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 BOOOGOM! 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 FUKIENSE. 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-

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 'em down, Wallace'll
help ya write 'em 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
instinct 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 amo 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 stenched 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 Namese
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 heretofor 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 then 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
oulnd'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 Masseuse 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 Masseuse 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 causally 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)

    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 Fukeniese 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 nights 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 FUKIENSE 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 toboganning 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
(Cantonese)
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