

BROKE

“Feed The Beast”
Episode 1

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First Network Draft
November 10, 2015

LIONSGATE
2700 Colorado Ave.
Santa Monica, CA 90404

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FIRE. As primal as time itself. WIDEN... DION PAPPAS (a sexy beast) over a stove. Expertly caroming shrimp around a skillet. A cauldron of fettuccine boils.

WIDEN FURTHER. GUARDS watch Dion cook... in an orange jumpsuit. We're -

1 INT. PRISON - CAFETERIA 1

Dion dishes out meals to a table full of Guards. In unison, they toast him and dig in. Dion takes a slight bow.

A CORRECTIONAL OFFICER approaches.

C.O.

Yo Chef! Your lawyer's here.

Off Dion's curious look, we BLOOM TO WHITE.

RESOLVE TO STEAM billowing from a towering and beautiful brass and copper *Belle Epoque* espresso machine. A bizarre, prodigious monster. We're -

2 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KITCHEN 2

TJ (10, mixed race) steps in to make the perfect cappuccino. What magical world is this? WIDEN. Not so magical. FOLLOW TJ through an unkempt and unfinished industrial kitchen. Exposed framing. Dishes piled high. Cooking ware in boxes.

TJ goes up rickety stairs, stepping over a loose plank. Then down a hall to -

3 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - BEDROOM 3

TJ in the doorway. The bed an avalanche of blankets. TOMMY SHANNON (dreamer's eyes shrouded in melancholy) emerges. A hangover is not out of the question. TJ hands him the coffee.

TOMMY

Thanks, buddy.

TJ looks to the clock. So does Tommy. They're late.

TOMMY

Shit.

He jumps out of bed. Rushes out with TJ. HOLD. He scurries back in for his coffee. Downs it in one delicious gulp.

MUSIC UP: 'PLEASE PLEASE ME' by The Beatles.

4 INT. TOMMY'S VOLVO WAGON - DRIVING 4

Tommy and TJ. Tommy sings his heart out to The Beatles. When the song comes to the call-and-response 'C'mon, C'mon...', Tommy belts out the first two. Turns to his son.

TOMMY
Take it, TJ!

Nothing. Tommy grins.

TOMMY
Worth a shot.

5 EXT. TJ'S SCHOOL 5

The Volvo pulls up. A goodbye hug. As TJ walks away, Tommy's smile fades to a tinge of worry and sadness. The Beatles MORPH TO AMERICAN ROOTS BLUES.

6 EXT. BRONX FOREST 6

A terrified ASIAN THUG, restrained by two GOONS, faces a looming figure. REVERSE TO REVEAL PATRICK WOIJCHIK, AKA THE TOOTH FAIRY (brutality personified).

TOOTH FAIRY
You know why they call me the Tooth Fairy, right?

The Thug nods frantically, his lips firmly locked. The Tooth Fairy raises his trademark oversized stainless steel pliers. Touches them to the Thug's mouth. He sing-songs...

TOOTH FAIRY
You did a bad thing.

7 INT. PRISON - PROPERTY WINDOW 7

Dion and his lawyer, MARISA BRUNO (late 30s, a dark-haired beauty).

DION
I still had 9 months. You're amazing.

Before Marisa can respond, a GUARD slides a bag of belongings to Dion. Leather jacket. Jeans. Work shirt. Bic lighter.

GUARD
With all due respect, I wish you'da gotten life. Gonna miss ya, Chef.

MARISA

Go change.

(nods to a door)

I'll explain your parole terms.

8 INT. HUNTS POINT MARKETPLACE 8

QUICK POPS: The oddly savage world of where our food comes from.

Slab after slab of beef being halved by whining bandsaws.

Chickens reduced to parts.

Fish gutted.

A whole pig eviscerated. Another.

FIND TOMMY. Moving through.

9 INT. PRISON - PRIVATE ROOM 9

Dion dumps his bag. Pops the bottom off his Bic lighter. Cocaine. He bumps. Ah, freedom. He unzips his jumpsuit just as Marisa enters. Oops... or not: she locks the door and unbuttons her blouse.

10 INT. HUNTS POINT MARKETPLACE 10

Workers greet Tommy. He smiles wanly. Disengaged.

11 EXT. BRONX FOREST 11

The Tooth Fairy and the Thug.

TOOTH FAIRY

Just because my father's in prison
doesn't mean you can step on our turf.

THUG

I meant no disrespect to Ziggy.

The Tooth Fairy wags his pliers.

TOOTH FAIRY

Just smile. Makes it so much easier.
For both of us.

12 INT. PRISON - PRIVATE ROOM 12

Dion and Marisa enjoy a celebratory fuck on the table.
Marisa rhythmically recites -

MARISA

... no association with known felons.
No weapons. Random drug testing.

Dion pauses. Then resumes thrusting.

13 EXT. BRONX FOREST

13

The Tooth Fairy and the Thug. Ominous pliers. The Thug is almost in tears.

THUG

Please! My boss, he want a sit-down
with you. I am only the messenger.

TOOTH FAIRY

And now you're the message.

He violently RIPS a tooth from the Thug's mouth. The Thug goes down. A bloody, writhing, screaming mess. The Tooth Fairy pockets the tooth and strolls to his Black Mercedes Sprinter Van. Tinted windows.

14 INT. PRISON - PRIVATE ROOM

14

Dion and Marisa are about to finish... together. As she's climaxing -

MARISA

And... of course... you can't ...
vote! Oh God!

MOMENTS LATER. As they dress -

MARISA

You gonna stay out of trouble?

DION

Trouble...?

He flashes that bad-boy grin of his.

DION

... me?

He's halfway out the door when Marisa realizes that was a 'see-ya' fuck. Pissed -

MARISA

By the way, I didn't get you out
early!

But Dion's already gone.

15 INT. HUNTS POINT MARKETPLACE 15

Brilliant colors. Flowers. Fruit. Spices. A FLORIST passes a bouquet to Tommy.

FLORIST

Pink peonies. You know how hard it is to get them this time a year?

TOMMY

Thanks, Jack. They're my wife's favorite.

He walks off. Bouquet in hand. MUSIC OUT. GO TO BLACK.

RESOLVE to a Prison Gate sliding open. There's Dion. We're -

16 EXT. PRISON/INT. TOOTH FAIRY'S VAN 16

Dion walks out. A free man. Behind him, several well-fed Guards wave. Wishing him God's speed.

Dion pauses. Feels the sun on his face. Then spots the Tooth Fairy's Van down the street. Fuck. He starts to make a move. The Van closes in fast. Just then, a Garbage Truck passes in front of Dion and... Poof. Dion's gone.

GOON #1

Where'd he go?

TOOTH FAIRY

The garbage truck, genius.

The Van scrambles in front of the Garbage Truck. Forcing it to stop. The Goons jump out. Race to the truck.

DRIVER

What the hell are you doing?

The Goons ignore him. Look in the cab. Check the undercarriage. The roof. No Dion.

GOON #1

Empty your truck onto the street.

DRIVER

Screw you.

THE VAN. A window lowers. The Tooth Fairy.

TOOTH FAIRY

I would appreciate some civility... and some cooperation.

DRIVER

I'm so sorry, Mr. Woijchik. I didn't realize it was you. How's your father?

TOOTH FAIRY

Getting by. Now, if you'd please...

He motions to the body of the huge truck.

MOMENTS LATER. The massive truck, its hopper tilted back, creeps forward and dumps a tremendous load of trash onto the street. The Goons stomp through it. Still no Dion. The Tooth Fairy reacts. He raises his window as the Goons get in the Van and race away.

LOW ANGLE DOLLY along the trash. The Van crosses through. CAMERA FINDS a storm drain. Two coal-black eyes peer out. Well-played, Dion, well-played. BLOOM TO WHITE.

RESOLVE to a wine glass, sunlight glinting off it. Beat. Then a vivid red is poured. We're -

17

INT. WINE SHOP

17

Tommy, a wine rep, has poured a Merlot for the OWNER and himself. Tommy holds his glass up to the sunlight. Examining and appreciating. Then he 'noses' the glass. Takes a large swig. Swirls it in his mouth. Swallows.

TOMMY

(by rote)

Earthy. Oaky. Full-bodied... noble.

The Owner sips. Spits. Tommy sips and swirls again. Swallows. Again. He opens his laptop. Screensaver: Tommy, TJ and RIE (30, black, beaming). Tommy clicks to the order forms.

TOMMY

So, can I put you down for the usual 10 cases?

OWNER

Uh, let's go with 4 this time.

(off Tommy's look)

How's your boy doin'?

TOMMY

TJ? Never better.

18 INT. TJ'S SCHOOL - CORRIDOR

18

TJ's walking. He's suddenly shoulder-checked into the lockers by ANDRE (11, black). TJ stumbles. Catches himself. Rubs his elbow as he glares at his tormentors.

ANDRE

Got something to say?

TJ looks like he's got a lot he wants to say right now. But... nothing. Andre and the others move on. SLOW PULLBACK as TJ, upset and alone, takes out his cell, dials. Puts it up to his ear.

19 INT. UNCLE STAVROS'S BODEGA

19

STAVROS PAPPAS (50s, grizzled) painstakingly rigs a Lotto machine. Dion enters.

UNCLE STAVROS

Ah, the prodigal nephew...

(hugs Dion)

... smells like a sewer.

He grabs a corner of his desk. Dion takes the other and, together, they slide it to the side. Then Stavros pries up a tile to expose a floor safe. He opens it, comes up with an envelope. Hands it to Dion.

UNCLE STAVROS

Passport, ticket to Paris, spending money. Flight's at noon tomorrow.

Dion opens the passport.

DION

Maury Finkelstein?

UNCLE STAVROS

Could you have given me any less notice? You're welcome.

A young ASIAN WOMAN in a kimono and high heels pops her head in through the back door.

KIMONO

Uncle. Reminding you I need tomorrow night off. My daughter's talent show.

UNCLE STAVROS

Consider me reminded, lovely.

Kimono tosses a smile at Dion.

KIMONO

Hi Dion. Bye Dion.

She leaves. Dion turns to Stavros.

DION

Can I crash here tonight?

UNCLE STAVROS

All my rooms - and all my girls - are booked. Telling ya, The Bronx is the next damn Gold Rush. Which is why these Lotto machines are working overtime.

As he turns to indicate the machines he's 'fixing', Stavros takes in a bank of security monitors.

UNCLE STAVROS

Oh shit.

Dion follows his gaze to see the Tooth Fairy's Van pull up outside. Oh shit indeed.

20 INT. UNCLE STARVROS'S BROTHEL - STAIRCASE/HALLWAY 20

Dion blasts up the stairs. Bursts through a door. Tears down the hallway. A few HOOKERS open their doors to the commotion. Kimono, a Haitian, and a Russian greet Dion with flirty smiles. He pauses to kiss the Haitian. Bolts into another stairwell.

21 INT. STAVROS'S BODEGA 21

The Tooth Fairy and his Goons enter. Stavros is all smiles.

UNCLE STAVROS

Ah, Patrick. Not your usual time. Besides Shayna's out. Shark week.
(off Tooth Fairy's look)
She's menstruating.

TOOTH FAIRY

How nice for her. I'm looking for your nephew.

UNCLE STAVROS

Dion? He doesn't get out for months.

The Tooth Fairy pauses. Studies Stavros. Then turns to his Goons.

TOOTH FAIRY

Find him.

The Goons obey like hounds. Scrambling upstairs.

UNCLE STAVROS

There's a couple of cops up there.
Maybe a judge. Not good for business.
Yours or mine.

The Tooth Fairy raises his pliers.

TOOTH FAIRY

What happens to people who lie to me?

UNCLE STAVROS

Screw you, Patrick. I pay your dogs
every month for protection.

He looks at the monitors. The Goons are upstairs yanking
open doors.

UNCLE STAVROS

You call that protection?

The Tooth Fairy moves closer. Menace and evil. He presses
the pliers into Stavros's lips.

TOOTH FAIRY

You know, wisdom teeth are vestigial.
I firmly believe in discarding
anything that is useless.

Stavros stands, unbowed. These two hate each other. The
moment's broken when the Goons rush back in.

GOON #1

He's not here.

TOOTH FAIRY

You ask the girls?

GOON #2

They said he's in jail.

The Tooth Fairy takes a step back. Then SWINGS his massive
pliers. Destroying the Lotto machine Stavros was rigging.

STAVROS'S eyes narrow. There's a major collision brewing.
The Tooth Fairy and his Goons leave.

22 EXT. STAVROS'S BROTHEL - ROOFTOP

22

Dion slams through the access door. Skitters to the roof
edge. Looks down to see the Mercedes Van pulling away. Phew.

23 EXT. TJ'S SCHOOL/INT. TOMMY'S VOLVO WAGON

23

Tommy pours wine from the tasting bottle into his travel mug. Sips. A KNOCK on the window. Meet ANNA LOGAN (early 20s, ponytail pretty) the school psychologist. Tommy gets out.

ANNA

Mr. Shannon. You missed last week's appointment.

TOMMY

Sorry. Work's been brutal. I'll call to set something up.

Anna checks her watch.

ANNA

We've got 15 minutes till school lets out.

She heads toward the school. ON TOMMY. So not into this.

24 INT. TJ'S SCHOOL - ANNA'S OFFICE

24

Decorated like it belongs to someone who's been out of college for about ten minutes. Which is true. FIND Tommy and Anna. Couch and club chair.

TOMMY

... and my health insurance covered 10 sessions with a shrink. And 10 sessions with a speech therapist. Now it's maxed out and it's all on me.

ANNA

I totally get it. But we still need to see some progress here.

TOMMY

No shit. It's just a lot to juggle with his mom not around.

ANNA

I can only imagine.

TOMMY

Yeah. You can only imagine.

He pauses. Drifts on a thought.

ANNA

What are you thinking?

TOMMY

Permission to speak freely?

(off her nod)

I was thinking: if you had 20 years more experience, what a difference that would make for TJ. I know you gotta learn somehow, log your hours. But it'd be so much better for my son if his counselor wasn't from the generation that thinks of Nirvana as classic rock.

ANNA

You're totally deflecting. I am who I am. You are who you are. So let's talk about what's real. TJ failing. TJ getting into fights. TJ not talking. I get it. You have a lot on your plate as the only parent and -

TOMMY

So I'm the only single parent with a kid having trouble in school?

ANNA

No. You're the only single parent whose son watched his own mother get killed in a hit-and-run. And hasn't said a single word since. And whose father...

The bell RINGS. Tommy rises.

ANNA

... has a drinking problem. I smell alcohol on your breath.

TOMMY

Wine. I'm a wine salesman and -

ANNA

Mr. Shannon, you give me shit about being just out of grad school. Maybe that's why I recognize a case-study in self-destructive behavior when I see one. And you, sir, are textbook.

TOMMY

Thank you for the free - albeit banal - analysis. I'm going to take my son home.

Anna sidles in front of him. Blocking the door.

ANNA
Actually you're not.

TOMMY
Uh, boundaries?

ANNA
Speaking freely? This continues to go downhill, I am required by law to notify Child Services.

TOMMY
And that means what exactly?

ANNA
You could lose TJ.

Whoa. This lands hard on Tommy. Now Anna opens the door.

ANNA
There's coffee in the Faculty Lounge. Go enjoy a cup or six before you drive your son home. Oh, and Nirvana? My father's favorite band.

25 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDINGS - MONTAGE

25

Dion presses a buzzer.

VOICE
S'up?

DION
Collette around?

VOICE
She would be if she hadn't married that asshole. And broken her lease.

ANOTHER DOOR. Another buzzer.

MALE VOICE
Hello?

DION
Susannah?

MALE VOICE
Dude, do I sound like a Susannah?

ANOTHER DOOR. This one will be specific. We'll see it later. It opens and there's Marisa. Mixed feelings.

MARISA
In trouble so soon?

Dion turns on every watt of his charm voltage.

DION
I miss you already. Can I come in?

He leans in for a kiss. She puts a hand on his chest.
Stopping him.

MARISA
You're a great lay, but I think we
should keep this attorney-client
business strictly professional.

She shuts the door on him.

ON DION. Fuck. He walks away. A beat. The door opens. Marisa
looks after him. A trace of longing.

26 EXT. SKY 26

Blue. Then a swarm of swallows swiftly swoops and swirls.

27 INT. TOMMY'S VOLVO WAGON 27

TJ, his head against the window, watches the birds in their
uncanny flight. Tommy, still reacting to his meeting with
Anna, looks over to him.

TOMMY
I'm not going to let anyone take you
away.

TJ turns to him, a little confused. Tommy scruffs his hair
reassuringly. TJ goes back to watching the vortex of birds
darting in perfect synchronicity.

28 EXT. TOMMY'S PLACE 28

Tommy pulls into the lot of a warehouse. If you didn't look
closely, you'd think it's an abandoned building. But it's
his home.

There's Dion. Tommy's surprised. Brightens. The two exchange
a knowing smile of long-time friends. Tommy and TJ get out.

TOMMY
Good behavior?

DION
My money's on good cooking.

TOMMY

Holy shit.

They collide in a robust hug.

TOMMY

You gonna crash here?

ON DION, nodding. Ha, as simple as that.

DION

Just one night. Going to Paris tomorrow.

Tommy takes that in. Then -

TOMMY

TJ, you remember Dion.

DION

Wassup T-Dawg?

He draws the boy into an embrace. But is caught off-guard when TJ just stands there. Saying nothing. Dion glances to Tommy. WTF?

29 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE

29

Dion follows Tommy and TJ inside.

DION

Y'see they turned the methadone clinic into a yoga studio?

TOMMY

Got an organic market coming in, too.

DION

Like I been tellin' ya. The Bronx is the new Brooklyn. It's coming up, man.

He looks around at Tommy's dust-covered, wire-exposed industrial loft space shit-hole.

DION

Well, parts of it.

TOMMY

Maid called in sick.

DION

How do you live like this? I had better digs back in prison.

TOMMY

Sure they'd make room for you again.

Dion sees TJ go upstairs.

DION

TJ all right? He seems a little...

TOMMY

Quiet?

DION

Dented.

TOMMY

Dented I'll take. It's broken I'm worried about. It hasn't been easy for him. Thanks for coming to the funeral, by the way.

DION

Queens County Jail was all out of hall passes that day.

Dion eyes the top-of-the-line restaurant-quality stove - which looks like it's never been used - then sticks his head in the fridge.

DION

You're killing me. You have a 20 thousand dollar stove and your fridge is as empty as -

TOMMY

- your wallet? Your bank account? Your soul?

DION

All stocked up on wine, though. How are you and the bottle getting along these days?

TOMMY

We love each other. How are you and the blow?

DION

I'm a reformed man.

TOMMY

Yuh, right. 'Cause it's so hard to get drugs in prison.

DION

Thanks again for visiting me. Not once but TWICE in an entire year.

TOMMY

Oh, I'm sorry. Was I not there for you? Funny. The way I remember it, the one time I actually needed you - y'know, *when my wife died* - you got coked up and burned down the restaurant. So not only did I lose my wife, I lost my best friend and my job, too. So, no - *thank you*.

This brought up real anger for Tommy. It's not lost on Dion.

DION

I'm sorry about Rie. It sucks I couldn't be at the funeral.

Tommy's still heated. Dion hugs him.

DION

I'm really sorry, Bro. I miss her, too.

Tommy's sadness wells up as Dion embraces him. A painful and surprisingly vulnerable moment between these two guys - broken by TJ coming back downstairs.

DION

Hey, T-Dawg. Who's hungry?

TIMECUT. Steam rising, water boiling, Dion chopping and dicing. Tommy, helping TJ with homework, motions for him to watch Dion work his magic. TJ is pulled in as Dion uses a wine bottle for a rolling pin.

Dion grabs one of Tommy's knives from the rack. Dull as hell. After shooting Tommy a look, Dion takes an old coffee mug, places it upside-down on the cutting board and expertly sharpens the knife against the coarse ceramic grain.

DION CARVES the pressed sheet of dough into delicate strings of pasta.

DION

So, you're a wine-babe?

TOMMY

It's temporary.

DION

Good. 'Cause you're the best damn
sommelier in New York.

HIS KNIFE A BLUR, Dion slices through ten tomatoes in three seconds and, with a flick of his wrist, launches them into a sauce pan, tilting the pan so the flames lick at his wrists. TJ is enthralled.

TIMECUT. Dion plates his creation, and puts the finishing touches on a lush, cascading hill of al dente perfecto. Tommy uncorks a bottle, pours a couple of glasses of wine.

As TJ picks up his fork, Dion stops him.

DION

Hold on, champ.

He nods to Tommy.

TOMMY

What?

DION

Go on.

TOMMY

C'mon, man.

DION

Food's getting cold.

Tommy sighs.

TOMMY

Tonight, we have, uh, our special, house-made tagliatelle with vine-ripened roma tomatoes and parmesan in a shallot and garlic reduction. Pairs perfectly with this 2007 Villa Antinori.

(presents bottle)

An old-world Tempranillo blend with a touch of Grenache for a structured body.

(sniffs)

Stemmy and opulent. Look for notes of chili, tobacco and strawberry. Voluptuous tannins. All right, can we eat already?

DION

(grins)

And he's back!

A hint of a smile from TJ. They grab their forks.

MATCH CUT TO -

A FORK stabbing a greasy plate of fatty ham, fried eggs and runny beans. We are -

30

INT. DINER

30

DET. GUY GIORDANO (50s, volatile) eats alone. Marisa slides into the booth across from him.

MARISA

Detective.

GIORDANO

Counselor. You hungry?

MARISA

Actually in a hurry. Friend of a friend's got a friend with the FBI. Word is I.A.'s got you in their cross-hairs.

GIORDANO

Over Ziggy Woijchik? That was a righteous bust.

MARISA

'Cept for the skull fracture on the ride to booking. 'Cause of that the jury goes all liberal on that fine citizen; and a guaranteed life in prison on RICO charges becomes two years easy time.

GIORDANO

Better'n nothin'.

MARISA

Not to the Feds. So this is what I'm hearing: they've been building a case on the Tooth Fairy for years and they want you entirely off his ass.

GIORDANO

You telling me what to do?

MARISA

I'm telling you what not to do.

A tense beat. Giordano considers. Smiles.

GIORDANO

Sure you don't want a job?

MARISA

I got a job.

GIORDANO

I mean one that puts bad guys behind bars instead of getting them out.

He slips a wad of cash in her purse.

GIORDANO

Get yourself a nice blouse. Judges notice these things.

Marisa shoots him a look. Puts the money back on the table. Slides out of there and goes.

FLAME. STEAM. ROCK MUSIC. Raucous voices. Controlled chaos. We're -

31 INT. STEFANO'S RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

31

THIS FLASHBACK WILL BE A SINGLE SHOT.

FIND DION in the kitchen of this upscale restaurant. Barking orders. Pushing. Joking. Electric. PAN TO RIE at her station. Working speedily, gracefully. A balletic genius of efficient movement. Her mise en place an oasis. Pink peonies next to her spices. A matching pink iPhone within reach. CAMERA RISES. OVERHEAD SHOT of an exquisite plate of lobster ravioli placed on a tray. FOLLOW as the waiter double-times it out of the cacophony of the kitchen into the tranquility of the Dining Area. PASSING a gregarious and charming TOMMY describing wines with meticulous and original detail. ARRIVE at a table as the plate is presented with subtle flourish to one of Stefano's owners... the TOOTH FAIRY.

32 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - BACK TO PRESENT

32

Dion and Tommy are deep into their second bottle of wine.

DION

I'll kill myself if I ever have to cook Italian again.

TOMMY

Safe bet you'll be doing nouvelle in Paris.

DION

(with meaning)
I still want to do Greek.

Tommy sits back, averts his gaze.

TOMMY

Can we not go there again?

Dion bursts up from the table, grabs an empty plate, sets it in front of Tommy.

DION

What do you see?

TOMMY

Uh... plate.

DION

No. You see grape leaves. Stuffed with marinated octopus...

As Dion describes the dish, the food appears on the plate - piece by piece - rapidly forming a modern, unique, visually stunning, mouth-watering piece of art.

DION

... on a bed of crayfish risotto. Drizzled with a wild herb and Retsina reduction. Lavender petals dotting the edges. Classic Mediterranean. But with a specific, dare I say, very personal Hellenic influence -

TOMMY

Dude, I helped you come up with the whole menu. You don't have to walk me through it.

He pushes the empty plate aside.

DION

In prison, everyone thinks about escaping. All I thought about was *Thirio*.

TOMMY

Who do you think you're talking to? Look at this place. All I see are Rie's half-finished designs.

(re: the espresso machine)

The Belle Epoque got here from Italy a week before she died. I look at that corner, I see the walk-in fridge. I look at that wall, I see pine beams.

DION

Cypress.

TOMMY

What?

DION

Cypress beams. It's a Mediterranean restaurant. There's no pine in the Mediterranean.

TOMMY

Pretty sure it was pine.

DION

Nope.

TOMMY

Yep.

DION

Where's the 'Bible'?

TOMMY

Forget it.

Dion's already scouring the shelf of cook books. He pulls out a laminated three-ring-binder. Sets it on the table. Opens it to the first page: a PHOTO of Dion, Tommy and Rie. A reflective beat.

DION

Long time ago.

TOMMY

Lifetime ago.

Dion nods. Turns the pages. He and Tommy pore over the sketches of their restaurant. The '*THIRIO*' sign on the front of this very building. The work stations. Industrial design renderings of the sliding door between Kitchen and Dining Room. Color swatches for the banquettes. The cypress beams - Dion shoots Tommy a look.

TOMMY

Eat me.

More sketches: The recycled barn-wood tables. Mediterranean tiles. The gorgeous mosaic art piece on the wall. They're both moved. A little in awe.

DION

Come to Paris with me.

TOMMY

What?

DION
We can do *Thirio* there.

Tommy laughs it off.

DION
I'm serious.

TOMMY
I can't uproot TJ like that.

DION
He needs a fresh start almost as much
as you do.

TOMMY
He's been through enough change.

DION
C'mon, Rie always wanted him to see
the world. You're gonna have his world
be The Bronx?

TOMMY
Now you're telling me what Rie wanted
for him?

DION
Look, all I'm saying... ask yourself:
what are you staying for?

This lands. Dion presses.

DION
Could you imagine Paris? The women
alone. The wine. Me and you doing our
restaurant? Let's do it, T...

Tommy is intrigued for a moment. Then stiffens his resolve -

TOMMY
I'd never do a restaurant without Rie.

He walks away. Dion looks after his friend. Closes the book.

33 INT. AIDAN'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

33

CLOSE ON AIDAN (60s, the turf wars of NYC were fought on his
face). He devours steak, eggs and coffee.

AIDAN
First the Chinks move in. Then the
Mighty Irish push them out. Until the
Wops and Jews take over...

AS HE TALKS we see RAPID FIRE TIME-LAPSE of a row of storefronts in The Bronx. With each passing ethnicity Aidan mentions, QUICK TIME DISSOLVES of SCAFFOLDING going up. SCAFFOLDING coming down. Up again... down again.

AIDAN (V.O.)

Then whoops. Here come the blacks. Now the Spics...

We watch the neighborhood complexion and signage change.

AIDAN

And bam! Now it's the Vietnamese or Cambodians. Whatever the hell they are. So basically... it's Chink to Chink. Circle a life.

He spits out a piece of gristle. Slurps coffee.

AIDAN

A neighborhood's an organism. A living thing. Always changing. Always needing something. A good businessman finds out what that need is and fills it.

He leans forward. Conspiratorial.

AIDAN

But the real money? Fillin' that need even when it don't need fillin'.

He finishes his coffee. Picks his teeth. Done.

REVEAL Aidan's been talking to JENSEN (40s, a giant of a woman). She picks him up from behind his desk. Sets him in a wheelchair and pushes him from his office. Past a sign: 'SHANNON & SON ~ SCAFFOLDING'. The '& SON' has been white-washed. The words faintly bleeding through.

34 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - BATHROOM

34

Dion snorts a line of cocaine. Beat. He pours a little more out of his Bic. ON the white powder we MATCH CUT TO -

ALKA SELTZER tablets dissolving into white powder. WIDEN TO REVEAL Tommy stirs it in a glass of water. So hung-over. We are -

35 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KITCHEN

35

Dion comes downstairs to find Tommy and TJ heading out.

TOMMY

I'm taking Teej to school. You can hang until your flight. Just don't burn the place down.

They hug.

DION

Take care of yourself.

TOMMY

You too.

Dion smiles at TJ.

DION

Ya wanna keep it down, bud?

TJ almost reacts. Dion musses his hair. Tommy and TJ go.

Left alone, Dion makes himself an espresso with Rie's beautiful machine. As he grabs sugar from the cabinet, Dion spots, behind spice jars, Rie's pink iPhone (we recognize it from the flashback). He picks it up. Turns it on. The screen comes to life - a photo of Rie, Tommy and TJ. Feeling like he's trespassing, Dion puts the phone back.

36 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - GRIEF GROUP

36

Tommy at the coffee set-up. PILAR (late 30s, a quirky optimist) approaches. She looks a little lost.

PILAR

Is this the grief group?

TOMMY

Yeah. I'm Tommy Shannon. Welcome.

PILAR

Thanks. It's a little overwhelming the first time.

TOMMY

I remember.

PILAR

I'm Pilar Herrera. My husband, Oscar, was a heart surgeon. Died in my arms... of a heart attack. Can't make this stuff up. You?

TOMMY

My wife Rie. Car accident.

PILAR

Sorry.

TOMMY

Me too you.

PILAR

So, what do you do?

TOMMY

One day at a time, I guess.

PILAR

I meant for a living.

TOMMY

Oh. I'm a sommelier. But I'm between restaurants. So I rep wines.

PILAR

No way! I'm in the restaurant business too! My sister has a place - La Pupuseria Loca - in Harlem. We're looking for wines all the time. We should exchange numbers.

TOMMY

... o-kay...

He takes out his cell. Pilar grabs it and punches in her number. Calls her own phone. Answers it while holding Tommy's phone. Shows Tommy her screen.

PILAR

Hola?
(then)
Just kidding.

She hands him his phone. He speaks into it.

TOMMY

Really nice to meet you.

She laughs. Tommy smiles. Pilar goes. Tommy regards this bubbly burst of energy in the otherwise dreary setting.

LATER. Tommy's mid-share. Maybe 10 people. CHRISTIAN, the group leader. MOSE (20s, black) a war vet. GLORIA, crying.

TOMMY

My son's still having a rough go.
Still not talking. And yesterday my best friend showed up from... out of nowhere.

(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)

He's the guy who introduced me to Rie. It was like the old days. We were drinking, laughing. And the whole time, I kept looking at the door thinking Rie was gonna walk in any second. Only she didn't. She never will...

He falters. Christian steps in.

CHRISTIAN

What would you have said to her if she had come in the door?

TOMMY

... so much.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, go with me on this. Let's try a little role-play. Tell your wife what you're going through. And Gloria. You be Tommy's wife.

Gloria dissolves into tears. A fluttering hand waves him off.

CHRISTIAN

Okay. Pilar, right? How 'bout you?
(off her nod)
Tommy, tell Pilar what you feel.

Tommy stares deep into Pilar's eyes. Wells with tears.

TOMMY

I... I love you. All day long. I miss you all day long. We were supposed to do this together. Raise our son. Start our restaurant. You're my phantom limb... I need you.

Pilar just fucking melts.

CLOSE ON TOMMY'S FACE.

TOMMY

But y'know, TJ's doing better. My job's going great.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're -

37

EXT. CEMETERY

37

Tommy at a modest grave. 'Rie' etched in stone.

TOMMY

I have a couple of offers to somm.
Just figuring out which restaurant is
the best fit. Oh, and I saw Dion. He's
kind of a mess. Going through a rough
transition. I'm trying to help him,
but you know how stubborn that guy is.

He's rocked by a sudden wave of emotion.

TOMMY

I'll see you tomorrow, honey.

He lays the pink peonies on his wife's grave. And goes.

38 EXT./INT. TOMMY'S PLACE

38

Dion zips his bag. Takes one last look at the kitchen. The
stove. The espresso machine. The dream. Then he opens the
door and... there's the Mercedes Van less than a foot away.
The side door of the Van slides open. The Tooth Fairy
beckons with a sing-song...

TOOTH FAIRY

Diiionn...

39 INT. TOOTH FAIRY'S VAN

39

Dion sits across from the Tooth Fairy in this plush mobile
office. Leather chairs. Desk. Bar. Goons up front. Smoked
glass partition. The Tooth Fairy reaches inside Dion's
jacket and takes out the passport. Plane ticket. Cash.

TOOTH FAIRY

Ah, travel. So good for the soul.

He sets fire to the ticket. Drops it into a trash can. Then
he opens the passport.

TOOTH FAIRY

Maury Finkelstein?

DION

Short notice.

The Tooth Fairy nods. Pockets the cash. Puts his pliers on
the table.

TOOTH FAIRY

Not only do you burn down our
restaurant. You get caught. An
employee of ours committing arson. So,
no insurance.

(MORE)

TOOTH FAIRY (cont'd)
 My father may be in prison, but that
 doesn't change the fact you owe us 600
 grand.

DION
 I'll pay it back.

TOOTH FAIRY
 From Paris.

DION
 I'm going...

He looks to the trash can. The ashes of his plane ticket.

DION
 ... was going... on a sourcing trip.
 My new restaurant needs top-of-the-
 line equipment.

The Goons turn. Really? The Tooth Fairy lets a smile betray
 his lips. Is this the master liar, lying masterfully?

TOOTH FAIRY
 Dion, Dion, Dion...

Dion holds firm. Total conviction. He tilts his chin toward
 Tommy's place.

DION
 Come. I'll show you.

40 INT. TJ'S SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

40

TJ at the back. In his own world. He vigorously draws in his
 book. Adding flourishes and texture to a sketch of birds
 scattering upward from trees. It's actually haunting. A hand
 on his shoulder. TJ startles. Looks up. The TEACHER,
 compassionate -

TEACHER
 TJ. You don't have to talk. But you do
 have to listen. Okay?

TJ nods. The bell RINGS. Kids burst from their seats. Andre
 grabs TJ's sketchbook. Taunting. TJ RIPS it out of his
 hands. Pushes Andre and goes. Andre glares. Trouble coming.

41 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KITCHEN

41

As the two Goons look on, Dion gives the Tooth Fairy the
 tour of Dion and Tommy's imaginary restaurant.

DION

This is our Blue Star free-standing range; the Belle Epoque brass and copper espresso machine we had specially shipped from Italy. The walk-in fridges are on their way - they'll go over there. The prep and cooking stations will be set up here, here and here. We're looking into cypress beams for the ceiling. We can be up and running within two months. And you know me and kitchens.

TOOTH FAIRY

When you're not burning them down?

DION

That never gets old.

The Tooth Fairy shoots him a look. Dion regroups.

DION

You were the one who made me executive chef at *Stefano's*. And the profit we were making there - I'll double that. I can pay you back. And you'll be eating braised lamb with wild mushroom ragout while this place becomes a laundromat for your money.

GOON #1

Why the hell would anyone open a fancy restaurant here?

GOON #2

In The Bronx.

Dion ignores them. Turns to the Tooth Fairy -

DION

Opening night I'm already the best chef in this borough. People will come.

The Tooth Fairy grins, relishing this game. Like a cat batting a mouse -

TOOTH FAIRY

Dion, Dion, Dion...

Dion braces for it...

TOOTH FAIRY

... Okay.

The Goons are stunned. Dion is, too. The Tooth Fairy picks up a framed photo of Tommy and TJ, and as he looks at it -

TOOTH FAIRY

You try to split town again, these two will die. So will your favorite and only Uncle. Oh, and that lady lawyer friend of yours.

(a chilling smile)

But you, Dion, I'll let you live so you can always remember what you caused.

Dion looks at him with steely resolve.

DION

I'm not going anywhere.

TOOTH FAIRY

Good. 'Cause I'll be collecting on your debt every week. And the vig. Hope this restaurant's a success. Would be a shame if I went through all the effort to get you out of prison early just to kill everyone who means something to you.

He starts to go. Then turns back.

TOOTH FAIRY

One more thing...

He brandishes his trademark stainless steel pliers. The Goons grab Dion. He struggles in vain.

DION

No, no! I'm going to pay you back!

TOOTH FAIRY

Just smile. It will make it so much easier. For both of us.

DION

Patrick. Please. Not my teeth!
Please!

The Goons try to pry Dion's lips open, when -

TOOTH FAIRY

Wait. Maybe we try something different.

Again, the Goons are stunned.

TOOTH FAIRY
Say... a little finger?

The Goons wrestle Dion's hand down to the table. Separate his fingers. The Tooth Fairy raises his heavy pliers and HAMMERS them down with shocking force, CRUSHING Dion's pinky. Dion screams. Grabs his damaged hand. Falls to his knees.

TOOTH FAIRY
See you soon... Dion.

He and the Goons leave.

42 INT. TJ'S SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM 42

TJ changes. Closes his locker. There's Andre and his crew. Andre takes an apple from a large plastic bag filled with a dozen other apples.

ANDRE
This whole not talking thing? Weird.
But I'm liking it.

He bites the apple. Juice spraying.

ANDRE
'Cause I can do this.

He viciously SWINGS the bag of apples into TJ's mid-section. TJ partially blocks the blow with his arms. He almost cries out. But... nothing.

ANDRE
And you won't narc me out.

He SWINGS the bag into TJ again. TJ crumbles to the floor.

As Andre and his friends go, BEGIN PULLBACK. TJ pulls himself up. Tears in his eyes. He takes out his cell and dials. Listens. We HEAR a faint and indistinct Woman's Voice. TJ calms.

43 INT. HUNTS POINT MARKETPLACE 43

Dion, nursing his shattered finger, strides through. He's greeted by old CRONIES.

CRONIE #1
Uh-oh. Dion's here.

CRONIE #2
We paid up on fire insurance?

But Dion's on a mission. No time to fuck around. He comes to a towering BRUTE. Tats and piercings.

DION

I need you to do me a solid.

44 INT. LAW OFFICE

44

Empty. Save for Det. Giordano rifling through a desk. He finds what he needs. SNAPS an iPhoto. Marisa enters. Pissed.

MARISA

What are you doing?

GIORDANO

My job.

MARISA

I could have you arrested for this.

GIORDANO

But you won't. Will you, pumpkin?

He brushes past her and goes.

45 INT. HUNTS POINT MARKETPLACE

45

The Brute slips out of a back room with a small package. The size and heft of a gun. He deftly hands it off to Dion who quickly shoves it into a bag and goes.

46 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KITCHEN

46

Tommy drinks wine and scrolls through PHOTOS of Rie on his laptop. Alone. Despairing. Dion bursts in, bag in hand.

TOMMY

Shouldn't you be halfway to Paris by now?

As if to answer, Dion reaches into the bag, pulls out his Hunts Point mystery package and SLAMS it down on the counter. Tears it open. We think it's going to be a gun, but it's a... chunk of lamb.

TOMMY

What are you doing?

Dion ignores him, starts pulling other food items out of the bag. Tommy notices Dion's heavily bandaged pinky.

TOMMY

What happened to your finger?

DION

Cab door.

TOMMY

That's why you didn't go to Paris?
You're that much of a pussy?

DION

No. This is why.

Dion turns on a radio. Blasts a rocking Black Keys tune. He kicks on all 12 burners of the massive cast-iron range. CAMERA DOLLIES FAST to catch each blue flame pop to life like flood lights at a premiere.

QUICK CUTS: an awe-inspiring spectacle of FOOD PORN.

DION is a master chef possessed. He breaks out a cleaver, paring knife, scalpel, tweezers, pipet. A fucking blowtorch. When we saw Dion cook that pasta earlier, it was like Hendrix noodling on a dorm-room acoustic guitar. What we're watching now is Hendrix playing a '67 Strat through a fuzz box, wah-wah pedal and wall of Marshall amps. Voodoo Child.

OVER THE CUTS, Tommy - annoyed that Dion won't give him a straight answer - just drinks and watches... and ribs him.

As Dion fries whole anchovies to a crisp -

TOMMY

Playing with a blowtorch. Doesn't that violate the terms of your parole?

When TJ joins them and watches Dion expertly crack the lamb's ribs with his massive cleaver, Tommy asides to TJ -

TOMMY

This is why you shouldn't do drugs.

And as Dion uses tweezers to place individual beads of caviar around the rim of the plate, and a pipet to drizzle the wine reduction like a Jackson Pollack -

TOMMY

Have fun, man. TJ and I are gonna head to White Castle.

And finally, as Dion finishes, blanching asparagus spears vivid green, then finely slicing dozens of paper-thin coin-like discs, WE'RE BACK IN REAL TIME. Tommy's exasperated -

TOMMY

Seriously, what is going on?

DION

Stop asking questions and find me the right wine pairing for this.

TOMMY

Not until you tell me what's going on.

DION

Fine. I'll get a 2002 rosé.

TOMMY

Don't. You. Dare!

He picks out a gorgeous red and pours two glasses.

Dion sets down his masterpiece: Anchovy and Rosemary Roasted Lamb with asparagus discs and fennel tapenade. It's Dion's '*Guernica*': violent, provocative, beautiful.

DION

Go ahead.

TOMMY

Hold on, let me get some A-1 sauce.

DION

I'm telling you, Bro. You are unnecessarily - and somewhat cruelly - delaying gratification.

TOMMY

Thank you.

He finally takes a bite. Tries to maintain a poker face.

DION

Talk to me, Shannon.

Tommy just nods - still nonchalant.

DION

Words would be nice.

TOMMY

What do you want me to say? It's... astonishing. And sublime. Maybe even perfect.

DION

It's never perfect.

TOMMY

Dude, can you just take the compliment?

DION
Right, right. You were saying?

TOMMY
It's amazing. If not perfect. As close
as it gets.

DION
Now you're talking.

TOMMY
You're incredible, man. You go to
prison and you get even better.

And now Dion pounces.

DION
This...

He indicates the Roasted Lamb.

DION
This... will be the signature dish of
Thirio. I didn't go to Paris because
our dream was to open a restaurant
right here. We are so doing this!

Tommy stares at Dion for a long beat. Turns to his son.

TOMMY
Got any homework?

TJ nods.

TOMMY
Now's a good time.

TJ hesitates. Tommy hands him Dion's dish. TJ goes. Tommy
turns to Dion. Fed-up.

TOMMY
I already told you. I won't do a
restaurant without Rie.

DION
T, if you could see yourself right
now, living in this place. I've been
in prison the last year, and you're
the one who's messed up. You're stuck,
man. Bad.

TOMMY
Dion Pappas, ladies and gentlemen.
Chef, arsonist. Life Coach.

DION

I'm just being straight with you.
'Cause no one else will. You drink too
much. You work a demeaning shit-job.
It's been over a year since Rie died,
and you're still wallowing.

TOMMY

Right. 'Get over it, Tommy. Shake it
off, Tommy. *Move on.*'

DION

I'm not saying -

TOMMY

Dion, shut up. For once. Just stop.
You don't know what you're talking
about. You don't know what it's like
to be in love. To be married. To raise
a kid with the woman you love. And you
don't know what it's like to lose her.

Dion absorbs that. Tommy's not done -

TOMMY

I had to clean out her closet. Clean
out her bathroom. Throw her goddamn
mouth guard in the trash. So don't
tell me to move on. Don't tell me how
to grieve. And don't tell me to do a
restaurant without her.

Dion nods. Then grabs Tommy by the shirt collar, pulls him
in close.

DION

We're not doing it without her. We're
doing it *with* her.

He pulls the 'Bible' off the shelf, opens it to her
sketches.

DION

She created the designs. She made you
the Somm you are. She made me the Chef
I am. *It's. All. Her.* She will live
through this restaurant.

Tommy gets emotional. Dion thinks he's convinced him. But as
Tommy wells with tears, it becomes clear he's pushed too
hard -

TOMMY

No. She won't.

He goes, leaving Dion defeated.

47 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - TJ'S BEDROOM - LATER 47

Tommy tucks TJ in for the night. Studies his boy.

TOMMY

I love you more than anything in the world. You know that, right?

TJ nods.

TOMMY

Sweet dreams, okay. I'll see you in the morning.

He kisses his son on the forehead. Turns off the light. Then they hear a PRIMAL HOWL and the piercing sound of metal scraping across concrete. They react.

TOMMY

Stay in bed.

He hustles out of there.

48 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KITCHEN 48

Through a haze of steam hissing in every direction, Tommy finds Dion straining to rip Rie's gigantic copper Espresso Machine out of the wall - like Chief in '*Cuckoo's Nest*'.

TOMMY

What the hell are you doing?

DION

If you're not gonna do her restaurant, you don't deserve this!

Tommy grabs the other side of the machine. An odd wrestling match between two best friends with the very symbol of Rie between them. Finally Tommy muscles it out of Dion's grasp.

Frustrated and enraged, Dion grabs a stack of plates and hurls them one-by-one against the wall.

TOMMY

Oh, throwing plates! You must be Greek!

Dion continues.

TOMMY

Would you STOP?

Tommy moves to grab him, when Dion whirls and pins him against the wall.

DION

You want this just as bad as me.
You're just too much of a drunk to
realize it!

TOMMY

Ah, the cokehead speaks!

49 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - TJ'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 49

TJ sits up in bed, listening to his dad and Dion fight. Tense, he grabs his cell phone.

50 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 50

Tommy yells at Dion -

TOMMY

This is so you! I let you crash here,
and within 24 hours, you're destroying
my place and -

DION

Destroying your place? This shit-hole?

TOMMY

Why are you even here? Just go! And
take your ego with you, you selfish,
narcissistic -

DION

Sorry to interrupt your downward
spiral, you self-pitying, self-
loathing shell of your former...
shell!

A CELL PHONE RINGS, startling both of them. Tommy recognizes the ring tone. Stunned, he rushes to the cupboard. Opens it. Grabs Rie's pink iPhone and stares at the screen: '*TJ Calling*'. A picture of his smiling and healthy son on the caller ID. Tommy's just shattered. Dion approaches. Takes it in. Tommy shows him the screen.

TOMMY

He's calling to hear Rie's voice on
the outgoing message.

Dion takes a measured beat.

DION

He's not doing so good, T.

TOMMY

No shit.

DION

Then why are you making him live like this? The way it is, this place is like the tomb of Rie's dream that can never come true. Either burn it down - or build it.

TOMMY

Dion, you have to stop.

DION

No I don't! When we were working the restaurant, when we were coming up with plans for *Thirio*, you were so amped, so... *alive*.

TOMMY

Yeah, well, I also had a wife -

DION

This isn't about you, you self-absorbed prick! Wake up - this is about your son! If we do this restaurant, and you get that fire in your belly back, you have a purpose again. You know how quickly TJ will turn around?

This lands. Tommy's at a loss. Dion goes in for the kill.

DION

He lost his mom. He doesn't need to lose his dad, too.

TOMMY

Jesus. You never quit.

DION

And you quit too easy. All I'm talking about is *trying*. For TJ.

That sinks in. Tommy mulls it over for a long beat. Finally -

TOMMY

Where do we get the money?

Dion gives him a knowing look.

TOMMY

No way.

DION
It's the only way.

Tommy paces. Trying to come to grips.

TOMMY
I haven't talked to him in ten years.

Dion stares him down. Off Tommy - fuck.

51 EXT. TOMMY'S PLACE - NIGHT 51

Dion, flushed with excitement, watches Tommy's Volvo leave the lot. Then he turns to look at the building.

ON THE BRICK WALL. The word '*THIRIO*' appears. Hip, chunky letters on a broad metal shelf. Just like in Rie's Bible. Dion smiles. Until - a car pulls up. Det. Giordano gets out. Approaches.

GIORDANO
You burn down a restaurant owned by Ziggy Woijchik and his psycho son. And you not only live, you get out of prison early. You're really in tight with those scumbags.

DION
You don't know what you're talking about.

Giordano knees him in the balls. Dion doubles over. Giordano pulls a baggie of cocaine from his own pocket and 'mimes' taking it from Dion's.

GIORDANO
Ooh. What's this?
(off Dion's sneer)
You don't want to spend a hundred years in prison, get me some intel on the Tooth Fairy.

CLASSICAL MUSIC UP.

52 INT. TOOTH FAIRY'S HOUSE 52

DOLLY along an elegant stove to FIND the Tooth Fairy standing over a steaming pot. He sips brandy. Waits.

53 EXT. TOMMY'S PLACE 53

Dion and Giordano. Dion gasps through the pain as his balls drop back down from his stomach.

DION

Why do you care so much about him? You already put his father away.

GIORDANO

And the Tooth Fairy steps right in. Nothing changes. And I get a net gain of zero.

DION

So sorry to hear that. Wish I could help. But -

Giordano shuts him up by grabbing his broken finger.

GIORDANO

Let me be perfectly clear.

SNAP! He RE-BREAKS Dion's finger. Dion falls to one knee. In total agony.

DION

What the hell is wrong with you?

Giordano removes a fake front tooth, revealing an ugly gap.

GIORDANO

I. Am. Ahab.

Dion stares in utter disbelief.

GIORDANO

And the Tooth Fairy? That fat piece of shit is my white whale.

Giordano leans in and hisses -

GIORDANO

You're going to deliver him to me...
Chef.

54 INT. TOOTH FAIRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

54

The Tooth Fairy dips a straining spoon into the pot and comes up with... a tooth. Blanched. Content, he dries it on his apron and drops it into a glass jar. Joining dozens of other teeth.

55 EXT. AIDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

55

The nicest house in Queens. A BMW pulls up. Jensen gets out, walks around and opens the passenger door. She reaches in and lifts Aidan in her arms.

Then hip-closes the door and carries Aidan up the stairs... like a child. There's a wheelchair on the porch. Jensen sets Aidan down.

RACK TO: Tommy in his Volvo. Watching as his father is wheeled inside. He leans his head back and blows a sigh. Looks to the house as the downstairs lights come on.

56 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - TJ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 56

TJ looking in the mirror. His badly bruised torso and arms. QUICK POP to -

57 EXT. TREES - DAY 57

Birds erupt from a copse of trees. SOUND UP: A Woman's Scream. Tires screeching. BACK TO:

58 INT. TOMMY'S PLACE - TJ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 58

TJ grabs his sketchbook. Opens it to the 'bird' page and starts drawing furiously.

EXT. TOMMY'S PLACE

Dion, cradling his mangled finger, turns as Tommy drives up.

DION
How'd it go with your dad?

TOMMY
He... wasn't home.

Dion looks up to the side of the building. The 'THIRIO' sign fades out. Tommy stands next to his friend. Looking at the blank wall.

TOMMY
Sure we can do this?

DION
We have to.

A beat.

TOMMY
Shit.

DION
No shit, shit.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP. SOUNDS of The Bronx filter in. Beatbox riffs. Arguing. Sirens. CAMERA CONTINUES UP AND AWAY (we're on a drone).

Our American Roots Blues MUSIC takes over as we look down on
Dion and Tommy in no-man's-land. Barrel fires. Homeless
people. Abandoned warehouses. Shells of buildings and cars.

Dion's voice... almost a whisper:

DION
Living the dream.