

**A BROTHER'S LOVE**

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FADE IN:

INT. ANGELO'S RESTAURANT, BROOKLYN NEW YORK - NIGHT

An inviting blend of Old World and upscale contemporary dining. The lighting is dim, soothing. Dark wood accents the brickwork walls, most of which are adorned by autographed photos of Italian celebrities. An Italian flag hangs proudly.

A family celebration is taking place in a reserved section. At the center of the attention--

VINCENT MARINO, 18. Handsome, dark eyes, expressive face.

A birthday cake is brought out, candles burning bright. Everyone claps as Vincent makes a wish and blows out the candles. Applause, cheers.

Vincent's younger brother JOEY, 10, looks on with admiration.

JOEY  
Way to go, Vin!

Vincent shoves Joey playfully.

Vincent's mother ANGELA kisses him on the cheek.

She looks at her husband CARMINE, who nods approvingly.

The room is overflowing with love.

LATER

The party is dying down. Guests are leaving. Hugs, kisses.

FRANK MARINO shakes Vincent's hand. Piercing eyes. Sharp features. Old School all the way.

FRANK  
Seems like yesterday when it was us  
celebrating your eighteenth  
birthday here, huh Carmine?

Carmine smiles.

CARMINE  
Funny how time flies.

FRANK  
Ain't it the truth. So we gonna see  
you and Vincent drop by the Club  
later?

Angela spots Frank talking to her husband and son from across the room. She watches but doesn't approach.

CARMINE

Absolutely.

FRANK

Good. I'll let the guys know.

He taps Vincent on the shoulder.

FRANK

Again, happy birthday, Vincent.

VINCENT

Thanks Uncle Frank.

Frank exits.

Carmine meets Angela's gaze. He winks at her.

She gives him a thin smile.

Guests continue to leave, all expressing their well wishes.

LATER

The Marino family sees the last guests out. The front door is closed and locked.

Carmine gives his wife a gentle kiss.

She smiles, touches the side of his face.

CARMINE

Hey Sugar, I'm gonna have Al take you and Joey home. Taking Vincent out for a drink tonight.

Angela gives him a sideways look.

Carmine smiles.

CARMINE

I promise we'll be home before dawn.

ANGELA

Just do me a favor. Come home sober. The both of you.

Carmine draws an "X" over his heart.

Angela kisses him gently. Turns to Vincent, smooths his hair.

Carmine gestures to a man across the room--

AL, the driver, nods.

EXT. ANGELO'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

A black Lincoln Town Car, Joey and Angela in the back seat. Al closes their door. Gets in behind the wheel.

Joey turns in the back seat as the car pulls away.

JOEY'S POV--

Carmine raises his right hand and waves, puts his other arm around Vincent's shoulders.

The car turns a corner, and they're gone.

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - LATER

Darkly lit but well appointed. Sinatra classics play in the background as well dressed men sit around smoking and drinking. Private discussions at private tables. Card games.

Carmine and Vincent enter.

Frank raises his glass.

Respectful cheers around the room from the others.

Frank gestures at the bar. Vincent and Carmine sit.

FRANK

Name your poison.

CARMINE

Johnny Black on the rocks.

FRANK

And for the Man of the Hour?

VINCENT

Uh, I dunno... what do you recommend?

Frank laughs.

FRANK

Flattery will get you everywhere, Kid.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But just to play it safe, follow in  
your Old Man's footsteps here.

CARMINE

Can't go wrong there, Son.

The bartender serves the drinks.

Frank offers a toast.

FRANK

To Vincent Marino.

The three of them clink glasses, take a swallow.

Vincent gulps his down, coughs, shakes his head.

FRANK

Jesus Vincent, you wanna slow down  
a little?

VINCENT

(recovering)

That's some drink.

CARMINE

Even better when you take the time  
to appreciate it.

FRANK

So. What's next for you, Kid?

VINCENT

Not sure, Uncle Frank. Gonna see  
what feels best.

(brightens)

Pop here says my batting average  
has Major League written all over  
it. Got a wicked fast ball too.

FRANK

Baseball, huh?

He takes a drink.

FRANK

You, uh, you got a head for  
business?

VINCENT

I dunno, maybe. Depends on what  
kind I guess.

FRANK

Perhaps the Family kind.

Vincent looks at his Father. Looks at Frank.

Frank studies Vincent. Calculating.

FRANK

Of course, it's just something to think about. No one's putting you on the spot here.

VINCENT

Thanks Uncle Frank. I just want to, you know, really think things over.

CARMINE

There is nothing wrong with that, Son.

He looks at Frank.

CARMINE

Nothing at all.

Frank smiles, more for show than anything else.

FRANK

You got a hell of a Kid here, Carmine.

Carmine nods in agreement, puts his hand on Vincent's shoulder.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LATER

A traffic light turns red. Carmine's Cadillac pulls up to it, stops.

CARMINE

You know, your Uncle Frank... he means well.

VINCENT

Sure, Pop.

CARMINE

All that stuff about the Family Business...

Vincent looks at his Father.

CARMINE

The truth is, if it's my call I don't want you or Joey ever involved. I did what I had to do, but you... you just be your own man. Make your own decisions. As long as they come from the heart, you can't go wrong. Understand, Son?

VINCENT

Yeah. I do.

CARMINE

Who knows, maybe one day you'll be up there in Yankee Stadium playin' with all the greats.

VINCENT

Thanks, Pop.

Carmine grins.

The light turns green. Carmine pulls forward--

From the cross street, a sedan screeches to a stop in front of them, blocking them.

The driver extends his arm. There's a gun in his hand. He opens fire on the windshield.

Carmine pushes Vincent toward the passenger door as the glass explodes inward. Two of the slugs go wild. But three of them hit Carmine.

In seconds it's over. The sedan speeds off.

Vincent stares in horror.

VINCENT

Pop?

Carmine is slumped against the driver's side door. He doesn't answer. He isn't breathing.

Vincent reaches out, touches Carmine.

VINCENT

Pop!

Vincent yanks his hand back. Looks at his palm. Blood.

He's going into shock, but he can't stop staring at his hand.

INT. ANGELO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Twenty-two years later. Vincent Marino, 40, sits at a table surrounded by friends and family. A birthday celebration, though not excessively festive. He's absently rubbing his thumb on his open palm, as if trying to remove a stain.

Angela gently touches his arm.

Vincent realizes what he's doing, smiles at his Mother. Puts his hand over hers.

Also seated at the table is Joey, age 32, his wife Lisa and their five year-old boy Angelo.

JOEY

So we gonna make with the presents  
or what?

The others in attendance, Vincent's peers, voice their agreement. They're all well dressed.

Sitting at an adjacent table is Frank. With him is his son DOMINICK, late 30's. Dominick checks his watch, clearly wishing he were someplace else.

Frank shoots him a disparaging look.

Dominick shrugs.

Joey slides an envelope across the table to Vincent.

Vincent picks it up.

VINCENT

A little light, huh Bro?

JOEY

Just shut up and open it.

Vincent pops the top of the envelope, slides out the contents. It's a birthday card, nothing extraordinary.

He opens the card to find--

An original 1938 Joe DiMaggio baseball card, #247.

A look comes over Vincent's face. Genuine surprise, subdued emotion. He looks up at his Brother.

Joey just grins at him.

JOEY

Happy Birthday, Vin.

Vincent looks at the baseball card again.

VINCENT

You found it.

JOEY

Hell yeah I did, and it didn't come cheap either.

Lisa pats Joey on the leg.

JOEY

Anyways, you're worth it.

Vincent gently places the baseball card back into the birthday card, tucks it back into the envelope.

VINCENT

Thank you, Joey.

Joey beams.

Angela watches the interplay between her two Sons, both pleased and haunted.

Frank also watches Vincent and Joey. Always thinking.

Vincent pauses to give Joey another look. *You did good, Kid. You did good.*

More packages.

LATER

The party has ended. The last of the guests leave.

Angela and Lisa clear the tables.

Frank pulls on his coat. Dominick stands beside him.

FRANK

Happy Birthday, Vincent.

He shakes Vincent's hand. Pauses.

Dominick snaps back to reality.

DOMINICK

Yeah, Happy Birthday Vinnie. You look fuckin' great for an old man.

He laughs, an irritating sound.

VINCENT

Thanks.

Frank raises his hand to Angela and the rest.

Joey waves back.

JOEY

Good seeing you, Uncle Frank!

Frank and Dominick exit the restaurant.

Vincent joins Joey in the main room. He looks at the two framed portraits hanging behind the bar--

The first one is Angelo Marino, their grandfather.

The second is Carmine, their father.

Joey looks at Vincent.

JOEY

You okay, Vin?

VINCENT

Yeah. Sure.

Joey puts his arm around Vincent.

JOEY

You wanna come by the house later,  
hang out?

VINCENT

Thanks Joey, but I'm just gonna  
call it a night.

JOEY

You sure? Angelo doesn't get to see  
his Uncle that often.

Vincent looks over at Angelo.

VINCENT

Maybe next time.

Joey looks disappointed, but understands.

VINCENT

Thanks, Champ. For the card and  
everything.

He hugs Joey.

JOEY

No problem.

Vincent kisses Lisa on the cheek, the same with Angela.

ANGELA

Dinner Sunday, don't forget!

VINCENT

How could I, Ma?

Vincent shoots her an affectionate grin. He exits.

Joey watches him go.

Angela touches Joey's arm.

Joey manages a smile.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The shopping district; bars, shops, bistros. Vincent walks alone, hands in pockets, lost in thought. The further he gets, the less foot traffic there is. He walks almost absently, his mind somewhere else.

He comes to a corner, stops. Looks up at the street signs.

The intersection where his father was gunned down.

INT. MIKE'S BAR - LATER

A dive, low lighting, sparse clientele. Vincent sits at the bar, a drink in front of him, eyes vacant.

MIKE, an elderly man with a quick smile, works behind the bar. He stops in front of Vincent.

MIKE

Another round?

VINCENT

Sure.

Mike fixes a drink, replaces Vincent's empty glass with it.

MIKE

Johnny Black on the rocks.

VINCENT

Thanks.

He looks at the drink but doesn't pick it up.

MIKE

Rough thing.

Vincent looks up.

MIKE

Today I mean.

VINCENT

Yeah. Good thing it only comes once a year.

Vincent picks up his glass.

MIKE

I ever tell you about my kid brother Tommy? We enlisted together back in '62. Shipped out to Vietnam the same year, side by side.

VINCENT

You guys still close?

MIKE

He caught one right in front of me. Army chopper dropped us in a hot spot, sniper took Tommy out before his right foot even hit the ground.

VINCENT

Sorry about that.

MIKE

Thanks. But the thing about it is... well, it it's not the part about seeing my kid brother die right there in front of me. It's that hole in your soul that just stays open, the unfinished feeling, like you can't really find anything to take its place.

VINCENT

I can relate to that.

MIKE

All we can do is keep moving. And do our best to remember. No matter how much it hurts.

Vincent takes a drink. Sets it down.

VINCENT

Lemme show you something.

He takes Joey's birthday card out of his coat pocket. Takes out the DiMaggio card. Hands it to Mike.

Mike squints at it. Turns it over.

MIKE

No shit. The real McCoy, huh?

VINCENT

Joey gave it to me. Can you believe it?

Mike hands it back.

MIKE

Now that's a hell of a birthday present.

Vincent tucks it away.

VINCENT

When I was a kid I always thought about what it would be like to be on one of those cards. Loved baseball, played it every chance I could. And Pop was always there, cheering me on.

He pauses, reflects.

VINCENT

Funny thing, when you think about how your life could have been. How things change in a split second. Sometimes I wonder, you know?

He finishes his drink. Takes out his wallet.

MIKE

Forget about it. They're on me tonight.

Vincent nods.

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - LATER

Simple, comfortable, but lacking a woman's touch. One bedroom. Baseball memorabilia covers one wall. Photos of Vincent and Carmine at a game.

The front door opens. Vincent enters.

He checks his answering machine. No messages.

Pours himself another drink. Switches on the CD player. Andrea Bocelli's "Caruso" fills the room.

Vincent sits at the kitchen table with a closed photo album in front of him. He stares at it, then opens it.

His family history in pictures. Grandparents in the Old Country. Coming to America. Opening the restaurant. Births. Deaths. Immediate family. Extended family. Uncle Frank. Dominick.

He turns a page, stops.

Carmine Marino. Alone. With Angela. With Vincent. Family shots. Good times.

Turns a couple pages. Stops. A single photo of Vincent in his early 30's with a beautiful dark eyed girl. They're laughing and in love.

Vincent stares at the photo. His eyes cloud over. He blinks. Closes the album.

He looks at Joey's envelope on the table. He picks it up, stands.

Crosses the room to a bookshelf. Takes out another album, this one much thinner.

He sits on the sofa, places the album on the coffee table. Flips the pages. They're all baseball cards, in numbered sequence, every page filled. He stops at a page with an open space.

Takes out the DiMaggio card. Smiles at it. Puts it in the empty space. Smooths the page. The album is now complete.

BEDROOM - LATER

Vincent settles into bed. A 9mm Beretta sits on the nightstand beside his pillow. He turns off the light, puts his hands behind his head and stares at the ceiling.

His eyes never close.

INT. ANGELO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is closed. Joey sits at a table playing poker with three other guys. Shady. Not part of Vincent's crew.

Joey goes all in. Shows his cards--

King Flush.

His smile is a mile wide.

One of the guys, PETE, mid 30's, grins back. Lays his cards on the table.

Ace Flush.

Joey's smile evaporates.

JOEY

God dammit, I can't believe this  
shit!

PETE

Aces up, sweetheart.

He collects the cards, glances at his goons.

PETE

You wanna keep going?

JOEY

How much am I in for?

PETE

Ten large.

Joey leans back in his chair.

JOEY

Fuck. I gotta call it before she  
kills me. Listen...

He leans forward.

JOEY

...come by in a few days and I'll  
have the cash then.

PETE

Same time next week?

JOEY

Why not.

PETE  
Alright then.

Pete and his guys get up from the table.

Joey shuffles the deck of cards.

PETE  
Keep working it, Joe. You're  
getting pretty good.

JOEY  
Fuck you.

They laugh. Exit.

Joey sits back in his chair. Looks at the clock.

JOEY  
Shit.

INT. JOEY'S CONDO - LATER

Lisa is in the kitchen, the phone between her ear and her  
shoulder, her arms crossed.

The front door opens. Joey enters.

He and Lisa's eyes meet. Her expression changes.  
Disappointment with a hint of anger.

LISA  
He's home now. I'll talk to you  
later, Ma.

She hangs up the phone. Stays in the kitchen. Eyes on Joey.

Joey keeps his chin up. He approaches his wife.

LISA  
How much.

JOEY  
How much what.

LISA  
How much did you lose tonight.

Joey stops. Weighs his options.

JOEY  
Two grand.

LISA  
The truth.

JOEY  
Ten.

Lisa's expression falls.

Joey straightens his back.

JOEY  
It's okay, I'll get it back.

LISA  
No, Joey. You won't.

She turns away from him, steadies herself against the counter.

JOEY  
I got this under control.

Lisa turns to face him.

LISA  
Tell it to our bank account. It's  
the kind of trouble you promised me  
we'd never have to worry about.

Joey approaches her slowly.

JOEY  
I'll take care of it.

LISA  
What, Vincent? He isn't always  
going to be there to save you. You  
need to get your priorities  
straight here. You have a family.

JOEY  
You don't think I know that?

LISA  
Then act like you do.

Joey doesn't have a comeback.

Lisa studies him. Softens.

LISA  
What kind of example do you want to  
set for our son?

LISA (CONT'D)

Do you really want to risk all this  
over a game of cards?

JOEY

Never.

LISA

Then promise me you're gonna stop.  
Just end it, before it gets bigger  
than you.

Joey reaches out, takes Lisa in his arms.

JOEY

I'll work this out. I promise.

Lisa leans into him. Rests her head against his chest, her  
eyes dark and troubled.

ANGELO'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Softly lit by a cartoon character night light. Angelo is  
curled up in bed, fast asleep. The door opens slowly. Joey  
enters. He sits on the side of Angelo's bed gently.

Angelo stirs but doesn't wake.

Joey smiles at his son. He smooths Angelo's hair. The love he  
has for his child radiates from his face. He kisses Angelo on  
the forehead.

Angelo sleeps.

EXT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joey walks up the stairs to the front door. Rings the bell.  
After a moment, Vincent appears.

VINCENT

Joe.

JOEY

Hey Vin.

Joey enters.

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - SAME

They go to the living room. Vincent flops down into an easy  
chair.

Joey prefers to stand.

VINCENT  
What's up?

Joey fidgets a little.

JOEY  
I... need a loan.

VINCENT  
Again? How much?

JOEY  
Ten G's.

Vincent's face is expressionless.

JOEY  
I know it's crazy, and I'll get it  
back to you, I swear. I almost had  
it too, I just caught a bad--

Vincent snaps forward.

VINCENT  
You always "almost had it", Joey.  
And if you had a nickel for every  
bad hand you caught, you wouldn't  
need me to bail you out.

JOEY  
Look Vin, I promise you this is the  
last time.

VINCENT  
You're right. This is the last  
time.

He stands, goes to his desk. Takes out an envelope. Counts out the ten thousand, all in hundred dollar bills. Tucks the envelope away. Returns to Joey.

VINCENT  
I'm not fucking around either.

Joey looks from the money in Vincent's hand to Vincent's face.

JOEY  
No problem. I got it beat.

VINCENT  
This is serious, Joe.

JOEY  
I can handle it, Vin. I'm not a kid.

VINCENT  
Then act like you can fucking handle it and get a grip. Because no bullshit, this is the last time, right here.

He hands Joey the money.

JOEY  
I hear ya. And thanks, Vin.

He stuffs the money into his pocket.

JOEY  
You wanna get something to eat?

VINCENT  
Can't. Gotta take care of something today.

JOEY  
No prob, I'll just go with you then.

VINCENT  
No.

JOEY  
Why not?

VINCENT  
It's something you shouldn't be around. For your own good.

JOEY  
What am I, a little girl? I can't be around certain things?

VINCENT  
Joey--

JOEY  
Just forget it, Vinnie. I got shit to do anyway.

Joey goes to the door.

VINCENT  
Hey, Joey.

Joey looks back.

VINCENT  
Pay that debt and walk away.

JOEY  
Thanks for the advice, Big Brother.

He exits.

Vincent shakes his head.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FURNITURE STORE - LATER

A silver Range Rover slides up to the curb. Vincent and his crew exit. They move smoothly, constantly aware of their surroundings.

INT. FURNITURE STORE - SAME

They enter the store. An older building in need of an overhaul. Contemporary fixtures, everything from fancy to casual, lots of bright DISCOUNT SALE signs everywhere. Few customers.

The CLERK behind the sales counter recognizes them. Vincent steps up to the counter.

VINCENT  
Tell Eddie I'm here to see him.

The Clerk nods nervously, heads for the office.

Vincent nods at his crew. They fan out inside the store.

The Clerk reappears.

CLERK  
I'm sorry, but Mister Thompson will  
be out for a few hours.

A commotion from the back of the store gets their attention.

WISEGUY  
Son of a bitch went out the back!

They run to intercept.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A panicked EDDIE THOMPSON runs for his life. Vincent and his crew burst out into the alley in pursuit.

Eddie takes a wrong turn. Dead end.

Vincent and his crew see this. Halt their advance.

VINCENT

That was a stupid move.

EDDIE

Please, I just need a little more time.

One of the Wiseguys steps forward. Vincent stops him.

Vincent approaches Eddie.

EDDIE

I can give you half now... sales haven't picked up, the economy--

VINCENT

Shut the fuck up! I'm through playing games. Money. Now!

He grabs Eddie by the shirt, throws him against a dumpster. The hit echoes in the alley.

Vincent lands a devastating punch to Eddie's stomach. Eddie doubles over. Vincent pulls him back up.

Eddie struggles to catch his breath. He winces in pain.

EDDIE

My family--

Vincent gives him one in the jaw. It sends Eddie spinning to the ground.

He crouches down beside Eddie. Takes a fistful of his hair and yanks his head up.

He takes out a stiletto, flicks it open.

VINCENT

Doesn't matter. I'm here to collect.

He holds the blade against the back of Eddie's ear.

Eddie panics.

EDDIE  
I'll pay! I'll pay!

Vincent stands. Closes the blade.

VINCENT  
Fucking deadbeat.  
(to his crew)  
Help this piece of shit up.

They drag Eddie up, escort him back to the store.

Vincent notices Eddie's blood on the ground. He stares at it for a second, contemplating. Shakes it off, follows his crew.

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - EVENING

Vincent sits alone at a private table. He nurses a drink, a faraway look in his eyes.

Frank and Dominick enter. They approach Vincent's table.

Vincent stands to greet them. They all shake hands.

FRANK  
Vincent. How's the hand.

Vincent makes a fist. Relaxes it.

VINCENT  
It's good, Uncle Frank.

DOMINICK  
Personally, I woulda used a fucking  
bat. I mean, why get your hands  
dirty.

Frank laughs.

Vincent doesn't.

VINCENT  
So, what did you want to talk  
about?

Frank claps Dominick on the shoulder.

FRANK  
Let's go in the back.

Dominick looks at his father.

BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A private lounge. Empty. They all take a seat.

Frank nods at Dominick.

Dominick turns his attention to Vincent.

DOMINICK

Let's face it. Things aren't what they used to be. With all these fucking ethnic groups and the RICO bullshit, we only got a third of what we used to anymore. Extortion and loan sharking is only gonna get us so far. It's like that saying, if you want to catch more fish, you need to become a shark.

VINCENT

What does that mean?

DOMINICK

Doesn't matter. What it means is that we need to expand.

VINCENT

What do you have in mind?

DOMINICK

I propose we take over the drug rackets controlled by the Russians.

Vincent looks at Frank.

VINCENT

The Russkies don't fuck around. What's theirs is theirs. It's always been that way.

DOMINICK

Fuck all that. The Reds have been busting into our avenues of commerce for a while now, only it's been so slow that we haven't really noticed it. We need to send them a message. Hit 'em where it hurts so they know their place. Keep the balance.

VINCENT

You're talking about going to war.

DOMINICK

Nah. They respect the bottom line just like we do. And we'll still keep them in the loop, but they have to know who runs things in this town.

Vincent picks up his glass. Looks into it. Looks at Frank.

FRANK

Times change, Vincent. Forty years ago it was simpler. Unions, gambling... but the world changes. And in today's world we need a foot in narcotics if we're gonna survive. It's just the way it is. I think it's time to make a move.

Vincent empties his glass. Sets it back down.

VINCENT

I can't be a part of this.

DOMINICK

What the fuck does that mean, can't be a part of this? You're *already* a part of it, Vincent.

VINCENT

These guys aren't a bunch of punks. We're talking about wack jobs who'd kill their own mothers for a nickel. You think you're just gonna walk in and strong-arm these pricks? We've already lost a lot of good men to drugs, Wiseguys gettin' locked up for life, you name it. Boy Genius here can dress it up any way he likes, but what we're really talking about is going to war.

FRANK

We're talking about making a marriage here, Vincent, not war. I'm sure if we have a sit down with them and talk it out, they'll play ball.

Vincent pushes back from the table.

VINCENT

Good luck with that.

FRANK

Dominick is right, you know. You're already part of this whether you want to be or not. I decide what's best for this Family, understood?

VINCENT

I didn't mean any disrespect.  
(glances at Dominick)  
To either of you.

Dominick smirks.

EXT. MARINO HOME - NIGHT

A well maintained upper middle class house in a decent neighborhood. Two vehicles in the driveway, a minivan and Vincent's Range Rover.

INT. MARINO HOME, DINING ROOM - SAME

Angela serves her family. Joey and Vincent sit opposite each other. Lisa and Angelo sit on Joey's side, Angela on Vincent's. The seat at the head of the table is vacant; a portrait of Carmine Marino hangs on the wall behind it.

The food is plentiful- lasagna with various meats, sauteed vegetables, cheeses, spaghetti with tomato sauce.

Angela passes Vincent a plate of lasagna.

VINCENT

Yo Ma, slow down with this already!

ANGELA

I need to know you're eating. I see you what, twice a month if I'm lucky.

VINCENT

The way you stuff me when I'm here, I can go half a year between meals.

ANGELA

Don't be a wiseguy.

JOEY

Yeah Vin. It's not easy for Ma to do all this with her age and everything.

Angela gives him a look.

JOEY  
Just kidding, Ma.

LISA  
Don't disrespect your Mother.

She tries to keep a straight face. Fails.

ANGELA  
What, you too? Bad enough I gotta  
take it from these two, but the  
Daughter In Law as well.

She gives Angelo a loving look. He has tomato sauce all over  
his mouth.

ANGELA  
Don't let these animals corrupt  
you, Sweetheart. You stay innocent  
as long as you can.

ANGELO  
I love you, Gramma.

Angela beams.

ANGELA  
See? That's how it's done. I love  
you too, Sweetheart.

VINCENT  
Don't worry, he'll wise up sooner  
or later.

Angela waves her hand at him dismissively.

Joey helps himself to more food.

JOEY  
Great stuff, Ma. No joke. Huh Vin?

VINCENT  
The best.

He shoves a forkful of food into his mouth.

ANGELA  
Who do you think taught your Father  
how to cook, God rest his soul.

JOEY

I thought it came easy for the  
Marino men. Well, some of us I  
mean.

He gives Vincent a playful look.

VINCENT

What, I could do all this if I  
wanted. I just, you know, don't  
want to show everybody up.

JOEY

Excuse me, you forget which one of  
us owns a restaurant here?

VINCENT

Any trained monkey can serve up  
this stuff.

He looks at Angela.

VINCENT

No offense, Ma.

ANGELA

(amused)

None taken. Please continue.

VINCENT

I mean, really. You boil some  
water, put some noodles in, open a  
jar of sauce, cut up some sausage,  
BOOM. Dinner.

Joey shakes his head.

JOEY

Trained monkey, huh.

He looks at Lisa.

JOEY

Hear that? My own brother insults  
me at our Mother's table.

LISA

On Sunday.

JOEY

*Especially* on Sunday!

(to Vincent)

No shame, Bro. You got no shame  
whatsoever.

ANGELO

Can I be a monkey too, Papa?

Everyone laughs.

Angela looks around the table, happy.

ANGELA

Don't stay away so long, Vincent.

Vincent smiles at her. Watches Joey, Lisa and Angelo interact.

Angela sees the look on Vincent's face.

She places her hand on his.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Strobe lights cut the darkness, reflecting off chrome accents. The club is filled to capacity. Bass thumps from the dance floor where a sea of bodies is in constant motion.

Above it all, Dominick and his crew hang together in the VIP section.

Dominick does a line of coke. He stops a scantily clad SERVER.

DOMINICK

Another round here, Sweet Cheeks.  
The night ain't gettin' any  
younger!

The Server departs with a look of annoyance.

One of Dominick's crew, PAULIE, mid 30's, notices two men enter the club. They look European. Russian.

PAULIE

Hey Dom, you see that over there?

Dominick turns, checks out the newcomers.

DOMINICK

You gotta be shittin' me. These  
pricks really got some balls.

The Russians are oblivious to Dominick and his crew. They order drinks at the bar. Two men join them. A bulging envelope is passed to one of the Russians, who tucks it into his jacket. They all shake hands.

Dominick never takes his eyes off the Russians.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

The door opens, spilling light and sound onto the street. The two Russians exit the club. They head off down the sidewalk, disappear around a corner.

Dominick and his crew follow--

--and run into the barrel of one of the Russian's guns.

RUSSIAN

You got some kind of problem?

Dominick looks at the gun. Looks at the Russian.

DOMINICK

Depends.

The Russian sneers.

RUSSIAN

I suggest you turn around and go back the way you came.

PAULIE

You wanna think twice about who you're ordering around, Jerkoff?

The Russian switches his target from Dominick to Paulie.

Dominick jumps at the Russian. They fight for the gun.

The rest of Dominick's crew takes down the other Russian.

Dominick takes control of the gun. He gets the Russian on the ground and savagely pistol whips him. The blows accent Dominick's words--

DOMINICK

You miserable fucking *prick*! Coming onto our *turf*, selling your shit right under our *noses*! Tell your Comrades we control the action now!

The Russian's face is a mess of blood and open wounds.

DOMINICK

You know what happens when you don't pay the rent?

He shoots the Russian at close range. Death is instant.

DOMINICK  
That's what happens.

The other Russian breaks away, runs for his life.

Paulie panics.

PAULIE  
Shit, don't let him get away!

DOMINICK  
Fuck him. Let him go back to his  
rat hole. They know who's running  
things now.

He hands the gun back to Paulie.

DOMINICK  
Get rid of it.

PAULIE  
What about him?

DOMINICK  
Leave him there. Sends a good  
message.

He reaches into the Russian's jacket, takes his wallet. Finds the envelope. Opens it. Sixty thousand dollars in cash.

He spits on the body. Smiles.

DOMINICK  
Let's go.

He leaves. His crew follows.

Paulie gives the dead Russian a final glance.

INT. MIKE'S BAR - DAY

Vincent is sitting at the bar alone. On a small TV mounted above the liquor shelf, a baseball game is in progress. The Yankees are up.

Mike watches Vincent.

The Yankees get a hit, take the base.

At one end of the bar, a PATRON also watches the game.

PATRON

Hey Mike, can't you get no better reception on that thing? I can't tell who the hell's doing what!

MIKE

You want state of the art? There's a sports bar down the street. This place is all about atmosphere.

Vincent raises his glass in salute to Mike.

The Patron grunts dismissively and relocates to a table.

A back room door opens, an attractive woman emerges--

SANDY, late 20's, upbeat. She notices Vincent, breaks into an easy grin.

SANDY

Hey Handsome! What's the score?

VINCENT

Hey Sandy. Yankees up one, top of the eighth.

Sandy keeps her attention on Vincent.

SANDY

So how've you been? Seems we keep missing each other in here.

VINCENT

Just keepin' busy.

SANDY

Got any plans for the weekend?

Vincent tries to keep his focus on the TV.

VINCENT

Y'know, dinner with the family, few other things...

Sandy studies him. Looks disappointed. Bounces back quick.

SANDY

Well, it's good seeing you Vin. Give my best to your family.

Vincent looks at her.

Her smile is infectious. Vincent smiles back.

VINCENT  
Thanks Sandy, will do.

Sandy waves at Mike.

SANDY  
See you tomorrow Mike!

Mike nods.

Sandy exits.

MIKE  
She's a sweetheart of a girl.

VINCENT  
She's nice.

MIKE  
You ever think about opening that door?

VINCENT  
What door?

MIKE  
Loneliness isn't a virtue, Vincent.  
Never hurts to have someone make  
you smile.

VINCENT  
What was, was.

MIKE  
Sure. But love's a funny thing, you  
know.

Vincent shrugs, returns his attention to the game.

EXT. ANGELO'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

Paulie and his girlfriend TRISH walk down the sidewalk arm in arm, laughing. Paulie opens the door for her, they enter.

INSIDE

Joey is behind the bar. He sees them come in, raises his hand.

Paulie waves back.

Joey gestures toward the tables.

Paulie guides his girl to one. They sit.

Joey leaves the bar, goes to Paulie's table. Greets him warmly.

JOEY  
Hey Paulie! Good to see you!

PAULIE  
You too, Joey. This is Trish.

Joey takes her hand cordially.

JOEY  
A pleasure.

PAULIE  
Joey here owns the joint.

TRISH  
It's lovely.

JOEY  
Uh oh, looks like you got a keeper here, Paulie.

Paulie and Trish smile at each other.

JOEY  
So where the hell you been? You dodging your best friend?

PAULIE  
(to Trish)  
Me and Joey go way back, since grade school.

TRISH  
That's sweet.

JOEY  
Yeah, this kid... I could tell you some stories...

Paulie cringes.

JOEY  
Seriously though, stand up guy here.

He produces two menus.

JOEY  
Start you out on some drinks?

PAULIE

Absolutely. Manhattan here, and a nice Merlot for the Lady.

JOEY

You got it.

He departs. Stops at another table to check on the customers. They're pleased and impressed. Joey is completely in his element.

LATER

Paulie and Trish are finishing their meal. A SERVER stops by their table.

SERVER

Would you care for some dessert?

Paulie waves his hand. It's apparent he's had a little too much to drink at this point.

PAULIE

If by dessert you mean her, then absolutely!

TRISH

(to the server)  
No thanks, I'm fine.

PAULIE

Another Manhattan, Sir.

The server gives him a tight smile, heads to the bar.

TRISH

Maybe you've had enough, Paulie...

Paulie leans back, looks at Trish.

PAULIE

I need this in my life?

At the bar, the server points out Paulie to Joey. Joey nods.

TRISH

I'm just sayin'--

PAULIE

(loudly)  
No, *I'm* just sayin'. And you're just listenin'.

A family at the next table looks over. Paulie smiles at the father.

PAULIE

Women, huh? What are ya gonna do.

The father turns back to his family.

PAULIE

Hey buddy, don't be rude. I'm just looking for some validation here!

Trish reaches for Paulie's hand.

TRISH

Paulie, please--

He snatches his hand away.

PAULIE

Who the hell are you talking to?

Joey appears at the table. He speaks quietly.

JOEY

Hey Paulie, what are you doing?  
You're making a scene over here.

PAULIE

Jesus Christ Joe, not you too.  
Can't a guy just unwind and have a good time?

JOEY

Sure, just slow it down a little.

PAULIE

What, you think you're better than me? So you own a restaurant! So what!

He pulls a roll of hundreds out of his pocket.

PAULIE

See this? I could buy this place!

JOEY

Yo, Paulie. Just slow it down.

Paulie's mood swings to apologetic. Almost heartfelt.

PAULIE

Hanging out in the kitchen ain't no place for a man, Joey. It ain't.

PAULIE (CONT'D)  
Imagine you and me, out there  
together, we'd be unstoppable!

JOEY  
Tell you what. Dinner is on me.  
Lemme call you a cab.

PAULIE  
Hey, Joey. I'm sorry. I mean it.  
I'm really really sorry...

Joey touches Paulie's shoulder.

JOEY  
Don't worry about it.

He helps steady Paulie as he gets to his feet. Guides him to the door.

TRISH  
Thank you.

JOEY  
He's a good guy. Just had one too  
many.

Trish smiles.

JOEY  
A little fresh air and he'll be  
good.

PAULIE  
I'm sorry, Joey...

JOEY  
It's okay, really. How about I let  
you make me dinner next time.

PAULIE  
It's a deal. Guaranteed.

Trish and Paulie exit.

Joey heads back inside.

OUTSIDE - SAME

Paulie and Trish stand on the sidewalk. Trish holds Paulie's hand. He looks sincere.

PAULIE

He's my best friend, you know. I'm  
sorry for acting like a Jerkoff  
tonight.

TRISH

It's okay.

Paulie kisses her.

Without warning, a black SUV surges forward, screeches to a stop. A Russian gets out- the one who escaped the confrontation with Dominick. He pulls a gun, walks up to Paulie and unloads it point blank.

Paulie falls.

Trish is screaming. The Russian points the gun at her. BOOM.

Trish stops screaming.

The Russian gets back into the SUV. It speeds off.

INSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Joey hears the commotion. He drops the phone and rushes to the door--

OUTSIDE - SAME

Joey bursts out onto the sidewalk. Sees the corpses sprawled on the sidewalk. The blood.

Onlookers gather around the scene. Some freak out. Others just watch.

Joey is in complete shock.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A large group is gathered for Paulie's memorial service. Black suits and dresses. Somber faces.

On one side of the coffin--

Frank, Dominick, a selection of Made Men.

On the other side--

Vincent, Angela, Joey, Lisa.

Dominick catches Vincent staring at him. Looks away.

The Priest invokes scripture.

All bow their heads as the coffin is lowered into the ground.

Lisa threads her fingers through Joey's.

He stares as Paulie is lowered into the ground.

EXT. UPSCALE HOME - LATER

Paulie's wake. Mourners enter and exit. Some arrive with food. Men smoke on the front porch.

INSIDE - SAME

Friends and family mingle. The dining room table is overflowing with food.

Vincent surveys the buffet but chooses nothing.

Dominick walks up, refills his plate.

VINCENT  
Sorry about Paulie.

DOMINICK  
Yeah, it's too bad.

Dominick walks away.

Vincent scans the room.

In a quiet corner, Uncle Frank stands with Joey. Vincent takes notice but is too far away to hear the exchange. It's obvious that Frank is pitching something to Joey. And Joey is increasingly receptive.

Dominick walks up to them, joins the conversation.

Vincent doesn't like what he sees.

EXT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - EVENING

A sleek Town Car pulls up to the curb. Joey gets out. Takes out his wallet, pulls out a twenty. Offers it to the driver.

DRIVER  
That isn't necessary, Sir.

Joey pauses, stuffs the bill into his pocket.

Gestures "thanks" to the driver. Looks up at the building.

INSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Joey walks into the back room, takes it all in. A mixture of awe and nervousness. Some of the guys look at him. Some don't.

Dominick pushes away from a table, walks up to Joey.

DOMINICK

Hey! You made it!

JOEY

Yeah, thanks for the ride.

DOMINICK

No problem. Matter of fact, get used to it.

Dominick gestures toward the bar.

DOMINICK

My Dad will be here in a minute. What are you drinking?

JOEY

Shot of Patron.

Dominick taps the bar.

DOMINICK

Two shots of Patron here.

The bartender sets two drinks down.

Dominick picks one up, downs it.

Joey picks his up, does the same.

Uncle Frank walks in.

FRANK

Joey! Good to see you. Everything good?

JOEY

Everything's great, Uncle Frank.

FRANK

Excellent. Listen, you finish your drink and meet me in the back room over there.

JOEY

Okay.

Frank makes his way to the back room, pausing to greet Wiseguys along the way.

Joey watches him work the room.

Dominick watches Joey.

BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joey and Dominick enter.

Frank is seated at a table.

FRANK

Close the door, Joey.

Joey does.

He and Dominick take a seat at the table.

Frank focuses on Joey.

FRANK

We know how much you loved Paulie. You two come up together. Makes it personal, doesn't it.

JOEY

Absolutely.

FRANK

Getting made on some random hit is one thing, but an *honor kill*, now that's a whole 'nother level. You come in on *that* boat and you come in in a big way.

Frank leans in.

FRANK

These low life Russian's need to be sent a message. I want you to take care of this. For Paulie. For the Family.

Joey nods.

FRANK

Since Paulie ran with Dominick's crew, this falls on him to set up the arrangements.

He looks at Dominick.

DOMINICK

Look, Joey. The hit on Paulie was the Russians trying to flex some muscle, see how hard they could push us. We've been having some problems with them recently, and it looks like they're testing the waters. You follow?

JOEY

Yeah.

DOMINICK

What happened to Paulie was more than just a heartbreak. It was a wake up call. This of course is where you come in.

FRANK

I know what you're thinking, Joey. We've all been there. Make no mistake about it, once you walk through that door, you enter a whole new world. You're gonna be a part of something special for life. Me, your Father, Vincent, we all sacrificed for this Family. And now it's your turn.

Joey looks at them.

JOEY

Me and Paulie were best friends since we were kids. I loved him like a brother. I can't accept some piece of shit taking one of ours. I want this to come from me.

Frank looks at Joey with admiration.

FRANK

From this moment on, you're under my flag.

Joey smiles appreciatively.

FRANK

Dominick will take care of the details.

Frank stands. Joey and Dominick stand.

Frank embraces Joey, kisses him on both cheeks.

FRANK

You wear the Marino name proud Son.

Joey's eyes shine with emotion.

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Vincent sits at a table with two of his guys. They're counting money and going over an accounting ledger. Cash in, cash out.

A Wiseguy walks up.

WISEGUY

Hey Vinnie, can I get a word with you?

VINCENT

What's up?

WISEGUY

In private would be better.

Vincent stops in mid-count. He looks at the Wiseguy.

OUTSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Vincent and the Wiseguy exit the Social Club, stand on the sidewalk.

The Wiseguy turns to face Vincent.

WISEGUY

Look, I don't know how to say this so I'm just gonna say it. They wanna make Joey. Frank made it official.

Vincent clenches his jaw.

WISEGUY

They gave Joey the contract and he agreed. Sorry Vinnie.

VINCENT

(to himself)  
Son of a bitch.

Something dark and primal flashes behind Vincent's eyes. He pushes past the Wiseguy.

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB, LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Dominick and some of his crew sit in plush chairs. Cigars, cigarettes, drinks. Casual conversation. Laughter.

Vincent walks in. Goes straight for Dominick.

VINCENT  
We need to talk. Now.

DOMINICK  
Hey, Tough Guy! Pull up a chair.

VINCENT  
Just you and me.

Dominick studies him.

He stands. Allows Vincent to lead. They exit the lounge.

CORRIDOR - SAME

DOMINICK  
So what's on your--

Vincent spins around and shoves Dominick up against the wall.

VINCENT  
What's this shit I hear about Joey  
getting made?

Dominick shoves back, jerks free of Vincent's grip.

DOMINICK  
Are you out of your fucking mind?  
Don't ever put your hands on me!

VINCENT  
Answer the question!

Dominick takes a second to collect himself.

DOMINICK  
Yeah. Joey's getting made.

VINCENT  
Frank authorized it?

DOMINICK  
What the fuck do you care?

VINCENT  
'Cuz I know how you operate. And  
trust me, you're not that slick.

DOMINICK

I'll let that personal insult slide, but just this once. Frank is the one who wants to make Joey. Me, I was against it all the way. But you know Frank. If you got a beef, take it up with him. We through here?

Vincent glares at him.

DOMINICK

Good.

He turns to leave, pauses.

DOMINICK

You know, you might want to consider taking this up with Joey. Seems he's more than willing to step up and take his place in the Family.

Dominick leaves.

Vincent exhales, gets himself under control.

INT. ANGELO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

After hours. The place is empty except for Joey, Pete and a few other hoodlums.

Joey studies his hand. Glances at the other players.

Pete grins at him.

Joey pushes what few dollars he has left into the pot.

Everyone goes all in.

Joey shows his. It's a good hand.

But Pete has him beat.

JOEY

That's bullshit!

Pete collects the pot.

PETE

Cards don't lie, Pal.

JOEY  
Fuckin' cheat.

Pete shoots him a cold look.

PETE  
You wanna repeat that?

JOEY  
I think you heard me.

PETE  
You should really think about what  
you're saying before you say it.

JOEY  
Just deal the fucking cards.

PETE  
Actually, I think it's time we  
square up. As in all debts paid.

Joey looks around the table. Shit just got serious.

JOEY  
Pete, relax... I lost my head a  
little, that's all. One more hand,  
and I'll even throw in a round of  
drinks.

PETE  
I think I'd rather have my money.

JOEY  
I don't have it on me.

Pete stands. His crew stands. Joey pushes back in his chair.

PETE  
That's a real problem.

They move on Joey. He puts up a valiant effort, but the  
numbers are in their favor.

Pete pulls Joey up off the floor. Draws back a fist, lands a  
solid hit to Joey's face, drops him to the floor.

PETE  
You got forty-eight hours to pay  
up. Don't make us have to come  
lookin' for your punk ass.

Pete leads his hoods out.

Joey coughs, gets unsteadily to his feet. Leans against the bar. His hands are shaking. His eyes shine with fear.

INT. JOEY'S CONDO - LATER

It's late. Joey enters quietly. The apartment is dark. He goes into the bathroom, closes the door. Looks at himself in the mirror. Bloodied, disheveled. His left eye is swelling up.

He runs some water into the sink, gently splashes his face.

Behind him, the bathroom door opens. Lisa stands watching him.

Joey lifts his head from the sink, sees Lisa in the mirror.

She gasps when she sees his face. She moves in to check him over.

LISA

Oh my God, what happened!

JOEY

It's nothing.

She touches his face gently.

LISA

Please tell me this isn't what I think it is.

JOEY

Lisa...

LISA

I told you this would happen. You promised me, and look at you.

JOEY

It's not as bad as it--

LISA

(raising her voice)

You lied to me, Joey. To my face. To my heart. What if they'd killed you tonight?

Joey can't answer.

Angelo cries in his bedroom.



Dominick closes the door. The BMW pulls away. Dominick turns to face one of the Town Houses, goes to the door. Uses a key to get in.

INT. TOWN HOUSE - SAME

A drop-dead supermodel-type reclines on a leather sofa.

MODEL

Hey Sexy.

Another woman, equally stunning, emerges from the hallway.

Dominick approves. He unbuttons his shirt.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - LATER

Dominick's crew exit into the street, all smiles.

They stand at the curb. The BMW arrives. One of the guys tips the valet. They get in.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW pulls up.

The front door to the Town House opens. Dominick steps out. His two lady friends stand in the doorway, seeing him out.

In the BMW--

WISEGUY

Jesus Christ, look at those broads!

Murmured agreement in the car.

Dominick starts down the stairs--

--just as two black SUV's approach from opposite ends of the street. They screech to a halt, boxing in the BMW.

The occupants of the SUV's get out. Russians, armed with AK-47's.

Dominick's girlfriend slams the door shut.

The Russian's open fire, spraying the BMW, the sidewalk, the stairs--

Dominick dives to the side, throwing himself into the dark corner where the staircase connects to the building.

One of Dom's guys dies in the BMW. The other two pile get out to return fire but are mowed down in a hail of bullets.

From his hiding place, Dominick curls himself up into a ball as the roar of the AK's echoes in the street.

Dominick pulls out his piece with trembling hands. He lifts his head, his eyes filled with fear.

The Russian's stop firing. They shout to each other in their native language. One of them steps around the BMW, angling to get a better view of Dominick.

Police sirens rise in the distance.

The Russians discuss their options. Decide to withdraw.

They get back into their SUV's and drive off.

Dominick emerges from his hiding place. He surveys the scene.

It's a bloodbath. The Wiseguys have been chewed up by automatic fire. There are no survivors.

Dominick is visibly shaken. He turns. And runs.

EXT. JOEY'S CONDO - EVENING

Vincent walks down the sidewalk, totally aware of his surroundings at all times but never misses a beat. Comes to one of the buildings, goes up the steps to the front door.

INT. CONDO - SAME

The doorbell rings.

Lisa is in the kitchen. Joey plays with Angelo in the living room.

JOEY  
(to Lisa)  
You got that, Hon?

Lisa closes the refrigerator, exits the kitchen through the living room.

She opens the front door. Greets Vincent.

Vincent enters, kisses Lisa on the cheek. Follows her into the living room.

Joey looks up.

JOEY  
Hey Vinnie. What's goin' on?

Vincent looks at Joey's black eye.

Joey avoids his gaze.

Vincent looks at Angelo, then at Lisa.

VINCENT  
Just in the neighborhood, thought  
I'd stop by...

Joey stands, picks up Angelo.

JOEY  
Say hi to Uncle Vinnie.

Vincent leans in, wiggles a finger at Angelo.

VINCENT  
(gentle)  
Hey there, Little Man.

Angelo wraps his tiny fingers around Vincent's finger.

Vincent smiles. Genuine but fleeting. When he looks at Joey it's all business.

Joey turns to Lisa.

She takes Angelo.

JOEY  
Can you give us a minute?

LISA  
Sure.

She and Vincent share a look. Common concern.

Lisa kisses Angelo on the head and exits.

JOEY  
Can I get you a beer or something?

VINCENT  
What happened to your eye, Joe.

JOEY  
It's nothing.

VINCENT  
Who did it.

JOEY  
Nobody, don't worry about it.

Vincent stares Joey down.

JOEY  
Just a misunderstanding. I got it  
under control.

VINCENT  
Sure, you got it under control. No  
problem.

JOEY  
Did I stutter?

VINCENT  
Fine. Tell me about the  
conversation you had with Frank.

JOEY  
What are you talking about?

VINCENT  
Word on the street is that he wants  
you for the contract.

JOEY  
What? No. He never said nothing to  
me.

VINCENT  
He never mentioned it to you.

JOEY  
No.

VINCENT  
Don't lie to me, Joey. I saw Frank  
putting the screws to you at  
Paulie's. Tell me what he said.

ANGELO'S BEDROOM - SAME

Lisa beds her son down. The discussion in the living room can  
be heard clearly. She listens.

JOEY (O.S.)

It's no big thing. Uncle Frank told me he needed me and that he would make me official if I took care of the problem.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Lisa kisses Angelo, quietly exits the bedroom.

HALLWAY - SAME

She closes the door, leans back against it. Closes her eyes.

LIVING ROOM - SAME

JOEY

He offered me fifty grand as well.

VINCENT

I don't care if he offered you all of Brooklyn. It ain't gonna happen!

JOEY

C'mon, Vin. If I don't do it, they're all gonna think I'm some punk with no heart.

VINCENT

You're not a punk, Joey. But you ain't a killer either. And this shit isn't for you.

JOEY

Who are you to tell me what I can and can't do? So it's okay for you to whack guys out and rob and steal, but not me? I'm not afraid.

VINCENT

Think so, huh.

JOEY

You're not Pop, Vin. You can't tell me what to do.

VINCENT

Listen to me. Pop did what he had to do for his family. He came to this country with nothing and built a life for us. He never wanted this for you.

JOEY  
I'm doing it.

VINCENT  
I said no.

JOEY  
What are you gonna do? You gonna  
stop me?

Something cold clicks into place behind Vincent's eyes.

VINCENT  
Don't ever force my hand, Joey.

Joey sees the change. Steps up.

JOEY  
You know what? Fuck that. You got  
some balls coming into my home and  
telling me what to do. Those  
Russian scumbags gunned Paulie down  
in the street like a dog. Like a  
fucking dog. And here you come,  
trying to lay down the law like  
some big shot. I'm doing this, Vin.  
For the Family. For Paulie.  
Understand that? I want my goddamn  
respect!

VINCENT  
You want respect? Then be a real  
man and raise your little boy and  
stop acting like a fucking jerkoff.  
I'm gonna tell you for the last  
time. It will never--

JOEY  
Get out, Vinnie. Just get the fuck  
out.

VINCENT  
I'm gonna talk to Frank, straighten  
this whole thing out--

JOEY  
I SAID GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!

Beat.

Lisa appears in the doorway.

LISA  
You're going to wake the baby.

Vincent looks at her. Looks at Joey.

VINCENT

Sorry. I was just leaving. Give  
Angelo a kiss for me.

He turns toward the door. Stops. Looks at Joey.

VINCENT

If you got any kind of sense,  
you'll think about what I said.

He shows himself out.

Joey takes a seat on the sofa.

Lisa stays in the doorway.

Joey runs his fingers through his hair. Stands. Goes to his  
wife. Tries to take her in his arms. She steps out of reach.

LISA

Tell me this isn't happening. The  
gambling is one thing, but this...  
just tell me that you're not  
seriously considering--

JOEY

You don't understand.

LISA

Actually, I do understand. I  
understand that we agreed that your  
first priority was your wife and  
child. You promised me, Joey.

She goes to him, touches him.

LISA

Your son needs you. I need you. You  
put one foot into that world and  
you never come out.

Joey looks away.

LISA

What, you think I don't get it? The  
Family, the code of honor, the  
prestige of getting killed!

JOEY

It won't be like that. I swear to  
you.

LISA  
What, on your father's grave?

Joey looks at her. Hard.

Lisa softens.

LISA  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like  
that. You know I didn't.

JOEY  
What's done is done, Lisa.

He tilts her face up to his.

JOEY  
All I can ask is that you trust me.

Lisa presses herself against him. Her eyes fill with tears.

JOEY  
As long as you love me, nobody can  
hurt me.

Lisa pushes away from him.

LISA  
I do love you, Joey. More than you  
can imagine. But I can't do this.  
I'm not gonna just sit around and  
watch you destroy yourself and this  
family.

She goes into their--

BEDROOM - SAME

Starts packing some clothes.

Joey follows her.

JOEY  
What are you doing?

LISA  
I'm leaving.

JOEY  
Hey...

He touches Lisa's arm. She jerks it away.

JOEY

Lisa.

Lisa zips up her bag. Brushes past him, goes into--

ANGELO'S BEDROOM - SAME

She gathers some of his things. Leans over, gently kisses her son on the forehead.

LISA

(whispers)

Angelo, Sweetheart...

Angelo stirs sleepily. Opens his eyes.

Joey stands in the doorway.

JOEY

Please don't do this.

Lisa scoops Angelo up. Turns to face Joey.

LISA

You still don't get it. I'm not the one doing this, Joey. You are.

She exits the room, stops to pick up her car keys from the kitchen counter.

ANGELO

Where are we going?

LISA

To see Gramma.

Angelo looks at Joey.

ANGELO

Is Daddy coming?

LISA

No. Daddy isn't coming.

She opens the door.

JOEY

Lisa, wait--

She pauses to look at him. Has nothing to say. She turns, leaves.

Joey stands in the middle of the room. Alone.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Vincent's Range Rover pulls up to the curb.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A knock at the door. Pete comes into the room, goes to answer it. As soon as the door swings open--

Vincent slams the door into Pete, sending him reeling. Vincent enters, Beretta in hand. Smashes Pete in the face with the pistol. Pete hits the floor.

Vincent slides brass knuckles over his fist. He beats Pete brutally.

When it's over, Pete is a bloody mess on the floor.

Vincent looms over him.

VINCENT

If you ever come near Joey again, I  
will feed you your fucking liver.  
Hear me?

Pete nods frantically as he struggles to focus.

Vincent pulls Pete up by his shirt. Delivers a knockout punch. Drops Pete to the floor.

VINCENT

Piece of shit.

He exits the apartment.

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - AFTERNOON

Frank and Vincent sit alone at a table in the back room.

FRANK

What the hell's gotten into you,  
Vincent? I heard about your talk  
with Dominick.

VINCENT

Sorry Uncle Frank, no disrespect  
meant. It's Joey. I think he's  
gotten in way over his head here.

Frank sits back in his chair.

FRANK

I think I see where this is going.

VINCENT

I heard about your meeting with him. I'll take care of the problem myself.

FRANK

First of all, I respect you Vinnie. You have always been a loyal soldier to the Family. Your Father, God rest his soul, my Brother was a good man. But don't ever question my orders. I made my decision. I want Joey in this Family.

VINCENT

I don't want my brother caught in the middle of this thing.

FRANK

Don't worry about the Russkies. Joey's time has come. He's gonna be just fine.

VINCENT

Pop never would have allowed this. I made a promise--

FRANK

Your Father's been dead a long time. This is my Family now.

He pauses to let it sink in.

FRANK

Listen. I love Joey as if he was my own son. He's a good kid and he's gonna be a good soldier. As for you, Vinnie... I need to know where your loyalty stands. Are you with me on this?

Vincent stares at Frank.

FRANK

One answer. Yes or no.

VINCENT

I understand.

Frank smiles.

FRANK  
Good boy. I knew I could count on  
you.

He raises his glass to Vincent.

FRANK  
La Famiglia per la vita.

INT. MARINO HOME - NIGHT

Angela sits in her chair reading. Soft music plays in the background, an Italian Operetta. Headlights in the driveway. She looks to the window.

A MOMENT LATER

Angela opens the front door as Vincent comes up onto the porch. He enters, kisses his mother on the cheek.

They go to the--

LIVING ROOM - SAME

ANGELA  
Well, this is a pleasant surprise!

She looks at Vincent.

ANGELA  
What's wrong, Vincent. Has  
something happened?

VINCENT  
No, Ma. Nothing's happened.

He guides her to her chair. She sits.

He takes a seat on the sofa, the end nearest her chair.

ANGELA  
What's going on.

VINCENT  
It's Joey.

Vincent looks at her.

ANGELA  
Oh Jesus. No, Vincent. You can't  
let that happen. Not him...

VINCENT

I know, Ma. But I don't think I can stop it. Not this time.

ANGELA

It's Frank, isn't it.

VINCENT

That's part of it. I mean, it's a little bit of everything. It's Joey's gambling, his wanting to prove himself, Paulie... Frank's pulling his strings, and Joey's going right along with it.

Angela looks across the room at Carmine's portrait.

ANGELA

Joey's all I have left in this world, Vincent. Your father, you...

She looks at him.

ANGELA

I know why you did what you did, and I have never questioned your decisions.

Vincent reaches out, takes her hand.

ANGELA

But Joey's different. He's not like you. He won't survive. He shouldn't be on that path.

VINCENT

If I could change it I would. But I can't. Not anymore.

Angela takes both of Vincent's hands in hers. Her eyes are wet with tears. Pleading.

ANGELA

Don't let them hurt my baby. Promise me, Vincent. Give me your word that no matter what you will protect Joey. No matter what. I want you to say it.

VINCENT

I promise, Ma.

Angela puts her palm on Vincent's cheek.

ANGELA

There's so much of your father in  
you.

Vincent manages a smile.

Mother and son share the quiet together.

EXT. LITTLE ODESSA - NIGHT

The Russian/Ukrainian section of town. Ethnic signage  
everywhere.

A black sedan pulls around the corner. Its windows are tinted  
black. Inside--

Dominick checks the safety on an automatic weapon. His two  
crew members do the same.

The sedan slows as it approaches a small bistro restaurant.  
Diners eat at little tables on the sidewalk as well as  
inside. Families. Children.

The sedan stops. Dominick and his guys get out and  
immediately open fire.

The diner's closest to the sidewalk have no idea what hit  
them. Blood spatters as bullets spray the facade. Bodies  
fall. The patrons inside the restaurant scream. Some are hit.  
Others just hit the floor.

Dominick empties his weapon. Grabs one from one of his guys,  
steps forward and continues firing. He's in a blood frenzy,  
his face contorted into a hideous grimace as he mows down the  
innocent.

One of his guys grabs Dominick by the shoulder--

WISEGUY

Come on, let's go!

Dominick whirls around.

DOMINICK

Shut the fuck up!

People from the neighboring buildings start to cautiously  
emerge. Dominick looks around.

DOMINICK

Motherfuckers! Take a good look!

More locals emerge.

The Wiseguys step back toward the sedan.

Dominick spits on the sidewalk. He swings his gun at the onlookers. Some cry out, most fall back.

Dominick laughs.

He turns, pushes past his guys and gets in the sedan.

DOMINICK

Let's go already!

Everyone gets in. The sedan speeds off.

INSIDE

Dominick's crew exchange uneasy glances.

WISEGUY

I thought you said you were just gonna scare these fucks?

DOMINICK

That's what I did.

WISEGUY

I know, but--

DOMINICK

What, you can't handle this shit?

He hits the back of the driver's seat.

DOMINICK

Put your fucking foot in it, Johnny! I need a drink!

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Frank is engaged in a quiet, intense conversation with some Capos in the back room.

Boisterous laughter disrupts the moment. Dominick and his guys enter.

Frank gives him a hard stare.

Dominick is oblivious. He saunters up to Frank.

DOMINICK

Hey, Pop!

Frank backhands Dominick.

The room goes silent.

Dominick looks at his father in disbelief.

Frank regains his composure. Takes Dominick by the arm and steers him toward a private office. Closes the door behind them.

OFFICE - SAME

Frank steps up to Dominick.

FRANK

Have you lost your goddamn mind?

DOMINICK

What are you talking about?

FRANK

What am I talking about? The goddamn trail of bodies that lay in your wake, that's what I'm talking about!

Dominick smirks.

DOMINICK

Hey, you wanna do something you gotta do it right--

Frank grabs Dominick by the lapels.

FRANK

You shot up a street full of innocent civilians! You fucking moron, do you realize what you've done?

Dominick breaks free, goes nose to nose with Frank.

DOMINICK

They tried to kill me! In broad daylight! So what I've done is put the fear into those Eurotrash scumbags. Something that's been long overdue. And instead of thanking me for it, you embarrass me in front of everyone.

FRANK

How could I have been so wrong.

Dominick turns away, goes over to the desk.

DOMINICK

Here comes the big speech.

FRANK

Shut up! I had high hopes for you.  
So much potential. But all you did  
was piss it away.

Dominick looks at the wall.

FRANK

All the coke, constantly defying my  
orders... I'm ashamed of you. Of  
what you've become. You disgraced  
me tonight.

Dominick looks at his father. There's hurt in his eyes.

DOMINICK

I only tried to do what I thought  
was right. I just wanted to keep  
the Family strong.

FRANK

I expected too much from you.  
That's my fault.

DOMINICK

I can make it right, Pop. Just give  
me a chance.

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

Too late now. You poke your head up  
again and it's gonna get cut off.  
You need to stay put until I sort  
this thing out.

DOMINICK

I ain't running from nobody.

Frank goes to Dominick, puts his hands on Dominick's  
shoulders.

FRANK

You don't have a choice. Now I want you to listen to me and listen hard. Do what I say, understand? Understand!?

Dominick nods.

Frank looks at his son with conflicted emotions.

FRANK

Go home. Stay home. Don't do anything or go anywhere until you hear from me. That's an order.

Frank steps aside.

Dominick pauses at the door.

FRANK

Just go.

Dominick exits.

Frank lowers his head.

INT. ANGELO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Closing time. Joey and his staff are going through the end-of-shift procedures.

There's a knock at the door.

Joey investigates.

It's Vincent.

Joey lets him in. Locks the door.

JOEY

What can I do for you, Vin.

VINCENT

I been calling you. Your phone broken or what?

JOEY

No. Just not in the mood.

Vincent can see that something is different with Joey.

VINCENT

What's goin' on, Joe?

Joey glances at his employees, all going about their business. He gestures at a room behind the bar--

MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Same decor aesthetic as the rest of the place. Desk, computer, file cabinet. One chair behind the desk, two in front.

Joey closes the door.

JOEY

Lisa took Angelo to her mother's.

VINCENT

I'm sorry about that.

Vincent points to the two chairs.

VINCENT

Have a seat, Joey. We need to talk.  
I'm askin', not tellin'.

Joey sits.

VINCENT

I had a sit down with Frank. Bottom line is, what he says goes.

Joey nods.

VINCENT

But I gotta tell you Joe... if you do this, your life is never gonna be the same. Never, you understand?

JOEY

I know--

VINCENT

You think you know, but you don't. When you take a man's life, you lose something. Something you can never get back. You don't want this, no matter how much you think you do.

JOEY

You turned out alright.

VINCENT

No. I didn't. You didn't watch Pop die. When I got made, I thought I was doing the right thing for the right reasons.

JOEY

Come on, Vin. How bad can it be?

VINCENT

You know that feeling in your heart right now knowing that your wife and kid aren't home with you where they belong? It's that times a thousand. You live the dream but you don't realize it. Don't throw that away. Not for anything.

JOEY

I appreciate what you're saying, Vin. But I can make this work, I know I can. This thing with Lisa is only temporary. Once I get situated and pay off the debts--

VINCENT

You're not hearing me, Joey. All the money in the world won't buy back that part of your soul you'll lose the moment you pull the trigger.

JOEY

What makes you so right?

Vincent looks away. Thinks. A pained look comes over his face.

VINCENT

Because I was there once. Her name was Maria De Fuentes. She was my girl back in the day.

JOEY

How come I never heard about her?

VINCENT

I kept it low key. It was just the way it was. Ma was the only one who knew.

JOEY

What happened to her?

VINCENT

She was a dime. The kind of girl who would take a bullet for you and I was head over heels for her. I was even planning on marrying her. One night after walkin' her home a car rolled up on me and took a shot. They tried to take me out, Joe. I remember it like it was yesterday. I remember being scared out of my mind because I thought about Maria. About what could have happened if that drive by would have happened earlier. And I realized that she was the only thing that mattered, and that I could never put her through that. A few days later I ended it between me and her. Next to Pop, it was the hardest thing I'd ever felt.

JOEY

I'm sorry Vin.

VINCENT

I made a choice that night. I chose the life, and I couldn't go back.

Joey sees the pain on Vincent's face.

JOEY

You really loved her, didn't you.

VINCENT

Yeah, Joey. I really did. I live with it every day.

JOEY

I don't know what to say, Vin.

VINCENT

Say you won't do it. Say you'll go home and look at pictures of Lisa and Angelo. You still have a choice.

Joey looks at his brother.

JOEY

The Family needs me. I have no choice.

Vincent lowers his head. He stands. Goes for the door.

JOEY

Hey Vin.

Vincent opens the door, stops.

JOEY

What ever happened to Maria?

VINCENT

Last I heard she moved to Florida  
and got married. She found  
paradise.

Vincent leaves.

Joey looks at a framed picture on his desk.

It's a family portrait of Joey, Lisa and Angelo.

EXT. SUBURBIA - MORNING

An older neighborhood. Working class, unremarkable.

Joey pulls up, parks. Looks up at one of the houses.

INSIDE

Angelo plays with his toys on the floor.

Lisa and her mother CARLA sit in the kitchen talking quietly.

A knock at the door.

Carla pats Lisa's hand, rises from the table. Goes to the  
front door. Opens it.

JOEY

Hey Carla.

CARLA

Joey.

She doesn't move aside.

JOEY

Is there... I mean, could I see  
Lisa?

CARLA

I don't think she wants to see you  
right now.

JOEY  
I understand. Please...

She looks him over.

She turns, looks toward the kitchen.

Lisa stands in the doorway. She nods.

Carla steps aside, lets Joey in.

Carla closes the door behind him.

Angelo's face lights up when he sees Joey.

ANGELO  
Daddy!

Joey goes to his son. Picks him up, hugs him tight.

JOEY  
Hey you! Having fun at Gramma's?

ANGELO  
Yeah, but it's more fun when you're here too.

JOEY  
I know, Son.

He catches Lisa's eye.

JOEY  
(to Angelo)  
Hey Champ, can you do me a favor?  
I'm gonna talk to your Mom for a second... can you go in the other room with Gramma and watch a little TV?

ANGELO  
Okay.

Joey gently touches his forehead to Angelo's.

JOEY  
Atta boy.

He sets Angelo down. Carla holds out her hand, Angelo takes it. She leads him into the kitchen, pausing to look at Lisa.

Lisa nods.

She and Joey look at each other.

LISA

What do you want, Joe.

JOEY

Just the chance to talk to you. I know you're mad, and you have every right to be. None of this is your fault, and I realize that.

LISA

You lied to me. And to our family.

JOEY

I know. I put you through hell, and trust me, I want to make things right.

Lisa looks doubtful.

LISA

It's not complicated, Joey. A man's family is his first priority. Nothing else matters.

JOEY

Hundred percent, you're right. You and Angelo are everything to me.

LISA

I've heard it before.

JOEY

I know. But this time... it's different.

Lisa steps into the room.

LISA

The gambling?

JOEY

Done.

LISA

What about what you owe?

JOEY

I took care of it. It's over.

LISA

(quieter)

What about the rest of it. Uncle Frank...

JOEY

I'm out.

LISA

Just like that.

JOEY

Just like that. I promise.

Lisa's eyes narrow with suspicion.

LISA

Don't make promises to me, Joey.  
Make them to your son. Because with  
God as my witness, if you're  
playing me again I will walk, and  
this time forever.

JOEY

I'm telling you Lisa, this is the  
truth. All I want is my family  
back. Nothing else matters.

LISA

I want to believe you. I really do.  
But I've heard all this before. I'm  
gonna need more than your word on  
this. I need some more time.

JOEY

I understand.

He steps toward Lisa.

She doesn't withdraw.

JOEY

I love you with all my heart. More  
than anything in the world.

LISA

Don't tell me. Show me.

Joey smiles at her.

JOEY

Can I say goodbye to Angelo?

LISA

(calls to kitchen)  
Angelo? Come say bye to Daddy...

Angelo runs into the living room. Into Joey's arms.

ANGELO

Why are you going, Papa?

JOEY

Papa's got some things to do. But I'm gonna see you real soon, okay?

ANGELO

Okay.

He wraps his arms around Joey's neck.

JOEY

I love you, Champ.

Joey stands. Smiles at Lisa. Gives Carla a nod.

JOEY

Thanks for this.

He goes to the front door, shows himself out.

Lisa turns to Carla. The look in her eyes is equal parts hope and concern.

The same as her mother.

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Frank, Vincent and Joey sit at a table together. Joey looks eager, maybe a little too eager.

FRANK

The Marino brothers. Never thought I'd live to see this day.

Vincent's eyes flash but he stays quiet.

JOEY

Me neither Uncle Frank. And I gotta tell you, it feels damn good to be sitting here with you and Vincent.

FRANK

See that, Vinnie? The kid's already got the golden touch!

JOEY

Don't worry Uncle Frank, I won't disappoint you.

FRANK

I know you won't. Especially with Vincent here.

Joey smiles at Vincent.

Vincent keeps it serious.

FRANK

Lets talk details. I personally reached out to the Russians and we called a truce. The bottom line is they'll go one for one on Paulie and give Dominick a pass. Seems the prick who killed Paulie and went for Dominick is somewhat of a liability for them. Causing problems for them left and right. I got assurances that if we took care of him, everyone goes home happy.

VINCENT

What's the plan.

FRANK

His name is Dimitri Brokhin. They're setting up a meeting with him in a hotel over in Brighton Beach. The guy's gonna be expecting a package. All Joey's gotta do is get in, pull the trigger, and get out clean.

JOEY

Sounds easy enough, right Vin?

VINCENT

Except for the part about you walking in there clean as a whistle.

FRANK

I told you, Vincent. It's all been taken care of.

JOEY

It sounds like a good plan to me.

VINCENT

Only if we do it my way.

FRANK

*Your way.*

VINCENT

The Family comes first, but Joey is my blood. You want us to come out of this clean? We do it my way.

Frank sizes Vincent up.

FRANK

Okay, Vincent. Tell us what you have in mind.

VINCENT

I go to the hotel ahead of Joey, make sure there are no surprises. Once Joey gets in and takes him out, I'll cover his exit and make sure everything's secure.

Frank thinks it over. Makes a decision.

FRANK

Agreed. Just one thing. Joey clips the Russian. Understood?

JOEY

Absolutely, Uncle Frank.

FRANK

Vincent.

VINCENT

Understood.

FRANK

Good.

He turns to Joey. Touches the side of Joey's face, a fatherly gesture.

FRANK

Dominick was right about you. You're our golden son.

JOEY

Thanks.

Frank smiles at Vincent and Joey.

FRANK

I wish your Old Man were here to see this. The goddamn Marino brothers.

Frank stands.

FRANK  
See you boys soon.

He leaves.

JOEY  
Jesus, Vin. How you gonna talk to  
Uncle Frank like that?

VINCENT  
Just do what I tell you and don't  
ask me any stupid questions.

JOEY  
Yeah, but--

VINCENT  
I'm gonna get you through this, but  
I need you to trust me. Okay?

JOEY  
Okay.

He sits back, looks around the club, takes it all in.

JOEY  
We're really sitting here together,  
aren't we.

VINCENT  
Yeah, Joe. We really are. Now go  
home.

Joey stands, slaps Vincent on the shoulder.

JOEY  
The goddamn Marino brothers!

Joey exits.

Vincent's expression darkens.

INT. DOMINICK'S HOUSE - LATER

Dominick sits on the edge of the sofa in front of a 60" plasma display. He's wearing a silk robe over his wifebeater and boxer shorts.

A knock at the door.

Dominick leans over the glass top table and snorts a line of coke.

Another knock.

DOMINICK  
God dammit!

He stands, crosses the living room to the foyer to the front door. Opens it.

It's Vincent.

DOMINICK  
What the fuck are you doing here?

VINCENT  
We need to finish our conversation.

DOMINICK  
We ain't gotta finish shit. Now get outta here.

He goes to close the door but Vincent blocks it. He shoves Dominick back and enters. Closes the door. Locks it.

DOMINICK  
Are you fucking nuts? You're making a serious mistake here--

Vincent grabs Dominick.

VINCENT  
I'm not gonna tell you twice. Sit down!

He shoves him into a chair.

DOMINICK  
Relax!

Vincent gives Dominick a serious *don't fuck with me* look.

Dominick takes it seriously.

DOMINICK  
I'm listening.

VINCENT  
You think I don't know you set Joey up, you rat motherfucker? It ain't gonna happen. You're gonna make this whole fucking thing right.

DOMINICK  
Fuck you!

Dominick lunges at Vincent. Vincent is ready for him. They exchange blows, each man giving as well as receiving. It's a brutal brawl, with furniture being destroyed and both men getting bloodied.

But Dominick is tiring. Vincent gets the upper hand, sends Dominick through the kitchen table.

With Dominick incapacitated for the moment, Vincent pauses to catch his breath.

Dominick looks to his right. Sees a kitchen knife on the floor. He grabs it. Energized, he goes for Vincent.

Vincent wrestles the knife away from Dominick, knocks him around some more. Sends him tumbling into the living room.

Dominick runs into a side table. He fumbles the drawer open, pulls out a handgun.

Vincent intercepts, the gun falls to the floor. Vincent gives Dominick another fist to the face. Dominick stumbles backward against the wall, grabs a table for support.

Vincent looks down at the gun. Picks it up.

Dominick gives Vincent a bloody grin.

DOMINICK

You gonna shoot me, you fucking cunt? Go ahead!

Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT

You're already dead.

DOMINICK

You can't win this one, Vincent. It's bigger than you.

Vincent turns to leave.

DOMINICK

You always thought you were better than me. But you're just a piece of shit like the rest of us. A piece of fucking shit!

Dominick spits out a tooth.

DOMINICK

And now, so's your brother.

Vincent stops. Rage flashes across his face. He turns. Walks up to Dominick. And shoots him point blank in the face.

The wall behind Dominick's head splatters red.

Dominick's body slides down the wall.

Vincent sways on his feet, looks at the gun clenched in his fist. Looks down at Dominick.

He glances around the room in a daze. Goes to the door. Shoves the gun deep into his jacket pocket. Opens the door.

EXT. DOMINICK'S HOUSE - SAME

Vincent stumbles out onto the lawn, starting to feel the effects of the fight. A dog barks nearby. A neighbor's porch light come on.

Vincent hurries to his Range Rover, gets in. Jams it in gear, takes off.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Vincent sits in his Range Rover. He's still a mess, hasn't slept all night. He's lost in thought. Troubled.

A small family enters the park.

Vincent takes notice.

The father and mother hold the hands of two little boys between them. One boy is a little older than his brother.

The parents free the boys. They run into the park together, laughing and playing.

Vincent watches them.

The brothers race to the swing set. The younger boy trips and falls. His older brother looks back, sees him on the ground. He stops, goes back. Helps him up. Dusts him off.

They go to the swings together.

A tear falls down Vincent's face.

He starts the engine.

INT. JOEY'S CONDO - DAY

Joey enters the living room. He checks his watch, picks up the phone. Dials a number.

JOEY

Hey Lisa, it's Joey. Guess I missed you... anyway, just wanted to see if you and Angelo wanted to go out and get something to eat later. A little family time, someplace nice. Gimme a call back when you get this. Miss you, Sweetheart. All my love to Angelo.

He hangs up.

Looks around the condo. Alone in an empty room.

His cell phone buzzes. He looks at the display.

His face tightens.

He grabs his keys and leaves in a hurry.

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - LATER

Joey enters the back room. Frank and some of his inner circle are sitting around a table.

Frank notices Joey enter.

FRANK

Joey. Thanks for coming.

JOEY

I got here as soon as I could, Uncle Frank.

FRANK

(to his guys)  
Give us a few minutes.

Frank's crew gets up, exits the room.

Joey takes a seat across from Frank.

JOEY

I'm sorry to hear about what happened. Are you--

Frank raises his hand, silencing Joey.

FRANK

Now's not the time to mourn.  
That'll come soon enough.

Joey nods.

FRANK

I'm counting on you to do what  
needs to be done to make this  
right.

JOEY

Of course, Uncle Frank. Anything.

A knock at the door. It opens.

One of Frank's Wiseguys. Behind him is Vincent, showered and  
shaved but sporting a bruise next to his eye.

Frank nods at the Wiseguy.

The Wiseguy steps aside. Vincent enters the room.

The Wiseguy closes the door.

Vincent glances at Joey. Then looks at Frank.

VINCENT

I just heard about Dominick.

Frank studies Vincent. Takes note of Vincent's wounds.

FRANK

What happened, Vincent?

Vincent hesitates. The poker face appears.

FRANK

Your face.

VINCENT

Bar fight last night. No big thing.

Frank's eyes sharpen. As if he's probing Vincent's very soul.

FRANK

Take a seat, Vincent.

Vincent sits.

FRANK

I called both of you in here today not just because we're family, but because in light of what has happened to my son, it's crucial that Joey's contract go off without a hitch.

Vincent and Joey exchange glances.

FRANK

(to Vincent)

I want you to make sure that he's ready for this. And I want you there when it goes down, just like you said.

VINCENT

Of course.

FRANK

This is now a blood for blood matter. I want to send a clear message to the one responsible for killing my son.

He looks at Vincent.

FRANK

No mistakes. No loose ends. Am I clear?

VINCENT

Absolutely.

Frank looks at Joey.

FRANK

I'm depending on you to do what needs to be done, Joey. Can you do that for me?

JOEY

Yes I can.

FRANK

Good.

Frank gets a distant look in his eyes.

FRANK

I think I'd like to be alone now.

Joey and Vincent get up from the table.

JOEY  
You need anything, you just call.

FRANK  
Thank you.

He gives Vincent a last look.

FRANK  
I'll send word with the time and  
place. No mistakes.

Vincent nods. Hesitates.

VINCENT  
I'm sorry about Dominick.

Frank looks away.

FRANK  
Thank you, Vincent.

Vincent and Joey quietly exit the room.

LOUNGE - SAME

All talking stops as the Marino brothers walk through the  
room. All eyes are on them.

It makes Joey nervous.

Vincent doesn't like it either.

OUTSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Vincent takes Joey aside.

VINCENT  
I want you to go to the restaurant  
and wait for me there.

JOEY  
Where are you going?

VINCENT  
I need to take care of a couple  
things. I'll meet up with you as  
soon as I can.

JOEY  
Okay.

VINCENT

If anyone else shows up, don't let them in. I don't care who it is. You understand?

JOEY

What're you talking about?

VINCENT

Just do what I tell you. Go to the restaurant, keep the door locked 'til I show up.

Joey sees how serious Vincent is.

JOEY

Okay Vin.

VINCENT

See you in a little while.

They split up.

EXT. LISA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - LATER

Vincent's Range Rover pulls into the driveway.

INSIDE

Lisa and Carla sit at the kitchen table talking.

A knock at the door.

Lisa goes to answer it. Sees it's Vincent.

Her face goes white.

LISA

Vincent...

Vincent enters. Closes the door.

VINCENT

Stop. Joey's fine. Everything's okay.

LISA

Joey called earlier... what's going on?

VINCENT

Never mind about that. The less you know the better. I just wanted to tell you in person that everything is gonna be okay.

LISA

Where's Joey.

VINCENT

He's safe. Trust me. And you'll see him soon. Everything is gonna work out. You have my word on it.

He notices Angelo peeking into the room from the kitchen.

VINCENT

Hey, Little Man.

He gestures for Angelo to approach.

Angelo does. He wears a serious expression.

Vincent crouches down.

Angelo looks Vincent in the face.

ANGELO

Is my Daddy okay?

Vincent gently touches Angelo's face.

VINCENT

You're Daddy is just fine. And you're gonna go home to see him very soon.

Angelo's face lights up at the news. He looks up at Lisa.

ANGELO

Is that true, Mama?

Vincent looks up at Lisa.

She reads his expression, looks at her son.

LISA

Yeah Sweetie. It's true.

Angelo hugs Vincent. Vincent isn't prepared for it. He hesitates, then hugs Angelo back. He closes his eyes.

Lisa is moved by the moment.

Angelo breaks away from Vincent in excitement.

ANGELO  
I'll tell Gramma!

He runs from the living room.

Vincent stands.

Lisa takes his hands. There's no need for words.

VINCENT  
Stay here until you hear from Joey.

LISA  
Okay.

Lisa hugs Vincent.

LISA  
Thank you.

Vincent breaks contact.

VINCENT  
You don't have to thank me. He's my  
brother.

He goes to the door. Looks back at Lisa. Gives her a smile.

She returns it.

Vincent leaves.

INT. ANGELO'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

Joey sits alone in the eating area. The only lights are the ones from the bar.

A sound at the door. Keys in the lock.

Joey stands.

Vincent enters. He has a black leather bag with him.

JOEY  
Jesus Vinnie, you almost gave me a  
heart attack.

Vincent locks the door.

VINCENT  
You still got that slab of beef in  
the freezer?

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Joey and Vincent approach the walk-in freezer. Joey opens it.  
A shank of beef hangs inside.

VINCENT  
You sure you can spare it?

JOEY  
No worries.

Vincent opens the black bag, produces a 9mm Beretta and a  
silencer.

VINCENT  
Seen these before, right?

JOEY  
Sure.

Vincent screws the silencer onto the barrel. Takes a clip of  
ammo out of the bag. Shows it to Joey.

VINCENT  
I already loaded it. Less for you  
to have to worry about.

He slides the clip into the handle of the Beretta. Slaps it  
into place. Offers it to Joey.

Joey takes it, studies it.

JOEY  
Nice.

VINCENT  
Get the feel of it first. The more  
comfortable you are with it, the  
better the results.

JOEY  
Sure, like a hammer.

VINCENT  
Yeah, like a hammer.

Joey weighs the gun in his hand.

Vincent gestures toward the side of beef.

VINCENT  
Now. Lock your target.

Joey faces the shank. Holds the gun in both hands, locks his elbows.

Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT  
No, loosen up.

He physically adjusts Joey's posture.

VINCENT  
There.

JOEY  
Yeah, that feels better.

VINCENT  
Okay. Now you're gonna be up close on this guy when you pull the trigger. So no need to waste your time with fancy aiming. Just point it at him and squeeze the trigger.

He points at the beef shank.

VINCENT  
Try it.

Joey points the gun. Pulls the trigger. The shot hits the meat, but just barely.

JOEY  
Shit.

VINCENT  
See how it went wild like that? You have to *squeeze* the trigger, not pull it. You pull it, you're fucked. Try it again.

Joey does. And hits the shank dead center.

JOEY  
Hey! Lookit that!

VINCENT  
Now keep doing it 'til you get used to it.

Vincent takes a step back, giving Joey room. A sadness rises in his eyes as he watches his brother practice.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Joey sits by himself, deep in thought. At the other end of the subway car, an ELDERLY WOMAN watches him.

Joey doesn't notice her.

The subway train pulls into a station, screeches to a stop.

Joey stands, waits for the doors to open. He catches the elderly woman's gaze. Smiles.

She doesn't smile back, but doesn't look away either.

The doors open. Joey steps out onto the platform.

He looks back through the window.

The elderly woman is still watching him. The doors close. The train hisses, pulls away.

Joey looks hesitant. Turns toward the stairs leading to the street level.

EXT. BROOKLYN - LITTLE ODESSA - LATER

Joey emerges from the subway station.

He scans his surroundings. Crosses the street.

EXT. HOTEL - SAME

Vincent steps out as Joey walks up.

VINCENT

You're early. Give me ten minutes to get in place, then come up.

JOEY

Okay.

VINCENT

You good?

JOEY

Yeah. I think so.

Vincent steadies his brother.

VINCENT  
You're gonna be alright. Just do  
like I said.

JOEY  
Okay.

VINCENT  
Ten minutes.

JOEY  
Ten minutes.

Vincent goes into the hotel.

HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

The desk clerk looks up. Vincent walks over to the elevator,  
hits the up button.

The clerk goes back to his book.

CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Vincent comes around the corner. He checks his watch. Looks  
at the room numbers. Stops at one of the doors.

He looks down the corridor toward the elevators. Pulls his  
gun.

HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Joey enters.

The desk clerk looks up.

Joey pauses, his face tense. He glances around, finds the  
elevators. Goes to them.

The desk clerk watches him.

Joey presses the UP button. Waits. He blinks nervously.

The elevator arrives. Joey enters. Presses the 5 button.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Joey takes out the silenced Beretta, checks it.

JOEY  
Relax. You can do this.

The elevator dings. Joey quickly hides the gun under his jacket.

The doors open to the--

FIFTH FLOOR

Joey exits the elevator. Checks the number on the first door he sees. Heads left down the corridor.

As he walks, different emotions play out over his face, in his eyes. Excitement. Fear. Anxiety. He tries to pull it together. Exhales.

Joey stops. Closes his eyes. When he opens them, it's with a new resolve. He takes a step--

GUNSHOTS. Several of them. Close.

Joey freezes. Backs up against the wall. Creeping panic. Fight or flight? He pulls out the Beretta.

More gunshots, muffled shouts.

And then, silence.

Joey swallows. Gets it together. Moves carefully down the hallway, stops at one of the rooms. Listens. No sound from within. He reaches out, tries the doorknob. Opens the door--

HOTEL ROOM - SAME

The light from the hallway spills into the room, illuminating three bodies. Joey holds his gun out in front of him, enters. Does a quick pan of the room.

The first body is Dimitri Brokhin. A bullethole in his forehead tells the story.

The bodies of two other Russians lay in different sections of the room.

Joey notices a blood trail leading to another room. Something shuffles.

ROOM - SAME

Joey enters slowly, leading with his gun. Sees--

A fourth body. Even though it's face down, a horrible realization fills Joey's eyes.

He drops the Beretta and falls to his knees.

Vincent.

JOEY

Oh fuck.

He carefully turns his brother over. Jumps when Vincent lets out a weak cough.

Vincent focuses on Joey's face.

And then Joey sees the blood. Vincent's stomach.

JOEY

Vinnie...

Joey's hands shake. He presses them to Vincent's wound.

Vincent winces.

VINCENT

This shit hurts...

JOEY

Why'd you do this Vin?

VINCENT

It's okay, Joey...told you I'd fix it...

Joey takes out his cell phone, dials 911.

Vincent shakes his head, reaches out and pulls the phone away from Joey's ear.

Joey is frantic.

JOEY

We need to get you to a hospital--

Vincent weakly grabs onto Joey's jacket, pulls him close.

VINCENT

Promised Ma I'd protect you...

JOEY

Vinnie...

VINCENT

Listen to me. Be a good father to Angelo. Live your life right. Everything's okay now. You'll be safe...

Vincent reaches up, touches Joey's face.

VINCENT  
I love you, Joey.

He tenses, then relaxes.

Vincent Marino dies in his brother's arms.

Joey breaks down and weeps. He holds Vincent's body tightly.

INT. MARINO SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Joey enters. His eyes are red from crying, his face tense.

All activity stops.

He scans the room, finds--

Frank, seated at a table surrounded by his enforcers,  
including Pete.

Joey walks to the table. Stops.

He reaches inside his coat, takes out his gun.

Frank's men stand to intercept.

Frank waves them back.

Joey and Frank stare at each other.

JOEY  
First my father. Then your son. And  
now my brother. No more. We're  
finished.

Joey lays the gun down on the table.

Frank studies Joey. Then looks at Pete. Then back to Joey.

Everyone watches.

Frank stands, looks Joey in the eye.

Pete stands, a silenced pistol in his hand.

Joey never takes his gaze off Frank.

FRANK  
Wrong. *You're* finished.

Pete points the gun at Joey. Pulls the trigger.

Joey reels from the shot. He blinks, but his eyes never leave Frank's.

Joey falls. And his eyes see no more.

Frank steps forward, looks down.

The blood pools behind Joey's body, spreading out across the tiled floor.

Frank gives his enforcers a nod. *Clean up this mess.*

He exits the room. And doesn't look back.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A gentle rain falls.

Two open graves, side by side, each with its own casket.

A priest on one side.

Vincent and Joey's family on the other.

Angela, Lisa and Angelo stand together. Angelo is holding a rose.

The priest closes his bible.

Angelo looks up at Lisa.

She nods at him.

He steps forward, gently places the rose on Joey's casket.

Lisa buries her face in Angela's shoulder, weeps softly.

Angelo reaches out, gently rests his little hand on his father's casket.

The camera pulls back as the New York City skyline rises in the background.

FADE OUT