

D O N N I E B R A S C O

By

(TriStar, 1997)

PAUL ATTANASIO

1-2 OMIT

1-2*

WHITE TITLES ON BLACK--

LITTLE ITALY. NEW YORK. 1978.

The chipper CHOCK of a coffee cup on a saucer, the MUSIC of silverware, the ebb and flow of TRAFFIC outside--restaurant sounds, as they would occur to an EAVESDROPPER. Over this:

LEFTY (V.O.)

Ain't no way you can say to me a
Lincoln is better than a Cadillac.

CUT TO:

3 INT. LATE AFTERNOON. MARE CHIARO RESTAURANT

3

WINTER--windows foggy, snow outside. Late '78-- "TELL ME SOMETHING GOOD" by Chaka Khan and Rufus plays on the jukebox. Chipped formica on the tabletops, cracked leatherette on the banquettes.

Four men, neatly dressed in slacks and sport jackets, as they drink demitasse at a table:

BENJAMIN "LEFTY" RUGGIERO, 50 years old, JUMPY with nerves, hoarse from chain-smoking English Ovals. SWITCHED-ON, testy and restless.

DOMINIC "SONNY BLACK" NAPOLITANO, 40s, squat and sexy. Sleepy and playful as a lion after a big meal. Don't fuck with the lion.

NICHOLAS "NICKY" IEMMA, 40s. Ready SMILE, teddy bear paunch. Eager to please. Plays the fool.

JOHN "BOOBIE" CERASANI, 40s, close-mouthed, dour, and gun-metal HARD. All business. Nobody's fool.

NICKY

It's the better automobile. Head and
shoulders

LEFTY

Geddadaheah. Geddadaheah before you
make me mad.

SONNY

Lefty, how you gonna be mad at
Nicky?

LEFTY

I ain't mad at him. I'm mad at his
stupidity.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

SONNY

Be mad at Boobie. I been mad at him since we was kids.

BOOBIE

Fuggedaboutit.

LEFTY

Fuggedaboutit.

AT THE BAR

Donnie sits with a Daily News spread open before him. He wears JEANS. The Bartender refills his coffee cup and Donnie puts in a tablespoon of sugar, stirs it while he WATCHES...

DONNIE'S POV--IN THE MIRROR

Lefty, Sonny and the others at their table...

BACK ON--TABLE

As Lefty explicates the Cadillac Difference. *

LEFTY

Cadillac got more acceleration, more power, more better-handling, more legroom for your legs, more power--

BOOBIE

You said that.

LEFTY

Said what?

BOOBIE

More power.

LEFTY

I said that? He got me so fucking aggravated, Boobie, I forget what I said.

SONNY

Mercedes got it all over both of them. *

Lefty reacts as if he's smelled something bad. *

LEFTY

Mercedes? *

BOOBIE

Lincoln's like driving a fucking waterbed. *

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

LEFTY
Mercedes?

*
*

NICKY
I'll tell you one thing--the Lincoln
is longer.

*

LEFTY
Longer what? Longer wheelbase?

NICKY
Longer. Like longer. In inches. It's
a longer car.

LEFTY
You know something, Nicky, you don't
make no sense sometimes.

*

NICKY
Okay. You got two cars. All things
being equal, the longer car is the
one gonna get there first.

LEFTY
Ain't the question all things being
equal. One's a Cadillac and one's a
Lincoln.

NICKY
The one's longer gets there first.
That's scientific fact.

Nicky starts to laugh. Sonny and Boobie join in.

*

LEFTY
You get there first, you're still
driving a fucking Lincoln.

*

Judy, a WAITRESS, approaches the table. Sweet as corn, early
20s, new to the job. Sonny takes her hand, KISSES it.

SONNY
I never seen you before. Where'd you
come from, angel?

JUDY
Ontario.

LEFTY WATCHES DONNIE

sipping coffee at the bar. Leans over to Nicky.

LEFTY
Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Don. Don the Jeweler. Jilly brought him around.

LEFTY

Jilly Four Eyes?

NICKY

Not Jilly Four Eyes. You know, Jilly. From Queens Jilly.

LEFTY

He's a wiseguy?

NICKY

Connected guy. Jilly brought him around.

LEFTY

I had a thing to lay off, he could lay it off?

NICKY

You got something you gotta lay off?

LEFTY

Ain't the question, I got something. *

NICKY

All that fucking money you owe downtown, you'd have to lay off a Brink's Truck.

LEFTY

I'm saying if I had a thing, he could lay it off? *

NICKY

C'mon Left. Whaddaya got to lay off? *

ANGLE ON--SONNY WITH JUDY *

as he punctuates his order with KISSES of her hand.

SONNY

A little cannoli. (kiss) Svingi. (kiss) Sfogliatell'. (kiss)

JUDY

We're out of that.

SONNY

Then you gotta give me that kiss back.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

She giggles, kisses Sonny on the cheek.

BOOBIE
Lookit. Sonny's in love.

NICKY
(off Donnie)
I think Lefty's in fucking love.

LEFTY
Thank you. Just because I got
something else on my mind besides
broads. Thank you.

SONNY
(to Judy)
Say something to me in Canadian.

WAITRESS
Can I ask you guys something? Are
you guys...You know...?
(giggles)
Wiseguys?

SONNY
Wiseguys? What makes you think we're
wiseguys?

WAITRESS
Well, what other grown men would
have nothing better to do than sit
here all afternoon drinking coffee
and nobody says anything?

They all look at each other.

NICKY
We could be cops.

LAUGHTER all around. Lefty steals another look at Donnie, as he
sits placidly drinking his coffee.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. DAY. MARE CHIARO RESTAURANT

4

Donnie emerges, his breath visible in the COLD.

ZZZZH! ZZZZH! ZZZZH! FREEZE FRAME and go to black-and-white.

Snapshots of Donnie.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S BUILDING 5
Establishing shot.

6 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT 6
PANNING around the LONELY room--no tchotchkes, no photos, no
pet. "CHARLIE'S ANGELS" on a small TV, unwatched--BACKGROUND
NOISE. WEIGHTS and a bench. Over this: HUFFING AND PUFFING as

6 CONTINUED:

6

DONNIE DOES PUSHUPS

in his underwear. He finishes. Goes to a GRID--amount of weight, number of repetitions--makes a note on it.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. NIGHT. PHONE BOOTH--MANHATTAN

7

Donnie, his breath visible in the cold, talks on a PAY PHONE on a deserted city street...

DONNIE
Were you asleep?

WOMAN (O.C.)
(clearly asleep)
Are you okay? *

DONNIE
Yeah, I'm okay. Go back to sleep.
I'll call you tomorrow. *

WOMAN (O.C.)
I'm gonna go back to sleep. *

DONNIE
Put the phone on your pillow. I want
to listen to you breathing. *

He stands alone on the street and listens on the phone. *

CUT TO:

8 INT. DAY. MARE CHIARO RESTAURANT

8

Donnie sips coffee at the bar. Lefty approaches him.

LEFTY
You Don the Jeweler?

Donnie looks up to the Bartender. The Bartender nods. Lefty reaches in his pocket, produces a SIX-CARAT DIAMOND RING.

LEFTY
That's a beauty, eh? That's some
beautiful thing.

Donnie looks it over. Slides it over to Lefty.

DONNIE
Give it to your wife.

(CONTINUED)

LEFTY

How'm I gonna give it to my wife? I ain't married.

Lefty slides it back to him.

DONNIE

You got a girlfriend?

LEFTY

Yeah, I got a girlfriend.

He returns the diamond to Lefty.

DONNIE

Marry her.

LEFTY

Are you for real? I'm asking if you want to middle a diamond here. All I want for my end's eight thousand.

DONNIE

I'm saying give it to somebody don't know any better. It's a fugazy.

LEFTY

How can you say it's a fugazy? You looked at it two seconds.

DONNIE

It's a fake.

LEFTY

I know what a fugazy is.

Donnie takes out an ENVELOPE, spills five diamonds on the counter. Fits one dexterously in a ring-like holder, shows it to Lefty.

*
*
*

DONNIE

Here, look at this. Now that's a beautiful thing.

*
*
*

LEFTY

It's the same fucking thing. What about my diamond?

*
*
*

DONNIE

Go ahead, try and sell it, you wanna be a dunsky.

*
*
*

Lefty's temper starts to rev...The Bartender hurriedly zaps club soda into a glass of white wine as Donnie carefully sweeps the diamonds back in to the envelope. *

BARTENDER

Here, Left, have a spritzer.

LEFTY *

I'm a dunsky? Let me tell you something, my friend-- do you know who you're talking to? *

DONNIE *

I'm saying if you wanna go embarrass yourself... *

LEFTY

My family, my children--my mother can hold her head up in any neighborhood in the city when she walks down the block. In all the five boroughs I'm known, fuggedaboutit--I'm known all over the world. Anybody--ask anybody about Lefty from Mulberry Street.

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

DONNIE
Hey--no disrespect. It's a
misunderstanding. Okay?

Donnie makes a gesture of backing off, moves to exit.

LEFTY
You don't walk out on me. I walk out
on you.

DONNIE
You're the boss.

Donnie shrugs, sits. The Bartender slides the spritzer over.

BARTENDER
On the house.

LEFTY
(mutters)
Fugazy. Fugazy my fucking ass.
(beat)
Where's your fucking car?

CUT TO:

9 INT. DAY. DONNIE'S COUPE DE VILLE

9

Donnie drives. Lefty puffs on an English Oval.

DONNIE
You know, I was just trying to help
you out back there.

LEFTY
(shaking his head)
Man oh man, I gotta school you, my
friend. Di'n't Jilly school you?

DONNIE
School me in what?

LEFTY
You talk when I talk to you.
(beat)
You call that a fugazy? You don't
know word fucking one, my friend. I
know--one look at you I know. You're
a guy can't keep his fucking mouth
shut.
(beat)
Hey, I'm talking to you.

DONNIE
Five years I been in jewels. If
there's one thing I know it's
jewels.

*
*
*

9 CONTINUED:

9

The SMOKE is THICK now. Donnie powers DOWN his WINDOW.

LEFTY

Put your window up, Don. I'm gonna catch a draft.

Donnie powers the window back UP.

DONNIE

Where are we going?

LEFTY

What are you, a cop? Don't ask so many fucking questions.

DONNIE

How'm'I gonna earn the kind of money I'm earning if I can't tell a fucking zircon?

LEFTY

There's good money in that?

DONNIE

What?

LEFTY

What.

DONNIE

Jewels?

LEFTY

Thank you.

DONNIE

If you know what you're doing.

LEFTY

Go to Twenty-third and Eighth.

(beat)

We're gonna find out.

*
*

CUT TO:

10 INT. DAY. STRIP JOINT--MANHATTAN

10

Lefty and Donnie sit over drinks. A PORTER vacuums. A BARTENDER cleans glasses. PANDAR, a steroidal bull, 30s, bleached hair, enters from the back, surprised to see Lefty.

PANDAR

Hey, Lefty! What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

LEFTY

Sit down.

Pandar sits.

PANDAR

What?

(off Donnie)

Who's this?

LEFTY

You owe me eight grand.

The vacuum snaps off as the Porter FLEES into the back.

PANDAR

Hold on. Wait. I gave you the diamond.

(beat)

Left, who's this guy?

LEFTY

He says it's a fugazy.

PANDAR

What's a fugazy?

LEFTY

The diamond is a fugazy.

PANDAR

What is a fugazy?

DONNIE

You know.

PANDAR

Don't tell me what I know.

DONNIE

You know what you did.

LEFTY

One of you gotta be wrong.

PANDAR

That's a Tiffany fucking diamond.
That's my wife's fucking diamond
ring.

Lefty's eyes go dead...

DONNIE

It's a fugazy.

Pandar clenches his fist--thinks to take a swipe at Donnie. Then thinks better of it. Points his finger at him.

PANDAR

I don't know what your fucking game is, pal.

(turns to Lefty)

Bring that ring to any kike on 47th Street--

LEFTY

You took away your wife's ring?

Lefty pulls his collar close around his neck--a "tell" that things are escalating...

DONNIE

Left, go have a drink.

LEFTY

You took away your wife's ring to bet on the Giants?

Lefty pulls his collar tighter, springy with homicidal longings...

PANDAR

Hey, you don't want it, give it back to me. Okay? Fine.

(gestures to Donnie)

Have Harry fucking Winston here throw it in the fucking street.

LEFTY

Eight thousand dollars.

DONNIE

Left--

LEFTY

Eight thousand dollars!

DONNIE

Go to the bar, Left, have a drink. I'll take care of this.

Donnie insists with a gesture. Lefty goes to the bar.

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

PANDAR

I got a fucking black belt. You goombahs think you can intimidate me? Go fuck--

Then Donnie SLAPS Pandar hard with a flat palm. He topples with his chair to the floor. Donnie sticks two fingers in his nose, lifts him like a bowling ball onto his chair. With his fingers still in Pandar's nose, Donnie brings his face close, looks in his eyes, and WHISPERS.

DONNIE

He's onto you. He's gonna kill you. We have maybe two minutes to figure a way out of this.

Pandar looks into Donnie's eyes and sees nothing--no reflection, no sparkle of humanity. He sees death there, impersonal and matter-of-fact. Pandar whimpers pathetically.

PANDAR

(blubbing)

I'm sorry.

DONNIE

Shut up.

(beat)

Sorry ain't gonna do it.

PANDAR

I don't want to die.

Lefty signals for another spritzer, then looks at Pandar. Itching to put a bullet in him...

DONNIE

What do you drive?

PANDAR

Porsche.

DONNIE

Now it's Lefty's.

Donnie takes a ten dollar bill off the table. Stuffs it in Pandar's mouth.

DONNIE

That's for the drinks.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. DAY. LATER. DONNIE'S CADILLAC

11*

Jury-rigged CHAINS run from the trailer hitch to hooks under the Porsche's front end.

CUT TO:

12 INT. DAY. SAME TIME. CADILLAC

12

Donnie drives through the Lower East Side WATERFRONT, peering through billows of Lefty's cigarette smoke.

LEFTY
(scolding)
Why'd you pay for that drink?
Wiseguy never pays for a drink.

DONNIE
Okay. I didn't know.

LEFTY
Always on the arm.
(chuckles)
You scared that guy, though,
managgia--that cracks me up. I got
twenty-six fucking hits under my
belt and you're the one he's scared
of.
(catching himself)
Fuck.

Shouldn't've said that about the hits.

DONNIE
Chop up that Porsche, you can get
twenty grand from it.

LEFTY
Pull over.

DONNIE
What, here?

CUT TO:

13 INT./EXT. DAY. LATER. CADILLAC

13

TOOLS out on the front seat. In discomfort, Lefty labors beneath the dashboard. Donnie leans in.

LEFTY
Hand me them pliers.

DONNIE
The vise grip or the needle nose?

LEFTY
Fuggedaboutit. I'll get it myself.
(finds pliers)
You di'n't hear that noise in the
dash?

DONNIE
This's a brand new car. I never had
problems with this car before.

LEFTY
Gimme a hand with this.

Lefty and Donnie PULL OFF the dashboard. Looks inside. Feels
around.

DONNIE
Hey, Left, what are you doing?

LEFTY
I'm feeling around.

Donnie flares as he realizes what Lefty is up to.

DONNIE
Hey, what do you think, I got a wire
in my car? You wanna call me a
stoolpigeon, pal, say it to my face.

Lefty sits up.

LEFTY
(agitated)
Did I--? Did I say--?

DONNIE
Go ahead, call me a stoolpigeon.

LEFTY
Ain't the question.
(beat).
Now I lost a screw.

CUT TO:

Lefty and Donnie admire Donnie's Cadillac, parked on the street
outside Lefty's projects.

LEFTY
You like the DeVille?

DONNIE
Fuggedaboudit.

LEFTY
I got the Fleetwood Brougham.

DONNIE
With the velour?

LEFTY
Fuggedaboutit.
(beat)
You married?

*
*

DONNIE
Nah. I got a girl now in California.

LEFTY
Good. It's better she's in
California. Keep your eye off your
balls.

DONNIE
You're right.

LEFTY
Wiseguy is always right. Even when
he's wrong, he's right. All the way
up the line.

*

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

DONNIE

I know.

LEFTY

You know?

DONNIE

Like the Army. Chain of command.

LEFTY

Ain't nothing like the Army. The Army, it's some guy you don't know sends you to whack out some other guy you don't know. The Army's a jerkoff outfit. You see, that's why I gotta school you. Because otherwise you get everything upside down.

(beat)

You wanna check in with me tomorrow?

DONNIE

Okay.

Lefty looks at Donnie. Then shakes his head.

LEFTY

I don't know how the fuck you knew that was a fugazy.

Donnie watches as Lefty enters the project. Then climbs into his Cadillac. Drives off.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. NIGHT. CAR WASH

15

Donnie EMPTIES an ashtray full of Lefty's CIGARETTE BUTTS. Runs a VACUUM through the car. SPRAYS the inside with a can of AIR FRESHENER.

DONNIE RIDES

Through the car wash in his Cadillac, tilts his chair back as the wet cloth slaps at the windows. Then he breathes deeply, runs a hand through his hair, groans, and, in the privacy of the soap suds, exposes the tension he has hidden all day.

CUT TO:

16 INT. NIGHT. OFFICE

16

TIM CURLEY, an OFFICE WORKER in shirtsleeves, answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

CURLEY

Curley.

He CRADLES the phone with his shoulder, TYPES.

INSERT--THE PAGE

As Curley types, we catch FRAGMENTS...

...reported contact with...

Then:

...BENJAMIN RUGGIERO, a.k.a. LEFTY,
a.k.a. LEFTY GUNS, a.k.a. LEFTY TWO
GUNS...

(carriage return)

...a.k.a HALF COCK, a.k.a. HORSE
COCK...

Then:

...Special Agent JOSEPH D.
PISTONE...

Then:

...in an undercover capacity
utilizing the name DON BRASCO...

CURLEY

Okay. G'night.

Curley hangs up the phone. Slides the sheet into his OUT box.

INSERT--THE PAGE

A Form 302, with the heading,

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

CUT TO:

17 EXT. NIGHT. TURNPIKE--REST STOP

17

With a sigh, Donnie hangs up a PAY PHONE. Moves to his yellow
CADILLAC COUPE DE VILLE, parked alongside the pay phone.

CUT TO:

18 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME--NEW JERSEY

18

The lights are out as Donnie enters. Closes the door silently.
Slips off his shoes. Tiptoes upstairs. Moves along a dark
corridor...

INSIDE THE BEDROOM

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MAGGIE, 30, blonde and energetic, sleeps in a king-sized bed. Donnie, stripped down to his shorts now, slips into bed beside her. She turns as he touches her, half-awake as he kisses her ears, her mouth...He unbuttons her nightie and it falls away...They begin to make love passionately...

DONNIE

Maggie.

Donnie runs his finger along a line between her breasts and down her belly...As his hand turns, we see on his ring finger

AN IRISH CLADDAGH RING

Hands holding a heart, with a crown on it, symbolizing love, friendship, and loyalty...

Then his hand continues down her belly and out of frame, as she moans...She bites his ear and he rolls on top of her...

DISSOLVE TO:

19 INT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME--BEDROOM

19

SUNLIGHT on Maggie's face as she rolls over and we see that Donnie is GONE. As TERRY, 8, runs in wearing a BRA, chased by SHERRY, 11.

SHERRY

Give me my bra! That's mine! You're dust, Terry.

Maggie wakes up, disoriented, as the girls wrestle over the bra and KERRY, 7, runs in and JUMPS on top of her.

KERRY

Wake up, Mommy!

Where's Joe? Was that him last night? Or a dream?

CUT TO:

19A EXT. DAY. MANICURE PARLOR--QUEENS

19A*

Donnie waits outside in his Cadillac with the motor running. Watches the street. Drums on the steering wheel.

*
*

CUT TO:

*

19B INT. DAY. MANICURE PARLOR--QUEENS

19B*

JILLY, 50s, unlit cigar and bifocals, has his nails filed by a MANICURIST who babbles in VIETNAMESE to a COLLEAGUE. Lefty sits beside him.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

19B CONTINUED:

19B

JILLY
Don the Jeweler? Good earner. Ain't
a leech. Keeps to himself. He's a
jewel guy.

LEFTY
You know where's he from, Jilly?

JILLY
Florida. He's a jewel guy.

LEFTY
Where Florida? The Beach?

JILLY
Not the Beach. I dunno--wherever the
fuck the Mets have spring training.
He's a jewel guy.

LEFTY
He's a stand-up guy?

JILLY
(to Manicurist)
Hey, girlie, don't butcher my
cuticles.
(to Lefty)
I said I knew him, Left. I didn't
say I fucked him.

CUT TO:

19C EXT. SAME TIME. MANICURE PARLOR

19C*

Lefty emerges with Jilly, who leans on the car by the driver's
side--his shirt hikes up, exposing his gut. Donnie powers down
the window.

JILLY
Hey, my friend Lefty's aksing (sic)
about you. Don't embarrass me,
capeesh?

DONNIE
Okay, Jilly.

JILLY
'Cause otherwise me or him's gonna
whack you out.

Jilly thumps the top of the Cadillac briskly, returns inside.
Lefty climbs into the Cadillac. Donnie pulls out.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. DAY. LITTLE ITALY

20

Donnie and Lefty head up the block, hunched against the cold.

LEFTY

...When I introduce you, I say "a friend of mine." That means you're a connected guy. If I said instead, "a friend of ours," that means you're a made guy. Capeesh?

DONNIE

So is that what I call you-- "a friend of ours"?

*
*
*

LEFTY

Just keep your fucking mouth shut.

*
*

Lefty stops.

LEFTY

Donnie--you got a couple fazools, Donnie? I got some things I gotta take care of.

Donnie reaches in his wallet.

DONNIE

What do you want, a hundred?

LEFTY

Wiseguy don't carry his money in a wallet. Wiseguy carries his money in a roll. Like this. Beaner on the outside.

Lefty EMPTIES Donnie's wallet. Folds it into a ROLL. Puts the hundred dollar bill on the outside. Then puts the roll in his own pocket. Donnie looks at his empty wallet.

DONNIE

Got it.

Lefty hustles again up the block, Donnie tagging after him. Then Lefty stops again.

LEFTY

And another thing--shave off that moustache. That's against the rules.

DONNIE

Done.

Lefty stops again.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LEFTY

And buy yourself a pair of slacks.
This ain't a rodeo. Dress like me.

*

DONNIE

Rodeo?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

Lefty resumes walking.

LEFTY

This is my family. More even than my own family. Capeesh?

DONNIE

I don't got a family.

LEFTY

You don't got a family?

DONNIE

I'm an orphan. I grew up in an orphanage.

*
*

LEFTY

Ain't the question, Donnie. Even if you had a family, if this is your family, then this is your family.

(off Donnie's look)

Don't worry, I'm gonna school you in everything.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DAY. TOYLAND--LITTLE ITALY

21

Boobie, Sonny, Nicky, and other WISEGUYS stand guard near a social club, stamping their feet for warmth.

NICKY

Ming'--I'm freezing here. Whaddawe gotta be standing outside all day in the snow for?

SONNY

Gotta show the flag.

NICKY

Flag of fucking Antarctica.

Lefty arrives with Donnie.

SONNY

Left.

BOOBIE

Left.

(CONTINUED)

LEFTY

This's Donnie, a friend of mine.

ANGLE ON--SONNY, NICKY, BOOBIE

SKEPTICAL as they check Donnie out.

ANGLE ON--THE CLUB

As a car pulls up and two prosperous-looking SKIPPERS get out: DOMINICK "BIG TRIN" TRINCHERA, 50s, and PHILIP "PHILLY LUCKY" GIACCONE, 50s. They disappear into the club.

SONNY

Fuck them big puffers. Philly Lucky,
Big Trin...

NICKY

The good news is my dick is now a
Popsicle.

RED COWBOY BOOTS

moving up the block...They belong to: ALPHONSE "SONNY RED" INDELICATO, 50s. With him, his son, ANTHONY BRUNO INDELICATO, 20s, pale, balding, and coked-out. Lefty looks over, turns to Donnie, his lip curled with disdain.

LEFTY

(aside, to Donnie)

Sonny Red.

Sonny Red confronts Lefty.

SONNY RED

Who's this guy?

LEFTY

This's Donnie, a friend of mine.

Bruno stares at Donnie. Donnie stares him down as Lefty watches.

BRUNO

Just stand there and look dangerous,
"friend".

LEFTY

Yeah, he does look dangerous, don't
he?

SONNY RED

You gonna make this month's vig? I
hope so.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Bruno snorts in disgust as he and his father move along. Then all eyes turn as a huge LINCOLN pulls up to the club.

BOOBIE
(aside to Sonny)
The boss.

BODYGUARDS jump out of the Lincoln...

TIME STANDS STILL

CARMINE "LILO" GALANTE, 59, fat and bald, huge CIGAR, emerges from the Lincoln.

CLOSE ON--LEFTY

As he watches the boss emerge from the car. A big moment for him. He exchanges a look with Donnie. Then he watches, awestruck, as Galante disappears inside.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MORNING. KATZ'S DELI

22

Donnie breakfasts among the Hasidim with Curley, who reaches for an ENVELOPE on the seat alongside him. *

CURLEY
They want you to shave the
moustache. Regulations.

DONNIE
C'mon, Curley. How do they even know
about it?

As Curley removes from an envelope

PHOTOS OF DONNIE

The FREEZE FRAMES we saw earlier, taken from a surveillance camera. He hands them to Donnie.

Curley
They want you to shave it--that's
the word.
(Donnie laughs)
What's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

DONNIE

So does he.

Curley laughs, too.

CURLEY

Who, Ruggiero?

Donnie flips to another photo...

INSERT--SURVEILLANCE PHOTO

Donnie walks with Lefty up the street to Toyland.

DONNIE

I can feel it. I got the hook in him.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. DAY. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

23

A PLASTIC CHRISTMAS TREE

on a stand in the corner. Lefty sits in his Barcalounger and watches television.

ON THE SCREEN

A nature program. A LEOPARD moves stealthily...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Cloaked by the high grasses of the African savanna, the stalking leopard moves stealthily...

TOMMY RUGGIERO, 20s, rangy in bell-bottom jeans, picks a pimple as he answers the doorbell. It's Donnie, CLEAN-SHAVEN now, holding an ENVELOPE.

TOMMY

Oh. You here for my Dad?

Lefty's girlfriend, ANNETTE, a good-looking woman in her mid-30s, enters in an apron from the kitchen.

DONNIE

Hi. I'm Donnie.

ANNETTE

Come on in. Bennie's watching TV. You met Tommy?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Donnie follows her inside. Tommy disappears into the kitchen.

BACK ON--LEFTY

Watching, RAPT, as he eats anchovies out of a can.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...Separated from the herd, the gazelle senses danger...

Donnie enters with Annette. Lefty's eyes glued to the set...

ANNETTE

Bennie, Donnie's here.

(aside, to Donnie)

Bennie loves animals.

ON THE SCREEN

The leopard CHARGES...Teeth tear at the gazelle...And soon the leopard and her family FEED on a bloody carcass.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...Hunter and hunted, predator and prey--the endless cycle of nature, repeated once again...

SATISFIED, Lefty snaps off the show with his REMOTE CONTROL.

LEFTY

Ming'--you see that?

ANNETTE

I'll be inside if you need me.

Annette exits. Donnie sits down, hands Lefty an ENVELOPE.

DONNIE

Here you go, Left. Merry Christmas.

LEFTY

Wait a minute. I got one too.

Lefty gets up. While Lefty rummages under the tree, an ANXIOUS Donnie sneaks a look at his WATCH.

DONNIE

You know, I thought I'd stop by for a second.

Lefty returns with an ENVELOPE.

LEFTY

Merry Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

They both open the envelopes. Each one contains the same thing:
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

LEFTY

Thanks, that's very thoughtful.

They sit and look at the money a beat.

DONNIE

Well, Merry Christmas, Left. I'd better get going.

LEFTY

I thought you was an orphan.

DONNIE

Yeah.

LEFTY

Then where you going?

CUT TO:

Chopped BACON as it renders its fat in a skillet...Lefty HACKS at a chicken with a cleaver...

ANNETTE

Let me do that, Bennie.

LEFTY

Annette, I told you to sharpen up this knife.

DONNIE

I never ate this, Left.

LEFTY

You think I cook like they cook in Brooklyn? Them goombahs could live to a hundred, all they ever eat is manicotti. You never ate coco van?

DONNIE

Fuggedaboutit.

LEFTY

Can of Collidge Inn. Tomatoes. Punch of salt...

DONNIE

Punch?

*
*

LEFTY
Punch. Punch of salt.

*
*

DONNIE
Punch or pinch?

LEFTY
Punch. Not a pinch, a punch. What'd
I say, pinch?

DONNIE
No, you said punch.

*
*

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

LEFTY

You know, sometimes you don't make
no sense, Donnie...

DONNIE

You following this, Annette?

ANNETTE

Oh, no. I can't cook special like
Bennie.

LEFTY

Shut up, Annette.

(resuming)

Wherever you go, the best cooks are
men, that's a fact. On Mars the best
cooks are men.

He hurls the chicken, splattering fat across the stove. Then
sprays BRANDY...OBLIVIOUS, he turns from the stove, returns to
his prep as the brandy EXPLODES...Annette follows on cue behind
him. Fans at the conflagration with a dishtowel...

LEFTY

Fuggedaboutit, Donnie. This coco van
gonna melt in your mouth like Holy
Communion.

CUT TO:

25 INT. LATER. LEFTY'S APARTMENT--LIVING ROOM

25

SUNSET filters through the windows...Donnie and Lefty sit over
drinks as Annette washes dishes in the kitchen.

LEFTY

She's a good woman, Annette. Not
like my ex-wife, that bitch. You got
a girl?

DONNIE

Yeah. I told you, in California.

LEFTY

One broad's enough for anyone.

Tommy ducks his head in.

TOMMY

Hey, Pop, I'm going out a couple
hours, okay?

Then he quickly ducks out before Lefty can say anything.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

LEFTY

My own fucking kid's a junkie, you believe it?

DONNIE

You should give him a smack in the mouth once in a while.

LEFTY

Believe me, I got bruises on my hands. You don't know the worries I got, Donnie. A woman like Annette, I can't do right by her--I ain't got three bucks in my pocket. I put a bet on a horse, that horse don't do what it's supposed to--same as everyone else in my fucking life. I got cancer of the prick. My ex-wife, she still lives in this building. I see her in the elevator, I gotta have three spritzers after just to calm down.

DONNIE

What do you mean, cancer of the prick?

LEFTY

Cancer of the prick. Oh, yeah, you didn't know that? I'm in the medical books for that.

(resuming)

I used to have a boat, beautiful boat--fifty foot Bertram with twin Chryslers--

DONNIE

Fifty foot?

LEFTY

Well, not fifty, forty-six--I hadda give that up. The money I owe Sonny Red? The vig alone is ten grand a month, what I owe Sonny Red.

DONNIE

Who was that one with him, with that bald head?

LEFTY

You mean his son? Bruno?

DONNIE

One of these days he's gonna get a nice fucking dent in that bald fucking head of his.

(CONTINUED)

LEFTY

You can't do that, Donnie.

DONNIE

I'm saying I wish.

*
*

LEFTY

A guy like you don't raise his hands to a made guy.

(beat)

You know what I did yesterday? I went in front of all the skippers, that cocksucker Sonny Red and all of them. I went on the record with you. You know what that means?

DONNIE

I know.

*

LEFTY

You know?

*

DONNIE

I don't?

*

LEFTY

You got no fucking idea, my friend. I'm your man now--Jesus Christ can't touch you because I represent you. You keep your nose clean, be a good earner and follow the rules, maybe one day when they open the books you'll get straightened out--become a wiseguy, a made guy.

*
*
*
*
*

(beat)

I die wit'cha, Donnie. Anything happens, I'm responsible.

CUT TO:

26 INT. LATER. LEFTY'S BUILDING--HALLWAY

26

Lefty walks Donnie out into the hall.

DONNIE

Well, Merry Christmas, Left.

LEFTY

Donnie--you think you could spot me?

DONNIE

Whaddaya need--a beaner?

Donnie takes out his CHRISTMAS ENVELOPE. Lefty empties it. Folds the bills, pockets them.

LEFTY

Make sure you check in tomorrow.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. DUSK. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

27

Donnie speeds across. A sign reads:

WELCOME TO NEW JERSEY

CUT TO:

28 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME

28

Donnie enters, carrying SHOPPING BAGS with gifts.

DONNIE

I'm home.

In the living room, a CHRISTMAS TREE with opened gifts beneath. Only a small stack--his--remain unopened.

NOBODY GREETES HIM

Donnie looks around, puzzled. Then hears sounds of somebody washing dishes inside...He finds a SANTA HAT. Puts it on.

IN THE KITCHEN

Maggie washes dishes at the sink. Donnie enters wearing the Santa hat and carrying his bags.

DONNIE

Ho ho ho?

MAGGIE

Look what the reindeer dragged in.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE
I was working, Maggie.

MAGGIE
Who works Christmas Day, Joe?

She returns to her dishes.

DONNIE
Where're the girls--at your
mother's? *

MAGGIE
They couldn't wait anymore.

DONNIE
Christmas they can't stay home for
their father?

MAGGIE
Is that your way of saying you're
sorry? *

DONNIE
You know I'm sorry. *

MAGGIE
Don't tell me. Tell them. *

(beat) *

Just make sure you introduce *

yourself. They might think you're *

the Fuller Brush Man. *

DONNIE
You know, Maggie, if you knew what I
was doing today--

MAGGIE
You won't tell me, remember?

DONNIE
That's for your own protection.

MAGGIE
Don't b.s. me, Joe. Like any of this
is for me.

She resumes with the dishes. Donnie notices a jar of PEANUT
BUTTER out on the counter. Closes it. Puts it away...Starts to
REARRANGE the cupboards, boxes and jars... *

DONNIE
You been getting the checks?

MAGGIE

Yes, I'm getting the checks.

DONNIE

Don't say it like it's nothing,
Maggie. It's not nothing.

MAGGIE

Checks are not a husband.

DONNIE

Yeah? There's a lot of women who
would disagree with you.

MAGGIE

Is that what you've been doing with
all your women, Joe--conducting a
poll?

DONNIE

I'm not even gonna dignify that.
(mutters)
Seven days a week I'm out there
catching the badguys and this is
what I gotta come home to.

MAGGIE

You said it was gonna be three
months. It's going on three years.

DONNIE

(off cupboards)
How do you find anything in here?
You have cereal on three different
shelves...

Maggie goes back to her dishes...

MAGGIE

Forget it.

DONNIE

It's my job, Maggie.

MAGGIE

What about my job? Christmas Day
you don't show up--so Mommy puts on
the Santa suit, okay! Mommy hangs
the lights. Mommy carves the
roast... Can't you understand how it
would be so much easier if you'd
tell me what you do with these guys,
or where you are? Something, just
something, just something

DONNIE

Forget it, Maggie.

She glares at him. He turns away. Then she turns away, too.

MAGGIE

Terry and Kerry are at my mother's.
You have to go pick them up.

DONNIE
Where's Sherry?

MAGGIE
Sherry's with her boyfriend.

DONNIE
Since when does Sherry have a
boyfriend?

MAGGIE
He's twelve, Joe.

DONNIE
I didn't okay this.

OVERLAPPING DIALOGUE

As they both blow...

MAGGIE
What do you think, Joe--you think
you can just drop out of the sky
like God of the guineas and bark out
orders--

DONNIE
I'm the husband, Maggie. I'm the
father.

MAGGIE
Undercover my ass. *

DONNIE
I'm out there putting bread on the
table, a roof over your head, *

MAGGIE
You're an undercover frigging
husband!

DONNIE
--and Christmas I gotta come home to
a goddamn empty house?

MAGGIE
Crucify me for wanting to be alone
with you. *

CUT TO: *

29 INT. NIGHT. LATER. LIVING ROOM

29

They stumble, kissing and biting and sucking and tearing at each other...

CRASH!

Into the Christmas tree...Donnie reaches to right it, still holding onto Maggie, but loses his balance...They topple over the couch and onto the floor.

MAGGIE

No. Not here.

Piggyback on each other, they head

UP THE STAIRS

In fits and starts--propriety draws them upstairs against the gravitational pull of naked NEED. And they almost make it. But at the very top of the stairs, need takes over. They make love with the DESPERATION of two people clinging to the last flotsam of a shipwreck...

CUT TO:

30 INT. NIGHT. LATER. PISTONE HOME--BEDROOM

30

He holds her in his arms, naked beneath the sheets. She caresses him.

MAGGIE

...What happened to the moustache?

*
*

DONNIE

The B--they made me shave it.

*
*

MAGGIE

That was the only thing I liked about this job.

*
*
*

DONNIE

You liked the moustache?

*
*

MAGGIE

Yeah, I did.

*
*

DONNIE

So Sherry has a boyfriend, huh?

*
*

MAGGIE

He's a nice kid. He's on the wrestling team.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

I bet he is.

*
*

MAGGIE

Wait'll you hear how Kerry does the catechism. You should hear her, in that little voice. "Who made you?" "God made me." "Where is God?" "God is everywhere." And you have to see how they swim, all three of them, it's unbelievable. Terry's a fish-- her hair's turning green from the chlorine, but can she go, I mean-- you know what I mean? The coach says he never saw nothing like it at her age. There's a meet on Saturday, if you're--

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DONNIE

We'll see.

*
*

They lie in bed a beat.

*

DONNIE

I wouldn't do this to you if I didn't know you could handle it.

MAGGIE

I'm not the one I'm worried about.

DONNIE

Don't worry. I'm gonna come out of this in one piece.

*
*

MAGGIE

But then what?

CUT TO:

31 INT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME--KITCHEN

31

Donnie sits with Sherry, Terry and Kerry over breakfast.
Nobody says a word.

DONNIE

What, I'm getting the silent
treatment?

(beat)

I'm not getting the silent
treatment?

(beat)

C'mon, I'll bet you. I'll bet you
twenty bucks--you really think you
can get through this entire
breakfast without saying three
words?

TERRY

You lose.

CUT TO:

32 INT./EXT. DAY. PISTONE HOME

32

Maggie folds laundry in her bedroom. Glances outside.

MAGGIE'S POV

A SHADOWY GUY has emerged from his parked car and Donnie is
talking with him.

CUT TO:

33 INT. DAY. PISTONE HOME

33

Maggie hustles the girls downstairs toward the basement REC
ROOM as Donnie and the Shadowy Guy head upstairs.

IN THE BEDROOM

Donnie takes a PHONE out of a drawer and dials.

LEFTY (O.C.)

Hello?

DONNIE

Left? Donnie. I'm just checking in.

Maggie tiptoes upstairs...The door is slightly ajar...She
eavesdrops, watches her husband on the phone...Then she
watches as he CLOSES THE DOOR...

ANGLE ON--DONNIE

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

As he talks on the phone.

LEFTY (O.C.)

Donnie--you're supposed to check in, Donnie.

DONNIE

That's what I said, I'm checking in.

LEFTY (O.C.)

You know what happened? You see the news?

DONNIE

No. What? I been out all day.

LEFTY (O.C.)

Go get the paper and call me back.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. DAY. NEW JERSEY SUBURBAN STREETS

34

Donnie drives through the woodsy morning quiet of the suburbs on Christmas vacation. Looks in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR. Gets suspicious. Turns. A car turns with him... FOLLOWING him.

DONNIE TENSE

Why was Lefty so insistent? He turns again. Again, the car FOLLOWS. Donnie looks again in the rear-view mirror. Something FAMILIAR about that car...Turns again. A scowl of RECOGNITION plays across Donnie's face. And he goes COLD... Approaching an intersection:

A YELLOW LIGHT

Donnie slows, then SPEEDS through the intersection as the yellow light goes red. Checks his mirror--the other car STUCK at the light.

INSIDE THE OTHER CAR

It's Maggie. She SMACKS the steering wheel in ANGER.

MAGGIE

Fuck you. Fuck fuck fuck you.

Donnie drives on toward the George Washington Bridge.

CUT TO:

35 INT. DAY. LEFTY'S FLEETWOOD--59TH ST. BRIDGE

35*

On the front page of the New York Post:

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Carmine Galante, the BOSS, his cigar still clenched in his teeth, sprawled bloody, DEAD in a Brooklyn restaurant. Under the headline: RUBOUT.

WIDER

Lefty folds it in DISGUST, lights a cigarette--even more JUMPY than usual. MANTOVANI plays on Lefty's 8-TRACK PLAYER--the THEME from "A SUMMER PLACE". Donnie drives across the 59th St. Bridge. *

LEFTY

The boss gets whacked. The fucking boss--you never hear from the boss until he gets whacked, and then your whole fucking life gets turned around.

DONNIE

Where're we going?

LEFTY

I got sent for.

DONNIE

What does that mean, you got sent for?

LEFTY

What do you think it means?

DONNIE

Look, Left, you don't want to go, I can just turn the car around...

LEFTY

What are you gonna do, Donnie? Take a left off the fucking bridge?

DONNIE

I don't mean right here.

LEFTY

You get sent for, you gotta go. I got sent for by Sonny, Donnie. I'm telling you, I'm sick with this.

DONNIE

Sonny Red?

Donnie powers the window down...

LEFTY

Did I say Sonny Red? Not Sonny Red. Sonny Black.

(off window)

Donnie--put the fucking--. You wanna kill me with that draft?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

...then powers it back up.

DONNIE

I thought you and Sonny Black were friends.

LEFTY

Ain't the question. The whole time Sonny Black was in the can--he got a family, he got a mistress, he got a mistress for his mistress--I watched

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

LEFTY (cont'd)
 out for all of them. I was the only
 one. Two hundred fazools, week in,
 week out. I got told to shut my
 mouth about Sonny Black, I stood up
 to the boss himself, that
 cocksucker--

(crossing himself)
 Rest in peace.

DONNIE
 Then what're you worried about?

LEFTY
 You know, Donnie, sometimes I think
 in that orphanage they dropped you
 on your fucking head.

DONNIE
 How'm'I supposed to know if you
 don't explain it to me?

LEFTY
 You think I don't know how a hit
 gets set up? What I know-- Twenty-
 six times I was on the other end of
 that fucking phone!

DONNIE
 You just got done saying Sonny
 Black's your friend.

LEFTY
I got sent for, Donnie. That's the
 way it is in Our Thing--you go in
 alive and you come out dead. Your
 best friend is the one that does it.
 Who do you think?

Lefty lights another cigarette.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. DAY. THE MOTION LOUNGE--GREENPOINT

36

They drive up Withers Street. Donnie pulls up to a three-story
 building--the Motion Lounge.

LEFTY
 Wait out here.
 (beat)
 Listen, anything happens to me, make
 sure Annette gets the car.

Lefty takes a last drag of his cigarette, exits. Donnie drums
 his fingers on the wheel. THINKS...

CUT TO:

37 INT. DAY. THE MOTION LOUNGE

37

Nicky and Boobie play gin. A BAR along one wall. PINBALL MACHINE in the corner, POOL TABLE in the back.

BOOBIE
(sings tunelessly)
"Love on the rocks, ain't no surprise."

NICKY
Lookit this hand--ming'! This ain't a hand. This's a deformed fucking Creature of the Black Lagoon fucking claw.

Lefty comes in the front door.

BOOBIE
Left.

NICKY
Left.

BOOBIE
"Love on the rocks, ain't no surprise."

Lefty sits down, NERVOUS. Something in their placid faces that tells him: this is how it happens.

CUT TO: *

37A INT./EXT. DAY. SAME TIME. CAR/MOTION LOUNGE

37A*

Donnie looks across the street at the Motion Lounge, thinking. He reaches forward and opens the glove compartment... takes out a SWITCH BLADE... slips it in his pocket. Exits the car, crosses the street to the Motion Lounge.

CUT TO: *

37B INT. DAY. SAME TIME. MOTION LOUNGE

37B*

Lefty gets up, lights a cigarette.

LEFTY
Where's Sonny?

NICKY
He went 'crossed'a street to get the action from Boots.

AT THE DOOR

37B CONTINUED:

37B

It's not Sonny. It's Donnie.

NICKY

Donnie.

BOOBIE

(with cards)

Gin.

(sings)

"Love on the rocks, ain't no
surprise."

Donnie sits. Lefty glares at him--ACCUSES him with his eyes. Who
told you to come in here?

LEFTY

It ain't no fucking surprise,
neither.

NICKY

Boobie, that ain't gin.

(CONTINUED)

37B CONTINUED: (2)

37B

BOOBIE
Fuggedaboudit. That's gin.

NICKY
You got two sevens.

Boobie takes a long look at his cards.

BOOBIE
I know I had three sevens.

NICKY
You know you had three sevens? You
don't have three sevens.

BOOBIE
I had three sevens, Nicky. *

NICKY
I'll tell you what. From now on we
play the honor system.

Lefty watches the front door as Sonny enters.

SONNY
That fucking Boots--two hundred in
action and we come out with a dime?
(to Lefty)
C'mon. Let's go take a ride. You
too, Donnie. Come on.

Sonny heads out the back door. Donnie and Lefty exchange a look,
follow him. Boobie throws down his cards in disgust.

BOOBIE
You wanna win on a technicality? I
ain't playing gin with you,
fuggedaboudit.

NICKY
Fuggedaboudit. I'm the only one
knows how to keep score.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

38

They all emerge from the back door. Parked in the alley:

A BRAND NEW MERCEDES

SONNY
Hey, Left, ride up front with me. *

CUT TO: *

39 INT. DAY. SONNY'S MERCEDES--BQE

39

Neil Diamond's "LOVE ON THE ROCKS" plays on the stereo of the Mercedes as Sonny drives on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, Lefty in the front seat, Boobie, Nicky and Donnie in back.

NICKY

Hey, Sonny, step on it. I got a date tonight out in Jersey.

SONNY

Which broad is this?

NICKY

From the calendar. Miss Pennzoil Air Filter of 1978.

Sonny and Boobie MIME holding two big BREASTS.

UNISON

Che menne!

NICKY

That's the one.

Lefty, NERVOUS, pulls down the sun visor. Looks at Boobie in the mirror. Boobie waves to him. Sonny catches this.

SONNY

What are you doing, there, Left?

LEFTY

Checking my lipstick.

Everyone laughs.

SONNY

Ah, Left--what'd I do without you?
What'd you do without Lefty, hah,
Donnie? You'd have to find yourself
a new goombah.

NICKY

That was something about the boss,
huh?

SONNY

We all gotta go sometime.

Lefty looks nervously at Boobie again. Donnie WATCHES this...Thinks: what to do?

CUT TO:

40 EXT. DAY. KENNEDY AIRPORT

40

They walk from the parked Mercedes toward a FREIGHT HANGAR. The scene is otherwise DESERTED. Lefty NERVOUS, lights a cigarette. Planes periodically ROAR overhead.

LEFTY

Sonny, what is this? We glomming something?

Lefty heads toward the hangar, followed by Sonny. Donnie moves to follow. Boobie stops him.

BOOBIE

What's wrong with you? Just stay here and watch the fucking car.

Donnie stops. Watches as Boobie and Nicky follow Sonny and Lefty, disappear around the corner of the hangar...

DONNIE

(mutters)

God damn it.

ANGLE ON--LEFTY

As he approaches the hangar, surrounded by the others...

SONNY

After you.

41 INT. DAY. AIRPORT HANGAR

41

Lefty opens the door, walks into the DARKNESS...A terrifying SILENCE...Then:

A LION ROARS

Sonny switches on the lights. A pale and shaken Lefty looks at a LION CUB as it GROWLS.

LEFTY

Christ. I think I shit my pants.

SONNY

It was supposed to go to some animal dealer. Fuck him.

NICKY

Look, Left, he likes you.

The lion ROARS again.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SONNY

That's for you, Left. Now that I got
the power you're under me. *

LEFTY

Whaddayou mean, you got the power?

NICKY

Sonny got upped.

SONNY

Rusty's gonna run it from the can.
The power in Little Italy's with
Sonny Red. I got Brooklyn.

LEFTY

That's why I got sent for? *

SONNY

Yeah, why? Whaddayou think, you was
gonna get whacked?

NICKY

Lefty thought he's gonna get
whacked!

Gales of LAUGHTER from the guys.

SONNY

How come, that money you owe Sonny
Red? Don't worry, chooch. Now you
owe it to me.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. DAY. AIRPORT HANGAR

42

Donnie waits, powerless, by the Mercedes. Then looks up and sees
Sonny, Nicky and Boobie as they emerge around the corner.
Followed by Lefty, leading the Lion on a leash.

CUT TO:

43 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S FLEETWOOD

43

Donnie drives. Lefty, FUMING, smokes a cigarette. The Lion
growls, ROARS. Then ROARS again.

LEFTY

(to Lion)

Okay, shaddup already!

(to Donnie)

Pull over here.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. NIGHT. BURGER KORNER 44*

Donnie and Lefty pull up. They leave the lion in the car and enter the diner.

45 INT. NIGHT. BURGER KORNER 45*

A SIGN: 'Home of the Square Hamburger'. Donnie and Lefty order at the counter.

LEFTY
Give me forty.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. NIGHT. BURGER KORNER 46*

Donnie and Lefty lean against the parked Cadillac with SACKS of hamburgers. They open up each hamburger, take the meat out and toss it to the Lion.

LEFTY
...Sonny Black they make a skipper.
I ain't a mutt--thirty years busting
my hump, for what? A lion. I'm like
the invisible fucking man in This
Thing.

DONNIE
You know, Left, not for nothing, but
five hours ago you thought you's
gonna get whacked.

LEFTY
Donnie--did I say I was gonna get
whacked?

DONNIE
Not in so many words...

LEFTY
I don't understand you, Donnie. How
many words does it take?

DONNIE
You're right. I misunderstood.

They toss the burgers without saying anything.

LEFTY
Thirty years I've been earning.
There ever was work to be done--call
Lefty--I never complained. Twenty-
six guys I clipped. But do I get
upped? They passed me by. Sonny
Black gets upped. I don't get
fucking upped.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

DONNIE

Who knows, Left? Maybe Sonny was in on whacking the boss.

*
*

LEFTY

Of course he was in on whacking the boss!

(mutters)

Whacking the boss. Another thing I get left out of.

DONNIE

It's a big bureaucracy. Just like any other bureaucracy.

*

LEFTY

It's not like a fucking bureaucracy. A bureaucracy? Why do you call it a bureaucracy?

DONNIE

I'm saying they don't appreciate you.

LEFTY

What do you mean, they don't appreciate me? You think they appreciate you?

DONNIE

I'm taking your side, Left.

LEFTY

You're on my side because I let you. Don't get on your high horses, Donnie.

They toss the burgers to the Lion.

LEFTY

I'll tell you, I wish I had that boat again. That Bertram? One day I'd just drive down to the pier with Annette, get on that boat, and just go. North, South, East or West. And nobody'd ever find me.

*

DONNIE

Look, Left, I'm sorry what I said about the bureaucracy. I was out of line.

LEFTY

It ain't a bureaucracy, Donnie. It's got all of its things, the same things like a bureaucracy, but it ain't a bureaucracy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

LEFTY (cont'd)

(beat)

I just don't move up.

They toss burgers to the Lion, the snow and the building lit
white against the murk of Queens.

CUT TO:

- 47 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS 47
- AN ORGANIZATIONAL CHART
- as Curley moves a MUG SHOT of Lefty under the name, BENJAMIN "LEFTY" RUGGIERO, into its place underneath Sonny Black.
- CLOSE ON--THE MUG SHOT
- As a PUSH PIN moves toward it...The bony POP! of the puncture as the pin sticks Lefty to the wall...
- WIDER
- One branch runs from Sonny Black down to Lefty, Boobie, Nicky and others...Another branch runs down from SONNY RED to Bruno and others...MUG SHOTS of Philly Lucky and Big Trin atop their crews...A Bonanno FAMILY TREE.
- CUT TO:
- MONTAGE
- 48 EXT. NIGHT. TRUCK DEPOT AND BRIDGE 48
- Five armed men in SKI MASKS hijack a truck underneath the Manhattan Bridge, to Sister Sledge's "WE ARE FAMILY"...The largest among them (Sonny) brutally PISTOL WHIPS the truck driver... They whip off their masks--it's Sonny, Lefty, Boobie, Nicky...And Donnie...
- 49 INT. DAY. KATZ'S DELI 49
- Donnie at Katz's Deli...Curley hands him a TAPE RECORDER and he sticks it in his boot. *
- 50 INT. NIGHT. MOTION LOUNGE 50
- On a SATURDAY NIGHT, the guys "hair dance" with their girlfriends while SISTER SLEDGE--the actual Sister Sledge--performs in the Motion Lounge...Donnie ARM-WRESTLES with Sonny in front of a cheering crowd of guys and girls at the Motion Lounge...They struggle, eyeball to eyeball...Then Donnie puts him down...
- 51 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT 51
- Donnie back at his monastic apartment, lifts weights and notes his progress on a chart...
- 52 INT./EXT. DAY. GARMENT CENTER LOADING DOCK AND STREET 52*
- A GARMENT-CENTER MANAGER, sits with his mouth sealed with gaffer's tape, tied to a chair...Our guys load RACKS OF CLOTHING into vans...Nicky tries on a SPORT JACKET in the mirror and Sonny cuffs him in the head.

53 INT. DAY. KATZ'S DELI 53

Donnie meets with Curley at Katz's Deli. Takes the tape recorder out of his boot, pulls out an AUDIO CASSETTE, hands it to Curley...

54 EXT. DUSK. 59TH STREET BRIDGE 54*

The CADILLACS convoy behind Sonny's Mercedes over the 59th Street Bridge at night...

55 INT. NIGHT. MANHATTAN DISCO 55

Sonny and his entourage sit at RINGSIDE TABLES at a Manhattan DISCO... Suddenly the MAITRE D' enters and, with copious insincerity, apologizes for moving them to another table. Sonny Black turns and sees SONNY RED with Philly Lucky, Big Trin, Bruno and a large group, toting bottles of Dom Perignon as they occupy the ringside tables... Sonny Red and Sonny Black exchange a look.

CUT TO:

56 INT. DAY. KATZ'S DELI 56

Donnie is perplexed to find Curley sitting with DEAN BLANDFORD, 40s, a Mormon with a fatherly manner. *

DONNIE
Hey, Curley.

CURLEY
Hey, how's it going? This is Dean Blandford. He's up from Washington.

BLANDFORD
Joe.

DONNIE
Donnie. Call me Donnie. I don't want to get confused.

BLANDFORD
I know how it is, Bud, you get so busy sometimes, I forget my own name.

CURLEY
Dean's up from Washington.

DONNIE
Yeah, you said that.

BLANDFORD
Now that the operation is starting to bear fruit, headquarters decided to transfer me up to Sin City here--

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE
To keep an eye on me?

BLANDFORD
--to make sure you receive the
proper support.
(beat)
And to make sure--in all the hubbub--
-there's no missed opportunities.

DONNIE
What do you mean, "missed
opportunities"?

BLANDFORD
Well--for example--we have an agent
down in Miami under the name "Richie
Gazzo." We thought if you went down
there and vouched for him it could
help jump-start the operation.

DONNIE
What's this guy need me to vouch for
him for?

BLANDFORD
Gee, I was hoping we could get off
on the right foot here.

CURLEY
What's the big deal? You go down and
vouch for the guy. Sit in the sun
for a week.

DONNIE
I vouch for this guy I could end up
dead.

BLANDFORD
So could he.
(beat)
You're not the only one risking your
life out there, Bud.

Donnie thinks a beat.

DONNIE
I'll figure something out.

CUT TO:

A LION IN WINTER. Boobie in his overcoat, the Lion on its leash,
their breath visible in the cold. The Lion stops, sniffs at an
AUTOMOBILE. Lifts a leg...

57 CONTINUED:

57

PEES ON THE TIRE

Boobie, embarrassed, looks around. NEIGHBORS watch from windows--some amused, some disapproving. The Lion moves on to the next car. Sniffs. Pees on the tire. And then on to the next...

SONNY'S MERCEDES

The Lion sniffs. Boobie tugs on the leash. The Lion resists, sniffs some more. Boobie tugs harder. The Lion lifts its leg...Boobie YANKS on the leash--the Lion ROARS. Boobie DRAGS the Lion into the Motion Lounge...

CUT TO:

58 INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

58

A METALLIC BANG

as Lefty WHACKS at a stolen PARKING METER with a hammer. Sonny sits with Donnie, Nicky, and the twenty other WISEGUYS in the crew--all poring over little spiral NOTEBOOKS. Like a BOARD MEETING of the Sonny Black Corporation, punctuated by ROARS from the Lion, downstairs in the basement.

WISEGUY #1

...I got a guy's gonna middle that load of the Sergio Valentés.

BOOBIE

We got the Quaaludes with that guy--making 'em for us...

WISEGUY #2

Whaddawe go with that? I think I got a guy I can off that to.

BOOBIE

Sixty cents apiece. I think it's sixty.

NICKY

You give two or three of those to a broad, fuggedaboutit. She'll do anything you want.

BOOBIE

You think if I give three Quaaludes to Brenda, she'll cook?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

WISEGUY #2 reports, post-laryngectomy, with a BUZZER held to his throat.

WISEGUY #2
A dime on the vig.

He hands Sonny a wad of one hundred hundred dollar bills in a rubber band. Sonny shoves it in his pocket.

SONNY
Whaddayou got on the street?

WISEGUY #2
A hundred.

SONNY
By the end of the year, I want that to be two-fifty.

Sonny jots it down. Lefty WHACKS at the meter.

SONNY
Will you stop it with that?

LEFTY
How else I'm gonna open it? Open sesame?

SONNY
What are you gonna get out of that, Left? Fifty scoot? *

LEFTY
Ain't the question. A score's a score.

SONNY
Managgia...Sonny Red's got a million a week just with that trucking company of his in Jersey--I got fifty scoot. *

Nicky gets up, smokes a cigarette.

NICKY
You know what? We should hijack an oil tanker. Lotta money in oil.

SONNY
Pirates of the fucking Caribbean.

NICKY
I'm saying look at how rich the Arabs are getting.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

A guy I know down in Florida, he
says it's wide open down there.

Lefty BANGS at the meter...Gives Donnie a look that says: SHUT
UP.

SONNY

Where Florida?

DONNIE

The Beach.

NICKY

All the economy's moving down there.
They call it the Sunbelt.

BOOBIE

The economy gotta be good for there
to be good moneymaking for crooks.

LEFTY

Florida got their own wiseguys, for
your information.

NICKY

Florida and Arizona. Because of the
energy crisis. They had a whole
conversation on The Long John Knebel
Show.

BOOBIE

Up here it's three thousand wiseguys
all chasing the same nickel.

Something has clicked with Sonny...

SONNY

(to Donnie)

You're from there, Florida, right?

Lefty BANGS the parking meter again.

NICKY

Lotta parking meters down in
Florida.

LAUGHTER all around. Till Sonny EXPLODES. In a RAGE, he
overturns the card table.

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

SONNY

You think this is a fucking joke?
Hah?

(slaps Nicky)

I'm the skipper. I gotta answer now.
Fifty grand a month I gotta kick up
to Rusty--every month! Ah, managgia,
one day I'm gonna die, and I'm gonna
be in this same fucking room, with
these same fucking guys, talking
about these same fucking scams that
never amount to anything, and that's
how I'll know I got fucking sent to
Hell.

*
*

Sonny STORMS out. The guys sit, look at each other. Some dazed.
Some CALCULATING. Nicky, humiliated, lights another cigarette.
Boobie turns to the others:

BOOBIE

We better start earning or
somebody's gonna get clipped.

Then Sonny RETURNS. Pale and shaken.

SONNY

I can't even imagine it. What kind
of people--in broad fucking
daylight--what kind of a world--

NICKY

What happened?

SONNY

They stole the Mercedes.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

59

The guys file out. STARE at the EMPTY SPACE where the Mercedes
used to be.

CUT TO:

60 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S CADILLAC

60

Donnie drives. Lefty smokes.

LEFTY

Donnie--why'd you inject that,
Donnie, with Florida?

DONNIE

I didn't inject nothing, Left.

(CONTINUED)

LEFTY

You injected that. Don't tell me no. I know you, Donnie. You don't say nothing unless there's a reason for it. Who's this fucking guy in Florida?

DONNIE

Richie? He's just a guy I used to know down there.

LEFTY

You vouch for this guy?

DONNIE

I was just bullshitting around, Left.

LEFTY

You think Sonny Black was just bullshitting around?

DONNIE

He wasn't?

LEFTY

Listen to me, Donnie. I swear on--I don't know which to swear on, my dead father, my mother, who I love, my children--I swear to you, something's going on that you don't know about.

DONNIE

I know.

LEFTY

(angry)

You know? That's the problem is, you don't know. You think you can trust Sonny Black? You can't trust Sonny Black. Sonny Black is one big fat fucking snake in the...uh...

DONNIE

Snake in the grass.

LEFTY

You can't say that, Donnie. Sonny Black is the skipper. You don't open your mouth about him.

DONNIE

Left, I was just making conversation.

LEFTY

What happens now, Mr. Smart
Conversation? What happens when
Sonny Black wants to go to Florida?

DONNIE

Who said he's going to Florida?

LEFTY

Donnie--don't think you got the wood
over my eyes. I watch you siding up
to Sonny Black.

DONNIE

I ain't siding up to him.

LEFTY

I got two grenades at home--I'd blow
up all Mulberry Street before I'd
give you up. I don't know what I'd
do, you did something wrong.

DONNIE

I ain't gonna do nothing wrong. *

LEFTY

Listen to me--ain't nobody gonna
give you a pass no more. He goes to
Florida, you're responsible. And I'm
responsible 'cause I represent you.

DONNIE

Richie called me up, he's getting
hassled by some half-assed wiseguys.
He needs a partner who can give him
peace of mind. He has a nightclub
down there.

LEFTY

A nightclub?

DONNIE

Like a singles bar. Right near the
beach.

LEFTY

That's all you care about, Donnie.
Broads and getting the wrinkles out
of your stomach.

DONNIE

You know where we're going to eat?

LEFTY

Do I know? Some fucking joint Nicky
picked.

(resuming)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

LEFTY (cont'd)
(resuming)
I die wit'cha, you understand? You
walk on a chalk line from now on.

CUT TO:

61 INT. NIGHT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT

61

A Japanese MAITRE D' greets them at the door.

MAITRE D'
Good evening. Please step this way.

He ushers them inside. Donnie lets the others go before him.
Something on his mind...

NICKY
My wife says it's very in, Japanese.
She read about it in Parade
magazine. Very big now.

LEFTY
I never ate this. What kind of food
is this?

The Maitre d' stops them, smiles.

MAITRE D'
Please to remove your shoes.

DONNIE'S COWBOY BOOT

with the Nagra in it. The Maitre d' waiting for Donnie's shoes,
GESTURES...Donnie thinking fast...

DONNIE
Get a load of this guy.
(to Maitre d')
How about you take off your pants?

Nicky sits down. Takes off his shoes.

MAITRE D'
I'm afraid is necessary.

DONNIE
I ain't gonna.

NICKY
Hey, Donnie. When in Rome.

DONNIE
Hey Nicky, who won the fucking war?

SONNY
What the fuck, Donnie, you gonna
fight the war all over again?
C'mon, take off your fucking shoes.

DONNIE
I ain't gonna.

61 CONTINUED:

61

LEFTY

Donnie--

*
*

SONNY

I'm hungry and I ain't in the mood.
Take off your fucking shoes or I'm
gonna chop off your fucking feet.

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

DONNIE

Hey, Sonny, this Jap's gonna tell me what to do? I hadda grow up in a fucking orphanage because my Daddy died in Okinawa defending our country. I never even seen his grave.

*
*
*
*
*
*

This affects everyone as if they'd just heard taps.

*

SONNY

He ain't taking his shoes off. Okay, Mr. Moto?

MAITRE D'

I'm afraid is necessary.
(off Sonny's look)
I'm afraid is necessary.

SONNY BLOWS

*

Up like a tackle exploding off the line. GRABS the Maitre d' and RAMS him through the doors of the MEN'S ROOM...

CUT TO:

62 INT. NIGHT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT--MEN'S ROOM

62

Sonny BANGS on the Maitre d', Donnie right behind him. They overwhelm the Maitre d' as the others SWARM inside.

*

FISTS AND KICKS

crunch down on the Maitre d'. Donnie in with them--EXCITED by the fray, the adrenaline RUSH. The Maitre d' SCREAMS. Lefty moves to the door, leans against it. Nicky takes

A ROLL OF QUARTERS

out of his jacket. PUNCHES hard across the Maitre d's brow. Blood TORRENTS from the gash, pours down into the Maitre d's eyes. But he won't go down. Swinging wildly...

BOOBIE SLIPS ON THE BLOOD

And falls into the puddle...Sees the STAINS on his slacks. In a RAGE now...

BOOBIE

Cocksucker.

Boobie grabs a GARBAGE CAN, swings it at the Maitre d'. Again and again. Till the Maitre d' COLLAPSES. The guys KICK at him...Until, WINDED, they pull away.

62 CONTINUED:

62

Donnie looks at the Maitre d', splayed UNCONSCIOUS in the puddle of blood, groaning...Winded by the exertion...APPALLED by his part in the bloodshed.

CUT TO:

63 INT. NIGHT. RESTAURANT--CHINATOWN

63

A Cantonese dive: "SAD EYES" plays on the JUKEBOX. *

CLOSE ON--DONNIE

As he gnaws a spare rib and the guys bullshit over their Chinese food...

SONNY

...Broad daylight. I still can't get over it. You have to ask yourself, what kind of people? A man's private property, they take it right off the street. *

BOOBIE

(to Nicky)

How many times I gotta tell you, Nicky, you never hit a guy in the head. The head bleeds like a motherfucker. *

NICKY

I'm sorry. *

BOOBIE

"I'm sorry." Goddamn Brioni suit. *

MOVING TIGHTER

On Donnie...A consummate performance that belies the emotions roiling inside him...

SONNY

I don't know what the world's coming to. I honestly don't. *

LEFTY

Fuggedaboutit, Sonny. The whole society's going down the tubes. *

NICKY

Boobie, why don't you try club soda? Sometimes that gets the stain out. *

SONNY

We never had none of these problems with Nixon. *

63 CONTINUED:

63

LEFTY

Nixon, fuggedaboutit, Nixon. That's
a different story. We had respect
all over the world. And there was
law and order in the streets.

*
*
*
*
*

SONNY

It's too bad he wasn't Sicilian,
Nixon. He would've made a great Don.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

64 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT

64

Donnie, exhausted, sits on his monastic cot. Pulls off one COWBOY BOOT. Then pulls off the other. Reaches inside for

A NAGRA TAPE RECORDER

About twice the size of a deck of cards. Pulls out the CASSETTE, rewinds it in a TAPE DECK. Then presses "PLAY".

CLOSE ON--DONNIE

As he replays the violence, the SCREAMS of the Maitre d', the CURSES of the guys, the loud THUD of his own boot...He reflects on the explosion of violence...

He stops the tape, pulls it out. Rips the tape out of the cassette. Burns it in a pan on his stove...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

"Y.M.C.A." by the Village People plays over:

65 EXT. DAY. MIAMI

65

A sign: WELCOME TO FLORIDA.

66 INT. DAY. MIAMI AIRPORT

66

The guys arrive at the Miami airport--Sonny and Judy, Nicky and Boobie with GIRLFRIENDS, and Donnie and Lefty. NOT Annette.

- 67 EXT. DAY. MIAMI TENNIS COURT 67
Dressed in gym shorts, black socks and street shoes, the guys HACK enthusiastically on the TENNIS COURT.
- 68 EXT. DAY. MIAMI SWIMMING POOL 68
Slathered with oil, holding REFLECTORS, the guys BAKE in the sun by the POOL. Boobie has two DOVES tattooed on his chest. On lounges nearby, the girls suntan together.
- 69 EXT. DAY. MIAMI WATERPARK 69
WATER SLIDES. The guys come down--on their bellies, on their backs, making "trains" locking hands and ankles--landing with a SPLASH in a big pool.
- 70 EXT. DAY. MIAMI THEMEPARK 70
A cuddly FUN FIGURE gives Lefty a hug at a THEME PARK. Nicky snaps a picture...
- 71 EXT. DAY. MIAMI BEACH 71*
The guys bury Lefty in the sand while he sleeps under an umbrella, an empty wine glass at his side... *
- 72 EXT. DAY. MIAMI DOGTRACK 72
--The DOG TRACK. Our guys cheer on the GREYHOUNDS. Down to the wire. The pack RUNS OVER US and we
- CUT TO:
- 73 EXT. DAY. PISTONE HOME--NEW JERSEY 73
A thick blanket of SNOW on the ground. Maggie shovels the STATION WAGON from out of a snowbank. She SNEEZES. The sound of the phone as it RINGS inside. She plants the shovel in a snowbank with a THUNK! Goes inside. The slam of the door starts an AVALANCHE from the roof...
- CUT TO:
- 74 EXT. DAY. THE TAHITIAN MOTEL 74
In an alcove near poolside. Donnie talks on a PAY PHONE.
- DONNIE
(to phone)
...I'm in Florida.
- MAGGIE (O.C.)
What are you doing in Florida?

DONNIE
What do you think I'm doing? I'm working.

MAGGIE (O.C.)
It's twelve degrees here.

GIRLS IN BIKINIS

Crisscross in the foreground, revealing Sonny with the New York papers, Boobie, and Nicky on chaises by the pool. Lefty sits with a spritzer in his "cabana set".

SONNY
Lookit this-- John Wayne died. How could John Wayne die?

LEFTY
The fucking Indians got him.

Lefty gets up, exits. Judy brings Sonny a drink.

CROSSCUTTING TO:

Maggie in the kitchen, cradles the phone in her shoulder, amidst the chaos of getting the girls ready for school.

MAGGIE
Sherry, put that coat on. You get back here, little lady.

SHERRY
(sotto)
Bitch.

MAGGIE
What'd you say?

DONNIE (O.C.)
Is everything okay?

MAGGIE
What if I said no, Joe. Would it make any difference?

DONNIE
No, I guess not.

MAGGIE
Then don't ask.
(Terry sneezes)
Oh, Terry, let me find you a Kleenex.

CROSSCUTTING TO:

76 EXT. DAY. TAHITIAN MOTEL

76

Donnie on the pay phone.

DONNIE
Where's Kerry? I wanna talk to her
about the Communion.

MAGGIE (O.C.)
She doesn't want to do it.

DONNIE
What do you mean, she doesn't want
to do it? It's not up to her.

MAGGIE (O.C.)
She's just acting out.

Sounds of Sherry and Terry fighting...

DONNIE
Maggie, I gotta talk to her.
Sunday's right around the corner. I
don't know when I'm gonna have
another chance to--
(beat)
Does she know at least to don't bite
the wafer?

MAGGIE (O.C.)
I gotta go.

DONNIE
Okay. 'Bye.

Donnie moves to hang up. Remembers. Lifts the phone...

DONNIE
I love you.

...Into a DIAL TONE. He hangs up as Lefty approaches.

LEFTY
Was that Richie?

DONNIE
What'd Sonny say?

LEFTY
You told Sonny about the club?

DONNIE
I thought you did.

76 CONTINUED:

76

LEFTY
Just keep your mouth shut and call
Richie.
(beat)
I wanna go see that club.

While Donnie dials, Lefty looks furtively at Sonny.

ANGLE ON--SONNY

Reading the paper as Boobie gets up, stretches...

SONNY
John Wayne dead. A legendary figure
in the history of this country. *

ZZZZH! ZZZZH!

FREEZE FRAMES in black and white, to the sounds of an
autowinder. *

BOOBIE
We all gotta go sometime.

...Then Boobie DIVES in the pool...As the water splashes up from
his dive...

ZZZZH! and FREEZE FRAME.

ANGLE ON--SONNY

As he watches Lefty and Donnie exit down the breezeway.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. DAY. KING'S COURT

77

A NIGHTCLUB on the highway, with palm trees in front and six
tennis courts in back. Donnie's rented Cadillac parked out
front. Supered below:

"KING'S COURT." MIAMI, FLORIDA.
1980.

CLOSER

Donnie waits with Lefty in the hot sun. Lefty smokes, kicks
irritably at the stones on the parking lot. Looks at his watch.

LEFTY
Donnie, it's a half hour. Where is
this guy?

77 CONTINUED:

77

DONNIE

I don't know, Left.

Donnie looks at his watch. Then a purple TRANS AM with a flaming eagle on the hood pulls up. RICHIE GAZZO, 40s, a vibrantly suntanned undercover FBI agent, emerges. His open Hawaiian shirt reveals a brace of gold chains.

GAZZO

Hey, Don--you brought the cavalry!
(with handshake)
Richie Gazzo!

Gazzo offers his hand, but Lefty just stares at him. Fumbles in his pockets for his keys as he blusters toward the door...

GAZZO

Oops... I'm late, I'm late, I'm late...

(turns)

I guess you guys got a chance to work on your suntans out here, hah?

They are not amused.

CUT TO:

78 INT. DAY. KING'S COURT

78

A cobwebbed space with the power turned off. Gazzo opens the drapes and notes of dust dance in the sunlight that pokes through the windows. Gazzo finds a FLASHLIGHT behind the bar.

GAZZO

...King's Court. Every man a king.
Wait'll you see the banquet room,
you'll plotz.

LEFTY

Donnie--ask him why it's such a dump, Donnie.

DONNIE

What the hell happened, Richie?

GAZZO

I hadda shut the doors. The way these bums had their hands in my pockets... Two hundred bucks for this, three hundred bucks for that--ha! I got a wife for that!

LEFTY

Get him out of here, Donnie.

DONNIE

Step outside a second, Richie.

They exchange a look. Gazzo shrugs. Exits.

ANGLE ON--LEFTY

As he takes Donnie aside.

LEFTY

What kind of man has a male voglia,
he don't want to provide for his
wife?

DONNIE

What, Richie? He's okay.

LEFTY

You vouch for him?

DONNIE

I knew him a while ago, he was okay
then.

LEFTY

You vouch for this guy, Donnie?

DONNIE

All I'm doing is making the
introduction. You make the decision.

Lefty thinks a beat. Looks at Gazzo through the windows as he
smokes a cigarette outside. Then runs his hands over the
leatherette as he wanders, muses...

LEFTY

It'd be something, you know--if we
had my own lounge down here--me and
you?

DONNIE

What about Sonny?

LEFTY

Donnie--Sonny's down here for vacation. He ain't once got out of that chaise lounge, it's like he's in traction.

DONNIE

But I thought he said he wanted to get some deals going.

LEFTY

Can you imagine if Sonny tried to operate down here, the way he is-- put a bullet in a china shop? I know Sonny, Donnie. Sonny belongs in Brooklyn.

DONNIE

I guess once we get it going we can kick some fazools up to him.

LEFTY

Hah?

(musing)

Thirty years busting my hump--even a dog has a warm piece of the sidewalk. I oughtta have something to show for myself, don't you think, Donnie? This ain't New York down here, you know, with all the politics. The beefs. The grudges. Down here a guy like me could sit down with the boss. Get out from under--be a free agent for a change.

(beat)

I'm telling you, Donnie--nothing but nothing but right.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. NIGHT. MOTEL--PARKING LOT

79

The parking lot of a motel. A rented CADILLAC pulls in. A man gets out.

IT'S DONNIE

He looks around. Disappears furtively into the motel.

79 CONTINUED:

79

A MINUTE passes. The bay laps against the shore. Chirping birds and palm-rustle, the noise of cars sweeping down the highway. Then another rented CADILLAC pulls up

IT'S NICKY

He looks around. Disappears inside.

CUT TO:

80 INT. NIGHT. MOTEL--SAFE HOUSE

80

HEADQUARTERS for the Florida operation--a setup both elaborate and government-shabby. Donnie sits on a stool, like a prizefighter, as FBI #1 removes his WIRE... Blandford, Curley, Gazzo, and other FBI AGENTS and US ATTORNEYS...TECHNICIANS listen to WIRETAPS with HEADPHONES...

DONNIE

...Lefty wants to ask Santo Trafficante for permission to operate down here. You guys have to get me a boat.

BLANDFORD

We can't spend that kind of money. What kind of a boat?

DONNIE

Like the Bertram he used to have. Like a seventy foot boat. He wants to take him out for the day.

BLANDFORD

Joe--that's got to be ten thousand dollars a day.

DONNIE

Santo Trafficante is the boss of all of Florida! He sits on The Commission!

CURLEY

A seventy foot boat?

TECHNICIAN #1

It's up to eighty.

(explaining)

We just picked up Lefty on a wiretap talking to one of Trafficante's guys.

(CONTINUED)

US ATTORNEY #1 approaches Donnie with a legal document...

US ATTORNEY #1
We just have a few things we'd like
to go over. To make the loansharking
indictment--

TECHNICIAN #1
(with headphones)
...Eighty-five...

FBI #1
You want some coffee, Joe?

DONNIE
Donnie. Call me Donnie. I don't
wanna get confused.

TECHNICIAN #1
(with headphones)
...Ninety...

DONNIE
What am I supposed to do--take Santo
Trafficante out in a rubber fucking
duckie?

BLANDFORD
(humorously)
We're gonna have to wash your mouth
out, Bud.

The phone RINGS. Curley picks up, covers the receiver.

CURLEY
Does Sally Paintglass report to
Nicky or Nicky Cigars?

Donnie rubs his head with his hands.

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

DONNIE
Nicky Glasses.

*
*

CURLEY
Nicky Glasses?
(to phone)
Nicky Glasses.

*
*
*
*

FBI #1
(with coffee)
You're doing great, champ.

US ATTORNEY #2
As I was saying, we're trying to
fold Sonny into the RICO but--

*

DONNIE
I need a fucking boat for this
fucking sitdown.

*
*

BLANDFORD
(not humorously)
I'm a Mormon, mister. Now clean it
up.

80 CONTINUED: (3)

80

Technician #1 listens to a tape, his brow furrowed.

TECHNICIAN #2
Joe, uh...I think there's a
malfunction on the tape recorder. *

Donnie walks over to Technician #2.

DONNIE
What?

TECHNICIAN #2
I'm not getting anything.

Donnie takes the tape recorder. Then he HURLS it into the wall. *
BANG! It springs open, broken. Then he storms into the bathroom, *
SLAMS the door. Curley takes Blandford aside.

CURLEY
I'm worried. I think he's getting
strung out. *

BLANDFORD
We're getting what we want. Fuck
him.

CUT TO:

81 INT. NIGHT. MOTEL ROOM

81

A plastic bag full of white powder--a kilo of COCAINE. Thrown on
the bed. Next to it: a brown paper bag, OPENED--stacks of
HUNDREDS, tied with rubber bands. HANDS riffle the bills...

WIDER

Nicky stands in the room with two COLOMBIANS. Takes the cocaine,
sticks it in a CARRY-ON BAG.

NICKY
Okay, caballeros. Nice to do
business with you.

He exits. The Colombians shrug, pack up the money.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. NIGHT. MOTEL--PARKING LOT

82

The bay laps against the shore. Chirping bugs and palm-rustle. A car pulls into the parking lot. Nicky strolls with the carry-on bag, tosses it in the trunk of his car...

NICKY

(sings)

"Colombia, the gem of the ocean. The home of the brave and the free..."

He starts the car, drives toward the exit...A Cadillac coming the opposite way. Nicky looks.

IT'S DONNIE

Donnie looks.

IT'S NICKY

As Donnie drives, he thinks: did he see me?

DONNIE

Fuck.

And as Nicky drives, he thinks: did he see me?

NICKY

Fuck.

CUT TO:

83 OMIT

83

84 EXT. DAY. TAHITIAN

84

Sonny, Lefty, Donnie, Nicky and Boobie sit out by the pool with drinks, Donnie immersed in his newspaper.

SONNY

...If you took my blood pressure right now, it'd be down one hundred percent.

LEFTY

Rusty's locked up in the can with his fucking sinuses and he finds out you're down in Florida?

84 CONTINUED:

84

SONNY

I don't punch a clock for Rusty.
(resuming)
...You can live your life like a man
down here.

LEFTY

Fuggedaboutit, Sonny. By tomorrow
you'll be crying you miss the New
York bread.

NICKY

New York bread is like cake.

SONNY

What do you think, Left--I'm on
vacation down here?

CLOSE ON--DONNIE

As he registers this...Placidly turns the page...

LEFTY

Two weeks you been wearing that same
fucking shirt, you gavone.

SONNY

I ain't in no rush to get back to
New York.

LEFTY

You wear that shirt one more day,
it's gonna go back to New York on
its own.

SONNY

Enough.

LEFTY

No wonder we can't get service in
this joint. They think it's Joe
Batchagaloo in that shirt.

Sonny looks at Lefty. Folds up his newspaper.

SONNY

Hey, Donnie, let's go take a walk. I
wanna get a candy bar.

Sonny and Donnie walk off in their flip-flops.

LEFTY

What are we supposed to call him
now--Sonny Florida?

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

NICKY

Watch out, you're gonna put him on the warpath.

LEFTY

That shirt is like the shirt the barber gives you to put over your shirt.

ANGLE ON--SONNY

As he enters the alcove with Donnie and hears the three of them LAUGH.

CUT TO:

85 INT./EXT. DAY. TAHITIAN--HALLWAY

85

Sonny and Donnie walk on the Astroturf toward the vending machine in the hall.

SONNY

I want to know what you're up to.

DONNIE

Whaddaya mean?

SONNY

Yesterday.

DONNIE

Last night?

SONNY

What were you doing last night?

DONNIE

I'm saying, when yesterday?

SONNY

Don't fuck around with me, Donnie. Yesterday fucking afternoon.

DONNIE

Nothing.

SONNY

How come Lefty's got such a hard-on to send me back to New York?

DONNIE

He's just busting your balls, Sonny.

SONNY

I want to know what you got going down here.

85 CONTINUED:

85

They look at each other. A SENIOR CITIZEN emerges from a nearby room in a pink terrycloth robe, squeezes by them. *

SENIOR CITIZEN

Excuse me.

Sonny watches as she disappears around the corner. Then turns again to Donnie.

DONNIE

I don't understand, Sonny--you wanna know about every half-assed scam that don't amount to nothing?

SONNY

I wanna know.

DONNIE

Look, I know you're the skipper and I'm nobody, but I'm sorry--I ain't gonna do that to Lefty. *

Sonny EXPLODES, thumps his finger into Donnie's chest.

SONNY

Let me tell you something, I eat your balls for breakfast! Life and death --every fucking one of you-- it's my say-so! My say-so! *

Sonny and Donnie look at each other. Then abruptly, Sonny turns and exits. Donnie watches as Sonny heads down the hall alone.

CUT TO:

86 OMIT

86

87 OMIT

87

88 OMIT 88*

88A INT. DAY. STATIONERY STORE 88A*

Lefty and Donnie walk up the aisles of GREETING CARDS. *

LEFTY *

...Santo Trafficante, he's been *

around since the Moustache Petes. *

You gotta respect the man. *

(beat) *

You get that boat yet, Donnie? *

DONNIE *

I'm working on it. *

LEFTY *

You get that boat! I reached out *

already--his man said to me, "Lefty, *

he loves boats"! I told him a *

hundred foot boat! I'm on the *

fucking clothesline now! *

DONNIE *

I told you, I'm working on it. *

LEFTY *

Don't you disappoint me again, *

Donnie. *

DONNIE *

Since when did I disappoint you? *

Lefty scowls, then smiles as he finds what he's looking for. *

Pulls a GREETING CARD out of the rack... *

INSERT--THE CARD *

"FROM ONE FRIEND TO ANOTHER", with a saccharine picture of *

sailboats at sunset. *

LEFTY *

You see that? That's like what we *

call each other. *

DONNIE *

Sure. "A friend of mine, a friend of *

ours." *

LEFTY *

There's a double meaning. A boss *

appreciates a thing like that. *

DONNIE *

You mean the irony of it? *

(CONTINUED)

88A CONTINUED:

88A

LEFTY

Irony? Fuggedaboutit. You put a
beaner inside, he knows these are
men of men.

They resume strolling down the aisle.

LEFTY

(continuing)

You know, if I'm gonna think out the
strategy like this, Donnie, you
gotta hold up your end.

DONNIE

A girl I used to know down here, I
think her brother has a boat.

LEFTY

Get that boat, Donnie.

(beat)

Stay away from the girl.

CUT TO:

88B INT. NIGHT. MOTEL--SAFE HOUSE

88B*

Donnie goes over tapes with Technician #1 and Technician #2. He
slumps deeper. Closes his eyes. Rolls the cold Coke across his
forehead.

TECHNICIAN #1

You're doing an amazing job, you
know.

Donnie opens his eyes.

DONNIE

What?

TECHNICIAN #1

I mean, we all think so.

Donnie and Technician #1 exchange a look. Then Technician #2
pulls off his headphones, turns to Donnie.

TECHNICIAN #2

Can I ask you something? What's
"fuggedaboutit"?

DONNIE

You know, like, if you agree with
someone: "Raquel Welch is one great
piece of ass." "Fuggedaboutit."

(CONTINUED)

888 CONTINUED:

888

TECHNICIAN #2

Okay. Got it.

DONNIE

But then, if you disagree, like "A Lincoln's better than a Cadillac." "Fuggedaboutit." Or if something's the greatest thing in the world. "Those peppers? Fuggedaboutit." Or it's like I know something you don't know, like, "He's making two million a year, fuggedaboutit." Or it's like saying go to hell, like, "Boobie, you got a one-inch pecker," and Boobie says, "Fuggedaboutit." And then, sometimes, it just means forget about it.

TECHNICIAN #2

Okay. Thanks.

Donnie sinks back into his chair. Rolls the Coke can across his forehead again.

TECHNICIAN #2

Hey, weren't you looking for a boat? *

DONNIE *

Yeah. A nice one. Just for a day. *

TECHNICIAN #2

You know that sting operation-- whatchamacallit--the agents dress up as Arabs and bribe Congressmen--

TECHNICIAN #1

Yeah?

TECHNICIAN #2

Those guys have a boat down here.

CUT TO:

89 INT. NIGHT. THE TAHITIAN--LEFTY'S ROOM

89

The room is FREEZING. Lefty, swaddled in BLANKETS, twists helplessly at the stub where the CONTROL KNOB has been removed. KICKS the air conditioner. Lights a cigarette, PACES...

LEFTY

(muttering)

That fucking Donnie.

89 CONTINUED:

89

Donnie enters. Lefty GLARES at him.

DONNIE
Hey, Left, you're not gonna believe

--
(off Lefty)
What's going on?

LEFTY
You think this is funny, don't'cha?

DONNIE
What? Whaddaya talking about, Left?
Why's it so cold in here?

LEFTY
Donnie--listen to me, Donnie. I know
you know. And I know you know I know
you know.

DONNIE
Left, what're you talking about?

Donnie moves toward the air conditioner...

LEFTY
I'm freezing to my fucking death,
Donnie.

Donnie opens the door on the unit--sees the KNOB is removed.

DONNIE
What happened to the knob?

LEFTY
Thank you.

Donnie realizes what happened. Chuckles.

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

DONNIE

Relax. It's a practical joke.

LEFTY

Where is the joke, Donnie?

DONNIE

Left, c'mon--you know Sonny's sense of humor. It was Sonny fucking around.

Lefty blanches at the idea...His mind racing...

LEFTY

This wasn't Sonny. Why would Sonny--
Sonny wouldn't do this to me. This
was you, Donnie--you fucking
cocksucker--

DONNIE

Hey, Left--don't call me that.

LEFTY

I'll call you whatever I want. I'll
call you cocksucker, I'll call you
motherfucker, I'll call you, uh, uh-

DONNIE

You're a cocksucker.

They exchange a look. Then Lefty rummages in his bags...

LEFTY

Where'd you put my knife...

DONNIE

Go ahead. Fucking whack me. Because
there's a draft in the room. Go
ahead. Because I promise you, you
don't do it tonight, I'm gonna get
you one night in your sleep and cut
your throat.

Lefty turns to Donnie.

LEFTY

You can't call me cocksucker,
Donnie.

DONNIE

Go ahead. Stab me. You can't do it,
can you?

LEFTY

You take it back, Donnie.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

DONNIE

Fuggedaboutit. I'm getting my own room. I'll see you tomorrow.

LEFTY

You won't see me tomorrow, for your information.

He turns, SLAMS out. Lefty chases him.

89A INT./EXT. NIGHT. TAHITIAN--HALLWAY

89A

Lefty RAGES outside his room as Donnie continues up the hall, then disappears down the stairs.

LEFTY

(after him)

I got news for you, Donnie--you won't see me! You won't see me tomorrow! Tomorrow's Good Friday! And wiseguys don't work on Good Friday!

CUT TO:

90 OMIT

90

90A OMIT

90A*

91 EXT. DAY. YACHT AND MARINA

91

A gorgeous MOTOR YACHT with "THE LEFT HAND" emblazoned on the stern...Big engines and endless staterooms, varnished parquet decks and teak veneers...Lefty SCRAMBLES around the deck, fussing with last-minute preparations. Donnie and Gazzo lug coolers up the dock...

LEFTY

C'mon, c'mon! Hurry up!

They load the coolers on board. Lefty looks up, sees something, hurries off the boat and up the dock. Donnie turns.

DONNIE'S POV

Two FLEETWOOD BROUGHAMS pull up. BODYGUARDS emerge, look up and down the marina. Lefty arrives, greets GRECO, 40s, Trafficante's UNDERBOSS. Then BODYGUARD #1 lends a hand to SANTO TRAFFICANTE, 70, tinted bifocals, windbreaker and pork-pie hat, as he climbs out.

GRECO

Mr. Trafficante, this's Lefty, a friend of ours.

LEFTY

I don't know what to say. This's
like meeting Mickey Mantle.

They shake hands. A big moment for Lefty...

TRAFFICANTE

Nice to meet you too, Lefty.

...He holds onto Trafficante's hand a little too long. Then
finally lets go.

LEFTY

That's the boat I arranged for you,
Mr. Trafficante. We got a full bar,
every kind of music, telephone,
everything. Anything you want--any
questions you have--you just ask
Lefty.

TRAFFICANTE

Where's Sonny Black?

Lefty takes this in a beat. Then looks up as a rented CADILLAC
pulls into the parking lot of the marina.

LEFTY'S POV

Nicky and Boobie climb out. Then Sonny. He and Lefty exchange a
look. A second car with the girls pulls in beside them.

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

Trafficante heads down the dock. Donnie hustles up the dock to help unload Sonny's gear. As he grabs the gear out of the trunk, he watches as Sonny approaches Lefty.

ANGLE ON--SONNY AND LEFTY

As Sonny lights a cigarette. Then he SMILES as he gazes out at the dock.

LEFTY

...I'm sorry, Sonny, I...

SONNY

Cozz', will you look at that boat?

Sonny hands Lefty his book of matches as he heads down the dock. Lefty looks at the matches in his hand.

INSERT--BOOK OF MATCHES

KING'S COURT Every Man a King

Lefty turns away and sees Donnie right there. He and Lefty exchange a look. Then Donnie continues down the dock.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. DAY. LATER. YACHT

92

The yacht is anchored at sea. Trafficante's BODYGUARDS party with Boobie, the girls, and a few BIMBOS. Boobie flexes his pecs so the dove tattoos on his chest seem to "fly."

Sonny emerges from belowdecks with Trafficante. The group looks expectantly toward them. They SHAKE HANDS. Applause.

ANGLE ON--LEFTY

As Donnie brings him a spritzer. Lefty shoots Donnie a murderous look.

LEFTY

I don't even want even to look at you. You go to--you know what the bow is?

DONNIE

What'd I do?

92 CONTINUED:

92

LEFTY

You stabbed the wrong fucking guy in the back, my friend.

DONNIE

What--you think I said something to Sonny?

LEFTY

You go to the bow, and I'm gonna stay in the stern, and you go to the bow and stay there. I'm disgusted with you--you know that?

DONNIE

You just said it.

LEFTY

Just so you know.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. DAY. YACHT

93

Donnie stands alone in the bow, leaning on the rail. Suddenly:

A TAP ON THE SHOULDER

Startles him. It's Sonny.

SONNY

That Trafficante is something.

DONNIE

He's a great old guy, huh?

SONNY

Fuggedaboutit. That motherfucker had this all to himself for fifty fucking years and it's still a fucking cow town. This could be like Vegas down here. Sonny Red can sit there with his trucking company in Jersey all he fucking wants as long as I got Florida.

DONNIE

Sonny Red's freezing his ass off right now.

SONNY

I just gotta get the startup money from Rusty. Then everybody gets rich.

DONNIE

Does that mean we're going back to New York?

Sonny turns to him.

SONNY

I want you to represent me in Florida, Donnie. Be my man down here--stay and get that club fixed up.

(off Donnie's look)

"King's Court"--you think I don't know about that? I'm gonna send the Lion down here wit'cha--that big bastard. Keep him in the parking lot.

DONNIE

I don't know, Sonny. It's just--I got a lot of things going in New York.

Sonny thinks a beat as he looks out over the water.

SONNY

You know, Donnie, Lefty's a dynamite guy, no question. The way he stood up for me when I was in the can. I will never forget that. I will never forget that.

DONNIE

I know how he feels about you, Sonny.

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

SONNY

The problem is, the thing with Lefty...He's trying to help you but he hurts you. He gets those two or three wines in him...

DONNIE

I just don't want to be stepping on nobody's toes.

SONNY

You belong to me now.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. DAY. YACHT

94

Nicky in the stern as Boobie sidles up to him.

BOOBIE

Donnie got this boat? Where'd Donnie come up with a boat like this?

NICKY

Lefty says this's a million bucks, this boat.

BOOBIE

He's got a lot going on, Donnie.

Nicky thinks.

THEIR POV--THE BOW

As Sonny introduces Donnie to Trafficante. They shake hands.

CLOSE ON--DONNIE

A major moment for him as he exchanges a look with Trafficante--an undercover FBI agent shaking hands with the Boss!

SONNY

Santo, this's Donnie--a friend of ours.

CLOSE ON--LEFTY

As he watches Donnie with the boss. He goes to the railing. Takes out his greeting card, removes the hundred dollar bill. Tosses it into the water...

"FROM ONE FRIEND TO ANOTHER"

CUT TO:

95 EXT. DAY. MIAMI HIGHWAY

95

Donnie, a Hawaiian shirt open to his A-shirt, PACES by a PAY PHONE as cars whiz by on the highway. Approaches the pay phone. Backs away, paces some more--REHEARSES in his mind the conversation he's about to have. Approaches again. Picks up the phone. Puts it back. Leans against the phone, sighs heavily.

CUT TO:

95A INT. DAY. PISTONE HOME

95A

In the foyer, STREAMERS and BALLOONS for the Communion party. Maggie ushers some last stragglers -- an AUNT and UNCLE, both 50s -- out of the house.

UNCLE

Make sure you give our best to Joseph.

MAGGIE

Snowed in. Can you believe it?

UNCLE

(shaking his head)
His daughter's First Communion and he's stuck in an airport.

MAGGIE

It's for his own protection.

AUNT

I hate flying.

She kisses Maggie. They exit. Maggie turns and sees Kerry in her COMMUNION DRESS, amidst the remains of the party, sitting on a dining room chair and aimlessly kicking her legs up and down. Then she looks up with tears in her eyes. She and Maggie exchange a look.

MAGGIE

Kerry--
(beat)
I'm so proud of you, angel.

KERRY

I'm gonna go upstairs.

Kerry slips down out of the chair, collects her TEDDY BEAR. Maggie watches her as she goes upstairs.

CUT TO:

95B EXT. DAY. MIAMI HIGHWAY

95B

Donnie pumps quarters into a PAY PHONE as more cars whiz by on the highway. Dials...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(recording)
The number you have dialed--

Donnie, puzzled, hangs up. Did he dial a wrong number? He fishes the quarters out of the coin return, pumps them back in. Dials again...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
The number you have dialed has been changed. The new number is unpublished at the subscriber's request.

Donnie thinks a beat. Then SLAMS the phone down in a RAGE. Paces by the phone as the cars whiz by.

CUT TO:

96 OMIT

96

97 OMIT

97

98 EXT. MORNING. MIAMI AIRPORT

98

Donnie, Lefty, Sonny, Nicky and Boobie walk through the terminal, followed by Gazzo, swallowed by LUGGAGE, a pack-animal with ten suitcases. Sonny looks around. *

SONNY

Left, go and get us checked in. *

Donnie, stay here. I gotta take a *

piss. *

Lefty nods to Nicky and Boobie, and they leave. Sonny heads off. *

Gazzo stands with Donnie. Looks up and down. DOUBLETAKES. *

GAZZO

Oh, Jesus, Joe--that's Hollman.

"Joe." RAGE flickers almost imperceptibly in Donnie's eyes.

GAZZO'S POV

HOLLMAN, a sharply-dressed LAWYER in conversation with a *

COLLEAGUE, moves towards Donnie from the parking lot entrance. *

GAZZO

He used to be the U.S. Attorney in
New York--he'll make us for sure.

DONNIE

Shut up. I'll take care of it.

Sonny returns as Hollman walks by. Gazzo glances nervously as
Hollman passes... *

SONNY

Any problems you have, you tell them
to have their people get in touch
with your people in New York.
Richie, pay attention. If I have to
come down here, iron things out, I'm
gonna be very fucking aggravated.

98 CONTINUED:

98

GAZZO

Okay, Sonny.

Hollman has turned, spotted Donnie. He walks towards him through the crowd. *

HOLLMAN

Joe? *

Donnie ignores him.

DONNIE

You got the tickets, Sonny?

HOLLMAN

(persisting)

Joe Pistone?

Sonny's SUSPICION rises like bile in his throat...Hollman moves to take Donnie by the elbow. And Donnie WHIRLS on him.

DONNIE

Hey, shithead--do I look like a mark? What's your fucking scam?

HOLLMAN

Don't you remember me? From the Southern District, I was the--

Donnie CLOCKS him and Hollman slams back, knocking over a bunch of suitcases.

DONNIE

(to crowd)

He put his hand on my cock-- fucking degenerate. You all saw it. He put his hand on my cock.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

Sonny grabs Donnie and pulls him away.

SONNY

What the hell's wrong with you? You want to bring the fucking cops?

DONNIE

Unbelievable. Fucking pervert.

Gazzo has gone to Hollman and is helping him up, dusting him off.

*
*

SONNY

You gotta keep your nose clean down here. You understand?

DONNIE

Yeah, I know. Go ahead, you're gonna miss your flight.

SONNY

Check in with me in the morning.

ANGLE ON -- A COP approaching.

*

Sonny exits toward the gate. Donnie lingers as Gazzo approaches him. They start to go down the escalator.

*
*

DONNIE

Get on the phone, get me a seat on the next fucking flight.

GAZZO

Donnie--

DONNIE

You ever call me Joe again, I'll cut your throat.

ANGLE ON--LEFTY

Watching them.

*

CUT TO:

99 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME

99

Lights-out and quiet. Donnie tiptoes in with a CARRY-ON BAG. Punches the code on the ALARM.

99A INT. NIGHT. KERRY'S BEDROOM

99A

Donnie enters, looks at his daughter, asleep in her bed. He pulls the covers up over her and she wakes up.

99A CONTINUED:

99A

DONNIE

"Who made you?"

KERRY

"God made me."

DONNIE

"Why did God make you?"

KERRY

"God made me to show His goodness
and to make me happy with Him in
heaven."

DONNIE

"Where is God?"

KERRY

"God is everywhere."

She smiles. Donnie smiles. Kisses her.

DONNIE

'Night, 'night.

Donnie tiptoes into

99B INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME--BEDROOM

99B

Maggie sleeps--DIAGONAL--across the entire bed. Donnie pulls off
his shirt, his pants, shoes. Assesses the situation. CURLS UP in
the corner of the bed. Maggie mutters in her sleep.

(CONTINUED)

99B CONTINUED:

99B

MAGGIE
Joe?

DONNIE
Yeah?

MAGGIE
I want a divorce.

CUT TO:

100 INT. DAY. THERAPIST'S OFFICE

100

SHELLY BERGER, late 40s, flannel shirt, earth shoes--
PSYCHOTHERAPIST--sits with Donnie and Maggie.

MAGGIE
...He comes home at all hours of the night--without announcing when or why, or where he's been for the last two months--and you know what he does? He rearranges the cabinets. He remakes the bed. He vacuums the entire house. Do you know another man who vacuums? It's abnormal. You'd think he'd tell me where he goes or what he's doing--

*

*

DONNIE
What am I supposed to say, Maggie?

*

BERGER
(gestures)
Joe, please--just listen. Otherwise all you do is replay the old pathology.

*

*

*

MAGGIE
(off Donnie's look)
You see that look? I tell him it's killing me and that's what I get. Nothing. I don't exist.

*

*

*

*

*

BERGER
So you resent him for expressing your own autonomy needs?

MAGGIE
Yes, I resent him.

BERGER
For expressing your autonomy needs.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE
(to Berger)
I hope you can do something for her,
because she's sick. You hear how
sick she is?

*
*
*
*
*

BERGER
Please, Joe, just listen.

*
*

DONNIE
I don't have to listen to that.

MAGGIE
No, why don't you just get up and
leave? That's what you're good at.

*

BERGER
People, please. Joe, just listen.
Otherwise all you do is replay the
old pathology.

(MORE)

100 CONTINUED:

100

MAGGIE

(unsure)

Yeah.

Berger turns to Donnie. *

BERGER *

You disappear for two months at a
time? *

DONNIE *

Sometimes. *

Berger makes a note.

BERGER *

What do you think you're running
from? *

DONNIE

I ain't running from nothing.

MAGGIE

(mimics)

"I ain't runnin' from nuttin'." The
man I married was a college man.

BERGER

Being the distancer forces Maggie
into the role of the pursuer. That
gives you a feeling of power.
Simultaneously you resent Maggie for
fulfilling the intimacy needs that
you've--

DONNIE

I'm an undercover agent for the FBI!

MAGGIE

I hope those Mafia faggots suck your
cock--I'm not doing it anymore. *

DONNIE *

(to Berger) *

I hope you can do something for her,
because she's sick. You hear how
sick she is? *

MAGGIE *

I'm through. *

BERGER *

Please, Joe, just listen. *

(CONTINUED)

BERGER (cont.'d)
fulfilling the intimacy needs that
you've--

DONNIE
I'm an undercover agent for the FBI!

MAGGIE
You get off on it.

DONNIE
Tell him what you did.
(to Berger)
She changed the phone number on me.

MAGGIE
I don't exist--you don't exist.

DONNIE
(to Berger)
Change the phone number--you tell me
that's normal.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DONNIE

Tell him what you did.

(to Berger)

She changed the phone number on me.

You tell me that's normal. *

MAGGIE

I don't exist--you don't exist.

DONNIE

(sarcastic)

Okay, so now I know how it feels. *

MAGGIE

(right back) *

Now I know how it feels. You wanna *

know what? It felt great. Now I *

know. How in control--how frigging *

strong you are! *

OVERLAPPING-- *

DONNIE

You're fucking right I'm in control. *

MAGGIE

Everybody's the enemy. *

Everybody's... *

(gestures) *

...this big in your little gunsight. *

Donnie starts to laugh... *

DONNIE

You think you got a chance against *

me, Maggie? A hundred grand *

means... *

(snaps fingers in her face) *

...this to me. Life and death *

means... *

(snaps fingers) *

this to me. Nothing. *

(snaps fingers) *

Nobody. *

(snaps fingers) *

That's who I am. *

Berger looks at his watch.

BERGER

Okay. Monday, Wednesday and Friday

are Joe's intimacy days. Tuesdays,

Thursdays and Saturdays are

Maggie's. On your day, you make one

intimacy request. "Rub my back," or,

"Help me work out this problem I'm

having with the kids." Odd day, even

day. Sunday's your day off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3)

100

BERGER (cont'd)
(beat)
I'll see you next week.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. DAY. PARKING LOT

101*

Berger's office is in a New Jersey strip mall--an optometrist, a Grand Union, a pizzeria. Donnie stalks out to his Cadillac, Maggie following with her arms crossed. They say nothing to each other until they slam into the car. *

DONNIE
Can I ask you something?

MAGGIE
No.

DONNIE
How much is this costing?

Maggie doesn't say anything.

DONNIE
Okay, Maggie--I want you to answer my question. This is my intimacy request.

MAGGIE
A hundred dollars.

DONNIE
A hundred dollars. And how many of these do you think we'll need?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

MAGGIE

Is this still your intimacy request?
Because otherwise I'd rather not
discuss it any more.

*

DONNIE

A hundred bucks. I gotta work a ten
hour day risking my life to make a
hundred bucks!

MAGGIE

Risk your life. You don't have a
life.

*

DONNIE

You don't know what I do all day?
You're right. You sit in your little
fucking house and you drive around
your little fucking station wagon
and you complain on the phone to
your little fucking friends and
dream up this latest hundred dollar
headfuck--

(mincing)

"Will you rub my back?"
Va'a'fongool!

Maggie punches him.

*

MAGGIE

You're an animal.

DONNIE

You know what my intimacy request is
for him? It's very intimate. He can
take that bill he's gonna send me
and shove it up his ass.

Maggie punches him repeatedly...He tries to grab her but she
wrestles away, and in wrestling away hits him in the face...Then
he succeeds in grabbing her wrists and she dissolves in tears of
anguish...

*

*

*

*

MAGGIE

Why do you think we came here? I
don't want to leave. There's nothing
left of me. And I'm trying not to
leave you.

He looks at her. Then climbs out of the car.

*

CUT TO:

101A EXT. DAY. PARKING LOT

101A*

Two cars away, a MATRON loads groceries into a STATION WAGON. Donnie paces around the car. Maggie stews inside, then unlocks the door, unlatches it and moves to leave. Donnie sees this and SLAMS his weight against the door. Then SLAMS his fist down on the hood...

*
*
*
*
*

DONNIE

You don't exist? Every fucking day you're there with me. Every fucking day. You don't leave. No. You don't leave me.

The Matron, the PIZZERIA PATRONS look on as Donnie RAGES.

*

CUT TO:

102 INT. DAY. LATER. PISTONE HOME

102

Donnie vacuums furiously in the living room.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. DAY. LATER. PISTONE HOME

103

Donnie washes the station wagon. Dumps Maggie's full ashtrays...Trashes the clutter of old magazines, soda cans and McDonald's wrappers...Soaps and hoses it...Hand-polishes the finish till it's all but bruised.

CUT TO:

104 INT. NIGHT. LATER. PISTONE HOME

104

As Donnie enters, Maggie and the girls have already sat down to dinner in the kitchen, at a table set for four--persisting in their routine, as if he's not there. He pauses, EAVESDROPS. Then goes into the bedroom. Takes his secret phone out of the drawer. Dials.

DONNIE

Hiya, Annette.
(she sobs)
What's the matter?

ANNETTE (O.C.)

Where are you?

DONNIE

I'm in New York, I hadda come back.
(she sobs)
What'd you say--Tommy?

CUT TO:

Donnie hurries through the depressed hospital corridors, the smell of antiseptic and decay, till he arrives at Lefty, AGITATED, pacing at the end of the corridor.

DONNIE

...What's going on?

LEFTY

What are you doing here, Donnie? You belong in Florida.

DONNIE

I checked in with Annette, she said Tommy--

LEFTY

You called her from Florida?

DONNIE

I was up here. I had some things I hadda take care of.

LEFTY

Donnie--listen to me, Donnie--

DONNIE

What the hell happened? Is he gonna be okay?

LEFTY

Do I know? They got twelve fucking diplomas on the wall and they can't tell you a fucking thing.

(beat)

Fuggedaboutit. Tommy gets out of this fucking Bellevue, he's going right back fucking in.

DONNIE

What was it--an overdose?

LEFTY

Ain't the question. He's lying in there with a plastic pipe in his mouth. They got five million tubes. They got a machine breathing for him...

DONNIE

You want me to talk to the guy?

LEFTY

What are you gonna do, Donnie--break the doctor's legs?

DONNIE

I'm saying is there anyting you want me to do? *

LEFTY

I told you waht I want. I want you to go back down to Florida. *

DONNIE

What am I, Kunta Kinte? I go where I wanna go. Sonny can go fry an egg. He ain't my man. *

LEFTY

Listen to me, Donnie-- *

DONNIE

You're my man.

LEFTY

I don't want you here. You and Tommy--you're peas in a fucking pod. You don't listen. How many years I been on this earth--for what? You got your own ideas. Up on your high horses-- do what you wanna do, like it's all a joke. You think they don't have room inside there for you, Donnie? They already wheeled two stiffs out of the bed next to him.

DONNIE

What's that gotta do with me? *

LEFTY

You get your ass to LaGuardia and get the next plane out.

(shoves him)

I'm telling you go now. *

DONNIE

I ain't. Just fuggedaboutit, willya? I'm staying here wit'cha.

Lefty and Donnie exchange a look. Lefty, spent, sags into a cheap plastic chair. Donnie sits beside him. Lefty lights an English Oval. They both stare at the wall a beat. *

LEFTY

Twenty-five years ago--you could read it right on his birth certificate--Bellevue Hospital. Now he's back in there with five million machines, people dying right and left. I'm out here worried to my fucking death. And he's asleep--same

(MORE)

LEFTY (cont'd)
as twenty five years ago. With the
same expression. He's made no
progress.

DONNIE
He's got no fucking respect, that's
the problem.

LEFTY
He's my son.

DONNIE
Whaddaya gonna do? You do what you
can do.

LEFTY
His heart stopped. Just like a
watch--that's what the doctor said--
they hadda wind it back up. Next
time, who knows? Maybe they can't.

DONNIE
He's gonna be okay.

They stare at the wall another beat. Lefty squeezes Donnie's
knee.

LEFTY
I love you, Donnie.

Then Lefty gets up. Donnie watches as Lefty walks down the
corridor.

CUT TO:

106 INT. NIGHT. MANHATTAN DISCO

106

Sonny Red enters his usual disco. Sonny Black sits at Sonny
Red's usual table with Boobie, Nicky, and others from his crew.

106 CONTINUED:

106

SONNY RED
I heard you was in Florida.

SONNY
It's nice down there. You know, take
the sun...

SONNY RED
You got friends down there?

SONNY
They've very friendly there, the
people.

Sonny Red and Sonny Black exchange a look. Then Sonny Red
looks to the maitre d'. Then he turns back to Sonny Black.
Smiles.

SONNY RED
Nice color.

He pinches Sonny's cheek. Sonny watches as Sonny Red and his
entourage depart.

SONNY
(mutters)
Cocksucker.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME

107

Maggie goes out to get the mail. Finds a letter that furrows
her brow.

INSERT--THE ENVELOPE

The return address, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE.

CUT TO:

108 INT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME

108

Donnie reads the paper with his morning coffee.

MAGGIE
You know the US government? The US
government that you swore an oath
and dedicated your life to?

DONNIE
Maggie, what's going on?

Maggie tosses the letter down on the table.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

MAGGIE
We got audited.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. NIGHT. KING'S COURT

109

CARS jockey for space in a full parking lot. A BANNER reads, "LAS VEGAS NIGHT--BENEFIT FOR WAR VETERANS." A bogus VETERAN in a VFW hat walks a WHEELCHAIR out to the front door, then sits in it. He puts on thick dark glasses. The Lion ROARS along an improvised dog run in the parking lot. *

CUT TO:

110 INT. NIGHT. KING'S COURT

110

The club is fixed up now, swanky in the Vegas style. The bar is packed, the restaurant busy...A burly BODYGUARD guards the door to a back room. Gazzo effusively GREETs Sonny, Nicky, and Boobie as they arrive.

GAZZO
Gentlemen, welcome to King's Court.

He ushers them past the Bodyguard, through the back door and into

A GAMBLING JOINT

Roulette, craps, slots--the works...The guys bathe in the honey of success, as HALF-ASS WISEGUYS and their BIMBOS live it up...

CLOSE ON--SONNY

As he takes it in. SMILES as he shoots his cuffs, runs his hands over his bespoke silk suit.

SONNY
I like it. I like it bigtime.

AT THE ROULETTE TABLE

Lefty sits alone, watches as he loses and the croupier slides his chips off the table...Then watches as Sonny, Nicky and Boobie enter.

INSIDE A PHONE BOOTH

Donnie, RED-FACED with anger, talks to Blandford.

BLANDFORD (O.C.)
...You're asking me to interfere with an IRS audit, Joe. Can you imagine the flap if that got out? The Bureau can't do that. *

110 CONTINUED:

110

DONNIE

I'm not talking to the Bureau. There is no "Bureau." There's just a bunch of assholes and the IRS is another bunch of assholes and all I'm asking is for you to place a phone call asshole-to-asshole.

BLANDFORD (O.C.)

Would you please calm down?

DONNIE

You want a flap? You tell that auditor I'm coming to Washington, I'm gonna put his fucking digit-head through his fucking window.

BLANDFORD (O.C.)

Just calm down.

Donnie takes a deep breath.

DONNIE

Okay. I'm calm. *

BLANDFORD (O.C.)

Just tell me what you did.

DONNIE

What? *

BLANDFORD (O.C.)

Well, let's face it, Bud. They don't audit you for nothing.

DONNIE

I'm going to hang up now.

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

BLANDFORD

I'm a GS-15. You can't hang up on a GS-15.

Donnie looks at the receiver. In a RAGE, he SLAMS it down...

CASH

As it is abundantly relinquished, counted, squirreled away in the illicit gambling parlor...

ANGLE ON--DONNIE

As he enters the big room, WATCHING...Signals to a WAITRESS to bring complimentary DRINKS to two high rollers at the roulette wheel... Then he moves to a HIGH ROLLER at the craps table, greets him, introduces him to a SEXY GIRL...

Then Greco arrives with other TRAFFICANTE MEN who we saw on the boat earlier. He gives Sonny a hug and a kiss.

GRECO

Hey, the boss is here!

More noise and jostling as everyone greets each other. Sonny smiles in the manly hubbub.

SONNY

Hey, I want you to say hello to Donnie. Where's Donnie?

Sonny looks over at Donnie, who is giving a pointer to a CROUPIER. WAVES him over.

CUT TO:

111 INT. NIGHT. LATER. KING'S COURT

111

Late at night in the CAGE, as the money is counted...Thick wedges of CASH as they're riffled through and rubber-banded...Sonny grabs STACKS of cash, stuffs them into

111 CONTINUED:

111

A BLUE GYM BAG

When it's full--three hundred thousand dollars full--he hands it to Donnie.

SONNY

Put this someplace safe, Donnie.
That's the take.

Donnie takes the bag. Exits the cage. Heads through the kitchen with the bag. Cuts outside through a back door.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. NIGHT. KING'S COURT

112

Donnie emerges with the gym bag. Opens the trunk of his rental car. Lifts the carpet, sticks the bag in the well where the spare tire goes. About to close it when he hears the KERCHUNK!
of

A SHOTGUN

And a VOICE behind him.

VOICE

Just turn real slow.

But Donnie doesn't turn. First, he CLOSES the trunk...

THE GYM BAG

In the well...Then he turns slowly. And sees:

THE SHERIFF

And two of his DEPUTIES. One of them SWINGS Donnie around, slams him down on top of the trunk. CUFFS him hard.

SHERIFF

What's your name? *

DONNIE

We're running a charity event here,
sheriff. What's your name? *

SHERIFF

What're all you New York guineas
doing down here? *

112 CONTINUED:

112

DONNIE

I don't know how to break this to you, but your missus invited us.

The Sheriff SWINGS the shotgun butt into Donnie's back. Donnie GROANS.

DONNIE

We're running a charity event. We have a permit.

SHERIFF

You have a permit for the lion?

CUT TO:

113 EXT. NIGHT. KING'S COURT

113

GAMBLERS hurry away--confused, scared, angry...

CUT TO:

114 INT. NIGHT. KING'S COURT

114

AXES smash at a craps table...CASH disappears as the cage is rifled...As Sonny is HANDCUFFED, he watches in mournful SHOCK as his dream is destroyed. Nicky WINCES as DEPUTY #1 slashes at upholstery...DEPUTY #2 drags his nightstick along the shelf and bar glasses CRASH...Donnie takes Gazzo aside.

DONNIE

(whispers)

Didn't you pay these guys off?

GAZZO

Where am I gonna get the money to go bribing cops? Nobody authorized that.

A ROULETTE WHEEL is toppled, SMASHED with a sledgehammer. Lefty looks on with his arms folded and a thousand yard stare...Until the Deputies have nothing left to break.

SHERIFF

Okay. Let's lock these guineas up.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. NIGHT. KING'S COURT

115

The guys are led into a paddy wagon.

CUT TO:

116 INT. NIGHT. MIAMI JAIL

116

The guys, MOROSE, sit in a jail cell. Sonny paces, fumes.

SONNY

You know how fucking embarrassed I
am now? The Old Man's people here? A
year I gotta stay in my house with
the shades drawn!

(to Donnie)

What happened to that bag?

DONNIE

They took everything, Sonny.

SONNY

All that fucking money gone? That's
Rusty's money!

GAZZO

Sonny, I'm sorry.

SONNY

Don't you say a fucking word!

(resuming)

I gotta go back like this to New
York, I gotta face Rusty, I gotta
face that cocksucker Sonny Red...
And it was all in the palm of my
fucking hand!

Sonny fumes, smashes the wall with a forearm. A long beat as the
guys cower and don't say anything. Then Lefty looks up.

LEFTY

You know, usually, the fucking cops,
they're so dumb--it takes them three
months just to get wind that
something's going on. Then they
gotta get a warrant. Then they
gotta, uh, uh--

NICKY

Surveillance.

LEFTY

That's right. Three more months to
take pictures. How'd these cops
know so much, we just opened the
fucking doors?

SONNY

What are you saying, Left?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

LEFTY
There's gotta be a snitch.

Sonny thinks a beat. *

SONNY
You find that snitch, Lefty. You
find that fucking snitch, you chop
him up, you put his balls in his
fucking throat. *

LEFTY
Okay. *

Sonny resumes pacing *

SONNY
Aaaargh! I'm in a rage with this! *

Lefty scrutinizes the guys as they look awkwardly at their
shoes, cowered by Sonny's rage. Lefty and Donnie exchange a
look. *

CUT TO:

117 INT. NIGHT. SONNY RED'S HOUSE

117

Sonny Red talks on the phone in his New Jersey mansion.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

SONNY RED
 ...Didja bust it up good?... Yeah,
 yeah...And you threw 'em all in the
 can?

IN THE KITCHEN

Philly Lucky, Big Trin and Bruno eat manicotti. Sonny Red
 rejoins them, tucks a napkin in his collar.

SONNY RED
 They busted up the club. Now he's
 gotta answer for what happened. *

PHILLY LUCKY
 You're gonna send for him? *

SONNY RED
 He sits down with us, bing bing,
 it's done. The whole fucking crew
 of them. *

BIG TRIN
 I'll get the guns. *

CUT TO:

118 INT. DAY. AIRPLANE

118

The flight back to New York. Lefty SLEEPS. Donnie opens up
 NEWSWEEK. Sees an article entitled:

ABSCAM: FBI "SHEIKS" STING CORRUPT LAWMAKERS

With a PHOTO of FBI AGENTS in full Bedouin regalia...He turns
 the page. TERROR deep in his heart, as he looks at a PHOTO of
 the ABSCAM YACHT with Blandford and other smiling FBI AGENTS and
 the caption, "THE LEFT HAND". It's

THE SAME BOAT!

The one they took Trafficante out on. Donnie closes the
 magazine. Looks over at Lefty as he SNORES. Folds the magazine
 up, secretes it in the seat pocket in front of him.

CUT TO:

119 OMIT

119*

120 OMIT

120*

121 INT. NIGHT. MOTION LOUNGE

121

Another BOARD MEETING of the Sonny Black Corporation. A grey film of despair coats the enterprise.

WISEGUY #1

...Napkins and tablecloths. Five hundred scoot. *

BOOBIE *

Five hundred scoot. In Florida it was five hundred a minute. *

SONNY *

You miss Florida, eat an orange. *

Wiseguy #2 croaks through his laryngectomy... *

WISEGUY #2

A dime on the vig.
(off Sonny's look) *
I'm doing the best I can. *

SONNY

Nicky?

NICKY

I got a guy boosted thirty tickets for the Chaka Khan at the Garden.

SONNY

What about in Florida?

NICKY *

I thought we weren't supposed to talk about Florida. *

SONNY *

All that time down there, you never got nothing going?

NICKY *

Nothing that ever panned out. *

SONNY

You never got nothing going?

NICKY

What'd I just say?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121.

Sonny and Nicky exchange a long look. The pay phone in the hallway RINGS. Sonny hands his book to Boobie as he gets up to answer it.

WISEGUY #3

...Truckload of razor blades.

BOOBIE

What are you gonna do with a load of razor blades?

WISEGUY #3

Hey, you know how many razor blades fit in a truck?

BOOBIE

Lefty?

LEFTY

Next.

WISEGUY #4

I got an inside guy, he works in a warehouse has the art collection of the Shah of Iran.

Sonny returns from the phone.

SONNY

That was Sonny Red. I gotta go down to Little Italy. I got sent for.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. NIGHT. MOTION LOUNGE

122

They walk out to Boobie's Cadillac.

SONNY

Sonny Red, that motherfucker, he's gonna rub my nose in that fucking Florida. All because of that fucking snitch.

NICKY

Fuggedaboutit.

SONNY

Boobie, we'll take your car.

(beat)

Donnie, you ride up front.

Just as casual as that. Donnie takes an almost imperceptible beat as TERROR strikes in his heart.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

BOOBIE

"Love on the rocks, ain't no surprise."

SONNY

You know what you're gonna do when you find that snitch, Lefty?

LEFTY

Maybe I already did.

Donnie climbs alongside Boobie in front. As Boobie adjusts the REAR-VIEW MIRROR, Donnie catches a glimpse of Lefty's eyes burning into him from the back seat. Donnie thinks a beat: this is how it happens. Then he jumps a little as Boobie hits the POWER LOCKS with a THUNK!

CUT TO:

123	OMIT	123
124	OMIT	124
125	EXT. NIGHT. QUEENS--ALLEY	125

The Cadillac rolls silently, engine cut, headlights out, onto a deserted street. Donnie looks around--this isn't Little Italy. The guys climb out. *

DONNIE

I thought we were going down to Little Italy. *

BOOBIE

Shut up and stay in the fucking car. We'll come get you after. *

Donnie and Lefty exchange a look. Then the guys exit. Sonny watches Donnie ALONE in the car. Donnie thinking fast as the TRUNK opens. Then the trunk closes and the guys walk off, carrying CANVAS BAGS of various shapes and sizes...Donnie's heart POUNDING in the eerie quiet...He looks up and down the street--DESERTED...He adjusts the mirror so he can see behind him...Donnie's heart all but pounds through his chest as he sits and waits.

CUT TO:

125A EXT. NIGHT. BIG TRIN'S HOUSE

125A

Sonny Red, Philly Lucky and Big Trin climb out of a Lincoln Town Car, head up the path. As Trin lumbers, he pauses to inspect a flaw on his property. Sonny Red smacks him.

SONNY RED

C'mon, c'mon! We still gotta get
downtown. How long's this gonna
take? *

BIG TRIN

I got 'em in the drain in the
laundry room. I just gotta take the
trap cover off. *

SONNY RED

Twenty-twos?

BIG TRIN

Bruno said you wanted nine
millimeter.

SONNY RED

Yeah. Meanwhile where the fuck is
he.

CUT TO:

126 INT. NIGHT. BIG TRIN'S HOUSE

126

Philly Lucky, Sonny Red, and Big Trin enter the house. Flick on the lights, move through the foyer into the kitchen...To a door leading down into the BASEMENT...Trin flips a LIGHT SWITCH. On. Off. On. NOTHING.

BIG TRIN

Shit. Bulb must be out. Watch your step.

PHILLY LUCKY

Big fucking surprise from a fucking spider.

SONNY RED

Nothing like the surprise we're gonna give Sonny Black.

They LAUGH as they head downstairs into the BASEMENT, the DARK, damp concrete and sawdust rising in their nostrils. Big Trin SWATS the air, searching for the LIGHT CORD. Finds it.

LIGHTS ON

Sonny, Lefty, Nicky and Boobie, OVERALLS over their street clothes--SHOTGUNS at the ready.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

In slow motion:

--Sonny FIRES. The BLAST catches Big Trin in the belly. A huge lump of flesh tears off, FLIES...

--Philly Lucky RUNS...Reaches the stairs as Boobie aims and a shotgun blast shreds the top of his head...His BIFOCALS fall to the ground, followed by a chunk of scalp, hank of hair..

--Sonny Red turns, SCREAMS as he runs...Lefty aims, fires...Shot in the back, Sonny Red FALLS toward the stairs...Nicky aims, BLASTS at Sonny Red's KNEES...Crippled and SCARED, he claws at the stairs, pulling himself over the body of Philly Lucky...

--Sonny RELOADS...Big Trin rallies, CHARGES him with a roar...Sonny whirls, BLASTS away another slab of his massive body...Big Trin grabs Sonny and they fall to the ground...Lefty turns, sees Sonny struggling under Big Trin. Finds a HATCHET stored with other tools on a pegboard...Grabs it, plants it in Big Trin's skull with a THUNK!...

--Nicky RELOADS...Plants a foot on Sonny Red's butt--like a big-game hunter--aims and BLOWS HIS HEAD OFF...

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

--Sonny climbs out from under Big Trin. Flicks a piece of bone off his sleeve.

SONNY

Go get Donnie.

As he says this, Philly Lucky groans, claws on the cement floor in a feeble attempt to survive. Sonny notices this, reloads his shotgun... *

CUT TO:

127 INT./EXT. NIGHT. SAME TIME. BOOBIE'S CADILLAC--ALLEY

127

Donnie hears the THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! of the shotguns, like shells from a distant front. Then nothing. Then

I'M NEXT

The door opens behind him. It's Boobie in his blood-stained overalls, a shotgun by his side...He sits behind Donnie a good long while. Donnie looks in the mirror. Sees Boobie watching him. Appraising him? Or just enjoying himself?

BOOBIE

Okay, let's go.

So does he cut Boobie's throat? Wrestle his gun away? Arrest him? He sees the intense dislike in Boobie's eyes. And what Donnie does is stay in character.

DONNIE WALKS

Past GARBAGE CANS perfectly suited to stashing his bones...To the crypt-like wooden doors...Where Boobie nods brusquely and Donnie climbs down

128 INT. NIGHT. BIG TRIN'S HOUSE--BASEMENT

128

Donnie emerges into a world of slaughter, lit red by the blood-spattered light bulb...Boobie behind him...Sonny, Lefty and Nicky in their working-man's overalls...

NICKY

The meek want to inherit the earth,
they're gonna have to get in fucking
line.

Lefty removes the trap cover from the drain in the laundry room. Reaches inside... *

LEFTY

Them or us.

...Pulls out four NINE MILLIMETER PISTOLS...Then Sonny turns to a CANVAS KNIFE ROLL, unties it...

128 CONTINUED:

128

AS THE BAG UNROLLS

An array of KNIVES--breaking knives, steak knives, boning knives, meat saw, shears--for the butchery and filleting of a human body...Sonny distributes the tools...Each one holds a knife...

SONNY

Okay, let's get to work. Nicky, you got Trin.

NICKY

Madon', why'd I gotta do Trin?

SONNY

Donnie'll give you a hand.

NICKY

C'mon, Donnie. I got a hernia just looking at that fat bastard.

BOOBIE

Yeah, well, he ain't as fat as he used to be.

Donnie looks at the KNIFE in his hand. They approach the corpse of Big Trin.

And then Lefty, as casually as could be, follows behind Nicky and puts two .22 caliber bullets in his head. Nicky falls dead on top of Big Trin's body. A moment of stillness among them. Donnie turns, looks at them in their workingmen's overalls, SHOCKED.

SONNY

C'mon c'mon c'mon! What do you guys think--you're getting paid by the hour?

Donnie, the knife in his hand, looks at Nicky's body beneath him.

CUT TO:

129 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S CADILLAC

129

Donnie stares straight ahead as he drives. Lefty smokes. They drive a long while without saying anything. *

*

LEFTY

There was a rat in Florida, Donnie.

DONNIE

Nicky wasn't a rat. *

*

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

LEFTY
Shut up, Donnie. You don't say his
name no more.

DONNIE
You tell yourself whatever you want
to.

LEFTY
You were down there with your own
eyes.

DONNIE
I don't know what he did.

LEFTY
That's right. You don't know.
That's your famous words.

DONNIE
You're right, Left.

LEFTY
Don't say I'm right like I'm wrong.

DONNIE
Why, because the club got busted up?

LEFTY
Thank you.

DONNIE
That's beautiful, Left. You know
the guy twenty years, you kill him
over a lounge.

LEFTY
The man held out. He held out on a
coke deal.

DONNIE
What's one thing got to do with the
other?

(CONTINUED)

LEFTY

For your information he could get whacked just for that.

DONNIE

Who'd he hold out on; Left--you?

LEFTY

(waving him off)

Fuggedaboutit.

DONNIE

Hey, how long've I been riding around this car with you, carrying your fucking bags--don't treat me like a jerkoff.

LEFTY

Don't talk like you know something about it. It's a contract. There's no feelings about it. You do it like a doctor or a lawyer.

DONNIE

What the fuck does that mean, Left--I'm next?

LEFTY

There was a rat in Florida

DONNIE

There wasn't a rat in Florida. Richie fucked up paying off the cops.

LEFTY

Whaddaya mean, Richie fucked up--?

DONNIE

"Nicky's a rat." Nicky stepped off a curb and got hit by a bus.

LEFTY

You don't say his name no more. That's the rules.

DONNIE

Fuck the rules.

LEFTY

That's the rules, Donnie

129 CONTINUED: (3)

129

DONNIE

You can't say it. Go ahead, say it.
Say his fucking name.

*
*
*

LEFTY

(right back)

Nicky's a rat because Sonny Black
says he's a rat. Who the fuck am I?
I'm a spoke in the wheel. So was he.
And so are you.

(beat)

Quit riding the fucking brake.

Donnie glances over. Sees Lefty's hand tremble as he lights
another cigarette.

CUT TO:

130 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT

130

Donnie enters his monastic apartment. Takes off his coat, tosses
it on his cot. And suddenly grabs a chair and **THROWS IT**...It
SPLINTERS...He grabs the bar from his weight bench and **SWINGS**...

SMASH!

An electric sizzle as the TV tube implodes...Donnie swings on
his bookcase...It **CRUMPLES** and books collapse to the ground...

CUT TO:

129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

LEFTY
(right back)
Nicky's a rat because Sonny Black
says he's a rat. Who the fuck am I?
I'm a spoke in the wheel. So was he.
And so are you.
(beat)
Quit riding the fucking brake.

Donnie glances over. Sees Lefty's hand tremble as he lights another cigarette.

130 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT

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Donnie enters his monastic apartment. Takes off his coat, tosses it on his cot. And suddenly grabs a chair and **THROWS IT**...It **SPLINTERS**...He grabs the bar from his weight bench and **SWINGS**...

SMASH!

An electric sizzle as the TV tube implodes...Donnie swings on his bookcase...It **CRUMPLES** and books collapse to the ground...

CUT TO:

131 EXT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT 131*

From a distance, we hear the sounds of furniture being reduced to kindling. *

CUT TO:

131A INT./EXT. DAY. PISTONE HOME--ENTRANCE 131A

THE DOOR

as the doorbell RINGS. Maggie opens it. And gives a little moan of FEAR--

MAGGIE

Oh my God--!

REVERSE ANGLE

Blandford and Curley stand at the door--the Grim Reapers.

CURLEY

Everything's okay, Maggie.

MAGGIE

If everything's okay, why are you here?

BLANDFORD

You mind if we come in, Mrs. Pistone?

MAGGIE

It depends.

CURLEY

Maggie.

She relents. Moves aside. But only so they can barely, stepping crab-wise, squeeze past her.

CUT TO:

131B INT. DAY. LATER. PISTONE HOME 131B

Curley and Blandford move around the kitchen as Maggie makes coffee.

BLANDFORD

...At that point he became hysterical. As if the Bureau were responsible for this tax audit, whereas, well, self-evidently--

MAGGIE

Did you ever think of giving him a raise?

CURLEY

The only way to give him a raise would be to upgrade him.

MAGGIE

Well?

CURLEY

(blankly)

GS-14 is a supervisor, Maggie.

MAGGIE

So he's a supervisor.

CURLEY

But he's undercover. He's not supervising anyone.

Maggie bites her tongue. Says nothing.

BLANDFORD

The point is, that's the last we heard from him. Standard procedure is to check in every day--maybe miss a day here or there, but...

CURLEY

It was three weeks ago.

MAGGIE

Where is he?

CURLEY

Maggie, we can't tell you that.

BLANDFORD

Mrs. Pistone, have you...heard from your husband recently?

MAGGIE

I want to know where my husband is.

(off his look)

I demand that you tell me right now where my husband is.

CURLEY

We can't tell you because we don't know.

MAGGIE

Oh my God.

CURLEY

Look, we think he's fine. If he wasn't, we probably would've heard something on the street.

BLANDFORD

If he contacts you, we need you to talk some sense to him. Help us out.

MAGGIE

You want me to help out the FBI? The frigging FBI that used my husband, sucked him dry, just so a bunch of supervisors could be promoted to SACs, and prosecutors could become judges, and assholes like you could become GS-16. You don't care if he's dead or alive--just as long as he follows procedures and you can cover your ass.

Blandford and Curley exchange a look.

BLANDFORD

There's a war going on inside this Mafia family where Joe's undercover. Three of the leaders of a rival faction were murdered.

CURLEY

He's right in the line of fire. Not because he's one of us. Because he's one of them--who he's with and who he's close to, they're all the top dogs now. It's just not a problem we anticipated.

BLANDFORD

We have to pull him out. You have to talk to him. He'll listen to you.

Maggie looks out the window.

MAGGIE

He'll listen to me? He was here a week ago. Snuck in the house after I fell asleep. Didn't wake anyone. Didn't say hello.

(beat)

He came home...for a sport coat.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

132

WISEGUYS standing guard out on the street, stamping their feet for warmth. Whispers and awestruck looks from the wiseguys as a big Cadillac pulls up. Boobie and Lefty emerge. Then Donnie...

WISEGUY #1

(awestruck)

The boss.

...Then Sonny. Huddling with Boobie, Lefty and Donnie, he disappears into the club.

CUT TO:

133 INT. DAY. LATER. MOTION LOUNGE

133

Boobie, Donnie, and two WISEGUYS sit at a card table. Boobie turns to Donnie.

BOOBIE

You know how to keep score?

A moment of recognition that

NICKY'S GONE

Then Sonny and Lefty enter from the back room, exchange a look-- they've been conferring. Then Lefty turns to Donnie.

LEFTY

Donnie, let's go take a walk.

CUT TO:

134 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

134

Lefty and Donnie walk up the block.

LEFTY

Look, Donnie, his son Bruno disappeared. As long as he's on the loose, ain't none of us safe.

DONNIE

You got no idea where he is?

LEFTY

He's got a nickel a day coke habit. He gotta show up someplace.

(turns to Donnie)

We got the contract. This gets done right, when the books open up, I'm gonna propose you for membership. You know what that means?

DONNIE
Don't worry. I won't fuck it up.

LEFTY
You read my mind. Don't fuck this up.

Lefty takes Donnie by the shoulders, gives him a formal kiss on one cheek. Then hugs him, looks at him with pride. This is a big moment -- the greatest gift Lefty can bestow...

LEFTY (CONT.)
You're gonna be a made guy, Donnie. Capeesh?

DONNIE
Yeah, I know.

LEFTY
C'mon, let's go back inside.

Lefty turns to head back to the club. Donnie stops him.

DONNIE
Hey, Left?

LEFTY
What?
(beat)
C'mon, Donnie, I'm freezing.

DONNIE
You know that Bertram you used to have? How much is it, a boat like that--you think three hundred grand?

LEFTY
You could get the sports fisherman maybe for three hundred used. What are you talking about boats, Donnie?

DONNIE
I just wanted to know.

LEFTY
It's ten fucking degrees out, you wanna have a conversation about boats. This ain't the time to lose your marbles, Donnie. You understand? We hit this cocksucker and leave him in the street.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. DAWN. PISTONE HOME

135

Donnie drives his Cadillac past the house. Cases it for surveillance. Then drives to the next block. Parks. Cuts through his neighbor's backyard, vaults the fence. Jimmies the back door. Enters.

136 INT. DAWN. PISTONE HOME

136

KERRY AND TERRY ASLEEP

In their shared bedroom as Donnie tiptoes past. Glances briefly at them. Then turns--

IT'S MAGGIE

MAGGIE

Do you want to tell me what's going on?

DONNIE

Nothing. Just go back to sleep. I just had to pick something up.

MAGGIE

That's not going to work anymore, Joe.

He goes past her to the master closet. Opens it. Looks inside...

136 CONTINUED:

136

DONNIE
Maggie, where is it?

MAGGIE
What's going on, Joe?

DONNIE
Where is the bag, Maggie?

MAGGIE
There's three hundred thousand
dollars in that bag, Joe. I counted
it.

DONNIE
(angry)
You shouldn't know about that.

MAGGIE
It's in my house. Who would ever
believe I didn't know about it?

DONNIE
I didn't do nothing wrong.

MAGGIE
We could both go to jail. What about
our children, Joe?

Donnie exits the bedroom. She follows.

DONNIE
Shut up. You don't know what you're
talking about.

MAGGIE
I know FBI men don't walk around
with three hundred thousand dollars
in a bag, Joe.

DONNIE
Tell me where that bag is, Maggie. *

He continues to forage for the bag...

MAGGIE
You're becoming like them.

DONNIE
Where's the bag, Maggie?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

The Bureau was here. *

DONNIE

What did you tell them? *

MAGGIE

You're right, you miserable prick. I sold you out.

DONNIE

What did you tell them, Maggie? Did you tell them about the money? *

She gives him a defiant look. Then turns, rummages in a hiding place. Returns with the bag. Shoves it at him.

MAGGIE

Do you wanna know how I get through my days? Do you know how I do it? I pretend you're dead. Then I'm a widow--I can do that--with the pictures and the medals and the scrapbook and the memories... *

(breaking down) *

Now just go away and stay away. *

DONNIE

I can't.

Maggie breaks down.

MAGGIE

Then come home. Please.

DONNIE

I can't.

MAGGIE

You're killing me. *

DONNIE

I can't, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Why? Why do you hate me? Why? I love you so much. What did I do? *

DONNIE

It went too far. I was supposed to be better than them. I was supposed to be different. The man in the white hat, the fucking Untouchables. Meanwhile the minute I come out from under everybody gets whacked-- one

(MORE)

136 CONTINUED: (3)

136

DONNIE (cont'd)
 guy already got whacked, dead--
because of me--as good as if I put
 two bullets in his head myself. I
 got a contract right now to kill a
 guy I don't even know. So you tell
 me, Maggie, you tell me what's the
 difference? Where's the right and
 wrong? I'm not becoming like them--
 I am like them. I spent all these
 years feeling so fucking superior,
 laughing at them behind my fucking
 mask. Who's laughing now?

*
*

CUT TO:

137 EXT. NIGHT. HIGHWAY--NEW JERSEY

137

Donnie talks on a PAY PHONE by the highway.

DONNIE
 Left, Donnie.

LEFTY (O.C.)
 Donnie--where you been, Donnie?

DONNIE
 Left, I gotta see you.

LEFTY (O.C.)
 You're right you gotta see me. We
 found Bruno. He's on a boat out in
 City Island.

DONNIE
 You want me to pick you up?

LEFTY
 We ain't got time, Donnie. Meet me
 there.

CUT TO:

138 INT. NIGHT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

138

The Suit, ALONE in the office. The phone RINGS.

CURLEY
 Hello?

He listens. Hangs up. RUNS.

CUT TO:

139 INT./EXT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S CADILLAC

139

Donnie waits in his car. Lefty appears, taps on the window. Climbs inside.

LEFTY

He's at the end of the pier. We'll wait while he has his drink. Let him get a little sleepy. I'm getting sleepy myself.

*
*
*
*

DONNIE

How's his boat?

*
*

LEFTY

Nice one, fuggedaboutit.

*
*

DONNIE

Yeah?

*
*

LEFTY

I'm telling you, Donnie--one thing I know is boats.

*
*

DONNIE

You know what you said a couple of times--how if you had that Bertram again you'd drive down to the pier one day, take Annette and just go? Remember? North South East or West--and nobody'd ever find you?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

LEFTY

Donnie--that was before. Don't remind me of all that.

*
*
*

DONNIE

I just wanna know--did you mean it?

*
*

LEFTY

Donnie--who am I, Rockefeller? I'm gonna go buy a boat?

*
*
*

DONNIE

I'm saying what if? I got some things going on the side. Maybe I could find that kind of money.

*
*
*
*

LEFTY

For me? That's very generous.

*
*

DONNIE

(off Lefty's look)
You know what I'm saying. Since Sonny Red got clipped--it's all getting too hot. Go back to the

*
*
*
*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

DONNIE (cont'd)
city, pick up Annette. Then you buy
that boat and go. Forget Bruno...

LEFTY
Sonny ain't gonna forget Bruno.

DONNIE
So that's his headache. Get out of
the life, Left. Go live in the
Bahamas, open up a bait shop and eat
coconuts.

Lefty looks at Donnie a long beat.

LEFTY
Donnie--listen to me, Donnie. I'm
gonna show you something, and I want
you to look at it very carefully,
and I want you to think very
carefully about what you say to me.

Lefty reaches in his pocket, takes out a piece of paper, folded.
Hands it to Donnie. Torn from a magazine:

THE NEWSWEEK ARTICLE

with the PHOTO of "The Left Hand."

LEFTY
That's a Federal boat, Donnie.

Donnie looks up from the article. Sees a .22 BERETTA AUTOMATIC
in Lefty's hand.

DONNIE
Left, that ain't the same boat.

LEFTY
Don't tell me that ain't the same
boat, Donnie! There's one thing I
know it's boats! That's a Taiwan-
made boat, there's only five like
that in the world.

DONNIE
I really don't think it's the same
boat, Left.

LEFTY
I even remember the name, Donnie.
"The Left Hand." That's like my
name. That's that ABSCAM boat!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

DONNIE

I told you, I got that boat from that girl I used to know down there.

LEFTY

What's her name?

DONNIE

Florence.

LEFTY

Florence what?

DONNIE

Florence Italy. How do I know, Left? Maybe her brother's an agent. I thought he was in real estate.

LEFTY

You think I forget. I don't forget nothing. You already got two other strikes on you.

DONNIE

What two strikes?

LEFTY

When you did that with the air conditioner and, uh, uh, uh--ain't the question, Donnie. You still ain't answered me about this Federal boat.

DONNIE

How the hell do I know? I had no idea it was a Federal boat. That don't make me a rat.

LEFTY

Donnie--did I say you was a rat?

DONNIE

No, but I thought you--

LEFTY

How many times did I have you into my own house, Donnie?

DONNIE

Twice a week, at least.

LEFTY

At least. I cooked for you. Everybody in my family--my wife, my daughter... I ever had any money--I mean, I never had any money, but

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (3)

139

LEFTY (cont'd)
 ever I had a hundred bucks in my
 pocket, I gave you fifty, right?

DONNIE
 You're right. *

LEFTY
 If you're a rat, then I'm the
 biggest fucking mutt in the history
 of the Mafia.

DONNIE
 Look, Left--I don't even know what
 you're worried about. That guy with
 the boat, he scammed all these *
 fucking guys but he couldn't scam *
 us. We had a great party and we
 walked away from it.

LEFTY
 How do you know we walked away from
 it?

DONNIE
 We're sitting here, right? They
 think they outsmarted us, but we
 outsmarted them. We beat the agents!

Lefty thinks, looks at Donnie another long beat.

LEFTY
 You still got two strikes on you. *

DONNIE
 Okay. *

LEFTY
 C'mon, let's go do this work and get
 this over with. *

He hands the gun to Donnie, climbs out. Donnie looks at the gun
 in his hand, then sticks it in his belt, follows Lefty.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. NIGHT. MARINA

140

Bruno sits on his boat, watches a small TV, his back to the
 sliding glass doors that lead into the cabin.

DONNIE'S POV

Of Bruno, as Donnie and Lefty move down the pier--a tunnel of
 drydocked boats. The PUTT-PUTT of a distant engine as a boat is
 dimly seen approaching from seaward... *

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

ANGLE ON--DONNIE AND LEFTY

Donnie tenses as they move down the pier towards the boat.

LEFTY
Remember, two behind the ear. Like pushing a button. Bing bing, that's it.

DONNIE
Okay.

LEFTY
Don't freeze up. You gonna freeze up? *

DONNIE
No.

LEFTY
A lot of guys freeze up.

DONNIE
I'm fine.

They're very close to Bruno's boat now, but he doesn't see them. *
They're screened by the dock's gas and water pumps. *

LEFTY
Did I say you's a rat? I can't believe you even brought that up. I never said you's a rat, Donnie. I'm your best friend. *

Donnie turns to look at Lefty. *

LEFTY
C'mon, Donnie. We gotta get this thing done now. *

Lefty stoops down and disconnects the dockside power to Bruno's boat. The TV and bilge pump flicker off. *

LEFTY
Get ready Donnie. He's gonna be outta there in a second. *

Bruno slides open the glass door and steps onto the aft deck. *
Lefty nudges Donnie, who aims his gun at Bruno. All innocence, *
Bruno climbs off the boat and heads towards them. *

Donnie tenses with anticipation. Lefty watches Donnie hungrily. *

CLOSE ON--The gun in Donnie's hand and his trigger finger not tightening. *
Lefty begins to draw his own gun. *

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

The movement catches Donnie's attention. And suddenly he
REALIZES what he's doing down here... *

Bruno approaches closer, almost up to their hiding place. The
sound of the approaching boat is loud now. Donnie looks from
Lefty to Bruno, his gun still raised. *

Then:

LIGHT EXPLODES from a POLICE BOAT as a SPEAKER SQUAWKS...

FBI #1
PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD RIGHT
NOW!

Suddenly, FBI MEN in blue windbreakers with big white letters--
"FBI"--storm the pier from the land side, grab Donnie and
Lefty...Other FBI men nab Bruno...The FBI pulls Donnie one way,
Lefty the other...Curley at Donnie's elbow... *

LEFTY
(calling)
Donnie, don't say nothing. Don't say
nothing to them.

CURLEY
Congratulations. It's over, Joe.

DONNIE
What do you mean, it's over? That's
my call. I come out when I say. *

LEFTY
Donnie, don't say nothing.

Curley
It's over, Joe.

LEFTY
The mouthpiece'll be wit'cha in
twenty-four hours! Donnie--!

DONNIE
I'm not coming out!

Donnie starts to run...

ANGLE ON--LEFTY *

As he's HANDCUFFED, looks up the dock to where Curley and other
FBI MEN catch up with Donnie, wrestle him away. Donnie
STRUGGLES, exchanges a look with Lefty as he's dragged away. *

CLOSE ON--LEFTY *

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (3)

140

As he smiles to himself--relieved to find Donnie is on his side after all. Then he notices... *

BACK ON--DONNIE *

That Donnie is NOT HANDCUFFED... As Curley drapes an FBI WINDBREAKER over Donnie's shoulders and they escort him into a car... *

TIGHT ON--LEFTY *

CUT TO:

141 INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

141

PHOTOS OF DONNIE

With other FBI MEN, at Quantico, etc., as Curley and Blandford show them to Sonny, Boobie, Lefty and other WISEGUYS. Then Blandford passes his business card to Sonny.

BLANDFORD

You've known this guy as Donnie Brasco. That's not his real name. The truth is, he's been an FBI agent all along.

(with business card)

Here's where you can contact me if you want to talk.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

142

Sonny, Boobie, and Lefty watch as the FBI cohort drive off. They stand on the street corner--DEATH and disbelief written in their faces.

(CONTINUED)

SONNY

You believe that fucking guy?
There's no fucking way Donnie could
be an agent.

BOOBIE

Some fucking bluff.

An FBI MAN hides on a nearby ROOFTOP with a TELEPHOTO LENS.

ZZZH!

A FREEZE FRAME of the guys standing outside.

LEFTY

That boat was a setup. They set up
that boat and then we think Donnie's
a rat.

ZZZH! and another FREEZE FRAME.

SONNY

They almost had me going.

LEFTY

If you didn't know Donnie.

ZZZH! ZZZH!

SONNY

Right? If you didn't know Donnie.

ZZZH! ZZZH! ZZZH!

FREEZE FRAMES like tombstones.

CUT TO:

143 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

143

Lefty sits, BROODS, watches a NATURE SHOW on his TV. The
phone rings.

LEFTY

Yeah?

(listens)

Okay. I'll be there.

He hangs up. Thinks a beat. Then takes off his GOLD WATCH,
sticks it in a drawer. Then the CROSS he wears on a chain
around his neck. His WALLET. The KEYS to his Cadillac. Closes
the drawer as Annette enters.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

ANNETTE
Was that for me?

LEFTY
Nah. A guy I gotta go see.

He gives Annette a kiss.

LEFTY
G'night, Annette. Don't wait up.

He turns to the door, turns back.

LEFTY
Donnie calls, tell him if it was gonna be anyone, I'm glad it was him.

CUT TO:

143A EXT. DAY. SHOOTING RANGE

143A*

A line of EIGHT MEN in windbreakers and caps stencilled with "F.B.I." in yellow letters. They shoot at man-shaped targets. At the end of the line, Donnie. His hair is no longer the sleek black cap of his time with Lefty.

Donnie completes shooting off his clip. He raises his empty gun and watches as the range mechanism returns his target down the wires. The black outline of a man peppered with bullet holes trundles inexorably towards him.

CUT TO:

144 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS--AUDITORIUM

144

A public room with rows of cheap government-issue CHAIRS and a LECTERN with the FBI SEAL, flanked by FLAGS. Curley introduces Donnie to a FUNCTIONARY in the public affairs division--they shake hands and the Functionary takes out a NOTEBOOK. Maggie and the three girls in their pinafores sit on metal chairs.

CURLEY
...This is Joseph Pistone.

FUNCTIONARY
I just want to make sure I have the correct spelling of your name.

DONNIE
This is my wife, Maggie.

Donnie beckons to her...

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

Blandford enters with the DIRECTOR, a Midwestern waxworks in his 60s, followed by three AIDES, one of whom directs him to a PLATFORM in front of the lectern. Blandford ushers Donnie over to him. *

BLANDFORD

Mr. Director, this is Special Agent Joseph Pistone.

DIRECTOR

Son, we're very proud of you.

BLANDFORD

And this is Mrs. Pistone.

AIDE #4 approaches, whispers in the Director's ear. Donnie looks at Maggie. Maggie SQUEEZES his hand. The Director returns his attention to them. *

DIRECTOR

You must be very proud of your husband. *

MAGGIE

He's a very special man. *

An Aide leads Maggie back to her seat under the prompting of the photographer. *

The Director puts on his READING GLASSES as an AIDE hands him an INSCRIPTION to read... *

DIRECTOR

(reading) *

"To Special Agent Joseph Pistone, in grateful recognition for meritorious service." Allow me to present you with this medal and a check for five hundred dollars. *

The Director hands Donnie a VELVET CASE and a large CHECK. A PHOTOGRAPHER steps forward. The Director and Donnie shake hands for the camera. *

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hold up the check. *

Donnie complies. FLASH! Donnie and the Director captured with their frozen smiles. ZZZH! Then TIGHT on Donnie. ZZZH! Again, TIGHTER. ZZZH! *

DIRECTOR

Congratulations again, son. *

(winks to Maggie) *

Ma'am, you take good care of him. *

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

I will.

The Aides whisk the Director out. The Photographer packs up his equipment, Blandford approaches, shakes Donnie's hand.

BLANDFORD

Congratulations, Joe.

He pats him on the back, exits. Maggie approaches Donnie, holding Kerry's hand.

MAGGIE

I'm gonna take the girls to the bathroom. I'll be right back.

Maggie and the girls exit... As does the Photographer...

Donnie remains, ALONE in the large room, with the flags and the ceremonial trappings...He opens the velvet box. Looks at his medal. Looks up, and out the window. ZZZH! FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

A CRAWL runs over this closeup as the color desaturates:

The evidence collected by "Donnie Brasco" led to over 200 indictments and over 100 convictions, including the famous "Pizza Connection" case.

The "Commission Case" resulted in the convictions of four of the heads of the Five Families under the RICO statute.

Special Agent Joseph Pistone lives with his wife under an assumed name in an undisclosed location. There is still a \$500,000 open contract on his head.

The IRS assessed him for \$7,000 in back taxes and penalties. The FBI denied him a pension.

FADE OUT.