIGHT

For a lamp store the joint is dark. The only light comes from the merchandise burning 20 watt bulbs and a small black and white Zenith spouting tape delayed news from the bombing site.

REPORTER (TELEVISION)

The tragic death of BETH KADELL from Fairlawn New Jersey in this morning's Chinatown bombing has mobilized the city and drawn attention to a six month war being waged in the back alleys and underground corridors of the city's most mysterious neighborhood. According to police, the Fukienese Dragons, a new entity in the Chinatown crime scene, are headed by twenty year old Bobby Vu from the Fukien province of China.

The television shows a surveillance photo of Bobby Vu as the sound of sporadic GRUNTS and a heavy WHACK...WHACK, emanates from the back of the shop.

Sitting at a table, drowning in a shower of sweat, is a fifty year old blob named PHAN HO. Nerves mask his face, when suddenly his arm lurches forward as if something or someone pulled him. WHACK!

REPORTER

Sources say the bombing and execution of a known Triad Soldier are another chapter in the power struggle between the Fukienese Dragons Youth Gang and the Triad run Tung Fung Benevolent Association, Chinatown's ruling organized crime entity for over a century, believed to be headed by local businessman Benjamin Wong. Known in the community as Uncle Benny.

A photo of sixty three year old Benny Wong fills the TV screen as Phan Ho takes a five from a dwindling stack of bills and pushes it across the table to NICK CHEN.

Chen's thirty six, and whatever money he earns is spent on clothes and fifty dollar haircuts. He's handsome and cool, with looks hailing more from his Hong Kong father than his mainland mom.

Phan watches as Chen takes a card from his hand and flips it onto the table. Ace of Spades. Phan drops a three of Clubs. Back and forth until Phan's empty and Chen's left with one card. He smiles, taking his time as the fat man wipes sweat from his brow.

PHAN

Throw it!

Phan's poised to strike. Chen drops the card. Jack of Clubs. Both men move, but Chen's quicker. He pulls the card from the table letting Phan slam his hand on nothing but wood.

WHACK!

Phan holds his palm as Chen picks up the cards and another five. He shuffles the deck skillfully with his right hand as his left fishes a smoke from his pocket.

PHAN

It's late. No Fukienese Dragons
come here. I close now...OK?

On cue, the bell over the front door sounds trouble.

INT PHAN HO'S LAMPS - NIGHT

The youths entering the shop are FUKIENESE. Two, Jack and "The Tall Kid", we recognize as the shooters from Wing's. One of them, Fuke #1, stays outside to stand guard as the others approach Chen.

TALL KID

(Fukienese)

Time to pay.

They move purposefully toward the two men as Chen drops a seven of clubs on the table and turns to Phan.

CHEN

You speak Fukienese?

Phan nods as the young thugs reach the table. Chen turns over a four of spades from the frightened shop owner's hand.

CHEN

Tell 'em they're in the wrong store.

TALL KID

Fuck you.

CHEN

Learned some English, good for
you.

Chen pulls his .45 and lays the cannon on the table.

PHAN

Are you crazy?

Chen drops a Jack of hearts on the pile, covers it uncontested and takes a five from Phan's ever shrinking pile.

CHEN

Lucky...are you?

Chen stares at the Tall Kid, goading him with his lack of concern...Three seconds pass like kidney stones... Finally, Chen laughs to himself, stands and puts his finger to the Tall Kid's head as if it were a play gun.

The lack of respect incites the Tall Kid to go for his gun. But before he can fire a shot, Chen produces a .38 from his sleeve and puts a bullet through the gangster's head.

Phan drops to the ground as Chen dives over the card table, grabbing his .45. He hits the floor pulling the table down with him as a shield for Phan, then himself as Fuke #2 shoots wildly before being taken out by Chen.

Jack retreats to behind a wall, then slowly crosses through an archway to confront Chen from behind. As he steps out, he finds only Phan cowering on the floor. Chen has disappeared. Suddenly the place explodes in a hail of automatic gunfire as Fuke #1 enters the store and sprays everything in sight, producing a blizzard of glass. Jack turns to see Chen has re-appeared and taken up position behind a counter full of lamps and mirrors while he takes on both Jack and Fuke #1.

Chen skillfully uses one of the counters as cover as he makes his way towards the front of the store, gets a bead on the Fuke with the automatic and sends him flying back out the front door in a hail of glass- pedestrians scattering for their life.

Jack, alone now, cowers behind an opposite counter, desperately crawling along the floor trying to make his way out of there. He peeks through an opening to his cover and find Chen nowhere in sight.

Slowly, painfully hunched over, he backs up towards the blown-out front door, checks for Chen one more time, then decides to make a run for it. Suddenly he's got a foot slamming into the side of his head sending him crashing back to the floor.

Chen has appeared out of nowhere.

Chen drives another kick into his stomach, then yanks him to his feet.

INT PHAN HO'S LAMPS - NIGHT

CHEN

English?

(The boy nods)

What do they call you?

YOUNG GANGSTER

Jack.

CHEN

Tell Bobby Vu, his time is running out in Chinatown.

He kicks the kid out the door and turns toward the shell-shocked shopkeeper looking at the shambles of his livelihood.

A teetering lamp topples from a shot up table but Chen catches it before it hits the floor. He looks over at the owner, crying.

Chen places a fist full of fives from his winnings on the counter.

CHEN

I'll take this one.

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

Establishing.

INT ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

A LACKEY for the Mayor stands at a podium addressing a room filled with UNIFORMS and PRESS. Beside him, sporting a chest full of commendations on his dress blues, is Nick Chen.

LACKEY

In the history of the Fifteenth precinct, few officers have done more to serve and protect the public of this great city than Lieutenant Nicholas Chen...

In the rear of the room is DANNY WALLACE. He's 24 and has only four spaces on his face that need shaving. But his eyes are smart and always moving, except now. They're fixed on Nick Chen like he was delivering the sermon on the mount.

LACKEY

...Lieutenant, for bravery in the line of fire and bringing to justice those responsible for the Chinatown Bombing and the tragic death of Beth Kadell, the mayor and people of New York thank you and present you with this commendation.

The Lackey pins another hunk of brass on Chen as the room erupts in cheers. And no one louder than Danny Wallace, who whistles as the Lackey and Chen shake for the cameras.

INT NICK CHEN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN, MOTT STREET - NIGHT

The whistle comes from a screaming teapot. Chen, dressed in a robe, pours the water into a bowl of rice which begins sizzling like a steak. Unlike his wardrobe, his place is modest. The lamp from Phan's fits in nicely.

Tired, he stares vacantly at the wallpaper until a gorgeous Chinese girl, 19, walks in from the bedroom. By the way she's tying her dress we know she was recently very naked.

He knows her as MAY. Chen slides open a drawer and pulls out some cash.

MAY

(Cantonese)

Mr. Lee said no charge.

She bows and walks out the door. Chen watches the young immigrant leave and can't help feeling like half a dirt-bag.

He throws the cash back into the drawer and shuts it.

Eventually, he gets up and crosses to the window. He eats his soup in the lifeless apartment, glancing down at the simple, elegant shrine to his dead father. He turns his attention out the window looking out on the palpable energy and vigor of a bustling Chinatown.

EXT CHEN'S APARTMENT, MOTT STREET - LATER (NIGHT)

A rush of sound as Chen steps from the building. Activity swirls around him as he moves south on the narrow street.

His demeanor starts quiet. But as he moves through the boisterous people, who genuflect like he's an Arab Sheik, a smile curls his lips and the 200 watt bulbs behind his eyes flick on. Every man gets a nod and every girl gets a little bit more. It's his town...and it gives him life.

INT BLUE EMPRESS CAFE - NIGHT

He moves through the upscale family eatery, picking up the Bacardi and Coke a BARTENDER fixed the second he saw Chen step through the door. He strides into the kitchen...

INT BLUE EMPRESS KITCHEN - NIGHT

...cuts to the back and approaches a door guarded by a wannabee SUMO wrestler. The big man lets him through.

INT BLUE EMPRESS OFFICE - NIGHT

Inside, behind a desk sporting two surveillance monitors, working a phone is HENRY LEE. He's mid-forties and slicker than an oil spill. The consummate chameleon. Whatever he needs to be, he is. If Satan walks earth, it's in the body of Henry Lee.

LEE

(Cantonese)

Forty thousand a piece. Fifty percent up front or else the shipment will never leave the boat...Fine.

Lee hangs up as Chen fires the smoke he lifted from an ivory box on Lee's desk.

LEE

My congratulations on your commendation. I trust you enjoyed the little gift I sent over.

Lee lights a cigarette of his own, enjoying making Chen feel like a mutt. Chen doesn't like it much, but knew it would happen the minute he started undressing Lee's present.

LEE

Uncle Benny is very proud of you.

Lee reaches into his desk drawer, produces a bulging envelope and hands it to Chen who quickly counts the pile of hundreds.

CHEN

Thought he'd be more proud this time.

LEE

He is.

Lee lifts his wastepaper basket revealing strips of paper.

LEE

Your markers. Two thousand eighty three of them. You really should consider other forms of recreation.

Chen slides the envelope of cash into his jacket pocket.

CHEN

Your soldier who got killed the other day was working with the F.B.I.

Lee's smile dampens but his calm remains intact.

LEE

Really?

CHEN

Medical Examiner found a wire on him and the Feds came down to pick it up. Lucky for you it had about six bullets in it so it wasn't much good.

LEE

Lucky for you too maybe.

Chen lets it pass.

CHEN

That, plus the tourist who got killed, have the Feds worked up. Word is they're going after the triad. Probably Uncle Benny himself.

LEE

Why us? It's the Fukienese Dragons who killed her.

We're just trying to do business as we've always done.

CHEN

Because you're suppose to keep order in Chinatown.

LEE

It's not like it once was. The youth gangs are not easily controlled. They have no respect, no honor.

CHEN

That's your problem. You can't control them, the Feds are gonna revoke your free parking.

LEE

Taking care of the Fukes is your problem. That's why we pay you.

CHEN

Yeah, well, it doesn't really matter cause to the Feds you're all the same.

LEE

You mean "we're" all the same. Remember, as I go, you go.

Chen doesn't say anything because he knows Lee's right. After a moment he gets up from the chair.

CHEN

The Ginza massage is getting a visit from us tomorrow night, so move it or lose it.

LEE

Go ahead and take Ginza. More arrests will help keep things calm.

A smiling Lee, stamps out his butt and circles the table.

LEE

If the Feds get near Uncle Benny, our heads go first. So you do whatever it takes to make some kind of case against Bobby Vu and the rest of the Fukes. I'm sure the FBI will be just as happy with them. As you said, we're all the same.

Lee slides two tickets into Chen's front jacket pocket.

LEE

Knicks, court-side.

Chen puts down his glass and walks into the hallway.

INT BLUE EMPRESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

He cuts across a narrow corridor and passes through a door tucked behind dried, hanging ducks. Then it's down a flight of stairs...

INT UNDERGROUND STAIRS & HALLS - NIGHT

...through a maze of underground alley-ways, populated by well dressed TEENAGE THUGS, and into the world beneath Chinatown. Chen walks up toward a massive BOUNCER standing in front of a steel door. He slides the tickets into his shirt pocket.

CHEN

Knicks, court-side.

The Bouncer opens the door, exposing a room filled with Chinese MEN playing all things you can wager a buck on.

INT GAMBLING PARLOR - NIGHT

Chen surveys the action which is loud, fast and furious. He fires a smoke, pulls a fist full of hundreds from his envelope and lays down his first bet of the night.

EXT EAST BROADWAY ARCADE - NIGHT

Jack and his attractive girlfriend AMY SAN hang with their friends in front of the arcade when Bobby Vu and three other Dragons pull up in a red Lincoln. They quickly grab hold of Jack.

BOBBY VU

(Fukienese)

You let your brothers die?

Everything stops as Bobby punches, kicks and throws Jack around the street. The other Dragons keep everybody away, though they already seem to know.

JACK

(Fukienese)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

BOBBY VU

(Fukienese)

Are you Fukienese Dragon?...ARE YOU?!

JACK

Yes.

Bobby looks over at Amy. She's sexy as hell and he lets her know he knows it. He then turns to Jack and grabs him by his hair.

BOBBY VU

Avenge your brothers. Kill that cop.

WELCOME TO THE A.G.U.

INT AGU OFFICES - DAY

Wallace is tacking a photo layout of the Hip Sing Triad to the wall as Chen re-enters.

UNG

Junior brought a scorecard.

Chen takes out a thick magic marker, starts crossing out photos.

CHEN

Dead, dead in prison. The rest usually stop by for a visit.

It's not healthy to let them know what we know....Why does a white cop request Asian Gangs?

WALLACE

Detective Shield, an extra eight grand a year in my pocket...and a chance to work with you.

UNG

Uh oh. Yellow fever. You got a hard on for all things Chinese, right? The food, customs, women. You got a Chinese girlfriend, don't ya?

WALLACE

Actually, uh....no.

CHEN

But ya did?

WALLACE

Are we all gonna exchange sexual histories?

UNG

I knew it. Yellow fuckin fever. Junior's here to walk the street and get his wick licked by a nice almond-eyed beauty.

WALLACE

I'm here so Chinese immigrants don't have to live thirty to a room. Or spend twenty hours a day making clothes for slave wages.

CHEN

Why do you give shit about Chinese immigrants?

WALLACE

I'm a cop. I give a shit about enforcing the law.

DENG

So what's your plan to save the yellow people?

WALLACE

Same techniques used on every other organized crime operation in the city. Bust the street soldiers every time we see 'em, move up the food chain to the Council, cramp 'em with surveillance, sting operations, keep climbing all the way to Uncle Benny.

Chen laughs at Wallace's naivete.

UNG

This ain't every other organized crime operation in the city.

We work cases, Junior. Keep the tourists safe. Violence spills into the street, we break heads. `Cept Detective Deng, she's above that.

DENG

When the department authorizes police brutality perhaps I'll join you.

CHEN

You don't change Chinatown, it changes you.

WALLACE

I'm ready to give it a shot.

Chen eyeballs the cocky kid.

CHEN

Alright...Don't make plans tonight.

WALLACE

Why?

UNG

Cause we're goin on a panty raid.

EXT FIFTEENTH PRECINCT - DAY

Chen, in last night's clothes, climbs the steps of the yellowed brick building and steps inside.

INT FIFTEENTH PRECINCT - DAY

Chen coughs hellos to the DESK PERSONNEL, cuts through a door marked ASIAN GANG UNIT and steps into a small colorless room.

INT ASIAN GANG UNIT - DAY

He passes plums to his two Chinese-American detectives; WILLY UNG, sharp of tongue and nose...and LOUISE DENG, a by the book cop who puts in her eight and goes home to a family.

CHEN

Everybody works tonight, we're visiting Ginza Massage.

UNG

My kind of raid.

Ung's accent is hard-core Bronx. On the phone you'd think he was an Italian from Eastchester Road.

UNG

Found another young pretty in a dumpster.

He tacks a crime scene photo onto a board already showing another woman lying in a dumpster when he notices a scratch on Chen's neck.

UNG

Anybody I know?

Chen removes Ung's smile with a look and pours himself a coffee.

DENG

Did a two hour sweep. No one would speak to me.

UNG

Try breath mints.

Deng's accent is Connecticut, along with her wardrobe. She ignores Ung as she cuts the plum into four perfect slices.

DENG

And the two who found the body
didn't see, hear or smell anything.

CHEN

What's new?

We stay on Chen as a sudden silence descends. A beat and he turns to see why. There at the entrance to the AGU stands young WALLACE holding a box of personals.

WALLACE

I'm Daniel Wallace.

He looks as if that's supposed to mean something. By the looks on the faces of the AGU members, it doesn't.

KLEIN (O.S.)

He spent six months in China on a
college course or some shit.

INT FIFTEENTH PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN STAN KLEIN, a Chinese hater going back to his tour in '69, sits back with a cold washcloth over his eyes as Chen, looking like he ate a bad lemon, tosses Wallace's file onto the desk.

CHEN

The Chinese don't trust whites or
cops and you're giving me a white
cop.

KLEIN

They want ethnic diversity in every
squad so you get a white face in
the AGU.

CHEN

He's worse than white, he's green.

KLEIN

Which is why you should school
him.

CHEN

So he can get me killed?

KLEIN

Look, it's your fault he's here in
the first place.

CHEN

My fault?

KLEIN

A freakin tourist got blown up in our backyard. Not to mention an FBI snitch. And it happened on your watch. The Mayor's been on TV talking about it, the Police Commisioner has promised safety on the streets of Chinatown, Christ it's been on freakin Nightline. So if putting a white cop in the Asian Gang Unit makes them feel better and gets them off my ass fine and dandy. So why don't you get out of here and do something about these whores turning up in dumpsters. It's embarrassing.

Klein sniffs the air, then peeks out from under his wash cloth.

KLEIN

You still here?

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THE GINZA RAID

EXT PANTY RAID BUILDING - DUSK

Except for the ten COPS moving quickly toward an unmarked
door, the alley is empty. Out front is Chen. He orders a
thick COP toward the door which is quickly opened with a
crowbar.

INT PANTY RAID BUILDING, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Chen calmly lays his dark hankerchief over the tiny
surveillance camera, then leads the group up the stairs.

UNG

(whispers to Wallace) You never
know how a guy gettin his dick
rubbed is gonna react when you
charge into the room, so keep your
eyes sharp and your Glock cocked.
And don't be trying to feel any
Chinese titties you little pervert.

Snickers from the men.

CHEN

Wallace stays out here.

Wallace doesn't like it, but doesn't argue it. Chen pulls
his .45 and nods to the thick Cop, who thrusts his crowbar
into the lock jam and snaps it off. They hit the hallway

like a tornado. Bright lights strobe the length of the place thrusting us several minutes into the future.

INT GINZA MASSAGE HALLWAY - A SHORT TIME LATER

The cops are dragging about ten prostitutes and matching Johns into the hallway.

Chen coordinates when he sees Deng leading May and three other dressed prostitutes from the front towards the back hallway. May looks at Chen and he knows why Lee smiled when he gave him the Ginza.

CHEN

Deng. See if you can find any files back there.

He turns to a uniform.

CHEN

(referring to the prostitutes)

Joe, take Ôem down, Wallace'll help ya write Ôem up.

Deng heads back down the hall while the uniform corrals the girls down the stairs the cops came up. Chen grabs May as she passes and pulls her into one of the bedrooms.

INT 1ST GINZA BEDROOM

Chen reaches into May's pocket, finding a packet of white powder. She tries to kiss him. He pulls away and pockets the heroin, pissing her off. He quiets her with three hundreds.

CHEN

(Cantonese)

Get outta here.

He gently nudges her out to the hallway and towards the backstairs where Wallace is just coming up with a handfull of paperwork.

WALLACE

You want me to take her?

Chen shakes his head as he lets May head towards the exit. He turns back to Wallace who stands talking to a uniform who is handing him some paperwork.

CHEN

(sotto to Wallace)

Always throw back the smallest of
the day's catch.

Suddenly a torrent of automatic gunfire explodes at the opposite end of the hallway taking out the glass door and the uniform who stood in front of it revealing a Fukiense shooter behind the shattered door. One cop down. Chen's instincts are immediate. The Fuke killer is toast. The uniform who was talking to Wallace turns towards the action and is met with a pile of lead exploding his heart, blowing out his back and spraying Wallace with blood. Wallace freezes- a deer in the headlight. Chen sees this, jumps across the hall and pushes Wallace out of the line of fire and into one of the bedrooms. The doorway where Wallace stood explodes into a million pieces of shrapnel. He would have been chopmeat. Just at that moment, Ung crosses the hall in the opposite direction, shielding a prostitute as he takes out the shooter who took out the uniform and almost Wallace.

Chen leans out of what remains of the doorway, while yelling back to the still shell-shocked Wallace.

CHEN

Fire your weapon!

UNG

They're Fukes!

The entire compliment is pinned down in either the rooms or the hallway facing down three furious Fukes. Chen pumps his final ammo clip into his gun, pulls a second gun from an ankle holster and fires away. Suddenly, another Fuke with an automatic weapon comes out of nowhere and advances kamakazi style to one of the bedrooms- the P.D.'s gunfire no match for his Uzi. He's got Chen, Ung, Deng, Wallace and the five remaining uniforms pinned down.

CHEN THINKS FAST, RETREATS INTO THE BEDROOM

INT 1ST GINZA BEDROOM

Chen quickly feels the solidity of the walls- finds the weak spot of the plasterboard and starts kicking through to the next room while the firefight continues in the hallway.

INT 2ND GINZA BEDROOM

The uniforms fighting at the doorway turn to see Chen come crashing into their room and continue on right to

the next wall, battling his way up the hallway towards the Fukes position the only way he can.

INT HALLWAY

The firefight continues but it's totally one sided as the cops pistols can't compete against the Uzi. Windows to the bedrooms are exploding like firecrackers, whores and johns caught out in the hallway shiver in terror behind whatever cover they can find. A huge glass display in the hallway implodes drenching the place in flying glass.

Wallace does the best he can, firing uselessly at the kamikazi, only visible from the neck up as he keeps the entire force at bay. Suddenly we see a glock come up to the back of the shooter's head which blows his brains out into the hallway, finally silencing the automatic. Chen steps out, the arm behind the hit.

There's only three fukes left now, including Jack, armed only with semi-automatics.

CHEN

I'm out on three! One, two, three!

Every cop steps out and bombards the end of the hall with all the firepower they've got. They pin back the shooters as Chen storms into the hall and races, guns blazing toward the gunmen. All three of them flee, one down the stairs, Jack and the other up towards the roof. Chen decides to go up, negotiating each corner with whatever he's got left. He gets to the second flight just in time to see Jack desperately kick out a window and make a run across a rooftop. Chen continues the last flight up where he finds the lone Fuke out of ammo and desperately trying to tear open the roof access door which is bolted shut.

CHEN

Weapon down, hands in the air, up against the wall.

The Fuke cooperates, backing up onto the landing as Chen ascends.

CHEN

Turn around!

The kid does, but as he moves he suddenly produces a knife the size of a baby's arm that cuts across Chen, slicing his stomach. Chen reacts with amazing speed, smashing his gun across the gangster's head almost decapitating him. Simultaneously, the last Fuke comes charging up the stairs, Chen picks up the guy next to him and hurls him over the staircase knocking the charging Fuke down to the next

landing. His gun goes flying right towards Wallace's feet who together with a backup of uniforms, comes bounding around the corner, grabs the weapon and covers the two punks.

Chen looks down from top landing.

CHEN

You're late.

INT KUNG PHO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ung and Chen storm into the twelve-table restaurant filled mostly with teenage Fukienese. They move toward the rear of the restaurant passing Jack, huddled with two of his friends.

Some of the gangsters stand to run interference, but the two cops push through them to a back table where Bobby Vu works a cell phone. Without a word Chen punches him out of his chair. He hits him again and again, knocking the gangster into the kitchen.

INT KUNG PHO RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ung pulls his gun, holding the other gangsters at bay as Chen grabs a sauce pan from the overhead rack and slams it into Bobby Vu's head, knocking him to the floor. He then throws it at the group of Dragons closing in around them.

CHEN

Want some?

No one does. He stares down the gangsters with disgust.

CHEN

Fukienese Dragons.

He spits on the floor then walks out the rear door with Ung.

BUST FOR WALLACE

EXT DAVIS STREET - DAY

A hazy sun slices through thick clouds as Chen, carrying a take-out bag, exits a small storefront and gets into a brown Chevy.

INT BROWN CHEVY - DAY

Wallace drives as Chen pulls a container from the bag.

CHEN

Fishball Gongee. Wanna be Chinese
you've gotta eat the nasty stuff.

Wallace takes the food, looks over at Chen.

WALLACE

Last night...You saved my life.

CHEN

Part of the job.

WALLACE

Maybe...I still want to say thanks.

Chen nods as he eats. Wallace turns up Delancey.

WALLACE

That said...I heard you paid a
visit to Bobby Vu last night.

Wallace looks at Chen.

WALLACE

I tightened up last night, but I
didn't find this badge in the bottom
of a Cracker Jack box. I earned
it.

CHEN

You study Chinese so you know what
it means that I saved your life?

WALLACE

It means my life is yours, to do
with as you wish

CHEN

That's right. So here's my advice.
Quit. Before you end up dead.

They drive past a crumbling building where a TRIAD SOLDIER
openly does a healthy drug trade.

WALLACE

I know the risks.

CHEN

So did the cops I didn't save last
night. And all it got them was
dead. This isn't fun and games.

Especially for a kid heading to Law School with his head
up his ass if he thinks this is the way to raise tuition.

Wallace's a bit surprised Chen knows this.

WALLACE

Just cause I'm not putting in twenty
doesn't mean I can't do the job.

CHEN

Yes it does.

WALLACE

You don't want to work with me,
fine. Let me do my own
investigations. But don't try and
keep me from my work. Cause like
it or not, I'm a cop.

CHEN

You're playing cop and that's gonna
get one of us killed.

WALLACE

Playin'? Who's playin'? Playin's
driving by shit and pretending you
didn't see it.

Chen turns to Wallace.

CHEN

You got something to say, say it.

WALLACE

How 'bout I show you?

Wallace slams on the brakes, sending the take-out flying
onto the dash. He then drops it in reverse and floors the
gas. The Chevy roars backwards up onto the sidewalk in
front of a crumbling building.

EXT CRUMBLING BUILDING - DAY

Wallace jumps from the car, catches one of the two well
dressed triad DRUG DEALERS hanging out front, pushes him
through the door and into the building.

INT CRUMBLING BUILDING - DAY

A dark, piss stench room called home by fourteen rats
and a dozen ADDICTS sharing needles and mindless nods.
The Dopers can't move but three more DEALERS can and take
off running.

WALLACE

FREEZE!

Wallace fires over their heads, stopping them in their tracks as Chen races into the room. Wallace frisks the Dealer he pushed inside as Chen looks over the others.

WALLACE

What do we have here?

Wallace pulls a thick packet of heroin from the kid's pocket. Impressed with himself, he holds it up and tosses it at Chen, looking at him through steel grey eyes.

INT FIFTEENTH PRECINCT, BOOKING ROOM-LATER (DAY)

The four Dealers stand handcuffed to a steel beam riveted to the wall as Wallace files his first arrest with the DESK SERGEANT. Chen casually sips coffee when a pissed off six footer in a blue suit rushes into the room.

SCHABACKER

Get each one of these guys in different rooms...NOW!

PETE SCHABACKER holds up an FBI badge which gets everybody moving. Two UNIFORMS unclasp the perps and take them away. Schabacker looks at Chen and gestures towards the AGU.

INT AGU OFFICE

Schabacker hardly looks at Ung and Deng who pour over paperwork as Chen and Wallace follow him into the room.

CHEN

Something bothering you, Pete?

SCHABACKER

Only that you assholes just arrested a federal agent working undercover with the Triad.

Wallace pales as Ung smiles to himself.

UNG

Nice work, Junior.

WALLACE

I made the arrest.

Wallace looks over at Chen who's offering no help

SCHABACKER

Well goody for you, Einstein. So tell me, what am I supposed to do now?

(MORE)

SCHABACKER (CONT'D)

Put a Federal Agent in jail to maintain his cover. What? Let him go? We put him back on the street everybody in Chinatown will think he cut a deal with you and he'll be dead inside an hour. So what should I do?

Wallace looks over at Chen, who's offering no help.

WALLACE

You should do a better job of keeping us informed.

UNG

Here here.

SCHABACKER

Confidential undercover assignment. Key word being confidential. Which nothing in the fifteenth precinct is.

CHEN

Relax, Pete. We lost the bag. No evidence. They can all go.

Wallace looks over at Chen, but he doesn't dispute him.

SCHABACKER

Keep 'em three hours, slap the shit out of 'em and let 'em go. I want everything on the Ginza raid by the end of the day. And keep that dipshit on a leash.

CHEN

You take care of your people, I'll take care of mine.

Wallace appreciates Chen's back up. Schabacker heads out the door.

CHEN

Which one's the Fed?

SCHABACKER

The Chinese one.

CHEN

Up yours too.

Ung takes the paperwork from the Desk and holds it out to Wallace.

UNG

You wanna eat this with soy sauce?

Wallace takes it from Ung's hand and tears it in half.

HENRY LEE

INT JIMMY LOO'S COCKTAIL LOUNGE-NIGHT

No tourists, this watering hole's for the locals. Getting another round of Tsiang Taos from the WAITRESS is Chen, Wallace and Ung.

UNG

Cough up the cash, Junior.
Knuckleheads buy all rounds.

Wallace pays off the waitress as he snaps at Ung.

WALLACE

Eat me.

UNG

That's it, show a little piss and vinegar. So your first bust was a Federal Agent and a senior Fed bit off a giant piece of your ass.

Chen laughs with Ung as Wallace takes a drink.

UNG

Hey Junior, I dunno if you noticed, but there're Chinese girls here.

WALLACE

Sounds like you're the one with yellow fever.

UNG

Yellow fever, black plague, brown sugar, white bread, I got it all.

Wallace can't help but smile.

WALLACE

Why does the FBI want the info on the Ginza raid?

CHEN

It was their raid. They use us so the locals don't smell feds. Mostly they use us cause they're lazy shits.

UNG

Last summer we grabbed a Viet Nameese gang bringing in Heroin by the boatload. Who swoops in last minute for the credit? Your friend Shabacker of the FBI.

WALLACE

We had the same problem in the one six, there's nothing you can do.

UNG

A guy pisses in the street that's one thing. A guy pisses in your house you deal with him or live with the stench.

WALLACE

Very poetic. Unfortunately I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

CHEN

The Feds lost a snitch. Now they have an agent working undercover in the triad. We find the agent, see what he's got going, and when the eleventh hour hits we swoop in, make the bust and pull the case right out from under them.

Appearing quietly as if from some unseen back entrance, Henry Lee appears through the crowd.

LEE

(to Chen in
Cantonese)

I don't believe I know your friend. A new soldier in the fight against crime?

CHEN

(Cantonese)

He won't be here long enough to get to know.

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

I hope to be here long enough to make a difference. Chen, Ung and Lee all look astonished at Wallace's heretofore unknown language skills.

UNG

You speak Chinese!?

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

I'm not a total knucklehead.

UNG

Whoa, in case you haven't noticed, I'm Bronx born and bred. The only Chinese I know is the Miranda rights and what's on the menu.

CHEN

Danny Wallace, Henry Lee.

LEE

You gentlemen are partners?

WALLACE

(to Chen)

Are we?

CHEN

Cagney and Lacey.

LEE

Chinatown needs more police. I hope you find a home here. I think you'll discover the Chinese people are warm and generous.

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

I've already discovered that.

UNG

Speak English, already.

LEE

Never mind them. Reach out to our community, it will reach out to you. Isn't that right, Detective?

Chen holds up his glass in a mock toast...The Waitress brings over a bottle of Cristal and three glasses.

LEE

I hope to see much of you over the coming weeks.

Lee then disappears into the back as the Waitress pours.

WALLACE

(quietly)

He's Triad.

UNG

That's why it's Cristal and not Asti fuckin' Spumanti.

Chen and Ung clink glasses and down some bubbly.

EXT BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION - DAY

Establishing. Tucked between a pair of banks sits the sand colored building highlighted with artifacts from ancient Chinese culture.

INT BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION - DAY

A small group of Elderly Men sit at game tables playing Mahjong. Sitting in the rear of such a table, playing a round is Benny Wong and Henry Lee.

BENNY WONG

(Cantonese)

It's very dangerous to approach a white cop. We can't risk exposing our other ties in the Department.

LEE

(Cantonese)

That's why we must approach Wallace. He could compromise Chen at a time when he is our best weapon against the Fukes. We need him with us to safeguard Chen's position. Besides, to the NYPD Chen is Chinese first and a cop second.

WONG

(Cantonese)

Chen can take care of himself. And he knows what we need him to know.

LEE

(Cantonese)

He knows what he hears in the Fifteenth. A white officer would

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

have ears outside the precinct. We
can let Chen test the waters.

Benny nods his acceptance and continues to Play.

INT BLUE EMPRESS CAFE - DAY

In between lunch and dinner. Lee is emptying the bar of
cash while waiters change the table linen. Chen enters,
moves directly to Lee

CHEN

What do you want?

LEE

I like your partner.

Chen looks at Lee who turns from the bar and begins walking
the length of the restaurant towards the kitchen
straightening napkins and silverware as he goes.

LEE

I think he could help us.

CHEN

He could hurt us more.

LEE

Afraid of competition?

CHEN

Afraid of piquing the kid's
interest...

LEE

...in who else is a dirty cop?

Chen pretends to ignore him.

LEE

Uncle Benny feels he might poke
his nose in places a Chinese cop
wouldn't.

CHEN

I can handle him.

LEE

He also feels he could be an asset
against the Fukes since you don't
seem to be doing much.

CHEN

I'll take care of the Fukes. The kid's a short timer.

Leave him alone.

LEE

I didn't realize you had such maternal instincts...Uncle Benny wants you to speak with him.

CHEN

No.

Lee and Chen reach the kitchen, where amongst the chickens, ducks and steaming dumplings, Triad underlings are moving boxes of tourist trinkets that fell off of some truck somewhere. Lee reaches into one and pulls out a fake Rolex.

LEE

This cost one dollar to make. And some fool will pay hundreds for it. It's amazing how easy it is for some people to over estimate worth. Don't overestimate yours. Talk to him.

INT FIFTEENTH PRECINCT - DAY

Chen, lost in thought, enters the station house when Wallace comes out of the A.G.U. office.

WALLACE

There's a homicide on Worth.

ANOTHER VICTIM

EXT REAR ENTRANCE OF A RESTAURANT-DAY

UNIFORMS from the Fifteenth have the area around the dumpster taped off as Wallace and Chen pull up and cross toward Deng and Ung.

CHEN

Who's in the bin?

DENG

The invisible woman. No I.D., no print record, no nothing.

Wallace looks into the dumpster where a young female, is tangled with yesterday's shellfish. He instantly begins dry heaving.

UNG

I thought you liked Chinese food,
Junior?

CHEN

Leave him alone...Let's go, I need
about fifty coffees.

WALLACE

We're not gonna investigate this?

CHEN

We just did.

WALLACE

What're you talking about?

CHEN

Tell our partner what we learned.

Ung puts on his Academy Instructor persona.

UNG

Deceased is an illegal straight
off the boat, probably less than a
week cause there's two bills Chinese
under the oysters, by her spleen.

DENG

She finds her passage over was
twice what she thought. She can't
pay and doesn't like working as a
prostitute. So she ends up here.
No family, no friends, no witnesses.

UNG

No sense wastin taxpayers' money.

Wallace looks painfully at the young woman being pulled
from the bin and stuffed unceremoniously into a body bag.

WALLACE

So what? Case closed?

UNG

He's so young.

Chen looks at Wallace. Remembers when he was that young.

CHEN

Take a walk around with Deng. See
if anybody knows anything.

Chen motions for Ung to come with him and the two cops move off.

EXT EAST BROADWAY ARCADE-DAY

Jack and his girlfriend step from the arcade. He kisses her goodbye and watches her as she heads north up East Broadway.

He turns and heads south. He moves slowly down the empty street as someone or something moves up behind him. Quickly. He feels the presence and turns as Chen and Ung grab hold of him and pull him into a deserted alley.

EXT ALLEYWAY-DAY

Jack tries to get away but Ung slams the small boy into the wall.

UNG

Easy Jackaroo.

Jack looks at the two men as they close in on him.

UNG

Detective Chen is now able to I.D. the shooter who got away from the lamp store.

CHEN

Unless he can do something for me...I want Bobby Vu.

A bead of cold sweat tumbles down the back of Jack's neck.

JACK

He'll kill me.

UNG

The alternative to helping us is ten to twenty at Sing Sing. And that's gotta hurt. Especially for somebody five foot nothin.

Jack stands with a million things racing through his mind.

JACK

No court? No wire?

CHEN

No promises. Think about it. You've got ten seconds to make up your mind.

Jack thinks....

JACK

Fuck you.

Jack runs but Ung slams his fist into his face knocking him cold.

UNG

Kid's loyal.

Ung kneels and cuffs the unconscious Fukienese soldier.

CHEN

See how loyal he is after two weeks in lock up.

EXT WORTH STREET - DAY

Deng and a very frustrated Wallace, stand outside a junk shop where a frightened CHINESE WOMAN, shakes her head.

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

We're trying to help you.

Deng holds out a business card but the woman slams the door.

WALLACE

What's wrong with these people?

DENG

They don't like me, don't trust you and know we can't protect them.

WALLACE

Then what's the point? Why bother?

The two cops walk south on Worth Street as they continue to talk.

DENG

Every cop starts out planning to save the universe. When you realize you can't you've got two choices. Do your best and the second the shift's over go home to a life. Or let the stink of the street get on you so you end up like ninety percent of the cops in this city. An alcoholic with more vices than half the people you arrest.

WALLACE

You're talkin about Chen?

DENG

I'm talking about you.

WALLACE

Well how does he close so many cases?

The inquiry makes her uncomfortable.

DENG

He works the cases he can solve. And he's not American born, he's Hong Kong, immigrant like them.

WALLACE

How does a guy from Hong Kong get in the NYPD?

DENG

They wanted a Chinese to speak to the Chinese. And his father was a cop in Hong Kong. Pretty big wheel before they booted him, he knew people in Chinatown who could vouch for his son.

WALLACE

Why'd they boot him, was he dirty?

DENG

Because he wasn't. Shift's over, go home.

Deng turns up Elizabeth street and Wallace heads off toward Doyers.

FAMILY BUSINESS

EXT WALLACE'S APT - DAY

Wallace cuts across a city baseball diamond in the shadow of the Manhattan Bridge and makes his way to his front door.

INT WALLACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

He enters the one bedroom brick box and hits a light switch. It's clear he's just moved in because most of his things are still in boxes. What furnishings he has are accented with Chinese artifacts and books on Chinese culture. He heads into the dingy kitchen.

INT WALLACE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

He gets a water and drops in some Alka Seltzer. He sits at the window and holds the cold glass to his forehead while the tablets fizz.

EXT WALLACE'S APT - DAY

What he doesn't see, is Bobby Vu's Lieutenant, BLACK EYES, watching him from the empty market across the street.

INT WALLACE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

He downs the drink as a SHADOW creeps toward him.

He hears a creak in the floor. In a flash he bolts to his feet, pulls his gun and spins to face a large MAN, maybe sixty, wearing beat up threads.

WALLACE

I coulda killed you.

SEAN WALLACE

I coulda killed you first.

WALLACE

What're you doing here?

SEAN WALLACE

Father can't visit his son?

Got something to drink?

I'm dry as a ninety year old tit.

WALLACE

How'd you get in?

Sean pulls a flask from his jacket.

SEAN WALLACE

I brought somethin anyway. Join me?

Sean extends the offer but his son doesn't flinch.

SEAN WALLACE

Twenty years robbery homicide outta the two five, greenhorn, that's how I got in. I been hrough more doors and windows...

WALLACE

I don't have any money.

Sean takes a pull from the flask.

SEAN WALLACE

I'm in for twelve grand. Those fuckin dagos down on Mulberry. Wallace knows this is serious but doesn't show anything to his father.

WALLACE

Good luck.

SEAN WALLACE

I'm not asking for the twelve...God forbid you'd bail me out with your lawyer money. Wouldn't want you to miss becoming a leech asshole.

WALLACE

And here I thought you'd want me to be a chip off the 'ol block.

SEAN WALLACE

All I'm askin for is a little stake money to help me get even.

WALLACE

ouldn't work, you're too much a loser.

SEAN WALLACE

Then we'll go partners. You're a lucky son of a bitch ain't ya?

Wallace doesn't say anything.

SEAN WALLACE

I wouldn't be here if it wasn't serious.

It takes a while but Wallace finally makes a move. He opens the fridge, slides open the crisper and pulls out an envelope. He hands it to his father who smiles at the money.

SEAN WALLACE

Cold hard cash. You slay me.

WALLACE

Little over five hundred and we ain't partners.

This is buying you off. Next time someone sneaks up on me...

SEAN WALLACE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. You'll kill me.

Sean turns and starts for the door. Then stops.

SEAN WALLACE

By the way. You got a chink watchin
you from across the street,
Sherlock.

Wallace turns to the window and sees Bobby Vu's boy, Black
Eyes standing in the shadows across the street as his
father slips out the door with a slight chuckle.

SEAN WALLACE

Goodnight officer.

AN EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION

INT UNDERGROUND SPA-NIGHT

Through the steam, we see Henry Lee sitting in a tub filled
with hot water. Standing near the doorway in street clothes
is Chen.

CHEN

I've got something for you.

LEE

I love gifts.

A female arm runs a wet sponge down Lee's back.

CHEN

This isn't free ... Forget the
kid.

LEE

That's an expensive request.

CHEN

This is an expensive item.

Lee pulls the female arm into him. It's connected to May.
Chen spots her, and it bothers him more than he lets on.

LEE

Let's hear it.

CHEN

The F.B.I. have another informant
inside the Triad.

This time, it's one of their own- it's an agent.

Lee strokes the May's hair as she slides her nude body against his. He enjoys the fact that Chen's not enjoying it.

LEE

Who is it?

CHEN

Don't know. We picked up four of your guys and one was a Fed. Won't take long to find out which one. Then all you've got to do is blow his cover and they'll pull him. No violence, no mess.

LEE

My thanks.

CHEN

The kid's out.

LEE

As you wish.

Lee turns May toward Chen and rubs her breasts.

LEE

Would you like a turn?

Chen, looks at the young girl then turns and exits the room. Lee laughs as a figure moves out of a steam room behind him.

LEE

We've got a Federal Agent sniffing around. We'll have to postpone delivery.

Lee glances toward Fukienese leader, Bobby Vu.

BOBBY VU

We can't. The boat's coming into port next week.

LEE

Then it'll wait at the port.

BOBBY VU

I'm not afraid of the F.B.I.

Lee pushes May under the water toward his crotch.

LEE

Everything we've done has been to keep the Feds focused on Uncle Benny. When he's gone, and I lead the triad, you and your Fukienese brothers will make all the money you want.

BOBBY VU

Then let's kill him now.

LEE

When Uncle Benny's indicted, he'll be dangerous to our partners in Hong Kong. And killing him, will come with thanks instead of retribution.

BOBBY VU

And Chen too.

LEE

All in time.

EXT GOLDFLOWER RESTAURANT, DOYERS STREET, MORNING

Through the glass we see Wallace pay the tab on his morning's breakfast. He picks up a toothpick and a mint and exits the building. He starts to move east when a man steps beside him.

LEE

Do you remember me?

Wallace looks closer...and sees Henry Lee who stays in step with Wallace as he walks up Bowery.

WALLACE

Yeah.

LEE

I have information about the girl you found in the garbage dumpster.

WALLACE

How'd you find me?

LEE

You're conspicuous in Chinatown...Two brothers on Chrystie Street bring in illegals. The woman, worked in their brothel, then tried to run. They left her as a message to the others.

WALLACE

How do you know?

LEE

Everyone knows. But no one's going to speak of it.

Especially to the police.

WALLACE

Why are you?

LEE

I knew her.

Lee looks at Wallace, and for a moment he seems almost sad.

WALLACE

What are their names?

LEE

You can't tell anyone how you found out. Not even Chen.

WALLACE

Forget it.

LEE

For every person who knows, the chances of me, or one of my children being killed in reprisal increases a hundred fold.

WALLACE

I can't.

LEE

That girl was fifteen...And there are more to come if you don't help us. Wallace thinks, remembering the girl as she was stuffed into the body bag....He knows he shouldn't, but he nods his head and Lee hands him a piece of paper.

LEE

Check the basement of a place called TONY'S. Don't worry. This is how things get done in Chinatown.

INT FIFTEENTH PRECINCT, AGU OFFICE-DAY

Chen enters the room where Deng is filling out paperwork.

CHEN

Wallace come in yet?

DENG

I don't think so.

The concern is easily read on Chen's face.

EXT 142 CHRYSTIE STREET - DAY

Wallace anxiously watches the apartment building. He steadies his nerves, then crosses the street and enters through the front door.

INT 142 CHRYSTIE HALLWAY - DAY

It's damp and poorly lit. Wallace moves down the narrow hall and stops by the door next to the incinerator. He jimmies the lock.

INT 142 CHRYSTIE BASEMENT, STAIRS - DAY

He descends the stairs into the darkness. His mouth dries as he pulls his gun. He moves down a narrow corridor, passing a wooden door, when he hears something from inside. Faint breathing. He reaches for the doorknob. It's locked. He takes the slim jim from his jacket pocket and easily opens the door.

INT 142 CHRYSTIE BASEMENT ROOMS - DAY

It's dark. Wallace takes his mag-light and scopes the room. He steps back, startled, when he sees thirty FEMALE FACES, gaunt, eyes glazed, huddled in the room like prisoners of war. None look older than fifteen. Wallace stands looking at the young women when he hears noise further down the hall. Slowly, he steps back

INT 142 CHRYSTIE BASEMENT, CORRIDOR - DAY

and creeps toward a second door framed with the bright light from within. It sounds like a small motor mixed with whimpering. He looks through the keyhole. It takes a moment for his eye to adjust. When it does he jumps to his feet and kicks open the door.

INT 142 CHRYSTIE BASEMENT ROOMS - DAY

WALLACE

POLICE!

The room is awash in bright light, almost blinding Wallace coming from the darkness. But there, on a bed, he sees

the source of the cries. Three young WOMEN engaged in forced sex.

He turns toward the light which is set atop a video camera recording the scene. A MAN, mid forties, throws the camera at Wallace and races for the door.

Wallace tackles him into the dark hallway...

INT 142 CHRYSTIE BASEMENT, CORRIDOR - DAY

...and pummels him with his fist. A loud BANG and a flash of light from the end of the hall as someone fires a bullet at Wallace.

Instinctively, without thinking, he fires back, hitting the SHOOTER, who slumps to the ground. The impact of his first shooting washes over him. In that moment, the man beneath him pushes to his feet and begins running down the hall.

WALLACE

STOP!

The man grabs for the dead shooter's gun, turns and takes a bullet from Wallace's Glock before he can squeeze off a shot. Wallace stands frozen. The smoke from his gun fills the tiny hallway. He tastes blood and realizes he bit through his lip.

INT 142 CHRYSTIE BASEMENT ROOMS - LATER (DAY)

The place is now brightly lit as COPS and FORENSICS scour the area. Chen enters from the far end and pulls Wallace aside.

CHEN

What were you doing in here?

WALLACE

I came out of the diner on Pell Street and saw some guy snatch a purse. I chased him into the building, but I lost him inside. Then I heard screaming from down here. I just stumbled into it.

Chen stares at him as Ung and Deng approach from upstairs.

UNG

There's close to forty women here, all illegals.

And we found a storeroom with about a hundred tapes.

DENG

And the landlord remembers the
four Jane Does we pulled outta the
dumpsters as part of the stable.

Ung extends his hand to Wallace.

UNG

Good job, Detective.

Chen eyes Wallace who takes Ung's hand.

WALLACE

Thanks, Junior.

Soon other COPS come over to give congratulations. The
good wishes turn into applause as we

INT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Mayor's LACKEY pins a commendation on Wallace in front
of a room filled with POLICE and PRESS.

Somewhere in the back, feeling a little bit proud, in
spite of his suspicions, is Chen.

INT JIMMY LOO'S - NIGHT

A good-sized crowd, including Ung and Wallace. Ung's
gassed.

UNG

It's dick size.

CHEN

You think everything is dick size.

UNG

It is. White people believe all
Asians got little dicks. So you
think that when an Asian chick
sees your pecker, she's going to
think it's Mount Saint Helens.

Chen and Wallace laugh.

UNG

It's true. And then you look at
the tiny hands on most Asian chicks
and figure your weenie's gonna
look like a sewer pipe in her fist.

WALLACE

He's discovered our secret.

UNG

Well the joke's on you, cause this
Chinaman's hung like a...

CHEN

A gnat.

Chen and Wallace laugh at Ung.

UNG

You wanna see?!

Ung struggles to his feet.

CHEN & WALLACE

No!

Wallace pulls Ung back into his seat.

WALLACE

On that note, it's time to head
home. I'll see you tomorrow.

CHEN

Eight sharp. We're going to pick
up surveillance on those guys you
busted, find out which one's the
fed.

He nods and crosses to the door. Chen gets up and follows
him to the door.

CHEN

Wallace.

The young cop stops. Chen stands before him.

CHEN

You did a lot for those women down
there...You did good work.

WALLACE

Thanks.

CHEN

But it was an accident. You're
lucky you're not dead. So don't
you ever go off alone again.

Chen stares a hole in Wallace's head. The young cop nods
and slips out the door.

GIFT FOR WALLACE

EXT JIMMY LOO'S-CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Wallace steps from the bar and begins walking north on Centre. He sees the subway entrance and steps from the curb when a green Mercedes pulls to a stop.

Inside is Henry Lee.

LEE

Congratulations, Detective.

Uncomfortable, Wallace glances back at the bar.

WALLACE

Thanks. I've gotta...

LEE

You must allow me to buy you a drink.

WALLACE

I really...

LEE

You did a great thing for the people of this community...Let me thank you, as a show of respect...please.

Lee unlocks the door as Wallace hears some cops exiting the bar. Rather than be seen he quickly ducks into the car.

INT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Chen climbs a rotted stairwell of the Ginza massage and approaches an unmarked door. He hesitates, then decides to knock. He sees an eye in the peephole. An old WOMAN, seventy plus, opens the door and he steps inside.

INT GINZA MASSAGE - NIGHT

All is back to normal just days later. The welcome room is filled with young girls smoking. One of the girls is May.

The old Woman calls her over and Chen sees her eye is bruised. May leads him toward the back but halfway down the hall he stops. Chen turns to the old woman and says something in Cantonese. She nods and Chen hands her three hundred dollar bills. He then takes May gently by the arm and escorts her out of the apartment.

INT UNDERGROUND SPA/MASSAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Lee and Wallace, wrapped in towels, sip champagne as they step from a steam room thick with humidity.

WALLACE

There's more of Chinatown below
sea level than above.

LEE

There's always more under the
surface.

The two men are greeted by a pair of beautiful MASSEUSES. One guides Wallace to a massage table, the other takes Lee outside.

LEE

Enjoy.

Lee exits as Wallace's Masseur motions for him to lie face down on the table. He hesitates, but eventually lies down.

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

What's your name?

She "Shhh's" him...then removes Wallace's towel. He glances back, feeling awkward as she begins covering his naked body with oil.

Expertly, she glides her hands over his skin, massaging his muscles. He wants to stop her, but he doesn't. The Masseur moves around, working his arms, legs, back and buttocks.

She then climbs on top of him, and using her weight, digs deeper into his muscles. Slight moans begin escaping from his lips. After a moment, she reaches over and dims the lights.

She removes her robe, covers her body with oil and glides herself slowly over Wallace's skin. His eyes move about, showing both his discomfort and enjoyment. She rubs her lips gently across his back to the base of his neck. She kisses his ear as her mouth moves across his face. She turns him onto his back. He looks up into her eyes, knowing he should stop. But he can't. Yellow fever.

INT CHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chen leads May into the apartment. She stands awkwardly in the center of the room. He turns on the lamp he picked

up at Phan's. When he turns she tries to kiss him...but he holds her back.

CHEN

No.

She looks at him, not sure why she's there. Neither is he. They stand awkwardly. After a moment, he crosses to the kitchen. He opens the fridge and removes a cellophane bag filled with fruit.

He takes a knife from a butcher block and expertly slices a blood orange, separating the rind, removing the seeds. He hands May a sculpted piece of the dark red fruit.

CHEN

(Cantonese)

From home.

She takes it from him. Her eyes close as she tastes the fruit. For a short moment she is across the sea, sitting with her family.

Chen smiles, and digs more produce from the fridge.

He then hands May another slice of blood orange and begins chopping the vegetables in perfect, even slices. He glances at May and sees a tear sliding down her cheek.

EXT WALLACE'S BUILDING - SUNRISE

The sun barely peeks over the horizon as Wallace enters the apartment.

INT WALLACE'S APARTMENT - SUNRISE

He moves slowly, wearing the all nighter across his face. He cuts across the living room, steps into the bathroom.

INT WALLACE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

He stops in his tracks. Lying on the floor is his father, beaten to a pulp. For a moment we see genuine concern on Wallace's face.

WALLACE

Shit.

SEAN WALLACE

Tried to...Never made it.

His concern fades as he realizes his father's conscious. But he still kneels beside him and checks his injuries.

WALLACE

You gotta go to the hospital.

SEAN WALLACE

No time.

He starts coughing and a pile of blood seeps from his mouth.

WALLACE

You're bleeding inside.

SEAN WALLACE

Wouldn't be surprised...I need the money.

WALLACE

I don't have it. Not that kind.

SEAN WALLACE

How much?

WALLACE

A grand, maybe.

Wallace helps the big man up to his feet...but both collapse under the weight. They hit the floor heavy.

WALLACE

Shit....Come on, again.

Wallace starts to lift but Sean shakes him off.

SEAN WALLACE

Would you give it to me if you had it?

Wallace looks at his father.

WALLACE

I don't think so.

SEAN WALLACE

Fuckin honest, like your mother...Screw it then.

Might as well call the hospital.

Sean passes out. Wallace looks at his old man, then dials 911.

HEAVY TRAFFIC

INT APARTMENT BUILDING BAXTER, HALLWAY - DAY

Deng and Ung are coming out of apartment 5C as Wallace reaches the landing from the stairwell.

WALLACE

The Fed tip his hand yet?

UNG

If he has I haven't seen it.

DENG

Better get in there, he's startin
to get pissed at you.

WALLACE

What's new.

Deng and Ung move down the stairs as Wallace enters the room.

INT APARTMENT 5C - BAXTER STREET - DAY

The room's filled with surveillance equipment. Chen's at the window photographing the comings and goings across the street where Wallace busted the fed days before.

CHEN

You're late.

WALLACE

My father had a fall last night..I
had to get him to the hospital.

CHEN

Took all night to get him there?

WALLACE

He fell last night, I found him
this morning in the bathroom.

Chen looks at him suspiciously, then hands him the camera and touches Wallace's neck.

CHEN

Looks like he scratched you.

Wallace pulls away and positions himself at the window.

WALLACE

When I was carrying him.

CHEN

He alright?

WALLACE

Yeah.

Chen sits at a table and deals himself a hand of solitaire.

CHEN

He was a cop, right?

WALLACE

The two five.

CHEN

Tough beat. Is that why you're here? Prove something to the old man?

WALLACE

Is that why you're here?

CHEN

My old man's dead. I don't have to prove anything to anybody. How 'bout you?

WALLACE

Just to you I guess.

CHEN

That's for sure.

WALLACE

Why do you have to constantly bust my balls?

CHEN

I'm educating you while there's time.

Chen lights the smoke as Wallace feigns embarrassment.

WALLACE

You mean you care about me?...I don't know what to say.

CHEN

Try nothing.

WALLACE

But I'm overwhelmed. This showing of emotion.

This outpouring of human kindness. The caring, the warmth. Don't look at me, I think I'm crying.

Chen smiles in spite of himself as Wallace turns toward the window and spots two ASIANS stepping from a Lincoln, which drives away.

WALLACE

These two don't look like junkies.

He picks up the camera and starts snapping away. Chen crosses to the window, watches through a pair of binoculars.

CHEN

No, they don't.

They watch the two youths enter the brownstone.

EXT CRUMBLING BUILDING - DAY

...the two YOUTHS enter the brownstone.

INT VACANT APARTMENT - BAXTER STREET - DAY

Chen puts down his binoculars.

CHEN

You get pictures?

WALLACE

Yeah.

Then suddenly, the unmistakable sound of automatic gunfire rings out from the building across the street. Wallace's camera freezes as the gun shots echo across the street.

CHEN

Shit.

Both men have guns drawn by the time they hit the door.

EXT BAXTER STREET APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Chen and Wallace hit the pavement at the same moment the two Asian gangsters climb into the big Lincoln which immediately starts backing out of the alley.

CHEN

Police!

Asian gangster's #2's answer is a barrage of automatic gunfire. Chen responds with one neat shot through the windshield and into the driver's head. Gangster#1 wastes no time pushing the dead driver out from behind the wheel before Chen and Wallace can reach the car and continues their getaway at warp speed.

Chen unloads his weapon at the fleeing car before turning and heading towards the Chevy while Wallace charges up a narrow passageway to cut the gangsters off.

EXT NARROW CHINATOWN STREET (N.Y.) - DAY

Wallace comes flying out of the alley and into the street just in time to get off a few shots at the oncoming Lincoln which barrels right at him forcing him to jump onto a parked car at the last minute. Chen races from the opposite direction hoping to block the Lincoln's path. Without hesitating, the gang car plows onto the sidewalk and escapes past the terrified pedestrians. Chen pulls a 180, Wallace hops in the passenger seat and the chase is on.

EXT SECRET STREET (TOR) - DAY

Wallace and Chen in hot pursuit.

WALLACE

(in the radio)

This is car seven in green sector,
we're in pursuit of a blue Lincoln
Continental, Jersey plates five,
niner, five, alpha, alpha, zulu
travelling south on Park Row,
subjects armed and dangerous.
Request road block units on all
lanes.

With Chen and Wallace closing in, Gangster #2 unloads another burst of gunfire. One of the bullets punctures the windshield, grazes Wallace's ear, exploding the headrest behind him. Chen continues to catch up as the Lincoln makes a sharp left slipping through the cross traffic. The Chevy's not as lucky, as it gets clipped in the rear causing it to spin 90 degrees and slowing their pursuit.

EXT PELL STREET (N.Y.) - DAY

The Lincoln moves fast down Pell and hangs a sharp right careening onto Bowery heading downtown. Chen and Wallace struggle to keep up with pedestrians scattering in all directions.

Just as the gangsters reach the first stoplight it turns green. They pull out into the oncoming lane cutting in front of the waiting traffic which is just starting to move. In order to stop them and pin the Chevy in, gangster#2 lets loose a barrage of gunfire which mows down the drivers of the first row of car, pinning the Chevy behind the bloody roadblock. The Lincoln takes off

to the right. Chen backs up, sees an opening to an alley parallel to the street and takes off down it hoping to cut them off.

EXT SPADINA ALLEY (TOR) - DAY

Chen and Wallace speed through the narrow pasageway checking through the periodic openings to Temperance Street trying to track the Lincoln.

WALLACE

There!

Chen floors it- comes flying out the end of the alley on to...

EXT NARROW DOWNTOWN STREET (TOR) - DAY

Cars parked on both sides of the street.

Chen comes right up beside the Lincoln and tries to force it to a stop by pushing it up against the parked cars but the Lincoln just keeps charging, banging an opening through the cars and jumping onto the sidewalk knocking down a half-dozen pedestrians who can't get out of the way fast enough. Chen tracks alongside gangster#2 spraying automatic fire at them, smashing out the windows of the parked cars.

Chen and Wallace do their best to return fire. A delivery truck straddles the sidewalk in front of the Lincoln, instead of slowing, they speed up and at the last moment crash through parked cars, forcing an opening for them to come back onto the street. The parked car they punched through now blocks the Chevy. Rather than stop, Chen blasts onto the opposite sidewalk, pulls up next to the Lincoln while he and Wallace try to blow it out. Suddenly there's an elderly woman pulling her shopping basket in front of them who can't possibly get out of the way.

WALLACE

Yo, Civilian!!

Chen jams on the brakes, slides through an opening of parked cars and follows the Lincoln around the corner to the left.

EXT POST OFFICE ALLEY - DAY

Gangster #2 seeing the Chevy gaining on them, leans far out his passenger side window and sprays the Lincoln's tires just before a truck pulls out from a loading dock and sends the gangster's body flying through the air like a puppet. The Lincoln doesn't even slow. The Chevy spins

uncontrollably, the front end smashing into the elevated lift of a meat truck, which cuts right through the windshield pinning Chen behind a collapsed steering column.

Both men, shaken, watch as the Lincoln heads for the end of the street, then suddenly pulls a smoky 180 and heads right back towards them.

WALLACE

What the hell is he doing?

The Lincoln drives straight at them with the now visible BLUE and WHITES tailing it in close pursuit.

CHEN

Shit.

Chen and Wallace try and climb from the Chevy. Wallace can. Chen can't. He's trapped behind the wheel.

Chen looks at Wallace who stands beside the car.

CHEN

Go!

Chen begins firing at the Lincoln. Wallace looking between Chen and the fast approaching car, fires also. Chen's gun empties. Because of the chaos of the delivery trucks, the Lincoln has only one way out, and that is to crash straight through the disabled Chevy.

CHEN

I said go!

Chen empties his gun. Wallace refuses to leave him. The Lincoln is forty yards, thirty yards. It's engine is deafening.

CHEN

GO!!!

Wallace stays, firing everything he's got. Out of ammo, he quickly turns, dives back in the ca and grabs the shotgun from the back seat. Twenty yards, ten yards, he sees the face of the DRIVER when he gets lucky and a shotgun blast hits the gangster in the chest. The Lincoln spins out of control, twirling like crazy before it hits one of the trucks and explodes in flames. Wallace pulls Chen down as the fireball rolls just over their heads. Chen looks at Wallace as they sit up.

ENTER THE FEDS

INT INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - DAY

SCHABACKER

Federal agent Ronald Ming is dead.
Shot seven times in the back and
I'm thinking some scumbag in the
Fifteenth is responsible.

Chen insides are twisted in knots. Half of him wants to
come clean, but the self preservation half knows to play
it cool.

CHEN

Maybe some scumbag in the Bureau
is responsible.

SCHABACKER

And maybe I'm gonna grow a tree
out of my dick.

CHEN

If anybody could.

SCHABACKER

And you can bet your ass it'd be
an Oak.

Schabacker stares at Chen looking for the slightest flinch.

SCHABACKER

We I.D'd the shooters...They're
Fukienese.

Chen breathes a touch easier. Maybe it wasn't Lee.

Maybe it was part of the turf war.

CHEN

Fuke's have been makin a move on
the triads for months.

SCHABACKER

That's the only thing keepin me
from ripping this fuckin precinct
to the ground. That...and this.

Schabacker puts a small tape on the desk. Chen looks at
tape, wondering if he's on it.

SCHABACKER

The assholes were in such a hurry
to get moving they didn't check
the bodies for wires.

CHEN

Who's on it?

SCHABACKER

Benny Wong. Some others. Three weeks worth of undercover work.

CHEN

A court'll never admit it without the agent backin it up.

SCHABACKER

They will once you tell 'em you've been working with us on this investigation. That after the shooting and before the chase, you entered the building, approached our agent who, with his last breath, told you he got this tape and corroborated what's on it.

CHEN

That's perjury. Why would I do that?

SCHABACKER

To keep me from bringing charges against you for obstructing a federal investigation. Wallace told us how you engaged in the unauthorized surveillance of a federal agent, which possibly blew his cover, resulting in his assassination.

Chen looks at Schabacker.

CHEN

That speech may have shivered a rookie, but you'll need better for me.

SCHABACKER

Then I'll tell you what. You better watch your back cause my gut's still tellin me somebody in the Fifteenth gave my guy up and if I can't have Uncle Benny, I'm gonna have him.

Chen looks into Schabacker's face.

INT WALLACE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Wallace, dressed only in pants, cracks open the front door and sees Chen standing in the doorway. The visit catches Wallace off guard.

CHEN

You alone?

WALLACE

Yeah.

CHEN

Then invite me in.

Wallace opens the door wider and Chen steps inside. He looks around the small apartment filled with boxes and Chinese artifacts with cops eyes. The kind that make you nervous even if you've done nothing wrong.

CHEN

You got something to drink?

WALLACE

(putting on his
shirt)

No.

CHEN

About yesterday. You saved my life
out there.

WALLACE

Part of the job.

CHEN

Maybe. I still want to say thank
you.

WALLACE

You know what it means I saved
your life.

Chen smiles as he casually but carefully looks through the papers on Wallace's coffee table.

CHEN

This is America, it doesn't mean
anything.

That said...Feds got you nervous?

WALLACE

No.

CHEN

Good. Cause whether it's the Feds, Internal Affairs, whoever, the inside of a cop car is sacred. You don't tell them what we do unless you discuss it with me first.

WALLACE

Why the sudden paranoia?

CHEN

I'm just sayin'. Anybody asks you a question.

You ask me first.

Chen crosses to Wallace and stands face to face with him, making his point clear.

CHEN

No more talking with the Feds until we're working off the same page. Understood?

WALLACE

Yeah...sure.

CHEN

Good.

Chen turns and walks out the door. Wallace lets out a breath.

EXT THE TOMBS-DAY

New York's city prison and holding facility. Like any toilet, it's filled with shit.

INT THE TOMBS - INTERROGATION ROOM

Sitting behind a desk is Chen. The Guards put Jack in a chair then step back into the hall. Chen eyes the kid who looks even smaller in his prison rags. He waits a moment, then puts a surveillance photo of Jack's girlfriend Amy San on the table between them.

CHEN

Nice looking girl. Did you know she's in the country illegally?

Jack looks from the picture to Chen.

CHEN

Gonna have to send her back...after a little jail time of course. Shame you two'll never see each other again.

Jack's toughness is gone.

JACK

You can't send her, she's in trouble there. She'll be...

CHEN

Too bad. I can't help you. That's what you told me isn't it?

Jack feels the noose closing around his neck. He doesn't have much choice. He speaks quietly, already afraid of what he has to do.

JACK

I help you, when they move me, she come too, with papers?

Chen nods, then places a small tape recorder on the table. Jack looks at it like it was poison. Chen then puts a business card beside it.

CHEN

My pager number. Punch one one after your number so I know it's you.

Jack reaches for the card and recorder. When he does, Chen grabs his wrist and pulls him closer.

CHEN

I get you out, you better not run on me.

Jack looks at Chen and knows he's serious.

CHEN

I want to know who shot that undercover Fed.

And I want to know if whoever it was talks to Henry Lee Chen lets go of Jack and motions to the Guards. They reenter the room, pick up Jack and take him back to his cell. Chen watches him go and it's clear he doesn't feel good about what he just did.

EXT CHEN'S APARTMENT, MOTT STREET - DAY

A truck filled with dead pigs hanging on hooks, stands on the corner. MEN carry said swine to small vans parked at the curb.

Chen, carrying groceries, walks past the workmen and up to his door. He glances toward the vans as he slides in his key.

INT CHEN'S APARTMENT, MOTT STREET - DAY

Chen, still struggling with the death of the undercover agent, plops the package on the table, takes out a bottle of Bacardi and cracks the seal. He pours a portion of it into a half empty liter of Coke and hits it as he crosses to the window.

EXT CHEN'S APARTMENT - POV MEAT VANS - DAY

He looks at the meat vans.

INT CHEN'S APARTMENT, MOTT STREET - DAY

He picks up the phone and punches in a number.

VOICE (PHONE)

New York Times.

CHEN

I just called to tell you that Pete Schabacker of the F.B.I. is a hemorrhoid-licking asshole.

VOICE

Excuse me?

Chen hangs up, sips his muscled Big Gulp and finally has something to laugh about.

INT MEAT VAN, MOTT STREET - DAY

Tucked inside one of the meat vans, is a reel-to-reel recorder, Pete Schabacker and two hysterical AGENTS.

SCHABACKER

Shut the fuck up.

HENRY'S DEAL

INT HOSPITAL, SEAN WALLACE'S ROOM - DAY

Wallace moves past the other patients to his father's bed where the big Irishman lies with his eyes closed.

Wallace looks down at him, then starts to leave.

SEAN WALLACE (O.S.)

Hey.

Wallace turns back to the bed. His father smiles at him.

SEAN WALLACE

Thank you.

Wallace isn't sure what he's talking about.

SEAN WALLACE

For the money. They sent a guy, he told me you settled up. I'm not gonna forget it.

INT LEE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lee sits behind his desk when Wallace storms into the room.

WALLACE

Did you cover my father?

LEE

I'm helping you because I want you to help me.

WALLACE

No way.

LEE

My business is victimless. I supply services people want and are forbidden to them by politicians.

However, you've seen there're those whose business is not victimless. Whose tactic is violence.

I can help you rid Chinatown of those elements, and help keep your father alive. All I ask, is that you look out for my interests in return.

WALLACE

You're asking for more than that.

LEE

Long after you and I are gone there will be gambling in Chinatown. There will be men willing to pay a woman for her favors. And the police will always be the last to know.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

That's a fact...Now you can chase your tail in the dark and accomplish nothing, or you can really do some good. For the people of Chinatown, for your career and for your father.

Lee circles his table and approaches Wallace.

LEE

Think of how many more young girls would have ended up in dumpsters if not for your acceptance of my help.

Wallace does think about it. Knowing that they did save lives. He looks out the window at a bustling Chinatown.

LEE

This isn't America, Danny. It's Chinatown.

LEE

Do we agree?...Or do you want me to call the Italians and rescind my offer? Let them deal with your father.

The moment of choice. Its consequences are not lost on Wallace. The decision is not easy...but slowly, he shakes his head.

LEE

Good. There's something I'd like you to do for me tomorrow.

Lee doesn't speak right away. He makes Wallace wait.

LEE

There's a tin shop on Hogan.

EXT TIN SHOP - HOGAN STREET - MORNING

Wallace steps from the subway, crosses to a newsstand, buys a paper and checks the timepiece hanging over the porn mags. 5:58AM.

LEE (V.O.)

A Malaysian runs it. Tomorrow at six AM, he'll be receiving two bricks of heroin from a Colombian.

He clocks the tin shop. He can make out the MALAYSIAN guy behind the counter and a MALE CUSTOMER, Chinese, checking the racks.

LEE (V.O.)

These men are scum, they deal to children. I'd like you to stop them. He takes position at the bus stop on the corner and waits. He sees an HISPANIC MALE, 40's, enter the store. The Malaysian locks the front door and leads the Hispanic to the rear of the shop.

He moves quickly across Hogan. He reaches the front door, slides the slim jim from his jacket, and easily opens the lock.

INT TIN SHOP - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Wallace pulls the Glock from his holster. He hears voices from behind the rear door. Cold sweat runs down his neck as he takes position. He steadies himself, then kicks open the door.

INT TIN SHOP, OFFICE - DAY

WALLACE

POLICE! NOBODY MOVE!

He aims his gun and nearly fires when he hears YELLING from one of the men and sees the barrel of a .45 pointed at his face.

But he doesn't shoot because the gun belongs to Chen, in the middle of busting the two drug dealers. Eyes wild and still YELLING, Chen nearly squeezes the trigger himself, but his brain registers Wallace faster than his finger.

The two cops, breathing hard, stare at each other knowing exactly how the other got there. After a moment, Chen cuffs the two prisoners to the radiator and pushes Wallace back into the store.

INT TIN SHOP - DAY

CHEN

You son of a bitch. When did Lee approach you?!

The bust on Chrystie, right? The porn operation?

WALLACE

Yeah.

CHEN

I knew it. I knew your story was full of shit.

WALLACE

Well here you are. When did he approach you? I bet quite a while before that. When was it, two years ago, five years? How long have you been working for him? Or can't you even remember?!

Chen grabs Wallace by the neck.

CHEN

You're dead. Your life is over. I thought you were smart. You're not, you're as dumb as they come.

Chen lets go of Wallace. It takes a moment and then it hits him.

WALLACE

You gave him the Fed didn't you?

Chen looks back at Wallace.

WALLACE

That's why we were watching them. That's why you pressed that kid so hard to wear a wire. Yeah I heard about that. You want to see if it was the Fukes who killed the agent or if it was Lee.

They hear something behind them and turn with guns pointed at a seventy year old Woman stepping through the door.

PLUMS AND PEACHES

INT GAMBLING PARLOR-DAY

Chen moves purposefully through the crowded room but he doesn't stop to play. Instead he strides up to Henry Lee, grabs him and forcefully pushes him down the hall and out into the back alley.

INT GAMBLING PARLOR, STAIRWAY - DAY

He punches Lee to the floor. Lee's Sumo and two other triad SOLDIERS race into the room, guns drawn, but hold

back from firing because Chen's gun is pointed at Lee's head.

CHEN

We had a deal.

LEE

You brought him in, not me. I couldn't risk it.

CHEN

I had him under control.

LEE

Says you.

CHEN

Let him go.

LEE

What's done is done. You know that better than anyone. You want to help him? Smarten him up.

Make sure he doesn't trip over his toes and fuck both of you. I hear dirty cops have an extra rough time of it in prison.

Chen looks right into Lee's eyes.

CHEN

I find out you killed that Fed, I'll kill you.

Chen strides from the room, keeping his gun pointed on target.

EXT SECOND STREET - DAY

Chen and Wallace move across the street. The mood is solemn.

CHEN

Wires. You never know who's wearin one so assume everyone is.

Chen stops at an outdoor fruit stand and samples the goods.

CHEN

Another thing. If you hear something in the precinct you think we should pass along, always double check. It could be a bogus tip they wanted

(MORE)

CHEN (CONT'D)

you to hear to see if it got passed along. Black or red plum?

WALLACE

I don't like plums.

CHEN

You don't like plums?

WALLACE

I like peaches.

CHEN

Peaches are shit. Didn't you ever hear that song Sinatra sang, "Out of the tree of life I just picked me a plum?"

WALLACE

I don't care if he picked a raisin out of Sammy Davis' eye socket. I like peaches.

CHEN

Then I'm not paying for it. Chen pays for his plum and Wallace pays for his peach. Chen stops to watch a bunch of KIDS playing soccer in the park.

WALLACE

How'd they get to you?

CHEN

I was the first Chinese cop in the Fifteenth.

Thought I was gonna clean up Chinatown. But white cops wouldn't work with me and the people wouldn't talk to a cop, Chinese or not. Only Uncle Benny paid me any attention. He became my godfather, took care of my debts. Henry Lee was his lieutenant. He fed me a few busts, made me look good and I liked it. Then one night my father walks into a gambling house and ends up dead.

Turns out Lee knew there was a contract on him.

Made it clear he could've told me, I could've stopped it...Got me thinking I was better at my job with him, than without him.

The soccer ball rolls over and Chen kicks it back into the game.

CHEN

And he was right.

Chen takes a bite from his plum as the sound of a shutter on a 35mm camera clicking stops the action in beautiful black and white. Suddenly, a hand reaches in and pulls the photo off the wall.

BENNY WONG CUTS A DEAL

Int FBI HEADQUARTERS HALLWAY - DAY

Schacker walks briskly through the hallway carrying the picture and talking on a cordless mouthpiece.

SCHABACKER

It's Schabacker. I want everything you have on a Detective in the Fifteenth Precinct. His name is Daniel Wallace...Yeah his old man worked crooked outta the two five, check on him too.

He rounds a corner and approaches his office where Benny Wong his lawyer and two Fed minions sit waiting for him.

INT SCHABACKER'S OFFICE

He enters, closing the door behind him.

SCHABACKER

Mr. Wong, we're running a one day sale. Chance of a lifetime. The opportunity to buy your freedom.

Schabacker pulls an audio tape from his desk drawer.

SCHABACKER

This tape was obtained by an agent working undercover inside the Triad.

It's Cantonese but the look on Wong's face tells us it isn't good.

LAWYER

The tape is garbage. If it weren't, you would have arrested my client by now.

Schabacker lays an arrest warrant on the table and speaks to Wong.

SCHABACKER

Lawyers are always gutsy when it's
someone else looking at life. But
I don't want you. I want whoever
killed my agent. I want the cops
in the Fifteenth on your payroll.
And I'm willing to pay for it.

INT FUKIENESE CRASH PAD, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings as Bobby Vu makes out with a good looking
girl.

BOBBY VU

Hello.

INT GREEN MERCEDES - SAME NIGHT

Lee rides in back, speaking into his cell-phone.

LEE

Our patience has paid off. Uncle
Benny paid a visit to the F.B.I.
His time is over.

INT FUKIENESE CRASH PAD, LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

The room looks like home to seven teenagers who drink, do
drugs, fight and play with guns all day. Four of them,
including Jack, are on the couch, watching porno. The
bedroom door opens and Bobby Vu enters, kicking everybody
off the couches.

BOBBY VU

(Fukienese)

Get dressed, we have a job.

JACK

(Fukienese)

What is it?

BOBBY VU

(Fukienese)

We take care of Benny Wong tonight.

EXT CHEN'S APARTMENT, MOTT STREET - NIGHT

Wallace drives to the curb as Chen looks at the Phone
Company truck parked across the street.

CHEN

My friends are waiting for me.

Wallace glances at the truck.

WALLACE

How long you think the Feds'll be watching us.

CHEN

Month, maybe two.

Chen can see that fact rattles Wallace.

CHEN

I didn't want Lee involving you.

WALLACE

It's not your fault.

CHEN

I didn't say it was. What I'm saying is you're alone now. You can't trust anybody in the department. Not the guys in the Fifteenth, not the guys in the AGU. And you sure as hell can't trust Henry Lee. So if anything gets sticky, you come to me.

WALLACE

How do I know I can trust you?

CHEN

You don't.

Chen opens the car door.

WALLACE

I'm glad it's not just me...Nuts huh?

Half of him feels the same way...But the smarter half, the self preservation half, doesn't.

CHEN

No.

WALLACE

You wanna eat? I'll buy you a plum.

Chen smiles. He wants to, but he closes the door.

CHEN

I got plans.

WALLACE

Some other time.

Wallace drives off as Chen turns and pushes into his building.

INT CHEN'S BUILDING, HALLWAY OUTSIDE HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lying against the door, cold and pasty white, is May.

Chen quickly checks her vitals, then lifts her in his arms and carries her back outside.

EXT GAS STATION, QUEENS - NIGHT

The Fukienese crew sit packed into a stolen Buick Regal as one of the boys pumps unleaded into the tank. Jack in the middle of the back seat fidgets like an inmate on death row.

JACK

(Fukienese)

I gotta take a leak.

Bobby Vu looks at him with the impatience of a killer.

BOBBY VU

(Fukienese)

Hurry up.

Jack climbs out the door. He crosses the forty yards of asphalt and moves behind the filling station to the side of the building.

EXT GAS STATION PAYPHONE - NIGHT

He stops at a payphone nestled between the men's and lady's rooms. His hands tremble as he slides in the quarter and dials the number off Chen's card. He checks the number of the phone, punches it in along with his code. He hits the pound key, hangs up and waits.

INT HUDSON ST CLINIC: HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The population, STAFF and CLIENTELE, is mostly Asian, Spanish, and poor. The pace is fast and the care minimal by necessity.

Behind a curtain, May lies sleeping, I.V. tubing supplying nutrition, an oxygen mask supplying life.

Chen watches her when his pager goes off. He checks the number, recognizing the pager code he gave Jack as a young DOCTOR enters the area.

DOCTOR

She's lucky you found her.

CHEN

I want you to write her up as deceased.

DOCTOR

Nick.

CHEN

She recovers, she goes to work. Two weeks she's back here, maybe not so lucky.

DOCTOR

You're asking a lot.

Chen reaches into his pocket and pulls out ten hundred dollar bills. The Doctor thinks, then takes the money.

CHEN

Let her stay a few days, till she's stronger.

Then I'll come get her.

Chen looks at May then slips outside.

EXT GAS STATION, PAYPHONE - NIGHT

BOBBY VU (O.S.)

(Fukienese)

What the fuck are you doing?

Jack spins and calls on every ounce of strength he has to keep from turning white.

JACK

(Fukienese)

I'm sick. I wasn't sure if I had to go back inside or not.

Bobby Vu starts to smile...until the phone rings. Then he just stares at Jack, who ignores the ringing phone.

JACK

I'm alright. Let's go.

Bobby stops him...and picks up the phone. He puts the receiver to his ear, but doesn't say a word.

INT HUDSON STREET CLINIC - SAME (NIGHT)

Chen stands at a payphone and almost speaks, but the silence on the other end of the line stops him.

EXT GAS STATION, PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Jack's legs nearly buckle as Bobby Vu keeps the phone to his ear. The wait is agony, but gets interrupted when Black Eyes walks up.

GANGSTER

What're you doing?

INT HUDSON STREET CLINIC - NIGHT

Chen hears the voices through the phone line and realizes something's not right.

CHEN

Is this Domino's Pizza?

EXT GAS STATION, PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Jack continues to watch Bobby Vu, who hangs up without saying a word. Slowly, a smile curls his lips.

BOBBY VU

(Fukienese)

Jack thought he was gonna shit his pants.

He puts an arm around his soldier and leads him to the Buick.

INT HUDSON STREET CLINIC - NIGHT

Chen hangs up the phone. He stands a moment, then takes a pen from his pocket and writes down the number on the pager.

EXT BENNY WONG'S HOUSE, FLUSHING QUEENS - NIGHT

Chinatown Two and definitely the nicest. An upper income, suburban neighborhood populated by American-born Chinese.

Out front of the gated corner house is the Bobby Vu's car. The Fukienese fan out around the walls surrounding the property.

INT BENNY WONG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Benny Wong sits in a club chair watching an episode of Sinbad when he hears the KRAK KRAK KRAK of gunfire coming from inside his house.

He quickly searches his desk drawer finding a .38 caliber pistol. He turns toward the door and freezes as he looks into the eyes of Bobby Vu and the other three Fukienese

who point submachine guns at his chest. Bobby Vu smiles....Benny Wong stares at him.

BENNY WONG

You're not man enough to kill me.

In a flash, Benny brings the revolver to his temple and shoots himself. Bobby Vu looks at the old man lying dead.

BOBBY VU

We kill you anyway.

The four youths open up, turning Benny Wong into hamburger.

INT BENNY WONG'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Bobby Vu enters. He lifts the lid and begins to pee unaware of MRS. WONG who lies paralyzed with fear in the bathtub.

She tries to lie quietly as he unzips his pants. The sound of liquid hitting liquid mixes with the faint cry of police sirens in the distance.

He finishes, takes one step toward the exit then turns and begins firing into the glass shower door. He stops. Walks through the smoke filled room and stands over Mrs. Wong, alive, but cut to pieces in the bottom of the tub. He looks down at her and nonchalantly points his gun at her chest. She begins to cry as he pulls the trigger.

LITTLE HELP FROM NICK

EXT WORTH STREET - DAY

HENRY LEE stands outside his restaurant greeting people who pay respects to him as though it were a coronation.

Ung, Wallace and Chen buy frozen ices from a street cart trying to make a buck in the ninety degree heat.

WALLACE

You been able to reach Jack yet?

Chen shakes his head.

CHEN

Paged him fifty times and nothing.
He's hidin.

WALLACE

Think he was calling about the
hit?

CHEN

He was on it.

Wallace looks at all the people greeting Lee.

WALLACE

Nobody seems too upset.

CHEN

Except them.

Across the way, they see an FBI surveillance VAN.

UNG

Fuckin Feds...Dumb shit brings
Benny Wong into the federal
building, should've just taken an
ad out in the papers.

They suck on their freeze bars when Chen notices three
little CHINESE kids looking at the ice cream.

Chen looks at the kids.

CHEN

You stay in school?

The kids nod. Chen hands the vendor a ten.

CHEN

Set 'em up.

The youngsters clamor for the ices.

WALLACE

Whatdaya think Lee's gonna do about
the Fuke's now that he's top dog?

CHEN

He's made his deal with the Fukes.

WALLACE

What are we going to do?

CHEN

I know what I want to do.

Chen stares at Lee with complete hate.

INT FIFTEENTH PRECINCT, OUTSIDE THE AGU OFFICES - DAY

Through the glass door we see Wallace and Ung catch up on
paperwork as Detective Deng comes through it, into the
hall where the coffee machine sits. She pours black coffee

into a thirty-ounce cup, then hits it with a half dozen sugars. Chen walks up.

CHEN

Planning on staying up for a month?

DENG

Wait till you have a baby...Did you hear?

CHEN

Hear what?

DENG

I've heard the FEDS have a case against someone in the Fifteenth.

This gets Chen's attention, but he tries to dismiss it.

CHEN

I've heard that every month for ten years.

Deng presses, like she's trying to tell Chen something more.

DENG

So have I, but this time I hear they have tapes, photos, the whole nine yards. They're pissed off about their agent and Benny Wong getting killed and they want to hang somebody for it.

Chen nods to his partner as she heads back to her desk. Chen thinks for a moment, then looks through the glass at Wallace working away.

INT GAMBLING PARLOR - DAY

Chen enters the underground parlor. But today it's empty, except for Henry Lee, the Sumo, two other triad soldiers and the dealer from last night's gambling. Lee is here to collect his cut. His minions immediately frisk Chen and take his guns from him.

CHEN

Think I have a reason to use them?

LEE

I'm not sure. Lately you've forgotten that what happens to me, happens to you.

Lee makes sure Chen gets the message.

CHEN

The Feds are making a case against Wallace. We need to cut him loose.

LEE

You're nervous. You're getting soft in your old age.

CHEN

The only thing going soft is your brain.

The Sumo smashes Chen into the wall and down to the ground.

LEE

Personal attacks are going to get us nowhere, Detective.

Chen can barely breathe, let alone get to his feet.

LEE

But I'll tell you what. I'll take your advice to a point. I'll sever any traceable ties between us...and give Wallace a few arrests to knock the shoo- flies off his heels.

Lee and his men start for the door, then stop.

LEE

I almost forgot in all this hub-bub.

He peels several bills from his takings and drops it on the floor.

LEE

Today's payday for dirty cops. Make sure you give Wallace his cut.

He smiles and walks out the door. Chen, still on the ground, watches him go...then picks up the money.

EXT FIFTEENTH PRECINCT - DAY

Chen walks up Elizabeth Street toward the station entrance when he sees Wallace hurrying out of the building.

CHEN

Wallace.

The young cop either ignores the sound or didn't hear it, cause he heads straight for a patrol car parked at the back of the police lot. Chen yells after him.

CHEN

Where're you going?

Wallace stops, lets Chen catch up.

WALLACE

(making sure he's
not overheard)

Lee's not covering my old man with
the Italians. I gotta move him.

He starts towards his car.

CHEN

I told him to.

WALLACE

Why the hell'd you do that?

CHEN

Because the Feds are building a
case against you.

The words hit Wallace like a jack hammer.

WALLACE

How do you know?

CHEN

I know. And if they nab you it'll
take three seconds for you to give
them me.

WALLACE

I wouldn't...

CHEN

Yes you would...And so would I.

Wallace turns away. Watches some cops heading off duty.

CHEN

I'm not saying it's fatal. Point
now is to cover tracks and keep
everything clean on the surface.
And when they call you in, keep
your mouth shut.

WALLACE

I wish I never got into this.

Chen can't help feeling sorry for him.

CHEN

You and me both.

Chen reaches into his pocket and takes out the money he got from Lee, careful that no one sees him. He peels off several bills.

CHEN

This is your cut from Lee. Three grand.

Wallace looks at Chen. He doesn't want to touch the money...but he needs it. So he slips it into his jacket.

WALLACE

I gotta get to the hospital.

CHEN

Where're you gonna move him?

WALLACE

I don't know.

Chen looks at him, then holds out the rest of the money.

CHEN

This'll cover your old man.

WALLACE

I can't.

CHEN

Just take it.

Wallace hesitates, but takes the money.

WALLACE

Thanks.

CHEN

Remember. Don't say anything. Let me deal with the Feds. Alright?

Wallace nods and heads for his car.

INT AMY SAN'S BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - DAY

Jack and Amy watch TV when Chen breaks in the window beside them. Jack grabs for his gun but Chen pins his arm to the wall.

CHEN

Hard to find, Jack.

Chen grabs Jack's gun and slides it into his own belt.

CHEN

Tell her to take in a movie.

Jack utters a few words in Fukienese and the young girl grabs her clothes and hurries out of the room.

JACK

I wanted to call. I couldn't.

CHEN

Now I'm here. So what did you want to tell me about Benny Wong?

EXT JACOBI HOSPITAL, BRONX - LATER - DAY

Wallace stops in the no parking section in front of the clinic. He pops the "police tag" on the dash, gets out and heads inside.

EXT JACOBI HOSPITAL STREET - DAY

Across the street, two FEDS snap photos of Wallace from a van.

INT JACOBI HOSPITAL, BRONX - DAY

Wallace approaches the front desk when someone calls his name.

VOICE (O.S.)

Daniel Wallace.

Wallace turns and sees the two Feds moving toward him. He quickly hands the envelope to the RECEPTIONIST.

WALLACE

Would you pass this letter to my father in room 409? Sean Wallace.

Before she can answer, the Feds are on him flashing badges as the larger Agent reaches for Wallace's gun.

WALLACE

Back off.

LARGE AGENT

Don't be an asshole.

He again reaches for Wallace's gun but Wallace pushes him off.

WALLACE

You don't touch my gun or my badge
dipshit. I work in the Fifteenth.

Wallace stares at the two agents.

SMALLER AGENT

Fine. Let's just get out of here
quietly. There's a couple questions
we'd like to ask you.

Wallace continues to stare, then...

WALLACE

My father.

AGENT

We'll have someone on his door.

After a moment, Wallace turns to the flustered Receptionist holding the envelope.

WALLACE

Thank you.

He then walks toward the door with the two Feds behind him.

INT AMY SAN'S BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - SAME

Chen leans against the wall as Jack puts on his clothes.

CHEN

Then everybody split up?

JACK

Yeah.

CHEN

Good. You're under arrest.

JACK

What?!

Chen slaps on the cuffs and turns the kid around.

CHEN

You're gonna tell the Feds you've
been working with Wallace and me.
That the hit on Benny Wong was

(MORE)

CHEN (CONT'D)

Fukienese and you're eager to testify against Bobby Vu. Do it right and I'll back you on trying to tip me before the hit. Do it wrong, I'll go out of my way to bury you.

Chen hustles the kid out the door.

WALLACE'S SECRET

INT SCHABACKER'S OFFICE, FEDERAL BUILDING-DAY

Wallace sits alone in the office looking at the stack of photos depicting his actions over the past few days. He also sees photos of Chen with May. He looks at the young girl and recognizes her from the raid on the Ginza Massage.

He looks up as a pissed off Schabacker and NYPD Internal Affairs Inspector Vince Kirpatrick enter the tiny room.

SCHABACKER

Why the fuck didn't you tell me you were Internal Affairs?

WALLACE

Confidential undercover assignment. The key word being confidential. Which nothing in the Bureau is.

SCHABACKER

Fuck you.

KIRPATRICK

Nobody knows except a few of us in IA. Not even the commanding officer in the Fifteenth knows.

SCHABACKER

Well now I know.

Schabacker looks at Wallace.

SCHABACKER

A bagman's kid, Internal Affairs. You're old man must think you're a real scumbag.

WALLACE

I know what he thinks of Feds.

SCHABACKER

Yeah, yeah. So what have you got on Chen?

WALLACE

This isn't a federal case. So there's no reason to tell you anything.

SCHABACKER

Yes, there is. Cause from where I'm sitting it looks to me like a young, I.A. rat went under to build a case against Nick Chen and ended up working for him.

KIRPATRICK

You're reaching.

SCHABACKER

Enjoying for himself the Chinatown whores and a little financial assistance to help with a family gambling problem.

KIRPATRICK

Don't even start with that.

One of the arresting Agents enters the room.

SCHABACKER

I'll start and finish with it unless somebody hands me Chen.

AGENT

He's here.

SCHABACKER

Who's here?

AGENT

Chen.

INT CONFERENCE ROOM, FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS (DAY)

Chen and Jack sit as Schabacker enters the room.

CHEN

Hello, Pete.

SCHABACKER

Hello, Nick...Who's your friend?

CHEN

A snitch of Wallace's and mine.
He's an eye witness to the Benny
Wong murder.

Schabacker sits back into his chair and offers Chen some
nuts.

SCHABACKER

Cashews?

They both sit, munching their nuts.

SCHABACKER

Eye witness...And you brought him
here to me?

Why?

CHEN

You know why.

The two cops sit looking at one another.

INT SCHABACKER'S OFFICE, FEDERAL BUILDING - LATER (DAY)

The same crew as before sit when Schabacker re-enters.

SCHABACKER

My compliments, Wallace. You must've
sunk your hooks into Chen pretty
good.

WALLACE

What'd he want?

SCHABACKER

To trade for you.

KIRPATRICK

He said that?

SCHABACKER

Not in so many words. He brought
that Fuke snitch of yours who rode
shotgun on the Benny Wong killing.

He gives me the eye witness, I call off the FBI
investigation on Wallace. Wallace feels more like a shit
as Schabacker talks.

KIRPATRICK

What'd you tell him?

SCHABACKER

I told him fine. We're puttin the kid on the street to get the rest of the Fukes on tape talking about the hit on Benny Wong. And in return, I'm not going to press charges against young Wallace here.

WALLACE

Is he still here?

SCHABACKER

He took off.

Schabacker leans back in his chair and smiles at Wallace.

SCHABACKER

You gotta promise me I can be there when you break the bad news to Chen. That's gonna be priceless.

Wallace feels a heavy weight lay across his shoulders.

EXT SOUTHERN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Establishing. Clouds drift over the city making the familiar landmarks almost unrecognizable.

INT WALLACE APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wallace opens a safe box he has on the bed. Inside are audio tapes. Dates and names written across the labels. Chen's on most. Lee on others. He grabs a blank tape and pops it into a recorder.

He crosses to a mirror, opens his belt hides the recorder in his underpants. He buckles up and runs a wire up his chest. He gently tapes it to the inside of his shirt, then buttons up.

He tucks in the shirt tails and repositions the recorder. Finished, he stares at himself. Not liking what he sees.

SEAN WALLACE

Your wire's showin.

Wallace turns and sees his father leaning against the doorway. Sean walks over and roughly fixes his son's shirt. Wallace pulls away and fixes it himself.

SEAN WALLACE

How long you been I.A.?

WALLACE

First assignment.

SEAN WALLACE

Quickest way to a gold shield.

Wallace doesn't say a word.

SEAN WALLACE

And all you've got to do is bury your partner. The guy who shoved ten grand in your fist to back your play.

Wallace looks at his father, wonders how he knows.

SEAN WALLACE

I figure you ain't worth much to the chinks yet, so this must be Chen's money.

Wallace's lack of a response tells his father he's right.

SEAN WALLACE

And you're gonna bury him. And for what? Turning his head and makin a few dollars.

WALLACE

I know that wouldn't mean much to you. Lyin and cheatin are what you're made of.

SEAN WALLACE

And it's a hell of a lot better than what you're made of.

WALLACE

You don't know what I'm made of. It's the one thing I should thank you for, your lack of interest.

SEAN WALLACE

Yeah you've been real honest with your partner.

Wallace looks away from his father.

WALLACE

End justifies the means.

SEAN WALLACE

The end is bullshit. The means are what you live with.

Sean reaches into his jacket, holds out Chen's money and tosses it on the floor.

SEAN WALLACE

Keep it. I don't want anything
from you.

Sean Wallace turns out of the room. His son looks back in the mirror and does a last adjustment on his wire.

He then reaches for the cologne on the dresser, splashes some into his palm and hurls the bottle against the wall.

INT GAMBLING PARLOR - LATER (NIGHT)

The joint is packed. At a center table Chen is teaching Wallace and two beauties named KIM and TAI, the finer points of Pai Gou. One of the girl's got a hot hand and can't seem to make a wrong move.

CHEN

Unbelievable.

WALLACE

What are we doing here?

CHEN

Celebrating. You just got off death
row.

INT HOTEL SUITE - LATER (NIGHT)

The foursome slide into the dimly lit room with bottles of champagne in tow. Chen and Kim are already halfway to one of the bedrooms before Wallace has the door locked.

He turns and Tai has herself draped over him with her hands headed for his crotch. He holds her off, conscious of the recorder.

WALLACE

Wait, wait, wait.

She looks at him confused.

TAI

You don't like me?

Wallace looks at the beauty and kisses her full on the mouth.

WALLACE

I got to go to the bathroom first.

INT HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

Wallace, drunk, locks the door behind him. He splashes water on his face, then glances up at himself in the mirror.

WALLACE

What the fuck're you doin'?

He then takes off the wire and removes the recorder from his shorts. He takes off his jacket, puts the device in the inside pocket and rolls it up.

INT HOTEL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He heads back into the living room but Tai isn't there. He walks toward the bedroom and peeks inside.

INT HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lying on the bed is Tai and Kim.

WALLACE

Where's Nick?

KIM

He left. He said he wanted you to be very happy.

She dims the lights. Wallace hesitates, then drops his jacket and walks toward the bed. He climbs between the women and closes his eyes.

THE SNARE IS SET

EXT PEARL STREET-NIGHT

Henry Lee and the Sumo move across the street and descend through a loading door in the sidewalk.

INT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

Lee and the Sumo reach a door and the Sumo knocks.

Jack answers and lets them inside.

INT FUKIENESE CRASH PAD - PEARL STREET - NIGHT

A dozen Fukienese are there, from Bobby Vu to the newest groupie.

LEE

The police are running in circles
on the unfortunate death of Uncle
Benny.

Jack tries to slowly position himself near Lee and Bobby
Vu.

BOBBY VU

We want money. We didn't kill him
for nothing.

LEE

It's time to bring the cargo ship
to port and unload our freight.
One hundred eighty-six, at forty
thousand a piece. I'd say that's a
nice start to our relationship,
wouldn't you?

INT HOTEL, BEDROOM - MORNING (DAY)

Clock reads five AM. Wallace lies unconscious on the bed.
Near the door, Kim takes the money from his wallet as Tai
pulls the crumpled bills from his pants. She grabs his
jacket, unrolls it and checks every pocket. She stops
when she hits the recorder.

They whisper intently to each other, then quickly return
the recorder and the money to where they found them. Within
seconds they're gone.

INT CHEN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING (DAY)

Chen carries a tray with soup and tea toward the bed where
May rests.

CHEN

(Cantonese)

How you feeling?

MAY

(Cantonese)

Good.

Chen pours the tea and she reaches out to touch his hand.

MAY

(Cantonese)

Thank you.

Chen looks at her, then hands her the cup. He watches her
drink...then finally speaks.

CHEN

(Cantonese)

You have family here, friends?

MAY

(Cantonese)

No one. Everybody home...everybody.

Chen watches the tears fall from May's eyes as she drinks and thinks of home.

INT BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION, LARGE OFFICE - MORNING

(DAY)

Lee sits behind a large desk when Chen sits across from him.

CHEN

Only time I was ever in here I was talking to Benny Wong.

LEE

He was a great man.

CHEN

You'd know better than anyone.

LEE

But even a great man can out last his time.

Chen studies Lee and lights a smoke.

LEE

I've got something for you. Should quiet any doubts as to Wallace's character...The Fukes are bringing in a highly valuable cargo by ship.

CHEN

That was a short partnership.

LEE

Bobby Vu will be on-site supervising the unloading.

Take the Fukes and half the shipment. I'll keep the other half.

CHEN

You're getting greedy.

LEE

I'm an American.

INT HOTEL BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Clock reads 1pm. Wallace is still sleeping in the dark when sunlight explodes throughout the room with a

WHOOSH!

CHEN

Let's go. We got to pick up Jack and deliver him to the Feds.

WALLACE

What time is it?

CHEN

Time for a shower. You stink.

Chen lifts the mattress, spilling Wallace out of the bed. He then pops a cig into his mouth and checks his pants for a match...None.

CHEN

You got a match?

Chen picks up Wallace's jacket and reaches into one of the pockets. Wallace's eyes snap to attention as he quickly grabs a book of matches from the ashtray on the night stand.

WALLACE

Here.

He tosses the pack and Chen catches it. Wallace watches him drop the jacket to the floor. His heart skips when he hears a tink as the recorder hits the tile...Chen doesn't notice.

CHEN

You know you were right.

WALLACE

About what?

Wallace crosses over, picks up his clothes.

CHEN

I wish it was neither of us. But truth is, I'm glad it's not just me.

Wallace looks at Chen, then heads for the bathroom.

INT BLUE EMPRESS CAFE - AFTERNOON

Tai and Kim talk to the Sumo who's sullen expression grows darker. He hands each girl a c-note and disappears into the cafe.

INT FEDERAL BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE

AFTERNOON

Wallace, Chen and Jack sit waiting.

CHEN

You sure it was Henry Lee?

JACK

It was him.

Chen looks at Wallace as Schabacker and a middle-aged WOMAN with short red hair enter the room.

SCHABACKER

Everybody knows U.S. Attorney Margaret Wheeler?

MARGARET

The tape is good. Probably enough for convictions on Bobby Vu and the rest. But I think we hold off until they make their move to bring in the illegal shipment. We bust 'em on the ship. Then we go for the murder charge, the smuggling rap and with Jack here connecting the dots to an ongoing criminal enterprise, we meet our racketeering requirements and get life sentences.

CHEN

What about Henry Lee?

SCHABACKER

What about him, Nick?

Wallace watches Schabacker play with Chen. He doesn't like it.

CHEN

Do we have a case, Pete?

MARGARET

There's enough to drag him before a grand jury, but it's gonna be his word against their word and

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

he'll win. We wait till after the shipment comes in, then the tape's got merit.

SCHABACKER

What do you think, Danny?

Wallace looks at Schabacker, who's smiling through it all.

WALLACE

It's Margaret's call.

MARGARET

Then we wait. Everybody's on around the clock.

As soon as Jack finds out when delivery is set, we'll reconvene and organize the arrest. Margaret is first out of her seat.

SCHABACKER

Nick...after we bust the Fukes, you, Danny and me should get together... Bury the hatchet. What do you think?

CHEN

I can't wait.

SCHABACKER

Me neither. How 'bout you, Dan? You up for it?

Schabacker smiles at Wallace.

WALLACE

Sure.

Wallace pushes past Schabacker and strides out of the room.

NICK LEARNS THE TRUTH

INT CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Chen and Wallace cruise Chinatown in the big blue Ford. Both men drive without saying a word.

CHEN

What do you think about Lee?

WALLACE

I think if Jack's tape buries him
it's his fault for trying to be
too smart for his own good.

CHEN

And how long you think it'll take
him to trade for us?

WALLACE

You thirsty? I'm thirsty.

Wallace pulls the car in front of a fire hydrant and tosses
the police tag on the dash.

INT JIMMY LOO'S - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Wallace and Chen pull up stools as the BARTENDER crosses
over.

CHEN

Bacardi and Coke.

WALLACE

Bud. I'm buying.

Wallace puts his money on the bar. Both men seem to have
something on their minds.

CHEN

I gave that Fed to Lee.

Wallace looks at Chen.

WALLACE

I know.

The bartender brings the drinks. Both wait for the man to
move on.

CHEN

I'm gonna have to answer for him
some day.

WALLACE

We all have something to answer
for.

CHEN

Yeah.

They sit quietly...until Chen's pager goes off. He checks
the number.

CHEN

Speak of the devil.

WALLACE

Lee?

CHEN

Yeah. Order me another.

Chen picks up his drink and crosses to the phone. He pumps in a quarter, dials and waits.

CHEN

It's Chen, get me Lee.

Chen finishes the drink as he waits.

LEE (PHONE)

Where've you been. I've been paging you all morning.

CHEN

What do you want?

LEE

Wallace is Internal Affairs.

Chen feels his stomach tighten, but he's not sure he got it right.

CHEN

What?

LEE

You heard me.

CHEN

I don't believe it.

LEE

Your girlfriends found a wire on him last night. I checked it out and the fuck is making a case against you.

The words hit Chen like a freight train. He stands speechless. His insides reeling as he looks over at his partner.

LEE

You there?

CHEN

Yeah.

LEE

Who knows how long he was
wired...He's got to go.

Chen's breath grows heavy as his eyes stare vacantly at
Wallace, who's working a beer.

LEE

You kill him tonight.

Chen can't answer either way, he's not even sure if it's
real or a dream.

LEE

The Fukes are taking delivery in
one hour. Pier 25 at Port Imperial
in Jersey, a ship called the DORIAN.
Take him along and make sure he
doesn't leave the boat...you
understand me? I don't give a shit
about the cargo, the Fukes, nothing.

Just make sure Wallace is dead. Are we clear?

Chen doesn't answer, he just keeps looking at Wallace,
who's looking back at him now.

LEE

He'll hang us both.

CHEN

Yeah. I understand.

LEE

Kill him.

Chen hangs up. He looks at Wallace, then pushes into...

INT JIMMY LOO'S BATHROOM - DAY

He stands in the tiny room, half looking in the mirror,
half looking nowhere. Eyes darting, mind racing. He turns
on the water and runs it across his face, but it doesn't
really help.

He reaches for a hand towel but it's stuck in the
dispenser. He rips down on the towel with all the rage,
frustration and anger inside him, tearing the metal
dispenser from the wall and slamming it into the sink,
the wall and finally to the ground. He then tries to steady
himself, but he's too upset. But then his pager goes off.
He calms himself, checks the number... then dials. A voice
answers.

CHEN

Jack...slow down...tonight, Pier 25, the Dorian. You did good, Jack. Where are you?... No, I'll contact the F.B.I. I want you to stay at your girlfriend's, don't talk with anyone. After we pick up the others, I'll come for you.

Chen hangs up. He takes a breath and looks at himself in the mirror. He runs his hands through his hair and slowly exits back into the bar.

INT JIMMY LOO'S - DAY

His eyes stay on Wallace as he crosses the room. Only now they look like he wants to kill him right there. He sits beside his partner.

WALLACE

Get a hold of him?

Chen takes a healthy gulp from his new drink.

CHEN

Yeah.

WALLACE

Did you tell him about the tape?

CHEN

No.

WALLACE

What'd he want?

Chen looks directly into Wallace's eyes. It takes him a moment to get the words out of his throat.

CHEN

He wanted to tell me that the Fuke's are picking up their shipment in an hour, in Jersey.

WALLACE

Shit, we gotta move. Did you call the Feds?

CHEN

Yeah. They're going to meet us there.

Chen finishes his drink and the two cops cross for the door.

THE SHIPYARD

EXT PORT IMPERIAL, DOCK 25-DUSK

A huge container ship sits silently at dock. We focus closer on the Wheelhouse.

EXT DOCK - NIGHT

Through night vision goggles we see the adjacent parking lot. All seems calm at the moment.

INT WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Chen stands quietly in the darkness looking through the night vision goggles.

CHEN

No sign of anybody.

He turns and hands the goggles to Wallace.

CHEN

Have a look.

Wallace takes up the post as Chen steps back into the shadows.

WALLACE

Lee said an hour, right?

CHEN

Yeah...still nothin'?

WALLACE

Nope.

CHEN

You sure?

WALLACE

Yup...all clear.

There's a long pause. We watch Chen's face turn to stone.

CHEN

How about Internal Affairs?

Wallace flinches but covers.

WALLACE

What?

CHEN

I forgot to mention it. Lee thinks they're making a case against someone in the fifteenth.

WALLACE

(while continuing looking through the goggles)

Who?!

CHEN

He didn't know. Maybe it's just a rumour. You hear anything?

Wallace is about to answer when he sees a tractor trailer pull into the lot.

WALLACE

They're here. Take a look.

He turns to give the goggles to Chen.

CHEN

No- you keep watching. We've got to let 'em lead us to the cargo.

EXT CONTAINER SHIP - NIGHT

Through the goggles we Bobby Vu and the others be met by a shipman and led to the far end of the boat.

WALLACE

They're heading away from us.

INT WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Chen quietly cocks his gun and points it at the back of Wallace's head.

CHEN

What would you do if you knew I.A. had a case against you? Would you run?

WALLACE

(increasingly uncomfortable)

I don't know what I'd do. What would you do?

Wallace is unaware of Chen standing directly behind him, sweat building on his face- ready to pull the trigger.

CHEN

You mean after I killed whoever
ratted on me?

Wallace's blood turns to ice. He lowers the goggles, turns slowly and comes face to face with the barrel of Chen's gun. It's instantly clear Chen knows all.

CHEN

You should have let me die in the
car that day. At least then I die
a cop.

WALLACE

You are a cop - a good cop. And
I'll tell anyone who asks.

Chen hesitates. Not sure what to believe.

CHEN

And you?

WALLACE

I don't know what I am. All I know
is you saved me and you saved my
father. My life is really yours to
do with as you wish.

His words hang heavy in the air...and then Chen fires. But not at Wallace. He fires past his head, through the glass of the wheel house and hits the FUKENESE gangster who was about to blow them away with an assault rifle. A beat, and automatic fire comes from another window, spraying the wheelhouse with hot metal.

Wallace takes out the shooter as Chen flies out the door.

Momentarily dazed, Wallace recovers, scrambles to his feet- looks around, but Chen has disappeared.

INT/EXT FUNNEL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Wallace enters slowly and traverses the three storey high metal grate walkways. WE HEAR only the clank of his feet as he descends deep into the ship.

INT ELECTRICAL ROOM - NIGHT

Chen moves stealthily passed the huge humming generators, slowly approaching each blind curve. HE HEARS what sounds like the distant cry of an infant. He keeps moving

VIDEO SURVEILLANCE P.O.V. - NIGHT

We see Chen move through the room towards the exit. An arm carrying an UZI passes in front of the camera.

INT ANCHOR ROOM - NIGHT

Wallace cocks his ear to the same sound as he moves through the room dominated by the giant chains that connect to the lowered anchors. Just at that moment a Fuke moves out from behind the casing and gets off a shot that cuts right through Wallace's left hand. He yelps in pain as he takes cover, rips the sleeve of his shirt to stem the bleeding, then waits for the Fuke to make his move. He does- Wallace stands right up at him and takes him out in a fierce exchange.

INT ENGINE ROOM FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

The cavernous energy center of the ship. Four storey's high. A cacophony of the brute force of the engines and the steel walkways that encircle them.

Chen comes out on the bottom level. All seems quiet, except for what seems like the distant hum of human whispering. He moves slowly out into the open. The place seems empty until suddenly a shape appears on the metal catwalk two storey's above. He turns with lightening speed- points, ready to shoot at...Wallace.

There's a tense standoff. Neither wants to lower their weapon first. The sound of distant murmuring grows louder until suddenly the standoff is ended by a common enemy. Wallace whips around and sends a fuke who was about to shoot him flying back against a wall. Chen suddenly finds a Fuke charging down metal stairs towards him. He blasts him before he can get a shot off- the Fukes lifeless body tobogganning down to land at Chen's feet.

One holdout, BLACK EYES, equipped with an AK47 on the top floor will not be taken out. Like some madman on crack he sprays crazily in every direction until finally Chen just goes for it stepping out into the open and pummeling BLACK EYES with bullets. A pipe behind the Fuke explodes with steam, enveloping Black eyes who falls limply onto a vertical crane. Chen and Wallace relax a beat and then BANG! Black Eyes is up and charging Wallace. Chen is faster, spraying him with everything left in his weapon, hitting and igniting a fuel pipe which spills out it's fiery liquid setting BLACK EYES aflame. The dying Fuke grabs onto some hanging rope and in a last defiant act, swings down the three storeys all the time firing and coming almost face to face with Chen before being finally silenced- his incinerated corpse landing at Chen's feet.

Wallace scans the area while he descends the stairs towards Chen. There are no Fukes in sight.

The human murmuring grows louder. Without speaking, Chen and Wallace move towards the source of the sounds.

INT PASSAGEWAY ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Chen and Wallace move slowly down the few steps to a heavy steel door beyond which the sounds seems to emanate. With silent gestures they work like the partners they've become.

Wallace opening the door and stepping back, covering Chen as he makes his move.

INT PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Nothing could have prepared them for what they find on the other side of the door. There, as far as the eye can see, running the entire length of the ship, is the cargo Lee awarded the Fuke's.

Several hundred illegal Chinese immigrants huddled together in unspeakable conditions, stuffed into a tiny opening that resemble's an endless train compartment. Their dark vacant eyes stare back at the shocked cops who move cautiously through the passageway. It doesn't take long for the remaining Fuke's to make their presence known with a bullet destined for Chen, and intercepted by the back of an innocent young male immigrant.

Chen, Wallace and the desperate group of illegals flatten themselves against the sides of the corridor. SILENCE
Chen steps out quickly as if to take a shot, but it's a sucker punch as he immediately tucks himself back in then out again just in time to duck the bullet from a Fuke and plant his own squarely in the gangster's chest.

Chen ducks back behind the steel separators that occur about every twenty feet in the passageway. Wallace is one "compartment" back. A young boy, no more than six years old, drifts out into harm's way. Wallace reaches out quickly and pulls him to his side. While Wallace keeps guard, the kid holds onto his hand and begins to sympathetically rub his bandage- his eyes pleading for salvation of any kind. Chen looks back sees this and Wallace's empathic reaction to pat the young kid on the head. Chen hesitates a second, then...

CHEN

(whisper)

Wallace...

Wallace snaps to. Chen indicates for him to follow as he sprints out and moves quickly down the narrow tunnel past the endless collection of immigrant pawns. We see their desperation not only in their faces, but in their pathetic little bundles that contain all their worldly belongings. They mutter Cantonese pleas.

CHEN AND WALLACE

(Cantonese)

Quiet...quiet.

They come to a stop. Listen a moment to the silence.

WALLACE

Maybe that's all of them.

CHEN

Bobby Vu's here, and he'll never leave without us.

WALLACE

Without you.

Wallace moves out quickly out into the passageway as if taunting Vu to make his move.

He stops two compartments down. Chen is one compartment behind. They exchange looks. Chen indicates to "stay put".

Wallace peaks out from behind the steel. One of the oldest women in the hold, a grandmotherly face of China, motions for Wallace to come closer.

GRANDMOTHERLY TYPE

(Cantonese)

Come here, boy. Come to me.

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

What?

GRANDMOTHERLY TYPE

(Cantonese)

I know where they are.

WALLACE

Where?

GRANDMOTHERLY TYPE

Come here.

Chen watches as Wallace moves out and approaches the woman. Suddenly the image goes into hyper slo-mo. We see the woman mouthing the Cantonese words for "come here".

Back on Chen, there suddenly something wrong.

He looks closely at the old woman, and then, operating purely on instinct, he races forward.

CHEN

NO!!!!

Just as Wallace steps up to the woman, CHEN pushes Wallace aside and takes the automatic fire that Bobby Vu shoots from behind an innocent skirt. Wallace immediately raises his gun and fires two in the chest and one in the head. Just like Chen taught him. Bobby Vu's body hits the floor with a thud. Dead.

Wallace looks down at Chen as the blood begins spreading out around him. Quickly, he kneels beside his partner, gathers him in his arm and tries to control the bleeding, but the wound is deep. He turns toward a commotion at the entrance to the tunnel and sees a bunch of Feds and uniforms heading towards him.

WALLACE

Bring a stretcher!!
(to Chen)
Come on, hang on.

CHEN

Shit.

Chen tries to catch his breath, but he can't seem to.

WALLACE

You're alright. You're OK.

Chen's body spasms from the pain.

WALLACE

I'm sorry.

Chen grabs hold of Wallace's hand.

CHEN

Who sends a white cop undercover
in Chinatown?

Wallace looks into Chen's eyes. He's fading in and out.

WALLACE

(leaning close)
Nick...can ya hear me?

CHEN

(barely conscious)

Mmmm...

WALLACE

Nick...it's just you and me...I'm
your partner.

A tiny smile escapes from Chen just before he loses consciousness and is surrounded by an EMS team.

FINAL HONOR

INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR-DAY

Kirpatrick, a manila envelope in his hand, rushes down the hallway with Schabacker.

They hurry to the Intensive Care ward stopping outside a room where a uniformed OFFICER stands guard. Through the window in the door they can see Wallace leaning close to Chen who lies motionless in the bed.

SCHABACKER

(to the OFFICER)

Get Wallace out here.

The Officer doesn't move so Schabacker pulls out his FBI badge and shoves it close to the cops face.

SCHABACKER

Now.

The Officer gets up slowly from his chair as the door swings open and Wallace exits from the room. He looks at the two men then starts down the hall when Kirpatrick slaps him across the chest with the manila envelope.

KIRPATRICK

What's this bullshit?

WALLACE

Exactly what it says. That after a month long investigation, there's no evidence to support any charges against Lt. Nicholas Chen.

SCHABACKER

You think you can get away with this forget it. He's responsible for the death of a Federal Agent.

An ICU team races down the hall and charges into Chen's room.

WALLACE

Chen's dead.

Schabacker and Kirpatrick don't say a word.

WALLACE

And no matter what you believe,
the officer in that room died a
good cop.

Wallace looks them in the eye, then pushes past them and continues down the hall.

INT AMY SAN'S APARTMENT, BROOKLYN - DAY

Jack opens the door and sees Wallace standing in the doorway.

WALLACE

Time to take care of Henry Lee.

INT BLUE EMPRESS CAFE - DAY

Lee sits at a table with a white, middle aged MAN in a pin striped suit.

Wallace, Ung and Deng enter the restaurant.

WALLACE

Henry Lee, you're under arrest.

LEE

I'd like to introduce you to my
attorney, Mr. Cotten.

UNG

I'd like to introduce you to the
inmates at Riker's Island, but
that'll take a few weeks.

LEE

Your optimism is refreshing.

Lee gets up, along with his attorney. He turns to Wallace.

LEE

I was very saddened to hear about
your friend, Lt.

Chen...Oh, I'm sorry, he wasn't your friend after all,
was he? Lee puts on his coat and leans close to Wallace.

LEE

And I'd like to thank you for
killing all the witnesses against
me.

He smiles.

WALLACE

Not all. Not the one who recorded
this tape.

Wallace plays a short sample of Jack's tape and the smile
fades from Lee's face...which makes Wallace smile as Deng
and Ung lead Lee out in cuffs.

INT CHEN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wallace sits across from May. He slides an envelope in
front of her.

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

He wanted you to have this.

She opens the envelope. Inside is a "green card" clearly
indicating "OFFICIAL U.S. RESIDENCY STATUS."

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

And this.

Wallace takes out the envelope of money his father tossed
on the floor and gives it to May who's eyes well with
tears.

WALLACE

(Cantonese)

You gonna be alright?

MAY

Yes...thank you.

She gets up and gives Wallace an appreciative kiss on the
cheek.

EXT ELIZABETH STREET - DAY

End credits roll as the NYPD honor and bury their own. In
a funeral procession that draws on traditional Chinese
culture as well as present day police decorum, the men
and women who serve and protect parade down the small
Chinatown street in full dress blues.

Banners depicting the face of Nick Chen wave out front as his coffin, draped in the American flag draws cheers from the people of Chinatown. And no one louder than Detective Daniel Wallace.

THE END