

110

OUT FOR JUSTICE

THE PRICE OF OUR BLOOD

A REWRITE BY

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"While to the stranger's eye one street was no different from another, we all knew where our 'neighborhood' some how ended. Beyond that, a person was ... a stranger."

Arthur Miller, Playwright, raised in
Brooklyn.

"Be careful on the subway, or you'll end up in Brooklyn"

Anonymous

THE NIGHT

CREDITS OVER:

1 SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) A watercolor of New York Bay and virgin woodlands at the time of discovery by Italian navigator Giovanni de Verrazono in 1524.
- B) A line drawing of the roadside proclamation:
"Village of Brooklyn, Incorporated 1816."
- C) B&W photograph of a family of immigrants, in silhouette, gazing from shore of Ellis Island towards the Statue of Liberty.
- D) B&W photograph of the Brooklyn Bridge, circa 1900.
- E) Photograph of smartly-attired men playing the traditional Italian bowls game of bocci, one man in heavy topcoat and fedora, 1920's.
- F) Photograph of celebrants in a bar, toasting the repeal of Prohibition in 1933.
- G) Headline of a 1940 edition of the New York Daily News: "Brooklyn's Murder Incorporated Strikes Again!"
- H) Photograph of the bullet-riddled body of Albert Anastasia on floor of barbershop following gang land hit, 1957.
- I) Photograph of blacks outside a bodega in the Bedford Stuyvesant section, 1960's.
- J) Photograph of Hasidic Jews in the Williamsburg section, in fur hats and prayer shawls on the Sabbath, 1970's.
- K) Photograph of the beach at Coney Island, choked with people on a Fourth of July in the 1980's.
- L) Photograph of a uniformed police officer lying dead on a sidewalk.
- M) Photograph of a nearly-new automobile, abandoned and stripped, decaying in the street.
- N) Photograph of a private home with security bars on the windows and barbed wire strung atop a spike studded wall.

2 GINO AND JIMMY

2

are viewing these exhibits in the museum of the Long Island Historical Society in Brooklyn.

Gino is proud that his son, only six years old, seems genuinely engrossed in the somber engravings of history. They hold hands. Jimmy goes back to the photograph of the dead police officer. He stares up at Gino. It is Saturday afternoon...

2A INT. WAREHOUSE - MOORE MC CORMIK TERMINAL - 23RD & 2ND - DAY

2A

We are looking at a large hole dug into the cement floor. Inside the hole is an open safe. Millions of dollars in cash are stashed here, the spoils of the narcotic trade. In a grand display of trust, camera pulls back to reveal RICHIE MODANO and three other MEN. Richie shows his serious business is about to begin from being the Coke King of Brooklyn.

RICHIE

I just got a little last minute business to take care of. By tonight it will all be over. You guys stick by me tonight, it's all yours! I got stashes like this around, you know.

BUCHI

Where you going?

RICHIE

You'll see.

JOEY DOGS

Shit, we stick by you through worse shit for free, how long could the night be!

3 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - 18TH AVENUE

3

BOBBY EINHORN and his family stroll a street of small shops that epitomize the borough's ethnic juices, the lazy air.

A street vendor roasts coffee beans on a gas-fired cart. Bobby pauses to order a bag "his wife Laurie wanders to the adjacent greengrocer's sidewalk stalls with their two little girls.

Laurie sees Richie Modano first. Slicked-back black hair glistening over olive skin. Eyes like boiled potatoes. Colt Python .357 down at his side. Coming for Bobby. Laurie screams.

Richie steps up, EMPTIES the REVOLVER into Bobby's chest, killing him before his back strikes the pavement.

Standing over Bobby, gloating, he flips -- a piece of paper? A card? Something -- down, spits in Bobby's face, returns to the Iroc Camaro waiting in the middle of the street and strips his shirt off and tosses it and hops in and is driven away.

Laurie falls on Bobby, clutching at him, sobbing. The girls, frozen to each other, howl out choking shrieks of stark, uncomprehending fear at what has happened to their daddy.

4 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - BAYRIDGE - 75TH BTWN 4TH & 5TH 4

Gino and Jimmy return from their afternoon wanderings. Jimmy rides atop Gino's shoulders. They eat ice cream. Jimmy's cone drips onto Gino's forehead. Residents of the row houses, clustered on stoops, find it amusing.

Gino's apartment. Jimmy covers his eyes. We hear SIRENS in the DISTANCE...

5 INT. GINO'S APARTMENT 5

The place is barely furnished.

JIMMY

Dad, are we gonna play catch or what?

GINO

Sure Jim, go get the stuff and we'll go out front.

Gino cleans the ice cream from Jimmy's forehead...

JIMMY

Could we play wit the hard ball instead of da Spaulding?

GINO

Sure why not?

6 INT. IROC - MOVING FAST

6

Three of Richie's crew are with him, BOBBY ARMS, BUCHI, JOEY DOGS . Richie is bent over a glass pipe, the motion of the car making it a bitch to heat the crack. Bobby Arms drives, sweating like a pig...

BOBBY ARMS

Doin' a guy right out in'a street... a cop, too... it's gonna get hot.

RICHIE

It's already hot. Gimme some air.

Joey Dogs rolls down the window.

RICHIE

Stop the fuckin' car!

Bobby Arms SLAMS the IROC to a STOP, in the middle of the street, drivers behind HONKING. Richie takes his leisure, firing the crack, waiting on the rise.

A lazy, crazed smile spreads as the anxiety of killing ebbs and he is once again the baddest fucker in the universe...

RICHIE

And tonight... it's gonna get hot like it ain't never been.

6A He gets out, walks. Bobby Arms and the others follow, abandoning the Iroc. But then...Richie stops.

6A

The woman in the car behind the Iroc is laying on the HORN, steady, furious. Richie goes back. He pulls her out through the window. He puts the .357 to her face and he blows her brains out.

7 INT. GINO'S APARTMENT

7

Jimmy gathering baseball paraphernalia, when Gino's BEEPER SOUNDS... and Jimmy's spirits plummet. It is the one weekend a month his parents' separation allows him to be with his father. Both cherish it. Gino hesitates.

JIMMY

It's the department, Dad. It must be important.

Gino phones in. We do not intercut...

GINO
 It's Gino. Whaddya want?
 (listens)
 I'm at my place. My son's with me.
 Send two units.

He hangs up. He dials another number. INTERCUT WITH:

7A VICKY

7A

his estranged wife, in their home nearby in Bensonhurst...

GINO
 I have to send Jimmy over.

VICKY
 Damn you and the department, Gino. He
 waits all month to have this one weekend
 with you.

GINO
 Bobby was just shot.

VICKY
 Oh God.

GINO
 Laurie and the girls were with him. Over
 on 18th Avenue.

VICKY
 I'll go there. Have Jimmy taken to my
 parent's house. I'll pick him up there.

8 GINO AND JIMMY

8

Gino carries him, hurrying, out to the street as two Blue & Whites roll up, Jimmy's disappointment already supplanted by a boy's fantasy about to come true...

JIMMY
 Can he put the siren on, Dad?

Gino secures him in the front seat with the belts, instructs the uniform behind the wheel:

GINO

This is my son, you're taking him to his grandparent's house at 396 Pierrepont in Brooklyn Heights, let him have the sound and light show, but drive slow and careful.

He kisses Jimmy on the forehead. The B&W leaves, the driver activating the lights and SIREN. The second B&W pulls up.

9 EXT. 18TH STREET - SCENE OF BOBBY'S MURDER 9
The crowd is 20-deep and growing, cops everywhere, Laurie and the girls in the back of a plainclothes car.

Gino's B&W lurches up. He makes his way through the crowd. The uniforms manning the perimeter recognize him, let him pass. He glances at Bobby's shrouded body, continues directly to:

10 INT. PLAINCLOTHES CAR 10
Laurie and the girls fly into his arms, eliciting a renewed burst of hysteria...

11 EXT. VICKY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - 396 PIERREPONT PLACE 11

Vicky's MOTHER and FATHER, looking as establishment as their elegant 1880's brownstone, stand waiting in front as the B&W delivers Jimmy, he as delighted as they are disapproving...

VICKY'S MOTHER

Allowing his son to be raced through the streets in a police car... If it were me, I would seek to have his visitation rights revoked.

JIMMY

(beaming)

It was the best fun I ever had in my whole life!

VICKY'S FATHER

Most fun, Jimmy, most fun.

12 EXT. 18TH STREET - SCENE OF BOBBY'S MURDER

12

Gino kneels over Bobby, steeling himself before drawing back the shroud. Every cop watches, knowing how close they were. Head of the Narcotics Unit, RUDY DONZIGER, comes over...

DONZIGER
I'm real sorry, Gino.

Vicky is being held up at the perimeter by a uniform. Donziger motions, he lets her pass. She goes to the plainclothes car, is embraced by Laurie and the girls the same as Gino was...

DONZIGER
It was Richie Modano.

Only then does Gino glance up from the body...

DONZIGER
Laurie told the First Officer Richie got out of the car and just stepped up.

ANGLE FROM PLAINCLOTHES CAR

Vicky's presence is a balm for Laurie and the girls, they're beginning to regain some composure. Vicky can see Gino, see that it is only Donziger doing the talking...

DONZIGER
One thing, the greengrocer there thought he saw Richie toss somethin', like a card maybe, somethin', but we didn't find nothin'.

(pause)
Gino, listen, we know every mob operation they got and we'll squeeze them till they give him up.

GINO
Boss, you can jump on their faces with all fours if you want, I'm gonna be the one to come up with Richie.

Still on one knee, Gino bows his head and crosses himself and says a silent prayer. He notices Vicky, now out of the car...

DONZIGER
Uh... you and Vicky?

GINO

Divorce goes through next month.

He slips Bobby's notebook from his shirt pocket, unseen by Donziger, replaces the shroud. Vicky comes over. She takes his hand. That surprises him...

VICKY

Are you all right?

Gino shakes his head.

DONZIGER

It looks like Bobby was killed by a wiseguy.
He's a major drug dealer, uses the stuff himself.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

He's from the neighborhood, a guy him and Bobby grew up with. And we don't have no reason why he would kill Bobby.

A detective waves him over to a radio car...

VICKY

Gino, are you all right?

He looks into her face. It is a face lovely in its features, smart, assured, and yet she isn't even from the neighborhood. If Richie doesn't kill him, the divorce will...

GINO

I could use a seltzer.

Donziger returns...

DONZIGER

He just pulled a woman out of her car over on 63rd and blew her brains out, it looks random, three of his crew with him, one of 'em wearin' a do-rag.

GINO

That one's called Bobby Arms , real name
Aaron He's got a sheet.

Donziger is writing it down...

DONZIGER

There's a city-wide out, every available
officer, A.L.'s at the tolls, airports,
trains, busses.

GINO

Richie won't run. He'll hide and he'll
sneak, but he won't leave Brooklyn. What
I need is a DT car with a landline and a
shotgun in it. I'll feed you every
fucking dive and dope dig he has and we
gotta put so much heat in his face that we
flush him out!

Donziger hesitates. Gino's calm intensity prevails and he
wheels to look for a car. Gino follows. Vicky follows
Gino...

VICKY

Don't, Gino. You're too close. Let other
cops do it.

They have to squeeze their way through the rubber neckers...

GINO

I'm close because I know Richie and the
neighborhood and everybody in it better
than other cops do.

Some uniforms are standing beside a B&W. Going by, Donziger
makes the jacking motion of a shotgun and one of them reaches
in and removes a Remington from the clamp on the dash.

Gino takes it in passing, continues to the plainclothes Chevy
that Donziger tosses the keys to. Gino pops the trunk, checks
the pump action on the Remington, lays it inside...

VICKY

Why won't this man run?

From beneath his out-at-the-waist shirt, he takes his .45
and checks that the mag is full...

GINO

You never understood about the neighborhood. If you're from the neighborhood, you don't wanna let anybody chase you out. And if you kill a cop on a Saturday afternoon, in the presence of his family, in front of a hundred witnesses, you know you're gonna die, and you'll wanna die in your own neighborhood.

Donziger brings a metal magazine of shotgun shells, dumps it in the trunk, leaves...

VICKY

I'll explain that to Jimmy, your father subscribed to a primitive ideal that compelled him to die in the neighborhood. Why can't you all just piss on a tree and mark your territory the way dogs do?

GINO

Don't worry, Vic, I'll make it to the divorce hearing.

She closes her eyes. He closes the trunk. Bobby is being removed from the sidewalk to be transported to the morgue...

VICKY

I'm going to take the girls to the sitter and then I'll be with Laurie at our house as long as they need me. I'll pick up Jimmy at my parent's house when things settle down.

(beat)

Get this over with so we can finish our business.

He watches her go, gets in the Chevy and uses the HORN to clear the crowd before he lights up the tires.

13 OMIT

13

14 INT. VICKY'S PARENTS' BROWNSTONE

14

Jimmy plays on the floor with their cat. The PHONE RINGS. Vicky's Mother jumps. Vicky's Father answers it...

15 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING

15

It is Gino on the phone...

GINO

Did Jimmy get there okay?

VICKY'S FATHER

He's here, but, Gino, I want it clear
we hold you responsible for dragging our
daughter into this madness you call a...

GINO

(interrupting)

Asshole. Vicky will pick him up.

He hangs up. He thumbs through Bobby's notebook, blood on many of the pages. He finds no reference to Richie or his crew or anybody in the Mob. But, in the back, an odd listing of numbers, each with a letter or syllable (ie: 297R48X12). The list is in decipherable to him. He puts the book away.

He gets on the radio.

INTERCUT WITH:

15A ANGIE

15A

an enormously obese woman in the NYPD Communications room...

GINO

I was hopin' you'd be on shift, Angie.
I'm gonna need you.

ANGIE

I'm all yours, Gino. Just keep me
constant on where you are and where
you're going and whenever you get out of
the car, 'kay?

GINO

You got it.

16 EXT. CAPRI CLOTHING STORE - 86TH & 5TH - AFTERNOON

16

Sun softening into golden hues, shadows casting long, the
borough awash in SIRENS, the song of the city with night
coming on.

17 INT. CLOTHING STORE

17

It's trendy Italian, stocking the finest cloth from Milano
and the continent. Richie comes through the door, sweat-
soaked, the .357 jutting from his back pocket...

RICHIE

This is Frankie's place, right?
Well, as you could see, I need a
nice new shirt.

The store MANAGER and his STAFF know it's wise not to move and better not to speak. Richie goes to a wall rack, pulls out shirts and discards what doesn't appeal.

He settles on a pearl-grey silk. He's putting it on when the door opens and Bobby Arms is in it...

BOBBY ARMS

I got a car.

Richie sidelines to the nervous store manager...

RICHIE

Soon's I'm gone, you'll call Frankie.
He'll be real pissed, see, so you tell
him I said what he should do is find a
way to fuck himself.

On his way out:

RICHIE

Thanks for the shirt. The money's in
the mail.

18 IN STREET

18

A Ford with dark window tint is already rolling as Richie hops in...

19 IN Ford - MOVING

19

Richie turns to Buchi and Joey Dogs, in the back seat...
Buchi hands him the glass pipe and crack Baggie.

20 EXT. "CAFE DEL GULFO" - 15TH & 71ST

20

In front is a pleasant box bed of flowers and a PAIR OF
LIEUTENANTS. One sprinkles the blooms with a watering can.
The other rises from his lawn chair when Gino swings up and
hops out...

Gino goes inside unimpeded...

21 INT. "DEL GULFO"

21

Simple tables and chairs, a tiled mosaic of the American
flag on a wall, an old man stationed with an ornate
espresso-maker.

It's from this unpretentious setting that DON VITORIO SCARFO oversees his business. He's maybe 70 years old, in superbly-tailored suit and impeccably polished shoes. Gino has known and grown up in his presence and even if he doesn't like Vitorio, he has always respected him. Always hovering near is his personal driver, ALBERT, as big as a house and about as vocal.

Vitorio's sipping espresso and playing bridge with 3 of his GUYS when Gino comes in. He shoos them away, holds a chair for Gino, waits...They greet each other in Italian.

GINO

Bacciano le mani, Don Vito.

(beat)

I heard your granddaughter was accepted to Bishop Karney.

Vitorio nods, proud as punch. Gino sits...

VITORIO

My sincere regrets, Gino. From my heart here.

GINO

Richie's lost his mind on drugs.

VITORIO

In front of a man's wife and kids. It's inhuman. Worse than that.

He snaps his fingers for the old man to bring Gino an espresso...

GINO

No, thank you. He's one of your guys, Vitorio.

VITORIO

Gino, you know me, we wouldn't let nobody do dat on a guy with his family? A patsa?

GINO

Uh-uh, there were no investigations on Richie, active, ongoing, or otherwise. Far as I know, they hadn't even talked for years.

VITORIO

I got my boys out turnin' the neighborhood upside-down lookin' for him.

Vitorio produces a long Cuban cigar...He does.

VITORIO

Gino, this man spilt blood in
my streets, in front of my
cafe. We take care of our own.

(beat)

I will show him the price of this
blood.

GINO

Don Vitorio, with all due respect,
if I find this man first I'm
gonna do what I gotta do!

VITORIO

Gino, I know.

GINO

Thank you.

VITORIO

Chuviamo.

22 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING

22

Gino GUNS it away from the Del Gulfo, already on the
radio...

GINO

Angie, get me Donziger.

INTERCUT WITH:

22A SCENE OF WOMAN'S MURDER - DONZIGER

22A

called over to a radio car...

GINO

Vitorio doesn't know any more than we
do, but it's in his interests not to
tell me nothin. Anyway, I'm starten with
his plastic surgery operation, it's in
Sunset Park, on 5th Ave. & 37st.

Gino pauses for a moment and notices a station wagon in front
of him with an amusing bumper sticker. Gino reads it out
loud.

GINO

"Which is worse, Smith & Wesson or Me!"

He stops speaking into the radio mic. The GUY in the station wagon ahead has thrown a plastic bag out the window and directly into his path... something makes him hit the brakes instead of running over...

23 IN STREET

23

He gets out of the car. The bag is under the front bumper. The top is tied tight. Something is inside, squirming.

He rips the bag open. It is a brown PUPPY, not more than 8 weeks old, GASPING. Another minute and it would have suffocated.

By the time he looks up, the station wagon is out of sight. If looks could kill.

24 INT. "DEL GULFO"

24

The (pay) PHONE on the wall RINGS. SAL, one of Frankie's lieutenants, answers, indicates it's for him...

FRANKIE

Yeah?

(listens)

So Richie told me to go fuck myself?!

He has it confirmed. He hangs up...

FRANKIE

Find the piece of shit before Gino does. Bring him to me.

SAL

What if we get between Richie and Gino?

FRANKIE

Stay away from Gino!

25 EXT. BAY PARKWAY - BATH BEACH - SUNSET

25

The sunset is a glorious fire-glow, bathing the boiling cauldron in deceptively-soothing clarets, despite the SIREN song.

26 INT. Ford - MOVING

26

The car's RADIO is CRANKED UP full, Richie, too, sucking on his glass pipe.

The crew is spooked and edgy, knowing something has sent him past the edge and they would as soon not die with him, yet not prepared to defy him, either -- which might be the same thing.

Richie's scoping women on the street, licking the window glass when he sees one he likes. A B&W passes with its SIREN on...

BUCHI

Man, it's hummin'. I never seen cops put a crush on like this.

RICHIE

(singing)

... Cops'r'us...

BOBBY ARMS

Richie, you wanna tell us what you did Bobby Einhorn for?

RICHIE

You a cop? Huh, Bobby Arms ?

BOBBY ARMS

No, Richie...

RICHIE

Ask again, you'll be able to ask him yourself.

He begins removing his shirt...

RICHIE

Should take this off, don't wanna get blood on my new silk shirt.

Buchi and Joey Dogs exchange looks. Oh, man, what's coming next?

27 EXT. INTERSECTION - 65TH & 4TH - UNDER ELEVATED PARKWAY

27

A 10-year-old Puerto Rican KID is working cars stopped for the lights, selling beer and sodas. He runs to Gino as soon as he sees him pull up...

KID

I heard, Gino. Hope you get him.

GINO

He rolls by, or you hear anything, you'll drop a dime for me?

The Kid nods once, emphatically...

GINO

Okay, gimme a seltzer six-pack, and hurry it up.

The Kid races to a giant picnic cooler straddling the center line, races back with the goods...

KID

Six dead Washingtons.

Gino slaps a 10 into his hand, already rolling...

GINO

How's your mom?

KID

Good man, she's straight now!
Thanks to you!

GINO

Cuidate, picolino.

28 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING

28

He's on the radio, shaking his head...

GINO

I tell you what, Angie, I don't know why the rest of the world needs satellite relays and fiber optics and stuff, all they gotta do is tell somebody in Brooklyn.

ANGIE (V.O.)

(filtered; laughs)

Ten-four affirmative. Where you at?

GINO

Borough Park, headin' for 61st Street & 14th Avenue, Richie's father's house.

He CLICKS off, notices the puppy licking at the condensation on the seltzer bottles...

GINO

We're gonna have to get you looked after.

29 INT. SUNSET PARK - DERELICT APARTMENT - 61ST & 2ND AVE.

29

LARRY is a mid-level dope dealer, sitting at a window overlooking the street, smoking a joint, listlessly weighing crack rocks on a digital scale, filling "ounce" Baggies.

The apartment is like a steamer, windows wide, his live in GIRLFRIEND shuffling around in panties and a T-shirt that says "Heat and Eat."

29A EXT. SUNSET PARK - DERELICT APARTMENT - 61ST & 2ND AVE.

29A

Larry sees the Ford stop in front. Richie comes out on the dead run. Larry bolts for the door...

30 BACK STAIRS

.30

Richie comes straight through on the 2nd floor, just missing Larry on the way down... Larry drops over the railing, sprawls on the pavement, takes off down the alley...

RICHIE AND LARRY

Richie hot on his heels, Larry calculates his best means of escape to be out the alley and into the street... But the Ford lurches into the alley ahead, cutting him off.

He leaps onto a chain-link fence, intending to climb except the fence has a pair of German shepherd guard dogs on the other side, also leaping against the fence -- he lets go. His ring catches on a top link. It strips the finger to the bone as he falls away.

He rolls into a squirming ball in the alley. Richie jerks him up to his knees...

RICHIE

How many times I tell you not to fool me out, Larry?

He has a stiletto-blade knife...

LARRY

I didn't, Richie! I swear!

RICHIE

Always takin' me off, shortin' me here, shortin' me there, messin' with the count... messin' with me!

Larry is in a prayer pose before him...

LARRY

No, Richie! You're wrong! On my mother, I swear to God!

Richie presses the tip of the knife below his eye...

RICHIE

I told you. Don't play the game with me. Didn't I tell you, Larry?

Larry breaks, crying like a baby, shaking like a leaf...

LARRY

Please, Richie! I'm beggin' you! I'm beggin'!

The Girlfriend scurries up. She has a fat roll of bills...

GIRLFRIEND

Here's all of it. He was shavin' ounces and scammin' the difference. This is everythin' he made.

Richie pays no mind. He plunges the knife into Larry. He rips laterally. The blade extracted. The Girlfriend does not utter a sound...

31 INT. Ford

31

It's IDLING only a few feet behind, front towards Larry's back. Richie gets in. Bobby Arms throws it in reverse. The car rockets backwards.

Richie reaches over, slams the gearshift into forward, jams his foot over Bobby Arms' on the accelerator. The car slews wildly -- rear axle hammering, tires pouring off smoke -- rockets forward.

Larry is crouched over his own carnage, Girlfriend starts to run to Larry, but sees the car racing wildly. She jumps out of the way, the car nearly missing her. It screeches to a stop over Larry. The Girlfriend drops the money and runs.

Richie looks back. He moves his foot to the brake.

He gets out, glances casually around for the roll of bills, retrieves it, gets back in. He indicates Bobby Arms to drive on out...

BOBBY ARMS

Richie, for chrissakes, he's caught under the car!

Richie again reaches over and jams his foot down. The car hurtles from the alley and into the street, Bobby Arms sawing frantically at the wheel to make the turn, watching

in the rearview as the body comes free, skidding and flopping like a doll.

Only then does Richie release his foot... and reach for the crack pipe.

31A EXT./INT. DT CHEVY

31A

Gino thinks he spots Richie in the middle of this carnage. Gino slows, not believing his eyes. Sure enough it is Richie. Having just satisfied his bad mood he fires up the crack pipe.

Gino puts the pedal to the medal, tires screech. They all look up to see Gino closing in on them. Richie drops the pipe. Bobby Arms floors it. The two cars rapidly fly through Sunset Park as if they were attached.

This is primarily a Puerto Rican section and we head through smoldering, burnt out buildings, to all the Latin tenements. All Latin signs, music and people cover the scenery. We slow down for long enough to see them until finally, Richie's car runs over a Johnny Pump. Water gushes up the car and over the sidewalk. The Ford fishtails into a large old Butcher Shop.

31B All three of Richie's boys pour inside.

31B

31C ON GINO

31C

who immediately slams on the brakes, jumps out, and heads into the Butcher Shop.

31D INT. BUTCHER SHOP

31D

We see a large display window with hole pigs and lamb, all hanging. Three local Italian BUTCHERS stand defensively behind the counter. Richie flies through the front door, the crew follows Richie, Richie stops.

The BUTCHERS protest in their toughest street act!

RICHIE

(to his ND guys)

Cut the motherfucker up
and hang him on the wall.

(now casual, confident)

I'll see you guys in an hour at

Richie leaves, Buchi and Bobby Arms follow.

ND #1 attacks Gino with a meat cleaver, he comes Shomenuchi. Gino comes up and directs the cleaver down into his knee. ND #1 reels back, screaming in pain. His hands flair into the

display case. Immediately a steel rod is being jabbed at Gino's throat by ND #2. He spins and takes his wrist and elbow, using it as a fulcrum, he swings it down whipping his race forward and down into the display case. He quickly pulls him out of there and lets him go up against the wall. Gino grabs the cleaver out of ND #1's knee and quickly slams the cleaver into #2's hand.

Gino slams the meat cleaver into #2's hand which sticks into the wall, holding him in place. Gino quickly picks up #1, flips him upside down and lands him on a large meat hook on the wall where he is suspended in disbelief.

Gino walks out.

BUTCHER

It's alright, I know who I gotta talk to.

GINO

Yeah, tell Frankie Gino says hello.

32 EXT. BROOKLYN - FULL, LOW, STREET-LEVEL SHOT - NIGHT

32

The last fingers of sunset steal away. Night crashes down.

33 INT. 24-HOUR PET FOOD STORE - 3RD & 73RD

33

Gino approaches the CLERK...

GINO

Puppy food, the best you got, no toxic waste in it.

CLERK

How old is the puppy?

GINO

About this old. Of the tender gender.

He holds his hands about 8 inches apart on the counter...

CLERK

The what?

GINO

It's a girl.

The Clerk selects a bag of dry food. Gino examines it critically.

CLERK

This ain't from New Jersey, is it?

33A EXT. BROOKLYN - CORNER OF 18TH AND 86TH

33A

A dark blue Lincoln Towne car with tinted windows slowly cruises around the corner. We SEE Gino run out of the Pet Shop. The Towne car sees him and they slow to a stop. Frankie gets out with a big smile and slowly walks up to Gino. They kiss, they embrace. It is obvious these are two very close friends who have ended up on opposite sides of the fence. Slowly they pull apart from each other.

GINO

Chich como ze? Congratulations,
I heard you just got your license.

FRANKIE

What kinda license, a dog license?

GINO

(kidding)

I heard you got your button, but
you're still nothing but a low life
gangster.

FRANKIE

Hey, most a-the cops I know put
my friends to shame.

GINO

Yeah, ain't it the truth. It's
a sad world we live in.

FRANKIE

Lucky, you know the rules, this is
our world, our system, we gotta do
this.

GINO

Chich, you know that ever since we
were kids I've never been any better
than you at anything, but I always
knew that I was willing to do what ever
it took to get the job done. That's
why you called me Lucky, but it was
never luck it was just deep desire.
I don't give a fuck about the
department, you guys got your rules
I got mine, but this is personal.

They stare at each other in silence for a long moment and then Gino walks away.

34 EXT. STOREFRONT - SUNSET PARK - 5TH AVE. & 37TH ST. - NIGHT 34

It's narrow, one window, blinds, door to the side. Lettered on the window are the services offered: Checks Cashed; Tax Refunds; Credit Negotiated; etc.

35 INT. STOREFRONT 35

There are 3 WOMEN employees and a male MANAGER, readying to close for the weekend... and suddenly there are cops pouring through the door, led by an eager, young officer named DONOVAN O'KELLY...

O'KELLY

Police! Stay where you are!

The manager breaks for the back room and walk-in vault... but is thwarted from closing the vault door by O'Kelly...

35A IN VAULT 35A

Stacked on shelves are thousands of blank credit cards and, on the floor, an imprinter...

O'KELLY

Oh my, a plastic surgery setup, who would'a thought?

36 INT. DT CHEVY - OUTSIDE PETSHOP - GINO 36

Gino has bought food, bottled water, bowls, biscuits, sleeping basket, and a play toy, and is feeding the puppy on the floor of the DT Chevy.

37 EXT. "AMERICANA" BAR - BAY RIDGE - 65TH & 6TH - NIGHT 37

A car lurches up, 4 of Frankie's CREW jump out, bounding up the stairs to the Diner...

38 INT. "AMERICANA" 38

It's a front for drug dealing and bookmaking, owned by Richie and run by his younger brother, VINNIE.

Vinnie's behind the counter when the Crew come off the stairs, scan the couple dozen playing pinball or standing around...

CREW #2
Where is he?

VINNIE
Oh, fuck me!

CREW #2
He ain't been around? You ain't seen him?

VINNIE
Jesus Christ, guys my own brother.
I'm gonna call, I see sooner - the
guy's gone fucking nuts..

CREW #2
Yeah, it's Frankie wants he should hear
from you personal, y'know what I'm sayin'?

VINNIE
On my mother's eyes.

They leave. A few of Richie's crew come over...

39 INT. FORD - MOVING

39

It cruises past the "Americana" as Frankie's Crewguys come out, get back in their car...

BUCHI
Looks like Frankie's real mad.

Richie, zoned anew on crack, couldn't care less...

BOBBY ARMS
We should dump this car, Richie. People
might'a seen it.

RICHIE
Yeah, yeah, roll by my pop's place
first, see what's doin' over there.

40 EXT. MODANO'S HOUSE - BOROUGH PARK - 61st ST. & 14th AVE.
NIGHT

40

Richie's MOTHER and FATHER live in one of the flat-faced,
3-story tenements.

Gino parks the DT Chevy, looks around before going to the door. Mr. Modano opens it. When Gino was a kid, the door used to open with a welcoming smile. Not now...

MR. MODANO

He is not here.

GINO

Can I come in a minute?

MR. MODANO

I said, he is not here.

GINO

I believe you.

Mr. Modano deliberates, lets him in...

41 INT. MODANO HOME

41

The only home they have had since emigrating almost 40 years before, it reflects old-country values of honest labor and close family and devotion to all things Catholic.

There are crucifixes, Madonna statues, a velvet painting of The Last Supper, and, as Gino always remembered her, Mrs. Modano dressed all in black. She has been weeping.

Upon seeing Gino, she raises her hands and pleads...

MRS. MODANO

Don't hurt my son, Gino. Please,
mother of God, don't hurt my son.

GINO

He killed Bobby, Mrs. Modano. He shot
him in cold blood right in front of his
wife and children!

MR. MODANO

What did Bobby do to him?

Gino never wavers from Mrs. Modano...

GINO

Bobby did nothing to him.

MR. MODANO

What did the police do to make him
crazy?

GINO

The kids they saw Richie kill their father...

MR. MODANO

Something made him crazy!

GINO

... then he killed a woman for no reason at all...

She falls prostrate beneath Christ on the cross, wailing. Mr. Modano pushes Gino towards the door...

MR. MODANO

Leave my house! Leave my house!

42 ON STOOP OUTSIDE

42

Gino tries to calm him...

GINO

Okay, I shouldn'ta made it worse, I'm sorry, but if you wanna help him you tell me if he's been here or you heard from him or you know where he is.

Mr. Modano shakes his head abjectly. Gino indicates the basement apartment...

GINO

He still lives in the basement apartment?

Mr. Modano reaches for the mass of keys on his belt...

MR. MODANO

You don't believe me.

GINO

No, I believe you. Even when I was a punk, you believed me, I believed you.

MR. MODANO

When I came here, I got a job repairing the subway. Same job ever since, same house ever since, come home for dinner every night. Almost 40 years.

He is genuinely anguished that his son is a criminal...

GINO

What can I tell you? We make our choices. Richie was always into somethin' bad, even back then. You knew. Everybody knew.

MR. MODANO

But never crazy like this.

GINO

Mr. Modano, Richie's crazy because he's a crackhead, he uses crack. Half the neighborhood uses and Richie supplies them and he's a user himself. It makes people paranoid. It makes them irrational. It makes them violent. It makes them crazy!

MR. MODANO

How can I keep you from killing my son?

GINO

I don't think he'll come around here, but if you hear from him, tell him to get one'a his lawyers, or one'a your lawyers, and surrender himself.

Mr. Modano nods gratefully. Then, unexpectedly, tries to embrace Gino. And, just as unexpectedly, is advised:

GINO

Otherwise, I am gonna kill him.

Mr. Modano stiffens, opens his arms. Gino returns to the car.

43 EXT./INT. RETAIL TIRE GARAGE - KENSINGTON - CHURCH &
MC DONALD - NIGHT

43

Occupying a two story block building, it's the kind of grimy, service business that looks like it's been here forever. Tiers of tires ring the walls all the way to roof level, amidst the mounting machines and balancers and air compressors a world-class collection of nude calendars.

Closed after a busy Saturday, EMPLOYEES still in coveralls are settling around a tub of iced beer.

MANAGER

Ooooo, there gonna be no peace in the valley tonight!

And suddenly there are COPS, ramming down doors and pouring in, this time in flak vests, heavily-armed...

C.O.

Police! On the floor! Everybody on the floor! Right now!

The startled employees do as told, except for the Manager...

MANAGER

I wanna see a warrant! Where's the warrant!

The C.O. shoves the warrant at him...

C.O.

In your face!

The top tier of tires is high against the roof, accessed only by a metal ladder that has to be drawn down in sections, suspended from a track running the entire perimeter.

The C.O. wastes no time. He scrambles up the ladder, commences searching the tires. It is only moments before he has found an opaque plastic bag taped inside the carcass of a tire.

He drops it down to an officer below. The officer cuts the bag open. It is a kilo of crack cocaine.

The C.O. begins dropping down kilo after kilo.

44 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING -NIGHT

44

Gino drives out of Borough Park. He's on the radio...

GINO

Yeah, Angie, whaddya got?

ANGIE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Donziger, I'll patch you through.

INTERCUT WITH:

44A DONZIGER at scene of the murder of Larry. The alley and street pulsing with the eerie strobe of ambulance and police car lights...

44A

DONZIGER

There's a man, Sunset Park, 62st & 2nd,
in the alley. Man gutted with a
blade, then run over by a car...
man's name Larry Kilgus.

GINO

Richie the Knife, Kilgus worked for
Richie as a seller in Sunset Park.

DONZIGER

So you think this was him, too?

GINO

Man knows he's goin' out, he's settlin'
all the scores and takin' people with him.

DONZIGER

Three dead in three separate instances
in only a few hours, we got to find this
whacked-out lunatic, Gino.

45 INT. FORD - MOVING

45

Richie and the others pass Gino going the other way, a block
from his parent's house. They see him clearly, on his radio,
the Ford's deep-tinted windows preventing him seeing them...

JOEY DOGS

That was Gino, Richie.

Richie turns to watch the Chevy recede beneath the
streetlights. He nods, with a smirk, but a smirk somewhat
less than secure...

BUCHI

You knew it'd be him?

RICHIE

Forget my Pop's house. We'll go over to
his house. My old buddy Gino married
himself a class bitch from up Brooklyn
Heights, we'll see if she's home.

BOBBY ARMS

C'mon, Richie, I'd as soon not fuck with
that guy.

RICHIE

I said his old lady.

He goes back to the crack pipe.

46 OMIT

46

47 INT. TOWNHOUSE - GRAVESEND - 557 STILLWELL - NIGHT

47

A pair of Frankie's Crew stand impatiently at the door of the upscale house, knocking, leaning on the bell, getting no response.

One presses his ear against the door, listens...

CREW #4

There ain't no lights on. You sure this is it?

CREW #3

Yeah, this is the one. But I can't feature Richie hidin' in no broad's place with the lights out. Let's go, he ain't here.

They leave.

47A INT. GINO AND VICKY'S HOUSE - BENSONHURST - 84TH & 10TH AVE

47A

Laurie and Vicky sit in the bedroom talking. Laurie's eyes are red and swollen from near-constant crying. She has been drinking. That, plus the residue of shock, has made her mildly intoxicated. She holds Bobby's Gold Shield...

LAURIE

We made love this morning... the kids listening at the door, giggling... then teasing us at breakfast. It was our last time. Our last morning, ever again.

(beat)

It could happen to Gino, Vic. Take him back while you can.

VICKY

It will happen to Gino.

LAURIE

I never thought that way, not about Bobby... It never even occurred to me that this could...

She seems about to cry again...

VICKY

Tell me about this Richie.

LAURIE

Richie was scary, always. He was always picking on other kids, always looking for trouble, always stealing, taking whatever he wanted.

VICKY

It sounds like he should have run for office.

Laurie does not laugh...

LAURIE

If he wanted to get into your pants, he did.

VICKY

Richie?

LAURIE

Not mine. I was going with Bobby, even then, and Bobby was Gino's best friend, so...

VICKY

Richie was afraid of Gino?

LAURIE

I don't think Richie was ever afraid of anything, I think it was more a thing of knowing Gino wasn't afraid of him either...

47B EXT. HOUSE - RICHIE

47B

A car drives up on the front lawn with the lights on. Vicky goes to the window and see this. The passenger door opens and Richie gets out. He shoves the Python in his belt and heads for the front door.

47C INT. HOUSE - LAURIE AND VICKY

47C

Vicky is in shock and panicked by what she saw outside, she spins on her heels, grabs Laurie and screams a whisper.

VICKY

Upstairs.

Laurie, still out of it, hesitates. Vicky literally grabs and drags her frantically up the stairs trying to find a safe place to hide.

47D EXT. HOUSE - RICHIE

47D

Richie is now at the front window, looking in. He seems disappointed until he hears the distant sobs upstairs of his prey. Elated now he races to the front door and it is locked. He then quickly rushes around to the side door and turns the knob, it too is locked. In frustration, he begins to kick it in, the noise is considerable.

Lights start to go on in the neighborhood. We hear the OS voices of concerned neighbors.

47E INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - VICKY AND LAURIE

47E

Vicky and Laurie are huddled in front of the shower in the bathroom. Vicky has somehow secured a baseball bat. Vicky whispers word of assurance.

VICKY

I called the cops, they'll be here any minute.

Just then we hear a loud crash and we know that Richie has just kicked in the door and is inside. Laurie lets out a scream and Vicky holds her hand over Laurie's mouth as they huddle in the dark.

ON Richie who begins to search the house calling out to Vicky.

RICHIE

Mrs. Felino, I'm comin to do to you what Gino ain't man enough to do!

As he goes through the house he begins to tear it apart, tipping over china cabinets, kicking in a TV set, kicking over tables, picking up lamps and throwing them.

Intercut the activity of Richie and the growing concern of the neighbors, his crew, and the women upstairs. Richie starts up the stairs and hears the muffled sobs of Laurie.

CUT TO:

47F EXT. HOUSE - A GROUP OF NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS

47F

A group of neighborhood boys are returning home from a soccer game and stop across the street to listen to the reports from the neighbors. Six or seven boys of 15 or 16, who always think they are invincible, along with more kids who come out of their perspective homes with various neighborhood

specials; cut down bats and sticks, hammers. They all sprint for the house.

47G INT. HOUSE - RICHIE

47G

Richie is at the top of the stairs and is in the process of kicking in the door when suddenly he hears, from behind him, several voices.

VOICES

Hey fuck nuts, don move or we
beat ya fucking head in.

Richie quickly produces his gun and levels it at them. We hear sirens approaching. Richie holds the gun at his teenage adversaries and begins to slowly descend the stairs.

RICHIE

I see we got a bunch of tuff guys.
Who's so fucking tuff, you wanna suck
on dis.

47H The crowd of kids slightly parts and Richie makes it into the car. They peal out as the cops are close by.

47H

48 OMIT

48

49 INT. FORD - MOVING

49

JOEY DOGS

Now we really gotta get rid of this heap.

RICHIE

We gotta get us a scanner, too. Go on over
to Chas the Chair.

50 EXT./INT. STRIP JOINT - UNDER GOWANS EXPRESSWAY - 3RD AVE. &
HAMILTON - NIGHT

50

The standard-looking dive patronized by the usual heavy breathers seated at tables arranged around the runway.

A stripper dressed as Jessica in Who Framed Roger Rabbit is peeling to traditional bump-and-grind music. The MC, dressedb as Roger, is exhorting the crowd with his wit...

MC

She walks, she talks, she crawls
on her belly like a... rabbit? Oh,
but this is one hot little bunny...

CRITIC

Aw, she's got flat feet!

Suddenly there are cops, in plainclothes, busting through and headed for the area behind the stage.

The MC flips a switch on his mike...

MC

Speaking of heat... we have a lot of it coming your way, gentlemen!

50a AREA BEHIND STAGE

50A

There is a corridor with a number of rooms either side, the first being dressing rooms for the strippers. The mike switch routes the WARNING to SPEAKERS back here, and the raid procedures go into effect as efficiently as if it were a grade school fire drill.

Strippers spill into the corridor to mill about and impede the cops... while, further, in the gambling rooms -- each hosting a highstakes card game -- the players scramble for the back door...

51 EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND STRIP JOINT

51

... where they are received by a gauntlet of waiting cops and paddy wagons...

GAMES MANAGER

What the hell is this? Somebody miss a payment?

C.O. #2

Frankie's credit went in the dumper. Talk to him.

52 INT. BOBBY AND LAURIE'S HOUSE - BENSONHURST - 14th & 80th

52

It is utterly quiet as we MOVE THROUGH the rooms, each lending credence to a young happy family living the American ideal.

On the mantle in the living room, their wedding portrait. Gino is the best man, Vicky a bridesmaid.

In the family room, stuffed animals and children's books. The recliner where Bobby relaxed, watched TV and read magazines, one still open where he left it the night before. His mounted baseball letter from the Lafayette High Redmen. A needlepoint that Laurie did, lamenting "A Cop's Wife Leads a Cop's Life"...

IN KITCHEN

Vicky sits at the table with Laurie. There is a KNOCK on the door...

VICKY

Let me go.

52A AT FRONT DOOR

52A

Laurie follows. Vicky looks past the curtain, opens the door...

DONZIGER

How is everything? Don't worry, we have units here, he won't be able to find you. If he does, we'll kill him.

VICKY

OK, I guess.

DONZIGER

We're puttin' a unit out front here, another officer around back, just so you know - he ain't getting in nowhere!

Laurie turns away...

DONZIGER

Where are the kids?

VICKY

The girl's are at the sitter's and Jimmy is at my parent's.

DONZIGER

We could put protection there, too, just say the word.

She considers it...

VICKY

I hadn't even heard of Richie Modano until today, he doesn't know me, or my parents. No, it would just alarm them. And he has no idea where the sitter lives.

DONZIGER

Okay, but if you want to go there, don't take a cab or nothin'. Tell that officer and he'll have another unit come and take you.

He turns to leave...

VICKY
Where is Gino?

53 EXT. "AMERICANA" 53

The DT Chevy is doubleparked and empty...

DONZIGER (V.O.)
He's workin' the family. Richie's folks
got nothin' to do with him bein' a
airtbag, but there's a brother and
sister that both front businesses for
him.

54 INT. "AMERICANA" 54

Gino enters from the stairs, surveys the place and the
players, himself the center of their attention...

GINO
Elegance everywhere!

Vinnie, behind the counter, smartass smirk ever present,
announces:

VINNIE
This here's a detective in -- what,
Homicide now? -- and it'd be swell if
you'd all just be real nice and tell him
anythin' he wants to know.

Gino goes over to him, amused...

GINO
Vinnie, you and me, we don't know each
other much -- I mean, you were still
suckin' your thumb while Richie was
already suckin' dicks -- but, just the
same, you shouldn't take liberties.

VINNIE
You wouldn't talk like that if he was
here.

GINO
If your brother wasn't such a chicken shit
asshole, he would be here to face me.

VINNIE
Who?

GINO

If he was so fucking tuff, he wouldn't be running around, shooting unarmed people and then hiding!

WITH GINO

He looks over the crowd that is looking him over, all hard noses. One of them, bare arms a rococo of tattoos, looks ready for some action.

Gino provokes them as he walks by.

VINNIE

Hey, you can't go pushing around my patrons, asshole.

GINO

Vinnie, Vinnie, this is hardly the setting for profanity.

VINNIE

Fuck you!

Gino begins to stroll his way through the hard-noses, acknowledging those he recognizes, querying:

GINO

Seen Richie?

He gets a shake of the head. He moves on...

GINO

Know where he is?

Same deal. He moves on...

GINO

Know anythin' I don't know?

Same deal. He moves on to BENNIE THE BOOK, perched on a stool against a wall near a bank of pay phones...

GINO

Bennie the Book. You wouldn't be usin' Ma Bell here for commercial gain, now would you?

BENNIE THE BOOK

Bookmaking is an illegal activity, Gino.

GINO

That why Richie has an electronics guy
in here every couple days sweepin'
the phones, so you won't get grabbed in no
illicit activity, Bennie?

BENNIE THE BOOK

I don't know nothin' about that.

GINO

I bet you don't even know Richie owns
the place? That it's a front for dope
dealin' and other bad things of that
nature?

Bennie shrugs. Gino moves on, eye contact all the way...

GINO

Anybody knows why Richie did Bobby
Einhorn, raise your hand.

Nothing stirs...

GINO

No? Well, I don't know, either.

TATTOOS steps in front of him...

TATTOOS

If you weren't a fucking cop I'd rip your
lips off and use 'em for a rubber.

GINO

Where you from?

TATTOOS

Attica.

GINO

Yeah, I figured you weren't from Brooklyn,
we wouldn't hear a retard school boy talk
like that.

Tattoos bristles. Gino moves to go past. Tattoos won't let
him...

GINO

Look, you're smarter than me, you have
better hair, better d'iction, probably a
bigger dick, and those tattoos scare the
shit out'a me, so please get the fuck
outta my way please.

Gino moves to go around. Tattoos shifts to stay in front. Tattoos shifts again only this time Gino has had enough. With blinding lightning speed, Gino elbows Tattoos in the solar plexus and then hammers his face. Tattoos drops like a stricken steer.

GINO

Vinnie, I'm irritated that your spirit of cooperation is lacking, I might just have a need to impose my will, or maybe it's just a mood swing, but I want all of you to stand up on the tables.

VINNIE

What?! Are you fucking crazy!

The .45 GOES OFF, putting a round through the floor next to Gino. He steps away...

GINO

Holy shit, it went off.

They commence climbing onto the tables...

VINNIE

Are you totally fuckin' crazy? You could'a killed somebody downstairs.

GINO

There ain't nobody downstairs.

VINNIE

How you know that? You bust int'a the place, or somethin'?

GINO

I don't recall.

The only one not on the tables now is Tattoos, already unconscious.

Gino goes over to the counter, in Vinnie's face...

GINO

When you hear from him, I want you should tell him somethin' for me.

VINNIE

Oh, he's gonna want to talk to you himself.

GINO

That's the idea, Vinnie.

He reaches across the counter and takes him by the ears and slams his face down into the counter. Vinnie reels back, nose smashed like a ripe tomato...

GINO

Tell him I'm gonna cut his fucking head off and piss down his throat!

He walks.

55 EXT. BROOKLYN - FULL, LOW, STREET-LEVEL SHOT - NIGHT 55

There is a full moon, SIRENS in full song.

56 INT. CRESENT HILL ATHLETIC CLUB - BAYRIDGE - 85TH BTWN 4TH & 5TH - NIGHT 56

As is his practice, Vitorio has the pool to himself for his nightly regime, which consists of swimming laps. But he cheats. He does his turns a good 10 feet short of the ends of the pool.

All of the other club members, male and female, have been banished to wait and watch from beyond the glass wall. Albert stands guard, fully dressed, inside the door.

Sal shows up, looking gloomy. Albert indicates he'll have to wait for Vitorio to finish...

SAL

How many of those he do?

Albert takes out a hundred-dollar bill...

SAL

A hundred? Every night?

Albert nods...

SAL

But, he cheats. He don't swim all the way.

Albert raises a finger to his lips.

57 EXT. WAREHOUSE - SUNSET PARK - 32ND ST. BTWN 3RD & 4TH AVE. 57

It's nondescript, windows blacked out, no lighting, no signs. The FORD IDLES in the lane at the side...

58 INT. FORD

58

Richie is busy with another crack hit. Bobby Arms exits the warehouse, gets in and throws the car in gear...

BOBBY ARMS

Yeah, Frankie's guys already been and gone, so it should be cool...

He drives to the back, where a gate opens at the moment the car arrives... to an overhead door, rising with similar precision... and closing as quickly.

58A They are inside a chop shop, a place where stolen cars and property are dismantled to be sold as parts, vehicles of all description lying about in various states of dis gino.

58A

Richie climbs out, met by a pipe-smoking paraplegic in a motorized wheelchair. CHAS THE CHAIR indicates the Ford:

CHAS

Judging by your sudden rise to stardom, I'll give odds this one has a make on it by now.

RICHIE

Yeah, Chas, I'm an overnight success. That's why I'm here.

Chas crooks a finger and a team descends on the car with cutting torches.

59 INT. CRESENT HILL ATHLETIC CLUB - SWIMMING POOL

59

Vitorio completes his last lap, treads water in the middle of the pool...

VITORIO

What's the latest? Or do I wanna know?

SAL

The cops're bustin' every business we have all over town.

VITORIO

Next thing, they'll be hittin' the pension fund.

SAL

What pension fund?

Vitorio holds his head up, to wait. Sal looks to Albert, back...

SAL
What? You got a cramp?

VITORIO
No, I'm takin' a leak, can't you see that?

SAL
No. Pardon me.

VITORIO
What about Richie?

SAL
Hasn't turned up yet, but every one of our guys we could lay our hands on is lookin' for him. He's killin' people like it was free.

VITORIO
Yeah, and on the T.V., every time they say Modano, they say Scarfo. The cop's got 'em doin' that. This time it's extremely bad.

Albert has been nodding soberly throughout. Vitorio instructs Sal:

VITORIO
After I'm through here, I'm takin' Carmella to dinner over at Cono's. Get hold of Gino, tell him... ask him to call me there. And you find Richie. I don't care how, just find him.

60 OMIT

60

61 INT. CHOP SHOP - "PARTS" ROOM

61

There is row after row of shelving piled high with hot merchandise, from car radios and VCRs to high-end stereo components and personal computers.

Richie follows Chas to an array of police radio scanners...

CHAS
Would you like official police issue, or after-market?

RICHIE
Whatever.

Chas makes a selection...

RICHIE

I'm gonna crib here a couple hours. You got a problem with that?

Chas glances at the blank television screens...

CHAS

My friend, you are on everybody's valentine's list.

Richie is not impressed...

CHAS

But, then, I don't guess I have a whole lot of choice, do I?

Richie shakes his head, no. But then digs in his pocket and tosses him Larry's roll of bills. Chas feels much better.

- | | | |
|---------|---|---------|
| 62 | EXT. BATH BEACH - CROPSEY AVE & BAY 19TH - MONTAGE OF STREET SCENES - NIGHT | 62 |
| 62A | Cropsey Avenue, a main artery, choked with Saturday night traffic, it seeming that every second car is a police car. | 62A |
| 62B | A carload of Frankie's crew pulling up to the "DELUXE XXX THEATER" one getting out and going inside, others looking about the street, for sign of Richie, members of his crew stopping pedestrians, asking. | 62B |
| 62C | OMIT | 62C |
| | MOS | |
| 62D | Gino working the streets. He finds a Hooker who is willing to talk for a little cash. | |
| 62E,F,G | OMIT | 62E,F,G |
| 63 | INT. BOBBY AND LAURIE'S HOUSE IN BENSONHURST - NIGHT | 63 |
| | Laurie and Vicky sit in the darkened family room, Laurie still drinking... | |

LAURIE

Take him back, Vic.

VICKY

Laurie, now isn't the time.

LAURIE

I bet, in some ways, I know Gino even better than you do.

VICKY

That is entirely possible.

LAURIE

No -- I know he was hardly ever home, that you couldn't handle that -- but, no, what I mean is you didn't live around here, you didn't grow up with Gino the way the rest of us did...

64 EXT. "LAMORES DISCO" - 61ST & 15TH AVE.

64

Lamores is a raucous nightclub that is Saturday-night jammed.

Gino double-parks the DT Chevy, tries the amiable approach with the pair of WIDEBODY doormen outside...

Gino badges them. They have no humor. They block his way...

WIDEBODY #1

How do we know you're a real cop?

GINO

Because I have a badge and a gun. I've tried to use my badge, next I'll try to use my gun.

They let him pass.

65 INT. BOBBY AND LAURIE'S HOUSE

65

Laurie returns to the family room with a fresh drink, flops down on the sofa...

LAURIE

There was this one time, I'll never forget, a bunch of us were over at Gravesend Park. A bunch of us kids were playing Wiffle Ball, we were all around 10 years old - Gino, Bobby, and Richie's sister, Patti.

Laurie pauses, remembering.

LAURIE (CONTD)

We all stopped when Richie and a couple other boys appeared. Richie shows up, okay, with this thing that shoots arrows -- real arrows, with metal points probably swiped it somewhere or took it from some other kid... Like idiots, we're all standing around, wondering how it works... when he shoots one of these arrows, straight up, right above our heads ... everybody takes off, right?... not Gino...

Close on Vicky listening intently.

LAURIE (CONTD.)

Gino stands there, just looking at Richie... and, of course, then Richie couldn't run, himself, or he'd look like Super Chicken... We're all screaming our heads off for them to get away from there... Gino never blinked... It came down right between them... Richie starts laughing again... You know, that laugh guys used to get when they'd done something really dumb?... And Gino says, 'Do it again'...
(beat)
If you could've seen Richie's face ... it was like he'd swallowed a razor blade...

66 OMIT

66

67 Vicky is captured by the revelations within the story...

67

VICKY

Then what happened?

LAURIE

Richie didn't have the balls to do it again, he backed down. Then nothing was ever the same. Gino wasn't just one of us anymore, he was the special one.

VICKY

Special, as in nuts?

Laurie laughs...

LAURIE

No. He was our protector. I guess even then he was like the neighborhood cop. Funny thing was, it was Bobby who joined the department first, and that was because he wanted to be like Gino.

VICKY

Bobby said that?

Laurie nods...

LAURIE

Then he talked Gino into joining.

VICKY

You see? I didn't know any of that.

LAURIE

Another funny thing, Patti - Richie's sister? -- was screaming more about Gino that day than about Richie. Patti always had a mouth on her anyway, but back then she had a big crush on Gino.

68 INT. "LAMORES"

68

A bar band is playing loud rock and roll for the sex hunters and nightcrawlers that pack the place.

Gino makes his way through. Those who know him make others aware he's there.

The door to Patti's office is at the rear, next to the bar. A BODYGUARD blocks it. Gino knows the head BARTENDER, who leans over the bar...

BARTENDER

Wanna tell me how you got past the door?

GINO

Wanna tell me where Richie is?

BARTENDER

Gino, I don't know nothin' from nothin'.

He motions the Bodyguard should check the door. Gino indicates he let Patti know he's here. The Bartender gets on the house phone.

Waiting, Gino becomes aware of one of the cocktail waitresses nervously glancing his way. A HONEY BLONDE with a body you'd need climbing gear for, she wears the same wetlook latex microdress as the others. She appears as though she has been crying.

PATTI comes from her office. Possessing a warm-as-ice business demeanor, she actually seems pleased to see him, although the crush she once had is definitely long gone...

PATTI

Cops been in an' out'a here all night,
but it's you I been expectin'. Should'a
known you'd save the best for yourself.

GINO

How you doin', Patti?

PATTI

I can still get it wet.
How about you, Gino?

GINO

Me, I still wonder how you eat
with that mouth.

She laughs, jerks her aerosol helmet and has a pair at the end of the bar vacate their stools, her and Gino taking them. Patti waves over the Bartender...

PATTI

What can he get you? We'll talk out
here, it's noisy enough nobody can
hear us, anyway.

GINO

New York tap water with ice in it.

PATTI

I feel bad about Bobby.

GINO

What reason did Richie have?

PATTI

Gino, even if I knew, which I don't...

GINO

And you haven't seen him?

PATTI

Last time was a couple days ago.

GINO
He always has a woman around.
Who's his latest special?

PATTI
Since when does a sister keep track of
her brother's pumps?

His BEEPER sounds. Patti reaches behind the bar, hands him a phone. He calls through to Angie. We do not intercut...

GINO
It's Gino, Angie. .
(listens)
Got it.

He hangs up. He is jostled...

CLOSE -HAND

slips a scrap of paper into his back pocket...

GINO

(knows) looks around. It's the Honey Blonde, delivering empty glasses to the bar and picking up fresh orders...

HONEY BLONDE
Sorry.

He nods, dials the number Angie gave him.

INTERCUT WITH:

69 INT. CONO'S RESTAURANT - 85TH & 5TH - VITORIO AND HIS WIFE CARMELLA 69

This, too, is a nightly ritual. It is midnight. They are the only patrons, waited on lavishly by the OWNER and his staff. The ever-faithful Albert stands at the door.

The Owner brings Vitorio the phone...

OWNER
For you, Don Vito.

Vitorio takes the phone into a corner...

VITORIO
Gino, why don't we help each other? Do this one thing for me and you won't be sorry.

GINO

Don Vito, I'm honored you ask a favor
from a peon like me and some day I hope
to make up for my refusal!

69A Gino hangs up. He's observing the Honey Blonde serving
drinks.

69A

Gino writes something on a scrap of paper. Then before
putting it away, he glances at it. There is a name, ROXANNE.

He nods across the room, to where Honey Blonde is serving...

GINO

What's that one's name?

PATTI

Which one?

GINO

The one with the nipples you could dial
a phone with.

PATTI

That's Terry. Why?

It is the first hint of wariness from her. He shrugs. But
then takes her by the arm and steers her, protesting, into:

70 HER OFFICE

70

He releases her, glances around, looking for something...

PATTI

Just what the flyin' fuck you think
you're doin'?

He tosses the drawers in her desk, finds nothing except a
Spanishmade .32...

GINO

It's gettin' late and all night I been
runnin' into people who - besides bein'
deaf, dumb and blind --are suffering
permanent memory loss, and I just can't
swing with that anymore...

He crosses to the private bar, locates three crack pipes
amongst the glasses...

PATTI

That's illegal search, officer.

He opens the bar fridge. In with the cans of fruit juice and mixes is a large apothecary jar that says "sugar." He empties it onto the desk, extracts one of the crack rocks from the sugar...

PATTI

I got a license for that, know what I'm sayin'?

GINO

Obviously, or you wouldn't stash it in the first place anybody'd look. But your license isn't with me, so we're goin' in and I'm gonna book you for possession and weapons.

She just laughs, ready if he is...

70A ANGLE PAST HONEY BLONDE

70A

She watches anxiously as Gino and Patti leave.

71 INT. CHOP SHOP

71

Chas is in his office with Richie. Richie is drinking from a bottle of Jim Beam...

RICHIE

I'll be needin' a new gocart, somethin' with some strong stomp.

Chas presses a button. One of his car jockeys sticks his head in the door...

CHAS

There's a G.N.X. on the top floor of the parking garage over on Bay 10th. Take the scanner, wire it up, bring it back.

The jockey leaves...

RICHIE

Chas, whaddya say you get me some slash over here.

CHAS

It'll be bad enough if Frankie ever finds out you were here, but you know he doesn't allow women on any of the premises. Uh-uh, I'm married, I'm a gimp, I need my job.

Richie sneers at Chas's useless legs...

RICHIE

Yeah, I bet your old lady is real
thrilled when you roll home.

72 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING

72

Gino is driving Patti to the precinct house, she ignoring the
sleeping puppy entirely...

GINO

Who's Roxanne?

That he knows the name surprises her. She covers...

PATTI

I heard your wife from up Brooklyn
Heights shook you loose. That why
you're askin' about strange?

GINO

Don't you talk about my wife.
You don't know my wife.

PATTI

Yeah, well, I don't know any Roxanne,
either.

His glance says he doesn't believe her for a minute...

PATTI

You got a big surprise comin', Gino.

GINO

That's okay, I like surprises.

PATTI

Not this one, you won't.

73 INT. BOBBY AND LAURIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

7

Vicky stands gazing at the "A Cop's Wife Leads a Cop's Life"
needlepoint. She's tired, worried about Gino.

Laurie has had altogether too much to drink and is dozing in
her chair. She drifts awake, clears her head, locates
Vicky...

LAURIE

Vic, you don't need to stay. I know you want to make sure Jimmy is okay.

VICKY

Will you be all right?

LAURIE

Sure, I'll have a bath and try to get some sleep. Thanks for being there for me. You're the best.

VICKY

Even if I'm not from the neighborhood.

They smile, embrace.

VICKY

If you need me, I'll be at Gino's.

74 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

74

Gino waits at the booking desk while Patti makes her allowed phone call, whispers aside to the skeptical desk officer:

GINO

Just play along... and have Felix brought over right away.

Patti hangs up, returns...

PATTI

My lawyer's gonna have me walked inside an hour.

GINO

Absolutely, but in the meantime I got your father on the way down to make your bail.

PATTI

What fucking bail?! There's no bail unless I'm stood before a judge!

GINO

Who's Roxanne?

PATTI

You are some piece of work, Gino.

GINO

Depends what I'm workin' with.

He motions the desk officer take her to the holding cells...

PATTI

I'll have your ass under glass for this,
you son of a bitch!

75 INT. POLICE ESU VAN - MOVING -NIGHT 75

It is speeding down the lane beside the chop shop, about to
be driven straight through the closed gate.....

76 IN CHAS'S OFFICE 76

Richie is sprawled on the sofa, half of the Jim Beam gone...

CHAS

What's the story with you and that cop?

RICHIE

Gino?

CHAS

No, the one you popped. Was that
business or personal?

RICHIE

It was personal business.

The door bangs open...

BOBBY ARMS

Cops!

Richie is on his feet, .357 in hand, staring at Chas...

CHAS

C'mon, you can go out the roof...

He wheels to a closet, opens the doors on a ladder leading up
the wall to the roof...

76A IN CHOP SHOP 76A

The van crashes through the overhead door... another
following... cops in flak vests pouring out.

Employees run for the side door... but a ram batters it down,
cops coming there, too... the employees scatter for cover, a
couple of them coming up with sawedoff shotguns, but holding
fire...

76B IN CHAS'S OFFICE

76B

Bobby Arms has collected Buchi and Joey Dogs, poised to go up the ladder... except that Richie's paranoia is raging...at Chas, who, cowering, is backing his chair away...

RICHIE

You gave me up!

CHAS

No way... Richie...

Richie PUTS THREE ROUNDS in his chest, blowing the chair over and killing him. He then pushes Buchi ahead, up the ladder...

RICHIE

There'll be cops layin' for us up there,
you watch!

76C IN CHOP SHOP

76C

The cops have weapons leveled on the employees... employees with the sawedoffs leveled on the cops... a stand-off... until the SHOTS sound from the office... triggering a FUSILLADE...

77 ON ROOF

77

Buchi sticks his head out the trap door, looks around... it's clear... he scrambles out, Joey Dogs and Bobby Arms and Richie after...

BOBBY ARMS

Chas didn't drop no dime on you! It's
the cops lookin' for us on their own!

Richie lifts him off his feet and hurls him from the roof to the concrete below.

Then he leaps to the next roof, and the next... Buchi and Joey Dogs following...

78 HALF-BLOCK AWAY

78

They jump from a roof down onto the trailer of an 18 wheeler, onto the cab and to the ground... home free.

76 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

79

The UNIFORM pulls the B&W to the curb in front of Gino's apartment, delivering Vicky and Jimmy...the RADIO SCREECHING:

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

Ten 33! We have officers and civilians down!... Warehouse at 6835 Amboy!... Send ambulances! (etc.)

Vicky tries to remain calm...

VICKY

I don't suppose you'd know where my husband is right now?

UNIFORM

No, ma'am, I'm sorry.

80 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

80

Gino is using a pocket knife to bypass the drawer locks on Bobby's desk, the squad room otherwise empty. A framed portrait of Bobby and Laurie and the girls is on the desk.

He goes through the contents of each drawer. He finds nothing but the usual, forms and forms and more forms.

The last is the bottom drawer, the big, deep catchall. He fishes out a "Police Narcotics" jacket, a Yankees cap, a pair of smelly high-top Nikes. Then it gets interesting.

He finds a couple bottles of cologne. Expensive cologne. And a dozen condoms. He spreads the packets on the desk. What would Bobby need condoms at work for?

Something in one of the Nikes catches his eye. A photo graph is tucked inside. He looks at it (we do not see). It stuns him.

81 EXT. PARKING GARAGE ON BAY 10TH - NIGHT

81

ESTABLISH a dark, dilapidated structure with a sleepy attendant in a booth at the bottom of the entrance/exit ramp...

82 ON TOP FLOOR

82

Chas's CAR JOCKEY has just completed wiring the police scanner into the Buick GNX, its windows tinted almost as black as the car's paint.

He backs out of the sweltering interior... and right into Richie. It scares hell out of him...

RICHIE

Hot as a bitch, ain't it?

CAR JOCKEY

I... I thought you guys were waitin' at the shop...

83 AT ENTRANCE/EXIT

83

The GNX RUMBLES down the ramp to the barrier. The Jockey is at the wheel, Richie, Buchi and Joey Dogs crouched out of sight.

The Jockey TAPS the HORN. It wakes the attendant. He raises the barrier. The GNX moves out into the night.

84 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

84

Gino sits contemplating the portrait on the desk, the photograph in his hand, trying to absorb the implications.

The DESK OFFICER sticks his head in...

DESK OFFICER

Mr. Modano's downstairs... And, Gino, are you sure you want to do this? It could get you suspended but good.

Gino just walks past him...

ROOM OFF OF BOOKING DESK

Mr. Modano is angry, vents it when Gino appears...

MR. MODANO

You only arrest Patricia because she not help you find Richard!

GINO

That's right. Did you bring the bail money?

Mr. Modano takes bills from a brown envelope, all tightly bound with rubber bands, throws it on the desk...

MR. MODANO

What you said, 5000 dollars. This is way bail is done?

GINO

This is way.

But neither he nor the Desk Officer touch it. Instead, Gino goes to a door, opens it. In comes Felix and his handler...

MR. MODANO

What is this dog?

GINO

This is Felix, he's a drug sniffing dog.

FELIX goes straight for the bills, sniffs them, excited, WHINING and wagging his tail...

GINO

Uh-uh, Mr. Modano, there's drug residue on these bills. I'm gonna be forced to arrest you.

Mr. Modano looks from him to the dog to the Desk Officer, and back, confused, dismayed.

Gino nuzzles the dog, motions the others to leave him and Mr. Modano alone. When they do, he guides him to a chair...

MR. MODANO

There are no drugs. I have nothing to do with drugs. I hate these drugs.

GINO

I know, Mr. Modano. But Richie handles drugs, Richie gives you money.

MR. MODANO

So, you just want to arrest me, like you arrest Patricia, to find Richard. But we don't know where he is!

GINO

I'll be right back.

84A HOLDING CELL

84A

Patti is the only occupant. Gino hands her the photograph. Her reaction is the same stunned disbelief he had...

GINO

Who is that?

She shakes her head vehemently, shoves the photo back at him...

PATTI

I can't. I help you any way at all,
he'd kill me.

GINO

He's your brother.

PATTI

Gino, he's a Hoover! He's sucking up
three to four grams a pass, and that
much crack does not promote rational
thought!

GINO

Your father's under arrest too.

PATTI

It won't work, Gino! It won't flush
Richie out and we can't help you and
if he even thinks we did he'd kill Pop too!

GINO

He's that far gone? He'd do that?

PATTI

Believe it, Gino! Anybody!

He deliberates a moment. He does believe her...

GINO

Okay, I'll have a unit take both of
you home.

85 EXT. PARKING LOT (SHEEPSHEAD BAY, BROOKLYN) - NIGHT

85

The Car Jockey struggles on the pavement, wire binding him
hand and foot, Buchi and Joey Dogs holding him down. He's
hollering.

Richie, hanging halfway out the driver's side window of the GNX, has the front wheel up against the Jockey's head, GUNNING the ENGINE, feasting on the macabre game.

 RICHIE

Man, like, I don't know you... you're not one'a my crew... and you're the only one knows what kinda car we're drivin'...

 CAR JOCKEY

No! I'm with you, Richie! I'll do anythin' you want...!

 RICHIE

It's nothin' personal, I'd like to give you a break... And, you know, I believe I will...

He stabs the accelerator. The wheel rolls up and over the Jockey's head, popping it like a grape.

Richie stops the car, slides over so Buchi can drive, Joey Dogs can jump in back...

 JOEY DOGS

Aw, man, I got him on me...

The tires spin beneath the HOWL of the turbocharged and intercooled ENGINE, the GNX accelerating hard, gone...

86 INT. GNX - MOVING

86

Richie is immediately on the crack pipe, momentarily sated...

 RICHIE

This is one night this town's gonna talk about a long time.

 JOEY DOGS

Ask me, I think you already made sure'a that.

 RICHIE

Yeah, but what about yous? You just want 'em talkin' about me? Or you gonna stand up when you gotta stand up?

Buchi and Joey Dogs exchange glances. Then big smiles. Both raise a fist, then slap hands, Buchi almost losing control of the car.

87 INT. GINO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

87

Jimmy sleeps on his bed. Vicky sits curled on the floor beside the bed.

She's thinking about Gino. She doesn't want to lose him, not to a bullet or a divorce. She never did want to lose him, but now it's been brought so real.

88 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING - NIGHT

88

Gino pulls away from the precinct house.

The puppy is awake and sitting up in the basket, soft eyes on him...

GINO

Hey, babe, maybe when you grow up we can get you on the canine unit, whaddya say?

Just the sound of his voice brings the puppy scrambling out of the basket, all over him, licking frantically...

GINO

Yeah, I know, we could both do with a little affection here...

The RADIO SQUAWKS...

ANGIE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Gino, you in the car...?

INTERCUT WITH:

88A INT. CHOP SHOP -DONZIGER

88A

Amidst the carnage of the chop shop, on an ESU van's radio, O'Kelly now with him...

DONZIGER

An E.S.U. did a raid on the chop shop you gave us, Gino, and I guess he was here... looks like he blew away some guy in a wheelchair and threw one'a his own guys off the roof... the one you called Bobby Arms .

GINO

The other one was Chas the Chair,
ran the place for Frankie.

DONZIGER

Gino, we're gettin' a lotta grief from
the mayor's office and the commissioner
and like that.

GINO

Sure, all the same shines that wouldn't
let us bust guys like Richie in the
first place.. Tell 'em for me avafonkulo.

DONZIGER

Could be you just did.

He cringes. O'Kelly beams, loving it...

89 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - HOVERING

89

Working a grid in the vicinity of the chop shop, its powerful
lights sweeping the rooftops and alleys for sign of Richie,
the pilots have heard the same chatter, and also love it.

They hear Angie come back on the RADIO channel...

ANGIE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Gino, your wife's called a couple times.
She's at your apartment with Jimmy and
she's worried. Any chance you can take a
minute and swing by there?

90 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING

90

He trying to drive and keep the puppy from climbing his face
at the same time...

GINO

Yeah, I'm near enough I won't call back
when I leave the car, but, so you know,
it's 455 75th.

91 INT. BUICK GNX - MOVING

91

Also monitoring the channel on the scanner is Richie. And
this he hears with avid interest, both of them in the same
place.

91A EXT. GINO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

91A

Vicky is out on the steps as soon as she sees the Chevy swing to the curb and Gino gets out...

GINO
Jimmy okay?

VICKY
He's fine. What are you doing?

GINO
Busy pissin' on trees.

He doesn't mean it to be malicious, and, when she frowns, he feels like a jerk...

GINO
I'm sorry, that was a cheap shot. Oh, yeah, and I called your father an asshole, and it wasn't a cheap shot.

VICKY
(slight smile)
And it wouldn't be the first time. Have you had anything at all to eat?

GINO
Couple'a dog biscuits.

Off her look, he takes her to the car. She adores dogs, and the puppy is instantly all over her...

VICKY
Oh, a police dog! Look at you, you big, fierce...
(looks)
...girl. What in the world are you doing with a puppy?

GINO
There are a million stories in the naked city, and that's one you don't want to hear.

VICKY
I can believe that. Are you going to keep her?

GINO
I dunno. Your cat would do a number on her, so she'll stay in the car for now. And, Vic, I gotta get back on the street.

Vicky looks worried and disappointed. Gino gives in and sits on the steps, he pulls Vicky down next to him. She looks up at the moon, it is every bit as big as the security light above them...

VICKY

Last week Jimmy and I were talking about getting a motorcycle, one of those swoopy ones, and riding it down to the Florida Keys, having fresh salt air in our faces and high cloud overhead for hundreds of miles, all the way to the end, way out in the gulf stream. Oh, and we'd be naked, of course.

GINO

Sometimes you are so full of shit.

VICKY

I always wanted to be an explorer.

GINO

Jimmy knows you're full of shit, too.

There is no edge, just the kind of casual, amused rap that buddies or girlfriends have...

VICKY

You're the only one who ever talked to me that way.

GINO

Sure, you grew up in Brooklyn Heights, might as well be Manhattan, people wouldn't say shit with a mouthful.

VICKY

You were my best friend.

GINO

You asked me to leave.

VICKY

I didn't think you would.

GINO

Oh, two years we're goin' together, seven years we're married, and you don't know you ask me to leave, I'm gonna leave?

VICKY

No. As much as I loved you, I didn't know you. I still don't, I still love you. When you left, I explained to Jimmy I had asked you to leave because you were more devoted to your job than you were to us. He understood that, because you were never home.

He hangs his head...

GINO

I know.

VICKY

What he didn't understand was that he had hardly ever heard us argue. No loud voices, no fights, no theatrics, and yet you were gone.

GINO

Vic, out here on the streets, it's goin' 24 hours a day. It's hard for any cop to say, 'Okay, it's the end of my shift, I'm goin' home, these people can take care of their own problems now.'

VICKY

But to you these streets are your streets, the neighborhood's your neighborhood, as if you have to do it all, all of the time.

After a long moment...

GINO

There used to be a man came around our street when I was a kid. He was from the old country. He carried a school bell and pulled along a little sharpening machine operated by a foot pedal. People would come out with their knives and scissors and stuff. He'd sharpen them. It was only a dime or a quarter, but it was an honest living, useful, with his hands. And then people started getting knives and scissors that were cheap enough to throw away. The man would come around, and fewer and fewer people would come out. Until finally, nobody came out.

(beat)

So many times I've thought of how it must have been, walking these streets, from before light until after dark, and nobody comin' out. How he must have felt, goin' home to his wife, his family, without anything to show. That bell was the loneliest thing I ever heard.

VICKY

It was your father, wasn't it?

Tears are streaming down his face...

GINO

He had a skill, he was proud, but it was the only thing he knew, and he wasn't needed anymore. For a whole summer I followed him, without him knowin'. Nobody would come out. It wasn't their fault. It took a long time, but it wore him down until he was ashamed to come home. One day, after I was back in school, he walked into Sheepshead Bay until it was over his head and he drowned.

Vicky holds him...

GINO

After that, whenever the kids in the neighborhood were goin' to Coney or somethin', one of the other fathers would slip me enough money I could go, too. That was Mr. Modano, Richie's father. And tonight I thanked him by suckerin' him with some bail money, not tellin' him there's enough cocaine floatin' around it's estimated 90% of the currency in circulation is tainted with the stuff anyway.

VICKY

Gino, these may be your streets, but there are other police officers, and the neighborhood will always need what you do, but Jimmy needs you, too, and so do I.

GINO

We talkin' a reconciliation here?

VICKY

No, we're talking a lifetime deal, all or nothing.

GINO

I love you, and Jimmy, more than the neighborhood, more than the people in it --the good ones, I'm talkin' --more than anythin' else I know.

Gino gets up, grabs Vicky's hand and heads into the apartment. The door is wide...

VICKY

You haven't found him yet?

He shakes his head. They enter the foyer...

91B INT. APARTMENT

91B

VICKY

And you know he was seen around our house?

GINO

Yeah, but he wouldn't know it's not still our house...

He sees the PUPPY, growling, wide eyes on something behind them.

Gino blocks Vicky to the side, into the living room, drops and spins Buchi FIRING a .38 into the space where he was and BLOWS Buchi back out the door with THREE chest-center ROUNDS from the GLOCK.

Joey Dogs looms into the doorway, FIRING blindly. Gino takes a step into the living room, grasps a chair, flings it through the front window, steps back.

Joey Dogs diverted by the SHOWER OF GLASS, Gino puts a ROUND into him, knocking him down the steps, and, advancing, FIRES THREE MORE into the tumbling form...

91C JIMMY

91C

snaps awake in bed...

91D PUPPY

91D

scrambles...

91E GINO

91E

Into the Cooper stance on the lawn, he looks for Richie, hoping for Richie, wanting Richie. But Richie's not there. Only lights coming on, everywhere...

91F INT. APARTMENT

91F

He runs back in. Vicky is on the floor. He draws her to her feet. She is unsteady, numb, but...

VICKY

I'm all right. I'm not hurt.

GINO

See about Jimmy, stay there until units come.

She races up the stairs.

91G EXT. APARTMENT - GINO

91G

Outside, he checks the carotid artery of Buchi, then Joey Dogs, confirms both dead, scoops up their .38s and gets on the Chevy's radio...

GINO

Angie, send units to 455 75th...
there's been a shooting... two of Richie
Modano's crew D.C.D.S.

(beat)

You hear that, Richie? It means
deceased confirmed dead at scene. You
send somebody, you wanna send better
than Buchi and Joey Dogs. And when you
did Bobby you knew it'd be me comin'
for you, so why don't we keep it...

92-94 OMIT

92-94

95 INT. DONZIGER'S DT CAR - MOVING

95

Headed for 75TH Street...

GINO (V.O.)

(filtered)

... Just you and me, like it used to
be... but maybe you wanna do a culone
check first, see if you got any...

Donziger snatches his radio mike...

DONZIGER

Cut that chatter, Gino! Now!

96 INT. BUICK GNX - MOVING

96

Already blocks away, Richie shuts off the scanner. He has the same uncertain smirk we saw earlier...

96A INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM

96A

Jimmy sits crosslegged on the bed. He's unafraid, curious more than anything...

JIMMY

Mom, why can't I look?

VICKY

We'll talk later, Jimmy.

She's at the window, looking down as police car after police car arrives, as Gino directs the uniforms and detectives that converge on him.

She wonders at his cool, almost clinically calm manner, only minutes after ending two lives, after nearly having his own ended. It is the first time she has seen him work. She sees him enter the house, and, moments later, the room. He looks at her, goes to Jimmy...

GINO

Jimmy, I'm sorry.

JIMMY

I'm not scared, Dad. It's exciting.

GINO

It's not exciting, Jimmy, and you should be scared. I am. I'm scared all the time. It's okay to be scared.

JIMMY

Okay.

They both look at Vicky...

96B EXT. APARTMENT

96B

Cops mill about, O'Kelly amongst them, Donziger in charge.

Gino carries Jimmy out, Vicky following, Jimmy craning to see the shrouded bodies. Gino puts him in the back of a plainclothes car...

GINO

You're going to a hotel with your mom.
I'll be over to see you when my work's
finished.

He closes the car door. He takes Vicky aside...

GINO

I'm sorry, Vic. He was monitoring our
radio channel with a scanner, and I
didn't know.

VICKY

You're good at this, aren't you?

It's not an accusation, more a realization.

GINO

No, I just do it.

VICKY

I've never seen you... work before.
No, you are good at it.

GINO

So, is that good or bad?

VICKY

I don't know.

Donziger comes over, shaking his head...

DONZIGER

From the description of a body found
down near Sheepshead Bay, it's a guy
from the chop shop where we just missed
Richie.

GINO

That makes...four.

DONZIGER

Not countin' these two.

Gino turns, puts Vicky in the back of the plainclothes car
with Jimmy and heads for the Chevy...

GINO

He's still out there.

97-98 OMIT

97-98

99 EXT. BROOKLYN - FULL, LOW STREET-LEVEL SHOT - NIGHT

99

The city is once again rife with SIRENS.

100 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING - NIGHT

100

Gino now uses the phone to maintain contact with Angie...

ANGIE (V.O.)
(filtered)

I bet you're real popular with your
neighbors now.

GINO
Never was, Angie, but from now on let's
keep all communications on landline... I'm
headed for the Sandman.

He suddenly remembers the puppy, nowhere to be seen. He
pulls over.

He searches the front, the back, frantic the puppy might have
somehow gotten out.

He finds her under his seat, a tight little ball, heart still
racing...

GINO
Jeeze, I forgot all about you... poor
little pooch... havin' a hell of a time
with people, aren't you? ... Well, me too,
babe. Me too.

He holds the puppy close, strokes her until her heart beat
slows.

101 EXT. "LAMORES" - NIGHT

101

The Bodyguard is stationed in front. Seeing Gino coming, he
blocks the door.

Gino takes the Glock from beneath his shirt, leaves it down
at his side.

GINO
I'd love to talk, but...

The Bodyguard steps aside, holds the door for him, Gino going
past without missing a beat...

102 INT. "LAMORES"

102

It remains nearly as packed as earlier. Gino looks around, locates the HONEY BLONDE, TERRY MALLOY waiting for a drink order at the bar.

But first he asks the Bartender:

GINO
Patti back yet?

The Bartender shakes his head, no. Gino puts the scrap of paper with the name "Roxanne" on the Terry's tray...

GINO
Is this you?

TERRY
My name's Terry Malloy.

GINO
Fine, so who's Roxanne?

TERRY
She's Richie's girlfriend. I thought that's who you were looking for.

GINO
You know where I can find her?

TERRY
I think I heard her say she lived somewhere here in Brooklyn, but I don't know where.

GINO
You're just bein' a good citizen, that it?

TERRY
Why not?

GINO
Because if Richie was to find out, he'd smoke you, that's why.

TERRY
Not if you get him first.

GINO
What's he to you?

TERRY
A pig with hands.

GINO

So, how come you look like you been
cryin'?

TERRY

August is the start of the allergy season,
dian't you know that?

He takes out the photograph he found in Bobby's desk...

GINO

What about this one? You know her?

Her eyes roll She reaches for the bar, starts to go down.
Gino catches her, half carries her into:

102A PATTI'S OFFICE

102A

He puts her on the sofa, puts her feet up, gets a cube of ice
from the bar fridge and runs it across her forehead...

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH

(we see for the first time) is of a naked woman kneeling on a
bed. A naked man has mounted her from behind. Both are
smiling at the camera. The man is Bobby...

INT. PATTI'S OFFICE

The Terry comes around...

GINO

Talk to me, Terry. Who is it?

TERRY

Roxanne.

It surprises him almost as much as first seeing the
photograph. He weighs it, the pieces beginning to fall...

GINO

And you were fucking Bobby, too?

She slaps him in the mouth. He steps back, presses the ice
cube to his lip.

He goes to Patti's Rolodex. He looks under "R." There is
nothing for Roxanne...

GINO

She have a last name?

TERRY
Ford. Roxanne Ford.

There is nothing under "Ford"....

GINO
You can't stay here. C'mon.

103 EXT. FRONT OF "LAMORES"

103

He brings her out past the Bodyguard...

BODYGUARD
Oh, who gave the big, bad policeman a fat lip?

GINO
She did.

The Bodyguard's jaw drops as Gino puts her in the Chevy...

104 INT. DT CHEVY

104

He places the puppy's basket on the seat between them, the puppy drowsy once again...

TERRY
You drive around with a puppy in your car?

GINO
Yeah, and it's attack-trained so don't be takin' no more shots at me.

He gets Angie on the phone...

GINO
Angie, run a check on a Roxanne Ford, do Brooklyn first, try to come up with an address, but anythin'll do.

ANGIE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Ten 4, Gino. I'll come back at you.

They disconnect. He puts the Chevy in gear, pulls away...

GINO
Does Richie know where you live?

TERRY

He owns Lamores, it's on my employment records.

GINO

Can't take you there, then.

105 EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

105

Sitting in the shadows of a tenement house is a 12 year old HOLDING KID. His job is to hold ounce baggies of crack, his underage status making him immune to arrest and prosecution, unlike the older dealer he works for and who operates on a street corner a block away, periodically paging him for a resupply.

Richie swings up in the GNX, gets out...

RICHIE

Know who I am?

HOLDING KID

Yes, sir.

RICHIE

Good, I'm tapped out of rock, gimme what you got.

HOLDING KID

I can't. Ruiz told me not to give to anybody but him.

RICHIE

Yeah, that's swell, but if you know me, you know who Ruiz works for, and that is me.

HOLDING KID

Ruiz told me nobody but him.

RICHIE

Look, kid, you're only holdin' for Ruiz because he's old enough to get busted and you're not. It's the way we do things, it does not mean you make decisions.

HOLDING KID

Ruiz told me.

Richie smashes him in the face with his fist, knocking him sprawling.

He feels beneath the Kid's shirt, finds the crack. He takes out the .357, points it at the kid's head. The Kid is bloodied, crying. He squeezes on the trigger, the hammer drawing back.

He changes his mind, gets back in the GNX and drives away.

106 INT. DONZIGER'S DT CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

106

He cruises the borough, waiting for something to happen.

107 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING - NIGHT

107

The landline BUZZES...

GINO

Yeah?

ANGIE

(filtered)

I'm coming up empty on Roxanne Ford, Gino. Nothing in the computer, no luck at Ma Bell, Motor Vehicle, or Municipal.

He turns to the Terry...

GINO

Does this Roxanne work?

TERRY

(shakes head)

Somebody said she was a model, but if she was, she was experimental, if you know what I mean.

GINO

Okay, Angie, thanks.

He disconnects...

GINO

No, I don't know what you mean. She's a hooker, a mattress, a switchhitter, what?

TERRY

Not a hooker, not bi, just a hose who likes money and money, in that order.

GINO

Bobby didn't have money, she seemed to like him, a lot.

She looks away, out the window...

GINO

Lemme try to work the kinks out of this. Roxanne is Richie's regular. But she was... she had somethin' goin' on the side with Bobby. And at the same time you and Bobby had somethin' goin'.

TERRY

I didn't know about her and... Bobby.

GINO

But you knew he was married, with two little girls?

She again looks away...

TERRY

I knew.

GINO

And they say that carnal knowledge is the ultimate wisdom.

TERRY

Who are you to make judgments?

GINO

I was best man at their wedding.

TERRY

Oh.

She hadn't known that.

108 INT. DONZIGER'S DT CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

108

He pulls up beside a newspaper delivery truck, a pair of DELIVERY GUYS dropping bundles of papers and picking up the unsold.

Donziger flashes his badge...

DONZIGER

Seen anythin' tonight didn't look right?

DELIVERY GUY #1

In Brooklyn? Since when you ever seen anythin' look right in Brooklyn?

DELIVERY GUY #2

This putz wouldn't tell you anyway, he's got 50 bucks ridin' on Richie Modano...

Donziger begins winding up the window...

DELIVERY GUY #2

... but I laid down two to one on your boy Gino. I know that fucker, and if he was comin' for me, I'd be goin' for the moon...

Donziger squirts the car away.

109 EXT. VITORIO'S HOUSE IN BOROUGH PARK - 84TH & 11TH - NIGHT 109

ESTABLISH, a lovely old Victorian...

110 INT. VITORIO'S HOUSE 110

It has the same vaulted ceilings, grand staircases and glowing wood panelling as does Vicky's parents' house...

IN FAMILY ROOM

Carmella has changed to a dowdy nightgown, made herself a glass of warm milk, and is settling down to watch a video of "Prizzi's Honor"...

IN MUSIC ROOM

Vitorio, in shirtsleeves and shoulder holster carrying his prized, pearlhandled .45, settles himself at his concert grade piano. This, like Carmella's video watching, is the final ritual of the early hours of each night/morning.

He readies himself with great care and punctiliousness, commences playing "Charlie's Tomato" from Breakfast at Tiffanys.

11 INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING - NIGHT 111

Gino continues piecing it together...

GINO

How long had this thing been goin' with you and Bobby?

TERRY

Eight months..

GINO

Did he ever come around Lamoires?

TERRY

All the time. That's where I met him.

He abruptly swings to the curb, stops...

GINO

What's the matter?

He takes out Bobby's notebook, gives himself some light...

CLOSE ON NOTEBOOK

He flips to the odd listing of numbers and letters in the back, finds the one that reads: 29SM69792.

CUT TO:

112 FLASHBACK - BAR PHONE

112

he used at Lamoires. The number is 296-9792

113 CLOSE - NOTEBOOK (PRESENT)

113

His finger on 29SM69792.

GINO (O.S.)

The phone number at Lamoires, you remember what it is?

TERRY (O.S.)

Sure, 296-9792.

His finger moves to another: 295TY3844

GINO (O.S.)

Your number is 295-3844?

TERRY (O.S.)

Yeah, why?

His finger moves to: 297R48X12.

GINO

raises Angie on the landline...

GINO

Angie, get me an address for the number
297-4812, and you'll be givin' me Roxanne
Ford.

ANGIE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hang on.

Waiting, he turns to the Terry...

GINO

What was Bobby doin' around a place like
Lamores?

TERRY

I never asked.

Angie comes back on...

ANGIE (V.O.)

(filtered)

You're in business, Gino. Fort Hamilton
and 73rd.

114 EXT. STREET

114

Gino pulls a sliding U-turn, stands on the gas.

115 EXT. "AMERICANA" - NIGHT

115

The streets are near empty, all other businesses closed and
dark. A lookout is positioned at the door...

116 BEHIND "AMERICANA"

116

A lookout named VERMEER is positioned on the 2nd-floor
landing of the fire escape, outside the door.

117 INT. "AMERICANA"

117

Only Vinnie and half dozen of Richie's crew remain, waiting
around for something to happen. Vinnie has a crude bandage
taped over his broken nose...

118 BEHIND "AMERICANA"

113

Vermeer is awake but less than alert... until the barrel of a Colt Python is pressed against the top of his skull...

RICHIE

Hey, Vermeer, what's doin'?

He slowly turns. Richie is standing on the steps above him, grinning...

VERMEER

Richie, how'd you get up there? Jesus Christ.

RICHIE

Nah, he had nothin' to do with it.

He slips inside...

119 INT. "AMERICANA"

119

The others see him come from the back, cluster around, led by Vinnie...

VINNIE

Richie! Man, where you been? We been waitin' here all night.

RICHIE

Waitin' on what?

VINNIE

On if you need us, whaddya think?

RICHIE

What happen to your face?

VINNIE

Ah, Gino came around, playin' the role.

RICHIE

So, you got a piece back of the counter, why didn't you bag him?

VINNIE

Richie, c'mon, I didn't know what you had goin' down... all I heard was you clipped Bobby Einhorn... then I'm supposed to clip a cop, too?

RICHIE

Don't have to worry about you steppin' on
your dick, do we?

VINNIE

Aw, man...

RICHIE

Huh, do we, Vinnie? Do we?!

It's the familiar pattern of ridicule and dominance he has
always subjected his younger brother to. He starts slapping
at his nose, making him cover up, making it trickle blood
again...

VINNIE

Richie, c'mon, you know how woolly Gino
can get... an' with you doin' Bobby like
that...

RICHIE

You're confusin' me with somebody who
gives a shit! We bang heads, they're
gonna need a closed casket for ol' Gino.

TATTOOS

(with bandages on his face and nose)
You sayin' you ain't gonna let 'em take you?

RICHIE

Take me? What's that?

Bennie likes that...

VINNIE

It ain't just Gino, Richie, there's cops
bangin' down doors all over the
neighborhood...

The LOOKOUT from the front bounds up the stairs...

LOOKOUT

More of Frankie's guys are here!

VINNIE

Them, too, every couple hours, a
different bunch comes lookin'...

Richie takes out the .357.

RICHIE

Sure, I do a cop... bring a whole shit storm down on his operation ... splash his name all over the news... You think Frankie ain't gonna have me whacked?

He's striding towards the stairs. He points at Tattoos, points Vinnie to the counter...

RICHIE

Get the piece... We're gonna bust some caps...

Vinnie hesitates...

RICHIE

Get the piece! Be a man!

119A IN STAIRS

119A

The narrow stairwell rises straight from the street.

This time, it is Sal and three of Frankie's wiseguys coming to check for Richie.

They have just started up the stairs when he begins FIRING from above... they're caught entirely by surprise ... Sal blown away with the surprise still on his face... the others pulling their GUNS and returning FIRE... taking HITS... Tattoos and Vinnie stepping up beside Richie and LETTING LOOSE... the cramped confines a bedlam of noise and muzzle flash and burning cordite.

It is brief, if intense. Sal and the wiseguys litter the stairs, bloody and contorted and lifeless, like victims of war.

119B INT. AMERICANA

119B

Richie walks briskly from the stairs toward the back door...

RICHIE

Okay, who wants to die with me?

Tattoos follows. Then Vinnie. Then Jake. Then Vermeer. The others stay.

120 INT. VITORIO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

120

In the music room, Vitorio plays, his touch light, precise...

121 INT. DONZIGER'S DT CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

121

He continues cruising, waiting. Until...

The radio erupts:

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

Report of a multiple shooting at Fort
Hamilton and 73rd! There may be
casualties....! (etc.)

Donziger slams the slap-light on the roof, cranks a hard
turn.

122 INT. DT CHEVY - NIGHT

122

Gino parks down the street and across from Roxanne Ford's
townhouse, the same one we saw a pair of Frankie's wiseguys
check out earlier. It remains darkened...

GINO

It seems like Richie's been movin' around
all night, but if he was to coop for a
while, it's a good bet it'd be here with
his girlfriend. I'm goin' in, if you see
anybody runnin' or hear any gunfire,
stay out'a sight and call 911 and tell them
it's a police emergency, Code Ten 33. Got
that?

TERRY

Code Ten 33.

123 GINO

123

takes the Remington shotgun from the trunk, pumps a round
into the chamber. He rummages through a box of odds and ends
that most DT cars carry, finds what he wants, a can of shaving
cream.

He goes back to the Terry's side window, taps on it. She
rolls it down...

GINO

And don't let anythin' happen to the
pooch.

The puppy is sleeping blissfully...

124 EXT. BEHIND TOWNHOUSE - GINO

124

The curtains are drawn, not a single light on inside. He stands to the side of the door, tries it. It's locked. He looks around.

He locates the outside alarm box. He sprays the shaving cream into the openings until the box is choked and the cream oozing back out...

125 IN FRONT OF TOWNHOUSE

125

He takes a position to the side of the door, intending to hammer on it with the butt of the shotgun... but when he does, the door swings wide, not even latched...

126 INT. TOWNHOUSE - GINO

126

... He moves through the darkened rooms with extreme vigilance, shotgun leveled and ready... The house seems empty, at least the ground floor.

He makes his way up the stairs... And then he knows, from the smell, that there is dead meat up here.

Still, he checks the other rooms first, and the bathroom, before following the smell to:

ROXANNE'S BEDROOM

It's a cube of mirrors, covering the walls and ceiling, all else uniformly white, from the furnishings to the bed linens and broadloom... except that now a large expanse is soaked blood red.

The red pool is where her body lies... naked and mutilated... scattered with photographs, all similar to the one he found in Bobby's desk, all of Bobby and Roxanne.

127 INT. VITORIO'S HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

127

Vitorio's plays on, in a state of artistic ecstasy, thoroughly immersed.

But then he notices the light on the phone, which he has placed on the piano, is blinking. Crushed at having to stop, he grabs it.

128 INT. DONZIGER'S DT CAR - NIGHT

128

It's parked amidst a swarm of police cars outside the "Americana." A TV news crew filming a live report... Donziger standing in the flood of light inside the entrance...

12 IN ENTRANCE TO "AMERICANA"

129

He is staring at the jumble of bodies on the stairs, talking to OFFICER #1...

DONZIGER

And there was nobody around when you got here? Nobody upstairs, either?

OFFICER #1

No, sir, empty as the city vault.

OFFICER #2

(to Donziger)

Gino just called on your line. He said he's found Richie Modano's girlfriend and you should meet him there.

He glances back at the bodies...

DONZIGER

Is she dead or alive?

OFFICER #2

Dead.

He starts towards the car.

129A EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE

129A

Albert gets out of his car and goes to the house. He knocks softly...

129B FRANKIE'S HOUSE

129B

Frankie opens the door. He's dressed. He's been waiting...

ALBERT

He killed Sal and three of the others.
This is no good.

Frankie holds up a finger, indicating Albert give him a minute. Albert nods, sits to wait on the step and lights a cigar...

129C INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE

129C

Frankie looks in on his wife, sleeping soundly in their bed. He regards his loved one for a long moment.

He goes on to his daughter's bedroom. There he does the same...

129D OUTSIDE FRANKIE'S HOUSE

129D

He emerges, goes with Albert to the Cadillac parked in front of his house...

FRANKIE

We'll find Gino, then we'll find Richie,
then we'll convince him he's better off
dead.

130-134 OMIT

130-134

135 INT. DONZIGER'S DT CAR - NIGHT

135

As Donziger pulls up across from Roxanne's townhouse, he gapes at the sight of Gino and a woman in spike heels and Latex micro-dress emerging from the house, the woman appearing on the verge of being ill, Gino having to support her...

DONZIGER

(to himself)

I thought the girl friend was supposed to
be dead?

136 EXT. ROXANNE'S TOWNHOUSE - GINO

136

takes Terry to the DT Chevy, leans her against it, gives her his handkerchief...

GINO

There, just lean against the car, get some
air and let your head clear. You be all
right?

She nods feebly, her color starting to return...

IN STREET

Donziger intercepts him on his way back to the house...

DONZIGER

That's the girlfriend?

GINO

No, no, she's the one told me about the girlfriend. I just had her identify the body, and she's a little shook, is all.

137 INT. ROXANNE'S BEDROOM

137

They regard the body. There is no sign of the photographs...

DONZIGER

No wonder that one was shook.

He gazes around at the blood-spattered walls, bed, ceiling...

GINO

The name's Roxanne Ford. There's some of Richie's clothes in the closet, so he was probably payin' the rent, stayin' here off and on.

DONZIGER

What do you figure?

GINO

I'll tell you after the M.E. gets here and checks the body.

138 INT. GNX - MOVING - NIGHT

138

Vinnie drives aimlessly, Richie beside him, the others in back. Richie and Tattoos are sharing the crack pipe, Richie searching out the window like a hunter stalking prey...

RICHIE

I'm in the mood for gettin' laid. You see some nice trim walkin' along, you pull over.

VINNIE

That's what we're cruisin' around for?

RICHIE

That, and 'cause a movin' target is harder to hit, and 'cause I said so.

VINNIE

You could'a been in Miami by now.

RICHIE

I wasn't born in no Miami, don't live there, don't do business there, don't know nothin' about it. And neither do you!

VINNIE

Richie, maybe you're ready to get yourself killed, but I ain't so sure I am.

RICHIE

Stop whinin' like a fuckin' weenie.

139 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ROXANNE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

139

Police cars and ambulance and medical examiner vehicle are now in evidence.

Gino comes from the house, goes to Donziger's. He hands him the photograph he found in Bobby's desk..

GINO

It was in Bobby's desk.

GINO

The woman is inside was Richie Modano's girlfriend at the same time her and Bobby were ... gettin' hot and sloppy.

GINO

From the lividity and long-time rigor in the body, I'd say she was killed before Bobby was. If the medical examiner confirms that I think that's why Richie killed Bobby.

(beat)

Bobby wasn't only bein' unfaithful with Richie's girlfriend, but with that one over there...

He looks for the Terry at the DT Chevy. She's gone...

DONZIGER

She walked away, just after you went inside. I thought you told her she could leave...

GINO

It's okay. She's bent out'a shape 'cause of Bobby, but she shouldn't be walkin' around the streets lookin' like that.

He looks for the nearest cop, it's O'Kelly, who he doesn't know.

GINO

Hey, you wanna get a couple of R.M.P.s, go look for a woman walked away from my car, down that way? She's a honey blonde, wearin' high heels and a dress the size of a face cloth.

O'KELLY

Yes, sir.

O'Kelly goes to direct a pair of B&Ws. Gino remembers the puppy, starts for the DT Chevy...

GINO

Oh, boy, I hope she didn't go take the pooch with her.

AT DT CHEVY

He's relieved to find the puppy still in the basket...

DONZIGER

If this woman was involved with Bobby, and she found out about him and the woman in the house, couldn't she have...?

GINO

No, the one in there was mutilated -sexually mutilated -- and women don't do that.

140 EXT. STREET - FEW BLOCKS AWAY - NIGHT

140

Terry walks alone, the street empty...

141 INT. GNX - MOVING

141

Still cruising aimlessly. Richie sees her ahead, recognizing her right away...

RICHIE

Oh, this is good... This is very good... Bobby, you watch what I'm gonna do to this one. Pull over.

VINNIE

Richie, whaddya think, you ask and she's gonna jump in a car with five guys?

RICHIE

I'm gonna fuck her, not ask her. Pull over!

Vinnie slows, reluctantly. But then...

VERMEER

Uh-uh, Richie, cops.

They look behind. A B&W is approaching, it's apparent it has spotted Terry. Richie remains intent on her...

RICHIE

That's their problem, ain't it?

Vinnie suddenly GUNS the CAR away, watching in the rearview as the B&W stops beside Terry...

RICHIE

Whaddya doin'?! You scared of cops?!
A Brookolino, and you're scared of cops?!

He backhands him with the .357, laying open his cheek.

142 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ROXANNE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

142

Gino and Donziger stand beside his DT Chevy. Donziger hands him back the photograph...

DONZIGER

I just don't know, I know you and Bobby were like brothers, but, Gino, protecting him could cost you your job.

GINO

Would that be so bad?

DONZIGER

Yes.

MEDICAL EXAMINER approaches...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I estimate time of death just about where you had it, Gino, two P.M., give or take a half.

DONZIGER

Which'd make it approximately three hours before Bobby.

Gino's already headed for the DT Chevy...

142A INT. DT CHEVY - MOVING

142A

Gino pulls away.

X143 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - 3RD AVD & 63RD - SUNSET PARK -
PICALINO

X143

Picalino, the ten year old street kid, strolls down 60th street with a paper bag in his arms. These are his streets and he knows it. He turns down an alley, sees something, and jumps into the shadows.

X144 EXT. ALLEY - RICHIE AND CREW

X144

WE SEE Richie and his Crew getting out of a car. They look around carefully and climb through a delapidated fence and into an old house.

X145 EXT. ALLEY - PICALINO

X145

Picalino stuffs his package into the bushes and runs to a nearby phone booth.

X146 INT. DT CHEVY - GINO

X146

Gino gets a call from Angie on the radio.

ANGIE

Gino, you have an emergency phone call from Picalino. He needs you to call him immediately, he's waiting by the phone.

GINO

You got the number?

ANGIE

Yeah, 555-5754

GINO

Thanks Angie.

Gino pulls the car over to the nearest phone booth and hops out, he dials the number Angie gave him. INTERCUT

GINO

Yeah.

Rica

(92)

PICALINO

Gino?

GINO

Yeah.

PICALINO

Dog's got a bone!

GINO

Speak English kid, what do
ya mean?

PICALINO

There's a chocha Richie used
to bang, lives next door to my
Uncle Gregory...I guess Richie's
in the mood.

ECU on Gino.

GINO

Get out of the neighborhood kid.

X147 INT. HOOKER'S HOUSE - SUNSET PARK - LATE NIGHT

X147

Richie and his Crew cautiously enter RICA'S house. She is
in the kitchen with what looks like her LITTLE SISTER. They
are at the table eating.

Rica is startled by the sight of Richie and very scared.

RICHIE

Yo, Rica, we're not disturbing yous
a noton are we? Cause we could always
come back lata ya know.

RICA

Yeah Rich, how could I help youse guys?

RICHIE

Don't be so cold, Ric...I'd just
like to have a word with ya in
private.

CUT TO:

X148 INT./EXT. DT CHEVY - GINO DRIVING - LATE NIGHT

X148

Gino does not drive like a maniac, he is cool and calculated as he looks for something. He reaches Sunset Park and goes up 63rd to a small street. He starts to turn and he sees headlights, he quickly speeds up until the cars start to pass. When Gino sees who it is he slams on the breaks as does the other car. They both roll down the windows and back up.

Gino is the first to speak.

GINO

Chich! What brings you down here
dis time of night? You find
something yet?

FRANKIE

No Lucky, I was gonna ask you
da same ting.

GINO

What do you wanna know dat for Chich?
Go home, I'll put dis guy in jail,
justice will be done!

FRANKIE

Lucky, ya go home to sa wife and
kid, that would be best!

GINO

I wish I could Chich.

Gino rolls up his window and slowly drives on.

X149 EXT. SUNSET PARK - GINO

X149

Gino parks his car in the shadows close by Rica's house. He quietly goes to the trunk and takes out the shotgun and melts into the darkness.

X150 INT. RICA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

X150

Rica and Richie are on the bed. Rica is now politely trying her best to find an edge to get rid of Richie. She is half naked trying to seduce him, but she knew the old Richie, the new Richie is only interested in one thing...which is what he primarily does and that's blow the bowl!

RICA

Camon Richie, once for ol times
sake. You come do me like you
used to and maybe we could get
together tomorrow.

RICHIE

Yeah, Rica da Rician, in a minute..

X151 INT. HOUSE - GINO

X151

- Gino is at the front door with the shotgun leveled. Slowly he creeps up and tries the door. It is open. He quietly slides in and sees Tattoos and Bennie sitting at the table looking at Hustler and worse.

BEENIE

Wo, look at da wind tunnel on dis
one!

Gino is suddenly on them with the shotgun in their face.

GINO

Which hole is bigger?

BEENIE

(pointing to the magazine)
I think dis one!

GINO

(softly)
Where is he!

BEENIE

He's in da bedroom.

WE SEE that Tattoos has a small revolver coming up under the table.

GINO

Hands on the table asshole.

It is too late, Gino takes one in the left side of the abdomen. He immediately blows Tattoos into eternity. Quickly, he tries to redirect the shotgun to Bennie, but he is already on him. They grapple for life throughout the house smashing through windows, turning over tables, breaking lamps.

X152 ON Richie who has definitely heard the commotion.
He looks up from the bowl, listens, and smiles.
He looks at Rica.

X152

RICHIE

You can go now my girlfriend.
I have to go play!

X153 BACK ON Gino and Bennie. Bennie is broken up pretty good. X153
Richie comes INTO FRAME, gun up. He sees Gino, but he cannot get
a clear shot as they are too close together. But, since when does
Richie give a shit, he raises the pistol and fires everything he's
got. As it happens, Bennie is between Gino and Richie and he is
blown all over the place including Gino. It looks like he has
been hit bad, but in fact only a graze across the face. Gino gets
up and wipes the blood off.

GINO

Why make it so easy for me?
You're outa rounds.

RICHIE

Yeah, but it's better this way
wouldn't ya say?

GINO

Yeah.

Richie again smiles and pulls out a large stiletto.

GINO

Richie the Knife!

RICHIE

Yeah, I always got my knife!

GINO

Richie, do you think it's
possible that some people are
just born bad?

RICHIE

(smiles)

Yeah!

Richie attacks. Slashing out like the madman he is. He comes
exceedingly close to Gino's face until suddenly Gino snatches
up a nearby lamp. He holds it up between he and the knife.
Richie is now in a frenzy, he slashes more violently than
ever cutting the lampshade into shreds. The blade
momentarily gets caught in the webbing and Gino immediately
takes this opportunity to grab the cord and swing it around
Richie's neck from behind. He viciously begins to strangle
Richie.

Richie tries at first to grab the cord around his neck to no
avail. He then begins slashing at Gino's left wrist behind
him. Gino stands fast until he takes one across the wrist.

His stranglehold becomes even tighter, only now to prevent the repeated slashing.

Gino begins to slam Richie's head against the fireplace. the knife goes flying and Richie goes down. Gino lets go, the weight is too much.

Richie is so fucking high on crack that he is like Jason. You have to fucking cut off his head and bury it. Richie rolls over, coughs, and to Gino's amazement, he gets up and comes for more! Richie roars for Gino head on like a lunatic bull. At this point Gino really wants to feel it and he holds his ground. They slam together like two ancient gladiators strangling each other for a moment. Richie somehow pushes Gino and they both trip, landing square in the middle of a large glass table. Gino spins Richie through the table. Richie is cut up very badly, but he sits up in the middle of the table and goes for a two foot square piece of glass.

Gino is no longer in the mood to continue this. He sees half of the broken table behind Richie still attached and standing, creating a potential horizontal guillotine. With no further delay Gino quickly dives at Richie, face first. He brings his hands up to Richie's face, grabs it and slams his head back into the glass edge, instantly severing his spinal column. Crack or no crack, Richie is now dead!

Gino struggles to extricate himself from this awkward position and as he is doing so he hears someone coming up the stairs. Gino desperately fishes for something (we think it's a gun and Gino comes up with his badge). He manages to crawl out and finally stands. Badge out, he heads for the stairs.

X154 Gino stumbles through the front door and sees Frankie's Crew coming up the stairs. Frankie is shocked to see Gino like this. X154

GINO

Frank, I'm hit. He's got a gun
and he's gone out the back.

Immediately the Crew flies back down the stairs and around the back.

GINO

I need some help!

Frankie runs to the arms of an old friend and tries to catch or carry him. We see Gino's expert hands reach into Frankie's waist and take out the .45. He spins on his heels, opens the door and pumps three rounds into the dead body of Richie and quickly hands the gun back to Frankie.

GINO

You did the right ting. Tell
Don Vito you beat me to it.
Sfachime! Cops ain't commen
here!!

(he points
to the body)

Do the ritual ting. I'm
outa here.

Frankie is pissed and happy at the same time. They hug and
kiss.

GINO

It's good I got blood all over
ya, make ya look like you did
somen!

X155 INT. BOBBY AND LAURIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

X155

Just inside the door, Laurie clings to Gino, the childhood
protector, the family friend, the avenger of Bobby's death.
Gino's has a cut across his cheek from the bullet graze. He
is cut up and bruised.

She is in a bathrobe, a drink in her hand...

GINO

I just thought you should know
we got Richie, he's dead.

(beat)

How you feelin', Lor.?

LAURIE

I'm just trying to get drunker and
drunker. I don't wanna come down.
I'll do anything soes not to come
down cause I know if I do Bobby's
not gonna be there.

Laurie begins to sob again.

GINO

Laurie, look, listen to me. You stay
drunk as long as you like, but someday
you're gonna wake up and see Bobby
in those girls because they are a
part if yous, the two of you! They
need you! Not as a drunk, but as
the good mother that you are!

Laurie comes to him to seduce him. She kneels before him, her robe falling open, her hands going beneath his shirt...

GINO

Laurie, you're gonna have to wake up and smell the coffee. None of this is gonna bring him back and the harder it's gonna hit you.

Long pause.

LAURIE

(almost a whisper)

Bobby was a good cop!

GINO

The best!

X156 INT./EXT. GINO'S DX CAR - WHITE CASTLE - EARLY MORNING

X156

ON Gino and Vicky

GINO

So what do you say we pick up the kid and go to Coney Island, do some nice family stuff.

VICKY

(holding up the puppy)

Yeah Gino, that's good, but I want to know, do we have like three of these a year - one for Jimmy, one for me, I can't have a dinner in the city just you and me? Once in awhile?

GINO

Yeah Vic, you name the restaurant I won't even bring my beeper.

Vicky sees a White Castle.

VICKY

Speaking of food, I could use a Castle Burger!

GINO

Vic, it's 9:00 in the morning, by noon you'll have gang green.

VICKY

Gino, I'm buying you a nice romantic breakfast.

Gino is in serious fear of food poisoning.

GINO

Yeah!

X157 EXT. - WHITE CASTLE - EARLY MORNING

X157

He pulls into the parking lot. Gino gallantly goes around the passenger side to open the door for Vicky, this is truly a new experience. He looks around to see if anyone is looking. He lets her out, closes the door, and holds Vicky's hand. She carries the puppy

As they approach the door Vicky is almost knocked over by a 6'10" 300 pound man and he doesn't even say excuse me. He just walks away with his bag of food.

As Gino watches the man approach his car he notices the that it is the station wagon with the "Smith & Wesson" bumper sticker that dumped the puppy.

Gino decides to have a talk with fatso.

GINO

Yo fucknuts. You didn't throw a puppy in a plastic bag out the window a you car the other day did you?

Fatso smiles, thinking of the size difference. Vicky protests from the side.

FATSO

Yeah, as a matter of fact I did and if you don't go fuck yourself I'm gonna stuff you in a bag and step on it!

GINO

Ya know, I'm so scared, my balls shrunk all up and mu legs a shaking, but I still don't think I'd like to go fuck myself. Would you like to help?

Now it is inevitable, they square off.

Fatso swings at Gino, Gino punches his fist and then breaks his hand. He kicks Fatso in the balls so hard he almost leaves the ground and flies onto the ground face first. Fatso rolls over in pain, screaming.

Gino goes over to Vicky and takes the puppy and puts him down on the ground and they walk toward the walkup window again. The puppy follows them like a duck after its mother until she passes the moaning man on the ground. The puppy relieves herself on his head after being cooped up in the car so long. She takes awhile then scampers up to Gino and Vicky in line at White Castle.

FADE OUT.

THE END