

Live by Night

by

Ben Affleck

Based on the novel Live by Night  
By Dennis Lehane

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BLACK

*Daguerreotype photographs.* Macro.

FACES.

Young soldiers. World War I.

We hear a voice. Slight Boston accent.

JOE (V.O.)

I was in the great war-- where they told us if we captured we couldn't be prosecuted because if you're a soldier, it's legal to kill the enemy.

Trenches. Prisoners. Death.

JOE (V.O.)

Nine million people died. It achieved nothing. Ended nothing. It was a lie and the rules we lived by were lies, meant to march men to their death. The day I came home, all I knew was how to shoot and that the rules don't apply to those who make their own-- and are smart enough to get others to play by them.

K street manors. The nice part of South Boston.

JOE (V.O.)

I picked up a gun and believed that whatever life I wanted had to be taken. But the day that made the most difference in my life was when I met Emma Gould.

**Title: Part I. South Boston. 1927-1929.**

INT. GAMING ROOM, SOUTH BOSTON SPEAKEASY - EARLY MORNING

We see EMMA GOULD (20's) as she serves drinks. She has winter eyes and skin so pale you can almost see underneath.

JOE (V.O.)

We were told it was a bunch of Greeks who were harmless and would hand over the poker money without a problem.

Joe (30's) and the BARTOLO BROTHERS, faces MASKED by kerchiefs and low drawn HATS, trade a look and SMASH OPEN THE DOOR-- entering the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We reveal EMMA serving FIVE MEN who are playing cards at a table, drinking Canadian whiskey in front of a mound of cash.

JOE (VO)

None of them were Greek. And none of them were harmless.

The guys RAISE THEIR WEAPONS. No one, including Emma, looks impressed.

CARD PLAYER #1

You know whose fucking place this is?

We see BRENDAN LOOMIS, a hulking GUN THUG among the card players.

JOE

Do as you're told and no one gets hurt.

LOOMIS

I asked if you know whose game this was, you fucking dunce. You ever hear of Albert White?

Dion PISTOL WHIPS Loomis.

DION

Keep talking.

Joe turns to the girl.

JOE

Come over here miss.

She crosses to Joe as the Bartolo brothers relieve the thugs of their weapons.

EMMA

You want a drink to go with your robbery?

She is close to Joe, seeming utterly nonplussed. He throws the bags on the table.

JOE

Just the money.

She crosses to the table, SWEEPS the money into the bags.

Emma walked back to Joe. She hands him the money, looking through him.

JOE

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Emma Gould. What's yours?

He pulls a SOCK from his bag--it is being used as a gag and the Bartolos have almost finished putting them on the GUN THUGS.

EMMA

You're gonna put a sock in my mouth?

JOE

Yes.

EMMA

A sock.

(beat)

In my mouth.

JOE

Never been used before. Wouldn't lie to you.

EMMA

That's what all the liars say.

Joe PUSHES THE SOCK IN HER MOUTH and wraps it with twine.

JOE

Let's go.

INT. CAR ZOOMING TOWARD SOUTH BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

The three guys take their masks off and look through the money. Paulo drives.

DION

You ask the fucking girl her name?

JOE

Making conversation.

PAULO

I seen her before.

JOE

Where?

PAULO

I don't know but I seen her.

JOE

(to Paulo)

Why don't you slow down and stop driving like we did something?

DION

I know where he seen her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Where?

DION

At the Shoelace. She came in with Albert.

PAULO

Jesus. She's Albert White's girlfriend.

JOE

So what's she doin' serving drinks at a card game?

PAULO

She's a party girl. What else is she gonna do? Retire? He's married.

Joe looks out the window.

DION

She's Albert's girl.

JOE

It's his place, too. What's he gonna do? Kill us twice?

INT. SHOELACE SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

The place is booming with customers.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN sings. We see Joe at a table, alone, surveying the place. He doesn't share the festive mood.

ALBERT WHITE (50's) enters the bar, a couple of BODYGUARDS with him. He walks effortlessly through the place like he owns it--which he more or less does.

Albert approaches Joe. We can't tell if it's deliberate.

ALBERT

You got a light?

Joe lights his cigarette. Albert smiles and nods.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT

Joe walks the streets.

JOE (V.O.)

The next night I played a hunch. One of the few places that would hire a woman for a decent wage was Gillette.

EXT. GILLETTE FACTORY - NIGHT

Women getting off work pour out of the factory. Some head toward South Station, others toward a barge turned speakeasy down on the dock.

JOE (V.O.)  
Somehow I already felt connected  
to her. She was Albert White's  
girl--but still I thought it might  
be fate.

EMMA emerges from the crowd of women. Joe follows her.

JOE (V.O.)  
Then fate proved me right.

EXT. SOUTH STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Joe follows Emma into South Station and onto a train.

INT. TRAIN, TRAVELING THROUGH THE CITY - CONTINUOUS

It clacks along. Joe looks at Emma from afar. She gets off at her stop--SAVIN HILL, DORCHESTER.

JOE (V.O.)  
Savin Hill. No wonder she hadn't  
gotten rattled with a gun pointed  
at her. Over here they stirred  
their coffee with the barrel of a  
.38.

EXT. DORCHESTER STREETS - LATER

Joe follows her from a discrete distance. She turns into the doorway on the LOWER LEVEL OF A BUILDING.

Joe observes a SLAT OPENING and she says something he can't make out. The door opens and she is let in.

Joe comes to the door, knows he can't get in without whatever code word she said, the place is clearly a speakeasy.

Joe HIDES NEXT TO THE DOOR and waits.

Along comes a disheveled looking man to the door. The slat opens.

DISHEVELED MAN  
(into slat)  
Blacksmith.

The door opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe waits a beat, looks both ways, seeing no one he approaches the door and knocks. The SLAT OPENS. A BALD MAN WITH A CAULIFLOWER NOSE appears.

BALD MAN

What?

JOE

Blacksmith.

The door opens.

INT. SPEAKEASY - CONTINUOUS

This is an unfinished basement with a wood bar in the center of a dirt floor. Joe sits down at the bar.

Pulling a kerchief over her head, EMMA EMERGES FROM THE BACK.

EMMA

You want a beer?

JOE

Yeah.

She pulls out a beer. They don't seem to have anything else. The place is a dump.

EMMA

(gives him beer)

Who told you about the place?

JOE

Dinny Cooper.

Joe instantly regrets that poor choice of first name.

EMMA

Dinny?

(squints)

Don't know him.

JOE

He's from Everett.

(beat)

Said you served good beer.

EMMA

Now I know you're lying.

JOE

Because he said the beer was good?

EMMA

Butter doesn't melt on your tongue, does it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

I'm not lying miss, but if you want me to leave it's not a problem.

EMMA

Now I'm supposed to be impressed that you said you'll leave and put you as a clear-talk-Charlie?

JOE

Nope.

EMMA

Come here.

She beckons him closer and talks in his ear.

EMMA

See those guys over in the corner? They're my cousins. Know what they do for work?

JOE

Nope.

EMMA

They find guys like Dinny Cooper and beat the life out of 'em. Then they throw them in the river.

JOE

Nice occupation.

EMMA

Beats robbing poker games.

Joe is frozen.

EMMA

Say something clever. About putting things in my mouth.

Joe is still not moving, assessing the situation now.

EMMA

They're watching us right now. If I pull my earlobe you don't make it out the door.

JOE

What if I pull this trigger?

We see Joe has produced a GUN and is holding it between them.

She holds her look to him for a nice long while.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

EMMA

I get off at midnight.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Joe and Emma make out in a rather ordinary working class flat in 1927.

JOE (V.O.)

As soon as I kissed her, there was nothing I wouldn't do.

MONTAGE Joe and Emma-

Joe and Emma have sex in the closed speakeasy.

JOE (V.O.)

When I wasn't with her, all I could think about was when I would be.

Emma with Albert, at a table with a bunch of men.

JOE (V.O.)

The other nights she was with him. Which, quickly became intolerable.

Joe and Emma out at a bar.

JOE (V.O.)

We only went out in public when he was out of town.

Her crummy apartment --they have sex

JOE (V.O.)

When her parents and sister were out of the apartment they shared...

In the car.

JOE (VO)

In the car.

In a stand of trees on a hill.

JOE (V.O.)

On a freezing hill by the Mystic River.

They make love on a beach in Dorchester.

JOE (V.O.)

On the beach by Savin Hill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Close on them, inside, moving through positions, wrapping around one another, hard to tell who is who and what is what.

JOE (V.O.)

Inside, outside. If we had an hour together we filled it with as many tricks as we could find. If we had a few minutes, a few minutes would do.

Close on his face, in love past all reason.

JOE (V.O.)

She was caged in a way that kept who she was locked inside her. But in those moments her eyes would open and I could see whatever dreams she had get free from those dark walls.

Lovemaking over.

JOE (V.O.)

And then it was gone...

He lies with her.

JOE

I finally knew who I wanted to be.  
I wanted to be that man that Emma  
Could put all her faith in.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. TIM HICKEY'S BOARDINGHOUSE CASINO - DAY

TIM HICKEY

You got a girl, kid?

Joe is talking to TIM HICKEY (50-65). He is a trim man with a fine head of white hair and the sad, helpless eyes of a death row chaplain.

TIM HICKEY

You been out every night this week.

Joe doesn't see the point in lying.

JOE

I do. Yeah.

TIM HICKEY

She nice?

Joe nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM HICKEY

You got yourself a blood sticker,  
huh?

Mimes putting a needle in his arm.

TIM HICKEY

I can see it. You don't get very  
many shots at the good ones. Not  
in our line.

Joe nods.

TIM HICKEY

You all set on the Pittsfield  
thing.

JOE

Long drive. You don't have  
anything else?

TIM HICKEY

This one's prime as they come. And  
easy. Trust me.

JOE

I trusted you last time.

TIM HICKEY

Be careful if you start  
mistrusting me. The first termite  
that gets into a house is just as  
much to blame as the last.

EXT. BROOMFIELD HOTEL - NIGHT

Snow falls lightly outside this stately hotel.

JOE (PRE-LAP)

Dad, this is Emma Gould.

INT. VENETIAN GARDEN RESTAURANT, BROOMFIELD HOTEL - NIGHT

Joe and Emma meet THOMAS (60) Joe's father.

THOMAS COUGHLIN (60), Joe's father, shakes hands with  
Emma.

Thomas takes her hand.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

A pleasure, Miss Gould.

(beat)

Where are you from?

EMMA

Dorchester.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe looks over at his father.

THOMAS COUGHLIN  
No, I mean before you came here.  
You're clearly Irish. Do you know  
where your ancestors are from?

EMMA  
My grandmother is from Cork.

Thomas' interest sparks.

THOMAS COUGHLIN  
Really? What's her maiden name?  
Your grandmother.

EMMA  
I don't know.

THOMAS COUGHLIN  
You don't *know*?

EMMA  
She's dead.

THOMAS COUGHLIN  
But it's your heritage.

She doesn't react.

THOMAS COUGHLIN  
How long have you known my son?

EMMA  
Few months.

Thomas lights a cigarette.

THOMAS COUGHLIN  
So what is it you do?

EMMA  
I work at Papadakis furniture.

THOMAS COUGHLIN  
Did my son pilfer a couch? Is that  
how you met?

Emma lights a cigarette. Some tension. She looks around.

EMMA  
This is a real swank place.

THOMAS COUGHLIN  
I'm aware of how my son earns a  
living.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

I can only assume that if you've come into contact with him it was either during a crime or in an establishment populated by rough characters.

(beat)

Are these questions making you feel uncomfortable?

EMMA

I don't know what you're on about and to be honest, I don't really care.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I'm on about you being the type of lass who consorts with criminals. The fact that the criminal is my son isn't the issue. It's that my son is still my son and I have feelings that cause me to question the wisdom of consorting with the type of woman who knowingly consorts with criminals.

(coffee down)

Did you follow all that?

Joe rises.

JOE

Bye, Dad.

EMMA

My uncle mentioned a copper on his payroll, name of Coughlin. That you?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

This uncle would be your uncle Robert--who everyone knows as Bobo.

(beat)

The police officer you refer to is Elmore Conklin. He's stationed in Savin Hill and collects shakedowns from illegal establishments like Bobo's. I rarely get over to Dorchester but as deputy superintendant I would be happy to take a greater interest in Bobo.

She holds his look. No one says a word. Then:

EMMA

I need to powder.

She rises and steps away from the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas removes his PRIZED WATCH from his pocket and idly flips through it.

JOE

Was that necessary?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I didn't start the fight, Joseph.  
So don't criticize how I finished  
it.

(beat)

I've been a police officer for  
thirty seven years. If I've  
learned one thing above all, do  
you know what it is?

JOE

Crime doesn't pay. Unless you're a  
cop.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

No, what I've learned is that  
violence procreates, Joseph,  
violence breeds violence. What you  
put out in this world will always  
come back to you.

(beat)

But it never comes back how you  
predict.

JOE

I'm sure it doesn't.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Yes, confidence you haven't earned  
always has the brightest glow.

Thomas sees Emma hand her ticket to the COAT CHECK GIRL.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

She's quite easy on the eyes.

(beat)

Outside of that, I fail to grasp  
what you see in her.

JOE

Because she's from Dorchester?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Well, that doesn't help. Her  
father was a pimp and her uncle  
killed two men. But I could  
overlook all that Joseph if she  
weren't so...

JOE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Dead inside.

Thomas rises to go.

JOE

She's not dead, she just doesn't pretend to be something she isn't.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Maybe she's just asleep.

Emma returning with their coats.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Whatever it is, son, it never wakes up again.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Snow falls lightly as Joe and Emma walk to their car, both preoccupied.

JOE

You could have been a bit more...

EMMA

What?

JOE

Social.

EMMA

Maybe you should climb under his covers tonight.

JOE

What?

EMMA

He looks at me like I'm trash?

She stands on the sidewalk, shaking. Tears fall from her eyes.

EMMA

We're not people. We're just the Goulds from Dorchester. We tat the lace for *your* fucking curtains.

He reaches out to her.

JOE

What is this?

EMMA

Don't fucking touch me.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA (CONT'D)

My whole life I got the high hat  
and the icy mitt from people like  
your father. We're not less than  
you.

JOE

I didn't say you were.

EMMA

He did.

He wraps her up in his arms, the rest of the tears  
trickle down. He doesn't know what to say except:

JOE

I love you.

EMMA

You think love is easy.

JOE

It can be.

EMMA

(wiping eyes)

I don't cry in front of people.

JOE

You can with me.

(beat)

What do you want?

EMMA

For things to be different than  
they are.

EXT. BARBER SHOP, DORCHESTER - NEXT MORNING

Brendan walks in. TIM HICKEY is getting a shave. Loomis  
stands over him.

JOE (V.O.)

The last termite came for Tim  
Hickey the next day.

Loomis BLOWS HICKEY'S SKULL ALL OVER THE BARBER SHOP.  
Loomis stands there for a beat. Turns around and walks  
out.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM OFF CASINO - MORNING

Joe shoots pool alone. In walks ALBERT WHITE and BRENDAN  
LOOMIS. They head straight for Joe. He rises from his  
crouch over the table.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.)

I've found that when you think your life is about to end, you suddenly feel very calm.

ALBERT

You must be Joe.

He extends his hand.

JOE

Joe Coughlin, nice to meet you.

ALBERT

Good to put a face to the name.

(turns to Brendan)

This is Brendan Loomis. Friend of mine.

Loomis shakes Joes hand.

ALBERT

(looking him over)

I've seen you before.

JOE

Don't think so.

ALBERT

Bren have you seen him before?

Loomis' dead eyes.

BRENDAN LOOMIS

No.

Albert sobers.

ALBERT

I run this house now.

Albert pours himself a drink from Tim's decanter.

ALBERT

You're too smart for the stuff you been pulling. Nickel and diming with two dumb guineas. They're your friends but they're stupid and they're WOPs and they won't live to see forty. Take your time. But you can't work on your own. Not in this town.

Joe watches them go.

EMMA (PRE-LAP)

We could leave...

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma and Joe can see their breath, no heat. The apartment's only virtue is being empty tonight.

JOE

And go where?

EMMA

Somewhere warm.

JOE

My brother Danny's out in California.

EMMA

Where?

JOE

I haven't seen him in ten years.

EMMA

I'd go to California.

JOE

I don't know much about honest work.

EMMA

Who says it needs to be honest? We do what we want to do. Go where we want to go. Sleep by day, live by night.

He looks at her, won over.

JOE

We got this job on Saturday. You free Saturday?

EMMA

To leave?

JOE

Yeah.

EMMA

I have to see you-know-who on Saturday.

JOE

Fuck him.

EMMA

That's the idea.

Quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

What's the alternative. You want me to end up in the Charles?

Joe says nothing.

EMMA

I'm supposed to meet him at the Statler on Saturday. Turns him on to see me when his wife's on his arm. After that he's going to Detroit for a week. Can you clean yourself up and get to the Statler by seven?

JOE

I should be done by then.

EMMA

Sure?

JOE

(smiles)  
I wouldn't lie to you.

EXT. PITTSFIELD BANK - SATURDAY MORNING

The Bartolo Brothers come CRASHING OUT THE DOOR TO THE BANK and jump in Joe's waiting GETAWAY CAR.

JOE (V.O.)

It's true I was thinking about her. But I was always thinking about her-- so it's possible I would have fucked up, anyway.

Joe tries to put it in drive but instead BACKS UP and SMASHES INTO A LAMPPPOST.

DION

Fuck!

Joe drives FORWARD as a GUARD emerges from the bank. He extends his arm and Joe can see it jumping in the rear view.

The side mirror SHATTERS and the glass falls to the dirt street.

Joe picks up speed. Turns east into an alley and turns again parallel to the railroad tracks.

Joe crosses the tracks and pulls up to a burned out FOUNDRY. TWO CARS ARE WAITING.

EXT. FOUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

The guys all jump out. Dion TURNS ON JOE, GRABS HIM.

DION

What the fuck is wrong with you?

JOE

Get your hands off me.

DION

You're fucking up.

Joe takes the HATS and KERCHIEFS AND GUNS and puts them in A BAG. He puts the bag in the back of the ESSEX COACH.

JOE

I know.

FOUR POLICE CARS EMERGE FROM A WALL OF BROWN WEEDS behind the foundry revealing a SMALL TENT COMMUNITY behind them.

Joe jumps into the Essex and takes off. The Bartolo brothers take off in the Cole, back end sliding as they hit dry dirt.

Dirt covers Joe's windshield. When he leans out to wipe it off he feels a BITE on his ear. When he leans back into the car he reaches up to feel that his EAR HAS BEEN NICKED. Blood starts to run down his jacket.

PINGS and THUNKS hit the back window. The WINDSHIELD BLOWS OUT.

From inside a cruiser a TOMMY GUN SHOOTING OUT.

The cruiser on his right TURNS TOWARD HIM, hits something and RISES UP LIKE LIFTED BY A GUST and lands on its side.

The cruiser behind RAMS HIM. He sees a BOULDER in front of him.

Joe CRASHES INTO THE BOULDER and is THROWN FROM THE CAR. He SLIDES FIFTY FEET ACROSS CONCRETE, passing out.

Joe lies there, covered in glass and pine needles and blood. SMOKE rises through the trees, black and oily.

He sees the CRUISER lying on its side.

Joe comes across a SERIES OF BURNING TREES. He follows along with them and comes to a POND.

EXT. POND - CONTINUOUS

He see steam curl along the edges. The POLICE CRUISER had ENTERED THE POND ON FIRE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It now sits in the middle of the pond, water up to the windowsills, the rest of it charred, flames still dancing on the roof.

The DRIVER hangs out his door. The only thing not charred black about him are his eyes.

Joe approaches the car. Looks in. No one else there. He turns and sees behind the car THE OTHER POLICEMAN. Charred and dead, halfway crawled out from the pond. His arm reaches out.

JOE (V.O.)

He pointed at me like an accusation. The last termite.

EXT. K STREET, SOUTH BOSTON, COUGHLIN FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

JOE (V.O.)

I stole a car in Lenox and replaced it with a Dodge 126 I found in Dorchester. Drove it to my childhood home and considered my options.

The Coughlin home is stately. Joe furtively gets out of a car and walks toward it.

JOE (V.O.)

A woman once asked me how I could come from such a magnificent home. I told her, I came from a magnificent house, not a magnificent home.

CLOSE ON: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:

3 MASS OFFICERS BRUTALLY SLAIN

3 SUSPECTS, next to which are startlingly accurate renditions of Joe and the Bartolo brothers.

JOE (V.O.)

It was in all the late editions.

INT. COUGHLIN FAMILY HOME, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joe PUTS DOWN THE NEWSPAPERS on a piece of furniture.

JOE (V.O.)

The real reason those cops were dead was that one of them had been stupid enough to fire a Tommy gun bouncing across open ground.

Joe heads upstairs. In a series of shots we see him:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANGING

WASHING

PUTTING ON A NEW SUIT

JOE (V.O.)

The third dead cop was a trooper who pulled someone over near the state forest. Shot once in the stomach and twice in the skull. Had to be Dion.

INT. THOMAS COUGHLIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters goes right for a PLACE ON THE FLOOR. He PULLS UP THE RUG.

JOE (V.O.)

My father would have seen the pictures by now. He would have seen his son. Party to a cop killing.

Joe opens the safe. We reveal BRICKS AND BRICKS OF MONEY.

JOE (V.O.)

Years of kickback and graft. My father was more of a criminal than I would ever be. I let him know: I knew where the money was--but I wouldn't take it.

Instead Joe STUFFS his ragged dirty clothes in the safe, closes it and rises.

EXT. ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON - NIGHT

Joe pulls up, gets out of his car, leaving it. The streets are full, the downtown set out on the town.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS, ALLEY BEHIND HOTEL - NIGHT

Joe moves through an alley toward an OPEN DOOR that is the EMPLOYEES ENTRANCE. He heads into the building.

INT. STATLER HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The contrast is immediate. The place is bright and TEEMING with people. What seem like HUNDREDS of KITCHEN WORKERS stream in and out. Joe heads into the flow toward the lobby.

INT. STATLER HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Statler was the first hotel in the world to offer in-room radio. It has an extraordinarily baroque lobby. Champagne flows from a fountain in the lobby. The lobby is filled with every dignitary Boston has to offer.

Joe sees ALBERT WHITE and his WIFE. EMMA is just below them, scanning the crowd subtly. She sees him and her eyes light up. She TILTS HER HEAD toward the side of the lobby. Joe heads there immediately.

He LOSES her in the crowd. And a guy with a HERALD EXAMINER BADGE seems to recognize Joe as he passes him moving through the crowd.

REPORTER

(to Joe)

Excuse me. Excuse me!

At the bottom of the stairs he MEETS UP WITH EMMA. It's all he can do not to wrap her up in his arms.

JOE

Keep going.

They walk more intently now, pushing their way through.

EMMA

There's a service elevator up here.

(beat)

I can't believe you came.

JOE

What else was I gonna do?

EMMA

Run.

JOE

Where?

EMMA

I don't know. It's what people do.

JOE

It's not what I do.

They turn the corner, from lobby into the SERVICE AREA.

INT. STATLER HOTEL SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

More waiters and workers moving quickly. Joe and Emma make their way through.

EMMA

Left, left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They go a few more steps and reach the entrance to the service elevator.

EMMA  
(pushing buttons)  
Shit, shit, shit.

The door finally opens and they get in the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As soon as the doors close they grab one another, kissing groping, releasing of all the fear and pent-up energy.

He sees tears coming down her face.

JOE  
Why are you crying?

EMMA  
Because I love you.

JOE  
Then smile.

EMMA  
I can't.

THE ELEVATOR HAS STOPPED. Joe is confused, then it dawns on him.

JOE  
No--

The door is PULLED OPEN BY BRENDAN LOOMIS who yanks JOE OUT BY HIS TIE and REMOVES HIS GUN.

Brendan starts HITTING JOE IN THE FACE so mercilessly it's hard to watch.

CRUNCH, we hear Joe's nose break. Loomis keeps hitting him.

He drops Joe on the floor and KICKS HIM IN THE STOMACH repeatedly, then he walks around behind him and KICKS HIM IN THE BALLS.

Joe vomits, lying there helpless. He looks up to see ALBERT WHITE.

ALBERT  
I'm sure as you die you'll tell yourself you did it for love. No, you feel guilty about what you do. So you spent your life hoping someone will punish you for your sins. Well... here I am.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Albert smiles. Joe rolls on his side in broken agony. When he looks up, he sees something that he wishes he hadn't: EMMA GOULD on the arm of ALBERT WHITE.

EMMA

(whispers)

I'm sorry.

ALBERT

She's sorry. We're all sorry.

(gestures to someone)

Take her out of here.

EMMA

(being escorted)

You said you wouldn't kill him.

Albert says nothing.

EMMA

Albert, that was the deal.

ALBERT

Don't worry.

EMMA

I would never have brought him here if I--

Albert SMACKS EMMA ACROSS THE FACE.

ALBERT

You think I'm going to be humiliated by a whore? You been replaced. Get me? Someone comes to me, says this asshole's putting horns on my fucking head? You're lucky I didn't cut your tits off and put you in the fucking dump.

(indicates)

Put her in the fucking car, Donnie. Now.

She kicks and scratches at Donnie's head.

EMMA

Joe I'm sorry!

And she's gone. A moment of silence.

JOE

Who told you about us?

ALBERT

You should be more worried about what I'm going to do with you.

JOE

What about her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT

With her? Fuck do you care. She  
just sold you down the river.

Loomis picks up Joe, they make their way to the DOOR.

ALBERT

I told her if she delivered you to  
us, I wouldn't kill you. But we  
both know I have to kill you,  
don't we Joe.

(beat)

And then I'm gonna kill her too.

They open the door.

EXT. STATLER HOTEL ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Light floods the alley. WHITE KLEIG LIGHTS from police  
cars.

Loomis DROPS JOE.

ALBERT

SHIT! GO! GO GO!

We are with Joe in his POV, crashing to the ground,  
lights flashing, hearing the sounds of the police.

The SOUNDS OF ALBERT'S CREW ESCAPING. SHOTS, TIRES  
SCREECH.

Quiet.

THOMAS walks toward Joe, a confident silhouette.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

So, you're a copkiller now,  
Joseph?

JOE

I didn't kill anybody.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Looks like your accomplices were  
about to take you on the dead  
man's drive.

Some of the POLICEMEN have already REMOVED THEIR BILLY  
CLUBS.

JOE

They're gonna kill her.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Well, we won't kill you, Joseph.  
But some of my co-workers would  
like a word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Dad listen to me, she's--

Thomas SPITS IN HIS FACE.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

(to his men)

He's all yours.

Thomas walks away.

JOE

She's in the car with Donnie!

The first BLOW from a truncheon quiets Joe, the second is to his temple and, mercifully, knocks him out.

BLACK

JOE (V.O.)

I was in a coma for two weeks.  
When I came out they said they  
didn't know what my skull was made  
of but it wasn't bone.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Thomas Coughlin and Jack Jarvis wait outside Joe's room.  
It is guarded by a patrol man.

JARVIS

I can't get him off.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

How long?

JARVIS

Ten years would be my guess.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

There'll be nothing left of him.

A DOCTOR exits Joe's room, approaches Thomas.

DOCTOR

No cranial bleeding. No loss of  
memory or speech disability. His  
nose and half his ribs are broken  
and it will be a long time before  
he doesn't see any blood in the  
bowl but...

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Thank you doctor.

The doctor nods. Thomas turns to Jarvis--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Give us five minutes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Light streams through the windows. Joe's looks terrible.

Thomas stands by the bedside. The conversation is in progress.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

They caught up to Paulo Bartolo in St. Albans, ten miles from the border. A number of officers gave chase. He was struck by at least fourteen rounds. Low for a cop killer.

JOE

What about Dion?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

It's possible he made the border.

Joe tries not to show his relief.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Donnie Gishler's car went off the road and into the ocean at nine twenty.

Silence.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

An officer from Beverly dove in looking for them and was in the hospital a week with hypothermia.

JOE

No body, she might not be dead.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

She is son. There are no bodies from the Titanic but those poor souls are no longer with us.

JOE

I don't believe it.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

She was Albert White's moll. She betrayed you.

JOE

She did.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

I'm crazy about her.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Crazy isn't love.

JOE

I saw your marriage for eighteen years. That wasn't love.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

No. It wasn't. But either way, she's gone. As dead as your mother, God rest her. She's gone.

JOE

No. She's not.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Listen to yourself.

He looks at his son, battered.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I was wrong. And sure there's no excuse for it.

(beat)

I should have done it myself.

JOE

If you did it I might be dead.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

You were the child that was supposed to fix the distance between me and your mother. Were you aware of that?

JOE

I was aware of the distance.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

People don't fix each other. And they never become anything but what they've always been. All we get, sometimes, is a little luck. Don't waste yours pining for a dead girl.

JOE

You make your own luck.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Sometimes. And sometimes it makes you.

The DOOR OPENS and Thomas nods to Jack Jarvis who enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JARVIS

Afternoon.

JOE

Who are you?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

He's your lawyer.

JACK JARVIS

John Jarvis.

JOE

How am I doing?

JACK JARVIS

Your father and I have discussed  
 the what the likeliest outcome is  
 in court. I think we might be wise  
 to work some back channels first.

(turns to Thomas)

Thomas, you know the state  
 prosecutor, don't you?

INT. CALVIN BONDURANT'S OFFICE, KIRBY STREET - DAY

Thomas is in a luxurious, old-world apartment sitting  
 across from Bondurant.

CALVIN BONDURANT

If he pleads to reckless  
 endangerment and robbery I'll  
 recommend twelve.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Five.

CALVIN BONDURANT

There are three dead police  
 officers.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

And he didn't kill them. Five.

CALVIN DURANT

No chance.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

If I were you, I would reconsider.

CALVIN BONDURANT

Let me disabuse you of a notion or  
 two, Deputy Superintendent.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Chief Inspector. I was demoted  
 yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A glint of a smile in Bondurant.

CALVIN DURANT

Then we can leave unsaid the notion I was going to dispel for you.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I have no illusions. I'm a practical man.

Thomas REMOVES A PHOTOGRAPH from his pocket.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

That photograph is of a door with a number on it. It is the door to a row house in back bay. Where you have been keeping time with a young man of Mexican descent.

(look)

If you move the location of you liaisons I'll know within the hour.

Bondurant looks at the picture for a long while.

CALVIN BONDURANT

I'll see what I can do.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

*Seeing* what you can do is of little interest to me.

CALVIN BONDURANT

I'm one man.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Five years.

EXT. SUFFOLK PRISON, ANCIENT AND FOREBODING - DAY

We see the old jail and the city in a grey, misty fog.

JOE (V.O.)

I pled guilty to abetting armed robbery and received a sentence of five years and four months.

EXT. OCEAN OFF NORTH SHORE - DAY

A fisherman PULLS IN HIS NET, looks twice.

JOE (V.O.)

A fisherman found a femur in his net. The coroner said it came from a white woman in her twenties.

INT. SUFFOLK PRISON, HALLWAY - LATER

Joe walks the halls, handcuffed, escorted by two OFFICERS and his father, who gives him his parting wisdom, sotto voce.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Someone will threaten you the first week. You'll see what he wants in his eyes. Someone else will stand up for you. He'll back the other man down and offer you protection. That's the man you hurt. You hurt him so he can't get strong enough to hurt you.

JOE

And then they leave me alone?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

No.

JOE

When will it stop?

Thomas looks straight ahead. Avoiding Joe.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Never.

JOE (V.O.)

The next day I would be transferred to the most notorious prison in the country.

INT. PRISON BUS - DAY

The bus rambles along. Four PRISONERS are shackled to the floor. A fat RUSSIAN, a BLACK MAN, Joe and a SOFT KID named NORMAN who talks out loud, nervous.

NORMAN

I been reading the Bible and it says there's good in even the lowest man so I wouldn't be surprised to find more good behind these walls that outside but I--

The bus PULLS INTO THE GATES OF THE PRISON. The bus stops and a GUARD, MR. HAMMOND gets on and begins unshackling the men.

MR. HAMMOND

My name is mister Hammond. You will all be housed in the east wing except the nigger who will be in the south with his kind. Never look a guard in the eye.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MR. HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Never touch yourselves or others  
in an unwholesome manner--

Norman starts to shiver and bubble, tears rolling off his face like sweat.

JOE

Don't do that.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER

Joe walks down a row in the worst prison you've ever seen. We see DEGENERATES in their cells as Joe passes by. He reaches his cell and the GUARD opens the door.

We reveal three CELL MATES: OLIVER, EUGENE and TOOMS.

JOE (V.O.)

Oliver and Eugene were stickup men  
and we knew enough people in  
common not to try to turn me out  
to make a statement.

Joe looks around as his cell mates stare, puts his stuff on a lower bunk. Sits, it sags. He sees a BUCKET FULL OF PISS AND SHIT.

JOE (V.O.)

Tooms was one of those, you let  
him be and hoped he did you the  
same.

Tooms staring blankly at Joe, then turns away.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON YARD - DAY

Joe walks through the yard. Hundreds of CONVICTS mill around. They entirely avoid Joe. Whoever he walks towards moves off in another direction.

He sees NORMAN approaching. Both his eyes are black and his nose looks broken. Joe is about to say something to him when Norman ATTACKS.

He throws a punch to Joe's neck. Then another and another. It becomes a full out brawl.

JOE (V.O.)

My ribs were still broken and  
every shot they took it felt like  
fire.

Above we see guards with rifles watching.

Norman hits Joe again in the ribs. Joe brings his foot down on Norman's knee and turns it at an odd angle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe brings in down on his knee again and the whole yard hears it CRACK. Norman lies there crying and wailing.

JOE (V.O.)  
I could have helped him up but  
that would have been seen as  
weakness.

We see other convicts eyeing Joe.

JOE (V.O.)  
Norman was nothing. Norman was a  
warm up.

INT. JOE'S CELL CHARLESTOWN PRISON - LATER

Joe returns to his cell to find it EMPTY. He turns to the guard.

JOE  
Where'd they go?

GUARD  
They went.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON, SHOWER LINE - DAY

Joe is standing in line with a bunch of other inmates when he sees a KID come toward him. When he gets close he reveals a POTATO PEELER that he carries in his right hand.

He SWINGS IT at Joe and STABS HIM in the thigh. Pulling it out he goes for the groin. Joe grabs the kids HEAD and SLAMS IT AGAINST THE GRANITE THREE OR FOUR TIMES. No one else reacts.

JOE (V.O.)  
I'd never seen the kid before in  
my life.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Joe, bandages on his thigh, stands in line for food.

Joe hears a VOICE from behind him.

MASO  
Do you ever think they'll run out  
of men to fight you?

The man, MASO, bald, a bit of silver on the sides.

JOE  
I doubt it. Lot of candidates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASO

Won't you get tired?

JOE

Sure. But I'll go as long as I can.

MASO

You're very fast.

JOE

I'm fast. I'm not very fast.

MASO

I've seen both your fights. You're so fast those men don't even know you're protecting your ribs.

JOE

I'm not protecting shit.

MASO

In another life, I promoted a few boxers. I know when a man is protecting his ribs.

Joe smiles.

JOE

Few months ago I broke six ribs.

MASO

Leaves you a few months.

JOE

That right?

MASO

Broken ribs are like broken hearts. Take six months to heal. What do they call you?

JOE

Joe.

MASO

Never Joseph?

JOE

Just my father.

Maso exhales a stream of smoke.

MASO

This is such a hopeless place. It eats men. Doesn't even spit them back out.

Joe gets his food and moves on.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON YARD - DAY

Again, Joe is walking the yard alone. A BIG CONVICT comes toward him. We see on Joe's face that this might be his last fight. He TIGHTENS his shirt around his ribs as the guy approaches.

He takes a swing that Joe DUCKS but the next one hits him square in the body. And another. Joe sees stars. He tries to fight defensively but another SHOT from the big guy staggers him back. The big guy approaches when he is BLIND SIDED.

Two HUGE ITALIANS hit the big guy high and low. Six or seven shots make short work of him. They walk off as if nothing happened.

Joe is panting, barely on his feet.

MASO

Joseph?

JOE

Joe.

MASO

My name is Thomas Pescatore but everyone calls me Maso.

He puts his ARM AROUND JOE. People in the yard clock this.

MASO

Consider yourself under my care.  
Do you know who I am?

JOE

Maso Pescatore. You run the North End and liquor coming up from Florida. Your only real rival is Albert White.

(beat)

And I didn't ask to be under your care.

MASO

How many things, good or bad, come to us whether we ask for them or not?

He removes his arm, Joe sees cunning in Maso's eyes.

MASO

Call me mister Pescatore from now on, Joseph. And give this to your father.

Maso walks away leaving Joe looking down at the paper. It reads: **1417 Blue Hill Ave.**

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

Joe sits across from his father, obvious discomfort.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

What happened?

JOE

Guy stabbed me in the leg.

Joe SLIDES HIS HAND ACROSS THE TABLE. Thomas sees the PIECE OF PAPER in it. He covers it with his own hand. He takes the piece of paper and places it in his own pocket.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I'm to do someone's bidding?

Joe looks up at his father.

JOE

Maso Pescatore's.

Thomas squints.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

You're asking me to get under the thumb of a bunch of Dagos one step removed from a cave.

JOE

They said its a one time thing.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I would be wedded to the Pescatore mob for life. A people that had brought to the shores of this country anarchism and bombings-- and who had overtaken by force the business of illegal liquor. I'm supposed to work for them? Kiss their Dago rings?

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON - LATER

Thomas makes his way out the gates. Smoke rises from factory stacks.

JOE (V.O.)

My father knew. You went in a man and left a beast. If you left at all. 1417 Blue Hill was a storage center for the Jew mobs who worked for Albert White in Mattappan. Maso wanted them destroyed.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON VISITING ROOM

Joe looks out the window while he is shackled for his return to the cell.

EXT. K STREET, SOUTH BOSTON, COUGHLIN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Thomas is up on a ladder, fixing some shutters on the second floor of the house.

A BLOND FELLOW strolls down the street. He stops at the base of Thomas' ladder and puts his hand on it.

BLOND MAN

Sorry. I'm a bit lost.

Thomas' instincts tell him something isn't right. He sees the man's HAND holding the ladder.

BLOND MAN

Do you know where the bathhouse is?

Thomas can see the bathhouse from his vantage, it's a block away.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

End of the street.

BLOND MAN

Thanks. Sometimes I can't get out of my own way. You know what I mean?

Thomas waits, holding the look.

BLOND MAN

They won't kill him.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Excuse me?

BLOND MAN

They'll make him wish they did, though. Every day of his life.

(beat)

He'll think about suicide. But they'll keep him alive by promising to kill you. And every day they'll think of a new thing to try on him.

(beat)

Afternoon.

And he strolls away, leaving Thomas to look after him.

INT. K STREET, SOUTH BOSTON, COUGHLIN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Thomas is on the phone, holding the PAPER. We don't see the other side of the conversation.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

1417 Blue Hill Avenue. Supposed to be a warehouse for gaming parlors.

(beat)

To the last bottle.

EXT. MATTAPAN LIQUOR WAREHOUSE - DAY

POLICE STORM IN, SMASHING HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES OF LIQUOR. The workers stand by and watch it happen. The violence segues to:

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON - NIGHT

A FULL SCALE RIOT is taking place under the aegis of a protest. Signs: "free Sacco and Vanzetti" and crowds roar.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON JOE'S CELL - SAME

Joe lies in bed. He can hear the throng. Then the lights DIM and CRACKLE and SNAP OFF on a number of tiers.

Over Joe's V.O. we see:

1. An inmate getting jumped and having someone STUFF MATERIAL IN HIS EYES.
2. A dead inmate, riddled with stab wounds, hung up like a crucifixion.
3. A young man running like a terrified rat, two LARGER men corner him.

JOE (V.O.)

The penitentiary spilled blood on itself that summer. A guy stabbed so much they perforated his liver.. Another had shards of glass stuffed in his eyes. And you could hear the rapes upstairs at night.

These images play *along with the voice over*.

1. Albert White, running his empire.
2. Rum trucks burn like Viking funeral boats.
3. A man has a shotgun put to his jaw-- the trigger is pulled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4. A GUARD sits on a park bench, throat slit. Frozen in a death mask.
5. A BUTCHER SHOP EXPLODES, taking the buildings next door with it-- a hairdressers and a haberdashery.
6. A man is HURLED FROM THE ROOF of a building.

JOE (V.O.)

There was a war going. Over rum. Albert White, deiced to go after Maso while he was in prison. It was the deadliest summer in the history of Boston. They shot it out in town and along the Canadian border. One of White's drivers sassed one of Maso's guys and they blew off his jaw at the hinge. White's gang set fire to trucks. One night a guard on Maso's payroll went home with a girl no one had seen before. Maso responded by taking care of Albert's butcher shop front on Morton street.

(beat)

No winner. Just a lot of mess.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON ROOFTOP - DUSK

The sun is setting and we see an orange moon, as big as the sky itself, is on the rise over the factory smokestacks and fields of ash and black poison.

Joe and Maso walk across the roof, Maso's privilege is to walk the rooftops in the evening-- a small measure of quiet. Joe is his guest tonight.

Maso HANDS JOE A PIECE OF PAPER. Joe takes it and furtively tucks it into his coat.

MASO

Open it.

Joe looks at him. Takes the paper out. Reads it. There are two words: **Brendan Loomis**.

MASO

He was arrested last night. Beat a man. They both wanted the same coat. He's Albert's right hand. I don't want it returning to Albert's right wrist.

JOE

I know him.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MASO

You hate him?

JOE

Yes.

MASO

Good. Give that note to your  
father.

THOMAS COUGHLIN (PRE-LAP)

No.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

Joe sits across from Thomas.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I don't do murder for hire,  
Joseph.

JOE

That's not what they're asking.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

If they give you the name of a man  
in police custody, they want him  
found hanging in his cell or shot  
in the back trying to escape.

(beat)

Joseph I need you to hear exactly  
what I have to say.

Joe senses a change come over his father.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I will not take the life of  
another without cause.

JOE

Even a killer?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Even a killer.

JOE

He's responsible for the death of  
the woman I loved.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I thought she was still alive.

JOE

That's not the point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS COUGHLIN

No, the point is, I don't engage  
in murder, certainly not for that  
Dago devil you've sworn your  
allegiance to.

(beat)

Will they kill you?

JOE

Yes.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Then I'll die of a broken heart.  
But I won't murder for you. Kill  
for you, yes. Murder, never.

JOE

I guess that's all there is to  
say.

Thomas reaches in his pocket and removes a FANCY WATCH.

JOE

No.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Take it. Buy your life. You hear  
me? You give it to that Dago devil  
and buy your life.

Joe closes his hand over the watch, still warm from his  
father's pocket.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Joe sits with a couple of minor Pescatore figures, ERNIE  
ROWLAND and HIPPO FASINI.

The guys suddenly MOVE ASIDE and MASO SITS DOWN in their  
place.

MASO

Joseph, when will it happen.

Just this slightest of hesitations.

JOE

This week.

MASO

This week when?

JOE

This week. That's all I know.

Maso holds his look for a beat and then they all eat in  
silence.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON JOE'S CELL - LATER

Joe walks down the corridor and turns into his cell. What he sees makes him STOP.

The beds are gone and all the mattresses are on the floor. Three men play cards on the floor. Two are grungy nobodies and the third is BASIL CHIGGIS (30).

JOE (V.O.)

The guy in the middle was named Basil Chiggis. He ate the fingers of a kid he killed in Weymouth. He would die in prison. The other two I'd never seen before.

The men are playing poker with CHICKEN BONES boiled white. "Raise" and "fold" are accompanied by the click-clack of the bones.

GUARD

Lights out!

CHUNK! The lights go out in the cell.

Each man lies on his mattress. They lie there, *breathing*.

As Joe's eyes adjust to the dark, he can see all three men STARING AT HIM.

JOE (V.O.)

Even if I had a shank I couldn't kill all three of them. If I said anything I would be begging. And they would just laugh before they killed me.

In a flash the three of them move toward Joe, producing SHANKS and holding him down. Knives to his throat. Joe doesn't move.

The door to the cell opens and EMIL LAWSON comes in.

JOE (V.O.)

Emil Lawson. He was the ringleader of the rape parties upstairs.

EMIL LAWSON

(to Joe)

They said you were pretty.

He looks down at Joe, frozen with a shank to his neck.

EMIL LAWSON

What's your daddy supposed to do?

Joe is silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMIL LAWSON

Answer me or I'll pluck out an eye  
and feed it to Basil.

A long beat.

JOE

Brendan Loomis.

EMIL LAWSON

You're gonna tell the first  
Pescatore hood that you know when  
Loomis is going to be taken care  
of and he also found out where  
Albert White is sleeping. And you  
got the address but you only want  
to give it to him. Face to face.

Emil Lawson handed Joe something wrapped in an oilcloth.  
He unwraps it to reveal a long SHANK.

EMIL LAWSON

When you get close enough to  
Pescatore, you drive that through  
his fucking brain.

JOE

I thought you worked for him.

EMIL LAWSON

I did some jobs for him but now  
someone else is paying.

JOE

Albert White.

EMIL LAWSON

He's my boss. And now he's your  
boss, too.

EXT. K STREET, COUGHLIN HOME, BACK YARD - DAY

Thomas walks through his garden and takes a seat in his  
chair. He looks out over the things that have grown in  
his garden. He feels something and sets down his drink.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON YARD - DAY

Joe has found Hippo on the yard. His English is bad.

JOE

He gave me an address.

HIPPO

Whose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
Albert White.

HIPPO  
So give it to me.

JOE  
Tell Maso I'll bring it to the  
wall tonight.

Hippo looks at him and Joe walks away across the yard.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON JOE'S CELL - LATER

Joe is now alone in his cell. He THROWS UP.

JOE (V.O.)  
I had the shank tied to my arm and  
was supposed to move it to between  
my ass cheeks for the search.

We hear a GUARD come to the cell.

GUARD  
Coughlin. You have a visitor.

JOE  
Who?

GUARD  
Said he was your brother.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON VISITING ROOM - LATER

Joe's brother, DANNY (mid 40's), enters the room. He wears a battered three piece suit and looks like a man who had been on the road a while. He sits.

DANNY  
You look like shit.

JOE  
I'm in prison. What's your excuse.

DANNY  
Still beat your ass.

JOE  
I don't know. Learned how to fight  
dirty in here.

Danny has a small smile, he HUGS HIS BROTHER. These men clearly love one another very much.

GUARD  
SIT DOWN, NO CONTACT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny sits back down. Holds a look at Joe. Exhales.

DANNY

He's gone Joe.

Joe knows who but he asks anyway.

JOE

Who?

DANNY

Dad. He's gone.

JOE

How?

DANNY

Heart attack.

JOE

Were you there?

DANNY

I found him.

JOE

Sure there was no...

DANNY

Foul play? What the fuck are they doing to you in here? No, Joe, it was a heart attack.

JOE

How do you know?

DANNY

He was smiling.

A moment of quiet.

JOE

Nora?

DANNY

We're still together.

JOE

Kids?

DANNY

You think I'd let you walk around an uncle without me telling you?

JOE

I haven't seen you once in ten years. I don't know what you'd do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Me and Nora have been in California.

JOE

I know. We got your one postcard. It was a big hit. Didn't say what you were doing.

DANNY

Making shows.

JOE

Shows?

DANNY

Movies, flickers. That's what they call them.

JOE

You work in movies?

DANNY

Nora started it. She got a job with this company Silver Frame. Jews but they're decent guys.

JOE

You work in movies?

DANNY

It gets better. I met one of her bosses and he asks me if I ever did stunts.

JOE

Fuck are stunts?

DANNY

You see an actor fall off a horse? It ain't him. It's a stunt man. Guy like me.

JOE

How many movies have you been in?

DANNY

I'm guessing seventy five.

JOE

Holy shit.

DANNY

Even wrote a few of the shorts.

JOE

You wrote? How many?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Five so far but Herm thinks I got a knack for it. Wants me to become a scenarist.

JOE

What the fuck is a scenarist?

DANNY

Guy who writes movies, genius.

JOE

So where's Nora?

DANNY

California. I just came back to see Dad. Hell, I didn't know when I'd see you again.

JOE

I'm happy for you.

DANNY

You should come.

JOE

What?

DANNY

When you get out of here. Come join us. I'm serious. Fall off a horse. Pretend to get shot for money. Swim in a pool.

(beat)

It's only a two week train ride.

Joe laughed, picturing it.

DANNY

I could train you. It's honest work.

JOE

I know.

DANNY

You could stop looking over your shoulder all the time.

JOE

It's not about that.

DANNY

What's it about?

JOE

The night. Got it's own set of rules.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DANNY

Day's got rules, too.

JOE

Oh, I know. But I don't like them.

DANNY

I don't understand.

JOE

I know you don't. You buy into all the stuff about good guys and bad guys. A loan shark breaks a guy's leg--banker throws him out of his house. You think there's a difference. The banker should be where I am now. I don't mind the loan shark because he doesn't pretend to be anything else. I'm not gonna live some life where I pay my fucking taxes, fetch the boss lemonade and die at my fucking desk.

DANNY

But that's life.

JOE

That's a life. You want to play by those rules, go ahead. I say there are no rules but what a man makes for himself.

DANNY

Wow. Did you ever grow up.

JOE

Didn't have much choice.

DANNY

Pity.

Joe looks at the clock on the wall.

JOE

I gotta go, Danny.

DANNY

You got somewhere to be?

Joe looks at the SHANK ON HIS WRIST.

JOE

Something like that.

Joe rises.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We start TIGHT ON THE TOP OF THE CRACK OF JOE'S ASS. A SHANK BOBBING BACK AND FORTH, HELD THERE WHILE HE WALKS.

Joe is being led by the same GUARD, who seems in a hurry and keeps getting ahead of Joe.

He sees each cell being mopped by a CONVICT-TRUSTEE.

JOE (V.O.)

I started wondering where all the guards were. On nights when Maso walked the walls they kept it light up here but not every guard was on Maso's payroll.

We see a CLOSER LOOK AT THE CONVICT-TRUSTEES. They are the KILLERS who attacked Joe in his room.

JOE (V.O.)

Basil's pointy head tipped me. And the guy pushing the bucket in the tenth cell was Don Pulaski, who burned his wife and kids alive in their fruit cellar.

At the end of the hall Joe encounters MASO'S MEN, Hippo and Naldo Aliente.

NALDO

Hands up. I gotta frisk you.

He pats Joe down. We see the HANDLE OF THE SHANK peeking up. Naldo GRAZES it. Doesn't seem to notice.

NALDO

He's clean.

Joe goes to pass Hippo, who stops him.

HIPPO

Your life goes as the old man's goes. Understand?

JOE (V.O.)

Whatever happened to me and Pescatore, these men were in the final moments of their life, right now.

Naldo opens a door, behind which is a SPIRAL STAIRCASE.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON ROOF - NIGHT

Joe emerges from the trap door. He raises an ARM. The spotlight scans him, then goes left, then goes right. All clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe sees Maso twenty feet away. He transfers the SHANK into his hand.

Joe walks up to Maso who is smoking a cigarette and looking away from him.

MASO

I'm sorry about your father.

This stops Joe cold.

JOE

What are you sorry about?

MASO

No man should ever be asked to do what's against his nature. Joseph. Even to help a loved one. But what's fucking fair in this world?

He took a long drag on his cigarette.

MASO

I won't ask anything so hard of you or your father again. I promise you that.

JOE

Sure you will, Maso.

MASO

Mr. Pescatore, Joseph.

JOE

My apologies.

With that Joe GRABS MASO'S ANKLES, FORCING MASO OUT OVER THE LEDGE.

JOE

You scream, I drop you.

He stops struggling.

JOE

Do you have any weapons on you?

MASO

Yes.

JOE

How many?

MASO

Just one.

Joe DROPS him a little. Maso WAVES HIS ARMS like he's going to take flight. Then he whimpers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASO

Two.

JOE

Where?

MASO

Razor at my ankle, nails in my pocket.

Joe yanks the razor out and tosses it. He pulls a set of BRASS KNUCKLES WITH NAILS out of Maso's pocket.

JOE

Maso, if I open my fingers, you're just another dead Guinea.

MASO

I...I saved you.

JOE

So you could get to my father.

MASO

What do you want?

His voice is starting to flutter from lack of oxygen.

JOE

You ever hear of Emma Gould?

MASO

No.

JOE

Albert White killed her.

MASO

I never heard of her.

He PULLS Maso up and flips him on his back. Maso lies there, panting.

JOE

My father died today. Heart attack. I blame myself. I blame you, too though.

MASO

So kill me.

JOE

That's what they want me to do.

MASO

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Lawson. He's got Basil, Chiggis, all his carny freaks. Your guys are tits up by now.

MASO

You think they'll let you live?

JOE

I know Albert. This was his peace offering. Kill Maso and get back on the team.

MASO

Why don't you?

JOE

I don't want to kill you. I want to kill him.

MASO

You have my blessing.

JOE

Don't need it.

MASO

So, how do we get back down there?

JOE

Any of the tower guards faithful to you?

MASO

The one above us. The other two are faithful to the money.

JOE

All right. Let's do it the dirty way.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON AREA, NEAR STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Emil and his guys smoke and bullshit. We see the BODIES of MASO'S GUYS piled near the stairs. We hear a BANGING coming from up top.

JOE

(calling down)  
It's done.

BASIL CHIGGIS

You hurt?

JOE

No. Gonna need clean clothes though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They laugh.

BASIL CHIGGIS

Come down.

JOE

I need help carrying him.

BASIL CHIGGIS

Christ.

They move toward the stairs.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON ROOFTOP, BY TRAP DOOR -  
CONTINUOUS

Joe lies on the ground near the trapdoor. We see MASO LYING PRONE in the distance.

Polaski CLIMBS OUT.

JOE

Hurry, it'll take more of you to drag him. My ribs are busted.

Polaski calls back down.

POLASKI

Two more guys.

Up comes Basil Chiggis, followed by a WEASELY FELLOW.

BASIL CHIGGIS

Where's the body?

When Joe POINTS, GUNFIRE ERUPTS. It is coming from the towers, HIGH POWERED RIFLES tear apart the three men standing.

After a beat, Maso WAVES and gets up. Joe rises as well. The light SNAPS OFF.

MASO

Wipe your face. It's a mess.

He lights a cigarette.

MASO

Think I was going to kill you?

JOE

Crossed my mind.

MASO

I'm a low end WOP from Endicott Street. I don't know what fork to use but I never double cross.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASO (CONT'D)

I come right at you just like you  
came at me.

Joe indicates bodies.

JOE

We double crossed them pretty  
good.

MASO

They had it coming.

Maso brushes himself off.

MASO

What if I told you I could get you  
out of here? Make some money on  
the outside?

JOE

I'd say it depends what I have to  
do.

MASO

Albert White is making a run at  
our rum operation in central  
Florida. I need someone who is  
committed to putting an end to Mr.  
White.

JOE

I'd say you found your man.

MASO

Your duty would always have to be  
to the Pescatore family first and  
yourself second. Can you abide  
that?

JOE

If that's what it takes.

Maso extends his hand.

MASO

Okay, then.

Someone calls up from below.

PESCATORE THUG

Mr. Pescatore?

MASO

Coming.

(to Joe)

Let's go, Joseph.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Mr. Pescatore, it's Joe. Only my father calls me Joseph.

Maso starts heading down the ladder.

MASO

Funny thing about fathers. You can go out and be king of the United States-- you'll always be in his shadow. And you can't escape it.

Joe following.

JOE

Don't want to.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON JOE'S CELL - DAY

We come up on Joe, alone in his cell. We can see it is NICELY FURNISHED NOW.

JOE (V.O.)

Officially, Albert White's three soldiers were shot on the roof trying to escape.

1. A man is STABBED IN THE YARD.

2 A MAN IS HURLED FROM A TIER

JOE (V.O.)

Maso consolidated his power. Mickey Baer was shanked and a White bookmaker took a suicide throw and his head busted open like a watermelon.

EXT. CEDAR GROVE CEMETERY, DORCHESTER - DAY

A LARGE FUNERAL PROCESSION lays Thomas Coughlin to rest.

There are DIGNITARIES in abundance and miles of cops. Blue hats and blue uniforms fill this graveyard along the banks of the Neponset river.

JOE (V.O.)

They buried my father in Dorchester. Two ex-mayors, a governor and hundreds of cops from as far away as Delaware were there.



INT. JOE'S CELL CHARLESTOWN PRISON - DAY

Joe sits in a chair. Maso is opposite him, flanked by two thugs. We see Joe's STUFF IS PACKED.

JOE (V.O.)

It took Maso three months but he managed to buy out my sentence.

MASO

It's hot down there.

JOE

I don't mind hot.

MASO

You ain't never felt hot like this hot. But judges don't come cheap. You have to work that off.

JOE

Why don't we call it even for not killing you?

Maso narrows his eyes.

MASO

Our friend Mr. White is in Miami. He wants the whole state. I want to take it back from him. I want you to get the rum running again and get a piece of the narcotics. Starting in Tampa.

JOE

Lou Orimo runs Tampa.

MASO

He's gonna decide he doesn't need the headache.

JOE

When's he gonna decide that?

MASO

Ten minutes after you get there.

JOE

Look, I need someone I can trust down there.

MASO

Who?

Joe looks at Maso.

MASO

You sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

I'll vouch for him.

Maso takes a beat. Considering... okay.

MASO

Where is he?

JOE

Montreal is what I heard.

Maso nods.

MASO

You go down there, make it right,  
spend the rest of your life living  
like a king.

JOE

So, if I take over are we equal  
partners?

MASO

No.

JOE

But Lou Orimo's an equal partner.

MASO

Look what's gonna happen to him.

JOE

I want thirty percent.

MASO

Twenty.

JOE

Okay. Twenty five.

MASO

You know there's only two ways to  
fuck this up. Get killed or try to  
get funny and get killed.

JOE

I'm the most loyal guy you'll ever  
have. 'Cause even if you make me  
hate you, I'll always hate him  
more.

(beat)

You live with an Irishman in your  
crew?

MASO

I'm in prison. I've lived with  
worse.

EXT. CEDAR GROVE CEMETARY, AUTUMN - DAY

The cemetery is now completely empty, in contrast to the multitude of mourners we saw before. Joe stands quietly before a stone we can't read.

JOE (V.O.)  
My father was gone. And I was no longer a son.

BLACK

TITLE: **Part II. Ybor. 1929-1933**

EXT. TAMPA UNION STATION - DAY

We can feel the SWELTERING HEAT. People on the platform are covered in sweat.

JOE steps off the train. He looks around.

He sees an incredibly beautiful woman (GRACIELA) walk past him, she is an exquisite mix of ethnicity-- Latin and Afro-Cuban.

JOE (V.O.)  
Maybe it was the two years in prison but I was slower than usual and she caught me looking.

She sees him and then looks away.

JOE (V.O.)  
I wanted to tell her she had nothing to fear from me. I was out of the heartbreak business.

Joe is LIFTED in the AIR, spun around and put down. He knows who it is before he lands.

JOE  
Dion.

There stands his old partner, Dion, wearing a lavender shirt and a three-piece suit.

DION  
Joseph.

Dion SQUEEZES him again-- so hard Joe fears for his spine.

DION  
(whispered)  
Sorry about your father.

JOE  
Sorry about Paulo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

Thank you.

Dion grabs Joe's bags and they head toward the parking lot.

DION

When Lefty Downer found me in Montreal and told me the Pescatores wanted me to come work for them I thought it was a straight bamboozle.

Joe smiles.

DION

Then I thought if anyone could charm the devil, it was my old partner.

(slaps Joe's shoulder)

Good to have you back.

JOE

Good to be out.

DION

Was it what they say?

JOE

It's like the war. I don't think about it and I'm not too big on going back.

They get to a MARMON 34. Dion opens the door for Joe.

JOE

Get the fuck out of here...

DION

I work for you now. Boss Joe Coughlin.

Joe sits in. Dion gets in the driver's side.

DION

Reach under your seat and you'll find a friend.

Joe REACHES DOWN AND DISCOVERS A GUN UNDER THE SEAT-- a Savage .32 Automatic.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Joe and Dion cruise Ybor City. Florida is striking for how empty it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Streets that will one day be filled with strip malls and choked with traffic now look almost like uninhabited jungle by comparison, though the white sky is smeared by factory smoke.

DION

Cigars built this place.

He points to brick buildings with smokestacks.

DION

What you're smelling now is probably *bolos* or *empanadas*. Rest of the city leaves us alone. Far as they're concerned we're a bunch of dirty spics and wops and we can fuck off and do what we need to do if we leave them alone.

They turn on to 7th avenue, a main street. Clapboard sidewalks and second stories with wrought iron.

DION

You'd think we'd all get along but it don't work out that way. The Italians and the Cubans keep to themselves. But the black Cubans hate the white Cubans and the white Cubans look at the nigger Cubans like they're niggers and the both of 'em high hat everyone else. All Cubans hate the Spaniards and the Spaniards think all Cubans are uppity coons who forget their place since America freed them in '98. The Cubans and the Spanish look down on the Puerto Ricans and everyone shits on the Dominicans. The Italians only respect you if you came off the boat and the white people think anyone gives a shit what they think.

The pull up to a PORT.

DION

Port of Tampa.

EXT. PORT OF TAMPA - MOMENTS LATER

Dion and Joe walk toward some nondescript buildings.

They reach a door and Dion puts his hand on a beam. He pushes on it and it gives way.

Dion knocks. A voice from inside replies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

Who is it?

DION

Fireplace.

The door opens to reveal a SKINNY COWBOY WITH A SIX GUN. He waves at them as they move past.

INT. NARROW SPEAKEASY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks behind Dion down a corridor so narrow, their shoulders touch the walls. The ceiling drips and the floor is little more than mud.

He opens the locks and throws back the bars.

INT. DISTILLERY - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Dion step in, looking around. It's empty of people but full of fermenters, extractors, Bunsen burners, beakers, vats and skimming utensils.

JOE

Who owns this?

DION

Ormino did.

JOE

Did?

DION

You didn't read the paper? Ormino sprung a few leaks the other day.

Dion walks by some THERMOMETERS.

DION

Best money can buy. Gotta keep it at 186 Fahrenheit. Like to keep people from dying when they drink your hooch.

JOE

We made a lot of toilet booze in prison. And I don't see the two things that are essential for making rum.

DION

Which are?

JOE

People and molasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

Yeah, we got a problem.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dion and Joe come through a door and enter a kitchen bustling with activity.

DION

Our distributor is coming up empty.

JOE

I can see that. Why?

DION

Boats have been sinking.

JOE

Who's the distributor again?

DION

Gary L Smith.

They come into the dining room of the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Dion walk in.

JOE

Gary Ellsmith?

DION

No. L Smith. Its a middle initial. He wants people to use it. It's a southern thing.

JOE

Not just an asshole thing?

DION

Both.

JOE

Where does Gary L. live?

INT. GARY L. SMITH'S OFFICE - LATER

Joe and Dion are entering Gary's office. MISS ROE, the secretary closes the door. The room has plantation shutters and is cast in a bourbon glow.

GARY L. SMITH

(to secretary)

Thank you, Miss Roe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY L. SMITH (CONT'D)

(to Joe)

So, you're Maso's new find?

Gary dresses the southern gentleman; white suit, white shirt, black tie. He pushes a HUMIDOR across to them.

GARY L. SMITH

Help yourselves.

Joe waves them off but Dion takes FOUR CIGARS, putting three in his pocket and biting the tip off the fourth.

GARY L. SMITH

What brings you by?

JOE

I've been asked to look over Lou Ormino's affairs for a little bit.

GARY L. SMITH

Well, I hope that's not permanent. No offense.

JOE

None taken. Why is that?

GARY L. SMITH

Folks around here like dealing with who they know. And no one knows you.

JOE

I see. Who would you suggest?

GARY L. SMITH

I have no ambitions for it but to keep continuity I would consider doing it for a term.

JOE

That's not a bad idea.

GARY L. SMITH

Only if you think I could be right for the job.

JOE

We need to know why the last three supply runs were hit.

GARY L. SMITH

Bad luck, best I can figure.

JOE

Why have the boat runs been so erratic.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GARY L. SMITH

Oh that's the Cubans. You've got various suppliers, they might be dealing with a sugar supplier who had himself a strike. Guy who drives the boat gets sick...

JOE

Then you go to another supplier.

GARY L. SMITH

Not that simple.

JOE

Why?

GARY L. SMITH

Because they're all paying tribute to the Suarez family.

JOE

The Cubans who own the Tropicale on seventh?

Gary nods.

JOE

We're gonna need to meet with them.

GARY L. SMITH

I'm afraid you don't understand how things are done here. I deal with Mr. Suarez and his sister.

Joe reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cigarettes, his father's watch and his .32.

Gary picks up the phone, dials and says a few words in Spanish.

GARY L. SMITH

You have a table for nine o'clock.

JOE

Thank you. Now, Gary, are you working *directly* for Albert White or is there an intermediary we should know about?

GARY L. SMITH

What?

JOE

We marked your bottles.

GARY L. SMITH

You what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

If you distilled it, we marked it.

(beat)

All those supply runs that didn't make it? Just about every one of them ended up in Albert White's speaks. Can you explain that?

GARY L. SMITH

I don't understand.

JOE

I had Dion drive me by your place on the way over here. You got a nice house.

Joe scratches his head with the .32.

JOE

You're gonna have to pack it up. Send the stuff wherever you're going.

Smith tries to maintain the illusion that he has some control. He laughs a little laugh.

GARY L. SMITH

Where am I going?

JOE

You fucking her?

GARY L. SMITH

What? Who?

JOE

(points to door)

Miss Roe.

GARY L. SMITH

*What??*

JOE

He's fucking her.

DION

Without question.

JOE

I bet that's nice.

(reaches into pocket)

Here are two train tickets. I don't care who you take, but you're gonna be on the eleven o'clock Seaboard tonight, Gary L.

Gary laughed a short laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY L. SMITH

I don't think you--

Joe SLAPS HIM VERY HARD ACROSS THE FACE so hard he leaves his chair and bangs his head on the radiator.

They wait for him to get off the floor. He rights his chair. All the blood is gone from his face.

JOE

You either put yourself on that train, Gary L -- or we'll put you under it.

They get up and go.

INT. GARY L. SMITH HOME - CONTINUOUS

As they make their way to the front door, pulling with them, under his breath Dion mutters:

DION

If he doesn't get on the train, you prepared to kill him?

This irks Joe.

JOE

No. Men who work for us will. What am I, a fucking field hand?

A beat of silence.

DION

When did you mark the bottles?

JOE

I haven't gotten around to it.

Smile.

EXT. TAMPA STREETS - LATER

Joe rides while Dion drives. They are baking in a CONVERTIBLE.

A sign on a store reads, "NO DOGS OR LATINS." Another reads, "NO DAGOS."

JOE

You must be popular.

They pass a SKINNY JUNKIE.

DION

You need any heroin? Morphine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Gave 'em up for Lent.

DION

Well, me and you are about the only ones.. Tampa, Florida-- illegal narcotics capital of the South.

JOE

How's the Sheriff feel about that?

DION

You can ask him.

(turns)

He wants you to come to him so he won't have to come to you.

JOE

What's he like?

DION

Well, he's a copper, so he's an asshole. Beyond that he's okay.

The car pulls to a stop.

INT. CHIEF FIGGIS OFFICE, TAMPA POLICE HEADQUARTERS -  
CONTINUOUS

Close on: PHOTOGRAPHS

A middle aged man, a wife, a son and a daughter. They have beautiful, fresh scrubbed faces.

Joe is looking at the photos while Dion stands by. We see we are in the office of the Sheriff.

Sheriff IRVING FIGGIS (50s) enters. He keeps his grey hair trimmed to his scalp.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Please sit down.

Joe and Dion sit.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I won't insult you by asking the nature of your business. So you won't have to insult me by lying. Fair?

Joe nods.

CHIEF FIGGIS

True you're a police captain's son?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Yes, sir.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Serve overseas?

JOE

France.

CHIEF FIGGIS

(a salute)

Tell it to the Marines.

This was a popular propaganda slogan. Joe nods.

JOE

Yeah. They told it to us.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I fought in Cuba. How I come to settle here. I was a soldier and then a US Marshall. I've killed seven men in my lifetime.

(beat)

I killed them because it was my job. Truth be told, their faces haunt me most nights. But if I had to kill an eighth tomorrow to protect this city I would do so with a steady arm and clear eye.

Chief Figgis rises and goes to a map on the wall.

CHIEF FIGGIS

If you keep your business north of second, south of twenty seventh and east of Nebraska, you and I will have little in the way of discord.

JOE

Sounds good.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I have no illusions. I know we live in a fallen world. But just because I breathe corrupt air and rub elbows with corrupt men-- never make the mistake of thinking I am corruptible.

JOE

I won't make that mistake.

Just then the OFFICE DOOR OPENS. Joe and Dion RISE as LORETTA FIGGIS, the Chief's (21) year old daughter walks in. She is as stunning as she is innocent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORETTA FIGGIS

Oh father I'm sorry. I thought you were alone.

CHIEF FIGGIS

That's all right, Loretta. These gentlemen were leaving. Your manners?

LORETTA FIGGIS

Yes, father. I'm sorry.

She does a little curtsy to Joe and Dion.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Miss Loretta Figgis, gentlemen.

JOE

Joe Coughlin, miss. Pleasure to meet you.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Loretta is taking the train on a long journey today.

DION

(under his breath)  
That's going around...

CHIEF FIGGIS

California.

JOE

Is that right?

CHIEF FIGGIS

Going to be a star in Hollywood.

Though he isn't one to approve of 'Hollywood' he can't hide how proud he is of his daughter.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Oh, Daddy, It's only a screen test.

(false modesty)

We had a screen agent who came and picked a few girls.

JOE

That's swell. My brother's out there.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Your brother's in Hollywood?

JOE

Last I heard. Falling off horses.

Joe smiles at Loretta and she smiles back, CUT TO:

EXT. VEDADO TROPICALE - NIGHT

This restaurant/nightclub is alive inside and out. It is a warm evening and the streets are full.

ESTEBAN (PRE-LAP)

This way.

INT. VEDADO TROPICALE - CONTINUOUS

ESTEBAN SUAREZ, slim and unblemished, tea-colored skin wearing a dinner jacket and black silk bow tie. His eyes are pale yellow and his hair is slicked back.

This is a back area with a small table surrounded by four high wingback armchairs. On the table is a BOTTLE OF RUM and several glasses.

ESTEBAN

Please, sit down.

He passes a glass of rum to Joe and Dion.

ESTEBAN

I never agreed with the Spanish that the lighter rums were superior. Of course, we Cubans went along because of our obsession that lighter is better in all things.

GRACIELA (the woman from the train depot) enters. Joe and Dion SHOOT up out of their chairs.

ESTEBAN

Dion and Joseph, this is my sister Graciela--

GRACIELA

We've met.

JOE

Have we? I'm not sure--

GRACIELA

Yes you are. Sit down.

Joe and Dion share a furtive look and sit back down. Graciela sits.

JOE

This rum is incredible.

Dion takes a sip.

DION

Be nice if we could sell it up north.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

When you're country treats you like adults.

JOE

No hurry. We'd be out of a job.

Small laughter. Joe notices the walls are COVERED IN BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS. Graciela follows his gaze.

GRACIELA

My brother takes them.

ESTEBAN

The working people of Miami. It's a hobby.

JOE

They're good.

ESTEBAN

Maybe someday I'll photograph you, Mr. Coughlin.

JOE

Afraid I'm with the Indians on that.

Esteban laughs.

ESTEBAN

Speaking of captured souls, my friends tell me that mister Gary L. Smith was seen boarding the Seaboard Limited with his wife in one Pullman and his *puta maestra* in the other.

JOE

Sometimes a change of scenery gives a man a new lease on life.

GRACIELA

And you, is that why you came to Ybor? For a new life?

JOE

I've come to distill and distribute the demon rum. But I'm going to have a hard time doing that with an erratic import schedule.

GRACIELA

We don't control the tides.

JOE

The tides haven't slowed the boats to Miami.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

We know nothing of the boats to Miami.

JOE

No. Nestor Famosa does. And he assures me the seas this summer have been calm.

ESTEBAN

And you use Senor Famosa's name so I worry you could overtake my supply routes.

JOE

I want to deal with you directly. For that you can raise the price.

GRACIELA

What would we receive?

JOE

I have Lou Ormino's cops and judges-- most of whom won't talk to you because you're Cuban. What you receive is access to them.

ESTEBAN

You would want exclusive access to our molasses?

JOE

No. But you can't sell to the White operation.

ESTEBAN

Albert White is a good customer.

JOE

Can he offer you what we're offering?

ESTEBAN

It's possible this could bring bloodshed.

JOE

It will definitely bring bloodshed.

EXT. JOE'S HOTEL - LATER

A bottle SMASHES into the porch.

Reveal it was thrown by Dion, who walks next to Joe. Joe still has some rum left in his and he swings up onto the porch and sits in a chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe hears something moving under the netting just off the porch.

DION

Reptiles.

We see ALLIGATORS moving in the dark. Joe is transfixed.

JOE

What the fuck are we doing in a place with alligators?

DION

They're everywhere. Waiting for some fucking dumb Yankee to take a dip.

There is a beat. Joe senses Dion STARING at him. He looks back.

Neither of them says a word but Joe feels an entire conversation pass between them.

DION

How'd you know it was me?

JOE

Who else could it be?

DION

Could've been my brother.

JOE

Rest his soul but your brother couldn't double cross a street.

Dion looks out. The rain has stopped falling and the dragonflies have returned.

DION

You get me down here from Montreal.... For what?

JOE

Why'd you do it?

A moment passes, something aching in Dion.

DION

She just had you so fucked up. You were gonna get us into something we couldn't get out of and my brother was gonna be the one to die. Because he was slow.

Tears roll down his face in beads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

It occur to you Albert might kill me?

DION

I was gonna tell you after Pittsfield. Make sure you had time to split town.

JOE

You ever think he might kill her?

DION

He was more sprung than you were. He just would have put a lock on her.

JOE

Still work for him?

DION

No.

JOE

Why would you tell the truth?

Dion removes a switchblade from his boot. He puts in on the table and follows it with TWO .38 LONGBARRELS and a SNUB NOSE .32 Then adds a LEAD SAP and BRASS KNUCKLES.

DION

After I'm gone, ask around about a guy named Brucie Blum. Used to work for Albert. Now he shuffles around with a cup, talks funny, pisses himself. Last thing he did-- comes up to me and says, "Albert needs to talk to you or else, see?" I chose 'or else' and beat his fucking head in. So no, I don't work for Albert. Just ask Brucie Blum.

Joe sips his rum.

DION

You gonna do it yourself or get someone else?

JOE

I'll kill you myself.

DION

Okay.

JOE

If I do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

I appreciate if you make your mind up about it.

JOE

Don't give a fuck what you'd appreciate.

Now Dion is silent.

JOE

Emma's dead. My father's dead. Your brother's dead. You're the only person I know anymore.

DION

You still miss her?

JOE

Every day.

DION

Jesus. Once she came into the picture you were gone. I'll never understand it. She wasn't no different than a *million* other dames.

JOE

She was.

DION

How?

JOE

Before I met her there was a hole right in my chest--  
(touches his chest)  
She filled it.

DION

From where I was sitting, she was the hole.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Joe enters to see several white SLIPS OF PAPER on the floor. He picks them up and looks at them. Moves to the phone. Picks it up.

JOE

Four one oh two oh four.

He waits.

INT. MASO'S HOUSE, NAHANT, MASSACHUSETTS - SAME

Maso picks up the phone.

JOE

It's me.

Intercut as necessary between the two.

MASO

You get your answer?

JOE

Yeah.

MASO

And?

JOE

It wasn't Dion who told Albert. It was his brother.

Maso takes a beat. The silence seems to suggest consent.

MASO

I keep hearing how much powder is coming through there. Are we getting our piece?

JOE

Don't worry. We'll get our piece.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Joe and Graciela, Esteban and Dion take a ride on a BOAT. They travel down an exquisite marsh that becomes a beach, and then a marsh again. Wild animals are in abundance; herons, cranes, alligators, flamingoes and dolphins. It's extraordinary, wild land.

JOE

(to Dion)

Maybe we should buy some land down here?

DION

Who the fuck would buy land in Florida?

The boat slows as they approach a waterside speakeasy/dance club/restaurant Cuban dance hall.

ESTEBAN

(to Joe)

This, I think you will enjoy.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CUBAN DANCE HALL - LATER

Men and women are DANCING. The music is loud, night is falling outside.

Esteban is an incredible dancer, he dances on the floor. Dion watches from a corner, unmoving and overdressed.

Joe watches Graciela. She dances and smiles but there is a seriousness to her that he is struck by.

She takes a break, walks out onto the dock. Joe gets up and follows her.

EXT. DOCK OUTSIDE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Graciela walks out to get some air. Joe behind her.

GRACIELA

If you corner the rum market. You will be a king.

JOE

Still gotta deal with Albert White.

GRACIELA

Is this what you've always wanted?

JOE

No. But it's what I want now.

GRACIELA

Well, then, congratulations.

(beat)

But how will you hold the power when you have it.

JOE

Think I'm not strong enough?

GRACIELA

I don't know if you're cruel enough.

(beat)

And if you are, then that will be sad.

JOE

Powerful men don't have to be cruel.

GRACIELA

But they usually are.

(beat)

Who is she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Who?

GRACIELA

The woman you love.

JOE

She's gone.

GRACIELA

She left you?

JOE

She died.

She waits a beat. Maybe he is putting her on? No.

GRACIELA

I'm sorry.

JOE

I'm told liquor is only your side business.

GRACIELA

Is that so?

JOE

Some people say you give it all away. Some in Cuba...

GRACIELA

Do you think that's foolish?

JOE

No. It's just not my cause.

GRACIELA

What is your cause?

JOE

Rum. And that no man should rule another's life.

GRACIELA

You do not want to be a good person?

JOE

I've seen good in bad people and bad in good and seen 'em both die in the mud.

GRACIELA

Do you think there is such a thing as a noble man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

I got nothing against noble people. But they rarely live past forty.

GRACIELA

Neither do gangsters.

JOE

Well then I've got a few more years. Plus, I'm not a gangster. I'm an outlaw.

GRACIELA

Do you know what my favorite poem is?

(beat)

"We can make our lives sublime and in departing, leave footprints on the sands of time."

JOE

You write that?

GRACIELA

No.

JOE

But you want to be noble?

GRACIELA

My nobility is that I love my country. Simple.

JOE

I love my country too, but...

GRACIELA

Yes. But your country is something you see out your window. My country is something inside of me. And I love it like you love that dead girl.

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Dion watches Esteban dance as Joe and Graciela return.

DION

I never seen anyone move like that.

GRACIELA

He was a professional dancer in Havana. Very good.

Dion throws Joe a furtive look.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DION  
(under his breath)  
I knew it.

She pulls Joe's hands, urging him toward the dance floor.

GRACIELA  
Tonight, everybody dances.

Joe smiles and RELENTS.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - LATER

Dion is dancing with TWO WOMEN simultaneously, swinging them over his broad back and under his stubby legs-- not without dexterity.

Esteban, covered in sweat, dances with elegance.

Joe and Graciela collapse into a booth. After a beat.

GRACIELA  
We will never be lovers.

JOE  
Why's that?

GRACIELA  
We love other people.

JOE  
Well, mine's dead.

GRACIELA  
Mine may as well be.

JOE  
Oh.

GRACIELA  
He lives in Cuba. He is not a noble man.

JOE  
Where does that leave us?

GRACIELA  
We both love ghosts.

JOE  
Yes.

GRACIELA  
Which makes us ghosts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

You're drunk.

She laughs and points across the table.

GRACIELA

You're drunk.

JOE

No argument.

GRACIELA

We will not be lovers.

JOE

You said that.

CUT TO:

INT. GRACIELA'S HOUSE - LATER

Joe and Graciela come crashing into frame, kissing, pulling at one another's clothes.

When he moves inside her, she bites down on his shoulder. Love like a car crash.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRACIELA'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Joe sits in a chair looking out at the sunrise. Graciela sleeps across his body.

GRACIELA

(quiet)

It will be an arrangement.

JOE

An arrangement?

GRACIELA

We will fill this need in each other until such time...

JOE

Such time? That's very good. Such time as what?

GRACIELA

As I return to my husband in Cuba.

No one says anything for a moment or two.

JOE

Okay. You return to the husband. What do I get?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

You get to be the King of Tampa.

JOE

That's like the world's tallest midget.

GRACIELA

The prince of Tampa.

JOE

That's worse.

GRACIELA

You can be my outlaw prince.

JOE

That's good.

We start a slow push on them and after a moment we hear Joe's V.O.

JOE (V.O.)

She never mentioned a husband again. For a year I lived better than I ever had. We cornered the rum market and lived like kings. Banks collapsed, jobs dried up but vice, it seemed, was depression proof.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Trucks STREAM down the road, full of BOOZE.

JOE (V.O.)

The Suarez Coughlin partnership created a rare stability.

EXT. ROADSIDE, DUSTY - DAY

A group of depression era, Dorthea Lange type, MEN mill on the side of the road. A GANGSTER'S CAR pulls up. The men gather around the passenger window. We see envelopes being passed out.

JOE (V.O.)

We paid every dixie gang on the road from Tampa to Miami. They paid off the local laws and arrests dropped by seventy percent.

The GANGSTER CAR pulls away.

EXT. FLORIDA BUSH - DAY

Joe, Dion and PORFIRIO DIAZ stand around. Porfirio is gesturing with energy. Speaking Spanish.

JOE (V.O.)

We made so much money, guys  
started getting carried away.

DION

He wants to get a plane.

JOE

He wants to *buy* a plane?

DION

To spot the Coast Guard.

Most gesturing and talking from Porfirio.

DION

He thinks we can put a machine gun  
in the plane.

JOE

Is that what he thinks?

(beat)

Ask him if we should get a tank.

(to Porfirio)

Go home.

DION

(to Porfirio in  
Spanish)

He says maybe.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - AERIAL

As the sun sets on east Florida, we see a half finished hotel, alone on a pristine beach.

JOE (V.O.)

Maso sent down his son, Digger, to  
take a look at the casino option I  
was working on. Digger was one of  
the dumber sacks of shit but he  
was the boss' kid so everyone  
pretended he knew what the fuck he  
was talking about.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - SUNSET

Joe and Dion walk towards a bluff that overlooks the casino. DIGGER PESCATORE, large and dumb, stands with them as well as FOUR BODYGUARDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

The Volstead Act won't last forever. When it's over, what do you do? Gambling. We use the connections we put together to get it legalized and we're the only ones in place to run it.

DIGGER

This is it?

JOE

That's it. Ritz Longboat Key, I sat down with the owners in Sarasota.

DIGGER

Why do they let us in?

JOE

Because they can't get gambling legal and they can't run a casino. They own the property, we run the casino. Fifty fifty chop on profits.

DIGGER

Do we have a magic stick for changing laws?

(grin)

I hear you got Bingo legal.

JOE

It's a prerequisite. You can't get gambling legalized without--

DIGGER

Good. Your grandmother can come down and play in the church.

A few subtle looks exchanged acknowledging what an idiot Digger is.

JOE

I got bagmen buying inspectors in Tallahassee and Sarasota. We got men going after Senators and IRS agents who gamble. We get gambling legal we're rich and legit for the long fucking haul.

Digger MEAN MUGS Joe, then breaks into a smile.

JOE (V.O.)

We were lying to Maso about the drugs but the casino thing was square.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men were desperate for jobs all over the US and we had a six million dollar a year business. So what Maso thought didn't bother me. What did bother me is that we hadn't heard a thing from Albert.

INT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

The place is half full, mostly African-Americans of Latin descent. There is a small window on the door to the outside. It catches Joe's attention as it starts to GLOW RED. Joe and Dion head outside.

EXT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

Joe walks out to see a CROSS BURNING and several KU KLUX KLAN riders in white robes, riding horses and adorned with red and white emblems. They all hold rifles.

Joe steps forward into the light of the burning cross. Slowly puts his hand in his waist.

KLAN MEMBER (RD PRUITT)

Ya'll been warned!!

And the gallop off, leaving Joe in the glow of the burning cross.

INT. BODEGA, TWENTY SEVENTH ST. - DAY

It's a small speakeasy where a HOLD UP is in progress. A man wearing a mask (RD PRUITT 36) is gesturing with a GUN for everyone to get on the ground.

RD PRUITT

Git on the floor!

He reaches in and RIFLES THROUGH THE TILL. He takes what money there is. Starts to go.

RD PRUITT

We all be watchin'. So we best not see no law!!

He makes a dash for the door.

EXT. BODEGA, TWENTY SEVENTH ST - LATER

Joe and Dion walk and talk in the robbed speakeasy.

JOE

Who the fuck would call the cops when a speakeasy got robbed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dion shakes his head.

JOE  
Can't we just find this asshole  
and put him down?

DION  
He's in the Klan.

JOE  
Who gives a shit? So are five  
million other guys in this  
country.

DION  
The Klan has a lot of juice.

JOE  
They're a bunch of inbreds with  
fourth grade educations.

DION  
Not the bosses. They got twelve  
cops, a *ton* of newspaper men...

JOE  
They'll love me. Catholic who  
works with Latins and Niggers and  
lives with a Cuban.

DION  
Bigger problem is RD's brother in  
law.

JOE  
Who's that?

DION  
Chief Figgis.

INT. TROPICALE ON SEVENTH - DAY

Chief Figgis looks out over seventh street and sips his  
coffee. There is something off about him.

Joe and Dion sit opposite him at a table.

CHIEF FIGGIS  
You hear the Perez factory is  
closing?

JOE  
Shit, that's got what, four  
hundred workers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF FIGGIS

Five hundred people. No jobs. Five hundred idle hands waiting to do the devil's handiwork.

JOE

Shame.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Damn shame.

They drink. The door JINGLES and they look up. RD PRUITT walks in the door wearing a tan knicker suit with wide lapels and two tone oxfords. He approaches their table.

Joe looks up. Dion's hand slides under the table. Figgis stiffens but RD just calmly walks over to the table and sits down. Joe offers his hand.

RD PRUITT

Don't shake hands with Papists. No offense.

JOE

Help if I said I hadn't been in church half my life?

RD chuckled and shook his head.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Now, RD, word is you're causing trouble down here in Ybor.

He looks at his brother-in-law, eyes wide and innocent.

RD PRUITT

How's that?

CHIEF FIGGIS

We hear you're sticking up places.

RD PRUITT

What kind of places?

CHIEF FIGGIS

Speakeasies.

RD PRUITT

Oh. Mean them places that don't exist in a law-abiding town?

CHIEF FIGGIS

That'd be them, yeah.

RD PRUITT

I don't know a damn thing about that.

RD lets out an odd sigh. Then:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RD PRUITT

I'm just playin' with you. You all know that!

CHIEF FIGGIS

RD, this is a businessman who is here to do business. I suggest you do it with him.

RD PRUITT

(points at Joe)

This man is a bootlegger and a fornicator with niggers. He is to be tarred and feathered, not done business with.

(looks at Joe,  
breaks)

I'm just playin'! You take a joke, right?

JOE

I can take a joke.

RD PRUITT

Long as you don't become one, right?

Joe scans RD for a longish beat.

JOE

I hear you like the Parisian?

RD PRUITT

And if I was?

JOE

I would cut you in on ten percent of the house take?

RD PRUITT

You'd do that?

JOE

Sure.

RD PRUITT

Well, I ought to be worth more than ten percent.

JOE

What were you thinking?

RD PRUITT

I was thinking sixty.

JOE

You want sixty percent of one of the most successful clubs in the city?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RD PRUITT

That's right.

JOE

For what, exactly?

RD PRUITT

My friends might look on you less kindly.

JOE

Who are your friends?

RD PRUITT

Sixty percent.

JOE

Son, I'm not giving you sixty percent.

RD PRUITT

Ain't your son. Ain't nobody's son.

JOE

That'll save your father some embarrassment.

RD PRUITT

What's that?

JOE

Fifteen percent.

RD PRUITT

(whispered)  
I will beat you to death.

JOE

What?

RD PRUITT

You know, that does sound like a fair arrangement. You go to twenty?

JOE

I think fifteen's about as good as it gets for a job you don't even have to show up for.

RD PRUITT

Well, that's a fair deal. And I'm pleased to agree to it.

He smiles.

RD PRUITT

How do I pick up my cut?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

At the Parisian, second Tuesday at seven.

He SLAPS the table and rise. Tips his hat.

RD PRUITT

A pleasure Mr. Coughlin. Irv.

(turns back)

One more thing, that girlfriend, folks seen you with. Is she light nigger or dark spic?

He smiles and turns back to go.

RD PRUITT

Never mind.

He exits. A beat.

INT. ESTEBAN'S PLACE - NIGHT

A PHOTO is hung on the wall-- in contrast to the ones at the Figgis', this one is like Dorthea Lange in Miami.

Reveal Esteban hanging it while Joe watches.

ESTEBAN

You have a confused woman on your hands.

JOE

This I know.

ESTEBAN

Do you know why she is confused?

JOE

No. She can have anything she wants, go to the best restaurants--

ESTEBAN

--that allow Latins.

JOE

There's nothing for her to worry about. We can grow old together.

ESTEBAN

Perhaps you will.

JOE

She won't divorce Shithead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTEBAN

I could live a thousand years and never understand the hold that pendejo has over her.

JOE

Have you seen him?

ESTEBAN

Every time I walk down the worst block in Havana, he sits there in one of the bars, drinking her money.

JOE

Our money.

ESTEBAN

I would reconsider.

JOE

What?

ESTEBAN

Killing him. Better, perhaps, that he does it himself. If you did it, some part of her would never forgive you.

INT. PARISIAN SPEAKEASY - SEVEN PM

RD Walks in and picks up an ENVELOPE from a WOMAN AT THE BAR. He leaves and envelope of his own. The woman picks it up.

JOE (V.O.)

It was addressed to Sir Joseph Coughlin, nigger fucker.

She opens it.

JOE (V.O.)

Inside was a two word note: **Sixty percent.**

Just then a BOMB COMES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND EXPLODES.

Smoke and damage...

JOE (V.O.)

Wasn't much of a bomb but it didn't have to be. A drummer lost his hand and never played again and a waitress hired the week before got killed.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Joe's guys crawl through the neighborhood in new cars, looking out windows.

JOE (V.O.)

I sent out crews day and night to find him. But he went hard to the ground.

INT. EAST SIDE SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

An active club, filled mostly with black Cubans, is in full-swing. Musicians play, people drink and laugh.

RD walks in and starts SHOOTING PEOPLE AT RANDOM. He shots FOUR PEOPLE, the crowd fleeing and screaming. He turns around, PUTS A NOTE ON THE BAR, and walks back out the door.

JOE (V.O.)

Same note. Same message.

EXT. CHIEF FIGGIS HOME, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Joe, alone, sits on the porch opening and closing his father's watch.

Chief Figgis pulls up, gets out and heads up his walk towards Joe.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Want a beer? It's near beer but it ain't bad.

JOE

Love one.

Figgis goes into the house, Joe waits, he comes back out with a beer.

JOE

I need to get to RD.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I expect you would feel that way.

JOE

You know how this ends if you don't help me?

CHIEF FIGGIS

No. I don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

More bodies. More writing about  
cigar city slaughter and you get  
pushed out.

CHIEF FIGGIS

You, too.

JOE

Maybe.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Difference is, when you get pushed  
out, someone does it a bullet to  
the back of your ear.

JOE

If he goes away, the war ends.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I'm not selling out my wife's  
brother.

Joe looks out on the street.

JOE

I don't want to do this.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Do what?

JOE

What you're about to make me do.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I'm not making you do anything.

JOE

Yeah. You are.

Joe removes a BATCH OF PHOTOS. Figgis looks at Joe, then  
quickly down at the photos and then back up.

JOE

She didn't make it to Hollywood.  
She only made it to Los Angeles.

Figgis looks at the second photo then shuts his eyes  
tight. We see a glimpse of some *pornography* in the photo.

CHIEF FIGGIS

That's not right.

Then he puts his hands over his face.

JOE

We've got her with a special  
doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lowers his hands, revealing red eyes.

CHIEF FIGGIS  
What kind of doctor?

JOE  
Kind that gets people off Heroin,  
Irv.

CHIEF FIGGIS  
Do not ever call me by my  
Christian name. You will call me  
Chief Figgis for whatever years or  
days remain in our acquaintance,  
are we clear?

JOE  
I didn't do this to her.

CHIEF FIGGIS  
Name your price. For telling me  
where my daughter is.

He turns and looks at Joe.

JOE  
In a clean facility.  
(beat)  
I can't tell you where.

CHIEF FIGGIS  
Until?

Joe holds his look. Figgis gets up slowly and GOES  
INSIDE. From outside we HEAR:

CHIEF FIGGIS  
(on phone)  
RD, you're gonna meet with this  
boy again and there ain't another  
discussion be to had on the  
matter.  
(beat)  
Yeah, I'll come too.  
(beat)  
Longboat key, by the Ritz tonight  
at ten.

He walks back out.

CHIEF FIGGIS  
When do I get her location?

JOE  
When I walk out from this meeting  
alive.

Joe gets up and walks to his car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF FIGGIS

Do it yourself.

JOE

What?

CHIEF FIGGIS

If you're going to kill him be man enough to pull the trigger. Ain't no pride in having other people do what you're too weak to do yourself.

JOE

In my experience, you don't have to be much of anything to pull a trigger.

Joe walks down, gets in his car and drives away.

JOE (V.O.)

The thing about this business was that every time you sold a piece of yourself the easier it got.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - NIGHT

The Hotel is still being assembled, construction halted at night. The place takes on an eerie, abandoned air.

And the last shot reveals JOE, walking toward camera in the night.

We see his POV: RD and TWO MORE MEN stand waiting for him. A bit of an OK corral feel. The two men are SHINE RUNNERS for RD. They have short ties on short collar shirts and wool trousers held up by suspenders.

JOE

Hey, RD.

RD PRUITT

Where's my brother in law?

JOE

He didn't come.

RD PRUITT

(calls to his guys)  
Boys, this the one here is rat tricky. Take your eyes off that pea shooter, I promise it'll be in his hands.

Shine runner #1 holds a rifle on Joe.

SHINE RUNNER #1

Not likely.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RD PRUITT

(to Joe)

You a man of your word?

JOE

Depends on who I give it to.

RD PRUITT

So you ain't come alone like I ordered?

JOE

No. I ain't come alone.

RD laughs.

RD PRUITT

We been waitin' out here.

JOE

Trust me. I'm not alone.

RD walks a little to his left.

RD PRUITT

Where they at?

JOE

Shit, RD. That would spoil the fun.

(beat)

You know this could be the biggest casino in the United States. Once prohibition ends--

RD PRUITT

It ain't gonna end prohibition in a God fearing country.

JOE

Yes it will. Whole country's in the tank, banks going under, cities are bankrupt--

RD PRUITT

'Cause we got a communist President--

JOE

Lost too much money in taxes on liquor-- and that's why they'll allow this state to legalize gambling. And you can be part of that, RD--

RD PRUITT

I don't want to be part of nothin' with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

How much is he paying you for this?

RD PRUITT

Who?

JOE

Albert White. How much is he paying you. I hope it's a lot, considering all the work you've done for him shooting up my speaks.

RD considers this, then gives in.

RD PRUITT

Yeah. I took his Catholic money. Do you know why? 'Cause I'd a done it for free. You are a pestilence. You and your nigger whore girlfriend and your dirty dago friends. I'm a take the Parisian. Not sixty percent. The whole thing. I'm a take *all* your clubs. I'm a take everything you got. Might even go by your house and tear off a piece of that nigger girl 'fore I cut her throat.

He laughs a little, getting emboldened.

RD PRUITT

You ain't got this yet but you leavin' town, boy. You just forgot to pack your bags.

JOE

(looks them over)  
All right. Go ahead.

JOE PULLS HIS GUN AND FIRES. The others FIRE BACK.

DINO AND A COUGHLIN THUG STEP FROM A CONCEALED PLACE AND RIDDLE RD AND HIS MEN WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE.

Dion and the Gun Thug, step forward and inspect the dead Klansmen. One seems to be moving. Dion FIRES A ROUND IN THE MAN'S HEAD.

We see Joe.

JOE

I hope I didn't interrupt you guys.

DION

You said wait 'till you gave us the sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe FALLS DOWN unceremoniously on his ass. Dion and the Gun Thug run over.

Joe's FACE IS WHITE. He looks down at his abdomen, which is covered in blood.

JOE

Shit.

DION

It's all right. We'll get you to a doc.

Joe falls back, starting to get faint.

JOE

Fuck. It hurts.

DION

It hurts but it's not gonna kill you.

Joe is fading.

JOE

I shouldn't have shown him the pictures.

DION

What?

JOE

Figgis.

DION

Christ. We had to put this prick down.

JOE

It's gonna make a great casino.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Joe lies in a hospital bed, asleep but alive.

JOE (V.O.)

Five weeks in a hospital bed.

We see KLAN RIDERS OUTSIDE, it's night.

We see DION smoking in a car outside, out of focus TORCHES off in the distance.

JOE (V.O.)

When they left Dion sent men to follow them home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And just before dawn, unknown  
assailants broke into eight homes  
and beat those men nearly to  
death.

Various HOME INVASIONS, where masked men break in, beat  
and pistol whip a series of KLANSMEN.

JOE (V.O.)

That effectively ended the power  
of the KKK in Tampa.

Smoke rising the next day. Dion standing, watching.

JOE (V.O.)

The bullet had been deflected by  
my father's pocket watch, so it  
missed my kidney.

Joe gingerly walks up the steps to Graciela's home.

JOE (V.O.)

Shellfish, nuts, Cuban food,  
alcohol and sex were forbidden.

INT. GRACIELA'S HOUSE - LOW SUN

Sun coming up (or going down)--Joe lies in Graciela's  
arms on a love seat overlooking the view.

GRACIELA

(Spanish)

*There will never be another.*

JOE

What's that?

GRACIELA

(Spanish)

*Man. You are my man until death.*

JOE

What about your husband?

GRACIELA

(Spanish)

*Adnan is not a man. You, my love,  
are a man.*

JOE

But you'll always be married to  
him.

GRACIELA

In name only.

JOE

What's in a name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

(laughs)

Agreed.

Tears are forming at the corners of her eyes.

GRACIELA

You are my husband. Siempre.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Light streaming into the house, Graciela carrying champagne and a bag of food.

JOE (V.O.)

And when the doctors cleared us.  
We closed the shutters, filled the  
icebox with food and champagne and  
confined ourselves to the canopy  
bed for two days.

Joe and Graciela make love-- more careful and self aware than the lovemaking scenes with Emma Gould.

The two of them are naked but not in an exploitative way, vulnerable.

They lie in the red dusk, shutters re-opened with the ceiling fan cooling their bodies.

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

Chief Figgis takes LORETTA off the train, she is SHROUDED HEAD TO TOE IN BLACK.

JOE (V.O.)

That was the summer Loretta  
returned to Tampa.

We see the FIGGIS HOME. Slowly push on it.

JOE (V.O.)

Irv's wife moved out and took  
their son with him. No one saw  
Loretta for the whole season.

Inside the FIGGIS HOME. Loretta in on her knees, in front of a bed. He father WHIPS her backside, unrelentingly. A fervor in his eyes.

JOE (V.O.)

Irv taught her to pray on her  
knees. He made her a supplicant  
and beat the devil from her  
morning to night.

Loretta in so much pain, she is nearly in a trance.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Joe is in the tub, scars almost healed. Graciela comes in, slips off a robe and gets in across from him. He looks at her.

GRACIELA

Can I take your name?

JOE

You want to marry me?

GRACIELA

I cannot marry you in a church.

JOE

Okay.

GRACIELA

We are married, are we not?

JOE

Yes.

GRACIELA

So I would like to call myself by your surname.

JOE

Graciella Isabella Lunes Martes  
Miercoles Jueves Coughlin.

She laughs, splashes water at him.

GRACIELA

I don't have that many names.

He kisses her.

JOE

Graciella Coughlin?

GRACIELA

I would be honored.

They kiss.

GRACIELA

I have bought some buildings.

JOE

(smiles)

You bought *some* buildings? We get married, right away you start spending my money?

He is teasing. She looks at him innocently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

Three. By the Perez factory.

JOE

Oh, so just three buildings?

GRACIELA

I would like to give shelter there to abandoned wives and their children.

JOE

What happened to Cuban politics for a cause?

GRACIELA

I fell in love with you. You restrict my mobility.

EXT. FLORIDA BUSH, AERIAL - DAY

We come off the ocean over a jungle--- and arrive at a small cluster of CASITAS built by Graciela.

EXT. CASITAS - DAY

Graciella walks Joe through the tent city, teeming with extremely POOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

GRACIELA

The men go up to get milk, they hear a rumor of work and they never come back. Without men to protect them, these women--

She gestures around her.

GRACIELA

Are raped or turned to basement prostitution. The children enter the streets and news that returns of them is seldom good.

Joe looks out over the dismal scene.

GRACIELA

This can be a model of good to the rest of the world--

JOE

I've seen some of the world. No one was looking for good.

GRACIELA

Men can be good and just in this world. Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Greed.

She looks at him, not understanding.

JOE

Look how we live.

GRACIELA

Yes. I have become like those who my parents worked for. But we give back. Look what you gave the Suarez clinic.

JOE

They saved my life.

GRACIELA

You built a library the year before.

JOE

So I could learn to read.

GRACIELA

The books are in Spanish.

JOE

Learn to read Spanish.

GRACIELA

Your Spanish is abominable.

JOE

I guess we need another library.

She smiles. They walk farther along. It's not all wide-eyed innocents, many of the people look rough.

JOE

Do you think, if you had nothing, any of these people would take you in?

GRACIELA

(genuine)

Why does it matter?

JOE

I don't know. It does to me.

GRACIELA

I would like to leave some footprints in the sand.

JOE

I know you do. Look you want to rescue these women and their kids? Good. I love you for that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

But some people aren't gonna want to let them go.

GRACIELA

I know that. That's why I'll need a couple of your men.

JOE

My men?

GRACIELA

Four for starters. But, mi amado, (smiles at him) they have to be the toughest ones that you have.

INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY

Loretta, dressed all in white, preaches to a small congregation while a PASTOR looks on approvingly.

JOE (V.O.)

Loretta found God. She spoke at local churches.

LORETTA FIGGIS

(in a quiet voice)

We must remove, if we want to live close to god, the temptation-- that is likely to tease the sinner in each of us. Alcohol releases those guards we've built against our lesser selves, the narcotic eats at the soul.

She BARES HER TRACK MARKS. A few inspired calls from the congregation. Calls of encouragement ring out.

LORETTA FIGGIS

And what are the rolling dice but the idolatrous tumbling of a false god, the allure of a fast road to the rewards that God tells us only come from hard work. It is when the gambler's children are starving, and the drunkards, that they see the sinfulness in which they have marinated themselves. The only road to salvation is through repentance.

JOE (V.O.)

The show was a hit. Which wouldn't have been a problem except it seemed her visions of Tampa burned black by sin didn't include a casino. That and she kept getting more popular.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

A large rally led by Loretta. Throngs of people have turned out to hear Loretta preach, while she wears a nearly see-through dress, exposing her silhouette.

Dion and Joe, semi-camouflaged among farmers and various workers, listening rapt.

LORETTA FIGGIS

In my darkest hours I know I'm too weak. The siren song of sin preys on that which is most appealing to you. Life is full of pain and sinfulness is a false balm to soothe it. But the only true healing comes from God. It is not enough to have the demon rum flowing in our cities, now men would seek to build a house of gambling on our waterfront. Is our virtue that cheap?

Dion and Joe look at one another. He rubs his forehead. This isn't going to go away.

DION

My virtue's always been pretty cheap.

JOE

What virtue?

DION

Sarasota is going to fucking hate this.

JOE

Let me deal with it.

DION

They don't need this shit. Casino is two percent of their business they don't need to be the people turning white Christians into junkies.

JOE

Just let me deal with it.

INT. REVIVAL TENT, BACKSTAGE - LATER

Joe and Dion enter. Loretta is there, along with a small retinue of others. There is an, "after the show," concert feel.

She notices them come in. Smiles broadly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORETTA FIGGIS

Mr. Coughlin!

Joe takes her hand.

JOE

Ms. Figgis. Great show tonight. I appreciate you taking the time to talk.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Of course. What can I do for you?

JOE

Well, we'd like to talk about the Ritz.

She smiles with a hint of condescension.

LORETTA FIGGIS

My father says there was once a good man in you.

JOE

I wasn't aware he'd departed.

LORETTA FIGGIS

You do quite a bit for the people here but we both know your good works are mitigated by your evil deeds.

JOE

How's that?

LORETTA FIGGIS

You profit from the illegal addictions of others-- their weakness and sloth and libidinous behavior. But you can free yourself of that.

JOE

I don't want to.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Of course you do.

JOE

Miss Figgis, you seem like a lovely woman and I hear the flock is up threefold since you took over.

A PASTOR holds up *five* fingers. It's quintupled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

I sell a product people enjoy so much that an amendment to the US constitution will be overturned within a year.

PASTOR

That's not true.

JOE

More booze was drunk in the last ten years than ever before in this country. Because people didn't want to be told they couldn't do it.

LORETTA FIGGIS

The same could be said of fornication. People want it and they don't want to be told they can't have it.

JOE

Nor should they.

LORETTA FIGGIS

I'm sorry?

JOE

If people want to fornicate I see no reason to stop them, Miss Figgis.

LORETTA FIGGIS

And if they wish to lie down with animals?

JOE

Do they?

LORETTA FIGGIS

I'm sorry?

JOE

Do people want to lie down with animals?

LORETTA FIGGIS

Some do. And their sickness will spread if you have your way.

JOE

I'm not sure I see a correlation between drinking and lying down with animals.

LORETTA FIGGIS

There is a correlation across all sin.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORETTA FIGGIS (CONT'D)

It is all against the wishes of  
God and thus all equally  
offensive.

JOE

We hoped maybe you would be  
amenable to omitting the casino  
issue in your sermons- so we can  
go forward with a business that  
will bring a lot of jobs, which  
will reduce the sinfulness that  
comes with poverty and idle hands--  
and we would be willing to give to  
the church generously, hell we'd  
even build some churches.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Roman soldiers gambled for Jesus'  
bloodied robes at the crucifixion.  
What does that tell you? If God re-  
writes the bible to cast gambling  
as virtuous, I will refrain from  
speaking against it, until then--  
we don't get to pick our sins, Mr.  
Coughlin.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS, EMPTY AUDIENCE AREA - LATER

Joe and Dion walk through the rubbish left from the show;  
hay, paper cups, general trash-- but few people around.

DION

I like how you dealt with it.

JOE

Yeah. I'm good.

DION

She's gotta go.

JOE

You don't think I've thought about  
it?

DION

It's not thinking about it. It's  
getting it done.

JOE

(quiet)  
I can't do it.

DION

She's gonna fuck up the whole  
deal.

JOE

I know. And no one touches her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

That's a mistake.

JOE

No shit.

EXT. SARASOTA, LONGBOAT KEY - DAY

Joe and Dion walk out of a building and toward their car, they slow to appreciate the water as it glistens.

JOE (V.O.)

Two days later the boys in Sarasota told us they were gonna hold on to the Ritz, wait out the dip in the economy. Climate wasn't right.

JOE

It would have been a great casino.

DION

You'll have another chance. Things swing back around.

JOE

Not all things.

DION

Farucco still thinks we should get a plane.

JOE

I got enough problems without crazy Farucco Diaz putting a machine gun in an airplane.

DION

He just thinks be better at spotting the coast guard.

JOE

Jesus Christ. You want to buy a fucking plane, Dion? Go ahead. You won't need it too long.

EXT. RUSTIC FLORIDA HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

They drive home in a GANGSTER'S CAR through a Florida so rural, so rustic, so empty and so beautiful, it is unrecognizable to the modern eye.

JOE (V.O.)

They announced it on the radio, just when we got back.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - SUNSET

FIREWORKS! A street party, people running, exultant. A city celebrates in the streets. Openly drinking under the flickering candles exploding in the sky.

Everyone is thrilled except Joe. On him, 48 fps as he is the only stoic face among celebrants.

JOE (V.O.)

President elect Roosevelt promised to sign the Cullen-Harrison act the minute he was elected; effectively ending prohibition.

(beat)

No booze. No casino. It was over.

INT. NINO'S COFFEE SHOP - NEXT MORNING

Joe walks across the street and enters the diner.

He turns and sees LORETTA FIGGIS sitting there.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Mr. Coughlin please, sit.

JOE

You're not wearing white?

LORETTA FIGGIS

It's almost white.

She gives a small, vulnerable smile.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Why does my father hate you so much.

JOE

(shrugs)

I'm a criminal. He's chief of police.

LORETTA FIGGIS

No he liked you. He said you were the mayor of Ybor.

JOE

He said that?

There is a longer pause.

JOE

How was it?

LORETTA FIGGIS

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Women's National Hospital for  
Inebriates and Opium Eaters.

LORETTA FIGGIS

It was a hospital room. It was  
clean.

(beat)

What did you do?

JOE

I paid for the room.

LORETTA FIGGIS

To him.

Quiet, then, simply:

JOE

We had photographs.

LORETTA FIGGIS

And you showed them to him?

JOE

I showed him two.

LORETTA FIGGIS

How many did you have?

JOE

Dozens.

She looks into her saucer.

LORETTA FIGGIS

We're all going to hell.

JOE

I don't think you are.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Without those of us who bought the  
drug and banished the liquor,  
where would you people be?

JOE

We created and destroyed one  
another, it seems.

LORETTA FIGGIS

You know what I've learned, as  
I've been thrusting my soul out to  
God?

JOE

No.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LORETTA FIGGIS

This is heaven. Right here. We're  
in it now.

JOE

Then how come it looks like hell.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Because we fucked it all up.

She smiles at his small reaction. She's seen and said and  
done worse.

LORETTA FIGGIS

After my...trials, I slept in the  
bed of my childhood. I felt it  
again. The way I felt as a child.  
That I would always have my mommy  
and my daddy and the world would  
look just like Tampa and everyone  
would know my name and wish good  
things for me. I felt certain  
again. And I had missed it, more  
than any drug. I missed it more  
than the god who bequeathed it to  
me. Certainty, Mr. Coughlin, is  
the most gorgeous lie of all.

A refill comes.

LORETTA FIGGIS

My mother passed away last week,  
did you know that?

JOE

I hadn't heard, Loretta, I'm  
sorry.

LORETTA FIGGIS

She told my father he didn't love  
God. He loved the idea of being  
special to him.

A bell tinkles as a couple enter the store.

LORETTA FIGGIS

I don't know if there is a God. I  
certainly hope there is. And I  
hope he's kind. Wouldn't that be  
swell Mr. Coughlin?

JOE

I'd say so.

LORETTA FIGGIS

You seem not to despair, Mr.  
Coughlin. Do you have a secret?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

No. Just my wife. I hope there's a God as much as you-- but if there isn't, she's enough.

LORETTA FIGGIS

But what if you lose her?

Joe isn't going to address that.

JOE

What are you going to do now?

LORETTA FIGGIS

What do you mean?

JOE

You beat me. You stopped the casino. The law couldn't do it. The Klan couldn't. But you did.

LORETTA FIGGIS

(smiles)

I didn't get rid of alcohol.

JOE

No, but you killed gambling and before you came along it was a lock.

She looks up with an actual smile.

LORETTA FIGGIS

I did do that, didn't I?

JOE

And what's your father going to do?

LORETTA FIGGIS

Sit in his chair. Blind with rage that men touched his daughter the way he used to touch his wife. And worse.

She rubs some sugar on the table with her index finger.

LORETTA FIGGIS

He walks around the house whispering one word over and over.

JOE

What word?

LORETTA FIGGIS

Repent.

(beat)

Repent. Repent. Repent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Well...Give him time.

We watch her, stirring her coffee, looking out over the budding boulevard.

JOE (V.O.)

She went back to wearing white.  
Kept packing them in. Added some  
new tricks, spoke in tongues.  
Frothed at the mouth. I saw a  
picture of her in the paper and  
almost didn't recognize her. But I  
wasn't prepared for it when I  
heard.

ESTEBAN (PRE-LAP)

She killed herself.

INT. ESTEBAN'S PLACE - AFTERNOON

Joe and Esteban in the darkened back area of his club.  
Esteban's PHOTOS line the walls.

JOE

Who?

ESTEBAN

Loretta Figgis.

Joe is taken aback, wind gone out of him.

JOE

Why?

ESTEBAN

Who can say?

JOE

How?

ESTEBAN

It must have taken, really,  
tremendous fortitude. Strength.

JOE

What?

ESTEBAN

She cut out her vagina. And then  
cut her windpipe.

(beat)

Can you imagine what it would take  
to castrate yourself?

JOE

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTEBAN

I am too much of a coward.

JOE

Where did she do it?

ESTEBAN

In her father's bed.

JOE

My god.

ESTEBAN

Do you blame yourself? She went west, as so many girls do. And she was preyed upon. And not by you.

JOE

No. But by men like us. The booze pays for the girls and the girls pay for the drugs. We give the drugs to the girls so we can pimp them out. That pays for the booze and one hand washes the other.

ESTEBAN

We're not our brother's keeper. In fact, it's an insult to our brother to imagine that we are.

Esteban rises and points to some of his photos on the wall.

ESTEBAN

Look at these people, if this man, say--

He points to an old man in the photo.

ESTEBAN

Dies from drunkenness is it our fault?

Joe doesn't respond.

ESTEBAN

No?

JOE

When was that picture taken?

ESTEBAN

A month ago.

JOE

You're sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTEBAN

I took this photograph myself a month and three days ago. Why?

He points at the picture.

JOE

Because that woman died in 1927.

We see in the photo three quarters of a face, a woman standing next to TWO WORKING MEN. There is no question. It's EMMA GOULD.

Title up: **Part III Tampa 1933-1935**

EXT. FLORIDA BEACH - AFTERNOON

Joe watches Graciela from afar. She walks through the shallow water. Waves lap over her feet as they break softly on the sand.

EXT. FLORIDA BEACH - LATER

Graciela sits in front of Joe. His arms are wrapped around her. Clearly deep in thought. He says, quietly in her ear:

JOE

There has never been anyone like you in my life.

GRACIELA

Almost.

INT. TROPICALE - DAY

The place is closed, intimate. Dion looks at a PICTURE.

Dion looks at a photograph in silence. It's the one of Emma.

DION

You sure it's her.

He doesn't answer.

DION

You tell Graciela?

JOE

No.

DION

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

You tell your women everything?

DION

I don't tell 'em shit. But you're more of a Nance than me.

(smiles)

Just say, look, sorry hon'. That girl I been bent out of shape over for a decade, she's not dead. She's in Miami. Don't make a big fucking thing out of it.

He starts laughing, heartily. Then slows--

DION

When you going?

JOE

Going where?

DION

You found out this girl you used to be bugs for is sixty miles away. When are you going?

JOE

When the meeting with Maso is over.

DION

Good. Give you something to live for.

INT. DISTILLERY TUNNELS - DAY

Joe and Dion walk through the narrow tunnel, ultimately arriving in the distillery.

JOE (V.O.)

Whenever they wanted to kill you, there was always a tell. It was always a break in routine.

DION

Him and his guys are taking over half a train to get down here. That's a big entourage.

JOE

We do eleven and a half million. From a fucking cow town. And that's just rum. I know he'd cut my throat for a nickel but there's no percentage in killing me. All we've done is sent bags of money up to his mansion in Nahant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

I just don't like the signs.

JOE

What fucking signs?

DION

We lost the casino. We never moved on narcotics... and you're Irish in a world where there ain't much of a shortage in guineas.

Joe thinks this over. He's right.

DION

You're walking into a building where he bought up every room. I can't hide a weapon, nothing. You're going in blind and we'll be outside.

INT. JOE AND GRACIELA'S HOUSE - DAY

JOE

I need you to go to Miami for a while.

She feels both stung and as if she expected this.

GRACIELA

For how long do you want me to go for a while?

JOE

Not long. But I want you to go. And I don't want you to tell me where you are. Tell Dion. He won't tell anyone but me.

GRACIELA

So you can find out if you are as cruel as you need to be.

JOE

Yeah.

GRACIELA

Joseph, even if you win today's battle, there is so much violence in what you do, it must come back to you.

He says nothing.

GRACIELA

Don't leave me to raise a child on my own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A look on Joe's face. Is she pregnant? Is she talking about a theoretical future. He doesn't ask. He doesn't want to know.

EXT. FLORIDA ROADS - DAY

Joe and Dion cruise in an incredible gangster car along a stretch of highway. Just open road.

EXT. ROMERO HOTEL, ESTABLISHING - DAY

Joe and Dion pull up. A BELL HOP hops to. Gets their keys.

INT. ROMERO HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Dion are being escorted by ADOMO and GINO VALOCCO.

JOE (V.O.)

I knew Gino from back home. His brother Adomo was a gun monkey for Maso. They weren't muscle and they weren't brains. They were killers.

JOE

Where you living now?

GINO

Naponset.

JOE

You settled down?

GINO

Two kids. Whole thing. You got any?

JOE

No.

GINO

There's never a right time.

JOE (V.O.)

Italians. Four guys walking to an elevator. Two with machine guns asking about the wife and kids.

They get to the elevator and leave the Vacco brothers behind.



INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They get on and are greeted by an OPERATOR, ILLARIO NOBLE.

JOE (V.O.)

Illario Nobile. Yellow from the hep and he can put a rifle shot through a flea's ass in a solar eclipse.

EXT. TENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open. Joe and Dion are greeted by FAUSTO SCARFONE. He wordlessly escorts them down the hall.

INT. MASO'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

The DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL MASO.

MASO

How are you, my son?

JOE

Fine.

MASO

Fausto, see if Dino needs anything.

This is a way of saying Dino waits outside. Joe walks in.

INT. GASPRILLA SUITE - CONTINUOUS

This is the nicest suite in the hotel. Maso kisses Joe on both sides. Kisses his forehead. Pats his back, an elaborate show.

Maso moves over to a table and chairs. Pours Joe a cup of coffee.

MASO

Salud.

JOE

Salud.

MASO

How've you been?

JOE

Good, you?

MASO

More good days than bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe sees DIGGER, silently standing off to the side in the room.

Maso looks out the window onto the water. We can hear waves crashing in the far off distance.

JOE (V.O.)

For such a violent business it was populated with a surprising number of guys who were just putting food on the table.

Digger pops an orange slice.

JOE (V.O.)

Digger wasn't one of those guys.

Maso produces a NEWSPAPER. The cover of which reads DEATH OF A MADONNA. There is a photo of Loretta Figgis.

MASO

This the philly who fucked up the whole casino thing?

JOE

Yeah.

MASO

Why didn't you clip her then?

JOE

Too much blowback.

MASO

That's not it.

(beat)

You're not a killer, Joseph. And that's the problem.

JOE

Since when?

MASO

You're not a gangster. You're a bandit in a suit. That's why you didn't kill that *puttana pazo*. Now I hear you're thinking of going legitimate?

JOE

Thinking about it.

MASO

Then you won't mind if I replace you down here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

When I got here this outfit did a million a year. You know where we are now?

MASO

Yes, but that's all rum. You neglected the girls and the narcotics.

JOE

Bullshit.

MASO

Excuse me?

JOE

I focused on the rum because it was the most profitable but I added four houses since in my time here.

MASO

Yes but you could have added more. And the girls claim they are rarely beaten.

JOE

Maso, I--

MASO

--Mr. Pescatore.

Joe lets out a smile sigh. He sees the road turning.

MASO

I'm making a change. I want Italians and only Italians down here now.

JOE

I ran Ybor. I ran all of Tampa. Did you ever have a problem?

MASO

You did more than that. You ran the whole coast. You boxed out Albert, put him in a little piss corner of Miami. I been through the books. You made us a force down here.

JOE

But now no Irish need apply? What can I be?

Digger pipes up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIGGER

What I fucking tell you to be.  
Before you get a fucking pop in  
the mouth.

Maso gives Joe a *don't mind him* look.

MASO

*Consigliere*. You teach Digger the  
ropes. Meet people. Teach him to  
fish.

Digger stares at him.

MASO

But you need to take a haircut.

JOE

What kind of haircut?

MASO

Digger gets your take.

JOE

Maso, I think Digger taking over  
is a great idea. We'll run Florida  
and take over Cuba. But my cut  
needs to stay close to what it is  
now. And there's no power in being  
crew boss and shaking down  
longshoremen.

DIGGER

You ever think maybe that's the  
point?

JOE

I built this. You need me.

MASO

We could use you. But I'm sensing  
a lack of gratitude.

DIGGER

So am I.

MASO

You work for me. Not the spics and  
niggers you hang out with. If I  
tell you to clean the shit out of  
my toilet, guess what you do?

Maso smiles, his voice soft.

MASO

I'll kill your cunt girlfriend and  
burn your house to embers if I  
feel like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pats Joe's face.

MASO

So you want to be crew boss or  
clean the shit out of my toilet?  
I'm accepting applications for  
both.

JOE

(smiles)  
Crew boss.

MASO

(patting him)  
My boy.

They rise.

JOE

Dinner tonight? We have a few nice  
spots set aside.

MASO

Wonderful. And make sure your  
friend is dead by then.

JOE

What?

MASO

The heavy one.

JOE

He hasn't done anything.

MASO

You lied to me, Joseph. It wasn't  
his brother who ratted you out. It  
was him.

This catches Joe off guard.

MASO

There's a disrespect. It needs to  
be answered for.

The door behind him opened and ALBERT WHITE WALKES INTO  
THE ROOM.

The first thing Joe notices is that Albert looks older.  
The second was is he has a THOMPSON in his hand. It has a  
grove worn in near the trigger.

JOE (V.O.)

Sal Urso's gun. His wedding ring  
wore a groove in the side. There  
was no possibility that someone  
else had his weapon and he was  
still alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Albert approaches Joe.

ALBERT

You see my fortunes have changed a little bit. Me and Maso patched things up. Just made sense. Then I'm telling him a funny story about how you got beat to within an inch of your life because Dino told me you were screwing around. Little bit of a shock. Turns out you are the lying prick everyone thought you were. He always gave you the benefit but now-- you can't expect Mr. Pescatore to work with someone he can't trust.

Albert REMOVES JOE'S WEAPON FROM HIS WAIST.

MASO

The thing about Mr. White that you probably should have grasped is that he knows Tampa.

DIGGER

Which means nobody needs you, dumb fuck.

Oddly, Albert, Maso and Digger keep turning toward the window.

Albert raises his gun, admires it, looks to Joe.

ALBERT

Nice piece. I understand you know the owner.

JOE

(a trace of sadness)  
I did.

Just then, Joe's guy SAL FLIES BY THE WINDOW, NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK. The noose PULLS TAUT, BREAKING SAL'S NECK. He dangles a story below their window.

JOE (V.O.)

They fucked up the length of the noose. They wanted Sal to hang right in front of me. But Sal had the last word.

ANOTHER BODY FALLS INTO FRAME OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. It's another Coughlin crew member, LEFTY. He dangles in front of them for a good fifteen seconds before he dies.

JOE (V.O.)

They got the length right with Lefty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Out the windows, down on the street GUNFIRE RANG OUT. They look down to see MASO'S MEN CHASING AND GUNNING DOWN JOE'S CREW. Shooting them in the street like rabid animals. Some of Joe's men seem to ESCAPE.

Albert steps a bit closer to the window, looking concerned. The PESCATORE men are looking around, a bit confused.

ALBERT

Where's the rest of them?

MASO

Joseph. Tell me.

JOE

Don't call me Joseph.

Maso SLAPS him across the face.

MASO

What happened to them?

Joe looks Maso in the eye. Takes a beat:

MASO

Where the fuck are they!!?

ALBERT

Shit. The fucking tunnels.

MASO

What tunnels?

ALBERT

The ones running underneath this neighborhood. Its how they get the booze in.

DIGGER

So put men in the tunnels.

Albert restrains himself.

ALBERT

No one knows where they are.

(points to Joe)

This asshole's a genius, right.

He raises his gun.

ALBERT

Not anymore.

He brings his gun down with savage strength on JOE'S HEAD.

BLACK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slowly sound comes up. A motor, the slap of waves on a hull. The black slowly lifts to reveal some detail, very close on woven burlap. He is wearing a hood. We hear:

PESCATORE THUG

He's awake. Someone get Albert.

The hood is PULLED AWAY.

EXT. TUG BOAT AT SEA ON THE GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Joe is tied to a chair. He is on the deck of a TUG BOAT. Hoods wander the deck, armed with weapons. Albert approaches Joe.

Joe is blinded momentarily by the sun. The first thing he sees is his father's WATCH, which Albert is holding up.

TWO MEN DRAG A TUB OVER TO JOE.

JOE (V.O.)

The first thing I thought was,  
"God, I wish there was some beer  
in that fucking tub."

But it isn't filled with beer. Just CEMENT.

The guys DROP JOE'S FEET IN THE CEMENT.

ALBERT

Takes longer than you would think  
to get hard. Like me.

He laughs. Genuinely happy. He takes out JOE'S FATHER'S WATCH, checks it. Shakes his head.

ALBERT

(re: watch)  
Slow. Costs all the money in the  
world. Can't keep the time right.  
Piece of shit.

He THROWS IT IN THE OCEAN.

ALBERT

We don't get in this game to place  
second. Back the wrong horse...

(snaps)

That's it. Thought you would be  
eating tomorrow? Looking at the  
fucking sun? You won't. So take a  
last look. Because you die now.

JOE

Albert, listen to me. I have  
something. If you don't see it,  
you will regret it your whole  
life.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Albert considers this.

ALBERT

Go ahead uncuff him. He's not going anywhere.

Joe removes a PHOTO from his pocket and hands it to Albert. At first Albert's smug grin remains on his face as he searches the picture. It slowly gives way to something between shock and fury.

Some of the men notice a DISTANT TRIANGLE SHAPE far away on the horizon.

Albert staring at the photograph.

ALBERT

She's dead.

JOE

She look dead to you?

ALBERT

Where is she?

JOE

In the fucking picture, Albert.

ALBERT SLAMS HIS FIST INTO JOE'S HEAD. He topples.

Gino Valocco points to something off the starboard bow and calls out. A second BOAT appears, emerging from a spoil bank four hundred yards away.

ALBERT

Where is she?

JOE

Love to tell you. Love not to drown more.

ALBERT

It's an old one. You just folded up an old one.

JOE

Yeah I thought that, too. But look at the guy in the corner.

The MAN IN THE PHOTO holds a NEWSPAPER. Although the paper is upside down, we can make out the headline: PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT SURVIVES ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

JOE

That was last month.

The two boats are now within 350 yards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT

(seeing boats)  
They're half our size and we have  
the high ground. We'll kill every  
fucking one of them.

Albert's men KNELT ALONG THE GUNWALES, WEAPONS DRAWN.  
They await the coming boats.

He raises his gun at Joe.

ALBERT

Tell me where she is, I'll make it  
quick.

Ilario and Fausto pull up a TRIPOD and mount a .30-.06 --  
a massive MACHINE GUN. As Ilario pulls out rolls of  
ammunitions, Fausto pulls from the crate a 1903 GATLING  
gun and rests it on the rail.

ALBERT

Just tell me.

The MEN BEGIN SHOUTING, changing positions as the  
runabouts began to MOVE ERRATICALLY.

ALBERT

(whispers, desperate)  
Please. I love her.

JOE

I loved her, too.

ALBERT

Like you love that woman?

JOE

Yeah.

ALBERT

Is she nigger or spic?

JOE

Both.

ALBERT

And that doesn't bother you?

JOE

Why does it matter?

ACTION STARTS

There is a tremendous amount of fire back and forth--  
reminiscent of a seventeenth century cannon battle  
between warships-- but these are lined with machine guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ilario and Fausto man the now FULLY MOUNTED MACHINE GUNS, bands of ammunition across their laps like a blanket-- looking every bit the Spanish-American war veterans that they are.

ALBERT

(gun forward)

Tell me.

JOE (V.O.)

No one heard the fourth engine until it was too late.

A small AIRPLANE comes in high but dives fast. It's FARUCCO DIAZ'S plane. The side door in open-- wherein we see DION HOLDING A MACHINE GUN.

Ilario turns to his left and bullets pass though his ear and INTO HIS NECK like a scythe.

Bullets strike Fausto. His arms dance in the air by his head and he tips over, spitting red.

The men all start SHOOTING AT THE PLANE. It BANKS UPWARD, STEEP. The men keep shooting, STEEPER after the plane-- until they are shooting almost STRAIGHT UP. They stop as the plane gets too far away and after a beat ALL THE BULLETS RAIN BACK DOWN-- tearing up the deck, striking men, causing panic.

The SMALLER BOATS with JOE'S MEN are now close enough to be fired upon but all of ALBERT'S GUNNERS HAVE TURNED THEIR BACKS TO SHOOT AT DION'S PLANE.

JOE'S MEN ON THE APPROACHING BOATS OPEN FIRE. Gunshots rip into Albert's men, taken completely off guard, hitting the hips and knees and abdomen of a third of the men on the boat. They make the kind of noises men make when they are shot in the hips and abdomen and come slapping the floor.

The PLANE RETURNS FOR A SECOND PASS, Dion is working the machine gun like a fireman's hose. Men fire from the boats. One man puts his hand on the machine gun barrel, which is so HOT the skin on the man's hand SLIDES OFF.

The boats exchanging fire while the plane returns several times to strafe-- and absorb fire itself. The churning, shredding of wood, overheating of metal and the way men react when shot should feel uncomfortably real. Both thrilling and offering a terrible view of what violence is like between men of brutality when it reaches its climax.

When the dust settles, literally, we see several of JOE'S GUYS board the boat. PETER WALLACE and CARMINE set to work on the CEMENT with AXES. The cement hadn't hardened completely-- a combined six swings FREES JOE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The plane has LANDED IN THE WATER and it TAXIS TO THE TUG. Dion gets off, along with several more soldiers, and he approaches Joe.

DION

How you doing?

JOE

I told you not to get that fucking plane.

Joe's men begin the process of KILLING ALBERT'S WOUNDED SOLDIERS. We hear them BEG FOR THEIR LIVES, MOANING AND CALLING OUT until their voices are silenced by sporadic CRACKS.

Dino and Joe stand on the deck, neither speaks, watching the men go methodically through the boat.

Fassani flips over Gino (Maso's guy who walked Joe into the hotel). He is gurlging and crying.

JOE (V.O.)

I wondered what they would tell his son.

Gino holds his hands in front of his face.

GINO

Wait!

Fasani shoots him in the heart. Kicks him into the gulf.

DION

(sees Joe thinking)

They would have killed every last one of us. Hunted us down. You know that.

(Joe doesn't respond)

They didn't expect to see old age. Neither do I.

Carmine steps to a WOUNDED MAN who BEGS FOR HIS LIFE IN ITALIAN. Carmine fires, silencing the man. He looks around.

CARMINE

(in Italian)

That's it.

JOE

It never ends.

DION

No.

JOE

Starting to wear me out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DION

I can see it.

Fasani and Wallace drag ALBERT WHITE ACROSS THE DECK. They dump him in front of Joe.

Albert is long gone. Half his face is missing. A black crevice around where his upper left torso should be.

Joe looks at him.

JOE

(to Dion)

I had a thing I was gonna say to him. "You thought you were gonna get me but I got you." But I thought it might be too corny.

Dion looks at Joe's pocket, where the watch should be.

DION

What happened to your watch?

JOE

(looking at Albert)

Gone.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - LATER

The BOATS make their way back to shore. The plane BUZZES them and peels off.

On one boat, Joe stands by Dino, wind whipping past them.

JOE

(to Dion)

Either he's north on 41 or it's a train. That's the problem when you make an enemy out of a son. He knows you too well.

EXT. UNION STATION ESTABLISHING SHOT - EVENING

We see the train station from above.

EXT. FIELD NEAR UNION STATION - LATER

Digger and Maso are in the back seat of an Auburn sedan in a field just west of Union Station.

From the car we can see the red brick and white trim of the station, five tracks emerging from the back and splaying out like veins, aiming to carry cars all over the country.

A DRIVER/BODYMAN is in the front seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASO

Should have gotten into fucking  
railroads, when there was still a  
chance back in the teens.

DIGGER

We got cars.

MASO

You don't think they'll notice a  
bunch of WOPS with swell cars and  
black hats driving through the  
fucking orange groves?

DIGGER

Go at night.

MASO

By now that Irish cocksucker has  
roadblocks on every road all the  
way to Jacksonville.

DIGGER

Well, they're sold out on the  
train pop-- I can get a plane out  
of Orlando--

MASO

I ain't gonna fly on one of those  
fucking deathtraps.

DIGGER

Pop, they're safe. They're safer  
than--

MASO

--than trains??

Just then we hear a DISTANT BOOM. Digger takes a stab at  
what it might be.

DIGGER

Duck hunting?

Maso takes a minute.

MASO

It's a hard thing when a man this  
stupid is your smartest child.

(beat)

You see any ducks around here?

DIGGER

So what is it?

MASO

He just blew up the tracks.

(to driver)

The hotel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASO (CONT'D)

(to Digger)

You get your retard from your mother, by the way. Woman couldn't win a game of checkers against a bowl of fucking soup.

INT. TAMPA HOTEL, TENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Maso, Seppe and Joe get off the elevator and walk down the hall and are met by ANTHONY SERVIDONE, another soldier.

MASO

(to Anthony)

You clear the room?

ANTHONY

Everything. Whole floor.

MASO

Okay.

(to Seppe)

Give it another look.

Seppe goes into the room. Anthony has something to share.

ANTHONY

They spotted Coughlin down at the Romero with a bunch of his guys.

MASO

He even get a scratch?

ANTHONY

Cut on the head.

MASO

I don't suppose we can wait for him to die of blood poisoning?

DIGGER

I don't think we got that kind of time.

Maso closes his eyes. Digger heads down the hall.

Seppe emerges from the room.

SEPPE

All clear, boss.

Maso heads into his room, calling over to the two men--

MASO

I want you covering the door and the elevator like fucking centurions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They nod their assent.

INT. TAMPA HOTEL, TENTH FLOOR, MASO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maso walks in. Walks over to a RADIO and turns the dial. It SQUELCHES and some music starts.

He walks over to some crystal liquor bottles on a tray and starts to pour a drink.

JOE (O.C.)

Pour me one, will ya?

Reveal JOE, sitting in a chair, holding a silenced .32

Maso isn't surprised. Not even a little.

MASO

Where were you hiding?

JOE

Hiding?

MASO

When Seppe cleared the room?

JOE

I was sitting on the bed right there. I asked him if he wanted to be working for someone who would be alive tomorrow.

MASO

That's all it took?

JOE

It took you wanting to put a dunce like Digger in charge. We had a good thing here. And you fuck it up in one day.

MASO

That's human nature isn't it?

JOE

Fixing what ain't broke?

(beat)

You know how many people died because of you. You and your simple wop bullshit?

MASO

Maybe someday you'll have a son and you'll understand.

JOE

What will I understand?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

It's not something Maso can put into words.

MASO

How is my son?

JOE

Dead.

Maso does very little but we feel the echoes of grief come from somewhere inside him.

JOE (V.O.)

He pictured his son lying facedown. A bullet in his head, blood pooling in the carpet. He was surprised how fast the grief overtook him.

MASO

I always wanted you for a son.

JOE

Funny. I never wanted you for a father.

JOE (V.O.)

The last thing he saw was his own blood falling in a glass of anisette.

Joe SHOOTS Maso and the bullet goes through his NECK. As promised, a few drops fall into his drink and he looks down and he topples over onto the floor.

Joe stands up and shoots Maso one more time through the top of the head. Just to be sure.

INT. TAMPA HOTEL, TENTH FLOOR, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joe walks out the door, sees Seppe. Neither says a word. Joe turns to Anthony Servidone. Joe's men APPEAR.

JOE

I don't want to kill anyone. You want to die?

ANTHONY

No, Mr. Coughlin.

Dion exits Digger's room. More file out.

JOE

Anyone?

Solemn head shakes. No one wants to die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

If you want to go back to Boston  
you have my blessing. You want to  
stay down here where the sun is,  
where the girls are pretty, we got  
some jobs for you.

(he looks around)

But I'm finished. If you want the  
boss, go to him.

Joe indicates Dion.

JOE

He runs things now.

Dion doesn't know what to say. There is a moment between  
these two old friends-- seeing that this is where the  
road divides.

JOE

Any confusion?

Mumbled assent. He HANDS DION HIS GUN.

Dion hands Joe the ADDRESS OF GRACIELA'S SAFE HOUSE.

Joe walks down the hall, leaving them behind. Men with  
machine guns watch him move past them down the hall.

He moves down the hall past all the

JOE (V.O.)

I never saw Dion again. He ran the  
crew for eight years. He didn't  
see old age.

EXT. MIAMI FLORIDA, AERIAL/VFX - MORNING

The sun comes up and we glide over Miami in the 1930's.

EXT. MIAMI STREET, WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Joe smokes a cigarette. His suit is rumpled, bandages on  
the cut over his eye. It's almost over.

The reverse reveals a WOMAN.

The years haven't been horrible to her but they haven't  
been kind, either. She looks like a beautiful woman whose  
vices have failed to love her back. She has crow's feet  
and lines on her face. Her hair is brittle, even in the  
humidity.

We now recognize EMMA GOULD. She sprays the street and,  
still looking down:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Say what you have to say.

JOE

You want to look at me?

She tilts her head up a bit but keeps her eyes down.

JOE

So what? You had the wreck and thought you'd make the best of it?

She shakes her head.

EMMA

No.

JOE

Then what?

EMMA

Once the coppers started chasing me I told the driver the only way to get away was to drive off the bridge but he wouldn't listen.

JOE

So?

EMMA

So I shot him. We went in the water and I swam out. I ran to the closest house with a light on. He was a fisherman and he was happy to take me in.

JOE

You didn't want to reach me?

EMMA

If I put my head up they would have killed me.

(beat)

I didn't owe you.

JOE

I loved you.

EMMA

Try being a girl in this world. I had to get out from under or live that way forever.

Joe is taken aback. This is not what, in all the versions of this encounter he imagined, was even a possibility.

JOE

My apologies. For being in love with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

You didn't love me. You wanted to own me. Like a nice suit. Show off to your friends. Ain't she a dish. I ain't a fucking dish. And no one owns me. I own.

JOE

I mourned you. For years.

EMMA

Tell me how bad I'm supposed to feel for you.

(beat)

You think you ran your own game. Maybe if I had a police chief father from a nice part of Ireland but I just had to make do.

JOE

What about the body parts they found?

EMMA

Remember Albert talking about how he got himself a new girl?

JOE

Not really.

EMMA

Well, he did. She was in the car. Never got her name.

JOE

You kill her, too?

EMMA

Her head hit the back of the front seat. I don't know when she died but I didn't stick around to find out.

JOE

Did you ever love me?

EMMA

We had a laugh, Joe. There were moments. But you had to make it something it wasn't.

JOE

Which was that.

EMMA

A lie. Like love was easy. We're not God's children. Not fairy tale people in a true love book.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA (CONT'D)

We dance like motherfuckers so the grass can't grow underfoot.

She lights a cigarette.

EMMA

You don't think I know who you are now? You don't think I've been wondering? Either you show up here, or its a guinea in a suit doing it for you.

(smiles)

I'm free, Joseph. You want to come by now? You got an open invitation. We always had a lotta laughs.

This is the saddest part of all. Does she mean it? Is she prostituting herself to him? Does she know the difference anymore?

JOE

I don't want to be free.

EMMA

That's all we ever wanted.

JOE

That's what you wanted. And now you have it.

(turns)

Good bye, Emma.

DISSOLVE.

INT. MIAMI, SAFE HOUSE - LATER

Joe sits at a table, light like a Vermeer painting bisects his face.

Graciela enters and sees him. She crosses to him and holds him. He lets go.

Title card: **South Florida, 1935.**

EXT. CASITAS - DAY

JOE (V.O.)

No matter how fast we built casitas over the next few years, we never ran out of women who needed a place to stay.

Joe sits walks through another development. Graciela walks with him along with their son, toddling along, his features and her skin color.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Tomás, ven aca por favor.

Tomás, Spanish for Thomas. His father's name.

The kid keeps wandering. Graciela scoops him up.  
Clotheslines draped with laundry flutter in the wind.

INT. JOE AND GRACIELA'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

Tomás runs across a wood floor, past Graciela, leading us to Joe. He leans over to pick something up and looks out the window, when he looks back one of the panes POPS. Then something else BREAKS, and there the sound of more GLASS BREAKING.

Joe is stunned. The next SHOT is accompanied by a louder BANG and we and Joe realize simultaneously that someone is SHOOTING INTO THE HOME.

Joe falls to the ground, moves across the floor to a CABINET in the hall. He awkwardly struggles opening it. He reaches in and retrieves an EAGLE RADOM PISTOL Wz .35 and puts in the clip.

We hear YELLING from outside.

CHIEF FIGGIS

(from outside)

Repent!

Joe opens the front door. He sees FIGGIS, looking twenty years older. Figgis sees him and starts firing. Despite his promise of a steady arm and clear eye, his shots are wide to the right.

Joe FIRES while walking toward Chief Figgis who gets more intense.

CHIEF FIGGIS

(screaming, eyes of  
rage)

Repent! Repent! Re--

Silenced by a shot to the heart. One more to the head. Two more to the body. Figgis falls over and Joe empties the rest of the clip into him. Joe stands over his body, chest heaving. Fifteen seconds ago he was playing with his son...

Joe turns back to look at the house.

INT. JOE AND GRACIELA'S MIAMI HOME - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters. Walks across the floor, broken glass crunches under foot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Low angle on Joe, booming up as he approaches. Something in his face tells us that the reverse is---

GRACIELA LIES DEAD ON THE FLOOR. An errant round entered her skull above the eye, killing her instantly.

Tomás walks in.

TOMÁS

Mama.

On Joe.

Joe's son starts to cry.

DISSOLVE

Title: **Miami, 1939**

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Mist settled onto the sea, shrouding the horizon. Silhouettes of two figures, a man and a SIX YEAR OLD boy. Walking slowly, the boy animated, the man slow and deliberate.

JOE (V.O.)

When they talked about me in Ybor, it was said I had grown old very fast. Or that I walked with a limp, though I had no injury. Most agreed I had become dead inside.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - YEARS LATER

Joe stands in a line of people, slowly shuffling forward. He is now FORTIES. He holds his son by the hand, though by now, at eight, it isn't necessary-- but he keeps him close.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Joe, and Tomás sit in the theater, watching.

A NEWSREEL comes up. Hitler on the march.

JOE (V.O.)

There was talk about this little guy in Europe who was going to threaten the peace we built. I didn't think so. There was no percentage in it.

The main feature, RIDERS OF THE EASTERN RIDGE comes up.

**Screenplay**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Daniel Coughlin*

Joe is stunned.

JOE  
(barely aloud)  
My brother.

His son sits rapt and hasn't heard him.

We watch Joe and his son as the light from the movie plays across their faces.

We see the 1930's western. Shoot outs. Heroes.

JOE (V.O.)  
My son loved the show. It was about an honest sheriff in a dirty town. All he could talk about was getting a six belt when he grew up.

EXT. WHARF VISTA ONTO THE SEA - SUNSET

From behind we see Joe fishing with his son.

JOE (V.O.)  
We fished at sunset when the snook and the redfish would bite. Sometimes he would ask me if we could see where his mother came from. I always said the same thing, "almost."

He puts his arm around Tomás, leans in to his ear. Points out to sea.

THE END