

# RIVALS

A SCREENPLAY BY GUILLAUME CANET AND JAMES GRAY

Final version November 16<sup>th</sup>, 2010

Based on a screenplay by Jacques Maillot and Pierre Chosson  
Based on the autobiographical book *Deux frères, flic & truand* of Bruno Papet and Michel Papet

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RIVALS

Over black:

SUPERIMPOSE THE LEGEND: "BASED ON A TRUE STORY"

CUT IN:

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Covered with banal wallpaper. A run-down building. Graffiti. We SEE many POLICE OFFICERS in protective gear, some whose faces are obscured by masks. They CREEP UP the stairs, toward a DOOR at the end of the hall. Three of the officers are carrying a LARGE METAL SHIELD.

UTTER SILENCE.

SUPERIMPOSE THE LEGEND: "PHILADELPHIA, 1974"

One of the OFFICERS signals to the others with his fingers: INTO POSITION, NOW. YOU, STAND HERE, NEAR THE DOOR. YOU, UP THE STAIRS. And so on.

They get into their positions.

EXPLOSIVE CHARGES are stuck to the door.

One of the officers, whom we do not yet see, moves to the stairwell and unscrews the lone lightbulb that illuminates the hall.

Another SIGNAL from the lead officer.

SOME OF THE MEN TAKE OFF THEIR HOODS. We SEE:

FRANK PIERZYNSKI, thirty-two. They replace the hoods with GAS MASKS.

THEY POINT THEIR GUNS toward the closed door. They're ready with the EXPLOSIVE CHARGE.

THREE...TWO...ONE...

BOOM!

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Within a split second, we go from SILENCE to CHAOS. The police yell in messy unison:

POLICE OFFICERS  
Go! Go! GO! GO!

Three MEN are in the apartment. They are caught in the middle of various quotidian activities, obviously off-guard. BUT THEIR SHOTGUNS ARE CLOSE BY. One of them REACHES FOR HIS GUN and is IMMEDIATELY RIDDLED WITH GUNFIRE by the COPS.

The other two MEN, charge into another room, the adjoining bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

THE MEN CHARGE INTO WHAT LOOKS LIKE A LARGE DRESSER.

The cops fire their weapons as they scream:

POLICE OFFICERS  
Halt! STOP! HALT! HALT!

Then Frank, spotting where the men have gone:

FRANK  
In the dresser! IN THE DRESSER!

A beat. SILENT. All guns are trained on that DRESSER. Frank takes off his mask. To the dresser:

FRANK (CONT'D)  
This is the police! You're surrounded! Come out with your hands over your head! Now!

NO RESPONSE.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I will repeat: come out now, with your hands over your head!

STILL NO RESPONSE.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(to the officers)  
On the count of three. One...  
Two...THREE!

MASSIVE FIREPOWER is UNLEASHED INTO THE DRESSER.  
Whoever--and whatever--was in there is alive no longer.  
A beat.

Frank reaches to the DRESSER and CAREFULLY swings open  
the doors to REVEAL:

NOTHING. NOTHING but a HUGE HOLE IN THE WALL THAT THE  
DRESSER HAD OBSCURED.

An ESCAPE ROUTE, leading to the roof. THE TWO MEN ARE  
GONE.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

LATER. IN THE APARTMENT.

The POLICE are doing a search. Frank approaches a pile of  
material that has been sorted through: photos, receipts,  
names and phone numbers on scraps of paper. And a  
PARKING TICKET. FRANK LOOKS AT IT.

FRANK  
Lieutenant!

CUT TO:

BOOM!

ANOTHER DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

The cops barrel past a young couple and start to search  
an apartment.

SERIES OF SHOTS of dressers opened, beds flipped over,  
etc.

INT. ANTHONY SCARFO'S APARTMENT - DAY

It is early morning. The POLICE are ransacking the  
place, searching for...something. EVIDENCE.

ANTHONY SCARFO is on the sofa, with his handcuffs on, his  
arms behind his back. Next to him is girlfriend VANESSA,  
a mid-thirties beautiful African-American; in her arms,  
their four year-old daughter, JANIE. Vanessa is looking  
at Anthony with darkness.

Not searching but seated nearby is FRANK. He eyes Anthony and Vanessa.

Lieutenant Conlon is here, interrogating Scarfo. He holds up a PARKING TICKET.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
This parking ticket belongs to a van that's registered to your garage. It was at the crime scene. It was found two hours ago.

ANTHONY SCARFO  
One of my vans was stolen.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
Did you file a report?

ANTHONY SCARFO  
I didn't have to. It was found after a few days.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
You're very lucky.

ANTHONY SCARFO  
Lucky?!? Fuckin' thing was stolen. I don't know how it got there.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
Did you know this van and others like it have been used on scores for the past eight months? All around Pennsylvania and New Jersey?

Frank hovers nearby. Scarfo stares at him for a beat, then, back to the Lieutenant:

ANTHONY SCARFO  
I don't know what you're talking about.

Frank avoids eye contact with Vanessa, who maintains a glare at Frank. THEY KNOW EACH OTHER. Another POLICEMAN approaches, a GUN in his hand:

POLICEMAN #2  
Is this your firearm, sir?  
(beat)  
You have a permit?

ANTHONY SCARFO

That thing's eight years old,  
never been fired.

(beat)

Look, you got nothing against  
me, arright? I quit, years ago.  
I work on cars, with my  
brothers. You ain't gonna find  
nothing. Go 'head, look!

Lieutenant Conlon looks over at Frank as we:

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - LATE DAY

Lieutenant Conlon is speaking in hushed tones with Frank.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

He doesn't have a permit for his  
gun, he goes away for six  
months, that's it. He's got no  
money on him, no nothing.

FRANK

Then we hold him--something'll  
come up.

Conlon looks exasperated.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What--what about the parking  
ticket? That connects him to  
the crime scene--

LIEUTENANT CONLON

Give it up, Frank. Give it up.  
We blew our warrants, we blew  
our arrests--he goes away for  
six months, that's it. We got  
one of 'em, you can interrogate  
him--he's at the morgue.

The Lieutenant walks off, leaving Frank alone.

INT. PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL - DAY

Frank walks down the corridor of a noisy and dirty  
hospital. Stops outside a room. Looks through the  
window to REVEAL:

INT. PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Frank enters. An old man, Frank's father, LEON, sixty-five, is unconscious and attached to a respirator. Frank whispers into his ear:

FRANK

Pop?

No answer. Frank turns to look around. Spots, on the nearby nighttable:

A PHOTOGRAPH, old, dog-eared. Of Leon and a teenager: we'll learn it's a photo of Frank's brother, CHRIS (KRZYSZTOF)...

We HEAR a WOMAN'S VOICE:

WOMAN'S VOICE

He's being released next week.  
For good behavior. He has to  
get a job.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - A HOUSE - DAY

It's a middle-class neighborhood.

INT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Frank is here, in the kitchen, with his sister, MARIE. We greet them *in media res*.

MARIE

Chris knows he's hurt us. And  
he's trying to be better. We  
should help him.

(beat)

We should.

FRANK

I don't know... I spent a lot  
of time trying to be different  
from him...

MARIE

So?

FRANK

So I wanna live for myself. I  
can't be helping him all the  
time.

(coldly)  
I'm sorry, I'm telling you how I  
feel. What do you want me to  
say?

MARIE  
He needs a favor.

FRANK  
Don't kid yourself, Marie. He  
never cared about us.

MARIE  
Then think about Dad. It's  
important for him.  
(beat)  
Chris's changed, you know. He  
has.

Frank turns. Marie grabs his arm:

MARIE (CONT'D)  
If you wanted to help your  
brother one time in your life it  
would be now. At least do it  
for Pop.

ANGLE ON FRANK as we

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTERN STATE PENITENTARY - DAY

CHRIS PIERZYNSKI, forty-two, is in front of the prison  
door. He emerges and walks a few steps on the sidewalk.  
His sister, Marie, comes toward him in the parking lot.  
After a moment of silence, in which nothing and a lot is  
said, they embrace.

While they hug, Chris looks up and sees Frank, several  
feet away, leaning up against his car in the parking lot.  
After a few seconds, Frank walks slowly to Chris and the  
two men hug.

They separate; Chris SMILES at his younger brother. To  
avoid having to do the same, Frank looks down at Chris's  
luggage bag. Frank takes the luggage and walks back to  
the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank is driving. Chris is in the back seat, with Marie in the front passenger's seat. Awkward beat of silence. Then:

CHRIS

How's Pop.

MARIE

Depends on the day.

CHRIS

He gonna die?

FRANK

We're all gonna die sooner or later.

(beat)

You wanna go see your kids?

CHRIS

I wanna see Pop.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Frank, Marie, and Chris arrive in the hallway leading to Leon's room. Leon is waiting in the hall, looking out the window.

MARIE

Dad--what are you doing up?  
You're not supposed to be up!

LEON

That Chris?! Jesus, get over here!

CHRIS

How you doing, Pop?

LEON

(shrugs)

They took out one lung, but they left me the good one. I'm breathing much better now.

INT. HOSPITAL - LEON'S ROOM - DAY

Leon is lying down once again. Chris is by his side, in a chair. Leon holds his hand. Marie and Frank stand further back.

LEON  
I think about you every day,  
you know that?

He touches the PHOTO ON HIS NIGHTSTAND.

LEON (CONT'D)  
Here, look--I always got it  
with me.

The wrinkled photo of him and Chris as a child, in a  
market.

LEON (CONT'D)  
It's my favorite... All that  
time we spent together--I think  
we're both pretty good-looking  
there, don't you?

CHRIS  
We still are.

LEON  
You are... I ain't exactly what  
I used to be. I don't care.  
(winks)  
There are two or three nurses  
though.. I'll tell you what, if  
they operated ten years  
ago--

MARIE  
(interrupting)  
Can you tell us what the doctors  
are saying please?

LEON  
The doctors? They always say  
the same thing--but I'll be out  
soon.

MARIE  
I don't even know why I ask you  
anymore...

She moves off to the hallway, sighing.

Frank exits behind his sister. Chris remains alone with  
Leon. They look into each others eyes.

LEON  
You're not very talkative.

CHRIS

Yeah...

LEON

'S arright. The important thing is that you're out.

CHRIS

I'm just on leave, Pop. It's a furlough.

Leon hardly listens.

LEON

Was a long time you were in there.

He pulls himself together.

LEON (CONT'D)

(conspiratorial)

You don't have a cigarette, do you?

Wide-eyed, surprised, Chris waits before pulling out a pack of cigarettes. He holds them out to his father, who takes three.

CHRIS

That a good idea?

LEON

Ah, c'mon. Stop with the bullshit. If you listen to doctors, everything's forbidden. Might as well die right away...

(beat; change tone)

You know, I understand you. I been working all my life and now I got nothing... So maybe you were right--the system's so goddamned crooked.

CHRIS

I've done a lot of bad things, Pop. Frank, you know, he's a good guy.

LEON

Yeah... But you know, you never feel the same way about your other kids as you do your first.

A KNOCK. It's Frank:

FRANK

Chris--

Chris turns:

FRANK (CONT'D)

We gotta go if you wanna see  
your kids. I gotta drop Marie  
off first.

Chris nods, then turns back to Leon:

CHRIS

I'll come back every day, Pop.

They embrace.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Frank and Chris enter a working-class row house. We meet  
MONICA, forty and formerly beautiful. Chris and Monica  
have a moment of silence when she opens the door.

MONICA

Hello, Chrissy. Frank--been a  
long time.  
(back to Chris)  
Your kids are on the couch.

INT. MONICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris and Frank enter, seeing two children: one, a girl  
(ROBEN), no more than ten or eleven years old; the other,  
a boy, thirteen (MICHAEL). The children look at the men  
awkwardly, tensely.

MONICA

Kids, this is your father. Come  
on, get up.

Both children dutifully rise from the couch and  
embrace... FRANK.

CHRIS

(warmly, nonplussed by  
the mistake)  
What're you doing? It's me--I'M  
your father! Come on, give me a  
kiss!

INT. MONICA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

They have all moved into the kitchen, seated. We can see into the living area; it's all an open space. Michael tries on a jacket, which is clearly too big. He seems happy anyway.

CHRIS

We can take it back. You look like an old lady.

MICHAEL

No, I like it. Thanks.

Robin, delighted, unwraps the records Chris has given her; she goes to kiss him on the cheek. She turns to her mother, sitting cross-armed.

ROBIN

Can I play it?

MONICA

Of course, sweetheart. Go 'head.

Robin goes to play the record: "Sugar Baby Love," by the Rubettes. Chris smiles at Monica, who remains uneasy. The record starts.

CHRIS (TO MICHAEL)

Your mother tells me you been left back?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

CHRIS

Yeah? You gotta buckle down.

MICHAEL

Yeah...

MONICA

"Yeah, yeah"--It's not enough to say "yeah" all the time.

(to Chris)

He goes out every night.

CHRIS

(to Michael)

Listen to your mother. You screw up in school, that's how you stay in the sewer.

Chris gets up and goes over to Robin, doing the Twist over by the record player. He dances with her. At first surprised, Robin gets into the swing of things, dancing with her father. Chris looks at Frank.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Hey, you remember?... Come on,  
show 'em.  
(to the kids)  
I taught him everything he  
knows...

Frank finally lets go and starts dancing, twisting with Robin. Chris takes Monica's hand to get her to dance as well.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Come on!

She pulls away without answering, leaving him there. Chris sits down, suddenly come to his senses.

EXT. MONICA'S HOUSE. DAY

Frank is sitting on the doorstep outside. Looks at his watch, then smiles at Robin, who is here, too:

ROBIN  
I like dancing.  
(beat, then)  
'S fun.

FRANK  
Yeah? You got a boyfriend? You  
could dance with him.

ROBIN  
I don't have a boyfriend, I'm  
only ten!

FRANK  
Oh. Yeah.

ROBIN  
What about you?

FRANK  
I don't have a girlfriend--I'm  
only thirty-two.

She laughs. He grows serious.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I'm divorced.

ROBIN  
So then get a new chick!

FRANK  
(smiles; then)  
I'm working on it.

INT. MONICA'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Monica and Chris drink coffee. But the children are no longer there. Chris looks a bit disappointed.

CHRIS  
Mike ran off pretty quick there.

MONICA  
He's having some trouble.

CHRIS  
Want me to talk to him, try and set him straight?

MONICA  
Don't make me laugh.

CHRIS  
What d'you mean?

MONICA  
He's a teenager, he's got girls on the brain. Just like you did. You're not gonna change him.

Chris smiles furtively.

CHRIS  
Yeah, maybe you're right.

He turns serious again. Sotto voce:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Listen, uh--  
(beat)  
I heard you're still on the street.

She looks at him, does not answer. We know he's right.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You still using?

MONICA  
Every day's a battle.

CHRIS  
I know it hasn't been easy for you, but this time it's gonna be different. Arrright? As soon as I get a little money, I'll pass it along. I'm not gonna take off on you. I promise.

She looks at him, not sure whether to believe him. Then a KNOCK on the doorframe of the kitchen. It's FRANK:

FRANK  
It's time.

INT. / EXT. FRANK'S CAR - ON THE WAY BACK TO PRISON - DAY

Frank and Chris drive along in silence. Chris looks morose. Suddenly the prison appears. High, dark walls gradually filling the whole horizon. Frank stops in front of the gates. Ill-at-ease, he looks at Chris. They remain silent.

Chris kisses him on the cheek and gets out. Frank watches him walk to the prison entrance. Chris stops a few feet from the jail entrance. Turns, walks back to the car:

CHRIS  
You wanna come pick me up tomorrow morning? We could hang out a little.

FRANK  
(beat)  
I can't. I got something personal I gotta take care of.

CHRIS  
Okay... No problem... See you soon, huh?

FRANK  
Yeah.

Chris turns and walks back to the jail. ANGLE ON FRANK as we

CUT TO:

INT. / EXT. FRANK'S CAR - STREET - DAY

Frank is sitting in his parked car when a young woman appears on the sidewalk. She is VANESSA. We've seen her before, with Anthony Scarfo. Frank jumps out of the car to follow her.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES - NORTH PHILLY - DAY

An ugly building. VANESSA works behind a desk, with bullet-proof glass in front of it.

Frank watches as Vanessa processes DMV applications, oblivious to her surroundings. HE stands in line, waiting his turn to speak to her.

Almost as if hypnotized, Frank studies her. At last it is his turn, and he approaches the thick glass:

MUFFLED. Through the glass:

VANESSA

What do you want from me?

(beat)

He's in jail. Don't you think you fucked things up for me enough?

Vanessa turns to a clerk next to her; she's embarrassed. The clerk seems pissed that she's dealing with what looks like a lover's quarrel. Sotto, to the clerk:

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Sorry...

Frank doesn't respond.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You been following me for weeks. I know, I've seen you. What do you want?

Frank looks behind him at the customer next in line. He then bends down, talks through the air holes that are belt-level. It's awkward, almost funny:

FRANK

I don't know...

(beat)  
I been thinking about you a lot.  
About what happened between us.

VANESSA  
That was a long time ago,  
Frank...

FRANK  
My life then, it was a  
nightmare--my brother... I know  
we can't go back to how things  
were between us, but I guess  
I...I just hope we could be  
friends. See each other every  
now and then.

VANESSA  
Yeah? Can you be seen with me?  
Can you be seen with the  
"colored girl"?

FRANK  
You just said, that was a long  
time ago. Things are  
different...

VANESSA  
Leave me alone. Don't come here  
again.

She turns and puts up an off-duty card. The window's  
closed. She walks away.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Chris steps out onto the street.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN. DAY.

Near the sink, a man washes dishes, scouring plates with  
a brush. The restaurant MANAGER and Chris look on.

THE MANAGER

Pay's 5 dollars an hour. Two seatings at lunch, two at dinner.

Chris looks around; the dishwasher smiles at him.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)

Yes or no?

(beat)

Makes no difference to me.

CHRIS

No...thank you.

THE MANAGER

Arrright... Suit yourself.

He gestures toward the door.

EXT. SIDEWALKS - DAY

Chris walks through the city and comes to a bar. The sign says "The Ruby." He goes in.

INT. THE RUBY - DAY

Chris comes into the bar which is deserted at this hour except for the man at a booth doing accounts: LOUIS, 50ish, graying. He looks at Chris in astonishment. Chris smiles. They EMBRACE.

INT. THE RUBY - DAY

Louis and Chris sit at the bar.

CHRIS

Nico?

LOUIS

He's dead. Whacked by the Martelli brothers. At least that's what we think, since nobody found the body.

CHRIS

What about Big Mike?

LOUIS

You won't see him around here no more. He bought a bar, over on

South Street. He's doing OK...  
They say he plays poker with the  
Mayor these days...

He laughs.

                                LOUIS (CONT'D)  
What about you? Any plans?

                                CHRIS  
                                (shrugs)  
Keep the judge happy. Just stay  
straight, find some work.

Louis looks at Chris and smiles... Serious Chris takes a  
last sip of his drink.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

Chris rings at the gate, and waits a few seconds for  
someone to open.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is dark. Frank is lying on the couch,  
listening to music and flipping through old photos of  
Vanessa. Clearly they were once lovers...

Music: Tommy James and the Shondells' "Crimson and  
Clover".

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT- NIGHT     CUT

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Frank approaches the manager of a local supermarket.  
Speaking up to the MANAGER, TOMMY, portly and middle-  
aged, who is in his makeshift office on a platform:

                                FRANK  
Tommy! Hey, Tommy! You up  
there?

The Manager peeks his head out. TOMMY. Genially:

                                TOMMY  
Hey, asshole!

                                FRANK

I got something I need to ask  
you! Can we talk?

TOMMY  
You're talking already, ain't  
you?

FRANK  
C'mon!

Tommy gestures for him to come up. We HEAR Frank, in the  
next scene:

FRANK (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
He's a good guy, I'm telling  
you.

INT. SUPERMARKET - MANAGER'S OFFICE

A cluttered space.

FRANK  
He finds a permanent job, he's  
out. He'll be cleared by the  
judge.

TOMMY  
Where's he now?

FRANK  
In pre-release, because of good  
behavior. He goes back inside,  
every night.

TOMMY  
Lemme ask you something. How  
close could you be with this  
guy? I know you twelve years,  
you never mentioned him to me,  
not once.

FRANK  
Well, him and me, we had some  
problems. But that's all over  
with now. I'm just trying to  
help him.

Tommy looks troubled.

TOMMY  
I don't want any trouble.

FRANK  
You won't. I promise.  
(beat)  
Will you help?

Tommy looks at him, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

ANGLE ON TOMMY as he says:

TOMMY  
Unload 'em here, then I want you  
inside, for stacking--

The CAMERA PANS OVER to REVEAL: CHRIS, wearing a blue smock, unloading empty crates onto a pile of them out back of the supermarket. The job is uninspired work and somewhat brutal. But it's a job.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - CHRIS'S ROOM - DAY

Frank is showing a room to Chris.....

FRANK  
I'll try and find you a better  
bed.

CHRIS  
It's arright.

FRANK  
Well, make yourself at home...  
The toilet's broken--you gotta  
jiggle the bar inside, lift the  
ball--

Chris smiles...

CHRIS  
It's fine, don't worry about it.

FRANK  
I'm serious. The thing could  
flood--

CHRIS  
Arright, I got it.

Frank takes two beers from a six-pack. He holds one out to Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's good. I'd rather be here than at Pop's.

Frank gestures, "You're welcome."

FRANK

What about the supermarket? How was your first day?

CHRIS

(shrugs)

'Was okay. Not exactly rocket science.

FRANK

It's a start though, right? You'll find something else...

(Chris nods; then)

Can I ask you something...?

Frank pull out mug shots of the two escapees from SCENE ONE:

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know these guys ?

Chris looks briefly:

CHRIS

No...

Frank doesn't seem to believe him:

FRANK

You never seen either of 'em?

CHRIS

Do me a favor, Frank. Don't get me involved in that kind of shit.

(beat)

You understand?

Frank gets the point. Puts away the picture.

INT. SUPERMARKET - BY THE CASH REGISTERS - DAY

Chris unloads a cart by the cash registers. NATALIE, 25, a pretty cashier, is busy counting her money in a panic. She bites her lip, looking devastated. She looks around, worried, then bursts into tears. Chris comes up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Natalie only cries harder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

C'mon, hey--don't cry. What's the matter?

NATALIE

I'm forty dollars short. In the register.

(beat)

It's the second time in ten days.

I already had to pay 50 dollars out of my own pocket last week.

CHRIS

You need help recounting it?

NATALIE

No, I already counted three goddamned times. It's gone.

CHRIS

Okay, so there are forty bucks missing. It's not the end of the world.

NATALIE

They'll be so pissed.

Chris takes forty dollars from his wallet and puts the bills in the till.

CHRIS

There, end of story. How's that.

Natalie is wide-eyed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(in a brusque way)  
End of story.

He goes back to the cart, she is watching him.

EXT. SUPERMARKET BUS STOP - END OF DAY

Chris smokes a cigarette while waiting for the bus. A small car stops. The window rolls down. It's Natalie. Another young woman drives.

NATALIE

Hey, you!

He goes to the car.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

CHRIS

Waiting for the Queen and her carriage.

NATALIE

We're going to dinner--wanna come? Get in!

Chris smiles, gets into the car.

EXT. GINO'S CHEESESTEAKS - NIGHT

Seen through the restaurant window. A table of five. Natalie, Chris, and three friends (two women and one man). BEER on the table. Chris clowns around, everyone laughs.

INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Natalie have sex, with Chris on top thrusting enthusiastically. She cries out in pleasure.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Leon, Frank, and Marie are getting out of the hospital. Frank carries his father's bag. They are getting into Frank's car.

INT. CAR - DAY

All in the car, Frank driving and Leon in the back seat... Leon spots a store...

LEON  
Marie, honey? Would you go get  
me some cigarettes please...

MARIE  
Cigarettes? Dad, are you crazy?

LEON  
*Please.*  
(beat)  
What difference does it make  
now?

Leon's right.

EXT. CAR - DAY

It pulls over, outside a luncheonette.

INT. CAR - DAY

Marie exits the car and walks into the store. Frank and  
his father stay silent. Then:

FRANK  
Dad?

LEON  
Yeah?

FRANK  
When I went to your house to get  
stuff for the hospital, I...I  
found a letter. From Mom...

Leon looks into the rearview mirror. A weighted beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You told us she abandoned us--

LEON  
That's right.

FRANK  
The letter said she begged the  
judge for custody--she wanted to  
take care of me because I was  
too young when you--

Leon's rage builds, and then he explodes:

LEON

Your mother was a whore, kid--  
you got no memories of her, and  
believe me, you're better off.

(beat)

The day she died didn't matter  
to me--she'd been dead to us for  
twenty years before that.

Frank is silenced... After a long beat...

LEON (CONT'D)

Why don't you get rid of the  
goddamn past, kid? Get your  
own goddamn life now.

(beat)

Christ...

EXT. PRISON - PARKING LOT - DAY

Frank is waiting outside the state Prison.

After a beat, Vanessa parks her car on the other side of  
the street. Frank watches her as she walks to the prison  
door.

When she turns around to ask her daughter to hurry up,  
Vanessa spots Frank in his car. She is staring at him.  
Frank looks awkward.

She spins around, enters the:

INT. PRISON VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Vanessa waits in the prison visiting room, with her  
little girl, Janie, on her lap. ANTHONY SCARFO comes to  
sit down on the other side of the glass.. At first they  
look at each other without speaking. Anthony looks at  
the child. He smiles, places his hand on the glass. The  
girl does likewise.

ANTHONY SCARFO

Hiya, pumpkin--how are you.

JANIE

Hi, Daddy.

VANESSA

She has an ear ache.

ANTHONY SCARFO

She have a fever?

VANESSA

Yeah, but its going down. How about you, you all right?

ANTHONY SCARFO

What's it look like?

JANIE

When are you coming home, Daddy?

ANTHONY SCARFO

Soon. Don't worry. They got nothing.

VANESSA

Is it true, what the cops're saying? Is it true?

He looks at Vanessa:

ANTHONY SCARFO

No.

She can tell he's lying. She begins to get emotional:

VANESSA

Anthony, we have Janie.

ANTHONY SCARFO

I tol' you, it's not true. I'm getting outta here soon. Soon.

EXT. PRISON - PARKING LOT - DAY

Vanessa and her daughter get out of the prison. Vanessa looks right away if Frank is still there. He's not--he's left.

Vanessa seems conflicted, however. She isn't necessarily GLAD to see him gone...

EXT. SUPERMARKET - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Chris and a co-worker unload cartons from a truck. A man, MIKE, 43, approaches and call Chris.

MIKE

Look who it is! Fucker!

Chris turns around and recognizes Mike. He drops every thing and goes to hug his old friend.

CHRIS

Jesus, Mike--where'd you come from!

They look very happy to see each others when the Chris's foreman, DE SOTO, appears. He speaks loud so everyone can hear, directing his comments at Chris.

DE SOTO

Hey asshole! What're you doin'?

Chris says nothing.

DE SOTO (CONT'D)

What do you think we pay you for, to socialize?

(beat)

You're not used to busting your ass, that it? You ain't in jail now, buddy. So get a fuckin' move on!

(beat)

I've got my eye on you!

Chris stiffens instinctively; looks at Mike and very quietly approaches foreman De Soto at the rear of the truck. De Soto suddenly seems to realize he might have been too strong.

Chris looks at him quietly. Weakly:

DE SOTO (CONT'D)

C'mon--back to work.

WILL HE HIT DE SOTO?

Chris then proceeds to BASH HIS OWN HEAD on the truck hood several times. The ferocity, the violence, is astounding. He stops.

There is blood all over Chris's face. His foreman is terrified. All of a sudden, Frank's friend, Tommy comes outside:

TOMMY

What the hell's goin' on here?!?

Tommy SEES Chris all full of blood. Stunned.

Chris takes off his apron and hurls it at a baffled and disturbed Tommy, and then Chris leaves with Mike.

Natalie, who had been smoking a cigarette outside with other employees, has seen the whole thing...

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Natalie are lying clothed on the bed in each other's arms.

CHRIS  
What do you want to know?

NATALIE  
Please don't be mad.

CHRIS  
I'm not mad. Ask your question.

Natalie struggles to find the right words.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You wanna know what I did, why I went away?

A beat. Then she nods.

NATALIE  
Yeah...

CHRIS  
I killed a guy. I got ten years for it.

NATALIE  
Oh my God.

CHRIS  
He was a piece of shit. He cut off the head of a woman I loved.

She is clearly shocked by the brutal revelation.

NATALIE  
What about the mother of your kids...?

CHRIS  
It was after I left my wife...  
(beat)

Listen Natalie... I like you and I don't want you getting the wrong idea about me. I'm, I'm not a bad person...I'm not. And I'm trying, each and every day, to make it right.

Silence as he awaits her reaction.

NATALIE

I know you're not a bad person, I'm just a bit--*shaken*, is all...

CHRIS

I know. But...I like you so much...

NATALIE

I like you too...

They kiss.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Frank is in a conversation with his boss, LIEUTENANT CONLON, forty. Conlon approaches his desk and drops papers.

FRANK

What is this?

LIEUTENANT CONLON

In my drop box this morning. Photos of Brinks trucks, addresses of drop-off points. Somebody's trying to tell us something.

FRANK

A score?

LIEUTENANT CONLON

I don't know.

A POLICEMAN comes in. Knocks. Frank looks up.

POLICEMAN

Captain, there's a woman here to see you...

Frank turns around, surprised, to see Vanessa in the waiting room. Frank goes up to her, they both seem ill-at-ease. Frank leads her out into the hall.

FRANK

Listen, I'm sorry about the other day. I didn't want any trouble.

VANESSA

You wanna...go for a coffee with me when you're done working?

Frank is astonished.

FRANK

What?

VANESSA

I'd...I'd like to talk to you... I need to understand something, if I could... We can have a coffee or a drink at 7:30. Is that okay?

FRANK

Yeah, 7:30. Okay.

She does not look at him.

VANESSA

See you later.

FRANK

See you.

She passes in front of him and heads to the door with a brisk pace. He watches her, somewhat stunned.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Frank and Vanessa are sitting in front of each other in a bar. We can't hear what they say but they seem to be in a big conversation..

It's night outside now, they are still talking... We can see that they go through different feelings. Sometimes arguing and some others, they look moved to see each other again...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank and Vanessa make love passionately...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The two in bed, post-coital. Vanessa is turned away lay down on her side. Frank is watching the ceiling. Both stay silent... We can see they feel bad about what happend. after a long silence...

VANESSA

I met him in a bar, on third street... I was dancing...and using...I thought he was like an angel who would come save me from everything... He did every thing right. He helped my mom when she was sick and trying to keep my family together. He was funny... I thought he would do anything for me and I loved him... I was blind-I didn't want to admit that he was trouble... By the time I could, I was pregnant... And too scared to go back to where I was.

FRANK

That's not the only choice you had.

After a pause... She gets up to go to the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa s just finished showering, and has now wrapped herself up in a bath towel. Seated on the side of the tub, she is thinking hard.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Frank puts on his jacket. He is thinking too, then seems to want to get out of the room. He opens the door...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa hears the sound of the closing door. She looks disappointed. She gets up and goes into the room. Frank sits on the bed.

FRANK

I'm not gonna walk out on you again. I want to be with you.

Vanessa doesn't know what to think, but finally a slight smile emerges...

INT. THE RUBY - NIGHT

Chris, deep in thought, sips a drink with his friend LOUIS. At another table are two other men, the men we have seen at the beginning of our story and on the mug shots: the ESCAPEES... and three sexy girls in heavy make-up, clearly prostitutes and their pimps. They drink champagne and speak loudly. Chris looks at the table and inquisitively back at Louis.

LOUIS

Vincent and Partenza. They're working with Scarfo--the one your brother put in Jail... You know them?

CHRIS

I know him... I don't know them...

Chris shakes his head. Louis puts his arm around Chris's shoulder and whispers in his ear.

LOUIS

Guys from New York. They started up three, four years ago. Girls and scores. We've become friendly. They're prepping a job now. They're having trouble with some guys who are tipping the cops. Big trouble, if you know what I mean... They need someone reliable. I could introduce you...

Chris looks over at them. One of the guys looks back.

CHRIS

I'm out, Lou. I'm out...

LOUIS

Understood. But you change your mind, you lemme know. Your call.

He empties his glass. Monica, Chris's ex-wife, walks up. Louis kisses her hand.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I'll leave you two...

Louis leaves Chris and Monica to speak.

MONICA

Old habits die hard.

CHRIS

I was in the neighborhood. You want a drink?

From the back of the bar, Monica's gang calls out to her.

MONICA

I'm with clients. Got to go. Take it easy.

She goes over to the others. Louis goes over to Partenza and Vincent. He sits down with them.

LOUIS

(pointing out Chris)

That's the guy I was telling you about...

PARTENZA

The guy who knocked off Antonio Ruiz?

LOUIS

(nods)

And after, Ruiz's buddies made his wife pay. She had to hook for them for five years.

PARTENZA

Yeah, I know. I know her.

ANGLE ON CHRIS

As he looks at Monica: one of the guys next to her tries to kiss her. Monica gives him an energetic brush-off. The guy begs her. He gets down on his knees at her feet. Around him, everyone laughs. For a laugh, he starts to

beg like a dog. More laughter. Monica tosses him a sugar cube.

EXT. RIVER BANKS - DAY

Chris and Natalie are stretched out in the grass in front of what's left of their picnic. A young woman, YVONNE, is seated next to them. Nearby, Mike plays ball with a little boy. The man is out of breath.

CHRIS  
What's up Mikey? Getting old?

MIKE  
Okay, wise guy! Why don't you come show us what you can do?

Mike runs after the ball.

YVONNE  
Ever since he got out, they been inseparable. What about you and yours?

CHRIS (RISING)  
I don't see them so much. They're big, it's not the same. I fucked that up, what can I tell you?

He goes off to play, they pass the ball back and forth.

EXT. SNACK BAR. DAY.

Mike and Chris come upon a shack on the river bank. A modest snack bar which would normally serve sandwiches and drinks. It's closed.

MIKE  
[It] belongs to a pal of mine. He's retiring and said I could take over.

CHRIS  
Great.

MIKE  
Yeah... It belongs to the city. It's got potential. Just imagine, hot dogs, french fries,

drinks--but I don't want to get into this all by myself. What do you say? You interested?

Chris is a bit astonished.

CHRIS

You want us to go into business together? I don't got a cent to my name.

MIKE

We don't need that much. A coat of paint? The deal is, the mayor has to pick us. Martin thinks anyone he recommends has a good shot. It'd be something to call our own.

Brief silence.

CHRIS

We just been inside.

MIKE

It ain't our best attribute, that's for sure. But the mayor's looking for good stories on his work release program... So the redemption angle could work. Take a look around.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank is cooking. The front door opens and Chris enters. He watches his brother a moment, then passes, unheard, behind him to the refrigerator. Takes out a couple of beers, and hands one to a surprised Frank.

FRANK

Hey man.  
(beat)  
How's it going?

CHRIS

Good. Real good. You?

FRANK

Not too bad.

Frank is in a light mood, it's clear.

CHRIS  
You smile like that, means  
you're in love.  
(beat)  
You in love?

Frank smiles widely.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
She cute, at least?

Frank laughs, surprised that Chris has diagnosed him so quickly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm in love too, and she's a  
fuckin' babe. Come on, tell me.

Frank shrugs, slightly sheepish.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Okay, keep it to yourself--it's  
arright...

Chris takes a swig of his beer, then darkens.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You know, Frank...I wanna talk  
to you about something.  
(beat)  
You may not like it.

FRANK  
Go ahead...

CHRIS  
You never came to see me when I  
was inside. And...I was a  
little hurt.

FRANK  
I...I couldn't.

CHRIS  
Why not?

FRANK  
(beat)  
I was ashamed.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

A brief silence.

CHRIS

Well, that's just the way it goes, right? Life goes on?

He takes another swig from the bottle.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't make any difference, I guess...

(brightens again)

I still like you.

(beat)

And now whaddaya know, we're both in love!

INT. / EXT. SNACK BAR - DAY

Mike, Chris, Natalie, and Yvonne (Mike's girl) bustle around inside and outside the building. Painting and repairs. Mike is outside, scraping paint. Frank drives up and parks. Leon gets out and comes closer, waving. Frank follows. Natalie calls Chris, who appears, wiping his hands on a rag.

NATALIE

Chris! Somebody's here.

Chris looks, sees them:

CHRIS

What are you doing here?

LEON

If I had to wait for you to come see me, I'd never see you! So, is this the place?

CHRIS

Yeah. You like?

LEON

It's nice...

CHRIS

How you feeling?

LEON

Me? Strong as an ox! So what can I do here?

CHRIS

Don't worry about it.

LEON

Come on, give me something to do,  
I'm not good at standing around.  
Let's go.

He takes off his jacket. Natalie comes up.

CHRIS

Pop... I wanna introduce you to Natalie. Natalie, this's my father.

LEON

Hello, young lady... What a pretty young lady!

NATALIE

Thank you.

Chris puts his arm around her shoulder.

CHRIS

Be careful--my Pop's pretty smooth.

Leon smiles, pleased to see Chris with Natalie.

LEON

You're even prettier with him.

CHRIS

And this is my brother Frank.

FRANK

Hello.

CHRIS

(to Frank)

So, you like it?... Did you come to work?

FRANK

(taking off his jacket)

Absolutely. Ready to go.

EXT. SHACK - LATER

In front of the building, they take a little break for sandwiches and drinks. The mood is happy. Leon is the star, showing off for Natalie.

LEON

And his escape--did he tell you about that? Hold on.

He rummages in his wallet and pulls out a newspaper clipping with a headline: "Spectacular Escape Attempt At Prison." He shows it to Natalie.

LEON (CONT'D)

Look at that. Front page news!

CHRIS

(astonished)

You saved that?

Natalie studies the photo: Chris and another guy, a giant, 30 years old, handcuffed between two policemen. There are also mug-shots of Chris and his accomplice.

LEON

Front page, course I saved it! Come on, tell her how you made the rope...

CHRIS

No, Pop--please...

LEON

Tell her...

NATALIE

Come on.

Chris shakes his head, no. Frank gets up. He doesn't look happy.

FRANK

I gotta split.

CHRIS

You're not having lunch?

FRANK

I can't...I gotta go back to work. Some of us have a job, we stick with it.

Chris gets the message, they both look at each other...

CHRIS  
Thanks for the help.

FRANK  
You got it...

EXT. SNACK BAR - SURROUNDINGS - DAY

Frank goes to his car. He notices another car parked and two men in the trees. One appears to be surveilling with binoculars. Frank takes a good look before taking off.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONLON'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank enters Conlon's office.

FRANK  
Can you talk?

Conlon nods, waves him in.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
There's something I need to ask you.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
What's that?

FRANK  
You know my brother Chris just got out, don't you?

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
I do.

FRANK  
Well, the other day I saw us giving him a tail. You know anything about that?

Conlon looks at Frank.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
We're keeping an eye on him.

FRANK  
Why? Any special reason?

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
Just routine.

FRANK

Since when?

LIEUTENANT CONLON

Since we've gotten word your brother's been seen at the Ruby. With some others we've been watching.

FRANK

That's pretty thin, don't you think? You and I both know a lotta people could get us in the same kinda trouble.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

(a beat)

He's living with you, isn't he?

FRANK

Not with me. Above me. I got a room above me.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

I'm not sure it's such a good idea, Frank.

FRANK

Is this all your personal opinion, or something from higher up that they told you to pass on?

LIEUTENANT CONLON

You can't keep people from talking... I don't have to remind you of your brother's reputation...

Frank begins to get roiled:

FRANK

A guy's allowed to help his family, isn't he?

LIEUTENANT CONLON

Frank--

FRANK

I'm not gonna turn my back on him just because I'm a cop. He's trying to get his life in order

again--

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
I'm not asking you to.

FRANK  
Then what are you asking?

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
I'm just asking you to be careful, that's all. Just do what you think is right. And be careful.

EXT. SNACK BAR - DAY

Dressed in their best suits, Chris and Mike are with MARTIN MCNALLY, 50s, graying hair. He is the municipal counselor.

MCNALLY  
I know what I said, Mike. But nothing was signed.

MIKE  
How can you say that? Just like that?

MCNALLY  
I'm sorry. Believe me. If it was up to me, you'd get it--you had my full support.

MIKE  
Well then what's the problem?

McNally sighs.

MCNALLY  
The mayor received anonymous letters. His people, too. They weren't happy about it.

MIKE  
But you already knew about our records, and so did the mayor--

MCNALLY  
Yeah. But the guy threatened to make a stink with the whole city--what do you want from me?

MIKE

You said it was as good as done!

MCNALLY

I told you I was sorry! The elections are just ahead--the mayor doesn't want to risk it.

CHRIS

Who sent the letters, do you know?

MCNALLY

No point in telling you. But if it's any consolation, he won't get the bid either.

MIKE

I don't give a fuck about that! What we want is for you to keep your fuckin' word!

Mike stands up, furious, grabbing McNally by the lapel. Chris restrains him.

MCNALLY

You touch me again I'll make sure you never get out again--the both of you!

Pale, scared, the counselor takes off.

INT. SNACK BAR - NIGHT

Mike splashes gasoline from a gasoline can over the snack shack walls. He takes a lighter from Chris.

They watch it go up in flames.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The television is playing footage of A POLICE ASSAULT ON THE SYMBIONESE LIBERATION ARMY in California. In a gruesome blaze of fire, the cops have shot down the suspects.

Leon, Frank, and Chris are having a before-meal drink. Looking disgusted, Chris rotates a drink in his hands, without drinking.

An OFFICER begins to speak on the TELEVISION, about the police effort.

CHRIS  
(mutters)  
Fuckin' pigs...

FRANK  
C'mon.

CHRIS  
That asshole should shut his fuckin' mouth! He thinks we're idiots--they wanted to kill all those people, so they killed 'em.

FRANK  
I just said to keep your voice down.

LEON  
Frank, turn off the TV, wouldja?

FRANK  
I'm watching.

On the TV, more footage. We see bloodied bodies, a house on fire. A police scene. Frank watches without reacting to Chris. Chris takes a swig.

CHRIS  
Look at those pigs! It's disgusting... Bunch of fuckin' assholes.

FRANK  
Nobody's making you watch. Go help with dinner.

CHRIS  
You supporting the cops?! Your buddies bumped 'em off, so of course they're right!

MARIE  
Chris!

FRANK  
You don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

Frank gets up suddenly and turns off the TV. Heavy silence. Chris looks at his brother, challenging him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

There were grenades in the house. Bombs. They came out firing. If the cops shot, means they had no other option!

CHRIS

What a joke.

FRANK

We're talking about armed militants! You know what they're capable of.

CHRIS

We know what you're capable of. Your guys slaughtered them like animals--

FRANK

I didn't do anything--you don't know what you're talking about! What's gotten into you?

CHRIS

(furious)

Don't tell me I don't know what I'm talking about. Not ever, you hear me?! I know all about cops since I was 15 years old!

MARIE

Hey, both of you--it's Thanksgiving--

CHRIS

Take your turkey and shove it up your ass... I don't give a fuck.

(back to Frank)

When I was inside, you all let me down. But those kind of people--people you look down on--they were there with me.

FRANK

They're the killers, Chris! What's wrong with you? They got what was coming to them!

CHRIS

You think they had a choice?

FRANK

Yeah. I do. And so did you.  
Don't try and make us think  
you're a victim all of a sudden.

Chris shakes his head, midway between anger and discouragement.

CHRIS

That's bullshit and you know it.  
And if you don't, it means  
you're a bigger sap than I  
thought you were!

He gets up and grabs his jacket. Leon throws his arms around him and tries to stop him.

LEON

Hey hey hey hey! We're all  
here, and we never see each  
other... C'mon, Frank, tell him  
to stay! There's no need for all  
that, so don't make a fuss.

FRANK

I made a fuss? I think you all  
gone crazy! Don't worry, he'll  
stay, I'll go, leave this  
nuthouse. If the department  
calls, tell them I went home.

Frank kisses his sister goodbye.

MARIE

(imitating her  
brothers)

"I'm leaving," "No, I'm  
leaving!"

What're you, ten years old? I  
been cooking all morning. So  
sit  
back down and shut your mouths  
for five minutes. Have some  
manners for once in your life.

Silent. Then, sotto voce:

CHRIS

Good going, asshole.

Frank watches his brother angrily. Quietly:

FRANK

Loser.

This puts a charge into Chris. Chris goes to Frank and grabs him by the neck...

CHRIS

Want me to shut your fucking mouth?

Frank gets up, ready to retaliate, fist cocked.

But then Leon jumps up, goes between them to stop them; but in doing so, he accidentally is pushed back and falls on the floor.

His forehead is cut open, a small cut. The brothers stop fighting, feeling bad for him even though they know the fight between them is not over... They look at each other...

INT. BAR - DAY

Chris and Natalie sit facing each other.

NATALIE

What is it?

(beat)

What's wrong?

CHRIS

I don't know how to say this, but...

NATALIE

But what?

CHRIS

I think it's better we stop seeing each other.

NATALIE

(half-expecting, still surprised)

What did I do?

CHRIS

You didn't do anything.

NATALIE

Is it 'cause you feel bad about the snack bar?

CHRIS  
You wouldn't understand.

NATALIE  
I want to.

CHRIS  
Fuckin' pisses me off. It  
pisses me off to have to unload  
shit at  
a supermarket. Pisses me off to  
see you at that cash register.  
And it pisses me off being with  
you like this--without money,  
without anything. It fuckin'  
pisses me off. There you have  
it.

NATALIE  
So you're dumping me...?  
Because  
you're pissed off? You're  
right,  
I don't understand--

CHRIS  
It's better this way, believe  
me.  
(re: the waitress)  
What'll you have?

NATALIE  
Nothing. I don't want anything.

CHRIS  
(to waitress)  
A beer, please. A Miller.

Chris waves down the waitress and orders a beer. Natalie  
is struggling to hold back tears. Chris touches her on  
the hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
It's better this way, believe  
me.

NATALIE  
No it isn't. It isn't better.

She gets up and takes off. He doesn't try to stop her.

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris lies on the bed wide awake, thinking hard.

FADE TO  
BLACK.

We PRE-LAP the following line of dialog:

CHRIS (O.S.)  
I was gonna take Robin to the  
movies. See what's playing.

INT. / EXT. MONICA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

In the dining room, wearing a robe, Monica sits across from Chris. He's furious as she sticks an official-looking document in front of his face. He sits down.

CHRIS  
What is this?  
(as he reads)  
Are you kidding me?

MONICA  
I don't have a choice.

CHRIS  
You're coming after me with a  
judge now? You want to send me  
back to  
prison? Is that it?

MONICA  
You owe me, Chris. Seven years  
of child support.

CHRIS  
I was in jail! And I'm flat  
broke now--what do you think  
you're gonna get outta me?

MONICA  
(shrugs; then)  
I hear you're starting a  
business with your friend.

CHRIS  
Yeah, well...that just went up  
in smoke.

MONICA  
I know you inside and out,  
Chris. You make promises and

then you break 'em. I'm telling you now, I'm not gonna let this drop, because there are a lotta things--things even money can't undo.

CHRIS

What do you want from me? What do you expect me to do?

The little girl, Robin, comes in. Seeing her, Chris calms down. Whispers to Monica:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I don't have anything... My brother had to lend me a room... I'm at the end of my rope, you know that. I'm trying to change--

MONICA

So you're just going to take off?  
Is that it? You're going to take off again, Chris?!?  
(beat)  
You can't change, you're trash to the core.

Chris gets up, moves closer to her.

CHRIS

(furious but restrained)  
Don't you dare talk to me like that in front of my daughter!

MONICA

(to the girl)  
Go to your room, honey. 'Kay?

The child goes off without having to be told twice. Chris and Monica stare each other down.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Word is you found yourself a nice young thing... Why don't you pimp her? You out of practice? Or is she too good for that? I wasn't too good for that, was I, Chris.

CHRIS  
Shut your mouth!

MONICA  
I know you too well. You can't fool me with your bullshit about changing! I know... I seen you--your new one'll be hooking soon--

CHRIS  
Shut your goddamned mouth! You fuckin' cunt!

He slaps her suddenly, hard. In the hallway, their daughter is glued to the wall.

MONICA  
See? I know you real well.

CHRIS  
Yeah, I know you too. You just want that money to sniff it up your fuckin' nose! No one's telling you to go on hooking... So stop judging me!

INT. THE RUBY - BACK ROOM - DAY

Chris and Louis are in the back room at the bar, where the kegs and crates of bottles are stored. Chris is counting out money. Louis takes a little cloth bag in the shape of a gun out from behind a crate. He hands Chris an envelope with several black and white snapshots of three men in their early thirties.

LOUIS  
Their names are DeStefano and Heredy... They got a bar over on Kensington Ave., called Perry's. A little neighborhood spot that's always empty. They open it up for lunch but they're always there real early. It's ideal... The address is on the back of the photo.

Chris unwraps the gun and checks it.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Questions?

Chris shakes his head.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

It's good to have you back.

CHRIS

I just need to get back on my feet. I ain't making a habit of it. Understood?

LOUIS

Understood.

CHRIS

I just got one problem. And I need your help.

LOUIS

Consider it done.

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - DAY

Chris tapes up his gun, and his trigger finger. He's a pro.

INT./EXT. CHRIS'S ROOM - DAWN

Chris looks out the window. Down on the street, the police car watching him is in position. One of the policemen smokes, the other sleeps in the passenger's seat. Chris finishes his cup of coffee and looks at his watch.

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

A CAR TRAVELS ACROSS THE STREET, SLOWLY.

A YOUNG MAN slinks beneath the window level of the parked cars toward a FIRE HYDRANT in front of Chris's apartment. The Man slinks low, at the same time the CAR TRAVELS, alongside the car, hidden from the cops. He HOLDS a WRENCH. Still out of sight from the POLICE.

FURTIVELY, blocked by the slowly moving car, he UNSCREWS THE HYDRANT'S BOLTS, and WATER SHOOTS OUT FURIOUSLY from the hydrant.

It COVERS the windshield of many cars, most important the POLICE CAR.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAWN

We SEE the SLIGHTLY panicked police inside the vehicle as they struggle to get out of the water-soaked car. They can't see a thing for a moment. Chris has successfully used this opportunity to slink out of the apartment building.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - QUIET STREET - DAY

Mike is fiddling with a motorcycle. He manages to HOTWIRE it fairly easily, with Chris standing by. When Mike starts the motor, Chris dons the helmet he's holding and runs to jump on the back of the motorcycle.

Chris hits himself on the head several times, an adrenaline thing...

They take off.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - OUTSIDE PERRY'S BAR - DAY

Chris and Mike are at the top of a small street, watching a guy close up a van in front of the bar. When the van leaves, Chris signals to Mike, who starts up. The motorcycle roars up to the bar in no time. Mike brakes hard. Chris jumps off and goes into the bar without removing his helmet.

INT. PERRY'S BAR - DAY

Chris shoves open the door, surprising a man behind the bar.

Chris instantly fires a single shot into his chest at point blank range.

The man collapses. DEAD.

Another guy stands from behind a table and pulls a gun.

Chris shoots twice more. The second bullet almost blasts his skull in two. He falls to the ground, limbs limp.

The wall drips with blood and bits of brain. Chris is about to LEAVE when he hears a NOISE.

He heads into the back room, gun arm outstretched, in search of the source.

IT'S a YOUNG MAN, a teen perhaps, who appears wide-eyed in a doorway, then closes the opaque glass door. He is so young, in fact, he seems almost pubescent. Chris shoots through it and the glass shatters, revealing the collapsing boy.

Suddenly a door opens at the back of the bar and a GIANT MAN appears, armed with a revolver.

Chris dives to the floor instantly, and the Giant fires his revolver almost simultaneously. The bullet misses Chris, who jumps up and FIRES, hitting the guy in the heart. Chris, numb and panting, stays down briefly then gets up with difficulty, goes over to the giant and leans over him. DEAD.

He HEARS a moan. Chris straightens, trying to figure out where the noise is coming from. It's the first target, still barely alive. Chris goes up to him. His eyes are open and his mouth is full of blood. He speaks a few incomprehensible words, which mix with the gurgling blood. Chris shoots him in the head. He steps out.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - OUTSIDE BAR - DAY

Chris comes out of the bar. He gets on the motorcycle. Mike speeds off. They disappear at the end of the street...

INT. RUBY - NIGHT

Chris is putting the rest of the money in his inside coat pocket. He stands up and walks to the door. Louis stops him...

LOUIS

Chris--

Chris turns back.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I got something coming. A helluva job.

(beat)

You sure you don't wanna be part of it? It's gonna be big...

Chris looks straight at him like if Louis was a dealer talking to a drug addict...

CHRIS

(beat; shakes his head)  
I'm out...

LOUIS  
(lets out a laugh)  
You can never get out, Chris.  
You know that.

Chris leaves...

INT. RUBY - NIGHT

Chris closes the stockroom door. He stays in front of it, lost in thought. Around him, the MUSIC booms loudly. He stares down at the doorknob, tempted to open it again, knowing what is waiting for him...

The music fades... The BACKGROUND GOES DARK...

SILENCE ON THE SOUNDTRACK now. We CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE PORCH IN THE 50'S - NIGHT

On a house porch in the 1950's... A 15 year-old kid is in front of a door, picking the lock--it's CHRIS, as a teenager. He's with two other teens the same age and one 5 year-old. It is FRANK.

Young Chris talks to his younger brother, Frank, who is in tears...

CHRIS  
Frank, listen to me--shut the  
fuck up and listen to me!  
Nothing's gonna happen to us!  
Trust me, okay? Just stay here,  
and watch... Somebody comes, you  
knock three times... Arrright?  
You understand? Three times!

Frank nods...

From another point of view we see the three kids breaking the door and entering the house. Leaving little Frank terrified, in front of the door. An old neighbor, hidden in darkness behind his curtains, witnesses the scene...

A few minutes later, and Frank is still watching, when:

A POLICE CAR COMES.

Frank looks at the door, hesitates... And then decides not to knock. INSTEAD, he runs into the garden to escape.

Moments later, young Frank comes back on the scene, hiding in the bushes... The three teens--INCLUDING CHRIS--have been arrested. They are now lined up on the hood of the police car. Young Chris's head pivots, looking feverishly for his brother. Young Frank does not move.

POLICEMAN

What are you looking for? You looking for a friend of yours? Huh?

Young Frank remains hidden. He watches the scene while we hear the older Frank's voice:

FRANK (O.S.)

The funny thing is that I did it for him. I realize now, I was trying to help him... I guess I thought it would stop him from getting into trouble.

EXT. FOREST GROWTH -- NEAR LAKE - DAY

Frank and Vanessa are seated on the ground, near a narrow forest path between the bushes.

There's a clearing on the edge of a cliff, overlooking the misty water. A view to die for.

FRANK

And now I feel guilty--because maybe it was the start of it, and not the end. I've never told that story to anyone before...I guess I been ashamed...

Ill at ease, he smiles to her...

FRANK (CONT'D)

He's always held it against me. He never said anything, but I know he does.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Anyway, coupla years later, the first time he was in prison--he said if I came to see him I should put on a lot of sweaters. I'd look bigger.

VANESSA

I bet you did.

FRANK

Yeah... I would have done anything he asked me to do.

(Beat)

I remember, he was standing there, behind bars... And I was looking at him--he was clowning around. I don't remember what we said to each other. But I know I felt a lot of pity for him, and at the same time, I was angry... I mean, I worshipped him. He was my idol. I couldn't understand how he could be behind bars like that-- it was like he abandoned me. Now, I'm lost with him...

He looks at her a moment. She leans over and kisses him on the mouth. She looks at him...

FRANK (CONT'D)

What?

VANESSA

Nothing...

INT. PRISON VISITOR'S ROOM - SCARFO - DAY

Vanessa comes into the visitor's room and sits down. Anthony is already in place on the other side of the glass.

ANTHONY

Where's Janie?

VANESSA

I didn't bring her. She's at my mother's.

ANTHONY

Why not?

VANESSA

I'm leaving you, Anthony.

He violently hits the bars between them.

ANTHONY

Fuck you.

VANESSA

I've made my decision. You lied to me.

ANTHONY SCARFO

Fuckin' bitch.

VANESSA

Listen how you talk to me!  
You're always trying to prove how tough you are. You don't care about how I feel, you just want to push people around.

He leans over to be closer to her.

ANTHONY

I have three more months in this shithole. I will not have you fuck it up. Don't ever forget to bring Janie again!

He gets up and signals the guard that the meeting is over. Vanessa is unable to get up. Overwhelmed, worried, she watches the guard lead Anthony away.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - LANDING - DAY

Vanessa returns home with her daughter. Just as she opens the door, TWO MEN come out from the stairs. She recognizes them immediately. They are Anthony's brothers, MARCO and JOHNNY.

VANESSA

What are you doing here?

MARCO

Just came by to say hello. See if everything was okay.

He smiles at the little girl.

JOHNNY

Been a long time. You're getting big!

He takes a bag of candy from his pocket.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

'S for you.

Timidly, the little girl takes the bag.

MARCO

You gonna ask us in?

Vanessa looks at him uncertainly, then shows the way in.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AND BEDROOM - DAY

Marco flops down in an armchair. Johnny walks around the living room, inspecting various objects. Vanessa watches him, worried.

VANESSA

You can't stay. We have to go back out in a minute...

Marco interrupts.

MARCO

We come for the girl.

VANESSA

What?

JOHNNY

He said we come to get the girl.

Johnny smiles at the girl.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Where's your room, honey? It over there?

VANESSA

Janie, stay here.

The girl goes to her mother.

JOHNNY

'S arrright, I'll find it myself.

He goes out. Vanessa panics a bit, torn between following him, and keeping an eye on Marco. She turns to Marco.

VANESSA

What is this? Why're you trying to take her?

MARCO

Her father's a little worried about her. We were thinking, maybe some vacation time with the family wouldn't be such a bad idea for her.

In the room, Johnny opens a dresser drawer and tosses some clothes onto the bed. Vanessa looks on, worried. She goes closer to her girl. Vanessa holds her girl against her.

VANESSA

We're both fine. I'm sorry, you really need to go. I'll tell Anthony--he knows anyway. We're gonna see him, day after tomorrow.

Marco gets up, menacing.

MARCO

I don't see why you're panicking. It's just a little vacation.

VANESSA

But she can't go on vacation--she, she has school... I...

Johnny comes back in holding a suitcase. Vanessa lets go of Janie to grab the suitcase. Johnny lets go of the suitcase. Marco goes up to the little girl and puts his hand on her head.

MARCO

Don't you want to go with Uncle Marco? Your cousins'll be happy to see you--where's your coat?

VANESSA

(whispered)  
Don't! Please!

She tries to go over to Marco and her girl. But Johnny restrains her.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Let go of me. PLEASE--LET GO!

INT. STAIRS - VANESSA'S BUILDING - DAY

Frank is walking up the stairs with some groceries. We can hear Vanessa screaming. Frank drops the groceries to get his gun and runs up the stairs.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AND BEDROOM -  
CROSSCUT

Johnny puts his hand over Vanessa's mouth. Finally she breaks free but she loses her balance and falls on a coffee table. A number of cocktail glasses SHATTER beneath her. She cuts herself deeply in several spots. Blood soaks her clothing. Marco hurries to Vanessa, who faints.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - LANDING - DAY - CROSSCUT

Frank pushes open the door and goes slowly to the living room. With his gun raised...

At the door he sees Jamie terrified, looking at him. Frank puts his finger to his lips: STAY QUIET. When he approaches, he sees the two brothers crouching close to Vanessa, unconscious...

FRANK

Don't move!

The two brothers look at each other.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now stand, SLOWLY, and keep your hands where I can see them!

They begin to stand up...

SUDDENLY:

Marco jumps out the window and runs down the fire escape. Without thinking, Frank shoots ONE OF JOHNNY'S KNEES and goes after Marco.

JOHNNY HOLLERS IN AGONY.

Frank looks at the window but, spotting Vanessa in such trouble, decides to let him go. He crouches to help Vanessa.

EXT. VANESSA'S BUILDING - DAY

The paramedics are there, taking Vanessa away on a stretcher. Frank, alongside two cops, follows the paramedics on their way to a second ambulance. Johnny, cuffed to his stretcher, is being loaded inside.

JOHNNY

She slipped, it was an accident.

FRANK

Shut the fuck up!

JOHNNY

We didn't do anything.

Frank ignores him and goes into the building. Johnny continues to protest and screaming so he is hurt.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank comes into the apartment. He sees the broken glass. Janie is lying on the couch. A POLICEWOMAN is with her.

POLICEWOMAN

She's in shock.

Frank sits next to the child. The Policewoman moves away. Frank puts his arm around Janie's shoulders and pulls her towards him. She doesn't resist.

FRANK

Your mom'll be back soon. Don't worry. We're gonna call your grandma, all right?

She pulls out of his arms.

Frank doesn't know else what to say; the presence of the policewoman makes him ill-at-ease...

INT. SUPERMARKET - CASH REGISTERS - DAY

At her checkout, Natalie rings up a customer. She turns to the next customer. It's Chris, he puts a TV on the conveyor belt. He watches her as she punches in the price

and announces it to him. She pretends not to know him but is visibly moved.

Chris pays cash, in large bills. Takes his change from her and pulls a small gift from his pocket, putting in on the cash register. Natalie looks at the package, Chris leaves.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Chris is in the store entrance. He looks at Natalie walking towards him. She holds the gift but has yet to open it. He stands nearby.

CHRIS

Open it.

NATALIE

I don't know...

Tears are already welling in her eyes.

CHRIS

(struggling)

I made a mistake... I wasn't thinking straight...

(beat)

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I love you.

She lowers her gaze.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Please...open it...

Natalie makes up her mind. She opens it. Inside there is a small box with a fabulous ring. Chris looks at her anxiously. Natalie looks at the ring, wide-eyed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You like it?

Natalie bursts out weeping. Chris takes her in his arms, hugging her tight. Natalie calms down and pulls away from him. She looks at the ring again, still overwhelmed.

NATALIE

I don't know... It's beautiful...

CHRIS

Put it on. Come on...

She slips it clumsily onto her finger. Chris takes her by the shoulders and turns her towards him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(very serious)

You wanna get married?

She is still crying. Her face is serious. She tries to read his face. She nods her head and falls into his arms.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make you so happy,  
you'll see.

NATALIE

I am happy.

CHRIS

Well then I'll make you even  
happier, how's that?!?

NATALIE

Hold me tight.

He looks fiercely determined.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Frank is going out of the Hospital with Vanessa. They walk slowly to the car. Frank is holding her with care. It is cold outside. Everyone wears big coats. Shops are decorated for Christmas.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vanessa is seated in the living room. Frank is next to her.

FRANK

It's really all right that I go?  
You know how much I want you  
with me.

VANESSA

No...really...it's not my place-  
-it's your family. Go, I'm  
fine. Don't worry.

Frank turns back to Janie, who is standing in the entrance of the living room. He smiles at her. She turns away and goes to her room. Frank looks at Vanessa disappointed. He gets up to leave.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The whole family is here, and Natalie too. Small presents are exchanged. There is a big present for Leon; he is surprised.

LEON  
For me? You sure about that?

He opens it as everyone watches. It's the TV that Chris bought.

LEON (CONT'D)  
Holy smokes...

He turns to Marie.

LEON (CONT'D)  
Did you get this?

She denies it, shaking her head. Leon turns to Chris, who is sitting with Natalie on his lap.

LEON (CONT'D)  
You're outta your mind.

Chris smiles, proud. He holds Natalie tighter.

LEON (CONT'D)  
It's really something, Chris.  
Thank you.

Leon embraces Chris and Natalie.

LEON (CONT'D)  
Must've cost a fortune.

NATALIE  
He won at the races. Look at  
the  
ring he gave me.

Frank sits by, looking concerned.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

All the family is now having Dinner. A joyful mood.

The doorbell RINGS. Marie stands up to answer.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Marie opens the door and looks surprised. Three PLAINCLOTHES POLICEMEN and 2 in uniform are standing in front of her.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank hears his sister calling for him.

MARIE (V.O.)

Frank! Could you come here please?

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Frank arrives in front of the cops that he clearly knows. One of them, ROMERO, is a comrade.

ROMERO

I'm sorry, Frank. But we got a warrant to bring your brother in for questioning. We came to pick him up.

Frank is stunned.

FRANK

What'd he do?

The two policemen exchange glances.

ROMERO

Someone hit a supermarket last night. The Pathmark, where your brother worked. Two hundred thousand dollars were taken.

A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN sticks his head in. Under his breath:

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN

'S a nice Christmas present...

FRANK

He was with me last night.

The policeman shrugs.

ROMERO

He gave them the information.  
I'm sorry, Frank.

The policeman push past Frank. But Frank blocks their path.

FRANK

Listen, hey--it's Christmas Eve--  
-let me bring him tomorrow.

ROMERO

You don't think I know it's  
Christmas Eve right now? You  
don't think I'd rather be with  
my kids right now? Get out of  
the way.

(beat)

And you don't get involved--  
otherwise we'll haul your ass  
in, too.

Frank is at a loss, but he doesn't protest. The first policeman looks at his colleagues, clearly bothered.

ROMERO (CONT'D)

We're gonna have to search your  
place later.

FRANK

Are you kidding?

ROMERO

Do I look like I'm kidding?

Frank loses his temper.

FRANK

You want to frisk me too?

ROMERO

Frank, I'm only gonna tell you  
once--get out of my way. Now.  
Please.

Romero signals to two colleagues. Apologetically, they enter the house. Discouraged, Frank leans against the door frame then goes back into the dining room.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The policemen are cuffing Chris in front of the family. It's an awkward moment for everyone and truly heartbreaking. Silence.

Chris looks incredulous.

CHRIS

What'd I do ?

Chris is nonchalant. From the living room, Frank watches the scene and can't help being suspicious.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The police search Frank's apartment. Frank is seated on the couch and look at the cops with anger as they ransack his apartment. A cop:

COP

I'm sorry, Frank.

FRANK

I bet you are...

Frank stands up, and as he leaves the room:

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do what you have to do. Just don't bust my balls...

INT. POLICE STATION - LINEUP ROOM - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

A lineup. A SECURITY GUY, a WITNESS, from the supermarket is brought in by two cops. One of them is Romero.

ROMERO

Please try to identify the markings that you believe you have seen on the perpetrator's forearm. Try to imagine the arm outstretched, as if holding a weapon. Don't be concerned-- they can't see you.

The Security Guy looks anxious. He looks at the other side of the mirror. Chris is standing there with an ARM TATTOO exposed. The security guy EYES the tattoo; slowly he looks at Chris's eyes...

CHRIS IS TERRIFYING. His eyes promise revenge.

The Witness hesitates, and then:

WITNESS

I.. I don't know... It's hard  
to remember...

ROMERO

Are you sure?!? You described  
the marking to me in great  
detail! It's a prison gang  
tattoo..

The Witness still makes eye contact with Chris.  
Panicking:

WITNESS

I'm sorry--I'm, I'm just very  
confused now..

The cops exchange glances.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL CELL - DAY

Chris waits in the cell. A GUARD comes up, opens the  
cell door, and signals for Chris to leave.

GUARD

Notify the desk sergeant 'fore  
you leave, please.

Chris smiles and exits, looking disdainfully at the  
Guard.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris comes in and sees Frank, silent, on the couch.  
Chris figures it out.

CHRIS

You kicking me out?

FRANK

The sooner the better.

CHRIS

How about right now...?

He heads to his room. Frank goes after him and stops at  
the door, looking at Chris packing his stuff.

FRANK  
(bitter)  
You used me...

CHRIS  
You're crazy.

FRANK  
And while your pals were busy  
cleaning out the safe, you had  
your cop brother there to swear  
you were with me. I'm too dumb  
for words...

He walks to the window, looks outside; tries to calm him  
down.

CHRIS  
Am I in prison now, Frank?  
No... They had to let me go.  
They had nothing on me. I've  
done nothing!

FRANK  
Whole thing makes me sick. I  
really thought you'd changed...

CHRIS  
You always think you know  
everything... You've always been  
one of the good guys... But  
you've never been on my side,  
Frank. Never.

FRANK  
(with rage)  
You dare say that to me? Where  
do you get your balls big enough  
to say that to me?

CHRIS  
Shut the fuck up! I don't need  
a lesson from a cop who's  
fucking his own collar's chick!

Frank jumps him, grabs him by the throat, and throws him  
up against the wall. Chris defends himself. They fall  
on the floor and start punching each other. It's a mess.

Chris get on top of Frank and blocks his blows. He gives  
him a last punch that stops Frank in his tracks. Chris  
stands up as Frank recovers.

FRANK

Get out. I don't ever want to see you again.

Chris takes his clothes and heads for the door. Before he's out:

CHRIS

Well, you'll see me on Saturday.

Frank tries to understand what he's just heard, but Chris leaves the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Frank leaps up the stairs, going up to a door. He knocks.

He waits. At the other end of the hallway, a man sits on a bench. It's his friend Tommy, the supermarket Manager. Frank extends a hand, Tommy looks at him with contempt, then turns away. Frank is ashamed. He turns, enters an office.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONLON'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank is seated. Lieutenant Conlon is across from him. Another man, the head of Internal Affairs, remains standing.

FRANK

What do you have on him?

LIEUTENANT CONLON

He worked at the supermarket.

FRANK

That's not enough.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

And there's this...

Conlon tosses Frank a series of PHOTOGRAPHS showing Chris and his accomplices going into the Ruby, each on his own.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)

These were taken two weeks ago... At Lou Rotella's place.  
(points to a small man with a mustache)

This is Matthew Bachman, a safecracker. He did time with your brother. We're pretty certain he was at the supermarket--one of the guards noticed his tattoo. It's exactly the same as your brother's. It's a jail gang's marker.

Frank is rattled to hear that his worst fears have been confirmed.

FRANK

Why'd you release him?

LIEUTENANT CONLON

The guard got scared. We found his co-worker last night with a bullet in the head as a Christmas present. So he won't say a word.

HEAD OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS

I'm gonna be honest with you, I'm not thrilled he's living at your place.

FRANK

I'm not covering for him--I would NEVER do that. NOT EVER.

HEAD OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS

I know, Frank. You're a fine officer--you got the eyes. But it looks bad. If it stays this way, I'm gonna have to ask for your resignation.

The head of Internal Affairs and Conlon seem uncomfortable. Frank realizes the decision has already been made.

FRANK

(under his breath)

Son of a bitch...

HEAD OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS

It's the only solution. And I'd rather you hear it from us before reading about it in the paper, or hearing about it out in the hall.

Frank looks at Conlon...

FRANK  
You going along with this?

Conlon shrugs impotently.

HEAD OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS  
We made the decision together.  
I'm sorry.

The head of Internal Affairs leaves the office. Conlon is alone with Frank.

Romero comes into the office, very excited.

ROMERO  
Got some news... There's word about a van, parked outside a Brinks drop-off point at a bank on Allegheny--a dry cleaner across the street's reporting surveillance. Sounds to me like they're prepping a score. Maybe the big one.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
Let everyone know. We'll meet in ten minutes.

Frank starts to leave.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)  
Frank!

Frank turns back around.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)  
I want you in on this. Don't go resign on me, arrright?

FRANK  
I've never bagged on a job, and I won't now.

Angry, he leaves the room.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Frank and two other plainclothes cops are seated in an unmarked car parked not far from the bank. They are eating sandwiches. (The car is filthy; they've been

waiting for hours.) VALENTI, one of the two cops, watches the area around the bank and turns to Frank at the rear of the car.

VALENTI

What makes you so sure it'll happen today?

FRANK

I feel it.

VALENTI

We're all here today 'cause you feel it?

FRANK

I know it--how's that, asshole?

Valenti smiles and looks back at the bank in front of him...

VALENTI

I don't get it. The Brink's guys'll be there in--  
(looks at his watch)  
--less than ten. And nothing's moved for hours... For a score like this they'd have been in place long before.

Frank looks outside the window, lost in his thoughts.

EXT. BANK STREET - DAY

We can see the Brink's truck turning at the corner of the street and drives up to the bank. The truck passes another unmarked car in which we can recognize Lieutenant Conlon and three other plainclothes cops.

INT. CONLON'S CAR - DAY

Conlon watches the Brink's truck stop in front the bank. He takes his radio.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

Okay, everyone in position. The truck's in place. If something happens it'll be right at the exit of the bank, so get ready. Do not--repeat, do NOT--move until my cue.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

We can HEAR the voice of Conlon on the radio.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (RADIO FILTER)  
I'm gonna repeat again, whatever  
happens, we wait for my cue.

Frank and his colleagues watch the Brink's guards getting out of the truck and entering the bank. All cops are looking around for anyone who might be preparing a move, but there's...nothing.

INT. CONLON'S CAR - DAY

Conlon looks straight at the bank.

Suddenly: the Brink's guards exit the bank with bags of MONEY and start loading the truck.

EXT. BANK STREET - DAY

The loading is seen by all the cops. We SEE that there are three other unmarked cars with other plainclothes policemen.

The loading is now finished.

The guards close the truck doors and get in the truck in front of the surprised cops. The trucks takes off.

INT. CONLON'S CAR - DAY

Conlon takes his radio.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
To all units, head back to the  
station.

He goes off the radio. Aloud, for himself:

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)  
FUCK.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank's just heard Conlon; He looks at the truck leaving the street without understanding what's going on. THEN: he sees: on the sidewalk, a guy with a red leather jacket

throw a cigarette and get into a car. Frank stops his partner, Valenti:

FRANK

Hold on, Jack--that guy there--that's my brother.

VALENTI

What? You sure?

FRANK

I'm sure. Follow the car--give me the goddamned radio.

Frank takes the radio.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Lieutenant? We need to follow the truck. Something's coming.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (RADIO FILTER)

Frank--we wasted enough time. Forget it, there's nothing going down. If there was, they woulda hit while they were loading! I want you in my office in half an hour.

Frank doesn't know what to do. He looks at the car leaving the street behind the truck.

FRANK

Follow the car...

Valenti looks at him...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Follow the fucking car!

Valenti starts the car and follows the car.

VALENTI

If you're wrong...you're in deep shit, man!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS - DAY

The Brink's truck drives down various streets, followed by the red jacketed guy's car, which is followed by Frank's car...

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank focuses on the car they are following discretely. His eyes are bright at the prospect of action.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SUBURB - DAY

They entering the suburbs. The street is quite empty and calm when suddenly a police car pulls off in front of the Brink's truck and forces it to stop with its siren on.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank and his partners stop the car. And watch what's going on in front of their eyes...

FRANK  
What the fuck is that? Why are they stopping them?

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SUBURB - DAY

The red jacketed guy's car overtakes the Brink's truck and stops on his left side. The men put a siren on the roof of their car and come out with hoods and police armbands on their arms.

They point their guns at the Brink's truck.

Another car comes seemingly from nowhere, barrelling in from the right. It does exactly the same. All the men with police armbands shout "POLICE!" and summon the guards to get out.

The Brink's truck is surrounded.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank and his partners can't believe what they're seeing. Frank jumps on the radio.

FRANK  
Central--we got a score in progress on 11th and Noble. We need reinforcements, ASAP. Perps posing as policemen are attacking a Brink's van... I repeat, perps posing as

officers, so care must be taken-

Frank drops the radio and looks at the two other cops, Valenti and NICK:

NICK

What are we doing, just sitting here?

VALENTI

We can't do shit now--they have the numbers!

Powerless, they watch the attack of the Brink's truck. Frank is in a rage...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SUBURBS - STREET - DAY

The fake policemen mount explosives on the rear of the truck and run. The door EXPLODES.

One of the guys throws a SMOKE GRENADE inside the truck and waits...

The two guards who were at the rear of the truck can't help but exit the truck. The "cops" point their guns at them and order them to lay down on the floor.

Two guys with OXYGEN MASKS ON go into the truck and begin to take the BAGS OF MONEY OUT.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank can't stand it anymore. He seethes with impatience and pulls out his GUN.

FRANK

Fuck it--let's go--

He jumps out the car and starts running to put himself behind a car for protection...

The two cops look at each other and don't know what to do. They finally go out and join Frank behind other cars.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SUBURB - DAY

The guys with the oxygen masks load the bags into their car while the others are still holding the guards to the floor. They all shout and order them not to move.

Frank decides to go in action:

FRANK  
Police! Drop your weapons and  
hands in the air!

The gang looks in Frank direction and opens fire right away.

Frank protects himself behind the car and opens fire as well. Nick and Valenti do the same.

It's a full-scale disaster. Everybody is firing. The two guards at the front of the trucks get out and start opening fire too.

A bloodbath.

One guard falls dead. The red jacketed guy is firing on the cops while attempting to escape... but Nick shoots him. He falls. Frank SEES this.

He starts to run to the guy while the shooting is still going on.

He drags the body behind a car. In a panic, he PULLS OFF THE HOOD.

IT IS NOT HIS BROTHER.

Frank looks back at the shooting...

The reinforcements arrive.

ANOTHER MAN escapes, runs not far from Frank--who immediately goes after him. A foot chase starts.

Frank tries to open fire but he can't. Each time, the MAN BOLTS out of sight...

Then there is a straightaway--and Frank has a shot.

He FIRES.

And he successfully puts a bullet in the MAN'S left arm. The MAN is undeterred, and keeps running.

After a turn, onto another street, the Man stops a car and orders the woman who is driving to change seats. He is pointing his gun at her:

MAN

Move over, now! Get on the other side or I'll kill you!

As soon as he sits down in the car, Frank appears through the windshield with his gun pointed at him.

FRANK

DON'T MOVE! HANDS UP! Don't fucking move, put the gun down.

The guy has his gun pointed at the woman's head. He looks calmly at Frank. Behind the hood.

We can recognize: CHRIS'S EYES--!

Frank looks at Chris's bloody left arm.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Chris...I know it's you! Don't move!

Chris looks at him, straight, with no reaction. His eyes seem calm. We can feel a smile in his look when suddenly he FLOORS THE GAS PEDAL and drives away in front of Frank...

INT. MONICA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Monica sits in the kitchen, doing housework. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

INT. MONICA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

It is Chris. He is BLEEDING.

MONICA

Oh my God, what happened?

Chris motions past her, and the two go to:

INT. BATHROOM

Chris pulls down his sleeve. A GUNSHOT WOUND. Monica begins to pull out first-aid equipment from the medicine cabinet.

CHRIS  
It's not bad. Coulda been worse.  
(beat)  
If you got tweezers and alcohol and gauze--

MONICA  
I'm looking.

She begins to pull out the bullet fragments. His face wrinkles in anguish.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
How'd this happen?

CHRIS  
The less you know, the better. But you ain't gonna be bothering me about alimony anytime soon.  
(beat)  
Is it all out?

MONICA  
I don't know.

CHRIS  
Just take out what you can see. I'll get it looked at on Monday from someone I know. He'll clean it up.

He stands, pressing the alcohol and gauze against his shoulder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

He walks out. Monica is about to throw away the bullet fragments, but instead SHE FOLDS THEM IN TOILET PAPER AND PUTS THEM IN A DRAWER.

INT. KITCHEN

In the kitchen, Chris counts out some bills from a small duffel he's brought that's filled with money. MICHAEL, his son, enters. Immediately blown away by all the money--but he also notices that his father is wounded and sweating profusely.

CHRIS  
Give this to your mother.

MICHAEL

Okay.

Chris pulls out five 100-dollar bills.

CHRIS

And here, this is for you.

Michael is surprised, as Chris hands him a chunk of cash.

MICHAEL

Wow! Thank you!  
(seeing the wound)  
You okay, Pop?

CHRIS

Yeah. Just got into a little  
accident. Everything'll be  
fine.

Chris opens the fridge, takes a beer and cracks it. He  
drinks as his son watches him.

MICHAEL

You know, Mom's clean now...

CHRIS

Good. She loves you--she did it  
for you.

MICHAEL

Will you come back home?

CHRIS

(beat)  
I don't think so, Michael. Been  
a long time. People change.  
(beat)  
But I'll be here when you need  
me.

Chris kisses his son. Then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I need to go.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Frank, Conlon, Romero, others at the station, in an  
investigation room.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

The two perps that were hit  
could not be identified. Both  
illegals, unconnected to any  
known operation here or to the  
north.

(beat)

So far, no evidence of prints.  
Ballistics is still pending.

A SIGH from the room.

ROMERO

(turns to Frank)

I wanna know what you know.

FRANK

We were all there.

ROMERO

I know. But what I heard from  
you in the middle of all that  
shit was, "that's my brother".

FRANK

Obviously I was wrong. I had an  
instinct.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

Frank, what do you know that  
you're not telling us here?

Frank sits there, seeing all the policemen looking at him  
as though he's got the plague. After a beat, he stands.  
Approaches Conlon.

Takes his BADGE and his GUN, drops them on the desk near  
Conlon.

He spins around and walks out. As the door swings  
closed, we HEAR:

FRANK (O.S.)

It's not for me anymore. I'm  
not sure it ever was.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - BAR

Inside a cramped and dark phone booth in a bar. Frank  
sits, speaking softly into the phone, but the door's  
open.

FRANK

But it's over. It's over, I  
resigned.

VANESSA (PHONE FILTER)

You feel that way, then it's for  
the best, baby.

FRANK

Yeah...I guess it is...

VANESSA (PHONE FILTER)

Will I see you later?

He closes the door to the phone booth for greater  
privacy:

FRANK

Listen...Vanessa?

VANESSA (PHONE FILTER)

Yeah?

FRANK

I'd like you to move in with me.  
I don't wanna ever be away from  
you anymore. And I'll, I'll  
make things good between me and  
Janie.

(beat)

Okay?

VANESSA (PHONE FILTER)

Okay...

FRANK

I'll see you in a bit...

Made happy, he makes a kissing sound into the receiver,  
and so does she. He hangs up, opens the booth door and  
sits for a moment.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Louis, Mike, Vincent and Chris, seated around a table. A  
GREAT DEAL OF MONEY sits on the table, NEATLY STACKED.  
LOUIS SEPARATES the CASH, DIVIDING UP THE MONEY.

LOUIS

We were lucky. Consider it  
luck--it could have been us.

MIKE  
(to Chris)  
How's the shoulder?

CHRIS  
Hurts. But every day's a new  
day. This--  
(points to the money)  
Makes it worth it.

He stuffs some of his haul into his pocket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Makes me whole at last...

INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

Chris slips into bed with Natalie, waking her up with  
kisses. She pushes him away, drowsy. He persists. She  
sits up and turns on the light.

NATALIE  
Where were you?

CHRIS  
With my kid. At the movies.

He wants to kiss her.

NATALIE  
(yawning and  
stretching)  
Stop—I gotta sleep. I have to  
get up early...

CHRIS  
Come on, you can sleep late...

NATALIE  
No I can't. I'm opening  
tomorrow.

CHRIS  
Forget your job... You quit...  
Didn't you get the headline?

NATALIE  
Don't--it's not funny.

CHRIS (LAUGHING)

I'm not kidding. You're done there--go tomorrow and tell 'em to fuck off. I got a new job.

NATALIE

What job?

CHRIS

In real estate.

NATALIE

Real estate?!? You don't know anything about that.

CHRIS

Yes I do! That's what I used to do, 'fore all the shit.

NATALIE

You're crazy. I think you're crazy!

CHRIS

I never been more sane in my life. I love you.

Chris kisses her.

NATALIE

Wait!

CHRIS

What? What is it?

NATALIE

I...I think I'm pregnant.

Chris is stunned.

CHRIS

You think?

She nods. Then she smiles. Chris FROWNS, slightly exaggeratedly.

NATALIE

You aren't happy?

CHRIS

You couldn't wait two months? Until after the wedding?

Then he SMILES BROADLY, revealing that he's been kidding.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
A baby! A BABY!

They embrace...

FADE TO  
BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD - FRANK'S NEW HOUSE

Frank and Vanessa's new house, a middle-class row house in North Philadelphia. They have a small backyard. A table has been set up, with food and drink. Frank, Vanessa, and Leon sit at the table as Janie swings on a tire hung from a tree.

Leon looks at the house:

LEON  
It's terrific. It really is.

FRANK  
Thanks, Pop.

LEON  
You landed on your feet, kid--  
good to see.  
(beat)  
You're gonna be a writer now?

FRANK  
Been thinking about it. I  
thought I'd put my time in the  
Department to paper, what it  
meant.

VANESSA  
It's better now--he's home more,  
he's safe.

FRANK  
(re: the house)  
Yeah. But that work got us  
this. Let me save up.  
(beat)  
And it's why we're together  
again, you know?

Vanessa smiles uneasily, then stands, takes a plate of food off the table and walks into the house. The two men are now ALONE.

LEON

Seen your brother lately?

FRANK

No.

LEON

He told me he tried to call you, come see you. And you didn't want to.

FRANK

I have my reasons.

LEON

He's getting married next month.  
(beat)  
He's your brother.

FRANK

That's not all that matters, Pop.

LEON

Arright, I let you deal with it, you two...  
(beat)

I love you, Frank. I do. And I know sometimes you think I was better to Chris--

FRANK

Pop--

LEON

No--listen to me--your brother, he needed me more. Things were tougher for him.

FRANK

It's not true. I needed you too.

(beat)

But it's all right now, Pop. I know it's hard to be a father, to get everything right. It's all right.

He reaches out to Leon...

LEON

Doctor says I don't have much  
time left... I just want us all  
to be happy...

He gets up, walks to Janie. Pushes her gently as she  
swings.

Frank and Vanessa watch the tender moment for a beat, and  
we then HEAR NOTHING. Just SILENCE.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE SHOT ON LEON, DEAD. IN AN OPEN COFFIN. STILL  
SILENT.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are in:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LATE DAY

A banal and somewhat antiseptic place, despite decorative  
attempts at comforting the grief-stricken. Several  
mourners file past the coffin. Frank is here, as is  
Marie. Chris ENTERS, seems particularly affected. It is  
awkward between Frank and Chris, but Chris walks to the  
coffin without speaking to his brother.

He crouches by Leon and WEEPS OPENLY over the coffin.

INT. ANTECHAMBER

A small room off the main chapel. Frank stands, signing  
papers with a Funeral Director. Entering is Chris. The  
Funeral Director leaves the room. A silence, then:

CHRIS

I'm sorry, Frank.

(beat)

About the fight we had.

FRANK

The fight we had? You still  
think this is about the fight?

Chris nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

"I'll see you on Saturday?"

CHRIS

I don't know what you're talking about. But I have something to tell you... I'm getting married in two weeks. And I really want you to be there.

He moves to hug Frank, who does not reciprocate. Chris smiles in a melancholy way. Then:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I know you'll come, Frank. You got a great heart--I know you'll come.

Chris backs away and exits. Frank turns to look out the window...

We HEAR a CHURCH BELL RINGING as we

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH SQUARE - CHRIS'S WEDDING - DAY

Natalie in white wedding dress, radiant, chats with Yvonne, Mike's wife. Many guests have already arrived. Chris looks sharp in a dark blue suit. He goes to kiss his sister as she get out of her car. Marie touches Chris's chest.

MARIE

You look so good!

CHRIS

Course I do! You can thank Pierre Cardin for that. A silk and flax weave.

Chris's smile deserts him, and he moves close to Marie.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You talk to Frank?

MARIE

He said he'd come.

(beat)

He was supposed to come by our place. He must have been delayed...

His face hardens. He looks at Marie.

CHRIS

Delayed?  
(beat; emotional)  
Delayed my ass.

MARIE  
I'm sorry...

CHRIS  
You have his number on you?  
Give it to me.

EXT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank is standing in front of his little house. He is in pants, white shirt, collar unbuttoned, holding a tie. We HEAR the PHONE RINGING inside. Vanessa calls out to him through the window:

VANESSA  
It's your brother.

Frank goes into the house.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - OUTSIDE THE CHURCH - CHRIS'S WEDDING - DAY

Chris is on the phone. He nods to the guests as they enter. Frank comes on the line.

CHRIS  
Hello? So what's going on here, huh? We're not good enough for you? Someone cut out your tongue? Let me tell you one thing you can be proud of: you're hurting my feelings and everybody else's. You're an asshole, Frank. You hear me? Just stay in your ivory tower! Pop would be ashamed of you. Fuck you and your superior attitude. Fuck you.

He hangs up hard.

INT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank hangs up.

FRANK

Fuck you too.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CHRIS'S WEDDING - NIGHT

Chris sings a song. Warm applause. It's a lovely party.

EXT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vanessa looks at Frank. They are seated on the steps in the front garden.

FRANK

It's the right thing we did, not going.

He sees that she's distraught.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

(beat)

You wanted to go?

VANESSA

No...it's not that...when the phone rang, I, I thought it would be Anthony.

FRANK

He's been calling?

VANESSA

I'm not sure. Someone has--a lot--and they just hang up. I was relieved it was your brother, if you can believe that. At least he spoke.

(beat)

I'm scared, Frank. He comes out of jail soon and I'm, I'm a little scared.

FRANK

It'll be all right. I'm here for us.

VANESSA

I just don't know what he'll do...

INT. / EXT. CHRIS'S CAR - MONICA'S HOOKING STREET - DAY

Chris drives slowly down the small street. In front of various doors, a few street-walkers ply their trade unenthusiastically. He stares them down as he goes by. Suddenly he notices the one he was looking for: Monica, wearing a threadbare fur coat. He stops the car, lowers the window and motions in her direction. Monica takes her time reacting. She walks nonchalantly over to the car and leans down by the window.

MONICA

Is that me you're calling for, baby?

CHRIS

Get in!

MONICA

(recognizing Chris)

Look who it is...you gotta be kidding me...

INT. NORTH PHILADELPHIA APARTMENT BUILDING - STUDIO - DAY

Monica is on the balcony, looking down at the street below. She comes back into the apartment. It's a brand new studio. Chris waits for her, smoking.

MONICA

Nice location.

CHRIS

Ten minutes from downtown.

MONICA

How many of these did you say you had?

CHRIS

The whole building. Down the block we got three more units which should be finished in a month.

Monica thinks briefly then nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We rent out the apartments and take care of the fines and the cops. And if you're interested, you take care of the rest:

collect the rent, make sure the girls are working, that they're not fighting, finding new talent... As for us, we want nothing to do with the girls. Understood?

MONICA  
(nods; then)  
So how much is rent?

CHRIS  
Thousand a week.

Monica's jaw drops open.

MONICA  
You don't sell yourself short, I'll give you that. So what's in it for me?

CHRIS  
Name your price...

Monica looks at him.

MONICA  
Three thousand.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS  
You don't sell yourself short, either! Okay... You in?

MONICA  
Of course.

Chris steps closer. Intense, serious, quiet:

CHRIS  
All right. Now: no drugs. I want a clean house. You understand?

She nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I hear anything like that going on, we're done.

MONICA  
That's over. I'm clean.

CHRIS  
All right then...  
(beat)  
You'll see, we'll be rich... And  
there's more--we'll expand to  
Pittsburgh, Allentown,  
Harrisburg... This is just the  
beginning.

Chris is happy. Monica sits on the brand new bed,  
sinking down on the mattress. She tests the springs then  
looks at Chris.

MONICA  
Wanna try it out?

Chris hesitates.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
C'mon Chris... Fuck me. You're  
dying to, I know you are.

CHRIS  
I just got married.

Monica reveals her breasts.

MONICA  
Yeah? And...? It'll be your  
wedding present...

Chris walks to her:

CHRIS  
No. I can't.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH PHILADELPHIA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Monica and Chris are naked, making love. Monica is on  
hands and knees on the bed, Chris takes her from behind.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Monica and Chris lie dreamily on the bed after the love-  
making.

CHRIS  
From now on, we can't have any  
further contact with each other.

MONICA

What?

CHRIS

You heard what I said... Every Monday, you put the money in a locker at Market East station and you leave the key at the Rally Bar. If you try to see me, you try to phone me, the deal's off. You got it?

Monica takes the blow, nodding her head.

MONICA

(silence)

What about the kids?

CHRIS

What about 'em? They did without me for ten years, they'll manage just fine.

Music up: Curtis Mayfield's "BEAUTIFUL BROTHER OF MINE".

WE SEE A SERIES OF SHOTS

In a MONTAGE:

1. MEDIUM SHOT - Monica, in a same kind of room as the new studio she was in with Chris. She is showing the room to a hooker.

MONICA

When you're done, put your take in here...

2. CLOSE SHOT - She opens a little trap onto a plumbing pipe. It looks like a water pipe, but there's no water inside. She throws her keys.

3. MEDIUM SHOT - Three stories below: Monica stands in front of a little box placed under the end of the plumbing pipe. Her keys are in the box. Monica takes back her keys and turns to a hooker. Not the same we've seen.

MONICA (CONT'D)

And no drugs in the house, am I clear? We STAY CLEAN...

4. CLOSE SHOT - The hooker nods...

5. MEDIUM SHOTS - We SEE clients and more hookers walking down and up the stairs...

6. CLOSE SHOTS - The hookers and the johns are having SEX...

7. CLOSE SHOTS - We see a hooker's hands deposit money in the pipe. The bills are falling in the little box... Monica is sitting next to it. She is talking to a girl.

THE GIRL

When do I start?

MONICA

Did you shower?

The girl nods.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Then get your ass in the waiting room. A lotta dicks are waiting...

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

At the train station Monica puts a bag into a locker, and closes it. The music cue ends...

EXT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Janie plays in the yard of the house. Suddenly she looks at the wire fence.

ANTHONY, her father, is standing there. A big smile on his face. She runs to him and stops in front of the fence. They touch hands... It's like he's behind bars again...

ANTHONY SCARFO

Hey, sweetie. I've missed you...

INT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Vanessa comes to the window. She sees Janie running out of the yard and into the street. Vanessa goes stiff at the sight of Anthony. Janie bounces over to him. He scoops her up in his arms, then makes eye contact with Vanessa.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

They are seated at a table with big bowls of ice cream in front of them. Vanessa hasn't touched hers. Anthony gives Janie some change, and she moves a little ways away, to ride on a motorized rocking horse.

ANTHONY SCARFO

Hold on, sweetie--you don't  
wanna fall...

(beat)

So...? What's the deal with us?

VANESSA

What do you mean?

ANTHONY SCARFO

I love you. That's what I mean.

She doesn't respond.

ANTHONY SCARFO (CONT'D)

I love you both.

(beat)

You know that.

VANESSA

Anthony, I told you, I'm with  
someone else now...

Anthony works hard not to explode. He contains himself:

ANTHONY SCARFO

Who, that fuckin' cop...?

Vanessa looks down, avoiding eye contact. She nods.

ANTHONY SCARFO (CONT'D)

Listen to me--far as I'm  
concerned, you're still my  
woman. You gotta forget about  
him. You hear me?

No response. He continues:

ANTHONY SCARFO (CONT'D)

Now...I've done a lot of  
thinking. I thought maybe we'd  
go down to Miami, for a new  
start. It'll be different down  
there for me. But I'm gonna  
need my family along for the  
ride, baby. You, and Janie too.

VANESSA

Anthony, have you heard one word of what I said? You really don't understand, do you. I don't want to start over. We were a mistake from the beginning. The only good thing that came of it was Janie.

Anthony begins to get teary-eyed.

ANTHONY SCARFO

Don't you ever say that.

Janie calls out from the mechanical rocking horse:

JANIE

Mommy, Daddy, look!

She waves. Both parents wave, struggling to hold it together:

ANTHONY SCARFO

Looking good, honey!

VANESSA

I, I love Frank, Anthony. I want to live with him for the rest of my life. You're going to have to understand that--

ANTHONY SCARFO

This is the motherfucker who arrested me! You think I'm gonna stand for that? Don't you know what I could do to that piece of shit?

VANESSA

(begins to tear up)  
Please...stop...

ANTHONY

'Cause I'll tell you right now, I will do whatever it takes to get my family back. You understand me?

Vanessa stiffens. She looks him in the eyes.

VANESSA

What family? All these years, you were out all night, maybe

even with somebody else. I was  
alone...

(beat)

You can't change the way I feel.

She turns to Janie:

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Janie, come here sweetheart.  
Time to go home.

Anthony grabs her by the wrist and squeezes hard.

ANTHONY

Think about what I said. I  
won't lose my family to that  
fucking guy, not ever.

VANESSA

You're hurting me.

She yanks away.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You see? That's the difference  
between you and him right there.

INT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BANG BANG BANG!

Frank and Vanessa wake up in the middle of the night. We  
HEAR banging on the door and someone screaming outside...

Frank stands up and looks out through the window. From  
down below, Anthony is looking up at the window.

He looks wasted.

ANTHONY SCARFO

Get down here, motherfucker! I  
wanna see my daughter, YOU HEAR  
ME?! Get the fuck down or I'm  
gonna fuckin' smoke you! You  
got my woman and you're keeping  
my kid from me!!! Who do you  
think I am?!?

Frank sees the lights in neighbors' houses going on. He  
moves to the phone. Vanessa looks at him, ready to burst  
into tears...

EXT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

In the street. Two POLICE CARS are parked in front of Frank's house. Frank's outside with Nick, whom we met during the heist sequence. Anthony is now cuffed; as he is led to a police car by two uniformed policemen:

ANTHONY SCARFO

You put me in jail! You fire on  
my brothers and now you--

One of the two policemen pushes him into the car...

POLICEMAN #1

Shut your mouth!

Nick turns to Frank:

NICK

Listen, Frank--we're not gonna  
be able to hold him for too  
long. YOU know that, don't you?

Frank nods and silently walks back to his house.

INT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank enters his house and looks at Vanessa, who is seated on the stairs. She looks at him, lost.

FRANK

We should leave town for a  
little while. Maybe go to the  
mountains until things cool down  
a little.

VANESSA

He won't cool down...

She walks up the stairs and leaves Frank alone in the foyer...

EXT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Chris drives along in his Mercedes, looking at the numbers on the houses.

CHRIS

(to himself)

Frank... No... Frank...I wanna  
ask you...you didn't come to the  
wedding...

He slows and stops in front of Frank's house.

INT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - DAY

The DOORBELL RINGS. Frank looks through the peephole.  
Is it Anthony? The look seems to change his disposition.  
Opens the door. It's Chris.

CHRIS  
Hello, Frank.

FRANK  
How are you?

CHRIS  
Can I come in?

Frank opens the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Frank sits. Chris stands, looking around. Seems very  
nervous.

CHRIS  
You going on a trip?

FRANK  
For a little while, yeah.  
(beat)  
Pop left you something--that  
package.

Chris looks down to see, in the CORNER: a BOX, about one  
foot by one and one-half feet.

CHRIS  
Thanks... Well...  
(nervous)  
You didn't come to the wedding,  
and, and I was thinking about  
it, that's all right--but... you  
know, Natalie's pregnant.  
And...and we were kinda hoping  
you'd consider being godfather  
to our child.

Frank is conflicted--and greatly moved, in spite of all that has come between them. He is about to speak when:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It'll be Daniel if it's a boy,  
and Linda if it's a girl.

FRANK

Congratulations, Chris.

CHRIS

It's gonna be the best thing  
I've ever done in my life.

(beat)

No use saying no, Frank.  
Everything that's happened, it's  
all water under the bridge now.

(smiles)

But if you say no, I gotta tell  
you, I'm really gonna be pissed.

(beat)

C'mon, say yes.

(beat)

Just say yes.

He sits down next to Frank.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yes or no?

FRANK

You're looking good, Chris.

CHRIS

Thank you.

FRANK

It's ironic, don't you think? I  
sit here in jeans and a T-shirt,  
and you're in a fancy suit,  
probably drove up in a nice car.

CHRIS

You're gonna gimme a lecture?  
I'll go home, we can forget  
about it--

FRANK

Wait a minute.

Chris stands. So does Frank. Frank moves to him, grabs his INJURED SHOULDER. HE PRESSES THE WOUND. Both men know what is going on.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I wish I could trust you, Chris.  
But I can't anymore. And that's  
the reason why I'm gonna be  
godfather to your child.

A beat. Chris processes this. Frank smiles, then sticks  
out his hand to be shaken. Reluctantly, Chris shakes it.  
Then he nods once. AFTER SILENCE:

CHRIS

All right, then... We'll  
talk...

(to Vanessa)

Bye...

He TAKES THE PACKAGE and exits the room.

INT. RUBY - NIGHT

A champagne's cork pops. The champagne goes all over the  
table where Chris is seated, with Louis and some  
friends... Chris is having fun.

THEN: he SEES: ANTHONY SCARFO entering the club. He  
turns to Louis:

LOUIS

Yeah, he's been out a few  
days...

Anthony looks at the table and walks straight to Chris.  
A big smile on his face.

ANTHONY SCARFO

Hey, look who's here! What's  
up, my man? Been a while.

Chris stands up. They both hug each other. It's half-  
hearted at best.

ANTHONY SCARFO (CONT'D)

How are you ?

CHRIS

Good, good...

ANTHONY SCARFO

Great... I heard about your  
little score--congratulations.

CHRIS

Thanks...

ANTHONY SCARFO  
How's the family doing?

Chris's expression darkens. Anthony smiles, thrilled his comment's had the desired effect. He looks at everyone at the table.

ANTHONY SCARFO (CONT'D)  
Enjoy your night. I mean, you never know when bad news is right around the corner.

CHRIS  
What's that supposed to mean?

ANTHONY SCARFO  
I mean your brother's gotta watch his ass.

Anthony barely has time to finish his sentence. A bottle of champagne has cracked onto his head. Chris, who was holding it, punches Anthony a second time and puts him on the floor.

CHRIS  
Listen to me, you fuckin' punk!  
If you wanna touch a hair on my brother's head you'll have to get through me first--GET IT?!?!?

Anthony is almost knocked out. Chris drops him on the floor and leaves the place.

EXT. RUBY - NIGHT

Chris exits the Ruby. He HEARS someone calling his name in the street: it's Monica.

She walks across the street and starts yelling at him:

MONICA  
How dare you doing something like that to me?

Chris looks around him, nervous; is she high? She looks it.

CHRIS  
The fuck are you doing here?

MONICA

You think I belong to you? I  
don't belong to you, I belong to  
ME--

Chris drags her back into the Club.

INT. RUBY - LOBBY

As soon as they pass through the door, Chris turns to  
Monica. He's furious.

CHRIS

What did I tell you? Huh? Did  
I not say we stay the fuck  
apart?

MONICA

You told Louis I was giving free  
ones? You think I'm yours? Do  
you think--

Chris grabs her violently:

CHRIS

What did I tell you? I said you  
don't come and talk to me--EVER!  
What the fuck is going through  
your mind? The cops are all  
over the place! They follow me  
all the time--are you stupid?!

He lifts his hands to slap her but stops himself. Looks  
at her for a beat, enraged. And then he leaves the  
place...

EXT. RUBY - NIGHT

Outside, through a windshield, we SEE Chris leaving the  
Ruby and getting into his Mercedes. The point of view is  
from TWO PLAINCLOTHES COPS seated in a car.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - YARDS - DAY

An African-American man gives something to a another  
African-American man through a wire fence. The man leaves  
and puts something in his mouth.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: we SEE Monica walking up to the same  
guy. She talks to the African-American man and gives him

money through the wire fence hole. The man takes something small out of the garbage beneath his feet.

He gives her a little balloon filled with HEROIN.

She takes the balloon and leaves, putting the drug in her mouth to hide it.

INT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Monica is preparing herself to shoot. We SEE the back of a JOHN, next to her. He puts out some money.

MONICA

No no, baby...after we fuck...

THE JOHN

Sorry, honey. You're already fucked.

The John shows a POLICE SHIELD. (He is one of the cops seen outside the Ruby.)

SMASH CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

OF COPS ARRESTING EVERYONE INSIDE THE TENEMENT.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Conlon and two detectives interrogate Monica.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

You think you're smart?

MONICA

(shrugs; then)

I don't think anything.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

Yeah? Well, you're not as smart as you think you are. What do you think's gonna happen to you?

MONICA

I don't know. Same as always, I don't fucking care anymore.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

Your little Italian chippie told us everything... Now, if you really are queen of the hive, you deserve what's coming. But if you're just a working stiff, that's kind of a waste. Don't you think?

Monica remains silent.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)  
All right, we're going to put you back inside. Why don't you think it over a little and get back to us.

A detective takes her by the arm and leads her away.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)  
One more thing... Miss Van Gessel?

Monica turns around.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)  
You are aware that your Italian girl's a minor, are you not?

Monica goes pale: she didn't know.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)  
Think about that. Possession of narcotics, underage girls--it'd be a long time inside for you, no question.

She stands there, does not move. Seems like for an eternity.

INT. POLICE STATION - CELL - DAY

Monica is seated on a bench, alone. Totally lost. Her eyes are wide open, darting; her mind is spinning. She starts to breathe loudly. Nervous, she is very much in a state of panic.

She starts crying. She tries to pull herself together, but she cannot... She SHAKES...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Monica ENTERS the room, sits down directly in front of Conlon. She tries to stifle any emotion. Instead, she is direct and forceful:

CONLON  
You wanted to talk to me ?

MONICA  
I...could give you something.  
Something that might be  
important to you.

Conlon leans forward as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LATER

The PHONE is RINGING. Frank gets up from behind his desk, moves to answer it.

FRANK  
Yeah, hello?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERCUT

Conlon on the phone.

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
Frank, it's me, Ed Conlon.  
(beat)  
You were right about your  
brother.

FRANK  
What do you mean?

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
He was involved in the Brink's  
score. You put a bullet into  
him.

Frank is silent.

LIEUTENANT CONLON (CONT'D)  
You still there?

FRANK  
Yeah.

LIEUTENANT CONLON

We're gonna move to arrest him  
as soon as the judge grants the  
warrant.

FRANK  
How did you know?

LIEUTENANT CONLON  
Your old sister-in-law likes  
souvenirs...

The CAMERA BOOMS DOWN FROM CONLON, REVEALING an open ball  
of TISSUE. INSIDE: THE BULLET FRAGMENTS.

Frank holds the receiver, does not ask another question.  
He hangs up the phone.

INT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT on a CLOCK. FIVE IN THE MORNING. We PAN OVER  
TO REVEAL: Frank, sitting on the couch, seemingly deep in  
thought...

INT. CHRIS'S BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT

Chris comes down to the basement, holding the package  
left to him from his father. It has a PIECE OF PAPER ON  
IT: "TO CHRIS".

He opens it: it is a PROJECTOR AND SOME SMALL CANS OF  
SUPER 8mm FILM IN THEM.

HE opens one of the cans. Looks at the film strips,  
starts to set up the projector.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

As a film, a faded and old home movie, begins to play on  
Chris's wall. Chris watches as he sees footage of  
himself and his brother Frank, at a young age, playing in  
a small inflatable swimming pool with their father. The  
images flicker, sloppy but somehow beautiful, on Chris's  
wall...

The PHONE RINGS.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

The telephone rings at Chris's. He looks at his watch and answers the phone.

CHRIS

Hello?

INT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S HOUSE

Frank seems petrified. He opens his mouth, but no words come out.

CHRIS

Hello?

Chris is ready to hang up when he thinks better of it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Frank? That you?

Frank takes the receiver and places it near a table. He KNOCKS THREE TIMES, then hangs up, brusquely. He lowers his head, his hands tremble. He puts them on his knees, feeling impotent, drained.

ANGLE ON CHRIS. His eyes have widened just a touch. He has REALIZED THE MEANING OF THE CALL:

INT. CHRIS AND NATALIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Chris enters. Natalie is asleep. Sort of. In a semi-conscious state.

NATALIE

Was that the phone...?

CHRIS

Yeah. It was nobody, honey--  
wrong number.

Chris thinks briefly, preoccupied.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Go back to sleep.

He lies down with his wife briefly. HER ABDOMEN, slightly enlarged now by the UNBORN CHILD INSIDE, is exposed. He runs his hand just over the skin, not touching her but still intending a tender caress...

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

Chris surreptitiously opens a door and goes out to his car. He opens the car trunk, and takes out a SHOTGUN, which he carries into the house and places behind a piece of furniture near the front door.

INT. CHRIS AND NATALIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

A clock reads 5:53. Natalie is still asleep.

Chris sits on the sofa in semi-darkness. Suddenly he goes stiff. Outside, in the garden, he notices two shadowy figures jump the hedge, guns ready.

Chris backs away slowly. He walks down the hall toward the:

INT. CHRIS AND NATALIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN- DAWN

Through the window, he sees the police surround the house. At first petrified, he swings into action, goes to the chest with the shotgun and picks it up. He hesitates. Then he puts the shotgun back. He charges UPSTAIRS.

INT. CHRIS AND NATALIE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS- DAWN

He unhinges the door to the ATTIC.

INT. CHRIS AND NATALIE'S HOUSE - ATTIC- DAWN

He removes three planks of wood, REVEALING the duffel of money from the BRINK'S SCORE. He then goes onto:

EXT. CHRIS AND NATALIE'S HOUSE - THE ROOF- DAWN

There is a long plank of wood. He LAYS it SILENTLY ACROSS the GAP BETWEEN HIS HOUSE AND THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR. As the POLICE SURROUND HIS HOUSE, they do not think to look...UP.

Chris slinks silently across the wood plank to the house next door, then climbs down into their backyard.

He has ESCAPED the POLICE.

EXT. ADJACENT STREET - DAWN

Chris breaks into a car. HOTWIRES IT, drives off...

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

Chris hurriedly bangs on Mike's back door. Still half-asleep, Mike opens the door.

MIKE

What the fuck time is it?

Chris raises his finger to his lips, to shut Mike up. He waves Mike out of his house.

EXT. BEHIND THE GARAGE

Chris and Mike speak in hushed tones. Chris hands Mike the small DUFFEL of MONEY:

CHRIS

It's for my wife. I want you to give it to her--all of it.

MIKE

What is this?

CHRIS

The cops are after me--my house is surrounded. I'll come back for my family when the heat's calmed down a little.

(beat)

But at least they'll be safe for the time being.

MIKE

What about your brother? Fuckin' Scarfo's all over him, he's comin' after him.

CHRIS

I know... It's the last thing I'm gonna do before I leave...

Awkward silence, then the two men HUG. Chris departs.

EXT. FRANK AND VANESSA'S YARD - DAY

Chris parks the car in front of Frank's house. He goes out and looks around to see any sign of Scarfo. He climbs the stairs and knocks on the door, in a hurry.

HEARS an OLD MAN on the other side of the street. It's Frank's neighbor, seated on his porch.

OLD MAN

They left!

Chris turns back and walks to him...

CHRIS

What?

OLD MAN

They left--they gave me the keys, for the plants.

CHRIS

Where'd they go?

OLD MAN

Market station, I think. What's goin' on? You're the second guy in the last ten minutes who's come lookin' for them.

Chris was going back to the car in a hurry, when he turns back.

CHRIS

The second guy?!? Who came?

OLD MAN

Don't know... A tall guy, dark hair?

Chris understands: it's Scarfo...

As he runs to his car, he SEES an unmarked police car turning in the street. When they see Chris, they accelerate.

Chris speeds off. The police car tries to cut him off, but they miss him.

They go after him.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - STREETS - DAY

The police car is chasing Chris through several streets of Philadelphia.

ANOTHER POLICE CAR tries to head off Chris's car. They crash into each other, but Chris pulls back and speeds off.

The chase is not over...

EXT. MARKET STATION - DAY

Chris stops the car in front of Market Station. He gets out, leaving the door open.

He runs into the train station with many police cars arriving right behind him.

INT. MARKET STATION - DAY

Chris is running amongst the crowd.

He looks everywhere.

Finds the track number, starts running again...

He looks at the track entrance: the cops are entering the station. Chris takes off his jacket, throws it behind a wall. He hides his gun in his pants and walks fast, looking all over the place. Searching for his brother.

Suddenly, Chris spots Anthony Scarfo.

He follows Scarfo's gaze and sees Frank, walking adjacent to a train, with Vanessa and Janie. Chris looks back to Scarfo. He is now walking in Frank's direction.

Chris starts walking ahead of him. We change focus and see that policemen has spotted Chris. They start running.

Scarfo gets closer to Frank, Vanessa and Janie. They can't see him; they are walking in the other direction. Chris gets closer to Scarfo, when he sees him pulling out a gun aimed right at Frank.

Then BOOM!

Chris has fired at Scarfo's head. He falls dead.

Screaming in the station. Panic. Everybody runs everywhere.

Frank turns back and SEES Scarfo, DEAD on the floor. Next to him, his brother looking at him. Chris gets on his knees, puts the gun down and lifts up his hands.

The cops surround him:

COPS  
Freeze! Hands in the air!

Chris is extremely calm. He looks into his brother's eyes. The panic around them matters not...

Their gazes are fixed on each other...

The POLICE surround CHRIS, knocking him to the floor. He is under arrest...

THE END.

Vincent MARAVAL